

Phillis Has Such Charming Graces

Text by an anonymous poet [Br]

Set by *Anthony Young* (1683–1747) [Br], as arranged by *Henry Lane Wilson* (1871–1915)

Phillis **has** **such** **charming** **graces,**
[ˈfɪ.lɪs hæz sʌtʃ ˈtʃɑːmɪŋ ˈɡreɪs.ɪz]

Beauty triumphs in her eye;
If not for me her caresses,
I must love her though I die.
Phillis has such charming graces,
For her smile I pine and sigh.

Lovely Phillis thou fair destroyer,
Ease my troubled lovesick mind,
Smile upon a hopeless lover,
Cease to charm or else be kind.
Phillis has such charming graces,
I must love her though I die.

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

Thank you!

