



A mongst the pure ones all, which Conscience doth profess, and yet that sort of
Conscience doth practise nothing less. I mean the Sect of those Elect, that loath to live by
merrit, that leads their lives with other mens Wives, according unto the Spirit.

(2)
One met with a Holy Sister of ours,
A Saint who dearly Lov'd him,
And fain he wou'd have kist her,
Because the Spirit mov'd him,
But she deny'd and he reply'd,
Your damnd unless you doe it,
Therefore consent doe not repent,
For the Spirit doth move me to it,

(3)
She not willing to offend poor Soul,
Yielded unto his motion,
And what these two did Intend,
Was out of pure devotion,
To lye with a friend and Brother,
She thought she shou'd dye no sinner,
But ere five months were past,
The Spirit was quick with in her,

(4)
But what will the wicked say;
When they shall hear of this Rhumour
They'l Laugh at us Every Day,
And Scoff us in Every Corner,
Lett e'm doe so still if that they will,
We mean not to follow their fashion,
Their none of our sect nor of our Elect,
Nor none of our Congregation,

(5)
But when the time was come,
That She was to be laid,
It was no very great Crime,
Committed by her they said,
Cause they did know and she did show,
Twas done by a friend and Brother,
But a very great sin they said it had been,
If it had been done by another,

For the Flute


