

Berlin Irving

"Crinoline Days"

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Back to the olden
Days that were golden
Memory often strays
Before anyone could gaze
At Molly's and May's
Little ankle displays
Time with its changes
Often arranges
Styles that become the craze
But I am yearning
To be returning
Back to those crinoline days

In those dear old crinoline days
Old fashioned people with their old fashioned ways

When the girl a fellow courted
Was the girl he married and supported

Back in eighteen seventy-four
Rosy complexions weren't bought in a store

Granny and grand-daddy longingly gaze
Back to those crinoline days

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