A Song in the Emperor of the Moon. Set by Mr. Daniel Purcell. Sung by Mrs. Croft and exactly engraved by Tho. Croft.

A curse upon the faithless Maid who first her Sover'ign Liberty betrayed.

Even free as Man to love, and range; till nobler Nature did in Custom change: custom that dullest dullest excuse for Feels, who think all vertues think all vertues to consist in Rules who think all vertues.

II.

From Love our Fetters never sprung,
That smiling God, all Wanton, Gay and young,
Shows by his Wings he cannot be
Confin'd to a restless Slavery;
But here and there at random rores,
Not fixt to Glittering Courts or shady Groves.

III.

Then she that Constancy Protest,
Was but a well dissembler at the best;
And that imaginary sway
She feigned to give, in seeming to obey,
Was but the height of Prudent Art,
To deal with greater Liberty her Heart.