

*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.