

## **Allegory: A Moral Vehicle**

**I had a gig-horse, and I called him Pleasure  
Because on Sundays for a little jaunt  
He was so fast and showy, quite a treasure;  
Although he sometimes kicked and shied aslant.  
I had a chaise, and christened it Enjoyment,  
With yellow body and the wheels of red,  
Because it was only used for one employment,  
Namely, to go wherever Pleasure led.**

**I had a wife, her nickname was Delight:  
A son called Frolic, who was never still:  
Alas! how often dark succeeds to bright!  
Delight was thrown, and Frolic had a spill,  
Enjoyment was upset and shattered quite,  
And Pleasure fell a splitter on Paine's Hill.**

*Thomas Hood*