

As no sport could be had, he did mournfully say,
I see it won't do for two reasons, my dear,
So let us be gone, and give it up for the day,
To-morrow be pleas'd to meet me again here.
Ruminating, where next I shall make an excursion,
I was told, that ad Sleisig one could see a good thing,
And as to see and to hear, I have no aversion,
I rose with Aurora and heard the birds sing,
I thought myself first, but I was quite mistaken,
For the rooms and the garden were fill'd with all sorts,
So I went to the top-rooms, which some gamesters had taken,
Where the dice and *roulettes* were the company's sports.
Returning through Lindenau, I dropt in by chance
At the inn of that place, where vulgarity reigns,
Where mechanical ladies in the afternoon dance,
And maid-servants meet to look out for their swains,
Their behaviour indeed was what could be expected,
From a mixture of women with a tongue low and free;
By the vilest of Fellows they were not respected,
So their charms had no power in the least to affect me.
Hearing much of the Funkenburg sports and allurements,
I squeez'd myself in, tho' push'd well about,
In order to spend there a few happy moments,
But the stink altogether drove me rapidly out.
The Green Schenke was the place, which was next to be seen
Where country and town girls assemble for dancing.
There I heard a great noise, before I went in,
Which they made by their jumps, their capers and prancing,
The people from Taucha rich, poor, tall and short,
Came running and sweating to refresh themselves here,
Exclaiming half mad, what a glorious sport!
Some calling for coffee, for snaps, and for beer.
Learned and fools, clerks, sweeps and attorneys,
Jews, whores, and thieves did form a procession,
Whilst some came galloping on bays and on greys
And journeymen walking of ev'ry profession,
The night-sport began all over the fields.
There they lay two and two, like Adam and Eve,
Enjoying the sweets, which love mortals yields.
Such a scene, without seeing, no man would believe.
Raschwitz, the noblest of all rural places,
Took off my attention from all that is low.
The flower of Leipzig with true jovial faces,
Meet there unmolested their humour to show,
The landlord, whose conscience has never been weigh'd,
Knows well how to charge for his customers frolic
Whether pleas'd or displeas'd he expects to be paid,
And laughs in his sleeves at their being so weak.