

*A SONG in the Comedy call'd Sir Anthony Love: Or,
The Rambling Lady, Set by Mr. HENRY PURCELL.*



In vain *Clemene*, you bestow,
The promis'd Empire of your Heart;
If you refuse to let me know,
The wealthy Charms of every part.

My Pas-sion with your kind-ness grew,
Tho' Beau-ty gave the first de-si-re,
But Beau-ty on-ly to pur-sue,
Is fol-lo-wing a wan-dring

As Hills in per-spec-tive, sup-press,
The free en-qui-ry of the sight:
Re-straint makes Plea-sure less,
And takes from Love the full de-light.

Faint Kis-ses may in part sup-ply,
Those ea-ger Long-ings of my Soul;
But oh! I'm lost, if you de-ny,
A quick pos-ses-sion of the whole.