

THE LEIPZIG RAMBLER

With glistening rays bright Phoebus did rise,
To shine over Leipzig, where the Muses do dwell,
Where men are not fools, yet all men are not wise,
Some of whom trade with heav'n and others with hell,
Where the Funkenburg ladies full of Latin and Greek
Run the streets up and down to pick up high and low,
Attend ev'ry Kirmis, where of love they can speak,
And undress themselves naked their beauties to show;
Thus induc'd I resolv'd to attend all gay places,
As at Gohlis, where mirth and good humour abound.
There I saw Lady Venus and her beautiful Graces,
Perfum'd with cigars and pipes all around,
Quomodo vales? said a Doctor to a twinkling-ey'd maid,
Bene, bene, was the answer with a squeeze of the hand,
They quickly agreed, not a word more was said,
He made her his wife, and she made him her husband;
Up came a Magister with a face like a sherry,
Quid est hoc! tell me Doctor, that girl is not thine,
She was taken from me, whilst I drank and was merry,
Give her up now, *me Hercule!* that girl is mine.
The contest went on, and a fight was expected,
When a hearty young student full of ardour and fire,
Produc'd sword and pistols, both of which were rejected,
For neither of them had to fight a desire.
The Girl displeas'd to find them both cowards,
Took the student aside, telling him those are fools,
Let them talk, drink, and smoke or sit down to cards,
They don't know how to make the best use of their tools.
The frolic being over, I look'd round about,
When I saw all at once a cursed old fellow,
Whith a wench by the hand as big and as stout,
As a giant in size with a voice not quite mellow.
They went through the garden, sung towards the wood,
And I follow'd the scent like a dog in full chase,
Till I saw them stop short on account of the flood,
Being unable to find anywhere a dry place;