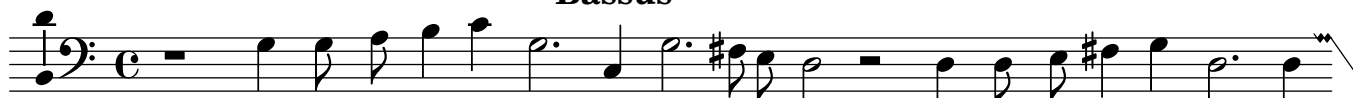


Bassus



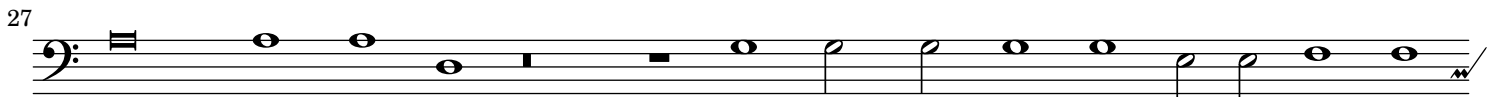
Ye that do live in pleasures plen - ty, Ye that do live in pleasures



plenty, in plenty, And dwell in music's sweetest airs, And dwell in music's sweetest



airs, in sweetest airs; Whose eyes are quick, whose ears are dain - ty,



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



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



Who now is dead; yet you his fame can raise. Call him again, let him not die, But



live in music's sweetest breath; Place him in fairest memory, And let him triumph o - ver



death, And let him tri - umph o-ver death. O sweet - ly sing! his living wish attend



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