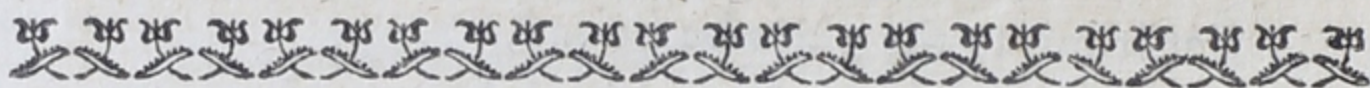


The virgin saw, admir'd, believ'd,
 And bow'd—the God with smiles receiv'd
 The adoration which she pay'd,
 And wav'd his purple wings, and left the wond'ring maid.
 My Chloe still can shew the scar,
 And boasts the God's peculiar care.
 She loves and is belov'd again,
 Secure of pleasure, free from pain.
 I've seen the rose adorn'd with blood,
 Which from my Chloe's finger flow'd;
 I've seen the sprig where Cupid stood,
 I saw his little fragrant nest——
 And Chloe told me all the rest.



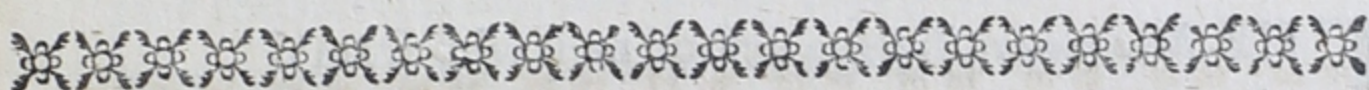
The POET to his false Mistrefs.

By the same.

WONDER not, faithless woman, if you see,
 Yourself so chang'd, so great a change in me.
 With shame I own it, I was once your slave,
 Ador'd myself the beauties which I gave;
 For know, deceiv'd deceitful, that 'twas I
 Gave thy form grace, and lustre to thine eye:
 Thy tongue, thy fingers I their magic taught,
 And spread the net in which myself was caught.

To

So pagan priests first form and dress the wood,
 Then prostrate fall before the senseless God.
 But now, curst woman, thy last sentence hear:
 I call'd thy beauty forth, I bid it disappear.
 I'll strip thee of thy borrow'd plumes; undress,
 And shew thee in thy native ugliness.
 Those eyes have shone by me, by me that chin
 The seat of wanton Cupids long has been:
 Ye fires, go out—ye wanton Cupids, fly——
 Of ev'ry beam disarm her haggard eye:
 'Tis I recall ye; my known voice obey——
 And nought of beauty but the falshood stay.



On Mr. * * * *, Schoolmaster at * * * .

By the Same.

BEHOLD the lordly pedant in his school,
 How stern his brow, how absolute his rule!
 The trembling boys start at his awful nod;
 Jove's sceptre is less dreaded than his rod.
 See him at home before the sovereign dame!
 How fawning, how obsequious, and how tame!
 Prosper, bright amazon, to thee 'tis given,
 Like Juno, to rule him who rules the heaven,