

*A SONG. Set by Mr. KING.*

Not \_\_\_\_\_ your Eyes *Me - la - nia* move me, Not \_\_\_\_\_ your flo - wring  
 But \_\_\_\_\_ your Mind, my Dear, sub-dues me, Where \_\_\_\_\_ a thou - sand

Charms or Wit; Not your dai - ly Vows to love me, Make my \_\_\_\_\_ ea - sy \_\_\_\_\_  
 Gra - ces shine; Good-ness, Love, \_\_\_\_\_ and Ho - nour moves me, And my \_\_\_\_\_ Pas - sion's \_\_\_\_\_

Soul \_\_\_\_\_ sub - mit. Shape nor Dress can ne - ver sway me, \_\_\_\_\_  
 all \_\_\_\_\_ Di - vine. Good - ness as a bound - less Trea - sure, \_\_\_\_\_

Nor the soft - est looks \_\_\_\_\_ be - tray me; \_\_\_\_\_ *Shape nor Face \_\_\_\_\_ can*  
 Yields the pur - est sweet - est plea - sure. \_\_\_\_\_

ne - ver sway me, \_\_\_\_\_ Nor the soft - est looks be - tray me.