Recit. — *'Tis done.*

'Tis done; thus I exert my pow'r divine, Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

Air. — *Heart, the seat of soft delight.*

Heart, the seat of soft delight, Be thou now a fountain bright; Heart, the seat of soft delight, Heart, the seat of soft delight,
Be thou now a fountain bright:

Pur...ple be no more thy blood,

Glide thou like a crystal flood,

Glide thou like a crystal flood,

Like a crystal flood.

Rock, thy hollow womb disclose;

The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows.

Through the
plains he joys to rove, Murm'ring still his gentle love; Through the plains he joys to rove,

murm'ring still his gentle love; murm'ring still his gentle love, murm'ring still his gentle love....