

*A SONG in the Comedy call'd The Maid's last Prayer:  
Or, Any thing rather than fail.*

Tho'you make no re - turn to my Pas - sion, Still, still I pre - sume to a -  
What A - po - chry-phal Tales are you told, By one who wou'd make you be -

dore; \_\_\_\_\_ 'Tis in Love but an odd Re - pu - ta - tion, \_\_\_\_\_ When  
lieve; \_\_\_\_\_ That be - cause of to have and to hold, \_\_\_\_\_ You

faint - ly re - puls'd to give o'er: \_\_\_\_\_ When you talk of your du - ty, I  
still must be pinn'd to his Sleeve: \_\_\_\_\_ 'Twere ap - pa - rent high Trea - son, 'Gainst

gaze at your Beau - ty; Nor mind the dull \_\_\_\_\_ Max - im at all, \_\_\_\_\_ Let it  
Love and 'gainst Re - ason, Shou'd one such a \_\_\_\_\_ Trea - sure en - gross; \_\_\_\_\_ He who

reign in *Cheap-side*, With the Ci - ti - zens Bride: It will ne'er be re - ceiv'd, it will  
knows not the Joys, That at - tend such a choice, Shou'd re - sign to a - no - ther that

ne'er, ne'er, it will ne'er be re - ceiv'd at *White - hall*. \_\_\_\_\_  
does. does, shou'd re - sign to a - no - ther that does. \_\_\_\_\_