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Gentle Jesse

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Gentle Jesse

A NEW SONG.

THOU rising sun, whose glad some ray,
Invites my fair to rural play,
Dispels the mists and clears the skies,
And brings my Jesse to my eyes.

O were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb the pine-trees, top-most bough
A'oft in air that quiv'ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

My Jesse fair, where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my sleeping maid,
Up by the roots enrag'd I'd tear,
The tree that hides my lovely fair.

Or could I ride the clouds or skies,
Or on the eagle's pinions rise;
Ye storks, ye swains, a moment stay,
And waft a lover on his way.

My bliss too long, my bride denies,
Away the wasting summer flies,
Or yet the wint'ry blasts I fear,
Nor storms nor nights shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare,
O Love has stronger fetters far,
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enchain the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast,
When thoughts torment the first are best,
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
Away my Jesse, haste away.