

## A SONG

My Dear and on - ly Love take heed, How thou thy self ex - pose; And let not  
If thou hast love that thou re - fine, And tho' thou seest me not; Yet pa - ra -

long - ing Lo - vers feed, Up - on such looks as those I'll Mar - ble Wall thee  
lell'd that Heart of thine Shall ne - ver be for - got: But if Un - con - stan -

round a - bout, And Build with - out a Door; But if my  
cy ad - mit, A Stran - ger to bear sway; My Trea - sure

Love doth once break out, I'll ne - ver Love thee more. \_\_\_\_\_  
that proves coun - ter - feit, And he may gain the Day. \_\_\_\_\_

I'll lock my self within a Cell,  
And wander under Ground;  
For there is no such Faith in her,  
As there is to be found:  
I'll curse the Day that e'er thy Face,  
My Soul did so betray;  
And so for ever, evermore,  
I'll sing Oh well-a-day!

Like *Alexander* I will prove,  
For I will reign alone;  
I'll have no Partners in my Love,  
Nor Rivals in my Throne:  
I'll do by thee as *Nero* did,  
When *Rome* was set on fire;  
Not only all relief forbid,  
But to the Hills retire.

I'll fold my Arms like Ensigns up,  
Thy falshood to deplore;  
And after such a bitter Cup,  
I'll never love thee more.

Yet for the Love I bore thee once,  
And lest that Love should die;  
A Marble Tomb of Stone I'll write,  
The Truth to testifie:  
That all the Pilgrims passing by,  
May see and so implore;  
And stay and read the reason why,  
I'll never love thee more.