

If music be the food of love

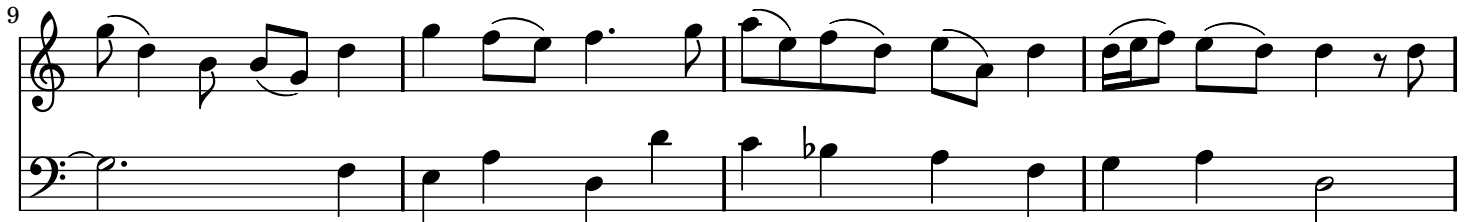
Henry Purcell
Z379b



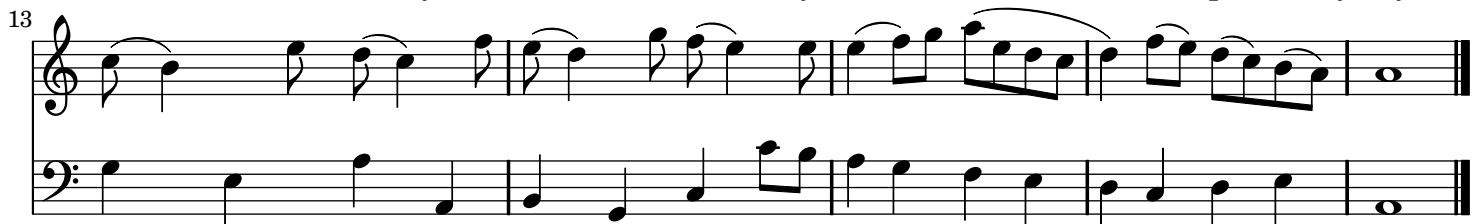
If Mu - sick be the food of Love, Sing on, sing on, sing on, sing on till
Pleasures in vade both Eye and Ear, So fierce So fierce So fierce So fierce the



I am fill'd, am fill'd with Joy; For then my list-ning Soul you move, For
tra_ nsports are, they would And all my Senses fea sted are And all my Senses



then my list-ning Soul you move, with plea-sures that can ne - ver cloy; Your
fea sted are Tho' yet the Treat is only Sound Sure I must perish by your



eyes, your meen, your Tongue de-clare, that you are Mu - sick e - v'ry where.
Charmes Unless you sa - ve me in your Armes.