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T O A

Young Gentleman in Love.

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T A L E.

FROM publick Noise and factious Strife,
From all the busie Ills of Life,
Take me, *My Cloe*, to thy Breast,
And lull my wearied Soul to rest.
For ever in this humble Cell,
Let Thee and I, my fair One, dwell ;
None enter else, but *Love*---- and He
Shall barr the Door, and keep the Key.

To painted Roofs and shining Spires,
(Uneasie Seats of high Desires)
Let the unthinking Many croud,
That dare be Covetous and Proud ;
In Golden Bondage let them wait,
And Barter Happiness for State:
But Oh! *My Cloe*, when thy Swain
Desires to see a Court again,
May Heav'n, around this destin'd Head,
The choicest of its Curses shed :
To sum up all the rage of Fate,
In the Two Things I dread and hate,
May'st thou be False, and I be Great.

Thus, on his *Cloe's* panting Breast,
Fond *Celadon* his Soul exprest ;
While with Delight, the lovely Maid
Receiv'd the Vows, she thus repaid.

Hope of my Age, Joy of my Youth,
Blest Miracle of Love and Truth!
All that could e're be counted mine,
My Love and Life, long since are thine ;
A real Joy I never knew,
'Till I believ'd thy Passion true ;
A real Grief I ne'er can find,
'Till thou prov'st Perjur'd or Unkind.



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