Song
Of an Antiquated Beau.

When I was young – when I was young,
And spun my harmless rhymes,
I dashed the shining dames among,
The Brummel of the times;
But now, Alas! I'm growing old,
My locks are turning gray,
And by the fair, I'm kindly told,
'Tis time to march away.

At fate, 'tis folly to repine,
Our fortunes to deplore;
For Beaux, like kingdoms, must decline,
To reign and rule no more;
Yet who the tears of sad regret,
Has firmness to restrain,
That sees his Star of glory set,
Never to rise again!

Adieu, Adieu! ye flowery lays!
And Ladies fair, good-night;
I sing no more in Beauty's praise,
Nor bow before its light;
'Tis meet, that I, who've had my day,
To younger Beaux should yield;
Ye vet'rans, grown unfit for fray,
Why linger in the field! –