

Now flattering tales, I've heard of old,
 This Hope to many fair maids has told,
 And I think it is only my duty
 To tell you this much, that once of yore
 This identical Hope threw a lady o'er—
 So trust him not, Queen of Beauty.

The Hope passed on, and not very far
 Behind him followed the Erin go bragh,
 His horses scarce out of an amble,
 And with him there sat, with a smile so bright,
 And with eyes that might darken the sunbeam's light,
 The beauteous Mrs. Campbell.



Well, next in the train there glided along
 That fortunate bird yeleft the Black Swan,
 For with him he's wont to bring
 Two ladies; but why, I should like to know,
 Can two with this Swan at all times go?
 Perhaps 'tis the size of his wing.

Next on there came at a dashing rate
 A driver bold and his pretty mate,
 And his motto (perhaps you'll know it)
 Would try, sweet lady, to make you believe
 That a Byron could never—oh, never deceive;
 But remember his namesake the poet.

In his seat so happy and fat came next
 One who looks as if seldom he ever was vexed,
 It was Paddy from Cork, you might guess:
 And Mutual followed—but where, oh where!
 I heard exclaimed, is his lady fair?
 The driver was loath to confess.