

I care not, had I her one Night
If I were hang'd i' th' Morning.

The MORALIST. A Song.

I.

WHat's the worth of Health or Living,
If we stint our selves of Bliss,

Grief is but a self-deceiving,

Chusing may be for what is;

Doz'd all Night, and daily weeping,

Zealots think to Heaven to climb,

Thus with Canting and with Sleeping,

The poor Sots lose all their Time.

II.

Give me Love and give me Wine too,

For Life's Cares to make amends,

Wit and Poetry Divine too,

And a charming Female Friend.

In a Moral honest Station,

To

To my Grave in Peace I'll go,

Let the bug Predestination,

Fright the Fools no better know.

The Old Fumbler. A S O N G

Set by Mr. Hen. Purcell.

I.

SMug, rich and fantastick old Fumbler
known,

That wedded a Juicy brisk Girl of the Town
Her Face like an Angel, Fair, Plump, and a Maid
Her Lute well in tune too, cou'd he but have plac'd
But lost was his Skill let him do what he can,
She finds him in Bed a weak filly old Man,
He Coughs in her Ear, 'tis in vain to come on,
Forgive me, my Dear, I'm a filly old man.

II.

She laid his dry hand on her snowy soft Breast
And from those white Hills gave a glimpse of
Best;

But ah! what is Age when our Youth's but a Sp

She found him an Infant instead of a Man: