

Music for a while

ton original

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

Mu - sic

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G minor, starting with a whole rest followed by a half note G. The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes.

Mu — sic for — a — while Shall all your — cares be guile — shall all all,

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "Mu — sic for — a — while Shall all your — cares be guile — shall all all,". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

all shall all, all all — shall all — your — cares be guile — Won —

The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "all shall all, all all — shall all — your — cares be guile — Won —". A box containing the number "10" is placed above the vocal line at the start of the third measure. The piano accompaniment continues.

— d'ring won — d'ringhow your pains — were eas'd, — eas'd, —

The fourth system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "— d'ring won — d'ringhow your pains — were eas'd, — eas'd, —". The piano accompaniment continues.

15

eas'd — And dis dain - ing - to be pleas'd Till A lec — to free — the —

dead till A lec — to — free — the — dead From their e ter —

20

— nal e ter — nal — bands,

25

Till the snakes drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop

from — her — head, And the whip and the whip — from — out her — hands

30
Mu sic, mu — sic for — a — while Shall all your — cares be

guile — shall all, all, all, shall all all all — shall all — your — cares be —

35
guile all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, shall all your — cares be — guile.

Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile.
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd
And disdain'g to be pleas'd
Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands,
Till the snakes drop from her head,
And the whip from out her hands.

La musique un moment,
Trompera tous vos tourments.
Vous vous étonnerez de voir vos peines soulagées,
Et ne daignerez être satisfaits,
Jusqu'à ce qu'Alecto libère les morts
De leurs liens éternels ;
Jusqu'à ce que les serpents tombent de sa tête,
Et le fouet de ses mains.

