

18. Ruin'd ere the set of sun

Henry Purcell

Ru- in'd ere the set of sun, tell us, tell us, how shall this be done? The Tro- jan

prince you know is bound by Fate to seek I- tal- ian ground. The queen and he are now in chase.

Hark, hark the cry comes on a- pace. But when they've

done, my trus- ty elf, In form of Mer- cu- ry him- self, as sent from Jove, shall chide his stay, and

charge him sail to- night with all his fleet a- way.