

W. M. Thackeray (1811-63)

8 *The Knight and the Lady*

There's in the Vest a city pleasant,  
To vich King Bladud gev his name,  
And in that city there's a Crescent,  
Vere dwelt a noble knight of fame.

Although that galliant knight is oldish, 5  
Although Sir John as grey, grey air,  
Hage has not made his busum coldish,  
His Art still beats tewodds the Fair!

'Twas two years sins, this knight so splendid, 10  
Peraps fateagued with Bath's routines,  
To paris towne his phootsteps bended  
In sutch of gayer folks and seans.

His and was free, his means was easy,  
A nobler, finer gent than he  
Ne'er drove about the Shons-Eleesy, 15  
Or paced the Roo de Rivolee.

A brougham and pair Sir John prowided,  
In which abroad he loved to ride;  
But ar! he most of all enjyed it,  
When some one helse was sittin' inside! 20

That "some one helse" a lovely dame was,  
Dear ladies, you will heasy tell —  
Countess Grabrowski her sweet name was,  
A noble title, ard to spell.

This faymus Countess ad a daughter 25  
Of lovely form and tender art;  
A nobleman in marridge sought her,  
By name the Baron of Saint Bart.

Their pashn touched the noble Sir John,  
It was so pewer and profound; 30  
Lady Grabrowski he did urge on,  
With Hyming's wreeth their loves to crownd.

"O, come to Bath, to Lansdowne Crescent,"  
Says kind Sir John, "and live with me;  
The living there's uncommon pleasant — 35  
I 'm sure you'll find the hair agree.

"O, come to Bath, my fair Grabrowski,  
And bring your charming girl," sezee;  
"The Barring here shall have the ouse-key,  
Vith breakfast, dinner, lunch, and tea. 40

"And when they've passed an appy winter,  
Their opes and loves no more we'll bar;  
The marridge-vow they'll enter inter,  
And I at church will be their Par."

To Bath they went to Lansdowne Crescent, 45  
Where good Sir John he did provide  
No end of teas, and balls incessant,  
And hosses both to drive and ride.

He was so Ospitably busy,  
When Miss was late, he'd make so bold 50  
Upstairs to call out, "Missy, Missy,  
Come down, the coffy's getting cold!"

But O! 'tis sadd to think such bounties  
Should meet with such return as this;  
O, Barring of Saint Bart, O, Countess 55  
Grabrowski, and O, cruel Miss!

He married you at Bath's fair Habby,  
Saint Bart he treated like a son —  
And wasn't it uncommon shabby  
To do what you have went and done! 60

My trembling And amost refewses

To write the charge which Sir John swore,  
Of which the Countess he excuses,  
Her daughter and her son-in-love.

My Mews quite blushes as she sings of 65  
The false charge which now I quote:  
He says Miss took his two best rings off,  
And pawned 'em for a tenpenny note.

“Is this the child of honest parentage,  
To make away with folks' best things? 70  
Is this, pray, like the wives of Barrons,  
To go and prig a gentleman's rings?”

Thus thought Sir John, by anger wrought on,  
And to revenge his injured cause,  
He brought them up to Mr. Broughton, 75  
Last Wednesday week as ever was.

If guiltless, how she have been slandered!  
If guilty, vengeance will not fail;  
Meanwhile, the lady is remanded  
And given three hundred pounds in bail. 80

1848

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