

ON A YOUNG LADY, WHO ASKED A NECKLACE
OF A GENTLEMAN'S HAIR, AND WAS
REFUSED.

AND is it thus, MIRANDA cried,

And am I then by him denied,

Alas my heart is sore ;

Why did I make the fond request ?

Why not conceal it in my breast,

As I had done before ?

I know not how he spoke so fair,

I wish'd to have his yellow hair,

And wear it round my neck ;

But, O ! it hurt his gentle mind,

Such boldness in my sex to find,

Then what could I expect.

EPIGRAM