

Ah, Sweetheart let us Hurry

for two equal voices (SS or TT), two instruments and basso continuo

Text: Martin Opitz (1597–1639)

Translation: Bayard Taylor (1825–1878)

Music: Christoph Dalitz (1992)

Prelude

6 4 4 #

6 5 4 # b 6 5 # 4 #

Ah, sweetheart, let us hur - ry! We still ____ have time, we still have time.

Ah, sweetheart, let us hur - ry! We still ____ have time.

6 6 # 5 4 # 6

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De - lay - ing thus, we bury, de - lay - ing thus we bu - ry our
 De - lay - ing thus, we bury, we bu - ry our

6 4 # 6 5 6 # 5

mut - - tual prime.
 mu - tual prime.

b 4 # 6b b 6 7 # 7 4 # b

2. Beauty's bright gift shall perish / As leaves grow sere;
 All that we have and cherish / Shall disappear.
3. The cheek of roses fadeth / Gray grows the head;
 And fire the eyes evadeth / And passion's dead.
4. The mouth, love's honeyed winner / Is formless, cold;
 The hand, like snow, gets thinner / And thou art old!
5. So let us taste the pleasure / That youth endears,
 Ere we are called to measure / The flying years.
6. Give, as thou lov'st and livest / Thy love to me,
 Even though, in what thou givest / My loss should be!