

A SONG.

Then come kind_ Da - mon, come_ a - way, To Cyn - thia's_ po - wer ad -

vance: The Syl - vians they shall pipe and play, And we'll lead up, and we'll lead up, And

we'll_ lead up the Dance: The Syl - vians they shall pipe_____ and

play, And we'll lead up, and we'll lead up, And we'll lead up the

Dance; The Syl - vians they shall pipe_____ and play, And

we'll lead up, and we'll lead up, And we'll lead up the Dance.

Smile then with a Beam Divine,
 We'll be blest if you but shine;
 Happy then our Pains and Toils,
 Wit only lives when Beauty smiles:
 Happy then our Pains and Toils,
 Wit only lives, Wit only lives,
 When Beauty smiles;
 Wit only lives, &c.