Wiſhing him ever with me.

I.

NOW be that ſmiling Moment bleſt
When Firſt I ſaw my Love,
Jeſus, the Faireſt and the Beſt
Of all the Forms above.
A thouſand Graces ever riſe
And bloom upon his Face,
A thouſand Arrows from his Eyes
Shoot thro' my Heart with ſweet Surprize,
And ſtand to guard the Place.

II.

All Natures Art ſhall never cure
The Heavenly Pains I found,
And 'tis beyond all Beauties Power
To make another Wound:
Earthly Beauties grow and fade,
Nature may heal the Wounds She made,
But Charms ſo much Divine

Hold

Hold a long Empire of the Heart,
What Heaven has joyn'd ſhall never part,
And *Jeſus* muſt be mine.

III.

In vain the envious Shades of Night,
Or Flatteries of the Day
Would vail his Image from my Sight,
Or tempt my Soul away;
Jeſus is all my Waking Theme,
His Lovely Form meets every Dream,
And knows not to depart:
The Paſſion reigns
Thro' all my Veins,
And floating round the Crimſon Stream
Still finds him at my Heart.

IV.

Dwell there, for ever dwell, my Love;
Here I confine my Sence,
Nor dare my Wildeſt Wiſhes rove,
Nor ſtir a Thought from thence.
Let me be loſt in thine Embrace
As Rivers in the Sea;

Or live Eternity of Days
To ſpend them all with thee.
Still I would lie in thoſe dear Arms
Diſſolving ſtill among thy Charms,
And as the Moments fly,
I'de Breathe away ſucceſſive Souls,
So Billow after Billow rolls
To kiſs the Shoar, and Dye.

THE

Abſence of the Beloved.

I.

COME, lead me to ſome lofty Shade
Where Turtles moan their Loves;
Tall Shadows were for Lovers made,
And Grief becomes the Groves.

II.

Tis no mean Beauty of the Ground
That has inſlav'd mine Eyes,

I faint