

PROUD MARGERY

OH! Margery, you need not try
Your silly airs as you pass by;
You mind me of a butterfly,
All on a Summer morning.

You think because you've got some cash,
In feathers fine to make a dash;
My pretty lass, you need not fash,
I give you timely warning.

An honest man of worth and heart,
You pass him by as he were dirt,
And with some empty coxcomb flirt,
All kindly counsel scorning.

All men of sense at you will smile,
Your antics they will not beguile,
Though some may fool you on awhile,
Then leave you sadly mourning.

So, Margery, take my advice,
Don't ape to be so wondrous nice,
For I will never pay the price
Of such a costly darling.

I'd rather have some maiden fair,
With loving heart to do and dare;
Though scant of cash, willing to share,
With me life's smiles and storming.

I'd judge myself as wondrous wise,
In finding such a costly prize;
Worth more than rubies in my eyes,
With all their bright adorning.