



*The Rover* Sing by M<sup>r</sup> Love

*Irish*

In all of these come the harm of first I love to try all Womankind the fair the smart the

witty the fair the smart & witty In Cupid's fetters

most severe I languish'd out of long long year of slave of wanton Sally the stars of wanton

*Kitty*

At length I broke the gawling Chain,	With Trisles neat, of Blaxen Hue,
And swore that Love was indisciplin	Young Jenny did my soul subdue,
One Capotant Scene of Sally,	That lives in yonder Alley,
One Constant be.	That lives be.

I would no more to wear the Yoke,	Then Cupid threw another Snare,
But soon I felt a second Stroke,	And caught me in the Curling Hair
And sigh'd for blue Ey'd Molly,	Of little tempting Sally
And sigh'd be.	Of little be.

Adorn'd with Charms the blith & young,  
 My roving Heart from bondage sprung,  
 This Heart of yielding Metal: *This Heart be?*

And now it wanders here & there,  
 By turns the Prize of Brown & fair,  
 But never more will settle: *But never be?*