

How do's my Marrow melt away,
And every lazy Vein beat quicker,
While gratefully in Memory
I bear thy Friendship and thy Liquor.

But, O! my Spirits are too weak
To make the great Returns intended ;
I cough, as if my Heart would break,
And wheeze like one that's broken-winded.

My fatal Hour is plainly come,
For want of like refreshing Doses,
Which only you can save me from,
And heap new Favours on the Muses.

'Tis done; and now I live again,
And feel returning Spirits moving :
Ever may you and Spouse remain
In Health, and she be ever loving.

Renew your Vigour, spent in care,
With the soft Balm of her Caresses,
In all the Home Affairs of War;
And what's of greatest weight, her Graces

Fanny ! the Pride of Marriage Sheets,
Beyond compare, whose Hair, and Neck are,
Whose Lips breathe Everlasting Sweets,
And every Grace assist to deck her.

In such a Lot ; how happy thou !
While, Wretch, for Molly I am wasting ;
Whose starry Eyes have shot me through,
And harder Heart still keeps me fasting :

No other Girl will now go down,
The Tyrant's sent all else a packing ;
My Heart is hers, and hers alone,
And yet within an Ace of breaking.

Hopeless and restless, Night and Day,
I mourn the Rigour of the Gipsy ;
Nor can your Wine, and Pipes for me
Procure a Nap, tho' ne're so tipsy.