

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.

II.

Your Picture now the Conquest has,
To my fond Soul new flame returns,
Like Rays contracted in a Glas,
Though distant your Reflection burns.

III.

Had Paradise for you been lost,
Like *Adam* I had suffer'd too,
What must that Fruit be to the Taste,
That is so tempting to the view?

IV.

Your Graces shining at full length,
Subdue each Souls devoutest skill,
When Beauty Charms beyond our strength,
Where is the use of our free Will?

V.

Like that Astronomer I gaze,
That his propitious Star had found,
Fixing my Eyes upon your Face,
I slight the glittering Planets round.

VI.

And as to Shrines when Pilgrims go,

Such awful Reverence I feel,

That though I'm sure 'tis only show,

I scarcely can forbear to kneel.

TO CLORIS: *An ODE set to the New*
RIGGADON.

I Love thee well,

But not so well to wed thee,

Left blood rebel,

And Appetite should cloy;

Whilst free and kind,

Each hour I long to bed thee:

But if confin'd,

Should scarce believ't a Joy.

Second Movement.

In Earth and Air

All Creatures else possess

Their pleasing Liberty;