

*A SONG, Sung at the THEATRE-ROYAL, in the Play  
call'd ALPHONSO King of NAPLES. Set by Mr. EAGLES.*

When Love Syl - via was kind, and Love play'd in her  
Love heigh - tens our Joys, he's the ease of our

Eyes, Care, We A spur to the Mor - ning till Syl - via did the  
Care, A spur to the Va - li - ant, a Crown to the

rise; Fair; Of Oh Syl - via his soft Hills Wings and then the be - Val - lies all  
Fair; Oh seize his soft Wings then the be - fore 'tis too

Rang, late, For she was the Sub - ject of e - ve - ry Song.  
late, Or Cru - el - ty quick - ly will has - ten thy Fate.

But 'Tis now, oh how lit - tle her Glo - ries do  
'Tis kind - ness, my Syl - via, 'tis kind - ness a -

move, lone, That us'd to in - flame us, with Rap - tures of  
lone, Will add to thy Lo - vers, and streng - then thy

Love; Throne; Thy Ri - gour, oh Syl - via, will shor - ten thy  
Throne; In Love, as in Em - pire, - Ty - ran - ni - cal

Reign, sway, And make our bright God - dess a Mor - tal a gain.  
sway, Will make Loy - al Sub - jects for get to O - bey.