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# Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

## To Mrs K\_\_\_\_, On Her Sending Me an English Christmas Plum- Cake at Paris

What crowding thoughts around me wake,  
What marvels in a Christmas-cake!  
Ah say, what strange enchantment dwells  
Enclosed within its odorous cells?  
Is there no small magician bound  
Encrusted in its snowy round?  
For magic surely lurks in this,  
A cake that tells of vanished bliss;  
A cake that conjures up to view  
The early scenes, when life was new;  
When memory knew no sorrows past,  
And hope believed in joys that last! —  
Mysterious cake, whose folds contain  
Life's calendar of bliss and pain;  
That speaks of friends for ever fled,  
And wakes the tears I love to shed.  
Oft shall I breathe her cherished name  
From whose fair hand the offering came:  
For she recalls the artless smile  
Of nymphs that deck my native isle;  
Of beauty that we love to trace,  
Allied with tender, modest grace;

Of those who, while abroad they roam,  
Retain each charm that gladdens home,  
And whose dear friendships can impart  
A Christmas banquet for the heart!

