

Bosen's Garden is the place, where gentility's seen  
And ladies of taste their charms can display,  
Where the walks are enchanting with a beautiful green,  
The three graces alluring happy, merry and gay.  
No wrangling is heard of, all faces are smiling,  
Men are talking of honour and ladies of dresses,  
They appear all sincere without fraud or beguiling,  
And time passes by with sweet words and caresses.  
The music is charming and play'd with a glee,  
Which draws from each heart most amorous sighs.  
»This piece is delightful« said Mr. P. to Miss C.  
»t is indeed«, answer'd Miss in twinkling her eyes.  
The hint being given, there was nothing more wanting,  
But to fix on a place, where of love they could speak,  
For their hearts in their bosoms were sobbing and panting,  
So in wedlock to join they were ready and quick.  
The fair coming on, where to go I knew not,  
So I mov'd towards town to look out for more sport,  
And to enjoy myself well, I join'd in a plot,  
To frequent all the places, where people resort.  
Rudolph's garden they said, was the rage for a day,  
Where people assemble to stare and be stared at,  
Here I sat myself down 'mong the merry and gay,  
But oblig'd ev'ry moment to take off my hat,  
Which did not quite please me, the wind blowing cold,  
And neither coffee nor tea could be had for an hour,  
So I went into doors, where I found young and old,  
Some of whom look'd quite pleas'd and others quite sour.  
Night coming on briskly I moved into town  
To partake of the sport, which evenings afford.  
So I went straight to Classig's, a place of renown,  
To set down, what I thought would be fit to record.  
There the rooms were all crowded, the billiards at work,  
The music enchanting to the hearers around,  
Whilst others were busy at the knife and the fork,  
And bottles and glasses did cheerfully sound,  
The Jews greased their chops with bacon and porkstakes,  
And Turks, Greeks, and Russians smoked opium to sleep.  
The spectators consisted of strangers and rakes  
Whom curiosity led at the spendthrifts to peep.  
For a Species-thaler at Faro to play  
I went with a friend, who knew the sport well,  
But fearing the law, I objected to stay  
And sent Bank and Punters, and the whole set to hell.  
Beyer's coffee-house, I was told, was an object to see,  
So I ran down the Brühl with the speed of a greyhound,  
But on op'ning the door, the Lord have mercy on me,  
I thought it a Synagogue by the noise and the sound,