



R I D D L E.

By the Same.

**M**Y size is large, my shape's uncouth,  
 I have neither limb nor feature;  
 Mens hands have form'd my skin so smooth;  
 My guts were made by nature.

Nor male nor female is my sex,  
 You'll scarce believe my troth;  
 For when I've told you all my tricks  
 You'll swear 't must needs be both.

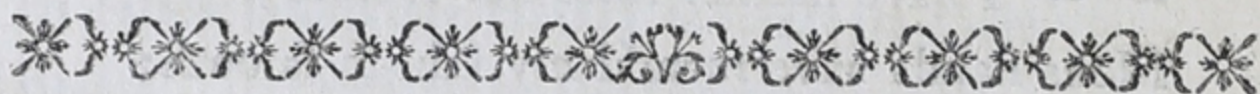
For oft my master lies with me,  
 His wife I oft enjoy;  
 Yet's she's no whore, no cuckold he,  
 And true to both am I.

My cloaths nor women fit, nor men,  
 They're neither coat nor gown;  
 Yet oft both men and maidens, when  
 They're naked, have them on.

When

When I'm upon my legs, I lie,  
 Yet legs in truth I've none;  
 And never am I seen so high  
 To rise as when I'm down.

What's oft my belly, is oft my back,  
 And what my feet, my head;  
 And though I'm up, I have a knack  
 Of being still a-bed.



*Audivere, Lyce, &c.* HOR. Book 4. Ode 13.  
 IMITATED.

By the Same.

**L**YCE, at length my vows are heard,  
 My vows so oft to heaven prefer'd;  
 Welcome, thy silver'd hairs!  
<sup>a</sup> In vain thy affectation gay  
 To hide the manifest decay,  
 In vain thy youthful airs.

—<sup>a</sup> *sis anis, et tamen*

*Vis formosa videri*

*Ludisque*—