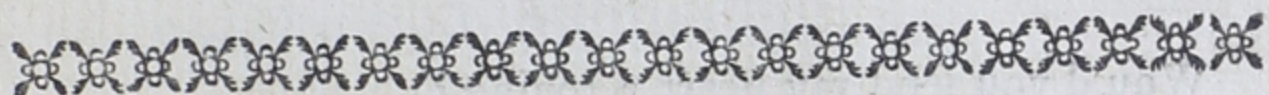


Or else I'll roam—Ah no! that sigh profound,  
 Tells me that stubborn love disdains to yield;  
 Nor flight, nor Wisdom's balm can heal the wound,  
 Nor pain forsake me in the jocund field.



DIALOGUE to CHLORINDA.

By Mr. A L S O P.

S. **C**EASE, Chlorinda, cease to chide me,  
 When my passion I relate:  
 Why shou'd kindness be denied me?  
 Why shou'd love be pay'd with hate?

If the fruit of all my wishes  
 Must be, to be treated so;  
 What cou'd you do more than this is  
 To your most outrageous foe?

C. Simple Strephon, cease complaining,  
 Talk no more of foolish love;  
 Think not e'er my heart to reign in,  
 Think not all you say can move.

Did I take delight to fetter  
 Thrice ten thousand slaves a day,  
 Thrice ten thousand times your betters  
 Gladly would my rule obey.

S. Strive not, fairest, to unbind me ;  
 Let me keep my pleasing chain :  
 Charms that first to love inclin'd me,  
 Will for ever love maintain.

Wou'd you send my heart a roving ?  
 First to love I must forbear.  
 Wou'd you have me cease from loving ?  
 You must cease from being fair.

C. Strephon, leave to talk thus idly ;  
 Let me hear of love no more :  
 You mistake Chlorinda widely,  
 Thus to teize her o'er and o'er.

Seek not her who still forbids you ;  
 To some other tell your moan :  
 Chuse where'er your fancy leads you,  
 Let Chlorinda but alone.

S. If Chlorinda still denies me  
 That which none but she can give,  
 Let the whole wide world despise me,  
 'Tis for her alone I live.

Grant me yet this one poor favour,  
 With this one request comply ;  
 Let us each go on for ever,  
 I to ask, and you deny.

S. Since

C. Since, my Strephon, you so kind are,  
 All pretensions to resign;  
 Trust Chlorinda.—You may find her  
 Less severe than you divine.

Strephon struck with joy beholds her,  
 Wou'd have spoke but knew not how;  
 But he look'd such things as told her  
 More than all his speech cou'd do.

To CHLORINDA. By the Same.

SEE, Strephon, what unhappy fate  
 Does on thy fruitless passion wait,  
 Adding to flame fresh fuel:  
 Rather than thou should'st favour find,  
 The kindest soul on earth's unkind,  
 And the best nature cruel.

The goodness, which Chlorinda shews,  
 From mildness and good breeding flows,  
 But must not love be stil'd:  
 Or else 'tis such as mothers try,  
 When wearied with incessant cry,  
 They still a froward child.

She with a graceful mien and air,  
 Genteely civil, yet severe,  
 Bids thee all hopes give o'er.  
 Friendship she offers, pure and free;  
 And who, with such a friend as she,  
 Cou'd want, or wish for more?