

THE AGE OF JOLLITY.

THE age, ah me ! of jollity,
Is number'd with the past ;
For our new world, her lip has curl'd,
And we've all grown good at last.

The joyous ways of our youthful days,
No more in the land are known ;
With the rock and reel, and the spinning wheel,
They are gone, for ever gone !
And the Maypole gay, has passed away,
And the dance upon the green—
And the Hogmanay, and the New-Year's-day,
And the joyous Hallowe'en.

And the legends old, which then were told,
And the fairy tales of yore ;
With the minstrel's lay, ah, well-a-day !
They are heard in the land no more.
And the fairs of old, with their joys untold,
Which the young heart doated on ;
With the puppet shows, and the dancing jo's,
They are gone, for ever gone.

We've nae bairns noo, with the rose-red hue,
That romp in the wood and glen ;
But in their place we've got a race,
Not o' weans, but o' wee, wee men—
Wha calculate, at nae sma' rate,
And are always taking stock
For saving cash, all else is trash
To our wonderfu' wee folk.