

And thought to have a happy day.

But oh! what crosses damp our joys!

Sweets there are none without alloys.

My eagerness o'erset the table,

And made the house a very Babel.

The noise my mistress forward drew:

"Oh! Mr. Sancho, is it you?"

"Ah! Sirrah, I shall make you rue."

I skulk'd away with timid leers,

I hung my tail, and eke my ears;

With panting heart I trembling lay,

And thus I heard my mistress say:

"Fine mischief here before my eyes!

"A China plate there scatter'd lies,

"And here a pitcher broke in two;

"The goods not ours;—what shall we do?"

"—why take the cur, and bang him,

"Or, if 'twill pay the damage, bang him.

"My purse shall ne'er make good the loss."

So off she flounc'd with angry tofs.

Now, madam dear, since mistress thus

About two shillings makes a fuss,

I thought (for night good counsel brings

To wretched curs as well as kings),

I thought I would your pity seek,

To save from woe a dog most meek.

Think, oft my silken ears you've smooth'd,

And oft with smiles my fondness sooth'd;

Think, oft my forehead flick you've patted,

And strok'd my back with sea-weed matted.

Then oh! in goodness ope your purse,

To keep me from a jail, or worse.

Herein you'll much oblige poor Sancho,

Who has indeed no cash in banko;

So once more begs, with due submission,

You'll grant the sum of his petition.

SANCHO.

The Verses at the Head of each Monthly Page, in this Almanack
are the favor of a virtuous, Worthy, and well deserving
Friend.