

TO MRS. K——,

ON HER SENDING ME

AN ENGLISH CHRISTMAS PLUMB-CAKE,  
AT PARIS.

WHAT crowding thoughts around me wake,  
What marvels in a Christmas-cake !  
Ah say, what strange enchantment dwells  
Enclos'd within its od'rous cells ?  
Is there no small magician bound  
Encrusted in its snowy round ?  
For magic surely lurks in this,  
A cake that tells of vanish'd bliss ;  
A cake that conjures up to view  
The early scenes, when life was new ;  
When mem'ry knew no sorrows past,  
And hope believ'd in joys that last !—

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Mysterious cake, whose folds contain  
 Life's calendar of bliss and pain ;  
 That speaks of friends for ever fled,  
 And wakes the tears I love to shed.  
 Oft shall I breathe her cherish'd name  
 From whose fair hand the off'ring came :  
 For she recalls the artless smile  
 Of nymphs that deck my native Isle ;  
 Of beauty that we love to trace,  
 Allied with tender, modest grace ;  
 Of those who, while abroad they roam,  
 Retain each charm that gladdens home,  
 And whose dear friendship can impart  
 A Christmas banquet for the heart !