



*The Constant Fair* *in Compass of the perfect*

*Andly*

*All to some shady cool retreat we spreading Trees conspire to meet to*

*hide my blush while I repeat of love I bear my Collin* *Name*

*all that's amiable in love my Collin amply doth improve the sacred Truth of Heaven above is*

*center'd in my Collin.*

Was I possess'd of Monarchs Seats,  
Of eastern Shores or of Arabian Sands;  
No one should share in humen's bands,  
With me but lovely Collin;  
With him beneath a Myrtle Seat,  
I'll sing & bleb's my happier fate,  
Than seated on a Throne of State,  
With any one but Collin.

So long as Saturns Glaz shall run,  
Or Persians had the rising Sun,  
Or 'till my thread of Life is spun,  
So long shall I love Collin;  
And when I take the parting Life,  
In Death I'll hear my Heart's wish,  
That I shall meet in future Bliss,  
Again with thee my Collin.