

To expire for her sake
And as she is a Christian lady,
Sure she will some pity take.
I shall long for your returning
From that pure unspotted dove,
All the while I do lie burning,
Wrapt in scorching flames of love,

PART II.

The Lady's Answer to the Indian King's
Request.

I Will fly with your petition
Unto that lady fair and clear,
For to tell your sad condition,
I will to her parents bear.
Show her how you do adore her,
And lie bleeding for her sake;
Having laid the cause before her,
She perhaps may pity take.
Ladies that are apt to glory
In their youthful birth and state,
So hear I'll rehearse the story
Of their being truly great.
So farewell, sir, for a season,
I will soon return again:
If she's but endow'd with reason,
Labour is not spent in vain.
Having found her habitation,
Which with diligence he sought,
Tho' renown'd in her station,
She was to his presence brought.
Where he labour'd to discover
How is lord and master lay,
Like a pensive wounded lover,
By her charms the other day.
As a token of his honour,
He has sent this ring of gold
Set with diamonds. Save the owner,
For his griefs are manifold.
Life and death are both depending
On what answer you can give,
Here he lies your charms commending
Grant him love that he may live.
You may tell your lord and master,
Said the charming lady fair,
Tho' I pity this disaster,
Being catch'd in Cupid's snare
Tis aginst all true discretion,
To comply with what I scorn:
He's a Heathen by profession,

I a Christian bred and born,
Was he king of many nations,
Crowns and royal dignity,
And I born of mean relations,
You may tell him that from me.
As long as I have life and breathing
My true God I will adore,
Nor will ever wed a Heathen,
For the richest Indian store.
I have had my education
From my Infant blooming youth,
In this Christian land and nation,
Where the blessed word and truth
Is to be enjoy'd with pleasure,
Amongst Christians mild and kind,
Which is more than all the treasure
Can be had with Heathens wild.
Madam, let me be admitted
Once to speak in his defence;
If he hece then may be pity'd,
Breath not forth such violence.
He and all the rest were telling
How well they lik'd this place;
And declared themselves right willing
To receive the light of grace.
So then, lady, be not cruel,
His unhappy state condole;
Quench the flame, abate the fuel,
Spare his life, and save his soul.
Since it lies within your power
Either to destroy or save,
Send him word this happy hour
That you'll heal the wound you gave.
While the messenger he pleaded
With this noble virtuous maid,
All the words then she minded
Which his master he had said.
Then she spoke like one concern'd,
Tell your master this from me,
Let him, let him first be turn'd
From his gross Idolatry.
If he will become a Christian,
Live up to the truth reveal'd,
I will make him grant the question,
Or before will never yield.
Altho' he was pleas'd to send to me,
His fine ring and diamond stone,
With this answer pray commend me
To your master yet unknown.