

*The Gods was Strephons picture blest.*

*Violin*

*Slow*

Ye Gods was Strephons picture blest, With the fair heaven of

5  
3

7  
5

6  
4

Chloes breast: Move softer thou fond flutt'ring heart, Oh gently thro' too

6  
4

5  
3

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

7  
5

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

4  
2

6  
4

7  
2

8  
6

5  
5

*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.