

*Amor Sepulchralis.*

**I**N a Large stately Cave (of old the Court  
 Of Rurall Gods as neighboring Swains report)  
 Inter'd the dear Remains of *Damon* lay,  
 Converted now to their *Originall* clay.  
 Each wishing Nymph the living Swain approv'd,  
 The shepherd fair *Emmoria* only Lov'd.  
 Their mutuall *Passion's Kindling Flame* was more  
 Then ere *Inspi'd* Consenting Hearts before;  
 But was with time Improv'd to that Degree,  
 That now 'twas *Love* no more, but *Extasie*.  
 Their linkt Affections Fate cou'd not divorce,  
 Nor Rig'rous Death restrain their Entercourse:  
 The Nymph to living Swains did still prefer  
 Her *Damon's* Dust, and ev'n that *Dust Lov'd* Her  
 At *Damon's* Tomb the Chast *Emmoria* kept  
 Perpetual VVatch, and ore his Ashes wept;

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Fitt emblem of her grief) a sprigg of Yew  
 she planted there, the Branch took Root and grew.  
 This Cave to the Suns Rays Access deny'd,  
 No Rain or Dew the thirsting Plant supply'd,  
 Yet still it sprang, by Love's Miracu'lous POW'r,  
 For th' Ashes still Glow'd with their Old Amour  
 Emmoria's Eyes wept a nere-Ceasing Shower;  
 This Heat and Moisture kept the Plant Alive,  
 And Tempring still each other, made it Thrive.

The three First Verses of the 46th  
 Psalm Paraphras'd.

## I.

O Ur Strength, is the Omnipotent;  
 We cannot therefore condescend to Fear,  
 Tho danger in its gastliest shape appear;  
 Tho Mountains from their marble Roots were rent,  
 And head-long to the Ocean hurld,  
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