

Indeed, your tea on yester-night,
 Quite put me on my mettle;
 'Twould make me glad in death's despite,
 And sing like an old kettle.

Tell Dr. Bellman how I quaffed
 The tasty, fragrant, brew hot,
 And how at leaving him I laughed,
 For causes that he knew not.

He thought me mad to be away,
 O'er grumpy law-books stewing,
 While I but thought of the bohea
 His best of cooks was brewing.

The far plantation where it grew,
 May blessings rich bedew it!
 And richer blessings light on you
 Who knew well how to stew it!

The kindness which that cup supplied
 Was better than the tippie,
 For that was friendship's brimming tide,
 This but a passing ripple.

LILIES.

As pure as these I hoped that life might be,
 But like a dream that fond hope disappears,
 A glimmering ghost down vistas of dark years,
 And heart-bereaved I fly from thought to thee.