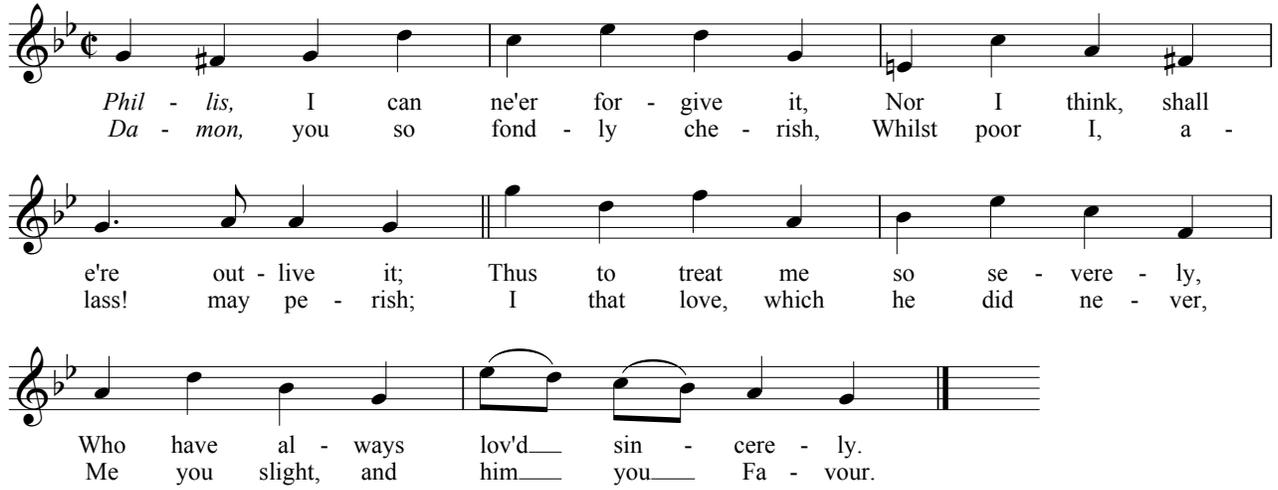


A SONG.
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



Phil - lis, I can ne'er for - give it, Nor I think, shall
Da - mon, you so fond - ly che - rish, Whilst poor I, a -

e're out - live it; Thus to treat me so se - vere - ly,
lass! may pe - rish; I that love, which he did ne - ver,

Who have al - ways lov'd sin - cere - ly.
Me you slight, and him you Fa - vour.