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A Collection

of

TWENTY FOUR SONGS

By English Composers of
the 17th & 18th Centuries.

FROM LAWES TO LINLEY.

Edited by G. E. P. Arkwright.

PARKER & SON,
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PREFACE.

HENRY LAWES (1595—1662) is known by name to many readers who have never heard his music, because of his association with more than one of the poets of his time. Herrick praised him, "the excellent Composer of his Lyricks," and Milton wrote a sonnet in commendation of his music, which, though it is familiar to all, is here reprinted exactly as it appeared in Lawes's *Choice Psalmes*, 1648.

To my Friend Mr. *Henry Lawes.*

HArry, whoſe tunefull and well meaſur'd ſong
Firſt taught our Engliſh Muſic how to ſpan
Words with juſt note and accent, not to ſcan
With *Midas* eares, committing ſhort and long,
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praiſe enough for Envie to look wan:
To after age thou ſhalt be writ the man
That with ſmooth Aire couldſt humour beſt our tongue.
Thou honour'ſt Verſe, and Verſe muſt lend her wing
To honour thee, the Prieſt of *Phœbus* Quire,
That tun'ſt their happieſt Lines in hymne or *ſtory.
Dantè ſhall give Fame leave to ſet thee higher
Then his *Caſella*, whom he woo'd to ſing,
Met in the milder ſhades of Purgatory.

J. Milton.

* The ſtory of Ariadne ſet by him in Muſic.

Milton's "magnificent compliment," if allowance is made for a certain poetical over-statement, gives on the whole a just criticism of Lawes's work. If we leave out of count the Polyphonic writers (who had their own difficulties of accentuation and their own methods of overcoming them), it is true to say that Lawes's immediate fore-runners in the monodic style, his master Coprario, for instance, and the younger Alfonso Ferrabosco, were

reckless in the matter of "spanning words with just note and accent," an art to which Lawes evidently paid great attention. His songs, again, though many of them are of very slight importance, often the merest trifles, always show some amount of "smooth Aire"; while in the longer declamatory songs he undoubtedly tries to give just expression to the varying sentiments suggested by the verses, and he is the first English writer who may be said to attempt to put any dramatic feeling (however inadequately) into his music. But his essays in this kind of music, such as *Ariadne's Complaint*, which Milton singles out for praise, must generally fail to satisfy modern hearers. For where the voice has assigned to it nothing but a primitive kind of recitative, interest and movement will be looked for in the accompaniment, where, in Lawes's work, it is not to be found. Musical art in Lawes's day was not sufficiently advanced to make a long narrative, devised on these lines, tolerable to modern ears. If critics expect to find among his works big songs full of sustained musical interest, after the manner of Purcell's great pieces of declamation, they will be disappointed. Lawes indeed helped to prepare the way for Purcell, but there was a lapse of some half a century between the two composers, and Music advanced far in the interval.

Five of Lawes's songs are given in the present volume. Of these, two (*How happy* and *Come lovely Phillis*) were printed in the First Book of Playford's "Select Muſicall Ayres and Dialogues, For one and two Voyces, to ſing to the *Theorbo*, *Lute*, or *Baſſe Violl*," 1652. The other three songs are from Lawes' "Ayres and Dialogues, For One, Two, and Three Voyces," 1653. *Desperato's Banquet* is one of the songs from Dr. Strode's Masque, "The Floating Island," which was performed at Oxford in 1636 before Charles I. and his Queen. It may be supposed that Lawes wrote all the music for this Masque, for his setting of another of the songs from it, *Once Venus cheeks*, is to be found in the Third Book of "Select Ayres and Dialogues[a]." Desperato, it should be explained, is one of the characters in the Masque, which has lately been reprinted by Mr. Dobell in his edition of Strode's Works, 1907.

John Blow (1648—1708) is one of the chief figures in English Church music: he was moreover a prolific composer of other kinds of music; and

[a] Other songs from the Masque are in the British Museum, Add. MSS. 29396.

he was Purcell's master. It is impossible to tell exactly what was the musical relation between these two great composers, nor how they influenced each other, until the complete works of both are accessible, with dates. It seems likely, however, that Purcell's indebtedness to Blow has hardly been sufficiently recognized. It is probable that Blow's original mind was able to lead the way in many directions where Purcell's greater genius speedily surpassed the master. In comparison with what Purcell accomplished, Blow's attempts seem immature and his methods uncertain: but Purcell's finer work was none the less in many cases the fruit of suggestions which originated with Blow.

The Fair Lover in this volume is taken from the "Amphion Anglicus," a collection of Blow's songs published in 1700. The other little song is from the "Gentleman's Journal" for September, 1692.

Henry Purcell (1658 or -9—1695) was the first in date of the three great giants who summed up, each in his different way, the music of the preceding century. That his place by the side of Handel and Bach is not yet entirely secure in popular opinion is not due to inferiority of genius in Purcell; but simply to the fact that when he died, music had not quite fully acquired what may be called the modern idiom; and so his manner of expressing himself seems occasionally to be somewhat old-fashioned. Again, the materials of his art were as yet not perfectly developed, and the means at his command (it may be admitted) sometimes seem inadequate to give just expression to his imagination. Purcell's music, therefore, must always appeal to the student rather than to the general public.

Historians have been fond of speculating as to what would have happened to English music if Purcell had reached old age. One thing is certain, that he would have left us many more master-pieces, for his work was by no means finished, and his genius was still developing up to the moment of his death. On the other hand, if he had lived, Handel would never have come to make his home in England, and the Oratorios would never have been written: so what we have lost in Purcell the world has gained in Handel. But we must not assume that Purcell could ever have founded a school in England (unless a circle of mimics is to be called a school) any more than Handel could. When these great masters had said their say, the last word had been spoken in Music, in that kind.

Music could advance no farther along those particular lines, and it became necessary to find a new opening, a by-way leading out of the old road indeed, but leading into new and unexplored regions. It happened to be in Germany that the genius made his appearance, who by chance or inspiration found out a new path, along which (as it turned out) music was going to make its advance. This was the younger Bach; and thence-forward the history of music belongs mainly to Germany, where all the conditions necessary for its development were to be found. Handel is not to blame, as some historians seem to suppose, because music in England becomes of little interest after his time, nor if Purcell had lived longer could he have altered the course of events.

The two first songs given here are taken from the "Gentleman's Journal," a monthly magazine, edited by Peter Motteux. Of these, *Stript of their Green*, from the number for January, 1691-2, is thus introduced by the Editor:—"You have here the two new Songs which I promis'd to ſend you every Month. The firſt is ſet by Mr. *Purcell*, to whom I muſt own my ſelf doubly oblig'd, for he hath not onely made the Notes extremely fine, but nicely adapted them to my words: I am not without hopes of having the Honour to have it ſung before her Majeſty." The song is also in the 1st Edition of the "Orpheus Britannicus," 1698, wrongly marked as if it were a song which had not before been printed. It is omitted in the 2nd Edition. The other song, *If Music be the Food of Love*, is taken from the June number of the "Gentleman's Journal," 1692. There is another quite different setting of these words by Purcell in the "Orpheus Britannicus."

The song, *Celia has a Thousand Charms*, was sung in Gould's Play, "The Rival Sisters," produced in 1695. *I see she flies me* was introduced into Dryden's "Aureng-zebe" at a revival of the play perhaps in 1692 or 1694 (see Mr. Barclay Squires' "Purcell's Dramatic Music" in the International Music Society's Magazine, 1903-4). Both the latter songs are in all the Editions of the "Orpheus Britannicus," Book I.

Richard Leveridge (*c.* 1670—1758) was in his day a well-known bass singer. "I remember (says Burney in 1789) his ſinging 'Ghoſts of every occupation' and ſeveral of Purcell's baſe ſongs, occaſionally, in a ſtyle which forty years ago ſeemed antediluvian; but as he generally was the repreſentative of Pluto, Neptune, or ſome ancient divinity, it correſponded perfectly with his figure and character. He was not only a celebrated

v

ſinger of convivial ſongs, but the writer and compoſer of many that were in great favour with ſingers and hearers of a certain claſs, who more pioufly performed the rites of Comus and Bacchus, than thoſe of Minerva and Apollo." He published "A Collection of Songs, with the Musick, by Mr. Leveridge. In Two Volumes," 1727, whence this little song is taken.

William Boyce (1710—1779). So long as Handel was in occupation of England, there was not much room for other composers, however meritorious they might be. There were, nevertheleſs, a few Engliſhmen who found employment in departments of music which Handel had not cared to annex, especially as composers of Church Music, and as writers of English Operas, and of songs for the Public Gardens. They were not, it is true, men of the first rank, but neither were they (as is often supposed) mere hangers-on to Handel; indeed, as far as one can judge, they derived their inſpiration less from Handel than from the contemporary Italian writers. Among them, Boyce will probably be accounted, as a song writer, second only to Arne. Boyce had not Arne's easy spontaneity, but he displays more vigour and more variety than can be found in Arne's rather monotonous flow of melody. If his tunes are never quite ſo good as Arne's best, they are never ſo inſipid as his less good. Boyce's collections of songs, and his little Operas, "The Chaplet" and "The Shepherds' Lottery," contain much pretty and tuneful music, and ſo does his Serenata "Solomon," while his Church Compoſitions, especially his larger Feſtival Anthems, are among the moſt important contributions to music made by any Engliſhman of his period.

The song of Momus from Dryden's "Secular Maſque" (written apparently for a revival in 1750) has a Violin part, and Venus' song has parts for two Violins (or perhaps Flutes) which are incorporated in the accompaniment. These two songs are taken from Book I. of "Lyra Britannica," a collection of songs by Boyce. The ſpirited Bass song, *Rail no more* (which has full string accompaniment), is from the 5th Book of the ſame Collection. The Soprano song from "The Shepherds' Lottery" is ſcored for Strings and Flutes.

Thomas Augustine Arne (1710—1778) was a moſt prolific song-writer: indeed he wrote far too easily and far too much. Amongſt the interminable

quantity of his songs there are many which are without any value whatever, but there are others which have always been recognized as genuine inspirations: he was indeed the composer of some of the best and most popular songs in the literature of English music.

O come, O come my dearest, sung by Mrs. Clive in "The Fall of Phaeton," 1736, and printed with the songs in "As you like it" in 1740, is written for voice and figured bass, with a Violin part; as is also *To Delia*, sung by Miss Young at Ranelagh, printed in No. VII. of the Collection of Arne's songs called "The Agreeable Musical Choice."

Hail immortal Bacchus from "Judith" has an accompaniment for Strings, and so has the Soprano song from "Alfred." *The School of Anacreon* is the first of a set of "Six Cantatas for a Voice and Instruments;" it is scored for two Horns as well as Strings.

Thomas Linley (1732—1795) is probably most generally known as the Bath music-master, whose daughter eloped with Sheridan. He wrote the music for many pieces for the stage (including his son-in-law's "Duenna"), and was a graceful composer of songs and part-music. The three little songs here printed are taken from his "Twelve Ballads" published in 1780. They are written for voice and accompaniment of "Cembalo Solo."

With Linley a collection of this kind may fitly end. Both in the sentiment of his songs and in the treatment of his accompaniments we begin to perceive a change from the feeling and methods of his predecessors: and the weak goose-step of his basses (which make a pretence of moving but are really only marking time) warns us that we are now approaching the 19th century and the Æra of the Piano-forte.

The Editor has occasionally added a few bars of introductory symphony or ritornello, where it seemed desirable, and has in many cases transposed the songs into a lower key than that in which they were originally printed. The words also have been modernised in one or two of the earlier songs, as also have the time-signatures throughout.

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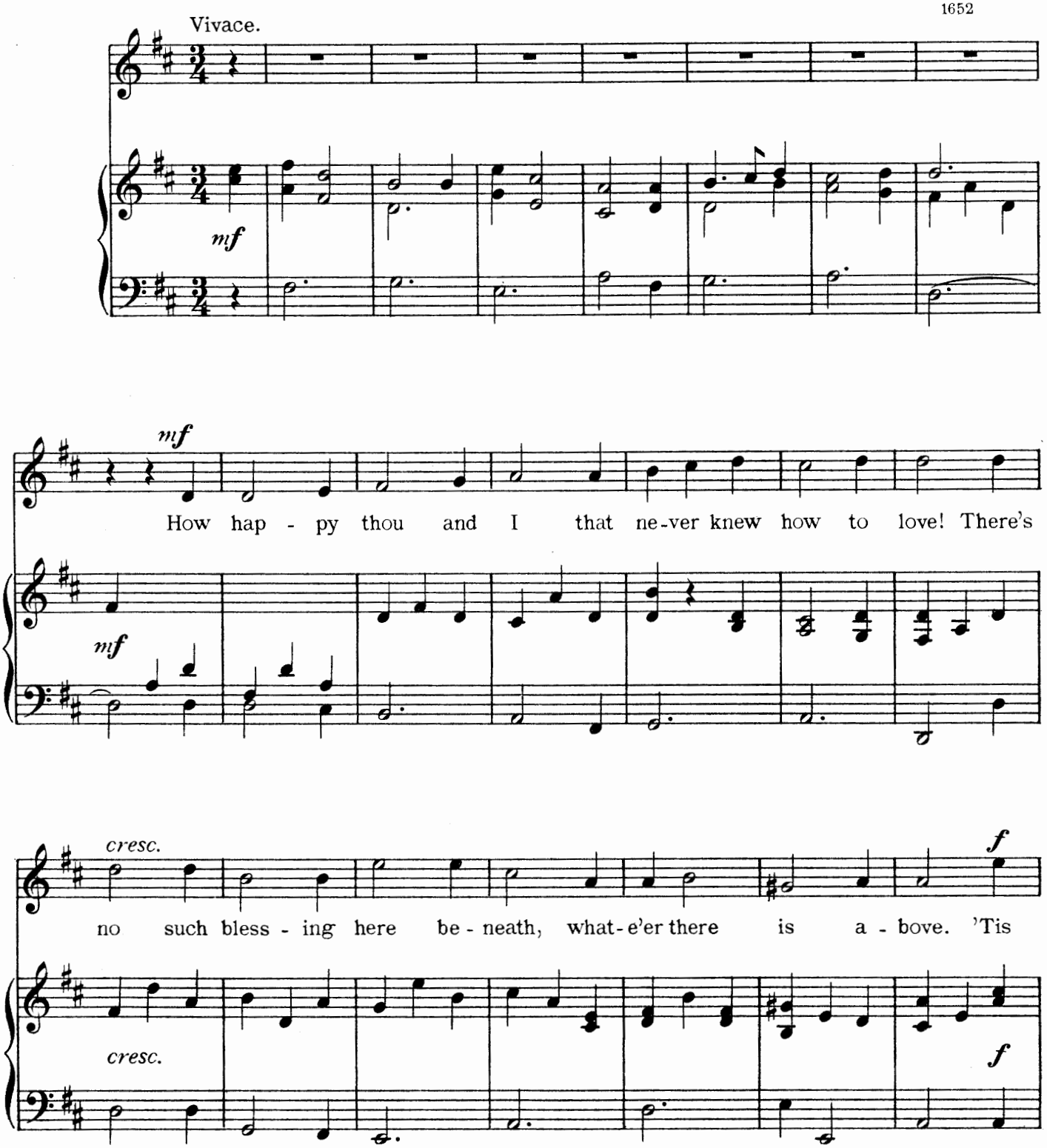
SONGS

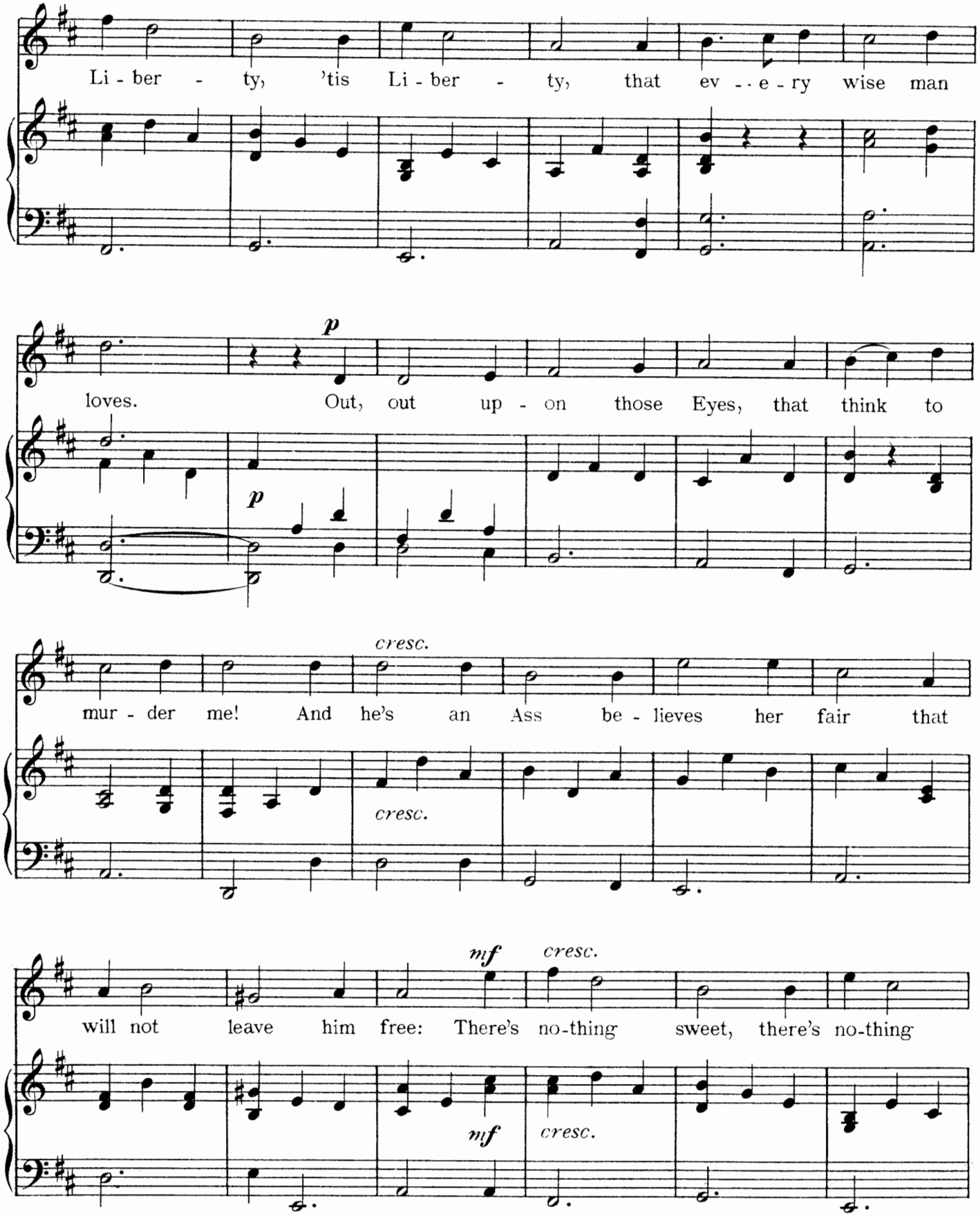
BY ENGLISH COMPOSERS,

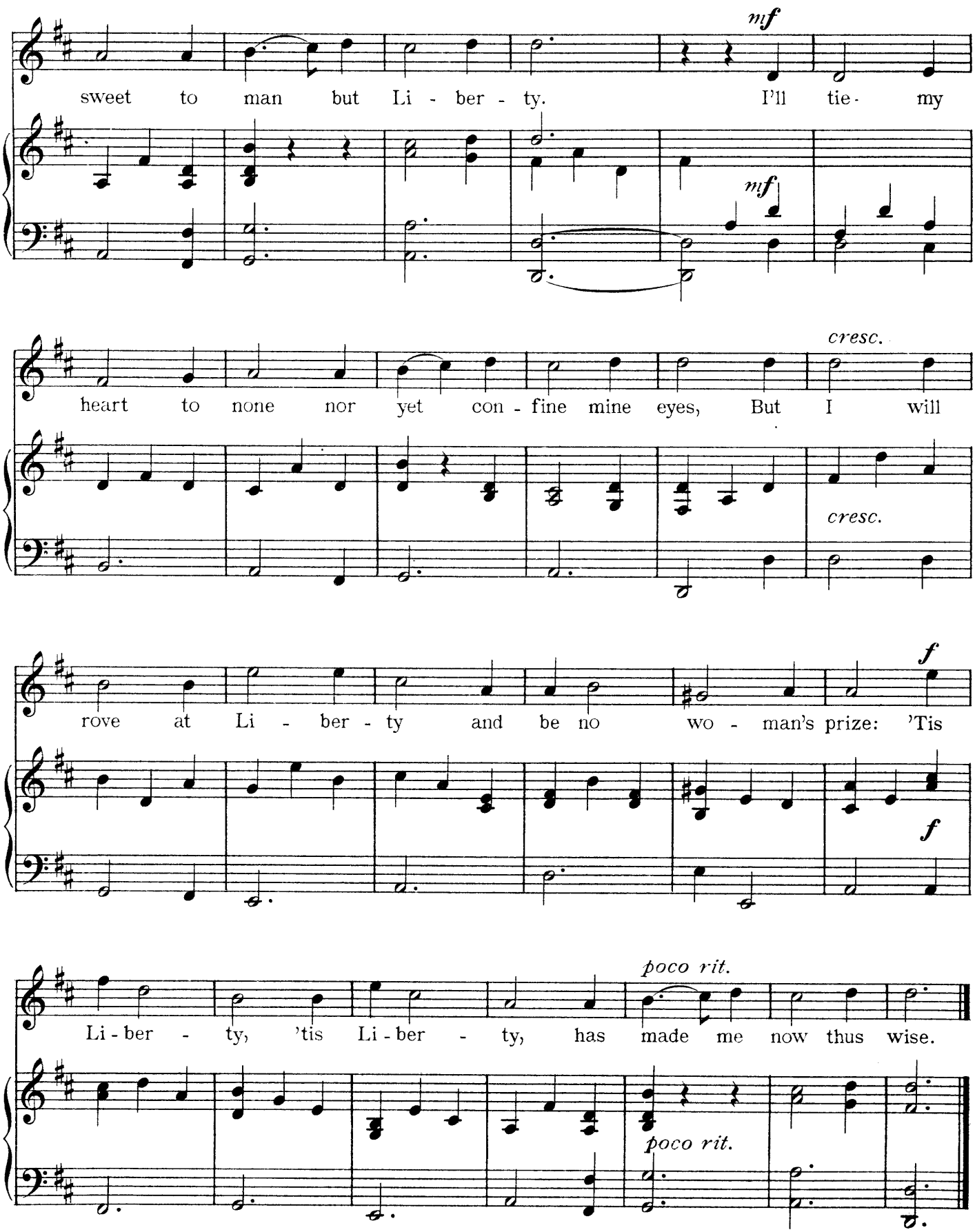
FROM LAWES TO LINLEY.

ON LIBERTY.
HOW HAPPY THOU AND I.

HENRY LAWES.
1652




Li - ber - ty, 'tis Li - ber - ty, that ev - - e - ry wise man
p
loves. Out, out up - on those Eyes, that think to
p
cresc.
mur - der me! And he's an Ass be - lieves her fair that
cresc.
mf
cresc.
will not leave him free: There's no-thing sweet, there's no-thing
mf
cresc.

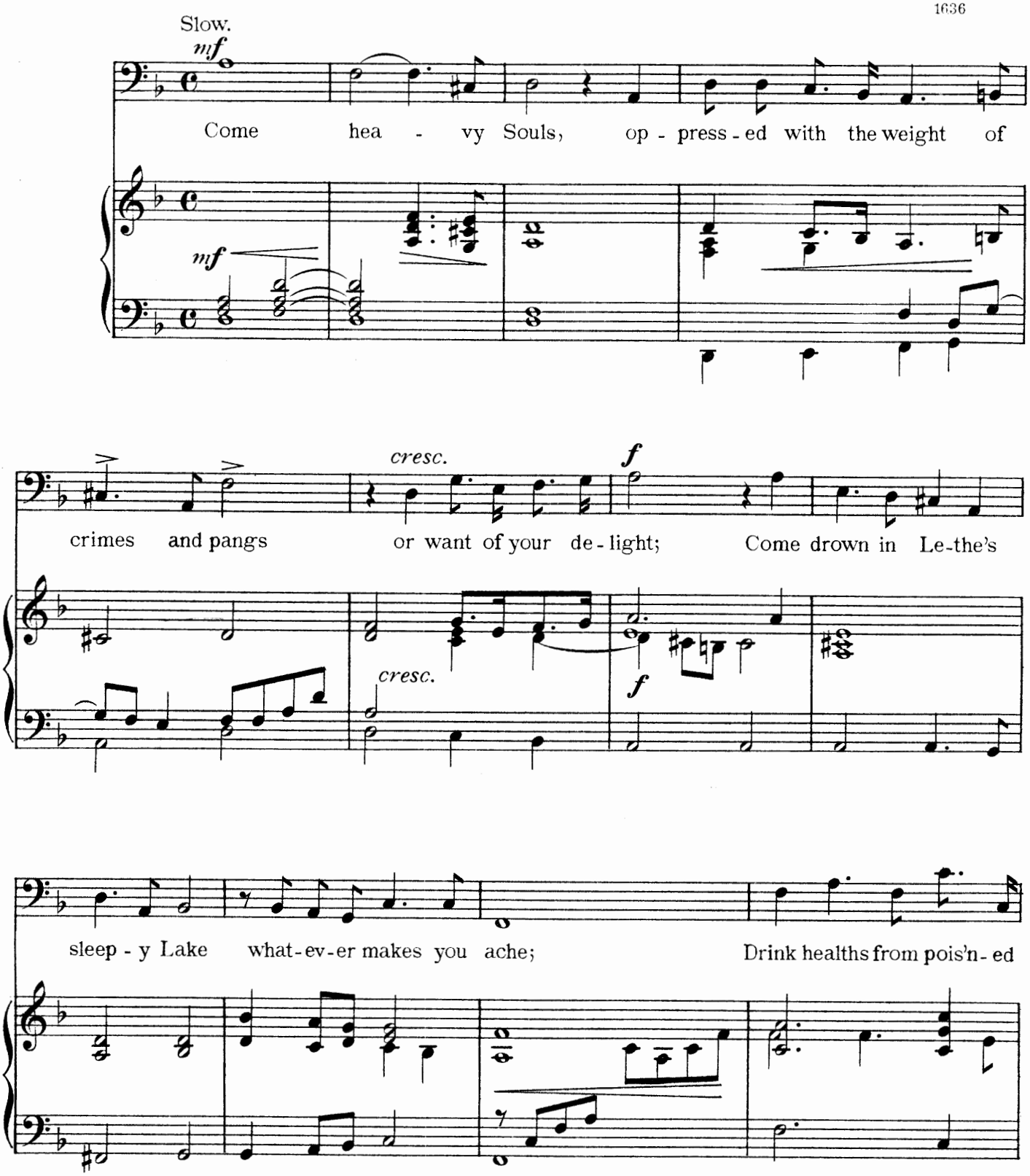

mf
sweet to man but Li - ber - ty. I'll tie - my
mf
cresc.
heart to none nor yet con - fine mine eyes, But I will
cresc.
f
rove at Li - ber - ty and be no wo - man's prize: 'Tis
f
poco rit.
Li - ber - ty, 'tis Li - ber - ty, has made me now thus wise.
poco rit.

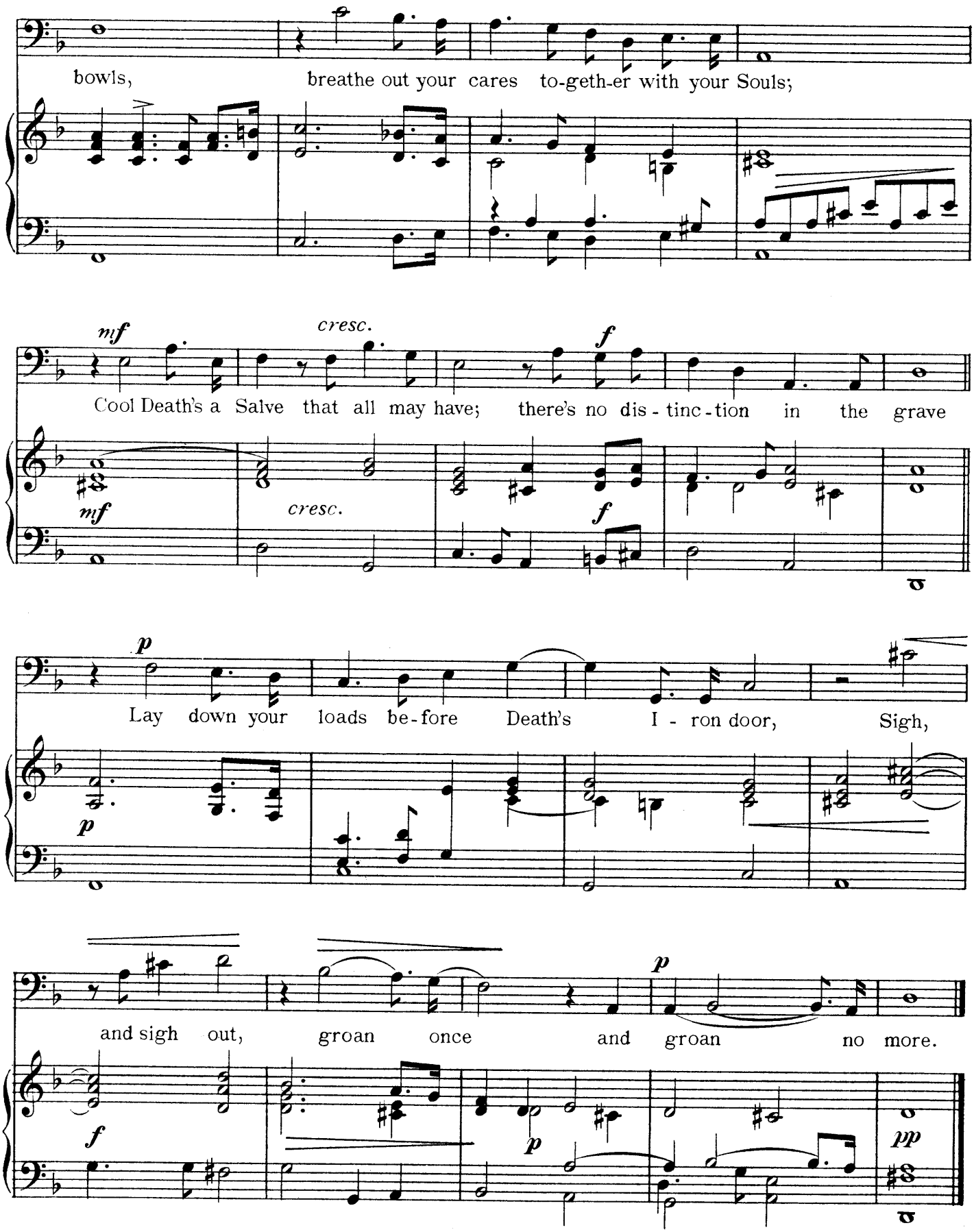
DESPERATO'S BANQUET.

(THE FLOATING ISLAND.)

Words by Dr WILLIAM STRODE.

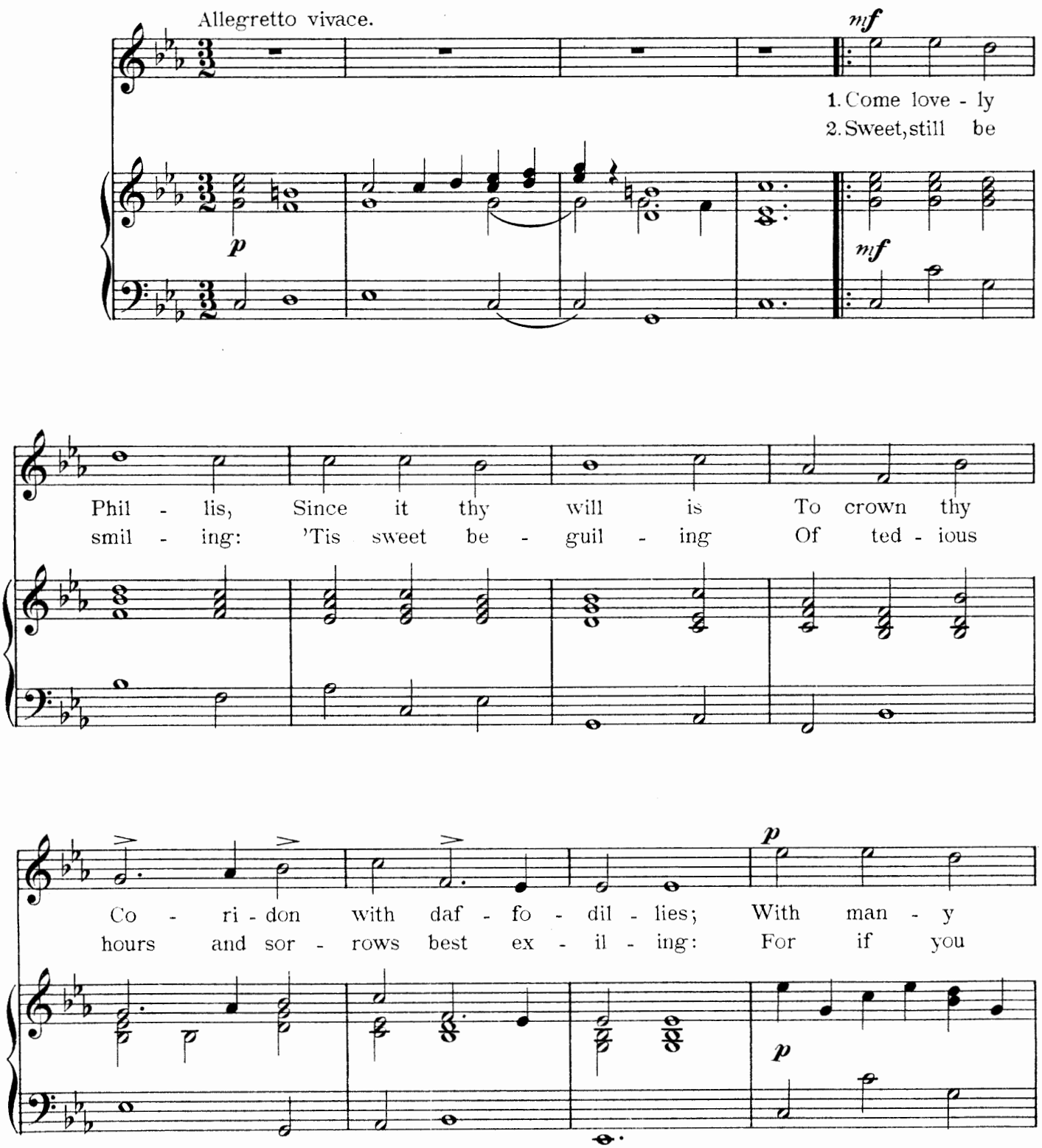
HENRY LAWES.
1636

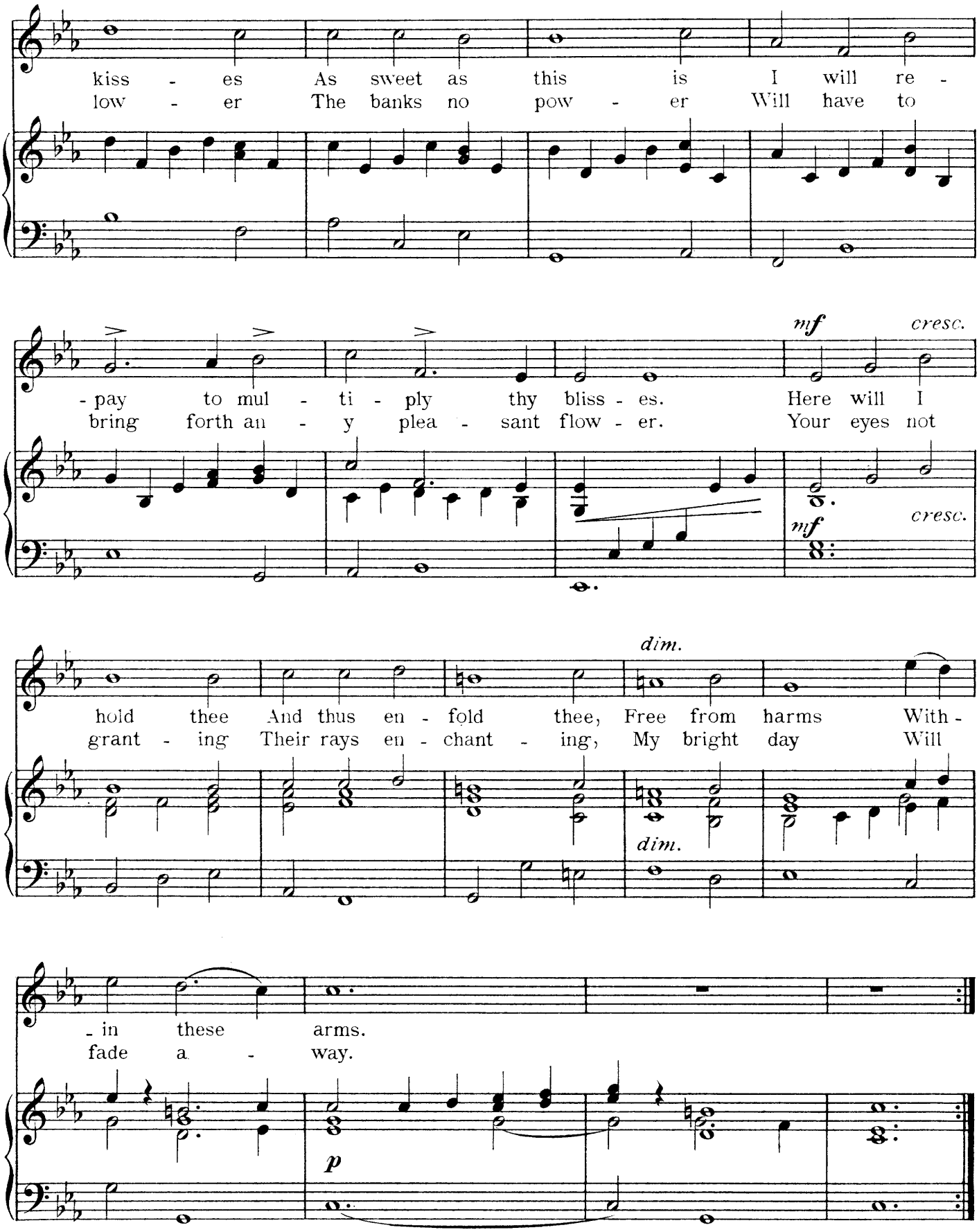



bowls, breathe out your cares to-geth-er with your Souls;
mf
cresc.
f
Cool Death's a Salve that all may have; there's no dis - tinc - tion in the grave
mf
cresc.
f
p
Lay down your loads be-fore Death's I - ron door, Sigh,
p
and sigh out, groan once and groan no more.
f
p
pp

CORIDON to his PHILLIS.
COME LOVELY PHILLIS.

HENRY LAWES.
1652

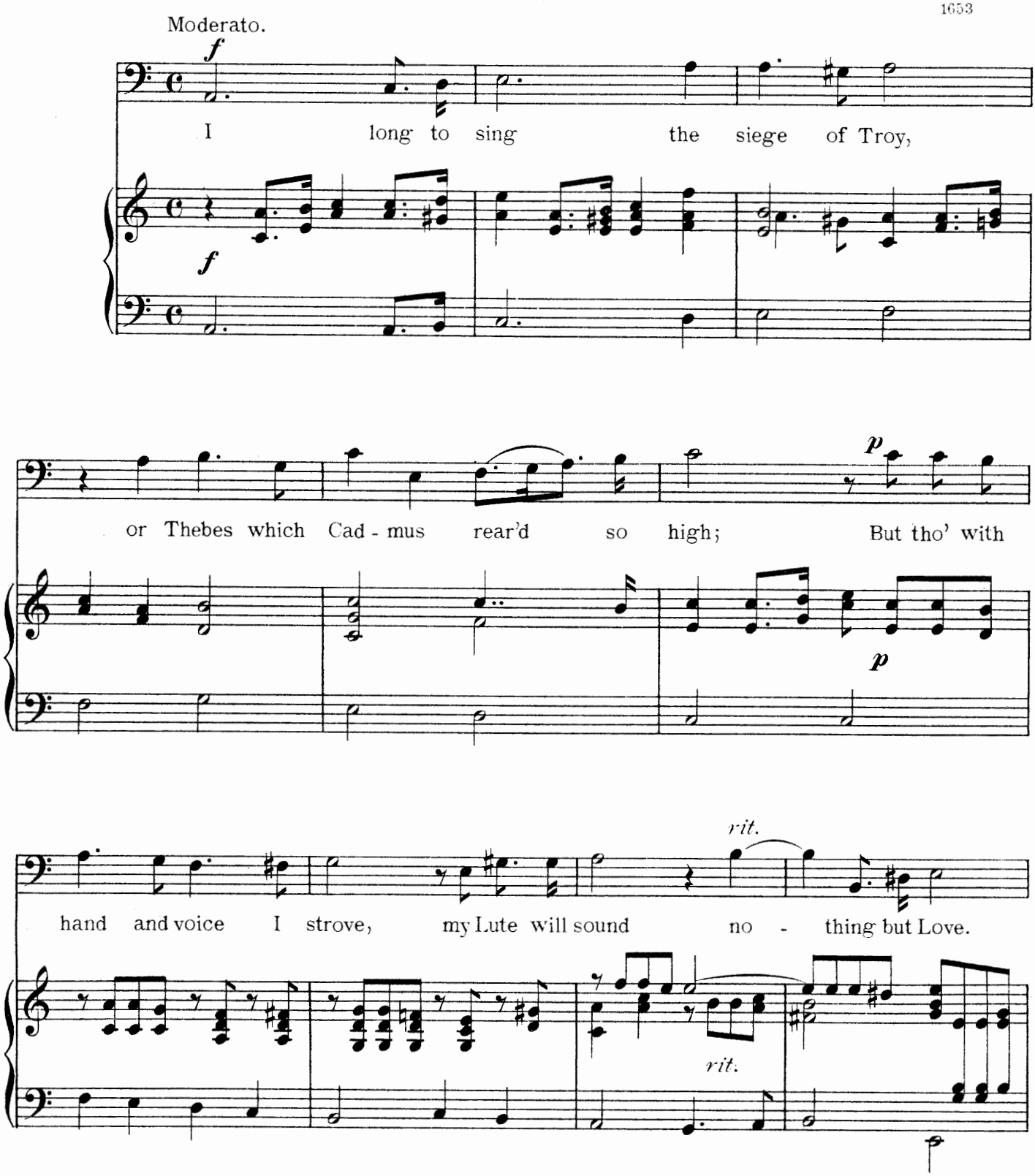


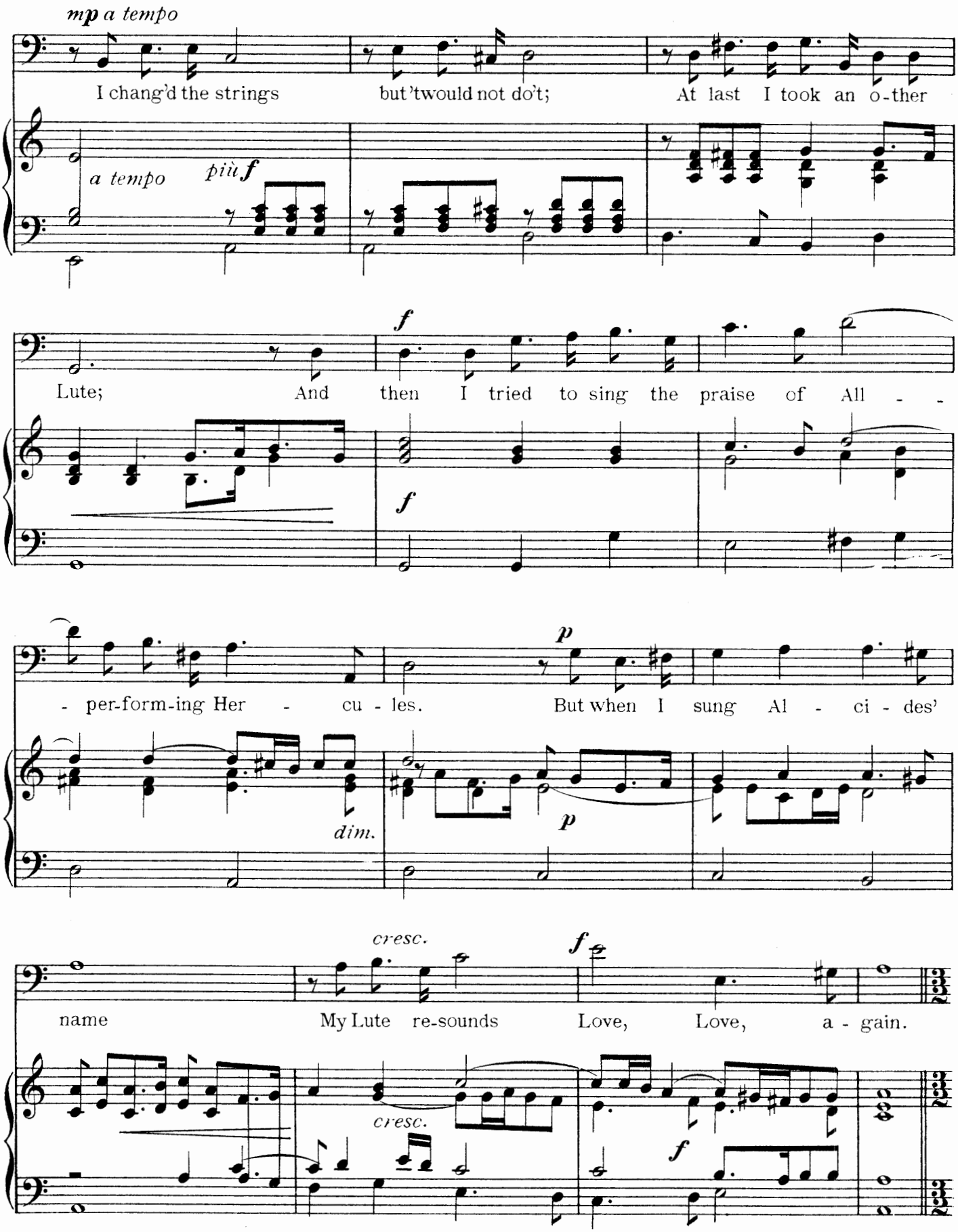

kiss - es As sweet as this is I will re -
low - er The banks no pow - er Will have to
- pay to mul - ti - ply thy bliss - es. Here will I
bring forth an - y plea - sant flow - er. Your eyes not
mf
cresc.
mf
cresc.
hold thee And thus en - fold thee, Free from harms With -
grant - ing Their rays en - chant - ing, My bright day Will
dim.
dim.
- in these arms.
fade a - way.
p

ANACREON'S ODE, CALL'D, THE LUTE.

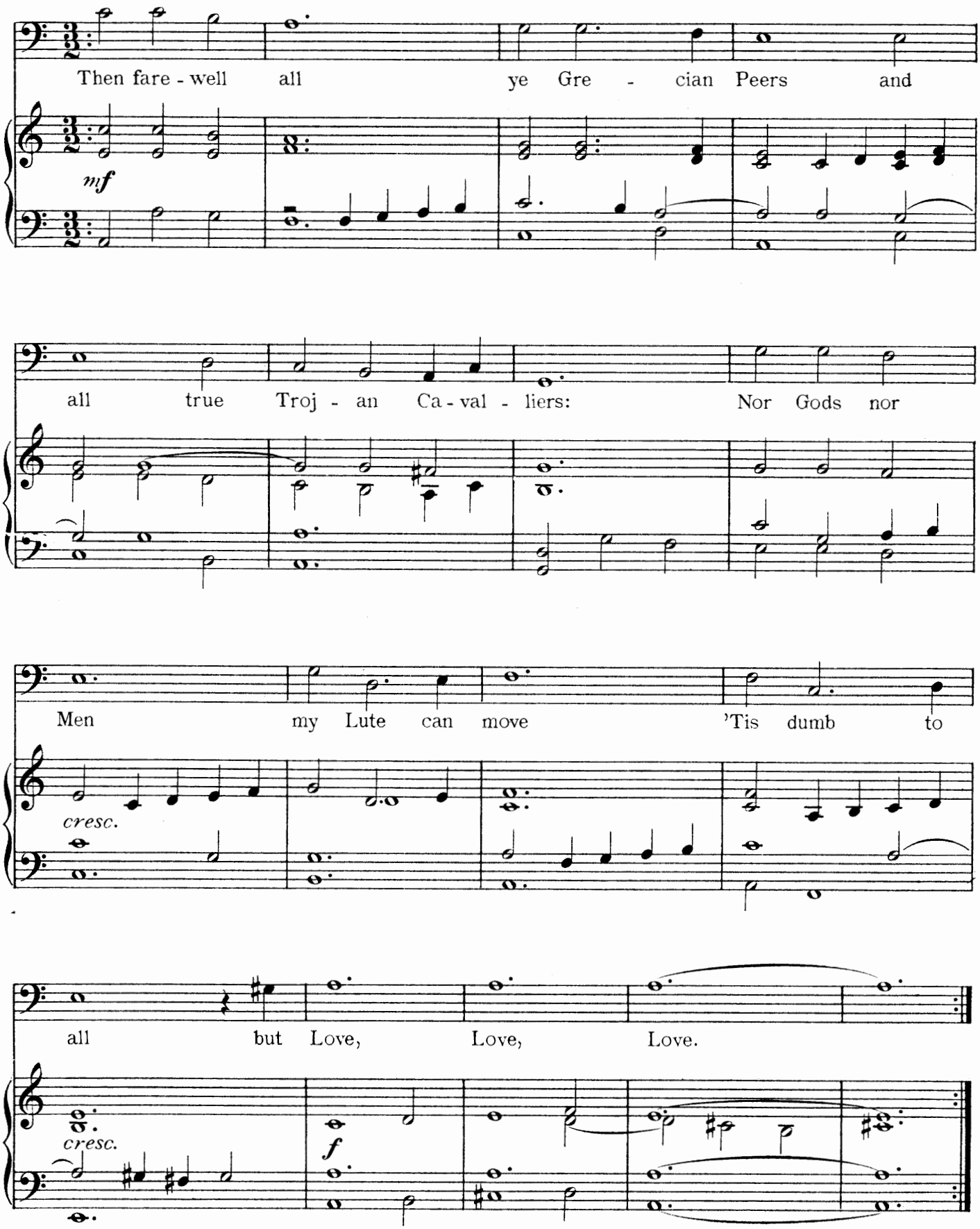
Englished by Mr JOHN BERKENHEAD.

HENRY LAWES.
1653




mp a tempo
I chang'd the strings
but 'twould not do't;
At last I took an o-ther
a tempo
più f
Lute;
And
then I tried to sing the praise of All - -
f
f
- per-form-ing Her - cu - les.
But when I sung Al - ci - des'
p
dim.
p
cresc.
f
name
My Lute re-sounds
Love, Love, a - gain.
cresc.
f

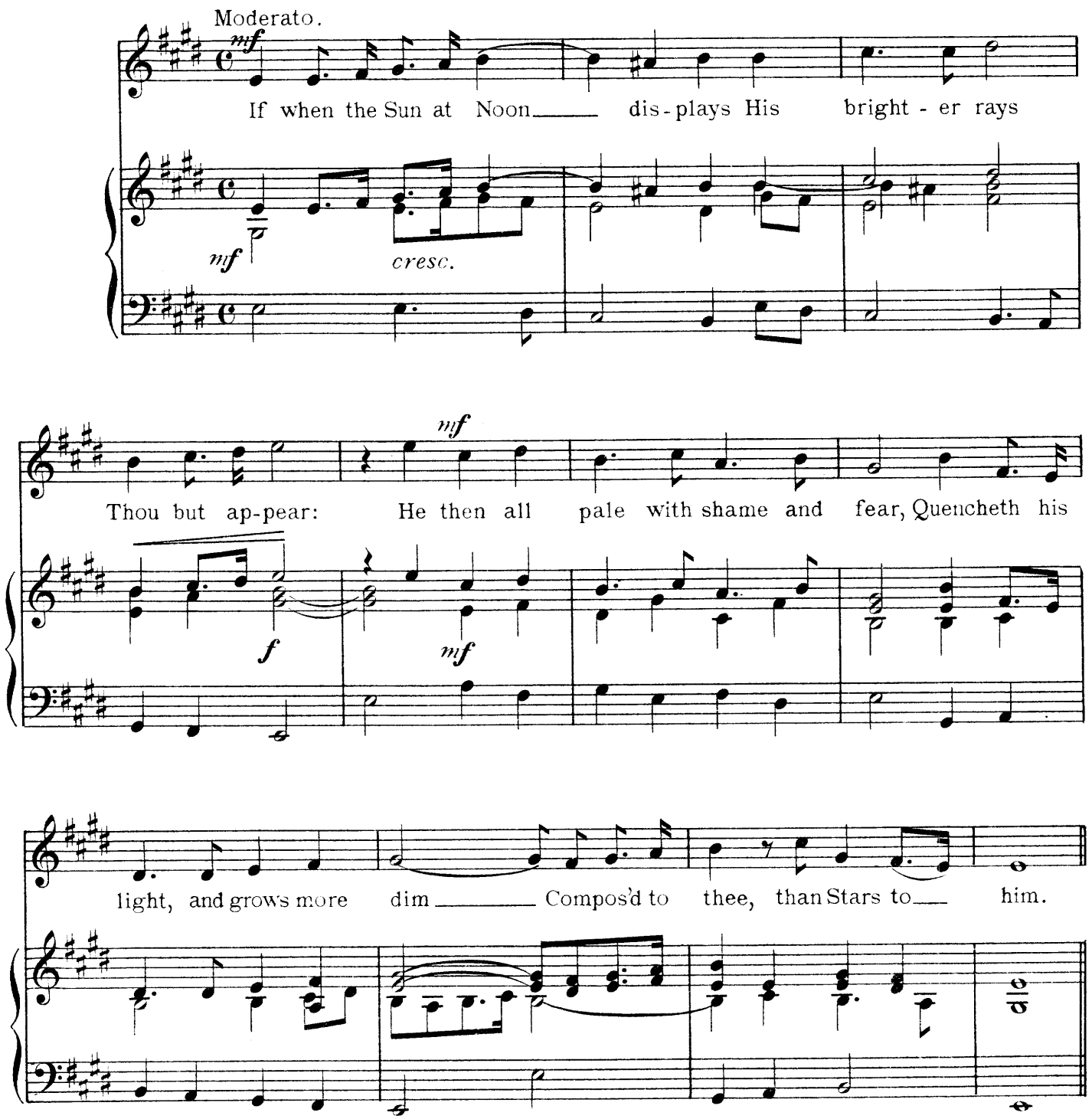
Quicker.

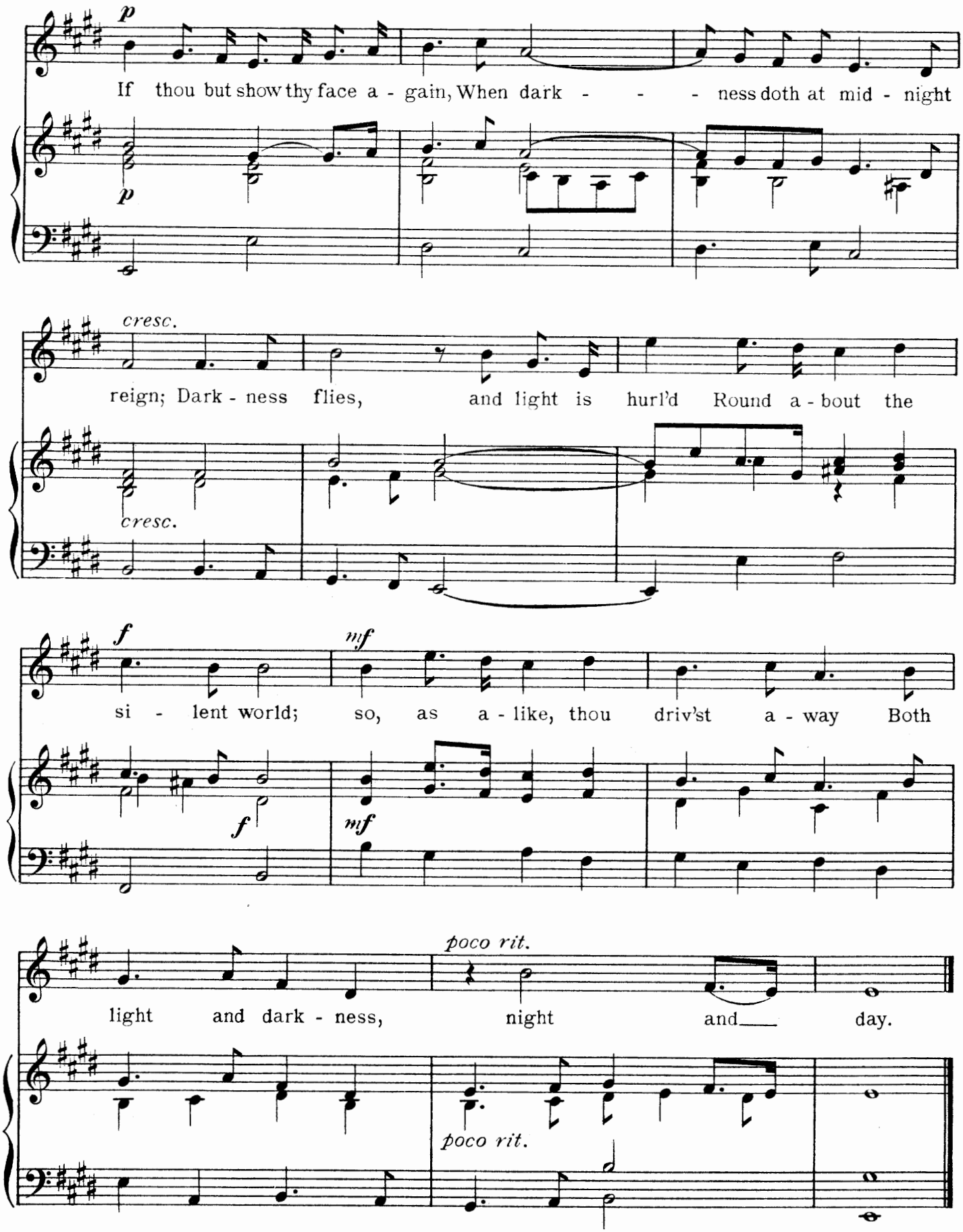

Then fare - well all ye Gre - cian Peers and
mf
all true Troj - an Ca - val - liers: Nor Gods nor
Men my Lute can move 'Tis dumb to
cresc.
all but Love, Love, Love.
cresc.
f

NIGHT AND DAY, TO HIS MISTRESS.

Words by
CAREW.

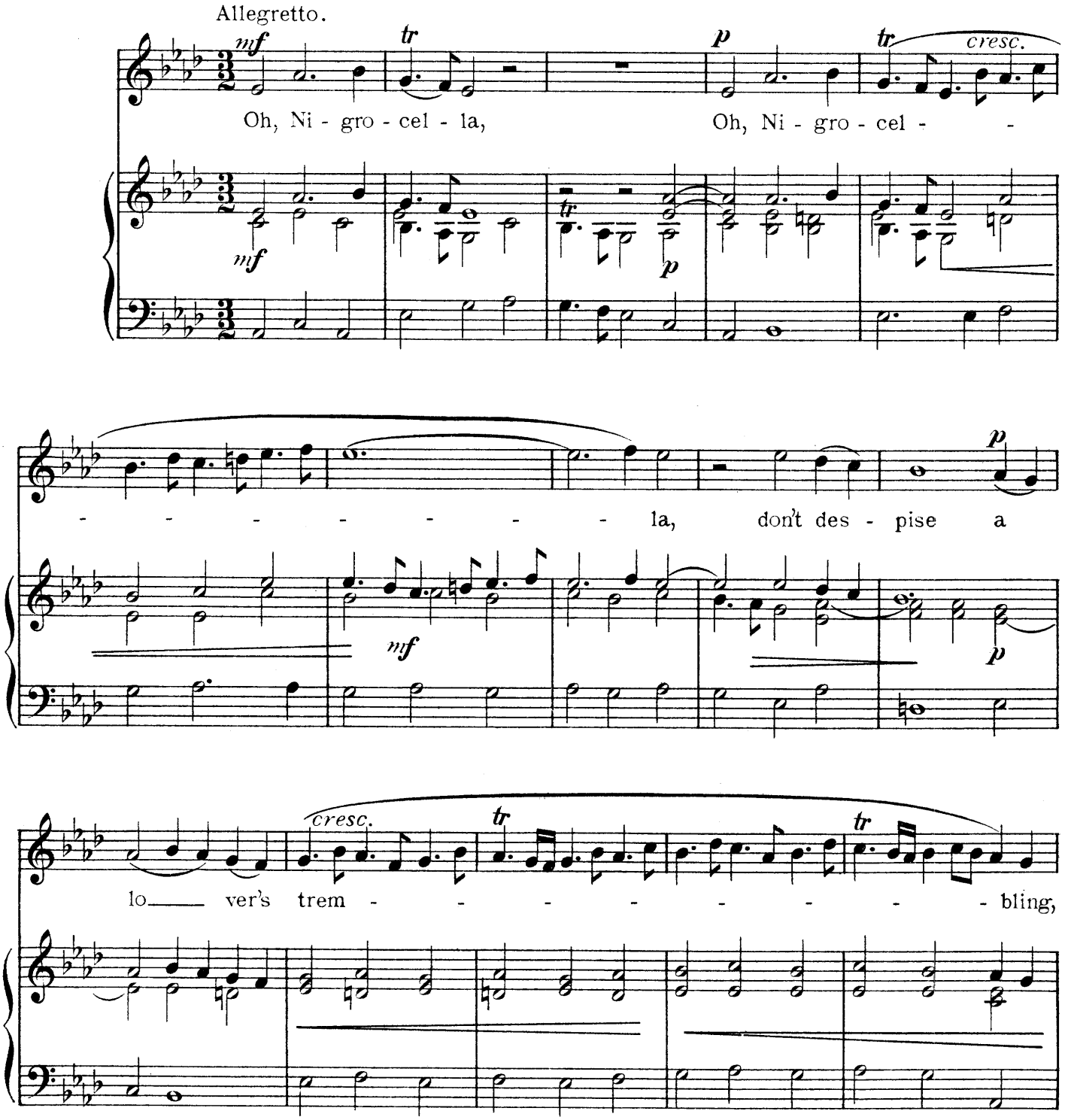
Music by
HENRY LAWES.
1653

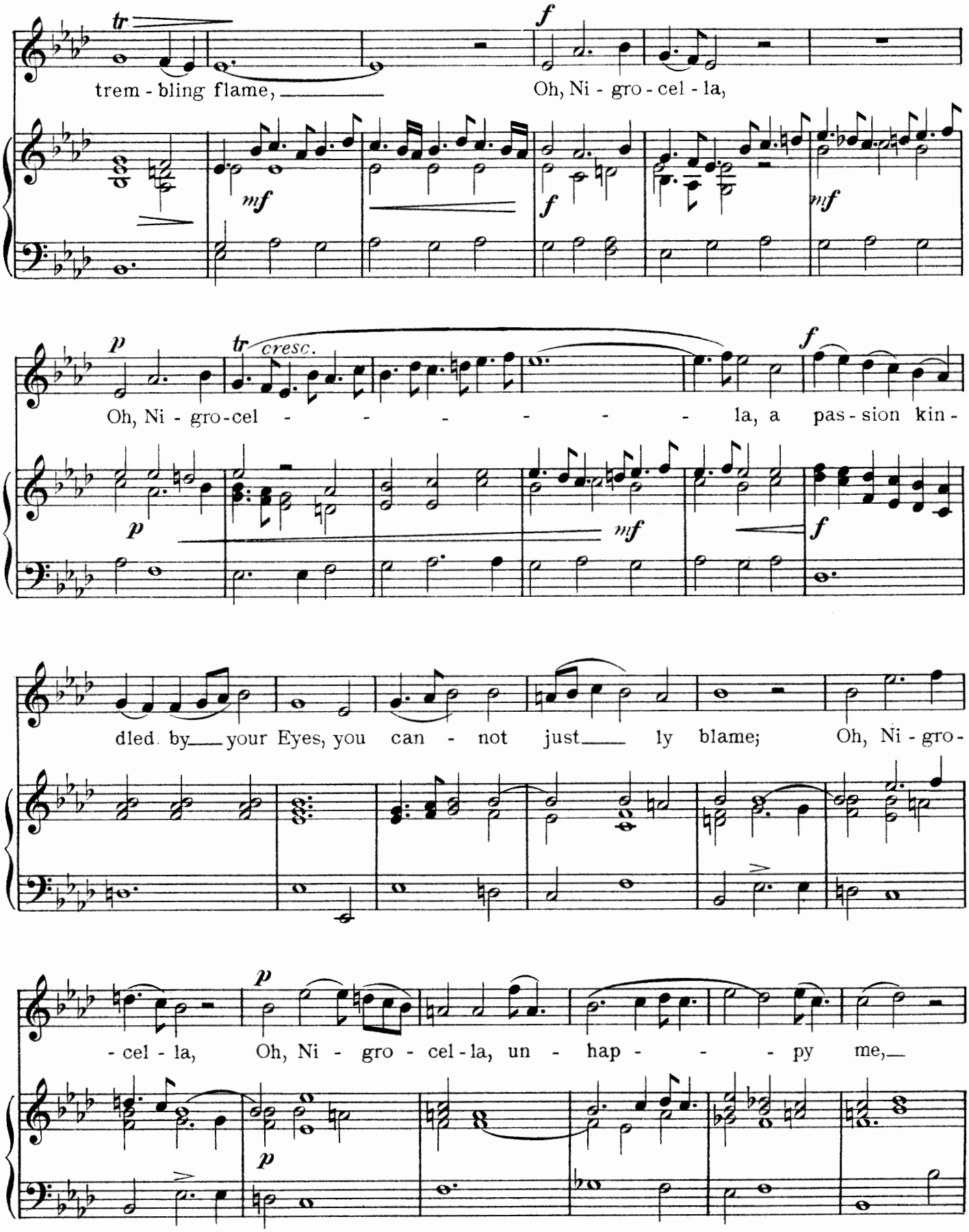


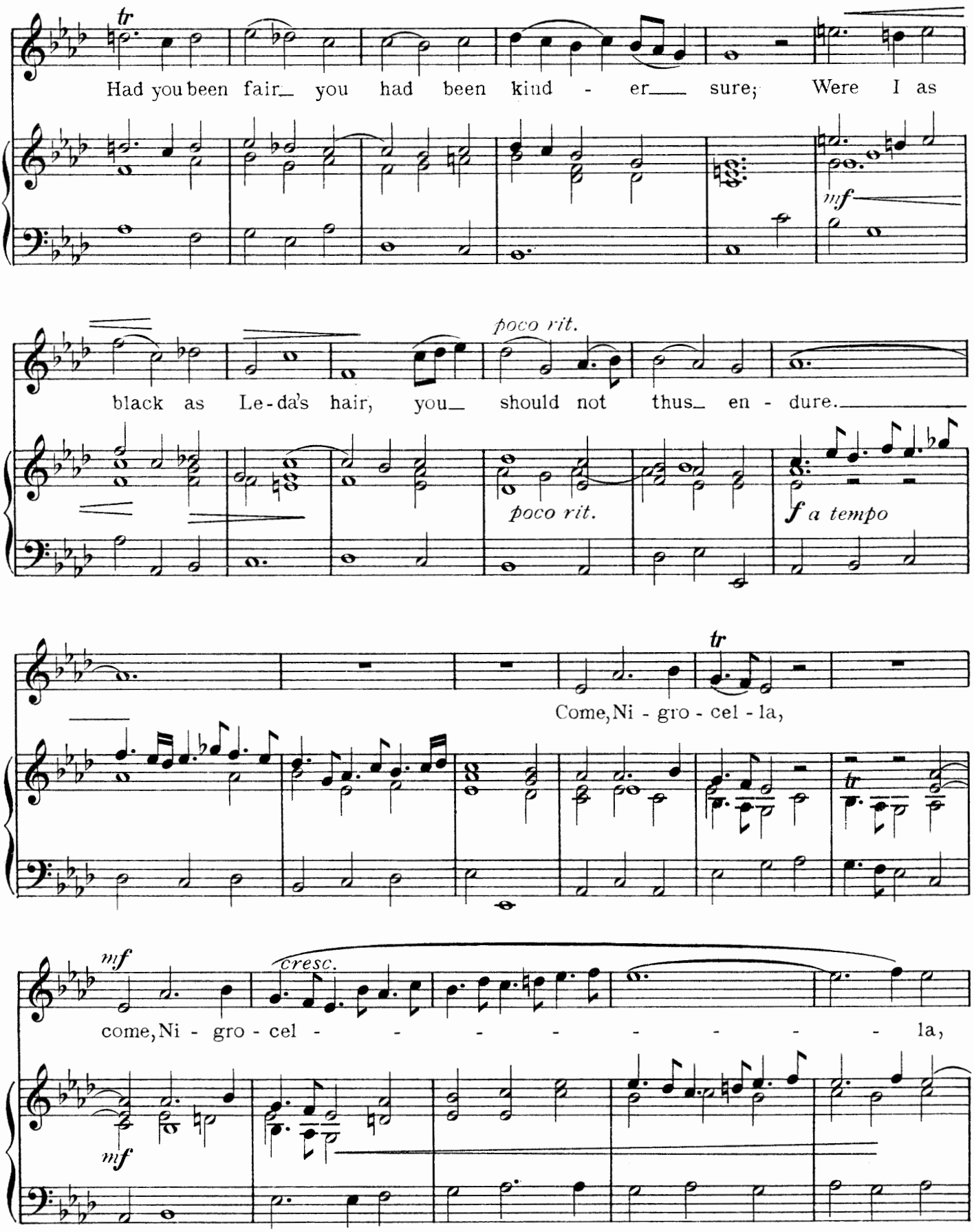

p
If thou but show thy face a - gain, When dark - - - ness doth at mid - night
p
cresc.
reign; Dark - ness flies, and light is hurl'd Round a - bout the
cresc.
f
si - lent world; so, as a - like, thou driv'st a - way Both
mf
f
mf
poco rit.
light and dark - ness, night and day.
poco rit.

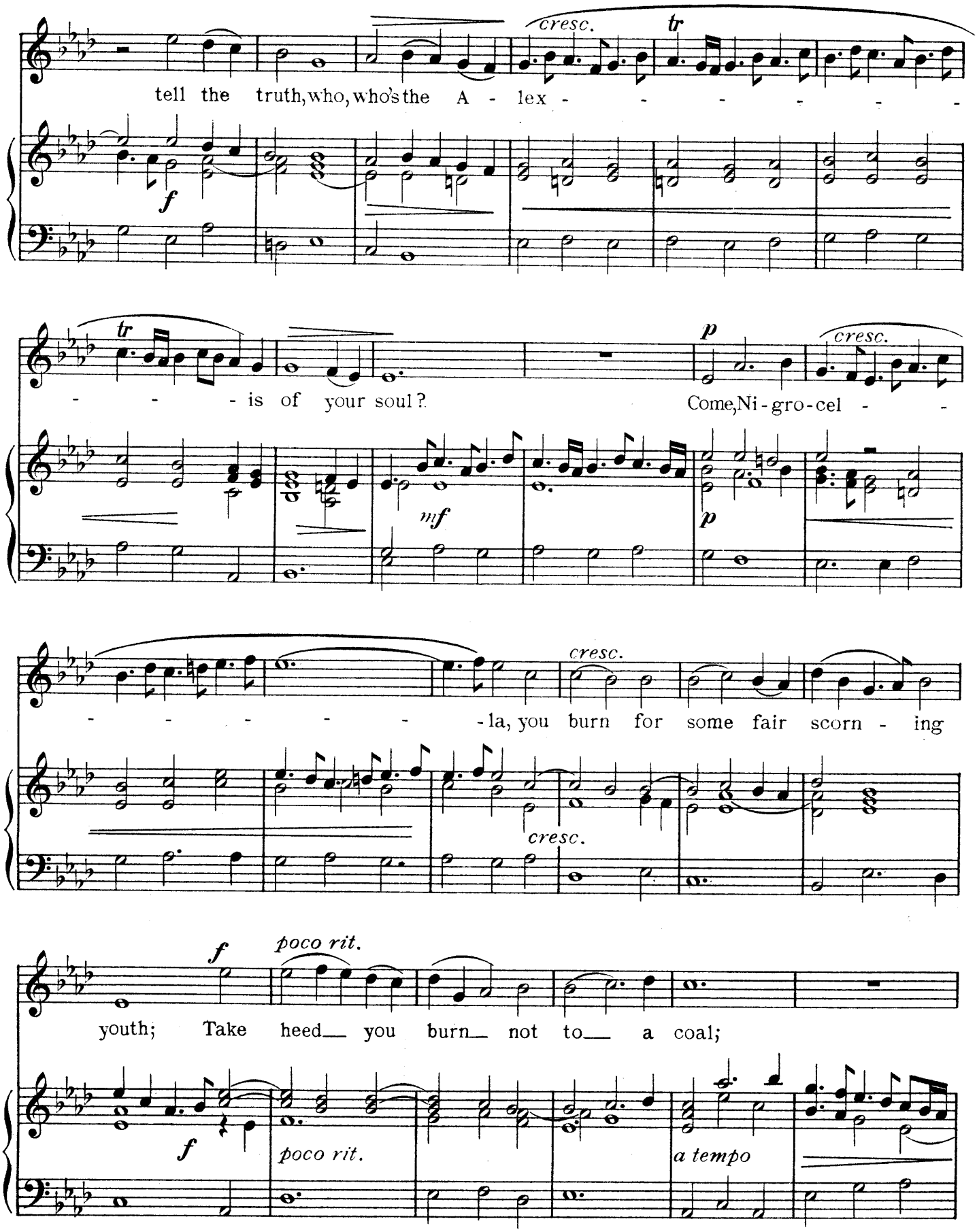
THE FAIR LOVER AND HIS BLACK MISTRESS.

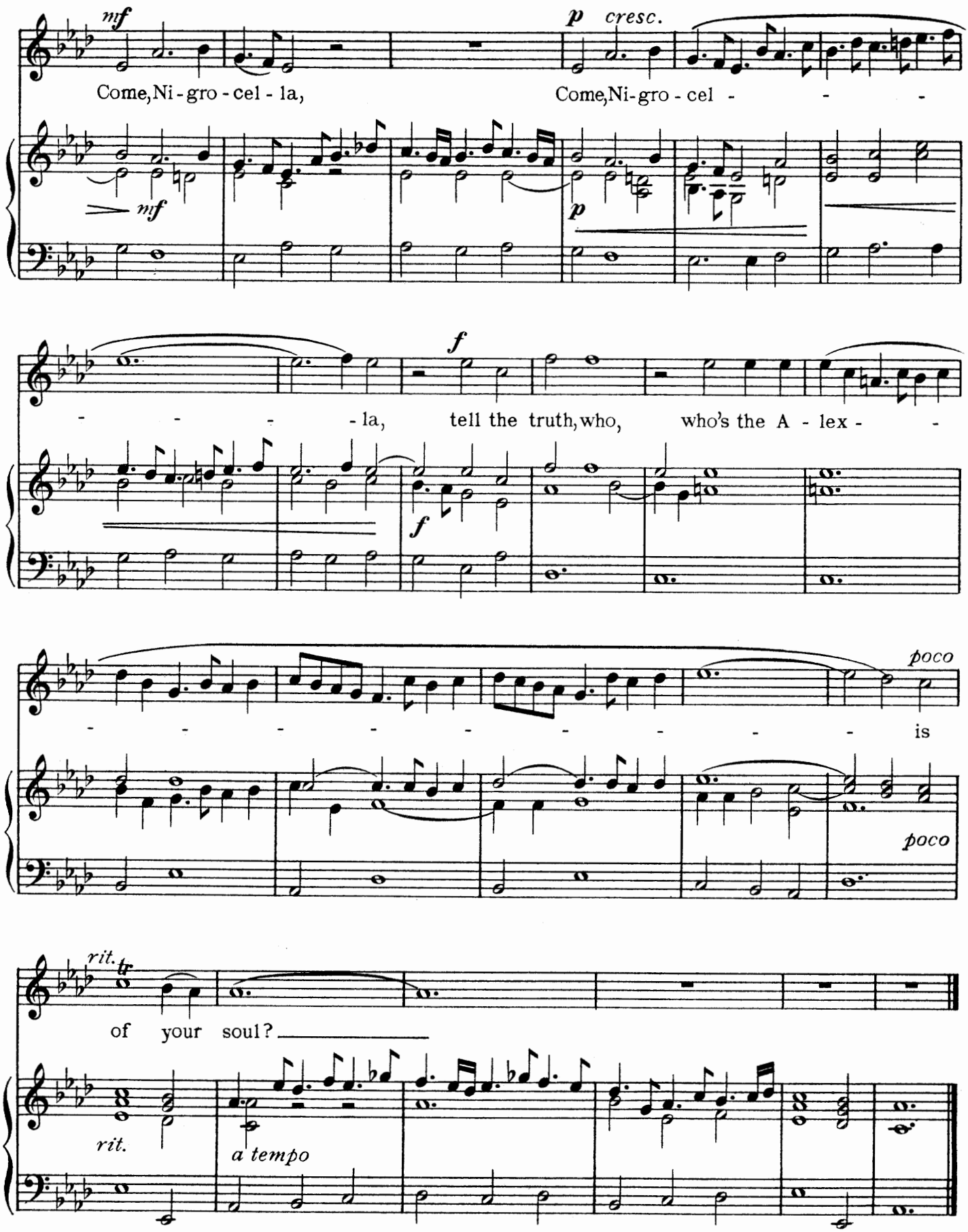
Dr. BLOW.




tr
trem - bling flame,
f
Oh, Ni - gro - cel - la,
mf
f
mf
p
tr
cresc.
Oh, Ni - gro-cel - - - - - - - - la, a pas - sion kin -
p
mf
f
dled by your Eyes, you can - not just ly blame; Oh, Ni - gro -
p
- cel - la, Oh, Ni - gro - cel - la, un - hap - - - py me,
p


tr
Had you been fair_ you had been kind - er___ sure; Were I as
mf
poco rit.
black as Le-da's hair, you_ should not thus_ en - dure.___
poco rit.
f a tempo
tr
Come, Ni - gro - cel - la,
mf
cresc.
come, Ni - gro - cel - - - - - - - - - la,
mf

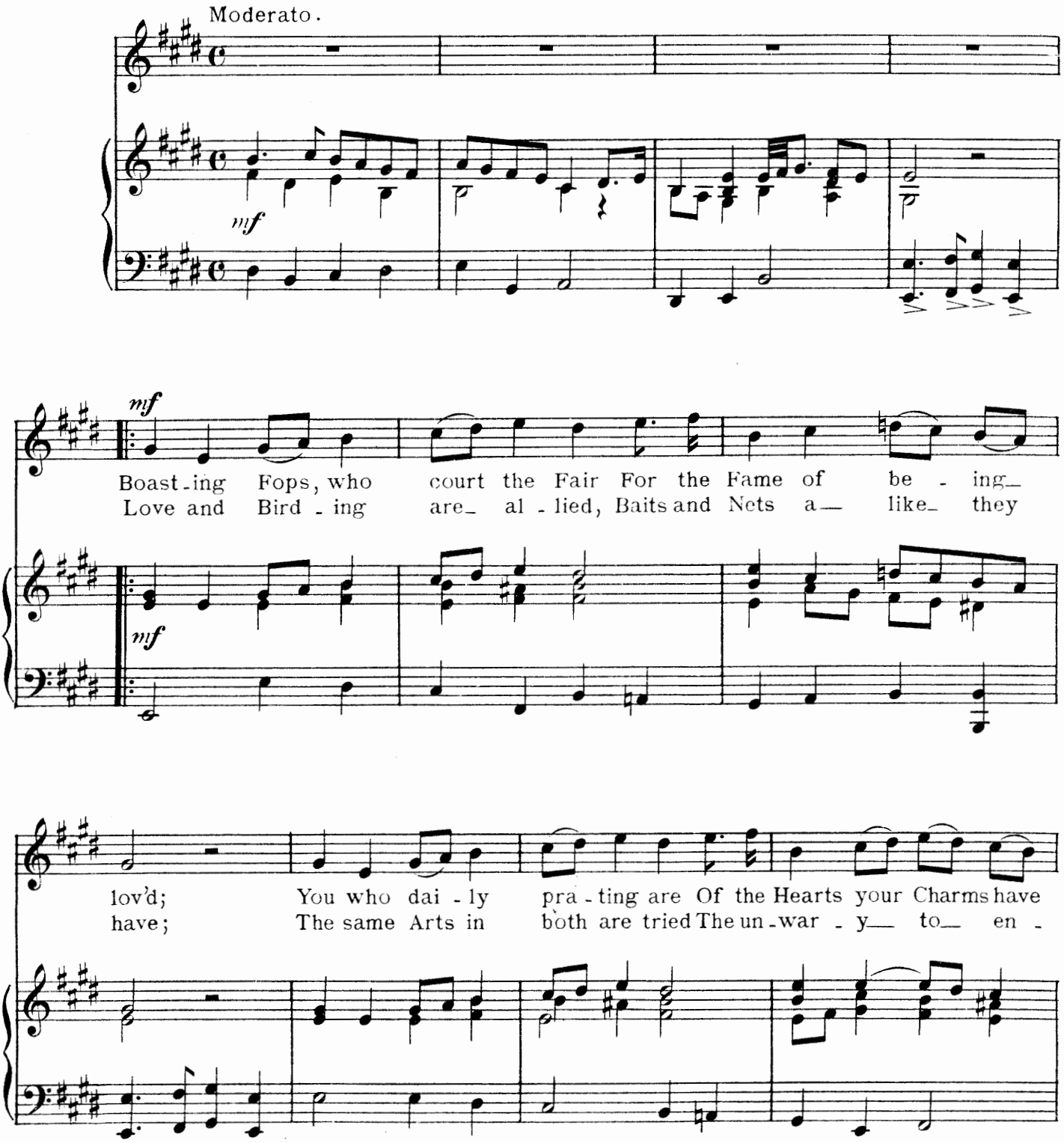

cresc.
tr
tell the truth, who, who's the A - lex - - - - - - -
f
tr
- - - - is of your soul?
p
cresc.
Come, Ni - gro - cel - - -
mf
p
cresc.
- - - - - - - la, you burn for some fair scorn - ing
cresc.
f
poco rit.
youth; Take heed you burn not to a coal;
f
poco rit.
a tempo

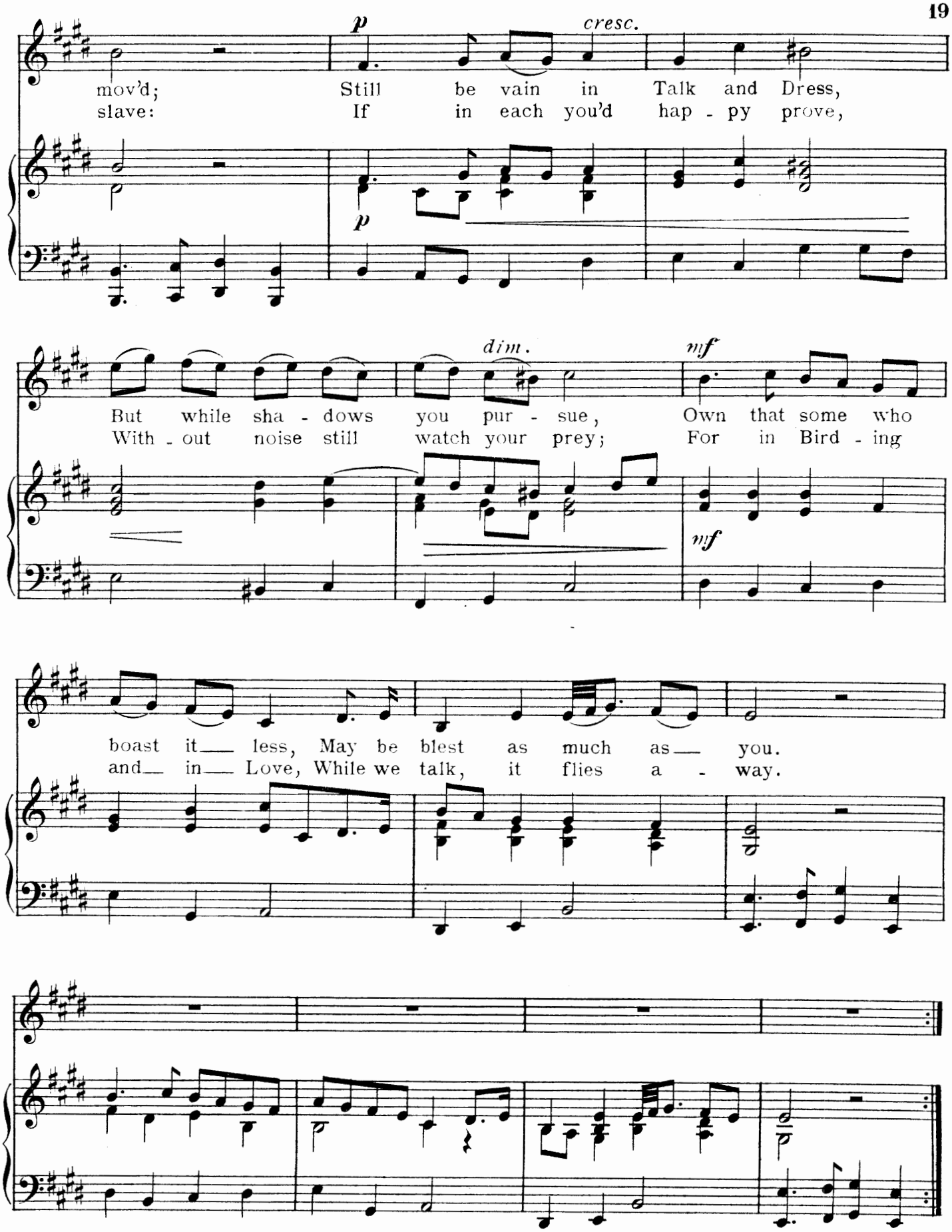

mf
Come, Ni - gro - cel - la,
p cresc.
Come, Ni - gro - cel - - -
mf
p
- - - - la, tell the truth, who, who's the A - lex - -
f
f
poco
- - - - - - - - - - is
poco
rit.
of your soul?
rit.
a tempo

BOASTING FOPS.

Words by
PETER MOTTEUX.

Dr. BLOW.
1692

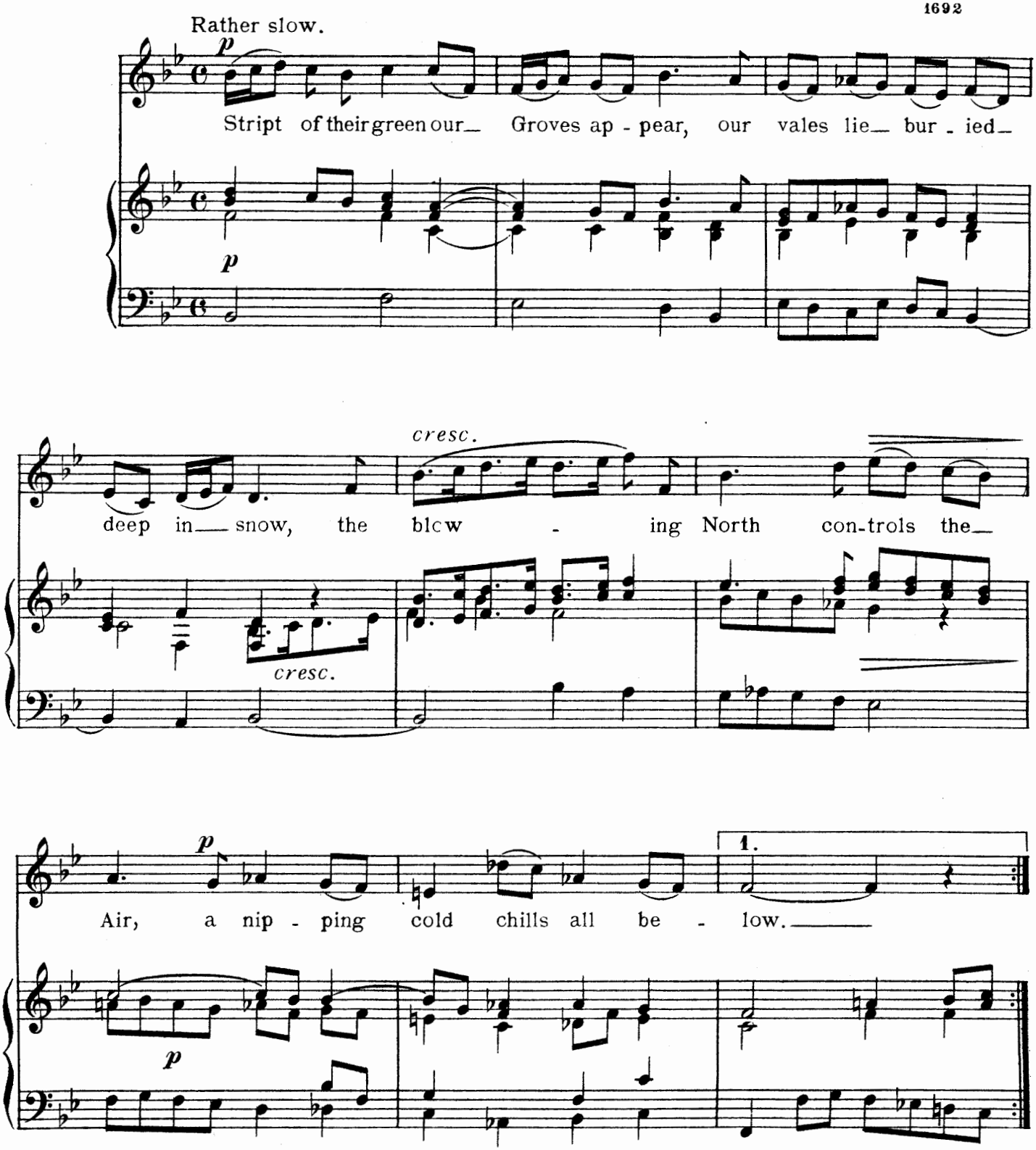


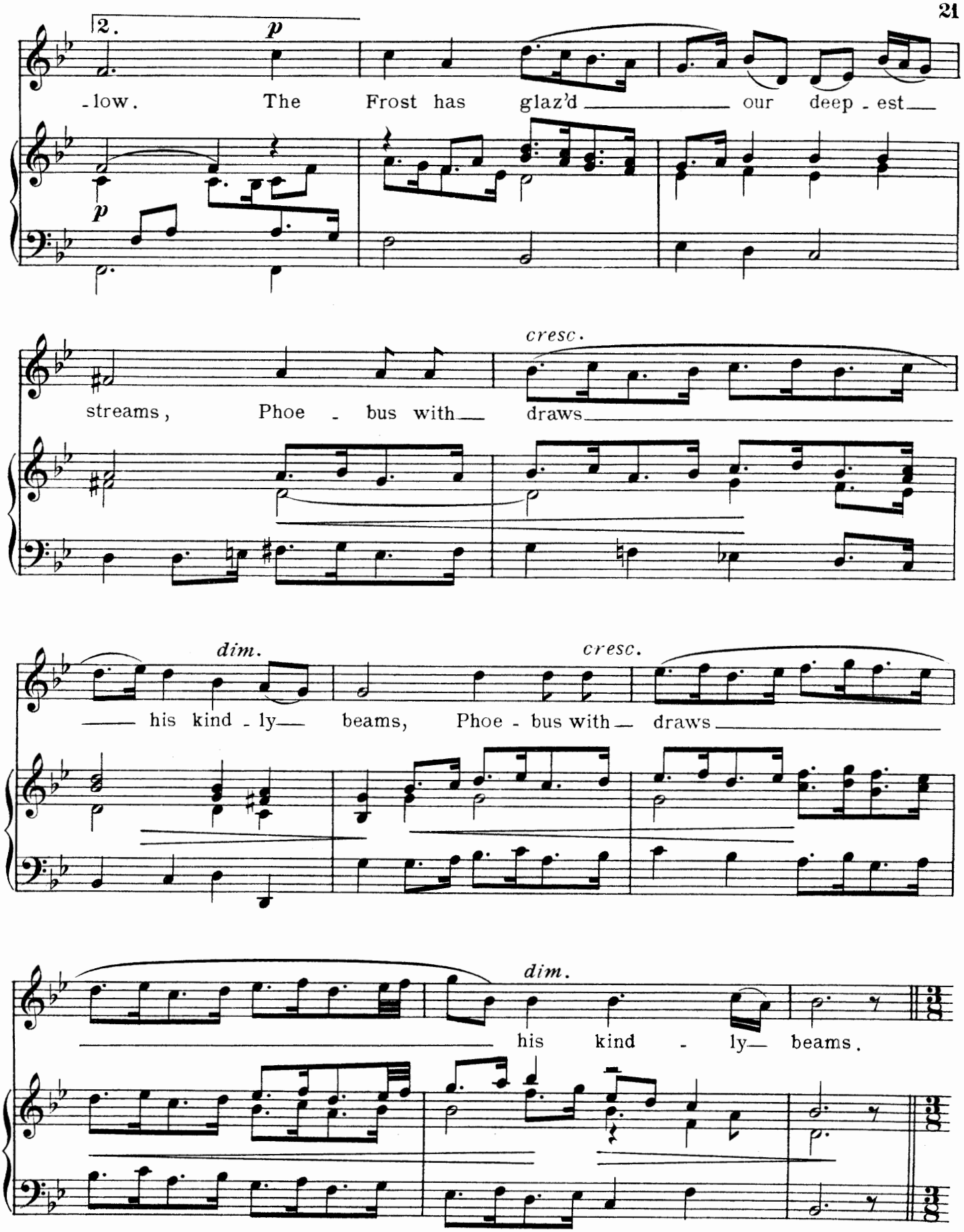

p
cresc.
mov'd; Still be vain in Talk and Dress,
slave: If in each you'd hap - py prove,
p
dim.
mf
But while sha - dows you pur - sue, Own that some who
With - out noise still watch your prey; For in Bird - ing
mf
boast it__ less, May be blest as much as__ you.
and__ in__ Love, While we talk, it flies a - way.

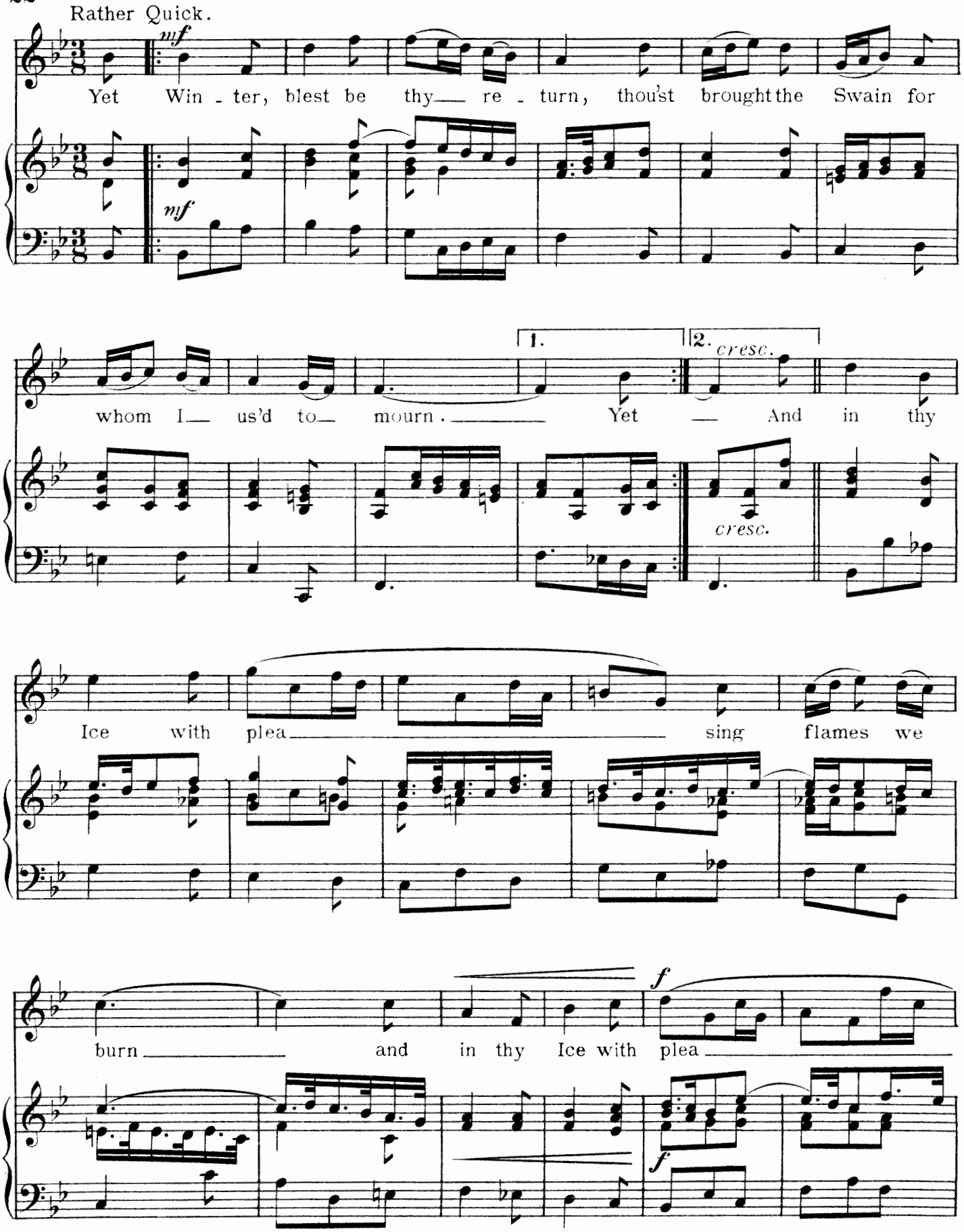
STRIPT OF THEIR GREEN.

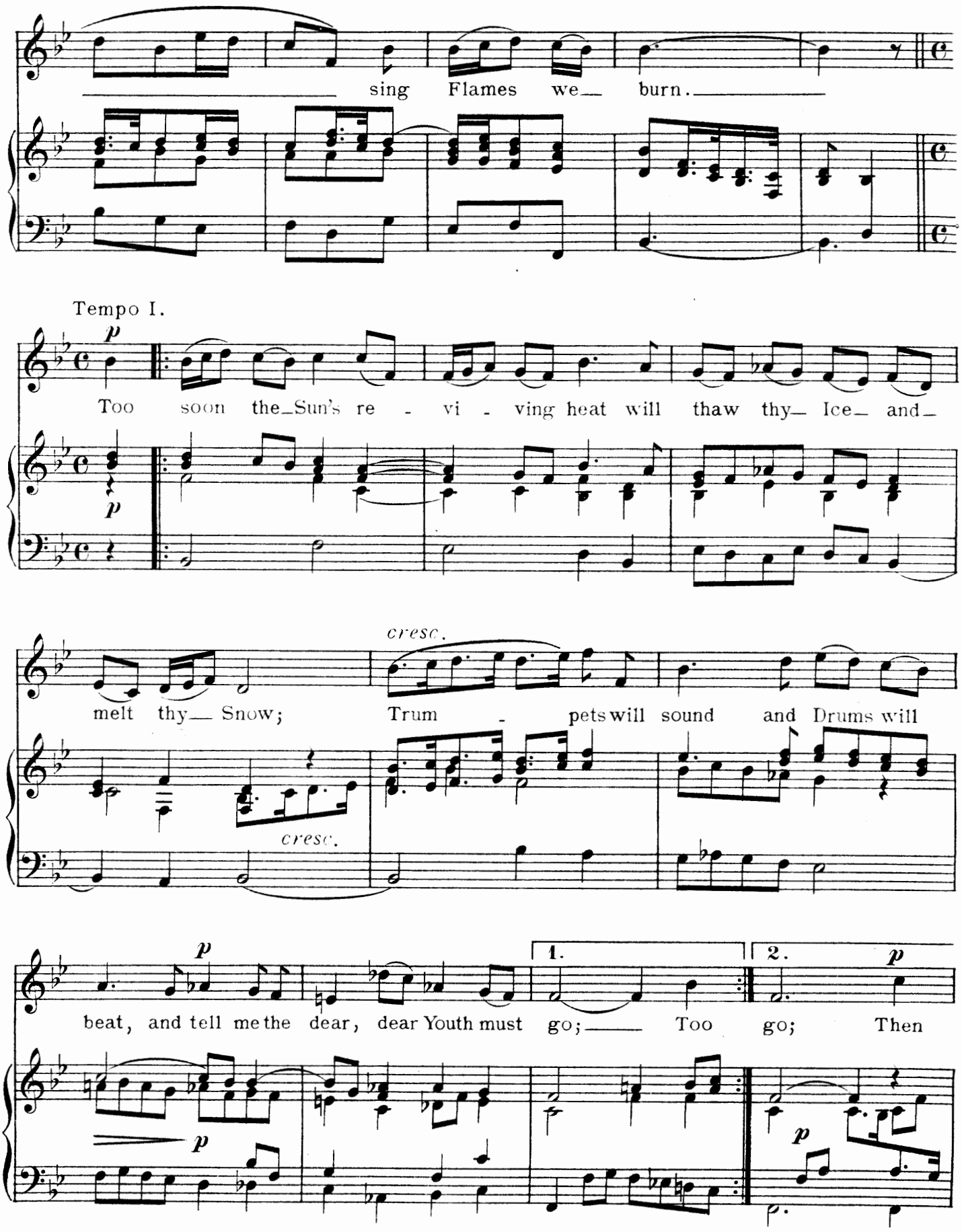
Words by
PETER MOTTEUX.

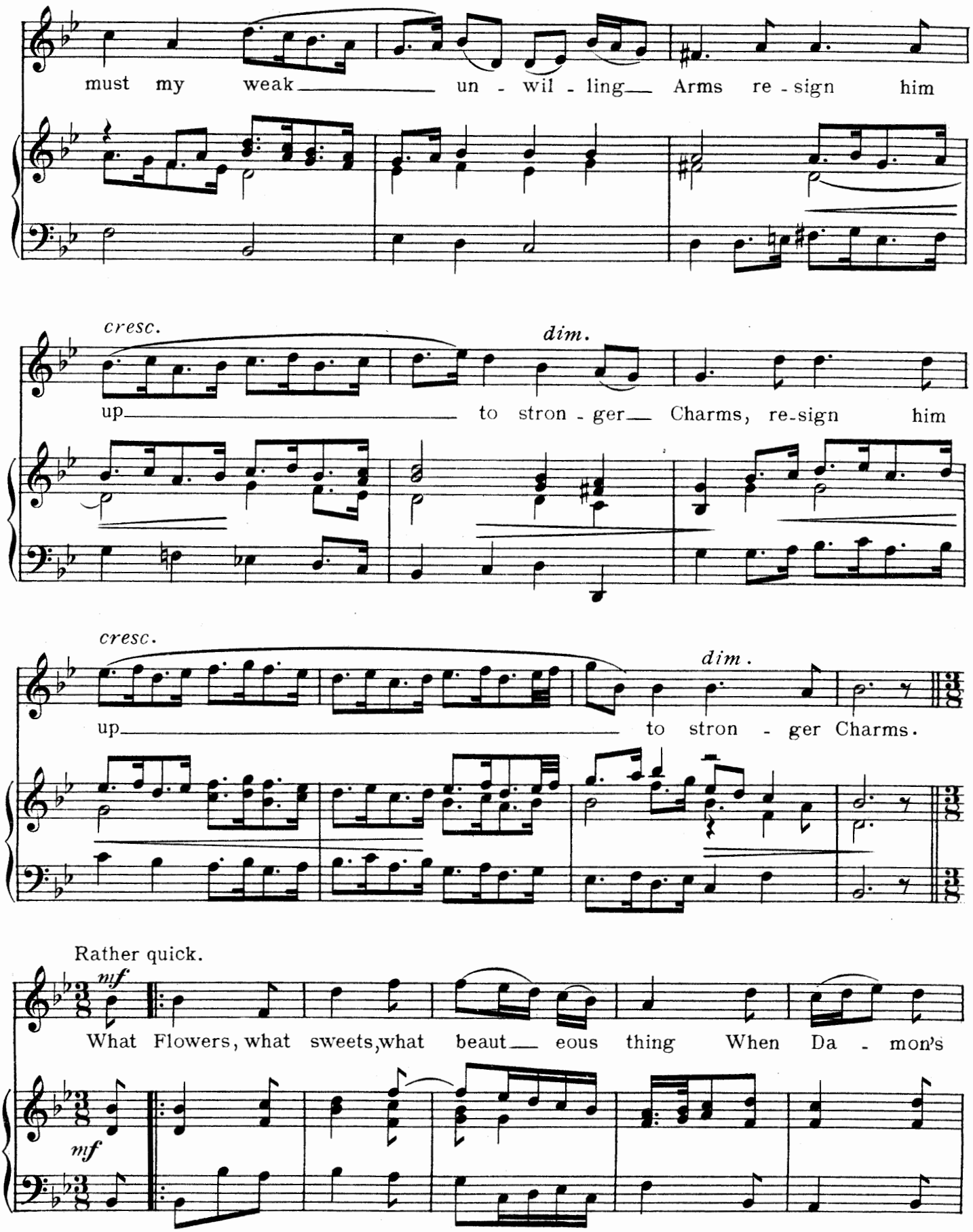
HENRY PURCELL.
1692

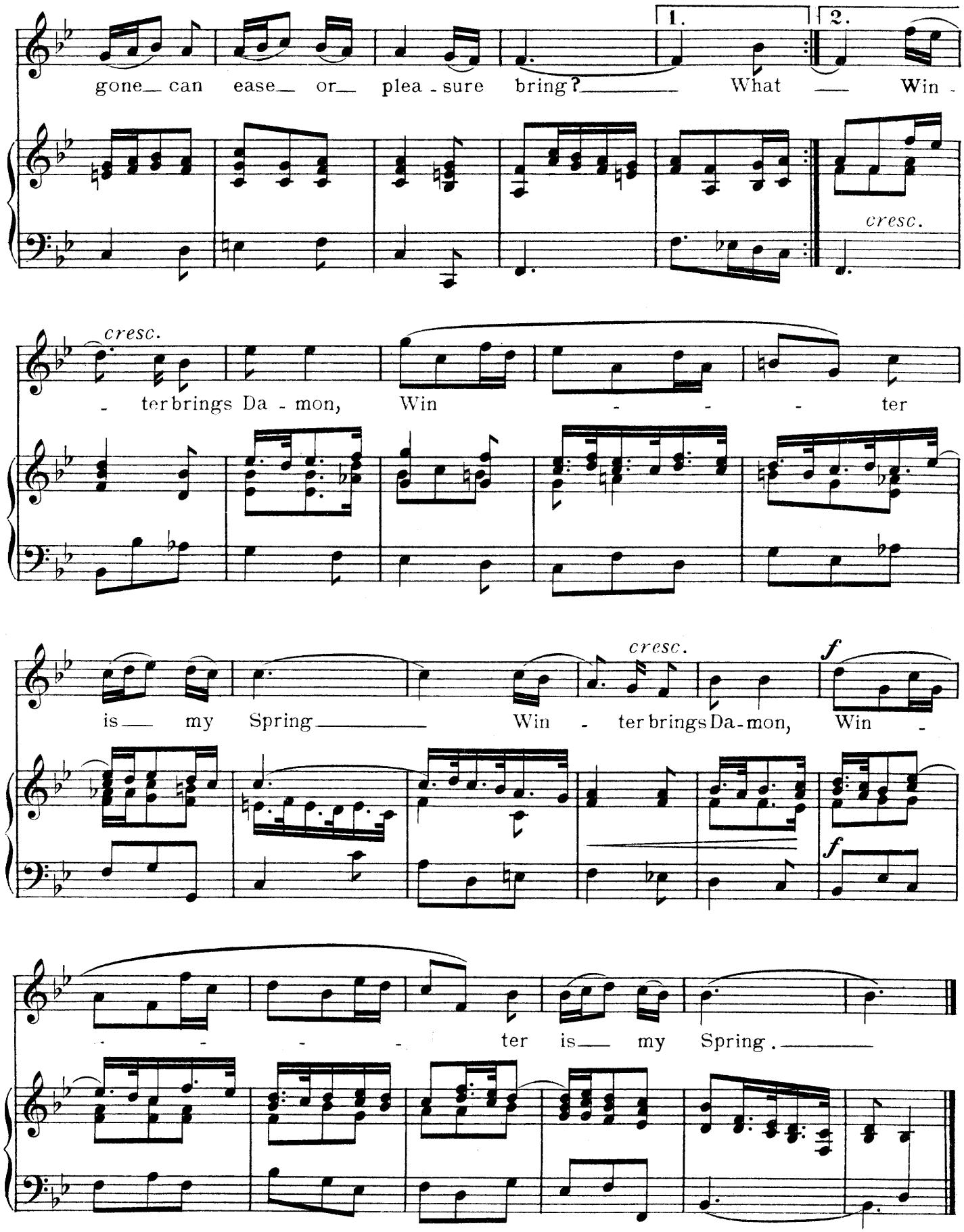



2.
p
-low. The Frost has glaz'd our deep - est
p
cresc.
streams, Phoe - bus with draws
dim.
cresc.
his kind - ly beams, Phoe - bus with draws
dim.
his kind - ly beams.


Rather Quick.
mf
Yet Win - ter, blest be thy re - turn, thou'st brought the Swain for
mf
1.
2.
cresc.
whom I us'd to mourn. Yet And in thy
cresc.
Ice with plea sing flames we
f
burn and in thy Ice with plea
f


sing Flames we burn.
Tempo I.
p
Too soon the Sun's re - vi - ving heat will thaw thy Ice and
p
melt thy Snow;
cresc.
Trum - pets will sound and Drums will
cresc.
p
beat, and tell me the dear, dear Youth must go; Too go; Then
1.
2.
p
p
p

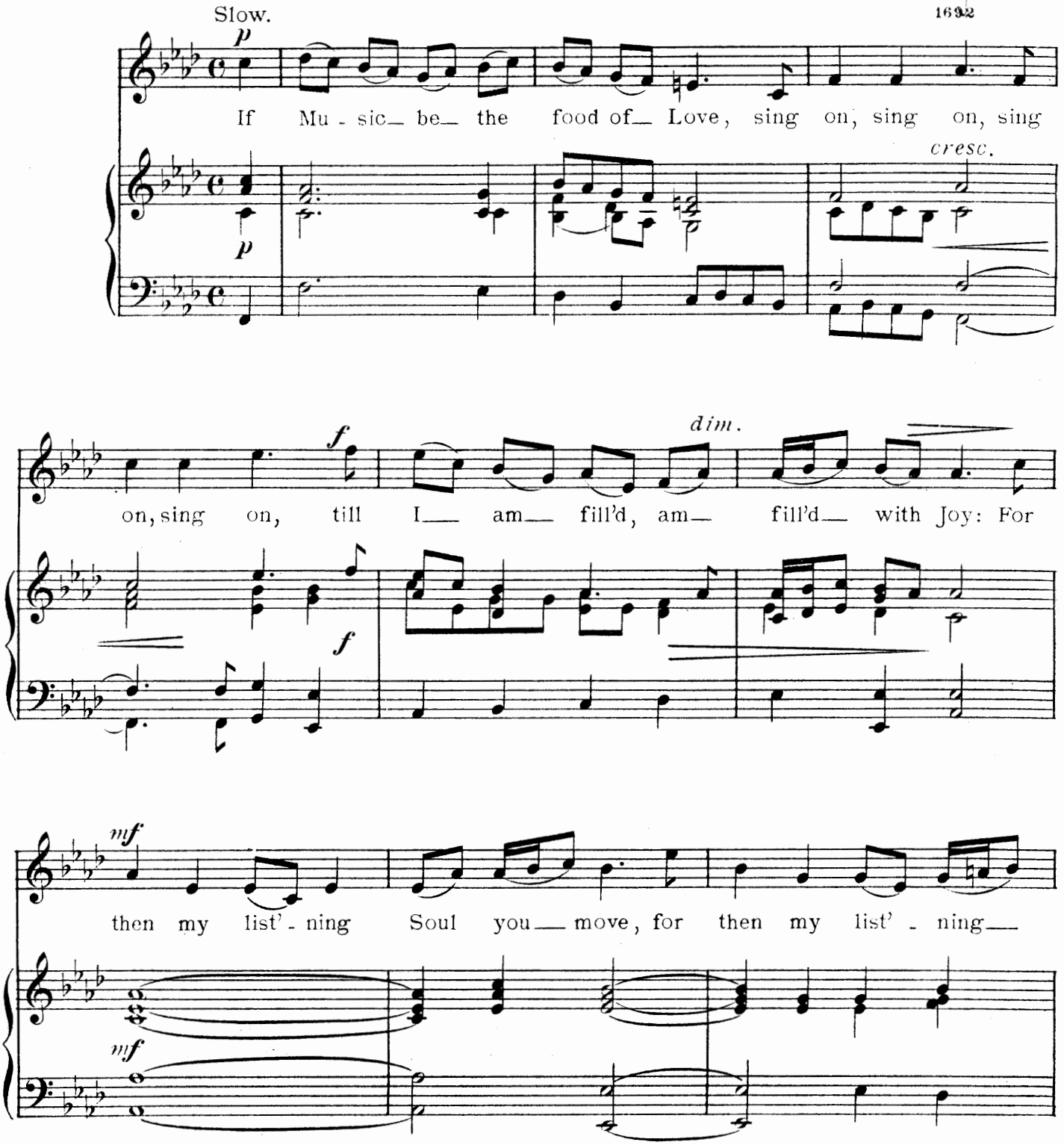

must my weak un - wil - ling Arms re - sign him
cresc.
dim.
up to stron - ger Charms, re-sign him
cresc.
dim.
up to stron - ger Charms.
Rather quick.
mf
What Flowers, what sweets, what beaut eous thing When Da - mon's
mf

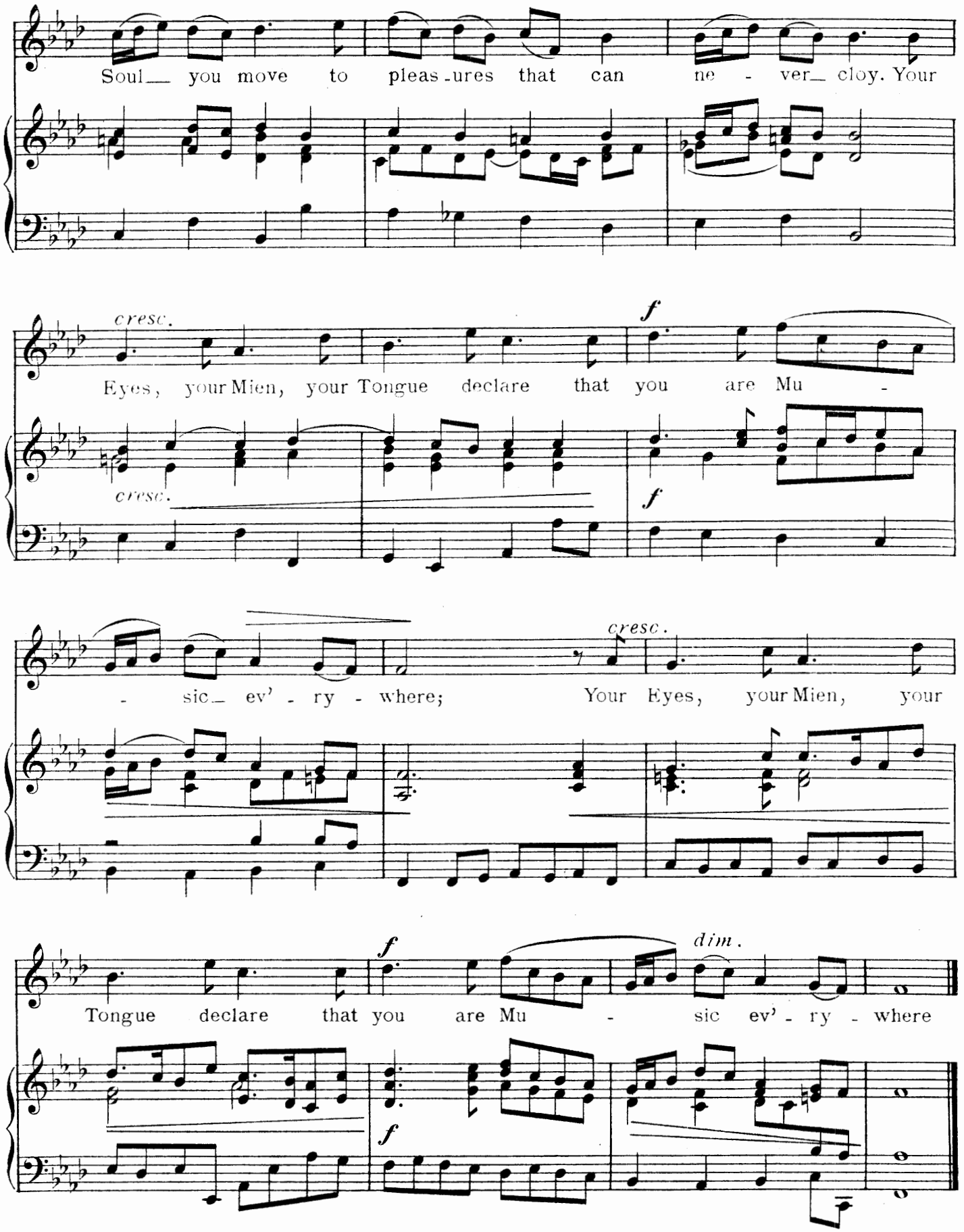

1.
2.
gone can ease or plea - sure bring? What Win -
cresc.
cresc.
- ter brings Da - mon, Win - - - ter
cresc.
f
is my Spring Win - ter brings Da - mon, Win -
f
- - - - ter is my Spring.

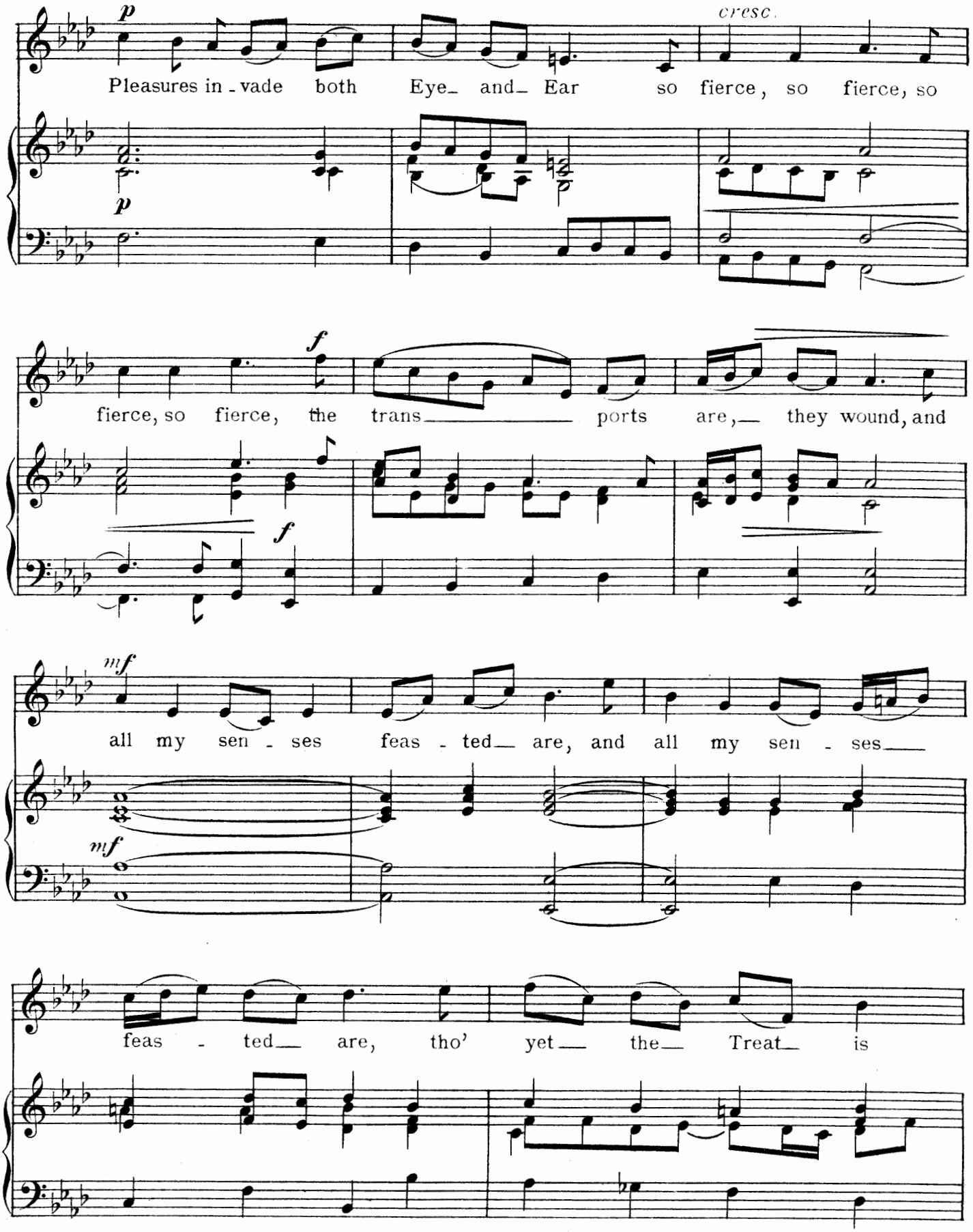
IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE.

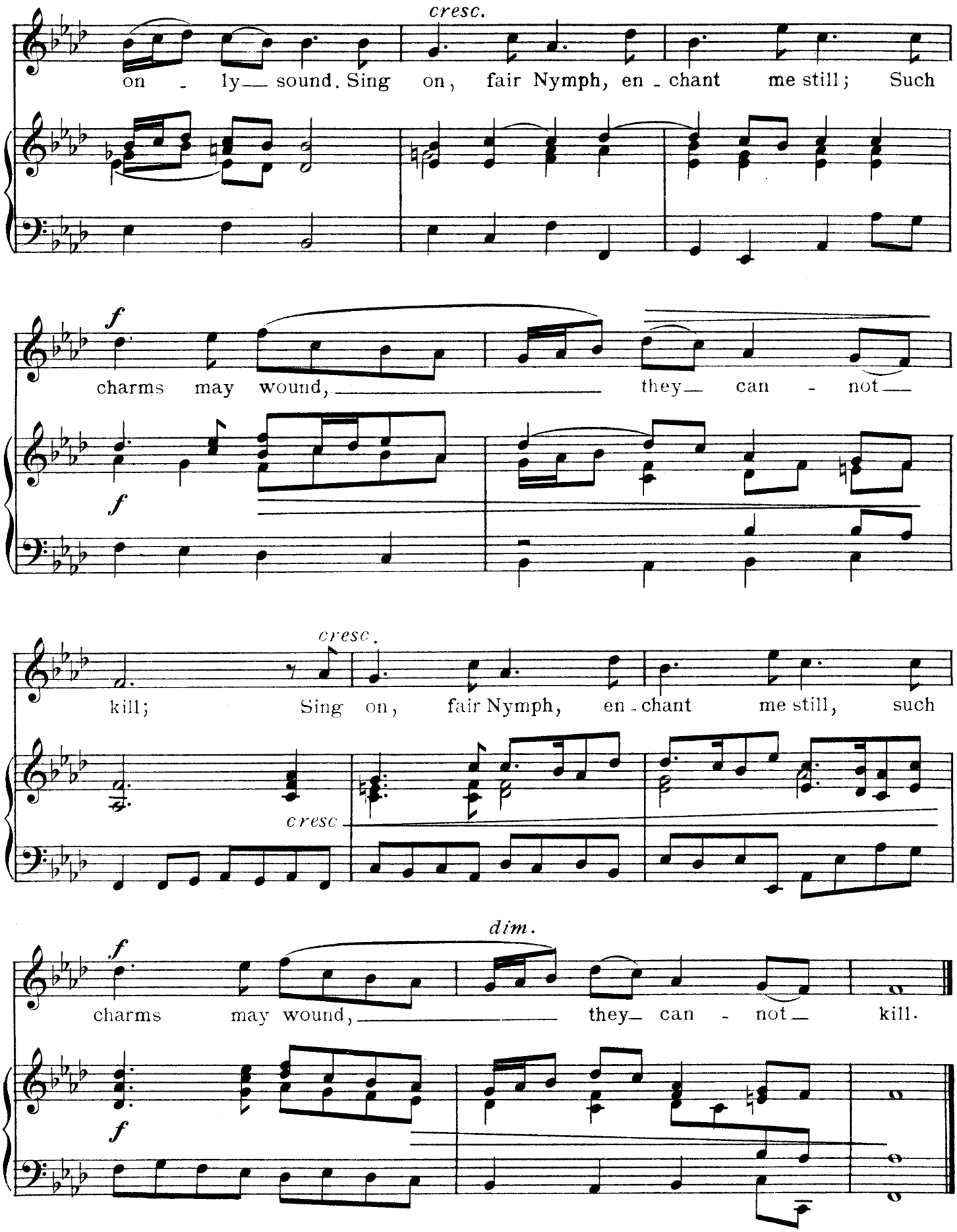
Words by
COL. HEVENINGHAM.

HENRY PURCELL.
1692




Soul_ you move to pleas-ures that can ne - ver_ cloy. Your
cresc.
Eyes, your Mien, your Tongue declare that you are Mu -
cresc.
f
f
- sic_ ev' - ry - where; Your Eyes, your Mien, your
cresc.
f
dim.
Tongue declare that you are Mu - sic ev' - ry - where
f


p
cresc.
Pleasures in - vade both Eye_ and_ Ear so fierce, so fierce, so
p
f
fierce, so fierce, the trans_____ ports are,_ they wound, and
f
mf
all my sen - ses feas - ted_ are, and all my sen - ses_____
mf
feas - ted_ are, tho' yet_ the_ Treat_ is


cresc.
on - ly— sound. Sing on, fair Nymph, en - chant me still; Such
f
charms may wound, they— can - not—
f
cresc.
kill; Sing on, fair Nymph, en - chant me still, such
cresc
dim.
f
charms may wound, they— can - not— kill.
f

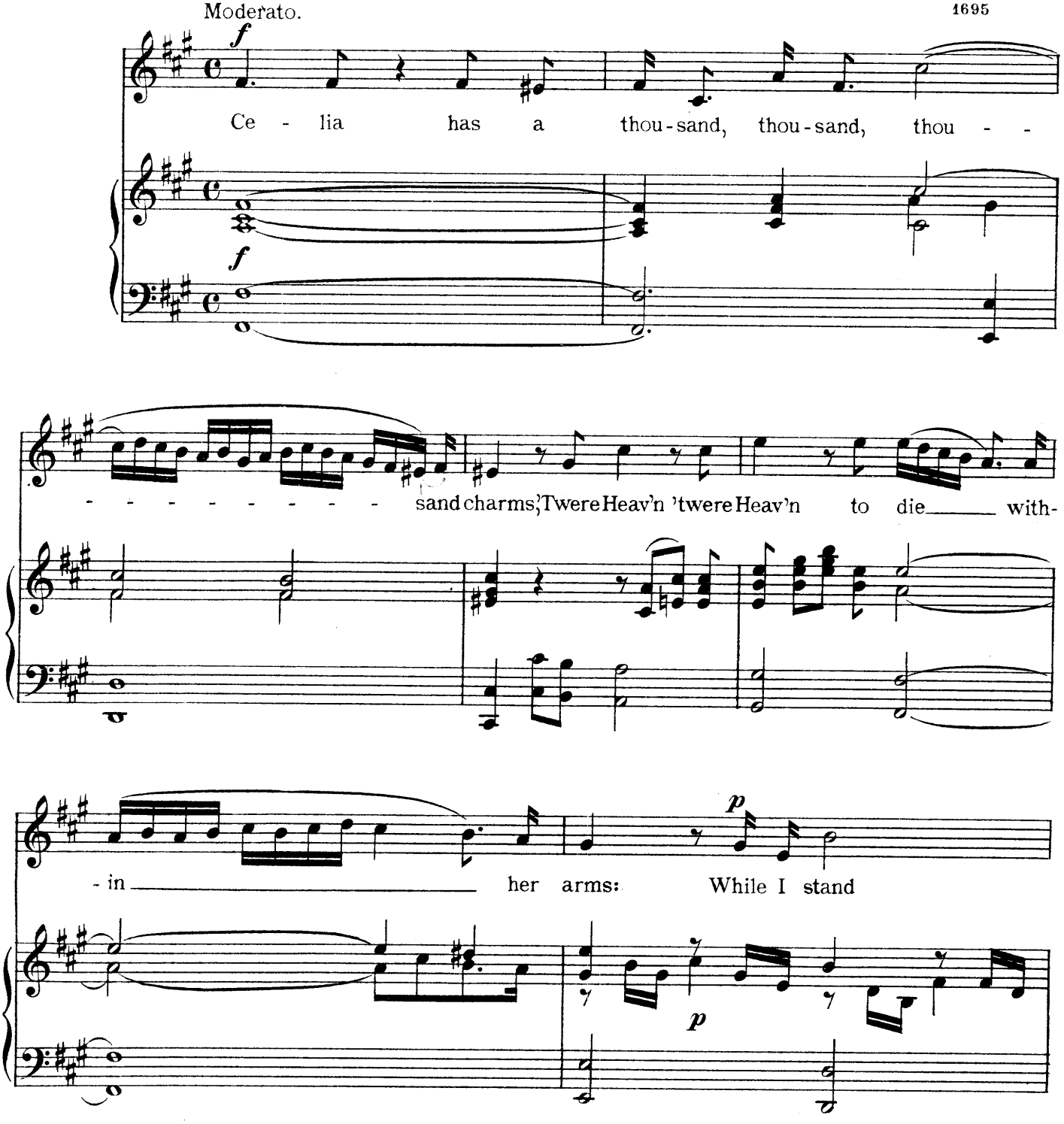
CELIA HAS A THOUSAND CHARMS.

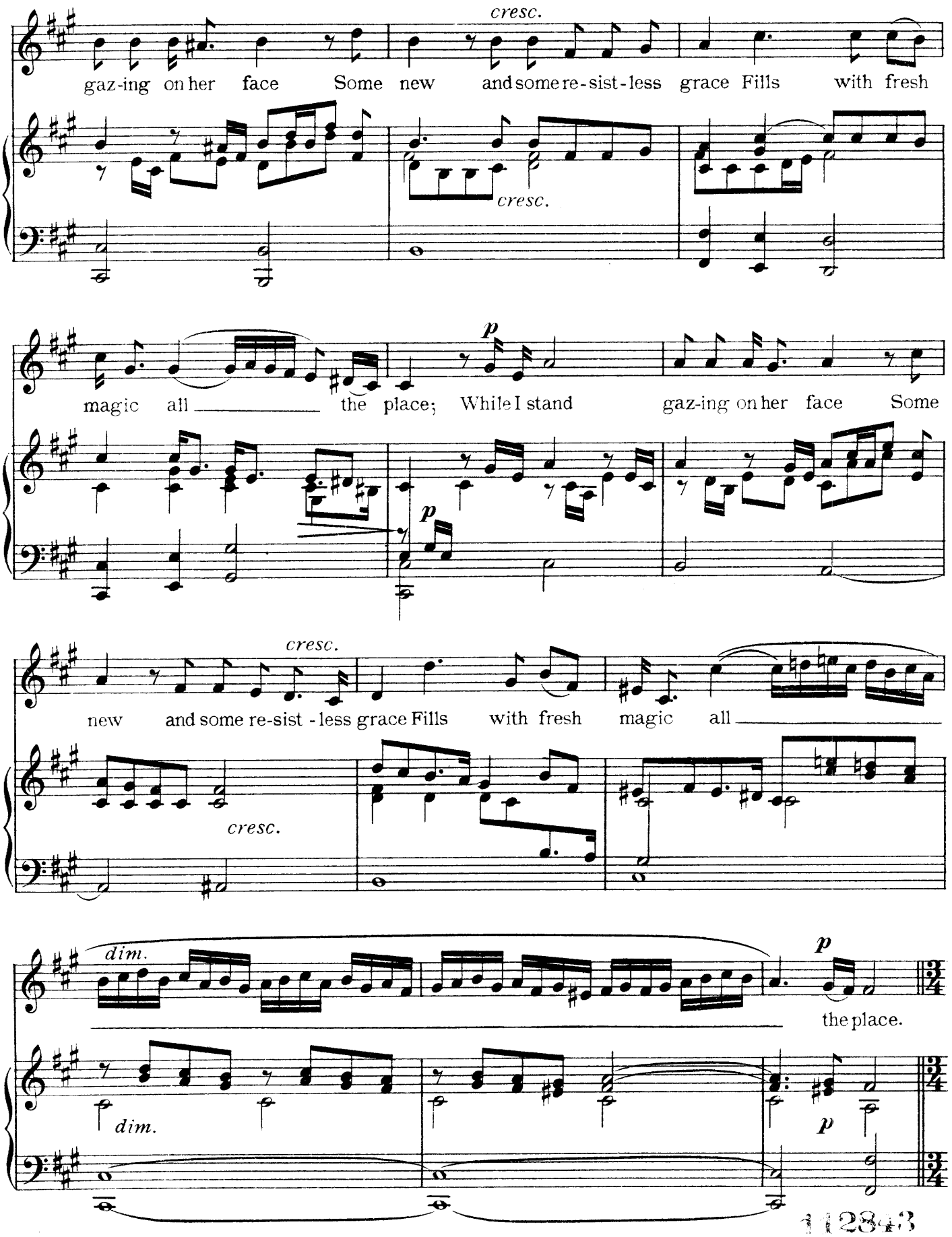
(THE RIVAL SISTERS.)

Words by
ROBERT GOULD.

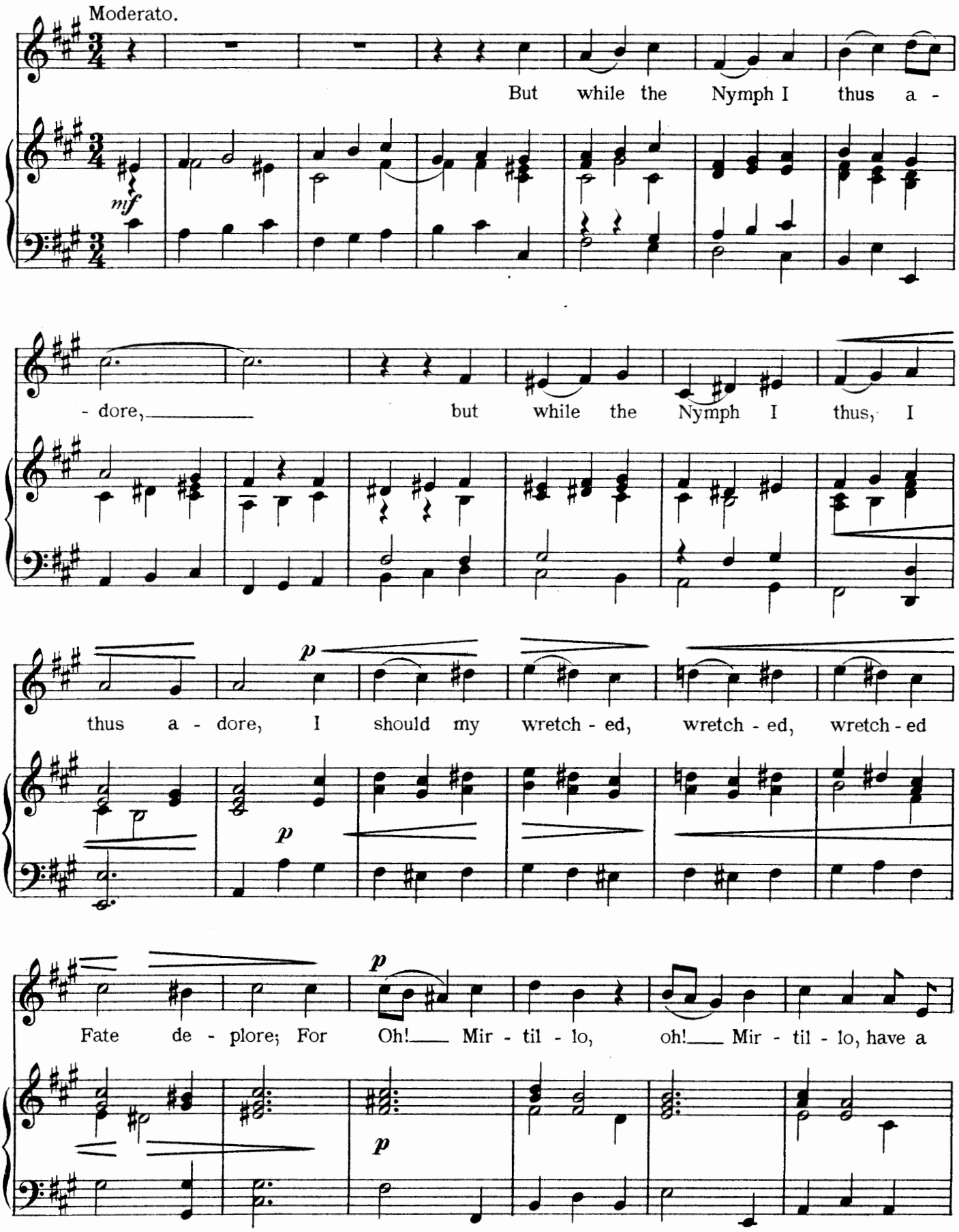
HENRY PURCELL.
1695

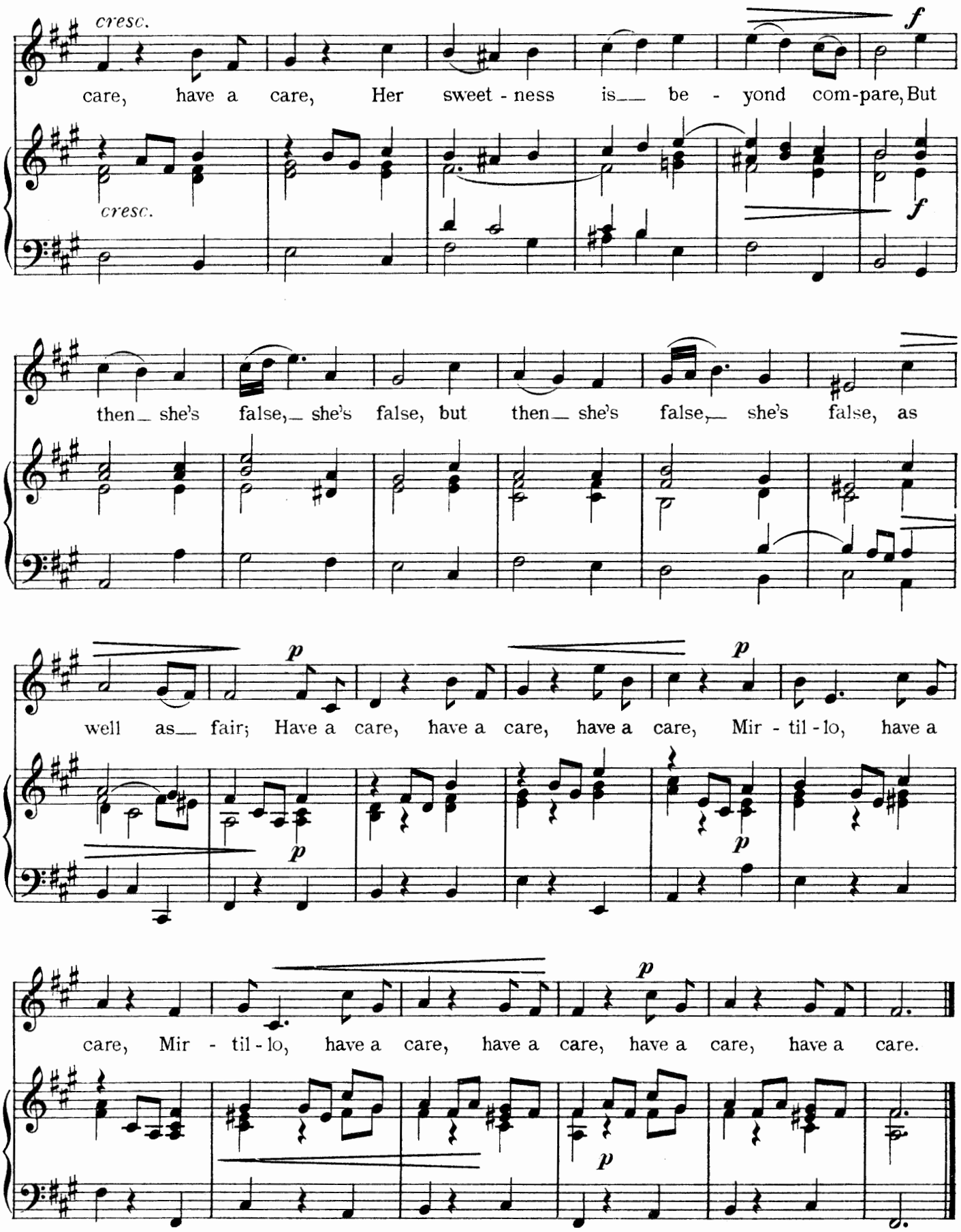
Moderato.




cresc.
gaz-ing on her face Some new and some re-sist-less grace Fills with fresh
cresc.
p
magic all the place; While I stand gaz-ing on her face Some
p
cresc.
new and some re-sist-less grace Fills with fresh magic all
cresc.
dim.
p
the place.
dim.
p

112843


Moderato.
But while the Nymph I thus a -
mf
- dore, but while the Nymph I thus, I
p
thus a - dore, I should my wretch - ed, wretch - ed, wretch - ed
p
p
Fate de - plore; For Oh! Mir - til - lo, oh! Mir - til - lo, have a
p

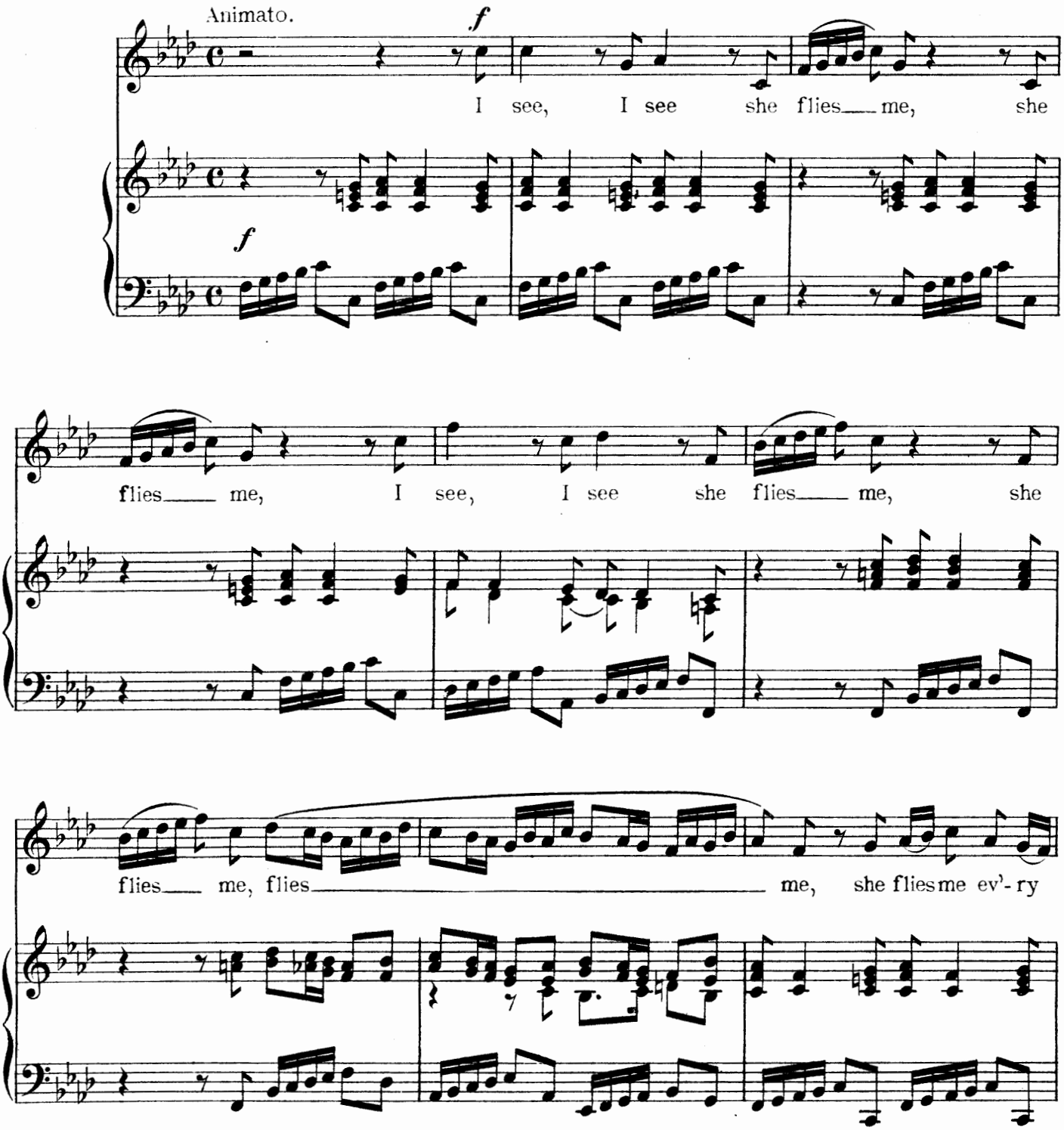

cresc.
f
care, have a care, Her sweet - ness is__ be - yond com-pare, But
cresc.
f
then_ she's false,_ she's false, but then_ she's false,_ she's false, as
p
p
well as__ fair; Have a care, have a care, have a care, Mir - til - lo, have a
p
p
care, Mir - til - lo, have a care, have a care, have a care, have a care.
p
p

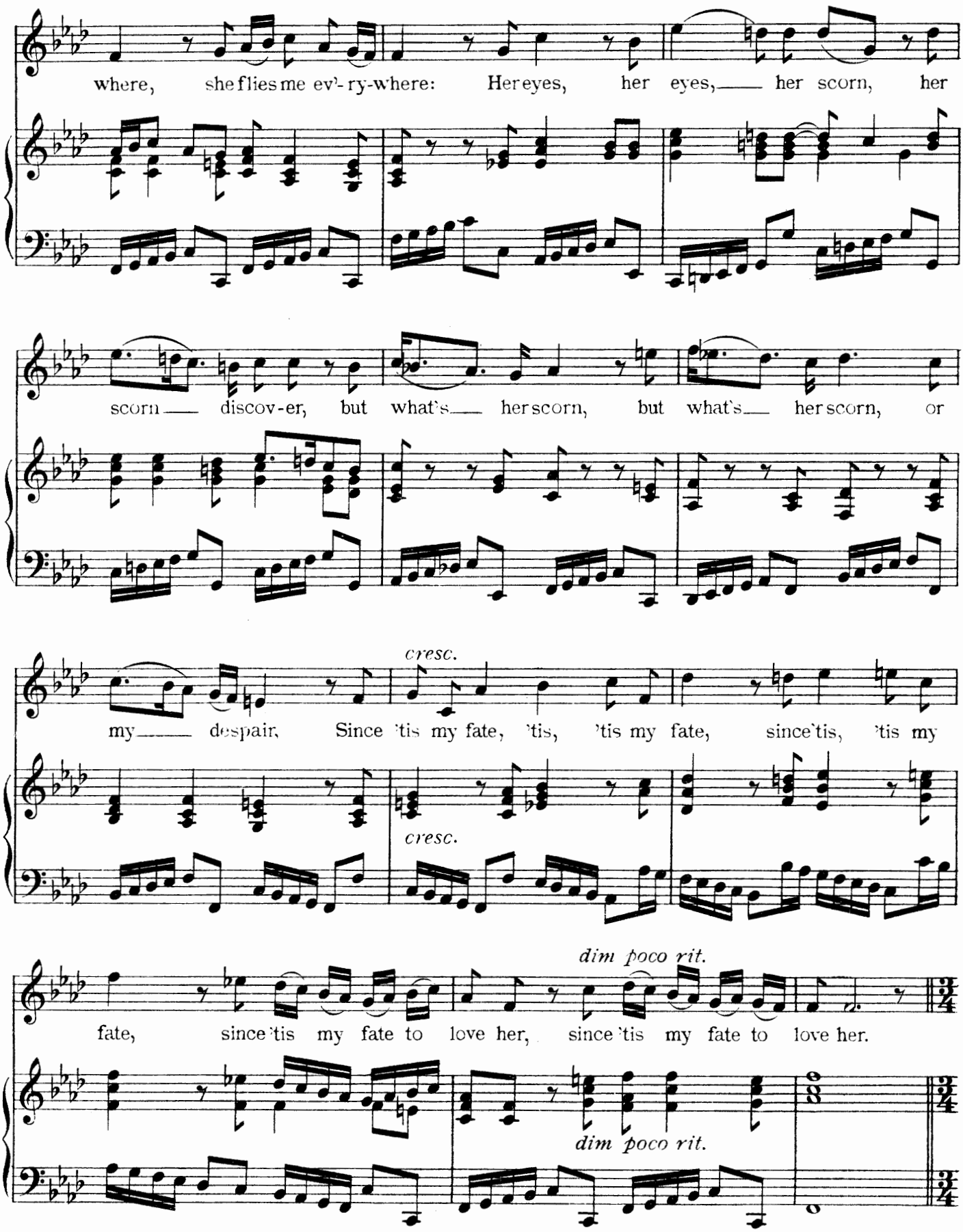
I SEE SHE FLIES ME.

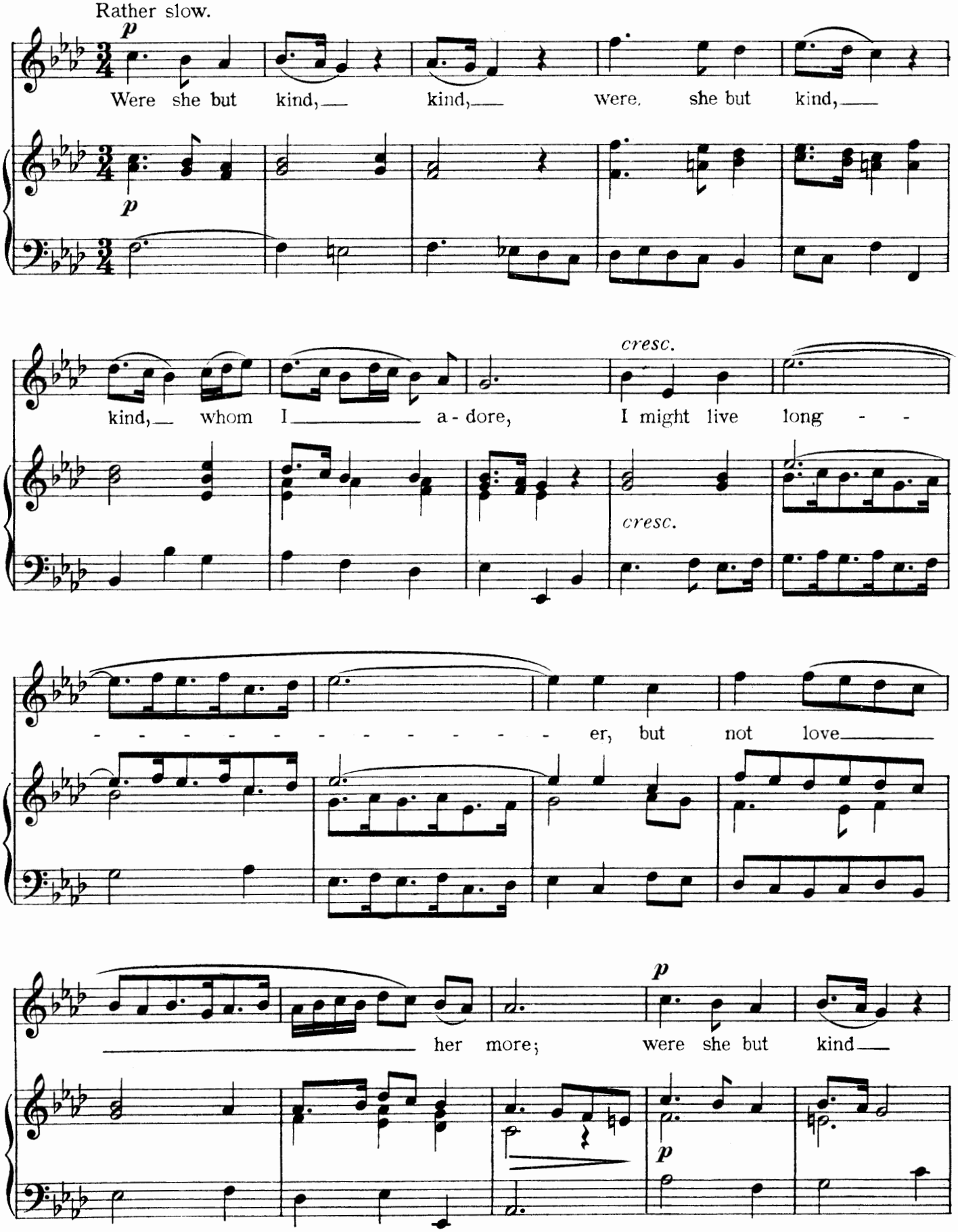
(AURENG-ZEBE.)

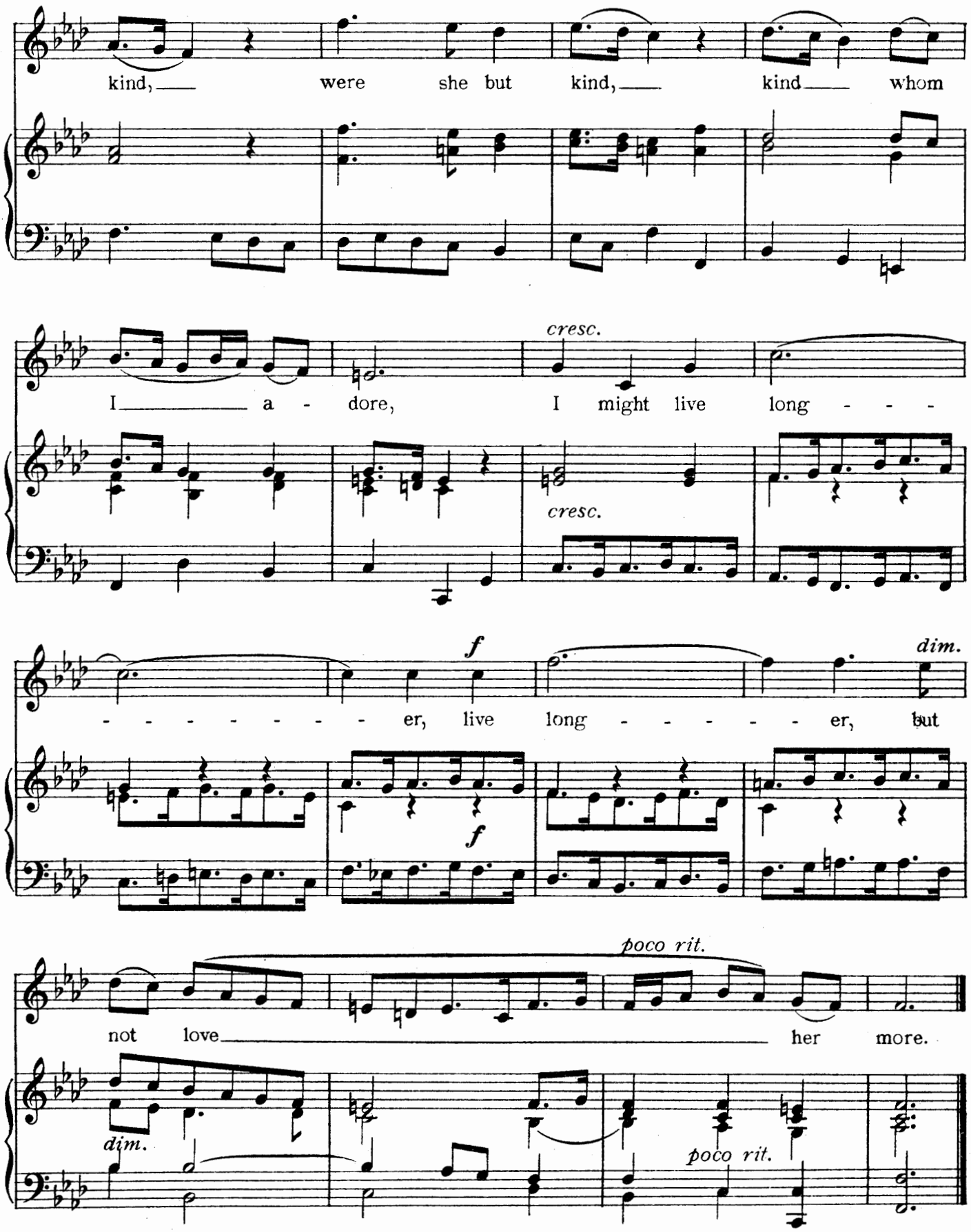
Words by
DRYDEN.

HENRY PURCELL.
1692 or 1694



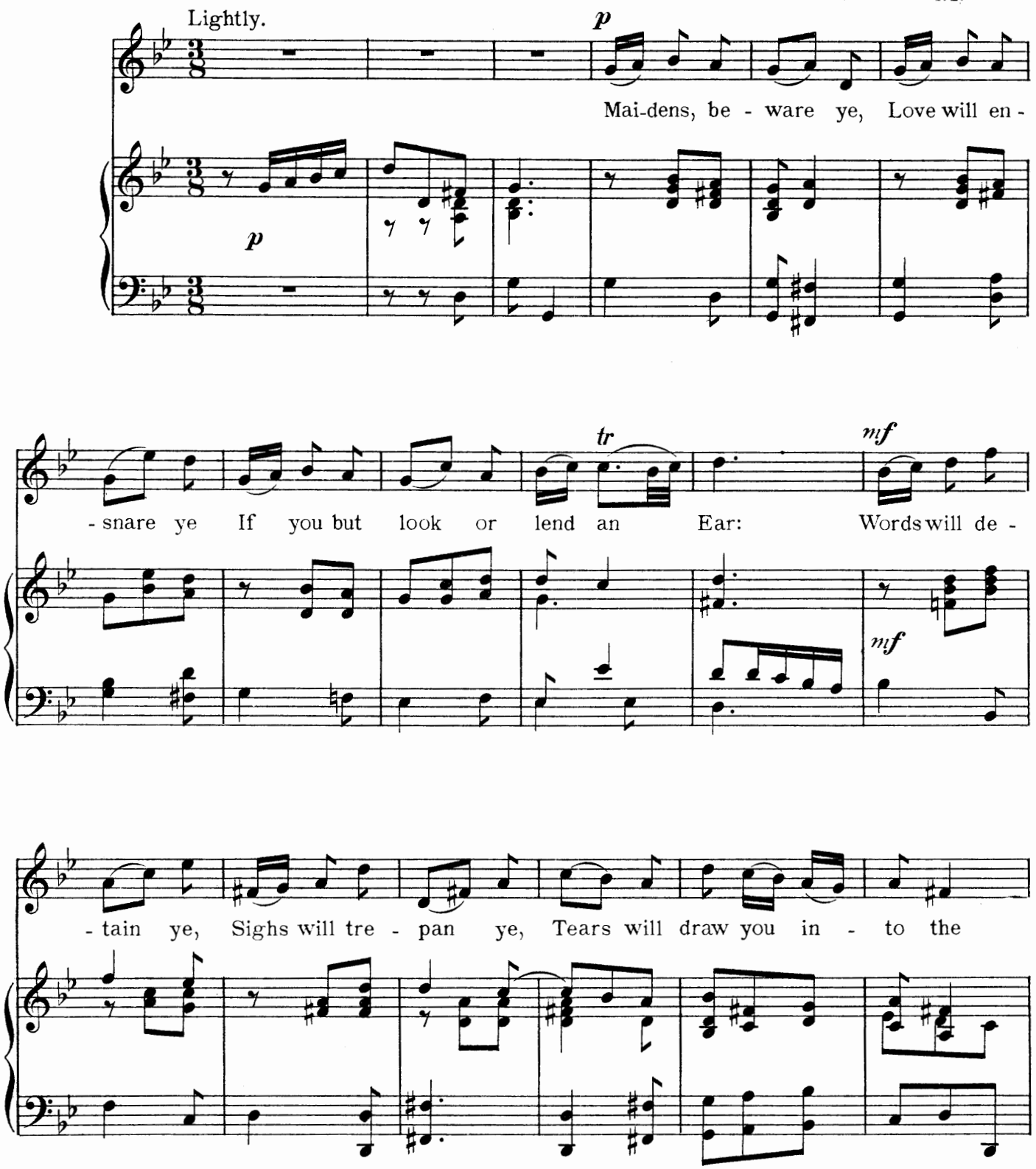

where, she flies me ev'-ry-where: Her eyes, her eyes, her scorn, her
scorn discov-er, but what's her scorn, but what's her scorn, or
cresc.
my despair, Since 'tis my fate, 'tis, 'tis my fate, since 'tis, 'tis my
cresc.
dim poco rit.
fate, since 'tis my fate to love her, since 'tis my fate to love her.
dim poco rit.

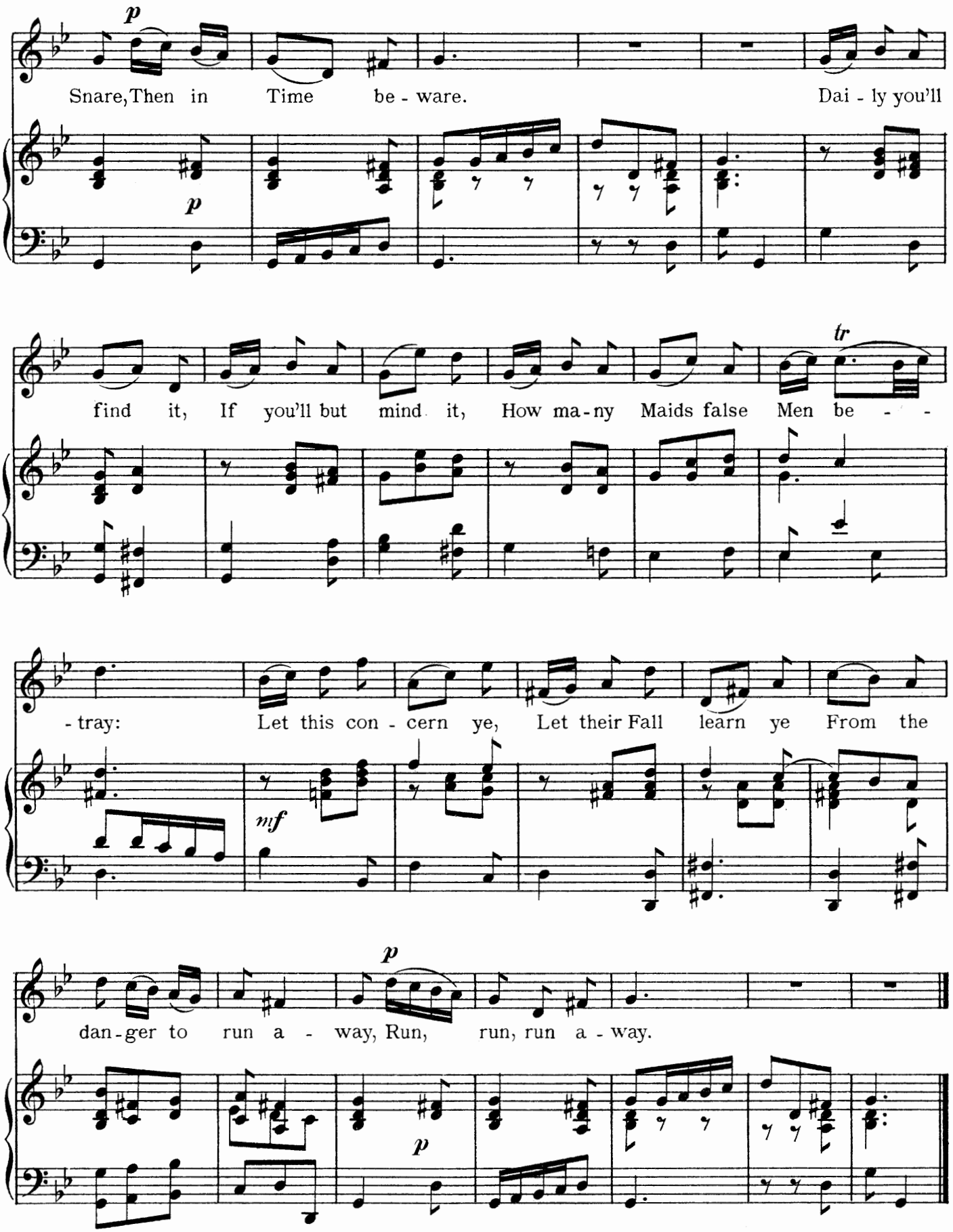

Rather slow.
p
Were she but kind, kind, were she but kind,
p
kind, whom I a - dore, I might live long - -
cresc.
cresc.
- - - - - - - - - - - - er, but not love
her more; were she but kind
p
p


kind, were she but kind, kind whom
cresc.
I a - dore, I might live long - - -
cresc.
f
dim.
- - - - - - - - er, live long - - - - - - er, but
f
poco rit.
not love her more.
dim.
poco rit.

ADVICE.

R. LEVERIDGE.
1727



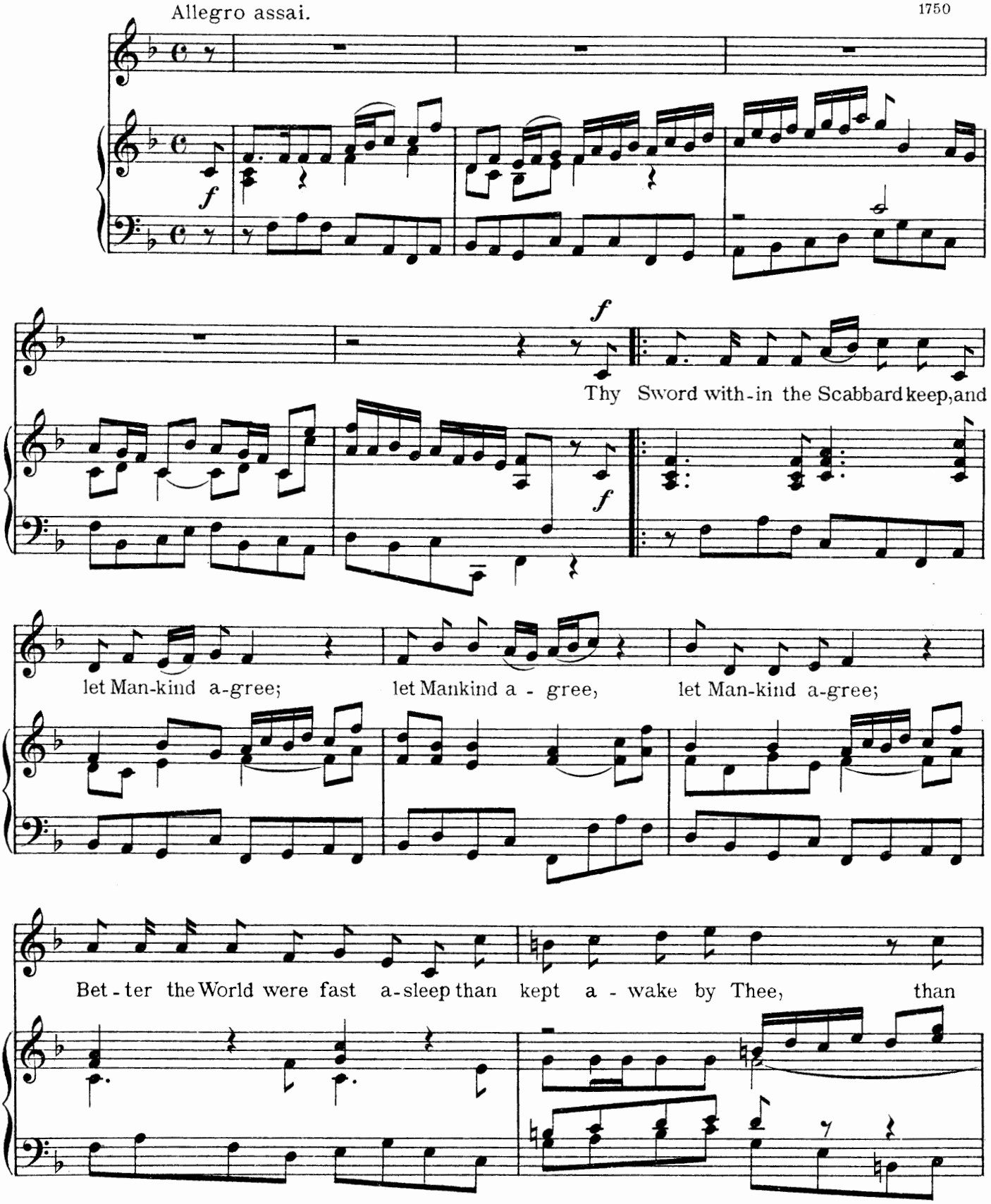

p
Snare, Then in Time be - ware. Dai - ly you'll
p
find it, If you'll but mind it, How ma - ny Maids false Men be - -
tr
- tray: Let this con - cern ye, Let their Fall learn ye From the
mf
dan - ger to run a - way, Run, run, run a - way.
p
p

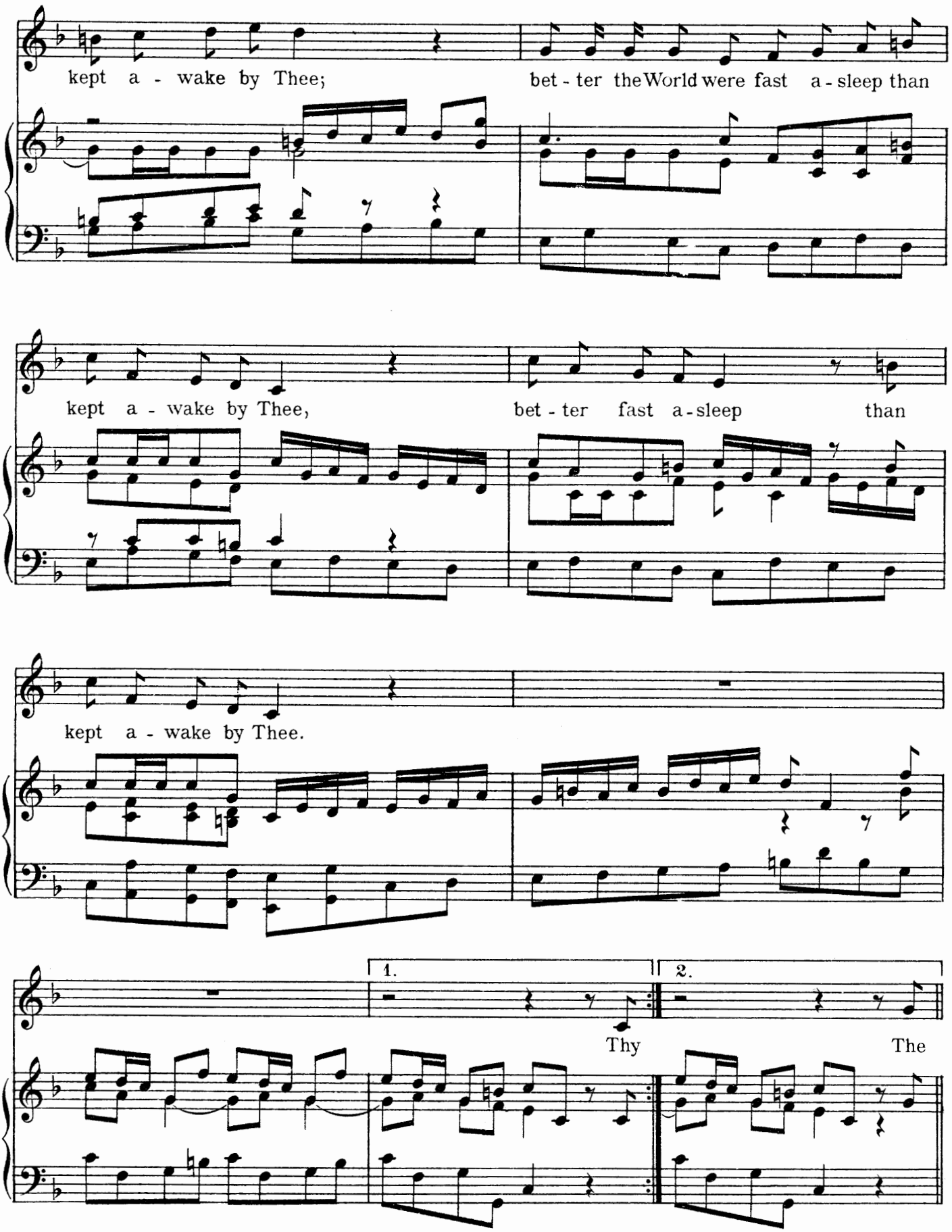
THE SONG OF MOMUS TO MARS.

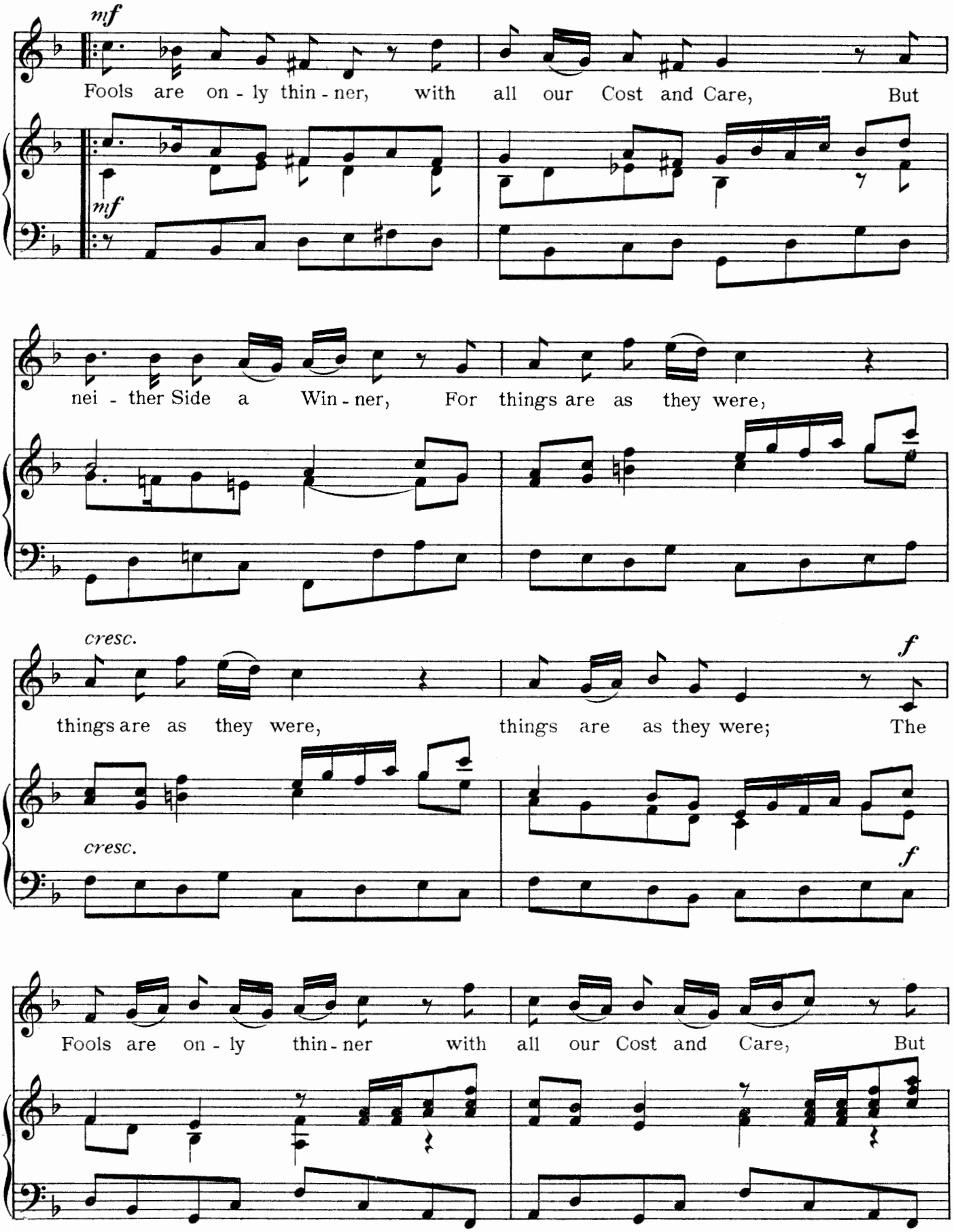
(FROM DRYDEN'S "SECULAR MASQUE".)

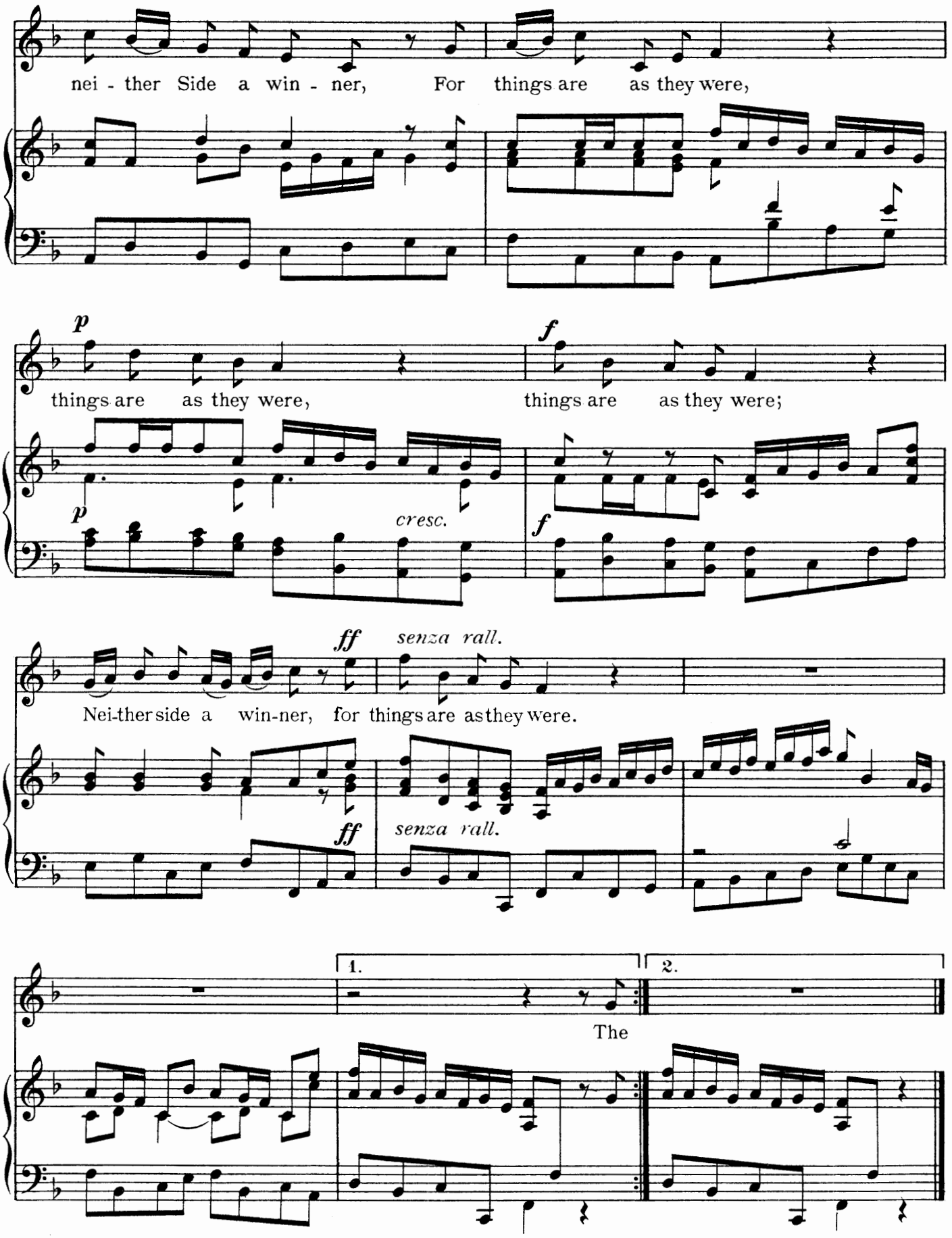
Dr BOYCE.
1750

Allegro assai.




kept a - wake by Thee;
bet - ter the World were fast a - sleep than
kept a - wake by Thee,
bet - ter fast a - sleep than
kept a - wake by Thee.
1.
2.
Thy
The

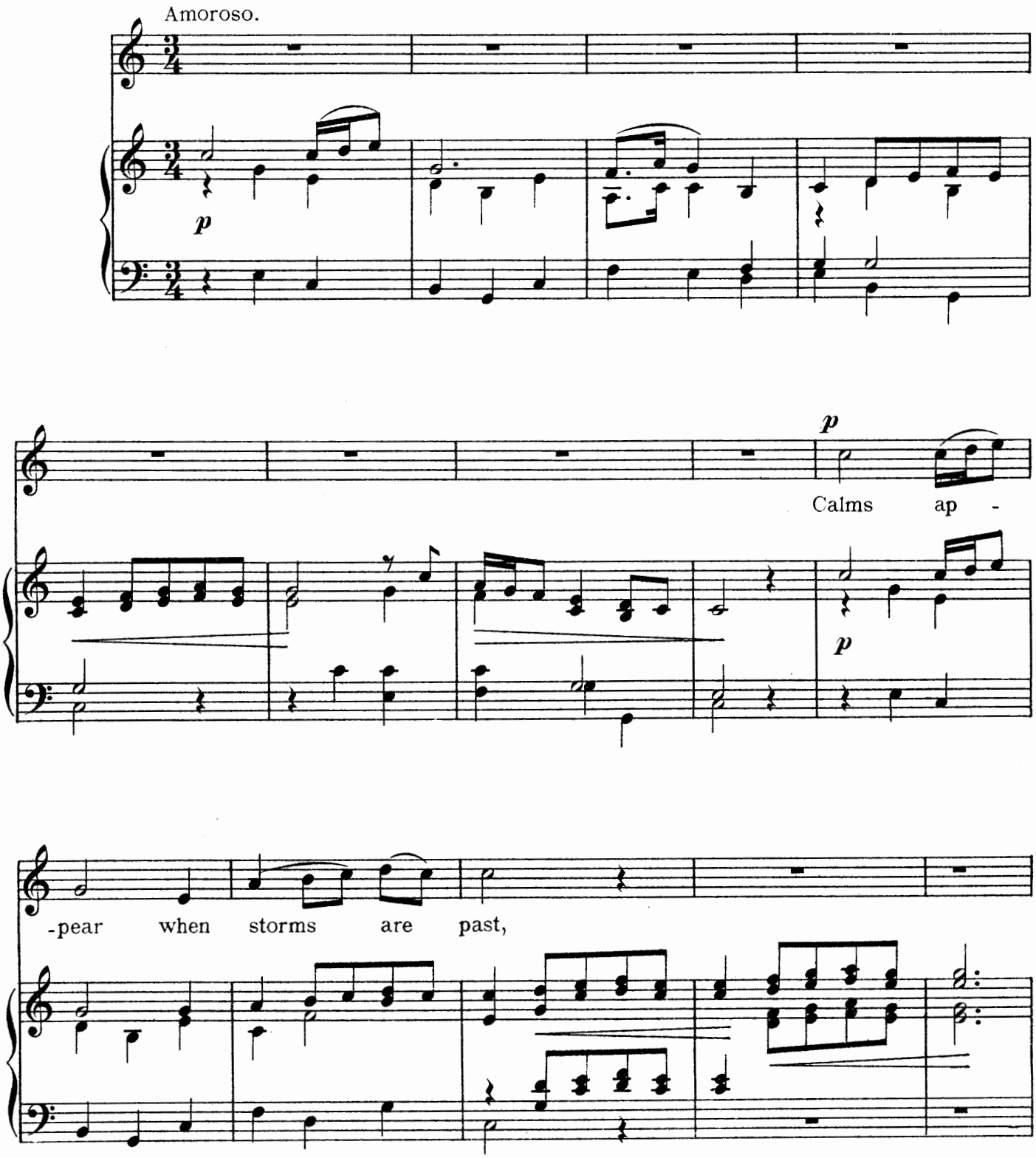

mf
Fools are on - ly thin - ner, with all our Cost and Care, But
mf
nei - ther Side a Win - ner, For things are as they were,
cresc.
things are as they were, things are as they were; The
f
cresc.
f
Fools are on - ly thin - ner with all our Cost and Care, But

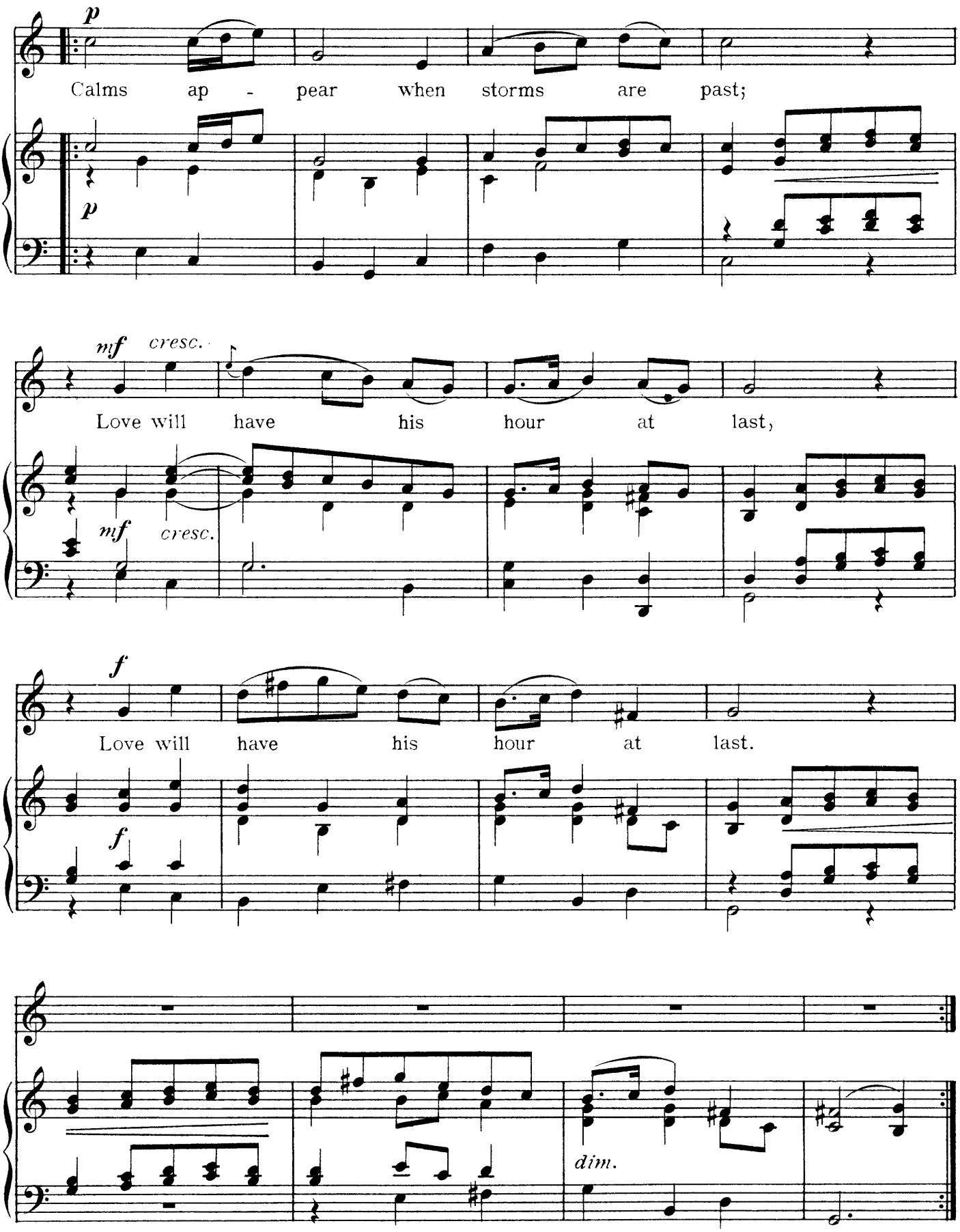

nei - ther Side a win - ner, For things are as they were,
p
things are as they were,
f
things are as they were;
p
cresc.
f
ff
senza rall.
Nei-ther side a win-ner, for things are as they were.
ff
senza rall.
1.
2.
The

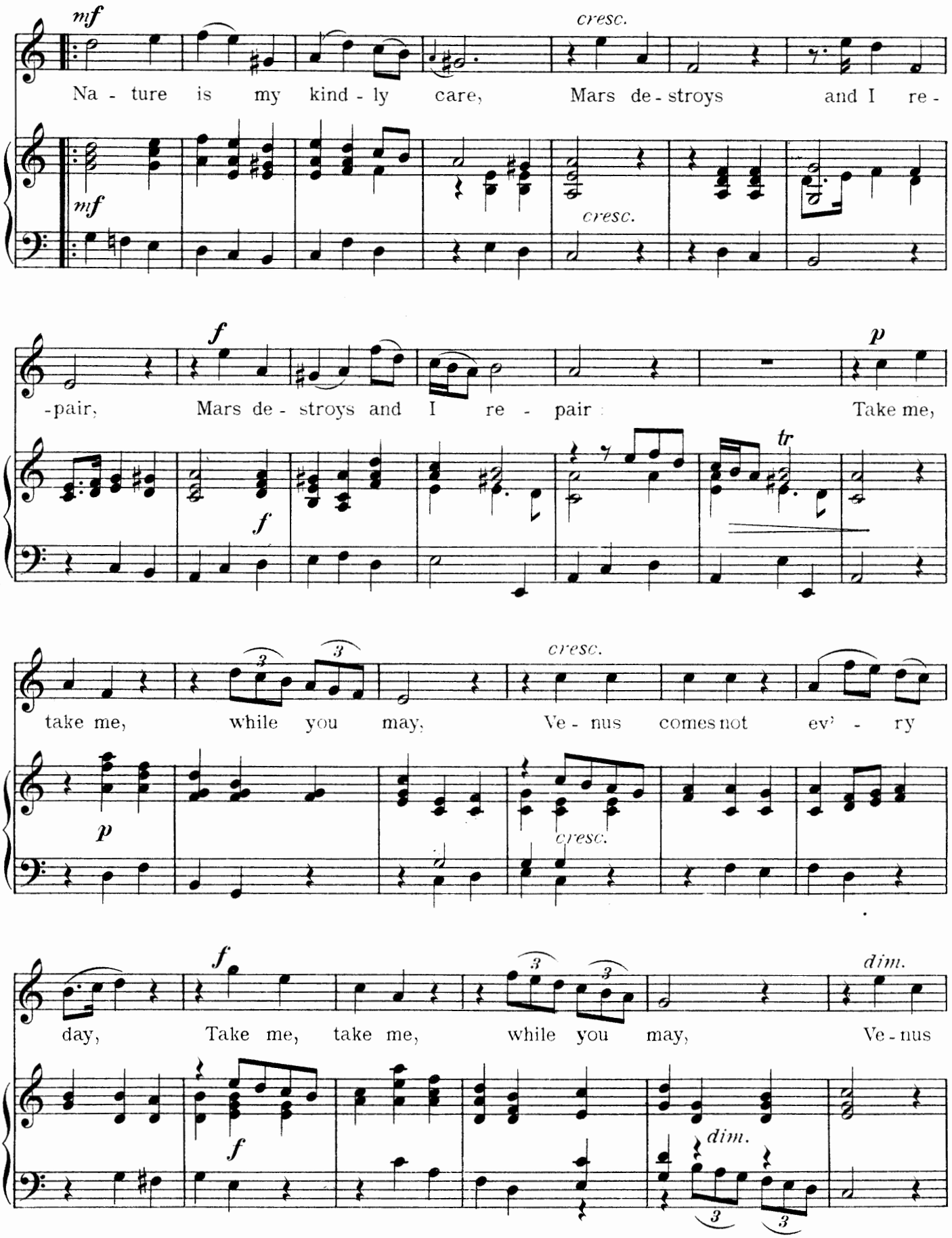
THE SONG OF VENUS.

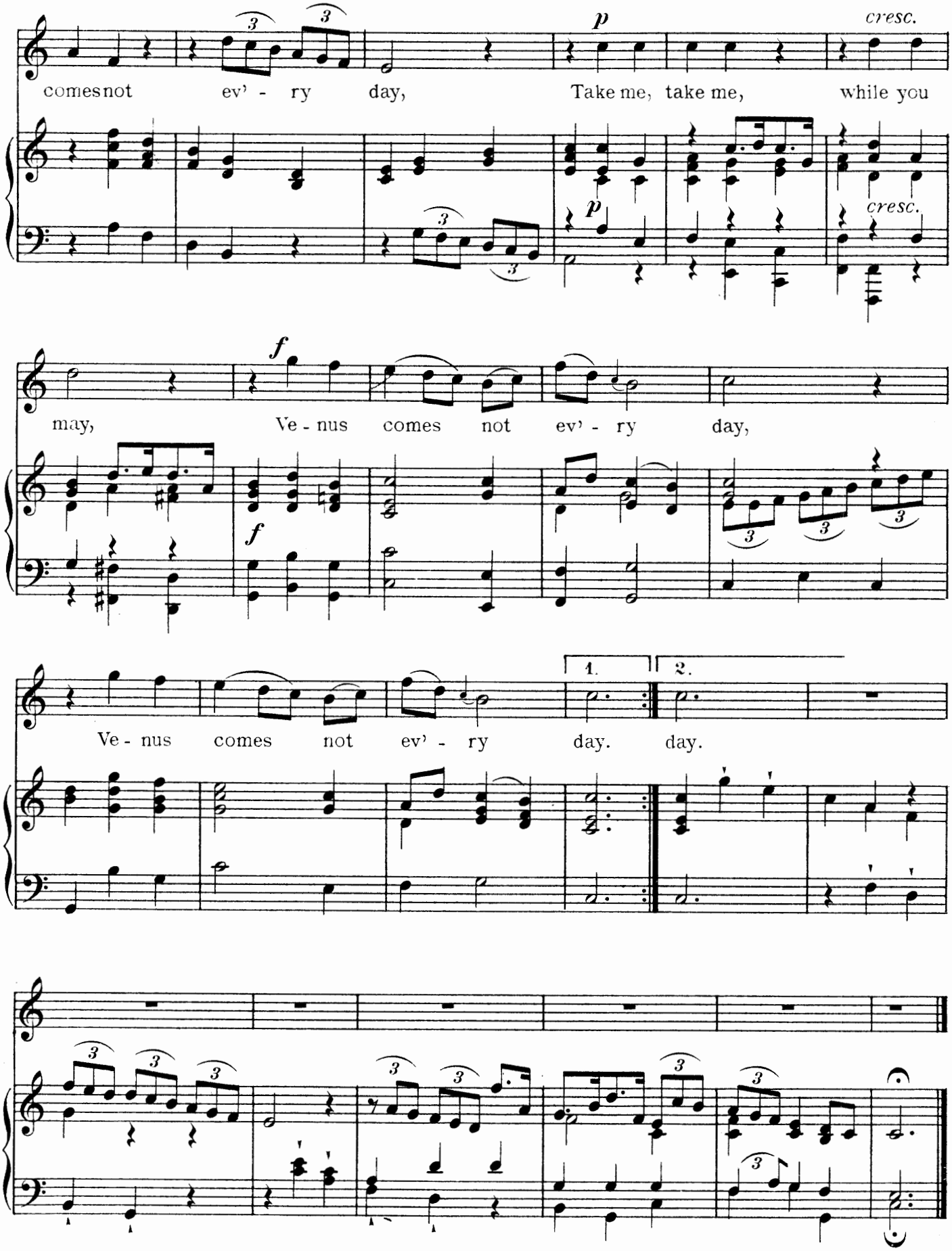
(FROM DRYDEN'S "SECULAR MASQUE.")

Dr BOYCE.
1750




p
Calms ap - pear when storms are past;
p
mf cresc.
Love will have his hour at last,
mf cresc.
f
Love will have his hour at last.
f
dim.


mf
cresc.
Na - ture is my kind - ly care, Mars de - stroys and I re -
mf
cresc.
f
p
-pair, Mars de - stroys and I re - pair : Take me,
f
tr
take me, while you may, Ve - nus comes not ev' - ry
cresc.
p
cresc.
f
dim.
day, Take me, take me, while you may, Ve - nus
f
dim.

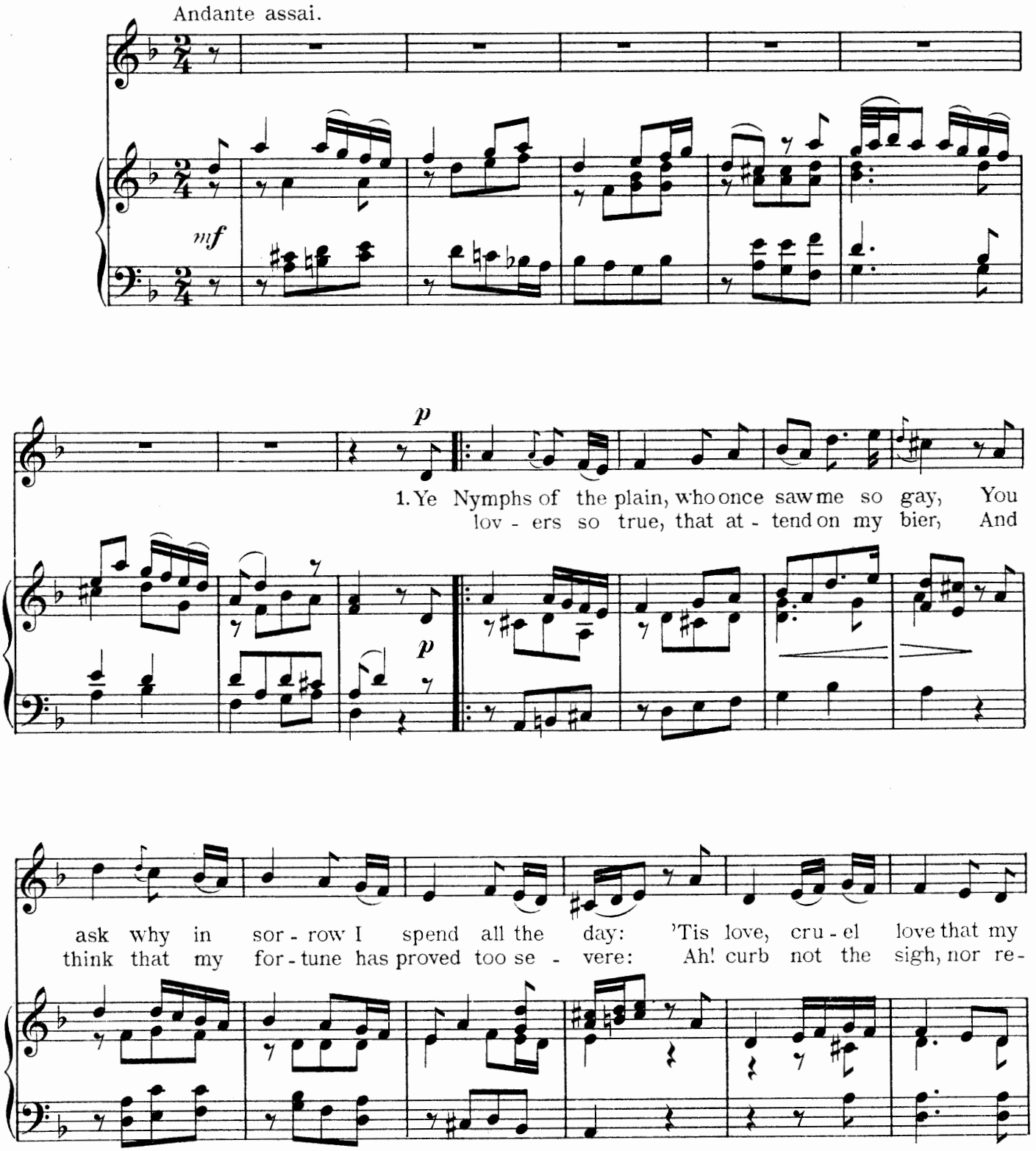

comes not ev' - ry day,
Take me, take me,
while you
cresc.
may,
Ve - nus comes not ev' - ry day,
Ve - nus comes not ev' - ry day.
day.
1.
2.

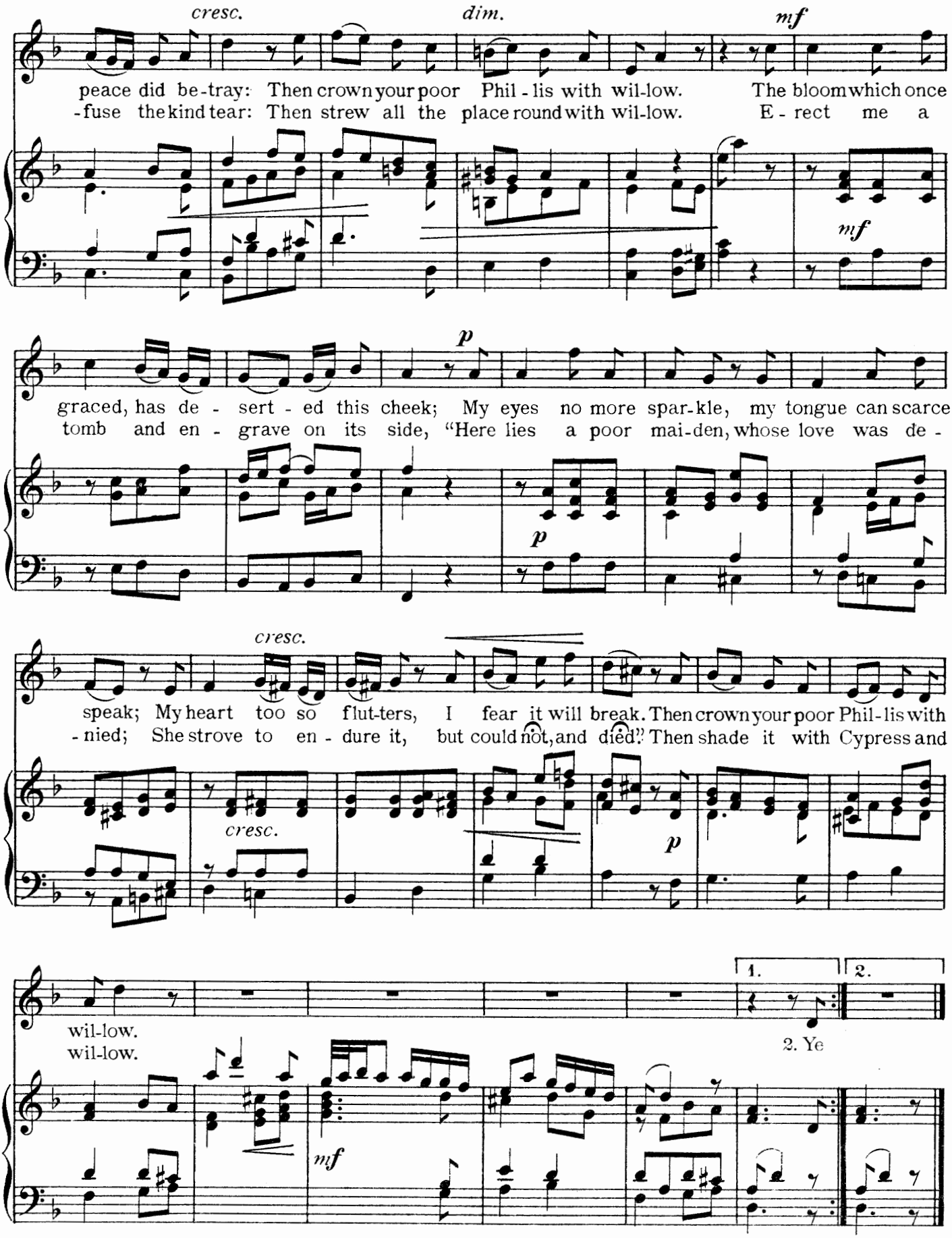
YE NYMPHS OF THE PLAIN.

(THE SHEPHERDS' LOTTERY.)

Words by MOSES MENDES.

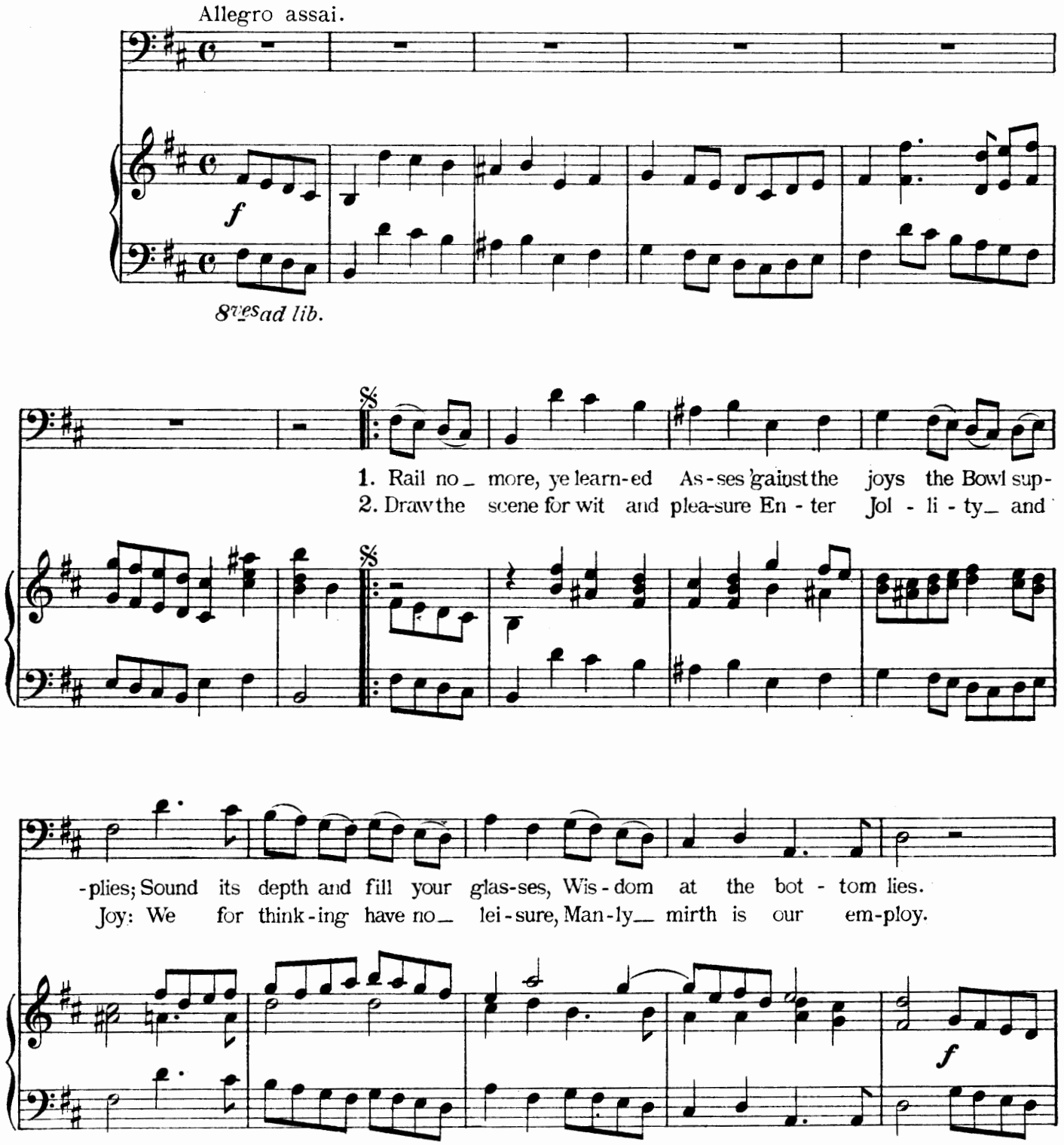
Dr BOYCE.
1751

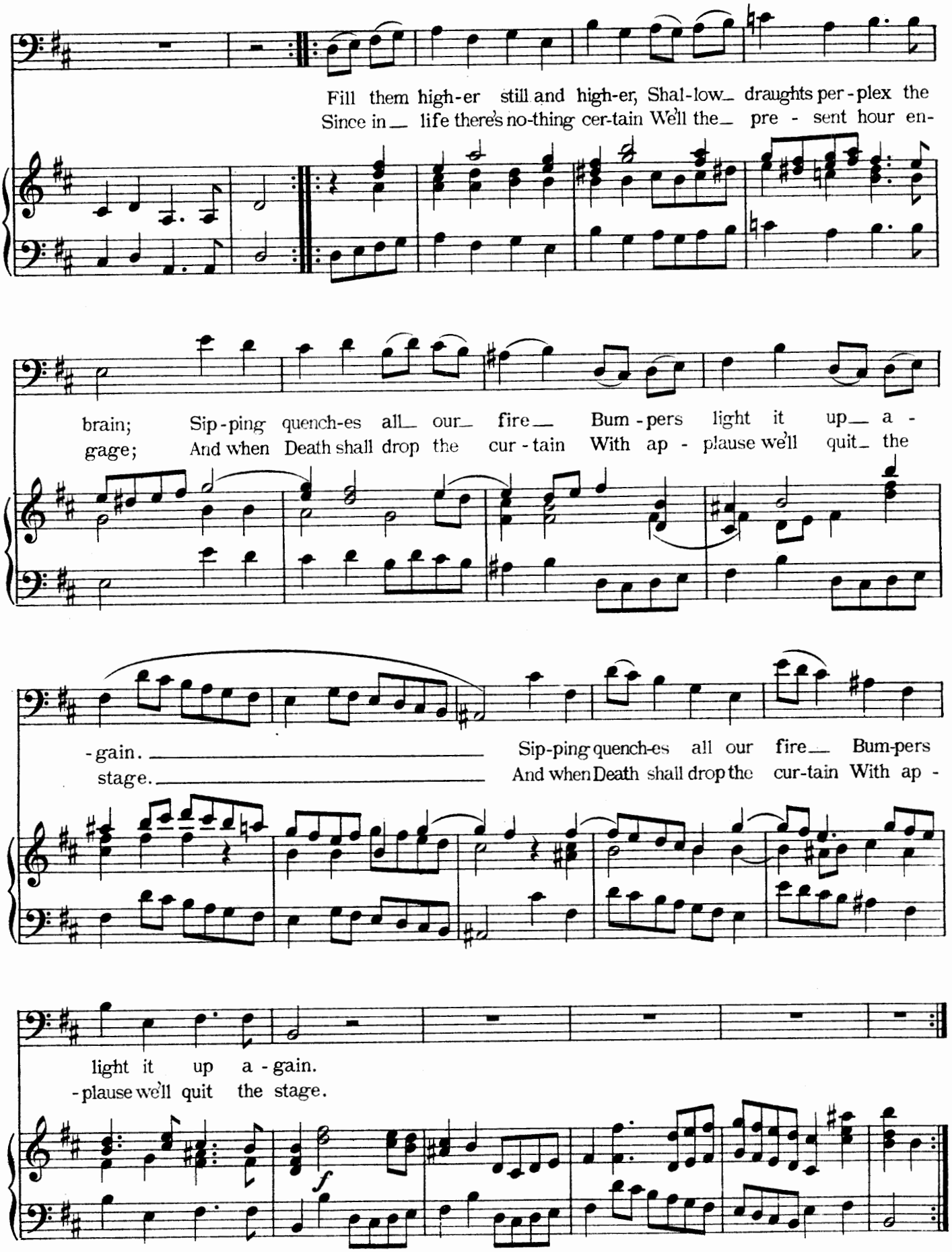



cresc.
dim.
mf
peace did be-tray: Then crown your poor Phil-lis with wil-low. The bloom which once
-fuse the kind tear: Then strew all the place round with wil-low. E-rect me a
mf
p
graced, has de-sert-ed this cheek; My eyes no more spar-kle, my tongue can scarce
tomb and en-grave on its side, "Here lies a poor mai-den, whose love was de-
p
cresc.
speak; My heart too so flut-ters, I fear it will break. Then crown your poor Phil-lis with
-nied; She strove to en-dure it, but could not, and died." Then shade it with Cypress and
cresc.
p
1.
2.
wil-low.
wil-low.
2. Ye
mf

RAIL NO MORE YE LEARNED ASSES.

BOYCE.

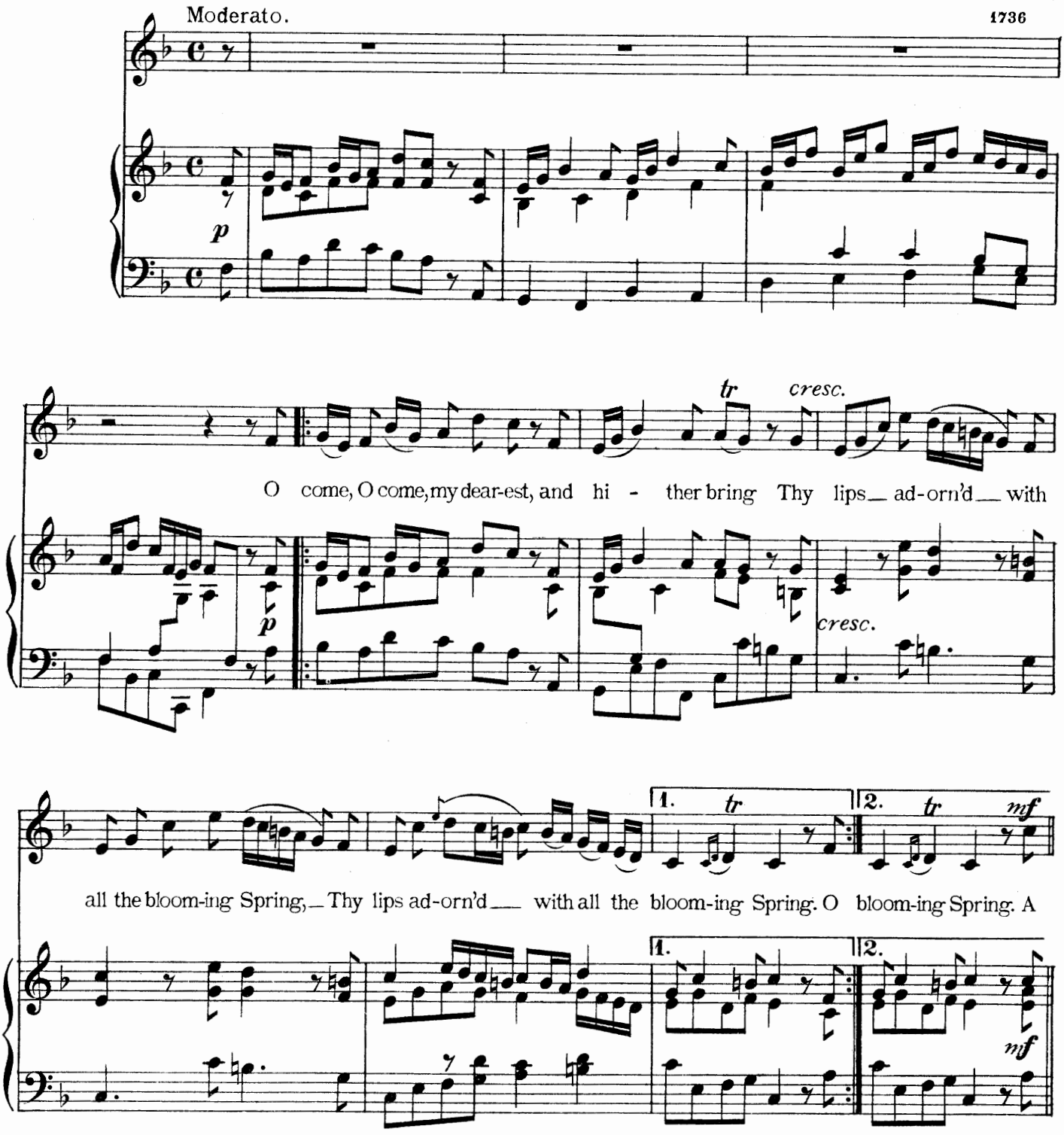


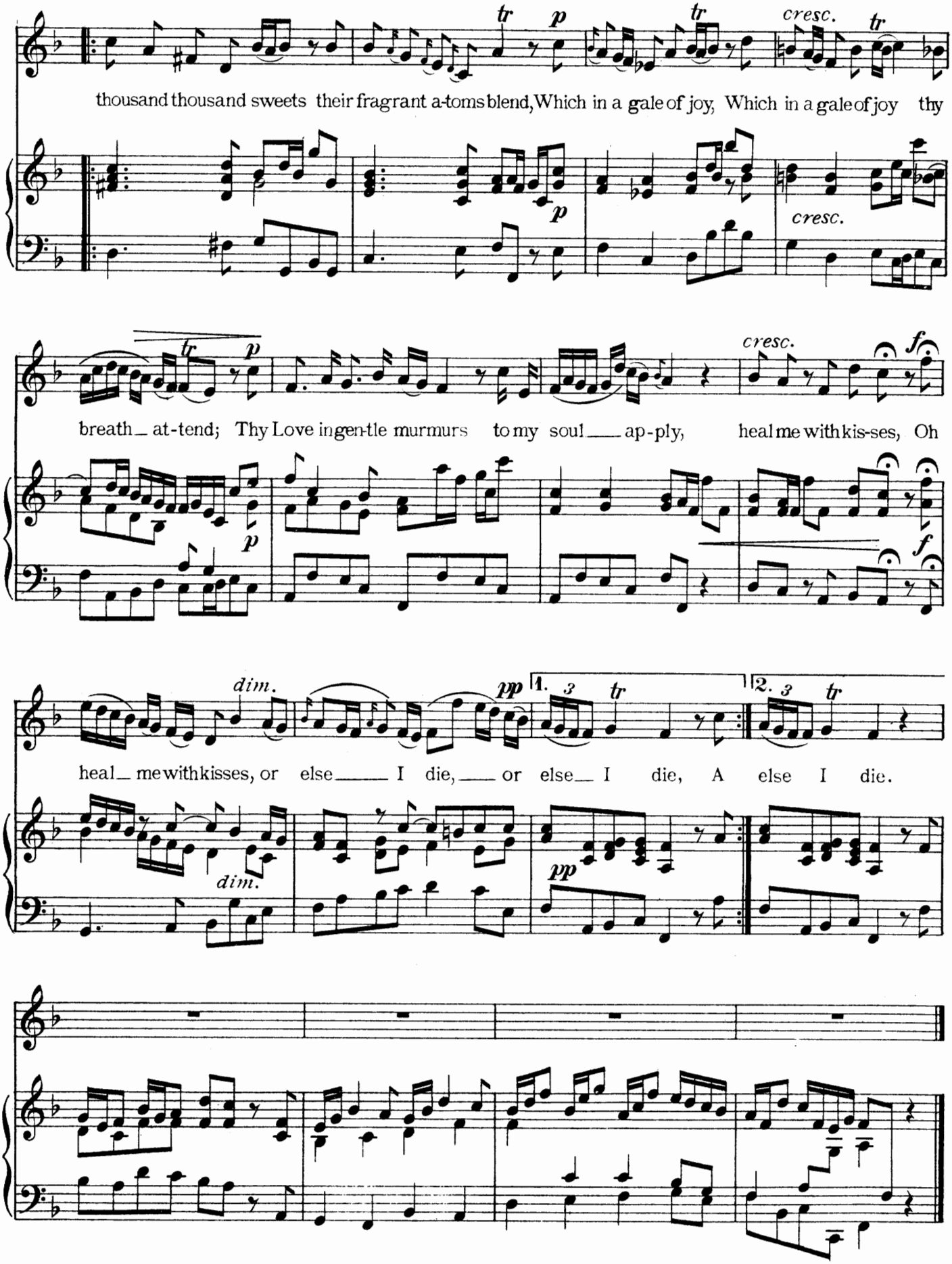

Fill them high-er still and high-er, Shal-low_ draughts per-plex the
Since in_ life there's no-thing cer-tain We'll the_ pre - sent hour en-
brain; Sip-ping quench-es all_ our_ fire_ Bum-pers light it up_ a -
gage; And when Death shall drop the cur-tain With ap - plause we'll quit_ the
-gain. Sip-ping quench-es all our fire_ Bum-pers
stage. And when Death shall drop the cur-tain With ap -
light it up a-gain.
-plause we'll quit the stage.
f

O COME, O COME MY DEAREST.

(THE FALL OF PHAETON.)

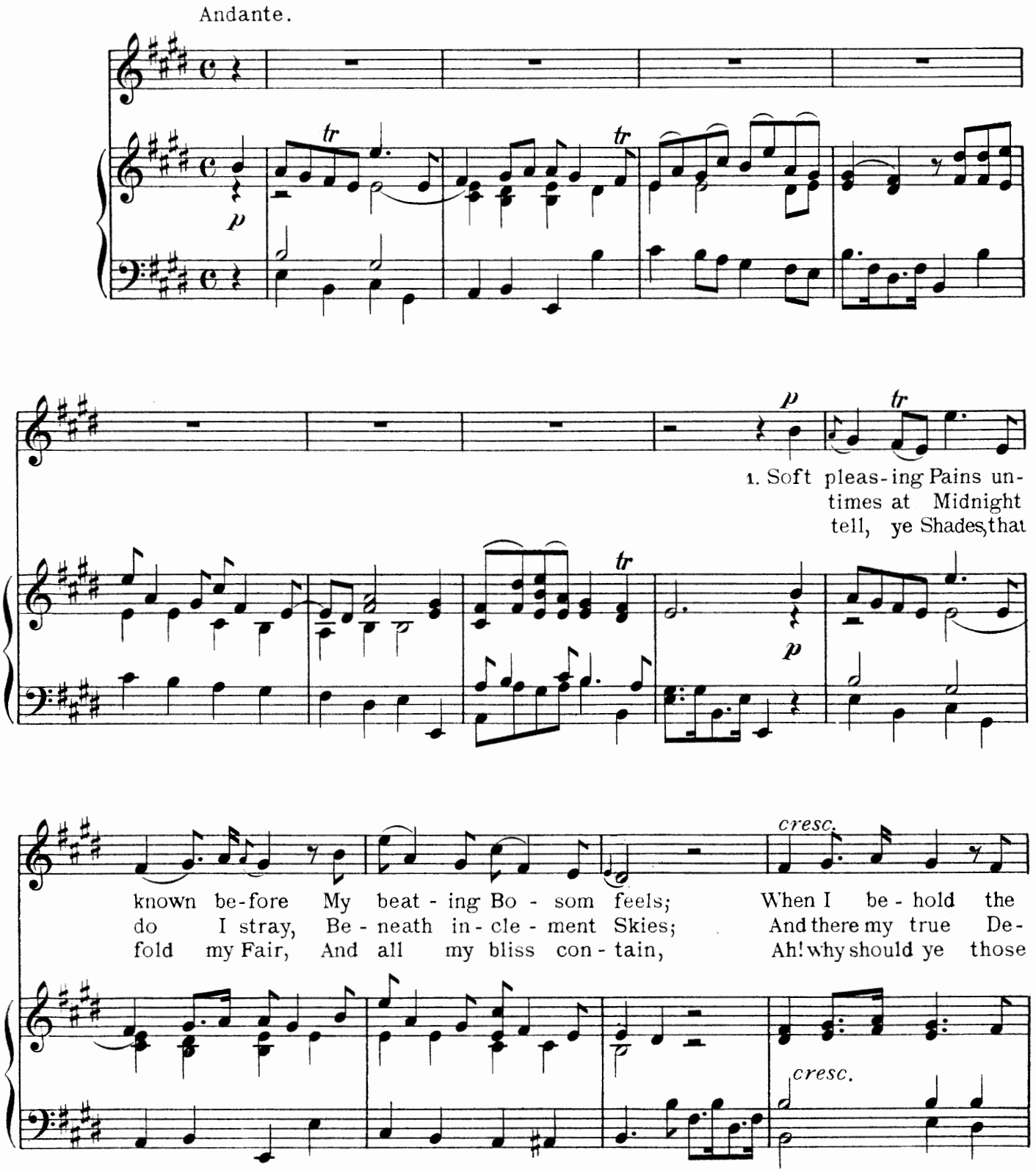
Dr ARNE.
1736

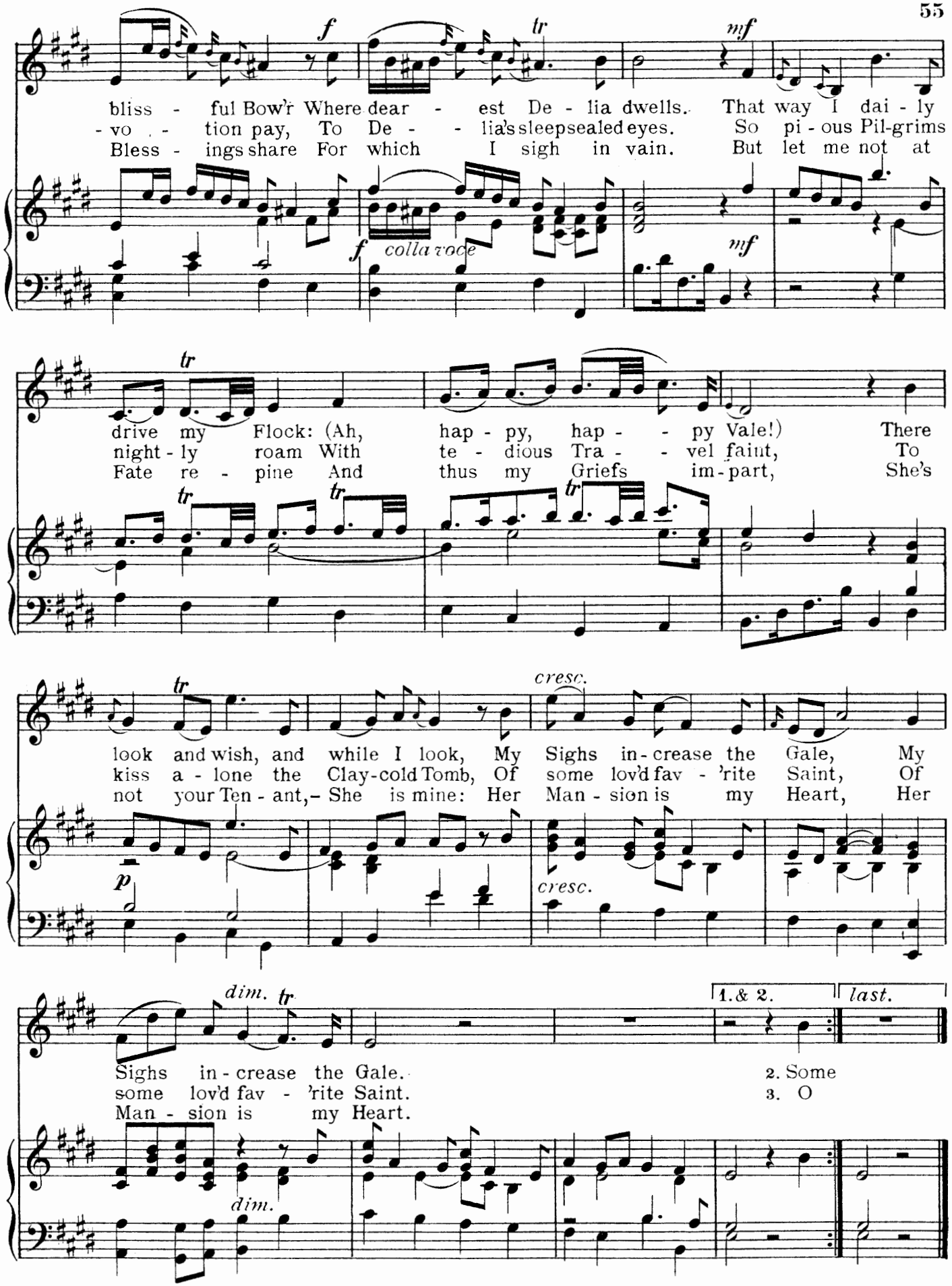



thousand thousand sweets their fragrant a-toms blend, Which in a gale of joy, Which in a gale of joy thy
breath_ at-tend; Thy Love in gen-tle murmurs to my soul ___ ap-ply, heal me with kis-ses, Oh
heal_ me with kisses, or else ___ I die, ___ or else_ I die, A else I die.
tr
p
cresc.
f
dim.
pp
1.
2.
3

TO DELIA.

Dr ARNE.



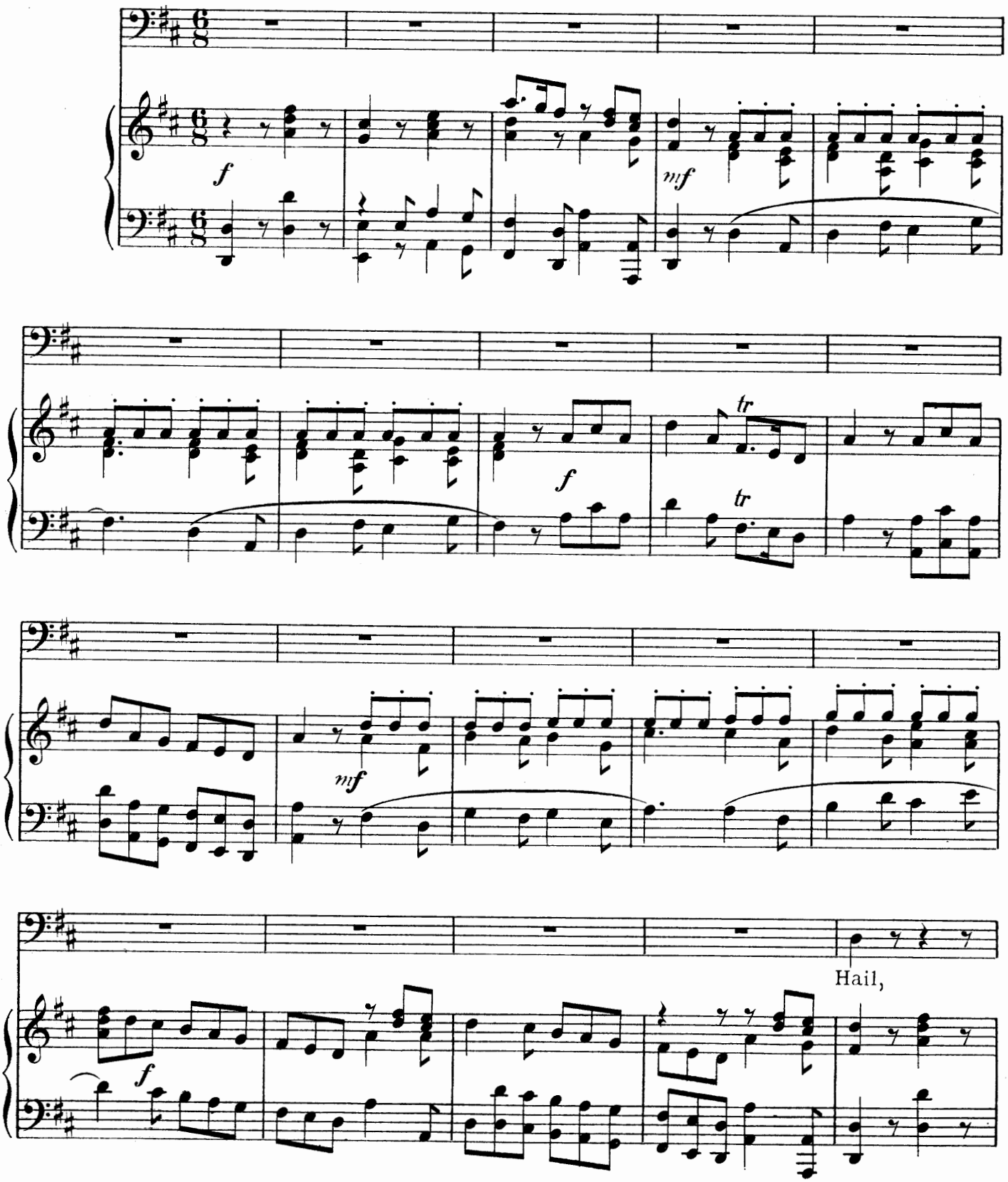

bliss - ful Bow'r Where dear - est De - lia dwells. That way I dai - ly
- vo - tion pay, To De - lia's sleep sealed eyes. So pi - ous Pil-grims
Bless - ings share For which I sigh in vain. But let me not at
f
tr
mf
f colla voce
mf
drive my Flock: (Ah, hap - py, hap - py Vale!) There
night - ly roam With te - dious Tra - vel faint, To
Fate re - pine And thus my Griefs im-part, She's
look and wish, and while I look, My Sighs in-crease the Gale, My
kiss a - lone the Clay-cold Tomb, Of some lov'd fav - 'rite Saint, Of
not your Ten - ant,- She is mine: Her Man - sion is my Heart, Her
cresc.
p
cresc.
dim.
1.& 2.
last.
Sighs in - crease the Gale.
some lov'd fav - 'rite Saint.
Man - sion is my Heart.
2. Some
3. O
dim.

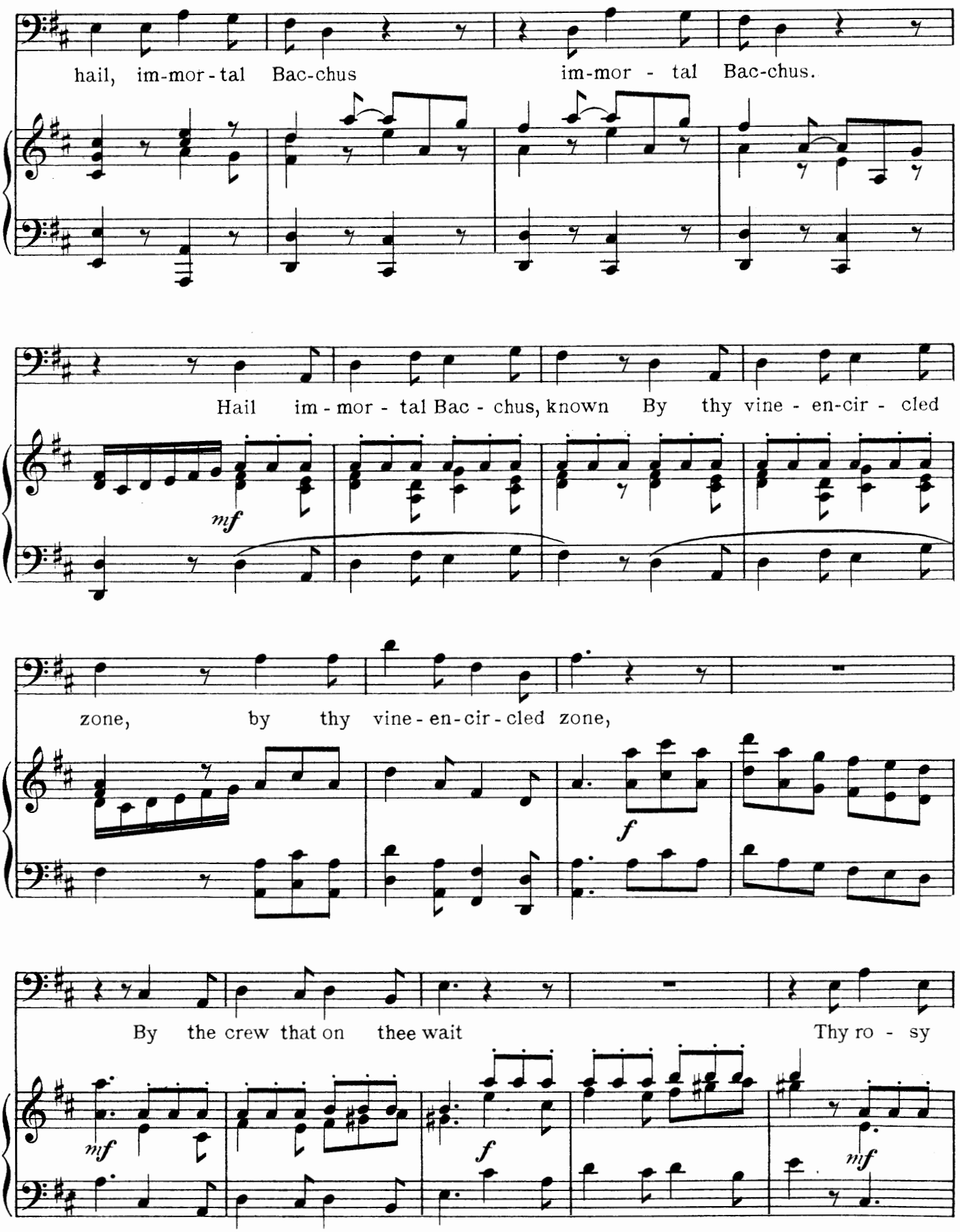
HAIL IMMORTAL BACCHUS.

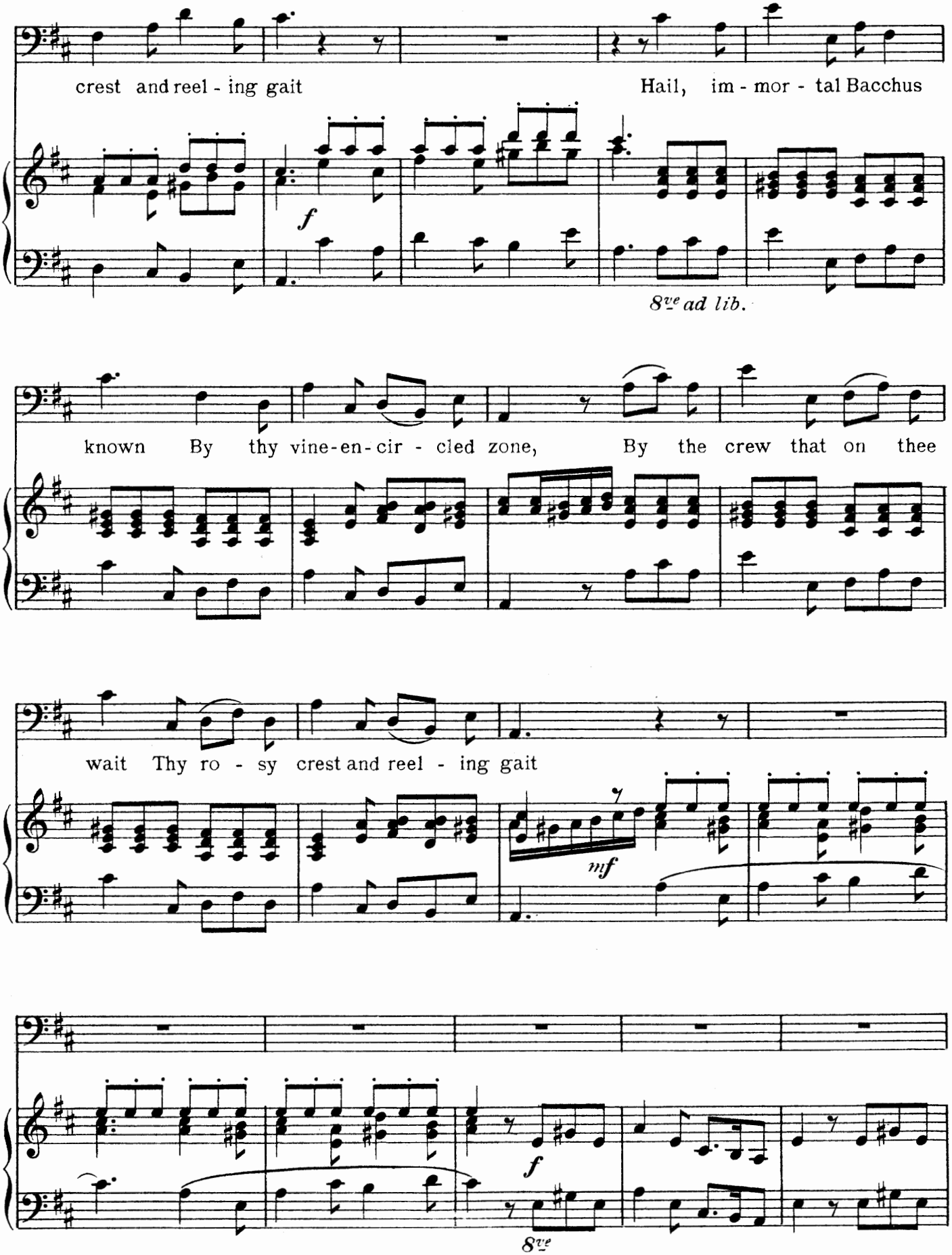
(JUDITH.)

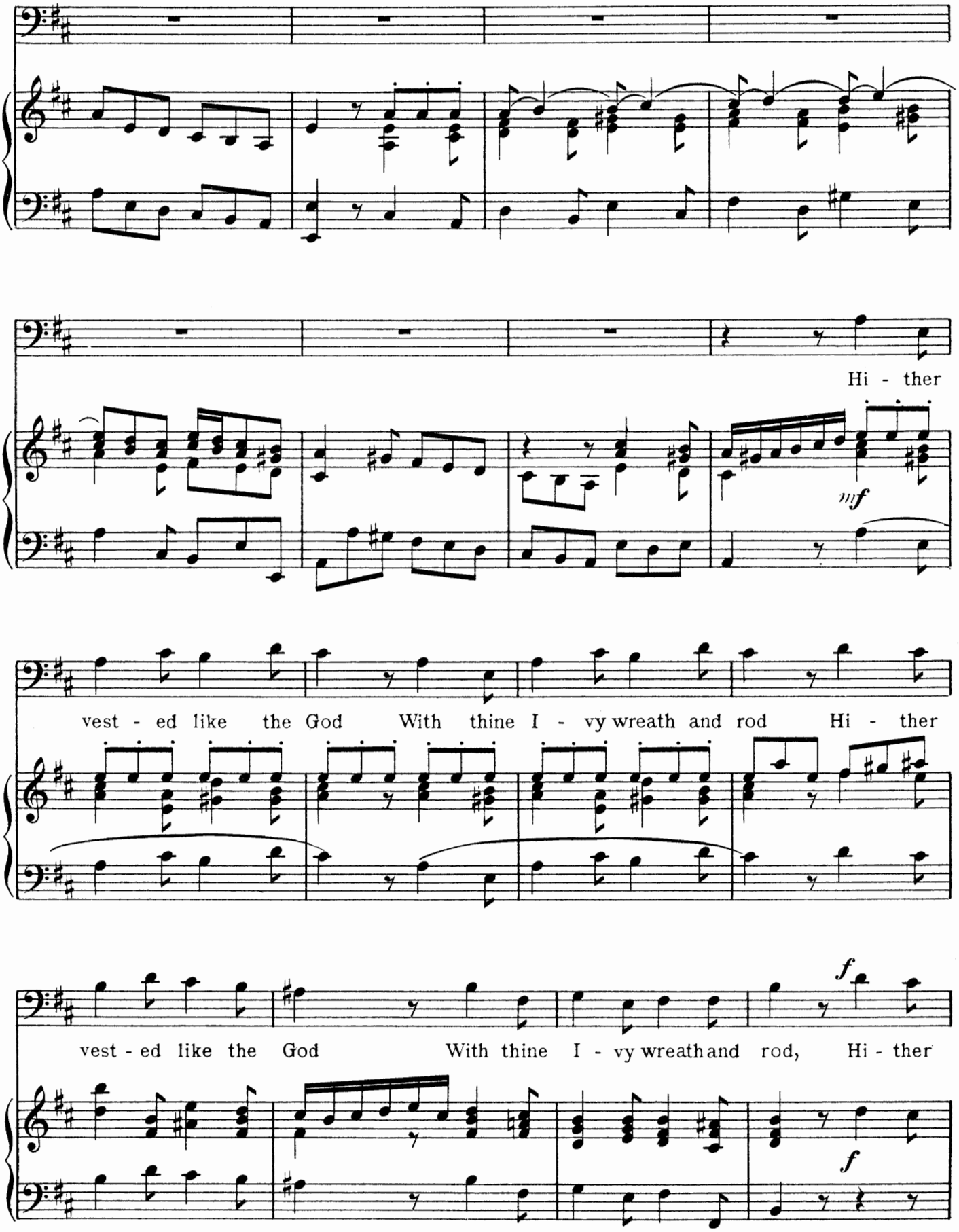
Dr ARNE.
1761

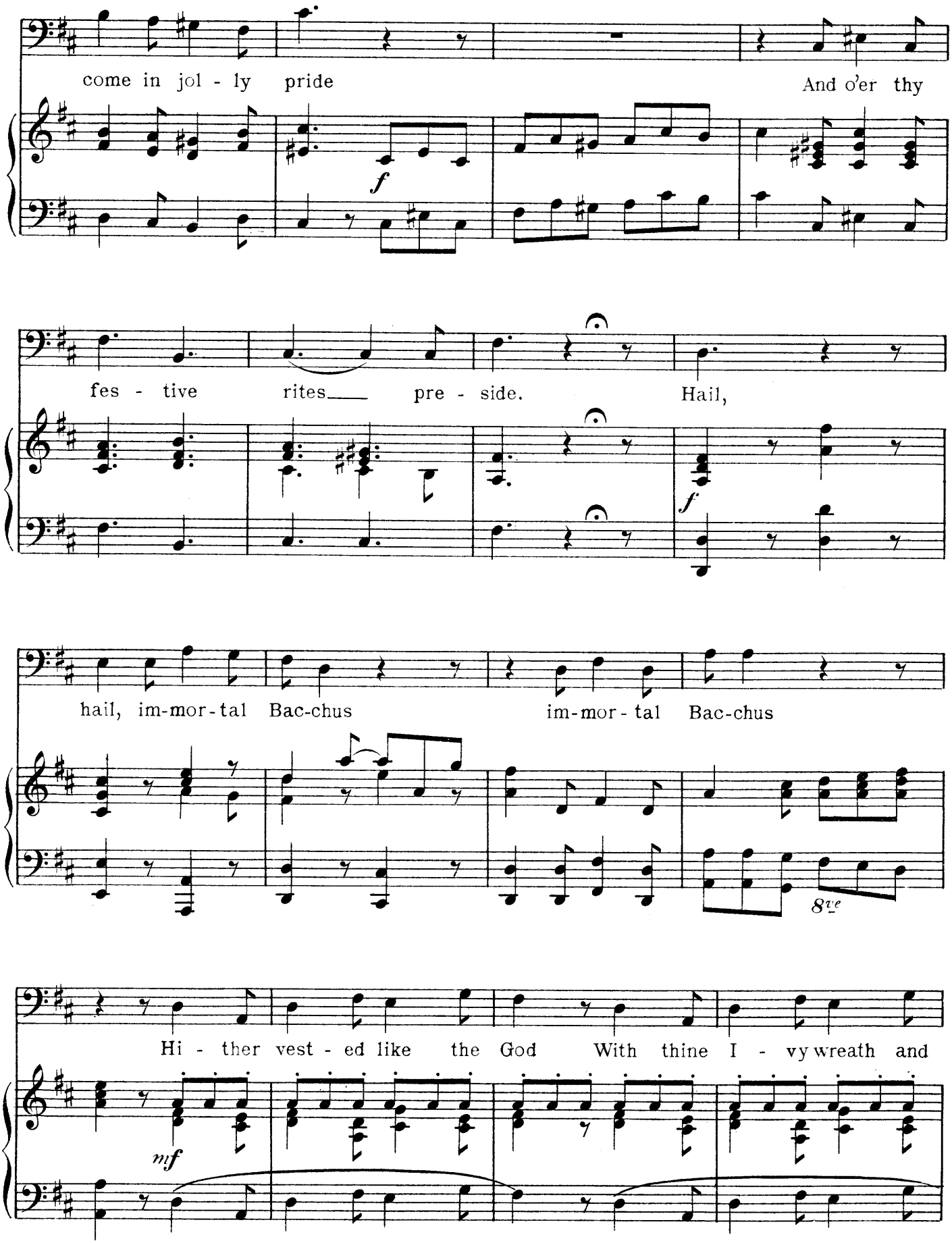
Con spirito.

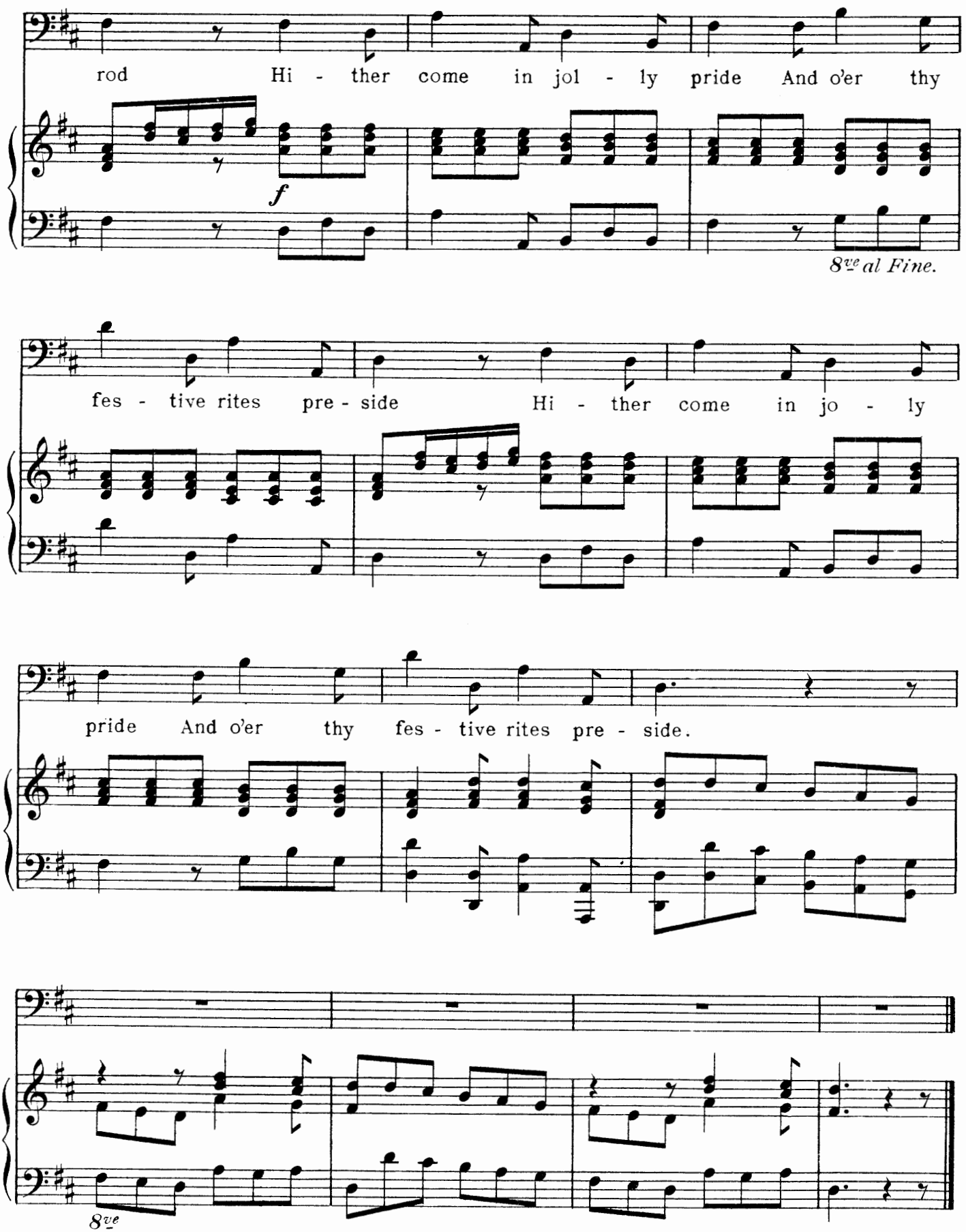



hail, im-mor-tal Bac-chus im-mor - tal Bac-chus.
Hail im - mor - tal Bac - chus, known By thy vine - en-cir - cled
mf
zone, by thy vine-en-cir-cled zone,
f
By the crew that on thee wait Thy ro - sy
mf
f
mf


crest and reel - ing gait
Hail, im - mor - tal Bacchus
f
8ve ad lib.
known By thy vine-en-cir - cled zone, By the crew that on thee
wait Thy ro - sy crest and reel - ing gait
mf
f
8ve


Hi - ther
mf
vest - ed like the God With thine I - vy wreath and rod Hi - ther
vest - ed like the God With thine I - vy wreath and rod, Hi - ther
f
f
f


come in jol - ly pride
And o'er thy
f
fes - tive rites pre - side.
Hail,
f
hail, im-mor-tal Bac-chus
im-mor-tal Bac-chus
8ve
Hi - ther vest - ed like the God With thine I - vy wreath and
mf


rod Hi - ther come in jol - ly pride And o'er thy
f
8ve al Fine.
fes - tive rites pre - side Hi - ther come in jo - ly
pride And o'er thy fes - tive rites pre - side.
8ve

ARISE SWEET MESSENGER OF MORN.

(ALFRED.)

Dr ARNE.
1740

Cheerfully.

f *p* *cresc.*

cresc.

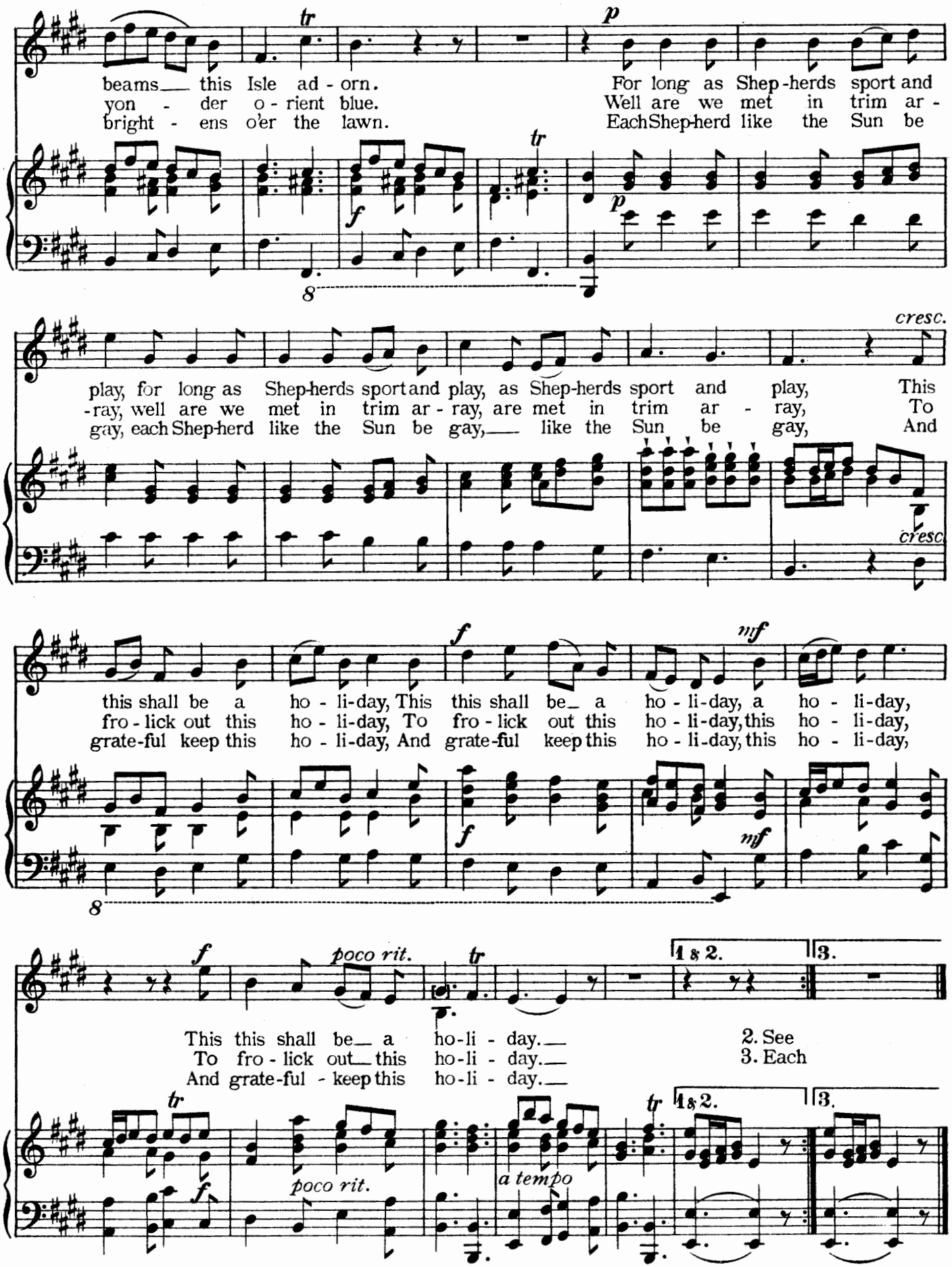
f

1. A - rise, a - rise, Sweet mes - sen-ger of morn.
Morn, ap-pears, a ro - sy, ro - sy hue
Nymph be like, be like the blush-ing Dawn

mf *tr*

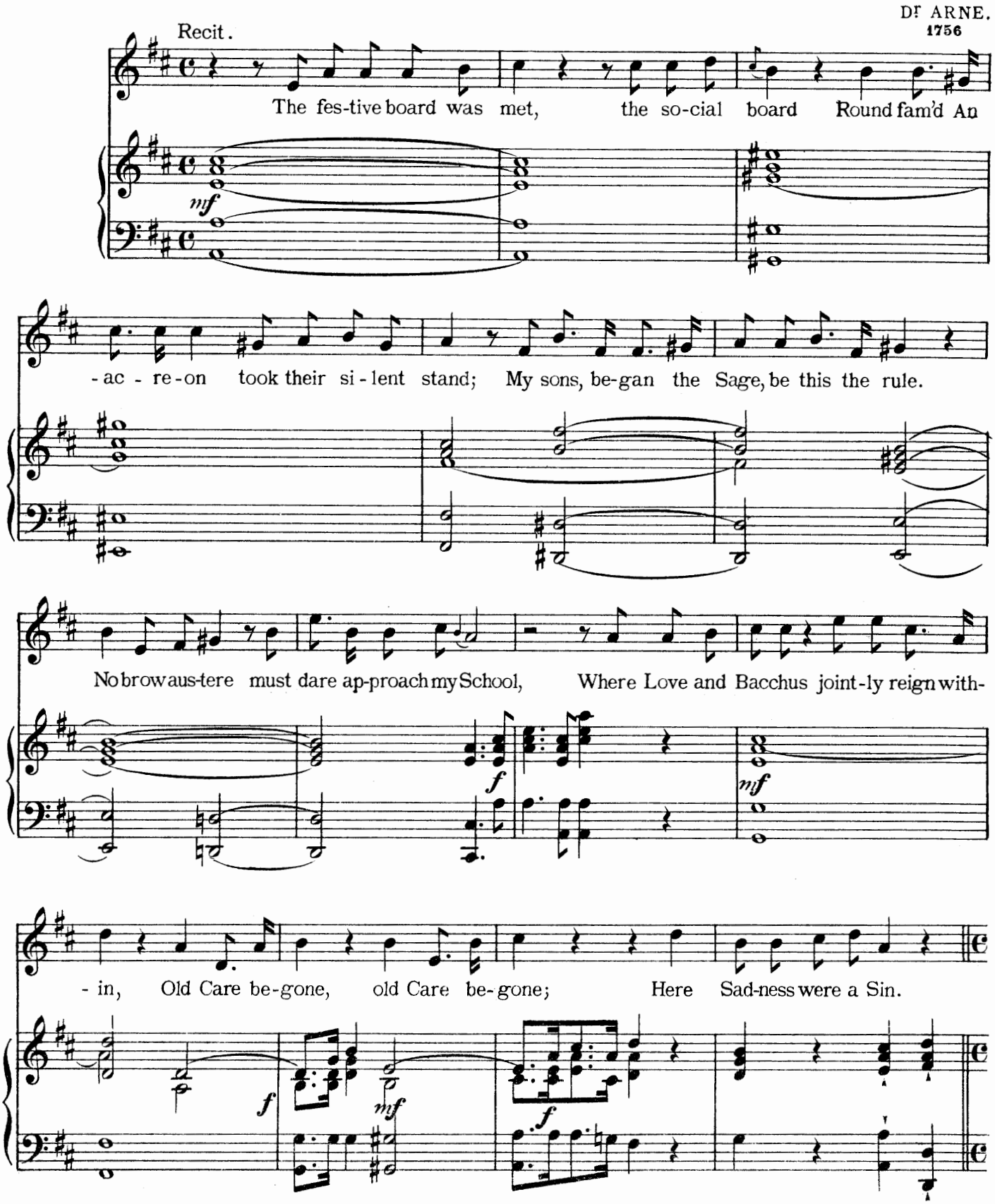
With thy mild, mild beams this Isle ad - orn, With thy mild, mild
Steals soft o'er yon - der o - - rient blue Steals soft o'er
That gai - ly bright - ens o'er the lawn, That gai - ly

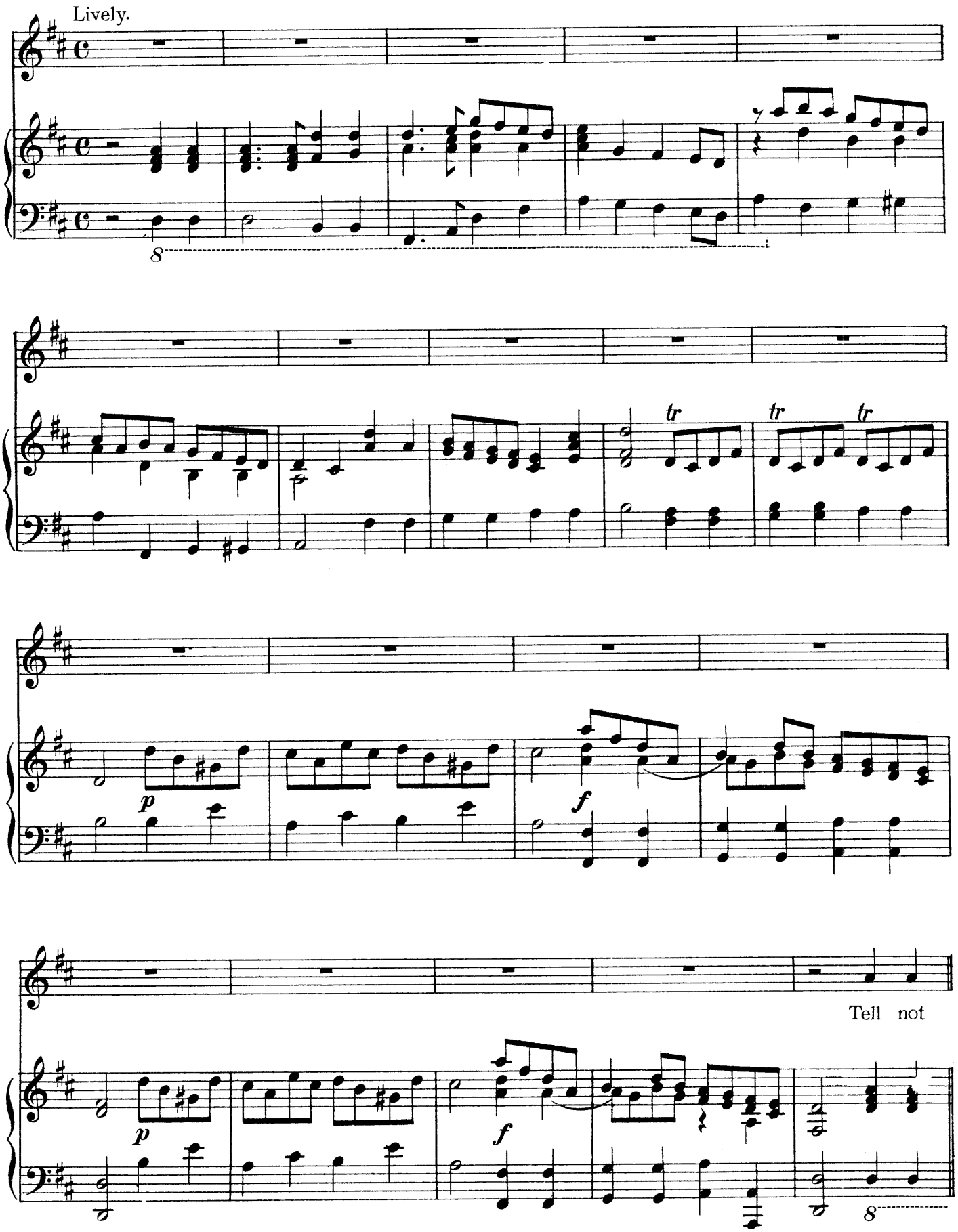
mf

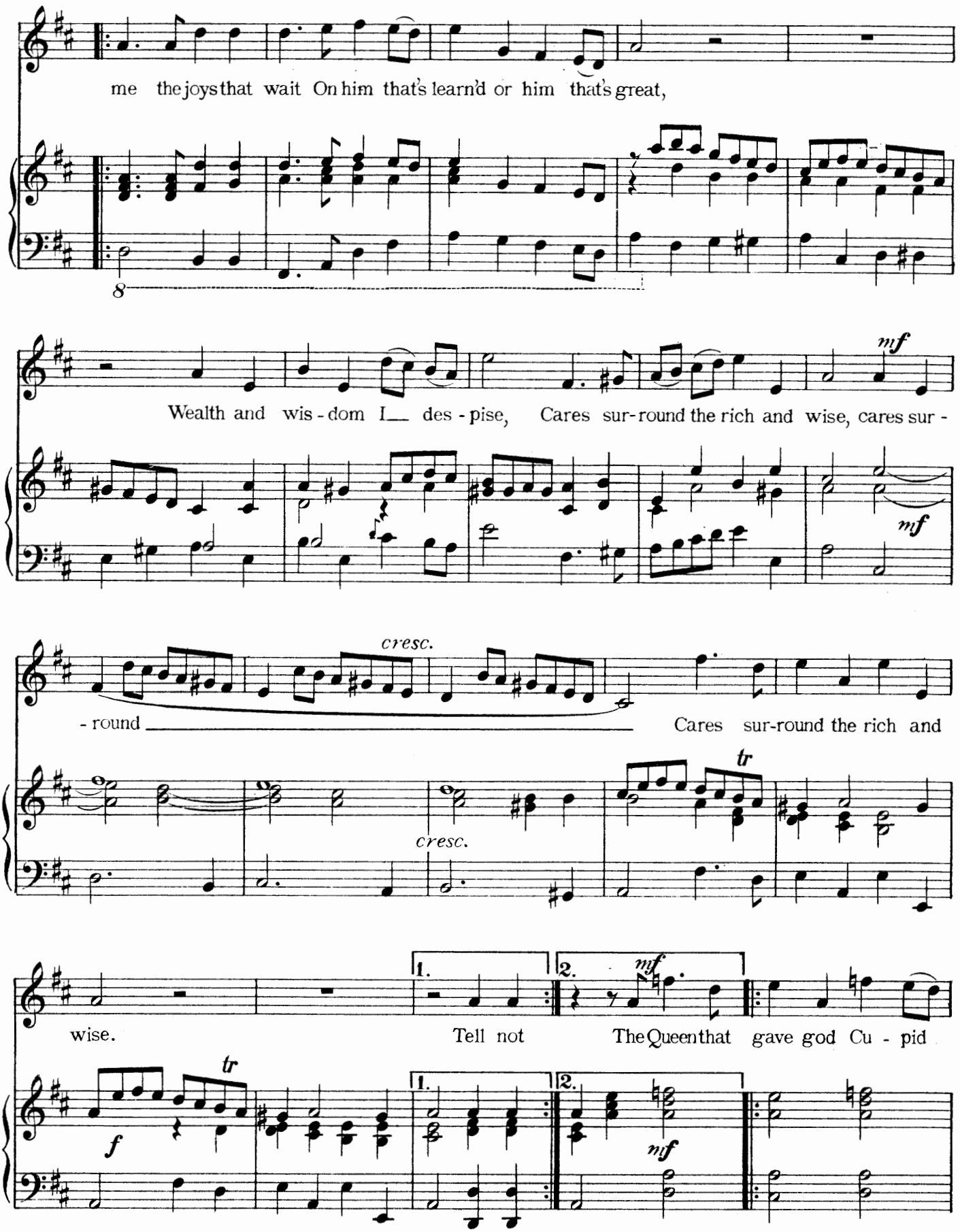

beams this Isle ad - orn.
yon - der o - rient blue.
bright - ens o'er the lawn.
For long as Shep-herds sport and
Well are we met in trim ar -
Each Shep-herd like the Sun be
play, for long as Shep-herds sport and play, as Shep-herds sport and play, This
-ray, well are we met in trim ar - ray, are met in trim ar - ray, To
gay, each Shep-herd like the Sun be gay, like the Sun be gay, And
this shall be a ho - li-day, This this shall be a ho - li-day, a ho - li-day,
fro - lick out this ho - li-day, To fro - lick out this ho - li-day, this ho - li-day,
grate-ful keep this ho - li-day, And grate-ful keep this ho - li-day, this ho - li-day,
This this shall be a ho-li - day.
To fro - lick out this ho-li - day.
And grate-ful - keep this ho-li - day.
2. See
3. Each

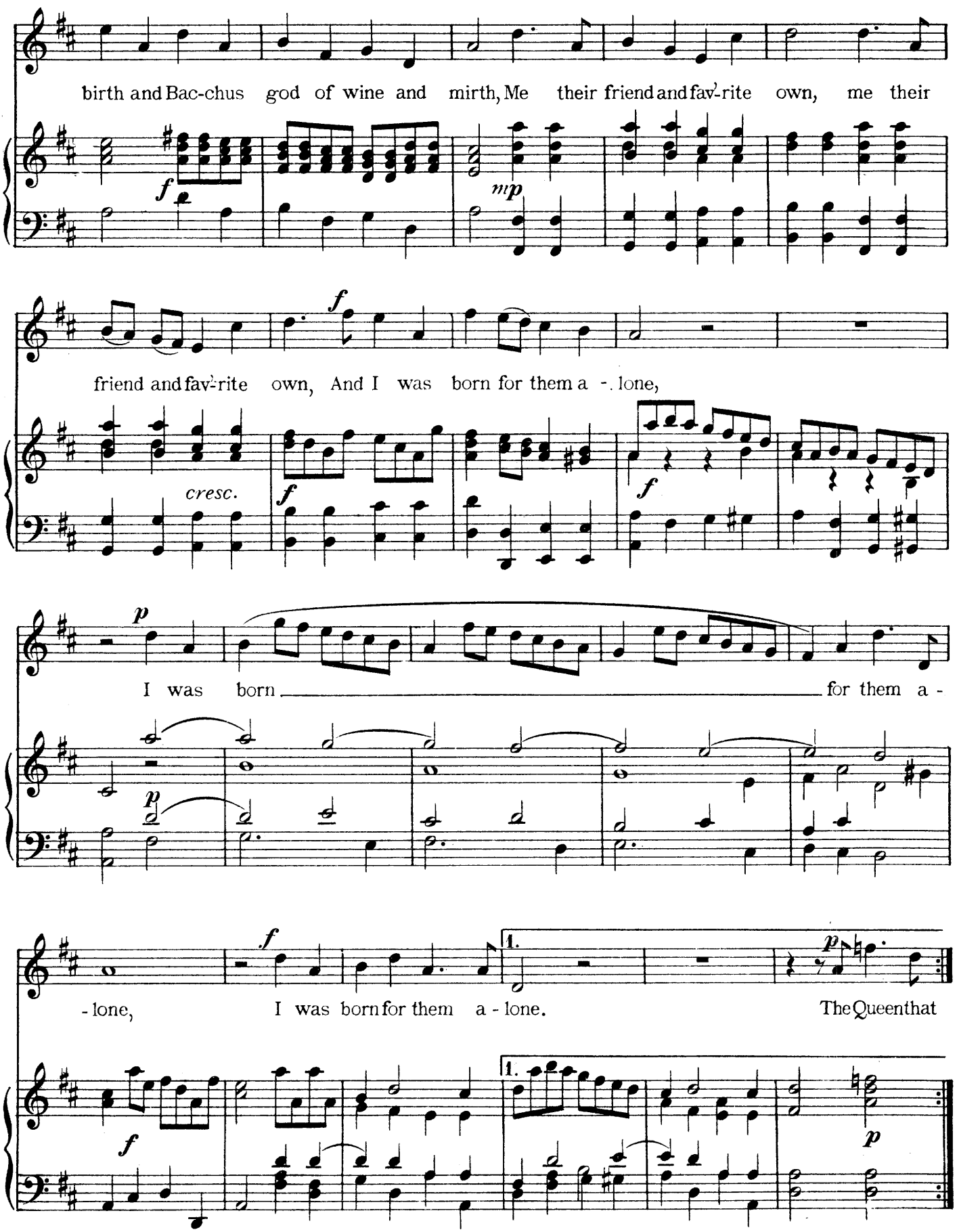
THE SCHOOL OF ANACREON.

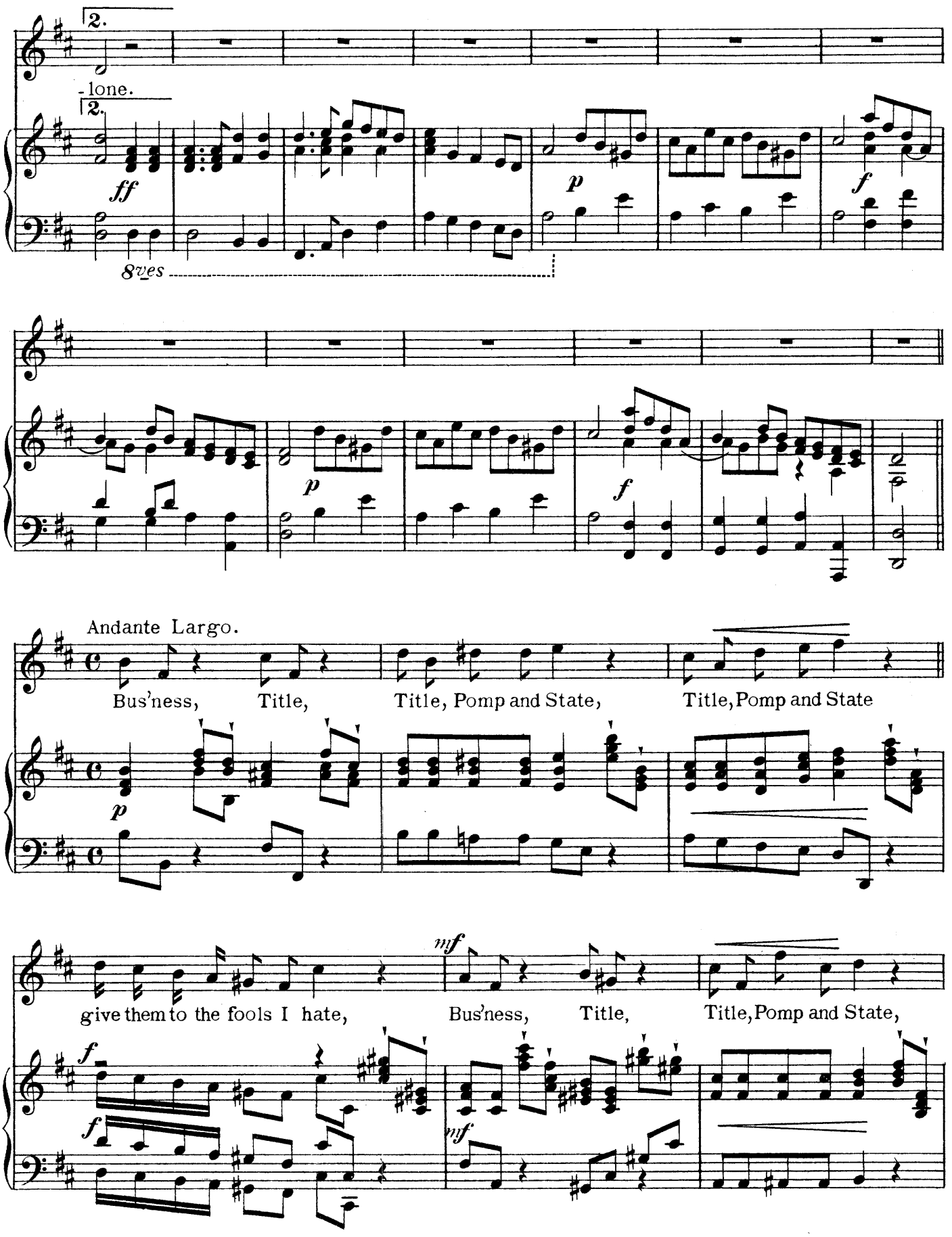
(A CANTATA.)

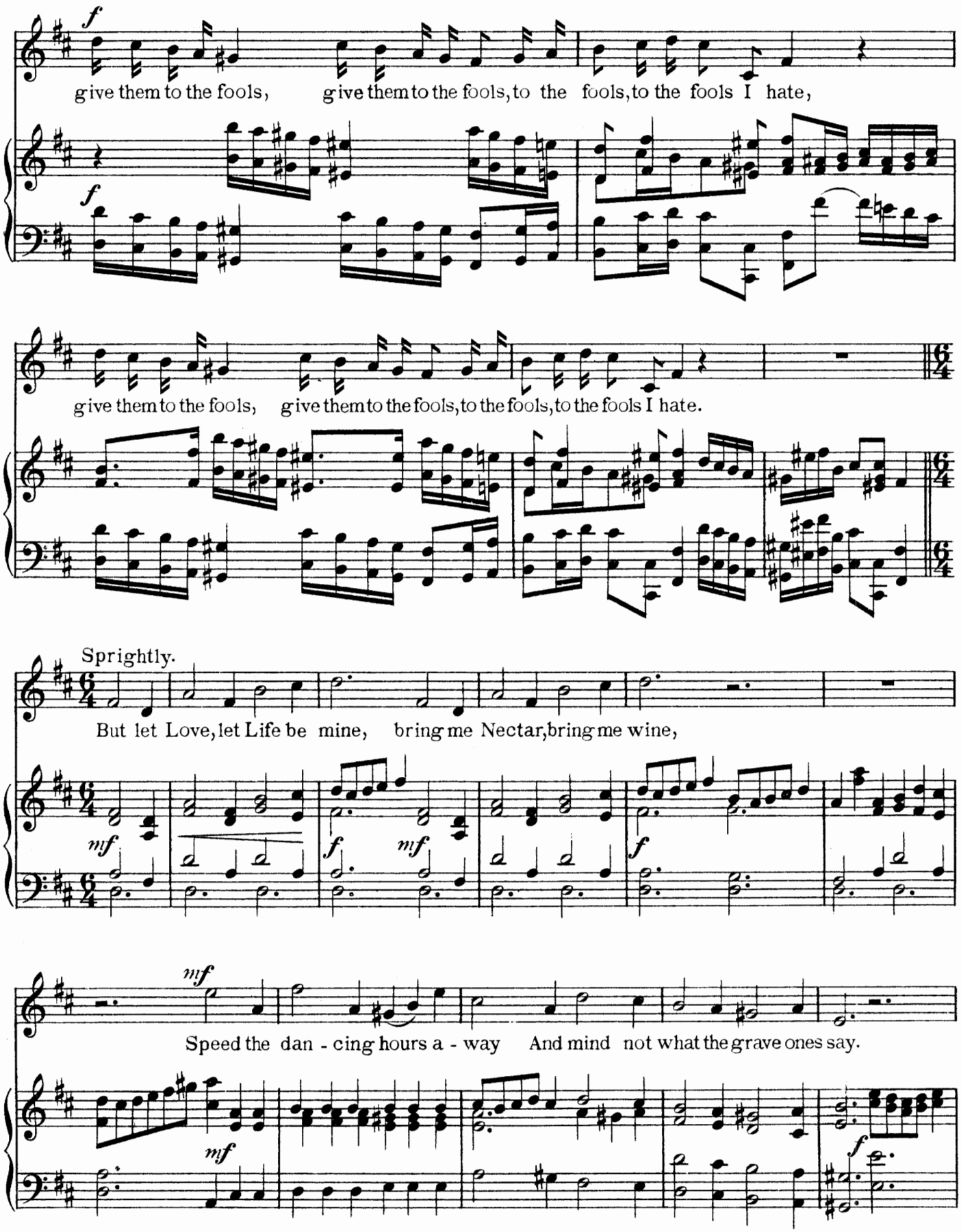


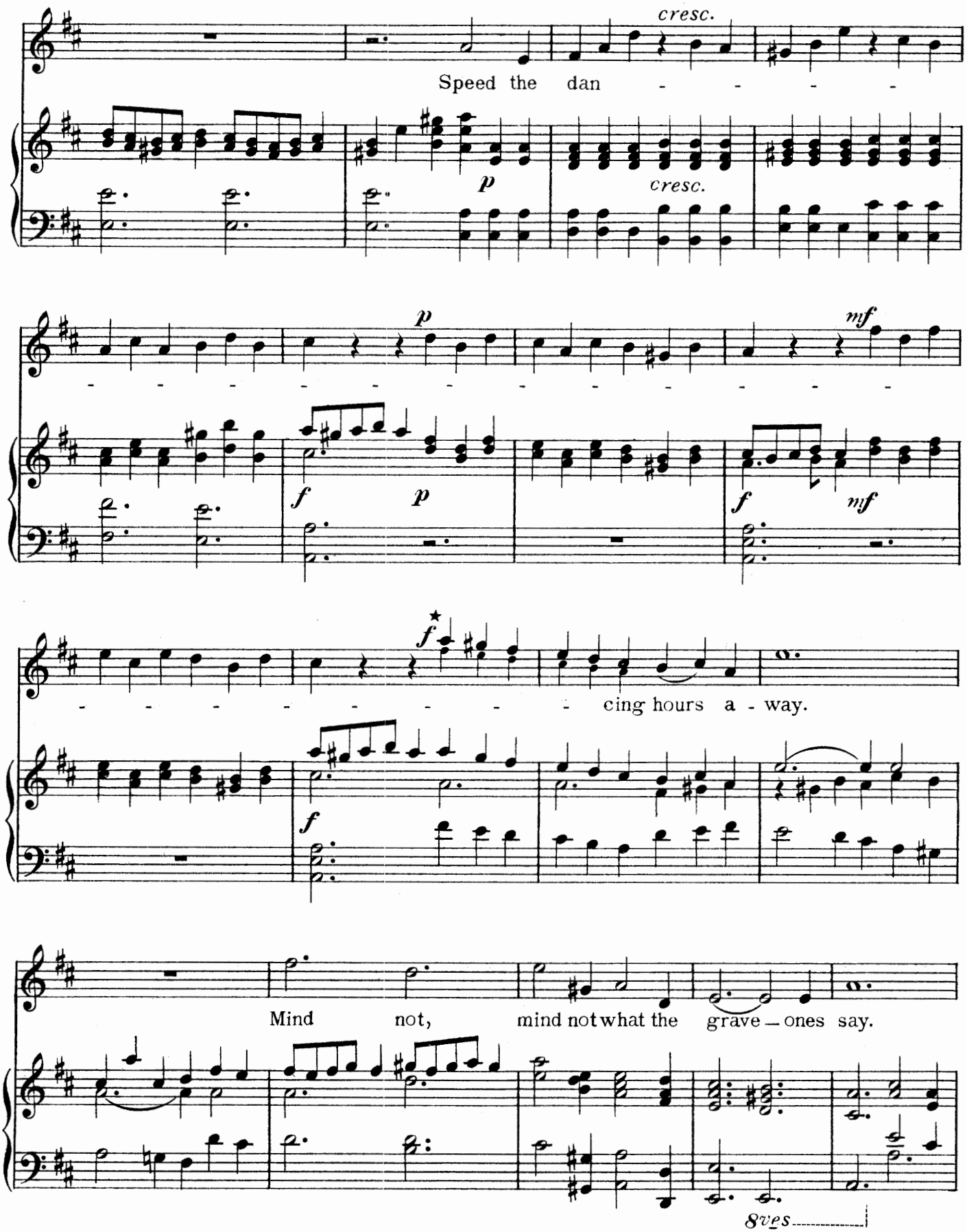

Lively.
8
tr
tr
tr
p
f
p
f
Tell not
8


me the joys that wait On him that's learn'd or him that's great,
Wealth and wis - dom I__ des - pise, Cares sur-round the rich and wise, cares sur -
- round
Cares sur-round the rich and
wise.
Tell not
The Queen that gave god Cu - pid
cresc.
cresc.
mf
mf
mf
mf
f
tr
tr
1.
2.
1.
2.

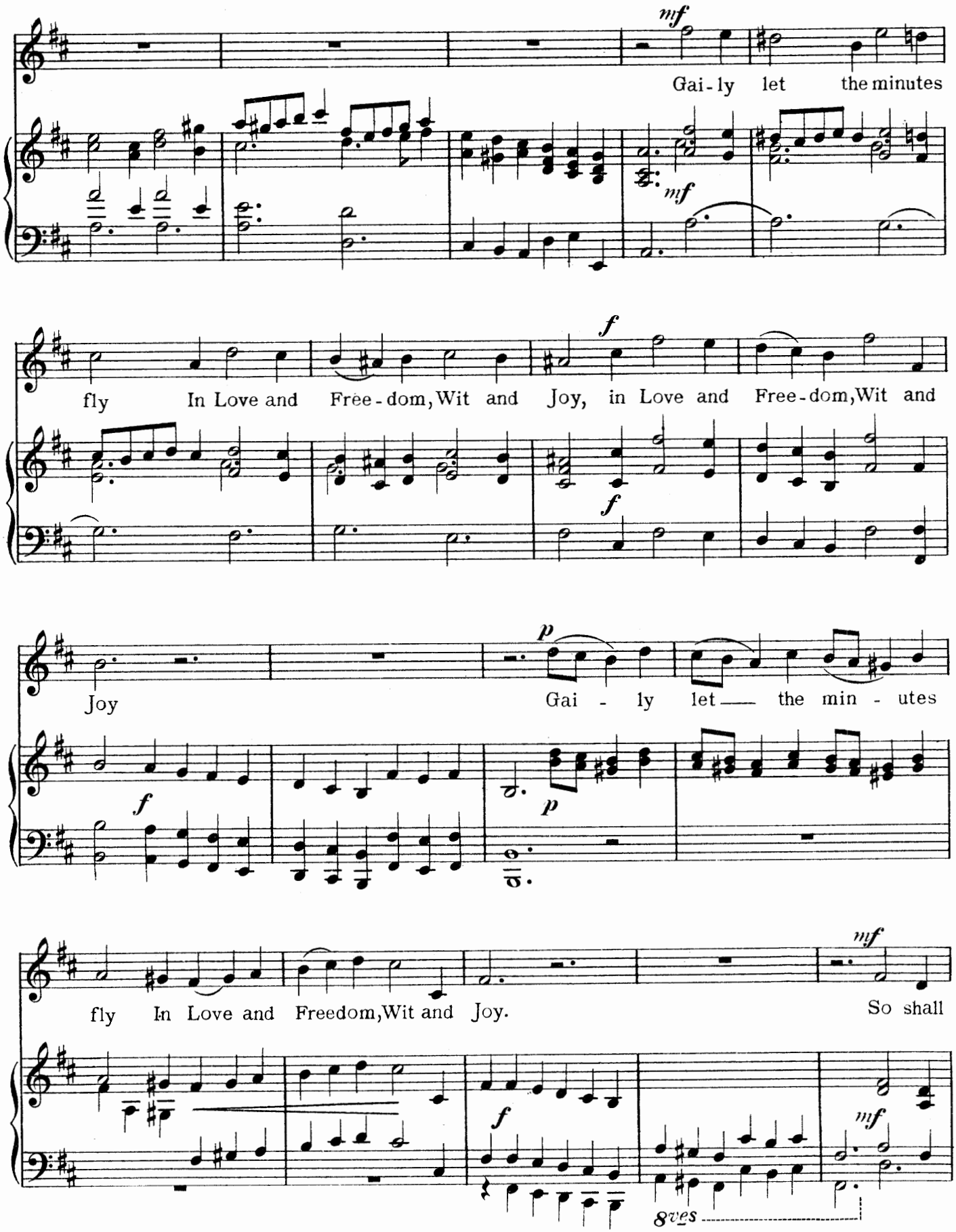

birth and Bac-chus god of wine and mirth, Me their friend and fav'-rite own, me their
friend and fav'-rite own, And I was born for them a -. lone,
cresc.
I was born for them a -
-lone, I was born for them a - lone. The Queen that
1.
1.

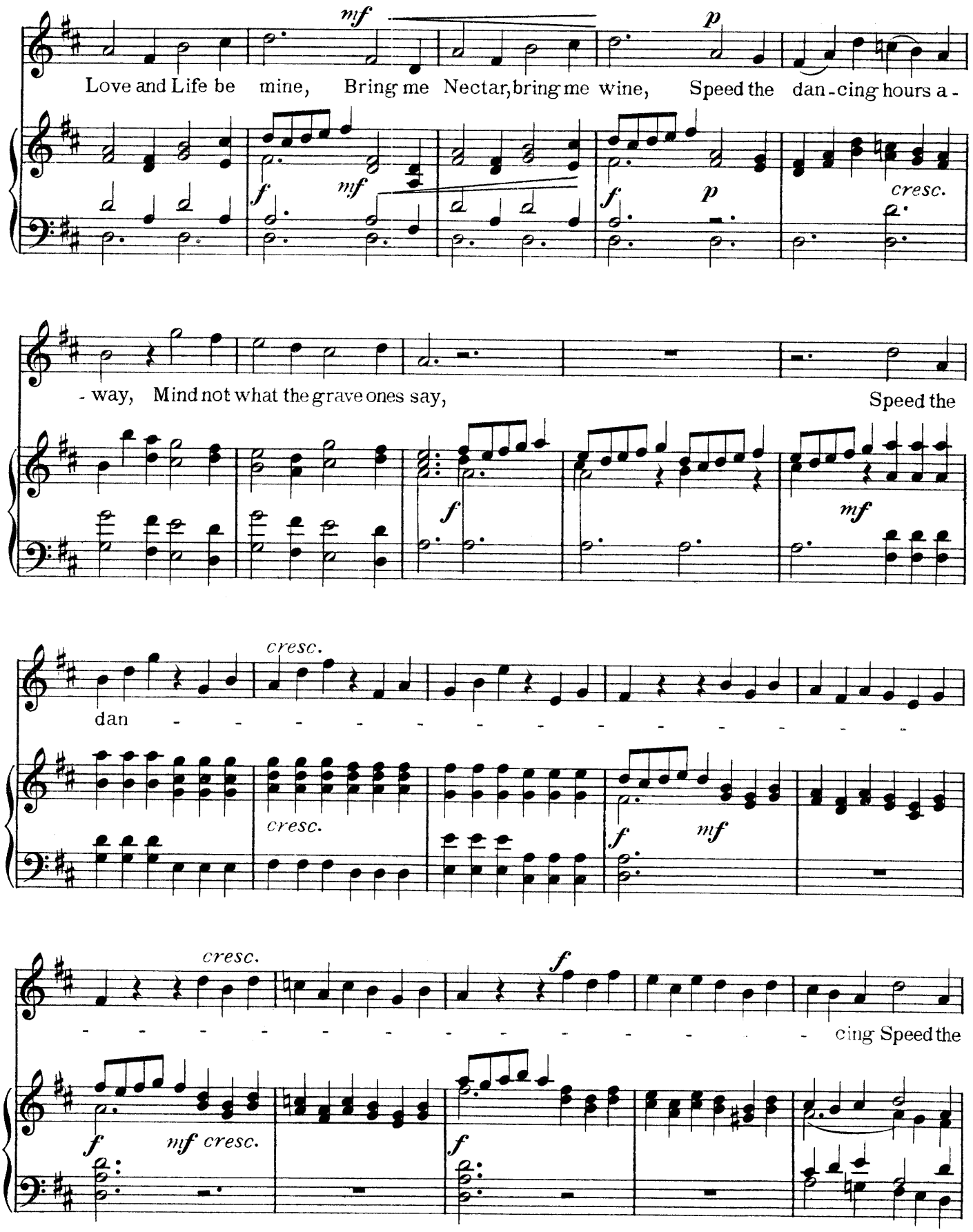

2.
-lone.
2.
ff
8ves
p
f
p
f
Andante Largo.
Bus'ness, Title, Title, Pomp and State, Title, Pomp and State
p
mf
give them to the fools I hate, Bus'ness, Title, Title, Pomp and State,
f
f
mf

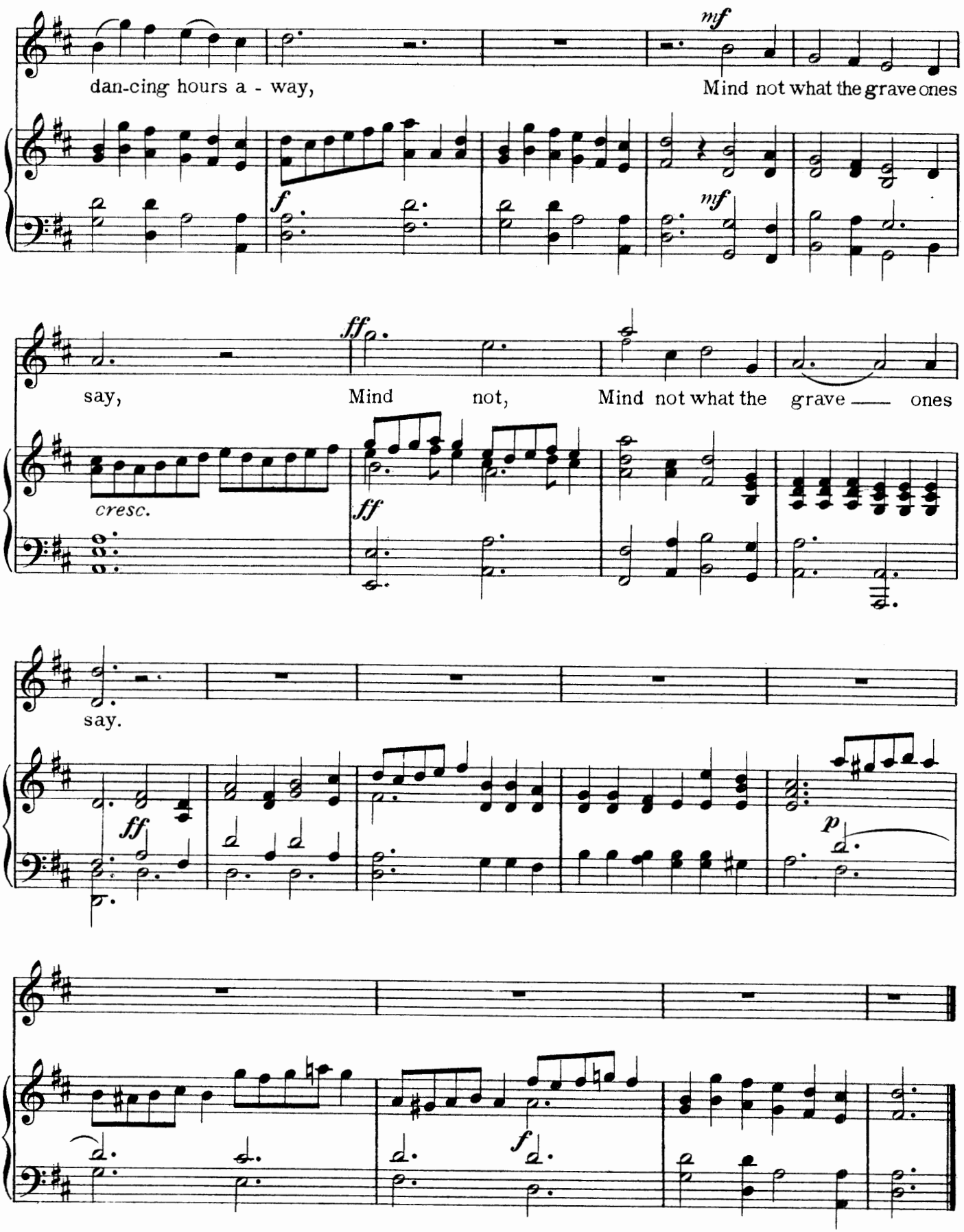

f
give them to the fools, give them to the fools, to the fools, to the fools I hate,
f
give them to the fools, give them to the fools, to the fools, to the fools I hate.
Sprightly.
But let Love, let Life be mine, bring me Nectar, bring me wine,
mf
f
mf
f
mf
Speed the dan - cing hours a - way And mind not what the grave ones say.
mf
f



(*Note*) ★The lower notes are suggested as an alternative.

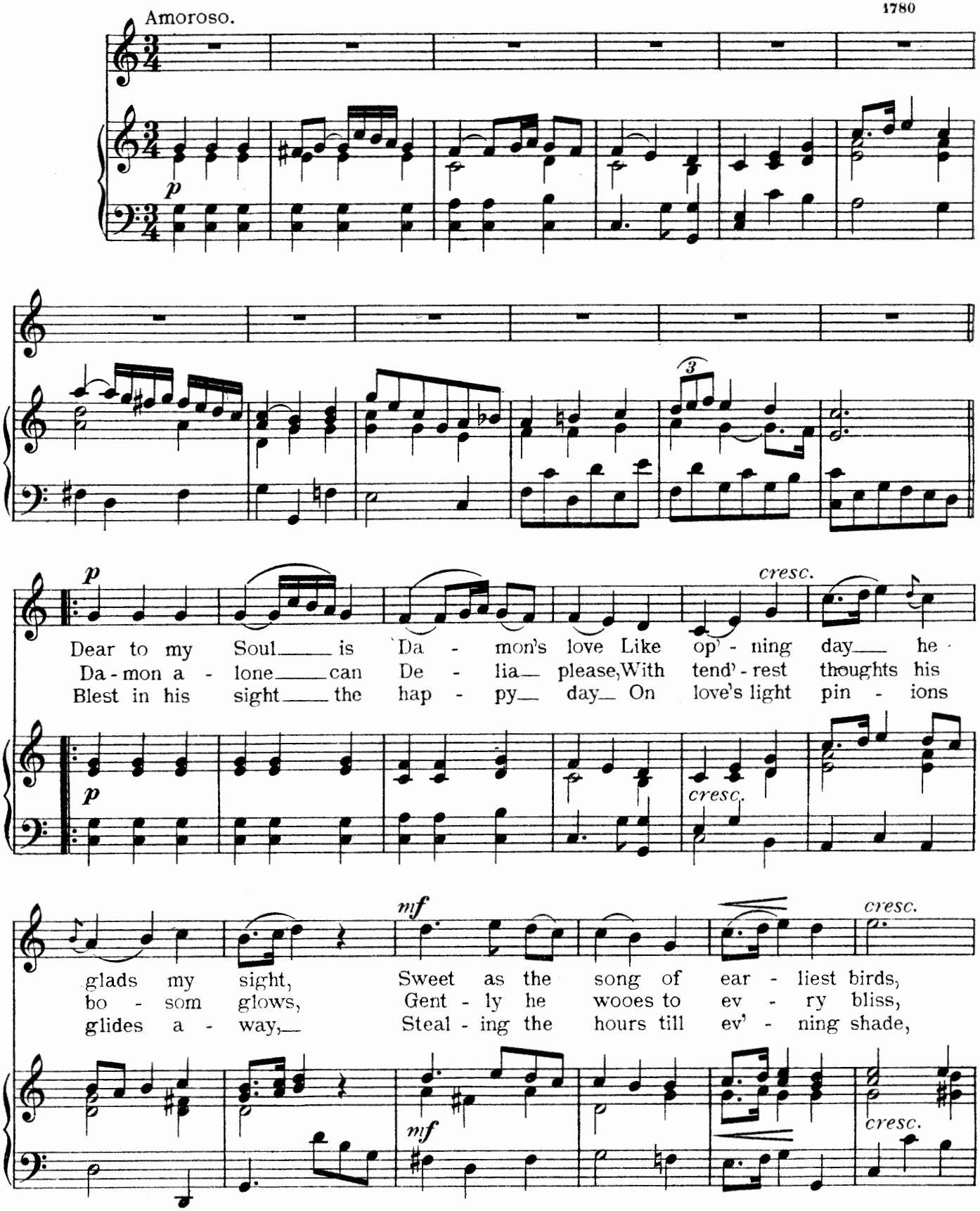

mf
Gai-ly let the minutes
mf
f
fly In Love and Free-dom, Wit and Joy, in Love and Free-dom, Wit and
f
Joy
p
Gai - ly let — the min - utes
f
p
fly In Love and Freedom, Wit and Joy.
mf
So shall
f
mf
8ves

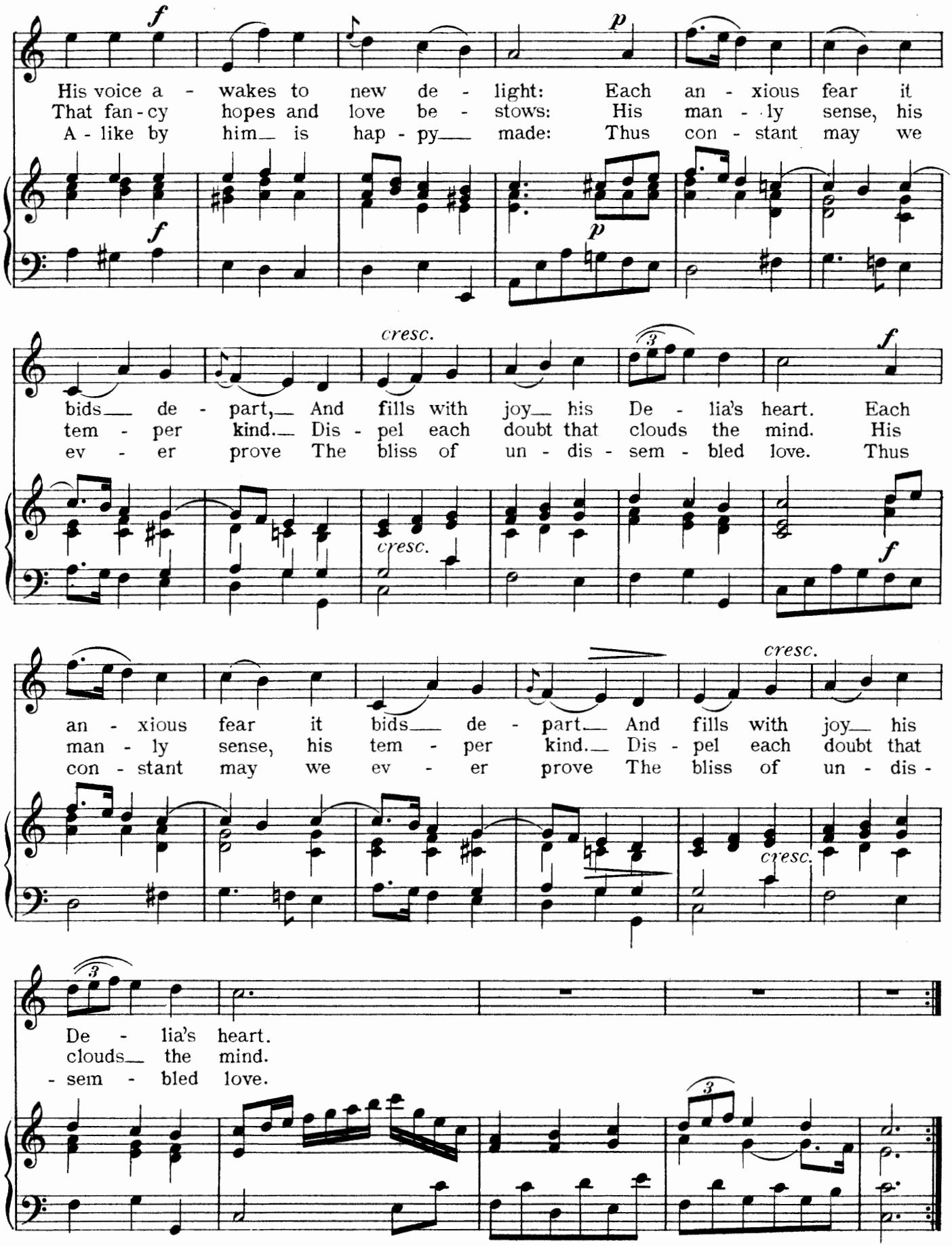

mf
p
Love and Life be mine, Bring me Nectar, bring me wine, Speed the dan-cing hours a-
f
mf
f
p
cresc.
-way, Mind not what the grave ones say,
Speed the
f
mf
cresc.
dan - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
cresc.
f
mf
cresc.
f
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - cing Speed the
f
mf cresc.
f


dan-cing hours a - way,
Mind not what the grave ones
say,
Mind not,
Mind not what the grave — ones
say.
cresc.

DEAR TO MY SOUL IS DAMON'S LOVE.

THOMAS LINLEY.
1780

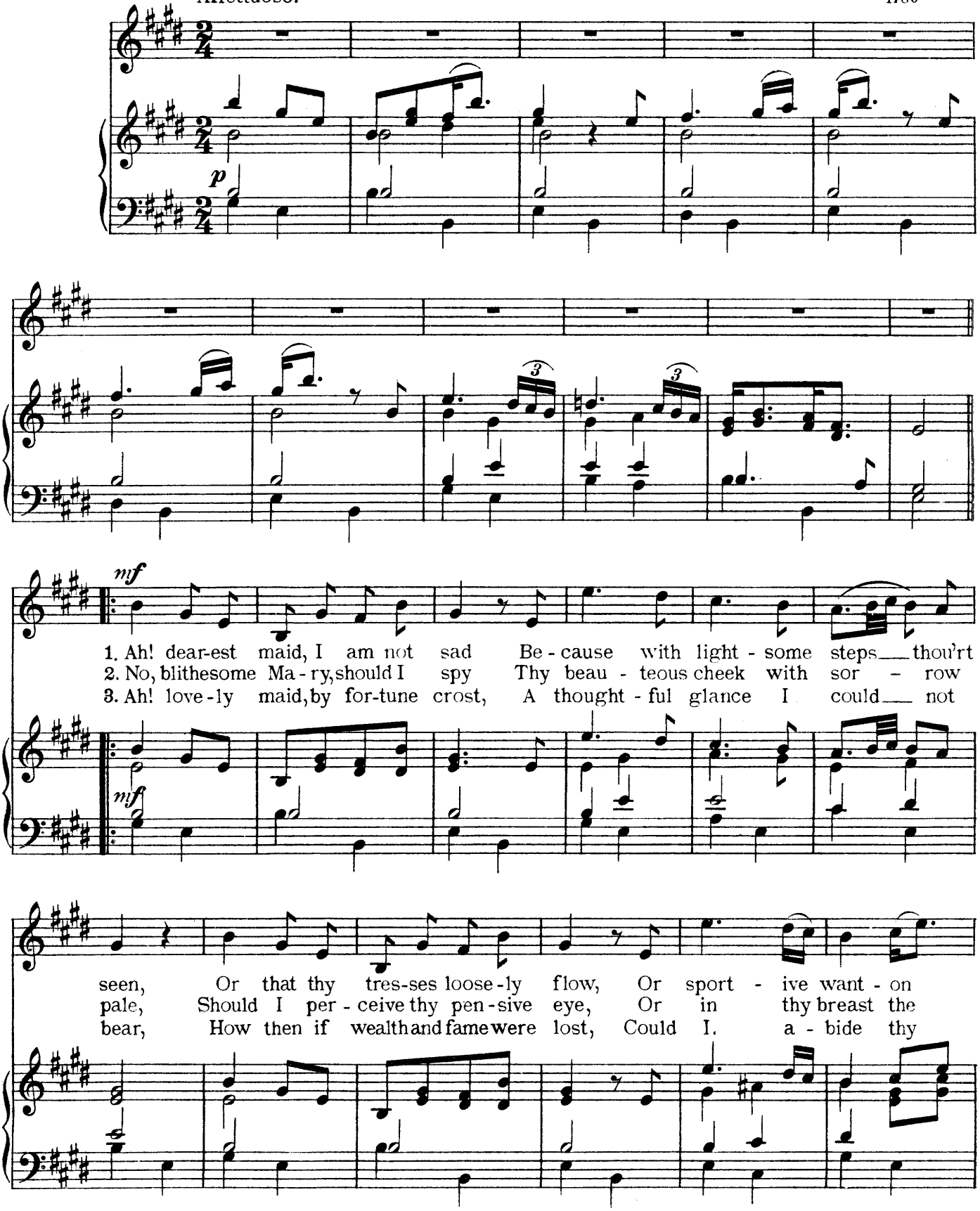


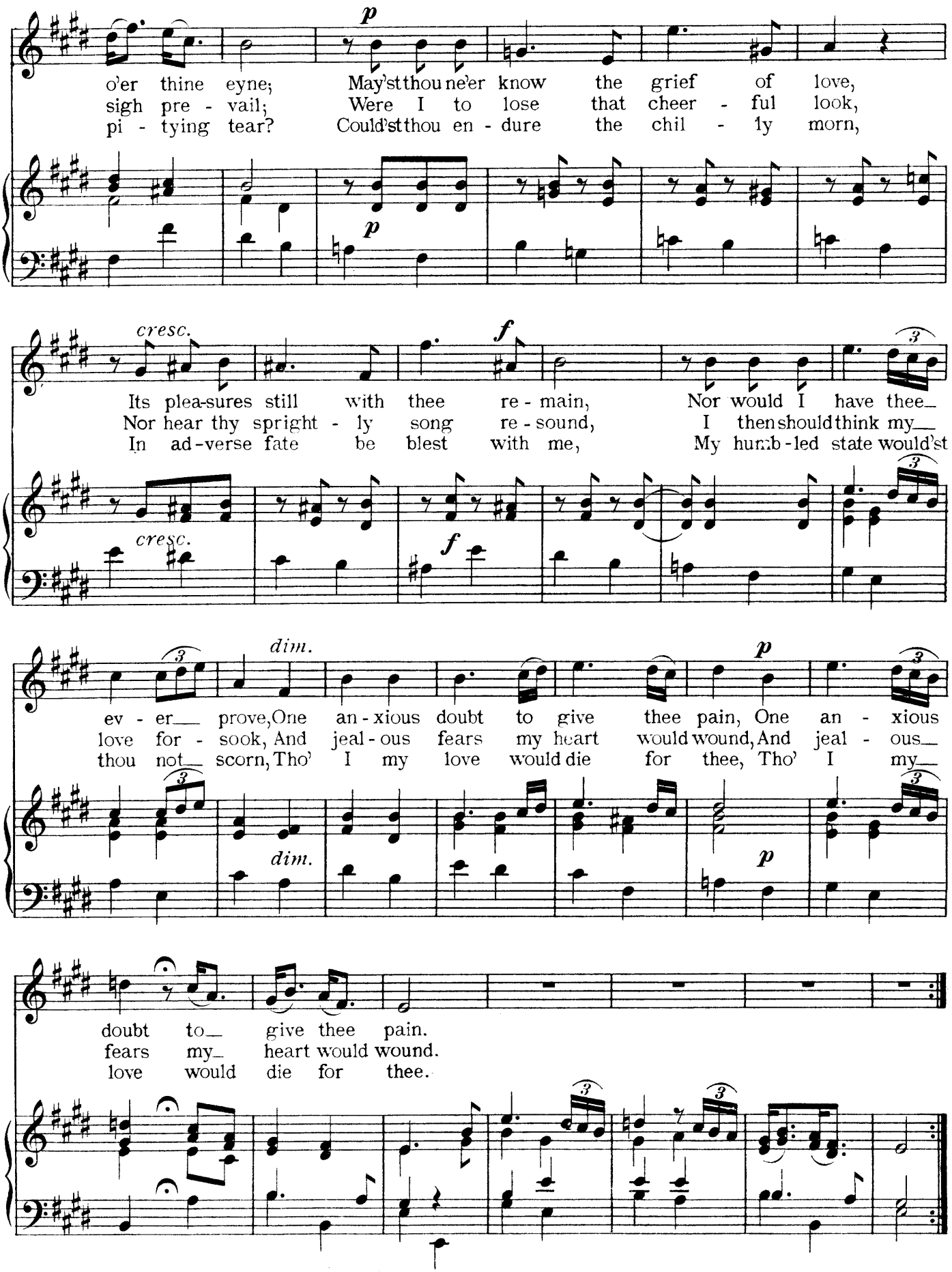

f p
His voice a - wakes to new de - light: Each an - xious fear it
That fan - cy hopes and love be - stows: His man - ly sense, his
A - like by him is hap - py made: Thus con - stant may we
f p
cresc. f
bids de - part, And fills with joy his De - lia's heart. Each
tem - per kind. Dis - pel each doubt that clouds the mind. His
ev - er prove The bliss of un - dis - sem - bled love. Thus
cresc. f
cresc.
an - xious fear it bids de - part. And fills with joy his
man - ly sense, his tem - per kind. Dis - pel each doubt that
con - stant may we ev - er prove The bliss of un - dis -
cresc.
De - lia's heart.
clouds the mind.
- sem - bled love.

AH! DEAREST MAID.

THOMAS LINLEY.
1780

Affettuoso.




p
o'er thine eyne; May'st thou ne'er know the grief of love,
sigh pre - vail; Were I to lose that cheer - ful look,
pi - tying tear? Could'st thou en - dure the chil - ly morn,
p
cresc.
f
Its plea-sures still with thee re - main, Nor would I have thee_
Nor hear thy spright - ly song re - sound, I then should think my_
In ad-verse fate be blest with me, My humb-led state would'st
cresc.
f
dim.
p
ev - er_ prove, One an - xious doubt to give thee pain, One an - xious
love for - sook, And jeal - ous fears my heart would wound, And jeal - ous_
thou not_ scorn, Tho' I my love would die for thee, Tho' I my_
dim.
p
doubt to_ give thee pain.
fears my_ heart would wound.
love would die for thee.

FALSE DELIA ADIEU.

THOMAS LINLEY.
1780

Con spirito.

f

1. False

f

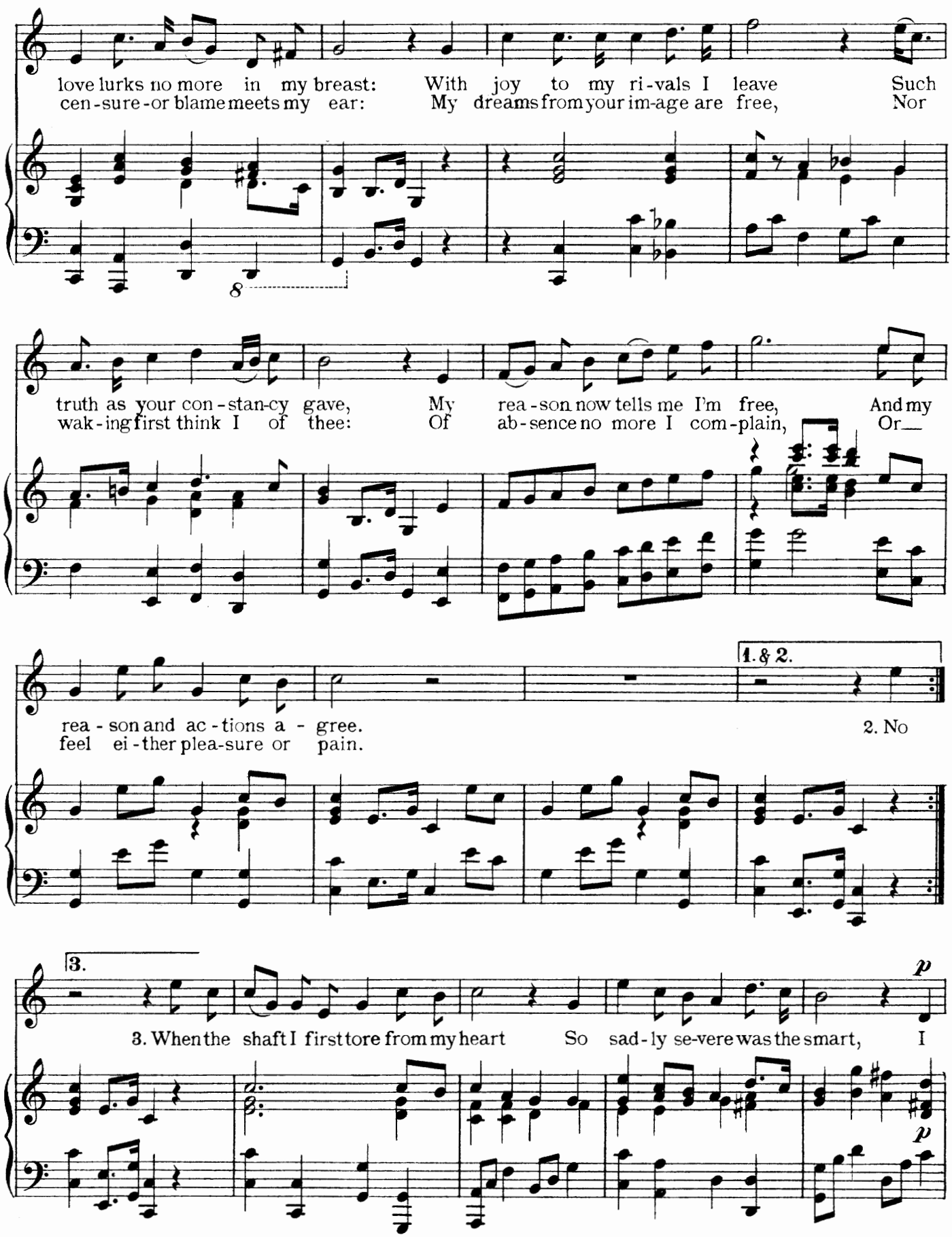
1. De - lia, a-dieu to my chain! Dear free-dom, long hop'd for in vain, Now
2. more if I meet your bright eyes My heart leaps with joy or sur-prise; No

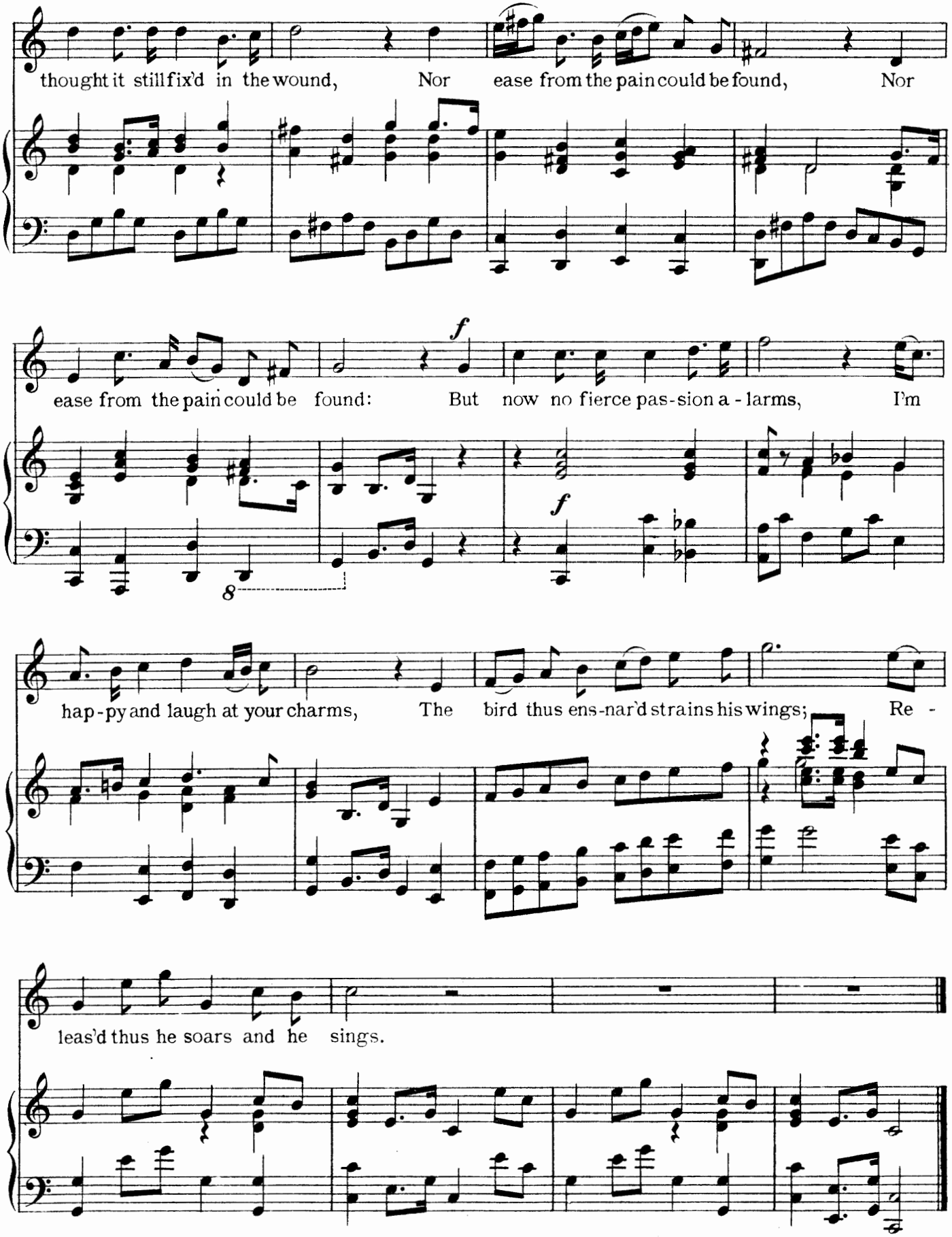
f

mf *cresc.* *f*

tells me my heart is at rest, And love lurks no more in my breast, And
more when you're nam'd do I care, If your cen - sure or praise meets my ear, If your

mf *cresc.* *f*


love lurks no more in my breast: With joy to my ri-vals I leave Such
cen-sure-or blame meets my ear: My dreams from your im-age are free, Nor
truth as your con-stan-cy gave, My rea-son now tells me I'm free, And my
wak-ing first think I of thee: Of ab-sence no more I com-plain, Or—
1. & 2.
rea-son and ac-tions a-gree.
feel ei-ther plea-sure or pain.
2. No
3.
p
3. When the shaft I first tore from my heart So sad-ly se-vere was the smart, I
p


thought it still fix'd in the wound, Nor ease from the pain could be found, Nor
ease from the pain could be found: But now no fierce pas-sion a-larms, I'm
hap-py and laugh at your charms, The bird thus ens-nar'd strains his wings; Re-
leas'd thus he soars and he sings.