



CHLOE to STREPHON.

A S O N G.

By the Same.

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
 My heart your own declare,
 But for heav'n's sake let it suffice
 You reign triumphant there :

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
 Nor farther urge your sway ;
 Prefs not for what I must deny,
 For fear I shou'd obey.

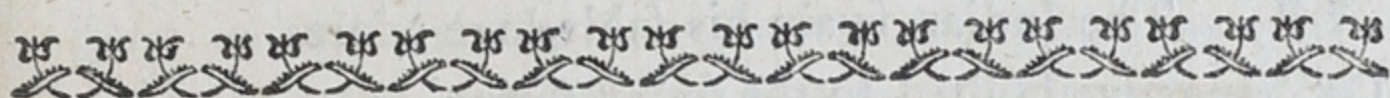
Cou'd all your art successful prove,
 Wou'd you a maid undo,
 Whose greatest failing is her love,
 And that her love for you ?

Say, wou'd you use that very pow'r
 You from her fondness claim,
 To ruin in one fatal hour
 A life of spotless fame ?

Ah !

Ah ! cease, my dear, to do an ill,
Because perhaps you may !
But rather try your utmost skill
To save me than betray :

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
Defend, and not pursue ;
Since 'tis a task for me too hard,
To fight with love and you.



To the Right Honourable the EARL of
CHESTERFIELD, on his being instal-
led Knight of the GARTER.

By the Same.

THese trophies, STANHOPE, of the lovely dame,
Once the bright object of a monarch's flame,
Who with such just propriety can wear,
As thou, the darling of the gay and fair ?
See ev'ry friend to wit, politeness, love,
With one consent thy sovereign's choice approve !
And liv'd PLANTAGENET her voice to join,
Herself, and GARTER, both were surely thine.

To