

SONG.

WHEN the eye with fire is beaming,
And the mantling bowl is streaming
 With the soul-inspiring draught;
Let us, let us fill our glasses
To the lasses, as it passes;
 Let the luscious mead be quaff'd.

When its fumes the sense are stealing,
And the brain with wine is reeling,
 Some it stirs to madding strife;
Some to love, and some to madness,
Some to gladness, some to sadness,
 Some to clamours loud and rife.

Wrapt in ease and jovial leisure,
Let us hail the God of pleasure,
 Fit to grace this festive day;
What is care? the glass can kill it;—
Let us fill it, let us swill it;
 Chase the glooms of life away.

When the fainting spirits languish,
He can give a pleasing anguish,
 Animate the fainting soul;
Wisdom's secrets he discovers,
Hearts of lovers, while he hovers
 O'er the mirth-inspiring bowl.

Life and vigour are imparted
To the poor and lowly-hearted,
 When the God their bosom warms;
Not the threats of tyrants gall 'em,
Kings appal 'em, chains enthal 'em,
 Nor the might of soldiers' arms.

Hail the sweet, the balmy treasure!
Let the Queen of Love and Pleasure,
 Lit by Cupid's torch, be here;
And with quick and sprightly paces
Let the Graces show their faces,
 Till the ruddy morn appear.

C. H.

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