

Four ballad singers loud rejoice,  
Songsters of ev'ry tone of voice. 220

190 By day, the city they delight,  
Here they rejoice themselves by night  
On *scaltheen*---that's boiled whisky, which  
Sugar, butter, and spice enrich.

The throat it mellows sweet they say,  
And makes the lungs more freely play :

A specimen of which they show  
That can't be doubted, here below.

To render justice each one means,  
To the fat bacon and the greens. 230

200 The screeching rashers on the pan,  
Determinedly ev'ry man

Attacks, swallows and drowns in beer :

There's no reserve nor shyness here ;

United, of one sentiment,

On mastication they're intent.

In fellowship all swallow fast.

Salt-herrings finish the repast,

With toughest ling ten times as salt---  
Herrings and ling now swim in malt. 240

What a fine contrast here I see,

210 'Tween these and the lord's family :

Apollo's sons now sing and drink,

Nor of their toils a moment think ;

In jollity, cares are forgot,

Say can happiness here be got ?

It might---had not the master come

Home drunk, and noisy as a drum.

At his good woman first he flies,  
She scratches in defence, his eyes. 250