

## VI.

And now the Bacchanalian songs resound  
With grating chorus, lower some, some higher,  
While happiness complete spreads all around—  
At least, they deem it so, nor more require ;  
The landlord stirs the just replenished fire,  
And talks of war, of politics, and then  
Avers their comfort is their first desire ;  
The dupes believe it even so, for when  
The can is emptied next, he fills it up again.

## VII.

Thus passed the night—no sorrow, no remorse ;  
Each hour chimed sweetly as “ a marriage bell,”  
'Till a dispute arose, about a horse,  
Which not the landlord's eloquence could quell ;  
To check the gathering tempest, ere it fell,  
He and his spouse combined—but all in vain ;  
'T was now no time for parley ; just as well  
Might they have striven to stay the storm-chased  
main,  
Remand its billows back, and calm its face again.