

To C H L O E.

Written on my Birth-Day, 1734.

By the Same.

TH E minutes, the hours, the days, and the years,
 That fill up the current of Time,
 Neither flowing with hopes, neither ebbing with fears,
 Unheeded roll'd on to my prime.

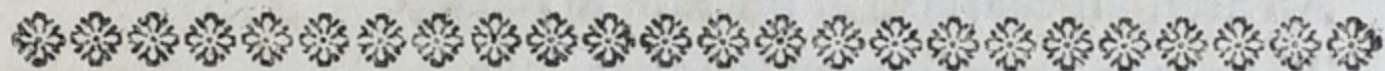
In infancy prattling, in youth full of play,
 Still pleas'd with whatever was new,
 I bad the old cripple fly swifter away,
 To o'ertake some gay trifle in view.

But when CHLOE, with sweetness and sense in her look,
 First taught me the lesson of love;
 Then I counted each step the wing'd fugitive took,
 And bad him more leisurely move.

Stop, run-away, stop, nor thy journey pursue,
 For CHLOE has gi'en me her heart:
 To enjoy it thy years will prove many too few,
 If you make so much haste to depart.

Still,

Still, still he flies on—still, still let him fly
 'Till he's tired, and panting for breath;
 My love both his teeth and his scythe shall defy—
 That can only be conquer'd by Death.



A S O N G.

By the Same.

Set to Musick by Dr. GREENE.

I.

TO silent groves, where weeping yew
 With sadly-mournful cypress join'd,
 Poor DAMON from the plain withdrew,
 To ease with plaints his love-sick mind;
 Pale willow into mystick wreaths he wove,
 And thus lamented his forsaken love.

II.

How often, CELIA, faithless maid,
 With arms entwined did we walk
 Beneath the close unpierced shade,
 Beguiling time with am'rous talk!
 But that, alas! is past, and I must prove
 The pangs attending on forsaken love.

III. But