



Set to Musick by M^r Arne



First poor Roper, took his Passion till quite out of breath,
 Craving mercy, he could hug her, & kiss her to Death;
 And with her, her beauty was so much, he could
 That he loathed his joy, and abandon'd his Rest;
 But she could find nothing in them to Endear;
 So sent rash away with a Flea in his Ear,
 And said no such boobyas could tell her Love tale,
 Or bring to compliance sweet Man of the Vale.

Till young Rover the smartest of all the gay Greens
 Who late on a frolic to London had been,
 Came back much improv'd in his Air & Address,
 And boldly attack'd her not fearing Success,
 His kind Heaven seem'd such ripe lips to be his;
 And press'd her so close that she could not resist;
 He shew'd the dull Clowns the right way to speak,
 And brought to his Wishes sweet Man of the Vale.

For the German Flute

