



Then hurried on with his heart all elate,
To embrace them around, and his ftory relate;
His hard earned wages he long'd to divide,
'Mongft those that he lov'd near his own fire fide:
But when he arriv'd, say what pen can express,
The genial delight, the joy in excess;
So welcome at home was this brave little guest,
You'd have thought that their welcomes ne'er wou'd have ceaf'd.

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He hail'd ev'ry one, and he fmil'd with fuch glee, Cry'd hold out your hands, take this prefent from me; A fine filken 'kerchief, each neck to enfold, But gave to his parents a purfe full of gold: The fidler was fent for, that liv'd on the green, Such dancing and romping fure never was feen; They gambol'd 'till Phoebus peep'd over the fhed, Then kiffing and bleffing went peaceful to bed.

