

mix our - - souls in mu- tual bliss.
 en- ter- - - tain the stealth of love.
 sire no - - beau- ties but their own.

10
 Eyes were made for beau- ty's grace,
 Thi- ther, sweet love, let us hie,
 Or- na- ment is nurse of pride;

View- - ing, Rue- - -
 Fly- - ing, Dy- - -
 Plea- - sure, Mea- - -

ing ing Love- long pain Pro-
 ing In de- sire Wing'd
 sure Love's de- light. Haste

cured by - - beau- ty's rude dis- dain.
 with sweet - - hopes and our v'nly fire.
 then, sweet - - love, and our wish- ed flight.