

" Good night ! good night !
 The stars are bright,
 The moon shines wond'rous clear,
 We'll gaily dare
 The bracing air.
 There's nothing else to fear ;
 With pleasant talk
 Beguile the walk.
 Come on, come on, my dear.

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Then lightly dancing, quick advancing,
 Full of fun and gay romancing,
 Home the happy couple drew ;
 Passed the street with rapid feet,
 Chatting of the happy treat,
 Hearts as light as summer dew.

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My muse return, where late the scene,
 Most brilliant of the brilliant shone,
 Now darkness reigns ; so all unseen
 We'll view the bachelor alone.

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In his unrest, he quick undressed
 To his full lips a flowret pressed,
 Then seemed to pray, but in the act,
 Bethought him of the patent fact,
 The night was cold. He dimmed the light,
 And blew o'er finger tips " good night "
 To phantom form, whose gleaming eye
 Drew from his breast a heavy sigh.
 Then into bed with lithesome jump ;
And out as prompt ; whence ? what ! this lump ?
 A cat ? A rat ? A loathsome dog ?
 Some devilry ! perhaps a hog ?
 Then arming with his stoutest cane,
 Well poised to strike with might and main,
 He lifts the coverlet, peeps in,
 And spies——an infant mannikin !