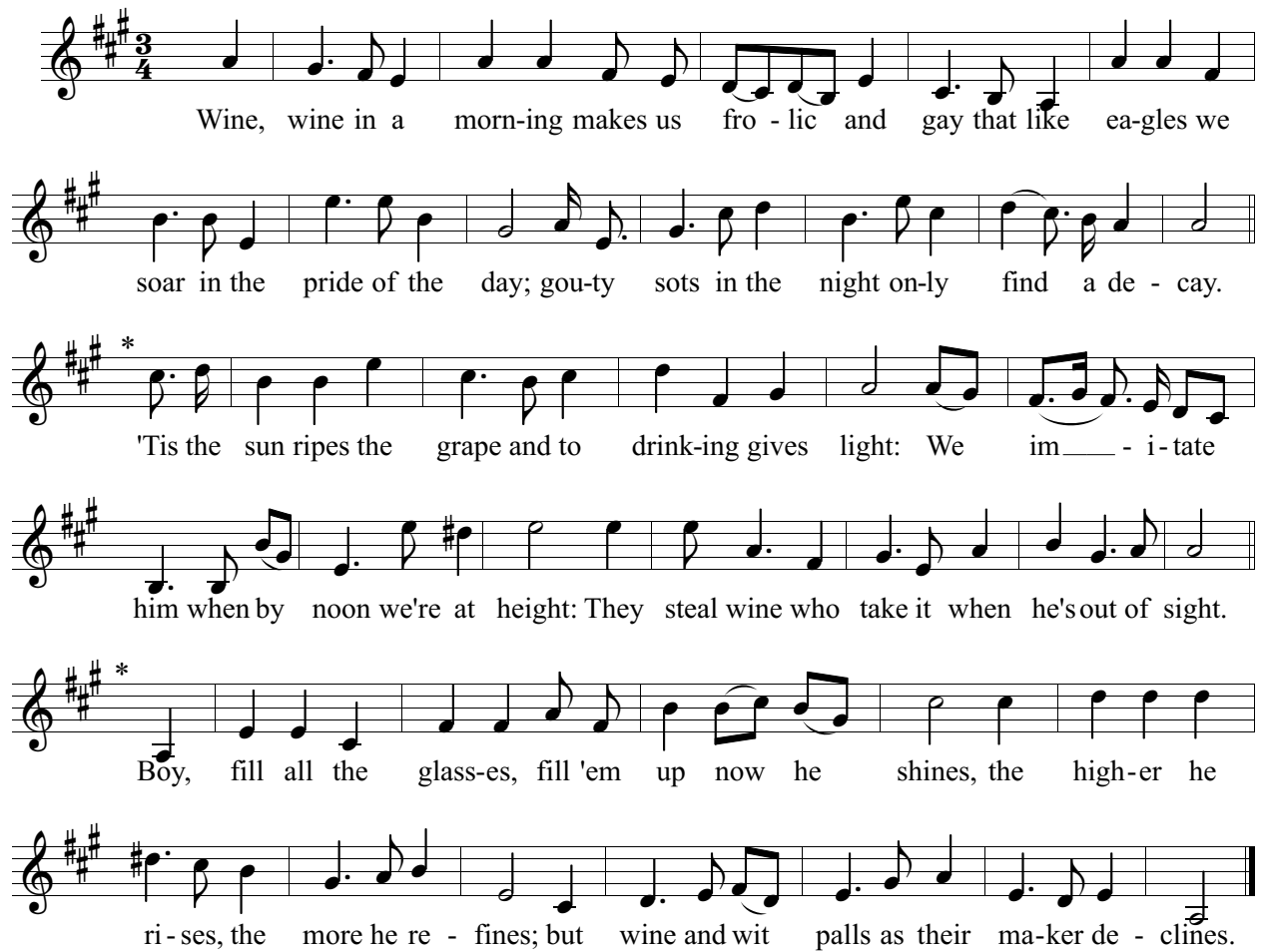


Wine in a morning

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)



Wine, wine in a morn-ing makes us fro - lic and gay that like ea-gles we
soar in the pride of the day; gou-ty sots in the night on-ly find a de - cay.
'Tis the sun ripes the grape and to drink-ing gives light: We im - i - tate
him when by noon we're at height: They steal wine who take it when he's out of sight.
Boy, fill all the glass-es, fill 'em up now he shines, the high-er he
ri - ses, the more he re - fines; but wine and wit palls as their ma-ker de - clines.