

Woman

Say, what is man's supreme delight?
 What can fill his heart with pleasure?
 What is most precious to his sight?
 What is Nature's choicest treasure.

There is a something I can name,
 It's all, and more, deny it no man;
 It's dearer far than wealth or fame,
 It's fair angelic virtuous woman!

Can aught to man such rapture give?
 Is she not all his heart can sigh for?
 For many earthly things he'd live,
 But lovely woman he would die for.

Yet there are men, methinks you'd say
 Who oft caress her, oft misuse her;
 Not men—appear like men they may,
 None but unfeeling brutes abuse her!

I call him man abuse, whose mind
 Knew harbour'd yet a thought to harm her;
 In whom find that a friend she'd find,
 Of pale distrust or pain alarm her!

But, henceforth, may her sorrow cease;
 Affliction's frown assail her never;
 Perhaps her kind heaven, with health and peace,
 And joy attend her step for ever!

For she is man's supreme delight
 She can fill his heart with pleasure;
 She is more precious to his sight
 She is Nature's choicest treasure.

Salt of Bright or Sperm Whales 42° 00 North
 Long of " " " 149° 00 East
 In great abundance Month of July August
 on sale by the, Put, & Dashed of Salmby