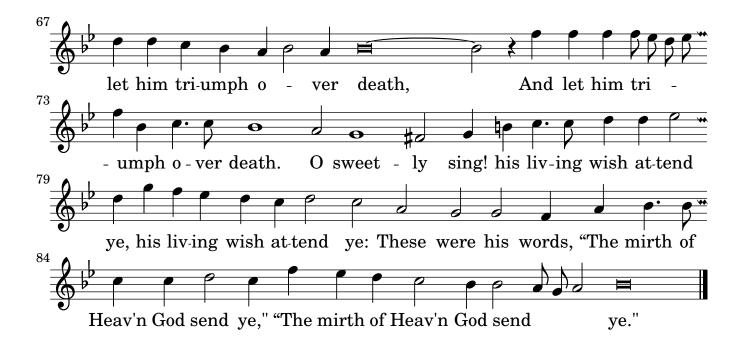


in Amphion's praise, Who now is dead;



yet you his fame can raise. Call him again, let him not die, But

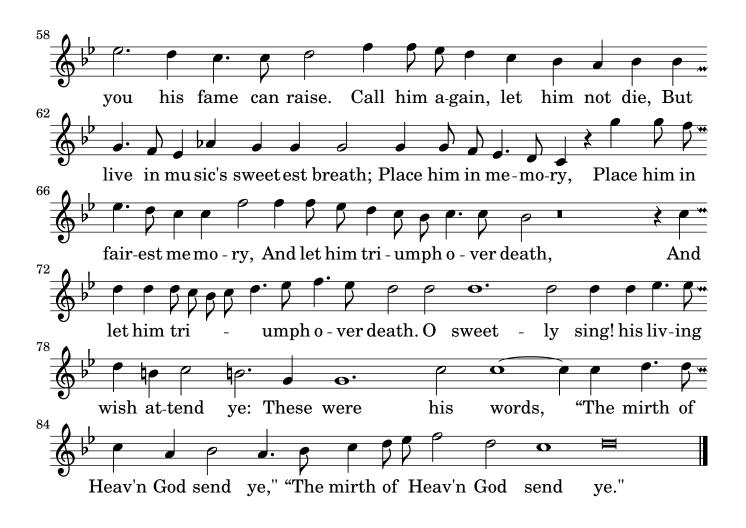
live in music's sweetest breath; Place him in fairest memory, And



€ C ↑

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty (Bb)

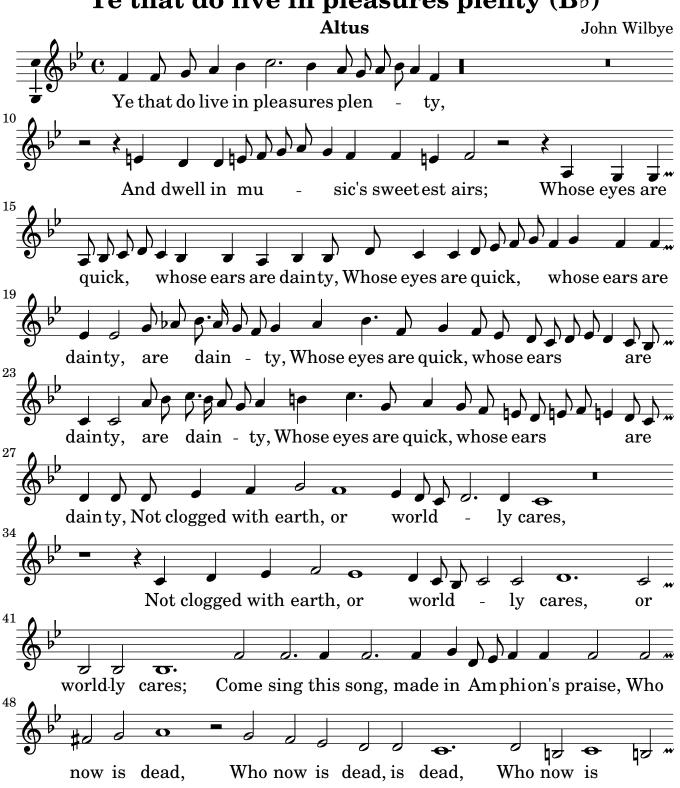


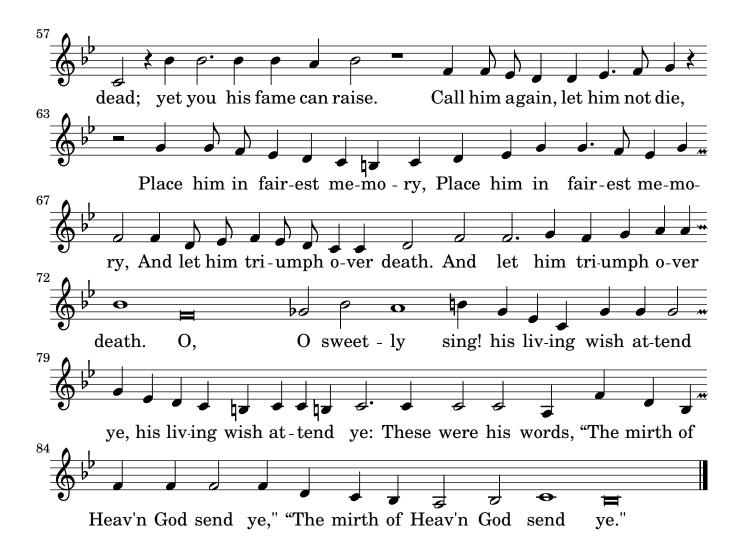


¹Eyes in source.

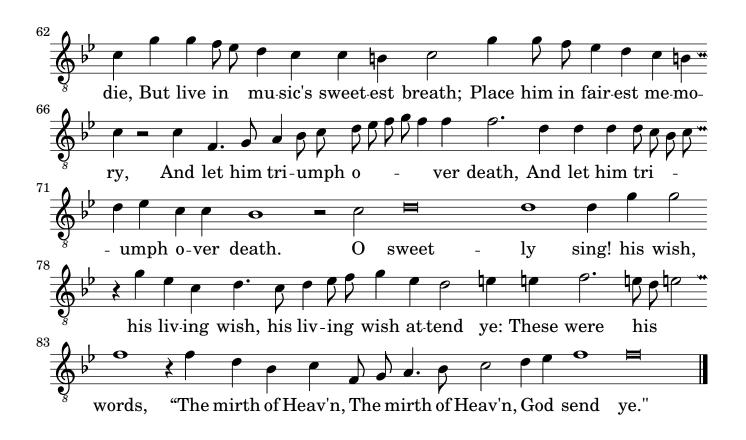
c ↓





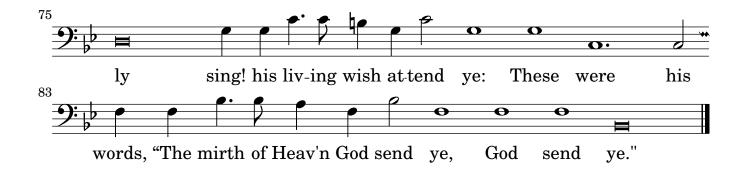






¹Eyes in source.





Ye that do live in pleasures plenty (Bb)









