

THE EMPTY PURSE.

WHAT all despise, and all agree to curse,
 I view with pride and joy, an Empty Purse.
 When it was full, so was my heart of woe,
 I knew not what to do, nor where to go.
 I would be gen'rous, but I long'd for dress;
 Appearing great, I made myself look less.
 I that no kindred ever dar'd to claim,
 Found fifty kind relations of my name.
 No more could I complain of friends neglect,
 And daring falsehood hung around my neck;
 Amaz'd I cried, What means this mighty change;
 The forward fool replied, 'Tis nothing strange.
 Wretch, take my gold, I said, my greatest curse,
 Leave me an honest heart, and empty purse.