

M<sup>r</sup> Hen<sup>r</sup>. Purcell's  
*Favourite Songs*  
*out of his most celebrated*  
ORPHEUS BRITANNICUS  
*and the*  
*rest of his Works*  
*the whole*  
*fairly Engraven and*  
*carefully corrected*

London Printed for & sold by In.<sup>o</sup> Walsh Serv<sup>t</sup>. to his Majesty at the  
Harp & Hoboy in Catherine Street in the Strand: and In.<sup>o</sup> & Joseph Hare  
at the Viol & Flute in Cornhill near the Royal Exchange

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*Single Songs* *1695.*

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A Song sung by Mrs Aliff in the Play call'd Tyrannick - Love or the Royall Martyre set by Mr Henry Purcell

Ah! how sweet, Ah! how sweet, how sweet it is to Love; Ah! - Ah! -

Ah! - how gay is young desire. And what pleasing

pains, and what pleasing pains we prove, when first, when first we feel a Lovers

fire. Pains of Love are sweeter far than all, all, all, all, all.

other pleasures are. Pains of Love are sweeter far, than all, all, all, all,

other pleas... sures are are

Sigh's that are from Lovers blown,  
 Gentle move, and heave the heart,  
 Ev'n the tears they shed alone,  
 Like trickling balm cure the smart,  
 Lovers when they loose their breath,  
 Bleed away an easy death.

Celia has a thousand Charms: Set by Mr Henry Purcell and Transpos'd for *f* Flute

Celia has a thousand, thousand, thou - sand Charms, tis Heav'n, tis

Heav'n to live with in - her Arms, while I stand gazing on her Face, some new, & some resistless

grace fills with fresh magick all - the place, while I stand gazing on her Face, some new & some

resistless grace, fills with fresh magick all - *f* place:

But while the Nymph I thus a - dore, But while the Nymph I thus, I thus a -

dore, I should my wretched, wretched, wretched Fate deplore for Oh Mirtallo, oh Mirtallo, have a

care, have a care, her Sweetness is a-bove compare, but then, she's false, she's false but then she's

false, she's false as well as fair, have a care, have a care, have a care Mirtallo, have a care, Mir-

tallo have a care, have a care, have a care, have a care.

For *f* Flute

For *f* Flute

For *f* Flute

For *f* Flute

For *f* Flute

For *f* Flute

For *f* Flute

For *f* Flute

For *f* Flute

For *f* Flute

For *f* Flute

For *f* Flute



A SONG Sung before the late Queen Sett by <sup>(4)</sup>M<sup>r</sup> Henry Purcell

Celebrate this Festival, Celebrate this Festival, Ce...  
lebrate this

Festival. 'Tis Sacred bid the Trum...  
pets cease, 'tis Sacred bid the

Trum... pet cease. Kindly treat Maria's Day, and your Homag<sup>t</sup> will repay.

Bequeathing Blessings on our Isle, the tedious Minutes to beguile till Conquest, till Conquest,

till Conquest to Maria's Arms restore, Peace and her Hero, Peace and her Hero to depart,

no more, no, no more, no, no more, no, no more, Peace and her Hero, Peace and her

Hero to depart, no more no, no more no, no more.

For the Flute.

Dear pretty youth A SONG in the <sup>(5)</sup> TEMPEST Set by M<sup>r</sup>. H. Purcell.

Dear, Dear, pretty pretty, pretty youth, Dear pretty, pretty, pretty youth  
Unvail, unveil those eyes, unveil, unveil those eyes. 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 could, methinks I could, I could from sleep be  
free: methinks I could, methinks I could from sleep, I could from sleep be free.  
*very slow* *Quick*  
Alas! A laſt my Dear, your 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 arme, and I in each arme, 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 warme.



From Rosie Bowrs A SONG Sett by M<sup>r</sup>. Henry Purcell.

From Rosie Bowrs where sleeps the God of Love hither, hither ye little waiting Cupid

fly fly ----- y fl ----- y. hither ye lit tle waiting Cu- pids fly, teach me, teach me in

soft Me- lodious Songs, to move with ten- der, ten- der Passion my Heart, my hearts dar- ling Joy.

ah! let the Soul of Musick Tune my Voice to Win dear Strephon, ah! ah! let the Soul of Musick tune my

Voice to Win dear Strephon, dear, dear, dear Strephon, who my Soul en- joy.

or if more in flu- encing is to be brisk and Ai ry with a Step and a Bound and a Frisk from the

Ground I will Triplike a ny Fairy. As once on I da Dancing we were three Ce- lestial Bodies, with an Air, and a

Face and a Shape and a Grace let my Charm like Beauty's Goddess, with an Air, and a Face, and a

Shape, and a Grace let me Charm like Beautys Goddess. Ah! ah! tis in vain, tis all his all,

all in Vain, Death and De-<sup>76</sup>spair must end the Fa-<sup>76</sup>tal pain, cold Despair, cold cold De-<sup>503</sup>spair dis

gnis'd like Snow and Rain falls, falls, falls on my Breast, Bleak Winds in Tempest Blo - - - in Tempest

Blo - - - in my Veins all Shiver, and my Fingers Glow my Pulse beats a Dead, Dead March, my

Pulse bea - - - ts a Dead, Dead March for lost re poze, and to a so - lid lump of Ice my poor, poor fond Heart is froze.

Or say ye Pow'rs say say ye Pow'rs my Peace to Crown shall I

shall I shall I Thow my self for drown, shall I shall I, shall I Thow my self for drown, a mongst the

foaming Billows in-creasing, all with Tears I shed on Beds of Ooze and Chrystal Pillows, lay down,

down, down lay down down down my Love-<sup>#3</sup> sick Head say, say ye Pow'rs, say, say ye Pow'rs my



Peace to Crown, shall I, shall I, shall I Than my self or drown: shall I, shall I, shall I

Than my self or drown. No, no, no, no, no I'll straight run Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad,

Mad that soon, that soon my Heart will warm, when once the Sense is fled, is fled Love,

Love has no pow'r, no, no, no, no, no pow'r to Charm, Love has no pow'r, no, no, no,

no, Love has no pow'r, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no pow'r to Charm. Wild thro the

Woods Ile fl - - - y. Wil - d thro the Woods Ile fl - - - y.

Robes, Locks shall thus, thus, thus, thus be tore a Thousand, thousand deaths Ile

dye, a thousand thousand deaths Ile dye ere thus, thus in vain ere thus, thus in

vain, thus in vain a - dars

From Rosie Bow's For the FLUTE

This image shows a page of handwritten musical notation for a flute piece. The score is arranged in 18 horizontal staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as treble clefs, time signatures (including 2/4 and 3/4), and notes with stems and beams. There are several instances of asterisks (\*) and a circled 'O' scattered throughout the score, likely indicating specific performance techniques or ornaments. The paper is aged and shows some wear, particularly at the bottom edge.



(10)  
 A SONG Set by M<sup>r</sup> Henry Purcell

ff *Y swift ye Hours, fl* *Y swift ye*

*Hours, make hast make hast fly. make hast. make hast fl* *Y fl* *Y swift* *Y than*

*la - zy Sun, make hast, make hast, make hast* *and drive the te - dious Minutes on,*

*the te - dious Minutes on,* *on Bring back my Bel - vide - ra, my Bel - vide - ra*

*to my sight, bring back my Bel - vi - de - ra, my Bel - vi - de - ra to my sight,*

*my Bel - vi - de - ra then thy self, more bright, make hast, make hast, make hast bring*

*back my Bel - vi - de - ra, my Bel - vi - de - ra to - - - my sight,* *swifter y*

*Time, my ea - ger Wi - shes mo - - - ve, swifter than Time, my ea - ger Wi - shes*

*mo - - - ve, my ea - - - ger Wi - shes move, &*

*scorn the beaten Paths, and scorn the beaten Paths of Vulgar love, & scorn y<sup>e</sup> beaten*

Pains, and scorn the beaten Pa - - - - - ths of Vulgar Love, and scorn the beaten pa - - - - -

- - - - - ths of Vul - gar Lo - - - - - ve, Soft Peace is banish'd from my tor - - - - - tur'd.

Breast, Soft Peace Soft Peace is banish'd from my tor - - - - - tur'd Breast, Love robs my Days of

Ease Love robs my Days of Ease my Nights of Rest Love robs my Days of Ease Love

robs my Days of Ease my Nights, my Nigh - - - - - ts of rest, Yet tho her cru - el Scorn,

provokes De - spair, yet tho her cru - el Scorn, her cru - el Scorn provokes De - spair, my

Passion still is strong, my Passion still is stro - - - - - ng, my Passion still is stro - - - - - ng, a

she is Fair, Still mist I Love, still blefs the plea - - - - - sing Pain, still court

my Ruine, still still court my Ruine and em - brace my Chain, still court my Ruine,

still, still court my Ruine, and em - brace my Chain.



for the  
FLUTE

A handwritten musical score for flute, consisting of 15 staves. The notation is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piece begins with a series of rapid sixteenth-note passages, including several trills marked with asterisks. A first ending bracket with a '1' and a second ending bracket with a '2' are present on the third staff. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

# Tom a Bedlam <sup>(13)</sup>

Forth from my dark and Dismall Cell, or from the Dark a byss of Hell, mad Tom is come to view the  
 World a gain, to see if he can cure his distemperd brain, fears and cares oppress my Soul, hark how the  
 angry Furies howl, Pluto laughs and Proserpine is glad to see poor angry Tom of Bedlam Mad,  
 Through the world I wander Night and Day, to find my stragling Sences in an angry mood I  
 met old Time, with his Pentateuch of Tenses, when me he spies a voy he flies for Time will stay for  
 no Man, in vain with cryes I rend the Skies for pity is not common, Cold and comfortless I be,  
 help, help, oh help or else I dye, Hark I hear Apollos Team, the Carman gins to whistle, chaff Diana  
 bends her bow, and the Boar begins to bristle, come Vulcan with tools and with tackles, to knock of my troublesome  
 Shackles, bid Charles make ready his Wain, to bring me my Sences a gain.

Last night I heard the Dog Star bark,  
 Mars met Venus in the dark,  
 Lyming Vulcan heat an Iron bar,  
 And furiously made at the great God of Warr,  
 Mars with his weapon laid a bout,  
 Lyming Vulcan had got the Gout,  
 His broad Horns did hang so in his light,  
 That he cou'd not see to aim his blow aright,  
 Mercury the nimble Post of Heaven,  
 Stood still to see the quarrel,  
 Gorrel beliyd Bacchus Giant like,  
 Bestrid a Strong beer barrel,  
 To me he drank I did him thank,

But I could drink no Sider,  
 He drunk whole Buts till he burst his guts,  
 But mine was ne'er the wider,  
 Poor Tom is very dry,  
 A little drink for Charity,  
 Hark I hear Acteon's hounds,  
 The Hunts man whoops and hollons,  
 Ringwood Rockwood Iowler Bowman,  
 All the Chace doth follow,  
 The man in the Moon drinks Clarret,  
 Eats powder'd Beef Turnep and Carret,  
 But a Cup of Malago Sack,  
 Will fire the Bush att his Back,

## For the Flute



Bess of Bedlam Set by <sup>(14)</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Henry Purcell

From silent Shads and the Elizium Groves, where sad departed Spirits mourn, their Loves from Chryftall  
streams, and from that Country where Jove Crowns y<sup>e</sup> Feilds with Flowers, all y<sup>e</sup> year, poor Senceless Bess cloath'd  
in her Rags, and folly is come to cure her Lovesick Melancholly, Bright Cinthia kept her Revels late while Mab y<sup>e</sup> Fairy  
Queen did Dance, and Oberon did sit in State, when Mars at Venus ran his Lance, in yonder Conspire lies my Dear en  
tomb'd, in liquid Genus of Dew, each day I'll water it with a Tear, its fading Blossom to re new, For since my  
Love is dead and all my Joys are gone poor Bess for his sake a Garland will make, my Musick shall be a Groan,  
I'll lay me down and dye within some hollow Tree, y<sup>e</sup> Raven and Cat, the Owle and Bat, shall war - ble forth  
my Ele - gy, did you not see my Love as he past by you, his two flaming Eyes if he come nigh you they will scorch up your  
Hearts, Ladies beware ye lest he should dart a glance that may enflame ye, Hark, hark! The old Charon bawl, his

Boat he will no longer stay the furies lash their Whips and call, come, come a way come, come away poor Befs will return to the place

whence she came, since the world is so mad, she can hope for no cure for loves growna Bubble, a shadow a name which fools do ad

— mire & wise men en— dure, cold & Hungry am I growna Am brosta will I feed upon drink Nectar still and Sing, who is content doe

all sorrow prevent & Befs in her Straw whilst free from y<sup>e</sup> law in her thoughts is as great, great as a King.

For the Flute



A SONG with a Trumpet in Don Quixot, Set by M<sup>r</sup> Henry Purcell.

The Trumpet Sounds the first Strains before the Song begins

Genius of England from thy pleasant Bow'r of bliss arise and spread

thy Sacred Wings Guard guard from Enes the Brittish State thou on whose Smile does

wait th'uncertain happy Fate of Monarches and Kings.

Then follow brave Boys then follow brave Poys to the Wars follow follow

follow follow follow follow follow follow follow brave Boys to the Wars

follow follow follow follow follow follow follow brave Boys to the Wars

Wars the Laurel if you know is the prize the

Laurel you know is the prize who brings home if noblest if no blest the

no ... blest Scars looks fi ... nest in Celi's Eyes, # truen sha ke off ur Slothfull ease, let Glory let Glory let Glory in spi re your Hearts, remember a Soldier in war & in Peace remember a Soldier in war in war & in Peace, is the no blest of all other Arts, remember a Soldier in war & in Peace is the no blest of all other Arts.



A SONG in the Play call'd Oranzebe Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup> Hen<sup>r</sup> Purcell,  
Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> Alyff.

I see, I see she flyes me, she flyes me, I see, I see she flyes me,

she flyes me, flyes me, she flyes me every where, she flyes me

ev'ry where, her eyes, her eyes her scorn, her scorn discover, but what's her scorn, but

what's her scorn or my dispair, since tis my fate, tis, tis my fate, since tis, tis my fate,

since tis my fate to love her, since tis my fate to love her, Were she but

kind, kind, were she but kind, kind whom I -- a dove, I might live long

er but not love her more were she but kind kind were she  
but kind kind whom I a dove I might live long er live long  
er but not love her more

Detailed description: This block contains the vocal score for the first system. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the vocal line and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment. The music is in a minor key with a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. There are several asterisks (\*) in the piano part, likely indicating specific performance techniques or ornaments.

for the  
FLUTE

Detailed description: This block contains the flute score, which is a single staff in treble clef. It begins with the text 'for the FLUTE' on the left. The music is highly technical, featuring many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, often beamed together in groups. There are several asterisks (\*) throughout the score, indicating specific performance techniques or ornaments. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.



A SONG Set by <sup>(20)</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Henry Purcell.

IF Musick, & Musick be the food of Love, sing on, 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 - ven you move to pleas -

-sures that can never, never cloy, your Eyes, your Mean, your Tongue declare, that

you are Mu - sick evry where, your Eyes your Mean, your

Tongue declare, that you are Mu - sick evry where,

Pleasures invade both Eye and Ear, pleasures invade both Eye and Ear, so fier -

-ce so fier - ce the transports are they poun - d so fier - ce y

transports are they wound, and all my Senses feasted are, and all my Senses feasted are, tho' yet y

Treat is only sound, tho' yet the Treat is only sound, sound, sound, sound, sound,

sound, is on-ly sound, sure I must perish, I must, I must perish by your Charms,

unless you sa - ve me, in your Armes.

for the FLUTE



A SONG in the Fools Preferment<sup>(22)</sup> Set by M<sup>r</sup> Henry Purcell.

I'll sail upon the Dog-star, I'll sail upon the Dog-star, and  
then pursue the Morning, and then pursue, and then pursue the Morning, & I'll chase y<sup>e</sup> moon, till  
it be noon, I'll chase the Moon, till it be Noon, but I'll make, I'll make her leave her Horning, I'll  
climb the Frosty Mountains, I'll climb the Frosty Mountains, and there I'll Coyn the Weather. I'll  
tear the Rainbow from the sky, I'll tear the Rain-bow from the sky, and tye, and tye both  
ends together. The stars pluck from their Orbs too, the stars pluck from their Orbs too, &  
crowd them in my Budget, And whether I me a Roar - - - ing boy.  
a Roar - - - ing Boy, let all, let all the Nation Judge it.

for the  
FLUTE

The flute part consists of three staves of music, primarily composed of sixteenth-note passages. It includes a repeat sign with a first ending bracket and a double bar line with repeat dots at the end.





Let the Dreadfull Engines A SONG <sup>(24)</sup> Set by M<sup>r</sup> Henry Purcell.

LET the dreadfull Engines of eternall will, the Thun- der Ro- ar &  
crook ed Lightning kill, my rage is hot, is hot, is hot - as theirs, as fa- tall to, and  
dares as horrid and dares as horrid horrid ex- ecution do, Or let the Frozen North its ran-  
cour, Show, within my Breast far, far grea- ter Tempests grow, Dispair's more  
cold, more co- ld than a- ll the winds can blow; Can nothing can nothing warm me, can  
nothing can nothing warm me, yes, yes, yes, yes Lucindas eyes, yes, yes, yes, yes yes yes Lucindas  
eyes, yes, yes, yes, yes yes Lucindas eyes there there, there there there Etna, there there, there there Vesuvio  
Lies to furnish Hell with flames, that mount- ing mounting reach the Skyes, can  
nothing can no thing warm me can nothing can nothing warm me yes, yes, yes, yes Lucindas eyes, yes, yes,  
yes, yes, yes Lucindas eyes, yes, yes, yes, yes yes Lucindas eyes, Ye pow'r I did but use her name,  
and see how all, and see how all meteors flame blew lightning flashes round the Court of Sol and now the Globe more fiercely

burns then once at Phaetons fall, ah ah

where where are now, where are now, where are now those Flow-ry Groves, where Zephirs fragrant winds did play,

ah where are now, where are now, where are now those Flow-ry Groves, where Zephirs fragrant winds did play, where

guarded by a troop of Loves the fair the fair Lucinda sleeping lay, there, Sing the Nightingall, and Lark, around us all was

sweet and gay, we're regrew sad till it grew dark, nor nothing fear'd but, Shortning day, I glow, I glow, I glow but

tis with hate, Why must I burn, why must I burn, why, why must I burn for this ingrate, why, why must I burn for this ingrate,

Cool, cool it then, cool it then and raile since nothing nothing will prevaile, when a woman Love pretends tis but

till she gains her ends and for better and for worse is for marrow of the purse where she Filts you ore, and ore proves a Slattern

or a Whore this hour will tieze will tieze and vex, will tieze will tieze & vex, and will Cuckold you the next, they were all contriv'd in

Spright to torment us not delight, but to Scold to Scold, to Scratch and bite, and not one of them proves right, but all all are wiches

by this light, And Job I fairly bid em, and the world good night good night good night good night good night good night.



Oh lead me. A SONG in BONDUCA<sup>(26)</sup> Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Henry Purcell.

Oh oh lead me, lead me to some peace full Gloom, where none but  
Sigh ing none but sighing, sighing Lovers come; where the shrill, the shrill Trumpets never  
Soun d; never, never sound, but one eternal hush, one eter nal hush goes round.  
There let me sooth my pleasing 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, never think of War again; What glo ry, what glo ry, what glo ry can  
can a Lover have, to conquer, to conquer 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.

Sound Fame, A SONG in Dioclesian, <sup>(27)</sup> Set by M<sup>r</sup> Henry Purcell.  
within the Compass of the Flute.

Sound — Fame, thy Brazen Trumpet Sound, Sound, — — —

Soud, — — — Soud, — — — thy Brazen Trumpet Sound,

Stand, Stand in the centre stand, in the centre of the Universe, and call and

call — — — y<sup>e</sup> listning World a round, While we in joy — —

— — — full Notes rehearse, in artfull Numbers

in artfull Numbers and well cho — — — sen verse, Great Dioclesian.

Great — — — Di-o clesians Glory,

Great Dioclesian, Great — — — Di-o clesians Glory,

Great — — — Di-o cle sian Glory.



The Conjurers SONG or the Croaking of <sup>(28)</sup> the Toad Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Henry Purcell.  
 Within the Compar of the Flute

YOU twice ten hundred Deities, to whom to whom, we daily Sacrifices. Ye powers, ye  
 powers 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 & tell, tell, great Zempoalla, of  
 strange strange Fate must on her dis- mal dis- mal Vi- sion wait.  
 By the croaking of the Toad, in their Caves that make a bode by the Croaking of  
 Toad in their Caves that make a bode Earthy Dun, Earthy Dun y pa  
 nts for breath, with her swe- ll'd sides full, full, full of  
 death: by the Crested Aders Pride, by the Crested Aders Pride that a long the Cliffs doe

gli- de by thy Visage, by thy Visage feir- ce and

black, by thy Deaths Head on thy back, by thy twif-

-ted Ser pents plac'd for a girdle rou- nd thy Wast, by y 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 Musick 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, Iull thee, Lull thee,

use to Lull thee, Lull thee in thy sleep.



A two part SONG Set by <sup>(30)</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Henry Purcell.

And in each track of Glo... ry, Since, and in each track of Glo...

And in each track of Glo... ry, Since, of Glo...

Princes that hate, that hate Romes Tyranny, and joyn the Nations right, with their own Royalty, none were...

more ready, none were more ready, none, none, none, none, none were more ready, in distress to...

save, no none were more Loyal, none, were more Loyal, none, none more Brave.

For the Flute

(31)  
A two part SONG between Cupid & Bacchus in Timon of Athens  
Set by M<sup>r</sup> Henry Purcell

Come let us agree, come let us agree, come let us agree, come, come, come, come, come, come

Come let us agree, come let us agree, come let us agree, come, come, come, come,

come, come, come let us agree; come, come, come, come, come, come, come let us agree;

come, come, come let us agree; come, come, come, come, come, come, come let us agree;

There are pleasures divine, there are pleasures divine, in Love and in

Wine, in Love and in Wine, there are pleasures divine, in Wine and in Love, in

Wine, & in Love there are pleasures are pleasures divine, in Wine and in Love, in

Love and in Wine, in Wine and in Love, in Love and in Wine.

Love and in Wine, in Wine and in Love, in Love and in Wine.

Love and in Wine, in Wine and in Love, in Love and in Wine.

Love and in Wine, in Wine and in Love, in Love and in Wine.



A Song for 2 Voices set to Musik by Mr H. Purcell.

Come, come, come, come, let us leave let us, let us leave the Town Come, come, come, come, Come  
 Come, come, come, come, let us leave, let us leave the Town; Come, come, come, come  
 come, come, come, let us leave let us, let us, let us, leave the Town; And in some lonely place where Crowds &  
 Come, come, come, come, let us leave let us, let us leave of Town, and in some lonely place where  
 Noise, where crowds and noise, where never, never, never, never known to so ----- live to  
 Crowds where crowds & Noise were never, never, never, never known to so ----- live to  
 spend our days, In pleasant, pleasant, shades ----- in pleasant pleasant, shades, upon the  
 spend our days. In pleasant pleasant, pleasant, in pleasant, pleasant, pleasant shades, upon the  
 Griefs at night our selves we'll lay, our days in harmles sports shall pass, our days in harmles  
 Griefs at night our selves we'll lay, our days in harmles sports shall pas our  
 sports, in harmles sports shall pass; thus Time shall sli ----- do a way  
 days in harmles sports shall pass; thus Time shall sli ----- do a way

A SONG for two Voices Set by <sup>(33)</sup>M<sup>r</sup>. Henry Purcell.

Dulcibella, Dulcibella when e'er I Sue for a kiss, Dulcibella, Dulcibella when  
Dulcibella, Dulcibella, Dul ci - -  
e'er I Sue for a kiss, refusing the bliss, crys no, no, no, no crys no, no, no, no,  
-bella when e'er I Sue for a kiss, refusing the bliss, crys no, no, no, no, crys no, no, no,  
leave me, leave me, leave me Alexis, ah what wou'd you do, ah what wou'd you  
no leave me, leave me Alexis, ah what wou'd you do, what wou'd you, ah  
ah what wou'd you, what wou'd you do, when I  
what wou'd you, what wou'd you, what wou'd you do, when I tell her Ill go, Still She  
tell her Ill go, still she crys no, no, no my Alexis, no, no my Alexis, ah tell me not  
crys no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no my Alexis, no, no my Alexis, ah tell me not  
tell me not so, ah, ah, ah tell me not tell me not so.  
tell me not so, ah, ah, ah tell me not so, ah tell me not so.



Tell me fair one, tell me faire one, tell me why, why so coming, why, why, why so coming, why so

Tell me fair one, tell me faire one, tell me why, why, why, why so coming, why, why, why so

coming, why so Shy, why so kind, so kind, so kind and why, and why so coy, tell me

coming, why, why, why so Shy, why so kind, so kind, so kind & why so coy, and why so coy, tell me

fair one, tell me fair one, tell me, tell me why you'l neither let me fig - .. - .. - ..

fair one, tell me fair one, tell me, tell me why you'l neither let me fig - .. - .. - ..

... ht nor fly, tell me fair one, tell me fair one,

... ht nor fly, tell me fair one, tell me fair one,

tell me why, you'l neither let me li - .. - .. - ..

tell me why, you'l neither let me li - .. - .. - .. - ve, you'l

... ve, you'l neither let me li - .. - .. - .. - ve, nor Dye.

neither let me li - .. - .. - .. - ve, nor Dye.

Fair Cloe A SONG <sup>(35)</sup> sett by M<sup>r</sup>. Henry Purcell.

Fair Cloe my breast so-A larms from her pow'r I no refuge can  
Fair Cloe my breast so a larms from her pow'r from her pow'r I no refuge can

find if a nother I take to my Arms yet my Cloe yet my Cloe is then in my mind  
find if a nother I take to my arms yet my Cloe is then in my mind

unblest with the Joy still a pleasure I want still a pleasure I want which none but  
unblest with the Joy still a pleasure I want which none but

my Cloe my Cloe can grant let Cloe but Smile I grow ga ...  
my Cloe my Cloe can grant let Cloe but Smile I grow ga ...

... y and I feel my heart Spring with delight on Cloe I coud gaze all the  
... y and I feel my heart Spring with delight on Cloe I coud gaze all the

day all all the day all all all all the day all all the day on Cloe I coud gaze all the  
day all all y day all all all all the day all all y day on Cloe I coud gaze all the



day and Cloe do wish for and Cloe do wish for and Cloe do wish for each  
 day and Cloe do wish for and Cloe do wish for and Cloe do wish for each

Night oh oh did Cloe oh oh did  
 Night oh oh did Cloe oh oh did

Cloe but know how I love and the pleasure of loving a gain my  
 Cloe but know how I love and the pleasure of loving a gain my passion her

passion her favours woud move ... my passion her favour woud move  
 favours woud move ... my passion her favour woud move

& in prudence She'd pity my pain good Nature and Intrest shou'd  
 & in prudence She'd pity my pain good Nature and Intrest shou'd

both make her kind for the Joy she might give and the Joy she might find  
 both make her kind for the Joy she might give and the Joy she might find

A two Part SONG Set by <sup>(37)</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Henry Purcell.

LET Hector A-chil-les, and each brave Com-mander, let Hector A-chil-les, and  
 76 Let Hector A-chil-les, & each brave Com-  
 each brave Commander with Cæsar and Pompey, with Cæsar and Pompey, and great, great  
 -mander, and each brave Commander, w<sup>th</sup> Cæsar and Pompey, with Cæsar and Pompey, & great  
 and great Alex-ander, all Nations and Kingdoms all Nations and Kingdoms with Conquest  
 and great Alex-an-der, all Nations and Kingdoms, all Nations and Kingdoms  
 sub-due, with Conquest, with Conquest sub-due, yet more then all this, more more  
 with Conquest sub-due, with Conquest, with Conquest sub-due, yet more then all this, yet  
 more, yet more then all this, yet more then all this bright Cælia can do, For one single glance from her  
 more then all this, yet more then all this more more, bright Cælia can do, For one single glance from her  
 conquering Eyes, will take em all Captive by way of Sur-prize the Trophies & Crowns of their powerfull arms are  
 conquering Eyes, will take em all Captive by way of Sur-pris, y<sup>e</sup> Trophies & Crowns of their powerfull arms ar



*sacrific'd all to Cæli's bright Charms in Chains and in Tri-umph in Chains & in Tri-*

*sacrific'd all to Cæli's bright Charms in Chains & in Tri-umph*

*- umph she carries them all and if she but from then down then down they all fall down they fall down they*

*- umph she carries them all and if she but from then down then down they all*

*fa 565 343 454 232*

*fall down down down they all fall in Chains and in Tri-*

*ll down they fall down they fall down then down they all fall in Chains & in Tri-*

*- umph she carries them all and if she but from then down they all fall down they fall down they*

*- umph she carries them all and if she but from then down they all*

*fa 565 343 454 232*

*fa - ll down down down they all fall down down down down down they all fall*

*ll down they fall down they all fall down they down they all fall down down down down they all fall*

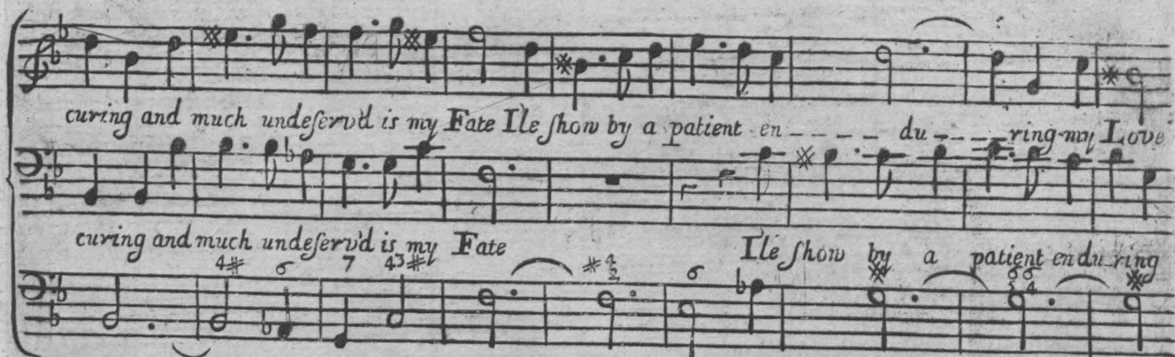
A two part SONG Set by M<sup>r</sup> Henry Purcell.

LOST is my Qui-et for e-ver. lost is my Qui-et for e-ver. lost for e-ver. for  
LOST is my Quiet for e-ver. e-ver, lost is my Quiet for e-ver. for  
e-ver. lost. lost is my Qui-et for ever, ever. lost is Life's hap-pi-est part, lost, all  
e-ver. lost is my Quiet for e-ver for ever, ever. lost is Life's hap-pi-est part, lost,  
all, all my ten-der Endeavours, to tou- ch an in-sen-si-ble Heart,  
all, all my ten-der Endeavours, to tou- ch an in-sen-si-ble Heart,  
But tho my De-spair, is past curing, but tho my De-spair my De-spair is past  
But tho my De-spair, is past curing but tho my De-spair is past



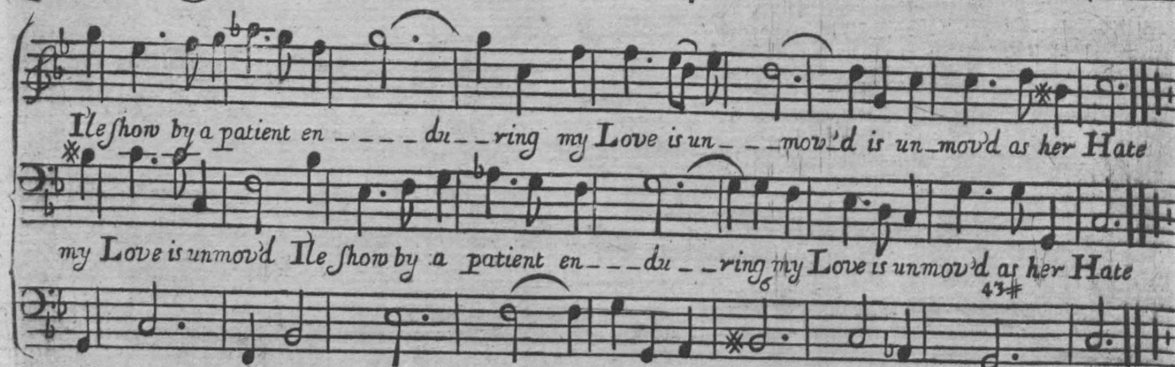
curing and much undeserv'd is my Fate Ile show by a patient en - - - du - - - ring my Love

curing and much undeserv'd is my Fate Ile show by a patient endu ring

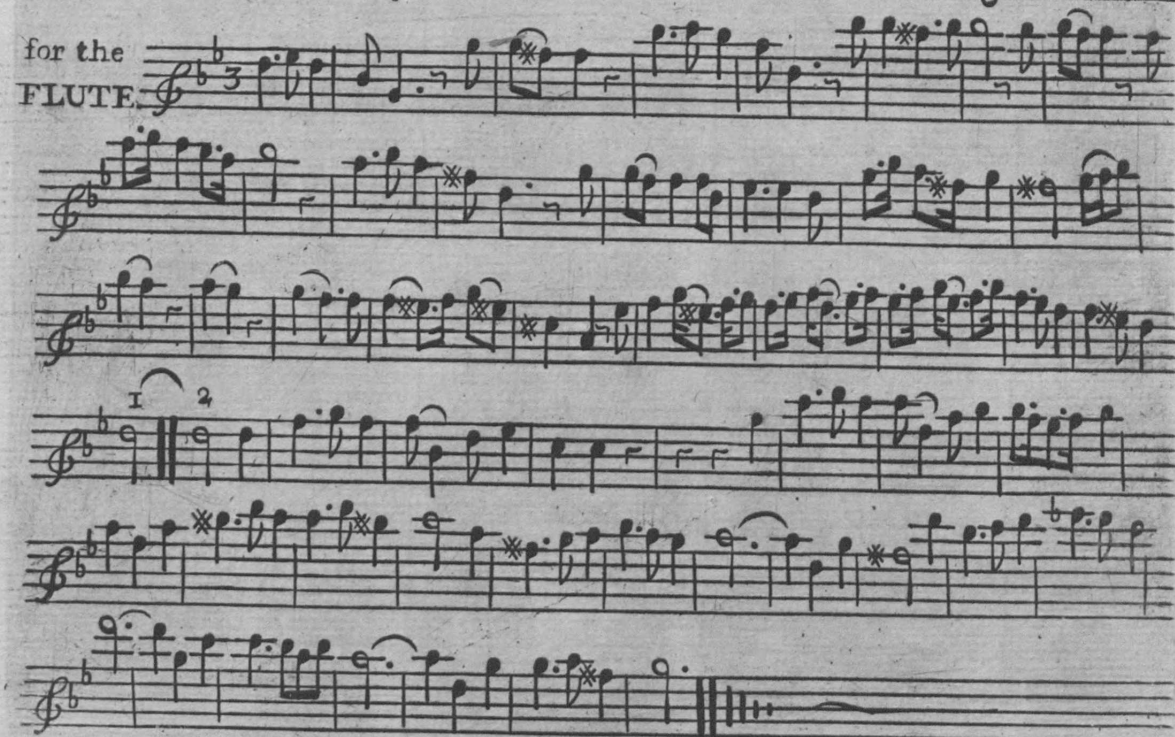


Ile show by a patient en - - - du - - - ring my Love is un - - mov'd is un - mov'd as her Hate

my Love is unmov'd Ile show by a patient en - - - du - - - ring my Love is unmov'd as her Hate



for the  
FLUTE



A two part SONG in King Arthur Set by M<sup>r</sup> Hen: Purcell

Sound a Parly ye Fair and Surrender, sound, sound, sound, sound, a Parly ye Fair and Surrender, Sound a Parly ye Fair, sound a

ir a Parly ye Fair & Surrender, set your selves & your Lovers at ease He's a  
Par - - ly ye Fair & Surrender, set your selves & your Lovers at ease He's a greatfull a

greatfull a greatfull offender who plea - - - - - sure dare seize but y<sup>e</sup> whineing pre - - - - -  
greatfull offender who pleasure who plea - - - - - sure dare seize but the

-tender the whineing pretender is sure to displease Sound a Parly ye Fair and Surrender  
whineing y<sup>e</sup> whineing pretender is sure to displease Sound sound sound sound a Parly ye

sound, sound, sound, sound, a Parly ye Fair sou - - - - - nd a Parly ye Fair & Surrender Since y<sup>e</sup>  
Fair & Surrender sound a Parly ye Fair Sound a Par - - - - - ly ye Fair & Surrender Since y<sup>e</sup>

fruit of desire is possesing tis unmanly to Sigh tis unmanly to Sigh & complain when we kneel for re - - - - -  
fruit of desire is possesing tis unmanly to Sigh tis unmanly to Sigh & complain when we



*-dressing w<sup>th</sup> we kneel for redressing we mo - - - ve your disdain Love was*  
*kneel for redressing w<sup>th</sup> we kneel for redressing we mo - - - ve your disdain*

*made for a Blessing a Blessing Love was made Love was made for a Bles -*  
*Love was made love was made love was made for a Blessing Love was made for a*

*-sing and not for a pain Love was made for a Bles -*  
*Blessing was made for a Blessing and not for a pain Love was made for a*

*-sing and not for a Pain*  
*Blessing was made for a Blessing and not for a Pain*

*For the FLUTE*

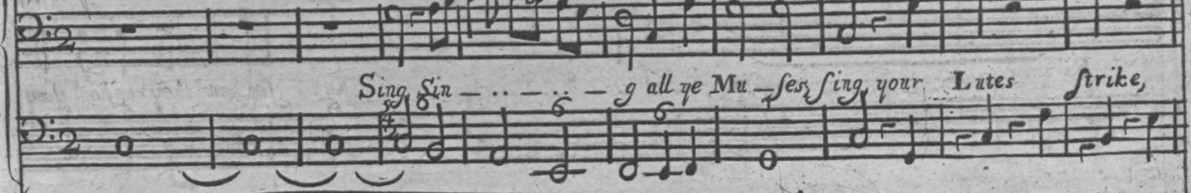
The flute part consists of six staves of music. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first staff contains the main melody. The second and third staves provide harmonic support with various rhythmic patterns. The fourth and fifth staves continue the melodic and harmonic development. The sixth staff concludes the piece with a final cadence.

Sing all ye Muses A SONG Set by <sup>(43)</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Hen<sup>r</sup> Purcell, The Words by M<sup>r</sup> Durefy.

Sing, Sin - - - - - g' all ye Muses, Sin - - - - - g' sing, sing, your Lutes strike, strike,



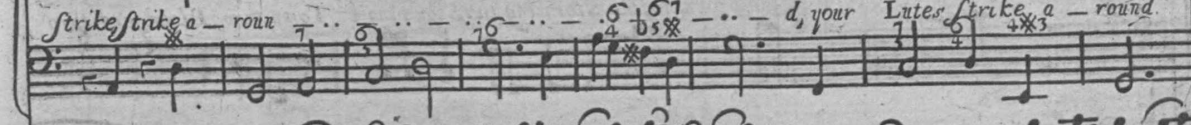
Sing Sin - - - - - g' all ye Mu - ses, sing, your Lutes strike,



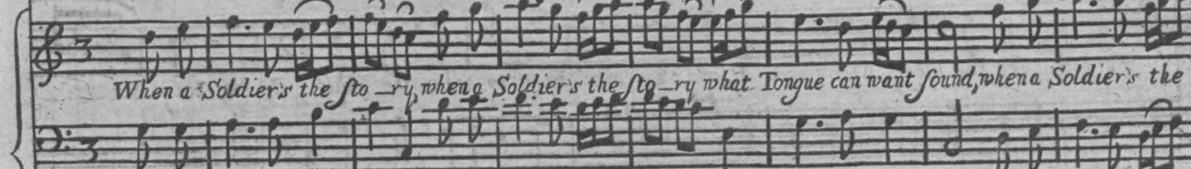
Strike a - roun - - - - - d, your Lutes strike a - round,



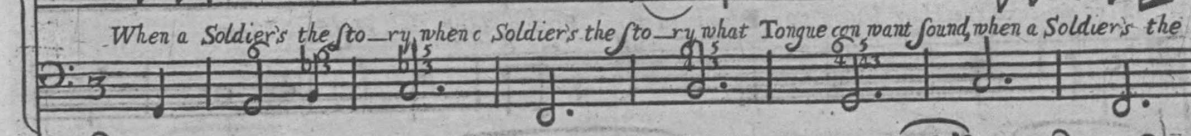
strike strike a - roun - - - - - d, your Lutes strike a - round.



When a Soldier's the sto - ry, when a Soldier's the sto - ry what Tongue can want sound, when a Soldier's the



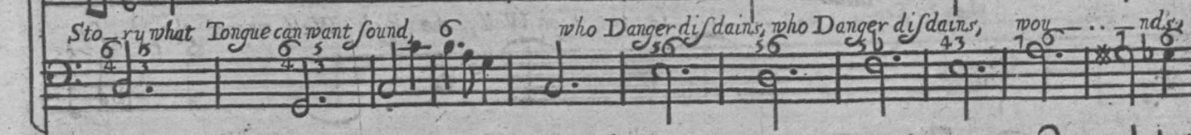
When a Soldier's the sto - ry, when a Soldier's the sto - ry what Tongue can want sound, when a Soldier's the



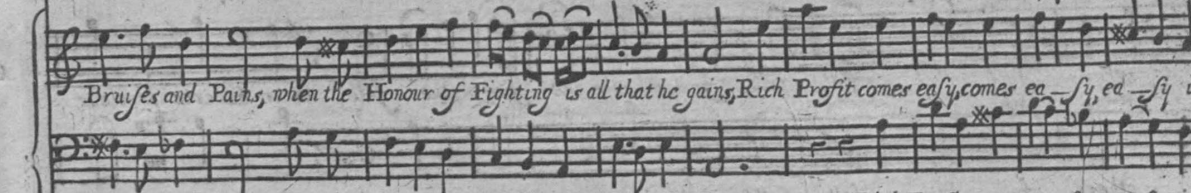
Sto - ry what Tongue can want sound, who Danger disdains, who Danger disdains, wou - nds, wounds, wounds



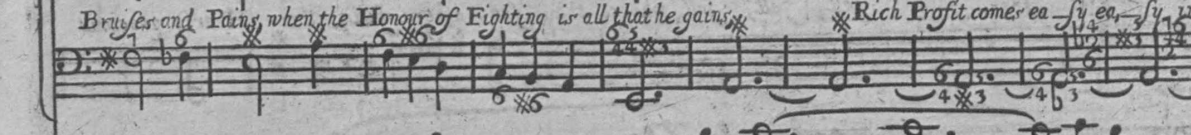
Sto - ry what Tongue can want sound, who Danger disdains, who Danger disdains, wou - nds,



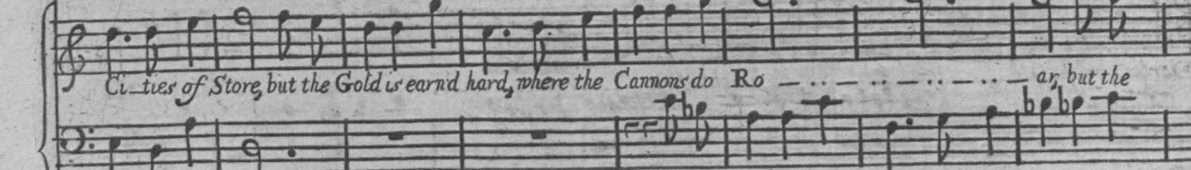
Bruises and Pains, when the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains, Rich Profit comes easy, comes ea - sy, ea - sy in



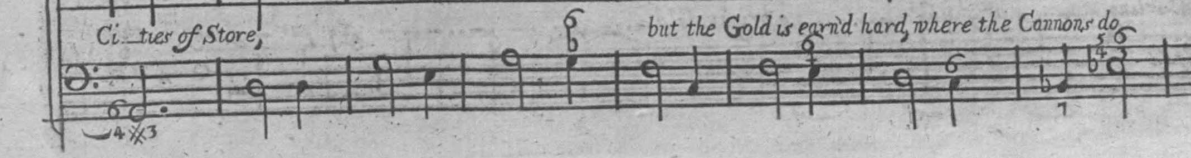
Bruises and Pains, when the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains, Rich Profit comes ea - sy ea - sy in



Ci - ties of Store, but the Gold is earnd hard, where the Cannons do Ro - - - - - ar, but the



Ci - ties of Store, but the Gold is earnd hard, where the Cannons do





Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons do Roar, Yet see how they run, how they run, how they run, how they

Ro 4 3 6 4 7 6 4 3 ar, do Roar, Yet see how they run, how they

run at the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming a Town, thro' Blood, and thro'

run at the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming a Town, thro' Blood, and thro'

Fire to take the Half Moon, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon, they Sea ...

Fire to take the Half Moon, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to take, the Half Moon,

... le the high Wall, they Sea ... le the high Wall whence they see

they Sea ... le the high Wall, the high Wall whence they see,

others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see others fall, their Hearts precious

others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see others fall, their Hearts precious

Darling, bright Glo ... ry bright Glo ... ry pur - suing, tho

Darling, bright Glo ... ry bright Glo ... ry pur - suing, tho

Slow

(45)

Deaths un-der Foot, and the Mine is just blowing, It springs, it springs,  
 Deaths under Foot, and the Mine is just blowing, Up they  
 it springs, it springs up they Fl--- y they Fl--- y yet  
 Fl--- y it springs, it springs, 5 6 it springs, it springs 6 up they Fl  
 more, more, more, more, more, yet more will sup-ply, as Bridegrooms to Marry they  
 y yet more, more, more, yet more will sup-ply as Bridegrooms to Marry they  
 has ten to Dye, they hasten to die, till Fate claps, claps, claps her  
 has ten, they hasten to die, till Fate claps, claps, claps her  
 Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings of the Breach being  
 Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings of the Breach being  
 Enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings, then happy'r She whose  
 Enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings,



Face can win, then hap-py's She whose Face can win, can win a Soldier's Grace, they Range a  
 happy's She, then hap-py's She whose Face can win, can win, a Soldier's Grace, they Range a

bout in State, they Range about in State like Gods, like Gods dis-posing Fate no Luxury, in  
 bout in State, they Range about in State like Gods, like Gods dis-posing Fate on Luxury, in

Peace nor Pleasure in ex-cess can par tal let the Joys can par ral let the  
 Peate nor Pleasure in ex-cess can par ral let the Joys can par ral let the

Joys the Mar-tial Martiall He-ro Crown when flush'd with Re-  
 Joys the Mar-tiall He-ro Crown when flush'd with

ge and forc'd by want forc'd by want he Stor-  
 Ra- ge and forc'd by want he Stor- ms he

ms he Stor- ms a wealthy Town  
 Stor- ms a wealthy Town

To Arms and Britains strike home, two SONGS in Bonduca.  
Set by M<sup>r</sup> Henry Purcell.: Within the Compass of the FLUTE

The musical score is written for two systems, each with a vocal line and a flute line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are as follows:

**System 1:**  
Vocal: To Arms, to arms, to arms, to arms to arms, to arms, to arms, to  
Flute: To arms to arms, to arms to arms to

**System 2:**  
Vocal: arms to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms to arms to  
Flute: arms, to arms, to arms, to arms to arms to arms, to arms, to arms, to

**System 3:**  
Vocal: arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms your Ensigns  
Flute: arms to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms your Ensigns

**System 4:**  
Vocal: Strait display now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now set the  
Flute: Strait display now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now set the

**System 5:**  
Vocal: Battle in array. The Oracle for Warr de clares, for  
Flute: Battle in array. The Oracle for Warr de clares, for

**System 6:**  
Vocal: warr de-- clares, Success depends, Suc-cess depends up-  
Flute: warr de-- clares, Success depends, Suc-cess depends up-



on our hearts and Spears. The Oracle for Warr de-

-clares for Warr declares Suc-cess depends, Suc-

-cess depends up- on our hearts and Spears.

A Verse in Bonduca. Britains strike home.

Britains strike home. Re-venge, re-venge your Countrys wrongs,

Fight, fight and re-cord, fight, fight and re-cord your selves in

Druids Songs, fight, fight and re-cord, fight, fight and re-

-cord re-cord your selves in Druids Songs.

A SONG for two Voices Set by <sup>(49)</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Henry Purcell.

When Myra Sing - ... s, when Myra Sing - ...

... s, we Seek th'inchant - ... - ing Sound, th'inchant - ... - ing

... s, we Seek th'inchant - ing Sound, th'inchant - ... - ing

Sound, and Bless y<sup>e</sup> Notes, & bless y<sup>e</sup> Notes, that do so sweetly, so sweetly, so sweetly wound, what Mu -

Sound, and Bless y<sup>e</sup> Notes, & bless y<sup>e</sup> Notes, y<sup>e</sup> do so sweetly, so sweetly, so sweetly wound,

... sick, what Mu - - sick needs must dwell up on that Tongue, whose speech is Tune full,

what Mu - - sick needs must dwell up on that Tongue, whose speech is

whose speech is Tune full, is tune - - - full as another Song. Such Harmony, such

Tune full, whose speech is tune - - - full as another Song. Such Harmony

Wit such Harmony, such wit, such wit a Face so Fair, so many, so many pointed Arrows, who,

such wit, such Harmony, such wit a Face so Fair, so many, so many pointed Arrows, who,



Who can bear, the Slave that from her wit, or Beauty flies, if she  
 Who can bear, the Slave that from her wit, or Beauty flies, if she but reach him but reach  
 but reach him, but reach him with her Voice, if She but reach him with her voice, he  
 him with her voice, if she but reach him with her voice, he dies, he dies, he  
 dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he Dies.  
 dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he Dies.

*very Slow*

For the Flute

The flute part consists of ten staves of music. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is characterized by rapid sixteenth-note passages and melodic lines. The tempo marking *very Slow* is placed at the end of the piece. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

The Mad Dialogue Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Leveridge and M<sup>rs</sup> Lynsey Sett by M<sup>r</sup> Purcell.

He

Behold, behold the Man that with Gigan... tick Might dares, dares, dares Combat

Heavn again sto... rm, Joves bright Falace put the Gods to flig... ht,

987

Chaos renew and make perpe... tu al Night, Come on, come on, come

on come on ye Fighting, Fighting fools, come on, come on, come on, come on ye Fighting, Fighting fools, that

petty, petty Jars maintain, that petty, petty Jars maintain, I've all, all the Wars of Europe, all the

Wars of Europe in my Brain, I've all, all, all the Wars of Europe in my Brain,

She

Whos he that talks of War, when charming, charming Beau-ty comes in, whos Sweet, Sweet,

sweet Face di- vinely fair, e-ter- nal plea... sure, e- ter- ml plea...

sure, e... ter... nal plea... sure, comes, when I ap-

pear, the Martial, Martial God a Conqerd Victim lyes, obeys each glance, each anfall nod, and dreads the



Light ... .. ning of my killing Eyes, more, more than the fiercest, the fiercest, the fiercest thun ... ..

... .. der in the Skies, Ha, ha, now, now, now, now we mount up high, now, now

we mount up high, the Sun's bright God and I, Charge, Charge, Charge on the Azure, Charge on the

Azure dawns of ample Sky, See, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, how thimmortall

Spirits ru ... .. n. See, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, see, how thimmortall, spirits ru ... ..

... .. n, pur - sue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, Drive 'em o're the

burning Zone, drive 'em o're the burning Zone from thence come row ... .. ling down, come

row ... .. ling down, and search the Globe below, with all the gulphy Main, to find my lost, my

wan ... .. dring sense, my wan ... .. dring Sense a - gain, She By this dis

... .. joynted matter that crowds thy Pe-ricranium, I nicely have found, that thy Brain is not found, and

He  
 thou shalt be, and thou shalt be my Companion. Come, come, come, come, come, come, let us plague the  
 World then, I embrace the blest oc-  
 casion, for by instinct I find thou art one of the kind, thou art  
 one of the kind, that first brought in, that first brought in Dam-  
 nation,

III  
 She. My Face has Heaven Incharnted,  
 With all the Sky born Fellows,  
 Jove press'd to my Breast and my Bosom he kiss'd,  
 Which made old Juno jealous.

IV  
 He. I challeng'd Grifly Pluto,  
 But the God of Fire did shun me,  
 Witty Hermes I drub'd round the Pole with my Club,  
 For breaking Jokes upon me,  
 Chorus of both,

Then Mad very Mad very Mad let us be,  
 For Europe does now with our Frenzy agree,  
 And all things in Nature are mad too as we,

V  
 She. I found Apollo Singing,  
 The tune my Rage Increases

I made him so blind with a look that was kind,  
 That he broke his Lyre to pieces,

VI  
 He. I drank a Health to Venus,  
 And the Mole on her white Shoulder,  
 Mars flinch'd at the Glass and I threw't in his Face,  
 Was ever Hero bolder,

VII  
 She. 'Tis true my dear Alcides,  
 Things tend to dissolution,  
 The Charms of a Crown and the Crafts of the Gown,  
 Have brought all to Confusion,

VIII  
 He. The haughty French begun it,  
 The English Wits pursue it,  
 She. The Garman and Turk still go on with i Work,  
 He. And all in time will rue it,

CHORUS

Then Mad very Mad let us be, very Mad, very Mad, let us be, very Mad, very Mad, very  
 Then Mad, very mad, very mad, very mad let us be, very Mad, very Mad, very  
 Mad, very Mad, let us be, for Europe does now with our Frenzy a-gree, & all things in Nature are Mad, mad, mad &  
 Mad, very Mad, let us be, for Europe does now with our Frenzy a-gree, and all things in nature are  
 all things in Nature are Mad, mad, mad, are Mad, mad, mad, are Mad, mad, mad are mad too as we, are mad too as we,  
 Mad, mad, mad, and all things in nature are Mad, mad, mad, are Mad, mad, mad, are mad too as we, are mad too as we,



(54)  
A Dialogue in the Opera call'd the Fairy Queen Set by M<sup>r</sup>  
Henry Purcell Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Reading and (M<sup>r</sup> Pate in womans habit)

He  
Now the Maids and the Men are making their Hay, we've left the dull

fools, we've left the dull fools and are Stolen a-way; then Mopia no more be

Coy as before, but let's merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily play; and kiss, and

She  
kiss, and kiss, and kiss, and kiss the Sweet time a-way. Why how now Sir clown, why

how now, what makes you so bold; I'd have ye, I'd have ye to know I'm not

made of that mold: I tell you again, again and again, Maids must never, must

never kiss no Men; no, no, no, no, no, no kissing at all, no, no, no, no,

no, no kissing at all; I'll not kiss till I kiss you for good and

She

all: He no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no kissing at

Not kiss you at all, not kiss you at all, not at all;

all, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no kissing at all; no, no, no, no,

not kiss you at all; why no, why no not at all,

no, I'll not kiss till I kiss you for good and all. He

why no, no, no, no, no, no kissing at all; should you give me a

score, 'twould not lessen your store, then bid me, bid me cheerfully, cheerfully kiss and take my

She

fill, and take my fill my fill of the bliss; I'll not trust you so far I know you too well, should I

give you an Inch you'd soon you'd soon take an Ell; then Lord like you Rule & Laugh - - - then

Lord like you Rule and Laugh - - - at the Fool; no, no, no, no, no, no



*kissing at all no no no no no kissing at all I'll not kiss till I kiss you for good and*

*He*  
*all so small a request you must not you cannot you shall not deny nor will I admit of a*

*nother a nother re-ply you must not you shall not deny you must not deny cannot deny shall not de-*

*Chorus She*  
*Chorus Nay what do you mean nay what do you mean O fie fie fie fie O*

*fy you must not deny shall not deny you must not deny you must not deny shall not deny cannot you*

*what do you mean O fie fie fie fie O fie fie fie fie O fie fie fie fie*

*shall not deny you must not deny you cannot you shall not deny*

(57)  
A Dialogue in the 2<sup>d</sup> Part of Don Quixote Set by M<sup>r</sup>. H. Purcell.

He

Since Times are so bad, I must tell you sweet Heart, I'm thinking to leave off my Plough and my Cart and to the fair City a

Journey will go to better my Fortune as other folk do, since some have from Dithes and course I eather Breeches, been

rais'd been rais'd to be Rulers and wallow'd in Riches, prithee come: :: :: from thy Wheel, prithee come, come, come,

come from thy Wheel for if Gypsies dont lye, I shall I shall be a Governour too e'er I dye, Ah Collin, ah collin bu

all, by all thy late doings I find with sorrow and trouble, with sorrow and trouble the Pride of thy mind our Sheep now at

random disorderly run and now and now Sundays Jacket goes every day on, Ah what dost thou what dost thou what dost thou

mean, Ah what dost thou what dost thou what dost thou Mean, To make my Shoes clean and foot it and foot it to th Court, to y

King and the Queen, where shewing my parts I preferment shall win, Fye: :: :: :: :: :: tis better tis better for us to

Plough and to Spin for as to y Court when thou happen'st to try thou'lt find nothing got there unless thou canst buy for



Money the Devil, the Devil and all's to be found, but no good parts minded, no, no, no, no good parts minded without the good

He

Pound, Why then I'll take Arms, why then I'll take Arms, I'll take Arms and follow, and follow All this habit Honour that

She

now a days plaguey Charms, And so lo's a limb by a Shot or a Blow and curse thy self after for leaving for leaving the Plough,

He She He She He

Suppose I turn Gamester, So Cheat and be Bang'd, What thinkst of the Road then the Highway to be Hang'd Nice Pimping

She

however yields profit for Life, I'll help some fine Lord to anothers fine Wife, That's dangerous too amongst the town Crew

for some of em will do the same thing by you, and then I to Cuckold ye may be drawn in, faith Collin tis better I

He She

Sit here and Spin, faith Collin, tis better I sit here and Spin, Will nothing prefer me what thinkst of the Law, Oh,

He She

while you live Collin keep out of that Pan, I'll Cant and I'll Pray, Ah, theres naught got, Ah, there's

naught got that way, there's no one minds now what those Black Cattle Say, Let all our whole care, be our

He

Farming affair, To make our Corn grow, and our Apple Trees Bear,

Ambition, Ambitions a Trade, a trade no Contentment can show, so I'll to my Distaff, Am

Ambition Ambitions a trade no Contentment can show, and I to my Plough,

-bition, Ambitions a Trade, a trade no Contentment can show, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

Ambition, Ambitions a trade no Contentment can show, no, no, no, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

Contentment can show, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

Contentment can show, no, no, no, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

Chorus

Let all our whole care be our Farming affair, to make our Corn grow, and our Apple Trees Bear, Am

Let all our whole care be our Farming affair, to make our Corn grow, and our Apple Trees Bear,

bition, Ambitions a Trade, a Trade no Contentment can show, so I'll to my Distaff, Am

Ambition, Ambitions a Trade no Contentment can show, and I to my Plough,

-bition, Ambitions a Trade, a trade no Contentment can Show, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

Ambition, Ambitions a trade no Contentment can Show, no, no, no, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

Contentment can show, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

Contentment can show, no, no, no, no, no, no Contentment can Show.



A Dialogue in the Prophetess Set by M<sup>r</sup> Hen: Purcell

Tell me why, tell me why my char - - ming fair, tell me why, tell me

why you thus deny me: can dispair, can dispair, or these Sighs & looks of care,

make Corinna ever fl - - - - y me, ever fly me, tell me why

tell me why my char - - ming fair, tell me why you thus deny me: Oh Mirtill - - lo

you're above me, I respect but dare not love ye, She who hears inclines to Sin, who parlies

half gives up the town, & ravenous love soon enters, in when once the out works

beaten down: then my Sighs & tears won't move ye, no, no, no, no, no Mirtillo

you're above me, I respect but dare not love ye: no, no, no, no, no Mirtillo

you're above me, I respect but dare not love ye, I respect but dare not

love ye: Cou'd this lovely charming Maid, think Mir = tillo woud deceive her, cou'd Co-

= rinna be afraid, She by him shoud be betray'd, no, no, no, no, too well too well I love her,

therefore cannot be above her, oh, oh, oh, oh, let love n<sup>th</sup> love be paid: my heart my

life, my heart my life, my all I give her, let me now, now, now, let me now, now, now, ah

now, now, now receive her. Oh how gladly we beleive, when the heart is too, too, willing, can I

look that face deceive, can he take delight in killing; ah I dye, ah I dye, I

dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, yet I will, I will beleive ye, ah I

dye, ah I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I

will, yet, yet I will, I will beleive ye.



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CHORUS

Oh how gladly we believe, when the heart is too, too willing: can that  
Oh how gladly we believe, when the heart is too, too, willing: can that

look that face deceive, can he take delight in killing: ah I dye, ah I  
look that face deceive, can he take delight in killing: ah I dye,

dye, I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, yet I will, I will believe ye  
ah I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, I will believe ye

ah I dye, ah I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, yet,  
ah I dye, I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I

yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I will believe ye.  
will, yet, yet I will, I will, yet I will, I will believe ye.