

A SONG, Set to Musick by Mr. Will. Richardson.

I know___ her false, I know___ her base, I

know___ that Gold___ a - lone___ can move; I know___ she Jilts___ me

to___ my Face, And yet good Gods, and yet good Gods_ I know I___ Love.

I see___ too plain and yet___ am Blind, Wou'd

think___ her true,___ while she___ for - sooth; To me___ and to___ my

Ri - val's kind, Courts him, courts me, courts him, courts me,___ and Jilts us___ both.