

THESAURUS MUSICUS:
BEING, A
COLLECTION of the Newest SONGS

PERFORMED

At Their Majesties Theatres; and at the Conforts in
Viller-street in York-Buildings, and in *Charles-street*
Covent-Garden.

WITH A

Thorow-Bas to each SONG, for the *Harpficord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol*.

To which is Annexed,

A Collection of *Airs*, Composd for two *Flutes*, by several Masters.

THE SECOND BOOK.

Licensed according to Order.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Heptinstall for Henry Playford, and are to be sold at his Shop near
the Temple-Church; and John Money, Stationer, at the Mitre in Mitre-Court in
Fleetstreet. And at most Musick-Shops in Town. 1694.

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A Catalogue of Vocal and Instrumental Muſick, moſt of which being newly Reprinted for Henry Playford at his Shop near the Temple-Church.

HARMONIA SACRA, in two Books, being Collections of Divine Hymns and Dialogues; Set to Muſick by Dr. John Blow, Mr. Henry Purcell, and other Eminent Maſters: With ſome Latin Songs, by Signior Carſſone, and Signior Graſiani.

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Alſo all ſorts of *Ruled Paper and Ruled Books*, with Songs and Tunes fairly Prick'd, and Books on all other Subjects, are ſold at the ſame Place.

A New Scotch Song Sung at the Conſort In York-Buildings, at the Entertainment of the Prince of Baden. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

SAWNEY is a Bonney, Bonney Lad, but Sawney
KENS it well; and Sawney might a Boon have had, but Sawney
loves to tell: He weens that I mun love him ſoon, gin Lo-VERS now are
rare; But I de as leif have none, as one whom twan-ty, twan-ty ſhare.

II.

When ament your love you come,
Ah! Sawney were you true;
What tho' I ſeem to Frown and Gloom,
I ne're cou'd gang from you;
Yet ſtill my Tongue doe what I can,
With muckle Woe denies;
Was me when once we like a Man,
It Boots not to be wiſe.

A Song in the last new Play call'd *Love Triumphant, &c.*
Set by Mr. John Eccles. Sung by a Girl.

YOUNG I am and yet un-skill'd, how to make a

Lo—ver yeild; how to keep, or how to gaine,

when to Love and when to Feign: Take me, take me some ot

you, while I yet am young and true; e're I can my

Soul dis-guise, heave my Breasts, heave my Breasts and

rowl my Eyes.

II.

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to lye and to betray;
He that Love me first is blest,
For I may deceive the rest:
Cou'd I find a blooming Youth,
Full of Love and full of Truth;
Brisk and of a *jaunty* Meen,
I shou'd long to be Fifteen.

A Song set by Mr. Godfrey Finger.

I Hink not Sighs or Tears can move, Pray'rs and Vows are ne're re-paid;

Those are common cheats in Love, dai-ly at our Altars made:

Ca—pid's Vassals may dis-pair, use—less now are all his

Arts; They who hope to wound the fair, e—ver shoot with

Gol—den Darts.

43

(84)

[4]

A Song to a Ground by Mr. Henry Hall.

En-ched by your Voice, en-ched by
your Voice and Face, in plea-sing Trance I faint
ting lye. I bleed, I bleed fair Nymph I bleed a-pace; and
now I lan-guish, now I dye, now, now, and now I

[5]

(85)

dye. Sin-g fair Nymph,
fin-g fair Nymph and let your Rays up-on
your pro-strate slave be shed, for An-gels Face, and
An-gels Voice, when-e're they please can raise, can raise the
dead, can raise the dead.

[6]

A Song set Mr. Robert King.

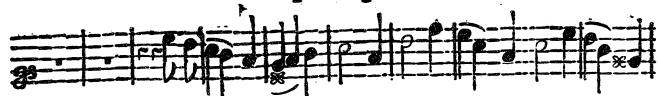
Is Love that al-ways strikes the fire, which spar-
 kles in our hearts, which sparkles in our hearts: A Soul its Vigour, a
 Soul its Vigour don't inspire, re-mains like o-ther parts; And Po-ets
 still in Wit im-prove, as more or less in-spir'd by Love, as
 more or less in-spir'd by Love.

II.

If this be true, as sure it is,
 Can I remain so poor,
 And of its Portion ever miss,
 Who with such Zeal adore?
 Of all thy Bards, Love, tell me why
 Must only *Strophæus's* Fleece be dry?

A Song in the Double-dealer, Sung by Mrs. Aylyff,
 Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

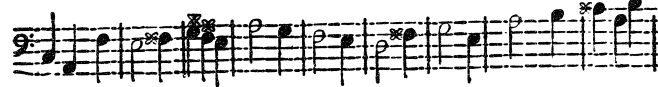
Cynthia frowns when e're I Woe her, yet she's vex'd, she's vex'd if I give o-ver;
 much, much she fears I shou'd, I shou'd undoe her, but much more, but much more, much
 mo-re to lose her Lover; Thus, thus in
 doubting she re-fu-ses, and not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus,
 thus she loses; And not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus, thus, thus,
 thus, thus she loses: Prethee *Cynthia* look behind you,



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



will o're--take you; Then, then too late, too late, too late, then, then to late De--



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



forlake you; Think, think, oh! think,



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



with, yet with fru--ition; to be past, be past, yet with,



with, with fru--ition, yet with, with, with fru--ition.



A Song set by Mr. *Bowman* in the Comedy call'd
the Double-dealer.



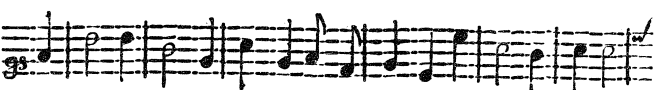
A Ncient *Phil--is* has young Graces, young Gra--



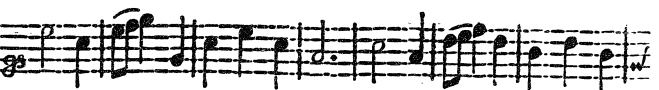
ces; 'tis a strange thing, a strange but a true one; Shall I



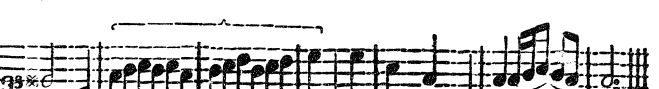
tell you, tell you, tell you? Shall I tell you, how she her self shall make her



own Fa--cis; And each Morning, Morning, Morning, still wear's a new one;

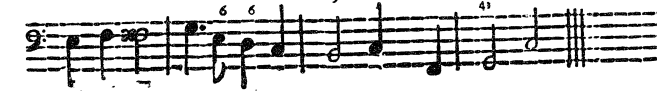
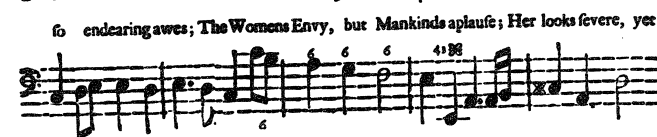
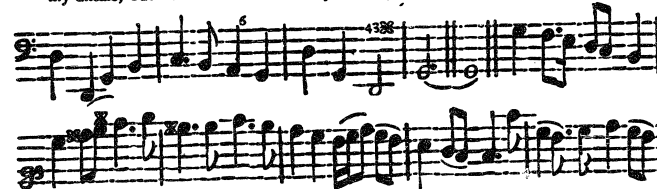
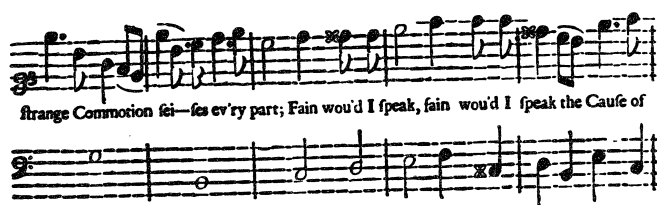
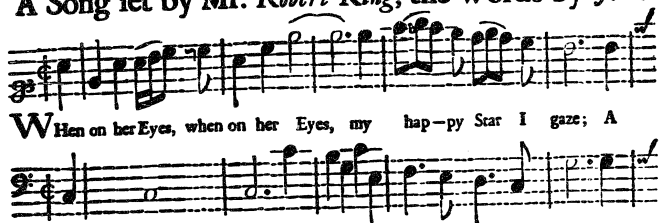


where's the Won--der now, now, now, now? where's the Won--der now, now, now,

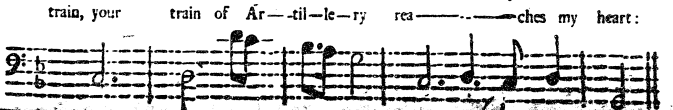
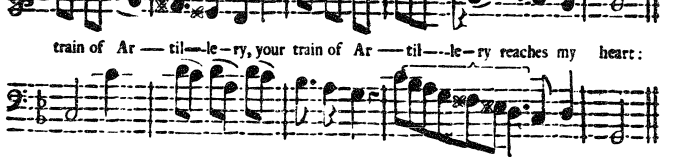
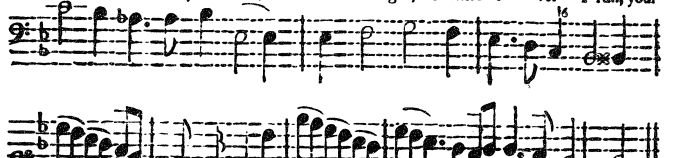
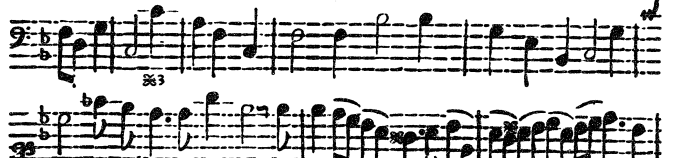
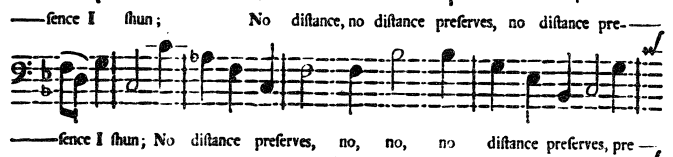
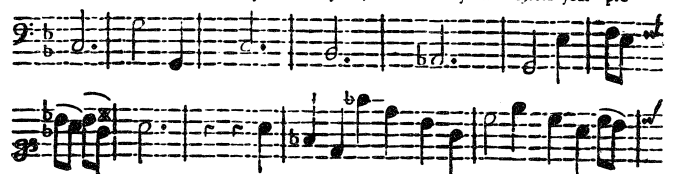


now? the Won--der now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now?

A Song set by Mr. Robert King, the Words by J. F.



A Song set by Mr. Henry Hall.



(92)

[12]

And a—las! a—las 'tis a fol—ly all the World must needs
own, the in—fec—tion once ta—ken to fl—y, to fl—y
own, the in—fec—tion once ta—ken to fl—y from the Town; And a—las 'tis a
fol—ly all the world must needs own, the in—fec—tion once ta—ken to fl—y from the Town; And a—las 'tis a
fol—ly the world must needs own, the in—fec—tion once ta—ken

[13]

(93)

y to fl—y, to fl—y from the
Town, to fl—y from the Town.

(94)

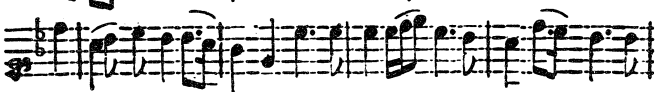
[14]



WHILE, Ga-la—the-s, you design to gain a Conquest o're all Hearts,



take heed lest you your own re-sign, Love play's not id-ly with his Darts.



Be care-full how you fan his Fire, and while you strive to give de-fire, you



do not fall, you do not fall, fall, do not fa—ll

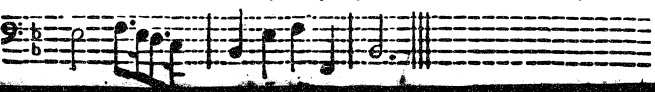


in—to that Snare, which for your Lo—ver, which for your Lo—ver,



for your Lo—ver you pre-pare.

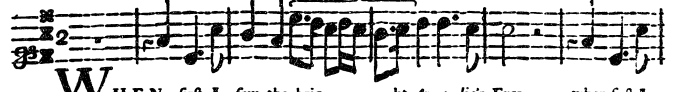
By Mr. Henry Hall.



[15]

A New Song in the *Prophets*, or the History of *Dioclesian*, Sung in the Third Act. By Mrs. Ayliff. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

(95)



WHEN first I saw the brig—ht Au-re-lia's Eyes, when first I



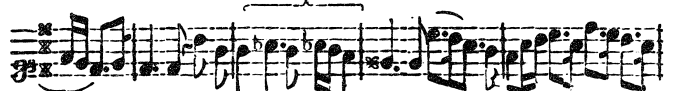
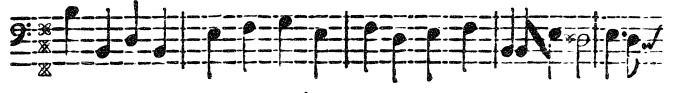
saw the brig—ht Au-re-lia's Eyes; a suddain trem



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



felt a tin—gling, tingling smart, and a co—



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



nd my Heart, all a—rou—



(96)

nd my Heart: But oh! oh!

oh! oh! the piercing, piercing pier

joy, but oh! oh! oh! oh! the pleasing, plea

sing pain; And oh! and oh!

oh! oh! and oh! may both ten-thou

find Years, ten-thou find

(97)

yea — rs re — main, ten — thou

— find years re — main, ten thou

— find years re — main.

A New Song in the *Prophets*, or the History of *Dioclesian*. Sung in the
fifth Act. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

SINCE from my Dear, my dear, my dear since from my dear, my

dear, my dear, my dear, my dear A — fire — s' fight I was fo

rude — ly torn, my Soul has ne — ver

(98)

[18]

never, never, has never, never, never known de-light, un-less it were

to mourn, to mourn, un-less, un-less it were to mourn, mourn. But

oh: a-las, a-las, with weep-ing Eyes, and bleeding, bleed-ing

heart I lye; thinking on her, on her, whose absence 'tis that makes me

with to dye, dye, dye, dye, makes me, makes me with to

dye, dye, dye.

[19]

A Song for Two Voices, set by Mr. R. Courtivelle.

Lu-cin-da is Young, and she's Witty; her humour is good, her

Lu-cin-da is Young, and she's Witty, her humour is

humour is Good, is Good, and she's Pritty; as Nature has le-gi-bly written,

good, her humour is Good, and she's Pritty; as Nature has le-gi-bly, le-gi-bly

and all that smile on her, smile on her are smitten; Her Face has a fin-gu-lar

written, and all that smile on her, smile on her are smitten; Her Face has a

Air in't, her Face has a fin-gu-lar Air in't, and yet what's as sweet, and yet what's as

fin-gu-lar Air in't, her Face has a fin-gu-lar Air in't, and yet what's as sweet, and

sweet, and yet what's as sweet, as sweet, as sweet, as what's rare in't.
 yet what's as sweet, and yet what's as sweet, as sweet as what's rare in't.
 rare in't. So love—ly Lu—
 rare in't. So
 —cin—da, fo love—ly Lu—
 love—ly Lu—cin—da, fo
 —cin—da, fo love—ly Lu—cin—da who
 love—ly Lu—cin—da, fo love—ly Lu—

loves not, who loves not a Dress, a dress, a dress by ad-mi-ring, it moves not, or
 —cin—da, who loves not a Dress, by ad-mi-ring, a dress by ad-mi-ring, it moves not,
 shou'd you your pas-sion dis-co-ver, or shou'd you your pas-sion dis-co-ver, she
 or shou'd you your pas-sion dis-co-ver, or shou'd you your pas-sion dis-
 looks, she looks uncon-cern'd, unconcern'd on the Lo-ver; and Cu-pid may
 —co-ver, she looks un-concern'd, un-concern'd on the Lo-ver; and
 wait, may wait a whole Quiver, and Cu-pid may wait, may wait a whole
 Cupid may wait a whole Quiver, and Cupid may wait a whole

Quiver; I fear, I fear, I fear she'll re—sit him for e—ver, I

Quiver; I fear she'll re—sit him for e—ver, I fear she'll re—sit him, I

fear, I fear, I fear, fear, I fear she'll re—sit him, I

fear she'll re—sit him, I fear she'll re—sit him, I fear she'll re—sit him for

fear she'll re—sit him for e—ver I fear she'll re—sit him for

e—ver, re—sit him for e—ver, I fear she'll re—sit him for

c—ver, c—ver.

c—ver, c—ver.

A Song set by Collonel Pack.

That your Beauty may be lasting, to the Man you have al—low'd your

Charms, the li—ber—ty of tasting, li—ber—ty, li—ber—ty of tasting; let your

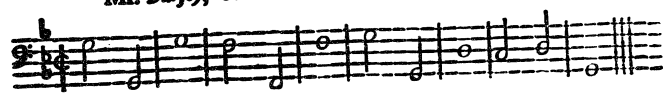
sighs, your sighs, your sighs not make him proud; sometimes keep your Beggar fasting, and

by neither want, by neither want or store; Save his Ap—petite, save his Ap—petite

from waiting; He will always, always, always, always, always you a—dore.

G

**A New Song in the *Richmond-Heirefs*, the Words by
Mr. Dufey, to a Ground of Mr. Solomon Eccles.**



The Ground Bass.

S Tubborn Church-di-vi-sion, Fol-ly and Am-bi-tion, caus'd with great De-ri-sion,
poor Eng-land's sad con-di-tion; Prin-ces leave their Sta-tions, by strange Ab-di-
ca-tions: New-ones come to ease us, yet no-thing e're can please us, happy's the
Man then that thun's the Great, that pleaseg himself in a Ru-ral State, with ease
and content; In a sweet retreat a-voids all Jar's and Faction, in his small Do-
minions vents no false O-pli-nions, nor defects the true for Pa-
-trist or So-ci-nian, but sits down with his Freind's around, whilst the

Glas is crown'd, and the health's a-bound to the King and Queen the best in town.



the Fleet or Ar-mies Action, ar-gues still with Rea-son, speaks nor
hears no Treason, nor arraigns the Sense of five hun-dred Heads to
please One: Plaintiff or De-fen-dants, ne're get his at-tendance, he
wishes well to all, that are at White-hall, but he loves no Court de-
pendance; Books admires when Witty, good Musick and a Dit-ty, and
takes a Spouse to a-dorn his House that's rich and kind, and pret-ty;
merry, merry, merril-ly discards all sorrow, waril-ly does never, never
lend nor borrow, ge-ne-rouf-ly En-tert-ains his Friends to
day, and is the same to morrow.

I Never felt the pangs of Love, nor cou'd the greatest Beau-ty Charm; a
Heart so stedfast none cou'd move, till Ce-lia's brighter Eyes, till
Ce-lia's brighter Eyes kind-led a flame: She has cre-a-ted
such a pain, that all the world be-sides can't cure; I still must fight, but
fight in vain, for no one knows the tor-ments I en-dure.

II.
Where e're I go I view the Fair,
But still my Celia does excell;
All beauteous Objects pleasing are,
But she the fairest, the the fairest in my heart,
My heart doth dwell:
Since I am wounded with a Dart,
Shot from thy Quiver, mighty Love;
O wound my lovely Charmer's heart,
Or all my earthly joys by Death remove.

A Song in King Arthur, set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Sound a par-ly yee fair and fur-ren-der, found, found, found, found a par-
Sound, found, found, found a par-ly yee fair and fur--ren-der,
ly yee fa-ir, a par-ly yee fair, and fur-
found a par-ly yee fair, found a par-ly yee fair and fur-
render; set your selves and your Lover's at ease:
render; set your selves and your Lover's at ease: He's a
He's a gratefull, a gratefull of-fen-der who plea-
gratefull, a gratefull of-fen-der who pleasure, who plea-

sure dare seize, but the whine-ing pre-ten-der, the whine-ing pre-
 sure dare seize, but the whining, the whining pre-
 tender is sure to displease. Sound a parly yee fair and fur-ren-der,
 ten-der is sure to dis-please, found, found, found, found a parly yee
 found, found, found, found a par-ly yee fair, found, a
 fair and fur-ren-der, found a par-ly yee fair; found a par-
 par-ly yee fair and fur-ren-der; since the fruit of de-sire is pos-
 ly yee fair and fur-render: since the fruit of de-sire is pos-

-felling, 'tis un-man-ly to figh, 'tis un-manly to figh and complain; When we
 -felling, 'tis un-man-ly to figh, 'tis un-manly to figh and com-plain;

kneel for re-dressing, when we kneel for re-dressing, we mo-
 When we kneel for re-dressing, when we kneel for re-dressing we

re your dis-dain; Love was made for a blessing, a
 mo-ve your dis-dain; Love was made, love was

blessing, Love was made, love was made for a blessing, made, love was made for a blessing, love was made for a blessing, was blessing, and not for a pain, love was made for a blessing, made for a blessing, and not for a pain; love was made for a blessing, and not for a pain. blessing, was made for a blessing and not for a pain.

[31]

A Song in the last new Play call'd *Love Triumphant, &c.*
Set by Mr. *John Eccles*, and Sung by Mrs. *Hudson*.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles*, and Sung by Mrs. *Hudson*.

W Hat state of life can be so bliss, as love that warms a lo- vers breast;

two souls in one the same de- fire, to grant the bliss and to require; but

if in Heav'n a Hell we find, 'tis all from thee, oh! Jealousie, oh! oh! oh!

oh! oh! Jealousie, thou tyrant, tyrant. Jealousie thou ty——rant,

Jealousie, oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! Jealousie, oh! oh! oh! Jealousie thou

ty- rant of the mind.

II.
All other Ills tho' sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect love;
In absence or unkind disdain,
Sweet hope relieve the lover's pain,
But oh! no cure but death we find,
To fet us free from Jealousie.

Oh! oh! &c.

III.
False in thy glass all Objects are,
Some fet too near, and some too far,
Thou art the fire of endless night,

[32]

A Song in the last new Play call'd *Love Triumphant*, &c.
Set by Mr. H. Purcell, and Sung by Mrs. Ayliiff.

HOW happy's the Husband, how happy's the Husband whose
Wife has been try'd, has been try'd; not damnd to the Bed, not damnd to

the Bed of an ig-nor-rant Bride: se-cure of what's left, se-cure of what's left he
ne're misses the rest, but where there's enough, enough, enough, but where there's e-
-nough sup-poses a Feat; so foreknowing the cheat he escapes the deceit, and in
sight of the curse he resolves, he resolves to be blest: and in spite of the

[33]

curse he resolves, he resolves to be blest, he resolves to be blest, he re-

solves, he resolves to be blest.

II.
If Children are blessings,
His Comfort's the more,
Whose Spouse has been known
To be fruitfull before;
And the Boy that she brings,
Ready made to his Hand,
May stand in his stead
For an Heir to his Land:
If his own prove a Sot,
When 'tis lawfully got;
As when ere it is so,
If it don't I'll be hang'd.

A New Song in *Epsome-Wells* set by Mr.
Henry Purcell.

Leave, leave these useles Arts, leave, leave these use-les Arts in loving; seeming
an ger and dis-dain:
seem ing an ger and dis-dain:

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

Trust, trust to nature, gently, gently, gent—ly, mo—ving,

never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, ne—ver pleads in vain;

nature, never, never, never, never, never, ne—ver, never, never, ne—ver pleads in vain;

nothing, nothing guides a lo—vers passion, nothing guides a lo—vers passion, like, like

nothing, nothing guides a lovers passion, nothing guides a lovers passion, like, like

the fair ones in—cli—nation, like the fair ones in—cli—nation.

the fair ones in—cli—nation, like the fair ones in—cli—nation.

(1) Borec. Mr. Banisters First and Second Trebles.

(2) Minuet.

(1) Borec.

(2) Minuet.

[36]

Mr. Pefable's First Trebles.

(1)



(2) Paspe.



(3)



[37]

Mr. Pefable's Second Trebles.

(1)



(2)



(3)



First Trebles.

(4) Hornpipe.



FINIS.

(1) Round O.



(2) Slow Air.



Second Trebles.

(4) Hornpipe.



(1) Round O.



(2) Slow Air.



Mr. Robert King's First Trebles.

(1) Round O.



(2) Minuet.



(3) Gavet.



FINIS.

Mr. Robert King's Second Trebles.

(1) Round O.



(2) Minuet.



(3) Gavet.



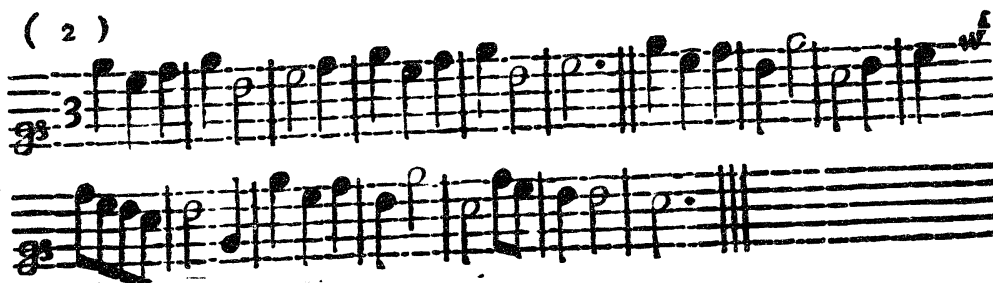
FINIS.

(1) Trumpet.

First Trebles.

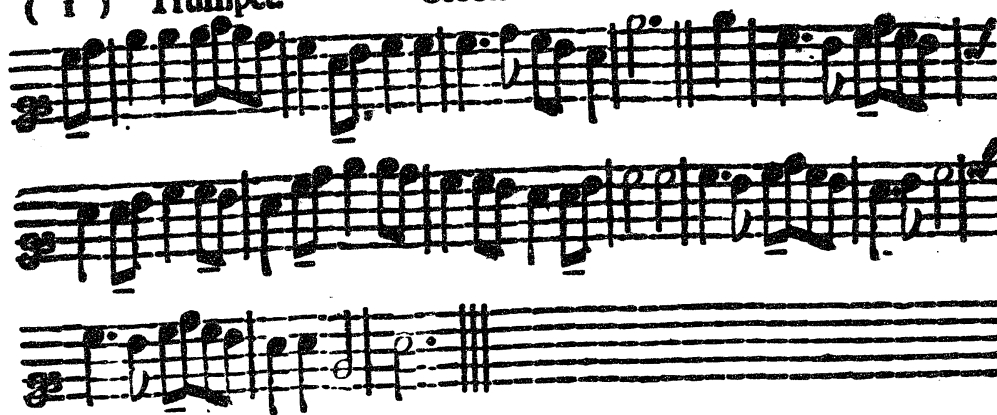


(2)



(1) Trumpet.

Second Trebles.



(2)

