



TO VENUS. A RANT, 1732.

Set to Music by Dr. HAYES,

By the same.

RECITATIVE.

O Goddess most rever'd above,
 Bright parent of almighty Love,
 Whose pow'r th' immortal Gods confess,
 Hear and approve my fond address:
 In melting softness I thy doves outvie,
 Then teach me like thy swans to sing and fly;
 So I thy vot'ry will for ever be;
 My song, my life I'll consecrate to thee.

AIR.

Give me numbers strong and sweet,
 Glowing language, pointed wit;
 Words that might a Vestal move,
 And melt a frozen heart to love.
 Bid, bid thy blind boy
 All his vigour employ;

On his wings wou'd I soar up to fame :

'Tis but just, if he scorch

My breast with his torch,

In my wit too he kindle a flame.

RECITATIVE.

Trophies to Chastity let others raise,

In notes as cold as the dull thing they praise,

To rage like mine more sprightly themes belong ;

Gay youth inspires, and beauty claims my song ;

Me all the little Loves and Graces own ;

For I was born to worship them alone.

AIR.

Tell not me the joys that wait

On him that's rich, on him that's great :

Wealth and wisdom I despise :

Cares surround the rich and wise.

No, no,—let love, let life be mine :

Bring me women, bring me wine :

Speed the dancing hours away,

And mind not what the grave ones say ;

Speed, and gild 'em as they fly

With love and freedom, wit and joy :

Bus'ness, title, pomp, and state,

Give 'em to the fools I hate.