

The D.H.C. prefer to take their 'sweat'
After fast horses sadly over heat --
'Indulge their taste' they spite all 'manly toils,'
Eschew 'the graceful dance,' engage in broils,
And weak not 'hardy, range the snow-clad heath'
Telling the bachelors to their very teeth
(A woman's septre, tongue, they'll ever wield)
That man's but naked stubble in the field
Of human hopes & human joys.
From such a field they'll fly & leave the boys,
Old maids they'll live & die, the darlings --
And so to have a right good time at snarlings,
They get a sleigh, fast nags & oysters
Whiskey to make them high & boisterous --
No seats have they, for, tight, they might fall out --
They sit in straw (an emblem of their faith no doubt)
And think the 'covies' mourn their labored flight --
Commencing thus, they have a Bacchanalian night --
Screaming all the way to steady Wauwatosia --
And when they got there -- well I don't know sir,
But I'm told they ate six cans of oysters stewed,
That the Damned Hard Cases came home st²wed
I doubt the last (though they may have been right jolly)
And as old maids would, indulged in freaks of folly --
A simple prank will often much amuse a child,
So straw rides, oysters, tea make old maids wild --
They had some whiskey though 'tis true
And next day they were very blue --
Now, since this time, somewhat ashamed
(One horse you know was badly lamed
And the owner too, has brought a suit)
These Damned Hard Cases by repute
Finding suits will come whatever course they take
Prefer a lover's suit, to any other make,
And so they now extend their hands
Hope soon to be in Wedlock's holy bands
Joined to those they once did so deride
When the Damned Hard Cases took a silly ride.

A Sufferer