

In all our *Cynthia's* shining spear

A DIALOGUE.

(Z. 496)

source: *Orpheus Britannicus, Book I, 1706*

Henry Purcell

He.

In all our *Cin-thia's* shin - - - ing Spear, me - thinks the Fair-est Face is here;

5

She.

I came Sir from the World be - low, I once was
say Love - ly thing _____ what art thou?

10

mor-tall flesh and blood, and scarce my Beau-ty's bloom _____ dis-play'd, I dropt _____ a

13

ten-der Vir- gin, but I play'd the fool, I play'd the fool _____ and _____ dy'd a _____ Maid; for

16

which the Gods have sent me here, to shine, to shine a Starr in

20

She.

Cin-thia's Sphear. He. a ver-y, ver-y Maid. *He.*

So fair a Face in a World so base, yet dye a Maid; Have a

25

She. a pure, pure Maid; a pure, pure Maid; *He.* A

care what you say, are you sure you don't lye?

29

pure, pure Maid; I'll tell you why, the truth, that will plain - ly be seen, for I dy'd so ver - y