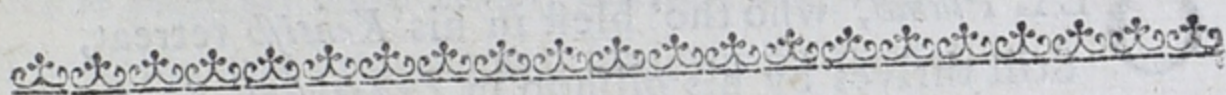


He for some fluttering tawdry creature,
 That spreads her charms before his eye ;
 And that's a conquest little better
 Than thine o'er captive butterfly.

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 resistless 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.