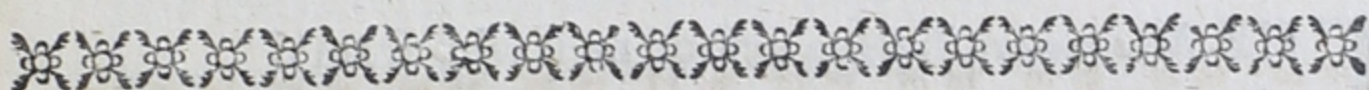


So pagan priests first form and dress the wood,
 Then prostrate fall before the senseless God.
 But now, curst woman, thy last sentence hear:
 I call'd thy beauty forth, I bid it disappear.
 I'll strip thee of thy borrow'd plumes; undress,
 And shew thee in thy native ugliness.
 Those eyes have shone by me, by me that chin
 The seat of wanton Cupids long has been:
 Ye fires, go out—ye wanton Cupids, fly——
 Of ev'ry beam disarm her haggard eye:
 'Tis I recall ye; my known voice obey——
 And nought of beauty but the falsehood stay.



On Mr. * * * *, Schoolmaster at * * *.

By the Same.

BEHOLD the lordly pedant in his school,
 How stern his brow, how absolute his rule!
 The trembling boys start at his awful nod;
 Jove's sceptre is less dreaded than his rod.
 See him at home before the sovereign dame!
 How fawning, how obsequious, and how tame!
 Prosper, bright amazon, to thee 'tis given,
 Like Juno, to rule him who rules the heaven,