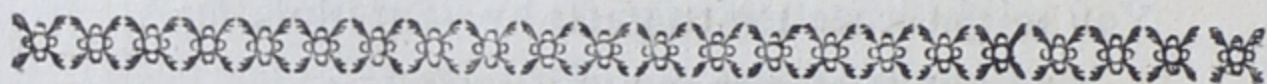


III.

You, like rich metal hid in earth,
 Each swain will dig to find ;
 But I expect no second birth,
 For dross is left behind.



REPENTANCE. By the Same.

I.

ALL attendants apart
 I examin'd my heart,
 Last night when I lay'd me to rest ;
 And methinks I'm inclin'd
 To a change of my mind,
 For, you know, second thoughts are the best.

II.

To retire from the crowd
 And make ourselves good,
 By avoiding of every temptation,
 Is in truth to reveal
 What we'd better conceal,
 That our passions want some regulation.

III.

It will much more redound
 To our praise to be found,
 In a world so abounding with evil,
 Unspotted and pure ;
 Tho' not so demure,
 As to wage open war with the devil.

Then bidding farewell
 To the thoughts of a cell,
 I'll prepare for a militant life;
 And if brought to distress,
 Why then — I'll confess,
 And do penance in shape of a *wife*.



A S O N G. By T. P***cy.

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town :
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown ?
 No longer dress'd in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
 Say can'st thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy ! when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?
 Say canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind ?
 O can that soft and gentle mien
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy