

For **THIS** I willingly decline
 The Mirth of Feasts, and Joys of Wine;
 And chuse to sit and talk with Thee,
 (As Thy great Orders may decree)
 Of Cocks and Bulls, of Flutes and Fiddles,
 Of Idle Tales, and foolish Riddles.

The QUESTION, to LISSETTA.

WHAT Nymph shou'd I admire, or trust,
 But **CLOE** Beauteous, **CLOE** Just?
 What Nymph shou'd I desire to see,
 But Her who leaves the Plain for Me?
 To Whom shou'd I compose the Lay,
 But Her who listens, when I play?
 To Whom in Song repeat my Cares,
 But Her who in my Sorrow shares?
 For Whom shou'd I the Garland make,
 But Her who joys the Gift to take,
 And boasts She wears it for My Sake?
 In Love am I not fully blest?

LISSETTA, prythee tell the rest.

LISSETTA'S REPLY.

SURE **CLOE** Just, and **CLOE** Fair
 Deserves to be Your only Care:
 But when You and She to Day
 Far into the Wood did stray,

And

And I happen'd to pass by;
 Which way did You cast your Eye?
 But when your Cares to Her You sing,
 Yet dare not tell Her whence they spring;
 Does it not more afflict your Heart,
 That in those Cares She bears a Part?
 When You the Flow'rs for CLOE twine,
 Why do You to Her Garland join
 The meanest Bud that falls from Mine?
 Simplest of Swains! the World may see,
 Whom CLOE loves, and Who loves Me.

The GARLAND.

That falling Tear — What does it mean;

IV.

THE Pride of eye Grove I chose,
 The Violet, sweet, and Lilly fair,
 The dappl'd Pink and blushing Rose,
 To deck my charming CLOE's Hair.

V.

At Morn the Nymph vouchsaf't to place
 Upon her Brow the various Wreath;
 The Flow'rs less blooming than Her Face,
 The Scent less fragrant than Her Breath.

VI.

The Flow'rs she wore along the Day;
 And ev'ry Nymph and Shepherd said,
 That in her Hair they lookt more gay,
 Than glowing in their Native Bed.

X.

IV. Undrest