

Ye Gods was Strephons picture blest.

Violin

Slow

Ye Gods was Strephon's picture blest, With the fair heaven of

Chloe's breast: Move softer thou fond flutt'ring heart, Oh gently throb, too

fierce thou art. Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind, For Strephon was the blifs de-

-fignd? For Strephon's sake dear charming maid, Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

YE GODS! WAS STREPHON'S PICTURE BLEST.

YE Gods! was Strephon's picture blest
 With the fair heav'n of Chloe's breast?
 Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
 Oh! gently throb—too fierce thou art.
 Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
 For Strephon was the bliss design'd?
 For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
 Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

And thou, blest'd shade! that sweetly art
 Lodg'd so near my Chloe's heart,
 For me the tender hour improve,
 And softly tell how dear I love.
 Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear,
 Its wretched master's ardent prayer,
 Ingrossing all that beauteous heaven,
 That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee; were I lord
 Of all the wealth these breasts afford,
 I'd be a miser too, nor give
 An alms to keep a god alive.
 Oh! smile not thus, my lovely fair,
 On these cold looks, that lifeless are;
 Prize him, whose bosom glows with fire,
 With eager love, and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O! powerful maid,
 To life can bring the silent shade:
 Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
 And real warmth and flames impart;
 But, Oh! it ne'er can love like me,
 I ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee;
 Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
 Say, thou canst love, and make me blest.