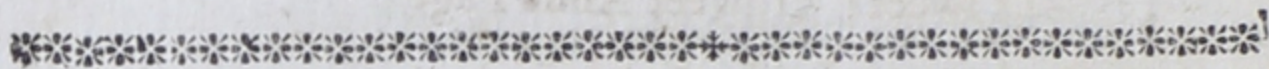


She's peevish, she's thievish, she's ugly, she's old,
 And a lyar, and a fool, and a slut, and a scold—
 Next day Richard hasten'd to church and was wed,
 And ere night had inform'd her what Thomas had said.



S L E N D E R's G H O S T.

— *Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.*

BENEATH a church-yard yew
 Decay'd and worn with age,
 At dusk of eve, methought I spy'd
 Poor Slender's ghost, that whimpering cry'd,
 O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

Ye gentle bards, give ear!
 Who talk of amorous rage,
 Who spoil the lily, rob the rose;
 Come learn of me to weep your woes:
 O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

Why should such labour'd strains
 Your formal Muse engage?
 I never dreamt of flame or dart,
 That fir'd my breast, or pierc'd my heart,
 But sigh'd, O sweet Anne Page!

And you, whose love-sick minds
 No medicine can assuage!
 Accuse the leech's art no more,
 But learn of Slender to deplore;
 O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

And

And you, whose souls are held,
Like linnets, in a cage!
Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
Attend, and imitate my strains:

O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

And you, who *boast* or *grieve*,
What horrid wars ye wage!
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye,
Yet mean as I do when I sigh

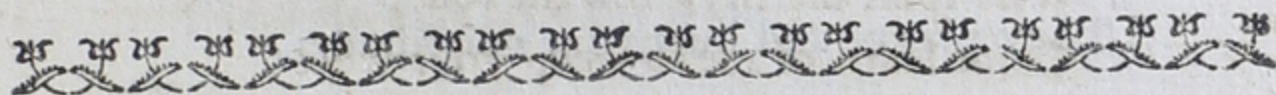
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

Hence every fond conceit

Of shepherd, or of sage!

'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way,
Expresses all you have to say——

O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!



Upon R I D D L E S.

HAVE you not known a small machine
Which brazen rings environ,
In many a country chimney seen,
Y-clep'd a tarring-iron?

Its puzzling nature to display
Each idle clown may try, Sir,
Tho, when he has acquir'd the way,
He's not a jot the wiser.

'Tis