

THE MISCHIEVOUS BEE

Sung in the new Comedy of Times a tell tale with great applause by

M^{rs} WARREN

Kelly

Pastorale

Little Cupid one day o'er a myrtle bough strayd and a _

_mong the sweet blosoms he wanton-ly playd plucking many a leaf from the

buds of the tree he felt that his finger was ftung by a bee he

felt that his finger was ftung by a bee Little Cupid then whimperd he

fobbd and he fighd then ran to his mother and pettish-ly cried oh!

Venus dear mother I'm wounded you see and I ask for re-venge on the

mischievous bee and I ask for re-venge on the mischievous bee and I

ask for re-venge on the mischievous bee and I ask for re-venge on the

mischievous bee.

2

His mother then laugh'd at the story he told
 On his forehead of snow strok'd his ringlets of gold
 Now when you wound another my lad answer'd she
 Ere your arrows are pointed you'll think on the bee
 A lesson of love let the story impart
 When the beam of the eye lights the flame of the heart
 Ye fair ones remember while yet you are free
 The rose holds the thorn and the myrtle the bee.

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