



A RECEIPT to Cure the VAPOURS.

Written to Lady J ——— N.

By the Same.

I.

WHY will Delia thus retire,
And idly languish life away?
While the fighting crowd admire,
'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea.

II.

All those dismal looks and fretting
Cannot Damon's life restore;
Long ago the worms have eat him,
You can never see him more.

III.

Once again consult your toilette,
In the glass your face review:
So much weeping soon will spoil it,
And no spring your charms renew.

IV. I, like

IV.

I, like you, was born a woman,
 Well I know what vapours mean :
 The disease, alas ! is common ;
 Single, we have all the spleen.

V.

All the morals that they tell us,
 Never cur'd the sorrow yet :
 Chuse, among the pretty fellows,
 One of honour, youth, and wit.

VI.

Prithee hear him every morning,
 At the least an hour or two ;
 Once again at night returning —
 I believe the dose will do.

