

Rowland Helen

The Rubáiyát of a Bachelor



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THE RUBÁIYÁT OF A BACHELOR

AKE! For the Spring has scattered into flight
The Vows of Lent, and bids the heart be light.
Bring on the Roast, and take the Fish away!
The Season calls – and Woman's eyes are bright!

EFORE the phantom of Pale Winter died,
Methought the Voice of Spring within me cried,
"When Hymen's rose-decked altars glow within,
Why nods the laggard *Bachelor* outside?"

ND, at the Signal, I who stood before
In idle musing, shouted, "Say no more!
You know how little while we have to Love —
And Love's light Hand is knocking at the door!"

OW, the New Moon reviving old desires,
The gallant Youth to Sentiment aspires;
And ere he saunters forth on conquest bent,
Himself, like unto Solomon, attires.

OW blithely through the smiling throng he goes,
His Winter garments hung – where, no one knows!
A Symphony in radiant scarfs and hose,
Wrought t'inspire a maiden's "Ah's!" and "Oh's!"

NTO a new Flirtation, why not knowing,
Nor whence, his heart with madness overflowing;
Then out of it – and thence, without a pause,
Into *another*, willy-nilly blowing.

HAT if the conscience feel, perchance, a sting?
No danger waits him – save the *Wedding Ring*.
A Kiss is not the sin that yesterday
It was – for that was *Lent*, and this is *Spring*!

OME simple ones may sigh for wealth or fame,
And some, for the sweet Domestic Life, and tame;
But ah! give me a supper, a cigar,
A charming Woman – and the old Love-Game!

OME blue points on the half-shell, in a row,

Some iced champagne, a melting bird – and Thou
Beside me flirting, 'neath a picture hat —
Oh, single life were Paradise enow!

COZY-CORNER tête-à-tête – what bliss!
A murmured word, a sigh, a stolen kiss —
Ah, tell me, does the Promised Paradise
Hold anything one-half so sweet as this?

ND yet, since I am made of common clay,
One charm I'd add to this divine array;
Lord make me *careful*, and whate'er betide,
Without proposing, let me slip away!

OR, some I've known, the bravest and the best,
Who laughed at Love, as but an idle jest,
Have, one by one, walked straight into the Net,
Helpless, before the *Cozy Corner* test!

HUS, oft, beside some damsel fond and fair,
I've sat, thrilled by the perfume of her hair,
And madly longed to murmur, lip-to-lip,
"Beloved, marry me!" – but did not dare!

OR some I've wooed, when I felt blithe and gay,
Have looked *so different*, when we met next day,
That I have simply stopped to say, "So charmed!"
And shuddering, sped hurriedly away!

OOK to the Married Men! Alas, their gains
Are neither here nor there, for all their pains.
For wedding bells are rung – and loudly rung
To drown the clanking of the *Marriage Chains*!

MOMENT'S halt – a little word or two —
And you have done what you can ne'er undo;
Promised to pay a Woman's bills for life —
Anchored yourself – and there's an end of you!

ND we, who now make merry at the gloom
Of those who thus have gone to meet their doom —
May we, ourselves, not some day follow suit,
Ourselves to be the Butt of jests – for whom?

NDEED, 'tis better to have loved and lost —
Taken the Kiss and fled, at any cost,
Than to have loved and married, and for aye,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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