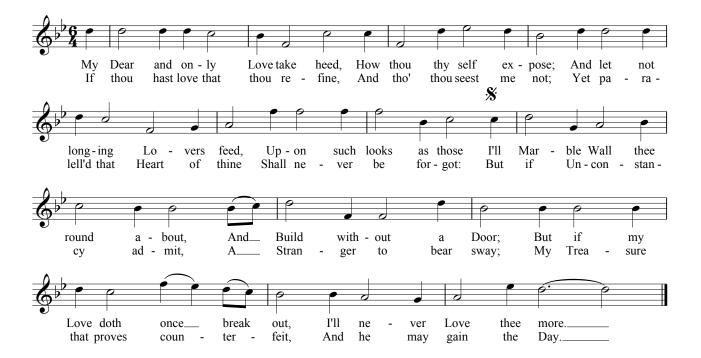
A SONG



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.