



The Fair Thief Set by Mr Worgan & Sung by Mr Lowe

Gently *bc*

for the Urchin well could go she stole if whiteness of the snow and more if whiteness

to adorn she stole the blushes of the Morn stole all of sweetness others shed on

Primrose buds & Violet buds on Primrose buds & Violet buds

Still to reveal her artfull wiles
 She stole the Graces silken smiles
 She stole Aurora's balmy breath
 And pilfer'd Orient pearl for Teeth
 The Cherry dipt in Morning dew
 Gave moisture to her Lips & juce.

These were her Infant spoils a stone
 And she in time still pilfer'd more
 At twelve she stole from Cyprus Queen
 Her Air & Love commanding mein
 Stole Juno's Dignity and stole
 From Pallas fence to charming Soul.

Great Jove approv'd her Crimes and Art
 And tother Day she stole my heart
 If Lovers Cupid are your Care
 Exert your vengeance on this Fair
 To trial bring her stolen Charms
 And let her Bijou be my Arms.