

O the dances! O the chances—
Privily pressing paws of pink!
O the glances—shy advances—
O the wicked, winsome wink!
O the ecstasy mute as we hover and shoot,
With a swallow-like swing and sweep,
To the twiddle and toot of the fiddle and flute
And the piccolo's piercing peep!

Hang hereafter! Daft and dafter,
Leaping light from lip to lip,
Rings the rafter-shaking laughter,
Joyous joke and quizzing quip.
And morbid the mind with a bogle to borrow,—
The sparkling sport to spoil,—
Of a torpid to-morrow; a spectre of sorrow
And terrible tawdry toll!



night,

s' light