

*A Song in the Comedy call'd,
the Wife's Excuse. By H. P.*

Co - rin - na I ex - cuse thy Face, Those
er - ring Lines, which Na - ture drew; When I re - flect that
ev' - ry Grace, Thy Mind a - dorns, is just and true:
But oh! thy Wit what God hast sent, Sur -
pri - sing, Ai - ry, un - con - fin'd; Some won - der sure A -
pol - lo meant, And shot him - self in - to thy Mind.