



## A S O N G.

I.

CHLOE, 'tis not thy graceful air,

Soft wishes can impart,

Thy face so exquisitely fair,

Can ne'er subdue my heart;

Tis virtue, sense, and truth combin'd,

With ease and prudence dress'd,

Will captivate the wav'ring mind,

And make a lover blest'd.

## II.

Own soft beauty's mighty charms,

Yet never felt the smart,

Confess your mien my bosom warms,

Yet cannot wound my heart.

'Tis virtue only, gentle maid,

Will constancy demand,

For beauty like a flower will fade,

By time's all conqu'ring hand.

