

# What hope for us remains

On the Death of his Worthy Friend Mr. MATTHEW LOCKE,  
MUSICK Composer in Ordinary to His Majesty,  
And Organist of Her Majesties Chappel, who Dyed in August, 1677.

Mr. Henry Purcell

What hope for us re-mains now he is gone? he that knew all the pow'r of Num-bers

4  
flow'n; a-las! too soon; Ev'n he, whose skill-ful Har-mo-ny had Charms for all the Ills that we in-dure, and

8  
could ap-ply a cer-tain Cure; From point-ed Griefs he'd take the pain a-way, ev'n Ill

12  
Na-ture did his Lyre o-bey, and in kind thoughts, his Art-ful hand re-pay: His Lays to An-ger,

16  
and to War could move, then calm the Tem pest they had rais'd with Love, And with soft Sounds to

20  
gen-tle thoughts in-cline, no Pas-sion reign'd, where he did not com-bine: He

23  
knew such Mys-tick Tou-ches, that in Death, could cure the Fear, or stop the part-ing Breath; And

26

if to Dye, had been his Fear, or\_ Life his Care, he\_\_\_\_\_ with his Lyre could call, and could u -

6

29

nite his Spi-rits to the Fight, and van- quish\_Death in his own Field\_ of Night.

3

33 CHORUS

Pleas'd with some pow'r - ful\_ Hal - le - lu - jah, he, wrap'd in the Joys of his

CHORUS

39

own\_ Har - mo-nie, Sung on, Sung on, and flew up to the

44

De - i - tie; Sung on, Sung on, and flew up to the De - i - tie.