

A SONG. Set by Mr. FRANK.

When crafty Fowlers would sur - prize, The harmonious Lark that
 soars on high It is by glancing in his Eyes, The Sun - shine Rays which
 draws him nigh: It is by glancing in his Eyes, The
 Sun - shine Rays which draws him nigh

Charm'd with Reflections from the Glase,
 He flies with eager hasty speed;
 Ceasing the Musick of his Lays,
 Into the Nets the Fowler spread.

So when *Clemelia* would obtain,
 The Prey her Fancy most desires;
 She spreads her Dress like Nets in vain,
 And all her Youthful gay attires.

'Till watching Opportunity,
 She throws an Amorous charming Glance,
 Then to her Net the Youth does flie,
 And lies entangled in a Trance.