

She loves and she confesses too

A SONG upon a Ground

Mr. Henry Purcell

She loves, and she con - fes - ses — too, there's then — at last no more to

9

do; the hap - py Work's en - tire - ly done, en - ter the Town_ which thou hast

17

won: The fruits of Con-quest now, now, now be - gin, I - o, Tri - - - ump en - ters

25

in. What's this, ye Gods! what can_ it_ be! re-

33

mains there still an E - ne-my! Bold Ho nour stands up in the Gate, and would yet_ ca -

41

pi - tu - late. Have I o'er come all real_ Foes, and shall this Phan - tome me op -

49

pose? Noi - sy no-thing stalk-ing Shade, by what

57

Witch-craft wert thou made, thou emp - ty cause of so - lid Harms?

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But I shall find out Coun - ter Charms, thy Ai - ry De - vil-ship to re -

73

move, from this Cir - cle here of Love: Sure I shall

81

rid my - self of thee, by the Night's ob - scu - ri - ty, and ob - scu - rer se - cre - cy.

89

Un - like to ev' - ry o - ther Spright, thou at - tempt'st not Men to af -

97

fright, nor ap - pear'st, nor ap - pear'st, but in the Light.