

I taste a liquor never brewed(214)

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From Tankards scooped in Pearl
Not all the Frankfort Berries
Yield such an Alcohol!

Inebriate of air am I
And Debauchee of Dew
Reeling thro' endless summer days
From inns of molten Blue

When "Landlords" turn the drunken Bee
Out of the Foxglove's door
When Butterflies renounce their "drams"
I shall but drink the more!

Till Seraphs swing their snowy Hats
And Saints to windows run
To see the little Tippler
Leaning against the Sun!