

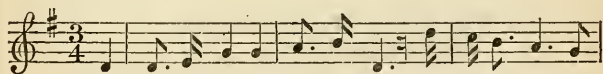
## I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

There was a tune prevalent in England in the early part of the seventeenth century, under the name of *I'll never Love thee more*, probably from the refrain or recurring final line of the stanzas of the song to which it was sung, and which song may have been identical with one found in a manuscript volume of songs and ballads, with music, in the handwriting of John Gamble, the composer, dated 1659, which Mr William Chappell<sup>1</sup> states to be now in the possession of Dr Rimbault—beginning thus :

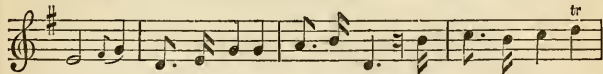
My dear and only love, take heed,  
How thou thyself expose,  
By letting longing lovers feed  
Upon such looks as those.  
I'll marble-wall thee round about,  
And build without a door ;  
But if thy heart do once break out  
I'll never love thee more.

<sup>1</sup> Popular Music of the Olden Time, i. 380.

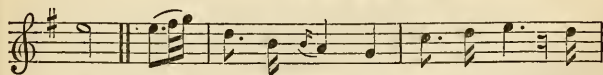
That extraordinary genius, the Marquis of Montrose, whom Cardinal du Retz deemed the most like a Plutarchian hero of all his contemporaries, had, in addition to his other brilliant gifts, a power of verse-making, which he exercised on various remarkable occasions—for one, it will be remembered, in addressing the portrait of the martyred Charles the night before his own execution. He appears to have become acquainted with the popular song of *My Dear and only Love, take heed*, and to have been impelled to compose something of the same strain, but addressed to the state for which he made such exertions and such sacrifices, instead of a flesh-and-blood mistress. The result was a piece which has been often reprinted under the name of *Montrose's Lynes*; of which a copy follows, adapted to the English melody :



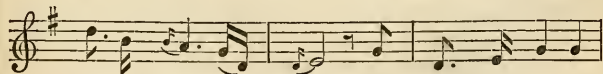
My dear and on-ly love, I pray That lit-tle world of



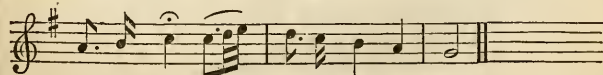
thee, Be govern'd by no oth - er sway But pu - rest mon-ar -



chy; For if con - fu - sion have a part, Which



virtuous souls ab - hor, I'll call a syn - od



in my heart, And nev - er love thee more.

My dear and only love, I pray  
 That little world of thee  
 Be govern'd by no other sway  
 But purest monarchy ;  
 For if confusion have a part,  
 Which virtuous souls abhor,  
 I'll call a synod in my heart,  
 And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,  
 And I will reign alone ;  
 My thoughts did evermore disdain  
 A rival on my throne.  
 He either fears his fate too much,  
 Or his deserts are small,  
 Who dares not put it to the touch,  
 To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,  
 And always give the law,  
 And have each subject at my will,  
 And all to stand in awe :  
 But 'gainst my batt'ries, if I find  
 Thou storm, or vex me sore,  
 As if thou set me as a blind,  
 I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,  
 Where I should solely be,  
 If others do pretend a part,  
 Or dare to share with me ;  
 Or committees if thou erect,  
 Or go on such a score,  
 I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,  
 And never love thee more.

YOU'RE WELCOME, WHIGS.

37

But if no faithless action stain  
Thy love and constant word,  
I'll make thee famous by my pen,  
And glorious by my sword.  
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,  
As ne'er was known before ;  
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,  
And love thee more and more.<sup>1</sup>

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