

AMPHION ANGLICUS.

A

V V O R K

O F M A N Y

COMPOSITIONS,

For One, Two, Three and Four

V O I C E S:

With several *Accompagnements* of

Instrumental Musick;

A N D

A Thorough-Bass to each Song:

FIGUR'D for an

Organ, Harpsichord, or Theorboe-Lute.

By D^r. JOHN BLOW.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *William Pearson*, for the Author; and are to be Sold at his House in the Broad-Sanctuary, over-against *Westminster-Abby*, and by *Henry Playford*, at his Shop in the Temple-Charge, Fleet-street. M D C C.

T O

Her Royal Highness,

T H E

P R I N C E S S

A N N of D E N M A R K.

Madame,

THE excellent Art of Mufick, was thought by many of the Wisest Ancients, to have derived its Original immediately from Heaven; as one of the First, most beneficial Gifts of the Divine Goodness to Mankind: thereby to draw and allure, the old, rude, and uнтаught World, into Civil Societies; and so to soften and prepare their Minds for the easier reception of all other Accomplishments of Wisdom and Vertue.

The most Learned of the Ancient Heathens, the Greeks, were so much of this Opinion, that they carried their Veneration for this Admirable Faculty too far. They believed they could not do it right, but by assigning to it, for its Protection and Improvement, some peculiar tutelary Gods of its own. Nay, when to all the other Ornaments and Perfections of human Life, they seldom appointed more than one single Deity to preside over each of them, to Mufick alone they allotted a greater number of

Guar-

The Dedication.

Guardian Divinities than to any of the rest ; some of the Male, but most of the Female and Fairer Sex.

They were indeed mistaken, when they bestow'd on it these Fabulous Honours ; and they made but ill Gods of those Men and Women, who would have done excellently well, if they had only pass'd for Patrons of it, or Inventors in it, as they really were.

But in all times of the truer Antiquity, even amongst God's own peculiar People, we find this most instructive and delightful Skill did always meet with its due and deserv'd Honours, sbort of Idolatry, and within the bounds of Sobriety and Decency.

Thus we read in the Holy Scriptures, not long after the History of the Creation, the Name of the Man is Solemnly recorded with Renown, among the Founders of Nations, who was the first Inventor of the Harp and the Organ.

And undoubtedly, there was never any Age of the true Church afterwards, whether Jewish, or Christian, wherein the Sacred delights of Musick were not admitted, to bear an eminent Part in the Worship of the True God.

In the Jewish Church, it is certain, that even before the Temple it self was built, while it was yet only in Design, God Inspir'd David, the Man after his own Heart, to Compose before-hand, the Hymns and Divine Anthems that were to be Sung in it.

And

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And the choice of the Person for that Work, was infinitely for the dignity of the Art: Since no less a Man, than the chief of their Monarchs, and the greatest of their Conquerors, was ordained by God, to be their Poet and Musician on that occasion.

And it were easy to prove, that the same Celestial Spirit of Musical Concord and Harmony, was all along cherished and entertained in the Christian Church, during the very best Times of its purest Doctrines and Devotions.

It will be enough, only to mention one undeniable Instance, That, in the Primitive Age, during the cruellest Persecutions, in their most Private and Nightly Assemblies, the Christians of that early Time, as Pliny informed Trajan, remarkably distinguish'd themselves, by their alternate Singing of Psalms, and Spiritual Songs.

Such, Madame, have been always the Employments of the Sublime Art of Musick, to teach and cultivate Humanity; to Civilize Nations; to Adorn Courts; to Inspire Armies; to Inspire Temples and Churches; to sweeten and reform the fierce and barbarous Passions; to excite the Brave and the Magnanimous; and, above all, to inflame the Pious and the Devout.

For these Reasons, it has all along receiv'd the Encouragement and Favour of the Greatest, the Wisest, the most Religious, the most Heroick Persons of all Ages. And it seems but reasonable,

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that it should be so ; that they should principally take upon them the care of this High-born Science of Tuneful Sounds and Numbers, whose Souls are more elevated than others, and seem most to partake of that Natural, and Divine Harmony, it professes to Teach.

You see, Madame, what undoubted Title Your Royal Highness has to the Patronage of this Art. It is Your own by many rightful Claims, not only for your High Birth and Royal Dignity, but for something, that is even yet more Your own ; for that admirable temper of Spirit, that harmonious sweetness of Disposition, that silent Melody, and charming Musick of Your whole Life.

After I have said this, it cannot be denied, but that, by inscribing these Papers to Your Royal Highness, I have chosen the worthiest and most excellent Patroness for these my Studies, that this Nation, or Age has produc'd. Yet I must still confess, while I Applaud my self for the happiness of my Choice, the ambition of it puts me into Confusion : I am ashamed to think, that to such a Patroness I can present so very little, either worthy of the Art I admire, or of the Glorious Princess to whom I dedicate all my Muses.

• *But for that part, which concerns Your self, Madame, Your own Goodness and Benignity, has set my Mind at ease, by Your generous Invitation and favourable Promise, of accepting the*
low

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low Present I now offer, and Your Gracious Assurance of a perpetual Protection to its Author.

And that also, if any thing can, may possibly enable me to supply the other Part better for the future, and lift up my Genius to something more becoming the Majesty of the Art it self.

The two most Noble ends of Musick Vocal and Instrumental, being either to raise and nourish the tender, and the Generous Passions of Love, Friendship, and Honour, among Men; or to animate our Affections, and to kindle the ardour and zeal of our Devotions towards God: I must own, that what I now lay at your Royal Highness's Feet, consists only in some weak Performances of the first kind. ●

I will make no Apology for the Subjects of any of them, thò they are generally conversant about Love-Affairs; since the divertisements and delights of those softer Affections, when conceiv'd in pure Thoughts, and cloathed with innocent Expressions, have been always allowed in all Wise and Good-natur'd Polite Nations; and never any where Condemn'd by the truly Good and Honourable part of Mankind.

I dare affirm, that nothing but the unsociable sullenness of a Cynick, would ever exclude secular Musick, so qualified, out of Civil Societies; as nothing but the perverse sowerness of a Fanatick, would ever drive Divine Musick out of the Church.

But

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But yet, lest a Work of this Nature, thò perhaps not blame-able in itself, either for the Matter, or the manner of it, should however seem to fall below what is due to Your Royal Highness's Greatness of Mind, and consummate Vertue: Give me leave, Madame, to tell You, I am preparing, as fast as I can, to make some amends for this, by a Second Musical Present, upon Arguments incomparably better: I mean my Church-Services, and Divine Compositions.

To those, in truth, I have ever more especially consecrated the Thoughts of my whole Life. All the rest I consider but as the Blossoms, or rather the Leaves; those I only esteem as the Fruits of all my Labours in this kind. With them I began my first Youthful Raptures in this Art: With them, I hope calmly and comfortably to finish my days. Nor will my Mind be ever at rest, till I have offer'd them up to God, for the Publick use of the best Church in the Christian World, under the Propitious Authority of Your Royal Highness's Name.

May it please Your Royal Highness,

I am Your most Humble, most Dutiful,

and most Devoted Servant,

J O H N B L O W.

To the Most Incomparable Master of
Musick, Dr. John Blow: *Occasion'd*
by his obliging the World with his
Inimitable Amphion Anglicus.

THô Works like *Thine*, and of establish'd
Are safe from Censure in their Author's
Name,
And stand secur'd of Gratitude and Praise,
VVithout the weak assistance of our Lays:
Yet since the Muse is only born to wait
On the Stupendous Labours of the Great,
Give her her *Birth-right*, and accept the Plea
She makes to Fame *Her self*, by Singing *Thee*.

Oh! Pow'ful Man, and of resistless Arts,
VVho reign'st within our Ears, and in our
Hearts;
VVhose Numbers, like their *Master's* Temper,
(sweet,
Dethrone the Senses, and fill up their Seat;
As in excess of *Admiration* drown'd,
VVe're lost in *Rapture*, and confus'd in *Sound*.
Tell us from whence such Influence can Distil,
And whence proceed's this *Extasse* of Skill:

Others, with *loathsome* Traff, may strive to
And Tune *loose* VVords with a *Lascivious* Ease,
Oblige the Play-House, and the gaudy Fry,
VVith Entertainments of Obscenity:
But Thou great *Prince* of the Musician's Band,
VVhose VVorks are fit to touch a *Royal* Hand,
Unblemish'd by their Folly do'st appear,
And worthy of thy *Patrone's* Care,
VVhose awful Eyes, and whose unequal'd
(Sense
May read and judge thy Lays without Offence.

Thy Rage is Sober, and thy spotless Song
Fair as Her *Soul*, and as Her *Judgment* Strong;
Thy Movements Just, thô various in their
(Form,
Soft as a Breeze, yet *Rolling* as a Storm;
Gentle, but yet of a Majestick State,
Like *ANNA Humble*, and like *ANNA Great*:
VVhither thy Hymns do our Devotions move,
Or Tender Ayr's excite our Vertuous Love.

But thô thy Works superior to the Praise
VVhich Verse can give, or Admiration raise,
Might challenge Fame, and ev'ry Muse invite
To Sing of what shou'd every Muse Delight;
Yet what Excells thy self, if it can be,
Is, that so many live to Copy Thee;
That Youths around the *British* World are
(spread,
VVarm'd by thy Beams, and by thy Counsels
(led,
Who one day shall themselves Perfection reach,
Equal to all, but *Him*, who such could *Teach*.
As future Ages with Delight shall see (*be*.
What thou hast *been*, by what thy Sons shall

So the Tall Oak with Boughs erected stand's,
And views the Forest, and the Woods Com-
(mand's;
See's Plants and Trees, which were her Off-
[spring, rise,
And shoot their growing Harvest to the Skies:
Who, when their Parent shall resign to Fate
Her scatter'd Limbs, the Ensigns of her State,
To the same height and full Proportion grown,
Shall speak *Her* Greatness, as they shew their
(Own.

William Pittis, late Fellow of
New-College in Oxford.

An O D E.

Being a Parallel equalling Poetry with
Musick: Compos'd into a Catch for
Four; and made in Honour of my
Worthy Friend, Dr. John Blow, and
his Extraordinary Work.

I.

WHen Rome was in her Glorious State,
Great Maro with *Augustus* fate;
The Nobles, and the Vulgar Throng,
Were Charm'd with his Immortal Song.

II.

So whil'st *Apollo's* Race can Sing,
Great Blow will be true Musick's King;
As Nations must rebound his Praise,
Far as the Sun extends his Rays.

III.

Let Poetry then gain Renown,
And yield the Bard his Verdant Crown,
Whilst Ancient *Tyber* bears its Name,
Sing, Sing to his Exalted Fame.

IV.

Let Musick too its due receive,
And let its best Composer live:
While silver *Thames* does Ebb and Flow,
Drink drink a Health to famous *Blow*.

T. D'URFET.

To his Esteemed Friend, Dr. Blow,
upon Publishing his Book of Songs.

Publick Good, does Publick Thanks re-
And All thou'd strive to Praise what All
(Admire.

The Art of *Descant*, late our *Albions* boast,
With that of *Staining Glass*, we thought was
(lost;

Till in this Work we all with Wonder view,
What ever Art, with order'd Notes can do,
Corelli's Heights, with Great *Bassani's* too;
And *Britain's Orpheus* learn'd his Art from
You.

Long have we been with Balladry oppress'd,
Good Sense Lampon'd, and Harmony Bur-
(lesq't;

Musick of many Parts, has now no force,
Whole Reams of single Songs become our
(Curse,
With *Bass's* wond'rous Lewd, and *Trebles*
(worse.

But yet the Lucious Lore goes glibly down,
And still the *Double Entendre* takes the Town.
Let 'em Sing on—and for fair *Sylvia's* sake,
Some Merry *Madrigal* to Musick make,
Then point the Names of those that Sett and
(Wrote 'em,

With Lords a-top, and Block-heads at the Bot-
(tom;

While at the Shops we daily dangling view
Falsè Concord, by *Tom Crofs* Engraven true.

Nor are you by this Work to raise a Name,
Go *Perjur'd Man*, long since approv'd your Fame

You first our Modern Musick did refine,
Rugged and rough, like Metall in the Mine,
You purg'd the Dross, and stamp'd it into
(Coin.)

How much we owe to that Harmonious Quill,
That first reform'd, and is our Standard still!
(take,

Thus tho you shine, yet you no Pride par-
Your Temper's easy, as the Aysr you make.
Unask'd to all, you gen'rously impart
The Beauties of your most Harmonious Art:
For scarce our Isle a Tuneful Bard can show,
But first, or last, has been Inspir'd by You.

When I review thy Harmony Divine,
What happy Stroaks through ev'ry Office shine!
Others in Ayr, have to Perfection grown,
But *Canon* is an Art that's Thine alone.

Thus, tho a Multitude of Writers Rhime,
How few but *Milton* ever reach'd Sublime!
Thus many a Painter can a Portrait make,
That dares not Noble Hist'ry undertake;
There how to faintly fall, and gently rise,
How to keep back, and how to catch the Eyes;
All in a happy Order to dispose,
None but a *Vario*, or a *Kneller* knows.

Thus while you spread your Fame, at Home
(I fit,
Amov'd by Fate, from Melody and Wit,
Whe *British* Bard on Harp a *Treban* plays,
With grated Ears I saunter out my days.
Shore's most Harmonious Tube, ne'er strikes
(my Ear,

Nought of the Bard, besides his Fame, I hear:
No Chaunting at *St. Paul's*, regales my Senses,
I'm only vers'd in *Ussum Herefordensis*.

But if by chance some Charming Piece I view,
By all carress'd, because put forth by You;
As when of Old, a Knight long lost in Love,
Whose *Phyllis* neither Brine nor Blood cou'd
(move,

Throws down his Lance, & lays his Armor by,
And falls from Errantry to Elegy:

But if some mighty Hero's Fame he hears,
That like a Torrent, all before him bear's,
In haste he mounts his Trusty Steed again,
And led by Glory, scow'rs along the Plain;
So I with equal ardour seize my *Flute*,
And string again my long neglected *Lute*.

Henry Hall, Organist of
Hereford.

To my much Honoured Master, Dr. John
Blow, on the Publication of his
Amphion Anglicus.

When Art, with ev'ry study'd Grace ^{(appear's,}
And springs a-fresh from Venerable
As youthful Strength, with aged Judgment ^{(Years,}
And stamps unerring Charms on all its Lines, ^{(join's,}
Just is our Wonder, and the feeblest Lays
May be excus'd for joining in its Praise;
Since in their Deathless Subject they may live,
And take those Honours which they cannot ^{(give;}
Else had I (with the num'rous rest who share
The Bounties of your Guidance and your Care)
Lain undistinguish'd from the Ravish'd Throng
And paid my *Admiration* for my *Song*:
But all-Commanding *Gratitude* denies
That I shou'd only feast my Soul and Eyes,
Entranc'd with Pleasure, and o'erwhelm'd with
^{(Joy,}
Which ever *Fill's*, but yet can never *Cloy*,
My Tongue must dwell on, and my Pen must ^{(write,}
And *Bless* the Source whence issue's such De-
^{(light.}

Oh! more than Man! how boundless is
^{(your Skill!}
It Chain's the Soul, and Captivate's the Will!
Keep's ev'ry Sense employ'd, and make's us see
What *Tour* Composures are, and *Ours* shou'd be;
As ev'ry Tuneful Note Correctly true,
Still gives us *Beauties*, and those *Beauties* *New*.
Fair, and yet *Strong*, tho' *Modest*, yet they ^{(Please,}
Laborious, yet *Attractive* in their Ease:
Of many Parts, yet all those Parts agree,
And in *Divisions*, shew us *Symmetry*,
While you the Treasures of your Mind impart,
And follow *Nature*, as you *Conquer* *ART*.
I, with the rest you have vouchsaf'd to Teach,
Must Wonder at the Skill we cannot Reach.

Jeremy Clarke, Organist of
St. Paul's London.

To Dr. BLOW.

Amphion's Lute of old with Magick Art,
To senseless Stones, new Passions did im-
[part:
The stubborn Flint his gentle Notes control,
And Musick animate's it with a Soul: (*Lyre*
Such power he shews with his commanding
As bold *Prometheus* with his stolen Fire:
VVith active Life the clumsy Quarries dance,
And well-form'd Cities as he plays advance.
On Salvage Beasts did *Orpheus* wast his Skill,
And th' echoing VVoods with strange amaze-
ment fill,
If he with soothing Sounds their Fierceness
might assuage,
Pull down the *Lions* Pride, or curb the *Tyger's*
^{(Rage:}
And since 'twou'd seem amongst 'em Reason
dwells;
And Beasts Philosophize within their Cells.

But *Musick* was for Nobler Ends design'd,
By Nature form'd to regulate our Mind,
Thick Mists and gloomy Vapours to dispel,
And troubled motions of the Blood to quell:
To tune the Jarring World to Peace and Love,
And fit us here to join the Choir above.
Thus has our Isle been long oblig'd by *Blow*
Who first with decent Modesty did show }
In blooming *Purcell* what himself cou'd do. }
On *Purcell* his whole Genius he bestow'd,
And all the Master's Graces in the Pupil flow'd;
But he unable long to bear the Load,
Opprest with Rapture, sunk beneath the God;
Home then the welcome Deity returns,
And *Blow* again with youthful Transports
[burns:

White-Hall, May 20. 1700.

To my much Honoured Master, Dr. John
Blow, on his Amphion Anglicus.

Fame,
WHilst those that know you only by your
Pay that respect to Merits, Merits claim,
And with your Labours in your Praises join,
Permit me, who am known, to offer mine.

Musick

Musick you've taught me, and your pow'rful
(Lays

Now teach me Words to speak in Musick's
(Praise:

For who can hold his Speech that has a Tongue,
And not bring forth, or not attempt a Song.

But Words fall short of what to Deeds I owe,
And cannot pay the Debt they cannot show;
A Father's Fondness, and a Master's Care,
Should have returns beyond a Scholar's Pray'r:
Yet since the Wishe's of a grateful Heart
May ease the swelling Debt, and pay in part,
Accept 'em from the youngest you have

Your youngest Off-spring, not the least en-
(rear'd
(dear'd,

I for my Subjects sake, must needs be hear'd.

Oh! may you long, and growing in Esteem,
Make Musick yours, as you are Musick's Theme,
Till on Fame's Wings, to greatest Honours
(born,

You Patronize those Arts you now Adorn;
Whilst I pursuing what your hands have shown
Admire Your Knowledge, and encrease my
(own;

And reaching for the Bays, whose sight allure's,
Am one day something, 'cause I once was
(Yours:

As I my Voice mature in Judgment raise,
And Imitate the Beauties now I Praise.

William Crofts, Organist of
St. Ann's.

To my Friend, Dr. Blow, on his Amphion Anglicus.

WERE it Applause thou sought'st Immortal
We cannot more Proclaim than all Men
(know;
Thou hast sufficient Fame already won,
And spread thy sweet Encomiums through
(the Town.
Our Organs through the Land, and ev'ry
(Quire,
Own thy Supplies, as Fire from Light takes fire.
Thy Compositions where thy Name is join'd,
Are like our Gold with the King's Image Coin'd;
Their Value by their Stamp is known, and we
Allow 'em then for Current Harmony.
This when a Princess deems not Mean to own;
A Royal Princess; She, to whom not one

Of all the Muses, but have Homage paid;
Blest in the Censures which her Judgment
(made.

Here thou may'st end, content with the Re-
(ward
Of thy fair Trophies, on her Favours rear'd.

J. Phillips.

To his ever Honoured Friend, Dr. John Blow, on his Excellent Book, Intituled Amphion Anglicus.

FATHER of Musick and Musicians too,
And Father of the Muses, all's thy due;
For not one drop that flows from *Fielicon*,
Till Air'd by thee, Refines into a Song.
Forgive my Zeal, who with my Sprig of Bays
Dare press into the Chorus of thy Praef; ;
For Silence were, when *Blow* is Nam'd, a
(VVrong,
To th' Subject, and the Master of all Song:
Your Art new Motion to our Verses brings,
VVe can but give them Feet, you give them
(VVings.

H. P.

To my Honoured Master, Dr. John Blow; on the Publication of his Amphion Anglicus.

SINCE others, who the same Instruction own,
Their Loves have tender'd, and their Du-
ties shown,
As in respectful Homage to Deserts,
They've made an Off'ring of their Verse and
[Hearts;
Be pleas'd to give acceptance of the Claim,
I make, from being Yours alone to Fame:
And tho' my Gratitude is late express'd,
I bring a Soul as Thankful as the rest,
And since I owe as much, as much wou'd pay,
But such a Debt must needs excuse delay.
A Work like Yours shou'd render all amaz'd,
And can't so well as by it self be Prais'd:
Strength, Beauty, Nature, Art and Wit shou'd
In favour of so Noble a Design; [join

And

And ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Muse should wait
 To bear it from the reach of Envious Fate ;
 Yet I must dare attempt the Sacred Theme,
 And Consecrate my Verse with my Esteem ;
 Whilst in Astonishment my Voice I raise,
 And offer up my Thanks instead of Praise,
 Owing the Muses Lordship as your due,
 And what I hold, is only held from you.
 As I (if Chance shall one day please to smile,
 And shed her scatter'd Favours on my Toil)
 Like Echo dwell upon my Teacher's Name,
 And give my Praises back from whence they

(came.

John Barrett, *Musick-Master to the
 Boys in Christ's Hospital, and Organist
 of St. Mary at Hill.*

To my Honoured Master, Dr. John
 Blow ; on the Publication of his
 Amphion Anglicus.

(imparts

OUR *Praise* is just, when what we *praise*,
 Such pow'rful Merits, and prevailing
 (Arts,
 As to condemn the Silence we would shew,
 And make us *Speak*, since all our *Speech* is due.

In spite of Censure, then be pleas'd to take
 A Gift sincere as any Muse can make ;
 Tho' rough my Verse, and lowly be my Song,
 My Heart make's Satisfaction for my Tongue,
 And, lost in Thanks, can nothing else bestow,
 But bare Acknowledgments for what I owe.
 The Pains You've taken, and the Love You've

(shown,

Treating Your *Pupil Children* as Your own,
 The *Work* You've Publish'd, and the *Numbers*
 (Taught,
 Should take up all th' Employment of our

(Thought,

As in the *British Bard*, with Joy we view
 A Pow'r which can the *Grecian's Arts* out-do ;
 And *Towns* are built by *Him*, but *Men* by *You*.

William Luddington.

To my most Honoured Friend, Dr. John
 Blow, on the Publication of His
 Amphion Anglicus.

(Praise !

THE Work is Great, and vast should be our
 But all we do, cannot one Altar raise,
 Equal to what thy Charming *Pen* has done,
 Which genuine Sons of Art must ever own.
 Dull Marble's usefless to Record thy Fame ;
 This Book alone, will Eternize thy Name :
 Such Compositions still are shining there,
 (By what some do) we thought forgotten were.
 Thy rolling *Descants*, gently lead the Air
 True *Fuge*, just *Canon*, due proportions bear.
 Thy *Syncopations* shew the *Discords* fine ;
Transitions clear and sweet, Thy Air Sublime ;
 All artful *Musick's* Methodiz'd therein,
 A *Contrapunct*, ad *Artem*, & ad *Thefin*.

From this Great Work, some blooming hopes

(we raise,

That *Musick* won't be lost in these, nor after
 (days,

But rear its Head ; its own true Lustre have
 From thy dear Book, whilst thou sleep'st in the

(Grave.

For who's not doubtful on't, when as we see,
 Whole Reams Imprinted, not one *Note* like *Thee* !
 The mightiest of them, cry, let's please the

(Town !

(If that be done, they value not the Gown.)
 And then to let you see 'tis good and taking,
 'Tis soon in Ballad howl'd, e'er th' Mobb are

(waking.

(Oh happy Men, who thus their Fames can
 (raise,

And lose not e'en one Inch of *Kent-street*
 (Praise)

But still the greatest Scandals yet behind,
 A baser Dunce among the Crew we find ;
 A Wretch bewitch'd to see his Name in Print,
 Will own a Song, and not one Line his int ;
 I mean of the Foundation : Sad the Case !
 He write's *Treble*, no matter who the *Bass* !

(Just like some over crafty Architect,
 First form's the Garret, then the House erect.)

If this a Doctor be among Logicians,
 Fiddlers and Dancers are our best Musicians :
 Who'll coin ye *Gavots*, *Minuets* and *Borees*,
 Faster than Christ'ning Gossips chat old Sto-

(ries.

Such Trash we know, has pester'd long the
 But Thou appear, and they as soon are gone.
 Then let all Noble Sons of Heav'nly Harmony
 Unite their Wish, that Thou nor Book may
 (Town, never die.)

Richard Brown, *Organist of*
Christchurch, Sr. Lawrence
Jewry, and Ber-
mondsey.

To the most Ingenious Dr. John Blow,
Organist of His Majesty's Chapel
Royal, &c. On his Book of Songs.

DOCTOR, I own it—'tis a Debt I owe,
 Besides the Subject will command it now:
 The Theme's so vast, and so incites my Mind,
 It runs o'er all, and leaves the Pen behind,
 And yet the nearest, nearest Thoughts must fall
 Immensely short of the Original:
 Hard Circumstances of Imperfect Man,
 What he wou'd show the Most, the least he

The utmost I can do, is to confess
 I can Admire far better than Express.
 So well design'd in so sublime an Air,
 So Easy all, so ravishing to the Ear
 Is ev'ry Song, that owns Your artful Care.
 And such are these, whose ev'ry charming Note
 Seem to command a more than Mortal Throat;
 More Soul, more Vigor to express their Life,
 Than the low reach of Human Voice can give:
 So Firm, so Just are all the Parts so strong
 Is ev'ry Sinew of each well-wrought Song:
 Concords with Discords knit, so well agree,
 That both Unite, to make one Harmony.
 So sweeter are all the Turns; so soft they move,
 The Notes alone wou'd teach us thoughts of

Notes that by artful Numbers do us raise
 By their own Energy to speak their Praise.
 Harmonious Man! 'tis You alone excell;
 Since those w' admird before, scarce now do
 The very Eulogics of former days, (well:
 But Satyrs are upon the thing they'd Praise;
 So far you have out-gone them, none but You
 Cou'd set so Brisk, so Manly, and so True.
 Music's great Standard Thou alon must be,
 And all preceding Sons of Harmony
 May Imitate, but ne'er can equal Thee.

Ed. Langbridge, Citizen
 of London.

To my true Friend, Dr. Blow, On His
 Amphion Anglicus.

IN Moral Times, when Wisdom claim'd the
 E'er vicious Maxims to the World were
 (Crown, known; those happy Men held Vertue for their guide,
 And slighted all the Peacock World beside:
 Their Object was the Substance, not the Shade,
 Which now through false Opinion's, Substance
 (made)

'Twas then great Merit rais'd its awful Brow,
 And look'd with Pity on the Mean below.
 'Twas then each Art immortaliz'd the Name,
 And who deserv'd the Choice, secur'd the
 (Fame
 With these Great Blow, erect Thy Teeming
 (Head,
 Man thou art now; More thou wilt be when
 Dead.
 But Living, take the Thanks of one, whose
 (Heart
 Is full of Gratitude, as Your's of Art;
 The Favours You have done me, speak 'em
 (due;

And the unwearied Goodness you pursue:
 As to dispel my Care, Your Care's employ'd,
 And to restore me what I once Enjoy'd,
 Whilst in Acknowledgments my Thoughts
 (contend,
 And own the Patron, where I find the Friend

S. Akeroyd.

To the Honour'd Dr. John Blow, for
 Encouraging my New Character, in
 making Choice of it for His Inimi-
 table Amphion Anglicus.

THE Pens whose Task ha's been before to
 Have writ, and Thank'd you chiefly for
 (Your Lays,
 But I a double Debt must ever owe,
 And for two Benefits, my Thanks bestow;
 'Tis true, the Book it self's a Worthy Theme,
 To take up all their Thoughts, and their Esteem;
 But yet the Honour that is done me bear's
 A Value greater far, than is in theirs,
 Since I not only my Contentment raise,
 But Live by that, which others only Praise.

William Pearson.

A Pindarick ODE,

On Dr. BLOW's Excellency in the ART of MUSIC.

By Mr. HERBERT.

I.

The Liberal Arts,
Which flourish'd long in *Greece*, their Native Soil,
Transplanted into other Parts,
Answer'd the Care, and Toil.
In *Italy*, that Emulous Land,
The Sciences did readily take Root,
Grow up, and into Branches Shoot,
Like those Spontaneous Plants of Thriving Nature's hand.
The Climate so serene, so delicate the Air,
Music improv'd to that degree,
The Banks of *Tyber* were adjudg'd the Fair,
The Pleasant Garden of sweet Harmony!
Nor prov'd the *British*, an ungrateful *Clime*,
Those Cyons, which were brought from thence,
Two great Improvers, Industry, and Time,
To that Perfection rais'd, more than a Cent'ry since,
They yielded such Fair, Golden, lasting Fruit,
As gain'd in *Rome* It Self, the best Repute:
And there the Rich Produce do's still remain,
Preserv'd Intire in the *Vatican*.

Bird's *Ant-*
them in Gol-
den Notes,

II.

Thus *Bird*, a *British* *Worthy*, spread his Name,
And for his Country gain'd this early Fame;
And down from him, in Time's successive Flow,
Many a Noble Genius cou'd we show,
But not One Greater, None more Excellent than *Blow*.
In *Sacred Harmony*, how just his Thoughts!
Such as may rightly claim the *Roman Golden Notes*!
His *Gloria Patri* long ago reach'd *Rome*,
Sung, and rever'd too in *St. Peter's Dome*;
A *Canon* — will outlive *Her Jubilees* to come.
Celestial *Hymns*! Not one of His can dye;
How they excite Devotion! mount it high!
Teaching the Prostrate, Humble Soul to fly,
And, with *Alauda*, most Divinely Sing,
As She is soaring to the Sky,
Assisted by a *Seraph's* stronger Wing.

}

}

III. *Great*

III.

Great Master of the Instrument Divine!
 Descended of Inspir'd *Jubabs* Line!
 How many Plants of Art, set by *His* Hand,
 Have spread, and still are spreading o'er the Land!
Cedars in *Libanus* cou'd not thicker stand.
 One hopeful stripling soon grew very Tall,
 Higher than all the rest, like goodly *Saul*;
 And, if the Muse late Sorrows don't recall,
 Nor we disturb a Soul at rest,
 'Twas *Purcell, Purcell*—*Harry* the Great, the Blest!
 His Labours highly of the Muse deserve;
 And She as tenderly will ever Them Preserve.
 His fam'd *Te Deum*, all the World admires,
 Perform'd in those Renown'd *Italian* Quires!
 The *Master's*, which He knew to be Sublime,
 The Scholar often wish'd to hear,
 Desiring here below, no longer time.
 But *Providence* which granted not that *Pray'r*,
 Took Him away, and left us here to Grieve,
 And doleful Sounds were hear'd on *St. Cecilia's Eve*.
 Thus *Orpheus* fell; the Hills and Valleys Groan,
 The Nymys lament, his Lyre Changes Tone,
 Makes a most Sad, most grievous Moan,
 When in the Troubl'd River *Hebrus* thrown.

IV.

But let her Mourning Muse dry up her Tears,
 New-Tune Her *Lute*, or change the Strings,
 And touch the New, those cheerful Airs
AMPHION brings.
 Those to the Ear more Consonant, more Kind;
 Those which compose the most disorder'd Mind;
 Thoughts ruff'd with the blackest stormy Wind.
 The *Lyrist*, when he's setting Songs of Love,
Solo's which suit a Lover's tender Care,
 A thousand *Cupids* hover in the Air;
 And that the Charms may due Compassion move,
 They learn and Sing 'em to the absent Fair.
 When in a *Numerous Song* He was requir'd
 To sing the *Hero* of the War,
 The Noble subject warm'd his Fancy, fir'd;
 Then how the *Consort-Trumpet* was Inspir'd!
 The Strains were bold, and strong,
 Lofty as *Pindar's Dithyrambic* Song;
 Sometimes the Notes, at the Composer's choice,
 Soft, as *Syrinna's* Flute, Sweet, as *Phonessa's* Voice!
 Nothing more Nicely *Echo's* softest Air,
 But *Arabella's* Fine, Unparallel'd Guitar.

B O O K S lately Printed and Re-printed for Henry Playford, at his Shop
in the Temple-Change Fleet-street.

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PROLOGUE.

Solo. Brisk.



Elcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, ev—'ry

Guest; welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome to the Mu—ses Feast :

Slew. Mu—sick is your on—-ly cheer, Mufick enter—

—tains, enter-tai—-ns, enter-tai—-ns the Ear: Welcome, welcome,

welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome ev—'ry Guest,

wel—come, wel—come to the Mu—-ses Feast.

The sacred, fa-

-cred Nine, Observe! Observe! Observe the Mode, and bring you

dainties, bring you dainties, and bring you dainties bring, you dain-

-tis from a—broad: The de-

—licious Thracian Lute, and Do-do-na's mellow, mel-

-mona's, Cre—mo—na's ra—cy Fruit:

FLUTES.

VIOLINS.

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top two staves are for Flutes, and the bottom staff is for Violins. The music is written in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The Flute parts feature a melodic line with various note values and rests, while the Violin part provides a rhythmic accompaniment.

The second system continues the musical piece with three staves for Flutes and Violins. The notation follows the same instrumental arrangement as the first system, showing further development of the melodic and rhythmic themes.

The third system of music also consists of three staves for Flutes and Violins. This system includes some longer note values and rests, particularly in the upper staves, indicating a change in the melodic phrasing.

Solo.

At home you have the fresh-est, the fresh-est Air ;

The fourth system begins with a 'Solo' marking above the first staff. It contains the first line of lyrics: 'At home you have the fresh-est, the fresh-est Air ;'. The musical notation continues with three staves for Flutes and Violins.

Vo-cal, In-stru-men-tal, Vo-cal, In-stru-men-tal Fare.

Vo-cal, In-stru-men-tal, Vo-cal, In-stru-men-tal Fare.

The fifth system contains the second line of lyrics: 'Vo-cal, In-stru-men-tal, Vo-cal, In-stru-men-tal Fare.'. The musical notation continues with three staves for Flutes and Violins.

FLUTES.

FLUTES.

VIOLINS.

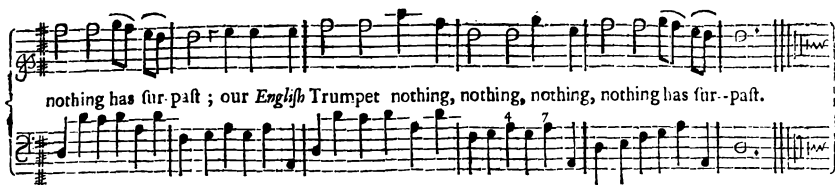
The first system of music consists of three staves. The top two staves are for Flutes, and the bottom staff is for Violins. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The notation includes various rhythmic values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

The second system of music continues the piece with three staves for Flutes and Violins. It features similar rhythmic patterns and melodic lines as the first system.

The third system of music continues with three staves. The bottom staff includes some specific markings: a '4' above a note, a '3#' above a note, and a '3#' above a note in the final measure.

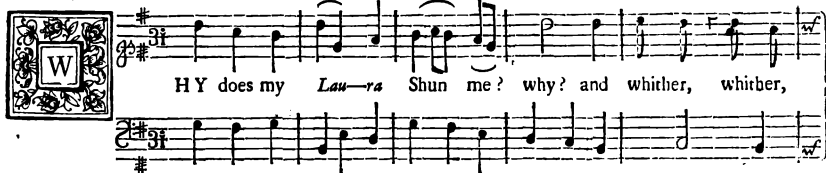
The fourth system of music features a vocal line on the top staff and a piano accompaniment on the bottom staff. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "Our English Trum- - - - - pet, nothing,". The piano part includes markings for a '4#' and a '3'.

The fifth system of music continues with three staves. The bottom staff includes the lyrics: "nothing, nothing, nothing has fur-past; our English Trumpet; nothing, nothing, nothing,". The piano part includes markings for a '6' and a '7'.

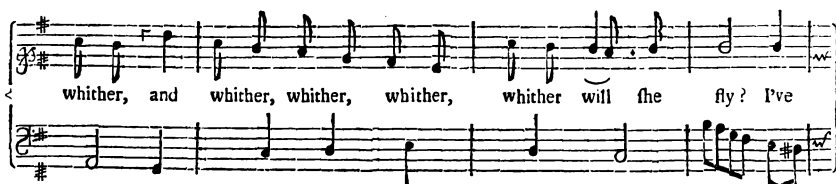


nothing has sur-past ; our *English Trumpet* nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing has fur-past.

The Grove : a SONG to a Minuet.




WHY does my *Lau-ra* Shun me? why? and whither, whither,



whither, and whither, whither, whither, whither will she fly? I've



rang'd the Val-lies and the Hills, the Meadows and the Banks, and the



Banks of Rills; but cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot find



my ti-me-rous Dove, Pro-pi-tious be this, this, this *Cy-prian Grove* :

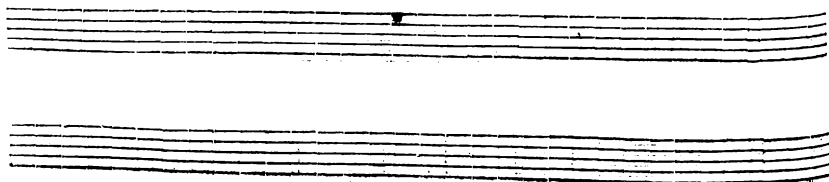
I have my wif, the Blef—fings near; the Nymph, my Miſtreſ, the

Nymph, my Miſtreſ, muſt, muſt be here; on ev'—ry Tree I

find her Name, ſome Ri—val Youth has Writ his Flame; ſhe's

here, here, here, here, ſhe's mine, but does re—quire, this Lau— - - -rel leaf

ſhou'd fann my Fire.



Sappho to the Goddess of Beauty: Addres'd to the Dutchess of Grafton.

Solo.

Ap-py, hap-py, hap-py the Man who lan-

-guifhing, who lan-guifhing does fit, and hear the Charming Pa-pbi-a-na's,

hear the charming, charming Pa-pbi-a-na's Wit, and fe's her sweetly fmi-

-ling, fmi-ling at his Sighs; this, this, this, changes,

Slow.

this, this, the mor-tal De-i-fics. Ah me un-

Brisk.

-done! ah me un-done! As foon as I had feen the Beauty, fuch the Features, Air and Meen.

Slow.

I was amaz'd, of ev'ry sense be-ref; my Voice was gone,

Brisk.

not the least ac-cent left. To check the pas-sion, and to ease the

pain; to check the pas-sion, and to ease the pain. I try to speak and

Slow.

to my Friend, and to my Friend, and to my Friend complain; But when faint

breathings, but when faint breathings on-ly do remain; a-las! a-las!

a-las! a-las! the fault-tring Tongue must move in vain.

Slow.

Brisk.

Oh! now I burn; Oh! now I burn; the subtle flame does rife thro' ev'ry

Vein, and fixes in my Eyes; the day to me seems but a mi—sty light;

my bearing, as con—fus'd too, as my fight: Now a

cold, a cold sweet my trem— - - -bling limbs be—dew;

Now a cold, a co—ld sweat my trem—

- - -bling Limbs be—dews; and like a wither'd plant, my Vi—sage shews; pale,

cold and speckles, without Breath I lye, in the sweet, the sw—eet

transports of my Soul, I die; in the sweet transports of my

Soul, I die. Now a,

A Love SONG.

F all the Tor-ments; of

all the Tor-ments, all the Cares with

which our lives are curst, are curst; with which our lives are curst; with which our

lives are curst; of all the Tor- - - - -ments,

of all the Tor- - - - -ments, all the

Cares, of all, all the Plagues, of all, all the Plagues, of all, all the

Plagues a Lo- - - - -ver bears, sure Ri- - - - -

- - - - -vals are the worst: Of all the Tor- - - - -

- - - - -ments, of all the Tor- - - - -ments, sure

Ri-----vals are the worst; by

Part—ners in each o—ther kind af—flict—ions ea—si—er

grown; in Love a-lone we hate to find, we hate to find com—pa—nions of our

woe; in Love a-lone we hate to find, we hate to find com—pa—nions of our

-----nions of our woe.

Sylvia for all those pangs you see, for all those

pan—gs all, a—ll, those pangs you fee, as la—bouring

in my Breaſt, I beg not that you'd fa—vour me, but that you'd

flight the reſt: How great fo e'er your ri—gours are, with

them a—lone I'll cope, I can en—dure, I can en—dure my

own De—ſpair, but not a—nother's Hope, I can en—dure my own De—

—ſpair, but not a—nother's Hope.

On the Excellency of Mrs. Hunt's Voice, and manner of Singing.



Hen Artists, when Ar- - - - - rists hit on Luck-ey

Thoughts; when Artists, when Ar- - - - -

- - - - - rists hit on luck—ey Thoughts, in the compo- - - - - sure, in the com-

—po- - - - - sure, in the com-po- - - - - - sure of a Song:

When soft—est Words, and sweet- - - - - est,

sweet—est Notes; when soft—est Words, and sweet- - - - - est

sweet-est Notes; when soft-est Words, and sweet-est,

sweetest Notes, drop from the Hand and Tongue; drop, drop

from the Hand and Tongue; drop, drop, drop from the Hand and

Tongue, 'tis well, 'tis well: But to complete the Ode, to be by all, by all ad-

-mir'd; all, to be by all, by all admir'd; to be by all admir'd; to

have Apollo's gracious Nod, it must

be, must be with her Tune—full Breath, with her Tune—full

Breath in-spir'd; it must be, must be with her Tune—ful Tune—

ful Breath in-spir'd.

2. Voc.

So fine a Manner, and so sweet a Tone; so fine a Manner, and

So fine a Manner, and so sweet a Tone; so

so sweet a Tone, so sweet a Tone, so El-

fine a Manner, and so sweet a Tone; So

-----loquent a Voice: So

fine a Manner, fo E-

7 6 6 5 4 3 b 5 5 6 6

sweet a Tone, fo E-

-----lo-quent a Voice; fo sweet a

7 b 6 6 5 4 3 5 6 6 7 6 #

-----loquent a Voice has An-----ge-li-na, fo E---lo-quent a

Tone, fo E-----lo-quent a Voice, has An-----

7 # 3 6 7 6 7 6 6 5 4 3 #

Voice has An-----ge-li-na, and she reigns, she reigns a---lone,

-----ge-li-na, has An-----ge-li-na, and she reigns a---lone, is

7 6 4 # 3 6 6 4 3 7 6 b 5 4 3 b 5 6 5

fill her train, the ni—cest Ear, the ni—cest Ear that

fill her train ; the ni—cest Ear, the ni—cest Ear that

7 4 3 #3 #3 #6 #3 6 #3 #3

hears her Song, must in the publick Tri - - - - -umph, must

hears her Song, must in the publick Tri - - - - -umph,

3 4 3 2 3 1 b 5 6

in the publick Tri - - - - -

must in the publick Tri - - - - -

6 7 6 #3 b 5 b 5

. . . . -umph wear her chain.

. . . . -umph wear her chain.

6 6 #3

Loving above Himself.

VIO LINS. Slow and Soft.



Oor Ce-ladon,

poor Ce-ladon, he fighs, and fighs, and

fighs in vain; The Fair Es-gi-nia must not

Love, nor has a Shepherd, nor has a Shepherd reason to com—plain :

When tow—ring, tow—ring thoughts, his Ru—ine prove,

But Ce—la—don, but Ce—la—don his Stars will of—ten blame ;

G

with all the pa- - - - - sion of the Mind and Tongue ;

Figured bass: $\sharp 3^6$ 7 3 $\sharp 4$ $\sharp 6 5$ 4 3

com-plain-ing Words, com-plain-ing Words, and Notes

Figured bass: $6 \sharp 3$ $6 \sharp 3$ $6 \flat 7 5$ 4 6 6 7 6

in-crease his flame ; The Nymph, the Nymph won't

Figured bass: 7 4 $\flat 6$ 6 $\flat 3$ $\sharp 3$ $\sharp 6$ $\sharp 3$ $\sharp 6$ $\sharp 7$ $\sharp 6$ 7 $\sharp 4$

see it but commends the Song; a—l—

Detailed description: This system contains three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef. The lyrics "see it but commends the Song; a—l—" are positioned between the middle and bottom staves. The piano accompaniment includes various fingering numbers (6, 7, 4, #3, 6, 6, b3, 6, 5, #6, #3, 6, 6, 6, #3, 6, b5) and dynamic markings (mf).

—as, a—las, a—las, a—las 'tis

Detailed description: This system contains three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef. The lyrics "—as, a—las, a—las, a—las 'tis" are positioned between the middle and bottom staves. The piano accompaniment includes various fingering numbers (2, 2, 2, 7, #3, 6, 6, #6, 6, 7, #3, b5, 7, 6, 4, #3) and dynamic markings (mf).

plain what crof—fes fill his Fate; what, what can a Verfe or

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Note a—vail; Birth, Fortune, Birth, Fortune, are as Hills of greateft height, they

6 7 6 #3 6 4 #4 #6 #4 #3 7 7 6 4 b5

overlook, they over-look a low-

b7 6 6 #3 #4 7 4 6 7 4 6

ly low-ly Dale.

7 #4 6 #3 #4 6 6 4 3

Go Perjur'd Man.

Prelude for VIOLINS.

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It contains a melodic line with various note values and rests. The second staff is in G major and 3/4 time, containing a similar melodic line. The third and fourth staves are in G major and 3/4 time, containing rests. The fifth staff is in G major and 3/4 time, containing a bass line with fingerings such as 76, 6, 4, 3, 6, 7, 65, #4, #6, and 6.

Two empty musical staves, one above the other, with five lines each.

The second system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is in G major and 3/4 time, containing a melodic line. The second staff is in G major and 3/4 time, containing a similar melodic line. The third staff is in G major and 3/4 time, containing rests. The fourth staff is in G major and 3/4 time, containing rests. The fifth staff is in G major and 3/4 time, containing a bass line with fingerings such as 2, #, 65, 43, 65, 43, and 43. The lyrics "G O Per-jur'd Man, and if thou e'er- Go Per-jur'd" are written below the staves.

Two empty musical staves, one above the other, with five lines each.

return; Goe Per-jur'd Man and if thou e'er re-

Man and if thou e'er return; Goe Per-jur'd Man and if thou e'er re-

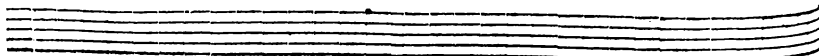
7 6 4 3 7 6 6 5



—turn, to see the small re-main-der of my Urn; and if thou e'er—

—turn, and if thou e'er return, to see the small re-main-der of my

5 6 6 # 3 6 5 4 3



re—turn, re—turn, re—turn to see, to see the small re-main—

Urn, and if thou e'er re—turn, re—turn, to see, to see the small remainder

7 7 7 7 76 7#6 #3 b

—der of my Urn.

of my Urn.

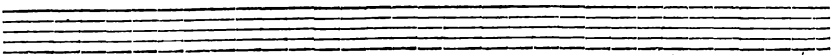
43 66

When thou shalt laugh, shalt lau- - - - - gh at my re-

When thou shalt laugh, shalt lau- - - - - gh at my re-

6 5

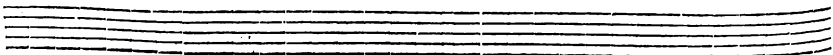
4 3 7 6 5 4 3



—ligious Duft, and ask where's now, where's now the Colour, Form, and

—ligious Duft, and ask where's now the Co—lour, Form, and Truft of

6 5



trust of Womans Beauty? and per—haps with rude, with rude

Womans Beauty? and perhaps with rude hands, with rude hands; and perhaps with rude

6 5 4 3 5 6 6

3 4

hands; per—haps with rude hands, ri—fle the Flowr's which the Virgins strew'd;

hands, ri—fle the Flowr's which the Vir—gins strew'd; know I've pray'd to

6 5 7 7 7 6 4#3 4 3

know I've pray'd to pi--ty, that the wind may blow my
 pi--ty, that the wind my blow my A—shes up. Know I've

The first system of music consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "know I've pray'd to pi--ty, that the wind may blow my pi--ty, that the wind my blow my A—shes up. Know I've". The piano part includes fingering numbers 6, 7, 4#3, 6, and 7.

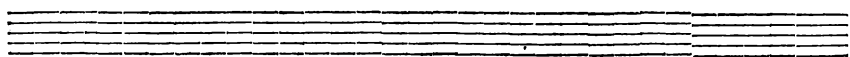
Ashes up. Know I've pray'd to pity, that the Wind may blow my
 pray'd to pity, that the Wind may blow my A—shes up, and strike thee

The second system of music continues the piece. It also consists of four staves. The lyrics are: "Ashes up. Know I've pray'd to pity, that the Wind may blow my pray'd to pity, that the Wind may blow my A—shes up, and strike thee". The piano part includes fingering numbers 4#3, 6, 5, 6, 43, 76, and 5#6.

A—shes up; may blow my A—shes up, and strike thee Blind.

blind; that the Wind may blow my A—shes up, and strike thee Blind.

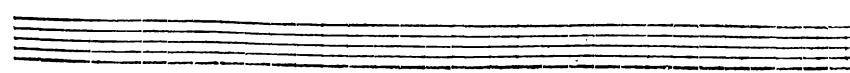
Detailed description: This system contains five staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef. The third staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef. The fifth staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef. The lyrics are written between the staves.



When thou shalt Laugh, &c.

When thou shalt Laugh, &c.

Detailed description: This system contains five staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef. The third staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef. The fifth staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef. The lyrics are written between the staves. The bottom staff includes fingerings: 6 6 4 3 for the first four notes and 4 4 2 8 for the next four notes.



A SONG for the Musick Society.



Em-
 ploy'd all the day still, still in pub-lick Affairs; em-
 Employ'd all the day still, still in

—ploy'd all the day still, still, Im-
 ploy'd all the day still, still in
 Public Af-fairs; employ'd all the day still, still, still in

pub-lick Af-fairs; Or bu-si'd in pri-vate un-ea-si-er
 Public Af-fairs; or busi'd in pri-vate un-ea-si-cr cares; em-

car—es; Em-ploy'd all the day still, still in
 —ploy'd all the day still, still in Public Af-fairs; still, still,

Publick Af-fairs; employ'd all the day still,

still; employ'd all the day still, still in Publick Af-fairs; in

still in Publick Af-fairs; Or bu-ild in private, in pri-vate un-

Publick, in Pub-lick Af-fairs; Or bu-ild in Private un-

—ca-fi-er Cares; who minds not the needful re-fresh-ing at

—ca-fi-er cares.

night, — — — — is in danger of sinking;

Who minds not the needful re-fresh-ing at Night, is in danger of

finking, finking ; is in danger of finking, fink-ing un-der the

finking, finking, finking, is in dan-ger of fink-ing un-der the

7 7 17 b5 6 7 b5 17 6#3

weight : No La-

weight : No la-

#3 6 4 7 7 7 9 #3

- - -bour like that of the Brain, too much thinking, too much thinking,

- - -bour like that of the Brain, too much thinking, too much

6 #3 #4 6

whilst the mo--de-rate Glaſs keeps the Spirits, the Spi-

thinking, whilst the mo--de-rate Glaſs keeps the Spirits, the Spi-

7 10 7 43 34 6 7 6

-----rits from sink-ing ; too much thinking, too much

-----rits from sink-ing ; too much thinking, too much thinking,

4 7 6 7 6 ^b5 # # #

thinking, whilst the mo-de-rate Glas keeps thee Spirits, the Spi-----

whilst the mo-de-rete Glas, keeps the Spirits, the Spi-----

^b7 7 4 3 4 3 7 6

-----rits from sink-ing. The

-----rits from sink-ing.

4 ^b6 -^b 6

Laurel and I-vy to-ge-their we twine, our Friendship still Crowning, still,

6 6

fill, fill, fill, fill Crowning with Mufick, with Mufick, with Mufick and Wine;

A Song is the

A Song is the sanction of our So—ci—ble Laws, and the Glafs and the

Sanction of our fo—ci—ble Laws, and the Glafs and the Voice; A Song is the

Voice; and the Glafs and the Voice, the Glafs and the Voice, al—ter-nately

Sanction of our fo—ci—ble Laws, and the Glafs and the Voice, the Glafs and the Voice, al—

paufe, al—ter- - - - -nately

—ternately paufe, al—ter- - - - -nately

paufe; and the Glaß and the Voice al-ter-

paufe al-ter-

6 #3 6 6 4 #3 6 #3 6

Slow.

- - - - -nate-ly paufe: The re-mainig foft

- - - - -nate-ly paufe: The remaining foft minuets, the re-

6 4 3 5 6 5 6

minuets, the remaining foft minuets in Converse we pafs, our

---mainig foft, foft minuets in Converse we pafs our thoughts

Brisk. Brisk. Brisk.

6 6

thoughts growing brisker, brisker, brisker, brisker,

growing brisker, brisker brisker, each chir-up-..ing, chir-up-ing

each chirup-ing, chirup-ing, chirup-ing Glafs, our
 chi-rup-ing Glafs; each chi-rup-ing, chirup-ing

thoughts growing brisker, each chirup-ing, chirup-ing, chirup-ing, chirup-ing
 chirup-ing Glafs, our thoughts growing brisker, brisker; each

Glafs; each chirup-ing, chirup-ing, chirup-ing, chirup-ing,
 chirup-ing, chirup-ing, chirup-ing Glafs, each chirup-ing, chirup-ing,

chir-up-ing Glafs.
 chirup-ing, chirup-ing Glafs.

The Budd. By Mr. Waller.



At-e-ly on yon-der fwel-ling Buſh, lately on yon-der fwel- - -

Lately on yon-der fwel- - -

76 6 6 6 6 6

-ling Buſh, big with ma-ny, many, many,

-ling Buſh, big with ma-ny, many, many, many, many, many,

56 6 4 3 3 3 3 3

many, many, many, many a coming Roſe; big with ma-ny, many, many,

many a coming, Roſe; big with many, many, many, many a coming

3 3 3 6

many, many, many, ma-ny a com-ing Roſe, this ear-ly Bud began to

Roſe; big with many, ma-ny a com-ing Roſe, this ear-ly

6 4 3 6 6 89

blush, this ear-ly Bud began to blush, and did but half it self, did but half

Bud began to blush, this ear--ly Bud began to blush, and did but half, and

#6 5 6 7 b3

it self, and did but half it self dis-clofe; I pluckt tho no

did but half it self, but half it self dis-clofe; I

#3 4 3 b 5

bet-ter, no bet-ter grown, and now, — — — — and

pluck it tho' no bet-ter, no bet-ter grown, and now, — — — —

6 4 3 # 6 # 3

now, — — — — and now you see how full 'tis blown;

and now — — — — you see, and now you see how full 'tis blown;

6 # 3 7 6 # 3

Verfe, *S O L O.*

fill as I did the Leaves in—spire, with such a Pur—ple, with such a

Pur—ple light it shone, as if they had been, they had been made of

Fire, and spread. -ing so, wou'd flame a—non, all, all that was

meant, all, all that was meant by Air or Sun; to the young

Flow'r my Breath has done; all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all,

all that was meant by Air or Sun, to the young Flow'r my Breath has done:

If our loofe breath fo much can doe,

If our loofe breath fo much, fo much can do, if our loofe breath,

7 6 7 6 6 5

if our loofe breath fo much can do; what may the fame in

fo much, fo much, fo much can do; What may the

7 6 6 6 7 6 8 9

forms of Love, of pureft Love and Mufick too, of pu—ref

fame in forms of Love, of pureft Love and Mu—fick too,

13 3 3 6

Love, of pureft Love and Mu—fick too; when Fla - - -

of pureft Love and Mufick too; when Fla - - -

65 43 56

-via, when Fla- -via it a-spires to move;
 - - -via when Fla- - -via it a-spires to move;
 5 6 6 4 3

when that which life-les Buds perfwades, when that which life-les
 when that which life-les Buds perfwades, when that which life-les
 5 #3 #3 #3 4 4 3

Buds perfwades, to wax more soft, to wax more soft, to wax more
 Buds per-fwades, to wax more soft, to wax more soft, to
 #3 6 4 6 5

soft, more soft, her Youth in-vades.
 wax more soft, her Youth invades.
 #6 #6 4 3

SOLO.

'A Love SONG.

S *A-bi-na* has a thousand, thou—sand, thou—sand Charms, to

cap - - - tivate my Heart ; her love-ly love—ly Eyes are

Cu-pid's Arms, and ev—ry look a Dart, Dart: But when the

Beautious I—deot speaks, she cures me, cures me, cures me of my pain ;

Her Tongue the fer—vile Fet—ters are, the fer—vile Fet—ters are, and

frees her Slave, and frees her Slave a—gain: Had Nature to *Sa-bi-na*

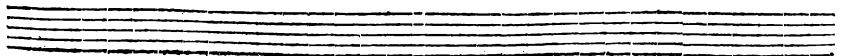
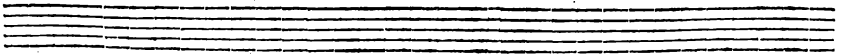
to Sa—bi—na lent Beau—ty with Rea—son Crown'd, each fin—gle

fin—gle Shafts her Eyes had fent, had giv'n a mor—tal wound;

Now tho' each hour she gains a Heart, and makes Mankind, and makes Mankind her

Slave, yet like the Gra—cian He—ro's Dart, like the Gra—cian He—ro's Dart, she

heals the wounds, she heals the wounds she gave.



SOLO Myrtilla to Phylander, designing for Flanders.

P Hi—lan—der, do not, do not, do not think of Arms; Pbi—lan—der,

do not, do not, do not think of Arms; War is for the bold and strong, can

Danger, Toile and rude Al—arms, be plea—sing to the Soft and Young? Pbi—

—lan—der, do not, do not, do not think of Arms, Pbi—lan—der, do not, do not,

do not think of Arms; This Arm's too ten—der for a weighty Shield, to fine that Face is

for the Dusty Field: Pbi—lan—der, do not, do not, do not think of Arms; Pbi—

—lan-der, do not, do not, do not think of Arms; *Pbi-lan-der*, stay, make your Cam-

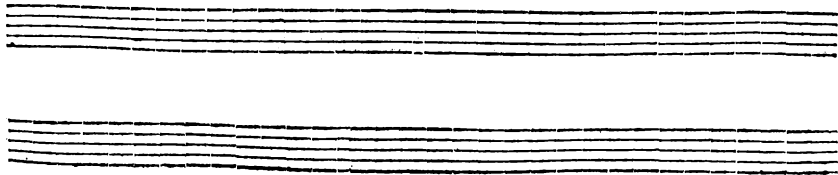
—paign where you've been us'd to Conquer Hearts; where Troops of Beau-ties

76

you have slain, those Eyes have shot such pointed Darts: *Pbi-lan-der*

stay, *Myr-sil-la* begs you'd stay; *Myr-sil-la* begs you'd stay, though you shou'd

reap fresh Laurels ev'ry day.



*A Dialogue between Philander, and Terpander, upon
the Burning of White-Hall-Chappel.*

Philander.

W Hy is Ter-pan-der pen- - - - - five grown? Why
why has he left Com-po- - - - - fing Airs?
Why, why sits he on his bank a-lone, swel- - - - - ing the
Tide with Sig- - - - - hs and Tears? Art thou a
franger in the Land? Look yon-der, look yon-der, look yon-der,
View them to'ring Spires; there stood the Al-tar, there stood the Altar

late profain'd by strange, by strange, by strange un-hal-

low'd fires. Oh! dismal, dismal Scene, Oh! dif-mal, dif-mal

Scene, was that the Doom, where true Devotees for ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny

Years, for ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny Years, with fer-vent Zeal,

had us'd to come, and joyn in ho-ly, ho-ly Hymns and Pray'rs? The fame,

the fame, Philan-der, but no more, no, no more, a-nother word wou'd break, break,

break, break my Heart, nothing my Ho-nour can re-store, nothing, nothing, my

right Hand must for- - - get its Art. A—las, I pi-ty thee! A—

—las, I pi-ty thee! nor is it long, since blest Pan—the-a you bemoan'd, I

can't forget that dy—ing, dy—ing Song, who e—ver heard it figh- - -

- - -d and groan'd. Ah! Friend, why

add you to my pangs? Why, why? Ah! Friend, why

add you to my pangs? the fire with-in, now's grea—ter grown,

grea—ter grown; the *Harp* which

on that Willow hangs, which on that Wil—low hangs; now,

ne—-ver, ne—-ver, ne—-ver muft be

ta—ken down; the *Harp* which on that Wil—low hangs, now, ne—-

—-ver mu—-ft be ta—ken

CHORUS.

Philan. Nay, nay, Ni—can—der's Good and Great, Nay,
 down. That fa—cred Name, our

may, Ni—cander's Good and Great; that fa—cred Name, that
 Troubles still al—lays; Nay, nay, Ni—cander's

fa—cred Name; Nay, nay, Ni—can—der's Good and
 Good and Great; the fa—cred Name, our Troubles still al—

Great, that fa—cred Name, our Troubles still al—lay;
 -lays, that fa—cred Name, our Troubles still al—lays; Some fay he'll

Some say he'll build a glorious Seat, a glo-
 build a glo- - - - - rious Seat, a glo- - - - - rious

6 5 7 5 5 6 7 #3 #3

- - - - - rious Seat: Some say he'll build a glorious
 Seat, a glo- - - - - rious Seat:

7 6 6 5 5 6 7 b 5 #3 b 3 #3 #5

Seat, a Phoenix from the brooding A—thes raise; Nay, nay, Ni—
 a Phoenix from the brood—ing A—thes raise:

2 b 5 4 3 #4 2

—cander's Good and Great; Nay, nay, Ni—
 that fa- - - - - cred Name our Troubles still al—

5 #5 7 #6 5 #3

...cander's Good and Great, that fa—cred Name, that fa—cred
 —lays ; Nay, nay, Ni—can—der's Good and Great, that

#3 6 #6 5 6 5 6 7 6 b5 #3 #3

Name, Nay, nay, Ni—can—der's Good and Great, that
 fa—cred Name, our Troubles fill al—lays, that

#3 5 #3 b5 b5

fa—cred Name, our Troubles fill al—lays ;
 fa—cred Name our Troubles fill al—lays ; some fay he'll

8 7 8 7 #3 6 6 7 6 6

some fay he'll build a glo—rious Seat, a glo—
 build a glo—rious Seat, a glo—

6 5 6 7 5 5 6 7 #3

-rious Seat; some say he'll
 -rious Seat, a glo- -rious

3 7 6 6 5 6 6 b 5 #3

build a glorious Seat; A Phoenix from the brooding A—shes
 Seat; A Phoenix from the brood-ing A—shes

b3 #3 #6 2 b 5 2 3 5 #6 # 4 6 4 3

Drag. raise, a Phe-nix from the brood-ing A—shes raise.
Drag. raise, a Phe-nix from the brood-ing A—shes raise.

3 4 8 7 #7 6 5

SOLO.

A single SONG.



La-ro-na, lay a-side your Lute, you need not learn the Charm-

-ing Arts; your Bloom does promise fo Fair Fruit, as

muft at-tract all Eyes and Hearts: Where is thre Pu-rer Red and White, or

fuch a show of Senfe and Wit? Who reads your Face, muft take delight, in

E. - - - -ry line Dame Nature Writ. Cla-ro-na lay a side your Lute, you

need not learn the Charm- - - - -ing Arts, your

Bloom dos promise fo Fair Fruit, as must at--tract all Eyes and Hearts: The

Features of the fi--nest Face, never, never, never, no, never, never, never com--

pos'd, a swee--ter, sweeter Air; How Cap--ti--vating ev'--ry

Grace, ev'--ry Grace? How Cap--ti--va--ting ev'--ry Grace? Come give your

Lute to those leis Fair; come, come, come give your Lute to those leis Fair.

A Two Voc. S O N G, the Words by Sir John Denham.



Morb'us the hum—ble God, that dwells in Cottages, in Cottages, and

Morb'us the hum—ble God, that dwells in

fmoa---ky Cells, and fmoa---ky Cells, hates Gild--ed

Cottages, in Cottages, and fmoa---ky Cells, hates Gild---ed Roofs, and

Roofs and Beds of Down ; and though he fears no Prin-ces Frown,

Bed-----s of Down ; and though he fears no Prince's

fiu-----s from the cir—cle of a Crown:

Frown, fie-----s from the cir—cle of a Crown:

Come, come, come, come, I say, thou pow'r—ful, pow'r—ful God; and thy

Come, come, come, come, I say, thou pow'r—ful God; and thy

Lea--den Charm - - - - -ing Charm-ing

Lea--den Cham - - - - -ing

Rod, dipt in the Le—the--am Lake, o'er his wake--ful, o'er his

Rod, dipt in the Le—the--am Lake, o'er his wake--ful,

wakeful tem-ple shake, lest he should sleep, lest he should sleep, and

wake--ful tem--ple shake, lest he should sleep, lest he should sleep, and

never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never wake ;

never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, ne--ver wake ;

left he shou'd sleep, left he shou'd sleep, and never, never, never,

left he shou'd sleep, left he shou'd sleep, and never, never, never,

never, never, never, never, never, never wake. Nature a-la-

never, never, never, never, never, never wake.

why, why art thou? why, art thou fo

Nature a-la-s, a-la-s, why; why, why art

—lig-ed so ob-lig-ed to thy grea- - - - -ttest foe, sleep that is the best re-

thou, why art thou so ob-lig-ed to thy greatest foe, sleep that

—past, yet of death, of death, yet of death, of death it bears a taste; and

is thy best re-past, yet of death, of death, yet of death, of death it bears a

both, both, and both, and both, both are the same thing at last; and

past, and both, both, and both, both are the same thing at last;

both, both, and both, and both, both, are the same thing at last.

and both, both, and both, both, are the same thing at last.

A Two Voc.

Kellsea Coom.

Rithee. prithee, prithee die, and fet me
 Prithee, prithee, prithee die, and

free; or elfe be kind and brisk, be kind and brisk and gay like me.
 fet me free; or elfe be kind, be kind and brisk and gay like me.

I pretend not, I pretend not, I pretend not, pretend not to the Wife ones,
 I pretend not, I pretend not, I pretend not, to the Wife ones

to the Grave, to the Grave, to the Grave, or the Pre—cife ones :
 to the Grave, to the Grave, to the Grave, or the pre—cife ones :

But if a Mi-strefs I muft have, Wife and Grave; let her fo her

But if a Miftrefs I muft have, let her fo, let her

felf be---have, her felf behave: All the day long Su-fan ci-vil, all the

fo her felf, her felf behave: All the day long Su-fan ci-vil

day long, all the day long Su-fan ci--vil; kind by night, kind by

all the day long Su-fan ci-vil; kind by night, kind by night,

night, kind by night, or fuch a De--vil.

kind by night, or fuch a De--vil.

A S O N G upon the Duke of Gloucester.



Prince fo Young, fo

Young, and of fo great a mind; fo Brave, fo Mar—ti-al-ly, fo

Mar—tially, fo Mar-tially, fo Martial-ly in—clind: May one day

prove the Won—der, the Wonder of Man—kind;

may one day prove, may one day prove the Won—der of Man—

—kind. To Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to

Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms his Genius leads; Young Glo—ster in the

path, in the path of He—ros treads; and now Ba—ta—lions, and now Ba—ta—lions, Ba—

—ta—lions, Ba—ta—lions Heads;

and now Ba—ta—lions, Ba—ta—lions, and now Ba—ta—lions, Ba—ta—lions, Ba—ta—lions

Heads: and now Ba—ta—lions, Ba—ta—lions, and now Ba—ta—lions, Ba—ta—lions, Ba—

—ta—lions Heads.

SOLO. A SONG Perform'd before the Queen.

He ful—len

years are past, are past; The fullen years are

past, are past, yet re—pine not, yet re—pine not, re—pine not

at the leaf; Since Wil—liam and Mari—

Reign, Since Wil—liam and Ma—ri—

Reign: Safe in its

course a—midst the Storm, safe in it's course, a—midst the

Storm, from Plots and Deaths, and Deaths in ev—ry form; safe in it's

course, in it's course, safe in it's course a—midst the Storm;

from Plots and Deaths, and Deaths, from Plots and Deaths, in ev—ry form; to fix the

world a—gain, a—gain, to fix the world a—gain, to fix the world, the

world a—gain, to fix the world, the world a—gain.

A SONG with FLUTES.

First system of musical notation, consisting of three treble clef staves and one bass clef staff. The music is in 3/4 time. The first two staves contain melodic lines with notes and rests. The third staff contains a bass line with notes and rests. The fourth staff contains a bass line with notes and rests, including some fingerings (6, #3, 6, #3, b, #6, 6, 6, 6) and dynamic markings (p, mf).

Second system of musical notation, consisting of three treble clef staves and one bass clef staff. The first two staves contain vocal lines with lyrics: "And is my, Ca- - - va-lier re-". The third staff contains a bass line with notes and rests. The fourth staff contains a bass line with notes and rests, including some fingerings (7 #3, 6 #3, #3, #3, 4 #3) and dynamic markings (p, mf).

Third system of musical notation, consisting of three treble clef staves and one bass clef staff. The first two staves contain vocal lines with lyrics: "—turn'd,". The third staff contains a bass line with notes and rests. The fourth staff contains a bass line with notes and rests, including some fingerings (6, 6, #3, #3, b3, 6, 6, b5) and dynamic markings (p, mf).

And is my Ca—va—lier return'd? Oh! welcome, wel—come,

6 6 b5 b3 #3 7 6

wel—come to my Arms, Oh! welcome, welcome to my Arms;

6 6 b5 b3 #3 7 6 4 3 6 b5

And is my

6 #3 6 #3 b5 b5 7 #3 #6 6 6 #3 b5

Ca— va—lier re—turn'd? Oh! how have I figh'd, how have I mourn'd,

5 4 #3 16 b3 6 6b5 b6 b 4/3 6

how have I figh'd, how have I mourn'd, dread—ing the wort of

7 6 #3 #3 #3 6 6 4

harms?

6 5 6 5 #3

wi--thcs to your aid; But fee, fee, fee, fee, but fee, fee, fee,

fee, fee the Fate of rug--ged War; Oh! barbarous, bar--barous Sun and

Duft; Come, come, come, come, come,

come you must be, you must be, you must be *Mar-sil-la's* care, the must, the must

the must, the must re-cruit what you have lost :

Come, come, come, come, come, come be to your self *Pbi-lan-der* kind ;

Come, come, come, come, come, come be to your self, be to your self *Pbi-lan-der*

kind; come, come, come, come, come, come, on your *Myr-till's* bo-som rest; the

carefull, carefull, carefull, carefull, care-full ge--ne--ral Love for

you de-sign'd; the carefull, care--full, carefull, carefull, care--full

ge--ne--ral Love for you de-sign'd, warm win-ter Quarters, war---m

winter Quarters in my Breaft.

A SONG in Imitation of ANACRON.



Ome fill the Glafs, fill it high, fill it high; co--

Come fill the Glafs, fill it

me fill the Glafs, fill it high, fill it high, the bar--ren

high, fill it high; come fill the Glafs, fill it high, fill it

Earth is al--ways dry, is al--ways dry; Come fill the Glafs, fill it

high, the bar--ren Earth is always dry; Come fill the

high, the bar--ren Earth is, al--ways dry, al--ways, al--

Glas fill it high; the bar--ren Earth is always dry, is al--

ways dry, but when steep'd in kind-ly, kind-ly show'rs, but

ways dry, but when steep'd in kind-ly, kind-ly

when steep'd in kind-ly, kind-ly show'rs, it Laugh-

show'rs, but when steep'd in kind-ly, kind-ly show'rs, it Laugh-

s in dew, and Smile- - - - s, and Smile-

s in dew, and Smile- - - - s and Smiles

s in Flow'rs: The Jovial, Jovial God did sure de-sign, by the Im-

Smiles in Flow'rs: The Jovial, Jovial God did sure de-sign,

mor-tal, by the Immor-tal, the Immor-tal gift of
 by the Immor-tal, by the Im-mor-tal, the Im-mor-tal gift of

Wine, to drown our fighs, to drown our fighs, and ease our
 Wine, to drown our fighs, to drown our fighs, and ease our

care; and make us thus, thus, thus, and make us thus content to
 care, and make us thus, thus, thus, thus, thus, make us thus, thus, con-

Re-vel here, to Re-vel here, to Re-
 tent to Re-vel here, to Re-vel here, to Re-

...vel, and to Reign in Love, and be through-

...vel, and to Reign in Love, and

—out like those a-bove, and be throughout like those a-bove, above, a—

bc throughout like those a-bove, above, a-bove, a-bove, a—bove,

3 4 7 6 5 6

—bove; and be through-out like

and be throughout like those above, a-bove, a—bove, and be through—

4 6 6 b 5

those, like those a-bove, above, a-bove, above, a—bove.

—out, like those a—bove, a-bove, a—bove.

6 3

Slow:

A SONG for Two Voices.



H Heav'n! Ah Heav'n! what is't I hear?
 . Ah Heav'n! Ah Heav'n! what is't I hear? The

The warb- - - - -ling Lute, the warb- - - - -
 warb- - - - -ling Lute, the warb- - - - -

- - - - -ling Lute Inchant's my Ear. Ah Heav'n! what is't I hear? I
 - - - - -ling, warbling Lute Inchant's my Ear. Ah Heav'n! Ah Heav'n! what is't I hear,

hear the warb- - - - -ling Lute, the warb- - - - -ling Lute In-
 I hear? The warb- - - - -ling Lute In-

—chants my Ear; now Beauty's pow'r in—flames my breaft a—gain,

—chants my Ear; now Beauty's pow'r in—flames my breaft a—gain, I

I sigh, I lan-guish, I sigh, I languish in a

sigh, I languish, I sigh, I lan-guish in a plea - -

pleasing pain; the Note's so soft, so sweet the Ayre; the

—sing pain; the Note's so soft, so sweet the Ayre; the

Note's so soft, so sweet, so soft, so sweet, so sweet the Ayre; the Soul of

Note's so soft, so sweet, so soft, so sweet, so sweet the Ayre;

Love, of Love, the Soul of Love sure must be there; that
 the Soul of Love, of Love, the Soul of Love sure must be there; that

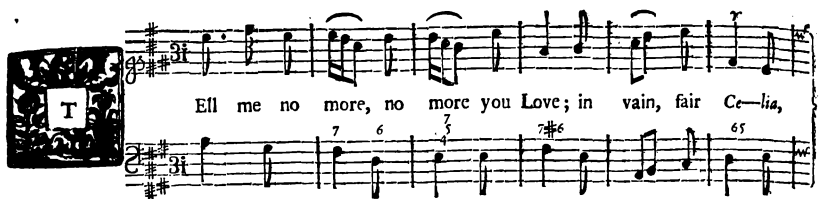
mine in Rapture, in Rapture Charms, and drive a-way, and drive a-way, dri—
 mine in Rapture, in Rapture Charms, and drive a-way, and drive away, and dri—

—ve a-way de-spair, dri— —ve a-way de-spair.
 —ve, drive a—way de-spair, and drive, drive a—way de-spair.

Ah Heav'n! Ah Heav'n! what is't I hear?
 Ah Heav'n! Ah Heav'n! what is't I hear?

SOLO.

A SONG.



T
 Ell me no more, no more you Love; in vain, fair Ce-lia,

tell me no more, no more you Love; in vain, fair Ce-lia, in vain, fair

Ce-lia, you this Pas-sion feign. Tell me no more, no more you Love;

can they pre-tend to Love, who do re-fuse what love per-swades them to?

Tell me no more, no more you Love, who once has felt his Ac-tive

fire, dull Laws of Ho-nour will dis-dain; tell me no more, no

more you Love; in vain, fair Ce—lia, you wou'd be thought, you wou'd be thought, you

wou'd be thought his Slave; and yet you will not, and yet you will not to his pow'r sub-

-mit. Tell me no more, no more you Love; in vain, fair Ce—lia, in

vain, fair Ce—lia, you this Pas—sion feign.

SOLO.

A SONG Perform'd before the King.



H! when ye pow'rs, when,

when muſt his La—bour, his La—bour ceaſe?

But Oh! ye pow'rs when, when must his La—bour, his La—bour cease?

But Oh! ye pow'rs when must his La-

---bour cease? Must he still Toyle, still Toyle, Toyle to fet the

World at ease? When must he reap Love's qui—et Joys, the

peace-full, peace--full Fruit of prof--pe--rous, prof--pe--rous Armes?

When un--di--flurb'd by Mar--tial noise, and fre--quent calls of

thrill a-larms, of thrill a-larms; o're pay him-self for


all, all, for all his pains with bright Ma-ri-a's Charms; Ma-ri-a's! Ma-

-ri-a's! Form'd by bounteous heav'n, to can-cel all, to can-cel all the

migh-ty Debts we owe; the swel-ling, swel-ling fums which

hour-ly grow, and make, and make, make the Bal-lance e-ven.

A SONG for Two Voices.



Couch'd by the Pleafant, the Plea - - - - -fant

Hel-li-conian Spring;

Couch'd by the Pleafant, the Plea - - - - -fant

Couch'd, by the Pleafant, Couch'd by the Pleafant, the

Hel-li-co-nian Spring; Couch'd by the Pleafant, Couch'd by the

Plea - - - - -fant Hel-li-co-

Plea - - - - -fant Hel-li-co-

-nion Spring; of bright Cæ-cilia, Cæ-ci-lia they

-nion Spring;

Sing; of bright Cæ-cilia, Cæ-ci-lia they Sing;

of bright Cæ-ci-lia, Cæ-ci-lia they Sing, they Sing; the bright Cæ-

the bright Cæ-ci-lia, Cæ-cilia, the bright Cæ-ci-lia, that in-spires the

ci-lia Cæ-ci-lia, the bright Cæ-ci-lia, Cæ-ci-lia that in-spires the

Brain, the aw-ful Goddeſs that their cauſe main-tains, the aw-ful

Brain; the aw-ful Goddeſs that their

Goddeſs that their cauſe main-tain; and with her fa- - - - -cred
 cauſe main-tain, and with her fa- - - - -cred Pow'r, and

Pow'r, and with her fa- - - - -cred, fa--cred pow'r, the art--full Hand, and
 with the fa- - - - -cred, fa--cred pow'r; the

tune-ful Voice, the art-ful Hand, the art-ful Hand, and tune-ful Voice, and
 art-ful Hand, and tune-ful Voice, the art-ful Hand, and tune-ful Voice, and

gives a taſte of Heav'nly Blifs, of Heav'n- - - - -ly, Heav'nly Blifs; in
 gives a taſte of Heav'nly Blifs, of Heav'n- - - - -ly Blifs;

more, more, in more. more than Martial Strains; in more, more, in more,
in more, more, in more than Martial Strains; in more, more, in more

more than Martial Strains.
—re than Mar-tial Strains.

SOLO For a Bass.

A
Arms, Arms, Arms, he delights in Arms, Arms does he Love?

In Thun- - - - -der in Thun- - - - -der and Lightning he I-mi-tates

fore; Arms, Arms, Arms, he de-lights in Arms, Arms, Arms does he

Love? In Thun- - - der, in Thun- - - der and Light-ning he I-mi-tates

Love; and all the lit-tle Gi-ants can throw down, down, down, down, down,

down; with the Light-ning of a Smile, or the Thun- - - - der, the

Thun- - - - der of a Frown; and all the lit-tle Gi-ants can throw

down, down, down, with the light-ning of a Smile, or the Thun- - - -

- - - - der of a Frown.

The Self Banished; out of Waller. A Minuet.



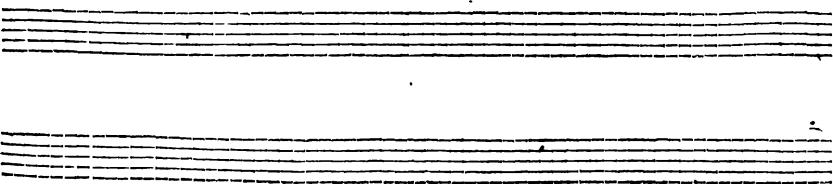
It is not that I Love you less, that when be—fore your

Feet I lay; but to pre—vent the sad en—crease of hopc—less

Love, I keep a—way: in vain (a—lafs) for ev'—ry thing, which

I have known be—long to you; your form does to my

fan—cy bring, and makes my Old wounds bleed a—new.



A SONG for Three Voices.



Lo ————— e

Clo ————— e found A-min-tas ly-ing all in

Clo — e found A-min-tas ly-ing all in Tears, all in Tears;

found Amintas ly-ing all in Tears, all, all in Tears; Clo ————— e

Tears, Clo ————— e found Amintas ly-ing all in

Clo ————— e found Amintas ly-ing all in Tears, all, all in

found Amintas ly-ing, all in Tears, all in Tears up-on the plain; Sighing to himself,

Tears, in Tears, all in Tears, in Tears up-on the plain; Sighing, to him—self

Tears, ly-ing all in Tears up—on the plain; Sigh-ing

Sigh-ing to him-self and crying; wretched I to Love in vain, wretched I to Love in

Sigh-ing to him-self and crying; wretched I to Love in vain, wretched I to Love in

to him-self and cry-ing, wretched, wretched I to Love in vain, to Love in vain; wretched

6 6 6 6 b 5 6 # 3 6 # 6 6 5 4 3

vain, wretched I, wretched I, wretched I to Love in vain, to Love in vain:

vain, wretched I to Love in vain, wretched I to Love in vain, to Love in vain:

I to Love in vain, wretched I, wretched I to Love in vain, to Love in vain:

3 6 # 6 b 6 5 6 # 5 4 # 3 # 6 6 # 6 7 6

Kis me Dear, Kis me Dear, Kis me be-fore my dy-ing;

Kis me Dear, Kis me Dear, Kis me be-fore my dy-ing;

Kis me Dear, Kis me Dear, Kis me be-fore my dy-ing;

b 3 # 3

Kifs me once, Kifs me once and ease my pain.

Kifs me once, Kifs me once and ease my pain. Sighing,

Kifs me once, Kifs me once and ease my pain.

b3 b5 b7 4#3 6 4#3 6

Sigh-ing, Sighing to him--self, Sigh--ing to him--self and cry--ing ;

Sigh--ing to him--self, Sigh--ing to him--self and cry--ing ;

Sighing, to him--self and cry--ing, wretched,

6#3 b7 #3 6 6 6

wretched I to Love in vain, wretched I to Love in vain, wretched

wretched I to Love in vain, wretched I to Love in vain, wretched

wretched I to Love in vain, to Love in vain ; wretched I to Love in

b5 6 #3 6#5 65 6#5 4#3

I, wret—ed I, wretched I to Love in vain, to Love in vain:

I to Love in vain, wretched I to Love in vain, to Love in vain:

vain, wretched I, wretched I to Love in vain, to Love in vain: E-ver

6 #6 b6^b 6^b 6 b3#3 #4^b #6 #6 7^b 4

E-ver scorning and de-nying, and de-nying to re—

E-ver scorning and de-nying, ever scorning and de-nying, and de-ny-ing to re—

scorning and de-dying, e-ver scorning and de-nying, and de-nying to re-ward, to re—

5 #3 b3 #3 #3 b3 #4 6 b6 7^b 6 b^b 3

—ward your faith—full Swain. Kifs me Dear, Kifs me Dear, Kifs me before my dy-ing;

—ward your faithfull Swain. Kifs me Dear, Kifs me Dear, Kifs me be—fore my dy-ing

—ward your faithfull Swain. Kifs me Dear, Kifs me Dear, Kifs me be—fore my dying;

#3 6 b3 b3 b3 b3 b3 b3 b3 b3 b3

Kis me once, Kis me once and ease my pain.

Kis me once, Kis me once and ease my pain.

Kis me once, Kis me once and ease my pain. E--ver

Figured Bass: b 3 b 5 b 5 14 3 6 b 5 4 # 3

E--ver scorning and de-nying, and de-nying to re-

E--ver scorning and de-nying, ever scorning and de-nying, and de-ny-ing to re-

scorning and de-ying, e--ver scorning and de-nying, and de-nying to re-ward, to re-

Figured Bass: 6 # 3 b 3 # 3 b 3 # 4 6 b 6 7 6 b 3

—ward your faith--full Swain. Clo—e Laugh— — — — — ing at his crying,

—ward your faithfull Swain. Clo—e Laugh— — — — — ing at his crying,

—ward your faithfull Swain. Clo—e

Clo—e, Clo—e Laugh—ing at his Cry—ing,
 Clo—e Laugh—ing at his Cry—ing,
 Laugh—ing, at his Cry—ing, Clo—e Laugh—ing

Clo—e Laugh—ing at his Crying told him that he Lov'd in vain.
 Clo—e Laugh—ing at his Crying, told him that he Lov'd in vain.
 ing at his Cry—ing, told him that he Lov'd in vain.

Kis me Dear, Kis me Dear, Kis me be—fore my dy—ing;
 Kis me Dear, Kis me Dear, Kis me be—fore my dy—ing;
 Kis me Dear, Kis me Dear, Kis me be—fore my dy—ing;

Kiſs me once, Kiſs me once and eaſe my pain.

Kiſs me once, Kiſs me once and eaſe my pain.

Kiſs me once, Kiſs me once and eaſe my pain.

b 3 b 5 b 5 $\frac{143}{98}$ 6 $\frac{b 7}{b 5}$ 4 $\sharp 3$ $\sharp 3$

Clo—e Laugh— ing at his Crying, Clo—e

Clo—e Laugh— ing at his Crying, Clo—e

Clo—e Laugh— ing at his

Clo—e Laugh— ing at his Cry—ing, Clo—e

Laugh— ing at his Cry—ing, Clo—e

Cry—ing, Clo—e Laugh— ing, Laugh—

$\sharp 3$

Laugh—ing at his Crying, told him that he Lov'd in vain.

Laugh—ing at his Crying, told him that he Lov'd in vain. But re—

—ing at his Crying, told him that he Lov'd in vain.

But re—penting and com—plying, when he Kis'd, the

—penting, and com—plying, when he Kis'd, the Kis'd a—gain, the Kis'd a—gain:

But re—pent—ing

Kis'd a—gain: But re—penting and com—plying, when he Kis'd, when he Kis'd

But re—penting and com—plying, when he Kis'd, when he Kis'd

and com—plying, but re—penting and com—ply—ing, she Kis'd

when he Kis'd the Kis'd a—gain, Kis'd him up be—fore his dy—ing ;

when he Kis'd the Kis'd a—gain, Kis'd him up be—fore his dy—ing ;

the Kis'd, when he Kis'd the Kis'd a—gain, Kis'd him up be—fore his dy—ing ;

But re-pen-ting and com-ply-ing, but re-pen-ting and com-ply-ing, the Kis'd,

But re-pen-ting and com-ply-ing, but re-pen-ting and com-ply-ing, the Kis'd,

But re-pen-ting and com-ply-ing, but re-pen-ting and com-ply-ing, when he Kis'd

the Kis'd, the Kis'd again, Kis'd him up and eas'd his pain.

the Kis'd, the Kis'd again, Kis'd him up and eas'd his pain.

when he Kis'd, when he Kis'd the Kis'd, a--gain, Kis'd, him up and eas'd his pain.

SOLO A SONG.



Hat is't to us who guides the State, who's out of Fa-

...our, or who's Great? Who are the Mi-ni-sters, and

Spies? Who Votes for Pla-ccs,

or who Buys? The World will still, will still, still be rul'd by Knaves and

Fools, conten-ding, to be

Slaves; small things, my friend serve to sup-port, Life's trou-ble-some at best, and

short, our Youth runs back, Occasion flies, gray Hares come on, and Plea—sure

dies, and Plea—sure dies: Who, who would the present,

present bleſ—ing loofe, for Empire, for Em—pire which he

can— not uſe? Kind Pro—vidence has us ſup—

—ply'd, has us ſupply'd, with what to o—thers is deny'd; Virtue which teaches to con—

—demn, and ſcorn, and ſcorn, ſcorn ill Ac—tions, and ill Men.

Be—neath this Lime-tree's Fra—grant Grove, be—

- -neath this Lime—tree's Fra--grant shades; on Beds of Flow'r's, on Beds of

Flow'r's su—pine—ly laid; let's then all o—ther cares, all o—ther cares re—

- -move, and Drink and Sing, and Drink and Sing to those we Love:

Here's to *Nea—ra* to *Nea—ra* Heav'n de—sign'd, Per—fec—tion

of the Charm—ing, Charm—ing, Charm—ing, Charm—ing


Kind; may she be, Bleft as she is Fair, may she be Bleft as she is

Fair; and Pi-ty me, and pi-ty me as I Love her; may she be

bleft may she be bleft as she is Fair, and pi-ty me, pi-ty me, pi-ty me,

and pi-ty, pi-ty me as I Love her.

A Single SONG,



Turn not, turn not those fine Eyes a—way;

O turn not, turn not those fine eyes a—way; nor blufh you gave me, nor blufh you

give me that kind Look : More than a Thou--sand, a thou--sand,

thousand times me, have you took, as I've been steal--ing, as I've been steal--ing, steal--ing

of a--Glimps or Ray; from those two lights which make per--pe--tual which,

make per-pe-tual, from those two lights, which make per-pe-tual per-pe-tual day; from those two

Lights which make per--pe--tual, per-pe-tual day : See, Fair one,

fee, fee, fee, fee Fair one, fee; See Fair one, fee, fee, fee

fee Fair one, fee, I'm looking now I'm looking now a--no-ther way;

you may be kind, you may be kind, and if I must not, if I must not fee,

I can be blind, blind for that moment you the Fa- - - -vour, you the fa-vour

show, then fee a--gain, fee, fee a--gain, to look on on--ly you, then fee a--gain, fee, fee, a--

--gain to look on on--ly you. Come think no more, no more

on this sur- - - -prize; come think no more, no more on this sur-

-prife, but let your Lover, but let your Lover make his Court ;

We've long been at this pretty, pretty, pret—ty, pretty, pretty Glancing

sport ; now let our Tongues, now let our Tongues declare, de—cla—

—re what this im—plys ; 'tis time we cease, 'tis time we cease the Tat—tle

of our Eyes ; 'tis time we cease, 'tis time we cease the Tat—tle of our

Eyes.

SOLO A SONG.



I
T Grieves me when I see, when I see what Fate, does

on the best of Man - - - - - kind wait; it grieves

me, it grieves me when I see what Fate, does on the best of Mankind

wait; it grieves me when I see, what Fate, does on the best, does on the

best of Man - - - - - kind wait:

Poets, or Lovers, let them, let them, let them

Harpfichord, or Violin.

be, Po—ets, or Lovers, let them be let them,

let them, let them be; 'tis nei-ther Love, nor Po—e-

fy can Arme, arme, can arme, arme, a—gainst Death's small—est

Dart, the Po—et's Head, or Lovers, or Lo—vers Heart: *Violin.*

But when their Life, when their Life in it's de—cline; *Violin.*

But when their Life in it's de—cline, touch—es th' in—

e-vi-ta-ble Line; touchs th' in-e-vi-ta-ble Line, all,

all, all, the world; all the world's Mor-tal to them

then; and Wine is An-co-nite, is An-co-nite to Men: Nav, in

Death's hand, the Grape-stones proves, the Grape-stones proves as

strong as Thun- - - - - der is in Jove's;

as strong as Thun-

[III]

der is in Fove's.

Violin.

as strong as Thun-der is in Fove's.

SONG For Two Voices. Words by Sir George Etherage.

I

If I my Ce—lia cou'd per—swade?

If I my Ce—lia cou'd perfwade, to see those wounds her

if I my Ce—lia, If I my Ce—lia cou'd per—

Eyes have made! If I my Ce—lia, If I my Ce—lia cou'd per—

- - -swade, to see those wounds her Eyes have made; If I my
 - - -swade; If I my Ce—lia, my

Ce—lia, my Ce—lia cou'd per—swade; If I my Ce—lia, If I my
 Ce—lia cou'd per—swade; If I my Ce—lia, if

Ce—lia, my Ce—lia, if I my Ce—lia, my Ce—lia cou'd per—
 I my Ce—lia, my Ce—lia, if I my Ce—lia cou'd per—

—swade; to see those wounds her Eyes have made;
 —swade; to see those wounds her Eyes have

to see those wounds, to see those wounds, those
made, to see those wounds her Eyes have made, to see those

wounds her Eyes have made; and hear, hear, hear,
wounds her Eyes have made; and hear, hear, hear, whilst I that pas-sion tell;

whilst I that pas-sion tell; and hear, hear, hear whilst I that pas-sion tell;
and hear, hear, hear, whilst I that pas-sion tell; whilst I that pas-sion, that

and hear, hear, hear, whilst I that pas-sion that pas-sion tell;
pas-sion tell; whilst I that pas-sion, that pas-sion tell;

which like her self, which like her self, does so ex—ceed ;
 which like her self, which like her self, does so ex—ceed ;

how soon we might be freed from care,
 how soon we might be freed from care, she need not fear, nor

She need not fear, she need not
 I de—spair ; she need not fear, nor I de—spair, she

fear, nor I, nor I de—spair.
 need not fear, nor I de—spair.

SOLO *For a Bass alone.*

R

He mighty Monarch, and ascend the Throne; Ri—se migh-ty Monarch

76 #3 5#5 43

and a—scend the Throne; tis yet once more, tis yet once more your own; For

15 #3 65

Lu-ci-fer and all his Legions are o'er throne: Ri—se migh-ty

#3

Monarch and a—scend the throne, for Lu-ci—fer and all his Legions are o'er thrown,

15

for Lu—ci—fer and all his Le-gions are o'er thrown: Son of the

31

Morning, first born Son of light, How art thou tum—bled

6 3 #4 #5 6 5 6

head long down, down in—to the Dungeon of E—ter—nal night ;

how art thou tumb- - - - - led head long down, in—to the

Dungeon of E—ter—nal night, Son of the morn—ing, first born

Son of light; how art thou tumb- - - - - led head long down,

down in—to the Dun—geon of E—ter—nal night, in—to the Dungeon of

E—ter—nal night.

A SOLO for Two VIOLINS.

Two staves of musical notation in G major, 3/4 time. The first staff contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the second staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with longer note values.



Two staves of musical notation. The first staff continues the melody from the previous system. The second staff contains the lyrics: "U-sick's the Cor-dial of a trou--bled Breast, Mu--". Below the lyrics, there are musical symbols including a treble clef, a sharp sign, and a '3' indicating a triplet.

Two staves of musical notation. The first staff continues the melody. The second staff contains the lyrics: ".-.-.sick's the Cor-dial of a trou--.-.-.bled Breast; the sof-test Re-.-.-". Below the lyrics, there are musical symbols including a treble clef, a sharp sign, and several '3' symbols indicating triplets.

Two staves of musical notation. The first staff continues the melody. The second staff contains the lyrics: "-.-.me-dy that grief can find, the soft--est Re-.-.-.me-dy that". Below the lyrics, there are musical symbols including a treble clef, a sharp sign, and various numerical figures (7, 6, 56, 7, 7, 7, 7) likely indicating fingerings or performance instructions.

Grief can find; the gen-tle Spell that charms, charms

4 3 # 3 6 6

our cares to rest, the gen-tle Spell that charms, that charms

3

our care to rest; and ca - - - lms the

6 5 b 5

ruf - - - ling pas - sions of the mind, of the mind, and calms, calms,

calms, calms the ruf - - - - ling pas - sions of the mind;

calms, calms, calms the ruf - - - - ling pas - sions of the mind:

Mu-fick does all our joyes re-

- fine; 'tis that gives re-lifh to our Wine, Mu-fick does all our

Joyes re-fine; 'tis that gives re-lifh to our Wine, 'tis that gives

Rap-ture to our Love;

It wings De-vo-tion to a pitch Di-vine, 'tis our chief Bliss on Earth, and

half our Heav'n a-bove; 'tis our chief Bliss on Earth, and half our Heav'n a - -

—bove, our chief Blis on Earth, and half our Hea'vn a—bove, a—bove, and

half our Heav'n a—bove.

SOLO.

The Fair Lover and his Black Mistrefs.

H! Ni—gro—cel—la, Oh! Ni—gro—cel—la, don't de—spise a Lo—ver's trem—

-bling, trembling flame:

Oh! Ni-gro-cel-la, Oh! Ni-gro-cel-

-la, a pas-sion kind-led by your Eyes, you can-not

just-ly blame; Oh! Ni-gro-cel-la, Oh! Ni-gro-cel-la, un-

-hap-py me, had you been Fair, you had been kind-er sure;

Were I as Black as Leda's Hair, you shou'd not thus en-dure;

come Ni-gro-cel-la, come Ni-gro-cel-

-la, tell the truth, who, who's the A-lax-

-is of your Soul? Come Ni-gro-

-cel-la, you burn for some Fair scor-ning

youth; take heed you burn not to a Coal; come Ni-gro-

-cel-la, come Ni-gro-cel-la-

tell the truth, who, who's the *Alex*—

— is of your Soul?

A Dialogue between HORACE and LYDIA.

Horace.

Hor. Lib. 3. Ode 9.

Hilt on your Neck, no Ri—val Boy, more welcome, welcome, more welcome

welcome, welcome threw his Arms than I; your *Horace Lydia*, live'd more blest, than the great

Monarch the great Mon— arch of the East.

Lydia.

While you did me a-lone Embrace, and Clo.

took not Ly-dia's place, my ri-fing, ri-fing, ri-fing glo-ry, my ri-fing,

rifing, ri-fing glo-ry touch the Sky, not L-lia was so fam'd as I, as I, not L-lia was so

Horace.

fam'd, so fam'd as I, as I. My Clo

e, Clo e, now does Fire, skilfull in Songs, and at the Lyre. If

Fate my Suit wou'd not de-ny, to save her Life, to save her Lif

Pde glad- - - -ly, I'de glad- - - - -ly, I'de glad

Lydia.

-ly die. Ca-la-is has all my soft De-fires, I his; we burn with

E-qual fires. If Fate, if Fate my suit wou'd not de-ny to save his Life I twice wou'd die.

If Fate my suit wou'd not de-ny, to save his Life I twice wou'd die, to save his

Horace.

Life I twice wou'd die. But if the Love, but if the Love, I

once profest, Re-vive, re-vive, re-vive, re-vive and kin-dle in my Breaft; thrust Clo-e

out and en-tertain neg-lect--ed *Lydia* there again, thrust *Clo-e* out and en--ter-tain neg-

lect- ---ed *Ly-dia* there again. Tho' he shine brighter

Slow Lydia.

shine brighter, tho' he shine bright-er than a Star, you light as Chaff, and rougher are

than the rude Ocean; you light as Chaff, and rough-er are than the rude Ocean: Glad-ly I

CHORUS.

glad-ly, I with thee, wou'd live, with thee wou'd dye; with thee, with thee wou'd

Glad-ly I, glad-ly I with thee wou'd live,

live with thee wou'd die; glad— — — — —ly, glad—ly I with thee wou'd live, with
 glad—ly I with thee, with thee wou'd live, glad—ly I, glad—ly I with
 34 6 65 43 # 3 #3 #6 #3

thee wou'd live, with thee wou'd die; glad-----ly I with the wou'd
 thee wou'd live, with thee wou'd die; glad-----ly I with thee wou'd live, with
 #3 #3 6 5

live, with thee wou'd live, with thee wou'd die, glad-ly I, glad—ly I with thee wou'd live, with
 thee wou'd die, glad-ly I, glad—ly I with thee, with thee wou'd live, glad-ly I with thee, with
 4 3 5 6 #6

thee wou'd die, glad—ly I, glad—ly I with thee wou'd live, with thee wou'd die.
 thee wou'd die; glad—ly I with thee wou'd live, gladly I with thee, with thee wou'd die.
 43 #3 5 6 6 #6

A SONG for Two Voices, The Words by Sir Robert Howard.



Hen I Drink my Heart is pos—fest, my Heart is pos—

When I Drink my Heart is pos—fest,



--fest with a joy that slides through my Breat; my Thoughts, and my

with a joy that slides through my Breat; my thoughts and my Fan—cy grow



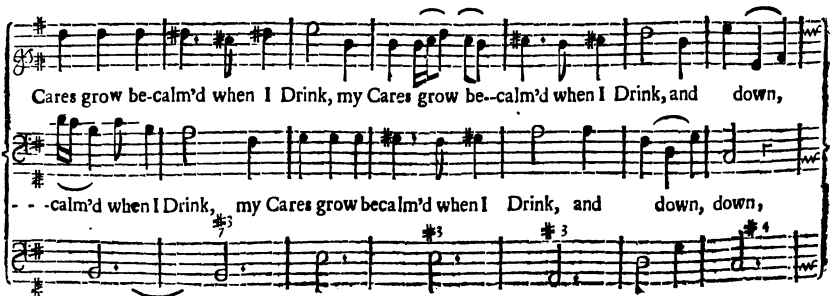
Fan—cy grow fir'd by the Wine not the Mu—ses in—spir'd; my

fir'd, fir'd by the Wine, not the Mu—ses in—spir'd, my Cares grow be—



Cares grow be—calm'd when I Drink, my Cares grow be—calm'd when I Drink, and down,

--calm'd when I Drink, my Cares grow be—calm'd when I Drink, and down, down,



down with the stream they all sink, and down, down, down, down,

down with the stream they all sink, my Cares grow becalm'd when I Drink, and down,

down with the stream they all Sink ; and down - - - - - n,

down with the stream they all sink ; my Cares grow becalm'd when I

Down, down, down, down, with the stream they all sink ; the God I en - -

drink, and down, down with the stream they all sink ; the

- - joy with the Wine, and my Hu-mour grows more Di-vine, like Bacchus with

God I en-joy with the Wine and my Humour, grows more Di-vine ;

fresh Ro—ses Crown'd with fresh Ro--ses Crown'd; the fra-grant O—dours stealing

Like Bacchus with fresh Ro—ses Crown'd; the fragrant O—dours steal—ing

roun— — — — — d. Thus, thus I Tri— — — — —

roun— — — — — d, steal—ing round. thus, thus I

— — — — — umph a—bove all strife, thus I

Tri — — — — — umph, I Tri — — — — — umph, I

Tri — — — — — umph and sing, the sweet-ness of this Life; and

Triumph a—bove all strife, and sing the sweetness of this Life; and

Sing the sweet-ness of this Life: when I Drink with Glas-fes full
 Sing the sweet-ness of this Life: when I Drink with Glas-fes full
 Sing the sweet-ness of this Life: when I Drink with Glas-fes full

charg'd, my Spi-rits grow free and en-larg- - - - - -'d; when I
 charg'd, my spi-rits grow free and en-larg- - - - - -'d; when I
 charg'd, my spi-rits grow free and en-larg- - - - - -'d; when I

Drink my spi-rits grow free and en-larg- - - - -'d, grow free and en- -
 Drink my spi-rits grow free and en-larg'd, grow free and en-larg- - - - -
 Drink my spi-rits grow free and en-larg'd, grow free and en-larg- - - - -

- - larg- - - -'d; a-mong Troops of Beauties I play, and rais'd a-bove
 - - - - -'d; among Troops of Beauties I Play, and
 - - - - -'d; among Troops of Beauties I Play, and

thoughts of de—cay, and rais'd above thoughts of de—cay; when I
rais'd a—bove thoughts of de—cay, and rais'd a—bove thoughts of de—cay; when I Drink,

Drink, I sing the soft charms of *Ve—nus*, and Clasp in my Arms my Mi—stres, who
I sing the soft charms of *Ve—nus*, and Clasp in my Arms my Mi—stres, who

then seems to me, a Goddess too as bright as she, who then seems to
then seem to me, a Goddess too as bright as she, who then seems to

me, a Goddess too as bright as she; when I Drink,
me, a Goddess too as bright as she; when I

When I Drink th' ad-vantage I find, from trou- bles, from
 Drink, when I Drink th' ad-vantage I find, from trou-

troubles to shelter my mind ; this, this is the blessing a-lone, this, this is the
 - - - bles to shelter my mind ; this, this is the blessing a-lone, this,

Blef-ning a-lone, that we that live can call our own ; you that feek
 this is the Blessing a-lone, that we that live can call our own ;

more tell me but why, tell me, tell me but why, since all a-like
 you that feek more tell me but why, tell me but why, since all a-like

must one day, die, all, all, all, all a—like must one day die?
 must one day die, since all a—like all, all a—like must one day die, all,

you that seek more tell me but why, since all a—like must one day die, all,
 all, all a—like, all, all a—like, all a—like must one day die; since

all, all, all a—like must one day die; all, all, all,
 all a—like, all, all a—like must one day die, since all a—like, all,

all a—like must one day die.
 all a—like must one day die.

A Dialogue between a Man and his Wife.

Wife.



O me you made a thou--sand, thou--sand Vows ;

a thou--sand, thou--sand, a thou--sand ten--der things you've said ; I gave you

all, all, all, all, all that love al--lows, the plea--

ures of the Nuptial Bed : But

now, now, now, now my Eyes have lost their Charms, or you a--bate, or

you a--bate in your de--sire, you with a--no--ther, you with ano--

ther in your Arms, and burn, burn,

burn, with an unhallow'd fire; and burn, burn, burn, with an

Husband.
un-hallow'd fire. That Charm-ing, Charm- - - - - ing Ce—lia

I ad-mire; I must, I must, I must with pleasure, with plea—sure own is

true; that Charm- - - - - ing Ce—lia I ad-mire; I must, I must, I

must, I must with pleasure, with plea—sure own is true; But had I, had I, had I Ten

times the de-fire, how, how, how, how, how, how, how wou'd my pas-sion

in-jure you? *Wife.* Love is a fa-cred, a fa-cred Tree of Life, that up to

Heav'n, that up to Heav'n, that up to Heav'n its branches rears; But ad-mi-

ra-tion, ad-mi-ra-tion but the Leafe, en-joy-ment, en-joy-ment, en-

joyment is the Fruit it bears; thus while you raise this vain Dispute, your

pas-sion but it self de-ceives, while you your self, while you your

felf, while you your felf have all the Fruit; What need you en-vy me?

What need you en-vy me? What need you en-vy me the Leaves. 2 Voc.

2 Voc.

A-way then, a-way then, a-way then all Fondnefs, I

a-way then, a-way then, a-way then all Fondnefs, I

find tis in vain, tis in vain; for Wives when neg-lect-ed, for Wives when neg-

find tis in vain, tis in vain; for Wives when neg-lect-ed, for Wives when neg-

..-lected, to figh and complain; I find 'tis in vain, for
 ..-lect-ed, to figh and complain; I find 'tis in

Wives when neg-lect-ed, to figh, — — — — to figh and com-
 vain, for Wives when neg-lect-ed, to figh, — — — — to figh and com-

-plain; we raife the loofe Wifhes, we raife the loofe Wifhes, the
 -plain; we raife the loofe Wifhes, we raife the

loofe Wifhes we frive to refrain; a-way then, a-way then,
 loofe wifhes we frive to refrain; a-way then, a

a-way then all Fondness, I find 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain; a - -

- - way then, a-way then all Fondness, I find 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain;

- - way then all Fondness, I find 'tis in vain, a - -

a-way then all Fondness, I find 'tis in vain, a - -

- - way then all Fondness, I find 'tis in vain. 'Tis a fol-ly,

- - way then all Fondness, I find 'tis in vain. To

CHORUS.

'tis a fol-ly, 'tis a fol-ly, 'tis a fol-ly to whine,

whine, to Languish, to Languish and grieve; 'tis a

43 b 3 165 76 43 # 3

to Languish, to Languish and grieve; 'tis a fol-ly, 'tis a
 fol-ly, 'tis a fol-ly, 'tis a fol-ly, 'tis a fol-ly

Chord markings: b^3 , b^5 , \sharp^3 , b^3 , 6 , 6 , \sharp^3 , 3 , 4 , 3 , \sharp^3 , 3 , 4 , 3

fol-ly, 'tis a fol-ly, 'tis a fol-ly to Languish and grieve; let tis
 to whine; to Languish, to Languish and grieve;

Chord markings: 4 , 3 , 6 , 4 , 3 , 6 , 4

ra-ther en-dea-vour, en-dea-vour, let us rather en-deavour, endeavour, er--
 let us rather en-deavour, en-dea-vour, let us rather en--

Chord markings: 7^6 , 7 , \sharp^3 , 7 , 7^5 , 7 , 7 , 7 , 7 , 7 , 7 , 7

--dea-vour our selves to de-ceive; what we wish to be true, what we wish to be
 --dea-vour our selves to de-ceive; what we wish to be true, what we wish to be

Chord markings: 7^6 , \sharp^3 , 5 , 6 , 5 , 6 , 5 , 6

true, Love bids us be-lieve; what we wish to be true, Love bids us be-lieve; Time,
 true, Love bids us be-lieve; what we wish to be true, Love bids us be-lieve;
 6 # 6 # 3 4 b 5

*Rea-son, Time, Rea-son, or Change, at laft, will re-lieve; Time, Rea-son,
 Time, Rea-son, or Change, or Change, at laft will re-lieve; Time
 76 7 6 b 7 4 3 b 7

Time Rea-son, or Change, at laft will re-lieve; 'tis a fol-ly, 'tis a
 Rea-son, Rea-son, or Change, at laft will re-lieve; to Whine,
 6 5 6 4 3 4 3

folly, 'tis a folly, 'tis a folly to Whine, to Languish,
 to Languish, to Languish and grieve; 'tis a folly, 'tis a
 13 16 3 13 76 4 3 # 3 14 6 # 3

to Languish, and Grieve; 'tis a folly, 'tis a fol-ly, 'tis a
fol-ly, 'tis a fol-ly, 'tis a fol-ly to Whine,

3 3 6 6 #3 43 #3 34 3 4 3

folly, 'tis a folly to Languish and Grieve.
to Languish, to Languish and Grieve.

3 3 6 6 4 3 4 3

SOLO.

A Translation out of Anacron.

I F Mighty Wealth that gives the Rules to Vicious Men and Cheating

76

Fools, Cou'd but preserve me in the Prime, of Bloom—ing Youth and Purchase Time,

65 76 #3 #3

than I wou'd cover Ri-ches too, and Scrape, and Cheat as o--thers do; then I wou'd

6 #6 4 #3

P P

covet Riches too, and Scrape and Cheat as others do; that when the Minister of

Fate, Pale Death, was knocking at the Gate, I'de fend him Loaded back with Coin, a

Bribe of Richer Duft than mine; I'de fend him Loaded back with Coin, a Bribe of

Rich-er Duft than mine; I'de fend him Loaded back with Coin, a Bribe of Rich-er Duft than

mine. But since that Life muft slide a

—way, and Wealth can't pur—chafe one poor day; Why shou'd my

Cares en-crease my Pain, and waste my time with Sighs in vain ;

7 7 6 #3 #6 6 6 4#3 6

and waste my time with Sighs in vain?

#6 6 6 6 6 6 #3 6 6 #3

Since Riches cannot Life supply, it is a

Use-less Po-ver-ty; it is a Use-less Po-ver-ty.

Since Riches cannot Life sup-ply, it is a Use-less Po-ver-ty, it is

-- a Use-less Po-ver-ty. Swift Time, Swift

Time that can't be bought to stay, I'll try to guide the gent—left

way, I'll try to guide, to guide the gentlest way;

with cheerful Friends, brisk Wine shall pass, and drown a Care, drown a

Care in ev—ry Glas: Sometimes di—vert-ed with Love's Charms, the Cir— — cle made

by Ce—lia's Arms; sometimes di—vert-ed with Loves Charms, the Cir—cle

made by Celia's Arms.

A SONG for Two Basses.



Ake Bright, make Bright your War—rior's Shield,
 Make Bright, make

His Shin- - - - - ing Arms and Helm pre—pare,
 Bright your War—rior's Shield, make Bright, make

His Shin- - - - - ing Arms and Helm pre—
 Bright your War—rior's Shield ; his Shin- - - - -

—pare, his Shin- - - - - ing Arms and Helm pre—pare :
 — ing Arms and Helm prepare, his Shining Arms and Helm pre—pare :
 43 98 43

Sev'-ral-ly Grac'd with Plumes of War, Sev'-ral-ly Grac'd with Plumes of

Sev'-ral-ly Grac'd with Plumes of War, Sev'-ral-ly

War, with Plumes of War, and Drefs your He-roc, Drefs your He-roe

Grac'd with Plumes of War; and Drefs your He-roe, Drefs your

for the Field, Drefs your Heroe for the Field, and bid him E-mulous

He-roe for the Field, Drefs your He-roe for the Field; and bid his E-mu-lous

Ver- - - - tue foar, where ne- - - ver Mor-tal dar'd be

Ver- - - - tue foar, where never Mortal dar'd be-fore, where

—fore: where ne-ver Mor-tal dar'd be—fore, ne—

ne—ver Mor-tal dar'd be—forc, where ne— ver,

—ver Mortal dar'd be—fore.

ne-ver Mortal dar'd be—fore.

A SONG for Two Voices.

Ring Shepherds, bring the Kids and

Bring Shepherds, bring the Kids, and Lambs, those Firstlings of their ten-der Dams ;

Bring Shepherds, bring the, Kids, and Lambs, those First-lings of their ten-der

bring Shepherds, bring the Kids and Lambs, the Firft—lings of their ten—der
 Dams ; bring Shepherds, bring the Kids and

Dams ; ye Nymphs bring each a Tur—tle
 Lambs, thofe Firflings of their ten—der Dams,

Dove, for Hymen and the God of Love; ye Nymphs bring each a Tur—tle
 ye Nymphs bring each a Tur—tle Dove, for Hy—men and the God of

Dove, for Hy—men and the God of Love : May In—cenfe
 Love, for Hy—men and the God of Love :

from their Al-tars rife; and Sweet-en all, all
 may Incense from their Al-tars rife, may In-cense

Sweet-en * all, and Sweeten all the Sa-cri-fice, and Sweet-en
 from their Al-tars rife, and Sweeten all the Sa-cri-fice,

all, all - - - - - the Sacrifice;
 and Sweet-en all, all - - - - - the Sacrifice;

Be-gin, be- - - - - gin
 be-gin, be-gin, be-gin the Hy-me-ne-al Song, the Hy-me-ne-al

be—gin, be—gin the *Hy—me—ne—al* Song; to Ufh—er, Ufh—er
 Song; be—gin, be—gin, be—gin the *Hy—me—ne—al* Song; to

in, to. Ufh—er, Ufh—er in the Bri—dal throng; be no ill
 Ufh—er, Ufh—er in, to Ufh—er in the Bri—dal throng;

Omens in their way; no ill O—mens in their way, to cross the glad—
 be no ill O—mens in their

—ness of this day;
 way, to cross the glad — — — — —ness of this day;

but cheer-ful Sounds, but cheer-

-ful sounds propitious be, fill the
cheer-ful sounds propitious be,

glad, the glad, fill the glad, the glad,
fill the glad, the glad,

-d Temple's Sa-cred Quire:
-d Temple's Sa-cred Quire:

SOLO.

The Rites are per-form'd, Joy to this hap-py,

hap-py, hap-py Pair; Joy to this hap-py, hap-py Pair, to the

Bride, to the Bride, who shines brighter, shines brighter, shines bright-

-ter than the Morning Star; to the Groom who Rejoy-ces, Rejoy-ces, Re-

-joy-ces, looks Fresh, and as Gay as a fine Ro-fy Morn, as a

fine Ro-fy Morn in the dawn of the day; be their Loves e-ver growing,

be their Loves e—ver grow—ing, as Bloomy as Spring, may it Flo—

—rith, may it Flo— —rith while

Shepherds can Pipe, while Shepherds can Pipe, while Shepherds can Pipe,

Dance and Sing, Sing, Sing; while Shepherds can Pipe Dance and

Sing. Bring Shepherds, End with the 1st. 2 part Verse.

SOLO.

Flavia grown Old. ..



Hy - Fla - - - - - via, Fla - - - - - via,

why fo wan - ton fill? Fla - - - - - via,

why, why fo wan - ton fill? Where is the Rol - ling, Sparkling Eye? Where,

where, where, is the Rol - - - - - ling Sparkling Eye? Nor

have you now the Art to Kill, with Looking as if you would

Die. Why Fla - - - - - via, why fo Wan - ton

fill? Fla- - - - - via, why, why, why,

why fo wan—ton fill?

Dis—sem—bl'd Lan—guish—ing is lost, as Soon as Age comes

Stalk—ing on; and Fla—via's but a Li—ving Ghost, now all her

Charms are Dead and gon; now all, all, all her Charms are

Dead and gon. Dessem.

S O L O.

S

Hep—herds deck your

Crooks, and bring, bring, ev—ry Sweet and Flo—rid

thing; and bring ev'ry sweet, ev'ry sweet and Flo—

rid, thing, ev—ry Sweet and Flo—rid thing; bring your

Myrtles from the Groves, bring your Myrtles from the Groves Ho—ny—fuckles;

from the Bow'rs, from the Bow'rs, bring your Myr—tles from the

Groves Ho-ny-Suckles, Ho-ny-Suckles Ho-ny-Suckles from the Bow'r

where you ufe to meet, you ufe to meet your Lo-vers;

Vir-gins strew the way with Flow'rs;

Vir-gins strew the way with Flow'rs.

3 VOC.

Trip, trip, trip, trip it Dam'fels, Dance and Sing, Dance and
 Trip, trip, trip it Dam'fels, trip, trip, trip it Dam'fels, Dance, Dance and
 Trip, trip, trip it Dam'fels trip, trip, trip it,

Sing; trip, trip, trip, trip it Dam'fels, Dance and Sing; trip, trip, trip, trip,
 Sing; trip, trip, trip it Dam'fels, Dance, and Sing; trip, trip, trip it,
 trip it, trip it Dam'fels, Dance and Sing;

trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing;
 trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip it, Dam'fels, Dance and Sing;
 trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip it,

Dance the Hay, Dance the Hay, Dance the Hay, and Dance the Ring;
 Dance the Hay, Dance the Hay, Dance the Hay, and Dance the Ring;
 Dance and Sing, Dance the Hay, Dance the Hay, and Dance the Ring;

Dance the Hay, Dance the Hay, Dance the Ha—

trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip,

trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip,

trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip,

—y and Dance the Ring ;

trip it, Dance the Hay, and Dance the Ring ; like the Ladies, like the Ladies of the

trip it, Dance the Hay, and Dance the Ring ;

6 6 #6 4 3 #b5 6 7 # 6 76

like the Ladies, like the La-dies of the Spring. Trip, trip, trip, trip,

Spring, like the La-dies,

like the La-dies, like the La-dies of the Spring : Trip, trip, trip, trip,

trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip it like — — —
 like the La—dies; trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it like the
 trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip it,

the La—dies of the Spring.
 La—dies of the Spring.
 like the La—dies of the Spring.

Why weeps Aferia. A Single SONG.

Hy Weeps A—fe—ri—a? why Weeps A—fe—

—ri—a? why Weeps A—fe—ri—a, and Mourns the absence, the

ab—sence of a Faith—ful Lo—ver? who with the first

Fair Wind re—turns, and brings his Con—stant Pas—sion

O—ver; who with the first Fair Wind re—turns and

brings his Con—stant Pas—sion O—ver,

Slow. A—las! A—las! A—las! A—las! *Faster.* His rest—less Nights are

Pas'd, are pas'd, in with—ing, in with—ing, for those hap—

py, hap-py Gales, in wish-ing, in wish-ing for those hap- py,

Quick.

Hap-py Gales; Im-pa-tient Cries, Hoist, Hoist in haste,

Hoi- - - -st, hoist in haste, I've Sighs a- - -now, I've Sighs a- - -

now to - - - fill the Sails; *A- - -fe-ri-a, A- - -fe-ri-a*

has the Sole Command, o- - -thers with all their Charms and Art, the Sy-rens

of the Sea or Land can't Cap-ti-vate *Alcan- - - - -der's* Heart,

can't Cap-ti-vate Al-can-der's heart, can't Cap-ti-vate Al-can-der's

heart, can't Cap-ti-vate Al-can-der's Heart; In vain, in vain are all, all,

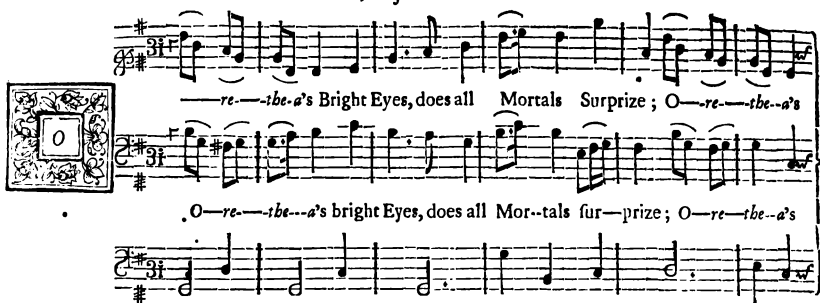
all their Lan-guish-ings and Sighs; all, all, all in vain, in vain, in

vain they tempt the un-shak-en Mind; firm as a Rock, firm as a

Rock, and deaf-er to their Cries, he scat-ters, scat-ters all,

all, all be-fore the Wind.

A SONG, for two VOC.

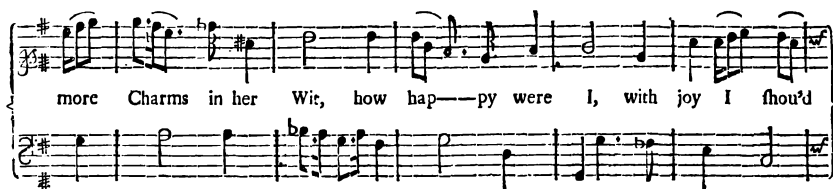


—re—ibe—a's Bright Eyes, does all Mortals Surprise; O—re—ibe—a's
 O—re—ibe—a's bright Eyes, does all Mor-tals fur—prize; O—re—ibe—a's

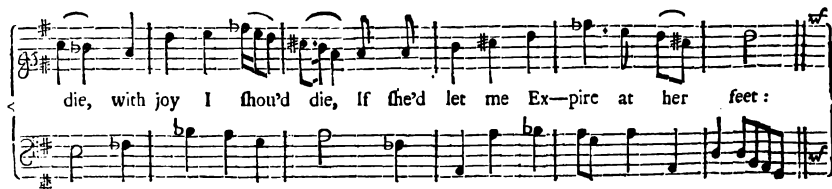
SOLO.



bright Eyes, does all Mor-tals fur—prize; But oh! oh! there's
 bright Eyes do all Mor-tals fur—prize:



more Charms in her Wit, how hap—py were I, with joy I shou'd



die, with joy I shou'd die, If the'd let me Ex—pire at her feet:



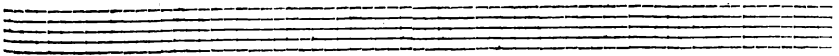
Triumph— — —ing O—re—ibe—a, O—re—ibe—a, Triumph— — —ing O—re—

the — — — a, why oh! why can noth—ing wave your Cru—

—el—ty? Give me my

Life, I of—ten pray, but you give Life to make me die; a

thousand, thousand, thou—sand times a day. Orethea again, then the Chorus.



Be warn'd heed—less Youth, be warn'd, be warn'd, be warn'd, be

Be warn'd heed—less Youth, be

warn'd heed—less Youth, be warn'd by my harms, when her Wit, her
 warn'd by my harms, when her Wit, her Voice and her Beau—ty take

43 7 4 3 43

Voice, and her Beau—ty take Arms; when her Wit, her Voice and her
 Arms; when her Wit, her Voice and her Beau—ty take Arms, and her

7 43

Beau—ty take Arms, there is no re—sist—ing, there is no re—sist—ing her
 Beau—ty take Arms, there is no re—sist—ing, there is no re—sist—ing her

7 6 7 6 6 6

Pow'r—ful Charms; there is no re—sist—ing her Pow'r—ful
 Pow'rful Charms, her Pow'r—ful Charms, her Pow'r—ful

4 7 6 4 3 43 7 6 65

ful Charms, there is no re-sist-ing her Pow'r- - - - -ful Charms, her

Chrms; there is no re-sist-ing her Pow'r- - - - -ful Charms, her Pow'r- - - - -

6 43 7 6 43 43

Pow'r- - - - -ful Charms, her Pow'r-ful Pow'rful Charms.

- - - - -ful Charms, her Pow'r-ful, Pow'rful Charms.

A SONG for Two Voices.

Prelude for VIOLINS.

63

AS on Sep-ti-mi-us pant-ing Brest, mean-ing

As on Sep-ti-mi-us pant-ing Brest, meaning

13 17 41

nothing less than Rest; *Ac-me* lean'd her Lov-ing Head, the pleas'd Sep-

-*si-mi-us* thus said, the pleas'd *Sep-ti-mi-us* thus said. *Violins-*

SO LO.
My dearest *Ac-me* If I be once a-live, and

Love not thee with a passion far a-bove, all that e're was called Love, in a

Lybian De—part may I become some Lion's prey; let him Ac—me, let him

tear my Breast, when Ac—me is not there; let him Ac—me, let him tear my

CHORUS.

Breast, when Ac—me is not there. The God of Love stood by to hear him;

the God of Love stood by to hear him,

the God of Love was al—ways near him; pleas'd and tick—led with the found,

the God of Love was al—ways near him; pleas'd and tick—led with the found,

Sneez'd a-loud, and all a-round the lit-tle Loves that wait-ed by, Bow'd and
Sneez'd a-loud, and all a-round the lit-tle Lovcs that wait-ed by, Bow'd and

Blest the Au-gu-ry.
Blest the Au-gu-ry.

VERSE 2 VOC.

Ac-me inflam'd with what he said, rais'd her gen-tle bend-ing Head;
Ac-me inflam'd with what he said, rais'd her gen-tle bend-ing Head;

and her Pur—ple Mouth with joy, stretch—ing to the de—li—cious Boy ;

and her Pur—ple Mouth with joy, stretch—ing to the de—li—cious Boy ;

Twice, and twice cou'd not suf—fice, she Kis'd his drunk—en rol—ling Eyes ;

Twice, and twice cou'd not suf—fice, she Kis'd his drunk—en rol—ling Eyes ;

Twice, and twice cou'd not suf—fice, she Kis'd his drunk—en rol—ling Eyes, she

Twice, and twice cou'd not suf—fice, she Kis'd his drunk—en rol—ling Eyes, she

Kis'd his drunk—en rol—ling Eyes : *Violins.*

Kis'd his drunk—en rol—ling Eyes : My lit—tle

Life, my All, said she, so may we e—ver Servants be, to that blest

God, and ne'er re—tain our ha-ted Li—ber—ty again; so may thy Passion

left for me, as I a Passion have for thee, Greater and Fiercer much than

can be conceiv'd, by thee a man, it reigns not on—ly in my Heart, but

Cbo.

Cbo.

runs like Life in ev'ry part; the spake, the God of Love a—loud Sneez'd—a

the spake, the God of Love a—loud Sneez'd—a

—gain, and all aloud the little Loves that wait-ed by, bow'd and blest the

—gain, and all a—loud the little Loves that wait-ed by, bow'd and blest the

Au—gu—ry, bow'd and blest the Au—gu—ry.

Au—gu—ry, bow'd and blest the Au—gu—ry.

Horace to his Lute. A SONG for a Bass.

A I Loo—fer hours,

at Loo—fer hours in the Shade; at Loo—fer

Z z

hours in the shade; if we my *Lute* have Sun- - - - -g;

if we my *Lute* have Sun- - - - -g, have Sun- - - - -

- - - - -g and Play'd a Note that takes, may last some

years; now prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee, Play; now prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee

Play prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee Play thy *Roman*

Ayres; Now prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee, Play, now

Prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee Play? prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee

play thy Roman Ayres, First thou wert tun'd

for Lesbian Lays; First thou wert tun'd for Lesbian

Lays, that Hero tost on Stormy Seas; or in the Camp, amidst Alarm

—s, still sof—tens all with Ly—rick Charms; still, still, still sof—tens

all, all, all with Lyrick Charms. First thou &c.

of Beau-ty's Queen, the Sacred Nine, the God of Love, the God of

Love, the God of Wine he Sung; and to com-pleat, to com-pleat his

Joy, the love-ly, love-ly love-ly Maid; the love-ly, love-ly Maid, with

fine black Eyes; Hail! Hail! to the *Lute*, whose grateful, grate-ful,

grate-ful Odes; Hail! Hail! to the *Lute* whose grate-ful, grate-ful,

grateful Odes, do at their Ban-quets, at their Ban-quets Cheer the

God's Hail! hail to the *Lute*, which En-ter-tains, En-ter-tains me too,

Hail! Hail to the *Lute*, which en-ter-tains, en-ter-rains me too, and Swee-tens

all, all, all; and Swee-tens all my Pains, Sweetens all, all, all my

Pains, and Swee-tens all, all, all, Swee-

-tens all my Pains, and Swee-tens all my Pains, Sweetens

all, all, all my Pains.

SOLO.

A Mad SONG.

L
Y-san-der I per—sue, I per—sue, per—sue, per—sue, per—

sue in vain; cru—el *Ly-san-der* thu—s to fly mee,

cru—el *Ly-san-der* th—us to fl—

—y me; *Be-lin-da* never, ne—ver, ne—ver must ob—

tain: *Be-lin-da* ne—ver, never must ob—tain, never, ne—ver must ob—

tain; who is so Great, will still de—ny me, will still de—ny me, still de—ny

me, who is so Great, who is so Great, will still de-ny me; but am I not, am I not,

am I not the God of Love? But am I not, am I not, am I not the God of

Love? Bring, bring, bring my tru-ty Arms, weak Beau-ty must suc-ces-les prove; this, this

Dart is stron-ger, stron-ger, stron-ger

Charms; ah! fee-ble, fee-ble Arms and hurt-les Dart, nothing, nothing Be-

lin-da, no-thing, nothing Be-lin-da can prevail a-la-

-ver loft, *Be-lim-da*, is for e-ver loft; Mad, mad,

mad, mad, mad, mad, that I Lov'd, that I Lov'd and not supprest my Flame; mad, mad,

mad, mad, mad, mad that I Lov'd, that I Lov'd and not supprest the

Slow.

Flame; See, fee, fee, fee, fee now it ri-

-fes to the Sky, and turns a Bla-zing Star, the fright-ed

Slow.

Earth looks pale and crys, it threatens, threatens U-ni-ver-fal

War; two Armys all—rea—dy, all—rea—dy joyn Battle a—bove, the God of War, the

God of War Fights, Fights, Fights the God of Love; stand firm my Bat—ra—

—lians, stand firm, stand firm, stand firm my Bat—ra—lians, stand firm, the Tyrant, the

Ty—rant, the Ty—rant shall yield, shall yield, the Ty—rant shall

yield; my re—serve of wing'd Arch—ers will car—ry the Field, will

car—ry, will car—ry, will car—ry, will car—ry the Field, they

fly, they fly, they fly, they fly; Smite, frite, frite Flanck and Reer; fo

now will I storm, will I storm, will I storm, will I stor — — — m yon Castle ith'

Air, the Chariot of the Sun in my rage, in my rage, o — ver: turning; Con-

— fume, confume, confume the whole World, since *Be-lin-da's* a burning; confume, con-

— fume, confume the Whole world, since *Be-lin-da's* a burning; con &c. burning.

Go Perjur'd Maid. A SONG for Two Voices.



O, go, go, go, Perjur'd Maid, to all, all, all, all, all, all,

Go, go, go,

all Ex-treams in-clin'd; go Perjur'd Maid, to all, all

go Perjur'd Maid, to all, all, all, all Extreams in-clin'd; Go Perjur'd

all Ex-treams in-clin'd, to all, all, all Ex-treams in-clin'd;

Maid, to all Extreams in-clin'd; Go, go go, go Perjur'd Maid, to all,

Firt so En-dear-ing; af-ter so Unkind, firt so En-dear-ing af - - -

all, all, to all Extreams inclin'd, firt so En-dear-ing, so En-

-ter fo un-kind, as Cru-el, as In-con-stant, as Cru-el, as in-

-con-stant is thy Mind: Go, go to my Ri- - - - -val, leave me

to Complain; Go, go to my Ri- - - - -val, leave me to Complain;

tell him from me; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to

tell him he has not long to Reign; tell him from

Reign; tell him from me, tell him from me, tell him he has not long to
me, tell him he has not long to Reign, tell him from me, tell him he

4 #3 76

Reign; tell him from me he has not long, he has not long to Reign;
has not long to Reign, tell him, tell him he has not long to Reign; I know, I

4 #3 4 #3 6 5 6 4 3 4 3

I know, I know your Heart, you'll quick—ly, quick—ly Change; I
know your Heart, you'll quick—ly, quick—ly Change, I know, I know your

b 5

know, I know your Heart, you'll quickly Change, you'll quick—ly, quick—ly Change a—
Heart you'll quick—ly, quick—ly, quick—ly change, you'll quick—ly change a—

—gain, you'll quick—ly, quick—ly Change a—gain.

—gain, you'll quick—ly Change a—gain.

6 4# 3

A Pastoral DIALOGUE *Complaining the Princess's Birth-day was not Celebrated, February 1698.*

Corydon.

Hence, Ga-la-se-a? Why fo Gay? Who, who is the hap-py

6 4 3 #4 b 5 b7

Swain, the hap-py, hap-py Swain? I took you for the

9 6 6 #4 7 #6

Queen, for the Queen of *May*, as you came o'er, as you came o'er the

6 7 #5

Plain: Who, who is the hap-py Swain, the hap-py

#3 #7 3 4 4

hap- - - - - py Swain; I took you for the Queen of May, as

Galatia.
you came o'er the Plain: Shepherd, I came from yonder Bow'r, am

fi-ner than the shi- - - - - ning Bough, am fi-ner, fi-ner, am fi-ner

than the shi-ning Bough; af-ter a Sum- - - - - er's Even-ing

Cor. *Gal.*
Show'r; yet there's a Cloud hangs on my Brow. Say, fay, fay what's the Cause? This

Day by Pan's Command, is Sa-cred, Sa-cred to Fa-cyn-thi-a, to Fa-cyn-

—ibi— the Fair, this Day her In—fant Rays, her In—fant Rays first

Cor.

Blest our Land. The God has mark'd it in our Ka—len—dar; in our

Gal.

Ka—len—dar; the God has mark'd it, has mark'd it in our Ka—len—dar. Then

Why this Si—lence? Why this Ho—ly Day? Then Why this Si—lence?

Why this Ho—ly Day? Do not the Hills, and Val—leys Ring?

Why, why does not Ti—ry—rus take his Pipe, And Play, and Co—ri—

—don and Thir—fis Sing? Why, why does not Ti—ry—rus

take his Pipe and Play, and Co—ry—don and Thir—fis Sing?

Corydon Slow.

Fa—cyn—ibi—a mer- — — — its high Renown, the long, long, the

Long, long preserv'd our threat—ned Flocks, when Herds of

Woolves Came Howl—ing down, she still with—stood, she fill with—

stood their Fu- — — — rious Shocks: When

those fo strange—ly Fierce and Bold, Fierce and Bold, fo strange—

—ly Fierce and Bold, scorning the Night appear'd, scorning the

Night appear'd in o—pen Day, ap—pear'd in o—pen Day;

and wou'd assault a harmleſs Fold; and wou'd assault a harmleſs

Fold, the like a Goddeſs drove 'em all, all, all a—way; the like a God—deſs

drove 'em all a—way, all a—way, all a—way; the like a Goddeſs

CHORUS.

drove 'em all a-way ; Sh—

the like a God-defs, drove 'em all away, all, a—

6 7#6 43 5 6 #6

—e like a God-defs, drove 'em all a-way, all a-way, the

—way ; the like a God-defs, the like a

like a God-defs, drove 'em all a-way, a—ll,

God-defs, drove 'em all a-way, all a-way, all a-way, the

all, a-way ; the Woolves ap-pear, ap-pear, ap-pear, ap—

Woolves appear, ap-pear, ap-pear, ap-pear, ap-pear in o—pen

5 43 76 76 5 76

pear in o-pen Day; she like a Goddess drove 'em all a-way, she

Day, she like a Goddess drove 'em all a-way, she like a

SOLO.

Sappho to the Goddess of Love.

H Ve-nus! Daughter of the Migh-ty Jove!

Who art so Know-ing, who art so Know-ing, so Know-ing in the

Art of Love; Oh! Ve-nus Af-sist me now; Oh! quick-ly, quick-ly

send, Oh! quick-ly, quickly send re-lief, send relief and suf-fer

not, suf-fer not my Heart to break with Grief; Oh! Ve-nus,

Oh! Ve-nus, suf-fer not my Heart to break with Grief; if

e-ver thou hast heard me when I Pray'd; if e-ver thou hast heard me

when I Pray'd, Oh! come, come now, come great God-deſs, come to thy

Sap-pha, come to thy Sap-pha, to thy Sap-pha's Aid; oft have my

Pray'r's, such Fa- - - - -vours haft thou shown, from Heav'ns

43 6 76 65 #3 76 34 #6 5 6

Gol-den Man-sions call'd thee down; from Heav'ns Gol-den Man-sions

7 6 5 b3 #6 5 #6 13 15 15 15 #3 4

call'd thee Down. See, fee, fee,

fee, fee, she comes; fee, fee, fee, fee she comes, fee she comes in her Ca-

-ru- - - -lean Care; fee, fee, fee she comes in her Ca-ru- - -lean

Care, the Fly-ing Chariot, the Fly-ing Chariot, cuts the Yield-ing

Aire ; See, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee how the nimble, nimble, nimble, nimble Sparrow's,

fee how the nim-ble, nim-ble, nim-ble, nim-ble Sparrow's stretch the Wing ; and

thro' the Region, thro' the Region do their God-defs bring ; to

me she comes, she comes, she comes, to me she's e-ver kind, to me she

comes, she comes, she comes, to me she's e-ver kind, and Smil- - -ing,

ask's me what af-flicts thy mind ?

Why am I call'd? Why? Why? Tell me; tell me, why am I call'd? Why? Why,

tell me, tell me, tell me what is't thou want's: Oh! *Ve-nus*, Oh! *Ve-nus*

don't you know why all these Plaints; 'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis

Slow.
Love, I Ra- - - - -ge, the Fatal Dart sticks in my

fide; How can I bear, can I bear the smarts? What Youth? what

Rag- - - - -ing Lo-ver shall I gain? Where, where,

where is the Captive? Where is the Captive? Where is the Cap—-tive that thou'd

wear my Chain? Where is the Captive that thou'd wear my Chain?

A—las, poor Sap—pbo, Who, who, who is this In—grate? A—

—las, poor Sap—pbo, A—las poor Sap—pbo, Who is this Ingrate? Who

wrongs thy Love, re—pay's with Scorn or Hate:

Does he now, does he now Fly thee? Does he now, does he now

Fly thee? He shall soon re-turn, shall soon re-turn; he shall soon re-turn, shall

follow, follow thee, shall fol-low, fol-low, fol-low thee, and with like Ar-dour burn;

shall fol-low, fol-low, fol-low thee, and with like Ar-dour burn;

Will he no Pre-sent at thy hands re-ceive? Will he no

Present at thy hands re-ceive? He, he shall repent it; he shall re-pent it,

he, he shall repent it, and more large-ly give: The force of Love, no Longer, no

longer, no longer shall with-stand; He, he, he shall be Fond, be all at

thy com-mand; He, he shall be fond, he shall be Fond, be all at thy com-mand:

When, when wilt thou work this Change? When, when wilt

thou work this Change? Now now, Ve-nus, free, now, now ease my Mind

of all, all, all, all, all, all, of all, all, all, all this Mi-fe-ry; for-

-fakē me not, forfake me not; my pow'r-ful, pow'r-ful, my

pow'rful help-er be, let Pha-on love, let Pha-on love; But let him love, let him, let him

Love, but let him, let him love, let him, let him, let him love like me; but let him, let him

Love, let him, let him, let him love like me.

EPILOGUE.

A SONG for Four Voices and Two VIOLINS, at an Entertainment of MUSICK in York Buildings.

Sing, sing ye Mu-fes; sing, sing, sing, sing, sing ye

Sing, sing ye Mu-fes, sing, sing, sing, sing; sing, sing ye

Sing, sing ye Mu-fes; sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing ye

sing, sing ye Mu-fes; sing, sing, sing, sing, sing ye

G g g

VIOLINS.

Mufes and re—vere;

Mufes, and re—vere; Sing, fing ye Mu—fes,

Mufes, and re—vere; Sing, fing ye

Sing, fing, ye Mu—fes; fing, fing, fing, fing, fing ye Mu—fes,

Sing, fing, ye Mu—fes, fing, fing, fing, fing,

fing and re—vere, fing, fing, fing, . fing, fing,

Mu—fes, fing, fing, fing, fing, fing, fing, fing, fing,

fing, and re—vere:
 Sing, sing ye
 Sing and re—vere:
 Sing and re—vere:

Sing, sing ye Mu—fes, fing,
 Mu—fes, fing, fing, fing and re—vere; and re—
 Sing, sing ye Mu—fes, fing, fing, fing ye Mu—fes,
 Sing, sing ye Mu—fes, fing, fing, fing and re—vere;

sing, sing, sing, Sing, sing ye Mu-fes; sing, sing ye
 - vere; sing, sing, sing ye Mu-fes; sing, sing, sing ye
 sing, sing, sing, sing ye Mu-fes; sing, sing, sing ye
 sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing ye Mu-fes; sing, sing ye

Mu-fes, and re-vere; sing, sing ye Mu-fes, and re-
 Mu-fes, and re-vere; sing, sing ye Mu-fes, and re-
 Mu-fes, and re-vere; sing, sing ye Mu-fes, and re-
 Mu-fes, and re-vere; sing, sing ye Mu-fes, and re-

—vere, the Con-fel—la—tion, the Con-fel—la—tion of this Sphere ;

—vere, the Con-fel—la—tion, the Con-fel—la—tion of this Sphere ;

—vere, the Con-fel—la—tion, the Con-fel—la—tion of this Sphere ;

—vere, the Con-fel—la—tion, the Con-fel—la—tion of this Sphere ;

you have not

you have not seen a Brigh-ter, a Brigh-ter, a Brigh-ter Sky ;

you have not seen a Brigh-ter, a Brigh-ter, a Brigh-ter

feen a Brighter, a Brighter, a Brighter, Sky ; you have not feen a brighter,
 you have not feen a Brigh—ter Sky ; you have not
 Sky ; you have not feen a Brighter, a Brighter Sky ;
 you have not feen a Brighter, a Brighter, a Brighter Sky ;

a Brighter, Brigh—ter, Brigh—ter Sky ; you have not feen a Brighter,
 feen a Brighter, a Brigh—ter, a Brigh—ter Sky ; you have not
 you have not feen a Brighter, a Brigh—ter, a Brigh—ter Sky,
 you have not feen a Brighter, a Brighter, a Brigh—ter,

a Bright-ter, Brighter Sky:

seen a brighter, brighter Sky: Mufick may fa--tif-fi-, may fa--tif-fie, may fa--tif-fie the

a brighter Sky: Mufick may fa--tif-fie, may fa--tif-fie, may fa--tif-fie the

a brighter, brighter Sky: Mufick may fa--tif-fie, may fa--tif-fie, may fa--tif-fie the

Ear; but Beauty Charms, but Beauty Charms, Charms re-gales the Eye.

Ear; but Beauty Charms, Charms, but Beauty Char—ms regales the Eye.

Ear; but Beauty Charms, Charms, Charms, Charms regales the Eye.

4 Voc.

IO, IO Tri-um—pbe, fin—g, fing Mufes, and

IO, IO Tri-um—pbe, fin—g, fing

IO, IO Tri-um—pbe, fing, fing,

IO, IO Tri-um—pbe, fing,

found, found, found, found, found, found, found, found, found, found, found, found,

Mu—fes, and found, found, found, found, found, found, found, found, found,

fing, IO, IO Tri-um—pbe, fing, fing, fing,

fin—g, IO, IO Tri-

IO, IO Tri-um—pbe, sing, fin—g, sing
 sing Mu—ses, and found, IO, IO Tri—
 sing, sing, sing, sing, sing Mu—ses, and found, found, found found, found, found,
 —um — — — pbe fin—g, sing Mu—ses and

Mu—ses, and fou—nd, found, found, found, sing Mu—ses, and
 —mu—pbe, sing, sing, sing; sing, sing, sing, sing, sing Mu—ses, and
 fou—nd, found, found, found, sing Mu—ses, and
 found, IO, IO Tri-um—pbe, sing, sing Mu—ses, and

VIOLINS.

found, found, found, found ;

found, found, found, found ;

found, found, found, found ;

found, found, found, found ;

43 65

IO, IO Tri-um-phe, Tri-um-phe,

IO, IO Tri-um-phe, Tri-um-phe, ting, ting, ting, ting

IO, IO Trium-phe, Tri-um-phe, ting, ting,

IO, IO Trium-phe, ting,

43 65

fing, fing Mu—ses, and found, found, found, found,
 fing, fing Mu—ses, and found, found, found, found, IO, IO Tri—
 fing, fing Mu—ses, and found, found, found,
 fing, fing Mu—ses, and found, found, found, found,

IO, IO Tri—um—pbe found;
 —um—pbe, found, found, found, found, found, found, found;
 IO, IO Tri—um—pbe, found, found, found, found, found, found, found;
 IO, IO Tri—um—pbe, found, found;

Slow.

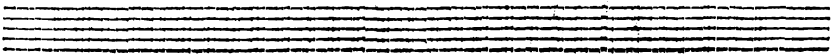
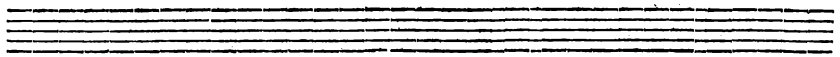
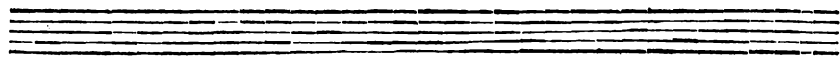
Slow.

Do you but Please the Fair, do you but Please the Fair, and your Banquit is Crownd.

Slow. Do you but Please the Fair, do you but Please the Fair, and your Banquit is Crownd.

Do you but Please the Fair, do you but Please the Fair, and your Banquit is Crownd.

Do you but Please the Fair, do you but Please the Fair, and your Banquit is Crownd.



F I N I S.