

THE OLD BACHELOR.

"He which that hath no wife I hold him lost,
Helpless, and all desolat."—CHAUCER.

"No life, no joy, no sweete, without a lasse."—
ALBINO AND BELLAMA, 1637.

"We have *so* leaden eyes, as not to see sweet beauties snow,
Or seeing have *so* wooden wits, as *not that* worth to know;
Or knowing, have *so* muddie minds, as not to be in love,
Or loving, have *so* frothy thoughts, as *easily* thence to move."
—ASTROPHEL and STELLA, *Sir P. Sidney*, 1638.

What "fox," in life,
Still takes no wife,
But would an heiress catch—oh, lor'!
Than on *himself*
Waste all her pelf?
'Tis the plotting, sly, old Bachelor!

Who is the "blade,"
When youth and maid
Give promise of a match—oh, lor'!
Will prate of care,
And pockets bare?
'Tis the senseless, cold old Bachelor!

Who to some friend's
His course oft bends,
More than one "buss" to snatch—oh, lor'!
With that friend's wife,—
So causing strife?
'Tis the faithless, strange, old Bachelor!

Who'll to some queer
"Bold creature" near
Himself *too much* attach—oh, lor'!
Until his name
Men but defame?
'Tis the vicious, wild, old Bachelor!

Who—soon and late—
To have his prate,
Will lift his neighbour's latch—oh, lor'!
And ne'er decline
To stop and dine?
'Tis the sculking, "deep," old Bachelor!

Who's ever found,
When wine goes round,
It quickly to "dispatch"—oh, lor'!
Cup after cup
Still guzzling up?
'Tis the drunken, dry, old Bachelor!

Who—unemployed—
Of *self* still cloyed,
Such dullness oft doth hatch—oh, lor'!
Cause 'tis his way
So *long* to stay?
'Tis the tiresome, slow, old Bachelor!

Who, in his dress,
Seems nothing less
Than "guy," stuff'd with old thatch—oh, lor'!
All things so worn,
Besmeared, or torn?
'Tis the nasty, foul, old Bachelor!

Who wears such hose,
His skin oft shows—
That ne'er get darn or patch—oh, lor'!
Housekeepers, oh!
They're still so slow?
'Tis the hated, cross, old Bachelor!

Who—all *alone*—
Lives but to groan,
And his small beer to watch—oh, lor'!
While, to his cost,
Things oft are lost?
'Tis the grudging, grim, old Bachelor!

For whom, at last,
His sins all past,
A hole will sextons scratch—oh, lor'!
Though well we know
Few tears will flow?
'Tis the worthless, bad, old Bachelor!

C. C.

