

# I take no pleasure in the Sun's bright Beams

Mr Henry Purcell

I Take no plea-sure in the Sun's bright Beams, nor in the Cry - stal Ri - ver's purl - ing

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Streams; but in a dark and si - lent sha - dy Grove, I sigh out woes of my neg-lect - ed Love. Come

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cru - el Fair, and Charm me, e're I go to Death's em-bra - ces in the Shades be - low: For

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tho con-demn'd and fet- ter'd, here I lye, 'till I your Sen - tence have, I can-not dye. One

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look from those dear. Eyes, and then a - dieu, to all your Cru - el - ties and Beau - ties too.