

CANTO XI.

The inmates now with blushing morn,
Begin their persons to adorn ;
'Mong whom there's none so busy there
As the mistress with clotted hair,
Swoln eyes and lips, and dotted face ;
The night spots she tries to efface.
She then displays her greens and store
Of eatables, all bruised sore.
Her eggless sieve she loud laments ;
The eyeless man too late repents.
Sorry they're all when 'tis too late :
Thus with a kingdom or a state :
Broils are begun and war is waged ;
To fight to the death they're engaged.
Then when the battle fierce is o'er,
After thousands lie in their gore,
The kingdom proud or boasting state
Laments the cause of all their hate.
This cellar drunken row I'm sure
Of war is a miniature.
A miniature of apery,
In the cellar-woman too I see :
She wears a flashy gown of red,
Like the baker's wife overhead.
The baker's wife just imitates
The rich grocer's wife that she hates.

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