

Come, Let Us Drink

from *Catches, Rounds, Two-part and Three-part Songs*

Henry Purcell (1659-95)

arr. Jennifer Carpenter

A1

Come come, let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, 'tis in vain_ to think, Like__

A2

A3

6

fools, on grief or sad-ness, Let our mo-ney fly_____ And our sor rows die,___ All world-ly care is

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mad-ness. But wine, wine, wine, wine, wine, wine_____ and good cheer Will, in spite of our

Come come, let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, 'Tis in vain_ to

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fear, In-spire_____our hearts with mirth, boys; The time we live, To_ wine to_ wine let us give, Since all, since

think, Like__ fools, on grief or sad - ness, Let our mo - ney fly_____ And our sor - rows die,___ All

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all_ must turn_ to earth, boys. Hand, hand a-bout, hand, hand a-bout, hand, hand a-bout the
world-ly care is mad-ness But wine, wine, wine, wine_ and good
Come, come, let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us

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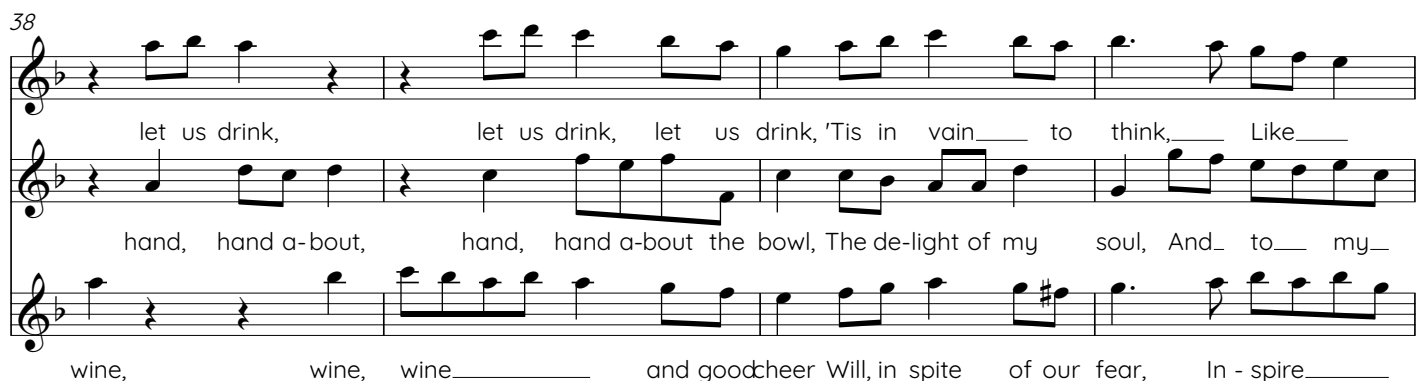
bowl, The de-light of my soul, And to_ my_ hand, to my hand com-mend it, A fig_ a_ fig_ for
cheer Will, in spite of our fear, In-spire_ our hearts with mirth, boys; The time we live, To_
drink, 'Tis in vain_ to think,_ Like_ fools, on grief or sad - ness, Let our mo - ney fly_

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chink!''Twas made to buy drink, And be-fore_ we go to hence we'll spend it. Come, come let us drink,
wine to_ wine let us give, Since all since all_ must turn_ to earth, boys. Hand, hand a-bout
_ And our sor - rows die,_ All world-ly care is mad-ness. But wine, wine,

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let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, 'Tis in vain_ to think,_ Like_
hand, hand a-bout, hand, hand a-bout the bowl, The de-light of my soul, And_ to_ my_
wine, wine, wine_ and good cheer Will, in spite of our fear, In - spire_

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fools, on grief or sad - ness, Let our mo - ney fly_____ And our sor - rows die,_____ All

hand, to my hand com mend it, A fig, a fig for chink! 'Twas made to buy drink, And be - fore_____

our hearts with mirth, boys; The time we live, To wine to wine let us give, Since all, since

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world-ly care is mad-ness. But wine, wine, wine, wine, and good
— we go, hence we'll spend it. Come, come let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us
all— must turn— to earth, boys. Hand, hand a-bout hand, hand a-bout hand, hand a-bout the

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cheer Will, in spite of our fear, In-spire our hearts with mirth, boys; The time we live To

drink, 'Tis in vain to think, Like fool on grief or sad-ness, Let our money fly

bowl, The de-light of my soul, And to my hand to my hand commend it. A fig, a fig for

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wine to wine let us give, Since all since all must turn to earth, boys.

And our sor - rows die, All world - ly care is mad-ness.

chink! 'Twas made to buy drink, And be - fore we go to hence we'll spend it.