

Lord of my soul, return,
To chase away this night;
Let not thine anger ever burn;
God once was my delight.

SHEPHERD.

THE DYING HUSBAND'S FAREWELL.

" My dearest consort, my more loved heart,
I leave thee now ; with thee all earthly joying ;
Heaven knows with thee alone I sadly part :
All other earthly sweets have had their cloying ;
Yet never full of thy sweet loves' enjoying,
Thy constant loves, next Heaven I did refer them :
Had not much grace prevail'd 'fore heaven I should
prefer them.

" I leave them, now the trumpet calls away ;
In vain thine eyes beg for some time's reprieving ;
Yet in my children here immortal stay :
In one I die, in many ones am living :
In them, and for them, stay thy too much grieving :
Look but on them, in them thou still wilt see
Marry'd with thee again thy twice-two Antony.

" And when with little hands they stroke thy face,
As in thy lap they sit (ah, careless !) playing,
And stammering ask a kiss, give them a brace ;
The last from me : and then a little staying,
And in their face some part of me surveying,
In them give me a third, and with a tear
Show thy dear love to him, who loved thee ever dear.

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