After the Small Pox.

When skilled trades first set up,
To draw the people to their shop,
They hang out some gaudy sign,
Expensive of the goods within.

The Vintner has his boy and grapes,
The Haberdasher thread and tapes,
The Shoemaker exposes boots,
And Monmouth Street old tailor's suits.

So fares it with the nymph divine,
For what is Beauty but a Sign?
A face hung out, thro' which is seen
The nature of the goods within.

Thus the coquette her beauty enforces
With study'd fineries, and forward airs.

Thou
O Nymphs! Grimace not at the sound of my strain,
And tinge not the rose with your morn's light's dain.
Yet more unflinching, in vain,
Like Happiness, which no word or time confineth.