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A

Fool's Preferment,
OR, THE
Three DUKES of Dunstable.
A COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the Queens Theatre in
Dorset-Garden, by Their MAJESTIES Ser-
vants.

Written by Mr. D'ursey.

Together, with all the SONGS and NOTES to 'em,
Excellently Compos'd by Mr. HENRY PURCELL. 1688.

Licensed,
May 21. 1688. R. P.

*Eupolis atq; Cratinus, Aristophanesque Poetae,
Atq; alii, quorum Comœdia prisca vitæ sunt;
Si quis erat dignus describi, quod Malus, aut Fur,
Quod Mæchus foret, aut Sicarius, aut alioqui
Famosus; multa cum libertate notabant.
Hinc Omnis pendet Lucillus.* —————

Horat. Styr. 4.

Printed for Jos. Knight, and Fra. Saunders at the Blue Anchor
in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange in the Strand, 1688.

(2)

A Song sung in the First Act.

I Sigh'd, and I pin'd, I sigh'd, and I pin'd, was

constant, was constant, and kind, to a Jilt that laugh'd at my

Pains; tho' my Pas-sion ne're cool'd, I found I was fool'd, for

all my a-bun-dance of Brains; tho' my Pas-sion ne're

(3)

cool'd, I found I was fool'd, for all my a--bun--dance of

Quick.
Brains: But now I'm a Thing, as grea—t as a

King, so blest is the Head that is ad—dle; the

dull empty Pate, soonest comes to be great, Fate dotes on a Fool in the

Cradle. Mr. Henry Purcell.

A Song sung in the First Act.

T Here's nothing so fa-tal as Woman, to

hur-ry a Man to his Grave; you may Think, you may

Plot, you may Sigh like a Sor, the u-fes you more like a Slave: But a

Bottle, altho' it be common, the Cheats of the Fair will un-

do; it will drive from your Head, the Delights of the Bed, he that's

Drunk, is not a-ble to Woo. *Mr. Henry Purcell.*

A Song sung in the Third Act, by Mr. Monfort.

F led is my Love, for e—ver, for e—ver, e—ver,

gone! O ——— h, mighty Loſs! E—ter—nal

Sor—row, E—ter—nal Sorrow! Yet

prethee *Strepſon*, why ſhould'ſt mourn? For if thy *Ce—lia*

wont re—turn, to her thou ſhalt go, to her thou ſhalt

go to mor—row; to her thou ſhalt go, to her thou ſhalt

go to morrow.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

A Song sung in the Third Act. (8)

T IS Death alone, 'tis Death a-lone, can
 give me Ease, for all the mighty Pain, for all the mighty Pain, I've
 felt; in his cold Tomb my Heart shall e-ver freeze, since hers could
 ne-ver, ne-ver mel-t; since hers could ne-ver,
 ne-ver mel-t, could ne-ver melt. Mr. H. Purcell.

A Song sung in the Third Act.

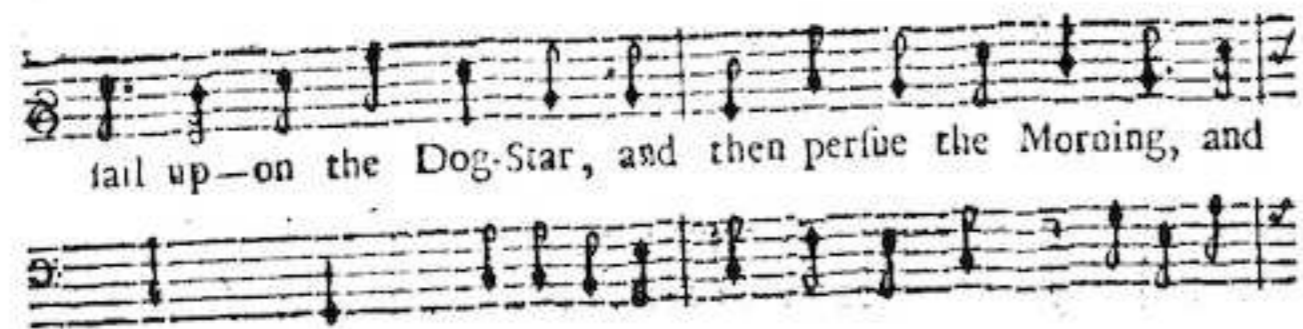
I Le mount to yon blue Ca-sium, to shun those Female
 Gypfies, I'll play at Bowls with Sun and Moon, and scare you,
 scare you, scare you with E-clip-ses; and scare you,
 scare you, scare you with E-clip-ses. Mr. Henry Purcell.

A Song sung in the Fourth Act. (10)

I 'Le sail up-on the Dog-Star, I'le




sail up-on the Dog-Star, and then pursue the Morning, and



then pursue, and then pursue the Morning; I'le chase the



Moon till the Noon, I'le chase the Moon, till it

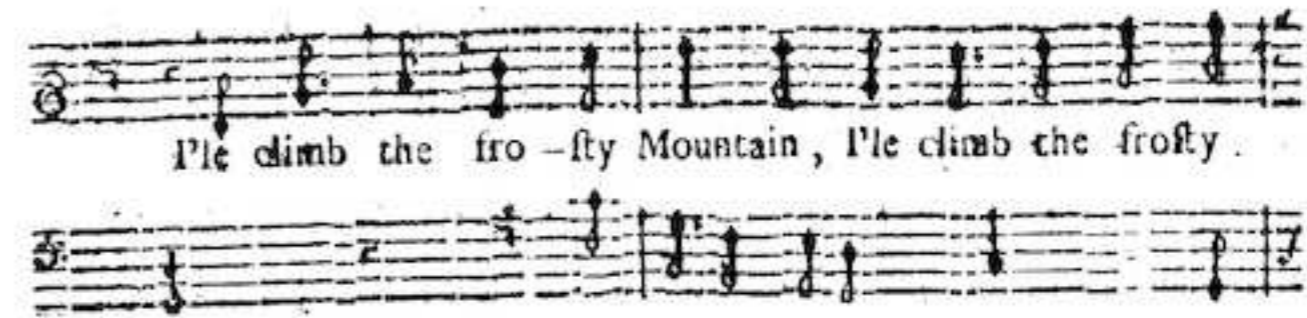


Noon, but I'le make, I'le make that leave them Morning,

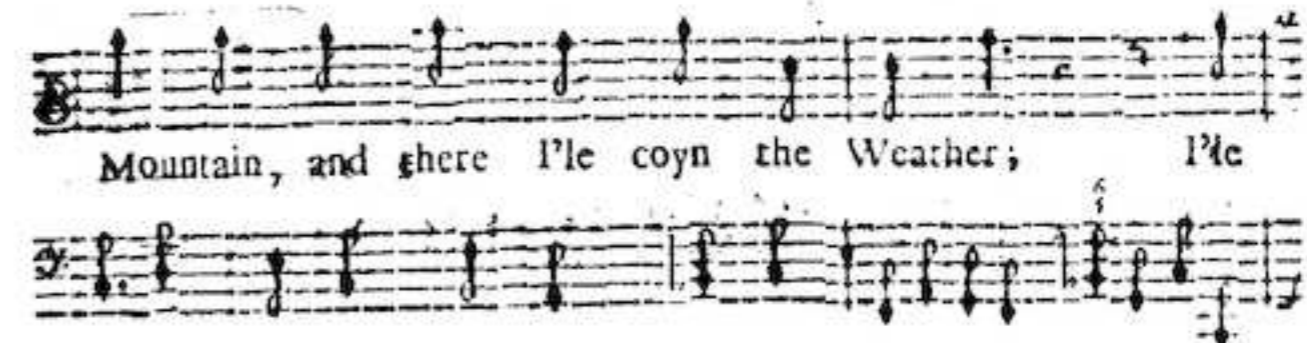


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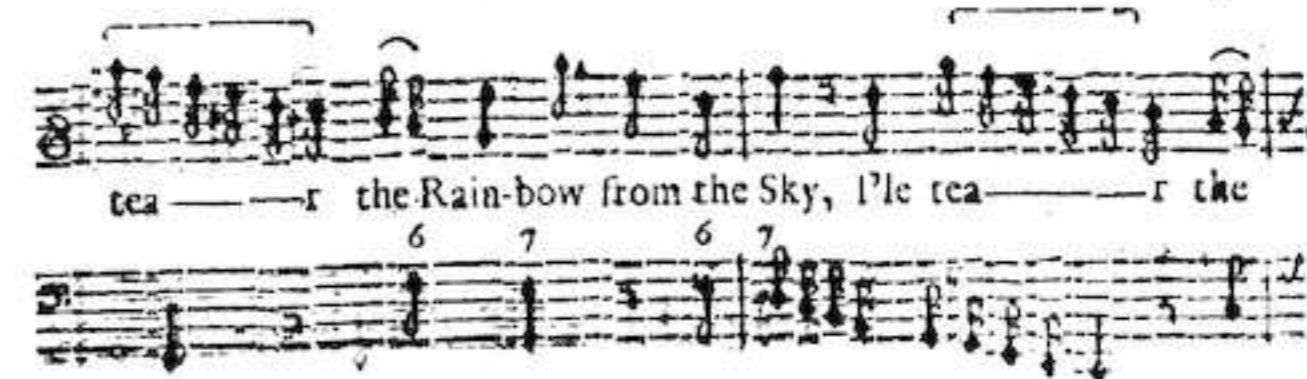
I'le climb the fro-sly Mountain, I'le climb the fro-sly



Mountain, and there I'le coyn the Weather; I'le



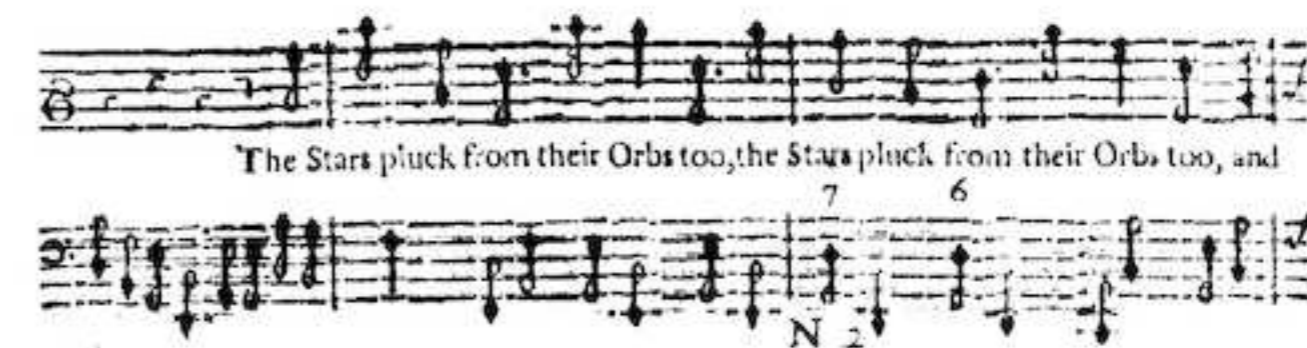
tea—the Rain-bow from the Sky, I'le tea—the



Rain-bow from the Sky, and tye, and tye both ends to-ge-ther.



The Stars pluck from their Orbs too, the Stars pluck from their Orbs too, and



crowd them in my Budget; and whether I'm a

roa—ring Boy, a roa—

ring Boy, let all—, let all the Nation

judge it.

A Scotch

A Dialogue by Jockey and Jenny.

Jockey.

Jenny, gin you can love, and have resolv'd you will try me;

fil—ly Scruples remove, and do no lon—ger de—ny me:

By thy bonny Black Eye, | Then if still you deny,
I swear nean other can move me; | You never, never did love me.

Jenny.

Jockey, how can you mistake, that know full well when you woo me;

My poor Heart does so ake, it throbs as it would come through me!

How can you be my Friend, | All the Love you pretend,
That thus are bent to my Ruine? | Is only for my Undoing.

Jockey.

II.

Jockey. Who can tell by what Art
This Chiming Nothing, called *Honour*,
Charms my *Jenny's* soft Heart,
When Love and *Jockey* has won her?

Jenny. 'Tis a Toy in the Head,
And Muckle Woe there's about it;
Yet I'd rather be dead,
Than live in Scandal without it.

But if you'll love me, and Wed;
And guard my Honour from Harms too;
Jockey I'll take to my Bed,
And fold him close in my Arms too.

Jockey. Talk not of Wedding, dear Sweet,
For I must have Chains that are softer;
I'm of a Northerly Breed,
And never shall love thee well after.

CHORUS: Bass and Treble.

Then since ill Fortune intends,
Our Amity shall be no dearer;
Still let us kiss and be friends,
And sigh we shall never come nearer.

A Song

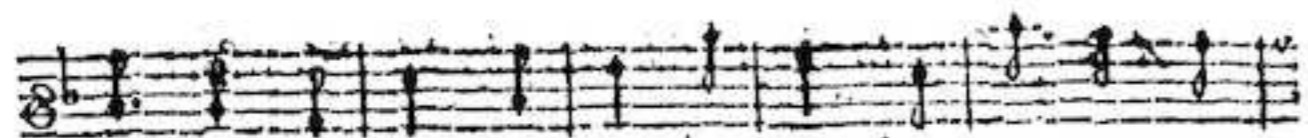
A Song sung in the Fifth Act, by Mr. Monfort.

I If thou wilt give me back my Love, for e—ver

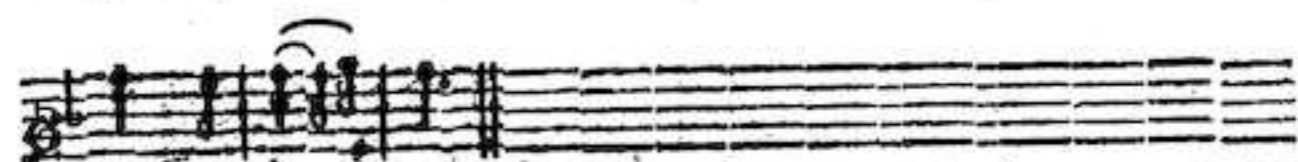
I'll A—dore thee; and for the fa—vour, mighty *Love*, with—

Souls from Heaven shall store thee: To the Queen of *Shades*,

she shall advance, and all shall wait up—on her;



Kings shall A-dore her Countenance, and I'll be her



Page of Ho-nour.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



FINIS.
