



MARTIALIS EPIGRAMMA.

Lib. vi. Ep. 24. Imitated.

By the Same.

COME, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses,  
For sweeter sure never girl gave :

But why in the midst of my blisses

Do you ask me how many I'd have ?

I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,

Then pr'ythee my charmer be kind,  
For whilst I love thee above measure,

To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,

Count the flow'rs that enamel its fields,

Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,

Or the grain that rich Sicily yields ;

Go number the stars in the heaven,

Count how many sands on the shore,

When so many kisses you've given

I still shall be craving for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,

To a heart which, dear Chloe, is thine ;

With my arms I'll for ever enfold thee,

And twist round thy limbs like a vine,

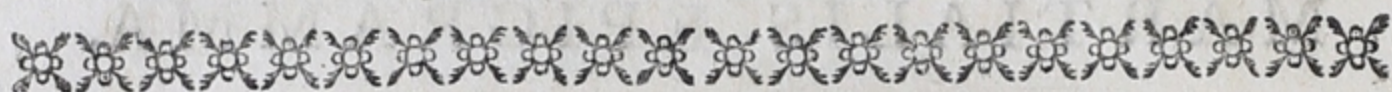


What joy can be greater than this is ?

My life on thy lips shall be spent ;

But the wretch that can number his kisses

With few will be ever content.



# The Progress of DISCONTENT.

## A P O E M.

Written at Oxford in the Year 1746.

**W**HEN now mature in classic knowledge,  
The joyful youth is sent to college,

His father comes, a vicar plain,

At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,

And thus in form of humble suitor

Bowing accosts a reverend tutor.

“ Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,

“ And this my eldest son of nine ;

“ My wife's ambition and my own

“ Was that this child should wear a gown ;

“ I'll warrant that his good behaviour

“ Will justify your future favour :

“ And for his parts, to tell the truth,

“ My son's a very forward youth ;

“ Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—

“ And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder,

“ If you'd examine—and admit him,

“ A scholarship would nicely fit him :

“ That