

X.

That isle o' mud looks baking dry with gold.  
 It is needle-muddle that works out & in.  
 It really is a wonder to behold,  
 & Makes me feel the bristles of my chin.  
 Judged by appearance,  
 I fancy of the two I'm nearer Sin,  
 & might as well commence a clearance.

XI.

And that's what my fine daughter said:— she meant:  
 Pray hold your tongue, & wear a Sunday face.  
 Her husband, the young linen draper, spent  
 Much argument thereon:— I'm their disgrace.  
 Bother the couple!  
 I feel superior to a chap whose place  
 Commands him to be neat & supple.

XII.

But if I go & say to my old hen:  
 I'll mend the gentry's boots, & keep discreet,  
 untill they grow too violent, — why then,  
 A warmer welcome I might chance to meet:  
 Warmer & better  
 & if she fancies her old cock is beat,  
 I drop upon her knees — so let her!

XIII

She suffered for me:— women you'll observe,  
 I'm't buffer for a cause, but for a man.  
 When I was in the dock, she showed her nerve:  
 I saw beneath her shawl my old Tea can  
 Trembling.... she brought it.  
 To screw me for my work: she loathed my plan  
 And therefore doubly kind I thought it.

XIV

I've never lost the taste of that same tea:  
 That liquor on my logic floats like oil,  
 When I state facts, & fellows disagree.  
 For human creatures all are in a coil;  
 All may want pardon.  
 I see a day when every pot will boil.  
 Harmonious in one great Tea-garden!

XV

Be wout the setting of the Dandy's day,  
 Before that time! — He's furbishing his dress —  
 He will be ready for it! — & I say  
 That you old dandy rot amidst the cress, —  
 Thanks to hard labour! —  
 If cleanliness is next to godliness,  
 The old fat fellow's Heaven's neighbour!