

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

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

Eyes, We thought it no Mor - ning till *Syl* - *via* did
Care, A spur to the Va - li - ant, a Crown to the

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

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

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

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

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

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