

Steph

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

Rom Rofe Bow's where Sleep's the God of Love, hither, hither ye little waiting

Cupids fly, fi—y, fi—y hither ye lit-tle waiting Cu—pids fly;

teach me, teach me in foft Me—lodious 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 Strephon, ah! ah! let the Soul of Muſick Tune my Voice to

Win dear Strephon, dear, dear, dear Strephon 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 Goddeffs; with an

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

'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 disguis'd like Snow and Rain, falls, falls, falls

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

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

Pulse beats a Dead, Dead March for lost repose, 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?

— mongst the foaming Billows in-creasing, all with Tears I shed on Beds of Ooze, and

Chrystal Pillows, lay down, down, down, lay down, down, down my Love-sick Head;

say, 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?

Quick

No, no, no, no, no, I'lle fraight run Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, that soon, that soon my Heart will

warm, when once the Senfe is fled, is fled, Love, Love, has no pow'r, no, no, no,



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

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

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,

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

vain a—dore.  
43