

Thou'rt tir't o' a' this snarlia',
 An' fle'st, to seek anither hame.
 Turn't out o' thy snug hadden';
 Strippet o' ilk dud o' claise;
 Whare *noo* wilt thou rin a gadden?
 Wha'll here *noo* thy pointet says?

TO MISS —.

Dear girl, some quarrel with your lip,
 And hint that you have much to spare;
 To still their clamor, let me sip,
 The rich and ripe luxuriance there.
 Permit me, dearest, thus to shape
 Thy loveliness, to others' taste;—
 Nay, then, there's virtue ev'n in rape,
 Where so much beauty runs to waste.