If music be the food of love, Purcell

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

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2. Pleasures invade both eye and ear, So fierce, so fierce, so,
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on, sing on till I am fill’d, am fill’d with joy; For then my list’ning
fierce, so fierce the trans-ports are, they wound, And all my sen-ses

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so fierce the trans-ports are, so fierce they wound, My sen-ses
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soul you move, for then my list'ning soul you move With pleasures that can
feast-ed are, and all my senses feast-ed are, Tho' yet the treat is

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

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