CHLOE to STREPHON.
A SONG.

By the Same.

Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare,
But for heav'n's sake let it suffice
You reign triumphant there:

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your sway;
Pres't not for what I must deny,
For fear I shou'd obey.

Cou'd all your art successful prove,
Wou'd you a maid undo,
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that her love for you?

Say, wou'd you use that very pow'r
You from her fondnesses claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour
A life of spotless fame?

Ah!
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Ah! cease, my dear, to do an ill,
Because perhaps you may!
But rather try your utmost skill
'To save me than betray:

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
Defend, and not pursue;
Since 'tis a task for me too hard,
To fight with love and you.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Chesterfield, on his being instal-
led Knight of the Garter.

By the Same.

These trophies, Stanhope, of the lovely dame,
Once the bright object of a monarch's flame,
Who with such just propriety can wear,
As thou, the darling of the gay and fair?
See ev'ry friend to wit, politeness, love,
With one consent thy sovereign's choice approve!
And liv'd Plantagenet her voice to join,
Herself, and Garter, both were surely thine.  

To