

LUCINDA *has the Devil and all.* By Mr. H. Hall.

Lu - cin - da has the de'el and all, the de'el and  
 all, the de'el and all, Of that bright Thing we Beau - ty  
 call; But if she won't come to my Arms, What care I, why, what  
 care I, what, what care I for all her Charms? Beau -  
 ty's the Sauce to Love's high Meat, But who minds Sauce that must  
 not Eat: It is in - deed a migh - ty Trea - sure, But in u -  
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 sing lies the Plea - sure; Bul - lies thus, that  
 on - ly see't, Damn all the Gold, damn all the Gold, all,  
 all the Gold in *Lom - bard street.*