

Loves Revenge. A S O N g

I.

THE World was hush'd, and Nature lay

Lull'd in a soft Repose,

As I in Tears reflecting lay

On *Chloes* faithless Vows,

The God of Love all gay appear'd

To heal my wounded Heart,

New pangs of Joy my Soul indear'd,

And Pleasure charm'd each part.

Fond Man, said he, here end thy Wo,

Till they my Power and Justice know,

The foolish Sex will all do so.

II.

And for thy Ease believe, no bliss

Is perfect without pain,

The fairest Summer hurtful is

Without some Showers of Rain;

The Joys

If Men

The deare

Most ch

And thoug

Those that

No Gold w

But that

Not always

The Cruel

To morrow

The little

But from m

And I that

Found Love's

Her proud

With fiercer R

Whilst I as

The Joys of Heaven, who would prize

If Men too cheaply bought,

The dearest part of Mortal Joys

Most charming is when fought;

And though with Drofs true Love they pay

Those that know finest Metals say,

No Gold will Coyn without allay.

III.

But that the Generous Lover may,

Not always fight in vain,

The Cruel Nymph that kills to day,

To morrow shall be slain.

The little God no sooner spoke,

But from my fight he flew,

And I that groan'd with *Chloes* yoke

Found Love's Revenge was true;

Her proud hard Heart too late did turn

With fiercer Flames than mine did burn,

Whilst I as much began to scorn.