

CHEAP REPOSITORY.

TURN THE CARPET;

OR, THE
TWO WEAVERS:

A NEW SONG,

IN A

Dialogue between DICK and JOHN.



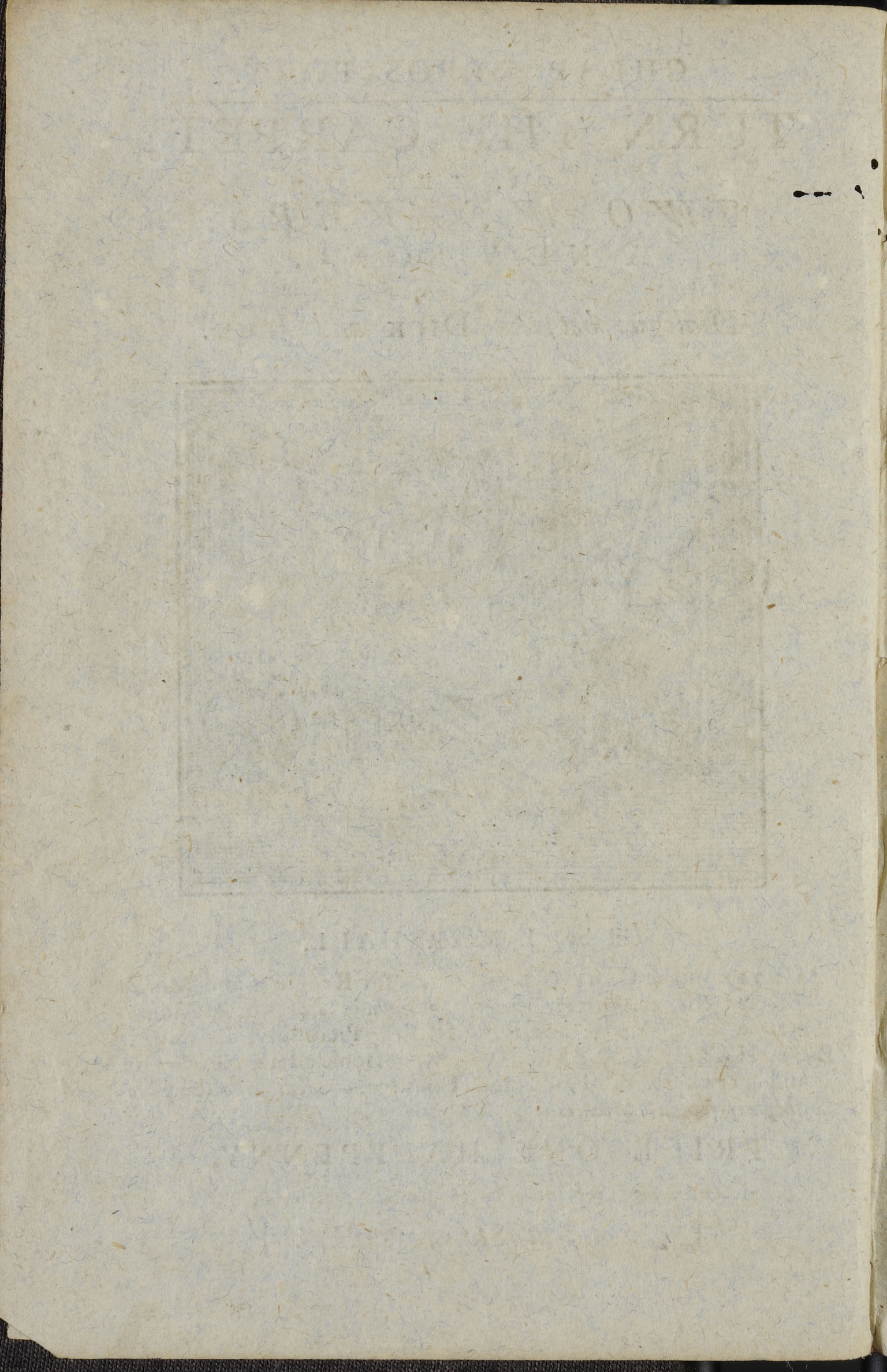
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TURN THE CARPET;

OR, THE

TWO WEAVERS:

A NEW SONG.

I.

AS at their work two Weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat;
They touch'd upon the price of meat,
So high, a Weaver scarce could eat.

II.

What with my brats and sickly wife,
Quoth Dick, I'm almost tir'd of life;
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

III.

How glorious is the rich man's state!

His house so fine! his wealth so great

Heaven is unjust you must agree,

Why all to him, why none to me?

IV.

In spite of what the Scripture teaches,

In spite of all the Parson preaches,

This world (indeed I've thought so long)

Is rul'd, methinks, extremely wrong.

V.

Wheree'er I look, howe'er I range,

'Tis all confus'd, and hard, and strange;

The good are troubled and oppress'd,

And all the wicked are the bless'd.

VI.

Quoth John, our ign'rance is the cause

Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;

Parts of his ways alone we know,

'Tis all that man can see below.

VII.

See'st thou that Carpet, not half done,
 Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
 Behold the wild confusion there,
 So rude the mass it makes one stare!

VIII.

A stranger, ign'rant of the trade,
 Wou'd say, no meaning's there convey'd;
 For where's the middle, where's the border?
 Thy Carpet now is all disorder.

IX.

Quoth Dick, my work is yet in bits,
 But still in every part it fits;
 Besides, you reason like a lout,
 Why, man, that *Carpet's inside out.*

X.

Says John, thou say'st the thing I mean,
 And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
 This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
 Is but a *Carpet inside out.*

XI.

As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

XII.

No plan, no pattern can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

XIII.

But when we reach that world of light,
And view these works of God aright;
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the workman is divine.

XIV.

What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurn'd,
For then the *Carpet shall be turn'd.*

XV.

• Theu'rt right, quoth Dick, no more I'll grumble,
That this sad world's so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own Carpet sets me right.

Z.

T H E E N D .





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