
TO

A L A D Y

WHO SENT THE AUTHOR SOME PAPER

WITH A READING OF SILLAR'S POEMS.

DEAR madam, with joy I read over your
letter;

Your kindness still tends to confirm me your
debtor;

But can't think of payment, the sum is so
large,

Tho' farthings for guineas could buy my
discharge.

But, madam, the Muses are fled far away,
They deem it disgrace with a milkmaid to
stay.

Let them go if they will, I would scorn to
pursue,

And can, without fighting, subscribe an adieu.

Their trifling mock visits, to many so dear,

Is the only disaster on earth I now fear.

Sure Sillar much better had banish'd them
thence,

Than wrote in despite of good manners and
sense:

With two or three more, whose pretensions
to fame

Are slight as the bubble that bursts on the
stream.

And left with such dunces as these I be num-
ber'd,

The task I will drop, nor with verse be in-
cumber'd ;

Tho' pen, ink and paper, are by me in store,

O madam excuse, for I ne'er shall write more.

F I N I S.