

I attempt from love's sickness to fly

ton original

Extrait de « The Indian Queen », Z 630, mask de John Dryden et Robert Howard publié en 1664.

Mis en musique en 1695 par Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

I at - tempt from love's — sick - ness to fly — in —

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are "I at - tempt from love's — sick - ness to fly — in —". The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in the vocal line and chords and moving lines in the piano accompaniment.

5
vain, Since I am my self my own fe - ver, since I am my -

The second system of the musical score begins with a measure rest marked with the number 5 in a box. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "vain, Since I am my self my own fe - ver, since I am my -". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. The key signature remains one sharp and the time signature is common time.

10
- self my own fe - ver — and — pain; no more now, no more now, fond —

Fine

The third system of the musical score begins with a measure rest marked with the number 10 in a box. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "- self my own fe - ver — and — pain; no more now, no more now, fond —". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. The key signature remains one sharp and the time signature is common time. The system ends with a double bar line and the word "Fine" above it.

15

heart, with pride no more swell, Thou canst not raise forces, thou

20

25

canst not raise forces enough to rebel; For love has more

30

pow'r, and less mercy than fate, To make us seek ruin, to

Da Capo Al Fine

make us seek ruin, and love those that hate.

I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.

No more now, fond heart, with pride no more swell,
Thou canst not raise forces enough to rebel.
I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.

For Love has more power and less mercy than fate,
To make us seek ruin and love those that hate.
I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.

J'essaie d'échapper à la maladie de l'amour en vain,
Puisque je suis moi-même ma propre fièvre et douleur.

Cher cœur, tu ne te gonfleras plus de fierté,
Tu ne peux mobiliser assez de forces pour te rebeller.
J'essaie d'échapper à la maladie de l'amour en vain,
Puisque je suis moi-même ma propre fièvre et douleur.

Car l'amour a plus de pouvoir et moins de pitié que le destin
Pour nous faire chercher la ruine et aimer ceux qui nous haïssent.
J'essaie d'échapper à la maladie de l'amour en vain,
Puisque je suis moi-même me propre fièvre et douleur.

