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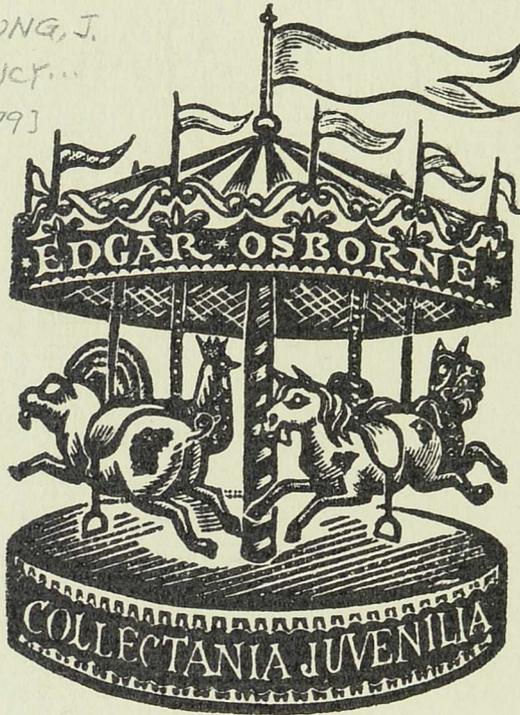
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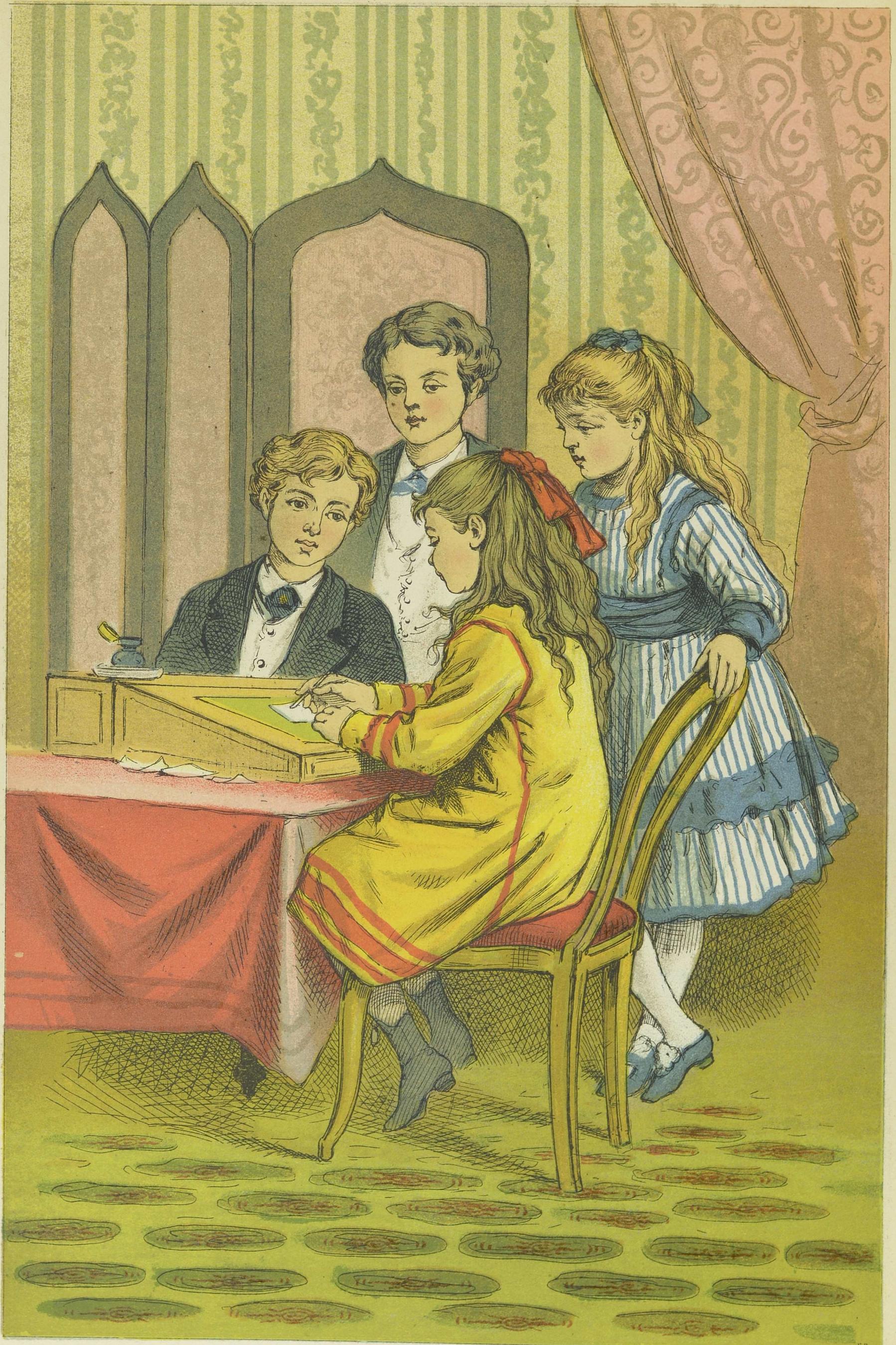
THE FANCY - DRESS
COSTUME BALL.



BY MISS JESSIE YOUNG.

ILLUSTRATIONS IN CHROMO COLOURS.

LONDON:
DEAN AND SON, PUBLISHERS, 160A, FLEET STREET, E. C.





THE
FANCY - DRESS COSTUME BALL.

COME here, Florence, Charley, and Arty,
And help me to send off a line
To our friends for a grand supper party,
And the Fancy-dress Ball so divine.
I've sent off twelve letters already,
Invitations to friends that we know;
I've asked little Constance and Freddy,
And Mabel, and Charlotte, and Flo'.

We won't have that horrid girl, Mary,
With her awful red hair and blue ties;
For she says that I'm not like a fairy,
With great scarlet cheeks and blue eyes.
She says that I flirt with young Granby;
But I know very well by her tone,
She's as jealous as jealousy can be,
For she hasn't a beau of her own.

Invitations are sent out, and the Party have assembled.

The ball-room it looks, oh, so pretty,
With mottoes and draperies decked;
We've a very good band from the City,
And some costumes from Paris direct.
For the supper, we've exquisite ices,
And crackers, and bon-bons, for all;
And jellies, and custards, and spices,
For our guests at the Fancy-dress Ball.

My costume is a choice of Papa's,
Its the robe of the Queen of the Night,
Dotted over with small silver stars,
You'd think they were real spots of light.
Now, Charley, be candid and tell us
The truth of the costume you see.
Don't you think that the moon will be jealous
When she peeps through the window at me?

You know you're to be my attendants,
To wait on the Queen of the Night;
With bracelets of silver, and pendants
Of stars, all ablaze in the light.
In the dance you must all form a ring, dears,
And mind you keep time in the bars:
For there never was seen such a thing, dears,
As the moon getting cross with her stars.



The table shines brightly with glasses,
And silver, and flowers, so fair,
And jellies and custards in masses,
And fruit from the hot-house so rare.
There are custards mixed up with whipped
cream,
So sweet it invites you to sip it;
They call it whipped cream, but I think
It so good, its a scandal to whip it.

Such a sight, I shall never forget it,
Such a glitter of silver and gold;
I'm sure I should never regret it,
If I lived here until I grew old.
There are princes and kings in each corner,
And there, I declare, close by,
Is the image of Little Jack Horner,
Devouring his nice Christmas pie.

There's Johnny dressed up, with his fiddle,
Like a cat, looking awfully sly;
And he sings about "Hey-diddle-diddle,"
And a little dog's laughing close by.
There's little Bo-peep with her crook,
And Flora, as bright as the day;
And there, in that snug little nook,
Is standing the Queen of the May.

I wonder what friends I shall dance with?
Young Granby is always quite ready;
And I know I am certain to prance with
That foolish young fellow, Lord Freddy.
But as dear Lady Constance's brother,
Of him I some notice must take;
For though they're not like one another,
I want to be friends for her sake."

There's Harry dressed up like a knight,
And looking so nice, I declare;
I hope I look handsome and bright,
For I think we shall make a nice pair,
When we go through the figure so steady,
Cheered on by full many a kind glance,
Half tempted to laugh at Lord Freddy,
When he loses his place in the dance.

The fiddles are scraping and squeaking,
And setting to work with a will;
And each gallant his lady is seeking
For a turn in the merry quadrille.
Jack Horner has finished his pie,
And is waltzing with small Cinderella;
And Blue Beard, so savage and sly,
Is dancing with Queen Isabella.



And then, we must have a cotillon,
When ladies their partners may choose,
I'm sure there's not one in a million
Would to dance with a lady refuse.
And when we are wearied of dancing,
To the bright supper table we go,
And move, in a body advancing,
Where the bon-bons await us below.

My knight sits beside me of course,
And he talks of a house and his grounds,
And how he rides out on a horse,
And how he goes after the hounds.
But he's rather confused his ideas,
Or perhaps its the sweet ginger wine,
For at home he rides out with a man,
On a pony no bigger than mine.

There's that foolish young fellow, Lord Freddy,
Drinking wine, — though I think it quite
wrong;
To be sure its not very heady,
And is rather insipid than strong.
I'm to give him a dance after supper,
Though he's not the sublimest of dancers,
When we change the ground floor for the upper,
And take a last turn in the lancers.

But the lancers are not as amusing
As Sir Roger, my favourite dance;
The figures are somewhat confusing,
One never knows when to advance.
And when you take hands in the last,
It seems so like saying 'good-bye ;'
And shows that the evening is past,
That the time of our parting is nigh.

But when all the galops are ended,
And waltz and mazurka are done,
We'll have what I think the most splendid,
Most jolly, most capital fun.
'Tis Sir Roger de Coverley—more
I like it than aught, save the Rink,
Though Polly declares it a bore,—
She deems it too childish, I think.

Adventures at Close of Evening.

Now the guests hasten home,—what a bustle,
What crowding there is in the hall!
How the silks and the tarlatans rustle,
And the weaker are pushed to the wall.
My beautiful star-spangled dress
Is ruined for ever, I fear;
Being caught up and torn in the press
By the heels of a gay cavalier.

He is dressed as the monarch so merry,
As Charles, second king of the name;
But has had, I suspect, too much sherry,
And has torn my poor dress,—what a shame!
I'm sure that the real Charles the Second,
Would never have done such a thing;
Whatever his faults, he was reckoned
So polished and courteous a king.

Dear me, what astonishing people
In these sort of parties one sees!
There's Rose, with a hat like a steeple,
Who thinks she's a real Tyrolese.
But something doth stop and doth hold her,
Her head-dress is carried away,
Torn off by a tag on the shoulder
Of a footman who carries a tray.

There's George, thinks he's drest like Othello;
Did ever you see such a guy?
I'm sure for that comical fellow
No fair Desdemona would sigh.
He's just a banjo-playing nigger,
With face and with hands blackened o'er:
How could that ridiculous figure
Be like Shakespeare's magnificent Moor?

There's Mabel, (a gipsy's her choice),
Has torn her red cloak in the crowd.
Her brother, the Turk, *has* a voice,
I never heard speech much more loud.
The dear little bear-boy, so shaggy,
Is sleepy, the poor little lad,
And leans his tired head against Maggie,
As Little Red Riding Hood clad.

Poor Charlotte is bitterly weeping,
She's broken her Japanese fan.
I shall dream of her, surely, when sleeping!
Do folks dress like that in Japan?
With that strange blue thing on each shoulder,
And high crimson cap on her head.
But I fear that her mother will scold her,
The fan had been lent her, she said.

And Agatha, dressed like Ophelia,
Has a coffee-cup spilt on her gown ;
How vexed her dear, good old aunt Celia
Will be at the patches of brown.
No doubt the old lady will rate her
For being so careless to-night ;
But how reckless it was of the waiter,
He's made that sweet dress quite a fright.



There's Gertrude, who thinks she's a pattern,
In simple French housemaid's array;
But no *bonne* who was so like a slattern,
In any nice household would stay.
Her costume has done duty, I know,
On many occasions before;
That cap with the faded blue bow
Jane White at the Sotherby's wore.

Polly's in a most dreadful quandary,
She's lost both her lamb and her crook;
For dressed as Bo-peep was Miss Mary,
Like the print in the nursery book.
So large was the lamb, that scarce able
Was Polly to drag it along,
But 'twas laid on the supper-room table,
Knocked down and then crushed by the
throng.

Her crook she gave Eustace to hold,
While she let off a cracker with Hugh,
Who was dressed in all diamonds and gold,
Like the Shah at the Woolwich review.
Poor Eustace has fallen asleep,
He's still a small boy, you may say;
And some one the crook of Bo-peep
For a walking-stick carried away.

But where all this time is Lord Freddy?
His sister is wanting to know.
I wish that that boy were more steady,
Alone Lady Constance can't go.
That young lad is horribly greedy,
(The supper-room's close to the door),
To-morrow he's sure to be seedy,
He's got to the ices once more.

At the door all are jumbled together,
They say 'tis beginning to rain;
Sad looks are cast up at the weather,
For some have to go by the train.
Their dresses seem hidden by magic,
'Neath waterproof, ulster, or shawl;
To a chrysalis (really 'tis tragic),
Turns each butterfly-sylph of the ball.

Turk, Shepherdess, Chief from the Highlands,
Bear, Crusoe, and tall Tyrolese,
The King of the Cannibal Islands,
Jack Horner, and Lap, and Chinese.
The stupid no less than the clever,
The handsome alike with the plain,
Are urged by one common endeavour,—
And that is, escaping the rain.



He's really an absolute Raleigh,
That excellent fellow, Jack Hughes,
He threw down his top-coat that Grace Harley
Might not soil her fine elegant shoes.
She'd down steps to go to her carriage,
And the rain it was falling like fun;
No doubt it will end in a marriage,—
She's sixteen, he a rich only son.

But think what a dreadful mishap
Might have happened to Lucy to-night;
She had on a Normandy cap,
And managed to set it alight.
It was high, and she thought not of danger,
But stood 'neath a low chandelier:
But young Bancroft, till then quite a stranger,
Put it out with a rug that lay near.

How grateful her parents will be,
And 'twould really be quite a romance
If two happy weddings we see
Result from this juvenile dance.
Young Bancroft is somewhat romantic,
And fair is our sweet Lucy James.
Poor youth! he looked really quite frantic,
At sight of her head-dress in flames.

Such a buzz amongst gay masqueraders,
Such laughter, and teasing, and jokes.
There are princes, and kings and crusaders,
All crowding to put on their cloaks.
There's Robinson Crusoe in furs,
Escorting a small Cinderella,
And leading her down the broad stairs
Underneath his palm-tree umbrella.

There's the Cat, who sang—Hey-diddle-diddle,
Escorting Bo-peep in a veil;
He is rather too sleepy to fiddle,
And some one has cut off his tail.
There's a Turk laid asleep on a chair,
With a Knight in a corslet of mail;
For the daylight is peeping in there,
And the stars are beginning to pale.

I'm sure we have had some fine fun,
With each gallant knight and gay rover.
'And I'm sure we are sorry its done,
And can hardly believe it is over.
But the carriages loom into sight,
And the Queen of the Night ends her rule,
And bids all her planets "Good-night,"
In a cloud of blue satin and tulle.

But now the grand evening is ended,
 (I'm sorry I've injured my train);
I'm sure the whole thing has been splendid,
 I wish 'twould come over again.
I draw back my pink cretonne curtain,
 And wearily sink into bed,
Of one thing at least feeling certain,
 I shan't dream to-night of Lord Fred.

But I'm sure I shall dream of the fiddles,
 And my Knight, in his beautiful dress,
Who asked me such wonderful riddles,
 Which I wouldn't be told, but *would* guess
Dear me, with a feeling of sorrow,
 I think that it's over and gone,
That there's nothing before us to-morrow
 To look forward to, waking at morn.

No matter!—I've got invitations,
 And Christmas new pleasures will bring,
The pantomime's grand transformations,
 And skating—that exquisite thing.
Perhaps we shall soon have another,
 A ball, e'en more brilliant than this,
So indulgent are father and mother,
 They're always providing fresh bliss.

But the moon now retires to her slumbers,
The sun will have ris'n before long ;
'Tis time I had ended my numbers,
And finished my wearisome song.
I'm a tired little maiden at present,
No sovereign with star-spangles bright ;
May *your* dreams be tranquil and pleasant,
Good-night! kindly, reader, good-night!

Is it real, or am I in a dream ?

I feel in a terrible fright:
To glide through the air do I seem,
As if really the Queen of the Night.
Turk, Shah, Bear, and Bo-peep follow after,
And my friends as stars dance o'er my head ;
I wake between terror and laughter,
And find that I'm still in my bed.



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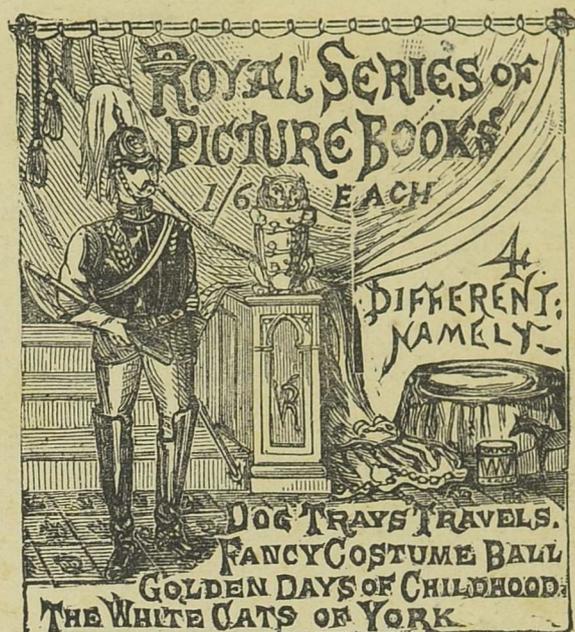
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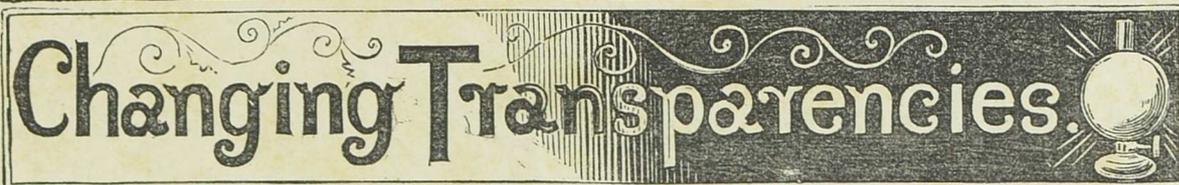
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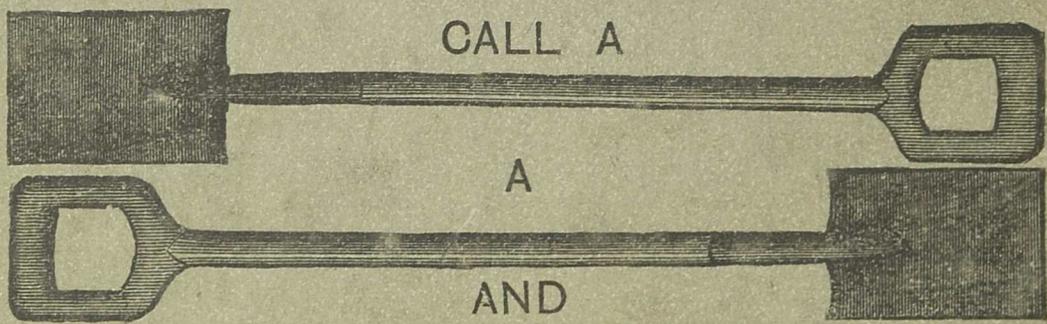
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