

To Chloris: A SONG.

IF my Addressees are grateful,
 Shew it in granting my Suit,
 Or if my Passion be hateful,
 Leave me and end the dispute:
 I hate your doubling and turning,
 Like a cours'd Hare in a Morning,
 Either comply as you should,
 Or leave me to others that would.

*To pretty Mrs. H. D. upon the sight of her Picture
 standing amongst other at Mr. Knellers.*

I.

COrrinna when yon left the Town,
 My Heart secure I thought to find,
 But found alas new Chains put on,
 By your bright Image left behind.