

The Polyglot Miss Bailey.

A captain bold of Halifax who lived in country quarters,
Seduced a maid who hanged herself, one Monday, in her garters.
His guilty conscience smited him. He lost his stomach daily,
He took to drinking Ratafia and thought upon Miss Bailey.

Oh! Miss Bailey, unfortunate Miss Bailey,
Upon his bed he lay one night, ~~secure~~

~~One night as he lay on his bed,~~ ~~as~~ he had ~~got~~ a fever,
Said he "I am a handsome man, but I'm a gay deceiver."

At twelve o'clock that very night, his candle burned quite palely,
A ghost stepped up to his bedside, and cried "Behold Miss Bailey!"

"Avaunt Miss Bailey" then he cried, "Your face looks white and mealy."

"Oh! Captain Smith" the ghost replied, "you've used me ungentelly—"

"The crowners quest goes hard with me, because I've acted frailly

"And Parson Briggs won't bury me, although I'm dead Miss Bailey."

"Dear ghost" said he, since you and I, accounts, must once for all close,
"For a one penny note I think you'll find"
~~There is a one penny note in my regimental small clothes;~~

"I will bribe the sexton for your grave." The ghost then vanished gaily,
Saying "Bless you wicked Captain Smith. Remember poor Miss Bailey."

Seduxit miles virginum receptus in Lybennis
Quae laqueo praecipitem se contulit Avernus
Improneus ille restitit sed acius putabat
Et conscius facinoris per vna clumitabat.

Bailliam, Bailliam, infortunam Bailliam
Proditam, perditam, miserimamque Bailliam.

Ardente domum sanguine, dum respit ad cubilo
O, belle Proditorcule, patraisti factum vile!
Nocturne cudent lampades, et ecce imago dira
Ante ora stabat militis, dixitque fumans ira
Aspice Bailliam, infortunam Bailliam!

Abito - cur me corporis pallore exanimasti?
Perfidius manusculum, mi vis admixististi
Oerero ripas Stygias, recensat justa Pontifex.
Suicidam Quaestor nuncupat, et tua culpa carnifex.
Tua culpa carnifex, qui violasti Bailliam!

Sunt mihi bis denisoldi, quam nitidi quam pulchri!
Hos accipe, et honores caupobere sepulchri.

Tum Lemaris non facies ut antea iracundior
Argentam ridens numerat et ipsa vox jucundior
Vale, vale, Corculum! luctate satis Bailliam
Vale Vale Corculum, nunc lude, si vis aliam.

Un capitaine Lundy de Halifax demeurant dans son quartier
Seduait une fille qui se pendit, un Lundi avec sa jarretière
La conscience le tourmenta, son estomac fut gelé.
Il quitta le fort Ratafia et pensa que de Miss Bailliee
Oh La Bailliee la malheureuse Bailliee.

Un soir se couchant de bonne heure, car il avait la fièvre,
Dit il "Je suis un beau garçon, mais voyage comme un chameau"
La lumière brûle pâle et bleu, le suif et coton mêlé
Une revenante approche son lit et cria "voici Bailliee"

"Ha-t-en" dit il "ou diable m'importe, je turrerai la sonnette"
"Cher Capitaine" répond la dame "quelle conduite malhonnête"
La commissaire fut trop sévère, envers une fille si grêlée
Et le Prêtre ne veut pas dire la messe pour l'âme de ^{Bailliee} ~~Miss Bailliee~~

"Cher Revenante" dit il, tenez vos arrangements notre affaire.
Une banque note dans ma culotte ferme ton cimetière."
Gaiement s'enfuit alors l'esprit, on sort si bien démêlé.
Adieu cher fripon Capitaine Smith
N'oubliez pas votre Bailliee;