
 V E R S E S

Wrote in a

LADY'S Ivory Table-Book.

Anno. 1698.

PER USE my Leaves thro' ev'ry Part,
 And think thou seest my owners 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 Wife.
 Here you may read (*Dear Charming Saint*)
 Beneath (*A new Receipt for Paint*)
 Here in Beau-spelling (*truel deth*)
 There in her own (*far an el breth*)

Here

352 *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,

In power 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.

Whoe'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.