

## False Phillis [fɔls 'fɪl.ɪs]

Text from an Old English Air [Br]

Arranged by *Henry Lane Wilson* (1871–1915) [Br]

**Exact**    **to**    **appointment**    **I**    **went**    **to**    **the**    **grove,**  
[ɪg.'zækt    tu    ə.'pɔɪnt.mənt    ʔa:ɪ    wɛnt    tu    ðə    gro:ʊv]

**To**    **meet**    **my**    **fair**    **Phillis,**    **and**    **tell**    **tales**    **of**    **love,**  
[tu    mit    ma:ɪ    fɛə    'fɪl.ɪs    ænd    tɛl    te:ɪlz    əv    lʌv]

But judge of my anguish, my rage and despair,  
When I found on arrival no Phillis was there.

I waited a while, which increased but my rage,  
With lovers you know every moment's an age,  
I sighed and I cried, and I looked far and near,  
But in vain was my looking, no Phillis was there!

To wait any longer I thought was in vain,  
So I trudged o'er the fields to my cottage again;  
When Oh! to my grief, in a grove that was near,  
I beheld the false Phillis with Damon was there.

I glowed with resentment, and proudly passed by,  
When sweet as the morning, young Kate caught my eye;  
I told her my story, she banished my care;  
Bade me go to the grove, she would surely be there.

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The entire text to this title with the complete  
IPA transcription is available for download.

*Thank you!*

