A DIAlOUE BETWEEN A
SCHOOLMASTER & LABOURER

As I walked out on a summer's morning
Down by a pleasant green verdant shade
The fragrant tulips & blooming roses
Seemed interwoven by Floras aid
Among the bowers stood a beam'de mansion
Its charming beauties far to behold
There dwells a Pamela of comely stature
Whom nature form'd a benediction mild
Amongst this fair maid's admirers
There was just two did her favor gain
The master teacher of arts & science
The next by labour himself maintain'd
The honor gained by those two rivals
Both in the past & present days
Were well hearkened to that blooming fairmaid
In the enchanting poet's lays
First prop the teacher to this blooming fairmaid
And in great recompense his hopes expressed
Hail fairest creature the pride of nature
You shot & wounded my tender breast
To gain your favor I would range the nation
I will venture life for my darling's sake
My love is loyal to you my darling
If I doubt gains my heart will break
next spose the labourer to this fair maid
And through adressed her in an arsaz strain
Shall fairest creature the pride of nature
Your humble servant I now remain
I will till your garden for your darling
With Jasmine it shall be entwined
I'll maintain you better than the school master
With all his learning & books combined
Without my aid gain the learned teacher
His blooming fair maid can be secure
I teach the fair or her case to gain
And am respected by rich & poor
I teach the pastor the mass to offer
Where the hells of glory to you are singing
I am not compaise to that wretched labourer
Who would often lead you with un and chang
In the summer time I will ti my garden
And pull the duale before the seed
And in the harvest I will reap the corn
Of rich & poor I will help to feed
It's by manual labour I will maintain nature
While health & vigour with me remain
While the schoolster his must endeavor
To pulverize his barren brain
The knight that rides in his golden chariot
Without some learning cannot be crown'd
iors Dykes & Earls st un plemor
By my assistance gr at home a town'd
While hope I am he help in
The wretched labourer is by my employer
HIs askeing wife must soon for you my pardoning
And thus our pleasure is ever annexed
The king's seat rides in his golden chariot
Must be edit by the wise and plentiful
Lords Dykes and Earls that it in splendour
I seize on the seat of my humble brow
It's by my labour I maintain a bare
From cold my master he se vivo
While the schoolmaster is always raving
Both books and questions his brain annoy
I own my dailing your blooming features
Made an impression on my tender breast
And while you were about I always raving
My troubled mind can find no rest
I went no lecture from a school, master
He my bestow them on shareless train
I would rather walk two and one else gerate
In conversation with my darling in.