

Song: *Whilst Alexis lay pressed*
for Soprano and Piano

Justine F. Chen
Text by John Dryden

Play Gul with modest vivaceness $\text{♩} = 144$

f

Whilst A-lex-is lay pressed in the arms he loved best With his hands round her neck And his head on her breast

He found the fierce pleasure too has-ty to stay, And his soul in the tem-past just fly-ing a-way

poco a poco crescendo

Ah Ah When Ce-lia saw this with a

mf

F

16

sigh and a kiss She cried, 'Oh, - my dear, I am robbed of my bliss; 'Tis un-kind to your love and un-faith-ful-ly done, To

p *loco*

21

leave me be-hind you and die all a-lone.

decrease *pp* *F*

26

The youth in his haste, and brea-thing his last in pi-ty died slow-ly while she died more fast; Till at length she cried,

sub mp *p* *mp* *cresc.*

32 F

'Now my dear, - now go: Now die my A-lex-is and I - will die - - - - - too - - - - -

mf Crescendo F [silence] P

shimmery #:

38 (sigh) like a moan

Ah - - - - - Ah - - - - - Thus en -

p crescendo mf decrescendo

45

tranced they did lie Till A-lex-is did try-To-re-co-ver new breath, that a - - - - - gain he might die: Then of - ten they died, but the

18va

50

more they did so, The nymph died more quick and the shep-herd more

slow

p

mf

crescendo

F

p

8va