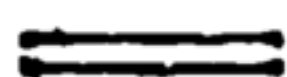


A S O N G.

TO THE TUNE OF, YE BELLES AND YE FLIRTS.



YE flearers and flirts, and ye *proud little* things,
When receiv'd by your neighbours around,
Pri'thee tell me from whence your impertinence springs,
Good manners at once to confound ?
What means the fly wink, the fatyrical sneer,
The whisper that wounds as it flies ?
Poor girls, ye have sadly mistaken, I fear,
Both the use of your tongue, and your eyes.
Poor girls, &c.

The blush of the rose and the mildness of morn
Are beauties no art can supply ;
By nature, they're yours, and 'tis you they adorn,
In your cheek, in your lip, in your eye.

But

But if traitors to Nature, their virtue you flight,
And put Malice and Art in their place,
Both Cupid and Hymen you'll soon put to flight,
And *quiz* away every Grace.

Poor girls, &c.

The nymph who on beauty and satire depends,
Must call all her wits to her aid,
Which she greatly will need, when she's lost all her
friends,
And is left a forsaken old maid.
Whilst the fair one, whose sense and good nature
she try'd,
In the days of her frolic and sport,
Is now far above her, and but for her pride,
She gladly her favour would court.

Poor girls, &c.

Those

Those virtues, and charms, which we prize in the fair,

Alas ! are neglected by you :

Humility pines, and good sense in despair

Has totally bid you adieu.

Yet recal your lost reason, and banish your pride,

And what charms you possess we'll approve ;

If adorn'd with those merits, which now you deride,

You'll regain our esteem and our love.

Dear girls, &c.

W. H. W.