

CHOICE
AYRES
SONGS &
DIALOGUES

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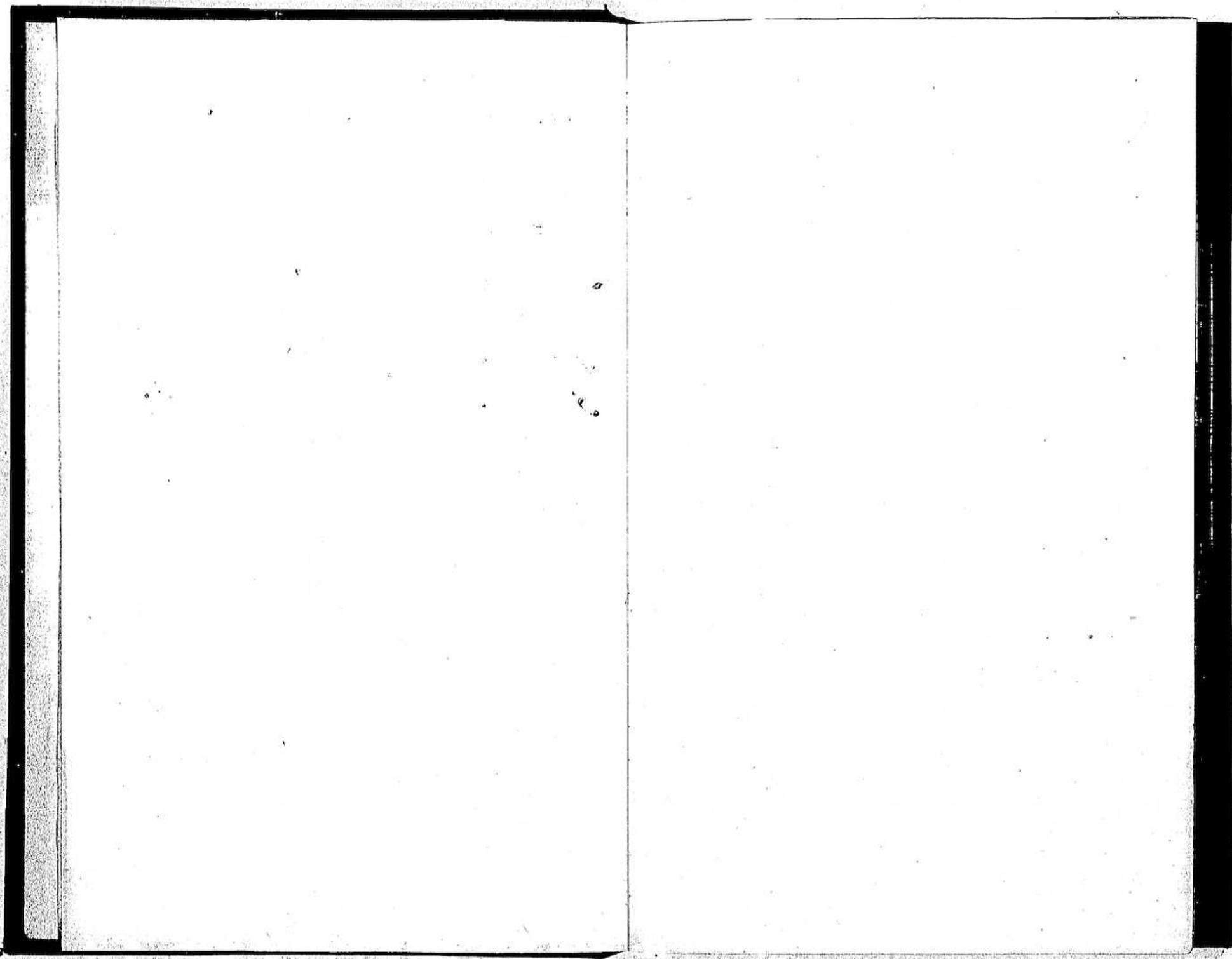
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*Choice
Ayres and Songs*

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CHOICE
Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues

To SING to the
THEORBO-LUTE, or BASS-VIOL.

BEING

Most of the Newest *Ayres* and *Songs*, Sung at *COURT*,
And at the Publick *THEATRES*.

Composed by Several Gentlemen of His Majesties Musick, and others.

Newly Re-printed with large *ADDITIONS*.



LONDON

Printed by *William Godbid*, and are Sold by *John Playford*
near the *Temple Church*, 1676.



To the LOVERS of
MUSICK.

Gentlemen & Ladies,

MUSICK is of different effects, and admits of as much variety of Fancy to please all Humours as any Science whatever. It moves the Affections sometimes into a sober Composure, and other-times into an active Jollity. These *Songs* and *Ayres* are such as were lately Composed, and are very suitable and acceptable to the *Genius* of these *Times*. Many of the *Words* have been already Published, which gave but little content to divers Ingenious Persons, who thought them as dead, unless they had the *Airy Tunes* to quicken them; to gratifie whom, was a great inducement to me for their Publication. Your kind acceptance and general good liking of the former Impression of this Book has both encouraged and obliged me to present you with this New Edition; wherein I have taken special care to Correct those Errors that before escaped in the *Musick* untaken notice of; and have likewise added several *Stanza's* of Verses to the *Songs* that then wanted them; as also now added above Forty new *Ayres, Songs, and Dialogues*, never before Printed; Not doubting, but the Excellency of the whole Work, as it is now published, is such, as will be kindly received by all true and ingenious Lovers of *Musick*; which is the Endeavour of him, who is your

Most Hearty Servant,

JOHN PLAYFORD.

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IMPRIMATUR,

Roger L. Strange.

The Storm.

[1]

Ack, hark, hark, the Storm grows loud, the day's wrap'd up in a fullen

Cloud: Hark, hark, the Tempest sings the Seaman's gidge, and flings the rolt up Waves to fatal show'rs,

And those that never Pray'd before, call now upon some unknown Pow'rs. Hark, hark, the tackling justice,

the Seaman's buffle, Crack, crack, down goes the Main-mast down, down, down, hark how they groan,

Hark, hark, amongst the rest, I hear some sighs like ruine, 'tis from a Lover sure: Ye pow'rs Divine calm,

calm this gentle rage, the Storm affwage, pl...

Trident show, See, it grows calm, the Storms now cease, and all the Ocean's face shows smiles of peace,

Heere up my Mates, the Wind doth fairly blow; clap on more Sails; and never

spare. Farewell all Lands, for now we are in the Wide Sea of Drink; and merrily, merrily, merrily we

go. Bless me! tis hot; another bowl of Wine, and we shall cut the burning Line! Hey boys the Leades a-

way, and by my head I know we round the World are sailing now. What shall they be that startle at

Home, when abroad they may wantonly rove; and gain such experience, and joy to such Countreys and

wonders as I do! But prithee good Pilot, take heed what you do; and fall not to beleeve as PIZZO; with

Gold there our Vessel we'll store, and never, never be poor; and never be poor any more.

Mr. Zelham Humphrey.

As the Sunne & Moon

 His Cupid commences his Raues and Vagittes; and spits himself with

Female passions; A thousand times over he changes and varies their Fancies as oft as their Fashions: A

world of fine Stratagems he exercites, his Pow'r to increase, and enlarge his Dominions; Though his

force be but feeble; by Fraud he surprizes the Lord knows how many millions; With his Songs and his

Sonnets, his Tales and Romances; he works on the hearts of the poor silly Lover; whose want of dis-

cretion his Trade so advances, since he none of his cheats can discover; But his greatest design, and where

in he most glories, by which the whole world is, for willfully cheated, Is to cog and dissemble, and

B 2

tel lying Stories, as Women love best to be treated. Now you that from Love are resolv'd to be

Free-man, take heart and be noble, be active, and jolly, for to pine for a Mistress, you never shall

see man, who yields not to love Me-lan-chol-ly.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

A. 2. You, Gentle of Balfin.

Ever the pangs of a desperate Lover, when day and night I have sigh'd all in vain,

Ah! what a pleasure it is to discover, in her Eyes Fair who causes my Pain,

When with unkindness our Love at a stand is,

And both have punish'd our selves with the pain,

Ah, what a pleasure the touch of her hand is!

Ah, what a pleasure to press it again!

When the denial comes fainter and fainter,

And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny,

Ah, what a trembling I feel when I venture!

Ah, what a trembling does usher my Joy!

When with a Sigh, she accords me the blessing,

And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain,

Ah, what a Joy 'tis beyond all expressing!

Ah! what a Joy to hear, Shall we again?

Un to Loves Lottery, run Maids and rejoice, whilst seeking your chance you

meet your own choice: And boast that your luck you help with design, by praying cross-legg'd to

St. Valen-tine. Hark, hark, a Prize is drawn, and Trumpeis sound, Tan ta ra ra ra, Tan ta ra

ra ra, Tan ta ra ra ra, hark Maids, more Lots are drawn, prizes abroad, Dub dub a dub a dub, the

Drum now beats, and Dub a dub a dub Echo repeats; as if at night the god of War had made

Loves Queen a skirmish for a Serenade. Hark, hark, fair Maids, and come away, The Priest attends your

Bridegrooms stay: Roses and Pinks will be strown where you go, whilst I walk in shades of willow, willow,

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When I am dead, let him that did slay me, be but so good as kindly to lay me there where neg-

lected Lovers mourn, where Lamps and hallowed Tapers burn: Where Clerks in Quires sad Dirges

sing, where sweetly Bells at Burials ring. My rose of Youth is gone, with'ed as soon as blown:

Lovers go ring my Knell, Bramy and Love farewell. And lest Virgins for-sa-ken should per-

haps be mi-sta-ken in seeking my Grave, Alas, let them know, I lye near a shade of Willow,

Willow: I lye near a shade of Willow, Willow.

Mr. John Caryl.

Hen Co-ri-don, a Slave, did lye entangled in his Phillis Eye, how did he

figh, how did he groan, how melancholly was his tone! He told his story to the Woods,

and wept his passion by the Floods: Yet Phillis, cruel Phillis, too to blame, regarded not his

suff'rings, nor his Flame. Then Co-ri-don re-solv'd no more his Mi-stress mee-ney to im-

plore, How did he laugh, how did he sing, how did he make the Forrest ring! He

told his Conquest to the Woods, And drown his passion in the Floods: Then Phillis, cru-el

Phillis, lets sever, would have had him, but he would none of her.

A. 2. Voc. Cantu & Basses.



Alm was the Ev'ning, and clear was the Sky, and the sweet budding

Flowers did spring, when all alone went *A-min-ter* and I, to hear the sweet Nigh-tin-gale

sing, I sat and he laid him down by me, and scarcely his breath he could draw: But

when with a fear he began to come near, he was dash'd with a Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

Mr. Alb. Darb.

II.
He blush'd to himself, and laid still for a while,
His modesty curb'd his desire;
But straight I conyng'd all his fears with a smile,
And added new flames to his fire:
Ah, *Sylvia*! said he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor Lover in awe;
Then once more he prest with his hand to my breast,
But was dash'd with a Ha ha ha ha ha.

III.
I knew 'twas his Passion that caus'd his fear,
And therefore I pity'd his case,
I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near,
And laid my Cheek close to his Face:
But as we grew bolder and bolder,
A Shepherd came by, us and saw:
And straight as our bills, we began with a hiss,
He laugh'd out with a Ha ha ha ha ha.

A. 2. Voc. Cantu & Basses.



Arewel fair *Ar-mi-da*, my Joy and my Grief, in vain I have

lov'd you, and hope no relief: Undone by your Virtue too strict and se-vere, Your Eyes gave me

Love, and you gave me dispeir. Now call'd by my Honour, I seek with content, the Fate which in-

pi-ty you would not prevent: To Languish in Love, were to find by de-lay a

Death that's more welcome the speedier way.

Mr. Robert Smith.

II.
On Seas and in Battles, 'mongst Bullets and Fire,
The danger is less than in hopele's desire:
My Deaths wound you gave me though far off I bear,
My Fate from your sight not to cost you a Tear,
But if the kind Floods on a Wave will convey,
And under your Window my Body should lay,
The Wound on my Breast, when you happen to see,
You'll say with a sigh, it was given by me.

Captain *DIGBY*'s Farewell.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.

And I'll go to my Love where he lies in the Deep, and in my embraces my

Dearest shall sleep: When we wake, the kind Dolphins together shall throng, and in Chariots of

Shells shall draw us a-long.

The Orientest Pearl that the Ocean best owes
We'll mix with the Coral, and a Crown to compose;
The Sea Nymphs shall sigh, and envy our bliss;
We'll teach them to Love, and Cocksles to Kiss.

For my Love sleeps now in a Warry Grave, and hath nothing to shew for his Tomb but a Wave: He

kiss his dear lips than the Coral more red, that grows where he lies in his Warry bed. Ah! Ah!

Ah my Love's dead! There was not a Bell, but a Triton's Shell to Ring, to Ring out his Knell.

Mr. Robert Smith.

Pass all my hours in a shady old Grove, but I live not the day when I

see not my Love: I survey every walk now my Phillis is gone, and sigh when I think we were

here all a-lone: Oh then 'tis! Oh then! that I think there's no Hell, like Loving, like

Loving too well.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

- I. But each Shade and each conscious Bow'r, when I find
Where I once have been happy, and She has been kind:
When I see the print left of her shape in the Green,
And imagine the pleasure may yet come again;
Oh then 'tis! Oh then 'tis! Oh then 'tis! I think no joys above
Like the pleasures, the pleasures of Love.
- II. While alone to my self I repeat all her Charms,
She I love may be lockt in another mans arms;
She may laugh at my Cares, and so fill the measure,
To say all the kind things she before said to me:
Oh then 'tis! Oh then 'tis! that I think there's no Hell
Like Loving, like Loving too well.
- III. But when I consider the soft of her heart
Such an innocent Passion, so kind without art,
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be
So full of true love to bell, as I am
And then 'tis, and then 'tis, I think no joys above
Like the pleasures, the pleasures of Love.

Love! if e're thou'lt ease a Heart that owns thy pow'r di-vine, and

bleeds wish'dly thy too cru-el dart, and pants with never ceasing smart, take pi-ty new on mine.

Under thy shades I, fainting, lye, a thousand times I wish to dye: But when I find cold death too

nigh, I grieve to lose the pleasing pain, and call my wishes back again.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

long
Grove
igh and Meath,
to gave a Groan,
lovd
rief to hide!
must Dy'd
cho childe
th of moving Air
my sorrows bear
dye to gain
of pain,
with retain
ndly of d
abund
refus'd
with secret flame,
or dye with flame.

Hus all our lives long we're frolick at d' gay, and instead of Court Revels, we

the-ri-ly play at Tray and at Kettles, at Barly-break run, at Goff and at Stool-ball, and

when we have done these in-no-cent Sports, we laugh and lie down, and to each pret-ty Lass we

give a Green Gown.

Mr. John Banister.

ii. We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry,
The Partridge, Pheasant, the Pheasant our Quarry;
The nimble Squirrels with cudgel we chase,
And the little pretty Lark betray with a glass;
And when we have done, About the May-pole we dance all a round,
And with Garland of Pinkes and Roses are crow'd,
Our little kind tribute we merily pay
To the gay Lad, and the bright Lady o' the May,
And when we have done, And when we have done.

With our delicate Nymphs we kiss and we toy,
What others but dream of, we daily enjoy,
With our Sweet-hearts we dally so long till we find
Their pretty Eyes say their Hearts are grown kind,
And when we have done we laugh and lye down,
And to each pretty Lass we give a green Gown.

A Lover I'm Born, and a Lover I'll be, and hope from my Love I shall

never be free. Let wisdom abound in the grave Woman-hater, yet never to Love, is a

sign of ill Nature; But he who loves well, and whose Passion is strong, can never be wretched, but

ever be Young.

I I.
 With hopes and with fears, like a Ship in the Ocean,
 Our Hearts are kept dancing, and ever in motion;
 When our Passion is pall'd, and our Fancy would fall,
 Some little quarrel supplies a fresh Gale:
 But when the doubt's clear'd, and the jealousies gone,
 How we Kiss and Embrace, and can never have done.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

When *Au-re-lia* first I Courted, she had Youth and Beauty too,
 killing Pleasures when she sported, and her Charms were ever new. Conquering Time hath

now deceiv'd her, which her glories did uphold: All her Arts can ne'er retrieve her,

poor *Au-re-lia* growing old.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey

Those Airy spirits which invited,
 Are return'd, and now no more;
 And her Eyes are now brighten'd;
 Which were Coines heretofore,
 Want of these abates her merits,
 Yet I have passion for her Name:
 Only kind and amorous Spirits,
 Kindle, and maintain the Flame.

Mine own *Sa-bi-na*, come along, the subject of my Song, for thee I long

Then know, my pretty Sweetest, know, since 'thou' lov'd'st me, 'Tis 'Fancy' nothing in the World but

thee: 'Tis 'Fancy' nothing in the World but thee.

I I.
 That were 'to receive my Death by thy fair Eye;
 And count it in the pits to buried lye.

I I I.
 Display thine Arms, thy Wealth unfold;
 Then like to Jove of old,
 in liquid Gold;
 And we'll carouse it in Loves bows to suck a bliss
 Our Souls shall mingle, while our Bodies Kiss.

I I I.
 This will we Live; thus will we Love;
 When as the gods above
 shall envious prove;
 And after death, we'll toy as they, 'till that appear,
 We'll have *Elision* here, as they have there.

A H, *Coridon!* in vain you boast, you still do *Cloris* Love, far better

'tis your heart were lost, than thus for-pi-tious prove: You then would kill me by disdain, but dying

thus, you blot my Name. For all will say, *Cloris* was false, and went astray: *Cloris* was false, and

did deserve her shame.

Mr. Robert Smith.

II.
 Non happy Shepherd, well you know
 Your Flame does mine excell,
 All generous *Coridon* doth know,
 But none my Tale will tell,
Cloris, though true, must lose her name,
 But *Coridon* will keep his fame:
 For all will say, *Cloris* was false,
 And went astray,
Cloris was false, and did deserve her shame!

III.
 But cruel Shepherd, when you hear
 That I am dead indeed,
 I do believe you'll shed one Tear,
 Though now you have decreed,
 That *Cloris* true, must lose her Name,
 For *Coridon* to keep his Fame,
 For then you'll say, *Cloris* was true,
 And ne're did stray,
Cloris was true, and deserve the shame!

Oo justly, alas! and yet so much in vain, of a fate too severe, may the

Lover complain, whose soul is di-vid-ed, and tort'ed like mine, when his Duty forbid, what his

Love does enjoyn. Then patience in vain, doth a passion withstand; for we cannot obey, when we

cannot command.

Mr. James Hart.

II.
 Sure Nature design'd us a blest state,
 There's no other Creature but chuse a Mate:
 And the Turles in pairs, through an Amorous grove,
 Do Love where they like, and enjoy where they Love,
 What Tyrants are those who do seek to destroy
 The liberty we do by Nature enjoy.

III.
 Yet since 'tis a blessing the Gods have ordain'd,
 That our wills should be free, though our pow' be restrain'd,
 We'll Love while we live, for the constant bliss
 Do the perfectest joys of *Elysium* last:
 O there, O there, we may Love out our fill,
 When to Do and Enjoy is the same as to Will!

C An *Lu-cia-mi-ra* so mistake, to perswade me to fly, 'tis cruel kind,

for my own sake to counsel me to dye: Like those faint souls, who cheat themselves of breath; and

dye, for fear of death.

Mr. John Banister.

II.
Since Love's the principle of Life,
And you the object Lov'd;
Let's, *Luciamira*, end this strife,
I cease to be remov'd:
We know not what they do are gone from hence;
But here we Love by sense.

III.
If the Platonicke, who would prove
Souls without Bodies Love;
Had with respect, well understood
The Passions of the Blood:
They'd suffer Mortals to have had their part;
And rested Love in th' Heart.

Since we, poor slavish Women, know our Men we cannot pick and chuse: To

him we Love, why say we, No; and both our time and labour lose: By our part off, and fond de-

lays a Lovers ap-pe-tite we pall; and if too long the Gallant stays, his Stomach gone for good and all.

Mr. John Banister.

II.
Or our impatient amorous Guest,
Unknown to us, away may steal;
And rather than stay for a feast,
Take up with some course ready meal.
When opportunity is kind,
Let prudent Women be so too;
And if the Man be to her mind,
Be sure she do not let him go.

III.
The Match soon made, is happiest still;
For Love has only there to do:
Let no one Marry 'gainst her will,
But stand off, when her Parents Wood:
And to the Sutor be not coy;
For the whom Joynture can obtain;
To let a Fop her bed enjoy,
Is but a lawfull Wench for gate.

Some happy soul come down and tell what Joys are those with you do dwell:

If it be happiness like ours below, which from our want of ill's does only flow: Then, then 'tis

plain, that mighty theme of *In-mor-ta-li-ty* is but a Dream.

Mr. Robert Smith.

II.
'Tis Love, 'tis Love! For nothing can
Give real happiness to man;
But Joys like those that Lovers souls enjoy
Which here on Earth there's nothing can destroy.
Ay, ay, 'tis Love can only be
The happy souls felicitie.

III.
Are your delights in what you see?
Or wonderful varieties?
Or can your Joys arise from pleasant things;
Your Taste, or Smelling, to your fancy brings?
No, no, 'tis plain, if it were so,
Pleasur by gradual steps must go.

P Hills, the time is come that we must sever, long have we linger'd 'twixt

Kindness and strife: And though we promis'd our selves to love ever, there is a fate in Love, as

well as Life. So many jealousies daily we try, sometime we freeze, and then sometimes we fry, that

Lov's in Colds) or in Feavers, will dye.

Mr. Robert. Smith.

II.

Both by our selves, and others tormented,
 Still in suspense betwixt Heaven and Hell;
 Ever desiring, and never contented,
 Either not Loving, or Loving to well,
 Parting we still are in each others pow'rs,
 Our Lov's a weather of Sun-shine, and show'rs,
 Its days are bitter, though fwyct are its hours,

III.

Why should we hate any longer Importune,
 Since to each other unhappy we prove;
 Like losing Gamblers, we tempt our ill Fortune,
 Both might be luckie in a new Love,
 This were the way our reason best way,
 But when we to pleasing a Passion destroy,
 We may be more happy, but lets should enjoy,

Le have no more dealings, fond *Cu-pid*, with thee; so much I'm a

friend to my dear li-ber-tie: 'Twas passion for Beauty, that kindled my fire, but thanks be to-

reason that check'd my desire. My sighs and my fears, they were formerly spent for Love; I make

use of them now to re-spent: If e're by chance, I hear talk of black Eyes, I fall to my

Pray'rs, and the Ill spirit flies.

Mr. William Gregorie.

II.

There's none in the world madder than he,
 That loves his own dangers, and will not be free:
 He ne're be confin'd to the Devils black Rod,
 For serving in Love, a fantastical God,
 Experience hath taught me the infallible Art,
 Of curbing my Eye-sight, to preserve my Heart:
 Where e're I encounter a Beautifull face,
 I bless my self! turn aside, and mend my pace.

A. 1. Ver. Cantus & Bassus.

Ow strangely severe, and unjust are we grown! For we punish in all the Of-

fences of one: While dissembling *Amintas*, a Passion did fain, I *Damon's* Affections re-

turn'd with disdain; and gave more belief to the Shepherd that swore, than to him who did faithfully

Love and Adore.

Mr. William Turner.

II.
Then how is it Just, O ye Powers divine!
That *Damon* should dye, when the error was mine?
Yet pardon me once, and if ever again
I'm deaf to the Voice of a Lover in pain;
Then let me not prosper in what I've begun;
But dye in despair, as my *Damon* has done.

A. 1. Ver. Cantus & Bassus.

While *Alexis* lay prest in her Arms he lov'd best, with his hand round her

neck, and his head on her breast; He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to stay, and his soul in a

Temp'rst just flying a-way.

Mr. Nicholas Staggins.

II.
When *Celia* saw this, with a Sigh and a Kiss;
She cry'd, O my Dear! I'm robb'd of my bliss;
'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and dye all alone.

III.
The Youth, though in hast, and breathing his last,
In pity dy'd slowly, while she dy'd more fast;
Till at length she cry'd, now, my Dear, now
Let's go; Now dye, my *Alexis*, and I will dye too.

IV.
Thus intranc'd she did lye, while *Alexis* did try
To recover new breath, that again he might dye;
Then often they dy'd; but the more they did so,
The nymph dy'd more quick, and the shepherd more slow.

O' all the brisk Dames, *Mistress* for me, for I love not a Woman un-

less she be free. The Affection that I to my Mistress do pay, grows weary, unless she does meet it half

way. There can be no pleasure, till humours do hit, and jump's as good in affection as Wit.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

II.
No sooner I came, but she lik'd me as soon;
No sooner I ask'd, but she granted my boon;
And without a Preamble, a Potion, or Joynure,
She promis'd to meet me, where e're I did appoint her.
So we struck up a watch, and embraced each other,
Without the consent of Father or Mother.

III.
Then away with a Lady that's modest and coy;
Let her ends be the pleasures that we do enjoy;
Let her tickle her fancy with secret delight,
And refuse all the day, what she longs for at night,
I believe my *Seline*, who shows they'r all mad,
To feed on dry Bones, when Flesh may be had.

At the sight of my *Philia*, through every part, a Spring-tide of Joy doth flow

up to my Heart, which quickens each Pulse, and swells e-ve-ry Vein, yet all my Delights are fill

II.
mingled with Pain,
So strong a Dissemper, sure Love cannot bring;
To my Knowledge, Love was a quieter thing;
So gentle and tame, that he never was known
So much as to wake me, when I lay alone.

But the Boy is much grown, and so alter'd of late, he's become a more furious passion than hate, since by

Philia restor'd to the Empire of hearts, he has new string'd his Bow, and sharpen'd his Darts, and

strictly the rights of his Crown to maintain, he breaks ev'ry Heart, and turns ev'ry Brain.

Mr. *Relaps Smith*,
My Madnets, alas! I too plainly discover;
For he is at least as much Mad-man as Lover;
Who for one cruel Beauty, is ready to quit
All the Nymphs of the Stage, and those of the Pit;
The Joys of *Hids-park*, and the *Maid's* dear delight,
To be Sober all Day, and Chast all the Night.

A. 2. Voc. Cantor & Bass.

My Mouth I kept free from all thoughts of ease, And guarded it safe from the

Black and the Fair; So Robur'd I was, that I laugh'd at the pains Men took to be wreath'd, and

II.
loaded with Chains: But when I the Charms of my *Phili-li* did see, I surrender'd my

III.
Heart, and refus'd to be free;

II.
I Lov'd with a Zeal and Passion so strong,
Forgot she was woman, and could not love long;
I never consider'd the tricks and the arts
She us'd to entangle and captivate hearts!
At length I discover'd, and plainly I knew
My *Philia* was fickle, and could not be true.

III.
I curst my hard fate that kindle'd my flame
To pierce my self, than my *Philia* did blame
Yet I bore such respect unto her, that I thought
Want of merit in me, this humour had wrought;
And then I resolv'd I never would be
So bold as to Love, but would always be free.

II.

V hat fancies of Pleasure doth Love all alone propose to it self, when the
Object is gone. But how vain is the strength of that Joy, which a word or a frown, like

For though the first venture prove calm in her Eyes,
In the second access storm may arise.
Then with sighs and with grief are those spirits display'd,
Who to cherish despair have given their aid.

III. Thus, Lovers with doubt, a fond kindness pursue,
Whilst fate from their follies prove false and untrue:
They're either possess'd with the thoughts of despair,
Or else lay on Love a continual care.

IV. Then since we're end'd with so gentle a Soul,
That every small signal our hearts may control,
T'were a sign of Love's pity, but care to restrain,
By making us free-men, without to much pain.

Languish all night, and sigh all the day, and much to be 'pity'd I

Since you have known my heart is your own, that before was so kind, now scornful are grown: If so

cruel you prove to the man that you Love. Ah, Phillis! ah, Phillis! what fate, alas, is re-

serv'd for the man that you hate.

Et Fortune and Phillis frown if they please, we'll no more on their Deities

call: Not trouble the Fates, but I'll give my self ease, and be happy in spite of them all.

will have my Phillis, if I can get about her: I shall live better without her.

But if she prove Virtuous, Obliging and Kind,
Perhaps I'll vouchsafe to love her:
But if she prove Inconstant, I'll see I find
Some other to have her to know I'm above her: only
For as I sigh, I have learn'd, now my Fetters are gone,
To Love, the pleasure, or to let it alone.

Mr. William Humphrey

Give o're foolish heart, and make hast to despair; For *Daphne* re-
gards not thy Vows nor thy Pray'r: When I plead for thy passion, thy pains to prolong: She

courts her Gittar, and replies with a Song. No more shall true Lovers such beauties adore: Were the
gods so severe, men would worship no more.

gods so severe, men would worship no more.

gods so severe, men would worship no more.

gods so severe, men would worship no more.

Mr. Alph. Ansb.

III.
No more will I want, like a Slave at your Door;
I'll spend the cold Night at your Window no more;
My Lungs in long sighs, no more I'll exhale;
Since your Pride is to make me grow follen and pale.
No more shall *Amyntas* your pity implore,
Were the gods so severe, men would worship no more.

III.
No more shall your frowns, or free humour persuade
To court the fair Idol my Fancy hath made:
When your fairs to neglected, your follies give o're,
Your Deity's lost, and your beauties no more.
No more shall true Lovers such Beauties adore,
Were the gods so severe, men would worship no more.
How weak are the Vows of a Lover in pain;
When flatter'd with hope, or oppress'd with disdain:
No sooner my *Daphne's* bright eyes I review,
But all is forgot, and I vow all a new.
No more, fairest Nymph, I will murmur no more;
Did the gods seem to fave, men would ever adore.

When e-ve'r I am, or what e-ve'r I do, my *Phillis* is still in my mind:
When angry, I mean not to *Phillis* to go, my feet of themselves the way find. Unknown to my

self, I am full at her door, and when I would fall, I can bring out no more. Then *Phillis* too,
fate and unkind: Then *Phillis* too, fate and un-kind.

fate and unkind: Then *Phillis* too, fate and un-kind.

fate and unkind: Then *Phillis* too, fate and un-kind.

fate and unkind: Then *Phillis* too, fate and un-kind.

Mr. Alph. Ansb.

III.
When *Phillis* I see, my Heart burns in my Breast;
And the Love I would stifle & slow;
But asleep or awake, I am never at rest.
When from mine Eyes *Phillis* is gone,
Sometimes a sweet dream doth delude my sad mind;
But alas! when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,
Then I sigh to my self, all alone!
Then I sigh to my self, all alone!

IV.
Alas! I discover too much of my Love,
And she too well knows her own pow'r:
She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour.
But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
I had rather love *Phillis* both false and unkind,
Than ever be freed from her pow'r:
Then ever be freed from her pow'r!

Now affairs of the State are already decreed, make room for affairs of the

Court: Employment, and pleasure, each other succeed, because they each other support. Were
Where, &c.

Princes confin'd from shaking their mind, when by care it is ruff'd and curd: A Crown would ap-

pear too heavy to wear, and no man would Govern the World.

How severe is forgetful old Age, to confine a poor Lover for that I

almost despair to see even the Air, much more my dear *Damon*, hey ho! Though I whisper my

lights out alone, I am trac'd where'er I go; that some treacherous Tree hides this old man from

me, and there he counts ev'ry Hey ho! hey ho!

Mr. *Pelham Humphrey*.

I. How shall I this, *Argus* blind?
And to put an end to my wo,
For whilst I beguile
His Frowns with a Smile,
I betray my self with a Hey ho! hey ho!

III. My restraint, then alas! must endure,
So that since my sad doom I know,
I'm pine for thy Love
Like the Turtle-Dove;
And breath out my Life in Hey ho! hey ho!

A. A. For. Cantata of D. J. J.

The Nymph that undoes me, is fair and unkind, no less than a wonder by nature de-

sign'd: She's the grief of my Heart, the joy of my Eye, And the Cause of a Flame that never can

dye: She's the grief of my Heart, and joy of my Eye, and the Cause of a Flame, that

never can dye.

Mr. *Stefford*.

II. Her Lips, from whence Wit obligingly flows, The desperate Lover can hope no Redress,
Has the colour of Cherries, and smell of the Rose, Where Beauty and Rigour are both in excess,
Love and Destiny both attends on her Will, In *Celia* they meet, to unhappy am I,
She Sings with a Smile, with a Frown she can Kill, WHO sees her shall Love, who Loves her must dye.

How unhappy a Lover am I, whilst I sigh for my *Phyllis* in vain: All my

hopes of delight are another man's right, who is happy, whilst I am in pain. Since her honour af-

fords no relief, but to pity the pains which you bear: 'Tis the best of your fate in a hopeless e-

state, to give o're, and betimes to de-part.

Mr. Nicholas Staggins.

II.

I have try'd the false Medicine in vain;
 Yet I wish what I hope not to win;
 From without my desire has no good to its end;
 But it burns and consumes me within.
 Yet at least, 'tis a comfort to know
 That you are not unhappy alone;
 For the Nymph you adore is as wretched or more;
 And accounts all your sufferings her own.

III.

O you Pow'rs! let me suffer for both;
 As the feet of my *Phyllis* lie: yce
 I'll resign up my breath, and take pleasure in death;
 'Tis to be pity'd by her when I dye.
 Whether her honour deny'd you in life,
 In her death she will give to her love;
 Such a Name as is true, after fate will remove;
 When the souls do most cloister above.

Why *Phyllis*, to me, so untrue and unkind? Remember the Vow which

you made: Though Love cannot see, let not Honour be blind, whoseon is the other betray'd.

Though by Sighs for your Bed, true Alleg'ance I vow'd: I am not oblig'd by that Oath: No longer than

you keep both constant and true: The same Vow obligeth us both.

II.

Fair Nymph, did you feel
 But those Passions I bear,
 My Love you would never suspect;
 An Heart made of steel
 And what we love cannot neglect
 Then since we Love both,
 Let us both be agreed;

And seal both our Loves with a Kiss;
 From breaking our Oath
 We shall both then be freed;

And Princes will envy our bliss.

On the bank of a Brook as I sat fishing, hid in the Oakes that

grew on the side; I overheard a Nymph and Shepherd wishing, no time or fortune their Love might de-

nvide; Toe Cupid (and Venus) each offered a Vow, to Love e-ven, as they Love now.

Mr. John Banister.

I.	Oh! said the shepherd, and sigh'd, what a pleasure Is Love conceal'd betwixt Lovers alone?	III.	Then let us leave the world, and care behind us, Said the Nymph smiling, and gave him her hand;
II.	Love must be secret kept like Fairy's treasure; When 'tis discover'd, 'twill quickly be gone: And envy or jealousy 'll fill up the day, Will soon, alas! make it decay.	IV.	All alone, all alone, where none shall find us; In some far desert we'll seek a new land; And there live from envy or jealousy free; And a world to each other we'll be.

Rhine for some let us improve our thousand several ways, these few short

Minutes snatch'd by Love from many tedious days, 'll whilst you want courage to despise the

cessures of the Grave; for all the tyrants in your eyes, your heart is but a slave.

Mr. William Humphrey.

I.	My Love is full of noble pride, And never shall submit, To let that Fop discretion ride In triumph over wit.	III.	False friends I have as well as you, Who daily counsel me, Fame and ambition to pursue, And leave of loving thee.	IV.	When I the least believe a fellow On what such fools advise, May I be dull enough to grow Most miserable wife.
----	---	------	--	-----	---

Why should a foolish Marriage Yoke, which long ago, was made, oblige us

to each other now, when passion is decay'd? We loved and lov'd, as long as we could, till our

Love was lov'd out of us both; But the Marriage is dead, when the pleasure is fled, 'twas

I.	If I have pleasure for a friend, And further joy in store, What wrong has he whose joys did end?
II.	pleasure first made it an Oath, will I not give no more? And who could give no more? And who should be jealous of me, Or think I should bar him of another? When all we can gain Is to give our selves pain, And neither can hinder the other.

Mr. Robert Smith.

A S I wand' in the Woods, one Evening of late, a Lute was de-

moving her hapless eyes; In a languishing posture, poor Maid, she appear'd all swell'd with her

sight, and blubb'd with her Tears; she Cry'd and she Sobb'd; and I found it was all for a

little of that which *Happy* gave you.

Mr. Robert Smith.

As fast she broke out, wretched, she said, I will no Youth come succour a languishing Maid; With what he wish ease and with pleasure may give, Without which, alas, poor I cannot live; Shall I never leave sighing, and crying and call, For a little of that, &c.

As fast when I saw a Young man in the place, My colour would fade, and then flush in my face; My breath would grow short, and I shiver'd all o'er; My breath never popp'd up and down so before; I scarce knew for what, but now I find it was all, For a little of that, &c.

Beneath a Mirtle shade, which Love for none but happy Lovers made,

I slept, and straight my Love before me brought; *Phyllis*, the Object of my waking thought;

Undrest she comes, my flames to meet, whilst Love straw'd flow'rs beneath her Feet, so fresh by

her, became, became more sweet.

Mr. John Banister.

II.
From the bright Visions head,
A careless veil of Lawn was loosely spread;
From her white Temples fell her shaded Hair
Like cloudy Sun-shine, nor too brown or fair;
Her Hands, her Lips, did Love inspire,
Her ev'ry Grace my Heart did fire;
But most her Eyes that languish'd with desire.

III.
Ah, charming Fair, said I,
How long can you my bliss and yours deny?
By Nature and by Love, this lovely shade
Was for revenge of suffering Lovers made;
Silence and shades with Love agree,
Both shelter you, and favour me;
You cannot blush, because I cannot see.

IV.
No, let me dye, she said,
Rather than lose the spotless name of Maid;
Faintly she spoke, me thought, for all the while
She bid me not believe her with a smile;
Then dye, said I, she still deny'd,
And is it thus, thus, thus, she cry'd,
You use a harmless Mail, and so she dy'd.

V.
I wak't, and straight I knew
I lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true;
Fancy the kinder Mistress of the two,
Fancy had done what *Phyllis* would not do;
Ah, cruel Nymph, cease your disdain,
While I can dream you scorn in vain,
Asleep, or waking, you must ease my pain.

How pleasant is mutual Love, if it's true; Then Phillis let us our Af-

fections unite; For the more you love me, and the more I love you, The more we contribute to each

others delight. But they who enjoy, without loving first; still Eat without Stomach and

drink without thirst.

Mr. Nicholas Staggins.

II.
Such is the poor Fool, who loves upon duty,
Because a Canonick a Coxcomb hath made him;
He ne'er tasts the sweets of Love and of Beauty,
But drudges, because a dull Priest hath betray'd him.
But who in enjoyment from love take their measure,
Are wrapt with delights, and still ravish'd with pleasure.

Let's drink, dear Friends, let's drink, tho' time flies fast away; And

we ne'er let sure have to think, then let's make use of'st whilst we may. Adieu the black Lake

we have pass, farewell to Wine, to Love, and Pleasure, to Drink, to Drink, let's then make

hast, to Drink we always shan't have leisure. Let's Love, let's Drink, whilst we have

breath, no Love nor Drinking after Death.

Mr. Thomas Farmer.

Hill round the Health, good natur'd, and free, Let the States-men po-li-tick

be: No custom our joys shall deter, this is bliss, Each Lady has her Gallant, each Man has his

Mis: On this side and this, let us Kiss, let us Kiss, *Al-a-mide d'Aligleten*: On this side, and

this, let us Kiss, let us Kiss, *Al-a-mide d'Aligleten*!

Mr. Robert Smith.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Basses.

Come lay by your Cares, and hang up your Sorrow, drink on, he's a

Sor, that e're thinks of to Morrow: Great store of good Clarret suply's ev'ry thing; and the

man that is Drunk is as great as a King.

II.
Let none at Misfortunes or Losses repine,
But take a full dose of the Juice of the Vine;
Distafes and Trobles are ne're to be found,
But in the damn'd place where the glafs goes not round.

Mr. Robert Smith.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Basses.

Be Jolly my Friends, for the Money we spend, on Women and Wine, to our

Selves we do lend; The Ladies Embraces, and our Carbuncel'd Faces, will gain us more credit than the

Mulcs or Graces.

II.
Then Sirrah be quicker, and bring us more Liquor;
We'll have nothing to do with Physician or Vicar;
We'll round with our Bowls, 'till our Passing-bell Tolls,
And trull no such Quacks with our Roddes or Soulds.

Mr. Robert Smith.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Basses.

ME thinks the poor Town has been troubled too long, with Phillis and

Chis in e-v'ry Song: By Fools, who at once can both Love and despair; And will never leave

calling them Cruel and Fate: Which justly provokes me in Rhime to express, The truth that I

know of Bonny Black Bess.

John Playford.

II.
This Bess of my Heart, this Bess of my Soul;
Hie a Skin white as Milk, but Fair black as a Coal;
She's plump, yet with ease you may span round her Wall;
But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be embrac'd;
Her Belly is soft, not a word of the rest;
But I know what I mean, when I drink to the best.

III.
The Plow-man and Squire, the erranter Clown;
At home she fudd'd in her Paragon gown;
But now she adorns the Boxes and Pic;
And the proudest Town Gallants are forc'd to submit;
All Hearts fall a-leaping where-ever she comes;
And best day and night, like my Lord's Drum,

IV.
But to those who have had my dear Bess in their Arms,
She's gentle, and knows how to soften her Charms,
And to every Beauty can add a new Grace;
Having learn'd how to lise, and trip in her pace;
And with head on one side, and a languishing Eye,
To Kill us with looking as if she would dye.

M

How bonny and brisk, Ah! how pleasant and sweet were *Jenny* and
 I, whilst my *Passion* was strong? So eagerly each others flame we did meet, that a minutes de-

lay the happer'd to be long. The Vows that I made her; (She seal'd with a Kiss, all my Soul) I had

lost in a rapture of Bliss.

Mr. Robert Smith,

II. I vow'd, and I thought I could ever have Love, and
 Where Beauty and Kindness together I found, how dear
 So sweetly she look'd, and so sweetly she lov'd, so
 That I fancy'd my strength with my loves to abound.
 For the pleasure I gave, she did doubly requite,
 By finding out ever new ways to delight.

III. At last, when enjoyment had put out my Fire,
 My Strength was decay'd, and my Passion was done;
 So pall'd was my Fancy, so tame my Delight,
 That I from the Nymph, very fain would have gone:
 Ah, *Jenny*, said I, we adore thee in vain,
 For Beauty enjoy'd does but burn to disdain.

Ah! how soon that hour of Passion forgotten be, when first I

yielded up my pow'r, to be betray'd by thee: Heav'n knows with how much Innocence, I did my

Heart resign unto thy faithless Eloquence, and gave thee what was mine.

Mr. Robert Smith,

II. I had not one Reserve to keep,
 But at thy feet I lay'd
 Those Arms that conquer'd heretofore,
 Though now thy Trophies made
 Thy Eyes in Silence told their Tale
 Of Love in such a way,
 That 'twas as easy to prevail,
 As after to betray.

Mr. Robert Smith,

When *Thirst* did the splendid Eye of *Phyllis*, his fair Mistress spy,

Was ever such a glorious Queen, said he, unless in Heaven seen?

Fair *Phyllis*, with a blushing Air, by
 Hearing these words, became more Fair;
 Away, said he, you need not take
 Fie! Beauty, you're more fit to make
 Then with a winning smile and look
 His candid Batteries he took
 O stay, said he, tis done I vow,
Thirst is Captivated now,
 M. Smith

Tell me, *Amintas*, *Choris* cries, as she was sitting by him, if there be such a

thing as Love, how happ'ft we cannot spy him? Because to see a god, quoth he, to Mor—tals is for-

bidden, but in thine Eyes ev'n now he lyes, and in thy Bo-som hidden.

A. 2. Ver. Cantus & Bassus.

Am no subject unto fate, the pow'r assum'd, I give to you: Whether re-

turning Love or Hate, which falls in storms or gentle dew.

Mr. Roger Hill

II.
It is my Will which chafeth you;
Though Tyrant, yet if I obey;
Obedience is truly due
To whom I give my self away.

IV.
The Worlds dimensions are wide;
My mind not Heaven can confine;
That outward worship is belid,
Who inward bows to others shrine.

V.
When fettered, I freely Love;
My choice doth make the conquest mine;
Will thy power best improve,
To thy Subject thou incline.

III.
I may be born under a Throne;
A Slave, or free, without my Voice;
But Loving, and Religion,
Solely depends on my own choice.

V.
Force may be call'd Victory;
Yet only those are overcome,
Who yield' onto an Enemy,
That is their certain fate and doom.

VII.
Who wisely Rules, deserves Command;
Then keep thee Loyal next thy Heart;
Elective Monarchs cannot stand,
Nor Loves, without an equal darts!

Nh't not too much on thy fading success, for all that thou hast, I before did pos-

sess: I know, my proud rival, how happy thou art, I know all thy Joys, and each thought of thy

Heart; To tempt thee, those pleasures were taken from me, to gain a new Beauty, he'll take them from thee.

Mr. Alph. Hildes, Junior.

A. 2. Ver. Cantus & Bassus.

God Cupid for certain, as foolish as blind, to settle his heart upon people un-

kind, his possitment's lost, for not having regard to the gentle Complier, but ungrateful and hard:

And you'll find us for ever like O-racle true, Love will fly the pursuer, the fierer pursue.

N

John Playford

O! name not the day, lest my Senses re-prove, and curse my kind

Heart from the Knowledge of Love: Ah, the ignorant Fate of a fearful young Lover, when a

Sign is return'd, not t'have Wit to discover. To delay a kind Nymph from her hour of design,

is to digg for a Treasure, and sink in the Mine.

<p>II. The cloy of a smile in a vein of discourse, Twixt fear and good will, ought to make a Divorce: Such seems deserves to be well understood Like a Wizard, that peeps under her Hood. Had I known but the minute her joys were upon her, She had bid me good-night, and adieu to her honour.</p>	<p>III. I knew not, alas! the Intrigue of her Art, I thought she design'd to make sport with my Heart: It panted with fear, and leapt to with joy Yet I thought to attempt all my hopes would destroy: But since I'm resolv'd, e're I prove such a for The Nymph I'll enjoy, though I dye on the spot.</p>
--	--

O what modest grief is a Lover confin'd, when the Tongue dares not

utter the truth of the Heart. Yet it strengthens the force in a Generous mind, and makes him sink

think what his Love would impart: For the more he loves on, the more happy 'will prove, when he

comes to appearance, to plead for his Love.

<p>II. When our Hearts are new kindled to jump at a Beauty, But like a French On-let, comes off with a Blast: We ought to wait leisure, 'tis civil and Duty: Let's Love by degrees, and the longer 'twill last. He that humbles his Love and Enjoyment together, Makes 2 Months of Summer, add 100 of cold Weather.</p>	<p>III. Kind Love, like a tender and delicate Flower, Wants only Improvement to make it endure: But so oft 'tis transplanted, which makes it each hour So droop and decay, that 'tis almost past cure: Unless some fair Nymph, whose Enchainments can bring To make it refresh, a perpetual Spring.</p>
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He day you wish'd, arriv'd at last; you wish'd as much that it were past:

One Minute more, and night will hide the Bridegroom, and the blushing Bride. The

Virgin now to Bed does go; take care, oh Youth! she rise not so: She pants and trembles at her

The Bridegroom comes, he comes apace,
With Love and Fury in his Face,
She shrinks away, he close pursues,
And Prayers and Threats at once do't use;
She softly sighs, begs delay,
And with her hand puts his away:
Now you at help she cries,
And now departing shuts her Eyes.

Philis, oh! turn that Face away, whose splendor but benights my day:

Sad Eyes like mine, and wounded Hearts, shun the bright rays which Beauty darts. Unwelcome is

Go shine on happy things, to me
That Blessing is a Miseric,
Whom thy fierce Sun not warms, but burns,
Like that the footy Indian turns:
I'll serve your night, and there confin'd,
With thee, let's fair, or else, more kind.

II.

Mr. Jo. Jackson.

Vhy, O! Cupid! so long hast thou shun'd me? my disdain, alas! have undone me:

Since you've left me to choose at my Pleasure, I have robb'd my poor heart of its Treasure. And

now I Pline, and Mourne, and all in vain; for the only man I love, alas! is gone.

II.

Since you've wounded my heart thus in vain,
Let my Sighs recal you again;
Lament my unfortunate hour;
I blame, and at once bless thy pow'r;
If by sighs and tears, I may but once restore
Thine into my Arms, or let me love no more:

Beauty no more shall suffer Eclips, nor jealousie dare to confine the

pow'r of those Eyes, or use of those Lips, which nothing but kindness design: Our Ladies shall

be as frolick as we; nor shall Husband or Father repine: Our Ladies shall be vain, frolick as

we; nor shall Husband or Father repine.

Mr. Robert Smith.

II.

We'll banish the stratagems us'd by the State,
To keep the poor Lovers in awe;
Henceforth they themselves shall rule their own fate,
And desire shall be to them Law;
Thus they being free from Padlock and Key,
May with their Reformers withdraw.

III.

Where in private we'll teach them the Mysteries of
And practice that Lecture over;
Till we the fond scruple of Honour remove,
And the end of our Passion discover;
No Maid shall complain, or Wife sigh in vain,
For each may be eas'd by her Lover.

IV.

Away with all things that sound like to Laws;
In this our New Reformation,
Let the Formalist praise the Good old Cause,
Tis a general Tolleration;
From this time we're free from Vile Heresie,
And a Vizard Excommunication.

A. 2. Voc. Cantu & Bassin.

ong betwixt hope and fear, Phillis torment'd, shun'd her own wish, yet at

last she consented: But loth that day should her blushes dis-co-ver, Come gentle night, she said,

Come quickly to my aid; And a poor shame-fac'd Maid hide from her Lover.

Mr. Robert Smith.

II.
Now cold as Ice I am, now hot as Fire;
I dare not tell my self my own desire:
But let day fly away, and bid night hast her;
Grant ye kind pow'rs above
Slow hours to parting Love:
But when to bliss we move, let them fly faster.

III.
How sweet is it to Love, when I discover
Those flames that burn my Soul, warming my Lover:
'Tis pity Love so true, should be mistaken;
If that this night he be
False, or unkind to me:
Let me dye, e're I see, That I'm forsaken.

As Minas led me to a Grove, where all the Trees did shade us; the Sun is

self, thought it had strove, it could not have betray'd me; The place secur'd from humane Eyes, no

other fear allows; but when the Winds that gently rise, do kiss the yielding Bows.

Mr. Robert Smith.

II.
Down there we sit upon the Moss,
And did begin to play
A thousand wanson Tricks, to pass
The heat of all the day:
A-many Kisses he did give,
And I return'd the same;
Which made me willing to receive
That which I dare not name!

III.
His charming Eyes no aid requir'd
To tell his Amorous Tale,
On her that was already fir'd,
'Twas easie to prevail:
He did but Kiss, and clasp me round,
Whilst those his thoughts express'd;
And laid me softly on the ground:
Oh, who can guess the rest.

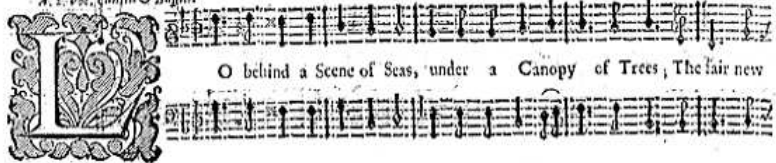
Then a Woman that's Buxom, & Dotard does Wed, tis a Madnes to

think she'd be ty'd to his Bed: For who can resist a Gallant that is Young, and a Man

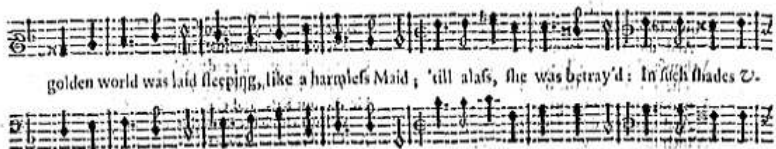
made in his Garb and his Tongue: His Looks have such Charm, and his Language such force, that the

drowie Mechanick's a Cuckold of course.

A. 1. Voc. Cantu & Bassu.



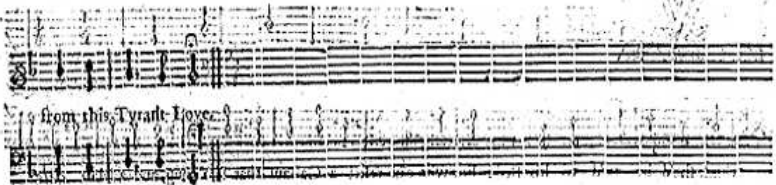
O behind a Scene of Seas, under a Canopy of Trees, The fair new



golden world was laid sleeping, like a harmless Maid; 'till alas, she was betray'd: In such shades



I'll say, 'till Love discover'd out a way, And now she cries, some pow'r above, save me



from this Tyrant Love.

Mr. John Banister.

II.

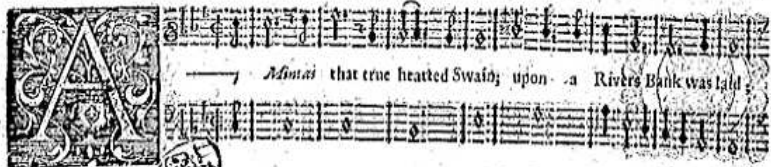
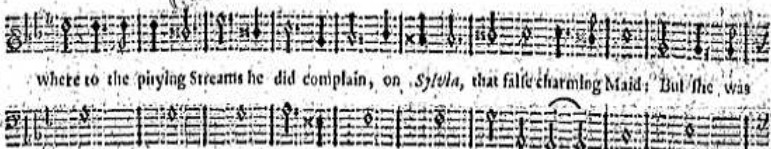
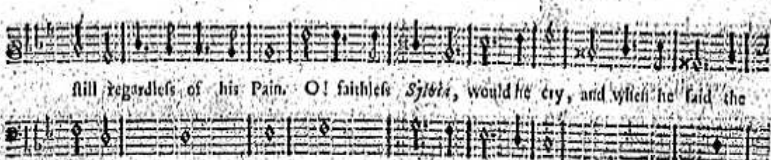
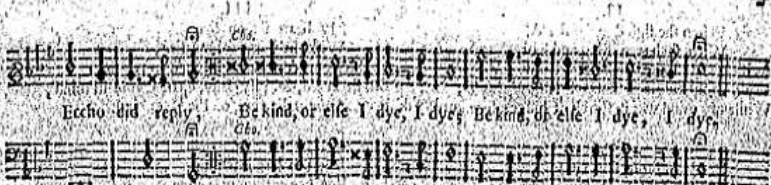
Her poor heart had no defence,
But its Maiden impudence
In each sweet reviving eye
You might easily decry
All Troops of yielding Beauties fly
Leaving rare unguarded treasure
To the Conquerors will and pleasure
And how she cries, &c.

III.

Now and then a straggling frown;
(Through the shade slips up and down)
Shooting such a piercing dart,
As would make the Tyrant smart,
And preserve her Lips and Heart
But, alas, her Empires gone,
Throne and Temples, all undone,
And now she cries, &c.

IV.

Charm aloft, those stormy Winds,
That may keep these Golden Mines;
And let *Spain's* Love be tore
On some cruel Rocky shore
Where he'll put forth to Sea no more;
Least poor conquered Beauty cry
Oh, I'm wounded! Oh, I dye!
And then, there is no pow'r above
Can save me from this Tyrant Love.

— *Almas* that true heated Swain; upon a Rivers Bank was laidwhere to the pining Streams he did complain, on *Sylva*, that false charming Maid; But she wasstill regardless of his Pain. O! faithless *Sylva*, would he cry, and wish he said the

Echo did reply: Be kind, or else I dye; I dye; Be kind, or else I dye; I dye;

Be kind, or else I dye; I dye; Be kind, or else I dye; I dye;

Mr. John Banister.

II.

A shower of Tears his Eyes let fall,
Which in the River made impress;
Then Sighs, and *Sylva* false would call;
O cruel, faithless Shepherds!
Is Love, with you become a Criminal?
Ah! lay aside this needless scorn,
Allow your poor Admirer some return:
Consider how I burn; I burn: Consider, &c.

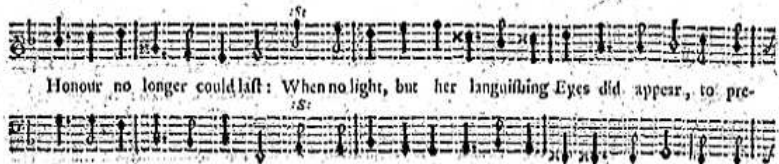
III.

Those Smiles and Kisses which you give;
Remember, *Sylva*, are rdy due;
And all the Joys my Rival does receive,
He ravishes from me, nor you:
Ah! *Sylva*, can I live, and this believe;
Invisible are taught to see
My Languishments, and seems to pity me;
Which I demand of thee, of thee: Which I demand, &c.

A. S. Voc. Cantin & Basses.



The time that is past, when she held me so fast, And declar'd that her



Honour no longer could last: When no light, but her languishing Eyes did appear, to pre-



vent all ex-cu-ses of Blushes and Fear.

II.

When she sigh'd and smil'd,
With such trembling and haif,
As if she had long'd to be closer imbrac'd:
My Lips the sweet pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd,
While my mind was in search of hid treasure employ'd.

IV.

Dear *Amintas*, the eyes,
Then casts down her eyes,
And in Kisses she gives, what in words she denies:
Too sure of my Conquest, I purpos'd to stay,
Till her free consent had more sweeten'd the pray.

III.

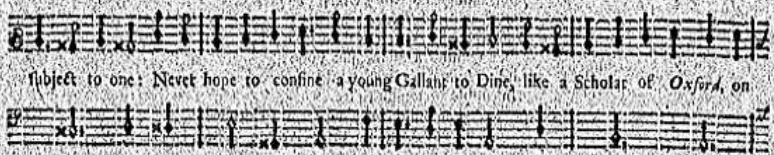
My heart set on fire,
With the flames of Desire,
I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require:
But she cry'd, for pity-sake, change your ill mind,
Pray *Amintas*, be civil, or I'll be unkind.

V.

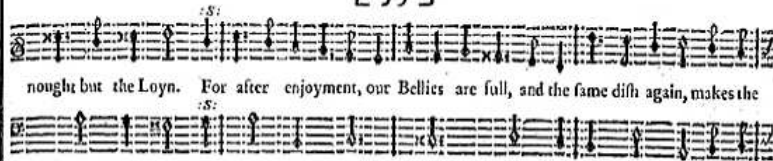
But too late I began,
For her passion was done,
Now *Amintas*, she cries, I will never be won:
Your tears and your courtship no pity can move,
For you've slighted the critical minute of Love.



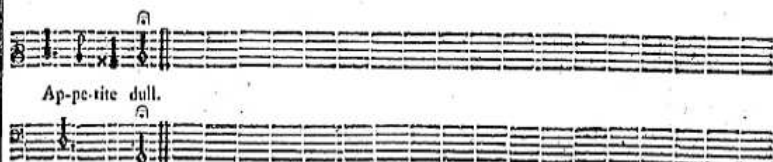
Ay, let me alone, I protest I'll be gone, 'Tis a folly to think I'll be



subject to one: Nevet hope to confine a young Gallant to Dine, like a Scholar of *Oxford*, on



nought but the Loyn. For after enjoyment, our Bellies are full, and the same dish again, makes the



Ap-pe-tite dull.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

II.

By your wantoning Art, of a Sigh and a Start;
You endeavour in vein, to inveigle my Heart;
For the pretty disguise of your languishing Eyes,
Will never prevail with my Sinews to rise:
And 'twas never the Mode, in an Amorous Treat;
When a Lover has Din'd, to persuade him to Eat.

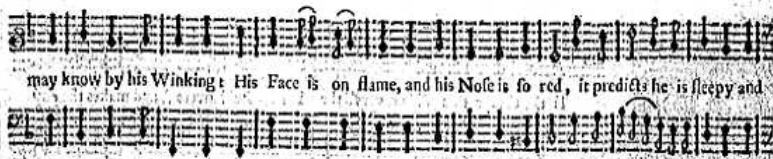
III.

Then, *Betty*, the Jest is almost at the best,
'Tis only variety makes up the Feast:
For when we've enjoy'd, and with pleasures are cloy'd,
The Vows that we made, to Love ever are void.
And you know pretty Nymph, it was ever unfit
That a Meal should be made of a Relishing bit.

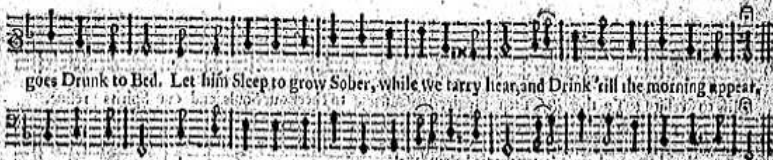
A. S. Voc. Cantin & Basses.



hat Madnes it is, to give over our Drinking, when *Apollo's* quite Drunk, you



may know by his Winking: His Face is on flame, and his Nose is so red, it predicts he is sleepy and



goes Drunk to Bed. Let him Sleep to grow Sober, while we tarry here, and Drink 'till the morning appear.

A. 2. Voc. Cantu & Bassu.

One away, to'ther Glas, he's a temperate As, that refuses his brimmer of

Rhenish, while our Bottles go round, a new way we have found, both our Heads, and our Veins to re-

plenish: We'll be witty and brave, when our Noddles are full, whilst the Sober young Fop is but

pru-dent-ly dull.

II.
Thus with Wenches and Wine
Our Hearts we'll refine
From the Dross of the Melancholly City,
We care not a Loufe
For the dull Coffee-house,
'Tis the Tavern that makes a Man Witty:
Then in sight of misfortunes,
Thus happy we are,
In a Jolly brave Soul,
That's a stranger to care,

Is the Grape that dis-co-vers the Passionate Lovers, and makes the coy

Miss to resign: To the Rose then repair, to Canary, to cheer our Souls, and our Spirits refine.

Mr. Robert Smith.

Languish for none, that ne'er thinks of me, And all my Vain hopes now

turn to despair: The Complaints which I utter, oh, Love! against thee, are nothing so great

as my sufferings are. Then cease by your pow'r, to add to my pain, lest Death by a greater

puts an end to your reign.

MR. John Danister.

II.

My Sighs and my Tears so privately I
Do give to a Passion, I ne'er will impart
If that though I am vanquish'd, and conquer'd dye:
No one can e're say, that I first lost my Heart:
Since the torments I feel, I will not discover,
If ne'er shall be said, There dyes a poor Lover.

III.

How strangely severe is fate, since I find
That with all my resistance, I cannot get free
From a slavery, by which I see I'm oblig'd
My dearest Philander, thy Slave to be:
O fate! so unkind, to make me esteem
My death to be welcome, cause given by thee!

A. 2. Voc. Cantata & Basses.

H, cruel Eyes! that first enflam'd my poor 'resistless heart; that when I

would my thoughts have blam'd, they still increase the smart: What pow'r above creates such Love to

languish with desire? May some disdain increase my pain, or may the flame expire.

II.
 And yet I dye to think how soon
 My wishes may return,
 If slighted, and my hope once gone;
 I must in silence mourn:
 Then Tyrannels,
 Do but exp'res,
 The Mytery of your pow'r,
 'Tis as soon said,
 You'll Love and Wed,
 As studying for't an hour.

III.
 I yield to Fate, though your fair Eyes
 Have made the pow'r your own;
 'Twas they did first, my heart surprize;
 Dear Nymph! 'twas they alone
 For Honours sake,
 Your heart awake,
 And let your pity move:
 Least in despaire
 Of one so fair,
 I bid adieu to Love.

Way with the silly blind god, and his Darts, who makes such a

bustle, and noise in the Town, with Wounding, Surprizing, and Breaking of Heart; from the proud

Gallant at Court, to the Clown: Some Rebel 'gainst reason, at first did bestow, 't'excuse his own

Madness, his Folly, and Passion; forg'd Power on Venus, on 'Cupid a Bow, when all's but Pri-

a-pus dress'd up 'in the Fashion.

A. 2. Voc. Cantata & Basses.

How oft have I bid defiance in vain to the little 'Boy Cupid; to Beauty and

Love? How oft have I Laught when I heard men complain, that their Mistres unkind, and unconstant did

prove? Yet do what we can, or say what we list, Love is a Passion, which none can resist.

When first my free heart was surpriz'd by desire, (so soft was the wound, and so

gentle the first; my sighs was so sweet, and so pleasant the smart, I pity'd the Slave, who had ne'er lost his

Heart. He thinks himself happy and free, but alas! he is far from that Heaven which Lovers possess.

Mr. Alph. Marsb, Junior.

<p>II. In Nature was nothing I found to compare With the Beauty of <i>Phyllis</i>; I thought her so fair; A Wit to shine all her sayings did fill; A Goddess she seem'd, and I thought on her still; With a zeal more inflam'd, and a passion more true Than a Martyr in flames for Religion, can shew.</p>	<p>III. More Virtues and Graces I find in her Mind, Then the Schools can invent, or gods ever design'd; She seem'd to be more, by each glance of her Eye; If Morals may aim at a blessing so high, Each day with new favours, new hopes she did give; But, alas! what we wish, we too soon do believe.</p>
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IV.
With awful respect while I lov'd and admir'd,
But fear'd to attempt what I so much desir'd;
In a moment the life of my hopes was destroy'd,
For a Shepherd, more daring, fell on, and enjoy'd;
But in spite of my fate, and the pains I endure,
I will try her again in a second Amour.

Were *Celia* but as Chast as *Pat*, how could I kiss the Snare? and never be weary of

my Capti-vitie: But she's a Whore that cools my Blood, Oh! that she wou'd less had some or more good.

Mr. Isaac Blackwell.

<p>II. Would you believe that there can rest Deceit within that Breast; Or that those Eyes, Which look like Friends, are only Spies: But she's a Whore; yet sure I lye, May there not be, degrees of Chastity?</p>	<p>III. No, no, what means that wanton Smile, But only to beguile; Thus did the first Of Women, make all Men accurst: I, for their sakes, give Women o're The first was false, the fairest was a Whore.</p>
--	---

Of all the gay Ladies that walk the brisk Town, my *Sylva* for

Beauty has got the Renown, Her carriage, where ever she comes do surprize, she wounds with her

Wit and she kills with her Eyes; So, Junny, so pretty, so full of Delight, she laughs all the

day, and loves all the night,
She Sings like an Angel, so moving each strain,
That she strikes every Nerve, and charms every Vein;
When she Dances, the wind is not swifter than she,
The grave and precise her motion admire,
Even Judges and Priests, at her feet would expire.

A. 2. Voc. Cantu & Bassus.

Long since, fair, *Clorinda*, my passion did move, whilst under my friendship, I

cover'd my love; but now I must speak, though I fear 'tis in vain; 'tis too late in my death, to de-

semble my pain: In telling my Love, though I fear she'll deny; I shall ease my sad heart, and more

qui et ly dyc.

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.
My Thoughts are so tender, my Tongue cannot tell
What bliss would be yours, could you Love half so well;
Let the thing with a tide our property prove,
Let him have the show, and let me have the Love,
I've lov'd you so long, that if now you delay,
You'll owe me so much as you never can pay.

A. 2. Voc. Cantu & Bassus.

Ah! *Phyllis*! would the gods decree, that you might Love, and none but me,

I'de quit what ere I lov'd before, and ne're importune Heaven more: Heaven a-bove, my

hopes would be, to be belov'd again by thee.

Mr. Twiss.

II.
Ah! should my *Phyllis* cruel prove,
And with disdain receive my Love;
Though all my hopes were then in vain,
I'de look on you, and hope again;
And Martyr-like, charm'd with your cause,
Glory to suffer by your laws.

III.
Though some by chance procure their peace,
My Love before my Life shall cease;
My Love's Immortal as my soul,
Which fate by death cannot controul;
Should you affect to cross my love,
My death my constancy should prove.

A. 2. Voc. Cantu & Bassus.

When first I saw fair *Cassia* Face, so full of Majesty and Grace, As potent

Armies do' attake the place, which can't resistance make: So she by pow'r has made her way un-

to my heart, and there does stay, receiving homage, which I pay.

Mr. James Hart.

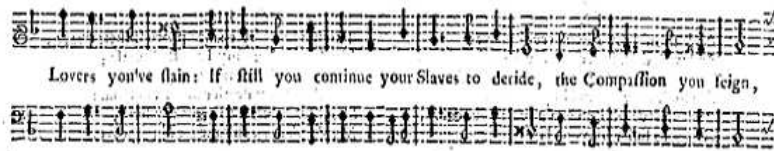
II.
The force of Love, who can withstand
It is in vain to countermand,
What envious *Cupid* has decreed;
Then my poor heart must ever bleed,
Till you, fair Nymph, by pity mov'd,
My Passion having once approv'd,
Can Love, as now you are belov'd.

III.
It would be gallantry in Love,
If *Cassia* would the act approve,
Where she so long has caus'd a smart,
There to bestow, as length, her heart,
In doing this, fair Saint, you may
From your blest name, derive a day,
When Lovers unto you shall pray.

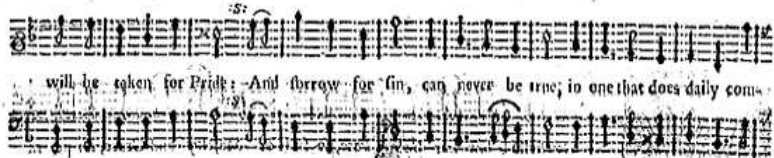
A. & P. Cantu & Basses.



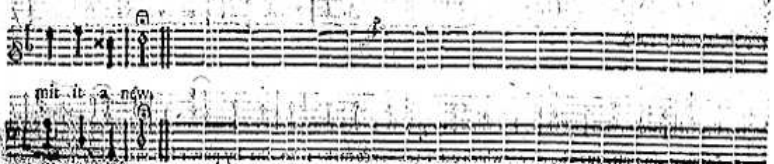
IE, *Cloris*, 'tis ill-ly to sigh thus in vain; 'tis ill-ly to pi-ty the



Lovers you've slain: If still you continue your Slaves to decide, the Compassion you feign,



will be taken for Pity: And sorrow for sin, can never be true; in one that does daily com-



mit it a new

II.

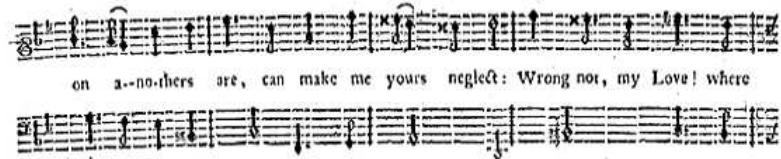
If, while you are Fair, you resolve to be coy,
You may hourly repent, as you hourly destroy;
Yet none will believe you, protest what you will,
That you grieve for the dead, if you daily do kill.
And where are our hopes, when we zealously woo,
If you vow to abhor what you constantly do.

III.

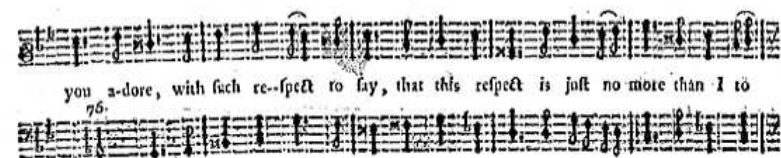
Then, *Cloris*, be kinder, and tell me my fate,
For all the world I can suffer's to dye by your hate:
If this you design, never fancy in vain
By your Sighs and your tears, to recal me again:
Nor weep at my Grave, for, I swear, if you do,
As you now laugh at me, I will then laugh at you.



Wrong not your lovely Eyes! my Fair, so much as to suspect the charms that



on a-n-o-t-h-e-r-s are, can make me yours neglect: Wrong not, my Love! where



you a-d-o-r-e, with such re-spect to say, that this respect is just no more than I to



others pay.

Mr. Matthew Locke.

I.

A general desire to please,
Dwells in all Humane kind,
Such, I am sure, would you confess,
In your own Heart you find;
And if the light of others Eyes,
To follow, I appear,
'Tis that to yours a Sacrifice
More worthy I may bear.

II.

Your Beauty thus, more triumph gains;
I nothing from it take,
But only of your glorious Chains;
My self more worthy make:
Then is this fear of yours, but vain,
You cannot be betray'd,
Whatever Trophies I can gain,
Must at your feet be laid.

IV.

Let other Beauties apprehend
To lose their Lovers Heart;
But you have charms that may pretend
To scorn Loves utmost art:
To others therefore, you, the show
Of Love may well endure,
Since only yours my heart, you know,
In your own Eyes secure.



Ah, fading Joy! how quickly art thou past, yet we thy ruin halt? And

what too soon would dye, help to destroy, as if the cares of Humane life were few, we seek out

new, And follow Fate, which will too fast pursue, In vain does Nature's bounteous hand supply

what ev'ill Mortals to themselves deny. See how, on ev'ry bough the Birds express in their wild

Notes, their happiness: Not anxious, how to get or spare, they on their Mother Nature lay their care.

Why then should Man, the Lord of all below, their troubles chase to know, as none of all his subjects undergo?

CHORUS. A. 3. Vers.

H Ark! hark! the Waters fall, fall, fall; and with a murm'ring sound, dash, dash, against the
H Ark! hark! the Waters fall, fall, fall; and with a murm'ring sound, dash, dash, against the

H Ark! hark! the Waters fall, fall, fall; and with a murm'ring sound, dash, dash, against the
ground, to gen--tle Slumbers call.
ground, to gen--tle Slumbers call.
ground, to gen--tle Slumbers call.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.



Ince, Phillis, we find we grow so inclin'd, that we dare not bid Love quite de--fiance, Yet

let us be wise, and with freedom advise us to make up a triple alliance: For why should we lose, what

most Creatures use, the freedom of Nature's great Charter, Let us use Love as Chance, not as god of Ro-

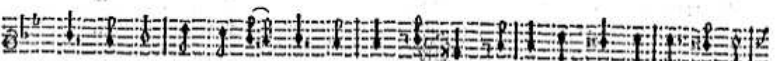
We'll use Love no more
Than our humour or Rore
Will prove able to pay, or allow:
He'll then scorn all dodging,
And fear no Goal made by a vow
Nor shall we be hurl'd,
Like the rest of the World,
Into Madness, by being so jealous,
Let us laugh at all amours
And ne're poss' good humour
Like Phanticks, by seeming too zealous
Love mean does appear,
When by vow or by fear
It seems fetter'd by Justice or Duty
'Tis more glory for you
To keep Love still true
By force of your Wit, and your Beauty.



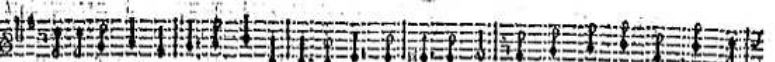
When I shall leave this clod of Clay, when I shall see that happy day, that a cold



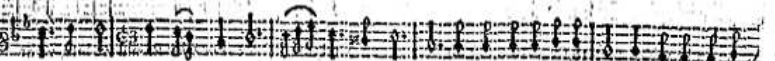
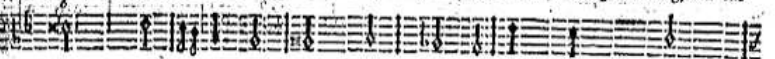
Bed, a winding Sheet, shall end my Cares, my Grievs, and Tears; And lay me silent at my



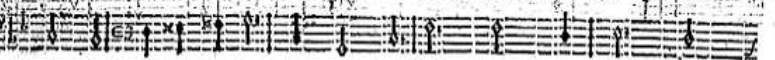
Conqu'rors feet: When a dear Friend shall say, He's gone, alas! he's left us all alone:



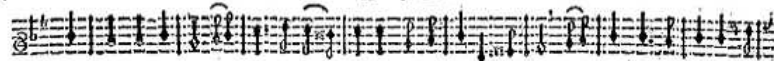
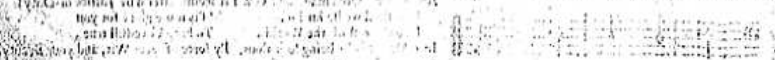
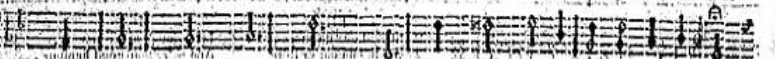
I saw him gasping, and I saw him strive in vain, amidst his pain; His Eye-strings breaking, and his



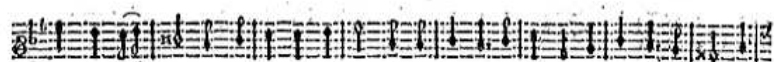
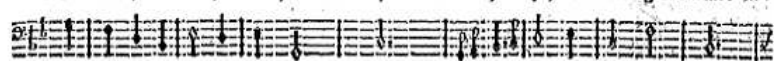
falling Jaw: Then shall no Tears bedew my Heav's, no sad uncomfortable Verse my unlamented



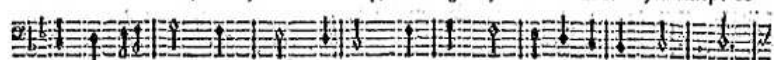
death shall shade: He, who alive, did never grieve, how can he be less merry in the Grave:



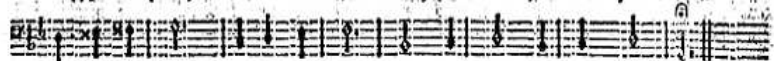
Then Friends, for a while, be Merry without me, And as fast as you Dye, come flocking about me: In



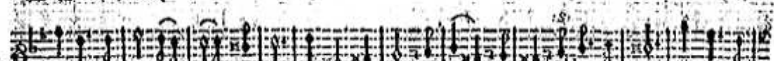
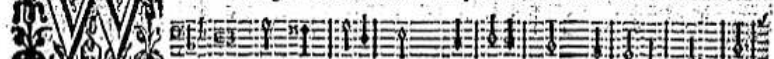
Gardens and Groves, our day Revels we'll keep, and at night my Theorbo shall Rock you asleep: So



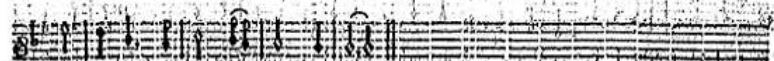
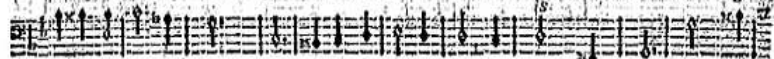
happy we'll prove, that Mortals above, shall envy our Musick, shall en-vy our Love.



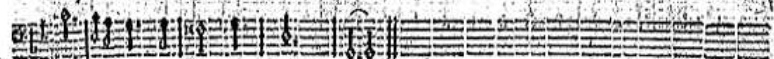
But Sighs and Groans now fills my breast, and suffers me to take no rest



for my *Camilia*? Oh! she's gone, and left me here to Mourn alone: But, is she dead? then I'll go



see, if in her Grave there's room for mee.



Mr. Robert Spibbi

II.
O cruel Fate! that so design'd
To take her, but leave me behind:
And you, O Death! whose quick Alarms
Hath snatch'd her rudely from my Arms,
Could you not find a way for mee
To my *Camilia's* Breast to see?

III.
Dye, then *Alsema*! why should I stay,
Since tis *Camilia* show'd the way?
O Dye, but faster do not live,
That dear Nymph for to survive!
O now, dear soul, I come, I flye
Always to live with you, I dye.

Forgive me *Jove!* or if there be a kinder god above, forgive a Re-bel

to the Pow'r of Love: Here me, kind *Cupid*, and accept my Vow, mine, who devoutly at thine Altar

bow: O! hear me now, *Derinda*, hear, and what I've done amiss, pardon, and seal that pardon with a

Kiss. Stay! me thinks the melting Saint, kindly Echo's my complaint: Look! I fancy, I descry pity

dropping from her Eye, Hark! she says, *Philander*, live, all thy Errors I forgive: Ah! now, ah!

me! to repent I begin, that against so much goodness I ever should sin, But never again, oh!

never will I offend my *Derinda*, for sooner, Me, dye,

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

Ls *Calados* unkind! it cannot be; or is he so unconstant grown, to slight my Voys

and break his own? No, oh no! forbid it heav'n, it cannot be: Then my good Angel,

whether, whether, whether is he fled? Tell me, oh, tell me softly! Is he dead? Ah, Prophetic

soul, forbear, lest I languish in despair; No, my heart, when e're he dies, in the pain most Sympathize,

since my Soul and his are one, I cannot live or dye alone. *Flo-rel-la* forbear to distrust or re-

pine, since his love and his sufferings are equal with mine: And when he returns, if ever again, we'll

Kiss away Sorrow, and laugh away Pain.

Mr. James Hart.

I languishing Eye, without language can move, I have long told my *Phillis*, I eye for her Love,

15:1
Ah, pity that Passion, which words cannot speak ! could I tell what I feel, my poor heart would not break.

Mr. Isaac Blackwell.

II.
I plead not desert, for the Beauty I serve ;
But 'tis nobler to give what none can deserve :
In the crowd of my Rivals, who fight and adore,
None merit you less, or can value you more.

IV.
All joys are so order'd by Nature's great doom,
That what e're we possess from another must come :
Then, *Phillis*, what pleasure with me may you prove,
What's wanting in worth, is supply'd by my Love.

III.
To purchase a Smile, or a glance from your Eyes,
Both my Fortune and Life were too little a prize :
But if to desert you can only be kind,
Like Heaven, you must to your self be confin'd.

V.
Our life is uneasy, and fullen our state,
Ev'ry Minute is angry, and full of debate :
But kind was the power, who, our quiet to keep,
Sent Love to relieve us, and lay us asleep.

VI.
In Oceans of Care, though against Tide we Sail,
Yet our Love from behind us supplies a fresh gale :
The Passage is pleasant, but, ah ! 'tis too short ;
Let us live while we may, we must part at the port.

Ah ! what shall we do, when our Eyes are surrounded with Beauties, like you ! one

20:1
Heart must be wounded : If we flye from the War, your darts do o're-take us ; and if we stay there, your

Captives you make us. Engaging or flying, we are sure to be slain ; then who is so mad such a

25:1
Fight to maintain ?
And yet, Oh how sweet are the wounds of your glances !
Then Nobly we'll meet, though we fall by your Lances ;
When your Smiles do evince, that our death will be pleasant ;
Better Dye like a Prince, than Live like a Peasant.
If engaging or flying, we are certain to Dye,
'Tis Courage to Fight, and Folly to Fly.

DORINDA Lamenting the loss of her *AMINTAS*.

Alien to the Pleasures and Follies of Love, for a Passion more Noble my

Fancy does move: My Shepherd is Dead, and I Live to proclaim, in sorrowful Notes, my *A-*

15:1
mintas his Name. The Wood-Nymphs reply, when they hear me complain, Thou never shalt

20:1
see thy *A-mint-as* again: For Death has befriended him, Fate has descended hinc, None none a

25:1
live, is so happy a Swain.

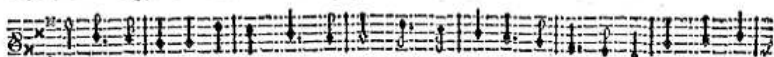
Mr. James Hart.

III.
You shepherds and Nymphs, that have done to his lays,
Come help me to sing forth *Amintas* his Prattle ;
No Swain for the Garland dar't with him dispute,
So sweet were his Notes while he sang to his Lute :
Then come to his Grave, and your kindness pursue,
To weave him a Garland of Cypress, and Yew :
For Life hath forsaken him,
Death hath o're-taken him,
No Swain again will be ever to true.

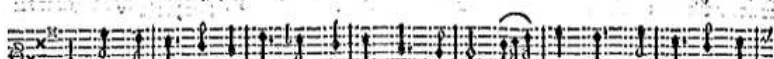
III.
Then leave me alone to my wretched Estate,
I lost him too soon, and I lov'd him too late,
You Echoes, and Fountains, my witness prove,
How deeply I sigh for the loss of my Love :
And now of our *Pro*, whom we chieflly adore,
This favour I never will cease to Implore :
That now I may go above,
And there enjoy my Love,
Then, Then, I never will part with him more.



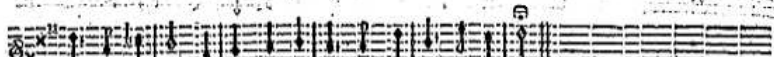
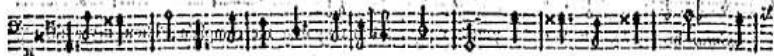
The Delights of the Bottle, and the Charms of good Wine, To the



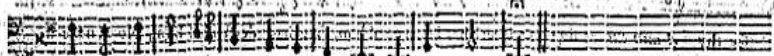
Pow'r and the Pleasures of Love must resign; Though the Night in the Joys of good Drinking be



pass; The Debauches but till the next morning doth last: But Loves great Debauch is more



lasting and strong, for that often lasts a Man all his Life long.

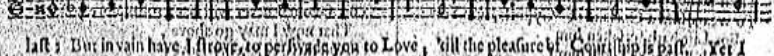
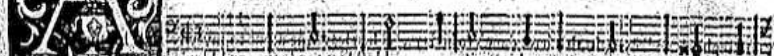


Love and Wine are the Bonds that fasten us all,
The World, but for these, to Confusion would fall:
Were it not for the Pleasure of Love and good Wine,
Mankind for each trifle their Lives would resign.
They'd not value dull Life, nor would live without drinking,
Nor would Kings Rule the World, but for Love and good Drinking.

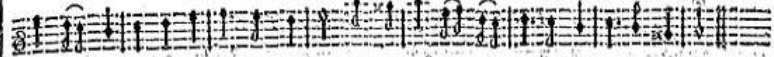
Mr. Matthew Locke.



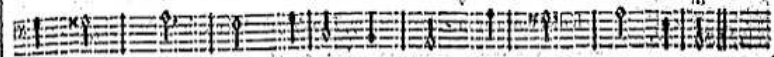
Alas, how long have I fed my desires, with the hopes you'd be kinder at



last; But in vain have I strove, to persuade you to Love, 'till the pleasure of your Lips is past.



will not, I cannot, extinguish my Fire; but I must, I must e-ver, for e-ver admire.

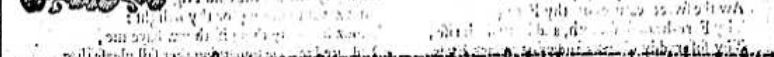
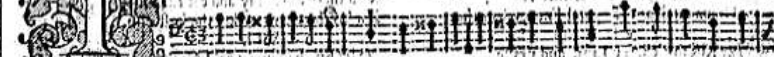


II.

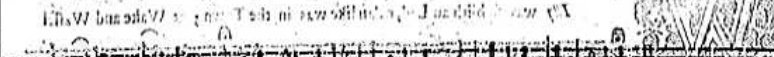
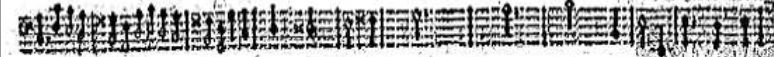
You Command me to Love you no more,
'Tis a Law which I cannot obey:
For when ever I try,
I am caught by your Eye,
That opposes what ever you say:
You may blame me for that
Which I cannot give o're;
But in spite of your frown,
I must e-ver adore.



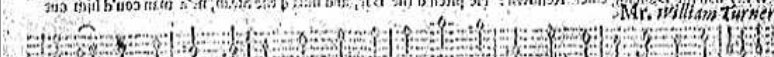
Must confess, not many Years ago, 'twas death when e're my Mistress Answer'd,



No, then was I subject to her Female Yoke, and stood or fell by ev'ry word she spoke: But now I



find th' Intrigues of Love to be, nought but the Follies of our In-fan-cie.



I can a Rich and handsome Lady Court,
Either for my Convenience, or for Sport:
But if the one be Proud, or th' other Coy,
I will not break my Sleep for such a Toy:
My Heart is now for all Affairs prepar'd,
And cannot be Commanded by Enthusiasm.

No Eunuch can more unconcern'dly brook
The Glances of the most bewitching Look,
Yet if my Mistress Wantonly incline,
None can be more Loving, none more Kind:
Enjoyment now has taught me how to prize
What only they that know nor Idolize.

Mr. William Turner.

A Northern Song, to a Northern Tune.

S It thee down by me, mine own Joy, Thou'z quite kill me, should'it thou prove coy:

Should'it thou prove Coy and not Love me; Oh! where should I find out sik a yan as thee.

<p>II. Ize been at Wake, and Ize been at Fare, Yet ne're found yan with thee to compare: Of have I fought, but ne're could find Sik Beauty as thine, couldst thou prove kind.</p> <p>IV. Weez yearly gang to the Brook side, And Fishes catch as they do playd: Each Fish thyn Prisoner then fall be, Thouz catch at them, and Ize catch at thee.</p> <p>VI. Ize Kiss thy cherry Lips, and praise Aw the sweet features of thy Face; Thy Fore-head so smooth, and lofty doth rise, Thy fofsy ruddy Cheeks and pratty black Eyes.</p>	<p>III. Thouz have a gay Goon and go soyn, With silver Shoon thy Feet fall shoyne; With soyn'R Flowers thy Crag Ize Crown; Thy pink Pettu-coat fall be laced down.</p> <p>V. Whar man we do when Scrip is fro? Weez gang to the Houze at the Hill broo; And there weez fray and eat the Fish; But 'tis thy Flesh makes the best dish.</p> <p>VII. Ize lig by the aw the cold Night, Thouz want nothing for thy delight: Thouz have any thing if thouz have me, And sure Ize have something that fall please thee.</p>
--	---

A Northern Song.

Why was so blith au Lad, ne'an like wis in the Town; at Wake and Waffel

Why had for Dancing chief Renown: He pitch'd the Bar, and hurl'd the Sean, ne'a man could him out

gang; And if he stave with any man, the gard him lig, as lang as he can

gang; And if he stave with any man, the gard him lig, as lang as he can

gang; And if he stave with any man, the gard him lig, as lang as he can

Since Cain's my son, to a Defart Ie goe, where some River for ever flow

Eccho my woe: The Trees will appeare more relenting than her, In the Morning, adorning each

Leaf with a Tear: When I make my sad moan to the Rocks, all alone, from each

Hollow will fellow a pi-sy-ful green: But with silent diltain, she rooves all my pain, to my

Mourning re-tur-ning no Answer: But with silent diltain, she rooves all my pain, to my

II.
Then, Cain, Adieu; when I cease to pursue,
You'l discover no Lover, was ever so true;
You'r sad Shepherd flies from those dear Creatures,
Who not seeing his being, decay and he dies toll;
But 'tis better to run, the Fate we can't shun,
Than for ever, endeavour, for what can be won;
What, ye Gods, have I done, that I should be woe;
Is forrested, and haied, for loving but one!

How large an extent his Lovel Emptied and Throne, that not Heaven for

Earth will its power updown: THE GODS to respect it, they let it take place, while Mortals a

doe not in their plea'ring pack: THE CHARMS of his words, and the Blessings above; do

Harmonize all his Echo's of Love, should Love in a trock; but once take his flight, the

Poets themselves would forget how to Write.

Mr. William Turner.

Though Love be a Jewel, yet I doas take care
 How you meet with covyde and such a like ware
 There's Love but of Fashion, that's ready to dye
 But your Love in the Meas, has Intrigue by the
 Though the world's full of Honour of Wit
 Condemns to what Honour is proud to fabricate
 'Tis the Passion Honour, Obliging and Just
 That makes Love Immortal, and Blooms in the Dust.

Heard a young Lover in terrible pain, from which, if he pleas'd he might

soon be releas'd; He Vow'd and he Swore again and again, he could not out-live the turmoils of his

Breast; But, alas, alas, the brisk Lover I found, knew little, how cold Love would prove under Ground. Why

should I believe, prettice Love, tell me why, where flesh and blood must needs give me the Eye: Let them

rant while they will, and their De-sires brave, they'll find their flames dwindle on this like the Grave.

'Tis true, all addresses are purposely made, to be muddl'd to Bed, but not with a Sewer.

Mr. William Gregorie.

O, how I abhor the tumult and noise of the Town; the clamours of

War, the glittering Court, the fraudulent Gown: The Suburb Debauches, the Cheats of the

City, the rattling of Coaches, and the noise of the men they call Witty. But give me the man from all

Va-ni-ty free, with good store of Land, and a Country command, who Honest dares be, who

Justice dares do, and the Nation would serve, and ne're from his true Country Principles swerve;

This, this is the Man for me. Whilst the flatter'ing vain Gallant in London consumes his Estate in rich

Cloaths and Perfumes, and makes his Face shine with Burgundine Wine, and on Ponck or on

Band spends his Youth and his Wealth, while such shall his Wit and his Bounty applaud. Give me the good

Man that lives on his own Grounds, and within his own bounds, h'as room for his Hawks and his Hounds, can

feast his own Tenants with Fowls and with Fishes, and from his own Plenty with good store of

Dishes, and not with damn'd Wine, but with good English Ale, o're their faithful hearts can prevail; and

nothing to others do owe, but from his own Houle hears his own Oxen Low, and his own Sheep

Bleat, whilst the grateful sounds sweet Echo's repeat: This, this is the Man that is truly call'd Great.

Mr. Robert Smith.

A DIALOGUE between two Shepherdesses and a Shepherd.

First Shepherdess.

Heart in Loves empire, though Jocund and Blythe, from Cares and from

Fears can never be free; 'tis said that with Pleasure we Languish and Sigh: But for all can be

2d Shepherdess.

urg'd there's nothing can be so pleasant, so pleasant as our Li-ber-tie. None are more

happy, nor none are more blest than whom Love does inspire with a gentle soft Fire, when

either do sigh, and neither can rest, how pleasant their Flaming, how sweet their desire,

Love is a Blessing, though counted a pain, for take away Love, no Pleasures remain.

Shepherd.

To submit to Loves Law, Ah! how sweet it would be; If in Love we could but be de-li-er

see: But O Rigour extream! O Fate too unkind! A Shepherdess faithful, no Man can find; and

this faithless Sex so inconstant doth prove, they ought not to Live, or ought not to Love,

CHORUS together.

Treble.

Let's permit the soft fire to enflame our Desire, Ah! how pleasant, how pleasant is Love, when two

hearts faithful do prove: Ah! how pleasant, how pleasant is Love, when two hearts faithful do prove.

Bass.

Let's permit the soft fire to enflame our Desire, Ah! how pleasant, how pleasant is Love, when two

hearts faithful do prove: Ah! how pleasant, how pleasant is Love, when two hearts faithful do prove.

Mr. Robert Smith.

When *Callia*, my heart did surprize, in an Ocean of grief my fair Goddess did

rise; And like Chrystal desolv'd, the Tears flow'd from her Eyes: From her beautiful Checks all the

Ro-fes withdrew, and she look'd like a Lil-ly o're la-den with dew.

II.
How sweet did her forrows appear,
How I trembled and Sigh'd, and for every Tear
Made a Vow to the Gods, and a Prayer to her,
O, how soft are the wounds, we receive from the fair;
But the Joys and the Pleasures there's none can declare.

III.
O Love, let us still ware thy Chain,
Let no passion but Love in our Fancies e're reign;
Let us often be cur'd, and ne're freed from our pain:
All the pleasures of Wine to the Sence are confin'd,
But 'tis Love is the noblest delight of the mind.

Down with this Love, that has made such a pothor, this Jack with a

Lanthorn that leads us a round, 'Till with dull Marriage, we cheat one another, for Joys that do

When reason against fancy strove,
With powerful arguments for Love,
Such Love as she must needs have,
And like, had it not come from him.

vanish, as soon as they're found: Repent ye proud Nymphs, for your Tricks shall not pass; We'll

change no more Gold, and good Stones for your Glasse.

Mr. *Alp. Mairib.*

II.
While so severely you rail at the Pleasure,
And kill the poor Lovee, that's at your command;
You, like Phisicians, turn head from the Treasure
But, Oh, how you grasp what is put in your hand:
Repent ye proud Nymphs, for your Tricks shall not pass;
We'll change no more Gold and good Stones for your Glasse.

III.
When the short Minute we Sigh for, is over,
The Nymph is more kind, and more brisk than before;
But how dejected and dull is your Lover,
To find all his Passion has purchas'd no more:
Repent ye proud Nymphs, for your Tricks shall not pass;
We'll give no more Gold and good Stones for your Glasse.

Long, by disdain, has *Callia* strove, To conquer *Strophon's* hap-less Love;

But still in vain, in vain she strives, Amidst a Thousand pains, it lives.

Too fierce unquiet cares a prey
His love grows, as his hopes decay,
And still with Prayers and Tears, and Vows,
His fair tormenter he pursues.

When reason against fancy strove,
With powerful arguments for Love,
Such Love as she must needs have,
And like, had it not come from him.

III.
All ways; all times, the wretch has try'd,
In her best humours been deny'd,
When pity and good Nature aid,
Wish all the tenderness it had.

V.
But, Ah, how can she give despair;
While this so chattering is and fair?
Still her sharp Answers will be born,
Her Eyes more force have than her Scorn.

N Ay, prethee no more of this Love Maskarade, since all sorts of fops are grown

old in the Trade: All the Pleasures are gone, and the Cheat so well known, That 'twill ru-in more

Lovers than e-ver it made: If you think your a 'Wit, and would fain have me know it, you must

Leave this dull Road of the o-ver-ridd Po-et.

Mr. Alph. Massey.

II.

Alexis, and Damon, and Twenty Swains more,
Have been Sighing and Vowing, Ten thousand times o'er,
Let me dye, and all that is insipp'd and flat,
And your Courtships as ferious to every Whore:
O, thou Charming Divine, and Oh sweet pretty Creature
Is so old, the Amours of a Cöbler looks greater.

III.

You torture a Song, 'till you make the Barsake
Your *Alamode* Wit, from the Play-House you take,
And are Airy and bold, whilst the borrow'd Stock hold,
But more Mouth than a disciples'd Munkie you make,
When 'tis spent, and with Cringes and new fashion'd Court'ies,
Or the price of your Trappings, make up your Discourses.

IV.

These shallow designs, and the plots that you cast,
Will never prevail, o're a Woman that's Chast,
And the Wench so well knows where to take all your blows,
That she turns your own weapon against you at last,
If such humorous folly can raise Love in any,
Such a one shall be sooner prefer'd than his Zany.

A DIALOGUE between NATURE and SORROW.

Nature. **Sorrow.**

Sorrow, Sorrow! say where dost thou dwell? *In the lowest Room of*

Nature. **Sorrow.** **Nature.**

Hell. Art thou Born of Human Race? *No, No, I have a Furies Fate.* Art thou in City, Town, or

Sorrow. **Nature.** **Sorrow.**

Court? *I to ev'ry place resort.* O Why into the World was Sorrow sent? *Men afflicted best repent,*

Nature. **Sorrow.** **Nature.** **Sorrow.**

What dost thou feed on? *Bro-ken sleep.* What tak'st thou pleasure in? *To weep, to cry,*

Nature.

Sighs, to sob, to phis, to groan, to wring my hands, to sit alone. Oh, when! Oh, when shall I

Sorrow.

gains have? *Ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, till the soul's Grand*

Mr. Robert Smith.

CELADON on DELIA'S Singing: A Pastoral.

Celadon.

Delia! for I know 'tis she, I know 'tis she; for nothing less could

move my toneless Heart, than something from above: I hate all earthly Harmony, Hark! Hark! ye Nymphs and

Satyrs all a round, Hark! how the baffled Echo faints and dies, faints and dies: See how the winged,

Quoit all gas-ping lies, at the Me-lo-dious Sound, Mark while she Sings, how they droop, and flag, their

Wings. Angelick *Delia*, Sing no more, Thy Song's too great for Mortal Ear, Thy charming

Notes we can no longer bear: O then in pity to the World, give o're, and leave us stupid, as we

AMST. MDCCLXXII.

were before. Fair *Delia*, take the fatal choice, to veil thy Beauty, or suppress thy Voice, His Passions

thus poor *Ce-la-don* betray'd when first he saw, when first he heard, he heard the lovely Maid.

CHORUS.

A. 3. voc.

CANTUS.

Fair *Delia*, take the fatal choice, to veil thy Beauty, or suppress thy Voice, His Passions thus poor

Ce-la-don betray'd, when first he saw, when first he heard, he heard the lovely Maid.

A. 3. voc.

MEDIUS.

Fair *Delia* take the fatal choice, to veil thy Beauty, or suppress thy Voice, His Passions thus poor *Ce-*

la-don betray'd, when first he saw, when first he heard, when first he heard, he heard the lovely Maid.

A. 3. voc.

BASSUS.

Fair *Delia* take the choice, to veil thy Beauty, or suppress thy Voice, His Passions thus poor *Ce-*

la-don betray'd, when first he saw, when first he heard, when first he heard, he heard the lovely Maid.

AA

Mr. William Gregory

A. DIALOGUE between THIRSI and DORINDA.

Dorinda.

Her Death shall part us from these Kids, and shut up our divided Lips, Tell me,

Dorinda.

This fit, please do, whether thou and I shall go?
 Oh! Where's it?
 To the E-li-zium. A Chast

Dorinda.

I know no way but one, our Home: Is our Cell E-li-zium?
 Soul can never miss it.
 Turn thine Eye to yonder

Oh! there the Milky way doth lie, He's sure, but rugged way that leads to E-ver-lasting day

These Birds may Nest, but how shall I, that have no Wings, and cannot Fly, find out my way?
 Do not sigh, fair Nymph, for

Flee has no Wings, yet doth aspire, 'till it hit against the Pole, Heav'n's the Center of the

But in E-li-zium how do they pass E-ter-ni-ty a-way?
 Soul. Oh, there is neither Hope nor Fear; there

is no Woolf, nor Fox, nor Bear; No need of Dog to fetch our Pray, our Light-foot we may

Oh, give away, No Oat-pigs needful, I urge thy Eyes may Sleep with Muffet of the Sphears

Oh! Sweet A-shops I say shew Goats, by flent th'bykes, puffed at. I please let us spend our time to

come in talking of E-ri-zi-um.

Allegro.

Then I'll go on. There Sheep are full of sweet-tell

Grafs, and softest Wool, There Birds sing Comfort, Garlands grow, cool Winds do whisper

Springs do flow, There always is a ri-ling Sun, and Day is e-ver but begun, Shepherds

Dorinda.

Allegro.

there bear e-qual way, And ev'ry Nymphs a Queen of May.

Dorinda.

Allegro.

I'm Sick, I'm Sick, and fain would Dye, Convince me now that this is

Dorinda. Why dost cry?

true, by bidding with me, all adieu

Allegro.

I cannot live without thee, I, I'll for thee, much more with thee Dye.

CHORUS together.

Dorinda.

Then let us give Clo-ri-lo charge o' th Sheep, and thou and I'll pick Poppies, and them sleep in

Allegro.

Then let us give Clo-ri-lo charge o' th Sheep, and thou and I'll pick Poppies, and them sleep in

Wine, and drink on't even 'till we Weep, till we Weep, So shall we smoothly pass a-

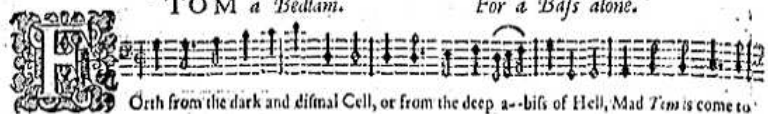
Wine, and Drink on't even 'till we Weep, we Weep, So shall we smoothly pass a-way,

way, a way, a way in Sleep.

way, a way, a way in Sleep.

Mr. Matthew Locke.

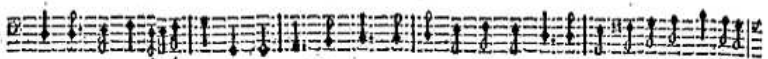
TOM a Bedlam. For a Bass alone.



Orth from the dark and dismal Cell, or from the deep a-bifs of Hell, Mad Tom is come to



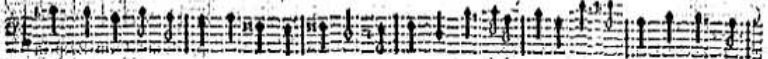
view the World again; to see if he can Cure his d-stemper'd Brain: Fears and Cares opprefs my Soul,



Hark, how the angry Furies howl, Pluto laughs, and Proferpine is glad, to see poor angry Tom of



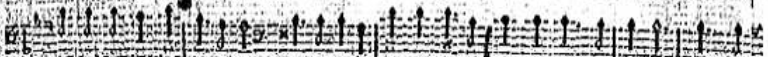
Bedlams Mad. Through the World I wander night and day, to find my stragling Senses, in an angry mood I



met Old Time With his Pentateuch of Tenfes, when mr he spies, away he flies, for Time will flay for



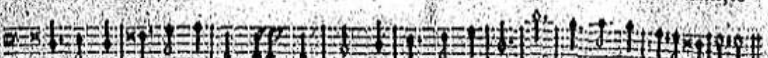
no man, in vain with cryes, I tend the Skies, for Pity is not common. Cold and comfortless I lye,



Help, help, oh help, or else I dye! Hark, I hear Apollo's Team, the Carman gins to whistle, Chast Di-



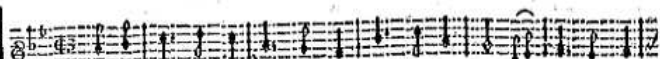
ana bends her Bow, and the Boar begins to bristle. Come Vulcan with Tools and with Tackles, to



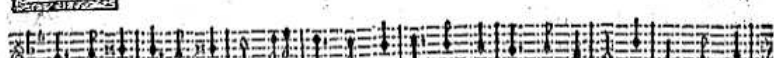
knock off my troublesome Shackles: Bid Charis make ready his Wain, to bring me my Senses a-gain,

II.
 Last Night I heard the Dog Star bark,
 Mars met Venus in the Dark;
 Limping Vulcan heat an Iron Bar,
 And furiously made at the great God of War;
 Mars with his Weapon laid about,
 Limping Vulcan had got the Gout;
 His broad Horns did hang so in his light,
 That he could not see to aim his blows aright.
 Mercury the nimble Post of Heaven,
 Hood wll to see the Quarrel;
 Gorrel-belly'd Bacchus, Gyant-like,
 Bestrid a Strong-beer Barrel;
 To me he Drank, I did him thank,
 But I could drink no Sider,
 He drank whole Buts, till he burst his Guts,
 But mine was neere the wider.
 Poor Tom is very Dry
 A little Drink for Charity:
 Hark! I hear Allens's Horns,
 The Hunts-man Hoops and Hollows;
 Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
 All the Chace doth follow.
 The Man in the Moon drinks Claret,
 Eats Powder'd-Beef, Turnep, and Catret;
 But a Cup of Malligo Sack
 Will fire the Bush at his Back.

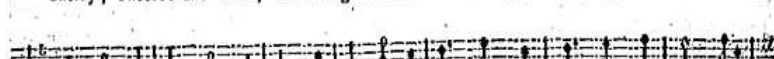
The Town Gallant.



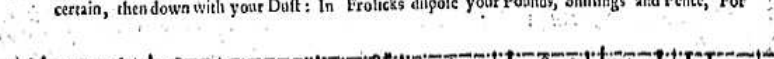
Et us Drink and be Mer-ry, Dance, Joke, and Rejoice, with Claret and



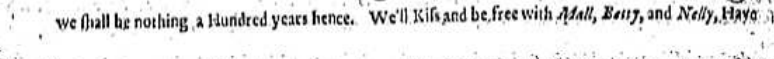
Sherry, Theorbo and Voice, The changeable World to our Joy is unjust, all Treasure's un-



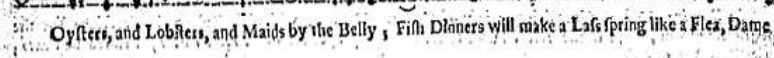
certain, then down with your Dust: In Erolicks dispose your Pounds, Shillings and Pence, For



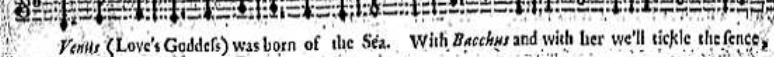
we shall be nothing a Hundred years hence. We'll Kiss and be free with Adall, Betty, and Nelly, Hays,



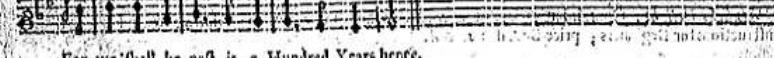
Oysters, and Lobsters, and Maids by the Belly, Fish Dinners will make a Last Spring like a Flea, Dame,



Venus (Love's Goddess) was born of the Sea. With Bacchus and with her we'll tickle the fence,



For we shall be past it a Hundred Years hence.



Your most Beautiful Bit, that hath all Eyes upon her,
 That her Honesty sells for a Hogs of Honour,
 Whose lightness and brightness doth shine in such splen-
 That none but the Stars are thought fit to attend her,
 Though now she be pleasant and sweet to the fence,
 Will be damnable wofully a hundred years hence.

The Riser, that in the hundred takes twenty,
 Who wants in his Wealth, and pines in his Plenty,
 Lays up for a season which he shall neere see,
 The Year of One thousand eight hundred and three,
 His wit and his wealth, his law, learning and fence,
 Shall be turned to nothing a hundred years hence.

V.
 Your Chancery-Lawyer, who by Subtily thrives,
 In spinning out Suits to the length of three Ayres,
 Such Suits which the Clients do wear out in flattery,
 Whilst Pleader makes Conscience a cloak for his knavery,
 May boast of his subtily in th' Present Tense,
 But None of us invents a hundred year hence.

VI.
 Then why Should we turmoil in Cares and in Fears,
 Turn all our Tranquillity to Sighs and Tears?
 Let's eat, drink and play, till the Worms do corrupt us,
 'Tis certain, that post mortem nulla Dolores.
 Let's deal with our Damocles, that we may from thence
 Have Broods to succeed us a hundred year hence.

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Your Obliged Servant,

JOHN PLAYFORD.

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M



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URANIA to PARTHENISSA.



N a soft Vision of the Night, my Fancy represented to my sight,

a goodly gentle Shade: Me thought, it mov'd with a Majestick Grace; but the surprizing sweetness

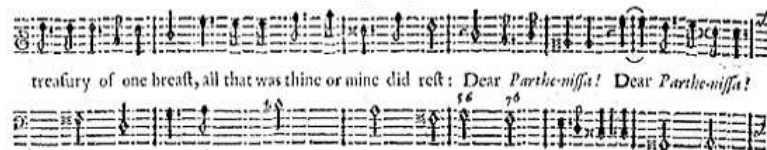
of its face, made me amaz'd, made me afraid: I found a secret Shivering in my heart, such as Friends

feel that meet or part: Approaching nearer, with a tim'rous Eye, Is then my Parthenissa dead? said

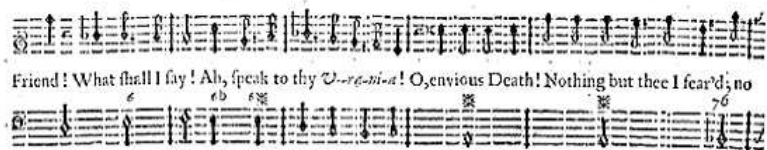
I, Ah, Parthenissa! If thou yet art kind, as kind as when like me, thou went away'st, when

Thou and I had equal share in eithers Heart; How canst thou bear, that I am left behind?

Done Parthenissa! Oh, those pleasant hours that blest our innocent Amours, when in the common



treasury of one breast, all that was thine or mine did rest: Dear *Parthe-nis-sa!* Dear *Parthe-nis-sa!*



Friend! What shall I say! Ah, speak to thy *De-vi-n-a!* O, envious Death! Nothing but thee I fear'd; no



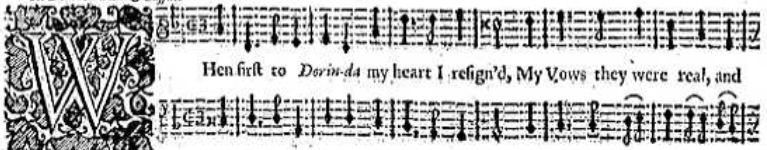
other Rival could estrange her soul from mine, or make me change: Scarce had I spoke my passionate



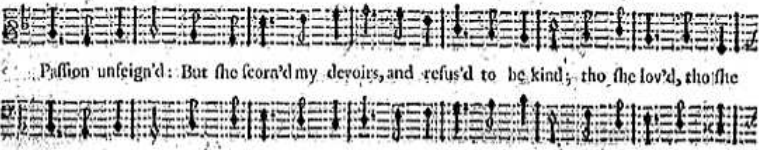
Fears, and overwhelm'd my self in Tears; But *Par-the-nis-sa* Smil'd, and then she disappear'd;

Mr. *Atah. Locke.*

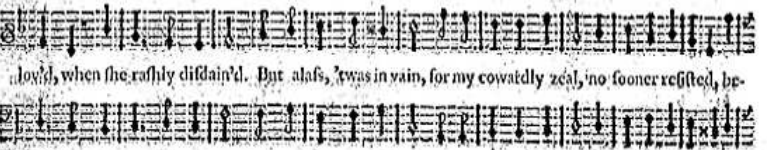
A. 2^{da} Voc. Cantu & Bassu.



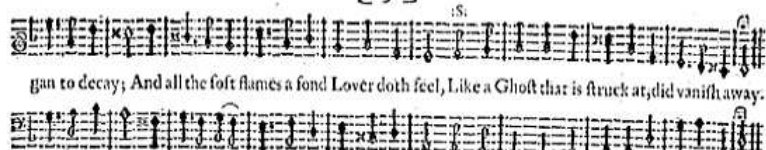
When first to *De-vi-n-a* my heart I resign'd, My Vows they were real, and



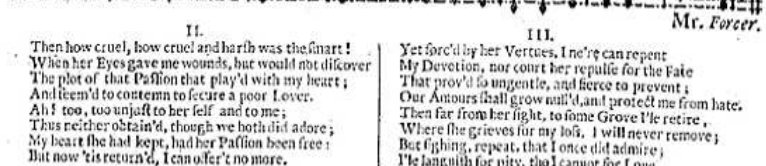
Passion unfeign'd: But she scorn'd my devoirs, and refus'd to be kind; tho' she lov'd, tho' she



lov'd, when she rashly disdain'd. But alas, 'twas in vain, for my cowardly zeal, no sooner resisted, be-



gan to decay; And all the soft flames a fond Lover doth feel, Like a Ghost that is struck at, did vanish away.

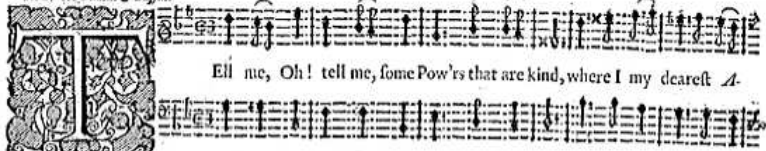


II.
Then how cruel, how cruel and harsh was the smart!
When her Eyes gave me wounds, but would not discover
The plot of that Passion that play'd with my heart;
And I seem'd to content me to secure a poor Lover.
Ah! too, too unjust to her self, and to me;
Thus neither obtain'd, though we both did adore;
My heart she had kept, had her Passion been free:
But now 'tis return'd, I can offer't no more.

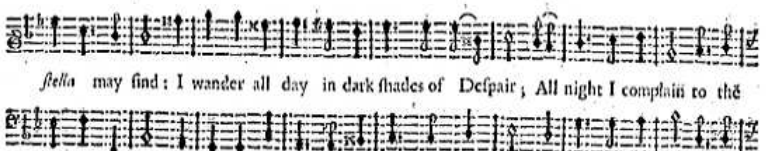
III.
Yet forc'd by her Vertues, I ne'er can repent
My Devotion, nor count her repulse for the Fate
That prov'd so ungentle, and hence to prevent;
Our Amours shall grow mild, and protect me from hate.
Then far from her sight, to some Grove I'll retire,
Where she grieves for my loss, I will never remove;
But sighing, repeat, that I once did admire;
I'll languish for pity, tho' I cannot for Love.

Mr. *Foreer.*

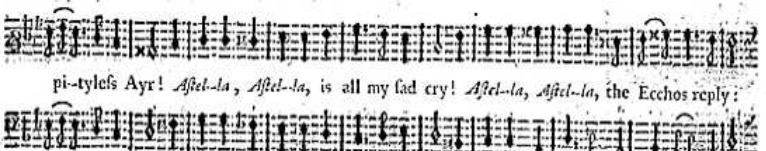
A. 2^{da} Voc. Cantu & Bassu.



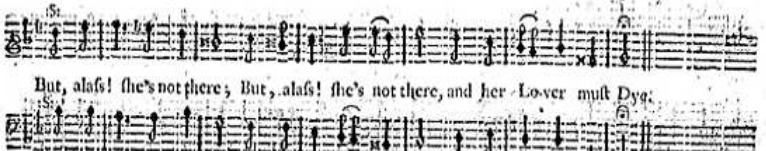
Ell me, Oh! tell me, some Pow'rs that are kind, where I my dearest *A-*



stella may find: I wander all day in dark shades of Despair; All night I complain to the



pi-tylefs Ay! *Astel-la, Astel-la*, is all my sad cry! *Astel-la, Astel-la*, the Eccchos reply:



But, alas! she's not there; But, alas! she's not there, and her Lover must Dye:

Mr. *James Haft.*

II. Why should the Envy of doating old Age,
The heart of young Lovers to sorrow engage;
The Ev'ning of Life let dull Interest move,
The Mornings of Youth are for Pleasure and Love;
Astella, Astella, to Pleasure give way,
Bright Beauty and Youth fullen time must obey:
But the Love of *Aminta*; but the Love of *Aminta* shall never decay;

A H, how severe is the Nymph I adore! For my obedience she slight's me the

more: Still as she shuns me I closer pursue; So by her sight she has learn'd to subdue.

How endless are the pains I must endure; Since she by flying wounds and shuns the Cure.

I. But how unhappy soever I prove,
 Still I must follow, and still I must love:
 For should I struggle, and break off my chain,
 My freedom would be worse than her disdain.
 Therefore the nobler Fate I will prefer;
 It must be happy, if it come from her.

Mr. James Hart.

N O Shepherd, no, rule thy mind; Be not to ill thoughts inclin'd:

No more thy rude Passion move, and ruin poor *Midas* Love. From thy false, thy deluding

Eye my Honour crys, quickly fly, There's danger in Loves delight, but safety lies in my sight.

II. My heart relents and despairs,
 To conquer thy moving Prayers:
 Oh, if thou my loss canst fear,
 Thy Passionate Vows for fear:
 For if Love makes my heart comply,
 My Virtue knows how to dye;
 And death, from all scandal clear,
 Is better than Empire hear.

Mr. James Hart.

A S Amoret with Phillis sit, one Ev'ning on the Plain, And saw the charming

Stephen wait to tell the Nymph his pain; The threaten'g dangers to remove, he whisper'd in her

Ear, Ah, Phillis! if you will not Love, This Shepherd do not hear, this Shepherd do not hear.

II. None ever had so strange an art
 His Passion to convey
 Into a list'ning Virgins heart,
 And steal her Soul away.
 Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
 Occasion for your Fate;
 In vain said she, in vain you strive;
 Alas! 'tis now to late! Alas! 'tis now to late!

Mr. Staggins.

A H, Phillis, would the gods decree that you should love, and none but me, I'de

quit what e're I hop'd before, and ne're importune Beauty more: A bliss above my hopes 'twill

be to be belov'd again by thee.

Should you, my Phillis, cruel prove,
 And with disdain, return my Love:
 Though all my hopes were still in vain,
 I'de look on you, and hope again:
 Or, Martyr-like, charm'd with the Cause
 Glory to suffer by your Laws.

Mr. William Turner.

III. I though some by chance procure their peace,
 My Life before my Love shall cease;
 My Love's Immortal as my Soul,
 Which fate by death cannot controul:
 Should you affect to cross my Love,
 My Death my Constancy should prove.

How wretched is the Slave to Love, who can no la-ſting Pleaſures prove; For

ſtill they mixt with pain; when not obtain'd, reſtleſs is the deſire; Enjoyment puts out all the

Fire, and ſhews the Love is vain.

<p>I.</p> <p>It wanders to another ſoon, Wanes and increaſes like the Moon; And like her never reſts: Makes Tides of pleaſures Now and then of Tears, Which ebb and flows of Joys and Cares, In Lovers wavering breaths.</p>	<p>III.</p> <p>But ſpite of Love, I will be free, And triumph in that liberty I without that enjoy: I th' worſt of Priſons Ile my body bind, Rather than chain my free-born mind For ſuch a fooliſh Toy.</p>
--	--

Mr. Forcer.

My dear Philander! it's no offence to Love, I'm ſure, with Innocence:

Poor Cloris vows by --all, that's good, That Paſſion ne'er ſhall be withſtood; But if you'd

only Love an' that, I'll give you up; to devour; Fancy will it's ſiſter have you ſure,

Than Court me with ſuch Li-ber-tie.

Mr. James Hart.

II.

By this Ple try ſtill your Conſtancy;
Now, Will you live? or, Will you dye?
To live, I'd rather have you chuſe:
But, if this freedom you abuſe,
Philander, know by Heavens leave,
I'll ſend you reſtleſs to your Grave;
Where you ſhall ſo Tormented be,
You'll wiſh in vain for to be free.

When the weary Sun was down, Bathing in the wanton Ocean;

My Love that ne'er let me alone, raiſed me to my De-votion: But my purpoſe was pre-

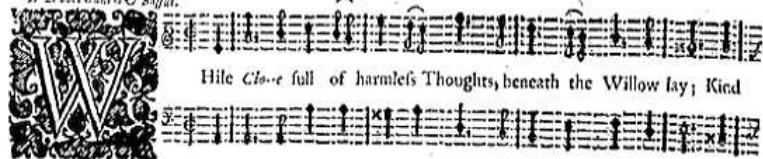
vented by a Nymph that thus lamented: Oh, how long ſhall Love Torment me! Kill me,

II.

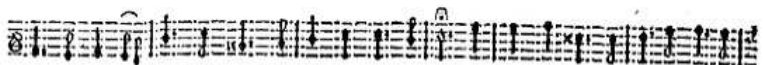
He I love does kneel and Pray,
Offering that for which I'm dying;
Bluſhing I ſigh, and turn away,
And am bleeding; while denying,
While my heart does ſay I rally;
Will't my heart does blame my folly?
Oh that Love was once deceiv'd
Let me dye, or let me have him.

Mr. Alphon. Starb.

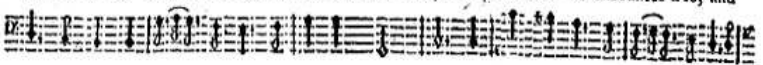
A 2. voc. Cantata & Saffus.



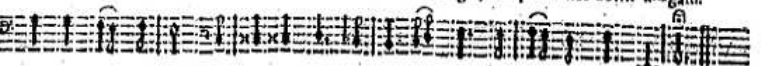
W hile Clo-ee full of harmleſs Thoughts, beneath the Willow lay; Kind



Love a comely Shepherd brought to paſs the time away: She Bluſh'd to be encounter'd ſo, and



chid the Am'rous Swain: But as ſhe ſtrove to riſe and go, he pull'd her down a--gain.



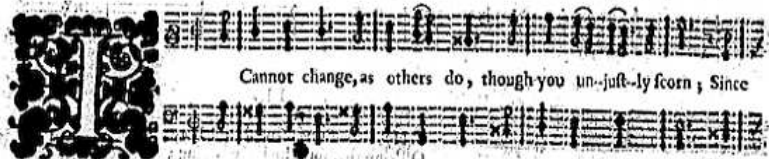
Mr. James Hart.

II.

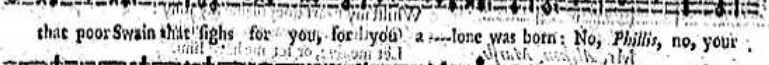
A ſuddain Paſſion ſeiz'd her heart, in ſpite of her diſdain;
She found a Pulſe in ev'ry part, and Love in ev'ry Vain:
Oh, Youth! ſhe cry'd, what charms are theſe, that conquer and ſurprize!
Oh, let me! for, unleſs you pleaſe, I have no pow'r to riſe!

III.

She faintly ſpoke, and trembling lay, for fear he ſhould comply;
But Virgins Eyes their Hearts betray, and give their Tongues the lye.
Thus ſhe who Princes had deny'd, with all their pompous train,
Was in the lucky Minute try'd, and yielded to a Swain.



Cannot change, as others do, though you un-juſt-ly ſcorn, Since



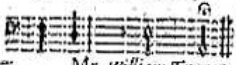
that poor Swain that ſighs for you, for you! a--lone was born: No, Phillis, no, your



heart to move, a ſurer way I'll try; And to revenge my ſlighted Love, will ſtill love on, will



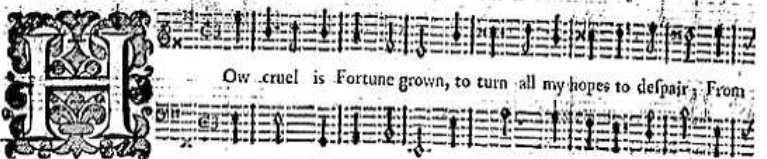
ſtill love on, and dye.



Mr. William Turner.

II.

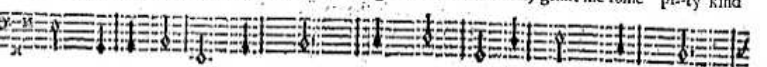
When kill'd with grief *Anima* lyes,
And you to mind ſhall call
The Sighs, that now unpitty'd riſe;
The Tears that vainly fall:
That welcome hour that ends his ſmart;
Will then begin your pain:
For ſuch a faithful tender Heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.



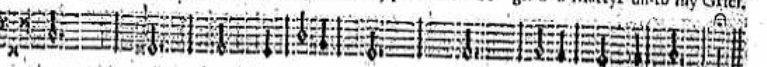
H ow cruel is Fortune grown, to turn all my hopes to deſpair; From



Blis I am head-long thrown, and baniſh'd the ſight of the Fair: Oh, grant me ſome pi-ty kind



Heav'n! to my Sorrow afford ſome relief; Or let my poor Life be giv'n a Martyr un-to my Grief.



While ſtriving with Care and Pain
To cure my poor Soul of its ſmart;
More Grief the ſad Centre gains,
And ſends a deep Sigh from my Heart:
In vain do I think on Joys,
Or for Happineſs beg, or implore;
When each cruel moment deſtroys
Whatever I thought on before.

Yong Phœon strove the Bliss to taste; but Sappho still deny'd: She

Struggled long, the Youth at last; lay panting by her side. Useless he lay, Love

would not wait, 'till they could both a-gree; They idle-ly languish'd in debate, when

they should a-tive be.

Mr. John Banister.

II.

At last come ruin me, she cry'd,
And then there fell a Tear:
I'll in thy Breast my Blushes hide,
Do all that Virgins fear.
O, that age could loves Rites perform,
We make Old Men obey;
They court us long, Youth does but storm,
And plunder and away.

Hou Joy of all Hearts, and Delight of all Eyes; Natures chief

Treasure, and Beauties chief Prize; Look down you'll dis-co-ver, here's a faithful young vi-go-rous

Lo-ver; With a Heart full as true as e're languish'd for you; here's a faithful young

vi-go-rous Lo-ver.

Mr. William Turner.

II.
The Heart that was once a Monarch in's breast,
Is now your poor Captive, and can take no rest;
'Twill never give over,
But about your sweet Bosome will hover;
Dear Miss let it in,
Be assur'd 'tis no sin;
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover.

Hou hap-py and free is the Re-so-lute Swain, that denies to submit to the

Yoke of the Fair: Free from ex-cel-ses of pleasure and pain, neither dazled with hope, nor de-

prest with de-spair. He's safe from disturbance, and calm-ly en-joys all the Pleasures of

Love, without clamour or noise.

II. Poor Shepherds in vain there affections reveal,
To a Nymph that is preewith, proud, fallen, and coy;
Vainly do Virgins their Passion conceal,
For they boyl in their grief, 'till themselves they destroy.
And thus the poor Darling lies under the Curse,
To be check'd in the Womb, e're-laid by the Nurse.

A SCOTCH AIRE.

Dear *Jecky's* gone to the Wood, and Dame *Jenny's* gone twa; Dear *Jecky's* wu'd

Court a-good, But Dame *Jenny* sa's na: Dame *Jenny* my Dearest Love; Pretheo *Jecky* fancy

me; Thou art the blitheft bonny-Girl, and the finest Pearl, that e're *Jecky's* Nynce see.

Mr. William Gregorie,

II.

When *Jecky* had We'd her thus, she sa's prethee forbear;
Thou *Jecky* art false I fear, and wadst *Jenny* inhare:
Dame *Jenny* believe it not, that thy *Jecky* is untrue;
For I do swear by au' that's good, in this pleasant Wood,
And by Bonnet that's Blue.

III.

Why shu'd I not now believe, when dear *Jecky* d'us swear
By Bonnet, and au' that's good, that e're *Jecky's* al wear:
Come let us gang he'm my Dear, and be merry there a' while,
I love thee heartily my Joy, th'art the only Boy
On whom *Jenny's* al Smile.

A lone by a Fountain Ple press the cold Ground; the Rocks and the

Mountains my grief shall rebound: But the Man that's so dear, Ple ne-ver /dis-co-ver; lest the

Echo should hear, and repeat to my Lover; The Pains that invade me forhearding to tell, there's

none can upbraid me of Loving too well: If my charms cannot win him, his passion to show;

'Tis enough, that I Love him, too much he should know.

Mr. Simon Pack, Gent.

A H, *Ce-li-s*, what pow'ful charms have you; that with a look could so my

heart subdue, and at first sight impose a Law on me, against my fun-da-men-tal Li-ber-tie: I

look'd, and Lov'd; Oh, fatal was that day! I look'd untill I look'd my heart a-way.

II.

And yet upon your Brow you wore a Frown
What would ferreness then and smiles have done;
In vain, in vain we boast a free born Soul,
When Beauty can so easily controul!
When every glance does liberty expose,
And with a Look, we native freedom loose.

III.

You bid me now resume my libertie;
Alas! I cannot, if I would be free:
Should hate the unjust Pow'r bestow, yet still
Having that Pow'r, I should want the will,
Where Love so absolute a Monarch reigns,
They cou't their Fetters, & grow proud of Chains.

E

A SONG in the Play of CIRCE.

Give me my Lute, in thee some ease I find; *Eurydice* is dead, and

to that dismal Region fled, where all is sad and gloomy as my mind: The World has nothing

worth a Lovers care; None now by Ri-vers weep, Verse and the Lute are both a Sleep:

All Women now are false, are false, and few are fair. Thy Scepter, Love, shall o're the

Aged be; Lay by your useless darts, for all the Young will guard their hearts, and scorn thy fading

Empire, taught by me's Beauty, the *Thracian* Youth no more shall mourn; The Young shall fight no

more, but all thy Noble Verse adore; It has more Graces, Graces, than the Queen of Love.

Mr. John Banister.

Since the Pox, or the Plague of In-con-stant-cy, Reigns in most of the

Women o'th Town; what ri-di-cu-lous Fop would trou-ble his Brains, to make the lewd

Devils lye down: No more in dull Rhyme, or some hea-vi-er strain, will I of the Jades, or their

Gilding complain; My coursel will make to things more divine; The Pleasures of Friendship;

CHORUS.

Freedom and Wine. We'll *Venus* adore for a Goddess no more, that old Lady Whore; But

We'll *Venus*, &c.

Bacchus we'll court, who doth Drinking support; Let the World sink or swim, Sirrah! fill to the Brim.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

A. 2. For. C. Organ & Bass.

How subt'ly Love deals with us slaves, when each look does entreate our de-
sires; at each Amorous view, Love rallys a new, and fans the kind Flame still up higher: But
when we are come to embrace, and Loves Organs in action empty; Our Panges they are such, that
scarce can we touch e're we faint, and fall breathless away.

Mr. Forcer.

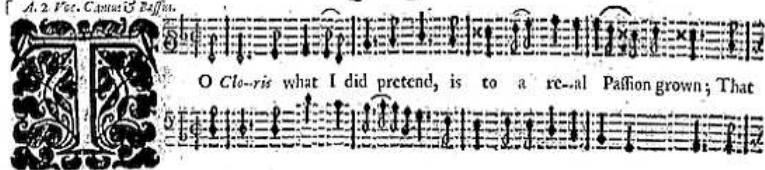
II.

Then panting in respite we lye,
And muse on the pastime began;
Till by powerful thought,
With pleasure refraght,
We rake heart to be sick once again.
Thus our pleasant convulsion renew,
And in sweetest succession go on;
Till our fits so dull grow,
And do follow so slow,
That our pretty Love Fainting is done.

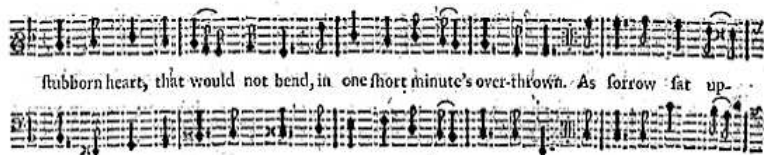
How peacefull the Days are, how pleasant the Night; How void of all

trouble, how full of de-light; when the Eyes of *Do-rin-da* her heart does discover, with
all the kind looks, on her passionate Lover: With Kisses, and Vows, Loves Earnest have
paid; And I am assur'd, that my heart's not betray'd; I conclude, greater blessings the
gods cannot give, and I pray, and I wish here for ever to Live. No Joy to that
Love where true hearts do unite, tis a Morning Eter-nal, that ne-ver sees Night.

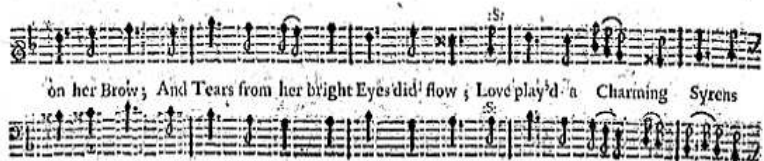
A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bass.



O *Clo-ris* what I did pretend, is to a re-*al* Passion grown; That



stubborn heart, that would not bend, in one short minute's over-thrown. As sorrow sat up-



on her Brow; And Tears from her bright Eyes did flow; Love play'd a Charming Syrens



part; And in the Water Fir'd my Heart.

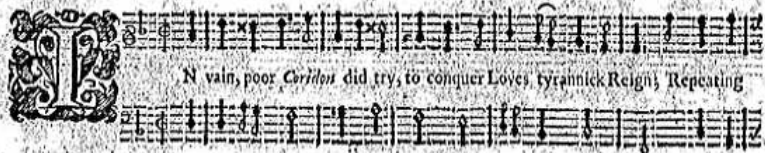
Mr. James Hart.

II.

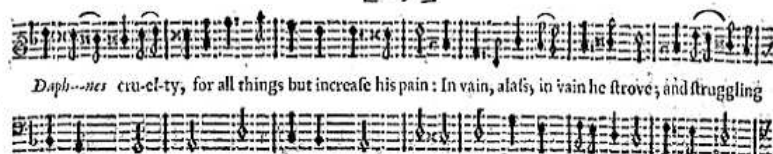
How pleasant was the sad surprize;
Whilst I to quench my Flames did seek,
Those Pearls that melted from her Eyes,
And fondly kiss'd them off her Cheek;
With her white hand she put me by,
And softly cry'd, *Amintor*, fly;
Left, by your stay, you do receive
Infection, and with *Clo-ris* grieve.

III.

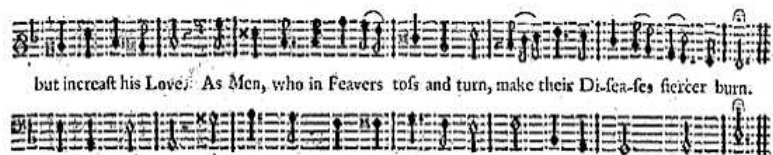
Too late, alas, you do advise,
The sweet Contagion now hath spread;
My Heart's your Beauties Sacrific'd,
And panting at your feet is laid.
Ah, *Clo-ris*, make a kind return;
Twas gentle pity made me burn;
But if the Offering you despise,
Declare it, and *Amintor* dies.



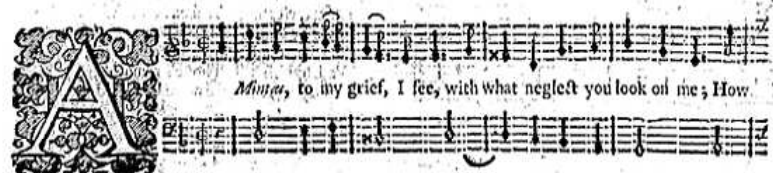
N vain, poor *Coridon* did try, to conquer Loves tyrannick Reign; Repeating



Daph-nes cru-el-ty, for all things but increase his pain: In vain, alas, in vain he strove; and struggling



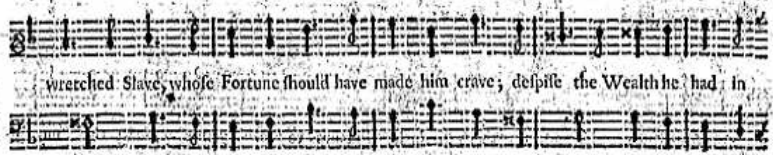
but increas'd his Love: As Men, who in Feavers toss and turn, make their Di-sea-ses fiercer burn.



Amintor, to my grief, I see, with what neglect you look on me; How



much to Love you are inclin'd; yet slight this heart, for you design'd. So have I seen some



wretched Slave, whose Fortune should have made him crave; despite the Wealth he had; in



store, and toil; at ev'ry Mine for more.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

Calio shall now turn Miser too;
But 'tis to lay up Love for you:
To lay up all her Tears and Sighs,
And all her Looks, with dying Eyes;
That when by some inconstant Maid,
You find your Pains, and Heart betray'd,
She may put on those pow'rful Charms,
To bring you back to her own Arms.

A. 2. Voc. Cantata & Basson.

H O' fond's the World, to love a Face like mo-men-ta-ry Joys do pass, the

Fairest Nymph with all her charms, can never force me to: her Arms; only the Soul my heart can

more, no Charms so firm as inward Love.

II.
Like *Indians*, who the Sun adore,
The gayest thing e'er seen before;
So we by *Phny* chuse the Fair;
And, by repulse, brought to despair;
We languish 'till all hope's remov'd,
And dying wish, we ne'er had lov'd.

Hring thee, O thou charming Fair, a Heart that's free, a Heart that's

free from Care. No Martyr that's driv'n by Torments to Heav'n; But a Heart that un-

forc'dly to thy Beauty is giv'n, No Captive in Chains, that sighs and complains, of Bleeding, and

Flames, and pit-ty-less Pains: But I bring thee, O, thou charming Fair, a Heart that's

free, a Heart that's free from Care.

II.
Send all thy Guards of Frowns away,
I will not force, I will not force obey:
But kindness and favour, will make me deliver
My heart at thy feet, and adore thee for ever:
Thy slave will be gone when thy Beauty goes down;
But into the Sea I'll sink with thy fun;
For I bring thee, O thou charming Fair,
A heart that's free, a heart that's free from care.

Mr. James Hart.

SHe's gone, gone, for e-ver, the Nymph I a-dore, and Fortune and

Love can be cru-el no more: Now Fate I de-see thee, to punish me worse; without my *Be-*

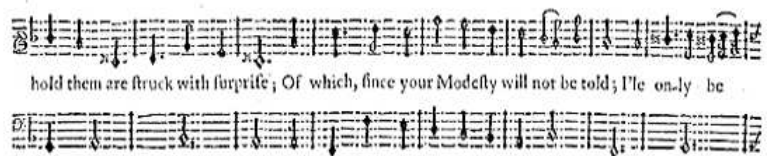
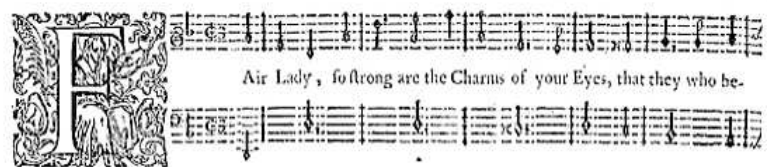
li-m-da, my life's but a Curse. The thought of past pleasures increases my pain, when I

sad-ly re-lect, they will ne'er come again.

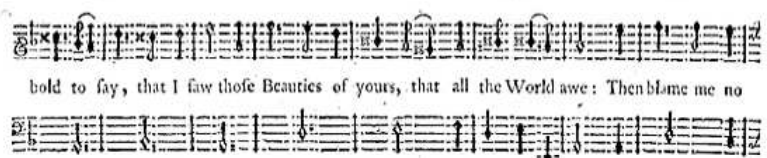
Simon Pack, Gent.



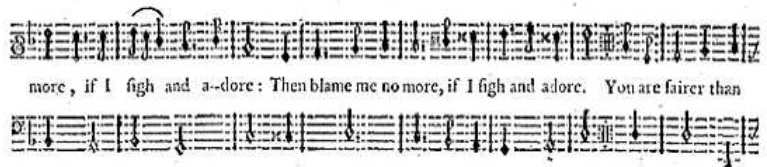
Air Lady, so strong are the Charms of your Eyes, that they who be-



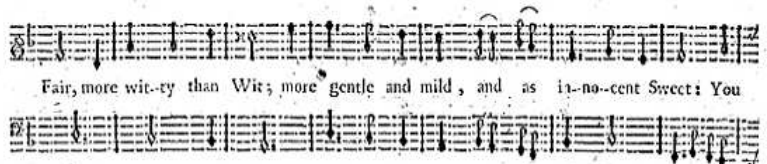
hold them are struck with surpris; Of which, since your Modesty will not be told; I'll only be



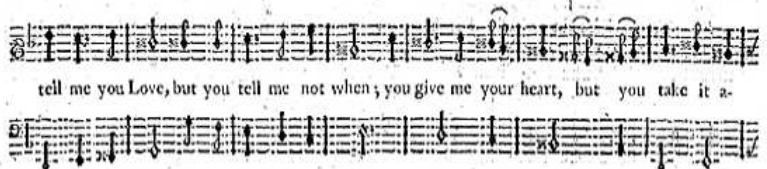
bold to say, that I saw those Beauties of yours, that all the World awe: Then blame me no



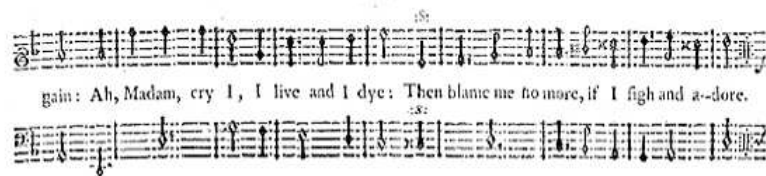
more, if I sigh and a-dore: Then blame me no more, if I sigh and adore. You are fairer than



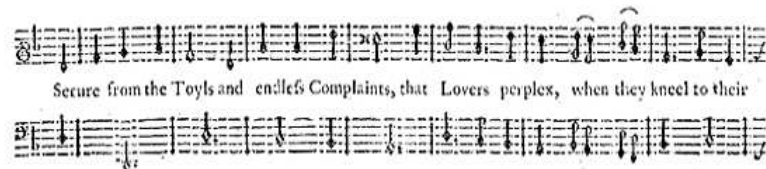
Fair, more witty than Wit; more gentle and mild, and as in-no-cent Sweet: You



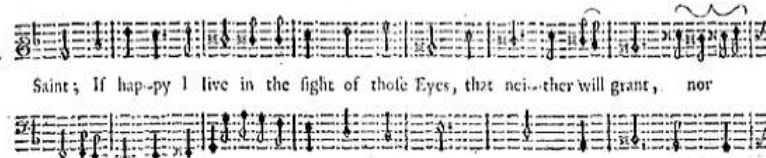
tell me you Love, but you tell me not when; you give me your heart, but you take it a-



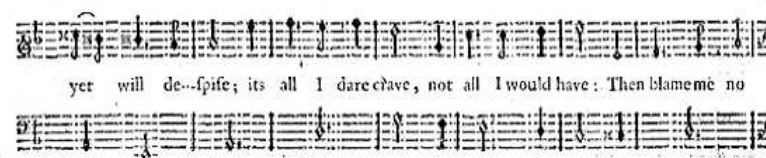
gain: Ah, Madam, cry I, I live and I dye: Then blame me no more, if I sigh and a-dore.



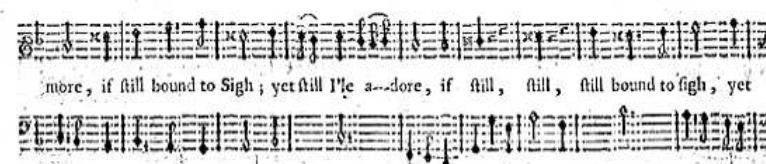
Secure from the Toys and endless Complaints, that Lovers perplex, when they kneel to their



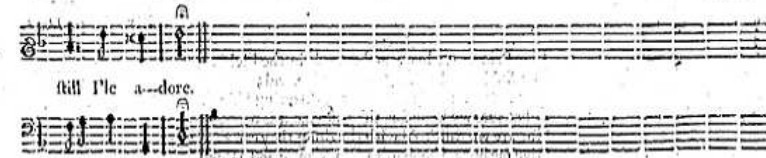
Saint; If hap-py I live in the sight of those Eyes, that nei-ther will grant, nor



yet will de-spise; its all I dare crave, nor all I would have: Then blame me no



more, if still bound to Sigh; yet still I'll a-dore, if still, still, still bound to sigh, yet



still I'll a-dore.

Dr. John Blow.

The SHEPHERD'S SONG.

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Basses.



O F Fading Delights, let the Town take her fill, our Pleasures are

constant, and here we live still, In a Cottage, as safe as a Thief in a Mill. Before there were

Ci-ties, our Folds here they stood; At first all were Shepherds, if Sto-ry be good: And

when in the Ci-ty their Bodies are worn, Debauch'd, as they call it, all mang'led and torn, To

Patch up themselves, they to us do return; To Patch up themselves, they to us do return.

II.

Mr. James Hart;

Like Princes we live, and we rule in the Field,
Our Subjects obedience do readily yield;
Nor a Sword do we want, nor a glittering Shield.
What ever we hope for, th' Enjoyment is near;
Nor are we disturb'd with the thing they call Fear;
Give me but a Shepherd's plain Mantle and Weed,
My Bottle and Bag, with a Pipe and a Reed;
No more shall I wish, no more shall I need; No more, &c.



S Care had the rising Sun appear'd, to gild the dawning Day, when

in a neighb'ring Grove, I heard a Murn'ring Voice to say, Be kind, Sweet Nymph, since

Heav'n affords con-ve-nien-cies and place; He had as pre-va-lent Charms in his Words, as

Chorus.
She had in her Face. Beauty, to plea-sing Flat-te-ries must yield; tho the first

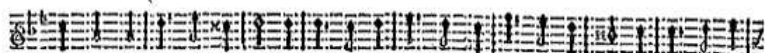
conquers, yet these win the Field: Beauty, to plea-sing Flat-te-ries must yield; tho

the first conquers, yet these win the Field.

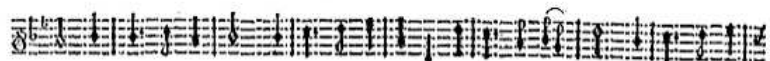
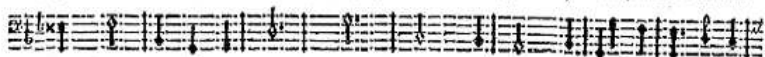
Mr. Henry Purcell,



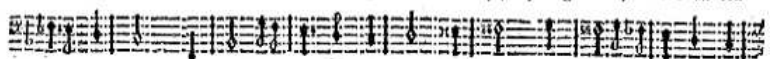
H, the Charms of a Beauty, disdainful and fair, how she blasts all my



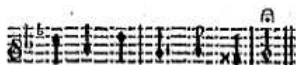
Joys, when she bids me despair; forgetting my State, when I sigh and lye down, and cast at her



Feet both Scepter and Crown; She passes regardless, and says, A young Swain, before an old



II.



Monarch her Love should obtain.



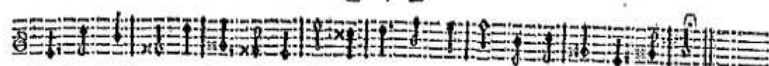
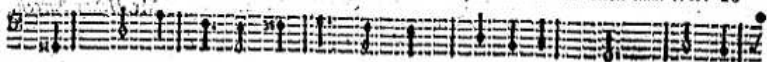
Forbear, my *Glennia*, to laugh at my Age,
Nor think me less apt than the Young, to engage;
Though the Politick States-man in care spends the Light,
He puts off his troubles, and laughs all the Night:
He wakes like a Star, ever fixt to his Sphear;
And his Mistress looks pale, when the Morning draws near.



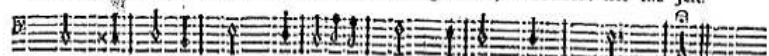
Resolve against Cringing and Whining in a Lovers intrigue, so un-fit:



'Tis like saying Grace, with-out Dining; and be-trays more af-fec-tion than Wit: To



Kneel and Adore, to Sigh and Protest, And there to give o're, where about lies the Jest.



II.

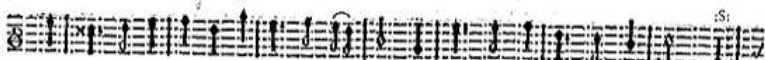
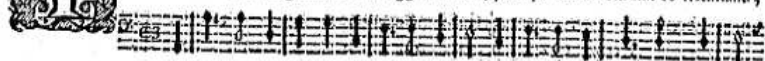
Mr. Henry Purcell.

Dearest Mistress, I prethee be wiser;
Recant your Platonick Opinion:
Whilst you hord up your Love, like a Miser,
You starve all within your dominion.
And when the dread Foe is vanquish'd by you,
Ple kiss the Boys Bow, and for ever be true.

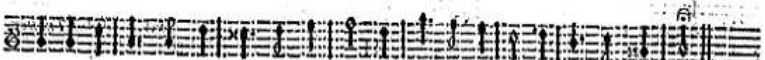
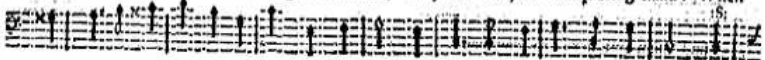
A. 2. vtr. Cantata & Bassin.



Find, my *Eugenia*, I've struggl'd in vain, your powerful Charms to withstand;



My heart can its freedom no longer maintain, But yields to your conquering hand: When



Beauty and Wit, and good Humour conspire, what breist is so cold, as not to take Fire?



II.

Mr. William Turner.

Blind *Cupid*, o're Mortals, triumphs in your Eyes;
From thence doth his Empire extend;
Who ever looks on you, is soon made a Prize;
His Liberty none can defend.
Love shoots not quills, secure of all hearts,
While the Brow is his Bow, the Looks are his Darts.

A. 2. 108. Cantata & Bass.

LOrbear, silly Heart, you insult but in vain; though so mean of our
 Sex you approve: Your Hearts are as empty and weak as your Brain, and your Rhet'rick as
 poor as your Love. By your a--mo--rous Follies, we wi--fer are grown, and now to our
 rigour we'll stand: Since the Heart that you claim'd, becomes freely our own, you'l
 find them but hard to command.

Mr. William Turner.

II.

What Cringes and Sighs, what Raptures and Vows,
 To delude a Poor Nymph you employ!
 You design her a Miss, for you fancy a Spouse
 Is a Pleasure too long to enjoy.
 What Flame can our faithless Opinion remove?
 Or, what can a kind one create?
 When at once you propose both Honour and Love,
 You ruin the Name and Estate.

III.

How charming and sweet is Love, while 'tis young!
 Yet if the Design does but fail
 It changes her Note, from an amorous Song,
 To a Tune with a Huff and a Rall.
 If your Loves have no greater pow'r to invite,
 We must, for your Passion, declare,
 They're not worth our Return, nor your Scorn our Requite;
 And so we can rest as we are.

DEsist all endeavours, my heart to allure; for the Boy is be-
 for-ted, and sleeps now secure: Imbrac'd in the Arms of his Mother so dear; And
 Vows your Im-plo-rings he ne-ver will hear. Then lie down and rest in your former
 estate, or range all the Schools, to find a new Mate: For opposites sure in Love can't a-
 gree, 'tis mu-tual consent, which makes Har-mo-nie.

Mr. John Masi.

II.

Fly, fly, foolish Shepherd, in vain you expend
 Each Minute in Love, for your Joys now do end:
 Experience hath taught, by an amorous Swain,
 To slight an old Shepherd, and love once again.
 Then cease all designs, since your humours prestige
 A person Ignoble, your Love shall engage.



Under the Branches of a spreading Tree, Silvanus sat, from care

and dan-ger free; and his inconstant ro-ving hu-mour shows his dear Nymph, that

Sang of Marriage Vows: But she with flow-ing Sweetness, charm-ing Air, cry'd sic,

sic, my Dear, give o're; Ah, tempt the Gods no more; but thy Offence with Pe-ni-tence repair:

For the Vice in a Beauty seems sweet in thy Arms; an in-no-cent Virtue has always more Charms.

Ah, Phil-li-da, the an-gry Swain reply'd, is not a Mistress bet-ter than a Bride? What

man that u-ni-ver-sal Yoke retains, but meets an hour, to Sigh, and curse his Chains? She smiling

cry'd, Change, change that im-pious mind; without it we could prove not half the Sweets of

Love: 'Tis Marriage makes the feeling Joys Divine; For all our life long we from scan-dal ro-

move, and at last fall the Trophies of Honour and Love.

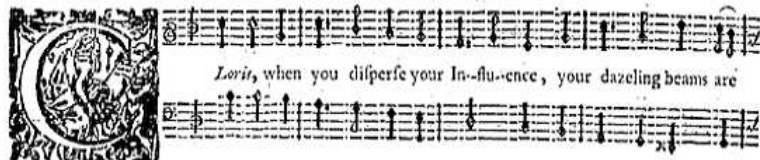
Mr. William Turner.



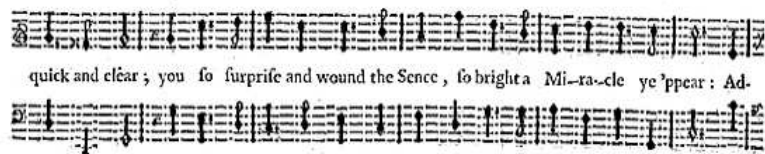
Arwell the World and Mortal care, the ravish'd Strephon cry'd; as full of

Joys and silent Tears, he lay by Phillis side: Let others toyl for Wealth and Fame, whilst not one

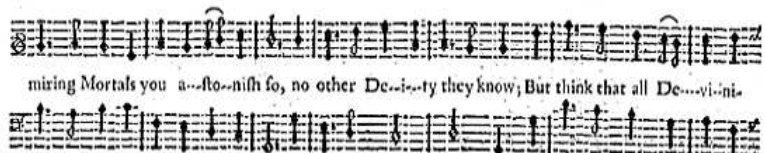
thought of mine at a-ny o-ther Bliss shall aim, than these dear Arms of thine.



Love, when you disperse your In-flu-ence, your dazzling beams are



quick and clear; you so surprize and wound the Sence, so bright a Mi-ra-cle ye 'ppear: Ad-



miring Mortals you a-sto-nish so, no other De-vi-ty they know; But think that all De-vi-ni-

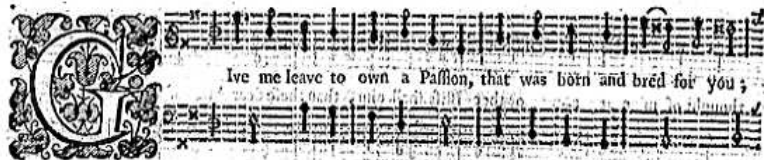


ty's be-low: But think that all Divi-ni-ty's be-low.

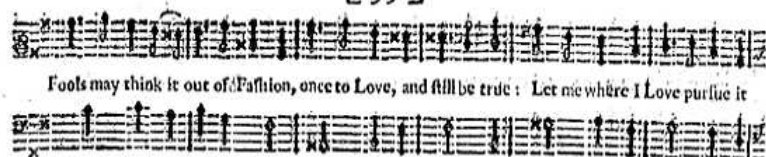
II.

Mr. William Turner.

One charming Look from your illustrious Face,
Were able to subdue Man-kind:
So sweet, so powerful a Grace,
Makes all men Lovers, but the Blind:
Nor can they freedom, by resistance gain,
For each embraces the soft chain,
And never struggle with the pleasing Pain:
And never struggle with the pleasing Pain.



Ive me leave to own a Passion, that was born and bred for you;



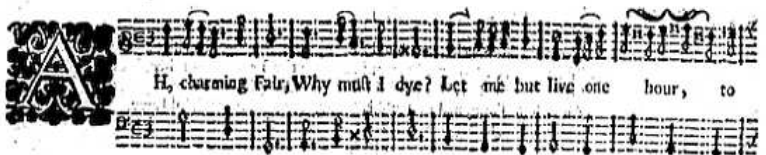
Fools may think it out of Passion, once to Love, and still be true: Let me where I Love pursue it



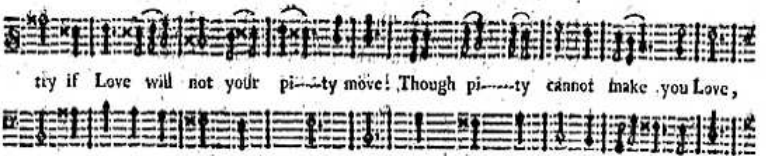
though in scorn you persever; Time, nor Fate shall ne're undo it, nor Divorce me from your Ear.

II.

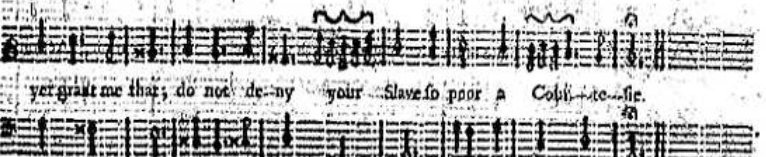
All the Force of your denial; cannot make me raise the Siege;
Constancy shall be my tryal, though my hopes you disoblige:
All my days of Youth and Vigour, shall at Loves great service be;
And in spite of all your Rigour, Love you to Eternitie.



H, charming Fair, Why must I dye? Let me but live one hour, to



try if Love will not your pi-ty move! Though pi-ty cannot make you Love,



yet grant me that, do not de-ny your Slave so poor a Copi-ate-sic.

II.

Before you kill me, I'll impart
To you, a Wounded, Wretched Heart;
For my sake, lodge it in your Breast,
From Care and Sorrow let it rest:
And when your Hour-Glass is run;
Then meet me at Elix-ion.

NO! never Planet rul'd the Skies, nor ege on Loyer frown'd; The

Rich, the Poor, the Fools, the Wife, to other Laws are bound: The formal Nun, the Men of Pray'r, that

others so reprove; in spite of all their Pious Care, stoop to the God of Love.

Mr. Alph. Marsh.

II.

Crown'd Monarchs, to a lovely Face, their Scepters Sacrifice;
Their Captive Conquests crowd to grace the Triumphs of her Eyes;
Great Jove dissolv'd himself in Show'rs, fair Diana's Fires to prove;
And silent Time, makes slow his Hours, to wait on pow'ful Love.

III.

Yet I 'gainst Fate and Beauties harms a safe exemption found;
Till fair Corinna's daz'ling Charms; my tender Heart did wound;
Thus, what the potent Thunder could ne'er to softness move;
Was by a Lightning, shot from her, that melted into Love.

Some brave Man, unmov'd doth stand, when any threatening Action,

calls, and frightens death with his bold hand; still over-pow'rd with Foes he falls: such was his

Fate, whose daring heart, encountering your surprizing look; Love wounded with his fatal

dart, and all his Senses Prisoners took.

II.

So does some treacherous Defeat, our Blood, and all our parts invade;
And then on life, it self doth seize, with fires, kept in Ambuscade;
Yet, since from your 'plighting Eyes, his yielding Breast receiv'd its wound;
He hopes, where so much pity lies, there is some mercy to be found.

But if 'unpity'd, he should fall by you;
Those Sighs shall haunt your Ears, when last he cry'd;
Adieu, Adieu, your Loyer was true;
Amidst, Amidst, 'twas for you he dy'd.

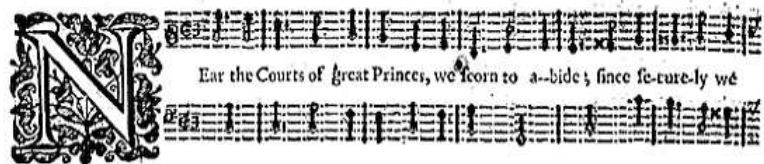
Sitting by yonder River side, thus to *Psyche*, *Close* cry'd; whilst

from the fair Nymphs Eyes a race, a no-ther stream o're flow'd her beauteous Face: Ah! happy

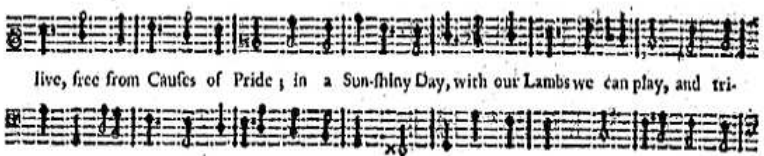
Nymph, said she, that fast doth sit, the value that false creature Man,

Mr. Thomas Farmer.

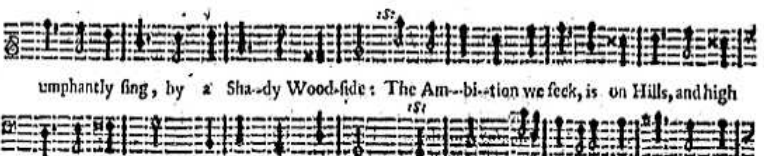
Of the perfidious things, would cry;
They Love, they bleed, they Burn, they Dye;
Yet, if, they're absent half a Day,
Nay, let them be but one poor Hour away;
No more they Dye, no more Complain,
But like unconstant Wretches, Live again.



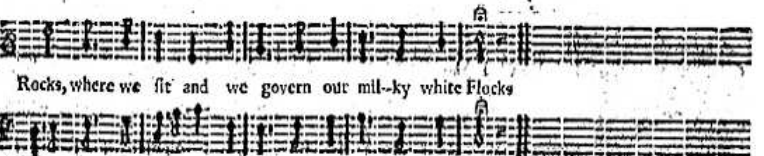
See the Courts of great Princes, we learn to abide; since securely we



live, free from Causes of Pride; in a Sun-shiny Day, with our Lambs we can play, and tri-



umphantly sing, by a Sha-dy Wood-side: The Am-bi-tion we seek, is on Hills, and high



Rocks, where we sit and we govern our mil-ky white Flocks

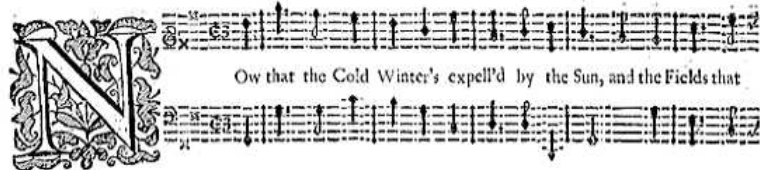
Mr. William Turner.

II.

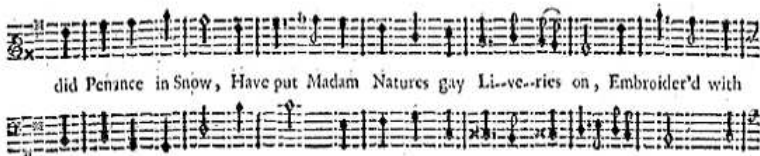
What some may call Beauty, we do often display,
To be Kiss'd by the Sun, in a Scorching Hot Day:
We do think it a Sin, a new Conquest to win,
By endeavouring to cherish what soon flies away.
The Ambition we seek, is on Hills, and high Rocks,
Where we sit and we govern our milky white Flocks.

III.

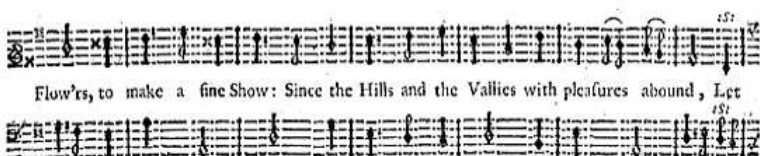
Of Intrigues and Amours, we have often heard speak;
But to know their true meaning, we yet need seek:
In pure Innocence, we with our Sheep do live free
From all noise; like a Bark that lies safe in a Creech.
The Ambition we seek, is on Hills, and high Rocks,
Where we sit and we govern our milky white Flocks.



Now that the Cold Winter's expell'd by the Sun, and the Fields that



did Penance in Snow, Have put Madam Natures gay Li-ve-ries on, Embroider'd with



Flow'rs, to make a fine Show: Since the Hills and the Vallies with pleasures abound, Let



Mortals bear a Part, and the Frolick go round.

Mr. William Turner.

II.

Hark, hark! how the Birds in sweet Consort conspire;
The Lark and the Nightingale join;
And in every Grove, there's an amorous Quoir,
While nothing but Mirth is their harmless desire:
Since the Hills and the Vallies with pleasures abound;
Let Mortals bear a Part, and the Frolick go round.

III.

Me thinks the God Part, whose Subjects we are;
Sits and smiles on a Flowry Throne;
He accepts our kind Offerings every Year,
Our May-pole, his Scepter, our Garland, his Crown;
Since the Hills and the Vallies with pleasures abound;
Let Mortals bear a Part, and the Frolick go round.

Long was the Day, e're *Alexis*, my Lover, to finish my hopes, would his

Passion reveal: He could not speak, nor I could not dis-co-ver, what my poor aking Heart was

so loath to conceal; 'Till the Strength of his Passion, his fear had remov'd; then we mu-tual-ly

talk'd, and we mu-tual-ly lov'd.

Mr. *William Turner*.

II.

Groves for *Umbrellæ's*, did kindly o're-shade us
From *Phæbus* hot rages, who like Envy, had strove,
Had not kind Fate, this provision made us,
All the Nymphs of the Air would have envy'd our Love:
But we stand below Envy, that ill-natur'd Fate;
And above cruel Scorn, is our happy estate.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Basses.

Siling *Phyllis* has an Air so engaging, all Men love her; But her

hidden Beauties, are Wonders, I dare not dis-co-ver; So bewitching, that in vain I endeavour

to forget her; Still she brings me back again, and I day-ly love her bet-ter.

Mr. *Thomas Farmer*.

II.

Kindness springs within her Eyes, and from thence is always flowing;
Ev'ry Minute does surprize with fresh Beauties still a Blowing.
Were she but as true as fair, never Man had such a Treasure;
But I dye with jealous Care, in the midst of all my Pleasure.

III.

Free and easie, without Pride, is her Language, and her Fashion;
Setting gentle Love aside, she's untov'd with any Passion.
When she says, I have her heart, though I ought not to believe her,
She so kindly plays her part, I could be deceiv'd forever.

Is it Noble, cruel Fair, to make me love, and then despair? By the Embasie

of your Eyes, you made me hope those kind supplies that maintain a Lovers Flame, 'till my

Soul all fire became: Thus, by this sweet flat'ring art, you took possession of my heart.

But, *Amindayan* despise
The state in which her Captive dyes y
And wretched full of looks day
Those joys she promis'd by her Eyes
Of her frowne, and my pain,
She forst me to complain,
How severe's my wretched fate,
That I must love, though she's ingrate.



If Languishing Eyes without Language can move, I have long told my

Phillis, I dye for her Love: Ah! pity that Passion which words cannot speak: Could I tell what I

suffer, my Heart would not break. I plead no desert to the Beauty I serve; For 'tis

nobler to give, what there's none can deserve: In the Croud of my Rivals, who sigh and adore;

None me-rits you less, or can va-lue you more.

Mr. William Turner.

II.

To purchase a Smile, or a Glance from your Eyes,
My freedom and life were too little a Prize:
But if, to desert you can only be kind,
Like Heav'n, to your self, you must then be confin'd;
All joys are decreed us, and 'tis nature's doom,
That what e're we possess, from another shou'd come.
Then, *Phillis*, what pleasure with me may you prove;
Nor can I want merit, who have so much Love.

III.

Our Life is uneasy, and tissen our State,
Ev'ry Minute is angry, and full of debate:
But kind was the Pow'r, who our quiet to keep,
Sent Love to relieve us, and lay us a Sleep.
In Oceans of Care, though against Tide we Sail,
Yet our Love from behind us supplies a fresh Gale:
The Passage is pleasant, but, ah, 'tis too short;
Let us live while we may, we must part at the Port.



Ow happy, how happy is the Amorous Pair! when mutual Love blesses the

Heart of the Fair; When Eyes upon Eyes for whole Hours are fixt, and Sighs, Tears and Smiles are

Joyfully mixt: When Vows follow Vows, with Oath up-on Oath, both eager, yet modest; and

willing, the loath: Loves Feast is prepar'd, their Ap-pe-tite's great, they Taste and faint would, but

yet dare not Eat, because they are waiting for Grace before Meat. Then wish they for Joys, which

must only be guest, and by me shall be never, oh, never exprest; Then *Cupid* true peace and concord in-

parts; There's no such Sympathy, Sympathy, Sympathy, there's no such Sympathy, as that of Hearts.

M

Mr. John Moss.

A. 2. For Capas & Flute.

Hou art so Fair, but Cruel too; I am amaz'd! What shall I do to

compas my Desire? Some times thine Eyes do me invite; But, when I venture, kill me quite, yet

<p>II. Oft have I try'd my Love to quell, And thought its fury to repel; Since I no hopes do find: But, when I think of leaving thee, My Heart as much doth torture me, As 'twould joyce, if kind.</p>	<p>III. I still must Love, though hardly us'd, And never offer'd, but refus'd; Could any suffer more! Be Coy, be Cruel, do thy worst, If, for thy sake, I were accus'd, I must, and will adore.</p>
--	---

Mr. James Cobb.

Hen first, fair Saint, I thought you kind, joy o-ver-flow'd my ravish'd

mind: But since your kindness you decline, and I can ne-ver part with mine; I am with

juster grief oppress'd, than if I ne-ver had been blest.

Mr. James Cobb.

Oh, fair *Orestis*, if you knew
The Torments I endure for you,
My passionate Hopes, dispa'ring Frights,
Incessant Days, and waking Nights;
Your Rigour, or your Love will free
My Heart from you, or you from me.

Dieu, my *Cor-de-lia*, my Dearest a-dieu; no Passion, though

sighted, was ever more true: No Torment se-ve-rer than this, you could prove, enjoying his

<p>II. absent, that's charm'd by your Love.</p>	<p>Subdu'd by your Charms, you inflame my desire, Till a Spark from your Eyes, my whole heart set on fire: Oh cruelty thown, No offence, but Love, known; Exil'd and Out-law'd, by a hard Heart of Stone.</p>
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Mr. James Cobb.

Sad *Philotheta* lay melting in Grief, and kindly complain'd of the

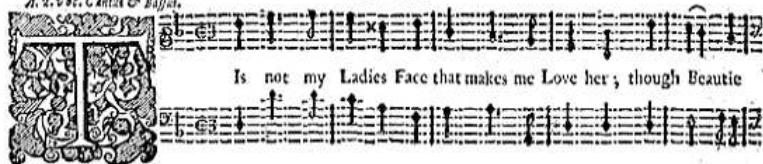
Amorous Thief; She aloud to the Woods did her passion impart, but faintly lamented the

loss of her heart: Ah, cruel unkind, *Demetrius*, she cry'd; bring back the fore'd

<p>II. Stray, that has wander'd a-llle.</p>	<p>The Youth, as from Courting <i>Affra</i>, he came; Had the Pleasure of hearing her sigh out his Name; Ahabdilly he stole; till so nigh her he drew, That his Arms, on a suddain, about her he threw: Then take back thy heart, <i>Philotheta</i>, he cry'd, Since your own you have suffer'd to wander aside.</p>
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M

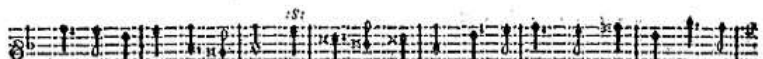
A. 2. V. 2. CANTATA & Basses.



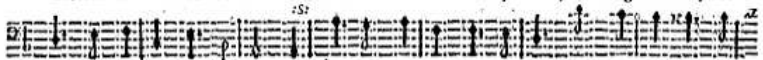
Is not my Ladies Face that makes me Love her; though Beautie



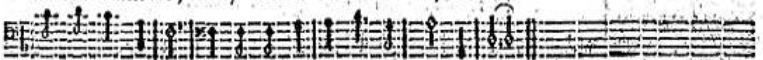
there doth rest, enough to enflame the Breast, of one that ne-ver did dis-co-ver, the



Glories of a Face before. But I that have seen ma-n-y more, see nought in her, but



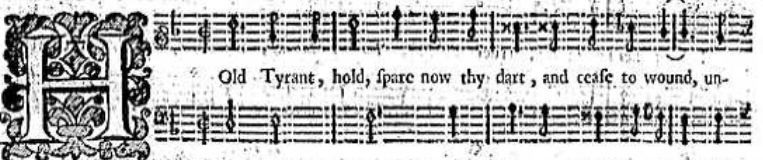
what in others are; on-ly because I think she's Fair, she's Fair.



Dr. John Blow.

II.

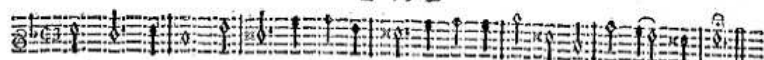
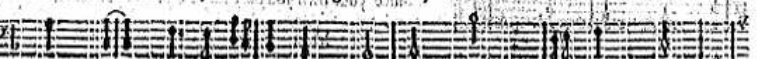
'Tis not her Vertues, nor those vast Perfections,
Which croud together in her;
Engage my heart to win her;
For those are only brief Collections,
Of what in Man's in Folio writ;
Which by their imitating Wit,
Womans, like Apes, and Children strive to do;
But we, that have the Substance, slight the Show.



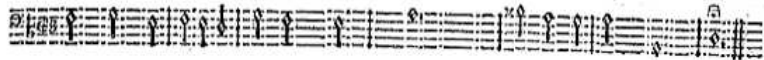
Old Tyrant, hold, spare now thy dart, and cease to wound, un-



less her heart thou strike, for whom I sigh and burn; 'tis worse than death to bear her scorn.



Then Charmer shoot, let's both par-ti-ci-pate in mutual Love, or end my wretched state.



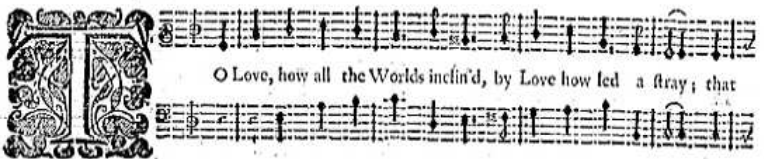
Mr. John Mops.

II.

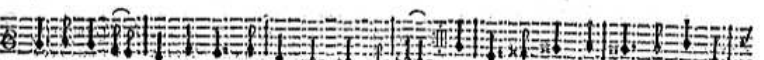
When first my heart receiv'd its wound,
I prostrate fell, and on the Ground,
With humble suit I did implore;
But still her heart was hard'ned more.
Then Charmer Shoot, let's both participate
In mutual Love, or end my wretched state.

III.

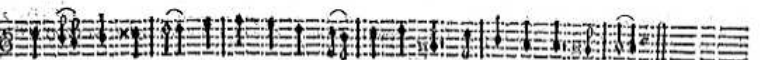
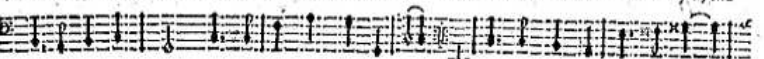
I'll string my Lute, and then I'll try
To crown her scorn in Harmony;
If, in that Flood, I cannot find
Her to *Amphitru*, to grow kind;
I'll banish Love, and scorn the Lovers Fate,
With all those Fair ones, that are so ingrate.



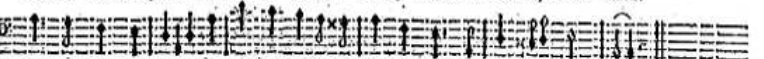
O Love, how all the Worlds inclin'd, by Love how led a stray; that



tho the God himself be blind, we dare not dis-obey. Laws for our Hearts to be betray'd, the



God of Passion gave, that such a Sot of Fan-cy made, and Reason, such a Slave.



II.

Mr. William Turner.

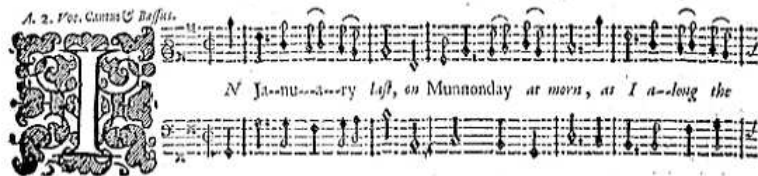
Where resolution is forgot to struggle with the Flame,
It does the Judgement quite before; and make the Reason tame:
For when our blind desires have sped, and to ill Fate were given,
This will at last be poorly said, it was decreed in Heav'n.

III.

Thrice happy he, who Conquering Love has seiz'd his very Soul,
And in that Agony can prove, his power to controul;
That Mortal, did I once but know, I'de more than Love admire;
That could as easily forego, as entertain the Fire.

A SCOTCH SONG, in the Fond Husband.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



N^o Ju-nu-a-ry left, on Munday at morn, as I a-long the



Fields did pass to view the Winters Corn; I leaped me be-hind, and I saw com'e o're the



Kneigh, yan gleaming in an Apron with bon-my brow.

II.

III.

I bid gud-morrow, fair Maid, and she right courteouslie; Fair Maid, I'm weel contented to ha' sic companie;
 Begk lew and sue, kind Sir, she said, gud day agen to ye; For I am ganging out the Gate that ya intend to be:
 I heard o' her, fair Maid, quo I, how far intend you now? When we had walkt a Mile or twa, sa' said to her, my Dow;
 Quo she, I mean a Mile or twa, to yonder bowy brough. Alay I not dight your Apron fine, kiss your bonny Brow.

IV.

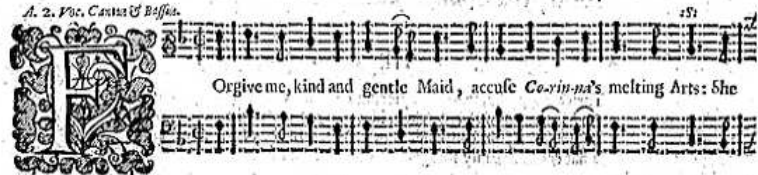
V.

Nay, gud sir, you are far misse'en, for I am near o' those; Nay, if ya are contrall'd, I have na mar to say,
 I hope ya ha' more bridling than to dight a woman's cloth; Rather than be reject'd, I will give o're the play:
 For I've a better chosen than any sick as you; And I will chuse you o' me own that shall not on me rew;
 Who boldly may my Apron dight, and kiss ma bonny brow; Will boldly let me dight her Apron, kiss her bonny brow.

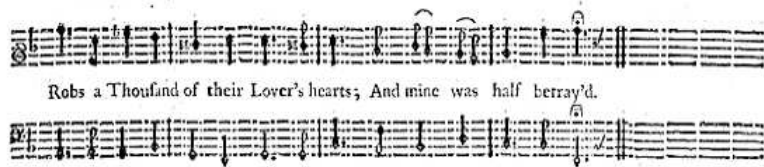
VI.

Sir, Iz see ya are proud-hearted, and leath to be said may,
 You need not tall ha' started, for sight that Iz did say:
 You know Wemms for modestie, ne at the first time boo;
 But, gif we like your company, we are as kind a you.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



Orgive me, kind and gentle Maid, accuse Co-rin-na's melting Arts: She



Robs a Thousand of their Lover's hearts; And mine was half berray'd.

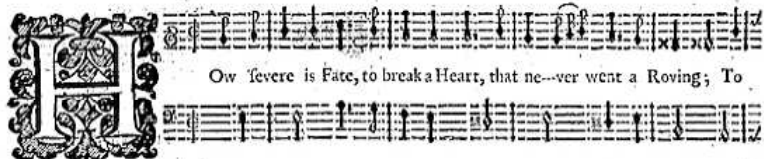
Mr. Francis Forcer.

II.

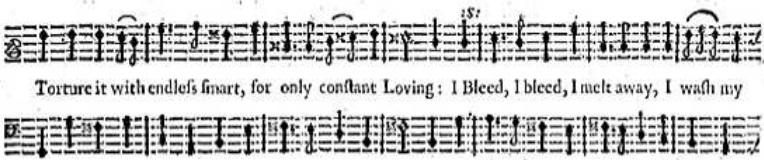
III.

Corinna can old Faith remove,
 The Faith of Saints, she is so Fair:
 Make aged Hermits think no more of Pray'r;
 And Dying, dream of Love.

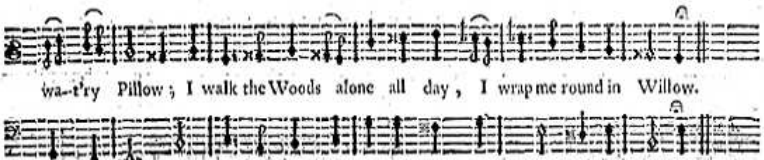
But if new Beauties I pursue,
 May I be bold, and your fair Sex
 With Letters, Songs and tedious Love perplex;
 And find all Chast, like you.



Ow severe is Fate, to break a Heart, that ne-ver went a Roving; To



Torture it with endless smart, for only constant Loving: I Bleed, I bleed, I melt away, I wash my



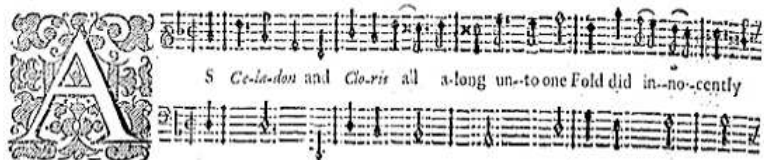
wa-try Pillow; I walk the Woods alone all day, I wrap me round in Willow.

Mr. Staggins.

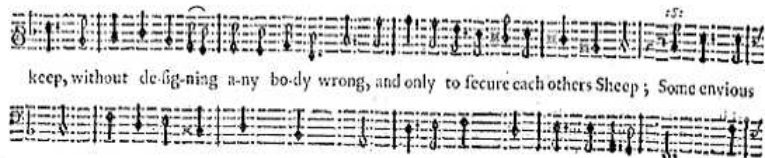
II.

Some Pity then, fair Saint, I crave, to raise my drooping spirit,
 That Languishes even to its Grave, and fain your Love would merit:
 It Pants, it Sighs, it Pines away, and never can recover;
 'Till Clovis pleasantly does say, Arise my Constant Lover!

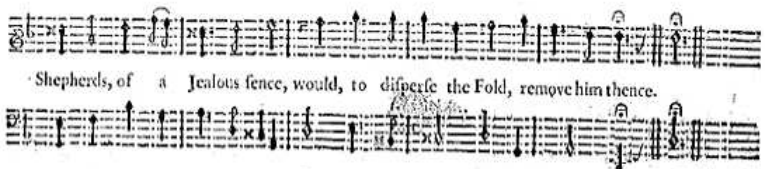
N 2



S *Ce-lan-don* and *Clo-ris* all a-long un-to one Fold did in-no-cently



keep, without de-sig-ning a-ny bo-dy wrong, and only to se-cure each others Sheep; Some envious



Shepherds, of a Jealous fence, would, to dis-perse the Fold, remove him thence.

Dr. John Blow.

II.

You may delight to break all Fences down,
And lay all common, that is in your way;
To live on rapine, rather than your own,
The constant practice of who goes astray:
Thus, with all pass'd laws though you dispence,
Still their inclosure is their Innocence.

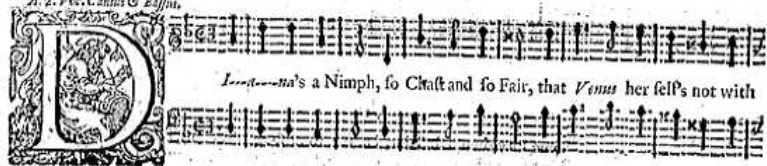
III.

If Friendship be a Fault, then the whole Exame
Of all Societie a Pieces fall;
And we must all turn Salvage, as we came
Ev'n from our very first Original;
And to the Wolf and you will think't no sin
To prey together, when so near of kin.

IV.

All malice and your jealousies apart,
Why may they not the rather joyn their Stocks;
And much more strictly too unite at heart,
The more some labour to divide their Flocks:
And to both glory more in that defeat,
Than if you all conspir'd to make them great.

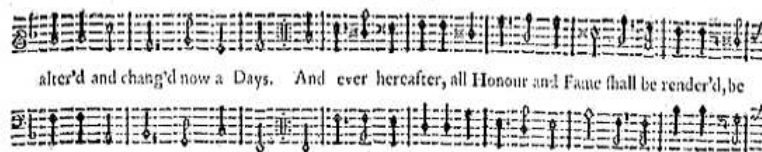
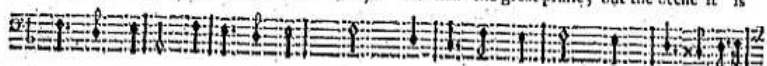
A. 2. Pec. Cantus & Bassus.



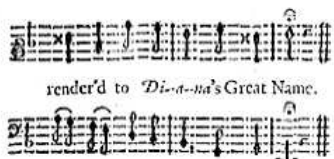
Lor-da-na's a Nimph, so Chast and so Fair, that *Venus* her self's not with



her to compare; yet *Venus* she always has had the great praise, but the Scene it is



alter'd and chang'd now a Days. And ever hereafter, all Honour and Fame shall be render'd, be

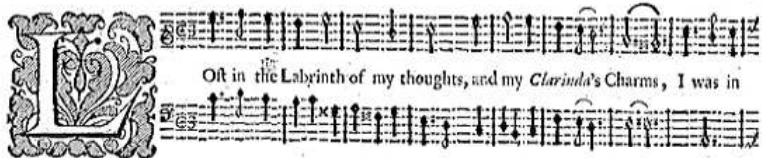


render'd to *Di-a-na's* Great Name.

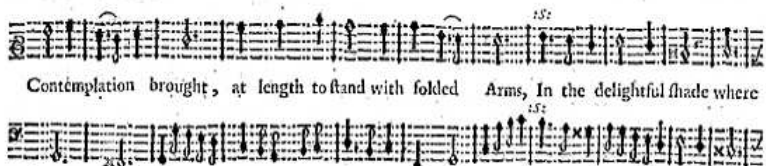
II.

For *Diana* in Nature is modest and free,
There's none so delightful, so happy as shee;
In goodness, excelling the rest of her sex,
And they knowing that, their minds do perplex:
Yet ever hereafter all Honour and Fame
Shall be render'd, be render'd to great *Diana's* Name

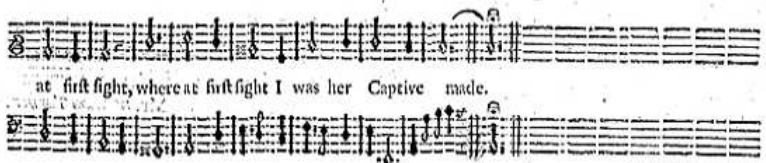
Mr. William Turner.



ost in the Labrinth of my thoughts, and my *Clarinda's* Charms, I was in



Contemplation brought, at length to stand with folded Arms, In the delightful shade where



at first sight, where at first sight I was her Captive made.

Mr. James Hart.

II.

As she sat leaning on her Arms,
Her Eyes were downward thrown;
As if she rather meant to warm,
Than burn the Heart she'd made her own:
Thus glorious Victors chuse
To save their Slaves, to save their Slaves;
Left they their Triumphs loose.

III.

With gentle Smiles she fed my Heart,
And seem'd to bid me live;
And to increase my pleasing smart,
Some times a Sigh or two would give;
Yet so, as if she meant,
Rather to check, rather to check,
Than give encouragement.

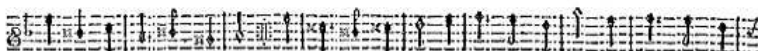
IV.

Thus am I in confusion tost,
Twixt hoping and despair;
Now in a Fear that all is lost,
But hope her Heart may yet repair
The harm that's done b' her Eyes:
Or let them quite, or let them quite
Consume their Sacrifice!

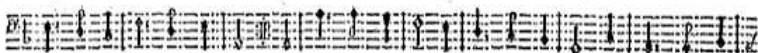
A. 2. Pce. Cantus & Bass.



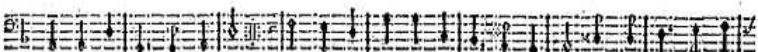
Have Languish'd too long for one, who I find hath a kindness for



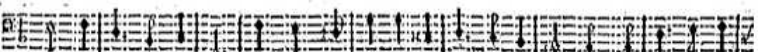
me, as the rest of Mankind: This sort of false Love, I cannot endure, that mine should be



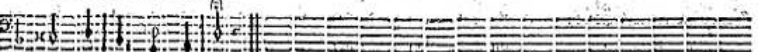
fixed, and hers so unsure. Therefore I've nothing to ease my sad heart, but the Pleasure to



think how others may smart; Therefore I've nothing to ease my sad heart, but the Pleasure to



think how others may smart.

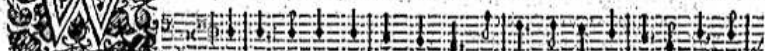


Mr. William Turner.

A. 2. Pce. Cantus & Bass.



Hy does the foolish World mistake, and Loves dull Praises sing so loud? What



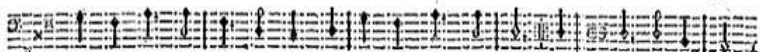
idle Subjects must they make, who choose a Blind and Childish Boy their God? What dearer



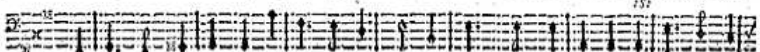
Joys our freedom brings, whilst the Wing'd Quire on ev'ry Bough, charm'd with our Bliss in



Confort Sings, and Night and Day our harmless Pleasures view. 'Tis Shame and the Night



Loves Follies does co-ver, and on-ly the Batt and Screech Owl, that hover about the dark



Windows of a drowie dull Lover.

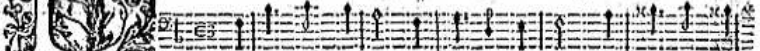


Mr. William Turner.

A. 2. Pce. Cantus & Bass.



Et's Love and lets Laugh, let's Dance and let's Sing, while shrill Echoes



ring; Our Wishes agree; and from Care we are free; Then who is so happy, so happy as we?

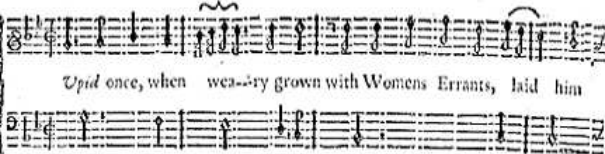


Mr. John Banister.

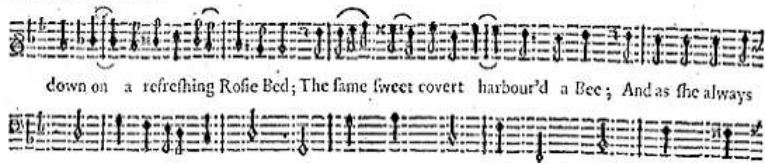
II.
We'll press the soft Grass,
Each Swain with his Lads,
And follow the Chase;
When weary we be;
We sleep under a Tree;
Then who is so happy, &c.

III.
By Flatt'ry or Fraud
No Shepherds betray'd,
Or Cheats the fond Maid;
No false subtle Knee
To deceive us we see;
Then who is so happy, &c.

IV.
We envy no Pow'r,
They cannot be poor
That wish for no more;
Some richer may be;
And of higher degree;
But none are so happy, &c.



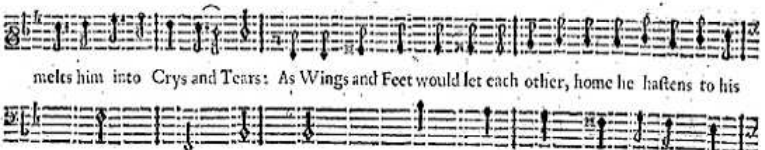
*C*upid once, when wea-ry grown with Womens Errants, laid him



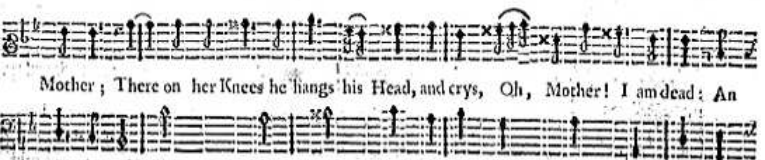
down on a refreshing Rosie Bed; The same sweet covert harbour'd a Bee; And as she always



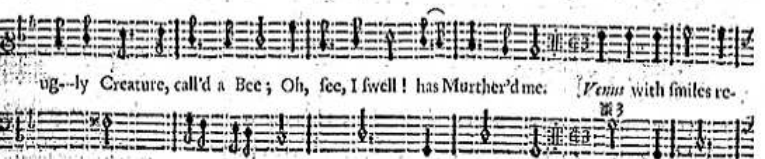
had a Quarrel to Loves i-dle Trade, sings the soft Boy; Pains and strong fears straight



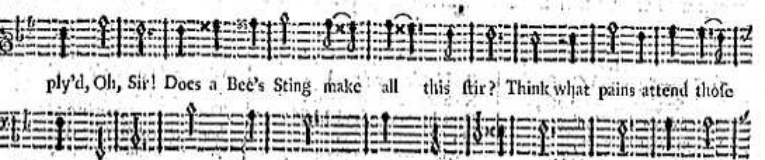
melts him into Crys and Tears: As Wings and Feet would let each other, home he hastens to his



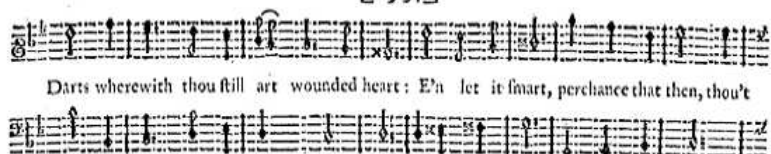
Mother; There on her Knees he hangs his Head, and crys, Oh, Mother! I am dead: An



ug-ly Creature, call'd a Bee; Oh, see, I swell! has Murder'd me. *Venus* with smiles re-



ply'd, Oh, Sir! Does a Bee's Sting make all this stir? Think what pains attend those

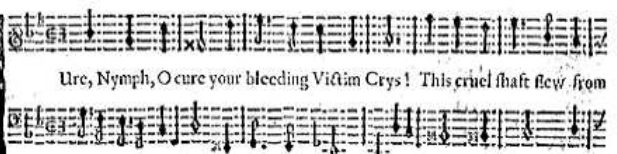


Darts wherewith thou still art wounded heart: E'n let it smart, perchance that then, thou't

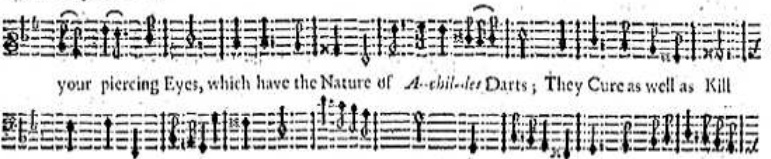


learn more pi-ty towards men.

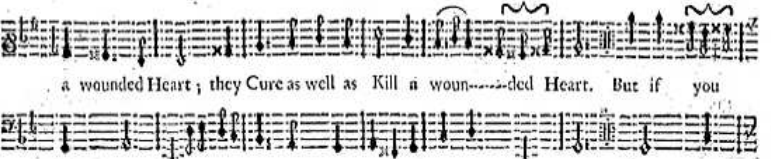
Mr. Pelham Humphrey.



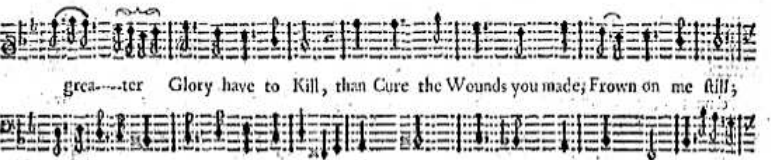
*U*re, Nymph, O cure your bleeding Victim Crys! This cruel shaft flew from



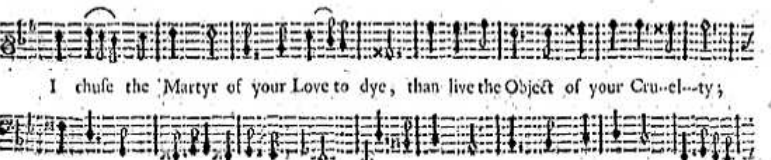
your piercing Eyes, which have the Nature of *A-chil-let* Darts; They Cure as well as Kill



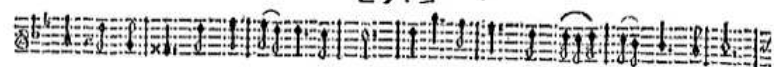
a wounded Heart; they Cure as well as Kill a woun-ded Heart. But if you



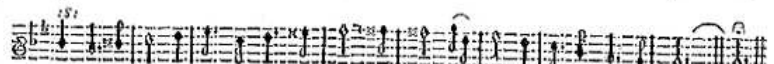
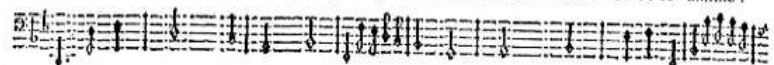
grea-ter Glory have to Kill, than Cure the Wounds you made; Frown on me still;



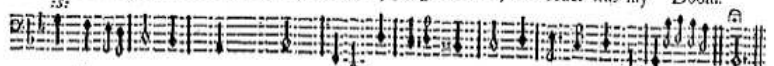
I chuse the Martyr of your Love to dye, than live the Object of your Cru-el-ty;



Hard is his Fate, who can no pi-ty find; But harder still the Heart that's so unkind:



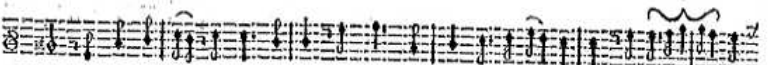
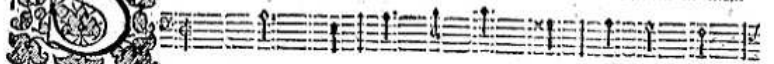
Yet e're I dye, I'll write up-on my Tomb, My Judge was Fair, tho' Cruel was my Doom.



Mr. James Hart.



Some others may with safety tell, the mod'rate Flames which in them



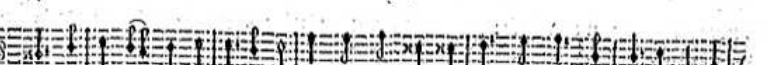
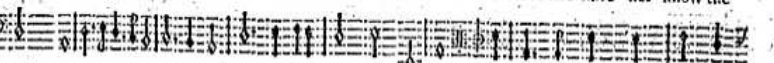
dwell, and either find a Med'cine there, or cure themselves even by despair: My Love's fo



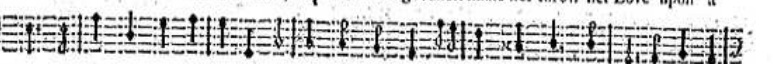
great, that it may prove dangerous to tell her that I Love. So tender is my Wound, it



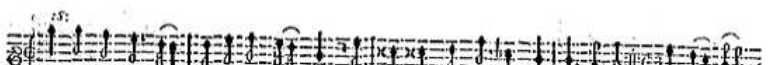
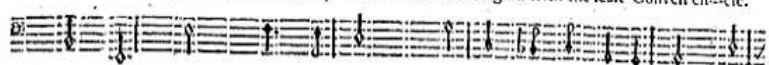
cannot bear a--ny Salute, tho' of the kindest Air. I would not have her know the



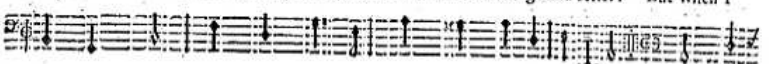
Pain, the Torments for her I sustain; lest too much goodness make her throw her Love upon a



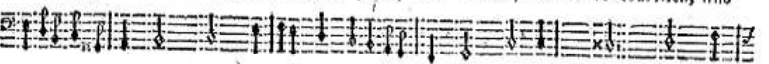
Fate below: Forbid it Heav'n! my Life should be weigh'd with the least Conven'ence.



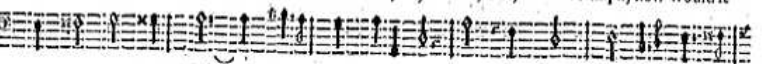
No, let me Perish rather with my Grief, than to her dis-ad-vantage find relief: But when I



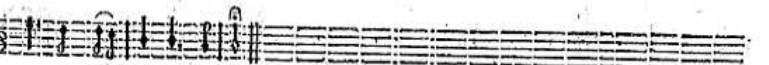
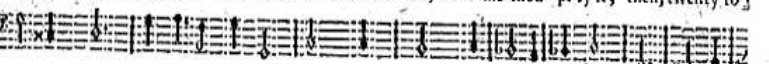
dye, my last Breath shall grow bold, and plainly tell her all; like co-ve-tous Men, who



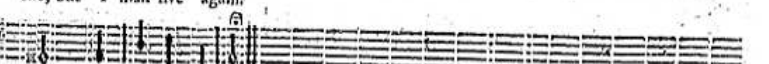
ne're desery their dear hid Treasure, till they dye: Ah, Ah, Fairest Nymph, how would it



cheer my Ghost, to get from you a Tear: But take heed, for if me thou pi-ty't, then, twenty to



one, but I shall live again:



Mr. James Hart.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Basses

Hark, how the Songsters of the Grove, sing Anthems to the God of Love:

Hark how each Am'rous winged Pair, with Loves great Praises fill the Ayr. On ev'ry side their

Charming sound, doth from the Hollow Woods rebound. Love in their little Veins inspires their cheerfull

Notes, their soft Desires; whilst Heat makes Buds, or Blossoms spring, these pret-ty Couples

Love and Sing: But Winter puts out their desire, and half the Year they want Loves Fire: But

ah, how much are our Delights more dear; For only Human-kind Love all the Year.

Mr. Grabue.

A SONG Sing at a MUSICK Feast.

Voc. alone.

Ow well doth this Har-mo-nous Meeting prove, a Feast of

Musick is a Feast of Love; where Kindness is our Tune, and we in Parts do but Sing

forth the Conforts of our Hearts. For Friendship is nothing but Concord of Votes; and

Musick is made by a Friendship of Notes.

CHORUS for Three Voices.

Cantus.

Come then, to the God of our Art let us Quaff, for he once a Year is re-pu-ted to Laugh:

Medius.

Come then, to the God of our Art let us Quaff, for he once a Year is re-pu-ted to Laugh:

Bassus.

Come then, to the God of our Art let us Quaff, for he once a Year is re-pu-ted to Laugh:

Mr. Pelham Humphrys.

AMINTOR and CORIDON. For a Bass alone

Aminor.

N yonder Grove *A-min--sor* lies, with folded Arms, and heav'd up
 Eyes, 'cause *Phillis* is unkind, and Sighing, crys; Oh, cruel Love, Why dost thou not by death re-

Choridon.

move the Torments of my Mind? Whilst *Co-ri--don* me--ri--ly, me--ri--ly sits, and call for Ca-
 rary to ripen his Wits; still swearing a Woman was ne're worth his while; and a Fox take that

Aminor.

Fool, and a Fox take that Fool, who doth doat on a Smile. *A-min--sor* by the River side, sat
 Weeping, to increase the Tyde, with Ri--vo--lets of Tears, telling the harmless Fish that he did

Coridon.

envy their fe--li--ci--ty, 'cause freed from Loving Fears. But *Coridon* Laughing, declares, for his

part, all Sorrows he'll drown in the Juice of the Quart, and follow the Maxims of old, *A--ri--sto--tle*,

Aminor.

in Courting the Pint, in Courting the Pint, and Adoring the Bottle. Fair *Phillis* having

chang'd her Mind; her Dear *Aminor* is confin'd, and circle'd in her Arms; Where having cropt the

Choridon.

Sweets of Love; alas, his Joys his Burthen prove, and lost are all those Charms. Then who would sub-

mit to the Chains of a Woman, and cancel his freedom for what is so comon; whilst joys of Canary ad-

mit of no sorrow, for cloy'd over Night, for cloy'd over Night, we renew them to morrow.

Mr. Benjamin Wallington.

A Pastoral SONG, by two Nymphs and a Shepherd.

First Nymph.

Make hast my Shepherd, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and

oh, how very short's a Lovers day? Hast, hast, *A-mi-n-tas* to the Grove; beneath whose shades so

oft I've sat, and heard my dear lov'd Swain repeat how much the *Gal-la-te-a* Lov'd? whilst

all the lishing Birds a-round Sang to the Musick of the Blessed-Sound.

CHORUS for Three Voices.

Make hast *Amintas*, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?

Make hast *Amintas*, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?

Make hast *Amintas*, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?

Second Nymph.

How dull each Field and Grove appears, when thou with-draw'st thy Eyes; ours lose themselves in

fi-ent Tears, and all the Springs decays and dyes; So if the God of Day declines, each

lit-tle Flow'r hangs down his gaudy head, losing that Beauty which it did retain, no longer

will its fragrant Leaves be spread, but pines it self into a Bud again: The cooling streams do

backwards glide, since on their banks they saw not thee, losing the Order of their Tyde, and

in soft murmurs, chide thy Cru-el-tie.

CHORUS for Three Voices.

Make hast *Amintas*, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?

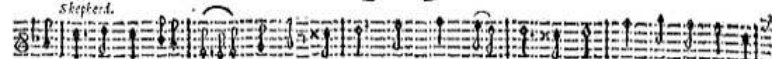
Make hast *Amintas*, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?

Make hast *Amintas*, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?

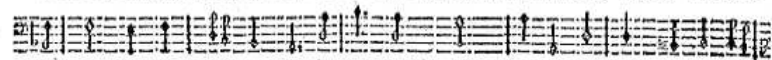
R

Turn over.

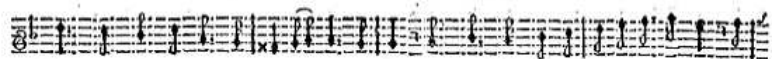
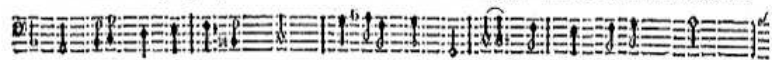
Soprano.



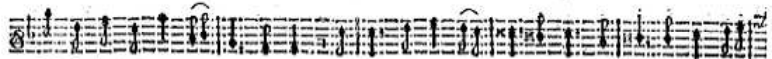
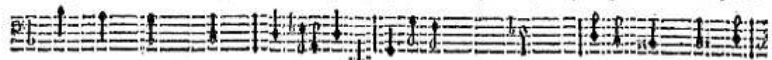
I hear thy Charming Voice, my Fair, and see bright Nymph, thy Swain is here; who his Divot'ons



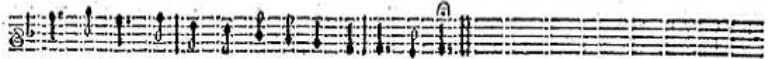
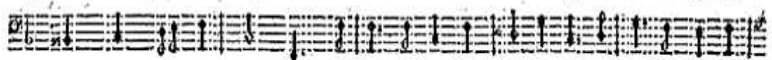
had much early'r paid, but that a Lamb of thine was stray'd; and I the little wanderer have



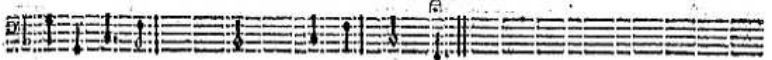
brought, that with one angry look from thy fair Eyes, thou may'st the pretty Fugative Chastife; too



great a Punishment for any Fault. Come Gal-la-te-a hast away, the Sun is up and



will not stay; And oh, how very shorts a Lovers Day?



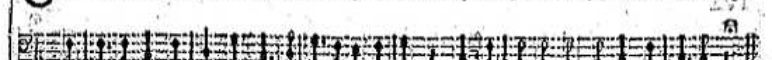
CHORUS for Three Voices.



Come Gal-la-te-a, hast away, the Sun is up and will not stay; and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?



Come Gal-la-te-a, hast away, the Sun is up and will not stay; and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?



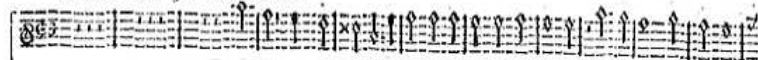
Come Gal-la-te-a, hast away, the Sun is up and will not stay; and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?



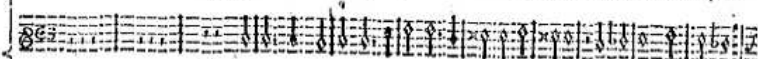
Mr. Francis Forcer.

An ITALIAN AYRE.

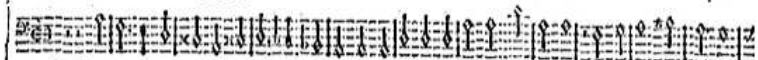
CHORUS for Three Voices.



MOr-ta-li che fate, che fate Mor-ta-li che fate, Tra-en-ra-ti non pen-



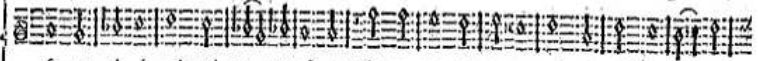
MOr-ta-li che fate, che fate Mor-ta-li che fate, Tra-en-ra-ti non pen-



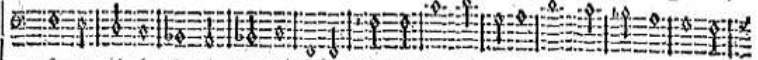
MOr-ta-li che fa-te, Mor-ta-li che fate, che fate Mor-ta-li che fate, Tra-en-ra-ti non pen-



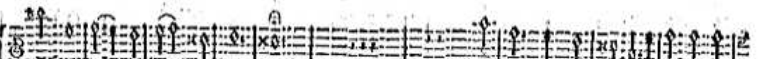
sa-te al-le-gio-ri non pen-sa-te Tra-en-ra-ti non pen-sa-te al-le-go-ri,



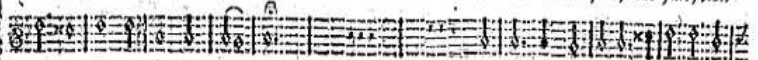
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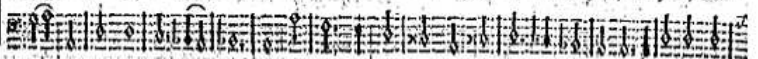
sa-te al-le-gio-ri non pen-sa-te Tra-en-ra-ti non pen-sa-te al-le-go-ri,



non pen-sa-te, non pen-sa-te, Mor-ta-li che fate, che fate, Mor-



non pen-sa-te, non pen-sa-te, Mor-ta-li che fate, che fate, Mor-



non pen-sa-te, non pen-sa-te, Mor-ta-li che fa-te, Mor-ta-li che fate, che fate, Mor-



ta-li che fa-te che che che Mor-ta-li che fa-te.



ta-li che fa-te che che che Mor-ta-li che fa-te.



ta-li che fa-te che che che Mor-ta-li che fa-te.

Tutti ex

R. a

Verse for a Bass alone.

C-co ri chi'a ma tu-tia go-de-re, a mor chebram a dor-gio-ei

vi-e vie dunque ve-ni-te legiar a man-te e'n un-ri-ve-re-re e'n un-ri-ve-

re-re mun-ti-re Sem-bi-an-te e'n un-ri-ve-re-re e'n un-ri-ve-re-re men-

ti-re Sem-bi-an-te men-ti-re Sem-bi-an-te.

Second Verse.

ti-re Sem-bi-an-te men-ti-re Sem-bi-an-te.

CHORUS
again, for
Three Voices.

Q'vi-ve si

an-de non-deg non-e-que-ra man pa-ri-dis so-la tu-ta in ter-ra man-

pa-ri-dis so-la tu-ta in ter-ra in ter-ra in ter-ra in ter-ra

CHORUS
again, and
conclude.

U-cin-da, since we have confess'd to each, each others Love,

why should our Flames be still suppress'd, and not to action move? Both kindl'd

at the first kind interview, and both with equal Care and Vigour grew; Mine

Scorch'd, and scorch'd, nor durst your Passion say, you Lov'd, 'till forc'd, they did

themselves betray.

Mr. William Gregory.

II.
Now let us study to improve our Passions with that Fire,
That may not quickly waite our Love, but still preserve desire;
And silently enjoy at such a Rate;
That distance may our Fancies recreate:
Dealing our Love with that equalitie,
As Born together, so their Deaths may be.

III.
Lucinda shall but whisper'd be, us'd as the Name of Saints,
And call'd on as a Deitie, to satistic Complaints;
Nor other wishes dare attempt my Breast,
Since 'tis with kind *Lucinda* so possess'd:
She fills my thoughts with Glory, then I'll cry,
Lucinda, Loves; Lucinda, so do I.

On the Death of his Worthy Friend Mr. MATTHEW LOCKE,
 MUSIC-Composer in Ordinary to His Majesty,
 And Organist of Her Majesties Chappel, who Dyed in August, 1677.

W hat hope for us remains now he is gone? he that knew all the
 pow'r of Numbers flow'n; alas! too soon; Ev'n he, whose skill-ful Har-mo-ny had
 Charms for all the Ills that we endure, and could apply a certain Cure; From pointed
 Grievs he'd take the Pain away, ev'n Ill Nature did his Lyre obey, and in kind
 thoughts, his Art-ful hand repay: His Lays to Anger, and to War could move, then calm the
 Tempest they had rais'd with Love; And with soft Sounds to gen-tle thoughts incline,

no Passion reign'd, where he did not combine: He knew such Mystick Touches, that in
 Death, could cure the Fear, or stop the parting Breath; And if to Dye, had been his
 Fear, or Life his Care, he with his Lyre could call, and could unite his Spirits to the Fight, and
 CHORUS.
 vanquish Death in his own Field of Night. Plea'd with some pow'r-ful Hal-le-lu-jah,
 CHORUS.
 Plea'd with some pow'r-ful Hal-le-lu-jah,
 he, wrap'd in the Joys of his own Har-mo-nie, Sung on, Sing on, and flew up to the De-i-tie;
 he, wrap'd in the Joys of his own Har-mo-nie, Sung on, Sing on, and flew up to the De-i-tie;
 Sung on, Sing on, and flew up to the De-i-tie.
 Sung on, Sing on, and flew up to the De-i-tie.

Mr. Henry Purcell.
 S 2

Books Printed and Sold by John Playford, at his Shop near the Temple-Church.

Canticum Sacra, First Sett, Latin Hymns for Two and Three Voices: Composed by Mr. Richard Dering, with a Through-Bass for the Organ, in 4 Volumes, Folio, price 3 s. 6 d.

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The Psalms of David, as they are Sung in Parish Churches; the Tunes Composed in Four Parts, the Common-Tunes having the Through-Bass under each Tune, as proper to Sing to the Organ, Lute, or Viol: To which is added several Hymns for One Voice to the Organ, Printed in one Volume in Folio, price Riteh'd 3 s.

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The Pleasant Companion, a Book for the Flagelet, Containing New Ayres and Times, and also plain and easie Directions for Beginners, newly Re-printed with more new Tunes; price Bound 1 s. 6 d.

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The Psalms of David, from the New Translation of the Bible, turned into Metre, according to the Common Psalms used in Parish-Churches, and to be Sung to those Tunes: By the Reverend Father in God Henry King, D. D. and late Lord Bishop of Chichester, newly Reprinted in Octavo, price bound 2 s.

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In Islington, over against the Church, is kept a Boarding-School by Mrs. Playford, where young Gentlewomen (for the Improvement of their Education) may be Instructed in all manner of Curious Works, as also Reading, Writing, Musick, Dancing, and the French Tongue.

169

CHOICE AYRES and SONGS

TO SING TO THE

Theorbo-Lute, or Bass-Viol:

BEING

Most of the Newest Ayres and Songs sung at COURT,
And at the Publick THEATRES.

Composed by several Gentlemen of His Majesty's Musick, and others.

THE THIRD BOOK.



LONDON,

Printed by A. Gollid and J. Playford Junior, and are Sold by John Playford at his Shop near the Temple Church; and John Carr, at his Shop at the Middle Temple Gate, 1681.



TO ALL LOVERS OF
MUSICK.

GENTLEMEN,



HIS Third Book, or Collection of New Ayres and Songs had come to your hands some Months sooner, had I not been prevented by long Sickness; however I hope it will not now be unwelcome. I need not here commend the Excellency of their Composition, the ingenious Authors Names being printed with them, who are Men that understand to make *English* Words I speak their true and genuine Sence both in good humour and Ayre; which can never be performed by either *Italian* or *French*, they not so well understanding the Proprieties of our Speech. I have seen lately published a large Volum of *English* Songs, composed by an *Italian* Master, who has lived here in *England* many Years; I confess he is a very able Master, but being not perfect in the true *Idiom* of our Language, you will find the Air of his Musick so much after his Country-Mode, that it would sure far better with *Italian* than *English* Words. But I shall forbear to censure his Work, leaving it to the Verdict of better Musical Judgments; only I think him very disingenious and much to blame, to endeavour to raise a Reputation to himself and Book, by disparaging and undervaluing most of the best *English* Masters and Professors of Musick. I am sorry it is (in this Age) so much the Vanity of some of our *English* Gentry to admire that in a Foreigner, which they either slight, or take little notice of in one of their own Nation; for I am sure that our *English* Masters in Musick (either for Vocal or Instrumental Musick) are not in Skill and Judgment inferiour to any Foreigners whatsoever, the same Rules in this Science being generally used all over *Europe*: But I have too far digress'd, and therefore beg your Pardon. This Book being bound up with the two others formerly published, will make a compleat Volum. To conclude, I desire you to think, that I have herein as much studied your satisfaction as my own Interest, and kindly to receive this Collection, from

From my House in
Arundel-Street,
near the Thames
side, Novemb. 2.
1690.

GENTLEMEN,

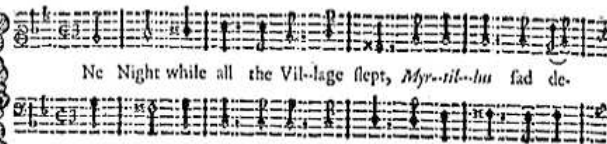
Your hearty Servant,

JOHN PLAYFORD

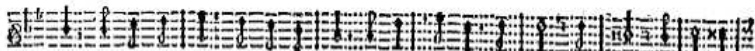
An Alphabetical Table of the Ayres and Songs in this Book.

A		I	
Wake, awake, my Lyre	Pag. 46	I take no pleasure in the Sun's	Pag. 14
Adieu is the Curse of a Country Life	10	I yet am free, why should I be subject	16
Aminter beardless of his Flocks	11	I love my dear Phillis, and will never	18
Ah! lay by your Lute	16	Insult not too much on the fading success	24
A Fox of the feeling and plotting of late	28	I'll drink off my Bottle each night	26
Ah cruel bloody Fate	29		
At freezing Fountains	30	L	
After all your cruelty I love you still	34	Let the daring Adventurers	6
All hail to the glorious Spring	45	Let the Traitors Plot on	7
As on his Death-bed gasping Strephon lay, &c.		Love you by all that's good	29
A Pastoral Elegy on the late Earl of Rochester	51	N	
		Nothing I know, yet I feel	8
		Now, now the Fight's done	41
B		O	
Did the sad forsaken Grove	2	One Night while all the Village slept	1
Beneath the stately Cedar's shade	5	Of all the dear Joys the World has in store	19
Blush not redder than the Morning	10	Oh how I am greiv'd that I now must part	20
Bonny Lass, gin thou wert mine	17	P	
		Pastora's Beauties when unblown	12
		Poor Cleonice thy Garlands tear	15
		Poor Mariana long in vain	48
C		S	
Cease, if thou canst pursue no more	2	Sawny was Tall, and of Noble Race	9
Can Life be a Blessing	3	Since one poor View has drawn my Heart	13
Clorinda adieu, since you slight	8	See how the Flow'rs adorn the Spring	21
Come all the Youths whose Hearts have bled	24	Since cruel Thirtis you my Torments slight	33
Cheer up my Friends, the Winter's ending	34	Sylvia tell me how long it will be	36
Change, O change your fatal Bows	38	Since you have Wars remov'd	37
		Sure Nature never yet design'd	Ibid.
D		T	
Did you not hear the hideous Groan, &c. A Pastoral Elegy on Mr. Pelham Humphrys	49	Tender Maids let me advise ye	23
		Thus Mortals must submit to Fate	40
F		V	
Fy Cloris, fy, this cruelty	4	Victorious Men on Earth no more complain	39
		Underneath some shady Bow'rs (A Dialogue)	42
G		W	
Give me thy Youth the time of Love	25	When her languishing Eyes said Love	14
		Whilst others on Downy Necks	30
		Whilst our peaceful Flocks do lye	44
H			
How I sigh when I think of the Charms	13		
Hail to the Mistle shade	22		
How short is the pleasure that follows	Ibid.		
How happy's the Prisoner	27		

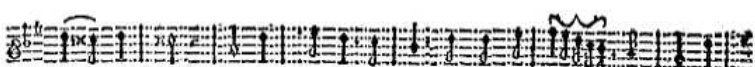
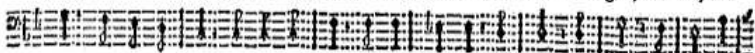
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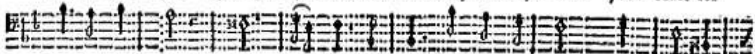
Ne Night while all the Vil-lage slept, Myr-ti-lu sad de.



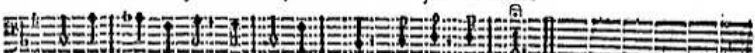
spair, the wand'ring Shepherd waking kept, to tell the Woods his care. Be--gon, said he, fond



thoughts, be--gon; Eyes, give your sorrows o're: Why should you wait your tears for



one that thinks on you no more, that thinks on you no more?



Mr. Grabe,

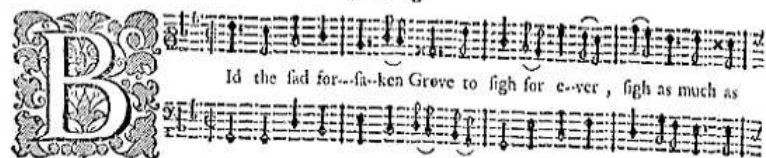
II.

Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Powers;
That dwell within the Grove,
Can tell how many tender Hours
We here have pass in Love.
You Stars above, my cruel Foes
Can tell, how she has sworn
A thousand times, that like to those
Her Flames shall ever burn,
Her Flames shall, &c.

III.

But since she's lost, O let me have
My wish, and quickly dye!
In this cold Bank I'll make a Grave,
And there forgotten lye.
Sad Nightingales the Watch shall keep,
And kindly there complain;
Then down the Shepherd lay to sleep,
But never wak'd again,
But never, &c.

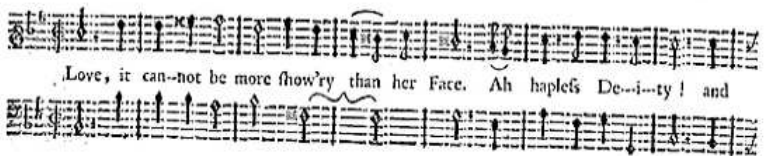
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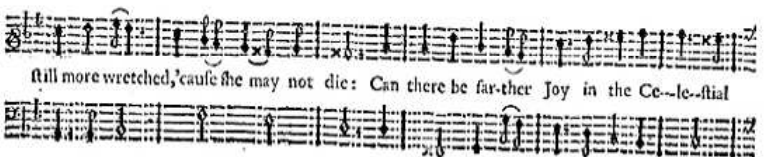
Id the sad for--sa--ken Grove to sigh for e--ver, sigh as much as



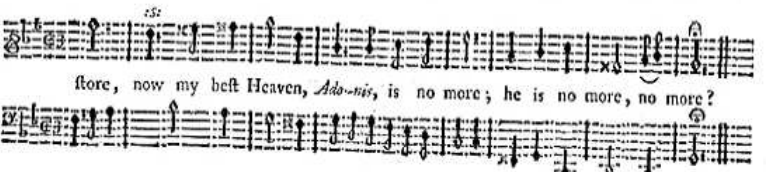
I; bid the Dew fall, and the Sky weep a--pace, weep like the Queen of



Love, it can-not be more show'ry than her Face. Ah hapless De--i--ty! and

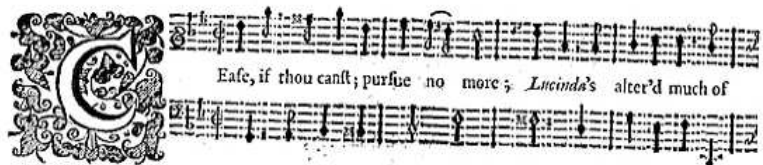


still more wretched, cause she may not die: Can there be far-ther Joy in the Ce--le--stial

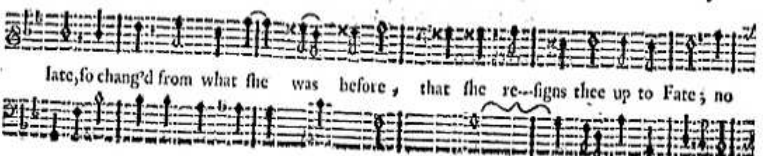


store, now my best Heaven, *Ad--mis*, is no more; he is no more, no more?

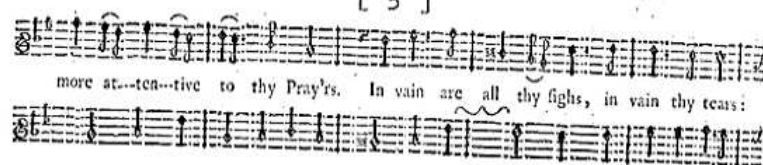
Mr. Farmer.



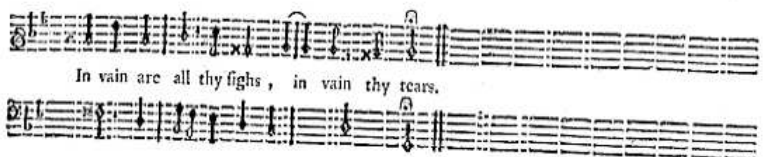
Ease, if thou canst; pursue no more; *Lucinda's* alter'd much of



late, so chang'd from what she was before, that she re--signs thee up to Fate; no



more at--ten--tive to thy Pray'rs. In vain are all thy sighs, in vain thy tears:

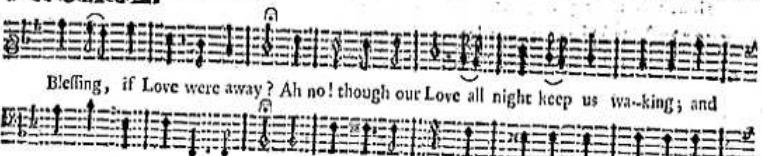


In vain are all thy sighs, in vain thy tears.

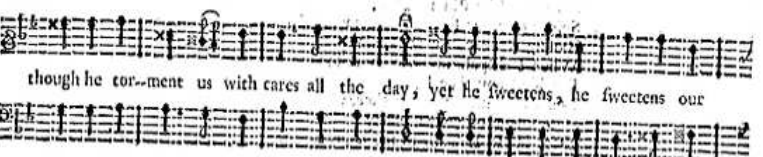
Mr. Tho. Farmer.



An life be a Blessing, or worth the possessing? can life be a



Blessing, if Love were away? Ah no! though our Love all night keep us wa-king; and



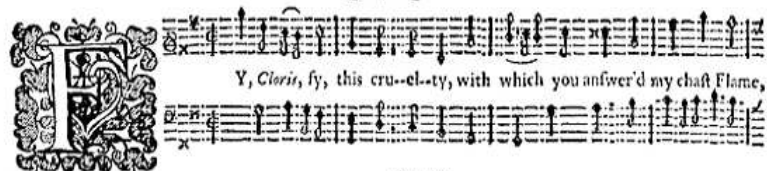
though he tor-ment us with cares all the day; yet he sweetens, he sweetens our



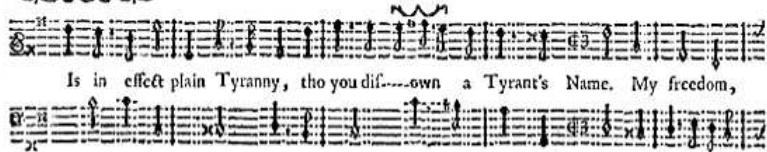
pains with the taking: There's an hour at the last, there's an hour to re--pay.

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

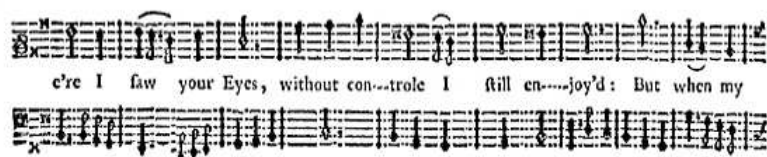
- II. In every possessing, the ravishing blessing;
 In every possessing the fruit of our pains:
 Poor Lovers forget long Ages of Anguish,
 What e're they have suffer'd, or done to obtain.
 'Tis a pleasure, a pleasure, to sigh and to languish;
 When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.



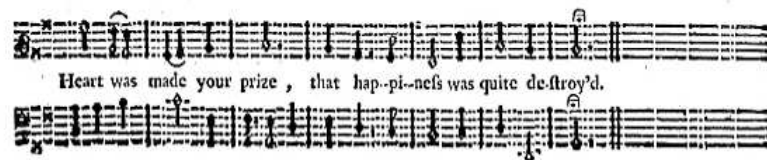
Y, *Cloris*, fy, this cru-el-ty, with which you answer'd my chaf't Flame,



Is in effect plain Tyranny, tho you dis-own a Tyrant's Name. My freedom,



e're I saw your Eyes, without con-trole I still en-joy'd: But when my



Heart was made your prize, that hap-pi-ness was quite de-stroy'd.

II.

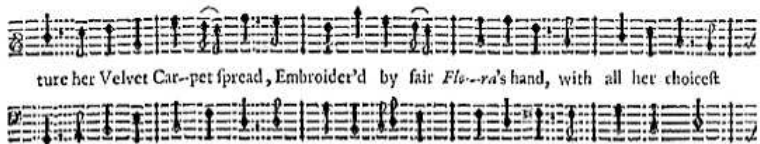
For your *Idea* still remains,
 Spight of your scorn, within my Breast;
 Railing *Chimera's* in my Brains,
 When I dispose my self to rest:
 But if at any time I be
 Deluded with a slumber there;
 The Image of your Cruelty
 Does in sad Dreams to me appear.

III.

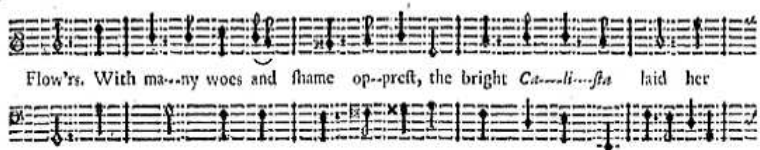
Thus by your Rigour have I made
 Me more unhappy than you're Fair;
 And having all my Peace betray'd,
 You leave me solely in despair.
 Then, *Cloris*, if you needs must hate,
 Conceal it yet in Charity;
 And pity, pity, my hard Fate,
 Which else must end in Misery.



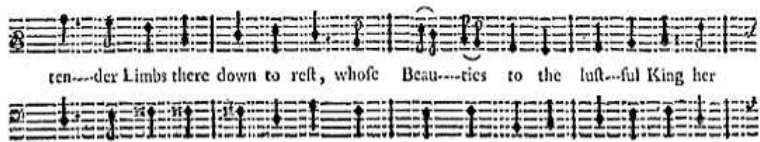
Enceath the stately Cedar's shade, a Grove for Love's soft hours, Na-



ture her Velvet Car-pet spread, Embroider'd by fair *Flo-ra's* hand, with all her choicest



Flow'rs. With ma-ny woes and shame op-press'd, the bright *Ce-li-sia* laid her



ten-der Limbs there down to rest, whose Beau-ties to the lust-ful King her



Honour had be-tray'd.

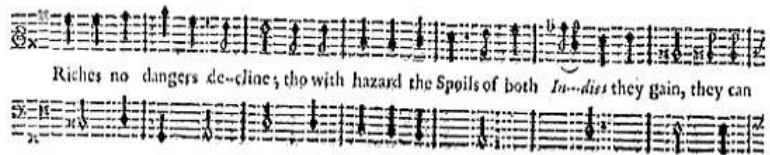
Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.

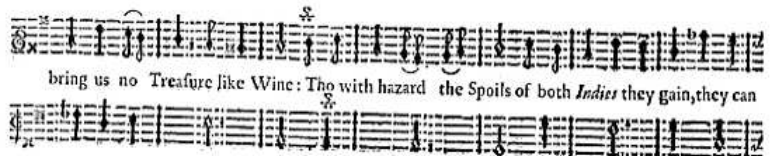
Complaining thoughts could find no vent,
 Such crouds of Sorrows came;
 And still as upwards they were sent,
 Alas! her bashful Tongue refus'd
 with words to own her shame.
 But to the Gods with stow'rs of Tears,
 And Heart-sick Groans, she cry'd,
 Ah! end my wretched Life and Cares,
 Revenge, revenge his Crimes on me;
 so fell, and sigh'd, and dy'd.



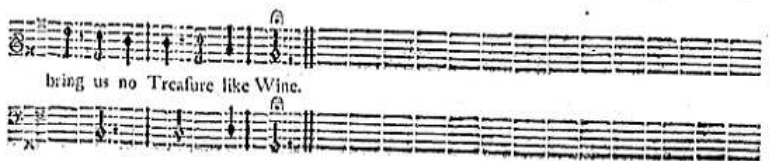
Et the da-ring Advent'ers be to's'd on the Main, and for



Riches no dangers de-cline; tho' with hazard the Spoils of both *Indies* they gain, they can



bring us no Treasure like Wine: Tho' with hazard the Spoils of both *Indies* they gain, they can



bring us no Treasure like Wine.

II.

Enough of such Wealth would a Begger enrich,
And supply great wants in a King:
'T would smooth all the Grievs in a comfortless wretch,
And inspire weeping Captives to sing.
'T would smooth, &c.

III.

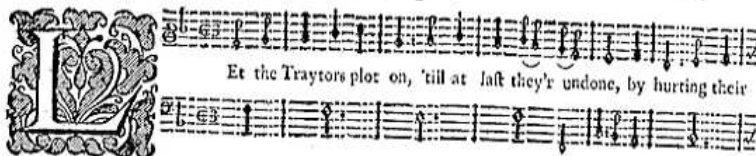
There's none that groans under a burdensom Life,
If this Sovereign Balmom he gains.
This will make a Man bear all the Plagues of a Wife,
And of Rags and Diseases in Chains.
This will make, &c.

IV.

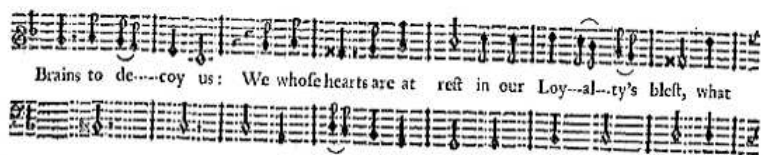
It swells all our Veins with a kind purple Flood,
And puts Love and great Thoughts in the Mind:
There's no Peasant so rank, but it fills with good Blood,
And to Gallantry makes him inclin'd.
There's no Peasant, &c.

V.

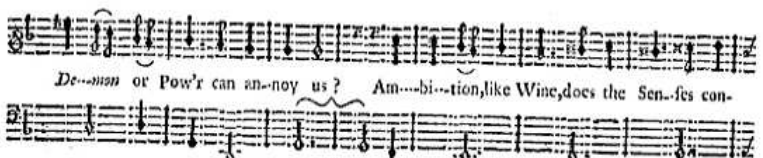
There's nothing our Hearts with such Joys can bewitch,
For on Earth 'tis a Power that's Divine:
Without it we're wretched, though never so rich;
Nor is any Man poor that has Wine.
Without it we're, &c.



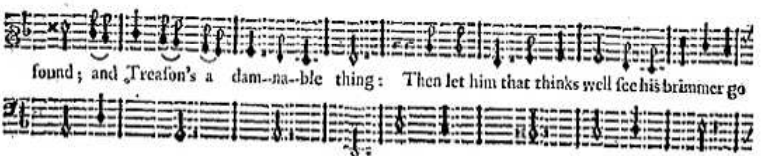
Et the Traytors plor on, 'till at last they'r undone, by hurting their



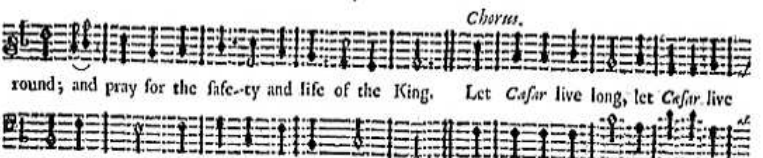
Brains to de-coy us: We whose hearts are at rest in our Loy-alty's blest, what



De-mon or Pow'r can an-noy us? Am-bi-tion, like Wine, does the Sen-ses con-

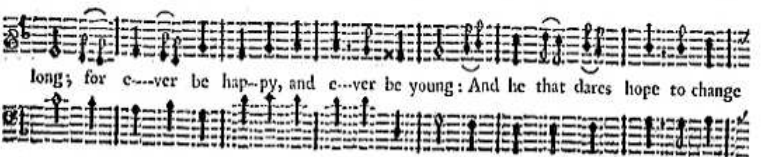


found; and Treason's a dam-na-ble thing: Then let him that thinks well see his brimmer go

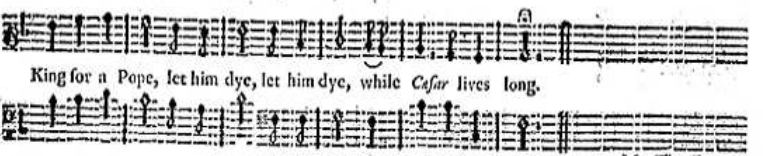


Chorus.

round; and pray for the safe-ty and life of the King. Let *Cesar* live long, let *Cesar* live



long; for e-ver be hap-py, and e-ver be young: And he that dares hope to change



King for a Pope, let him dye, let him dye, while *Cesar* lives long.

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.

How happy are we when our Hearts are all free,
And blest in our Sacred Obedience;
Whilst we, that hate all that would Monarchs depose,
Make the Polltick Fool that's ambitious to Rule,
Still baiks at the Oath of Allegiance.

He trembles, and flies from his numerous Foes,
Like a Deer that the Hunters surround;
Whilst we, that hate all that would Monarchs depose,
Make the Joys of our Hearts like our Glasses abound.
Chor. Let *Cesar* live long, &c.

Clo--rin--da, adieu, since you flight what is true, no lon-ger Ple

Court for dis--dain; tho your Charms are delightful, your Scorns are as frightful, P'le never Court

longer in vain. P'le rove up and down, and P'le ransack the Town, but P'le find out a

Nymph that's more true; I'me re--sol'd to de--sic your proud scorns, tho I dye: So a-

dieu, fair Clo--rin--da, a--dieu.

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

Nothing I know, yet feel a pow'r--ful Fire burning with-

in my Brest, through deep de--fire to be once more where first I felt un--rest, which

can-not be ex--prest. Oh my sole Good! Oh my best hap--pi-ness! Why am I thus retain'd?

Is there no comfort in this wretchedness? Then let me live con--tent to be thus pain'd.

A NORTHERN SONG.

Say--ney was tall, and of no--ble Race, and lov'd me bet--ter than

a--ny yen; but now he ligs by a--no--ther Lass, and Say--ney, ne're be my Love a--gen.

I gave him a fine Scotch Sack and Band, I put them on with mine own hand; I

gave him a Houle, I gave him Land, yet Say--ney will ne're be my Love a--gen.

I robb'd the Groves of all their Store,
And Nodgays made to give Sayney more,
He kiss'd my Brest, and said would do more,
Gude Feth, we thought he was a borny oppin' stinl you,
He quizz'd my Fingers, grasp'd my Knee,
And carv'd my Name on each Green Tree,
Sigh'd and languish'd to live by me,
But now he will ne're be my Love a--gen.

II
No Boon-grace and my Soul burnt Fate,
He stain'd, and all my Kiffes Gowd,
But now he dotes on the Copper Lace,
Oh! some Jewl, Curio, of DONDON Town,
He gangs and gives her Curds and Cream,
Will't a poor Soul fishin' at beam,
I've re for Sayney, in a Dream,
For now he will ne're be my Love a--gen.

A Dieu to the Curie of a Coun-te-ry Life, too long I have

prov'd it, and found it a Thief: To a Soul that would be un-con-fin'd, brisk, and free, 'tis a

cru-el and an in-sup-por-ta-ble Grief; to a Soul that would be un-con-fin'd,

brisk, and free, 'tis a cru-el, and an in-sup-por-ta-ble Grief.

Mr. James Hart

II.
Let Country Sots boast of their empty delights;
The City and Court yet my Fancy invites;
And more pleasure yields
Than the naked Fields,
Which with nothing but thoughts the Genius affrights;
And more pleasure I see.

Then give me the pleasures of the Stage;
That now I enjoy, though at ne're such a rate:
For the dull Country Life
Suits only a Wife
I much more than old Age and Impotence hate:
For the dull, &c.

Mr. Henry Purcell

II.
Then up he took his Pipe and play'd
And gently with the Passion strove;
But fraiz the Reed aside he laid,
To sing of his neglected Love.
If ever poor Man that was wrack'd in despair
Prevail'd on the Cruel, or soften'd the Fair;
Then pity Clarissa, Oh! pity the Swain,
Whole life's but a Torment, till you cure his Pain.

B Lust not redder than the Morning, tho' the Virgins gave you warning.

Sigh not for the Chance befall yee, tho' they smile and dare not tell yee.

Chance befall yee, tho' they smile and dare not tell yee.

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.
Maids like Turtles love the Cooing,
Bill, and in Arms, in their Wooing:
'They like you, they start and tremble,
And their troubled Joys dissemble.
'They like you, &c.

III.
Grasp the Pleasure while 'tis coming,
Though your Beauties now are blooming:
Time at last your Joys will sever,
And they'll part, they'll part for ever.
Time at last, &c.

A Winter heedless of his Flocks, his Fl. w^{ch} once employ'd his care,

now bray himself among the Rocks, and his Sorrow adds Delphic: Oh! Cru-el Clad

vis-sa, cries he, you for-bid me your sight, when you know 'tis your Eyes that un-

did me. Pray revoke the sad Fate to w^{ch} I am doom'd, or else in these Flames I shall soon be consum'd.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.
Then up he took his Pipe and play'd
And gently with the Passion strove;
But fraiz the Reed aside he laid,
To sing of his neglected Love.
If ever poor Man that was wrack'd in despair
Prevail'd on the Cruel, or soften'd the Fair;
Then pity Clarissa, Oh! pity the Swain,
Whole life's but a Torment, till you cure his Pain.

Then down he laid him on the Ground,
His Eyes inclining him to sleep;
But he much rather Troubles found,
That wretched Lovers waking keep.
Then as if from some Dream in a maze he came,
He started, and started, and call'd on her Name:
Return my Clarissa, or else you'll undo me,
For sleeping and waking my Greifs do pursue me.

P *A--fo--ra's* Beau--ties when unblown, e're yet the ren--der

Bud did cleave, to my more ear--ly Love were known, their fa--tal Pow'r I

did perceive. How of--ten in the dead of Night, when all the World lay

mus'd in sleep, have I thought this my chief delight, to sigh for you, for you to weep?

Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

Upon my Heart, whose Leaves of white
 No Letter yet did ever stain:
 Fate (whom none can controul) did write,
 The fair *Passion* here must Reign,
 Her Eyes, those darling Suns, shall prove
 Thy Love to be of nobest Race,
 Which took its flight so far above
 All Humane things, on her to gaze.

How can you then a Love despise?
 A Love that was infus'd by you,
 You gave Breath to its Infant sighs,
 And all its Grievs that did ensue,
 The Pow'r you have to wound, I feel,
 How long shall I of that complain?

Now shew the Pow'r you have to die,
 And take away the tort'ring pain.

H Ow I sigh when I think of the Charms of my Swain, and remember how

sweetly he kindness can feign; Oh! I rather would love all his falshoods than try: There

still is some pleasure, though 'twere but to dye.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

S ince one poor View has drawn my heart in--to the charming Snare; from

my Confinements I'll ne're part, but still your Fetters wear. What more *Amator* can you do? Now

you the Conquest have, 'tis Cruelty thus to pursue a wounded yielding Slave.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

When her languishing Eyes said, Love! too soon the soft Charm I obey'd; for my Passion she would not approve, and I find I was on-ly betray'd: Which makes me contend with my Chain, and the Powers above I implore; that if she regard not my Pain, I may dye, and ne're see her more.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

Take no pleasure in the Sun's bright Beams, nor in the Chry-stal Rivers purling Streams; but in a dark and silent shady Grove, I sigh out woes of my neglected Love. Come cruel Fair, and Charm me, ere I go to Death's embraces

in the Shades below: For tho' condemn'd and fetter'd, here I lye, 'till I your Sentence have, I cannot dye. One look from those dear Eyes, and then adieu, to all your Cruelties and Beauties too.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

Roar Cle-mee, thy Garlands tear from off thy Widow'd brow, and bind thy loose dishevel'd Hair with Yew and Cypress now: And since the Gods decreed his Years should have so short a date, let thy sad Eyes pay Seas of Tears, as Tribute to his Fate.

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.

The Trees a duller Green have worn;
Since that dear Swain is gone;
The tender Flocks their Pastor mourn,
And bleat a sadder moan.

III.

The Birds that did frequent these Groves,
To happier Mansions fly;
And all that once smil'd on our Loves,
Now seem to bid me dye

Let am free, why should I be subject to any Heav'n but thee?

I scorn thy Art, *Cupid*, and Dart; thou may'st not, shalt not wound my Heart: For if thou'dst

here a Captive gain; know, Fondling, thou attempt'st in vain.

Mr. James Hart.

AH! lay by your Lute: Ah! *Lucasia*, forbear; whilst your Tongue I may

hear, other Musick is mute. Ah! lay by your Lute, for the Heav'n's have decreed, That my

Heart should submit, that my Heart should submit to none, to none but the Charms of your Wit.

Mr. James Hart.

A SCOTCH SONG.

Bonny Lad, gin thou wert mine, and twen-ty thousand

Pounds a-bout thee; I'd scorn thy Gow'd for thee my Queen, to

lay thee down on a-ny Green, and shew thee how thy Dad-dy got thee. I'd

scorn thy Gow'd for thee my Queen, to lay thee down on a-ny Green, and

shew thee how thy Dad-dy got thee.

Mr. Tho. Farmer's

II.

Bonny Lad, gin thou wert mine,
And twenty thousand Lords about thee;
I'd leave them aw to kiss thine Eyn,
And gang with thee to any Green,
To shew me how my Daddy got me:
I'd leave them, &c.

The ANSWER to a late SONG, Let Fortune and Phillis, &c.

Love my dear *Phillis*, and never will change, no generous Man is suspicious,
 whilst you question the truth, you provoke them to reign, and you prove but your self the more vicious.
 You will and you won't, you'r a wonder to me, for all other Men do what Fate do decree. If that her
 Beauty and Humour do meet, she hath power to make you to love her; you'r a wandering
 Slave if your Fetters you break, and 'tis fawcy to say you'r above her: Where's the Ease you can
 find, if your Love you forgo? For without my dear *Phillis* no Comfort I know. *What a Blessing is*
What a Blessing, &c.
 is for to have a fair *Mist*! if she wounds with a *Trovan* she can heal with a *Kiss*.

Mr. John Reading.

O all the dear Joys, that the World has in store, if *Celia* prove
 constant, I'll ask for no more: If she prove but as kind, as her Vows do declare, I'll laugh at the
 Jealous, and triumph over Care. To clasp the soft dear all night in my Arms, to kiss and em-
 brace, and dissolve with her Charms, and to think that these Joys ever-lasting shall be, makes
 revel-ling Princes less happy than we.

Mr. John Reading.

||

So soft are her Charms, and so melting her ways;
 That she conjures fresh Spirits when Passion decays:
 How I'm drown'd in the Bill of a balmy white Mand!
 She infuses new Nature, and Life doth command.
 On the Banks of her Breasts all my Sorrow she dries,
 And darts through my Soul with her laughing Eyes:
 She raises my Love, which was bent, with a Joy,
 And cures with these Pleasures, which before did destroy.

Upon the loss of a MISTRESS.

How I am greiv'd, that now I must part with her that I

once call'd my own; e're since my poor Breast was by *Phyllis* pos-
selt, such Sorrow by

me was ne're known. I thought that her Charms would have kept off all Harms; and I

ne're dream'd of this, when close in her Arms: since you *For-tune*, can be so un-

faith-ful to me; Ah tell me! ah tell me, how true you are to those

Men that can flat-ter like you!

Mr. John Reading.

See how, see how the Flow'rs a---dorn the Spring, how the Birds with

cheerful Notes to-ge-ther sing, all Joy, Peace, and Concord to ev'ry thing: Then let us

be as they are free, there's no loss so great as our Liberty: Then let us be as they are free, there's

no loss so great as our Li-ber-ty. None, none shall disturb us with Envy, Pride, or Care, nor

will we live by Hope, or dye by Despair; but Live, Love, and Laugh, and be as free as Air.

Hark, hark, methinks I hear a sound from a neighb'ring Grove rebound; says, if happy you'l

be, you must keep your Mind free; there's no pleasure, no pleasure, like Li-ber-ty.

Mr. William Turner.

All to the Myr--tle shade, all hail to the Nymphs of the Field;

Kings will not here in--vade, tho Vertue all Free--dom yields. Beauty here opens her Arms, to

soften the languishing Mind; and *Phil--lis* unlocks her Charms: Ah *Phillis!* ah! why so kind?

II.
Phillis the Soul of Love, the Joy of Neighbouring Swains;
Phillis that Crowns the Groves, and *Phillis* that gilds the Plains;
Phillis that ne're had the skill to Paint or to Patch, or be fine;
 Yet *Phillis*, whose Eyes can kill, whom Nature has made Divine.

III.
Phillis, whose charming Tongue makes Labour and Pain a delight;
Phillis that makes the Day young, and shortens the live-long Night.
Phillis whose Lips lick May, still laugh at the sweets that they bring,
 Where Love never knew decay, but sets with Eternal Spring.

Ow short is the Pleasure that follows the Pain, a poor Lover is

fore'd to endure; the Joys we long wait for we soon lose a--gain, and re--lapse in the

midst of the Cure. Ah *Phil--lis!* I wish you had still been unkind, since from you I

quickly must part; to think of a Bliss I no longer can find, is a Grief that will

break my sad Heart.

Mr. John Reading.

En--der Males, let me ad--vise ye, wink when Lovers would sue

prize ye; whilst ill natur'd thoughts you cherish, all your happy moments perish. Torments

that in Love be--fall, wil--ful Lo--vers make 'um all: Torments. that in Love be--

fall, wil--ful Lovers make 'um all.

Mr. John Reading.

II.
 Whilst your Cruelties repeated,
 Cruelly by Love you're treated;
 But to wise obedient Lovers,
 Heaven and Earth the Gods discovers.
 Pains in Love, if pains there are,
 Lovers for themselves prepare.

III.
 Oft despair succeeds disdain;
 'Till a Law of Loves ordaining;
 Whilst Tormenters are tormented,
 Give Content and be contented.
 Pains in Love, if pains there are;
 Lovers for themselves prepare.

N... sult not too much on the fading suc...cess, for all that thou

hast I be--fore did pos--sels; I know, my proud Rival, how hap--py thou art, I

know e'ry Joy, and each thought of thy Heart. To tempt thee those Pleasures were

taken from me, and to gain a new Beauty, he'll take them from thee: To tempt thee those

Pleasures were taken from me; and to gain a new Beauty, he'll take them from thee.

Mr. John Reading.

Come all the Youths, whose Hearts have bled by cru--el Beau-ties

Pride; bring each a Garland on his Head, let none his Sorrows hide:

But hand in hand a round me move, singing the sad--dest Tales of Love; and

try when your Complaints ye joyn, if all your wrongs can e--qual mine.

Mr. Fran. Forcer.

II.
The happ'cst Mortal once was I,
My Heart no Sorrow knew;
Pity the Pain with which I dye,
But ask not whence it grew:

Yet if a Tempting fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind;
Though bright as Heaven, whose Stamp she bear;
Think of my Fate, and shut her Snare.

Give me thy Youth the time of Love, the now that's in thy Pow'r; I'd

fall on thee like migh--ty Jests, in Love a nobler Show'r. My thoughts shall still be

fix'd on thee, with Love thy Love re--ceive; un--con--stant then, and fic--kle be, if

Love will give, you leave.

Mr. Isaac Blackwell.

II.
Can there be falsness in those Eyes?
Or can those looks betray?
I'll love thee spite o' th' Grave and Wife,
I'll love thee whilst I may.

When I'm decrepid Ages Slave;
And Amorous Flames decay;
I'll leave my Loving, then be Grave
And Wife as well as they.

'Le drink off my Bot-tle each Night for my share, but as for a

Mistress Ple ne-ver take care; the one makes me Jol-ly and e-ver more Gay, but a

Mistress de-stroys in Spor-ring and Play. She drains all my Blood, till I look just as

pale as a Thief that's half starved, long kept in a Gaol; in-fec-bles my Nerves, and doth

Chorus:

shorten my Life, and empties my Pockets, and to doth my Wife. Then Women make

Then Women, &c.

After of these that you see, Ple find out a Comrade, some jolly brave Man, wherein our full

Glasses we'll laugh and we'll jest, and perhaps for di-ur-sion we'll drink to the best.

Printed and Sold by J. H. B. at the Sign of the Anchor in the Strand near the Old Swan
 Printed and Sold by J. H. B. at the Sign of the Anchor in the Strand near the Old Swan

Ow happy's that Pris'ner that Conquers his Fate in Silence, and

ne're on bad For-tune com-plains; but care-les-sly plays with his Keys on the

Gate, and makes a sweet Confort with them and his Chains: He drown's Care in

Sack, while his thoughts are op-press'd, and makes his Heart float like a Cork in his Breast.

Chor. a. 3. voc.

Then since we're all Slaves that I stander's by, and our Land's a large Prison in-clos'd with the

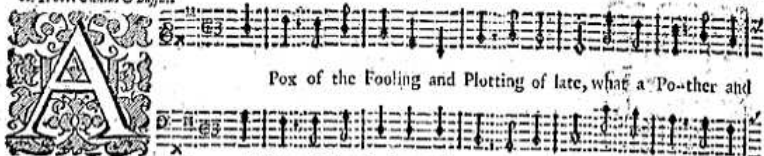
Then since, &c.

Then since, &c.

Sea, we'll drink off the Ocean, and set our selves free, for Man is the World's E-mpire, & my

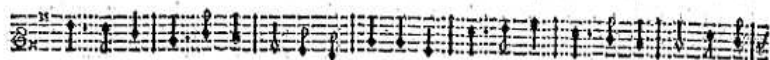
drink off the Ocean, and set our selves free, for Man is the World's E-mpire, & my

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Basses.



Pox of the Fooling and Plotting of late, what a Po-ther and

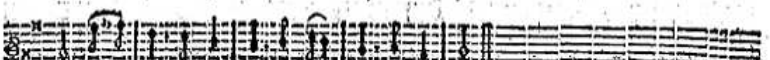
A Pox of the Fooling, &c.



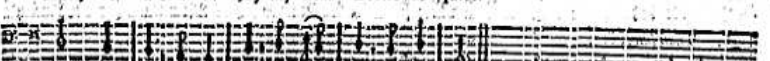
Stir has it kept in the State? Let the Rabble run 'mad with Sus-pi-cions and Fears; let 'em



Scuffle and Jar 'till they go by the Ears: Their Grievances never shall trou-ble my



Pate, so I can en-joy my dear Bottle at quiet.



II.

What Coxcombs were those, who would harter their Eale,
And their Necks, for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Mask?
At Old *Taverns* they never had need to sing,
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, and their King:
A Friend and a Bottle is all my Design,
It's no room for Treason that's top-full of Wine.

III.

I mind not the Members and Makers of Laws,
Let 'em Sit or Prorogue as His Majesty please;
Let 'em Damn us to Woolen, I'll never repine
At my Lodging when dead, so alive I have Wine.
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear
To Curse 'em, for making my Claret so dear.

IV.

I mind not grave Asses, who lily debate
About Right and Succession, the Titles of State;
We've a good King already, and he deserves laughter,
That will trouble his head with who shall come after.
Come here to his Health, and I wish he may be
As free from all care and all trouble as we.

V.

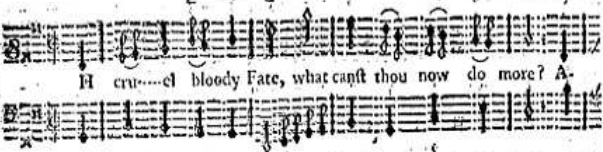
What care I how Leagues with the *Hollander* go,
Or Intrigues betwix *Sissy* and *Monteur d'Avans*;
What concerns it my Drinking if *Castil* be sold,
If the Conquerour takes it by Storming or Gold,
Good *Spardoux* alone is the place that I mind,
And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for a Wind.

VI.

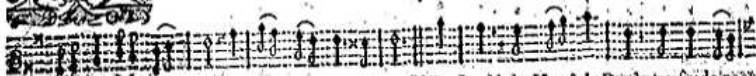
The Dilly of *France*, that aspires to Renown,
By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his own;
Let him fight and be damn'd, and make Matches and treat;
To afford News-mongers and Coffee-House chat,
He's but a brave Wretch; whilst I am more free,
More safe, and a thousand times happier than he.

VII.

Come he or the Pope, or the Devil to meet;
Or come Ragot and Stake, I care not a Groat;
Never think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will hear;
No I swear Mr. Fox, pray excuse me for that,
I'll drink in Defence of Gilbert and Hater,
This is the Profession that never will alter.



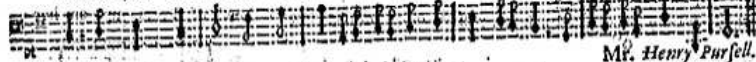
H cru-el bloody Fate, what canst thou now do more? A-



La! 'tis now too late *Phis-lan-der* to restore: Why should the Heav'nly Pow'rs persuade poor



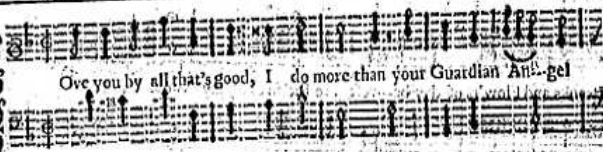
Mortals to believe, that they guard us here, and reward us there, yet all our Joys deceive.



Mr. Henry Purcell.

Her Ponyard then she took, and held it in her hand,
And with a dying look, cry'd, thus I Fate command:
Philander, ah my Love! I come to meet thy Shade below:
Ah I come, she cry'd, with a Wound so wide, there needs no second blow.

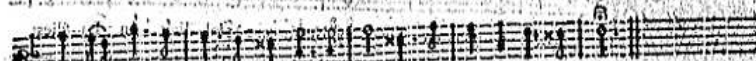
An purple Waves her Blood ran streaming down the Floor,
Unmov'd she saw the Flood, and blest her dying Hour:
Philander, ah *Philander*! still the bleeding *Phyllis* cry'd,
She wept a while, and the forc'd a Smile, then clos'd her Eyes and dy'd.



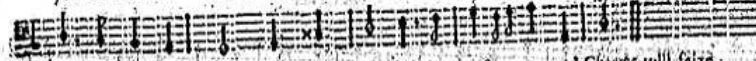
Ove you by all that's good, I do more than your Guardian An-gel



far, con-si-son seize me if I know besides your self a Woman fair: The Love of



you is fix'd in ev'ry part, and my Eyes speak the Passion of my Heart.



No Poetry can paint a thing
So sweet, so beautiful as you;
Not one: You're all so ravishing,
You'd make Imagination true.
Your powerful Charms will make a *Strick* find
Nature has been extravagantly kind.

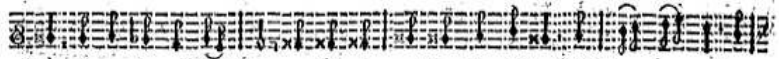
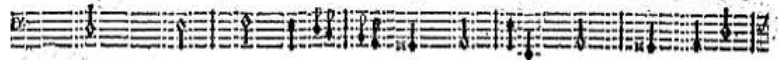
But Age must come, and Charms will seize
The Time when Lovers disappear;
But I will love you past all these,
Love me but now, while Youth is here.
Content I'll let me down; Love on and sing;
The Winter's o're because I've had the Spring.



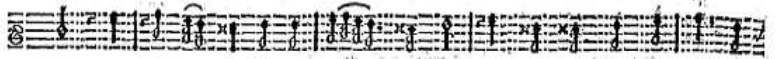
S freezing Fountains, when the Sun goes off their Streams with-hold,



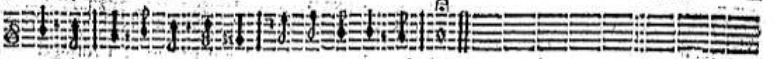
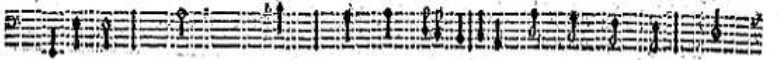
and to their own im-bra-cés run 'till all congeal'd with Cold; or as a hopeless drooping



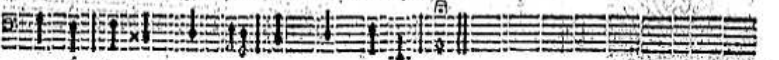
Flow'r for day de-par-téd grieves, possést of nothing but a show' of Tears up-on her



Leaves. Such, such am I in your ab-sen- fence left so like these Mourners show, that



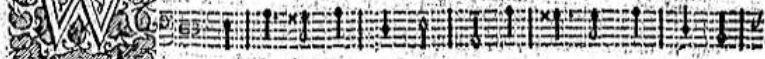
Brooks and Flow'rs of day be- rest are Pi-ctures of my Woe.



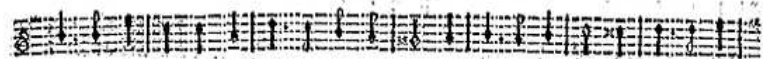
Mr. Pelham Humphry.



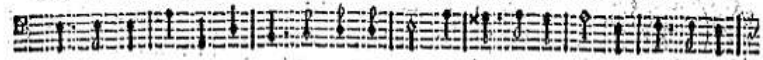
Hil't o--thers on Dow-ny Neasts are lol-ling on La--dies



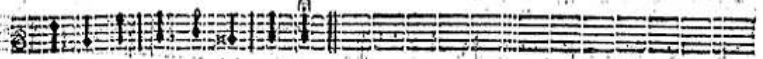
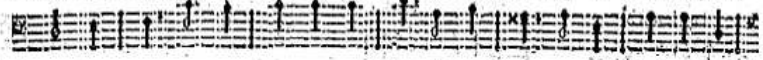
Breasts, a suck-ing of Breath that is rain--ted, and kiss-ing Lips that are painted, he's



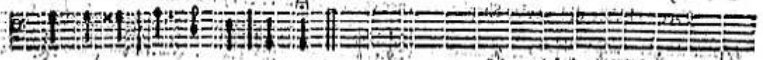
up at the sound of the merry merry Horn, and drink of the wholsom breath of the



Morn: His Mind and his Bo--dy is e--ver em--ploy--ing in Pleasures, in



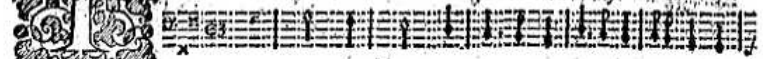
Pleasures, are worth the en-joy-ing.



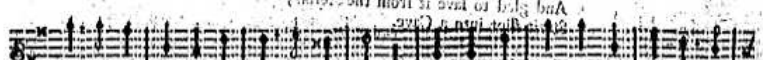
Mr. Nicholas Staggins.



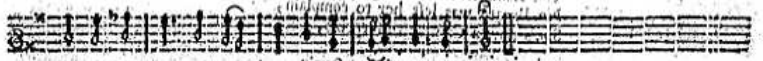
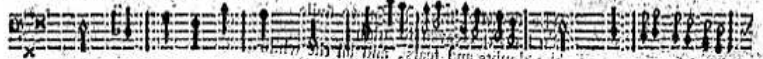
Le tell thee my Celis, if I never before thou'lt heard of the



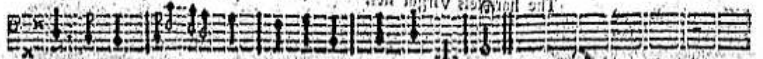
Pleasures that Love has in store; true Love, ^{with reason's flame} shall for A--ever burn bright, and



Time cannot quench or di--mi-nish its Light. To none but Love's Emp'rick 'ris' lost when en-



joy'd, for they never lov'd truly that ^{with} e--ver were enjoy'd.



Dr. John Blow.



Loſe in a hol-low ſi-lent Cave young Di-mon ſlee-ping
 lay, himſelf one hour from Grief to ſave, and from the ſcorching day; he Ce-lia lov'd, whoſe
 Face and Wit did ev'ry Shepherd's Sence controul; whoſe ev'ry Hair was Love's loſt Nen; whoſe
 ev'ry Glance a Heart did ſeize, and ev'ry Smile a Soul.

Mr. Crabbe

ii.

But ſee the Balm Lover's Monarch keeps
 To eaſe a Lover's pain;
 As he, in that Manſion ſlept,
 It ſherely ran to Balm;
 Fair Ce-la wandring through her Farms;
 A ſilly Lamb from Wolf to ſave;
 Which caught, ſhe fold in her white Arms,
 And glad to ſave it from the Storms,
 Sicain ſlip into a Cave.

iii.

The drowſie Swain began to ſmile
 To ſee his Heaven ſo nigh;
 She doubts and fears, and all the while
 The Lamb ſtood Bleating by.
 No Breath was left her to complain,
 She's now a Captive to ſurprize,
 Thus at the Mercy of her Swain
 The harmleſs Virgin lies.



Ince cruel This-is you my Torments ſlight, and take no no-tice
 of my Am'rous Flame, in theſe Vermilion Letters thus I write my bloody Reaſons to
 con-firm the fame; in theſe Ver-mi-lion Let-ters thus I write my bloo-dy
 Reaſons to confirm the fame, my bloody Reaſons to confirm the fame. Theſe of my
 Paſſion are the live-ly Marks which from my Veins in Blood you here ſee writ;
 touch them, your Breaſt will kindle with the Sparks the ardent Cha-ra-cters are wrecking
 yet: Touch them, your Breaſt will kin-dle with the Sparks the ar-dent
 Cha-ra-cters are wrecking yet, the ardent Cha-ra-cters are wrecking yet.

Mr. James Hart



After all your Cru-el-ty I Love you still, tho' by all that's

good 'tis much against my will: Ah Phil-lis! could I my Love to reason bend, my

sin-cere Passion soon would have an end; but un-hap-py Damns must condemn'd re-

main, for his ten-der Love that's answer'd by dis-dain. Let then your Sentence pass,

Adon your Slave to dye, let him not Languish in Ex-ter-min-ty.

Mr. James Hart.

A. 2. 400. Cantata B. 1874



Heer up my Friends, the Winter's ending, Spring comes on, and the

year's, and the year's a mending. Oh! that the State had the like turn of Fate, that the

gen-til Winds could o-ver blow like the Winter's Snow, all the black

Seems that our mind be low. Hark, how the winged Confort, chaunt it, all in a

Concord whilst we want it; to the Fields let's go, and avoid this Juring, this howrid

noise of Plots and Warring, with the Clink of his self let the Churl please himself, tho' we

have not the heaps of fordid Treasure, we'll make it up with mirth and pleasure, we'll

make it up with mirth and plea-sure. Na-ture is kind and gen-er-ous,

she from Discord and Re-bel-lion, and Re-bel-lion free. Her Offspring was for

Love design'd, so once the Race of hu-man kind, in Friend-ship and in Peace unbind.

Love design'd, so once the Race of hu-man kind, in Friend-ship and in Peace unbind.

Since then 'tis so, why should not we, when sweetness drops from ev'ry Tree, like all the
World melt, melt, melt, in-to Har-mo--ny?

Mr. William Turner.

Syl-va, tell me how long it will be before you do grant my de-
sire: is there no end of your Cru-el-ty, but must I consume in this fire? You'll not
tell me you love me, nor yet that you hate, but take pleasure in seeing me Lan-guish:
O Syl-va! pl-ty my desperate state, for thou art the cause of my An-guish,

II.

Damon, know that I never shall be
I th' humour to grant your desire;
Nor am I guilty of Cruelty,
Because you are scorch'd in your Fire:
If you'll bear with my humour, I love to be plain;
I'm so pleas'd, that I seem not your Anguish,
O Damon! hope no relief to your Pain,
But love for your Pleasure and Languish.

A. 2. 190.

Since you have Wars remov'd, and given three Kingdoms rest, there
never was King so lov'd, nor e-ver was Land so blest; and at your auspicious Birth, we our
ge-ne-ral Joys improve, for the day we give all to Mirth, and the Night is too short for our Love.

A. 2. 190.

Sure Nature never yet design'd, that Beauty should be so unkind; her
Gifts for want of usage are de-stroy'd: Beauty's not Beauty when 'it is en-
joy'd, and what greater Curse can on Females be laid; than to live a young
Widow, or dye an old Maid.

Change, Oh! change your fatal Bows, since neither knows the Virtue

of each others Darts; alas! what will become of Hearts? If it prove a Death to

Love, we shall find Death will be cruel to be kind; for when he shall to Armies fly, where

Men think Blood too cheap to buy themselves a Name, he reconciles them, and deprives the Valiant

Men of more than Lives, of Vi-ctory and Fame. Whilst Love deceiv'd by these cold Shafts, in-

stead of curing; wounded Hearts, must kill in-deed. *Chorus.* Take pi-ty Gods, some ease

the World will find, to give young Cupid Eyes, or strike Death blind: Death should not thin

have his own will, and Love by seeing Men blind leave off to kill.

Dr. Christopher Gibbons.

Victorious Men of Earth, no more proclaim how wide your Empires

are, tho you bind in ev'ry Shore, and your Triumphs reach as far as night or day; yet you proud

Monarchs must o-bey, and mingle with for-sa-ken Ashes; w^h Death calls you to, the crowd of

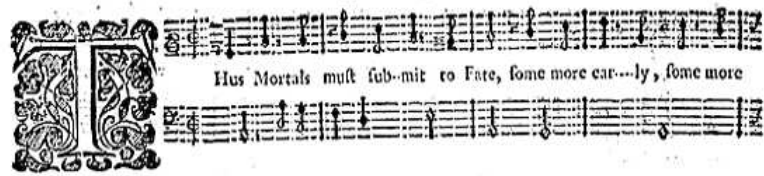
common Men, de-vo-ur-ing Famine, Plague, and War, each a-ble to un-do Man-kind,

Death ser-vile E-mil-i-ty, are, nor to these a-lone con-sid-

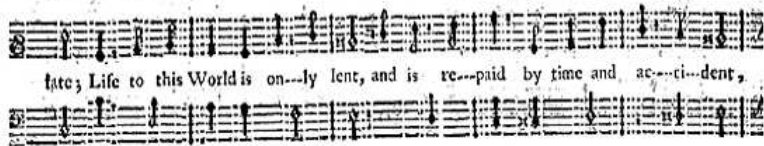
Chorus. He hath us will more quiet and sub-til ways to kill, a Smile or Kiss, as he will

use the Art, shall have the un-ning skill to break the Heart.

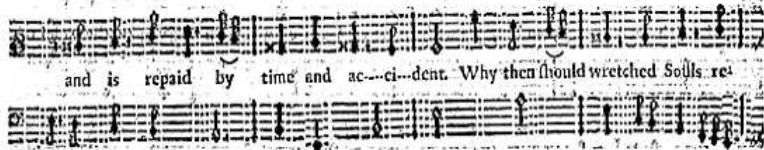
Dr. Christopher Gibbons.



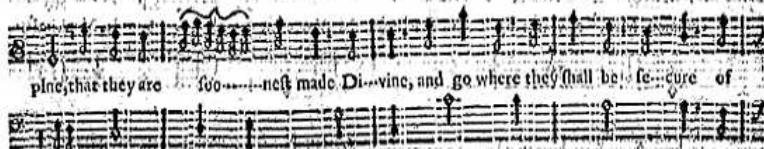
Hus Mortals must sub-mit to Fate, some more ear-ly, some more



fate; Life to this World is on-ly lent, and is re--paid by time and ac--ci--dent,



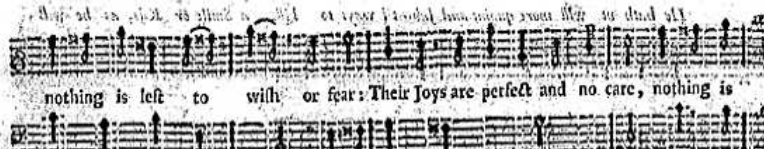
and is repaid by time and ac--ci--dent. Why then should wretched Souls re-



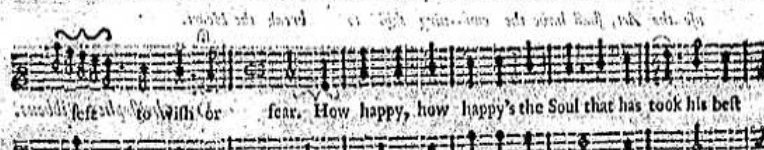
pine, that they are so--nest made Di--vine, and go where they shall be se--cure of



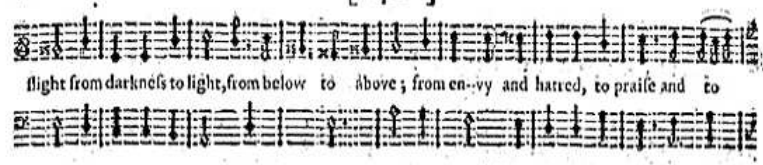
Joys, and no more shocks of Chance endure: Their Joys are per--fect and no care,



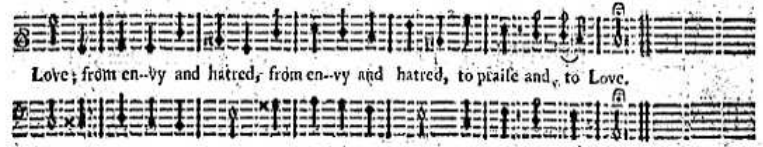
nothing is left to with or fear: Their Joys are perfect and no care, nothing is



left to with or fear. How happy, how happy's the Soul that has took his best

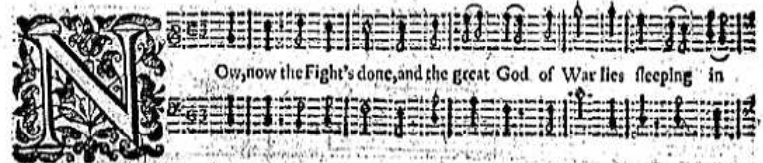


flight from darkness to light, from below to above; from en-vy and hatred, to praise and to

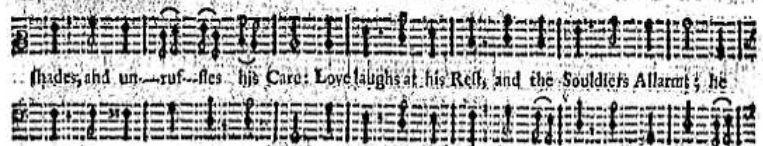


Love; from en-vy and hatred, from en-vy and hatred, to praise and, to Love.

Mr. William Turner.



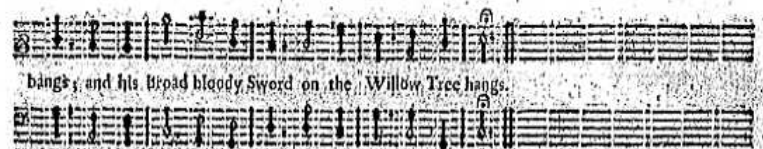
ow, now the Fight's done, and the great God of War lies sleeping in



shades, and un--ruf--les his Care: Love laughs at his Rest, and the Souldiers Alarm; he



Drums, and he Trumpets, and struts in his Arms: He rides on his Lance, and the Buffes he



bangs, and his broad bloody sword on the Willow Tree hangs.

ii.


Love smiles when he feels the sharp point of his Dart,
And he wings it to hit the grim God in the Heart;
Who leaves his Steel Bed, and his Bolsters of Urals,
For Pillows of Roses, and Couches of Grails;
His Corser of Lightning is grown so slow,
That a *Cupid* 'th' Saddle sits bending his Bow.

iii.

Love, Love is the cry, Love and Kisses go found;
While *Phillis* and *Damon* sit claspt on the Ground;
The Shepheard who loon does his Pleasure destroy,
'Tis Absorbe; she cries; and he murders my Joy:
But he Rallies again with the force of her Charms;
And kisses, embraces; and dies in her Arms.

A DIALOGUE between PHILIDA and CORIDON.

Philid.



Underneath some shady Bow'rs, which were made for Lovers hours,

Coridon. *Philid.*

thither let thee and I go stray, And wait the hours of this pleasant day: Whilst there we

Coridon.

name the Gods above, we'll think of nought but how they Love; Love is a thing that

Philid.

is too stale for our Pastoral's pleasant Tale. Ah no! for Love hath made me smart and

Coridon.

bleed, Just so it hath my Heart; for it doth sympathize with thine, whilst wholly *Philid.*

Philid.

is mine. Then let us to Love's Altars pay the rest of this our hap-py day.

Chor. a 3. Voc.

We'll make a Con-cer-dance with these our Charms, em-bra-cing each o-ther in
 We'll make a Con-cer-dance, &c.
 We'll make a Con-cer-dance, &c.

Lovers folded Arms: We'll make our Flocks feed near some' shady Hill, whilst all our Lives

long with pleasures we'll fill. Those Lovers are happy who say, that they can

keep the same Loves which the Gods do o-ber-ry

Mr. John Reading

Whist our peaceful Flocks do lye, safe-ly kept by care-ful Eye;

Ev'ry pret-ty blea-ting Lamb clo-ly ly-ing by his Dam, Early hither do we press,

finest, loveliest Shepherdess, for to Ce-le-brate thy Praise in our soft and well tuned Lays.

Chor. a. 2. Voc.
Blest be our mighty Pan, blest be our mighty Pan; and that bright she, to whom we

owe all our Fe-li-ci-ty. Blest be our mighty Pan, blest be our

mighty Pan, and that bright she, to whom we owe all our Fe-li-ci-ty.
mighty Pan; and that bright she, to whom we owe all our Fe-li-ci-ty.

II.

Never yet so sweet a Face,
Did our humble Valleys grace;
Nor so soft and fair a Hand,
Ever Shepherd's Hook command.
Chiefest Glory of our Pains,
Lov'd by all the noblest Swains,
Who breath all but one Desire,
Learn for ever to admire.

III.

Nay, that Beauty that doth still,
All that look with wonder kill;
Bloom for ever fresh and gay,
Like the Riches of the May,
On your Lips withall excell,
May their Native Coral dwell,
With each Feature and each Line,
Gracing her that's so Divine.

All hail to the glorious Spring, and to ev'ry painted

Flower; they make me a might-ty King, and bow to my short liv'd Pow'r: From their

Earthly Beds, see how they raise their dew-y heads; see how they offer at my Feet,

Chorus
all that is beau-ti-ful and sweet. Who would sub-mit to the Care of the Great, and the

Dangers that wait on his Fall; when Nature's a Sub-ject to ev'ry Wit, and a

Man that's con-ten-ted has all.

II.

What Beauty or Art out-does
The Jessamine's fragrant Sweet?
The blush of the full-blown Rose;
Or Lilly's Eye dazzling white?
There; and what's in the Field;
Cool Groves, and Chrysal Rivers yield;
The Morning Sun, and Evening Shade,
Nature for happy Man has made.

First Verse.



Wake, a--wake, a--wake, my Lyre, and tell my si--lent Mi-

sters humble Tale; a--wake, a--wake, a--wake, my Lyre, and tell thy si--lent

Matters humble Tale, in Sounds that may prevail; Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire, tho

so ex--al--ted, she and I so low--ly be, tell her such dif--ferent Notes make all

Second Verse.

thy Har--mo--ny. Hark, hark, how the Strings awake, and tho the mo--ving hand

approach not near, themselves with awful Fear a kind of num'rous trembling make: Hark,

hark, how the Strings awake, and tho the mo--ving hand approach not near, themselves with

aw--ful Fear a kind of num'rous trem--bling make.

Now all thy For--ces try, now all thy Charms ap--ply; revenge up--on her

Ear the Conquest of her Eye, revenge up--on her Ear the Conquest of her Eye.

Third Verse, But slow.

Weak Lyre, this virtue sure is use--less here, since thou art on--ly found to cure, but not to wound;

and she to wound, but not to cure. Too weak too wilt thou prove, my Passion to re-

Fourth Verse.

move; Physick to o--ther Ills, th'art Non--rishi--ment to Love. Sleep,

sleep again my Lyre, for thou canst never tell my humble Tale, in sounds that may prevail;

nor gentle, though in her in-spire; all thy vain Mirth lay by, bid thy Strings silent lye.

Sleep, sleep again my Lyre, and let thy Master dye; sleep again my Lyre, and let thy Master dye.

Dr. John Blow.

This SONG was by Dr. Blow Compos'd, to be performed with Instrumental Musick, Symphonys and Rivornello's, of four Parts betwixt every Verse; and likewise Chorus of four Voices betwixt every Verse: But as it is here printed, you have all which is to be sung alone to the Lute, and is suitable to the rest in this Book.

Roor *Ma-ri-a-na* long in vain within her constant Breast, harbour'd a

Passion for her Swain, who could not be suppress'd: The Youth an e-qual Flame did own, yet

'twas but a pretence; for his false Heart was quickly shewn by its in-dif-fer-ence.

II.
This though it pierc'd the tender Maid with deepest Agony,
Yet would she not upbraid her Swain of his inconstancy:
But ah! said she, the fault's my own, that I this usage find;
For could I just desert have shewn, the Youth had still been kind.

III.
Then she began thus to deplore her own unhappiness,
The only Remedy in store for Virgins in distress:
Alas! she cry'd, what Fate is mine; there to have fix'd my Love;
Where, Shepherd, I can't merit thine; nor yet my own remove!

A PASTORAL SONG set by Mr. William Gregory, in memory of his deceased Friend Mr. Pelham Humphrys, one of the Gentlemen of HIS MAJESTY'S Chappel, and Master of the Children of the Chappel.

[Words by Mr. T. Flatman.]

Did you not hear the hideous groan, the sighs and hea-ry

moan, that spread themselves o'er all the pen-sive Plain, and rent the Breast of many a tender

Swain? 'Twas for *A-min-ta*, dead and gone. Sing ye for-fa-ken Shepherds, sing his Praise, in

careless Me-lan-cho-ly lays: Lend him a lit-tle doleful breath, poor *A-min-ta*,

poor *A-min-ta*, cruel Death. 'Twas thou that mad'st dead words to live, thou that dull

Numbers didst in-spire, with charming Voice; and tune-ful Lyre: That Life to

all but to thy self could'it give, why could'it thou not thy wond'rous Art bequeath? Poor A-

Chor. a. 2. Voc.

min-tas, poor A—min-tas, cru-el Death. Sing, pi-um Shepherds, sing whilst you
Sing, pi-um Shepherds, sing whilst you

may, before the ap-proa-ches of the fa-tal Days, for you your selves that sing, that
may, before the ap-proa-ches of the fa-tal Days, for you your selves that sing, that

sing this mournful Song, a--last! ere it be long, shall like A-min-tas breatheless
sing this mournful Song, a--last! a--last! ere it be long, shall like A-min-tas

be, tho more for-got-ten in the Grave, in the Grave, than he; tho more for-
breatheless be, tho more for-got-ten in the Grave, the Grave, than he;

got-ten in the Grave, in the Grave, than he.
tho more for-got-ten in the Grave, the Grave, than he.

A PASTORAL ELEGY on the Earl of Rochester, who died the 26th of July, 1680. Set by Dr. John Blow.

[Words by Mr. T. Flatman.]

S on his Death-bed gasping Stre-phon lay; Strephon the
wonder of the Plains, the noblest of the Arcadian Swains, Strephon the bold, the

wit-ty, and the gay: With many a Sigh, and ma-ny a Tear, he said, Re-
mem-ber, re-mem-ber me ye Shepherds when I'm dead; remem-ber me ye

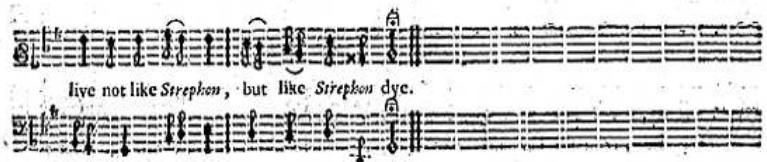
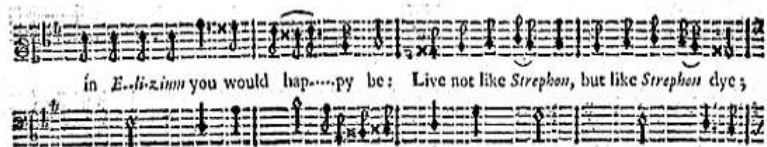
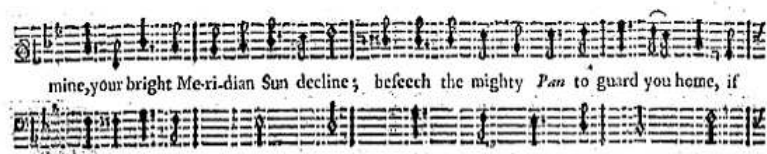
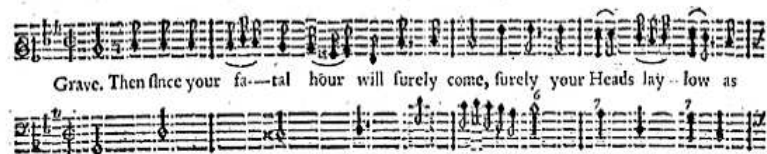
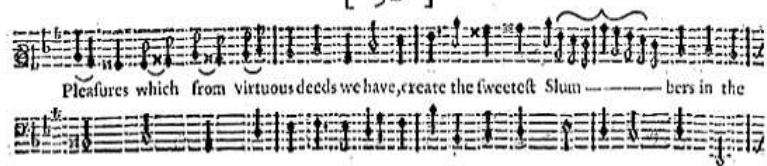
Shepherds; re-mem-ber me ye Shepherds when I'm dead. Ye trifling Glories
of the World a--then, and vain ap-plau-ses of the Age, for when we quit

this mortal Stage, be--have as, Shepherds, for I tell you true, that

of the World a--then, and vain ap-plau-ses of the Age, for when we quit
this mortal Stage, be--have as, Shepherds, for I tell you true, that

of the World a--then, and vain ap-plau-ses of the Age, for when we quit
this mortal Stage, be--have as, Shepherds, for I tell you true, that

this mortal Stage, be--have as, Shepherds, for I tell you true, that



FINIS.

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MR. Playford desires to give notice to his Musical Friends in or about LONDON, That his Dwelling-house is now at the lower end of Arundel Street, over against the George; and that there, or at his Shop near the Temple Church, all such as desire to be accommodated with such choice Consorts of Musick for Violins and Viols, as were Composed by Dr. Colman, Mr. William Law, Mr. John Jenkins, Dr. Benjamin Rogers, Mr. Matthew Locke, and divers others, may have them fairly and true Prick'd. Also most of the choicest Vocal Hymns and Psalms for two and three Voyces, Composed by Mr. William and Henry Lawes, Mr. Locke, Mr. Jenkins, Dr. Rogers, and other choice Masters. He has also a large Collection of the new Instrumental Musick for two Trebles and Bass.

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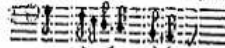
THE FOURTH BOOK.



LONDON,

Printed by A. Godbid and J. Playford Junior, and are Sold by John Playford, at his Shop near the Temple Church; and John Carr, at his Shop at the Middle-Temple Gate, 1683.

An Alphabetical Table of the Songs contain'd in this Book.

	Folio		Folio
A		Ob! do not wrong that Face	22
<i>What means that eager Joy</i>	25	<i>Ob Love! how just</i>	52
<i>A pox on this needful's Scorn</i>	24		
<i>All other Blessings are but Toys.</i> Mr. Turner.	35	P	
<i>All joy to fair Plyche</i>	40	<i>Philida whilst our tender Age</i>	7
<i>At length in musing what to do</i>	38	<i>Philander once a merry Swain</i>	26
<i>Amintor on the River side</i>	71	<i>Phyllis accept a broken Heart</i>	27
<i>After the fiercest pangs of hot Desire</i>	64	<i>Phyllis whose Heart was unconfin'd</i>	29
		<i>Prophanely I swore by the Powers</i>	57
		<i>Phyllis in your absence I sad and</i>	62
B			
<i>Bless, Mortals, bless the chearing</i>	19	R	
<i>Bear witness now you silver</i>	32	<i>Ranging the Plain one Summer's night</i>	7
<i>Bess of Bedlam</i>	44	<i>Remov'd from Noise and Tumults</i>	54
		<i>Rashly I swore I would disown</i>	76
C		<i>Retir'd from Mortals sight</i>	77
<i>Close by a silver Rivulet</i>	2		
<i>Clorillo having long in vain</i>	4	S	
<i>Could Man his wish obtain.</i> Mr. Peaseable.	5	<i>Since other Beauties charm your heart.</i>	56
<i>Cease fruitless hopes</i>	34	<i>She loves, and she confesses</i>	42
<i>Coridon met Phyllis fair</i>	38	<i>She who my poor heart possesses</i>	48
<i>Come dear Companion</i>	49	<i>See what a conquest Love has made</i>	63
		<i>Sleep, Adam, sleep; and take thy rest</i>	68
D			
<i>Draw out the Minutes twice</i>	26	T	
<i>Damon turn thine Eyes on me</i>	51	<i>The Night her blackest Sables wore</i>	8
<i>Daphne and Amintas: A Dialogue.</i>	58	<i>That cautious Creature for whom</i>	18
		<i>The bright Laurinda, whose hard fate</i>	23
F		<i>Though Sylvia lov'd too well</i>	67
<i>Fain would I Cloris o're I dye</i>	69	<i>Tell my Strephon that I dye</i>	70
		<i>Tell my Thirlis, tell your Anguish</i>	79
G		<i>To love and like, and not succeed</i>	37
<i>Go Phyllis, go, be peevish still</i>	6	<i>Then we'll join hand in hand</i>	39
<i>Gone are my happy days.</i> Mr. Hart.	13	<i>Thish not my Soul's delight</i>	74
<i>Go on, true Heart, pursue the prize</i>	18		
<i>Go, perjur'd Man</i>	78	W	
		<i>When Phyllis watch'd her harmless Sheep</i>	19
H		<i>Whilst I in Shades was musing.</i> Mr. Snow.	12
<i>How wretched am I when Clarinda</i>	10	<i>What Woman was ever.</i> Mr. Hart.	16
<i>High State and Honour to others impart</i>	21	<i>When first Cellinda blest mine Eyes</i>	34
<i>Happy is the Country life</i>	36	<i>With brightest Beams let the Sun shine</i>	30
<i>How long'd ye mean to torture me</i>	41	<i>Whilst our Flocks feed upon the Plains</i>	61
<i>Hero's Complaint to Leander.</i>	82	<i>When Damon saw fair Sylvia's Face</i>	66
		<i>Why does the Morn in blazes rise</i>	73
I		<i>When Strephon found his Passion</i>	65
<i>I spend my sad Life</i>	1		
<i>In vain break God of Love.</i> Dr. Blow.	11	<i>You, I love by all that's true.</i> old King	53
<i>To Phyllis all vile Fills.</i> Mr. Bappest.	14		
<i>I sit on the Bank of Thames</i>	62		
		L	
<i>Lovely Selina innocent and free</i>	28	<i>These small ERRATA: I desire those who buy</i>	
<i>Lucinda by a secret Art</i>	43	<i>the Book, to correct with a Pen</i>	
<i>Let such gallant Heart</i>	50	<i>Folio 21. line 1. frequent, put Remov'd.</i>	
<i>Let Equipage and Dress despair</i>	72	<i>Folio 61. line 2. In the last the Notes are not placed right,</i>	
		<i>they shall be that:</i>	
M			
<i>Must poor Lovers still be wooing</i>	33	Chant o're the	
N			
<i>No more on my knees to a Beauty</i>	3		
<i>Now every place fresh pleasure</i>	36		
O			
<i>On the Bank of a River close by</i>	17	<i>Folio 75. last line, A B flat is wanting to the Note over</i>	
		<i>Love in the Treble.</i>	



Spend my sad Life in sighs, and in cries, and in si-lent dark



Shades mourn the frowns of your Eyes; lewd Sa-tyrs and Fawns soft pi-ty do



flow, and Wolves howl in Confort to the noise of my Woes: Even Mountains and Groves are



kin-der than she; Groats re-bound from each Rock, Tears drop from each Tree: And

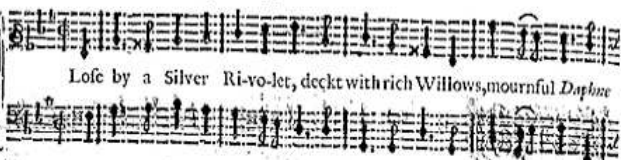


all things but Ce-lia, shews pi-ty, shews pi-ty on me.

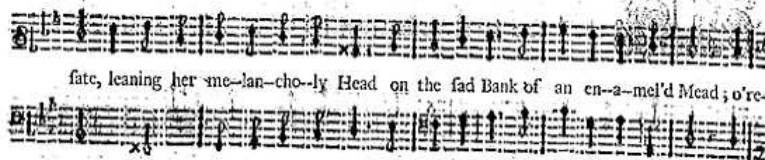
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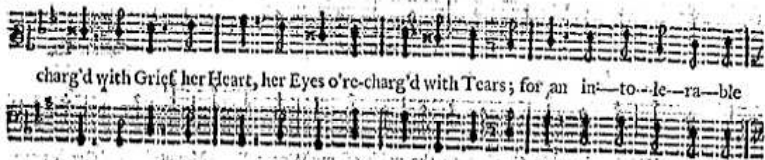
Come Calla, come learn of these Shades to be kind,
 Bear to yield when I sigh, Trees bend with the Wind,
 When drops often fall, Rocks, Stones, will relent,
 Ah! learn, cruel Maid, when I weep, to relent,
 Kind Joys does ne'er from Embraces remove,
 Rivers mix, and that mixture a Marriage may prove,
 Learn of Trees to Embrace, of Rivers, cold Rivers, to Love.



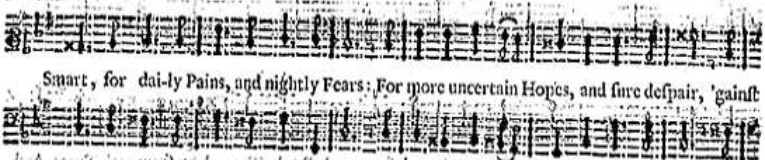
Lose by a Silver Ri-vo-let, deckt with rich Willows, mournful *Daphne*



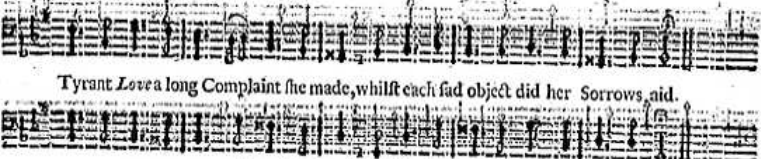
fat, leaning her me-lan-cho-ly Head on the sad Bank of an en-a-mel'd Mead; o're-



charg'd with Grief her Heart, her Eyes o're-charg'd with Tears; for an in-to-le-ra-ble



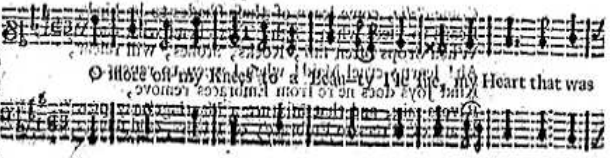
Smart, for dai-ly Pains, and nightly Fears: For more uncertain Hopes, and sure despair, 'gainst



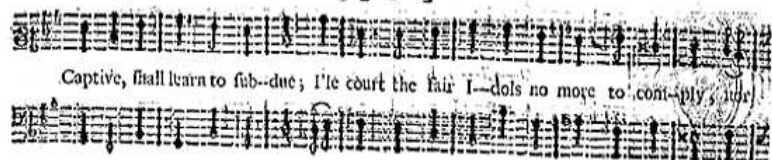
Tyrant Love a long Complaint she made, whilst each sad object did her Sorrows aid



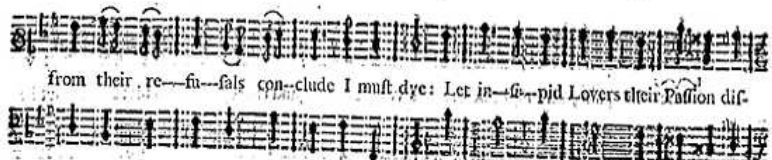
A. 2. voc.



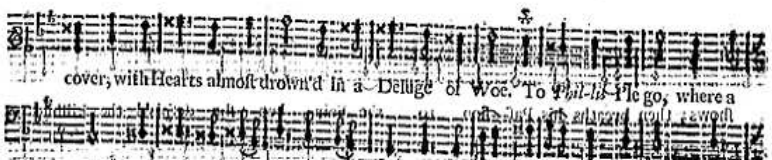
O more soft my Knees, by a dead Lay, and my Heart that was



Captive, shall learn to sub-duc; I'll court the fair I-dols no more to comply, nor



from their re-su-fals con-clude I must dye: Let in-se-pid Lovers their Passion dis-

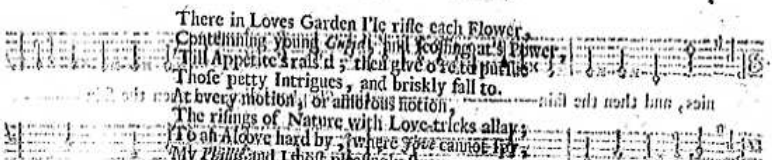


cover, with Hearts almost drown'd in a Deluge of Wee: To what I'll go, where a



whisper or so, makes way to the Fountain where Pleasures beshow:

II.



There in Loves Garden I'll rife each Flower,

Contenting Young *Cupid*, till *Cochin*'s Power,

Till Appetite's rais'd; then give o're to pleasures,

Those petty Intrigues, and briskly fall to.

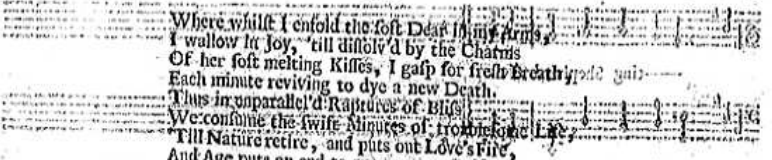
At every motion, or alluring notion,

The rifings of Nature with Love-tricks allay;

To an A-love hard by, where *you* cannot stay,

My *Plants* and I thost pleasingly tray.

III.



Where whilst I unfold the soft Dear *Immy* Arms,

I wallow in Joy, till dissolv'd by the Charms

Of her soft melting Kisses, I gasp for fresh breath,

Each minute reviving to dye a new Death.

Thus in unparallel'd Raptures of Bliss

We consume the swift Minutes of troublesome Life,

Till Nature retire, and puts out Love's Fire,

And Age puts an end to our amorous Strife.



*O*ppil-to ha-ving long in vain, begg'd the proud Nymph to

ease his pain; one night before her Window goes, and there, there, his bleeding Heart he

shows; then breaths his Pas-sion to the Fair, but she despisd the killing

Care: At length o'recharg'd with Grief, he cries, You kindly give what she de-

nies, and then the fain-
ting Shepherds dies, and then the fain-

ting Shepherds dies, and then the fain-

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Basses.



Ould Man his Wish obtain, how happy would he be? But Wishes seldom
Could Man, &c.

gain, and Hopes are but in vain, if For-tune dif-a-gree: Pi-ty ye Pow'rs of
wisest, &c.

Love our In-fe-li-ci-ty. Why should the Fates conspire to frustrate my de-
Why should, &c.

fire, since Love's a gen-tle Fire that keeps the World a-live: But me it puts to

pain; it makes me wish in vain, in vain, nor pro-mise a--ny hope to give:

II.

I love, and still I view,
Yet dare not tell my mind;
Should I my Flames pursue,
It might that Bliss undo,
Which is for her design'd.
A Blessing far above,
More lasting, rich, and kind;

Though hopes successles prove,
My Heart, shall ne're remove
From wishing of her Love,
In Fortune's Triumphs lead:
And though it banish me,
If she but happy be,
I would please my Ghost when I am dead;

A. 2. voc.

G O, *Phil-lis*, go, be pe--vish still, and see if you can find

one to be subject to your Will, and to your Lightness blind; Such a kind Fool perhaps may

do what ever you command; and humbly kneel to kiss your Shoe, when you deny your Hand.

II.
 But have a care, for Fools are cross,
 And when you light on one;
 I'll joy to see you at a loss,
 And not your Fate bemoan:
 Your Bride I'll then with Scorn repay,
 And laugh to see you grieve;
 And counterfeiting Sighs, will say,
 Dear *Phillis*, now some comfort give.

R *Hi-sh-da*, whilst our ten-der Age is, Na-ture per-swades us

to be kind; Love, who both Gods and Men en--ga-ges, un-to his Altars bend our Minds.

At your re--si-ting, he's offended, and to revenge him time and care; Leads you to Age, who

unbefriended leaves you repenting to despair.

III.
 No more in vain they wail your Beauty,
 And those sweet Treasures I adore;
 To Love and Nature pay your duty,
 Whilst I your pleasing Charms implore.
 Kindly embrace your dear *Sylvander*,
 Press him happily your tender Breast;
 That our kind Souls may gently wander
 On the blest banks of Happiness.

A. 2. voc.

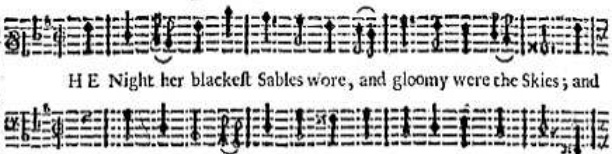
R Anging the Plain one Summer's night, to pass a vacant hour, I for-tu-

nately chanc'd to light on love-ly *Phillis* Bow'r: The Nymph adorn'd with thousand Charms, in

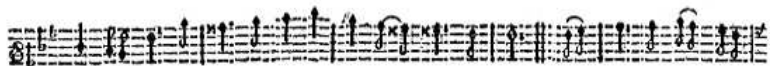
ex-pe-cta-tion fate, to meet those Joys in *Strepson's* Arms, which Tongue could not relate.

II.
 Upon her Hand she lean'd her Head,
 Her Breast did gently rise;
 That e'ry Lover might have read
 Her Wishes in her Eyes:
 At e'ry Breath that mov'd the Trees
 He suddenly would haste
 A Cold on all her Body cast,
 A trembling on her Heart.

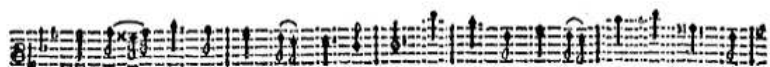
III.
 But he that knew how well she lov'd,
 Beyond his hour had stay'd;
 And both with Fear and Anger mov'd
 The melancholy Maid:
 Ye Gods, she said; how oft he swore
 He would be hers by Oath;
 But now, alas! tis Six and more
 And yet he is not found!



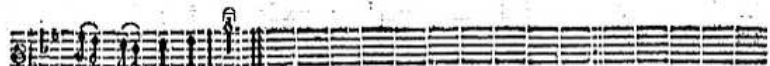
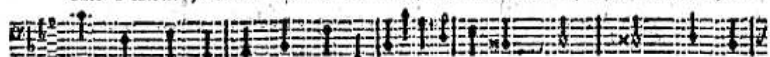
HE Night her blackest Sables wore, and gloomy were the Skies; and



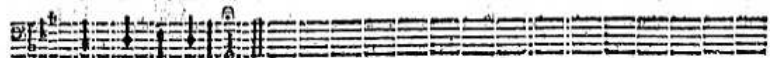
glitt'ring Stars there were no more, than those in *Stella's* Eyes: When at her Fa-ther's



Gate I knock'd, where I had of-ten been; and shrowded on-ly with her Smock, the



fair one let me in.



II.

Fast lock'd within her close Embrace,
She trembling lay a-sham'd;
Her swelling Breast, and glowing Face,
And every touch enflam'd.
My eager Passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the Fort to win;
And her fond Heart was soon betray'd,
To yield and let me in.

III.

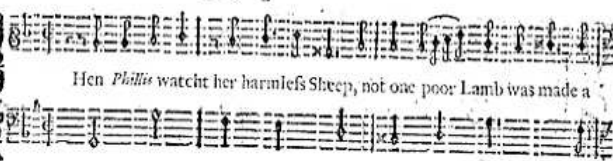
Then! then! beyond expressing,
Immortal was the Joy;
I knew no greater Blessing,
So great a God was I.
And she transported with Delight,
Oft pray'd me come again;
And kindly vow'd, that every night
She'd rise and let me in.

IV.

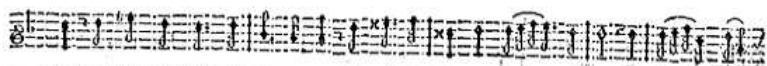
But, oh! at last she prov'd with Bern,
And sighing fate, and dull;
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd then just like a Fool.
Her lovely Eyes with Tears run o're,
Repenting her rash Sin;
She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour
That e're she let me in.

V.

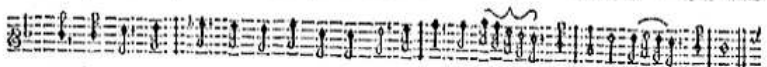
But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from such Beauty part?
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The Charmers of my Heart.
But Wedded and conceal'd the Crime,
Thus all was well again;
And now she thanks the blessed Hour,
That e're she let me in.



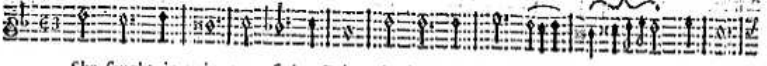
Hen *Phyllis* watcht her harmless Sheep, not one poor Lamb was made a



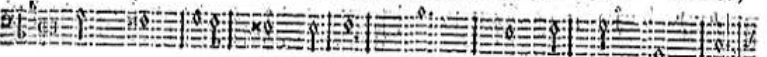
Prey; yet she had cause enough to weep, her sil-ly Heart did go astray: Then fly-ing



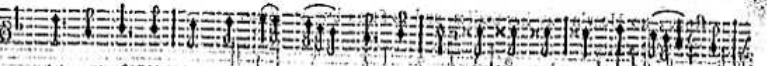
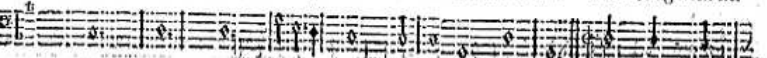
to the neigh'ring Grove, she left the tender Flock to rove, and to the Winds did breath her Love;



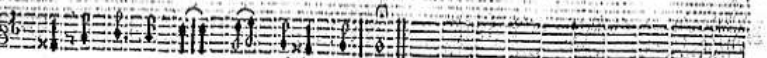
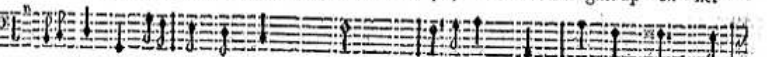
She fought in vain to ease her Pain, the heedless Winds did fan her Fire;



venting her Grief gave no re-lief, but rather did encrease desire. Then sitting with her



Arms across, her Sorrows dreaming from each Eye; she fixt her thoughts up-on her



Loss, and in De-spair resolv'd to dye.



OW wretched am I when *Clayrin-da* does frown, at her

Feet in con--fu--sion I fall; and kneeling, on Heaven for af--fi--stance I call, and

court the kind Stars they'd in pi--ty look down: But in vain to their aid my Mi--fe--ry

flies, for the Gods I but i--dly implore; 'tis *Clayrin-da* a--lone my Peace can re--

store, no Heav'n but her Smiles, and no Stars but her Eyes.

N vain, in vain, brisk God of Love, in vain have I thy

pow'rful Charms long long strove to de--sic; for just as when some for-ti-fy'd Town has

long long held out the Siege, then bat--ter'd down: So I that ne--ver

fear'd, my scorn'd thy Dart, at length am woun--d'd, wounded, at the Heart. Look

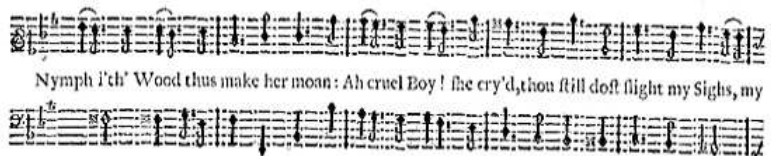
then up--on the Sa--cri--fice you've slain, view well the Heart, and see if there one

stain of Treachery you find; if not, then say, no! Ah! Ah!

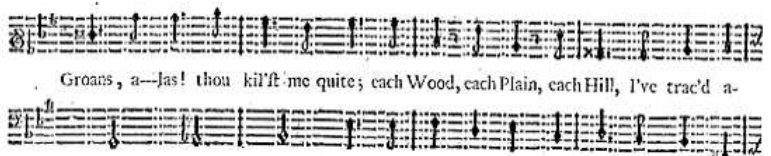
dear, dear Heart! that ne--ver went a--fraid; dear Heart! that ne--ver won't a--fraid.



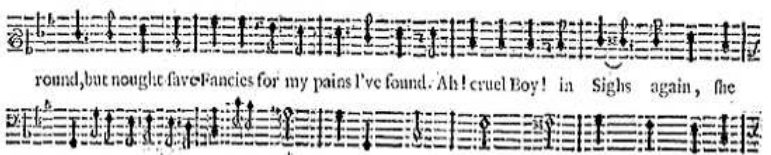
Hilt I in Shades was mu--sing all a--lone, I heard a



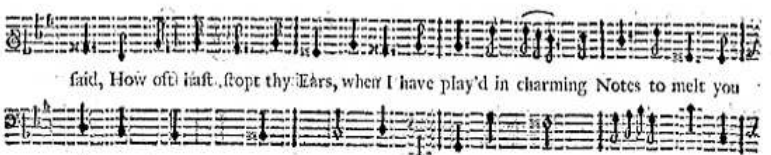
Nymph i' th' Wood thus make her moan: Ah cruel Boy! she cry'd, thou still dost slight my Sighs, my



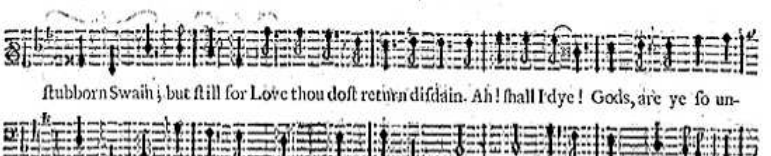
Groans, a--las! thou kill'st me quite; each Wood, each Plain, each Hill, I've trac'd a-



round, but nought save Fancies for my pains I've found. Ah! cruel Boy! in Sighs again, she



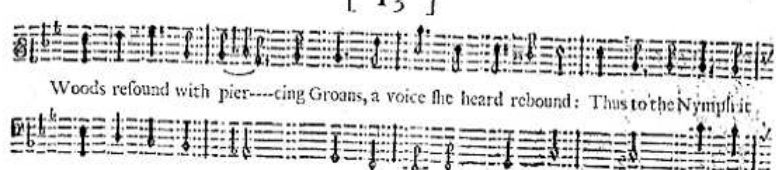
said, How oft hast ropt thy Ears, when I have play'd in charming Notes to melt you



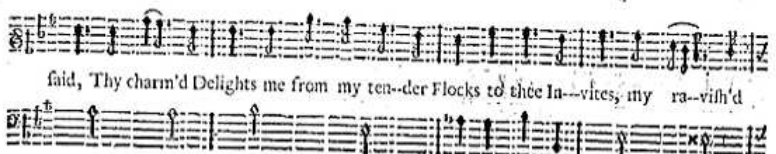
stubborn Swain; but still for Love thou dost return disdain. Ah! shall I dye! Gods, are ye so un-



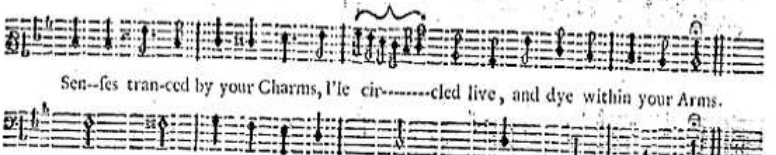
kidd! I afford no aid to my di--strac--ted Mind! and at these words she wept, the



Woods rebound with pier--cing Groans, a voice she heard rebound: Thus to the Nymph she

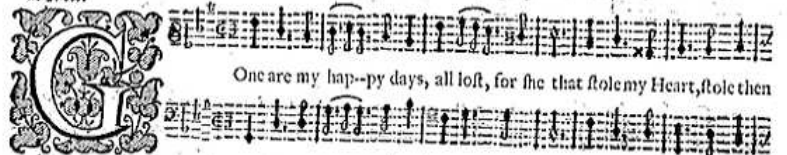


said, Thy charm'd Delights me from my ten--der Flocks to thee in--vites, my ra--vish'd

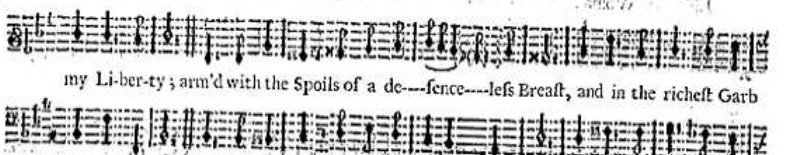


Sen--ses tran--ced by your Charms, I'll cir--cled live, and dye within your Arms.

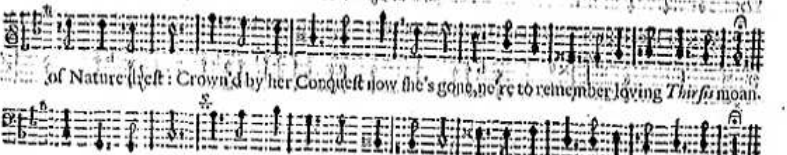
A. 2. 106.



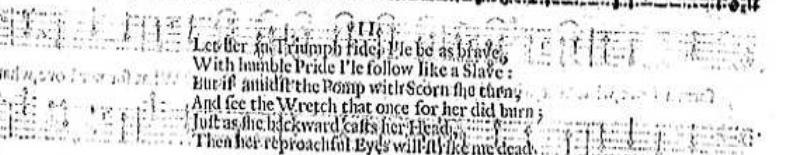
One are my hap--py days, all lost, for she that stole my Heart, stole then



my Li--ber--ty; arm'd with the Spoils of a de--fence--less Breast, and in the richest Garb



of Nature dress'd: Crown'd by her Conquest now she's gone, no're to remember loving *This* she moan.



Let her in Triumph ride, she be as brave,
With humble Pride I'll follow like a Slave:
But if amidst the Pomp with Scorn she turn;
And see the Wretch that once for her did burn;
Just as she backward casts her Head,
Then her reproachful Byes will fly the me dead.



N *Phyllis* all vile Jilts are met, foolish, un-cer-tain, false Coquet;

Musical notation for the first system on page 14, including a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

Love is her constant welcome Guest, and still the new-est pleases best: Quickly she likes, then

Musical notation for the second system on page 14, including a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

Soft.

leaves as soon, her Life on Woman's a Lampon; Quickly she likes, then leaves as soon, her

Musical notation for the third system on page 14, including a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

Life on Woman's a Lampon. Yet for the Plague of Human Race, this De-vil has an

Musical notation for the fourth system on page 14, including a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

Angel's face! such Youth, such sweetness in her look, who can be Man, and not be took? What

Musical notation for the fifth system on page 14, including a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

former Love, what Wit, what Art, can save a poor en-clin-ning Heart? What former Love, what

Musical notation for the first system on page 15, including a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

Wit, what Art, can save a poor en-clin-ning Heart? In vain a thousand times an

Musical notation for the second system on page 15, including a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

hour, Rea-son re-bels a-against her Pow'r; in vain I rail, I curse her

Musical notation for the third system on page 15, including a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

Charms, one look my fee-ble Rage disarms: There is En-chant-ment in her

Musical notation for the fourth system on page 15, including a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

Eyes, who sees 'em can no more be wife; There is En-chant-ment in her

Musical notation for the fifth system on page 15, including a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

Eyes, who sees 'em can no more be wife.

Musical notation for the sixth system on page 15, including a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

What Woman was e--ver so for--tu--nate, as to dis--co--ver the
 fal--si--ty of an im--por--tu--nate treacherous Lover; with Cringes and Tears when they
 vow they will e--ver o--bey us, poor cre--du--lous we never know they will surely be--
 tray us. Perfidious Man! let us do what we can, will un--do us; they de--sign to de--
 ceive, when they make us believe that they woo us: And Perjury's grown such an Art in the
 Town, so in fashion; that Custom and Time has made it no Crime in the Na--tion.

III.

Our Nation no more shall relent at Men's flattering Anguish,
 Their Crocodiles Tears shall no more make us mournfully languish;
 Our Beauty and Wit we will pleasantly use to decoy them,
 As pleasantly then we'll use our Coyness and Frowns to destroy them.

IV.

Beautiful Apes, who in mimical shapes do accost us,
 Will most furiously repent when they find us relent, and they ha' lost us;
 Their hours they pass in consulting the Glass to find Graces,
 May make us approve, and presently love their Fools faces.

On the Bank of a Ri--ver close under the shade, young Cleon and
 Sylvia one evening were laid; the Youth pleaded strongly for proof of his Love, but Honour had
 won her his Flame to reprove. She cry'd, where's the Luffer, when Clouds shade the Sun? or
 what is rich *Nectar*, the tast being gone? 'Mongst Flow'rs on the Stalk sweetest Odours do
 dwell; but if gather'd the Rose is, it lo--ses the smell.

II.

Thou dearest of Nymphs, the brisk Shepherd reply'd,
 If e're thou wilt argue, begin on Love's side;
 In matters of State let grave Reason be shown,
 But Love is a Power will be ruled by none;
 Nor should a coy Beauty be counted so rare,
 For Scandal can blast both the Chast and the Fair;
 Most hence are the joys Love's Alembick do fill,
 And the Roses are sweetest when put to the Still.

G on, true Heart! pur-sue the Prize, thy Pas-sion knows its

Doom; 'twill find some pi-ty in her Eyes, or send thee slighted home: Yet from her Heart I'll

read my Fate, if that to Love in--cline; it can--not change so soon to hate, but

it must think on mine.

II.
Kind Nature will her hate oppose;
And though she does not love,
My Passion I will so disclose,
As shall her pity move.
Thence from that Pity with new Fire,
Although her Heart were Stone,
I'll melt it into chaste Desire,
And Coyn' it in my own.

That beau-te-ous Creature for whom I'm a Lover, I can-not, I

will not, I must not dis-co-ver, I can-not, I will not, I must not dis-co-ver: Yet

mark well my Song, and some Token I'll give; for she that both kills my Heart, and makes it live, is

either call'd *Ma-ry*, or *Be-ry*, or *Ann*. Now guess if you can, now guess if you can.

II.
Her Stature is tall, and her Body is slender,
Her Eyes are most lovely, her Cheeks pale and tender,
Fine Pearls are her Teeth, and her Lips Cherry red,
Her Smiles would revive a Man though he were dead,
She'd make one in love were he never before;
But I say no more, but I say no more.

Bless, Mortals, bleis the chearing Light that flows from *Celia's* Eyes; for

never did a Star so bright in Beauties Heav'n rise: And whilst a Crown's uneasy weight, and

all the mighty toyls of State; she softens with her Charms, bleis, bleis, the hap-py

II.
Who lives that does not yield to Love,
And oft his Joys renew;
And yet how few in Kings approve
What they themselves pursue.
The murmuring Crowd themselves afford
The Pleasures they deny their Lord,
Though Love is Empire's Dower,
To recompence the Slavery of Power.

Dr. Blow.

A. D. 1660.

R Hi-lan-der once a mer—ry Swain, a charming Nymph did love; who
 ne-ver paid his Love a—gain, but did un-con-stant prove: Fal-l-y the Shepherd
 she forsook, and did his Love dis-dain; yet he in love such plea-sure took, that
 he embrac'd the Pain.

II.

Such was his Passion, such his Flame,
 So full of Honour too,
 That he still lov'd to breath her name,
 Although she prov'd untrue:
 Therefore beneath a Myrtle shade,
 One pleasant Summer's Morn,
 The too unhappy Shepherd laid,
 And did lament her Scorn.

III.

Thus to himself the wretched Swain,
 Though tender of her Fame,
 Of Sylvia's fallhead did complain,
 Yet durst not blast her name;
 Dear Sylvia! why didst thou give way,
 That I should talk of Love,
 Yet knewst thou couldst not Love repay,
 Nor wouldst thou my Flame remove?

IV.

When in its Youth my Passion was,
 'Twas easie to remove;
 But now 'tis grown to such a pass,
 The Task too hard will prove:
 For in my Heart the love of you
 Too deeply rooted is;
 'Twas the first Grief I ever knew,
 Yet is my greatest Bliss.

An Ayrre on a Ground.

High State and Honours to o—thers im—part, but give me your
 Heart; that Treasure, that Treasure a—lone, I beg for my own: So gen—tle a Love, so
 frequent a Fire, my Soul does inspire; that Treasure, that Treasure alone; I beg for my
 own. Your Love let me crave, give me in pos—sion so matchles a Bles—sing, that
 Empire is all I would have, loves my Petition and all my Ambition. If o're you dis-co-ver so
 faithul, so faithul a Lover; so-re-al a Flame, I'd dye, I'd dye, I'd dye, to give up my Game.

Mr. Abel.

On a LADY dressing by a Glass.

4. 2. 100.

O! do not wrong that Face that is so fair, Nature will
 chide if you her Work im-pair; she has been free in gi-ving all the
 eah, to make you love-ly, and ad-mir'd by Man. Then lay a-side your Glass,
 let me now ad-vice you, 'till Age or Grief, or both, make Men despise you.

Mr. William Gregory.

III.
 Necessity being of his lovely Face,
 Deoted so much he dy'd in's own Embrace;
 If Man del'rs, what will not Woman do,
 When she surveys what Men admire and woo?
 Then lay aside your Glass, let me now advise you,
 'Till Age or Grief, or both, make Men despise you.

Her bright *Chastity*, whose hard fate it was to love a Swain, in-hat'rd,
 fainter; and ingrate, grew weary of her pain: Long, long, a-las! she vain-ly strove, to
 free her Captive Heart from Love; till urg'd too much by his Cruelty, she broke at last the
 strong-link'd Chain, and vow'd she ne'er would love a Man.

Capt. Packer.

II.

The lovely Nymph now free as Air,
 Gay as the blooming Spring;
 To no soft Tale would list an Ear,
 But careless sit and sing.
 Or if a moving Story brought
 Her frozen Breat to a kind thought,
 She check'd her Heart, and cry'd, Ah hold!
 A Mirror thus his Story told,
 Once burn'd as much, but now he's cold.

III.

Long thus she kept her Liberty,
 And by her all-conquering Eyes,
 A thousand Youths did captivate,
 Her Beauties Sacrifice;
 Till Love at last young Captives took,
 The object of each Virgin's look,
 Whose strange relation he told,
 They made her laugh, and he was bold,
 And made her blush as those above.



Pox up-on: this need-les Scorn, *Sylvia* for shame the Cheat give

o're; the end to which the Fair are born, is not to keep their Charms in store: But

la-rib-ly dis-pose in ha'st of Joys, which none but Youth improve; Joys which decay when

Beau-ties past, and who when Beauties past will love?

Capt. Packe.

II.

When Age those Glories shall deface,
Revenge all your cold disdain;
And *Sylvia* shall neglected pass
By every one admiring Swain;
And we can only pity pay,
When you in vain too late shall burn,
If Love increase, and Youth decay,
Ah *Sylvia*, who will make return?

III.

Then hast my *Sylvia* to the Grove,
Where all the Sweets of *May* conpire,
To teach us every Art of Love,
And raise our Charms of Pleasur higher,
And when Embracing we shall live
Close in shades on Banks of Flowers,
The duller World whilst we do live
Years would be Minutes, Ages Hours.



H! what can mean that ea-ger Joy? Transports my Soul when

you ap-pear; ah *Shepherd*! you my Thoughts employ, with all that's Charming, all that's

dear. When you your pleasing Sto-ry tell, a ten-der-ness in-vades my Parts;

And I with Blush-es own, I feel something too mel-ting at my Heart.

Mr. William Turner.

II.

Each sight my Reason does surprize,
And I at once both wish and fear;
My wounded Soul mounts to my Eyes,
As if 'twould prattle Stories there;
Take, take that Heart that needs would go;
But Shepherd, see it kindly us'd;
For who such Presents would bestow,
If this, alas! should be abus'd?

Draw out the Minutes twice as long, swift Night, and run in debt to

day; Loves Ene--my, thou soft-pac'd robber of Delight, how thou dost steal a-

way? Cro--w--in--lar, bid Time stop his full ca--s--ter, whisper a gen--tle Charm in--to his Ear;

tell him, tis you; tell him, tis you that's here. Sure nothing's Charm-proof

'gainst that Tongue, those Eyes, that grate--ful Men of yours; or, look from you, from

you, will Fa--ther Time surprize, he'l lose his Minutes, Hours. And well for him; 'tis

Time improv'd, to be blest with a glimpse of that Di--vi--ni--ty, all will adore,

all will a--dore that see. Dr. Blow.

Phil--is, accept a bro--ken Heart, w--h--ich none till now could move;

Beauty, like yours, should co--st a part, in fa--ding per--jur'd Love: Yet I some-

times have seen you smile, on one makes Love a Trade; you smile, but

though I hope the while, on those he had be--tray'd. Dr. Blow.

Must all be Cozeners who are faint? If you're engag'd, then let undone,
And slighted who are true? Though you should change to me,
This time for nought to despair; For she that can prove false to one,
My Heart's too just for you. Will false for ever be.

Ovely *Su-li-na*, in-no-cent and free from all the dangerous

Arts of Love, thus in a me-lan-cho-ly Grove en-joy'd the sweetness of her

Pri-va-cy; 'till en-vious Gods de-sign-ing to up-do her, dis-

patch'd the Swain not un-like then to woo her. It was not long

e're the design did take; a gen-tle Youth born to persuade, deceiv'd the too ea-sie

Maid; her Scrip and Garlands soon she did forsake, and rash-ly told the Secrets of her

Heart, which thy fond Man would e-ver-more im-part. *Falso Flor.*

me!, joy of my Heart, said she, 'Tis hard to love, and love in vain, to love, and not be

lov'd a-gain; and why should Love and Prudence dis-a-gree? Pi-ty ye Pow'rs that

fit at ease a-bove, if e're you know what 'tis to be in Love. *Dr. John Blow.*

Hil-lis, whose Heart was un-con-sin'd and free, as Flow'rs on

Meads and Plains; none boasted of her being kind, mongst all the languishing and am'rous

Swains: No Sighs or Tears her Heart could move, to pi-ty or re-turn their Love.

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.
 'Till on a time the hapless Maid
 Retir'd to shun the heat o' th' day,
 Into a Grove, beneath whose shade
 Slept on the careless Shepherd slept and lay.
 But oh! such Charms the Youth adorn,
 Love is requir'd for all her Scorn.

III.
 Her Cheeks with blushes cover'd were,
 And tender sighs her Bosom warm'd;
 A softness in her Eyes appear'd,
 Unmist Pains she feels from every Charm.
 To Woods and Echo's paw she cries,
 For Modesty to speak denies.

O R R A M O O R, a Lapland Song.

W ith brightest Beams let the Sun shine on *Orra-Moor*; could I be sure,

to climb on the top of lof-ty Pine I *Or-ra-Moor* might see, I to the highest Bough would

climb, and with industrious Jabour try, there to de-scry my Mistress, if that there she be.

Could I but know amidst the Flow'rs, or in what shade she stays; the gawdy Bow'rs, with

all their ver-dant Pride, their Blossoms and their Sprays, which make my Mi-stress

dis-ap-pear, and her in en-vious dark-ness hide, I from the Roots and

Beds of Earth would tear. Up--on the Raft of Clouds I'd ride, which un--to

Or-ra fly; of Ra--vens I would bor--row Wings, and all the fea--ther'd

In--mates of the Sky. But Wings, a--lafs! are me de--ny'd, the Stork and

Swan their Pinions will not lend: There's none who un--to *Or--ra* bring, or will by that kind

Conduct me befriend.

Dr. Rogers.

Bear witness now you silver Streams, and pleasing shady Groves; whose

Harmony and Solitude can sweeten harmless Loves: How loud the Echo's of my Sighs do

ring, for her whose Scorns can me no comfort bring? Ye Pow'rs above, grant she may love, and

feel those Pangs which I al-ready know. For if Love once dwell in her Breast, for if

Love once dwell in her Breast, such pleasing Re-ief will drown all my Grief, and

make me a Lover that's blest.

Mr. Hamster

II.

Fly Echo's, fly, and in your gentle murm'ring Whispers bear

My Languishing and deep Complains to my dear Phillis ear;

Tell her, oh tell her, tis for her I dye;

And ask her, when she'll leave off Cruelty?

Oh powerful Love! come from above,

And in her chaste Heart go take up thy seat:

For if Love once dwell in her Breast,

Such pleasing Relief

Will drown all my Grief,

And make me a Lover that's blest.

Must poor Lovers still be wooing, Beauties must they ne-ver gain?

Must they always be pursuing, never, never, to obtain? Can you glory in our dy-ing?

bleeding Wounds should pi-ty move; can you glo-ry in de-ny-ing? yield at last, and crown our Love.

Then all the lit-tle Gods of Love that are near us, and all the sweet Birds of the Grove that can

hear us; in the Air and on Boughs shall attend us around, all the Cupids with Roses shall

co-ver the ground, whilst our am'rous Birds chanting, the Echo's re-joind;

Then with Myrtle Wreaths surrounded,
Underneath cool Shades we lye;
Both Eye-wounding, both Eye-wounded,
There both killing, we'l both dye.

Thy bright Eyes shall gently fire me,
Mirth, and Wit, and Gallantry,
And thy charming Looks inspire me,
With new Themes of Poetry
Then all the little Gods

When first Co--lin--da blest mine Eyes, so pret--ty and so moving was

ev'ry Grace, that the surprize took off the pow'r of Loving: The Virtues of her pleasing Charms, my

Senses stole a--way; Love had no strength to rise in Arms, nor power to O--bey.

Isaac Blackwell.

II.

As in a Dream, my Spirits all
Did to my Heart retire;
Which like a stubborn City Wall,
Kept out the happy Fire:
My Heart and Eyes are now awake,
And all my Dreams are true;
And Love, to punish my mistake,
Does all my thoughts pursue.

At second view I was amaz'd,
And griev'd, but troubled most;
And on that Paradise I gaz'd,
Which I so lately lost:
When that Seraphick Face I view,
Kind Love, with all his Pow'rs;
The best remembrance does renew,
Of those short happy Hours.

IV.

Blest be the Hours that let me know,
Earth had so rich a Treasure;
I'll live and revel here below,
And swim in Seas of Pleasure:
I'll banquet all my Senses here,
And treat my Soul with Bliss;
Musick and Wit shall feed my Ear,
And Beauty give me kisses.

Heav'n in thy Voice and Eyes thou hast,
And when I hear thee chanting;
I hear, I see, I smell, I taste,
But there's one Sense still wanting,
From the rare virtue of which Sense,
All Senses have depending;
Love did at first from that Commence
A Pleasure without ending.

Come, cease all hopes, lest you convey my heart to pl--ain--ful despair; put

those false... Love... tion, be my Pray'r for to my Mis--

ry I find, Love can be deaf, as well as blind; where Int'rest rules a--bove, there's little

pleading in the Laws of Love.

Isaac Blackwell.

How strange a Vassal is her Fate,
To Tyrant Duty for dull Gain;
Love that's constrain'd oft turns to hate,
And makes the Union but in vain:
Yet Love is Mercenary made,
And Marriage turns into a Trade;
Where Int'rest must express
The measure of true Love and Happiness.

Affection should be brave and free,
And where it doubly pays its Charms;
It gains more by Civility,
Than all the glittering force of Arms.
We still obey what is above,
As Fortune and the pow'r of Love;
But equal in Command
Do often struggle for the upper hand.

All o--ther Bless--ings are but Toys, to him that in his

Sleep enjoys; who in his Slumber does receive something his wa--king cannot give. The

Joys are pu--rer, for he spares the Crimes, Ex--pences, and the Cares.

Thus when...
To Love the...
To Love the...
To Love the...

From the Queen of Beauty came,
And as she slept, the cool'd his Flame;
The filthy charm'd him as he lay,
And Fancy brought the Story away.

A. 2. 107.

Happy is the Country life, blest with Content, good Health, and Ease;

Free from factious Noise and Strife, we on—ly Plot our selves to please: Peace of Mind the

Days delight, and Love our welcom Dream at Night.

Mr. James Hart.

II.

Hail green Fields and shady Woods,
Hail Springs and Streams that still run pure;
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
Where Virtue only is secure:
Free from Vice, here free from Care,
Age is no pain, and Youth no snare.

A. 2. 108.

Now ev'ry place fresh Pleasure yields, let all our Ap-pe-tites be free;

let us en-joy the verdant Fields, this is Dame Nature's Ju-bi-lee.

Mr. James Hart.

II.

With Garlands made of sweetest Flow'rs,
Our Temples bound we'll dance and sing;
So blithly will we pass the Hours
As to promote the growing Spring.

III.

The Sylvan Gods, the Nymphs and Fawns,
Shall to our Chorus joyn their Voice;
The Woods, the streams, and Hills, and Lanes,
Loudly in Echo's shall rejoice.

CORIDON and PHILLES, or the Cautious Lover.

Alcain.

O love and like, and not succeed, such Passions in the Mind do

bleed, that it depraves the no-blest part, en-slav-ing of the Heart, oh sad Love!

'Tis Love, fond Love, that does deceive the Mind, and nothing but Incline can make him blind;

who is thus led by that un-happ-y Boy, like wisp'ring Will out of the

bet-ter way, yet thinks he does not stray!

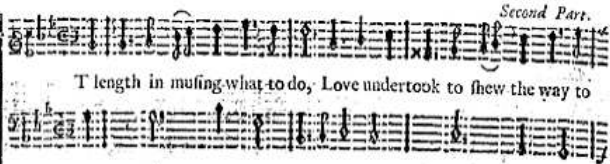
Mr. William Gregory.

II.

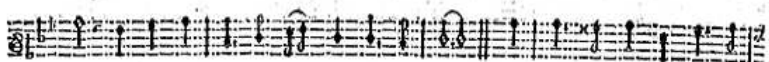
Whose blind Intrigue when once obey'd,
'Tis like a Commonwealth, betray'd
To the false Dictates of a Foe,
Who like a Friend does show,
Or like a Dove,
So Coridon a harmless loving Swain,
Who willingly his Phillis would obtain,
But durst not venture to disclose the smart,
That Love, by an unlucky poison'd Dart,
Had stor into his Heart.

L.

Cour. mt.



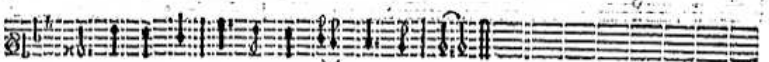
T length in musing what to do, Love undertook to shew the way to



woo; in nothing else can he di-rect or guide. When met, draw near with courtly



pace, kifs her soft Hand, ad-mire her comely Face; dye if thou can'st, at last like Death ap-



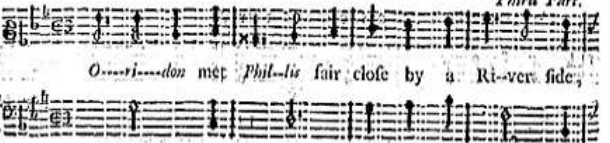
pear, then kifs a-gain and smile, and ne-ver fear.

Mr. William Gregory.

II.
Go Swain, says he, and trace the way,
Where *Phyllis* is accustomed to play
Upon her Pipe, but would not be espy'd.

He jealous of th' Advice receiv'd,
Thought unkind Love had him once more deceiv'd;
But in despair not fearing Fortune's blast,
Design'd to meet his *Phyllis* at the last.

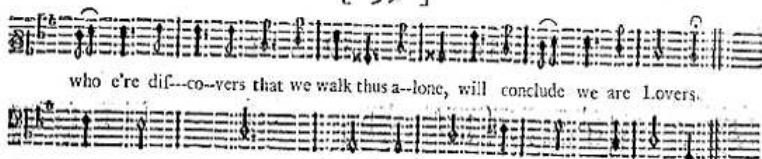
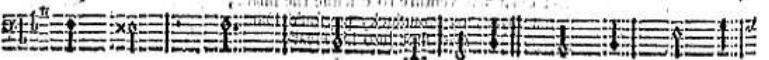
Saraband.



O---ri---don met *Phyl-lis* fair close by a Ri-ver side;



walking up-on the Bank for to see the Stream glide: O but fair Swain! she said,



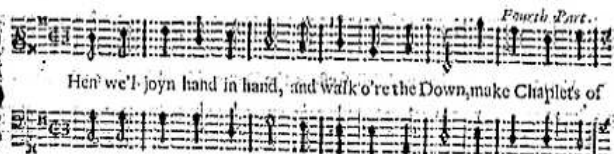
who e're dis-co-vers that we walk thus a-lone, will conclude we are Lovers.

Mr. William Gregory.

II.
She blush'd, he smiling said, well met my dearest Dear,
Thrice happy *Coridon*, thus to meet such Joys here;
What harm can that procure, Love may be blam'd;
But if Truth once appear, sure it cannot be sham'd.

III.
If *Coridon* should prove a Traytor in his Zeal,
To make his *Phyllis* fond, and her Passions should reveal;
Unhappy she'd appear, more than all th' Nymphs beside,
To yield unto a Swain at the first time that she's try'd.

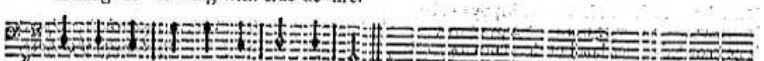
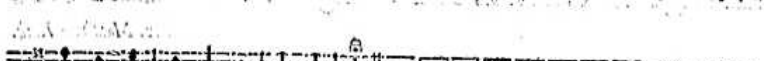
IV.
Let not fair *Phyllis* fear, false Thoughts dare enter
Into this Brest of mine, where true Love has his Center;
For could I suspect any false conclusion,
I would first tell my Nymph, that my Ends were delusion.



Hen we'l joyn hand in hand, and walk o're the Down, make Chaplets of



Ro-ses our Heads to crown: The Ci-ty may boast of her rich At-tire, that's



nothing to lo-ving with true de-sire.

Mr. William Gregory.

II.
Let the Joys of the Court in pomp us excell,
Our Rural Delights shall please us as well;
No Jealousie here shall disturb our Minds,
While we sing and dance with our Kids and Hinds.

III.
When the World is turmoil'd with trouble & care,
The Rich and the Great may therein have share;

But we in our Love from that shall be free,
And none shall more happily live than we.

IV.
When thou with thy Pipe shalt good Musick make,
Then we with our Feet will true Measures take;
And thus will we spend the day in Delight,
And be no less pleasant when it is night.

A SONG in PSYCHE.

A. 2. 100.



Musical notation for the first line of the song, including a treble clef, key signature, and notes.

L.L. joy to fair Psyche in this hap-py place, and to our great

Musical notation for the second line of the song.

Maister who her shall embrace; may never his Love nor her Beau-ty de--cay, but be

Musical notation for the third line of the song.

Chorus.

Musical notation for the start of the chorus.

warm as the Spring, and still fresh as the Day: No Mortals on Earth e-er wretched could

Musical notation for the middle of the chorus.

Soft.

Musical notation for the end of the chorus, marked 'Soft'.

prove, if still while they liv'd they'd be al-ways in Love, if still while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.

Musical notation for the final line of the chorus.

Mr. Matthew Lock.

I.

There's none without Love ever happy can be, Without it each Brute were as happy as we; The knowledge Men boast of does nothing but vex, And their wand'ring Reason their Minds do perplex.

Chor. No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove, If still while they liv'd they'd be always in love.

III.

Love Sighs and his Tears are mixt with Delights, But were he still peester'd with Cares & with Frights,

Should a thousand more Troubles a Lover invade, By one happy moment they'd fully be paid.

Chor. No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove, If still while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.

IV.

Then lose not a Moment, but in pleasure employ it, For a Moment once lost will always be so; Your Youth requires Love, let it fully enjoy it, And push on your Nature as far as 'twill go.

Chor. No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove, If still while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.



Musical notation for the first line of the song on page 41, including a treble clef, key signature, and notes.

OW long d'ye mean to torture me, in Love's hot scorching Flame? Clo-

Musical notation for the second line of the song on page 41.

ris, what time shall I get free, from Love's fan--ta--stic Dreams? Never that sad In-

Musical notation for the third line of the song on page 41.

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song on page 41.

fer--nal sound, does dai--ly reach mine Ear; and e--ver racks that bleeding Wound, which

Musical notation for the fifth line of the song on page 41.

Musical notation for the sixth line of the song on page 41.

for your sake, which for your sake I bear.

Musical notation for the seventh line of the song on page 41.

II.

That I do love, Clovis, you know, My Grief to you I tell; My over-fondness of you, shows That I have lov'd too well: And in requital of my Love, You blast me with a breath; The wounds you gave will fatal prove, Each frown pronounce, each frown pronouncing

III.

It grieves my Heart to see you chuse My Rival in my room; And unconcern'd tell him the news, On me you've past your Doom. My injur'd Ghost when e're I dye, Shall never lit you rest; But hovering in the Air shall fly, And steal, and steal into your Breast.

IV.

Thus I torment my self, and doubt, That you unconstant are; You know true Love is ne're without Great jealousies and Fears. Then pardon the distracted Thoughts, Of one you know is true; One Love has in subjection brought, And made a Slave, and made a Slave to you:

V.

If you have any pity left, Then shew it now, and save Him who despairs of finding rest, And do not you dig my Grave: For if I dye through your neglect, Pray write this on my Tomb; My Judge being fair, I did expect A favourable, a favourable Doom.

VI.

And since you did my Woes procure, I'll try if Torments can Increase my Flame, or help to cure A Love-distracted Man. I'll find some sure, yet speedy way, To end my Misery; Too long my Ruine I delay, And yet seem loth, and yet seem loth to dye.

VII.

I'll place my self on Caucasus, And there I'll lend such Groans, Shall scare the dam'd Phoenicians, With my sad frightful Tones. I'll make the Vultures quit their Prey, And feed upon my Breast; For through this means perhaps I may Find hopes of having, find hopes of having Rest.

M

A SONG upon a Ground.

S HE loves, and she con-fer-ses too, there's then at

last no more to do; the hap-py Work's en-tire-ly done, en-ter the

Town w^{ch} thou hast won: The fruits of Conquest now, now, now begin, I-o, Tri-

umph, en-ter in. What's this, ye Gods! what can it be! re-

mains there till an E-ne-my! Bold Honour stands up in the Gate, and would yet ca-

pi-ty-late. Have I o'come all re- al Foes, and shall this Phantome me op-

pose? Noi-sy nothing falking Shade, by what Witchcraft wert thou

made, thou emp-ry cause of fo-lid Harms? But I shall find out Counter

Charms, thy Ai-ry Devilship' to remove, from this Cir- cle here of

Love: Sure I shall rid my self of thee, by the Night's ob-scure-ty, and ob-

scu- rer se-cre-cy. Un-like to ev-ry o-ther Spright, thou at-

tempt not Men to affright, nor appear it, nor appear it, but in the Light.

U--cin--da by a se--cret Art, unknown to all but her; which

she has pra--cis'd on my Heart, has charm'd, has charm'd the Wan--le--rer: En-

joyment which did use t'a--bate the vi--gour of Love's heat, does now fresh Appe--

tites create, the Plea--sures to re--peat.

II.

So fares it with the Bird that's took,
 And into Bondage brought;
 At first his Prison how to brook,
 With difficulty's taught;
 But with kind tender usage bred,
 Grows pleas'd with his Abode;
 And with more Delicates is fed,
 Than e're he found abroad.

Bells of Bedlam.

Rom silent Shades, and the E--li--zium Groves, where sad de--par--ted

Spi--rits mourn, their Loves, from Chry--stal Streams, and from that Coun--try,

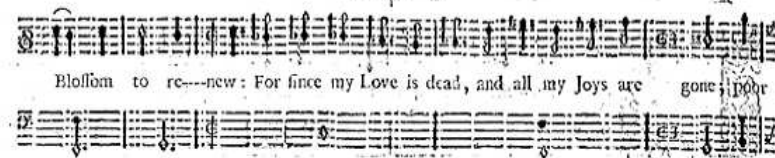
where Jove crowns the Fields with Flowers all the year, poor fenceless *Bess*, cloath'd in her Rags and

Pa--ly, is com'd to cure her Love--sick Me--lan--cho--ly: Bright *Cynthia* kept her

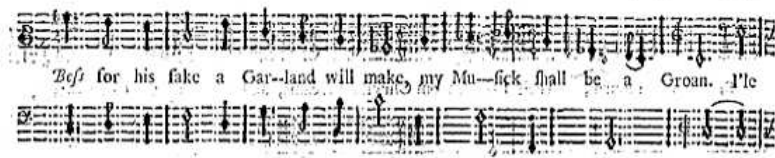
Re--vels late, while *Arab* the Fa--iry--Queen did dance; and *O--be--ren* did sit in

State, when *Mar* at *Pe--sol* ran his Lance; In yon--der Cow--slip lies my Dear, en-

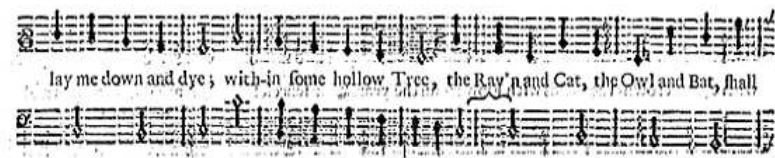
tho' d' in it--quid' Gems of Dew, each day I'll wa--ter it with a Tear, its fa--ding



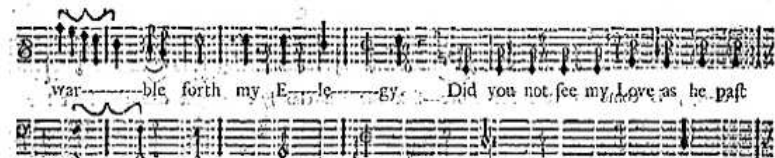
Blossom to re--new: For since my Love is dead, and all my Joys are gone; poor



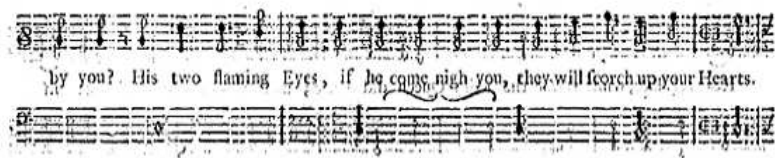
Bess for his sake a Gar-land will make, my Mu--sic shall be a Groan. I'll



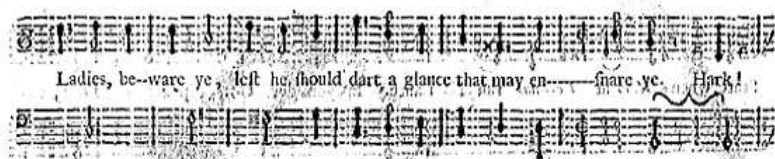
lay me down and dye; with-in some hollow Tree, the Ray and Cat, the Owl and Bat, shall



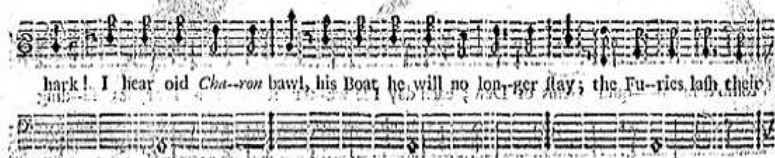
war--ble forth my E--le--gy. Did you not see my Love as he past



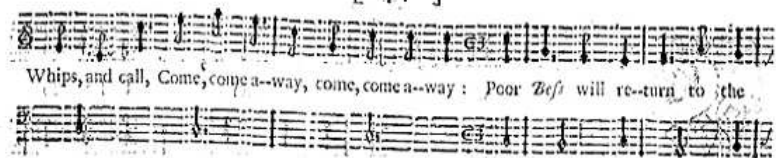
by you? His two flaming Eyes, if he come nigh you, they will scorch up your Hearts.



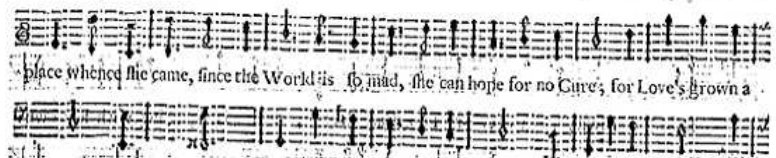
Ladies, be-warc ye, lest he should dart a glance that may en--snare ye. Hark!



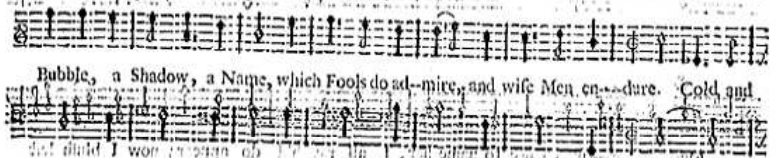
hark! I hear old *Cha-ron* bawl, his Boat he will no lon-ger stay; the Fu-ries lash their



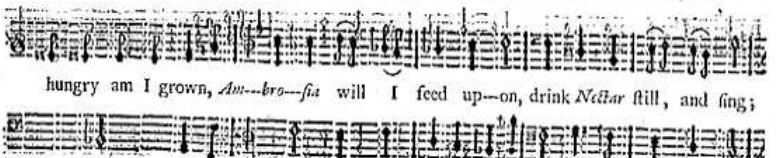
Whips, and call, Come, come a-way, come, come a-way: Poor *Bess* will re--turn to the



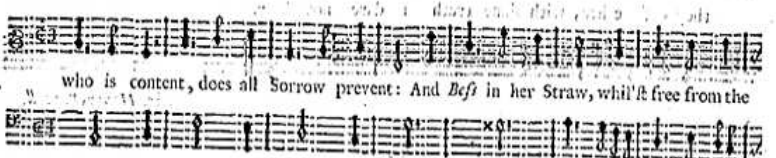
place whence she came, since the World is so mad, she can hope for no Cure; for Love's grown a



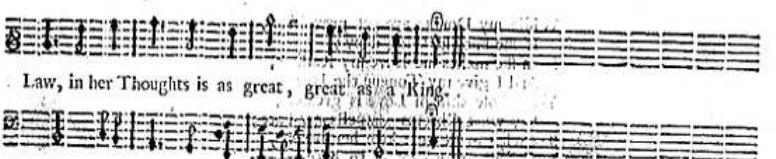
Bubble, a Shadow, a Name, which Fools do ad--mire, and wise Men en--dure. Cold and



hungry am I grown, *Am-bro-sia* will I feed up--on, drink *Nectar* still, and sing;

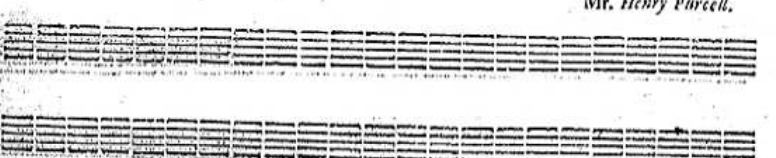


who is content, does all Sorrow prevent: And *Bess* in her Straw, whil't free from the



Law, in her Thoughts is as great, great as a King.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



S HE who my poor Heart pos-*ses*, is of late fo

re-*gle* grown, she to ev'-ry Fop that dresses, still is *par*ring with her own

Once if a-ny chance to name her, I all ravish'd do appear; now I blush lest

they defame her, with some truth I dare not hear.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

While my Doubts are yet prevailing,
 If she but the thing deny,
 Soon she makes me leave my Railing,
 And I give my Tongue the lye:
 You whose skill in Love is greater,
 Say what Charms compells my Fate;
 Say what makes me love her better,
 Whom I fear I ought to hate.

One dear Com-*panions* of th' *Ar-ca-dian* Fields, let us com-

bine to counterme the Plots, which Female con-*ver*-*sa*-*tion* yields. We'll break their Fetters

from their Charms, be free, and re-*gain* Man his long-lost Li-*ber*-*ty*.

II.

Beauty your Empire now is in its wain,
 We'll never more
 Your Shrines adore,
 Since you delight t' associate with disdain:
 Had you been kind, we would have worship'd still,
 But you chieft Glory was your Slaves to kill.

III.

So lawful Princes when they Tyrants prove,
 Themselves abuse,
 And Power lose,
 Their strength depending on their Subjects loves:
 For Love obliges Duty more than Fear,
 All Hate that Governme't that's too severe.

ET each gallant Heart, untouch'd with Love's Dart, prepare for his

secret Alarms; that slug-gill Repose wherein now thou art, affords far less

mu-me-rous Charms; For the Warfare of Love yields a thousand times more Sweets and De-

lights, than your dull, your dull Peace be-fore; than your dull, your dull, dull

Peace before. Long Torment 'tis sure we must calmly en-dure, be-fore the dear

Prize we ob-tain; yet still the hard Toil is part of the Cure, and such Pleasures we

find in our Pain: That the warfare of Love yields a thousand times more blissful Delights, than your

dull, your dull Peace before; than your dull, your dull, dull Peace be-fore.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

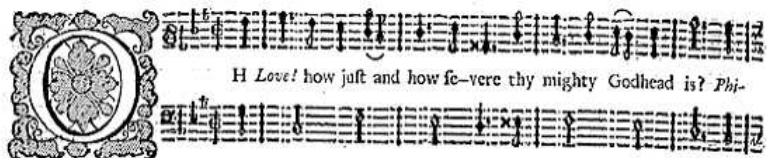
Amor, turn thine Eyes on me, gaze not so on cer-tain Ru-ine;

but be warn'd by my undoing, 'tis an Angel's Face you see. That bright thing so like a Woman,

is in-deed a fla-ming Creature; which de-scen-ded to un-do Man, but partakes not

of his Nature; which de-scen-ded to un-do Man, but partakes not of his Nature.

Mr. William Turner.



O H Love! how just and how severe thy mighty Godhead is? Phi-

la--*da* now sheds ma--ny a Tear, who did thy Laws despise: Successful Love, a--

las! requires that Tribute from her Eyes; and she who rul--lied o--thers Fires, wrapt

in her own, now dies. Up--on a Bed of sweetest Flow'rs, careless she lies her

down; in Sighs she spends the te--dious Hours, in Tears her Eyes does drown; Pen-

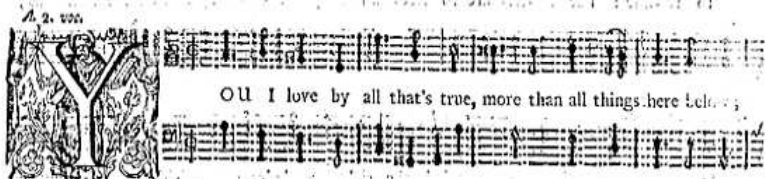
sive she lies fair as the Queen, soft as the God of Love; to whom at length such

Vows she makes, as *Adams* himself would move. Mr. Francis Forcer.

II.
Spare, O spare a tender Maid,
Who never knew thy Power;
Till by a faithless Swain betray'd,
In vain she did Adore:
Enlarge these Blisses, that soon they may
This wretched Frame consume;
And not to torment by delay,
But quickly seal my Doom.

III.
Or if for past Offences,
Must linger out my days
In Torments constant, 'till I dye,
The Murderer I'll praise:
Deaf to my Vows, false to his own,
Perjur'd although he be,
Yet patiently I still submit,
To suffer Heaven and thee.

A. 2. voc.



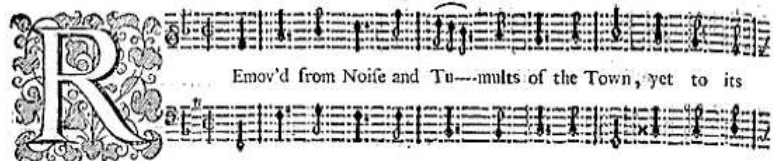
YOU I love by all that's true, more than all things here below;

with a Pas--sion far more great, than e're Creature lov--ed yet: And yet still you

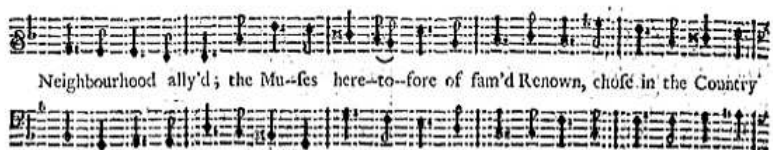
cry, forbear, love no more, or love not here. Mr. Charles Taylor.

II.
Bid the Miser leave his Ore,
Bid the Wretched sigh no more;
Bid the Old be young again,
Bid the Nun not think of Man;
Sylva, this when you can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

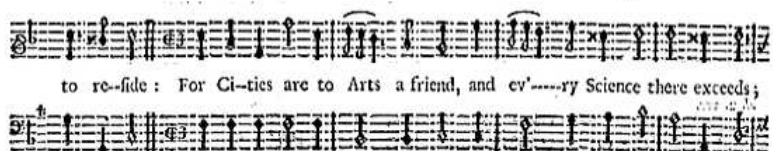
III.
Love's not a thing of Choice, but Fate,
That makes me love, that makes you hate:
Sylva then do what you will,
Ease or cure, torment or kill,
Be kind or cruel, false or true,
Love I must, and none but you.



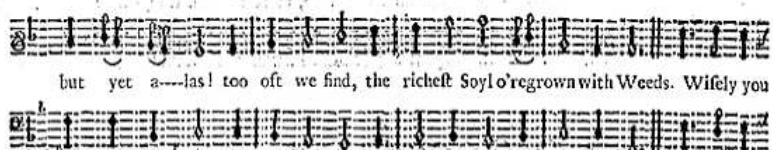
Emov'd from Noife and Tu—mults of the Town, yet to its



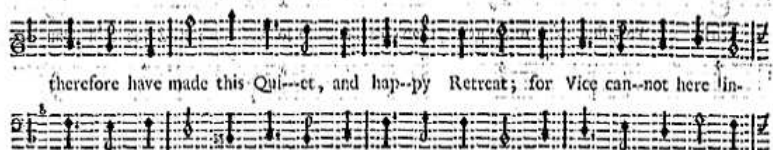
Neighbourhood ally'd; the Mu—fes here—to—fore of fam'd Renown, choſe in the Country



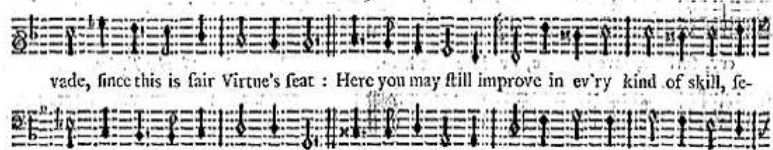
to re—ſide: For Ci—ties are to Arts a friend, and ev'—ry Science there exceeds;



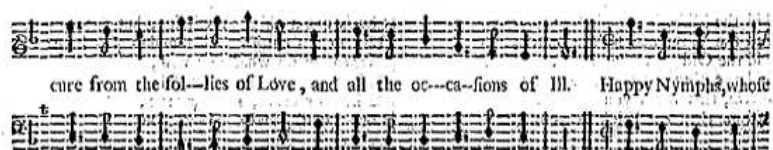
but yet a—las! too oft we find, the richeſt Soyl o'regrown with Weeds. Wiſely you



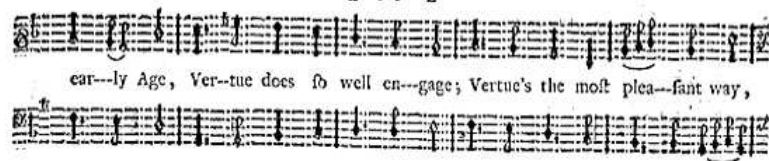
therefore have made this Qui—et, and hap—py Retreat; for Vice can—not here lin—



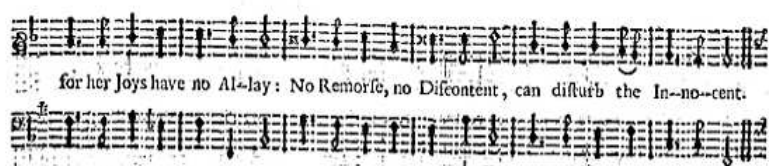
vade, ſince this is fair Virtue's feat: Here you may ſtill improve in ev'ry kind of ſkill, ſe—



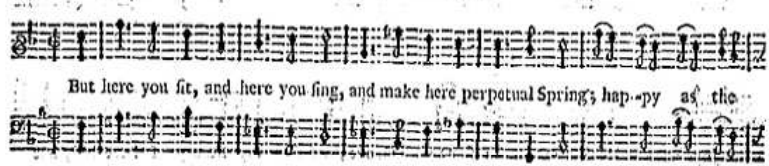
cure from the fol—lies of Love, and all the oc—ca—ſions of Ill. Happy Nymphs, whoſe



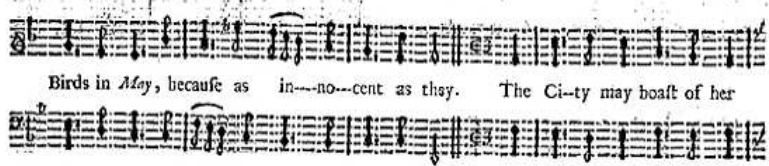
ear—ly Age, Ver—tue does ſo well en—gage; Vertue's the moſt plea—ſant way,



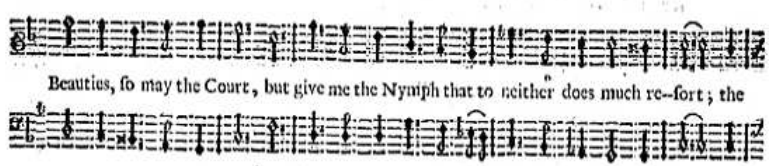
for her Joys have no Al—lay: No Remorſe, no Diſcontent, can diſturb the In—no—cent.



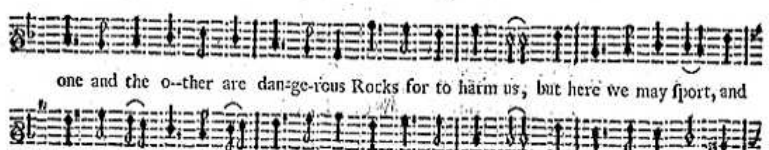
But here you ſit, and here you ſing, and make here perpetual Spring; hap—py as the



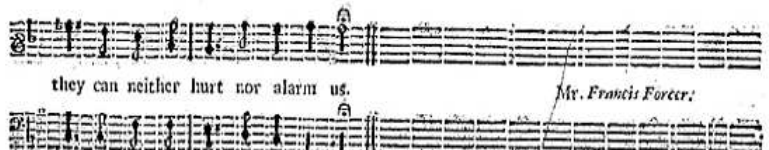
Birds in *May*, becauſe as in—no—cent as they. The Ci—ty may boaſt of her



Beauties, ſo may the Court, but give me the Nymph that to neither does much re—fort; the



one and the o—ther are dan—ge—rous Rocks for to harm us, but here we may ſport, and



they can neither hurt nor alarm us.

My Francis Forcer:

Since o-ther Beauties charm your Heart, farewel In-const-ant

Swain; let her that shes the greater part, en-joy this happy Plain: When all my future

Joys are cross'd, I'll mourn in some dark Grove, not that my Beauty I have lost, but

for my Da-mon's love.

II.

The Willow-Green shall crown my Head,
 And wrap my Body round;
 I'll gather Leaves to make my Bed
 Upon the mossy Ground:
 To every Spring and echoing Grove,
 My mournful Song shall be,
 Beauty was thrown away (for Love,
 On vain Inconstancy.

Pro-phane-ly I swore by the Pow-ers Di-vine, that

Beau-ty no more should my Pleasures con-sine; but a--las! by surprize, my *Clari-*

ssa's bright Eyes has shot such a Dart, that has woun-ded my Heart: In re-

venge now: I find I am left and un-done, and curse the past Fate I en-

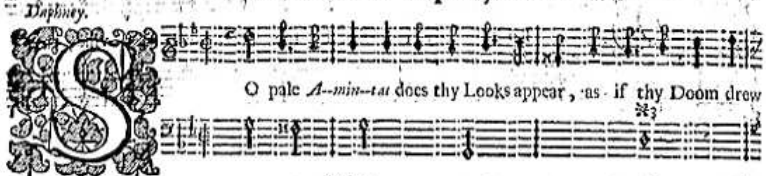
deavour'd to shun.

Mr. Charles Taylor.

If,
 But Love, like the Brave, no sooner subdu'd
 His amorous Slave, but in pity renew'd
 Such excesses of Joy,
 My Fears to destroy,
 Now in Freedom I reign,
 All proud of my Pain,
 Such Raptures of Bliss my Senses persuade,
 'Tis in love, 'tis in love, our Pleasures ne'er fade.

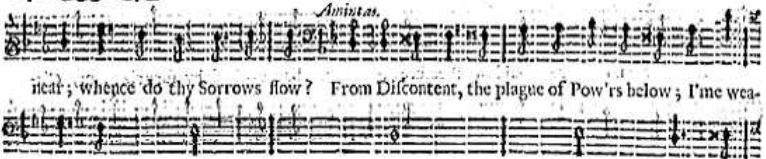
A DIALOGUE between Daphney and Amintas.

Daphney.



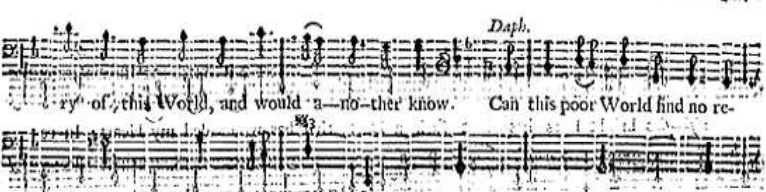
So pale *A-min-ta* does thy Looks appear, as if thy Doom draw

Amintas.



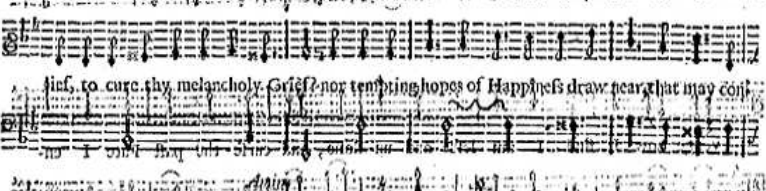
near; whence do thy Sorrows flow? From Discontent, the plague of Pow'rs below; I'me wea-

Daph.



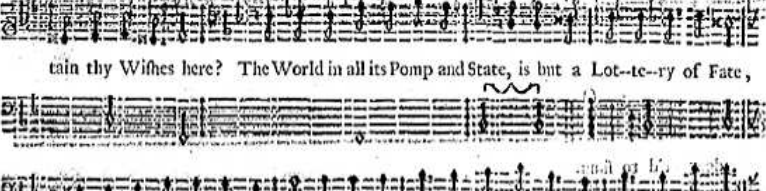
ry of this World, and would a no-ther know. Can this poor World find no re-

Amint.



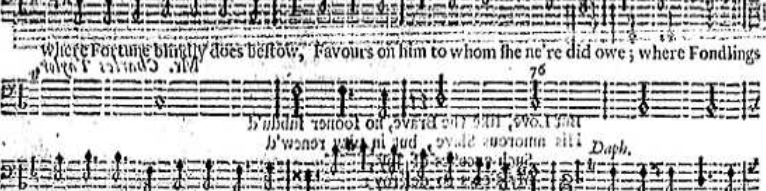
lief, to cure thy melancholy Grief? nor tempting hopes of Happiness draw near, that may con-

Daph.



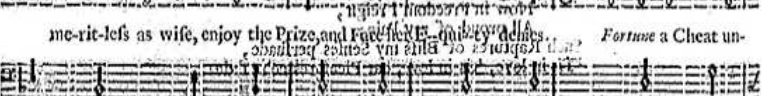
tain thy Wishes here? The World in all its Pomp and State, is but a Lot-tery of Fate,

Amint.

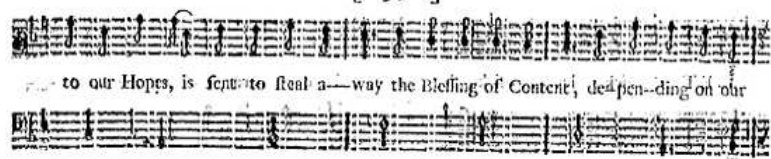


where Fortune blindly does bestow, Favours on him to whom she ne'er did owe; where Fondlings

Daph.

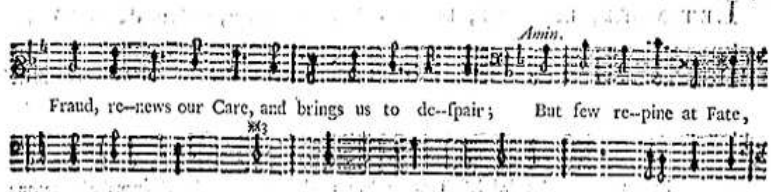


me-rit-less as wife, enjoy the Prize, and Fate her ill-qualify denies. Fortune a Cheat un-



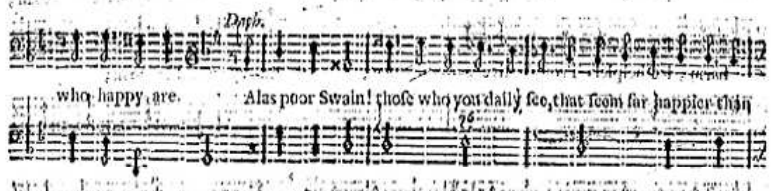
to our Hopes, is sent to steal a-way the Blessing of Content, deapen-ding on our

Amint.



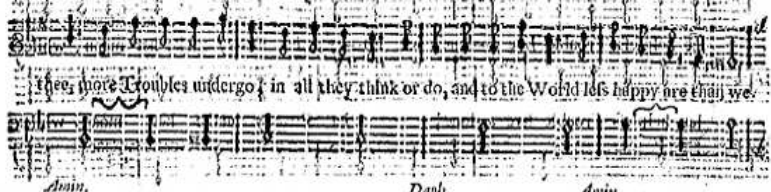
Fraud, re-news our Care, and brings us to de-spair; But few re-pine at Fate,

Daph.



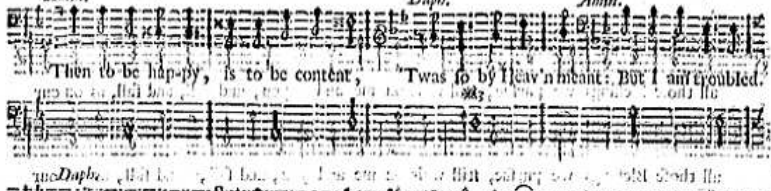
who happy are. Alas poor Swain! those who you daily see, that seem far happier than

Amint.



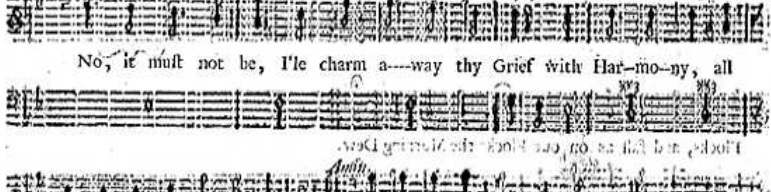
these, more Troubles undergo; in all they think or do, and to the World less happy are than we.

Amint. *Daph.* *Amint.*



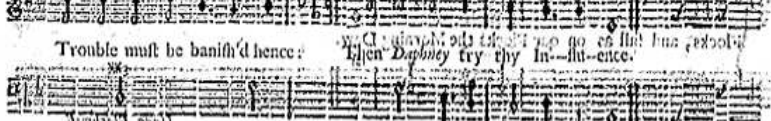
Then to be hap-py, is to be content, 'Twas so by Heav'n meant: But I am troubled.

Daph.



No, it must not be, I'll charm a-way thy Grief with Har-mo-ny, all

Amint.



Trouble must be banish'd hence: Then Daphney try thy In-flu-ence.

LET Mu--sick, let Mu--sick, let Mu--sick be our Charm, to keep the Mind from

LET Mu--sick, let Mu--sick, let Mu--sick be our Charm, to keep the Mind from

harm; let helples Trouble live a--lone, let Envy make her moan;

harm; let helples Trouble live a--lone, let En--vy make her moan;

let helples Trouble live a--lone, let En--vy, let En--vy make her moan, while

let helples Trouble live a--lone, let En--vy make her moan, while

all those Blessings we pursue, still wait on me and you, and fall, and fall, as on our

all those Blessings we pursue, still wait on me and you, and fall, and fall, as on our

Flocks, and fall as on our Flocks the Morning Dew.

Flocks, and fall as on our Flocks the Morning Dew.

Flocks, and fall as on our Flocks the Morning Dew.

Isaac Blackwell.

295

A. 2. VOC. *Cantus & Basses.*

Hillt our Flocks feed up--on the Plains, let us re--tire to

Hillt our Flocks feed up--on the Plains, let us re--tire to

ver--dent Groves; and to each other in gen--tle Strains, chant o're the

verdent Groves, and to each o--ther in gen--tle Strains, chant o're the Sto-

Sto--ry of our Love. There Heav'n will di--spence such mystick Influence up--

ry of our Love. There Heav'n will dispence such mystick Influence up--on thy

on thy Lyre, as shall in--spire all the Psaphonick Quire, to

Lyre, as shall in--spire all the Psaphonick Quire, all the Psaphonick

Quire, to sing how we shall here thus live, thus love E--ter--nal--ly. *Mr. J. Hart.*

Quire, to sing how we shall here thus live, thus love E--ter--nal--ly.

There each hollow Tree
 An Organ-Pipe shall be,
 And from their Womb,
 Such sounds shall come,
 As to persuade the World, that Oaks may be
 Enchanted with our softer Harmony.

R

A. 2. voc.

Kis on the Bank of *Thames*, with a sigh and weeping Eyes,

said to love-ly *Ce-li-mene*, Let no Man your Heart surprize, Men are all made up of Lies.

Tho. Tudway.

II.

Though a thousand times they sweat,
And as many Vows repeat,
All they say is common Air,
All they promise but Deceit,
None were ever constant yet.

III.

Wisely then preserve your Heart
From such Tyranny of Fate,
Which only then can act its part,
When Love has its return of hate,
And your Repentance comes too late.

Pill-ly in your absence, I sad and thoughtful spend the day;

but so soon as you are nigh, joy transports me, joy transports me, and I'm gay.

Something for your ill to sub-mit-sives, and to kind, that I know not what will

prove; but a rash a-spi-ring Swain, whom re-spect did not re-strain, would al-

rea-dy call it Love.

Tho. Tudway.

A. 2. voc.

SEE what a Con-quest Love has made beneath the Myrtle's

a-mo-rous Shade the char-ming fair *Co-mi-na* lies, all mel-ti-ug in De-

fire, quenching in Tears chaf-ing Eyes that see the World on fire.

II.

What cannot Tears and Beauty do?
The Youth by chance stood by,
For whom those Chrystal Streams did flow,
And though he ne're before
To her Eyes brightest Rays did show

III.

So when the Heavens serene and clear,
Gilded with gay Light appear,
Dash craggy Rock, and ev'ry Stone
Their native Rigour keep,
And when in Rain the Clouds fall down,
The Marble Marbles weep.

Tho. Tudway.



After the fiercest pangs of hot De-fire, between Pan-

the's ri-sing Breasts, his ben--ded Head Phi--lan--der rests; though vanquish'd,

yet un-know-ing to re-tire, close hugs the Charmer, and a-sham'd to

yield, tho' he has lost the Day, still keeps the Field.

Tho. Tallway.

II.

When with a sigh the fair *Ranbea* said,
 What pity 'tis, ye Gods! that all
 The bravest Warriors' souls fall!
 Then with a kiss she gently rais'd his Head,
 Arm'd him again for Fight, for nobly she
 More lov'd the Combat than the Victory.

III.

Then more enrag'd for being beat before,
 With all his strength he does prepare
 More fiercely to renew the War,
 Not ceases till the noble Prize he bore;
 But her such wondrous Courage did surprize,
 She hugs the Dart that wounded her; and flies.



Hen *Stre-phon* found his Pas-sion vain, thus to the Nymph he

did complain; Re-lent-less *Ce-lia*! dost thou still de-light in Scorn, and love to kill?

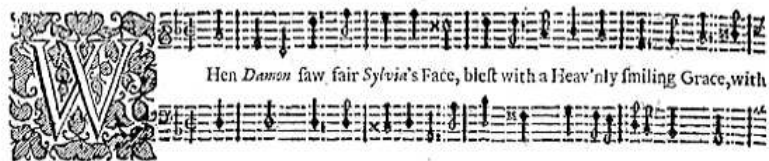
Ah, chā-el Beauty! canst thou see a Swain that dyes, thine eyes for thee, and yet not

pi-ty, pi-ty me, and yet not pi-ty, pi-ty me.

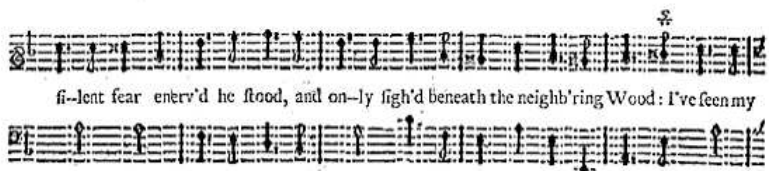
Henry Purcell

II.

See how the Blood springs from each Vein;
 The sad effects of your Disdain;
 Canst thou behold this Purple Flood,
 And not shed Tears when I shed Blood?
 Now, now at last more kind appear,
 Grim Death I do not, do not fear!
 But oh! your Charms I cannot bear:
 But oh! &c.



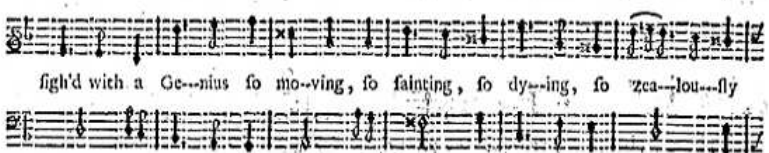
When *Damon* saw fair *Sylvia's* Face, blest with a Heav'nly smiling Grace, with



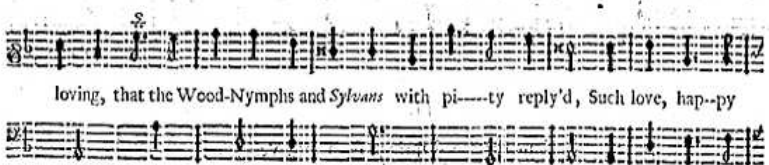
fi-lent fear enerv'd he stood, and on-ly sigh'd beneath the neighb'ring Wood: I've seen my



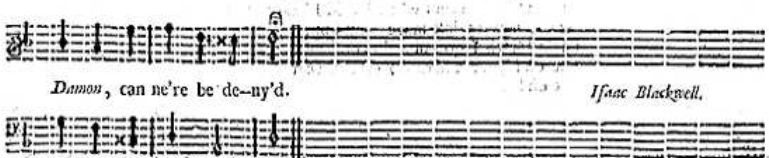
Ruine, 'tis too late, Beauty's transcendent o're my Fate. To the Echo's he



sigh'd with a Ge-nius so mo-ving, so fainting, so dy-ing, so zea-lou-sly



loving, that the Wood-Nymphs and *Sylvans* with pi-ty reply'd, Such love, hap-py

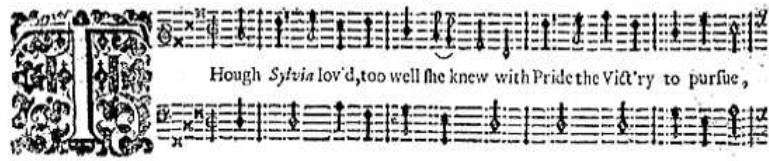


Damon, can ne're be de-ny'd.

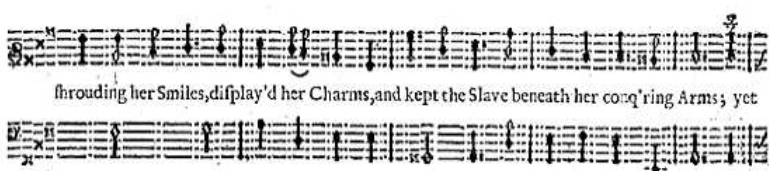
Isaac Blackwell.

Encourag'd, he the Nymph implores,
With Fruits and Flow'rs her Pow'r adores,
His fearful Tongue scarce Love implies,
But leaves it to the Rhet'rick of his Eyes:
Yet oft a Sigh or Blush do show
What he would, would not have her know.

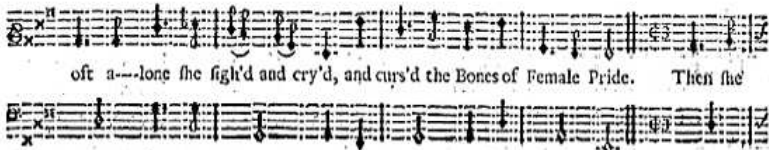
When alone he repair'd to the murmuring Fountains
Repeating his Cares to the sigh-giving Mountains,
All the *Wood-Nymphs* and *Sylvans* with pity reply'd,
Such Love, happy *Damon*, can ne're be deny'd.



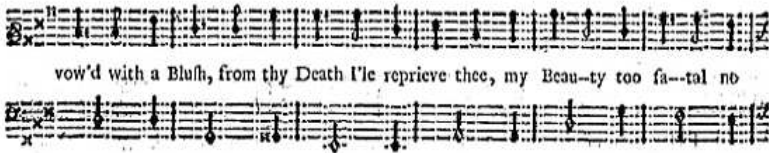
hough *Sylvia* lov'd, too well she knew with Pride the Vic't'ry to pursue,



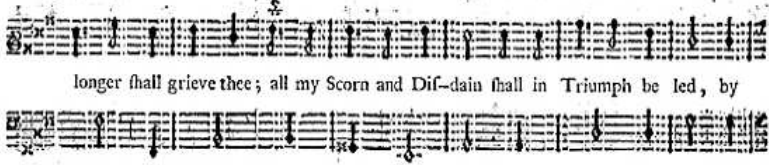
shrouding her Smiles, display'd her Charms, and kept the Slave beneath her conqu'ring Arms; yet



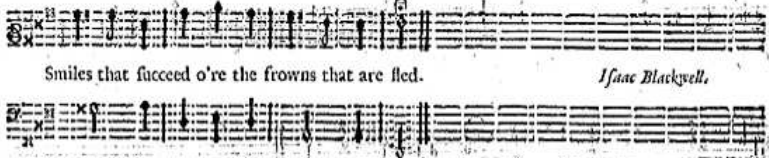
oft a--long she sigh'd and cry'd, and curs'd the Bones of Female Pride. Then she



vow'd with a Blush, from thy Death I'll relieve thee, my Beau-ty too fa-tal no



longer shall grieve thee; all my Scorn and Dis-dain shall in Triumph be led, by



Smiles that succeed o're the frowns that are fled.

Isaac Blackwell.

Thus blest beneath cool Myrtles, they
Youth's flow'ry Vernal pass away;
And Gods of Love renew their Fires,
And point their Darts at their disdain'd Desires:
The Flow'rs spring up where *Sylvia* moves,
And Birds still forsake the Groves.

So may *Sylvia* live long, and so happy be ever,
The Sunshine of Love let not Jealousie sever;
When all hate, fear, & scorn, shall in triumph be led,
By Smiles that succeed o're the frowns that are fled.

Adam's Sleep.

[68]

Sleep, *Adam*, sleep, and take thy rest, let no sad thoughts possess thy

Breast; but when thou wak'st, look up, and see what thy Cre-a-tor hath done for thee: A

Creature from thy Side is ta'en, who 'till thou wak'd, he wants a Name; Flesh of thy

Flesh, Bone of thy Bone, a Mate most fit for thee a-lone. Wake, *Adam*,

wake, to embrace thy Bride, who is newly risen from thy Side; but in the midst of thy De-

lights, bow'd, lest her EA-ti-ce-ments prove thy Share.

By Mrs. Henry Purcell.

[69]

Hair would I Clo-ss e're I dye, bequeath you such a Le-ga-cy, that

you might say when I am gone, None hath the like: My Heart alone were the best Gift I could be-

flow, but that's al-rea-dy yours you know. So that 'till you my Heart re-sig-n, or

fill with yours the place of mine, and by that Grace my Store re-new, I shall have nought worth

giving you; whose Breast has all the Wealth I have; save a faint Carcase and a Grave: But

had I as many Hearts as Hands, as many Lives as Love has Fears, as ma-ny Lives as,

Years have Hours, they should be all and on-ly yours.

Dr. John Blow.

E. L. L. my *Strepson* that I dye, let Ec-cho's to each o--ther tell;

'till the mournful Accents fly to *Strepson's* Ear, and all is well: But gently break the

fa--tal Truth, and swe--ten ev--ry sad--der Sound; for *Strepson* such a

ten--der Youth, the gentlest word too deep will wound. No, Fountains Echo's- all be

dumb; for should I cost my Swain a Tear, I should re--pent me in the Tomb, and grieve I

bought my Rest so dear.

Dr. John Blow

A. 2. ter.

Amor on a Ri--ver side, ra--sing a Spring-tide

from his Eyes; his Passion could no lon--ger hide, but un--to Heav'n he cast his cries:

His Voice so well express'd his Grief, 'twas Sin to with him a Relief; he sigh'd and sung

in a soft Ayre, *Phil-lis* is cru--el, *Phil-lis* is cru--el, false, and fair.

Dr. John Blow

II.

Echo confined to a Grove,

Being unable to return,

These fatal words, in hopeless Love,

I burn, repeated thrice I burn:

Birds in his Grief did bear a part,

Whilst Sighs kept soft Time in his Heart;

He mourning, sung in a soft Ayre,

Phil-lis is cruel, false, and fair.

III.

Whilst in this Agony, he lay,

A Tear did steal from either Eye,

Down his pale Checks, which did betray,

Amor waited but to dye.

Whilst Death sat heavy on his Eyes,

And he look'd like Love's sacrifice;

He dying, sung in a soft Ayre,

Phil-lis is cruel, false, and fair.

A SONG upon the Court-Game BASSET.

LET I--rui--page and Drefs despair, since *Baf--fer* is come

in; there's no--thing can en--gage the Fair, bat Mo--ney and more--in.

Is a--ny Countess in diftress, she lies not to the *Beau*; 'tis Coney on--ly

can re--dress her Grief with a *Rou--lean*.

Dr. John Blow.

II.

By this bewitching Game betray'd,
 Poor Love is bought and sold;
 And that which should be a free Trade,
 Is all engross'd by Gold:
 Ev'n Sence is brought into disgrace,
 Where Company is met;
 It silent stands, or leaves the place,
 While all the Talk's *Baffer*.

WHY does the Mor'n in Bluff--es rife, tell me O God of

Day? *Clara--rona*, oh! *Clara--rona*'s Eyes, out--shine the brightest Rays.

'Tis true, 'tis true, she's far more bright, dim ta--per God be gone, and hide thy

buffed Beams in Night, let her rule Day a--lone. Dr. John Blow.

II.

If Anchorite-like, full twenty Years
 On Earth's cold Bed I'd lain,
 And woo'd the Gods with Fasts and Pray'rs,
 Celestial Crowns to gain;
 Yet after all, could you but love,
 No more would I pursue
 The endless search of Joys above,
 But find out Heav'n in you.

A. 2. 172. Cantata of Basses.

Hink not, my Soul's de-light and grief, becau's my Sorrows

shun'd Relief, that therefore I had none at all, or short, or Su-pra-fi-cial.

Chorus.
Shal-low Rills the Peb-les chide, Deep a-way in si-lence glide.

Shal-low Rills the Peb-les chide, Deep a-way in si-lence glide.
glide, Deep a-way in si-lence glide, Deep a-way in si-lence glide.

Spices and Gums in ruff Disguise, my count'enance's Eyes; 'till bruise'd and

burnt, we then be-gin to own that Sweet's e-ver lodg'd with-in.

Chorus.
Heart, when bro-ken, sure they'll see, Love and Grief stream forth from thee;
Heart, when bro-ken, sure they'll see, Love and Grief stream forth from thee; Heart, when

Heart, when bro-ken, sure they'll see, Love and Grief stream forth from thee;
Heart, when bro-ken, sure they'll see, Love and Grief stream forth from thee.

Yet then fair Je-sus, if thou be-lieve, that Love a-long did make me

grieve; and on-ly say, Thou for-ry art that thou had'st mine, god: I thy HEART.

Chorus.
That a just Re-ward shall be for Love; Grief and Death for thee; that a just Re-ward shall be for Love, for Love, Grief and Death for thee; that a just Reward shall

ward shall be for Love; Grief and Death for thee; James Hays
ward shall be for Love; Grief and Death for thee.

Rashly I swore I would disown your Altars and your

Pow'r; all your vain Idols Love thrown down, and ne-ver Worship more: As much resolv'd I

would forsake the wretched Charms; her Shape, her Beauty, and her

Wit, which tempt, and to her Arms: In vain Prefervatives are us'd

Henry Purcell.

II.
But vain are our weak Vows, when Love
Does feed the active Fire;
And treacherous, sighs his Agents prove,
To make it blaze the higher.
In vain Prefervatives are us'd
To any other part,
When the Infection has diffus'd
Its self unto the Heart.

III.
Some Ease (said he) some Respite give;
Why, mighty Pow'r! ah! why
Am I too much distress'd to live,
And yet forbid to dye?
Such Accents from the Shepherd flew,
Whilst on the Ground he lay;
As late to deep a Sigh he drew,
As bore his Life away.

Rest'd from Mor-tals sight the pen-sive De-mon lay; he

blest the dis-con-ten-ted Night, and curst the smi-ling Day; The ten-der sharers

of his Pain, his Flock, no lon-ger graze; but sad-ly fix'd a-round

the Swain, like si-lent Mourners gaze.

Henry Purcell.

II.
He heard the Musick of the Wood,
And with a sigh, reply'd;
He saw the Fish sport in the Flood,
And wept a deeper Tide:
In vain the Summer's Bloom came on,
For still the drooping Swain
Like Autumn Winds was heard to groan,
Out-wept the Winter's Rain.

III.
Some Ease (said he) some Respite give;
Why, mighty Pow'r! ah! why
Am I too much distress'd to live,
And yet forbid to dye?
Such Accents from the Shepherd flew,
Whilst on the Ground he lay;
As late to deep a Sigh he drew,
As bore his Life away.

A. 2. Voc. Cantu & Bassu.

GO, perjur'd Man, and if thou e're re--turn; go, per-jur'd Man, and if thou e're

GO perjur'd Man, and if thou e're re--turn; go, perjur'd

re--then, re--turn to see the small re--main--der of my Urn;

Man, and if thou e're re--turn, and if thou e're re--turn to

and if thou e're re--turn, re--turn, re--turn to

see the small remainder of my Urn; and if thou e're re--turn, re--turn,

see, to see the small re--main--der of my Urn. When thou shalt

to see, to see the small re--main--der of my Urn. When thou shalt

laugh, shalt laugh

laugh, shalt laugh

laugh, shalt laugh

where's now the co--lour, form, and trust of Woman's Beauty? And per-

co--lour, form, and trust of Woman's Beauty? And perhaps with rude hands, with rude

haps with rude, with rude hands, perhaps with rude hands, rife the Flours wth the Virgins strew'd,

hands, and perhaps with rude hands rife the Flours wth the Virgins strew'd. Know I've pray'd to

know I've pray'd to Pi--ty, that the Wind may blow my Ashes up;

Pity, that the Wind may blow my A--shes up; know I've pray'd to

know I've pray'd to Pity, that the Wind may blow my Ashes up,

Pi--ty, that the Wind may blow my A--shes up; and strike thee Blind; that the

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

Wind may blow my A--shes up, and strike thee Blind;

Dr. John Blow

A DIALOGUE betwixt a Shepherd and Shepherdes, sung in the Play of the Duke of Guise.

2. 2. 2. Cantus & Bassus.

EL L me *Thirſt*, tell your Anguiſh, why you Sigh, and why you Languish;

when the Nymph whom you Adore, grants the Bleſſing of Poſ-ſeſ-ſing, what can Love and

Shepherd.

I do more? what can Love, what can Love, and I do more? Think it's Love be-

yond all meaſure, makes me faint a-way with Pleaſure; ſtrength of Cordial may deſtroy,

Shepherdeſſe.

and the Bleſſing of Poſſeſſing kills me with exceſs of Joy. *Thirſt*, how can

I be-leeve you? but conſiſt, and Miſ-ſorgive you; Mea are Talke! and am ſo ſore

you; never Nature fram'd a Creature to enjoy, and yet be true; never Nature fram'd a

Soft.

Creature to en-joy, and yet be true; to enjoy, and yet be true, and yet be true.

Shepherd.

Mine's a Flame beyond expreſſing, ſtill poſ-ſeſ-ſing, ſtill de-ſi-ers, fit for Love's Im-

perial Crown; e-veer ſhi-ning, and re-fi-ning, ſtill the more 'tis melted down.

Chorus together.

Mine's a Flame beyond expreſſing, ſtill poſ-ſeſ-ſing, ſtill de-ſires, fit for Love's Im-pe-rial

Crown; e-veer ſhining, and re-fi-ning, ſtill the more 'tis melt- ed down.

Hero's Complaint to Leander. [82]



OR com'st thou yet, my bothful Love! nor yet *Le-an-der!* Oh my *Le-*

an-der! canst thou for-get thy He--ro? *Le--an--der,* why dost thou stay, who holds thee?

Cruel! what hath be--got de-lay? Too soon a--las! the Rosy--sin-ger'd Morn' will

chase the darksom Night. Ah me! I burn and dye in this my languishing Desires. See!

see! the Taper wasts in his own Fires, like me; and will be spent before thou come. Make hast then

my *Le-an-der,* prethee come. Behold the Winds and Seas deaf and enrag'd; my Impreca-

tions have in part asswag'd their Fu-ries past; but thou more deaf than they, more merci-

less, torments me with delay. If far from hence, upon thy Native Shoar, such high delight thou

tak'st, why didst thou more incite my hot De-sires with faithless Lines, flaxt'ning me with Promise,

That when the Winds became less high, and Shores hid some repose, if I did but the friendly Torment

pose to be thy guide, thou would'st not fail to come? The Shores have Peace, the Winds and

Seas are dumb, thy *He-ro* here attends thee, and the Light invades the Hibern of the

stable Night; come quickly then, and in these Arms appear, that have been oft thy chiefest

Calut, thy Sphear. Wretch that I am! 'tis for you Gods! 'tis for whilst here I vent to

Hear'n and Seas in woe, he at *A-by-dos* in a new-er Flame, forgets that e're he

heard poor *Hero's* name: 'Ah! lighter than Blossoms, or the fleeting Air that flees then;

How! O how can't thou repair thy broken Faith! Is this the dear respect thou bear'st to Oaths and

Vows, thus to neglect both *Cl-ht-ty-ty* and her *Nant*: Is this th'in-vi-ol-able Band of

Hy-men! This that knot, before the sacred Altar made of Sea-born *Venus!* Heav'n's lend your

aid, and arm yourselves in Thunder! Oh! but stay, what vain Fears transports thee, *He-ro,* a-

way with jealous Fury? *Le-an-do's* thine, thou his, and the poor youth at home lamenting is?

the wa-ry Eyes of his old Parents; now steals from them a pace un--to the Shoar,

now with ha-ty hand doth fling his Robbs from him, and e-ven now bold Boy attempts to

swim, parting the swelling Waves with Iv'ry Arms; born up aloft by *Zoe's* all-powerful

Charms. You gentler peacèful Winds, if e-ver Love had pow'r in you! if e-ver you did

prove least spark of *Cupid's* Flame, for pi-ty's sake with softer Gales more smooth and ea-sie

make the troubl'd Flood un--to my Soul's delight. You Show'rs, you Storms and Tempests

black as Night, retire you! Far-ry, 'till my Love appear, and bless these Shoars in safety, and 'till

here with-in these Arms en-fold my on-ly Treasur; then all in Rage and Horror

send at plea-sure the fro-ty Billows high as Heav'n; that lov may here be e-ver

me: do dwell with me: But hark! O wonder! what sudden Storm is this? Seas menace

My God, and the Winds do hiss; in scorn of this my just Re-quest. Re-tire,

on-ter-tine, my too ven-erous Love, re-tire, tempt not the an-gry Seas, Ah me!

Oh me! the Light, the Light's blown out! O Gods! O dead-ly Night! *Neptune, &c.*

YE now! shun Re-quests, spare my Jew-ell pi-ty the Griefs and Tears of wretch'd

He-ro! 'Tis Le-an-der trusts you with his Love and Life, fair Li-an-der, Beau-ty

of these Shoars. See! see the bath-ful Morn, for sor-row of my sad Laments, bath

torn through cloudy Night a passage to my Aid, and here beneath amidst the horrid

Shade, by her faint Light, something methinks I see re-lem-bling my Soul's Joy. Wo's me!

'tis he! drown'd by th'im-pe-tuous Flood. O dismal Hour! wast be these Seas, these

Shoars, this Light, this Tow'r! in spite of Fate; dear Love, 'tis like I come; Le-an-der's

No-son shall be Hero's Tomb. *Mr. Nic. Lambert*

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When first I fair Celinda knew, her kindness then was great, her

Eyes I cou'd with pleasure view, and friendly Rays did meet: In all delights we past the

time that could di-ersion move, she oft wou'd kind-ly hear me rhyme upon some other's Love, she

oft wou'd kind-ly hear my Rhime up-on some other's Love.

but, ah! at last I grew too bold,
I prest by my growing Flame,
For when my Passion I had told,
she hated ev'n my Name:
Thus I that cou'd her Friendship boast,
And did her Love pursue,
Am taught Contentment at the cost
Of Love and Friendship too.

and had she e'er my Friend's true name,
she had not lov'd me so, she had not lov'd me so.

Beneath a dark and melancholly Grove, mixt with the Cypress and the

mournful Yew, the grow-ing Emblems of a fruitless Love, with anxious thoughts that

did past Acts re-new, the painful Shepherd lay, and thus his Muse in-vi-ted him to say:

Why should Plea-sure so de-light us in its false fan-ta-stick Name? Why should Fraud

from Truth in-vite us? What's the End on't? What's the Aim? All our 'Acts of

past Enjoy-ment glide and leave us, like a Stream: Present Time's the best Em-

ployment; all things past are but a Dream: Then farewell Mansions, fa-cred Bow'rs;

beauteous Friends, and happy Hours! Farewell World, and worldly Bles-sing, Joy and

Alas! beyond expressing; all that Nature e're would prove in fruitless Inabscence or Love!

But O! swift Time, that brings the Morning Light, bids that adieu; and brings the tedious

Night; since to that long Farewell my Joys are fled, think off your Co-ri-don

as on the Dead.

M^r. Christopher Fishburne

LN Clods all soft Charms agree, en-chanting Humours, pow'ful Wit,

Beauty from At-tention free, and for E-ter-nal Empire sit; where-e'r she goes Love

waits her Eyes; the Women en-vy, Men adore; tho' she lets the Triumph prize, she

won'd deserve the Conquest more.

Mr. Henry, Quench.

II.

But Vanity so much prevails,
 She begs what else none can deny her,
 And with inviting treach'rous Smiles
 Gives hopes, which ev'n prevent desire:
 Reaches at ev'ry trifling Heart,
 Grows warm with ev'ry glimmering Flame,
 And common Pleas'rs fo' deads her Dart,
 It scarce can wound a Noble Game.

III.

I could lye Ages at her Feet,
 Adore her careless of my pain,
 With tender Vows her Rigour meet,
 Despair, love on and not complain:
 My Passion from all change secur'd,
 Favours may rise no Frown controlls:
 I any Torment can endure,
 But Hoping with a crowd of Fools.

TELL me no more of Flames in Love, that common dull pretence, Fools

in Ro-man-ces use to move soft Hearts of lit-tle sense: No, *Strephon*, I'm not such a

Slave, Love's banish'd Pow'r to own; since Int'rest and Convenience have so long usurp'd his

Throne.

Mr. Fitzburrts.

II.

No burning Hope or cold Despair,
 Dull Groves or purring Streams,
 Sighing and talking to the Air
 In Love's fantastick Dreams,
 Can move my Pity or my Hate,
 But Satyrall's a proye,
 And All ridiculous create
 That shall pretend to love.

III.

Love was a Monarch once 'tis true,
 And God-like rul'd alone,
 And though his Subjects were but few,
 Their Hearts were all his own:
 But since the Slaves revolted are,
 And turn'd into a State,
 Their Int'rest is their only care,
 And Love grows out of date.



Quench these Flames! the mi-se-ra-ble fate I'm in re-allye be-fore

Musical notation for the first system, including vocal line and lute accompaniment.

be too late: Some Love return, and make me blest, richer than all the Treasure of the East.

Musical notation for the second system.

Oft in my Face my Mind's Dis-ease ap-pears: My silent Brows, my s^{er}pent lent for-
sail'd quick' goal of ev'ry sinners' eye: Has the first south' winds of Love's ill wind' e'v'ry

Musical notation for the third system.

row shows it self in Tears. In lonely Caves, obscur'd with Woods, the stones I move to

Musical notation for the fourth system.

em-pity with my daily groans: In ev'ry Grove the tender Leaves I paint, both with her Name

Musical notation for the fifth system.

both with her Name, and with my own. **B**UT might I hope the Gods

Musical notation for the sixth system.

did e're de-sign to move her Heart to love: All who in immor-tal Thrones re-

Musical notation for the seventh system.

did e're de-sign to move her Heart to love: All who in immor-tal Thrones re-

Musical notation for the first system on page 7.

side, grant, grant, that no day, grant, grant, that no day may e'er be over in dis-ease

Musical notation for the second system on page 7.

grant, that no day, grant, grant, that no day may e'er be over in dis-ease

Musical notation for the third system on page 7, featuring a large decorative initial 'B'.

but happy the Time when free from Love I rang'd the Woods and

Musical notation for the fourth system on page 7.

in ev'ry Grove but minded not the Great Ones Fall, nor whom Am-bition did enthrall

Musical notation for the fifth system on page 7.

I minded not the Great Ones Fall, nor whom Am-bition did en-
thrall: now in *More King*

Musical notation for the sixth system on page 7.

II.
My only Care was how to keep
From cruel Wives my heart and eye
But though from Wives my heart and eye
None could my Heart from Love's power free
There is one who from me's gone
That love's in me's the Swallow
And that I have been so my self
That who loves best, must love the best
But I have, &c.

Pretty *Florniel*, no tongue can e-ver tell the Charms that in thee dwell; those

Soul-melting Pleasures shou'd the mighty *Jye* once view, he'd be in love, and plunder all above to

rain down his Treas-ure. Ah! said the Nymph in the Shepherds Arms, had you half as much

Love as you say, I have Charms, there's not a Soul, cre-a-ted for Man and Love, more true

than *Florniel* wou'd prove; I'd ord the world with thee love. *Mr. Fishburne.*

Love that's truly free had never Jealousy;
 But artful Love may be both doubtful and wooing;
 Ah! dear Shepherds, be no doubt, for you may such
 My Heart will prove no less
 Than ever endless loving.
 Then, cries the Nymph, like the Sun thou shalt be,
 And I, like the kind Earth, will produce all to thee;
 Of ev'ry Flower in Love's Garden I'll Off'ings pay
 To my Salaf. Nay then pray, I own and
 Take not those dear Eyes away.

In the Shade, up--on the Grass where Nymphs and Shepherds lye

Will was courting of a Lass, and *Nell* stood list'ning by: Quoth *Will*, You will not tarry two

Months before you marry. Fye, no, fye, no, never, never tell me so; for a Maid I'll live and

dye. Quoth *Nell*, So will not I. *Mr. Fishburne.*

II.
 Long Debates in Hopes and Fears,
 With Kisses mix'd between,
 With a Song he char'd his Ears;
 How Minds have alter'd been,
 Finding his Love grown stronger,
 For fear of staying longer;
 Cry'd, Good now, pray now,
 If you love me let me go,
 For fear you change my Mind,
 And leave my Heart behind.

Though the Pride of my Passion fair *Silvia* be-trays, and frowns at the

Love I im-part; though kindly her Eyes twilt a-mo-rous Rays to tye a more for-tunate

Heart, yet her Charms are so great I'll be hold in my pain; his Heart is too tender, too

tender, that's struck with Disdain.

Mr. Tho. Emerson.

Still my Heart is so join'd to my passionate Eyes,
 It dissolves with delight while I gaze;
 And he that loves on, though *Silvia* denies,
 His Love but his Duty obeys;
 I no more can restrain fier' Neglects to pursue,
 Than the force, she force;
 Of her Beauty, can I cease to adore.

Earth breeds Care; Love, Hope and Fear; what does Love of

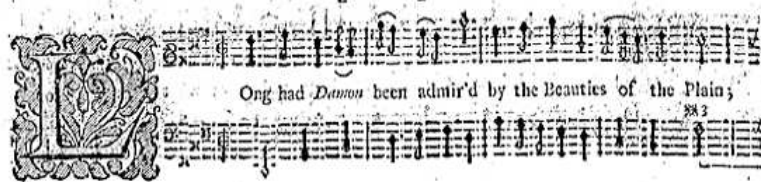
Dus-ness here? while *Bacchus* mer-ry does ap-pear, fight on and fear no sinking,

Charge it brisk-ly to the brig, 'till the fly-ing Top-falls swim. We owe the great Dis-

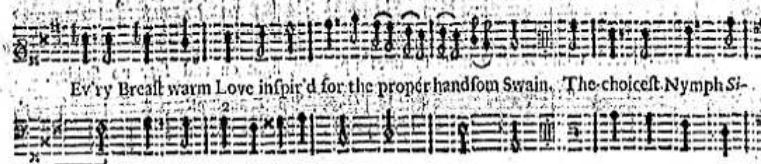
covery to him of this New World of Drinking.

Mr. Fishburne.

II.
 Grave Cabals that States refine,
 Mingle their Debates with Wine;
 Ceres and the Gods the Vine
 Makes er'ry great Commander
 Let sober Sops, such been tub'd, and supped
 The Wife and Yarrant in the downy bed
 The Stagn'ing, like the downy bed
 Be drunk with *Bacchus* and his
 Stand to your Arms, and now advance
 A Health to the English King of France;
 On to the next, a *Bacchus* and his
 By *Bacchus* and his
 Thus in state I lead the Van of your march
 Fall in your place by your right hand Man;
 Beat Drum, now March, Dub a dub, ron dan;
 He's a *Bacchus* that you may follow him



Long had *Damon* been admir'd by the Beauties of the Plain,



Ev'ry Breath warm Love inspir'd for the proper handfom Swain. The choicest Nymph Si-



ci--lia bred was won by his resisterless Charms; soft Looks, and Verbe as smooth, had led and



left the Captive in his Arms.

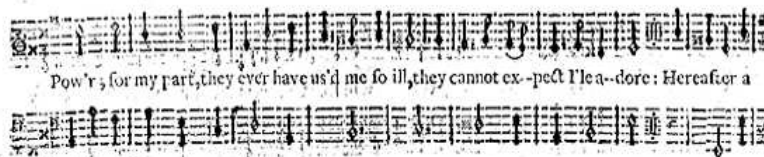
Mr. Fishburne.

But our *Damon's* Soul aspires
To a Goddess of his Race,
Though he lies with chaster Fires,
This his Glories does deface.
The fatal News too sooper blown
In Whispers up the Chestnut Row,
The God *Sylvanus* with a Frown
Blasts all the Laurels on his Brow.
Swains be wise, and check Desires
In its soaring, when you'd woo:
Damon may in Love's return
The *Shepherds* and *Lovers* too,
When shepherds to ambitious are,
And court *Astrea* on a Throne,
Like to the shooting of a Star
They fall, and thus their Shining's gone.

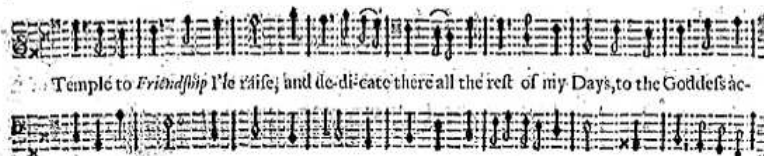
c. 1



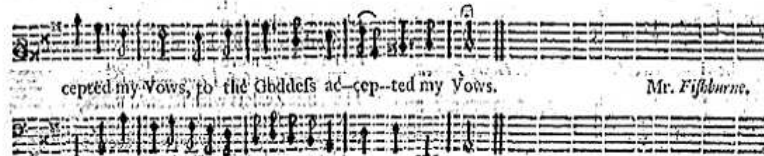
Hough *Fortune* and *Love* may be De-i-ties still, to those they oblige by their



Pow'r; for my part, they ever have us'd me so ill, they cannot ex-pect I'll a-dore: Hereafter a



Temple to *Friendship* I'll raise, and de-dicate there all the rest of my Days, to the Goddess ac-



cepted my Vows, to the Goddess ac-cepted my Vows.

Mr. Fishburne.

II.

Thou perfectest Image of all things divine,
Bright Center of endless Desires,
May the Glory be yours, and the Services mine,
When I light at your Altars the Fires?
I offer a Heart his Devotion so pure,
It would for your Service all Torments endure,
Might you but have all things you wish,
Might you, &c.

III.

But yet the Goddess of Fools to despise,
I find I am too much in her pow'r;
She makes me go where 'tis in vain to be wise,
In absence of her I adore:
If Love then undoes me before I get back,
I still with Resignment receive the Attack,
Of languish away in despair,
Or languish, &c.

E

He himself courts his own ru-in, that with too great pas-sion sues 'em:

When Men whine too much in wooing, Women will like Cocquets use 'em: Some by this way

of addressing have the Sex so far transported, that they'l fool away the blessing for the pride of

be-ing courted. *Mr. Henry Purcell.*

II.
 Jilt and smile when we adore 'em,
 While some Blockhead buys the Favour,
 Presents have more power o're 'em
 Than all our soft Love and Labour.
 Thus, like Zealots, with scrow'd Faces,
 We our fooling make the greatest,
 While we can't long-winded Graces
 Others they fall to the Creature.

Would you be a Man in Fashion? would you lead a Life divine? Take a

lit-tle dram of Passion, a lit-tle dram of Passion, in a lusty Dose of Wine; if the

Nymph has no compassion, vain it is to sigh and groan. Love was but put in for fashion, Wine will

do the work a-lone. *Capt. Pack.*

By sha-dy Woods and purling Streams I spend my life in pleasing

Dreams, and would not for the World be thought to change my false do-sightful thought:

For who, a-las! can hap-py be that does the Truth of all things see? For who, a-las! can

hap-py be that does the Truth of all things see? *Mr. Robert King.*

Come, let me be your Slave, since 'twas cre-ated by you, you

are the fatal occasion, be not the punisher too: If it be a crime to a-dore you, you should con-

...deal be, since all that do come but be-fore you, needs must of-fer like me. Make not your

...ty a stranger, there where such Vir-tue does appear; I should not fear so much dan-ger

Were you but as kind as fair: But if you knew how much I prize you, would it not your favour

move? Plain Justice it self will advise you, still, still to pay Love for Love. *See Davanore.*

May the Ambitious Pleasure find in Crowds and empty Noise, while gentle

Love does fill my Mind with si-lent re--al Joys; with si-lent re--al Joys. Let Knave and

Fool grow rich and cru-el, and the World think 'em wise, while I lye dy-ing at her

Feet, and all, and all that World despise. Let conqu'ring Kings new Tro-phies

raise, and melt in Court-delights; her Eyes can give me brighter Days, her Arms much

for-ter Nights.

Mr. Robert King.

Cease lovely *Strepson*, cease to charm; useles, alas! is all this Art;

It's needles you should strongly arm, to take a too too willing Heart: I hid my weakness

all I could, and chid my prat-ling tell-tale Eyes, for fear the ca-se Conquest should

take from the Va-lue of the Prize. Sen. *Damasene*.

II.
But, oh! the unruly Passion grew
So fast, it could not be conceal'd,
And soon alas! I found to you
I must without Conditions yield.
Though you have thus surpriz'd my Heart,
Yet use it kindly, for you know,
It's not a gallant Victor's part
To insult o're a vanquish'd Foe.

You happy Youths, whose Hearts are free from Love's Imperial

Chain, henceforth be warn'd and taught by me, and taught by me to avoid th'enchanting

pain. Fa-tal the Wolves to trembling Flocks, sharp Winds to Blossoms prove: To

careles's Stamen, hid-den Rocks; to Humane Quiet, Love. Sen. *Damasene*.

II.
Fly the fair Sex, if Bliss you prize,
The Snake's beneath the Flow'r:
Whoever gaz'd on Beauties Eyes,
That tasted quiet more?
The Kind with restless Jealousie,
The Cruel fill with Care;
With baser Falshood those betray,
These kill us with Despair.

When base Fame o're all the Plain *Pe-sinda's* Praises ring, and on their oar-ten

Pipes each Swain her matchles's Beauty sung; the envious Nymphs were forc'd to yield she

had the sweetest Face: No e-mu-lous disputes were held, but for the second place.

III.
Young Coridon, whose stubborn Heart no Beauty e're could move,
But snail'd at *Cupid's* Bow and Dart, and brav'd the God of Love,
Would view this Nymph, and pleas'd at first such silent Charms to see,
With wonder gaz'd, then sigh'd; and curs'd his Curiosity.

W hat art thou Love? whence are those Charms, that thus thou bear'st a

u-ni-verfal Rule? For thee the Soldier quits his Arms, the King turns Slave, the Wifeman turns

Fool. In vain we chafe thee from the field; and with cool thoughts refitt thy yoke, next tide of

blood, alafs! we yield, and all thofe high Refolves are broke. Can we e're hope thou fhould'ft be

true, whom we have found fo often bafe? couzen'd and cheated; ftill we view and fawn upon the

trecherous Face; In vain, in vain, in vain our Nature we accufe, and doat becaufe fhe fays we muft.

In vain our Nature we accufe, and doat becaufe fhe fays we muft; This for a Brute were an ex-

cufe, whofe very foul and life is luft, whofe very foul and life, whofe very foul and life is Luft.

To get our likenefs, what's that? Our likenefs is but mi-fe-ry, but mi-

fe-ry. Why fhould I toil to propagate another thing as vile, another thing as

vile a Fool as I: From Hands divine our Spirits came, and Gods that made us did infpire

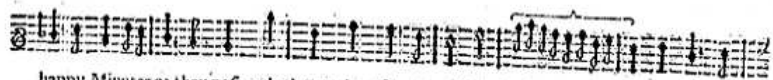
something more noble in our Frame; above the dregs of earthy Fire: From Hands divine our

Spirits came, and Gods that made us, did in-fpire something more noble in our frame

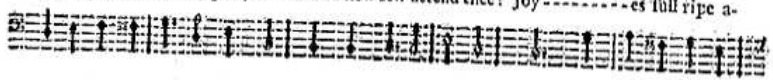
above the dregs of earthy Fire. *Sen. Raptif.*



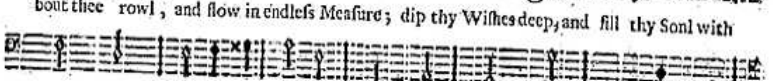
Elcome Mortal to this place, where smiling Fate did send thee, snatch thy



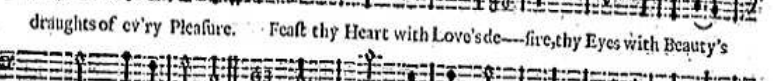
happy Minutes as they pass, who knows how few attend thee? Joy-----es full ripe a-



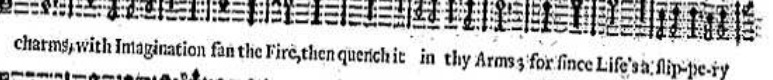
bout thee rowl, and flow in endless Measure; dip thy Wishes deep, and fill thy Soul with



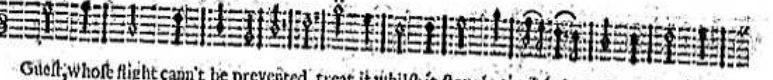
draughts of ev'ry Pleasure. Feast thy Heart with Love's de---fire, thy Eyes with Beauty's



charms, with Imagination fan the Fire, then quench it in thy Arms; for since Life's a slip-pe-ry



Guest, whose flight can't be prevented, treat it whilst it stays here with the best, and then 'twill



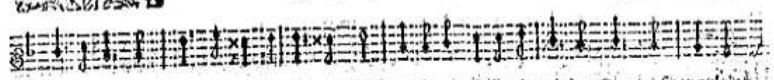
go con---ten---ted.



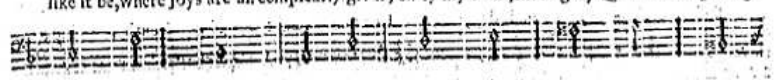
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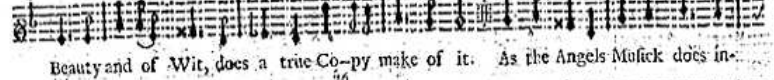
Sweet Resemblance of Heav'n no Man did ever see, nor ead a-ny thing



like it be, where Joys are all compleatly giv'n; on-ly my *Callia*, the mighty Queen of conqu'ring



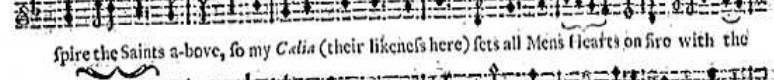
Beauty and of Wit, does a true Co-py make of it. As the Angels Musick does in-



spire the Saints a-bove, so my *Callia* (their likenes here) sets all Mens hearts on fire with the



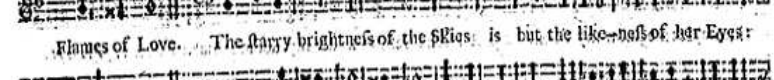
Flames of Love. The stary brightness of the Srios is but the like-ness of her Eyes:



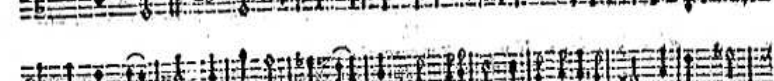
So wondrous good, so matchless fair and sweet, and all Graces so exactly meet, as if Heav-



ven were her, or she her self were it.



Sen. Danofene:



G 2

A. 2. Voc. Cantata & Basses.

ALL she does and says I weigh, my Fate I seek for in her look,

... she's my Su--dy night and day, and yet I can--not read the Book. Youth is going,

Love flies fast, ah! let me know my doom at last. Youth is go--ing, Love, flies fast,
Youth is go--ing, Love flies fast, ah! let me

Sof.
ah! let me know my doom at last: Ah! let me know my doom at last.

know, let me know my doom at last: Ah! let me know my doom at last. *Mr. GARDNER.*

II.
If my Suit can never thrive,
And my late Charms for gotten lye;
If for you I must not live,
This Hour, this Moment, let me dye:
Give more force to your Disdain,
And put the Wretched out of pain.

III.
But if my Despair must end,
And my true Love rewarded be,
If your Heart's my private Friend,
Deny no more your self and me!
Quick to my Embraces run, 'till now
Heav'n can never come too soon.

A SONG in the CITY HEIRESESSES.

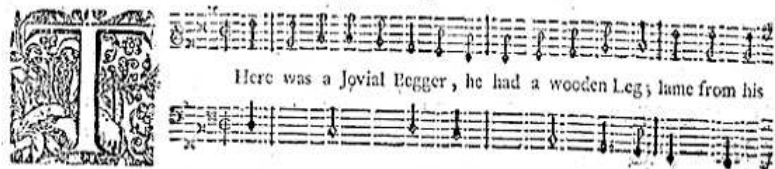
If Jen--ny gin your Eyes do kill, you'l let me tell my pain; gud

Faith, I lov'd a--gainst my will, yet wad not break my Chain: Ize once was call'd a

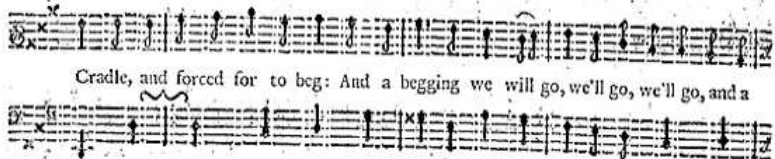
bon--ny Lad, 'till that fair Face of yours betray'd the Freedom once I had, and

all my bli--ther hours.

II.
And now wey's me, like Winter looks
My faded show'ring Eya;
And on the Banks of shaded Brooks
I pass my wearied time:
Ize call the Streams that glideth on
To witness, if they see,
On all the brink they glide along;
So true a Swain as I.



Here was a Jovial Begger, he had a wooden Leg; lame from his



Cradle, and forced for to beg: And a begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go, and a



begging we will go.

II.
A bag for his Oatmeal,
Another for his Salt;
And a pair of Crutches
To shew that he can halt.
And a begging, &c.

III.
A bag for his Wheat,
Another for his Rye;
A little Rattle by his side,
To drink when he's a-dry.
And a begging, &c.

IV.
To *Pimblico* we'll go,
Where we shall merry be;
With ev'ry Man a can in's hand,
And a Wench upon his Knee.
And a begging, &c.

V.
And when we are dispos'd
To tumble on the Grass,
We've a long patch'd Coat
To hide a pretty Lash.
And a begging, &c.

VI.
Seven Years I begg'd
For my old Master *Wid*,

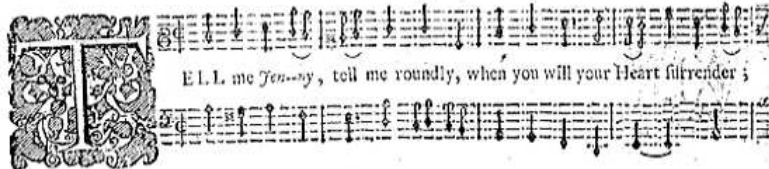
He taught me to beg
When I was a Child.
And a begging, &c.

VII.
I begg'd for my Master,
And got him store of Pelf;
But *Jesse* now be praised,
I now beg for my self.
And a begging, &c.

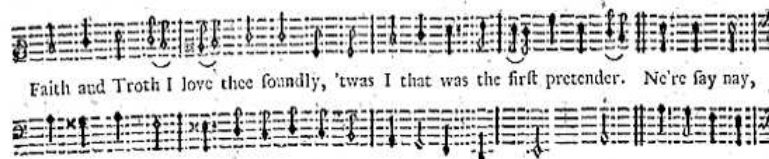
VIII.
In a hollow Tree
I live, and pay no Rent;
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.
And a begging, &c.

IX.
Of all Occupations;
A Begger lives the best;
For when he is a weary,
He'll lye him down and rest.
And a begging, &c.

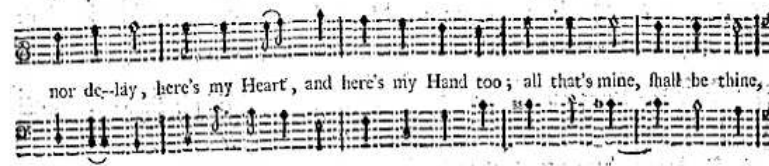
X.
I fear no Plots against me,
I live in open Cell;
Then who would be a King,
When the Beggers live so well.
And a begging, &c.



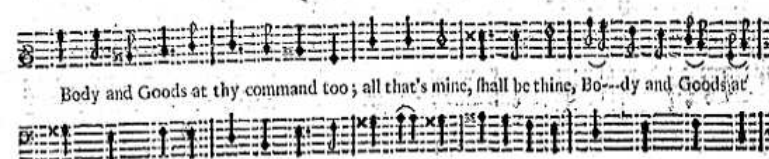
E. I. L. me *Jenny*, tell me roundly, when you will your Heart surrender;



Faith and Troth I love thee fondly, 'twas I that was the first pretender. Ne're say nay,



nor de-lay, here's my Heart, and here's my Hand too; all that's mine, shall be thine,

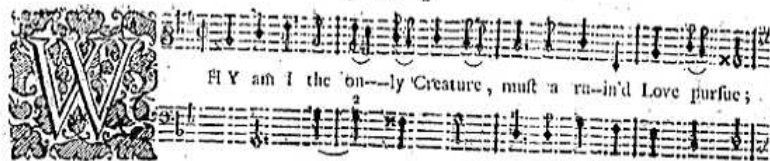


Body and Goods at thy command too; all that's mine, shall be thine, Bo---dy and Goods at

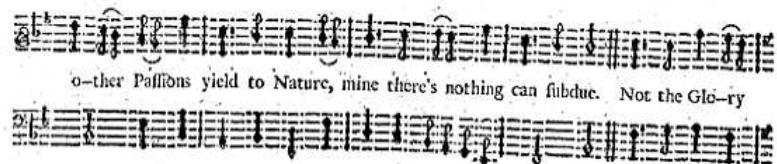


thy command too.

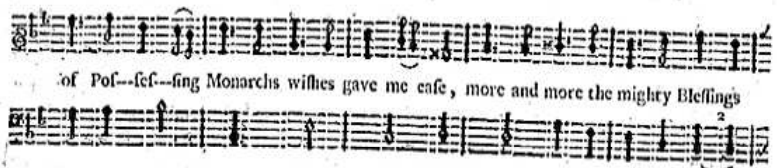
II.
Ah! how many Maids, quoth *Jenny*,
Have you promis'd to, be true to?
Eye! I think the Devil's in you,
To kiss a body so as you do!
What d'ye? let me go,
I can't abide such foolish doings,
Get you gone, naughty Man,
Eye! is this your way of Wooing!



W^HY am I the on-ly Creature, must a ra-in'd Love pursue;



o-ther Passions yield to Nature, mine there's nothing can subdue. Not the Glé-ry



of Pol-les-ting Monarchs wishes gave me ease, more and more the mighty Blessings



did my raging Pains encrease.

Mr. Fishburne.

I.

Nor could Jealousie relieve me,
Though it ever waited near;
Cloath'd in gawdy Pow'r to grieve me,
Still the Monster would appear:
That, nor Time, nor Absence neither,
Nor Despair removes my Pain;
I endure them all together,
Yet my Torments still remain.

III.

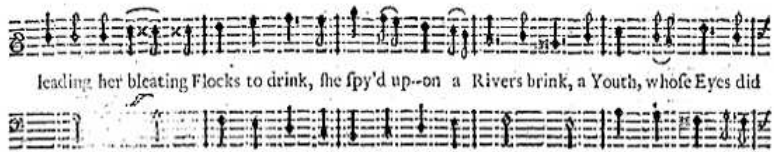
Had alone her matchless Beauty
Set my amorous Heart on fire,
Age at last would do its duty,
Fuel ceasing, Flames expire.
But her Mind immortal grows,
Makes my Love immortal too;
Nature ne'er created Faces,
Can the Charms of Souls undo.

IV.

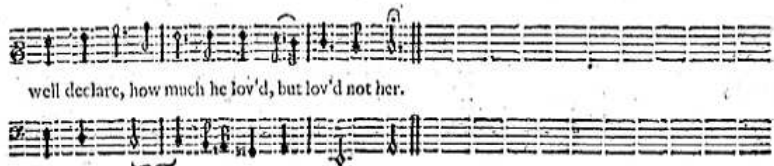
And to make my Loss the greater,
She laments it as her own;
Could she scorn me, I might hate her;
But alas! she shews me none.
Then since Fortune is my Ruine,
In Retirement I'll complain;
And in rage for my undoing,
Ne'er come in its Power again.



L^Au-rin-da, who did love disdain, for whom had languish'd many a Swain;



leading her bleating Flocks to drink, she spy'd up-on a Rivers brink, a Youth, whose Eyes did



well declare, how much he lov'd, but lov'd not her.

II.

At first she laugh'd, but gaz'd a while,
Which soon it lessen'd to a smile;
Thence to surprize and wonder came,
Her Breast to heave, her Heart to flame:
Then cry'd she out, Ah! now I prove
Thou art a God, most mighty Jove.

III.

She would have spoke, but Shame deny'd,
And bid her first consult her Pride;
But soon she found that Aid was gone,
For Jove, alas! had left her none:
Ah! now she burns! but 'tis too late,
For in his Eyes she reads her Fate.



A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Basses.

Like a Dog with a Bottle fast ty'd to his Tail, like Vermin in a

Trap, or a Thief in a Jayl; or like a To--ry in a Bog, or an Ape with a Clog:

Such is the Man, who when hemight go free, does his Li--ber--ty lose for a Ma--tri--mo--nial

Noose, and sells himself in--to Cap--ti--vi--ty. The Dog he does howl when the Bot--tle does

jog; the Vermin, the Thief, and the Tory in vain, of the Trap, of the Jayl, of the Quagmire complain.

But well fare poor Pug, for he Play--es with his Clog: And tho' he would be rid on't

rather than his Life: yet he hugs it, and he hugs it, as a Man would his Wife.

Mr. Tho. Stifford.

A. 2. Voc.

ET th'ambitious fore-high on the Wings of Renown, and mount, and

mount, like blind Birds, to come tumbling down: Let Lover's pale Face his sick Fortune de-

clare; let Trai--te--rous Statesmen the Rabble ensnare, Wine's all my Am--bi--tion, my

Love, and my Care. In Brimmers each Man shall drink Loy--al--Jy round, till his Fancy's, his

Fan--cy's i'th' Air, and him--self on the Ground. Our Hats down be--fore us for

Pillows we'll sing, where Pu--nies shall sleep whilst the A--ble do sing. All health, all

health to the Duke and the King.

SEE, see, how plea-sant-ly she lies, with croll'd Arms, and clos'd-up

Eyes, smi-ling, with a charming Grace; such In-no-cence lies in her Face, that ev'ry

time she draws her Breath, it wounds so deep, 'twill be my death. Prethee, dear An-gel I

dream of me, by Heav'n I love none more than thee; I bleed, I bleed, and soon shall dye,

Phillis! ah Phillis! hear my Cry: Death for a minute pray be gone, my Phillis sure will

hear my Moan; but if she will not, then come you, and take me hence, and Phil-lis too.

A new LOYAL SONG, made and compos'd to Musick, and sung at the great Feast of the Loyal
Gentry of the City of Westminster, in Westminster-Hall, Thursday July 19. 1683.

HARK how Noll and Bradshaw's heads a-bove us, cry, Come, come, ye

Whigs that love us; come ye faith-ful Sons, fall down, and a-dore ye your Fathers, whose

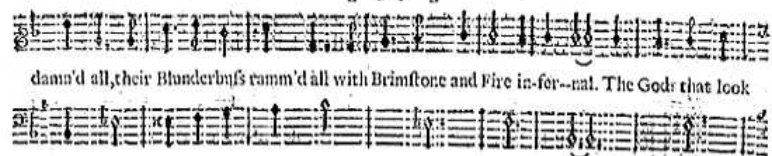
Glory was to kill Kings before ye. From Treason and Plots let your grav' heads adjourn, and give

glo-ri-ous Pi-na-cle adorn. What tho' the Scaffolds all are down here, to entertain the

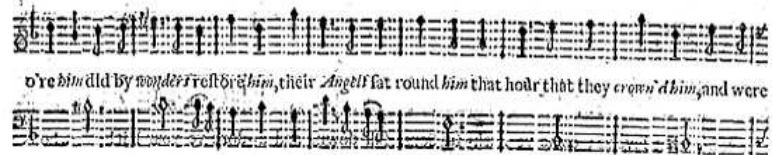
friends of the Crown here. We whose lives and whose fortunes great Charles will maintain; for

Monarchy Hates, damn'd Aso-ci-a-tions, Whigs, Bastards, and Traitors, wee I build 'em, wee I

build 'em a-gain, Let the in-fa-mous Cut-throats of Princes be sham'd all, their black Souls be



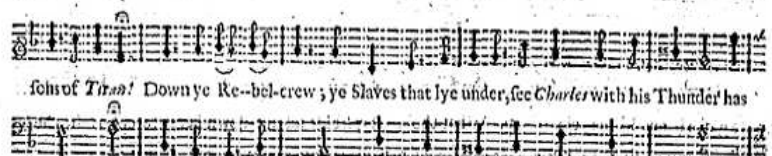
dams'd all, their Blunderbuss tamm'd all with Brimstone and Fire in-fer-nal. The Gods that look



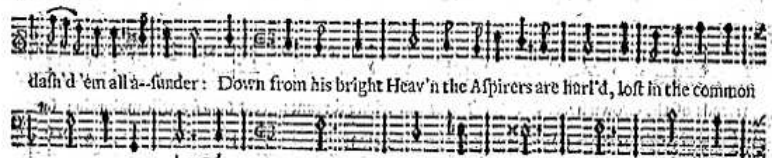
O're him dld by wonders rest b'g him, their Angels sat round him that hoar that they crown'd him, and were



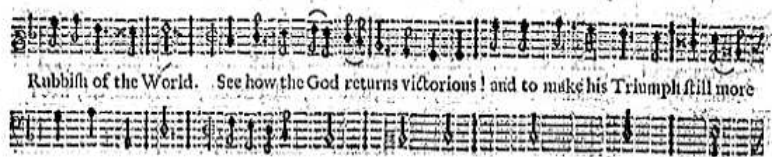
illst his Guards e-ternal. **H**ow like Jove the Monarch of Great-Britain drives the Gi-ant-



sons of *Tiras*! Down ye Re-bel-crew; ye Slaves that lye under, see *Charles* with his Thunder has



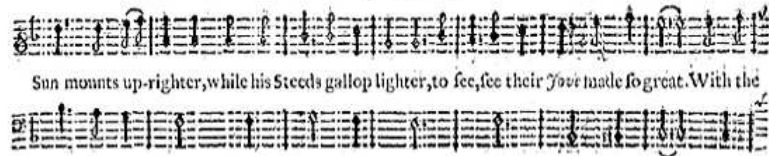
dash'd 'em all a-sunder: Down from his bright Heav'n the Aspirers are hurl'd, lost in the common



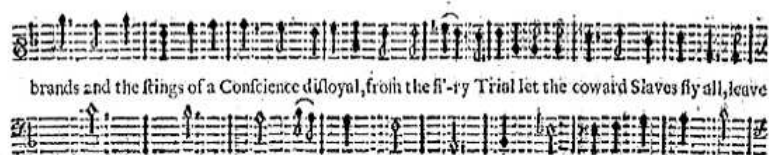
Rubbish of the World. See how the God returns victorious! and to make his Triumph still more



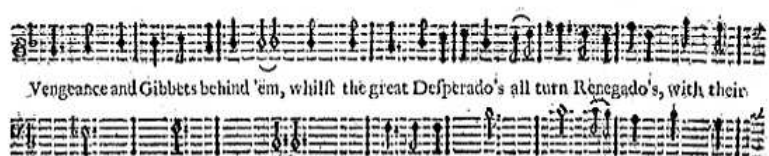
glorious, see the whole Host of Heav'n the proud Conquerour meet! The Stars burn all brighter, the



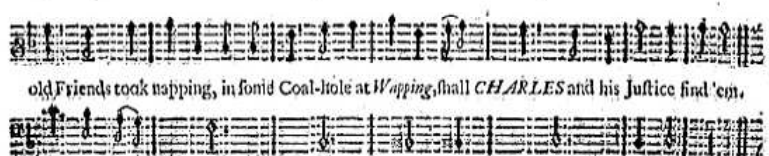
Sun mounts up-righter, while his Steeds gallop lighter, to see, see their Jove made so great. With the



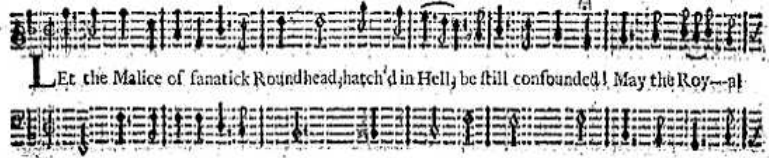
brands and the stings of a Conscience d'Uoyal, from the fi-ry Trial let the coward Slaves fly all, leave



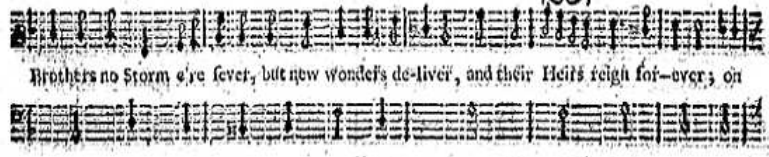
Vengeance and Gibbets behind 'em, whilst the great Desperado's all turn Renegado's, with their



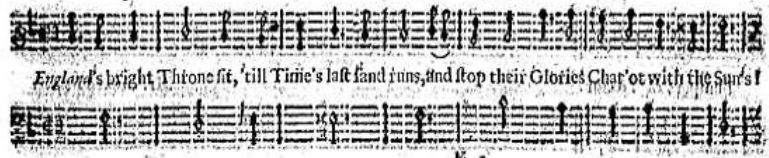
old Friends took napping, in somid Coal-hole at *Wapping*, shall *CHARLES* and his Justice find 'em,



Let the Malice of fanatic Roundhead, hatch'd in Hell, be still confounded! May the Roy--al



Brothrs no Storm e'ye sever, but new wonders de-liver, and their Heits reign for-ever; on



England's bright Throne sit, 'till Time's last sand runs, and stop their Glories Char'ot with the Sun's!

For Charles his se-cond Refloration, snatch'd from the Jaws o'th' Imps of Dam-na-tion, with

Feast-ing and Revels wee'l chear up our Souls: For the sa-fety of Caesar, in Joys and in Plea-sure wee'l

cut-run all mea-sure, 'till our hearts shall o'reflow like our bowls For a Health to great Charles let the

Goblet be crown'd there, the Huzza go round there, to the Skyes let it sound there, to the

Throne of Great Charles his Pro-te-ctour, 'till the pleas'd Gods (that see) Boys, grow as merry as

'we Boys, joyh their Sphere in the Chorus, make their whole Heav'ns our-fore and pre-cha-ise

Bumpers of Nectar.

O the Grove, gentle Love, let us be go-ing, where the kind

Spring and Wind all day are woo-ing; he with soft sigh-ing Blasts strives to o'retake her,

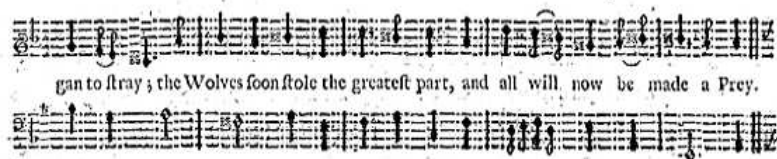
she would not, tho' she lies, have him forsake her. But in circling Rings returning,

and in pur-ling Whis-pers mourning; she swells and pants, as if she'd say,

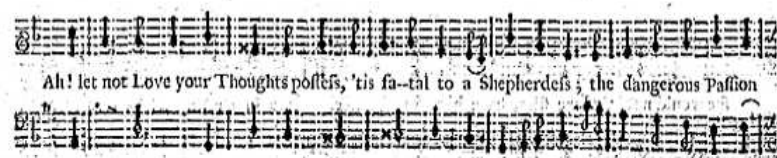
Fain I would, but dare not stay



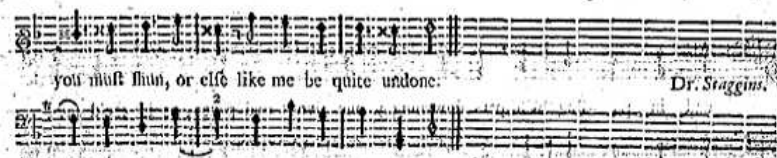
Then first *Ad-mir-tu* charm'd my Heart, the heedless Sheep be-



gan to stray; the Wolves soon stole the greatest part, and all will now be made a Prey.

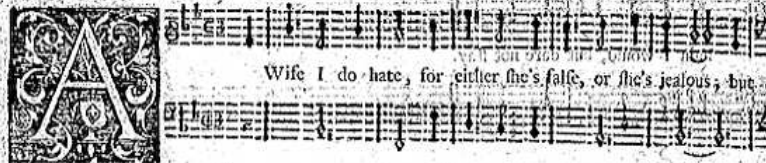


Ah! let not Love your Thoughts possess, 'tis fa-tal to a Shepherd's; the dangerous Passion

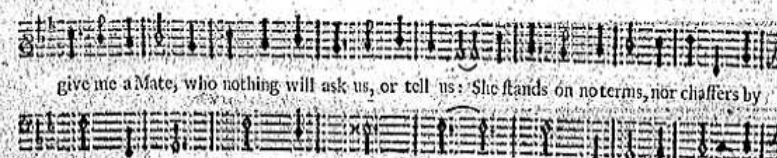


you must shun, or else like me be quite undone.

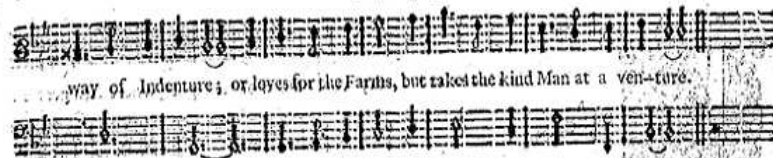
Dr. Staggins.



Wife I do hate, for either she's false, or she's jealous, but



give me a Mate, who nothing will ask us, or tell us: She stands on no terms, nor chaffers by

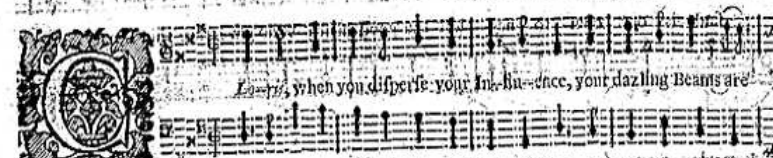


way of Adventure; or loves for the Farms, but takes the kind Man at a ven-ture.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

II.

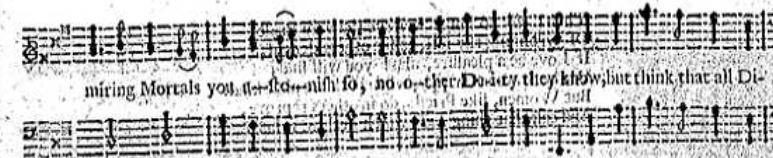
If all prove not right,
Without an Act, Process or warning,
From Wife for a night,
You may be divorce'd the next morning,
Where Parents are Slaves,
Their Brats can't be any other;
Great Wits and great Braves
Have always a Punk to their Mother.



Love, when you disperse your In-flu-ence, your dazzling Beams are

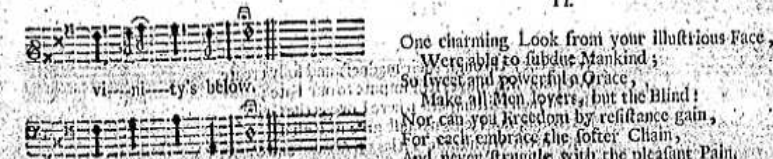


quick and clear, you so surprize and wound the Sense, so bright a Miracle you appear: Ad-



miring Mortals you de-ceive, with so, no o-ther Do-ctry they know, but think that all De-

II.



One charming Look from your illustrious Face,
Were able to subdue Mankind;
So sweet and powerful a Grace,
Make all Men lovers, but the Blind!
Nor can you Freedom by resistance gain,
For each embrace the softer Chain,
And never struggle with the pleasant Pain.

Fair *Celia* too fondly contemns those Delights, wherewith gentle

Nature hath soften'd the Nights; if she be so kind to present us with Pow'r, the

fault is our own to neg-lect the good hour: Who gave thee this Beauty, or-

dain'd thou should'st be, as kind to thy Slaves, as the Gods were to thee,

II.

Then *Celia* no longer reserve the vain Bride,
 Of wronging thy self, to see others deny'd;
 If Love be a pleasure, alas! you will find,
 We both are not happy, when both are most kind.
 But Women, like Priests, do in others reprove,
 And call that thing *Love*, which in them is but *Love*.

III.

What they through their madness and folly create,
 We poor silly Slaves still impute to our Fate;
 But in such Distempers where Love is the Grief,
 'Tis *Celia*, not Heaven, must give us Relief.
 Then away with those Titles of *Honour* and *Caufe*,
 Which first made us sin, by first giving us Laws.

Lik'd, but never lov'd, be-fore I saw that charming Face; now

ev'ry Feature I adore, and doat on ev'ry Grace: She ne'er shall know that kind desire, which

her cold Looks denies; un-less my Heart that's all on fire, should sparkle through my

Eyes. Then if no gentle Glance return a si-lent Leave to speak, my Heart which would for

e-ver burn, a-las! must sigh and break.

Mr. William Turner

LET business no longer usurp your high mind; but to Dalliance give

way, and to Pleasure be kind; let business to morrow, to morrow employ, but to day the short

Blessings let's closely enjoy. Let's frolic below 'till they hear us a-bove, to *Caesar* well

II.
From business we'll ramble like Bridegrooms unbrac'd,
And subsist on Pleasures which others but taste:
We'll laugh 'till we weep on the Breasts of the Fair,
And Tears that are shed shall the trespasss repair.
Then study below to act those above,
Who never repent, but are always in love.

Dr. Strickland.

HOW happy and free is the re-solute Swain, that demes to sub-

mit to the Yoke of the Fair; free from excesses of Pleasure and Pain, neither daz'd with

hope, or depress with despair: He's safe from disturbance, and calmly enjoys all the pleasures of

II.
Poor Shepherds in vain their Affections reveal,
To a Nymph that is peevish, proud, fullen, and coy;
Love, without Clamour and Noise. Vainly do Virgins their Passions conceal,
For they boyl in their Grief 'till themselves they destroy.
And thus the poor Darling lyes under a Curse,
To be check'd in the Womb, or o' relaid by the Nurse.

Mr. Richard Croone.

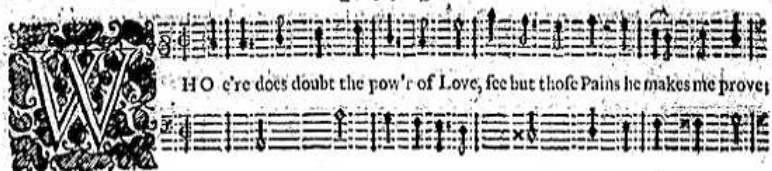
LONG was the day ere *Alexander*, my Lover, to finish my Hopes would his

Passion re-veal; he could not speak, nor I could not dis-co-ver, what my poor aking

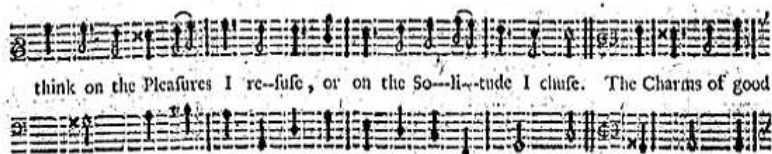
Heart was so loth to conceal: 'Till the strength of his Passion his Year had remov'd, then we

II.
Gloves for Umbrella's did kindly o'reshade us
From *Phoebe* hot Rages, who like Envy had illove;
mutually talk'd, and we mutually lov'd. Had not kind Fate this Provision made us, (Love:
All the Nymphs of the Air would have envy'd our
But we stand below Envy, that ill-natur'd Fate,
And above cruel Scorn is our happy Estate.

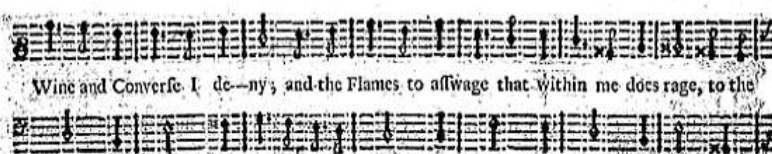
Mr. William Turner.



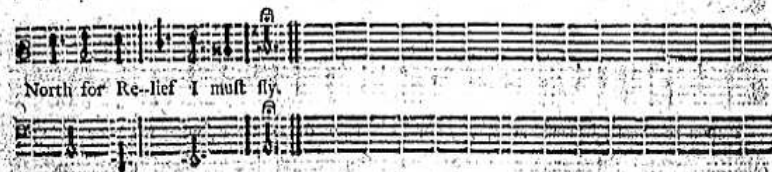
HO e're does doubt the pow'r of Love, see but those Pains he makes me prove;



think on the Pleasures I re-sufe, or on the So-li-tude I chuse. The Charms of good



Wine and Converse I de-ny; and the Flames to assuage that within me does rage, to the



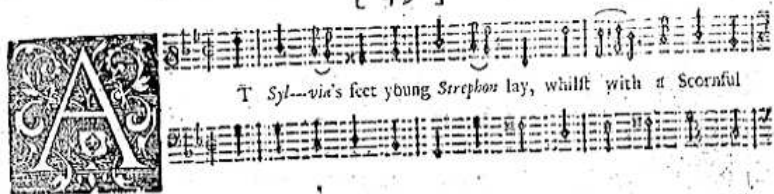
North for Re-lief I must fly.

II.

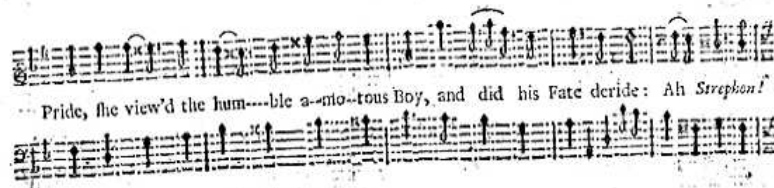
That vigorous Climate shall I find
More mild than this I leave behind;
The Snowy Breast from which I part;
Her never-thawing Icy Heart,
Has still so injur'd me to Cold and Disdain,
That I never shall fear
The Storms that are there,
The North yields not half so much pain.

III.

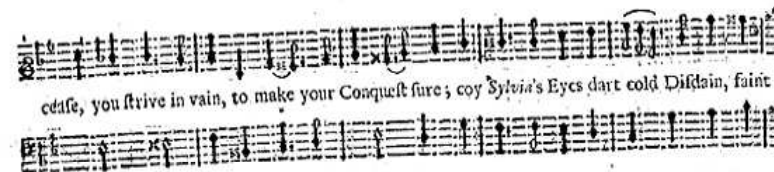
But since her Beauty has impress
Her Image firmly in my Breast,
Tis vain to leave her, unless I
From my own self knew how to fly.
Yet since in the West she her Thousands hath slain,
Her Empire shall be
Enlarged by me,
In the North *Dorothy* shall Reign.



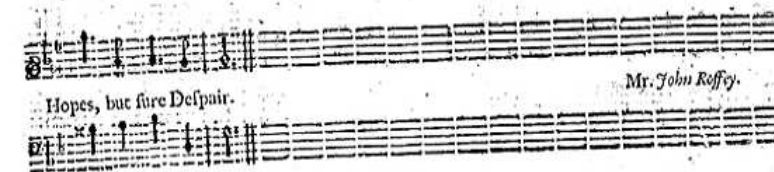
T Syl-via's feet young Strephon lay, whilst with a Scornful



Pride, she view'd the hum-ble a-mo-tous Boy, and did his Fate deride: Ah Strephon!



cease, you strive in vain, to make your Conquest sure; coy Sylvia's Eyes dart cold Disdain, faint



Hopes, but sure Despair.

Mr. John Roffey.

Tears lose their Virtue, when address,
To thaw her frozen Heart;
Tears dropp'd on Sylvia's Icy Breast,
To Chrytal strait convert.

Then gentle Strephon seek no more,
What thou shalt never find;
Thy fruitless Passion give o're,
And love a Nymph more kind:

One that shall all thy Joys compleat,
And Happiness secure;
When both with equal Flame shall meet,
Such noble Loves endure.

[Sing these four
Lines to the
last part of
the Tune.]

A LOYAL Song.

Like Quires of Angels we'll Loy--al--ly sing, whil't Heav'n loves the

Musick, God prosper the King; and all his true Sub--jects with us will a--gree, none

e're in a Prince were so happy, so happy, so hap--py as we. Pay him the best Homage that

People e're gave, make him Lord of your Hearts, and all that you have; For Charles rules the

Kingdom by the ve--ry same Right, that the Sun rules the Day, and the Moon rules the Night.

Mr. Francis Forcer.

I I.
Phanatics be damn'd, who Succession out-face,
And tell us, Dominion is founded in Grace;
With *Julian* and *Plato*, and all their Decrees,
Who set up new Princes when ever they please:
But long live the King for to triumph o're those,
Who the Laws of the Crown or Land do oppose;
And when our great Monarch to Heav'n must be gone,
May the rightful Successor then sit on his Throne.

III.
When Rebels their Oaths of Allegiance forsook,
And did wait for the Blood of the King & the Duke;
The Stars in their Courses appear'd for the Crown,
And Legions of Angels did guard them to Town:

And tho' Whigs in Cabals do daily combine,
The Birds of the Air will reveal the design;
And lawful Succession just Heav'n shall secure,
As long as the Sun and the Moon do endure.
IV.
Heb'ard the People, when Heav'n does Espouse
The Cause of the King, and establish his House;
No Cant of Phanatic, or Commonwealth Zeal,
Can ever prevail by a Whiggish Appeal;
But Charles must for ever the Scepter command,
Which the Powers above have repos'd in his hand;
And we unto Heav'n will our Gratitude pay, (day
And make his whole Reign a long Thanksgiving.

A new Song in the late reviv'd Play, call'd, Valentinian.

Here would coy A--mb--ro--sia run, from a de--spai--ring Lo--vers story?

when her Eyes have Conquest won, why should her Ear re--fusè the Glory? Si all a Slave, whom

Racks constrain, be forbidden to complain? Let her scorn me, let her fly me, let her look her

Love de--ny me, ne're shall my Heart yield to Despair, or my Tongue cease to tell my Care;

or my Tongue cease to tell my Care. Much to love, and much to pray, is to Heav'n the

on--ly way.

TELL me ye Si-cilian Swains, why this mour-ning O're your Plains?

Where's your u-sual Me-lo-dy? Why are all your Shepherds mad? And your Shepher-

des sad? What can the migh-ty mea-ning be? *Sylvia* the Glo-ry of our
Sylvia the Glo-ry, &c.

Plains, *Sylvia* the Love of all our Swains, that blest us with her Smiles; where ev'ry Shepherd

had a Heart, and ev'ry Shep-her-des a part, lights our Gods, and

leaves our Life, lights our Gods, and leaves our Life.

And. For. Cantus & Bass.

When gay Phi-lan-der left the Plain, the love, the life of ev'ry Swain, his

Pipe the mourn-ful Stre-phon took; by some sad Bank and mur-m'ring Brook, whilst

list'ning Flocks forsook their Food, and me-Jan-cho-ly by him stood; on the cold ground him-

self he laid, and thus the mournful Shepherd play'd. *Mr. Henry Purcell.*

II.

Farewell to all that's bright and gay,
 No more glad Light and cheating Day;
 No more the Sun will gild our Plain,
 'Till the lost Youth return again:
 Then every pensive Heart that now
 With mournful Willow shades his Brow,
 Shall crown'd with cheerful Garland's sing,
 And all shall seem Eternal Spring.

III.

Say, mighty Pan, if you did know,
 Say all ye rural Gods below,
 Mought all Youths that grac'd your Plain,
 So gay, so beautiful a Swain;
 In whose sweet Air and charming Voyle,
 Our list'ning Swains did all rejoyce;
 Him only, O ye Gods, restore,
 Your Nymphs and Shepherds ask no more.

Against LOVE.

HOW happy's that Mortal whose Heart is his own, and for his own quiet's be-

Eecho. *Eecho.*

holding to none, beholding to none, to none; that to Love's Enchantments ne're lendeth an

Eecho. *Eecho.*

Ear, which a frown or a smile can e-qual-ly bear, can e-qual-ly bear, can bear: Nor on

Soft

ev'ry frail Beauty still fixes an Eye, but from those sly Felons doth prudently fly, doth

Eecho.

pru- dently, prudently fly, doth fly; for the Heart that still wanders is pounded at

Eecho. *Eecho.*

last, and 'tis hard to relieve it when once it is fast, when once it is fast, is fast.

Mr. Tho. Kingfley.

II.
By sporting with Dangers still longer and longer,
The Fetters and Chains of the Captive grow Iron;
He drills on his Evil, then curses his Fate, (Oger)
And bewails those Misfortunes himself did create:
Like an empty Camelion he lives on the Air,
And all the day lingers 'twixt Hope and Despair:
Like a Fly in the Candle he sports, and he games,
'Till, a Victim to Folly, he dies in the Flames.
III.
If Love, so much talk'd of, a Heresy be,
Of all it enslaves, few true Converts we see;
If lecturing and huffing would once do the feat,
There's few that would fall of a Vict'ry compleat:

But with Gales to come off, and the Tyrant subdue,
Is an Art that is hitherto practis'd by few:
How easie is Freedom once had to maintain;
But Liberty lost is as hard to regain.

IV.
This driv'ling and sniv'ling, and chiming in parts,
This whining and pining, and breaking of Hearts;
All pensive and silent in corners to sit,
Are pretty fire Palliums for those that want wit:
When this Passion in fashion doth so far abuse 'em,
It were good the State should for Pendulums use 'em:
For if Reason it seize on, and make it give o're,
No labour can save, or relieve 't any more.

On MARRIAGE.

HE that is resolv'd to wed, and be by th' Nose by Woman led, let

him consider 't well e're he be sped; for that lewd Instrument, a Wife, if that she be on-

T. *Soft.*

clin'd to strife, will find a Man shrill Musick all his life, will find a Man shrill Musick all his life.

Mr. Tho. Kingfley.

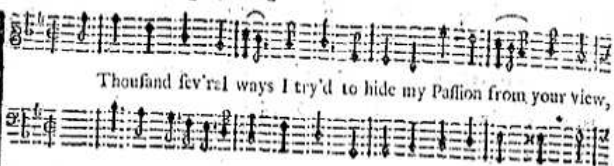
II.
If he approach her when she's next,
Nearer than the Parson does his Text,
He's sure to have enough of what comes next;
And by our Grammar Rules we see,
Two different Genders can't agree,
Nor without Solecismus connected be. |||

Is a good School, in which Man's Vein's tried;
And this convenience Woman brings,
That when her angry mood begins,
The Husband never wants a sight of 's Sins. |||

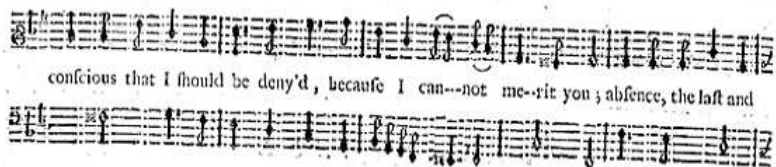
III.
Yet this by none can be denied,
That Wedlock, or 'tis much belied,

IV.
If he by chance offend the least,
His Penance shall be well increas'd,
She'll make him keep a Vigil without a Feast;
And when's Confession he is framing,
She will not fail to make's Examen,
He has nothing else to do, but to say Amen. |||

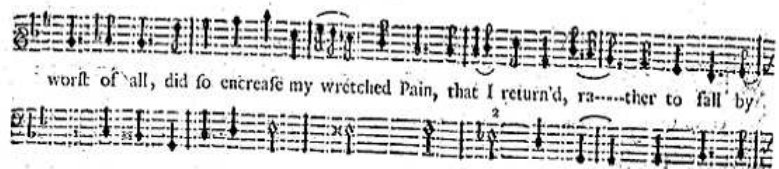
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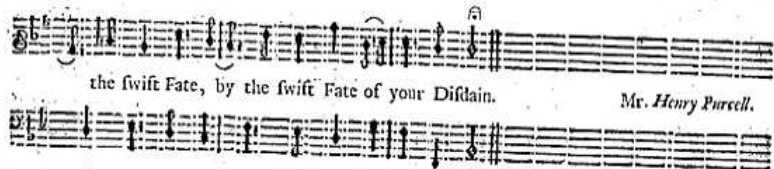
Thousand sev'ral ways I try'd to hide my Passion from your view,



conscious that I should be deny'd, because I can--not me-rit you; absence, the last and

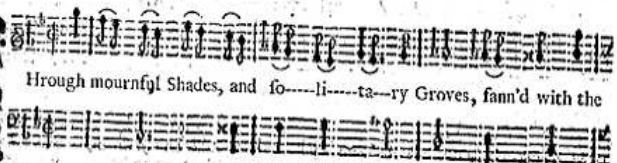


worst of all, did so encrease my wretched Pain, that I return'd, ra--ther to fall by

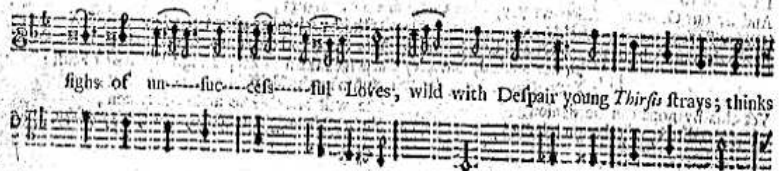


the swift Fate, by the swift Fate of your Distain.

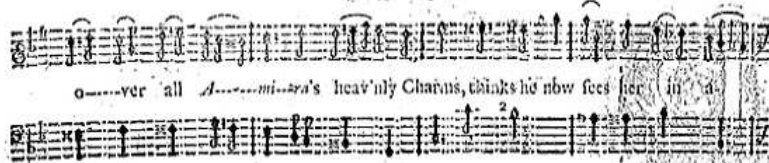
Mr. Henry Purcell.



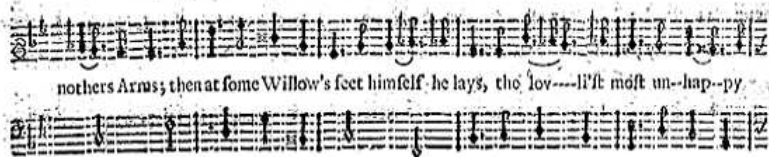
Hrough mournful Shades, and so--li--ta--ry Groves, fann'd with the



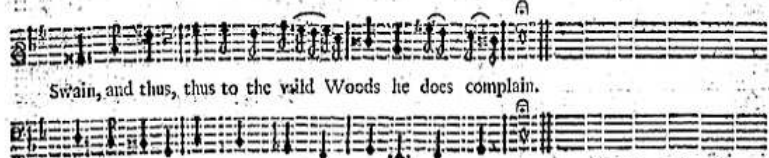
sighs of un--suc--cess--ful Loves, wild with Despair young *Thirsis* strays; thinks



o--ver all *A--mi--ra's* heav'nly Charms, thinks he now sees her in a



nothers Arms; then at some Willow's feet himself, he lays, the lov--l'st most un--hap--py



Swain, and thus, thus to the wild Woods he does complain.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

How art thou chang'd, O *Thirsis*! since the time
That thou could'st love, and hope without a Crime;
When Nature's Pride, and Earth's Delight,
As through her shady Evening Walk she pass'd,
And a bright Day did all around her cast,
Could see (nor be offended at the sight)
The sighing, melting, wishing Swain,
That now must never dare to wish again.

III.

Riches and Titles, why should they prevail,
Where Duty, Love, and Adoration fail?
Lovely *Amira*! could'st thou prize
The empty Noise that a fine Title makes,
Or the vile Trash that with the Vulgar takes,
Before a Heart that sighs for thee, and dies?
Be not unkind, but pity the poor Swain
Your Rigour kills, not triumph o're the Slain.



LET us, kind Let-tin! give a way in soft Em-brac-

all the day; we'll laugh at what the Old report, and make their Gra-vi-ty our Sport: The

Sun sets ev'-ry night, and can rise ev'-ry day as bright again; but when once sets our

smallest Light, we then shall find it always Night; dissolv'd in Sleep, both thou and I must

e-ver Let-tin, e-ver lye

Chorus

Then let us kiss, then let us kiss, and kiss again, and give a hundred, hun-

Then let us kiss, let us kiss, and kiss again, and give a hundred, hun-

dred thousand more; let us kiss, kiss on as we began, and give us many as before.

dred thousand more; let us kiss, kiss on as we began, and give us many as before.

But lest perchance our printed Bliss some envious Ri-val should defery, we'll wipe our

But lest perchance our printed Bliss some envious Ri-val should defery, we'll wipe our

all with one more kiss, and so, so de-ceive his jea-lous Eye, and so, so deceive

all with one more kiss, and so, so de-ceive his jea-lous Eye, and so, so deceive

his jea-lous Eye.

his jea-lous Eye.

his jea-lous Eye.

his jea-lous Eye.

his jea-lous Eye.

his jea-lous Eye.

his jea-lous Eye.

Mc. Henry Purcell.

The CAUTION.

Beware, poor Shepherds! all be-ware, be-ware of Letitia's

Arts; whose ev-ery word con-tains a Snare, her Eyes a thou-sand Darts: She'll

hear and en-ter-tain your Vows, and give you hopes of Blifs; nay, fware she

loves, confirm the Oath, and seal it with a Kiss.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

But when the woful circumftances
 Proclaims the Conqueft fure,
 Too late you'll curfe the fatal Chance,
 Too foon th' effect endure;
 I that once thought my felf her Care,
 Now hopelefs muft complain;
 Learn therefore, learn to fhun the Snare,
 By thinking on my Pain.

A Dialogue between PHILANDER and the Eccho.

Philander.
Say, fay, gen-tle Eccho, dear Nymph! fay, with Love's fal-

language thou can'ft play; the laft of my Difcourfe retort, Love, once thy grief, is now thy

Eccho. *Philander.*
 Sport. Thy fport. My fport, fair Nymph? no, 'tis my pain, to love, and not till love be-

Eccho. *Philander.*
 gain. Love again? Cu-m-let thus, to excreafe my Care, is Love a Cordial for De-

Eccho. *Philander.*
 fpair? Or De-fpair. Love or De-fpair! what doft thou mean, would'ft have me fuf-fer

Eccho. *Philander.*
 both to gain? Both a gain? And what reward fhall I be had? will fair Clafs

Eecho. Philander.

fa be still un-kind? *Still unkind.* When Passion strains his Voice most high, will she like

Eecho. Philander.

thee, like thee, far—ther fly? *Far—ther fly.* Shall I in vain my sighs repeat, since

Cupid's gown so great a Cheat? Tell me, dear *Eecho!* how I may chase this in-tru-dling

Guest a-way, and break that Bow, whose Pow'r most strange, thy Substance to. a

Eecho. Philander.

Voice did change? *Change.* Ah no, my Fate I can-not fly! 'tis harder far to change than

Eecho. Philander.

Eecho. Philander.

(dye: *That dye!*) Ah! what, does this Eecho say Dye? *Ah dye!* Is this the Counsel I im-

Eecho. Philander.

plote? Hence bubbling Air, I will no more. *Ill no more.* Be ill no more? That I be-

lieve, he can't be ill that does not live. When *Titan's* weary Carr once more has trac'd his

spacious Heav'ns o're, near to this happy Fountain set, I'll call thee with my Fla-ge-let:

Eecho. *Dr. John Blow.*

Fail not to halt and know my will. *I will.*

A Pastoral Elegy on the Death of a lovely Boy.

[Words by Mr. Tho. Flatman.]



Adieu, dear A--lex--an--der, love--ly Boy!

Oh my Da--mon! oh Pale--hon! snatch'd away, to some far distant Re--gion:

gone, has left the mi--se--ra--ble Co--ri--don, bereft of all his Comforts, bereft of all his

Comforts, all a--lone. Have you not seen the gen--tle Youth, whom ev'ry

Swain did love, cheerful when ev'--ry Swain was sad, beneath the me--lan--

cho--ly Grove? His face was beauteous as the dawn of Light, broke through the gloo--my

Shades of Night. Oh my Anguish! my Delight! him, ye kind Shepherds, I be--

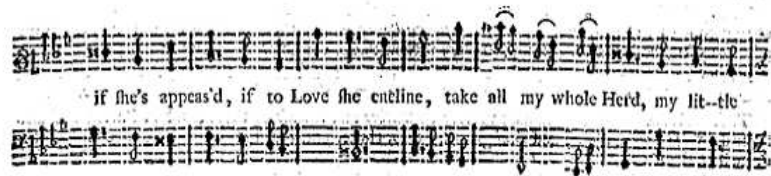
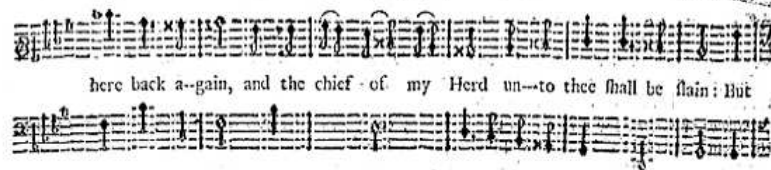
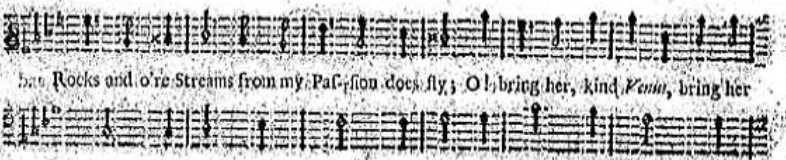
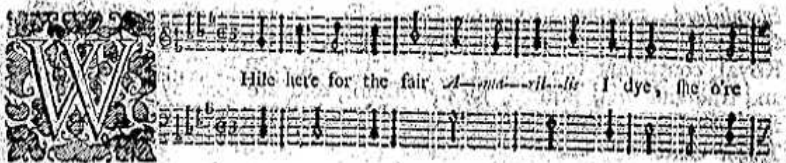
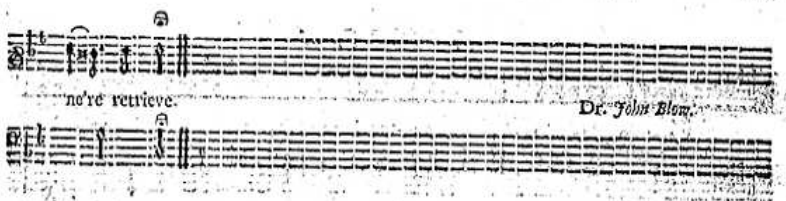
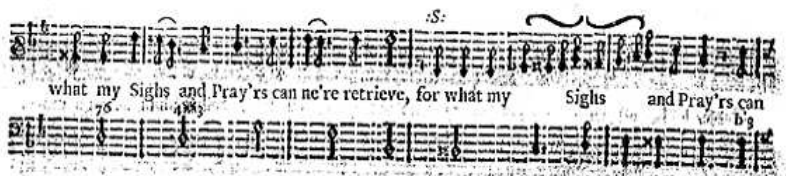
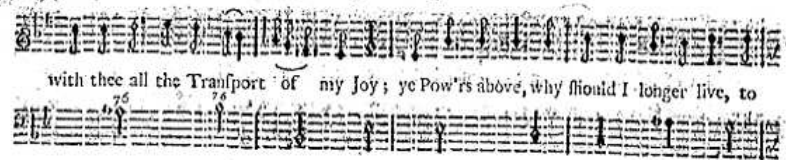
wait; till my Eyes and Heart shall fail; 'tis he that's landed on that di--stant

Shore, and you and I shall see him here no more, and you and I shall see him here no more.

Re--turn A--lex--an--der, Oh re--turn! re--turn, re--turn, in vain I

cri--e; poor Co--ri--don, can he--ver cease to mourn; thy too un--time--ly cri--e

All De--part--ing Farewel for e--ver, for e--ver, chat--ting Boy, farewel for e--ver, and



FINIS.

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