

A SONG in the OPERA call'd The Fairy Queen.
Sung by Mrs. BUTLER. Set by Mr. H. Purcell.



When I have of - ten heard young Maids com - plain - ing, That when Men pro - mise
Should he em - ploy all his Arts in de - ceiv - ing, Stretch his In - ven - tion,
most they most de ceive; Then I thought none of them wort - hy my gain - ing.
and quite crack his Brain, I find such Charms, such true Joys in be - liev - ing,
And what they swore I would ne - ver be - lieve: But when so hum - bly one
I'll have the plea - sure, let him have the pain: If he proves per - jur'd, I
made his Ad - dres - ses, With Looks so soft, and with Lan - guage so
shall not be cheat - ed, He may de - ceive him - self, but ne - ver
kind, I thought it a Sin to re - fuse his Ca - res -
me; 'Tis what I look for, and shan't be de - feat - ed,
ses, Na - ture o'er - came, and I soon chang'd my Mind.
For I'm as false, and in - con - stant as he.