

O! Punch! what art thou Punch? a gay deceiver;
 Scarce do thy roses bud ere they are sear;
 Night smiles and thou'rt a fairy-vision-weaver;
 The morning dawns, and lo! thy sequent cheer,
 Doubtful identity, and the vile screws,
 Of rascal headache, nausea, and the blues.

Nay, thou'rt accused of selling golden dreams,
 To wretched poverty for her last shilling;
 This were a grief indeed "o'erpassing seems,"
 And cretes not to be appeas'd by killing:
 Ah! bitter lot, to probe futurity
 With frequent hope, to be deceiv'd and die!

Light clouds obscure the lustre of the sun;
 These afterclaps impinge on thy renown;
 Cannot *one* hour with wit and thee be won,
 At less expense than *twenty* with a clown—
 And *self*, that clown, in eminent degree,
 Indebted for his dignity, to thee?—

'Tis very like ingratitude, my Punch,
 To tumble mortal "from his high estate,"
 For sheer devotion:—Who'd ambrosia munch,