

*A SONG. Set by Mr. PHILL. HART.*



Tho' I love and she knows it, she cares not, She re-gards not my\_\_\_

Pas-sion at\_\_\_ all; But to tell me she\_\_\_

hates me she spares\_\_\_ not, As of-ten as\_\_\_ on her I call:

'Tis her Plea-sure to see me in\_\_\_ pain, 'Tis her pain\_\_\_ to

grant my de-sire; Then if e-ver I Love her a-gain, May I

ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, may I ne-ver, be free from Love's fire.