

THE  
OLD BACHELOR.

“A fixed figure for the hand of scorn  
To point his slow, unmoving finger at.”

WHAT knave, in life, still takes no wife,  
But would *an heiress* catch—oh, lor!  
Then 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, vile “baggage” 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 (unemploy'd)—of *self* still cloy'd,  
Such dulness 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, besmear'd, 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!

Who—at the last, his sins all past,  
Will claim'd be by “Old Scratch”—oh, lor!  
But *where* he'll go, I need not show?  
'Tis the worthless, bad Old Bachelor!

C. C.

GREAT TOTHAM, 1845.