

If music be the food of love

ton original

Musique d'Henry Purcell Z. 379 A (1659-1695) composée en 1691 sur un texte d'Henry Heveningham.

If mu sic be the food of love, Sing on, sing on, sing
Plea sures in vade both eye and ear, So fierce, so fierce, so

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal line begins with a repeat sign and a fermata over the first measure. The lyrics are aligned with the notes of the vocal line.

on, sing on till I am fill'd, am fill'd with joy; fill'd with joy; For
fierce, so fierce, so fierce the transports are they wound; are they wound; And

The second system continues the musical score. It includes a measure rest of 5 measures (marked with a '5' in a box) at the beginning of the vocal line. The vocal line has first and second endings marked with '1.' and '2.' respectively. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

then my list'ning soul you move, for then my list'ning soul you move To
all my sen ses feast ed are, and all my sen ses feast ted are tho'

The third system concludes the musical score. It starts with a measure rest of 10 measures (marked with a '10' in a box) in the vocal line. The vocal line ends with a fermata. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout the system.

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plea - sures - that - can ne - ver - cloy; Your eyes, your mien, your tongue de - clare That
yet - the - treat - is on - ly - sound; Sure I must pe - rish by your charms un -

you are mu - sic - e - v'ry - where; Your eyes, your mien, your
- less you save me - in your - arms; Sure I must pe - rish

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tongue de - clare That you are mu - sic - e - v'ry - where.
by your charms Un - less you save me - in your - arms.

Da Capo

If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
With pleasures that can never cloy,
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
So fierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are,
Tho' yet the treat is only sound.
Sure I must perish by our charms,
Unless you save me in your arms.

Si la musique est la nourriture de l'amour,
Chante jusqu'à ce que je sois plein de joie.
Car alors tu émeus mon âme attentive
Par des plaisirs qui ne peuvent jamais être rassasiés.
Tes yeux, ta mine, ta langue déclarent
Que tu es la musique partout.

Les plaisirs envahissent et l'œil et l'oreille,
Les transports en sont si violents qu'ils blessent,
Et tous mes sens se délectent,
Bien que le plaisir soit seulement sonore,
Sûrement je vais mourir par tes charmes,
À moins que tu ne me sauves dans tes bras.

