

NUMBER SIXTH.

A BALLAD.

I.

**I**\* Flavia's eyes, or Stella's foul,  
Were in my choice to take,  
I would not envy Flavia's eyes,  
But only for thy sake.

II.

But if a Stella please thee more,  
That Stella I would be;  
For sure a Flavia could not gain,  
Or keep a swain like thee.

III.

But ah! would Stella ever tell?  
A stranger as thou art;  
Would Stella envy Flavia's eyes?  
Alone to gain thy heart.

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\* Stella and Flavia, celebrated by Swift.—Stella, an amiable woman;—Flavia, a silly beauty.



IV.

I scarcely knew from whence thou came.  
Would Stella thought like me?  
Too soon I thought—thou didst depart;  
Would Stella told it thee.

V.

But sure my hand—thou ne'er hast seen,  
My name thou ne'er shalt know;  
And while I praise thy nameless art,  
I can thy love forego.

VI.

My favourite pigeon too he prais'd.  
I mind each word he spake;  
I'd give it him—but since he's gone,  
I'll keep it for his sake.

VII.

Go, gentle swain, and unconfin'd;  
Or, if you think of me,  
Here I with pleasure can submit,  
If that's approv'd by thee.

VIII.



VIII.

Long did I look down a' the way,  
As far as I could see;  
And art thou gone—ah! what are all  
The rustic swains to me?

IX.

Go, gentle swain—and to our sex  
Polite attention pay;  
Nor ever dangerous flattery try,  
Nor vain neglect essay.

X.

The giddy empty fluttering fool,  
May catch a t'lavia's eyes;  
But real good sense, and such as you,  
Alone can Stella please\*.

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\* This Ballad was sent to the Rev. M. C. at his reading and reciting, under a feigned story.