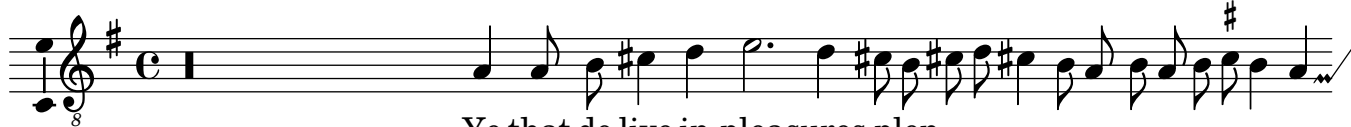


Tenor



Ye that do live in pleasures plen - - -



ty, And dwell in music's sweetest airs, in sweetest airs, And dwell in mu - sic's sweetest



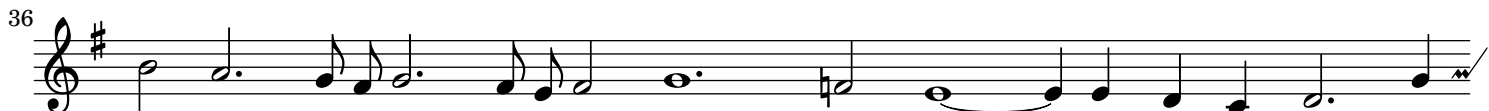
airs; And dwell in mu-sic's sweetest airs, in sweetest airs, Whose eyes are



quick, whose ears are dain-ty, whose ears¹ are dain-ty, Not clogged with



earth, or world - ly cares, or world - ly cares, Not clogged with



earth, or world - ly cares, with earth or world-ly cares; Come



sing this song, this song, made in Amphion's praise, Who now is dead, Who



now is dead, Who now is dead; yet you his fame can raise. Call him a-



gain, let him not die, But live in mu-sic's sweet-est breath; Place him in fair-est me-mo-



ry, And let him tri-umph o - ver death, And let him tri - umph o-ver death.



O sweet - ly sing! his wish, his living wish, his liv-ing wish attend



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