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.

I.

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

II.

At Morn the Nymph vouchſaft to place
Upon her Brow the various Wreath;
The Flow'rs leſs blooming than Her Face,
The Scent leſs fragrant than Her Breath.

III.

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.

IV. Undreſt

IV.

Undreſt at Evening, when She found
  Their Odours loſt, their Colours paſt;
She chang'd her Look, and on the Ground
  Her Garland and her Eye She caſt.

V.

That Eye dropt Senſe diſtinct and clear,
  As any MUSE's Tongue cou'd ſpeak;
When from it's Lid a pearly Tear
  Ran trickling down her beauteous Cheek.

VI.

Diſſembling, what I knew too well,
  My Love, my Life, ſaid I, explain
This Change of Humour: pr'ythee tell:
  That falling Tear—What does it mean?

VII.

She ſigh'd; She ſmil'd: and to the Flow'rs
  Pointing, the Lovely Moraliſt ſaid:
See! Friend, in ſome few fleeting Hours,
  See yonder, what a Change is made.

VIII.

Ah Me! the blooming Pride of MAY,
  And That of Beauty are but One:
At Morn Both flouriſh bright and gay,
  Both fade at Evening, pale, and gone.

IX.

At Dawn poor STELLA danc'd and ſung;
  The am'rous Youth around Her bow'd:
At Night her fatal Knell was rung;
  I ſaw, and kiſs'd Her in her Shrowd.

X. *Such*

X.

Such as She is, who dy'd to Day;
Such I, alas! may be to Morrow:
Go, DAMON, bid Thy Muſe diſplay
The Juſtice of thy CLOE's Sorrow.

The LADY *who offers her Looking-Glaſs to* VENUS.

VENUS, take my Votive Glaſs:
Since I am not what I was;
What from this Day I ſhall be,
VENUS, let Me never ſee.

CLOE JEALOUS.

I.

FORBEAR to ask Me, why I weep;
Vext CLOE to her Shepherd ſaid:
'Tis for my Two poor ſtragling Sheep
Perhaps, or for my Squirrel dead.

II.

For mind I what You late have writ?
Your ſubtle Queſtions, and Replies;
Emblems, to teach a Female Wit
The Ways, where changing CUPID flies.