

No more the dear lovely nymph

Words by Peter Anthony Motteux

John Blow

No more, no more the dear, no

more, no more the love-ly, love-ly, love-ly,

love-ly nymph's no more, no more; Death ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver

will the beau-teous prize re-store; Death ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver

will the beau- teous prize re- store. Too fee- ble grief, too weak, too

BIV --- a BII-----

4 e a a 1 r 3 e 4 e a 1 r 3 r 2 e 3 e

slow de- spair, Can you, can you, can you want helps to end

a a 3 d a 3 r 1 b r r r a a a a a a a a

2 r 1 r 4 e a 4 e e a a r a

the pains I bear? Ah me! ah

a a r a 1 r a 1 r a 1 r 4 e 2 r a BI BI

e a r a 1 r 1 r a 1 r 4 e 2 r a 4 e b 2 r 2 r b

a a 3 e a 3 e e 1 r 3 e a 1 r 3 e a 3 e e 2 r r a 1 r 4 e e

me! while I my Ce- lia's loss be- moan, A

BII BI BII-----

3 e 2 b 3 r 4 e r b r r r a a a

2 e 1 b 3 r 3 e r b r 3 e r a 2 r 3 d 2 r a b b

a a a 3 e r a 1 r 4 e a 2 r 4 e r

thou- sand, thou- sand, thou- sand Deaths, a thou- sand, thou- sand, thou- sand

Deaths I die in- stead of one; Tho' dead to joy, in pain I

lan- guish, I lan- guish, lan- guish still; Grief stabs my

heart, grief stabs my heart, yet has no pow'r to kill; Grief kill.