

What Shall I Do

Diocles' air from *The Prophetess: or, The History of Dioclesian* (counter-tenor)

Set by *Thomas Betterton* (1635?-1710) [Br] and *Philip Massinger* (1583-1640) [Br] after a text in English by *John Fletcher* (1579-1625) [Br]

Set by *Henry Purcell* (1658/9-1695) [Br], Z. 627, #18

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|-------------|--------------|----------|-----------|-----------|-------------|------------|-------------|----------|-------------|-------------|
| What | shall | I | do | to | show | how | much | I | love | her? |
| [ʍat | ʃæl | a:I | du | tu | ʃo:ʊ | ha:ʊ | mʌtʃ | a:I | lʌv | hɜ] |

| | | | | | | |
|------------|-------------|-----------------|-----------|--------------|------------|-----------------|
| How | many | millions | of | sighs | can | suffice? |
| [ha:ʊ | 'mɛn.i | 'mɪl.jənz | ɒv | sa:ɪs | kæn | sə.'fa:ɪs] |

That which wins other hearts, never can move her;
Those common methods of love she'll despise.

I will love more than man e'er lov'd before me,
Gaze on her all the day, and melt all the night;
'Till for her own sake, at last she'll implore me,
To love her less, to preserve our delight.

Since gods themselves could not ever be loving,
Men must have breathing recruits for new joys;
I wish my love could be always improving,
Though eager love more than sorrow destroys.

In fair Aurelia's arms leave me expiring,
To be embalm'd by the sweets of her breath;
To the last moment I'll still be desiring;
Never had hero so glorious a death.

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

