

When thy genius, assuming all hues of delight,  
Fled away with the rapturous hours,  
And when wisdom and wit, to enliven the night,  
Scattered freely their fruits and their flowers ;

When thy eloquence played round each topic in turn,  
Shedding lustre and life where it fell,  
As the sunlight, in which the tall mountain-tops burn,  
Paints each bud in the lowliest dell ;

When that eye, before which the pale Senate once quailed,  
With humour and deviltry shone,  
And the voice which the heart of the patriot hailed,  
Had mirth in its every tone.

Then a health to thee, Tom ! Ev'ry bumper we drain  
But renders thine image more dear :  
As the bottle goes round, and again, and again,  
We wish, from our hearts, you were here !

—From *Poems*, by JOSEPH HOWE.