

*A SONG. The Words by JO. HAINS,
Set by Mr. CHURCH.*



I Cour - ted and Writ, Shew'd my Love and my Wit, And
still pret-ty Fla - vi - a de - ny'd; 'Twas her Vir - tue I thought, Made me
prove such a Sot, To a - dore her the more for her Pride: 'Till I
hap - pen'd to sit, By her Mask'd in a Pit, Whilst a crowd of gay Beaus held her
play; When so wan - ton - ly free, Was her smart Re - par - tee, I was
cur'd and went blu - shing, went blu - shing a - way.

How Lovers Mistake,
The Addresses they make,
When they swear to be Constant and true;
For all the Nymphs hold,
Tho' the Sport be still old,
That their Play-mates must ever be new:
Each pretty new Toy,
How they'll long to enjoy,
And then for a newer will Pine;
But when they perceive,
Others like what they leave,
Then they cry for their Bauble again.