

AIR LV. Ianthe the lovely

John Gay

John Christopher Pepusch

When he holds up his hand ar - rain'd for his life, O think of your daugh - ter, and

4

think I'm his wife! What are can - nons or bombs, or clash - ing of swords? For

7

death is more cer - tain by wit - ness - es words. Then nail up their lips; that dread

10

thun - der al - lay; And each month of my life, And each

12

month of my Life will here - af - ter be May.