

**On a Honey Bee,
Drinking from a Glass of Wine, and Drowned Therein**

by Philip Freneau (1752-1832)

Thou born to sip the lake or spring, Or quaff the waters of the stream, Why hither come on vagrant wing?-- Does Bacchus tempting seem-- Did he, for you, the glass prepare?-- Will I admit you to a share?	5	What forced you here, we cannot know, And you will scarcely tell-- But cheery we would have you go And bid a glad farewell: On lighter wings we bid you fly, Your dart will now all foes defy.	20
Did storms harass or foes perplex, Did wasps or king-birds bring dismay-- Did wars distress, or labours vex, Or did you miss your way?-- A better seat you could not take Than on the margin of this lake.	10	Yet take not oh! too deep a drink, And in the ocean die; Here bigger bees than you might sink, Even bees full six feet high. Like Pharaoh, then, you would be said To perish in a sea of red.	25 30
Welcome!--I hail you to my glass: All welcome, here, you find; Here let the cloud of trouble pass, Here, be all care resigned.-- This fluid never fails to please, And drown the griefs of men or bees.	15	Do as you please, your will is mine; Enjoy it without fear-- And your grave will be this glass of wine, Your epitaph--a tear-- Go, take your seat in Charon's boat, We'll tell the hive, you died afloat.	35

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Yet take not oh! too deep a drink, 25
And in the ocean die;
Here bigger bees than you might sink,
Even bees full six feet high.
Like Pharaoh, then, you would be said
To perish in a sea of red. 30

Do as you please, your will is mine;
Enjoy it without fear--
And your grave will be this glass of wine,
Your epitaph--a tear--
Go, take your seat in Charon's boat, 35
We'll tell the hive, you died afloat.

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