

# THE DRUNKARD.

## A Parody.

BY JAMES HOLLAMBY.

'TIS the voice of the Drunkard, I heard him complain—  
"Oh! my throat is so dry, I must wet it again!"  
As a bird on a gate-post so he in his shop,  
For he's no sooner there than away he will hop.

"A little more Ale, and a little more Grog,"  
Thus he spends all he's got, and gets drunk as a hog;  
At the Bagatelle board by the hour he will stand,  
Or sit by the fire, with a pot in his hand.

I pass'd by his workshop, but found him not there,—  
His tools were all rusty—his shop almost bare;  
The coat he had on when he started from home  
Is "shoved up the spout" for a quartern of rum.

I went to the tavern to get him away,  
But 'twas all to no purpose, for there he would stay:  
As soon as he saw me, he said he'd been thinking  
Man ne'er was intended to live without drinking.

Thinks I to myself—here's a lesson for me,—  
So I'll stick to my work, with a cup of good tea;  
But thanks to my friends for what they have done,  
Who taught me to work, and not go on "the run."

UCKFIELD, SUSSEX, DECEMBER, 1842.