CANTATA.

Set by Monſieur GALLIARD.

RECIT.

BENEATH a verdant Lawrel's ample Shade,
His Lyre to mournful Numbers ſtrung,
HORACE, immortal Bard, ſupinely laid,
To VENUS thus addreſs'd the Song:
Ten thouſand little LOVES around
Liſt'ning, dwelt on ev'ry Sound.

ARIET.

Potent VENUS, bid Thy Son
Sound no more His dire Alarms.
Youth on ſilent Wings is flown:
Graver Years come rolling on.
Spare my Age, unfit for Arms:
Safe and Humble let Me reſt,
From all Am'rous Care releas'd.
Potent VENUS, bid Thy Son
Sound no more His dire Alarms.

RECIT.

Yet, VENUS, why do I each Morn prepare
The fragrant Wreath for CLOE's Hair?
Why, why do I all Day lament, and ſigh,
Unleſs the beauteous Maid be nigh?

And

And why all Night purſue Her in my Dreams,
Thro' Flow'ry Meads, and Cryſtal Streams?

RECIT.

Thus ſung the Bard; and thus the Goddeſs ſpoke:
Submiſſive bow to LOVE's imperious Yoke.
Ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
Shall own My Rule, and fear My Rage:
Compell'd by Me Thy Muſe ſhall prove,
That all the World was born to love.

ARIET.

Bid Thy deſtin'd Lyre diſcover
Soft Deſire, and gentle Pain:
Often praiſe, and always love Her:
Thro' her Ear her Heart obtain.
Verſe ſhall pleaſe, and Sighs ſhall move Her:
CUPID does with PHOEBUS reign.

Her Right Name.

AS NANCY at Her Toylet ſat,
Admiring This, and blaming That;
Tell Me, She ſaid; but tell Me true;
The Nymph who cou'd your Heart ſubdue,
What Sort of Charms does She poſſeſs?
Abſolve Me Fair One: I'll confeſs;
With Pleaſure I reply'd. Her Hair,
In Ringlets rather dark than fair,

Does