

The D E C I S I O N.

B A L L A D III.

I.

MY Florio, wildest of his sex,
 (Who sure the veriest faint wou'd vex)
 From beauty roves to beauty ;
 Yet, tho' abroad the wanton roam,
 Whene'er he deigns to stay at home,
 He always minds his duty.

II.

Something to every charming she,
 In thoughtless prodigality,
 He's granting still and granting,
 To Phyllis that, to Cloe this,
 And every madam, every miss ;
 Yet I find nothing wanting.

III.

If haply I his will displease,
 Tempestuous as th' autumnal seas
 He foams and rages ever ;



But

But when he ceases from his ire,
 I cry, such spirit, and such fire,
 Is surely wond'rous clever.

IV.

I ne'er want reason to complain ;
 But sweet is pleasure after pain,
 And every joy grows greater.
 Then trust me, damsels, whilst I tell,
 I should not like him half so well,
 If I cou'd make him better.

The TALKATIVE FAIR.

BALLAD IV.

I.

FROM morn to night, from day to day,
 At all times and at every place,
 You scold, repeat, and sing, and say,
 Nor are there hopes, you'll ever cease.

II.

Fobear, my Celia, oh! forbear,
 If your own health, or ours you prize;
 For all mankind that hear you, swear
 Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.

D d

Your