

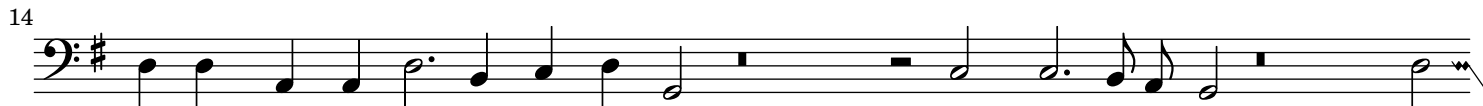
Bassus



Ye that do live in plea-sures plen - ty, Ye that do live in



7 plea-sures plenty, in plenty, And dwell in music's sweetest airs, And dwell in



14 music's sweetest airs, in sweetest airs; Whose eyes are quick, whose



24 ears are dain - ty, Not clogged with earth, Not clogged with



37 earth, with earth or world - ly cares; Come sing this song, made in Amphi on's



47 praise, Who now is dead, Who now is dead; yet you his



59 fame can raise. Call him again, let him not die, But live in music's sweet-est breath;



65 Place him in fair-est me-mo-ry, And let him tri-umph o - ver death, And let him tri -



71 - umph o-ver death. O sweet - ly sing! his liv-ing wish attend ye: These



81 were his words, "The mirth of Heav'n God send ye, God send ye."