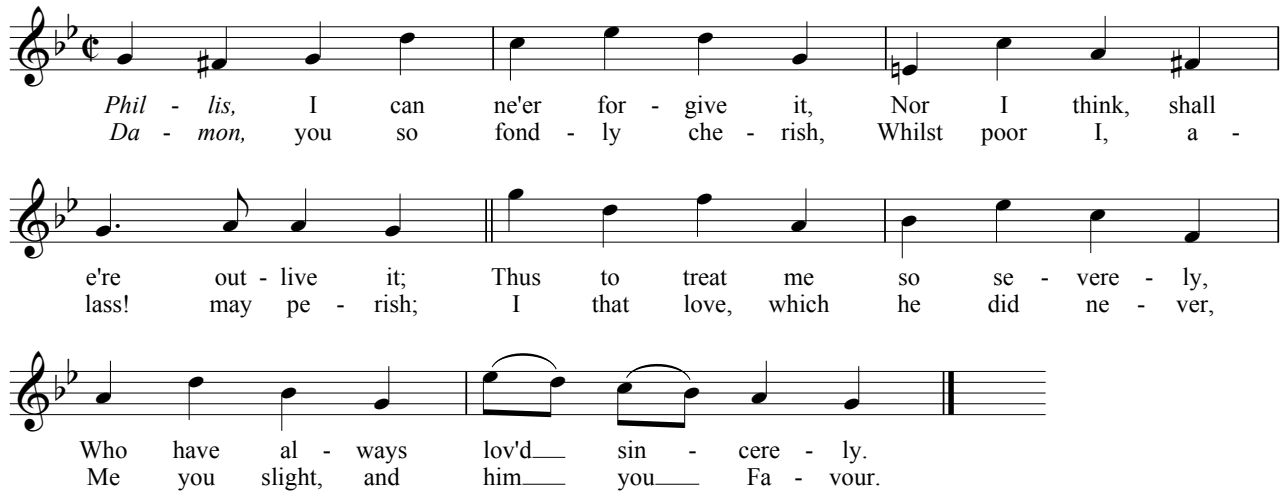


A SONG.  
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



Phil - lis, I can ne'er for - give it, Nor I think, shall  
Da - mon, you so fond - ly che - rish, Whilst poor I, a -

e're out - live it; Thus to treat me so se - vere - ly,  
lass! may pe - rish; I that love, which he did ne - ver,

Who have al - ways lov'd sin - cere - ly.  
Me you slight, and him you Fa - vour.