

If music be the food of love

transposé une 4te ↓

Extrait de Oedipus (1692 ?) d'Henry Purcell (1659-1695) sur un livret de John Dryden.

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

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, also in Bb and C. The lyrics are written below 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 trans-ports 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) and a first ending (marked with a '1' in a box) and a second ending (marked with a '2' in a box). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

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 continues the musical score. It includes a measure rest of 10 measures (marked with a '10' in a box). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

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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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Da Capo

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

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.

