

The Cæcubian draught,  
 O'er which Horace oft laughed,  
 As sweet as kind Venus' nectar,  
 Never gave more relief  
 To the spirit, where grief  
 Pressed deep as the woes upon Hector.

E'en good Cato did sip  
 The loved balm with his lip,  
 From th' Amystis, whene'er he should dine—  
 Nor did Phillis do less,  
 The Albanian press  
 Caused her goblet to flow with pure wine.

I hope no one will blame  
 Now if I do the same—  
 For our motives and views disagree :  
 'Twas fond pleasure they caught—  
 'Tis dear health that I've sought—  
 For health's the sweet beverage for me.