

If music be the food of love

Original en sol mineur

Henri Purcell (1659-1695)

Song

If mu - sic be the
Plea - sure n - vade both -

Piano

$\text{♩} = 76$

Song

food of love, sing on, sing on, sing on, sing on till I am fill'd am
eye and ear, so fierce so fierce, so fierce so fierce the trans ports.

Song

fill'd with joy. For then my list'ning soul you move, for
are they wound. And all my senses feasted are, and

Song

then — my list' - ning — soul — you — move to plea - sures — that — can
all — my sen - ses — fea - ted — are, tho' yet — the — treat - is

Song

ne - ver — cloy. Your eyes, your mien, your tongue, de - clare that you are mu -
on - ly — sound. Sure I must pe - rish by your charms un - less you save —

Song

— sic — ev' - ry — where. Your eyes, — your mien, your
me — in your — arms. Sure I — must pe - rish

Song

tongue de clare - that you — are mu - - sic — ev - 'ry — where.
by — your charms un - less — you save — — me — in — your — arms.