

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:

Ah! Pardon, he'd cry, that I'm weary so soon,
 You have let down my Base, I'm no longer in tune,
 Lay by the dear Instrument, prethee lie still,
 I can play but one Lesson and that I play Ill.

*A Dialogue between PHILANDER and
 SILVIA, set to an excellent new Scotch Tune.*

I.

IN a Defart in *Greenland*, where the Sun
 cast an Eye,

In contempt of all the World I cou'd live wi
 my Joy.

Si. On the Sands of scorcht *India*, where
 burnt Natives fry,

Blest with thee, my dear *Philander*, I do
 live and dye,

Ph. No Nymph with her fly charming art,
 Ere shall have pow'r to steal my Heart;

Thou art all and all in every part,
 Each Vein of me shall ever be,
 Panting with Love of thee.

Si. No