

And out bespoke the groomsman gay, a dapper little fellow,
Who, though 'twas early in the day, was slightly touched or
mellow :

“My lands are full as broad as *his*, my name is full as noble,
And, as true knight, I cannot see a lady fair in trouble—
So, lovely mourner, list to me, and cease those sad tears
shedding.
Accept the hand I offer thee, and let's not mar the wedding.”

III.

The lady sighed, the lady smiled, then placed her fingers
taper.

Upon the gallant groomsman's arm, who forthwith cut a
caper—

The vows were said, the prayers were read—the wedded
pair departed

About the time the former swain had from his lodgings
started—

Don Sluggard entered by one gate as they drove out the
other,

And where he should have found the bride he only found
her mother.

“His *Costumier* was slow,” he said, “his horses wanted
baiting,

And therefore he—unhappily—had kept the ladies waiting.”