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 flyesband wolves and market

I'de Breathe away successive Souls,

So Billow after Billow rolls

To kiss the Shoar, and Dye.

THE

fefue is all my Waking Theme,

Absence of the Beloved.

Still finds him at my He.Irt.

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

Monthir a Thougant fro. I I hence.

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

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

III. Bhally parysig ili

Fesus 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.

in our claim Pensive I climb the Sacred Hills, And near him vent my Woes, Yet his sweet Face he still conceals, Relieve fuch Car Yet still my Passion grows.

Te sheephearda Landsell Vour Grove :

The fourths in soon falls murmur to the hollow Vale, I tell the Rocks my Flame, and bless the Eccho in her Cell That best repeats his Name.

The Gickning Sheep

The Sheep not half

I faint beneath a Moble: INVand.

My Passion breaths perpetual Sighs and avoid to Management of the Till pitying Winds shall hear,

And gently bear them up the Skies, and and the

And gently wound his Ear.

Sick of Love.

Heavens Ornanient and Heavens Deligit

Is my Biernal Care:

Solom. Song, i. 3. mis sond A

I.

ELL me thou Fairest of thy Kind, I syling My Love, my All-Divine, in the base

Where may this fainting Head reclin'd

Relieve fuch Cares as mine?

Ye Shepheards, Lead me to your Grove:

If burning Noon Infect the Sky, od ods or minutes

The Sick'ning Sheep to Couerts fly, John 11911

The Sheep not half so Scoroh't as I all abld bon

Thus Languishing in Llove, and or fled and I