

N.2.4/1

Come, with our voices let us war (Setting 1)


BEN JONSON

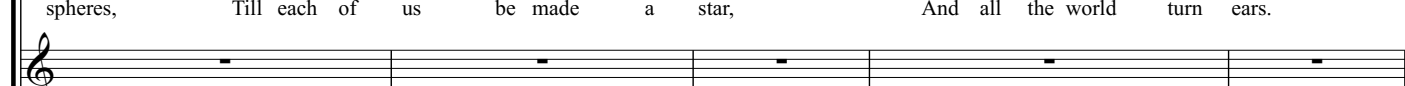
ANON.

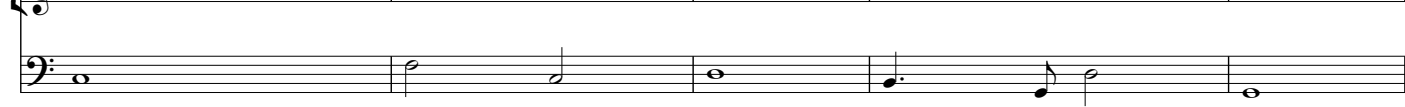
[CANTUS 1] 
Come, come, with our voi - ces let us war, And chal - lenge all the

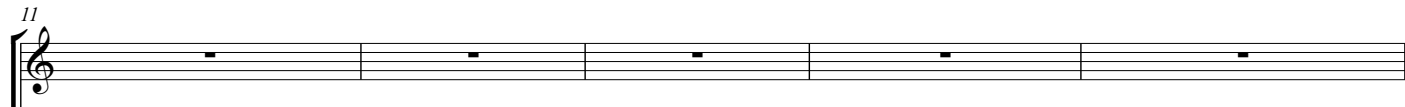
[CANTUS 2] 


[BASS] 

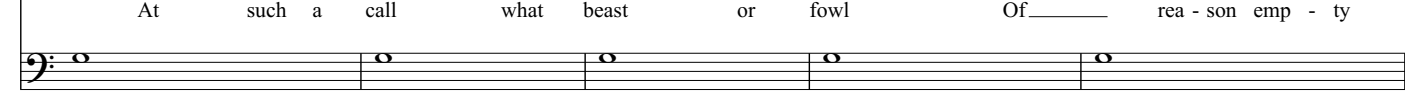
6 
spheres, Till each of us be made a star, And all the world turn ears.







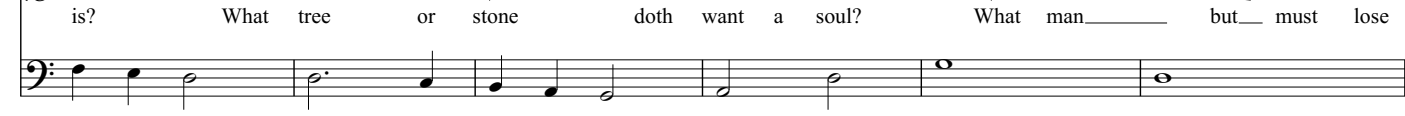
11 
At such a call what beast or fowl Of rea - son emp - ty




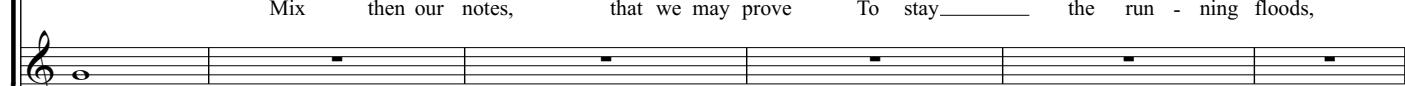


16 
is? What tree or stone doth want a soul? What man but must lose





22 
Mix then our notes, that we may prove To stay the run - ning floods, his?





28

To make the moun - tain quar - ries move, And call the walk - ing woods. What need of

33

mine? Do you but sing, Sleep and the graves will wake. No tunes are

37

They say that sweet, nor words have strings, But what those lips do make.

41

an - gels mark each deed, And ex - er - cise be - low, And out of in - ward pleas - ure feed On

46

what they view - ing know. Oh, sing not you then, lest the best, Of an - gels

51

should be driven To fall a - gain, at such a feast, Mis - tak - ing earth for heaven.

55

Let us rather both our souls be strain'd To meet their high de - sire;

59

So they in state of grace re - tain'd May wish us of their choir.

BEN JONSON Come, with our voices let us war (Setting 1)

ANON.

Come, come, ___ with our voi - ces let us war, And chal-lenge all the

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12

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8

40

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44

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3

51

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Let us rather both our souls be strain'd To meet their high de-sire;

59

So they in state of grace re-tain'd May wish ___ us of their choir.

BEN JONSON **Come, with our voices let us war (Setting 1)**

ANON.

10

At such a call what beast or fowl Of_

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want a soul? What man _____ but_ must lose his?

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What need of mine? Do you but sing, Sleep_ and the graves will

36

wake. No tunes are sweet, nor words have strings, But what those lips_

39

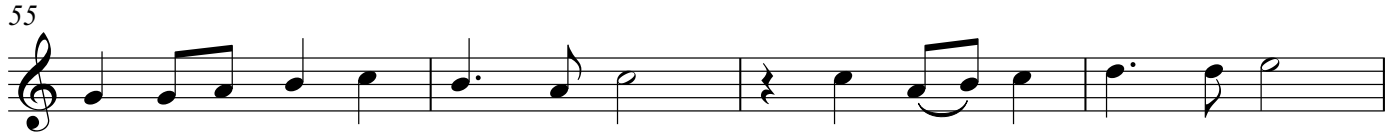
8

_ do_ make. Oh, sing not you then, lest the best, Of an-gels

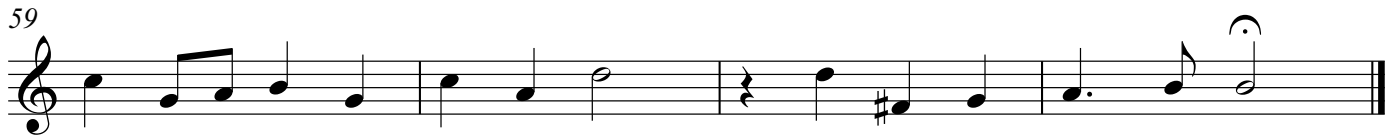
[CANTUS 2]



should be driven To fall a - gain, at such a feast, Mis-tak - ing earth for heaven.



Let us rather both our souls be strain'd To meet_ their high de-sire;

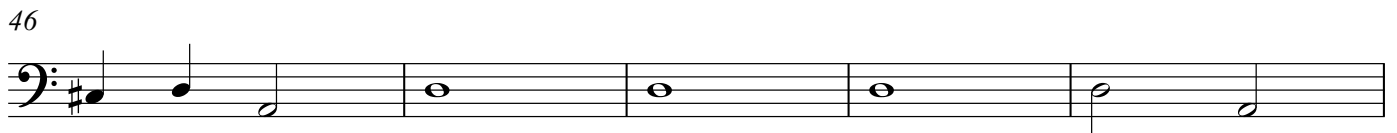
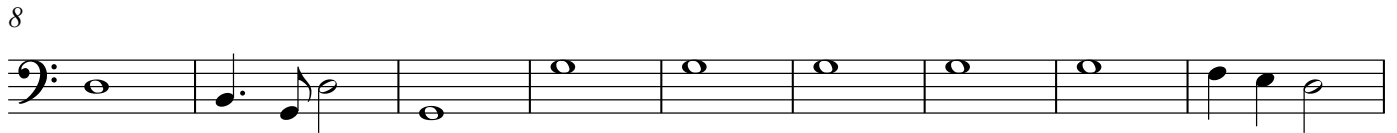


So they in state of grace re - tain'd May wish us of their choir.

[BASS]

BEN JONSON Come, with our voices let us war (Setting 1)

ANON.



[BASS]

51



55



59

