

What may this wondrous spirit be,
 With powers unheard before,
 This charm the bright divinity,
 Good temper nothing more
 Good temper is the choicest gift
 That heaven homeward brings
 And can the sweetest peasant lift
 To like unknown to kings.

His eyes are red a confused head
 And face of crimson red
 His coat is slit and patched with rents
 The expectation nigh

His hat much from his jacket torn
 And frayed to the same
 An empty purse and what a woe
 That runs in all his game.

His limbs are lame tottering with pain
 His vital powers decay
 His body thin immersed in sin
 What runs bears all the way.

His note does give for the glass
 And every thing he's got
 But the last cent will soon be spent
 And he is broken set

This souk once good the made with more
 You now begin to go
 His barn all rack'd his heart's sigh
 Amidst the drifting snow
 His wife once bright his heart's delight
 Is dead and gone
 His morning lot is quite forgot
 And he is now alone

I am confus'd sweet and fair
 But I might have gone near to love thee
 Had I not found the slightest prayer
 That life could speak had power to move thee
 But I can let thee now alone
 As worthy to be loved by none.

I am confus'd sweet yet fine
 Thine such a untroft of thy sweets
 Thy favors are but like the wind
 That kisses every thing it meets
 And since thou canst kiss more than ever
 Thou art worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose that untouch'd I stam'd
 With her briars how sweetly smells
 But pluck'd and stain'd through ruder hands
 Her sweets are longer with her dwell
 But scent and beauty both are gone
 And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such falls are long with this betide
 When thou hast handled her awhile
 Like sun flowers to be thrown aside
 And I shall sigh while some will smile
 So on thy love for more than one
 That brought thee to be loved by none.