

LET US ALL BE UNHAPPY ON SUNDAY.

A LYRIC FOR SATURDAY NIGHT.

AIR—We bipeds made up of frail clay.

WE zealots, made up of stiff clay,
 The sour-looking children of sorrow,
 While not over-jolly to-day,
 Resolve to be wretched to-morrow.
 We can't for a certainty tell
 What mirth may molest us on Monday ;
 But, at least, to begin the week well,
 Let us all be unhappy on Sunday.

That day, the calm season of rest,
 Shall come to us freezing and frigid ;
 A gloom all our thoughts shall invest,
 Such as Calvin would call over-rigid.
 With sermons from morning till night,
 We'll strive to be decent and dreary :
 To preachers a praise and delight,
 Who ne'er think that sermons can weary.

All tradesmen cry up their own wares ;
In this they agree well together :
The Mason by stone and lime swears ;
The Tanner is always for leather.
The Smith still for iron would go ;
The Schoolmaster stands up for teaching ;
And the Parson would have you to know,
There's nothing on earth like his preaching.

The face of kind Nature is fair ;
But our system obscures its effulgence :
How sweet is a breath of fresh air !
But our rules don't allow the indulgence.
These gardens, their walks and green bowers,
Might be free to the poor man for one day ;
But no, the glad plants and gay flowers
Mustn't bloom or smell sweetly on Sunday.

What though a good precept we strain
Till hateful and hurtful we make it !
What though, in thus pulling the rein,
We may draw it so tight as to break it !
Abroad we forbid folks to roam,
For fear they get social or frisky ;
But of course they can sit still at home,
And get dismally drunk upon whisky.

Then, though we can't certainly tell
How mirth may molest us on Monday ;
At least, to begin the week well,
Let us all be unhappy on Sunday