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**A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands**

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

Chloe to Strephon. A Song. By the Same.

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CHLOE to STREPHON,  
A S O N G.

By the Same.

**T**OO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes  
 My heart your own declare,  
 But for heav'n's sake let it suffice  
 You reign triumphant there:  
 Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,  
 Nor farther urge your sway;  
 Prefs not for what I must deny,  
 For fear I shou'd obey.

Cou'd all your arts successful prove,  
 Wou'd you a maid undo,  
 Whose greatest failing is her love,  
 And that her love for you?

Say, wou'd you use that very pow'r  
 You from her fondness claim,  
 To ruin in one fatal hour  
 A life of spotless fame?

Ah!