

FROM THE LATIN¹

[John Wesley]

As o'er fair Cloe's rosy cheek,
Careless, a little vagrant passed,
With artful hand around his neck
A slender chain the virgin cast.

As Juno near her throne above
Her spangled bird delights to see,
As Venus has her fav'rite dove,
Cloe shall have her fav'rite flea.

Pleased at his chains, with nimble steps
He o'er her snowy bosom strayed:
Now on her panting breast he leaps,
Now hides between his little head.

Leaving at length his old abode,
He found, by thirst or fortune led,
Her swelling lips, that brighter glowed
Than roses in their native bed.

Cloe, your artful bands undo,
Nor for your captive's safety fear;
No artful bands are needful now
To keep the willing vagrant here.

Whilst on that heav'n 'tis given to stay,
(Who would not wish to be so blest ?)
No force can draw him once away,
Till Death shall seize his destined breast!

¹This poem was included in a Letter to Samuel Wesley Jr., June 17, 1724 (*Works* 25:147).