

*A SONG, in the Play call'd the Tragedy of CLEOMENES the Spartan
Heroe: Sung by Mrs. BUTLER, Set by Mr. H. PURCELL.*

No, no, poor suf - fer - ing Heart, no change en - dea - vour; Chuse to sus -
Love has in store for me one hap - py - Mi - nute, And she will

tain the smart ra - ther than leave her: My ra - vish'd Eyes be -
end my Pain who did be - gin it; Then no Day void of

hold such Charms a - bout her, I can Dye with her, but not
Bliss and Plea - sures leav - ing, A - ges shall slide a - way with -

live with - out her, One ten - der Sigh guard of her
out per - ceiv - ing: Cu - pid shall guard the Door,

to see me Lan - guish: Will more than pay the price of my
the more to please us, And keep out Time and Death when they -

past An - guish, Be - ware, oh cruel Fair how you smile on me,
would seize us; Time and Death shall de - part, and say in fly - ing;

'Twas a kind look of yours that has un - done me.
Love has found out a way to Live by Dy - ing.