

Parson Herrick's Muse

By C. W. Dalmon

THE parson dubs us, in our cups,
"A tipsy, good-for-nothing crew!"
It matters not—it may be false;
It matters not—it may be true.
But here's to parson Herrick's Muse!
Drink to it, dear old comrades, please!
And, prithee, for my tombstone choose
A verse from his "Hesperides."

The parson's rich, but we are poor;
And we are wrong, but he is right—
Who knows how much his cellar holds,
Or how he goes to bed at night?
But here's to parson Herrick's Muse!
Drink to it, dear old comrades, please!
And, prithee, for my tombstone choose
A verse from his "Hesperides."

The

Parson Herrick's Muse

The landlord shall our parson be ;
The tavern-door our churchyard gate ;
And we will fill the landlord's till
Before we fill the parson's plate !
But here's to parson Herrick's Muse !
Drink to it, dear old comrades, please !
And, prithee, for my tombstone choose
A verse from his "Hesperides."