What flames my nerves invade,
When I behold the breaſt
Of that too charming maid
Riſe, ſuing to be preſs'd!

Venus round Fanny's waiſt,
Has her own Ceſtus bound,
With guardian Cupids grac'd,
Who dance the circle round.
How happy muſt he be,
Who ſhall her zone unlooſe!
That bliſs to all, but me,
May heaven and ſhe refuſe.

SONG.

WHenever, Chloe, I begin
Your heart like mine to move,
You tell me of the crying ſin
Of unchaſte lawleſs love.

How can that paſſion be a ſin,
Which gave to Chloe birth?
How can thoſe joys but be divine,
Which make a heaven on earth?

To

To wed, mankind the prieſt trepann'd,
By ſome ſly fallacy,
And diſobey'd God's great command,
Increaſe and multiply.

You ſay that love's a crime; content:
Yet this allow you muſt,
More joy's in heav'n if one repent,
Than over ninety juſt.

Sin then, dear girl, for heaven's ſake,
Repent and be forgiven;
Bleſs me, and by repentance make
A holy day in heav'n.