

## A BOTTLE AND FRIEND.

[See Music in the Appendix.]

WHEN the evening of life comes with temperate  
ray,

To cool the hot blood that has boiled all the day ;  
When our faculties flag, and our frolics are o'er,  
And our favourite idols are worshipped no more ;  
May some sober pleasures that season attend,  
And Fortune still leave us—a Bottle and Friend.

When Beauty grows shy, and don't think it worth while  
On an agèd admirer to lavish a smile :  
When we, too, are backward, where oft we were bold,  
And we don't fall in love once a-week as of old ;  
As some compensation, may Providence send,  
To warm our cold bosoms—a Bottle and Friend.

When even Ambition has ceased to ensnare,  
And we're calmly content to remain what we are :

When the Passions die out, of their fuel bereft,  
And Ill-nature and Avarice only are left ;  
From Age and its evils our breasts to defend,  
You'll find the best buckler—a Bottle and Friend.

Philosophers say, that the most of mankind,  
In the things that they pray for, are foolish and blind ;  
That what seems a blessing oft turns out a bane,  
And that Pleasure is merely the prelude to Pain :  
But thus far our wishes may surely extend,  
That there ne'er may be wanting—a Bottle and Friend.