

No more the dear lovely nymph

Words by Peter Anthony Motteux

5

John Blow

No more, no more the dear, no

more, no more the love-ly, love-ly, love-ly,

love-ly nymph's no more, no more; Death ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver

will the beau-teous prize re-store; Death ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver

will the beau-teous prize re-store. Too fee-ble grief, too

weak, too slow de-spair, Can you, can you, can you want

helps to end the pains I bear? Ah

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me! ah me! while I my Ce- lia's

loss be- moan, A

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thou- sand, thou- sand, thou- sand Deaths, a thou- sand, thou- sand, thou- sand

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Deaths I die in- stead of one; Tho' dead to joy, in

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pain I lan- guish, I lan- guish, lan- guish

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still; Grief stabs my heart, grief stabs my heart, yet has

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no pow'r to kill; Grief kill.