STRIPT OF THEIR GREEN.

Words by
PETER MOTTEUX.

HENRY PURCELL.
1692

Rather slow.

Stript of their green our_ Groves ap pear, our vales lie_ buried_

cresc.

deep in_ snow, the blowing North controls the_

cresc.

Air, a nipping cold chills all below.

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The Frost has glaz'd our deepest streams, Phoebus with draws his kindly beams, Phoebus with draws his kindly beams.
Yet Winter, blest be thy return, thou'st brought the Swain for whom I us'd to mourn.
Yet And in thy
Ice with plea.
sing flames we
burn and in thy Ice with plea.
Tempo I.

Too soon the Sun's reviving heat will thaw thy ice and melt thy Snow; Trumpets will sound and Drums will beat, and tell me the dear, dear Youth must go; Too go; Then
must my weak unwilling Arms resign him

cresc.    dim.
up.       to stronger Charms, resign him

cresc.    dim.
up.       to stronger Charms.

Rather quick.

What Flowers, what sweets, what beautiful thing When Damon's