

# The Perfections of True Love

There liv'd long ago in a Country Place, A clever young Lad that

lov'd a young Lass: She lov'd him again and O Wonder to hear, No

Offers could move her she lov'd him so dear, No Offers could move her she

lov'd him so dear.

2  
The Lord of the Village took it in his head,  
To tempt her to leave him and come to his Bed;  
He Offer'd her Jewells and Baubles and Rings,  
But she Slighted his Love and refus'd his gay things.

3  
He told her he'd make her as fine as a Queen,  
Her Gown should be Silk and her Cap Colberteen,  
But she said Linsey Woolsey and Bone lace w<sup>d</sup> serve,  
And rather than please him She'd venture to Starve.

4  
He told her he'd give her a Pad to ride out,  
Or a Coach if she liked it to visit about,  
She thank'd him but said she could very well walk,  
And should she have a Coach how w<sup>d</sup> Neighbours wou'd talk.

5  
He said for the Neighbours he'd make it his Care,  
That not even the Parson on Sundays shou'd dare,  
To find fault with her Conduct or Offer to blame,  
Her manner of living or blast her good Name.

6  
She told him in Short he must e'en be content,  
For Jewells or Gold shou'd ne'er bribe her consent,  
Her Heart was anothers and so Should remain,  
And she scorn'd to be false for the lucre of Gain.



## For the FLUTE.