

A SONG

All Joy to Mor - tals, Joy and Mirth, E - ter - nal I - o's sing; The

Gods_ of Love_ des - cend_ to Earth, Their Darts have lost their Sting.

The Youth shall now complain no more,
 On *Sylvia's* needless Scorn;
 But she shall Love if he adore,
 And melt when he shall burn.

The Nymph no longer shall be shy,
 But leave the Jilting Road;
 And *Daphne* now no more shall Fly,
 The wounded Painted God.

But all shall be Serene and Fair,
 No sad complaints of Love,
 Shall fill the gentle whispering Air,
 No Echoing sighs, the Grove.

Beneath the shades young *Strephon* lies,
 Of all his wish possess'd;
 Gazing on *Sylvia's* charming Eyes,
 Whose Soul is there confess'd.

All soft and sweet the Maid appears,
 With looks that know no Art;
 And though she yields with Trembling Fears,
 She yields with all her Heart.