IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE.

Words by COL. HEVENINGHAM.

HENRY PURCELL.

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If Music be the food of Love, sing on, sing on, sing

don, sing on, till I am fill'd, am fill'd with Joy: For

then my list'ning Soul you move, for then my list'ning.
Soul you move to pleasures that can never cloy. Your

Eyes, your Mien, your Tongue declare that you are Mu-

sic ev'ry where; Your Eyes, your Mien, your

Tongue declare that you are Mu-

sic ev'ry where.
Pleasures invade both eye and ear so fierce, so fierce, so fierce, so fierce, the transports are, they wound, and all my senses feasted are, and all my senses feasted are, tho' yet the Treat is
only sound. Sing on, fair Nymph, enchant me still; Such

charms may wound, they cannot kill;

Sing on, fair Nymph, enchant me still, such

charms may wound, they cannot kill.