

## A SONG.



Had I but Love,  
 I'd quit all Treasure,  
 Had I but Love,  
 I'd Envy none above:  
 Camp and Court,  
 Have no such Pleasure;  
 Camp and Court,  
 Have both such pretty Sport.

*Wo.* Let me alone, let me alone,  
 Says the Fool,  
 Or I'll cry out, Sir;  
*Man.* Prithee do, prithee do,  
 With all my Soul,  
 But you shan't stir.

Such is Love,  
 And such is living,  
 Such is Love,  
 And such was mighty *Jove*:  
 Gods and Kings,  
 Have both been contriving,  
 Gods and Kings,  
 To catch these pretty things.

*Wo.* Let me go, what d'ye do, pray forbear,  
 Alass I cannot bear it;  
*Man.* Hold your Tongue, hold your Tongue,  
 Never fear you peevish Chit.