

I SEE SHE FLIES ME.
(AURENG-ZEBE.)

Words by
DRYDEN.

HENRY PURCELL.
1692 or 1694

Animato. *f*

I see, I see she flies me, she

flies me, I see, I see she flies me, she

flies me, flies me, she flies me ev-ry

where, she flies me ev'-ry-where: Hereyes, her eyes,— her scorn, her

scorn— discov-er, but what's— her scorn, but what's— her scorn, or

cresc.
my— despair, Since 'tis my fate, 'tis, 'tis my fate, since 'tis, 'tis my

cresc.

dim poco rit.
fate, since 'tis my fate to love her, since 'tis my fate to love her.

dim poco rit.

Rather slow.

p

Were she but kind, — kind, — were she but kind, —

p

cresc.

kind, — whom I — a-dore, I might live long — —

cresc.

er, but not love —

p

her more; were she but kind —

p

kind, — were she but kind, — kind — whom

I — a - dore, I might live long - - -

cresc.

cresc.

- - - er, live long - - - er, but

f

dim.

not love — her more.

poco rit.

dim.

poco rit.