

*A SONG. The Words and Tune by Mr. Edward Keen.
Sung by Mrs. Willis, in the Play call'd
The Heiress: Or, The Salamanca Doctor.*



Cæ - lia's bright Beau - ty all o - thers trans - cend, Like Lo - vers Sprightly God - dess she's
 Pert gau - dy Cox - combs the Fair one a - dore, Grave Dons of the Law and quere
 flip - pant and gay; Her ri - val Ad - mi - rers in crouds do at - tend, To
 Prigs of the Gown; Close Mi - sers who brood o'er their Trea - sure in store, And
 her their de - voirs and Ad - dres - ses to pay: But Men of plun - der can
 He - roes for plun - dring of mo - dern re - nown,
 ne'er get her un - der, And Mi - sers all Wo - men des - pise, She
 baulks the pert Fops in the midst of their hopes, And laughs at the Grave and Pre - cise.

Next she's caress'd by a musical crew,
 Shrill Singing and Fidling, Beaus warbles o'th' Flute,
 And Poets whom Poverty still will pursue,
 That's a just cause for rejecting their suit:
 Impudent Fluters the Nymph does abhor,
 And Lovers with Fiddle at neck she disdains;
 For these thought to have her for whistling for,
 They courting with guts shew'd defect in their brains.
 And to the pretender to make her surrender,
 By singing no favour she'll show;
 For she'll not make choice of a shrill Capons voice,
 For a politick reason you know.