



*Fair Silvia.* set by *M.<sup>r</sup> Boyce* Gen. Roberts Fecit

*Silvia the fair in the Bloom of fifteen, felt an Innocent Warmth, as she lay on the Green, she had*

*heard of a Pleasure, & som etill she quest, by their tong<sup>s</sup>, by tumbling & touching her breast she saw y<sup>e</sup> men*

*eager but was at a loss, w<sup>h</sup> they meant by th<sup>e</sup> sighing & kissing so close, by th<sup>e</sup> praying & whining &*

*clasping & twining & panting & wishing & sighing & kissing & sighing & kissing so close*

<p><i>Ah! she cryd Ah! for a languishing Maid, In a Country of Christians to die without aid Not allig or a Torj or Trimmer at least, Or a Protestant Planson, or Catholick Priest, To instruct a young Virjin who is at a loss What they mean by their sighing &amp; kissing, so close By their praying &amp; c.</i></p>	<p><i>Cupid in shape of a Swain did appear, As an y<sup>e</sup> sad Wound &amp; in Pity drew near Then shew'd her his Arrows, &amp; bid her not fear For y<sup>e</sup> Pain was no more if a Maiden may bear When y<sup>e</sup> Balm was infus'd she was not at a loss What they meant by th<sup>e</sup> sighing &amp; kissing so close By their praying &amp; c.</i></p>
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Flute