

THE CASE OF BREACH OF PROMISE.

I'D BE A POLLY SP---LL!

A Parody.

AIR,—“*I'd be a Butterfly.*”

I'D be a POLLY SP—LL near to a Chapel,  
Where singers, and seraphines, lovers are seen;  
Aiming not always a bride's ring to grapple,—  
Seeking those youths who are thoughtless and “green.”  
I'd never falter at using a “chap” ill,—  
I'd never care, though my favour'd he'd been;  
I'd be a cunning SP—LL, sly in a Chapel,  
Wheedling those youths who are thoughtless & “green!”

O! could I once get my lover to slight me,  
I'd soon seek Lawyers, that trustworthy set!  
Their actions for “Breaches,” oh! how they delight me;  
They show damaged damsels nice damages get!  
Those who have wealth ne'er to wed should invite me,—  
Teaching, alas! but produces sums mean;  
I'd be a “prudent” SP—LL,—'twould so delight me,  
Hoaxing those youths who are wealthy and “green!”

What though they tell me each lass good and gentle  
Shrinks from my system as one much too rash,  
Surely 'tis better, than love sentimental,  
To pocket for self and spruce brother the cash!  
Some in the world would fail to discover  
The means that enable to so “cut a dash;”  
I'd be a modest SP—LL, robbing my lover,  
Spying my law knaves still drawing his cash!!

A LOVER OF GENTLE LASSES.

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