

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.