

I V.

Tis pleasant as the Morning Dews
 That fall on *Zion's* Hill ;
 Where God his mildest Glory shews,
 And makes his Grace distil.

T H E
 P L E A S U R E
 O F
 Love to C H R I S T
 Present or Absent.

I.

OF all the Joys we Mortals know
Jesus, thy Love exceeds the rest ;
 Love, the best Blessing here below,
 And nearest Image of the Blest.

II.

Sweet are my Thoughts, and soft my Cares
When the dear Heav'nly Flame I feel ;
In all my Hopes and all my Fears
There's something kind and pleasing still.

III.

While I am held in his Embrace
There's not a Thought attempts to rove ;
Each Smile he wears upon his Face
Fixes and charms and fires my Love.

IV.

He speaks, and strait Immortal Joys
Run thro' my Ears, and reach my Heart ;
My Soul all melts at that dear Voice,
And Pleasure shoots thro' every Part.

V.

If he withdraw a Moments space
He leaves a Sacred Pledge behind,
Here in this Breast his Image stays,
The Grief and Comfort of my Mind.

VI.

While of his Absence I complain,
And long, and weep as Lovers do,
There's a strange Pleasure in the Pain,
And Tears have their own Sweetness too.

VII.

When round his Courts by Day I rove,
Or ask the Watchmen of the Night
For some kind Tidings of my Love ;
His very Name creates Delight.

VIII.

Jesus my God ; yet rather come ;
Mine Eyes would dwell upon thy Face ;
'Tis best to see my Lord at Home,
And feel the Presence of his Grace.
