

THE
H A Z A R D
O F
Loving the Creatures.

I.

WHERE 'ere my Flatt'ring Passions rove
I find a lurking Snare ;
'Tis dangerous to let loose our Love
Beneath th' Eternal Fair.

II.

Souls whom the Tye of Friendship binds,
And Things that share our Blood
Seize a large Portion of our Minds,
And leave the less for God.

III.

Nature hath soft but powerful Bands,
And Reason She controuls ;

While

While Children with their little Hands
Hang closest to our Souls.

IV.

Thoughtless they act th' Old Serpent's Part ;

What tempting things they be !

Lord, how they twine about our Heart,

And draw it off from thee !

V.

Our hasty Wills rush blindly on

Where rising Passion rolls,

And thus we make our Fetters strong

To bind our Slavish Souls.

VI.

Dear Sovereign, break these Fetters off,

And set our Spirits free ;

God in himself is Bliss enough,

For we have all in thee.