

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 enslav'd mine Eyes,

I faint

I faint beneath a Nobler Wound,
Nor love below the Skies.

III.

Jesus the Spring of all that's bright,
The Everlasting Fair,
Heavens Ornament and Heavens Delight
Is my Eternal Care.

IV.

But, ah ! how far above this Grove
Does the dear Charmer dwell ?
Absence, that keenest Wound to Love,
That sharpest Pain I feel.

V.

Pensive I climb the Sacred Hills,
And near him vent my Woes,
Yet his sweet Face he still conceals,
Yet still my Passion grows.

VI.

Murmur to the hollow Vale,
I tell the Rocks my Flame,
And bless the *Eccho* in her Cell
That best repeats his Name.

VII.

My Passion breaths perpetual Sighs
 Till pitying Winds shall hear,
 And gently bear them up the Skies,
 And gently wound his Ear.

Sick of Love.

Solom. Song, i. 3.

I.

TELL me thou Fairest of thy Kind,
 My Love, my All-Divine,
 Where may this fainting Head reclin'd
 Relieve such Cares as mine?
 Ye Shepherds, Lead me to your Grove:
 If burning Noon Infect the Sky,
 The Sick'ning Sheep to Coverts fly,
 The Sheep not half so Scorch'd as I
 Thus Languishing in Love.