

A SONG.

Blush not red - der than the Mor - ning, Though the Vir - gins

give you War - ning; Sigh not at the chance be - fel you,

Though they smile, and dare not tell you;

Maids like Turtles, love the Cooing,
 Bill and Murmur in their Wooing;
 Thus like you they start and tremble,
 And their troubled Joys dissemble:
 Thus like you, &c.

Grasp the Pleasure while 'tis coming,
 Though your Beauty's now a blooming;
 Lest old time our Joys should sever,
 Ah! ah! they part, they part for ever:
 Lest old time, &c.