

A SONG. Set by Mr. KING.

Not your Eyes Me - la - nia move me, Not your flo - wring
 But your Mind, my Dear, sub-dues me, Where a thou - sand

Charms or Wit; Not your dai - ly Vows to love me, Make my ea - sy
 Gra - ces shine; Good-ness, Love, and Ho - nour moves me, And my Pas - sion's

Soul sub - mit. Shape nor Dress can ne - ver sway me,
 all Di - vine. Good - ness as a bound - less Trea - sure,

Nor the soft - est looks be - tray me; Shape nor Face can
 Yields the pur - est sweet - est plea - sure.

ne - ver sway me, Nor the soft - est looks be - tray me.