

A Receipt to Cure the Vapours
by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, 1748

I

Why will Delia thus retire,
And idly languish life away?
While the sighing crowd admire,
'Tis too soon for harts-horn tea.

II

All those dismal looks and fretting
Cannot Damon's life restore;
Long ago the worms have ate him,
You can never see him more.

III

Once again consult your toilette,
In the glass your face review:
So much weeping soon will spoil it,
And no Spring your charms renew.

IV

I, like you, was born a woman,
Well I know what vapours mean:
The disease, alas! is common;
Single, we have all the spleen.

V

All the morals that they tell us,
Never cured the sorrow yet:
Choose, among the pretty fellows,
One of honour, youth, and wit.

VI

Prithee hear him every morning,
At least an hour or two;
Once again at night returning—
I believe the dose will do.