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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Dialogue to Chlorinda. By Mr. Alsop.

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Or elſe I'll roam—— Ah no! that ſigh profound,
Tells me that ſtubborn love diſdains to yield;
Nor flight, nor Wiſdom's balm can heal the wound,
Nor pain forſake me in the jocund field.

DIALOGUE to CHLORINDA.

By Mr. ALSOP.

S. CEASE, Chlorinda, ceaſe to chide me,
When my paſſion I relate:
Why ſhou'd kindneſs be denied me?
Why ſhou'd love be pay'd with hate?

If the fruit of all my wiſhes
Muſt be, to be treated ſo;
What cou'd you do more than this is
To your moſt outragious foe?

C. Simple Strephon, ceaſe complaining,
Talk no more of fooliſh love;
Think not e'er my heart to reign in,
Think not all you ſay can move.

Did I take delight to fetter
Thrice ten thouſand ſlaves a day,
Thrice ten thouſand times your betters
Gladly would my rule obey.

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S. Strive not fairest, to unbind me;
Let me keep my pleasing chain:
Charms that first to love inclin'd me,
Will for ever love maintain.

Wou'd you send my heart a roving?
First to love I must forbear.
Wou'd you have me cease from loving?
You must cease from being fair.

C. Strephon, leave to talk thus idly;
Let me hear of love no more:
You mistake Chlorinda widely,
Thus to teize her o'er and o'er.

Seek not her who still forbids you;
To some other tell your moan:
Chuse where'er your fancy leads you,
Let Chlorinda but alone.

S. If Chlorinda still denies me
That which none but she can give,
Let the whole wide world despise me,
'Tis for her alone I live.

Grant me yet this one poor favour,
With this one request comply;
Let us each go on for ever,
I to ask, and you deny.

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