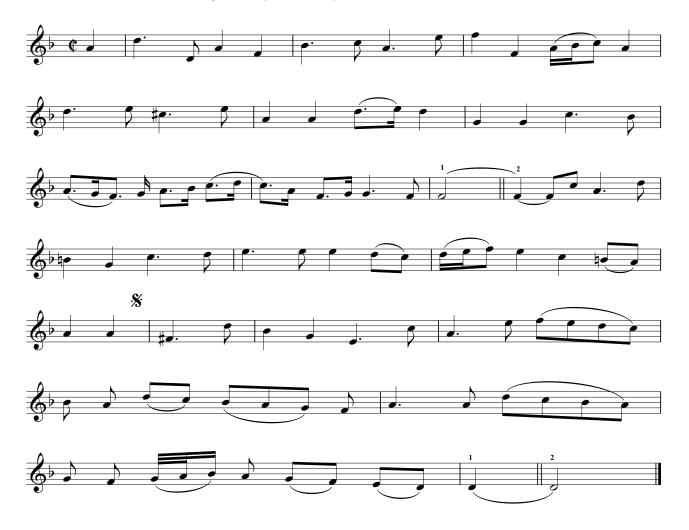
A SONG in the Comedy call'd Sir Anthony Love: Or, The Rambling Lady, Set by Mr. HENRY PURCELL.



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.