

Now last in this small but gallant train,
 With his chosen one and horses twain,
 The Squire took up his station;
 He drove with care—but I'll stop, for of old
 In my youthful days I often was told
 Self-praise is no recommendation.

But touching his lady, I think I may dare
 To say, that were she as brave as fair,
 She 'd have not called so often "Oh, dear!"
 Nor have seemed so happy, and so consoled,
 When often the Squire in whisper told
 That a medical man was near.

Now it grieves me sore that I must again
 Of this talented medical man complain,
 But still I think I've reason,
 An assistant to choose he will delay
 Till it is too late, and I hear some say,
 That e'en now it's too late in the season.

The Hope and his Queen, so merry and gay,
 Thro' streets and thro' alleys led the way,
 Each to lead or mislead so able,
 And in York Street, Hope thought of lunch, tho' a few
 There were of his friends who very well knew
 'Twas his horses that thought of their stable.

Intent then on feeding, the horses and all,
 Their drivers pulled up at the Lawyer's Hall,
 And each with his fair one struts
 To a sumptuous lunch, where the gents did regale
 Themselves with patties, and port, and ale,
 And the ladies eat gingerbread nuts.