



Fair Chloe set by M^r. Allcock

As Chloe o'er the Meadow past, I view'd the lovely Maid. She

turn'd and Blush'd, re-nov'd her Flair and fear'd by me to

be Embrac'd, my Eyes my Wish be-tray'd.

I trembling felt the rising Flame,
The Charming Nymph pur-suit,
Scaphire was not so bright a Game,
Thy great Apollo's darling Dame,
Nor with such Charms endu'd.

I follow'd close, the fair still flew,
Along the Grassy Plain,
The Grass at length my rival grew,
And catch'd my Chloe by the Shoe,
Her speed was then in vain.

But oh! as tott'ring down she fell,
What did the fall reveal,
Such Limbs description cannot tell,
Such charms were never in the Mall,
Nor smock did e'er conceal.

The Shriek I turn'd my ravish'd eyes,
And burning with desire
I help'd the Queen of love to rise,
She check'd her anger & surprize,
And said rash youth retire.

Be gone and boast what you have seen,
It shan't avail you much,
I know you like my form and mien,
Yet since so Insolent they have been,
Those parts you neer shall touch.

FLUTE