

On reading after a long interval the parody on "The Sailor's Life at Sea," referred to in our Note on p. 119, it appears to us so good that we cannot help adding it as a *pendant* to our own attempt. It was written by a dear friend and frequent *collaborateur* of the present writer's.

## THE BAGMAN'S LIFE ON SHORE.

AIR—*The Sailor's Life at Sea.*

**H**OW gay is the Bagman's bustling life,  
 Who from east to west can roam, sir!  
 In every town he finds a wife,  
 In every inn a home, sir.  
     Courting here,  
     Sporting there,  
     Merrily, readily,  
     Cheerily, steadily;  
 Many a joyous hour in store  
 Has the Bagman's life on shore.

With his three-caped coat and buckskins tight,  
 And the crape around his beaver,

And his mourning breast-pin full in sight,

He looks a gay deceiver.

Leering here,

Jeering there,

Merrily, readily,

Cheerily, steadily,

Hearts he conquers by the score ;

Such the Bagman's life on shore.

When cash grows low and the bill runs high,

And the landlady looks amiss, sir,

The Bagman tips her a wink of his eye,

And he pays his way with a kiss, sir.

Smirking here,

Shirking there,

Merrily, readily,

Cheerily, steadily,

Till his gig is at the door ;

Such the Bagman's life on shore.

When the gig draws up and the bags are stored,

And the bill has thus been paid, sir,

The Bagman lightly skips on board,

With a " Damme, who's afraid, sir ? "

Swearing here,  
Staring there,  
Merrily, readily,  
Cheerily, steadily,  
Care and thought he votes a bore ;  
Such the Bagman's life on shore.

At each toll-bar he can cheer his heart  
With a cup of old October ;  
For he knows that a Bagman drunk may start,  
While his horse and gig are sober.

Singing here,  
Swinging there,  
Merrily, readily,  
Far from steadily ;  
Safe, though tempests round him roar,  
Is the Bagman's course on shore.

When the storm is past, and the journey done,  
And the tumbler smokes before him,  
He cheers each waiter with his fun,  
And the barmaids all adore him.

Funning here,  
Punning there,

Merrily, readily,  
Cheerily, steadily;  
Tumblers three, or rather four,  
Are the Bagman's rule on shore.

When the Bagman closes at last his books,  
And stops at the sign of the Tomb, sir;  
He meets the waiter with cheerful looks,  
That shows him to his room, sir.

Jesting here,  
Resting there,  
Wearily, readily,  
Cheerily, steadily;  
Soundest sleep, without a snore,  
Be the Bagman's rest on shore.

Unconsciously, perhaps, the author of this song has in the last verse indulged in a jest to be found in Milton's lines "On the University CARRIER"—the only jest perhaps that Milton ever perpetrated—where he tells of Hobson, as at the end of his journey, and come to "his latest inn," that Death—

"In the kind office of a *chamberlin*,  
Showed him his room, where he must lodge that night,  
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light."