

Domestic bird ! by nature's law
 Thy instinct rightly bids thee rove
 Go now exchange for bed of straw* .
 To dwell with tenderness and love.

And since in truth the pilfered fair
 Thou wilt repay with many a sonnet,
 Do steal one lock from Sylvia's hair
 And press thy throbbing bosom on it.

TO HOWELL, THE SHOEMAKER,

WHO MADE ILL SHAPED SHOES FOR THE BEAUTIFUL MARIA.

Pray tell me Howell whats the reason
 You make such nasty clogs for Moll ?
 Whene'er her slender limbs I gaze on,
 This beauteous mymph I must extol.

Her nice brown hair so gently sliding,
 Her caps and combs and curls too,
 Her snow white shoes she takes such pride in,
 All would seem lovely but for you.

Thou vilest hand with vilest leather,
 Why shoe this Goddess like an ass,
 Whose feet as light as any feather,
 With safety well may move on glass.

*A rustic bonnet of that texture in which the bird nestled during the absence of this young lady.