

A false designe to be cruell.

IN vaine, faire *Cloris*, you designe, to be cruell, to be kind; for we know

with all your arts, you never hold but willing hearts; men are too wise grown to expire, with broken

shafts, and painted fire.

The Lady Deerings
Composing.

musicalion

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(2)

And if among a thousand swains
Some one of Love, or fate complains,
And all the stars in heav'n desir,
With *Clora's* lip, or *Celia's* eye:
'Tis not their love the youth would chase,
But the glory to refuse.

Then wisely make your prize of those
Want wit, or courage to oppose,
But tempt not me that can discover
What will redeeme the fondest Lover;
And shie the list, lest it appear,
Your pow'r is measur'd by our fear.

(4)

So the rude wave securely shocks
The yeelding Bark, but the stiffe rocks
If it attempt, how soon again
Broke and dissolv'd it fills the Main:
It foams and roars, but we deride
Alike its weakness, and its pride.

Type: Sheet music

Title: [A False Designe to be Cruell](#)

Composer: [Mary Deering](#)

Época: Barroco

Tema: Amor

Categoría: Canciones (mundanas)

Dificultad: Mittel

Arrangement group: Voz sola con ensamble/orquesta

Arrangement: Solo>sop+Cem+Vc

Instrumentación: Canto solo>soprano(1),Cémbalo = Cem(1),Violoncello (Cello) = Vc(1)