

BARDOLPH REDIVIVUS.

(TO A FRIEND.)

WHEN Plato in his cradle slept, the bees
Swarmed at his lips, for so the legend goes ;
But, fickle creatures, coy and hard to please,
They sure mistook, and settled on your nose !
Mayhap it is your wife who loves to tease,
And on your patient knob incessant blows
Doth strike for her own sweet amusement's sake.
Perchance it cometh of the drams you take,
This subtle, fiery redness—who can tell ?
Ay, who can tell, great nasal organ bright !
What vintages and distillations dwell
Pent in those caverns awful in our sight ?
Dark with the morn, but, in the darkness, light,
A purple cloud by day, a flame by night !