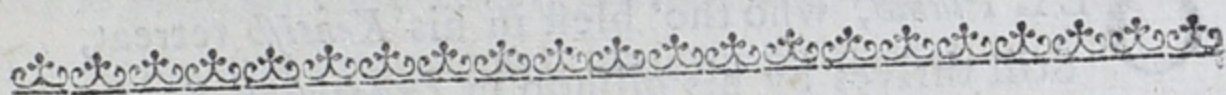


He for some fluttering tawdry creature,
That spreads her charms before his eye ;
And that's a conquest little better
Than thine o'er captive butterfly.

Thus far 'tis plain we both agree,
Perhaps our deaths may better shew it ;
'Tis ten to one but penury
Ends both the spider and the poet.



The PLAY-THING chang'd.

KITTY's charming voice and face,
Syren-like, first caught my fancy ;
Wit and humour next take place,
And now I doat on sprightly Nancy.

Kitty tunes her pipe in vain,
With airs most languishing and dying ;
Calls me false ungrateful swain,
And tries in vain to shoot me flying.

Nancy with resifless art,
Always humourous, gay, and witty ;
Has talk'd herself into my heart,
And quite excluded tuneful Kitty.

Ah Kitty ! Love, a wanton boy,
Now pleas'd with song, and now with prattle,
Still longing for the newest toy,
Has chang'd his whistle for a rattle.