

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.

II.

But hence, Ye Wanton Young and Fair,
Mine is a purer Flame,
No *Phillis* shall infect the Air
With her unhallowed Name.

III.

Jesus has all my Powers possess'd,
My Hopes, my Fears, my Joys :
He the dear Sovereign of my Breast
Shall still command my Voice.

IV.

Some of the fairest Quires above
Shall flock around my Song,
With Joy to hear the Name they Love
Sound from a Mortal Tongue.

V.

His Charms shall make my Numbers flow,
And hold the falling Floods,
While Silence sits on every Bough
And bends the List'ning Woods.

VI.

VI.

I'll carve our Passion on the Bark,
 And every wounded Tree
 Shall drop and bear some Mysttick Mark
 That *Jesus* dy'd for me.

VII.

The Swains shall wonder when they read
 Inscrib'd on all the Grove,
 That Heaven it Self came down, and bled
 To win a Mortals Love.

BEWAILING

My own Inconstancy.

I.

I LOVE the Lord ; but ah ! how far
 My Thoughts from the dear Object are !
 This wanton Heart how wide it roves !
 And Fancy meets a Thousand Loves.