

THE TOOTH.

O Look not, lady, with disdain!
Nor fill our hearts with ruth;
You still may charm some humble swain,
Altho' you've lost a tooth!

Thy beaming eyes are black as jet,
And pretty is thy mouth;
No angel ever smil'd so sweet,
Before you lost a tooth.

While fondly thus you strive to shine
In all the charms of youth;
Your face and figure e'er divine,
But, O! you've lost a tooth.

Ah! why that angry frown? for shame!
I only speak the truth:
It cannot hurt ELIZA's fame
To say she's lost a tooth.

But

But search some hearts, perhaps you'll find

A greater fault forsooth;

O! it were well for woman kind

Were all their losfs a tooth!