

If music be the food of love (Cm) Henry Purcell

Slow

If mu- sic, if mu- sic be the food of love, Sing on, sing
lively

on, sing on, sing on, sing, sing

on, till I am fill'd with joy, till I am

fill'd with joy; For then my list- ning soul you move,

15

for then my list- 'ning soul you move, you move To plea-

poco accel.

sures that can ne- ver, ne- ver cloy; Your eyes, your

faster

BIII - - - - -

20 mien, your tongue de- clare That you are mu-

25 sic e- v'ry- where, Your eyes, your mien, your tongue de-

clare That you are mu- sic e- v'ry- where.

35

Plea- sures in- vade both eye and ear, plea- sures in-

40

vade both eye and ear, So fierce,

poco accel.

45

BI so fierce the

50

trans- ports are, they wound, so

55

fierce the trans- ports are, they wound; And all my sen- ses

poco accel.

60

molto rit.

65

feast- ed are, and all my sen- ses feast- ed are, Tho' yet the

BIII - - BIII

70

treat is on- ly sound, tho' yet the treat is on- ly

BIII BIII

80

sound, sound, sound, sound, sound, sound, is on- ly sound;

85

Sure I must pe- rish, I must, I must pe- rish by your charms,

90

Un- less you save me in your arms.

rit