

VI.

I'll carve our Passion on the Bark,
 And every wounded Tree
 Shall drop and bear some Mystick Mark
 That *Jesus* dy'd for me.

VII.

The Swains shall wonder when they read
 Inscrib'd on all the Grove,
 That Heaven it Self came down, and bled
 To win a Mortals Love.

BEWAILING

My own Inconstancy.

I.

I LOVE the Lord ; but ah ! how far
 My Thoughts from the dear Object are !
 This wanton Heart how wide it roves !
 And Fancy meets a Thousand Loves.

II.

If my Soul burn to see my God
I tread the Courts of his abode,
But Troops of Rivals throng the place
And Tempt me off before his Face.

III.

Would I enjoy my Lord alone,
I bid my Passions all be gone,
All but my Love ; and Charge my Will
To bar the Door and keep it still.

IV.

But Cares or Trifles make or find
Still new Avenues to the Mind,
Till I with Grief and Wonder see
Huge Crouds betwixt my Lord and Me.

V.

Oft I am told the Muse will prove
A Friend to Piety and Love ;
Strait I begin some Sacred Song,
And take my Saviour on my Tongue.

V I.

Strangely I lose his Lovely Face
To hold the Empty Sounds in Chase ;
At best the Chymes divide my Heart,
And the Muse shares the larger part.

V I I.

False Confident ! And falser Breast !
Fickle and fond of every Guest :
Each Airy Image as it flies
Here finds admittance thro' my Eyes.

V I I I.

This Foolish Heart can leave her God,
And Shadows tempt her Thoughts abroad,
How shall I fix this Wandring Mind,
Or throw my Fetters on the Wind?

I X.

Look gently down, Almighty Grace,
Prison me round in thine Embrace :
Pity the Soul that would be thine,
And let thy Power my Love Confine.

X.

Say, when shall that bright Moment be
That I shall live alone for thee,
My Heart no Foreign Lords adore,
And the wild Muse prove false no more?

Forfaken, yet Hoping.

I.

HAPPY the Hours, the Golden Days
When I could call my *Jesus* mine,
And sit and view his Smiling Face,
And melt in Pleasures all Divine.

II.

Near to my Heart within my Arms
He lay, till Sin defil'd my Breast,
Till broken Vows and Earthly Charms
Tir'd and provok'd my Heavenly Guest.

III.

And now He's gone, (O Mighty Woe)
Gone from my Soul and hides his Love!