SYNOPSIS MUSICÆ
OR
The Musical Inventory

Being a Collection of the choicest and newest Ayres, Jiggs, Borees, Alemands, Gavots, Entries, Round O's Horn-pipes, Trumpet Tunes and Scotch Tunes, for the Recorder or Flute. To which are added several new Songs and Catches Compos'd by the most able Masters.

107
1572

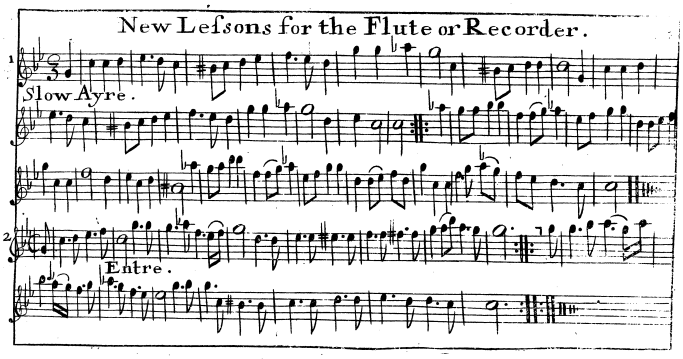
LONDON

Engraven, Printed and sold by Tho. Cross in Three Horse-Shoe Court in Pye Corner near West Smithfield, and are to be sold by Mr Crouch at the Three Lutes in Princes Street nere Covent Garden and by Mr Man Book-seller at the Heart and Bible in Cornhill near the Royal Exchange. 1693.

To all true Lovers of Musick.

Altho' it were altogether needless to write a Panegyrick on the noble Science of Musick, or to descant on the excellency of that which is perform'd by the flute in particular; nevertheless it may not be amiss to informe the Reader concerning the present Undertaking; it being the design of the Publisher to present to his view a new Collection of choice lessons proper for the Recorder, which on the account of their variety and exactness may (as he presumes) equalize if not excell any that are as yet extant. To these are subjoyn'd divers select Songs compos'd by able Masters. However if this small essay shall meet with a favourable reception among the ingenious Lovers of Musick, it will afford a sufficient encouragement for the publishing of some other of the like nature. In the mean while leaving it to their candid and impartial judgment I remayne Their humble Servt

Tho. Cross.


New Lessons for the Flute or Recorder.
Slow Ayre.
Entre.

5

Slow Ayre.

4

Minuet.

5

Bore.

6

Minuet.

7 Jig.

8 Entre.

9

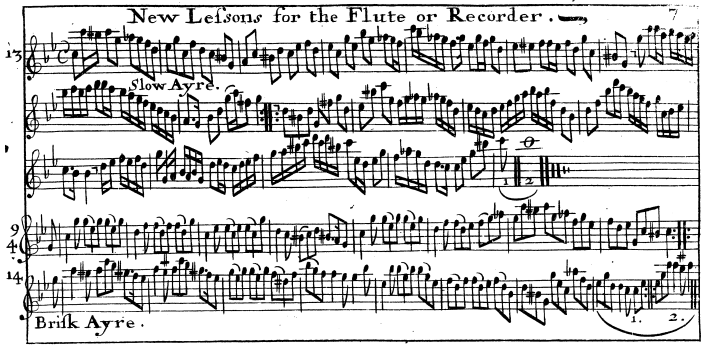
Jig.

10

Bore.

11 Jig.

12 Minuet.


13
Slow Ayre.
9
4
14
Brisk Ayre.
1.
2.

15

Saraband.

16

Ayre.

17 Bore.

18 Minuet.

19

Horn pipe.

20

Slow Ayre.

21 Minuet.

22 Slow Ayre.

23 Ayre.

Mr. James Hart.

24 Tune.

Mr. James Hart.

25 Slow Ayre.

26 Gavot.

25 Slow Ayre.

26 Gavot.

27

Minuet.

28

Mr I. Hart.

Jig.

Mr I. Hart.

Gavot.

29

Mr James Hart.

30 A Scotch tune.

Jig.

31

32

Slow Ayre.

33

Minuet Round o

34 Bore.

35 Trumpet Tune.

36

Round O.

37

Slow.

Allemand.

Round O.

40 Bore.

41 Bore.

42 Minuet.

43

Slow Ayre.

44

Slow Ayre.

45 Bore.

46 Jig.

Ayre.

47

48 Ayre.

49 Minuet.

Bore.

50

51 A Scotch tune

52 Round O.

Songs for the Flute.

Ah! Silvia thou dearest welcome Guest, That hast my yielding heart possest; Thou Blossome of improving youth, Where kindness grows secur'd by truth; From whom I wish not to be free, Unless to give my self to thee.

Mr James Hart.

Tho wee live in an Age of thinking and trouble, forget not to drink least

our Portion be double: Since the nations in blood, each Monarch a fighting,

We'l quench all our flames in a Bowl we delight in; Be silent and drink

and neve quarrel a bout it, it's enough that we know we're as happy with-

out it

Melina's so lovely, so fair & so sweet, That I must be lov'd or must dye at her feet; I sigh, & I languish,

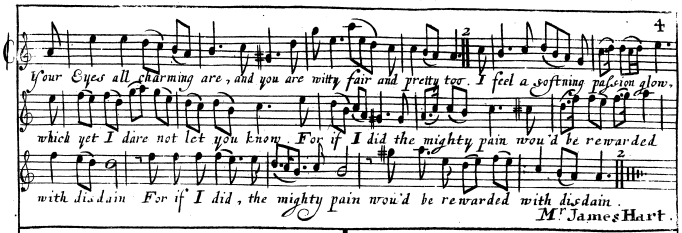
I vainly do cry, Give me my Melina or else I must dye. Her humour so soft, and so

Charming her face; So taking her features, so comly her grace, I sigh, and I languish, I vainly

do cry: Give me my Melina or else I must dye. Poor I, who was never a lover before, The

Conqu'ring Melina must ever adore, I Sigh & I languish I vainly do cry, Give me my Melina or else I must dye

Mr. James Hart.



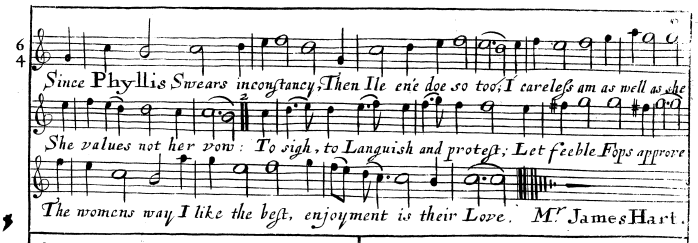
Mr James Hart.

You dress your anger with such art,
The subtil frown Invades my heart;
But oh your smiles a Captive made!
I lik't I lov'd and was betray'd,

They that have sadly try'd may know,
What wretched Lovers undergoe,
They that have sadly try'd may know,
What wretched Lovers undergoe.

Mrs Anne Morcott.

Now Cœlia's kind I aske no more, for Love can give no greater bliss: Who wou'd not sigh whole ages ore, To gain eternal happiness. On her alone I doe depend, Her smiles with raptures fill my breast, She's my pleasure, She's my friend, she's ev'ry thing that I love best; she's my pleasure, she's my friend, she's ev'ry thing that I love best. Mr James Hart.



When I my Phyllis doe imbrace,
There's none can happier be;
But when she's gon the next fair face,
Is Phyllis still to me.

I find your absence coolls desire,
As well as your disdain,
When hopes deny to feed my fire,
Despair shall ease my pain.

30

20