

Step h

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This was the last Song that Mr. Purcell Sett, it being in his Sicknes.

F Rom Rasie Bow'r's where Sleep's the God of Love, hither, hither ye little waiting

Cupids fly, fl — y, fl — y hither ye little waiting Cu — pids fly;

teach me, teach me in soft Me — jodious Songs, to move with ten — der, ten — der

Passion, my Heart's, my Heart's dar — ling Joy: Ah! let the Soul of Musick Tune my

Voice, to Win dear Strepbon, ah! ah! let the Soul of Musick Tune my Voice to

Win dear Strepbon, dear, dear, dear Strepbon who my Soul en — joys. Or if more

in-flu-encing is to be brisk and Ai-ry, with a Step and a Bound, and a Frisk from the

Ground, I will Trip like a-ny Fairy; As once on I-da Dancing, were three Ce-lestial Bodies,

with an Air, and a Face, and a Shape, and a Grace, let me Charm like Beauty's Goddess; with an

Air, and a Face, and a Shape, and a Grace let me Charm like Beauty's Goddess. Ah! ah!

Slow.

'tis in vain, 'tis all, 'tis all, all in Vain, Death and De-spair must end the Fa-tal

pain; cold Despair, cold, cold, De-spair disgui'd like Snow and Rain, falls, falls, falls

on my Breast, Bleak Winds in Tempests Blow — w, in Tempests Blow — w,

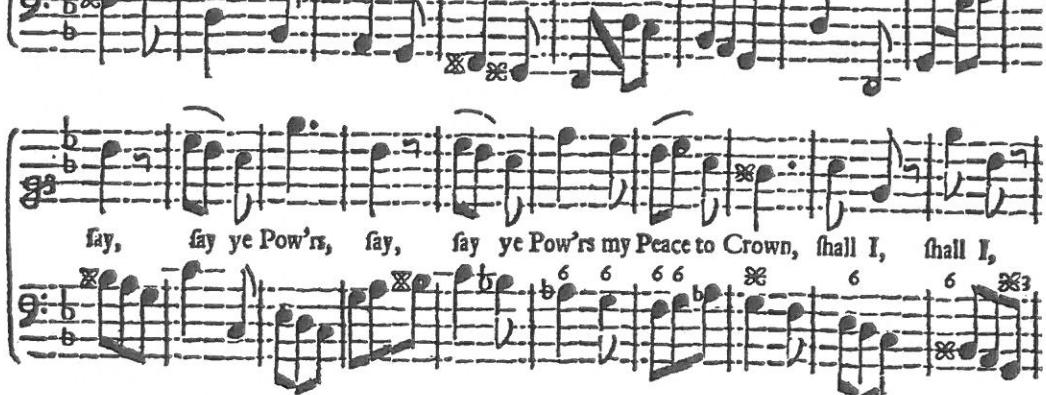
my Veins all Shiver, and my Fingers Glow, my Pulse beats a Dead, Dead March; my

Pulse beats a Dead, Dead March for lost re-pose, and to a so-lid lump of Ice, my

poor, poor fond Heart is froze.

Or, say ye Pow'rs, say, say ye Pow'rs my Peace to Crown, shall I, shall I, shall I

Thaw my self or drown? shall I, shall I, shall I Thaw my self or drown? ■





no, no pow'r to Charm; Love has no pow'r, no, no, no, no, no, Love has no pow'r, no,

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no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no pow'r to Charm: Wild thro' the Woods I'll fl—

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y, Wil—d thro' the Woods I'll fl—y, Robes, Locks shall



thus, thus, thus, thus be tore; a Thousand, thousand deaths I'll dye, a thousand,

6



thousand deaths I'll dye, e're thus, thus in vain, e're thus, thus in vain, thus in

6



vain a-dore.

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