

On a SPIDER.

ARTIST, who underneath my table
 Thy curious texture hast display'd;
 Who, if we may believe the fable,
 Wert once a fair ingenious maid:

Insidious, restless, watchful spider,
 Fear no officious damsel's broom,
 Extend thy artful fabric wider,
 And spread thy banners round my room.

Swept from the rich man's costly ceiling,
 Thou'rt welcome to my homely roof;
 Here may'st thou find a peaceful dwelling,
 And undisturb'd attend thy woof.

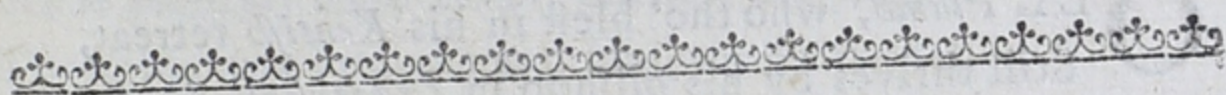
Whilst I thy wond'rous fabric stare at,
 And think on hapless poet's fate;
 Like thee confin'd to lonely garret,
 And rudely banish'd rooms of state.

And as from out thy tortur'd body
 Thou draw'st thy slender string with pain,
 So does he labour, like a noddy,
 To spin materials from his brain.

He

He for some fluttering tawdry creature,
That spreads her charms before his eye ;
And that's a conquest little better
Than thine o'er captive butterfly.

Thus far 'tis plain we both agree,
Perhaps our deaths may better shew it ;
'Tis ten to one but penury
Ends both the spider and the poet.



The PLAY-THING chang'd.

KITTY's charming voice and face,
Syren-like, first caught my fancy ;
Wit and humour next take place,
And now I doat on sprightly Nancy.

Kitty tunes her pipe in vain,
With airs most languishing and dying ;
Calls me false ungrateful swain,
And tries in vain to shoot me flying.

Nancy with resistless art,
Always humourous, gay, and witty ;
Has talk'd herself into my heart,
And quite excluded tuneful Kitty.

Ah Kitty ! Love, a wanton boy,
Now pleas'd with song, and now with prattle,
Still longing for the newest toy,
Has chang'd his whistle for a rattle.