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DELICIAE MUSICÆ:

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Collection of the newest and best SONGS
Sung at Court and at the Publick Theatres, most
of them within the Compass of the *FLUTE*.

WITH

A Thorow-Bass, for the *Theorbo-Lute*,
Bass-Viol, *Harpichord*, or *Organ*.

Composed by several of the Best Masters.

The First Volume Compleat.



By J. Smith. Sculp.

L O N D O N,

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Compleats the First Volume. The First Book of the Second Volume will be Pub-
lish'd next Term. 1696.

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THE FIRST BOOK.



LICENCED

April 23. 1695.

D. Poplar.

LONDON,

Printed by J. Heptinstall, for Henry Playford near the Temple-Church;
or at his House over-against the Blew-Ball in Arundel-street:
Where also the New Catch-Book may be had. 1695.

A Table of the SONGS contain'd in this Book.

A	Pago.	P	Pago.
<i>Ab! how sweet is it to Love,</i>	6	<i>Pious Colinda goes to Prayer,</i>	13
<i>Grant me gentle Love, said I,</i>	14	<i>She that would gain a faithful Lover,</i>	5
<i>Hark my Darlings, hark what we call'd,</i>	18	<i>Who, who can behold Florella's Charms,</i>	24
<i>Love thou canst hear, tho' thou art blind,</i>	8	<i>Why fair Cypriota should you grieve,</i>	27
<i>No, no, no, resistance is but vain,</i>	1	<i>Whilst I with grief did on you look,</i>	29

BOOKS now in the Press and will be speedily Publish'd.

Two Elegys on our late Gracious Queen *MART*, one in *English*, Set to Musick by Dr. *Blow*, the other in *Latin*, Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

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An Advertisement to the READER.

MI design in this new Collection of *MUSICK*, is to give the World the best Entertainment I can of that kind. What I publish is from Dr. *Blow's*, Mr. *Purcell's*, and other Eminent Masters Composition; the *SONGS* will commend themselves, and my Undertaking will be justify'd by them. I shall continue to make my Collection, and publish it every Term, so that nothing will be old before it comes to your Hands; and you shall always have a new Entertainment prepar'd, before you have lost the Relish of the former.

By your Servant,

H. P.

A New Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell. Sung by Mrs. Siball

WH O, who can behold Flo—red—la's Charms, and not, and

not like mo a—dore; one, one glance, one, one glance

from her my Soul, my Soul dis-arms, and robs me of re-
 mit-ting pow'r. Let unblest Hero's still, still pur-sue coy Glo-
 ry in the dus-ty Field, if I Fle-
 rel-la but sub-due. Fate can no grea-ter, no, no, no
 grea-ter Tri-
 umph yield.

A Song for 2 Voices, set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

NO, no, no, no, no, no, re-sistance, re-
 No, no, no, no, no, no, re-sistance, re-sistance, re-
 sistance is but vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, re-sistance, re-
 sistance is but vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, re-sistance, re-
 sistance is but vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, re-sistance, re-
 sistance is but vain, vain, vain, vain, vain, re-sistance is but vain; and on-ly adds
 sistance is but vain, vain, vain, vain, re-sistance is but vain;
 new weight, and on-ly adds new weight, and on-ly
 and on-ly adds new weight, and on-ly adds new weight, new

adds new weight to Cu-pid's Chain; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
weight, new weight to Cu-pid's Chain; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, re-sistance is but
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, re-sistance is but

vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, — re-sistance is but vain:
vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, re-sistance is but vain:

A thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand, ways;
A thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand,

thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand ways; a thousand, thousand, thousand,
ways; a thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand, ways a

thousand Arts, the Tyrant, the Tyrant, the Tyrant, the Tyrant, knows to Cap-ti—
thousand Arts, the Tyrant, the Tyrant, the Tyrant knows to Cap-ti—

—vate our hearts; And sometimes
—vate our hearts; Sometimes he sighs he sighs — s em—ploys;

trys the u-ni-ver-sal language of the Eyes:
The fierce — with

[4]

the felt with tenderness de-

fierce — nefs he de-roys;

—coys, the soft with tenderness de-coys; he kills the stron

he kills the stron — g, he kills, the

—g, he kills the stron — g with joy, with jo

fron — g with joy, with jo

y, he kills the strong with joy;

y, ho kills the strong with joy; the weak with,

[5]

the weak with pain, the weak with pain. No, no, no,

pain, the weak with pain, the weak with pain. No, no,

End with the first Strain from this mark. :S:

A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

He that would gain a faith—full Lo—ver, must at a distance, must at a di—stance keep the slave; not by a look her Heart dis—co—ver; Men shou'd but guess, Men shou'd but guess the thoughts we have:

[6]

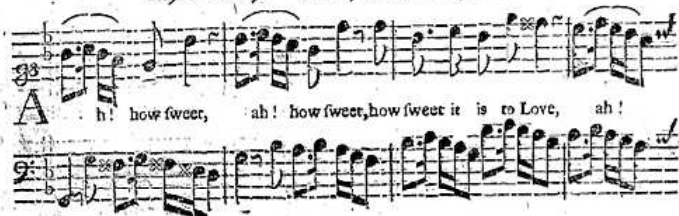


Whilst they're in doubt their flame increa-ses, and all at-tendance,
and all at-ten-dance they will pay; when once con-fest their
at-dour cea-ses, and Vows like Smoak soon fly's
a-way.

Then fond *Aurelia* cease complaining,
All thy reproaches useless prove;
Beauty may conquer whilst disdaining,
But lose their value when they love:

II. So when a Comet does appear,
Men do with trembling view the Blaze;
The Sun too common none does fear,
Nor on his Beams with wonder gaze.

A Song Sung by Mrs. Ayliff in *Tyrannick Love, or the Royal Martyr*. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



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

[7]



ah! ah! how gay is young de-fire:
And what plea-sing pain, and what plea-sing pain we prove; when first, when
first we feel a Lovers fire; paines of Love are swee-ter
far, then all, all, all, all, all, all o-ther pleasures are; paines of
Love are swee-ter far, then all, all, all, all other plea-
sures are. are.

II. Sighs that are from Lovers blown,
Gently move and heave the Heart;
Even the Tears they shed alone,
Like trickling Balsome cure the smart;

Lovers when they loose their breath,
Breed away an easy death.

A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell. The Words by
Sir Robert Howard.

Love thou can't hear, Love thou can't
hear tho' thou art blind; leave my heart free, leave my heart free, oh!

76
pit-ty me, oh! pit-ty me, since *Clo-ris* is unkind; leave my heart free, oh!

pit-ty me, oh! pit-ty me oh!

pit-ty me, since *Clo-ris* is unkind oh!

pit-ty me, since *Clo-ris* is un-kind.)

She is un-con-stant,

she is un-con-stant, she is un-con-

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

she is un-con-stant as she's bright;

her fini-les on ev'ry Shepherd

fall, her fini-les on ev'ry Shepherd fall;

D

And as the Sun, and as the Sun u— ses his light, the

vainly, the vain—ly loves to shine, the vainly lo

ves to shine on all; and as the Sun, and as the Sun, u—

ses his light, the vainly, the vain—ly loves to shine, the vainly

lo— ves to shine on all.

I thought her fair like new faln Snow, I thought her fair like

new faln Snow, when whiteness in—no—cence in—closes'd. Like that the

ful—ly'd seems to shine, like that the ful—ly'd seems to show, when to Loves melting,

melt—ing heat ex—pos'd, like that the ful—ly'd seems to show, when to loves

melting, melting heat ex—pos'd; when to Loves melting,

melt—ing heat ex—pos'd. Love thou, &c.

First Verse Again.

Brisk Time.

The powerfull Char—ms shall now be try'd, the powerfull

char—ms shall now be try'd; this Fu—ry, this

Fu—ry from my breast to chase, I'll summons

scorn, revenge and pride; He summons, summons scorn, re—venge and pride;

Slow.

at least her Image, at least her Image, her Image to deface.

A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell. The Words by Mr. Congreve.

Pious Ce—lin—da goes to Prayers, if I but ask, if I but ask the

favour; and yet the tender, tender Foo's in tears when she believes, when

she believes I'll leave her: Wou'd I were, wou'd I were free from this restraint, or

else had hopes, or else had ho—pes to win her; wou'd she cou'd, wou'd she cou'd

make of me a Saint, or I of her, or I of he—r a Sinner;

wou'd I cou'd, wou'd I cou'd, oh! wou'd I cou'd make of her a Sinner.

[15]

none can have, no, no, no, none, blessing's greater, no, no, no, no,

no, none can have; art thou not A-min-is's slave? art thou not, art thou

not, art thou not, art thou not A-min-is's slave? cease,

cease, cease, cease, cea — se fond mor — tal

ro implore, for Love, Love himself's no more, no more, for Love him-

— self's no more, for Love himself's no more; no, no, no more.

A Dialogue in *Tyrannick Love*, or the *Royal Martyr*,
Sung by Mr. *Bowman*, and Mrs. *Ayliff*, Set by Mr. *H. Purcell*.

Let us goe, let us
H Ark my *Darid*ear! hark we're cal'd, we're cal'd, we're cal'd be — low;
goe, let us goe; let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe to re-
let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe;
—leave the care, of lon — ging Lovers, in dis — pair; let us
goe, let us goe, let us goe; let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us
let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us

goe, let us, let us goe; merry, mery, mery we Sayle from the East; half tip-pl'd
goe, let us, let us goe; merry, mery, mery we Sayle from the East; half tip-pl'd
at the Rainbow Feast; in the bright Moon-shine whilst the Winds whistle
at the Rainbow Feast; in the bright
loud; tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy,
Moon-shine, whilst the Winds whistle loud; tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy
tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy; we mount, we mount and we
tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy; we mount, we mount and we

fi y, all racking a--long, in a dawning white

fi y, all racking a--long, in a dawning white

Cloud, and lest our leap from the Sky shou'd prove too farr,

Cloud, and lest the leap from the Sky

and lest our leap from the Sky shou'd prove too fa rr, we'll

shou'd prove too farr, and lest our leap from the Sky shou'd prove too farr, we'll

slide, we'll slide on the back of a new fal-ling Star, and drop,

slide, we'll slide on the back of a new fal-ling Star, and drop,

drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love;

drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love;

and drop, drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.

and drop, drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.

But now the Sun's down, and the Element's Red, the Spirits of Fire a—

—gainst us make Head; they muster, they muster, they muster like gnats in the Air:

a — las I must leave thee my Fair, and to my light Horse-men re — pair.

Oh stay! oh stay!

A — las I must leave thee, a — las I must leave thee

oh stay! stay, stay, oh stay, stay, stay; for you need not to

a — las, a — las I must leave thee, must leave thee my Fair.

fear 'em, you need not to fear 'em to Night; the Wind is for us and blo

ws full in their fight, and o're the wide Ocean we fi

ght; like Leaves in the Autumn our Foes will fall down and his in the

Water, and his in the Water, and down:

But their Men lye se-cure-ly in—

trench'd in a Cloud, and a Trumpetter, Horner, a Trumpetter, Horner to Battle, to

Bar — the sounds loud; no mortals that spy how we

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

Then call me a-gain when the Barke is won.
stay you to perform what the Man wou'd have done.

Chorus.

So ready, so ready and quick is a Spi-rit of Air, to pity, to pity the
So ready, so ready and quick is a Spi-rit of Air, to pity, to pity the

Lover, and succour the Fair; that si-lent and swift, si-lent and swift,
Lover, and succour the Fair; that si-lent and swift,

si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a
si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a

Wish, and is gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.
Wish, and is gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.

A Song set by Mr. Ralph Courtivelle.

W H Y fair Co-rin-na shoud you grieve, why fair Co-rin-na shoud
 you grieve, why, why ah! why, why fair Co-rin-na why shoud you grieve; whilst
 wife-ly we im-plore the hap-piest hours, the Gods can give or mor-tals
 can in-joy; let those whose Beauties are de-cay'd, their
 loss of pow'r, their loss of pow'r be-moan, be-moan, be-moan, their
 loss of pow'r bemoan; since Men are seldom cap-

tives, captives made, when that great Charm is gone, when
 that great, great, great Cha-rm, great Charm is gone:
 But you who dai-ly may
 be—hold, whole mil-lions that a-dore, and by
 in-dul-ging ev-ry hour, in-crease, increa-
 se the mighty store. Still live as free, still live as free,
 H

still live as free from ev'ry care, that com-
 mon
 passions move, as those that gaze, that gaze up-on you, are from
 all de-signs, from all de-signs, de-signs but Love; from
 all de-signs but Love, from all
 de-signs but Love.

A Song on Mrs. Bracegirdle's Singing (I Burn &c.) in
 the 2 Part of Don-Quixote. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

W Hilt I with grief did on you look, whilst I with grief did on you
 look, when Love had tur- n'd your Brain, from
 you I, I the con- ta- gion took, from you I, I the con-
 gion took, and for you, for you bore
 the pain, for you, for you bore the pain;
 Mer-cy, then your Lo-ver prize, and be not, be not,

be not too se—vere; use well, use well the con—

—quest of your Eyes, for P—ride P—ride,

Pride has cost you dear. *Am—bro—sia* treats your Flames with scorn, and rack

s your ten—der mind, withdraw your Smiles, withdraw your

Smile—s and Frowns re—turn, and pay him, pay him, pay him

in his kind, and — pay him, pay him, pay him in his kind.

A New Song set by Dr. Blow.

Whilst you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, whilst you vouch—

—safe our thoughts to breath, *Clo—e*, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouch—

—safe our thoughts to breath, *Clo—e*, methinks they do themselves ex—cell;

whilst you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, whilst you vouchsafe our

thoughts to breath, *Clo—e*, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouchsafe our

thoughts to breath, *Clo—e*, methinks they do themselves ex—cell :

I

So sweet a softness they receive, they receive; So
sweet a softness they receive, whilst from your Lips they flow, they
flow, while from your Lips they flow, while from your Lips they
flow so well; Harsh and unpolish'd tho' they do ap-
pear, so Sung, so Sung they Ra-
vish even the
nicest Ear; could but poor mortals here be-low, could but poor mortals

here be-low, sometimes Sing and always Love; could but poor mortals here be-
low, sometimes Sing, and always Love, and always Love; 'Twould some
Ear—nest on us bestow, of what the hap-py, hap-py, happy
do a-bove, of what the happy, hap-py, happy, the hap-py, happy
of what the happy do above, of what the hap-py do a-boue;



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A Table of the SONGS contain'd in this Book.

	A	Page.	I	Page.
As Phœbus with beat	^B pursue,	7	If Musick be the Food of Love,	16
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Foolish Love be gone,		3	^W When Myra Sings, we seek the	12

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[2]

his ev'n a plea
sure to com-plain.

A Song set by Mr. John Gilbert.

He found A-myntas ly-ing, all in Tears up-on the Plain; fighting
to him—self and crying, wretched I, to love in vain! Kiss me, Kiss me,
Dear, be-fore my dying; Kiss me once and ease my pain. *Rondeau.*

II.
Sighing to himself and crying,
Wretched I, to Love in vain:
Ever scorning and denying,
To reward your faithfull Swain;
Kiss me, Dear, before my dying,
Kiss me once and ease my pain.

IV.
Chloe laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain;
But repenting and complying,
When He Kisd, She Kisd again,
Kisd Him up before His dying,
Kisd Him up and eas'd His pain.

III.
Ever scorning and denying,
To reward your faithfull Swain:
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain;
Kiss me, Dear, before my dying,
Kiss me once and ease my pain.

[3]

A Song set by Mr. Courtivel.

foolish love be gone,
foolish love be gone, be go-
ne, be gone, be gone said I; vain are thy attempts, vain are thy at-
tempts, thy attempts on me; thy allurements, thy al-
lurements, thy al-lure-
ments I de-fye: foolish love be

B

gone, too—lith love be gone, be
gone, be gone, be gone, said I; Women, those
dis—sem—blers, flye;
my Heart is not made for thee, my Heart is not made for thee, not for thee, no,
no not for thee, no, no not for thee, no, no not for thee.

Sing from the repeat to the 1st. Close, which is at be
gone said I; then go on with Love heard &c.

Love heard, Love heard, Love heard and straight;
pre—par'd a dart, Myra, revenge my cause, My—ra revenge my cause,
revenge my cause, revenge, re—venge my cause, my cau—
se, my cause, said he, too sure, too sure, 'twas
aim'd, too sure, too sure 'twas aim'd, I feel, I see—I the mart, it
rends my Brain, it rends my Brain, it rend

s my Brain, and tea—res my Heart, tea—

res my Heart, tea—

ars my Heart; oh! Love, oh!—Love, oh!—

Love, my con—que—rer, pi—ty, pi—ty, pi—ty, pi—ty

ty me.

A Song set by Mr. Henry Hall, Organist at Hereford.

A S Phoebus did with heat pur-sue, the cold but love—ly

As Phoebus did with heat pursue, the cold, the cold but love—ly

Maid, the trem—bling Fair one as she flew, an e-ver—last—

Maid, the trem—bling Fair one, as she flew, an e-ver last—

ing Lawrel grew; the God then fighting,

ing Lawrel grew; the

figh—ing said, the God then fighting, figh—ing said, figh—ing said:

God then fighting, fighting said, figh—ing said, figh—ing said:

A-roun—d thee, a-roun—d thee, a roun—

A-roun—d thee, a-roun—d thee, a—

—d thee, Jove's Ar-till-le-ry, like painted Fires, like paint-ed

—roun—d thee, Jove's Ar-till-le-ry, like painted Fires, like painted Fire—

fires shall shine; for 'tis but just, oh! sa-cred Tree, you shou'd from o-ther

—s shall shine; for 'tis but just, oh! sa-cred Tree,

flame—who free, who have re-sist-ed, re-sist-ed

you shou'd from other flames be free, who have re-sist-ed re-sist-ed

mine, you shou'd from other flames—s be free, who have re—

mine, you shou'd from other flames be free, who have re—

—sist-ed, re-sist-ed mine.

—sist-ed, re-sist-ed mine.

A Song set by Mr. Henry Hall, the Words by Mr. Peter Senhouse.

BEAUTY the pain—full Mothers Pray'r, the Lovers Theam,

Beauty the pain—full Mo-thers Pray'r, the

the Vir—gins care; and Wit that

Lovers Theam, the Lovers Theam, the Virgins care; and Wit that guide her

gilds her innocence, o're all which ea-sy ver-tue Raigns,
 innocence, o're all, all which ea-sy vir-tue raigns, *Ar-mi-da*
Ar-mi-da has; and what's more rare, from Pride and af-
 has; and what's more rare, and what's more rare, from Pride and
 af-fec-ta-tion clear, from Pride and af-fec-ta-
 af-fec-ta-tion clear, from Pride and af-fec-
 tion clear: But tho' thus love—li-ly you
 ta-tion clear: But tho' thus love—li-ly you

shine, *Ar-mi-da* you—'re but half di-vine: *Ar-mi-da*
 shine, *Ar-mi-da*, *Ar-mi-da* you're but half di-vine: *Ar-mi-da*, *Ar*—
 you—'re but half di-vine; for Feinds can Beau-ty i-mi-tate, and yet,
 —*mi-da* you're but half di-vine; for Feinds can Beau-ty, i-mi-tate, and
 and yet are Feinds, because, because they hate; but wou'd you Love to
 yet, and yet are Feinds be-cause they hate; but wou'd you Love to
 Beauty joyn, *Ar-mi-da*, you are all di-vine,
 Beauty joyn, *Ar-mi-da*, *Ar-mi-da* you are all, are all di-vine,
 D

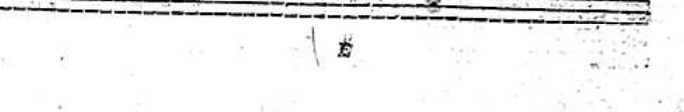
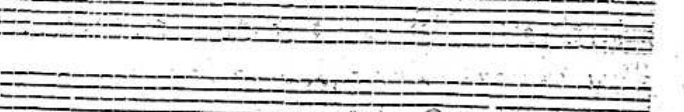
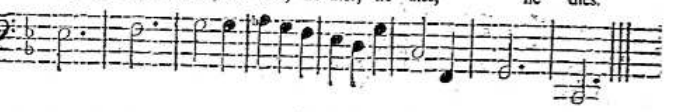
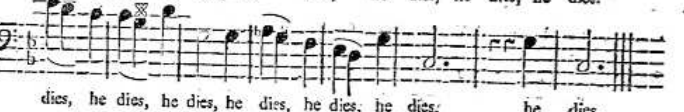
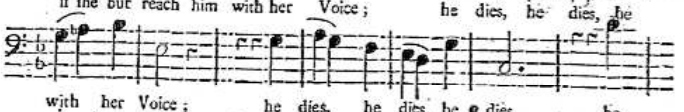
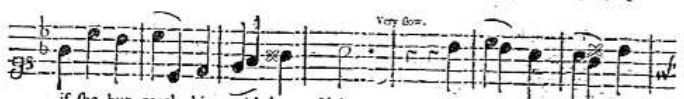
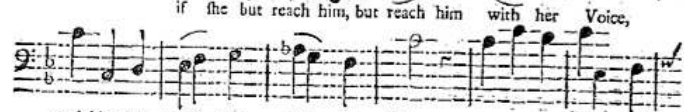
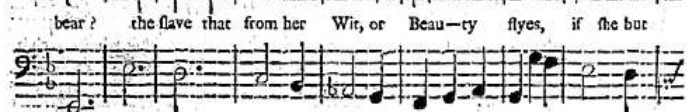
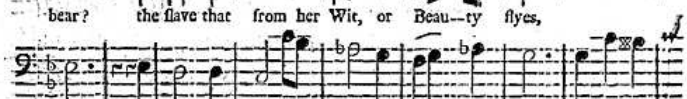
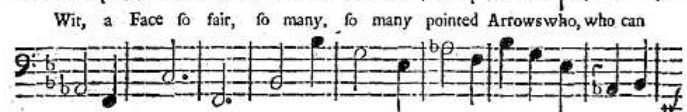
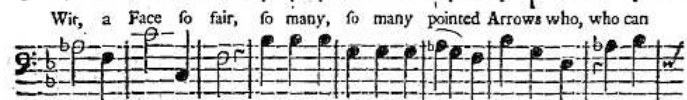
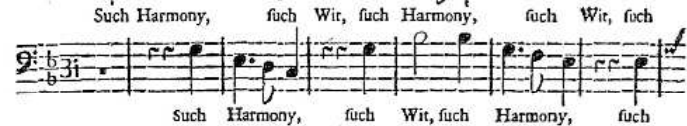
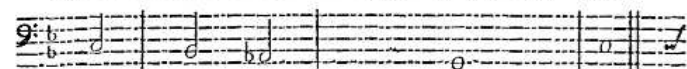
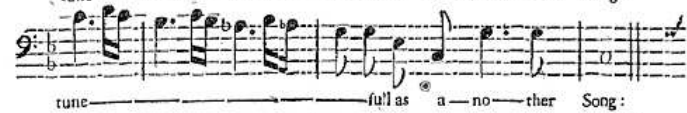
Sof.

Ar-mi-da, Ar-mi-da you are all
Ar-mi-da you're di-vine, Ar-mi-da, Ar-mi-da,
di-vine.
you were all, all, all di-vine.

A Two Part Song, set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

When My-ra Sing-s, when My-ra Sing-s
we seek th'in-chant-ing
s we seek th'in-chant-ing found,

found, th'in-chaor-ing found, and
th'in-chaor-found,
blefs the Notes, and blefs the Notes, which doe fo sweet-ly, fo sweet-ly, fo
and blefs the Notes, and blefs the Notes which doe fo sweetly, fo sweet-ly, fo
sweet-ly wound; what Mu-fick, what Mu-fick needs
sweet-ly wound; what Mu-fick needs
mult dwell up-on that Tongue, whose speech is tunefull, whose speech is tunefull, is
mult dwell up-on that Tongue, whose speech is tunefull, whose speech is



A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

I F Musick, if Musick be the foo ——— d of Love, singon, sing

on, sing on, sing on, sing, si ——— ng

on, till I am fill'd with jo ———

—y, till I am fill'd with joy; for then my listning Soul you mo ———

ve, for then my listning Soul you mo ———

ve, you move, to plea ——— fures that can never, never

cloy; your Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue de—clare, that you are

Mu ——— sick ev'ry where, your

Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue de—clare, that you are Mu ———

— sick ev'ry where.

Pleasures in—vade both Eye and Ear, pleasures in—vade both Eye and Ear, so

fier ——— ce, so fier

— ce the transports are, they wou — nd, to fier — ce the

transports are, they wound, and all my Senses feasted are, and all my Senses feasted

are; tho' yet the Treat is on-ly found, tho' yet the treat is on-ly

found, found, found, found, found, found is on-ly found;

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

fa 3 98 ve me in your Armes.

The Trumpet Song, Sung by the Boy, in the (*Libertine destroy'd*)
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Trumpet

O Arms, to Arms,

to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to

Arms Hero — ick Prince;

to Arms, to Arms,

to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to

Arms He-ro ick Prince;

to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms,

Glo-ry, like Love, has

pow'r full Charms, Glo-

ry, like Love, has pow'r full

Charms; let Glo-ry, let Glo-

—ry now thy Soul in —grofs, and re — com — pence its Ri

vals lofs: Bid Trum — pers

found, bid Trum — pers found, fou — nd, and

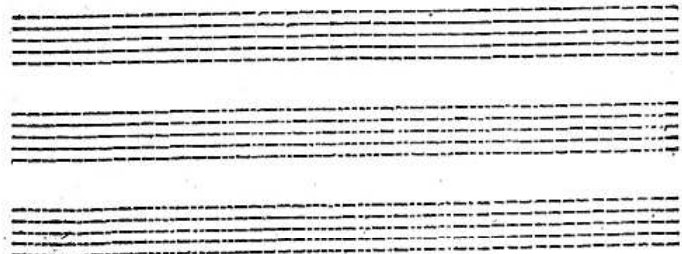
nothing, nothing name but Battles, but Battles, but Bat —

ties, Con —

quests, Tri — umphs,

Tri —

—umphs Fame,



FINIS.

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A Table of the SONGS contain'd in this Book.

	C	Page.	O	Page.
Colia has a thousand Charms,	D	19	Oh! how you protest and solemnly lye,	1
Dear, dear, pritty, pritty Youth,	F	4	Oh! oh! lead me to some peacefull! Gloom,	6
Fair Belinda's youthfull Charms,	H	18	Stretcht in a dark and dismal Grove,	8
How happy, how happy is she,	T	12	'Twas within a furlong of Edenborough Town,	2
Jack shoud't a Tooper,		12	Too well I fear Alexis knows,	10
Man, Man, Man is for the Woman made,	M	3	Take not a Woman's anger ill,	21
			You say 'tis Love creates the pain,	13

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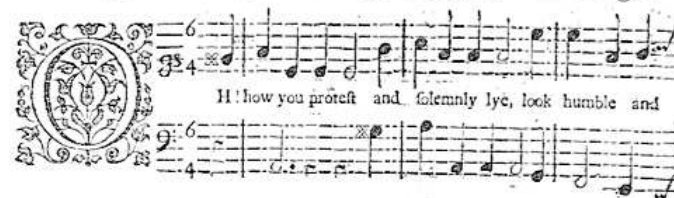
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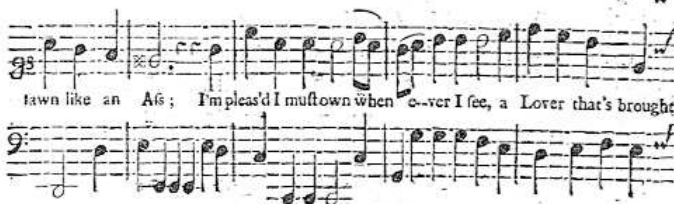
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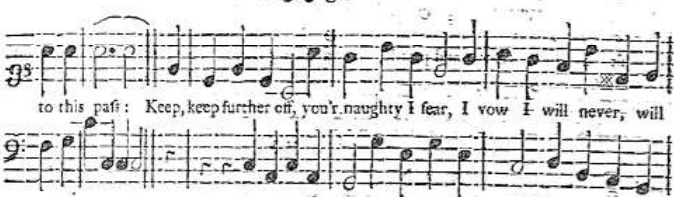
A Song in the Mock-Marriage, Sung by Mrs. Knight.



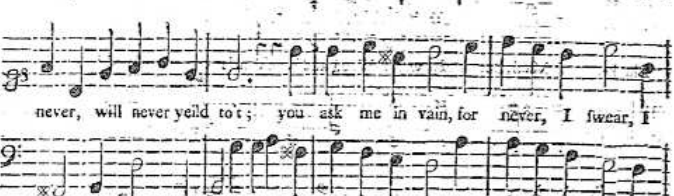
H! how you protest and solemnly lye, look humble and



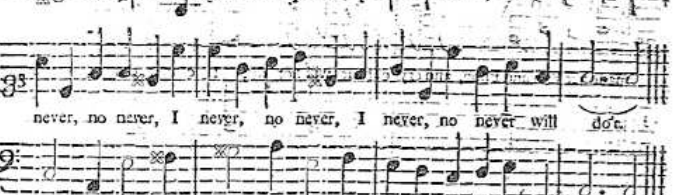
tawn like an As; I'm pleas'd I must own when e-ver I see, a Lover that's brought



to this pass: Keep, keep further off, you'r naughty I fear, I vow I will never, will



never, will never yeild to; you ask me in vain, for never, I swear, I



never, no never, I never, no never, I never, no never will do.

II.

For when the Deed's done how quickly you go,

No more of the Lover remains;

In hast you depart wha-e'r we can do,

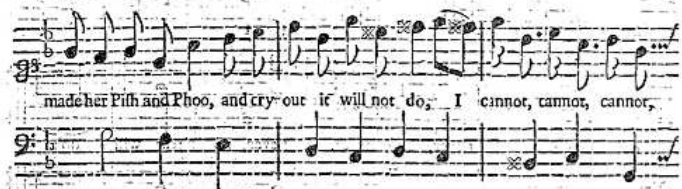
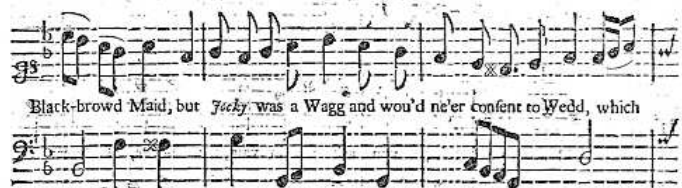
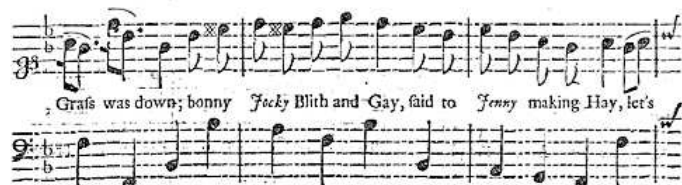
And stubbornly throw off your Chains:

Desist then in time, let's hear on't no more,

I vow I will never, will never, will never yeild to;

You promise in vain, in vain you adore.

I never, no never, I never, no never, I never, no never yeild to.



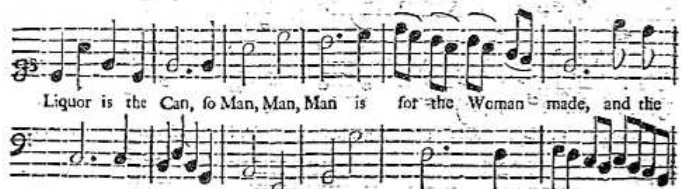
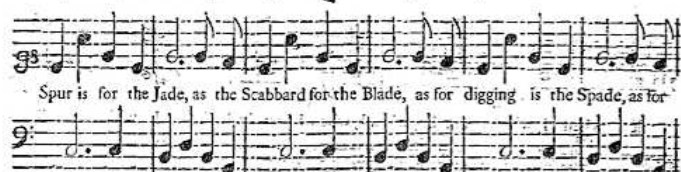
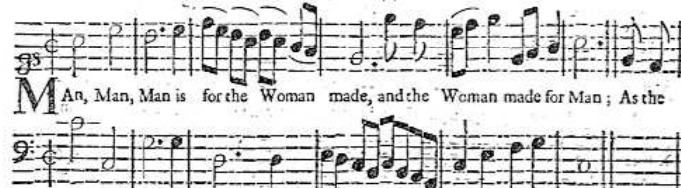
II.

He told her Mariage was grown a me'er Joke,
And that no one Wedded now but the scoundrell folk,
Yet my dear thou should'st prevail, but I know not what I aile;
I shall dream of Clogs, and silly Doggs with Bottles at their taile;
But He give thee Gloves and a songrace to wear,
And a pritty Filly-foal, to ride out and take the Air,
If thou ne'er wilt Pish nor Phoo, and cry it ne'er shall doe,
I cannot, cannot, &c.

III.

That you'll give me Trinkets, cry'd she, I believe;
But ah! what in return must your poor Jenny give,
When my Maiden Treasure's gone, I must gang to London-Town,
And Roar and Rant, and Patch and Paint, and Kiss for half a Crown;
Each Drunken Bully oblige for pay,
And earn an hated Living in an odious fulsom way,
No, no, no it ne'er shall doe, for a Wife I'll be to you,
Or I cannot, cannot, &c.

A Song in the *Mock-Mariage*, Sung by *Mis Crofs*.
Set by *Mr. Henry Purcell*.



II.

As the Scepter to be sway'd,
As for Night's the Serenade,
As for Pudding is the Pair,
And to cool us is the Fan,
So Man, &c.

III.

Be the Widdow, Wife or Maid,
Be the Wanton, be the Scay'd,
Be the Well or the Array'd,
Where, Bawd, or Harridan,
Yet Man, &c.

A New Song in the *Tempest*, Sung by *Mis Crofs* to her Lover, who is supposed Dead. See by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

Dear, dear, prit-ty, prit-ty, prit-ty Youth,

dear, prit-ty, prit-ty, prit-ty Youth, unvail, unvail your Eye, unvail, unvail your

Eye: how can you, can you sleep, how can you, can you sleep, how can you, can you

sleep, when I, when I am by, when I, when I am by? Were I with you all

night to be, methinks I cou'd, methinks I cou'd, I cou'd from sleep be free, methinks I cou'd, methinks I cou'd from sleep, I cou'd from sleep be free:

a-las, a-las my Dear, you'r cold, cold as stone, you must no longer,

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

but be with me my Dear, my Dear, Dear, Dear, but be with me my Dear, and

I in each Arm, and I in each Arm will hugg you, hugg you close, will hugg you,

hugg you close, hugg you close and keep you warm, will hugg you, hugg you

close, will hugg you, hugg you close, hugg you close and keep you warm.

A Song in the Trageby of *Bonduca*, set by Mr. Purcell.
Sung by Miss Crofs.

Oh! Oh! lead me, lead me to some peace—full Gloom,
where none but sigh—ing, none but sigh—ing, sigh—ing Lovers
come; where the shrill, the shrill Trumpets never sound
d; never, never sound, but once e—ter—nal hush, one e—ter—nal hush goes round.
There let me sooth my plea—sing pain, there let me
sooth my pleasing pain, and never, never think of War, never, never, think of

War, never, never think of War, never, never, never, never, never
think of War a—gain: what glo—ry, what glo—ry, what glo—ry
ry, what glo—ry can, can a Lover have to conquer, to con—
quer, yet be still a slave, what glo—ry, what glo—ry
ry can a Lo—ver have, to conquer, to conquer, to conquer,
yet be still, still a slave, yet, yet be still, yet, yet be still, yet, yet be still, still a slave?

A Song in the 5th. Act of *Pyrrhus*, Sung by Mrs. Hud-
son. Set by Mr. John Eccles.

S Tretch'd in a dark and dis-mall Grove, a poor a—bandon'd hopeles
Maid; thinking on her de—part—ed Love, cry'd whither, ah!
whither wou'd Am—bi—tion lead: From the dear joys that
Love can give, from the soft cir—cle of my Arms, He
ru—shes to the fa—tal feild, Mi—sta—ken Swain has
dan—gers, Charms, has dangers, dan—gers, Charms:

Lovers with scorn and harred curs, when
all their passion fail'd to move, found out this ty—rant ho—nour
first in pure revenge to ru—ine Love, in pure revenge to
ru—ine Love, found out this ty—rant ho—nour first, in
pure revenge to ru—ine Love, in pure revenge to
ruine, ru—ine Love. Love.

D

A New Song Set by Mr. John Freeman.

TOO well I fear *Alexis* knows, his con-quest o'er my
 ten-der heart; in vain I wou'd the flame op-pose, in
 vain I wou'd the flame op-pose, in vain I wou'd, in
 rain con-temn the fa-tal dart: But love
 too sub-ly does in-vade, but love too sub-ly
 does in-vade, oh! help, help, oh! oh! help, help, oh! help

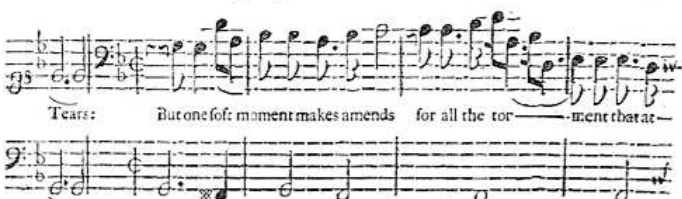
oh! oh! help a yeild-ing Maid, but Love too
 sub-ly, too sub-ly does in-vade, oh! help, help, help, oh!
 help, help, oh! help, help, oh!
 help a yeild
 ing Maid.

A New Catch in the Tragedy of *Bonduca*.
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Jack thou't a Toaper, Jack thou't a thou't a Toaper, let's have tother Quart; Ring,
ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, we'er so sober, so sober, so sober
'twere a shame to part; None but a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold
Bully'd by his Wife, for coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,
coming, coming, coming, coming, coming late, fears a Do-mes-—rick
Strife; I'm free, I'm free and so are you, so are you, so are you too, call
and knock, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, tho'
Watchmen cry past two a Clock.

A Dialogue in *King Arthur*, set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Y O U say 'tis Love creates the pain, of which so sad—ly you complain;
and yet would fain engage my heart, in that un—ea—sy cru—el, cru—el part;
but how a—lafs, how a-lafs think you that I can bear the wound—
—ds of which you die? how a—lafs, how a-lafs think you that I can
bear the wounds of which you die? 'Tis not my pas-sion makes my care,
but your indifference gives despair; the lu—sy Sun, the lu—sy Sun be—



CHORUS.

Let us Love, let us Love and to hap-pi-ness! *hast, hast, hast, hast,*

Let us Love, let us Love and to hap-pi-ness! *hast, hast, hast, hast,*

hast, let us Love, let us Love and to happiness! hast, hast, hast, hast,

hast, let us Love, let us Love and to happiness! hast, hast, hast, hast,

hast, Age and Wis-dom comes too fast; Youth for lo-ving was de-sign'd, Youth for

hast, Age and Wis-dom comes too fast; Youth for lo-ving was de-sign'd,

lo-ving, Youth for loving was de-sign'd; You be constant:

Youth for loving, loving was de-sign'd; I'll be constant, you be kind,

I'll be kind, I'll be kind, I'll be kind, kind, I'll be kind; Heav'n can give no

I'll be constant, I'll be constant, I'll be constant, I'll be kind; Heav'n can give no grea-

grea- ter blef-sing then faithfull love, and kind, and kind pos-

ter blessing, no grea- ter blessing then faithfull love, and

ses-sing, then faithfull love, then faithfull love, and kind, and kind pos-

kind, and kind pos-ses-sing, then faithfull love, and kind, and kind pos-

ses-sing, and kin d, and kind, and kind, pos-ses-sing.

ses-sing, and kin d, and kind, and kind, pos-ses-sing.

A Song set by Mr. John Eccles.

F Air Be-lin-da's youthfull Charms, fill th'admiring Town with wonder;
 The stubborn Heart her Eyes allure, and make 'em to her Pride sur-render:
 Face and Shape, and Wit so Rare, Heav'n's ma-ster-piece She was de-
 sign'd, a grace-full Meen, and such an Air, nothing ex-cells it but her
 Mind; the Women en-ry, Men ad-mire, her Eyes does Love in all in-
 spire, her Eyes does Love in all in-spire.

A Song in the Rival-Sisters, set by Mr. Henry Purcell. Sung by Young Bowen.

C E-lia has a thousand, thousand, thou- sand
 Charms, 'tis Heav'n, 'tis Heav'n to lye with-in her Arms; while I
 stand gazing on her Face, some new, and some resist-less grace, fills with fresh
 magick all the place, while I stand gazing on her Face, some
 new, and some re-sist-less grace, fills with fresh magick all
 the place:

But while the Nymph I thus a—dore,

but while the Nymph I thus, I thus a—dore, I shou'd my wretched,

wretched, wretched Fate de—plore; for oh! *Mir—rille*, oh! *Mir—*

—*ril—lo* have a care, have a care, her sweetnels is a—bove com—pare, but

then she's false, she's false, but then she's false, she's false as well as

false; have a care, have a care, have a care *Mir—ril—lo*, have a care, *Mir—*

—*ril—lo* have a care, have a care, have a care, have a care.

A Song in the *Rival-Sisters*, Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.
Sung by Mr. Leaverige.

Ake not a Woman's an—ger ill, but let this be your comfort, this be your comfort

fill, that if one won't a—no—ther will: Tho' she that's too lish does de—

ny, she, she that is Wi—fer will comply, and if 'tis but a Woman what care

I, what care I, what care I, if 'tis but a Woman what care I.

II.

Then who'd be Dam'd, to Swear untrue,
And Sigh and Weep, and Whine and Woe;
As all our simple Coxcombs doe;
All Women love it, and tho' this
Does fully forbid the bliss,
Try but the next you cannot mis.

A Song in the *Rival-Sisters*, Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.
Sung by Miss Cross.

HOW happy, how happy is she, how happy, how happy is
she, that ear-ly, that ear-ly her Passion be-gins; and willing, and willing with
Love to agree, does not stay till she comes to her Teens: Then, then she's all Pure and
Chast, then then she's all Pure and Chast, like Angels her sin-les to be-
priz'd, Pleasure is seen Cherub-Fac'd, and Nature appears, and Nature ap-
—pears un-dis-guis'd.

II.
From Twenty to Thirty, and then,
Set up for a Lover in vain,
By that time we study how Men,
May be track'd with neglect and disdain:
Love dwells where we meet with desire,
Dances which Nature has given,
She's a Fool then that feeling the fear,
Begins not to war'n at Eleven.

F I N I S.

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lish'd next Term. 1696.

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A Table of the SONGS contain'd in this Book.

	A	Page.	D	Page.
<i>A Lais their lives upon the Green,</i>	1		<i>Damon farewell when I am gone,</i>	17
<i>Bright Cynthia's Power divinely great,</i>	3		<i>O! take him gently from the Pile,</i>	14
<i>Celestine pray tell me, pray tell me,</i>	7		<i>You Twice Ten hundred Deities,</i>	11

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[1]

The three following Songs, in the Playcall'd *Oroonoko*.

A Song Sung by the Boy, and Sett by Mr. Courteville.

A Lais, a Lais there lives upon the Green, could I, could I, could I her

Picture draw; a brighter Nymph, a bright

ter Nymph was never, never, never, never, never

seen; that looks and reigns, that looks, and reigns a little, lit-tle, little, lit-tle

Queen, a lit-tle, lit-tle, little, little Queen, that kee

ps the Swains in awe.

[2]

Her Eyes are Cupids Darts, and Wings, her
 Eyebrows are his Bow, her Silken Hair the Silver Strings, that sure and
 swift, swift, swift — destruction brings to all, all,
 all, to all, all, all, to all, all, all, to all, to all,
 to all the Vale be — low. If *Pastorella's* dawning,
 dawning light can warm, and wound, warm and wound, can warm and wound us

[3]

to, her Noon will shine so Pier — cing, Peir — cing bright, each
 g'an — cing Beam will kill out —
 — right, will kill out-right, and ev — ry Swain, and ev — ry Swain subdue, and
 ev — ry Swain, and ev — ry Swain sub — due.

A Song Set by Mr. R. Courteville.

B Right *Cynthia's* Pow'r di — vine — ly
 g: at, what Heart, what Heart, what Heart is not o — bey — ing?

A Thousand, thousand Cupids, a thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand Cupids

on her wait, and in her

Eyes, and in her Eyes, and in her Eyes, her Eyes are play-ing.

She seems the Queen of Love, the Queen of Love to Reign, for

she alone, she alone, for she alone, a lone dis-per-fes such

sweets, sweets, such sweets, sweets as best can en-ter-rain, can

en-ter-rain the Gift of all, of all, all, all, of all, all, all, of all the

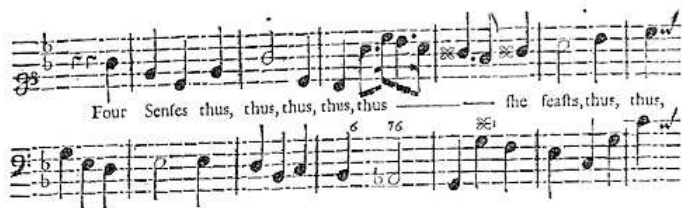
of all, all, all, of all, of all the

Senfes. Her Face a Charming,

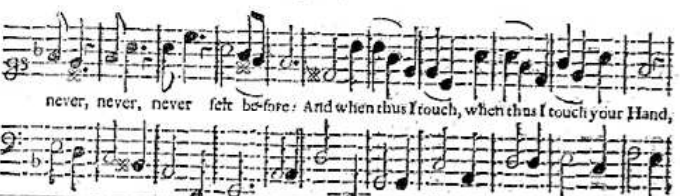
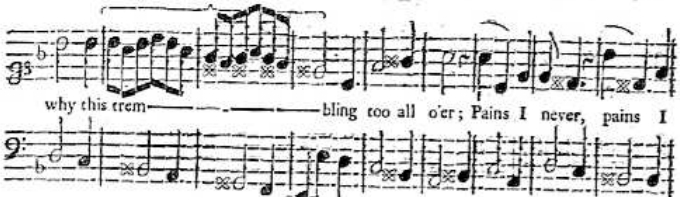
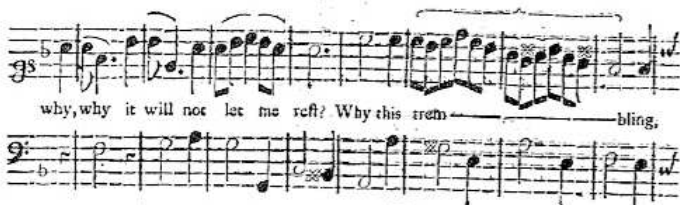
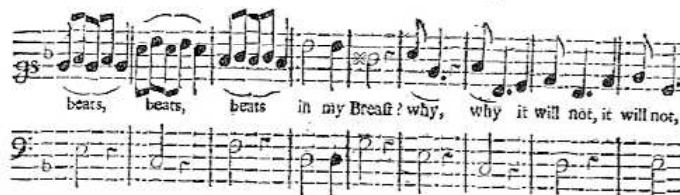
Charming prof-pect brings, her Breath gives bal

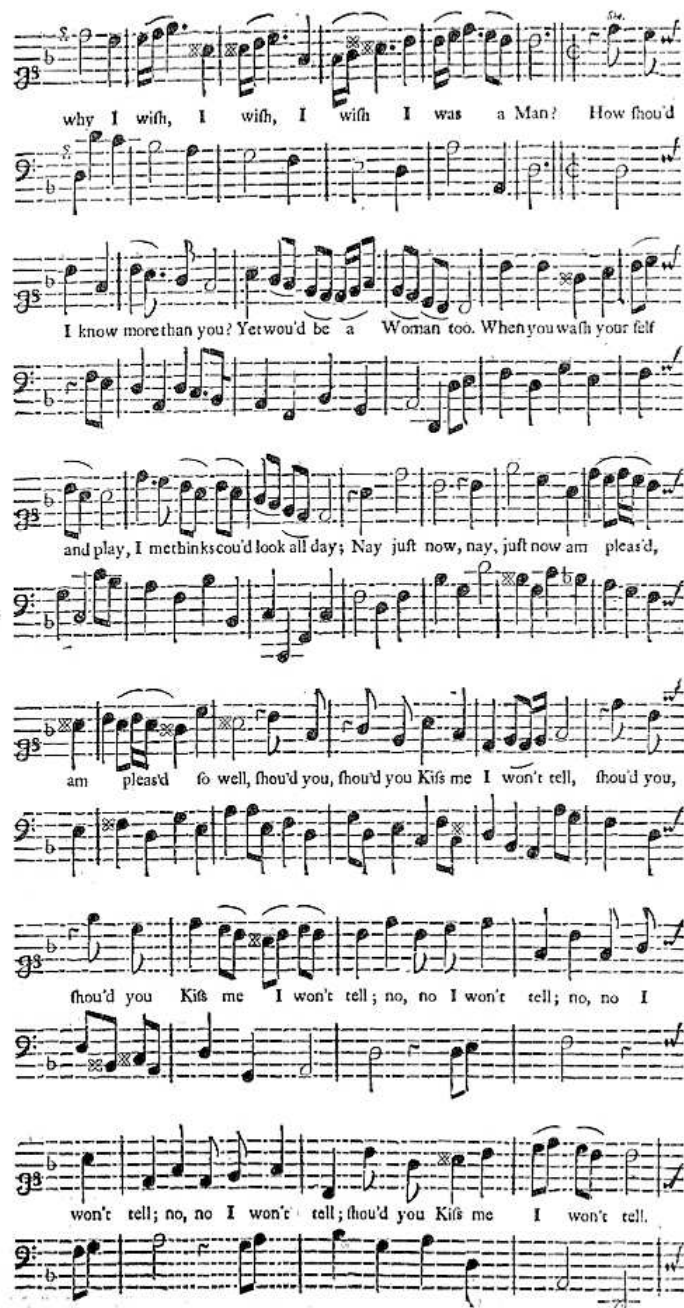
my, bal-my blisses; I hear an

An-gel when she Sings, when she si



A Dialogue Sung in *Oroonoko*, by the Boy and Girl.
Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.





why I wish, I wish, I wish I was a Man? How shou'd
I know more than you? Yet wou'd be a Woman too. When you waltz your self
and play, I methinks cou'd look all day; Nay just now, nay, just now am pleas'd,
am pleas'd so well, shou'd you, shou'd you Kiss me I won't tell, shou'd you,
shou'd you Kiss me I won't tell; no, no I won't tell; no, no I
won't tell; no, no I won't tell; shou'd you Kiss me I won't tell.



Tho' I cou'd do that all day, and de-fire no better play: Sure,
sure in Love there's something more, which makes Mam-ma so bigg, so
bigg be-fore. Once by chance I hear'd it amid; don't ask
whar, don't ask what for I'm a-sham'd: Stay but till you're
past Fif-teen, then you'll know, then, then you'll know what 'tis I
mean, then you'll know then, then you'll know what 'tis I mean.

Mr.
How—e—ver, lose not pre—sent Bliss; but now we're a—

— lone let's Kiss, but now we're a— lone let's Kiss, let's Kiss.

Mr.
My Breasts do so heave, so heave, so hea—ve. My Heart does so

Solo.
pant, pant, pant. There's something, something, something more we

Mr.
There's something, something, something more we

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

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

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

The Conjurers Song, Sung in the Third Act of the *Indian Queen*.
Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.

YOU twiceten hundred De-i-ties, to whom, to whom we di-tly Sacrifice; Ye

Pow'rs, ye Pow'rs that dwell with Fates below, and see what Men are doom'd to doe; where

Elements in dis— cord dwell, thou God of sleep a—

ri— se and tell; tell great Zempoalla, what strange, strange Fates

must on her dis— mall, dis— mall Vi— sion wair.

By the Croaking of the Toad, in their Caves that make a—

By the Croaking of the Toad, in their Caves that make a—

By the Croaking of the Toad, in their Caves that make a—

—bode; by the Croaking of the *Tsod*, in their

Caves that make a—bode; Earthy *Dun*, Earthy *Dun* that pan—

ts for breath, with her swell

—d sides full, fu—ll, fu—ll of death;

By the Crested *Adders* Pride, by the Crested *Adders* Pride, that a—

—long the Cliffs doe gli—de, by thy

Vilage, by thy Vilage fair — ce and black, by thy

Deaths Head on thy Back; by thy twis—

—ed *Ser-pens* plac'd, for a Girdle rou—

—nd thy Wast; by the Hearts of Gold that deck thy Breast, thy Shoulders

and thy Neck; from thy Sleep—ing Mansion rise, and open, and

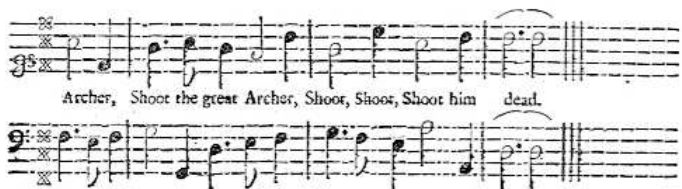
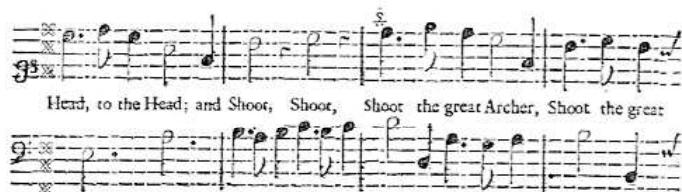
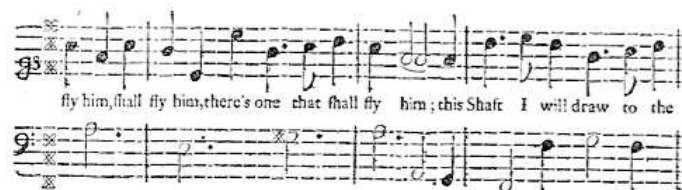
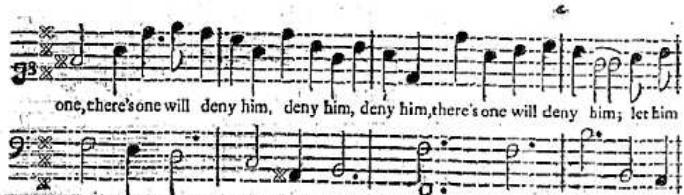
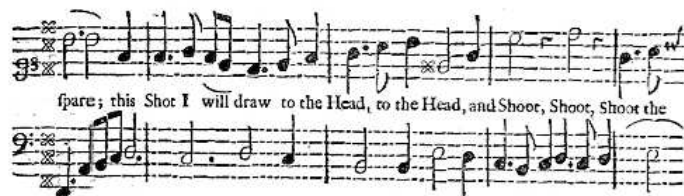
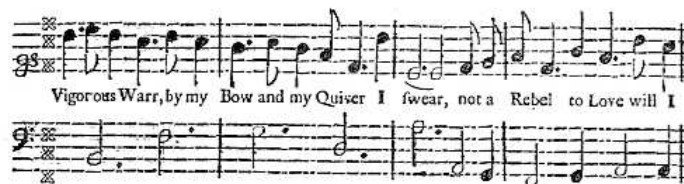
open thy un—will—ing Eyes. While bubbling Springs their Mu—ick

keep, while bubbling Springs their Musick keep, that use to Lull thee,
use to Lull thee, Lull thee in thy Sleep, that use to
Lull thee, Lull thee, Lull thee, use to Lull thee, Lull thee
in thy Sleep.

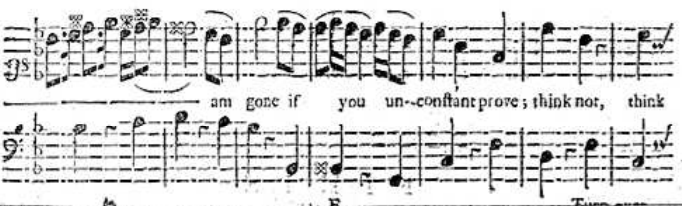
Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle in *Cyrus the Great*. Sett by Mr J. Eccles.

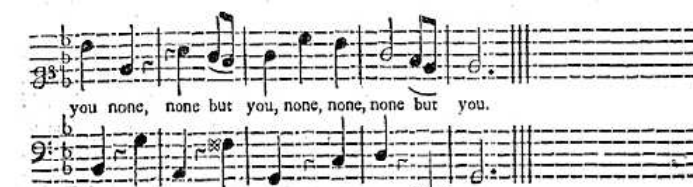
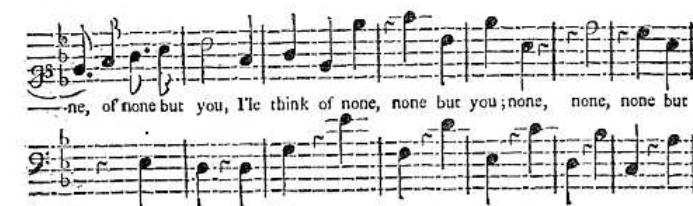
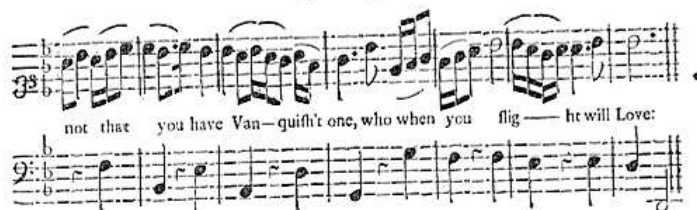
h! oh! take him gent-ly, gent-ly, gent-ly from the Pile, and

lay him, lay him here, lay him hereto rest, and I will fear ch for
him the while, If heemust, If heemust burn, then bur n him
in my breast. For there, there is fire, there is
fir e, there is fir e, there is shame enough to fet the wor
ld, the wor



A Song Sett by Mr. R. Courteville.





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