

BY MORNING THEY WERE DRINKING CHAMPAGNE!

Their stately home---had all the comforts,
With plenty servants---on all three floors,
Built high on a hill,
It resides there still,
Celebrating old times---with echoing encores,
And on one occasion---the guests out on the terrace,
At night---in a hard driving rain,
Were seen dancing and laughing---and milling about,
And by morning they were drinking champagne!

By night they roamed the lit mansion,
Ever laughing and dancing in vain,
Celebrating to the last, the echoes of the past,
And by morning they were drinking champagne!

Though the family---is no longer present,
And all the servants---have long gone their ways,
The same guests yet arrive,
Just in time to revive,
Those gatherings---of past yesterdays,
And through the curtains---of the floor to ceiling windows,
The silhouettes of those evenings remain,
Once dancing and laughing---and milling about,
And by morning they were drinking champagne!

By night they roamed the lit mansion,
Ever laughing and dancing in vain,
Celebrating to the last, the echoes of the past,
And by morning they were drinking champagne!

As the orchestra rallied---in the background,
Before revelers---obliging to their world,
Only murmurs could be heard,
Mere mutterings and not word,
A tribute---to memories swirled,
And loyal---to the sounds and the shadows,
Their enthusiasm---never once did it wane,
Each dancing and laughing---and milling about,
And by morning they were drinking champagne!

By night they roamed the lit mansion,
Ever laughing and dancing in vain,
Celebrating to the last, the echoes of the past,
And by morning they were drinking champagne!

