

## A SONG.



What shall I do, I've lost my Heart,  
 'Tis gone, 'tis gone I know not whither;  
     Love cut its strings,  
     Then lent it Wings  
 And both are flown together:  
 Fair Ladies tell for Love's sweet sake,  
 Did any of you find it?  
     Come, come it lies,  
     In your Lips or Eyes,  
 Tho' you'll not please to mind it.

But if't be lost,  
     Then farewell Frost,  
 I will enquire no more;  
     For Ladies they  
     Steal Hearts away,  
 But only to restore:  
     *For Ladies they, &c.*