ORPHEUS BRITANNICUS.

A COLLECTION
OF ALL
The Choicest SONGS
FOR
One, Two, and Three Voices,
COMPOS'D
By Mr. 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.

LONDON,
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 les Judges than Patrons of his Performances. I find, Madam, I have already said enough to justify the Premumption 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 itself 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.
The Bookseller to the Reader.

Whereas this Excellent Collection was design'd to have been Publisht 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'ny Lay,
They cease their mutual spight,
Drink in her Musick with Delight,
And lift'ning and silent, and silent and lift'ning,
(and lift'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'ny Quire, who heard his Notes from
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 tuneful Voice,
Lament his lot, but at your own rejoicery
Now live secure and linger out your days,
The Gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's Layer,
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.

According to my bold Design,
Thou belt Inspirer of Harmonious Grief;
Thou, who among the tuneful Nine,
In mournfull Melody art Chief.
In Mufick, wing'd with Sighs, I fear,
A second Orpheus to deplore;
Second in Time, but First in Fame;
To him blind Fiction gave a Name.
The truthles Tales, which frantick Poets tell
Of Thebes, and moving Stones, and Journeys
down to Hell,
Were only Prophecies of Mufick's force, which
Have wonderfully been fulfill'd in Thee. (we
What mortal Harmony could do
No Mortal ever knew.
Till thy transcendent Genius came, (flame:
Whole strength surpa'st the Prailes of Poetick
Whole Raptures will for ever want a Name.
Out of thy Orb awhile
(Content to wander here below)
Thou didst vouchsafe to blest us life,
(With high Commands from Heaven, for ought
To try seditious Jars to reconcile. [we know]
But Diford, 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 the 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,
Crownd with Celestial ever-blooming Bays,
Thou sittest 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'er spreads the Plains
More Gloomy Grief the Nymphs & Swains;
The Shepherd breaks his tuneful Reed,
His pining Flocks refuse to feed.
Silent are the Lawns and Glades,
The Hills, the Vales, the Groves, the Dales,
All silent as Elizian Shades.
No more they Sing, no more Rejoyce,
Echo her self has loft her Voice.

II.

A Sighing Wind, a Murmur'ring Rill,
Our Ears with dolefull Accents fill:
They are heard, and only 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,
Stephon and Musick are no more!

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

An Ode for the Content 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 Verfe:
Each mournful Strain in faddest Accents drefs,
His Praifes, and your Sorrows to expres.
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 (Mufe to fing.

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 solen Danger, sweeten Care,
And smooth the rugged Toils of War,
Now with thrill Grief, and melancholy Strains
Of Damon's Death, and Albion's Lofs complains.

The sprightly Haut-boys, and gay Violin,
By Damon taught to charm the lift'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-

"WEEP all ye Muses, weep o're Damon's Herse,
"And pay the grateful Honors of your Verfe.

III.

Mark how the melancholy Flute,
Joins in sad Content 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 confine
To mourn its darling Damon's Death,
And with confounding Grief to form one num'rous

(Choir.

"WEEP all ye Muses, weep o're Damon's Herse,
"And pay the grateful Honors of your Verfe.

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 fure, 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.

Memorie Sacrum H.P.

En! Marmor loquax
(Vix, heu! præ dolore)
Lacrymas illatis fidat
Manes Purcelli facros,
Quidquis es, Viator,
Siste ac venerare.
Eheu! quâm fubitó Orbis Harmonici
Proculbuit Columnum!
Anglicus ille Amphion, Orpheus, Apollo,
Deus Harmoniae Italio-Anglus,
Cérte Corellius;
Artis Musæc
Perquam difficilis
Facile Coryphaeus,
Per acuta Musice victor ibat ovans.
To the Memory of my Dear Friend
Mr. Henry Purcell.

Musick, the chiefest Good the Gods have
giv'n,
And what below still antedates our Heavn,
Just like a Spirit, by a lastin' Spell,
Confin'd to Italy, did Ages dwell.
Long there remain'd a pleas'd & welcom Guest,
Lo! de'l real to live where befl the was express'd.
By Glory led, at length to France the came,
And there immortaliz'd great Lu'sy's Name ;
As yet a Stranger to the Britis'h Streets,
'ill Lock, and Blow, deep learn'd in all her Lore,
And happy artfull Gibbons, forc'd her o're.
Where with young Humphries she acquainted
(grew).

(Our first reforming Music's Richilieu)
Who dying left the Goddes all to You.
There are, I own, a num'rous tuneful Throng,
Composing still, though oft in the wrong,
And with Old Air let forth a fine New Song.
These to thy juster Art have no pretence,
For if they make a Tune they mar the Sence.
If sparkling Air the taking Treble grace,
'Tis murder'd quite by the Ungodly Bafs.
There to old Morly's Maxim's counter run ;
In Overtures rejoyce, in Jiggs they mourn :
Whilst their too great Example, Mighty You,
That you might still impartial Justice doe,
At once to Musick, and the Musics too ;
Each Syllable first weight'd, or short, or long,
That it might too be Sence, as well as Song.
Where are 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 fo proper find, the Air fo new,
Your Cadence juff, your Accent ever true ;
How can I ere enough the Man admire,
Who's raise the Britis'h o're the Trabican Lyre !
That Bard cou'd make the Savage-kind obey,
But thou haft tam'd yet greater Brutes than they:
Who're like Purcell cou'd our Passions move !
Who ever fang so feelingly of Love !
When Thyrsis does in dying Notes complain
His hapeles Love, and Phileus cold Dispair ;
Brib'd by the magic Sounds that strike the Ear,
We Parties turn, and blame the cruel Fair ;
But when you tune your Lyre to Martial Lays,
In Songs Immortal, Mortal Hero's Praife ;
Each Song its Hearers does to Hero's raile.

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 bellow,
Yet only Purcell's shall equal Blow ;
Sign'd, For Thou, by Heaven for wondrous things de-
Left' 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.

Ark! what deep Groans torment the Air,
Is Nature funk into Despair ;
Or does the trembling Earth descry
A fit of Fallig-Sicknel's nigl'h ?
O my Prophetick Fears! he's gone !
'Twas Nature's diapason'd Groan.

Harmonious Soul! took'th thou offence
At Diffords here, and fled'ft from hence ?
Or in thy Sacred Raptures hear
The Mufick of Heavens warbling Sphere ?
Then mounted flight where Anges sing,
And Love does dance on every String.

For Balms thou need'st not rob the East,
Nor strip the Phenix 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 themselvcs into a Tomb.
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Note, That such Songs as are thus marked † were never before Printed.

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Elias has a thousand, thousand, thou-
and, Charms, 'tis Heaven, 'tis Heaven to lye within her
Armes; while I stand gazing on her Face, some new, and some restless grace, fills with fresh
Magick all the place: while I stand gazing on her Face, some new, and some restless grace, fills with fresh Magick a
ill the place:
But while the Nymph I thus a--dore,
but
while the Nymph 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
tsweetness is a-bove compare, but then she's falle, she's falle, but then she's falle, she's

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

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

Ah! how gay is young desire:
And what pleasing pain, and what pleasing pain we prove; when first, when first we feel a Lovers fire:

Pains of Love are sweeter far, then all, all, all, all, all, all other pleasures are; Pains of Love are sweeter far, then all, all, all, all other pleasures are.
A Song on Mrs. Bracegirdle's Singing (I Burn &c.)
In the Second part of Don Quixote.

Hilf I with grief did on you look, whilst I with grief did on you look, when Love had turned your Brain, from you, I, I, the con-}

gation took, from you, I, I, the con-}
gation took, and for you, for you bore the pain, for you, for you bore the pain:

Marcia, then your Lover prize, and be not, be not
be not too severe; use well, use well the cons-
quest of your Eyes, for Pride, Pride,
Pride has cost you dear. Am-bro-sio treats your Flames with scorn, and rack
s your tender mind, withdraw your Smiles, withdraw your
Smiles and Frowns return, and pay him, pay him, pay him
in his kind, and pay him, pay him, pay him in his kind.
If Music be the food of Love, Sing on, Sing on, Sing on, Sing on, till I am fill'd with joy; for then my lifting Soul you move, to please the furies that can never, never
clay; your Eyes, your Mean, your Tongue declare, that you are

Mu-

sick ev'ry where; your

Eyes, your Mean, your Tongue declare, that you are Mu-

sick ev'ry where.

Pleasures invade both Eye and Ear, pleasures invade both Eye and Ear, fo

fier-

ce, so fier-


ce the transports are, they wound, so fierce the

transports are, they wound, and all my senses feast, and all my senses feast.

are, tho' yet the treat is only sound, tho' yet the treat is only

sound, sound, sound, sound, sound, sound, is only sound;

sure I must perish, I must, I must perish by your charms, unless you

fi---ve me in your arms.
A Song, in Timon of Athens.

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

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 Ravifh-ing, ye Gods how Ravifh-ing, how Ravifhing the

bliss, so soft, so gen-tle, so soft, so gen-tle is their pain;
A Song in the *Indian Emperor*.

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

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

leapt up and smil'd, I'd, to save thy sinking State.
A Day shall come, when in thy pow'r thy cruel Foes shall be; a
Day shall come, when in thy pow'r thy cruel Foes shall be; then shall the Land be
free, and thou in Peace, and thou in Peace shalt Reign, but

Oh! take, Oh! take that opportuni-ty, which once re-

—sus'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.

Eaie, anxious World, your fruit—less Pain; ceaie, ceaie, ceaie anxious

World, your fruit—less Pain, to gra—sp for-bidden Store; your

fluieyd Labours shall prove vain, your Alchy—my un—blest; whilst Seeds of far more

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

happier Love, where my Lu—cin—da, my Lu—cin—da lies; and the rich Stock

does so improve, as she her Art em—ploy's; that ev'ry Smile and Touch the
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 Poor?

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

Blessing that we use, be-gets a thousand more? When ev'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.
Oft Notes, and gently rais'd, left some hard found the
fair Carinna's Rest do rude—ly wound; diffuse a peace-ful calmness
through each Part, touch all the Springs of a for Virgin's Heart; Tune
ev'ry Pulse, and kindle all her Blood, and swell the torment of the living Flood;

glide thro' her Dreams, and o'er her Fancy move, and stir up, stir up all the I-...
CHORUS.

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

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

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

as tend this time, too strong for Fancy, too strong for Fancy, and too full and

full, too full for Rhyme; too strong for Fancy, and too full for Rhyme.

too full, too full for Rhyme; too strong for Fancy, and too full for Rhyme.
How pleasant is this flow—ry Plain and Grove! What perfect Scenes of Inno-
cence and Love! As if the Gods, when all things here below were curs'd, reserv'd this place to
let us know, how beau-

ti—full the World at first was made, e’re Mankind by Am-

—bition was be—ray’d. The hap-

py Swain in these e—na—mell’d Fields, pos-

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

as it first did come, from the great Treas—ury of Nature’s Womb; free from Di—

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

with the gen—tile Wings of Peace. No Fears, no Storms of War his Thoughts mo-
left Ambition is a stranger to his Breast; his Sheep, his Crook, and Pipe, are all his

Store, he needs nor, neither does he cover more. Off to the lient Groves he
does retreat, whose Shades de-fend him from the for- ching Heat: In these Re-cel-fes

unconcern'd he lyes, whilsth thro' the Boughs the whip-ring Zephire flies,

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

swee— Har-money.
CHORUS in Five Parts.

Ab happy, happy, happy Life! Ab happy, happy, happy, ab happy Life! Ab blest Re-

Ab happy, happy, happy Life! Ab happy, happy, happy, ab happy Life! Ab blest Re-

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

—treat, void of the Troubles, the Troubles, that attend the Great! From Pride and courtly Follies
free, from all their gaudy, gaudy Pomp, and Vanity: No guilty Re-
morse does their Pleasure annoy, nor disturb the Delights of their innocent Joy. Crown'd

free, from all their gaudy Pomp, and Vanity: No guilty Re-
morse does their Pleasure annoy, nor disturb the Delights of their innocent Joy.
Monarchs, whom Cities and Kingdoms o—by, whom Cities and Kingdoms o—by, are not

Crown'd Monarchs, whom Cities and Kingdoms o—by, whom Kingdoms o—by, are not

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

half so con—ten—ted, are not half so con—ten—ted, or hap—py as they.
The Conjurer's Song in the 3d. Act of the Indian Queen.

You twice ten hundred Deities, to whom we daily Sacrifice; Ye powers, ye powers that dwell with Fates below, and see what Men are doom'd to do; where Elements in discord dwell, thou God of sleep ariose and tell; tell great Zempoalla, what strange, strange Fate muft on her d---mall, d---mall

Vision wait. By the croaking of the Toad, in their Caves that make a bode;
in their Caves that make a bode;  Earthy Dun, Earthy Dun that pa
nts for breath, with her five
sides full, full, full of death;  By the
Creased Adder's Pride, by the Creased Adder's Pride, that a-long the Cliffs doe
glide, by thy Visage, by thy
Vilage fierce and black, by thy Deaths Head on thy
back; by thy twirled Serpents plac’d, for a Girdle round thy Waist; by the

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

Sleeping Mansion rise, and open, and open thy unwilling Eyes.

While bubbling Springs their Musick keep, while bubbling Springs their

Musick keep, that use to Lull thee, use to Lull thee, Lull thee in thy
Sleep, that use to Lull thee, Lull thee, Lull thee, Lull thee, Lull thee in thy Sleep.

A Song with *Hautboys.*
too bu-sy Man wou'd find his for-rows more, if fu-ture For-tunes

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

of his De-siny, he wou'd not, wou'd not live at all, but al-ways

dye; Enquire no then, who, who shall from Bonds be freed, who 'is shall wear a
Crown, or who shall Bleed, shall Bleed: All, all must sub—mit,

all must sub—mit to their ap-poin—
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 preft, 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 forbid by Fate to tell,

to tell the rest.
I see, I see the fly's me, the fly's me;
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 difcovers, but what's her Scorn, but what's her Scorn or my Del-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-

g-ger, but not Lo-ve more; were she but kind,
kind, were she but kind, kind, whom 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 Aged stream are we,

Two Daughters of this Aged stream are we,

Two Daughters of this Aged stream are we,

Two Daughters of this Aged stream are we,

Two Daughters of this Aged stream are we,

Two Daughters of this Aged stream are we,

Two Daughters of this Aged stream are we,

Two Daughters of this Aged stream are we,

Two Daughters of this Aged stream are we,

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Two Daughters of this Aged stream are we,

Two Daughters of this Aged stream are we,

Two Daughters of this Aged stream are we,

Two Daughters of this Aged stream are we,

Two Daughters of this Aged stream are we,
come, come, come Naked in for we are so, what danger, what danger
from a Naked Foe?
come, come, come Naked in for we are so, what danger from
and share what Pleasures in the Floods appear;
and share what Pleasures in the Floods appear; we'll beat the
beat the Waters till they bound, we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir
A Two Part SONG, in Epome-Well's.

Leave, leave these useless Arts, leave, leave these useless Arts in loving; seeming

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

anger and disdain;

seeming anger and disdain:
Tryst, tryst to Nature, gently, gently, gently moving, Nature

never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, ne-ver pleads in

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

like the Fair ones in-clination, like the Fair ones in-clina-tion.
A Two Part SONG,

Ove, thou art best, Love thou art best, Love thou art best of Human joys; our

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

chief-est, chief-est, chief-est happiness below;

our chief-est, chief-est happiness below; all, all,

all, all, all other Pleasures; all, all other, all other Pleasures are but Toys, all,

all other Pleasures; all, all other Pleasures, all, all other Pleasures are but Toys; all,

all, all are but Toys, Musick without that is but Noi---
let him Love; That, that, that, that alone, that, that a-lone, must his

Soul improve; How—c’ere Phi-lo-so-phers dif-pute, that, that, that,

that alone, that alone, must his Soul improve; How—c’ere Phi-

that a-lone, that a-lone, that a-lone, must his Soul improve; How—c’ere Phi-

lo-so-phers dif-pute, lo-so-phers dif-pute.
A Two Part SONG.

1. Hough my Mistres be Fair, yet froward, yet froward she's too, then hang the dull

2. Tho' my Mistres be Fair, yet froward she's too, then

3. Soul, then hang the dull Soul, that will offer, will offer to Woo; but 'tis Wine, brave

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

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

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

7. and quicker, much, much, much brisker and quicker; in Sparkles smiles on me,

8. and quicker, much, much, much brisker and quicker; in Sparkles smiles on me,
tho' the frown up-on me: Then with Laugh-

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

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

a-pox on her Face; may it never want Scars and Scratches, may it never want Scars and
A Two Part SONG,

For Love ev'ry Creature is form'd, 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 Joy—es are a—bove the plea

fures of Love, no Joy—es are a—bove the plea—ures of Love, no

Joy—es are a—bove, no, no, no, no, no

no, no, no, no, no, no Joy—es are a—

Joys are above, no, no, no, no, no Joys are above the plea—ures, the plea—ures, the

Joys are above, no, no, no, no, no Joys are above the plea—ures, the plea—ures, the
A Two Part SONG.

When Teucer from his Father fled, and from the Shore of Salamine, when

from the Shore of Salamine; with a Poplar Wreath he crown'd his

from the Shore of Salamine; when Teucer from his Father fled, and

from the Shore of Salamine; with a Poplar Wreath he
Head, that glow'd with the warmth of generous Wine;
crown'd his Head, that glow'd with the warmth of generous Wine; and thus to his

and thus to his drooping Friends he said, and thus to his

drooping Friends he said, 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;

and a better Country, a better, better Country is the Sea:

Then cheer up my Hearts, then cheer up my Hearts, your Anchors weigh. Come Plo—w, my Mates, come Plo—w, my Mates, come Plo—w, my Mates, come Plo—w, my Mates, come Plo—w.
w, my Mates, the wa-try, wa-try way, and fear not, and fear not, fear
...
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
...
chor weigh: Let us drink and drown our Cares a—wa
...
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

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
drown our Cares a-way.

drown our Cares a-way.
A DIALOGUE in King Arthur.

Oll fay 'tis Love creates the pain, of which so fal—ly you complain;

and yet wou'd fail engage my Heart, in that un—ea—ly cru—el, cru—el part;

but how a—las, how a—las think you that I can bear the woun—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 pa—son makes my care,

but your indif—erence gives de—spair; the lu—fly Sun, the lu—fly Sun be—
and careful days, from hours of plea

fears he repays; But absence soon, or jealous fears o're-

flows the joy, o'reflows the joys with floods of Tears; but absence soon or jealous fears o'reflows the joys with floods of

Tears: But one soft moment makes amends for all the torment that attends,

one soft moment makes a-mends for all the torment that attends.
I'll be kind, I'll be kind, I'll be kind, kind, I'll be kind;
Heaven can give no greater blessing than faithful Love, and kind, and kind confident;
I'll be constant, I'll be constant, I'll be constant, I'll be kind;
Heaven can give no greater blessing, no greater blessing than faithful Love, and kind, and kind confident, and kind confident, than faithful Love, and kind, and kind confident, than faithful Love, and kind, and kind confident, than faithful Love, and kind, and kind confident, than faithful Love, and kind, and kind confident, than faithful Love, and kind, and kind confident, than faithful Love, and kind, and kind confident, than faithful Love, and kind, and kind confident, than faithful Love, and kind, and kind confident, than faithful Love, and kind, and kind confident, than faithful Love, and kind, and kind confident, than faithful Love, and kind, and kind confident, than faithful Love, and kind, and kind confident, than faithful Love, and kind, and kind confident, than faithful Love, and kind, and kind confident, than faithful Love, and kind, and kind confident.
A Two Part SONG, the Words by Mr. Cowley,

Ere, here's to thee Dick, this whining Love despise; here,

Here, here's to thee Dick, here, here's to thee Dick, this whining

here's to thee Dick, this whining, whining Love despise; pledge me, pledge me, my

Love despise, this whining, whining Love despise; pledge me, here's to thee

Friend, here, here's to thee Dick, pledge me, and drink, drink, till thou be't wise: It sparkles

Dick, pledge me, my Friend, pledge me, and drink, drink, till thou be't, wise: It sparkles

brigh-ter far than she, 'tis pure, 'tis pure, and right without deceiv, and

brigh-ter far than she, 'tis pure, 'tis pure, and right, without deceiv, and
such, such no Woman e'rc will be, no, no, no, they're all fo—phi—fil—cate,

they're all, all, all sofisticate. With all thy servile paines, what can't thou

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

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

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

—cleanly Sin? A thing so vile, so vile, and so short-liv'd, that Venus Joys, as well as
all, but Sighs and Tears, but Sighs and Tears, have Sex-es too. Here's to thee a-

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

again, here's to thee again, thy seneless Sor-rows drown'd; here's to thee, thy 

to thee again, here's to thee again, thy seneless Sor-rows drown'd, thy 

seneless Sor-rows drown'd, let the Glås walk, 'till all things too go rou-

seneless Sor-rows drown, let the Glås 

and, 'till all things too go rou-

walk, 'till all things too go rou----

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

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

four, no Error here can dangerous prove; thy Passion Man deceiv'd thee more, none

four, no Error here can dangerous prove; thy Passion Man deceiv'd thee more, none

double fee like Men in love; none double fee, none double

double fee, none double fee like Men in Love; none double fee like Men in love.

double fee like Men in Love.
A DIALOGUE in the Prophets.

Tell me why, tell me why my charming Fair, tell me why, tell me why you thus deny me; can dispair, can dispair, or these sights and looks of care make Corinna ever fly me? tell me why, tell me why my charming Fair, tell me why you thus deny me. O! Must I, till you're above me, I respect but dare not Love ye. She who hears in clines to sin, who parries, half
gives up the Town, and ravenous Love soon enters in, when once the

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

no, no, no Mirtillo you're above me, I respect, but

dare not Love ye: no, no, no, no, no, Mirtillo you're a—

above me; I respect, but dare not Love ye, I respect but

dare not Love ye. Could this lovely Charming Maid think Mirtillo—lo
would 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, receive her. Oh! how glad-ly we be-leive, 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 believe ye. Ah! I die, ah! I
die if you deceive me; yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I will, yet,

yet I will, I will believe ye.

CHORUS.

Oh! how gladly we believe, when the Heart is too too willing; can that

Oh! how gladly we believe, when the Heart is too too willing; can that
Look, that Face deceive? Can be take delight in killing? ab! I dye,

I will believe ye; ab! I dye, ab! I dye, if you deceive me;

yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I will, believe ye.
Came, I saw, and was undone, Lightning did through my Bones and Mar...row

run; a pointed Pain pierced deep my Heart, a swift col...d trembling feiz'd

on every part; my Head turned round, nor could it bear the Poison that was

entered there: So a destroying Angel's breath blows in the Plague, and with it

hasty Death; such was the pain, did so begin, to the poor wretch when Legion entered in:

forgive me God I cry'd, for I flatter'd my self I was to dye; but quickly to my
I found, I found 'twas cruel, 'twas cruel Love; not Death had made the wound; but
quickly to my coffin I found, 'twas cruel, 'twas cruel Love; not Death had made the wound. Death a more generous rage does use, Quarter to all he Conquers doth refuse, whilst Love with Barbarous mercy faves the vanquished Lives to make them slaves; whilst Love with Barbarous mercy faves the vanquished Lives to

I am thy slave, then let me know, hard Master, the great
works thou doft a-fign, to all the Sevral Slaves of thine, employ me Migh-ty

Love to dig the Mine.

A SONG in the Double-Dealer.

C. In this frowns when e're I Woe her, yet she's vex'd, she's vex'd if I give o-ver;

much, much the fears I thou'd, I thou'd undoe her, but much more, but much more, much

more to lose her Lover; thus, thus in

doubting the re-fuces, and not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus,
thus the looses; And not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus, thus, thus,

prethee Cambia look behind you, Age and Wrinkles, Age and Wrinkles

will o’er take you; then, then too late, too late, too late, then, then too late, De-

fire will find you; when the pos-

for-fake you;

Think, think, oh! think,
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

Grief can show, Lament, Lament, for Pious Theron's Death!

Theron, the good, the friendly Theron's gone! Theron, Theron, the good, the friendly Thr-
dear to Phoebus Train; Theron still had grac'd the Plain, belov'd of Pan, and dear

to Phoebe Train.
Muses, bring your Roses hither, strew them gently,
on his Hearse; Muses, bring your Roses hither, strew them gently on his Hearse; and when those
short-lived Glories wither, crown it with a lasting Verse, crown it with a lasting Verse;
and when those short-lived Glories wither, crown it with a lasting Verse.

Roses soon will fade away, Verge and Tomb must both decay; yet Theron's Name in
spirit of Fate's Decree, and endless Fame shall meet; no Verse so durable can be, nor Roses half so sweet, nor Roses half so sweet.

**CHORUS.**

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

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

Fate was hard; there's no such thing as Sudden Death, to those that always

Fate was hard; there's no such thing as Sudden Death, to those that always

are pre-pai'd: Prepar'd like him by Harmony and Love,

are pre-pai'd: Prepar'd like him by Harmony and Love,
A SONG in the 3d. Act of the Prophetes.

When first I saw the Bright Aurelia's Eyes, when first I
saw the Bright Aurelia's Eyes, a sudden trem
bling did my Limbs for-prize, in ev'ry Vain, in ev'ry Vain I
felt a tingling, ting-ling finart, and a cold

Id faintness, and a cold faintness all around my Heart, all round my Heart.

But oh! oh!

oh! oh! the piercing, piercing, piercing

joy, but oh! oh! oh! oh! the pleasing, pleas
A SONG in the *Tempest*, Sung by Mis *Cross*.

**Dear, dear, Pritty, Pritty, Prit-ty Youth,**

**Dear, Pritty, Pritty Youth, unvail, unvail your Eye, unvail your Eye; how can you, can you Sleep, 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-laft, a-laft my Dear, you're Cold, Cold as Stone; you must no longer,

no, no longer, no, no longer, no, no longer, longer lye a-lone;

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 close, will Hugg you, Hugg you close,

Hugg you close and keep you Warm, will Hugg you, Hugg you close, will Hugg you, Hugg you close, Hugg you close and keep you warm.
The Rich RIVAL. Words out of Cowley.

Hey say you're angry, and rant mightily, because I love the same as you,

a-лас! you're very 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 deserve. When

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

Wretch, I'll strike thee dumb, and dead with noble Verfe, not un—der—

—flood by you; while thy fole Rhet'rick shall be Joyniture and Jewels, and our Friends agree.
Pox of your Friends that do part, do — mi—ner, Lovers are better Friends than
they, let's choose in other things obey, the Fates, and Stars, and Gods must
go—vern here: Vain name of Blood! in Love, let none ad—vice with any Blood, but
with their own; 'Tis that which bids me this bright Maid a—dore, no other
Thought has had access, 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
A SONG in King Arthur.

Airest Isle of Isles Exceling, Seat of Pleasures and of Loves;

Venus here will choose her Dwelling, and forsake her Cy-prisn Groves. Cu-pid,

from his Fav’rite Nation, Care and Envy will Remove; Jealousie, that

poy-trons Passion, and Despair 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 peaceful Gloom,

where none but fighting, none but fighting, fighting Lovers come; where the thrill, the thrill Trumpets never fou-

—and; never, never found, but one Eternal Hush, one eternal Hush goes round.

There let me soothe my pleasing pain, there let me

soothe my pleasing pain, and never, never think of War, never, never think of
War, never, never think of War, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never

Think of War again: what glory, what glory can a Lover have to Conquer, to Conquer, to Conquer, yet be still a Slave; what glory can a Lover have, to Conquer, to Conquer, to Conquer, yet be still, still a Slave, yet, yet be still, yet, yet be still, yet, yet be still, still a Slave?
Sweeter than Roses, a single SONG.

Weeter 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 Kiss; First tre-

mbling, first tre—mbling made me, made me free—

ze, made me freeze; then flot like Fire, all, all, all o're, then
What Magick has Victo-

rious Love,

rious, Love for all, all, all I touch, all,
prove, all, all, all is Love, all, all, all, all, all is Love, all, 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-house.

*U-cin-da is Be-witch-ing Fair, Lu-cin-da is Be-witch-ing Fair,* all o're, all o're, all o're in-ga-ning is her Air; all o're, all o're, all o're in-ga-ning is her Air; all o're, all o're in-ga-ning is her Air; In ev'-ry Song Lu-cin-da, Lu-
This was the last Song that Mr. Purcell Sett, it being in his Sickness.

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

Cupid's fly, fly, fly hither ye little waiting Cupid's fly;

Teach me, teach me In soft Melodious Songs, to move with tender, tender

Paffion, my Heart's, my Heart's darling Joy: Ah! let the Soul of Music Tune my

Voice, to Win dear Strophon, ah! ah! let the Soul of Music Tune my Voice to

Win dear Strophon, dear, dear, dear Strophon who my Soul enjoys. Or if more
influencing is to be brisk and airy, with a step and a bound, and a frisk from the

Ground, I will trip like any fairy; As once on J-axis Dancing, were three celestial bodies,

with an air, and a face, and a shape, and a grace, let me charm like beauty's goddess; with an

Ah! ah!

'tis in vain, 'tis all, 'tis all; all in vain, death and despair must end the fatal

pain; cold despair, cold, cold, despair disguis'd like snow and rain, falls, falls, falls
on my Breast, Bleak Winds in Tempels Blo—w, in Tempels Blo—w.

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

Pulse beats a Dead, Dead March for lost re-pose, and to a fo-lid lump of Ice, my

poor, poor fond Heart is froze.

Or, 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?
among the foaming Billows increasing, all with Tears I fled on Beds of Ooze, and

Chrysal 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, I'le straight run 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 pow'r to Charm: Wild thro' the Woods I'll fl--

y, Wild 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 Phillipt.

H So-li-tude! my sweetest Choice! Oh

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

Places de-voted to the Night, re-mote from Tumult, and from Noise, how ye my

Rest, left Thoughts de-light! Oh So-li-tude! Oh So-li-

tude! my sweetest, sweetest Choice! Oh Heavens! what Con-
tent is mine, to see those Trees, which have appear'd, from the Na-ti-vi-ty of
So-li-tude a-dore, that E-lement of no--bleft Wit, where I have learn'd, where
I have learn'd A-poll's Love, without the pains, the pai--ns, to study it: For thy
fake 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 see-ing, from see-ing, and from serve-ing thee. Oh
So-li-tude! Oh how I So--li-tude A--dore!
Sighs for our late Sovereign King Charles the Second.

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

Exigence of State, cou'd those, cou'd those have warded off the blows of Fate,

we had not fall'n, we had not sunk to low under the grievous heavy

weight, the presssure of this day's found overthrow. Oh! Oh! how the

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

bling flood, fix like a standing Water all our Blood, in ev'ry Face you might such
for rows Read, that what the Prophet Wished but cou'd not show, was

in our mournful Land made good; all Eyes as Rivers swelled, did

strangely overflow, our weepings seem'd increas'd into a nother Flood:

Thus, thus Universal was our Grief, and in those Agonies of our Souls, we lay


till the kind Heav'n's roll'd the Cloud away, and gave us some faint, some faint glimpses of relief: The Waters then a-
hated for a while, and welcome, welcome joy's hung hovering o're our

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

Church sent up beyond the yielding Skies; Lord save our King, every good Subject

cries, while every broken Heart's 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 could you meet, but did devoutly bow, and as devoutly Pray'd; and
yet no Pharisaick Hypocrites, in corners with well guided Zeal their Orient were made; Albion is now become a Holy Land, and wages Holy Warr to slay the threatening Hand; Oh! Oh! that we might prevail, such well appointed Numbers never us'd to fail, Oh! Oh! that we might prevail, Numbers of Old by a Wise Prelate led, with Arms stretch't tow'ards Heav'n took the Field, no other Weapons did those Champions weild, but leavy Boughs (and Pray's no doubt,) we Read to those a
mighty, a mighty Conquerour did yeild, a-lafs we'd Conquer'd too, but for our former

Crimes, Treasons, Rebellions, Perjury's, with all, with all the in-ni-queries of the Times, whole

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

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

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

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

I strove, Reason nor Honour, Reason nor Honour could its for-
ce remove; Tho' Honour fresh objections brought, and

each had wondrous sense I thought, each had wondrous

Sense I thought:

Yet love, love, love more strong, yet love, love,

Love more strong, tho' not so wise, be yes my tongue in my

fond, my fond, my fond eyes. One answers faintly

no, no, no, but yes, oh yes, oh yes, yes, yes, oh yes, oh
yes, yes, yes, oh yes, the last much longer.
der cry's.

A Two Part SONG.

When Myra sings, when Myra sings,
When Myra sings, when Myra sings,

s, we seek th' inchanting Sound;

7528 6b
Sound, th'in-chant—
ing Sound, and

bles the Notes, and bles the Notes which doe so sweet—ly, so sweet—ly, so

and bles the Notes, and bles the Notes that doe so sweetly, so sweetly, so

sweet—ly wound; what Mu— sick, what Mu— sick needs muft

sweet—ly wound; what Mu— sick needs muft

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
Tune—full as another Song:

Such Harmony, such Wit, such Harmony, such Wit, such

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

bear? the flame that from her Wit, or Beauty flies,
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.

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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 let us leave, let us, let us, let us leave

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, never known, re-fro---live

Noise were never, never, never, never known, re-fro---live
to spend our days. In Pleasant, Pleasant Shad—des, in

Pleasant, Pleasant shades upon the Grafs at Night our selves we’ll lay, our days in harmles

Pleasant shades, upon the Grafs at Night our selves we’ll lay, our

Sports shall pass, our days in harmles Sports, in harmles Sports shall pass; thus
days in harmles Sports shall pass, our days in harmles Sports shall pass; thus

Time shall fli— de a—way.

Time shall fli— de a—way.
A Two Part SONG.

Oft is my Quiet for e-ver, lost is my Qui-et for e-ver, lost

Loft is my Qui-et for e-ver, e-ver, loft is my Qui-et for 4336

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 Qui-et 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-fen-fi-ble

—deavours to tou—ch an in-fen-fi-ble
Heart. But tho' my De-spair is past curing, but tho' my De-

Heart.

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

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

tho' my De-spair is past curing, and much unde-ferv'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 unmov’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'er, ne'er 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'er 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 neither at

I'm neither at re-

re-

re-

I'm neither at ref
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 pain, a pain, in I'm unable to bear, the thoughts of I'm set me a trembling, they set me a
trembling, and her Smiles are a joy

trembling, and her Smiles are a joy

so great, so great, so great, so great, that I fear, that I

so great, so great, so great, so great, that I fear, that I fear, that I

fear, that I fear left they should be no more but dissembling, lest they should be no

fear, that I fear left they should be no more but dissembling, lest they should be no

more but dissembling. Then prithee A-mint's content and be kind;

more but dis—sembling. A pox of this troublesome,
A pox of this troublesome, troublesome Wooing, then prithee Aminta con-

troublesome Wooing, then prithee Aminta consent and be kind, a pox of this troublesome,

fent and be kind, a pox of this troublesome, troublesome Wooing, then prithee Aminta

troublesome Wooing, then prithee Aminta consent and be kind, a pox of this trouble-

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

troublesome Wooing, then prithee Aminta consent and be kind, for I find I shall

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

for shame, for shame let your Lover no longer complain, complain, complain of

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

carry'd, have carry'd such loads of Love's pain, now let me, now let me, now
A SONG Sung before the Queen on Her Birth Day.

Celebrate this Festival, celebrate this Festival; 'Tis Sacred, bid the Trumpets cease, 'tis Sacred, bid the Trumpets cease.

Turn over,
Kindly Treat Mary's Day, and your Homage 'twill repay;

Bequeathing Blessings on our Life, the tedious Minutes to beguile; Till

Conquest, till Conquest, till Conquest to Mary's Arms restore; Peace and her

Hero, Peace and her Hero to depart no more, no, no more, no, no more, no, no

mo———re, Peace and her Hero, Peace and her Hero to depart no more, no, no more, no, no more.
ANACREON'S Defeat.

His Poet sings the Trojan Wars, another of the Theban jars, in rattling Numbers, in rattling Numbers, Verfe that dares;

this Poet sings the Trojan Wars, another of the Theban jars, in rattling Numbers, in rattling Numbers, Verfe that dares.

Whilft I in
soft and humble Verse, my own, my own Cap-vi-eries re-hearse; whilst

I in soft, in soft and humble Verse, my ow—

n Cap-vi-eries rehearse; I sing my own Defeats, which are not the E-

vents of Common War; I sing my own Defeats, which are not the E-vents of Common War, which are not the E-vents of Common War; Not Fleets at Sea have

vanquish'd me, nor Brigadeers, nor Ca-val-ry, nor Ranks and Files, nor Ranks and Files of
Infantry; not Fleets at Sea have vanquish'd me, nor Bri-gadeers, nor Ca-val-

ry, nor Ranks and Files, nor Ranks and Files of Infantry: No, no, no, no,

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

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

Eyes, each Dart his Mistrefs shoots he dyes, each Dart his Mistrefs shoots he dyes.
A SONG in the 4th. Act of the Fool's Preferment.

'Le Sail up on the Dog-Star, 'Le Sail up on the Dog-Star, and
then pursue the Morning, and then pursue, and then pursue the Morning;
I'll
chase the Moon till it be Noon, I'll chase the Moon till it be
Noon, but I'll make, I'll make her leave her Horning.
I'll climb the Frothy
Mountain, I'll climb the Frothy Mountain, and there I'll Coyn the Weather; I'll

tear the Rainbow from the Sky, I'll tear the Rainbow from the
Sky and T——ye, and Tye both ends to-ge-ther.

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

Budget;

And whether I'm 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 confesses too, there's then at last no more to do; the happy work's entirely done, enter the town which thou hast won: The fruits of conquest now, now, now begin, triumph, enter in.

What's this, ye gods! what can it be! remains there still an enemy! bold honour stands up in the gate, and would yet capitulate.

Have I overcome all real foes, and shall this phantom oppose?
Noisy nothing, sailing Shade, by what Witchcraft werest thou made, thou empty soul of toad Harms? But I shall find our Counter Charms, thy airy Devilship to remove from this Circle here of Love: Sure I shall rid myself of thee, by the Night's obscurity, and order secrecy. Unlike to every other Spright, thou art—tempt'rt not Men to affright, nor appearst, nor appearst but in the Light.
BESS of BEDLAM.

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

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

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

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

Mab the Fai-ry Queen did Dance, and O-bi-ren did fit in State, when Mars at

Ve-nus ran his Lance; In yonder Cow-slip lies my Dear, entomb'd in li-uid
Gems of Dew, each day I'll water it with a Tear, its fading 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 Music 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, left he thou'd
dart a Glance that may enthrall ye; Hark! Hark! I hear old Charon bow, his Boat he will no

longer stay; the Furies laugh their Whips and call, come, come away; come, come away. Poor

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

Cure; for Love's grown a Bubble, a Shadow, a Name, which Fools do admire, and Wise Men en-

dure. Cold and Hungry am I grown, Am-bre-fia will I feed upon, drink

Nehar fill and Sing; Who is content, does all Sorrow prevent: And
A single SONG, the Words by Mr. Motteux.

Tript of their green our Groves appear, our Vales lye buried deep in Snow; the

blowing North controuls the Aire, a nipping cold chills all below.

The Frost has glaz'd our deep-cleft fires, Phoebus withdraw'd his kind-ly Beams, Phoebus withdraw'd his kind-ly Beams. Yet Winter blest be thy return, thou'lt brought the Swain for
whom I us'd to mourn; and in thy Ice with pleasing flames we
burn, and in thy Ice with pleasing Flames we burn.

2d. Verse.

To soon the Sun re-viving heat will thaw thy Ice and melt thy Snow; Trum-
pets will sound, and Drums will beat, and tell me the dear, dear Youth must go: Then
must my weak unwilling 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 eate or
pleasure bring? Winter brings Damon, Winter is my Sprin-
g; Winter bring Damon, Winter is my Spring.
Love Arms himself, a single SONG.

—s him—self in Celia's Eyes, when e're weak Reason wou'd re—bell;

Love Arms himself in Celia's Eyes, when e're weak Reason 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 present the ill, which see—ing I must fill, which
seeing I must still, I must 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, 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 fee--ble hold, goe

try thy Force, go try thy Force in Celia's Breast, for that is disingag'd and col--
d, that is dis--ingag'd and cold; there all, all, all, there


all, all thy Nicest Arts employ; Confess thy self, confess thy self her Beauty's

Slave, and argue whilst she may destroy, how great, how
great, how God-like 'tis to save.

The last SONG Mr. Henry Purcell Sett before his Sickness.

Ove-ly, Lovely Al-bi-na,

Love-ly, Lovely Al-

Al-bi-na's come, come a-shore, to enter her just, just claim;

Ten times more Char-ming, Ten times more Char-

M m
The Belgick Lion, as his brave, brave, brave, this Beauty will relieve, this Beauty, this Beauty will relieve, will, for nothing, nothing, nothing but a mean blind Slave, can live, and let her grief, and let her grief.
SONG, Sung in the Play call'd, *The Massacre in Paris*.

Hie Genius lo! lo! from his sweet Bed of rest, adorn'd with Jealousy, and with Roses.

dread, the Pow'r's 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 Shroud, the fleecy Mantle of a weeping Cloud, and swift as

thought her Airy Journey took, swiftly as thought her Airy

Journey took; her Hand Heav'n's Azure Gate with trem
bling Struck; the Stars did with a-maze-ment on her
look, the Stars did with a-mazement on her look, did with a-mazement on her look;

She told thy Story in so sad a Tone, She told thy Story in so fa-d a
Tone, the Angels start from Bliss 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! daily not, Oh! dal-ly not
A Two Part SONG.

with Heav'n, for after this, no, no, no Pardon shall be giv'n, no, no, no.

Pardon shall be given.

Air Cloe my Breast for a-lar-arms, from her Pow'r I no

Fair Cloe my Breast for a-lar-arms, from her Pow'r, from her Pow'r I no

Refuge can find; If another I take in my Arms, yet my Cloe, yet my Cloe is

Refuge can find; If another I take in my Arms, yet my Cloe is

N n
then in my Mind: Unblest with the Joy, still a Pleasure I want, still a Pleasure I  

want, which none but my Clo-e, my Clo-e can grant; let Clo-e but  

fini-te, I grow gay, and I  

feel my Heart spring with Delight; on Clo-e I could gaze all the day, all, all the  

feel my Heart spring with Delight; on Clo-e I could gaze all the day,
day, all, all, all, all the day, all, all the day; on Clo-e I could gaze all the
all the day, all, all, all the day, all, all the day; on Clo-e I could gaze all the

day, and Clo-e do with for, and Clo-e do with for, and Clo-e do with for each night.
day, and Clo-e do with for, and Clo-e do with for, and Clo-e do with 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 Par-asion her
Pasion her Favour would move, my Pasion her Favour would move,

Favour would move, my Pasion her Favour would move,

move, and in Prudence she'd pity my Pain: Good Nature and

move, and in Prudence she'd pity my Pain: Good Nature and

Int'rest shou'd both make her kind, for the Joy she might give, 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, your Lutes strike, strike, strike a-round; when a Soldier's the story, what

Sing, Sing, all ye Muses, Sing, your Lutes strike, strike, strike a-round; when a Soldier's the story, what

Sing, your Lutes strike around; when a Soldier's the story, when a

Soldier's the story, what Tongue can want found; when a Soldier's the Story, what

Soldier's the story, what Tongue can want found; when a Soldier's the story, what
Tongue can want found; who Danger disdains, who Danger disdains, Wounds, Wounds,

Tongue can want found; who Danger disdains, who Danger disdains, Wounds, Wounds,

Wounds, Bruises and Pains, when the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains; Rich

Wounds, Bruises and Pains, when the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains;

Profit comes easy, easy, easy in Cities of Store, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the

Rich Profit comes easy, easy in Cities of Store,

Cannons do Roar, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons do

but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons do Roar, Roar,
Roar; Yet see how they run, how they run, how they run, how they run at the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming at a Town, thro' Blood, and thro' Fire, to take the Half Moon, thro' Blood, and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon; they Scale the high Wall, they Scale the high Wall, the high
Wall, whence they see others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see others

fall; their Hearts precious Darling, bright Glory, bright

fall; their Hearts precious Darling, bright Glory, bright

Glo-

ry pur-

suing, tho' Death's under Foot and the Glo-

ry pur-

suing, tho' Death's under Foot and the

Mine is just blowing, It springs, it springs, it springs, it

Mine is just blowing, Up they Fly, it
A Dialogue in Tyrannick Love, or the Royal Martyr.

Let us goe, let us goe, let us goe,

Hark my Daridcar! 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 to receive the care of long

Let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe;

Lovers in despair; let us goe, let us goe, let us goe;

Let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us go:e:

Merry, merry, merry, merry we

Let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe:
Sayle from the East; half Tippl'd at the Rainbow Feast; in the bright Moonshine whilst the
Winds whistle loud; tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy,
tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy; we mount, we mount, and we fl
y, all racking along in a dawny white Cloud, and left our leap
from the Sky shou'd prove too far, and left our leap from the Sky

and left our leap from the Sky shou'd prove too far, and left our leap

from the Sky shou'd prove too far, we'll glide, we'll glide on the back of a new falling.

Starr, and drop, drop from above, in a gely, a gely, a gely of

Starr, and drop, drop from above, in a gely, a gely, a gely of

Love; and drop, drop from above, in a gely, a gely, a gely of Love.

Love; and drop, drop from above, in a gely, a gely, a gely 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 flay! oh

Fair, and to my light Horsemen repair. A—las I must leave thee,

flay! oh flay! flay, flay, oh flay, flay, flay;

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 sight, and o're the wide Ocean we fi—

ght; like leaves in the Autumn our Foes will fall down, and

his in the Water, and his in the Wa—ter, and down:

But their Men lyre se—curely in—
trench'd in a Cloud, and a Trumpeter, Hornet, a Trumpeter, Hornet to Battle, to

Battle sounds loud; no mortals that spy how we Tilt in the

Sky, with wonder will gaze and fear such events as will ne'er come to pass, fly

Then call me a—gen when the Battle is won.

you to perform what the Man woul'd have done.

Turn over to the CHO
CHORUS.

So ready, so ready and quick is a Spirit of Air, to pity, to pity the

Lover, and succour the Fair; that silent and swift, silent and swift, silent and swift the little soft God, is here with a Wife, and is gone with a Nod, is here with a Wife, and is gone with a Nod.
A Two Part SONG.

O, no, no, no, no, no, re-sist-ance, re-sist-ance is but vain;

No, no, no, no, no, re-sist-ance, re-sist-ance is but vain, vain,

vain; no, no, no, no, no, re-sist-ance, re-sist-ance is but vain, vain,

vain; no, no, no, no, no, re-sist-ance, re-sist-ance is but vain, vain,

vain, vain, vain, re-sist-ance is but vain; and on-ly adds new weight, and

vain, vain, re-sist-ance is but vain; and on-ly adds new weight,

on-ly adds new weight, and on-ly adds new weight to Cu-pid's

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-

--vares our hearts;

And sometimes

--vates our hearts; Sometimes he fights, he figh--s em-ploys;

tries the U-niver-sal Language of the Eyes;

The fier--ce with

The felt with ten-derness de-

fierce--ness he destroys.
—coys, the soft with tender-nest-de-coys; He kills the firon—

He kills the firon—g, he kills the

firon—g with joy, with joy;
y, he kills the strong with joy; the weak with

the weak with pain, the weak with pain. No, no, no,
pain, the weak with pain, the weak with pain. No, no,
A Two Part SONG, in *King Arthur*.

Ound a Par-ly ye Fair and fur-ren-der, found, found, found, found a Par-ly ye

Sound, found, found, found a Par-ly ye Fair and fur-ren-der, found a

Fa—ir, a Par—ly ye Fair and Surrender; set your selfes and your

Parly ye Fair, found a Par—ly ye Fair and fur-render; set your selfes and your

Lovers at eafe: He's a gratefull, a gratefull Of-fender who plea

Lovers at eafe: He's a gratefull, a gratefull Of-fender who pleas

—ure dare feize, but the whining pre-tender, the

—ure dare feize, but the whining, the
whining pretender is sure to displease: Sound a Par-ly ye Fair and fur-ten-der,

found, found, found, found a Par-ly ye Fair, found a Par-ly ye.

Fair and fur-ten-der, found a Par-ly ye Fair, found a Par-ly ye.

Fair and fur-ten-der; since the fruit of de-fire is posseffing, 'tis un-man-ly to sigh, 'tis un-

manly to sigh and complain; When we kneel for re-dressing, when we kneel for re-

manly to sigh and com-plain; When we kneel for redress, when we
dressing, we move your disdain; Love was made for a
kneel for redressing we move your disdain; Love was

Blessing, a Blessing, Love was made, Love was made for a Bless-

ing and not for a Pain, Love was made for a Bless-
ing and not for a Pain, Love was made for a

Blessing, was made for a Blessing and not for a Pain.
Let Hector, Achilles, a two Part SONG.

Let Hector, Achilles, and each brave Commander, let Hector Achilles, and each brave Commander, with Caesar and Pompey, with Caesar and each brave Commander, with Caesar and Pompey, with each brave Commander, and each brave Commander, with Caesar and Pompey, with

Pompey, and great, great, and great Alexander; all Nations and Kingdoms, all Nations and Caesar and Pompey, and great, and great Alexander; all Nations and Kingdoms, all

Kingdoms with Conquest subdued, with Conquest, with Conquest subdued, yet more than all Nations and Kingdoms, with Conquest subdued, with Conquest, with Conquest subdued, yet
umph, in Chains and in Triumph she carries them all, and
umph, she carries them all, and

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,

down, down, down they all fall; in Chains and in Triumph down they fall, down, then down they all fall;

umph she carries them all, and if she but
umph she carries them all, and if she but
What a sad Fate, a two Part S O N G.

Fate is mine, is mine, is mine; what a sad, sad
Fate is mine; my Love, my Love, my Love is my crime:
my Love, my Love, my Love is my crime? what a sad, what a sad,

fa—d Fate is mine? or why,

why thou’d she be, why, why thou’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,
But if by dis-dain, but if by dis-dain she can
lessen my pain, 'tis all, 'tis all, all, I im-
more; to make me Love less, to make me Love
less, or her self to Love more; more, more, to make me Love
less, or her self to Love more.
A Dialogue in the 4th. Act of the 2d. Part of Don Quixote.

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 City a Journey will goe, to better my Fortune as

other folk do; Since some have from Ditches, and coarse Leather Breeches, been rais'd, been rais'd

to be Rulers and wallow'd in Riches, prithee come, come, come from thy Wheel, prithee

come, come, come from thy Wheel, for if Gypses don't lye, I shall, I shall be a Governor

too e're I dye. Ah! Collin, ah! Collin, by all, by all thy late doings I find with
sorrow and trouble, with sorrow and trouble the Pride of thy mind, our Sheep now
at random disorderly run, and now, and now Sundays Jacker goes every day on: Ah!
whar do dost thou, what dost thou, what dost thou mean? ah! what dost thou, what dost thou, what
do dost thou mean? To make my Shoosclean and foot it, and foot it to the Court, to the
King and the Queen; where the winging my parts I preferment shall win; Fye, fye, fye, fye,
fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, 'tis better, 'tis better for us to Plough and to Spin; for
as to the Court when thou happen'lt to try, thou'lt find nothing got there unless thou can'lt

buy; For Money the Devil, the Devil and all's to be found, but no good Parts minded, no,

no, no, no good Parts minded, without the good Pound. Why then I'le take Arms, why then I'le take

Arms, I'le take Arms, and follow, and follow Allarms, hunt Honour that now a-days plague-ly

Charms: And to lose a Limb by a Shot or a Blow, and curse thyself after for

leaving, for leaving the Plough. Suppose I turn Gamester? So Cheat and be Bang't.
What thin'k't of the Road then? The Highway to be Hang'd. Nice Fimping how-e-ver yields

profit for Life, I'll help some fine Lord to another's fine Wife: That's dangerous too, a-

-mong the Town Crew, for some of 'em will do the same thing by you; and then I to

Cuckold ye may be draw'n in, faith Collin's better I fit here and Spin, faith Collin's

better I fit here and Spin. Will nothing prefer me, what thin'k't of the Law? Oh!

while you live Collin keep out of that Paw. I'll Cane and I'll Pray. Ah! there's naught got
ah! there's naught got that way; there's no one minds now what those Black Cattle say; let

all our whole care be our Farming afair, Tomake our Corn grow, and our Apple Trees bear.

2 Voc.

Ambition's a Trade, a Trade no Contentment can show, so I to my Distaff;

Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can show, and

I to my Plough; Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can show, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
no, no, no contentment can flow,
no, no, no contentment can show.

no, no, no, no contentment can show, no, no, no, no contentment can show.

Chorus.

Let all our whole care be our farming affairs, to make our corn grow and our apple trees bear;

Let all our whole care be our farming affairs, to make our corn grow and our apple trees bear;

Ambition's, Ambition's a trade, a trade no contentment can flow, so fle to my diaphragm;

Ambition's, Ambition's a trade, a trade no contentment can flow, and

Ambition's, Ambition's a trade, a trade no contentment can show, no, no, no,

1 to my plough; Ambition's, Ambition's a trade, a trade no contentment can show, no,
Bacchus is a Pow'r divine, a single SONG.

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
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leant I fancy so. And without thought of want I Sin—

Then, then I begin to live, and scorn what all the world can show or give. Let the

brave Fools that fondly think of Honour, and delight to make a Noise,
Peace, whilst I seek Peace, seek Peace and drink, whilst I seek Peace, whilst I seek Peace, seek Peace and drink. Then fill my Glass, fill it high, some perhaps think it fit to fall and dye, but when the Bottles rang'd make War with me, the Fighting Fool shall see, when I am sunk, the difference to lie dead, and lie dead. Drunk; the Fighting Fool shall see, when I am sunk, the difference to lie dead, and I—ye dead drunk.
'Tis Nature's Voice, a single SONG.

In Nature's Voice, 'tis Nature's Voice, thro' all the moving Wood of Creatures un

derstood; the Universal Tongue, the Universal

Tongue to none of all her numerous Race unknown, from her, from her it

learnt the mighty, the mighty, the mighty

Art to Court the Ear, or strike, or strik—
ke the Heart, at once the Passions to express and move,

at once the Passions to express, to express and move;

we hear, and strain we grieve or hate, and strain we

we hear, or hate, rejoice

ce or

unseen Chains it does the Fancy bind; it does, it does the
Ah me too many Deaths, a single SONG by Mr. F. Crown.

Ah me! Ah me! to many, many deaths, to many deaths decreed; to many, many deaths decreed; My Love to
War, to War goes ev'ry day, my Love to War goes ev'ry day; In ev'ry Wound of his I bleed, I dy-
the hour he goes away; yet, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd hate him thou'd he fly: Yet, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd
hate him thou'd he fly; yet, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd, yet I wou'd
hate him thou'd he fly.

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.

swift ye Hours, make haste, make haste, fl—y, make haste, make haste, fl—y, fl—
y fwi—t, thou lazy, lazy, lazy Sun, make haste, make haste, make

hast, and drive the tedious Minutes on, the tedious Minutes

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 haste, make haste, make haste, bring back my Bel-vi-de-ra, my Bel-vi-de-ra to my fight.

Swifter than Time my eager Wishes move, swifter than Time my eager Wishes move, my eager Wishes move, and scorn the beat en Paths, and scorn the beat en Paths of Vulgar Love, and scorn the beat en
Paths, and scorn the beaten Paths of Vulgar Love, and scorn the beaten paths of Vulgar Love. Soft Peace is banished from my tortured Breast, soft Peace is banished from my tortured Breast, Love robs my Days of Eafe, Love robs my Days of Eafe, my Nights, my Nights of rest. Yet the her cruel Scorn provokes Despair,
yet tho' her cru—el Scorn, her cru—el Scorn pro—vo kes De—spair, my Pas—son

still is strong, my Pas—son still is firo—ng, my Pas—son still is firo—

ng, as she is fair; Still must I Love, still blest the plea

sing Pain, still court my Ruine, still,

still court my Ru—ine, and em—brace my Chain; still court my Ruine,

still, still court my Ru—ine, and em—brace my Chain.
The STORM, a single SONG.

Low, blow Boreas, blow, and let thy furious Winds make the Billows foam and roar; thou canst no Terror breed in valiant Minds, but spight of thee we'll live, but spight of thee we'll live and find a Shore. Then cheer my Hearts, and be nor aw'd, but keep 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 the top's up! how far the mounting Top-mast touch'd a Star; the Meteors blaze'd as thro' the Clouds we came, and Sal-
—mander like, we live in Flame; but now, now we link, now, now we go down to the
depth of Shades below. Alas! alas! where are we now! who, who can tell! sure 'tis the
low depth 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 laugh, and sing, and drink amain, with them we'll
laugh and sing, and drink amain; but see, we mount, see, see, we rise again.

**CHORUS.**

*Tho' Fleas of Lightning and Tempests of Rain, do fiercely con—*
bellow; for Fate will still have a kind Fate for the Brave, and we're make his Grave of a

Salt-water Wave, to drown, to drown, no, never to drown a good Fellow; no, never,

No, never, no, never to drown a good Fellow.
Strike the Viol, touch the Lute, a single SONG.

Trike the Vi-o-l, trike the Vi-o-l, touch, touch, touch,
touch, touch, touch the Lute; wake the Harp, wake the Harp,
wake the Harp, In-spi-ire the Flute, wake the Harp, In-spi-ire the

Flute: Sing your Pa-tro-n-ge's Praise, sing your Pa-tro-n-ge's

Praise, sing, sing, sing, sing, in cheer

full and har-mo-ni-ous Lay's.
A SONG in the Prophete's, or the History of Dioclesian.

Ince from my Dear, my Dear, my Dear, since from my Dear, my

Dear, my Dear, my Dear, my Dear A--fret--a's fight I was so

rude--ly torn, my Soul has never, never,

never, has never, never, never known de--light, un--les it were to mourn,

to mourn, un--les, un--les, it were to mourn, mourn. But oh! a--

las, a--las, with weeping Eyes, and bleeding, bleed--ing Heart I
A SONG in the Married Beau.

EE, see, see, see where repenting, where repenting Celia

lies, with blushing Cheeks, with blushing Cheeks, and moaning Eyes; moaning, moaning, in a

mournful, mournful Shade, the ruins, the ruins in her Heart and
Fame, which full, full Love has made: Oh! Oh! Oh!

let thy Tears, fair, fair Cecilia flow

—w, let thy Tears, fair Cecilia flow, for that Celestial wond—

rousous, wond—rousous, wond—rousous dew, more gra—

on thee will be—flow, than all, all, than all, all, than all, all, than all, all thy

Dresss, and thy Arts cou'd doe.
Ab! ah! ah! Belinda, a single SONG.

Ah! ah! ah! Be-lin-da, I am pres't with torment; Ah! ah! ah! Be-lin-da, I am pres't with torment not to be ex-pres'd. Ah! ah! ah! Be-lin-da, I am pres'd with torments not to be ex-pres'd.

Peace and I are strangers grown, Peace and I are strangers, strangers grown, I Lan—guish.
O, O let me Weep! a Two Part SONG.

Peace and I are strangers grown, Peace and I are strangers grown.
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

My Eyes no more, no more, no mo-
Re, no more, no more shall welcome sleep.

I'll hide me, I'll hide me from the sight of Day, and fight, fight, fight my soul away.
O, let me, O, let me weep!

O let me for ever, ever weep, for e- ver, for e- ver, for e- ver, for
He's gone, he's gone, he's gone, his loss deplore; I shall never, never, never, never,
never see him more;
never see him more, shall never, never, never see him more;

I shall never, shall never, shall never, shall never see him more.

A Two Part SONG, the Words by Mr. Henly.
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'll go, still the cry's no, no, no, my A-lex-is, no,

tell her I'll go, still the cry's no, no, no, no, no, no, my A-lex-is, no,

no my A-lex-is, ah! tell me not, tell me not so; ah! ah! ah!

no, my A-lex-is, ah! tell me not, tell me not so; ah! ah! ah! tell me not
tell me not, tell me not so.
Tell me fair one, tell me fair one, tell me why, why so

ah! tell me not so.
Tell me fair one, tell me fair one, tell me why, why,

coming, why, why, why so coming, why so coming, why so fhy; why so

why, why so coming, why, why, why so coming, why, why, why so fhy, why so kind, fso

kind, so kind, so kind, and why, and why so coy; tell me fair one, tell me

kind, so kind, and why so coy, and why so coy; tell me fair one, tell me

fair one, tell me, tell me why, you'll neither let me Fig

fair one, tell me, tell me why, you'll 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'll

ve, you'll neither let me

neither let me li—ve nor dye.

neither let me li—ve nor dye.
Let Caesar and Urania live, a Two Part SONG.

Let Caesar and Urania live, let all delights the Stars can give, upon the Royal Pair descend, let all delights the Stars can give, upon the Royal Pair descend:

Let Caesar and Urania live, let all delights the Stars can give, upon the Royal Pair descend; Let Caesar and Urania live, let all delights the Stars can give.
all de-

light
ts the Stars can give, upon the Royal Pair defend;

let all de-

light
ts the Stars can give, upon the Royal Pair defend; let Discord to the shades be driv'n, let Discord to the shades be driv'n, while

Earth and Sky our Song attend, and thus our Loy-

al Vows attend,
and thus our Loy-al Vows as-cend; O, O, O Pre-serve 'em,

Pre-serve 'em, Pre-serve 'em, Pre-serve 'em, Pre-serve 'em,

Heav'n; O, O, O, O Pre-serve e'm, Pre-serve 'em,

O, Pre-serve 'em Heav'n.
Were I to choose the greatest Bliss, a Two Part SONG.

Were I to choose the greatest Bliss, were I to choose the greatest Bliss, that e're in Love was known; 'twould be the highest of my Wife, 't'en-

joy your Heart alone: Kings might possess their Kingdoms free, and Crowns unenvy'd wear; they shou'd no Rival have of

were I to choose, were I to choose the greatest Bliss, that e're in Love was known; 'twould be the highest of my Wife, 't'en-

dy your Heart alone: Kings might possess their Kingdoms free, and Crowns unenvy'd wear; they shou'd no Rival have of
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.

And in each track of Glory, since,

and in each track of Glory, since,

for their lovd Count−ry, or their Prince.

Princes that

for their lovd Count−ry 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
Royal-ty: none were more rea-dy, none were more rea-dy, none, none,

Royal-ty, none, none, none, none, none were more, none were more

none, none, none were more rea-dy in di-f'res to save, no, none were more

rea-dy, none were more ready in di-f'res to save, none were more

Loy-al, 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.

Nestor, who did to thrice Man's Age attain; Nestor, who did to thrice Man's
Age attain, by vast Experience found, by vast Experience
Nestor, who did to thrice Man's Age attain, by vast Experience found, that
found, that busy Statesmen did Project in vain, when Bumpers
busy Statesmen did Project in vain,

paid not briskly round, when Bumpers paid not briskly round, when Bumpers paid not briskly round,

when Bumpers paid not briskly round, when Bumpers paid not briskly round,

paid not briskly round, when Bumpers paid not briskly round, when Bumpers paid not briskly round,
This Maxim then he to his Master gave, when he in Council should de-
drink, drink, drink, but drink, and to support the State, and to support the State, and to support the State; but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State; but drink, but drink, drink, drink, and to support the State.
For folded Flocks, a Three Part SONG.

Fair Britain all

all, all, all, all, all, all, all the World out-vies: for folded Flocks and fruitfull Plains; the Shepherds and the Farmers gains, the Shepherds and the Farmers gains, fair Britain all

For folded Flocks, and fruitfull Plains; the Shepherds and the Farmers
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,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no Mines can more of Wealth sup- ply, it keeps, it

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no Mines can more of Wealth supply, it keeps, it

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no Mines can more of Wealth supply, it keeps, it

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.
A Dialogue in Oroonoko, Sung by the Boy and Girl.

E-le-me-me, pray tell me, pray, pray tell me Ce-le-me-me, when thou
pritty, pritty, 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 trembling, why this trembling too all o’er? Pains I never, Pains I never, never, never
felt before: And when thus I touch, when thus I touch your Hand, why I with,
with, I wish I was a Man? How should I know more than you? Yet would

be a Woman too. When you wash yourself and play, I methinks cou’d look all day;

Nay just now, nay, just now am pleas’d, am pleas’d so well, thou’d you, thou’d you Kifs me

I won’t tell, thou’d you, thou’d you Kifs me I won’t tell; no, no I won’t tell; no, no I won’t
tell, no, no I won’t tell; thou’d you Kifs me I won’t tell. Tho’ I cou’d do that all day,

and de-stire no better play; Sure, sure in Love there’s something more, which
makes Mamma so big, so big before. Once by chance I heard it nam'd;

but till you're past fifteen,

then you'll know, then, then you'll know what 'tis I mean, then you'll know, then, then you'll

know what 'tis I mean. How-ever, lose not present Bliss; but now we're a-

alone let's Kiss, but now we're alone let's Kiss, let's Kiss. My Breast do

so heave, so heave, so heave. My Heart does so pant, pant, pant.
Love thou canst hear, a single SONG. Words by Sir Robert Howard.

There's something, something, something more we want, there's something,

something, something more we want.

something, something more we want.

pity me, since Cleoris is unkind; leave my heart free, oh! pity me, oh!
pit-ty me, oh!

Clo-ris is un-kind, oh!

She is un-con-stant, she is un-con-stant, she is un-con-stant as she's bright; the is un-con-stant the

me, since Clo-ris is un-kind.

pit-ty me, since

pit-ty
Vainly loves to shine on all.

When white-ness innocence 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;

I thought her fair like new-falln' Snow, I thought her fair like new-falln' Snow,
The powerful Charms shall now be try'd, the powerful Charms shall now be try'd; this Fury, this Fury from my Breast to chase, I'll summon's scorn, revenge and pride; I'll summon, summon's, scorn, revenge and pride; at least her Image, at least her Image, her Image to deface.

See how the fading Glories, a single SONG.

E E, 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 welcome her Spight of the Dog-Star's madness, her bright Eyes create a Spring of
ever blooming Joys, of ever blooming Joys; all Nature to her Charms fresh tribute yields, making where 'er she comes
Elian Fields; where Roses 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 unimitable Graces try; while the
more wanton Hills and Groves re-joyce, faintly to echo back her

heavenly Voice, faintly to echo back her heavenly

CHORUS.

Voice. But my Pains rage, but my Pains rage the

But my Pains rage, but my Pains rage the

more near Paradise, Panthe-a is to me a burning Glass of Ice; Pan-

more near Paradise, Panthe-a is to me, Panthe-a

—thea, Panthe-a, is to me a burning Glass of Ice.

is to me, is to me a burning Glass of Ice.
I attempt from Love's sickness, a single SONG.

Attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain, since I am

myself my own Fever, since I am myself my own Fever and Pain;

No more now, no more now I fond Heart with Pride, no more swell, thou canst not raise

Forces, thou canst not raise Forces enough to re-bell: For Love has more

Pow'r, and left Mercy than Fate, to make us seek ruin, to make us seek

ruin, and love those that hate.
Here the Deities approve, a single SONG.

Ere the Deities approve,

here, here the Deities approve: the God of Music and of Love, all the Talents

they have lent you, all the Blessings they have sent you, pleased to see, to see what

live and thrive; live and thrive so well below; pleased to see, to see what

they below, live and thrive, live and thrive so well below;

all the Talents they have lent you, all the Blessings they have
A Two Part SONG.

As soon as the Chao...
First race of Men knew a good, knew a good from a harm; they quickly did joyn, they

quickly, they quickly did joyn, in a knowledge divine, that the World's chiefest Blessings were

Women and Wine, Women and Wine, Women and Wine; that the World's chiefest Blessings were

Women and Wine; Since when by example, improving delights, since

Women and Wine: Since when by example improving delights, since when by example, since

N n n
when by example improving delight, improving delight,

—lights, Wine governs our Days, Love and Beauty our Nights. And drink, drink, drink, and

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, drink, drink, Love on then and drink, 'tis a folly to think of a

drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, love on then and drink; 'tis a folly to think of a
A Dialogue in the *Fairy Queen*, Sung by Mr. Reading, and Mrs. Ayliff.

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 flot-len a-way; then *Mops* 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
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-
again, a-again and a-again, Maids must never, must never Kifs no Men; no, no, no, no,
no, no Kissing at all; no, no, no, no, no, no, Kissing at all; I'm not Kiss, till I Kiss you

for good and all; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no

not Kiss you at all, not Kiss you at all, not at

no Kissing at all, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, Kissing at all?

not Kiss you at all; why no, why no not at

all? no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, Kiss you for good and all.

all, why no, no, no, no, no, Kissing at all? should you

O o o
small a Re-quest you must nor, you cannot, you shall not de-ny; nor

will I ad-mit of a-no-ther, a-no-ther re-ply; you must not, you

shall not de-ny; you must not, you can-not, you shall not de-ny.

CHORUS.

Nay what do you mean? Nay what do you mean?

You must not, you shall not de-ny; you must not, you shall not de-

Fit, fit, fit, fit; O fit, fit, fit, fit, nay what do you mean? Nay

—ny, you must not de-ny, you must not, you shall not de—ny, you must not, you
may may may, what do you, what do you

cannot, you shall not, you must not, you cannot, you shall not de-

mean? O fie, fie, fie, fie, O fie, fie, fie, fie, O fie, fie, fie,

ny, you must not de-ny, you must not, you (hall not, you

fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, O fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie,

cannot, you shall not de---ny; you must not, you cannot, you

fie, fie, fie.
A Dialogue in the *Richmond Heiress*, Sung by Mr. Reading, and Mrs. Ayliff.

Ehold, behold the Man that with Gigantick Might dares, dares, dares

Combat Heav'n a-gain flo—-rm, Jove! bright Palace put the Gods to

fig—-hr, Chaos renew and make perpe—-tu—l 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 perty, perty Jars maintain, that perty, perty Jars main-

—tain; I've all, all the Wars of Europe, all the Wars of Europe in my Brain; I've all, all,
all the Wars of Europe in my Brain. Who's he that talks of War, when

charming, charming Beauty comes in, who's sweeter, sweeter Face divinely

fair, eternal pleasure, eternal

pleasure comes; when I appear, the Martial,

Martial God a Conquer'd Victim ly's, obeys each glance, each awful nod, and dreads the
light-ning of my killing Eyes; more, more than the fiercest, the fiercest, the fiercest
thun-der in the Skies. Ha! ha!
now, now, now, now we mount up high, now, now we mount up high, the Sun's
bright God and I, Charge, Charge, Charge on the Azure, Charge on the Azure
dawns of ample Sky. See, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, how thim-
mortal spirits ru-n; see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, how thim-
mortal spirits run; pursue, 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
gulph Main, to find my loft, my wand—dring fene, my wand—
——dring Sense a—gain. By this disjounerd matter that crowds thy Pe—ri—
—craniam, 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, let us plague the World then, I em-

brace the blest occasion, 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 Damnation.

III.
Sbr. My Face has Heaven Enchanted, With all the Sky-born Fellow, Now pres’d to my Breast, and my Bosom he kiss’d, Which made old Juno jealous.

IV.
He. I challeng’d Grizly Pluto, But the God of Fire did shun me. Witty Hermes I drov’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 doe now with our Frenzy agree, And all things in Nature are mad too at we.

V.
Sbr. 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 Giant, and I throw’d in his Face, Was ever Heroe bolder? VII.

Sbr. ’Tis true, my dear Mister, 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 begin it, The English Wits protect it. Sbr. 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 very Mad let us be, very Mad, very Mad let us be, very

Mad, very Mad, very Mad, very Mad, let us be, for Europe does now with our Frenzy agree; and

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

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.
A Two Part SONG.

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-

t all too, and dares as horrid, and dares as horrid, horrid ex-
cu-
do:

Or let the Frozen North its ran-
cour show,

within my Breast, far, far grea-
ter Tem-
pefts grow; de-
Fair's more cold, more cold than all 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, yes, Lu-

-cinda's Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes; there, there, there, there, there Es-

-na, there, there, there, there Pef-erio-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, Lucinda's Eyes. Ye pow'r's 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 fiercely burns than once at Phaeton's fall.

Ah! ah!
where, where are now, where are now, where are now those flow—

Groves, where Zephr's fragrant Winds did play? ah! where are now, where are now, where are now those flow—

now those flow—

Troop of Loves, the fair, the fair Lu-cein-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 ingrate? why, why must I

burn for this ingrate? Cool, cool it then, cool it then, and rail, since nothing, nothing will prevail.

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 torment 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 fairly bid 'em, and the World good

night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night.

FINIS.