

Then next morning he would go
To his business in the street,
Knowing those he wished to know,
Meeting those he had to meet.

Sober and austere he went,
Like the very saint he was.
You might think his mind was bent
On philosophies and laws.

Take him gently by the sleeve,
Lead him to the nearest inn!
Something in his eye, believe,
Tells you what the night has been.

Post Scriptum.

If his friends should tell you, friend,
This is Kabin's portraiture
By his own hand, and commend
The truth of it, be not too sure!