CHISWICK

By the Same.

THE potent Lord, that this bright villa plann'd,
Exhibits here a Paradise regain'd;
Whate'er of Verdure have Hills, Lawns, or Woods;
Whate'er of Splendor, Buildings, Flow'rs, or Floods;
Whate'er of Fruits the Trees, of Birds the Air,
In blissful union are collected here:
All with such harmony dispos'd, as shews,
That in the midst the Tree of Knowledge grows.

The INDIFFERENT.

From the Italian of Metastasio.

THANKS, Cloe, thy coquetting art
At length hath heal'd my love-sick heart;
At length thy slave is free;
I feel no tyrant's proud controul,
I feel no inmate in my soul,
But peace and liberty.

N°
No longer now a fierce desire
In anger masks its amorous fire,
    And fiercer burns suppress'd,
I blush not when thy name I hear,
I meet thee suddenly, and fear
    No fluttering in my breast.

In dreams I ev'ry trifle see,
Yet very rarely dream of thee:
    I wake, nor think about thee:
When absent I ne'er wish thee near:
And when thou'rt present I not fear,
    Nor pray to be without thee.

I think, hear, talk about thy charms,
Nor stoop the head, nor fold the arms;
    Nay ev'n my wrongs fit easy.
And when my favour'd rival's near
And eyes me with insulting leer,
    His triumphs never teaze me.

Put on thy looks of cold disdain,
Or speak respectful, 'tis in vain,
    Nor frowns nor smiles can move.
Those lips no more have words that bind,
Those eyes no more have light to find
    The path that leads to love.
Seasons, which wont to take their dye
Of foul or fair, from Cloe's eye,
Now their own livery wear.
This place I hate, and that I love,
The fen's a fen, the grove's a grove,
If absent thou, or there.

Judge if I speak like one sincere,
Still I confess your face is fair,
But so are twenty faces;
And if plain truth will not offend,
You've now some features I could mend,
Which once appear'd all graces.

Nay more, I own, when from my heart
I strove to tug the fatal dart
I cut my heart in sunder;
But to relieve a constant pain,
And to retrieve one's self again,
What would one not go under?

The fluttering bird in viscous snare
Entangled, willingly will spare
For liberty a feather;
In time again the feather grows,
And wise by danger made, he knows
To shun the snare for ever.
But still I hear you smiling say,
'Tis sign you've flung their chains away,
You take such pains to shew 'em.
Why, Cloc, there's a fond delight
Our former dangers to recite,
And let our neighbours know 'em.

After the thunder of the wars,
The veteran thus displays his scars,
And tells you of his pains;
The galley-slave, enslav'd no more,
Shews you the shackles which he wore,
And where their mark remains.

I talk, 'cause talking gives delight,
I please myself not Cloc by't,
Nor care if she believe;
And when myself she deigns to name,
Whether she praise my song or blame,
I neither joy nor grieve.

For me I quit a fickle fair,
Cloc has lost a heart sincere,
Who first should sing Te deum?
You'll never find so true a swain;
But women full as false as vain,
By dozens one may see 'em.