



2

And when her day's work's over, Around a chearful fire She fings or refts contented _ What more can man desire? Let those who fquander millions Review her happy lot, They'll find their proud pavillions Far inferior to her cot.

4

3

Between the Po and Parma, Some Villians feiz'd my Coach; And dragg'd me to a Cavern Most dreadful to approach By which the Maid of Lodi Came trotting from the fair She paus'd to hear my wailings And fee me tear my hair. 22

5

Among the mild Madona's Her features you may find But not the fam'd Correggio's Could ever paint her mind Then fing the Maid of Lodi, Who fweetly fang to me! And when this Maid is married, Still happier may the be.

62