

A SONG. *The Words by JO. HAINS,*
Set by Mr. CHURCH.

I Cour - ted and Writ, Shew'd my Love and my Wit, And
 still pret-ty Fla - vi - a de - ny'd; 'Twas her Vir - tue I thought, Made me
 prove such a Sot, To a - dore her the more for her Pride: 'Till I
 hap - pen'd to sit, By her Mask'd in a Pit, Whilst a crowd of gay Beaus held her
 play; When so wan - ton - ly free, Was her smart Re - par - tee, I was
 cur'd and went blu - shing, went blu - shing a - way.

How Lovers Mistake,
 The Addresses they make,
 When they swear to be Constant and true;
 For all the Nymphs hold,
 Tho' the Sport be still old,
 That their Play-mates must ever be new:
 Each pretty new Toy,
 How they'll long to enjoy,
 And then for a newer will Pine;
 But when they perceive,
 Others like what they leave,
 Then they cry for their Bauble again.