

# No more the dear lovely nymph

Words by Peter Anthony Motteux

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

BIV - - - -

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

BII - - - - -

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

BIV - - - a BII - - - - -

spair, Can you, can you, can you want helps to end the pains I bear?

Ah me! ah me! while I my Ce-lia's loss be-

4 e 2 r a BI BI BII BI BII -----

a a a a a

moan, A thou- sand, thou- sand, thou- sand Deaths, a

a a a a a

a a

40 4 45/4

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

a a a a a a a a a a a

a a a a a a a a a a a

pain I lan- guish, I lan- guish, lan- guish still; Grief stabs my heart, grief

BIV BII BIV BII BIV BII BIV BII

a a a a a a a a a a a

a a a a a a a a a a a

55 a a

stabs my heart, yet has no pow'r to kill; Grief kill.

BII BIV BII BII

a a a a a a a a a a a

a a a a a a a a a a a