

*Coy BELINDA, and False AMINDOR.*



Coy Be - lin - da may dis - co - ver, Love is noth - ing  
False A - min - tor leave Dis - sem - bling, Tell her plain - ly

but a Name; 'Tis not Beau - ty warms the Lo - ver, When he  
you are Poor; Hence are all your Sighs and Trem - blings, When you

tells her of his Flame: But she keeps a grea - ter Trea - sure,  
talk of your A - mour: Tho' you Sigh, and tho' you Lan - guish,

Binds and Bonds in - flame his Heart; Charms that flow with -  
'Till she gives her - self a way; - Then you soon for -

tides of Plea - sure, More o - bey'd than Cu - pid's Dart.  
get your An - guish, And Be - lin - da must o - bey.