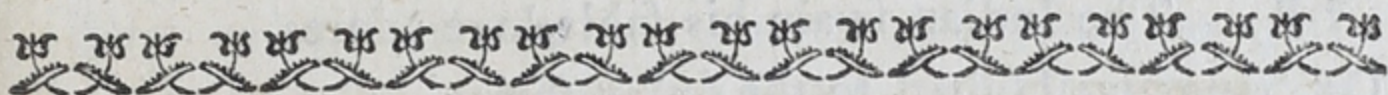


Ah ! cease, my dear, to do an ill,
 Because perhaps you may !
 But rather try your utmost skill
 To save me than betray :

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