

*A SONG. Set by Mr. AKEROYDE.*



Be - neath a cool Shade *A - ma - ryl - lis* was sate, Com - plain - ing of  
Young *Stre - phon* was near her, and heard the Com - plaint, He ea - si - ly



Love and be - moan - ing her Fate; Ah! she cry'd, why must Maids be so for - mal and  
guest what the Dam - sel did want; He\_\_ rush'd in up - on her, in Kis - ses re -



Coy, To de - ny what they\_\_ think is their on - ly true Joy? And  
ply'd, Caught her fast in his\_\_ Arms, she faint - ly\_\_ de - ny'd: What



Cus - tom\_\_ im - pose on us so much a - do, When our Hearts are on  
they\_\_ did with-out stu - dy, we soon may di - vine, 'Twas\_\_ *Stre - phon's* Luck



fire, and Love bids us fall too; And Cus - tom\_\_ im - pose on us so much a -  
then, the next Mi - nute be mine.



do, When our hearts are on fire,\_\_ and\_\_ Love bids us fall\_\_ too.