

## To My Pipe.

---

Wake, slumberer, too long the cloudy shrine  
Of fair Nicotia forsaken sleeps,  
While her dull priest, O briar brown of mine,  
His fading red morocco cloister keeps.

Ah, now the incense rises; thus of yore  
Did bold Sir Walter stride his heaving poop  
In clouds of smoke, and scan the sea plains o'er  
For Spanish galley, merchantman, or sloop.

Ah, amber lips, were human lips as true,  
Did they but proffer solace such as this !  
Alas, alas, I turn again to woo  
But thee alone with a fond lover's kiss.

Perhaps, who knows but fate in olden days  
Bade all men love ; if passion was not ripe,  
And man shunned maid, she changed her hidden ways  
And metamorphosed woman to a pipe ?

And hence our strange proclivities ; what touch  
Can so unseal the subtle springs of thought,  
Or marshal bygone days, or soothe so much  
The wild weird phantoms of a brain o'erwrought ?

Up, up, they come ! old faces, old desires,  
Dead love, dead longing, through the vaporous mist  
We see them gather round the bowl's dull fires—  
The lips which once as careless boys we kissed.