

If music be the food of love

transposé une 3^e min ↓

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 — suresin vade — both — eye, — and — ear, So fierce, so fierce, so

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

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'

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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.

