
Paraphrase on Canticles, 7. 11.

I

Come thou most *charming object* of my love,
 What's all this *dull Society* to us,
 Let's to the peaceful *Shades and Springs* remove,
 I'm here uneasy tho I linger thus.

II.

What are the *triffles* that I leave behind,
 I've more then all the *valu'd world* in thee,
 Where all my Joys and Wishes are confin'd,
 Thou'rt *Day and Life and Heaven it self* to me.

III.

Come my beloved then let us away,
 To those *blest Seats* where we'll our flames improve,
 With how much heat shall I carress thee there,
 And in *sweet transports* give up all my love.