

The penalty impos'd an addl'd pate?—
 Be less imperious in uncouth exaction,
 Or thou'lt be dish'd by the cold water faction.

O! for the fervor of an eastern clime ;
 The burning sands of Afric', and the doom
 Of roasted Riley—lion of his time ;—
 O! for the sultry breath of the simoom ;
 To find enjoyment where he, hapless, sought her
 In icy cold, incomparable Water.

But Water claims not thine attention here,
 In desultory paragraph my muse ;
 Thy present theme exhausted, thou may'st clear
 Thy throttle, and give echo to abuse
 Her licence, if she will, with thy wrapt lays,
 'Till she grow hoarse in pristine water's praise.

'Tis Punch demands the remnant of thy song,
 Mellifluent, and sinking to its close ;—
 So Philomela sings the woods among,
 And sweetly wearied, nestless to repose ;
 And so the cygnet—but this wont apply ;—
 The muse is sleepy, *not* about to die.