

MIRTILLO. *A SONG.* Set by Mr. Tho. Clark.

Mir - til - lo, whilst you patch your Face, By Na - ture form'd so  
 fair, We know each Spot con - ceals a Grace, And wish, and  
 wish to see it bare: But since our Wish you've  
 gra - ti - fi'd, We find, we find, 'twas rash - ly made, And  
 that those Spots were but to hide, to hide Ex - cess of  
 Lus - tre laid: And that those Spots were but to hide, to hide Ex - cess of Lus - tre laid.