

A SONG in DON QUIXOTE Set by Mr John Eccles  
Sung by Mrs. Brasegirde

I Burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, my Brain consumes to Ashes, each Eye-ball too, like Lightning Flashes, like Lightning Flashes with-in my Breast; there glows a so-lid Fire, which in a Thousand, Thousand Ages can't expire. Blow, blow, blow, blow, blow, blow the Winds great Ruler blow, bring the Po and the Ganges hither, 'tis Sultry, sultry, sultry weather; pour in all on my Soul, it will hiss, it will hiss, it will hiss like a Coal, but never, never be the cooler 'Twas Pride, hot as Hell, that first made me Rebell, from Love's awful Throne, a Curse

*Angel I fell; And mourn now the Fate which my self did create, Fool, Fool that*

*consider'd not when I was well, And mourn now the Fate which my self did*

*create, Fool, Fool that consider'd not when I was well. A dieu a dieu trans-*

*-port-ing Joys; a dieu, a dieu transporting Joys; off, off, off, ye vain Fan-*

*-tastick Toyes, off, off ye vain fan - tastick toyes, that dreg'd this Face and*

*Body to allure, bring, bring me Daggers, Poyson, Fire, Fire, Daggers, Poyson,*

*Fire, for scorn is turn'd in to desire, all Hell all Hell feels not the*

*rage, which I, poor I, which I poor I en-dure.*