

Does down her Iv'ry Bosom roll,
 And hiding Half, adorns the Whole.
 In her high Forehead's fair half-round
 LOVE sits in open Triumph crown'd:
 He in the Dimple of her Chin,
 In private State by Friends is seen.
 Her Eyes are neither black, nor grey;
 Nor fierce, nor feeble is their Ray:
 Their dubious Lustre seems to show
 Something that speaks nor Yes, nor No.
 Her Lips no living Bard, I weet,
 May say, how Red, how Round, how Sweet:
 Old HOMER only cou'd indite
 Their vagrant Grace, and soft Delight:
 They stand Recorded in his Book,
 When HELEN smil'd, and HEBE spoke—
 The Gipsy turning to her Glass,
 Too plainly shew'd, She knew the Face:
 And which am I most like, She said,
 Your CLOE, or Your *Nut-brown Maid*?

Written in an OVID.

OVID is the surest Guide,
 You can name, to show the Way
 To any Woman, Maid, or Bride,
 Who resolves to go astray.