

Here at a sumptuous table sat  
A youth—in truth a city swell,  
With taste aesthetic, what of that?  
'Tis of his act that we would tell,  
Of how it to the boy befell,  
Of how the little fellow gazed  
With glad surprise as if amazed  
And seemed bewitched, as waiting not  
This man so exquisitely fine,  
This votary at fashion's shrine,  
Did order supper nice and hot,  
And had it served, a feast of joy,  
To this poor little hungry boy,  
Not in a nook on dirty delf  
But at the table with himself.

Set out the picture full in sight,  
Surround it with the clearest light,  
Such scenes our better thoughts employ,  
A scene to give an angel joy,  
As here this man of fashion sat  
And right before him little Pat.



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