

*A SONG, Set to Musick by Mr. GRAVES.*

My dear Co - rin - na give me leave, To  
gaze, to gaze on her I Love; The Gods could ne-ver, ne-ver  
yet con - ceive, Her Worth, tho' from a - bove;  
There's none on Earth can e - qua - lize, So  
sweet, so sweet a Soul as she; Who  
e - ver gains so great a Prize, Has  
all, has all that Heav'n can be.

Curse on my Fate, who plac'd me here,  
In a Sphere, a Sphere, so much below,  
My Love, my Life, my all that's dear;  
And yet she must not know:  
The torment for her I sustain,  
Shall ill, shall ill rewarded be;  
When loving, when loving, and not Lov'd again,  
Does prove, does prove, a Hell to me.