

If you've a sharp Oo-loo at your command,  
A larger Pan-na\* glitters in my hand.  
The shining surface, shews my features too,  
Although the stone itself belongs to you,  
And I can see my broad and well oil'd face,  
And long black locks, which head and shoulders  
grace.

My mouth, with strong, short teeth, expos'd to view  
And bird skin jacket, made, my love, by you ;  
Ah ! when the birds I kill'd, which furnish'd this,  
How did you pay my labours with a kiss !  
My stratagem to take them I rehears'd,  
Sucking the luscious skin, as we convers'd,  
And when the grease had cover'd all my face,  
Your sweet tongue lick'd me clean with winning  
grace.

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\* A large dagger knife used by men.