**If music be the food of love**

If mu-sic- be the food of love

Sing on, sing on,

sing on till I am fill’d,

am fill’d with joy;

my list’ning soul- you- move,

for then- my list’ning soul you move,

with pleasures that can never- cloy,

your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare

that you are mu---sic e-v’rywhere.

your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare

that you are mu---sic e-v’rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,

So fierce, so fierce,

So fierce the transports are,

So fierce they wound,

My senses feas-ted- are,

And all my senses feasted are,

Tho’ yet the treat is only- sound.

Sure I must perish by your charms,

Unless you sa---ve me in- your arms.

Sure I must perish by your charms,

Unless you sa---ve me in- your arms.