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LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

QUITE over the mountains, And over the waves, Quite over the fountains And under the graves; O'er floods that are deepeft Which Neptune obey, O'er rocks that are fleepeft, Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie,
Where there is no fpace
For the receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dare not venture,
Left herfelf faft fhe lay;
But if Love come he will enter,
And foon find out his way.

You may efteem him A child in his force, Or you may deem him A coward, which is worfe; But if fhe, whom love doth honour, Be conceal'd from the day, Set a thoufand guards upon her, Love will find out the way.

Some think to lofe him, Which is too unkind; And fome do fuppofe him, Poor thing! to be blind; But if ne'er fo clofe ye wall him, Do the beft that ye may, Blind Love, if fo ye call him, Will find cut the way.

You may train the eagle To ftoop to your fift, Or you may inveigle The Phœnix of the Eaft; The lionefs ye may move her To give o'er her prey, But you'll never ftop a lover, He will find out the way.