

Old-Long-syne, First Part.

Should old Acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon,
The Flames of Love extinguished,
And freely past and gone?

Is

Is thy kind Heart now grown so cold
 In that Loving Breast of thine,
 That thou canst never once reflect
 On Old-long-fyne?

Where are thy Protestations,
 Thy Vows and Oaths, my Dear,
 Thou made to me, and I to thee,
 In Register yet clear?
 Is Faith and Truth so violate
 To the Immortal Gods Divine,
 That thou canst never once reflect
 On Old-long-fyne?

Is't *Cupid's* Fears, or frosty Cares,
 That makes thy Sp'rits decay?
 Or is't some Object of more Worth,
 That's stoll'n thy Heart away?
 Or some Desert, makes thee neglect
 Him, so much once was thine,
 That thou canst never once reflect
 On Old-long-fyne?

Is't Worldly Cares so desperate,
 That makes thee to despair?
 Is't that makes thee exasperate,
 And makes thee to forbear?
 If thou of that were free as I,
 Thou surely should be Mine:
 If this were true, we should renew
 Kind Old-long-fyne:

But

But since that nothing can prevail,
 And all Hope is in vain,
 From these rejected Eyes of mine
 Still Showers of Tears shall rain :
 And though thou hast me now forgot,
 Yet I'll continue Thine,
 And ne'er forget for to reflect
 On Old-long-fyne.

If e'er I have a House, my Dear,
 That truly is call'd mine,
 And can afford but Country Cheer,
 Or ought that's good therein ;
 Tho' thou were Rebel to the King,
 And beat with Wind and Rain,
 Assure thy self of Welcome Love,
 For Old-long-fyne.

Second Part.

MY Soul is ravish'd with Delight
 When you I think upon ;
 All Grievs and Sorrows take the Flight,
 And hastily are gone ;
 The fair Resemblance of your Face
 So fills this Breast of mine,
 No Fate nor Force can it displace,
 For Old-long-fyne.

Since Thoughts of you doth banish Grief,
 When I'm from you removed ;
 And if in them I find Relief,
 When with sad Cares I'm moved,
 How doth your Presence me affect
 With Ecstasies Divine,
 Especially when I reflect
 On Old-long-fyne.

Since thou has rob'd me of my Heart
 By those resistless Powers,
 Which Madam *Nature* doth impart
 To those fair Eyes of yours ;
 With Honour it doth not consist
 To hold a Slave in Pyne,
 Pray let your Rigour then desist,
 For Old-long-fyne.

'Tis not my Freedom I do crave
 By deprecating Pains ;
 Sure Liberty he would not have
 Who glories in his Chains :
 But this I wish, the Gods would move
 That Noble Soul of thine
 To Pity, since thou cannot love
 For Old-long-fyne.
