

The Plague of Love [ðʌ plə:ɪg əv lʌv]

Text by *William Whitehead* (1715-1785) [Br]

Set by *Thomas Augustine Arne* (1710-1778) [Br]; *Michael Head* (1900-1976) [Br]

Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now,
[jɛs ʔa:ɪm ɪn lʌv ʔa:ɪ fil ɪt na:ʊ]

And Celia has undone me;
[ænd 'si:ljə hæz ,ʌn.'dʌn mi]

And yet I'll swear, I can't tell how,
The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there no graces revel;
'Tis not her shape,
For there the Fates have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common;
And all her sense is only chat,
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch, might give th'alarm;
'Tis both, perhaps, or neither;
In short, 'tis that provoking charm
Of Celia all together!

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

Thank you!

