



A Favourite Song - Set by W. Ouwald

Moderate

From the Man whom I love this my

Heart I disguise I will freely describe the Wretch's desire and if he has sense but to

ballance a straw he will sure take the Hint from the Picture I draw and if he has sense but to

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*A Wit without sense, without fancy a Beau,
 Like a Parrot he chatters, and struts like a Crow.
 A Peacock in Pride, in Grimace a Balloon,
 In Courage a Hind, in Coarceit a Gajoon.
 As a Vulture rapacious, in Latshood a Fox,
 Inconstant as Waves, and unfeeling as Rocks,
 As a Tyger ferocious, prevaric as a Hog,
 In Mischief an Ape, and in fanning a Dog.
 In a Word, to sum up all his Talents together,
 His Heart is of Lead, & his brain is of Feather;
 Yet if he has sense but to ballance a Straw,
 He will sure take the Hint from the Picture I draw.*