

TO MISS 'S. M. R.'
OF STOWMARKET, SUFFOLK;
AFTER READING HER REMONSTRANCE TO
HER "BELOVED ONE," MR. M.

(See the "*Ipswich Express*" of February 18, 1845.)

—◆—
"How could he say your face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could he win your virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?"

HAYNES BAYLY.

~~~~~

FORBEAR, oh! Miss, such plaintive strains,—  
False, fickle swains, regard not *them*;  
And such—though your "Beloved One"—  
To all, alas! seems Mister M.

Though his "forsaken" you remain,  
Let not the rose droop on its stem;  
But may your vow,—"*I'm thine alone*,"  
Bless one more true than Mister M.

Let *others*, now, "pronounce his name,"—  
(*Fame* never can—there'd be such phlegm!)  
So reckless still what pangs he gives  
Appears your heartless Mister M.

The giddy and the senseless throng,  
Let these alone his prospect hem;  
For virtue, sentiment, and faith,  
Seem valued not by Mister M.

Oh! than lovely Woman, 'neath the sky,  
There's not, 'tis plain, a brighter gem,—  
Though—"hackney'd in the ways of men"—  
Some blight their hopes, like Mister M.

The hints I've here presumed to give,  
'Tis hoped, dear Miss, you'll not condemn;  
And may you soon a lover meet  
Who worthier seems than Mister M.

C. C.

GREAT TOTHAM, FEB. 22, 1845.