



Phyllis

Set by M^r Corne

know an absent Lovers Pains and bring me safely o'er the plains
 my Phyllis my Phyllis my lovely Phyllis.

Conceive what Tortures rack my mind,
 And if you'll be so just and kind,
 I'll give you certain marks to find
 My Phyllis.

When'er a Charming form you see
 Serenely Gravesedately Free,
 And mildly gape it must be she,
 'Tis Phyllis.

Not boldly bare, or half undress'd,
 But under covertlyghtly frash'd,
 In secret Plays the little Breast
 Of Phyllis.

When such a heav'nly voice you hear,
 As makes you think a Dryad near,
 Unseize her, bring home my Dear,
 'Tis Phyllis.

The nymph whose lesson void of art,
 Has ev'ry grace in ev'ry part,
 With murder'ring Eyes yet harmle's heart,
 'Tis Phyllis.

Whose Teeth are like an Ivory Horn,
 Whose skin is like of Clearest snow,
 Whose Face like nothing that's known,
 'Tis Phyllis.

But rest my soul & ble's your fate,
 The Gods who form'd a pair so neat,
 So just, exact, and so compleat,
 'Tis Phyllis.

Proud of their flit in such a flower,
 Which so exemplifies their power,
 Will guard in ev'ry dangerous hour,
 My Phyllis.