

A SONG.



Had I but Love,
 I'd quit all Treasure,
 Had I but Love,
 I'd Envy none above:
 Camp and Court,
 Have no such Pleasure;
 Camp and Court,
 Have both such pretty Sport.

Wo. Let me alone, let me alone,
 Says the Fool,
 Or I'll cry out, Sir;

Man. Prithee do, prithee do,
 With all my Soul,
 But you shan't stir.

Such is Love,
 And such is living,
 Such is Love,
 And such was mighty *Jove*:
 Gods and Kings,
 Have both been contriving,
 Gods and Kings,
 To catch these pretty things.

Wo. Let me go, what d'ye do, pray forbear,
 Alass I cannot bear it;

Man. Hold your Tongue, hold your Tongue,
 Never fear you peevish Chit.