

A SONG; the Words by Captain DANVERS, Set by Mr. T. WILLIS.



Forgive me *Cloe* if I dare
 Your Conduct disapprove;
 The Gods have made you wond'rous Fair,
 Not to Disdain, but Love;
 Those nice pernicious Forms despise,
 That cheat you of your Bliss;
 Let Love instruct you to be wise,
 Whilst Youth and Beauty is.

Too late you will repent the Time,
 You lose by your Disdain;
 The Slaves you scorn now in your Prime,
 You'll ne'er retrieve again:
 But when those Charms shall once decay,
 And Lovers disappear;
 Despair and Envy shall repay,
 Your being now severe.