To the ſame.

Written at *Fern-Hill*, * while dinner was waiting for her.

In imitation of *modern Paſtoral.*

I.

HASTE, *Charlot*, haſte; and come away,
For *John* his cloth ere long muſt lay.
Come, leſt the dinner ſhould be ſpoil'd,
The beef's already too much boil'd;
The very turkey on the ſpit
Cries out, make haſte and pick a bit.
Cook's rage and ſoup have each boil'd o'er,
And thrice the wicked creature ſwore.
Then, *Charlot*, haſte, and come away,
For dinner will no longer ſtay.

II.

Hungry I am, 'tis true, and cold;
Yet ne'ertheleſs ſhould I be told,

* Her father's ſeat in *Windſor Foreſt.*

That

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That dinner's on
And thou not c
Tho' hungry as
And twice as c
Yet hear me, *C*
That very dinn
And may I feel
If I'd go near
Then, *Charlot* h
For hunger's ſh

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Together for th
In murm'ring ſo
Thou ſurely wo
And hear at lea
Nay more, the
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Had mounted C
Then *Charlot*, h
Leſt love grow

* Seat of Sir *Will*

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I be told,

Windſor Foreſt. That

That dinner's on the table ſet,
And thou not come from *Denham* * yet;
Tho' hungry as a horſe I be,
And twice as cold as charity,
Yet hear me, *Charlot*, when I ſwear,
That very dinner I'd forbear:
And may I feel thy utmoſt ire,
If I'd go near the ſmalleſt fire.
Then, *Charlot* haſte and come away,
For hunger's ſharp, and will not ſtay.

III.

Didſt thou but know, how Puſs and I
Together for thy preſence ſigh,
Together for thy abſence mourn,
In murm'ring ſounds for thy return;
Thou ſurely woud'ſt pack up thy awls,
And hear at leaſt, when *D'oman* † calls.
Nay more, the Major bid me ſay,
That he impatient at thy ſtay,
Had mounted Crop, and jogg'd away.
Then *Charlot*, haſte, out ſtrip the wind,
Leſt love grow deaf, as well as blind.

* Seat of Sir *William Bowyer*. † The Cat's name.

IV.

Sarah in vain has ſcrubb'd your room,
Her gentle miſtreſs is not come;
In vain clean linnen ſhe has ſpread,
Upon your ſpotleſs virgin bed.
Thrice has ſhe tumbled up the ſtairs,
And that's good luck the maid avers.
But yet, I ween, we're ne'er the near,
If *Charlot*'s deaf, and will not hear.
Puſs ſlighted and abandon'd may
Sit purring all the live-long day:
Sarah may tumble up or down,
May break a limb, or ſoil her gown:
The Major too, in doleful dump,
May take the faithful lover's jump:
And I may ſtarve, without relief——
But ſee, ſhe comes!——*John*, bring the beef.

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Whene'er ſh

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And cunning
T' enſnare the h
Upon whoſe

Now bent on pre
This bloody-
Peep'd from his
Nor dream'd-