

My Lovely Celia

Text by *George Monro* (1680?-1731?) [Br]

Set by *George Monro* (1680?-1731?) [Br]

My **lovely** **Celia,** **heav'nly** **fair,**
[ma:ɪ 'lʌv.li 'si.ljə 'heɪv.n.li feɪ]

As lilies sweet, as soft as air;
No more then torment me, but be kind,
And with thy love ease my troubled mind.

O, let me gaze on your bright eyes,
Where melting beams so oft arise;
My heart's enchanted with thy charms,
O, take me, dying, to your arms.

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

Thank you!

