

*A Song in the Rival Sisters,  
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell, Sung by Miss Cross.*



How happy, how happy is she,  
How happy, how happy is she,  
That early, that early her Passion begins,  
And willing, and willing with Love to agree,  
Does not stay till she comes to her Teens:  
Then, then she's all pure and Chast,  
Then, then she's all pure and Chast,  
Like Angels her Smiles to be priz'd;  
Pleasure is seen Cherub Fac'd,  
And Nature appears, and Nature appears undisguis'd.

From Twenty to Thirty, and then  
Set up for a Lover in vain;  
By that time we study how Men,  
May be wrack'd with Neglect and Disdain:  
Love dwells where we meet with desire,  
Desire which Nature has given:  
She's a Fool then that feeling the Fire,  
Begins not to warm at Eleven.