



*An Oper Song Sung by Mr Beard*

*Sprightly*

*Sing you a song that shall put you all round the Tale may be Old but the Moral*

*round a Virgin as sweet as a Morning in May once lov'd a young Shephard of*

*Merrit they say Once lov'd a young Shephard of merrit they say*

*His Father refus'd him for he had not Gold  
As Advice too often will cleave to the Old;  
And gave her too a Carromb well furnish'd with Pence,  
Who had every Endowment save Honour & Sense.*

*But bold Robin Hood in a lucky Disguise  
Impos'd on the Wretch tho' he saw with sever Eyes,  
And you Master Pert one take this for a Kull;  
No Woman of Spirit will stoop to a Fool.*

*And thus then not having detain'd you too long,  
I hope I may merit your Thanks for my Song,  
If you do not like it on others I'll call,  
Come trip it o'er y<sup>e</sup> Greenwood my merry Men all.*