

XXXV.

But where's Onégin? Lo! he takes
 From ball to bed his sleepy way,
 While tireless Petersburg awakes,
 And kettledrums reveille play.
 The tradesman wakes; the pedlar starts,
 The cabman to his stand departs;
 The wheels of milk carts to and fro
 Crunch crisply in the morning snow—
 The merry morning's wakening hymn
 Begins: shops open; every flue
 Its smoky column to the blue
 Of Heaven sends. The baker trim
 (A German paper capped) throws wide
 His window to the folk outside.

XXXVI.

Tired with the ball room's noisy riot,
 Turning his morning into night,
 He sleeps in welcome shadowy quiet,
 This child of luxury and delight,
 Nor wakes till midday. Then, once more,
 Till morning lives the old life o'er,
 Dazzling but changeless; his to-day
 The counterpart of yesterday.
 And yet, amid such luxuries
 In manhood's flower, was Eugène free,
 Or happy, tho' he seemed to be
 Hero of social victories?
 Did he escape ill health, blue devils,
 Or pass scot-free through all these revels?