

## A R E Q U E S T.

A FAIR one once upon a time,  
 Address'd a nymph that dealt in rhyme,  
 I pray on me make satire;  
 And plainly tell me, as a friend,  
 My faults, that I may strive to mend;  
 I hate to hear you flatter.

The nymph replied—Give me my book,  
 And then assum'd the critic's look;  
 But stopt to pause a while:

The greatest fault in you I see,  
 Is asking such a thing of me;  
 Nor, NANCY, need you smile.

For, O! it was in vain to think,  
 At such an error I could wink;  
 Your meaning will not hide  
 Full well before I spake you knew,  
 Of faults you had so very few,—  
 'Twas conscious female pride.