

II.

I try'd if worth could make her kind,

And hourly made advances;

But who can e'er the Charm unbind,

In Womens stubborn Fancies:

I calmly did her foible shew,

Where e'er he came, abus'd him:

I call'd him Fool, I prov'd him so,

Yet she the better us'd him.

III.

I hate, she cry'd, your God of Wit,

Our Sex should all oppose him;

'Tis he that Charms my Appetite,

Shall sleep upon my Bosom:

This senseless stuff my love withdrew,

And cur'd my Melancholly;

I kick'd her brute, then bid adieu

To every Female folly.

A S O N G Set to a pleasant Scotch Tune.

I.

Lad o' th' Town thus made his moan

One Winter Morning early,

Alas,

Alas, that I must lie alone,

And *Moggey's* Bed so near me:

All Night I tofs, I turn and figh,

Nor ever can I close my Eye,

For thinking that I lig so nigh,

The Lafs I Love so dearly.

II.

She's all Delight from foot to crown,

And just Eighteen her Age is,

And that she still must lie alone,

My Heart and Soul intrages;

I'd give the World I might put on

Each Morn her Stocking or her Shoon,

If I were but her Serving Loon

I'd never ask for Wages.

III.

If *Moggey* would but be my Bride

I'd take no Parents warning;

Nor value all the World beside,

Nor any Lasses scorning:

My Love is grown to such a height,

I prize so much my own delight,

I care
If I were

The

W

Grief is but
Chusing
Doz'd all
Zealots
Thus with
The poor

Give me
For Life's
Wit and
And a char
In a Mor

I care not, had I her one Night
If I were hang'd i' th' Morning.

The MORALIST. A Song.

I.

WHat's the worth of Health or Living,
If we stint our selves of Bliss,

Grief is but a self-deceiving,

Chusing may be for what is;

Doz'd all Night, and daily weeping,

Zealots think to Heaven to climb,

Thus with Canting and with Sleeping,

The poor Sots lose all their Time.

II.

Give me Love and give me Wine too,

For Life's Cares to make amends,

Wit and Poetry Divine too,

And a charming Female Friend.

In a Moral honest Station,

To