

Bacchus is a Pow'r Divine

Henry Purcell

Bac-chus is a pow'r di- vine, for he no soon-er fills my head with mighty wine, But all my cares re-sign, And droop, and droop, then sink, sink down dead. Then, then the plea-sing thoughts be-gin, And I in rich-es flow, At least I fan-cy so. And with-out thought of want I sing, I sing, Stretch'd on the earth, my head all a round with flow-ers weav'd in to a gar-land crown'd. Then, then I be-gin to live, And scorn what all the world can show or give. Let the brave fools that fond-ly think of hon-our, and de-light to make a

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noise, a noise and fight, go seek out war, whilst I seek peace, seek

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peace, whilst I seek peace seek peace and drink, whilst I seek peace, whilst I seek peace, seek peace and drink.

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Then fill my glass, fill, fill it high, Some per-haps think it fit to fall and

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die, But when the bot-tles rang'd make war with me, The fight-ing fool shall see, when I am sunk, The

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diff' rence to lie dead, and lie dead drunk; the fight-ing fool shall

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see, when I am sunk, The diff' rence to lie dead, and lie dead drunk.