

THOUGH BACCHUS MAY BOAST.

THOUGH Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,

And folly in thought-drowning revels delight,

Such worship, alas ! has no charms for the soul

When softer devotions the senses invite.

To the arrow of fate, or the canker of care,

His potion oblivious a balm may bestow ;

But to fancy that feeds on the charms of the fair

The death of reflection's the birth of all woe.

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine

With riot would bid the sweet vision be gone ?

For the tear that bedews sensibility's shrine

Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun !

The tender excess which enamours the heart

To few is imparted, to millions denied ;

Of those exquisite feelings, that please tho' we smart,

Let fools make their jest, for them sages have died.

Each change and excess have thro' life been my doom,

And well can I speak of its joy and its strife ;

The bottle affords us a glimpse through the gloom,

But Love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.

Come, then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight
The magic illusions that ravish the soul!

Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl!

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,

Nor e'er, jolly god, from thy banquet remove;
Each throb of my heart shall accord with the wine

That's mellow'd by friendship and sweeten'd by love!

And now, my gay comrades, the myrtle and vine

Shall united their blessings the choicest impart;

Let reason, not riot, the garland entwine—

The result must be pleasure and peace to the heart.

IN THE DREAM OF THE MOMENT.

IN the dream of the moment I call'd for the bowl,

And fondly imagined each grief would depart;

But I found that a bumper can't reach the pure soul,

Nor wine clear the sorrows that weigh down the heart.

Though fancy may sparkle as shines the gay glass,

And wit, like air-bubbles, keep rising the while,

Or mirth and good humour shake hands as they pass,

And fond Recollection come back with a smile;