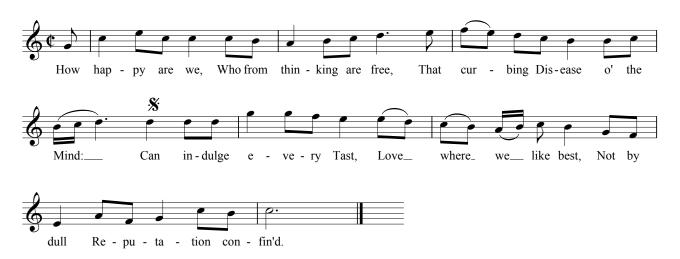
## A SONG, in the Play call'd the Ladies Fine Aires: Sung by Mr. Pack, in the Figure of a Bawd. Set by Mr. Barrett.



When we're young fit to toy, Gay Delights we enjoy, And have crowds of new Lovers wooing; When we're old and decay'd, We procure for the Trade, Still in ev'ry Age we're doing.

If a Cully we meet,
We spend what we get,
E'ery day for the next never think:
When we dye where we go,
We have no Sense to know,
For a Bawd always dyes in her drink.