CUPID *Miſtaken.*

I.

AS after Noon, one Summer's Day,
VENUS ſtood bathing in a River;
CUPID a-ſhooting went that Way,
New ſtrung his Bow, new fill'd his Quiver.

II.

With Skill He choſe his ſharpeſt Dart:
With all his Might his Bow He drew:
Swift to His beauteous Parent's Heart
The too well-guided Arrow flew.

III.

I faint! I die! the Goddeſs cry'd:
O cruel, could'ſt Thou find none other,
To wreck thy Spleen on? Parricide!
Like NERO, Thou haſt ſlain thy Mother.

IV.

Poor CUPID ſobbing ſcarce could ſpeak;
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know Ye:
Alas! how eaſie my Miſtake?
I took You for your Likeneſs, CLOE.

VENUS *Miſtaken.*

I.

WHEN CLOE's Picture was to VENUS ſhown;
Surpriz'd, the Goddeſs took it for Her own.
And what, ſaid She, does this bold Painter mean?
When was I Bathing thus, and Naked ſeen?

II. *Pleas'd*

II.

Pleas'd CUPID heard, and check'd His Mother's Pride:
And who's blind now, Mamma? the Urchin cry'd.
'Tis CLOE's Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and Breaſt:
Friend HOWARD's Genius fancy'd all the reſt.

A SONG.

IF Wine and Muſick have the Pow'r,
To eaſe the Sickneſs of the Soul;
Let PHOEBUS ev'ry String explore;
And BACCHUS fill the ſprightly Bowl.
Let Them their friendly Aid imploy,
To make my CLOE's Abſence light;
And ſeek for Pleaſure, to deſtroy
The Sorrows of this live-long Night.

But She to Morrow will return:
VENUS, be Thou to Morrow great;
Thy Myrtles ſtrow, Thy Odours burn;
And meet Thy Fav'rite Nymph in State.
Kind Goddeſs, to no other Pow'rs
Let Us to Morrow's Bleſſings own:
Thy darling LOVES ſhall guide the Hours;
And all the Day be Thine alone.

THE