RIDING IN A STAGE

Creeping through the valley, crawling o’er the hill,
Splashing through the branches, rumbling o’er the mill;
Putting nervous gentlemen in a towering rage.
What is so provoking as riding in a stage?

Spinsters fair and forty, maids in youthful charms,
Suddenly are cast into their neighbors’ arms;
Children shoot like squirrels darting through a cage-
Isn’t it delightful, riding in a stage?

Feet are interlacing, heads severely bumped,
Friend and foe together get their noses thumped;
Dresses act as carpets-listen to the sage;
“Life is but a journey taken in a stage.”