

IV.

Now, through the window, he could well discern
The busy landlord, happily employed,
Each emptied cup replenishing in turn.
The merry group confusion's sweets enjoyed ;
Corroding care no more their breasts annoyed ;
But, hushed beneath the Bacchanalian spell,
Each thought of home and tenderness destroyed.
Here love and fond affection never dwell—
The drunkard's midnight song proclaims their funeral
knell.

V.

Fast fly the hours, and fast the glass goes round ;
Aloud is heard the scandal and the jest ;
And laughter, too, with hoarse discordant sound,
At jokes half told, (for they can guess the rest ;)
The kind landlady, too, at their request,
Sips from the glass a double end to serve ;
Again she tastes, and why, because she's pressed,
And would not seem too haughty, or reserve,
But with a willing mind lends mirth a willing nerve.