

*A SONG on a Ladies Drinking.*

Whilst Phil - lis is \_\_\_\_\_ Drin - king, Love and Wine in al -

- li - ance, With For - ces U - ni - ted, bids

re - sist - less de - fi - ance; Each touch of her Lip, makes Wine

spark - le \_\_\_\_\_ High - er, And her Eyes by her

Drin - king, re - dou - ble the Fi - re: Her Cheeks grow the

brigh - ter, re - cruit - ing their Co - lour, As Flo - wers by

sprin - kling re - vive with fresh O - dour; Each Dart dipt in

Wine, Love wounds beyond cu - ring, And the Li - quor like

Oil makes the flame more en - du - ring.