

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.

II.

Stretch't on the Flowry Shades along
There would I tune my Tender Song,
And drop a Melting Tear ;
Musick has wondrous Charms they say,
Musick can raging Heats allay,
And Tame the wildest Care.
Begin my Song the Soothing Strain ;
But the dear Flame is Charming Sweet,
I would not cool the Passion yet,
Nor can I bear the pain.
Strangely I'm Rack't in wide Extreame,
I burn, I burn, I burn, and yet I Love the Flames.

III.

Oh why should Beauty Heavenly Bright
Stoop down to Charm a Mortals Sight,
And Torture with the Sweet excess of Light ?
Our Hearts, alas ! how frail their make !
With their own weight of Joy they break,
Oh why is Love so strong, and Natures self so weak ?

IV.

Dear Lord, forgive my rash Complaint,
 And Love me still,
 Against my froward Will,
 Unvail thy Beauties tho' I faint.
 Send the great Herald from the Sky,
 And at the Trumpets awful roar
 This feeble state of things shall fly,
 And Pain and Pleasure mix no more.
 Then I shall gaze with Strengthen'd Sight
 On Glories Infinitely bright,
 My Heart shall all be Love, my *Jefus* all Delight.

Sitting in an Arbour.

I.

SWEET Muse descend and blefs the Shade,
 And blefs the Evening Grove;
 Bufinefs and Noife and Day are fled,
 And every Care but Love.