If music be the food of love

Henry Heveningham (1651-1700)

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Soprano

1. If music be the food of love, Sing
2. Pleasures invade both eye and ear, So

Alto

1. If music be the food of love,
2. Pleasures invade both eye and ear,

Tenor

1. If music be the food of love, Sing
2. Pleasures invade both eye and ear, So

Bajo

1. If music be the food of love, Sing
2. Pleasures invade both eye and ear, So

on, sing on, sing on, sing on till I am fill’d, am fierce, so fierce, so fierce, so fierce the transports

Sing on, sing on, sing on till I am fill’d, am fierce, so fierce, so fierce, so fierce the transports are, so

love, Sing on, sing on, sing on till I am fill’d, am fierce, so fierce, so fierce, so fierce the transports are, so

fill’d with joy; For then my list’ning soul you move, for

are they wound, And all my senses feast’d are, and

fill’d with joy; My list’ning soul you move, for

fierce they wound, My senses feast’d are, and

fill’d with joy; For then my list’ning soul you move, for

fierce they wound, And all my senses feast’d are, and

fill’d with joy; For then my soul you move, for

fierce they wound, My senses feast’d are, my

Edited by Nancho Alvarez

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If music be the food of love

Purcell

then my list'ning soul you move With pleasures that can
all my senses feast ed are, Tho' yet the treat is

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all my senses feast ed are, Tho' yet the treat is

then my soul you move With pleasures that can
senses feasted are, Tho' yet the treat is

never cloy, Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare That
only sound. Sure I must perish by your charms, Un

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only sound. Sure I must perish by your charms, Un

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you are music ev'ry where, your where.

you are music ev'ry where, your where.

That you are music ev'ry where, your where. Un les you save me in your arms, Sure arms.

you are music ev'ry where, your where.

you are music ev'ry where, your where.

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