

A SONG.

Lo - ren - zo you a - muse the Town, And with your Charms un - do, Sir;
 Lau - rin - da can re - sist a Frown, But must not be from you, Sir:

You make them all re - sign their Hearts, And fix their Eyes a ga - zing; The

Por - cu - pine has not more Darts, From e - very part a - ma - zing.

You Bill and Cooe when you are kind,
 And happy's the Nymph believes you;
 You are true, but you are not Blind,
 For never a Nymph deceives you;
 Tho' she were naught, you'll ne'er be caught,
 But still have your Wits about you;
 You're a Hero, and you have Fought,
 There's ne'er a Hector can flout you.

You are good, and you are bad,
 And you can be what you please, Sir;
 You are an honest trusty Lad,
 And I'll Wager ne'er had the Disease, Sir:
 Then here's to you, a Glass or two,
 For farther I dare not venture;
 And then my Dear I bid thee adieu,
 For I must be now a Dissenter.