

# I press her hand gently

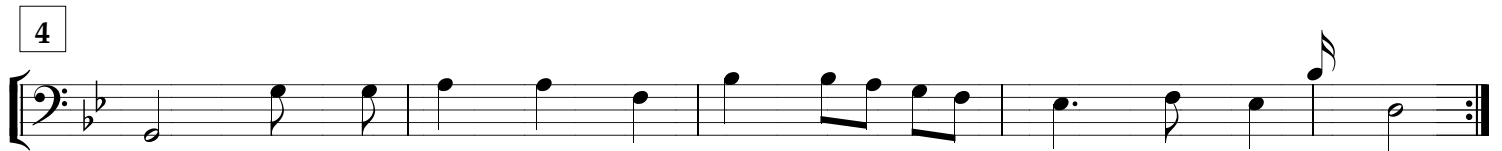
The Fairy Quenn (act. III)

H. Purcell (1658-1695)

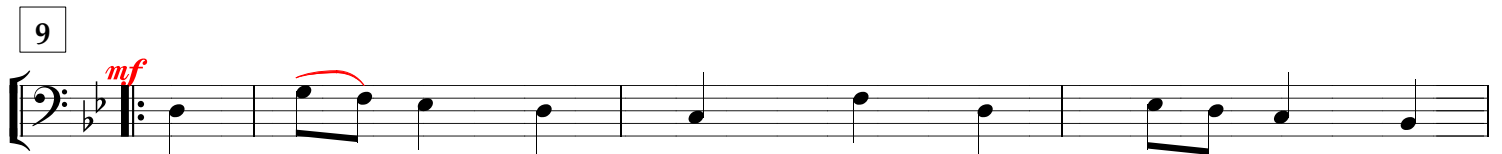
(Fecha composición: 1692)



I press her hand gen - tly, look lan - gui - shing  
Ai press jer jand yent - ly, luk lan - gui - xing



down, And by pas - sio - nate si - lence I make my love known.  
daun, And bai pa - sion - eit sai - lens Ai meik mai lof noun.



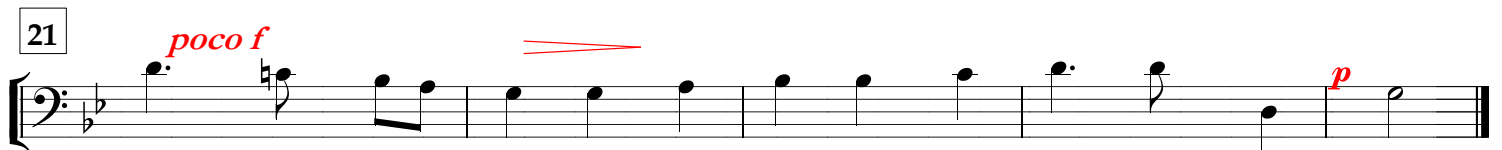
But oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does  
Bat oh! jau Aim blest güen so kaind xi das



prove, By some wil - ling mis - take to dis - cov - er her  
pruf, Bai sam güi - ling mis - teik tu dis - co - ver jer



love. When in striv - ing to hide, she re - veals all her  
lof. Güen in strai - ving tu jaid, xi re - vils ol jer



flame, And our eyes tell each oth - er what nei - ther dares name.  
fleim, And aur ais tel ich o - der guat nei - der ders neim.