



BACCHUS & TIME.

AIR—" *To Anacreon in Heaven.*"

(Captain Morris.)

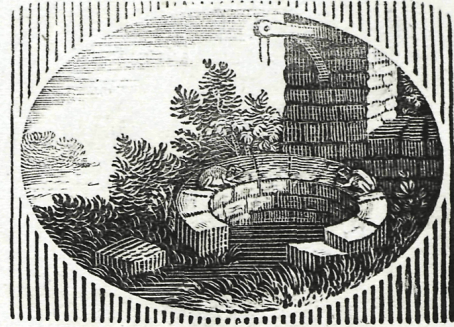
Gay Bacchus one evening inviting his friends,
 To come and partake of a generous flask,
 To each social being a message he sends,
 To joyously meet at the head of his cask.
 The guests all appeared at his place of address,
 The witty, the brave, the gay, and the bold ;
 Our circle surpassed all that fancy can guess
 Of Arthurs round table so famous of old.

In the midst of our merriment who do you think,
 Unobserved, unsuspected, had seated him there,
 But old care in disguise, who tipped us the wink,
 And earnestly warned us of Time to beware ;
 Who in spite of his age and the weight of his years,
 We should find but a slippery blade,
 Is know by the lock on his forehead he wears,
 And carries his sythe the true sign of his trade.

We gratefully plied him with bottle and pot,
 Which gracefully filled up his wrinkles apace ;
 The cynic grew blythe and his precepts forgot,
 And soon fell asleep as he sat in his place.
 Regardless of time then we threw off restraint,
 Nor feared we to wake the old spark,
 Our songs were select and our stories were quaint,
 And each jolly Bacchant as gay as a lark.

When all of a sudden, so awful and tall,
 One appear'd quite majestic, though spoilt a good
 song,
 Father Time, moving round by the side of the wall,
 Behind us quite slowly came stealing along ;
 We arose to his reverence and proffered a chair,
 He peevishly said for no man he would stay ;
 Then Bacchus upstart and caught at his hair,
 And swore by his godship the score he should pay.

But Time, well aware of the god of the grape,
 Evaded his efforts and quickly he flew,
 We seized on his glass e'er he made his escape,
 And griping it instantly broke it in two ;
 Then we filled each with wine instead of his sand,
 And gaily we drank double toasts to the fair,
 Each member in turn with a glass in each hand,
 Quite tipsy and reeling went home with Care.



Heigho ! says Thimble.

AIR—" *Heigho ! says Roley.*"—(G. Colman.)

Thimble's scolding wife lay dead,
 Heigho ! says Thimble,
 My dearest duck's defunct in bed ;
 Death hath cabbaged her, oh ! she's fled !
 With her roley, poley, gammon and spinnage,
 Heigho ! says Thimble.

Thimble buried his wife that night,
 Heigho ! says Thimble ;
 I grive to sew up my heart's delight,
 With her diamond ring on her finger tight,
 And her roley, poley, &c.

To saw off the finger and steal the ring
 Soon came the sexton ;
 She sat up an end and she gave a flog,
 Crying, d—e, you dog, you steal no such thing,
 With your roley, poley, &c.
 And off ran the sexton.

She stalked to her home and she made a din,
 Heigho ! cries Thimble ;
 Then popp'd out his head, and said with a grin,
 You are dead, dearest duck, and I can't let you in.
 With your roley, poley, &c.

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