

A SONG, Set to Musick by Mr. GRAVES.

My dear Co - rin - na give me leave, To
 gaze, to gaze on her I Love; The Gods could ne-ver, ne-ver
 yet con - ceive, Her Worth, tho' from a - bove;
 There's none on Earth can e - qua - lize, So
 sweet, so sweet a Soul as she; Who
 e - ver gains so great a Prize, Has
 all, has all that Heav'n can be.

Curse on my Fate, who plac'd me here,
 In a Sphere, a Sphere, so much below,
 My Love, my Life, my all that's dear;
 And yet she must not know:
 The torment for her I sustain,
 Shall ill, shall ill rewarded be;
 When loving, when loving, and not Lov'd again,
 Does prove, does prove, a Hell to me.