Purcell, Henry
10 September 1659 – 21 November 1695

See, see, I obey...

Hymen
The Fairy-Queen Z.629 (1692)

See, see, I obey.

siː , siː aɪ əˈbeɪ

My Torch has long been out, I hate

maɪ tɔːtʃ hæz lɒŋ biːn aʊt , aɪ heɪt
(bɪn)

On loose dissembled Vows to wait,

ɒn luːs dɪˈsɛmbəld vaʊz tuː weɪt ,
(tə)

Where hardly Love out-lives the Wedding-Night,

wɛə hɑːdlɪ lʌv aʊt lɪvz ðə wɛdɪŋ naɪt

False Flames, Love's Meteors, yield my Torch no Light.

fɔːls fleɪmz , lʌvz miːtɪɔːrz jiːld maɪ tɔːtʃ nəʊ laɪt
(miːtɪəz)

My Torch, indeed, will from such Brightness shine:

maɪ tɔːtʃ , ɪnˈdiːd , wɪl frɒm sʌtʃ braɪtnɪs ʃaɪn

Love ne'er had yet such Altars, so divine.

lʌv nɛr hæd jɛt sʌtʃ ˈɔːltəz səʊ dɪˈvaɪn

They shall be as happy as they're fair;

ðeɪ ʃæl biː æz hæpɪ æz ðɛə fɛə

Love shall fill all the Places of Care:

lʌv ʃæl fɪl ɔːl ðə pleɪsɪz ɒv kɛə

And every time the Sun shall display

ænd ɛvrɪ taɪm ðə sʌn ʃæl dɪˈspleɪ

His Rising Light,

hɪz raɪzɪŋ laɪt

It shall be to them a new Wedding-Day;

ɪt ʃæl biː tuː ðɛm ə njuː wɛdɪŋ deɪ

And when he sets, a new Nuptial-Night.

ænd wɛn hiː sɛts, ə njuː nʌpʃəl naɪt