

Fair Venus taught Love—and the fools who adore her
Pour feverish prayers at her dangerous shrine.
Poor moths! they are sure to be scorched and discarded—
I safely burn incense to sweet Nicotine.

Great Bacchus, a god whom most of us worship—
Full pleasant and sweet are libations of wine—
But half of the pleasures the great Bacchus gives us
Were wanting indeed without dear Nicotine.

Old Grandfather Time, with his pitiless sickle
Keeps hacking away till we're crippled and bent;
But, with half-crippled limbs and a bald-headed noddle,
We can still smoke tobacco to any extent.

"Twixt doubt and conviction we're all apt to waver—
Some follow the Pope and some Bob Ingersoll;
But we all know for certain that sooner or later
The worms and the grave are the end of us all,

Now, when you are old and getting grey-headed,
Don't try and mix in with this troublesome throng;
Just smoke a good pipe of sweet, fragrant Tobacco;
Be kind to your friends and you'll never go wrong.

It must be a god who created Tobacco:
And a god full of love for us mortals down here—
And a god who thus loves men has claims to devotion
From all Nicotine lovers on this mundane sphere.

So then, with a pipe and a pouch of Tobacco,
And old friends about us to greet with a smile,
We'll cross life's last portage in joy and in gladness
Though rough be the way for many a mile.

W. P.