



A Toast

Ho, Gentlemen! Lift your glasses up,
 Each gallant, each swain and lover—
 A kiss to the beads that brim i—the cup—
 A laugh for the foam spilt over—
 For the soul is a-lilt and the heart beats high,
 And care has unloosed its tether:—
 “Now drink,” said the sage, “for to-morrow we die,”
 So let’s have a toast together:—
 Swing the goblet aloft: to the lips let it fall,
 Then bend you the knee to address her
 And drink, gentle sirs, to the queen of them all—
 To the girl that’s good—God bless her!

O, Youth is a madcap, and Time is a churl;
 Pleasure palls and Remorse follows after;
 The world hurtles on in its pitiless whirl,
 With its kisses, its tears and its laughter.
 But this one gentle heart in its bosom of white—
 The maid with the tender eyes gleaming,
 Who has all the wealth of my homage to-night
 Where she lies in her innocent dreaming.
 And a watch o’er her ever my spirit shall keep,
 While the angels lean down to caress her,
 And I’ll pledge her again in her beautiful sleep—
 The girl that’s good—God bless her!

Ah! Bohemia’s honey was sweet to the sip,
 And the song and the dance were alluring
 (The mischievous maid with the mutinous lip
 Had a charm that was very enduring);
 But out from the smoke wreaths and music and lace
 Of that world of the tawdrily clever,
 There floats the rare spell of the pure little face
 That has chased away folly forever.
 And I drain my last toast ere I go to my rest—
 (O, fortunate earth to possess her!)—
 To the dear tender heart in the little white breast
 Of the girl that’s good—God bless her!