

*A SONG. Set by Mr. Damascene.*

Who can Do - rin - da's Beau - ty view, And  
 not her Cap - tive be; A - pol - lo - Da - phne did pur -  
 sue, Em- braced the Maid, though chang'd to a Tree: If  
 God's could love at such a rate, Poor Mor - tals must a -  
 dore: Do - rin - da's Me - rit is as great; 'Tis just, 'tis  
 just to love her more.