

THE
LIQUID MIRROR.
An Anacreontick.

Composed by M^R. M.P. KING.

The Words by Mr. Chandler.

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Allegro

Recit:

Steady the Liquid Mirror hold, I'll be convinc'd if I am Old.

Air

With - in the Bowl I view my Face, Adorn'd with ev'ry youthful grace. Dull

Care and Anguish dif - appear, And I can see no Wrinkles there, Dull

Care and Anguish dis-appear And I can see no Wrinkles there Sym-

unis

Not for the Wat'ry

Cryf- tal shows, A Lengthen'd Face o'er-plough'd with Woes, And Wreaths by art-ful

unis

Vir- gins tied, In vain my Snow-white Locks would hide, In vain my Snow-white

Locks would hide, And Wreaths by art-ful Vir- gins tied, In vain my Snow-white

Locks would hide. Sym

2

The Moss-grown Oak, may still be seen
In Spring, with Buds of liveliest Green.
'Tis Spring with me; the mantling Bowl

Darts a warm sunshine thro' my Soul.
'Tis Spring with me; the mantling Bowl
Darts a warm sunshine thro' my Soul.

My Veins in soft vibrations play,
Confess the God, and own his Sway;
And still I feel a fond desire,
To tune to Love the willing Lyre.