

A Song the Words by M^r. Repington, Set by M^r. Phill Hart, Sung by
Charles Christian at the new Theater; and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Crofs.

The envious Winds forbear to blow, forbear to blow,

ye murm'ring, ye murm'ring Streams no longer flow,

no longer flow; let nature be compos'd to rest, and all tumults of my breast, no

noise disturb this blest delight, all things be hush'd, all things be

hush'd, all things be hush'd as dead of Night: Hark, hark the bright

..... Melinda Sings, and Angels round her Clap, Clap, Clap their Wings

Clap, Clap, Clap, Clap, Clap, Clap their Wings; Clap, Clap, Clap, Clap, Clap, Clap their Wings

The Music of the Spheres disdain, and Rival each admiring Swain; Nor can the Gods themselves defend, but

do in Orbs of light descend; nor can the Gods themselves defend, but do in Orbs of light descend.

Her Eyes and tune full Voice conspire, ten flame

at once and fan the Fire; the Fearer in my Blood runs high, but I must hear the

sure to dye, dye, dye, tho' sure to dye. Fatally Charming is... her

Breath, & Har... many promotes... my Death; and Har... mo

my promotes my Death; and Har... mo ny promotes my Death.

Orpheus the Trees and Woods pursued, but had he this bright Siren view'd; or

heard her Voice, he'd thrown away, his Lute and yielded her the day; and he who

Charm'd, who Charm'd the wandering Grove, had been himself a Captive to her Love;

had been himself a Cap... tive to her

Love; had been himself a Cap... tive to her Love.