

1st Edition

Nic Habitoh

amell!

This is the home of a Man & his Fancy.
Quelce & deccorum here they must dwell,
Tombing poor Cupid & his necromancy.
Peace be on the House?

Oh, well,
Jace mag. Quile, Gillinggate.
But jish vaib!

Of frequent occurrence in marriage / they say /
More happy the man when his spouse is away!
This névage à deux probat regnum, thereal
For when

All's still as a mouse,

Karl sits by the fire, & toasting his toes,
Pipe slips from his fingers, half-lost in a doze
Saprist! in a twinkling, off down Fancy flies.

Et mesa fugit, counubilique,
Dancing the spheres for what's magic lies
Coelo, teris, altoque, —

Sale decon on the mountains, the pine-wood, the
High noon on the ocean, the spinorifl' keen jets,
Perfume = lo see twilight when mandolin's play,
The moon = silvered gleam of the seas of Cethy!

Oh, happiest Karl,
His Fancy's away!

Quod fecit per alium fecit per se
And that for yours sweet,
Gillingate!

Peace ~~is~~ ^{debet} on the House

2^d version

74. Gellinggate

This is the home of a Man + his Fancy.
Cold = shivering Cupid + his neeromancy,
In calm domesticity here they must dwell.
Peace be on the house!

But sometimes it happens in marriage, they say,
Most blessed the Man, when his spouse is away.
Then, — die through the town sources the sweet refreshment,
All's still in the house!

Karl sits by the hearthstone, a-tasting his tea,
Pipe slips from his fingers, half-lost in a doze.
~~Behold, in a twinkling,~~ off came Fancy's bliss,
So seek the far or claim what wage lies

In down on the uplands, the pine woods, the old,
High noon on the ocean, the spinners' low belt,
Preference laden twilight when man's plea
The moon = silvered gleam of the sails of Cocty,
Or when gives the ice-flor with unceasing melody,
Aurora: Ah, ~~which~~ ~~was~~ ~~at~~ Pole Star on his throne
Rush

While land of the Yarl —
Oh, happy Karl!
Aurean and alone —
Peace is on the house

To a Bachelor Lawyer's Housewarming.
=

This is the home of a Man and his Fancy,
Dulce et decorum here they must dwell.
Smudging poor Cupid and his necromancy!
Peace be on the house.

Ah, well, -

It frequently happens in marriage (they say)
More happy the man than his spouse is away.
This ménage à deux probat regnum, then.

For when

Kare sits by the fire toasting his toes,
Pipe slips from his fingers, half-lost in a doze,
Pouf! In a twinkling off Dame Fancy flies.

Et mensa fugit. convulsioque
Ranging the spheres for what magic lies
Coele, terris, altoque.

Pale dawn on the up-lands, the fairs: wood, the ocell,
High noon on the ocean, the opindrift's² new pelt,
Perfume-laden twilight when mandolin's play,
The moon = silvered gleam of the sands of Cathay.
Or where grinds the ice = floe with unceasing moan
Beneath the aurora = lib. Stan on his throne -

White land of the Jarl -

Oh, happier Karl!

His Faucy's away,

Quod fecit pro alium fecit pro se

Adream and alone,

Peace is on the house!

Cimée Tourgée.