

IN RETURN FOR THE PRESENT OF A  
PAIR OF BUCKLES.

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THE female heart by bribes is oft assail'd,  
Full oft by bribes the female heart is won,  
When tears, and sighs, and flatteries have fail'd,  
An ear-ring or a necklace might have done.

Hence men their court by various presents make,  
A song, a fan, a top-knot, or a glove,  
The gift, still pleasing for the giver's sake,  
Is welcom'd as an emblem of his love.

My gentle swain a happier art has found  
At once his passion and success to prove,  
Whilst by his magic gift my feet are bound,  
No power is left me to escape his love.