

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

1 If mu- sic, if mu- sic be the food of love, Sing on, sing
 on, sing on, sing on, sing, sing
 on, till I am fill'd with joy,
 fill'd with joy; For then my list- ning soul you move,
 for then my list- 'ning soul you move, you move To plea-

sures that can ne- ver, ne- ver cloy; Your eyes, your
 20
 mien, your tongue de- clare That you are
 sic e- v'ry-
 where, Your eyes, your mien, your tongue de-
 clare That you are fm- sic e- v'ry-
 25

[30]

where.

Plea-sures in-vade both eye and ear,

plea-sures in-vade both eye and ear, *Se* fierree,

so fierce

the trans-portsare, they

wound, so fierce the trans-ports

are, they wound; And all my sen-ses feast-ed are,

and all my sen-ses feast-ed

70

are, Tho' yet the treat is on-^{ly} sound, tho' yet the treat is
 era f r e a e r a a d r a a

a

75

on-^{ly} sound, sound, sound, sound, sound,
 r a a a r e e a a a a a a a a

a

80

sound, is on-^{ly} sound; Sure I must pe-^rish, I must, I must
 r a a a r e e a a a a a a a a

a b

85

pe-^rish by your charms, Un-^less you save
 r d r e r a d r e a b a e r

b

90

me in your arms.
 a d r f e a a a a a a

5 a