



To a L A D Y very handsome, but too fond  
of D R E S S.

By the Same.

**P**RYTHEE why so fantastick and vain!  
What charms can the toilet supply?

Why so studious admirers to gain?

Need beauty lay traps for the eye?

Because that thy breast is so fair,

Must thy tucker be still setting right?

And canst thou not laughing forbear,

Because that thy teeth are so white?

Shall sovereign beauty descend

To act so ignoble a part?

Whole hours at the looking-glass spend,

A slave to the dictates of art?

And cannot thy heart be at rest

Unless thou excellest each fair

In trinkets and trumpery dress'd?

Is not that a superfluous care?

Vain,



Vain, idle attempt ! to pretend  
 The lilly with whiteness to deck !  
 Does the rich solitaire recommend  
 The delicate turn of thy neck ?  
 The glossy bright hue of thy hair  
 Can powder or jewels adorn ?  
 Can perfumes or vermilions compare  
 With the breath or the blush of the morn ?

When, embarrass'd with baubles and toys,  
 Thou'rt set out so enormously fine,  
 Over-doing thy purpose destroys,  
 And to please thou hast too much design :  
 Little know'st thou, how beauty beguiles,  
 How alluring the innocent eye ;  
 What sweetness in natural smiles,  
 And what charms in simplicity lye.

Thee Nature with beauty has clad,  
 With genuine ornaments dress'd ;  
 Nor can Art an embellishment add  
 To set off what already is best :  
 Be it thine, self-accomplish'd to reign ;  
 Bid the toilet be far set apart,  
 And dismiss with an honest disdain  
 That impertinent Abigail, Art.

ANACREON.