

*A Song in the Emperour of the Moon, Set by Mr. Daniel Purcell.  
Sung by Mrs. Cross and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Cross.*

*A curse upon the faithless Maid, who first her Sex as Liberty betrayd,  
Born free as Man to love, and range; till nobler Nature did to Custom  
change; custom that dull, that dull excuse for Fools; who think all vertues,  
think all vertues to consist in Rules; who think all vertues,  
think all vertues to consist in Rules.*

II.

*From Love our Fetters never sprung,  
That smiling God, all Wanton, Gay, and young,  
Shows by his Wings he cannot be  
Confined to a restless Slavery;  
But here and there at random roves,  
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.*