

# PRITHEE BEN'T SO SAD AND SERIOUS

Henry Purcell

A Catch a 3 Voices

## Voice



Prithee ben't so sad and ser'ous, nothing's got by Grief or Cares. Me-lan-



cholly's too im-per-ious; where it comes, still do-mi neers. But if Bus'ness, Love or



Sorrow that possesses thus thy mind, bid'em come a-gain to-morrow, we are now to



mirth in-clin'd. Let the Glass run \_\_\_\_\_ it's round and each good fel-low keep his



ground and if there be a-ny flinch-ers found, we'll have, we'll have his Soul new coin'd.

## Thorough Bass



## Voice and Basso Continuo

1



Pri-thee ben't so sad and ser'-ous, noth-ing's got by Grief or Cares.

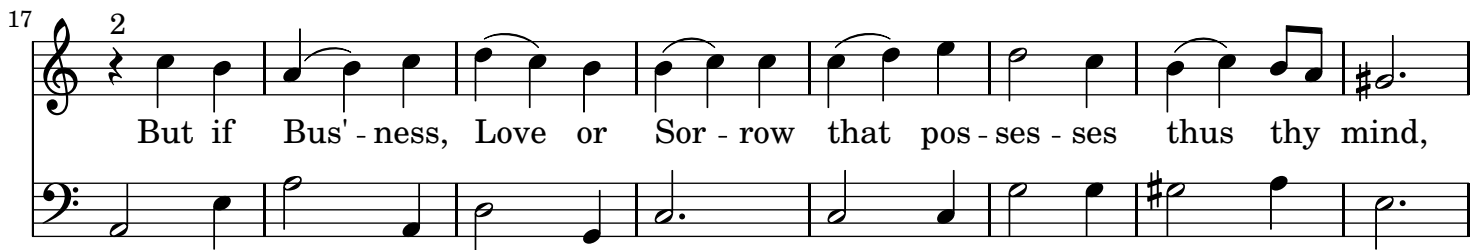
9



Me - lan - chol - ly's too im - per - ious; where it comes, still do - mi neers.

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2



But if Bus' - ness, Love or Sor - row that pos - ses - ses thus thy mind,

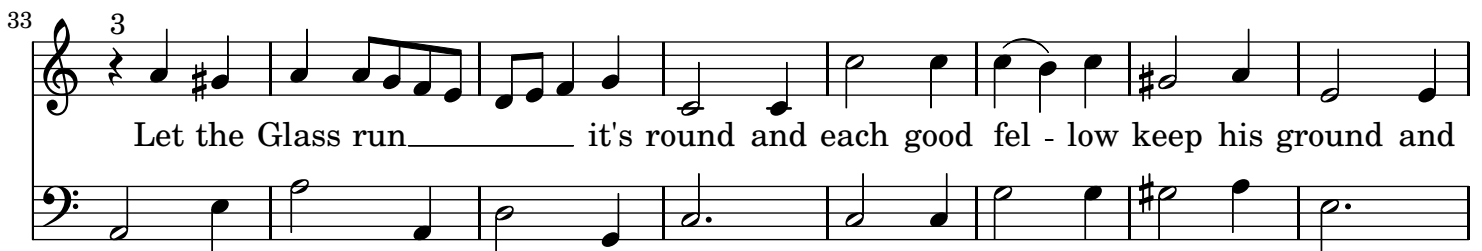
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bid 'em come a - gain to mor - row, we are now to mirth in - clin'd.

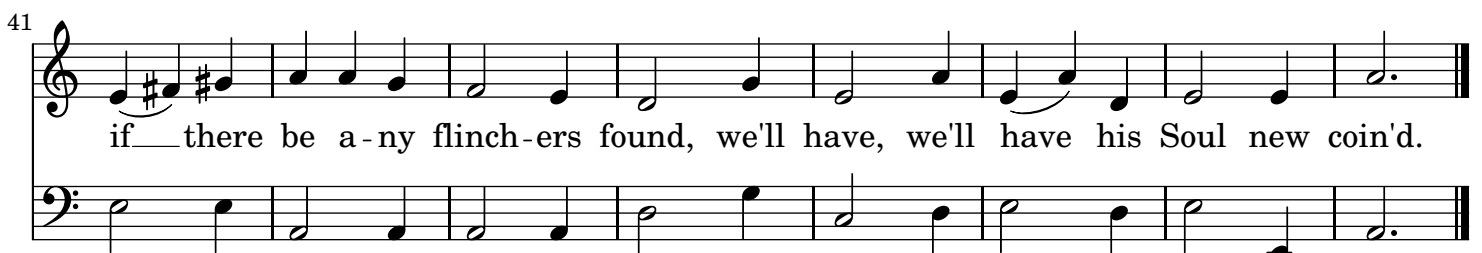
33

3



Let the Glass run \_\_\_\_\_ it's round and each good fel - low keep his ground and

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if \_\_\_\_\_ there be a - ny flinch - ers found, we'll have, we'll have his Soul new coin'd.