A SONG in the Comedy call'd, The Old Batchelour, Set by Mr. HENRY PURCELL.



As *Amoret* and *Thyrsis* lay,
As *Amoret* and *Thyrsis* lay;
Melting, melting, melting, melting the Hours in gentle play,
Joyning, joyning, joyning Faces, mingling Kisses,
Mingling kisses, mingling kisses, and exchanging harmless Blisses:
He trembling cry'd with eager, eager hast,
Let me, let me, let me feed, oh! oh! let me, let me,
Let me, let me feed, oh! oh! oh! let me, let me, let me Feed as well as Tast,
I dye, dye, dye, I dye, dye, I dye,
I dye, if I'm not wholly Blest.

The fearful Nymph reply'd forbear, I cannot, dare not, must not hear; Dearest *Thyrsis* do not move me, Do not, do not, if you Love me: O let me still, the Shepherd said, But while she fond resistance made, The hasty Joy in struggling fled.

Vex'd at the Pleasure she had miss'd, She frown'd and blush'd, and sigh'd and kiss'd, And seem'd to moan, in sullen Cooing, The sad miscarriage of their Wooeing: But vain alass! were all her Charms, For *Thyrsis* deaf to Love's Alarms, Baffled and fenceless, tir'd her Arms.