

A SONG in the Royal Mischief.
Set by Mr. John Eccles. Sung by Mr. Leveridge.

Un - guar - ded lies the wi - shing Maid, Dis - trus - ting not to
 be - tray'd; Re - ady to fall with all her Charms, A
 shin - ing Trea - sure to your Arms: Who hears this Sto - ry
 must be - lieve, No Heart can tru - er Joy re - ceive; Since to take Love and
 give it too, Is all that Love for hearts can do.