

## Carala Bruni

# "Those Dancing Days Are Gone"

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Those Dancing Days Are Gone

Come, let me sing into your ear;  
Those dancing days are gone,  
All that silk and satin gear;  
Crouch upon a stone,  
Wrapping that foul body up  
In as foul a rag:  
I carry the sun in a golden cup.  
The moon in a silver bag.

Curse as you may I sing it through;  
What matter if the knave  
That the most could pleasure you,  
The children that he gave,  
Are somewhere sleeping like a top  
Under a marble flag?  
I carry the sun in a golden cup.  
The moon in a silver bag.

Come, let me sing into your ear;  
I thought it out this very day.  
Noon upon the clock,  
all that silk and satin gear;  
A man may put pretence away  
Who leans upon a stick,  
May sing, and sing until he drop,  
Whether to maid or hag:  
I carry the sun in a golden cup,  
The moon in a silver bag.

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