



H U M O R

THE TERPSICHOREAN LAMENT

Four years ago—or was it six?—
The tango and the bear
Revived the waning interest
In dancing everywhere.
The Boston, waltz, and two-step
Were all pronounced passe,
And people started dancing in
A new outlandish way.

Men who had never danced before
Now broke into the game.
The upstart class included me—
I say it to my shame.
I horned in with the rest of those
Who'd never terped a bit,
Till dancing grew so popular
We HAD to fall for it.

Where one or two of every ten
Had waltzed in days of old,
Twelve out of every dozen men
Were now within the fold.
And where musicians starved to death
In them two-stepping days,
The army of the unemployed
Now signed with ochestrays.

The large demand for musickers
Inspired ambitious boys
To borrow various instruments
And learn to make a noise.
Teamsters and tailors, coppers and clerks,
Got drums and saxophones,
And drew, instead of three per day,
Just plain one hundred bones.

These mush-a-room musicians
Knew even less than we
About the art of dancing
As dancing used to be.
The tango, trot and one-step tunes
Were all they had to play
To fill up with engagements at
One hundred bucks per day.

(Continued.)