

Treble Recorder

# I saw lovely Phillis

Robert Lucas Pearsall

(1795-1856)

♩=90  
allegretto

*mf*



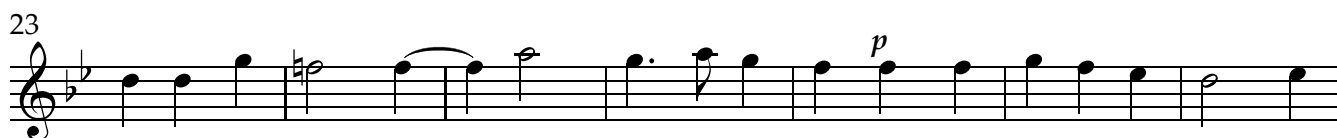
I saw love-ly Phil - lis ly-ing on li-lies, And fai-rer was she than her flow-er - y



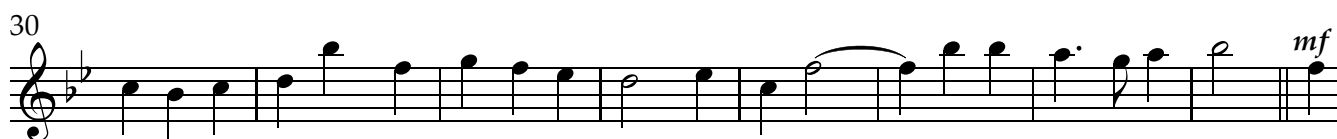
bed; But when she did spy me, O, Then \_\_\_ did she fly \_\_\_ me; Not heed ing nor



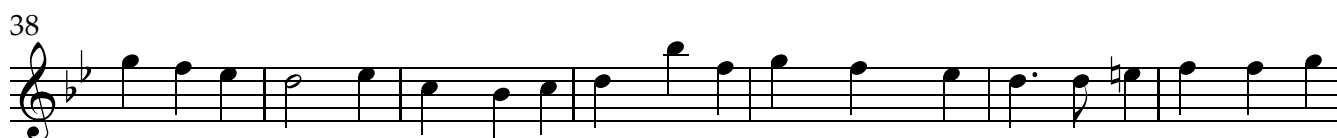
hear-ing one word that I said. Why did she fly, when I wished her to stay? It



is not well done, to \_\_\_ drive lo - vers a - way; For they'll sing fa la la la



la la la la la, they'll sing fa la la la la la \_\_\_ la la la la la la. And



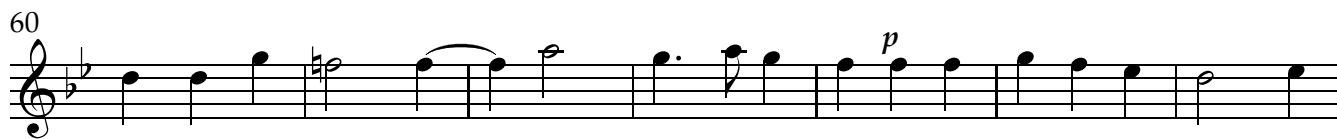
when I next meet her, how shall I greet her? If she should come smi-ling-ly for-ward to



me, No, no I will spite her: I'll shun \_\_\_ her and slight \_\_\_ her, And cold and un-



feel-ing as mar-ble I'll be. What do I care, e'en though she des pair? Her



hands let her wring, I \_\_\_ will mer - ri-ly sing; I will sing fa la la la



la la la la la, I'll sing fa la la la la la \_\_\_ la la la la la la.