

*Lady B----- B----- finding
in the Authors Room some Ver-
ses Unfinished, underwrit a
Stanza of her own, with Rai-
lery upon him, which gave Oc-
casion to this Ballade.*

August, 1702.

To the Tune of the Cutpurse.

I.

ONCE on a time, as old Stories rehearse,
A Fryer would needs show his Ta-
lent in *Latin*;

But was forely put to't in the midst of a Verse,
Because he could find no Word to come pat in.

Then all in the Place

He left a void Space,

And so went to Bed in a desperate Case.

When,

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When, Behold the next Morning, a wonderful
Riddle,

He found it was strangely fill'd in the Middle.

Cho. *Let Censuring Criticks then think what they
list on't,*

*Who would not Write Verses with such an
assistant.*

I I.

This put me the Fryar into an Amazement,

For he wisely consider'd it must be a Sprite,

That came through the Key-Hole, or in at the
Casement,

And it needs must be one that could both
Read and Write:

Yet he did not know

If it were Friend or Foe,

Or whether it came from Above or Below.

Howe'er it was civil in Angel or Elf,

For he ne're could have fill'd it so well of him-
self.

Cho. *Let Censuring, &c.*

Even

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III.

Even so Master Doctor had Puzzled his Brains
In making a Ballad, but was at a Stand,
He had mixt little Wit with a great deal of Pains,
When he found a new Help from Invisible
Hand.

Then Good Dr. S----,

Pay Thanks for the Gift,

For you freely must own you were at a Dead
lift ;

And tho' some Malicious Young Spirit did do't,
You may know by the Hand, it had no Cloven
Foot.

Cho. *Let Censuring Criticks then think what they
list on't,*

*Who would not Write Verses with such an
assistant.*