

Maud could be gracious, too, no doubt,
To the dawdling drawl of the tender ape,
His bought commission, his padded shape,
His one-half grain of sense, and his three
Shaw-colour'd hairs upon either side
Of a rabbit mouth that is ever agape.

III

"Now are they serf-like, horribly bland,
To this lord-captain up at the Hall:
Will she smile if he presses her hand?
Captain? he to hold a command!
He can hold a cue, he can pocket a ball.
And, sure, not a bantam cockrel lives
With a weaker crow upon English land;
Whether he boast of a horse that gains,
Or crackle his own applause, when he gives
A filthy story at second-hand
Where the point is miss'd and the filth remains.

IV

"Bought commission! can such as he
Be wholesome guards for an English throne,
When if France but make a lunge, why she,
God knows, might prick us to the backbone?

V

"What use for a single mouth to rage
At the rotten creak of the old machine,
Tho' it makes friend weep and enemy smile,
That here in the face of a watchful age
The sons of a graybeard-ridden isle
Should dance in a round of old routine,
And a few great families lead the reels,
While pauper manhood lies in the dirt,
And Favour and Wealth with gilded heels,
Trample service and tried desert."