

And so good night my Punch,—a long good night;
 'Thy merit's but equivocal I find;
 For tho' thy spells oft summon young delight,
 The cur remorse is never far behind.—
 'Tis ever thus, in mock'ry sad are born,
 And vile propinquity, the rose and thorn!

TO CUPID.

Ho! Cupid thou urchin, thy mischief engage,
 Revenge me this once on the cause of my pain,
 And the down on thy lip shall be stubble with age,
 Ere I condescend to invoke thee again.
 By the side of yon brook that runs prattling along;
 As all other brooks, in thy realm, have a trade;
 A shaming the birds with her matinal song,
 Thou wilt find, to thy grief be it spoken, a maid!
 Fly, Imp of despite, on this redolent gale,
 Th' exuberant glee of her bosom control;
 Strike deep at her *heart*—if she has one—nor fail;
 To waken the music of *grief* in her soul.