

A P O E M,

*On the Supposition of an Advertisement appearing  
in a Morning Paper, of the Publication of a  
VOLUME of POEMS, by a SERVANT MAID.*

THE tea-kettle bubbled, the tea things were set,  
The candles were lighted, the ladies were met;  
The how d'ye's were over, and entering bustle,  
The company feated, and silks ceas'd to rustle:  
The great Mrs. Consequence open'd her fan;  
And thus the discourse in an instant began:  
(All affected reserve, and formality scorning,)  
I suppose you all saw in the paper this morning,  
A Volume of Poems advertis'd—'tis said  
They're reproduc'd by the pen of a poor Servant Maid.  
A servant write verses! says Madam Du Bloom;  
Pray what is the subject?—a Mop, or a Broom?  
He, he, he, —says Miss Flounce; I suppose we shall see  
An Ode on a Dishclout—what else can it be?

Says

Says Miss Coquettilla, why ladies so tart?  
 Perhaps Tom the Footman has fired her heart;  
 And she'll tell us how charming he looks in new  
 clothes,  
 And how nimble his hand moves in brushing the  
 shoes;  
 Or how the last time that he went to May-Fair,  
 He bought her some sweethearts of ginger-bread  
 ware.

For my part I think, says old lady Marr-joy,  
 A servant might find herself other employ:  
 Was she mine I'd employ her as long as 'twas light,  
 And send her to bed without candle at night.  
 Why so? says Miss Rhymmer, displeas'd; I protest  
 'Tis pity a genius should be so deprest!  
 What ideas can such low-bred creatures conceive,  
 Says Mrs. Noworthy, and laugh in her sleeve.  
 Says old Miss Prudella, if servants can tell  
 How to write to their mothers, to say they are well,  
 And read of a Sunday the Duty of Man;  
 Which is more I believe than one half of them can;  
 I think 'tis much *properer* they should rest there,  
 Than be reaching at things so much out of their  
 sphere.

Says old Mrs. Candour, I've now got a maid  
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Why ladies so tart?  
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 How charming he looks in new

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 that he went to May-Fair,  
 sweethearts of ginger-bread

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 things so much out of their

our, I've now got a maid  
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That's the plague of my life—a young gossiping  
 jade;

There's no end of the people that after her come,  
 And whenever I'm out, she is never at home;

I'd rather ten times she would sit down and write,  
 Than gossip all over the town ev'ry night.

Some whimsical trollop most like, says Miss Prim,  
 Has been scribbling of nonsense, just out of a whim,

And conscious it neither is witty or pretty,  
 Conceals her true name, and ascribes it to Betty.

I once had a servant myself, says Miss Pines,  
 That wrote on a Wedding, some very good lines:

Says Mrs. Domestic, and when they were done,  
 I can't see for my part, what use they were on;

Had she wrote a receipt, to've instructed you how  
 To warm a cold breast of veal, like a ragou,

Or to make cowslip wine, that would pass for  
 Champaign;

It might have been useful, again and again.

On the sofa was old lady Pedigree plac'd,

She own'd that for poetry she had no taste,

That the study of heraldry was more in fashion,

And boasted she knew all the crests in the nation.

Says Mrs. Routella,—Tom, take out the urn,

And stir up the fire, you see it don't burn.

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The tea things remov'd, and the tea-table gone,  
 The card-tables brought, and the cards laid thereon,  
 The ladies ambitious for each others crown,  
 Like courtiers contending for honours fat down.

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A P O E M,

*On the Supposition of the Book having been published and read.*

THE dinner was over, the table-cloth gone,  
 The bottles of wine and the glasses brought on,  
 The gentlemen fill'd up the sparkling glasses,  
 To drink to their king, to their country and lasses:  
 The ladies a glass or two only requir'd,  
 To th' drawing-room then in due order retir'd;  
 The gentlemen likewise that chose to drink tea;  
 And, after discussing the news of the day,  
 What wife was suspected, what daughter elop'd,  
 What thief was detected, that 'twas to be hop'd,  
 The rascals would all be convicted, and rop'd;  
 What chambermaid kiss'd when her lady was out;  
 Who won, and who lost, the last night at the rout;  
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