


A SONG Set by M^r Roseingrave

Slow

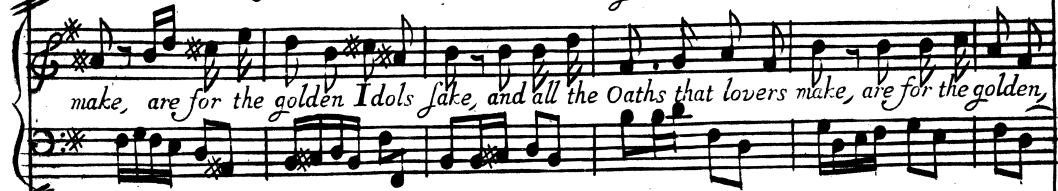
This mercenary age despise, This mercenary age despise,



where love gives avari- - - ce disguise, and all the Oaths that lovers
Bribe



make, are for the golden Idols sake, and all the Oaths that lovers make, are for the golden,



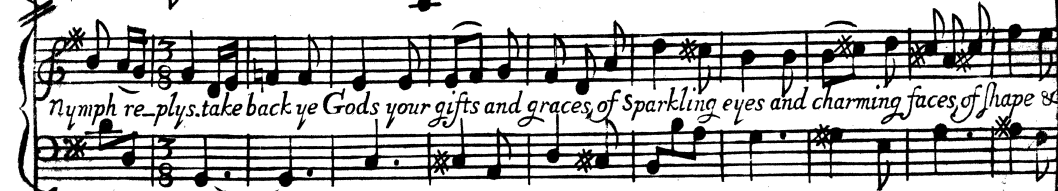
Soft
are for the golden, are for the golden Idols sake are for the golden Idols sake; diviner charms that



worship keep grow now a Jest an empty name, what portion ev'ry lover crys what Joyniture ev-ry



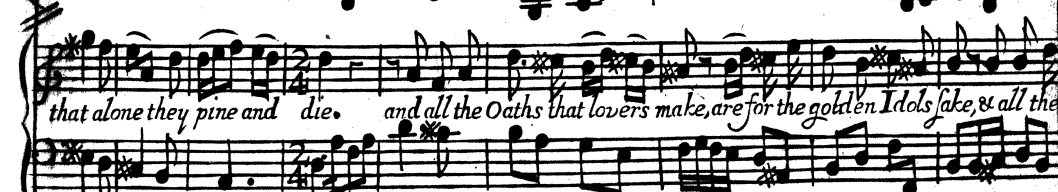
Nymph re-plys, take back ye Gods your gifts and graces of Sparkling eyes and charming faces of shape &



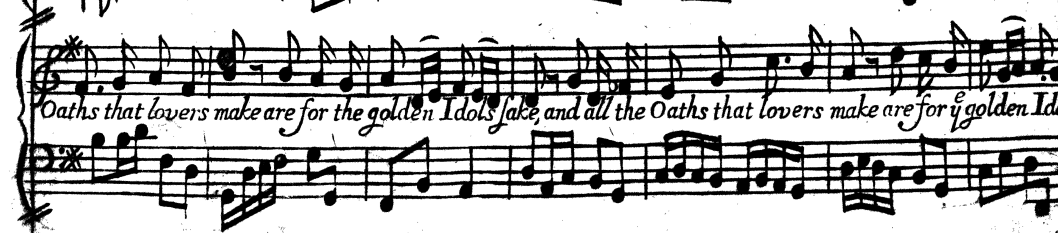
air of wit and youth good Nature chastity and - - truth, give me but gold both Sexes cry for that alone for



that alone they pine and die. and all the Oaths that lovers make, are for the golden Idols sake, & all the



Oaths that lovers make are for the golden Idols sake, and all the Oaths that lovers make are for y^e golden Idols



lake are for the golden Idols sake.
th'ungrateful object of my love is deaf to all my
pray'rs, th'ungrateful object of my love is deaf to all my pray'rs, her cruel
Heart no sighs can move, nor is she softned by my tears, was ever mortal cur'd like me, the light and ever
glorious Sun hence forth abandond will I hum, and in the grave, and in the grave, and in y^e
grave with Pay-en lie, & in the grave with Pay-en lie, & in y^e grave with Pay-en lie

Slow *For the Flute* *Briek*