



Hubert Grav.

N. Poulson Sculp.

The Cautious Maid set by M^r. Stanley

Leave me shephard leave me, give o'er your art-ful Wiles, ev-ry look Deceives

me & ev'ry word be guiles, If I yield you will fly I must repent & mourn

Shephard 'tis too soon to try, n^o 'tis to be for-lorn.

Why are you ² pursuing, —
To urge me to my fate,
To contrive my Ruin,
And prove your self Ingrate,
If I yield you will fly, —
I must repent and Mourn,
Still I can't forbear to try,
What 'tis to be forlorn. —

Joys which ³ Lovers borrow,
Some few sweet moments make,
Years of grief and sorrow,
They in exchange must take,
It is madness to be wise,
When Cupid bends his bow,
Every sense then open Lyes
To entertain the foe.

FLUTE