

*A SONG, in the Play call'd the Tragedy of CLEOMENES the Spartan
Heroe: Sung by Mrs. BUTLER, Set by Mr. H. PURCELL.*



No, no, poor suf - fering Heart, no change en - dea - vour; Chuse to sus -
Love has in store for me one hap - py — Mi - nute, And she will



tain the smart ra - ther — than — leave her: My ra - vish'd Eyes be -
end my Pain who did — be - gin it; Then no — Day void of



hold such — Charms a - bout her, I can Dye with her, but not
Bliss and — Plea - sures leav - ing, A - ges shall slide a - way with -



live — with - - out her, One ten - der Sigh guard of her
out — per - - ceiv - ing: Cu - pid shall guard the Door,



to see me Lan - guish: Will more than pay the price of — my —
the more to please us, And keep out Time and Death when — they —



past An - guish, Be - ware, — oh cruel Fair — how you smile — on me,
would seize us; Time and — Death shall de - part, and say in — fly - ing;



'Twas a kind look — of yours that has un - done me.
Love has found out — a way to Live by Dy - ing.