

The Colonel, who's a steady whip,  
 Without the slightest slue or slip  
 The awkward slope descended,  
 And Nora Creina, I'll allow,  
 Drove down the hill in style; but now  
 Our movements were suspended:

For Brook came on, and turning round  
 The corner, a most fatal mound  
 His progress stopped—the sleigh  
 Tipped up, slued round, and overturned;  
 Alas! "Poor Moll," how sadly earned  
 Thy laurels on that day.

The upset was a gentle one,  
 And therefore was abundant fun  
 Caused by this sad disaster;  
 The drivers joked,—the ladies laughed,—  
 Oh! what a shame! he's broke his shaft!  
 At this they laughed the faster.

A crowd had soon collected by,  
 Fague a Ballagh and Ursa Mi-  
 Nor came following after;  
 They quietly pulled up to see  
 An incident so full of glee,  
 And to indulge their laughter.

The Chetah, in this awful pause,  
 Not liking much to wet his claws,  
 (None of the cat tribe do so—  
 Or e'en, perchance his lady fair  
 Declined the icy steep to dare,  
 I do not mind tell you so)

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