

*A SONG, in the Play call'd the Ladies Fine Aires:
Sung by Mr. Pack, in the Figure of a Bawd. Set by Mr. Barrett.*

How hap - py are we, Who from thin - king are free, That cur - bing Dis - ease o' the

Mind:___ Can in - dulse e - ve - ry Tast, Love___ where_ we___ like best, Not by

dull Re - pu - ta - tion con - fin'd.

When we're young fit to toy,
Gay Delights we enjoy,
And have crowds of new Lovers wooing;
When we're old and decay'd,
We procure for the Trade,
Still in ev'ry Age we're doing.

If a Cully we meet,
We spend what we get,
E'ery day for the next never think:
When we dye where we go,
We have no Sense to know,
For a Bawd always dyes in her drink.