

Res. Mus. B 500
of 1663

169
—
D

AMPHION ANGLICUS.

A

V V O R K

OF MANY

COMPOSITIONS,

For One, Two, Three and Four

V O I C E S:

With several *Accompagnements* of

21039

Instrumental Musick;

AND

A Thorough-Bass to each Song:

FIGUR'D for an

Organ, Harpsichord, or Theorboe-Lute.

By Dr. JOHN BLOW.

LONDON:

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-Change, Fleet-street. MDCCLXXIII.



TO
Her Royal Highness,
THE
PRINCESS
ANN of DENMARK.

Madame,

THE excellent Art of Musick, 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 untaught 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 Musick 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

The Dedication.

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 cherisbed 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 inform'd 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 Inspirit 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,

b

that

The Dedication.

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

The Dedication.

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, tho' they are generally conversant about Love-Affairs; since the divertisements and delights of those softer Affections, when conceiv'd in pure Thoughts, and cloath'd 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

The Dedication.

But yet, lest a Work of this Nature, tho' 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,

JOHN BLOW.

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

THo Works like *Thine*, and of establish'd
Are safe from Censure in their Author's
Name,
And stand secur'd of Gratitude and Praise,
Without 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'rful Man, and of resistless Arts,
Who reign'st within our Ears, and in our
Hearts;
Whose 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 *Extase* of Skill?

Others, with loathsome Trash, 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 *Patroness'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, tho' 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 Ays excite our Vertuous Love.

But tho' 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 Excels 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 resound 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 shou'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 *Lampoon'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*
(worfe.

But yet the Luscious 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
False Concord, by *Tom Cross* 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 *Mettal* 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 *Ayrs* 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
Amov'd by Fate, from Melody and Wit,
The *British* Bard on Harp a *Treban* plays,
With grated Ears I faunter 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 *Usum 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
And springs a-fresh from Venerable
(Years,
As youthful Strength, with aged Judgment
(join's,

And stamps unerring Charms on all its Lines,
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:

With active Life the clumsy *Quarries* dance,
And well-form'd Cities as he plays advance.
On Salvage Beasts did *Orpheus* waft his Skill,
And th' ecchoing *Woods* with strange amaze-
ment fill,

If he with soothing Sounds their Fierceness
might assuage,
Pull down the *Lyon's* 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.

Whilst those that know you only by your
Fame,
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 Wishes of a grateful Heart
 May ease the swelling Debt, and pay in part,
 Accept 'em from the youngest you have
(rear'd
 Your youngest Off-spring, not the least en-
(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 Am-
 phion Anglicus.

(Blow,
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, Inti-
 tuled Amphion Anglicus.

Father of Musick and Musicians too,
 And Father of the Muses, all's thy due;
 For not one drop that flows from *Helicon*,
 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 Praise;
 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 Eccho 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 Or-
 ganist 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 useles 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 *Arfin*, & 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 how'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 Scandal's 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 in't;
 I mean of the Foundation: Sad the Case!
 He writes *Treble*, no matter who the *Bass*!
(Just like some over crafty Architect,
 First forms 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, (Crown,
 (never die. (known;

Richard Brown, Organist of
 Christchurch, St. Law-
 rence 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, neatest Thoughts must fall
 Immensely short of the Original:
 Hard Circumstances of Imperfect Man,
 What he would 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 own's 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:
 Concorde with Discords knit, so well agree,
 That both Unite, to make one Harmony.
 So sweet are all the Turns; so soft they move,
 The Notes alone would 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' admir'd before, scarce now do
 The very Eulogies 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 preceeding 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
 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
 With these Great Blow, erect Thy Teeming
 Man thou art now; More thou wilt be when
 But Living, take the Thanks of one, whose
 Is full of Gratitude, as Your's of Art;
 The Favours You have done me, speak 'em

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
 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
 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 An-
 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 could 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 *Lyrift*, 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, Unparalle'd Guitar*.

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

Orpheus Britannicus, being a Collection of the late Mr. *Henry Purcell's* Songs, for One Two, and Three Voices, in Folio. Price Bound 18 s. which said Book having met with great Encouragement, a Second is design'd by the importunity of several Gentlemen who are satisfied of the Value of the first, to be Printed by way of Subscription, at Five Shillings each to the 30 of June next, and afterwards not to be had under Ten Shillings each. Several Songs in the said Collection (having never been made Publick) are from his own Hand. The whole will be Printed and expos'd to Sail by the latter end of next *Michaelmas* Term. Proposals at large may be had of *Henry Playford* at his Shop in the Temple-Change Fleet-street.

Dr. *Blow's* Choice Collection of Lessons, for the *Harpichord*, or *Spinett*, Engraven. Price fitcht 1 s. 6 d.

The Dancing-Master, the 10th Edition in Two Parts. Price Bound 3 s.

An Introduction to the Skill of Musick, the Fourteenth Edition with large Additions, to which is added the whole Art of Composition by the late Mr. *H. P.* being done on the *New Tied Note*, and more compleat than ever before. Price Bound 2 s.

The Psalmody: Being Plain and easie Directions to play the *Psalm-Tunes* by Letters in stead of Notes, Fitted to all Capacities; Invented by the late Mr. *John Playford*, but never before made Publick. The Price of the Instrument 15 s. And the Price of the Book 1 s. 6 d.

A Sheet of *Catches* sett by the late Mr. *Henry Purcell*. Price 3 d.

A Sheet Engraven on Copper, being Directions for the *Bass-Viol*. Price. 6 d.

Apollo's Banquet, being the easiest and best Instructions for young Beginners Extant containing above a Hundred of the choicest Tunes, for the *Violin*; The 7th. Edition. Price 1 s. 6 d.

The Division-Violin in 2 Books, being all the best Grounds and Divisions, the 4th. Edition. Price of both 4 s. 6 d.

An addition of Two Divine Hymns to the Second Part of *Harmonia-Sacra*. Price 4 s. or the Two last for 6 d.

A Collection of Original *Scotch-Tunes* full of the *Highland Humour*, containing about 30 in Number. Price 6 d.

A Collection of 24 of the Newest Country Dances at Court, and Elsewhere, never before Printed. Price Six-pence.

The *Psalms* in 4 Parts Folio, with several Divine Hymns that go to the *Psalm Tunes*, Price fitch'd 3 s. 6 d.

The whole Book of *Psalms*, in Three parts by *John Playford*, as they are sung in Parish Churches; to which is add'd a Table of all the *Trebles* and what *Psalms* are sung to them, the 6th. Edition in Octavo. Price Bound, 3 s. 6 d.

The *New Treasury of Musick* in Folio, being the best Collection of *Song-Books* for these 20 Years past. Price Bound 25 s.

Two New Songs of Mr *Henry Hall's* of *Hereford* Engraven. Price 6 d.

The Alamode Musician, a New Collection of Songs Engraven. Price fitch'd 1 s. 6 d.

Single Songs in the Opera of *Brutus of Alba*, or *Augustus's Triumph* set by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*. Price fitch'd 1 s.

Single Songs in the Opera of *the World in the Moon*. Price fitch'd 6 d.

The whole Volume of the Monthly Collections, intituled, *Mercurius Musicus* (for the Year 1699. Compos'd for the Theatres and other Occasions: With a Thorow-Bass for the *Harpichord*, or *Spinett*. The Songs that are not within the Compass, being Transpos'd for the *Flute*, at the end of each Month. Price of the whole Volume, 3 s. 6 d. Bound; and the single Books 6 d. each.

Wit and Mirth: Or Pills to Purge Melancholly. Being a Collection of the Best Old and New Ballads and Songs containing near 200, with the Tunes to each. Price 2 s. 6 d.

The Second Book of *Wit and Mirth: Or Pills to Purge Melancholly* will soon be Publish'd; In which two Books you will find most of the single Songs that has been Cutt on Copper for these Ten Years past.

An Ode on the Death of the late Excellent, Mr. *Henry Purcell*; the Words by Mr. *Dryden*, and compos'd to Musick by Dr. *John Blow*.

Also the late Mr. *Henry Purcell's* Picture, exactly Engraven by Mr. *White*. Price in a Frame 18 d. or without a Frame, 6 d.

A Pastoral on the late Mr. *H. Purcell*; by *J. G. M. A.* Price fitch'd 6 d.

Miscellanea Sacra: A Collection of Choice Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects, Vol. 1. Collected by *N. Tate*, Servant to His Majesty. Price Bound. 2 s.

The Parallel; an Essay on *Friend-ship, Love and Marriage*, by Sir *H. S.* price fitch'd 6 d.

Mercurius Musicus, Or, the Monthly Collection of New Teaching Songs, for *January, February, March, April and May* for the Year 1700. Compos'd for, and Sung at the Theatres and other Publick Places; to which is added Two-Part Songs with a Thorow-Bass to each Song, Figur'd for the *Harpichord, Theorboe-Lute, or Bass-Viol*. The Songs that are not in the Compass of the *Flute* are Transpos'd at the end of each Month; These Collections for the future will be duely Publish'd every Month, where you may be sure to meet with what is good in the Month.

A TABLE of the SONGS

Contain'd in this BOOK.

A

- A Prince so Young and of* Page 64
And is my Cavalier return'd 68
Ah Heav'n! what is't I hear? 79
Arms, Arms he delights in Arms, 89
As on Septimius panting Breast, 171
At Looser Hours, in the Shade, 177

B

- Bring Shepherds, bring the Kids* 151

C

- Clarona lay aside your Lute,* 56
Come fill the Glass, fill it high, 75
Couch'd by the pleasant Heliconian 86
Cloe found Amintas lying all 92

E

- Employ'd all the day still in publick* 32

G

- Go Perjur'd Man,* 25
Go, go Perjur'd Maid. 188

H

- Happy the Man who languishing,* 7

I

- It is not that I Love you less,* 91
If I my Celia cou'd perswade? 111
If mighty Wealth that gives the 145

L

- Lately on yonder swelling Bush,* 39
Lyfander I persue in vain, 182

M

- Morph'us the humble God that,* 58
Musick's the Cordial of a troubled 117
Make bright your Warrior's 149

O

- Of all the Torments,* Page 10
Oh! when ye pow'rs must his 83
O turn not those fine Eyes away, 104
Oh! Nigrocella don't despise a 122
Orithea's bright Eyes, does all 168
Oh Venus? Daughter of the 197

P

- Philander do not, do not,* 46
Prithee, die and set me free, 62
Poor Celadon, he sighs, 20

R

- Rise mighty Monarch, and ascend* 115

S

- Sabina has a thousand Charms,* 44
Shepherds Deck your Crooks, 160
Sing, sing ye Muses, 205

T

- The sullen Years are past,* 66
Tell me no more you Love, 82
To me you made a thousand Vows, 137
The Rites are perform'd, 156

W

- Welcome, welcome ev'ry Guest,* 1
Why does my Laura Shun me? 5
When Artists hit on Lucky 14
Why is Tarpander pensive grown? 48
What is't to us who Guides the 101
Whilst on your Neck no Rival Boy, 125
When I Drink my Heart is possess, 130
Why Flavia, why so wanton still? 158
Why weeps Asteria? 164
Whence Galatea, why so Gay? 191

[1]

PROLOGUE.

Solo. Brisk.



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

Guest; welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome to the Mu-fes Feaft:

Mu-sick is your on-ly cheer, Musick 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-fes Feaft.

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 *Ibracian* Lute, and *Do-do-na's* mellow, mel- low Flute, with Cre-

mona's, Cre-mo-na's ra-cy Fruit:

FLUTES.

VIOLINS.

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

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

FLUTES.

FLUTES.

VIOLINS.

Musical notation for Flutes and Violins, measures 1-4. The Flute part is on a single staff, and the Violin part is on two staves. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature.

Musical notation for Flutes and Violins, measures 5-8. The Flute part is on a single staff, and the Violin part is on two staves. The music continues in the same key and time signature.

Musical notation for Flutes and Violins, measures 9-12. The Flute part is on a single staff, and the Violin part is on two staves. The music continues in the same key and time signature.

Musical notation for Flutes and Violins, measures 13-16. The Flute part is on a single staff, and the Violin part is on two staves. The music continues in the same key and time signature.

Musical notation for Flutes and Violins, measures 17-20. The Flute part is on a single staff, and the Violin part is on two staves. The music continues in the same key and time signature.

Musical notation for Flutes and Violins, measures 21-24. The Flute part is on a single staff, and the Violin part is on two staves. The music continues in the same key and time signature.

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

The Grove : a SONG to a Minuet.



Musical notation for Flutes and Violins, measures 25-28. The Flute part is on a single staff, and the Violin part is on two staves. The music continues in the same key and time signature.

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

Musical notation for Flutes and Violins, measures 29-32. The Flute part is on a single staff, and the Violin part is on two staves. The music continues in the same key and time signature.

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

Musical notation for Flutes and Violins, measures 33-36. The Flute part is on a single staff, and the Violin part is on two staves. The music continues in the same key and time signature.

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

Musical notation for Flutes and Violins, measures 37-40. The Flute part is on a single staff, and the Violin part is on two staves. The music continues in the same key and time signature.

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

Musical notation for Flutes and Violins, measures 41-44. The Flute part is on a single staff, and the Violin part is on two staves. The music continues in the same key and time signature.

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

I have my wish, the Blessings near; the Nymph, my Mistress, the

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

find her Name, some Rival 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-

-guishing, who lan-guishing does sit, and hear the Charming Pa-phi-a-na's,

hear the charming, charming Pa-phi-a-na's Wit, and se's her sweetly smi-

-ling, smi-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 soon as I had seen the Beauty, such the Features, Air and Meen.

Slow.

I was amaz'd, of ev-ry fence be-refr; my Voice was gone,

Brisk.

not the leaft 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 Freird, and to my Freind, and to my Freind complain; But when faint

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

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

Slow. Brisk.

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

Slow.

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

Slow.

my hearing, as con-fus'd too, as my sight: Now a

cold, a cold sweat 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 speechless, without Breath I lie, in the sweet, the sweet

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

Soul, I die. Now a,

A Love SONG.



F all the Torments; of

all the Torments, all the Cares with

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

lives are curst; of all the Torments,

of all the Torments, all the

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

Plagues a Lover bears, sure Ri-

vals are the worst: Of all the Tor-

ments, of all the Torments, 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 compa-

nions of our woe.

Sylvia for all those pangs you see, for all those

pan-gs all, a-ll, those pangs you see, as la-bouring

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

flight the rest: How great so 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- - - - - tists hit on Luck-ey

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

--- tists 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; dr--- op, dr--- op

from the Hand and Tongue; dr--- op, dr--- op, drop from the Hand and

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

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

have A--- pol--- lo's gra- - - - - c'ous 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; fo fine a Manner, and

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

fo sweet a Tone, fo sweet a Tone, fo El—

fine a Manner, and so sweet a Tone; So

loquent a Voice: So

fine a Manner, fo E—

sweet a Tone, fo E—

loquent a Voice; fo sweet a

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

Tone, fo El—loquent a Voice, has An—

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

Loving above Himself.

VIO LINS. Slow and Soft.



Oor Ce-la-don,

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

fighs in vain; The Fair Eu-gi-mia 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;

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

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

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

see it but commends the Song;

as, a-las, a-las, a-las 'tis

plain what crof-fes still his Fate; what, what can a Verse or

Note a-vail; Birth, Fortune, Birth, Fortune, are as Hills of greatest 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 5 43

Go Perjur'd Man.

Prelude for VIOLINS.

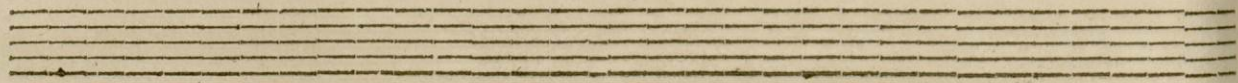
G O Per-jur'd Man, and if thou e'er-

Go Per-jur'd

65 43 65 43

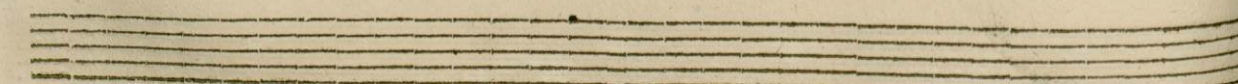
return; Goe Per-jur'd Man and if thou e'er re—

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



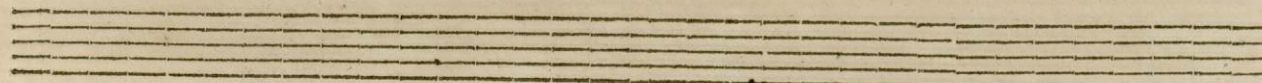
—turn, to see the small re-main-der of my Urn; and if thou e'er—

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



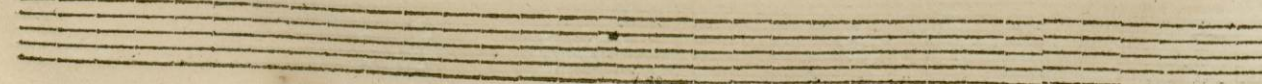
re—turn, re—turn, re—turn to see, to see the small re-main—

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



—der of my Urn.

of my Urn.



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

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

—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 Trust of

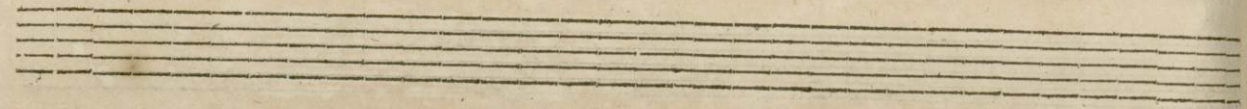
trust of Womans Beauty? and per—haps with rude, with rude

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

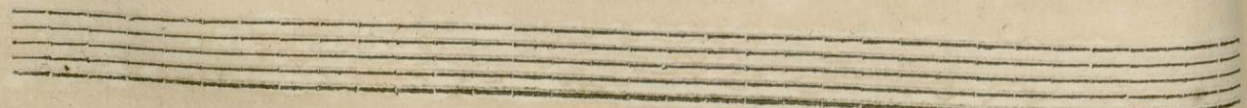
hands; per—haps with rude hands, ri—fle the Flowr's which the Virgins firew'd;

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

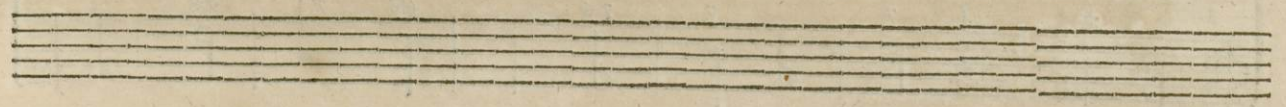
know I've pray'd to pi-ty, that the wind may blow my
 pi-ty, that the wind my blow my A—shes up. Know I've



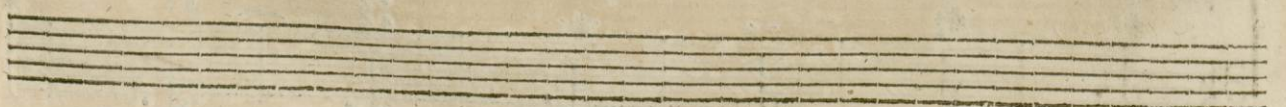
Ashes up. Know I've pray'd to pity, that the Wind may blow my
 pray'd to pity, that the Wind may blow my A—shes up, and strike thee



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.



When thou shalt Laugh, &c.
 When thou shalt Laugh, &c.



A SONG for the Musick Society.



Employ'd all the day still, still in public Affairs; em-
 Employ'd all the day still, still in

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

public Af-fairs; Or bus'd in private un-ea-si-er
 Public Af-fairs; or bus'd in private un-ea-si-er 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,

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

still in Public Af-fairs; Or bus'd in private, in pri-vate un-
 Public, in Pub-lick Af-fairs; Or bu-s'd in Private un-

—ea-si-er Cares; who minds not the needful re-fresh-ing at
 —ea-si-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, sink-ing un-der the

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

weight : No La-

weight : No la-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- - -rits from sink-ing. The

- - -rits from sink-ing.

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

still, still, still, still Crowning with Musick, with Musick, with Musick 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 so—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 so—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 Glafs and the Voice al—ter- - - - -

paufe al—ter- - - - -

Slow.

- - - - -nate-ly paufe: The re—maining foft

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

Brisk.

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

---maining foft, foft minuets in Converse we pass our thoughts

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, chir-up-ing Glafs, each chirup-ing, chirup-ing,

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

The Budd. By Mr. Waller.



Ate-ly on yon-der swel-ling Bush, lately on yon-der swel-
 Lately on yon-der swel-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Verse, *SOLO.*

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

If our loose breath so much can doe,
 If our loose breath so much, so much can do, if our loose breath,

if our loose breath so much can do; what may the same in
 so much, so much, so much can do; What may the

forms of Love, of purest Love and Musick too, of pu—rest
 same in forms of Love, of pu—rest Love and Mu—sick too,

Love, of purest Love and Mu—sick too; when Fla—
 of purest Love and Musick too; when Fla—

—via, when Fla— —via it a—spires to move;
 —via when Fla— —via it a—spires to move;

when that which life—less Buds perswades, when that which life—less
 when that which life—less Buds perswades, when that which life—less

Buds perswades, to wax more soft, to wax more soft, to wax more
 Buds per—swades, to wax more soft, to wax more soft, to

soft, more soft, her Youth in—vades.
 wax more soft, her Youth invades.

SOLO.

A Love SONG.

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

Beautiful 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 Reason Crown'd, each fin—gle

fin—gle Shafts her Eyes had sent, 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 Hero'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; Phi-lan-der,

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

Danger, Toile and rude Al-larms, be plea-sing to the Soft and Young? Phi-

lan-der, do not, do not, do not think of Arms, Phi-lan-der, do not, do not,

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

for the Dusty Field: Phi-lan-der, do not, do not, do not think of Arms; Phi-

lan-der, do not, do not, do not think of Arms; Phi-lan-der, stay, make your Cam-

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

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

stay, Myr-til-la begs you'd stay; Myr-til-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.

Hy is Ter-pan-der pen- - - - - five grown? Why

why has he left Com-po- - - - - sing Airs?

Why, why fits he on his bank a-lone, swel- - - - - ing the

Terpan.

Tide with Sig- - - - - hs and Tears? Art thou a

franger in the Land? Look yon-der, look yon-der, look yon-der,

View them tot'ring Spires; there stood the Al-tar, there stood the Altar

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

Philan.

-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,

Terpan.

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

the same, 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 must be

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

- - - -ver mu- - - -ft be ta-ken

CHORUS.

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

nay, 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 say he'll

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

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

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

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

p

... cander's Good and Great, that fa—cred Name, that fa—cred

lays ; Nay, nay, Ni—can—der's Good and Great, that

Name, Nay, nay, Ni—can—der's Good and Great, that

fa—cred Name, our Troubles still al—lays, that

fa—cred Name, our Troubles still al—lays ;

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

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

build a glo—rious Seat, a glo—

rious Seat ; some fay he'll

rious Seat, a glo—rious

build a glorious Seat ; A Phœnix from the brooding A—shes

Seat ; A Phœnix from the brood—ing A—shes

Drag. raise, a Phœnix from the brood—ing A—shes raise.

Drag. raise, a Phœnix from the brood—ing A—shes raise.

SOLO.

A single SONG.



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

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

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

such a show of Sense and Wit? Who reads your Face, must 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 does promise so 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 swe-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 less Fair; come, come, come give your Lute to those less Fair.

e

A Two Voc. SONG, the Words by Sir John Denham.



Orph'us the hum-ble God, that dwells in Cottages, in Cottages, and

Morph'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

fie- - - - -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---an Lake, o'er his wake-ful, o'er his

Rod, dipt in the Le---the---an 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, never wake ;
 never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never 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.

---s why, why art thou? why, art thou so ob-
 Nature a-la---s, a-la---s, why ; why, why art

---lig-ed so ob-lig-ed to thy grea- - - - -test 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 tast; 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
 tast, 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. prithe, prithe die, and fet me
 Prithe, prithe, prithe die, and

free; or else be kind and brisk, be kind and brisk and gay like me.
 fet me free; or else 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—cise ones :
 to the Grave, to the Grave, to the Grave, or the pre—cise ones :

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

self be--have, her self behave: All the day long Su-san ci-vil, all the
 fo her self, her self behave: All the day long Su-san ci-vil

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

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

A S O N G upon the Duke of Gloucester.



Prince so Young, so

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

Mar-ti-al-ly, so Mar-ti-al-ly, so 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 least; Since Wil—liam and Mari—

Reign, Since Wil—liam and Ma—ri—

Reign: Safe in its

course a—midst the Storm, safe in its course, a—midst the

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

course, in its course, safe in its 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.

A Nd is my, Ca - - - va - lier re-

-turn'd,

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

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

And is my

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

how have I figh'd, how have I mourn'd, dread- ing the worst of

harms?

What trem- bling were with-

-in my Breast, at ev'ry at- tack't was made I sent, still as my fears en-

creast, still as my fears en- creast, I sent ten-thousand, ten-thou- sand

wi--shes 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

Dust; Come, come, come, come, come,

come you must be, you must be, you must be Mar-ti-la's care, she must, she must

she must, she 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-tilla'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 Breast.

A SONG in Imitation of ANACRON.



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

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, is al--

Glafs 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 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 figs, to drown our figs, and ease our

Wine, to drown our figs, to drown our figs, 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-

be throughout like those a-bove, above, a-bove, a-bove, a-bove,

---bove; and be through-out like

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

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

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

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 breast a-gain,

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

I sigh, I languish, I sigh, I languish in a

sigh, I languish, I sigh, I languish 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.

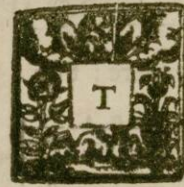
---ve, drive a-way de-spair, and drive, drive a-way de-spair.

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.



Tell 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—sturb'd by Mar—tial noise, and fre—quent calls of

shrill a—larms, of shrill a—larms; o're pay him—self for

all, all, for all his pains with bright Ma—ri—æ's Charms; Ma—ri—æ's! Ma—

—ri—æ'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 summs which

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

A SONG for Two Voices.



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

Hel-li-conian Spring;

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

Couch'd, by the Pleasant, Couch'd by the Pleasant, the

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

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

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

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

-nian 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 tuneful 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 taſt 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 mo—re than Martial Strains; in more, more, in mo—

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

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

A a

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

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

down; with the Lightning 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.



T is not that I Love you less, that when be-fore your

Feet I lay; but to pre-vent the sad en-crease of hope-less

Love, I keep a-way: in vain (a-las) 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.

*C*lo—e found *A-min-tas* ly-ing all in
*C*lo—e found *A-min-tas* ly—ing all in Tears, all in Tears;

found *A-mintas* ly—ing all in Tears, all, all in Tears; *C*lo—e
 Tears, *C*lo—e found *A-mintas* ly—ing all in
*C*lo—e found *A-mintas* ly—ing all in Tears, all, all in

found *A-mintas* ly-ing, all in Tears, all in Tears up-on the plain; Sighing to him-self,
 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

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:

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;

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.

Figured Bass: b3 b5 b5 143 6 b5 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,

Figured Bass: 6 5 #3 b5 #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

Figured Bass: b5 #3 6 #6 6 5 6 #3

I, wretch-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

Figured Bass: 6 #6 b6 6 6 b3 #3 #4 #6 #6 7 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-

Figured Bass: 6 #3 b3 #3 #3 b3 #4 6 b6 7 6 b3

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;

Figured Bass: #3 6 b5 b5 #3

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

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-

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- - - - -

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;

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

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

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

b3 b5 b5 b4 3 6 b5 4 #3 #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

#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.

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

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

pen-ting, and com-plying, when he Kis'd, she Kis'd a-gain, she Kis'd a-gain:

But re-pent-ing

2 6 4 7 8 6 5 4 3 b5 6 #6

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-pent-ing and com-ply-ing, she Kis'd

4 3 b7 7 b6 4 6 5 4 3 #6 6 b5

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.

W Hat is't to us who guides the Srate, who's out of Fa-
 -our, or who's Great? Who are the Mi-ni-sters, and

Spies? Who Votes for Pla-ces,

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 bleß—ing loose, 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 Flowr's, on Beds of

Flowr'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—fection

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 Eycs a way;

O turn not, turn not those fine eyes a way; nor blush you gave me, nor blush 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: Sec, Fair one,

see, see, see, see Fair one, see; See Fair one, see, see, see

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 see,

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

show, then see a—gain, see, see a—gain, to look on on—ly you, then see a—gain, see, see, a

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

on this sur— - - -prise; come think no more, no more on this sur—

-prise, 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 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; touches 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: Nay, 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-

- - - - -der is in Jove's.

Violin.
as strong as Thun- - - - -der is in Jove's.

SONG For Two Voices. Words by Sir George Etherage.



If I my Ce-lia cou'd per-swade?
If I my Ce-lia cou'd per-swade, 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 perswade; 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

U—sick's the Cor—dial of a trou--bled Breast, Mu - -

- - - - - sick's the Cor—dial of a trou- - - - - led Breast; the sof—test Re - - -

- - - - - me—dy that grief can find, the sof—est Re - - - - - me—dy that

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 b5

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

6 6 5 7 6 5 6 4 5 6 7

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

7#6 6 6 5 4 3

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

#6 6 5 4 3

Mu—sick does all our joyes re--

--- fine ; 'tis that gives re—lish to our Wine, Mu-sick does all our

Joyes re—fine ; 'tis that gives re—lish to our Wine, 'tis that gives

Rap—ture to our Love;

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

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

bove, our chief Blifs 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 fure;

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-lex-

-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 A-lex-

-is of your Soul?

A Dialogue between HORACE and LYDIA.

Horace.

Hor. Lib. 3. Ode 9.

Wilt 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- - - - -e, Clo- - - - -e

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

ri-sing, ri-sing glo-ry touch the Sky, not *I-lia* was so fam'd as I, as I, not *I-lia* was so

Horace.

fam'd, so fam'd as I, as I. My Clo- - - - -e, my Clo- - - - -e,

-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- - - - -e

Pde glad- - - - -ly, Pde glad- - - - -ly, Pde glad-

Lydia.

-ly die. *Ca-la-is* has all my soft De-sires, 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 profess, Re-vive, re-vive, re-vive, re-vive and kin-dle in my Breast; 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

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

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

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.

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



Hen I Drink my Heart is pos-est, my Heart is pos-

When I Drink my Heart is pos-est,

- - -est with a joy that slides through my Breast; my Thoughts, and my

with a joy that slides through my Breast; 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 becalm'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 dow- - - - -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 steal—ing
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 sweet—ness of this Life; and

sing the sweet—ness of this Life: when I Drink with Glas—ses full
sing the sweet—ness of this Life: when I Drink with Glas—ses 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

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— — — — —

— — — — — larg— — — — — d; a—mong Troops of Beauties I play, and rais'd a—bove
— — — — — 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 brigh 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—

bles 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,

Bles—sing a—lone, that we that live can call our own; you that seek
 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 seek 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-

-sures 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-fire, you wish a-no-ther, you wish ano-

---ther in your Amrs, 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

Wife.
in—jure you? Love is a sa—cred, a sa—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 Lease, en—joy—ment, en—joy—ment, en—

—joyment is the Fruit it bears; thus while you raise this vain Dispute, your

Pa—sion but it self de—ceives, while you your self, while you your

self, while you your self 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 Fondness, I
a-way then, a-way then, a-way then all Fondness, 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-

lect-ed, to sigh and complain; I find 'tis in vain, for
lect-ed, to sigh and complain; I find 'tis in

Wives when neg-lect-ed, to sigh, to sigh and com-
vain, for Wives when neg-lect-ed, to sigh, to sigh and com-

plain; we raise the loose Wishes, we raise the loose Wishes, the
plain; we raise the loose Wishes, we raise the

loose Wishes we strive to refrain; a-way then, a-way then,
loose wishes we strive 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 Fond-ness, 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

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

fol-ly, 'tis a fol-ly, 'tis a fol-ly to Languish and grieve; let tis

to whine; to Languish, to Languish and grieve;

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 - -

- - 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

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;

Rea-son, Time, Rea-son, or Change, at last, will re-lieve; Time, Rea-son,
Time, Reason, or Change, or Change, at last will re-lieve; Time

Time Rea-son, or Change, at last will re-lieve; 'tis a fol-ly, 'tis a
Rea-son, Reason, or Change, at last will re-lieve; to Whine,

folly, 'tis a folly, 'tis a folly to Whine, to Languish,
to Languish, to Languish and grieve; 'tis a folly, 'tis a

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,

folly, 'tis a folly to Languish and Grieve.
to Languish, to Languish and Grieve.

SOLO. *A Translation out of Anacron.*

I F Mighty Wealth that gives the Rules to Vicious Men and Cheating

Fools, Cou'd but preserve me in the Prime, of Bloom—ing Youth and Purchase Time,

than I wou'd covet Ri-ches too, and Scrape, and Cheat as o--thers do; then I wou'd

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 send him Loaded back with Coin, a

Bribe of Richer Dust than mine; I'de send him Loaded back with Coin, a Bribe of

Rich-er Dust than mine; I'de send him Loaded back with Coin, a Bribe of Rich-er Dust than

mine. But since that Life must slide a-

—way, and Wealth can't pur—chase one poor day; Why shou'd my

Cares en—crease my Pain, and waste my time with Sighs in vain;

and waste my time with Sighs in vain?

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

War, with Plumes of War, and Drefs your He-roe, Drefs your He-roe

for the Field, Drefs your Heroe for the Field, and bid him E-mulous

Ver-ue soar, where ne-ver Mor-tal dar'd be

fore: where ne-ver Mor-tal dar'd be-fore, ne-

ne-ver Mortal dar'd be-fore.

A SONG for Two Voices.

Ring Shepherds, bring the Kids and

Lambs, those Firflings of their ten-der Dams;

bring Shepherds, bring the Kids and Lambs, the First-lings of their ten-der
Dams; bring Shepherds, bring the Kids and

Dams; ye Nymphs bring each a Tur-tle
Lambs, those 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-cense
Love, for Hy-men and the God of Love:

from their Al-tars rise, and Sweet-en all, all
may In-cense from their Al-tars rise, may In-cense

Sweet-en all, and Sweeten all the Sa-cri-fice, and Sweet-en
from their Al-tars rise, 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 Ush-er, Ush-er
Song; be-gin, be-gin, be-gin the Hy-me-ne-al Song; to

in, to Ush-er, Ush-er in the Bri-dal throng; be no ill
Ush-er, Ush-er in, to Ush-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-
but cheer-ful Sounds, but

ful sounds pro-pi-tious be, fill the
cheer-ful foun-ds propitious be,

glad, the glad, fill the glad, the gla-
fill the glad, the gla-

-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-sy Morn, as a

fine Ro-sy 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 still? Fla- - - - - via,

why, why fo wan- - - - ton still? 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 wou'd

Die. Why Fla- - - - - via, why fo Wan- - - - - ton

still? Fla- - - - - via, why, why, why,

why fo wan- - - - ton still?

Dis- - fem- - 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.

SOLO.

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—suckles;

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 use to meet, you use 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'sels, Dance and Sing, Dance and

Trip, trip, trip it Dam'sels, trip, trip, trip it Dam'sels, Dance, Dance and

T t

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, trip it, trip, 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,

—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;

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 Asteria. A Single SONG.

W Hy Weeps A—ste—ri—a? why Weeps A—ste—
—ri—a? why Weeps A—ste—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! His rest—less Nights are
Faster. Pas'd, are pas'd, in wish—ing, in wish—ing, for those hap—

py, hap-py Gales, in wishing, in wishing 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-ste-ri-a, A-ste-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-ers, scat-ers all,

all, all be-fore the Wind.

A SONG, for two VOC.

re—the-a's Bright Eyes, does all Mortals Surprize; O—re—the-a's
O—re—the-a's bright Eyes, does all Mor-tals fur—prize; O—re—the-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 she'd let me Ex—pire at her feet:

Triumph—ing O—re—the-a, O—re—the-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

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

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

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

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- - - - -

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.

A S on Sep-ti-mi-us pant-ing Breast, meaning
As on Sep-ti-mi-us pant-ing Breast, meaning

nothing less then Rest; *Ac-me* lean'd her Lov-ing Head, the pleas'd Sep-

-*ti-mi-us* thus said, the pleas'd Sep-*ti-mi-us* thus said. *Viols-*
-us thus said, the pleas'd Sep-*ti-mi-us* thus said:

SOLO.
 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--fart 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.

VIOLINS.

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 sound,
 the God of Love was al-ways near him; pleas'd and tick-led with the sound,

Snee'd a—loud, and all a—round the lit—tle Loves that wait—ed by, Bow'd and
Snee'd a—loud, and all a—round the lit—tle Loves 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—tious Boy;
and her Pur—ple Mouth with joy, stretch—ing to the de—li—tious Boy;

Twice, and twice cou'd not suf—fice, she Kifs'd his drunk—en rol—ling Eyes;
Twice, and twice cou'd not suf—fice, she Kifs'd his drunk—en rol—ling Eyes;

Twice, and twice cou'd not suf—fice, she Kifs'd his drunk—en rol—ling Eyes, she
Twice, and twice cou'd not suf—fice, she Kifs'd his drunk—en rol—ling Eyes, she

Kifs'd his drunk—en rol—ling Eyes : *Viols.*
Kifs'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

last 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

Cho.

runs like Life in ev'—ry part; she 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 T Loo—fer hours,

at Loo—fer hours in the Shade; at Loo—fer

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

play thy *Roman* Ayres, First thou wert tun'd

for *Lef-bian* Lays; First thou wert tun'd for *Lef-bian*

Lays, that Hero tost on Stormy Seas; or in the Camp, a—midst 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

Joys, 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-tertains, En-tertains me too,

Hail! Hail to the Lute, which en-tertains, 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-less prove; this, this

Dart is stron-ger, strong-er, stronger

Slow. Charms; ah! fee-ble, fee-ble Arms and hurt-less Dart, nothing, nothing Be-
Brisk.

Slow. lin-da, no-thing, nothing Be-lin-da can prevail a-la-

Brisk.

— — — s what hopes to wound a Heart, Arm'd, arm'd with a dou-ble, dou-ble,

double, double, double, double, double, double Coat of Mail; Arm'd, arm'd, arm'd,

arm'd with a double, double, double, double, double, double, double, double Coat of

Mail; She that cou'd no- - - - - ble Conquests boast, she that cou'd

no- - - - - ble Conquests boast; now, now falls a Victim to Dis-

— dain and Shame; Be-lin-da is for ever lost, for e-

— — — ver lost, Be-lin-da, is for e-ver lost; 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, f— ee, 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—ta—

—lians, stand firm, stand firm, stand firm my Bat—ta—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, smite, smite Flanck and Reer; so

now will I storm, will I storm, will I storm, will I stor — — — m yon Castle i'th'

Air, the Chariot of the Sun in my rage, in my rage, o—ver turning; Con—

—sume, consume, consume the whole World, since Be—lin—da's a burning; consume, con—

—sume, consume 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 Ex-treams in-clin'd; Go Perjur'd

all Ex-treams in-clin'd, to all, all, all Ex-treams in-clin'd;

Maid, to all Ex-treams in-clin'd; Go, go go, go Perjur'd Maid, to all,

First so En-dear-ing; af-ter so Unkind, first so En-dear-ing af-

all, all, to all Ex-treams inclin'd, first so En-dear-ing, so En-

-ter so un-kind, as Cru-el, as In-con-stant, as Cru-el, as in-

-dear-ing, af-ter so un-kind, as Cru-el, as Inconstant, as Cru-el, as In-

-con-stant is thy Mind: Go, go to my Ri- - - - -val, leave me

-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;

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

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

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

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.

A Pastoral DIALOGUE Complaining the Princess's Birth-day was not Celebrated, February 1698.

Corydon.
Hence, Ga—la—re—a? Why so Gay? Who, who is the hap—py

Swain, the hap—py, hap—py Swain? I took you for the

Queen, for the Queen of *May*, as you came o'er, as you came o'er the

Plain: Who, who is the hap—py Swain, the hap—py

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.
Show'r; yet there's a Cloud hangs on my Brow. Say, say, say what's the Cause? This

Day by Pan's Command, is Sa-cred, Sa-cred to Ja-cyn-ibi-a, to Ja-cyn-

—tbi—a 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-ty-rus take his Pipe, And Play, and Co-ri-

—don and Thir—fis Sing? Why, why does not Ti—ty—rus

take his Pipe and Play, and Co—ry—don and Thir—fis Sing?

Corydon Slow.

Ja—cyn—thi—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 still with—

Gal.

stood their Fu—rious Shocks: When

those so strange—ly Fierce and Bold, Fierce and Bold, so 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, she like a Goddess drove 'em all, all, all a—way; she like a God—dess

drove 'em all a—way, all a—way, all a—way; she like a Goddess

CHORUS.

drove 'em all a-way;

the like a Goddess, drove 'em all away, all, a-

e like a Goddess, drove 'em all a-way, all a-way, the

way; she like a Goddess, she like a

like a Goddess, drove 'em all a-way, a--ll,

Goddess, drove 'em all a-way, all a-way, all a-way, the

all, a-way; the Wolves appear, ap-pear, ap-pear, ap-

Wolves appear, ap-pear, ap-pear, ap-pear, ap-pear in o--pen

appear 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

like a Goddess drove 'em a--ll, all a-way.

Goddess, she like a Goddess drove 'em all a-way.

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 Knowing in the

Art of Love; Oh! Ve--nus Af--sist me now; Oh! quick-ly, quick-ly

E e e

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-defs, come to thy

Sap-pho, come to thy Sap-pho, to thy Sap-pho's Aid; oft have my

Pray's, such Fa-vours hast thou shown, from Heav'ns

Gold-en Mansions call'd thee down; from Heav'ns Gold-en Man-sions

call'd thee Down. See, see, see,

see, see, she comes; see, see, see, see she comes, see she comes in her Ca-

ru-lean Care; see, see, see 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,

see 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—de's 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—licts 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

side; 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 shou'd

wear my Chain? Where is the Captive that shou'd wear my Chain?

A—las, poor Sap—pho, Who, who, who is this In—grate? A—

—las, poor Sap—pho, A—las poor Sap—pho, 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, of all, all, all, all this Mi—se-ry; for—

—fake me not, forsake 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—ses; sing, sing, sing, sing, sing ye

Sing, sing ye Mu—ses, sing, sing, sing; sing, sing ye

Sing, sing ye Mu—ses; sing, sing, sing, sing, sing ye

VIOLINS.

Mu—fes and re—vere;

Mufes and re—vere;

Mufes, and re—vere; Sing, fing ye Mu—fes,

Mufes, and re—vere; Sing, fing ye

6 65 7 43 *65 43*

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,

33 *33 13*

fing, and re—vere:

fing and re—vere: Sing, fing ye

Sing and re—vere:

Sing and re—vere:

7 6 65 65 *56 65 #3*

Sing, fing ye Mu—fes, fing,

Mu—fes, fing, fing, fing and re—vere; and re—

Sing, fing ye Mu—fes, fing, fing, fing ye Mu—fes,

Sing, fing ye Mu—fes, fing, fing, fing and re—vere;

#5 #6 7 #6

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-stel-la-tion, the Con-stel-la-tion of this Sphere;
 -vere, the Con-stel-la-tion, the Con-stel-la-tion of this Sphere;
 -vere, the Con-stel-la-tion, the Con-stel-la-tion of this Sphere;
 -vere, the Con-stel-la-tion, the Con-stel-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
 H h h

feen a Brighter, a Brighter, a Brighter, Sky; you have not feen a brighter,
 you have not feen a Bright-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 Brigh-ter, Brighter Sky:
 feen a brighter, brighter Sky: Mufick may fa-tif-fie, 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-phe, fin-g, sing Mufes, and

found, found, found, found, found, found, found, found, found, found, found,
 Mu-fes, and found, found, found, found, found, found, found, found, found, found,
 sing, IO, IO Tri-um-phe, sing, sing, sing,
 fin-g, IO, IO Tri-

IO, IO Tri-um-phe, sing, fin-g, sing
 sing Mu-fes, and found, IO, IO Tri-
 sing, sing, sing, sing, sing Mu-fes, and found, found, found found, found, found,
 um-phe fin-g, sing Mu-fes and

Mu-fes, and fou-nd, found, found, found, sing Mu-fes, and
 mu-phe, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing Mu-fes, and
 fou-nd, found, found, found, sing Mu-fes, and
 found, IO, IO Tri-um-phe, sing, sing Mu-fes, and

VIOLINS.

found, found, found, found ;
 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, sing, sing, sing, sing
 IO, IO Tri-um-phe, Tri-um-phe, sing, sing,
 IO, IO Tri-um-phe, sing,

43

sing, sing Mu-ses, and found, found, found, found,
 sing, sing Mu-ses, and found, found, found, found, IO, IO Tri-
 sing, sing Mu-ses, and found, found, found, found,
 sing, sing Mu-ses, and found, found, found, found,
 sing, sing Mu-ses, and found, found, found, found,

66 76 86

IO, IO Tri-um-phe found ;
 um-phe, found, found, found, found, found, found, found ;
 IO, IO Tri-um-phe, found, found, found, found, found, found, found ;
 IO, IO Tri-um-phe, found, found ;

Slow.



Slow.



Do you but Please the Fair, do you but Please the Fair, and your Banquit is Crownd.



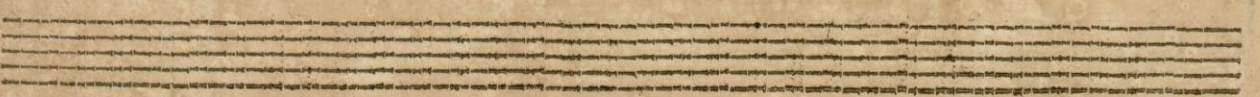
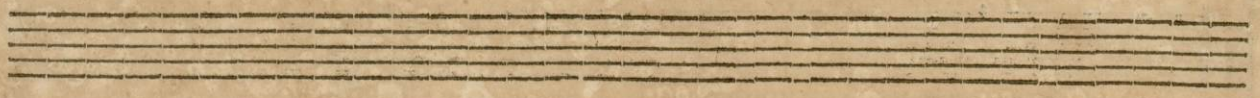
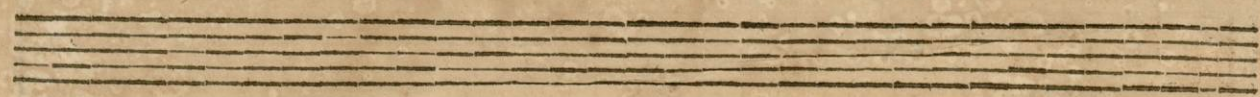
Slow. Do you but Please the Fair, do you but Please the Fair, and your Banquit is Crownd.



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.