



J. Closterman pinx.

R. White sculp.

Henricus Purcell.

Ætat. Suae 37. 95.

ORPHEUS BRITANNICUS.

A
COLLECTION

OF ALL

The Choicest SONGS

FOR

One, Two, and Three Voices,

COMPOS'D

By M^r. Henry Purcell.

TOGETHER,

With such Symphonies for *Violins* or *Flutes*,

As were by Him design'd for any of them :

AND

A *THROUGH-BASS* to each Song;

Figur'd for the *Organ*, *Harpſichord*, or *Theorbo-Lute*.

All which are placed in their ſeveral Keys according to the
Order of the *Gamut*.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Heptinstall, for Henry Playford, in the Temple-Change,
in Fleet-ſtreet, MDCXCVIII.

To the Honourable,

The Lady HOWARD.

MADAM,

Were it in the power of Musick to abate those strong Impressions of Grief which have continued upon me ever since the Loss of my dear lamented Husband, there are few (I believe) who are furnished with larger or better supplies of Comfort from this Science, than he has left me in his own Compositions, and in the Satisfaction I find, that they are not more valued by me (who must own my self fond to a Partiality of all that was his) than by those who are no less *Judges* than *Patrons* of his Performances. I find, Madam, I have already said enough to justify the Presumption of this Application to Your Ladiship, who have added both these Characters to the many excellent Qualities, which make You the Admiration of all that know You. Your Ladiship's extraordinary skill in Musick, beyond most of either Sex, and Your great Goodness to that dear Person, whom You have sometimes been pleased to honour with the Title of Your Master, makes it hard for me to judge whether he contributed more to the vast Improvements You have made in that Science, or Your Ladiship to the Reputation he gain'd in the Profession of it: For I have often heard him say, That as several of his best Compositions were originally design'd for Your Ladiship's Entertainment, so the Pains he bestowed in fitting them for Your Ear, were abundantly rewarded by the Satisfaction he has received from Your Approbation, and admirable Performance of them, which has best recommended both them and their Author to all that have had the happiness of hearing them from Your Ladiship.

Another

The Dedication.

Another great advantage, to which my Husband has often imputed the success of his Labors, and which may best plead for Your Ladyship's favourable Acceptance of this Collection, has been the great Justness both of Thought and Numbers which he found in the Poetry of our most refin'd Writers, and among them, of that Honourable Gentleman, who has the dearest and most deserved Relation to your Self, and whose Excellent Compositions were the Subject of his last and best Performance in Musick.

Thus, Madam, Your Ladyship has every way the justest Title to the Patronage of this Book, the Publication of which, under the auspicious Influence of Your Name, is the best (I had almost said the only) means I have left of Testifying to the World, my desire to pay the last Honours to its dear Author, Your Ladyship having generously prevented my intended Performance of the Duty I owe to his Ashes, by erecting a fair Monument over them, and gracing it with an Inscription which may perpetuate both the Marble and his Memory. Your Generosity, which was too large to be confin'd either to his Life or his Person, has also extended it self to his Posterity, on whom Your Ladyship has been pleas'd to entail Your Favours, which must, with all Gratitude, be acknowledg'd as the most valuable part of their Inheritance, both by them, and

YOUR LADISHIP's

Most oblig'd, and most Humble Servant,

Fr. Purcell.

T H E

Bookfeller to the Reader.

WHereas this Excellent Collection was design'd to have been Publish'd some considerable Time before now, the Reason of its delay, was to have it as compleat as possibly it could be made, both in regard to the Memory of that great Master, and the Satisfaction of all that buy it. And to make amends to those Gentlemen and Ladies who subscrib'd early to this Work, they will here find an Addition of above Thirty Songs. more than were at first propos'd, which (considering the extraordinary charge of Paper, &c. at this time) is an additional Expence to me, tho' I hope the Compleatness of the Work will recompence my Care and Trouble. The Author's extraordinary Talent in all sorts of Musick is sufficiently known, but he was especially admir'd for the Vocal, having a peculiar Genius to express the Energy of English Words, whereby he mov'd the Passions of all his Auditors. And I question not, but the Purchaser will be very well pleas'd in the Choice of this Collection, which will be a great Satisfaction to

Your Humble Servant,

Hen. Playford.

An ODE on the Death of Mr. Henry Purcell. Written by Mr. Dryden.

I.

MARK how the Lark and Linnet Sing,
With rival Notes
They strain their warbling Throats,
To welcome in the Spring.
But in the close of Night,
When *Philomel* begins her Heav'nly Lay,
They cease their mutual spight,
Drink in her Musick with Delight,
And list'ning and silent, and silent and list'ning,
(and list'ning and silent obey.

II.

So ceas'd the rival Crew when *Purcell* came,
They Sung no more, or only Sung his Fame.
Struck dumb they all admir'd the Godlike Man:
The God-like Man
Alas! too soon retir'd,
As he too late began.
We beg not Hell our *Orpheus* to restore ;
Had he been there,
Their Sovereigns fear
Had sent him back before.
The pow'r of Harmony too well they knew,
He long e're this had Tun'd their jarring Sphere,
And left no Hell below.

III.

The Heav'nly Quire, who heard his Notes from ^{(high,}
Let down the Scale of Musick from the Sky :
They handed him along, ^{(they Sung.}
And all the way He taught, and all the way
Ye Brethren of the *Lyre*, and tunefull Voice,
Lament his lot, but at your own rejoyce.
Now live secure and linger out your days,
The Gods are pleas'd alone with *Purcell's* *Layes*,
Nor know to mend their Choice.

This Ode is Sett to Musick by Dr. Blow,
and may be bound up with this Collection.

Another Ode on the same occasion. By a Person of Quality.

ACCORD thy Blessing to my bold Design,
Thou best Inspirer of Harmonious Grief ;
Thou, who among the tunefull Nine,
In mournfull Melody art Chief.
In Musick, wing'd with Sighs, I soar,
A second *Orpheus* to deplore ;
Second in Time, but First in Fame ;
To him blind Fiction gave a Name.
The truthless Tales, which frantick Poets tell
Of *Thebes*, and moving Stones, and Journeys
(down to Hell,
Were only Prophecies of Musick's force, which
Have wonderfully seen fulfill'd in Thee. (we
What mortal Harmony cou'd do
No Mortal ever knew,
Till thy transcendent Genius came, (flame :
Whose strength surpass'd the Praises of Poetick
Whose Raptures will for ever want a Name.
Out of thy Orb awhile
(Content to wander here below)
Thou did'st vouchsafe to bless our Isle,
(With high Commands from Heaven, for ought
To try seditious Jarrs to reconcile. [we know)
But *Discord*, in a frightfull form,
With all her Retinue of War,
The Drum, the Pulpit, and the Barr,
The croaking Crowds tumultuous noise,
And ev'ry hoarse Out-landish voice,
Proclaim'd so loud th'impending Storm,
That frighted hence, thou didst for Refuge fly,
To reassume thy Station in the Sky :
There Heavenly Carols to compose and sing,
To Heavens harmonious King.
Where rapt in transports of Extatic Song,
Amidst th' inspir'd Seraphic throng,
Crown'd with Cælestial ever-blooming Bays,
Thou sitt'st dissolv'd in *Halleluiahs*.

A Lamentation for the Death of Mr. Henry Purcell. Sett to Musick by his Brother, Mr. Daniel Purcell.

The Words by N. Tate, Esq;

I.

A Gloomy Mist o'erspreads the Plains
More Gloomy Grief the Nymphs & Swains;
The Shepherd breaks his tunefull Reed,
His pining Flocks refuse to feed.
Silent are the Lawns and Glades,

The

The Hills, the Vales, the Groves, the Dales,
All silent as *Elizian* Shades.
No more they Sing, no more Rejoyce,
Eccho her self has lost her Voice.

II.

A Sighing Wind, a Murm'ring Rill,
Our Ears with dolefull Accents fill:
They are heard, and onely they,
For sadly thus they seem to say,
The Joy, the Pride of Spring is Dead,
The Soul of Harmony is fled.
Pleasure's flown from *Albion's* Shore,
Wit and Mirth's bright Reign is o'er,
Strephon and *Musick* are no more!

Since Nature thus pays Tribute to his Urn,
How should a sad, forsaken Brother mourn!

*An Ode for the Consort at York-Buildings,
upon the Death of Mr. Purcell. By
J. Talbot, Fellow of Trinity College
in Cambridge.*

I.

WEEP, all ye Muses, weep o're *Damon's* Herse,
And pay the grateful Honors of your Verse:
Each mournfull Strain in saddest Accents dress,
His Praises, and your Sorrows to express.
Ye Sons of Art, lament your Learned Chief
With all the Skill and Harmony of Grief;
To *Damon's* Herse your tunefull Tribute bring,
Who taught each Note to speak, and every
(Muse to sing.

II.

Hark! how the Warlike *Trumpet* groans,
The Warlike *Trumpet* sadly moans,
Instructed once by *Damon's* Art
To warm the active Soldier's Heart,
To soften Danger, sweeten Care,
And smooth the rugged Toils of War,
Now with shrill Grief, and melancholy Strains
Of *Damon's* Death, and *Albion's* Loss complains.

The sprightly *Haut-boys*, and gay *Violin*,
By *Damon* taught to charm the list'ning Ear,
To fill the echoing Theatre,
And with rich Melody adorn each Scene;
Forget their native Cheerfulness,
Their wonted Air and Vigor to express,
And in dead doleful Sounds a tuneless Grief con-
(fess.

“ Weep all ye Muses, weep o're *Damon's* Herse,
“ And pay the grateful Honors of your Verse.

III.

Mark how the melancholy *Flute*,
Joins in sad Confort with the amorous *Lute*,
Lamenting *Damon's* hapless Fate:
From him they learn'd to tell the Lover's Care,
With soft Complaints to move the cruel Fair,
To calm her Anger, and to change her Hate.
The various *Organ* taught by *Damon's* hand
A holier Passion to command,
The roving Fancy to refine,
And fill the ravish'd Soul with Charms divine;
Now in loud Sighs employs its tuneful Breath,
And bids each secret Sound conspire
To mourn its darling *Damon's* Death,
And with consenting Grief to form one num'rous
(Choir.
“ Weep all ye Muses, weep o're *Damon's* Herse,
“ And pay the grateful Honors of your Verse.

IV.

Cease, cease, ye Sons of Art, forbear
To aggravate your own Despair:
Cease to lament your Learned Chief
With fruitless Skill, and hopeless Grief;
For sure, if Mortals here below
Ought of Diviner Beings know,
Damon's large Mind informs some active Sphere,
And circles in melodious Raptures there;
Mix'd with his Fellow-Choristers above,
In the bright Orbs of Harmony and Love.

*The following Lines were design'd for Mr.
Purcell's Monument; which being sup-
ply'd by a better Hand, the Author of this
Inscription, in veneration to the Memory
of that Great Master, prefixes it to his
Golden Remains.*

Memoriae Sacrum H. P.

En! Marmor loquax
(Vix, heu! prae dolore)
Lacrymas stillarum sudat;
Manes *Purcelli* sacros,
Quisquis es, Viator,
Siste ac venerare.
Eheu! quam subito Orbis Harmonici
Procubuit Columen!
Anglicus ille *Amphion*, *Orpheus*, *Apollo*,
Deus Harmoniae *Italo-Anglus*,
Certè *Corellius*;
Artis Musicae
Perquam difficilis
Facile *Coryphaeus*.
Per acuta Musicae victor ibat ovans.

Et placidâ Animam compede alligavit.
 Eheu ! quàm brevi
 Præcox marcescit ingenium !
 Invida quippe Natura Juvenem,
 Arte senescentem, corripuit.
 At----define tandem
 Miserantis quærimoniæ:
 Non Omnis moritur,
 Vivunt Symphonix immortales.
 Angelorum Chori *Purcellum* stipantes,
 Nectaris immemores,
 Mellitiores istos bibunt Aure sonos:
 Et plaudentes recinunt.
 Vivent, in æternum
 Æternumque placebunt.
 Abi, viator, & si Musicus, æmulare:
 Sed calcibus humum levitèr preme,
 Nè nascentes atteras Rosas.

Johannes Gilbert A.M. Coll. Christ. Cantab.

To the Memory of my Dear Friend
 Mr. Henry Purcell.

MUSIC, the chiefest Good the Gods have
 (giv'n,

And what below still antedates our Heav'n,
 Just like a Spirit, by a lasting Spell,
 Confin'd to *Italy*, did Ages dwell.
 Long there remain'd a pleas'd & welcom Guest,
 Lov'd best to live where best she was exprest.
 By Glory led, at length to *France* she came,
 And there immortaliz'd great *Lully's* Name;
 As yet a Stranger to the *British* Shore,
 Till *Lock*, and *Blow*, deep learn'd in all her Lore,
 And happy artfull *Gibbons*, forc't her o're.
 Where with young *Humphries* she acquainted

(grew,
 (Our first reforming Music's *Richelieu*)
 Who dying left the Goddess all to You.
 There are, I own, a num'rous tunefull Throng,
 Composing still, though often in the wrong,
 And with Old Air set forth a fine New Song.
 These to thy juster Art have no pretence,
 For if they make a Tune they mar the Sense.
 If sparkling Air the taking *Treble* grace,
 'Tis murder'd quite by the *Ungodly Bass*.
 These to old *Morley's* Maxims counter run;
 In *Overtures* rejoyce, in *Figgs* they mourn:
 Whilst their too great Example, Mighty You,
 That you might still impartial Justice doe,
 At once to *Music*, and the *Muses* too;
 Each Syllable first weigh'd, or short, or long,
 That it might too be Sense, as well as Song.
 Where'er thy well known Name with theirs is

(found,
 Is as if *Cowley*, up with *Quarles* were bound.
Purcell! the Pride and Wonder of the Age,
 The Glory of the Temple, and the Stage.

When I thy happy Compositions view,
 The Parts so proper find, the Air so new,
 Your Cadence just, your Accent ever true;
 How can I e're enough the Man admire,
 Who's rais'd the *British* o're the *Thracian* Lyre!
 That *Bard* cou'd make the Savage-kind obey,
 But thou hast tam'd yet greater Brutes than they:
 Who e're like *Purcell* cou'd our Passions move!
 Who ever sang so feelingly of Love!
 When *Thyrsis* does in dying Notes complain
 His hapless Love, and *Phyllis* cold Disdain;
 Brib'd by the magic Sounds that strike the Ear,
 We Partiesturn, and blame the cruel Fair;
 But when you tune your *Lyre* to *Martial* Lays,
 In Songs Immortal, Mortal Hero's Praise;
 Each Song its Hearers does to Hero's raise.

Hail! and for ever hail Harmonious Shade!
 I lov'd thee Living, and admire thee Dead.
Apollo's Harp at once our Souls did strike,
 We learnt together, but not learnt alike:
 Though equal care our Master might bestow,
 Yet only *Purcell* e're shall equal *Blow*: (sign'd,
 For Thou, by Heaven for wondrous things de-
 Left'st thy Companion lagging far behind.

Sometimes a HERO in an Age appears;
 But scarce a PURCELL in a Thousand Tears.

By *H. Hall*, Organist of *Hereford*.

To the Memory of his much lamented Friend
 Mr. Henry Purcell. By H. P.

HArk! what deep Groans torment the Air,
 Is Nature sunk into Despair;
 Or does the trembling Earth descry
 A fit of Falling-Sickness nigh?
 O my Prophetick Fears! he's gone!
 'Twas Nature's diapason'd Groan.

Harmonious Soul! took'st thou offence
 At Discords here, and fled'st from hence?
 Or in thy Sacred Raptures hear
 The Musick of Heavens warbling Sphere?
 Then mounted strait where Angels sing,
 And Love does dance on every String.

For Balms thou need'st not rob the East,
 Nor strip the *Phoenix* Spicy Nest:
 For, O my Friend, thy charming Strains
 Perfume the Skies with sweeter Grains.
 Touch but thy *Lyre* the Stones will come,
 And dance themselves into a Tomb.

Table of the S O N G S.

Note, That such Songs as are thus marked † were never before Printed.

	Page.		Page.
A.			
<i>Al</i> how sweet it is to love	3	† <i>Love arms himself in Celia's Eyes</i>	131
† <i>Ab me, to many Deaths</i>	179	<i>Lovely Albina</i>	133
† <i>Ab Belinda</i>	193	<i>Let Hector, Achilles</i>	162
† <i>And in each Track of Glory</i>	208	† <i>Let Cæsar and Urania live</i>	203
<i>As soon as the Chaos</i>	228	<i>Love thou canst hear</i>	219
B.			
<i>Befs of Bedlam</i>	126	<i>Let the dreadfull Engines</i>	243
† <i>Bacchus is a Power Divine</i>	174	N.	
<i>Blow Boreas, blow</i>	185	<i>No, Resistance is in vain</i>	155
<i>Behold the Man</i>	237	<i>Nestor who did</i>	210
C.			
<i>Celia has a thousand Charms</i>	1	<i>Now the Maids and the Men</i>	232
<i>Cease anxious World</i>	12	O.	
<i>Cynthia frowns when e'er I wo her</i>	70	<i>Oh Lead me, lead me</i>	84
<i>Come let us leave the Town</i>	108	<i>Oh Solitude my sweetest Choice</i>	95
<i>Celebrate this Festival</i>	117	† <i>O let me weep</i>	194
<i>Celemene, pray tell me</i>	216	S.	
D.			
<i>Dear, pretty Youth</i>	79	<i>Soft Notes and gently rais'd</i>	15
<i>Dulcibella</i>	199	† <i>Seek not to know what must not be reveal'd</i>	29
E.			
† <i>For Love ev'ry Creature</i>	45	† <i>Sweeter than Roses</i>	86
<i>Fairest Isle of Isles excelling</i>	83	<i>She loves and she confesses too</i>	124
<i>From Rosie Bow'rs, where sleeps the God of Love</i>	90	† <i>Stript of their Green</i>	129
<i>Fair Cloe my Breast so alarms</i>	137	<i>Sing all ye Muses</i>	141
<i>Fly swift ye Hours</i>	181	<i>Sound a Parley</i>	159
† <i>From fold'd Flocks</i>	213	<i>Since the Times are so bad</i>	168
G.			
† <i>Gentle Shepherds, you that know</i>	72	† <i>Strike the Viol, touch the Lute</i>	189
H.			
<i>How pleasant is this flow'ry Plain</i>	19	<i>Since from my dear</i>	190
† <i>Here's to thee Dick</i>	57	<i>See where repenting Celia lies</i>	191
<i>Hark my Daridcar</i>	148	<i>See how the fading Glories</i>	223
<i>Here the Deities approve</i>	227	T.	
I.			
<i>If Musick be the Food of Love</i>	6	<i>The Cares of Lovers</i>	9
<i>I look'd and saw within the Book of Fate</i>	10	<i>Two Daughters of this aged Streams</i>	35
<i>I see, I see she flies me</i>	33	<i>Though my Mistress be</i>	42
† <i>I came, and saw, and was undone</i>	67	<i>Tell me why my charming Fair</i>	62
† <i>If Prayers and Tears the Church of England</i>	98	<i>They say you're angry</i>	81
<i>In vain, in vain against Love</i>	102	<i>There ne'er was so wretched a Lover</i>	112
<i>I'll sail upon the Dog-Star</i>	122	<i>This Poet sings the Trojan Wars</i>	119
<i>I attempt from Love Sickness</i>	226	† <i>Thy Genius lo from his sweet Bed of Rest</i>	135
L.			
<i>Leave these useless Arts</i>	37	† <i>This Nature's Voice</i>	177
<i>Love thou art best of humane Joys</i>	39	W.	
<i>Lucinda is bewitching fair</i>	88	<i>Whilst I with Grief did on you look</i>	4
<i>Lost is my Quiet</i>	110	<i>When Teucer from his Father fled</i>	47
		<i>When first I saw the bright Aurelia's Eyes</i>	76
		<i>When Myra sings</i>	104
		† <i>What a sad Fate</i>	165
		<i>Were I to chuse the greatest Blifs</i>	206
		Y.	
		<i>You twice Ten Hundred Deities</i>	25
		<i>You say'tis Love creates the Pain</i>	52

*BOOKS Printed for and Sold by Henry Playford at the
Temple-Change in Fleetstreet.*

ALL the Excellent Compositions of Mr. *Henry Purcell*, both Vocal and Instrumental, that have been publish'd (*viz.*) his First Book of Twelve *Sonata's* in Four Parts, fairly engraved. Price stich'd 12 s.

— His *Ayrs* and *Sonata's* newly printed, in Four Parts, price of the *Ayrs* 15 s. the *Sonata's* 10 s.

The Opera of *Dioclesian*, stich'd 8 s.

Te Deum & *Jubilate*, in Score, price 2 s. 6 d.

A Choice Collection of Lessons for the *Harpfichord* or *Spinett*, with Instructions for Beginners, fairly engraved. The Second Edition, price 3 s.

These Six printed for Madam *Purcell*, and sold for her by *Henry Playford*.

Harmonia Sacra, First and Second Book, price of both bound 16 s. together.

The Second Book (wherein are several excellent Songs of Mr. *Henry Purcell's* not yet known to many) price stich'd 4 s.

Orpheus Britannicus: or a choice Collection of his Songs, in One, Two and Three Parts, with Symphonies for Flutes and Violins to some of them, price bound 18 s.

Two Elegies on the Death of the late Queen, price stich'd 1 s.

The Second Part of the Musical Companion, containing all Mr. *Purcell's* choice Catches, to which is now added a Sheet more never printed in the former Editions, price stich'd 2 s. 6 d.

An Introduction to the Skill of Musick, the Thirteenth Edition: to which is added the whole Art of Composition, made more plain and easie, by Mr. *Henry Purcell*, price 2 s.

Mr. *Henry Purcell's* Picture exactly engraved, by Mr. *White*, price in a Frame 1 s. 6 d.

A Pastoral on the Death of Mr. *Henry Purcell*, by J. G. M. A. price stich'd 6 d.

An Ode on the Death of Mr. *Purcell*, the Words by Mr. *Dryden*, and Sett to Musick by Dr. *Blow*, price stich'd 2 s.

Next Term will be published Dr. *Blow's* First Book of Choice Songs. Also an Addition of

his Choice Lessons for the *Harpfichord* or *Spinett*, engraven on Copper Plates, will be added to the Second Part of *Musick's Handmaid*: of which timely notice will be given of its Publication.

The Whole Book of Psalms in *Octavo*, composed in Three Parts, by Mr. *John Playford*, the Fourth Edition, is now in the Press and will be speedily published: price 3 s. 6 d.

Miscellanea Sacra: Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects; the Second Edition, with Additions of Poems, and Meditations in Prose, Collected by *N. Tate*, Servant to his Majesty, price bound 2 s. 6 d.

Single Songs in the Opera of *Brutus of Alba*, or *Augusta's Triumph*: Sett by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*, price 1 s.

Single Songs in the Opera of the World in the Moon, price 6 d.

Europe's Revels: Three new Songs, Sett by Mr. *John Eccles*, (*viz.*) the Dialogue, the Raree-shew, and the *Irish* Howle, price 6 d.

The Parallel: an Essay on Friendship, Love and Marriage: by Sir *H. S.* price stich'd 6 d.

Oroonoko, a Tragedy: by Mr. *Southerne*, price 1 s. 6 d.

The *Lover's Luck*, a Comedy: by Mr. *Dilks*, price 1 s.

The *Sbe Gallants*, a Comedy: price 1 s. 6 d.

The last New Play called *Heroick Love*, a Tragedy: Acted at the New Theatre in *Little Lincoln's-Inne Fields*; both written by the Honourable *Geo. Greenvill*, Esq; price 1 s. 6 d.

The Second Part of the Dancing-Master; to which is added a Sheet of 12 Dances, beginning with a new Tune called *Europe's Revells*; in all 48 New Dances: price 1 s.

A General Catalogue of all the Choicest Musick-Books these 20 years; also Rul'd Paper, and Books rul'd of several sizes, with Books on all other Subjects.

* * There will be speedily publish'd a Second Edition of Mr. *Lenton's* last Three-Part Consort, with an Additional Sheet for 2 *Flutes*, and a *Through Bass*, &c.

A Song in the Rival-Sisters.

E-lia has a thousand, thousand, thou

fand, Charmes; 'tis Heav'n, 'tis Heav'n to lye with-in her

Armes; while I stand gazing on her Face, some new, and some resistless grace, fills with fresh

Magick all the place: while I stand gazing on her Face, some

new, and some resistless grace, fills with fresh Magick a

ll the place:

But while the Nymph I thus a—dore, but

while the Nymph I thus, I thus a-dore, I shou'd my wretched, wretched, wretched

Fate deplore; for oh! *Mir-til-lo*, oh! *Mir-til-lo*, have a care, have a care, her

sweetness is a-bove compare, but then she's false, she's false, but then she's false, she's

false as well as Fair; have a care, have a care, have a care *Mir-til-lo*, have a

care *Mir-til-lo*, have a care, have a care, have a care, have a care.

A Song in *Tyrannick Love, or the Royal Martyr.*

A H! how sweet, ah! how sweet, how sweet it is to Love; Ah! ah!

ah! how gay is young de — fire: And what plea — sing

pain, and what plea- sing pain we prove; when first, when first we feel a Lovers fire:

pains of Love are sweet — ter far, then all, all, all, all, all, all other

pleasures are; pains of Love are swee — ter far, then all, all, all, all

other plea — fures are. are.

A Song on Mrs. Bracegirdle's Singing (*I Burn &c.*) In the Second part of *Don-Quixote*.

W Hilft I with grief did on you look, whilst I with grief did on you

look, when Love had tur- n'd your Brain, from

you, I, I, the con- ta- tion took, from you, I, I, the con-

ta- tion took, and for you, for you bor-

e the pain, for you, for you bor- e the pain:

Mar-cel-la, then your Lo-ver prize, and be not, be not

be not too fe—vere; use well, use well the con

quest of your Eyes, for Pride, Pride,

Pride has cost you dear. Am—bro-sio treats your Flames with scorn, and rack

s your ten—der mind, withdraw your Smiles, withdraw your

Smile—s and Frowns re—turn, and pay him, pay him, pay him

in his kind, and pay him, pay him, pay him in his kind.

I F Mufick, if Mufick be the foo ————— d of Love, Sing on, sing

on, sing on, sing on, sing, fi ————— ng

on, till I am fill'd with jo —————

—y, till I am fill'd with joy; for then my lifning Soul you mo —————

—ve, for then my lifning Soul you mo —————

—ve, you move, to plea ————— fures that can never, ne-ver

cloy; your Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue de—clare, that you are

Mu—fick ev'-ry where; your

Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue de—clare, that you are Mu—

fick ev'-ry where.

Pleasures in—vade both Eye and Ear, pleasures invade both Eye and Ear, fo

fier ce, fo fier

ce the transports are, they wound, so fierce the

transports are, they wound, and all my Senses feasted are, and all my Senses feasted

are; tho' yet the Treat is on-ly Sound, tho' yet the Treat is on-ly

Sound, Sound, Sound, Sound, Sound, Sound, is on-ly Sound;

sure I must perish, I must, I must pe-rish by your Charms, unless you

fa ve me in your Armes.

A Song, in *Timon of Athens*.

He Ca-res, the Car-es of Lo-vers,

their A-lar-mes, their

Sighs, their Tears have pow'r

full Charms, and if so sweet their Tor-ment is, ye

Gods, ye Gods how Ravish-ing, ye Gods how Ravish-ing, how Ravishing the

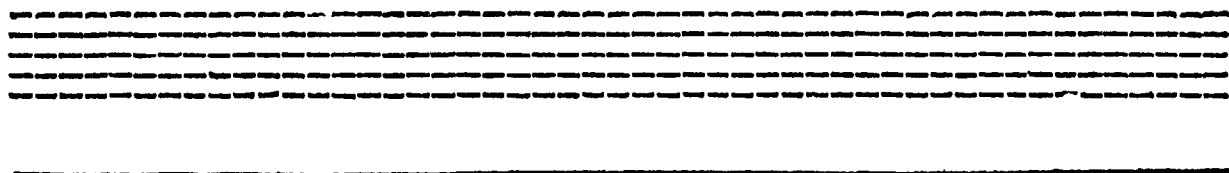
blis, so soft, so gen-tle, so soft, so gen-tle is their pain;



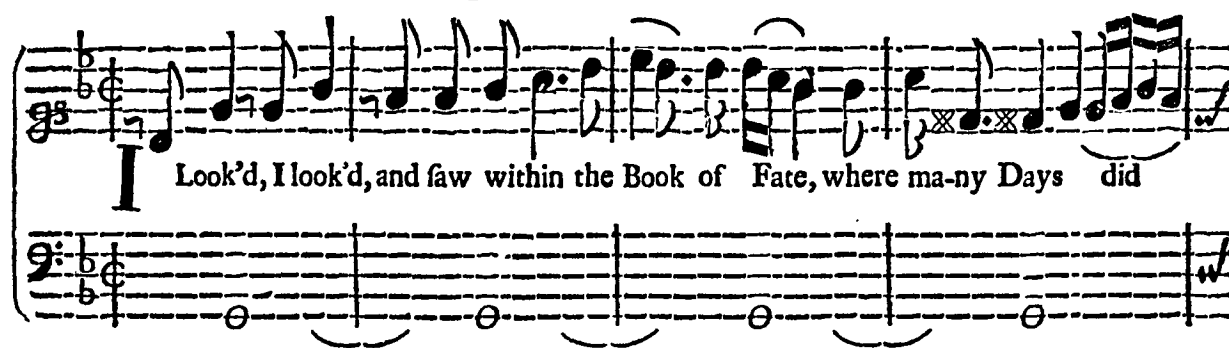
'tis ev'n a plea



sure to com-plain.



A Song in the *Indian Emperor*.



Look'd, I look'd, and saw within the Book of Fate, where ma-ny Days did

Low'r, when lo! when lo! one happy, happy Hour leapt up, leapt up, and smil'd,



leapt up and smi — l'd, to save thy fin — king State.

A Day shall come, when in thy pow'r thy cru-el Foes shall be; a

Day shall come, when in thy pow'r thy cru-el Foes shall be; then shall the Land be

free, and thou in Peace, and thou in Pea-ce shalt Reign, but

take, Oh! oh! take that op-portu-ni-ty, which once re-

-fus'd, will never, never, never, come a-gain; will never, never, never, never, never,

never, never, come a-gain.

A Song on a Ground, the Words by Sir George Ethridge.

C Ease, anxious World, your fruit—lefs Pain; ceafe, ceafe, ceafe anxious

6 6 65 6 76 65

World, your fruit—lefs Pain, to gra—fp for—bidden Store; your

5 4

study'd Labours fhall prove vain, your Alchy—my un-bleft; whilst Seeds of far more

6 5 7 6 65

pre—cious Ore, are ripen'd, are ri—pen'd in my Breast: My Breast, the Forge of

6 6 7 43 6

happi—er Love, where my Lu—cin·da, my Lu—cin—da lies; and the rich Stock

6 7 43 7 6

does fo improve, as she her Art em—ploys; that ev'—ry Smile and Touch she

65 6 65 6

43 43

gives, turns all to Golden Joys. Since then we can such Treasures raise, let's

no Expence refuse; in Love let's lay out all our Days, how can we e're be Poore?

How can we e're be Poore? How can we e're be Poor, when ev'-ry

Blessing that we use, be-gets a thousand more? When e'-ry Blessing that we

use, be-gets a thousand more? When ev'-ry Blessing that we use, be-

gets a thousand more.

A Seranading SONG.

Imphony for two Flutes.

The first system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line with various ornaments (marked with an asterisk in a circle) and slurs. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a supporting melodic line. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a bass line with several measures marked with the number 76 and a circled asterisk.

The second system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and common time, featuring a melodic line with ornaments and slurs. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a melodic line with ornaments and slurs. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a bass line with ornaments and slurs. Measure numbers 6, 7, and 5 are visible above the bass staff.

The third system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and common time, featuring a melodic line with ornaments and slurs. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a melodic line with ornaments and slurs. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a bass line with ornaments and slurs. Measure numbers 6, 5b, and 2 are visible above the bass staff.

The fourth system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and common time, featuring a melodic line with ornaments and slurs. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a melodic line with ornaments and slurs. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a bass line with ornaments and slurs. Measure numbers 43, 6, and 5b are visible above the bass staff.

4 6 65 6 6 6 6 6

6 6 6 6 6

S O — ft Notes, and gent — ly rais'd, left some har — sh found the

fair Co — rinna's Rest do rude — ly wound; dif — fuse a peace-full calmness

through each Part, touch all the Springs of a so — ft Virgin's Heart: Tune

ev'ry Pulse, and kin-dle all her Blood, and swell the tor-ment of the li-ving Flood;

gli—de thro' her Dreams, and o're her Fan-cy move, and stir up, stir up all the

images of Love. Thus fe-ble Man does his advantage take, to gain in

Play the Tribble of the Symphony then go on.

Sleep what he must lose a-wake; when Night and Shades shut up Co-rin-na's Charms, then,

then is the prop'rst time to take up Arms: But Night and Shades her Beau-ties can't

con-veal, Night has pe-cu-liar Gra-ces to re-veal.

CHORUS.

(Flute.)

Ten thousand thousand Raptures do attend, ten thousand thousand, ten thousand thousand Raptures,

Ten thousand thousand Raptures do at-tend, ten thousand thousand Raptures do at-tend, do

do attend this time, too strong for Fancy, too strong for Fancy and too full, and too

at-tend this time, too strong for Fancy, too strong for Fancy, and too full, and

full, too full for Rhime; too strong for Fan-cy, and too full for Rhime.

too full, too full for Rhime; too strong for Fan-cy, and too full for Rhime.

Symphony for two FLUTES.

Two staves of music in G major, 2/4 time. The first staff contains the melody with various ornaments and slurs. The second staff provides harmonic support with chords and fingerings (6, b5, 7, 6).

Continuation of the musical score. The first staff features a more active melodic line with slurs and ornaments. The second staff continues the harmonic accompaniment with fingerings (6, 76, 6, 6).

Continuation of the musical score. The first staff shows a melodic phrase with ornaments. The second staff includes fingerings (43, b43, 6, 4, 76, 6, 6, 76) and a fermata over the final measure.

Continuation of the musical score. The first staff features a melodic line with ornaments. The second staff includes fingerings (76, 76, 67, 76, 7, 76, 4, 76, 76, 6, 76, 76, 76, 76, 6, 76, 7) and a fermata over the final measure.

76 67 7 7 6 7 76 6 76 7 7 76 6b 76 56 76 76 76 76 76 6 43

6 6 76 76 6 76 7

6 43

HOW plea — fant is this flow — ry Plain and Grove! What perfect Scenes of In —

— cence and Love! As if the Gods, when all things here below were curs'd, reserv'd this place to

6 6

let us know, how beau — ti — full the World at first was made, e're Mankind by Am —

76 ✘ 6 43✘ 4✘

— bition was be — tray'd. The hap — py Swain in these e — na — mell'd Fields, pos —

43✘ 3i 6 ✘ 6 ✘

— sesses all the Good, possesses all, all the Good that Plenty yields; pure without mixture;

6 6 6✘ ✘

as it first did come, from the great Trea — su — ry of Nature's Womb; free from Di —

✘ 4✘ ✘ 43✘ 6

— sturbance here he lives at ease, contented with a lit — tle Flock's encrease, and cover'd

6 6 4 6 43✘ ✘ 6

with the gen — tle Wings of Peace. No Fears, no Storms of War his Thoughts mo —

43 43✘

left Ambition is a stranger to his Breast; his Sheep, his Crook, and Pipe, are all his

6 43

Store, he needs not, neither does he covet more. Oft to the fi — lent Groves he

43

does retreat, whose Shades de-fend him from the scor — ching Heat: In these Re-ces-ses

b5 4 6 6 b5

unconcern'd he lyes, whilst thro' the Boughs the whisp' — ring Zephire flies,

6 6 6 6 43

and the Woods Choristers on ev'ry Tree, lull him asleep, lull him asleep, with their

6 6

sweet Har-mony.

43

6 43

CHORUS in Five Parts.

Ab happy, happy, hap-py Life! Ab happy, bappy, bappy, ab hap-py Life! Ab blest Re-

Ab happy, happy, hap-py Life! Ab happy, bappy, bappy, ab hap-py Life! Ab blest Re-

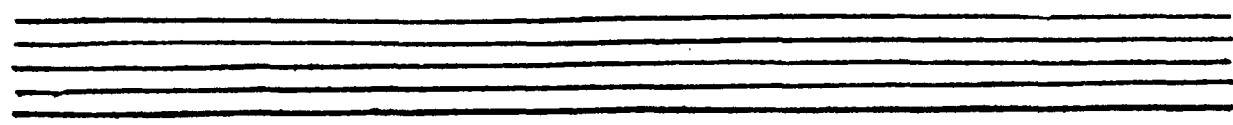
6 6

— treat, void of the Troubles, the Troubles, that attend the Great! From Pride, and courtly Fol—lies

— treat, void of the Troubles, the Troubles, that attend the Great! From Pride and courtly Follies

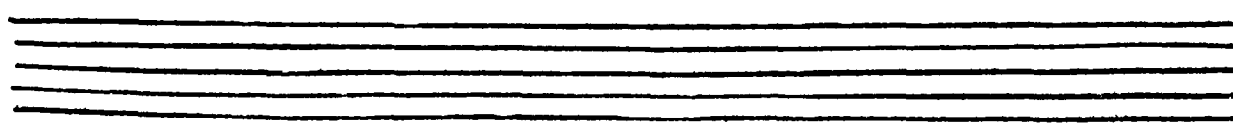
43 6

free, from all their gaudy, gau—dy Poms, and Va—ni—ty: No guilty Re—

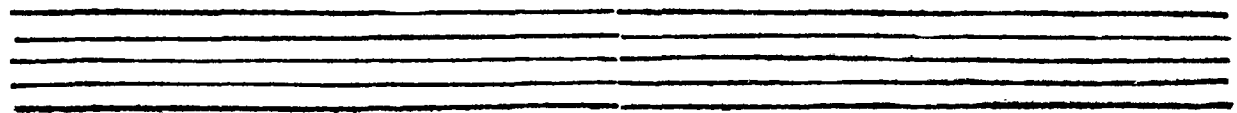


— morse does their Pleasure an—noy, nor di—sturb the De—lights of their in—nocent Joy. Crown'd

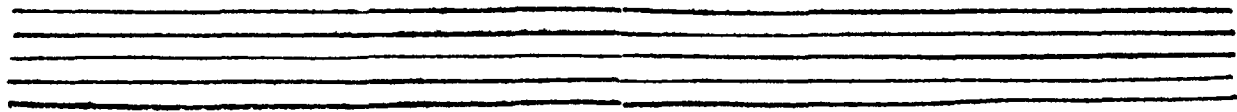
— morse does their Pleasure an—noy, nor di—sturb the De—lights of their in—nocent Joy.



Monarchs, whom Ci-ties and Kingdoms o—bey, whom Ci-ties and Kingdoms o—bey, are not
 Crown'd Monarchs, whom Ci-ties and Kingdoms o—bey, whom Kingdoms o—bey, are not



half so con—ten—ted, are not half so con—ten—ted, or hap—py as they.



The Conjurers Song in the 3^d. Act of the *Indian-Queen*.

Y O U twice ten hundred De-i-ties, to whom, to whom we daily Sacrifice; Ye pow'rs, ye

pow'rs that dwell with Fates below, and see what Men are doom'd to doe; where Elements in

dif- cord dwell, thou God of sleep a-ri- fe and

tell; tell great *Zempoalla*, what strange, strange Fate must on her dif- mall, dif- mall

Vi- sion wait. By the croaking of the *Toad*, in their

Caves that make a - bode; by the Croaking of the *Toad*,

in their Caves that make a—bode; Earthy Dun, Earthy Dun that pa

nts for breath, with her swe ll'd

fides full, fu—ll, fu—ll of death; By the

Crested Adders Pride, by the Crested Adders Pride, that a-long the Cliffs doe

gli—de, by thy Vifage, by thy

Vifage feir—ce and black, by thy Deaths Head on thy

back ; by thy twif ————— ted Ser-pents

plac'd, for a Girdle rou ————— nd thy Waft ; by the

Hearts of Gold that deck thy Breast, thy Shoulders and thy Neck ; from thy

Sleep — ing Mansion rise, and open, and open thy un — will — ing Eyes.

While bubbling Springs their Mu-sick keep, while bubbling Springs their

Mu-sick keep, that use to Lull thee, use to Lull thee, Lull thee in thy

Sleep, that use to Lull thee, Lull thee,

Lull thee, use to Lull thee, Lull thee in thy Sleep.

A Song with *Hautboys*.

Symphony for HAUTOYS.

(Hautboy.)

(Voice.)

SEEK not to know what must not, what

must not, must not be Re-veal'd; Joy—s on-ly flo—

w where Fate is most con-veal'd; too bur-sy Man

too bu-sy Man wou'd find his for—rows more, if fu—ture For—tunes

6 76 6 76 6 76 ✕ ✕

he shou'd know be—fore: for by that knowledge, for by that know—ledge

6 43✕ ✕ 6 6

of his Destiny, he wou'd not, wou'd not live at all, but al—ways

✕ 6 ✕ 65 43✕

dye; Enquire not then, who, who shall from Bonds be freed, who 'tis shall wear a

6

Crown, or who shall Bleed, shall Bleed: All, all must sub—mit,

all must sub—mit to their ap—point—ted Doom, Fate and mis—

— fortune will too, too quick, quick—ly come; Let me no more, no more, no

more with power—full Charms be prest, I am forbid by Fate,

I am forbid by Fate to tell, to tell the rest: Let me no more,

no more, no more with power — full Charms be prest, I am for —

— bid by Fate, I am for-bid by Fate to tell,

to tell the rest.

See, I see the fly's me, the fly's me;

I see, I see the fly's me, the fly's me, fi

y's me, the fly's me ev'ry where, the fly's me ev'ry where;

her Eyes, her Eyes, her Scorn, her Scorn dis-covers, but what's her

Scorn, but what's her Scorn or my Def-pair, since 'tis my Fate, 'tis,

'tis my Fate, since 'tis, 'tis my Fate, since 'tis my Fate to Love her, since 'tis my

Fate to Love her? Were she but kind, kind, were she but kind, kind,

whom I a-dore, I might live lon-

-ger, but not Lo- ve more; were she but kind,

kind, were she but kind, kind, whom I a-dore; I might live

lon- ger, live lon- ger, but

not Lo- ve her more.

A Two Part SONG in King *Arthur*.

Two Daughters of this A-ged stream are we,
Two Daughters of this A-ged stream are we, Two Daughters

two Daughters of this A-ged stream are we, and
of this A-ged stream are we, two Daughters of this A-ged stream are we,

both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd, and both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd, have
and both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd for yee, and both our Sea-green Locks have

comb'd for yee; come, come, come, come Bathe with us an Hour or two, come,
comb'd for yee; come, come Bathe with us an Hour or two, come,

come, come, come Na—ked in for we are so, what danger, what dan—ger

come, come, come Na—ked in for we are so, what dan—ger fro—

6 43 4 2 b

from a Na—ked Foe? come, come Bathe with us, come, come Bathe

— m a Na—ked Foe? come, come, come, come Bathe with us, come, come Bathe

43 6 65 43

and share what Plea—sures in the Floods ap—pear; we'll

and share what Plea—sures in the Floods ap—pear; we'll beat the

6 43

beat the Waters till they bound, we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir—

Waters till they bound, we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir—

cle roun d, and cir cle

cle roun d, and cir cle

roun d, and cir cle roun d.

roun d, and cir cle roun d.

A Two Part SONG, in *Epsome-Wells*.

Leave, leave these useles Arts, leave, leave these useles Arts in loving; seemng

Leave, leave these useles Arts, leave, leave these useles Arts in loving;

an ger and dif-dain:

seemng an ger and dif-dain:

Trust, trust to Nature, gently, gently, gently mo—ving, Nature

Trust, trust to Nature, gently, gently, gent-ly mo—ving,

6 76 76 76 6 ✱

never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, ne—ver pleads in

Nature never, never, never, never, never, never, ne—ver, ne—ver, ne—ver pleads in

✱ ✱ 43 ✱

vain; nothing, nothing guides a Lovers passion, nothing guides a Lo—vers passion, like,

vain; nothing, no—thing guides a Lovers passion, nothing guides a Lovers passion, like,

✱ 6 6 ✱

like the Fair ones in—cli—nation, like the Fair ones in—cli—na—tion.

like the Fair ones in—cli—nation, like the Fair ones in—cli—na—tion.

6 6 6 6 1 2 1 2

A Two Part SONG,

Love, thou art best, Love thou art best, Love thou art best of Humane joys; our

Love, thou art best, Love thou art best, thou art best of Humane joys;

Musical notation for the first system, including vocal lines and a bass line. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The first vocal line starts with a large 'L' and includes the lyrics 'Love, thou art best, Love thou art best, Love thou art best of Humane joys; our'. The second vocal line continues with 'Love, thou art best, Love thou art best, thou art best of Humane joys;'. The bass line is positioned below the second vocal line.

chief—est, chief—est, chief—est hap— pi — nefs be—low;

our chief—est, chief—est hap— pi — nefs be—low; all, all,

Musical notation for the second system, including vocal lines and a bass line. The lyrics continue with 'chief—est, chief—est, chief—est hap— pi — nefs be—low;'. The second vocal line begins with 'our chief—est, chief—est hap— pi — nefs be—low; all, all,'. The bass line is positioned below the second vocal line.

all, all, all o-ther Pleasures; all, all o-ther, all o-ther Pleasures are but Toys, all,

all o-ther Pleasures; all, all o-ther Pleasures, all, all o-ther Pleasures are but Toys ; all,

Musical notation for the third system, including vocal lines and a bass line. The lyrics continue with 'all, all, all o-ther Pleasures; all, all o-ther, all o-ther Pleasures are but Toys, all,'. The second vocal line begins with 'all o-ther Pleasures; all, all o-ther Pleasures, all, all o-ther Pleasures are but Toys ; all,'. The bass line is positioned below the second vocal line.

all, all, all are but Toys, Musick without that is but Noi—

all, all, all are but Toys, Musick with—

Musical notation for the fourth system, including vocal lines and a bass line. The lyrics continue with 'all, all, all are but Toys, Musick without that is but Noi—'. The second vocal line begins with 'all, all, all are but Toys, Musick with—'. The bass line is positioned below the second vocal line.

And Beauty,
out that is but Noi fe; And Beauty, Beauty, and Beauty,

Beauty but an empty show, but an empty show. Heaven who knew best what Men
Beauty but an empty show, but an emp-ty show. Heaven who knew best what Men

cou'd move, and raise his thoughts, and raise his
cou'd move, and raise his thoughts, and raise his

thoughts a--bove the Brute; said let him, let him be, said let him, let him be, and
thoughts a--bove the Brute; said let him, let him be, said let him, let him be, and

let him Love; That, that, that, that alone, that, that a-lone, must his

let him Love; That, that, that, that a-lone, that a-lone, that, that alone, must his

Soul improve; How—e're Phi-lo-so-phers dis-pute, that, that, that,

Soul improve; How—e're Phi-lo-so-phers dis-pute, that, that, that,

that alone, that alone, must his Soul improve; How—e're Phi—

that a-lone, that a-lone, that a-lone, must his Soul improve; How—e're Phi—

lo so-phers dis-pute

lo so-phers dis-pute.

6 6 ✱ 43✱

A Two Part SONG.

T Hough my Miftrefs be Fair, yet froward, yet froward she's too, then hang the dull

Tho' my Miftrefs be Fair, yet frow — ard she's too, then

Soul, then hang the dull Soul, that will offer, will of-fer to Woo; but 'tis Wine, brave

hang the dull Soul, then hang the dull Soul, that will offer to Woe; but 'tis

Wine, 'tis Liquor, 'tis Liquor, good Liquor, that's much more sublime, much brif—ker

Wine, brave Wine, 'tis Liquor, good Liquor that's much more sublime, much brisker

and quicker, much, much, much brif—ker and quicker; it in Sparkles smiles on me,

and quicker, much, much, much brif—ker and quicker; it in Sparkles smiles on me,

tho' she frown up-on me: Then with Laugh—ing and

tho' she frown up—on me: Then with Laugh—ing and

6 6 6 6 6 6

Quaffing, I'le Time and Age be—guile, owe my Pimples and Wrinkles, owe my Pimples and

Quaffing, I'le Time and Age be—guile, owe my Pimples and Wrinkles, owe my Pimples and

6 6 6 6 43 7

Wrinkles, to my Drink, and a Smile. Come fill up, come fill up my Glafs, and

Wrinkles, to my Drink, and a Smile. Come fill up my Glafs, come fill up my Glafs, and

⊗

a—pox on her Face; may it never want Scars and Scratches, may it never want Scars and

a—pox on her Face; may it never, may it never want Scars, want Scars and

6 6

Scratches, Wash, Paint and Patches: Give me all my Drink—ing Maga—

Scratches, Wash, Paint and Patches: Give me all my Drink-ing Ma-ga—zine,

✂

—zine, I'll blo—w up the Scornfull Quean; give me Bottles and

Give me all, I'll blo—w up the Scornfull Quean; give me

Jugs, and Glas-fes and Mugs, I'll hug 'em and tug 'em, I'll hug 'em and

Bottles and Jugs, and Glas-fes and Mugs, I'll hug 'em, I'll hug 'em and

7 ✂

tug 'em, and Court 'em much more, than e're I did the pee—vish Girl be—

tug 'em, and Court 'em much more, than e're I did the pee—vish Girl be—

6✂ 43✂

—fore, than e're I did, than e're I did the pee—vish

—fore, than e're I did the pe—vish Gir—

Girl be—fore.

I be—fore.

A Two Part SONG,

F Or Love ev'ry Creature is form'd, for

For Love ev'ry Creature is form'd by his Nature, for Love ev'ry Creature is

Love ev'ry Creature, for Love ev'ry Creature is form'd by his Nature:

form'd, for Love ev'ry Creature is form'd, is form'd by his Nature:

No Joy ————— es are a — bove the plea —

No, no, no, no Joys are a — bove the plea —

— fures of Love, no Joys are a — bove the pleasures of Love, no

— fures of Love, no Joys are a — bove the pleasures of Love,

Joy ————— es are a — bove, no, no, no, no, no

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no Joy ————— es are a —

Joys are above, no, no, no, no, no, no Joys are above the pleasures, the pleasures, the

— bove, no, no, no, no, no, no Joys are a — bove the pleasures, the pleasures, the

pleasures of Love.

pleasures of Love.

A Two Part SONG.

When *Teucer* from his Fa-ther fled, and from the Shore of *Sa-lamine*; when

When *Teu-cer* from his Fa-ther fled, and from the Shore, and

Teu-cer from his Fa-ther fled, and from the Shore of *Sa-lamine*, and

from the Shore of *Sa-lamine*; when *Teucer* from his Fa-ther fled, and

from the Shore of *Sa-lamine*; with a Poplar Wreath he crown'd his

from the Shore of *Sa-lamine*; with a Poplar Wreath he

Head, that glow'd with the warmth of ge- ne-rous Wine;
 crown'd his Head, that glow'd with the warmth of ge-ne-rous Wine; and thus to his

and thus to his droo- ping Friends he said, and thus to his
 droo- ping Friends he said, and thus to his droo-

droo- ping Friends he said, Cheer up my Hearts, cheer up my
 ping Friends he said, Cheer up my Hearts,

Hearts, your Anchors weigh; tho' Fate our Native Soil de-bar,
 cheer up my Hearts, your Anchors weigh; tho' Fate our Native Soil de-bar,

Chance is a better, better Father far, Chance is a better, better Father far ;

Chance is a better, better Father far, Chance is a better, better

6

and a bet—ter Country, a bet—ter, better Country is the Sea :

Father far; and a bet—ter Country, a better Country is the Sea :

43

Then cheer up my Hearts, then cheer up my Hearts, your Anchors

Then cheer-up my Hearts, then cheer up my Hearts, your Anchor.

weigh. Come Plo—w, my Mates, come Plo—

weigh. Come Plo—w, my Mates, come Plo—

w, my Mates, the wa—try, wa—try way, and fear not, and fear not, fear not

w my Mates, the wa—try, wa—try way, and fear not, and fear not, fear not

un—der my Command; we that have known, have known the worst, we that have

under my Command; we that have known, have known the worst, we that have

known the worst at Land, with the morrow's Dawn, with the morrow's Dawn, we'll An—

known the worst at Land, with the morrow's Dawn, with the morrow's Dawn, we'll

chor weigh: Let us drink and drown our Cares a—wa—

An—chor weigh: Let us drink and drown our Cares, let us

— y, let us drink and drown our Cares a—way, and drown our
 drink and drown our Cares a—way; let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us

Cares, and drown our Cares; let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us
 drink, let us drink, let us drink and drown, and drown our Cares a—way; les us

drink and drown, and drown our Cares a—way; let us drink and drown, and
 drink and drown, and drown our Cares a—way; let us drink and drown, and

drown our Cares a—way.
 drown our Cares a—way.

A DIALOGUE in *King Arthur*.

Y O U say 'tis Love creates the pain, of which so sadly you complain;

and yet wou'd fain engage my Heart, in that un-ea-sy cruel, cruel part;

but how a-las, how a-las think you that I can bear the wound

—ds of which you die? how a-las, how a-las think you that I can

bear the wounds of which you die? 'Tis not my passion makes my care,

but your indifference gives de-spair; the lu-fty Sun, the lu-fty Sun be-

— gets no Spring, till gen—tle show'rs, till gen—tle show'rsaf—sistance bring, fo

Love that scorches and destroys, till kind—nefs aids, till kind—nefs aids can

caufe no joy; Love has a thousand, thousand, thousand, thou—sand ways to

please; Love has a thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand ways to please, but

more, more, more, more, more, more, more to rob us of our ease, but more, more, more,

more, more, more, more to rob us of our ease; for wak—ing nights

and care—full days, from hours of plea

—sures he re—pays; But ab—sence soon, or jea—lous fears o're—

—flows the joy, o're—flows the joys with floods of Tears; but ab—

sion or jea—lous fears o're—flows the joys, o're—flows the joys with floods of

Tears: But one soft moment makes amends for all the tor—ment that attends,

one soft moment makes a—mends for all the tor—ment that at—tends,

CHORUS.

Let us Love, let us Love, and to hap-pinefs hast, hast, hast, hast,

Let us Love, let us Love, and to hap-pinefs hast, hast, hast, hast,

Let us Love, let us Love, and to hap-pinefs hast, hast, hast, hast,

hast; let us Love, let us Love and to happinefs hast, hast, hast, hast,

hast; let us Love, let us Love and to happinefs hast, hast, hast, hast,

hast; let us Love, let us Love and to happinefs hast, hast, hast, hast,

hast, Age and Wis-dom comes soo fast; Youth for Lo-ving was design'd, Youth for

hast, Age and Wis-dom comes soo fast; Youth for Lo-ving was design'd,

hast, Age and Wis-dom comes soo fast; Youth for Lo-ving was design'd,

Loving, Youth for Lo-ving was de-sign'd; You be constant

Youth for Loving, Lo-ving was de-sign'd; I'll be constant, you be kind,

Youth for Loving, Lo-ving was de-sign'd; I'll be constant, you be kind,

Ple be kind, Ple be kind, Ple be kind, kind, Ple, Ple be kind; Heav'n can give no

Ple be constant, Ple be constant, Ple be constant, Ple be kind; Heav'n can give no grea

78

grea — ter blef — sing than faithfull Love, and kind, and king pos —

ter blessing, no grea — ter blef — sing than faithfull Love, and

— ses — sing, than faithfull Love, than faithfull Love, and kind, and kind pos — ses — sing, and

kind, and kind pos — ses — sing, than faithfull Love, and kind, and kind pos — ses — sing, and

6

kin — d, and kind, and kind pos — ses — sing.

kin — d, and kind, and kind pos — ses — sing.

b5 43

A Two Part SONG, the Words by Mr. Cowley,

Here, here's to thee *Dick*, this whi—ning Love de—spife; here,
 Here, here's to thee *Dick*, here, here's to thee *Dick*, this whi—ning

here's to thee *Dick*, this whining, whining Love de-spife; pledge me, pledge me, my
 Love de-spife, this whining, whi—ning Love despife; pledgme, here's to thee

Friend, here, here's to thee *Dick*, pledge me, and drink, drink, till thou be'st wife: It sparkles
Dick, pledge me, my Friend, pledgme, and drink, drin k, till thou be'st, wife: It sparkles

bright—ter far than she, 'tis pure, 'tis pure, and right without de—ceit, and
 bright—ter far than she, 'tis pure, 'tis pure, and right, without de—ceit, and

fuch, fuch, no Woman e're will be, no, no, no, they're all fo-phi-sti-cate,

fuch, fuch no Woman e're will be: no, no, they're all fo-phi-sti-cate,

6 43 76 54 6

they're all, all, all fophificate. With all thy fervile paines, what can't thou

they're all, all, all fo-phificate. With all thy fervile paines, what

6 *

win, with all thy fervile paines, what can't, what can't thou win, but an ill favour'd, and un-

can't thou win, with all thy fervile paines, what can't thou win, but an ill favour'd, and un-

6 76

—clean-ly Sin? A thing, a thing, so vile, and so short-liv'd, that Venus Joys, as well as

—clean-ly Sin? A thing so vile, so vile, and so short-liv'd, that Ve-nus Joys, as well as

43 6 6 6

the, with reason may be said to be, from the neg-le-cted Foam deriv'd. Follies they

the, with reason may be said to be, from the neg-le-cted Foam deriv'd. Follies they

6 6 43

have, so number--less in store, that on--ly he who loves them can have more; neither their

have, so num-ber-less in store, that on-ly he who loves them can have more; neither their

6 6 43 43

Sigh—s, nor Tears are true, those id--ly blow, these id—ly fall;

Sigh—s, nor Tears are true, neither their Sigh—s, nor Tears are true,

76 6 6 6

neither their Sigh—s nor Tears are true, nothing like, nothing like to ours at

those id-ly blow, these id—ly fall; nothing like, nothing like to ours at

76 43

all, but Sighs and Tears, but Sighs and Tears, have Sex—es too. Hear's to thee a—

all, but Sighs and Tears, but Sighs and Tears, have Sex—es too. Here's

6 43

—gain, here's to thee a—gain, thy senseless Sor—rows drown'd; here's to thee, thy

to thee a—gain, here's to thee a—gain, thy senseless Sor—rows drown'd, thy

6 6

sense—less Sor—rows drown'd, let the Glass walk, 'till all things too go rou—

sense—less Sor—rows drown, let the Glass

43

nd, 'till all things too go rou—

walk, 'till all things too go rou—nd, 'till

76

nd, 'till all things too go round: Again, again, again, again, 'till these two Lights be
 all, all things too go round: Again, again, again, again, 'till these two Lights be

four, no Er-ror here can dan-ge-rous prove; thy Passion Man deceiv'd thee more, none
 four, no Er-ror here can dan-ge-rous prove; thy Passion Man deceiv'd thee more, none

dou—ble fee like Men in love; none dou—ble fee, none dou—ble
 dou—ble fee, none dou—ble fee like Men in Love; none dou—ble

fee like Men in love.
 fee like Men in love.

A DIALOGUE in the *Prophets*.

T Ell me why, tell me why my Char——— ming Fair, tell me why, tell me

why you thus de—ny me; can dif—pair, can dif—spair, or these sighs and looks of

care make Co—rin—na e—ver fl———y me, e—ver

fly me? tell me why, tell me why my Char——— ming Fair, tell me why you thus de—

ny me. O! Mir——-ril——-lo you're a—bove me, I re—spect but

dare not Love ye. She who hears in—clines to sin, who par——lies, half

gives up the Town, and ra-ve-nous Love soon en-ters in, when once the

Out-work's bea-ten down: Then my Sighs and Tears won't move ye, no, no,

no, no, no *Mir-til-lo* you're a-bove me, I re-pect, but

dare not Love ye: no, no, no, no, no, *Mir-til-lo* you're a-

-bove me; I re-pect, but dare not Love ye, I re-pect but

dare not Love ye. Cou'd this lovely Charming Maid think *Mir-til-lo*

wou'd deceive her? cou'd Corin-na be afraid, she by him shou'd be betray'd? No, no,

no, no, too well, too well I Love her, therefore can-not be above her. Oh!

oh! oh! oh! let Love with Love be paid: My Heart, my Life, my

Heart, my Life, my all I give her: Let me now, now, now, let me now, now, now, ah!

now, now, now, re-ceive her. Oh! how glad-ly we be-leave, when the

Heart is too too willing; can that look, that face deceive? can he take de-

light in Killing? Ah! I dye, ah! I dye, I dye if you deceive me;

yet I will, I will, yet I will, I will be-lieve ye. Ah! I die, ah! I

die if you de-ceive me; yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I will, yet,

yet I will, I will be-lieve ye.

CHORUS.

Oh! how glad-ly we be-lieve, when the Heart is too too willing; can that

Oh! how glad-ly we be-lieve, when the Heart is too too willing; can that

Look, that Face deceive? Can he take de—light in killing? ah! I dye,

Look, that Face de—ceive? Can he take de—light in killing? ah! I

ah! I dye, I dye if you de—ceive me; yet I will, I will, yet I will,

dye, ah! I dye if you de—ceive me; yet I will, I

I will be—lieve ye; ah! I dye, ah! I dye, if you de—ceive me;

will, I will be—lieve ye; ah! I dye, I dye if you de—ceive me;

yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I will, be—lieve ye.

yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I will, yet I will, I will be—lieve ye.

The Thraldom, the Words by Mr. Cowley.

Came, I saw, and was undone, Lightning did thro' my Bones and Mar — row

run; a pointed Pain pierc'd deep my Heart, a swift col — d trem — bling seiz'd

on ev'ry part; my Head turn — 'd round, nor cou'd it bear the Poison tha — t was

entred there: So a de — stroying Angel's breath blo — ws in the Plague, and with it

hasty Death; such was the pain, did so be — gin, to the poor wretch when Legion enter'd in:

forgive me God I cry'd, for I flatter'd my self I was to dye; but quickly to my

coft I found, I found 'twas cru-el Love, 'twas cruel Love not Death had made the wound ; but

quickly to my coft I found, I found 'twas cru-el Love, 'twas cru-el Love not Death had

made the wound. Death a more gen'rous rage does use, Quarter to all he Conquer's

doth re--use, whilst Love with Barbarous mercy faves the vanquish'd Lives to

make them slaves ; whilst Love with Barbarous mercy faves the vanquish'd Li

ves to make them slaves. I am thy slave, then let me know, hard Master, the great

task I have to doe; who Pride and Scorn do un—der-goe, in Tem—pests and

43 6b5 $\times 3$ $\times 3$

rou—gh Seas thy Galleys row, they Pant, and Groan, and Sigh, but find their

6 43 $\times 3$

Sig—hs encrease the an—gry Wind; like an E—gyptian Tyrant, some

\times

thou wea'-riest out in buil—ding but a Tomb; others with sad and red-'ous

$\times 3$ 4 $\times 3$

Art labour i'th Quarries of a Sto—ny Heart: Of all the works thou dost assign, to all the

\times $\times 4$ 4 $\times 3$

sev'ral Slaves of thine, employ me migh—ty Love to dig the Mine; of all the

\times b5 4 $\times 3$ 3

works thou dost af-sign, to all the Sev'ral Slaves of thine, employ me Migh-ty
 Love to dig the Mine.

A SONG in the *Double-Dealer*.

Intbia frowns when e're I Woe her, yet she's vex'd, she's vex'd if I give o-ver;
 much, much she fears I shou'd, I shou'd undoe her, but much more, but much more, much
 mo-re to lose her Lover; thus, thus in
 doubting she re-fu-ses, and not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus,

thus she loofes ; And not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus, thus, thus,

76 6 6 6 6

thus, thus she loofes ; Prethee *Cimbia* look be-hind you

3i

prethee *Cimbia* look behind you, Age and Wrinkles, Age and Wrinkles

6 6

will o'retake you; then, then too late, too late, then, then too late De-

6 6 6 6

- fire will find you; when the po- w'r does

6 6 6 6 43

for--fake you; Think, think, oh! think,

6

think, think, oh! think, oh! sad con— dition, to be past, yet

wish, yet wish fru— ition; to be past, be past, yet wish,

wish, wish fru— ition, yet wish, wish, wish fru— ition.

An Elegy on the Death of Mr. *John Playford*. Words by Mr. *Tate*.

Gentle Shepherds, you that know the Charms of Tune-full Breath, that Harmony in

Grie— f can show, La-ment, La-ment, for Pi— ous *The— ron's* Death!

Theron, the good, the friend— ly *Theron's* gone! *Theron*, *Theron*, the good, the friend— ly *The—*

ron's gone! ren ding Mountains, weep ing Fountains, groaning Dales, and Soft.

ecchoing Vales, if Loud. you want Skill, will teach you how to moan, to moa n;

ren ding Mountains, weep ing Fountains, groaning Dales, and Soft.

ecchoing Vales, if Loud. you want Skill, will teach you how to moan, to moa n; will teach, will

teach you how to moan. Slow. Could Innocence or Pi-e-ty, ex-pi-ri-ning Life main-tain; or

Art pre-vail on De-sti-ny, Theron still, still had grac'd the Plain, below'd of Pan, and

dear to *Phe-bus* Train; *Tberon* still had grac'd the Plain, belov'd of *Pan*, and dear

to *Phe-bus* Train. Muses, bring your Ro-ses hither, strew them gent-ly

on his Hearse; Muses, bring your Ro-ses hither, strew them gent-ly on his Hearse; and when those

short-liv'd Glo-ries wither, crown it with a lasting Verse, crown it with a la-—sting

Verse; and when those short-liv'd Glories wither, crown it with a last-ing Verse.

Roses soon will fade away, Verse and Tomb must both de--cay; yet *Tberon's* Name in

sight of Fate's Decree, and end—less Fame shall meet; no Verſe ſo du—ra—

—ble can be, nor Ro—ſes half ſo ſweet, nor Ro—ſes half ſo ſweet.

CHORUS.

Then waſt no more, no more; then waſt no more in Sighs your Breath, nor think his

Fate was hard; there's no ſuch thing as Suddain Death, to thoſe that al—ways

are pre—par'd: Prepar'd like him by Har—mo—ny and Love,

to joyn at first ap—proach, to joyn at first approach the Sa—cred Quire a—bove; to

to joyn at first approach, at first approach the Sa—cred Quire a—bove;

joyn at first approach, to joyn at first ap—proach, at first approach the Sa—cred Quire a—bove.

to joyn at first approach, to joyn at first approach the Sa—cred Quire a—bove.

A SONG in the 3d. Act of the *Prophetess*.

W
When first I saw the Bri—ght Aure—lia's Eyes, when first I

saw the Bri—ght Aure—lia's Eyes, a sudden trem

bling did my Limbs sur—prize, in ev'ry Vain, in ev'ry Vain I

felt a tin ————— gling, ting-ling smart, and a co —

ld faintness, and a co ————— ld faintness all a rou —

nd my Heart, all a rou —

nd my Heart. But oh! oh!

oh! oh! the piercing, piercing, pier ————— cing

joy, but oh! oh! oh! oh! the plea-sing, plea —



-sing pain; and oh! and oh!



oh! oh! and oh! may both ten thou



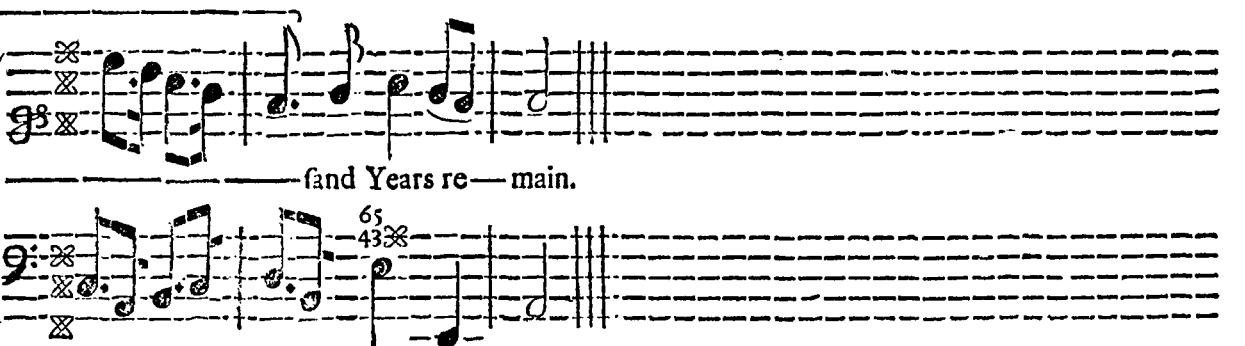
sand Years, ten thou sand



Yea rs re main, ten thou



sand Years re main, ten thou



sand Years re main.

A SONG in the *Tempest*, Sung by Mis Cross.

Dear, Dear, Pritty, Pritty, Prit-ty Youth,

Dear, Pritty, Pritty, Prit-ty Youth, unvail, unvail your Eye, unvail, unvail your

Eye; how can you, can you Sleep, how can you, can you Sleep, how can you, can you

Sleep, when I, when I am by, when I, when I am by? Were I with you all

Night to be, methinks I cou'd, methinks I cou'd, I cou'd from Sleep be free; me-

-thinks I cou'd, methinks I cou'd from Sleep, I cou'd from Sleep be free:

a — las, a — las my Dear, you'r Cold, Cold as Stone; you must no longer,

no, no longer, no, no longer, no, no longer, longer lye a lone; but

be with me my Dear, my Dear, Dear, Dear, but be with me my Dear, and I in each

Arm, and I in each Arm will Hugg you, Hugg you clofe, will Hugg you, Hugg you clofe,

Hugg you clofe and keep you Warm, will Hugg you, Hugg you clofe, will Hugg you, Hugg you

clofe, Hugg you clofe and keep you warm.

The Rich RIVAL. Words out of Cowley.

T Hey say you're angry, and rant might-ti-ly, because I Love the fame as you,

a-las! you're ve-ry Rich 'tis true; but prethee Fool! what's that to Love and me? Your

Land and Money let that serve, and know you're more by that than you de--serve. When

next I see my Fair one, she shall know how worth-les thou art of her Bed; and,

Wretch, I'll strike thee dumb, and dead with no—ble Verfe, not un—der—

— flood by you; while thy sole Rhet'rick shall be Joynture and Jewels, and our Friends a--gree.

Pox of your Friends that dote and do — mi — neer, Lovers are bet — ter Friends than

they, let's those in o — ther things o — bey, the Fates, and Stars, and Gods must

go — vern here: Vain name of Blood! in Love, let none ad — vise with a — ny Blood, but

with their own; 'Tis that which bids me this bright Maid a — dore, no o — ther

Thought has had ac — cefs, did she now beg, I'd Love no less; and

were she an Empress, I shou'd Love no more. Were she as just and true

to me, ah, sim-ple Soul! what wou'd become of thee.

A SONG in King *Arthur*.

Fairest Isle of Isles Ex-cel-ling, Seat of Plea-sures and of Loves;

Venus here will chuse her Dwelling, and for-lake her Cy-prian Groves. Cupid,

from his Fav'rite Nation, Care and En-vy will Remove; Jea-lou-sie, that

poy-sons Passion, and De-spair that dies for Love.

II.

Gentle Murmurs, sweet Complaining,
 Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;
 Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,
 Shall be all the Pains you prove.
 Every Swain shall pay his Duty,
 Gratefull every Nymph shall prove;
 And as these Excell in Beauty,
 Those shall be Renown'd for Love.

A SONG in *Bonduca*, Sung by Miss Cross.

H! Oh! lead me, lead me to some peace—full Gloom,

where none but sigh—ing, none but sigh—ing, sigh—ing Lo—vers

come; where the shrill, the shrill Trumpets never fou

—nd; never, never, found, but one E—ter—nal Hush, one e—ter—nal Hush goes round.

There let me sooth my plea—sing pain, there let me

sooth my plea—sing pain, and never, never think of War, never, never think of

War, never, never think of War, never, never, never, never, never

think of War a gain : what glo ry, what glo

ry, what glo ry can, can a Lover have to Conquer, to Con

quer, yet be still a slave; what glo ry, what glo

ry can a Lo ver have, to Conquer, to Conquer, to Conquer,

yet be still, still a Slave, yet, yet be still, yet, yet be still, still a Slave?

Sweeter than Roses, a single SONG.

Wee—ter then Ro—fes, or cool, coo — l Ev'ning Breeze;

Swee—ter then Ro—fes, or cool, cool

Ev'—ning Breeze on a war — m Flow—ry shore, was the

Dear, the dear, the dear, dear, de — ar Kifs; Firt tre —

m—bling, firt tre — mbling made me, made me free —

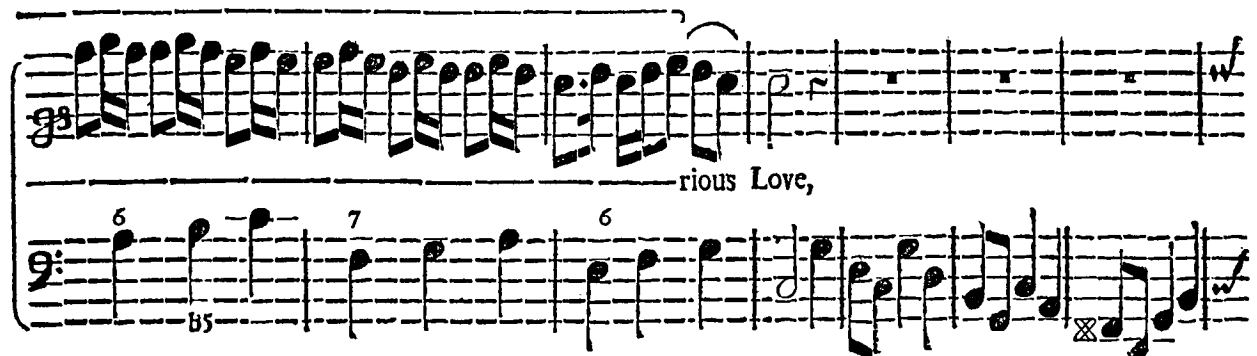
ze, made me freeze; then shot like Fire, all, all, all, all o're, then



shot like Fire, all, all, all, all, then shot like Fire, all, all, o're.



What Magick has Vic-to



rious Love,



what Magick has Vic-to



rious, Love for all, all, all I touch, all,



all, all, all I touch or see; since that dear, dear, Kifs I hourly, hour-ly

prove, all, all, all, all is Love, all, all, all, all, all is Love, all, all, all, all is Love all, all,

all, all, all, is Love, is Love to me.

SONG Sung by *Jemmy Bowen*, at the opening the Old Play-houfe.

Lu-cin-da is Be-witch-ing Fair, Lu-cin-da is Be-witch-ing Fair, all

o're, a ll o're in-ga-ing is her Air; all

o're, all o're, all o're in-ga-ging is her Air; all o're,

all o're in-ga-ging is her Air: In ev-ry Song Lu-cin-da, Lu-

— cinda, Lu-cin—da's Fam'd, She is the Quee— n of Love proclaim'd, to all, to

all She does, She does a Flame im—part, ex—pi—ring Victims, ex—pi—ring,

ex—pi—ring Vic—tims feel her Dart; Lu—&c. Strephon for her has Love

ex—prest, Phi—lan—der fighs, fighs, fighs too with the rest; Wrack'd,

Wrack'd with Despair each one complains, un—mo—

—v'd, un—touch't, She all, She all, She all dif—dains. Lu—&c.

End with the first Strain from this mark. 5:

This was the last Song that Mr. *Purcell* Sett, it being in his Sicknes.

Rom Rosie Bow'rs where Sleep's the God of Love, hither, hither ye little waiting

Cupids fly, fly, fly, hither ye little waiting Cupids fly;

teach me, teach me in soft Melodious Songs, to move with tender, tender

Passion, my Heart's, my Heart's darling Joy: Ah! let the Soul of Musick Tune my

Voice, to Win dear Strephon, ah! ah! let the Soul of Musick Tune my Voice to

Win dear Strephon, dear, dear, dear Strephon who my Soul enjoys. Or if more

in-flu-encing is to be brisk and Ai-ry, with a Step and a Bound, and a Frisk from the

Ground, I will Trip like a-ny Fairy; As once on *I-da* Dancing, were three Ce--lestial Bodies,

with an Air, and a Face, and a Shape, and a Grace, let me Charm like Beauty's Goddess; with an

Air, and a Face, and a Shape, and a Grace let me Charm like Beauty's Goddess. Ah! ah!

'tis in vain, 'tis all, 'tis all, all in Vain, Death and De--spair must end the Fa--tal

pain; cold Despair, cold, cold, De-spair disguis'd like Snow and Rain, falls, falls, falls

on my Breaft, Bleak Winds in Tempefts Blo — w, in Tempefts Blo — w,

my Veins all Shiver, and my Fingers Glow, my Pulse beats a Dead, Dead March; my

Pulse bea — ts a Dead, Dead March for loft re-pofe, and to a fo-lid lump of Ice, my

poor, poor fond Heart is froze.

Or, fay ye Pow'rs, fay, fay ye Pow'rs my Peace to Crown, shall I, shall I, shall I

Thaw my felf or drown? shall I, shall I, shall I Thaw my felf or drown? •

—mongst the foaming Billows in—creasing, all with Tears I shed on Beds of Ooze, and

Chrystal Pillows, lay down, down, down, lay down, down, down my Love-sick Head;

say, say ye Pow'rs, say, say ye Pow'rs my Peace to Crown, shall I, shall I,

shall I Thaw my self or drown? shall I, shall I, shall I Thaw my self or drown?

Quick.

No, no, no, no, no, P'le straight run Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, that soon, that soon my Heart will

warm, when once the Sense is fled, is fled, Love, Love, has no pow'r, no, no, no,

no, no pow'r to Charm; Love has no pow'r, no, no, no, no, Love has no pow'r, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no pow'r to Charm: Wild thro' the Woods I'll fl--

y, Wil—d thro' the Woods I'll fl—y, Robes, Locks shall

thus, thus, thus, thus be tore; a Thousand, thousand deaths I'll dye, a thousand,

thousand deaths I'll dye, e're thus, thus in vain, e're thus, thus in vain, thus in

vain a—dore.

A Song on a Ground, the Words by Madam *Phillips*.

O H So-li-tude! my swee- test Choice! Oh

So-li-tude! Oh So-li-tude! my swee- test, sweetest Choice!

Places de-vo- ted to the Night, re- more from Tumult, and from Noise, how ye my

Rest- less Thoughts de- light! Oh So-li-tude! Oh So-li-

tude! my swee- test, sweetest Choice! Oh Heavens! what Con-

tent is mine, to see those Trees, which have appear'd, from the Na- ti- vi- ty of

Time; and, which all A—ges have re—ver'd, to look to day as fresh and green, to look to

day as fresh and green, as when their Beauty's first were seen? Oh!

Oh how a—gree—a—ble a Sight theſe hanging Mountaines do ap—pear, which th'un—

—hap—py wou'd in—vite, to fi—niſh all their Sorrows here; when their hard, their

hard Fate makes them endure, ſuch Woes, ſuch Woes, as on—ly Death can

Cure. Oh! Oh how I So—li—tude a—dore! Oh! Oh how I

So—li—tude a—dore, that E—lement of no—blest Wit, where I have learn'd, where

I have learn'd *A—pollo's* Love, without the pains, the pai—ns, to study it: For thy

fate I in Love am grown, with what thy fancy, thy fancy does pursue; but when I

think upon my own, I hate it, I hate it, for that reason too; because it needs must

hinder me from seeing, from seeing, and from serving thee. Oh

So—li—tude! Oh how I So—li—tude A—dore!

Sighs for our late Sovereign *King Charles the Second.*

F Pray'rs and Tears, the Shields the Church of *England* on-ly bears, in some great

Ex - ige nce of State, cou'd those, cou'd those have warded off the blows of Fate,

we had not fall'n, we had not sunk so low under the gre - vous heavy

weight, the pressures of this day's fa - - - d o-verthrow. Oh! Oh! how the

first amazing Blow bow'd down, bow'd down each Loyal Head, and as we trem

bling stood, fixt like a standing Water all our Blood, in ev'ry Face you might such

for rows Read, that what the Prophet Wif'd but cou'd not show, was

in our mourn full Land made good; all Eyes as Rivers swell'd, did

strangely o-verflow, our weepings seem'd increas'd in-to a no-ther Flood:

Thus, thus Uni-ver-sal was our Grief, and in those Agonies of our Souls, we lay

till the kin-d Heav'ns roll'd the Cloud a-

way, and gave us some faint, some faint glim'rings of re-lief: The Waters then a-

bated for a while, and welcome, welcome joys hung hov'ring o're our

drooping Isle, Oh! then, Oh! then, what Pious Groans, what Pious Sighs, the

Church sent up beyond the yielding Skies; Lord save our King, ev'ry good Subject

cries, whilst ev'ry broken Hearts Altar and Sacrifice; Lord save the King was never

said, with greater fervency than now, not in the Chapel only, but the Streets, no

fort of People cou'd you meet, but did Devoutly bow, and as Devoutly Pray'd; and

yet no Phariſaick Hypocrites, in corners with well guided Zeal their Oriſons were

made; Al-bion is now become a Holy Land, and wages Ho-ly Warr to ſtay

the threat'ning Hand; Oh! Oh! that we might pre-vail, ſuch well ap-pointed Numbers

never uſ'd to fail, Oh! Oh! that we might prevail, Numbers of

Old by a Wife Prelate led, with Arms ſtretch't tow'rds Heav'n took the Field, no other Weapons

did thoſe Champions wield, but leavy Boughs (and Pray'rs no doubt,) we Read to thoſe a

mighty, a mighty Conquerour did yeild, a-las we'd Conquer'd too, but for our former

6 43 b7 6 6 x6

Crimes, Treafons, Rebellions, Perjury's, with all, with all the in-i-iquities of the Times, whole

b 43

Legions doe against us rife, these, these are the powers that strike the Kingdom dead, and

76 x x b6

now the Crown is fall'n, now the Crown is fall'n from our fo-fi ab's Head.

x

A SONG in *Henry the Second*; Sung by Mrs. Dyer.

N vain, in vain, in vain, in vai n'gainst Love, in vai

x 6 6 x 6

n I frove, Reason nor Honour, Reason nor Honour could its for

6 b

ce re-move; Tho' Honour fresh objections brought, and

each had won d'rous Sense I thought, each had won d'rous

Sense I thought: Yet Love, Love, Love more stro ng, yet Love, Love,

Love more stro ng, tho' not fo wife, be lyes my Tongue in my

fond, my fond, my fo nd Eyes. One an- fwers faint-ly

no, no, no, but yes, oh yes, oh yes, yes, yes, oh yes, oh

yes, yes, yes, oh yes, the laft much lou

der cry's.

A Two Part SONG.

W hen Myra Sing s, when Myra Sing

When My-ra Sing s, when Myra Sing s, we feek th'in- chant ing

s, we feek th'in- chant ing Sound;

Sound, th'in-chant ————— ing Sound, and

th in-chant ————— ing Sound,

4 6 76 43 6 43

blefs the Notes, and blefs the Notes which doe fo sweet-ly, so sweet-ly, fo

and blefs the Notes, and blefs the Notes that doe fo sweetly, so sweetly, fo

b54b 16 7 65 65

sweet-ly wound; what Mu ————— fick, what Mu ————— fick needs must

sweet-ly wound; what Mu ————— fick needs must

6 6 67 43

dwell up-on that Tongue, whose speech is Tunefull, whose speech is Tunefull, is

dwell up-on that Tongue, whose speech is Tunefull, whose speech is

75

Tune full as a no-ther Song:

Tune full as a no-ther Song:

Such Harmo-ny, fuch Wit, fuch Harmo-ny, fuch Wit, fuch

Such Harmony, fuch Wit, fuch Harmony, fuch

Wit, a Face so Fair, so many, so many pointed Arrows who, who can

Wit, a Face so Fair, so many, so many point-ed Arrows who, who can

bear? the slave that from her Wit, or Beau-ty flies,

bear? the slave that from her Wit, or Beau-ty flies, if she but

if she but reach him, but reach him with her Voice,
reach him, but reach him with her Voice, if she but reach him

Very slow.
if she but reach him with her Voice; he dies, he dies, he
with her Voice; he dies, he dies, he dies, he

dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies.
dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies.

Come let us leave the Town, a two Part SONG.

Come, come, come, come let us leave, let us, let us leave the Town; Come, come, Come, come, come, come let us leave, let us leave the Town;

come, come, come, come, come, come let us leave, let us, let us, let us leave
Come, come, come, come, come, come let us leave, let us, let us leave

the Town; And in some lonely place, where Crowds and Noise, where Crowds and
the Town; And in some lonely place, where Crowds, where Crowds and

Noise were never, never, never, ne-ver known, re-fo-ive
Noise were never, never, never, ne-ver known, re-fo-ive

to spend our days. In Pleasant, Pleasant Sha— des, in
 to spend our days. In Pleasant, Pleasant, Pleasant, in Pleasant, Pleasant,

6 43 ✕ 7 6 ✕

Pleasant, Pleasant shades upon the Grass at Night our selves we'll lay, our days in harmless
 Pleasant shades, upon the Grass at Night our selves we'll lay, our

6 6 43

sports shall pass, our days in harmless Sports, in harmless Sports shall pass; thus
 days in harmless Sports shall pass, our days in harmless Sports shall pass; thus

6 ✕

Time shall fly de a—way.
 Time shall fly de a—way.

98 7 ✕ 6 6 ✕

A Two Part SONG.

Loft is my Quiet for e—ver, loft is my Qui—et for e—ver, loft
 Loft is my Quiet for e—ver, e—ver, loft is my Quiet

for e—ver, for e—ver loft; loft is my Qui—et for e—ver, e—ver,
 for e—ver, for e—ver, loft is my Quiet for e—ver, for e—ver, e—ver,

loft is Life's hap—pi—est part; loft all, all, all my ten—der En—
 loft is Life's hap—pi—est part; loft all, all my ten—der En—

deavours to tou ch an in—sen—si—ble
 deavours to tou ch an in—sen—si—ble

Heart. But tho' my De-spair is past curing, but tho' my De-

Heart. But tho' my De-spair is past curing, but

—spair, my De—spair is past curing, and much unde-serv'd is my Fate; I'll show by a

tho' my De—spair is past curing, and much undeserv'd is my Fate;

patient en—du—ring my Love, I'll show by a patient en—du—ring

I'll show by a patient en—during my Love is unmov'd, I'll show by a patient

my Love is un—mov—'d, is unmov'd as her Hate.

en—du—ring my Love is unmov'd as her Hate.

A Two Part SONG. The Words by Mr. Congreve.

Here ne're, ne're was so wretched a Lover as I, so wretched, so wretched, so

There ne'er, ne'er was so

wretched a Lover as I; there ne'er, ne're was so wretched a Lover as I;

wretched a Lover as I, so wretched, so wretched, so wretched a Lover as I; whose

whose hopes are for ever, for e-ver, for e-ver pre-vented:

hopes are for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever pre-vented: I'm neither at

I'm nei-ther at re- ft

re ft

when *A-minta* looks Coy, nor when she looks kind, looks kind, looks kind, nor when she looks

when *A-minta* looks Coy, nor when she looks kind, looks kind, looks kind, nor when she looks

kind am contented: Her frowns give a pain, her frowns give a pain, a

kind am con-tented: Her frowns give a pain, her frowns give a

pa—in I'me un-a-ble to bear, the thoughts of e'm fet me a trem

pain, a pa—in I'me un-a-ble to bear, the thoughts of e'm fet me a trem

bling, they fet me a

bling, they fet me a

trembling, and her Smiles are a joy

trembling, and her Smiles are a joy

y fo great, fo great, fo great, fo great, that I fear, that I

fo great, fo great, fo great, fo great, that I fear, that I fear, that I

fear, that I fear left they shou'd be no more but dif-sembling, left they shou'd be no

fear, that I fear left they shou'd be no more but difsembling, left they shou'd be no

more but dif-sembling. Then prithee *A-minta* consent and be kind;

more but dif-sembling. A pox of this troublesome,

A pox of this troublesome, troublesome Wooing, then prithee *A-minta* con-

troublesome Wooing, then prithee *A-min-ta* consent and be kind, a pox of this troublesome,

43

-sent and be kind, a pox of this troublesome, troublesome Wooing, then prithee *A-minta*

troublesome Wooing, then prithee *A-minta* consent and be kind, a pox of this trouble-

43 43 43

consent and be kind, a pox of this troublesome, troublesome Wooing, for I find I shall

-some, troublesome Wooing, then prithee *A-minta* consent and be kind, for I find I shall

6 43 43

ne'er be at peace in my Mind, till once you and I have been do-ing, been do-ing, been

ne'er be at peace in my Mind, till once you and I have been do-ing, been do-ing, been

6 6 76 76 7 6

do-ing, been do-ing, been do-ing, till once you and I have been do-ing: for

do-ing, been doing, been do-ing, till once you and I have been do-ing: for shame, for

shame, for shame let your Lover no lon-ger com — plain, complain, complain of

shame let your Lover no longer, no lon-ger complain, complain, com—plain of

u-fage that's hard, hard, hard, of u-fage that's hard, hard a-bove measure, but since I have

u-fage that's hard, hard, hard, of u-fage that's hard, hard a-bove measure, but since I have

carry'd, have carry'd such loads of Love's pain, now let me, now let me, now let me, now

carry'd, have carry'd such loads of Love's pain, now let me, now let me, now



let me, now let me take Toll, now let me, now let me, now let me take Toll of the pleasure.

let me, now let me take Toll, now let me, now let me take Toll of the pleasure.

A SONG Sung before the Queen on Her Birth Day.



C E-levrate this Fe - -sti-val, Ce-levrate this Fe - stival, Ce -

levrate this Festival; 'Tis Sa - cred, bid the Trum -

pets cease, 'ris Sa - cred, bid the

Trum - - - - - pets cease.

Turn over,

Kind-ly Treat *Ma—ri—'s* Day, and your Ho—mage 'twill re—pay;

Bequeathing Blessings on our *Iste*, the te—dious *Mi—nures* to be—guile; Till

Conquest, till Conquest, till Conquest to *Ma—ri—'s* Arms re—store; Peace and her

He—ro, Peace and her *He—ro* to de—part no more, no, no more, no, no more, no, no

mo—re, Peace and her *He—ro*, Peace and her *He—ro* to de—part no

more, no, no more, no, no more.

ANACREON'S Defeat.

His Po-et fi—ngs the *Tro-ja*n Wars, a—no—ther, of the *Theban*

jarrs, in rat—ling Numbers, in rat—

ling Numbers, Verſe that da—res;

this Po-et Si—ngs the *Tro-ja*n Wars, a—no—ther of the *The-ban* jarrs, in

rat—ling Numbers, in

rat—ling Numbers, Verſe that dares. Whilt I in

soft and hum—ble Verse, my own, my own Cap-ti-vi-ties re-hearfe; whilst

7 6 76 76

I in soft, in soft and hum—ble Verse, my ow—

76 76 6 76 3

n Cap—ti—vities rehearse; I sing my own Defeats, which are not the E—

43 6 6 6

vents of Common War; I sing my own Defeats, which are not the E-vents of Common

43 6 6 6 6

War, which are not the E-vents of Common War: Not Fleets at Sea have

6 6 6 6 6 6

vanquish'd me, nor Brigadeers, nor Ca-val-ry, nor Ranks and Files, nor Ranks and Files of

6 6

In-fan-try; not Fleets at Sea have vanquish'd me, nor Bri-gadeers, nor Ca-val-

—ry, nor Ranks and Files, nor Ranks and Files of In-fan-try: No, no, no, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, A-na-cre-on still de-fies, all,

all your Ar-til-le-ry Com-pa-nies; save those encamp'd in kil-ling, kil-ling

Eyes, each Dart his Mistress shoots he dyes, each Dart his Mistress shoots he dyes.

A SONG in the 4th. Act of the *Fool's Preferment.*

I 'Le Sail up-on the Dog-Star, I'le Sail up-on the Dog-Star, and

then pursue the Morning, and then pursue, and then pursue the Morning; I'le

chafe the Moon till it be Noon, I'le chafe the Moon till it be

Noon, but I'le make, I'le make her leave her Horning. I'le climb the Frosty

Mountain, I'le climb the Frosty Mountain, and there I'le Coyn the Weather; I'le

tea — r the Rain-Bow from the Sky, I'le tea — r the Rain-Bow from the

Sky and T—ye, and Tye both ends to—ge—ther. The

Stars pluck from their Orbs too, the Stars pluck from their Orbs too, and crowd them in my

Budget ; And whether I'me a Roar—

—ing Boy, a Roar—ing Boy, let

a — ll, let all the Nation judge it.

A SONG upon a Ground.

HE Loves, and the con—fes—ses too, there's then at last no more to do; the

hap—py Work's en—tire—ly done, en—ter the Town which thou hast won: The

fruits of Conquest now, now, now be—gin, I—o, Tri—umph, en—ter

in. What's this, ye Gods! what can it be! re—mains there

still an E—ne—my! Bold Honour stands up in the Gate, and wou'd yet ca—pi—tu—late.

Have I o'rcome all re—al Foes, and shall this Phantom me op—pose?

Noi-fy nothing, stalking Shade, by what Witchcraft wert thou made, thou emp-ty

caufe of fo-lid Harms? But I shall find out Counter Charms, thy

Ai-ry Devil-ship to remove from this Cir-cle here of

Love: Sure I shall rid my ſelf of thee, by the Night's ob-ſcurity, and ob-

ſcu- rer ſecre-cy. Un-like to ev-ry o-ther Spright, thou at-

-tempt'ſt not Men to affright, nor appear'ſt, nor appear'ſt but in the Light.

BESS of BEDLAM.

From silent Shades and the E-lizium Groves, where sad de-parted Spirits mou

—rn their Loves from Chryfall streams, and from that Country where Jove Crowns the

Feilds with Flowers all the year, poor Sense-les Bes, cloath'd in her Raggs and fol-ly, is

come to cure her Love—sick Me-lanchol-ly: Bright Cyn-thia kept her Re-vells late, while

Mab the Fai-ry Queen did Dance, and O—be—rom did sit in State, when Mars at

Ve-nus ran his Lance; In yonder Cow-slip lies my Dear, entomb'd in li-quad

Gemms of Dew, each day I'll wa-ter it with a Tear, its fa-ding Blossom to re-

—new: For since my Love is dead, and all my Joys are gone; poor *Bess* for his sake a

Garland will make, my Mu-sick shall be a Groan, I'll lay me down and dye with-

—in some hollow Tree, the *Raven* and *Cat*, the *Owl* and *Bat*, shall war—ble for

—th my E-le-gy. Did you not see my Love as he past by you? His two flaming

Eyes, if he come nigh you, they will scorch up your Hearts; Ladies be-ware ye, lest he shou'd

dart a Glance that may ensnare ye; Hark! Hark! I hear old *Charon* bawl, his Boat he will no

longer stay, the Furies lash their Whips and call, come, come a-way; come, come a-way. Poor

Devs will return to the place whence she came, since the World is so Mad she can hope for no

Cure; for Lov'es grown a Bubble, a Shadow, a Name, which Fools do ad-mire, and Wife Men en-

— dure. Cold and Hungry am I grown, *Am-bro-sia* will I feed up-on, drink

Nectar fill and Sing; Who is con-tent, does all Sorrow pre-vent: And

Befs in her Straw, whilft free from the Law, in her thoughts is as great, great as a King.

A fingle SONG, the Words by Mr. *Motteux*.

Tript of their green our Groves ap-pear, our Vales lye bu-ried deep in Snow; the

blow — ing North controuls the Aire, a nipping cold chills all be — low.

The Frost has gla — z'd our deep — est streams, Phæbus withdraw

— s his kind-ly Beams, Phæbus withdraw — s his

kind-ly Beams. Yet Winter blest be thy return, thou'ft brought the Swain for

whom I us'd to mourn; and in thy Ice with plea— sing flames we

burn, and in thy Ice with plea— sing Flames we burn.

2d. Verse.

Too soon the Suns re—vi—ving heat will thaw thy Ice and melt thy Snow; Trum—

—pets will found, and Drums will beat, and tell me the dear, dear Youth must goe: Then

must my wea— k un—wil—ling Arms, resign him up

— to stronger Charms, resign him up — to stronger

Charms: What Flowers, what Sweets, what Beauteous thing, when Damon's gone, can ease or

pleasure bring? Win—ter brings Damon, Win—ter is my Spring—

—g; Win—ter bring Damon, Win—ter is my Spring.

Love Arms himself, a single SONG.

L Ove Arm

s him—self in *Celia's* Eyes, whene're weak Rea—son wou'd re—bell;

Love Arm—s himself in *Ce—lia's* Eyes, when

e're wea—k Rea—son wou—'d re—bell; and ev'ry time I dare, I da—

re be Wife, a—las, a—las, a—las, a—las, a deep—er wound I

feel, re—peated thoughts, re—peated thoughts prent the ill, which see—ing I must fill, which

see-ing I must still, I must still, still, still endure; They tell me, they tell me, they tell me Love

has Darts to kill, and Wisdom has no pow'r, and Wisdom has no pow'r, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

no, and Wisdom has no pow'r, no pow'r to cure. Then cruel, cruel

Reason give me, give me, give me rest; quit, quit in my Heart thy fe- ble hold, goe

try thy Force, go try thy Force in Ce — lia's Breast, for that is disingag'd and col —

d, that is dis-in-gag'd and cold; there all, all, all, there

all, all thy Nicest Arts employ; Confess thy self, confess thy self her Beau—ty's

Slave, and argue whilst she may de—stroy, how gre— ar, how

gre— ar, how God—like 'tis to save.

The last SONG Mr. *Henry Purcell* Sett before his Sicknes.

Ove—ly, Lovely Al—bi—na, Love—ly, Lovely Al—

bi—na's come, co— me a—shore, to enter her just, just claim;

Ten times more Char— ming, Ten times more Char—

ming than be — fore; To her Im-mor

tal Fame. Fame.

The Bel — gick *Ly-on*, as his brave, brave, brave, the Bel — gick *Ly-on*, as his

brave, brave, brave, this Beauty, this Beauty will relieve, this Beauty, this Beauty will re lieve, will,

will relieve, for nothing, nothing, nothing but a mean blind Slave, can liv

e, and let her griev e, and let her grieve.

SONG, Sung in the Play call'd, *The Massacre in Paris.*

Thy Genius lo! lo! from his sweet Bed of rest, adorn'd with Jessimin, and with Ro-ses

dress; the Pow'rs Divine has rais'd to stop thy Fate, a true Repentance never, never

comes too late, a true Repentance never, never comes too late: So soon as Born she

made her self a Shrowd, the fleecy Man-tle of a weep-ing Cloud, and swift as

thought her Ai-ry Journey took, swi-ft as thought her Ai-ry

Journey took; her Hand Heav'ns Azure Gate with trem-

bling Struck; the Stars did with a—maze—ment on her

look, the Stars did with a — magement on her look, did with a — magement on her look ;

She told thy Story in so fad a Tone, She told thy Story in so fa — d a

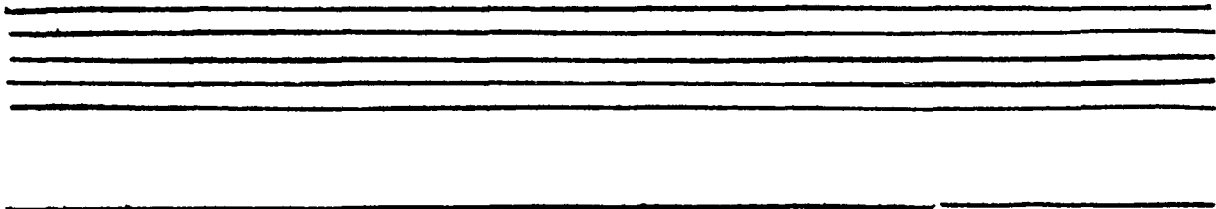
Tone, the Angels start from Blifs and ga — ve a groan. But Charles be — ware,

Oh! dal-ly not, Oh! dal-ly not, be-ware, Oh! dal-ly not with Heav'n; for af-ter

this no Pardon, no, no, no Par-don shall be giv'n; Oh! dally not, Oh! dal-ly not

with Heav'n, for af-ter this, no, no, no Pardon shall be giv'n, no, no, no

Pardon shall be given.



A Two Part SONG.

F Air Clo-e my Brest so a-lar—ms, from her Pow'r I no
 Fair Cloe my Brest so a-lar—ms, from her Pow'r, from her Pow'r I no

Refuge can find; If a--nother I take in my Arms, yet my Clo—e, yet my Clo—e is
 Refuge can find; If a--nother I take in my Arms, yet my Clo—e is

then in my Mind: Unblest with the Joy, still a Pleasure I want, still a Pleasure I

then in my Mind: Un-blest with the Joy, still a Pleasure I

' want, which none but my Clo-e, my Clo-e can grant; let Clo-e but

want, which none but my Clo-e, my Clo-e can grant; let Clo-e but *f*mi

*f*mi le, I grow ga y, and I

le, I grow ga y, and I

feel my Heart spring with De-light; on Clo-e I cou'd gaze all the day, all, all the

feel my Heart spring with De-light; on Clo-e I cou'd gaze all the day, all

day, all, all, all, all the day, all, all the day; on Clo-e I cou'd gaze all the

all the day, all, all, all, all the day, all, all the day; on Clo-e I cou'd gaze all the

day, and Clo-e do wish for, and Clo-e do wish for, and Clo-e do wish for each night.

day, and Clo-e do wish for, and Clo-e do wish for, and Clo-e do wish for each night.

Oh! Oh! did Clo-e, Oh! Oh! did Clo-e but

Oh! Oh! did Clo-e, Oh! Oh! did Clo-e but

know how I Love, and the Pleasure of Loving a-gain; my

know how I Love, and the Pleasure of Loving a-gain; my Pas-sion her

Paf—sion her Favour wou'd mo— ve, my Paf—sion her Favour wou'd
 Fa—vour wou'd mo— ve, my Paf—sion her Fa—vour wou'd mo—

mo— ve, and in Prudence she'd pi—ty my Pain : Good Nature and
 ve, and in Prudence she'd pi—ty my Pain : Good Nature and

Int'-rest shou'd both make her kind, for the Joy she might givs, and the
 Int'-rest shou'd both make her kind, for the Joy she might give, and the

Joy she might find.
 Joy she might find.

A SONG, Sung at the Knighting of *Don-Quixote*, in the 2d. Act.

Sing, Sing, all ye Muses, Sing, Sing,

Sing, Sing, all ye Mu—fes,

Sing, your Lutes frike, frike, frike a—roun—

Sing, your Lutes frike, frike, frike a—roun—

d, your Lutes frike a-round; when a Soldier's the sto—ry, when a

d, your Lutes frike around; when a Soldier's the sto—ry, when a

Soldier's the sto—ry, what Tongue can want found; when a Soldier's the Sto—ry, what

Soldier's the sto—ry, what Tongue can want found; when a Soldier's the sto—ry, what

Tongue can want found; who Danger disdains, who Danger disdains, Wou—nds, Wounds,

Tongue can want found; who Danger disdains, who Danger disdains, Wou—

6 5 4 3 6 5 6 5 4 3 7 6

Wounds, Bruifes and Pains, when the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains; Rich

—nds, Bruifes and Pains, when the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains;

7 6 7 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 3

Profit comes easy, comes, ea--fy, ea-fy in Ci-ties of Store, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the

Rich Profit comes ea-fy, ea-fy in Ci-ties of Store,

6 5 4 3 6 5 4 3 5 7 6 6 6

Cannons do Ro——ar, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons do

but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons do Ro——ar, do

6 4 6 7 5 6 4 3 6 4 7 6 5 4 3

Brisk Time.

Roar ; Yet see how they run, how they run, how they run, how they run at the Storming, the

Roar ; Yet see how they run, how they run at the Storming, the

Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming a Town, thro' Blood, and thro' Fire, to

Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming a Town, thro' Blood, and thro' Fire, to

Soft.

take the Half Moon, thro' Blood, and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon; they

take the Half Moon, thro' Blood, and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon;

Sca ————— le the high Wall, they Sca ————— le the high

they Sca ————— le the high Wall, the high

Wall, whence they see others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see o-thers

Wall, whence they see others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see others

6 7 9 b7 b 6 5 4 3

fall; their Hearts precious Darling, bright Glo-ry, bright

fall; their Hearts precious Darling, bright Glo-ry, bright

Glo-ry pur-suing, tho' Death's un-der Foot and the

Glo-ry pur-suing, tho' Death's under Foot and the

Slow.

Mine is just blowing, It springs, it springs, it springs, it

Mine is just blowing. Up they Fl-y, it

7

springs up they fly, they fly, yet

springs, it springs, it springs, it springs, up they fly

more, more, more, more, more, yet more will supply, as Bridegrooms to

y, yet more, more, more, yet more still supply, as Bride-grooms to

Marry they hasten to die, they hasten to die; till Fate claps,

Marry they hasten to die; till Fate claps,

claps, claps her Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings, of the

claps, claps her Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings, of the

Breach being enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings: Then

Breach being enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings:

6 6 -6 6 5 4 43

happy's She whose Face can win, then hap-py's She whose Face can win, can win a

Then happy's She, then happy's She whose Face can win, can win a

7 7 b 6

Soldier's Grace, they Range about in State, they Range about in State, like Gods, like

Soldier's Grace, they Range about in State, they Range about in State, like Gods, like

7 7 6

Gods dif-posing Fate; no Lux-u-ry in Peace, nor Pleasure in ex-

Gods dif-posing Fate; no Lux-u-ry in Peace, nor Pleasure in ex-

43 6 b b 7

— ces can par-ral-lel the joys, can pa-ral-lel the joys, the

— ces can par-ral-lel the joys, can pa-ral-lel the joys, the

6 4 5 7 7

Mar— tial, Martial He— ro Crown when flush'd with Ra

Mar— tial He— ro Crown when flush'd with

6 5 8 7

ge, and forc'd by want, forc'd by want, he Stor—

Ra— ge, and forc'd by want, he Stor— ms, he

5 b6 6 7 6 5 6 5 6

— ms, he Stor— ms a wealthy Town.

Stor— ms a wealthy Town.

5 6 5 4 4 3

A Dialogue in *Tyrannick Love*, or the *Royal Martyr*.

Let us goe, let us goe, let us

Hark my *Davidcar*! hark we're cal'd, we're cal'd, we're cal'd be low; let us

goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us go to relieve the care of lon

goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe;

—ging Lovers in de-spair; let us goe, let us goe, let us goe; let us goe,

let us goe, let us goe, let us goe,

let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us, let us goe: Merry, merry, merry, we

let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us, let us goe: Merry, merry, merry we

Sayle from the East; half Tipp'd at the Rainbow Feast; in the bright Moonshine whilst the

Sayle from the East; half Tipp'd at the Rainbow Feast;

76 43* 6

Winds whistle loud; tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy,

in the bright Moonshine, whilst the Winds whistle loud; tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy,

6 6 2

tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy; we mount, we mount, and we fl

tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy; we mount, we mount and we fl

43*

y, all racking a-long in a dawning white Cloud, and left our leap

y, all racking a-long in a dawning white Cloud,

6 * 76 * 6

from the Sky shou'd prove too farr, and left our leap from the Sky
 and left our leap from the Sky shou'd prove too farr, and left our leap

shou'd prove too fa — rr, we'll fli — de, we'll slide on the back of a new fal-ling
 from the Sky shou'd prove too farr, we'll fli — de, we'll slide on the back of a new falling

Starr, and drop, drop, drop from a — bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of
 Starr, and drop, drop, drop from a — bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of

Love; and drop, drop, drop from a — bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.
 Love; and drop, drop, drop from a — bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.

But now the Sun's down, and the Element's Red, the Spirits of Fire against us make

Head ; they muster, they muster, they muster like Gnats in the Air: a-las I must leave thee my

Oh stay! oh

Fair, and to my light Horsemen re-pair. A-las I must leave thee,

stay! oh stay! stay, stay, oh stay, stay, stay;

a-las I must leave thee, a-las, a-las I must leave thee, must leave thee my Fair.

for you need not to fear'em, you need not to fear'em to Night ; the Wind is for us and

blo ————— ws full in their fight, and o're the wide Ocean we fi —————

ght; like leaves in the Autumn our Foes will fall down, and

hifs in the Water, and hifs in the Wa-ter, and down:

But their Men lye se-urely in-

trench'd in a Cloud, and a Trumpeter, Hornet, a Trumpeter, Hornet to Battle, to

Bat- tle founds lou d; no mortals that spye how we Tilt in the

Sky, with wonder will gaze and fear such e-vents as will ne're come to pass, stay

Then call me a-gen when the Battle is won.
you to perform what the Man wou'd have done.

Turn over to the CHO

CHORUS.

So ready, so ready and quick is a Spi-rit of Air, to pi-ty, to pi-ty the

So ready, so ready and quick is a Spi-rit of Air, to pi-ty, to pi-ty the

Lover, and succour the Fair; that si-lent and swift, si-lent and swift,

Lover, and succour the Fair; that si-lent and swift,

si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a Wish, and is

si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a Wish, and is

gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.

gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.

A Two Part SONG.

O, no, no, no, no, no, re- sistance, re- sistance is but

No, no, no, no, no, no, re- sistance, re- sistance, re- sistance is but

vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, re- sistance, re- sistance is but vain, vain,

vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, re- sistance, re- sistance is but vain, vain,

vain, vain, vain, re- sistance is but vain; and on- ly adds new weight, and

vain, vain, re- sistance is but vain; and on- ly adds new

on- ly adds new weight, and on- ly adds new weight to Cu- pid's

weight, and on- ly adds new weight, new weight, new weight to Cu- pid's

Chain; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

Chain; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

6 ♯ 6 5 6 7 6 b5 6 7 5 b5 5 6 6 b5

no, no, no, re-sistance is but vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, re--fi-

no, no, no, no, resistance is but vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, re-fi-

7 6 b 4 3 ♯ 5 ♯ 6 6 7 4 6 b 4 7 ♯

-stance is but vain: A thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand ways;

-stance is but vain: A thousand,

6 ♯ 6 ♯

a thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand ways; a thousand, thousand,

thousand, thousand, thousand ways; a thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand

thousand, thousand Arts the Tyrant, the tyrant, the tyrant, the tyrant knows to Cap-ti-
 ways, a thousand Arts, the Tyrant, the tyrant, the tyrant knows to Cap-ti-

-vates our hearts ; And sometimes
 -vate our hearts; Sometimes he fights, he fight — — — s em-plovs ;

tries the U-niver-sal Language of the Eyes ;
 The fier — — — ce with

The folt with ten-dernefs de-
 fierce — — — neffs he destroys.

— coys, the fast with ten-der-nefs de-coys; He kills the fron—

He kills the fron— g, he kills the

Fingerings: 3, 4, 6, 7, 76, 6

— g, he kills the fron— g with joy, with jo—

fron— g with joy, with jo—

Fingerings: 6, 6, 6, 5, 6, 7, 4, 3

— y, he kills the frong with joy;

y, he kills the frong with joy; the weak with

Fingerings: 6, 5, 7, 4, 3, 7, 4, 3, 6b, 5

the weak with pain, the weak with pain. No, no, no,

pain, the weak with pain, the weak with pain. No, no,

Fingerings: 5, 4, 3, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, b5, 4, 3, 3, 5, 4, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3

End with first Strain from this :S: mark.

A Two Part SONG, in *King Arthur*.

Sound a Par-ly ye Fair and sur-ren-der, found, found, found, found a Par-ly ye

Sound, found, found, found a Par-ly ye Fair and sur-ren-der, found a

Fa-ir, a Par-ly ye Fair and Surrender; set your selves and yo ir

Parly ye Fair, found a Par-ly ye Fair and sur-render; set your selves and your

Lovers at ease: He's a gratefull, a gratefull Of-fender who plea

Lovers at ease: He's a gratefull, a gratefull Of-fender who pleasure, who plea

sure dare feize, but the whining pre-tender, the

sure dare feize, but the whining, the

whineing preten-der is fure to displeafe: Sound a Par-ly ye Fair and fur—ren-der,

whineing preten-der is fure to dif—pleafe: Sound, found, found, found a Parly ye

found, found, found, found a Parly ye Fair, fou—nd a Par—ly ye.

Fair and fur—ren—der, found a Parly ye Fair, found a Par—ly ye

Fair and fur-render; since the fruit of de-fire is poffeffing, 'tis un-man-ly to figh, 'tis un-

Fair and fur-render; since the fruit of de-fire is poffeffing. 'tis un-man-ly to figh, 'tis un-

—manly to figh and complain; When we kneel for re-dreffing, when we kneel for re—

—manly to figh and com—plain; When we kneel for redreffing, when we

— dressing, we mo — — — — — ve your dif—dain; Love was made for a

kneel for re—dressing we mo — — — — — ve your dif—dain; Love was

6 6 43%

b5

Blef—sing, a Blef—sing, Love was made, Love was made for a Blef—

made, Love was made, Love was made for a Blef—sing, Love was made for a Blef—sing, was

6 b 6 b 6

— sing and not for a Pain, Love was made for a Blef—

made for a Blef—sing and not for a Pain, Love was made for a

6 6 b w

— sing and not for a Pain.

Blef—sing, was made for a Blef—sing and not for a Pain.

6 6 6

Let *Heſtor*, *Achilles*, a two Part SONG.

LET *Heſtor*, *Achilles*, and each brave Com-ma-der, let *Heſtor* A—

Let *Heſtor* *Achilles*, and

—*chilles*, and each brave Commander, with *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, with *Cæſar* and

each brave Commander, and each brave Commander, with *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, with

Pompey, and great, great, and great *Alexander*; all Nations and Kingdoms, all Nations and

Cæſar and *Pompey*, and great, and great *Alexander*; all Nations and Kingdoms, all

Kingdoms with Conqueſt ſubdue, with Conqueſt, with Conqueſt ſub—due, yet more than all

Nations and Kingdoms, with Conqueſt ſubdue, with Conqueſt, with Conqueſt ſub—due, yet

this, more, more, more, yet more than all this, yet more than all this, bright
 more than all this, yet more than all this, yet more than all this, more, more, bright

9 6 98 b5 45 98

Celia can do. For one sin-*gle* glance from her conquering Eyes, will take 'em all
Ce-lia can do. For one sin-*gle* glance from her conquering Eyes, will take 'em all

6 6 6

Captive by way of Sur-*prize*; the Trophies and Crowns of their powerfull Arms, are sacri-*fic'd*
 Captive by way of Sur-*prize*; the Trophies and Crowns of their powerfull Arms, are sacri-*fic'd*

76

all to *Ce-lia's* bright Charms; in Chains and in Tri-
 all to *Ce-lia's* bright Charms; in Chains and in

6 6

umph, in Chains and in Tri — — — umph she carries them all, and

Tri — — — umph she carries them all, and

98
56

6

if she but frown, then down, then down they all fall, down they fall, down they fall,

if she but frown, then down, then down they all fall, down they fall,

76 76 ✱ 565 454
343 232

down, down, down they all fall; in Chains and in Tri

down they fall, down, then down they all fall; in Chains

6 7 6 76 ✱

umph she carries them all, and if she but

and in Tri — — — umph she carries them all, and if she but

6 6 6 76

frown, then down they all fall, down they fall, down they fa—ll, dow—n,

frown, then down they all fa—ll, down they fall, down they all fa—ll,

76 7 565 343 454 232 6

down, down they all fall, down, down, down, down, down, down they all fall.

down, then down they all fall, down, down, down—n they all fall.

7 6 7 7 6 76

What a sad Fate, a two Part SONG.

W Hat a sad, fa—d

6

Fate is mine, is mine, is mine; what a sad, fa—d

7 6 6 6

Fate is mine; my Love, my Love, my Love is my crime:

7 6

my Love, my Love, my Love is my crime? what a fad, what a fad,

fa—d Fate is mine? or why,

why shou'd she be, why, why shou'd she be more ea—fy,

more ea—fy, more ea—fy, ea—fy, and free to a—ll,

than to me, to a—ll than to

me, to a—ll than to me, to

a ll than to me?

But if by dif-dain, but if by dif-dain she can

les-sen my pain, 'tis all, 'tis all, all, I im-

plore; to make me Love les, to make me Love

les, or her self to Love more; more, more, to make me Love

les, or her self to Love more.

A Dialogue in the 4th. Act of the 2^d. Part of *Don-Quixote*.

He.

Ince Times are so bad, I must tell you sweet Heart, I'm thinking to leave off my Plough

and my Cart, and to the Fair Cit—ty a Journey will goe, to better my Fortune as

other folk do; Since some have from Ditches, and course Leather Breeches, been rais'd, been rais'd

to be Rulers and wallow'd in Riches, prithee come, come, come, come from thy Wheel, prithee

come, come, come, come from thy Wheel, for if Gypsies don't lye, I shall, I shall be a Governour

She.

too e're I dye. Ah! Collin, ah! Collin, by all, by all thy late doings I find with

forrow and trouble, with forrow and trouble the Pri — de of thy mind; our Sheep now

5 7 5 4 3 6 4 6 7 6 6 4 3 3

at random dif- order- ly run, and now, and now Sundays Jacket goes e- very day on: Ah!

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 6 7 3 3

what dost thou, what dost thou, what dost thou mean? ah! what dost thou, what dost thou, what

5 6 6 7 6 7 4 b5 7 6 5 6

dost thou mean? To make my Shoos clean and foot it, and foot it to³th Court, to the

6 6 4 3 6 6 6 6

King and the Queen; where shewing my parts I pre-ferment shall win; Eye, fye, fye, fye,

6 6 6 6 6 5 4 4 3 6 6 6

fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, 'tis better, 'tis better for us to Plough and to Spin; for

6 6 6 5 4 3 6 5 4 3 6 b 6 6 5 4 4 3 6 5 4 3

as to the Court when thou happen'ft to try, thou'lt find nothing got there unless thou can'ft

6 4 6 6 6 6 7 5 4 3

buy ; For Money the Devil, the Devil and all's to be found, but no good Parts minded, no,

4 3 4 3 7 6 6 5 6 6

no, no, no good Parts minded, without the good Pound. Why then I'll take Arms, why then I'll take

5b 6 7 6 6 6 6 6 6

Arms, I'll take Arms, and follow, and follow Allarms, hunt Honour that now a-days plague--ly

6 5 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 3

Charms: And to lose a Limb by a Shot or a Blow, and curse thy self af-ter for

5 6 4 6 b 5 6 6 6 6 6 6

leaving, for leaving the Plough. Suppose I turn Gamester ? So Cheat and be Bang'd.

b 7 6 6 5 4 4 3 6 7 6 4

He. She. He.

What think'ft of the Road then? The Highway to be Hang'd. Nice Pimping how-e-ver yields

6 7 6 6 6 6 6 7 6 4 3 6 4 3 6

She.

profit for Life, I'll help some fine Lord to a—nother's fine Wife: That's dangerous too, a—

6 7 6 5 5 6 7 5 6 5 6 7 6

—mongst the Town Crew, for some of'em will do the same thing by you; and then I to

7 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 7 4 3 6 6 6 6

Cuckold ye may be draw'n in, faith Collin 'tis better I fit here and Spin, faith Collin 'tis

6 6 6 5 6 5 6 7 6 7 4 6 5 7 6

He. She.

better I fit here and Spin. Will nothing prefer me, what think'ft of the Law? Oh!

5 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

He. She.

while you live Collin keep out of that Paw. I'll Cant and I'll Pray. Ah! there's naught got

7 6 7 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

no, no, no contentment can show, no, no, no contentment can show.

no, no, no, no, no contentment can show, no, no, no, no, no, no contentment can show.

5 6 4 6 6 5 4 4 3 6 6 5 4 4 3

CHORUS.

Let all our whole care be our Farming affair, to make our Corn grow and our Apple Trees bear;

Let all our whole care be our Farming affair, to make our Corn grow and our Apple Trees bear;

4 2 6 7 6 6 6 6 4 3

Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade, a Trade no Contentment can show, so I'll to my Diskaff;

Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can show, and

6 6 b 7 6 * 6

Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade, a Trade no Contentment can show, no, no, no,

I to my Plough; Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can show, no,

6 b 7 6 6 5 7 *

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no

no, no, no, contentment can show, no, no, no, contentment can show.

no, no, no, no, no contentment can show, no, no, no, no, no, no, contentment can show.

Bacchus is a Pow'r divine, a single SONG.

B *Bacchus* is a Pow'r di-vine, for He no sooner fills my Head with migh-ty Wine, but all my Cares resign, and droop, and droop, then sink, sink down dead. Then, then the plea-sing thoughts be-gin, and I in Ri-ches flow, at

leaft I fancy so. And without thought of want I Sin

g, I Sin—g, stretch'd on the Earth, my Head all a-

—round, with Flowers Weav—v'd in—to a Garland Crown'd;

Then, then I be—gin to live, and scorn what all the world can show or give. Let the

bra — ve Fools that fondly think of Honour, and delight to make a Noife,

a noife and Fi—ght, go seek out War, whilst I seek Peace, seek

Peace, whilst I feek Peace, feek Peace and drink, whilst I feek Peace, whilst I feek Peace, feek Peace and

drink. Then fill my Glas, fill, fill it high, some perhapstink it fit to fa—ll and

dye, but when the Bottles rang'd make Warwith me, the Fighting Fool shall see, when

I am sunk, the diff'rence to lye dead, and lye dea—d

Drunk; the Fighting Fool shall see, when I am sunk, the diff'rence to lye

dead, and I—ye dead drunk.

'Tis Nature's Voice, a single SONG.

Is Nature's Voice, 'tis Nature's Voice, thro' all the move

ing Wood of Creatures un

der-stood; the U-ni-ver-sal Tongue, the U-ni-ver-sal

Tongue to none of all her nume'rous Ra- ce unknown, from her, from her it

learnt the migh- ty, the migh- ty, the migh- ty

Art to Cou- rt the Ear, or strike, or stri

ke the Heart, at once the Passions to exprefs and mo ve,

at once the Passions to ex-prefs, to ex-prefs and mo ve;

we hear, and frait we grie ve or hate, and frait we

grie ve or hate, re-joy

ce or Love: in

un-seen Chains it does the Fan-cy bin-d, it does, it does the

Fa-cy bind, at once it Char-ms the

Sense and Cap-ti-vates the Mind, at once it Char-

ms the Sense and Cap-

ti-vates the Mind.

Ah me too many Deaths, a single SONG by Mr. J. Crown.

A H me! Ah me! to many,

many deaths, to many deaths decreed; to many, ma-ny deaths de-creed; My Love to

War, to Wa ————— r goes ev'ry day, my Love to Wa —————

————— r goes ev'-ry day; In ev'ry Wound of his I bleed, I dy —————

————— e the hour he goes a-way; yet, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd hate him

thou'd he stay: Yet, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd

hate him thou'd he stay; yet, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd

hate him thou'd he stay.

II.

Ah me! to many Deaths decreed,
 By Love or War, I hourly dye,
 When I see not my Love I bleed;
 Yet when I have him in my Eye,
 He kills me with excess of Joy.

Fly swift ye Hours, a single SONG.

Ly swift ye Hours fl y

swift ye Hours, make haft, make haft, fl y, make haft, make haft, fl y, fl

y fwi-fi, thou la-zy, la-zy, la-zy Sun, make haft, make haft, make

haft, and drive the te-dious Minutes on, the te-dious Minures

on, on: Bring back my Bel-vi-de-ra, my Bel-vi-de-ra

to my fight, bring back my Bel-vi-de-ra, my Bel-vi-de-ra to my fight,

my Bel--vi--de--ra, than thy self more bright, make hast, make hast, make hast, bring

back my Bel--vi--de--ra, my Bel--vi--de--ra to my fight.

Swifter than Time my ea--ger Wi--shes mo--

ve, swifter than Time my ea--ger Wi--sher mo--

ve, my ea--ger Wishes move, and

scorn the bea-ten Paths, and scorn the bea-ten Paths of Vul-gar Love, and scorn the bea-ten

Paths, and scorn the beaten Pa ————— ths of Vul-gar Love, and scorn the beaten

pa ————— ths of Vul-gar Lo ————— ve. Soft Peace is

banish'd from my tor ————— tur'd Breast, soft Peace, soft Peace is banish'd from my

tor ————— tur'd Breast, Love robs my Days of Ease, Love robs my Days of Ease, my

Nights of Rest; Love robs my Days of Ease, Love robs my Days of Ease, my Nights, my Nigh —————

ts of rest. Yet tho' her cru ————— el Scorn pro-vokes De-spair,

yet tho' her cru—el Scorn, her cru—el Scorn pro—vokes De—spair, my Passion

6 6 6 6 4 6 6 76

still is strong, my Passion still is stro—ng, my Passion still is stro—

ng, as she is fair; Still must I Love, still blest the plea—

5b 43

—sing Pain, still ourt my Ruine, still,

4 43 6 b

still court my Ru—ine, and em—brace my Chain; still court my Ruine,

6 76 2 6 6

still, still court my Ru—ine, and em—brace my Chain.

6 2 4 6 76 6 5433

The *STORM*, a single SONG.

B Low, blow *Boreas*, blow, and let thy fur—ly Winds make the Bil-lows foam and

roar ; thou can't no Terror breed in valiant Minds, but spight of thee we'l live, but spight of thee we'l

live and find a Shoar. Then cheer my Hearts, and be not aw'd, but kee—

—p the Gun Room clear; tho' Hell's broke loose, and the Devils roar abroad, whilst we have

Sea-room here, Boys, never fear, never, never fear. Hey! how she toffes up! how far the

mounting Top-mast touch'd a Starr; the Meteors blaz'd as thro' the Clouds we came, and Sa-la—

— mander like, we li — ve in Flame; but now, now we sink, now, now we go down to the

deep-est Shades be-low. A—las! a—las! where are we now! who, who can tell! sure 'tis the

low — est Room of Hell, or where the Sea-Gods dwell: With them we'll live, with

them we'll live and reign, with them we'll lau — gh, and sing, and drink amain, with them we'll

lau — gh and sing, and drink amain; but see, we mount, see, see, we rise a—gain.

CHORUS.

Tho' Fla—shes of Lightning and Tem — pests of Rain, do fierce—ly con—

Tho' Fla—shes of Lightning and Tem — pests of Rain, do fierce—ly con—

—tend which shall conquer the Maine; tho' the Captain does swear, in--stead of a Pray'r, and the

—tend which shall conquer the Maine; tho' the Captaine does swear, in--stead of a Pray'r, and the

Seas is all Fire by the Dæmons o'th' Air; we'll drink and de--fie, we'll drink and de--

Seas is all Fire by the Dæmons o'th' Air; we'll drink and de--fie, well

—fie the mad Spi--rits that fly from the Deep, to the Sky, that fly, fl--y, from the

drink and de--fie the mad Spi-rits that fly from the Deep to the Sky, that fl--y from the

Deep to the Sky, and si--ng whilst loud Thunder, and si--ng whilst loud Thunder does

Deep to the Sky, and si--ng whilst loud Thun--der, loud Thunder does

bellow ; for Fate will still have a kind Fate for the Brave, and ne're make his Grave of a

Salt-water Wave, to drown, to drown, no, never to drown a good Fellow; no, ne-ver,

Salt-water Wave, to drown, to drown, no, never to drown a good Fellow; no, ne —

no, ne-ver to drown a good Fellow; no ne——-ver, ne-ver to drown,

——-ver, ne-ver to drown a good Fellow; no, ne-ver, no, ne-ver to drown,

No, ne-ver, no, ne-ver to drown a good Fellow.

No, ne——-ver, ne-ver to drown a good Fellow.

Strike the Viol, touch the Lute, a single SONG.

Trike the *Vi-ol*, strike the *Vi-ol*; touch, touch, touch,

touch, touch, touch the *Lute*; wake the *Harp*, wake the *Harp*,

wake the *Harp*, In—spi—re the *Flute*, wake the *Harp*, In—spi—re the

Flute: Sing your Pa—tro—nes—se's Praise, sing your Pa—tro—nes—se's

Praise, sing, sing, sing, in cheer

full and har—mo—nious *Lays*.

A SONG in the *Prophetess*, or the History of *Dioclesian*.

S Ince from my Dear, my Dear, my Dear, fince from my Dear, my

Dear, my Dear, my Dear, my Dear A—fre—e's fight I was so

rude—ly torn, my Soul has never, never,

never, has never, never, never known de—light, un—less it were to mourn,

to mourn, un—less, un—less, it were to mourn, mourn. But oh! a—

las, a—las, with weep—ing Eyes, and bleeding, bleed—ing Heart I

lye; thinking on her, on her, whose absence 'tis that makes me wish to dye,

dye, dye, dye, makes me, makes me wish to dye, dye, dye.

A SONG in the Married Beau.

SEE, fee, fee, fee where re—pen—ting, where re—pen—ting Ce—lia

lies, with blush—ing Cheeks, with blush—ing Cheeks, and mel—

—ting Eyes; be—moaning, be—moaning, in a

mourn—full, mourn—full Shade, the ruins, the ruins in her Heart and

Fame, which fin—full, fin—full Love has made: Oh! Oh! Oh!

let thy Tears, fair, fair Ce—lia flo

—w, let thy Tears, fai—r Ce—lia flow, for that Ce—lef—tial wond—

—'rous, wond—'rous, wond—'rous dew, more gra—ces

on thee will be—frow, than all, all, than all, all, than all, all, than all, all thy

Dresses, and thy Ar—ts cou'd doe.

Ah! ah! ah! Belinda, a fingle SONG.

A H! ah! ah! ah! Be—lin—da, I am prest with

tor—ment; Ah! ah! ah! Be—lin—da I am prest with

tor—ment not to be ex—pres'd: Ah! ah! ah! Be—lin—da, I am

pre—ft with tor—ment; Ah! ah! ah! Be—lin—da I am

pres'd with tor—ments not to be ex—pres'd. Peace and I are

strangers grown, Peace and I are strangers, strangers grown, I Lan—guish

till my grief be known, I Lan guish, till my grief be

known, yet wou'd not, yet wou'd not, wou'd not have it gue ft.

Peace and I are stran-gers grown, Peace and I are stran-gers, fran-gers grown.

O, O let me Weep! a Two Part SONG.

VIOLIN.

O, O let me, O,

O let me, let me weep!

O, O let me, O, O let me, let me weep! O, O,

O let me for ever, ever weep, for e-ver, for e-ver, for e-ver, for

e-ver weep!

My Eyes no more, no more, no mo-

re, no more, no more shall wel-come sleep :

I'll hide me, I'll hide me from the sight of Day, and figh, figh, figh my

Soul a-way.

O, O let me, O,

O let me, let me weep!

O, O let me, O, O let me, let me weep! O, O,

O let me for ever, ever weep, for e-ver, for e-ver, for e-ver, for

e-ver weep!

He's gone, he's gone, he's gone, his lofs de-

-plore; he's gone, he's gone, he's gone, his lofs deplore, and I shall never, never, never, never,

never see him more ; I shall never, never,

never see him more, shall never, never, never see him more ;

76 76 76 6 76 76 76

I shall never, shall never, shall never, shall never see him more.

43 43 ✘ 6 ✘

A Two Part SONG, the Words by Mr. Henly.

Dulci-bella, Dulci-bella, when e're I sue for a Kiss; Dulci-bella, Dulci-

Dulci-bella, Dulci-bella,

6 4 ✘ 6 6 6 ✘ 6 2

-bella, when e're I sue for a Kiss, refusing the Bliss, cry's no, no, no,

Dulci-bella, when e're I sue for a Kiss, refusing the Bliss, cry's

✘ ✘ 6 ✘ 6 4 ✘ ✘ ✘

no, cry's no, no, no, no, leave me, leave me, leave me *A-lex-is*, ah! what wou'd you do,

no, no, no, no, cry's no, no, no, no, leave me, leave me *A-lex-is*, ah! what wou'd you do,

ah! what wou'd you, ah! what wou'd you, what wou'd you do?

what wou'd you, ah! what wou'd you, what wou'd you, what wou'd you do? when I

when I tell her I'le go, still she cry's no, no, no, my *A-lex-is*, no,

tell her I'le go, still she cry's no, no, no, no, no, no, no, my *A-lex-is*, no,

no my *A-lex-is*, ah! tell me not, tell me not fo; ah! ah! ah!

no, my *A-lex-is*, ah! tell me not, tell we not fo; ah! ah! ah! tell me not

tell me not, tell me not fo. Tell me fair one, tell me fair one, tell me why, why fo

fo, ah! tell me not fo. Tell me fair one, tell me fair one, tell me why, why,

coming, why, why, why fo coming, why fo com—ing, why fo shy; why fo

why, why fo coming, why, why, why fo coming, why, why, why fo shy, why fo kind, fo

kind, fo kind, fo kind, and why, and why fo coy; tell me fair one, tell me

kind, fo kind, and why fo coy, and why fo coy; tell me fair one, tell me

fair one, tell me, tell me why, you'l neither let me Fig

fair one, tell me, tell me why, you'l neither let me Fig

he nor fly; tell me

he nor fly: tell me

fair one, tell me fair one, tell me why, you'll neither let me li

fair one, tell me fair one, tell me why, you'll neither let me

ve, you'l

li ve, you'l neither let me

neither let me li ve nor dye.

li ve nor dye.

Let Cæsar and Urania live, a Two Part SONG.

ET Cæsar and U—

Let Cæsar and U--ra--nia live,

ra--nia live, let all de—ligh—ts the Stars can give, upon the Royal Pair

let all de—ligh—ts that Stars can give,

descend, let all de—ligh—ts the Stars can give, upon the

upon the Royal Pair descend, let all de—ligh—ts the Stars can give, upon the

Royal Pair de—scend: Let Cæsar and U—ra--nia live, let

Ray-al Pair descend: Let Cæsar and U—ra--nia live, let all de—

all de-igh ————— ts the Stars can give, upon the Royal Pair descend ;

—ligh ————— ts the Stars can give, upon the Roy-al

let all de-igh ————— ts the Stars can give, upon the Roy-al Pair de-

Pair descend, let all de-igh ————— ts the Stars can give, up-on the Roy-al Pair de-

—scend; let Difcord to the shades be driv'n, let Difcord to the shades be driv'n, while

—scend; let Difcord to the shades be driv'n, let Dif-cord to the shades be driv'n

Earth and Sky our Song at—tend, and thus our Loy--al Vows at—cend,

while Earth and Sky our Song at—tend, and thus our Loy-al vows af—

and thus our Loy-al Vows af—cend; O, O, O Preserve 'em

—cend, and thus our Loy-al Vows af—cend; O, O, O Preserve 'em

43

Pre—serve 'em, Pre—serve 'em, Pre—serve 'em, Pre—serve 'em,

Pre—serve 'em, Pre—serve 'em, Pre—serve 'em, Pre—serve 'em,

43

Heav'n; O, O, O, O Preserve e'm, Pre—serve 'em,

Heav'n; O, O, O, O Preserve 'em Pre—serve 'em,

43

O, Pre—serve 'em Heav'n.

O Preserve 'em Heav'n.

Were I to choose the greatest Bliss, a Two Part SONG.

W Ere I to choose the grea—test Blifs, were I to choose the grea—test Blifs, that

Were I to choose, were I to choose the grea—test Blifs, that

e're in Love was known; 'twou'd be the high—est of my Wifh, t'en—

e're in Love was known; 'twou'd be the high—est of my Wifh, t'en—

jo—y your Heart a—lone: Kings might pos—sels their King—doms

jo—y your Heart a—lone: Kings might pos—sels their King—doms

free, and Crowns un—en—vy'd wear; they shou'd no Ri—val have of

free, and Crowns un—en—vy'd wear; they shou'd no

me, no, no, they shou'd no Ri-val have of me, might I reign

Ri-val, they shou'd no Ri-val have of me, no, no, might I reign

Monarch there; they shou'd no Ri-val have of me, no, no,

Monarch there; they shou'd no Ri-val have of me, no, no, they

they shou'd no Ri-val, they shou'd no Ri-val have of me, might

shou'd no Rival, they shou'd no Ri-val ha-ve of me, might

I reign Mo-narch there.

I reign Mo-narch there.

And in each track of Glory, a Two Part SONG.

A And in each track of Glo ry, since,
 And in each track of Glo ry, since,
 and in each track of Glo ry, since,
 ry, since, of Glo ry, since,
 for their lov'd Coun—try, or their Prince. Princes that
 for their lov'd Coun—try or their Prince. Princes that
 hate, that hate Rome's Ty—ran-ny and joyn the Nations right, with their own
 hate, that hate Rome's Ty—ran-ny and joyn the Nations right, with their own

Roy-al-ty; none were more rea-dy, none were more rea—dy, none, none,

Roy-al-ty, none, none, none, none, none were more, none were more:

none, none, none were more rea-dy in di—stres to save, no, none were more

rea—dy, none were more ready in di—stres to save, none were more

Loy-al, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none were more

Loy—al, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none were more

Loy—al, none, none more brave.

Loy—al none, none more brave.

Nestor who did, a Two Part SONG.

N *Nestor*, who did to thrice Man's Age at—tain; *Nestor*, who did to thrice Man's

Nestor, who did to thrice Man's Age at—tain;

Age at—tain, by vast Ex—pe—rience found, by vast Ex—pe—rience

Nestor, who did to thrice Man's Age at—tain, by vast Ex—pe—rience found, that

found, that bu—fie States—men did Pro—ject in vain, when Bumpers

bu—fie States—men did Pro—ject in vain,

pas'd not brisk—ly round, when Bum—pers pas'd not brisk—ly rou—

when Bumpers pas'd not brisk—ly round, when Bumpers pas'd not briskly

nd, pas'd not brisk—ly rou—

rou— nd, pas'd not briskly, briskly round, when Bumpers

43 5

nd, brisk—ly, brisk—ly round:

pas'd not brisk—ly round, brisk—ly, brisk—ly round:

4 3 6 9

This Maxim then he to his Ma-ster gave, when he in Coun-cil should de—

This Maxim then he to his Ma-ster gave, when he in Council shou'd de—

6 17 8 43 6 6

—bate ; not Tro-*jan*--like, to sit morose, to sit morose and grave, but drink, drink, but

—bate ; not Tro-*jan*-like, to sit morose, to sit morose and grave, and so support the

6 5 4 5 6 7 6 4 3

drink, drink, drink, but drink, and so support the State, and so support the State, and
 State, and so support the State; but drink, drink, but drink, drink, drink, and so support the

so support the State, but drink, drink, drink, and so support the State; but drink, but
 State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and so support the State; but drink,

drink, but drink, and so support the State, and so support the State; but
 but drink, but drink, drink, and so support the State, and so support the

drink, an — d so support the State.
 State; but drink, and so sup — port the State.

765

♩ 4 4 ♩

For folded Flocks, a Three Part SONG.

Or fol-did Flocks, and fruitfull Plains, the
 For folded Flocks, and fruitfull Plains; the Shepherds and the Farmers

Fair Britain all
 Shepherds and the Farmers gains, the Shepherds and the Farmers gains, fair Britain all
 gains, the Shepherds and the Farmers gains, fair Britain

all, all, all, all, all, a — ll the World out-vies: for folded Flocks and fruitfull
 all, all, all, all, all, a — ll the World out-vies: fair Britain all, all
 all, all, all, all, all, all the World out-vies: fair Britain all, all, all

Plains, the Shepherds and the Farmers gains; fair *Britain*, all, all, all, all, all the
 all, all, all, all, all, all, all the World out-vies, all, all, all, all the
 all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all the World outvies, all, all, all, all the

World outvies: and *Pan* as in *Ar-ca-dia* reigns, and *Pan* as in *Ar-ca-dia* reigns, where pleasure
 World outvies: and *Pan* as in *Ar-ca-dia* reigns, and *Pan* as in *Ar-ca-dia* reigns, where pleasure
 World outvies: and *Pan* as in *Ar-ca-dia* reigns, and *Pan* as in *Ar-ca-dia* reigns, where pleasure

mixt with pro-fit lyes. Tho' *Jafon's* Fleece was fa—m'd, was fam'd of
 mixt with pro-fit lyes. Tho' *Jafon's* Fleece was fam'd, was fam'd of
 mixt with pro-fit lyes. Tho' *Jafon's* Fleece was fa—m'd, was fam'd of

old, the *British* Wool, the *British* Wool, is growing, growing Gold; no Mines can more, no, no, no,

old, the *British* Wool, the *British* Wool is growing, growing Gold; no, no, no, no,

old, the *British* Wool, the *British* Wool, is growing, growing Gold; no, no, no, no,

6 75 43

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no Mines can more of Wealth sup-ply, it keeps, it

no, no, no Mines can more, no, no, no, no Mines can more of Wealth sup-ply, it keeps, it

no, no, no, no, no, no, no Mines can more, can more of Wealth sup-ply, it keeps, it

6 4 6 4 6 4

keeps the Peasant from the cold, and takes, and takes for Kings the Tyrian die.

keeps the Peasant from the cold, and takes, and takes for Kings the Tyrian die.

keeps the Peasant from the cold, and takes, and takes for Kings the Tyrian die.

6 4 6 4 6 4

A Dialogue in *Oroonoko*, Sung by the Boy and Girl.

He.

E-le-me-ne, pray tell me, pray, pray tell me Ce-le-me-ne, when those

pritty, prit-ty, pritty Eyes I see; when my Heart beats, beats,

beats, beats in my Breast; why, why it will not, it will not, why, why it

will not let me rest? Why this trem- bling, why this trem-

bling too all o're? Pains I never, Pains I never, never, never

felt be-fore: And when thus I touch, when thus I touch your Hand, why I wish, I

wish, I wish I was a Man? How shou'd I know more than you? Yet wou'd

6 43

be a Woman too. When you wash your self and play; I methinks cou'd look all day;

6

Nay just now, nay, just now am pleas'd, am pleas'd so well, shou'd you, shou'd you Kifs me

6 6 6 6 6 6 6

I won't tell, shou'd you, shou'd you Kifs me I won't tell; no, no I won't tell; no, no I won't

6 6 6 6 6 6 6

tell, no, no I won't tell; shou'd you Kifs me I won't tell. Tho I cou'd do that all day,

6 43 6

and de--fire no bet-ter play; Sure, sure in Love there's something more, which

6 6 6 6 6 6 6

She.
 makes Mam-ma so bigg, so bigg be-fore. Once by chance I hear'd it nam'd;

don't ask what, don't ask what for I'm a-sham'd : Stay but till you'r past Fif-teen,

then you'll know, then, then you'll know what 'tis I mean, then you'll know, then, then you'll

He.
 know what 'tis I mean. How-e-ver, lofe not pre-sent Blifs; but now we're a--

She.
 — lone let's Kifs, but now we're a—lone let's Kifs, let's Kifs. My Breasts do

Ma.
 so heave, so heave, so hea---ve. My Heart does so pant, pant, pant.

She

There's something, something, something more we want, there's something,

He.

There's something, something, something more we want, there's something,

something, something more we want.

something, something more we want.

Love thou can't hear, a single SONG. Words by Sir Robert Howard.

L ———— Ove thou can't hea — r, Love thou can't hea —

— r tho' thou art blind ; leave my Heart free, leave my Heart free, oh! pit-ty me, oh!

pit-ty me, since Clo-ris is un-kind; leave my Heart free, oh! pit-ty me, oh!

76

pit-ty me, oh! ————— pit-ty me, since

Clo-ris is un-kind, oh! ————— pit-ty

me, since Clo-ris is un-kind.

She is un-constant, she is un-constant, she is uncon-

—stant as she's bright; she is un-constant she

is un-constant, she is un-constant

as she's bright; her smi

-les on ev-ry Shep-herd fall, her Smi

les on ev'ry Shepherd fall; And as the Sun, and as the Sun u

ses his light, the vainly, the vain-ly Loves to shine, the vainly lo

ves to shine on all; and as the Sun, and as the Sun u

ses his light, the vainly, the vain-ly loves to shine, the

vainly lo- ves to shine on all.

I thought her fair like new faln Snow, I thought her fair like new faln Snow,

when white-nefs in-nocence in-clos'd. Like that the ful-ly'd seems to shine, like that

the ful-ly'd seems to show, when to Loves melting, melting heat ex-pos'd; like

that the ful-ly'd seems to show, when to Loves melting, melting heat ex-pos'd;

when to Loves mel-ting, melting heat ex-pos'd. Love thou, &c.

First Strain again.

Brisk Time.

The powerfull Charms shall now be try'd, the powerfull Charms shall now be try'd; this Fury, this Fury from my Breast to chafe, I'll summon's scorn, revenge and pride; I'll summons, summons

Slow.

scorn, revenge and pride; at least her Image, at least her Image, her Image to deface.

See how the fading Glories, a single SONG.

SEE, see how the fading Glories of the Year, put on a youthfull Smile;

see, see how the fading Glories of the Year, put on a youthfull Smile;

to welcom her Spight of the Dog-Star's madnefs, her bright Eyes cre--ate a Spring of

e--ver bloom--ing Joys, of ever bloom--ing, bloom--ing

Joys; all Nature to her Charms fresh Tri--bute yields, making where e're she comes

E--li--zian Fields; where Rofes proudly breath out all their Sweet, and

blush out all their Beauty at her Feet; where Nightingales their own Love-Songs lay

by, and her un--i--mi--ta--ble Gra--ces try; while the

more wan — ton Hills and Groves re-joyce, faintly to ec — cho back her

heav'n-ly Voice, faint-ly to ec — cho back her heav'n-ly

CHORUS.

Voice. But my Pains ra — ge, but my Pains ra — ge the

But my Pains ra — ge, but my Pains ra — ge the

more near Pa-ra-dise, Panthe-a is to me a burn — ing Glas of Ice; Pan —

more near Pa-ra-dise, Panthe-a is to me, Pan-the-a

—thea, Pan-the-a, is to me a burn — ing Glas of Ice.

is to me, is to me a burn — ing Glas of Ice.

I attempt from Love's sickness, a single SONG.

Attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain, since I am

my self my own Feaver, since I am my self my own Fea-ver and Pain;

No more now, no more now fond Heart with Pride, no more swell, thou can't not raise

Forces, thou can't not raise Forces enough to re-bell: For Love has more

Pow'r, and less Mercy than Fate, to make us seek ru--in, to make us seek

ru--in, and love those that hate.

Here the Deities approve, a single SONG.

Ere the De-i-ties ap-prove,

here, here the De-i-ties approve the God of Mu—sick and of Love, all the Talents

they have lent you, all the Blessings they have sent you, pleas'd to see, to see what they be-flow,

live and thrive, live and thrive so well be-low; pleas'd to see, to see what

they be-flow, live and thrive, live and thrive so well be——low;

all the Talents they have lent you, all the Blessings they have

rft race of Men knew a good, knew a good from a harm; they quickly did joyn, they
 first race of Men knew a good, knew a good from a harm; they quickly did joyn, they
 76 ✱

quickly, they quickly did joyn, in a knowledge di-vine, that the World's chiefst Blessings were
 quickly, they quickly did joyn, in a knowledge di-vine, that the World's chiefst Blessings were
 6 ✱

Women and Wine, Women and Wine, Women and Wine; that the World's chiefst Blessings were
 Women and Wine, Women and Wine, Women and Wine; that the World's chiefst Blessings were

Women and Wine : Since when by ex-ample, im-proving de-lights, since
 Women and Wine : Since when by ex-ample improving delights, since when by ex-ample, since
 2 76 ✱ 6 7 ✱ 6

when by example im-proving de-ligh-
 when by ex-ample im-pro-ving de-ligh-
 when by ex-ample im-pro-ving de-ligh-
 ts, improving de-

-lights, Wine governs our Days, Love and Beauty our Nights. And drink, drink, drink, and
 -lights, Wine governs our Days, Love and Beauty our Nights. Love on then, love on then,

drink, drink, drink; Love on then, love on then, and drink, drink, drink,
 and drink, drink, drink, and drink, drink, drink, Love on then, and drink,

and drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, Love on then and drink, 'tis a fol-ly to think of a
 drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, love on then and drink; 'tis a fol-ly to think of a

Mystery out of our reaches, be moral in thought, be moral in thought, to be mer-

Mystery out of our reaches, be moral in thought, to be mer-

ry's no fault, tho' an Elder the contra-ry Preaches; for never, never, my

ry's no fault, tho' an Elder the contra-ry Preaches; for never, never my

Friends, for never, never, never, never, never, my Friends, was an Age of mote Vice, than when

Friends, for never, never, never, never, never, my Friends, was an Age of more Vice, than when

Knaves wou'd seem Pious, when Knaves wou'd seem Pi-ous, and Fools wou'd seem Wife.

Knaves wou'd seem Pious, when Knaves wou'd seem Pious, and Fools wou'd seem Wife.

A Dialogue in the *Fairy Queen*, Sung by Mr. Reading, and Mrs. Ayliff.

He.

O W the Maids and the Men are making of Hay, we've left the dull Fools, we've

left the dull Fools and are stol-len a-way; then *Mopsa* no more be coy as before, but let's

merri-ly, merri-ly, merri-ly, merri-ly play; and Kifs, and Kifs, and Kifs, and Kifs, and

She.

Kifs the sweet time a-way. Why how now Sir Clown, why how now, what makes you so

bold? I'd have ye, I'd have ye to know I'm not made of that mold; I tell you a-

-gain, a-gain and a-gain, Maids must never, must never Kifs no Men; no, no, no, no,

give me a score, 'twou'd not lef-fen your store, then bid me, bid me chearful-ly, chearful-ly

Kifs and take my fill, and take my fill, my fill of the Blifs; I'e not

trust you so far I know you too well, shou'd I give you an Inch you'd soon, you'd soon take an

Ell; then Lord like you Rule and Lau—gh, then Lord like you Rule and Lau

gh at the Fool; no, no, no, no, no, no, no Kissing at all, no,

no, no, no, no, no Kissing at all; I'e not Kifs, till I Kifs you for good and all: So

small a Re-quest you must not, you cannot, you shall not de—ny; nor

7b

will I ad-mit of a—nother, a—no—ther re—ply; you must not, you

75

shall not de—ny; you must not, you can-not, you shall not de—ny.

CHORUS.

She.
Nay what do you mean? nay what do you mean? O

He.
You must not, you shall not de—ny; you must not, you shall not de—

She.
Fie, fie, fie, fie; O fie, fie, fie, fie, nay what do you mean? Nay

He.
—ny, you must not de—ny, you must not, you shall not de—ny, you must not, you

Pia. *f* *Pia.* *f* *Pia.* *f*

nay nay nay, what do you, what do you
 can-not, you shall not, you must not, you can-not, you shall not de

mean? O fie, fie, fie, fie, O fie, fie, fie, fie, O fie, fie,
 ny, you must not de-ny, you must not, you shall not, you

fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, O fie, fie, fie, fie, fie,
 can-not, you shall not de-ny; you must not, you can-not, you

fie, fie, fie.
 shall not de-ny.

A Dialogue in the *Richmond Heirefs*, Sung by Mr. Reading, and Mrs. Ayliff.

Mc.

B Ehoid, behold the Man that with Gigan ———— tick Might dares, dares, dares

Combat Heav'n a-gain sto ———— rm, *Joves* bright Palace put the Gods to

fig ———— hr, Chaos renew and make perpe ———— tu-al Night;

Come on, come on, come on, come on ye Fighting, Fighting fools, come on, come on, come

on, come on ye Fighting, Fighting fools that petty, petty Jars maintain, that petty, petty Jars main-

tain; I've all, all the Wars of Europe, all the Wars of Europe in my Brain; I've all, all,

P p p

The musical score is written in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of several systems of music. The first system includes a vocal line with a 'Mc.' marking and a bass line with a large 'B' marking. The lyrics are: 'Ehoid, behold the Man that with Gigan ———— tick Might dares, dares, dares'. The second system continues the lyrics: 'Combat Heav'n a-gain sto ———— rm, Joves bright Palace put the Gods to'. The third system: 'fig ———— hr, Chaos renew and make perpe ———— tu-al Night;'. The fourth system: 'Come on, come on, come on, come on ye Fighting, Fighting fools, come on, come on, come'. The fifth system: 'on, come on ye Fighting, Fighting fools that petty, petty Jars maintain, that petty, petty Jars main-'. The sixth system: 'tain; I've all, all the Wars of Europe, all the Wars of Europe in my Brain; I've all, all,'. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'P p p' at the bottom.

all the Wars of Europe in my Brain. Who's he that talks of War, when

charming, charming Beau—ty comes in, who's sweet, sweet, sweet Face di—vine—ly

fair, e—ter—nal plea—sure, e—ter—nal

plea—sure, e—ter—nal

plea—sure comes; when I appear, the Martial,

Martial God a Conquer'd Victim lies, o-beys each glance, each awfull nod, and dreads the

mortal spirits ru n; pur— sue, pursue, pur—

sue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, Drive e'm o're the burning Zone,

drive e'm o're the burning Zone, from thence come row— ling

down, come row— ling down, and search the Globe below, with all the

gulphy Main, to find my lost, my wan— dring sense, my wan—

dring Sense a— gain. By this disjointed matter that crowds thy Pe—ri—

—cranium, I nicely have found, that thy Brain is not found, and thou shalt be, and thou shalt be

my Companion. Come, come, come, come, come, come, let us plague the World then, I em-

brace the blest oc-casion, for by instinct I find thou art one of the kind, thou art one of

the kind, that first brought in, that first brought in Dam-nation.

III.

She. My Face has Heaven Inchant'd,
With all the Sky-born Fellows.

Jove pres'd to my Breast, and my Bosom he kiss'd,
Which made old *Juno* jealous.

IV.

He. I challeng'd Grizzly *Pluto*,
But the God of Fire did shun me.

Witty Hermes I drub'd, round the Pole with my Club,
For breaking Jokes upon me.

Chorus of both.

*Then Mad, very Mad, very Mad let us be,
For Europe does now with our Frenzy agree,
And all things in Nature are mad too as we.*

V.

She. I found *Apollo* Singing,
The tune my Rage Increases;

I made him so blind, with a look that was kind,
That he broke his Lyre to pieces.

VI.

He. I drank a Health to *Venus*,
And the Mole on her white Shoulder.

Mars flinch'd at the Glass, and I threw't in his Face,
Was ever Heroe bolder?

VII.

She. 'Tis true, my dear *Alcides*,
Things tend to dissolution,
The Charms of a Crown, and the Crafts of the Gown,
Have brought all to Confusion.

VIII.

He. The haughty *French* begun it,
The *English* Wits pursue it.

She. The *German* and *Turk* still go on with the Work,
He. And all in time will rue it.

Cho. *Then mad, very mad, &c.*

Turn over to the CHO.

CHORUS.

Then Mad ve-ry Mad let us be, ve-ry Mad, very Mad let us be, ve-ry

Then Mad, very Mad, very Mad very Mad let us be, ve-ry

6 32 3

Mad, very Mad, very Mad, very Mad, let us be, for Europe does now with our Frenzy a—gree; and

Mad, very Mad, very Mad, very Mad, let us be, for Europe does now with our Frenzy a—gree;

8 7 16 15 4 2 4 3

all things in Nature are Mad, Mad, Mad, and all things in Nature are Mad, Mad, Mad, are

and all things in Nature are Mad, Mad, Mad, and all things in Nature are

76 6 56 58 6 5

Mad, Mad, Mad, are Mad, Mad, Mad, are Mad too as we, are Mad too as we.

Mad, Mad, Mad, are Mad, Mad, Mad, are Mad too as we, are Mad too as we.

6 6 6

A Two Part SONG.

L Et the dreadfull Engines of e-ter-nal will, the Thun-

der Ro- ar and crook ed Lightning

kill, my Rage is hot, is hot, is ho- r as theirs, as fa-

—tall too, and dares as horrid, and dares as horrid, horrid ex- e- cu- tion do:

Or let the Frozen North its ran- cour show,

with in my Brea- st, far, far grea- ter Tem-pests grow; de-

—spair's more cold, more co—ld than a—ll the winds can blow.

Can nothing, can no—thing warm me, can nothing, can no—thing

warm me? yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lu—*

—*cinda's* Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; there, there, there, there, *Er—*

—*na*, there, there, there, there *Ves-suvio* lyes, to fur—nish Hell with flames, that mount—

—ing, mounting reach the Skyes; Can

nothing, can nothing warm me? can nothing, can nothing warm me? yes, yes, yes,

yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; yes,

yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucin-da's* Eyes. Ye pow'rs I did but use her name,

and see how all, and see how all the Meteors flame blew lightning flashes round the Court of

Sol, and now the Globe more feircely burns than once at *Phaeton's* fall.

Ah! ah!

where, where are now, where are now, where are now those flow-- 'ry

Groves, where *Zephir's* fragrant Winds did play? ah! where are now, where are now, where are

now those flow-- 'ry Groves, where *Zephir's* fragrant Winds did play? where guarded by a

Troop of Loves, the fair, the fair *Lu-cin-da* sleeping lay; there Sung the

Nightingale, and Lark, around us all was sweet and gay, we ne're grew fad

till it grew dark, nor nothing fear'd but short--ning day.

I glow, I glow, I glow, but 'tis with hate, why must I burn,

why must I burn, why, why must I burn for this in-grate? why, why must I

burn for this in-grate? Cool, too — le it then, too —

— le it then, and raile, since nothing, no-thing will pre-vaile.

When a Woman Love pretends, 'tis but till she gains her ends, and for Better, and for

Worse, is for Marrow of the Purse, where she Jilts you o're and o're, proves a

Slattern or a Whore; this hour will teize, will teize and vex, will teize, will teize and vex,

and will Cuckold ye the next; they were all contriv'd in spight, to tor-ment us, not de-

—light, but to Scold, to Scold, and Scratch, and Bite, and not one of them proves right; but all,

all are Witches by this light; And so I fair—ly bid 'em, and the World good

night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night.

F I N I S.