

The School for Scandal

With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling brats surrounded ?
With humble curate can I now retire,
(While good Sir Peter boozes with the squire,)
And at backgammon mortify my soul,
That pants for loo, or flutters at a vole.
Seven's the main ! Dear sound that must expire,
Lost at hot cockles round a Christmas fire ;
The transient hour of fashion too soon spent,
Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content !
Farewell the plumèd head, the cushion'd tête,
That takes the cushion from its proper seat !
That spirit-stirring drum !—card drums I mean,
Spadille—odd trick—pam—basto—king and queen !
And you, ye knockers, that, with brazen throat,
The welcome visitors' approach denote ;
Farewell all quality of high renown,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious town !
Farewell ! your revels I partake no more,
And Lady Teazle's occupation's o'er !
All this I told our bard ; he smiled, and said 'twas clear,
I ought to play deep tragedy next year.
Meanwhile he drew wise morals from his play,
And in these solemn periods stalk'd away :—
' Bless'd were the fair like you ; her faults who stopp'd,
And closed her follies when the curtain dropp'd !
No more in vice or error to engage,
Or play the fool at large on life's great stage.'