

“THE STIRRUP CUP”

BY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Come, drink a stirrup cup with me,
Before we close our rouse.
You ‘re all aglow with wine, I know:
The master of the house,
Unmindful of our revelry,
Has drowned the carking devil care,

And slumbers in his chair.

Come, drink a cup before we start;
We ‘ve far to ride to–night.
And Death may take the race we make,
And check our gallant flight:
But even he must play his part,
And tho’ the look he wears be grim,
We ‘ll drink a toast to him!

For Death,—a swift old chap is he,
And swift the steed He rides.
He needs no chart o’er main or mart,
For no direction bides.

So, come, a final, cup with me,
And let the soldiers' chorus swell,—
To hell with care, to hell!