VERSES
Wrote in a
LADY'S IVORY TABLE-BOOK
Anno. 1698.

PERUSE my Leaves thro' ev'ry Part,
And think thou seest my owner's Heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with Trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light:
Expos'd to every Coxcomb's Eyes,
But hid with Caution from the Wise.
Here you may read (Dear Charming Saint)
Beneath (A new Receipt for Paint)
Here in Beau-spelling (true sel deieth)
There in her own (far an el breth).

Here
Verses Written in a, &c.

Here (lovely Nymph pronounce my doom)
There (A safe way to use Perfume)
Here, a Page fill'd with Billet Doux;
On t'other side (laid out for Shoes)
(Madam, I dye without your Grace)
(Item, for half a Yard of Lace)

Who that had Wit would place it here,
For every peeping Fop to Jear.
To think that your Brains Issue is
Expos'd to th' Excrement of his,
Impower of Spittle and a Clout
When e're he please to blot it out;
And then to heighten the Disgrace
Clap his own Nonsense in the place.
Who e' re expects to hold his part
In such a Book and such a Heart,
If he be Wealthy and a Fool
Is in all Points the fittest Tool,
Of whom it may be justly said,
He's a Gold Pencil tipt with Lead.

TO