

Peter Anthony Motteux
(1663-1718)

Stript of their green

Henry Purcell
(1659-95)

Soprano *rather slow*
p Stript of their green our groves appear, Our vales lie buried

Accomp. *p*

5 *cresc.*
deep in snow; The blowing north controls the air, *p* A nip-ping

cresc. *p*

1. 10 2.
cold chills all be low. low. *p* The frost has glaz'd our deep-est

p

cresc. 15 *dim.* *cresc.*
streams, Phoebus with-draws his kindly beams, Phoebus with-draws

20 *dim.* *rather quick* 25

his kind-ly beams. *mf* Yet Win-ter, blest be thy re- turn; Thou'st

30 1. 2. *cresc.*

brought the swain for whom I us'd to mourn. Yet And in thy ice with

35 40

plea- sing flames we burn, and in thy ice with

45 50 *tempo Imo*

f plea- sing flames we burn. *p* Too

50

soon the sun's re- vi- ving heat Will thaw thy ice and melt thy snow;

55

Trum- _____ pets will sound and drums will beat, And *p* tell me the dear, dear youth must

60

go. Too go. *p* Then must my weak, _____ un- wil- ling _____ arms Re-sign him

65

up _____ to stron-ger _____ charms, re-sign him up _____

dim. 70 *rather quick*

— to stron - ger charms. *mf* What flowers, what sweets, what beaut— eous— thing When

75 80 1. 2. *cresc.*

Da— mon's gone— can ease— or— plea— sure— bring? ————— What — Win— ter brings

85 90 *cresc.*

Da— mon, Win— ter is— my— Spring; ————— Win— ter brings

95

Da— mon, *f* Win— ter is— my— Spring. —————