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**THESAURUS MUSICUS:**  
BEING, A  
**COLLECTION of the Newest SONGS**

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At His Majesties Theatres; and at the Conforts in  
*Viller-street* in York-buildings, and in *Charles-street*  
*Covent-Garden*. Most of the Songs being within the  
Compass of the *Flute*.

WITH A

Thorow-Bas to each SONG, for the *Harpicord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol*.

Composed by most of the Ingenious Masters of the Town.

**THE FOURTH BOOK.**



L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. Heptinstall* for *John Hudgebutt*. And are to be sold by *John Carr*, at his  
Shop near the *Middle-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetstreet*, and *Daniel Dring* at the *Harrow* and  
*Crown* at the corner of *Cliffords-Inn-Lane* in *Fleetstreet*, where Masters and Shopkeepers may have  
them. And at most Musick-Shops in Town. Price one Shilling Sixpence. 1695.

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BOOKS Printed for, and Sold by John Hudgebutt.  
*Theſaurus Musicus* the 1st. 2d. 3d. and 4th. Books.  
 A Collection of New *AIRS*, Composed for Two *Flutes* with  
*Sonatas*, by several of the most Ingenious Masters of this Age. Price  
 One Shilling Sixpence.

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A Song made by Mr. Dufsey upon a new Country  
 Dance, called, Mr. Lane's Magget.

Cast	d Johnny,	II.	Pass, then cross,
I	my,		Then Jack's pretty Lass,
T	ou;		Then turn her about, about and about;
L			And, Jacky if you can do so too
And t	Jane,		With Betsy, while the Time is true,
Then, th	Row:		We'll all your Ear commend:
And	must too,		Still there's more
Nim	w,		To lead all four;
Ther	gh,		Two by Nancy Hand,
To th	ut,		And give her your Hand,
meet	out,		Then cast her quickly down below,
	below.		And meet her in the second Row:
			The DANCE is at an End:

A Song fet by Mr. Robert King.

Cease, cease, cease, cease fond Amours; cease, cease, cease Amours to complain, thy Rival  
 — his feels not e-gual pain; As if the same concern were due, from  
 her in ab-sence as from you, she has suf-ficiency of her own, to  
 make her happy, hap-py tho' a-lone; she has suf-ficiency of her own,  
 to ma-ke her happy tho' a-lone,  
 to ma-ke her happy tho' a-lone.

A Song upon Mrs. Brace-girdle's Acting Marcella,  
 in Don-Quixote. Set by Mr. Godfrey Finger.

While I with wounding grief did look, when Love had turn'd your brain; from  
 you the dire Dis-ease I took, and bore my self your pain: Mar-cel-la  
 then your Lover prize, and be not too se-vere; use well the  
 conquests of your Eyes, for Pride has lost your Deare.

II.

<p><i>Ambrosia</i> treats your flames with scorn,          And rakes your tender mind;          Withdraw your Frowns, and Smiles return,          And pay him in his kind.</p>	<p>Yet Smiles again where Smiles are due,          And my true Love esteem:          For I much more doe rage for you          Than you can burn for him.</p>
--	---

A new Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell, in the Play call'd  
Abdelazar. Sung by the Boy.

U-cin-da is be-witch-ing fair, Lu-cin-da is be-witch-ing fair,

all o're, all o're in-ga-ging is her

Air; all o're, all o're, all o're in-ga-ging is her Air;

all o're, all o're in-gaging is her Air: In ev'ry Song Lu-

cin-da, Lu-cinda, Lu-cinda's fam'd, She is the Queen of Love pro-

claim'd, to all, to all, She does, She does, a Flame im-part, ex-pir-ing Victims,

ex-pir-ing, ex-pir-ing Vic-tims feel her Dart; Lu-&c. *Strephe* for

her has Love ex-pref, *Philan-der* fights, fights, fights to with the rest;

rack't, rack't with despair each one complains, un-

mov'd, un-touch't, She all, She all She all, dif-dains. Lu-

End with the first Strain from this mark. :S:

A Song set by Captain Pack.

ASK me not to Sing, dear creature, nor fo much my Face be—hold; since you know both Voice and Feature, Voice and Feature, to dif—order'd, to dif—order'd by a Cold: Muft I Sing with—out a Voice, will you then not, then not be con—tent? pray Sir play, may be not nice, no mat—ter for an In—frument. Why thefe Reafons all in vain, muft I what I cannot doe? fair Cynthia, fair, fair Cynthia, oh I Sing, Sing in pain,

I Sing, Sing in pain, in pain, I vow, you muft ex—cufe me now.  
**H**ow happy are we Nymphs and Swains, here, neither Pride nor En—vey reigns; no vain am—bi—tious thoughts mo—left, That qui—et calmness of our breaft; we Sing, we dance, we laugh and play, we sport, we sport, and re—vel all the day.

A new Song set by Mr. Godfrey Finger, Sung by the Boy  
at the Confort in Dukestreet Coventgarden.

*E-tia* whole char- ms the ev'ry move, of the im-  
mor- tal Gods a-bove, smiling askt me what is Love?  
Fair Angel my Soul's posselt by what can never, never,  
ne- ver be ex- prest; ah! 'tis a stranger to your  
breast, if for ever, e- ver you can be from an e- qual par- sion  
free, why thoud the God's give life to me; must I oh blessed

power's in vain, in Van- n, thus of my Being, fill, fill,  
fill com-plain, will you never end my pain; never, never end my pain; will you  
ne- ver end my pain, ne- ver end my pain.

A New Song.

A d Me-la-ni-ja gent-ly fway'd, gent-ly, gent-ly  
fway'd the Scep-ter that She bore, her sub-ject I had  
fill obey'd, and hugg'd, and hugg'd the chain I wore.

Turn over.

But since by boundless ty-ran-ny she for- fit- ted her  
right, the throne now vacant, I'm left free, the throne now va- cant  
I'm left free, I'm left free, a- no- ther to in- vite: Come  
Syl- via then vouch- safe to wear the ab- di- ca- ted Crown, thy go- vern-  
ment I'll free- ly bear, and thee, and thee my for- eign own.  
Ill u- sage there, did to dis- cord al- le- glance me com- pell; But

here such Goodness stands as guard, no fear, no fear I shou'd re- bell.

A New Scotch Song.

Away, let us gang a-way, to seek with all the beau Valk, and our bit Cloathes  
on, in troch I'll make of a bonny, bonny Lass, as blith a Mare as a ny one:  
I'll can tarry now no longer, wilt thou wed me yee or no? if yee  
wou not ha me, do not say yee Love, it boots not me to dal- ly fo.

A Song set by Mr. Robert King, Sung at the Confort  
in *Tork-Buildings.*

S *Tre-phon* why wou'd you decei-ve me, all your lit-tle Arts are loft;

you shall if you can be-lieve me, never, nev-er in my ru-ine

boast: If you'd see my pas-sion raging, you must change your

rambling Scene; con-stant-cy is more, is more in-gaging, than your

Will, or *Jau-ry Mien.* But oh! constan-cy's a stranger, to your

Modifi-*fic-*tle mind; while you shew your self a Ranger, I must shew

my self un-kind; while you shew your self a Ranger, I must

shew my self un-kind.

An Epithalamium, set by Mr. Robert King.

The la-zy Sun withdraws at last his too of-ficious light,

The la-zy Sun withdraws at last his too officious light, and leaves the

and leaves the Lovers now to tast the Pleasures of the Night;

Lovers, and leaves the Lovers now to tast the Pleasures of the Night;

Turn over.



Had *Thebis* Mistress of the Sun, half *Me-li-*  
 Had *Thebis* Mistress, had *Thebis* Mistress of the Sun, half *Me-li-*  
*is* Charms, the God his Courſe had *fwif-ter* run, had  
*is* Charms, the God his Courſe had *fwif-ter*  
*fwif-ter* run, and ruſh't in—to her Arms, and  
 run, had *fwif-ter* run, and ruſh't in—to her Arms, and  
 ruſh't, and ruſh't in—to her Arms.  
 ruſh't, and ruſh't in—to her Arms.

II.  
 To Bed, to Bed, ye happy Pair,  
 The important NOW enjoy;  
 You'll find a thouſand fond Ways there,  
 Each minute to employ.  
 Transported with too eager Blifs,  
 Love's myſtick ways you'll try;  
 And in a wonderfull Abyſs  
 Of Rapours both will dye.

Chorus.

But oh! ye am-rous pow'rs a-bove, who fill the glitt'ring Court of Jove; which of you  
 But oh! ye am-rous pow'rs a-bove, who fill the glitt'ring Court of Jove;  
 all, which of you all, which of you all, bleſt as you are,  
 which of you all, which of you all, all, all, bleſt as you are, wou'd not  
 wou'd not be the Bridgroom here, and put off I—mor-tal-li-ty;  
 be, wou'd not be the Bridgroom here, and put off I—mor-tal-li-ty;  
 ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet a death to die.  
 ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet a death to die.

A New Song set by Mr. Robert King.

W Hilt on *Me-la-nif-ja* gazing, I survey'd each pleasing grace; tempted to a soft embracing, I ap-proach her Beaucous Face; where with endless rap-tures Kissing, I cou'd breath my Soul a-way; but my Eyes their pleasures missing,

II.  
 Leave the Eye shou'd loofe its longing,  
 I a while quit other blifs;  
 Till my Lips their los' bemoaning,  
 Prompt me to a second Kifs.  
 Thus perpetually renewing,  
 Those two never fading joys;  
 Kissing her by turns and Viewing,  
 Pleas'd I feast both Lips and Eyes.

A New Song.

Let the Women be gone, drive the *Sy-rens* a-way; whose Charms do de-

-ceive us, and Smiles but be-tray; the pleasure, the plea-sure they bring proves  
 -ceive us, and Smiles but be-tray; the pleasure, the plea-sure they bring proves  
 of-ten a Curse, for when once we have took 'em for Better for Worfe, we  
 of-ten a Curse, for when once we have taken 'em for Better for Worfe, we  
 Nauf'ate the Toy we late did a-dore; and call her a  
 Nauf'ate the Toy we late did a-dore; and call her a  
 Fiend we thought An-gel be-fore.  
 Fiend we thought An-gel be-fore.

None wou'd roughly keep the Field, and re-fit this  
 God with care; No, no, no, none wou'd roughly keep the Field, and re-fit this  
 God with care; But they that know not what it is to yeild, to the conquest,  
 to the con-quest of the fair; to the conquest, to the  
 con-quest of the fair.

A New Song fet by Mr. Godfrey Finger.

Our Hearts are touch't with sacred fires, with sacred  
 fires: our Hearts are touch'd with sacred fires, with sacred fires;  
 A gen'rous heat our Souls in-spire, A gen'rous heat our Souls in-spire,  
 with rap-ture, and with soft de-fire, with  
 rap-ture, and with soft de-fire.

A New Song set by Mr. R. Courtoille.

N O more, no more I'll seek re-lief, for tender Love and con-stant  
 pain; my rest-less Nights, my rest-less Nights, my rest-less  
 Nights and dai-ly grief, and dai-ly grief sure on-ly to in-crease dis-dain:  
 The humble, hum-ble suppliant (corn does move, and Me-rit,  
 me-rit seldom, seldom meets return; 'tis vain to  
 think, 'tis vain, 'tis vain to think, because I Love, because I Love,

Love, she must with e-qual, she must with e-  
 qual pas-sion burn, she burn.

A New Song set by Mr. William Turner.

A H! Cru-el Youth why hast thou took a Heart I wish such carefull kept it  
 as my own; loath and un-willing it was to de-part, for fear of meet-ing  
 no re-turn. But now 'tis gone, gone past re-trieve, has quitted his a-  
 II.  
 Sure he's a Charm beyond all Human kind,  
 Else he cou'd ne'er have pierc'd my sickle breast;  
 I, who was ne'er to buy Love in-sult'd,  
 Am his slave and robb'd of all my rest:  
 S: My Heart is fled, fled past recall,  
 This Covetous Love (I fear) has grasp'd it all.  
 III.  
 When first I saw him 'twas with no design,  
 But only curious humour to oblige;  
 Yet was his Sen-ces, His Tongue, both so divine,  
 'Gainst his Charms I nothing cou'd alledge:  
 S: But found too late I must submit,  
 As due to both his Goodness, and engaging Wit.

A New Song.

Hopeless I languish out my days, struck with U-r-a-nia's conqu'ring  
Eyes, the wretch at whom the darts these Rays, must feel the wound un-  
till he dyes: Tho' end-les is her Cru-el-ty, calling her Beauty to my  
mind, I bow beneath her Ti-ran-ny, yet dare not murmur  
the's un-kind.

II.

Reason this tameness does upbraid,  
Puffing to Arm in my defence;  
But when I call her to my aid,  
She's more a Traytor than my Friend:  
No sooner I the War declare,  
But strait her Succour she denies;  
And joyning Forces with the Fair,  
Confirms the Conquest of her Eyes.

A Song in the last New Play call'd, (*Love for Love.*)  
Sung by Mr. Pate, Set by Mr. John Eccles

A Nymph and a Swain, a  
Nymph and a Swain to A-pol-lo once pray'd; the Swain had been Jilted, the Swain had  
been Jilted, been Jilted, the Nymph been be- tray'd:  
They'r in-tent was to try if this Oracle knew, ere a Nymph, ere a Nymph,  
ere a Nymph that was Chast, that was Chast, or a Swain that was  
true: A-pol-lo was mute; mute, mute, and had

like t'have been pos'd, had like, had like t'have been pos'd, but Sagely  
fage-ly, fage-ly at length, but fage-ly, fage-ly, fage-ly at length, at  
length he this secret dis-clos'd: He, he a-lone, he, he a-lone won't,  
won't be-tray, won't, won't betray, in whom none, none, none will con-f  
de; and the Nymph, the Nymph may be Chast, Chast, may be, may be, may be,  
may be, the Nymph may be chaste, that has ne-ver been try'd; that has

never, never, never, never, never has, never, that never has, never has,  
never been try'd, try'd that has try'd

The Sailers Song in the last new Play call'd (*Love for Love.*)  
Sung by Mr. Doggett. Set by Mr. John Eccles.

A Soldier and a Saylour, a Tinker and a Taylour, had once a doubtfull  
frife Sir, to make a Maid a Wife Sir; whose name was Buxome Joane, whose  
name was Buxome Joane: For now the time was ended, when she no more in-  
tended, to lick her Lips at Men Sir, and gnaw the Sheets in vain Sir, and  
lye a nights a-lone, and lye a nights a-lone.

II.  
The Soldier swore like Thunder,  
He lov'd her more than Flunder;  
And thew'd her many a Scar Sir,  
Which he had brought from far Sir,  
With Fighting for her sake.  
The Taylour thought to please her,  
With offering her his measure;  
The Tinker too with Mettle,  
Said he wou'd mend her Kettle,  
And stop up ev'ry Leak.

III.  
But while these three were prating,  
The Saylour flyly waiting;  
Thought if it came about Sir,  
That they shou'd all fall out Sir,  
He then might play his part,  
And just e'n as he meant Sir,  
To Loggerheads they went Sir;  
And then he let fly at her,  
A thot'twixt Wind and Water,  
Which won this fair Maids Heart.

A Two Part Song by Mr. Henry Parcell.

Two Daughters of this Aged stream are

Two Daughters of this Aged stream are we, Two

we, two Daughters of this aged stream

Daughters of this aged stream are wee, two Daughters of this a-

m are we, and both our Sea-green Cocks have comb'd, and both our

ged stream are we, and both our Sea-green Cocks have comb'd for

Sea-green Cocks have comb'd, have comb'd for yee; come, come, come, come

ye, and both our Sea-green Cocks have comb'd for yee; come, come,

bathe with us an hour or two, come, come, come, come na-ked in for

bathe with us an hour or two, come, come, come, come na-ked in for

we are so, what danger, what danger from a na-ked foe;

we are so, what danger, from a na-ked foe; come, come,

come, come bathe with us, come, come bathe and share what plea

come, come bathe with us, come, come bathe and share what plea

fures in the Floods ap-pear; we'll beat the Waters

fures in the Floods ap-pear; we'll beat the Waters till they

till they bound, we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir-

bound we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and cir-

-cle roun- d, and cir- cle

-cle roun- d, and cir- cle

roun- d, and cir- cle round.

roun- d, and cir- cle round.

Mr. Picket's Song, Sung at St. Celia's Feast, by Mr. Robart.

The

The Con-

con- fort

fort, the Con- fort of the

spring- ling Lute;

the spring- ling, the

spring- ling Lute, has struck the boast- ing Conquors' mute;



Hearts now like it trem-  
ble and grieve, Souls like  
Sound s their Man-fi-ons touch, touch,  
touch, touch, the dan-cing Strings a-

gain; let me dye, dye, dye with ev-ry  
Strain; let me dye with ev-ry Strain,  
let me dye with ev-ry Strain.

A New Song.

IN—ful—ting Beau—ty you mis—pend your frowns up—on your

slave, your frown against such Re—bels bend, who dare with con—fi—

dence pretend that o—ther Eyes, that o—ther Eyes their Hearts defend; from

all, all, all, from all the Charms you have.

II.

Your conquering Eyes to partial are,  
Or Mankind is so dull;  
That while I Languish in despair,  
Many proud senseless Heards declare,  
They find you not so killing fair,  
To with—you merciful.

III.

They—an inglorious freedom boast,  
I Triumph in my Chain;  
Nor am I unreveng'd, tho' lost,  
Nor you unpunish'd, tho' unjust,  
When I alone so who love you best,  
Am kill'd—with your disdain.

F I N I S.

