

## O Come, O Come, My Dearest

Air from the masque *The Fall of Phaeton* (high voice)

Text by *W. Pritchard* [Br]

Set by *Thomas Augustine Arne* (1710-1778) [Br]

**O**        **come,**    **o**        **come,**    **my**        **dearest,**  
[o:ʊ      kʌm      ʔo:ʊ      kʌm      ma:ɪ      'dɪr.ɪ(ə)st]

And hither, bring thy lips adorn'd  
With all the blooming spring.

A thousand sweets their fragrant atoms blend  
Which in a gale of joy thy breath attend:  
~~Thy Love in gentle murmurs to my soul apply~~

