

A T H I R D
COLLECTION
O F
NEW SONGS,

Never Printed before.

The W O R D S *by* Mr. D'URFEY.

Set to Music by the best Masters in that Science,

V I Z.

Dr. John Blow.
Mr. Henry Purcell.
Senior Baptist.
Mr. Courtville.

Mr. William Turner.
Mr. Thomas Farmer.
Mr. John Lenton.
Mr. Samuel Akeroyd.

W I T H

THOROW-BASSES for the Theorbo, and Bass-Viol.



L O N D O N,

Printed by J. P. for JOSEPH HINDMARSH, at the Golden-Ball
over against the Royal-Exchange in Cornhill, 1685.

THE W. SONG

Never printed before

The Words by Wm. D. R. R.

Set to Music by the late Mr. R. R.



The STORM: Set to Music by Mr. Henry Purcell.

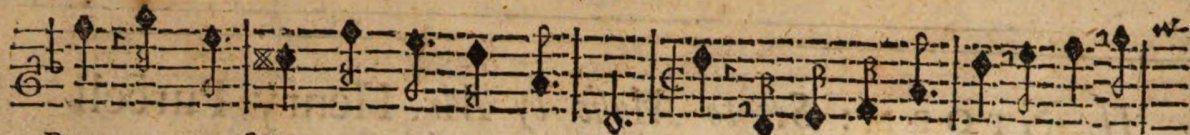
B Low, blow *Boreas*, blow, and let thy fur-ly Winds make the Billows

foam and roar; thou can'st no Terror breed in valiant Minds, but spight of thee we'l

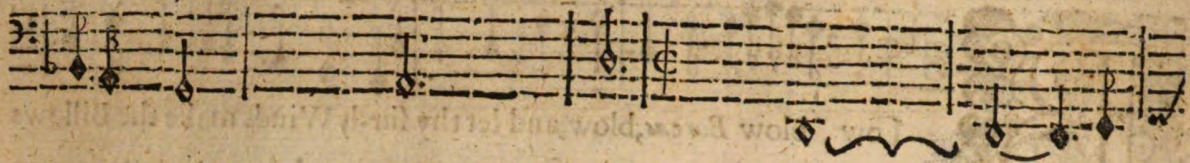
live, but spight of thee we'l live and find a Shoar. Then cheer my

Hearts, and be not aw'd, but keep the Gun-Room cleer; tho' Hell's broke

loose, and the De-vils roar abroad, whilst we have Sea-room here:



Boys, never fear, never, never fear. Hey! how she tosses up! how far the



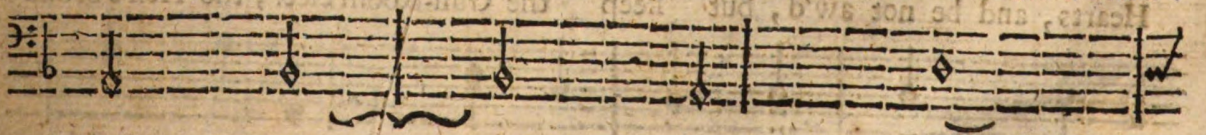
mounting Top-mast touch'd a Star; the Meteors blaz'd, as thro' the Clouds we came, and



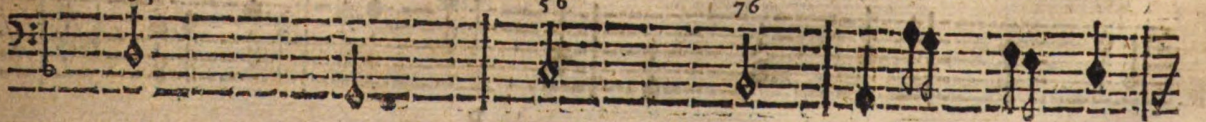
Sa--la--man--der-like, we live in Flame; but now, now we sink, now,



now we go down to the deepest Shades below. Alas! a--las! where are we now!



who, who can tell! fure 'tis the low--est Room of Hell, or where the Sea-Gods

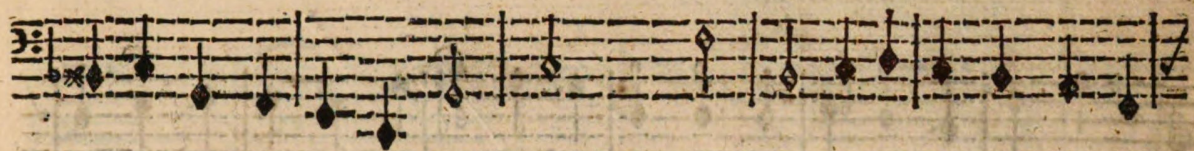




dwell: With them we'l live, with them we'l live and raighn, with them we'l



lau—gh, and sing, and drink amain, with them we'l lau—gh, and sing, and



drink a—main, but fee we mount, fee, fee we rise a—gain.



CHORUS.



T Ho' fla—shes of Lightning, and Tem—pests of Rain, do

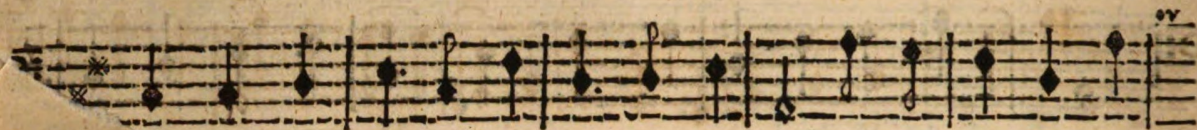


T Ho' fla—shes of Lightning, and Tem—pests of Rain, do





fierce—ly con—tend which shall conquer the Main; tho' the Captain does



fierce—ly con—tend which shall conquer the Main; tho' the Captain does



swear, in—stead of a Pray'r, and the Sea is all Fire by the Damons o'th'



swear, in—stead of a Pray'r, and the Sea is all Fire by the Damons o'th'



Air; we'l drink and de—fie, we'l drink and de—fie the mad Spi—rits that

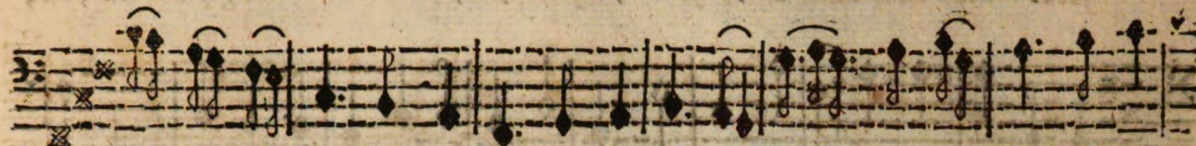


Air; we'l drink and de—fie, we'l drink and de—fie the mad





fly from the Deep to the Sky, that fly, flie, from the Deep to the



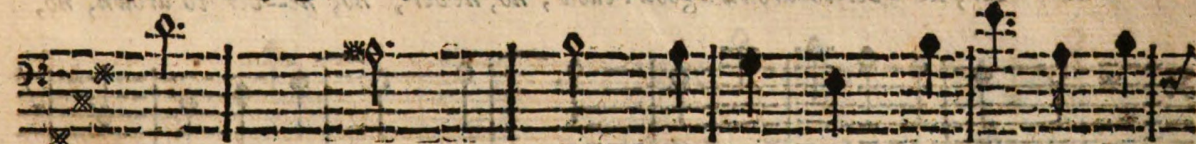
Spi-rits that fly from the Deep to the Sky, that fly from the Deep to the



Sky, and sing whilst loud Thunder, and sing whilst loud Thunder does



Sky, and sing whilst loud Thun—der, loud Thunder does



bellow; for Fate will still have a kind Fate for the Brave, and ne're make his

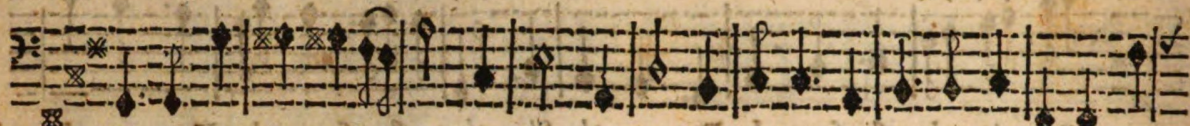


bellow; for Fate will still have a kind Fate for the Brave, and ne're make his





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



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



never, no, never to drown a good Fellow; no, ne—ver, ne—ver to drown, no,



ne—ver, ne—ver to drown a good Fellow; no, never, no, ne—ver to drown, no,



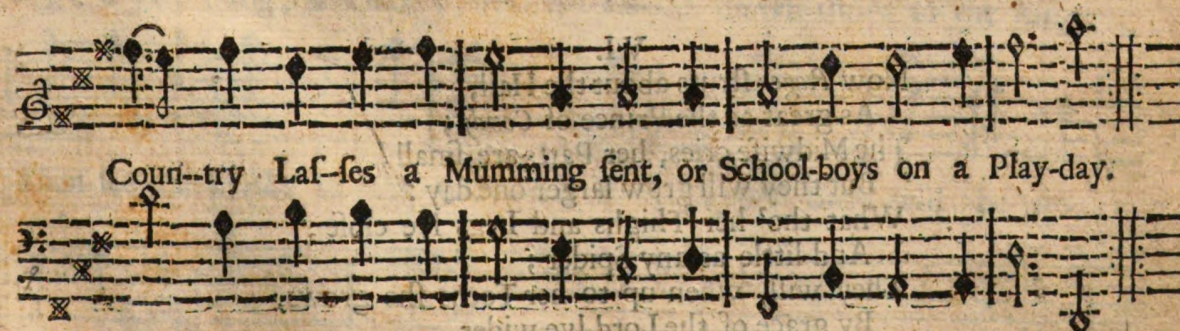
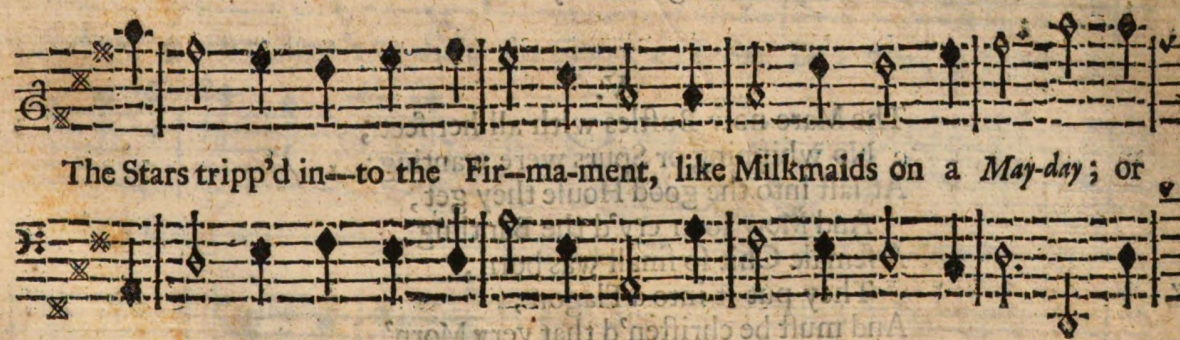
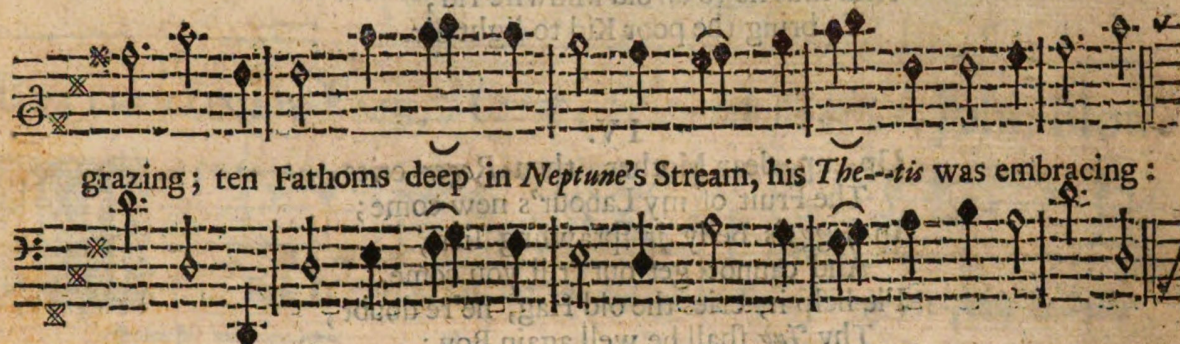
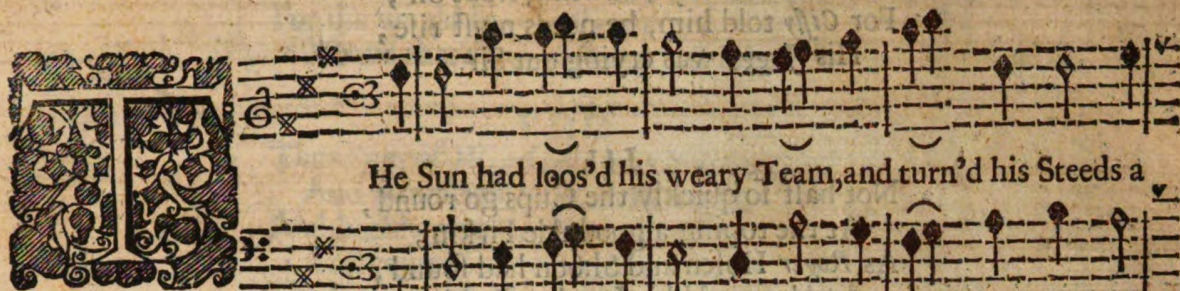
never, no, ne—ver to drown a good Fellow; no, never, no, never to drown a good Fellow.



ne—ver, ne—ver to drown a good Fellow; no, ne—ver, ne—ver to drown a good Fellow



The WINCHESTER CHRISTENING, the Sequel of
the Winchester Wedding: A new Song, set to the Tune of
a pretty Country Dance, called, The Hemp-dresser.



II.

Apace came on the gray-ey'd Morn',
 The Herds in the Fields were lowing;
 And 'mongst the Poultry in the Barn,
 The Ploughman's Clock fate crowing:
 When Roger dreaming of golden Joys,
 Was wak'd by a bawling Rout Sir;
 For Cissy told him, he needs must rise,
 His Juggy was crying out Sir.

III.

Not half so quickly the Cups go round,
 At the toping a good Ale Firkin;
 As Roger Hosen and Shoon had found,
 And button'd his Leather Jerkin:
 Gray Mare was saddl'd with wondrous speed,
 With Pillion on Buttock right Sir,
 And thus he to an old Midwife rid,
 To bring the poor Kid to light Sir.

IV.

Up, up, dear Mother, then Roger cries,
 The Fruit of my Labour's new come;
 In Juggy's Belly it sprawling lies,
 And cannot get out 'till you come.
 Ple help it, cries the old Hag, ne're doubt,
 Thy Jug shall be well again Boy;
 Ple get the Urchin as safely out,
 As ever it did get in Boy.

V.

The Mare now Bustles with all her feet,
 No whipping or Spurs were wanting;
 At last into the good House they get,
 And Mew soon cry'd the Bantling:
 A female Chit so small was born,
 They put it into a Flagon;
 And must be christen'd that very Morn',
 For fear it should dye a Pagan.

VI.

Now Roger struts about the Hall,
 As great as the Prince of Condy;
 The Midwife cries, her Parts are small,
 But they will grow larger one day:
 What tho' her Thighs and Legs lye close,
 And little as any Spider;
 They will, when up to her Teens she grows,
 By grace of the Lord lye wider.

VII. And

VII.

And now the merry Spic'd-bowls went round,
 The Gossips were void of shame too ;
 In butter'd Ale the Priest half drown'd,
 Demands the Infant's Name too,
 Some call'd it *Phill*, some *Florida*,
 But *Kate* was allow'd the best hint ;
 For she would have it *Cunicula*,
 'Cause there was a pretty Jest in't.

VIII.

Thus *Cuny* of *Winchester* was known,
 And famous in *Kent* and *Dover* ;
 And highly rated in *London Town*,
 And courted the Kingdom over :
 The Charms of *Cuny* by Sea and Land,
 Subdues each human Creature ;
 And will our stubborn Hearts command,
 Whilst there is a Man, or Nature.

BARTHOLOMEW-FAIR, a Catch ; set to Music by Dr. John Blow.



Ere is the ra-ri-ty of the whole Fair, Pimper-le-pimp, and the



wife dancing Mare ; here's va-liant St. George and the Dra-gon, a Farce, a



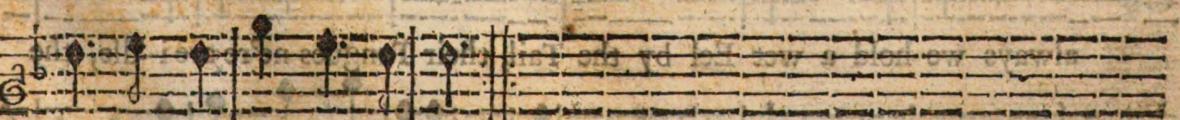
Girl of Fifteen with strange Moles on her A—. Here is Vi—en—na be-



fieg'd a rare thing, and here's Pun-chi--nel---lo shown thrice to the King :

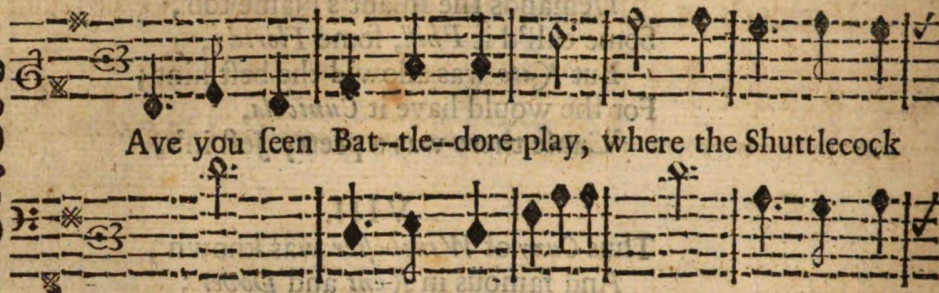


Then see the Masks to the Cloi--ster re--pair, but there will be no



Raffling, a pox take the May'r.

*The SHUTTLECOCK; a new Song, set to a pretty
Scotch Tune by Mr. Courtiville.*



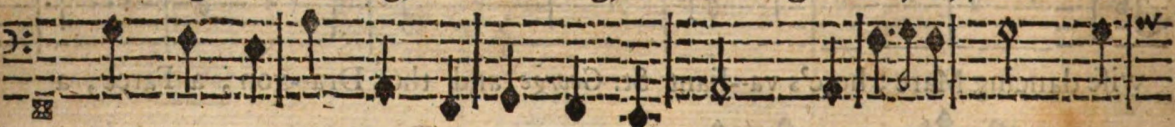
Ave you seen Bat-tle-dore play, where the Shuttlecock



fly's to and fro one? Or, have you no--ted an A---pe---ril--day, now



rai-ning, now shining, now warming, now storming? Ah! just, just such as



these is a Woman. Love and true Me-rit do seldom pre-vail, for

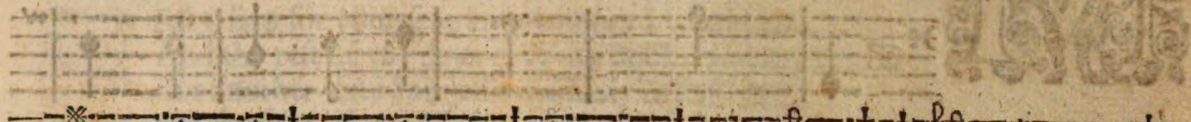


always we hold a wet Eel by the Tail, their Tongues ne're are i-dle, the

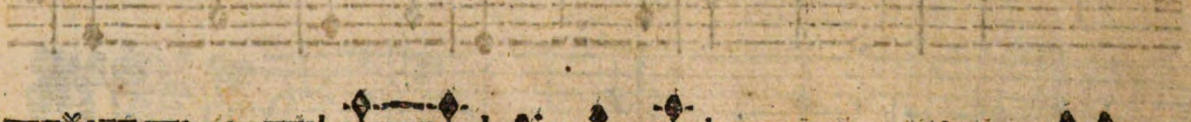




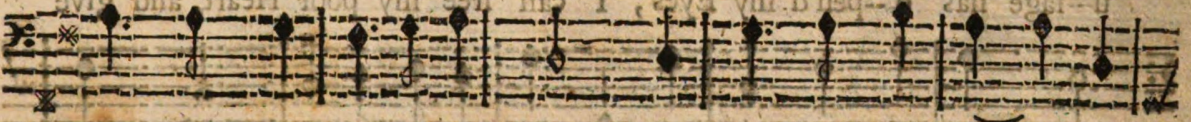
Humour's a Rid-dle, they prick with their Needle, and o-gle and



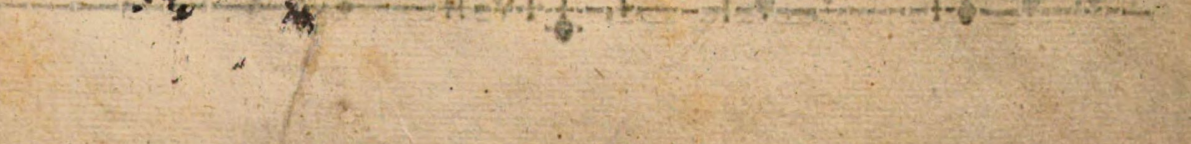
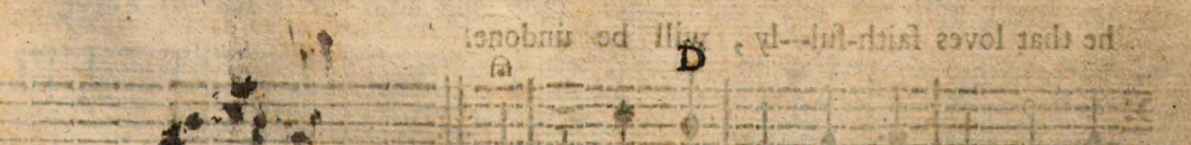
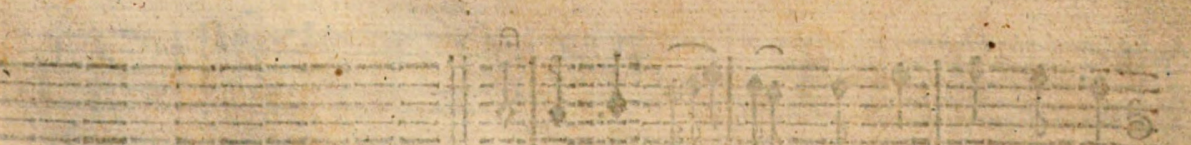
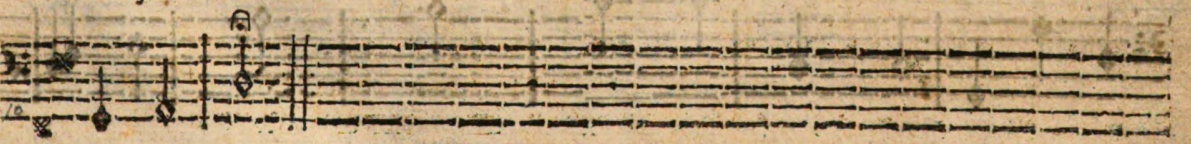
wheedle; and if they have Charms, 'tis rare-ly that Beau-ty is



true t'ye, for few or none you are sure are your own, but



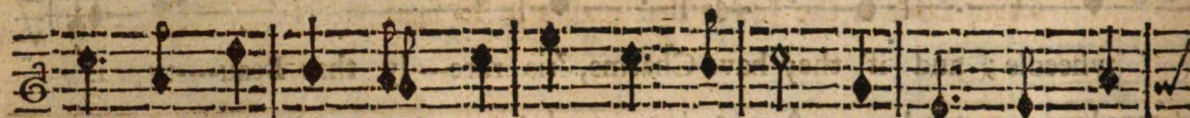
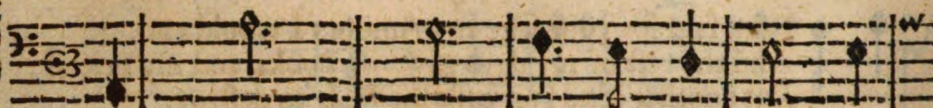
in your Arms.



LOVE UNBLINDED; *a new Song, set to Music*
by Mr. William Turner.



Y Life and my Death were once in your pow'r, I



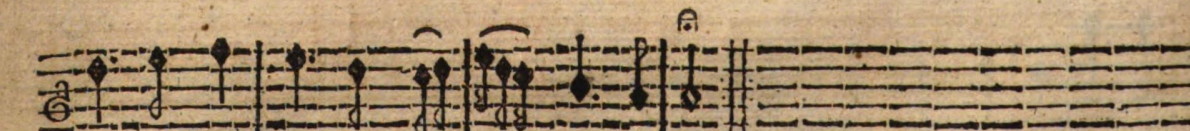
languish'd each mo-moment, and dy'd ev'ry hour; but now your ill



u-sage has o-pen'd my Eyes, I can free my poor Heart, and give



o--thers Advice: By Dif-sem-bling and Lies the Cocquet may be won, but



he that loves faith-ful-ly, will be undone:



II.

Time was, false *Anrelia*, I thought you as bright
 As Angels adorn'd in the Glories of Light;
 But your Pride and Ingratitude now, I thank Fate,
 Have taught my dull Sense to distinguish the Cheat:
 And now I can see in your Face no such Prize,
 No Charms in your Person, no Darts in your Eyes.

III.

Fain, fain for your sake my Amours I would end,
 And the rest of my days give my Books, and my Friend;
 But another kind Fair calls me fool, to destroy,
 For the sake of one Jilt, my whole Life's greatest Joy?
 For tho' Friends, Wine, and Books, make Life's Diadem shine,
 Love, Love is the Jewel that makes it so fine.

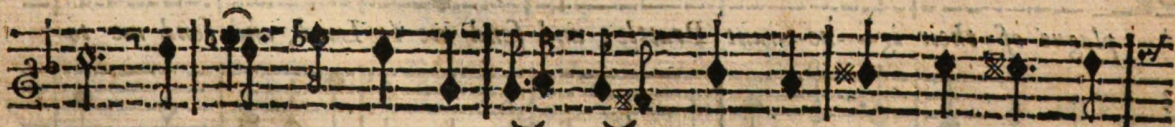
The STORM; set to Music by Mr. Henry Purcell.



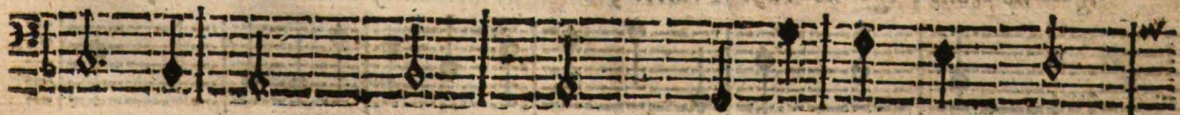
Arewel ye Rocks, ye Seas, and Sands, green Neptune I de-



spise; I'll rather court the plea-sant Strands, than all his wa-try

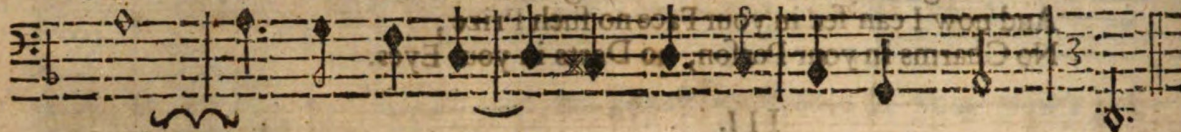


Joy: In-con-stant Bliss our Fate be-guiles, the Sea like Love we





find; where Calms are like fair Cynthia's Smiles, and frowns like gusts of Wind.



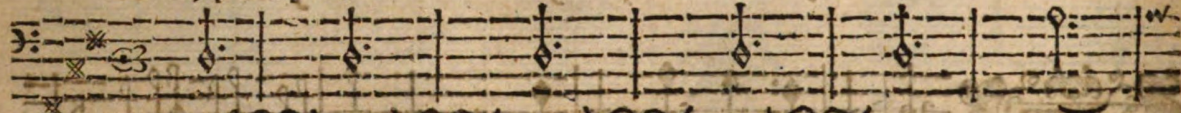
And the rest of my days give my Books, and my Friend,
But another kind Fair calls me too, to destroy



Hear the noise of the Tar-paw-lin Boys; Port, port,



Port, port, port, Hear the noise of the



port, Luff haul aft the Sheet is the Ma-ri-ner's Wit: A



Tarpawlin Boys:

A plague of their



plague of their ig-no-rant Prattle, and send me to Land, and send me to



ig-no-rant, ig-no-rant Prattle,

and send me to Land, where





Land, where I may com-mand a pret-ty kind Wench, a



I may com-mand a pret-ty kind Wench, a pret-ty kind



pret-ty kind Wench, and a Bot-tle.



pret-ty kind Wench, and a Bot-tle.



II.

With all God's Miracles at Land,
Let me acquainted be;
Let Fools that more would understand,
Go find them out at Sea.
His mighty Works I'll praise on Shore,
And there his Blessings reap;
But from this moment seek no more
His Wonders in the Deep.

Chor. Port, port, &c.

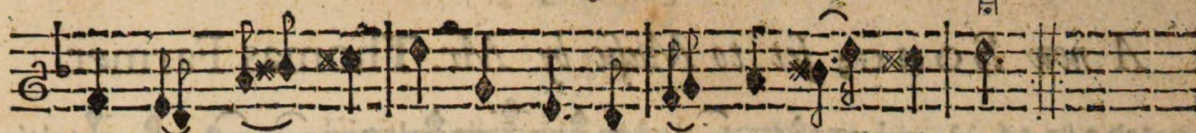
III.

The Merchant, when his Sails are furl'd,
 Glides o're the foamy Main;
 And ploughs with ease the watry World,
 So great a Charm is Gain:
 When Avarice has any Bounds,
 If his contented were;
 Pd wage a hundred thousand Pounds,
 He never would come there.

Chor. Port, port, &c.

of Grafton
 The PERFECTION; a new Song to the Dutcheffs: Set to
 Music by Dr. John Blow.





like Men ga—zing on the Sun, with too much Light am blind.



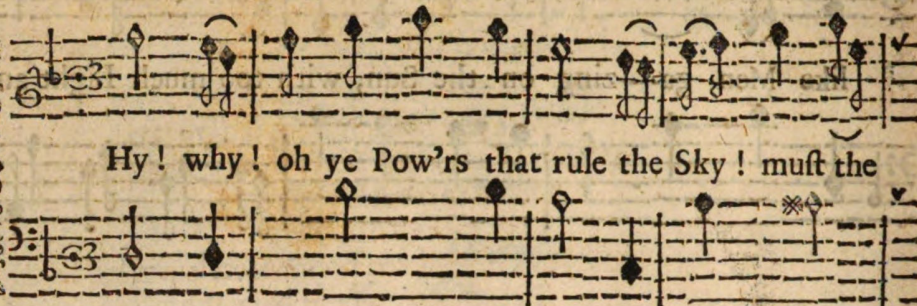
II.

Soft as the tender moving Sighs,
When longing Lovers meet;
Like the divining Prophets wife,
And like blown Roses sweet:
Modest, yet gay; reserv'd, yet free;
Each happy Night a Bride;
A Mein like awful Majesty,
And yet no spark of Pride.

III.

The Patriarch, to gain a Wife,
Chast, beautiful, and young,
Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,
And never thought 'em long.
Ah! were you to reward such Cares,
And Life so long could stay;
Not fourteen, but four hundred Years,
Would seem but as one Day.

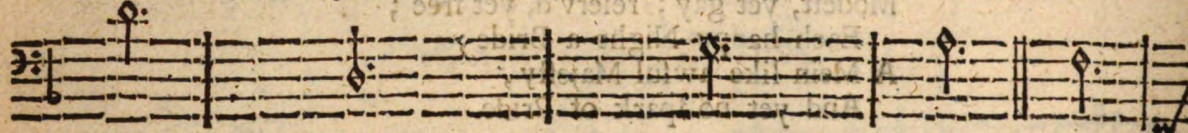
A new SONG; set to Music by Mr. Thomas Farmer.



Hy! why! oh ye Pow'rs that rule the Sky! must the



Love-sick *Damon* dye? When the Nymph is at ease, he admires; she that



cau-ses my groaning, and kills with frowning, for Love her hard Heart could



ne-ver in-spire: Ah! leave me to pain, still since 'tis in vain, still to per-



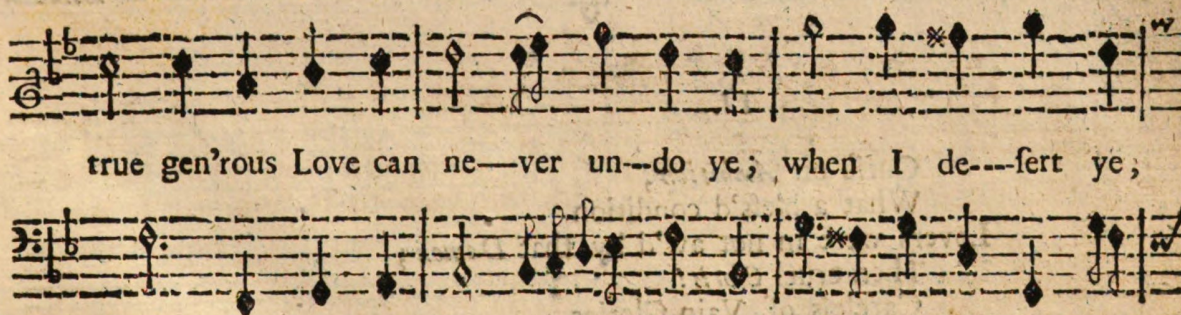
swade, or change the fair cru-el Maid.



II.

Down, down,
By a Brook I'll lay me down,
Where the Stream does sadly run,
Whose Waves my Tears shall still encrease;
Oh ye merciless Powers!
That talk of showers
Of Joys in Heaven poor Mortals possess!
Ah! if you would have me
Ever believe Joys after Death,
Give me her to strengthen my Faith.

The D I S T R U S T; a new Song set to Music by
Mr. John Lenton.

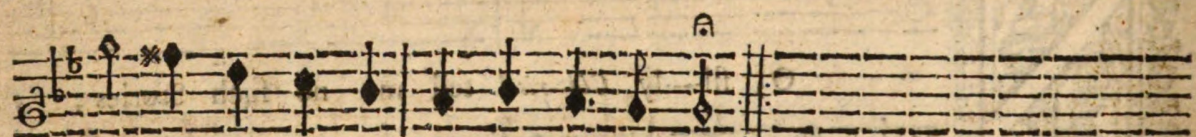




Search all hu-man Nature, try ev'--ry Creature, stu--dy all Complexions,



ev'--ry Face and Feature; and when e're I dye, you'l too late de--scry



none e--ver yet did love so well as I.



II.

Curse on *Ambition*,
 What a blest'd condition
 Lovers were in not aw'd by that *Damon*;
 Then cruel *Cloris*!
 Careless of Vain-Glories,
 Would reap more Bliss than *Pride* e're could dream on:
 We should have no dying,
 No Self-denying,
 Sighings or Repulses,
 When the Soul is flying;
 But truly wise,
 Dirt she would despise,
 And own her Love the Crown of all her Joys.

The PASSION; set to Music by Mr. Samuel Akeroyd.

Y all the Pow'rs! I love you so, nothing's so dear to



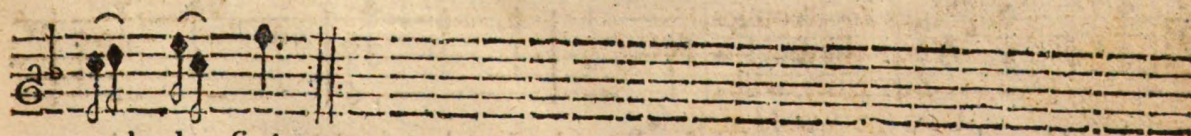
me below; and when I would your Scorn forfake, some An-gel turns, and



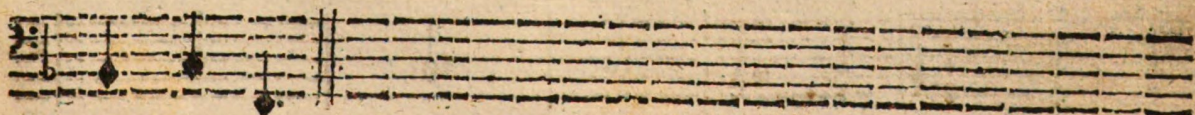
brings me back: Al-tho' my Heart's not fool'd with ease, yet you may break it



when you please; 'tis no--ble, and does ra-ther dare to dye, than languish



and de-spair.

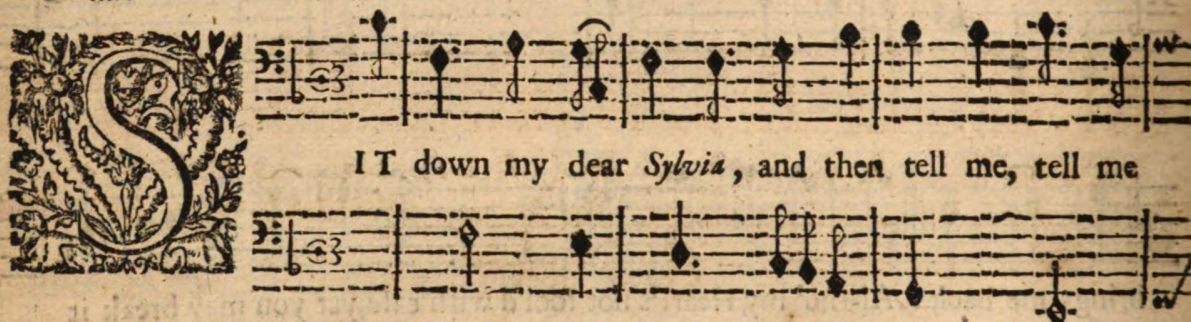


II.

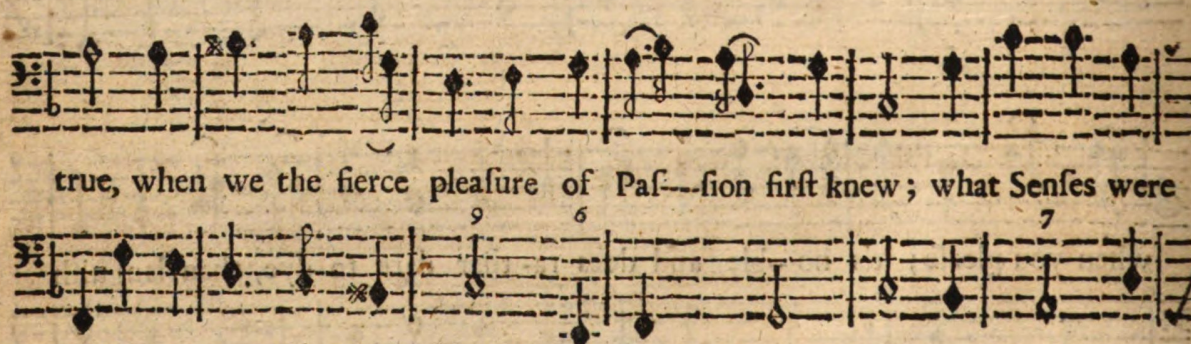
Ah ! tell me not that Men deceive ;
 But if you'd be believ'd, believe ;
 My Heart, like Tapers, shut in Urns,
 Whilst Love gives Matter ever burns :
 Since kindness has resistless Charms,
 And Beauty, wanting Youth, decays ;
 Make hast, and fly into my Arms,
 And crown my bless'd remaining Days.

*A Dialogue betwixt ALEXIS and SYLVIA: Set to
 Music by Mr. Henry Purcell.*

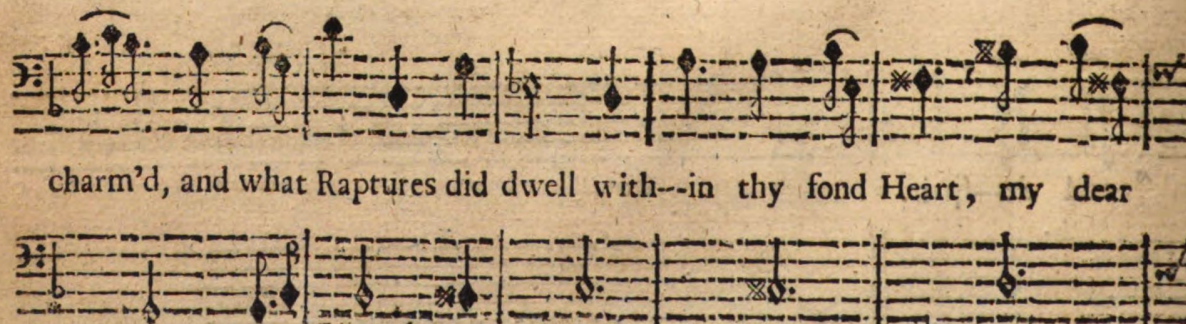
Alexis.



IT down my dear *Sylvia*, and then tell me, tell me



true, when we the fierce pleasure of Pas--sion first knew; what Senses were



charm'd, and what Raptures did dwell with--in thy fond Heart, my dear

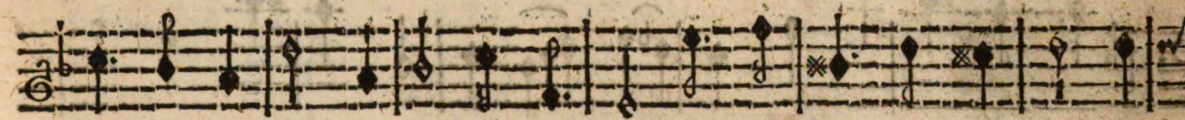
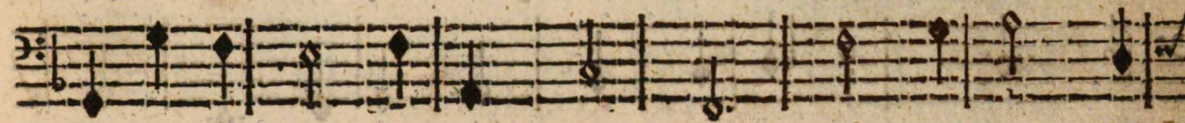


Nymph! prethee tell! That when thy Delights in their ful--ness are known, I



Sylvia.

may have the joy to re--late all my own. Oh fye, my A--lex--is! how



dare you pro--pose to me sl--ly Girl, things im--mo--dest as those! Nice



Can--dor and Mo--de--sty glow in my Breast, whose Ver--tue can ut--ter no



Words so un--chast; but if your im--pa--tience ad--mits no de--lay, de--

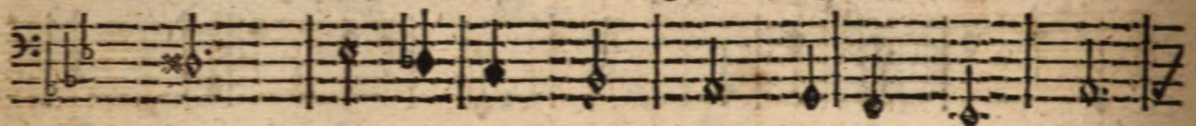


Alexis.

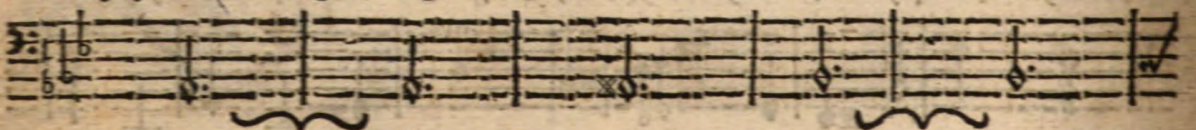
scribe your own Raptures, and teach me the way. A Pain mix'd with Pleasure my



Sen-ses first found, when crowds of Delight strait my Heart did surround; a



Joy so trans-por-ting, I sigh'd when 'twas done, and fain would re-



new, but a—las! all was gone: Coy Na-ture was trea-che-rous, when

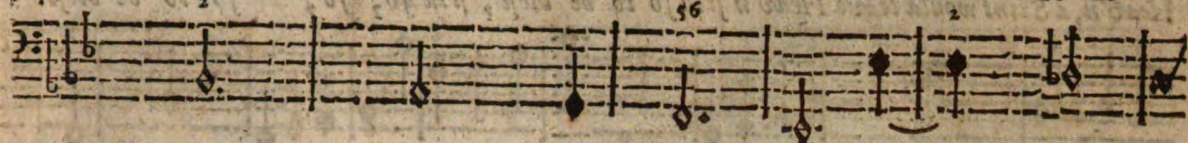


first she meant a Treasure so pre-cious so soon should be spent; coy

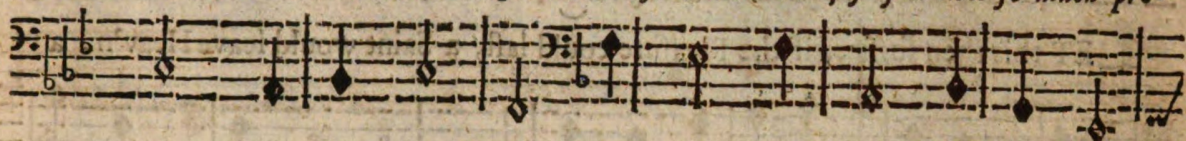




Na-ture was trea-che-rous, when first she meant a Trea--sure so



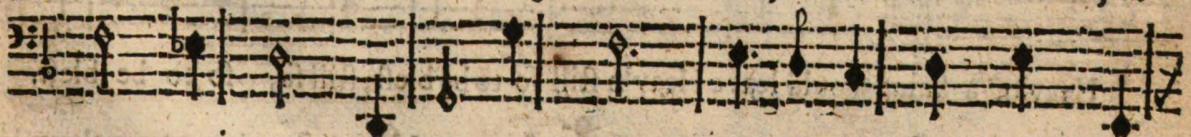
pre--cious so soon should be spent. *This free kind Con--fes--sion does so much pre-*



vail, that I in your Bo--som would blush out my Tale; but Dea--rest, you



know 'tis too much to de--clare the Joys that our Souls, when u--ni--ted, do



share. Let this then suf--fice, if the Plea--sure could last, a Saint would leave





Heav'n, a Saint would leave Heav'n still so to be blest, still so, so, so to be blest.



CHORUS:



LET this then suffice, if the Pleasure could last, a Saint would leave Heav'n, a



LET this then suffice, if the Pleasure could last, a Saint would leave



Saint would leave Heav'n still so to be blest, still so, so, so to be blest.

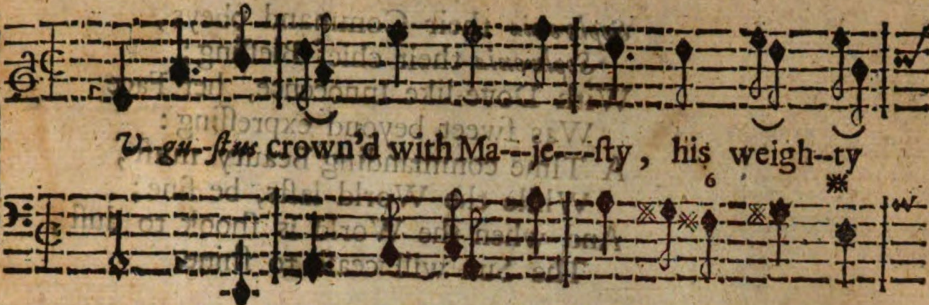


Heav'n, a Saint would leave Heav'n still so to be blest, still so, so to be blest.



Heav'n, a Saint would leave Heav'n still so to be blest, still so, so to be blest.

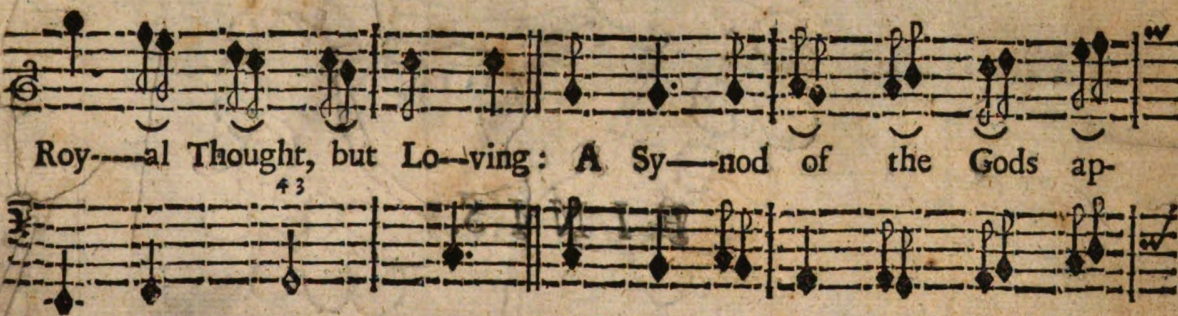
On AUGUSTUS and SOPHRONIA; set to Music
by Senior Baptist.



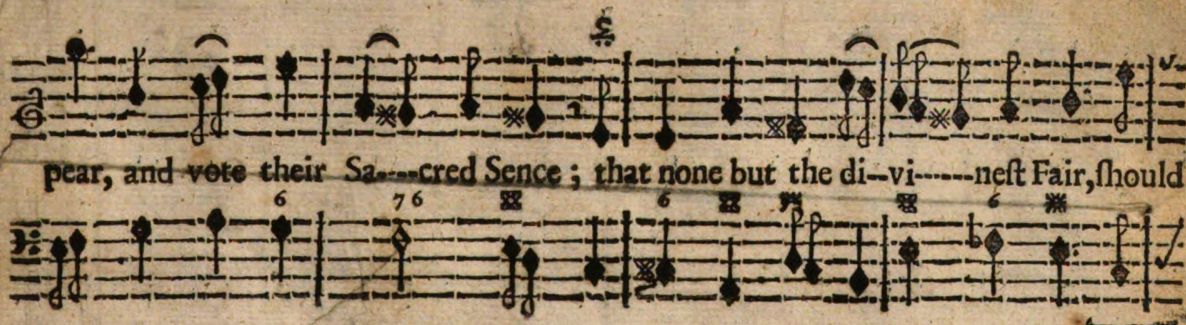
U-gu-stus crown'd with Ma-jes-ty, his weigh-ty



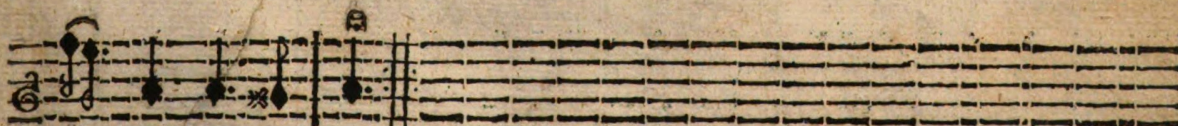
Cares re-mo-ving, be-held his World, but nought could spy, worth



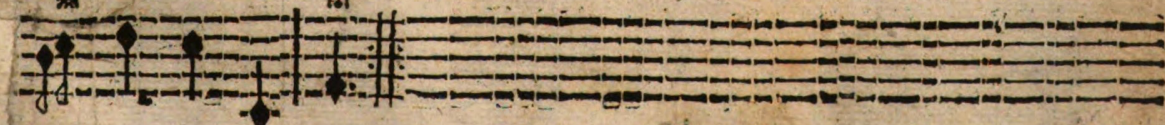
Roy-al Thought, but Lo-ving: A Sy-nod of the Gods ap-



pear, and vote their Sa-cred Sence; that none but the di-vi-nest Fair, should



blefs the greatest Prince.



Sophronia their Command obeys,
Sophronia their chief Blessing;
 With Dove-like Innocence, her Face
 Was sweet beyond expressing:
 A Time commanding Beauty must,
 While the World lasts, be fine;
 And when the World is shook to dust,
 The Sun will cease to shine.

FINIS.

bles the greatest Prince.