



The 'ristocratic folks git up a high-toned "twilight ball,"
 An' dress themselves in silks an' lace an' costly fol-da-rol;
 An' them po'r starched-up creatures thinks they're havin stacks o' fun;
 But gosh! we folks o' Frogtown, we beat 'em two to one.
 When we gits up a rale hoe-down, it makes a feller ruther
 Smile to see the young folks jump an' crack their heels together,
 An' hear the caller,
 Red-faced, long-legged, big
 Jim Johnson, holler:
 "Git in an' dig!"

First thing Old Tom Hardscrabble, he grabs his fiddle bow,
 An' scrapes them there old fiddle strings—the young folks in a
 row
 Stands waitin' till he strikes a tune, a shottish or cowtillion,
 An' then away they goes. By gosh! ef I was wuth a million,
 I'd ruther dance that old hoe-down one night in fifty years,
 Than 'tend a hundred "twilight balls" in comp'ny with my
 peers.

I'd a durn sight ruther
 Hear that red-faced, big
 Jim Johnson holler:
 "Git in an' dig!"

Fact is, them high-toned city folks so cultured is an' vain,
 So used to easy livin', an' so filled with proud disdain
 Fer country folks' old-fashioned ways, their hard work an'
 their small
 Pretensions in the way of wealth, an' wit, an' all
 Them qualities that makes one man surpass an' spurn his
 brother—
 Them city folks, they would, I say, a durn sight ruther
 Not hear the caller,
 Relentless, whirligig
 Destiny, holler,
 "Git in an' dig!"

ALLISON FRENCH.

