



H U M O R

THE TERPSICHOREAN LAMENT

Presto! The waltz was back in style,
The "simple" waltz of yore;
A pipe for those who danced it
When it was here before—
But not a pipe for us poor trash
Who broke into the game
When bears and walks and one-steps
Originally came.

But with true zeal I went and learned
That old-time waltz one day;
I learned it from a lady
Who rhymes with Dublin Bay,
Acompanied by a piano
Played at the proper gait,
And not as if the music were
Afraid of being late.

And then I went and tried it out,
Where piano men and drummer
And yodeler of the saxophone
And raggy banjo strummer
Played what they thought was waltz-time,
Three wallops to the bar,
But fast as Resta ever dared
To drive that Pugeot car.

I am not paid for dancing,
No, not a measly dime,
And yet I went and learned to waltz
In proper waltzing time.
An orchestra is paid to play—
It's paid for knowing how—
I think it's up to orchestras
To take some lessons now.

The limit is eight miles an hour,
Where traffic's always thick—
Slow down or I'll report you,
To Motorcycle Mick.
But listen—lay all jokes aside—
I'll give you one more chance;
Play waltzes, boys, in waltz-time,
Or I will CEASE TO DANCE!