

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?

The cur that swam along the flood,
 His mouth well fill'd with morsel good,
 (Too good for common cur !)
 By visionary hopes betray'd,
 Gaping to catch a fleeting shade,
 Lost what he held before.

Mark, Strephon, and apply this tale,
 Lest love and friendship both should fail ;
 Where then wou'd be thy hope ?
 Of hope, quoth Strephon, talk not, friend ;
 And for applying — know, the end
 Of ev'ry cur's a rope.

The Fable of IXION. To CHLORINDA.

By the Same.

IXION, as the poets tell us,
 Was one of those pragmatic fellows,
 Who claim a right to kiss the hand
 Of the best lady in the land ;
 Demonstrating by dint of reason,
 That impudence in love's no treason.
 He let his fancy soar much higher ;
 And ventur'd boldly to aspire
 To Juno's high and mighty grace,
 And woo'd the goddess face to face.

What