



CHLOE's unknown Likeness, 1738.

By the Same.

I.

IN shape, in air, in face and voice
The very ape of Chloe !
Since I have fix'd for life my choice,
'Tis well I do not know you.

II.

Yet witness, Love, I own the power
Of this *ideal* maid :
So much my Chloe I adore,
I bow me to her *shade*.

III.

If idol-worship be a fault,
Have mercy, Love, on me —
Chloe's the goddess of my thought,
Tho' Celia bows my knee.

IV.

Tho' the mock-fun amuse the sight,
And more demand the view ;
We wonder at the *mimic* light,
But only *feel* the *true*.

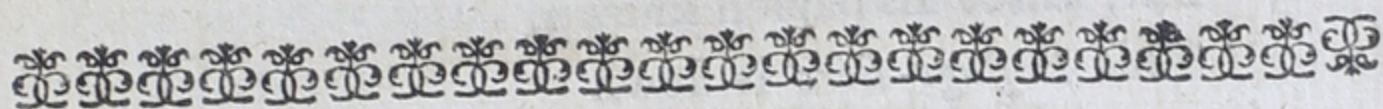
V. Forgive

V.

Forgive me, fair reflected shade,
That I suppress this flame:
Who can pursue th' ideal maid,
Bless'd in the real dame?

VI.

Consult your mind, consult your glass,
Each charm of sense and youth;
Then own, who changes is an ass,
Nor wonder at my truth.



The BIRD of PASSAGE, 1749.

By the Same.

I.

GROWN sick of crowds and noise,
To peaceful rural joys
Good Bellmont from the town retires,
Miss Harriet seeks the shade,
And looks *the country maid*,
And artfully his taste admires.