

THE BANQUET

Thomas Ország-Land

Never dared he risk an error,
Casanova with a ring,
handsome, tame suburban terror,
Casanova on a string,
 Casanova, Casanova,
 a lovely beast, a beast to feast
 from pillow to post,
 a beast to boast.

Strictly keeping love on ration,
pallid wedlocks he would bring
through to quivering pain and passion,
Casanova on a string,
 Casanova, Casanova,
 from pillow to post,
 a lovely beast, a beast to feast,
 a beast to boast.

He was feared and much desired
through his life's eternal spring
till the repetition tired
Casanova on a string,
 Casanova, Casanova,
 a beast to boast,
 a lovely beast, a beast to feast
 from pillow to post.

But he has been tied where it matters the most
to Casanova, and the sting
still urges him on from pillow to post
each time his wife gives a pull on the string—
 O Casanova, Casanova,
 a beast to boast
 from pillow to post,
 a lovely beast served up for a feast.