

no. 4**Solo***Boy Blue*

Real name I never knew,
But my garments' azure hue
Gained for me the name "Boy Blue."

Well enough the words apply.
Search Arcadia's sunny dales,
Make a list of lovers' tales,
And the verdict never fails:
There's no bluer boy than I!

Tears of pity in your eyes
Shew how much you sympathize.
Ah! my thoughtless friends, be wise;
Present bliss means future smart.
'Scaping lovers' wretched doom,
None need write upon your tomb:
"One who died in early bloom
Victim of a broken heart!"

no. 5**Solo***Bo Peep*

Hail! to you, men and maids,
Welcome, my neighbours!
Pleasant the leafy shades,
Cease from your labours.
What! do you never rest?
I must arraign you,
Sit and I'll do my best
To entertain you.

Come, lambkins fair and free,
Come let the neighbours see
How well you dance for me—
Why do you dally?
I never ask a fee,
Sure that's a novelty.
Pray, what could quainter be
Than such a ballet?