

SONG OF THE COLD GENIUS

KING ARTHUR

John Dryden / Henry Purcell

8



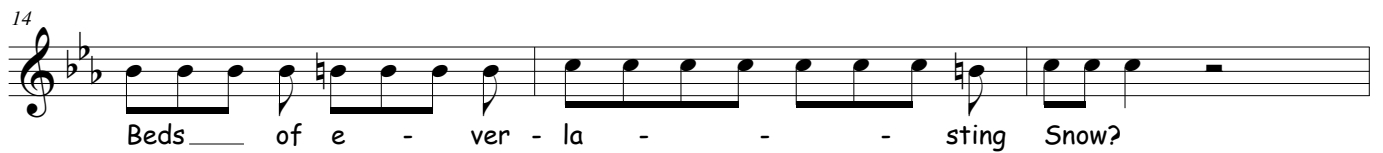
What Power art thou who from be -

11



low hast made me rise un - wi - ling - ly and slow, From

14



Beds of e - ver - la - - - - sting Snow?

17



Bee'st thou - not how stiff, how stiff and wond' - rous

21



old, far far un - fit to bear the bit - ter cold.

24



I can scare - cely move or draw my

27



breath, can scare - cely move or draw my breath: Let me,

30



let me, let me freeze a - gain, let me, let me freeze a gain to

33



death, let me, let me freeze a - gain to death!