

A SONG. Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



Love_ is a Bau - ble, No Man is a - ble, To say, it is this, or 'tis that;



An i - dle_ Pas - sion, Of_ such a Fa - shion,'Tis like I can-not tell what.

Fair in the Cradle,
Foul in the Saddle,
Always too cold, or too hot;
An errant Lyar,
Fed by Desire,
It is, and yet it is not.

Love is a Fellow,
Clad all in Yellow,
The Canker-worm of the Mind;
A privy Mischief,
And such a sly Thief,
No Man knows where him to find.

Love is a Wonder,
'Tis here, and 'tis yonder,
'Tis common to all Men, we know;
A very Cheater,
Ev'ry ones better,
Then hang him, and let him go.