Ye that do live in pleasures plenty

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, And dwell in music's sweetest airs;

Whose eyes are quick, whose ears are dainty, Whose eyes are quick, whose ears are dainty, whose ears are dainty, whose ears are dainty,

Not clogged with earth, or worldly cares,
or worldly, worldly cares; Come sing this song, made 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
let him triumph over death, And let him triumph over death. O sweetly sing! his living wish attend ye, his living wish attend ye: These were his words, “The mirth of
Heav’n God send ye,” “The mirth of Heav’n God send ye.”
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, And dwell in music's sweet-est airs, And dwell, And dwell in music's sweet-est airs; Whose eyes are quick, whose ears are dainty, whose ears are dainty, are dain-ty, Whose eyes are quick, whose ears ¹ are dainty, Not clogged with earth, or world-ly cares; Not clogged with earth, or worldly cares; Come sing this song, made 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 memory, Place him in fairest memory, And let him triumph over death, And let him triumph over death. O sweetly sing! his living wish attend ye: These were his words, “The mirth of Heav’n God send ye,” “The mirth of Heav’n God send ye.”
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty,
And dwell in music's sweetest airs; Whose eyes are quick, whose ears are dainty, Not clogged with earth, or worldly cares,

Who now is dead, is dead, Who now is
dead; yet you his fame can raise. Call him again, let him not die,
Place him in fair-est me-mo-ry, Place him in fair-est me-mo-
ry, And let him tri-umph o-ver death. And let him tri-umph o-ver
dead. O, O sweet-ly sing! his liv-ing wish at-tend
ye, his liv-ing wish at-tend ye: These were his words, “The mirth of
Heav’n God send ye,” “The mirth of Heav’n God send ye.”
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, And dwell in music's sweet-est airs, in sweet-est airs, And dwell in music's sweet-est airs, in sweet-est airs, Whose eyes are quick, whose ears are dain-ty, whose ears are dain-ty, Not clogged with earth, or world-ly cares, or world-ly cares, Not clogged with earth, or world-ly cares, with earth or world-ly cares; Come sing this song, this song, made in Amphi-on's praise, Who now is dead, Who now is dead, Who now is dead; yet you his fame can raise. Call him again, let him not
die, But live in music's sweet-est breath; Place him in fair-est me-mo-
ry, And let him tri-umph o-ver death, And let him tri -
umph o-ver death. O sweet - ly sing! his wish, his liv-ing wish, his liv-ing wish at-tend ye: These were his words, "The mirth of Heav’n, The mirth of Heav’n, God send ye."

¹Eyes in source.
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, in plenty, And dwell in music's sweetest airs,

And dwell in music's sweetest airs, in sweetest airs; Whose eyes are quick, whose ears are dainty, Not clogged with earth, Not clogged with earth, with earth or worldly cares; Come sing this song, made in Amphion's praise, Who now is dead, Who now is dead; yet you his fame can raise. Call him again, let him not die, But live in music's sweet-est breath; Place him in fairest memory, And let him triumph o-ver death, And let him triumph over death. O
sweet-ly sing! his liv-ing wish attend ye: These were his words, “The mirth of Heav’n God send ye, God send ye.”
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty,
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, Ye that do live in
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty,
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, Ye that do live in
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, And dwell in music's
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, And dwell in music's sweet-est airs, And
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, In plen-ty, And dwell in music's sweet-est airs;
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, Whose eyes are quick, whose
dwell, And dwell in music's sweetest airs;
dwell in music's sweetest airs; Whose eyes are quick, whose
sweetest airs, In sweetest airs, And dwell in music's sweet-est airs;

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty,
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, Ye that do live in
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty,
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, Ye that do live in
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, And dwell in music's
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, And dwell in music's sweet-est airs, And
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, In plen-ty, And dwell in music's sweet-est airs;
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, Whose eyes are quick, whose
dwell, And dwell in music's sweetest airs;
dwell in music's sweetest airs; Whose eyes are quick, whose
sweetest airs, In sweetest airs, And dwell in music's sweet-est airs;

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty,
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, Ye that do live in
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty,
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, Ye that do live in
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, And dwell in music's
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, And dwell in music's sweet-est airs, And
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, In plen-ty, And dwell in music's sweet-est airs;
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, Whose eyes are quick, whose
dwell, And dwell in music's sweetest airs;
dwell in music's sweetest airs; Whose eyes are quick, whose
sweetest airs, In sweetest airs, And dwell in music's sweet-est airs;

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty,
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, Ye that do live in
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty,
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, Ye that do live in
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, And dwell in music's
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, And dwell in music's sweet-est airs, And
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, In plen-ty, And dwell in music's sweet-est airs;
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, Whose eyes are quick, whose
dwell, And dwell in music's sweetest airs;
dwell in music's sweetest airs; Whose eyes are quick, whose
sweetest airs, In sweetest airs, And dwell in music's sweet-est airs;
ears are dain-ty, Whose eyes are quick, whose ears are
dain-ty, Whose eyes are quick, whose ears are dain-ty, Whose
dwells in mu-sic's sweetest airs, in sweetest airs,
sweetest airs; Whose eyes are
dainty, whose ears are dain-ty, whose
dainty, are dain-ty, Whose eyes are quick, whose ears are dain-ty, Whose
eyes are quick, whose ears are dain-ty, are dain-ty, Whose eyes are quick, whose
eyes are quick, whose ears are dain-ty, whose quick,
ears are dain-ty, Not clogged with
ears are dain-ty, Not clogged with earth, or world-ly cares,
ears' are dain-ty, Not clogged with earth, or world-ly cares, or

ty, Not clogged with earth,
earth, or
world-ly cares;
Not
clogged with earth, or
world-ly cares, Not clogged with earth, or
world-ly
cares, or world-ly cares; Come sing this song, made
clogged with earth, or
worldly cares; Come sing this song, made
cares, or world-ly cares; Come sing this song, made
cares, with earth or worldly cares; Come sing this song, this song, made
earth or world-ly cares; Come sing this song, made
in Amphion's praise, Who now
in Amphion's praise, Who now is dead;
in Amphion's praise, Who now is dead, Who now is dead, is dead,
in Amphion's praise, Who now is dead, Who now is dead, Who
in Amphion's praise, Who now is dead,
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 memory, And let him triumph over death,

now is dead; yet you his fame can raise.

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 memory, And let him triumph over death, And

gain, let him not die, But live in music's sweetest breath; Place him in memory, And let him triumph over death, And

in music's sweetest breath; Place him in memory, And let him triumph over death, And

est

in music's sweetest breath; Place him in memory, And let him triumph over death, And

Let him not die, But live in music's sweetest breath; Place him in memory, And let him triumph over death, And
And let him triumph o-ver death. O sweetly
And let him triumph o-ver death. O sweetly
let him triumph o-ver death. O, O sweetly
let him triumph o-ver death. O sweetly

sing! his liv-ing wish attend ye, his liv-ing wish attend ye: These were his
sing! his liv-ing wish attend ye: These were his words,
sing! his wish, his liv-ing wish, his liv-ing wish attend ye: These were his
sing! his liv-ing wish attend ye: These were his words, “The mirth of Heav’n God send ye,” “The mirth of Heav’n God send ye.”

words, “The mirth of Heav’n God send ye,” “The mirth of Heav’n God send ye.”
words, “The mirth of Heav’n, God send ye.”