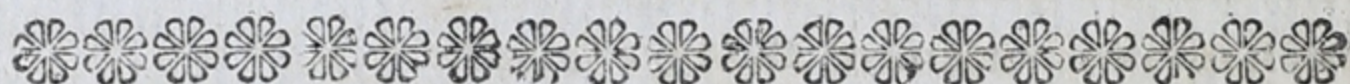


And makes the warbling nightingale her choice,  
 Before the thrills of FARINELLI's voice;  
 Prefers her books, and conscience void of ill,  
 To consorts, balls, assemblies, and quadrille:  
 Sweet bow'rs more pleas'd, than gilded chariots fees,  
 For groves the play-house quits, and beaus for trees.

Blest is the man, whom heav'n shall grant one hour  
 With such a lovely nymph, in such a lovely bow'r.



To a LADY, in answer to a LETTER wrote  
 in a very fine Hand.

By the Same.

WHilst well-wrote lines our wond'ring eyes command,  
 The beauteous work of CHLOE's artful hand,  
 Throughout the finish'd piece we see display'd  
 Th' exactest image of the lovely maid;  
 Such is her wit, and such her form divine,  
 This pure, as flows the style thro' ev'ry line,  
 That, like each letter, exquisitely fine.

See with what art the fable currents stain  
 In wand'ring mazes all the milk-white plain!  
 Thus o'er the meadows wrap'd in silver snow  
 Unfrozen brooks in dark meanders flow;

Thus



Thus jetty curls in shining ringlets deck  
 The ivory plain of lovely CHLOE's neck :  
 See, like some virgin, whose unmeaning charms  
 Receive new lustre from a lover's arms,  
 The yielding paper's pure, but vacant breast,  
 By her fair hand and flowing pen impress'd,  
 At ev'ry touch more animated grows,  
 And with new life and new ideas glows ;  
 Fresh beauties from the kind defiler gains,  
 And shines each moment brighter from its stains.

Let mighty love no longer boast his darts,  
 That strike unerring, aim'd at mortal hearts ;  
 CHLOE, your quill can equal wonders do,  
 Wound full as sure, and at a distance too :  
 Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands,  
 From pole to pole you send your great commands ;  
 To distant climes in vain the lover flies,  
 Your pen o'ertakes him, if he 'scapes your eyes ;  
 So those, who from the sword in battle run,  
 But perish victims to the distant gun.

Beauty's a short-liv'd blaze, a fading flow'r,  
 But these are charms no ages can devour ;  
 These, far superior to the brightest face,  
 Triumph alike o'er time, as well as space,  
 When that fair form, which thousands now adore,  
 By years decay'd, shall tyrannize no more,  
 These lovely lines shall future ages view,  
 And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.



How oft do I admire with fond delight  
 The curious piece, and wish like you to write !  
 Alas, vain hope ! that might as well aspire  
 To copy PAULO's stroke, or TITIAN's fire :  
 Ev'n now your splendid lines before me lie,  
 And I in vain to imitate them try ;  
 Believe me, fair, I'm practising this art,  
 To steal your hand, in hopes to steal your heart.



## The ART of DANCING. A POEM.

Inscribed to the Rt. Hon. the Lady FANNY FIELDING.

Written in the Year 1730. By the Same.

*Incessu patuit Dea.*

VIRG.

### CANTO I.

**I**N the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,  
 Easy with care, and sprightly tho' serene,  
 To mark th' instructions echoing strains convey,  
 And with just steps each tuneful note obey,  
 I teach ; be present, all ye sacred Choir,  
 Blow the soft flute, and strike the sounding lyre ;  
 When FIELDING bids your kind assistance bring,  
 And at her feet the lowly tribute fling ;

Oh