

My poultry fear no robber in the roost;
 My linen more than common whiteness boast;
 Let order, peace, and housewif'ry be mine:
 Shenstone! be taste, and fame, and fortune thine!

COTSWOULDIA.

A S O N G.

WRITTEN TO A LADY.

WHEN the nymphs were contending for beauty
 and fame,

Fair Sylvia stood foremost in right of her claim,
 When to crown the high transports dear conquest excites,
 At court she was envy'd and toasted at White's.

II.

But how shall I whisper this fair one's sad case?
 A cruel disease has spoil'd her sweet face;
 Her vermilion is chang'd to a dull settled red,
 And all the gay graces of beauty are fled.

III.

Yet take heed, all ye fair, how you triumph in vain,
 For Sylvia, tho' alter'd from pretty to plain,
 Is now more engaging since reason took place,
 Than when she possess'd the perfections of face.

IV.

Convinc'd she no more can coquet it and teaze,
 Instead of tormenting——she studies to please:
 Makes truth and discretion the guide of her life,
 And tho' spoil'd for a toast, she's well form'd for a wife.