

For whatever folks say 'tis all nonsense & folly
That cash is no cure for a girl's melancholy
I'm sure I'd consent with much pleasure to-morrow
To share in her fortune and share in her sorrows
'Tis said that Matt W. is plunged in deep grief
And seeks in a voyage to Europe relief

First in England, in Austria, in France and in Spain,
He'll try to forget his rich sweetheart in vain.
But I think my fair friend when Matt W. comes back
He'll make all the rest of the beaux quit the track.

Miss Fanny is here in the midst of us all
But since her return has not given a ball
And, De Doy, the faithful, attends her cortège
Unwilling as yet to abandon the stage,

and hopeless of pleasing, he now tries to tease,
Miss Fanny, by flirting with pretty Therese,
One he visits by night, and the other by day,
and is happy with either when tother's away.

But "to one up a tree" it's as clear as mud,
That neither will fancy the elegant Bud.
'Tis said though I scarcely can credit the tale
That Frank offered her house to Bob Tyler for sale.

This news was afflictive - It filled me with wo,
For I feared that I'd be the next person to go.

'Tis said in the world that each dog has his day,
But I fear 'tis not so with my friend Johnny Gray
For folks say that Puff Nicholas deprives him of hope
By maliciously flirting with old Captain Pope
For there's none, who so bitterly now needs the rhino
As the Captain since he has returned from Molino

This ardent Gray thinks unaccountable truly
and for reasons refers to Miss, Lang and
There's no news that you'd mind in the family way,
Save at Nicholas's house there's the devil to pay
Poor Puff is quite fatted; the Judge's wife sick
And another new subject is born for old Dick.

I My love to Dame Margaret the Queen of the West!
Of beauties the proudest of firm friends the best
This nonsense is partly for her, part for you,
Who in spite of your efforts can never be a strew,
For jointly to both this dull track I indite
And beg you a swift moving answer to write
And soon, very soon, ladies fair, you will see
What an ardent adorer is

W. P.

William Preston