

THE
Theater of MUSIC:

OR, A

Choice COLLECTION of the newest and best SONGS
Sung at the COURT, and Public THEATERS.

The Words composed by the most ingenious Wits of the Age, and set to
MUSIC by the greatest Masters in that Science.

WITH

A Thorough-Bass to each SONG for the Harpsichord, Theorbo, or Bass-Viol.

The FOURTH and LAST BOOK.



London,

Printed by B. Motte, for Henry Playford, at his Shop near the Temple Church, 1687.

In COMMENDATION of this B O O K.

O *H* for a Muse Divine, such Sacred Skill,
As does th'Immortal Seats with Anthems fill!
That justly (Music) might thy Praise rehearse, }
Apollo's self must give those Numbers force, }
The God of Music is the God of Verse.
What Charms, alas! can our dead Rhimes impart,
Without th'inspiring Great Musician's Art?
But when the Vocal Air his Genius gives,
The Tuneful Stanza from that moment lives.
Had never Orpheus Music understood,
His Rhimes had fail'd to charm the stupid Wood :
The senseless Stones had ne're obey'd his Call,
Nor arm'd themselves into the Theban Wall.

Then let our nobler Bards this Subject chuse,
The Praise of Music best deserves their Muse.
Why shou'd some vain Coxcomb employ your Flame,
Or why some undeserving Patron's Name?
Exposed in both Attempts to this sure Curse,
She jilts your Passion, and he bilks your Praise.
Mark but the upshot of your flattering Trade; }
For after all the Daubing you have laid,
They get no Fame, but you are Scandals made.
Not all your Arts the World's just sense can dull,
For that will still believe —
Your Miss a Dowdy, and your Patron Dull.

Nath. Tate.

LICENSED,

Rob. Midgley.

October 23. 1686.

TO ALL
Lovers and Understanders
OF
MUSIC.

GENTLEMEN,



 HIS Fourth and Last Book of the Theater of Music,
or, A New and Choice Collection of Songs and Dialogues,
will (I doubt not) be very acceptable to all
knowing Gentlemen in the Skill of Music, for
several Reasons I here mention: First, That most of
these Songs and Dialogues were Composed by the
Eminent Dr. John Blow, and Mr. Henry Purcell, my
ever kind Friends, and several other able Masters,
from whom I received true Copies, which were by them perused, before
they were put to the Pres. Secondly, That here is added two excellent Songs
long since out of Print, viz. *Go Perjur'd Man*, set by Dr. Blow; and that Dia-
logue, *When Death shall part us from our Kids*, set by Mr. Matthew Lock; which
two are here (with much Care) exactly true printed, by the Diligent
Pains of my Father Mr. John Playford, whose known Skill for printing of
Musick, our Nation is not ignorant. And lastly, This excellent Book
may be joyn'd and bound with the three former, will make a com-
pleat Volume: Notwithstanding all this Care and Pains, I must expect
some of our New Pretenders to Publish and Print Music, will be dispa-
raging this Book, thereby to gain Credit and Custom to their own: But I
pass them over in Charity, with *Go on and Prosper*; not doubting, but this
(when it comes to the hands of Judicious Gentlemen, and Understan-
ders of Music) they will find the difference; to whose Judgments I submit,
and shall always endeavour to express my self,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most humble Servant,

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Her first my Shep—her—deis and I, en—joy'd with mutual

Love; she wou'd a thousand Deaths to dye, before she false wou'd prove: Then in a coo-ing

Tone she cry'd, My *Damon*, still prove true! May *Damon* dye, I soon reply'd, when e're he

⁸⁸⁴²

loves not you.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

But oh! too soon *Myrtilla* came,
By chance into the Plain;
Aminia then was not the same,
For all her Vows were vain:
Yet with fresh Charms she did renew
The Vows, my Eyes to blind;
I wish'd, but cou'd not think them true,
She being of Womankind.



S in those Nations, where they yet a—dore Mar—ble and



Cedur, and their Aid implore; 'tis not the Workman, nor the precious Wood, but 'tis the



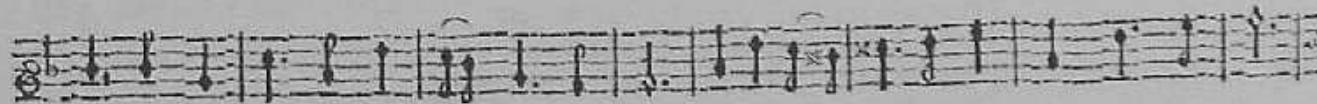
Worshipper that makes the God. So cru—el Fair! tho' Heav'ns have giv'n you all, we



Mor—tals Beauty, or can Virtue call; 'tis we that give the Thunder to your Frowns,



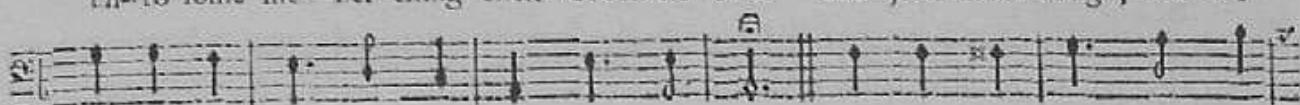
Darts to your Eyes, and to our selves the Wounds: But for our Love, which proudly you deride,



vain were your Beauty, and more vain your Pride; all envy'd Beings which the World can show,



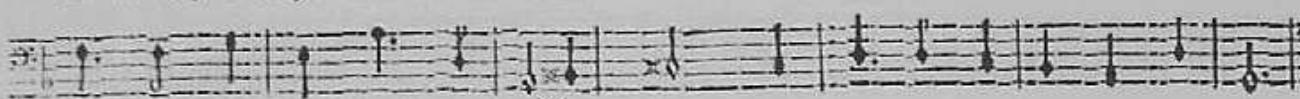
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the num'rous Train of hum-ble Lo-vers, con-sti-tute the Reign: This on-ly



diff'rence, Beauty's Realm can boast, where most its Fa-vours it en-fla-veth most;

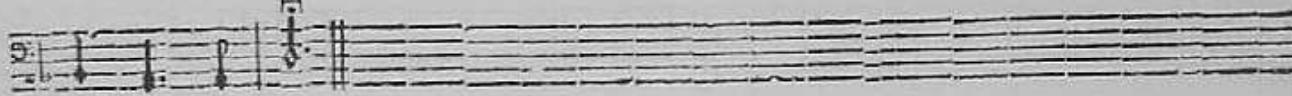


and they to whom it's most in-dol-gent found, are al-ways in the fu-



rest Fetters bound.

Mr. William Turner.





O--rin--na, with In--no--cence, Beau--ty, and Wit, ev'--ry

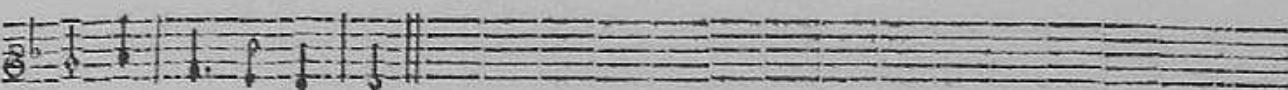
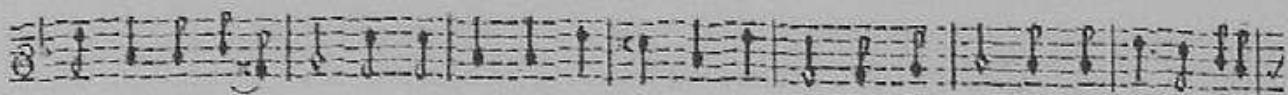
Sence does in--vade, and my Reason persuade, and with Pleasure compells me my

Freedom to quit; tho' my Tongue has pre-ten--ded to serve and a-dore, I find my Heart

ne're was in earnest before: But so bright are her Charms, all my Hopes I distrust, my

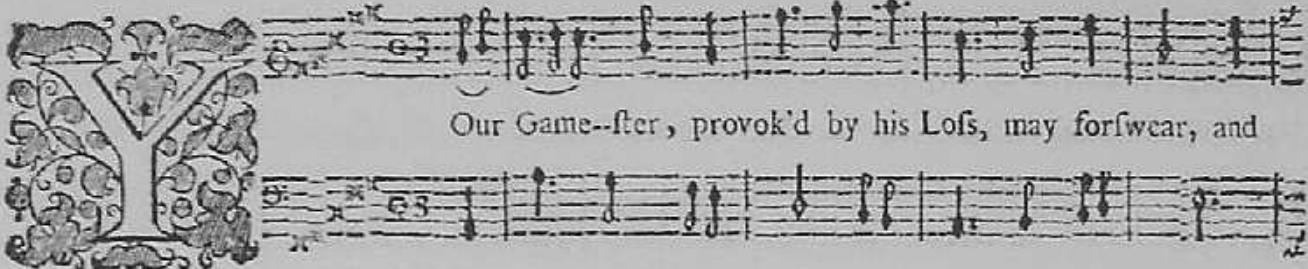
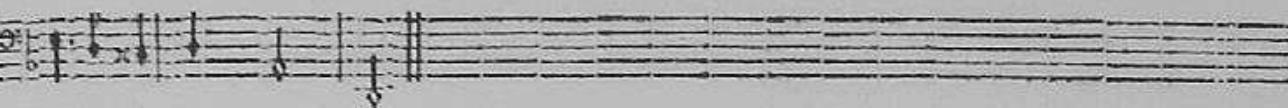
want of Desert makes my Jealou-sie just; if the Joys her Eyes promise I ne're must ob-

tain, let 'em quickly de--ter-mine my Doubts by Disdain, I am ne're of those Fools who

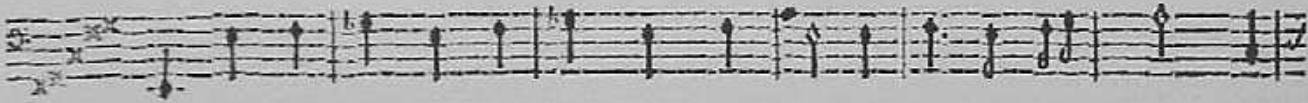


Arms, or dye at her Feet.

Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.



rayl against Play, yet can ne-ver for-bear; de-lu-ded with Hopes, what is



lost may be won, in passion plays on, 'till at last he's undone. *Mr. J. Reading.*



I I.

So I, who have often declaim'd the fond pain,
Of those fatal wounds which Love gets by disdain;
Seduc'd by the charms of your Looks, am drawn in,
To expose my poor Heart to those Dangers agen.

I II.

Clarissa, I live on the hopes of my Love,
Which flatters me so, that you kinder will prove;

In some lucky Minute I hope to enjoy thee,
And rout all your Forces in Arms to destroy me.

I V.

My Fortune I hope is reserv'd for this cast,
To make me a faver for all my Life past;
Be lucky this once, Dice! 'tis all I implore,
I'lle gladly tye up then, and tempt you no more.



Here is no Beauty can compare with Divine *Ce-sia*, lovely, fair;

from those bright dazzling Suns, her Eyes, fond Li-ber-ty af-fright-ed flies : And Love it self en-

thrall'd remains, a Captive in her Golden Chains.

Mt. Robert King.

I I.

Her Voice so sweet, that Mortal Ears
It charms, like Music of the Sphears ;
Enquire not for a greater Bliss,
She's a Terrestrial Paradise :
Cupid resigns his Shafts to her ,
Whose Beauty is Love's Conquerour.

A Song in Commendation of CLARET.

A. 2. Voc.



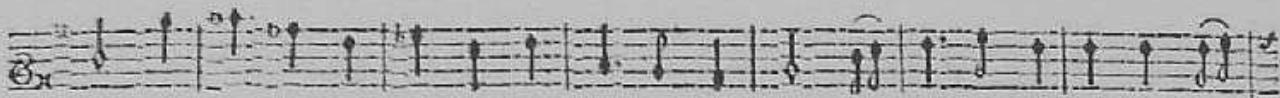
Risk Claret's the Prince and the Topper of Wines, the Soul of the

Brisk Claret's the Prince and the Topper of Wines, &c.

Poet , and Life of his Lines; there's none but adores thee that understand, Drinking, for



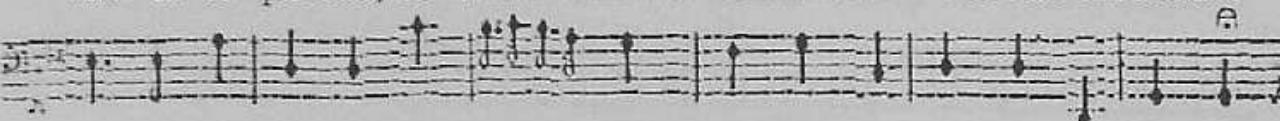
nothing like Claret helps Writing or Thinking: Who e-ver a-buse thee, we'll sing in thy



Praise, we'll ne-ver re-fuse thee, who e-ver gain-says; we dai-ly will drink thee, our



Veins to re--ple-nish, let Whores and their Cullies drink White-wine and Rhenish.



CHORUS. A. 3. Voc.



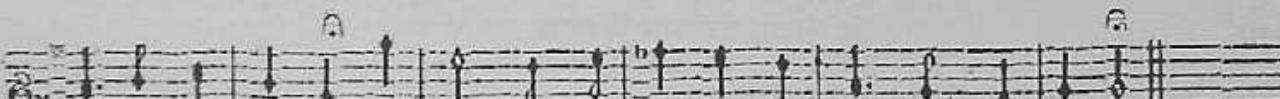
We dai-ly will drink thee, our Veins to re--ple-nish, let Whores and their Cullies drink



We dai-ly will drink thee, our Veins to re--ple-nish, let Whores and their Cullies drink

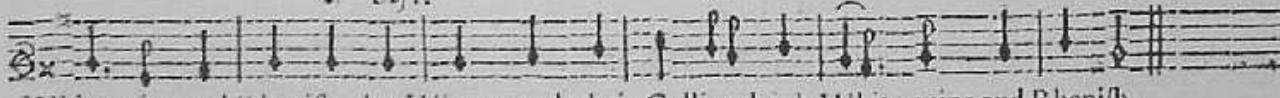


We dai-ly will drink thee, our Veins to re--ple-nish, let Whores and their Cullies drink

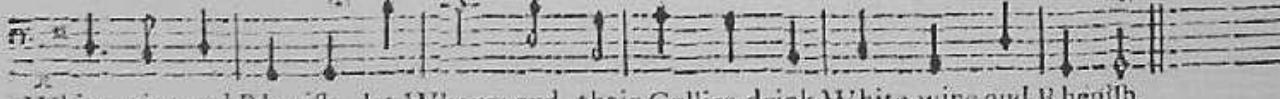


White-wine and Rhenish, let Whores and their Cullies drink White-wine and Rhenish.

Soft.



White-wine and Rhenish, let Whores and their Cullies drink White-wine and Rhenish.



White-wine and Rhenish, let Whores and their Cullies drink White-wine and Rhenish.



Ow lovely's a Woman before she's enjoy'd, when the Spirits are

strong, and the Fancy not cloy'd! we admire ev'-ry Part, tho' ne-ver so plain, which when

throughly possesst, we quickly disdain.

Mr. John Reading.

II.

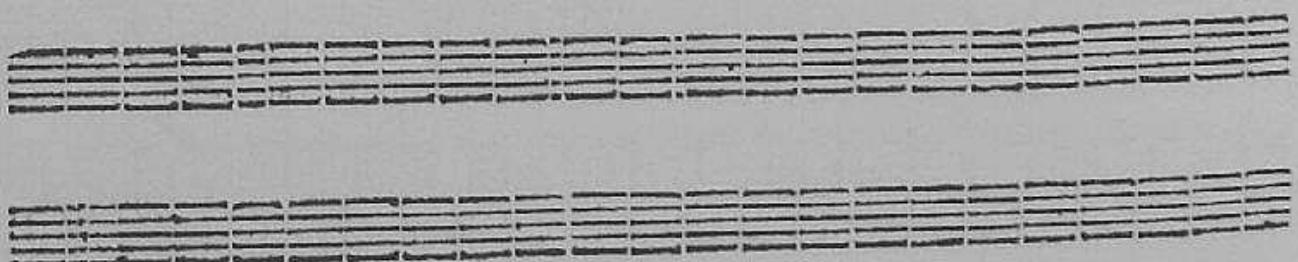
So Drinking we love too, just at the same rate,
For when we are at it, we foolishly prate
What Acts we have done, and set up for Wit,
But next morning's Pains our Pleasure do quit.

III.

But Music's a Pleasure, that tyres not so soon,
'Tis pleasant in Mornings, 'tis welcom at Noon;
'Tis charming at Nights, to sing *Catches* in Parts,
It diverts our dull Hours, and rejoices our Hearts.

IV.

But Music alone, without Women and Wine,
Will govern but dully, tho' never so fine;
Therefore by consent we'll enjoy them all three,
Wine and Music for you, and the Women for me.



A. 2 Voc. C. c. Bassus.



Ft am I by the Women told, poor *Anacreon*, thou grow'st old!

Oft am I by the Women told, poor *Anacreon*, thou grow'st old !

look how thy Hairs are fal—ling all, poor *Ana—creon*, how they fall ! whether I grow

look how thy Hairs are fal—ling all, poor *Ana—creon*, how they fall ! whether I grow

old or no, by th'effects I do not know: This I know without be—ing told, 'tis time to

old or no, by th'effects I do not know: This I know without be—ing told, 'tis time to

live, if I grow old; 'tis time short Pleasures now to take, of lit-tle

live, 'tis time to live, if I grow old; 'tis time short Pleasures now to take,

Life the best to make, of little Life the best to make, and manage wisely the last Stake.

of little Life the best to make, the best to make, and manage wisely the last Stake.

A DIALOGUE betwixt Philander and Sylvia.

Philander.

N a Desert in *Greenland*, where the Sun ne're casts an Eye, in con-

Sylvia.

tempt of all the World, I cou'd live with thee my Joy. On the Sands of scorched *Affric*, where the

Sun-burnt Natives fry; blest with thee, my dear *Philander*, I cou'd chuse to live and dye.

Philander.

No Nymph, with her fly sub-tle Art, e're shall have pow'r to steal my Heart;

thou art all in all in ev'ry part, each Vein of me shall e-ver be panting for love of thee.

Sylvia.

No Swain, with his Wit, Wealth, or Art, e're shall have pow'r to storm my Heart;



thou art all in all in ev'ry part, each Vein of me shall e—ver be panting for love of thee.

Mr. William Aylworth.

Lov'd young *Thillis*, fair and gay, her Beauty blooming,

fresh as *Mary*; then, oh then! I lov'd her so, I did all o—ther Joyes forego: But

now, a—las! her Beauty's gone, and with it too my Heart is flown. But this my only

comfort is, I often, of-ten, told her this, a certain truth, which now she'l prove, That

none, when Beauty's gon, will Love.

Mr. John Roffey.



H Strephon! that I were but sure, thy Love, like mine, cou'd

still endure; that Time and Absence, which destroys the Cares of Lovers, and their Joys, might

never rob me of that part, which you have giv'n me of your Heart; others unenvy'd

might possess, what e-ver they call Happiness.

Mr. John Roffey.

II.

If we, like Turtles, cou'd retire,
With equal constancy and fire,
And in some cool and lovely Grove,
By lasting heighten still our Love;
How gladly cou'd we banish thence
The busie World's Impertinence!
And all the time we have to spare,
Make Love our Business, and our Care.



Hen you have broke that ten-der Loy—al Heart, which so ma-ny

years did faith—ful to you prove; which for your sake endur'd Love's cru—el

smart, and when you scorn'd, made no re—turn but Love: You then, perhaps, will

to Com-pas-sion bend, when I'm to De-sti—ny become a Prey ; and then you'll ease your

Lover and a Friend , you have too pro-di—gal-ly thrown a—way.

Mr. Snow.

II.

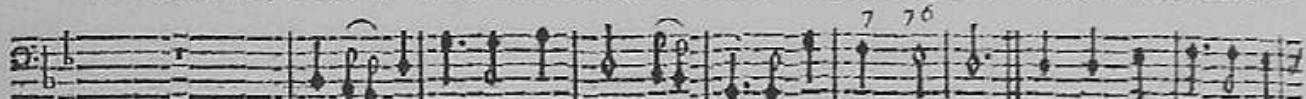
Then that soft Nature Women always share,
Will be as much your Bane, as Love was mine;
You'll sigh in vain, and drop a fruitless Tear,
And at th' irrevocable Loss repine:
My Love before those Eyes shall still appear,
Which gave its Being, and did ruin me;
And you, who ne're cou'd love, shall always fear,
This Vengeance shall attend your Cruelty.



ELL me, ye Gods, why do you prove so cruel, so severe,



to make me burn in flames of Love, then throw me in Despair? Tell me, what Pleasure

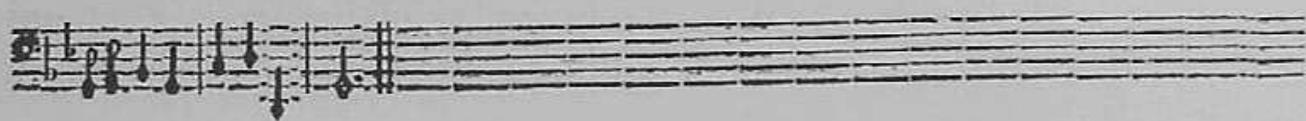


do you find, to force tor-men-ting Fate; to make my *Syl-via* first seem kind, then



vow perpetual Hate?

Mr. Gore.



III.

Once gentle *Sylvia* did inspire,
With her bewitching Eyes;
Oft with a Kiss she'd fan that Fire,
Which from her Charms arise:
With her Diviner Looks she'd bless,
And with her Smiles revive;
When she was kind, who cou'd express
The Extasies of Life?

III.

But now I read my fatal Doom,
All hopes now disappear;
Smiles are converted to a Frown,
And Vows neglected are:
No more kind Looks she will impart,
No longer will endure
The tender Passion of my Heart,
Which none but she can cure.

IV.

Ah cruel, false, perfidious Maid!
Are these Rewards of Love?
When you have thus my Heart betray'd,
Will you then faithless prove?
'Tis pity such an Angel's Face
Shou'd so much perjur'd be;
And blast each captivating Grace,
By being false to me.

V.

Return, return, e're 'tis too late,
The God of Love appeals;
Lest you too soon do meet your Fate,
And fall a Sacrifice:
Despise not then a proffer'd Heart,
But might Love obey;
For Age will ruine all your Art,
And Beauty will decay.



Roud Sire-phou! do not think my Heart so ab-so-lute a

Slave, nor in so mean and servile State; but if I say, That you're ingrate, I've Pride and

Pow'r e-nough your Chains to brave.

Mr. Snow.

II.

I scorn to Grieve or Sigh for one
That does my Tears neglect;
If in your Looks my Coldness were,
Or desire of Change appear,
I can your Vows your Love and you reject.

III.

What refin'd Madness wou'd it be,
With Tears to dim those Eyes;
Whose Rays it Grief doth not rebate,
Each Hour new Lovers might create,
And with each Look gain a more glorious Prize.

IV.

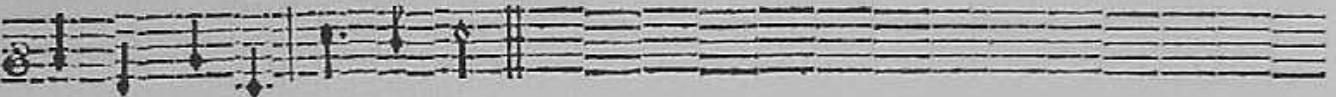
Then do not think with Frowns to fright,
Or threaten me with Hate;
For I can be as cold as you,
Disdain as much, and proudly too,
And break my Chains in spite of Love or Fate.



HY should *Clauſa*, young and fair, her ſelf a Foe to Love declare? Why



should ſuch Charms as hers be giv'n, to one that is more deaf than Heav'n, to



one that is more deaf than Heav'n.

Mr. Snow.



II.

Pray'rſ and Tears will there prevail,
But here our best Endeavours fail;
To her each Shepherd sighs in vain,
Whilſt ſhe's regardless of their Pain,
Whilſt ſhe's regardless of their Pain.

III.

Passes her pleaſing Hours away,
With a Contempt of all they ſay;
Thus poor neglected *Strephon* Iyes,
Falls to her Scorn a Sacrifice;
Falls to her Scorn a Sacrifice.





Ong wrestling with an An-g'l's form, I've almost weather'd out the

Storm; and made the bright *An-re-lit* yield, to pi-ty one her Frowns had kill'd: But Pi-ty

beaming from her Eyes, has made the Wretch, tho' dead, to rise; but Pi-ty beaming

from her Eyes, has made the Wretch, tho' dead, to rise.

Mr. Courtriville.

II.

All her Words express her kind,
All her Actions speaks her Mind;
Ten thousand ways she Love betray,
And to her *Strephon* Heav'n display:
Happy I dy'd, since from my Dust
I rise to the Honour of the Just.
Happy I dy'd, &c.



N th Evening's Dawn, when Nymphs and Swains fold their Flocks up-

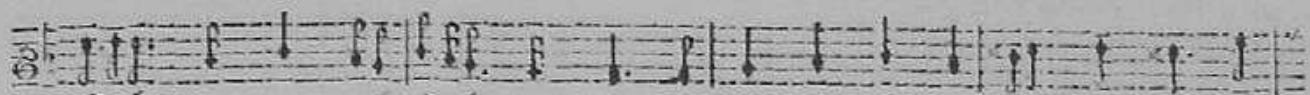
on the Plains, and then re-tire in—to the Grove, to Dance and Sing, and

talk of Love; there a—lone *Strephon* fate, and thus he did be—moan his Fate:

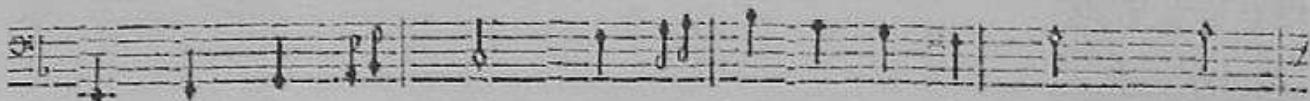
Why, oh why shou'd *Phil-lis* be to all the World so gay and free, and

yet so cold, and yet so cold, so wond'rous cold to me; and yet so cold, and

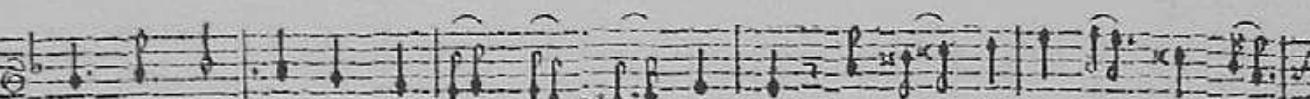
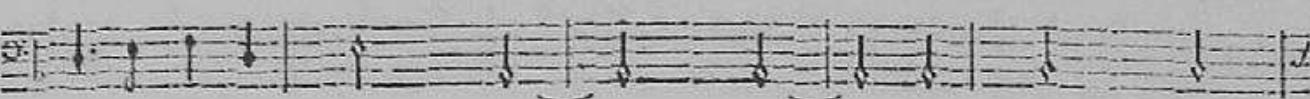
yet so cold, so wond'rous cold to me? The Nymph who now was set among



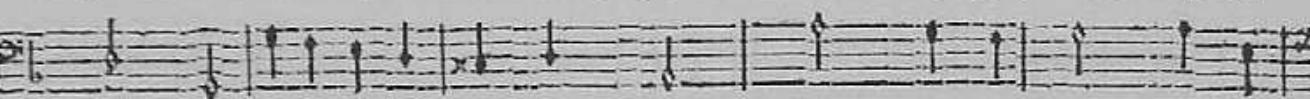
Swains and Nymphs, a mer-ry Throng, with ma-ny Lo-vers by her Side, the



me-lan-cho-ly *Sire-phor* spy'd; she rose and left the Crowd, and thus ac-copts the



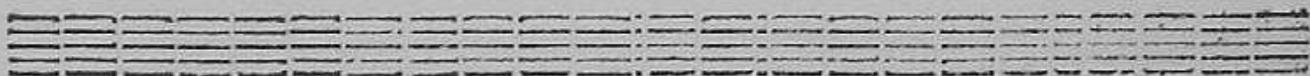
Swain a-leud: O *Sirephon!* sure that Nymph, said she, must hap-py, ve-ry hap-py



be, that can provoke, that can provoke such se-rious Thoughts in thee, that



can provoke such se-rious Thoughts in thee. Mr. George Hart.



The W H E T.

[20]

A. 2. Voc. *Cantus & Bassus.*

Wine, Wine in a Morning makes us youthful and gay, like
Wine, Wine in a Morning, &c.

Eagles we soar in the Pride of the Day, Gouty Sots of the Night on-ly find a De-
ay;

day; Gouty Sots of the Night on-ly find a De-cay. 'Tis the Sun ripes the
day;

Grape, and for Trin-king gives Light, we i-mi-tate him when by Noon we're at height; we
i-mi-tate him when by Noon we're at height;

i-mi-tate him when by Noon we're at height; they steal Wine, who take it when
he's out of sight.

Mr. George Hart.



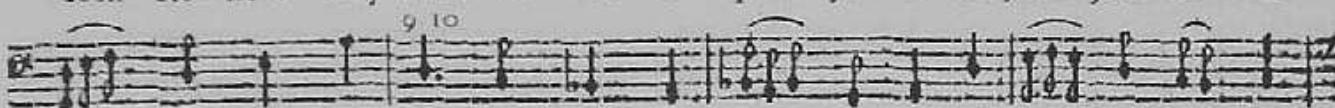
H Clo-ri-n-dal! can't I move you, when you're Conscious that I love you!



Can you, when so Fair, be Cruel, to re-turn me a De-nial! If you do not



soon Re-lieve me, Fare will then de-prive you of me; and you'll ne-ver



then re-co-ver, af-ter Death, your Breath-less Lover.

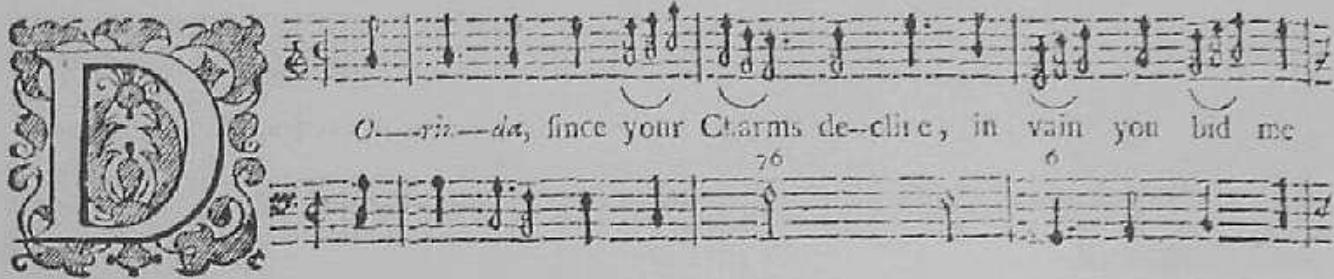
Mr. Th. Hanney.



II.

Cou'd I, *Thyrsis*, but believ ye,
And presume you'd not deceive me;
I wou'd ease you of your Anguish,
And shou'd hinder you to Languish:
But you Men are so deceiving,
And addicted so to Lying;
That I will not, cannot love you,
But first try you, and then prove you.

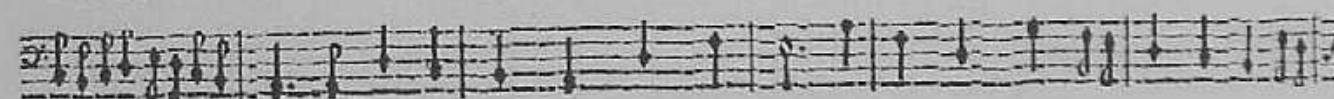
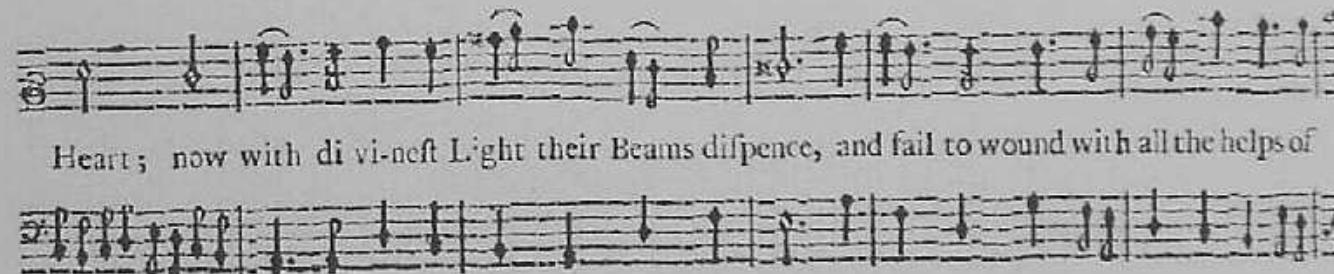
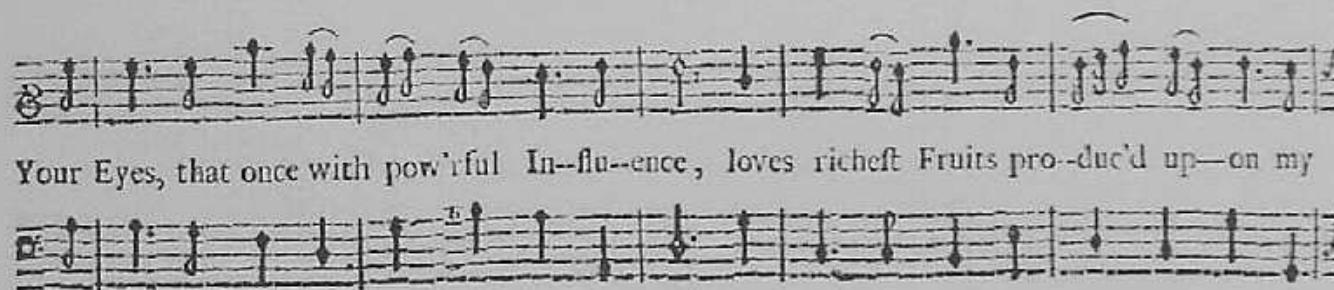
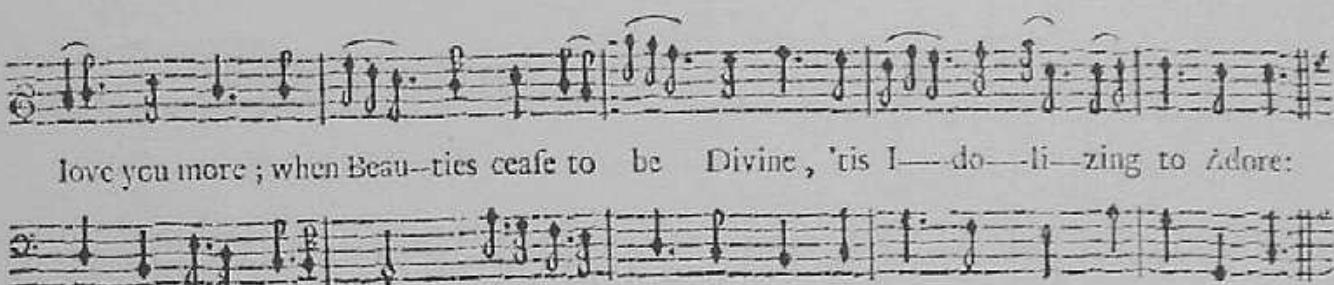




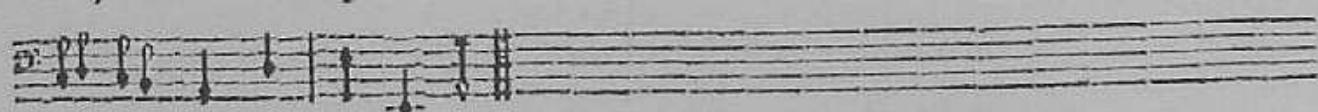
O—rin—da, since your Charms de-cline, in vain you bid me

76

6



Mr. Samuel Alcroyd.

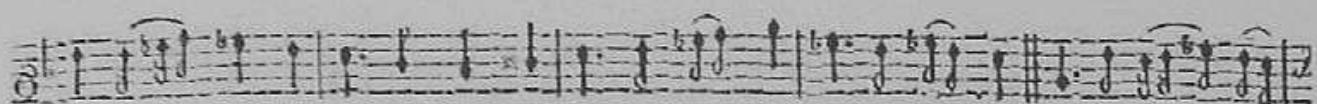


II.

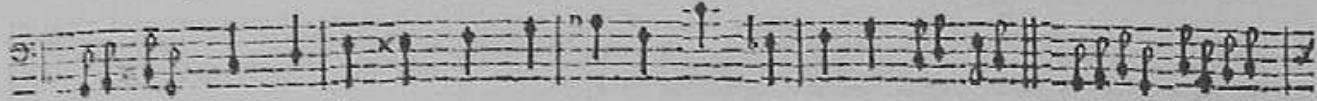
Yet out of Gratitude I strove,
When Passion cou'd no longer last,
To guild the Failures of my Love,
And Art, the Pleasures past:
But your too curious Sence discern'd the Cheat,
Conceal'd in the disguise of Labour'd Joy:
And in the midst of Love's mysterious Ticat,
A nice Difficult did all your Bliss destroy.



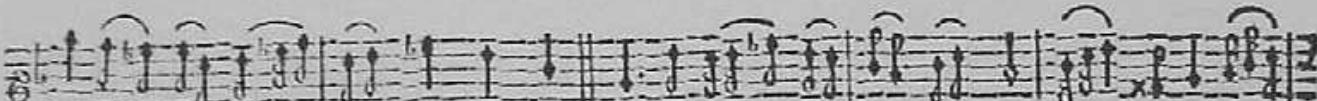
Must I e—ver sigh in vain? Must I suf—fer endless Pain?



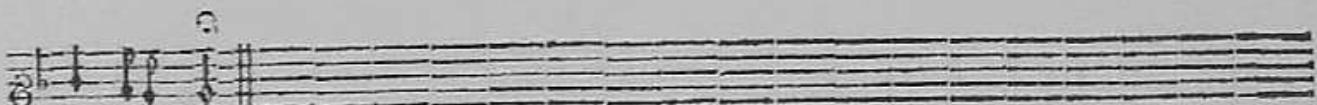
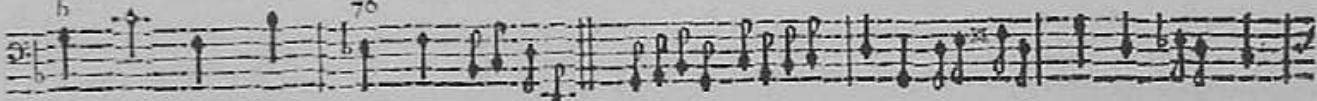
Trembling at your Feet I languish, hear my Grief, oh see my Anguish! Must I e—ver



sigh in vain? Must I suf—fer endless Pain? All my Actions shews I love you,

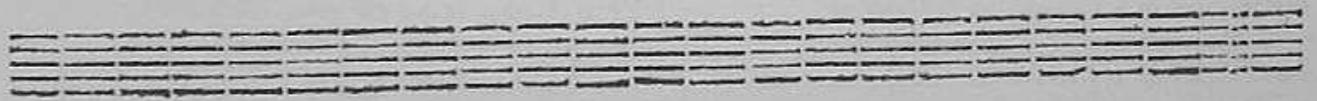
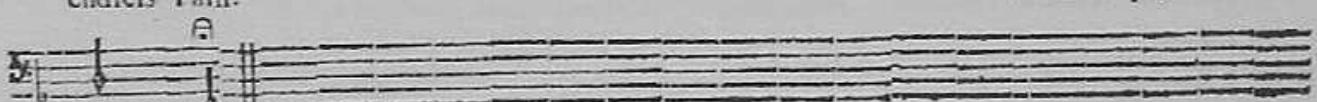


oh, be kind! let Pi—ty move you! Must I e—ver sigh in vain? Must I suffer



endless Pain.

Senior Baptif.



A. 2. Voc. Cantic & Bassus.



Ow sweet is the Air, and refreshing, comes over the Neighbouring
How sweet is the Air, &c.

Plain; this e—ver was coun—ted a Blessing, 'mongst o—ther Enjoyments of Swains: It

swee—tens our Humours, which glide in our Veins, like Streams in the Channels, and

S. Chorus.
sof—ten our Strains. *Whilſt we sing by a Fountain far—raun—ded with Hills, and the*
S. Chorus. *Whilſt we sing,* &c.

gen—tle Nymphs Et—cho's does keep up the Trills.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

—

II.

Sometimes in a Grove, as delighting,
We sit by our Sweetings in Bow'rs;
Fine Roundelay to 'em reciting,
Whilſt making us Garlands of Flow'rs:
As loving as Turtles we pass the soft Hours,
No Shepherd is fullen, nor bhepherdels low'rs.
Chorus. *Whilſt we sing,* &c.

III.

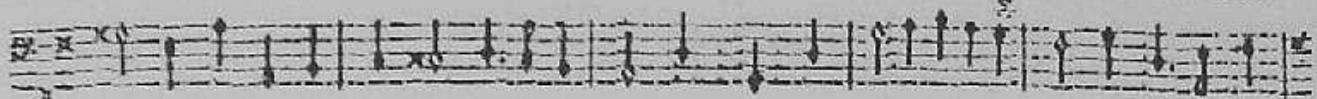
Then *Laura*, leave off your Despiling,
Those Freedoms the Village allows;
Town-Gallants with finest deviling,
Can't make you so happy a Spouse:
Like Shoots in the Spring our Paff on flill grows,
Our Flocks are not blithier, which wantonly brows.
Chorus. *Whilſt we sing,* &c.



Love, but dare not hope to be, the least belov'd a—gain; yet



ne—ver well, but when I see the Ob—ject of my Pain: But I must ab—sent

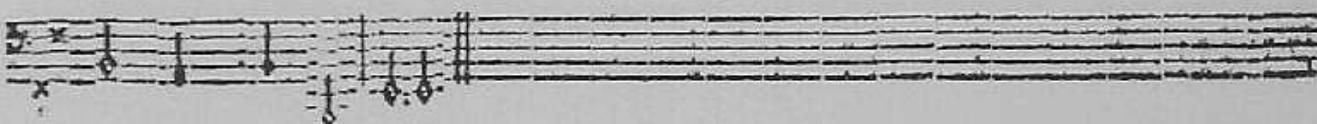


be for Years, yet languish for my Love; and my Desires must quench in Tears, 'till



Death doth them removc.

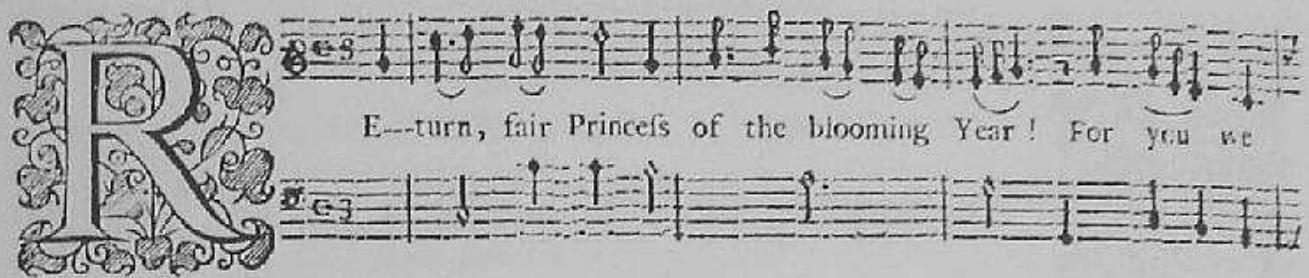
Mr. Tho. Farmer, B. M.



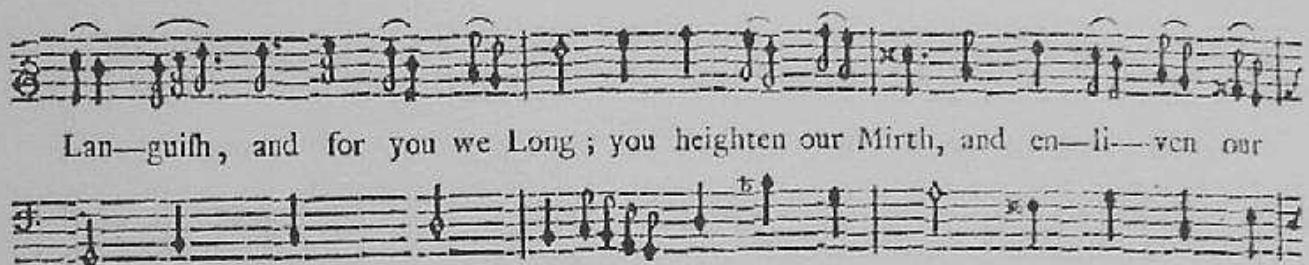
II.

I to some Cave will now retire,
And all but her despise;
I nothing more than Death desire,
When banish'd from her Eyes:
The shady Groves shall Echo round,
Belinda I adore;
But, oh! too soon they will resound,
Despair, and think no more.

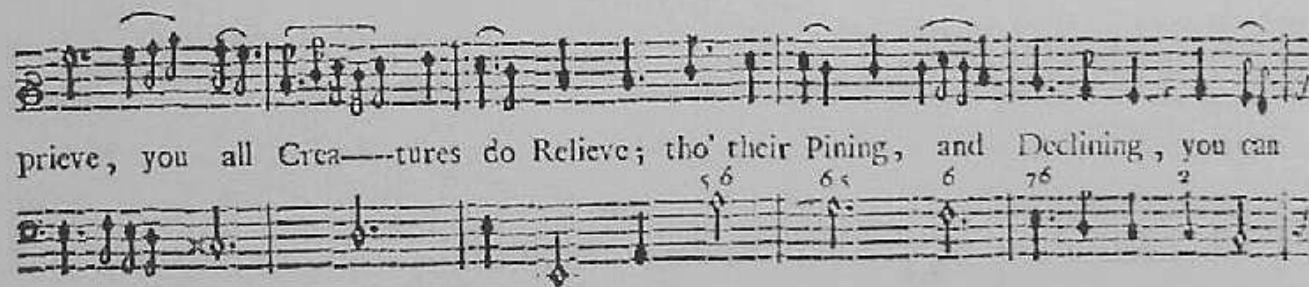




E—turn, fair Princeſ of the blooming Year ! For you we

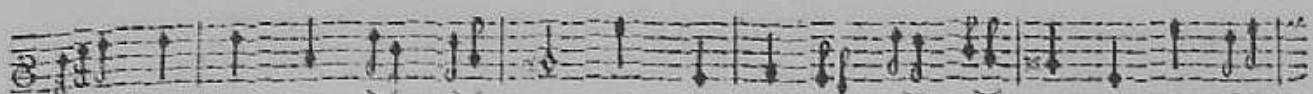


Song ; you on—ly our drooping Spirits can clear: For you imprison'd Nature do Re—



Life and Vigour give; tho' their Pi—ning, and De—cli—ning, you can Life and





For your Absence here we mourn; here we Languish, all in Anguish, 'till those



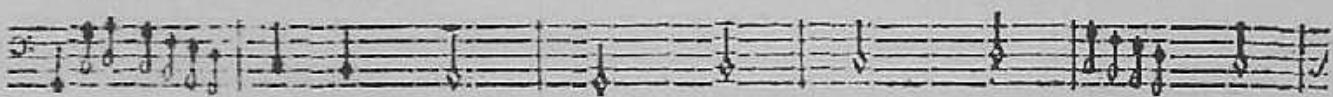
happy Days return. Oh, the Joys that do attend you! Oh, the Charms that still commend you!



Tho' we now are cold and fainting, tho' we're spirit-less and panting; if you visit once our



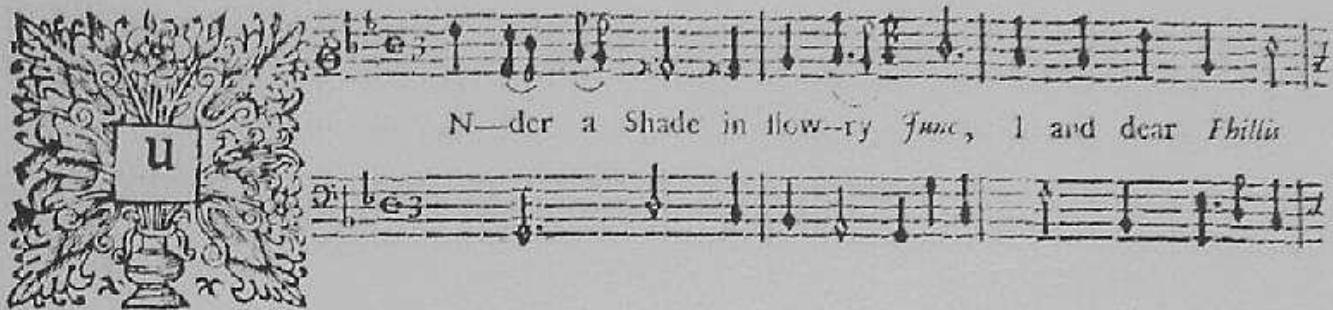
Clime, then we'll Chant it, and Gal-lant it, and with joy adore your Shrine; then we'll



Chant it, and Gal-lant it, and with joy a-dore your Shrine.

Dr. John Blow.





N—der a Shade in flow—ry June, I and dear *Phillis*

b lay; where we such Plea—sures did en—joy, no Tongue can e—ver say:

s She full of Charms, and I fast lock'd within her Arms, did Love, and Sigh, and Kiss the

b Time away.

Mr. Tho. Farmer, B. M.

b

II.

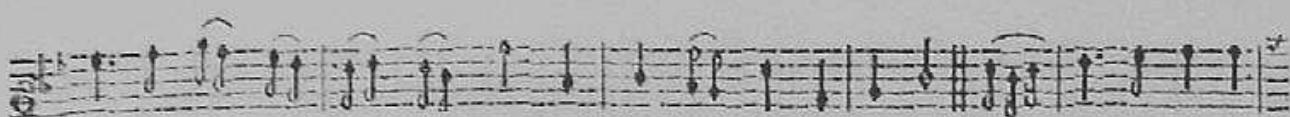
Young *Cupidon* by chance came by,
A true and harmless Swain;
Who for a Cruel Nymph did dye,
And there did thus Complain:
Must all but me
Be blest in Love, and happy be?
Ease, ease, good Gods! come ease me of my Pain!

III.

Ah happy *Damon!* happy Man!
Whom Charming *Phillis* loves;
How pleasantly the time they pass,
Within yon shady Groves!
Tho slighted I,
For Fair, but Cruel *Sylvia* dye:
Bless them, good Gods! oh bless them from above!



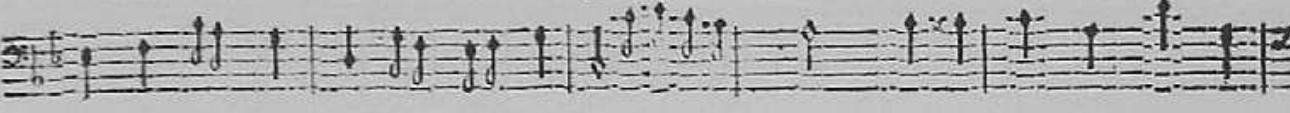
Love, and am belov'd agaiⁿ, I care not who does know it; I



am a constant faith-ful Swain, and beⁿt ash'm'd to shew it: For since my *Sylvia*

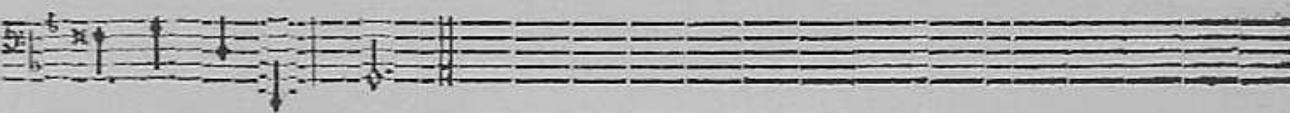


merits more, than Mortal Man can give her; I will e-ver her Adore, and



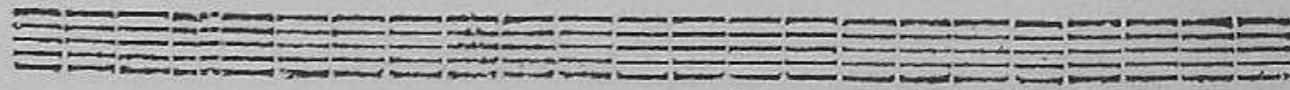
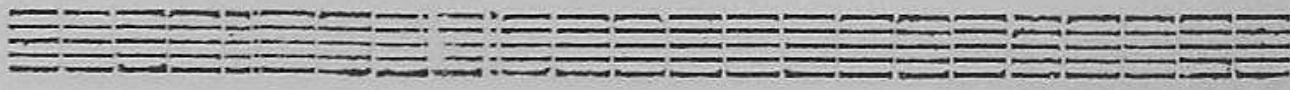
ne-ver, ne-ver leave her.

Mr. Tho. Farmer, B. M.



II.

Tho' Cruel Fortune seem to frown,
And threaten me with Danger;
While in my *Sylvia's* Arms I ly^e,
I[']lc laugh at all her Anger:
In spight of her I[']lc happy be,
Possessing such a Treasure;
Whilst Gods above do envy me,
And wonder at my Pleasure.



I

N vain I strive against my Fate, to conquer all your Charming ways; which

makes me love, when I shou'd hate, and wish with you to spend my Days: But, oh! if all my

Fears are true, and you in-con-stant prove to me; I'd better dye than trou—ble you, and

date my Ease from Mi—se—ry.

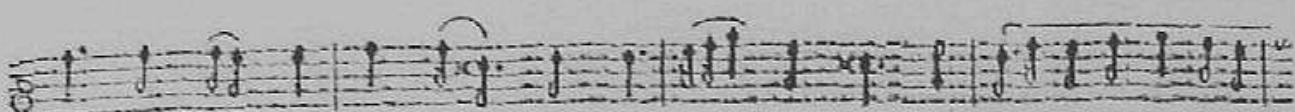
Mr. Tho. Farmer, B. M.

Hen I see my *Stre-phon* Langnish, with Love's migh—ty

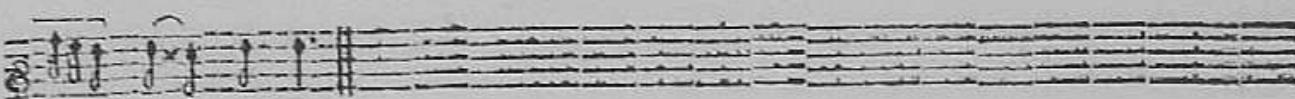
Cares opprest; when I see his Tears and An—guish, Pi—ry warms my stubborn Breast:



Sighs so soft, and Tears so moving, who can see, and hold from Loving?

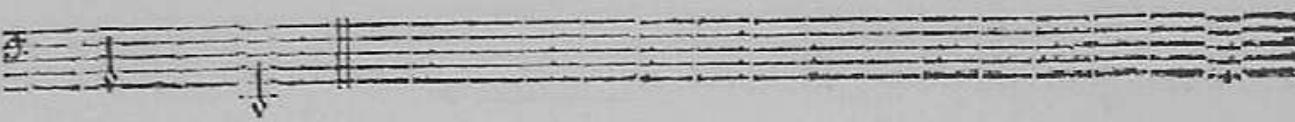


Sighs so soft, and Tears so moving, who can see, and ho—
 wif *wh*



ld from Loving?

Senior Baptist.

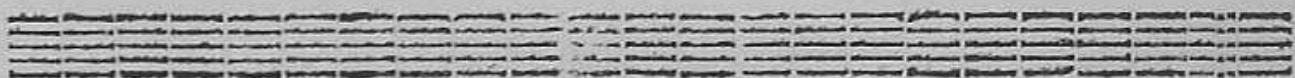


II.

Strephon's plain and humble Nature,
 Won me first to hear this Tale;
Strephon's Truth, by every Creature,
 Is proclaim'd through all the Vale:
Not a Nymph that wou'd not choose him,
 Why shou'd I alone refuse him?

III.

All Ingratitude, they tell us,
 Bears of Ills the blackest Dye;
Why shou'd Vertue then compell us
 To be wicked, and deny?
Thus my Love with Honour's pleading,
 Thus my Love for *Strephon's* bleeding.



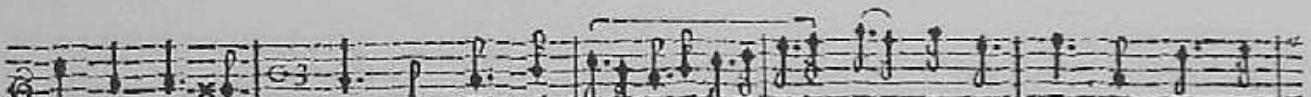


A. L. T. U. S.

Hill, fill, fill the Bowl with Rosy Wine, fill, fill the Bowl with Rosy



Wine, with Rosy Wine, a-round our Temples, a-round our



Temples Roses twine; and let us chear—ful-ly a-while, and let us



chear—ful—ly a-while, like the Wine and Roses smile, like the Wine and Ro—ses smile:

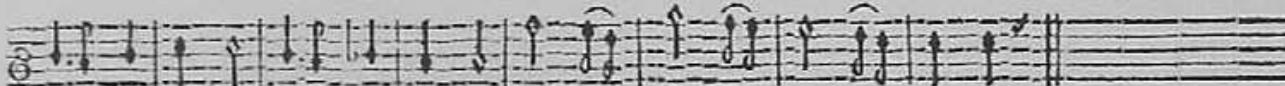
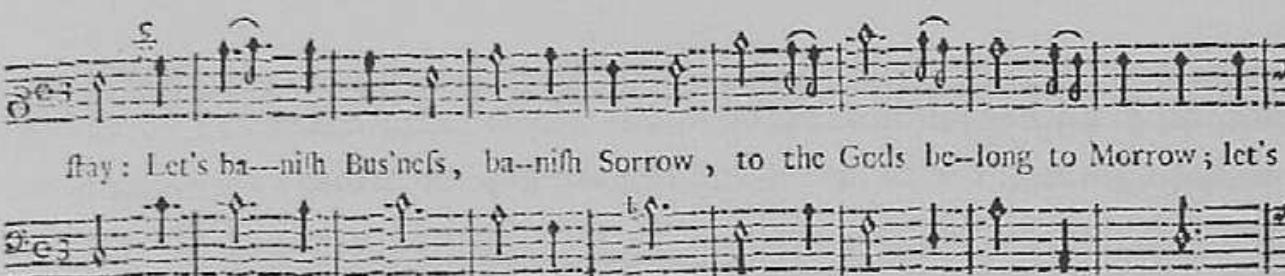
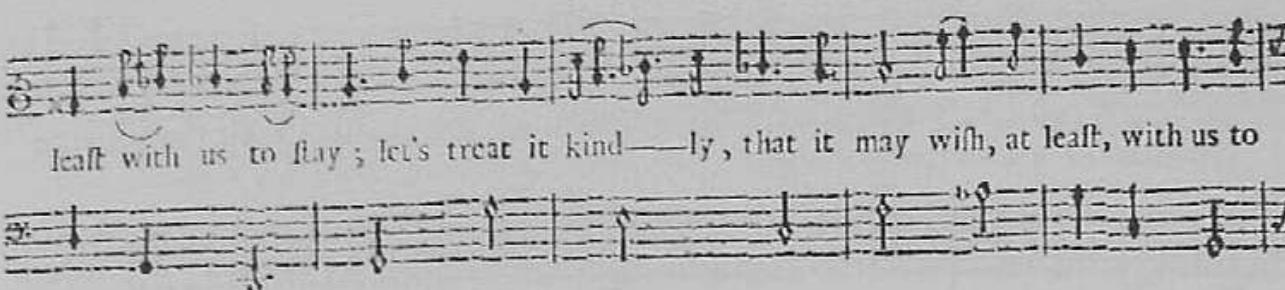
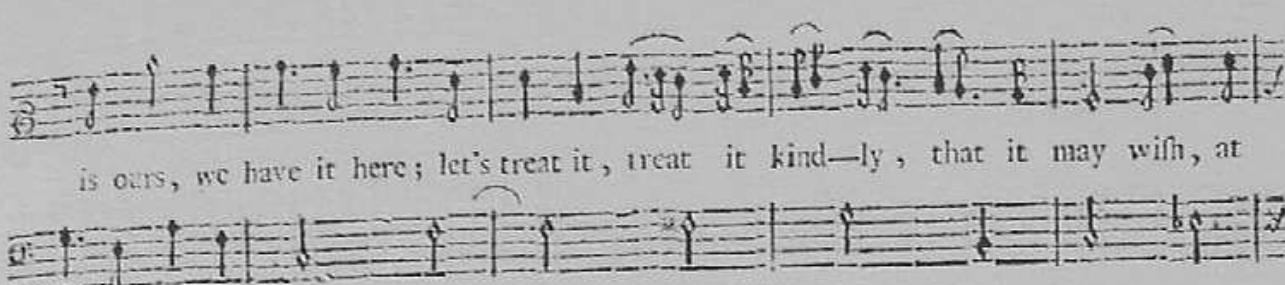
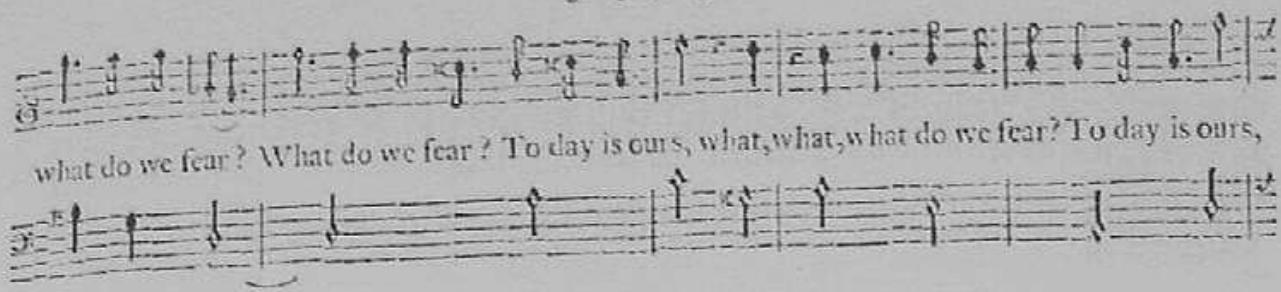


Crown'd with Ro—ses, we contemn, Gy—ges wealthy Di—a—dem; crown'd with

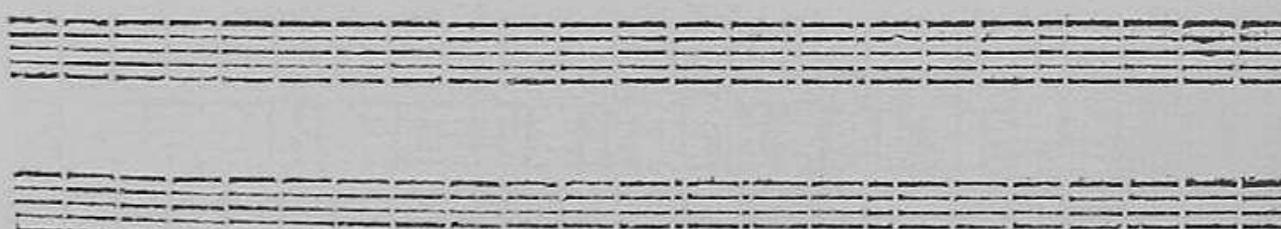


Roses, we contemn, Gy—ges wealthy Di—a—dem. To day is ours, to day is ours,





The Singing BASS follows in the next Page.



A. 2. Voc.

The Singing BASSUS to the foregoing Song.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



H, fill the Boul with Ro-sie Wine, fill, fill the Boul with Ro-sie Wine, the

Boul with Ro-sie Wine, a-rou———nd our

Temples Re-ses twine; and let us chear——— ful-ly a-

while, like the Wine and Ro-ses simile, like the Wine and Roses simile: Crown'd with Ro-ses,

we contemn, Gy-ges wealthy Di-a-dem; crown'd with Roscs, we contemn, Gy-ges

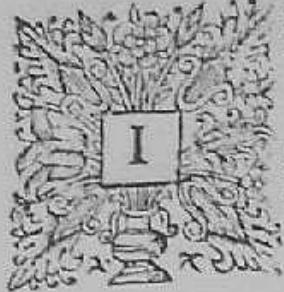
wealthy Di-a-dem. To day is ours, is ours, what do we fear? To day is ours, what do we fear?

what, what do we fear? To day is ours, is ours, we have it here; let's treat it, treat it

kindly, that it may wish, at least, with us to stay; let's treat it kind-ly, that it

may wish, at least with us to stay: Let's banish Bus'ness, ba-nish Sorrow, to the Gods be-

long to morrow; let's ba-nish Bus'nes, ba-nish Sorrow, to the Gods belong to Morrow.



Yield, I yield! Div i e Al-the-a, feel how prostrate at thy Feet I

I

b
bow; fondly in love with my Cap-ti-vi-ty, so weak am I, so mighty thou: Not

long a---go I cou'd de-sy, arm'd with Wine and Company, Beauty's whole Ar-til-le-ry.

Quite vanquish'd now by thy mi-ra-cu-lous Charms, here sa r Al-the-a! take my Arms; for

sure, he cannot be of Humane Race, that can re-fist so bright, so sweet a Face.

Mr. John Rossay.



He sweet *Melina's* Eyes so wounds my Heart, that thence the Pains di-

fus'd thro' ev'-ry Part; and I no more can live, if she's un-kind, ye Gentle

Pow'rs, let me some Pi---ty find! I at your Altar humbly tell my Grief, Oh let her, let her

of-fer some Relief! Oh let her, let her of-fer some Relief! Did she but know my

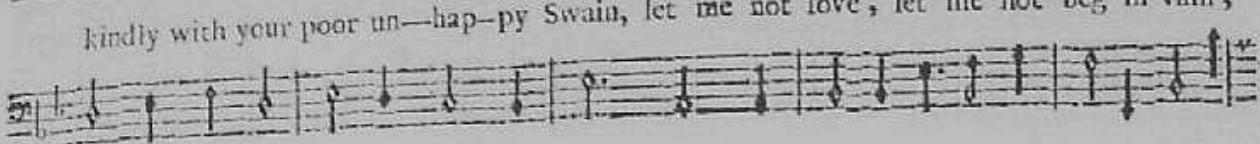
Love, she'd make me blest, such Love as mine might thaw a frozen Breast, much

more *Melina's*, whose sweet Humour's such, that Pen nor Tongue can ne-ver Praise too much: Deal

[37]



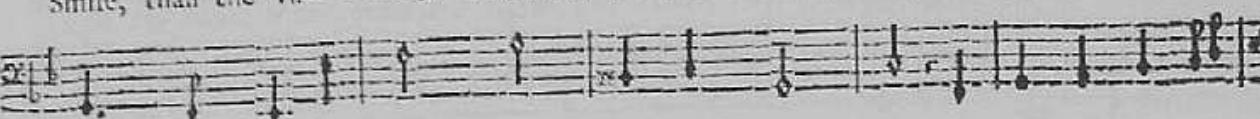
kindly with your poor un-hap-py Swain, let me not love, let me not beg in vain;



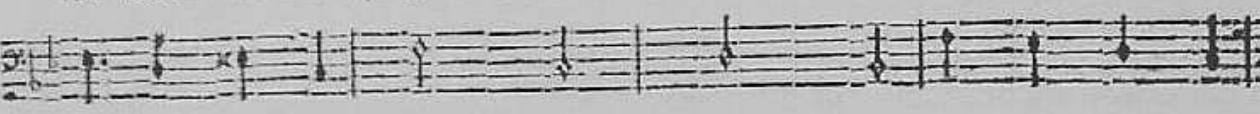
let me not love, let me not beg in vain. I have more va-lue for her pleasing



Smile, than the va——lt Treasures of this Wealthy Isle; one gentle Look from



fair M——li——ni's Eyes, I do much more than the rich *In——dies* prize; I



do much more, much more, I do much more, much more than the rich

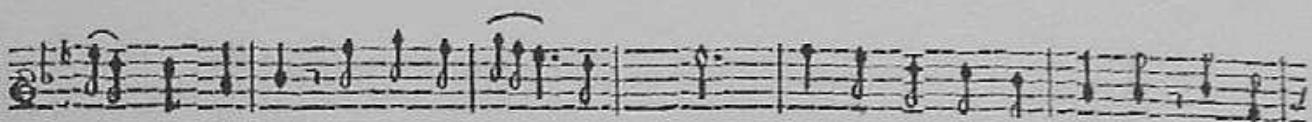


In——dies prize; I do much more, much more than the rich *In——dies* prize.

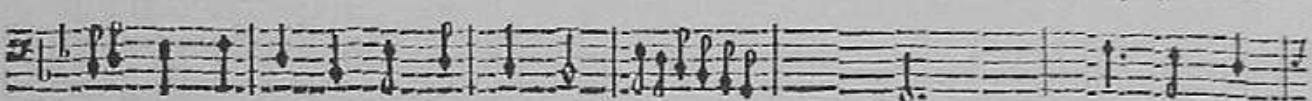




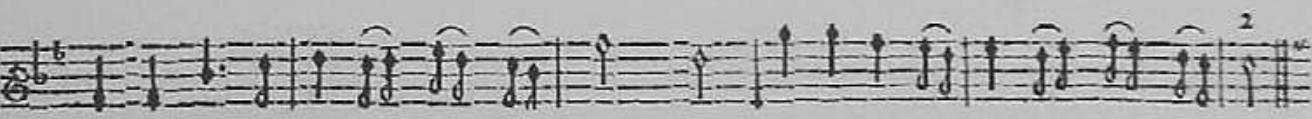
Ah charming Fair! 'tis Love for Love you owe, no greater Blessing I desire to know;



my Love is fix'd, it never shall re—move, I'll be *Me-li-na's* Martyr, or her



Love, or her Love; I'll be *Me-li-na's*, I'll be *Me-li-na's* Mar--tyr, or her Love. Yet



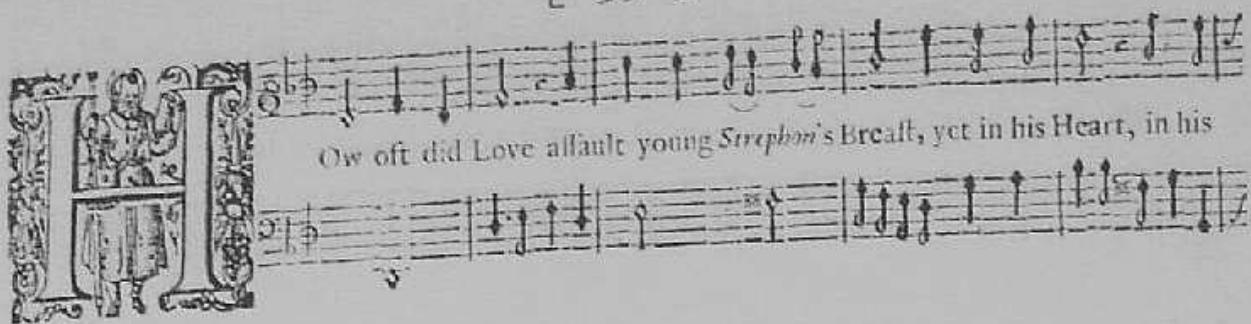
shou'd *Me-li-na* cherish my De—ire, and blow my Dying Em—bers to a Fire;



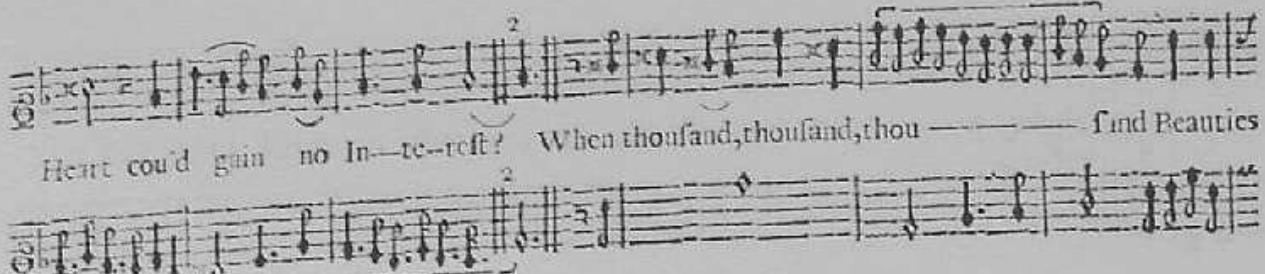
so bright, and so devout, that Flame shou'd be, as might appease an an—gry De-i—ty.



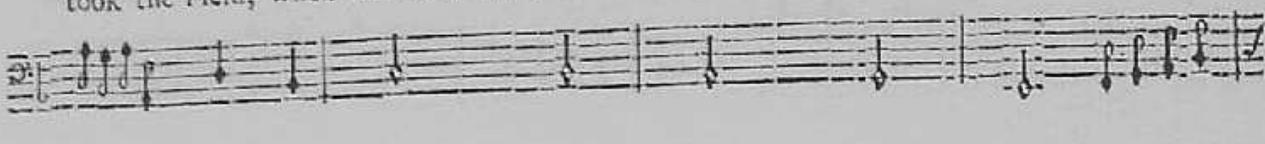
Mr. James Hart.



Ow oft did Love assault young Stephen's Breast, yet in his Heart, in his



took the Field, when thousand Beau--ties took the Field, and made as ma—ny



Lo—vers yield: He saw the Light, but felt no heat; he saw the Light, but



felt no heat, with a — — — all their Lambent Fire be—set.





Charms, the Cha———rms, that cou'd from Beau-ty a——rise.



Love highly in-cens'd in Am-bush does lye, to tame the proud Rebel that his



Pow'r does de—ny; Love highly in—cens'd in Ambush does lye, to tame the proud



Rebel that his Pow'r does de—ny, to tame the proud Rebel that his Pow'r does deny.



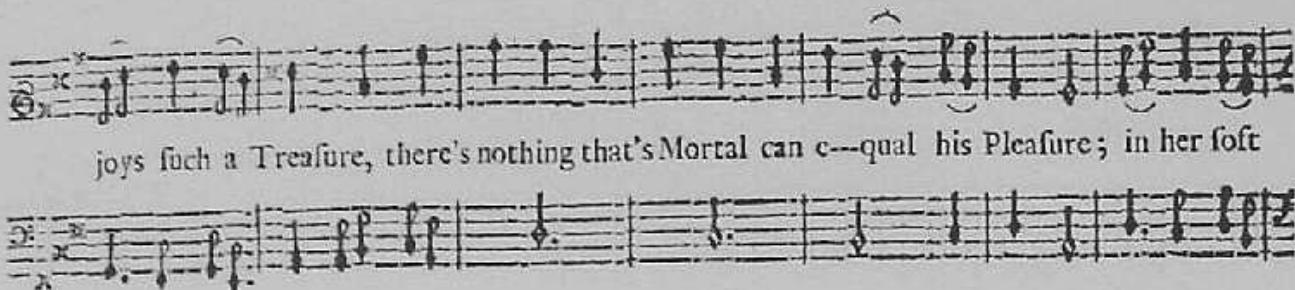
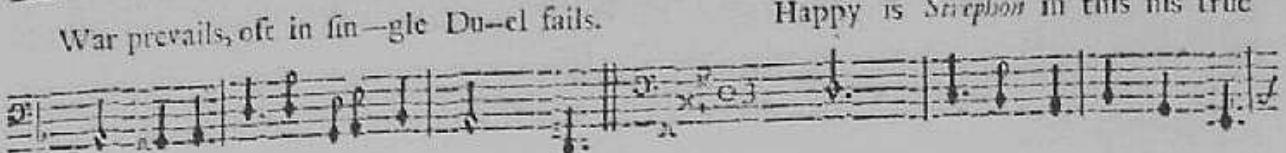
And now the fa——tal Hour is come, wherein the Swain receives his Doom: He



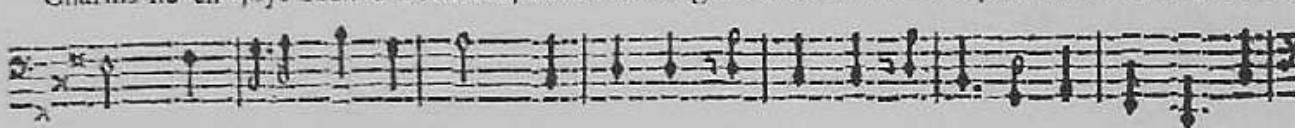
sees, he burns, he sighs, he dyes, slain by his Ce——lia's darting Eyes; for he that in great



[41]

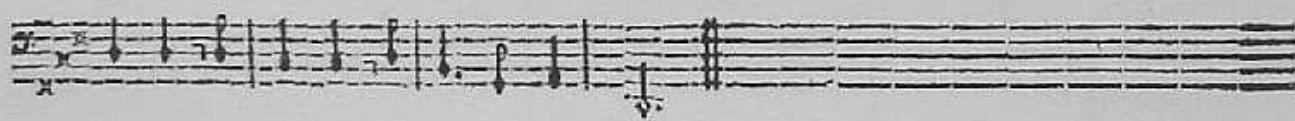
Happy is *Strephon* in this his true

Soft.



nothing that's Mortal can e--qual his Pleasure.

Mr. James Hart.





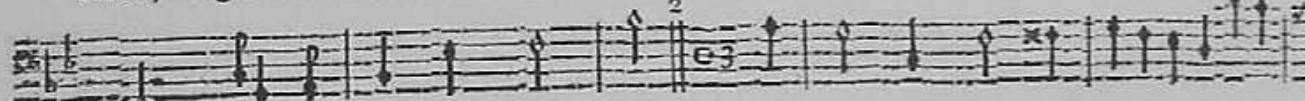
Air angry Nymph! this Pride is lost, this Scorn, these Frowns suc-cess-less



are; when Thun———der, when Thun———der from the Cloud is



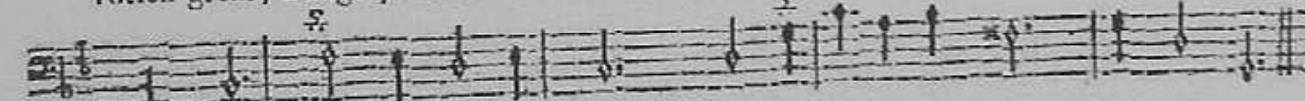
toss'd, we grow de-vou-ter than we were: If Heav'n in Smiles were always drest,



we shou'd neglect the Pow'r of Fate; Danger, and fear to be op-prest,'tis that which makes De-



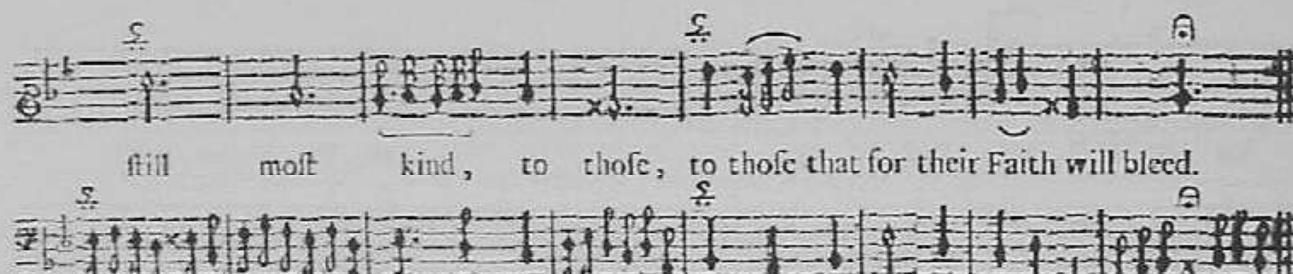
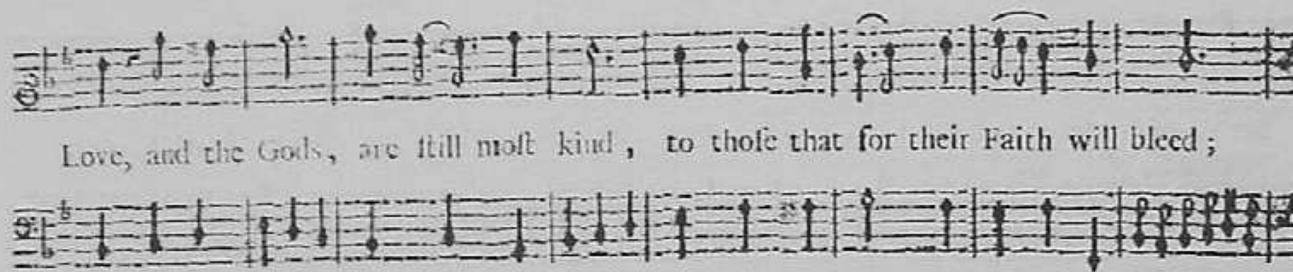
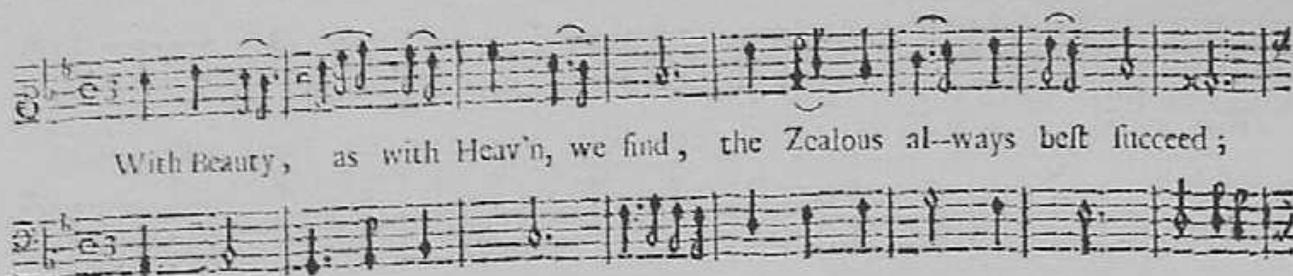
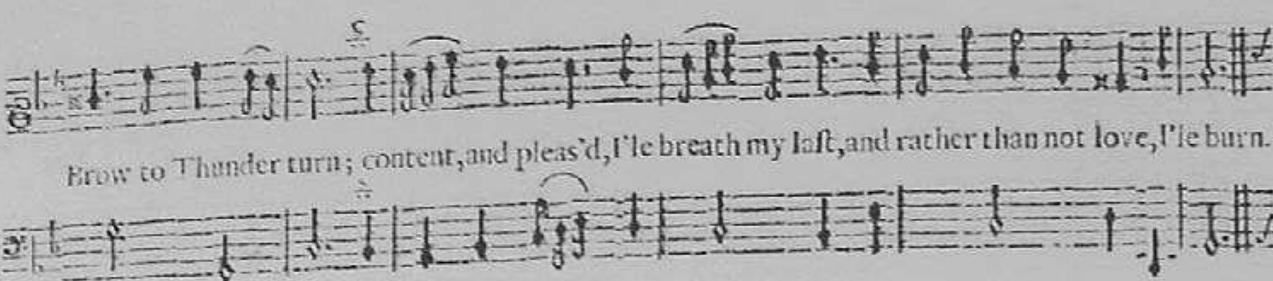
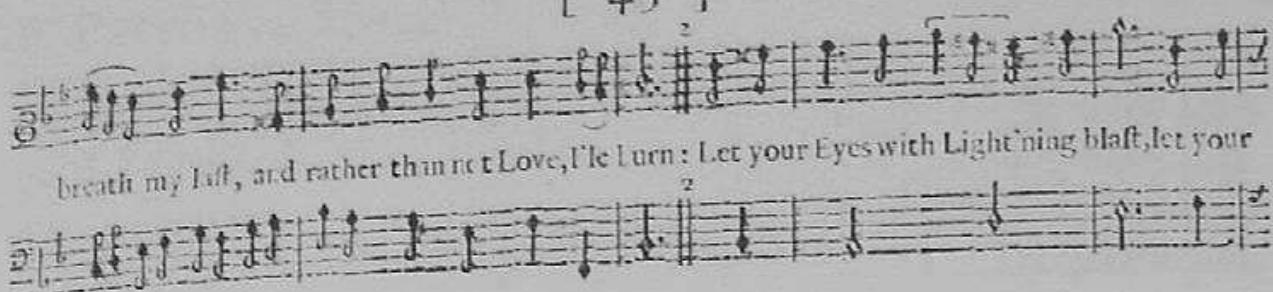
votion great; Danger, and fear to be op-prest,'tis that which makes De-vo-tion great.



Let your Eyes with Light'ning blast, let your Brow to Thunder turn; content, and pleas'd, I le



[43]



Mr. James Hart.



Hillis, I must needs confess, that I am sic—kle grown of late; and



now to Ce——lia's Charms address, that Love, which yours did first cre—ate: Not



that I think your Beau——ty less, than her's, who does my Heart posseſſ, than

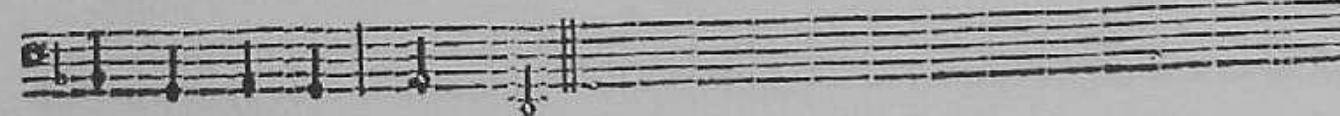


her's, who does my Heart posſeſſ; but 'tis the Will, the Will of Fate, but



'tis the Will, the Will of Fate.

Mr. Tho. Farmer, B. M.



II.

Tho' you may think the Practise strange,
I'll justify the roving Flame;
Nor fear the am'rous God's Revenge,
Since I still love, tho' not the same:
For tho' my Heart does hourly range,
He loses nothing by the Change, ::||:
Since I still play, still play her Game.

A PASTORAL SONG.

[45]

By Dr. Blow.



Ince the Spring comes on, and the teaming Earth, gives Plants and Flow'rs a

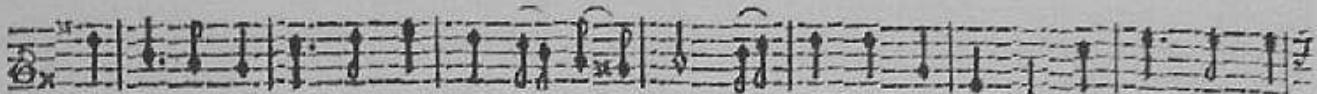
kindly Birth; since all things in one great de-sign, of Gay-e-ty and Mirth com-

bine, of Gay-e-ty and Mirth combine: Why shou'd not we as gay appear,

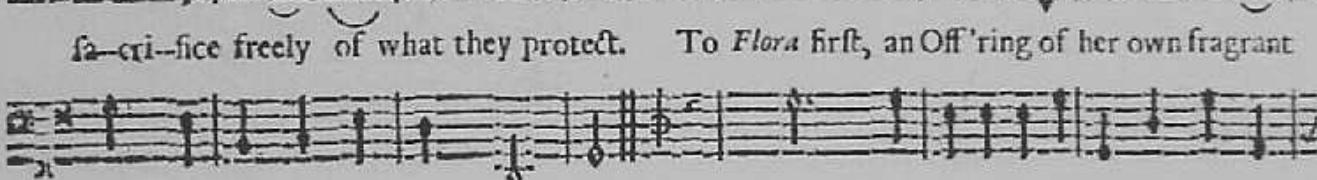
and meet with joy the blooming Year, the bloo———ning Year? Why shou'd not

we as gay ap-pear, and meet with joy, and meet with joy, the bloo———

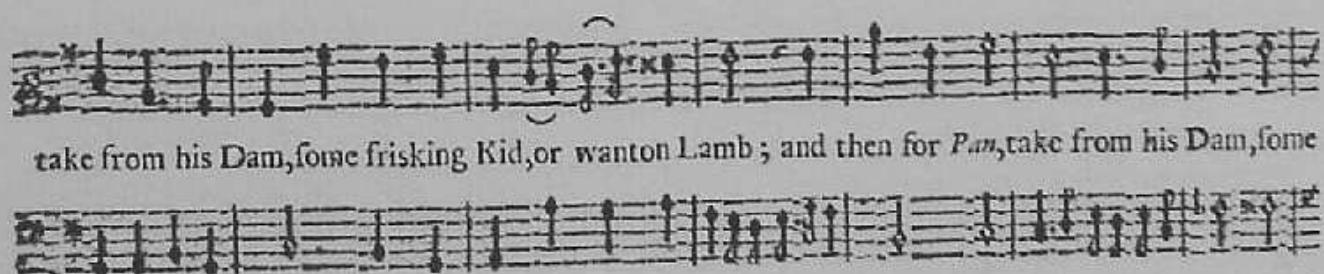
ming Year, the bloo———ning Year?



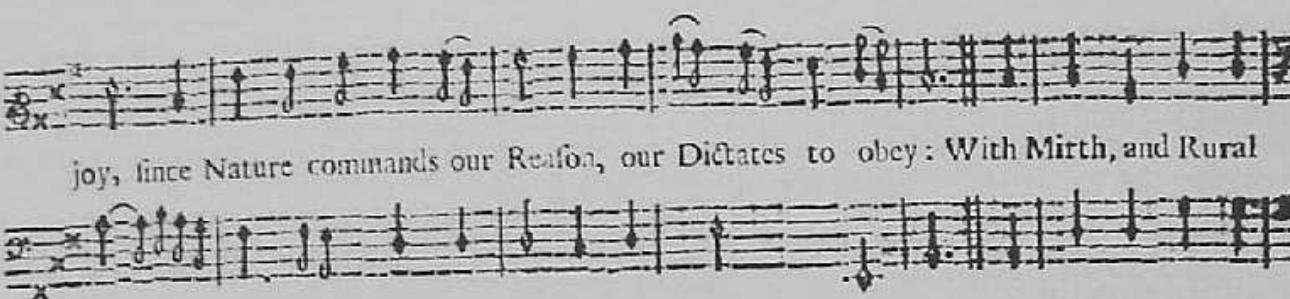
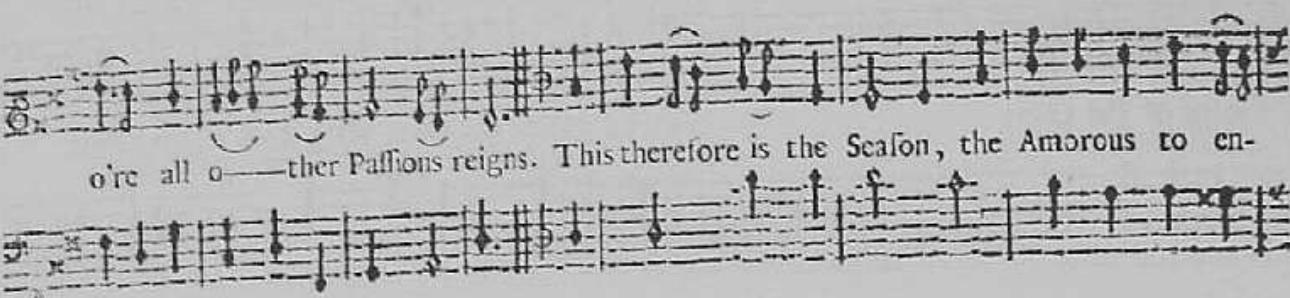
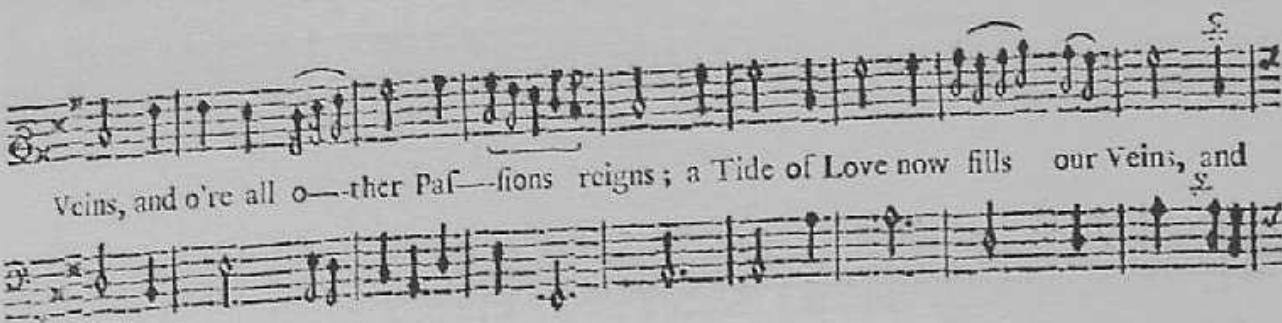
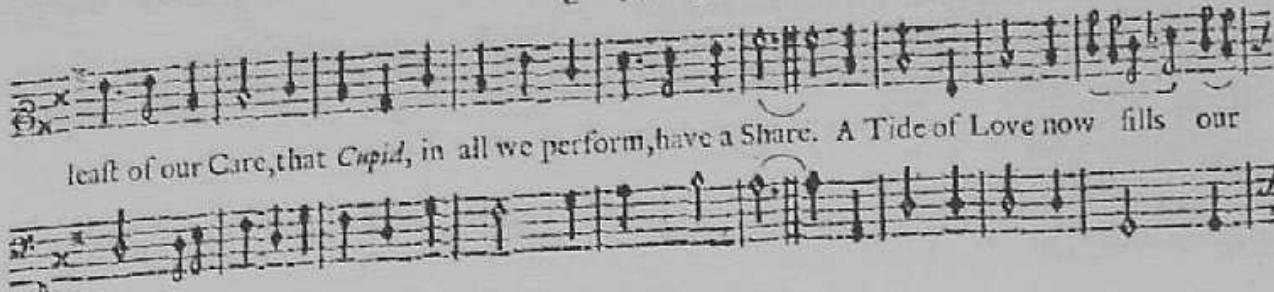
Come then to the Gods of the Hills, and the Lawns, the Sylvia's, the Satyrs, the Nymphs, and the
Fawns; with all De-vo-ti-on we'l Altars crest, and sacrifice free-ly of what they protect, and



sacrifice freely of what they protect. To *Flora* first, an Off'ring of her own fragrant
wreaths we'l bring; to *Flora* first, an Off'ring of her own fragrant wreaths we'l bring; and then for *Pan*,



take from his Dam, some frisking Kid, or wanton Lamb; and then for *Pan*, take from his Dam, some
frisking Kid, or wan-ton Lamb, some frisking Kid, or wanton Lamb. Nor shall it be the

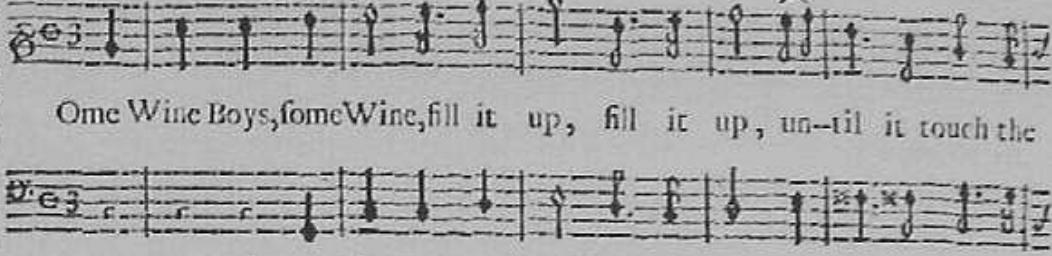


A Tavern-Club Song.

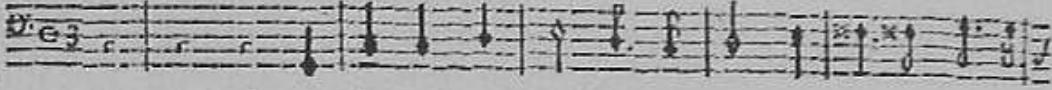
[48]

By Mr. Snow.

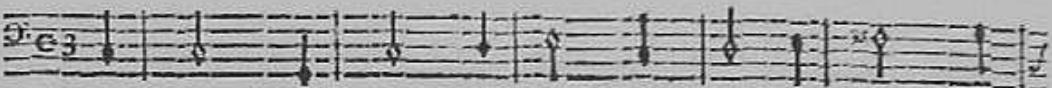
2 Voc. Alto & Bass, with a continued Bass.

A.  

Ome Wine Boys,someWine,fill it up, fill it up, un-til it touch the

B. 

Some Wine Boys,someWine, fill it up , un-til it touch the

C. 

A. 

edge of the Cup ; we'l not al-ter our Pace,we'l not alter our Pace, nor put on a grave Face, but

B. 

edge of the Cup ; we'l not alter our Pace, nor put on a grave Face,

C. 

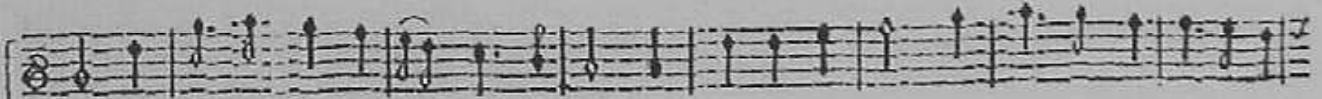
A. 

drink,drink ho,drink to the brim,to our better Acquaintance,to our better Acquaintance,here's to thee

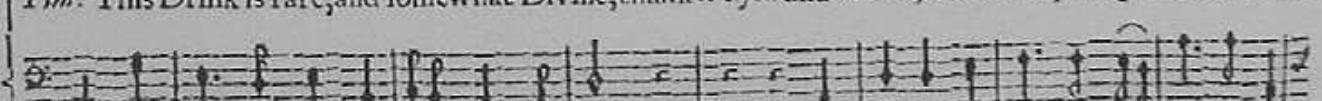
B. 

but drink,drink ho,to the Brim,to our better Acquaintance,to our better Acquaintance,here's to thee

C. 

A. 

Tim: This Drink is rare, and somewhat Divine,thank Wilson and Holms, and Holms,that provides us such

B. 

Tim: This Drink is rare, and somewhat Divine, thank Wilson and Holms, that provides us such

C. 

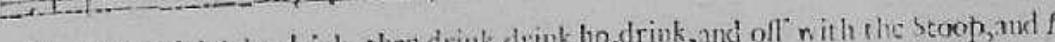
[+9]

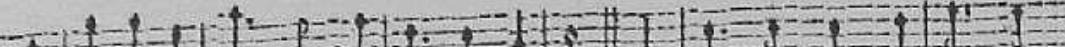
A. 

Wine: Then drink, drink ho, drink, then drink, drink ho, drink, and off with the Stoop, and still as we

B. 

Then drink, drink ho, drink, and off with the Stoop,

C. 

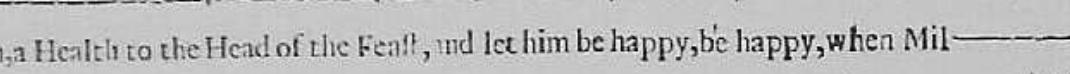
A. 
 drink, and still as we drink, let us hollow and hoop. A-ne-ther Health, a-no-ther Health, a

B. 
 and still as we drink, let us hollow and hoop. A-no-ther Health, a

C. 

A. 

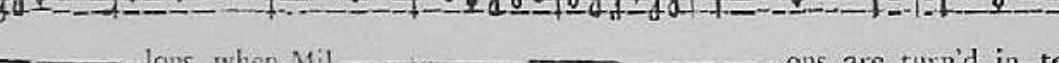
Health, a Health to the Head of the Feast, and let him be happy, be happy, when Mil —

B. 

Health, a Health to the Head of the Feast, and let him be happy, be happy, when Millions, wⁿ Mil —

C. 

A. 
 — — — lons, when Mil — — — — — ons are turn'd in-to Clay.

B. 
 — — — lons, when Mil — — — — — ons are turn'd in-to Clay.

C. 
 — — — lons, when Mil — — — — — ons are turn'd in-to Clay.



Hen first *A-min-tas* fu'd for a Kiss, my innocent Heart was tender; that

tho' I push'd him a-way from the Bliss, my Eyes declar'd my Heart was won; I

sain an artful Coyness wou'd use, before I the Fort did surrender: But Love wou'd suffer no

more such Abuse, and soon, a-las! my Cheat was known. He'd sit all day, and laugh and play, a

thousand pret-ty things wou'd say; my Hand he'd squeeze, and press my Knees, 'till

far-ther on he got by degrees.

My Heart, just like a Vessel at Sea,
Wos'd tol's when *Aminta* was near me;

But ah! so cunning a Pilot was he!

Through Doubts and Fears he'd still Say on:

I thought in him no danger cou'd be,

So wily he knows how to fler me;

And soon, alas! was brought to agree,

So walt of Joys before unknown,

Well might he boast his Pain not lost,

For soon he found the Golden Coal;

Enjoy'd the Oar, and 'tach'd the Shore,

Where never Merchant went before.



O Be-ing is exempt from Love, why then a fault in me? From

ev'-ry In-sect, up to Jove, they love, and yet are free: Nature no stricter

Law design'd, than what our Passions make; the Gods left Na-ture un-con-fin'd, that

we might freedom take. Then why, too cru-cl Law! a Slave must Vertuous Women be? 'Tis

on-ly Vertuous to be brave to love, to love at li-ber-ty. Mr. Tho. Farmer, B.M.



Fill me a Boul, a migh-ty Boul, large as my ca-pa-cious Soul;

fill me a Boul, a migh-ty Boul, large as my ca-pa-cious Soul: Vast as my Thirst is,

let it have depth enough, to be my Grave; I mean, the Grave of all my Care, for

I de-sign to bu-rry't there. Fill me a Boul, a mighty Boul, large as my ca-

pacious Soul; fill me a Boul, a migh-ty Boul, large as my ca-pa-cious Soul;

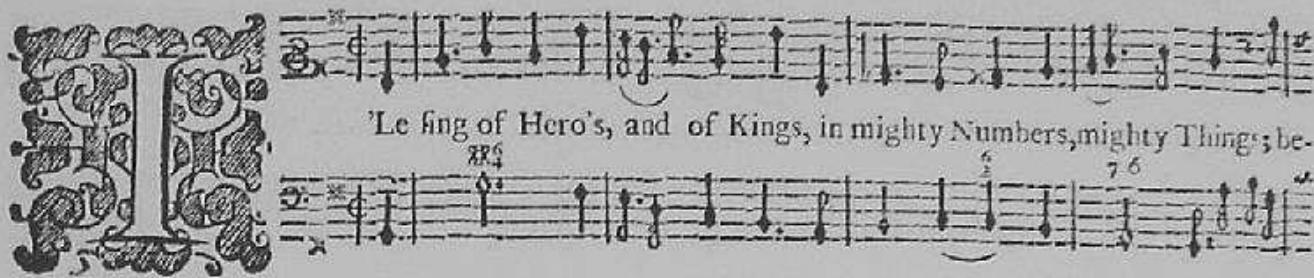
Let it of Silver fashion'd be, worthy of Wine, worthy of me, wor-thy to a-

A musical score for a solo voice and piano. The vocal line consists of two staves of music with lyrics underneath. The first staff begins with a treble clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: 'dorn the Spheres, as that bright Cup a-mongst the Stars. Fill me a Boul, a migh-ty Boul,'. The second staff continues in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: 'large as my ca-pacious Soul; fill me a Boul, a mighty Boul, large as my capacious Soul.'

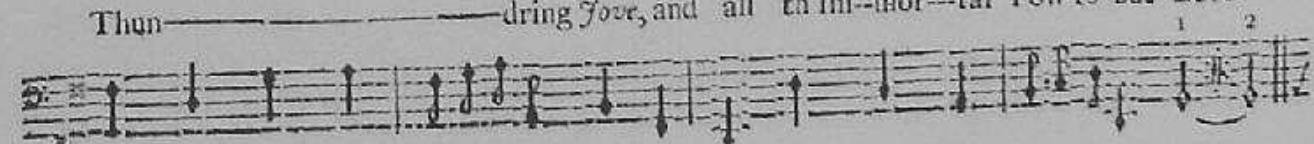
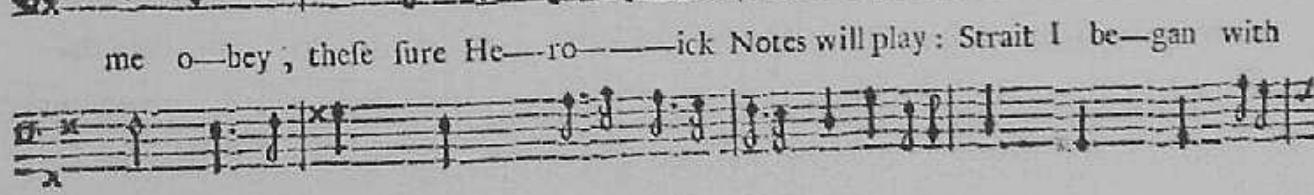
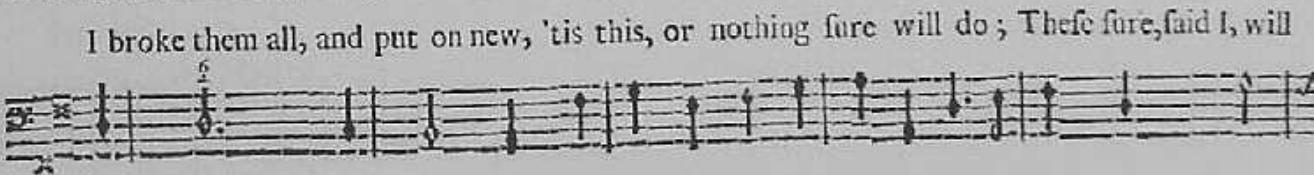
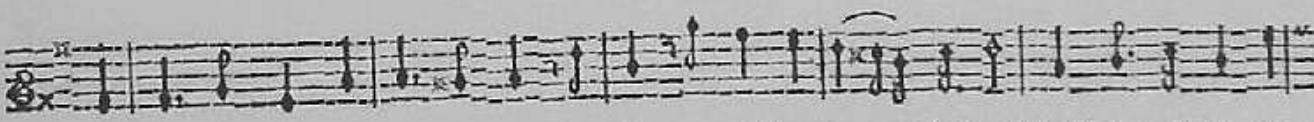
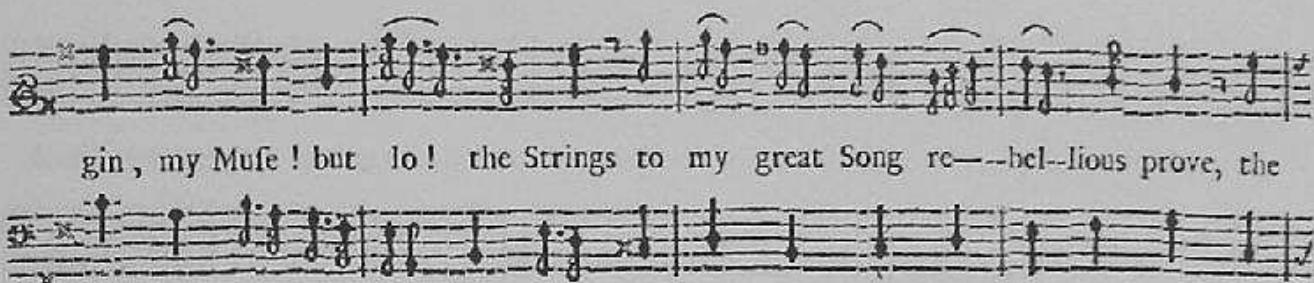
A musical score for a solo voice and piano. The vocal line consists of two staves of music with lyrics underneath. The first staff begins with a treble clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: 'Come all ye pale Lo-vers that sigh and complain, while your'. The second staff continues in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: 'beau-ti-ful Tyrants but laugh at your Pain; come practice with me, to be hap-py and'

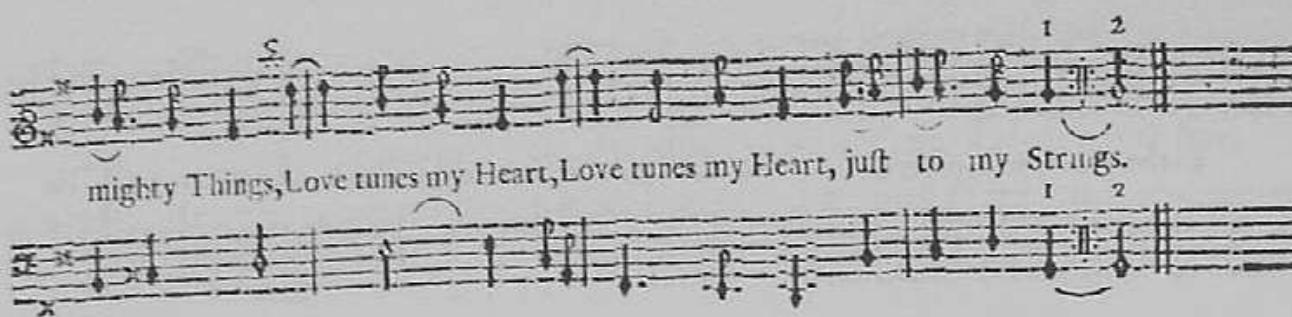
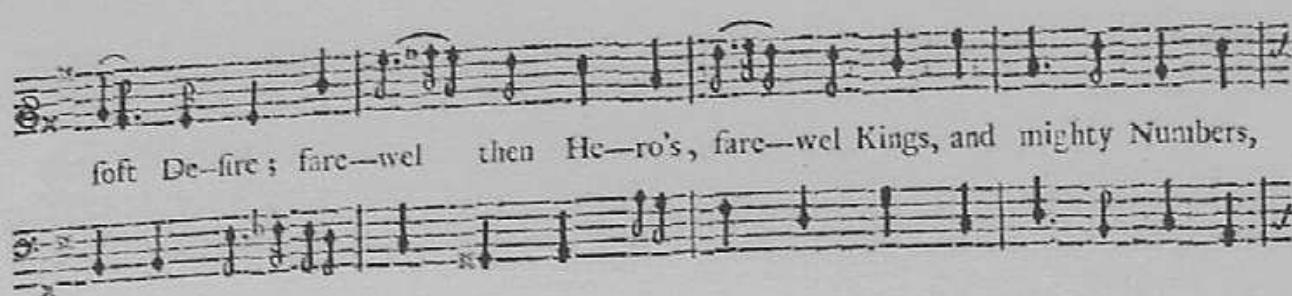
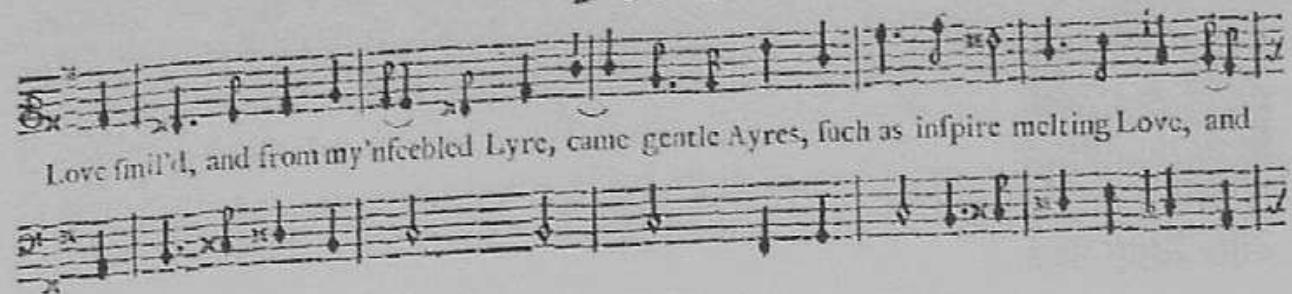
A musical score for a solo voice and piano. The vocal line consists of two staves of music with lyrics underneath. The first staff begins with a treble clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: 'free, in spite of Inconstancy, Pride, or Disdain: I behold, and I love, and the'. The second staff continues in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: 'Elfs I en-joy, no Rival can lessen, or En-vy destroy.'

Mr. Alphonso Mewb.



'Le sing of Hero's, and of Kings, in mighty Numbers, mighty Thing; be-





A. *Fare-wel then Hero's, fare-wel Kings, and mighty Numbers, mighty, mighty Things, Lo-*

T. *Fare-wel then Hero's, farewell Kings, and mighty Numbers, mighty, migh-ty Things,*

B. *Fare-wel then Hero's, then fare-wel Kings, & mighty Numbers, mighty Things, Lo-*

A. *—ve tunes my Heart, my Heart, just to my Strings, Love tunes my Heart, my Heart, just to my Strings.*

T. *Love tunes my Heart just to my Strings, Love tunes my Heart just to my Strings.*

B. *—ve tunes my Heart, my Heart, just to my Strings, Love tunes my Heart, my Heart, just to my Strings.*



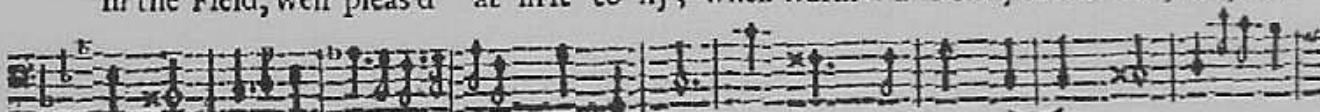
Trephon was young, un—us'd to love, at first with Fears possest;



but he for Conquest on 'em strove, and was with Conquest blest : So th'untry'd Captain

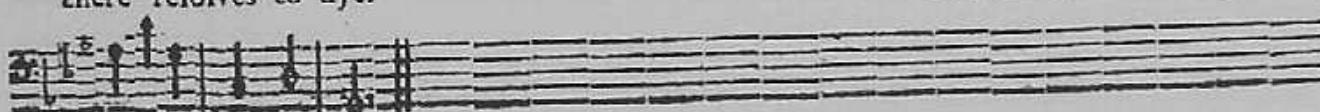


in the Field, well pleas'd at first to fly; when warm'd a little, scorns to yield, but



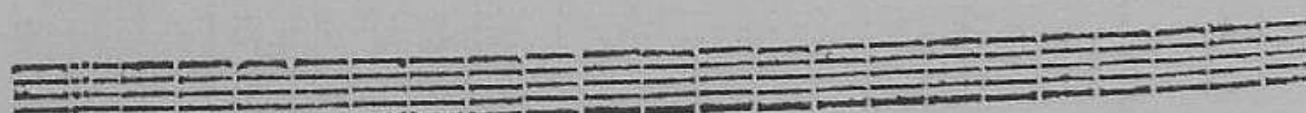
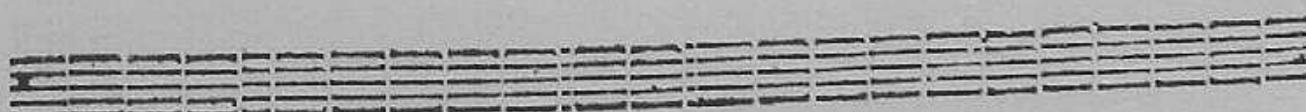
there resolves to dye.

Senior Alexander Darnescene.



II.

None ever saw, but felt Surprise,
Convers'd, but found a Pain;
None but wou'd venture Ease, and Eyes,
To view the Nymph again:
Such Charms must sure some Pity give,
But Shou'd her Pow'r's destroy ;
May this be told to those who live,
That *Strephon* dy'd with Joy.



*Solitude, A Ground: Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.**Words out of Madam Philips's Work.*

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

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

Choice! Places de-vot-ed to the Night, remote from Tumult, and from

Noise, how ye my Rest — — — less Thoughts delight! Oh So-li-tude!

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

Heavens! what Con-tent is mine, to see those Trees, which have appear'd, from the Na-



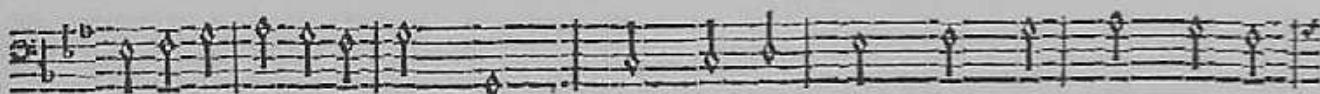
ti—vi—ty of Time; and, which all A—ges have remit'd, to look to day as fresh and



green, to look to day as fresh and green, as when their Beauties first were seen?



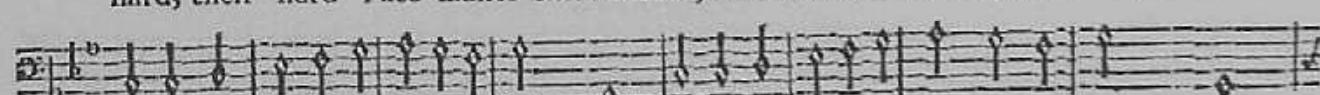
Oh ! Oh how a—gree—a—ble a Sight these hanging Mountains do ap—



pear, which th'unhappy would invite, to fi—nish all their Sorrows here ; when their

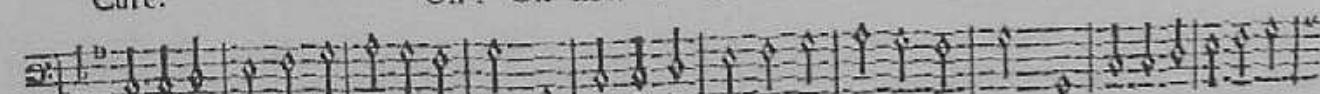


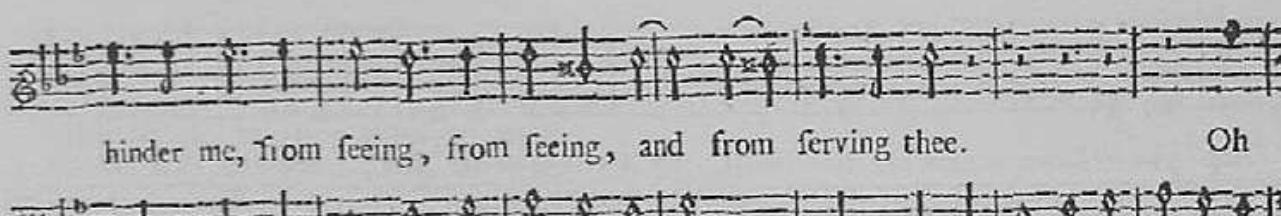
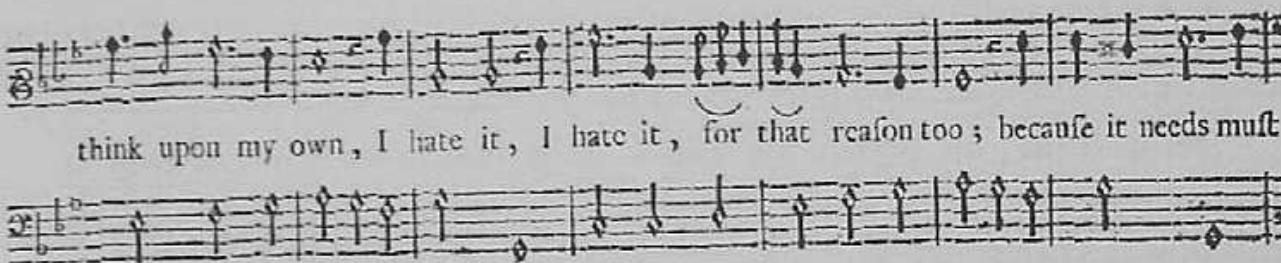
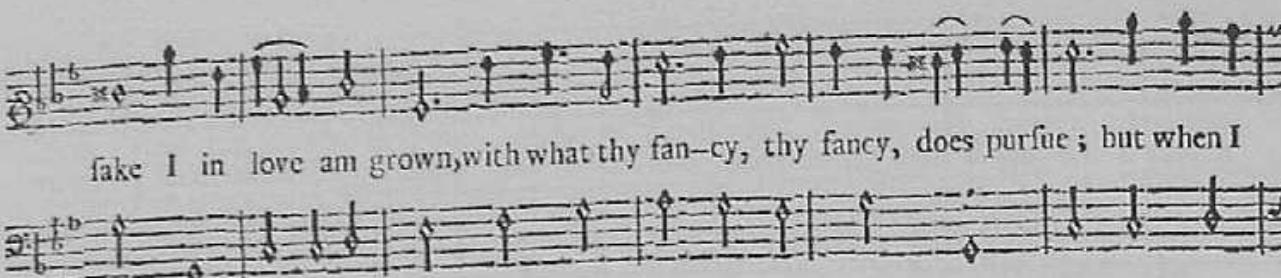
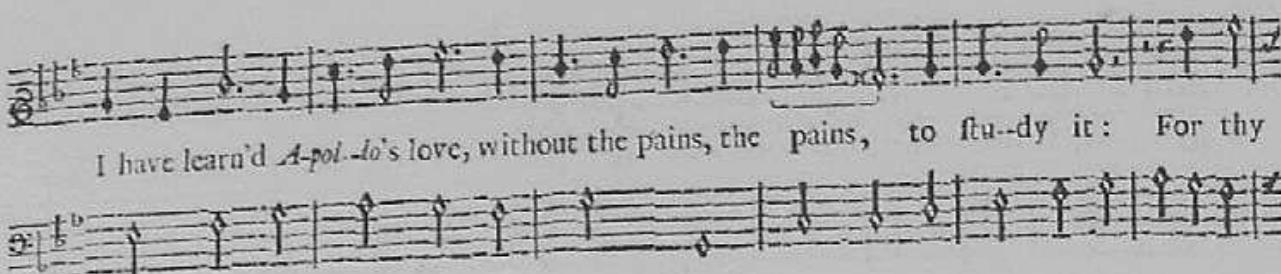
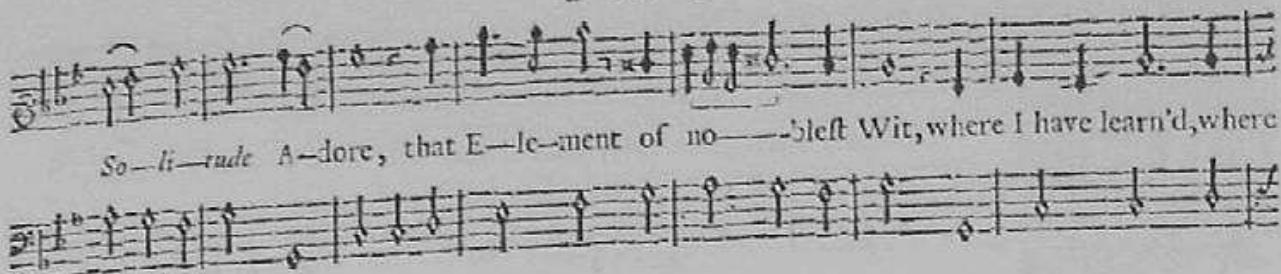
hard, their hard Fate makes them endure, such Woes, such Woes, as on—ly Death can



Cure.

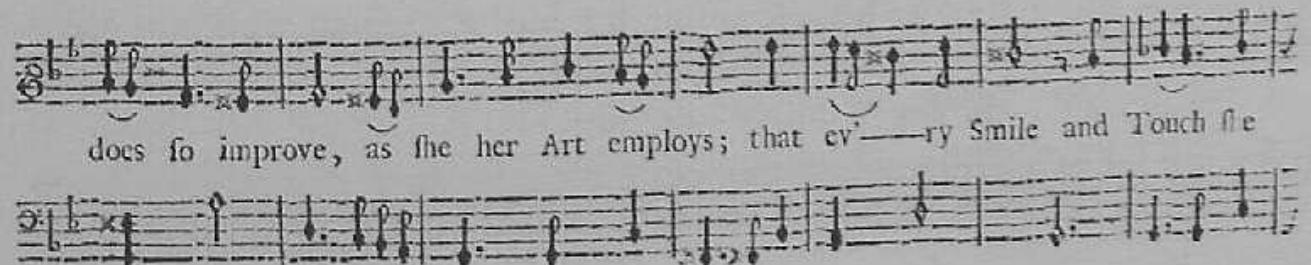
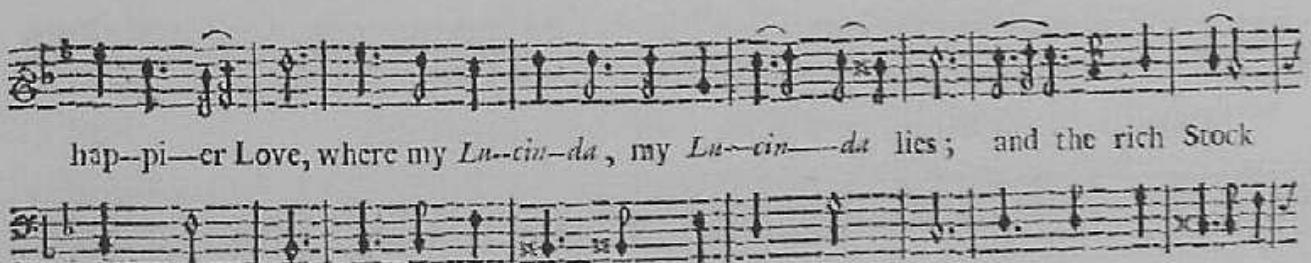
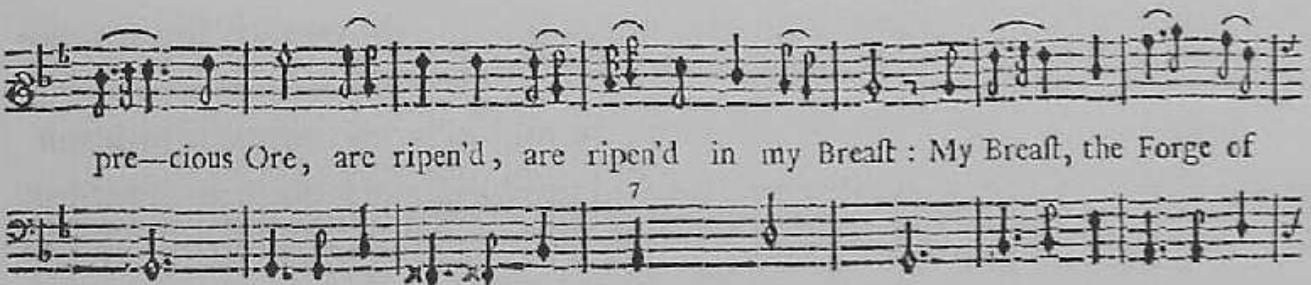
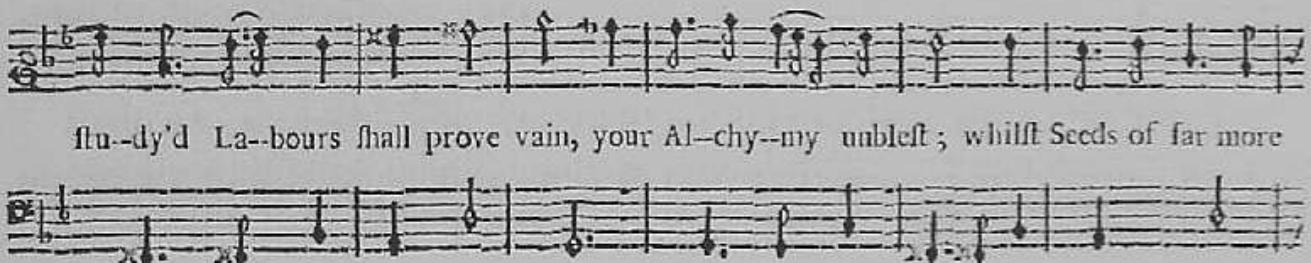
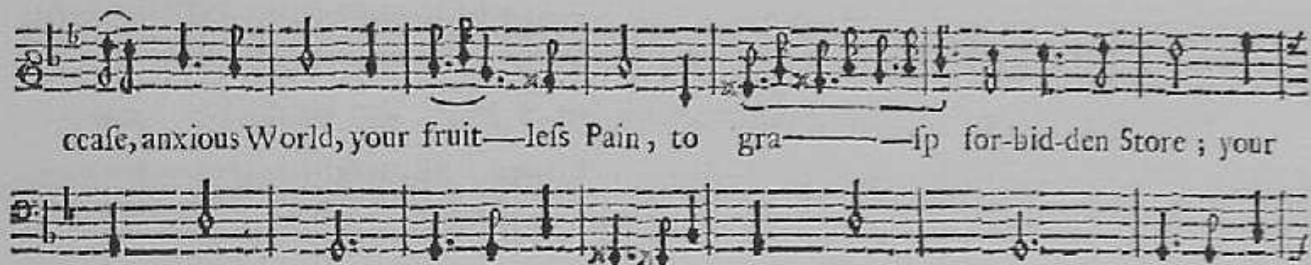
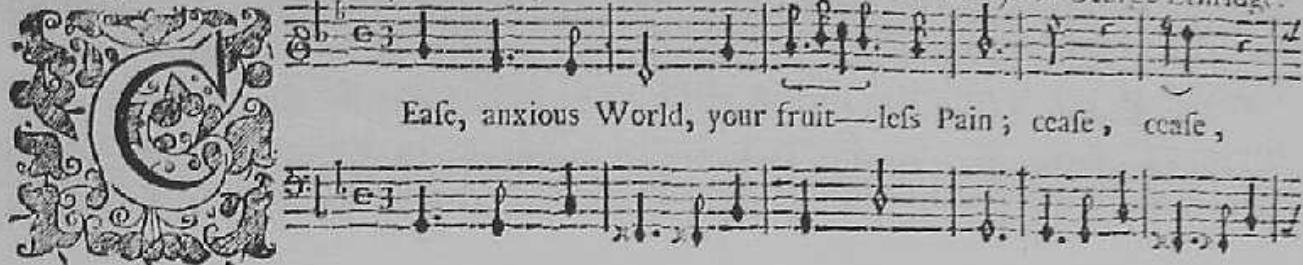
Oh ! Oh how I So—li—tude Adore ! Oh ! Oh how I

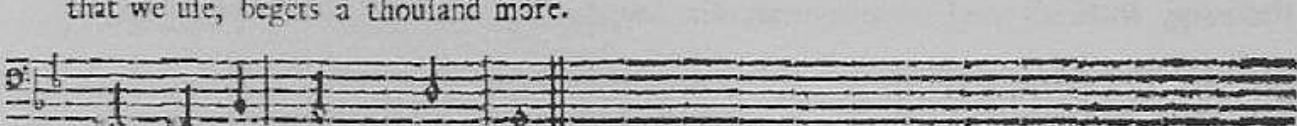
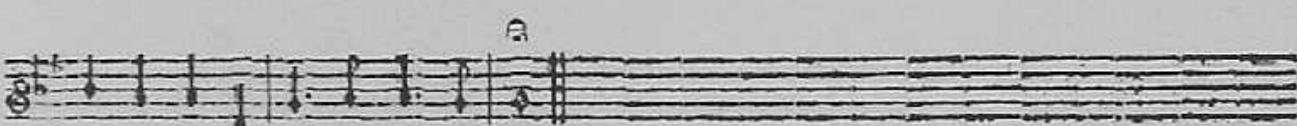
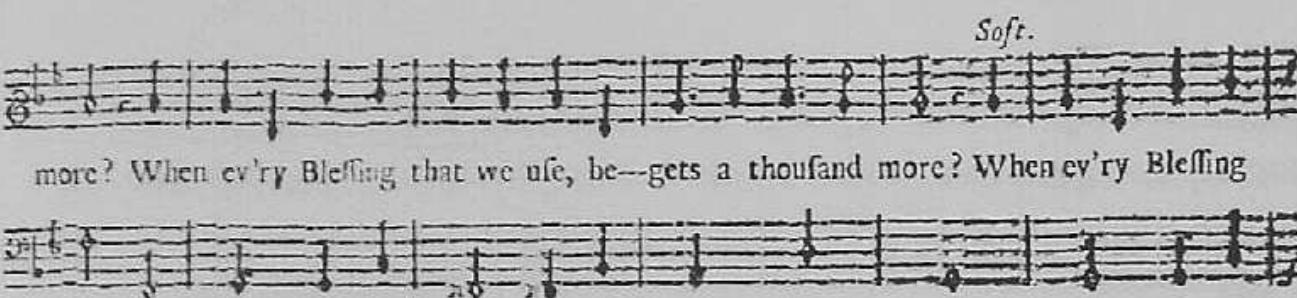
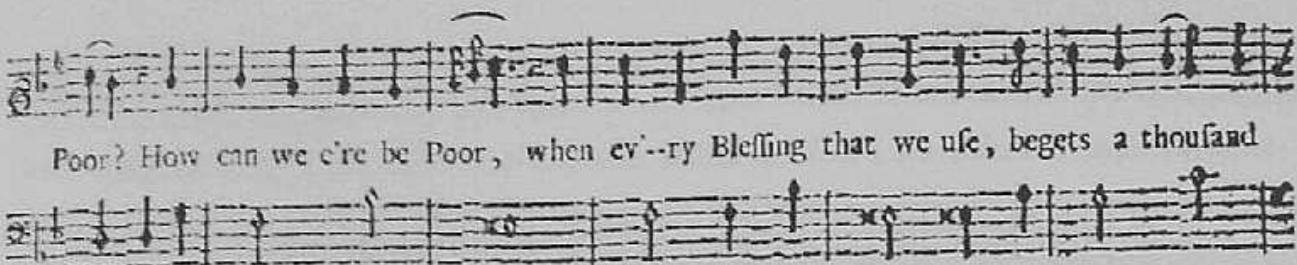
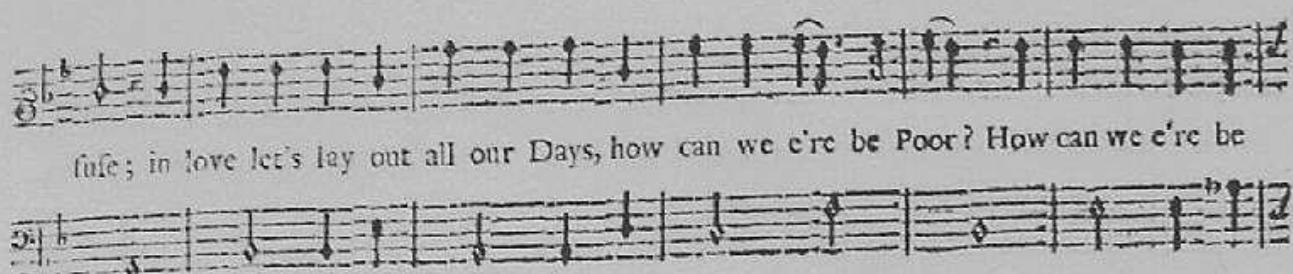
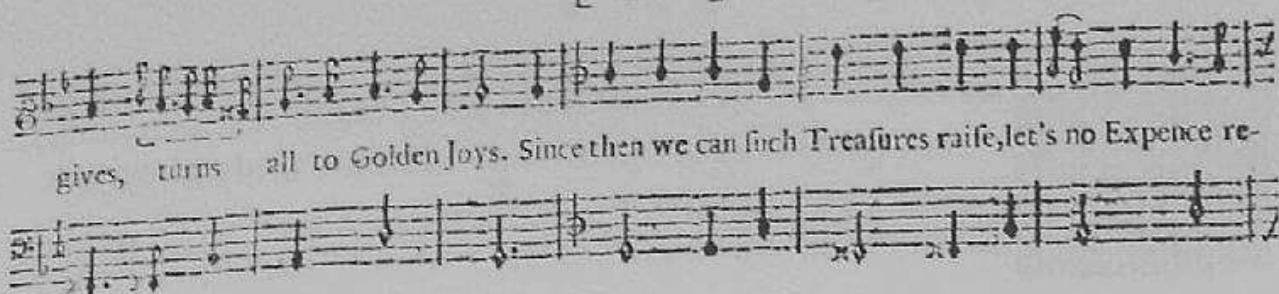




A Song on a Ground ; Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Words by Sir George Ethridge.







Midst the Shades, and cool re-fre-sing Streams, where Lovers easē

78. 1. 4

their panting Hearts in Dreams, poor *Damon* lay; his Grief, his Grief, so fid-ly printed in his

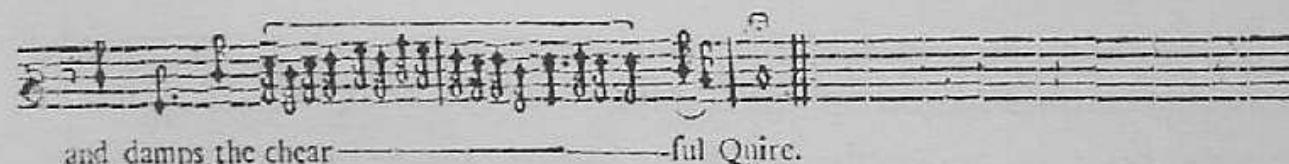
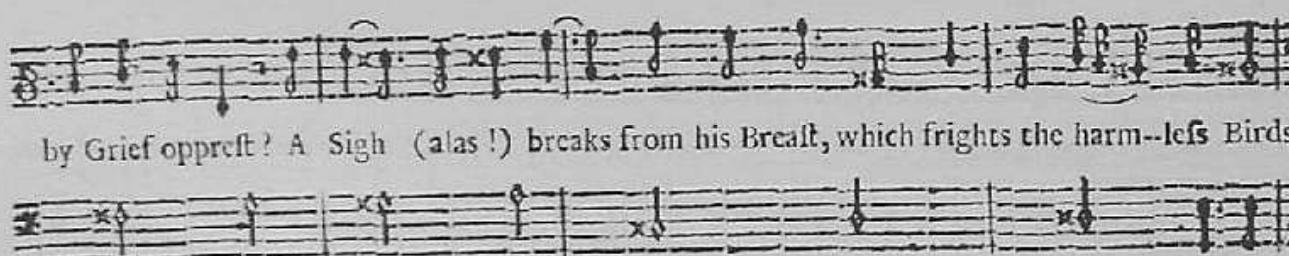
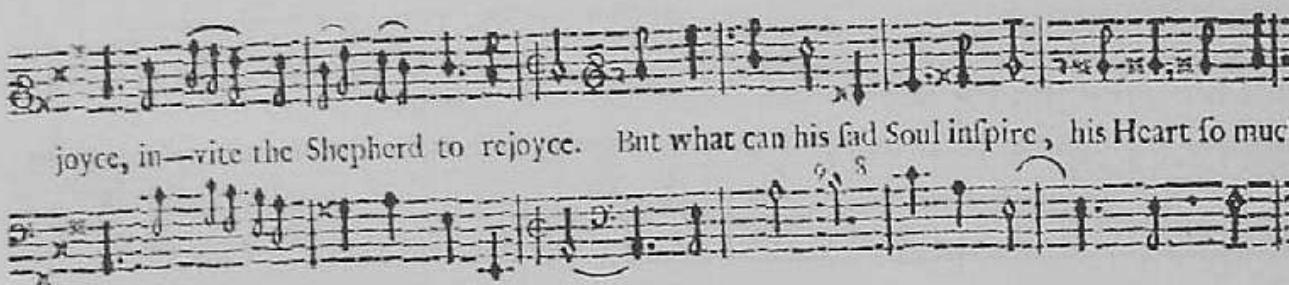
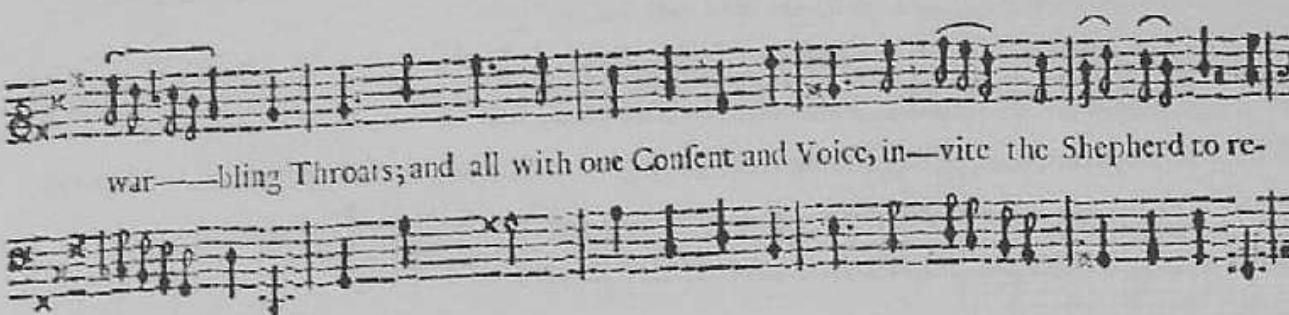
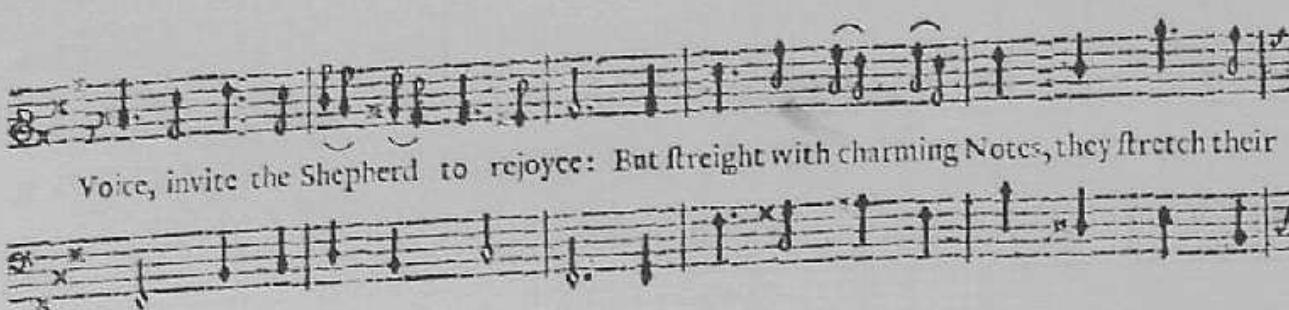
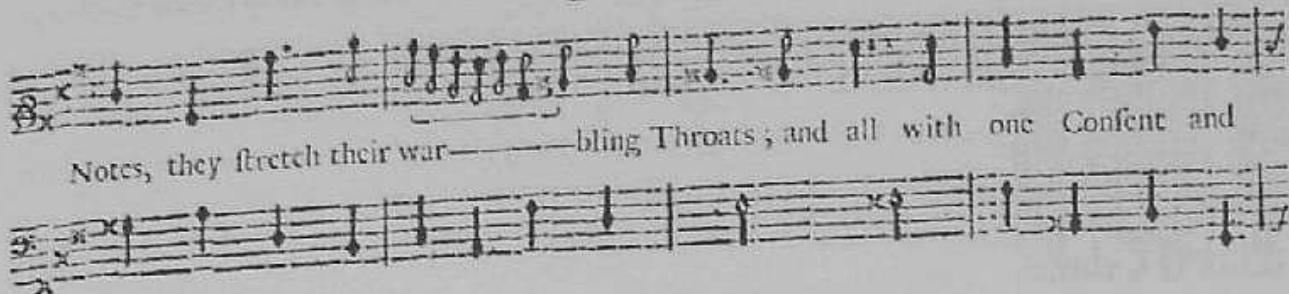
5. 6

Face, his Looks disturb'd the Pleasures of the place: In hol-low Notes he sung his wretched

Fate, his hopeless Love, and his *A-min-ra's* Hate; the trem—bling Birds about him

throng, li-sten, and murmur at his Song, which hinder'd their sweet Strains so

long, which hinder'd their sweet Strains so long. But streight with charming





Ow I have serv'd, how just or true, I need appeal to none but you; for

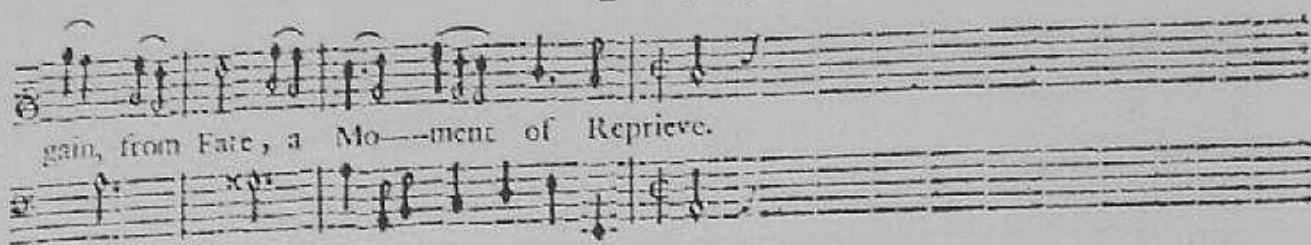
all my Thoughts from you took Birth, my sole Di-vi-ni-ty on Earth: Nor does a

Wish, which upward flies, petition from Heav'n's Deities, ought but to fall your much-lov'd Sa-cri-

fice. When Tongue griev'd, Accents can no more impart, and Sighs lament ex———piring

Heart; when Anguish'd Soul in strong Convulsion lies, and rapid Tears o'reflowing melting Eyes;

then, then *Cla-ri-ta-na*, you'll find, and grieve, a fleeting Life no Pow'r can retrieve; nor



CHORUS. A. 3 Voc. Altus, Medius, Bassus, & Continuo Basso.

A. So gent——ly glide my Soul, that thou mayst be, tran-slated to E—ter—ni—ty,

M. So gent——ly glide my Soul, that thou mayst be, tran-slated to E—ter—ni—ty,

B. So gent——ly glide my Soul, that thou mayst be, translated to E—ter—ni—ty,

C. [Silent]

A. ty, to meet those Joys for faithful Loves as—sign'd; with full swoln Bliss, and knotty

M. ty, to meet those Joys for faithful Loves assign'd; with full swoln Bliss, and knotty Cares, and knotty

B. ty, to meet those Joys for faithful Loves assign'd; with full swoln Bliss, and knotty Cares, and knotty

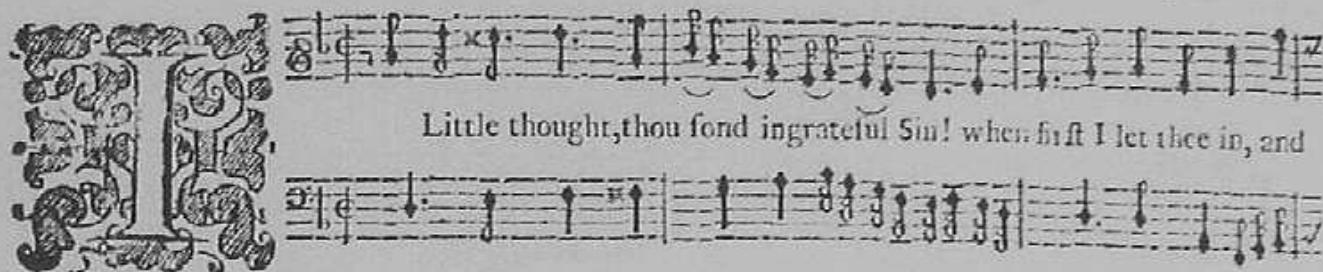
C. [Silent]

A. Cares unbind, and leave the Torments of the World behind.

M. Cares unbind, and leave the Torments of the World behind.

B. Cares unbind, and leave the Torments of the World behind.

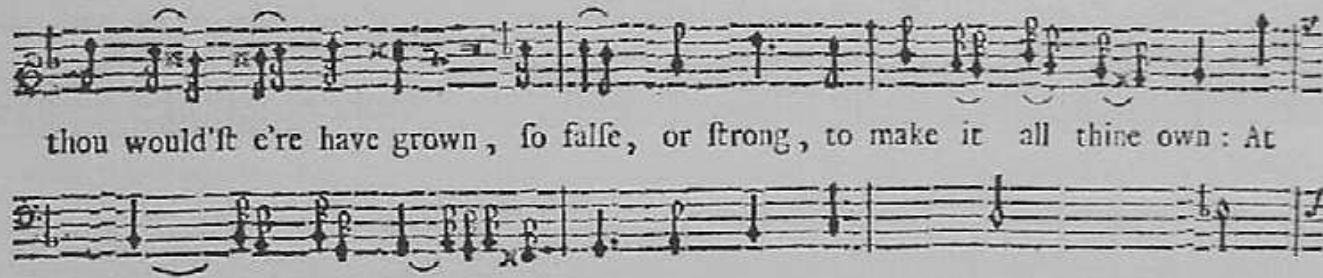
C. [Silent]



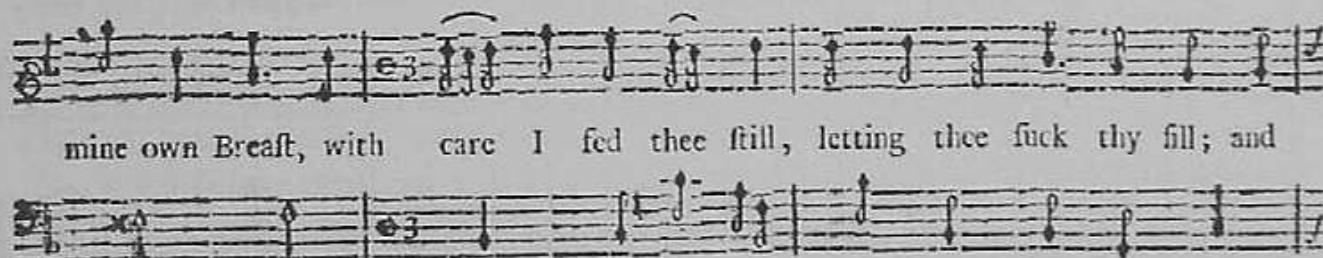
Little thought, thou fond ingratel'd Sin! when first I let thee in, and



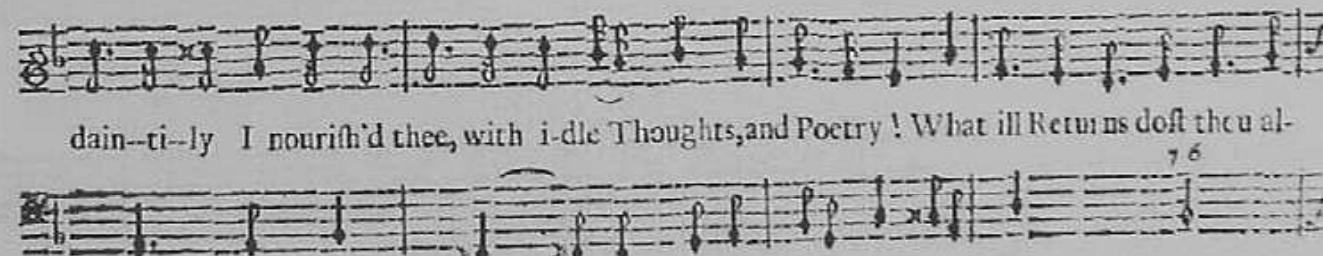
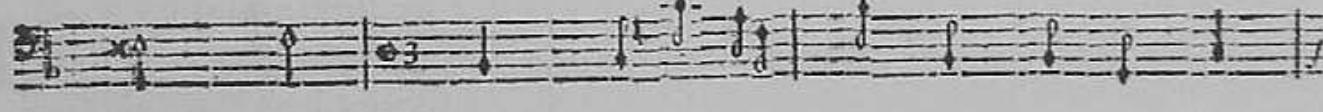
gave thee but a part in my un—wa—ry Heart; I lit-tle thought, that



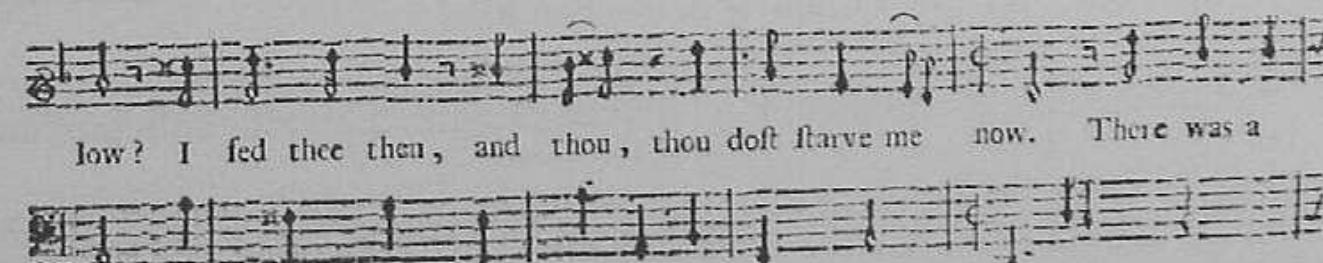
thou would'st e're have grown, so false, or strong, to make it all thine own: At



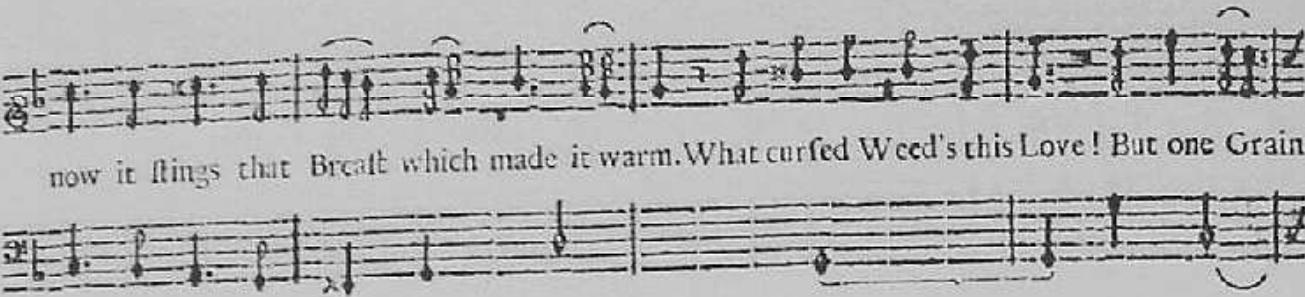
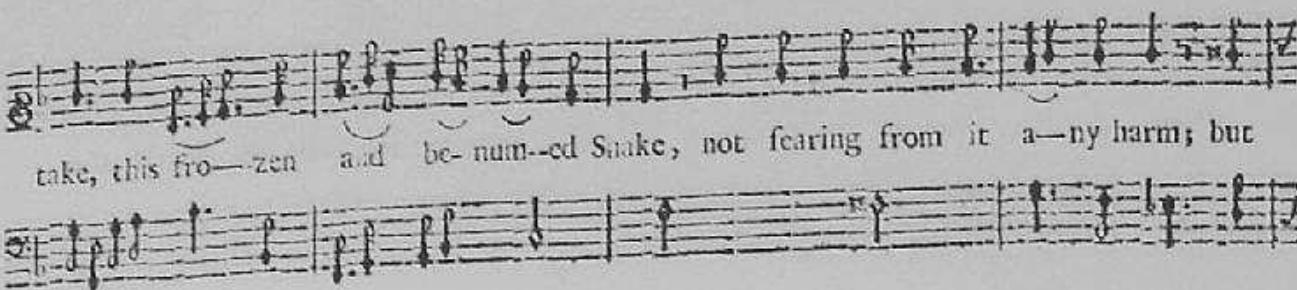
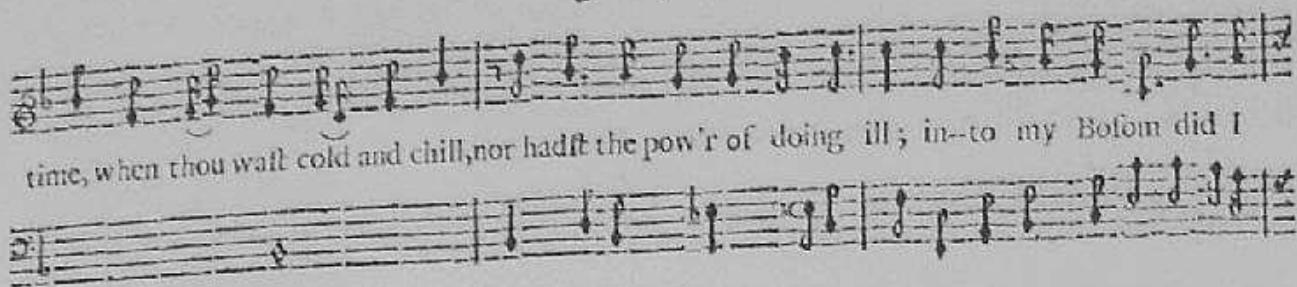
mine own Breast, with care I fed thee still, letting thee suck thy fill; and



dain—ti—ly I nourish'd thee, with i—die Thoughts, and Poetry! What ill Returns dost thou al—



low? I fed thee then, and thou, thou dost starve me now. There was a



too.

But now all's gone, I now, a—las! I now, a—las! com-

plain, declare, protest, and threat in vain; since by my own un—forc'd Con-

sent, the Traytor has my Go—vern—ment, and is so set—tl'd in the

Throne, that 'twere Re—bel—lion now, 'twere Re—bel—lion now,

to claim mine own.

A. 2. Voc. Altus & Bassus, & Continuo Bass.

A.  In some kind Dream up—on her Slumbers steal, and to Lu-

B. In some kind Dream up—on her Slumbers steal, and to Lu-

C.

A. cyn—dt, all I beg, re—veal ; breath gent—lest Words in—to her

B. cyn—dt, all I beg, re—veal ; breath gent—lest Words in—to her

C.

A. Ears, words full of Love, words full of Love, but full of Fears ; such words as may prevail, like

B. Ears, words full of Love, full of Love, full of Love, but full of Fears ; such words as may prevail, like

C.

A. Pray'rs from a poor dy—ing Martyr's tongue, from a poor dy—ing Martyr's

B. Pray'rs from a poor dying Martyr's tongue, from a poor dying Martyr's, Martyr's tongue, by the

C.

A. Tongue, by the sweet Voice of Pi—ty sung. Touch, touch with the

B. sweet Voice of Pi—ty sung, of Pi—ty sung. Touch, touch with the

C.

A. Voice the more in—chan——ting Lute, touch with the Voice the more in—

B. Voice, touch with the Voice the more in—chan——ting

C.

A. chan——ting Lute, to make the Charms strike,

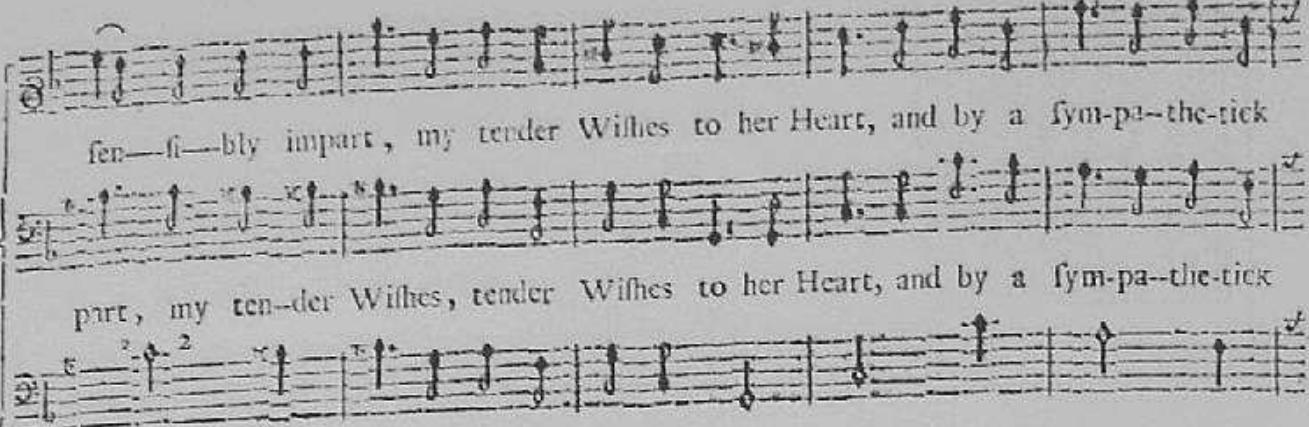
B. Lute, the more in—chan——ting Lute, to make the Charms strike,

C.

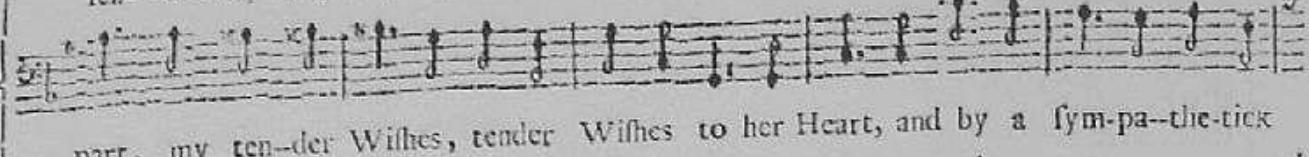
A. strike all Re—pul—ses mute: These may in—sen—si—bly impart, these may in—

B. strike all Re—pul—ses mute: These may in—sen—si—bly impart, these may in—sen—si—bly im-

C.

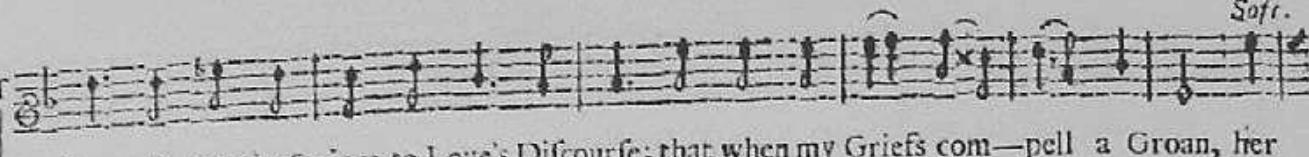
A. 

fen—g—bly impart, my tender Wilhes to her Heart, and by a sym-pa—the-tick

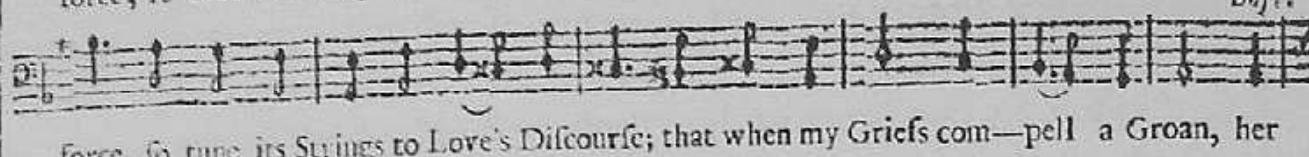
B. 

part, my ten—der Wilhes, tender Wilhes to her Heart, and by a sym-pa—the-tick

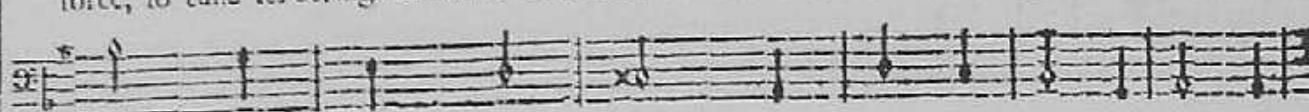
C. 

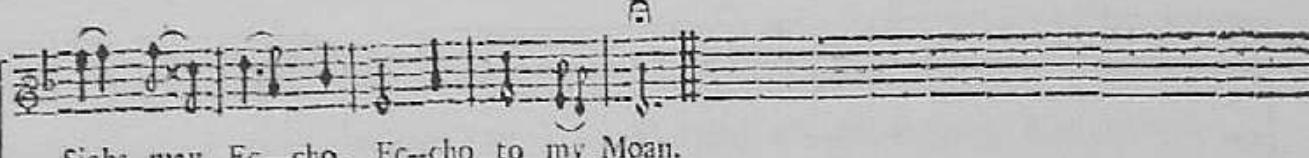
A. 

force, so tune its Strings to Love's Discourse; that when my Griefs com—pell a Groan, her
Soft.

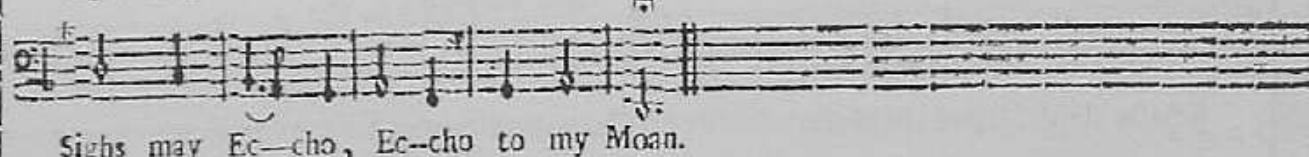
B. 

force, so tune its Strings to Love's Discourse; that when my Griefs com—pell a Groan, her

C. 

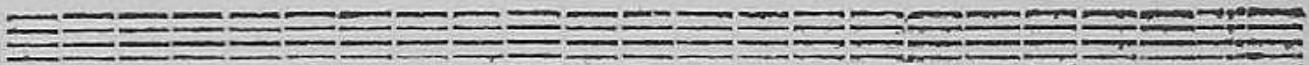
A. 

Sighs may Ec—cho, Ec—cho to my Moan.
A

B. 

Sighs may Ec—cho, Ec—cho to my Moan.
A

C. 



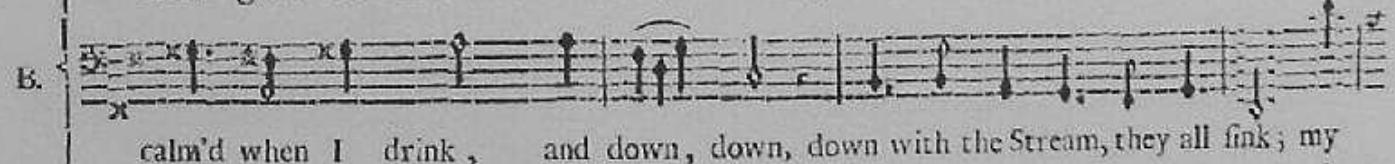
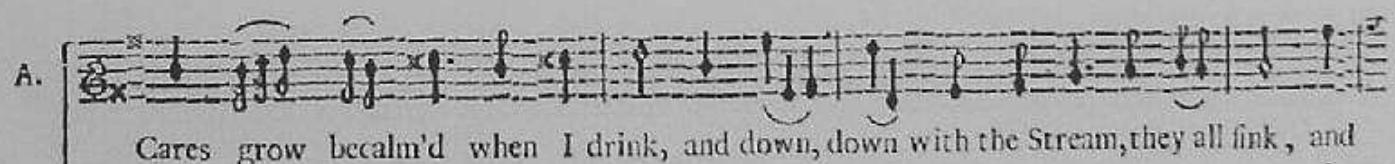
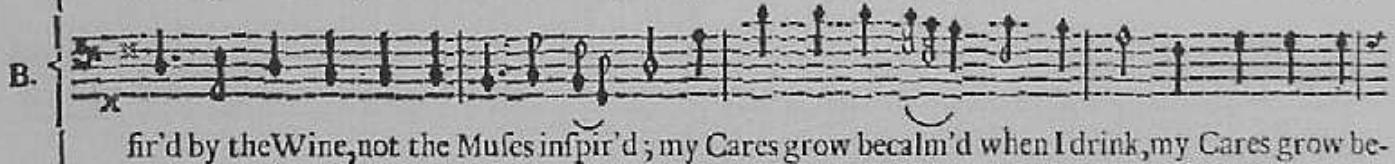
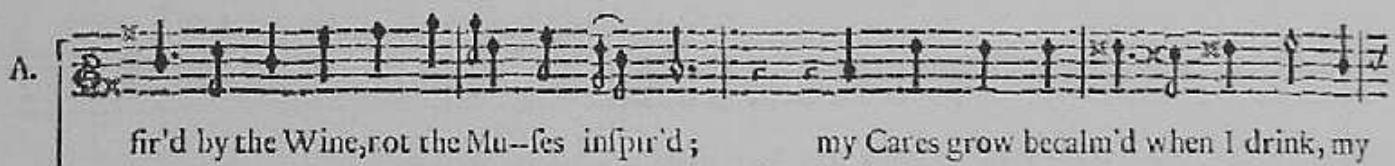
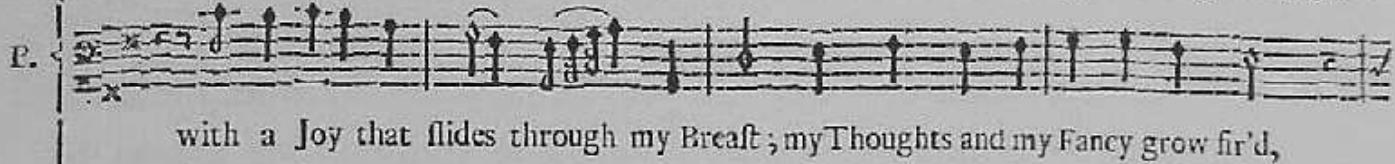
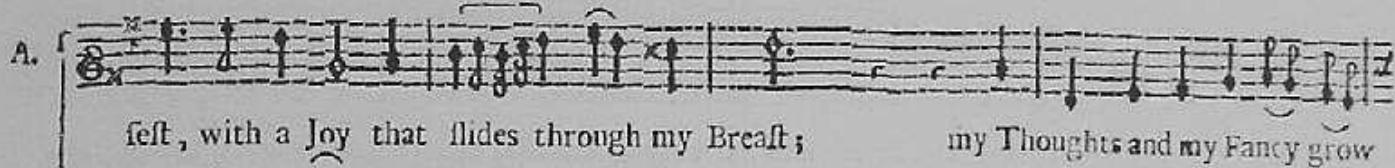
A. 2. Voc. Altus & Bassus, & Continuo Basso.

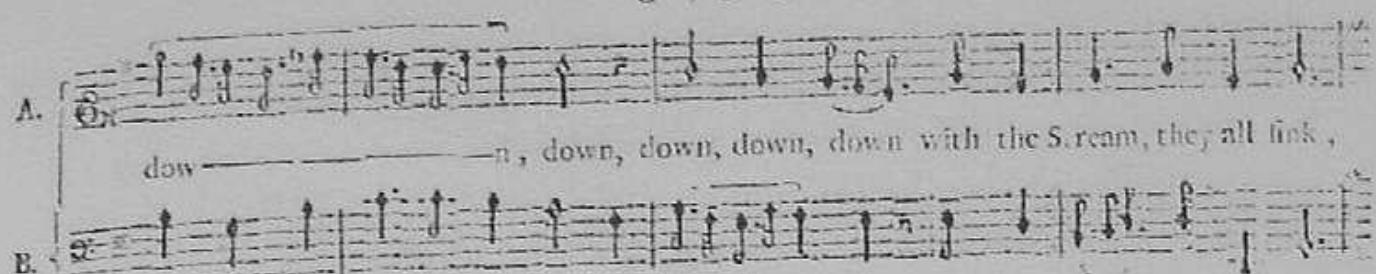
A Song Set by D. Blow.



When I drink, my Heart is possest, my Heart is pos-

When I drink, my Heart is possest,

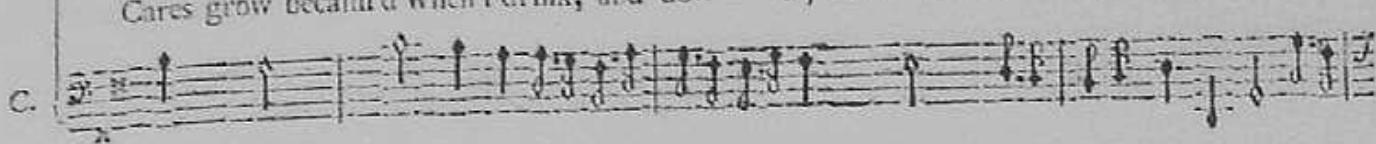


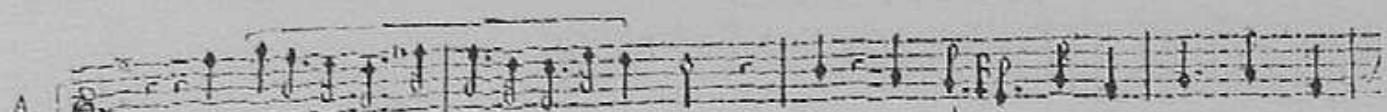
A. 

dow———n, down, down, down, down with the Stream, they all sink,

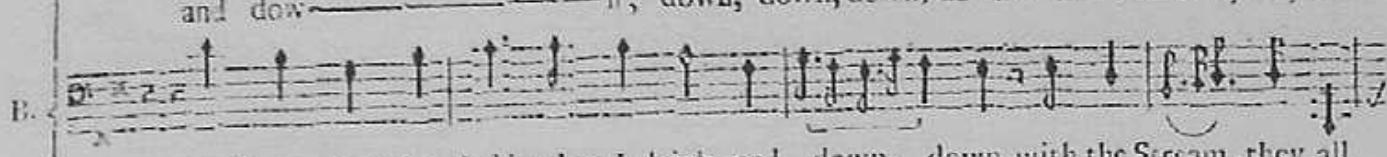
B. 

Cares grow becalm'd when I drink, and dow——n, down with the Stream, they all sink;

C. 

A. 

and dow———n, down, down, down, down with the Stream, they all

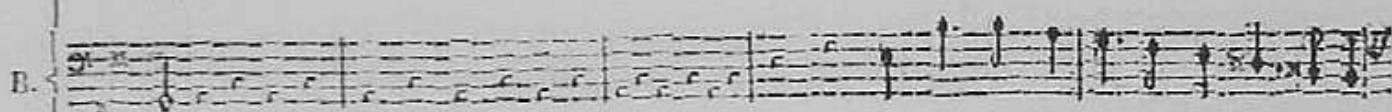
B. 

my Cares grow becalm'd when I drink, and down, down with the Stream, they all

C. 

A. 

fink. *trepp. hant.* The God I enjoy with the Wine, and my

B. 

fink. The God I enjoy with the Wine, & my

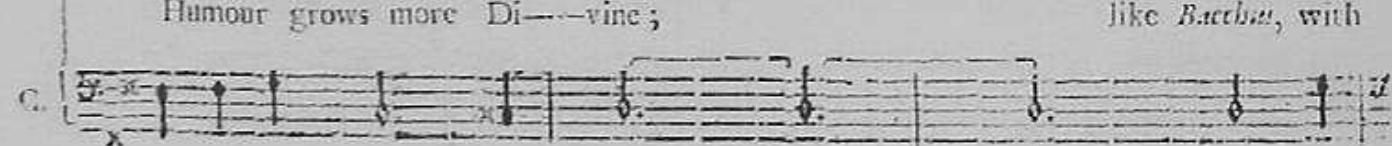
C. 

A. 

Humour grows more Di-vine; like *Bacchus*, with feath Ro-ses crown'd, with

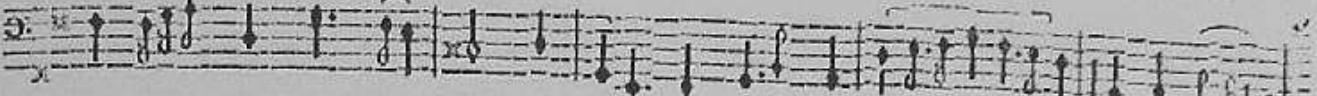
B. 

Humour grows more Di---vine; like *Bacchus*, with

C. 

A. 

fresh Ro—ses crown'd, the fragrant O—dours stea—ling rou—nd :

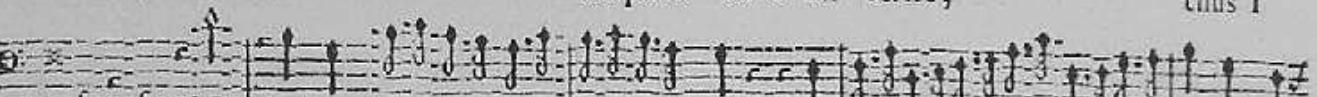
B. 

fresh Ro—ses crown'd, the fragrant O—dours stea—ling rou—nd, stealing round :

C. 

A. 

Thus, thus I tri—umph a—bove all Strife, thus I

B. 

Thus, thus I tri—umph, I tri—umph, I

C. 

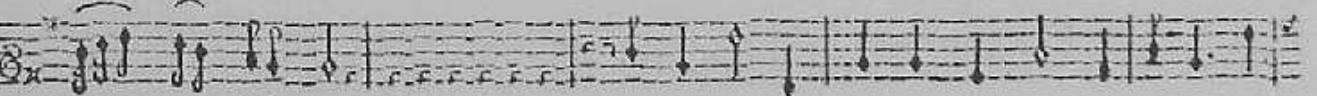
A. 

tri—umph, and sing the sweetnes— of this Life, and sing the sweet-

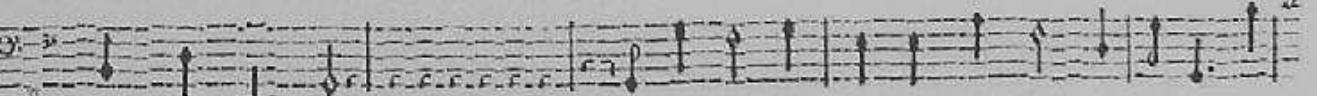
B. 

triumph a—bove all Strife, and sing the sweetnes— of this Life, and sing the sweet-

C. 

A. 

ness of this Life. When I drink with Glasses full charg'd, my Spirits grow

B. 

ness of this Life. When I drink with Glasses full charg'd my Spirits grow

C. 

Harpichord.

A. ♪ free, and en—lar—g'd; when I drink, my Spirits grow free, and en—
 B. ♪ free, and en—lar—g'd; when I drink, my Spirits grow free, and en—
 C. ♪

A. ♪ larg'd, grow free and en—larg'd. Among Troops of Beauties I play, and
 B. ♪ larg'd, grow free, and en—lar—g'd. Among troops of Beauties I
 C. ♪

A. ♪ rais'd a—bove thoughts of De—cay, and rais'd a—bove thoughts of De—
 B. ♪ play, and rais'd above thoughts of Decay, and rais'd a—bove thoughts of De—
 C. ♪

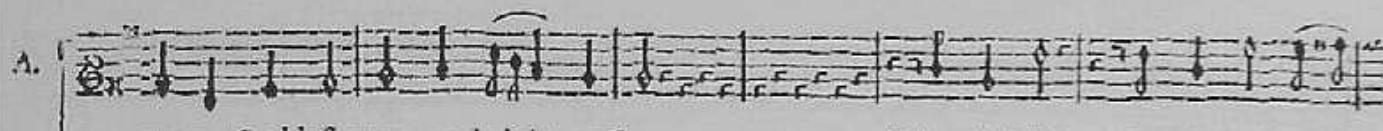
A. ♪ cay. When I drink, I sing the soft Charms of Ve—nu, and clasp in my Arms my
 B. ♪ cay. When I drink, I sing the soft Charms of Ve—nu, and clasp in my Arms my
 C. ♪

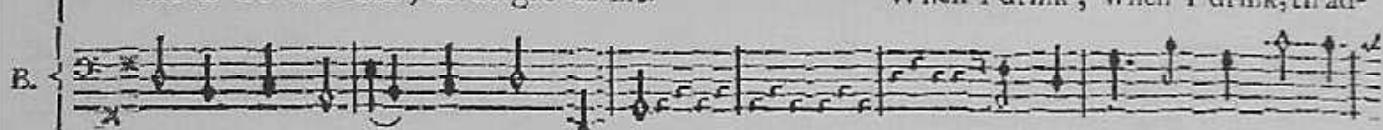
6

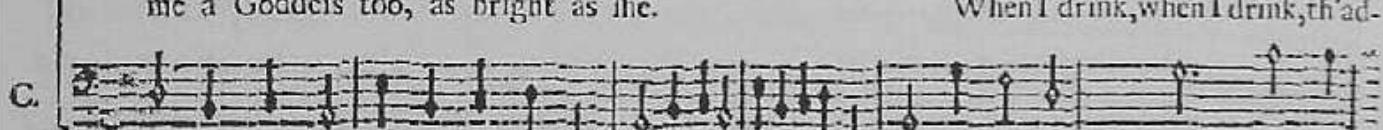
A. 

B. 

C. 

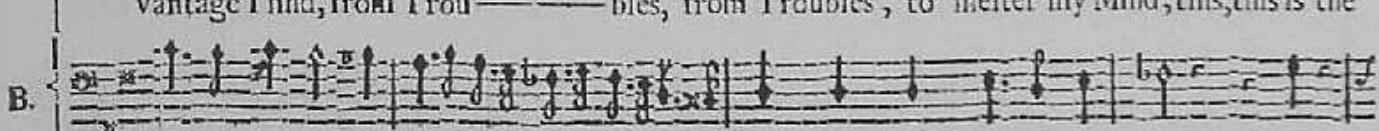
A. 

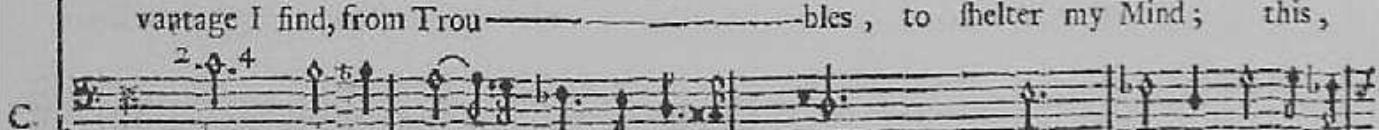
B. 

C. 

Harpischord.

A. 

B. 

C. 

A. 

B. 

C. 

A. own. You that seek more, tell me but why, tell me, tell me but why, since
 B. own. You that seek more, tell me but why, tell me but why, since
 C. own.

A. all a-like must one day dye; all, all, all, all a-like must one day dye?
 B. all a-like must one day dye, since all a-like, all, all a-like must one day dye; all,
 C. all.

A. You that seek more, tell me but why, since all alike must one day dye; all, all,
 B. all, all a-like, all, all a-like, all alike must one day dye; since all a-
 C. like,

A. all, all alike must one day dye; all, all, all alike must one day dye.
 B. like, all, all a-like must one day dye; since all a-like, all, all alike must one day dye.
 C. X

A Dialogue. Thiris and Dorinda. [78]

Set by Mr. Matthew Locke.

Dorinda.

Altus. Bassus. Continuo.



Then Death shall part us from these Kids, and shut up our di---si---ded

Music score for Altus, Bassus, and Continuo parts. The Continuo part is at the bottom, featuring a bass clef and a common time signature. The Altus and Bassus parts are above it, with a soprano clef and a common time signature. The vocal parts sing in unison.

Dorinda.

A. *Lids, Tell me, Thiris, prhee do! whither thou and I shall go?* Oh! where i't?

B. T Thiris. *To the E-li-zium.* A chalt

C. 76 78 *Turn thy Eye to yonder*

Dorinda.

A. *I know no way but one, our Home: Is our Cell E-li-zium?* Thiris.

B. T Soul can never mis't. *Turn thine Eye to yonder*

C. 43 Turn thy Eye to yonder

A. 8 Turn thy Eye to yonder

B. 6 6 6 *Sky, there the Milky-way doth lye; 'tis a lare, but rugged way, that leads to E-ver-la-sting Day:*

C. 43 Turn thy Eye to yonder

Dorinda.

A. *There Birds may nest, but how shall I, that have no Wings, and cannot fly!* Thiris.

B. T Do not ligh, fair Nymph, for Fire has no

C. ** Turn thy Eye to yonder

A.

B. Wings, yet doth aspire, 'till it hit against the Pole; Heav'n's the Cen-ter of the

C.

A. Dorinda

B. Soul. 16 186

C. Oh ! there is neither Hope, nor Fear ; there

A.

B. is no Wool, nor Fox, nor Bear ; no need of Dog to fetch our Slay, our Lightfoot we may

C.

A. Do in da.

B. 43 * 6 62

C. Ob

A. sweet ! Oh sweet ! how I my future State, by silent thinking, antedate ! I prethee, let us spend our time to come in

B.

C. 76 X 2

A. talking of E-li-zum.
 B. Then I'le go on. There Shee pare full of sweetest
 C.

A.
 B. Gras, and softest Wool: There Birds sing Confort, Garlands grow; cool Winds do whisper,
 C.

A.
 B. Springs do flow: There always is a ri-sing Sun, and Day is e-ver but begun: Shepherds
 C.

A. Dorinda.
 B. Ah me! Ah
 C. there bear e-qual sway, and ev'ry Nymph's a Queen of May.

A. Dorinda.
 B. I'm sick, I'm sick, and faint woul'd dye! Convince me now, that this is
 C. me!
 Tkin.
 Do-rin-da! why dost cry?

A. true, by bidding when we all return.
Treble.

B. I cannot live without thee, I'll for thee much more with thee dye.

C. CHORUS both together.

A. Dorian. Then let us give Clo-ri-lo charge o' th' Sheep, and thou and I'll pick Poppies, and them sleep in
Trip.

B. Then let us give Clo-ri-lo charge o' th' sheep, and thou and I'll pick Poppies, and them sleep in
you.

C. CHORUS both together.

A. Wine, and drink on't e-ven 'till we weep, 'till we weep; so shall we smoothly

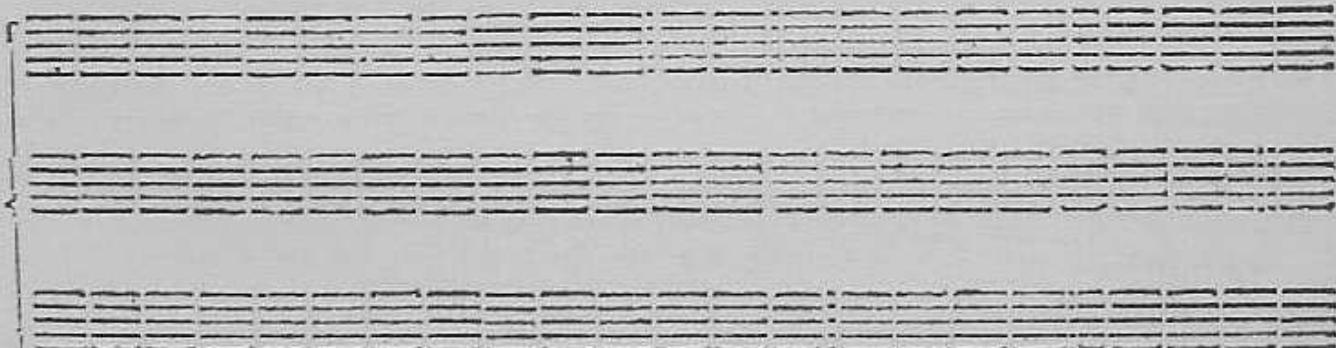
B. Wine, and drink on't e-ven 'till we weep, we weep; so shall we smoothly pass a-way,

C. CHORUS both together.

A. pass a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way in Sleep.

B. a-way, a-way, a-way, a-way in Sleep.

C. CHORUS both together.



A.



O, perjur'd Man, and if thou e're re—turn; go perjur'd
Go perjur'd Man, and if thou e're re—turn;

B.

C.

A.

Man, and if thou e——re return, to see the small Re-main-der of my Urn;

B.

go, perjur'd Man, and if thou e're return, and if thou e're re——turn, to

C.

A.

and if thou e're re—turn, re—turn, re—turn, to

B.

see the small remainder of my Urn; and if thou e're re—turn, re—turn,

C.

A.

see, to see the small re-main-der of my Urn. When thou shalt

B.

to see, to see the small re-main-der of my Urn. When thou shalt

C.

A.

laugh, shalt lau——gn at my re-li-gious Dulf, and ask where's now,

B.

laugh, shalt lau——gh at my Re-li-gious Dulf, and ask where's now the

C.

A. where's now the colour, form, and trust of Woman's Beauty ? And per-

B. co-lour, form, and trust of Woman's Beauty ? And perhaps with rude hands, with rude

C. hands, with rule, with rude hands, perhaps with rude hands, rife the flours wth the Virgin instru^t

A. haps with rule, with rude hands, perhaps with rude hands, rife the flours wth the Virgin instru^t

B. hands, and perhaps with rude hands, rife the flours wth the Virgin instru^t. Know I've pray'd to

C. hands, and perhaps with rude hands, rife the flours wth the Virgin instru^t.

A. Know I've pray'd to Pi-ty, that the Wind may blow my Ashes up ;

B. Pi-ty, that the Wind may blow my A-shes up ; Know I've pray'd to

C. Pi-ty, that the Wind may blow my A-shes up ;

A. know I've pray'd to Pi-ty, that the Wind may blow my Ashes up ,

B. Pi-ty, that the Wind may blow my A-shes up , and strike thee blind ; that the

C. Pi-ty, that the Wind may blow my A-shes up , and strike thee blind ;

A. may blow my A-shes up , and strike thee blind.

B. Wind may blow my A-shes up , and strike thee blind.

C. Wind may blow my A-shes up , and strike thee blind.



Love, that stronger art than Wine! Pleasing De—lu—sion,

Witchery Divine; wont to be priz'd above all Wealth, Disease that ha—s more Joys than

Health: Tho' we blaspheme thee in our Pain, and of thy Ty—ra—ny complain, we all are

better'd by thy Reign, we all are better'd by thy Reign; what Reason ne—

ver can beflow, w^t to this useful Passion owe. Love wakes the Dull from sluggish

Ease, and learns a Clown the Art to please; humbles the Vain, kindles the

Cold, makes Misers free, and Cowards bold: 'Tis he reforms the Set from Drink, and teaches

Airy Fops to think ; 'tis he reforms the Sot from Drink, and teaches Ai-ry Fops to think.

When full brete Ap-pe-tite is fed, and choak'd the Glutton lyes, and dead;

thou new Spirit doth dispence, and finne, the gross de-

high—ts of Sence; Virtue's un-conqu'-ra-ble Aid, that against Nature can per-

ivate; and make a Ro—
ving Mind retire,

with-in the Bounds of just De-sire; Chearer of Age, Youth's kind unrest, and

half the Heav'n of the bleſt, and half the Heav'n of the bleſt.

Despair.



Ence, fond De-cci-ver! hence, be gone! hence, and some t'z-mer Captive find;

since *Hope*, thy best Companion's flo—wn away, why ling—reit thou behind?

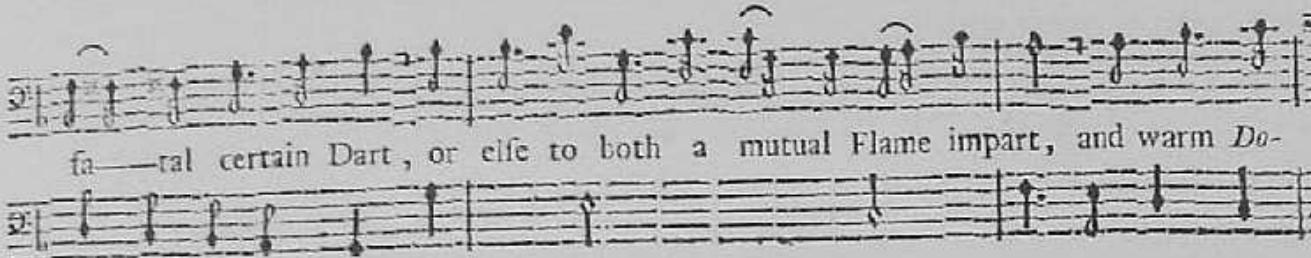
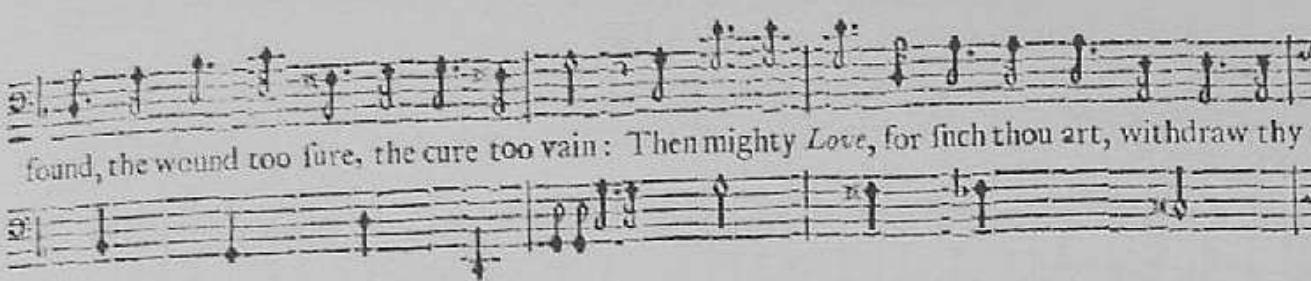
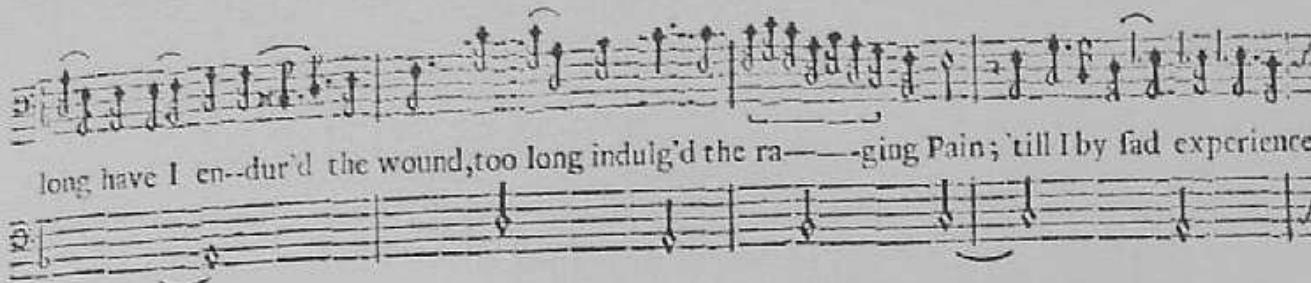
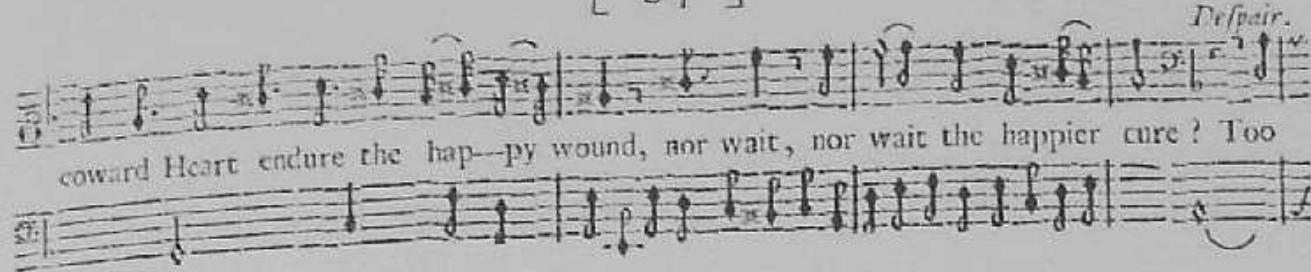
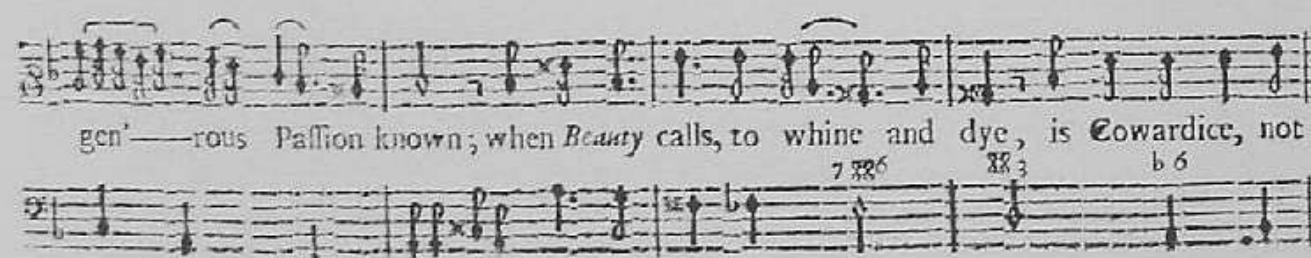
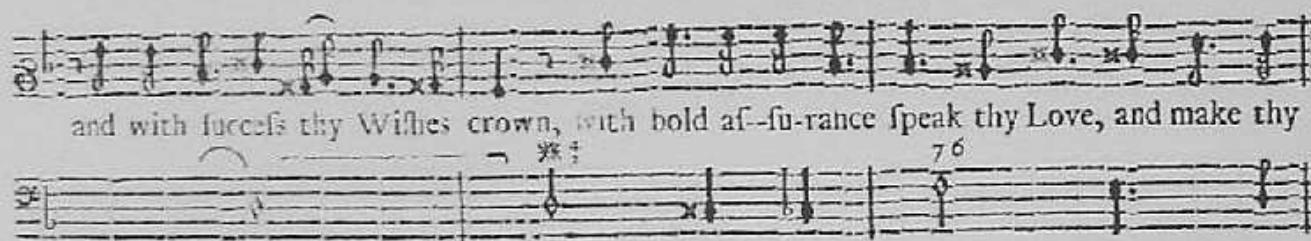
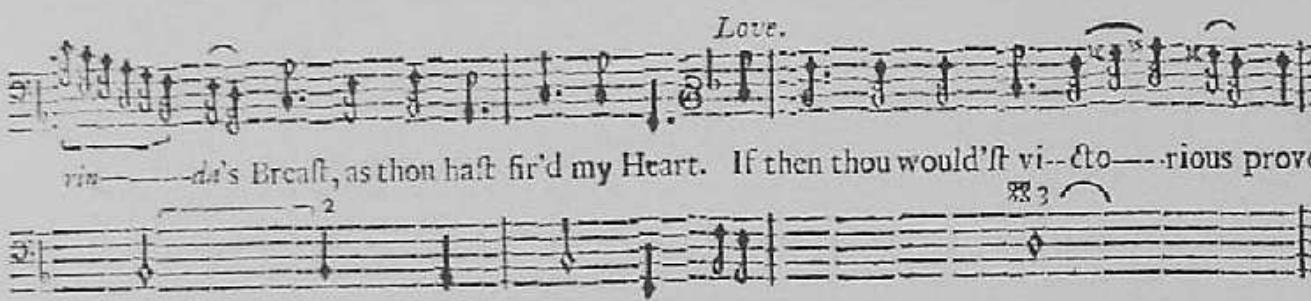
Naked at first, and blind thou wert, 'till blinder I allow'd thee part, in my un-wa-ry hospi-

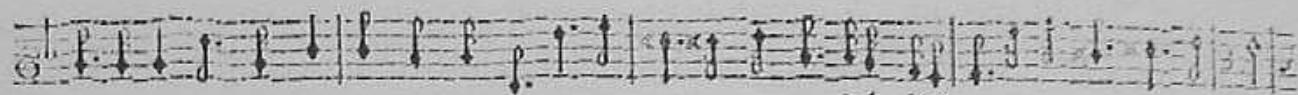
ta-ble Heart; but now thou'rt so un-ru—ly grown, you needs will make it all your

own, and in my vanquish'd Breast will Ty—ra-nize alone. Cease, cease, poor mis-

taken Wretch! and know I'll seek some braver nobler Breast; to some more gen'rous Heart I'll

go, that will not blush to own its Guest; blind tho' I was, my aim was sure, yet won't thy

Despair.*Love.*

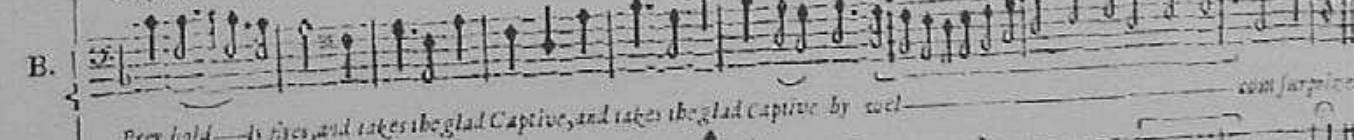
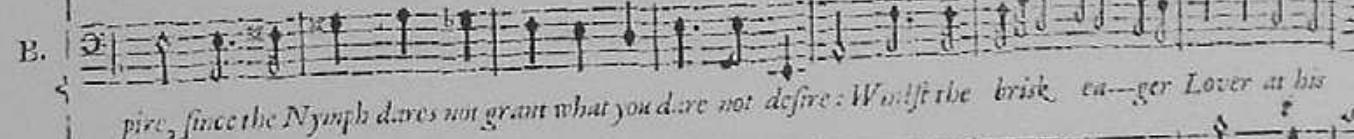
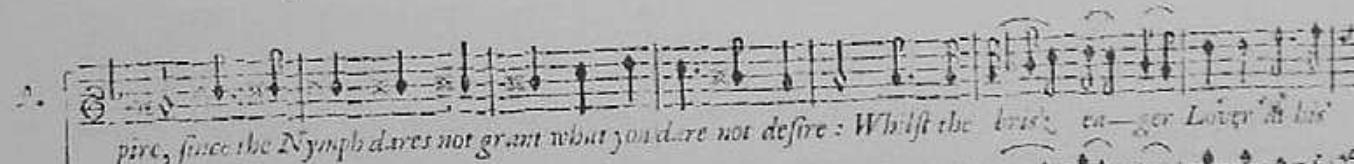
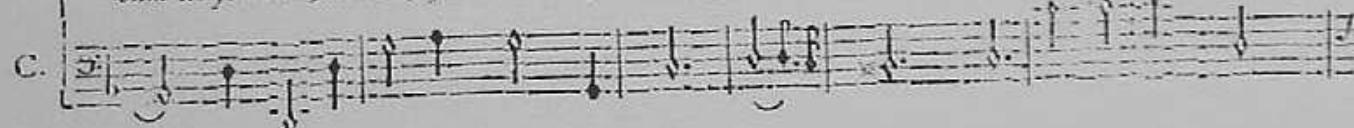
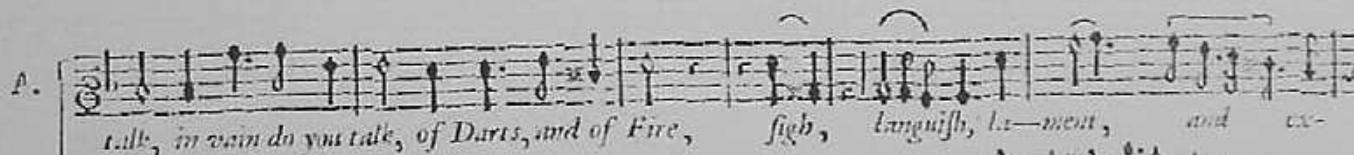
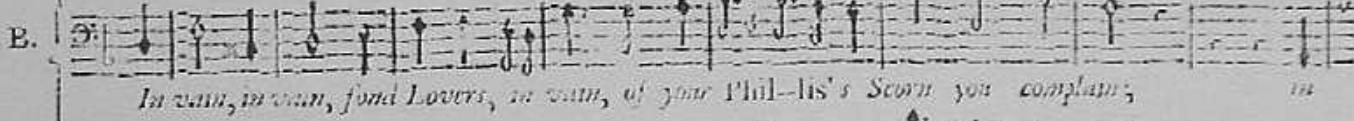
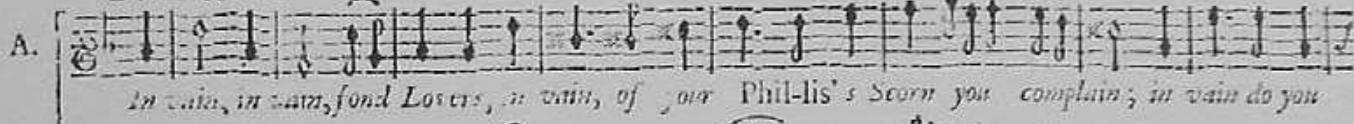


Modesty : You by pale asking teach her to deny; and by your faint pursuit, encourage her to fly.

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CHORUS.



F I N I S.