



Hubert Grav.

N. Poulson Sculp.

*The Cautious Maid* set by M<sup>r</sup>. Stanley



Why are you <sup>2</sup> pursuing, —  
To urge me to my fate,  
To contrive my Ruin,  
And prove your self Ingrate,  
If I yield you will fly, —  
I must repent and Mourn,  
Still I can't forbear to try,  
What 'tis to be forlorn. —

Joys which <sup>3</sup> Lovers borrow,  
Some few sweet moments make,  
Years of grief and sorrow,  
They in exchange must take,  
It is madness to be wise,  
When Cupid bends his bow,  
Every sense then open Lyes  
To entertain the foe.

FLUTE

