

CHLOE.

PAINTER exert thy utmost art,
To shew the fav'rite of my heart ;
Roses and lilies thou may'st spare,
Chloe can please, yet is not fair ;
Thy Venus may the world admire,
It is to Chloe I aspire ;
One added grace should'st thou display,
My Chloe's charms would fade away ;
Let nature on thy canvass shine ;
It is my Chloe ! 'tis divine !

Be Chloe's mind the poet's theme,
No fancied merits let him dream ;
O'er fair perfection should he rove,
It is a mortal that I love ;
Yet goodness in my Nymph I see,
Or Chloe had no charms for me :
Let truth and nature teach his tongue,
And artless Chloe grace his song.

He sings her generous and sincere,
 And there my Chloe must appear.
 A sister's merits she'll commend ;
 My Chloe too, can be a friend,
 All gay and lively tho' she be,
 Can melt in tenderest sympathy.
 See truth and nature grace each line,
 It is my Chloe ! 'tis divine !