

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 vaporious mist
We see them gather round the bowl's dull fires—
The lips which once as careless boys we kissed.