

The Lover's CHARM.

Tell me, tell me, char - ming Fair, Why so cru - el
If re - fu - sing what was gran - ted, Be to raise my Pas -

and se - vere; Is't not you, ah! you a - lone, Is't not you,
sion high - er; Nymph be - lieve me, I ne'er wan - ted, Art for to

ah! you a lone, Se - cures my wan - dering Heart your own:
in - flame de - sire: Calm my Thoughts, se - rene my Mind,

Change, which once the most did please, Now wants the po - wer to
Still in - creas - ing was my Joy, Till La - vi - ni - a prov'd

give me ease; You've fixt me as the Cen - ture sure,
un - kind, Noth - ing could my Peace des - troy.

And you who kill a - lone can cure, And you who kill a - lone can cure.