CHOICE
AYRES,
SONGS &
DIALOGUES.

Choice Ayres and Songs

1st Book – published 1676
2nd Book. —— 1679 – page 97
3rd Book. —— 1681 – p – 169
4th Book —— 1683 – p – 233
5th Book —— 1684 – p – 321

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

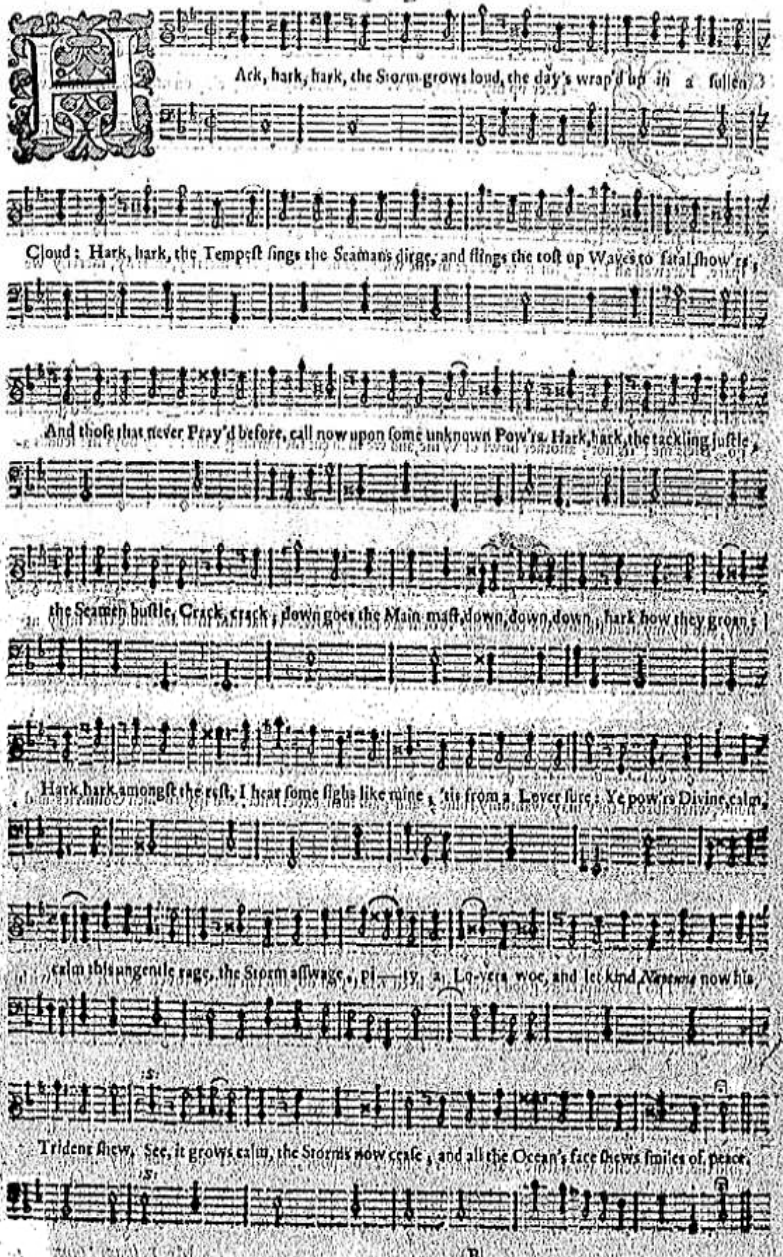
Most Hearty Servant;

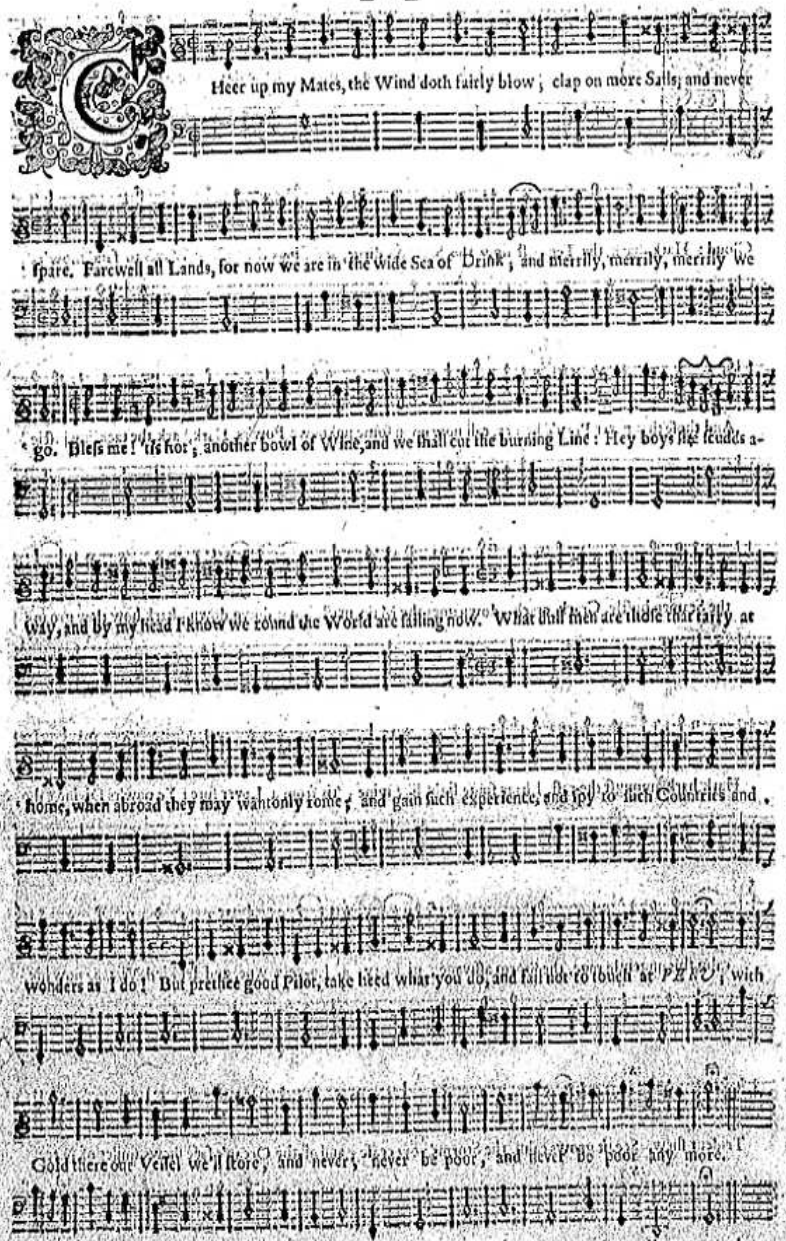
JOHN PLAYFORD.

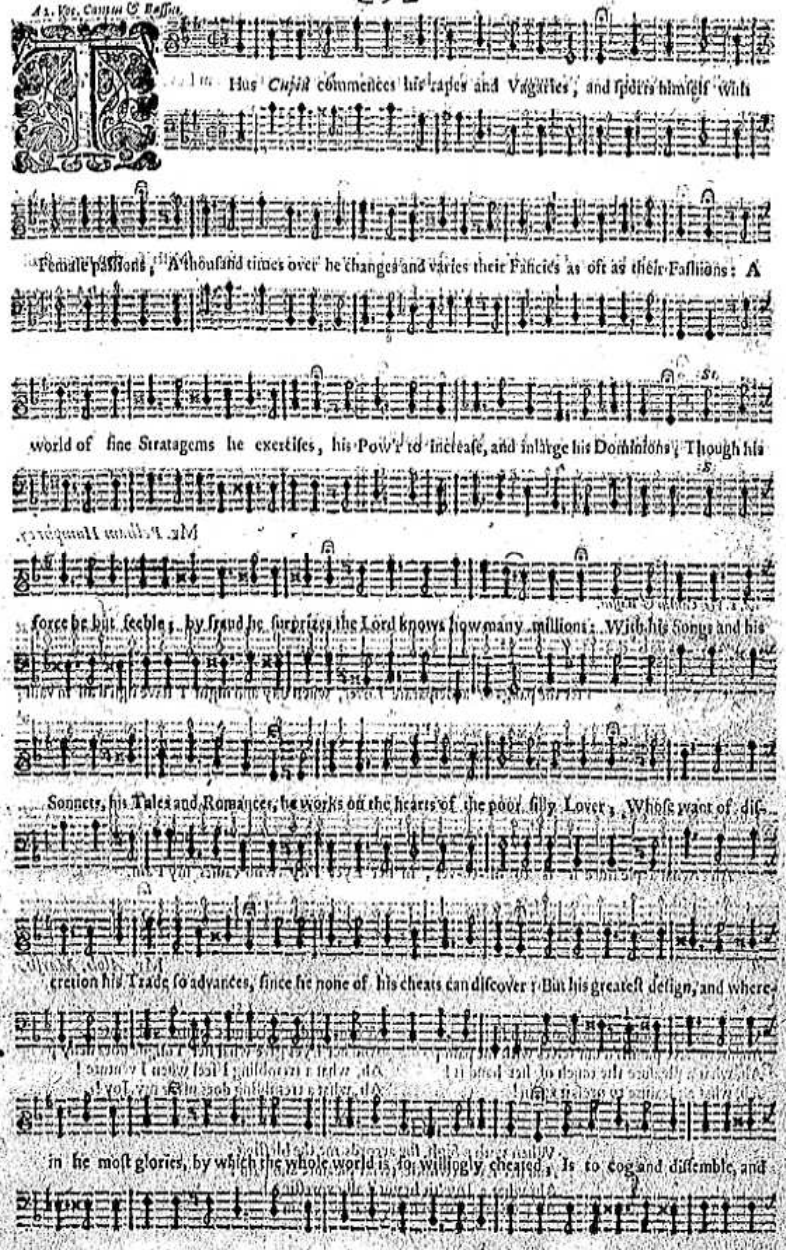
An Alphabetical Table of the *Songs* and *Dialogues* in this Book.

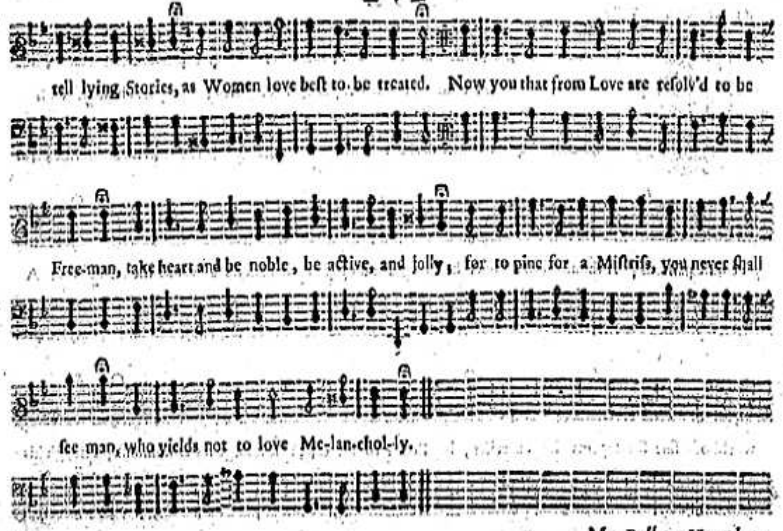
Dialogues.

IMPRIMATUR, *Roger L'strange.*



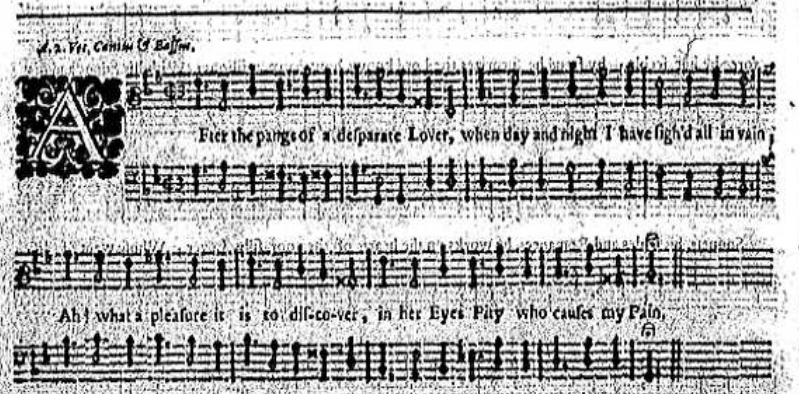

Heer up my Mates, the Wind doth fairly blow; clap on more Sails, and never
spare. Farewell all Lands, for now we are in the wide Sea of Drink; and merrily, merrily, merrily we
go. Bless me! 'tis hot; another bowl of Wine, and we shall cut the burning Line: Hey boys he scudds a-
way, and by my head I know we round the World are sailing now. What dull men are those that rarely at
home, when abroad they may wantonly rome; and gain such experience, and spy to such Countries and
wonders as I do! But prethee good Pilot, take heed what you do, and fall not to bitch at PEAK, with
Gold there our Vessel we'l store, and never, never be poor, and never be poor any more.
Mr. Pelham Humphrey.


A 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.
THus Cupid commences his rapes and Vagaries, and spoils 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 exercises, his Pow'r to increase, and inlarge 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, so willingly cheated, Is to cog and dissemble, and



Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

A 2. Vel, Cantus & Bassus.



Mr. *Alph. Marsh.*

I.

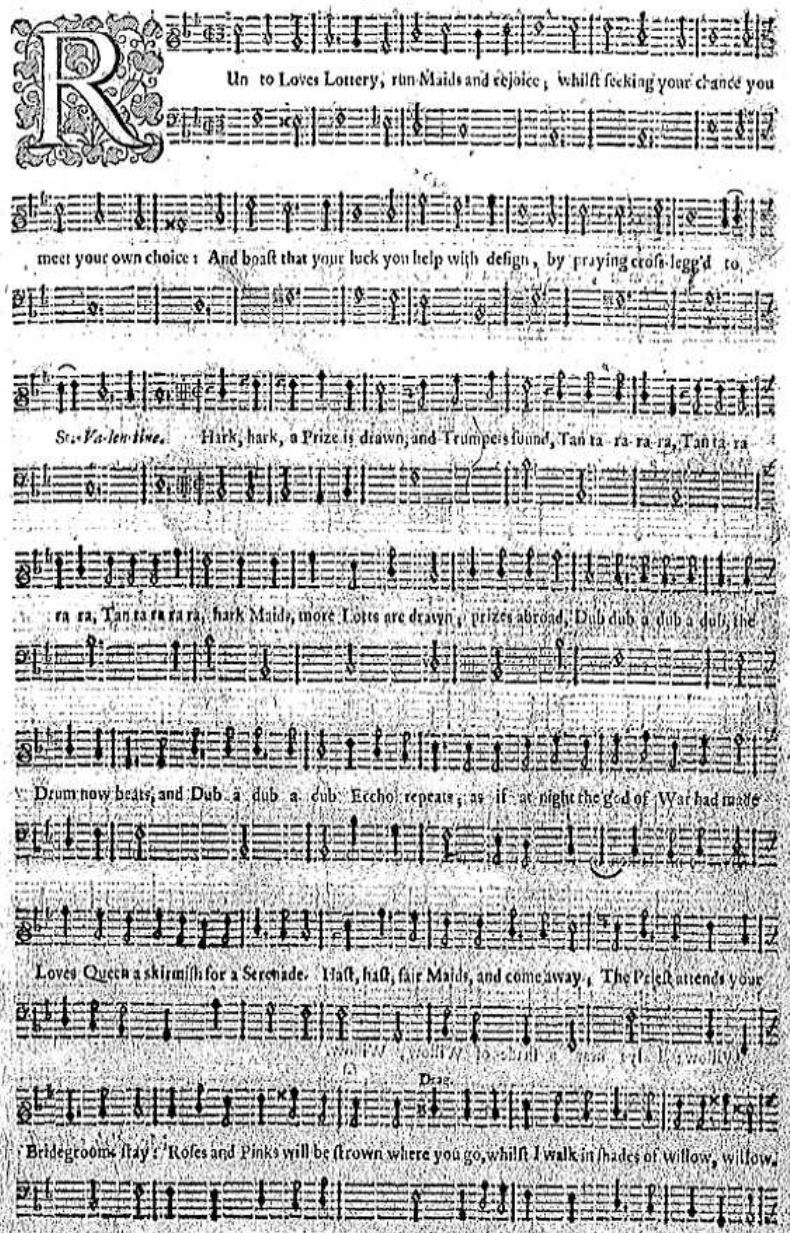
When with unkindness our Love at a stand is;
And both have punish'd our selves with the pain;
Ah, what a pleasure the touch of her hand is!
Ah, what a pleasure to press it again!

II.

When the denyal 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!

III.

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?



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'red as soon as blown:

Lovers go ring my Knell, Beauty 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. Alph. Marsh.

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

sigh, 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 mer-cy to im-

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

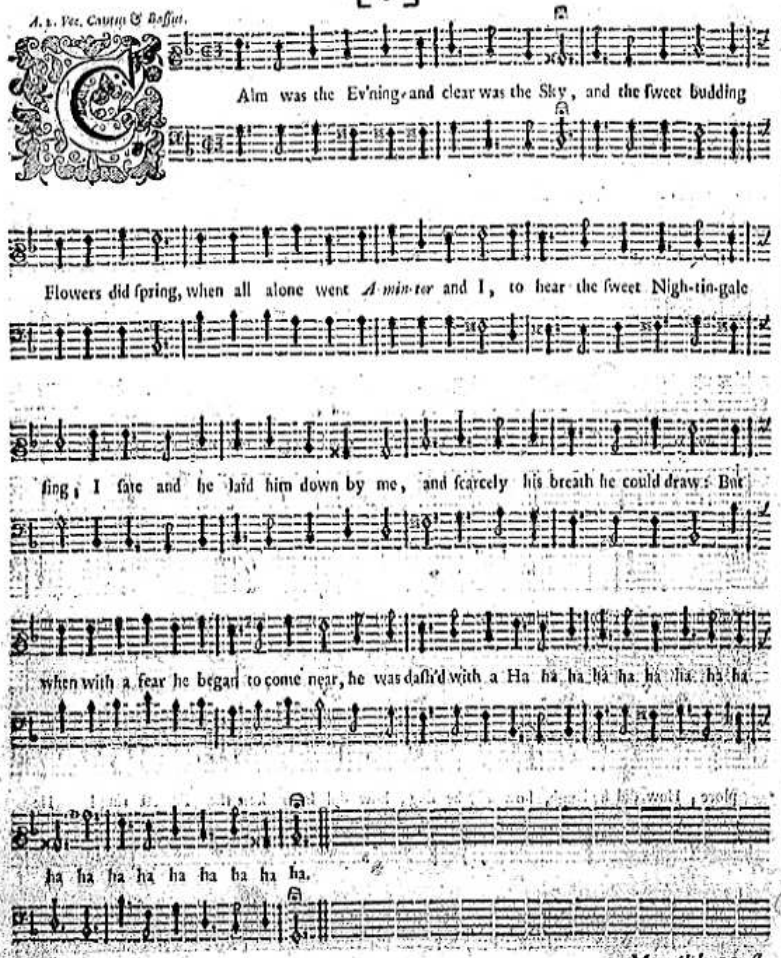
told his Conquest to the Woods, And drown his passion in the Floods: Then *Phillis*, cru-el

Phillis, less severe, would have had him, but he would none of her.

C 2

Mr. William Gregory

A. 2. Vec. Cantus & Bassus.



Mr. *Alph. Marsh.*

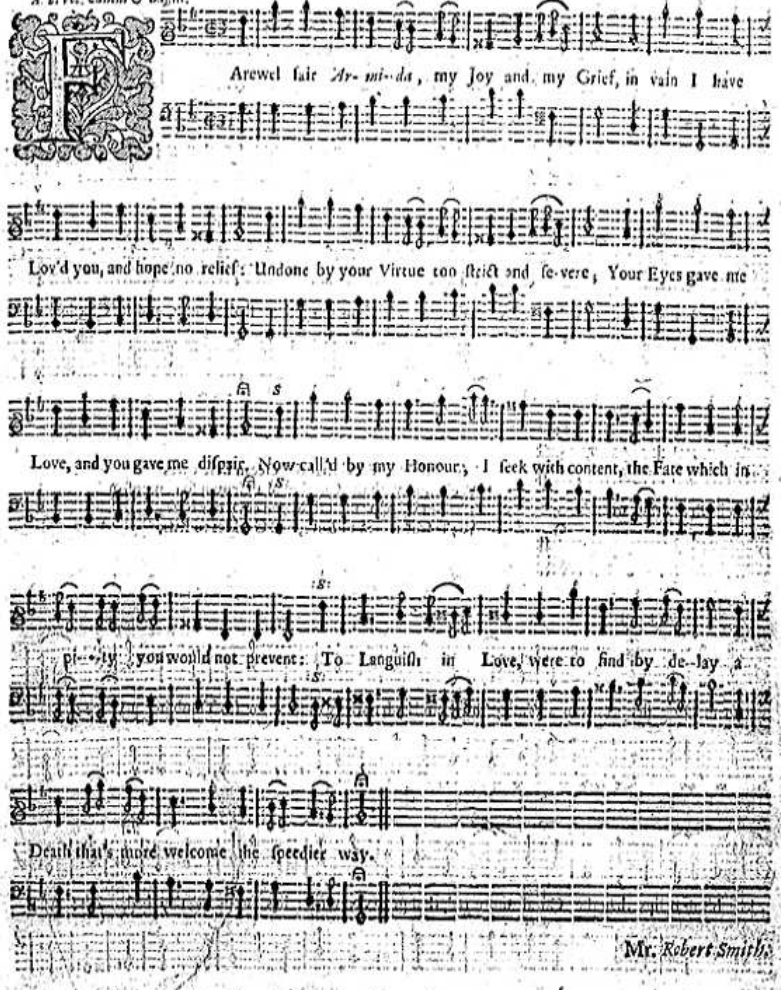
II.

He blush'd to himself, and laid still for a while,
His modesty curb'd his desire;
But strait I convinc'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, &c.

III.

I knew 'twas his Passion that caused his fear,
And therefore I pitty'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 strait as our bliss, we began with a kiss,
He laught out with a Ha ha ha ha ha, &c.

A. 2. Vec. Cantus & Bassus.



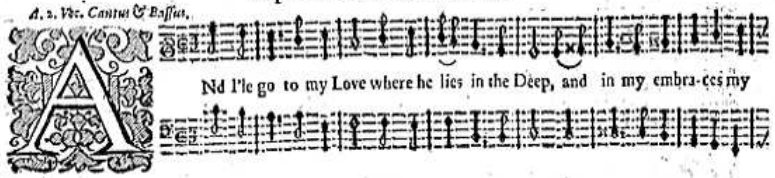
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

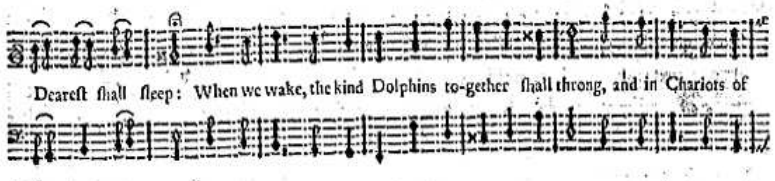
On Seas and in Battles, 'mongst Bullets and Fire,
The danger is less than in hopeless desire;
My Deaths wound you gave me though far off I bear,
My Fate from your sight not to cost you a Tear.
But if the kind Floods on a Wave will convey,
And under your Window my Body should lay;
The Wound on my Breast,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

Captain *DIGBY*'s Farewell.

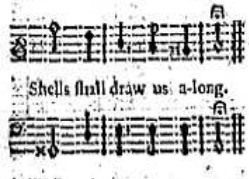
A. 2. Vtr. Cantus & Bassus.



ANd I'le go to my Love where he lies in the Deep, and in my embra-ces my

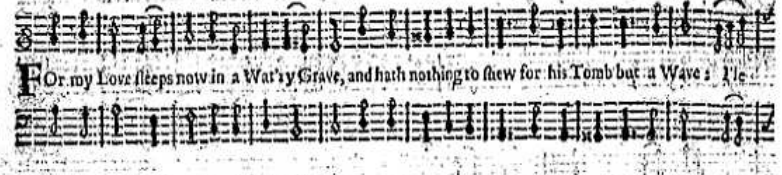


Dearest shall sleep: When we wake, the kind Dolphins to-gether shall throng, and in Chariots of

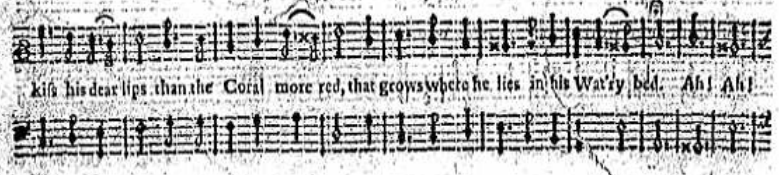


Shells shall draw us a-long.

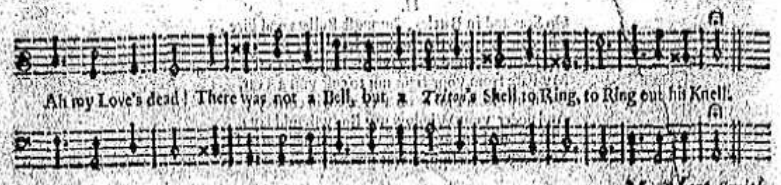
The Orientest Pearl that the Ocean best owes
We'll mix with the Coral, and a Crown so compose;
The Sea Nimphs shall sigh, and envy our bliss,
We'll teach them to Love, and Cockles to Kiss.



FOr my Love sleeps now in a Wat'ry Grave, and hath nothing to shew for his Tomb but a Wave: I'le

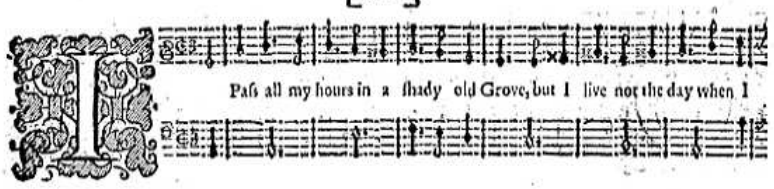


kiss his dear lips than the Coral more red, that grows where he lies in his Wat'ry bed. Ah! Ah!

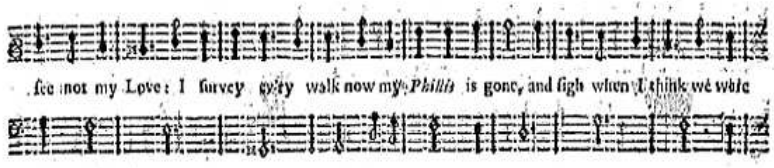


Ah my Love's dead! There was not a Bell, but a *Triton*'s Shell to Ring, to Ring out his Knell.

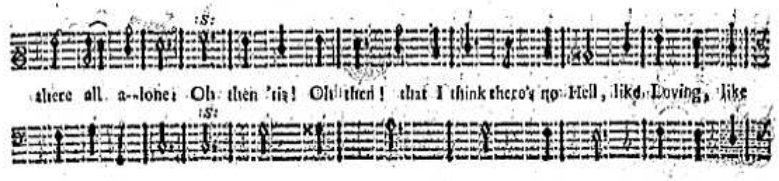
Mr. Robert Smith.



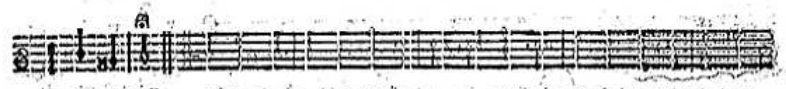
I Pass all my hours in a shady old Grove, but I live not the day when I



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



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



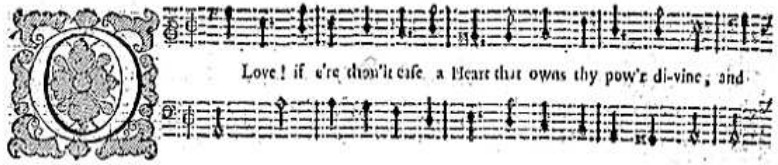
Loving too well.

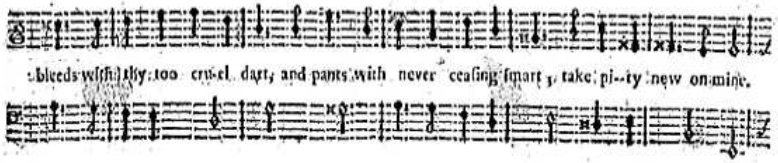
Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

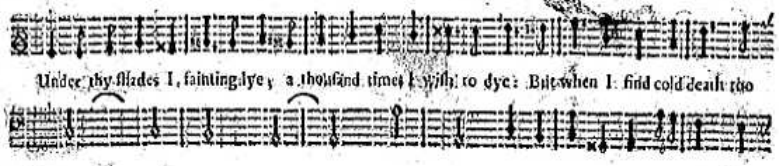
II. But each Shade and each conscious Bow'r, when I find
Where I once have been happy, and She has been kind:
When I see the print left of her shape in the Green,
And imagin the pleasure may yet come agen;
Oh then 'tis! Oh then 'tis! Oh then 'tis! I think no Joys above
Like the pleasures, the pleasures of Love.

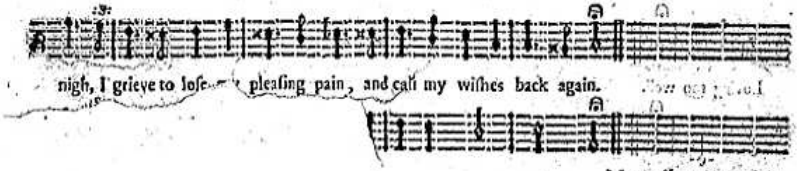
III. While alone to my self I reject all her Charms,
She I love may be lockt in another mans arms;
She may laugh at my Cares, and so false she maybe,
To say all the kind things she before said to me;
Oh then tis! Oh then 'tis! that I think there's no Hell
Like Loving, like Loving too well.

IV. But when I consider the truth of her heart
Such an innocent Passion, so void without art,
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be
So full of true love to be jealous of me
And then 'tis, and then 'tis! I think no Joys above
Like the pleasures, the pleasures of Love.





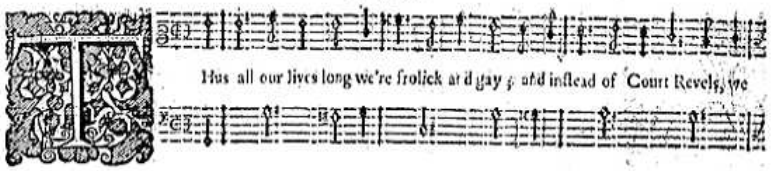


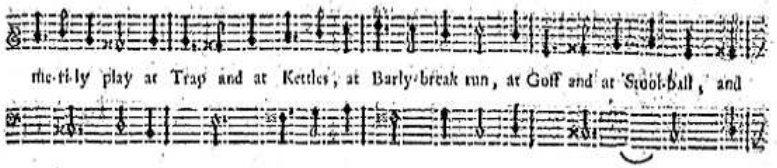


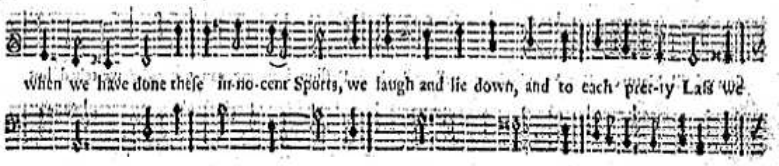
Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

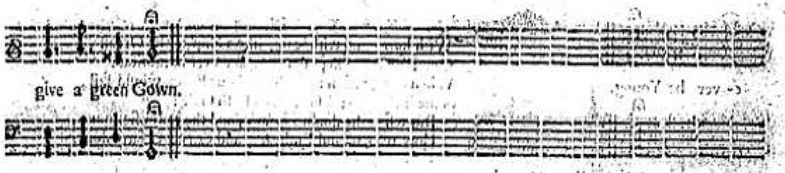
long
Grove;
igh and Moan,
o gave a Groan;
lov'd
rief to hide!
most Dy'd;
cho chide,
h of moving Air
my sorrows bear.

dye to gain
s,
ot pain;
ish retain
s;
ndly us'd,
abus'd;
refus'd;
with secret flame;
or dye with flame.









Mr. *John Banister.*

II.

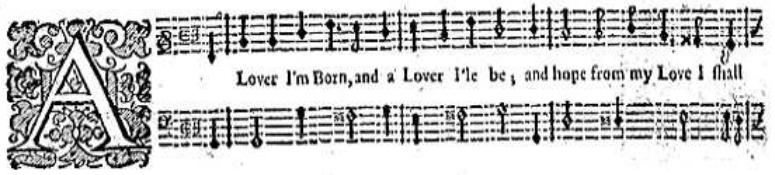
We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry,
The Partridge, Hare, the Pheasant our Quarry;
The nimble Squirrels with cudgel we chase,
And the little pretty Lark betray with a glass;
And when we have done, &c.

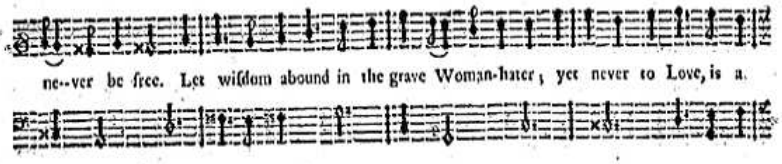
III.

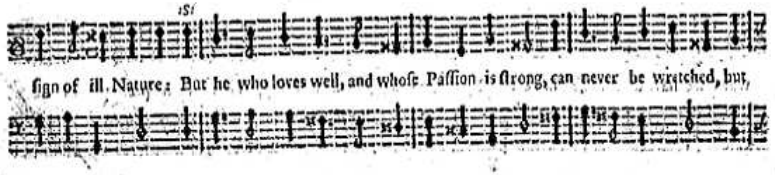
About the May-pole we dance all a round,
And with Garlands of Pinks and Roses are crown'd;
Our little kind tribute we merrily pay
To the gay Lad, and the bright Lady o'th' May,
And when we have done, &c.

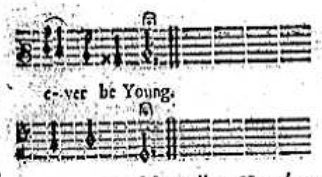
IV.

With our delicate Nimphs 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.









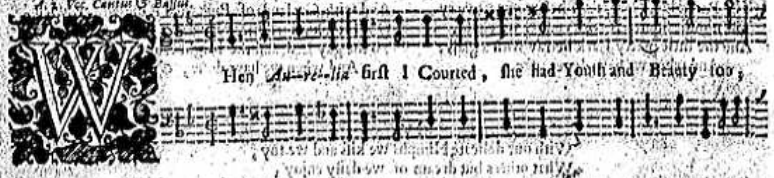
II.

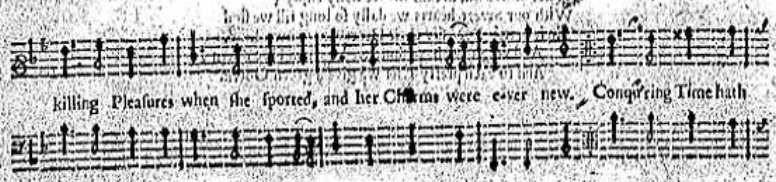
With hopes and with fears, like a Ship in the Ocean,
Our Hearts are kept dancing, and ever in motion:
When our Passion is pall'd, and our Fancy would fail,
Some little quarrel supplyes a fresh Gale:
But when the doubt's clear'd, and the jealousies gone,
How we Kiss and Embrace, and can never have done.

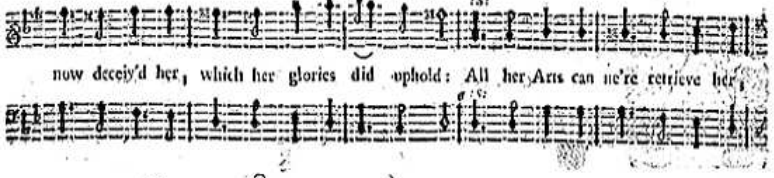
Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

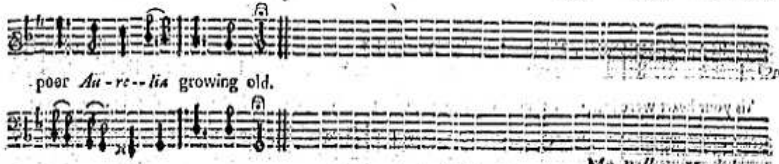
III.

A 2. Vce. Cantus & Bassus.



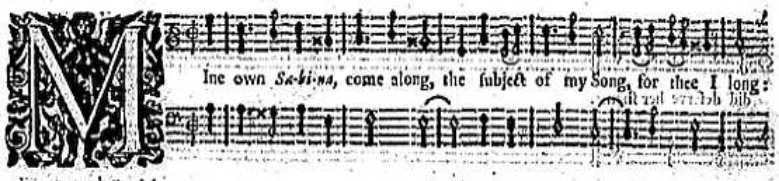


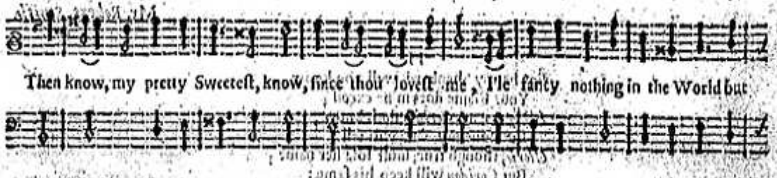


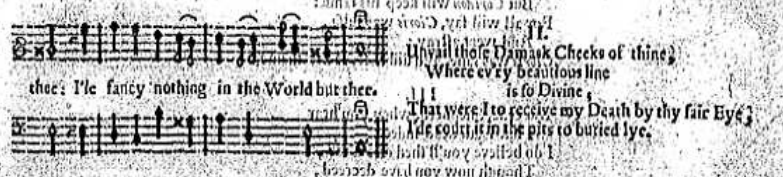


Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

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







II.

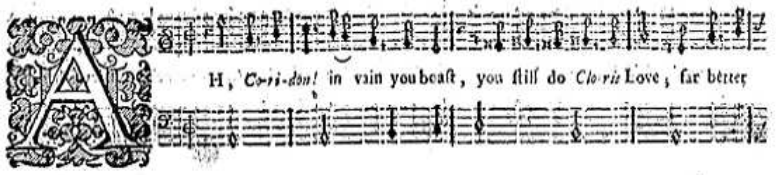
Unveil those Damask Cheeks of thine,
Where every beautiful line
is so Divine,
That were I to receive my Death by thy fair Eye;
I'de court it in the pits to buried lye.

III.

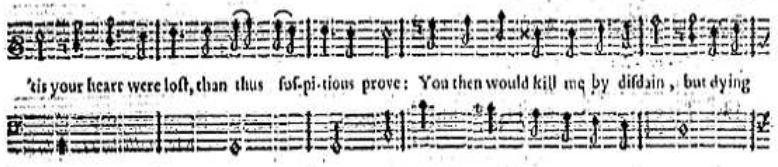
Display thine Arms, thy Wealth unfold;
Then like to Jove of old,
in liquid Gold;
And we'll carouse it in Loves bowls to suck a bliss;
Our Souls shall mingle, while our Bodies Kiss.

IV.

Thus 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 *Elicium* here, as they have there.

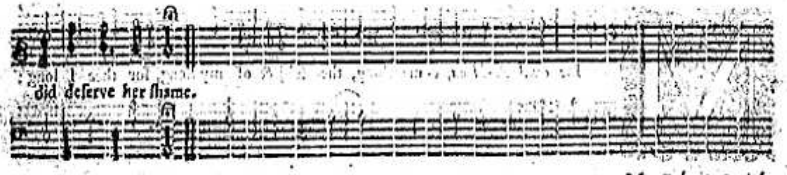


AH, *Co-ri-don!* in vain you boast, you still do *Cloris* Love, far better



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

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



did deserve her shame.

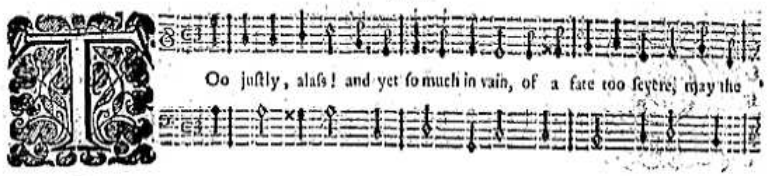
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

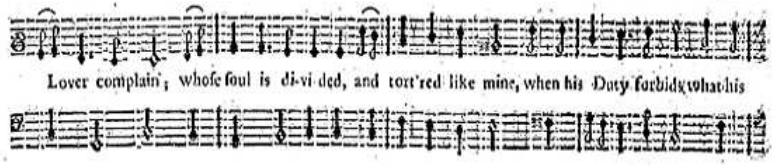
For happy Shepherd, well you know
Your Flame does mine excell,
All generous *Coridon* doth know,
But none my Tale will tell;
Cloris, though true, must lose her name,
But *Coridon* will keep his fame:
For all will say, *Cloris* was false,
And went astray;
Cloris was false, and did deserve her shame.

III.

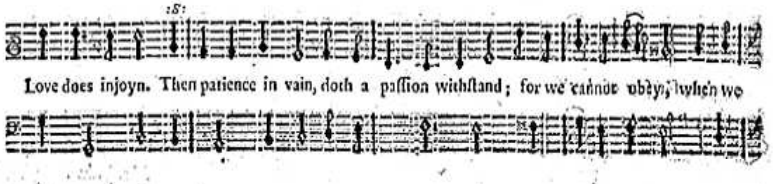
But cruel Shepherd, when you hear
That I am dead indeed,
I do believe you'll shed one Tear,
Though now you have decreed,
That *Cloris* true, must lose her Name,
For *Coridon* to keep his Fame.
For then you'll say, *Cloris* was true,
And ne're did stray:
Cloris was true, and deserve the shame.



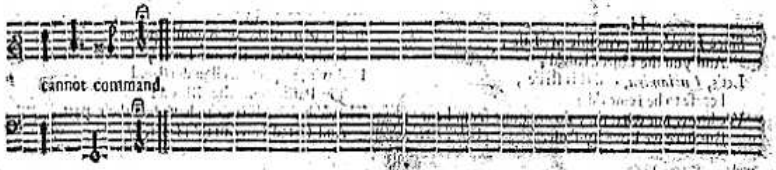
TOo justly, alas! and yet so much in vain, of a fate too severe, may the



Lover complain; whose soul is di-vi-ded, and torr'ed like mine, when his Duty forbids what his



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



cannot command.

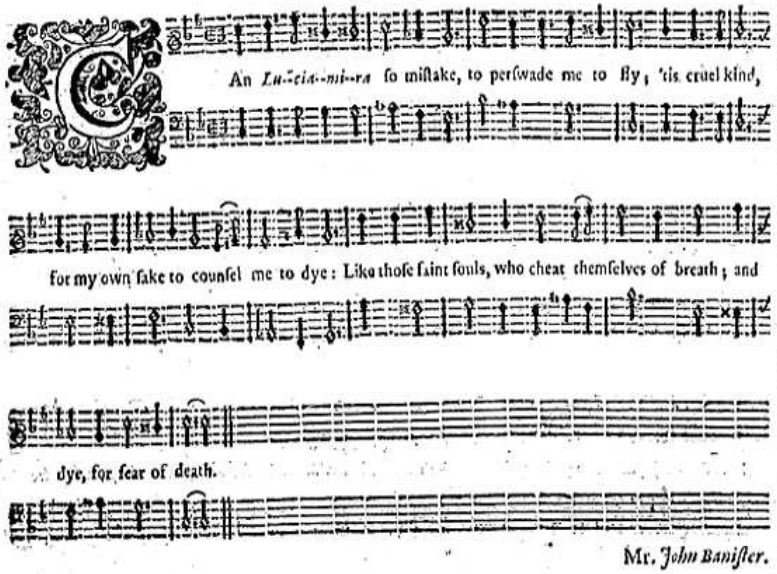
Mr. *James Hart.*

II.

Sure Nature design'd us a blessedier state;
There's no other Creature but chuses a Mate:
And the Turtles 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.

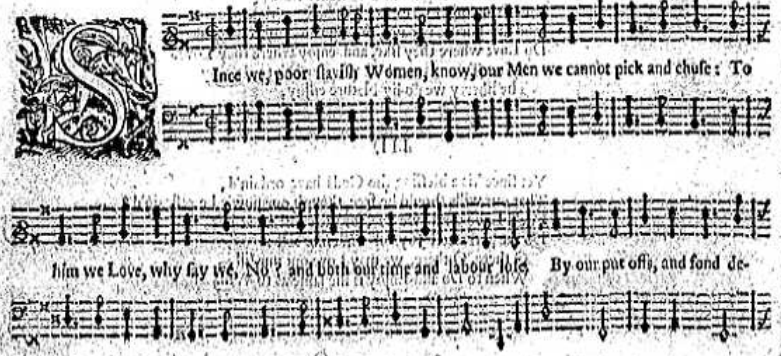
III.

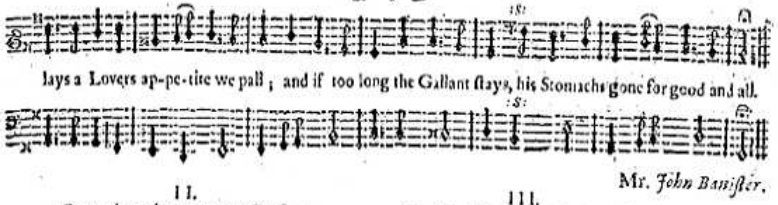
Yet since 'tis a blessing the Gods have ordain'd,
That our wills should be free, though our pow'r be restrain'd;
We'll Love while we live, for the constant at last
Do the perfectest Joys of *Elysium* taste:
O there, O there, we may Love out our fill,
When to Do and Enjoy is the same as to Will.



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.

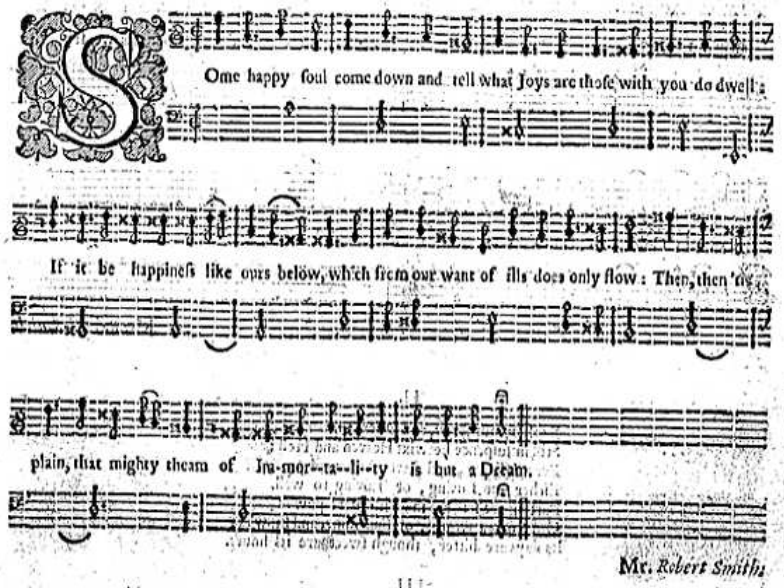
III.
If the Platonicks, who would prove
Souls without Bodies Love,
Had with respect, well understood
The Passions of the Blood:
They'd suffer Mortals to have had their part;
And seated Love in th' Heart.





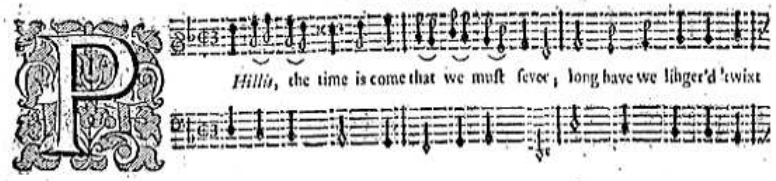
II.
Or our impatient amorous Guest,
Unknown to us, away may steal;
And rather than stay for a feast,
Take up with some course ready meal.
When opertunity is kind,
Let prudent Women be so too;
And if the Man be to her mind,
Be sure she do not let him go.

III.
The March 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 Woo:
And to the Sutor be not coy:
For the whom Joynture can obtain;
To let a Fop her bed enjoy,
Is but a lawful Wench for gain.

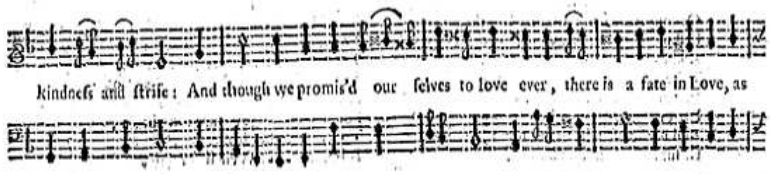


II.
'Tis Love, 'tis Love! For nothing can
Give real happiness to man;
But Joys like those that Lovers souls enjoy,
Which here on Earth there's nothing can destroy.
Ay, ay, 'tis Love can only be
The happy souls felicitie.

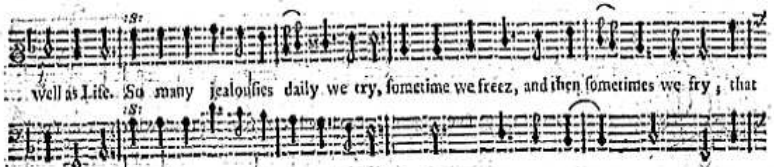
III.
Are your delights in what you see?
Of wonderful variettie?
Or can your Joys arise from pleasant things?
Your Taste, or Smelling, to your fancy bring?
No, no, 'tis plain, if it were so,
Eternity by gradual steps must go.



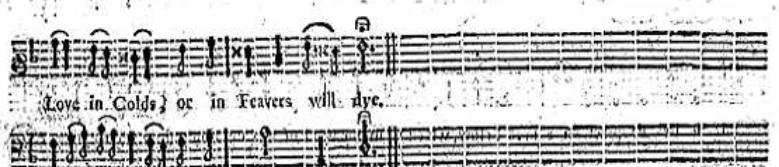
Hilla, the time is come that we must sever, long have we linger'd 'twixt



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 cry, sometime we freez, and then sometimes we fry; that



Love in Colds, or in Feavers will dye.

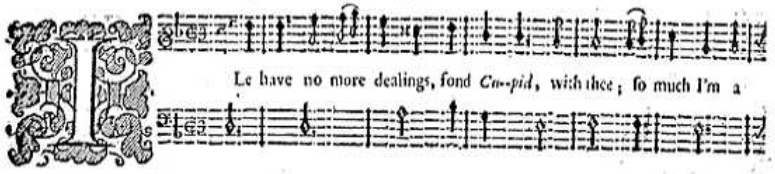
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

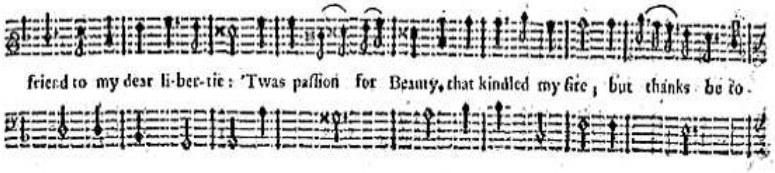
Both by our selves, and others tormented,
Still in suspence betwixt Heaven and Hell;
Ever desiring, and never contented,
Either not Loving, or Loving to well.
Parting we still are in each others pow'rs,
Our Lov's a weather of Sun-shine, and show'rs;
Its days are bitter, though sweet are its hours.

III.

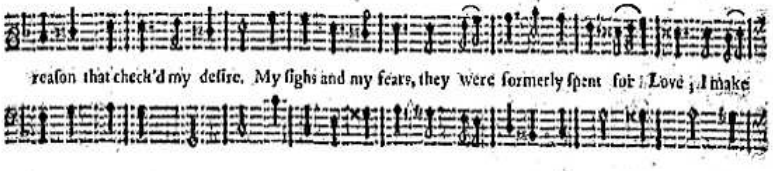
Why should we Fate any longer importune,
Since to each other unhappy we prove:
Like losing Gamesters, we tempt our ill Fortune,
Both might be luckier in a new Love.
This were the way our reason best sway'd,
But when we so pleasing a Passion destroy,
We may be more happy, but less should enjoy.



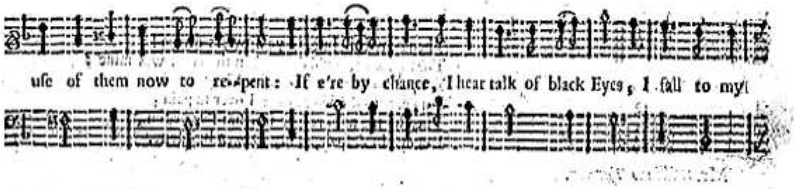
Le have no more dealings, fond *Cupid*, with thee; so much I'm a



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-pent: If e're by chance, I hear talk of black Eyes, I fall to my

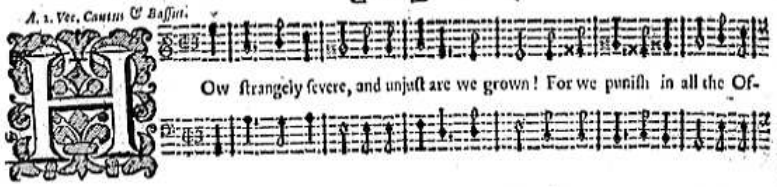
Pray'rs, and the Ill spirit flyes.

Mr. *William Gregorie.*

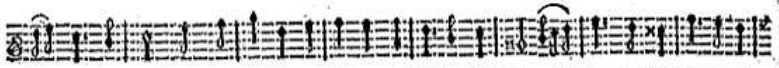
II.

There's none in the world madder than he;
That loves his own dangers, and will not be free:
I'le 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 Beautiful face,
I bless my self, turn aside, and mend my pace.

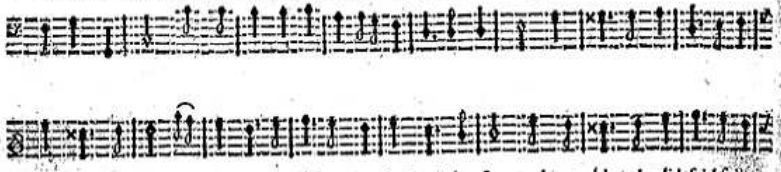
A. 1. Vce. Cantus & Bassus.



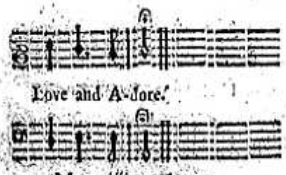
HOw strangely severe, and unjust are we grown! For we punish in all the Of-



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



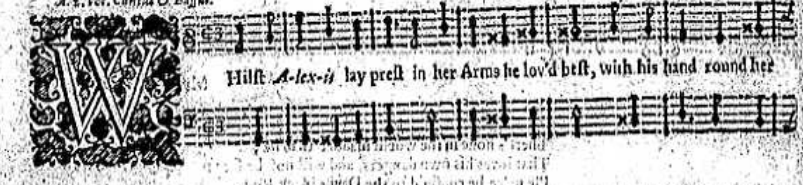
Love and A-dore.

Mr. *William Turner.*

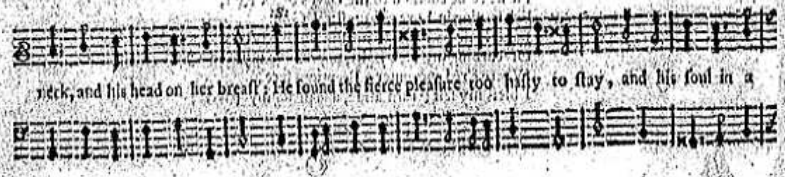
II.

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.

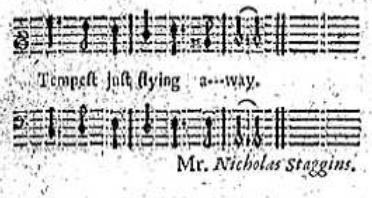
A. 2. Vce. Cantus & Bassus.



WHilst *A-lex-is* 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



Tempest just flying a---way.

Mr. *Nicholas Staggins.*

II.

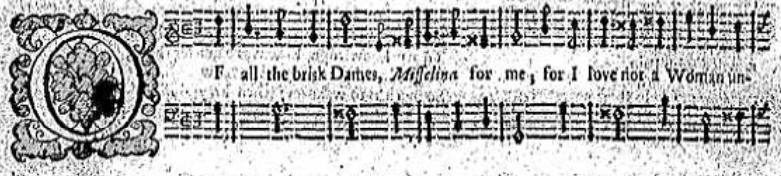
When *Celia* saw this, with a Sigh and a Kiss,
She cry'd, O my Dear! I'm robb'd of my bliss;
'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and dye all alone.

III.

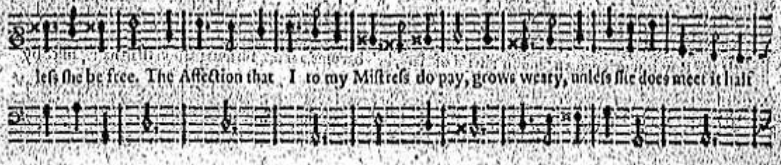
The Youth, though in haste, and breathing his last,
In pity dy'd slowly, while she dy'd more fast;
'Till at length she cry'd, now, my Dear, now
Let's go; Now dye, my *Alexis*, and I will dye too.

IV.

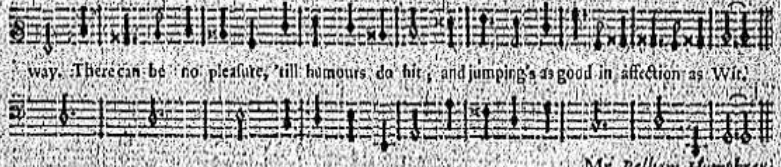
Thus intranc'd she did lye, while *Alexis* did try
To recover new breath, that again he might dye:
Then often they dy'd; but the more they did so,
The nymph dy'd more quick, and the shepherd more slow.



OF all the brisk Dames, *Mistelina* 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 jumping's as good in affection as Wit.

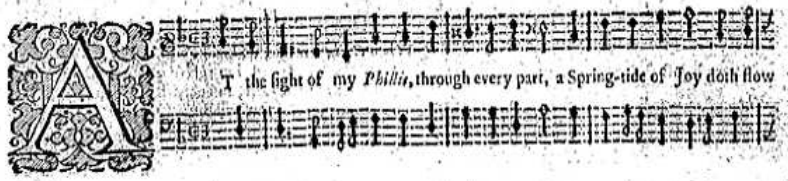
Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

II.

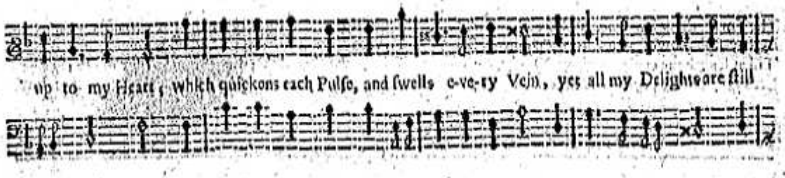
No sooner I came, but she lik'd me as soon;
No sooner I ask'd, but she granted my boon;
And without a Preamble, a Portion, or Joynture,
She promis'd to meet me, where e'er I'de appoint her.
So we struck up a match, and embraced each other,
Without the consent of Father or Mother.

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 *Selina*, who shews they's all mad
To feed on dry Bones, when Flesh may be had.



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

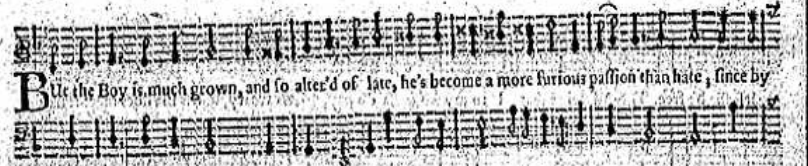


up to my Heart; which quickens each Pulse, and swells e-ve-ry Vein, yet all my Delights are still

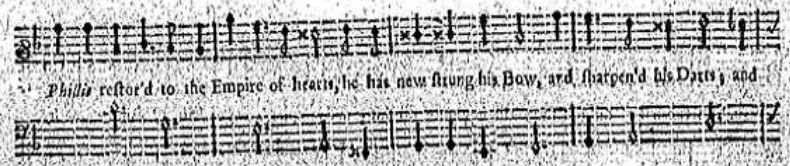
mingled with Pain.

II.

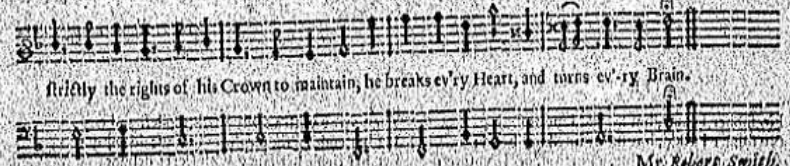
So strong a Distemper, sure, Love cannot bring;
To my Knowledge, Love was a quieter thing;
So gentle and tame, that he never was known
So much as to wake me, when I lay alone.



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



Phillis restor'd to the Empire of hearts, he has new strung his Bow, and sharpen'd his Darts; and

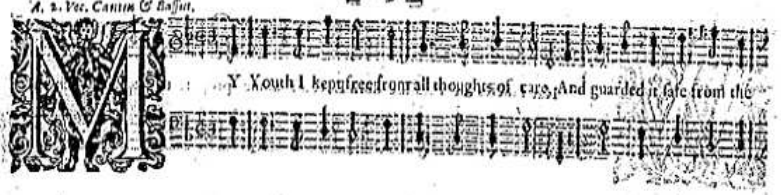


strictly the rights of his Crown to maintain, he breaks ev'ry Heart, and turns ev'-ry Brain.

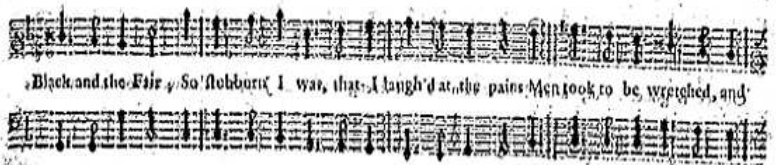
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

My Madness, 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 *Hide-park*, and the *Mall*, dear delight,
To be Sober all Day, and Chast all the Night.

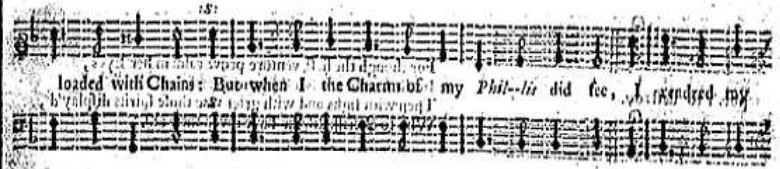
A. 2. Vet. Cantus & Bassus.



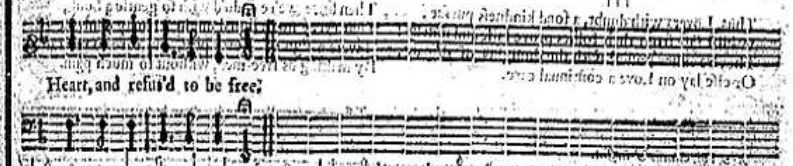
MY Youth I kept free from all thoughts of care, And guarded it safe from the



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



loaded with Chains: But when I the Charms of my *Phil-lis* did see, I rendred my



Heart, and resu'd to be free.

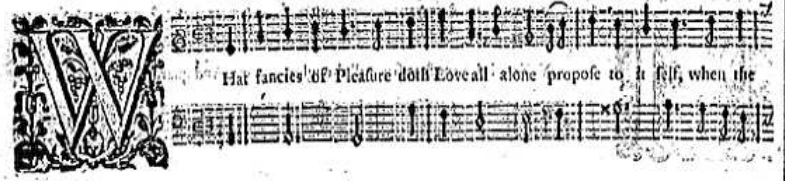
Mr. *Caleb Garrett* Junior.

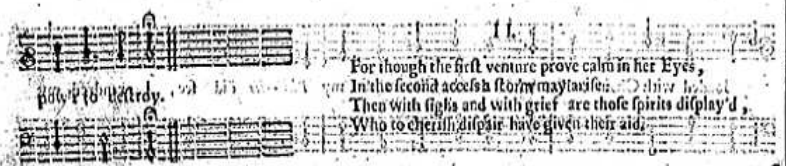
II.

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 *Phillis* was fickle, and could not be true.

III.

I curst my hard fate that kindled my flame;
I oftner my self than my *Phillis* 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.





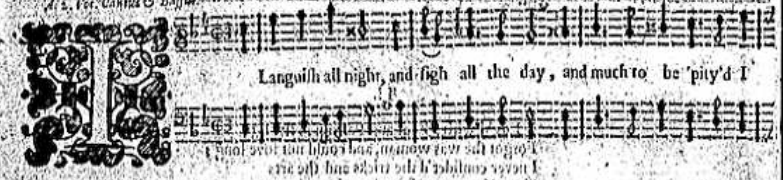
III.

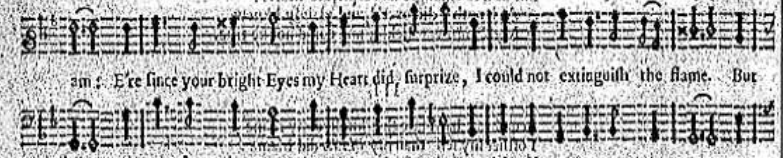
Thus, Lovers with doubt, a fond kindness pursue,
Whilst fate from their follies prove false and untrue:
They're either possest with the thoughts of despair,
Or else lay on Love a continual care.

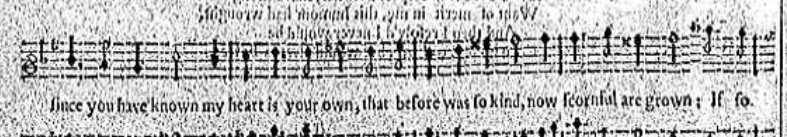
IV.

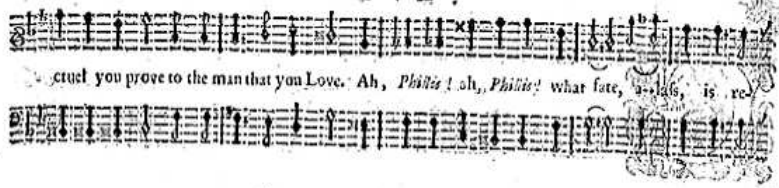
Then since we're endu'd with so gentle a Soul,
That every small signal our heart may controle;
'Twere a sign of Loves pity, our care to restrain,
By making us free-men, without so much pain.

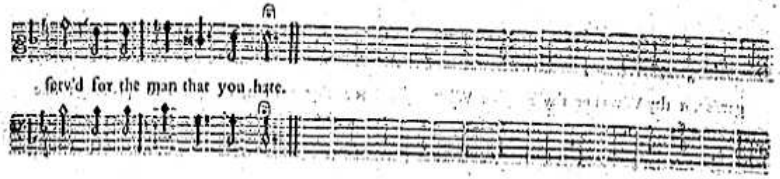
A 2. Vel. Canto & Basso.

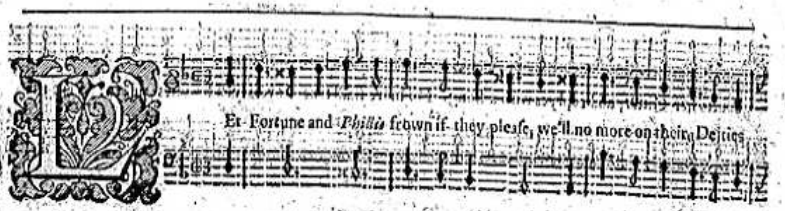


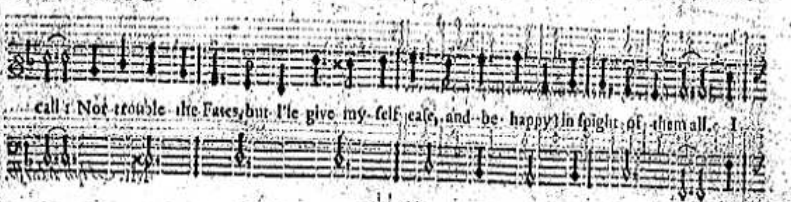


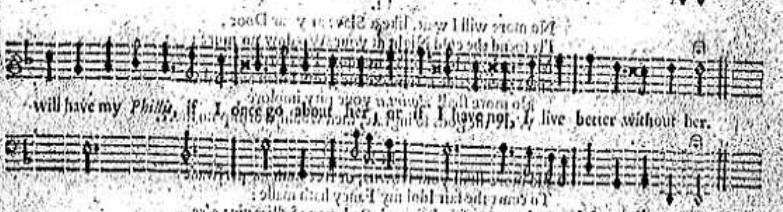






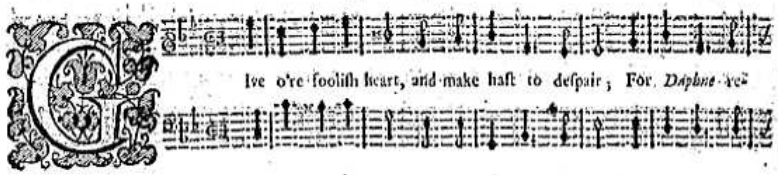


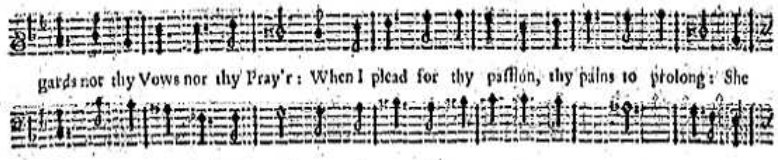


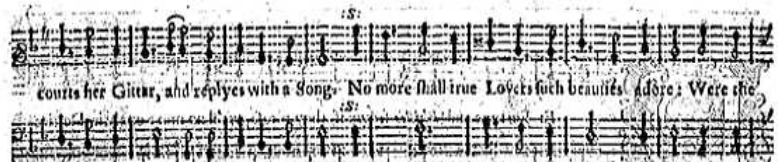


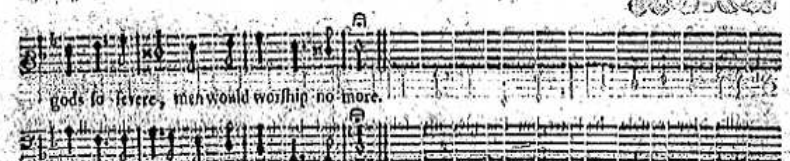
Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

But if she prove Virtuous, Obliging and Kind,
Perhaps I'le vouchsafe to love her:
But if I find inconstancy in her, I find
I shall be have her to know I'm above her.
For, alas, sigh I have learn'd, now my Fetters are gone,
To Love, to please, or to let it alone.









Mr. Alph Marsh.

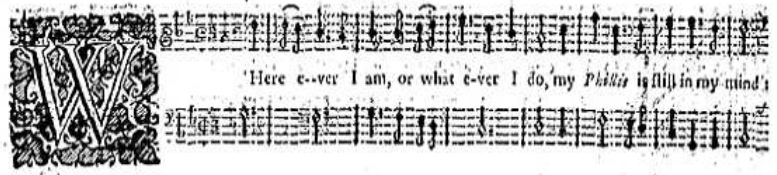
II.

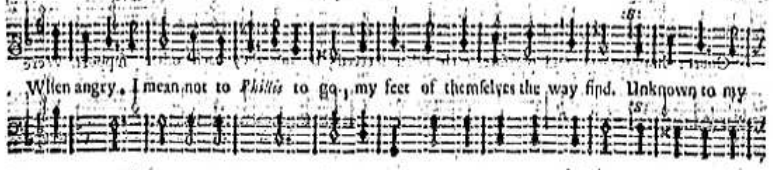
No more will I wait, like a Slave at your Door,
I'le spend the cold Night at your Window no more;
My Lungs in long sighs, no more I'le exhale,
Since your Pride is to make me grow sullen and pale.
No more shall *Amintas* your pity implore,
Were the gods so ingrate, men would worship no more.

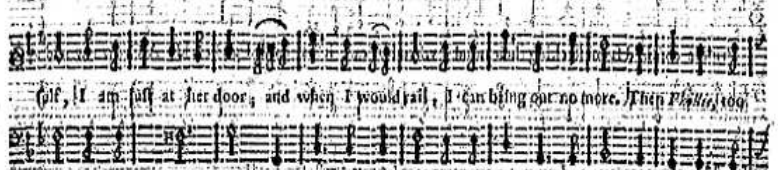
III.

No more shall your frowns, or free humour perswade
To court the fair Idol my Fancy hath made;
When your saint's so 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 fair, men would ever adore.







Mr. Alph. Marsh.

II.

When *Phillis* I see, my Heart burns in my Breast,
And the Love I would stifle is throw'n:
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!

III.

Should a King be my rival in her I adore,
He should offer his treasure in vain:
O let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my *Phillis* again.
Let *Phillis* be mine, and ever be kind,
I could to a Desart with her be confin'd;
And envy no Monarch his reign;
And envy no Monarch his reign.

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 go thence my poor mind,
I had rather love *Phillis*, both false and unkind,
Then 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

Cho.

Court: Imployment, and pleasure, each other succeed; because they each other support. Were

Cho.

Where, &c.

Princes confin'd from sucking their mind, when by care it is ruffled and curld: 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 so! that I

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

sighs out alone, I am trac'd wherelever 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.*

II.

How shall I this *Argus* blind?
And so 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'le pine for my Love
Like the Turtle-Dove;
And breath out my Life in Hey ho! hey ho!

A. 2. For Cantus & Bassus.

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.

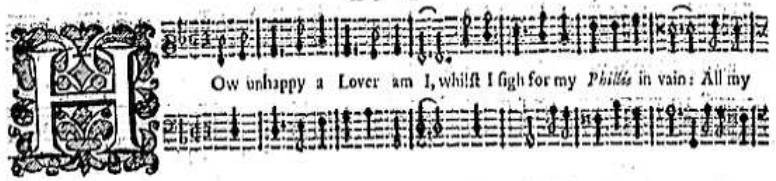
Mr. *Stafford.*

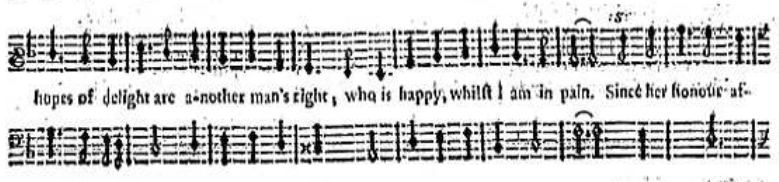
II.

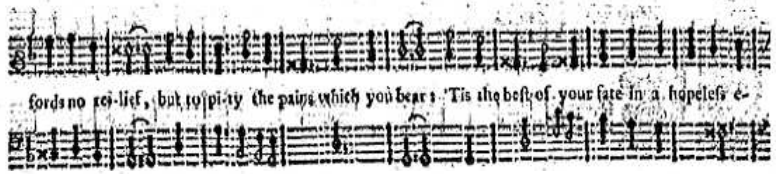
Her Lips, from whence Wit obligingly flows,
Has the colour of Cherries, and smell of the Rose!
Love and Destiny both attends on her Will;
She Saves with a Smile, with a Frown she can Kill.

III.

The desperate Lover can hope no Redress,
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in excess;
In *Celia* they meet, so unhappy am I,
Who kes her must Love, who Loves her must dye.







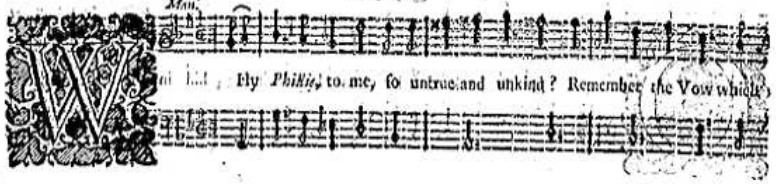
Mr. *Nicholas Staggins.*

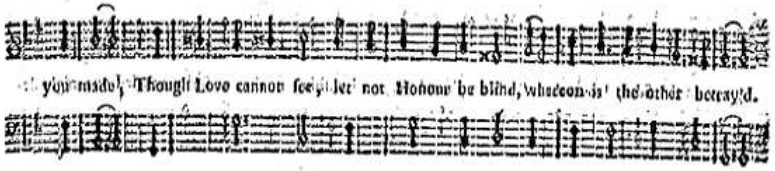
II.

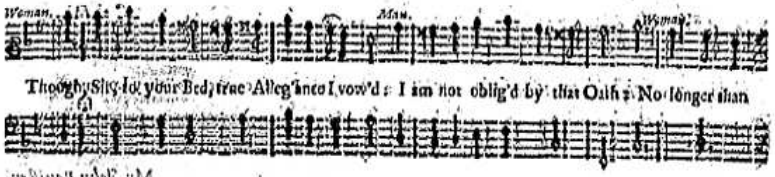
I have try'd the false Medicine in vain;
Yet I wish what I hope not to win;
From without my desire has no food to its fire;
But it burns and consumes me within.
Yet at least, 'tis a comfort to know
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the Nymph you adore is as wretched or more;
And accounts all your suff'rings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

III.

O you Pow'rs! let me suffer for both;
At the feet of my *Phillis* I'le lye:
I'le resign up my breath, and take pleasure in death,
To be pity'd by her when I dye.
What her honour deny'd you in life,
In her death she will give to her love:
Such a flame as is true, after fate will renew,
When she soars up more closer above.







II.

Man.
Fair Nymph, did you feel
But those Passions I bear,
My Love you would never suspect
An Heart made of steel.
Sure must needs love the fair,
And what we love cannot neglect.
Woman.
Then since we Love both,
Let us both be agreed;
Man.
And seal both our Loves with a Kiss;
Woman.
From breaking our Oath
We shall both then be freed;
Man.
And Princes will envy our bliss.

ON the bank of a Brook as I sat fishing, hid in the Osiers that

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

vide; To Cupid and Venus each off'red a Vow, to Love ever, as they Love now.

Mr. *John Banister.*

II.

Oh! said the Shepherd, and sigh'd, what a pleasure
Is Love conceal'd betwixt Lovers alone?
Love must be secret kept like Fairy Treasure;
When 'tis discover'd, 'twill quickly be gone:
And envy or jealousie if it should stay,
will too soon, alas! make it decay.

III.

Then let us leave the world, and care behind us;
Said the Nymph smiling, and gave him her hand;
All alone, all alone, where none shall find us
In some far desart we'll seek a new land:
And there live from envy or jealousie free;
And a world to each other we'll be.

II.

PHilis for shame let us improve a thousand sev'ral ways, these few short

Minutes snatch'd by Love from ma-ny tedious days. Whilst you want courage to despise the

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

Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

II.

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 belief bestow
On what such fools advise;
May I be dull enough to grow
Most miserable wise.

WHy should a foolish Marriage Vow, which long ago was made, oblige us

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

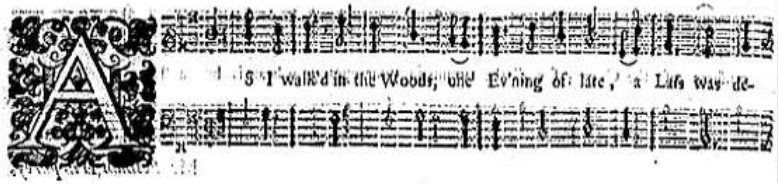
Love was lov'd out of us both. But the Marriage is dead, when the pleasure is fled; 'twas

pleasure first made it an Oath.

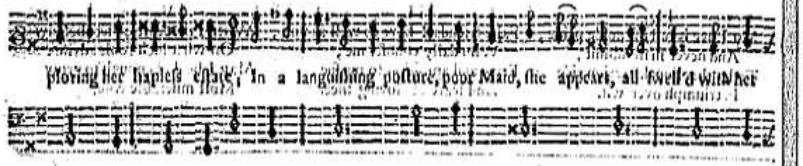
II.

If I have pleasure for a friend,
And further joy in store,
What wrong has he whose joys did end,
And who could give no more?
'Tis a madness that he
Should be jealous of me,
Or that 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.*

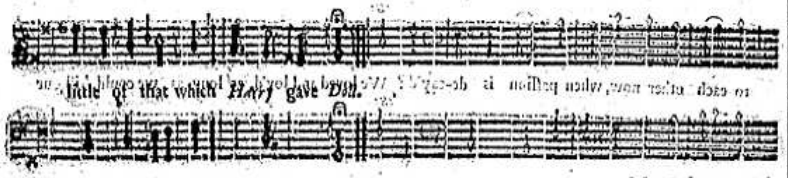


As I walk'd in the Woods, one Ev'ning of late, a Lass was de-



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

Sighs, 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 *Harry* gave *Doll*.

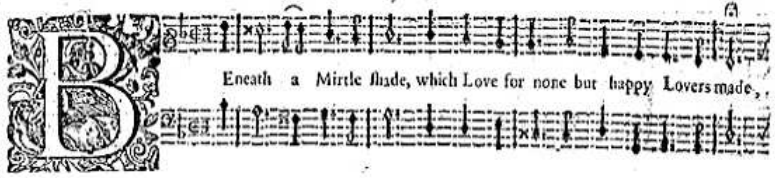
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

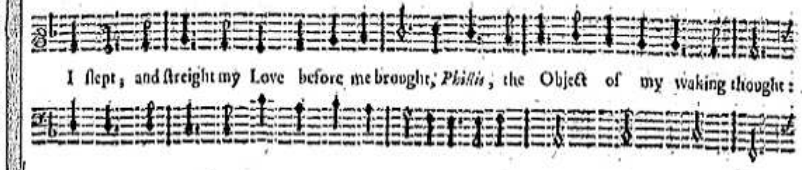
At last she broke out, Wretched, she said,
Will no Youth come succour a languishing Maid;
With what he with ease and with pleasure may give,
Without which, alas, poor I cannot live;
Shall I never leave sighing, and crying and call,
For a little of that, &c.

III.

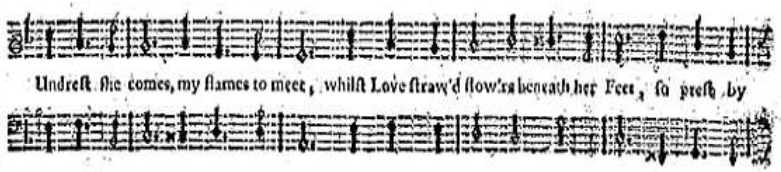
At first when I saw a Young man in the place,
My colour would fade, and then flush in my face;
My breath would grow short, and I shiver'd all o'er,
My breast never popp'd up and down so before:
I scarce knew for what, but now I find it was all
For a little of that, &c.



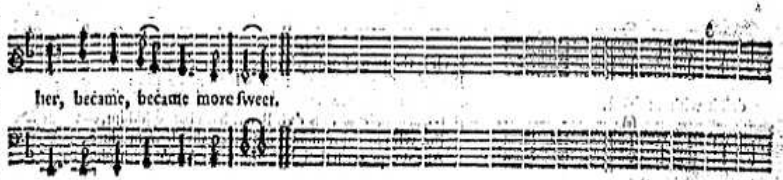
Beneath a Mirtle shade, which Love for none but happy Lovers made,



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



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



her, became, became more sweet.

Mr. *John Banister.*

II.

From the bright Visions head,
A careless vail of Lawn was loosly spread,
From her white Temples fell her shaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not 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.

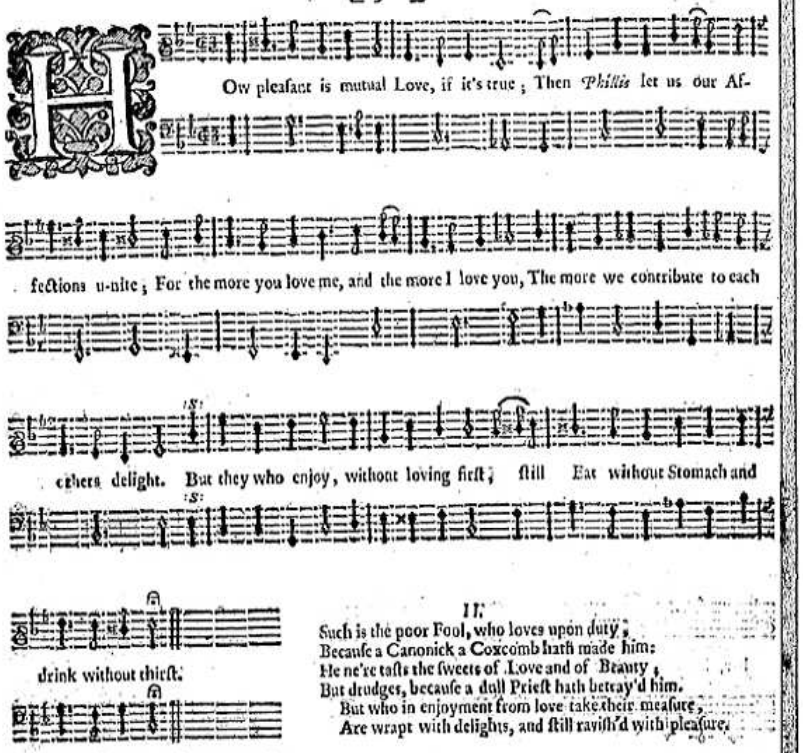
Ah, charming Fair, said I,
How long can you my bliss and yours deny;
By Nature and by Love, this lovely shade
Was for revenge of suffring Lovers made,
Silence and shades with Love agree,
Both shelter you, and favour me;
You cannot Blush, because I cannot see.

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 Maid?' and so she dy'd.

V.

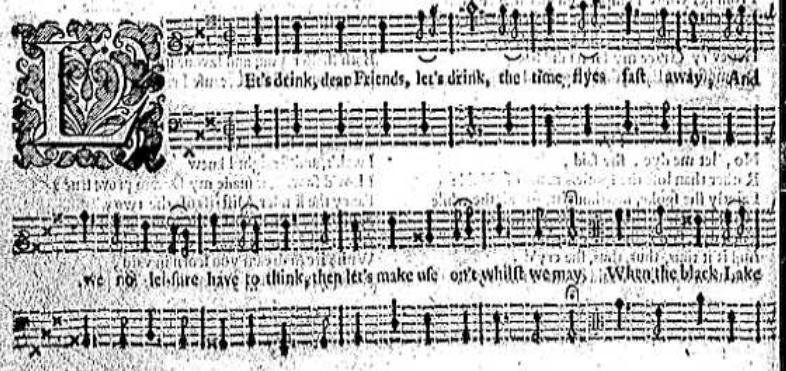
I wak't, and straight I knew
I Lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true;
Fancy the kinder Mistriss of the two,
Fancy had done what *Philis* would not do.
Ah, cruel Nymph, cease your disdain,
While I can dream you scorn in vain,
Asleep, or waking, you must ease my pain.

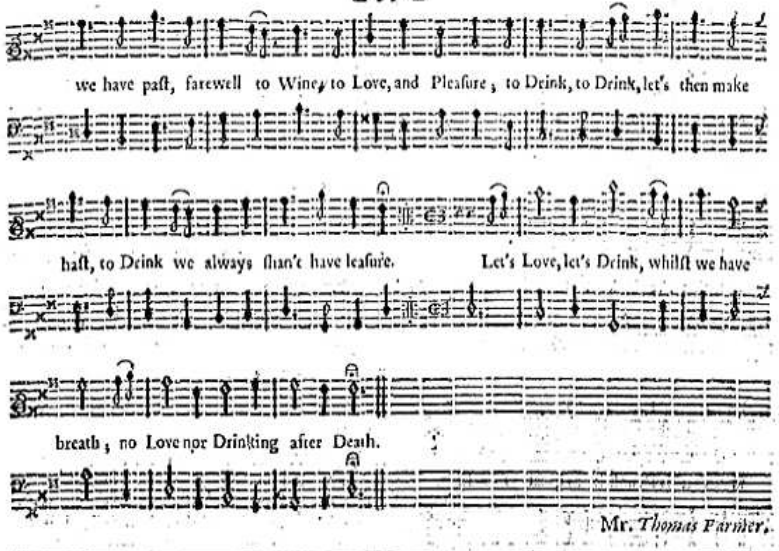


II.

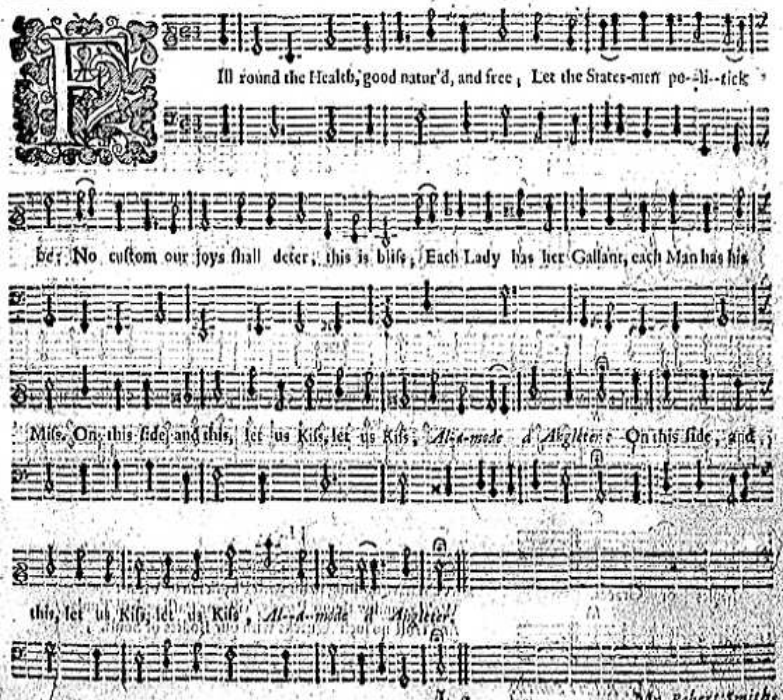
Such is the poor Fool, who loves upon duty;
Because a Canonick a Coxcomb hath made him:
He ne're tasts the sweets of Love and of Beauty,
But drudges, because a dull Priest hath betray'd him.
But who in enjoyment from love take their measure,
Are wrapt with delights, and still ravish'd with pleasure.

Mr. *Nicholas Staggins.*



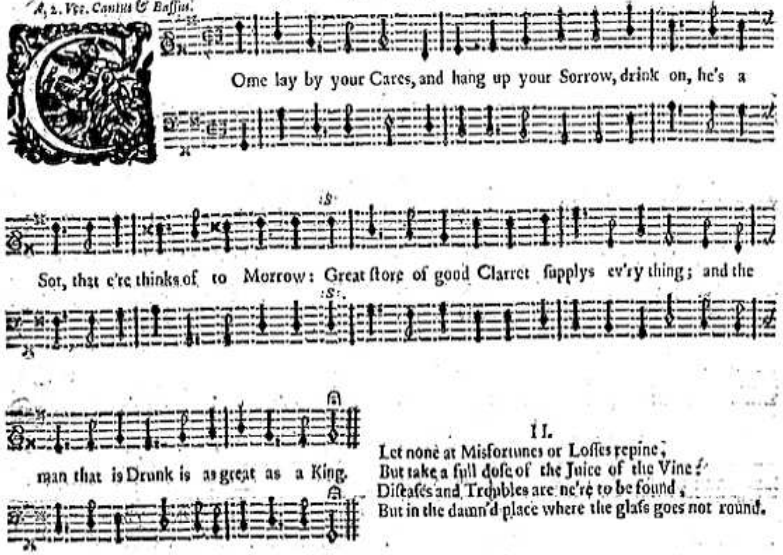


Mr. *Thomas Farmer.*



Mr. *Robert Smith.*

A. 2. Vox. Cantus & Bassus.

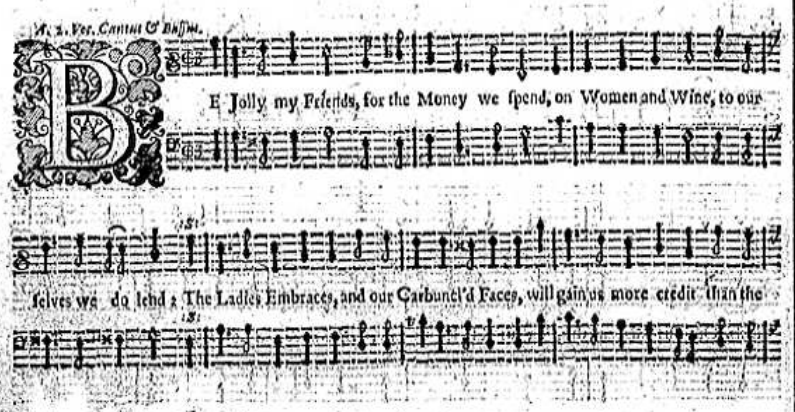


Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

Let none at Misfortunes or Losses repine,
But take a full dose of the Juice of the Vine:
Diseases and Troubles are ne're to be found,
But in the damn'd place where the glass goes not round.

A. 2. Vox. Cantus & Bassus.

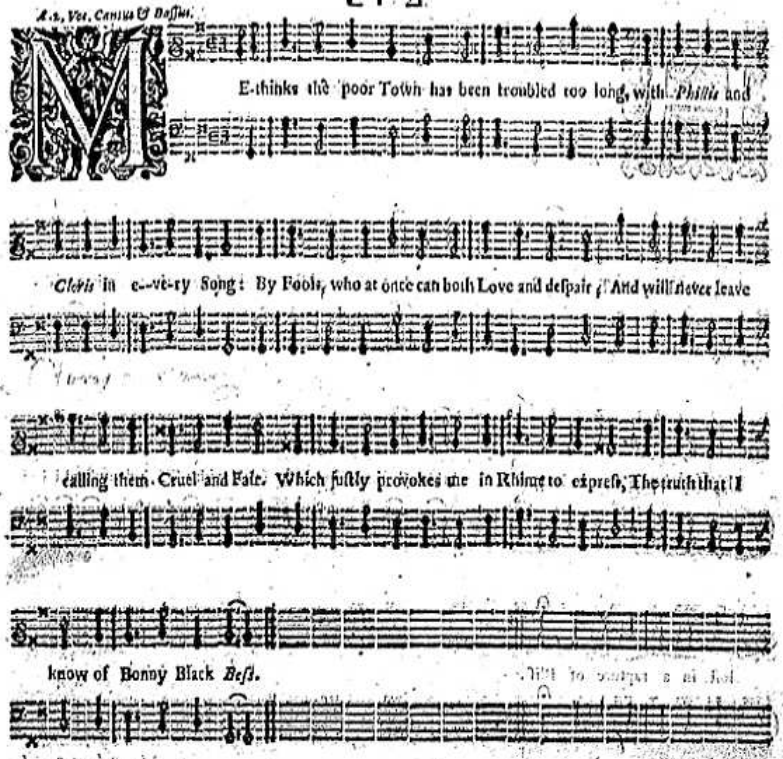


Mr. *Robert Smith.*

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 Toll,
And trust no such Quacks with our Bodies or Souls.

A. 2. Vox. Cantus & Bassus.



John Playford.

II.

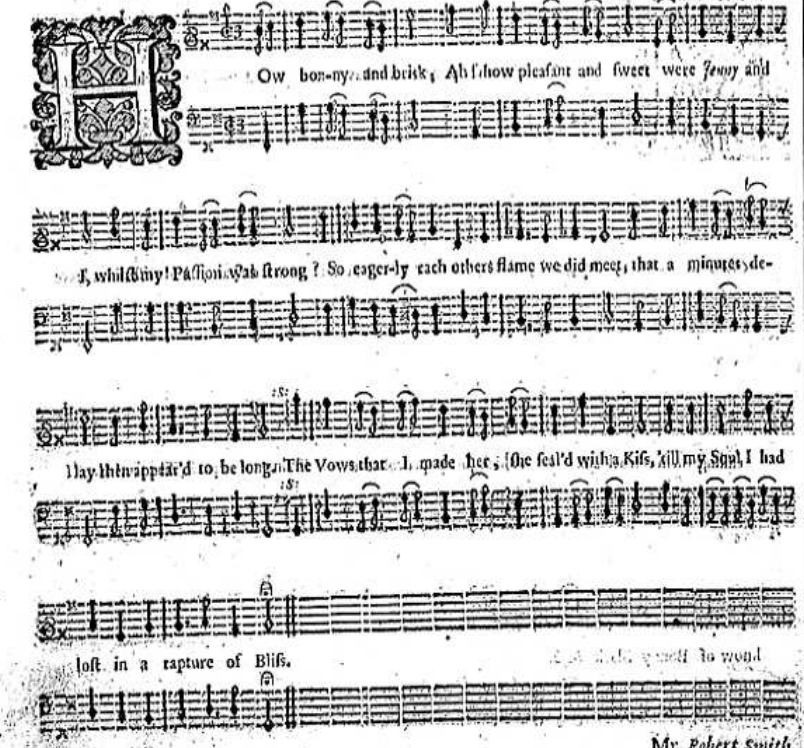
This *Bess* of my Heart, this *Bess* of my Soul;
Has a Skin white as Milk, but Hair black as a Coal;
She's plump, yet with ease you may span round her Waist;
But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be embrac'd;
Her Belly is fair, not a word of the rest;
But I know what I mean, when I drink to the best.

III.

The Plow-man and Squire, the errantest Clown,
At home she subdu'd in her Paragon gown,
But now she adorns the Boxes and Pit,
And the proudest Town Gallants are forc'd to submit;
All Hearts fall a leaping where-ever she comes,
And beat day and night, like my Lord ——'s Drums.

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 lisp, 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.

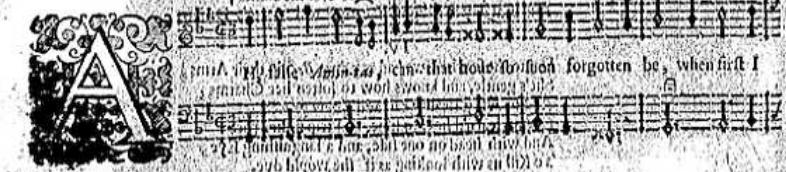


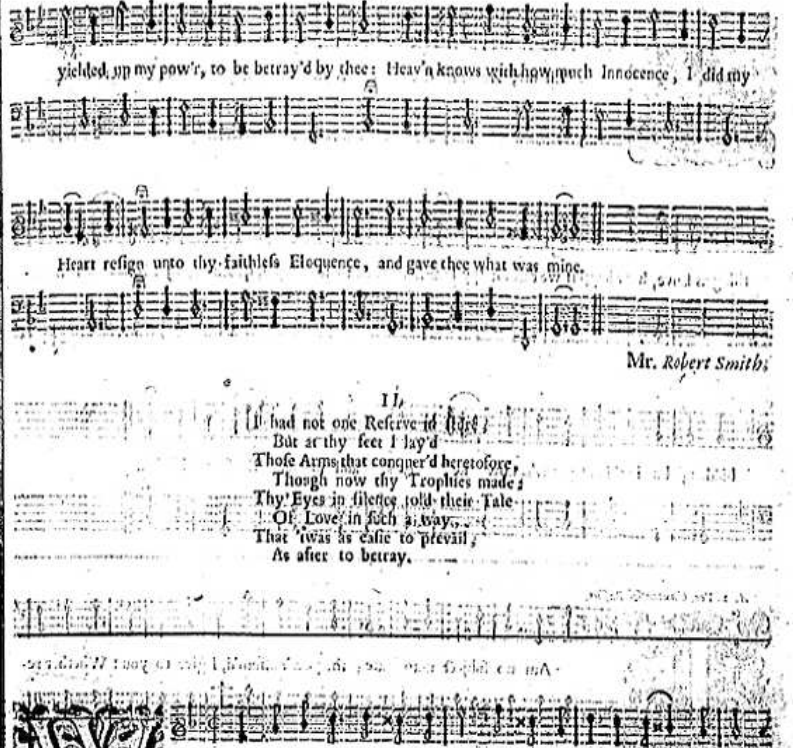
II.

I Vow'd, and I thought I could ever have Lov'd,
Where Beauty and Kindness together I found;
So sweetly she look't, and so sweetly she mov'd
That I fancy'd my strength with my joyes to abound:
For the pleasure I gave, she did doubly requite,
By finding out ever new ways to delight.

III.

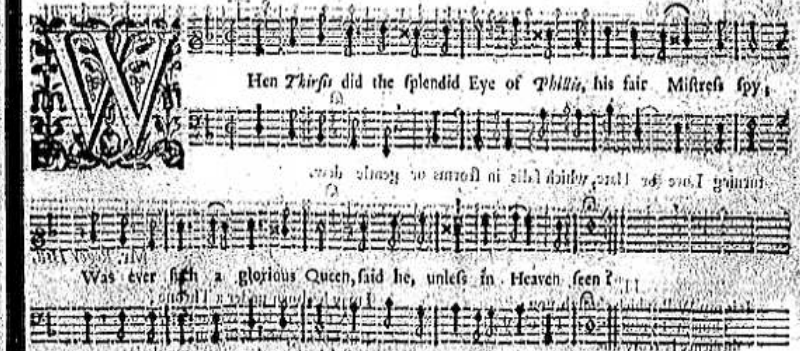
At last, when enjoyment had put out my Fire,
My Strength was decay'd, and my Passion was done;
So pall'd was my Fancy, to tame my Desire,
That I from the Nymph, very fain would have gone:
Ah, Jenny! said I, we adore thee in vain,
For Beauty enjoy'd does but burn to disdain.





II.

I had not one Reserve in Store,
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 easie to prevail,
As after to betray.

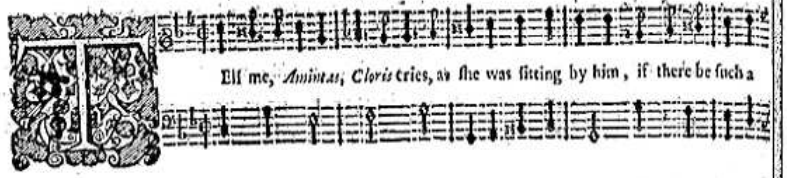


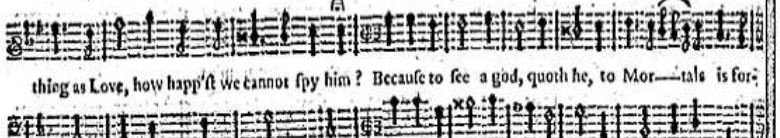
V.

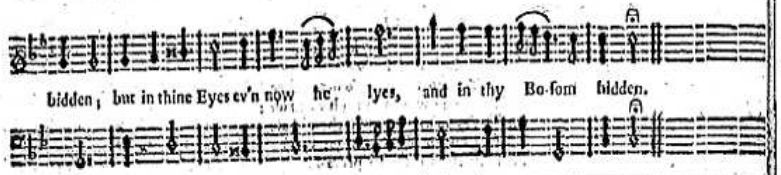
Fair Phillis, with a blushing Air,
Hearing these words, became more Fair;
Away, said he, you need not take
Fresh Beauty, you more fair to make.

VI.

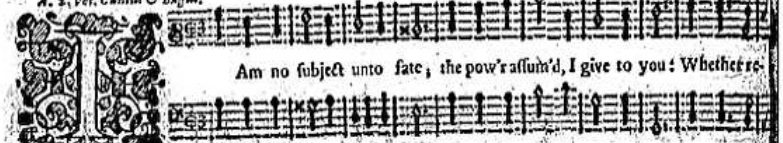
Then with a wanting smile and look,
His candid flatteries she took:
O stay, said he, 'tis done I vow,
Thirsis is Captivated now.

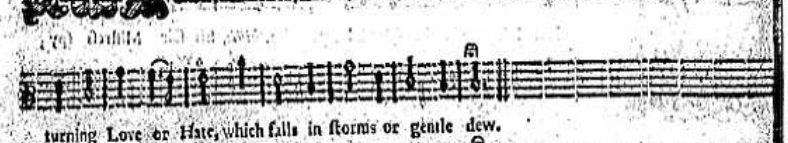






A. 2, Vox. Cantus & Bassus.





Mr. Roger Hill

II.

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

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.

IV.

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

V.

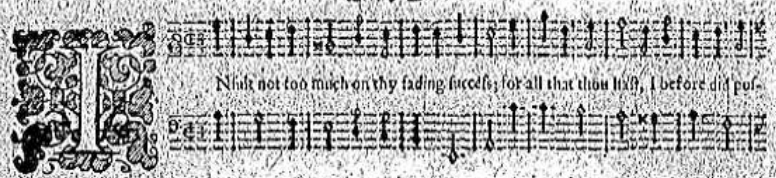
Force may be called Victory;
Yet only those are overcome;
Who yield unto an Enemy,
That is their certain fate and doom.

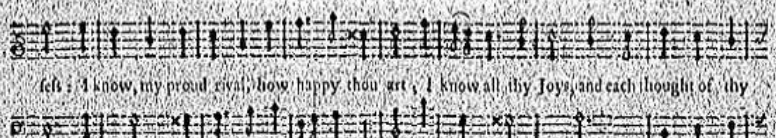
VI.

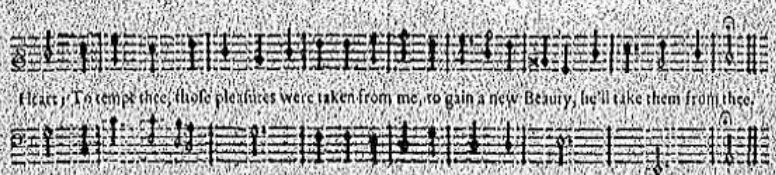
[illegible] fettered, I freely Love;
[illegible] choice doth make the conquest shine;
[illegible] will thy power best improve;
[illegible] to thy Subject thou incline.

VII.

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

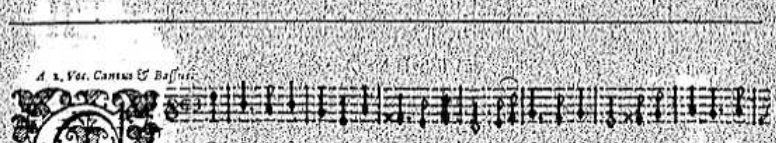


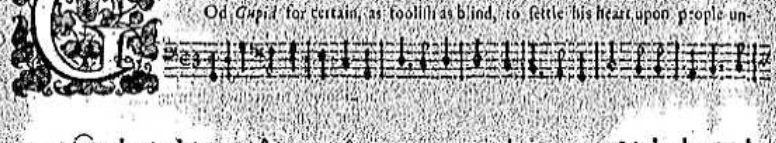


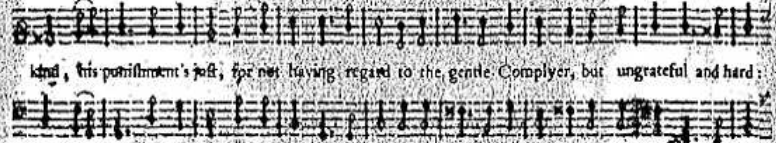


Mr. Alph. Marsh, Junior.

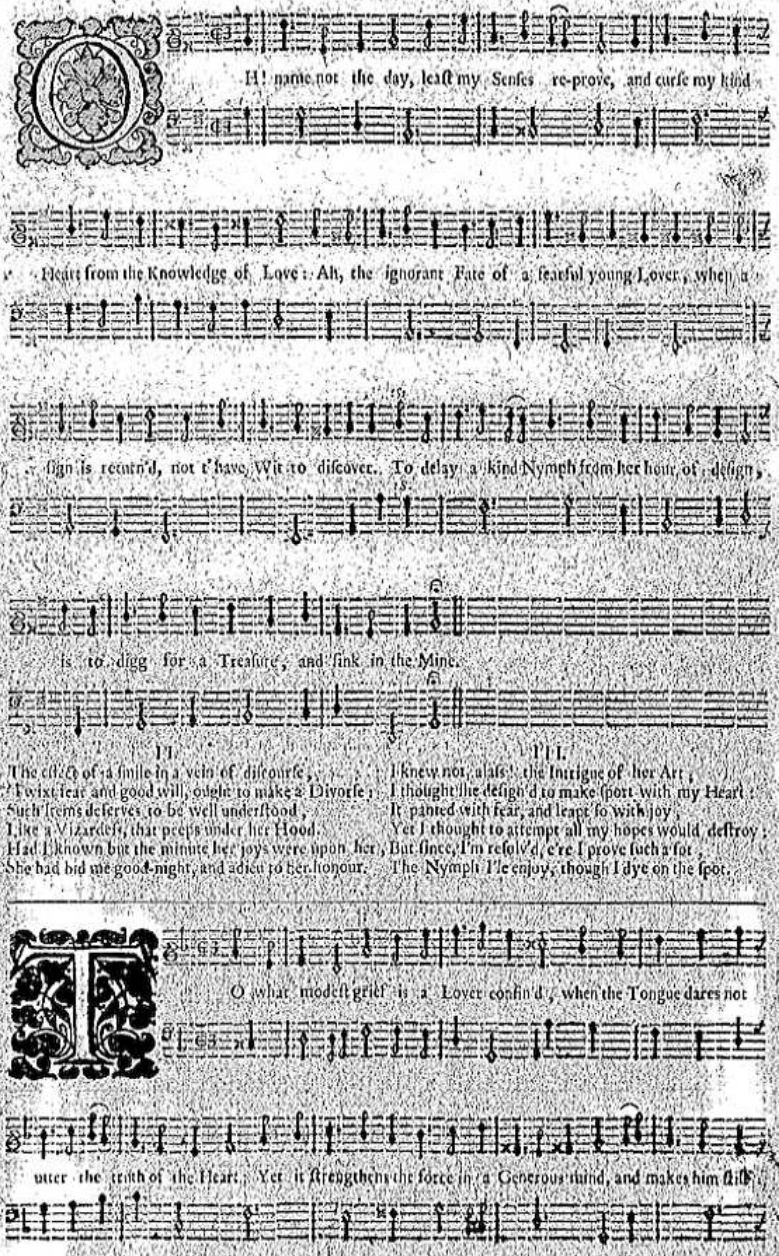
A 2, Vox. Cantus & Bassus.

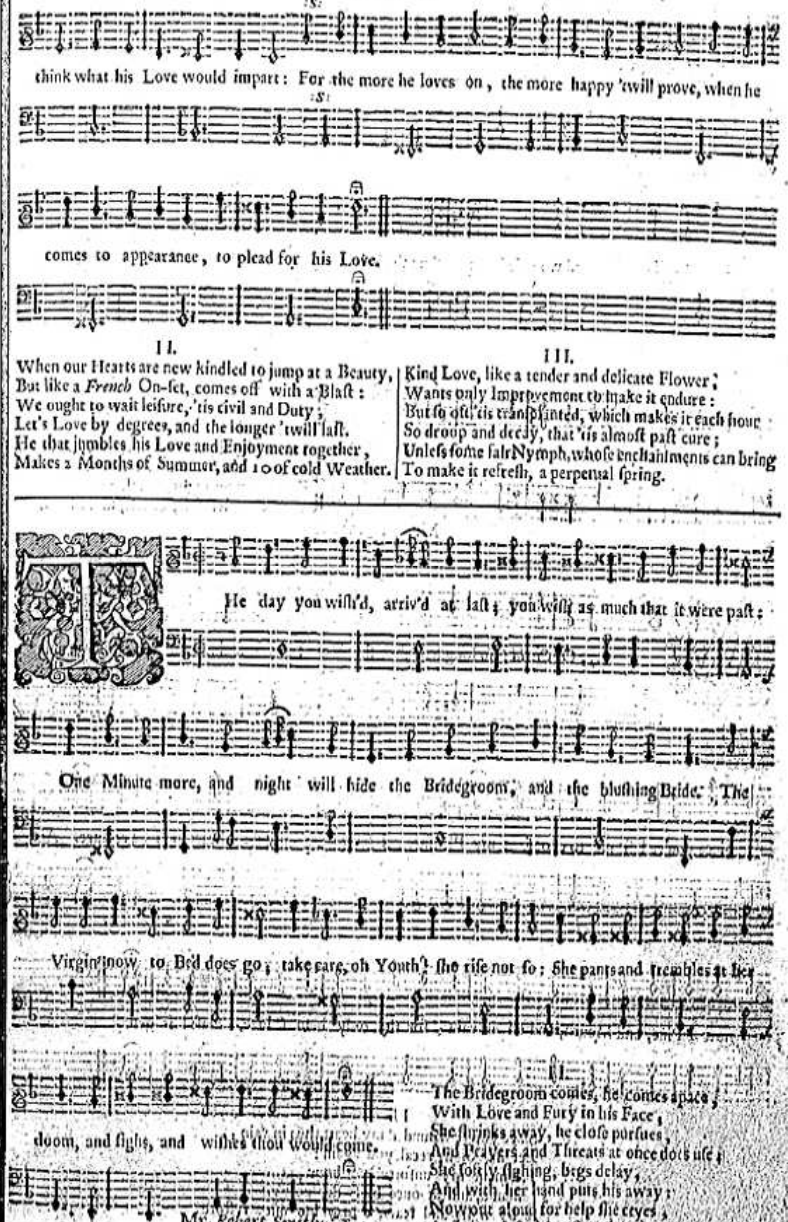


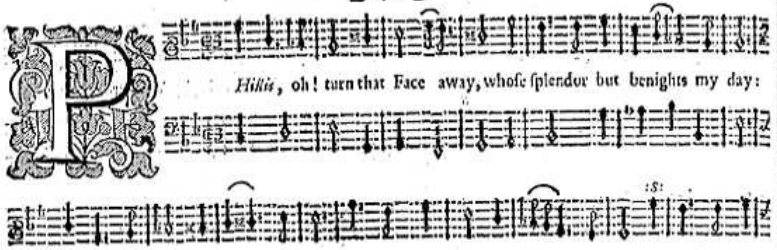


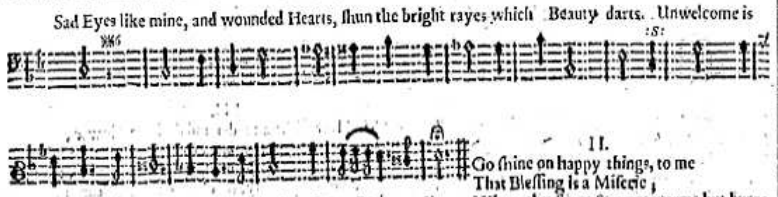


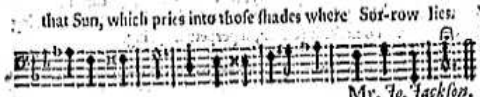
John Playford.


O! name not the day, least 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.
II.
The cliff of a smile in a vein of discourse,
Twixt fear and good will, ought to make a Divorse;
Such seems deserves to be well understood,
Like a Vizarder, 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.
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 so with joy,
Yet I thought to attempt all my hopes would destroy:
But since, I'm resolv'd, e're I prove such a fot,
The Nymph I'le enjoy, though I dye on the spot.
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 still


think what his Love would impart: For the more he loves on, the more happy 'twill prove, when he
comes to appearance, to plead for his Love.
II.
When our Hearts are new kindled to jump at a Beauty,
But like a French On-set, 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 jumbles his Love and Enjoyment together,
Makes 2 Months of Summer, and 10 of cold Weather.
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 enchantments can bring
To make it refresh, a perpetual spring.
The day you wish'd, arriv'd at last; you wish 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
doom, and sighs, and wishes thou would come.
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 does use;
She sorrly sighing, begs delay,
And with her hand puts his away:
Now out alas for help she cryes,
And now despairing shuts her Eyes.



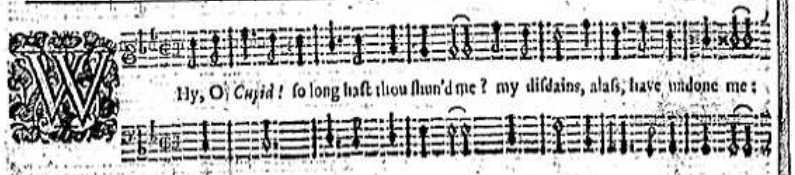


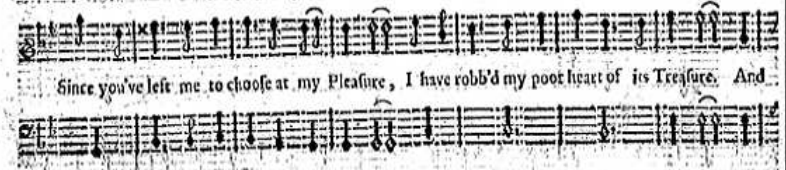


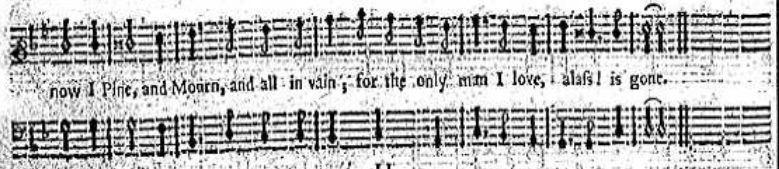
II.

Go shine on happy things, to me
That Blessing is a Miscrie;
Whom thy fierce Sun not warms, but burns,
Like that the sooty *Indian* turns:
I'le serve your night, and there confin'd,
With thee, less fair, or else, more kind.

Mr. *Jo. Jackson.*

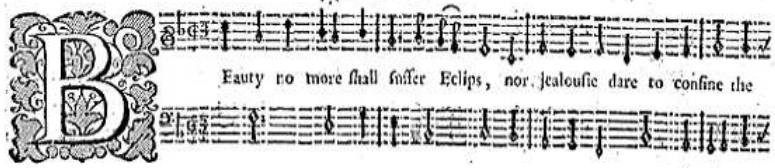


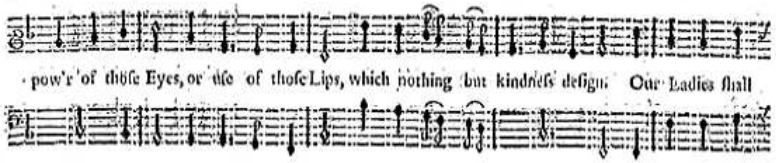


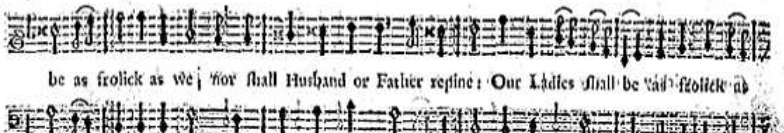


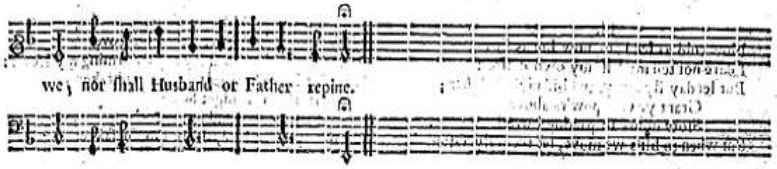
II.

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









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.

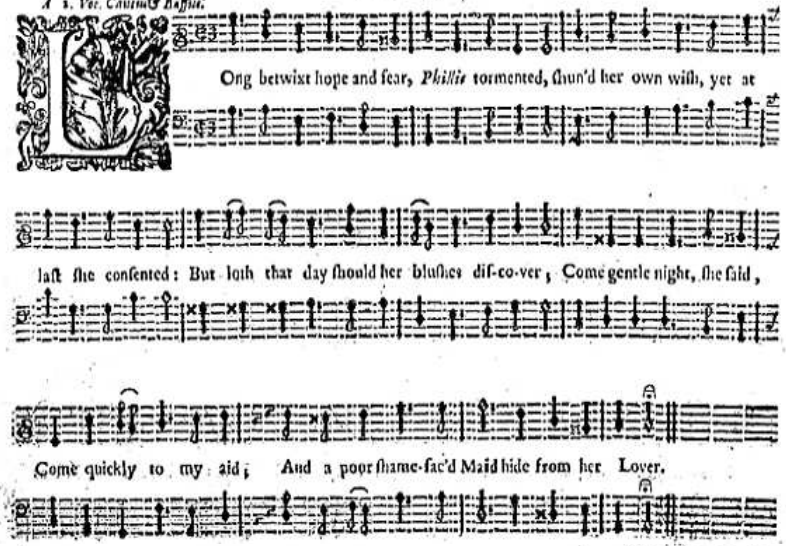
III.

Where in private we'll teach them the Mysteries of (Love,
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 ease'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 3. Ver. Cantus & Bassus.



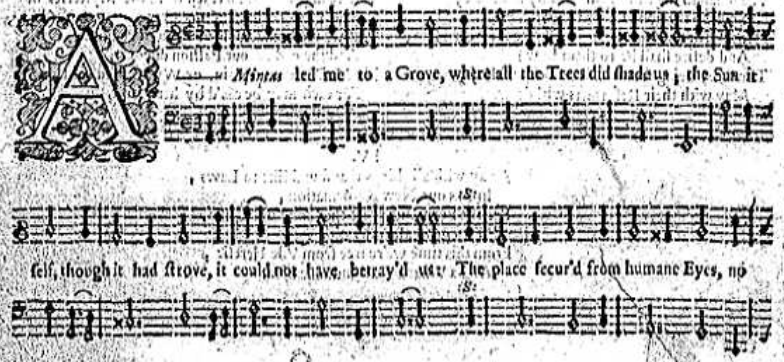
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

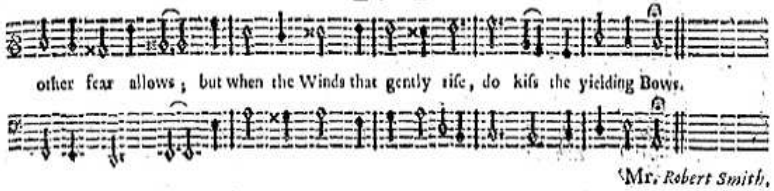
II.

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.





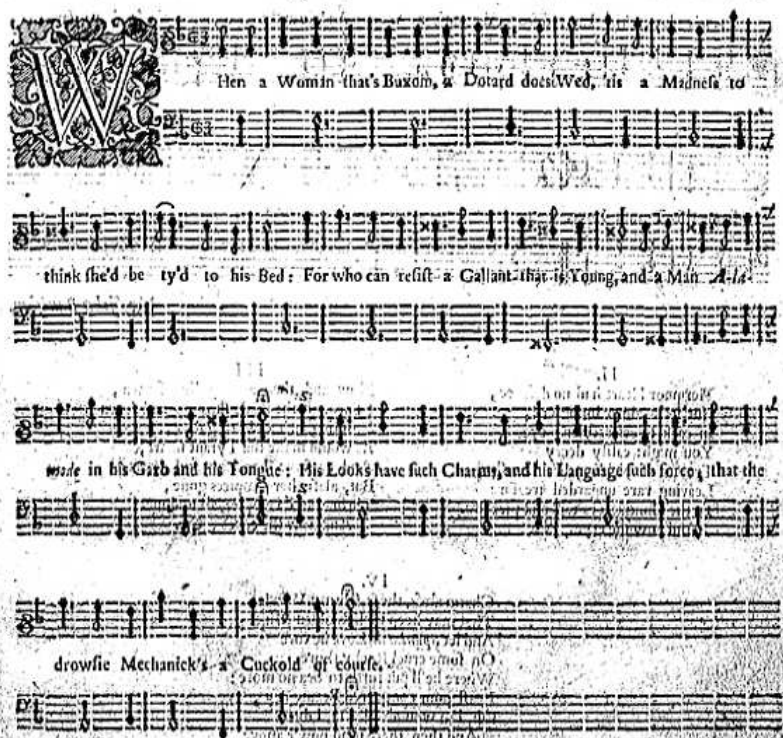
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

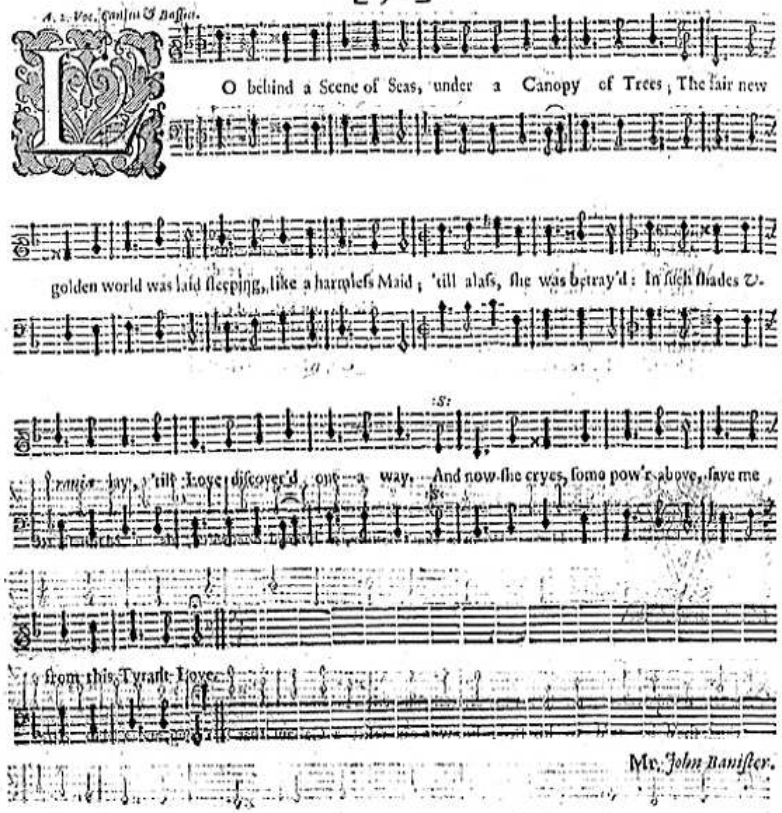
Down there we sat upon the Moss,
And did begin to play
A thousand wanton Tricks, to pass
The heat of all the day:
A-many Kisses he did give,
And I return'd the same;
Which made me willing to receive
That which I dare not name!

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;
And laid me softly on the ground:
Oh, who can guess the rest.



A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



Mr. *John Banister.*

II.

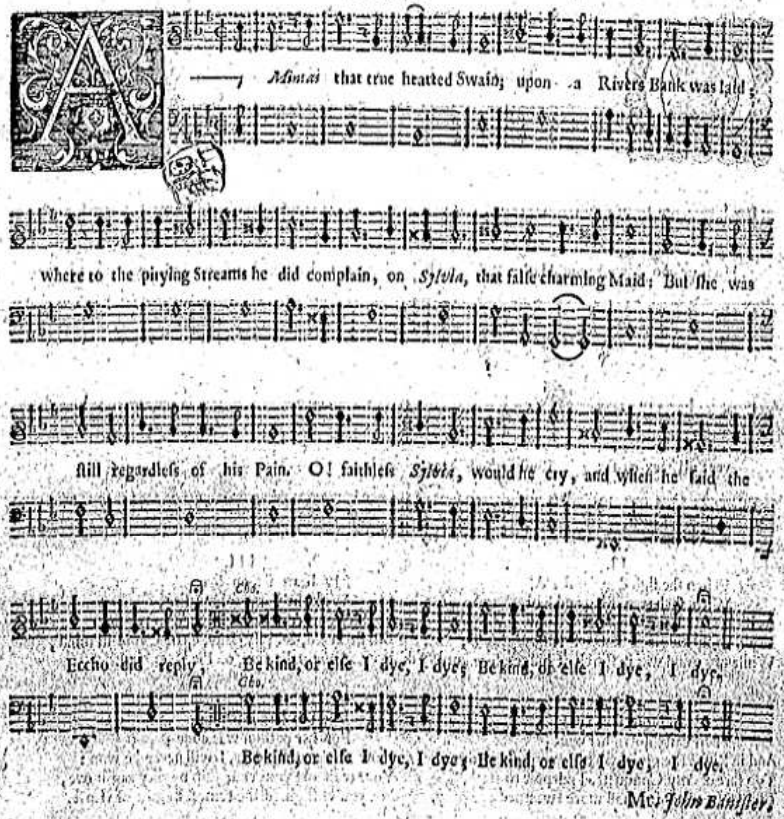
Her poor Heart had no defence,
But its Maiden innocence;
In each sweet retyring eye
You might easily descry
Troops of yielding Beauties fly,
Leaving rare ungarded treasure
To the Conqueror's will and pleasure.
And now she cryes, &c.

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 cryes, &c.

IV.

Charm aloft, those stormy Winds,
That may keep these Golden Mines,
And let *Spaniards* 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.



Mr. *John Banister.*

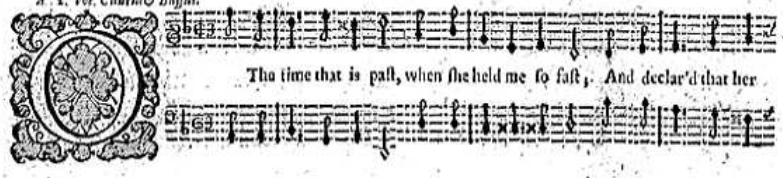
II.

A show'r of Tears his Eyes let fall,
Which in the River made impress;
Then Sigh'd, and *Sylvia* false would call;
O cruel, faithless Shepherdess!
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.

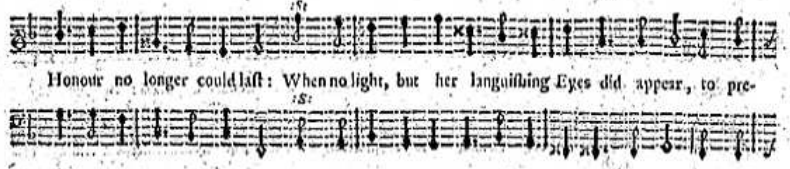
III.

Those Smiles and Kisses which you give,
Remember, *Sylvia*, are my due;
And all the Joys my Rival does receive,
He ravishes from me, not you:
Ah! *Sylvia*, can I live, and this believe,
Insensible are taught to see
My Languishments, and seems to pity me;
Which I demand of thee, of thee: Which I demand, &c.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



O 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 unlac'd,
With such trembling and haste,
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 imploy'd.

III.

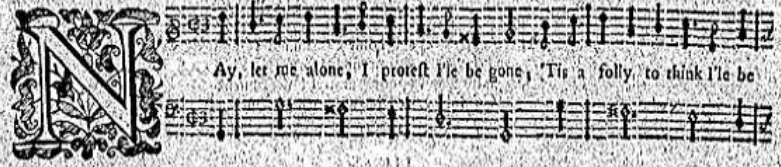
My heart set on fire
With the flames of Desire,
I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require:
But she cry'd, for pity-sake, change your ill mind;
Pray *Aminta*, be civil, or I'le be unkind.

IV.

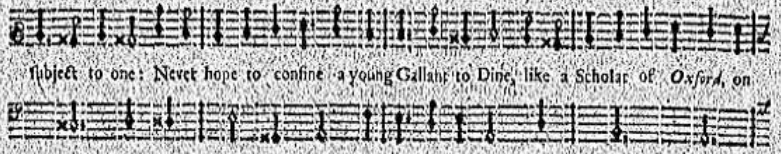
Dear *Aminta*, she crys;
Then casts down her eyes;
And in Kisses she gives, what in words she denys:
Too sure of my Conquest, I purpose to stay,
Till her freer consent had more sweetned the pray.

V.

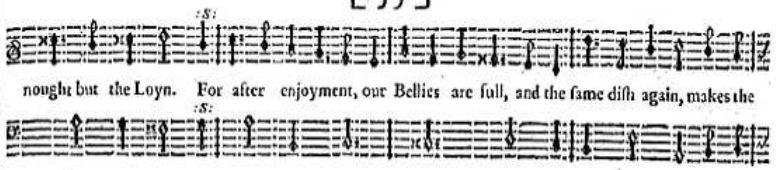
But too late I begun,
For her passion was done;
Now *Aminta*, she crys, I will never be won:
Your tears and your courtship no pity can move,
For you've slighted the critical minute of Love.



N Ay, let me alone; I protest I'le be gone; 'Tis a folly to think I'le be

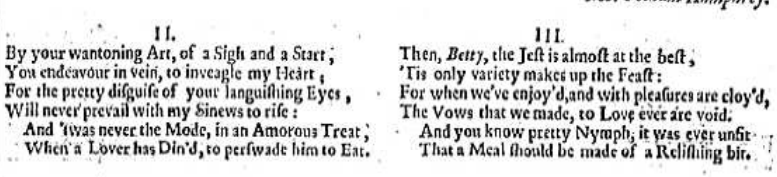


subject to one: Never hope to confine a young Gallant to Dine, like a Scholar of *Oxford*, on



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.*

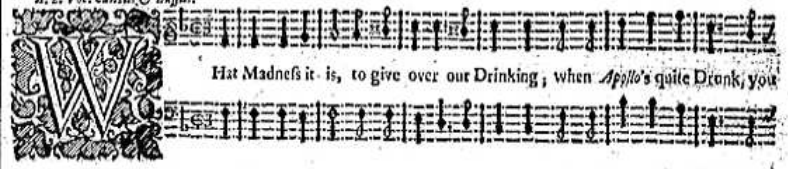
II.

By your wantoning Art, of a Sigh and a Start,
You endeavour in vain, to inveagle 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 perswade him to Eat.

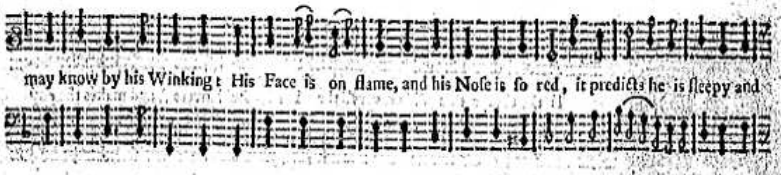
III.

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.

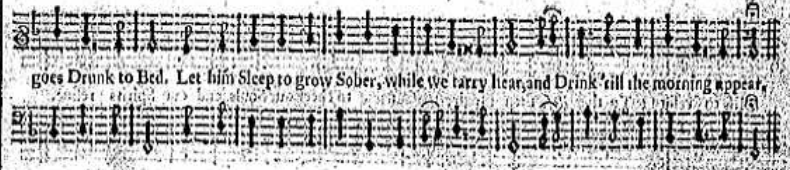
A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



W Hat Madness it is, to give over our Drinking; when *Apollo*'s quite Drunk, you

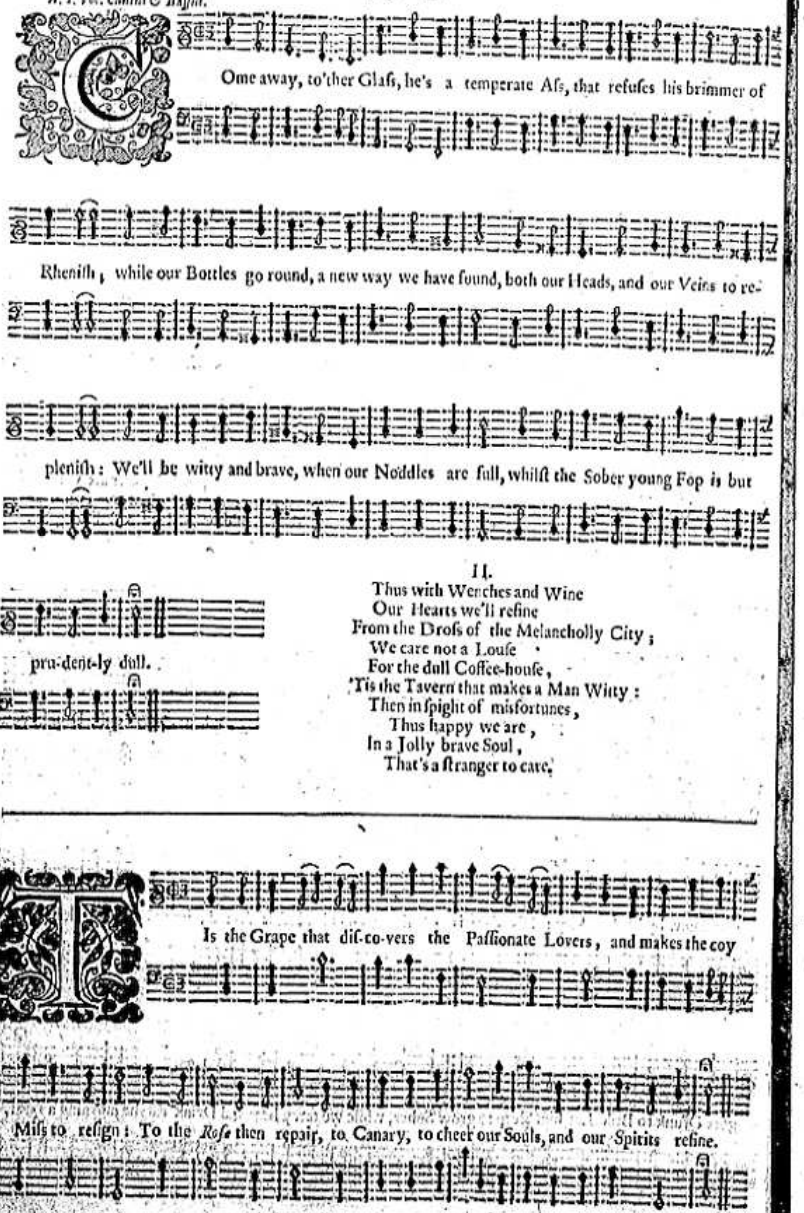


may know by his Winking: His Face is on flame, and his Nose is so red, it predicts he is sleepy and



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

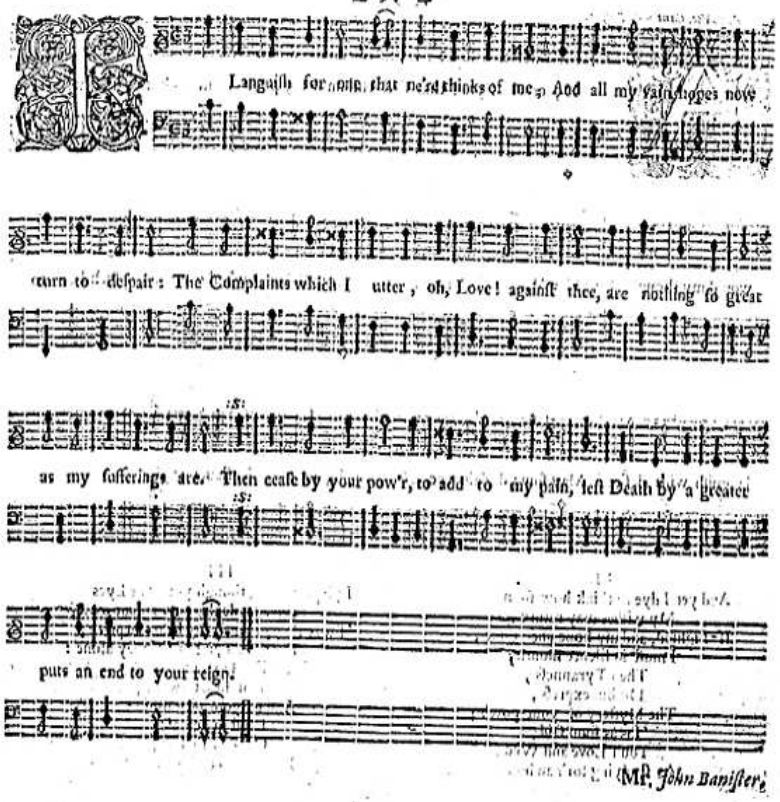
A. 3. Voc. Contra & Bassus.



II.

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

Mr. Robert Smith.



Mr. John Banister.

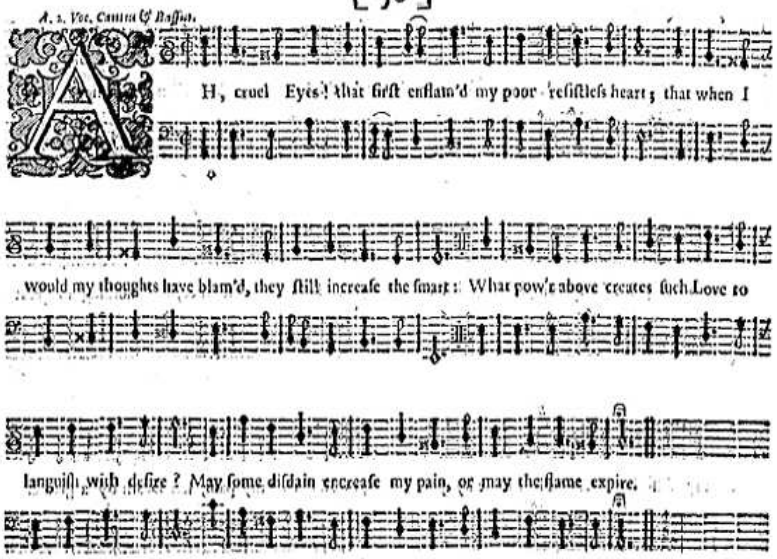
II.

My Sighs and my Tears so privately I
Do give to a Passion, I ne're will impart;
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,
Ne're 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 design'd,
My dearest *Philander*, thy Martyr to be!
O fate! so unkind, to make me esteem
My death to be welcome, cause given by them.

A. 2. Voc. Canto & Basso.

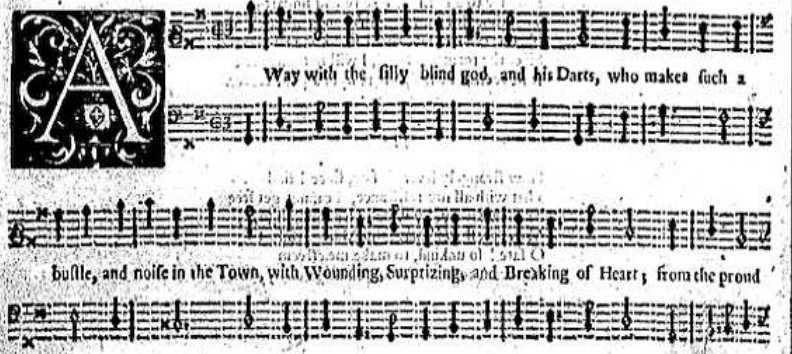


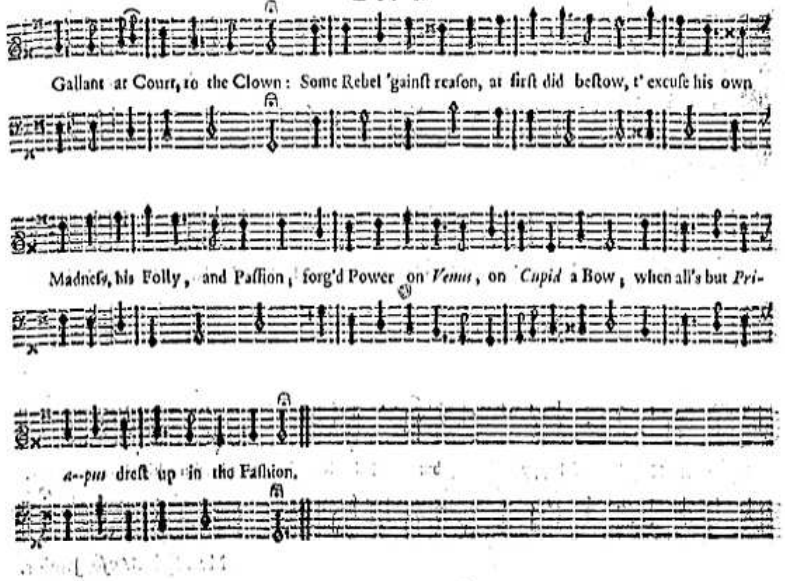
II.

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 Tyrannes,
Do but express,
The Mystery of your pow'r,
'Tis as soon said,
You'l Love and Wed,
As studying for't an hour.

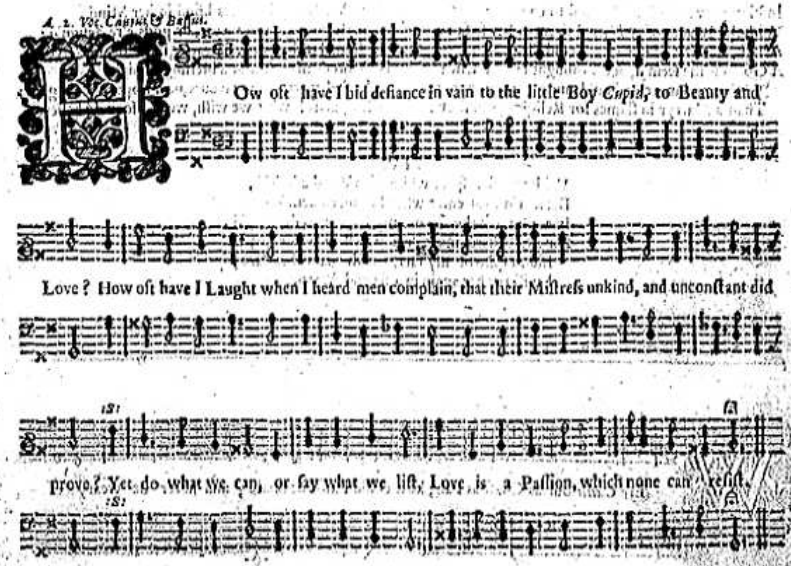
III.

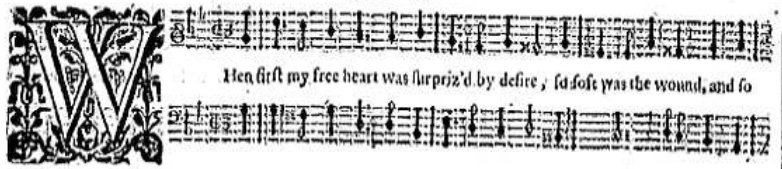
I yield to Fate, though your fair Eyes
Have made the pow'r your own;
'Twas they did first, my heart surprize,
Dear Nymph! 'twas they alone:
For Honoprs sake,
Your heart awake,
And let your pity move:
Least in despair
Of one so fair,
I bid adieu to Love.



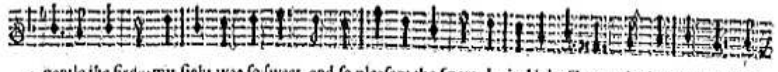


A. 2. Voc. Canto & Basso.





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



gentle the fire; 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. Marsh*, Junior.

II.

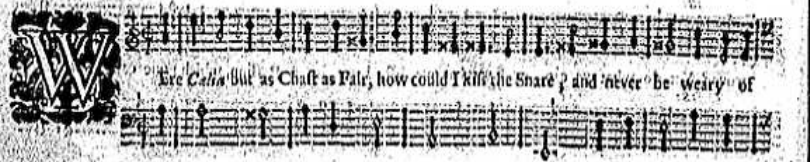
In Nature was nothing I found to compare
With the Beauty of *Philis*, I thought her so fair;
A Wit so divine all her sayings did fill;
A Goddess she seem'd, and I thought on her still:
With a zeal more enflam'd, and a passion more true
Than a Martyr in flames for Religion, can shew.

III.

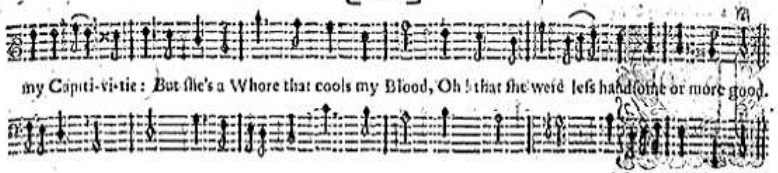
More Virtues and Graces I find in her Mind,
Then the Schools can invent, or gods e're design'd;
She seem'd to be mine, by each glance of her Eye,
If Mortals may aim at a blessing so high;
Each day, with new favours, new hopes she did give,
But, alas! what we wish, we too soon do believe.

IV.

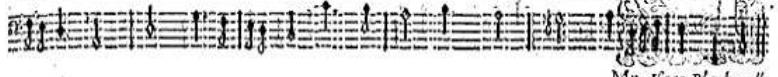
With awful respect while I lov'd and admir'd,
But fear'd to attempt what I so much desir'd;
In a moment the life of my hopes was destroy'd,
For a Shepherd, more daring, fell on, and enjoy'd;
But in spite of my fate, and the pains I endure,
I will try her again in a second Amour.



Ere *Celia* But as Chast as Fair, how could I kiss the Snare, and never be weary of



my Capiti-vi-tie: But she's a Whore that cools my Blood, Oh! that she were less handsome or more good.



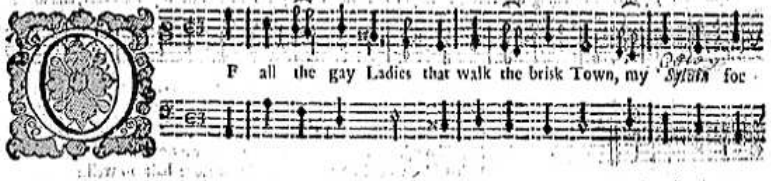
Mr. *Isaac Blackwell*.

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?

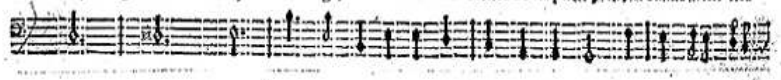
III.

No, no, what means that wanton Smile?
But only to beguile;
Thus did the first
Of Women, make all Men accurst:
I, for their Takes, give Women o're,
The first was false, the fairest was a Whore.

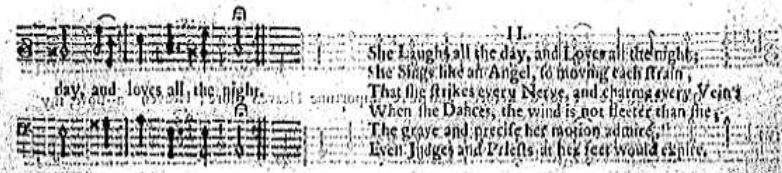


F all the gay Ladies that walk the brisk Town, my *Sylvia* for

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



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

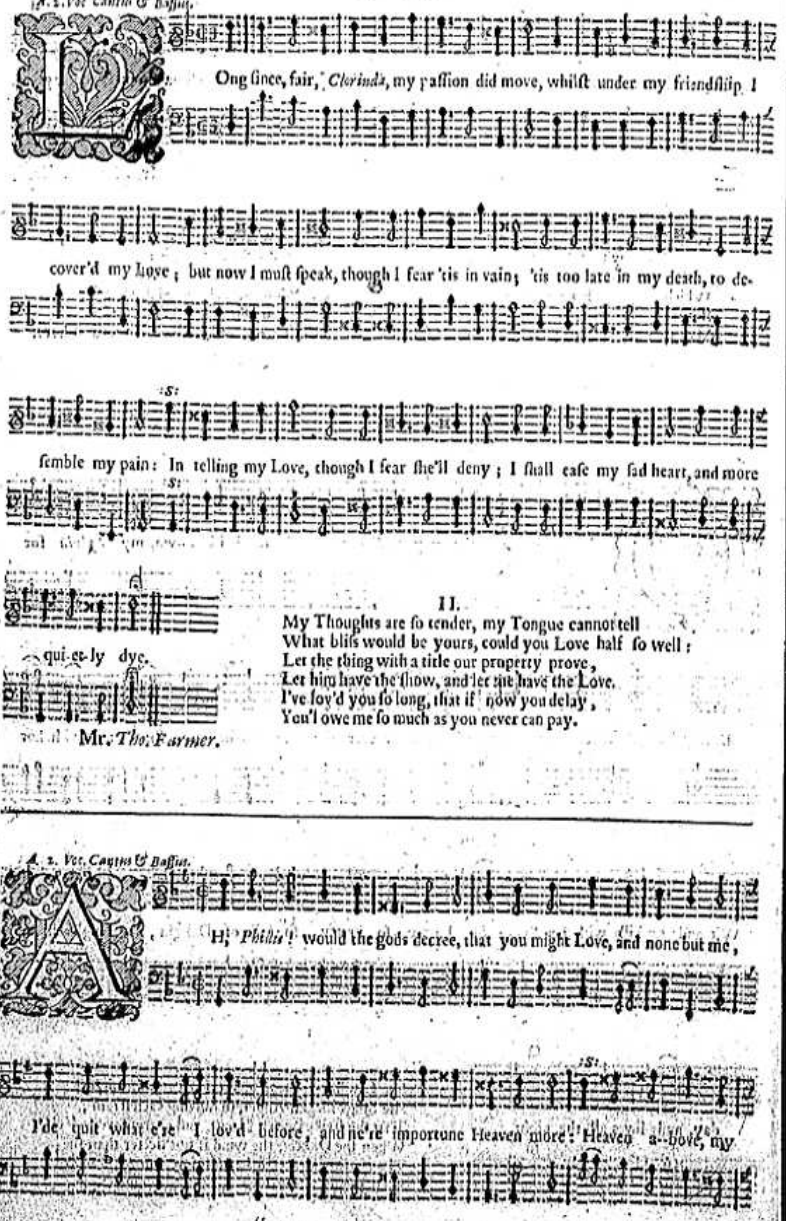


day, and loves all the night.

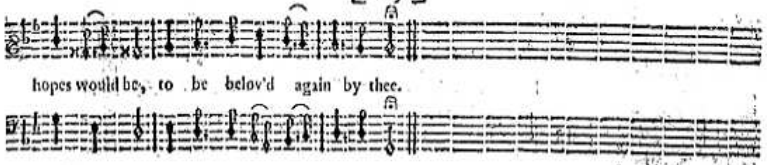
II.

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 fleeter than she;
The grave and precise her motion admire,
Even Judges and Prelates at her feet would expire.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.

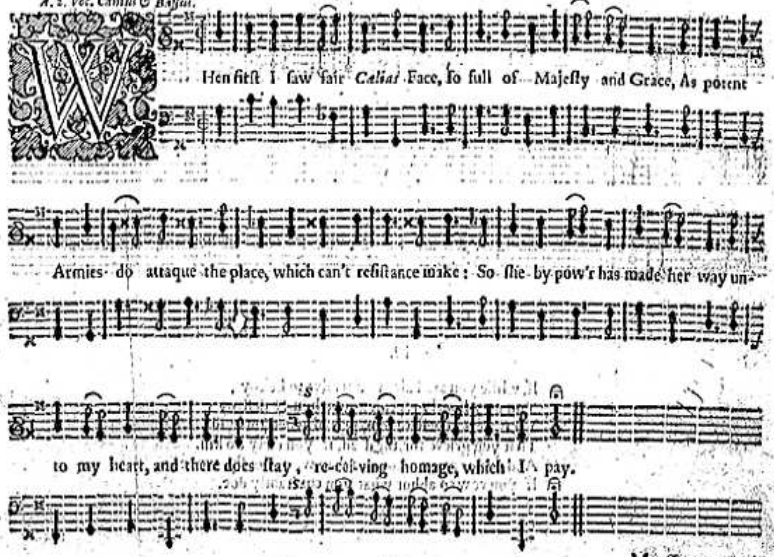


Mr. Twist.

II.
Ah! should my Phillis 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. Cantus & Bassus.

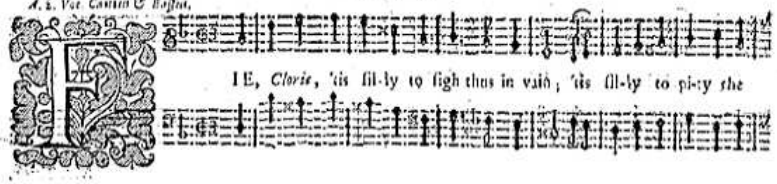


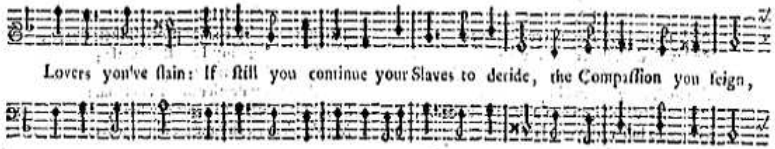
Mr. James Hart.

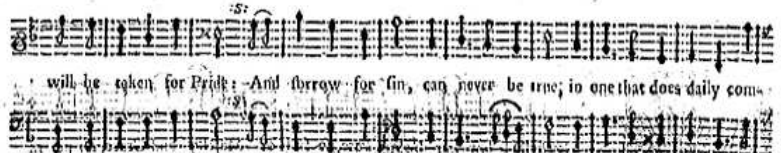
II.
The force of Love, who can withstand;
It is in vain to countermand,
What envious Cupid has decreed;
Then my poor heart must ever bleed,
'Till you, fair Nymph, by pity mov'd,
My Passion having once approv'd,
Can Love, as now you are belov'd.

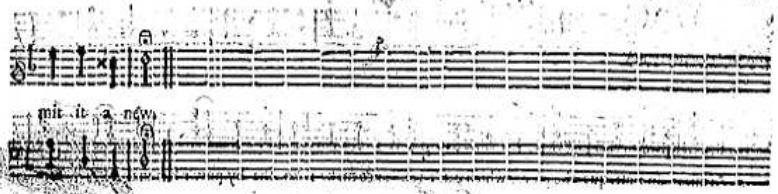
III.
It would be gallantry in Love,
If Celia would the act approve;
Where she so long has cau'd a smart,
There to bestow, at length, her heart.
In doing this, fair Saint, you may
From your blest name, derive a day,
When Lovers unto you shall pray.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.







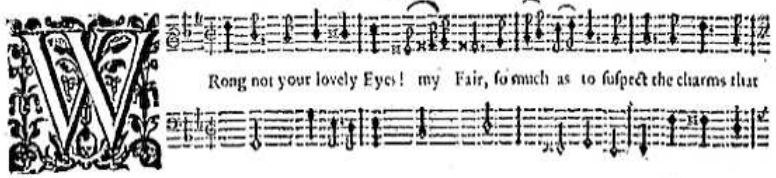


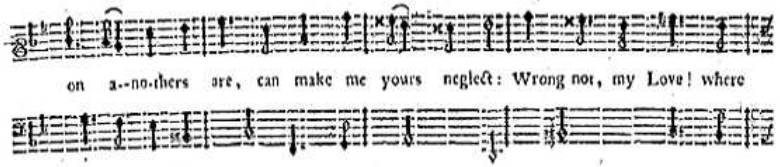
II.

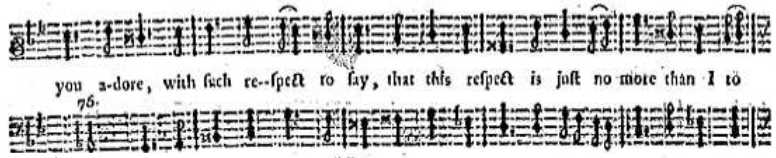
If, while you are Fair, you resolve to be coy,
You may hourly repent, as you hourly destroy;
Yet none will believe you, protest what you will,
That you grieve for the dead, if you daily do kill.
And where are our hopes, when we zealously woo,
If you vow to abhor what you constantly doe.

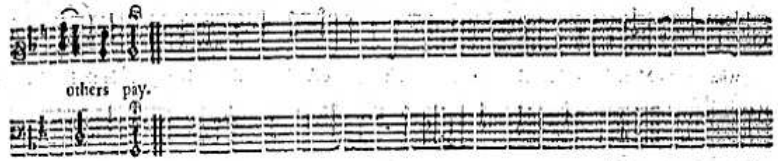
III.

Then, *Clorie*, be kinder, and tell me my fate,
For all 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 recall 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.









Mr. *Matthew Locke.*

II.

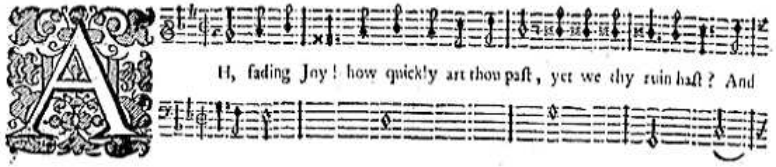
A general desire to please,
Dwells in all Humane kind,
Such, I am sure, would you confess,
In your own Heart you find;
And if the light of others Eyes,
To follow, I appear,
'Tis that to yours a Sacrifice
More worthy I may bear.

III.

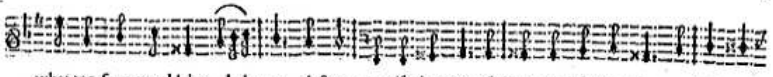
Your Beauty thus, more triumph gains;
I nothing from it take,
But only of your glorious Chains,
My self more worthy make:
Then is this fear of yours but vain,
You cannot be betray'd;
What ever Trophies I can gain,
Must at your feet be laid.

IV.

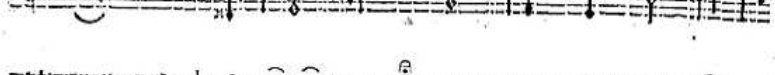
Let other Beauties apprehend
To lose their Lovers Heart;
But you have charms that may pretend
To scorn Loves utmost art:
To others therefore, you, the show
Of Love may well endure,
Since only yours my heart, you know,
In your own Eyes secure.



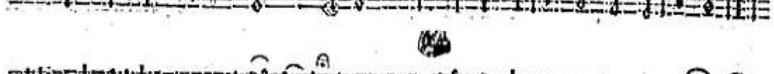
AH, fading Joy! how quickly art thou past, yet we thy ruin hast? And



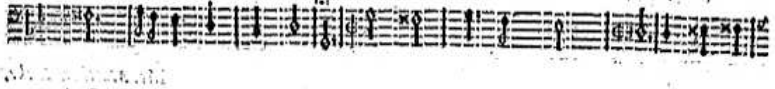
what too soon would dye, help to destroy; as if the cares of Humane life were few, we seek out



new, And follow Fate, which will too fast pursue. In vain does Natures bounteous hand suppy

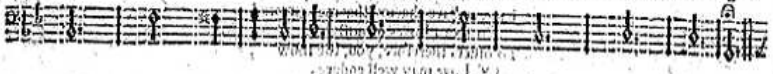


what pevish Mortals to themselves deny. See how, on ev'ry bough the Birds express in their wild

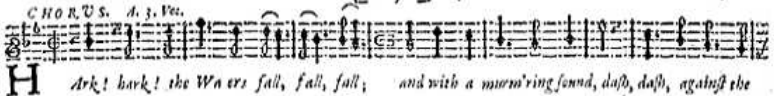


Notes, their happiness: Not anxious, how to get or spare, they on their Mother Nature lay their care.

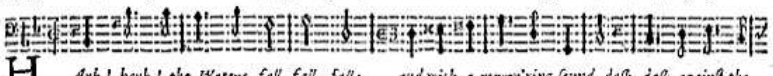
Why then should Man, the Lord of all below, such troubles chuse to know, as none of all his subjects undergo?



CHORUS. A. 3. Vec.



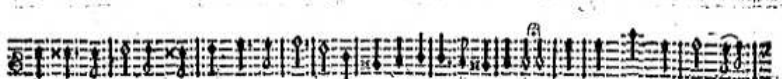
HArk! hark! the Waters fall, fall, fall; and with a murm'ring sound, dash, dash, against the



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

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

ground, to gen---tle Slumbers call.



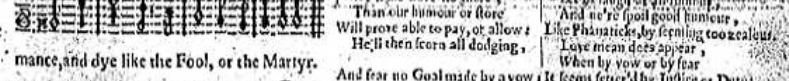
ground, to gen---tle Slumbers ca

ground, to gen---tle Slumbers call. Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

SInce, *Phillis*, we find we grow so inclind, that we dare not bid Love quite de-fiance; Yet

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

most Creatures use, the freedom of Natures great Charter; Let us use Love as Chance, not as god of Ro-



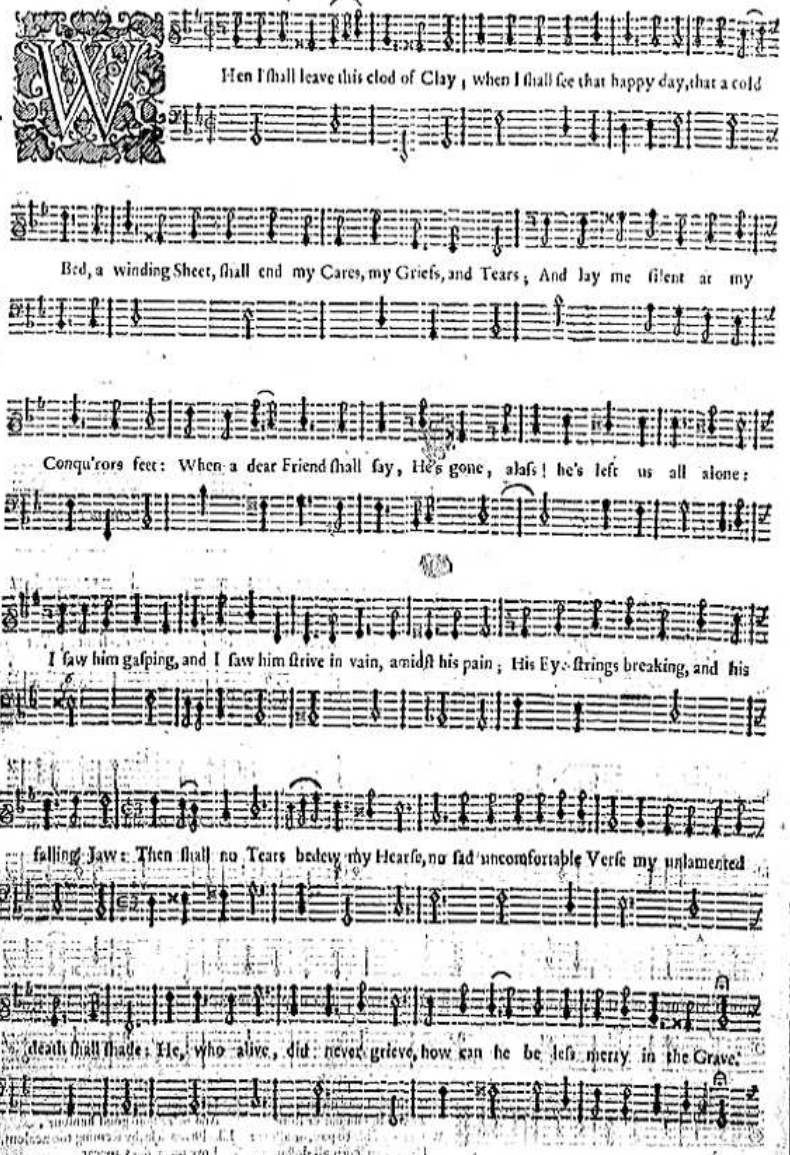
mance, and dye like the Fool, or the Martyr.

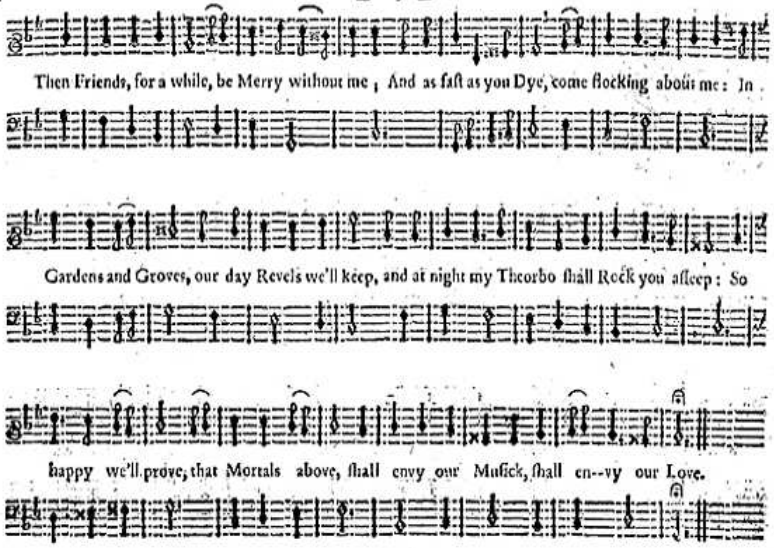
II.

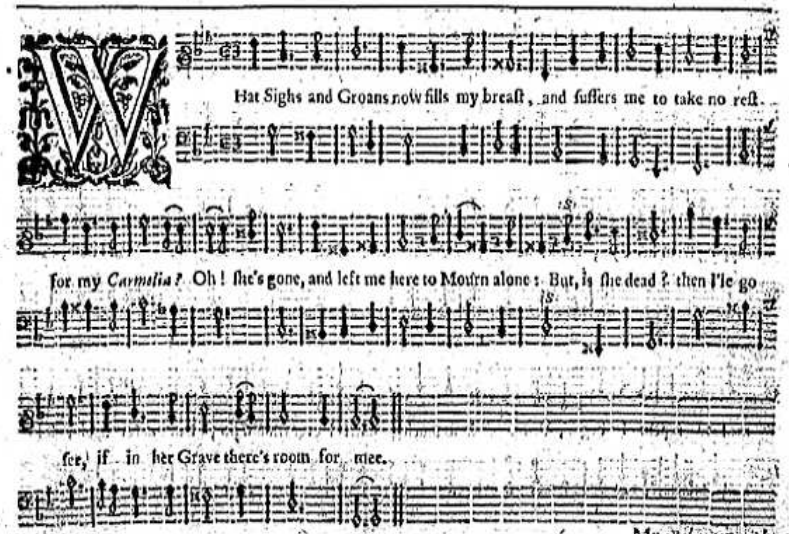
We'll use Love no more,
Than our humour or store
Will prove able to pay, or allow:
He'll then scorn all dodging,
And fear no Goal made by a vow:
Nor shall we be hurl'd,
Like the rest of the World,
Into Madness, by being so jealous.

III.

Let us laugh at all humour,
And we're good good humour,
Like Phanaticks, 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.







Mr. *Robert Smith.*

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 *Carmelia's* Breast to flee;

III.

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

T

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, *Dorin-da*, hear; and what I've done amiss, pardon, and seal that pardon with a

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

dropping from her Eye; Hark! she says, *Philander*, live, all thy Errors I forgive: And 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 *Dorinda*, for sooner I'le dye.

Mr. *Tho. Farmer.*

IS *Caladon* unkind! it cannot be; or is he so unconstant grown, to slight my Vows

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 Prophetick

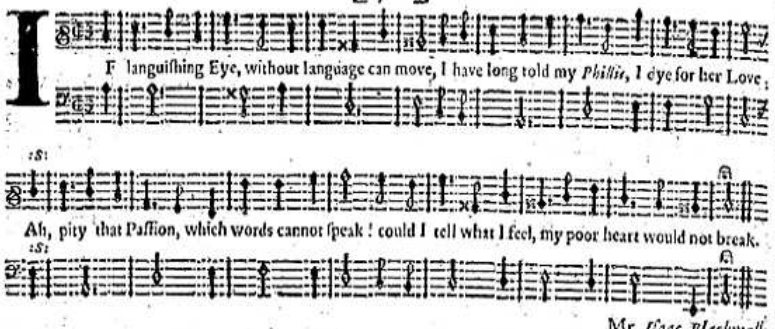
soul, forbear, least I languish in despair; No, my heart, when e're he dies, in the pain must Sympathize;

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 suffrings are equal with mine: And when he returns, If ever again, we'll

Kiss away Sorrow, and Laugh away Pain.

Mr. *James Hart.*



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 sigh and adore,
None merit you less, or can value you more.

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.

IV.

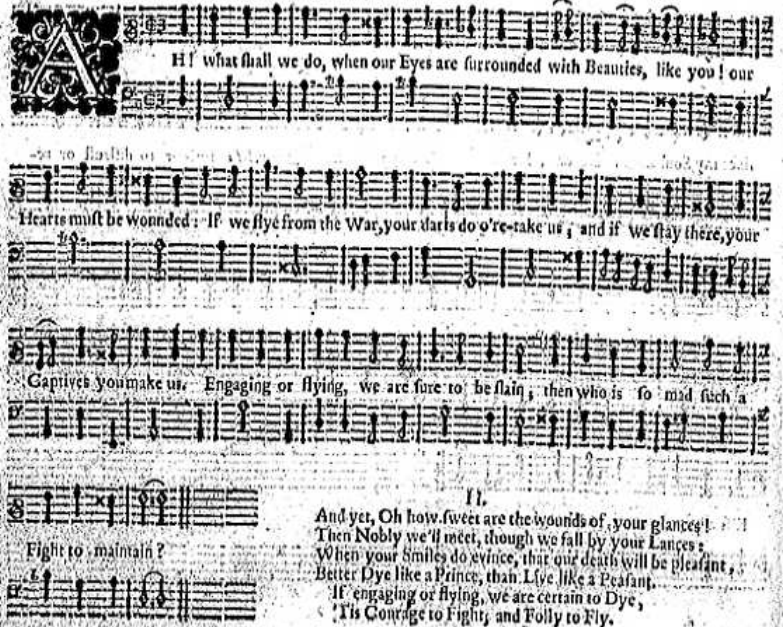
All joys are so order'd by Natures great doom,
That what e're we possess from another must come:
Then, *Phillis*, what pleasure with me may you prove,
What's wanting in worth, is supply'd by my Love.

V.

Our life is uneasie, and sullen 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.

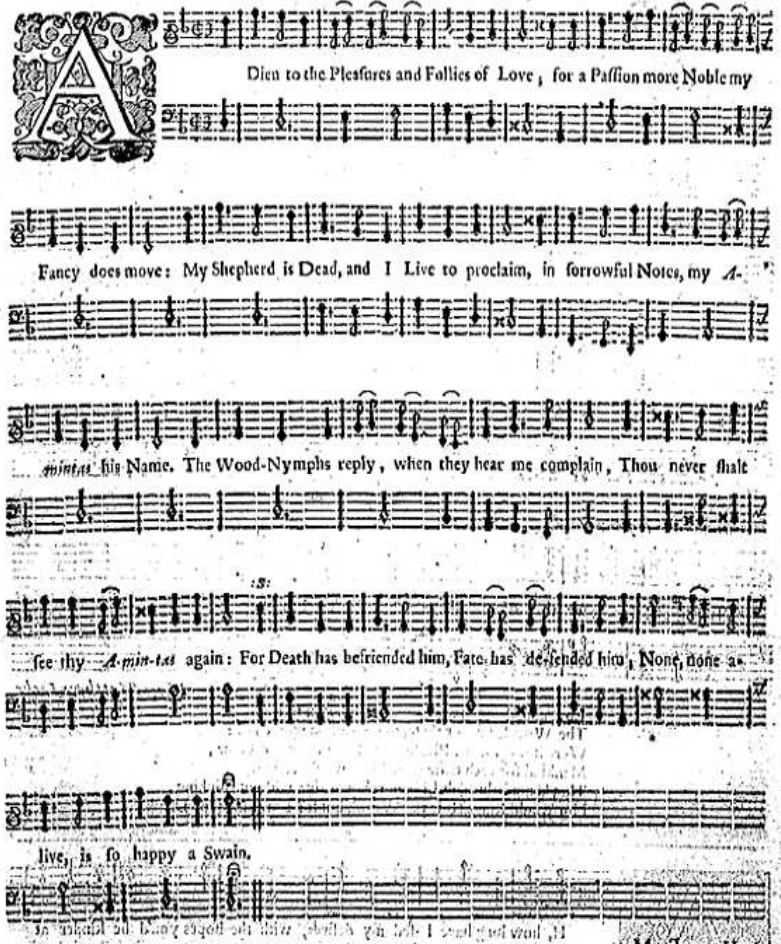
In Oceans of Care, though against Tide we Sail,
Yet our Love from behind us supplies a fresh gale;
The Passage is pleasant, but, ah! 'tis too short;
Let us live while we may, we must part at the port.



II.

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.*



Mr. *James Hart.*

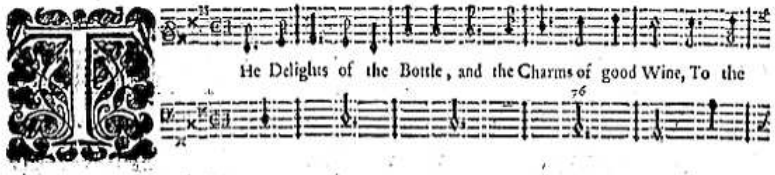
II.

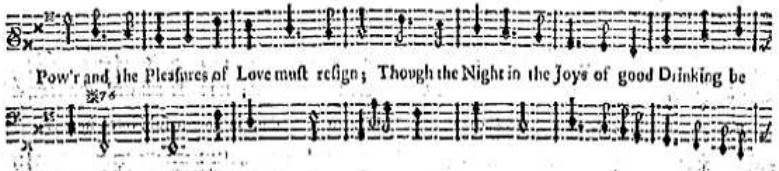
You Shepherds and Nymphs, that have dance'd to his lays,
Come help me to sing forth *Amintas* his Praise;
No Swain for the Garland dar'st with him dispute,
So sweet were his Notes while he sang to his Lute:
Then come to his Grave, and your kindness pursue,
To weave him a Garland of Cypress, and Yew:
For Life hath forsaken him,
Death hath o're-taken him;
No Swain again will be ever so true.

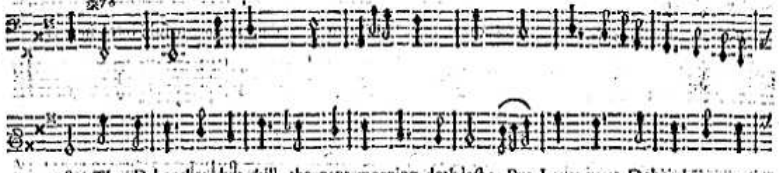
III.

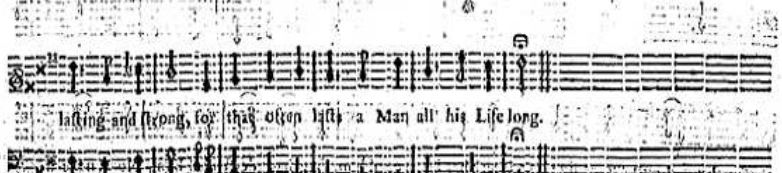
Then leave me alone to my wretched Estate,
I lost him too soon, and I lov'd him too late;
You Ecchoes, and Fountains, my witnesses prove,
How deeply I sigh for the loss of my Love:
And now of our *Pan*, whom we chiefly adore,
This favour I never will cease to Implore;
That now I may go above,
And there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

V.



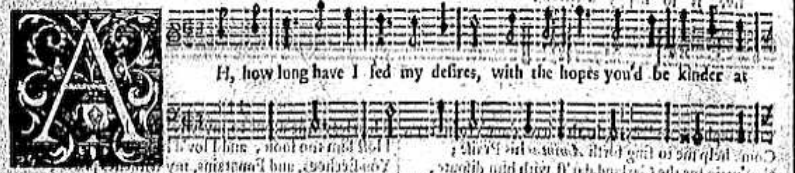


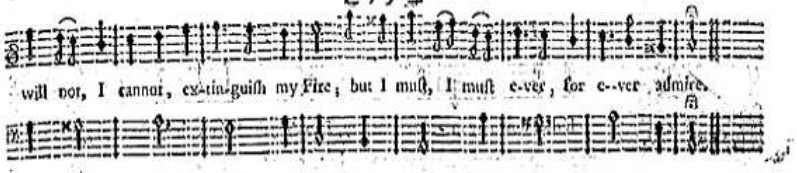




Mr. *Matthew Locke.*

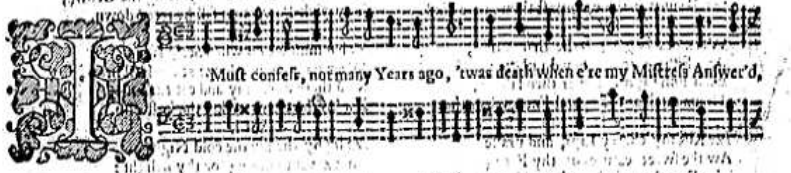
Love and Wine are the Bonds that fasten us all,
The World, but for these, to Confusion would fall:
Were it not for the Pleasure of Love and good Wine,
Mankind for each trifle their Lives would resign.
They'd not value dull Life, nor would live without thinking,
Nor would Kings Rule the World, but for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

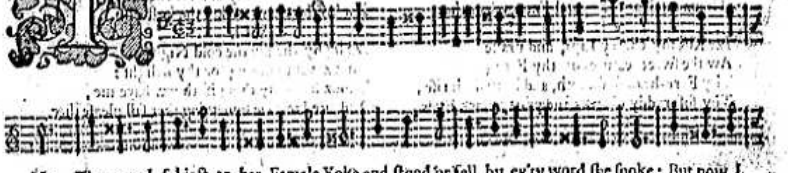


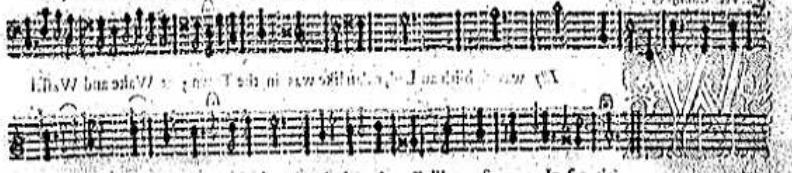


II.

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 ever adore.







Mr. *William Turner.*

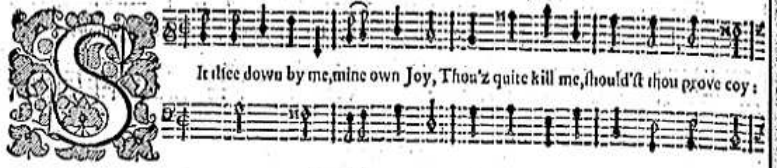
II.

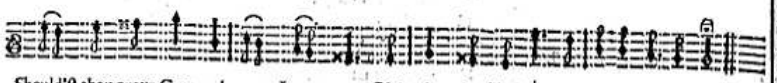
I can a Rich and handsome Lady Court,
Either for my Convenience, or for Sport,
But if the one be Proud, or th' other Coy,
I will not break my Sleep for such a Toy:
My Heart is now for all Assaults prepar'd,
And cannot be Commanded or Entrap'd.

III.

No Eunuch can more unconcern'dly brook
The Glances of the most bewitching Look,
Yet if my Mis be Wantonly inclind,
None can be more Obliging, none more Kind:
Enjoyment now has taught me how to prize
What only they that know, not Idolize.

A Northern Song, to a Northern Tune.





II.

Ize been at Wake, and Ize been at Fare,
Yet ne're found yan with thee to compare:
Oft have I fought, but ne're could find
Sik Beauty as thine, couldſt thou prove kind.

III.

Thouz have a gay Goon and go foyn,
With ſilver Shoon thy Feet ſall ſhoyn:
With foyn'ſt Flowers thy Crag Ize Crown,
Thy pink Petty-coat ſall be laced down.

IV.

Weez yearly gang to the Brook ſide,
And Fiſhes catch as they do glayd:
Each Fiſh thyn Priſoner then ſall be,
Thouz catch'at them, and I'ze catch at thee.

V.

What 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.

VI.

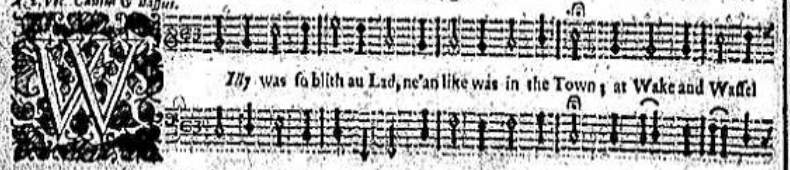
Ize Kiſs thy cherry Lips, and praiſe
Aw the ſweet features of thy Face,
Thy Fore-head ſo ſmooth, and loſty doth riſe,
Thy ſoft ruddy Cheeks and pratty black Eyes.

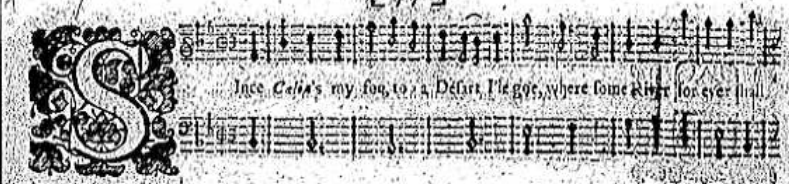
VII.

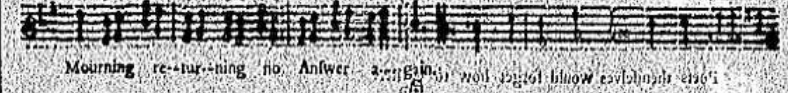
Ize lig by the aw the cold Night,
Thouz want nothing for thy delight:
Thouz have any thing if thouz have me;
And ſure Ize have ſomething that ſall pleaſe thee.

A Northern Song.

Air, Vic. Cauion & Daffiet.



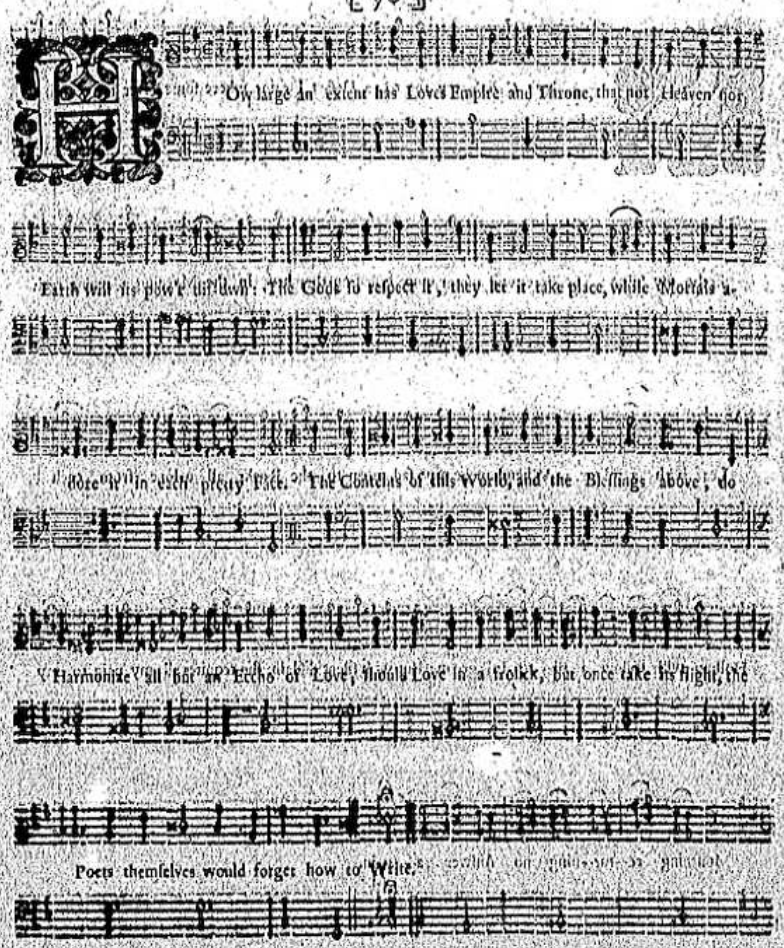




II.

Then, *Celia*, Adieu; when I ceaſe to purſue,
You'l diſcover no Lover, was ever ſo true;
Your ſad Shepherd flyes from thoſe dear Cruelties,
Who not ſeeing his pains, decays and he dies.
But 'tis better to run, the Fate we can't ſhun,
Than for ever endeavour, for what can't be won.
What, ye Gods, have I done, That *Damon* alone,
Is ſo treated, and hated, for Loving but one!

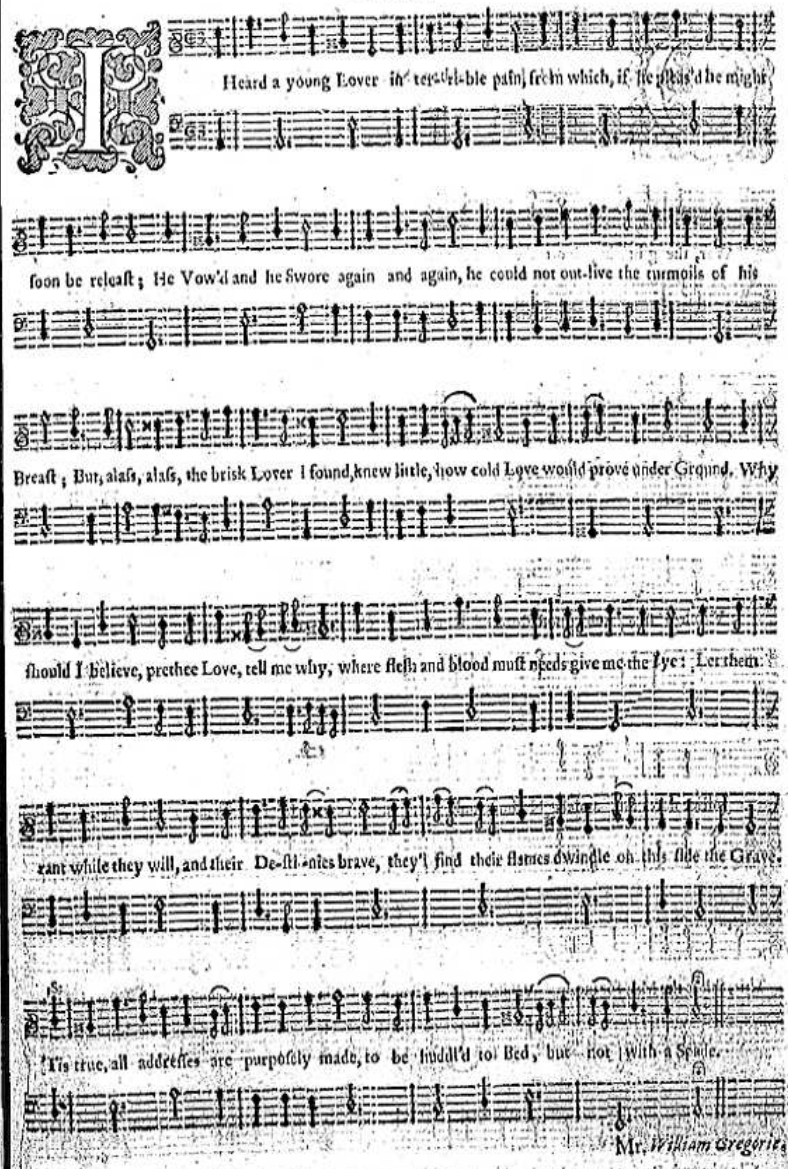
X



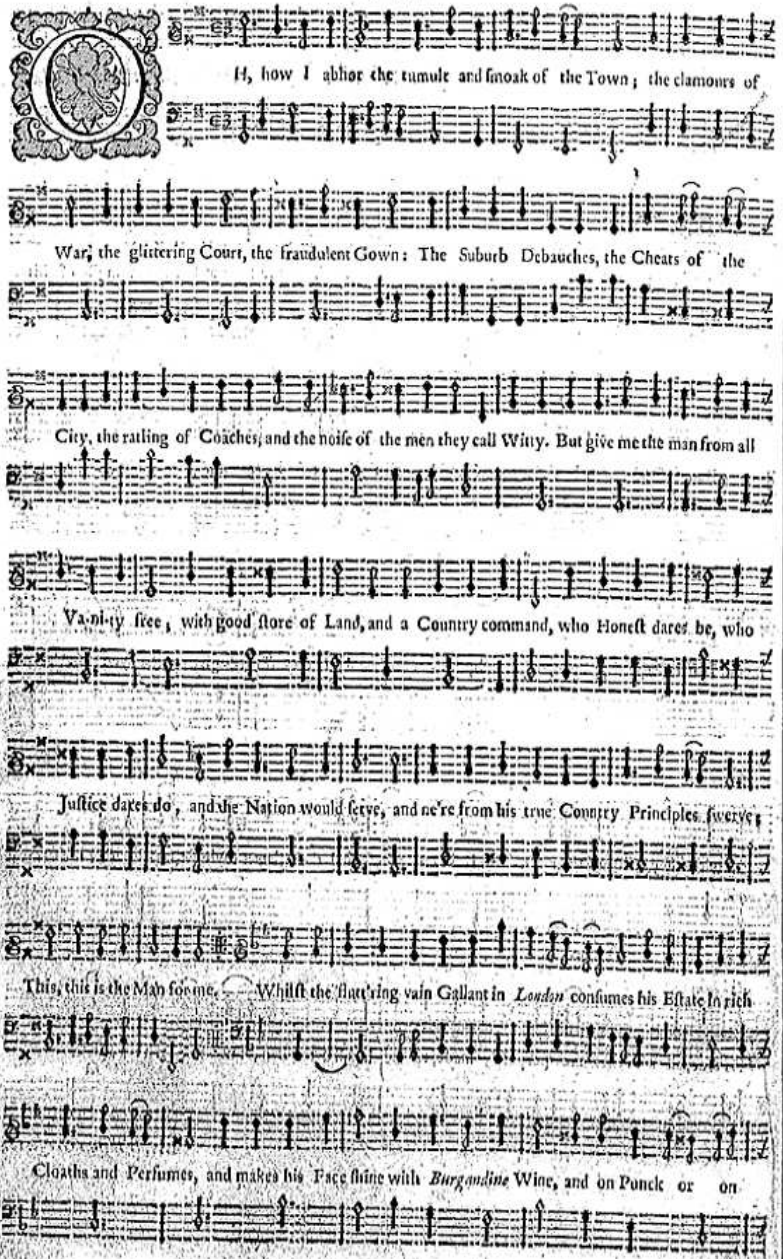
Mr. *William Turner.*

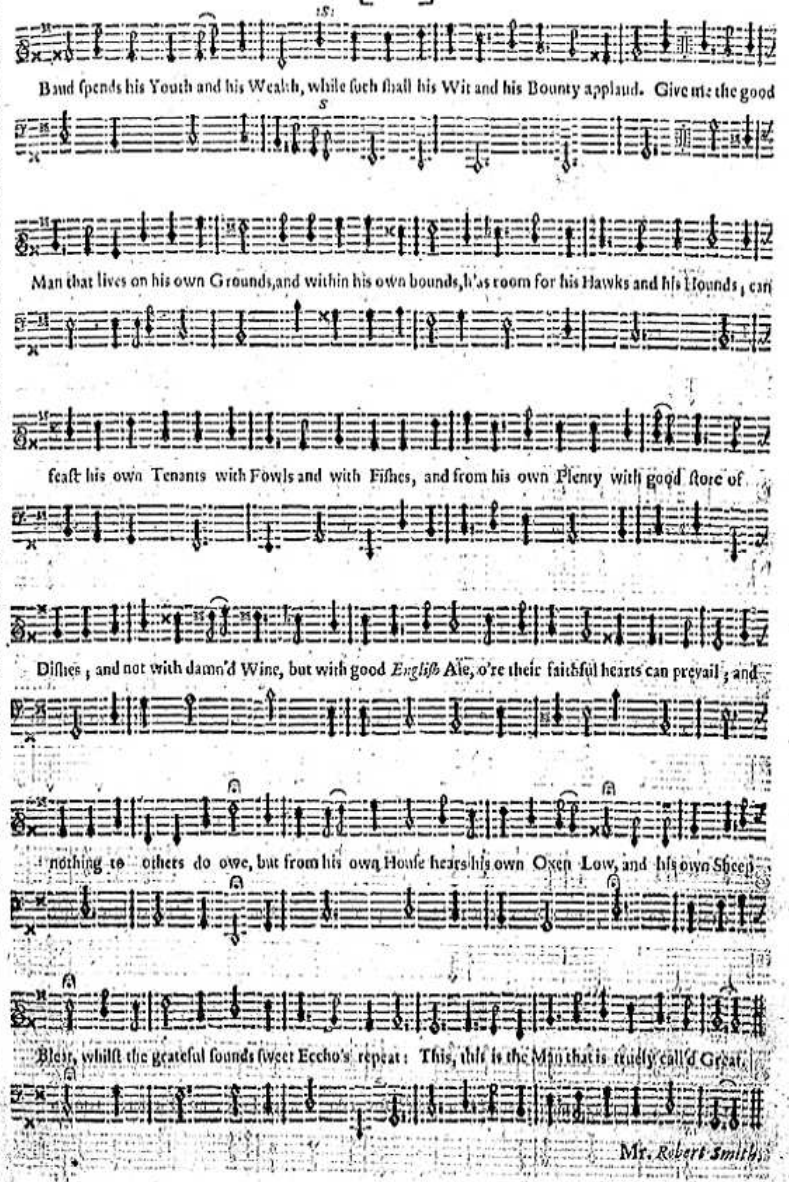
Though Love be a Tyrant, yet Lovers take care?
How you meet with corrupt and adulterate Ware;
There's Love out of Fashion, that's ready to dye,
But your Love in the Mode, has Intrigues by the by.
Though the vain tale humour of Fashion or Wit,
Condemns to what Honour is proud to inherit;
'Tis the Passion Heroick, Obliging and Just,
That makes Love Immortal, and Blossoms in the Dust.

Z.



Mr. *William Gregorie.*





Mr. *Robert Smith.*

A DIALOGUE between two Shepherdesses and a Shepherd.

First Shepherdess.

A 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 Panting, how sweet their desire.

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

Shepherd.

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

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

this faithless Sex so unconstant doth prove, they ought not to Love, 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

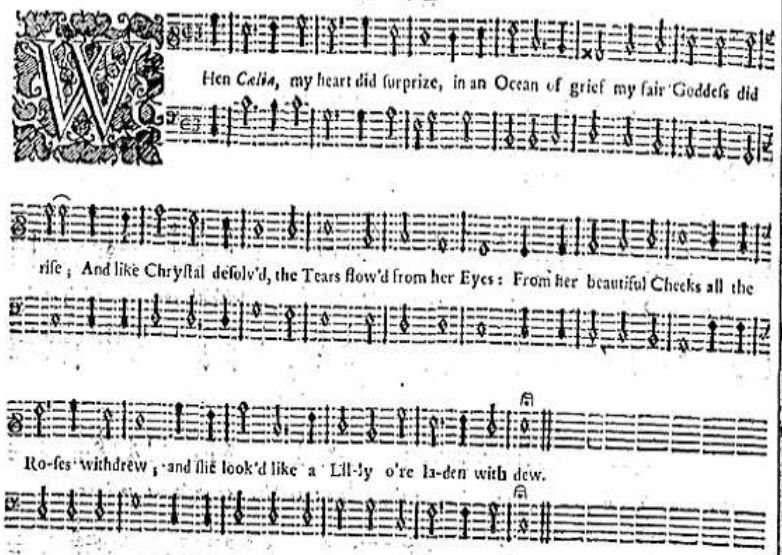
hearts faithful do prove: Ah! how pleasant, how pleasant is Love, when two hearts faithful do prove.

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.*

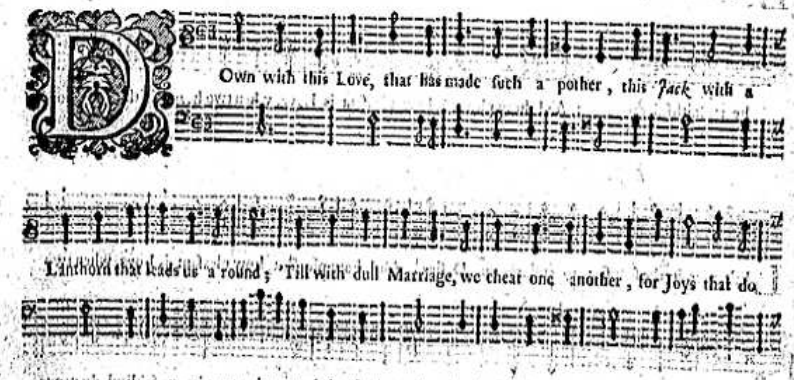


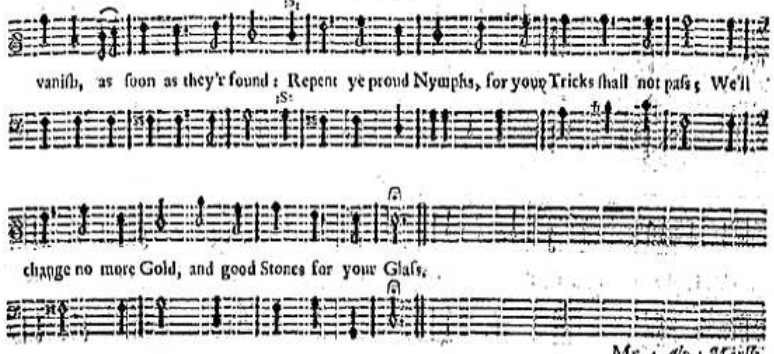
II.

How sweet did her sorrows 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.





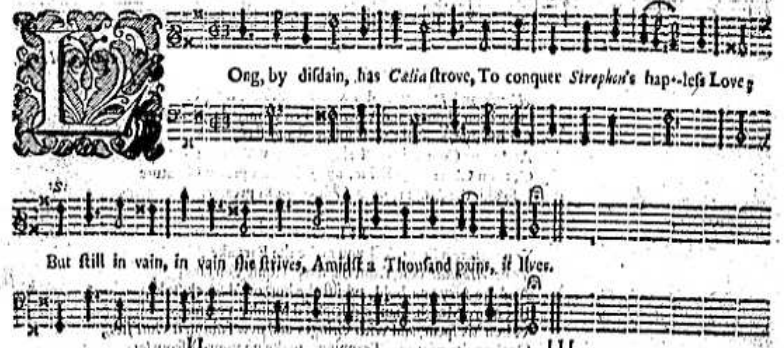
Mr. *Alp. Marsh.*

II.

While so severely you rail at the Pleasure,
And kill the poor Lover, 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 Glass.

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 Glass.



II.

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

III.

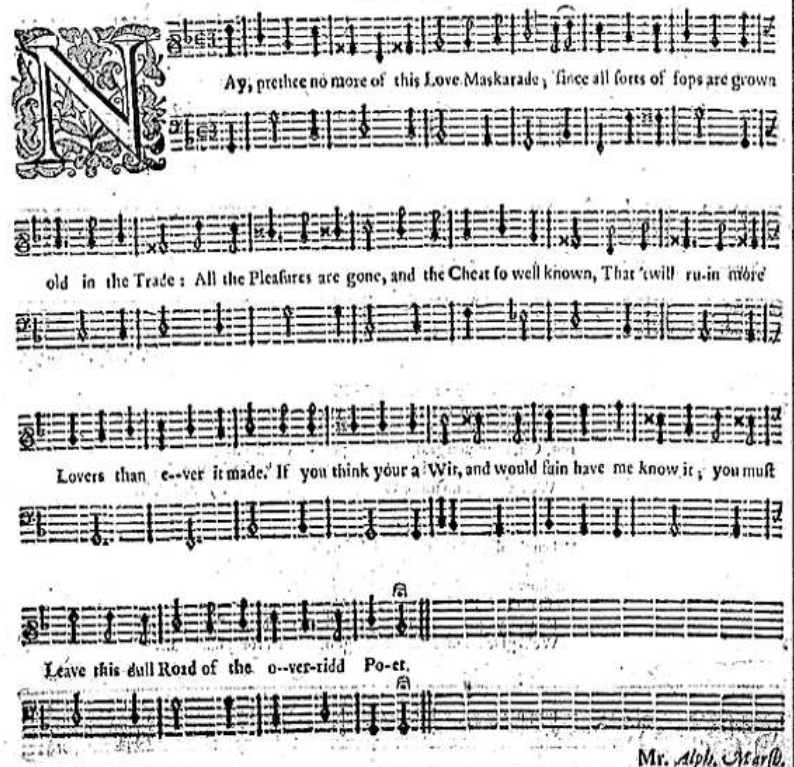
All ways, all times, the wretch has try'd;
In her best humours been deny'd,
When pity, did good Nature aid,
With all the tenderness it had.

IV.

When reason against fancy strove
With pow'rful arguments for Love;
Such Love as she must needs esteem,
And like, had it not come from him.

V.

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



Mr. *Alph. Marsh.*

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 insipped and flat,
And your Courtships as serious to every Whore:
O, thou Charming Divine, and Oh sweet pretty Creature
Is so old, the Amours of a Cobler looks greater.

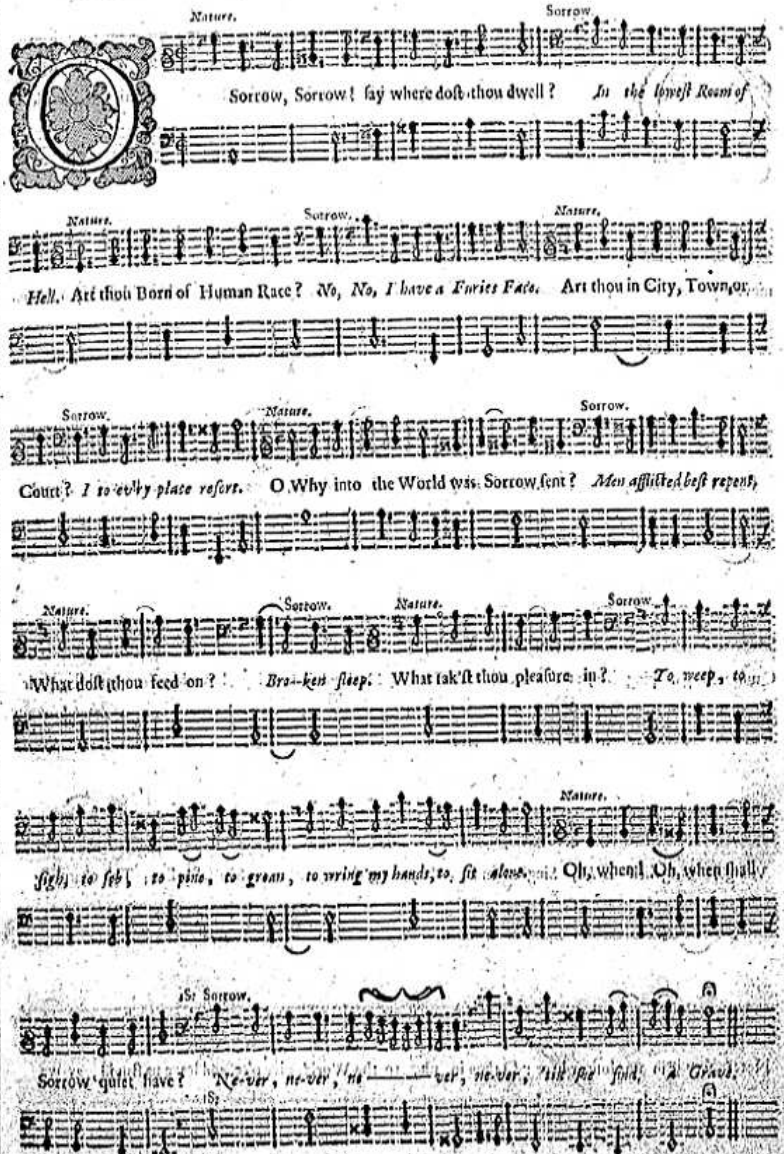
III.

You torture a Song, 'till you make the Ears ake,
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 disciplin'd Munky you make.
When 'tis spent, and with Cringes and new fashion'd Cort'sies,
Or the price of your Trappings, make up your Discourses.

IV.

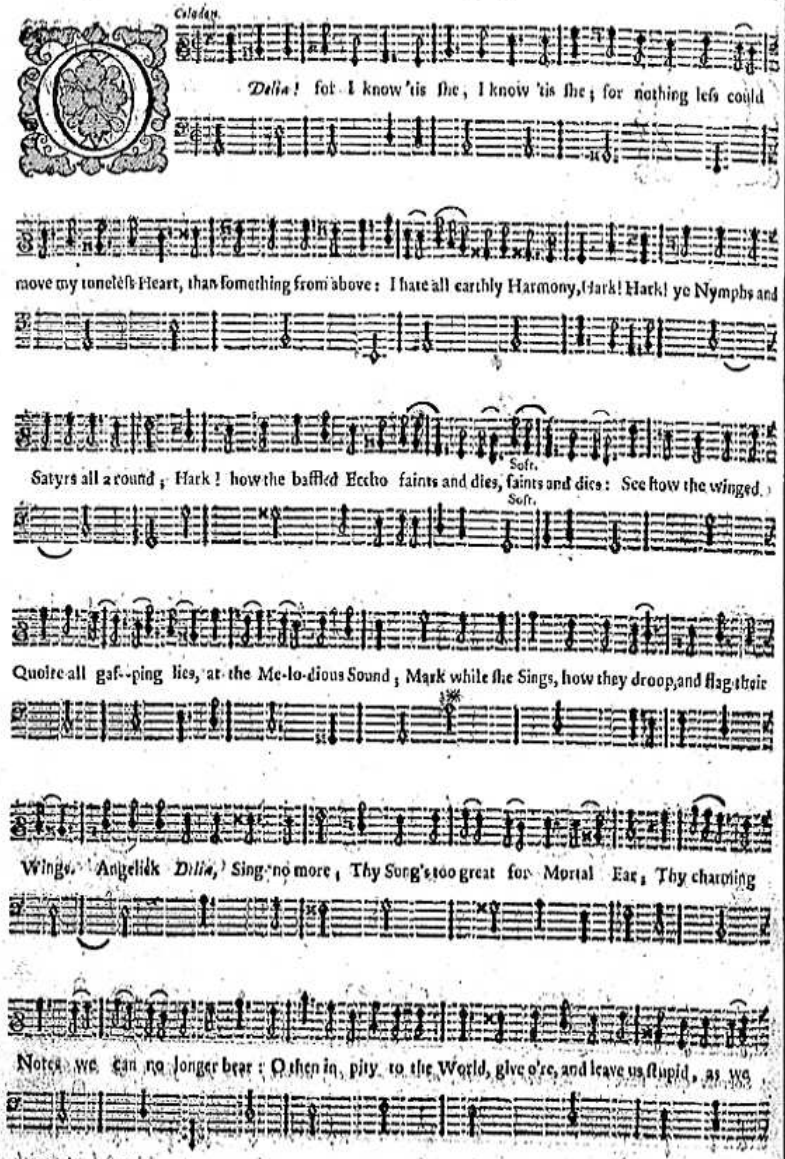
These shallow designs, and the plots that you cast,
Will never prevail o're a Woman that's Chast;
And the Wench so well knows where to take all your blows,
That she turns your own wepon against you at last:
If such humorous folly can raise Love in any,
Scaramouch shall be sooner preferr'd than his *Zany*.

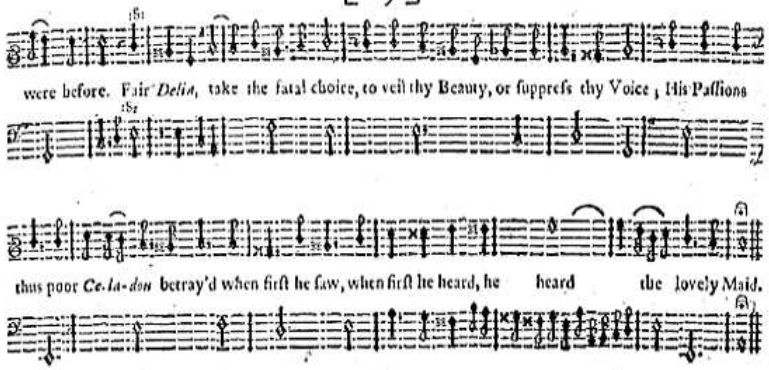
A DIALOGUE between *NATURE* and *SORROW*.



Mr. *Robert Smith.*

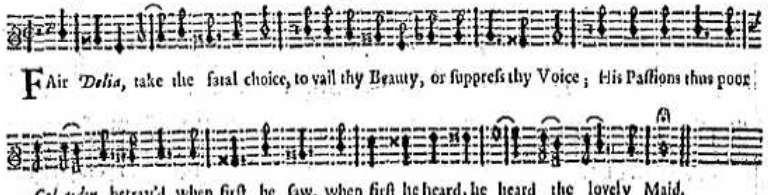
CELADON on *DELIA's* Singing: A Paſtoral.



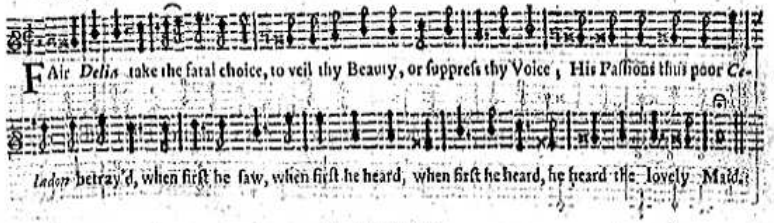


CHORUS.

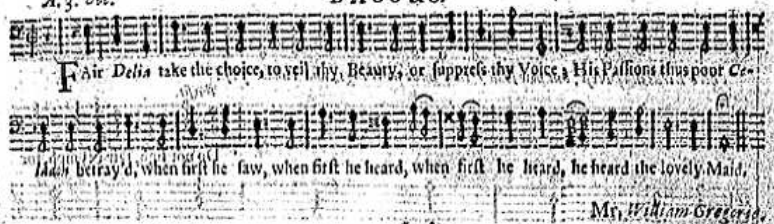
A. 3. voc. CANTUS.



A. 3. voc. MEDIUS.



A. 3. voc. BASSUS.



Mr. *William Gregorie.*

A DIALOGUE between *THIRSIS* and *DORINDA*.

Dorinda.

WHen Death shall part us from these Kids, and shut up our divided Lids, Tell me,

Thirsis, *prethee do, whether thou and I shall go?* Dorinda. *Oh! Where is't?*

Thirsis. To the *E-li-zium.* Thirsis. A Chast

Dorinda. *I know no way but one, our Home: Is our Cell E-li-zium?*

Thirsis. Soul can never miss't. Turn thine Eye to yonder

Sky, there the *Milky-way* doth lye, 'Tis sure, but rugged way that leads to E-ver lasting day.

Dorinda. *There Birds may Nest, but we poor Souls, that have no Wings, and cannot Fly!*

Thirsis. Do not sigh, fair Nymph, for

Fire has no Wings, yet doth aspire, 'till it hit against the Pole; Heav'ns the Center of the

Dorinda. *But in* E-li-zium *how do they pass E-ter-ni-ty a-way?*

Thirsis. Soul. Oh, there is neither Hope nor Fear; there

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

Dorinda. *Oh!*

give away, No Oat-pipe needful, There thy Ears may Sleep with Musick of the Spheares.

Thirsis. *Oh sweet Soul, I pray since Cease, by silent thinking, antedate! I prethee let us spend our time to*

come in talking of E—li—zi——um.

Thirsis.

Then I'le go on. There Sheep are full of swee-test

Grass, and softest Wool; There Birds sing Consort, Garlands grow, cool Winds do whisper

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

Dorinda.

Ah me! Ah

there bear e——qual sway; And ev'ry Nymph a Queen of *May.*

Dorinda.

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

Thirsis.

Dorinda, Why dost cry?

true, by bidding with me, all adieu.

Thirsis.

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

CHORUS *together.*

Dorinda.

THen let us give Clo-ril--lo charge o'th Sheep, and thou and I'le pick Poppies, and them steep in.

Thirsis.

THen let us give *Clo ril- lo* charge o'th Sheep, and thou and I'le pick Poppies, and them steep in

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

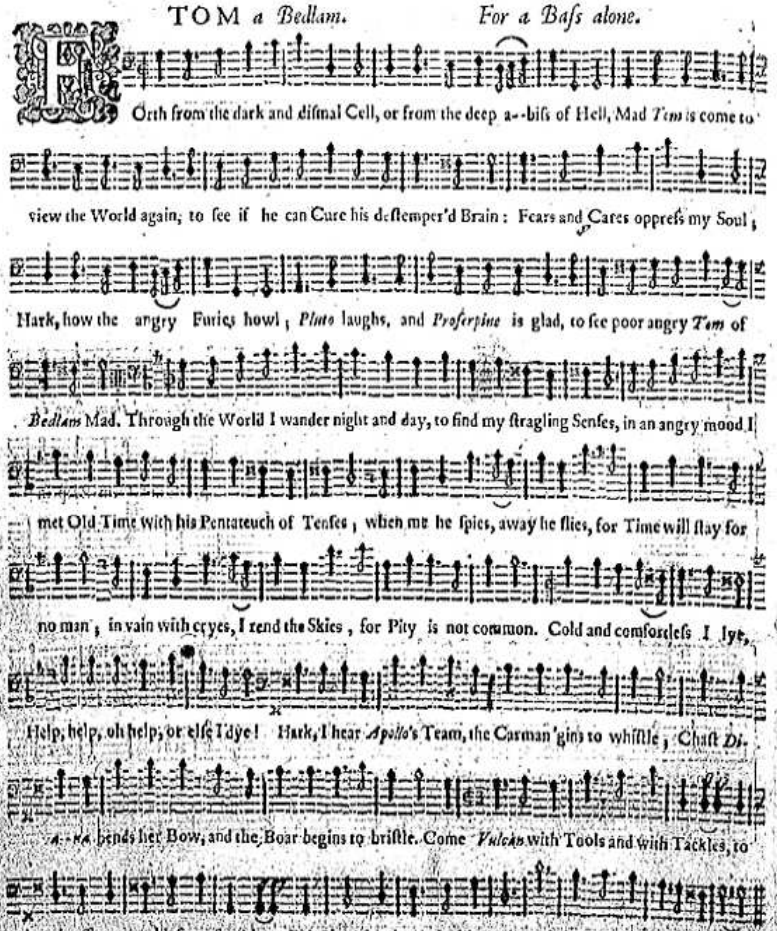
Wine, and Drink on't even 'till we Weep, we Weep; So' shall we smoothly pass a—way, a—

way, a——way, a——way in Sleep.

way, a——way, a——way in Sleep.

Mr. *Matthew Locke.*

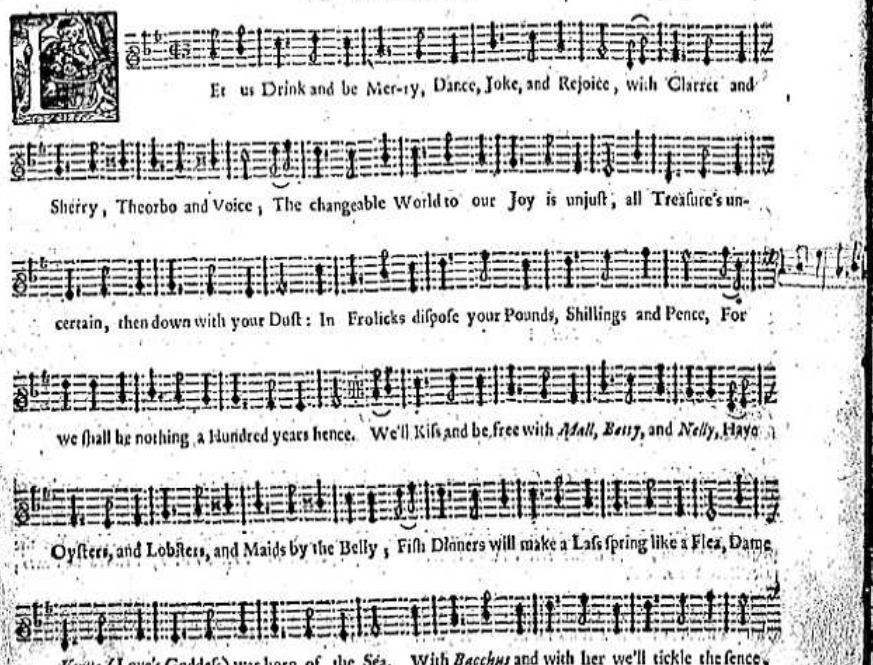
TOM *a Bedlam.* *For a Bass alone.*



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 sight,
That he could not see to aim his blows aright.
Mercury the nimble Post of Heaven
Stood still 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 Butts, 'till he burst his Guts,
But mine was tie'e the wider.
Poor *Tom* is very Dry;
A little Drink for Charity:
Hark! I hear *Actæon*'s Hounds,
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 Carret:
But a Cup of Malligo Sack
Will fire the Bush at his Back.

The Town Gallant.



III.

Your most Beautiful Bit, that hath all Eyes upon her,
That her Honesty sells for a Hogo of Honour, (dor,
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 sence,
Will be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.

IV.

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

V.

Your Chancery-Lawyer, who by Subtilty thrives,
In spinning out Suits to the length of three lives,
Such Suits which the Clients do wear out in slavery,
Whilst Pleader makes Conscience a cloak for his knavery.
May boast of his subtilty in th' Present Tense,
But *Non est inventus* a hundred year hence.

VI.

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

FINIS.

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 Deering*, with a *Through-Bass* for the *Organ*, in 4 Volumns, *Folio*, price 3 *s.* 6 *d.*

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GENTLEMEN & LADIES,

YOUR kind Acceptance of my former Collection of the newest and best modish *Songs* and *Ayres* that were then in Town, has encouraged me to undergo the Pains and Charge of Publishing this *Second Book*, wherein you are presented with most of the Choicest New-Mode *Songs*, that were Composed since that time by several Eminent MASTERS of His Majesties *MUSICK*. I shall not apologize for their Excellency, the Authors Names, which you will find added to most of them, are sufficient to declare it; and for those that want the Reputation of their Authors, whose Names (through ignorance) are omitted, the Esteem given them by the most skilful *Musicians*, supplies that defect. Most of the *Songs* and *Ayres* herein contained I received exact Copies of from the Hands of their Authors, to whom I acknowledge my self much obliged, for their Assistance in promoting this Work: And it has been my extraordinary Care, to do them the Justice, and give you the Satisfaction of having them truly Corrected and well Printed; for which, your Approbation will be a sufficient Recompense, and a farther incouragement to me to present you hereafter with more of this nature; and in the mean time to remain,

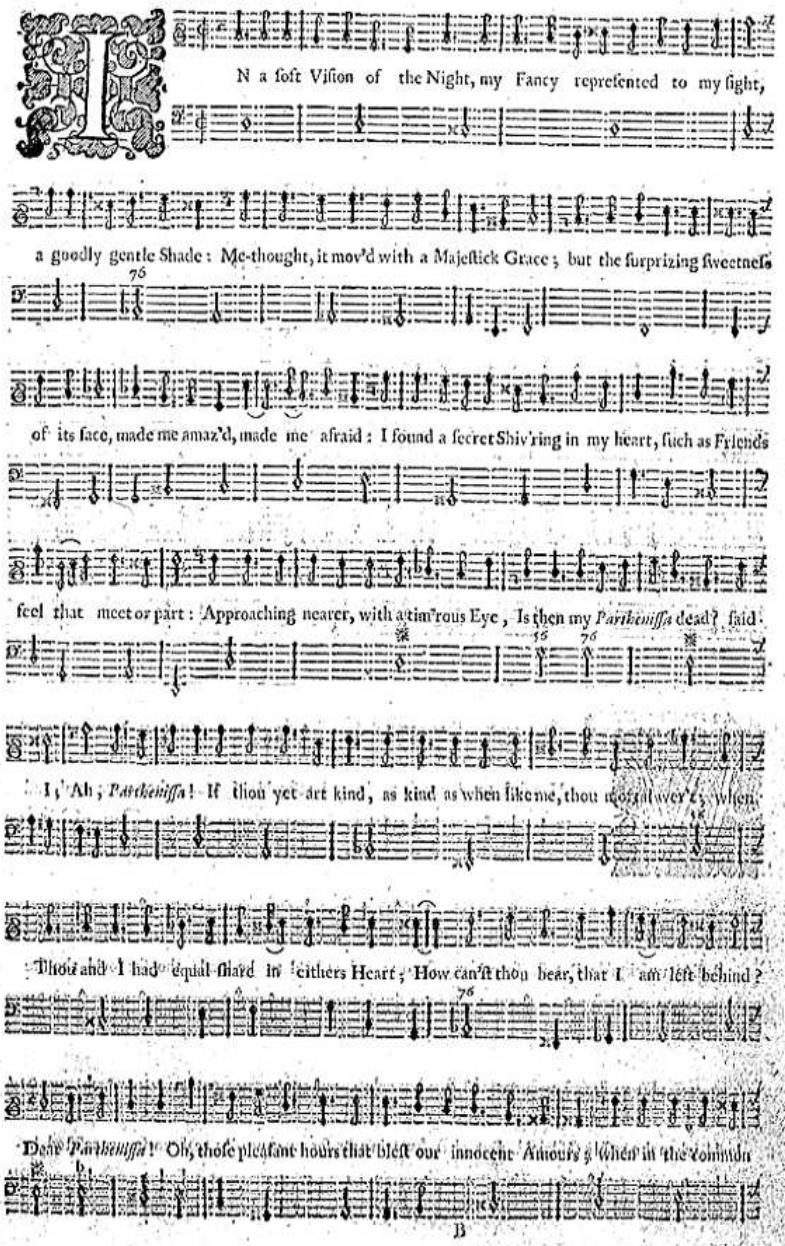
Your Obliged Servant,

JOHN PLAYFORD.

An Alphabetical Table of the *Songs* in this Book.

101

URANIA to PARTHENISSA.



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

Friend! What shall I say! Ah, speak to thy *U--re-ni-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. *Math. Locke.*

A. 2 Voc. Canto & Bassus.

When first to *Dorin-da* 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.

Mr. *Forcer.*

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 seem'd to contemn 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're can repent
My Devotion, nor court her repulse for the Fate
That prov'd so ungentle, and fierce to prevent;
Our Amours shall grow null'd, and protect me from hate.
Then far from her sight, to some Grove I'le retire,
Where she grieves for my loss, I will never remove;
But sighing, repeat, that I once did admire;
I'le languish for pity, tho I cannot for Love.

A. 2 Voc. Canto & Bassus.

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

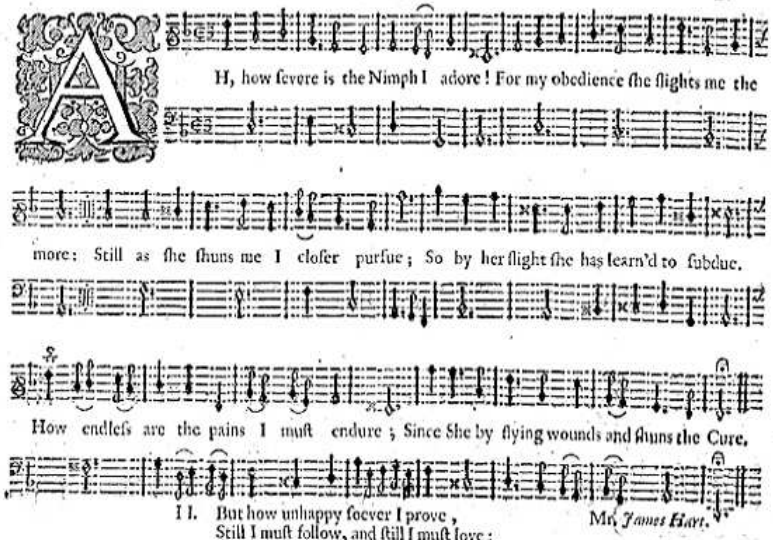
stella may find: I wander all day in dark shades of Despair; All night I complain to the

pi-tyless Ayr! *Astel-la*, *Astel-la*, is all my sad cry! *Astel-la*, *Astel-la*, the Ecchos reply:

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

Mr. *James Hart.*

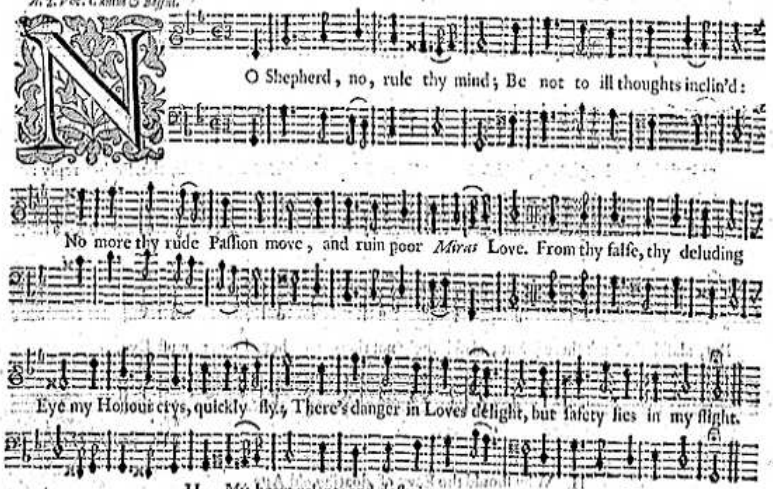
II. Why should the Envy of doating old Age,
The heart of young Lovers to sorrow engage;
The Ev'ning of Life let dull Interest move,
The Mornings of Youth are for Pleasure and Love.
Astella, *Astella*, to Pleasure give way;
Bright Beauty and Youth sullen time must obey:
But the Love of *Aminter*; but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



II. 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.*

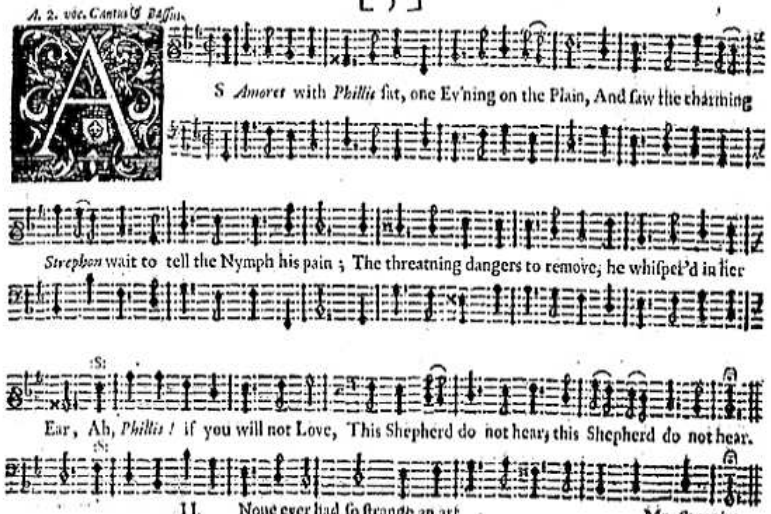
A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



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

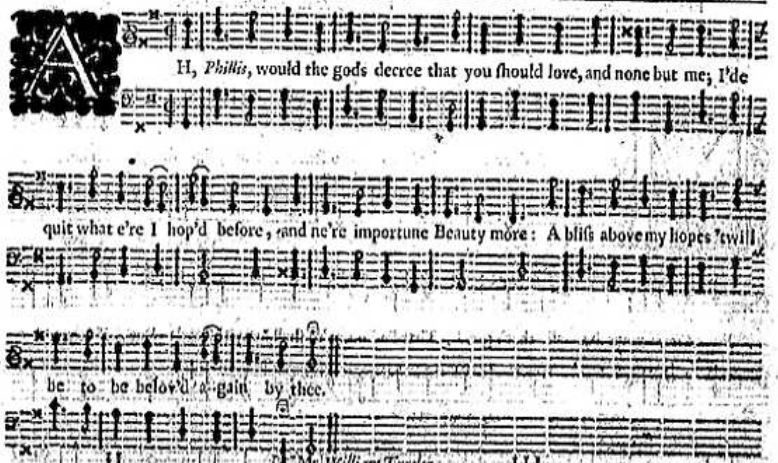
Mr. *James Hart.*

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Bassus.



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!

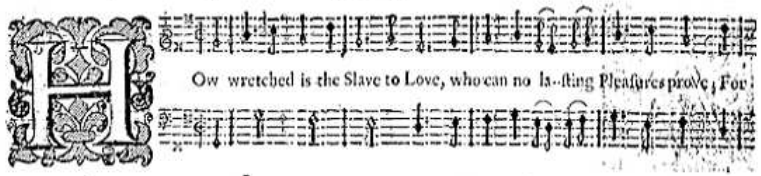
Mr. *Staggins.*



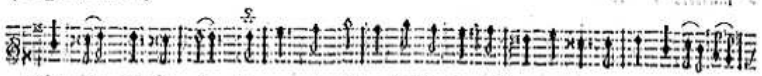
Mr. *William Turner.*

II.
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.

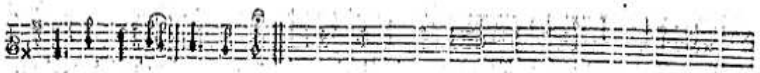
III.
Though some by chance procure their peace,
My Life before my Love shall cease;
My Love's immortal as my Soul;
Which fate by death cannot controul;
Should you affect to cross my Love,
My Death my Constancy should prove.



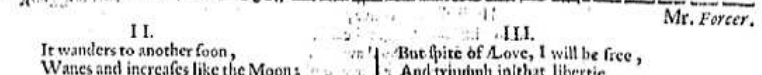
HOw wretched is the Slave to Love, who can no la-sting Pleasures prove; For



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



Fire, and shews the Love is vain.



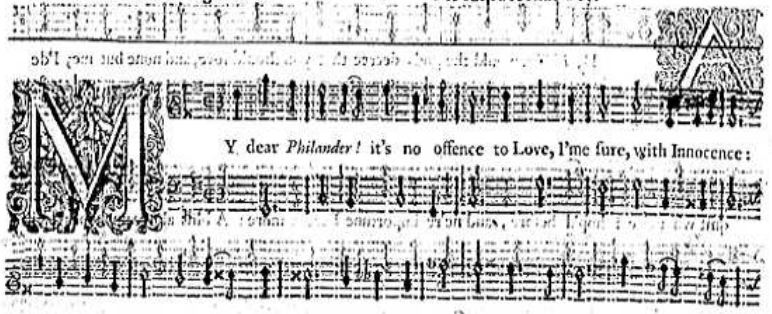
Mr. *Forcer.*

II.

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 ebbs and flows of Joys and Cares,
In Lovers wavering breasts.

III.

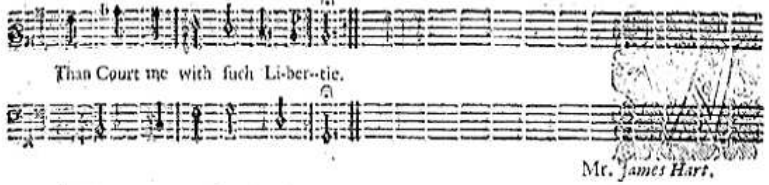
But spite of Love, I will be free,
And triumph in that libertie
I without that enjoy:
I'th worst of Prisons
He my body bind,
Rather than chain my free-born mind
For such a foolish Toy.



MY dear *Philander!* it's no offence to Love, I'me sure, with Innocence:

Poor *Cloris* vows by all that's good, That Passion ne're shall be withstood: But if you'd

only Love an hour, or less, than Venus to devour; Farewell: I'm gone, I'm gone.

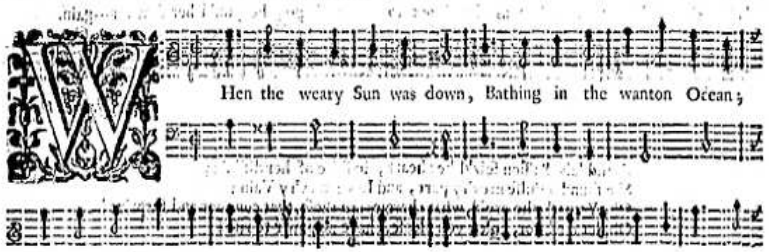


Than Court me with such Li-ber-tie.

Mr. *James Hart.*

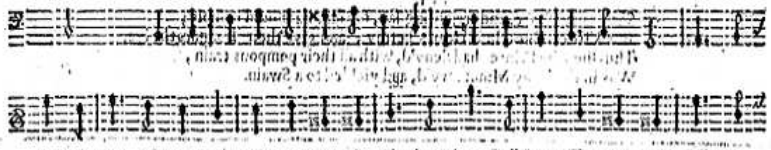
II.

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

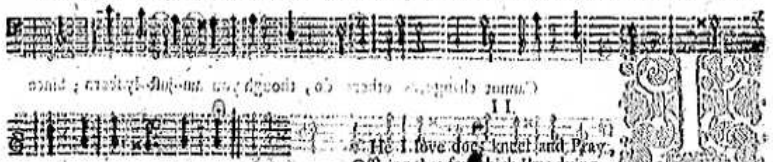


WHen the weary Sun was down, Bathing in the wanton Ocean;

My Love that ne're let me alone, raised me to my De-vo-tion: But my purpose was pre-



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



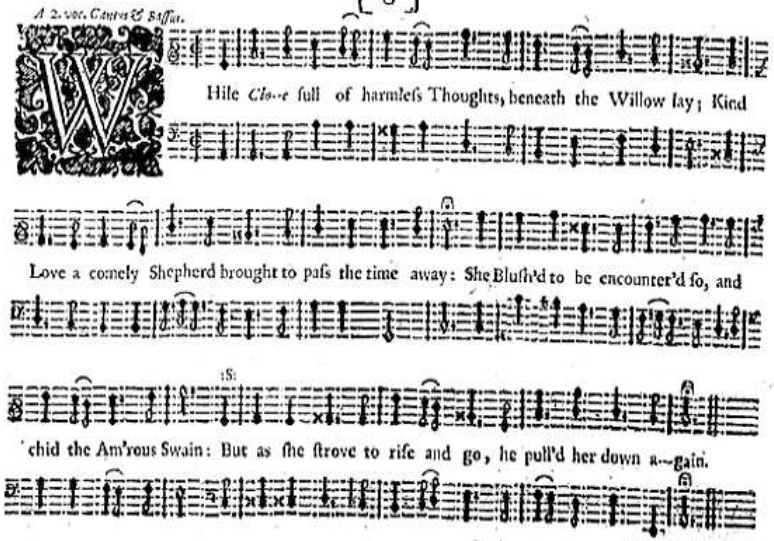
Kill me, or content me.

II.

He I love does kneel and Pray,
Offring that for which I'me dying;
Blushing I sigh, and turn away,
And am bleeding, whilst denying.
With a careless voice I rally;
Whilst my heart does blame my folly:
Oh that Love was once deceiving,
Let me dye, or let me have him.

Mr. *Alphon. Marsh.*

A 2. voc. Cantus & Bassus.



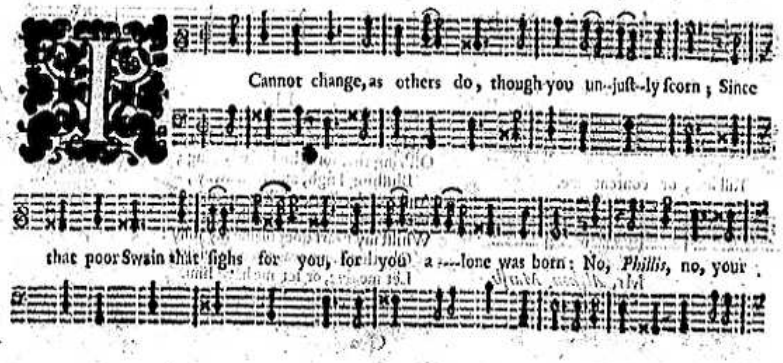
Mr. *James Hart.*

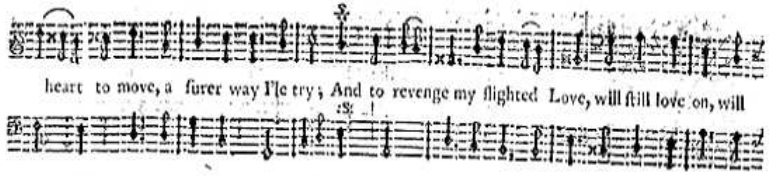
II.

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 charmes 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.

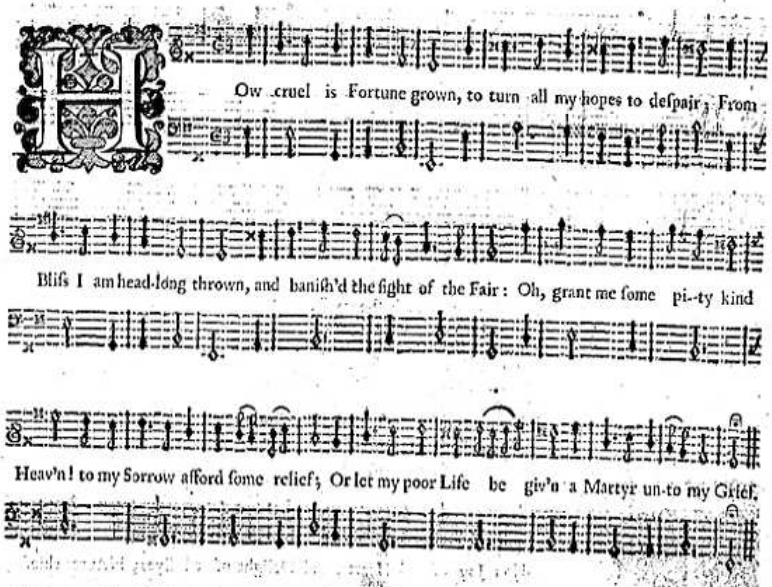




Mr. *William Turner.*

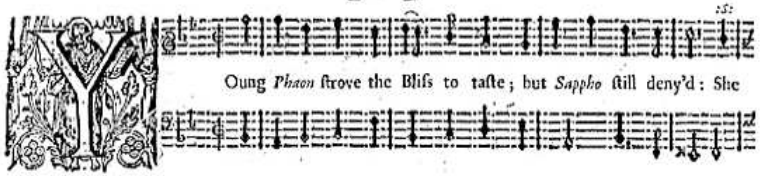
II.

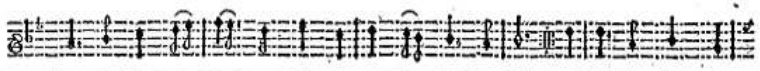
When kill'd with grief *Amintas* lyes,
And you to mind shall call
The Sighs, that now unpitty'd rise;
The Tears that vainly fall:
That welcome hour that ends his smart,
Will then begin your pain:
For such a faithful tender Heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

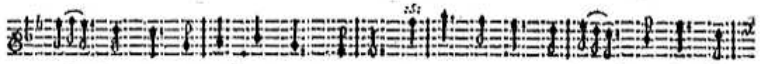


II.

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
What ever I thought on before.



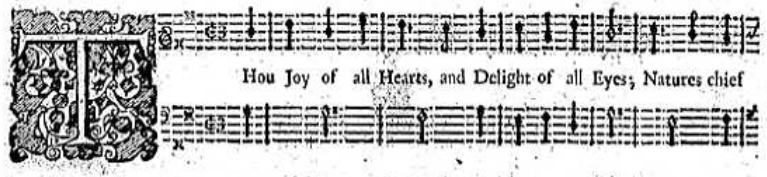


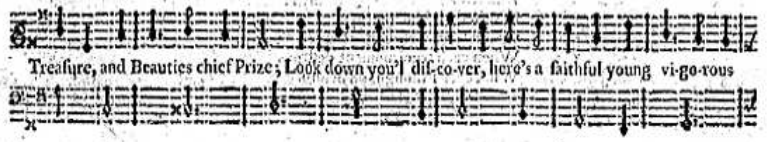


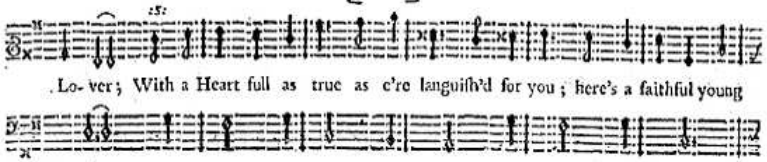
Mr. *John Banister.*

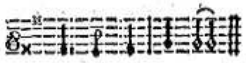
II.

At last come ruin me, she cry'd,
And then there fell a Tear:
I'le 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.





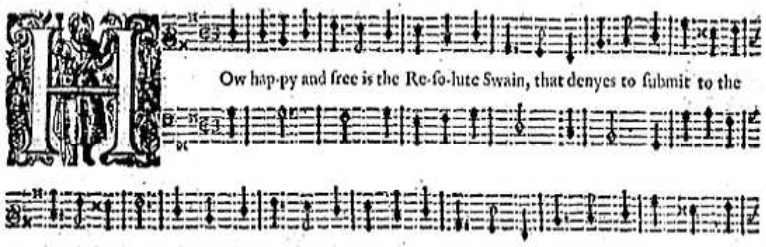


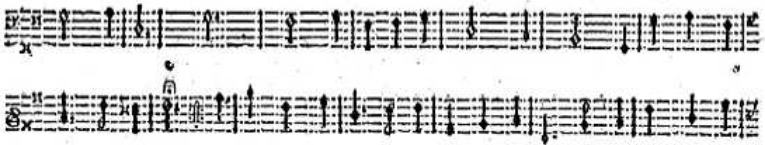


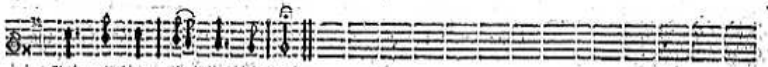
Mr. *William Turner.*

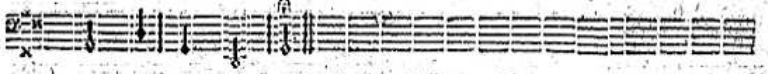
II.

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.



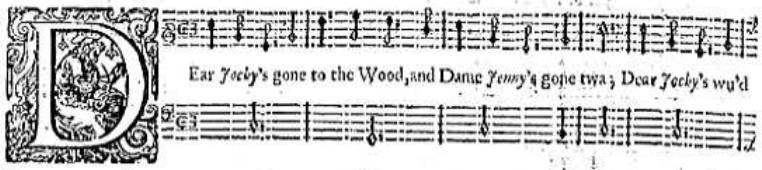




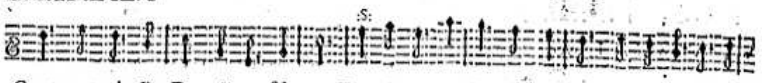


II. Poor Shepherds in vain there affections reveal,
To a Nymph that is peevish, proud, sullen, and coy;
Vainly do Virgins their Passion conceal,
For they boyl in their grief, 'till themselves they destroy.
And thus the poor Darling lyes under the Curse,
To be check'd in the Womb, o're-laid by the Nurse.

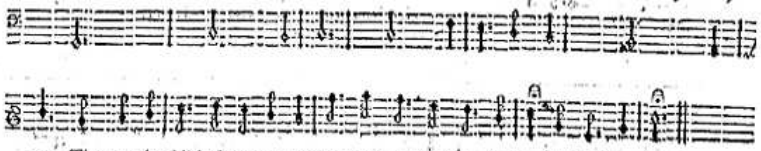
A Scotch Ayre.



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



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



me; Thou art the blitheſt bonny-Girle, and the fineſt Pearl, that e'er *Jocky*'s Nyne ſee.

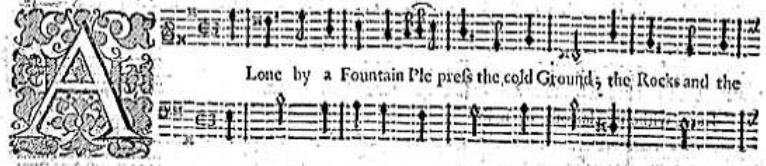
Mr. *William Gregorie*.

II.

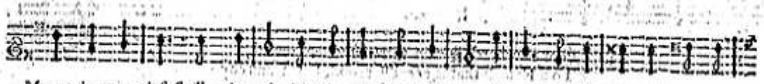
When *Jocky* had Wo'd her thus, ſhe ſa's prethee forbear;
Thou *Jocky* art falſe I fear, and wadſt *Jenny* infnare:
Dame *Jenny* believe it not, that thy *Jocky* is untrue;
For I do ſwear by au' that's good, in this pleaſant Wood,
And by Bonnet that's Blue.

III.

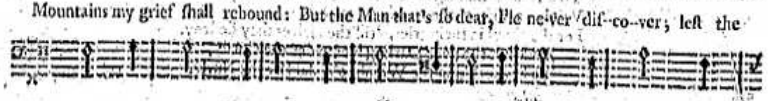
Why ſu'd I not now believe, when dear *Jocky* d'us Swear
By Bonnet, and au' that's good, that e'er *Jocky* s'al wear:
Come let us gang he'm my Dear, and be merry there a' while,
I love thee heartily my Joy, th'art the only Boy
On whom *Jenny* s'al Smile.

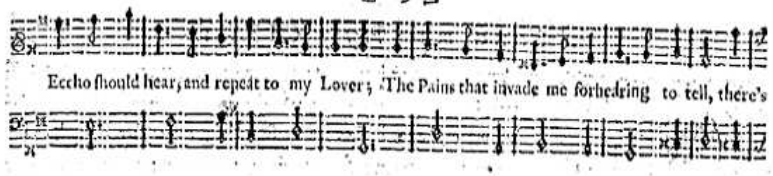


Lone by a Fountain Ple preſs the cold Ground; the Rocks and the

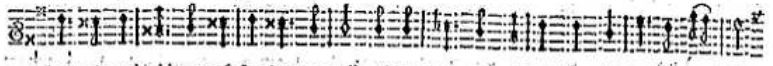


Mountains my grief ſhall rebound: But the Man that's ſo dear, Ple never dif-co-ver; leſt the

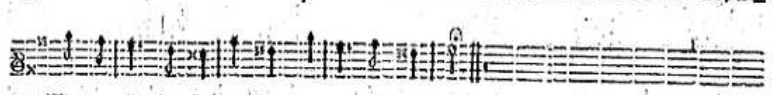




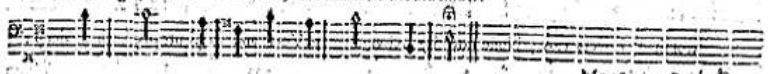
Eccho ſhould hear, and repeat to my Lover; The Pains that invade me forbedring to tell, there's



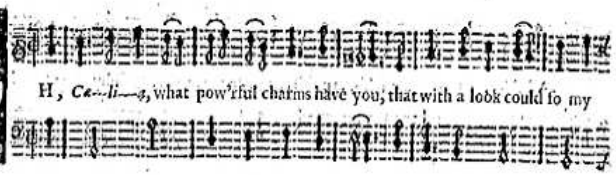
, none can upbraid me of Loving too well: If my charms cannot win him, his paſſion to ſhow;



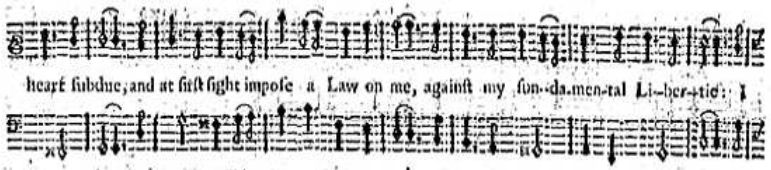
'Tis enough, that I Love him, too much he ſhould know.



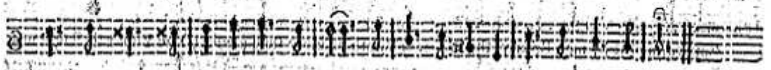
Mr. *Simon Pack*, Gent.



H, *Ca--li--a*, what pow'rful 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.

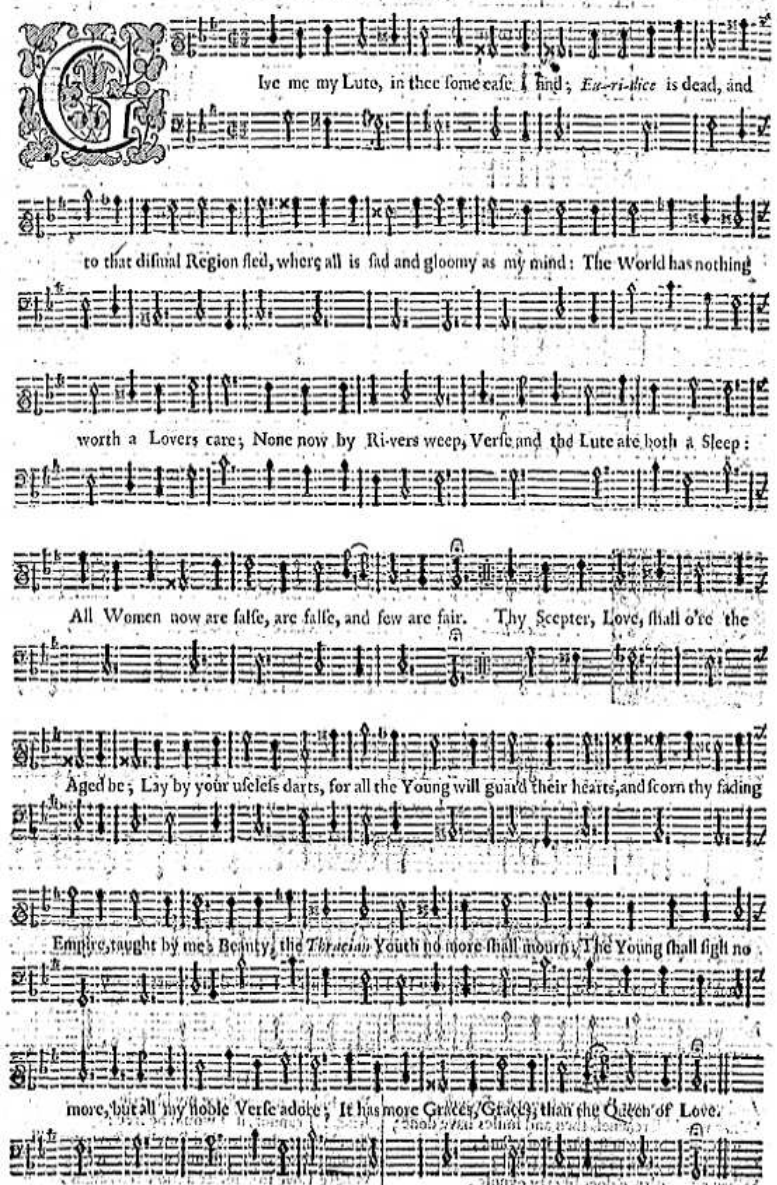
II.

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

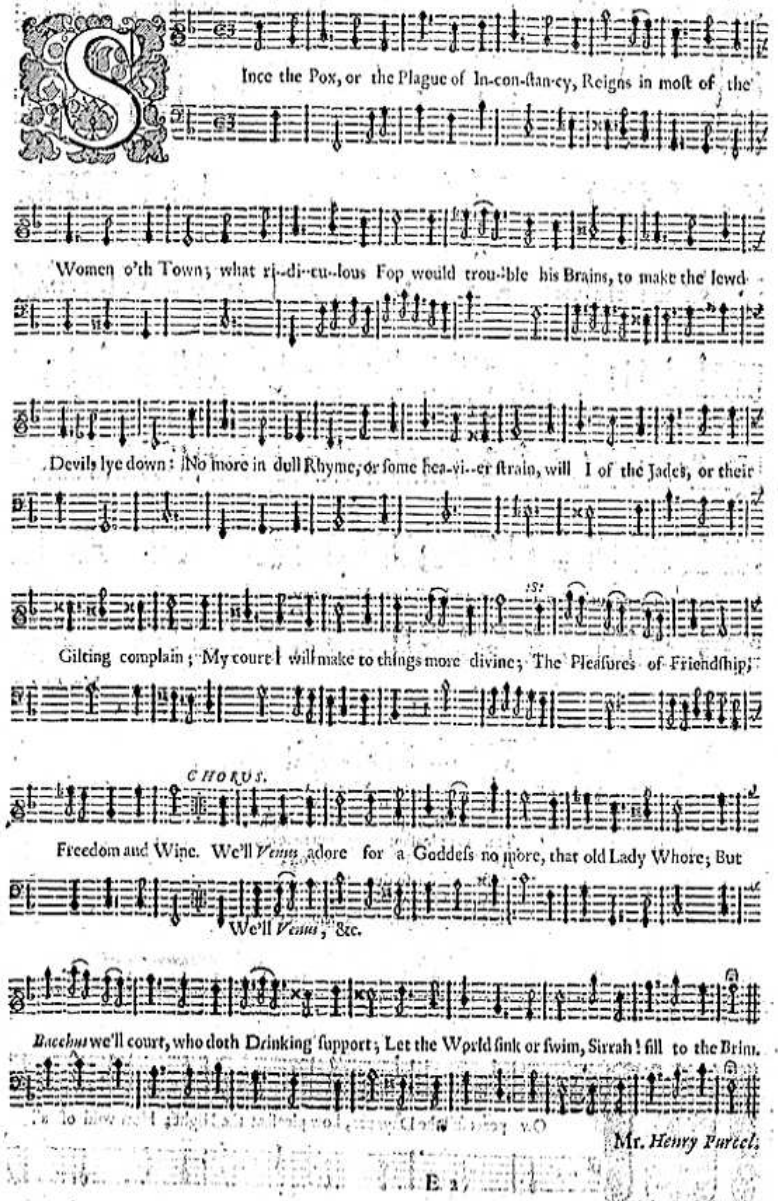
III.

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

A SONG *in the Play of* CIRCE.

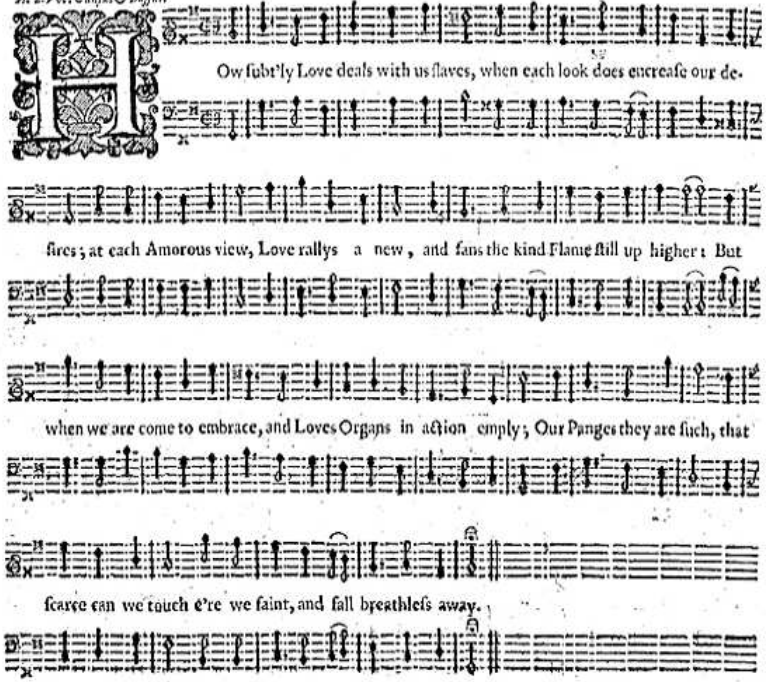


Mr. *John Banister.*



Mr. *Henry Purcel.*

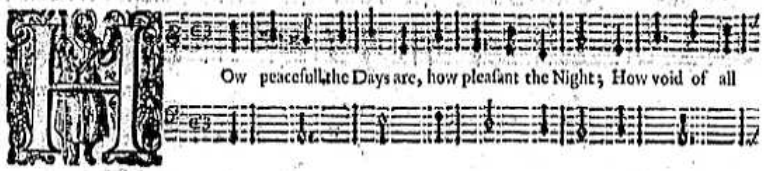
A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.

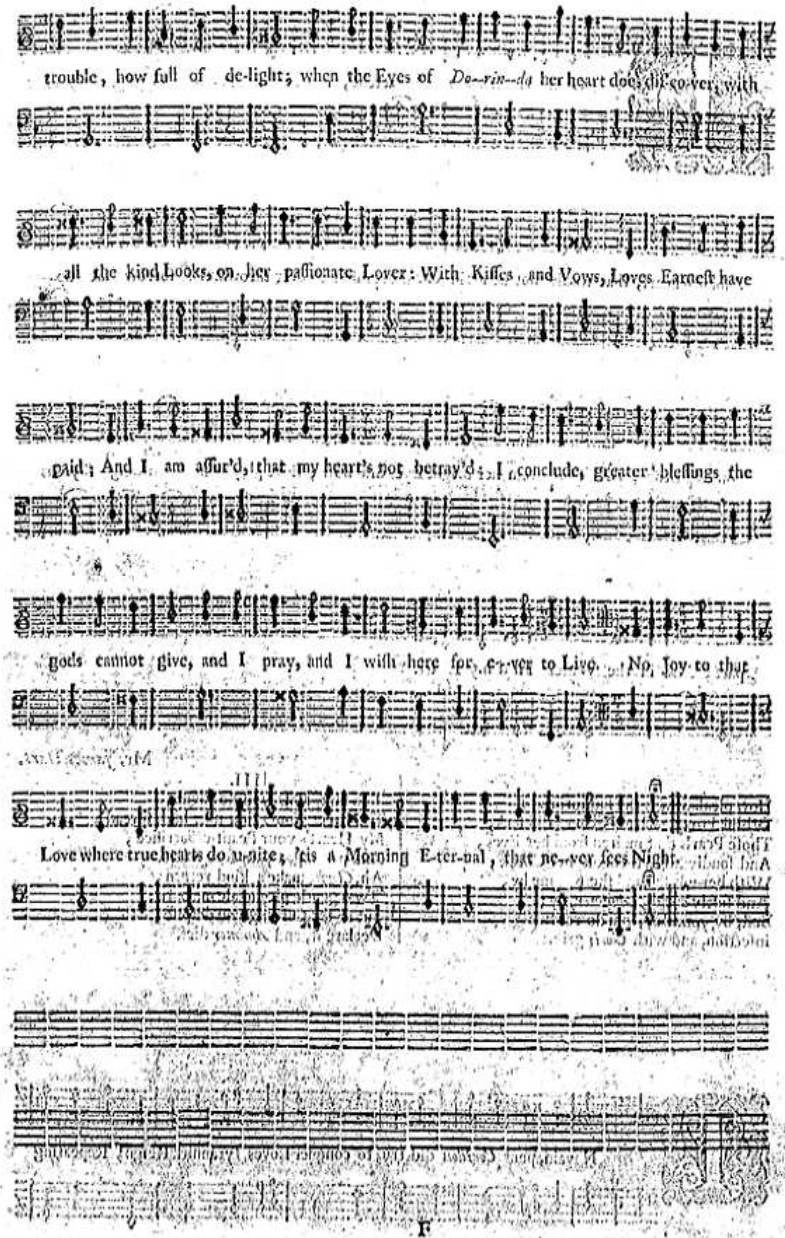


Mr. *Forcer.*

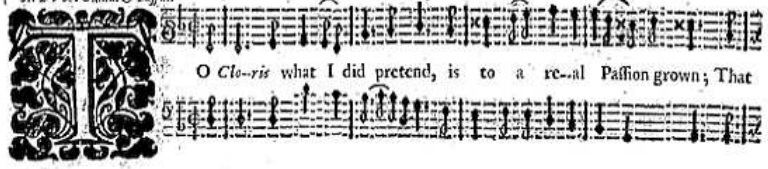
II.

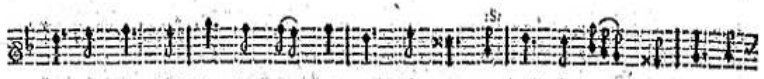
Then panting in respite we lye,
And muse on the pastime began;
Till by powerful thought,
With pleasure refraught,
We take heart to be sick once again.
Thus our pleasant convulsion renew,
And in sweetest succession go on;
Till our fits so dull grow,
And do follow so slow,
That our pretty Love Fainting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

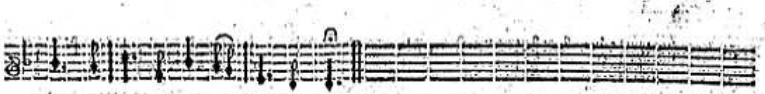




[A. 2 Voc. Canus & Bassus.







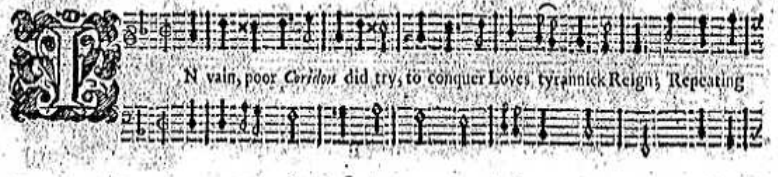
Mr. *James Hart.*

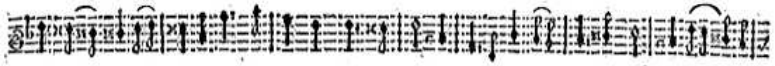
II.

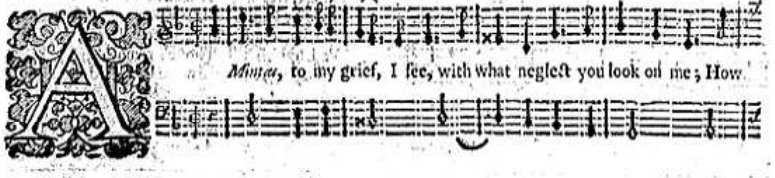
How pleasant was the sad surprize;
Whilst I to quench my Flames did seek,
Those Pearls that melted from her Eyes,
And fondly kiss'd them off her Cheek;
With her white hand she put me by,
And softly cry'd, *Amintor*, fly;
Lest, by your stay, you do receive
Infection, and with *Cloris* grieve.

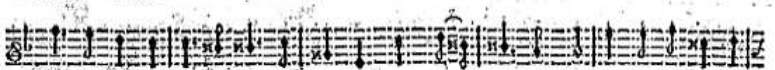
III.

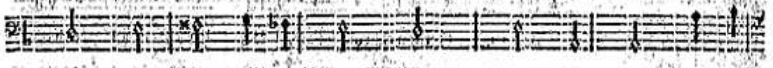
Too late, alas, you do advise,
The sweet Contagion now hath spread;
My Heart's your Beauties Sacrifice,
And panting at your feet is laid.
Ah, *Cloris*, make a kind return,
'Twas gentle pity made me burn:
But if the Offering you despise,
Declare it, and *Amintor* dies.

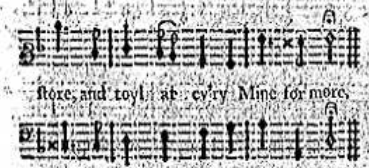












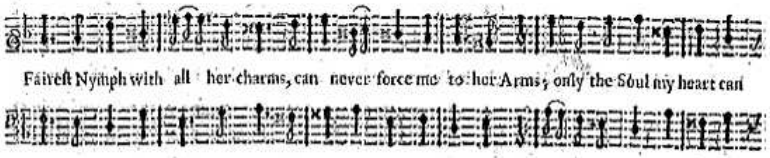
Mr. *Henry Purcel.*

II.

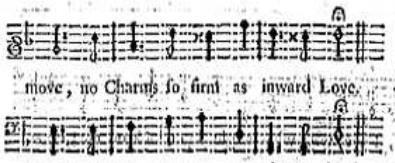
Celia shall now turn Miser too;
But 'tis to lay up Love for you:
To lay up all her Tears and Sighs,
And all her Looks, with dying Eyes;
That when by some inconstant Maid,
You find your Pains, and Heart betray'd,
She may put on those pow'rful Charms,
To bring you back to her own Arms.

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Bassus.

HOw fond's the World, to love a Face like me-men-ta-ry Joys do pass, the



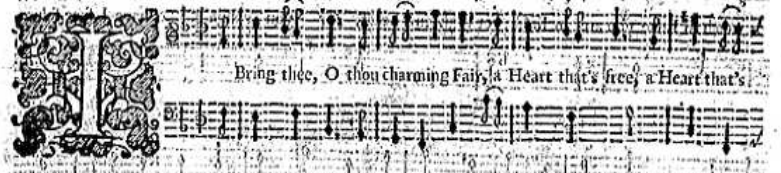
Fairest Nymph with all her charms, can never force me to her Arms; only the Soul my heart can



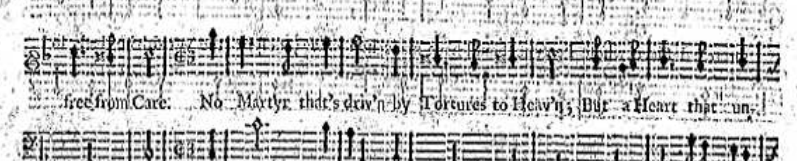
move, no Charms so firm as inward Love.

II.

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

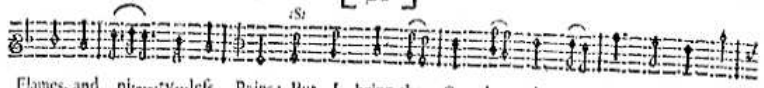


I Bring thee, O thou charming Fair, a Heart that's free, a Heart that's

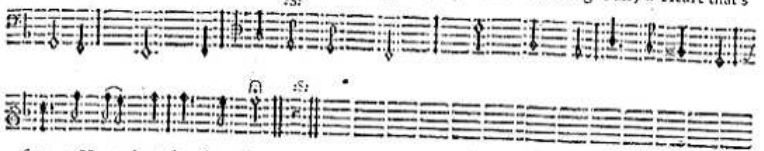


free from Care. No Martyr that's driv'n by Torcures to Heav'n; But a Heart that un-

force'd, to thy Beauty is giv'n. No Captive in Chains, that sighs and complains, of Bleeding and



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

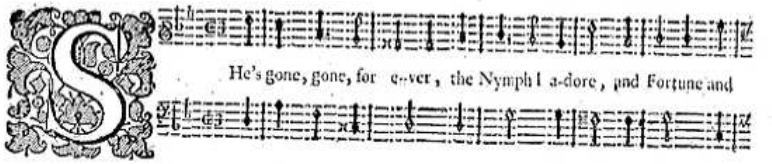


free, a Heart that's free from Care.

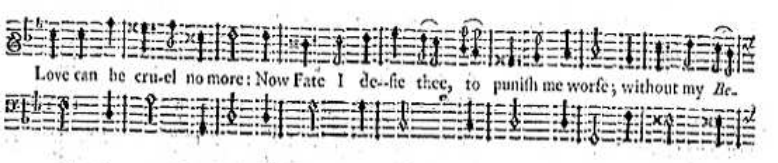
Mr. *James Hart.*

II.

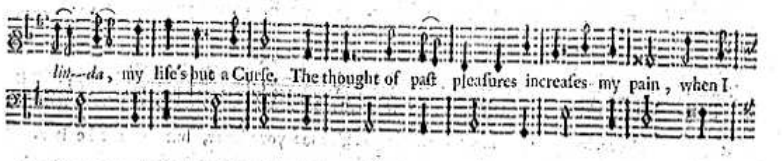
Send all thy Guards of Frowns away,
I will not force, I will not force obey:
But kindness and favour, will make me deliver
My heart at thy feet, and adore thee for ever:
Thy slave will be gone when thy Beauty goes down;
But into the Sea i'le sink with thy sun:
For I bring thee, O thou charming Fair,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



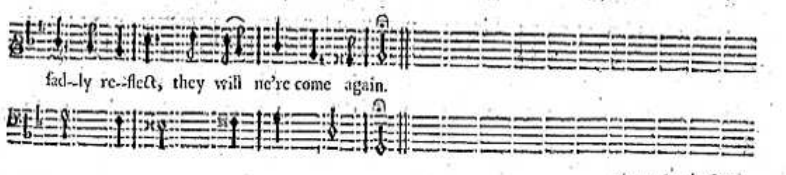
SHe's gone, gone, for e--ver, the Nymph I a-dore, and Fortune and



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

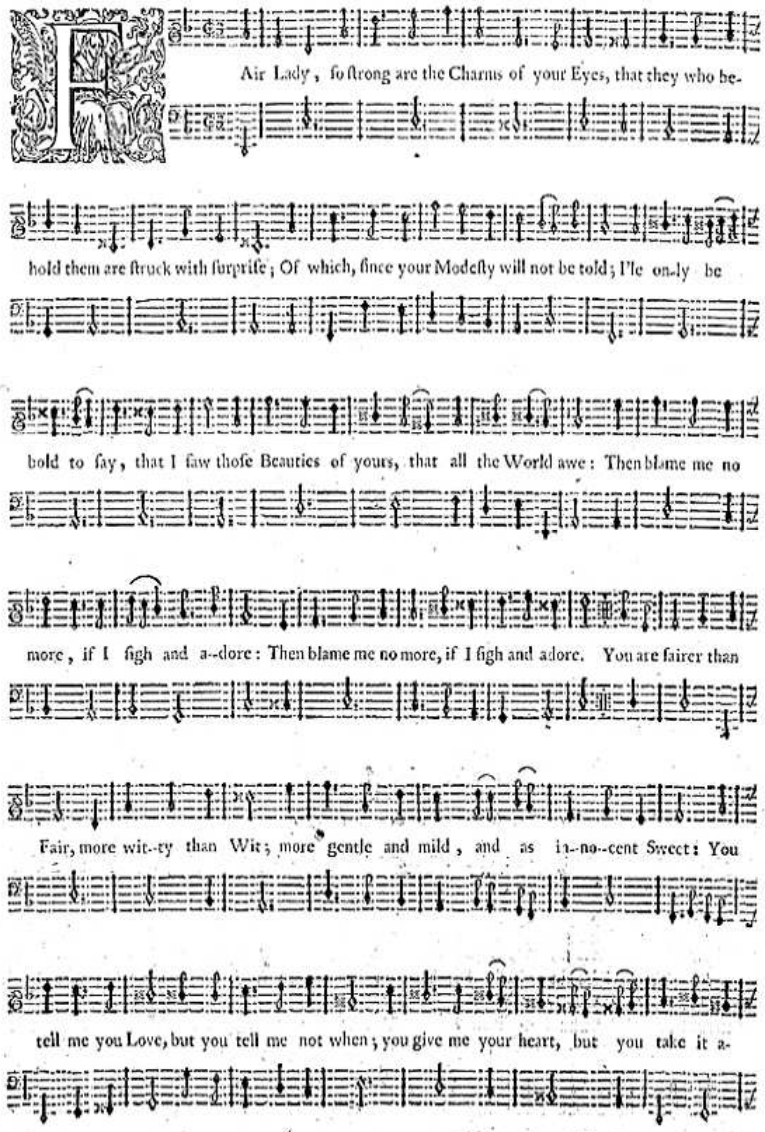


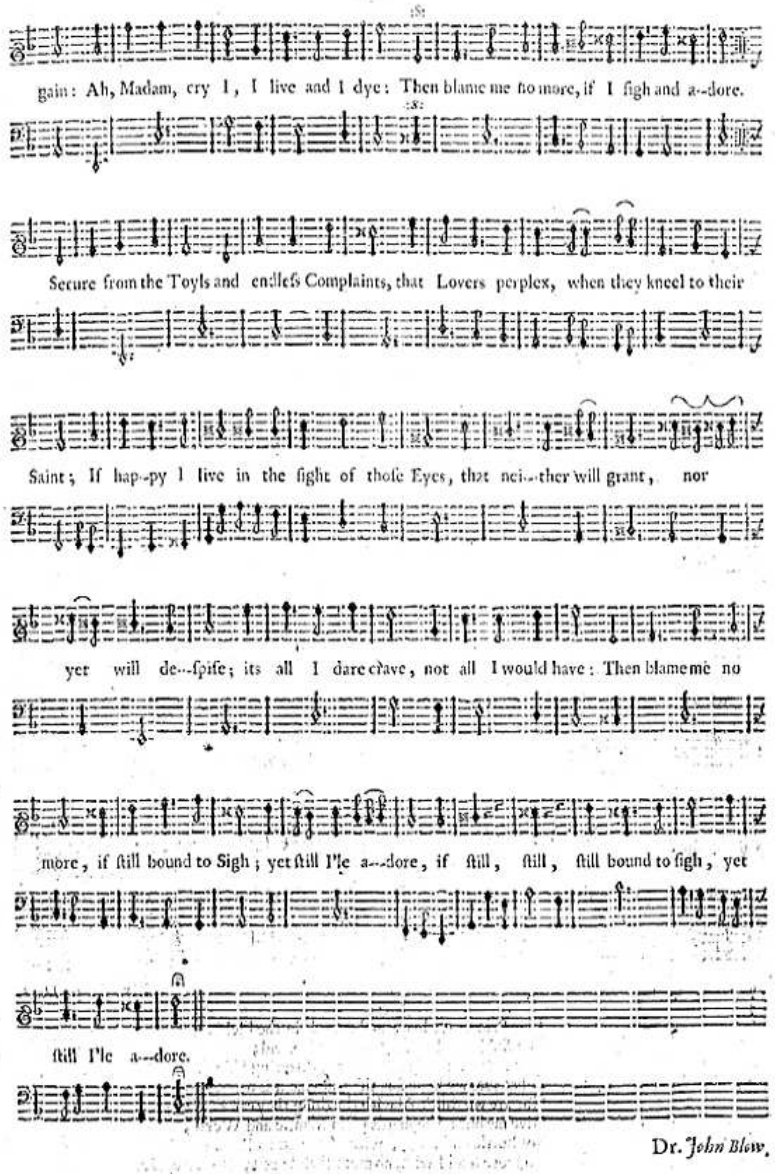
lin--da, my life's but a Curse. The thought of past pleasures increases my pain, when I



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

Simon Pack, Gent.

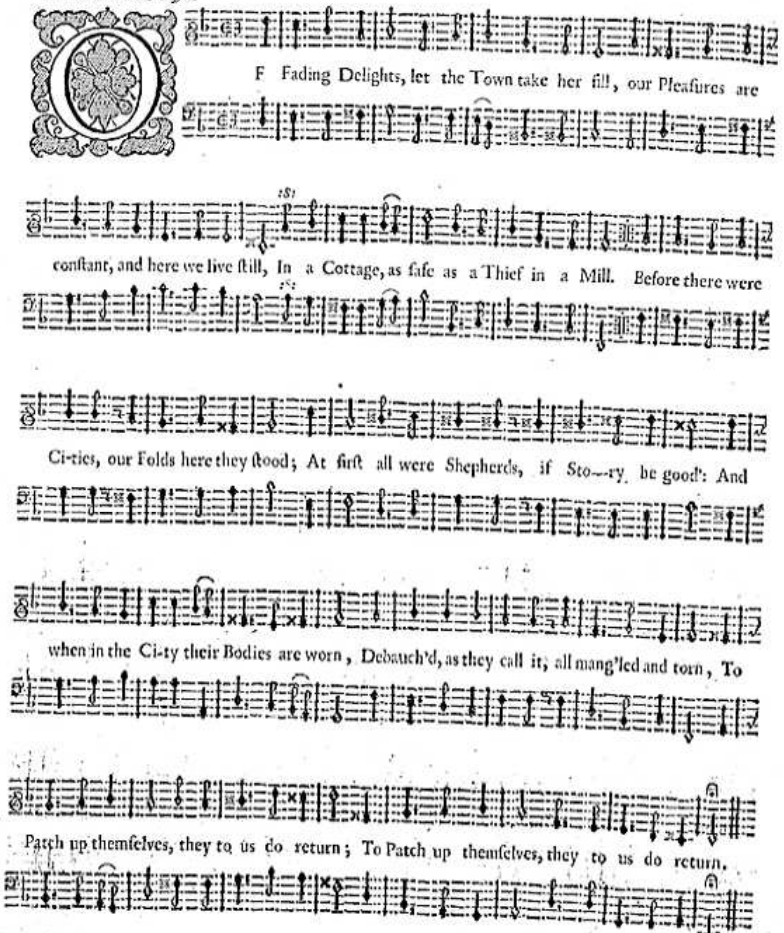

Air Lady, so strong are the Charms of your Eyes, that they who be-
hold them are struck with surprise; Of which, since your Modesty will not be told; I'le on-ly be
bold to say, that I saw those Beauties of yours, that all the World awe: Then blame me no
more, if I sigh and a--dore: Then blame me no more, if I sigh and adore. You are fairer than
Fair, more wit--ty 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 Toyls 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, not all I would have: Then blame me no
more, if still bound to Sigh; yet still I'le a--dore, if still, still, still bound to sigh, yet
still I'le a--dore.

Dr. *John Blow.*

The SHEPHERD's SONG.

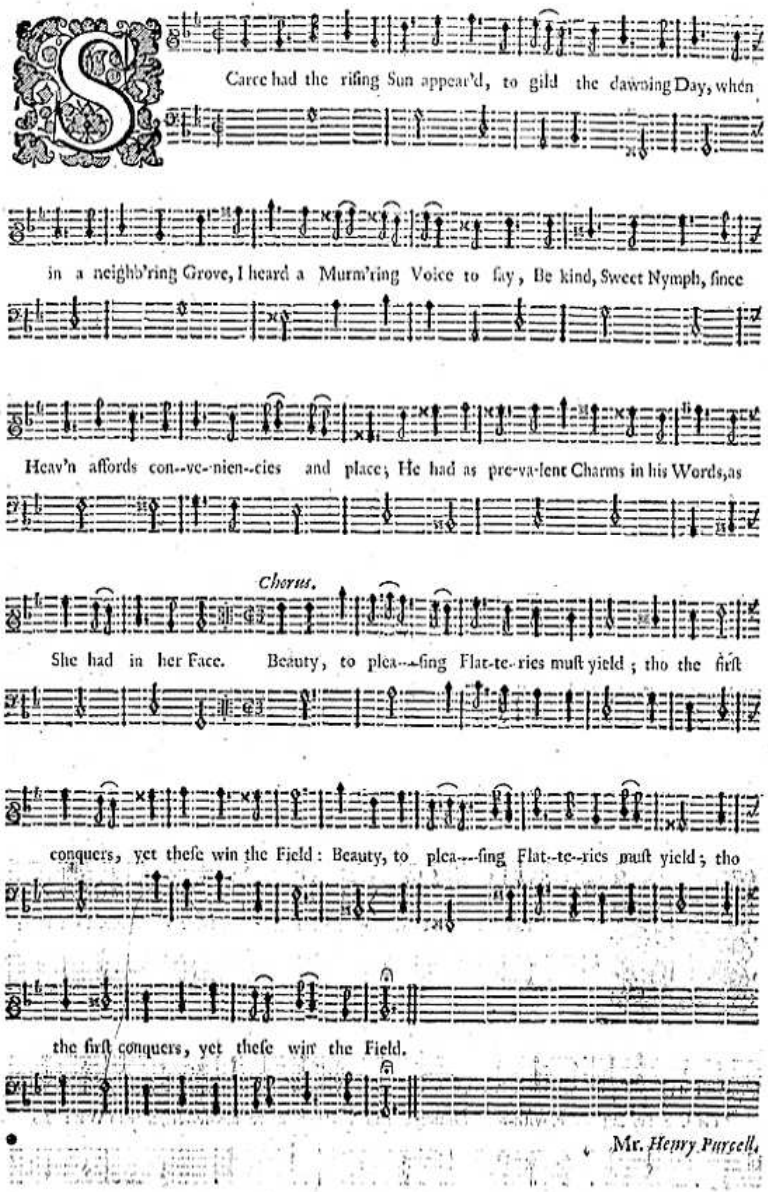
A. 2. voc. Cantus & Bassus.



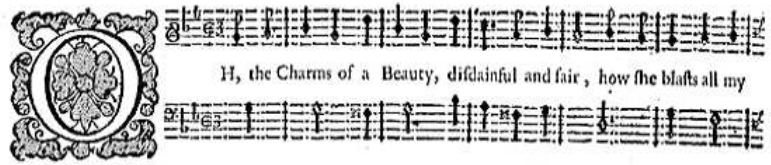
Mr. *James Hart.*

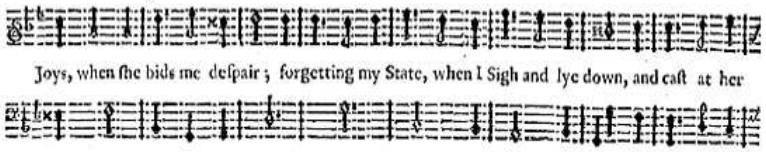
II.

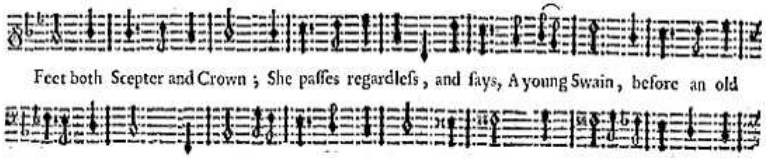
Like Princes we live, and we rule in the Field,
Our Subjects obedience do readily yield;
Nor a Sword do we want, nor a glittering Shield.
What ever we hope for, th' Enjoyment is near;
Nor are we disturb'd with the thing they call Fear:
Give me but a Shepherds plain Mantle and Weed,
My Bottle and Bagg,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

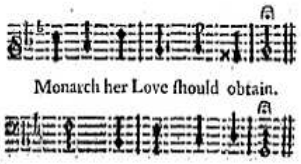


Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



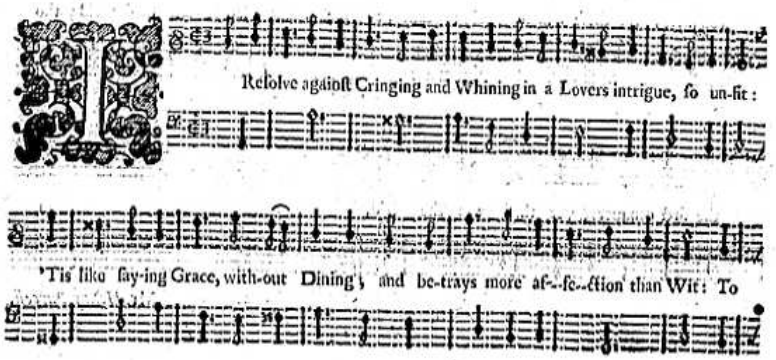


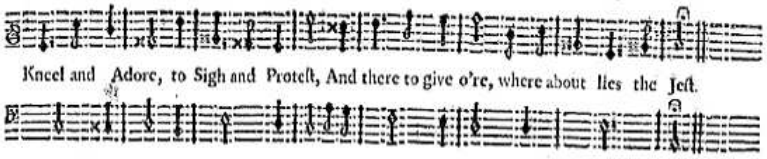




II.

Forbear, my *Gloriana*, 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.



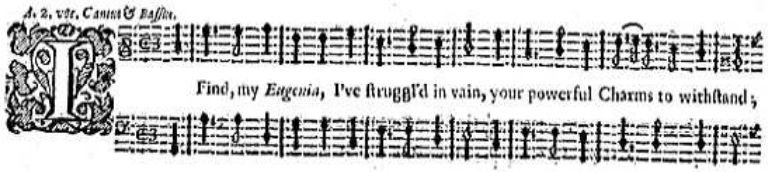


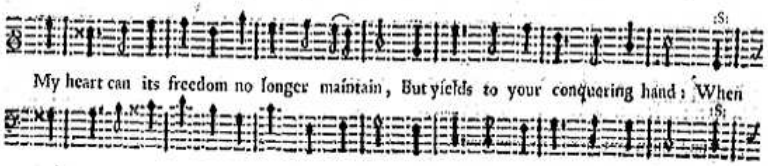
Mr. *Henry Purfell.*

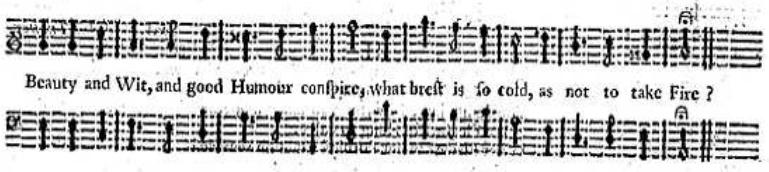
II.

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,
I'le kiss the Boys Bow, and for ever be true.

A. 2. vtr. Canus & Bassus.





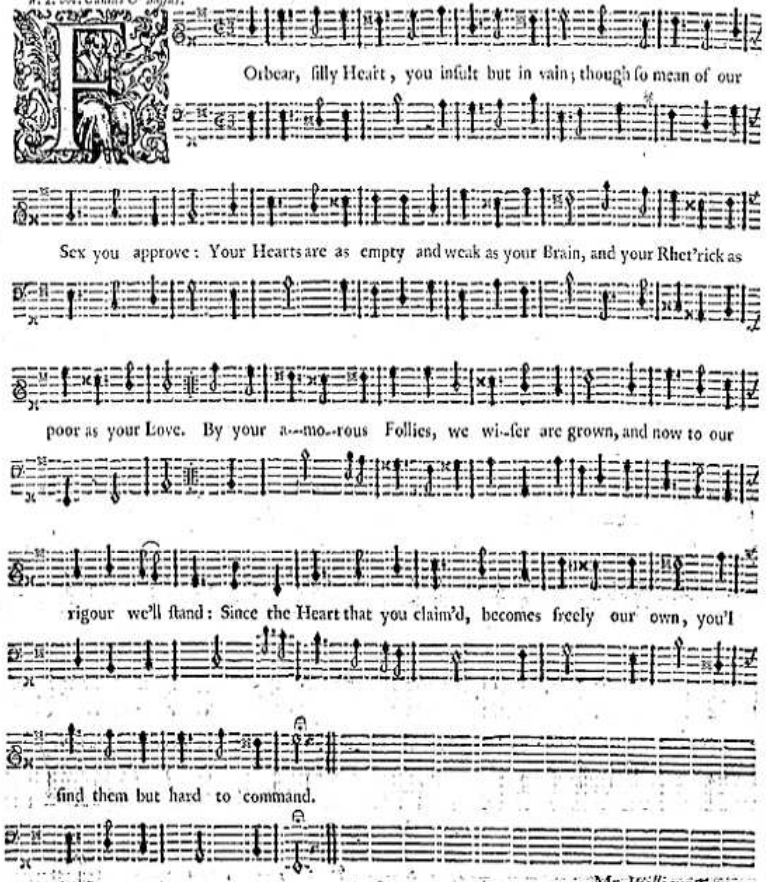


Mr. *William Turner.*

II.

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 amiss, secure of all hearts,
While the Brow is his Bow, the Looks are his Darts.

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Bassus.



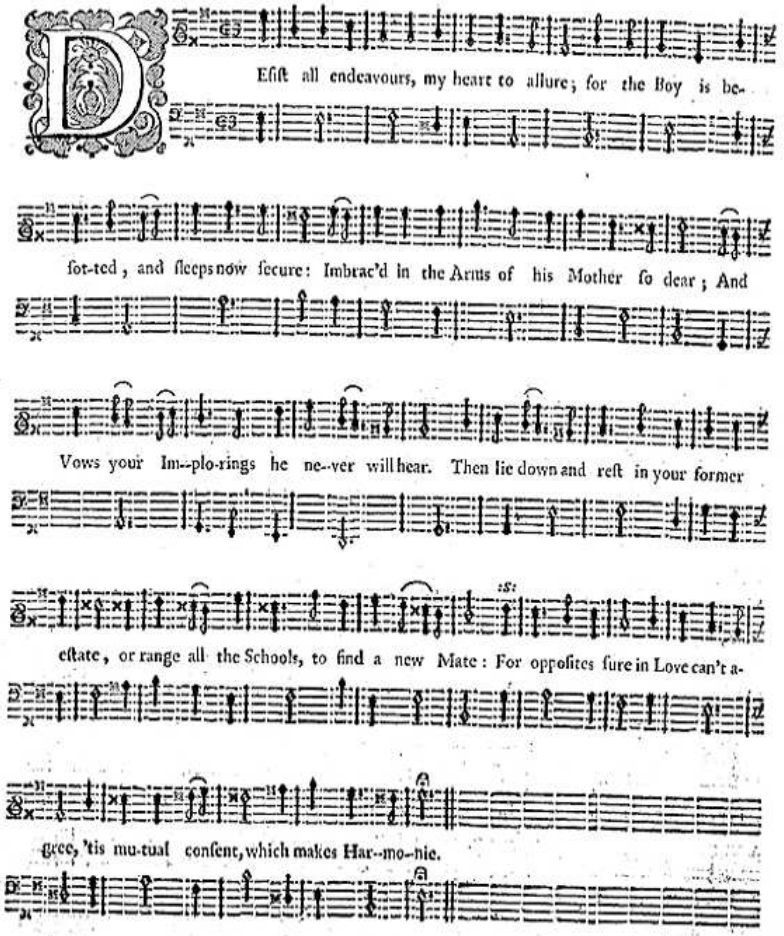
Mr. *William Turner.*

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.

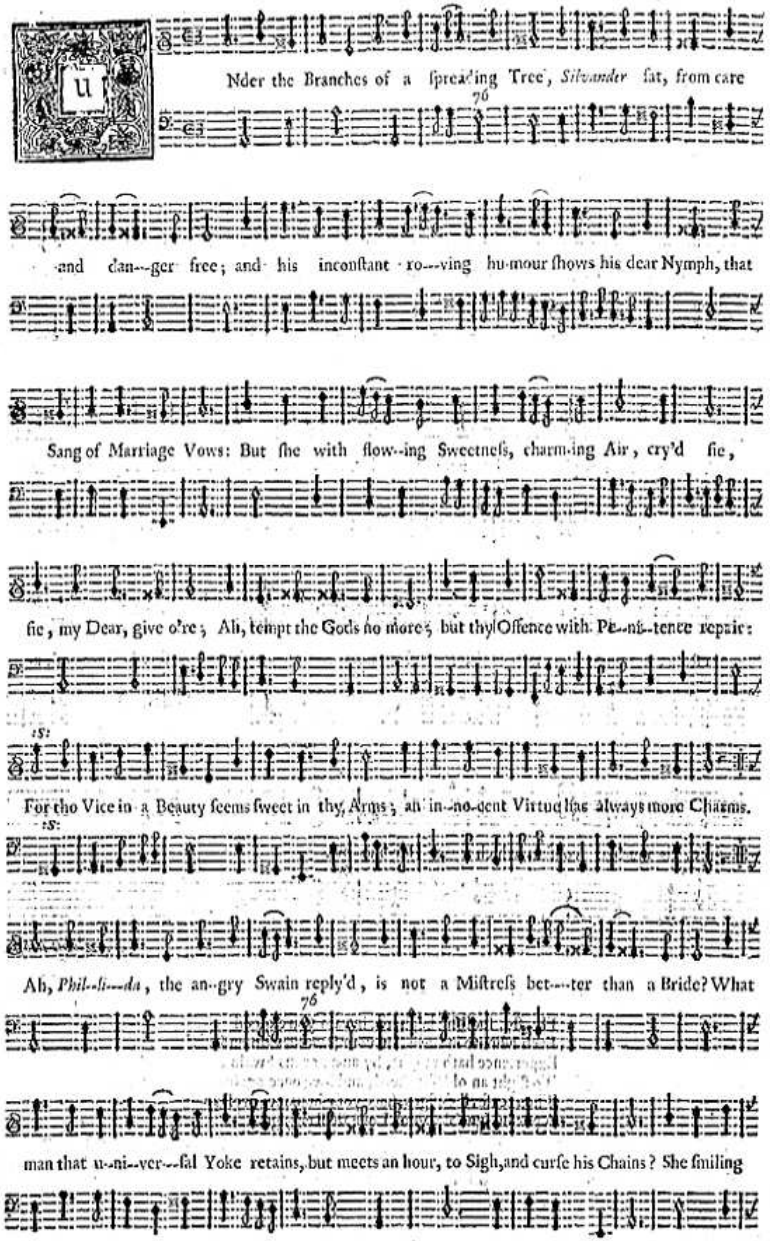
How charming and sweet is Love, while 'tis young!
Yet if the Design does but fail,
It changes her Note, from an amorous Song,
To a Tune with a Huff and a Rail.
If your Loves have no greater pow'r to invite,
We must, for your Passion, declare,
They're not worth our Return, nor your Scorn our Requite;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

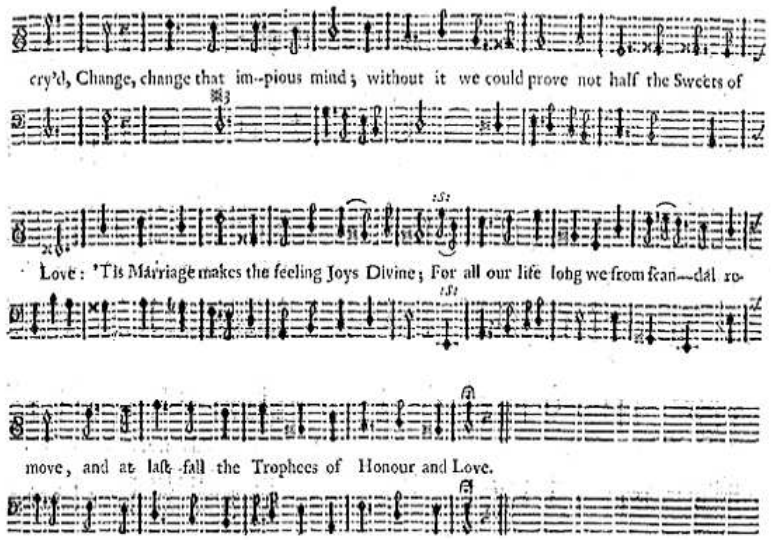


Mr. *John Mos.*

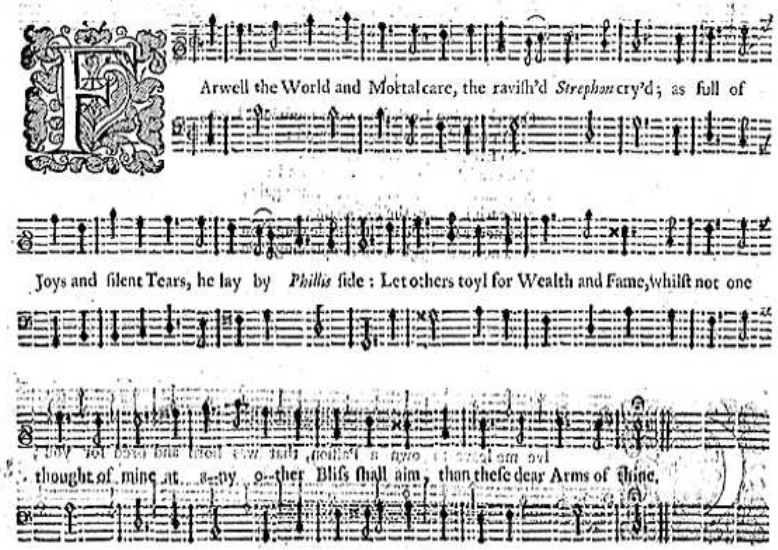
II.

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 presage
A person Ignoble, your Love shall engage.

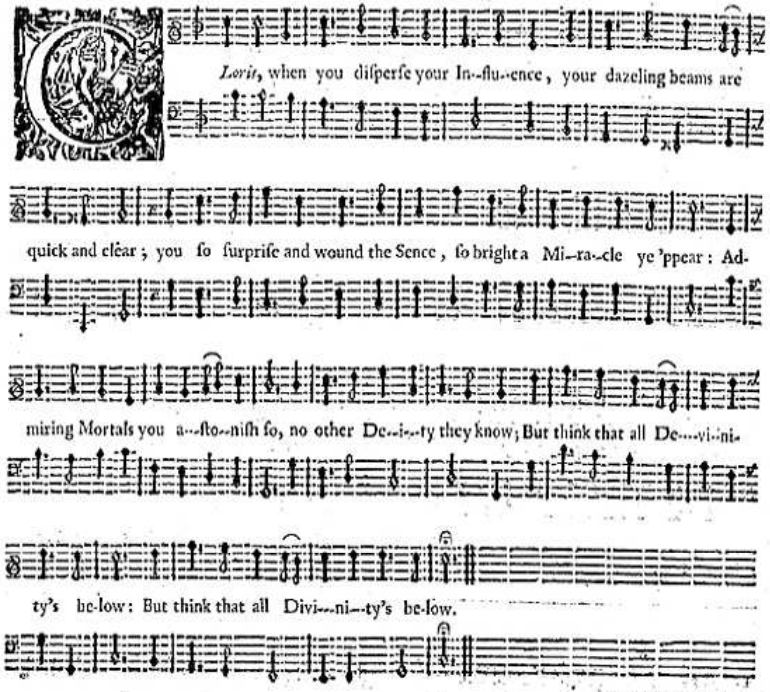




Mr. *William Turner.*



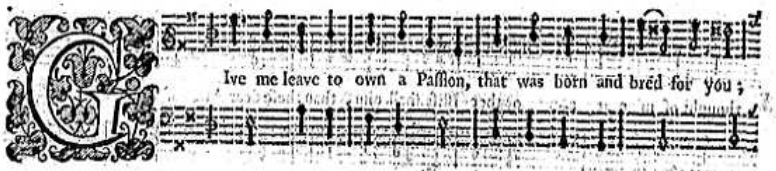
A. 2. voc. Cantus & Bassus.

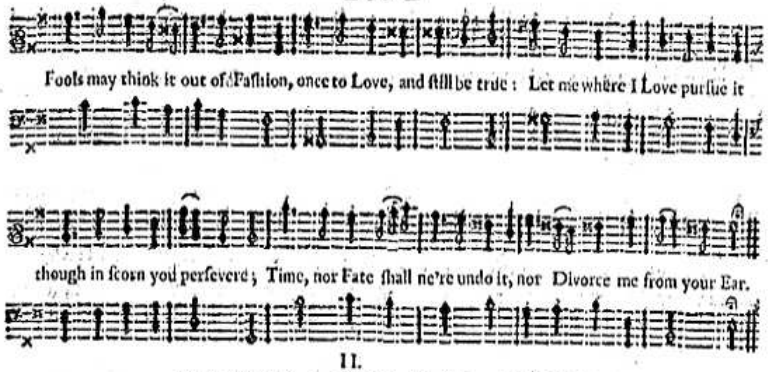


Mr. *William Turner.*

II.

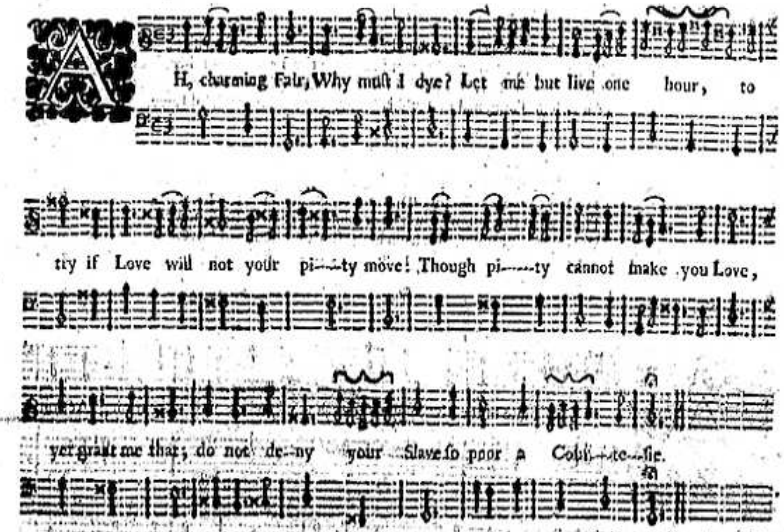
One charming Look from your illustrious Face,
Were able to subdue Man-kind:
So sweet, so powerful a Grace,
Makes all men Lovers, but the Blind:
Nor can they freedom, by resistance gain,
For each inbraces the soft chain,
And never struggle with the pleasing Pain:
And never struggle with the pleasing Pain.





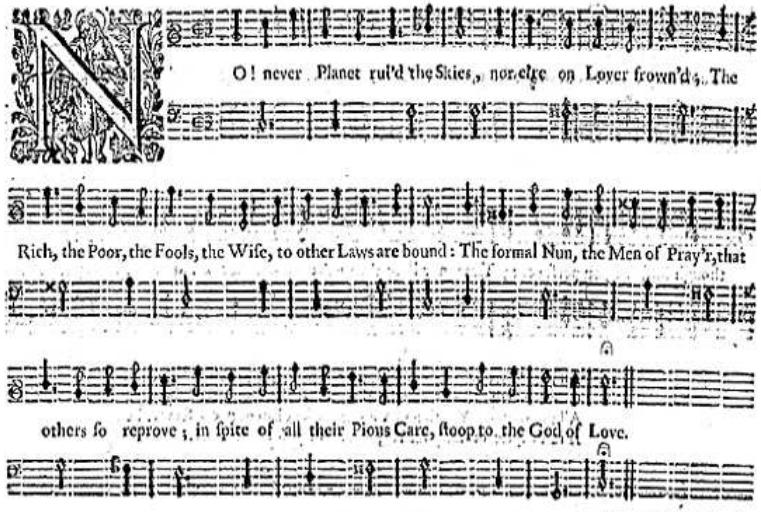
II.

All the Force of your denial, cannot make me raise the Seige;
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.



II.

Before you kill me, I'le impart
To you, a Wounded, Wretched Heart;
For my sake, lodge it in your Breast,
From Care and Sorrow der it rest;
And when your Hour-Glass is run;
Then meet me at *Elizium.*



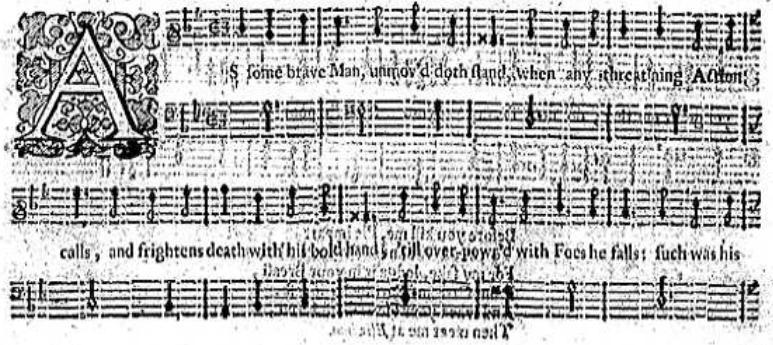
Mr. *Alph. Marsh.*

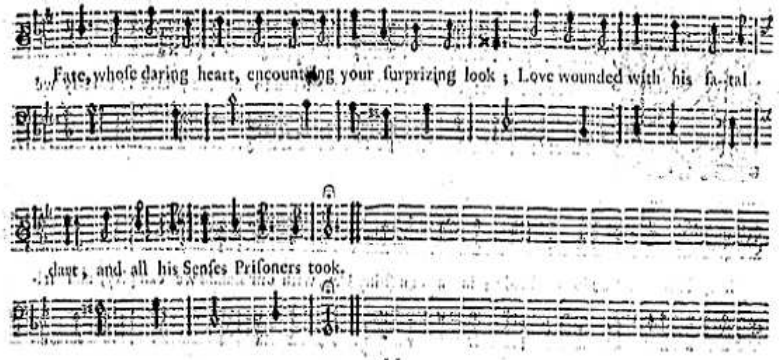
II.

Crown'd Monarchs, to a lovely Face, their Scepters Sacrifice;
Their Captive Conquests croud to grace the Triumphs of her Eyes;
Great *Jove* dissolv'd himself in show'rs, fair *Danae*'s Fires to prove;
And silent Time, makes slow his Hours, to wait on pow'rful 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 Thunderer could ne'r to softness move;
Was by a Lightning, shot from her, that melted into Love.



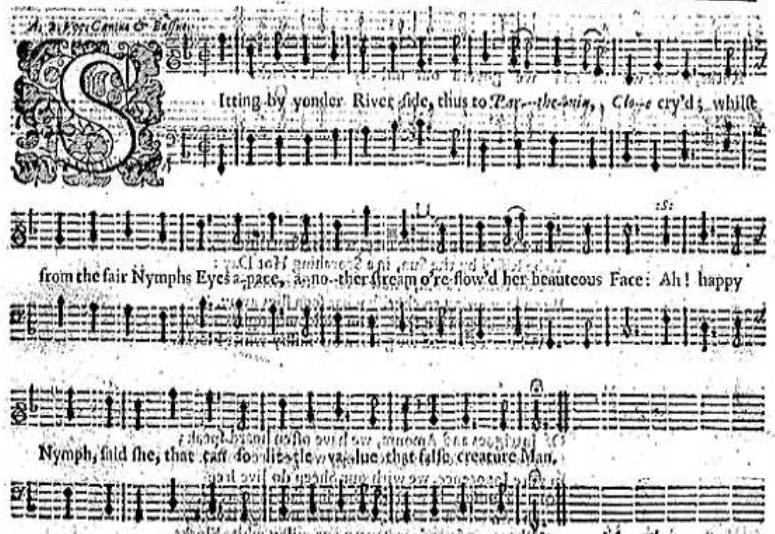


II.

So does some treacherous Disease, our Blood, and all our parts invade;
And then on life itself doth seize, with fires, kept in Ambuscade;
Yet, since from your Almighty Eyes, his yielding Breast receiv'd its wound;
He hopes, where so much pity lies, there is some mercy to be found.

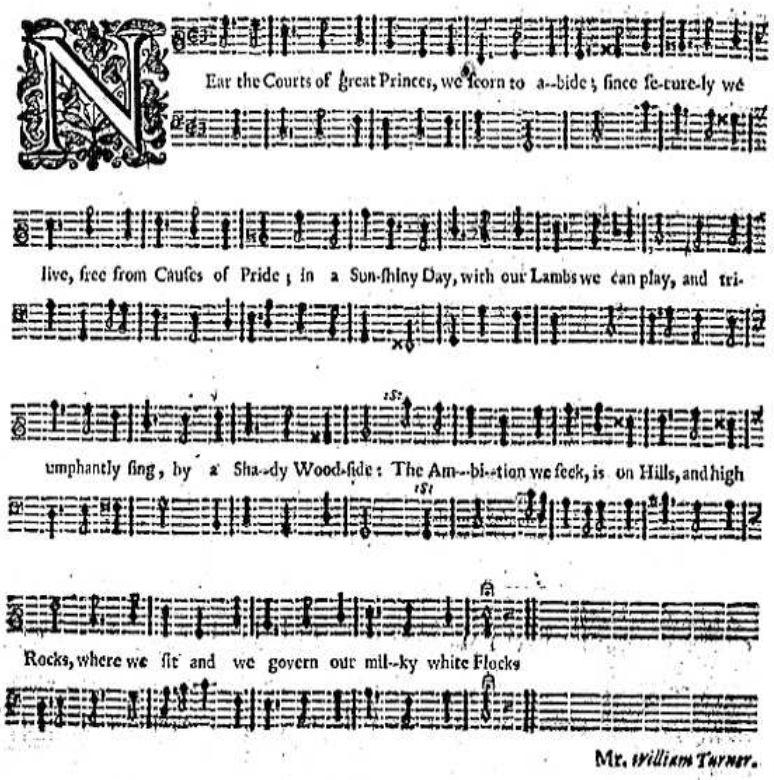
But if unpity'd, he should fall by you,
Those Sighs shall haunt your Ears, when last he cry'd;
Aminda, Aminda, your Lover was true;
Aminda, Aminda; 'twas for you he dy'd.

A Duet Canon & Basso.



Mr. *Thomas Farmer.*

Oft the perfidious things, would cry,
They Love, they Bleed, they Burn, they Dye:
Yet, if, they't 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.



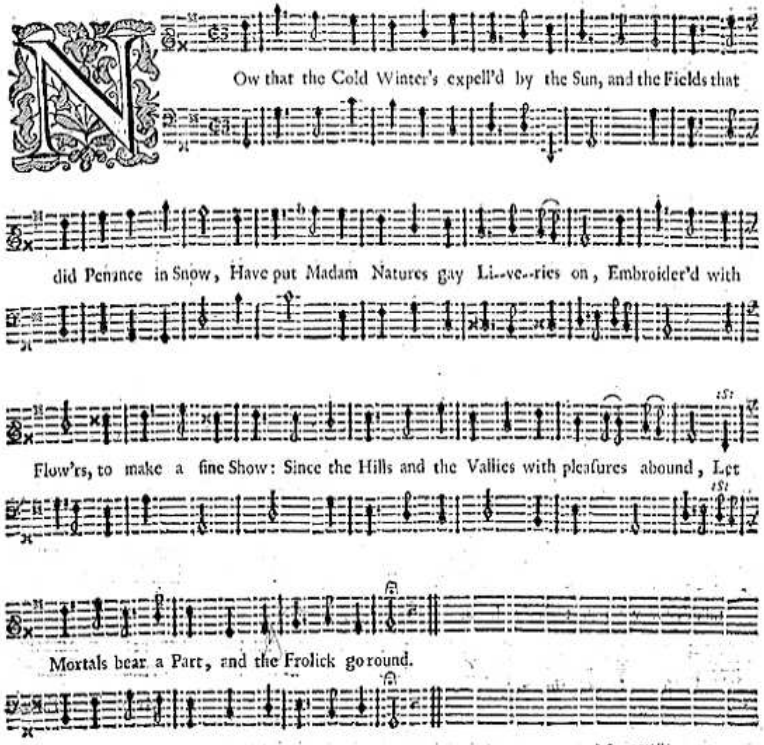
Mr. *William Turner.*

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 are to seek:
In pure Innocence, we with our Sheep do live free
From all noise; like a Bark that lies safe in a Creek.
The Ambition we seek, is on Hills and high Rocks,
Where we sit and we govern our milky white Flocks.



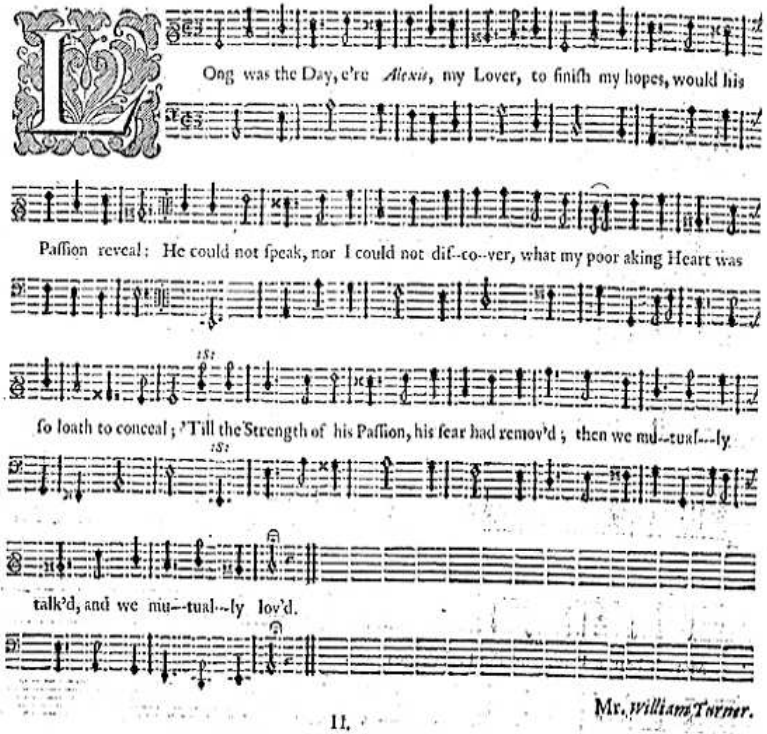
Mr. *William Turner.*

II.

Hark, hark, how the Birds in sweet Consort conspire;
The Lark and the Nightingale join;
And in every Grove, there's an amorous Quoire,
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.

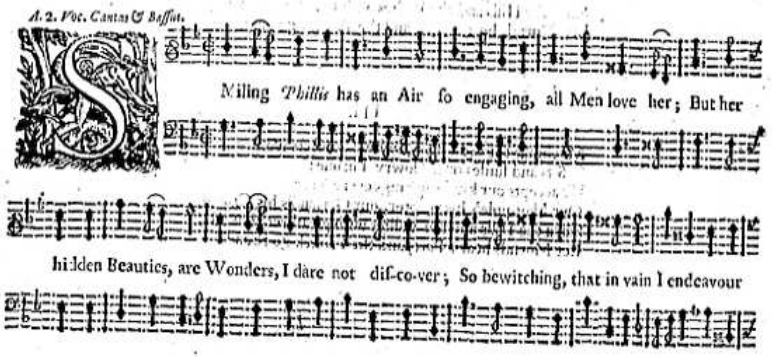
Me thinks the God *Pan*, whose Subjects we are;
Sits and smiles on a Flowry Throne;
He accepts our kind Off'rings every Year,
Our May-pole's his Scepter, our Garland's his Crown.
Since the Hills and the Vallies with pleasures abound;
Let Mortals bear a Part, and the Frolick go round.

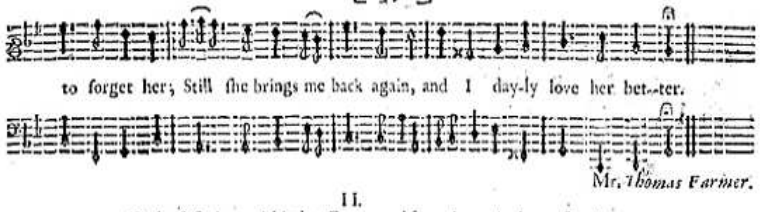


II.

Groves for *Umbrella's*, did kindly o're-shade us
From *Phœbus* 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 & Bassus.



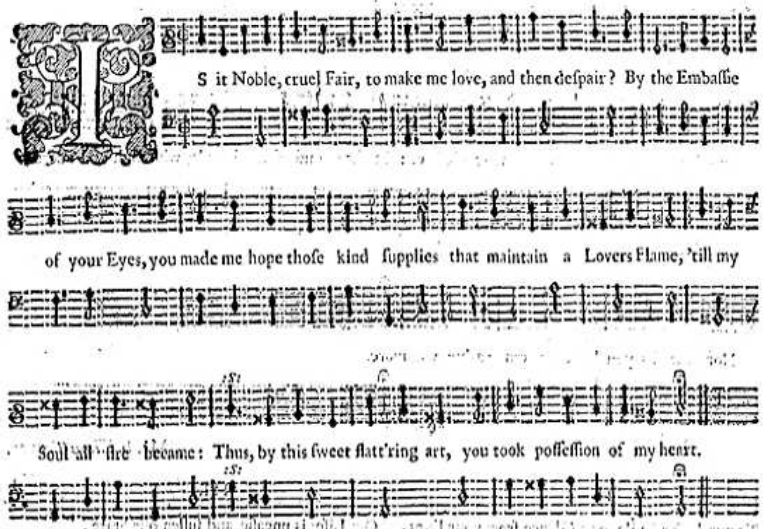


II.

Kindness springs within her Eyes, and from thence is always flowing;
Ev'ry Minute does surprise 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.

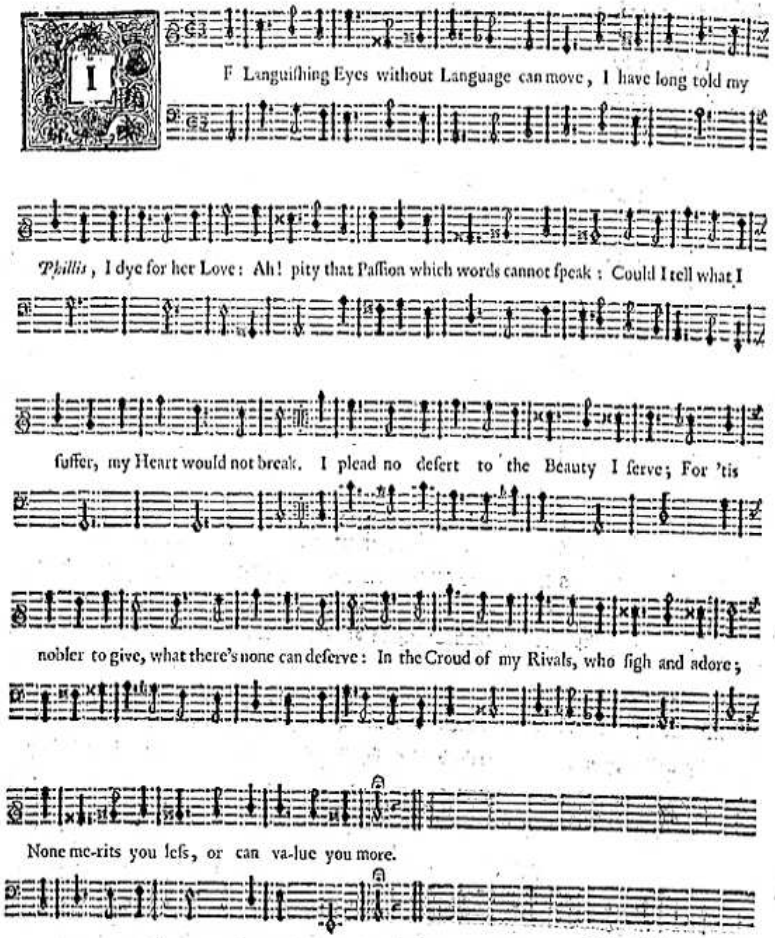
III.

Free and easie, without Pride, is her Language, and her Fashion;
Setting gentle Love aside, she's unmov'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.



II.

But, *Aminda*, can despise
The flame in which her Captive dyes;
And with disdainful looks, disay
Those Joys she promis'd by her Eyes?
Of her rigour, and my pain,
She forbids me to complain;
How severe's my wretched fate,
That I must love, though she's ingrate.



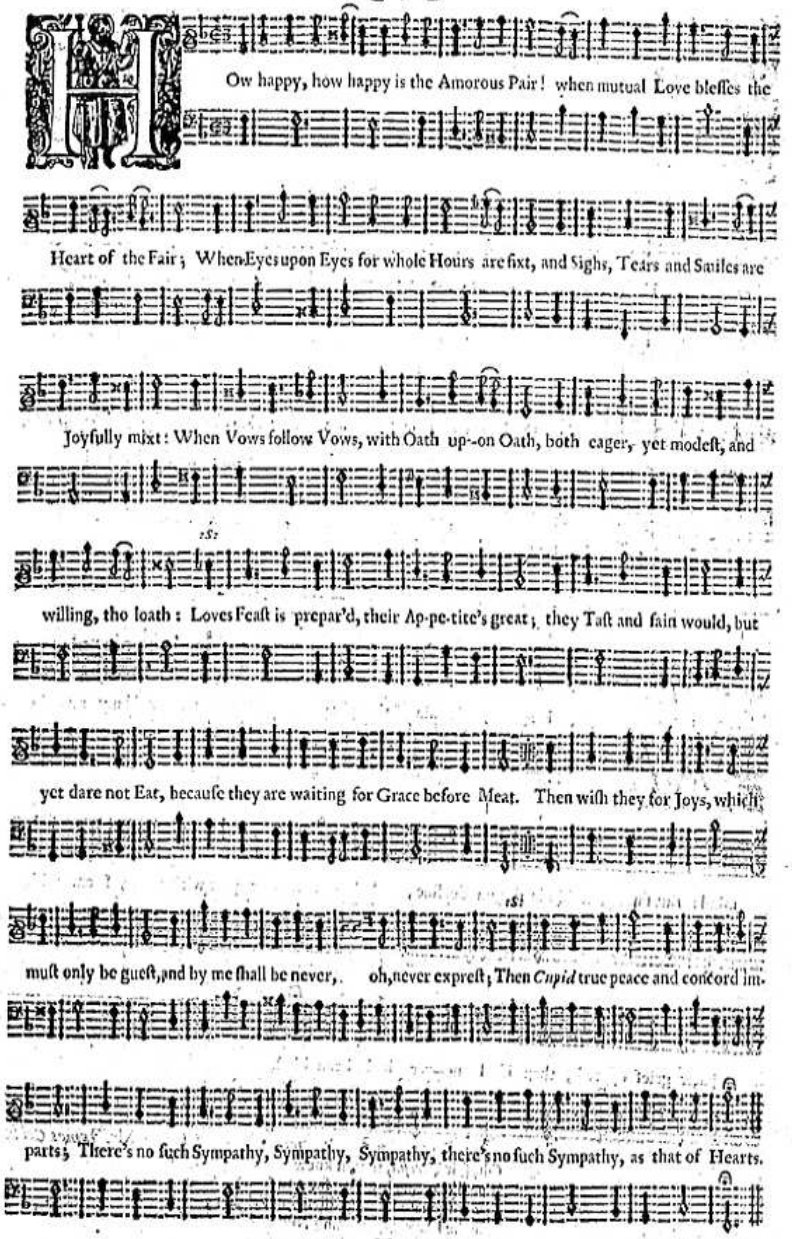
Mr. *William Turner.*

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 natures 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.

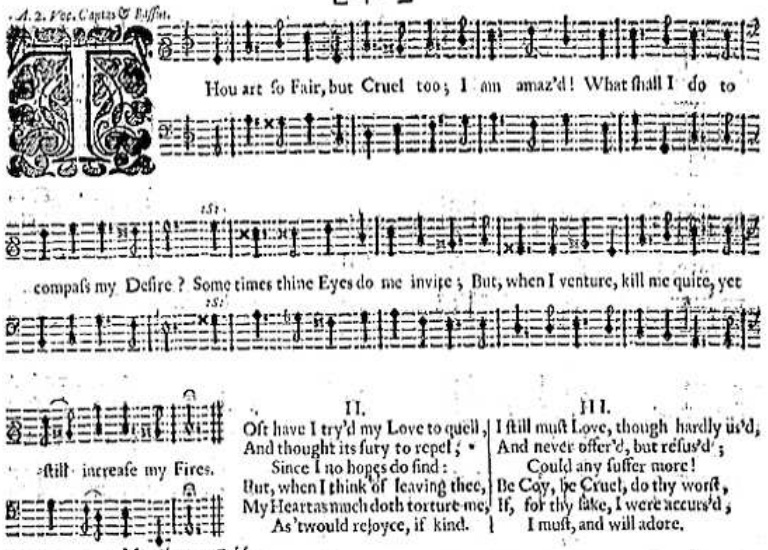
III.

Our Life is uneasie, and sullen 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.



Mr. *John Moss.*

A. 2. Vec. Capito & Bassus.



THou art so Fair, but Cruel too; I am amaz'd! What shall I do to compass my Desire? Some times thine Eyes do me invite; But, when I venture, kill me quite, yet still increase my Fires.

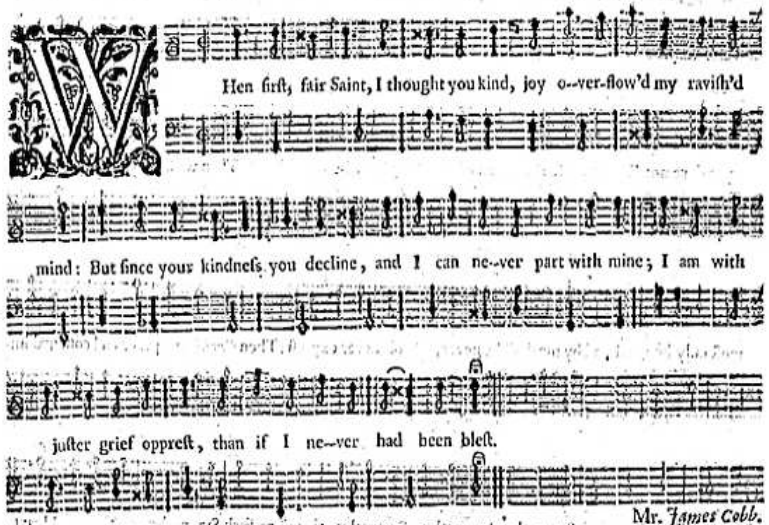
II.

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 rejoyce, if kind.

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 accurs'd,
I must, and will adore.

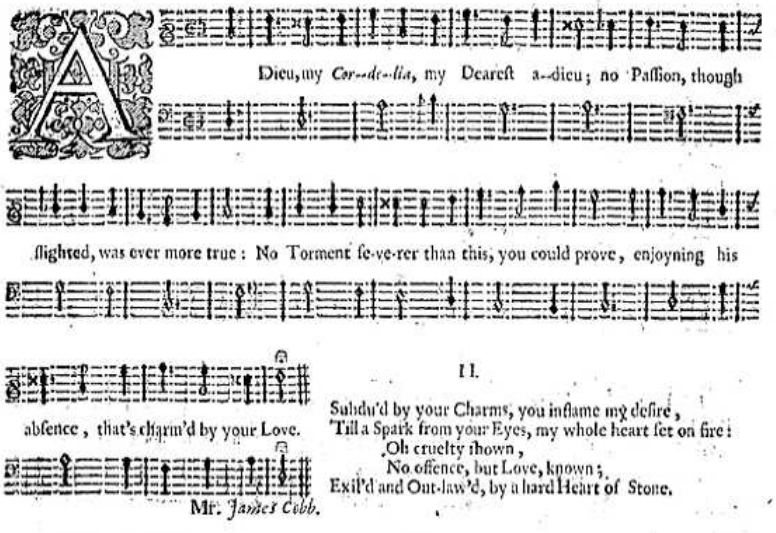
Mr. *James Cobb.*



WHen 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't, than if I ne--ver had been blest.

Mr. *James Cobb.*

Oh, fair *Ottesia*, if you knew
The Torments I endure for you,
My passionate Hopes, dispairing Frights,
Uneasie Days, and waking Nights;
Your Rigour, or your Love will free
My Heart from you, or you from me.

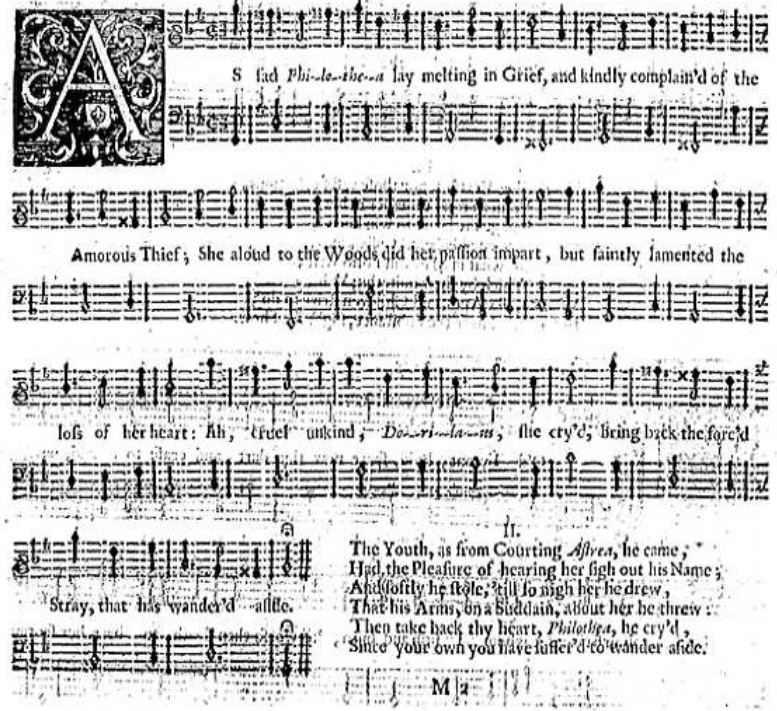


ADieu, my *Cor--de--lia*, my Dearest a--dieu; no Passion, though slighted, was ever more true: No Torment se-ve-rer than this, you could prove, enjoyning his absence, that's charm'd by your Love.

II.

Subdu'd by your Charms, you inflame my desire,
Till a Spark from your Eyes, my whole heart set on fire:
Oh cruelty shown,
No offence, but Love, known;
Exil'd and Out-law'd, by a hard Heart of Stone.

Mr. *James Cobb.*

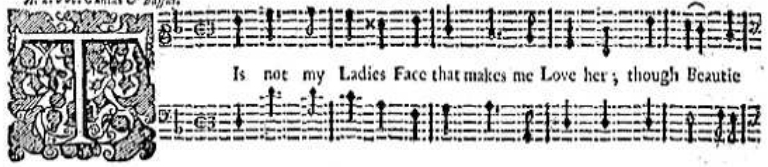


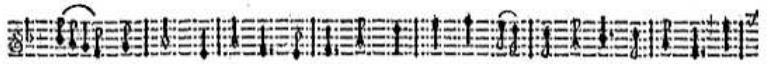
AS sad *Phi--le--the--a* lay melting in Grief, and kindly complain'd of the Amorous Thief; She aloud to the Woods did her passion impart, but faintly lamented the loss of her heart: Ah, cruel unkind, *Do--ri--la--us*, she cry'd, bring back the forc'd Stray, that has wander'd aside.

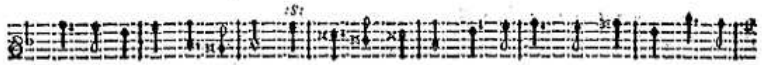
II.

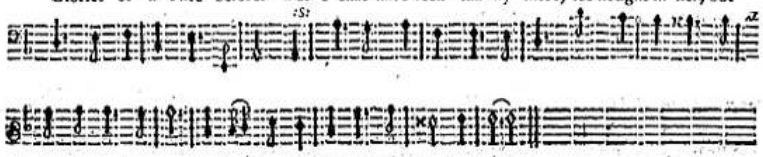
The Youth, as from Courting *Astrea*, he came,
Had the Pleasure of hearing her sigh out his Name;
And softly he stole, till so nigh her he drew,
That his Arms, on a Suddain, about her he threw:
Then take back thy heart, *Philothea*, he cry'd,
Since your own you have suffer'd to wander aside.

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Bassus.





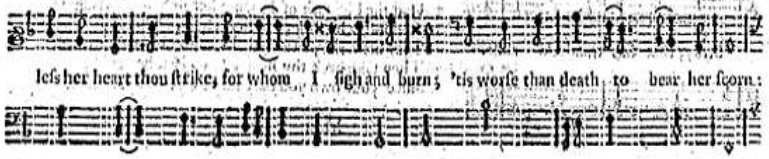


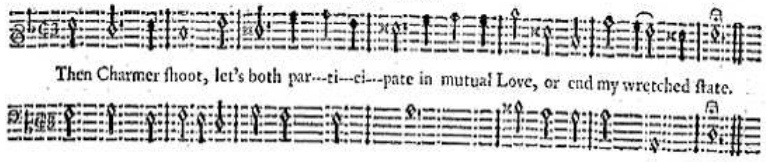


Dr. *John Blow.*

II.

'Tis not her Vertues, nor those vast Perfections,
Which croud together in her;
Ingage my heart to win her;
For those are only brief Collections,
Of what in Man's in Folio writ;
Which by their imitating Wit,
Women, like Apes, and Children strive to do;
But we, that have the Substance, slight the Show.





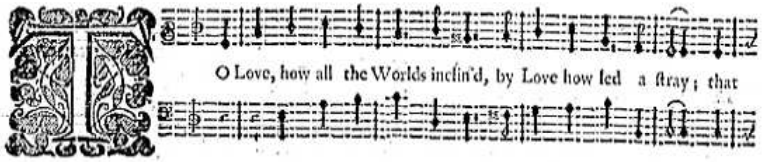
Mr. *John Moss.*

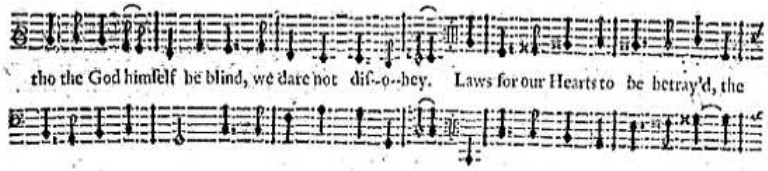
II.

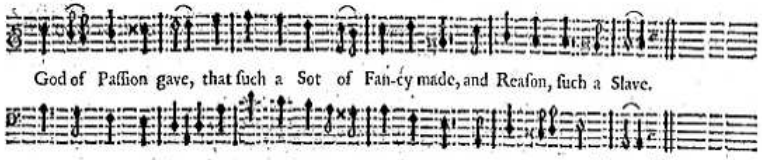
When first my heart receiv'd its wound,
I prostrate fell, and on the Ground,
With humble suit I did implore;
But still her heart was hard'ned more.
Then Charmer Shoot, let's both participate
In mutual Love, or end my wretched state.

III.

I'le string my Lute, and then I'le try
To drown her scorn in Harmony;
If, in that Flood, I cannot find
Her to *Amphetis*, to grow kind;
I'le banish Love, and scorn the Lovers Fate,
With all those Fair ones, that are so ingrate.







Mr. *William Turner.*

II.

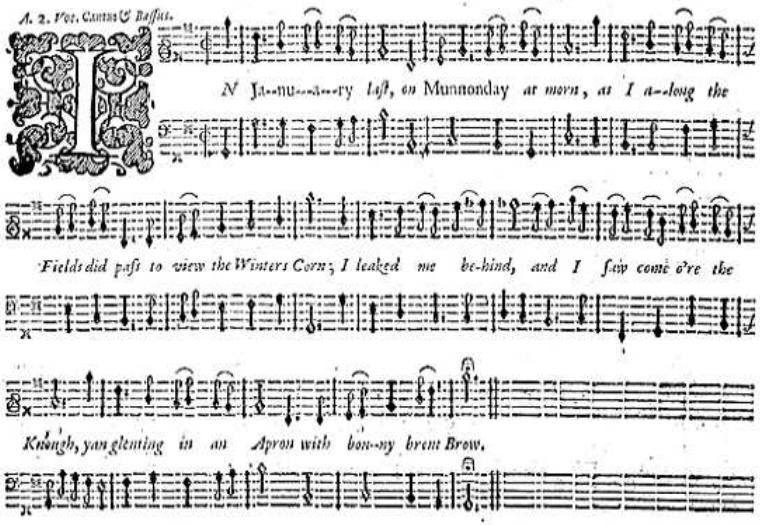
Where resolution is forgot to struggle with the Flame,
It does the Judgement quite besot; and make the Reason tame:
For when our blind desires have sped, and to ill Fate were given,
This will at last be poorly said, it was decreed in Heav'n.

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. Canto & Bassus.



II.

I bid gud morrow, fair Maid, and she right courteoustie,
Beks lew and fine, kind Sir, she said, gud day agen to ye:
I speard o her, fair Maid, quo I, how far intend you now?
Quo she, I mean a Mile or twa, to yonder bonny brough.

III.

Fair Maid, i'me weel contented to ha sik companie;
For I am ganging out the Gate that ya intend ta be:
When we had walkt a Mile or twa, Iz said to her, my Dow,
May I not dight your Apron fine, kiss your bonny Brow.

IV.

Nea, gud sir, you are far misteen, for I am nean o those;
I hope ya ha more brieding than to dight a woman cloths:
For I've a better chosen than any sick as you,
Who boldly may my Apron dight, and kiss ma bonny brow.

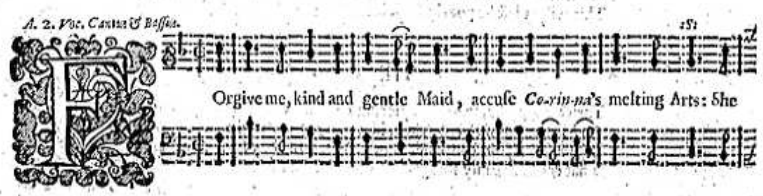
V.

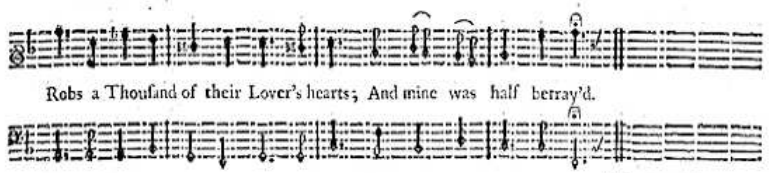
Na, if ya are contrallted, I have ne mar to say,
Rather than be rejected, I will give o're the play:
And I will chose yen o me own that shall not on me rew,
Will boldly let me dight her Apron, kiss her bonny brow.

VI.

Sir, Iz see ya are proud-hearted, and leath to be said nay,
Ton need not tall ha flarted, for eight that Iz did say:
Ton know Wemen for modestie, ne at the first time beo;
But, gif we like your company, we are as kind a you.

A. 2. Voc. Canto & Bassus.





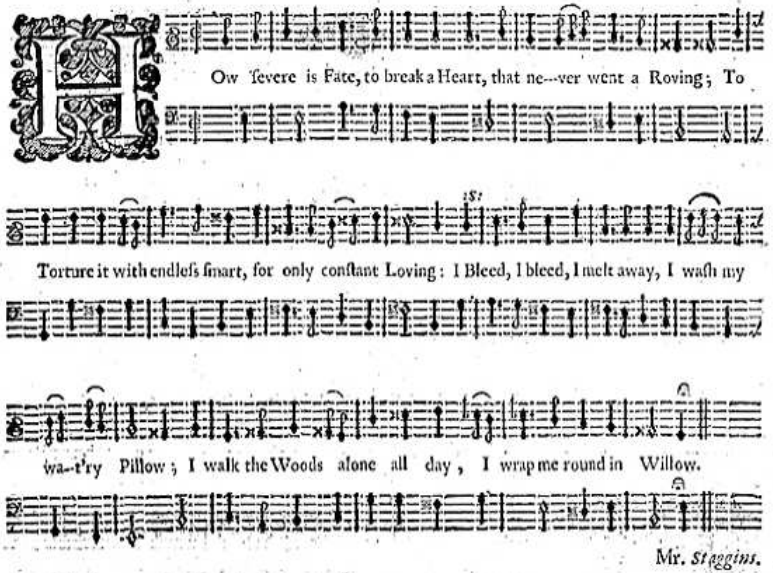
Mr. *Francis Forcer.*

II.

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.

III.

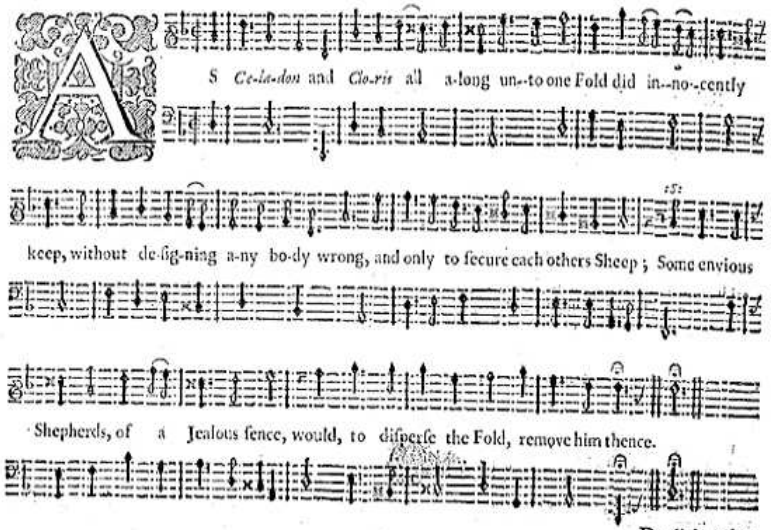
But if new Beauties I pursue,
May I be bold, and your fair Sex
With Letters, Songs and tedious Love perplex;
And find all Chast, like you.



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 *Cloris* pleasantly does say, Arise my Constant Lover.



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 pastoral laws though you dispence,
Still their inclosure is their Innocence.

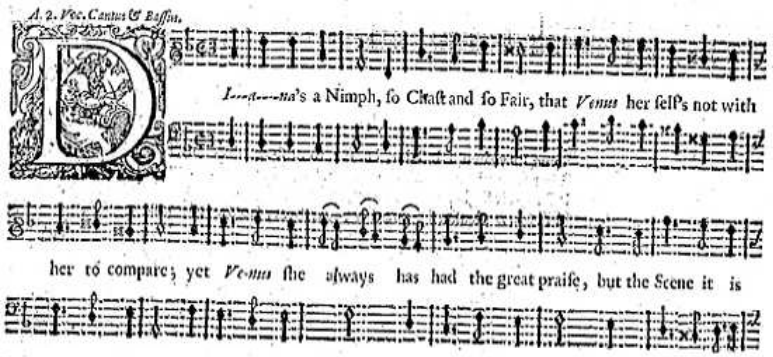
III.

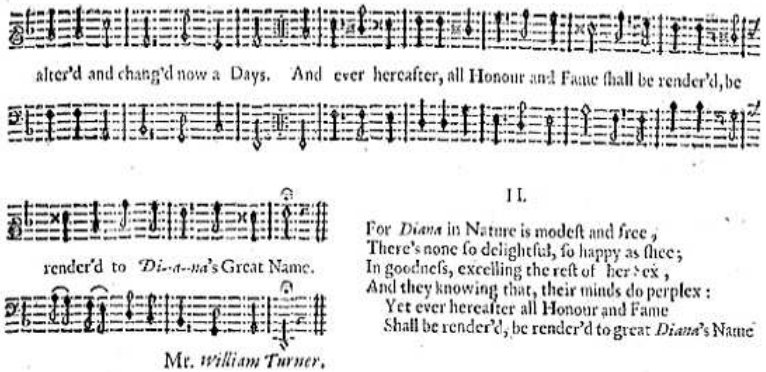
If Friendship be a Fault, then the whole Frame
Of all Societie a Pieces fall;
And we must all turn Salvage, as we came
Ev'n from our very first Original;
And so the Wolf and you will think't no sin
To prey together, when so near of kin.

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 so both glory more in that defeat,
Than if you all conspir'd to make them great.

A. 2. Vec. Cantus & Bassus.

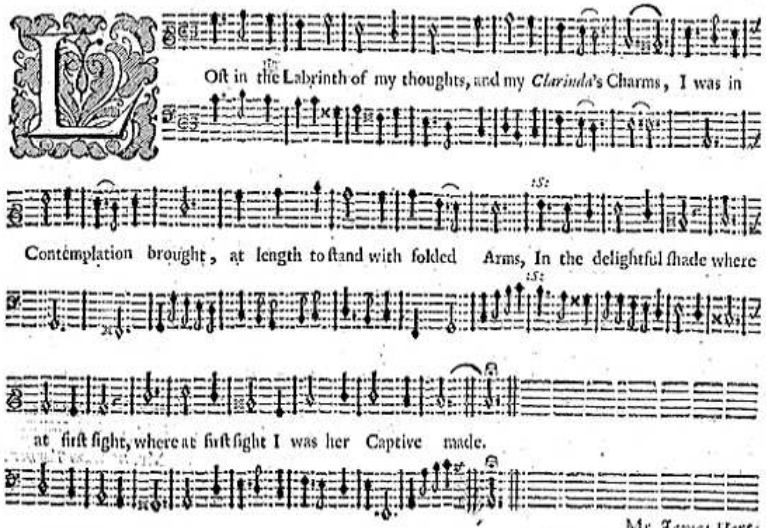




Mr. *William Turner.*

II.

For *Diana* in Nature is modest and free,
There's none so delightful, so happy as thee;
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. *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;
Lest they their Triumphs loose.

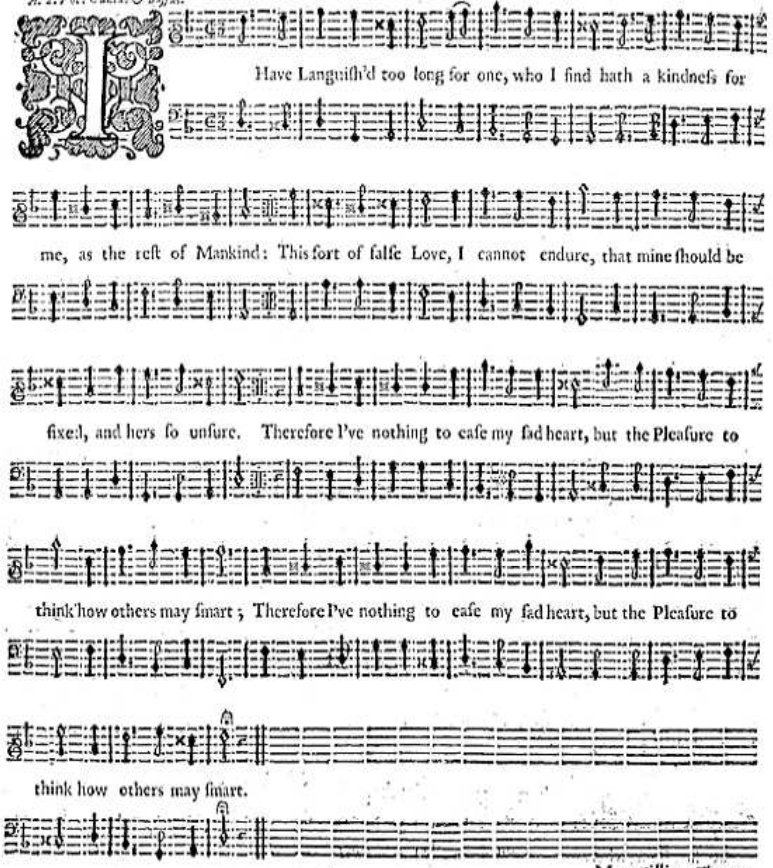
III.

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 incouragement.

IV.

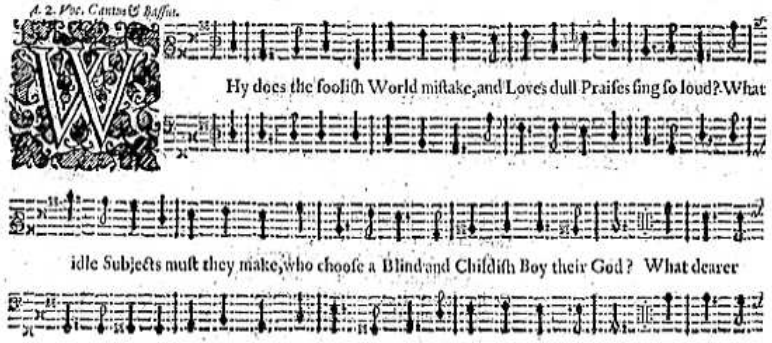
Thus am I in confusion tost,
'Twixt hoping and despair;
Now in a Fear that all is lost,
But hope her Heart may yet repair
The harm that's done b' her Eyes:
Or let them quite, or let them quite
Consume their Sacrifice.

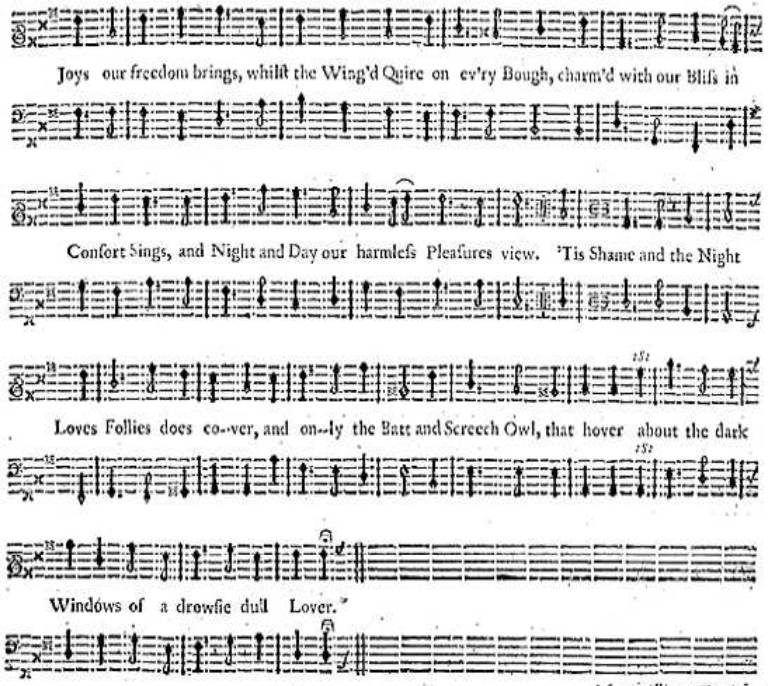
A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



Mr. *William Turner.*

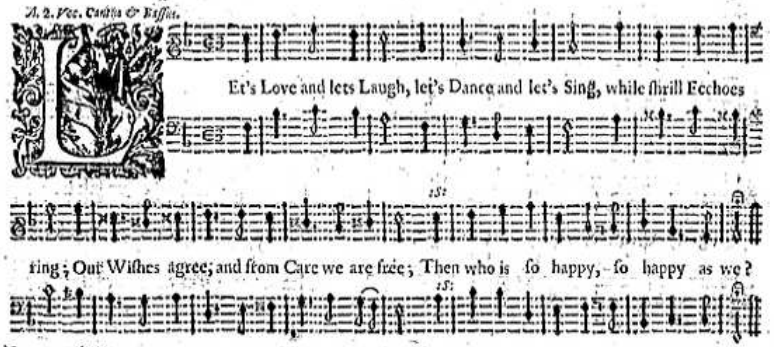
A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.





Mr. *William Turner.*

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.

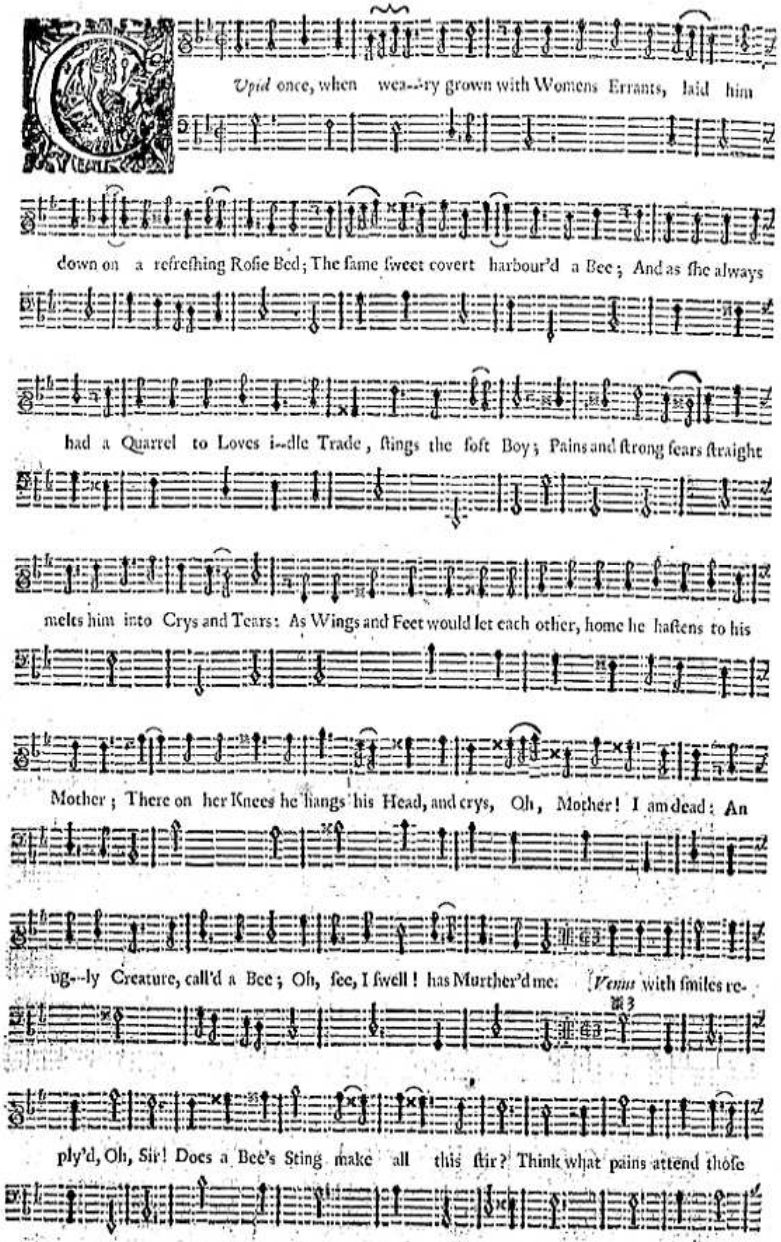


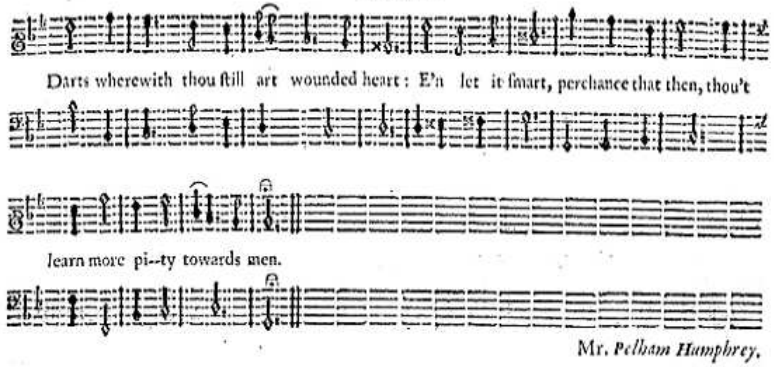
Mr. *John Banister.*

II.
We'll press the soft Grass,
Each Swain with his Lass,
And follow the Chase;
When weary we be,
We sleep under a Tree;
Then who is so happy, &c.

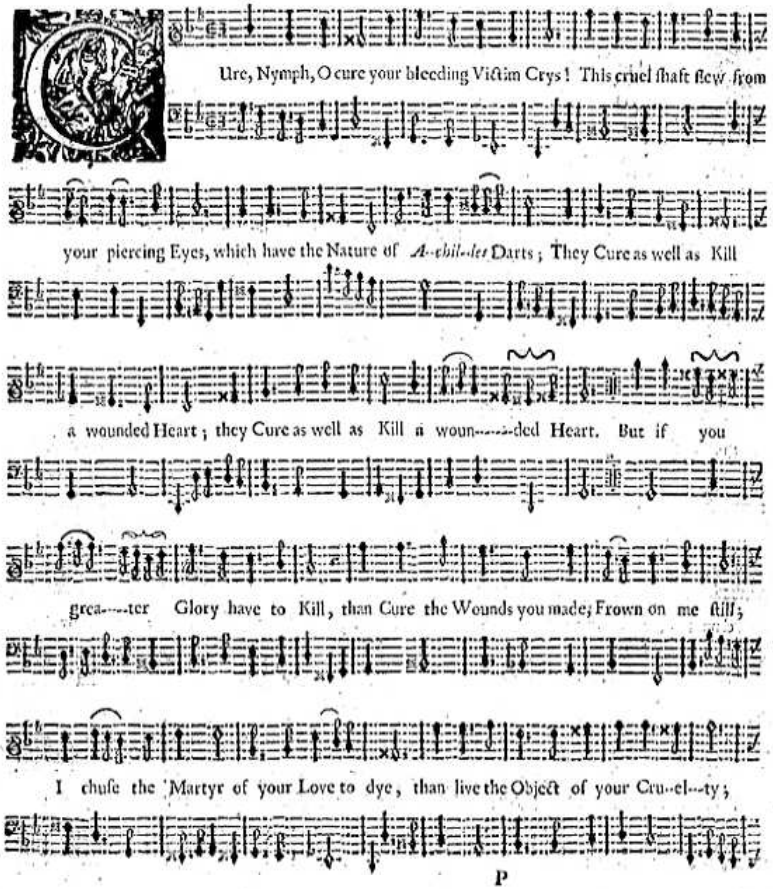
III.
By Flatt'ry or Fraud
No Shepherds betray'd,
Or Cheats the fond Maid;
No false subtle Knee
To decieve us we see;
Then who is so happy, &c.

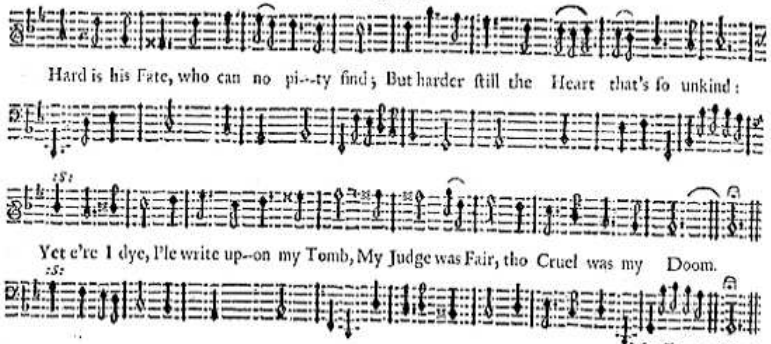
IV.
We envy no Pow'r,
They cannot be poor
That wish for no more;
Some richer may be,
And of higher degree;
But none are so happy, &c.



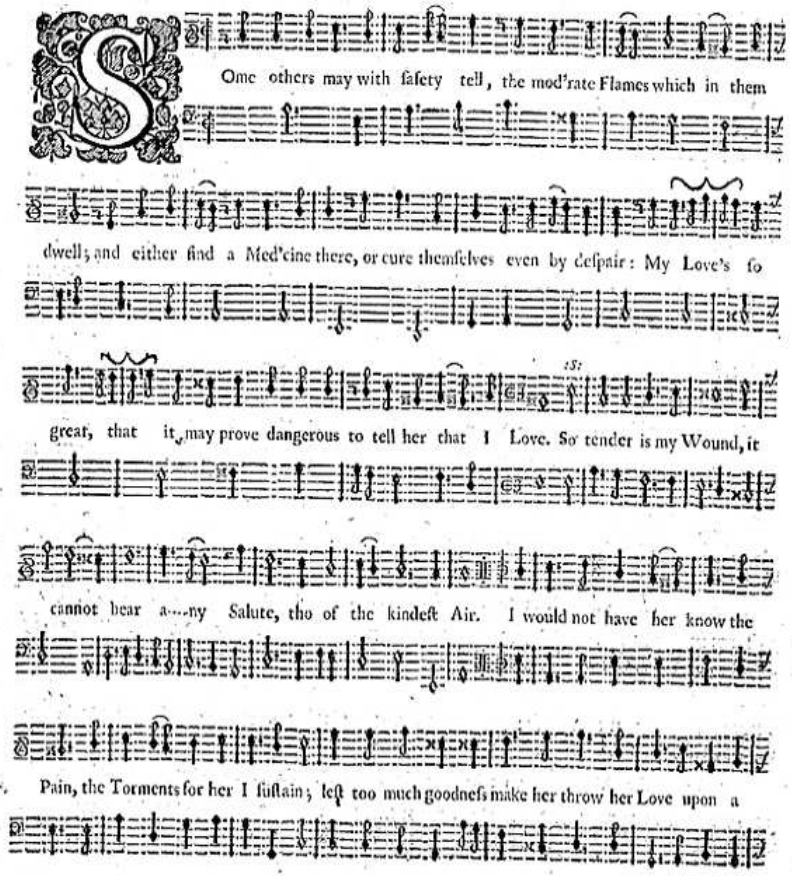


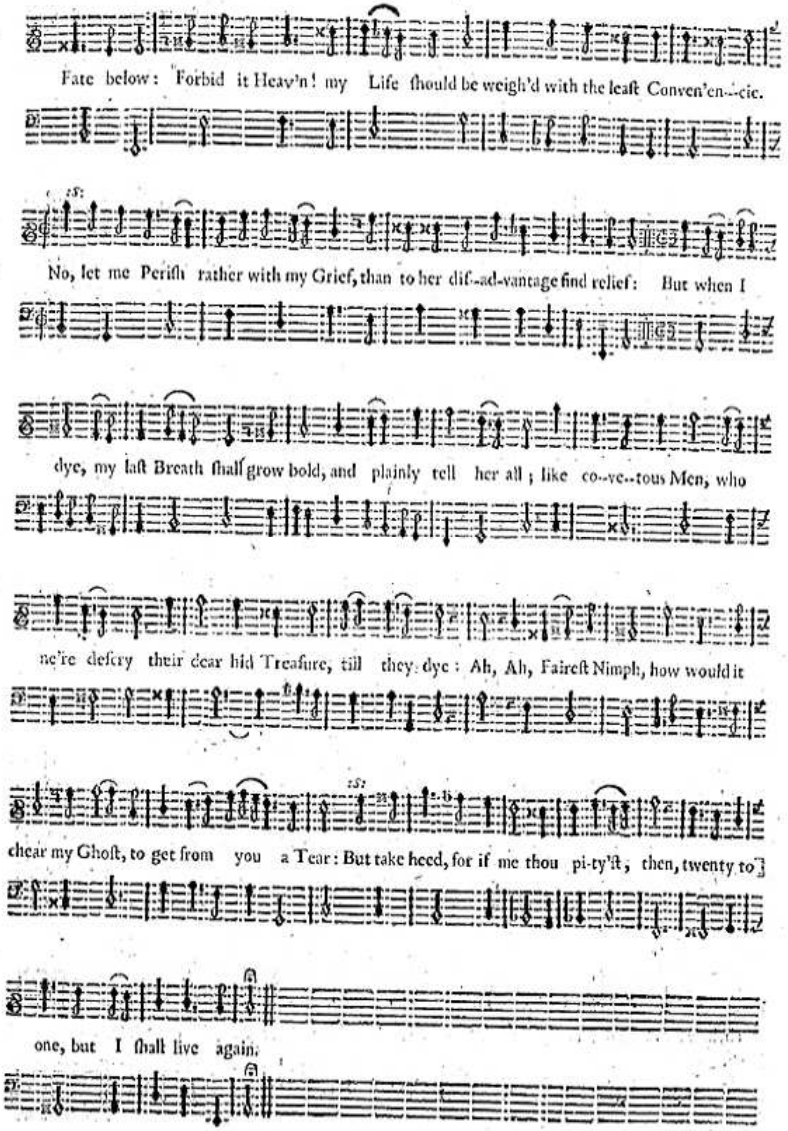
Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*





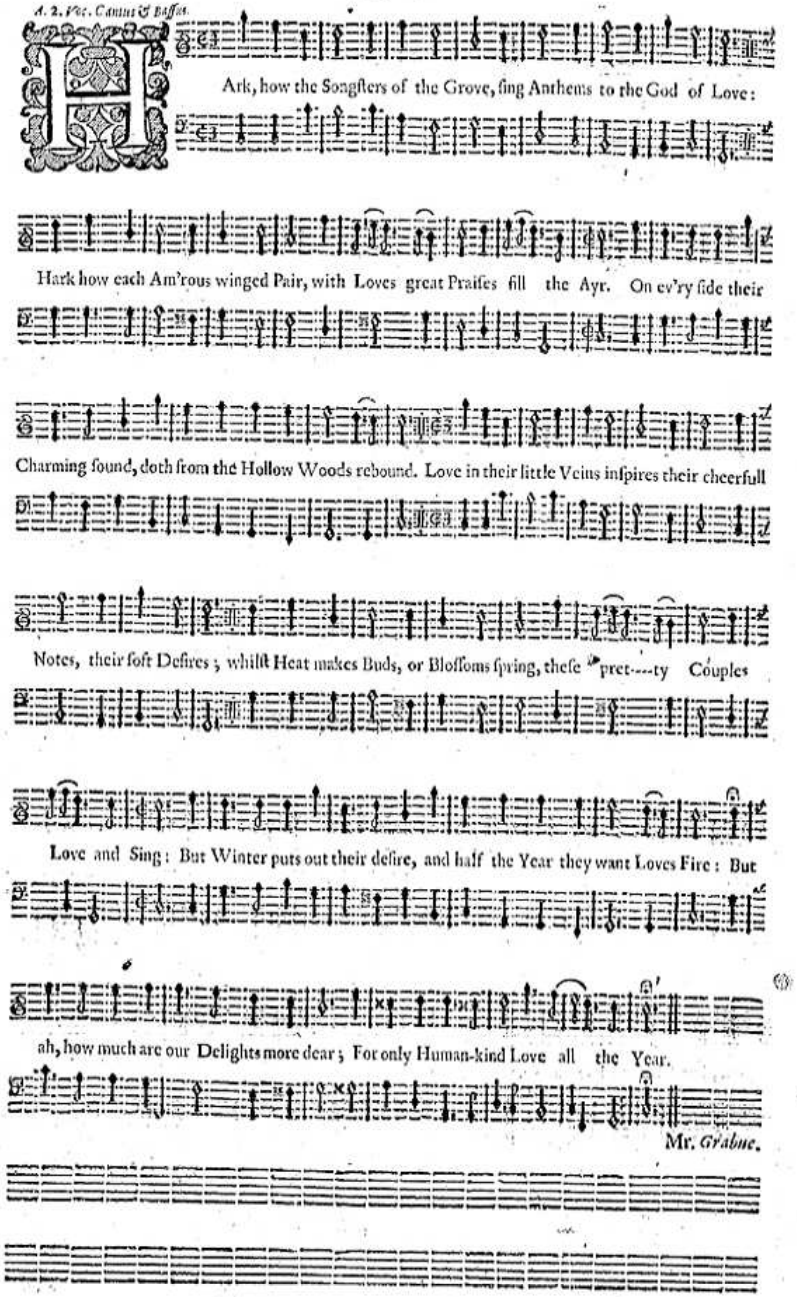
Mr. *James Hart.*





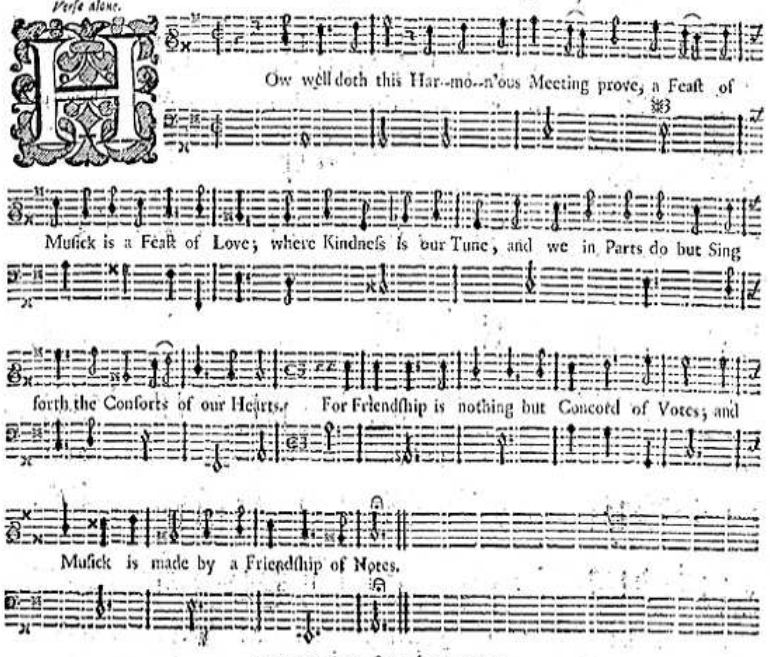
Mr. *James Hart.*

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



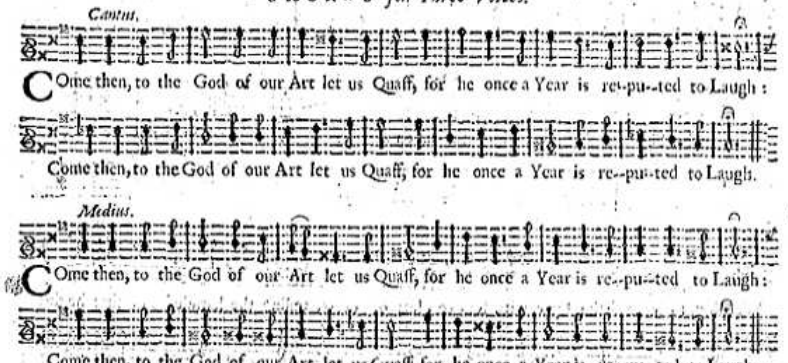
A SONG Sung at a MUSICK Feast.

Verse alone.

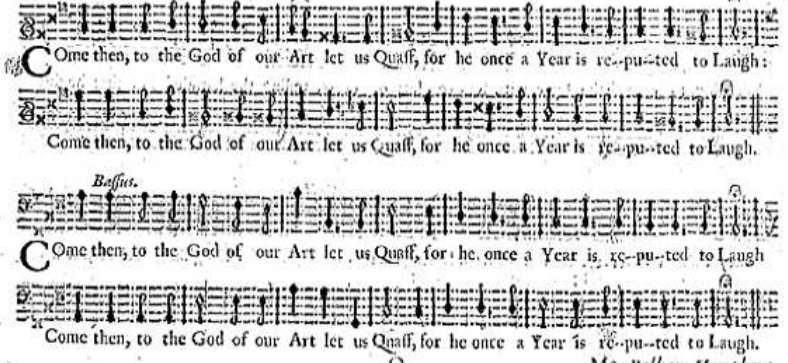


CHORUS for Three Voices.

Cantus.



Medius.



Bassus.

Mr. *Pelham Humphrys.*

AMINTOR *and* CORIDON. *For a Bass alone.*

Aminter.

IN yonder Grove *A--min--tor* 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-

Coridon.

move the Torments of my Mind? Whilst *Co--ri--don* me--ri--ly, me--ri--ly sits, and call for Ca-

nary to ripen his Wits; still swearing a Woman was ne're worth his while; and a Pox take that

Aminter.

Fool, and a Pox take that Fool, who doth doat on a Smile. *A--min--tor* 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,*

Aminter.

in Courting the Pint, in Courting the Pint, and Adoring the Bottle. Fair *Phillis* having

chang'd her Mind; her Dear *Aminter* is confin'd, and circle'd in her Arms; Where having cropt the

Coridon.

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 common; 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-min-tas* to the Grove; beneath whose shades so

soft I've sat, and heard my dear lov'd Swain repeat how much the *Gal-la-te-a* Lov'd? while

all the list'ning 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

si-lent 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?

Turn over.

Shepherd.

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 Chastise; too

great a Punishment for any Fault. Come *Gal--la--te----a* haste 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, haste away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?

Come Gal-la-te--a, haste away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?

Come Gal-la-te--a, haste 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-cu-ra--ti non pen-

Mor-ta-li che fate, che fate Mor-ta-li che fate, Tra-cu-ra--ti non pen-

Mor-ta-li che fa-te, Mor-ta-li che fate, che fate Mor-ta-li che fate, Tra-cu-ra--ti non pen-

sa—te al—le—gio—ri non pen—sa—te Tra-cu—ra—ti non pen—sa—te al—le—go—ri,

sa—te al—le—gio—ri non pen—sa—te Tra-cu—ra—ti non pen—sa—te al—le—go—ri,

sa—te al—le—gio—ri non pen—sa—te Tra-cu—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.

Turn o

Verse for a Bass alone.

E-co vi ch'a ma tut-tia go-de-re, a mor che bram 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 men-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.

CHORUS again, for three Voices.

Second Verse.

QUi-re si

an-de nons-deg non-e-que-ra mann pa-ri-dis-so so-la tut-ta in ter-ra mann

pa-ri-dis-so so-la tut-ta in ter-ra in tut-ta in ter-ra in ter-ra.

CHORUS again, and conclude.

LU-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.*

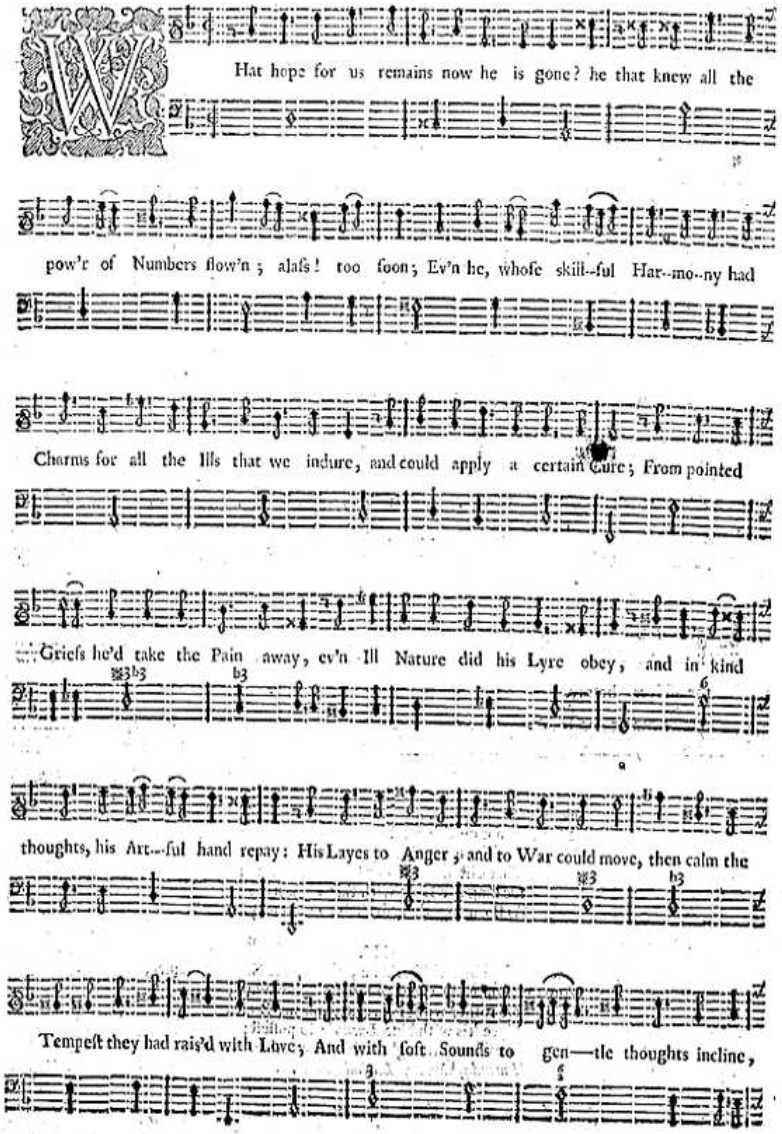
II.

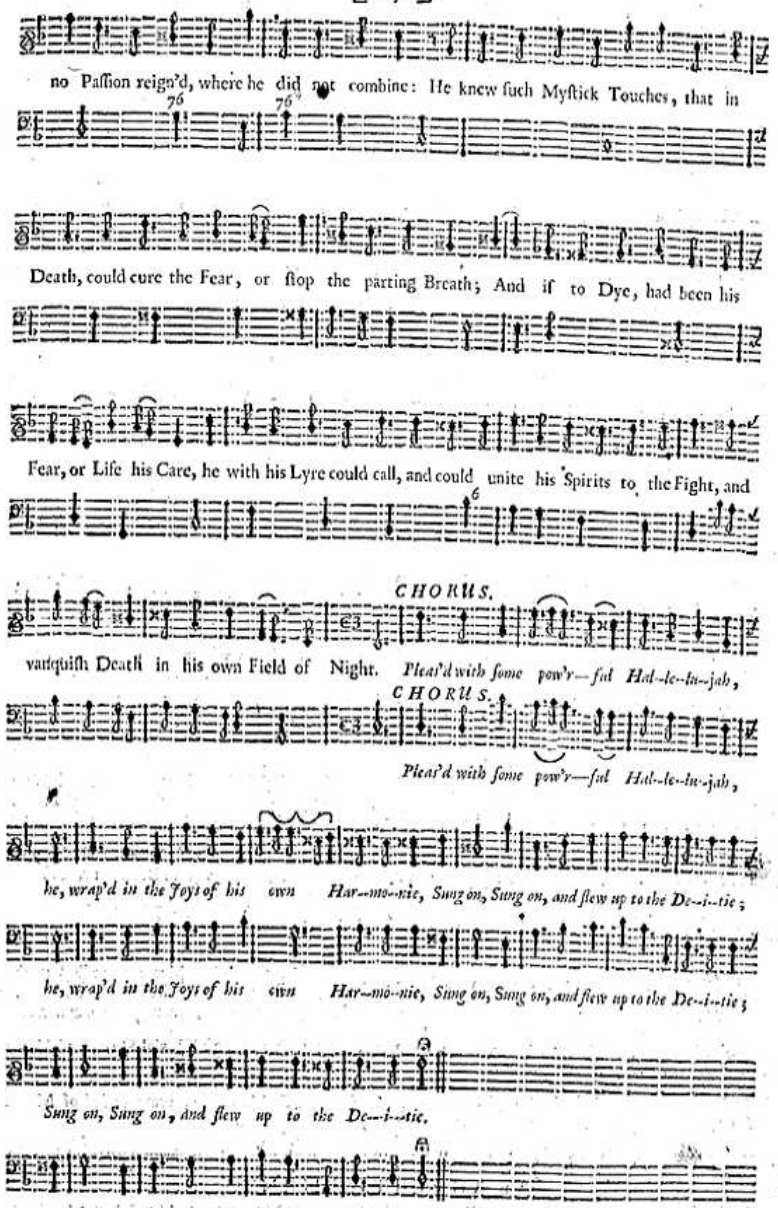
Now let us study to improve our Passions with that Fire,
That may not quickly wast our Love, but still preserve desire;
And silently enjoy at such a Rate,
That distance may our Fancies recreate:
Dealing our Love with that equalitie,
As Born together, so their Deaths may be.

III.

Lucinda shall but whisper'd be, us'd as the Name of Saints,
And call'd on as a Deitie, to satisfie Complaints;
Nor other wishes dare attempt my Breast,
Since 'tis with kind *Lucinda* so possest:
She fills my thoughts with Glory, then I'le cry,
Lucinda, Loves; *Lucinda*, so do I.

On the Death of his Worthy Friend Mr. MATTHEW LOCKE,
MUSICK-Composer in Ordinary to His Majesty,
And Organist of Her Majesties Chappel, who Dyed in August, 1677.





Mr. Henry Purcell.

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169

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TO SING TO THE

Theorbo-Lute, or Bass-Viol:

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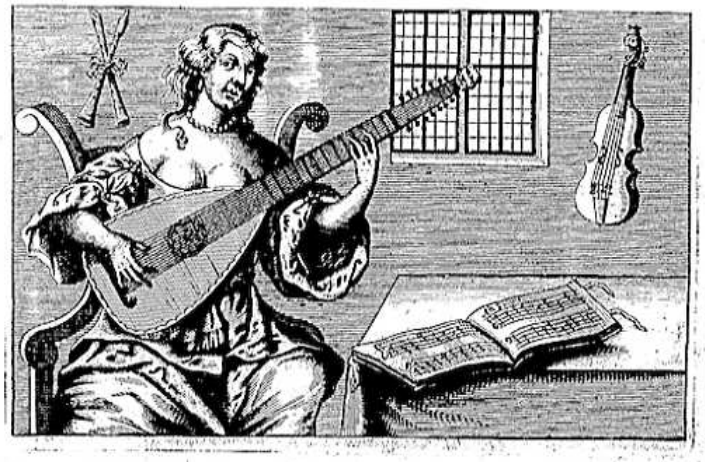
Most of the Newest *Ayres* and *Songs* sung at COURT, And at the Publick THEATRES.

Composed by several Gentlemen of His Majesty's Musick, *and others.*

THE THIRD BOOK.



LONDON,
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TO ALL LOVERS OF MUSICK.

GENTLEMEN,

THIS 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 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 sute 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. 1680.

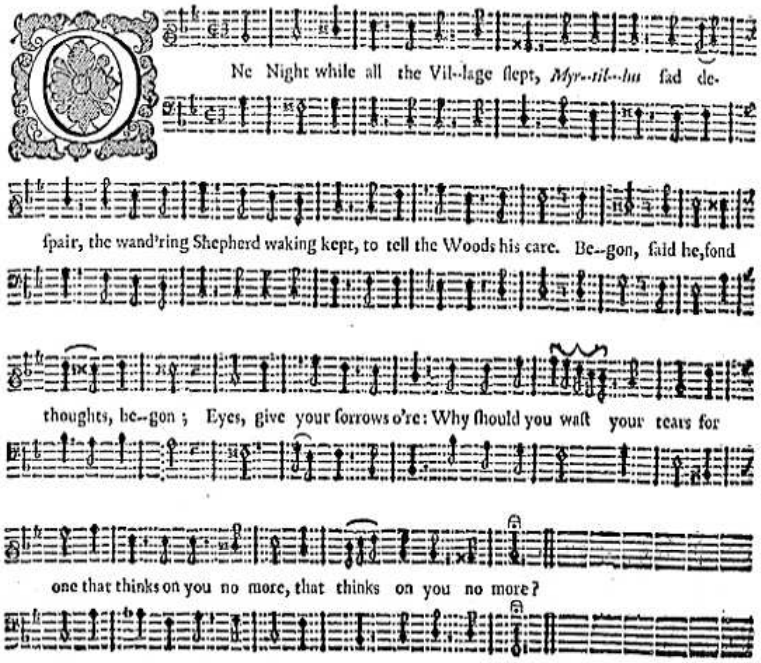
GENTLEMEN,

Your hearty Servant,

JOHN PLAYFORD.

An *Alphabetical Table* of the *Ayres* and *Songs* in this Book.

One



Mr. *Grabee.*

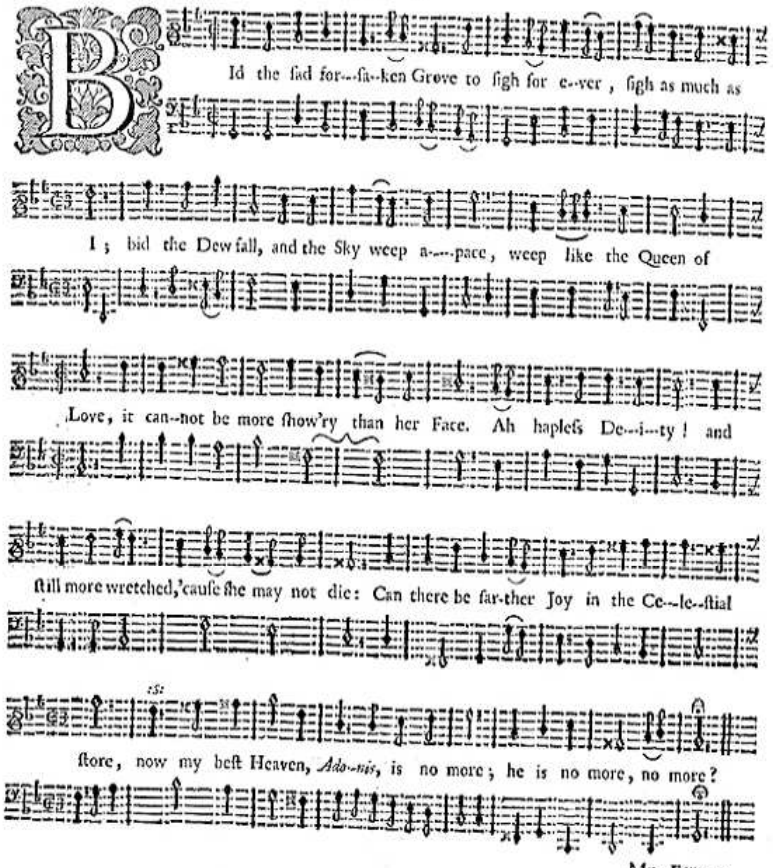
II.

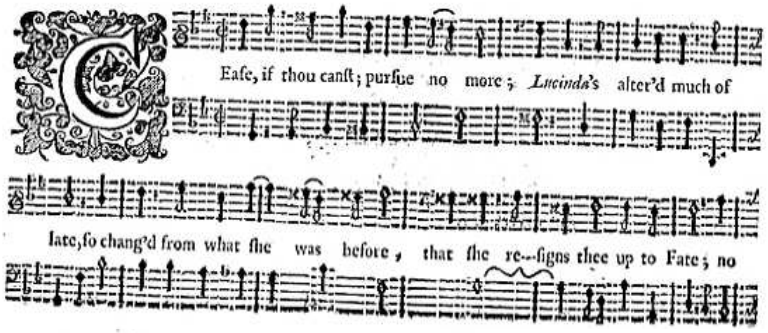
Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Powers,
That dwell within the Grove,
Can tell how many tender Hours
We here have past in Love.
You Stars above, my cruel Foes
Can tell, how she has sworn
A thousand times, that like to those
Her Flames shall ever burn,
Her Flames shall, *&c.*

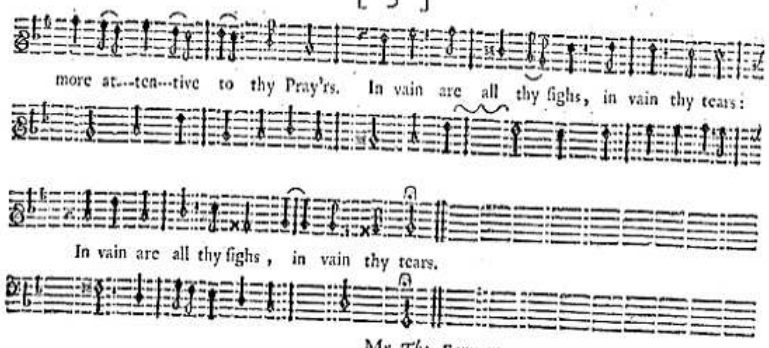
III.

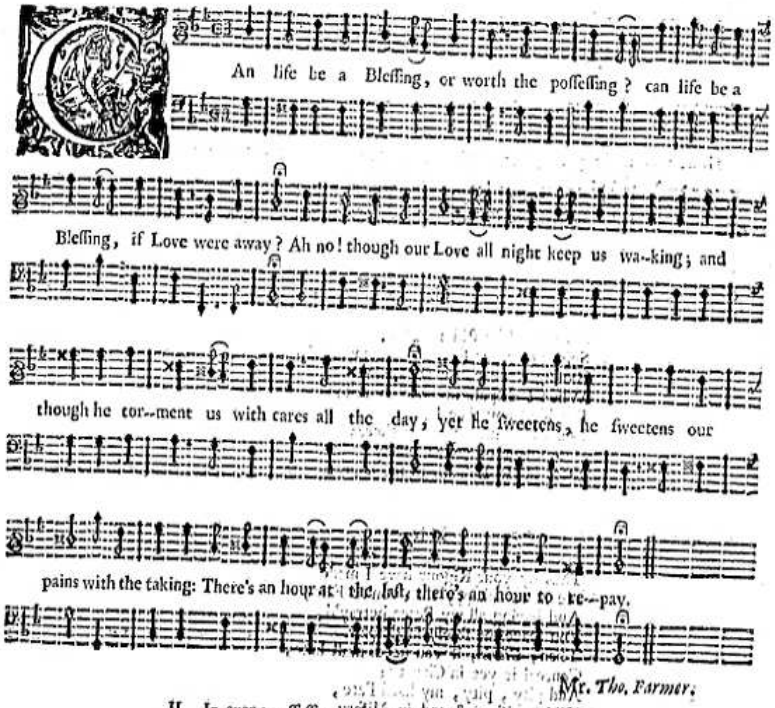
But since she's lost, O let me have
My wish, and quickly dye!
In this cold Bank I'le make a Grave,
And there forgotten lye.
Sad Nightingales the Watch shall keep,
And kindly there complain;
Then down the Shepherd lay to sleep,
But never wak'd again,
But never, *&c.*

B

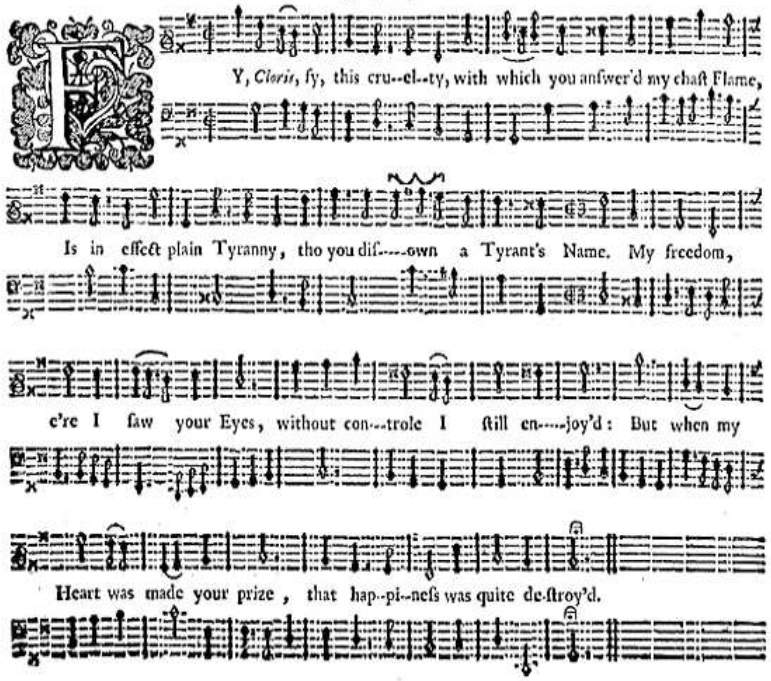








II. In every possessing, the ravishing blessing,
In every possessing the fruit of our pains:
Poor Lovers forget long Ages of Anguish,
What e're they have suffer'd, or done to obtain.
'Tis a pleasure, a pleasure, to sigh and to languish;
When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.

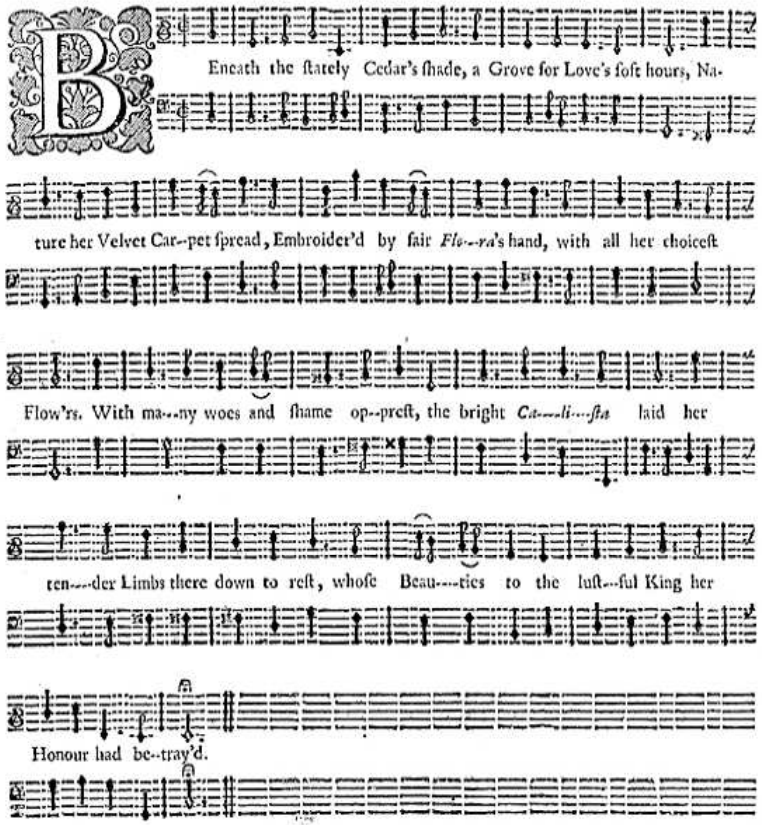


II.

For your *Idea* ſtill remains,
Spight of your ſcorn, within my Breſt;
Raiſing *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.

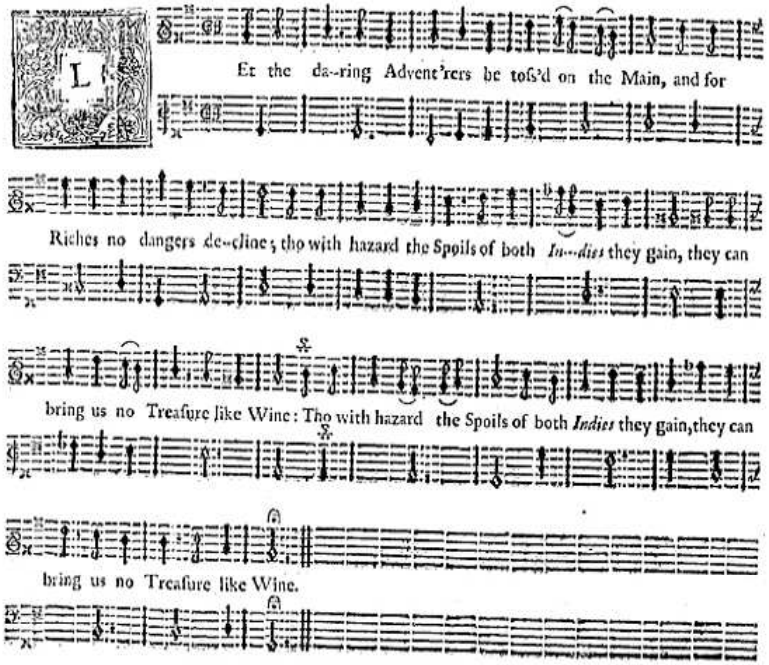
Thus by your Rigour have I made
Me more unhappy than you're Fair;
And having all my Peace betray'd,
You leave me ſolely in deſpair.
Then, *Cloris*, if you needs muſt hate,
Conceal it yet in Charity;
And pity, pity, my hard Fate,
Which elſe muſt end in Miſery.



Mr. *Tho. Farmer.*

II.

Complaining thoughts could find no vent,
Such crouds of Sorrows came;
And ſtill as upwards they were ſent,
Alaſs! her bathful Tongue refus'd
with words to own her ſhame.
But to the Gods with ſhow'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.



II.

Enough of such Wealth would a Begger enrich,
And supply great wants in a King:
'T would smooth all the Griefs in a comfortless wretch,
And inspire weeping Captives to sing.
'T would smooth, *&c.*

III.

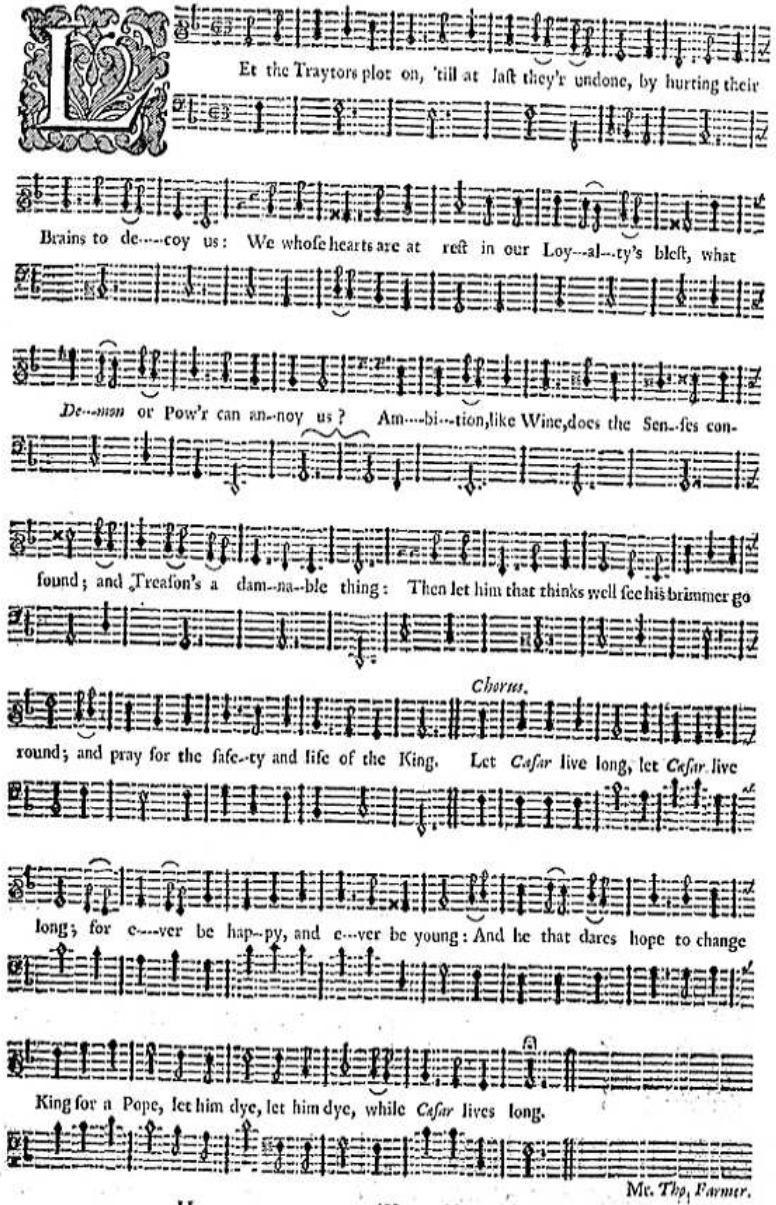
There's none that groans under a burdensom Life,
If this Soveraign Balsom he gains.
This will make a Man bear all the Plagues of a Wife,
And of Rags and Diseases in Chains.
This will make, *&c.*

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.*

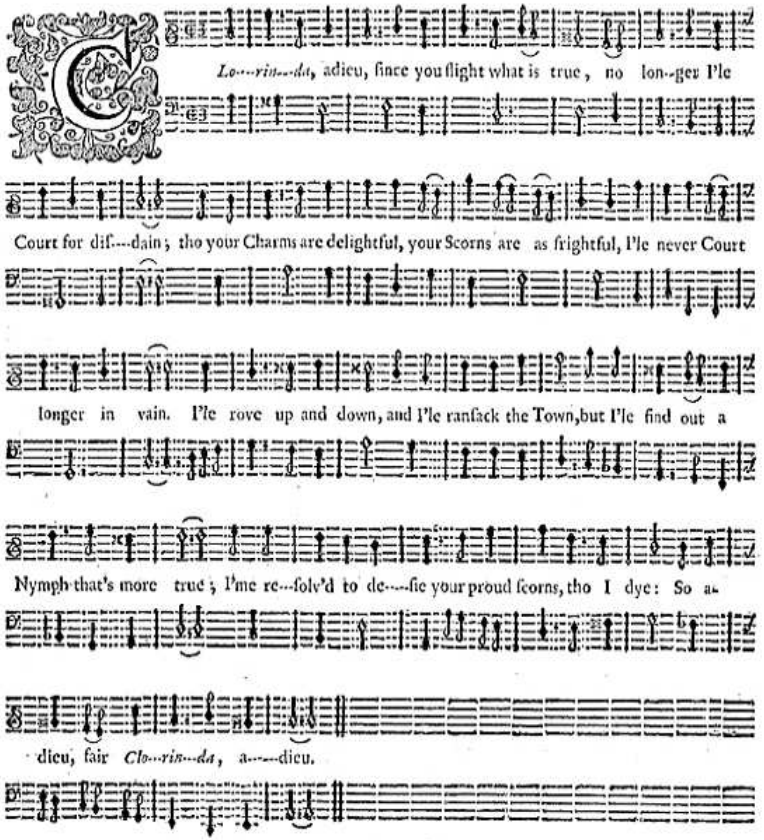


Mr. *Tho. Farmer.*

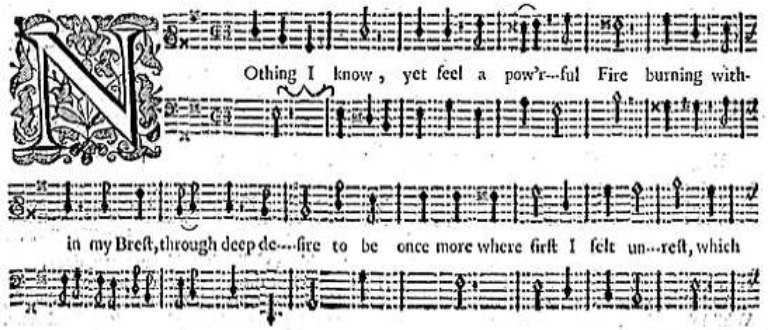
II.

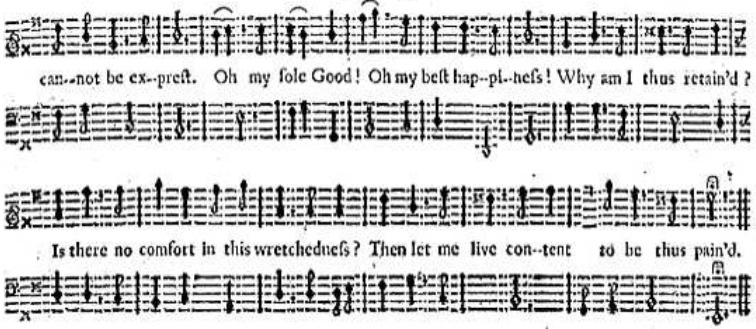
How happy are we when our Hearts are all free,
And blest in our Sacred Obedience;
Whilst the Politick Fool that's ambitious to Rule,
Still baulks at the Oath of Allegiance.

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 *Cæsar* live long, *&c.*

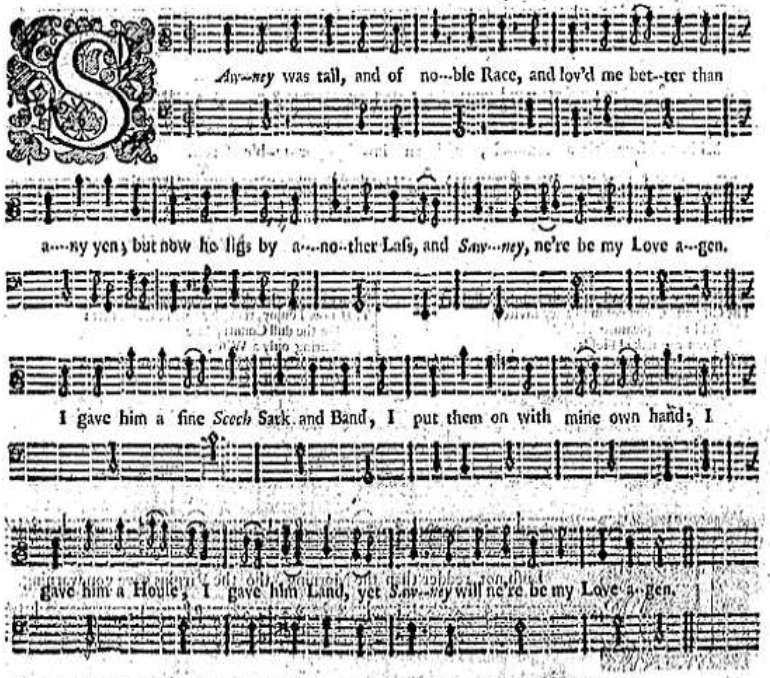


Mr. *Tho. Farmer.*





A NORTHERN SONG.

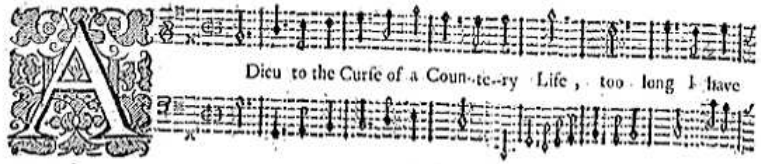


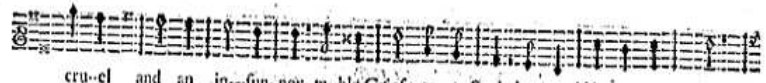
II.

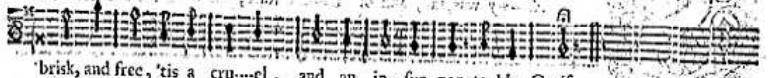
I robb'd the Groves of all their Store,
And Nature gave made to my Sa---ney, and,
He kiſs'd my Breſt, and fain would do more,
Gude Feth, me thought he was a bonny one,
He ſqueez'd my Fingers, grap'd my Knee,
And carv'd my Name on each green Tree,
Sa---ney (Ungulfy) he lies by me,
But now he will ne're be my Love agen.

III.

My Boongrace, and my Sun-burnt Face,
Ye prais'd, and alſo my Kulles Gown,
But now he dotes on the Copper Lace
Of ſome Jewl Queen of DONDON Town.
He gangs and gives her Curds and Cream,
While I poor Soul ſcrubbing at beam;
I'me re---ly Sa---ney (alas) in a Dream,
For now he will ne're be my Love agen.







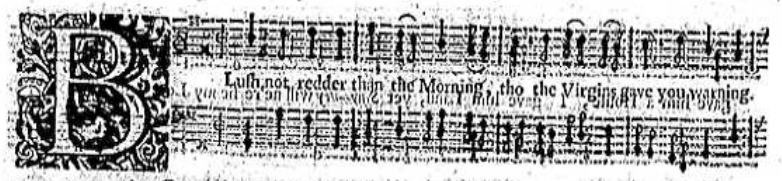
Mr. James Hart.

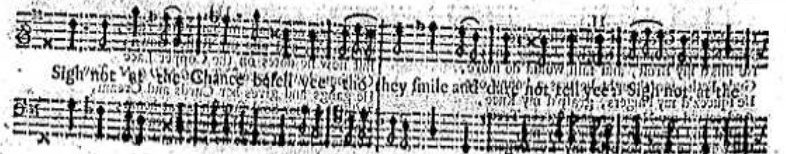
II.

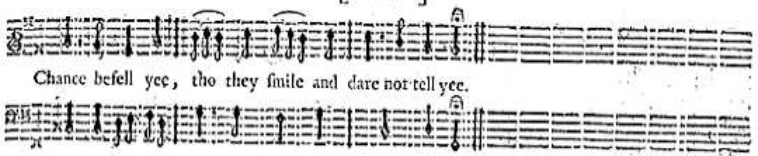
Let Country Sots boast of their empty delights;
The City and Court yet my Fancy invites:
And more pleasure yields
Than the naked Fields,
Which with nothing but thoughts the Genius affrights:
And more pleasure, &c.

III.

Then give me the pleasure, unmixt with Fate,
That now I enjoy, though at ne're such a rate:
For the dull Country Life
Suiting only a Wife,
I much more rather did Age and Impotence hate:
For the dull, &c.







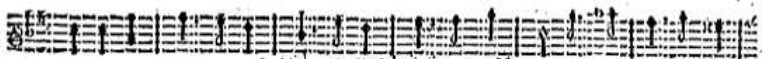
Mr. Tho. Farmer.

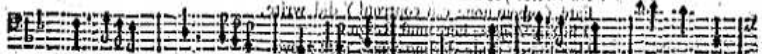
II.

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'l part, they'l part for ever.
Time at last, &c.





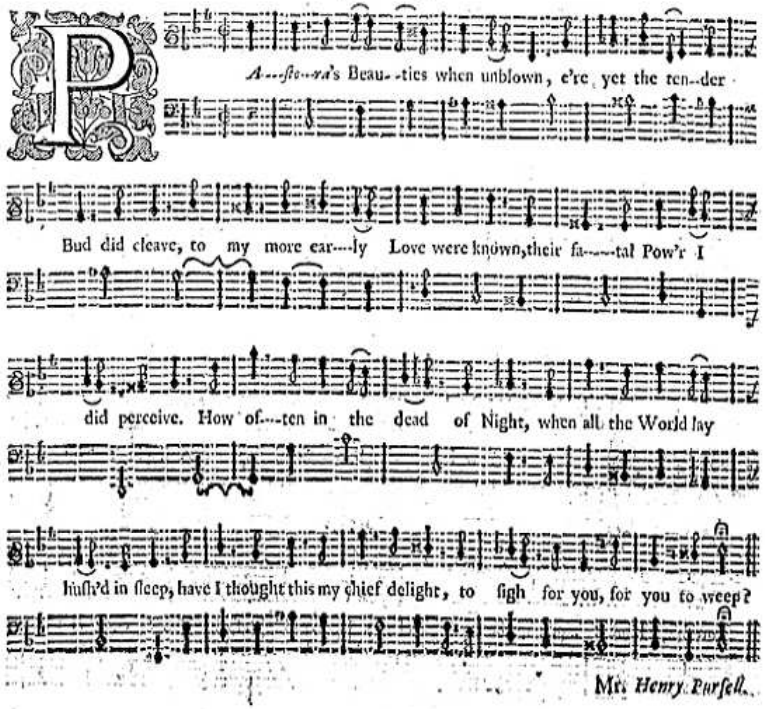
Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

Then up he took his Pipe and play'd
And gently with the Passion strove:
But strait 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,
Whose life's but a Torment, 'till you cure his Pain.

III.

Then down he laid him on the Ground,
His Cares 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'l undo me,
For sleeping and waking my Greifs do pursue me.

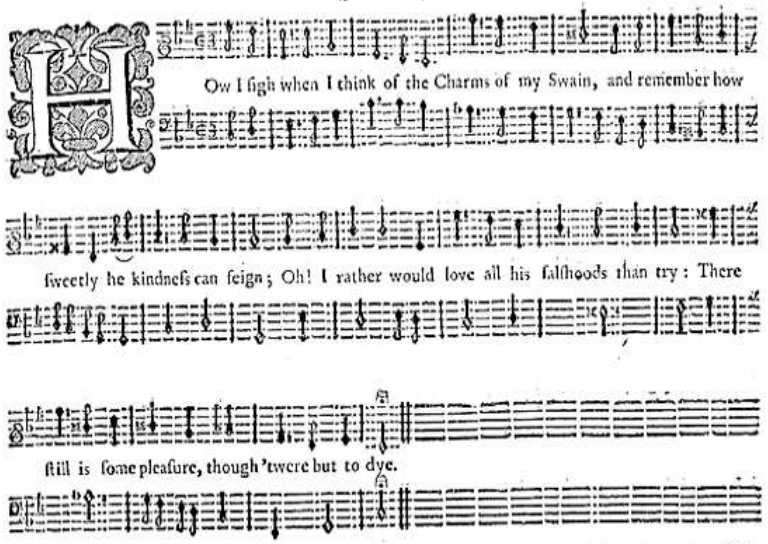


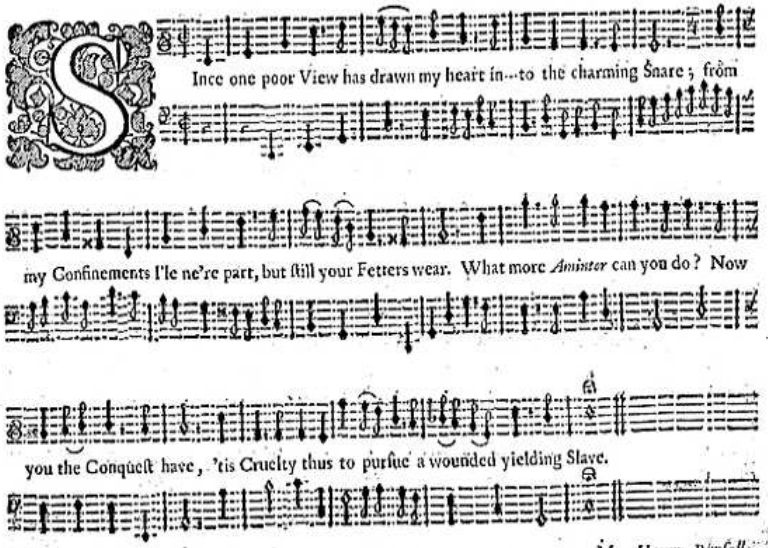
II.

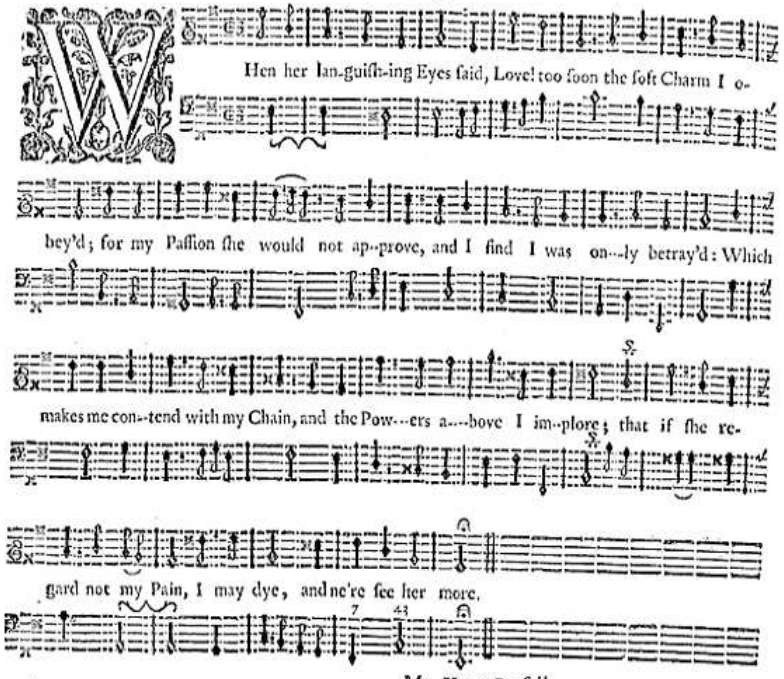
Upon my Heart, whoſe Leaves of white
No Letter yet did ever ſtain:
Fate (whom none can controul) did write,
The fair *Paſtora* here muſt Reign.
Her Eyes, thoſe darling Suns, ſhall prove
Thy Love to be of nobleſt Race;
Which took its flight ſo far above
All Humane things, on her to gaze.

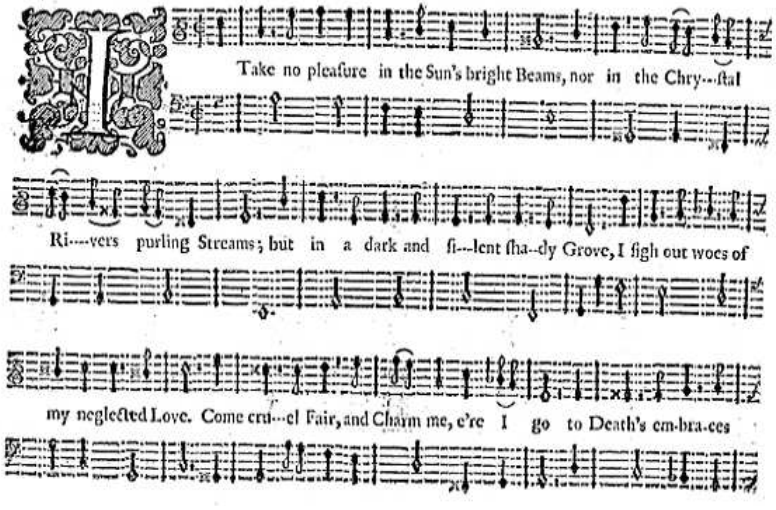
III.

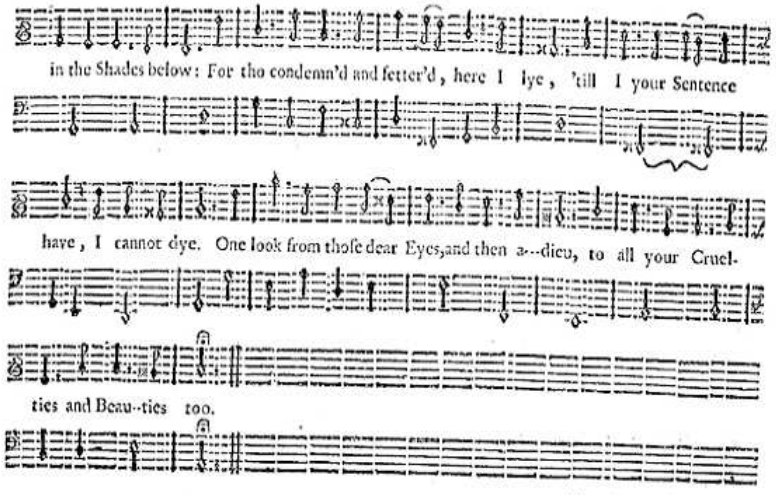
How can you then a Love deſpiſe?
A Love that was infus'd by you;
You gave Breath to its Infant ſighs,
And all its Griefs that did enſue.
The Pow'r you have to wound, I feel,
How long ſhall I of that complain?
Now ſhew the Pow'r you have to heal,
And take away the tort'ring pain.

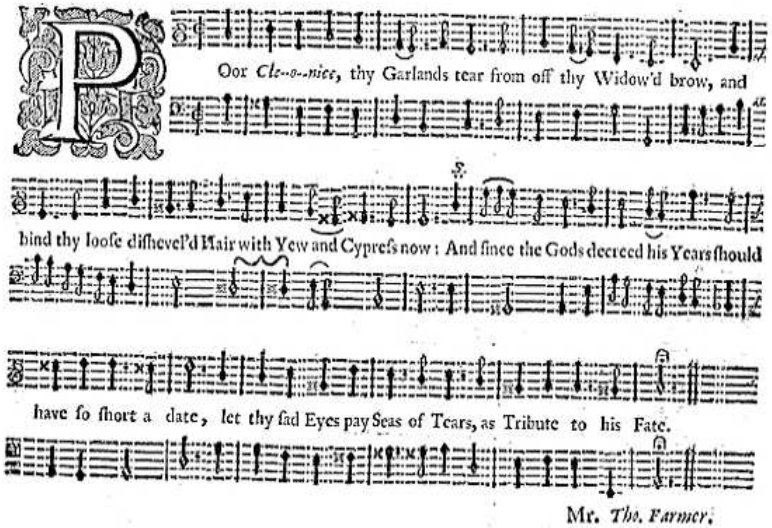










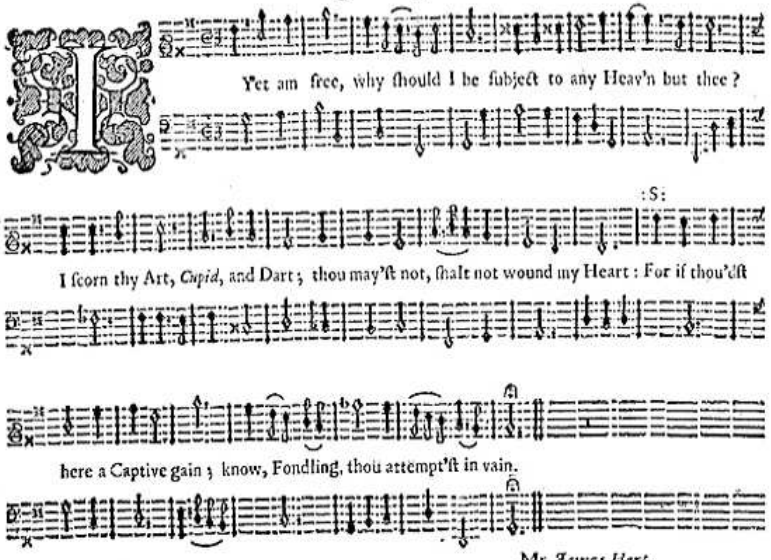


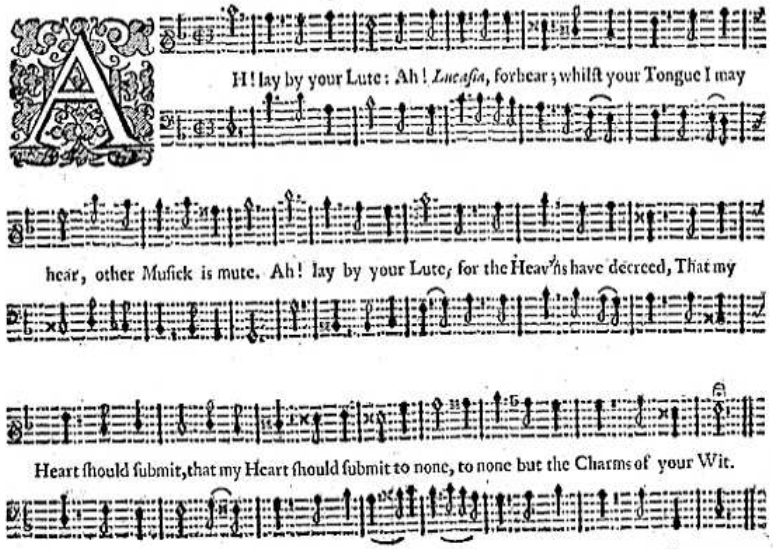
II.

The Trees a duller Green have worn;
Since that dear Swain is gone;
The tender Flocks their Pastor mourn,
And bleat a sadder moan.

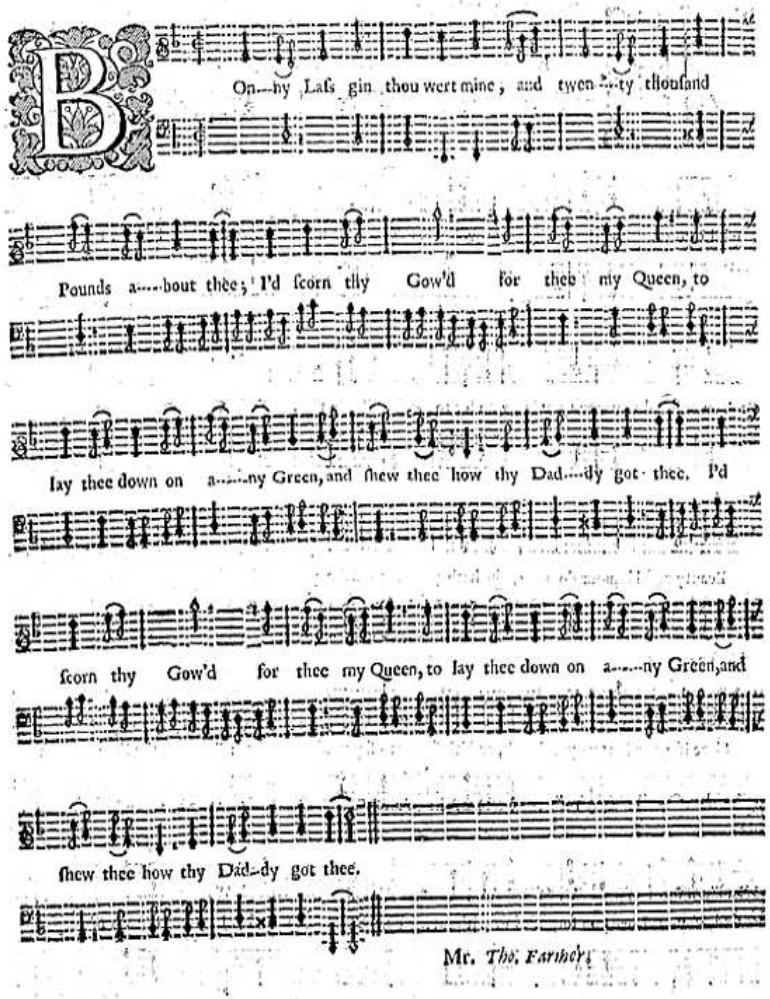
III.

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





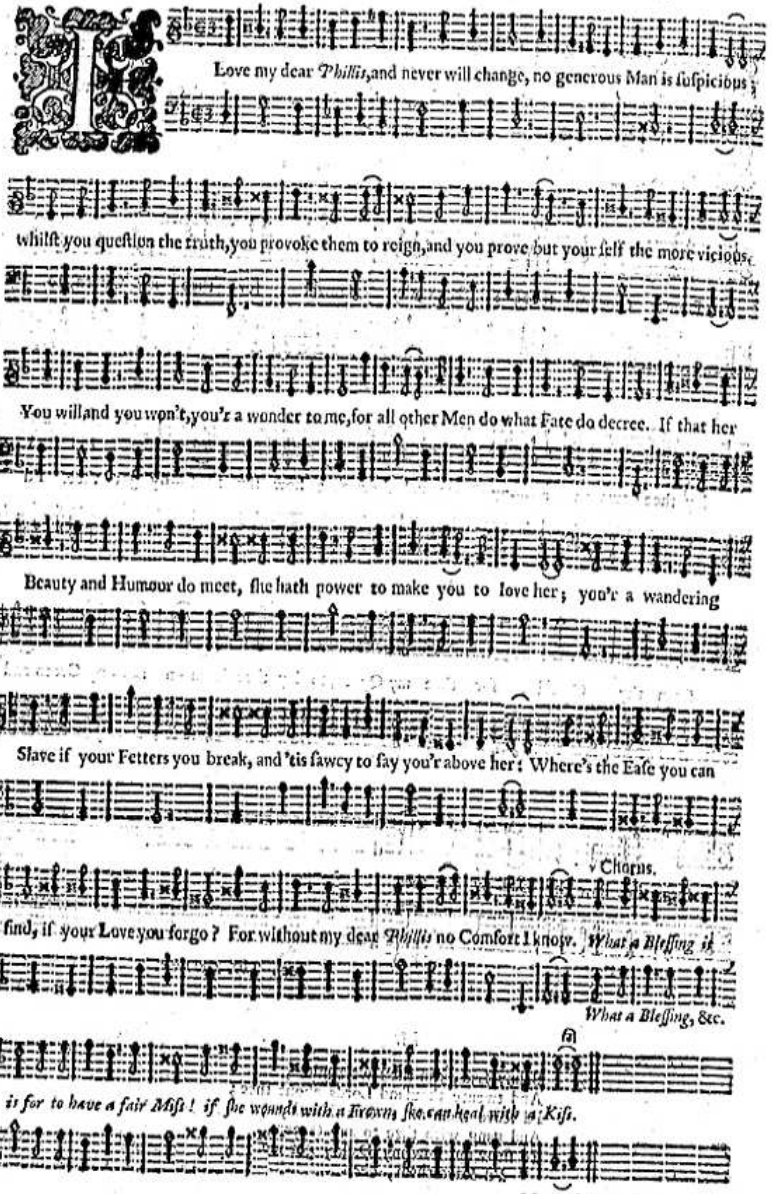
A SCOTCH SONG.



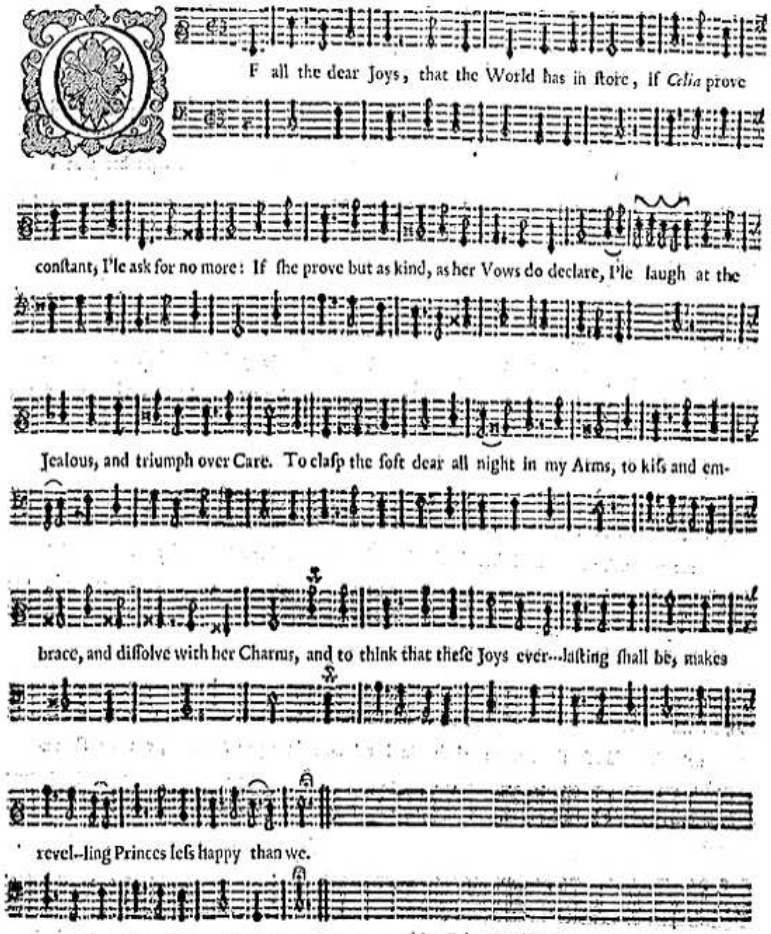
II.

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.*



Mr. *John Reading.*

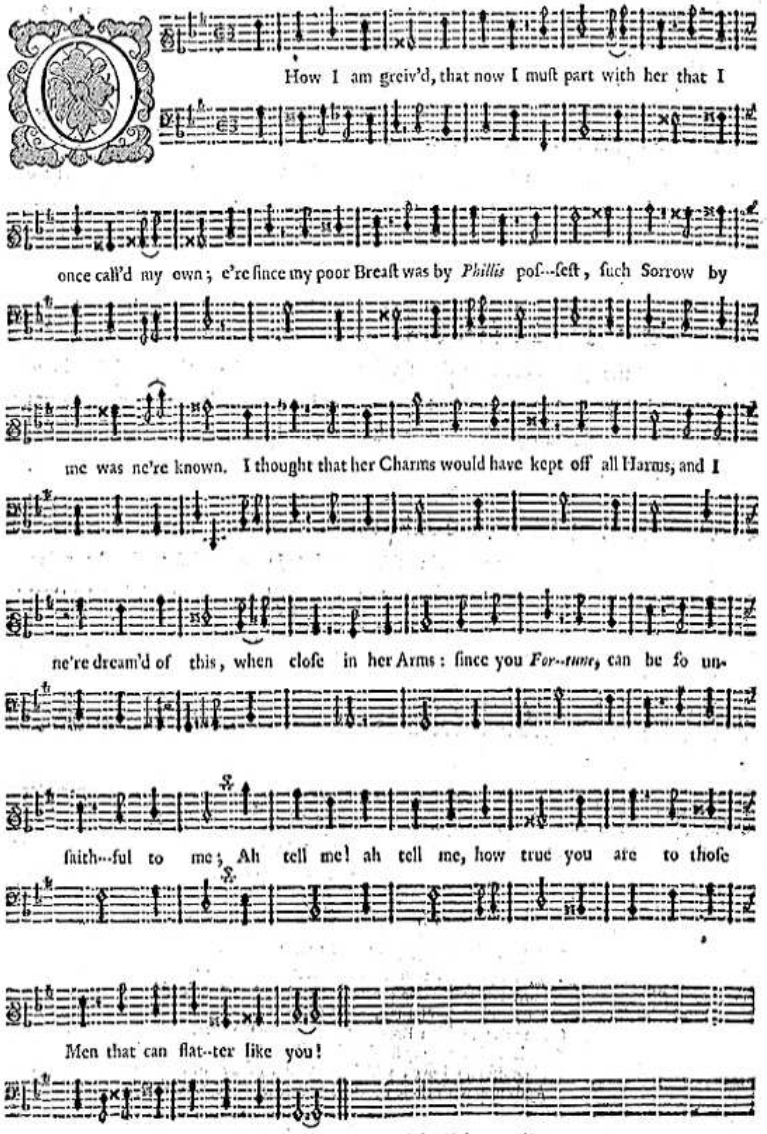


Mr. *John Reading.*

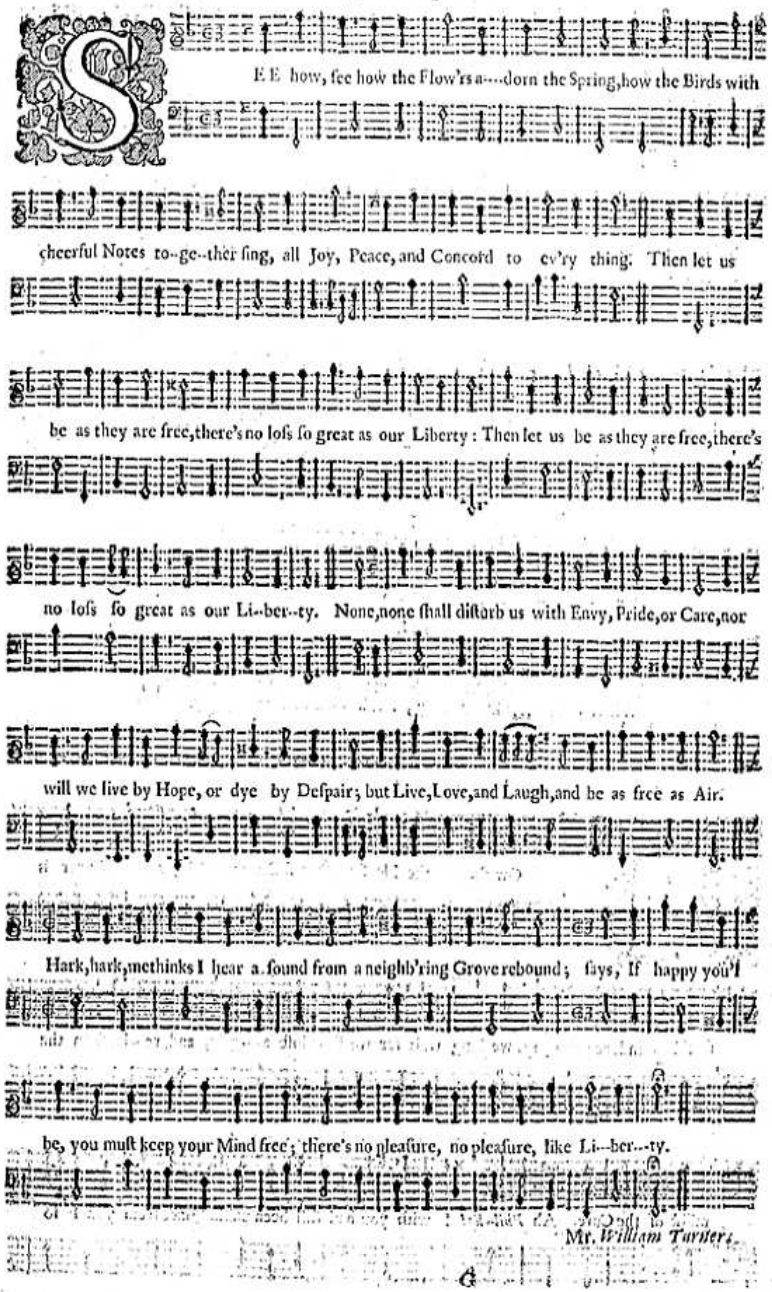
II.

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 Bliss of a balmy white Hand!
She infuses new Nature, and Life doth command.
On the Banks of her Breasts all my Sorrow she drys,
And darts through my Soul with her languishing Eyes:
She raises my Love, which was bent, with a Joy,
And cures with those Pleasures, which before did destroy.

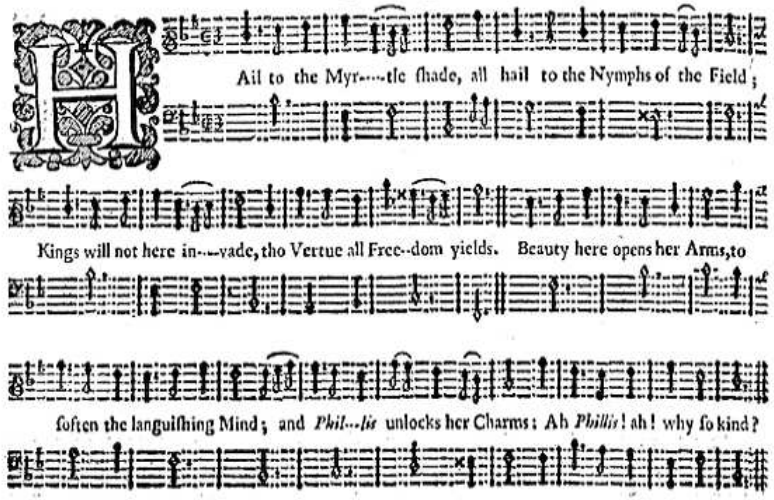
Upon the loſs of a MISTRESS.



Mr. *John Reading.*



Mr. *William Turner.*

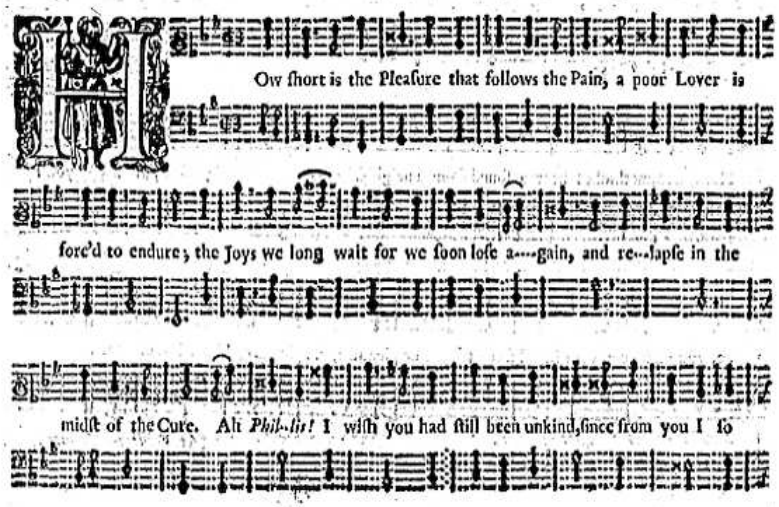


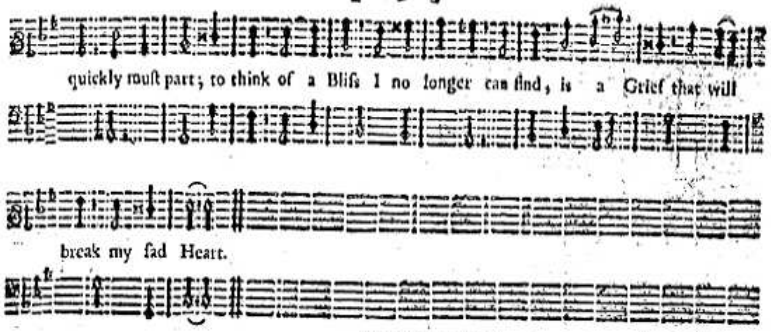
II.

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.

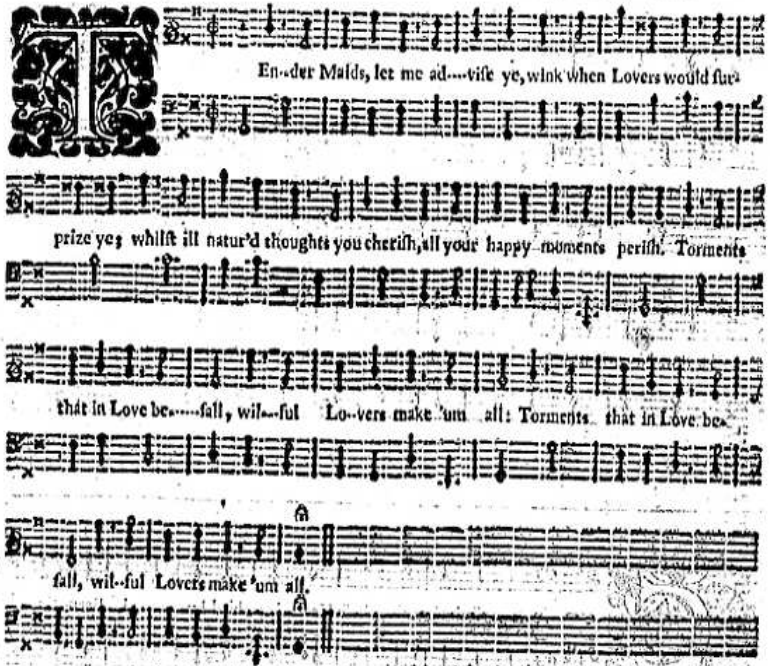
III.

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.





Mr. *John Reading.*



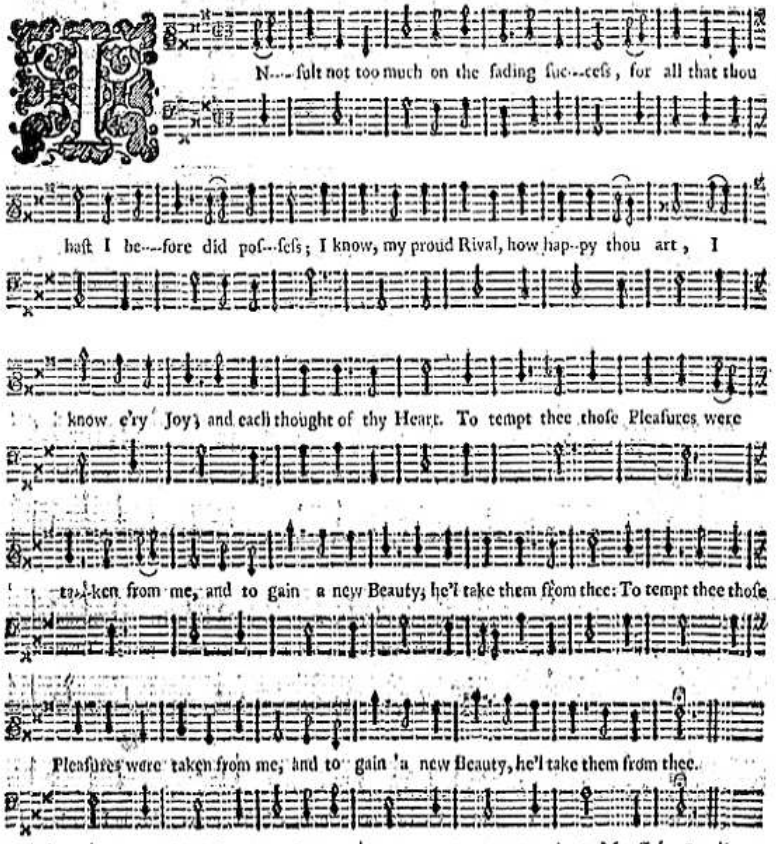
Mr. *John Reading.*

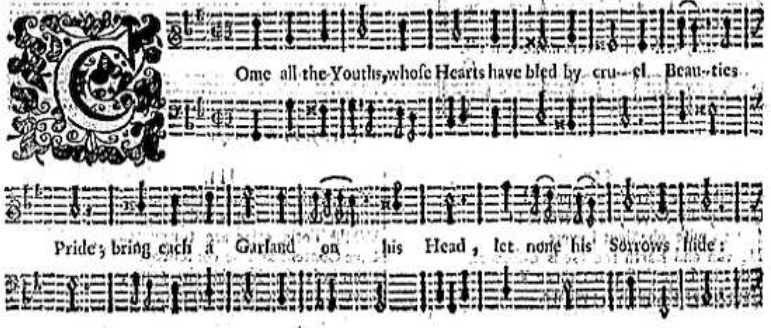
II.

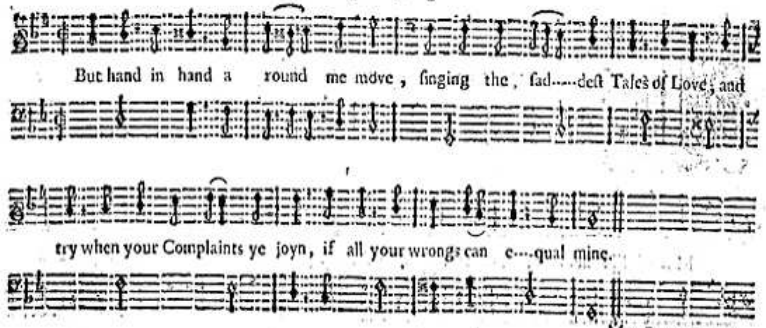
Whilst your Cruelties repeated,
Cruelly by Love you're treated;
But to wise obedient Lovers,
Heaven and Earth the Gods discovers.
Pains in Love, if pains there are.
Lovers for themselves prepare.

III.

Oft despair succeeds disdaining;
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.



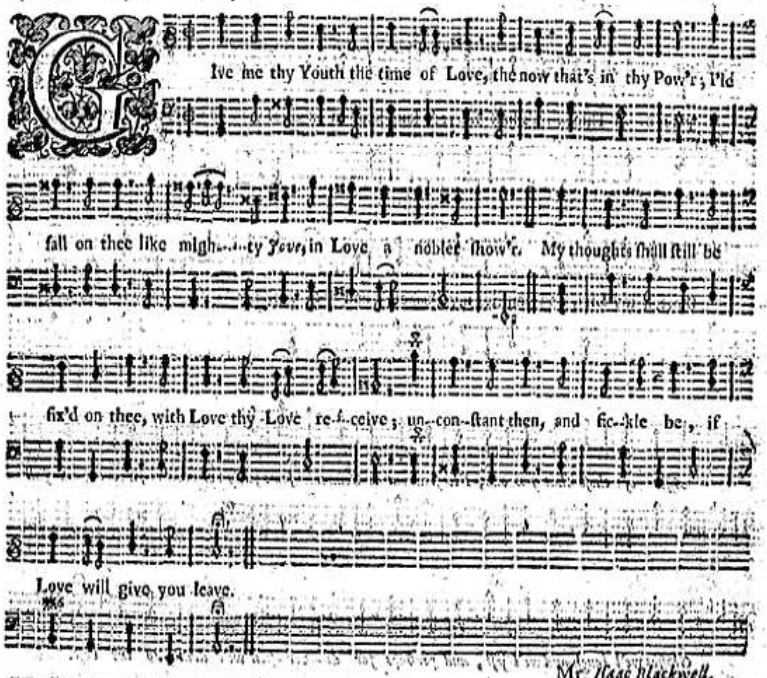




II.

The happ'est 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 shun her Snare.



II.

Can there be falsness in those Eyes?
Or can those looks betray?
I'l love thee spight o'th Grave and Wife,
I'l love thee whilst I may.

When I'm decrepid Ages Slave,
And Amorous Flames decay;
I'l leave my Loving, then be Grave
And Wise as well as they.

I'Le drink off my Bot--tle each Night for my share, but as for a

Mistress I'le ne---ver take care; the one makes me Jol---ly and e---ver more Gay, but a

Mistress de--stroys in Spor--ting 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 so doth my Wife. *Then Women make*

Then Women, &c.

Asses of these that you can; I'le find out a Comrade, some jolly brave Man; wherein our full

Glasses we'l laugh and we'l jest, and perhaps for di--ver--sion we'l drink to the best.

Mr. John Reading.

OW happy's that Pris'ner that Conquers his Fate in silence, and

ne're on bad For--tune com-plains; but care--lef--ly plays with his Keys on the

Grate, and makes a sweet Consort with them and his Chains. He drown's Care in

Sack, while his thoughts are op---prest, and makes his Heart float like a Cork in his Breast.

Chor. a. 3. voc.

Then since we're all Slaves that I-slanders be; and our Land's a large Prison inclos'd with the

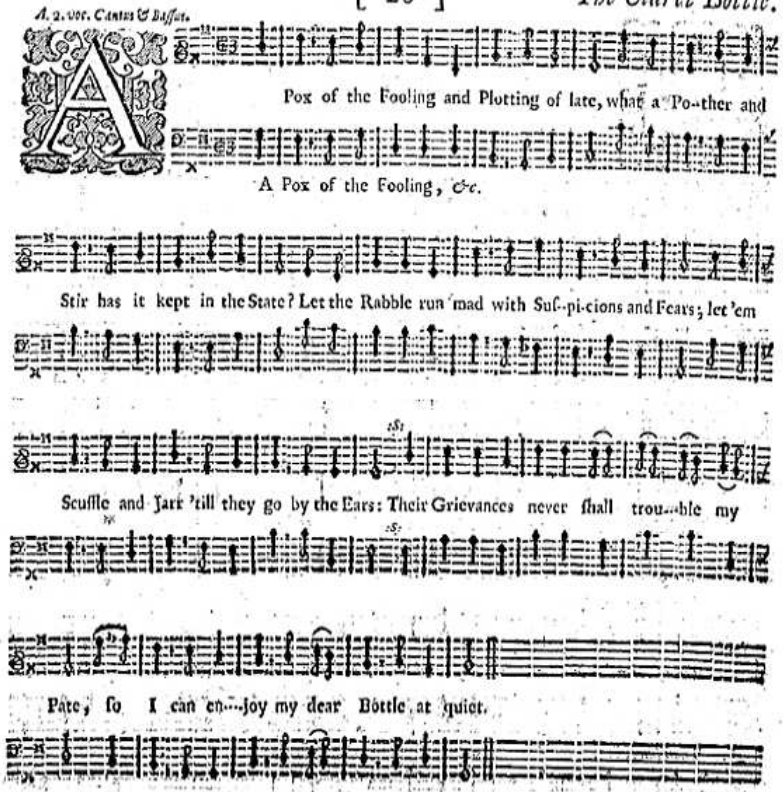
Then since, &c.

Then since, &c.

Sea; we'l drink off the Ocean, and set our selves free; for Man is the World's E---pi---to---my: We'l

drink off the Ocean, and set our selves free, for Man is the World's E---pi---to---my.

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Bassus.



II.

What Coxcombs were those, who would barter their Ease,
And their Necks, for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Mass?
At Old *Tyburn* they never had needed to swing,
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, and their King:
A Friend and a Bottle is all my Design,
H'as 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 Woollen, 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 fully debate
About Right and Succession, the Trifles of State;
We've a good King already, and he deserves laughter,
That will trouble his head with who shall come after.
Come here's to his Health, and I wish he may be
As free from all care and all trouble as we.

V.

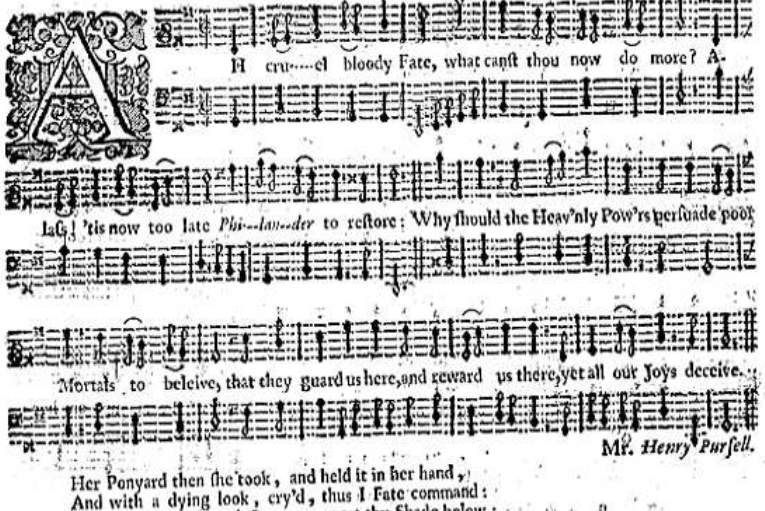
What dare I how Leagues with the *Hollander* go,
Or Intrigues betwixt *Sidney* and Monsieur *d'Avaux*;
What concerns it my Drinking if *Cassel* be sold,
If the Conqueror takes it by Storming or Gold.
Good *Bordeaux* alone is the place that I mind,
And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for a Wind.

VI.

The Bully of *France*, that aspires to Renown,
By dull cutting of Throats, and venturing 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.

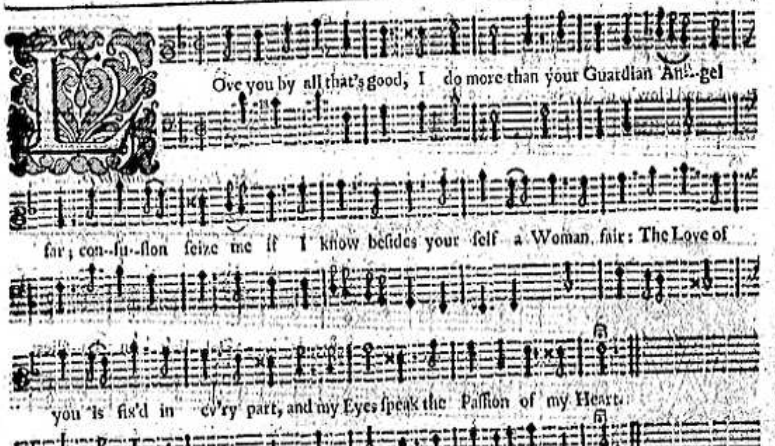
VII.

Come he or the Pope, or the Devil to boot;
Or come Fagot and Stake, I care not a Groat;
Never think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will beat;
No I swear Mr. *Fox*, pray excuse me for that.
I'll drink in Defiance of Gibbet and Halter,
This is the Profession that never will alter.



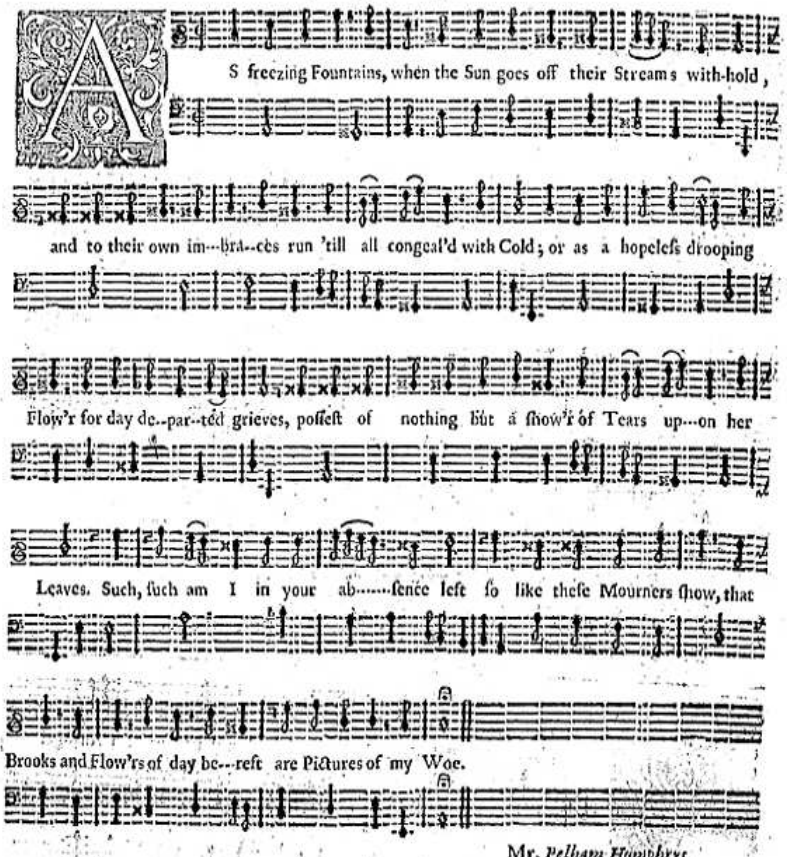
Her Ponyard then she took, and held it in her hand,
And with a dying look, cry'd, thus I Fate command:
Philander, ah my Love! I come to meet thy Shade below:
Ah! come, she cry'd, with a Wound so wide, there needs no second blow.

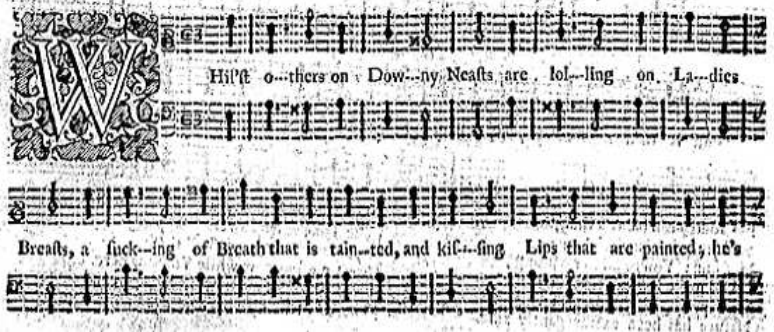
An purple Waves but Blood ran streaming down the Floor,
Unmov'd she saw the Flood, and blest her dying Hour:
Philander, ah *Philander*! still the bleeding *Phillis* cry'd,
She wept a while, and she forc'd a Smile, then clos'd her Eyes and dy'd.

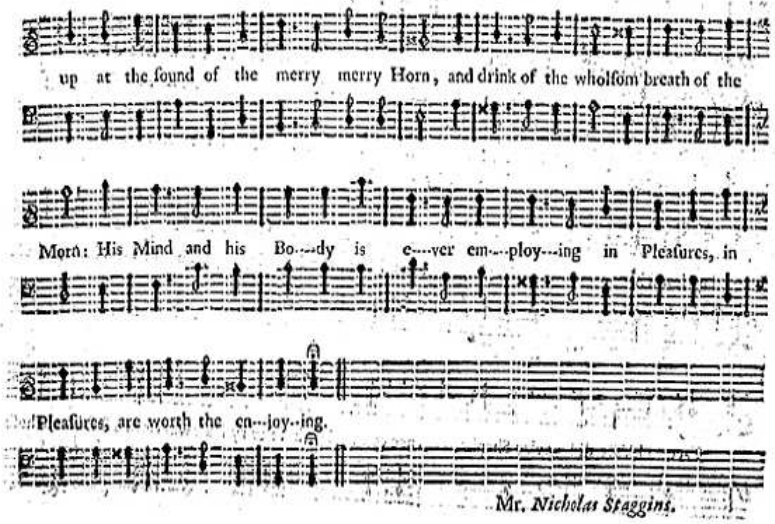


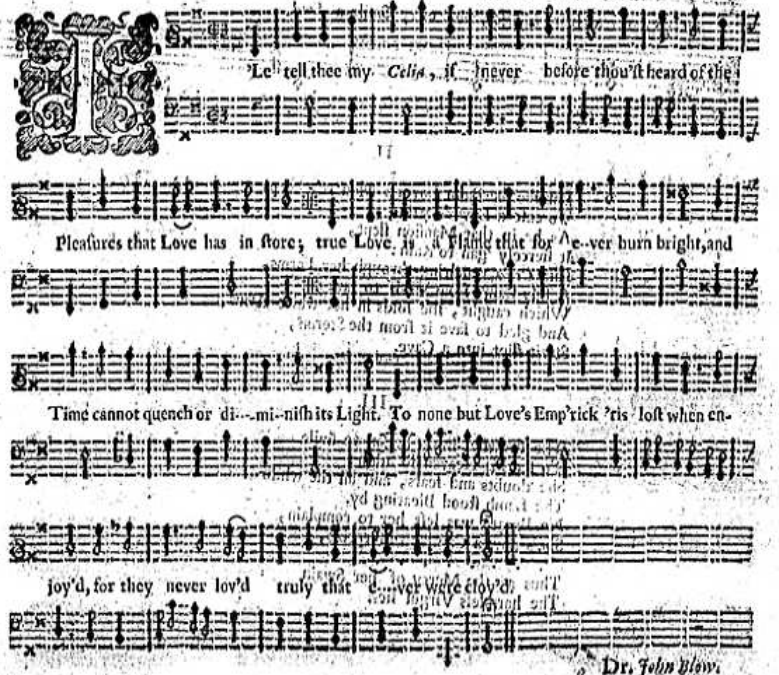
No Poetry can paint a thing
So Sweet, so beautiful as you;
Not one: You're all so ravishing,
You'd make Imagination true.
Your powerful Charms will make a *Statick* find
Nature has been extravagantly kind.

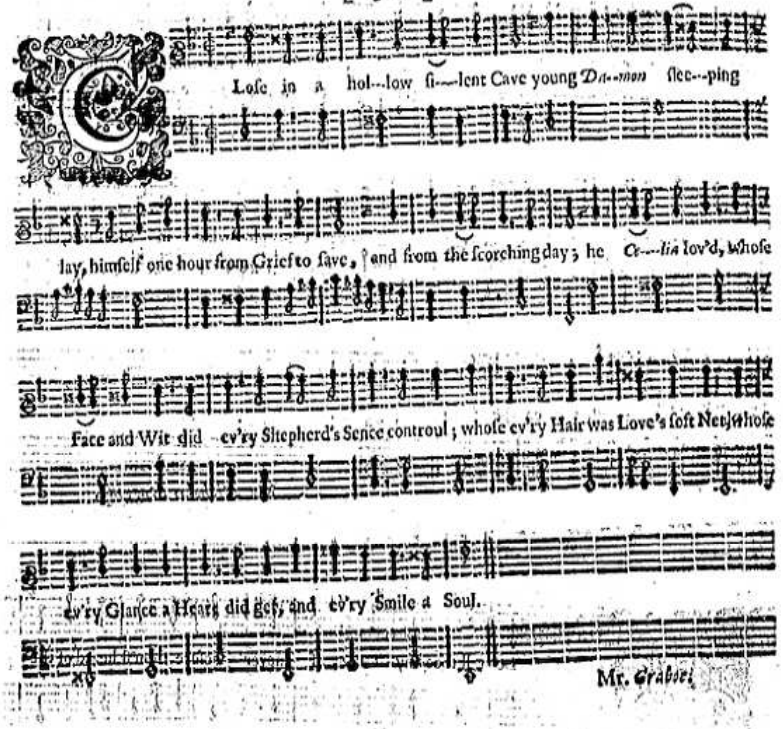
But Age must come, and Charms will seize
The Time when Lovers disappear;
But I will love you past all these,
Love me but now while Youth is here.
Content I'll set me down; Love on and sing,
The Winter's o'er because I've had the Spring.


AS freezing Fountains, when the Sun goes off their Streams with-hold,
and to their own im---bra--ces run 'till all congeal'd with Cold; or as a hopeless drooping
Flow'r for day de--par--ted grieves, possest of nothing but a show'r of Tears up---on her
Leaves. Such, such am I in your ab------sence left so like these Mourners show, that
Brooks and Flow'rs of day be---rest are Pictures of my Woe.
Mr. Pelham Humphrys.


WHil'st o---thers on Dow--ny Neasts are lol--ling on La--dies
Breasts, a suck--ing of Breath that is tain--ted, and kis--sing 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.


LEt tell thee my Celia, if never before thou'st heard of the
Pleasures that Love has in store; true Love is a Flame that for e--ver burn bright, and
Time cannot quench or di---mi--nish its Light. To none but Love's Emp'rick 'tis lost when en-
joy'd, for they never lov'd truly that ever were cloy'd.
Dr. John Blow.



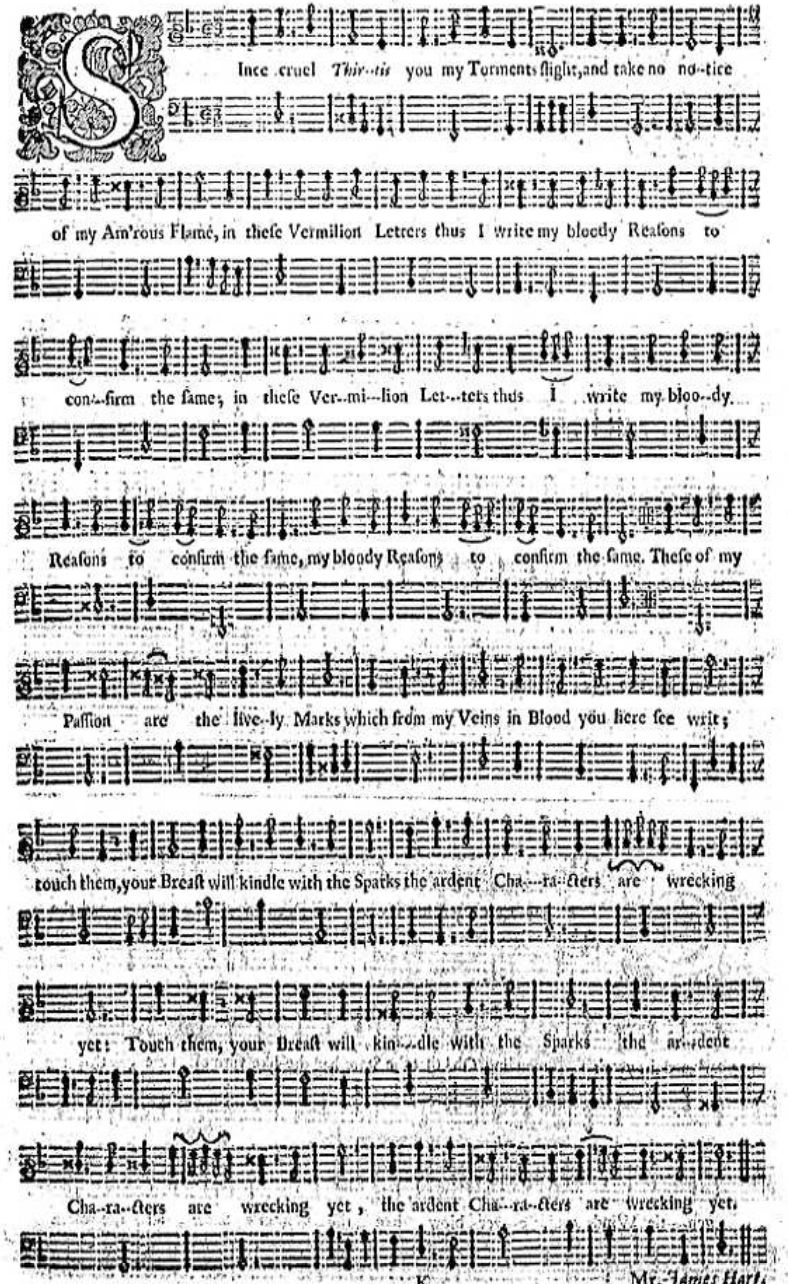
II.

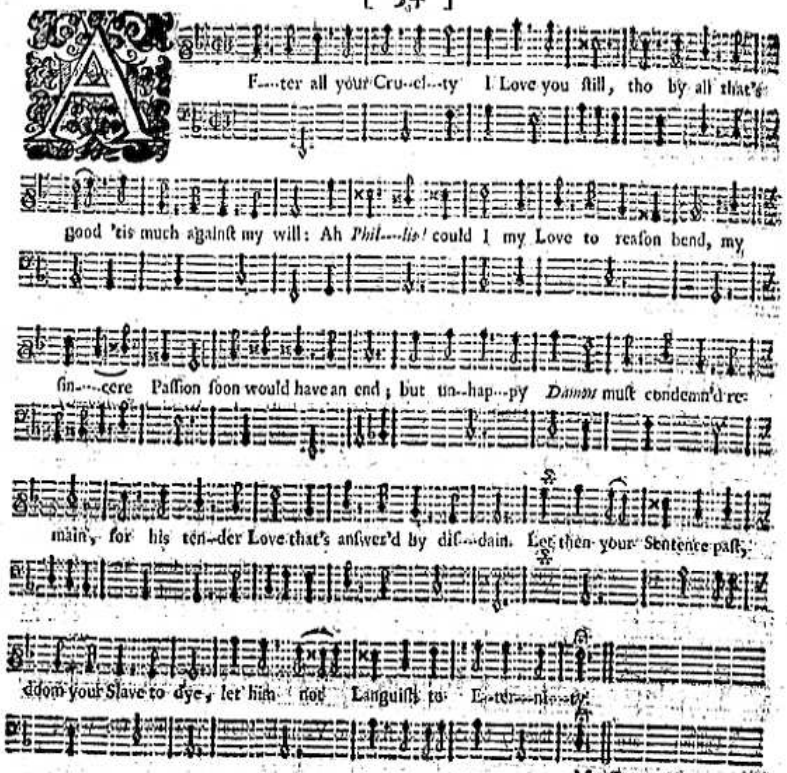
But see the Balm Lover's Monarch keeps
To ease a Lover's pain;
As he in that Mansion slept,
It fiercely 'gan to Rain;
Fair Celia wandring through her Farms,
A silly Lamb from Wolf to save;
Which caught, she folds in her white Arms,
And glad to save it from the Storms,
Strait slipt into a Cave.

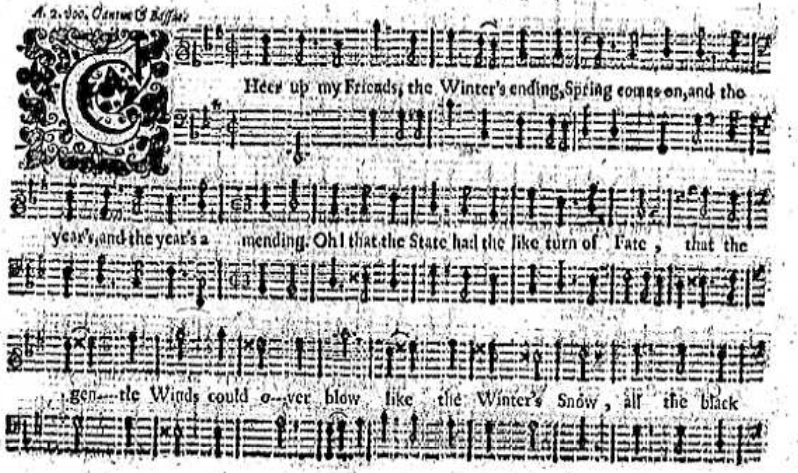
III.

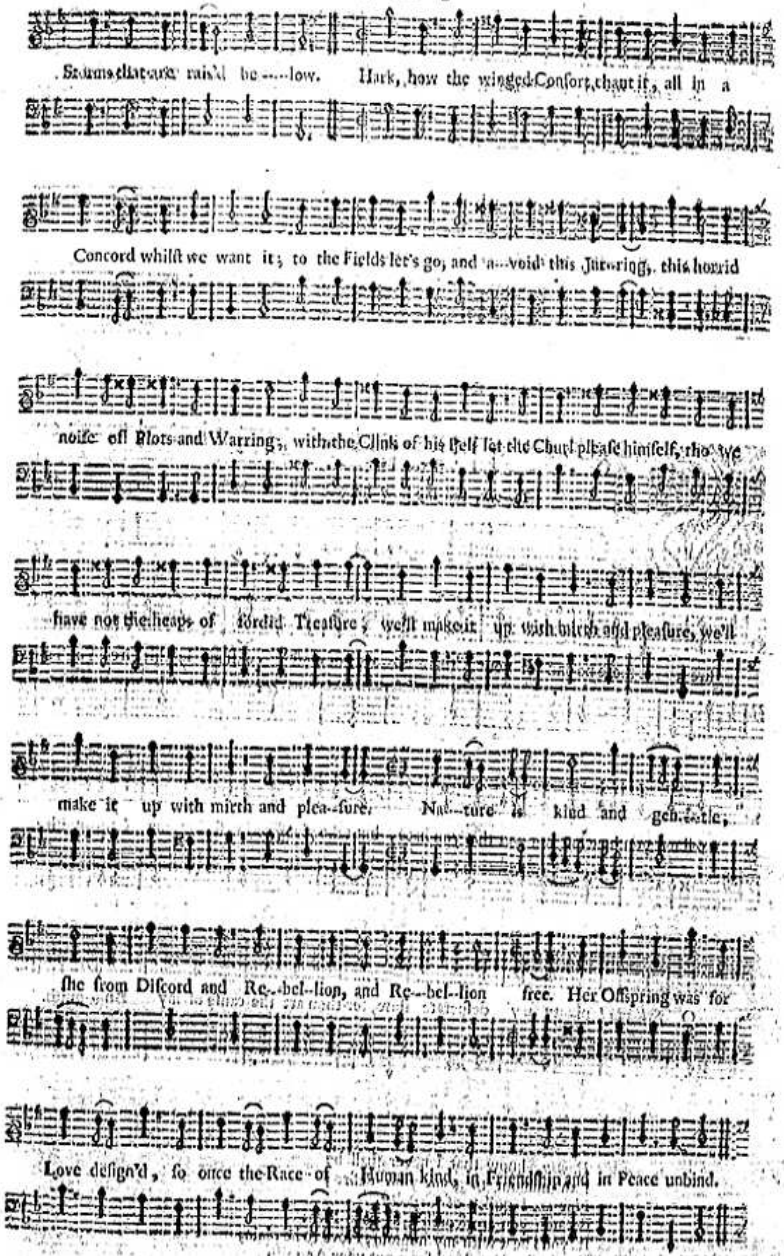
The drowsie Swain began to smile
To see his Heaven so nigh;
She doubts and fears, and all the while
The Lamb stood Bleating by.
No Breath was left her to complain,
She's now a Captive to surprize,

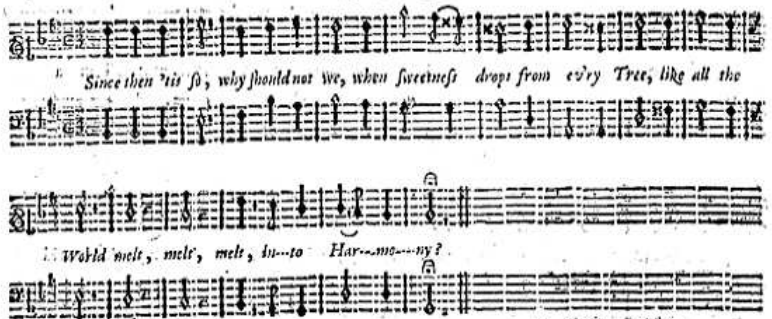
Thus at the Mercy of her Swain
The harmless Virgin lies.



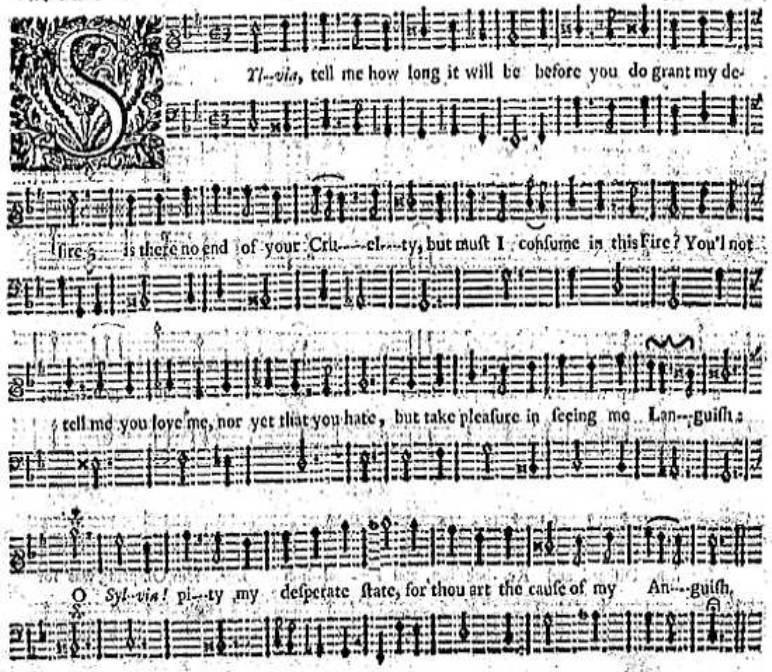

A
F---ter all your Cru--el--ty I Love you still, tho by all that's
good 'tis much against my will: Ah *Phil---lis!* could I my Love to reason bend, my
sin----cere Passion soon would have an end; but un--hap---py *Damon* must condemn'd re-
main, for his ten--der Love that's answer'd by dis---dain. Let then your Sentence pass,
dom your Slave to dye, let him not Languish to E--ter---ni---ty.
Mr. *James Hart.*


A. 2. voc. Cantus & Bassus.
C
Heer up my Friends, the Winter's ending, Spring comes on, and tho
year's, and the year's a mending: Oh! that the State had the like turn of Fate, that the
gen---tle Winds could o---ver blow like the Winter's Snow, all the black


Storms that are rais'd be----low. Hark, how the winged Consort chant it, all in a
Concord whilst we want it; to the Fields let's go, and a---void this Jar-ring, this horrid
noise off Plots and Warring; with the Clink of his Pelf let the Churl please himself, tho we
have not the heaps of Sordid 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--tle,
she from Discord and Re--bel--lion, and Re--bel--lion free. Her Offspring was for
Love design'd, so once the Race of Human kind, in Friendship and in Peace unbind.

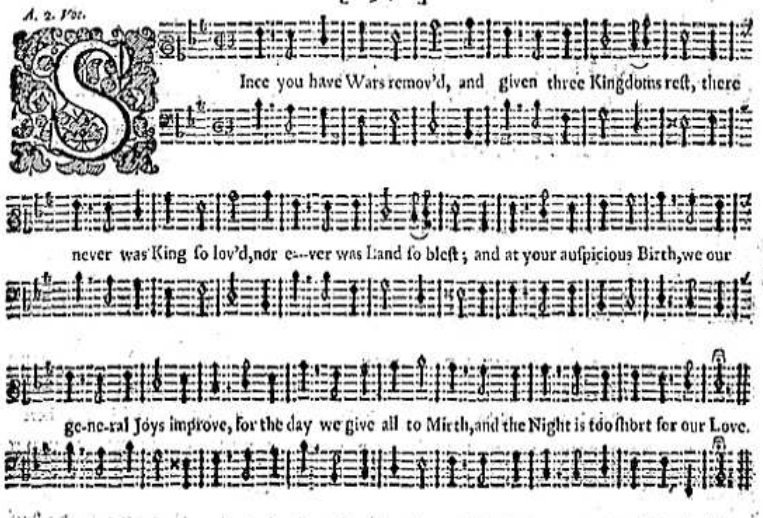


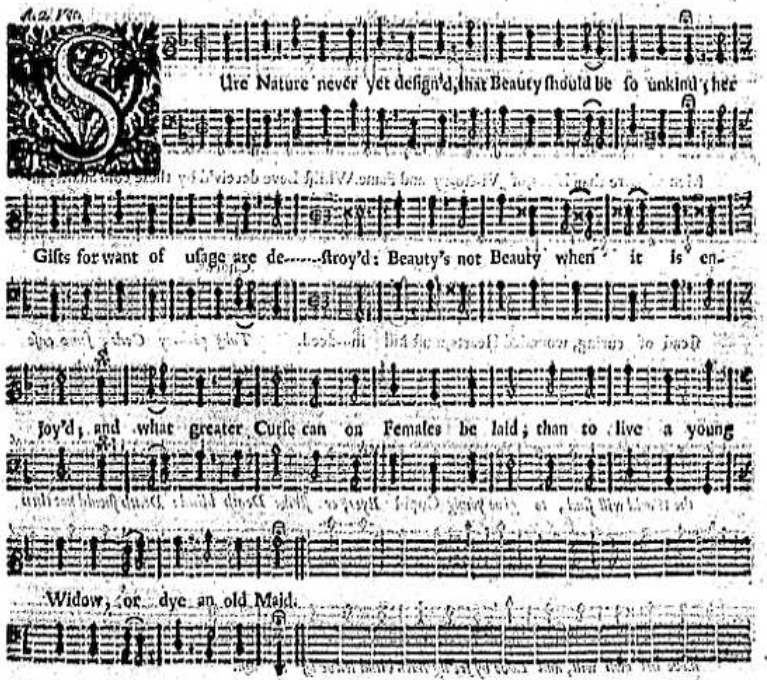
Mr. *William Turner.*

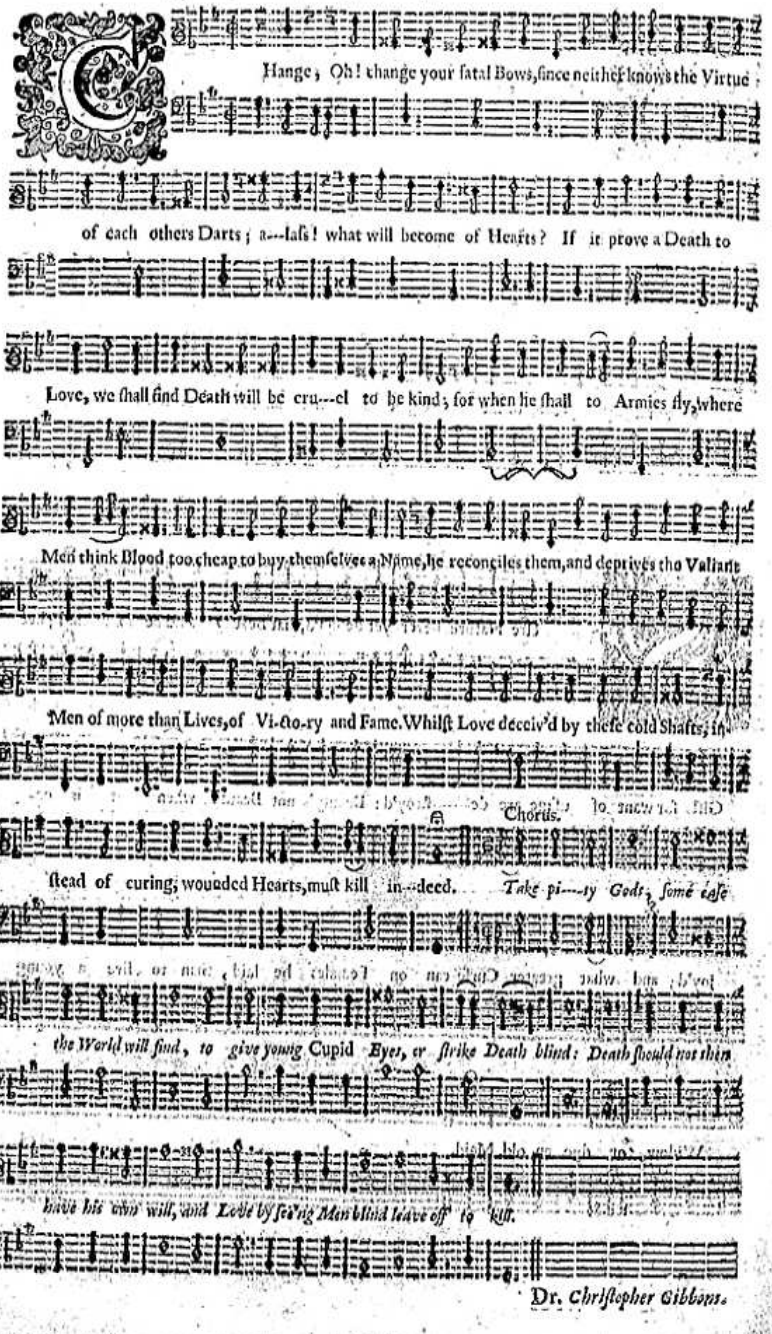


II.

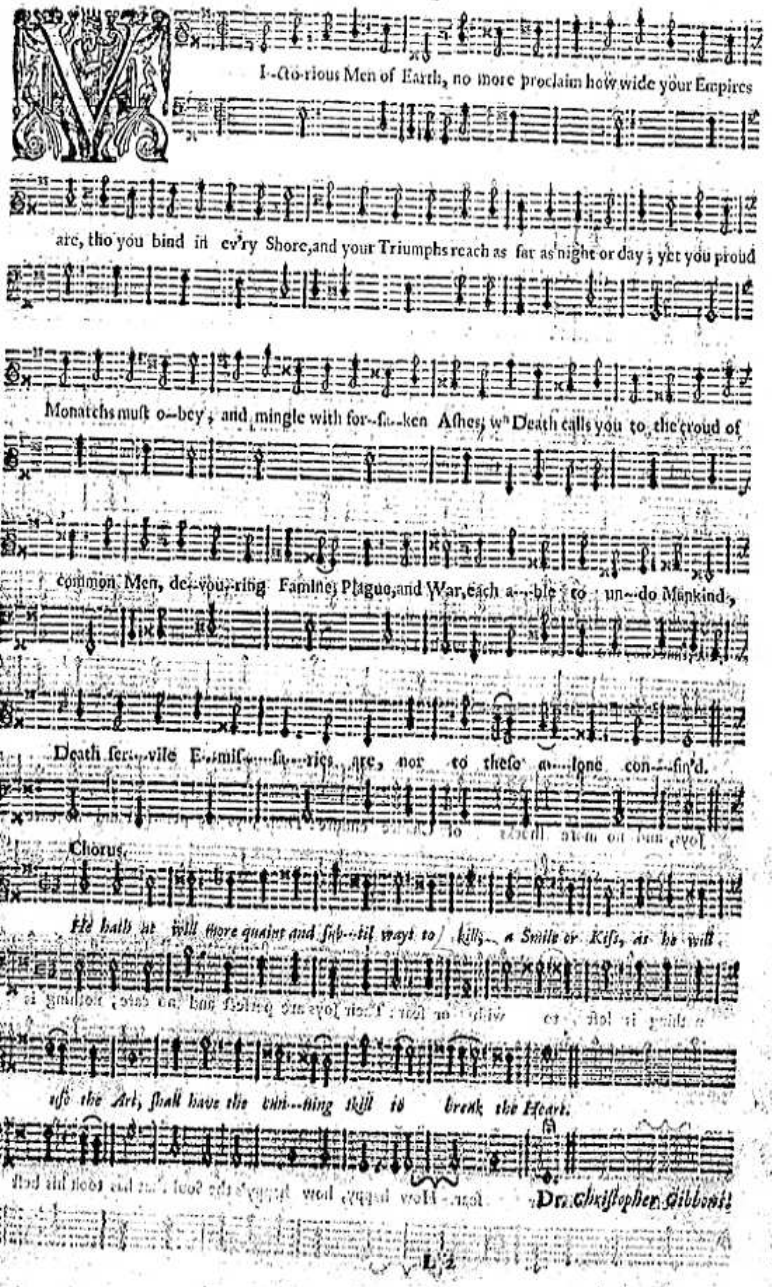
Damon, know that I never shall be
I th' humour to grant your desire;
Nor am I guilty of Cruelty,
Because you are scorch'd in your Fire:
If you'l bear with my humour, I love to be plain,
I'm so pleas'd, that I seem not your Anguish,
O *Damon*! hope no relief to your Pain,
But love for your Pleasure and Languish.







Dr. Christopher Gibbons.



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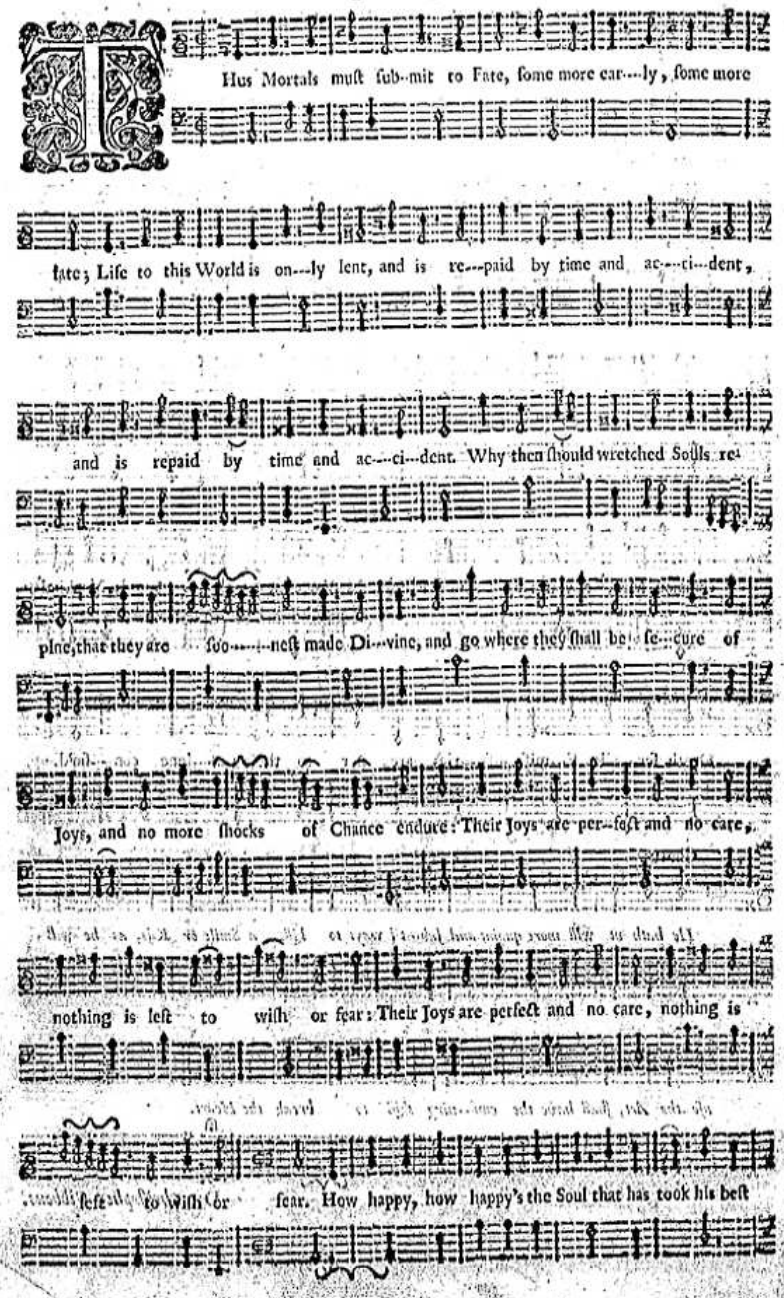
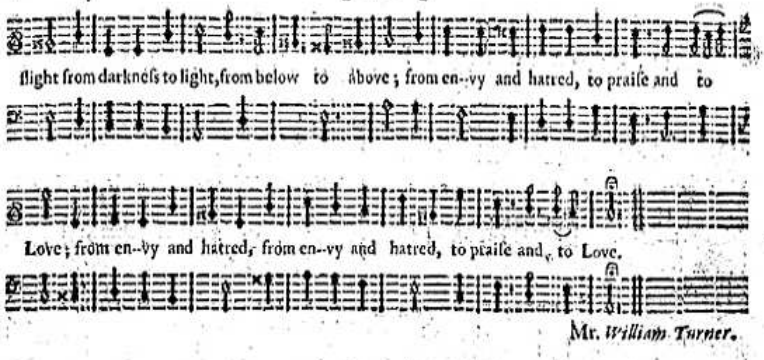
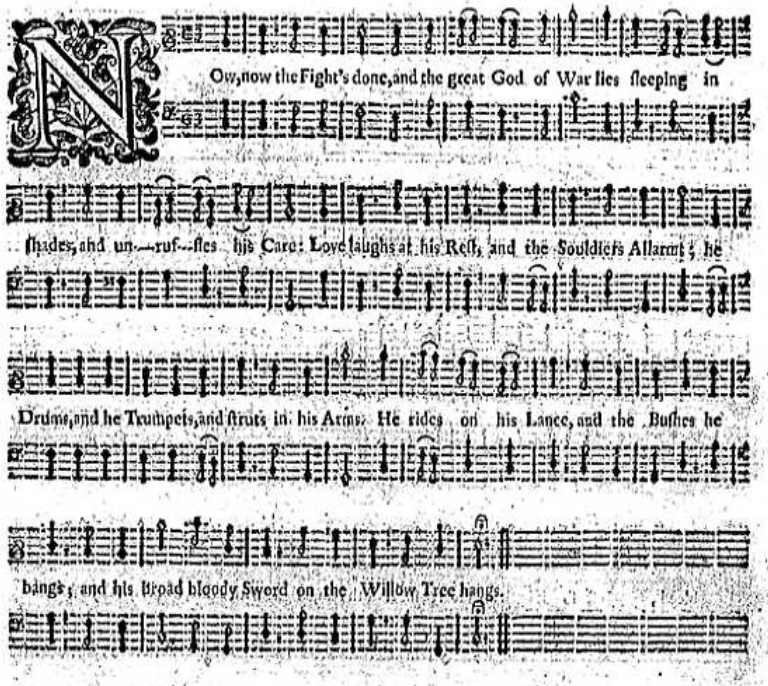




Mr. *William Turner.*



II.

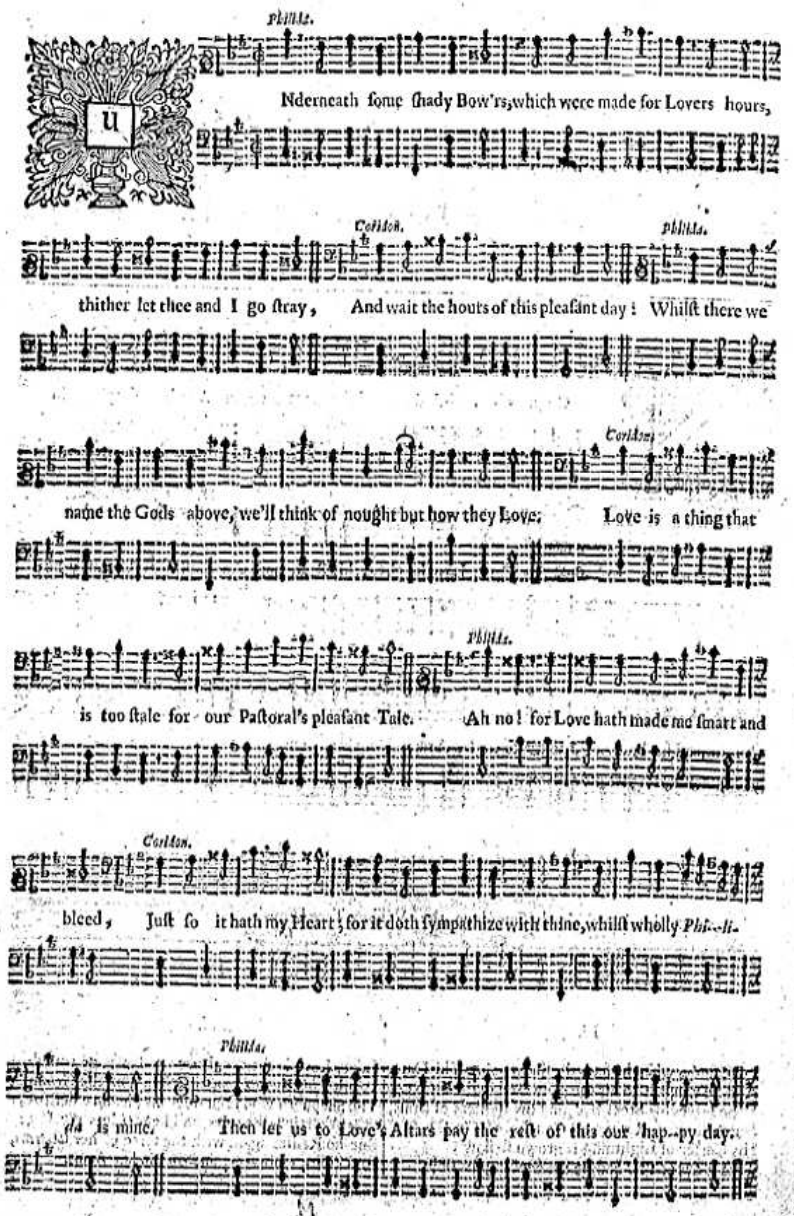
Love smiles when he feels the sharp point of his Dart,
And he wings it to hit the grim God in the Heart;
Who leaves his Steel Bed, and his Bolsters of Brass,
For Pillows of Roses, and Couches of Grass;
His Corsler of Lightning is grown so slow,
That a *Cupid* i'th' Saddle sits bending his Bow.

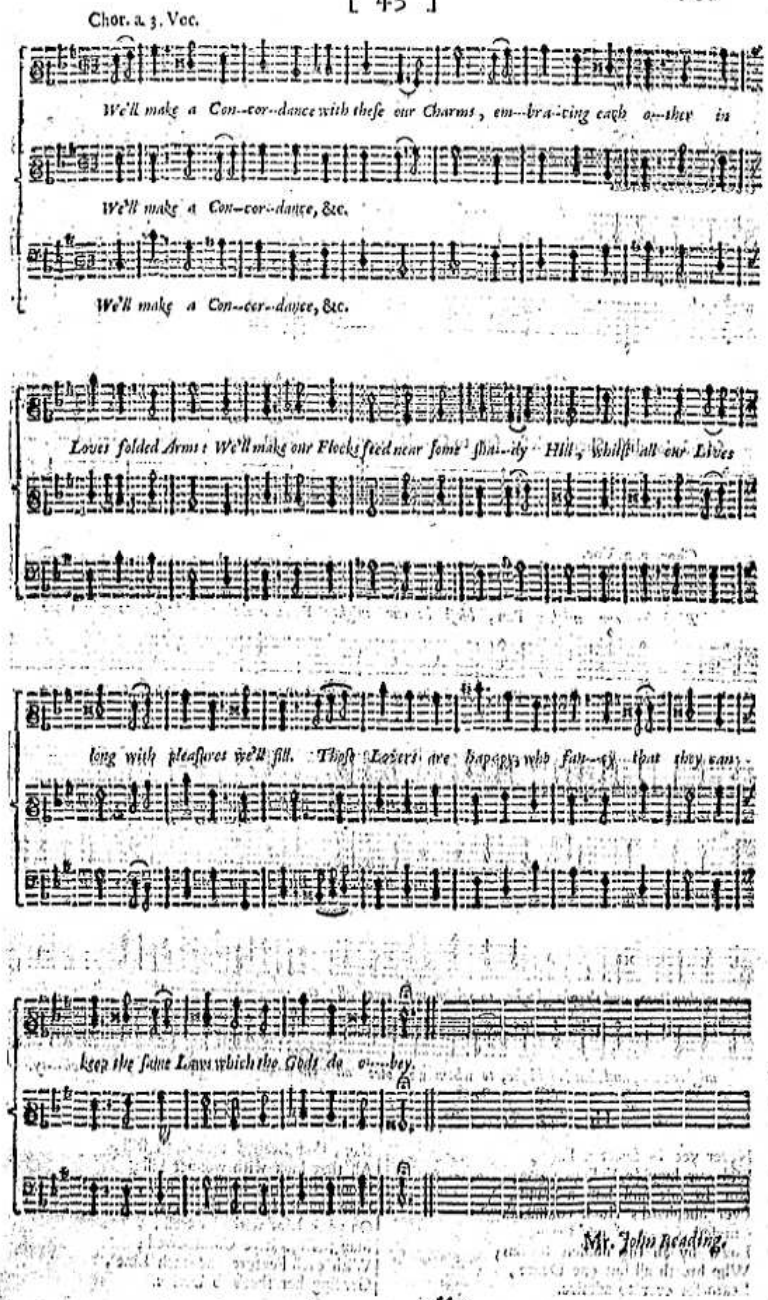
III.

Love, Love is the cry, Love and Kisses go round;
While *Phillis* and *Damon* lie clasp'd on the Ground;
The Shepherd who soon does his Pleasure destroy,
'Tis Abortive, 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.

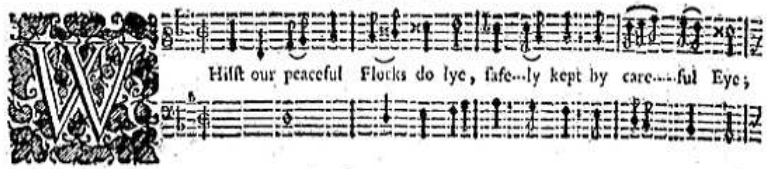
M

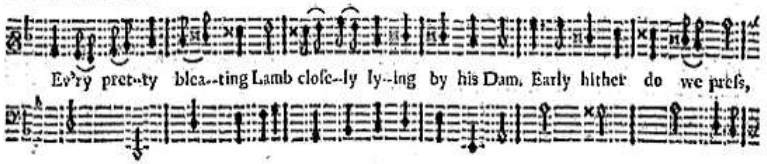
A DIALOGUE *between* PHILIDA *and* CORIDON.

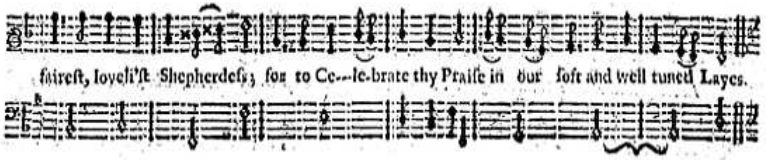




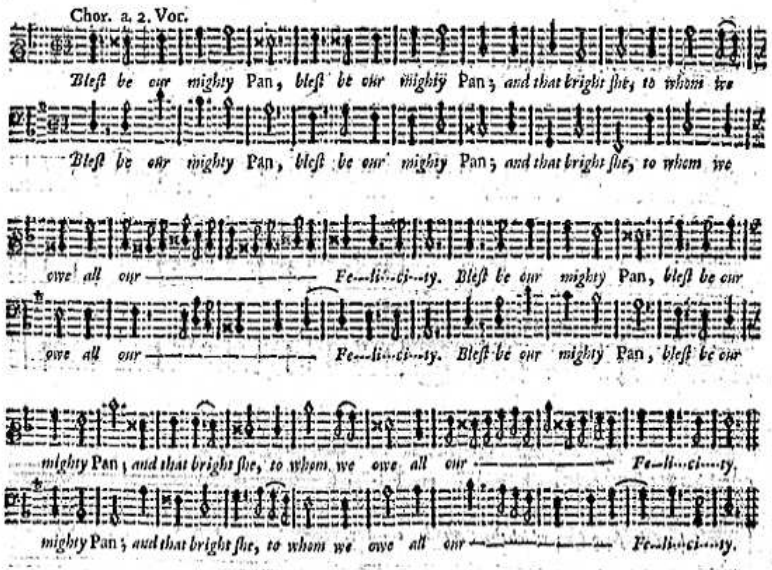
Mr. John Reading.







Chor. a. 2. Voc.



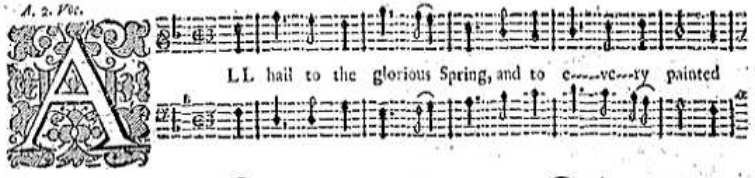
II.

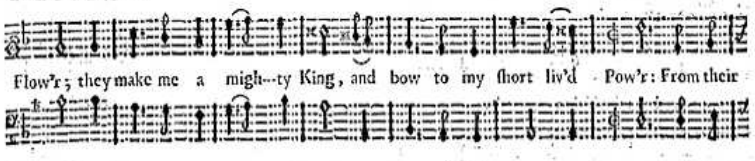
Never yet so sweet a Face,
Did our humble Valleys grace;
Nor so soft and fair a Hand,
Ever Shepherd's Hook command.
Chiefest Glory of our Pains,
Lov'd by all the noblest Swains;
Who breath all but one Desire,
Learn for ever to admire.

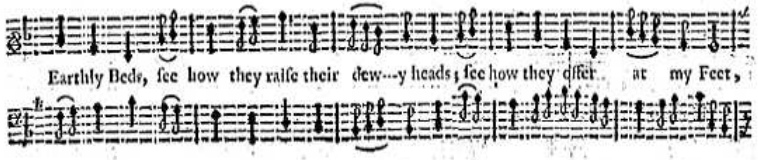
III.

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.

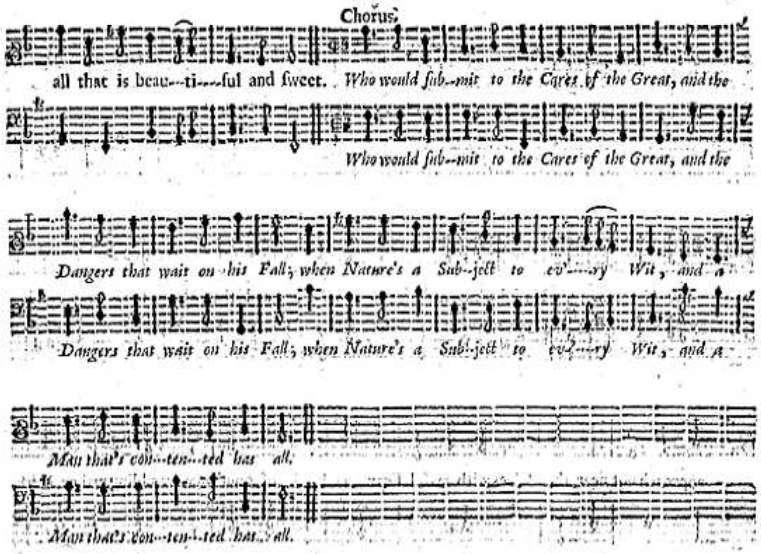
A. 2. Voc.







Chorus.



II.

What Beauty or Art out-does
The Jessamines fragrant Sweet?
The blush of the full-blown Rose?
Or Lilly's Eye dazling white?
These, and whatsoe'er the Field,
Cool Groves, and Chrystal Rivers yield;
The Morning Sun, and Evening Shade,
Nature for happy Man has made.

First Verse. *Words by Mr. A. Cowley.*

Wake, a---wake, a---wake, my Lyre, and tell my si---lent Ma-

sters humble Tale; a---wake, a--wake, a---wake, my Lyre, and tell thy si-----lent

Masters 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 diff'rent 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 moving 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, Bass alone.

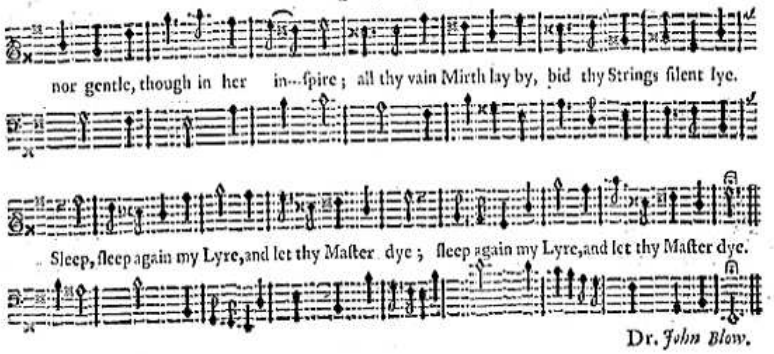
Weak Lyre, this virtue sure is use--less here, since thou art on-ly found to cure, but not to wound;

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 Nou--rish----ment to Love. Sleep,

sleep again my Lyre, for thou can'st never tell my humble Tale, in sounds that may prevail;



Dr. *John Blow.*

This SONG *was by Dr.* Blow *Composed, to be performed with Instrumental Musick, Symphony's and Ritornello's, of four Parts betwixt every Verse; and likewise Chorus's of four Voices betwixt every Verse: But as it is here printed, you have all which is to be sung alone to the Theorbo, and is suitable to the rest in this Book.*

II.

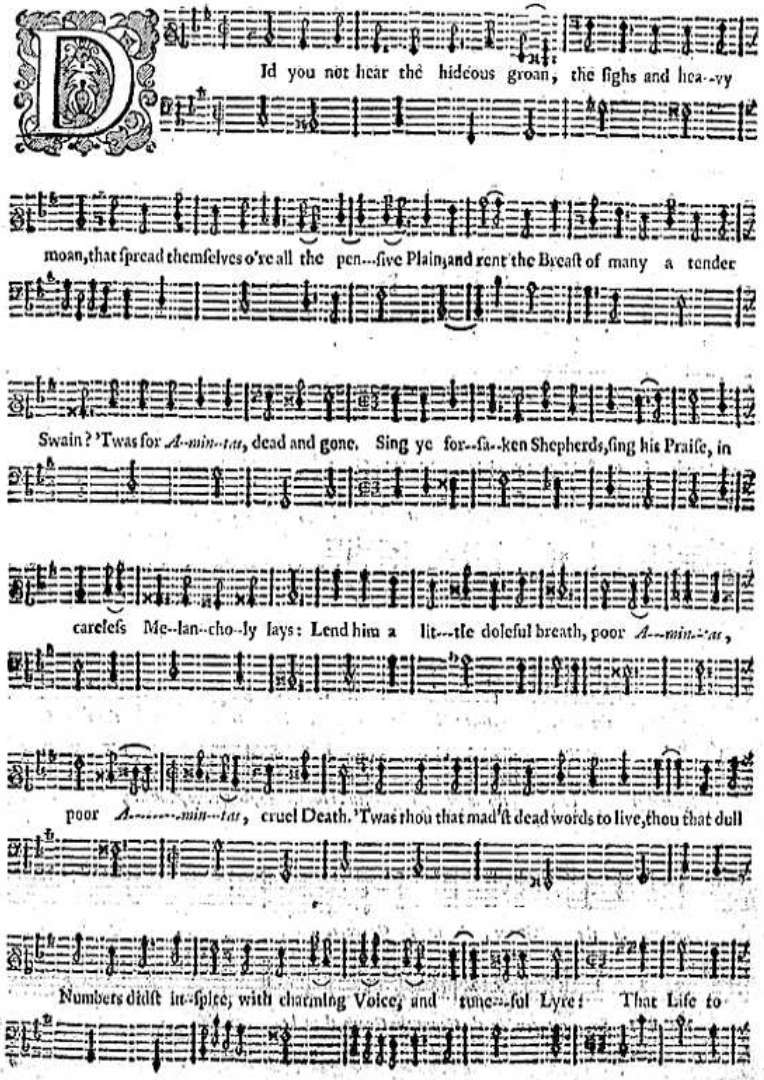
This though it pierc'd the tender Maid with deepeſt Agony,
Yet would ſhe not upbraid her Swain of his inconſtancy:
But ah! ſaid ſhe, the fault's my own, that I this uſage find;
For could I juſt deſert have ſhown, the Youth had ſtill been kind.

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.]



all but to thy self could'st give, why could'st thou not thy wond'rous Art bequeath? Poor *A-*

Chor. 1. 2. Voc.

min--tas, poor *A*———*min--tas*, cru--el Death. *Sing, pious Shepherds, sing whilst you*

Sing, pious Shepherds, sing whilst you

may, before the ap--proa--ches of the fa--tal Day; for you your selves that sing, that

may, before the ap--proa--ches of the fa--tal Day; for you your selves that sing, that

sing this mournful Song, a---last! e're it be long, shall like A—min—tas *breathless*

sing this mournful Song, a——last! a—last! e're 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-

breathless 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.]

AS on his Death-bed gasping *Stre----phon* lay; *Strephon* the

won--der of the Plains, the noblest of the *Arcadian* Swains, *Strephon* the bold, the

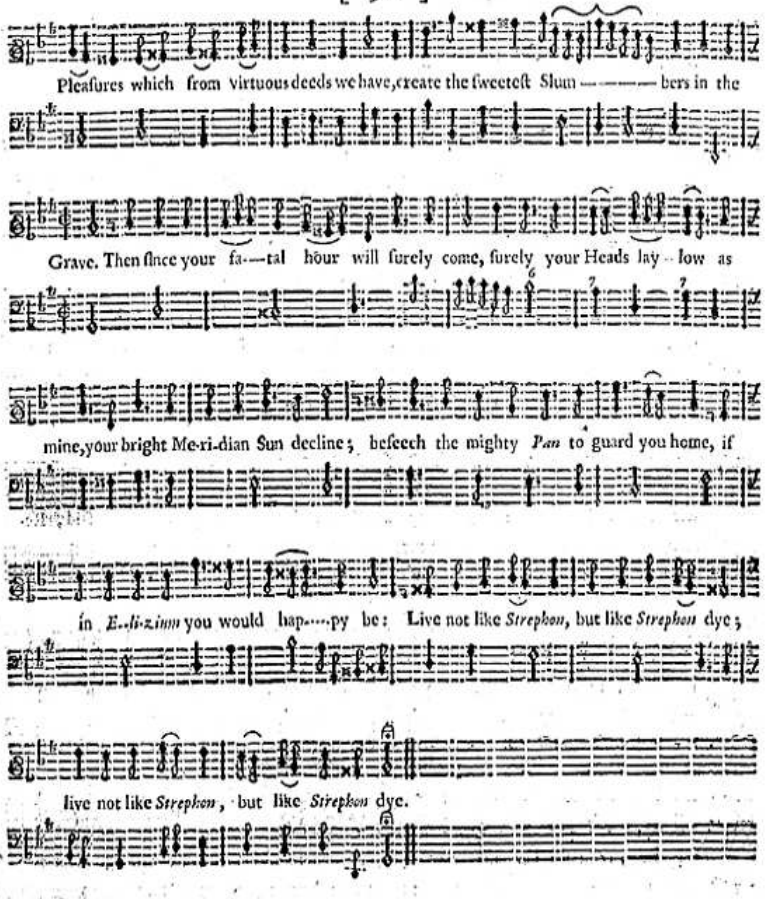
wit—ty, and the gay: With many a Sigh, and ma--ny a Tear, he said, Re-

mem--ber, re—mem--ber me ye Shepherds when I'm dead; remember me ye

Shepherds; re--mem--ber me ye Shepherds when I'm dead. Ye trifling Glories

of the World a—dieu, and vain ap---plau---ses of the Age, for when we quit

this mortal Stage, be——lieve me, Shepherds, for I tell you true, those



FINIS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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 Lawes*, 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.

CHOICE

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TO SING TO THE

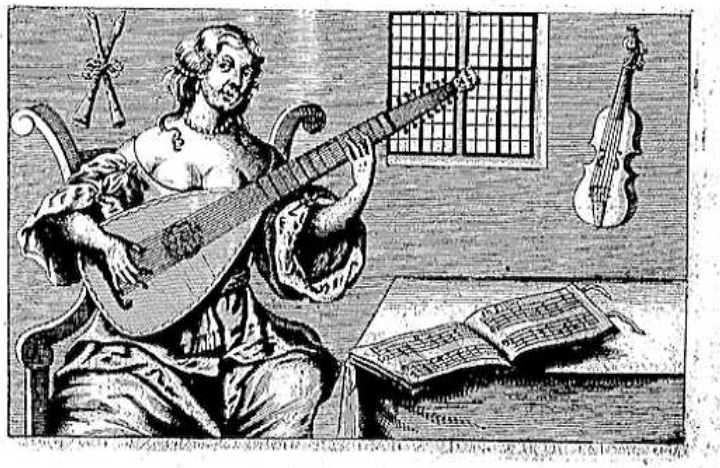
Theorbo-Lute, or Bass-Viol:

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 FOURTH BOOK.



LONDON,

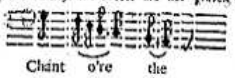
Printed by *A. Godbid* and *J. Playford* Junior, and are Sold by *John Playford*, at his Shop near the *Temple* Church; and *John Carr*, at his Shop at the *Middle-Temple* Gate, 1683.

An *Alphabetical Table* of the Songs contain'd in this Book.

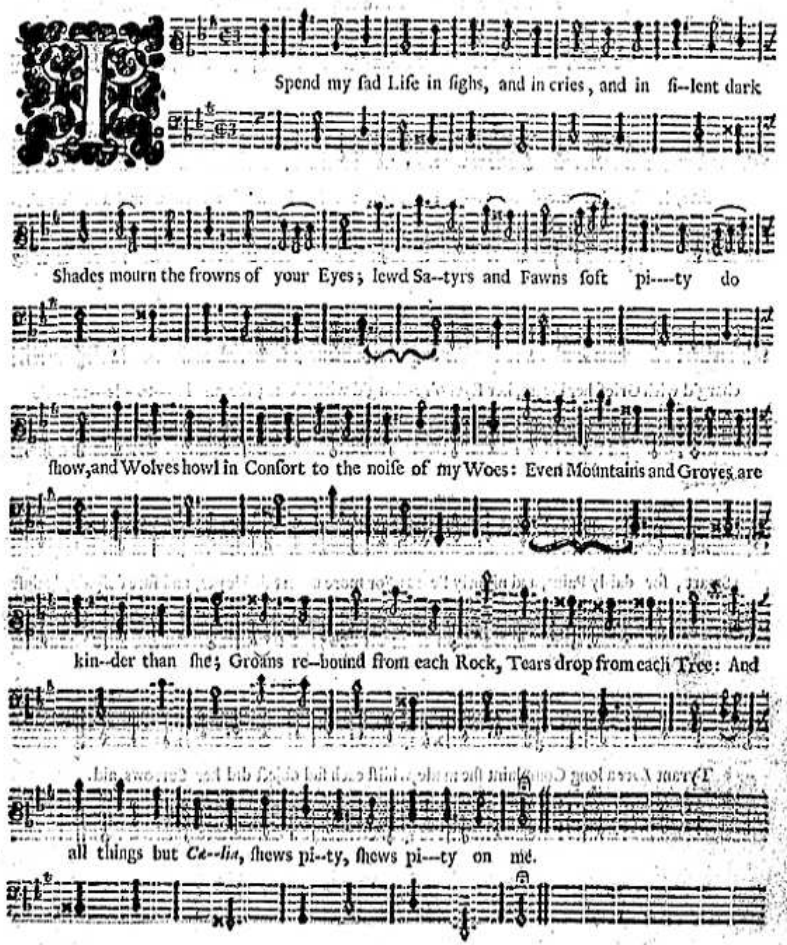
These small *ERRATA's* I desire those who buy the Book, to correct with a Pen.

Folio 21. line 3. Frequent, *put a comma.*
Folio 61. line 4. In the Bass the Notes are not placed right,

they must be thus:

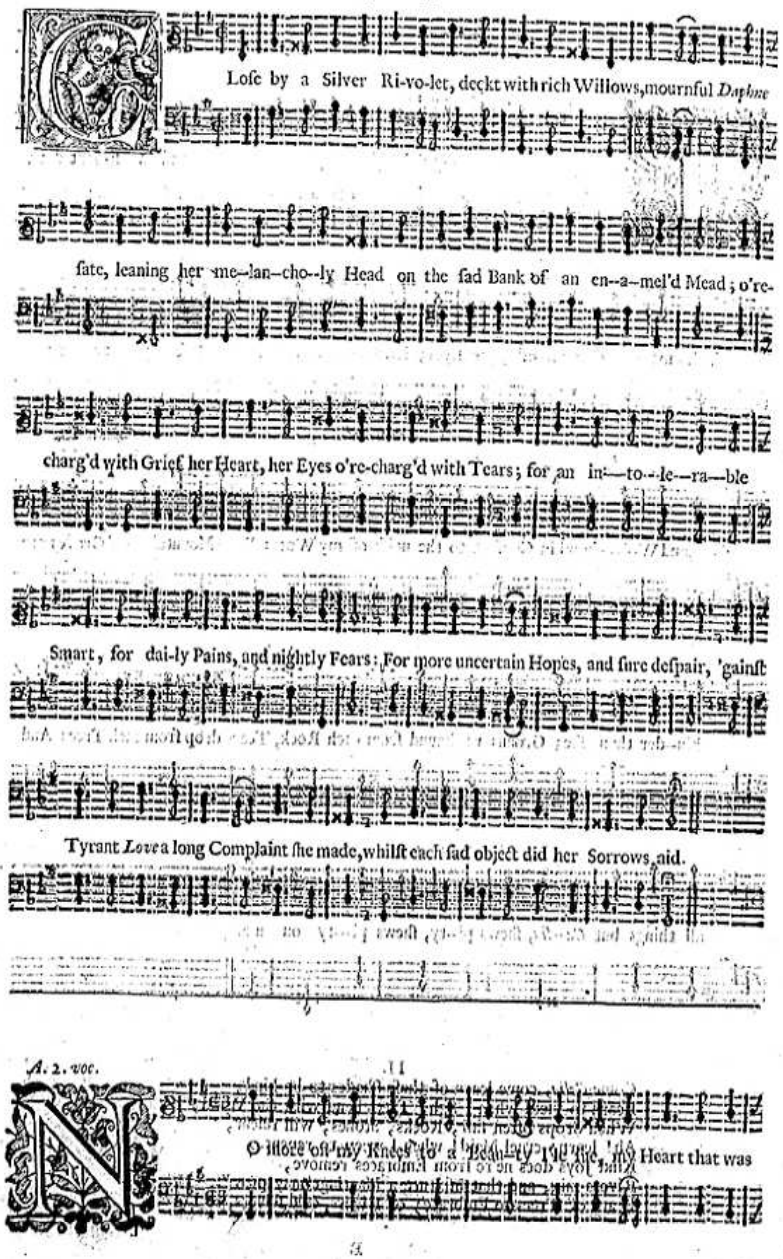


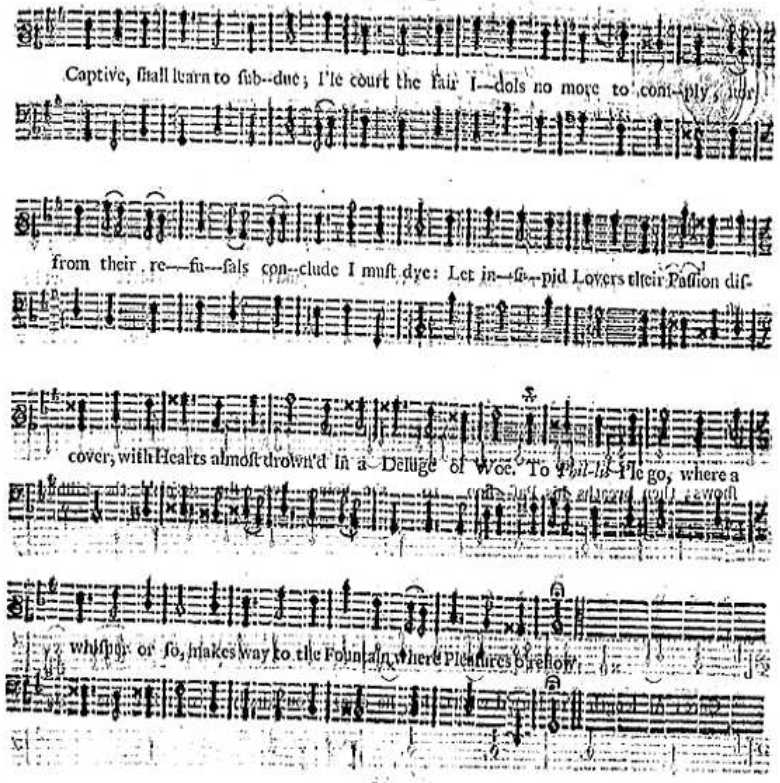
Folio 75. last line, A B flat is wanting to the Note over Love *in the Treble.*



II.

Come *Celia*, come learn of these Shades to be kind,
Learn 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 repent.
Kind Joys does ne're from Embraces remove,
Rivers mix, and that mixture a Marriage may prove;
Learn of Trees to Embrace; of Rivers, cold Rivers, to Love.



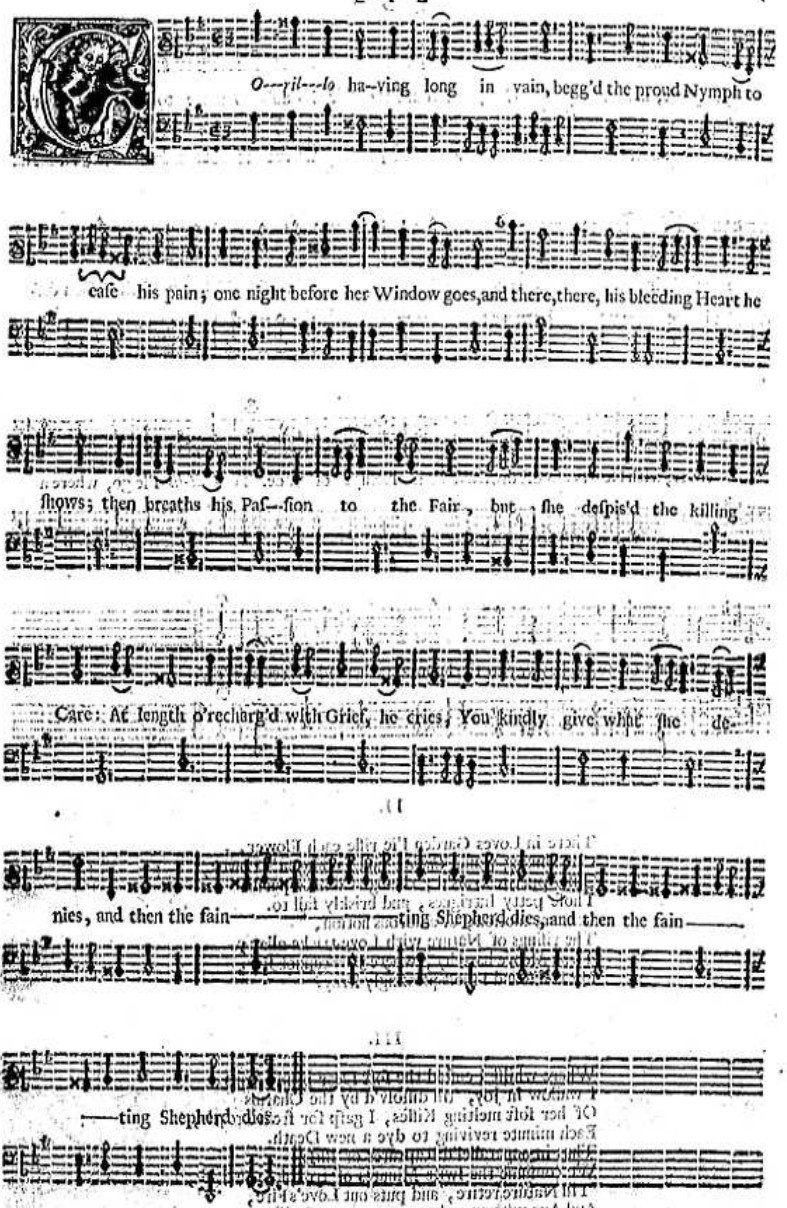


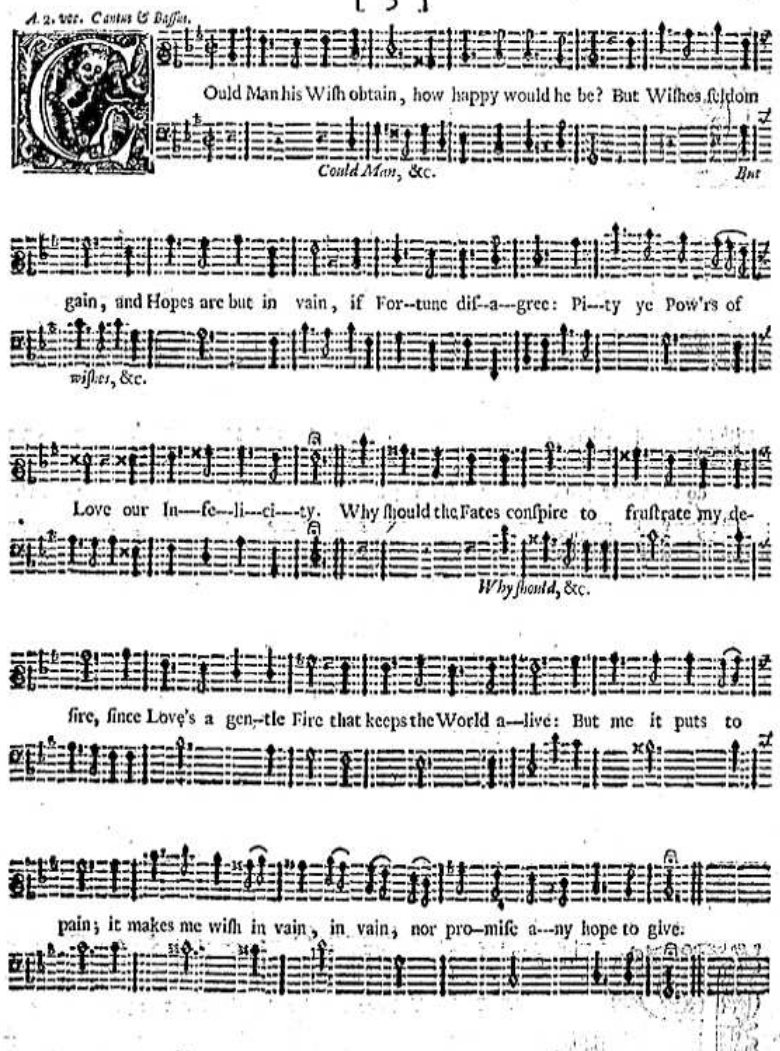
II.

There in Loves Garden I'le rifle each Flower,
Contemning young *Cupid*, and Cosing at's Power,
Till Appetite rais'd; then give o'er to pursue
Those petty Intrigues, and briskly fall to.
At every motion, or amorous notion,
The rifings of Nature with Love-tricks allay;
To an Alcove hard by, where *Love* cannot spy,
My *Phillis* and I most pleasingly stray.

III.

Where whilst I enfold the soft Dear in my 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.



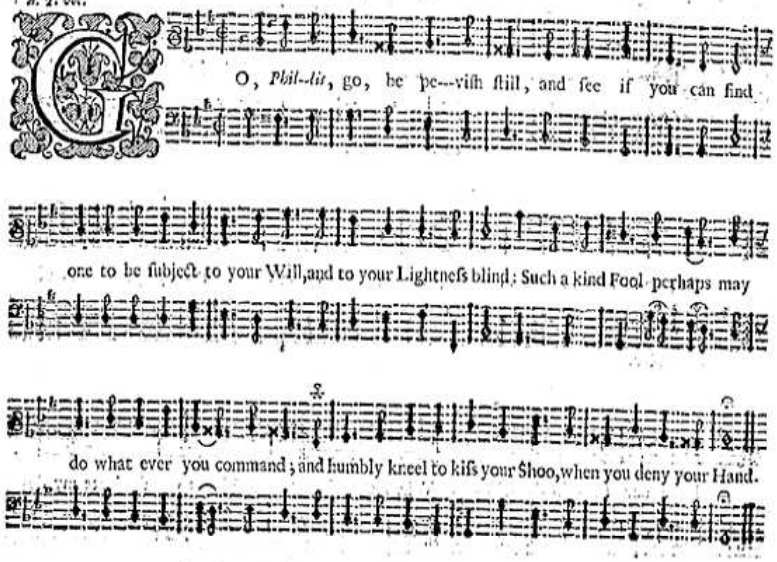


II.

I love, and still I view,
Yet dare not tell my mind;
Should I my Flames purlue,
It might that Bliss undo,
Which is for her design'd.
A Blessing far above,
More lasting, rich, and kind;

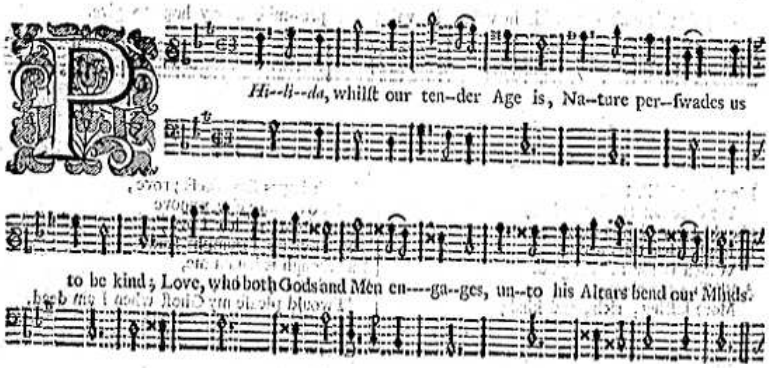
Though hopes successless prove,
My Heart shall ne're remove
From wishing of her Love,
In *Fortune*'s Triumphs lead:
And though it banish me,
If she but happy be,
'Twould please my Ghost when I am dead.

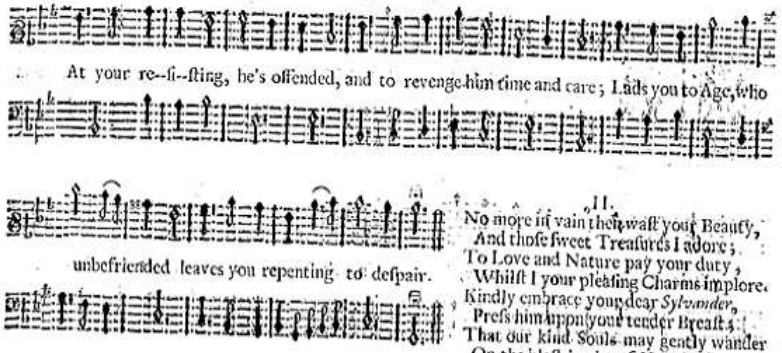
A. 2. voc.



II.

But have a care, for Fools are cross,
And when you light on one;
I'le joy to see you at a loss,
And not your Fate bemoan:
Your Pride I'le then with Scorn repay,
And laugh to see you grieve;
And counterfeiting Sighs, will say,
Dear *Phillis*, now some comfort give.

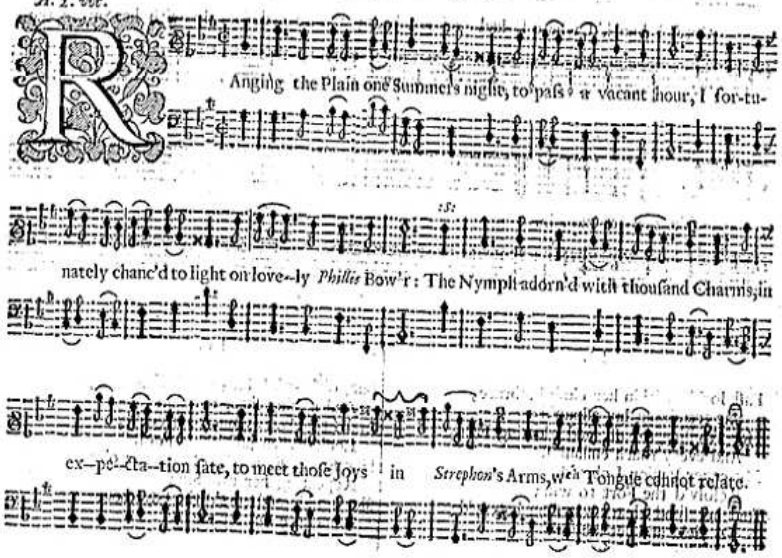




II.

No more in vain then waste 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 upon your tender Breast;
That our kind Souls may gently wander
On the blest banks of Happiness.

A. 2. voc.

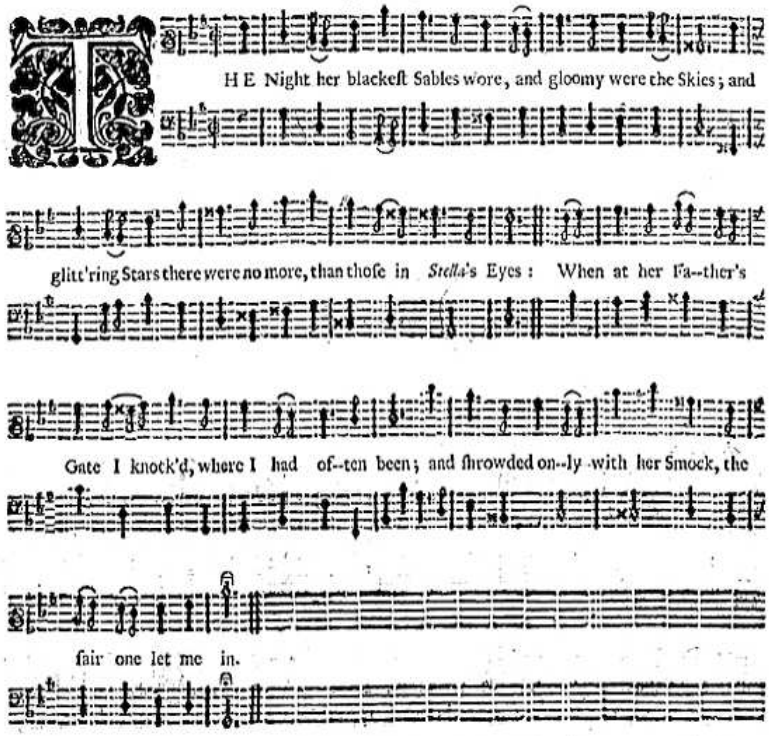


II.

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 start,
A Cold on all her Body seiz'd,
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 here by One,
But now, alas! 'tis Six and more,
And yet he is not come!



II.

Fast lock'd within her close Embrace,
She trembling lay asham'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.

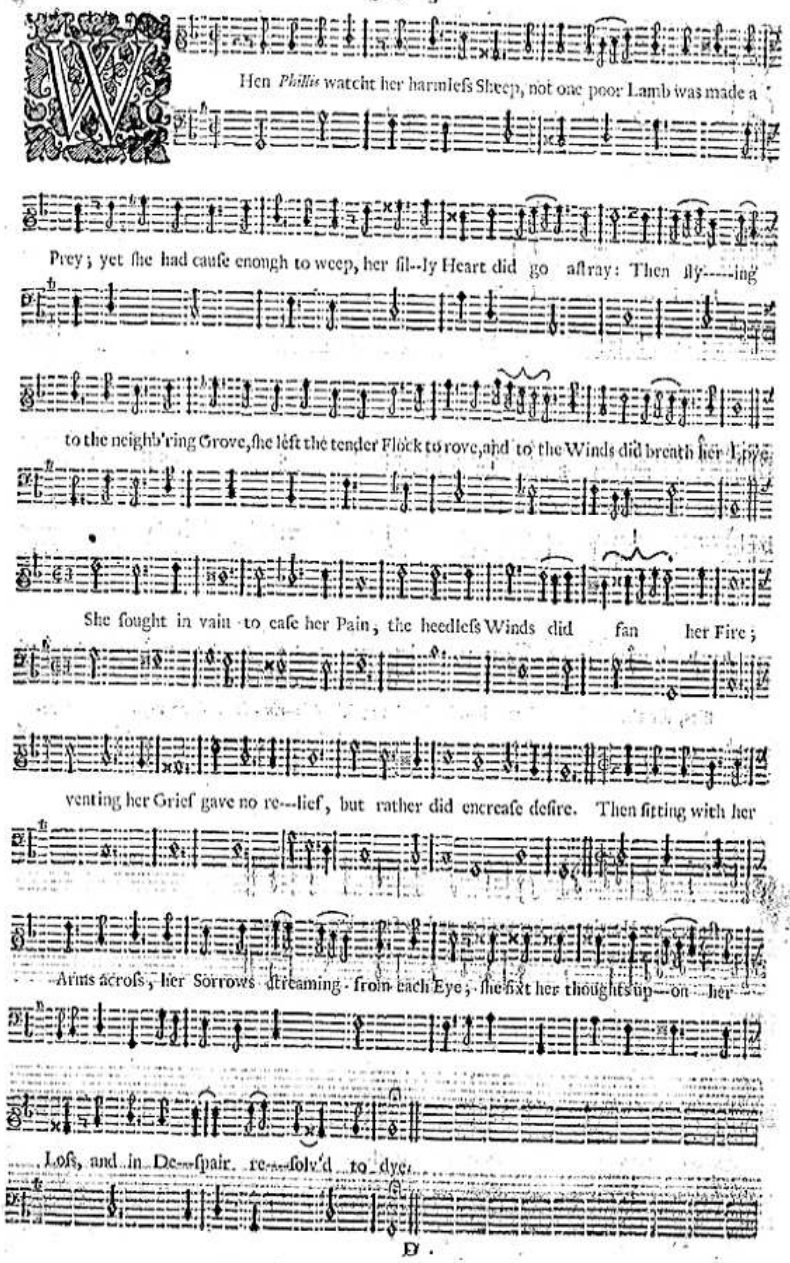
Then! then! beyond expressing,
Immortal was the Joy;
I knew no greater Blessing,
So great a God was I.
And she transported with Delight,
Oft pray'd me come again;
And kindly vow'd, that every night
She'd rise and let me in.

IV.

But, oh! at last she prov'd with Bern,
And sighing sate, 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 Charmer 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.



HOW wretched am I when *Cla---rin---da* does frown, at her

Feet in con---fu---sion I fall; and kneeling, on Heaven for af---si--stance I call, and

court the kind Stars they'd in pi--ty look down: But in vain to their aid my Mi---se---ry

flies, for the Gods I but i--dly implore; 'tis *Cla--rin--da* a--lone my Peace can re-

store, no Heav'n but her Smiles, and no Stars but her Eyes.

IN vain, in vain, brisk God of Love, in vain have I thy

pow'rful Charms long long strove to de--fie; for just as when some for-ti-fy'd Town has

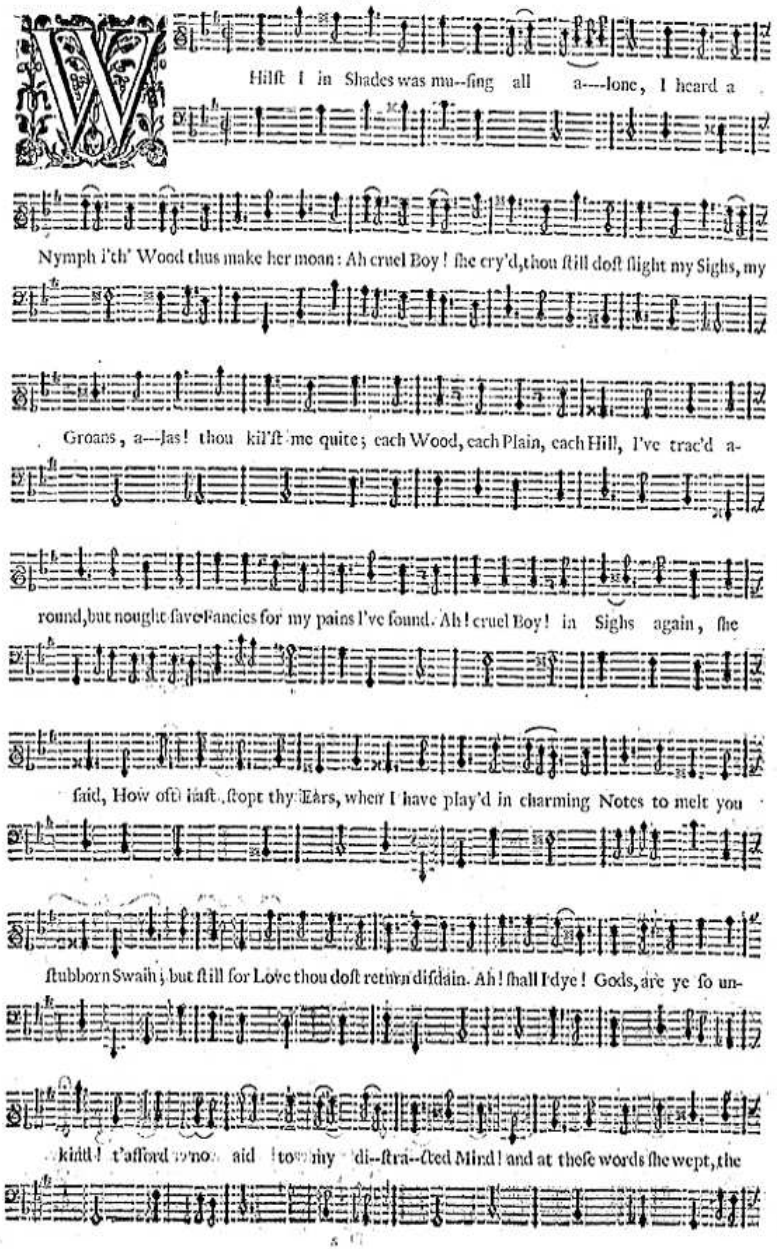
long long held out the Siege, then bat---ter'd down: So I that ne--ver

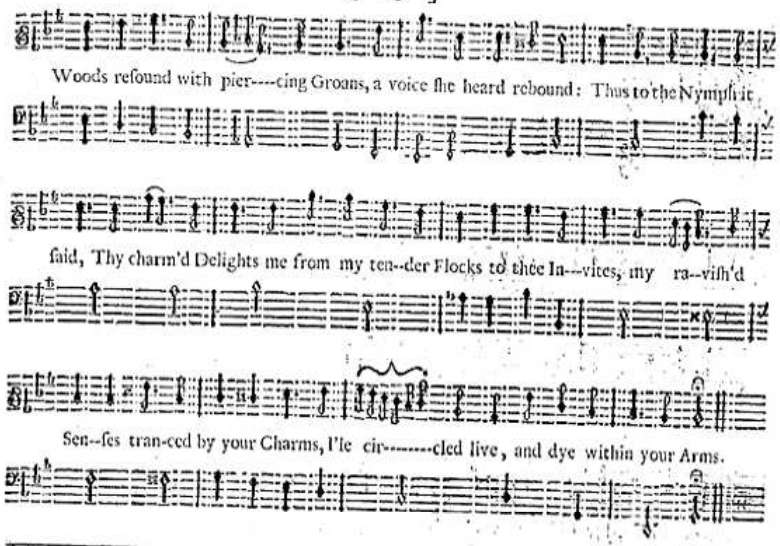
fear'd, nay scorn'd thy Dart, at length am woun---ded, wounded, at the Heart. Look

then up--on the Sa--cri--fice you've slain, view well the Heart, and see if there one

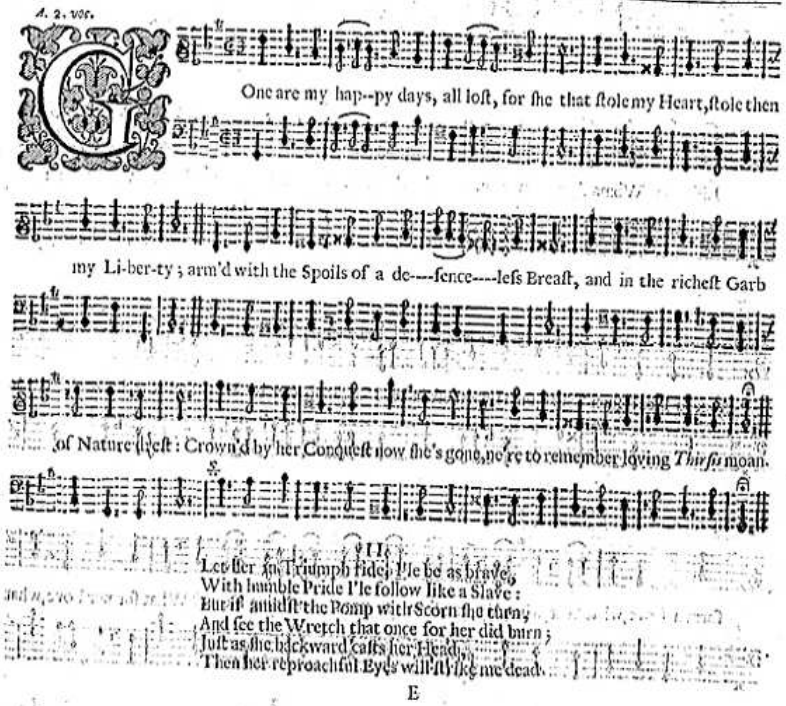
stain of Treachery you find; if not, then say, Ah! Ah!

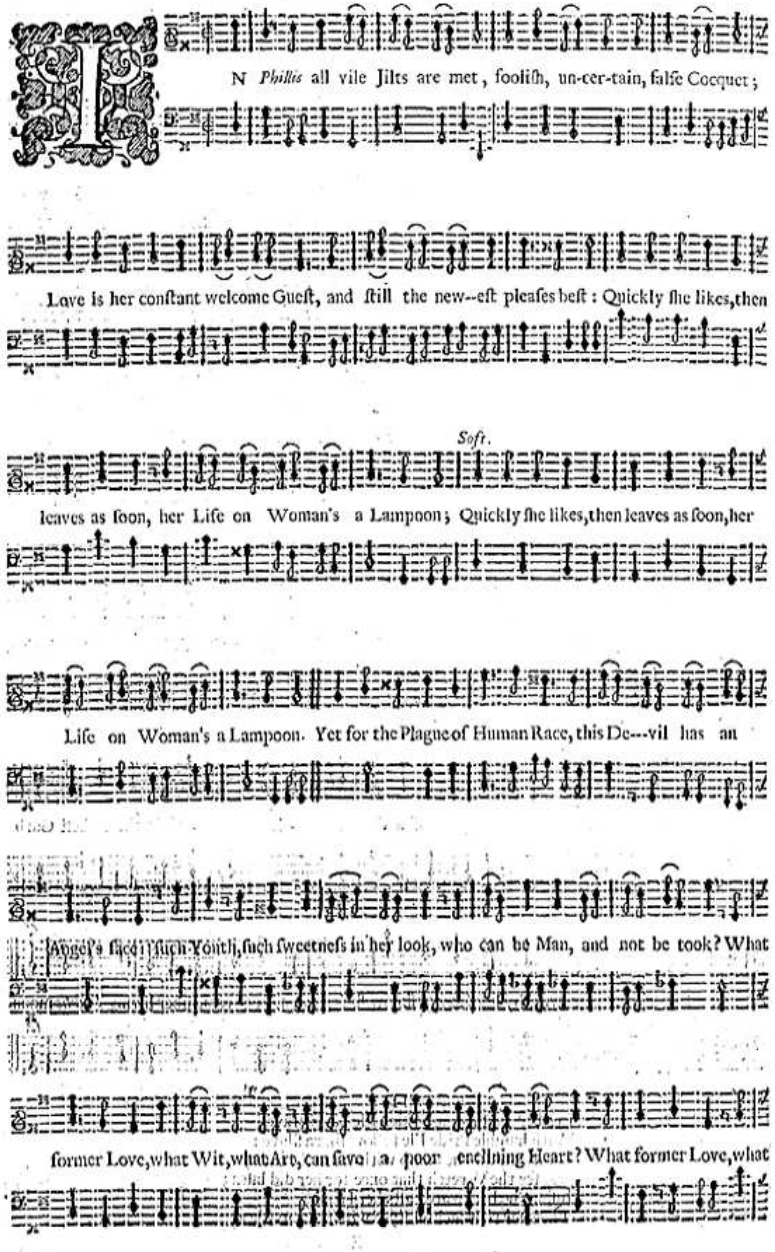
dear, dear Heart! that ne--ver went a--stray; dear Heart! that ne--ver wont a--stray.

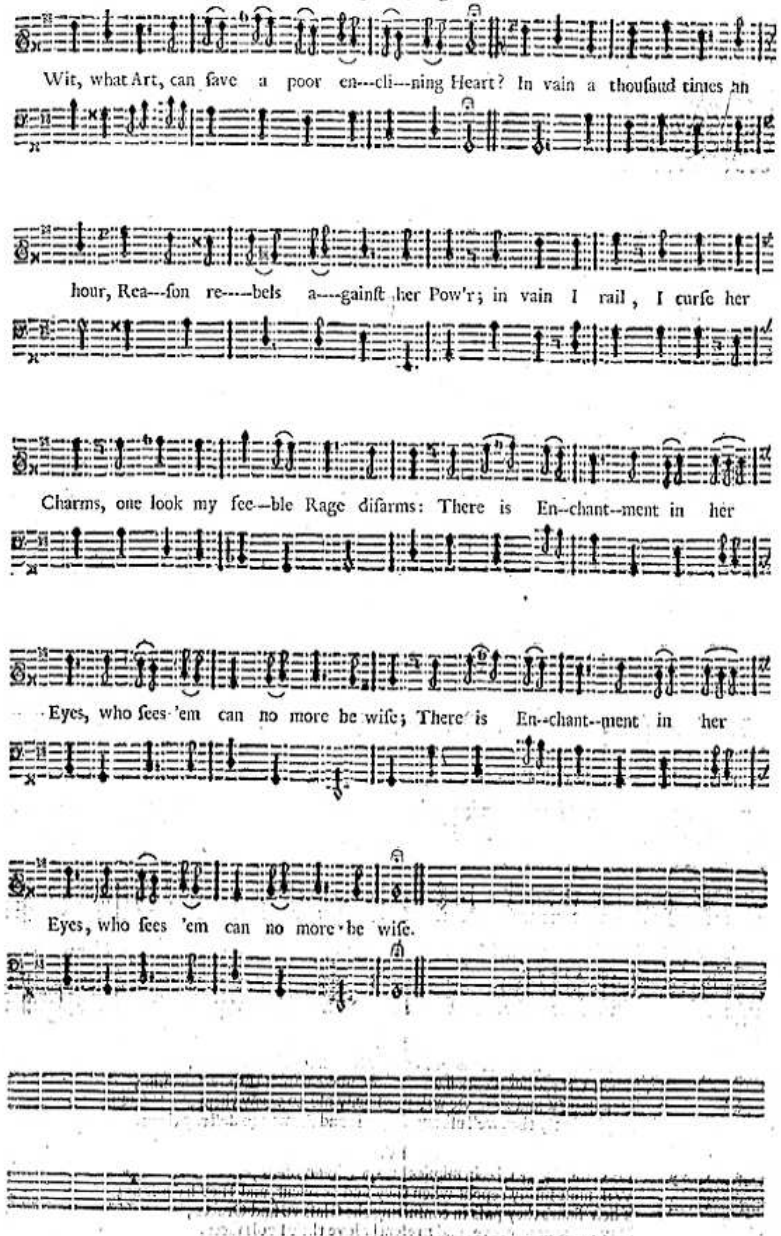

Hilst I in Shades was mu--sing all a----lone, I heard a
Nymph i'th' Wood thus make her moan: Ah cruel Boy! she cry'd, thou still dost slight my Sighs, my
Groans, a---las! thou kil'st me quite; each Wood, each Plain, each Hill, I've trac'd a-
round, but nought save Fancies for my pains I've found. Ah! cruel Boy! in Sighs again, she
said, How oft hast stopt 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-
kind! t'afford no aid to my di--stra--cted Mind! and at these words she wept, the

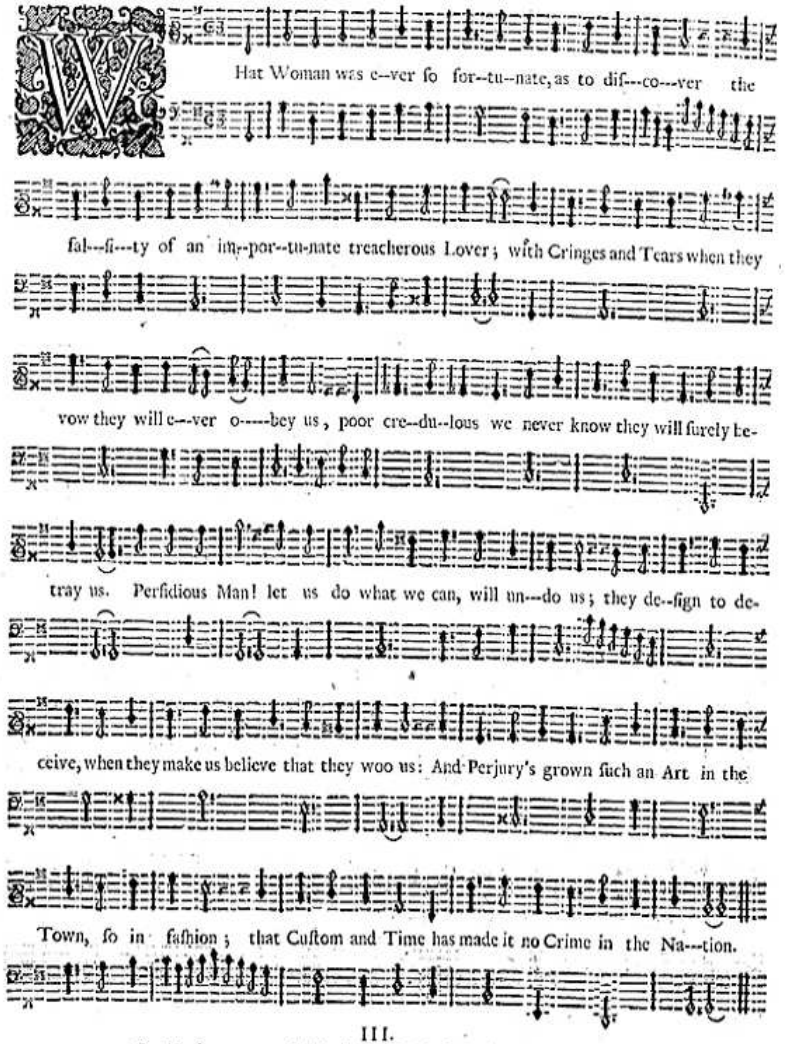

Woods resound with pier----cing Groans, a voice she heard rebound: Thus to the Nymph it
said, Thy charm'd Delights me from my ten--der Flocks to thee In---vites, my ra--vish'd
Sen--ses tran-ced by your Charms, I'le cir--------cled live, and dye within your Arms.

A. 2. voc.


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't: Crown'd by her Conquest now she's gone, no're to remember loving Thirsis moan.
III.
Let her in Triumph ride, I'le be as brave,
With humble Pride I'le 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 Eyes will strike me dead.


IN Phillis all vile Jilts are met, foolish, un-cer-tain, false Coequet;
Love is her constant welcome Guest, and still the new--est pleases best: Quickly she likes, then
Soft.
leaves as soon, her Life on Woman's a Lampoon; Quickly she likes, then leaves as soon, her
Life on Woman's a Lampoon. Yet for the Plague of Human Race, this De---vil has an
Angel's face; such Youth, such sweetness in her look, who can be Man, and not be took? What
former Love, what Wit, what Art, can save a poor enclining Heart? What former Love, what


Wit, what Art, can save a poor en---cli---ning Heart? In vain a thousand times an
hour, Rea---son re----bels a----gainst her Pow'r; in vain I rail, I curse her
Charms, one look my see--ble Rage disarms: There is En--chant--ment in her
Eyes, who sees 'em can no more be wise; There is En--chant--ment in her
Eyes, who sees 'em can no more be wise.

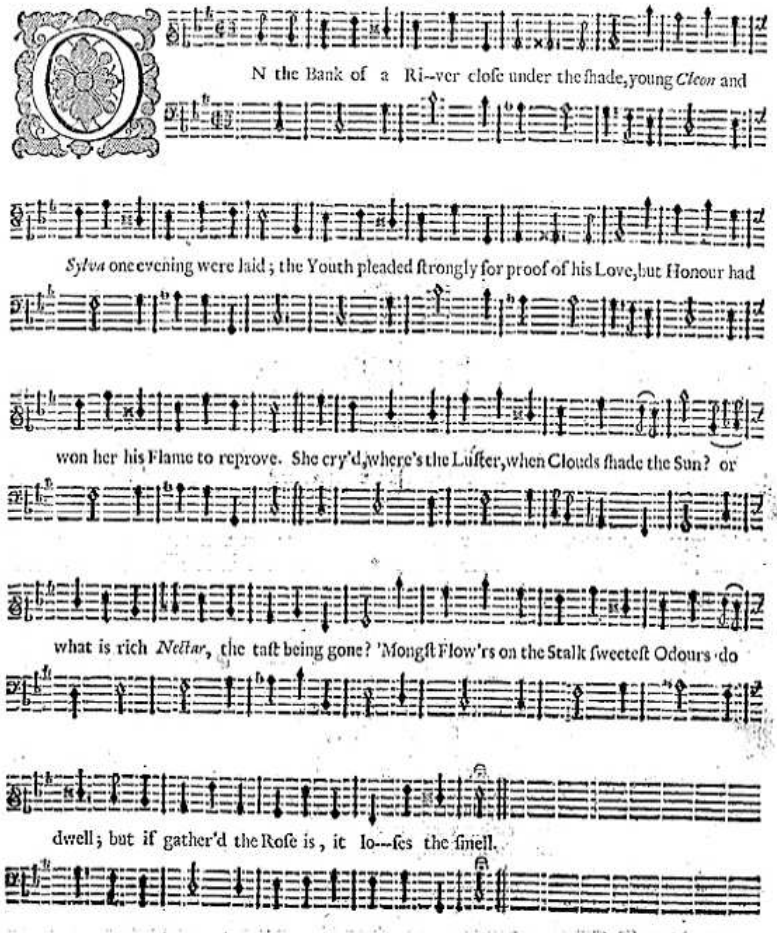


III.

Our Nation no more shall relent at Men's flattering Anguish,
Their Crocadiles Tears shall no more make us mournfully languish;
Our Beauty and Wit we will pleasantly use to decoy them,
As pleasantly then we'l use our Coyness and Frowns to destroy them.

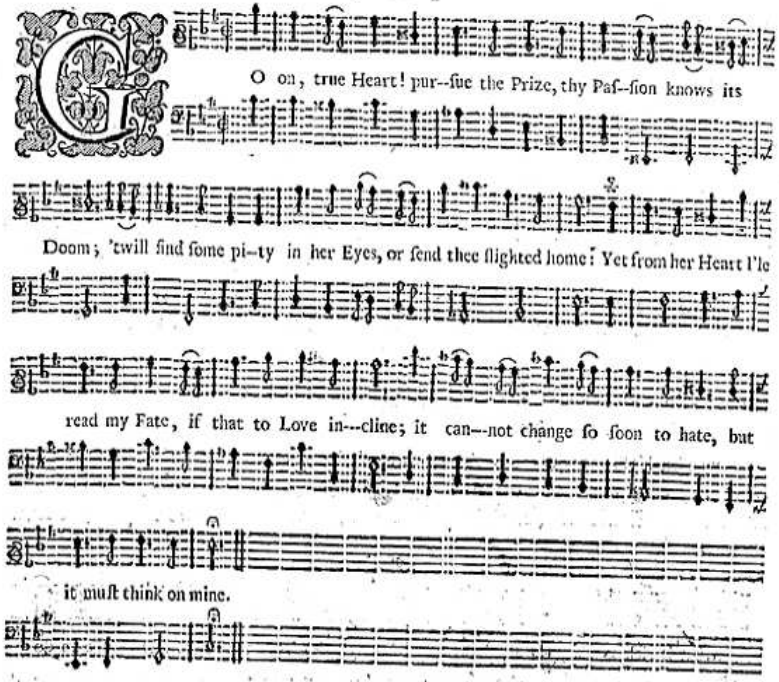
IV.

Beautiful Apes, who in mimical shapes do accost us,
Will most surely 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.



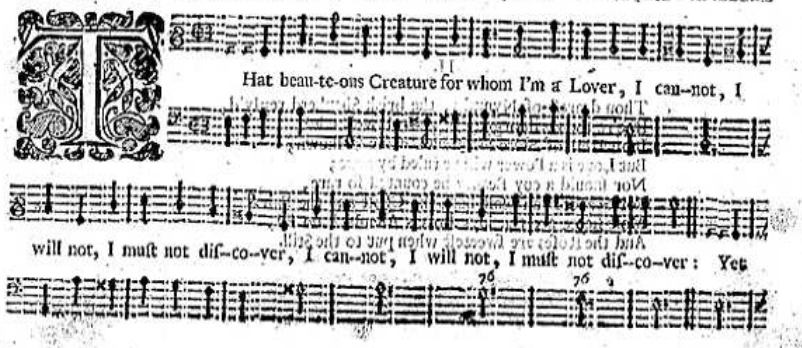
II.

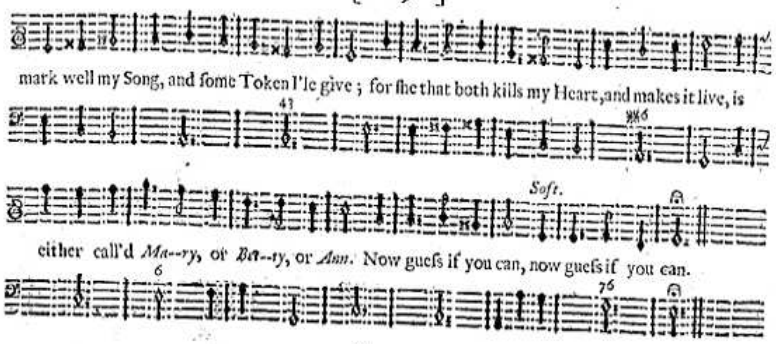
Thou dearest of Nymphs, the brisk Shepherd reply'd,
If e're thou wilt argue, begin on Love's side:
In matters of State let grave Reason be shown,
But Love is a Power will be ruled by none;
Nor should a coy Beauty be counted so rare,
For Scandal can blast both the Chaste and the Fair.
Most fierce are the joys Love's Alembick do fill,
And the Roses are sweetest when put to the Still.



II.

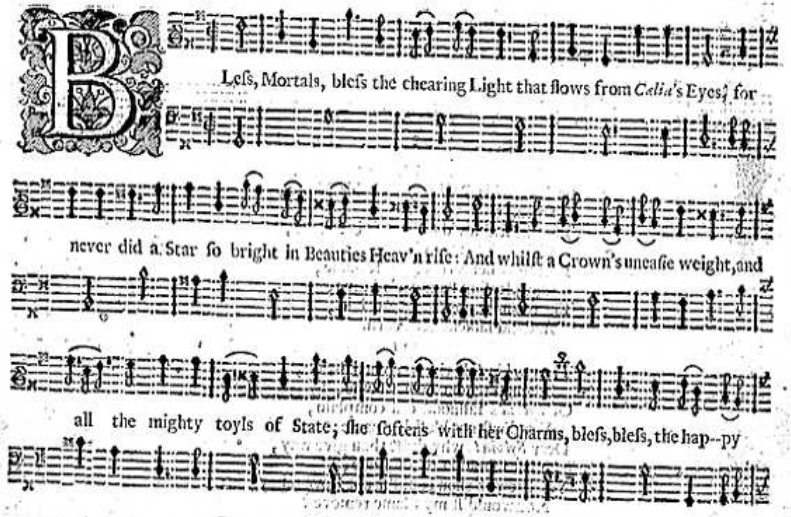
Kind Nature will her hate oppoſe;
And though ſhe does not love,
My Paſſion I will ſo diſcloſe,
As ſhall her pity move.
Thence from that Pity with new Fire,
Although her Heart were Stone,
I'le melt it into chaſt Deſire,
And Coyn it in my own.





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.

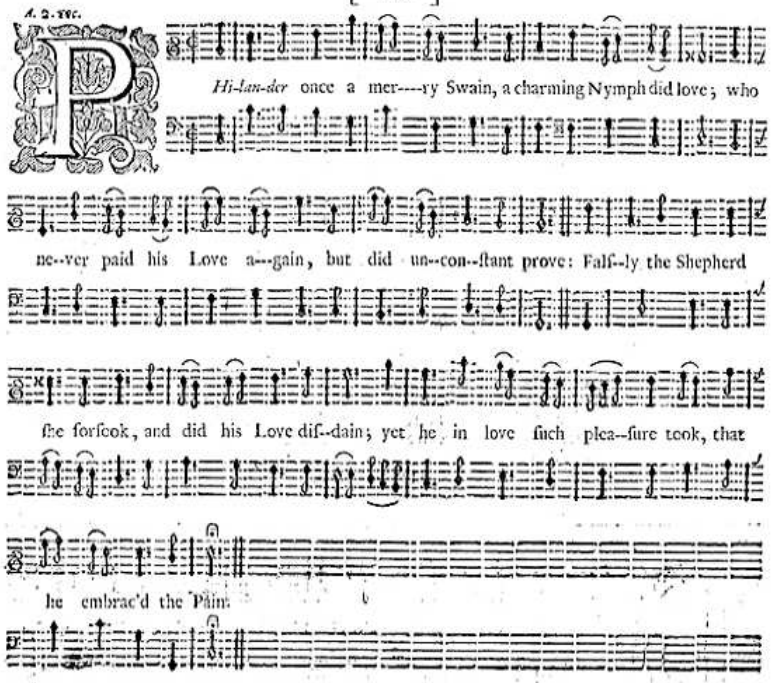


Dr. *Blow*.

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.

A. 2. Vio.



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.

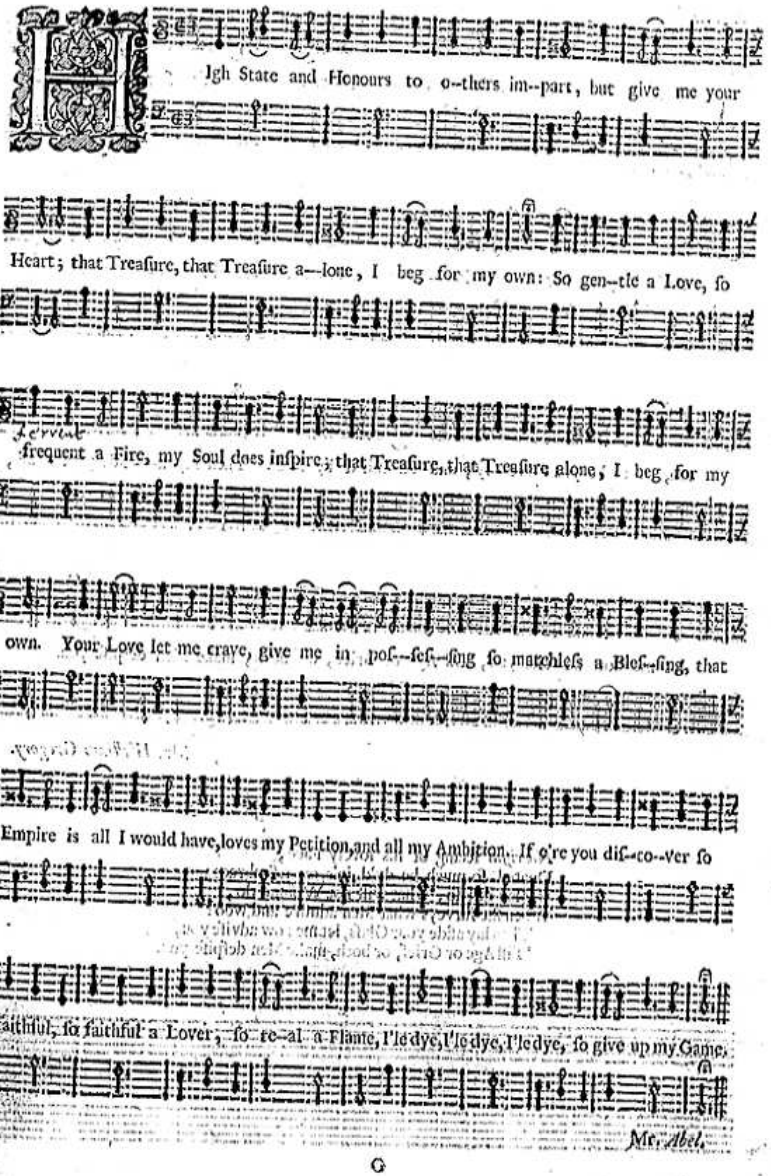
III.

Thus to himſelf the wretched Swain,
Though tender of her Fame,
Of *Sylvia's* faithlood did complain,
Yet durſt not blaſt her name;
Dear *Sylvia!* why didſt thou give way,
That I ſhould talk of Love,
Yet knew'ſt thou could'ſt not Love repay,
Nor would'ſt 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.

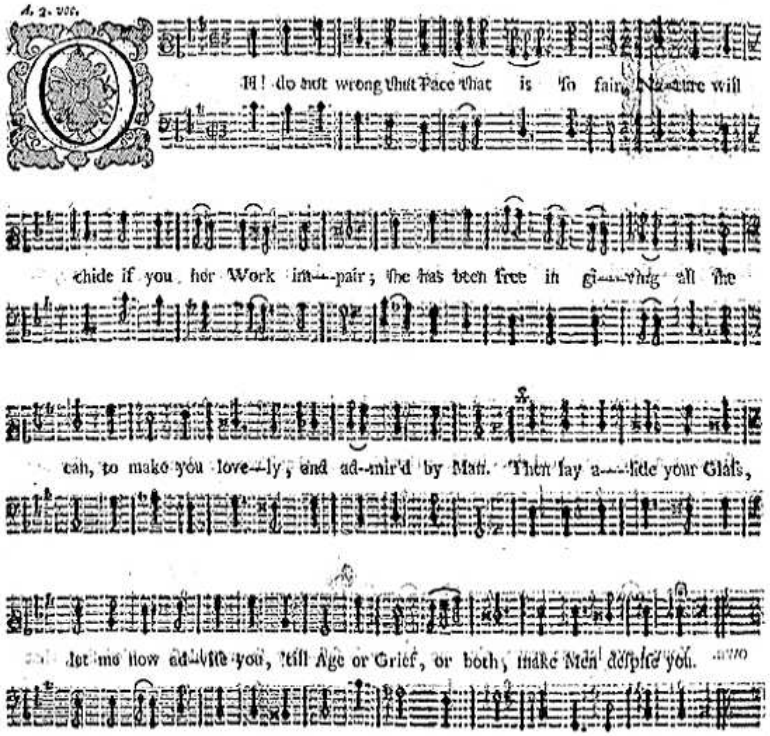
An AYRE *on a Ground.*



Mr. *Abel.*

On a LADY *dressing by a Glass.*

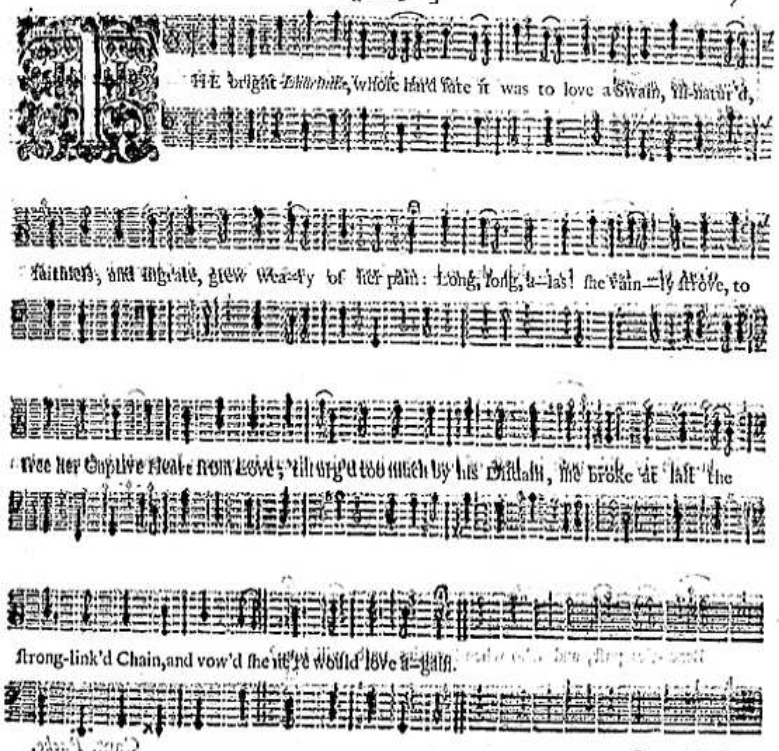
A. 2. voc.



Mr. *William Gregory.*

II.

Narcissus seeing of his lovely Face,
Doated so much he dy'd in's own Embrace;
If Man did so, 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.



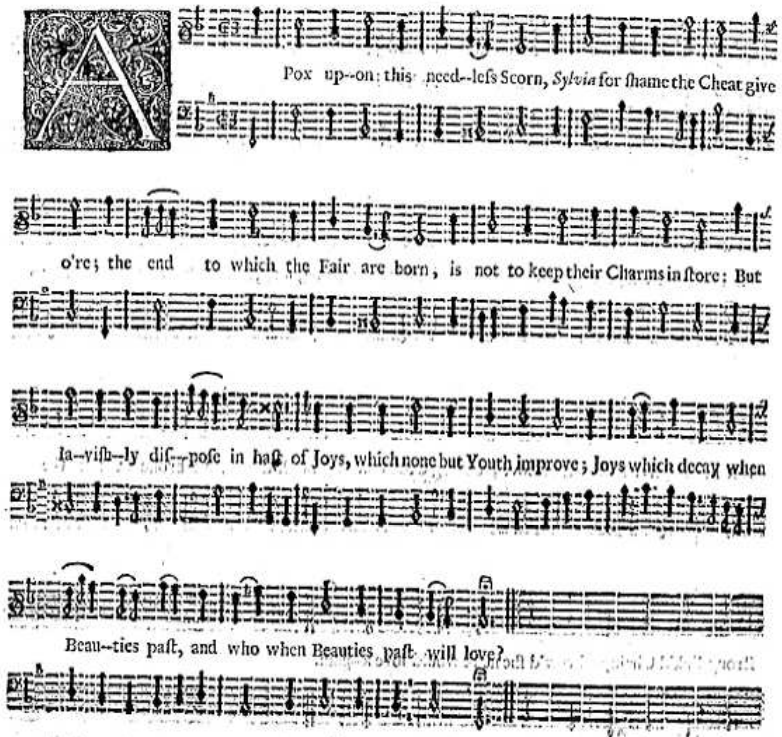
Capt. *Packe.*

II.

The lovely Nymph now free as Air,
Gay as the blooming Spring,
To no soft Tale would lend an Ear,
But careless sit and sing,
Or if a moving Story wrought
Her frozen Breast to a kind Thought,
She check'd her Heart, and cry'd, Ah, hold!
Aminor 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 dat'd to Vows
Her Beauties Sacrifice,
'Till Love at last young Cloe brought,
The object of each Virgin's Thought,
Whose strange resistless Charms did move
They made her bow, and with the Grove
And made her bless as those above.



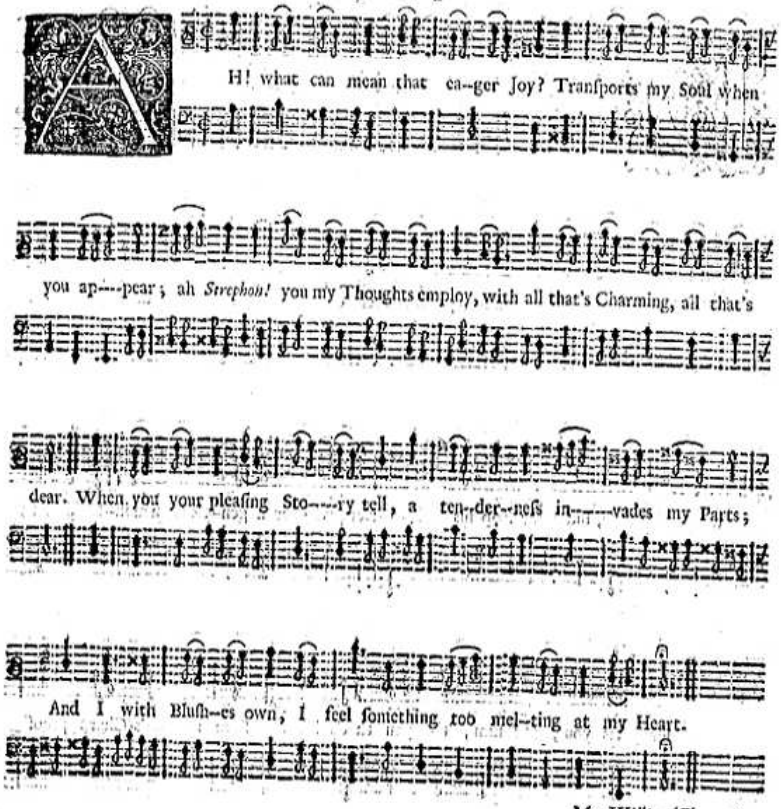
Capt. *Packe.*

II.

When Age those Glories shall deface,
Revenging 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.

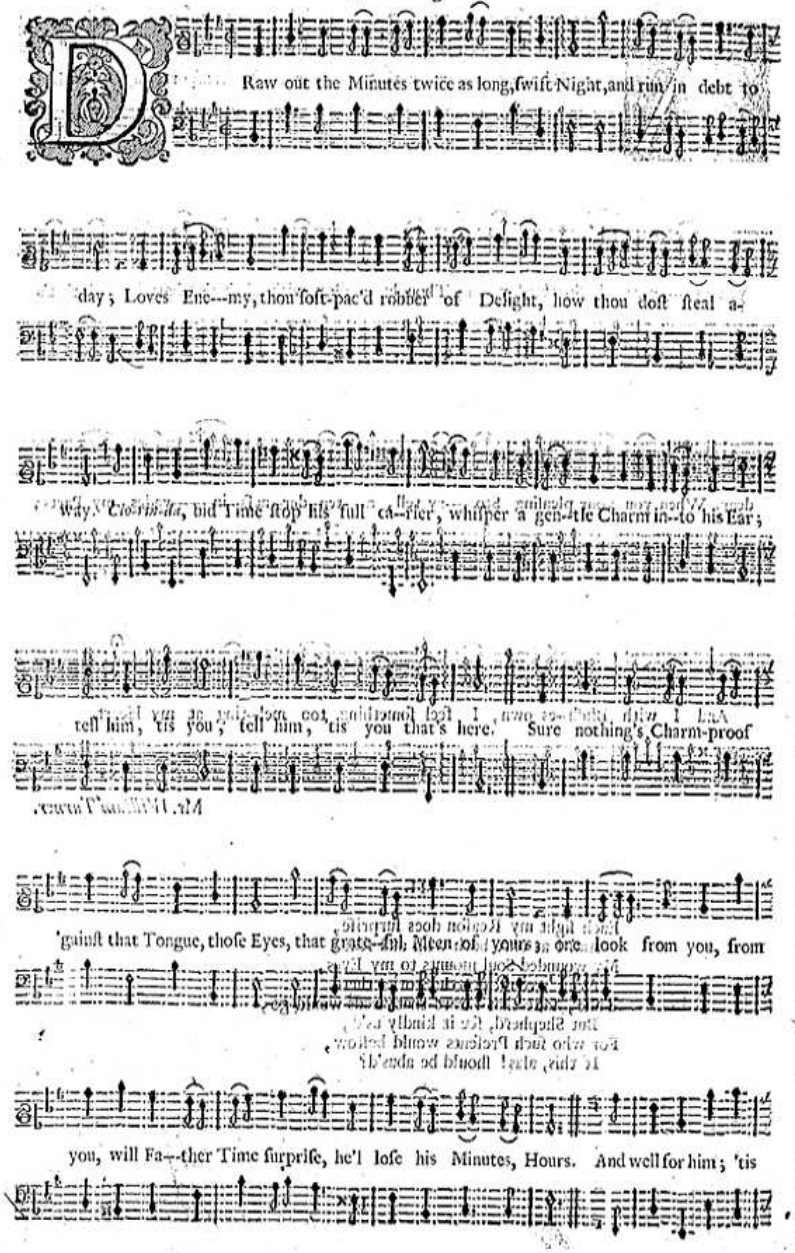
Then hast my *Sylvia* to the Grove,
Where all the Sweets of *May* conspire;
To teach us every Art of Love,
And raise our Charms of Pleasure higher:
And when Embracing we shall lye
Closely in shades on Banks of Flowers;
The duller World whilst we despise,
Years would be Minutes, Ages Hours.

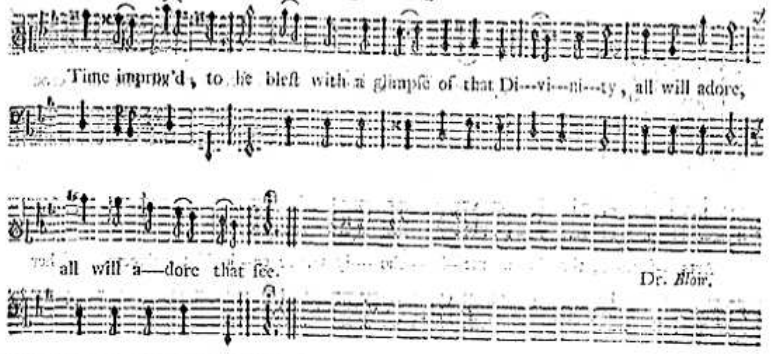


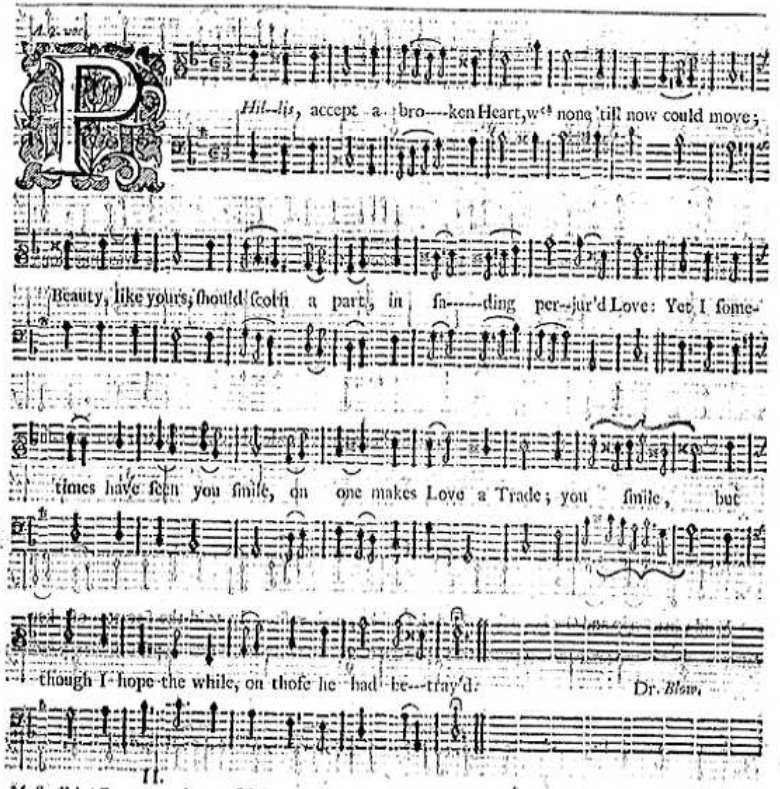
Mr. *William Turner.*

II.

Each sight my Reason does surprise,
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?



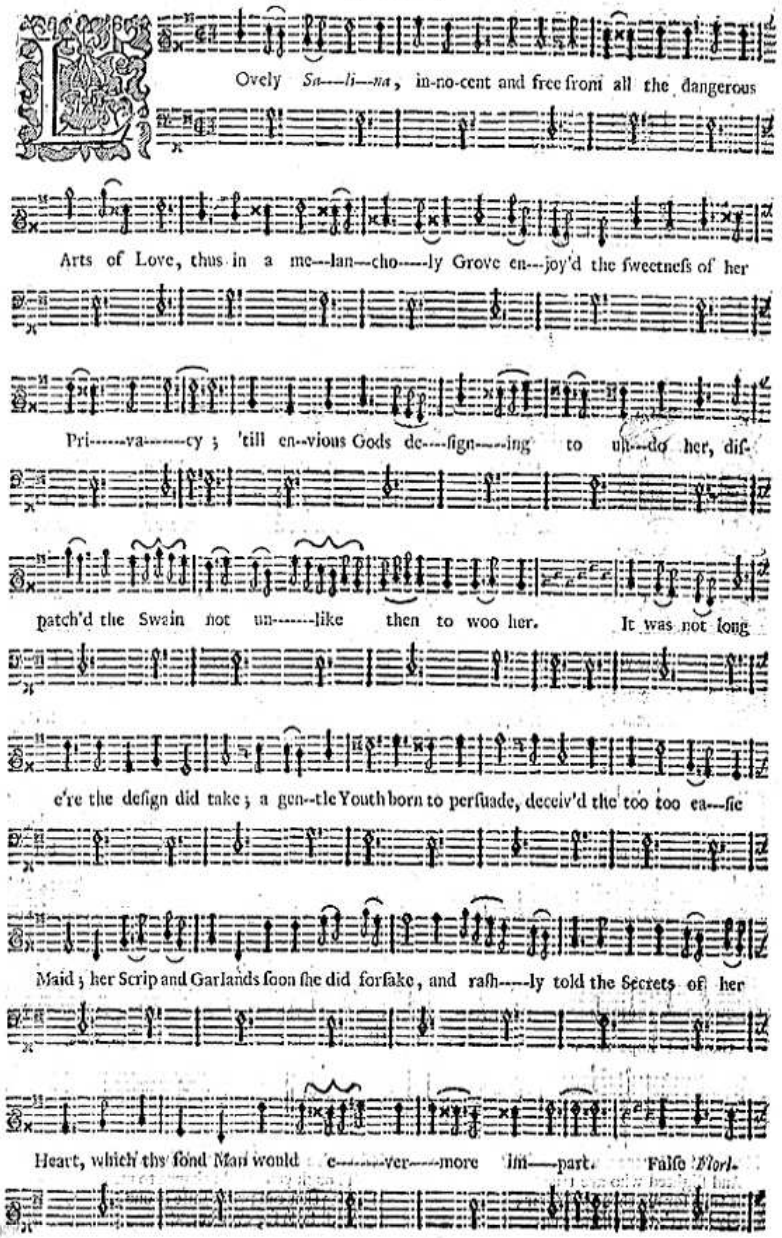


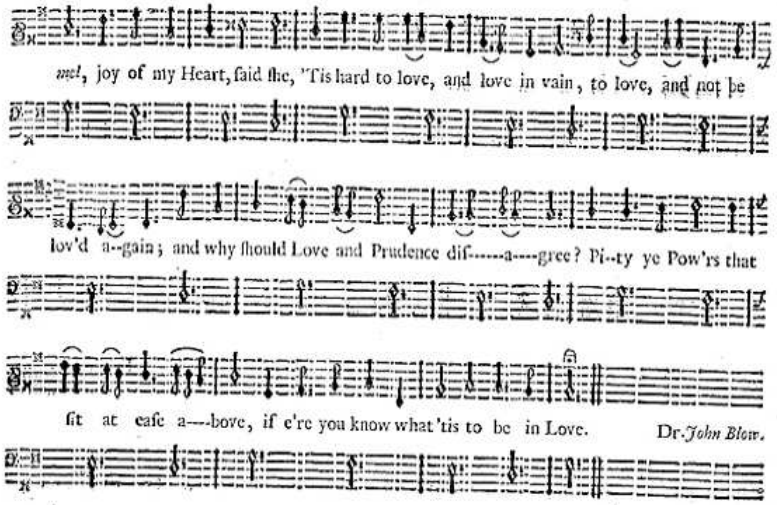


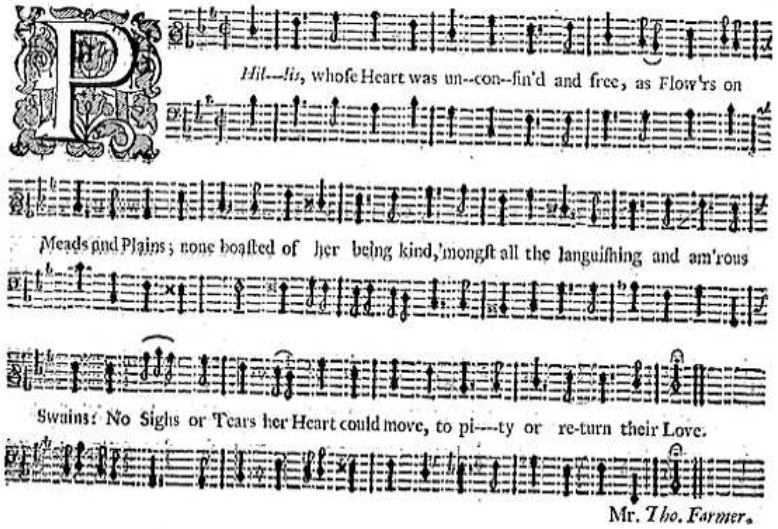
II.

Muſt all be Cozeners who are fain?
And ſlighted who are true?
'Tis time for me then to deſpair,
My Heart's too juſt for you.

If you're engag'd, then I'm undone,
Though you ſhould change to me;
For ſhe that can prove falſe to one,
Will falſe for ever be.







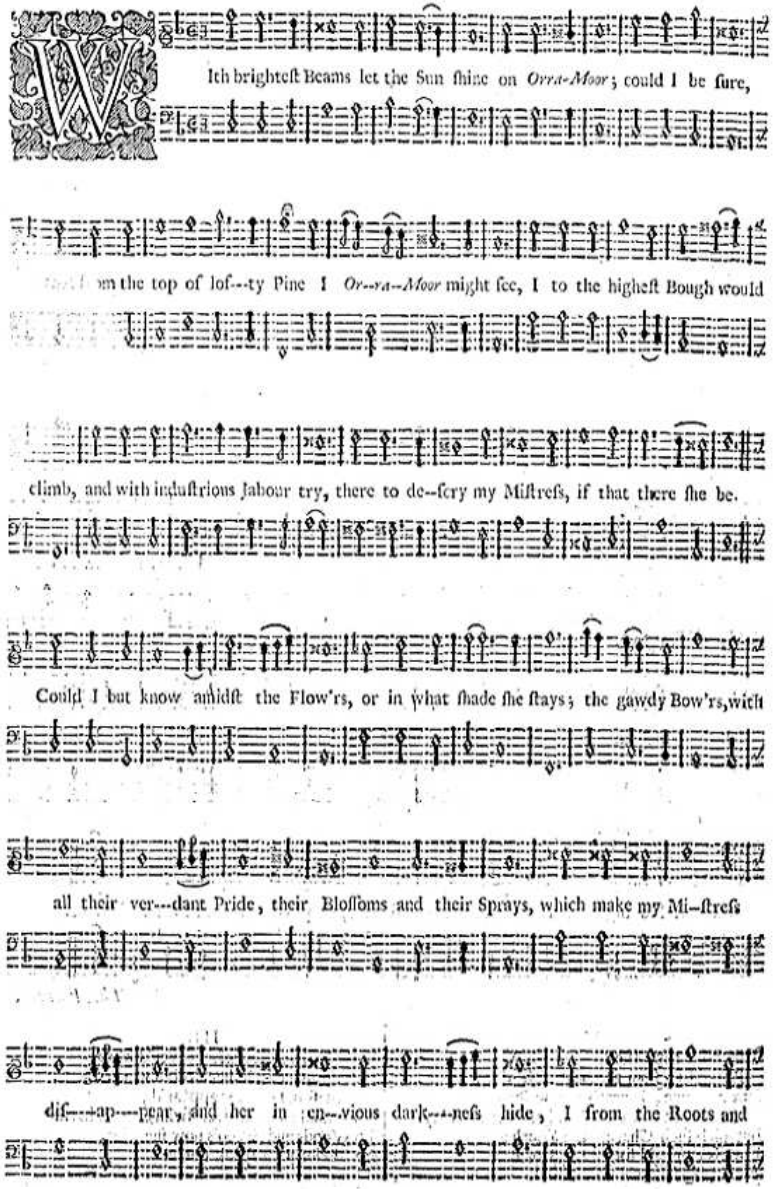
II.

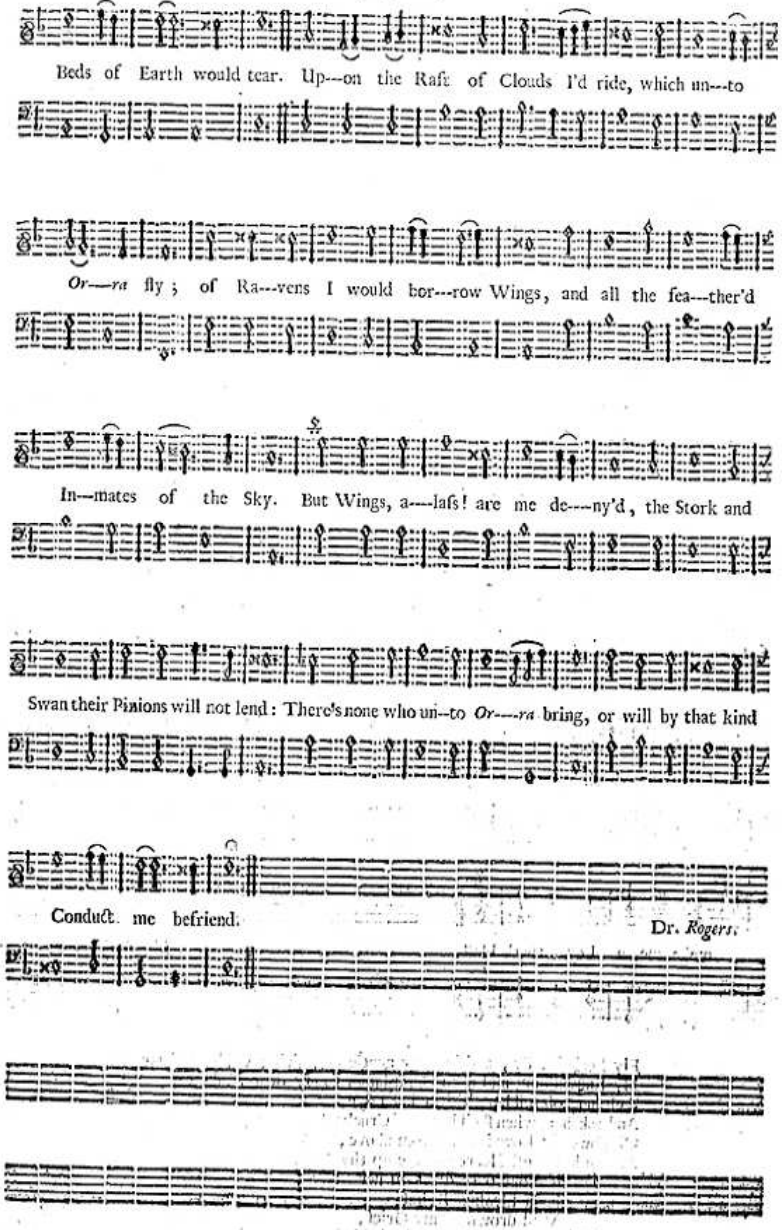
'Till on a time the hapless Maid
Retir'd to shun the heat o'th' day,
Into a Grove, beneath whose shade
Sweetly the careless Shepherd slept and lay.
But oh! such Charms the Youth adorn,
Love is revenge'd for all her Scorn.

III.

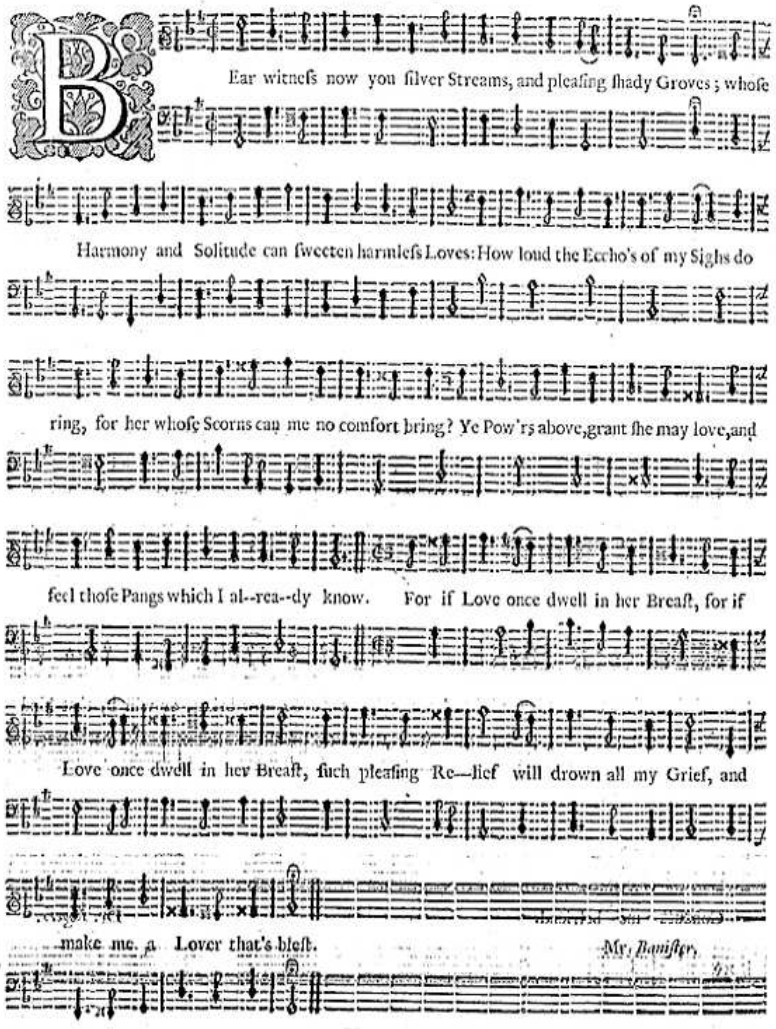
Her Cheeks with blushes cover'd were,
And tender sighs her Bosom warm'd;
A softness in her Eyes appear'd,
Unusual Pains she feels from every Charm.
To Woods and Eccho's now she cries,
For Modesty to speak denies.

ORRA-MOOR, a *Lapland* Song.



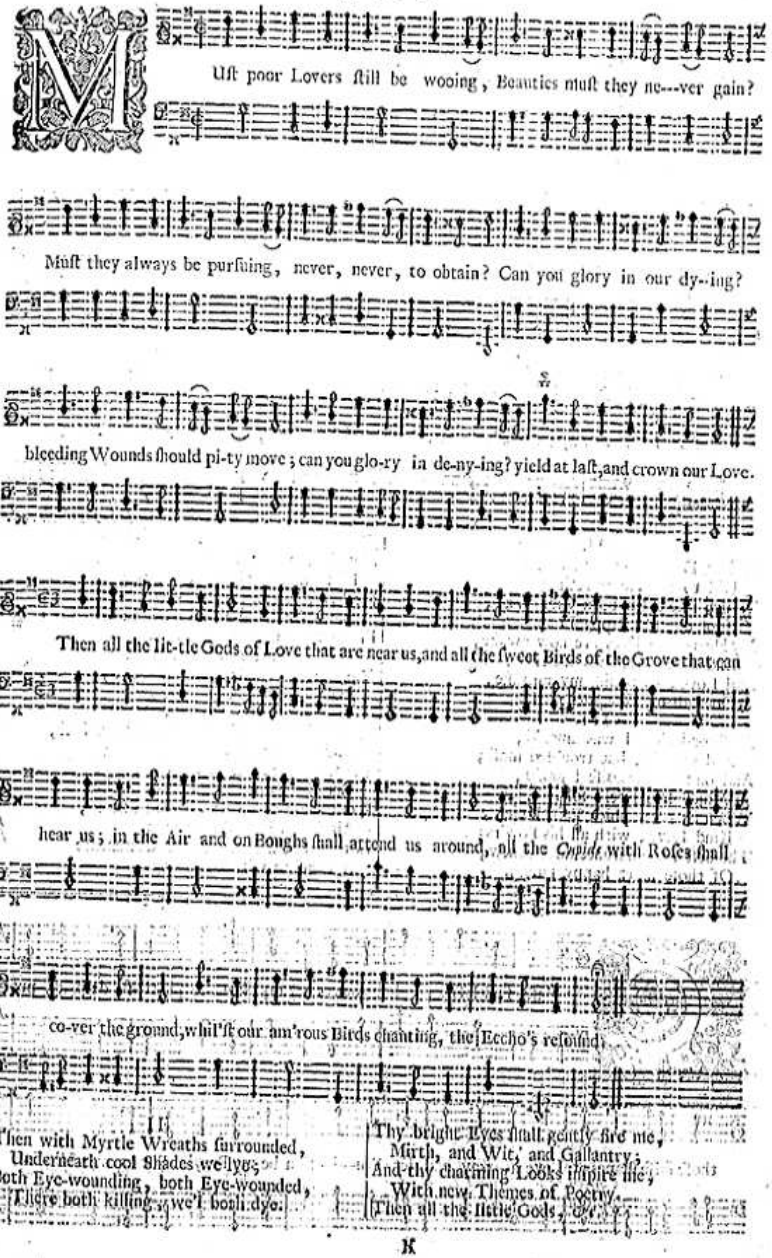


Dr. *Rogers*.



II.

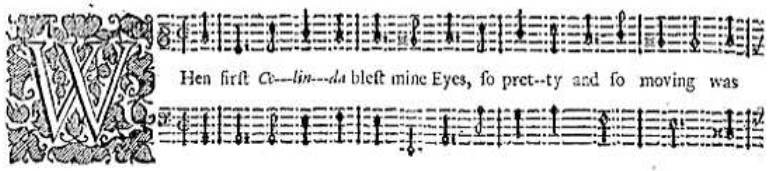
Fly Eccho's, fly, and in your gentle murm'ring Whifpers bear
My Languifhing and deep Complaints to my dear *Phillis* ear;
Tell her, oh tell her, 'tis for her I dye,
And ask her, when fhe'l leave off Cruelty?
Oh powerful Love! come from above,
And in her chaft Heart go take up thy feat:
For if Love once dwell in her Breaft,
Such pleafing Relief
Will drown all my Grief,
And make me a Lover that's bleft.



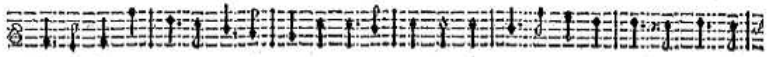
III.

Then with Myrtle Wreaths furrounded,
Underneath cool Shades we lye,
Both Eye-wounding, both Eye-wounded,
Here both killing, we'l both dye.

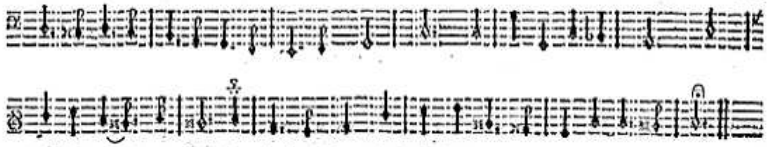
Thy bright Eyes fhall gently fire me,
Mirth, and Wit, and Gallantry,
And thy charming Looks infpire me,
With new Themes of Poetry.
Then all the little Gods, &c.



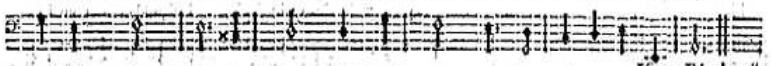
When first *Co---lin---da* blest mine Eyes, so pret--ty and so moving was



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.

III.

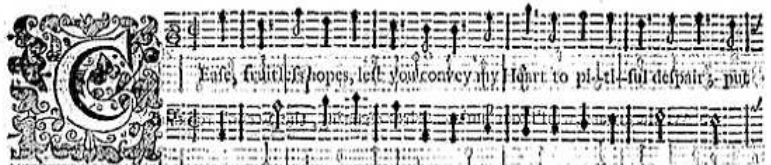
At second view I was amaz'd,
And griev'd, but troubled most;
And on that Paradise I gaz'd,
Which I so lately lost.
When that Seraphick Face I view,
Kind Love, with all his Pow'rs;
The best remembrance ides renew,
Of those short happy Hours.

IV.

Blest be the Hours that let me know,
Earth had so rich a Treasure;
I'le live and revel here below,
And swim in Seas of Pleasure:
I'le banquet all my Senses here,
And treat my Soul with Blisses;
Musick and Wit shall feed my Ear,
And Beauty give me kisses.

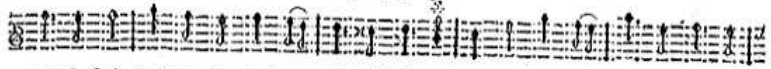
V.

Heav'n in thy Voice and Eyes thou hast,
And when I hear thee chanting;
I hear, I see, I smell, I tast,
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.

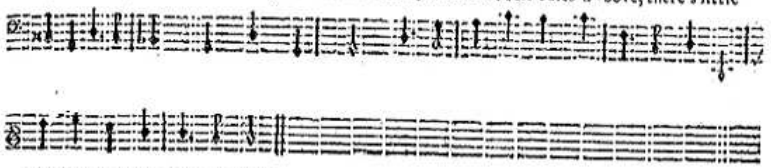


Cease, fruitless hopes, lest you convey my Heart to pi--ti--ful despair; put

those false Hopes of Love a--way, and let Fu---i---tion be my Pray'r: For to my Mistress



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.

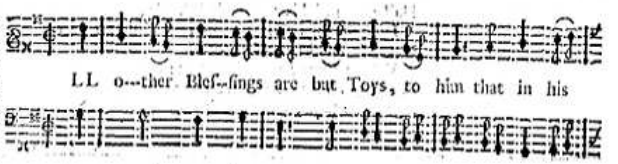
Isaac Blackwell.

II.

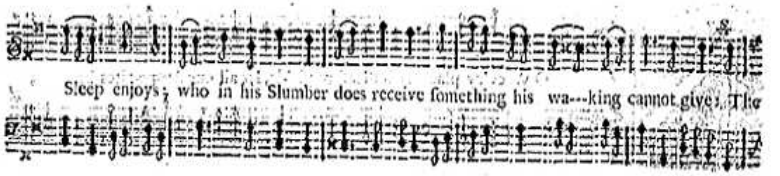
How strange a Vassal is her Fate,
To Tyrant Duty for dull Gain;
Love that's constrain'd oft turns to hate,
And makes the Union but in vain:
Yet Love is Mercenary made,
And Marriage turns into a Trade;
Where Int'rest must express
The measure of true Love and Happiness.

III.

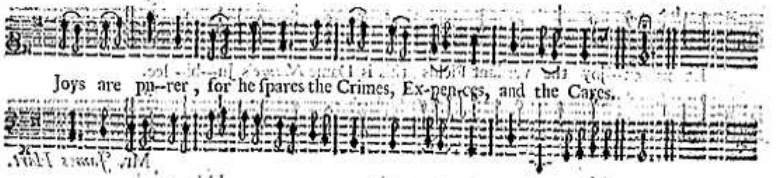
Affection should be brave and free,
And where it doubly pays its Charms;
It gains more by Civility,
Than all the glitt'ring force of Arms.
We still obey what is above,
As Fortune and the pow'r of Love;
But equal in Command
Do often struggle for the upper hand.



LL o---ther Bles--sings 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.

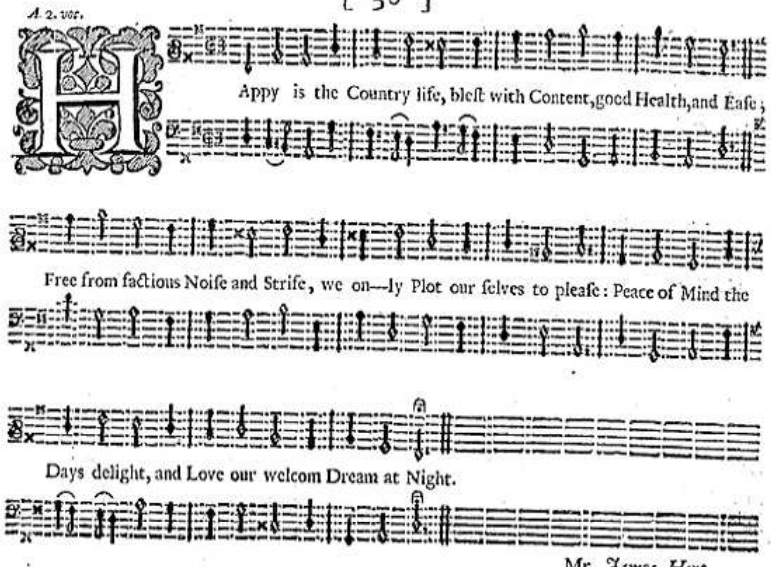
II.

Thus when *Adam* got the Stone,
To Love the Boy still made his Moan;

III.

Venus the Queen of Beauty came,
And as he slept, she cool'd his Flame:
The Fairy charm'd him as he lay,
And Fancy brought the Stone away.

A 2. voc.

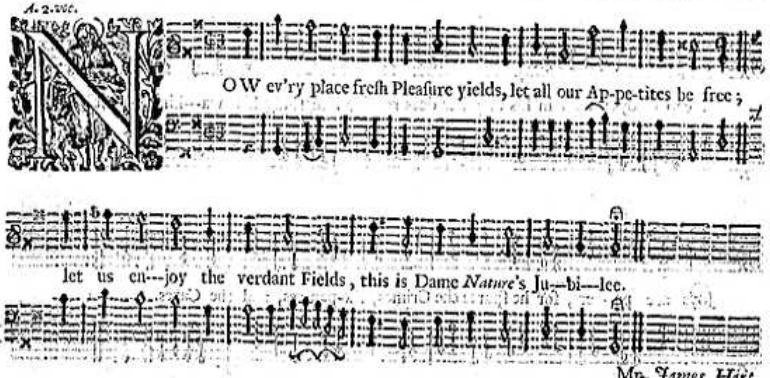


Mr. *James Hart.*

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. voc.



Mr. *James Hart.*

II.

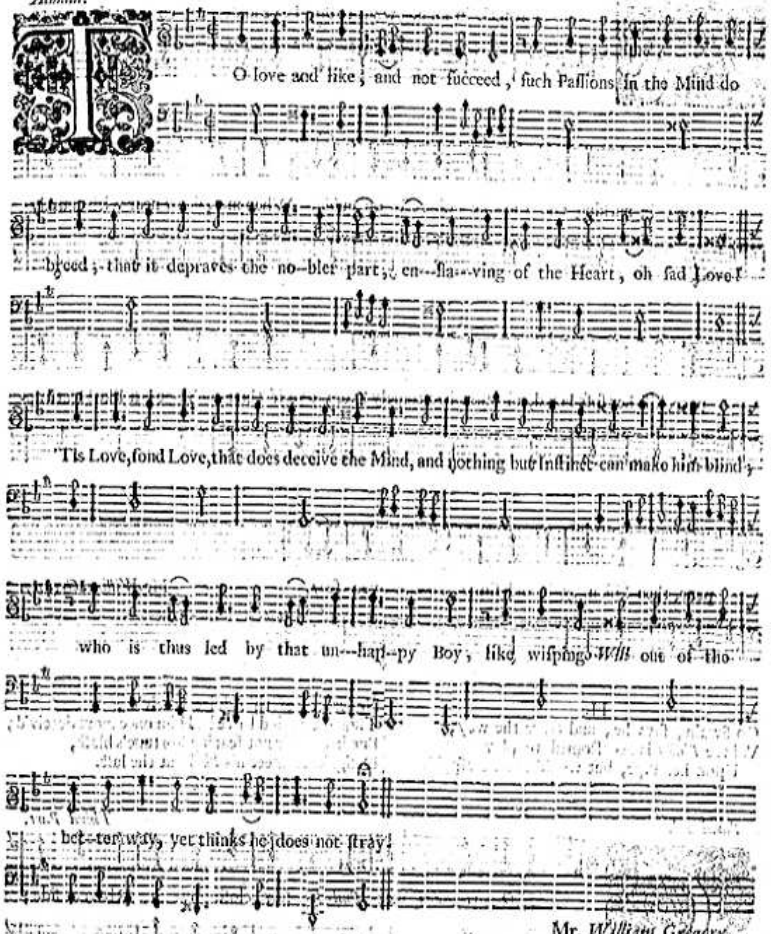
With Garlands made of sweetest Flow'rs,
Our Temples bound we'l dance and sing;
So blithly will we pass the Hours
As to promote the growing Spring.

III.

The *Sylvan* Gods, the Nymphs and Fawns,
Shall to our Chorus joyn their Voice,
The Woods, the Streams, and Hills, and Lawns,
Loudly in Eccho's shall rejoyce.

CORIDON *and* PHILLIS, *or the* Cautious Lover.

Almain.

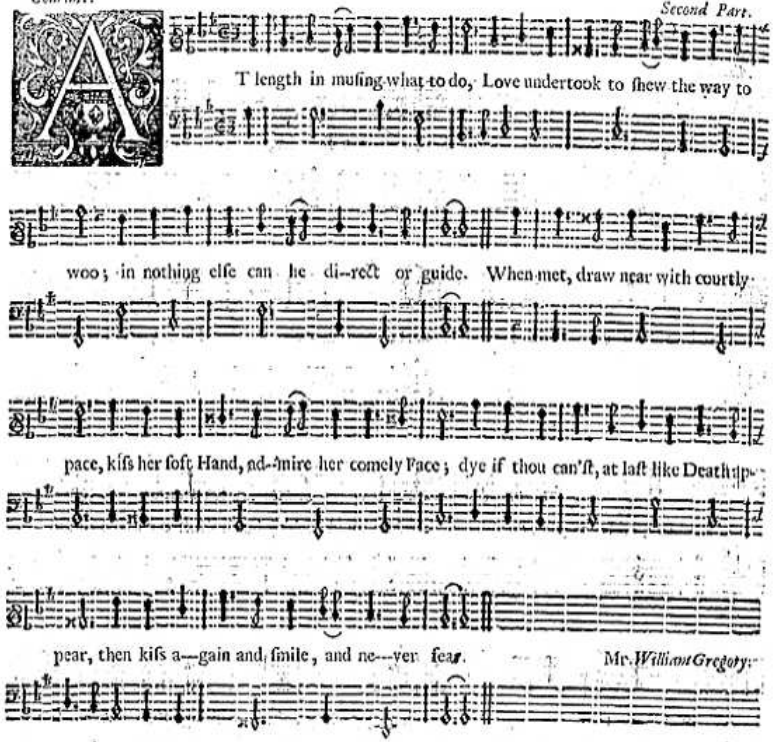


Mr. *William Gregory.*

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 *Love*.
So *Coridon* a Barnsels loving Swain,
Who willingly his *Phillis* would obtain;
But durst not venture to disclose the smart,
That Love, by an unlucky poyson'd Dart,
Had shot into his Heart.

Courant. *Second Part.*

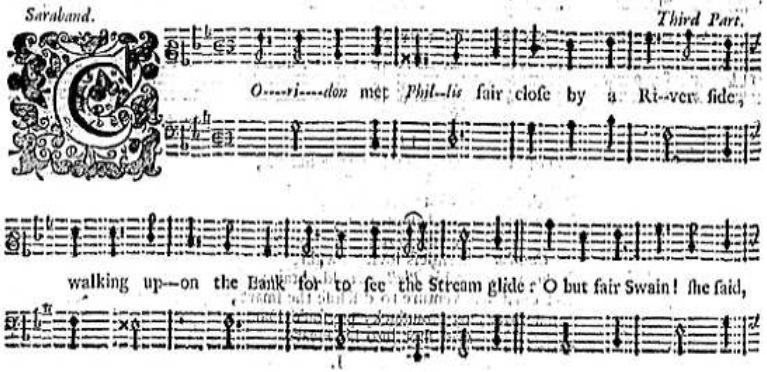


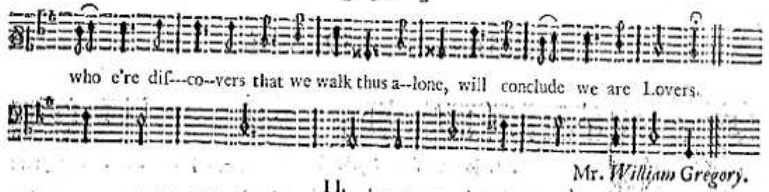
II.

Go Swain, says he, and trace the way,
Where *Phillis* 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 *Phillis* at the last.

Saraband. *Third Part.*





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 asham'd.

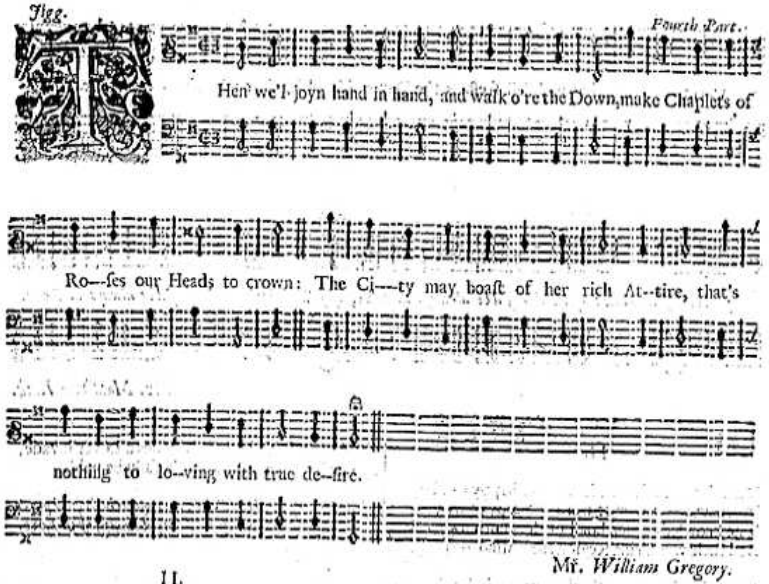
III.

If *Coridon* should prove a Traytor in his Zeal,
To make his *Phillis* fond, and her Passions should reveal:
Unhappy she'd appear, more than all the Nymphs beside,
To yield unto a Swain at the first time that she's try'd.

IV.

Let not fair *Phillis* fear, false Thoughts dare enter
Into this Breast 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.

Jigg. *Fourth Part.*



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.

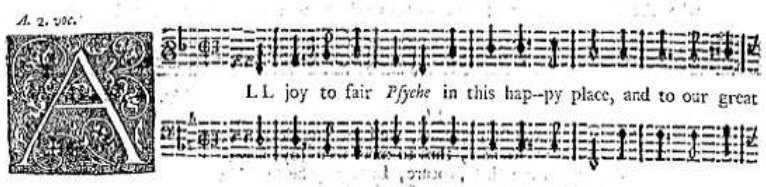
When the World is turmoil'd with trouble & care,
The Rich and the Great may therein have share;
But we in our Love from that shall be free,
And none shall more happily live than we.

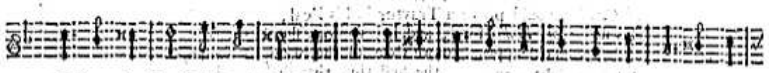
IV.

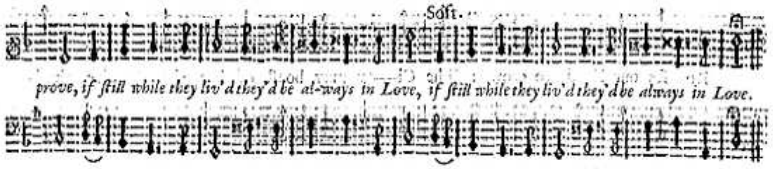
When thou with thy Pipe shalt good Musick make,
Then we with our Feet will true Measures take;
And thus will we spend the day in Delight,
And be no less pleasant when it is night.

A Song in PSYCHE.

A. 2. voc.







Mr. *Matthew Lock.*

II.

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.

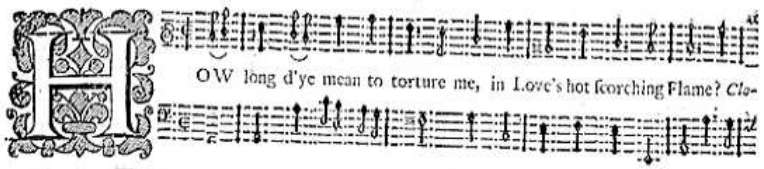
Love Sighs and his Tears are mixt with Delights,
But were he still pester'd with Cares & with Frights,
Should a thousand more Troubles a Lover invade,
By one happy moment they'd fully be paid.

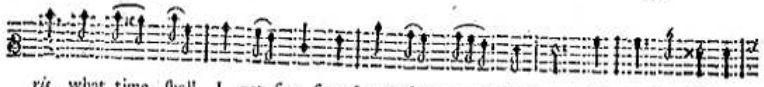
Chor. *No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove,*
If still while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.

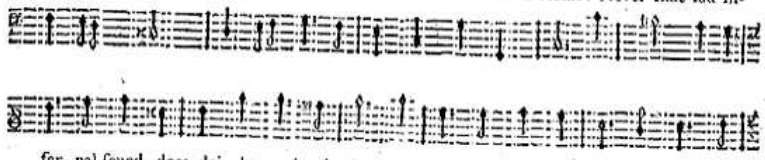
IV.

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.







II.

That I do love, *Cloris*, 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 (Death.

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 let 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'nt 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.

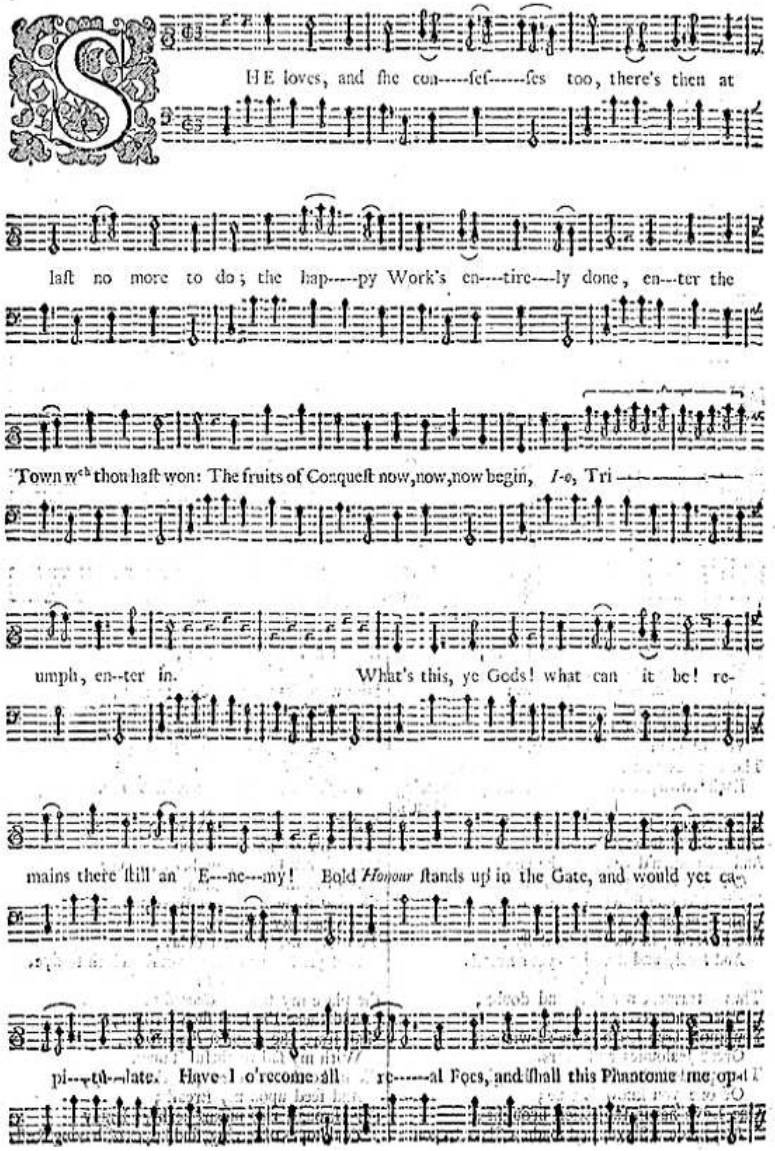
VI.

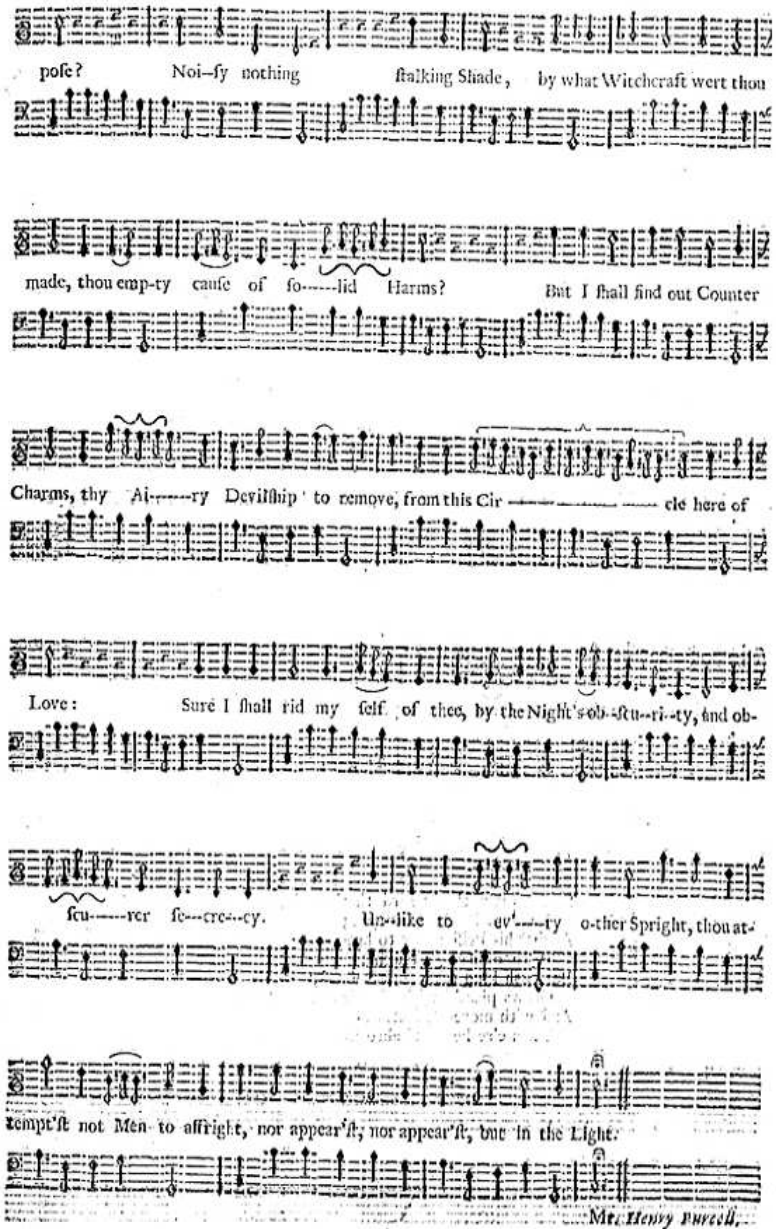
And since you did my Woes procure,
I'le try if Torments can
Increase my Flame, or help to cure
A Love-distracted Man.
I'le find some sure, yet speedy way,
To end my Misery;
Too long my Ruine I delay,
And yet seem loth, and yet seem loth to dye.

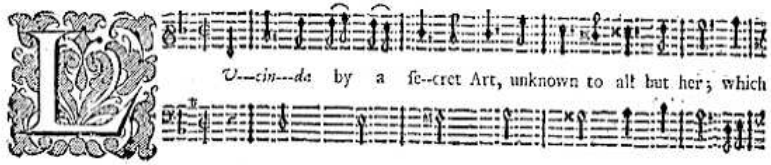
VII.

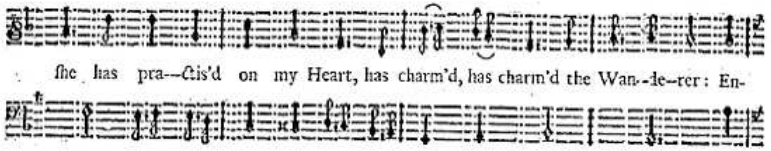
I'le place my self on *Caucasus*,
And there I'le lend such Groans,
Shall scare the damn'd *Prometheus*,
With my sad frightful Tones.
I'le make the Vultures quit their Prey,
And feed upon my Breast;
For through this means perhaps I may
Find hopes of having, find hopes of having Rest.

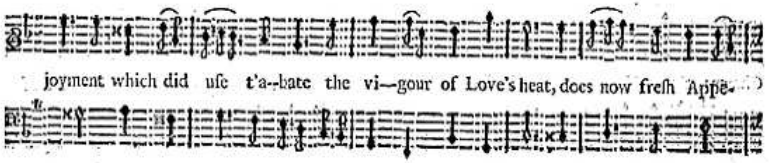
A SONG *upon a* Ground.

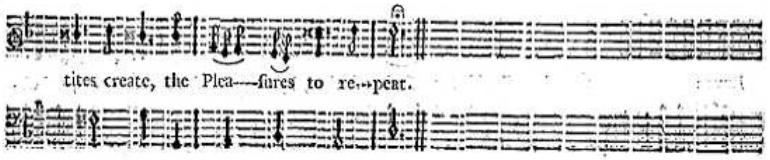






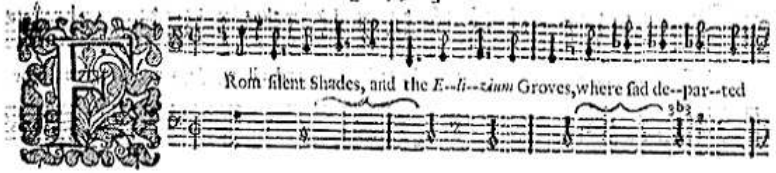


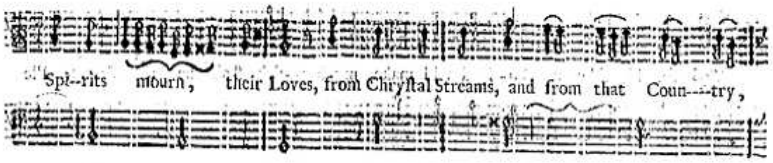


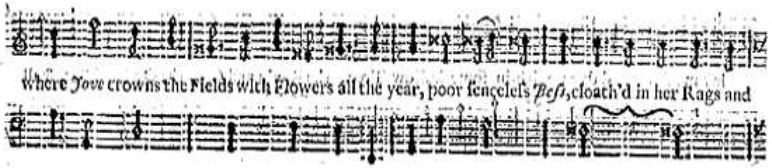


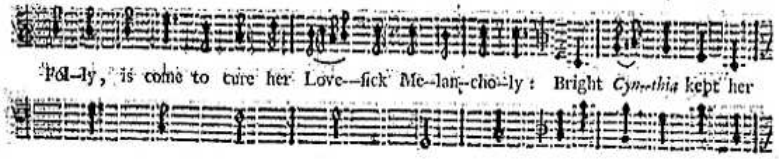
II.

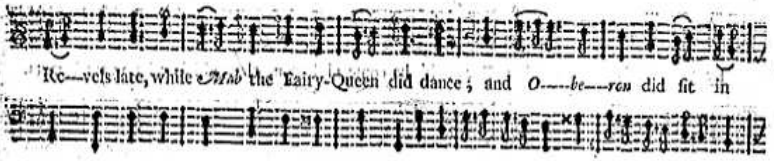
So fares it with the Bird that's took,
And into Bondage brought;
At first his Prison how to brook,
With difficulty's taught:
But with kind tender usage bred,
Grows pleas'd with his Abode;
And with more Delicates is fed,
Than e're he found abroad.

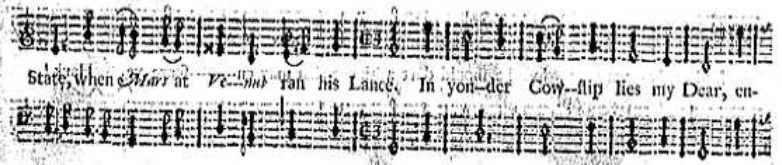


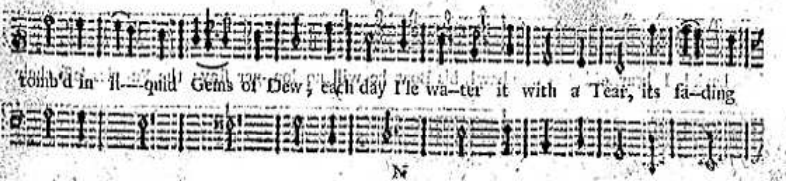












Blossom to re----new: For since my Love is dead, and all my Joys are gone; poor

Best for his sake a Gar--land will make, my Mu--sick shall be a Groan. I'le

lay me down and dye; with-in some hollow Tree, the Ray'n 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--ware 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 *Best* 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

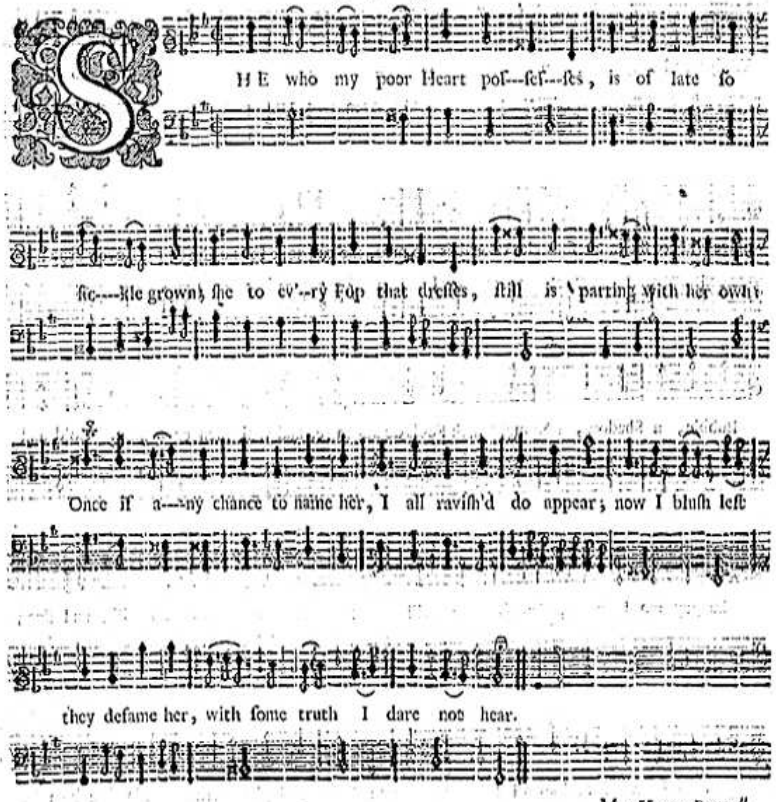
Bubble, a Shadow, a Name, which Fools do ad--mire, and wise Men en---dure. Cold and

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 *Best* in her Straw, whil'st free from the

Law, in her Thoughts is as great, great as a King.

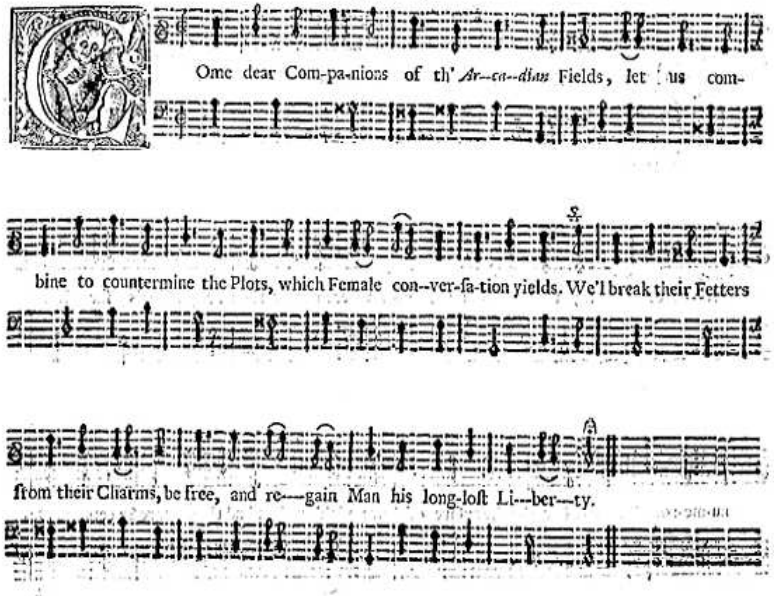
Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



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.

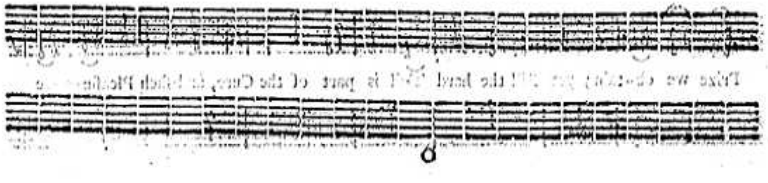


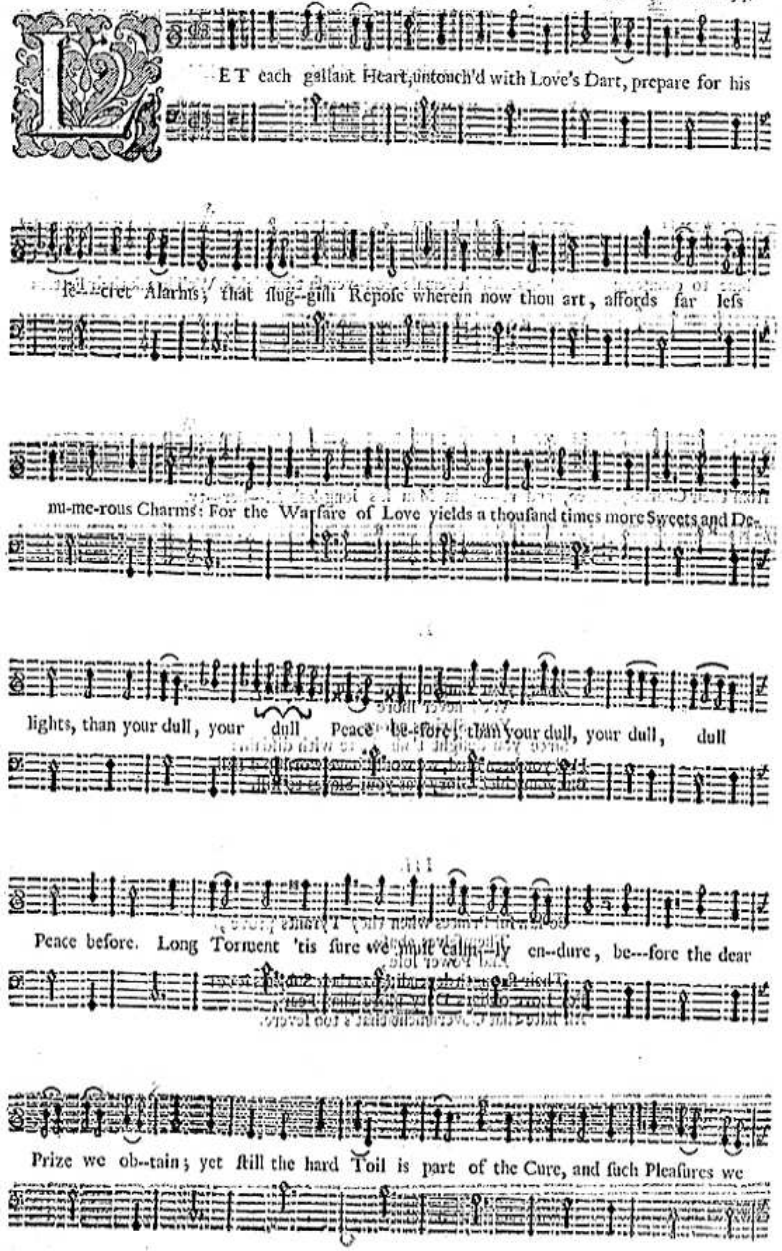
II.

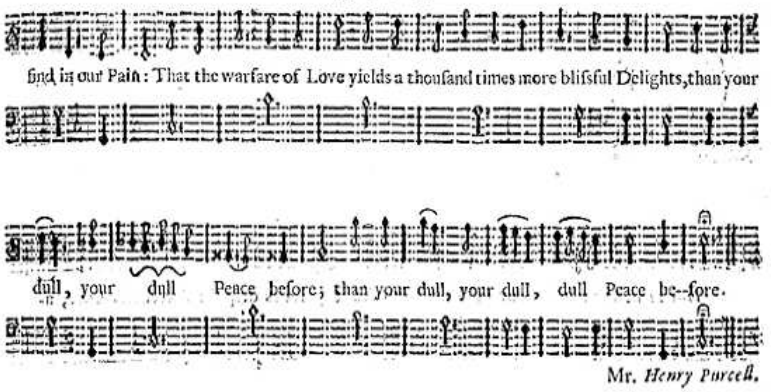
Beauty your Empire now is in its wane,
We'l never more
Your Shrines adore,
Since you delight t' abosciate with disdain:
Had you been kind, we would have worship'd still,
But your chief Glory was your Slaves to kill.

III.

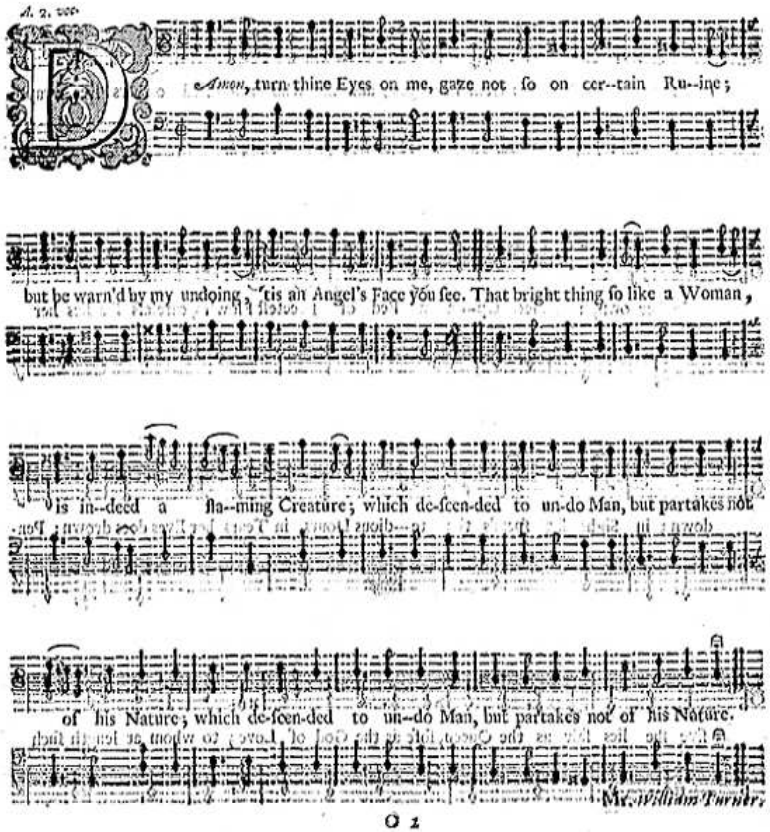
So lawful Princes when they Tyrants prove,
Themselves abuse,
And Power lose,
Their strength depending on their Subjects love:
For Love obliges Duty more than Fear,
All hate that Government that's too severe.



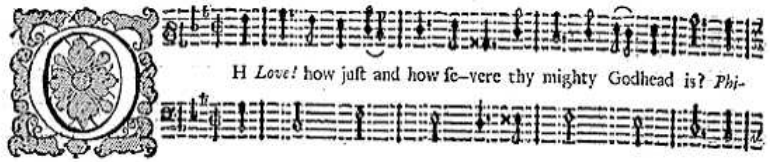


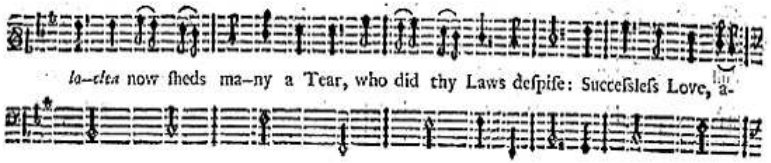


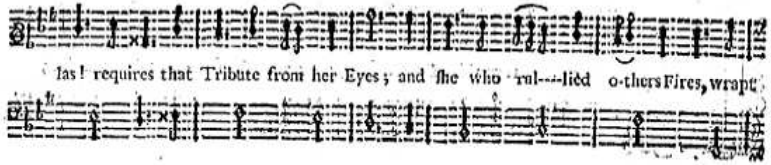
Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

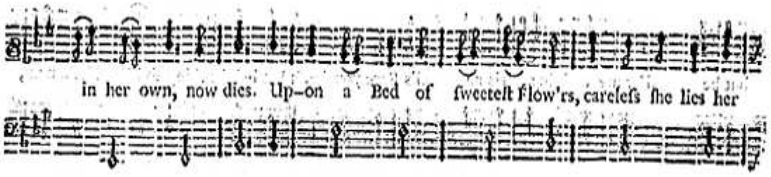


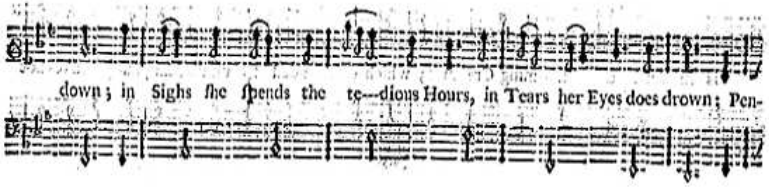
Mr. *William Turner.*

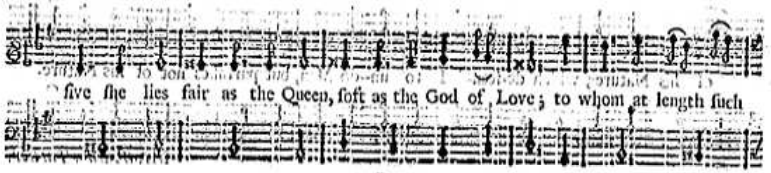


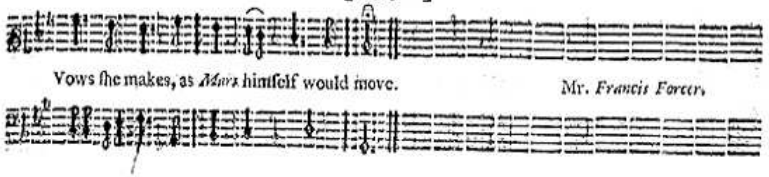












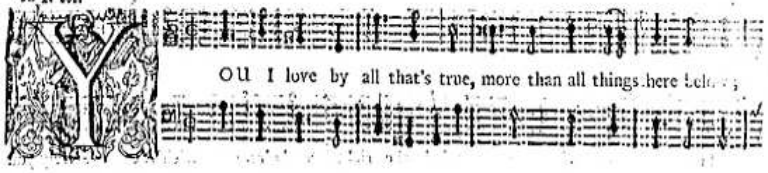
II.

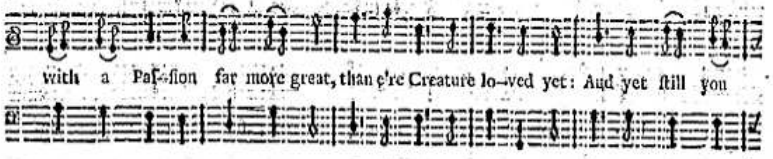
Spare, O spare a tender Maid,
Who never knew thy Power;
Till by a faithless Swain betray'd,
In vain she did Adore:
Encrease these Flames, that soon they may
This wretched Frame consume;
And not to torment by delay,
But quickly seal my Doom.

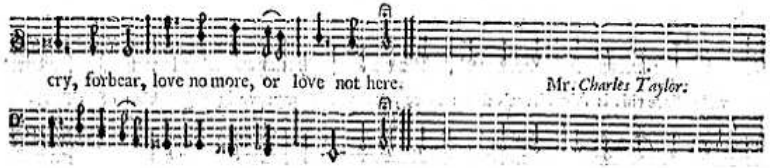
III.

Or if for past Offences,
Must linger out my days
In Torments constant, 'till I dye,
The Murderer I'le 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.





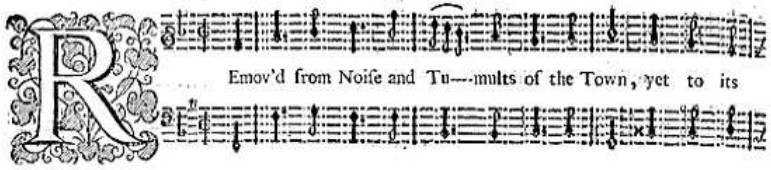


II.

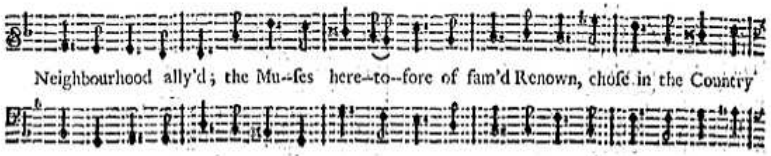
Bid the Miser leave his Ore,
Bid the Wretched sigh no more;
Bid the Old be young again,
Bid the Nun not think of Man:
Sylvia, this when you can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

III.

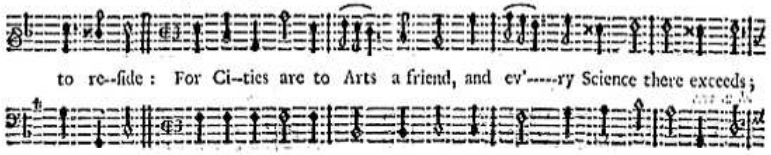
Love's not a thing of Choice, but Fate,
That makes me love, that makes you hate:
Sylvia then do what you will,
Ease or cure, torment or kill;
Be kind or cruel, false or true,
Love I must, and none but you.



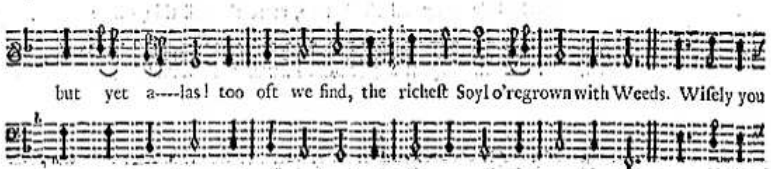
Emov'd from Noise and Tu---mults of the Town, yet to its



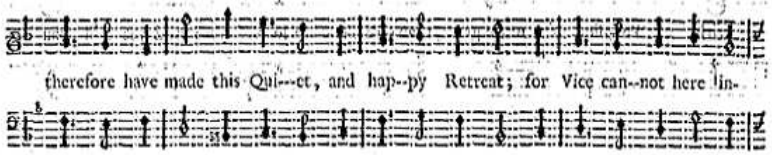
Neighbourhood ally'd; the Mu--ses here--to--fore of fam'd Renown, chose in the Country



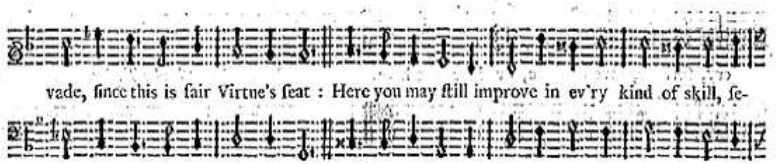
to re--side: For Ci--ties are to Arts a friend, and ev'-----ry Science there exceeds;



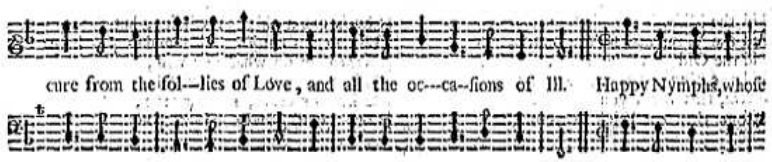
but yet a----las! too oft we find, the richest Soyl o'regrown with Weeds. Wisely you



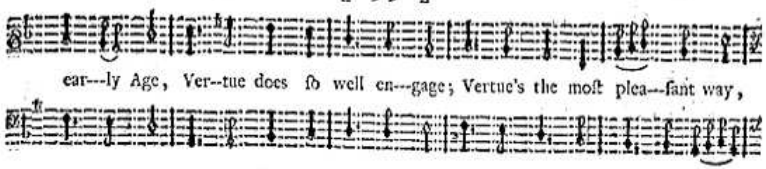
therefore have made this Qui---et, and hap--py Retreat; for Vice can--not here in-



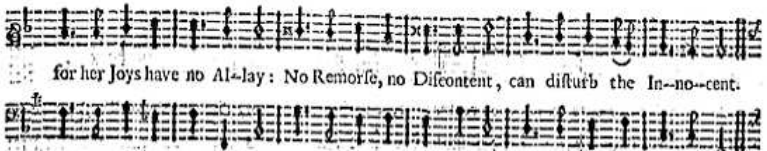
vade, since this is fair Virtue's seat: Here you may still improve in ev'ry kind of skill, se-



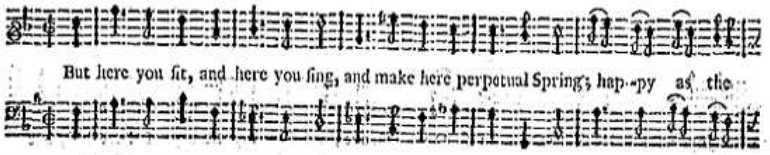
cure from the fol--lies of Love, and all the oc---ca--sions of Ill. Happy Nymphs, whose



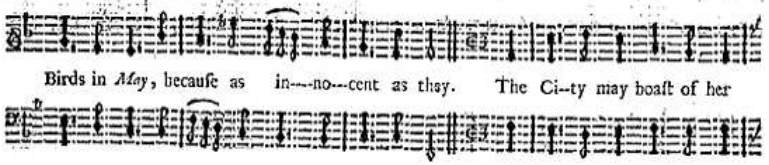
ear---ly Age, Ver--tue does so well en---gage; Vertue's the most plea---sant way,



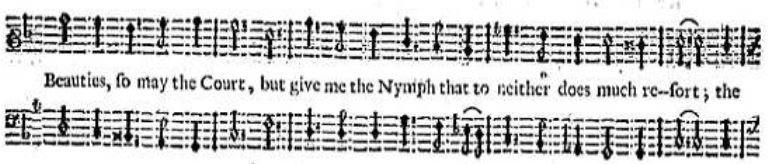
for her Joys have no Al--lay: No Remorse, no Discontent, can disturb the In--no--cent.



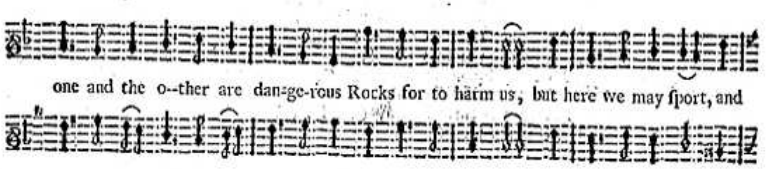
But here you sit, and here you sing, and make here perpetual Spring; hap--py as the



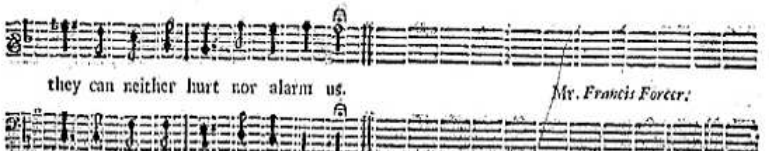
Birds in *May*, because as in----no---cent as they. The Ci--ty may boast of her



Beauties, so may the Court, but give me the Nymph that to neither does much re--sort; the

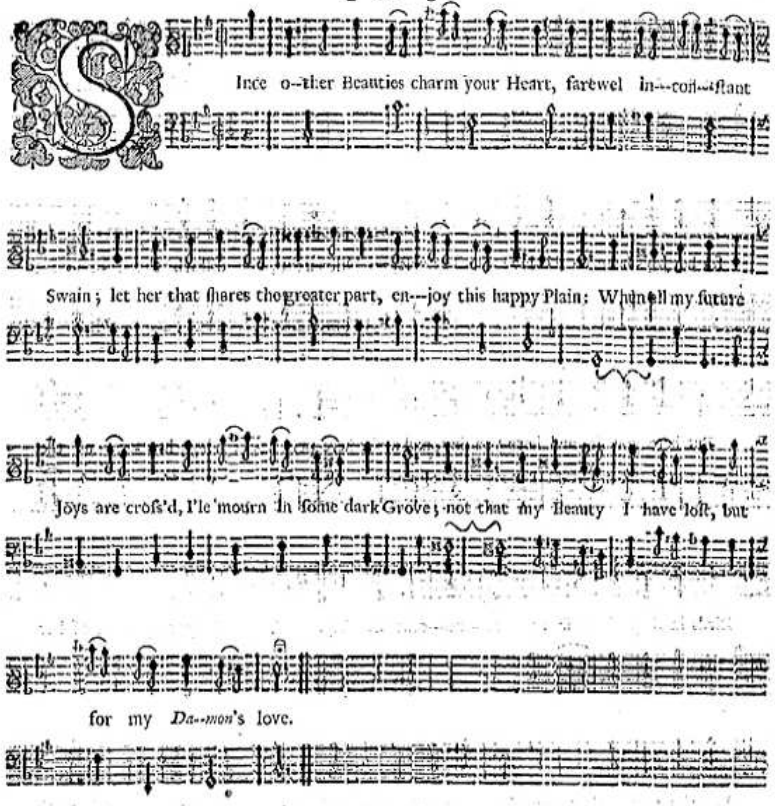


one and the o--ther are dan-ge-rous Rocks for to harm us, but here we may sport, and



they can neither hurt nor alarm us.

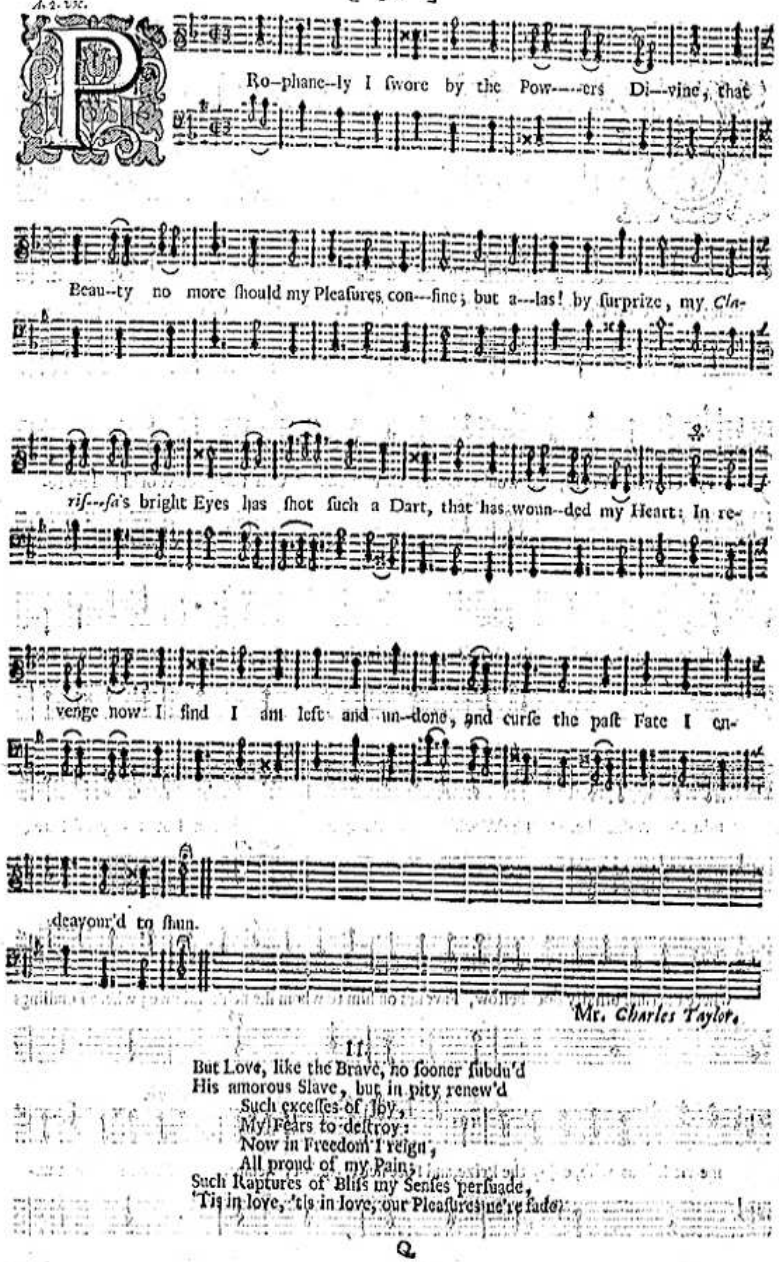
Mr. Francis Forcer.



II.

The Willow-Green shall crown my Head,
And wrap my Body round;
I'le gather Leaves to make my Bed
Upon the mossy Ground:
To every Spring and ecchoing Grove,
My mournful Song shall be,
Beauty was thrown away (for Love,)
On vain Inconstancy.

A 2. VX.



Mr. Charles Taylor.

II.

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 we're fade.

A Dialogue *between* Daphney *and* Amintas.

Daphney.

O pale *A--min--tas* does thy Looks appear, as if thy Doom drew

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-

lief, to cure thy melancholy Grief? nor tempting hopes of Happiness draw near, that may con-

Amin.

tain thy Wishes here? The World in all its Pomp and State, is but a Lot--te--ry of Fate,

where Fortune blindly does bestow, Favours on him to whom she ne're did owe; where Fondlings

Daph.

me-rit-less as wise, enjoy the Prize, and Fortune a Cheat un-

to our Hopes, is sent to steal a---way the Blessing of Content, de-pen--ding on our

Amin.

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

thee, more Troubles undergo; in all they think or do, and to the World less happy are than we.

Amin. *Daph.* *Amin.*

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'le charm a---way thy Grief with Har--mo--ny, all

Amin.

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 helpless Trouble live a—lone, let Envy make her moan;

harm; let helpless Trouble live a--------lone, let En--vy make her moan;

let helpless Trouble live a--lone, let En--vy, let En--vy make her moan, while

let helpless 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.

Usque Blackwell.

A. 2. voc. Canus & Bassus.

WHilst our Flocks feed up---on the Plains, let us re------tire to

Hilst 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

sing how we shall here thus live, thus love E--ter--nal--ly. Mr. *Ja. Hart.*

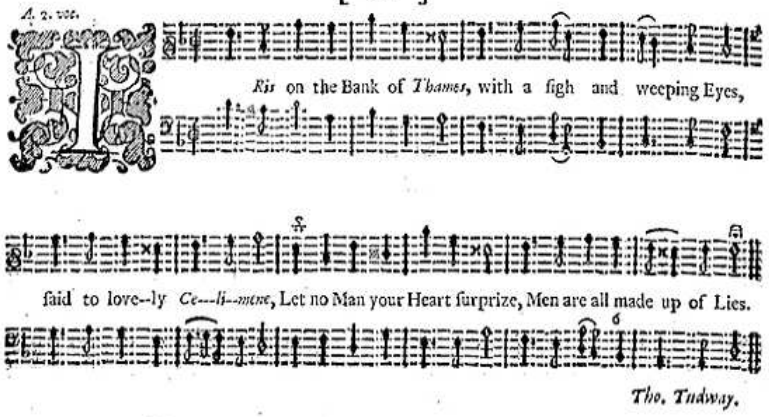
Quire, to sing how we shall here thus live, thus love E--ter--nal--ly.

II.

There the Winds shall in Consort blow,
And murmur on the Leaves a Bass,
Whilst the glad *Druids* in Dance below,
Singing shall sanctifie the place:

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.

A. 2. voc.



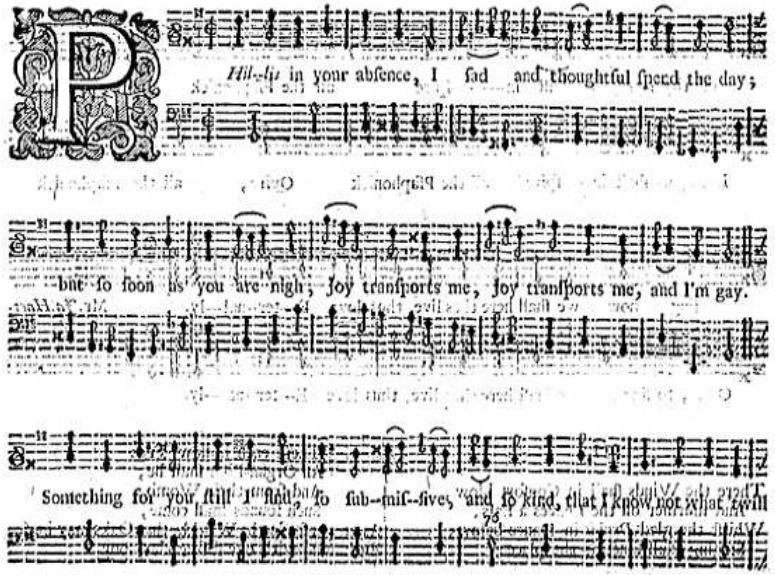
Tho. Tudway.

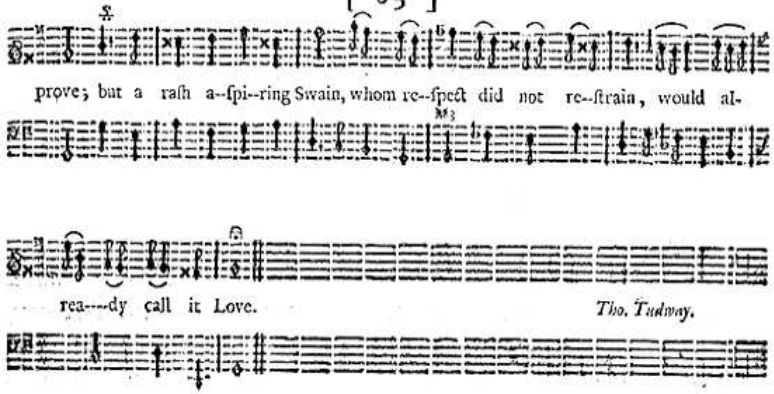
II.

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.

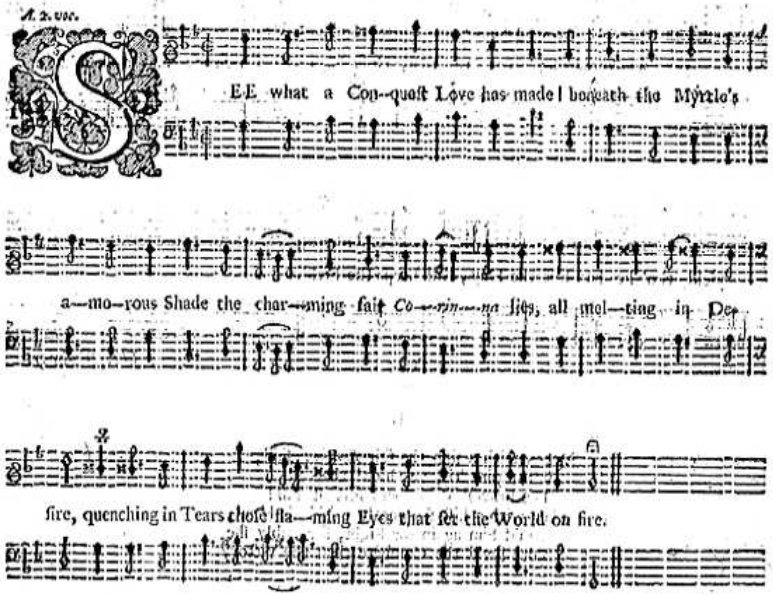
Wisely then preserve your Heart
From such Tyranny of Fate,
Which only then can act its part,
When Love has its return of hate,
And your Repentance comes too late.





Tho. Tudway.

A. 2. voc.



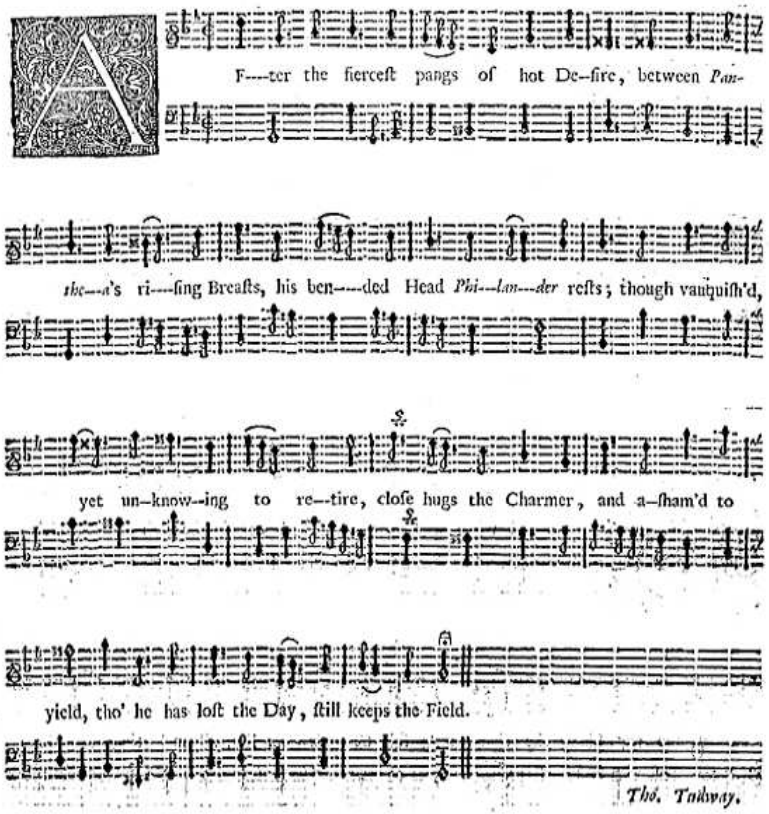
Tho. Tudway.

II.

What cannot Tears and Beauty do?
The Youth by chance stood by, and knew
For whom those Chrystal Streams did flow;
And though he ne're before
To her Eyes brightest Rays did bow,
Weeps to, and does adore.

III.

So when the Heavens serene and clear,
Gilded with lawdy Light appear,
Each craggy Rock and ev'ry Stone
Their native Rigour keep,
But when in Rain the Clouds fall down,
The hardest Marbles weep.

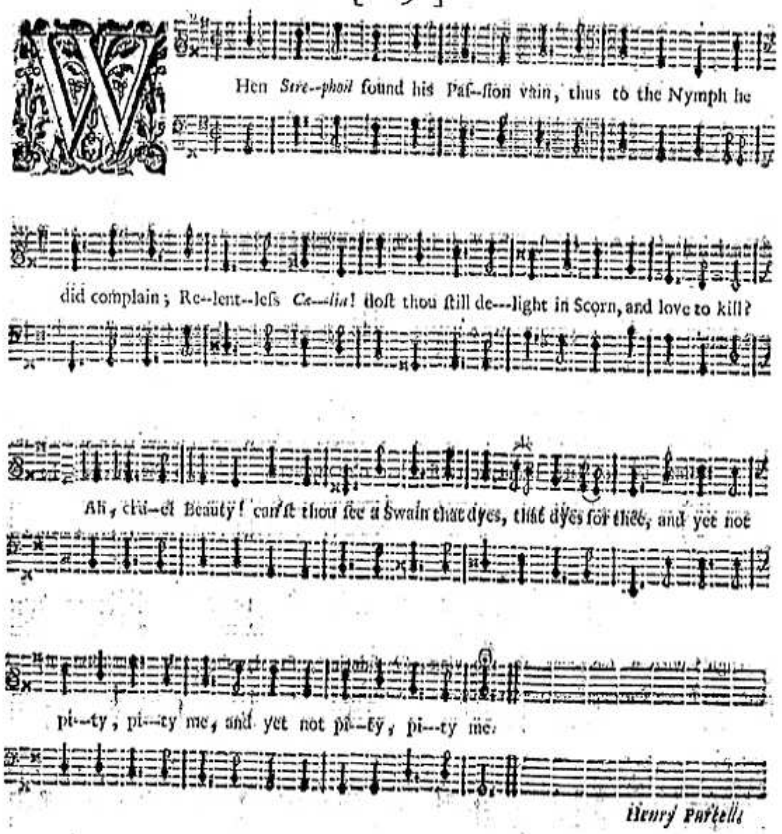


II.

When with a sigh the fair *Panthea* said,
What pity 'tis, ye Gods! that all
The bravest Warriours' soonest fall!
Then with a kiss she gently rais'd his Head,
Arm'd him again for Fight, for nobly she
More lov'd the Combate than the Victory.

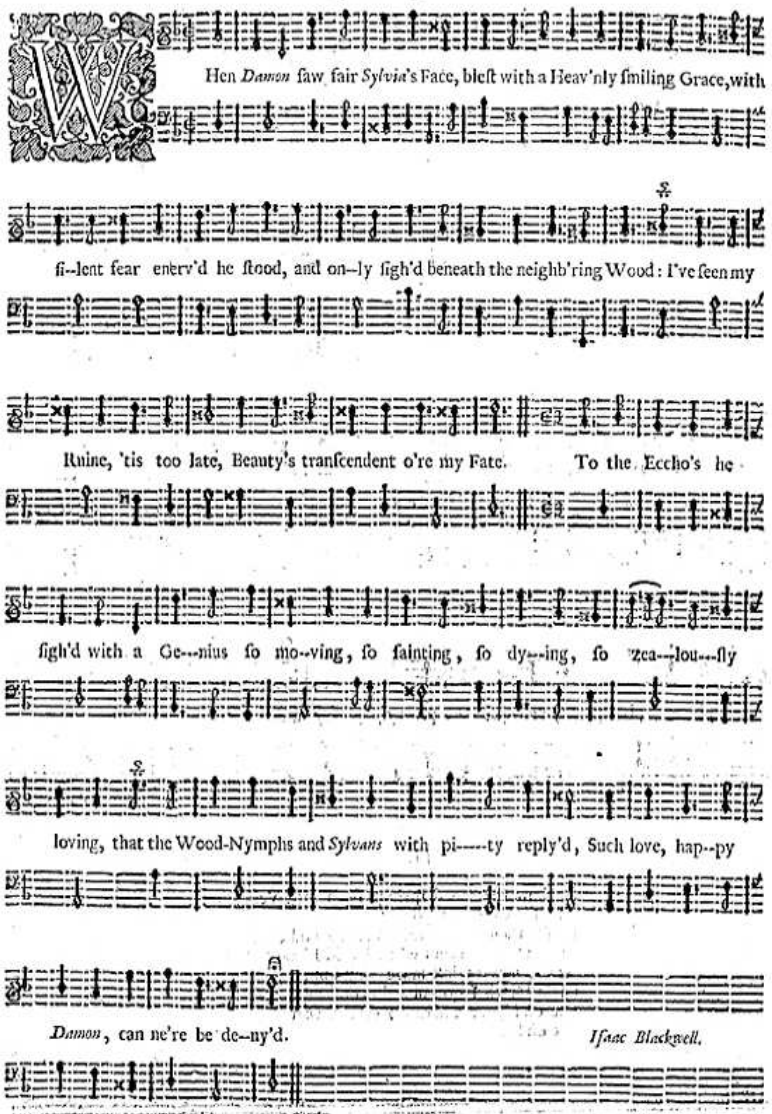
III.

Then more enrag'd for being beat before,
With all his strength he does prepare
More fiercely to renew the War,
Nor ceases till the noble Prize he bore;
Ev'n her such wond'rous Courage did surprise,
She hugs the Dart that wounded her, and dyes.



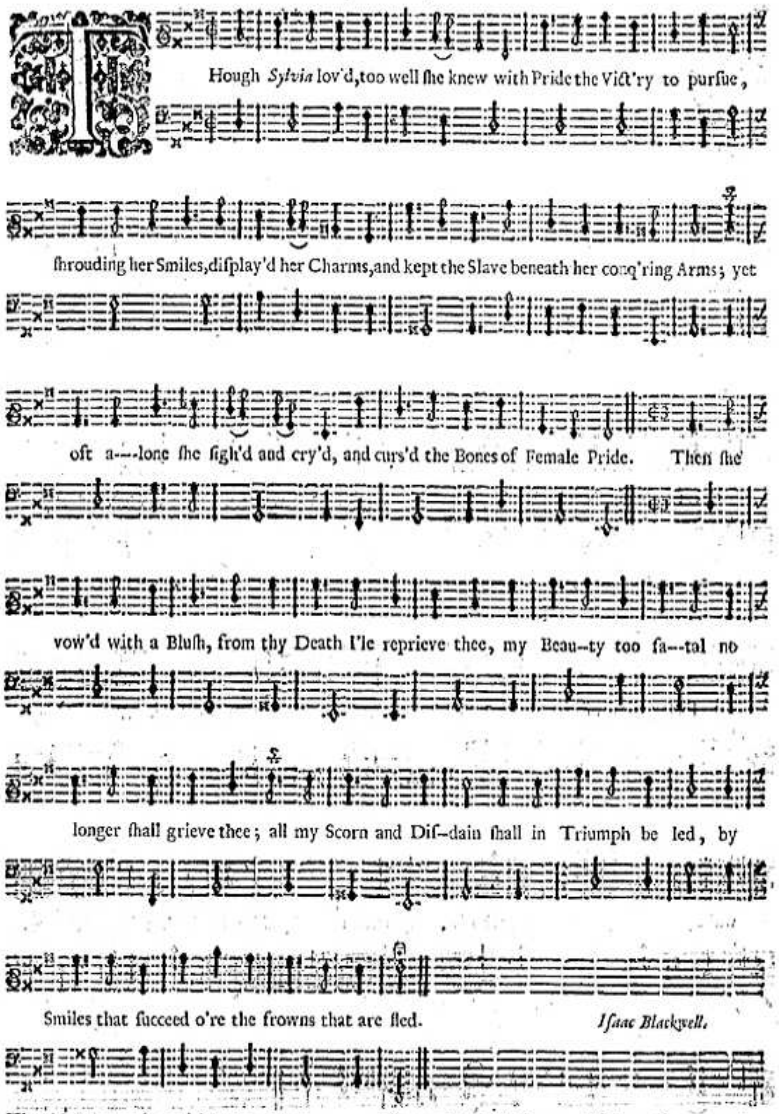
II.

See how the Blood springs from each Vein;
The sad effects of your Disdain;
Can'st 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.



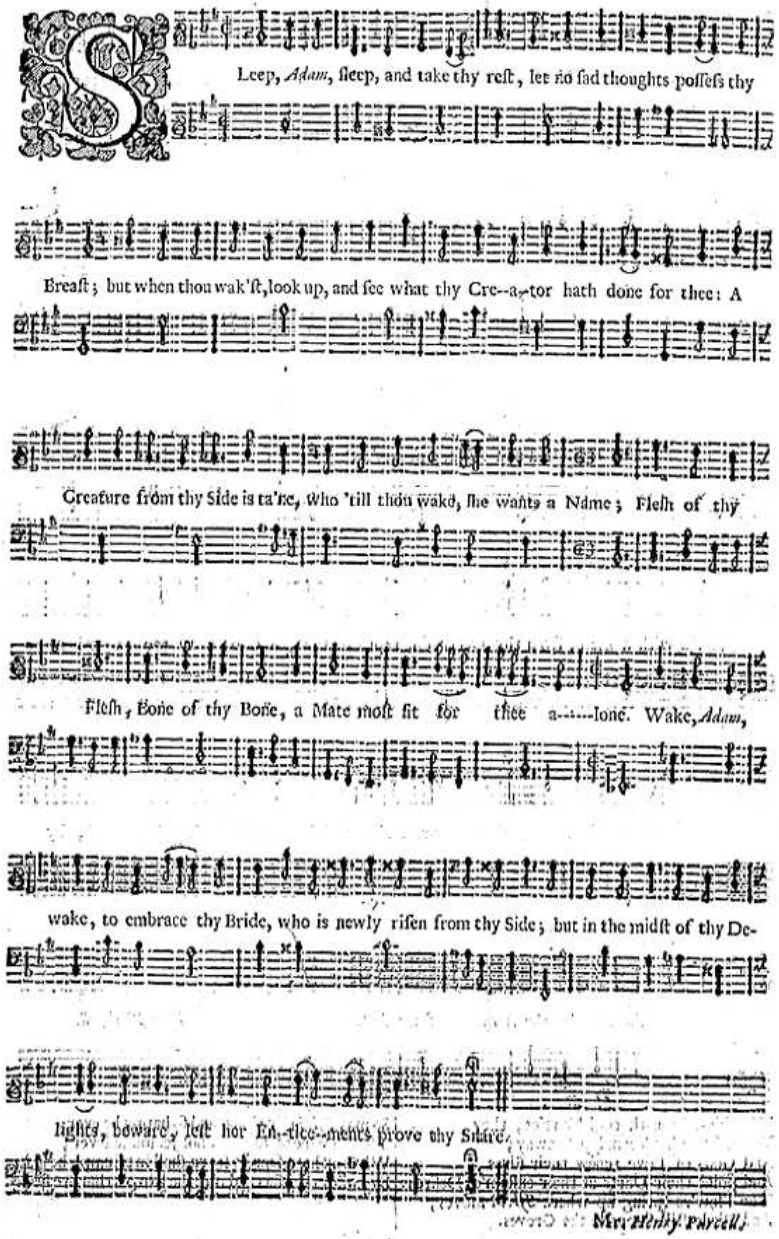
Encourag'd, he the Nymph implores,
With Fruits and Flow'rs her Pow'r adores;
His fearful Tongue scarce Love implies,
But leaves it to the Rhet'rick of his Eyes:
Yet oft a Sigh or Blush do show
What he would, would not have her know.

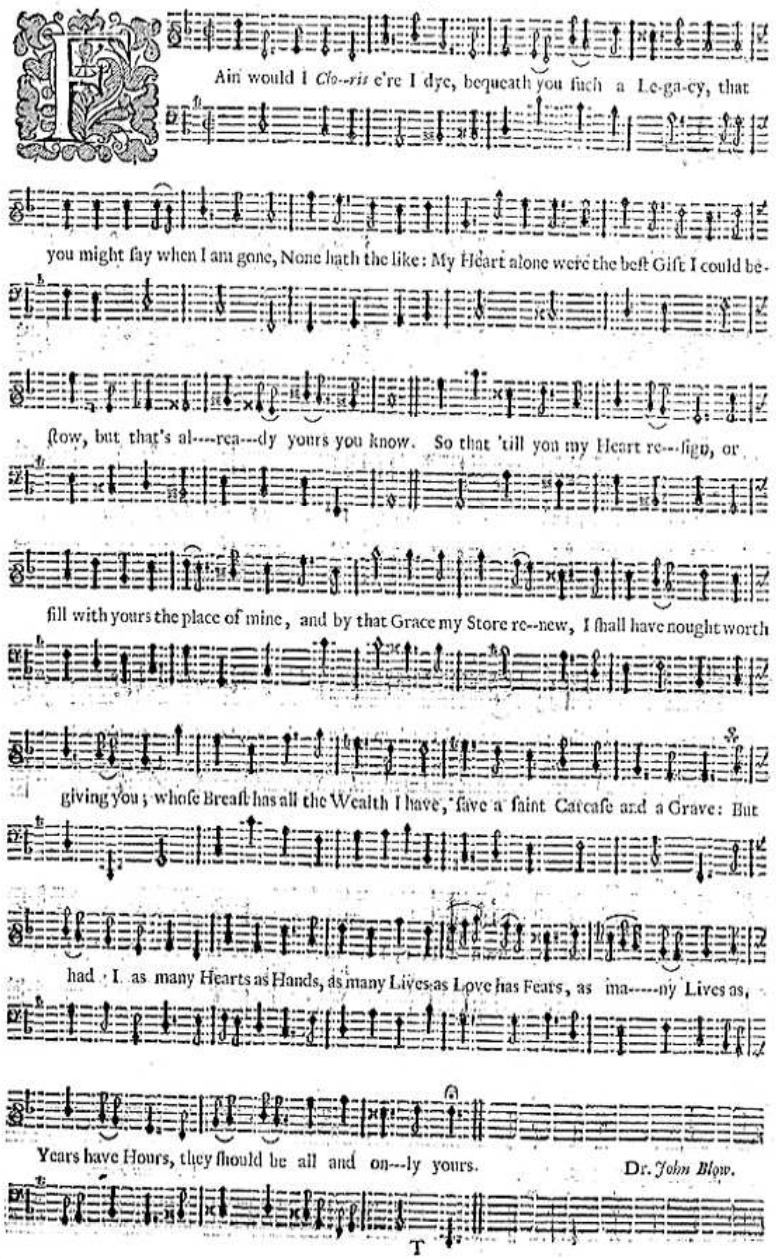
When alone he repair'd to the murmuring Fountains
Repeating his Cares to the sigh-giving Mountains,
All the *Wood-Nymphs* and *Sylvans* with pity reply'd,
Such Love, happy *Damon*, can ne're be deny'd.

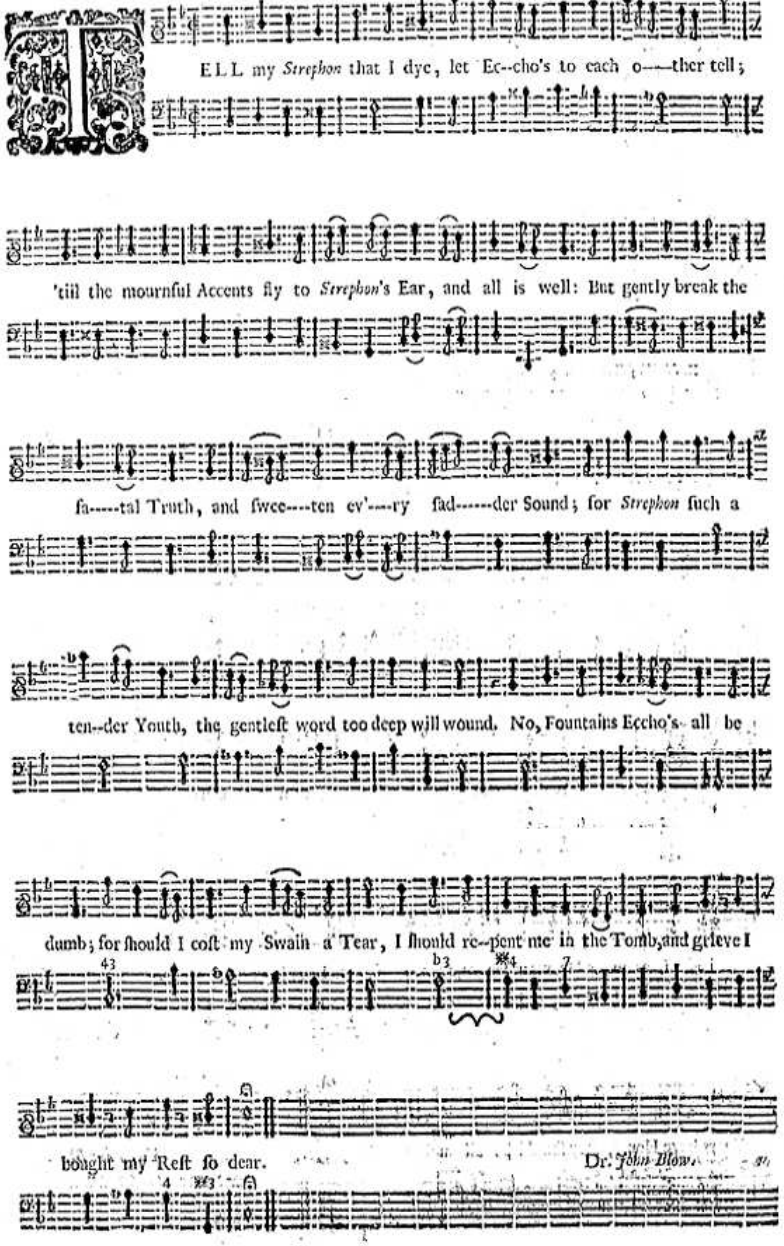


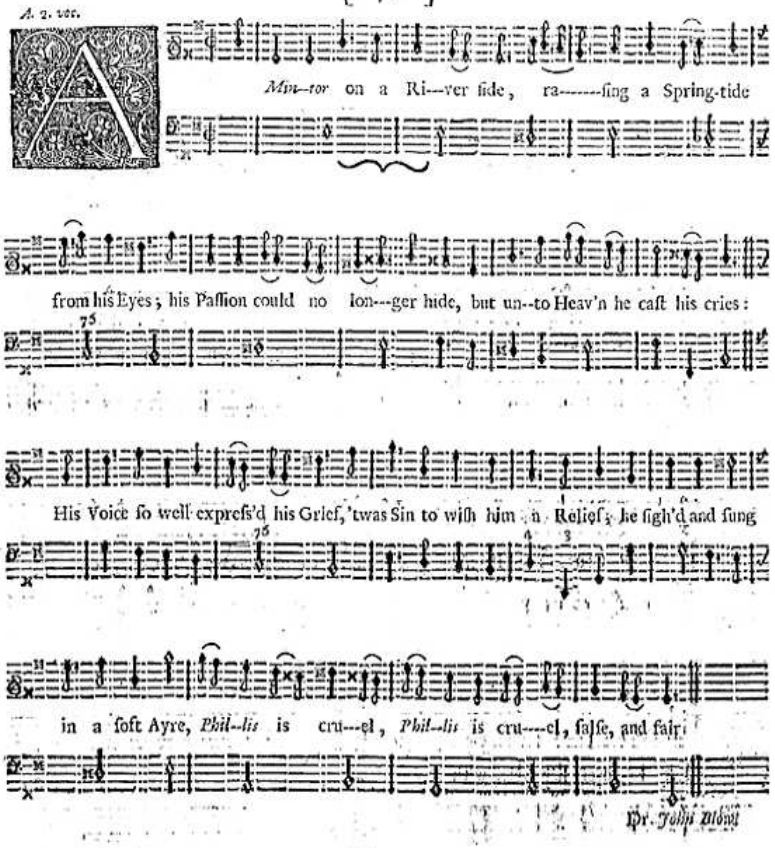
Thus blest beneath cool Myrtles, they
Youth's flow'ry Vernal pass away;
And Gods of Love renew their Fires,
And point their Darts at their enslav'd Desires:
The Flow'rs spring up where *Sylvia* moves,
And Birds still serenade the Groves.

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.


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'ke, who 'till thou wake, she 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, beware, lest her En-tice--ments prove thy Snare.
Mr. Henry Purcell.


Fain would I Clo--ris 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-
stow, but that's al----rea---dy yours you know. So that 'till you my Heart re---sign, 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.





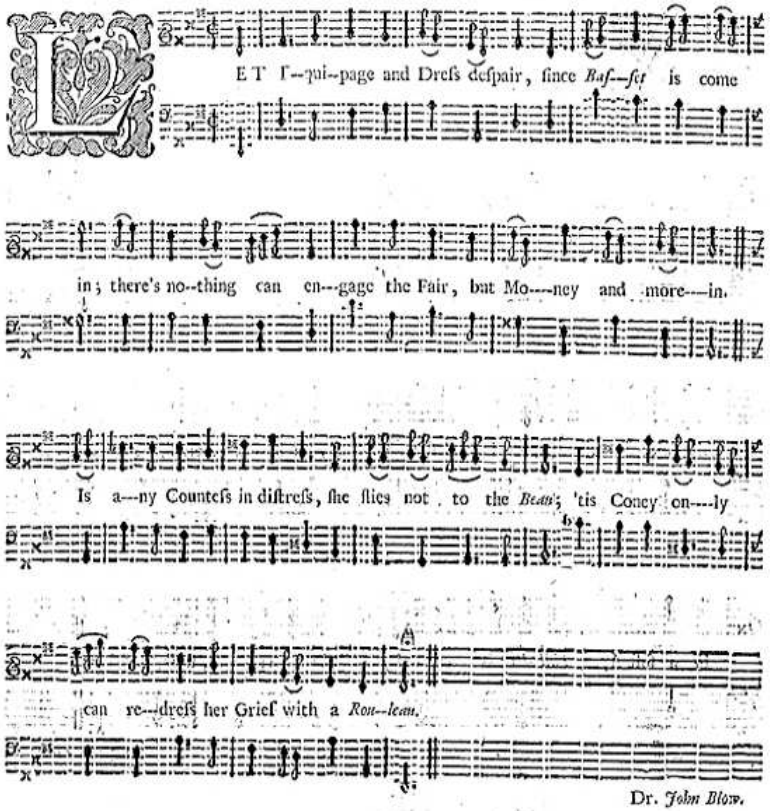
II.

Eccho 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,
Phillis is cruel, false, and fair.

III.

Whilst in this Agony he lay,
A Tear did steal from either Eye,
Down his pale Cheeks, which did betray,
Amintor waited but to dye.
Whilst Death sate heavy on his Eyes,
And he look'd like Love's sacrifice;
He dying, sung in a soft Ayre,
Phillis is cruel, false, and fair.

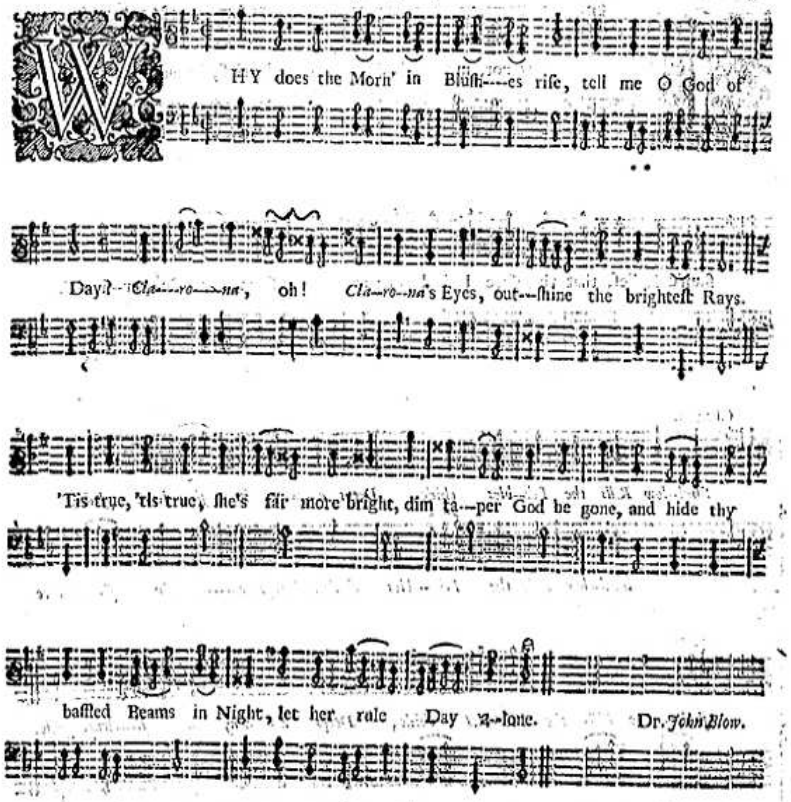
A SONG *upon the Court-Game* BASSET.



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 *Basset.*

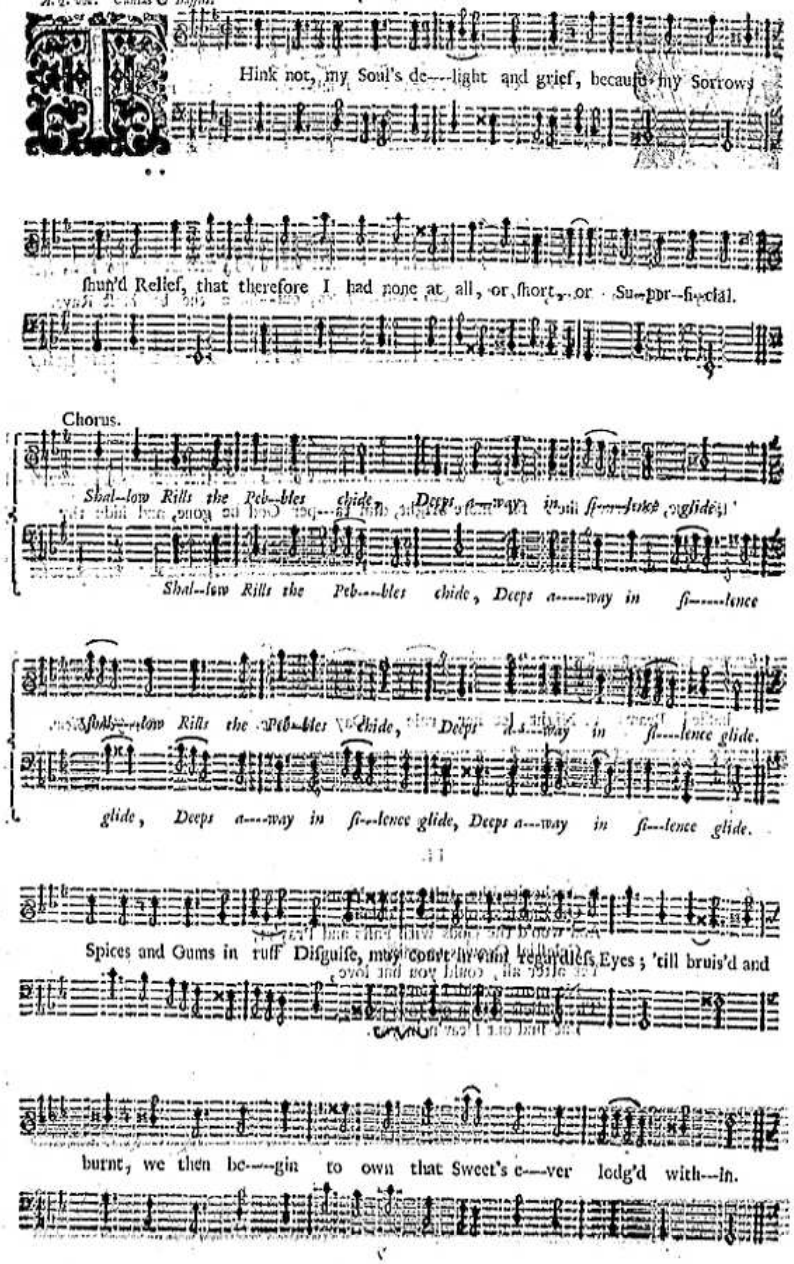


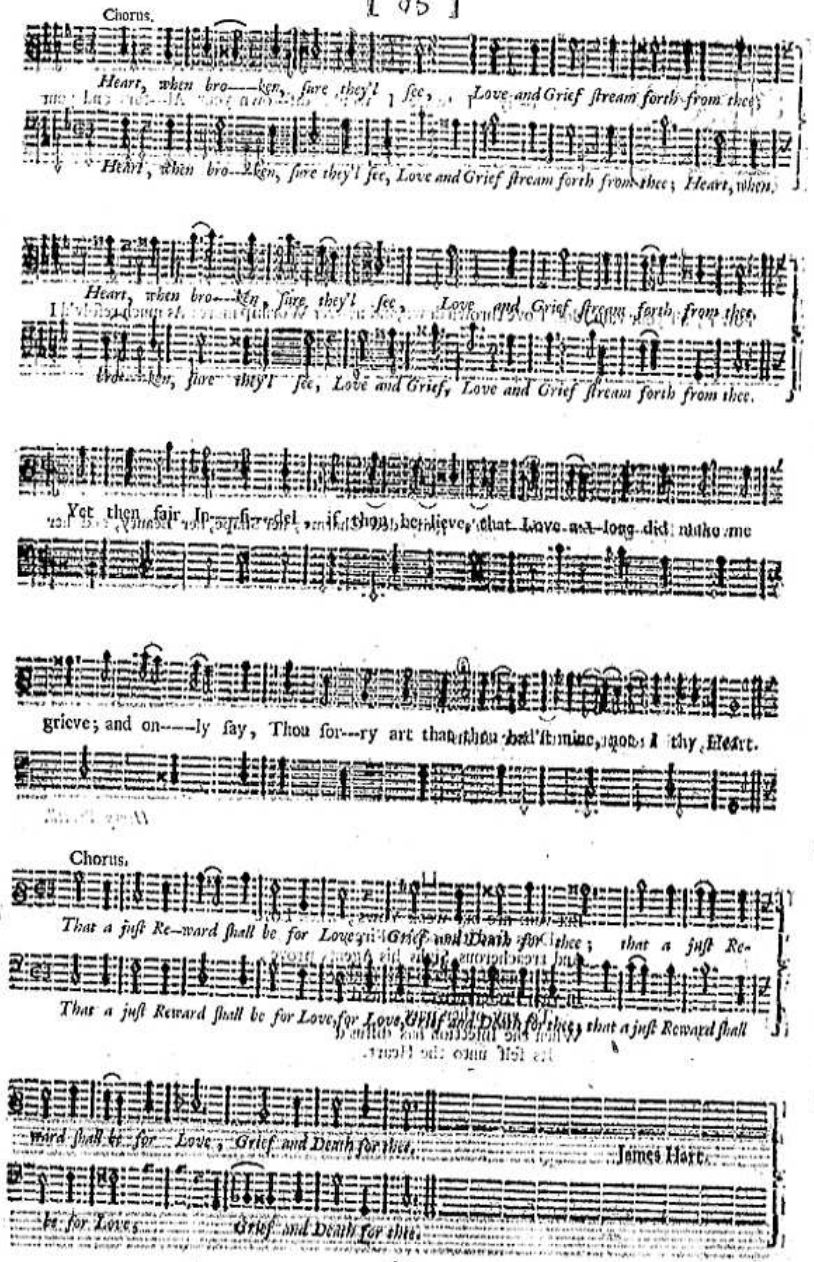
Dr. *John Blow.*

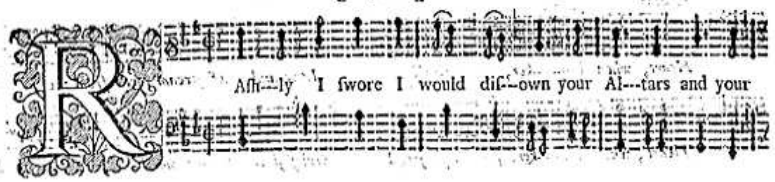
II.

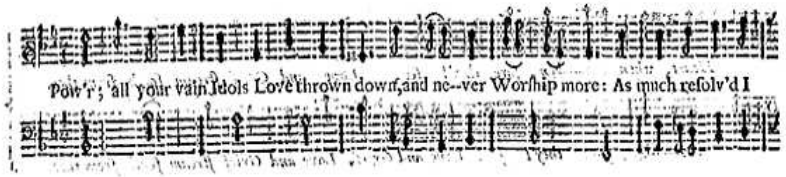
If Anchorite-like, full twenty Years
On Earth's cold Bed I'd lain,
And woo'd the Gods with Fasts and Pray'rs,
Celestial Crowns to gain:
Yet after all, could you but love,
No more would I pursue
The endless search of Joys above,
But find out Heav'n in you.

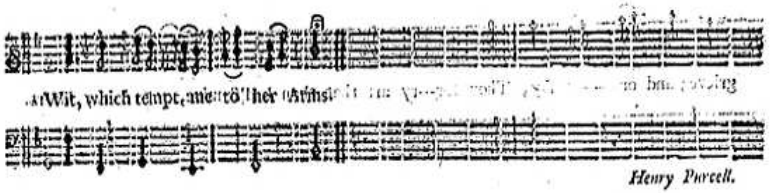
A. 2. voc. Canus & Bassus.







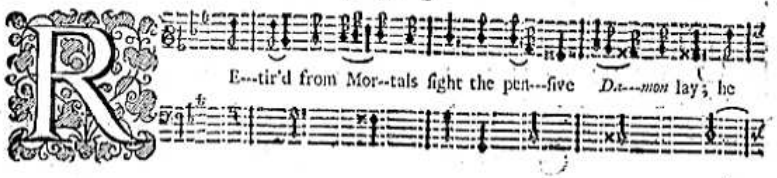


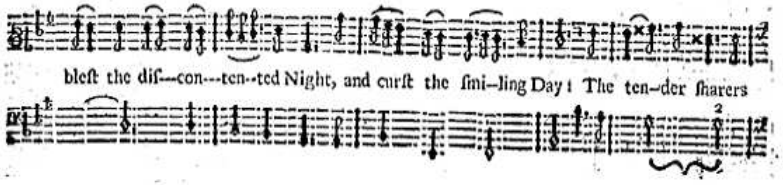


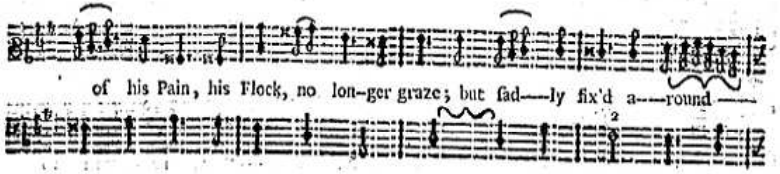
Henry Purcell.

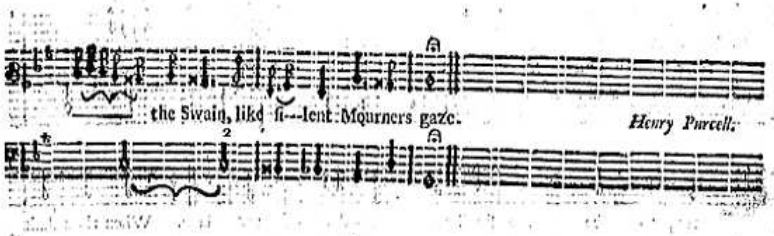
II.

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 Preservatives are us'd
To any other part,
When the Infection has diffus'd
Its self unto the Heart.









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 Respit give;
Why, mighty Pow'rs! ah! why
Am I too much distrest to live,
And yet forbid to dye!
Such Accents from the Shepherd flew,
Whilst on the Ground he lay;
As last to deep a Sigh he drew,
As bore his Life away.

A. 2. vce. Canto & Basso.

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---turn, 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 Re-li-gious Dust, and ask where's now,

laugh, shalt laugh Re-li-gious Dust, and ask where's now the

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, rifle the Flours wth the Virgins strew'd.

hands, and perhaps with rude hands rifle 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,

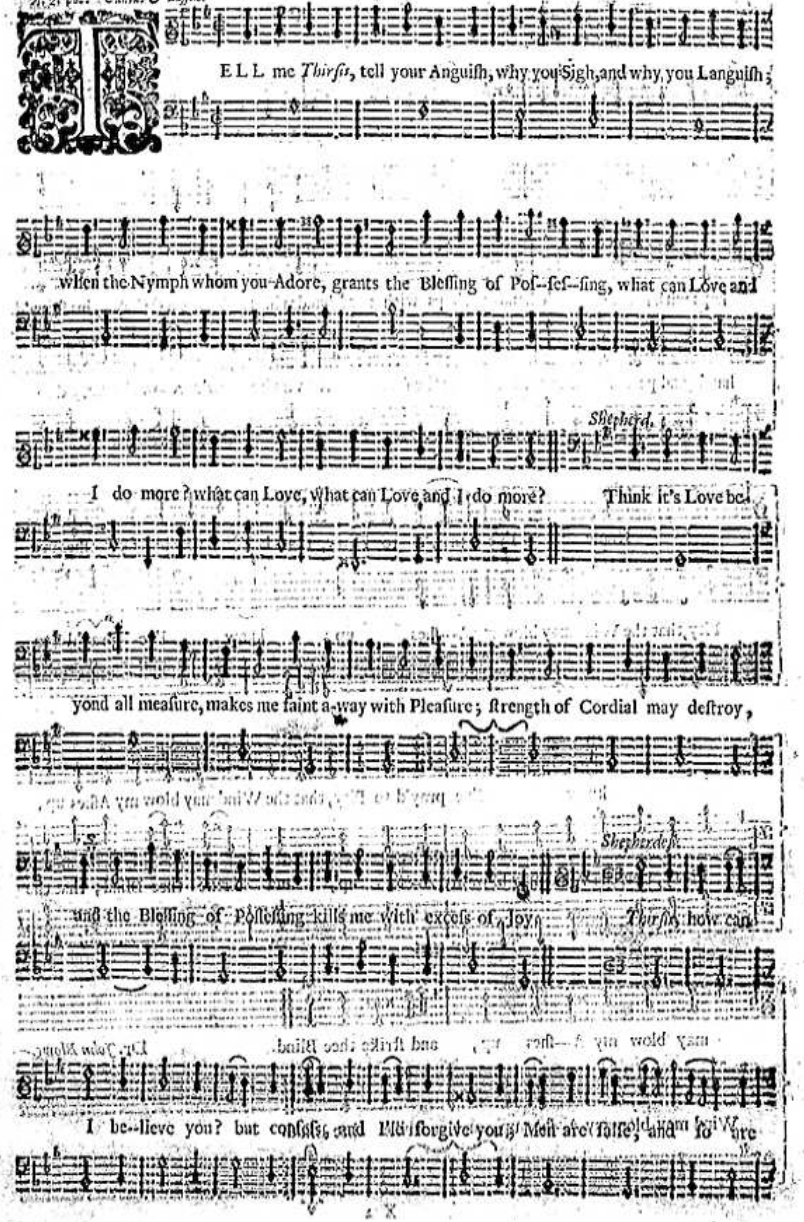
Pi--ty, that the Wind may blow my A--shes up; and strike thee Blind; that the

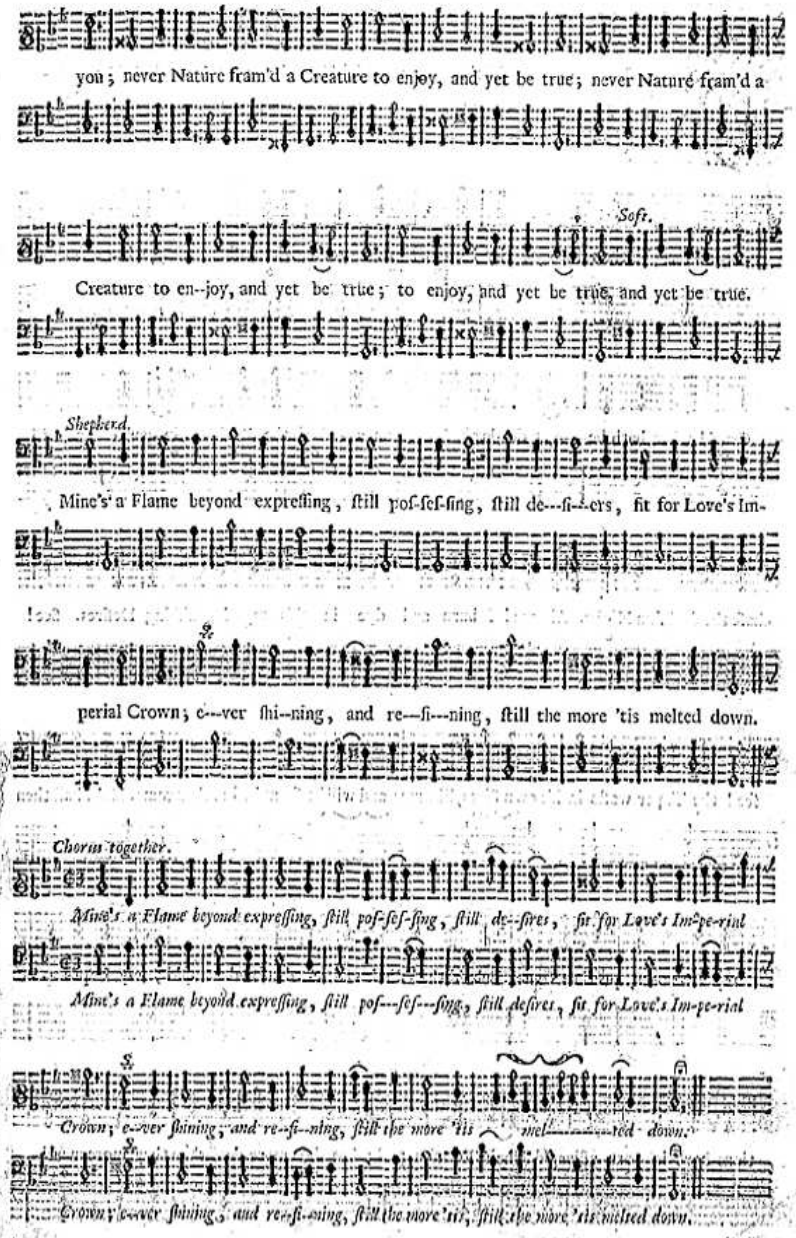
may blow my A---shes up, and strike thee Blind. Dr. John Blow.

Wind may blow my A--shes up, and strike thee Blind.

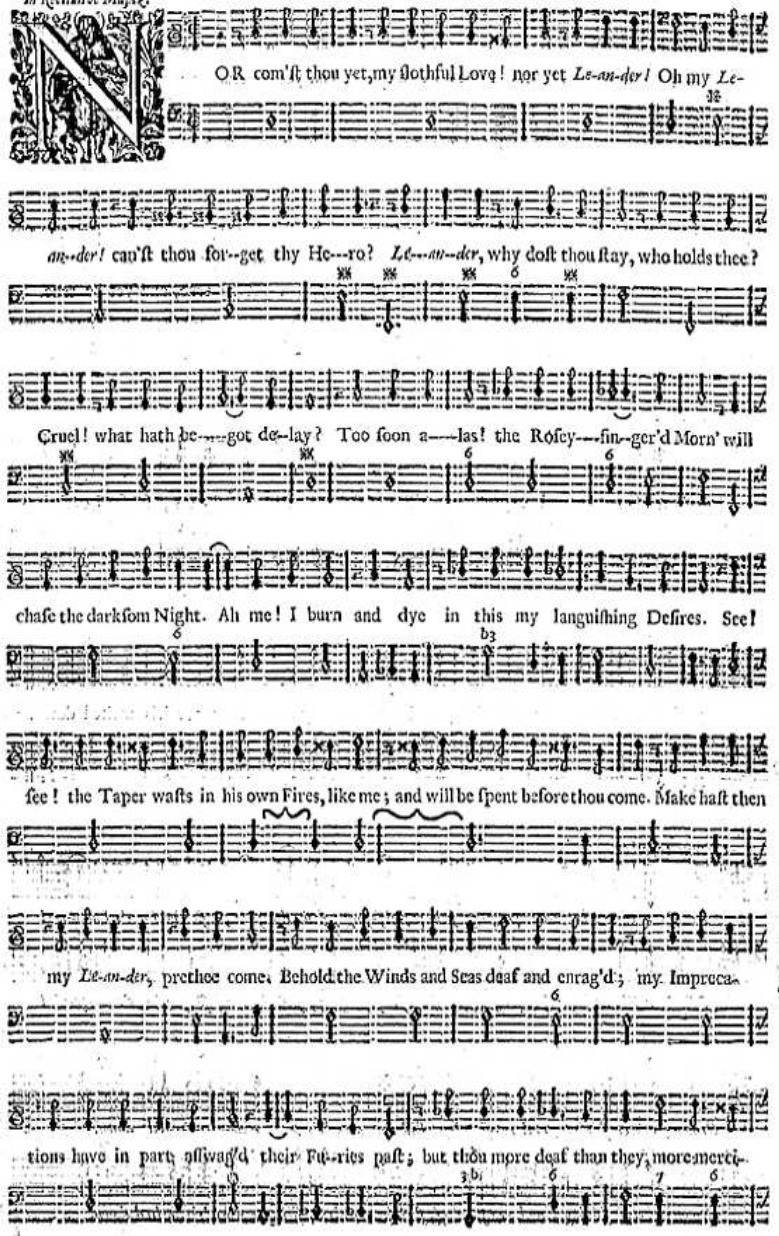
A DIALOGUE *betwixt a* Shepherd *and* Shepherdess, *sung in the Play of the* Duke *of* Guise.

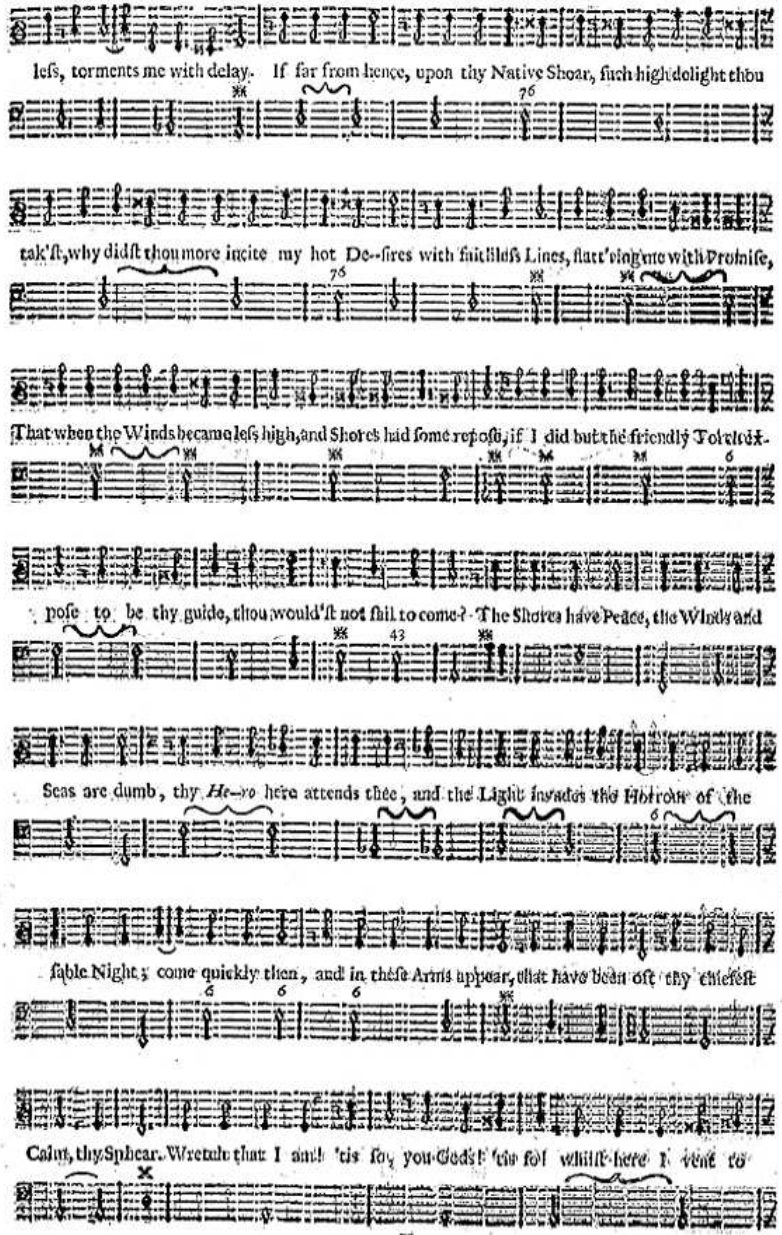
In 2. voc. Cantus & Bassus.





In Recitative Musick.





Heav'n and Seas my 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 sheds them;

How! O how can'st thou repair thy broken Faith! Is this the dear respect thou bear'st to Oaths and

Vows, thus to neg-lect both *Ci---the-re---a* and her *Nun!* Is this th'in-vi-o--la--ble Band of

Hy-men! This that knot, before the sacred Al-tar made of Sea-born *Venus!* Heav'ns lend your

aid, and arm yourselves in Thunder! Oh! but stay, what vain Fears transports thee, *He-ro*, a-

way with jealous Fu-ry? *Le-an-dro*'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--sty hand doth fling his Robes from him, and e--ven now bold Boy attempts to

swim, parting the swelling Waves with Iv'ry Arms, born up alone by *Love*'s all-powerful

Charms. You gentler peaceful 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 troubled Flood un---to my Soul's delight. You Show'rs, you Storms and Tempests

black as Night, retire your Fu-ry, 'till my Love appear, and bless these Shoars in safety, and I

here with--in these Arms en---fold my on--ly Treasure; then all in Rage and Horror

send at plea--sure the fro---thy Billows high as Heav'n, that he may here be e---ver

forc'd to dwell with me: But hark! O wonder! what sudden Storm is this? Seas menace

Heav'n, and the Winds do hiss, in scorn of this my just Re--quest. Re--tire,

oh re--tire, my too too vent'rous 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, Æ--ol--us,*

Ye now rish De--i--ties, spare, O spare my Jew--ell! pi--ty the Grieves and Tears of wretched

He---ro! 'Tis *Le---an--der* trusts you with his Love and Life, fair *Le--an--der*, Beau--ty

of these Shoars. See! see the bash--ful Morn, for sor--row of my sad Laments, hath

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--sem--bling my Soul's Joy. Wo's me!

'tis he! drown'd by th'in--pe--tuous Flood. O dismal Hour! curst be these Seas, these

Shoars, this Light, this Tow'r! In spite of Fates, dear Love, to thee I come; *Le--an--der's*

Bo--som shall be *Hero's* Tomb. Mr. *Nic. Lanier.*

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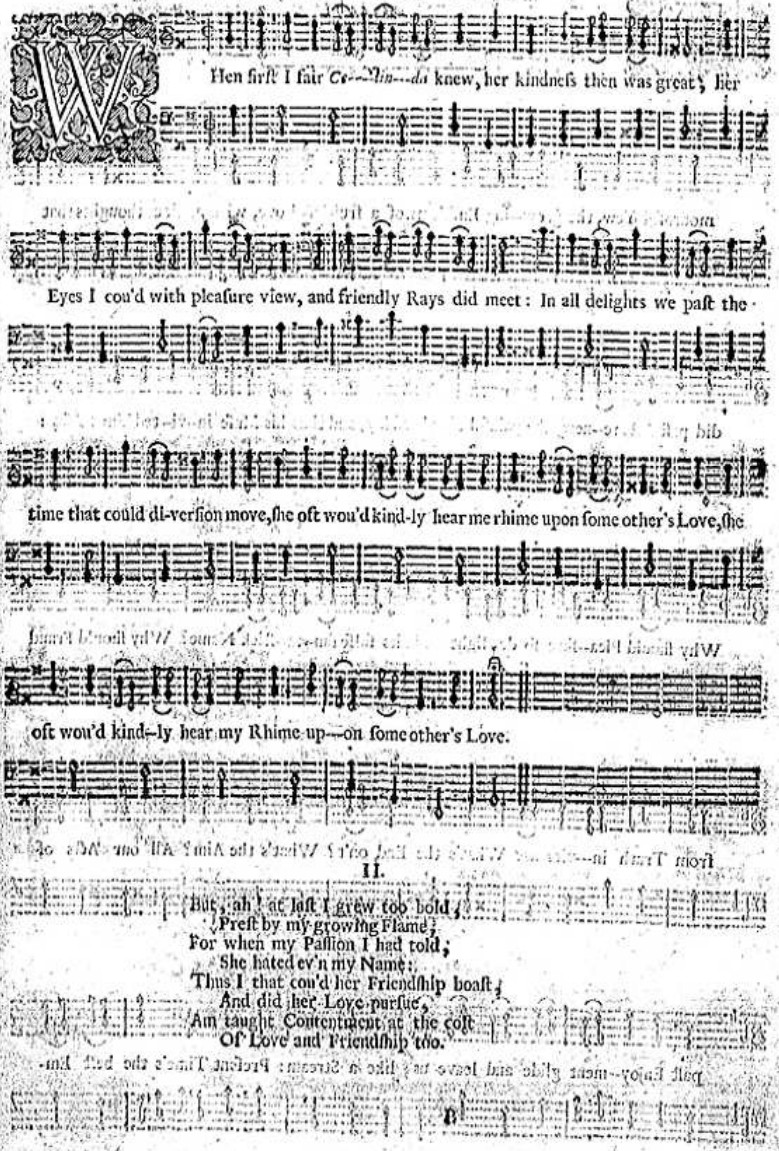
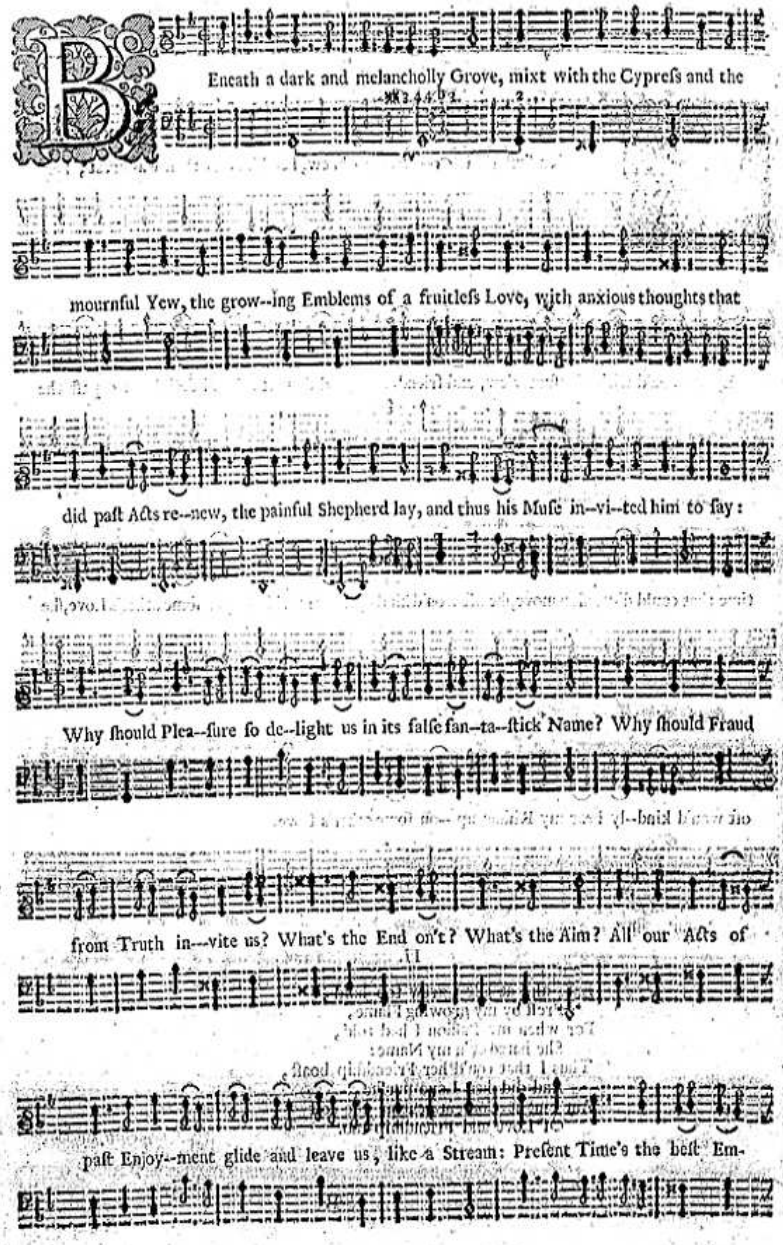
GENTLEMEN,

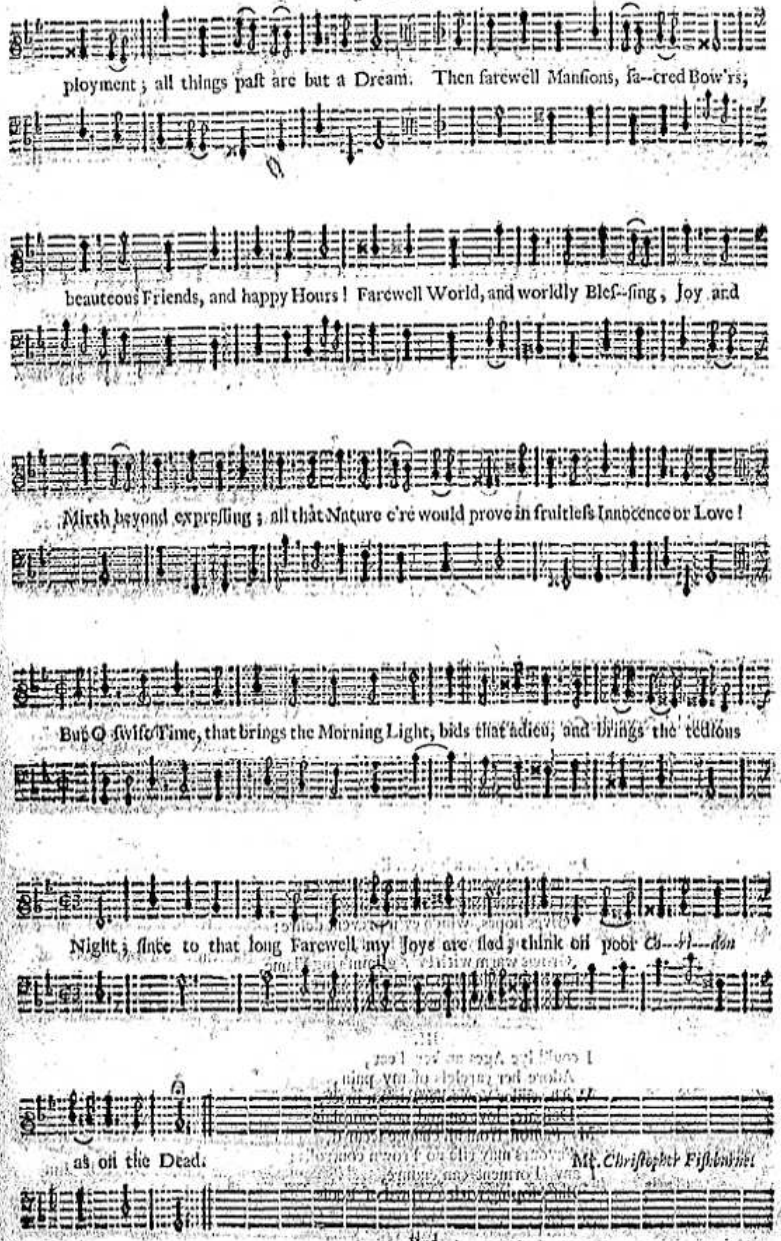
Your most faithful Servant,

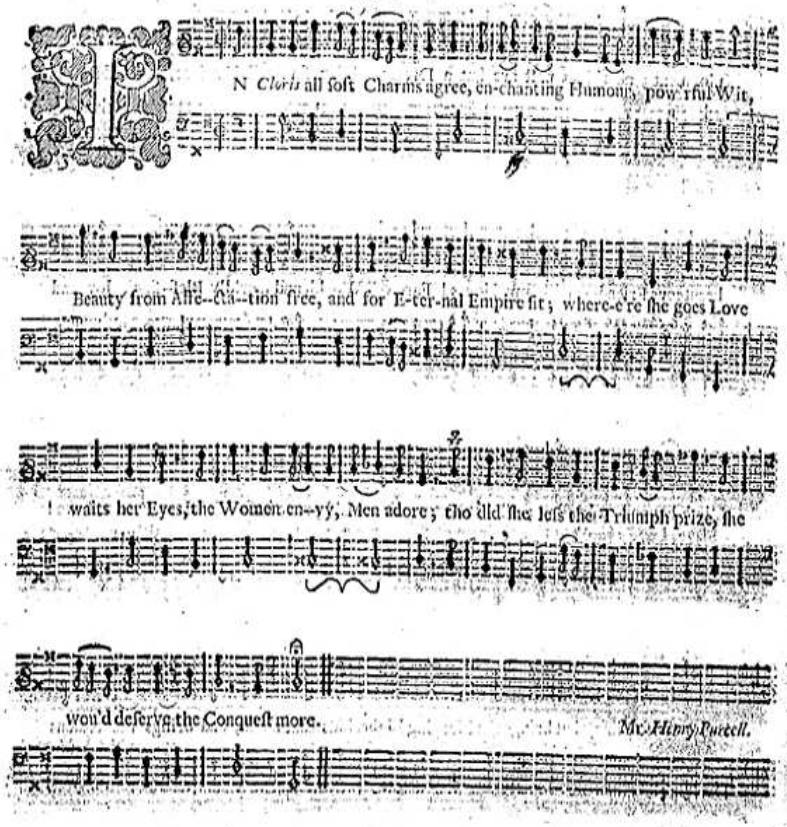
JOHN PLAYFORD

A Table of the Songs contained in this Book.




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, sa--cred Bow'rs,
beauteous Friends, and happy Hours! Farewell World, and worldly Bless--ing, Joy and
Mirth beyond expressing; all that Nature e're would prove in fruitless Innocence 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 on poor Co--ri---don
as on the Dead.
Mr. Christopher Fishbourne

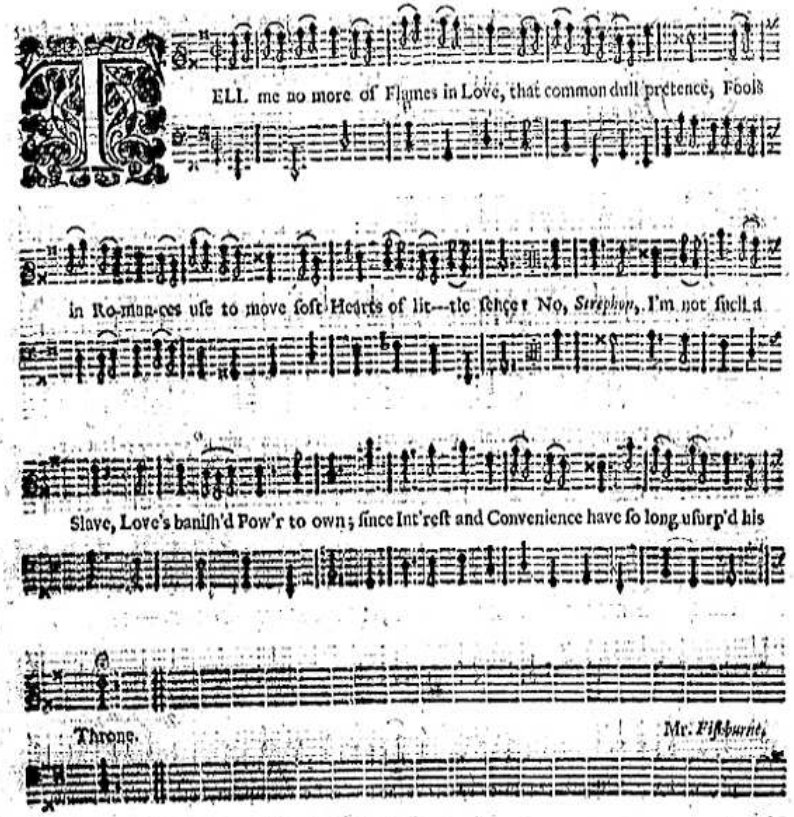


II.

But Vanity so much prevails,
She begs what else none can deny her,
And with inviting treech'rous Smiles
Gives hopes, which ev'n prevent desire:
Reaches at every trifling Heart,
Grows warm with ev'ry glimm'ring Flame,
And common Prey so 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.

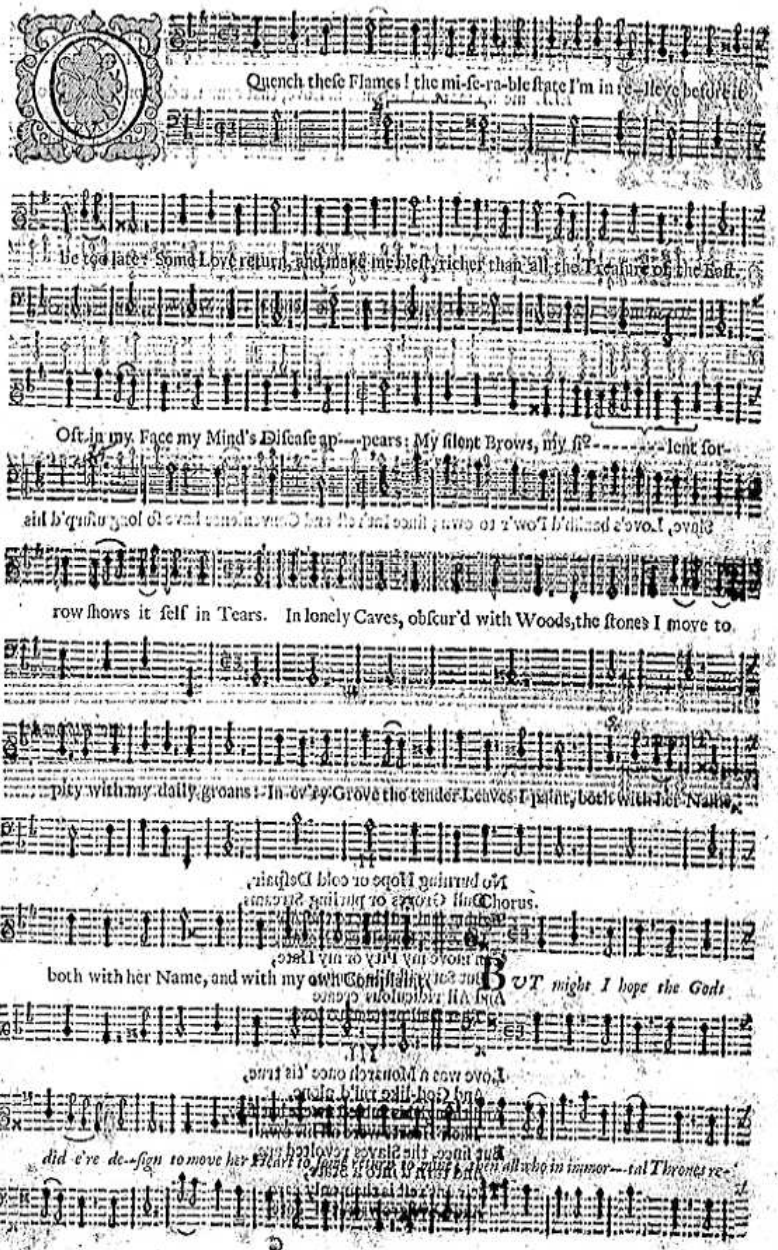


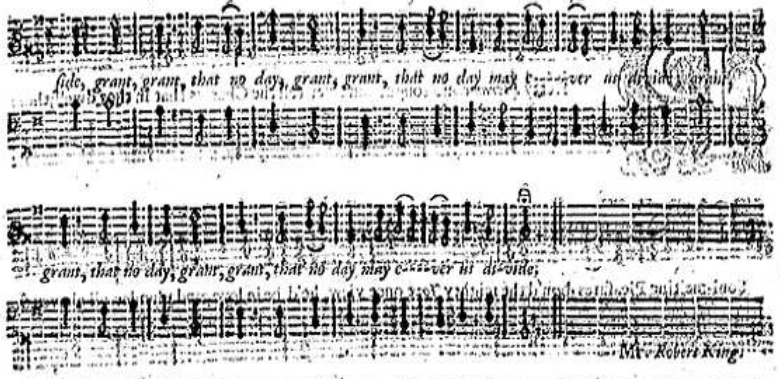
II.

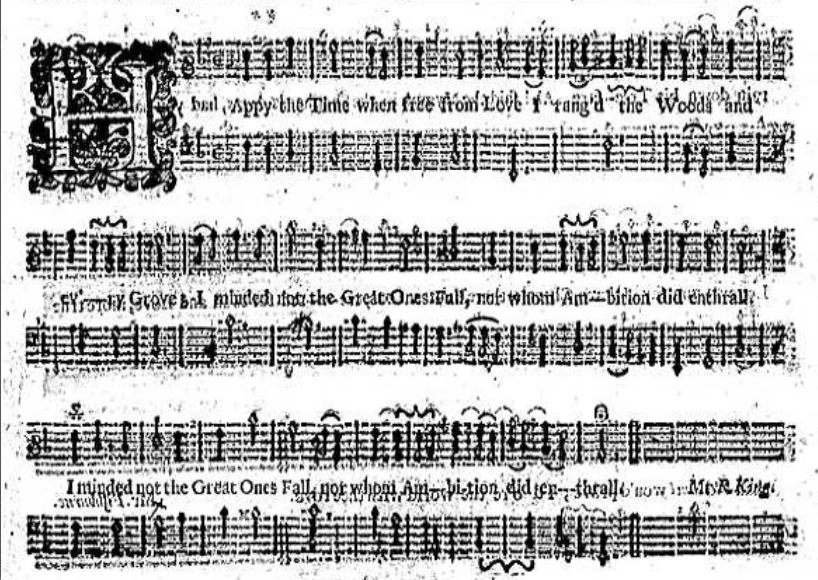
No burning Hope or cold Despair,
Dull Groves or purling Streams,
Sighing and talking to the Air
In Love's fantastick Dreams,
Can move my Pity or my Hate,
But Satyrist I'le prove,
And All ridiculous create
That shall pretend to love.

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.

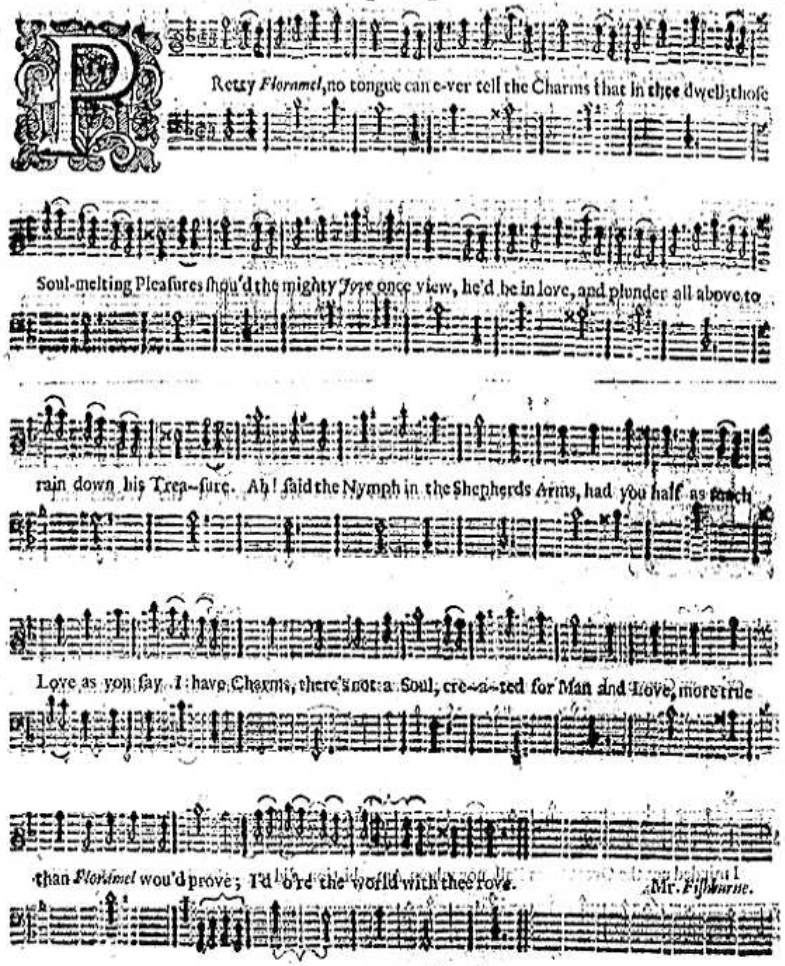






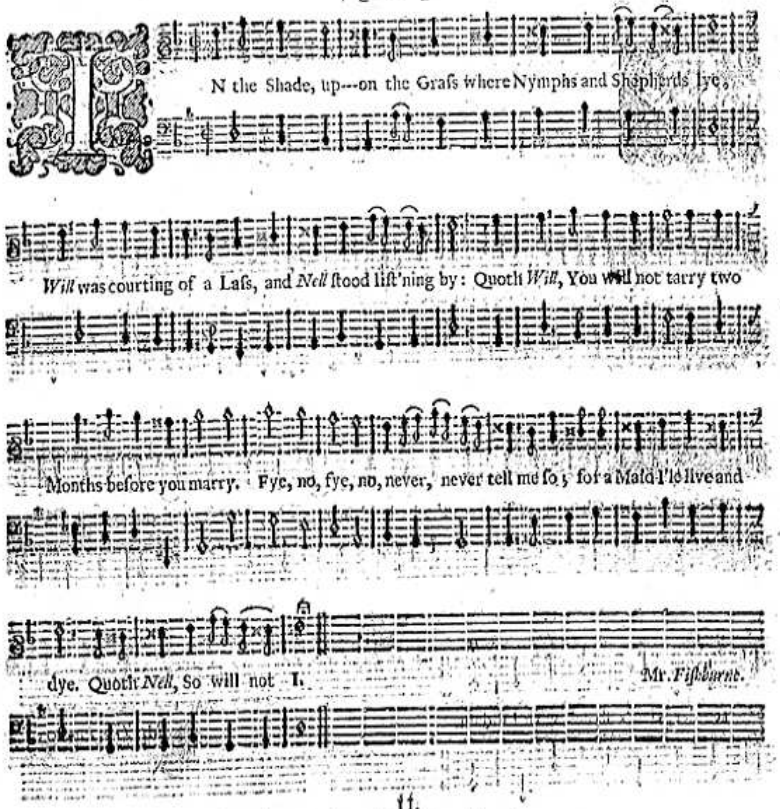
II.

My only Care was how to keep
From cruel Wolves my harmless Sheep,
But though from Wolves my Sheep I keep,
None could my Heart from Love secure,
But though, &c.
My Heart will prove no lock
Then ever endless loving
Then ever like the
That lets the Deer out of the Swains
But I have learn'd to love my Cell
That who loves best most fears most
But I have, &c.



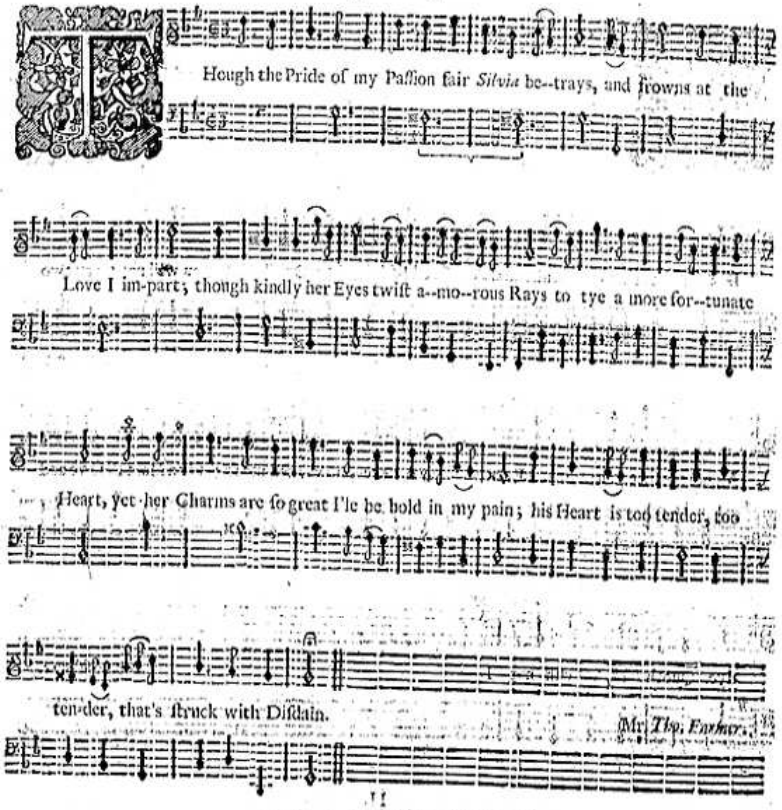
II.

Love that's truly free, had never Jealousie,
But artful Love may be
Both doubtful, and wooing.
Ah! dear Shepherdess, ne're doubt, for you may guess
My Heart will prove no less
Than ever endless loving.
Then, cryes 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'le Offerings pay
To my Saint. Nay then pray
Take not those dear Eyes away.



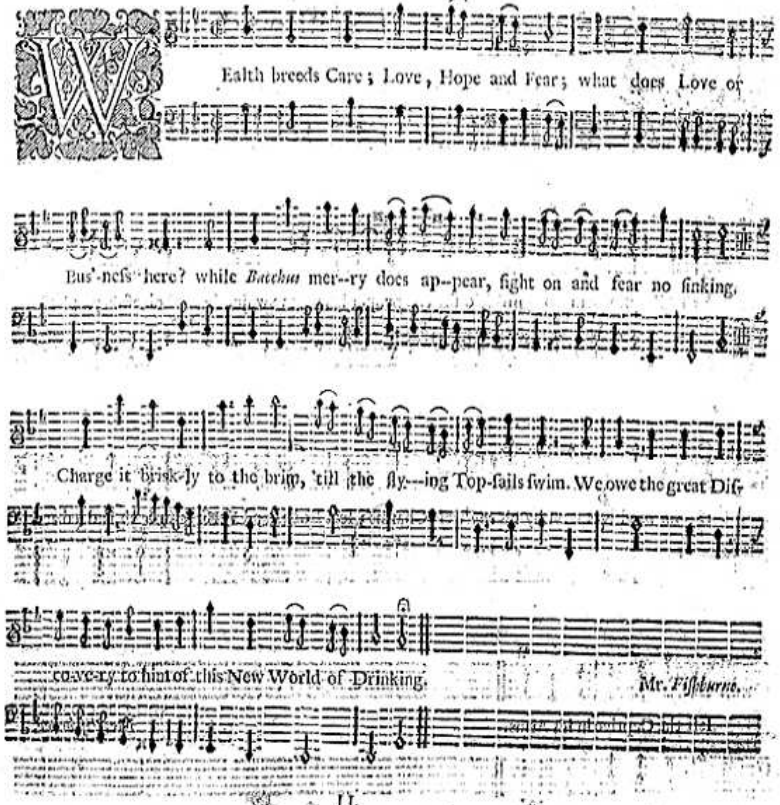
II.

Long Debates in Hopes and Fears,
With Kisses mixt between,
With a Song he charm'd her 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.



II.

Still my Heart is so just 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 restain it Neglects to pursue,
Than the force, the force
Of her Beauty, cah oaste to subdue.

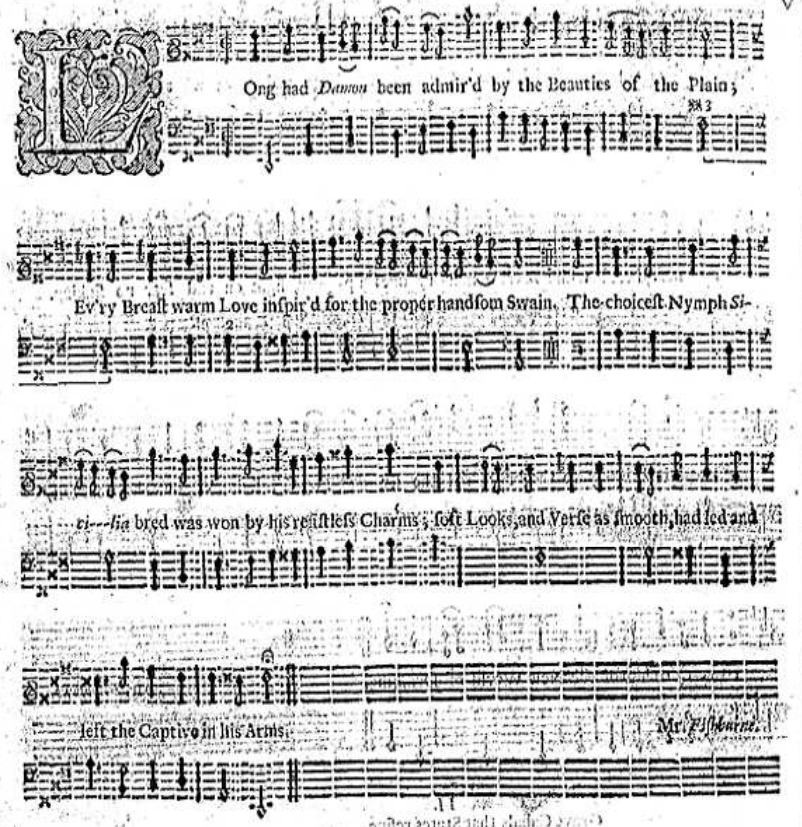


II.

Grave Cabals that States refine,
Mingle their Debates with Wine;
Ceres and the God of the Vine
Makes ev'ry great Commander.
Let sober Sots, Small-beer tubbers,
The Wife and Valiant Wine does wonders
The *Stagyrite*, and the serious Tory
Be drunk with *Alexander*.

III.

Stand to your Arms, and now advance
A Health to the *English* King of *France*;
On to the next, [illegible]
By *Bacchus* and [illegible]
Thus in state I lead the Vanal
Fall in your place by your right-hand Man:
Beat Drum, now Marsh, Dub a dub, rub dan:
He's a Traitor that will not follow.

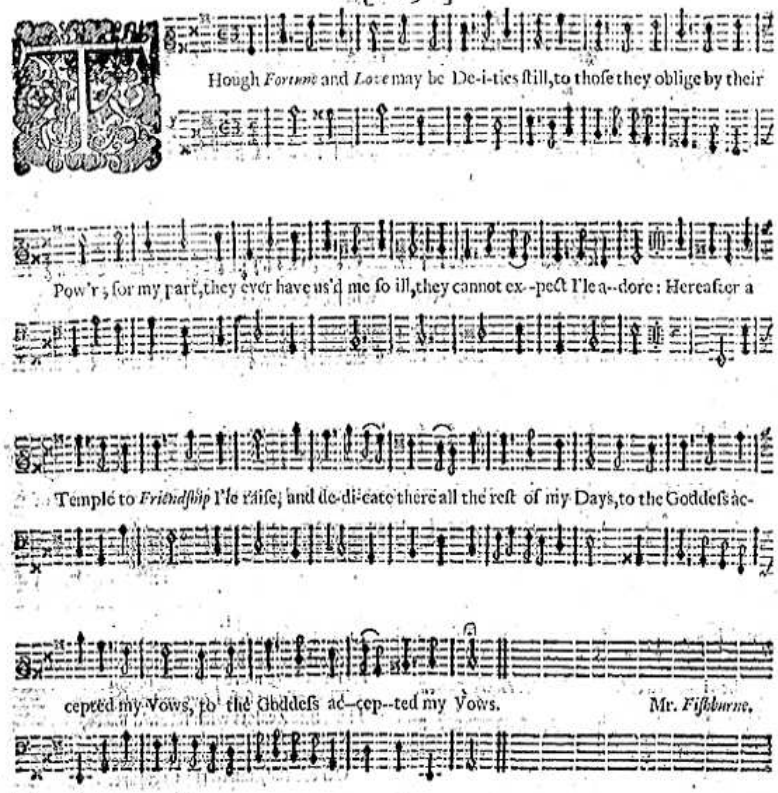


II.

But our *Damon*'s Soul aspires
To a Goddess of his Race;
Though he sues with chaster Fires,
This his Glories does deface.
The fatal News no sooner blown
In Whispers up the Chesnut Row,
The God *Sylvanus* with a Frown
Blasts all the Lawrels on his Brow.

III.

Swains be wise, and check Desire
In its soaring, when you'l woo:
Damon may in Love require
Thestyles and *Lydia* too.
When Shepherds too ambitious are,
And court *Astrea* on a Throne,
Like to the shooting of a Star
They fall, and thus their Shining's gone.

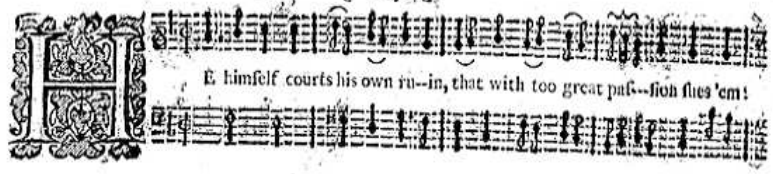


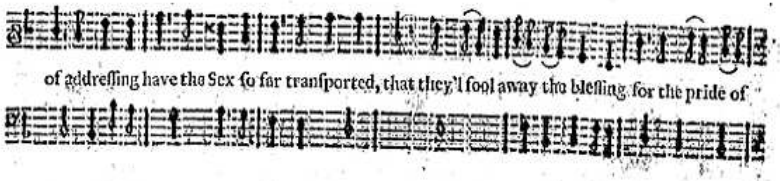
II.

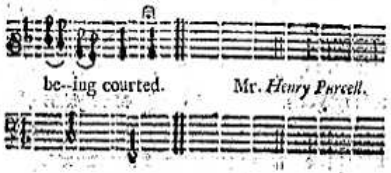
Thou perfectest Image of all things divine,
Bright Center of endless Desires,
May the Glory be yours, and the Services mine,
When I light at your Altars the Fires.
I offer a Heart has Devotion so pure,
It would for your Service all Torments endure,
Might you but have all things you wish,
Might you, &c.

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,
Or languish away in despair,
Or languish, &c.



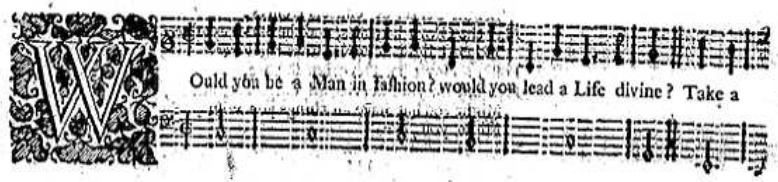


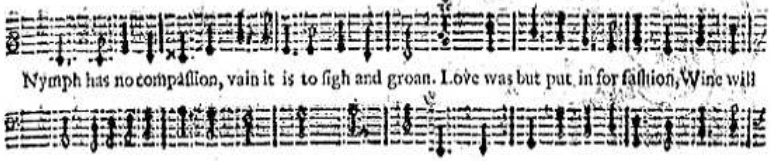


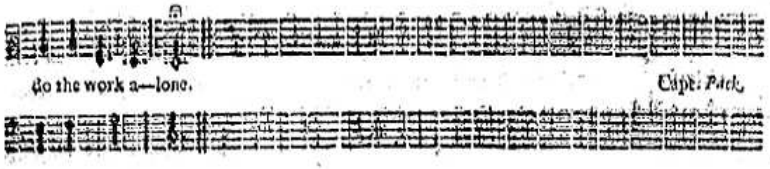
Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

II.

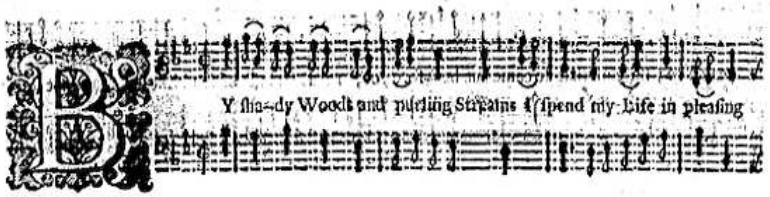
Jilt and smile when we adore 'em,
While some Blockhead buyes the Favour;
Presents have more power o're 'em
Than all our soft Love and Labour.
Thus, like Zealots with screw'd Faces,
We our fooling make the greatest,
While we cant long-winded Graces
Others they fall to the Creature.

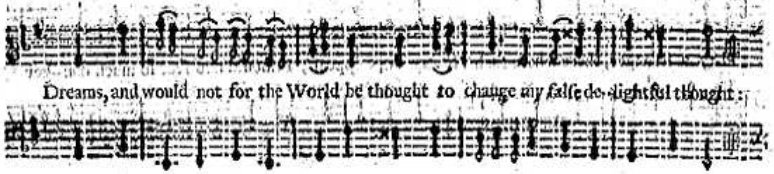


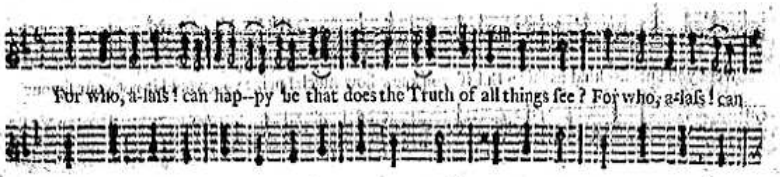


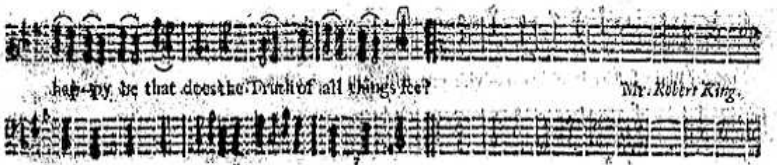


Capt. *Pack.*

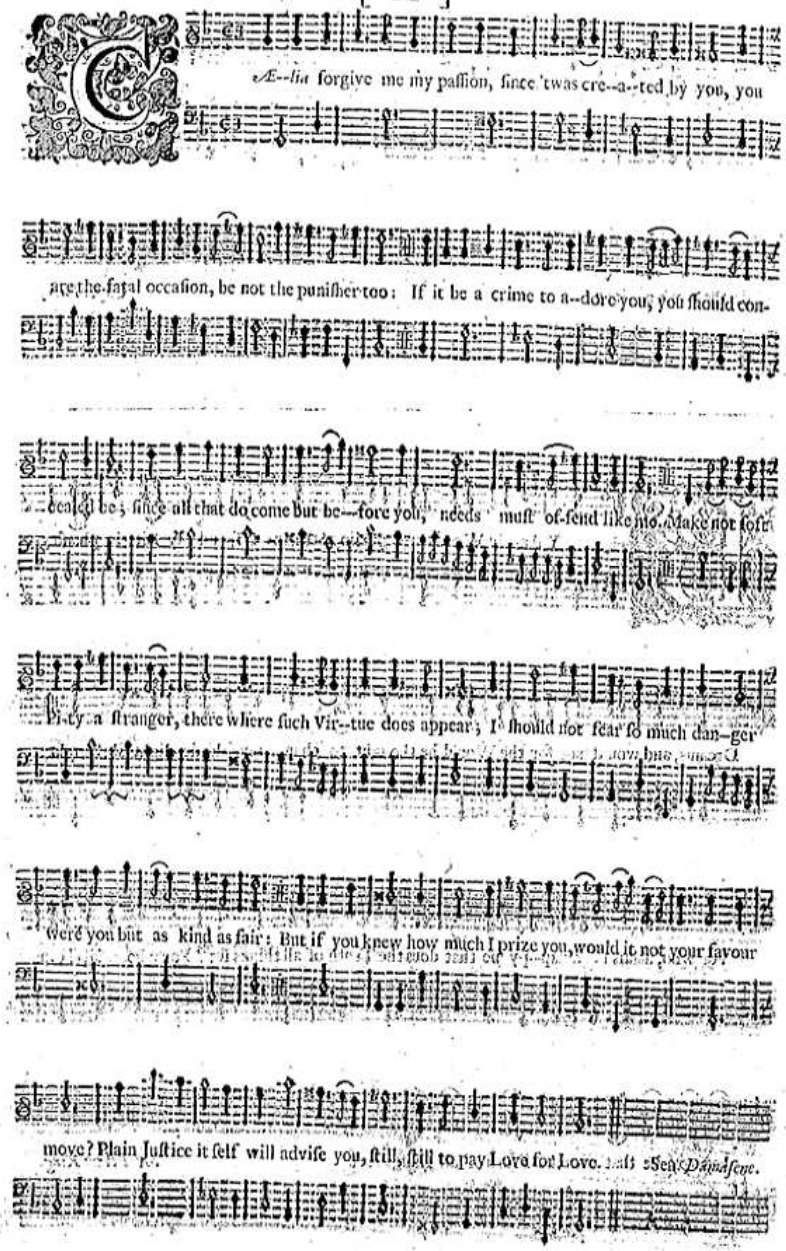




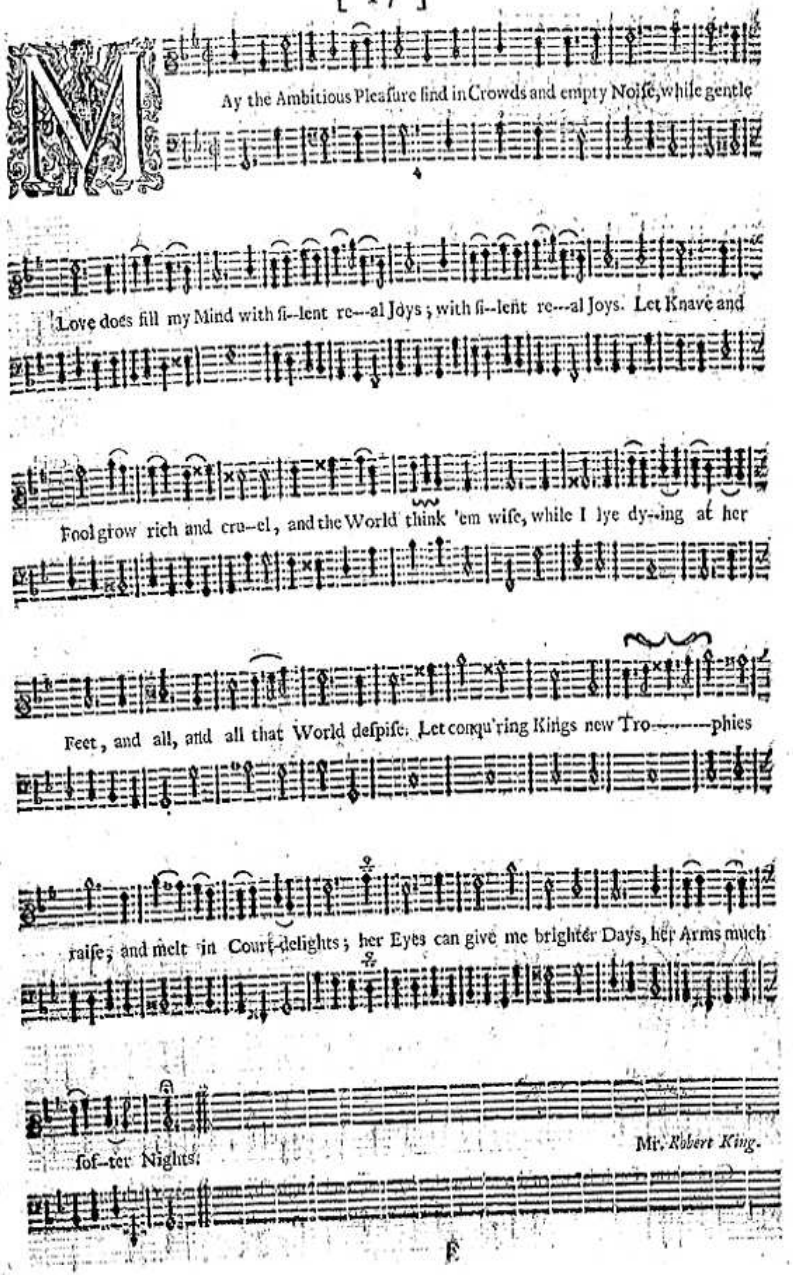




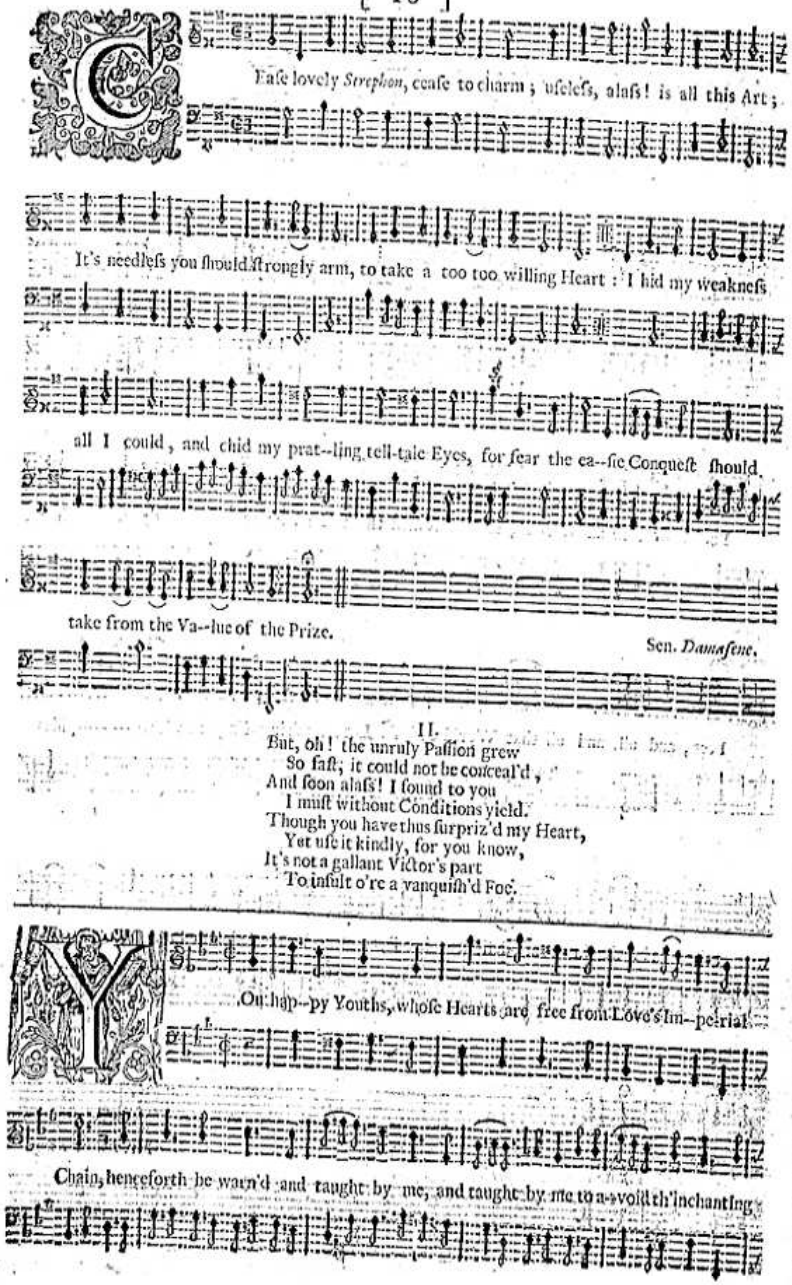
Mr. *Robert King.*

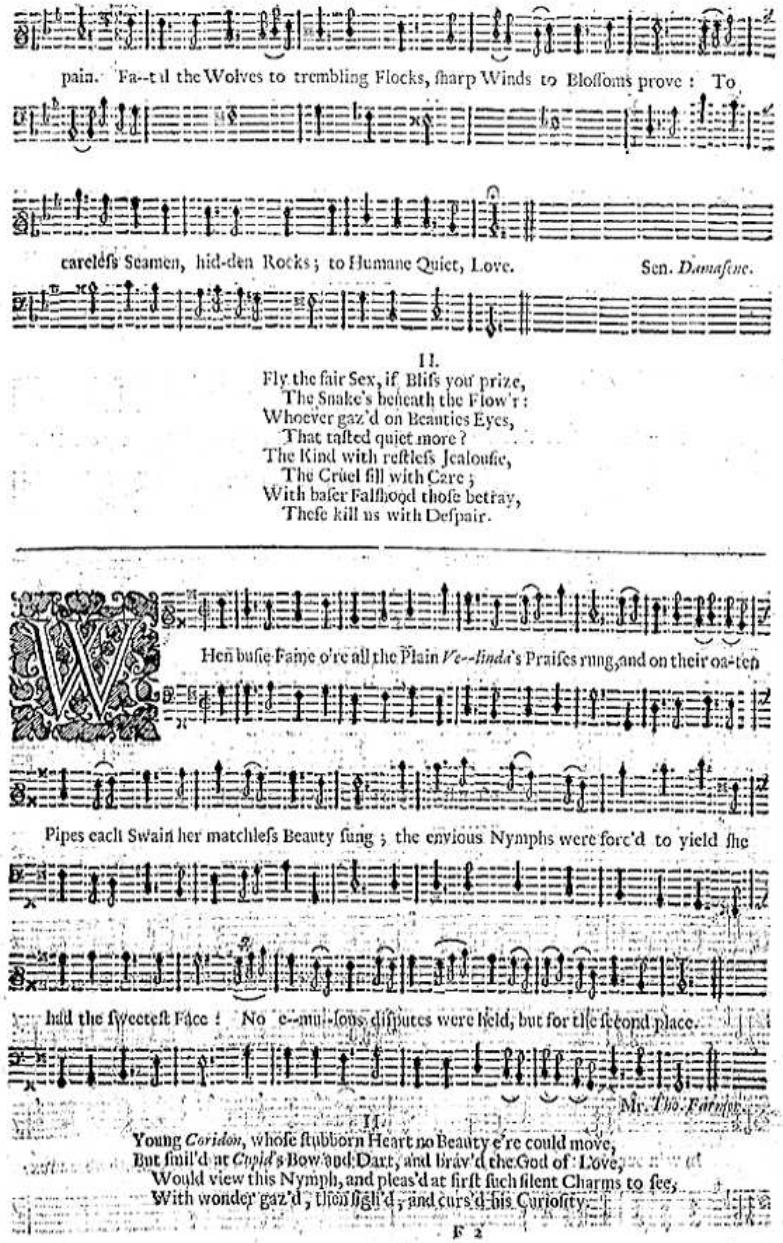


Sen. *Dandscene.*



Mr. *Robert King.*


Cease lovely Strephon, cease to charm; useless, alass! is all this Art;
It's needless 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 ea--sie 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 alass! 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 hap--py Youths, whose Hearts are free from Love's Im--perial
Chain, henceforth be warn'd and taught by me, and taught by me to a-void th'inchanting


pain. Fa--tal the Wolves to trembling Flocks, sharp Winds to Blossoms prove: To
careless Seamen, 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 busie Fame o're all the Plain Ve--linda's Praises rung, and on their oa-ten
Pipes each Swain her matchless Beauty sung; the envious Nymphs were forc'd to yield she
hid the sweetest Face! No e--mu-lous disputes were held, but for the second place.
Mr. Tho. Farmer.
II.
Young Coridon, whose stubborn Heart no Beauty e're could move,
But smil'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.

Hat art thou Love? whence are those Charms, that thus thou bear'st a

u-ni-versal Rule? For thee the Soldier quits his Arms, the King turns Slave, the Wiseman turns

Fool. In vain we chase thee from the field; and with cool thoughts resist thy yoke, next tide of

blood, alass! we yield, and all those high Resolvs are broke. Can we e're hope thou should'st be

true, whom we have found so often base? couzen'd and cheated still we view and fawn upon the

treacherous Face? In vain, in vain, in vain our Nature we accuse, and doat because she says we must.

In vain our Nature we accuse, and doat because she says we must. This for a Brute were an ex-

cuse, whose very soul and life is lust, whose very soul and life, whose very soul and life is Lust.

To get our likeness, what's that? Our likeness is but mi-se-ry, but mi-

se-ry. Why should 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 inspire

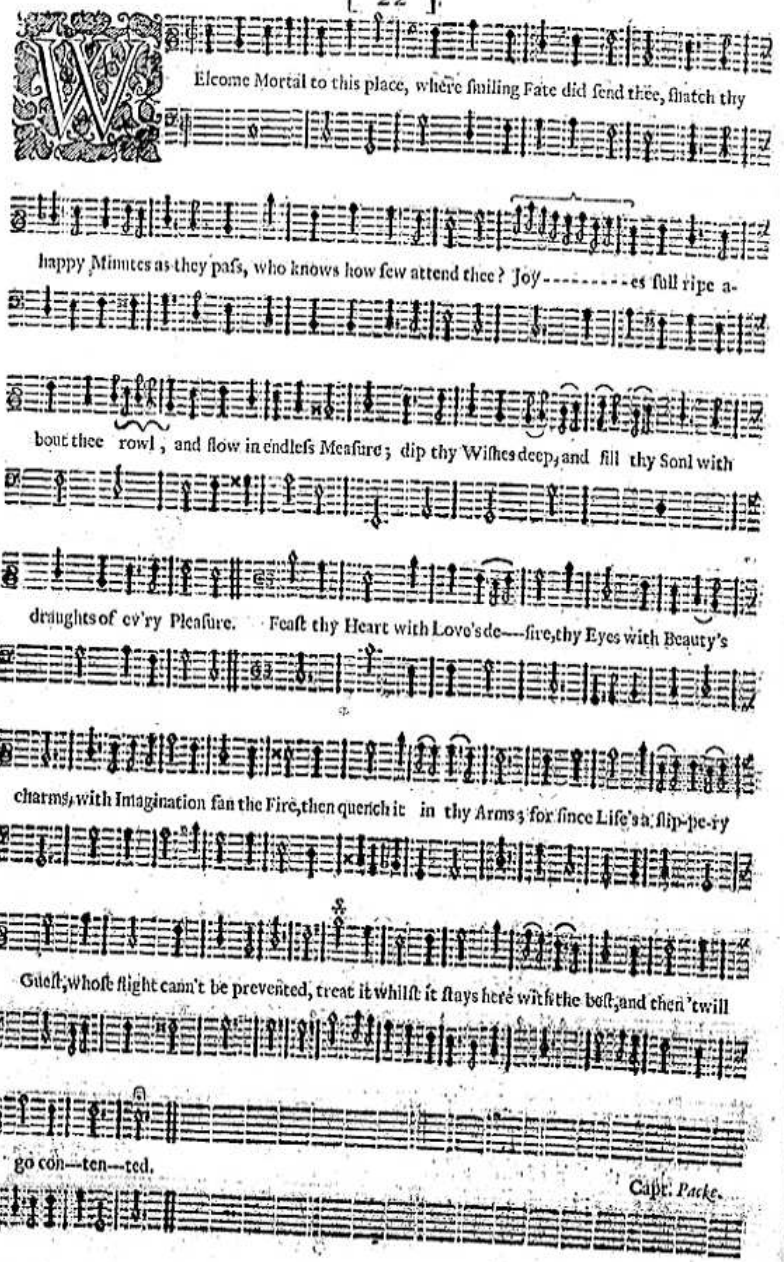
something more noble in our Frame; above the dregs of earthy Fire: From Hands divine our

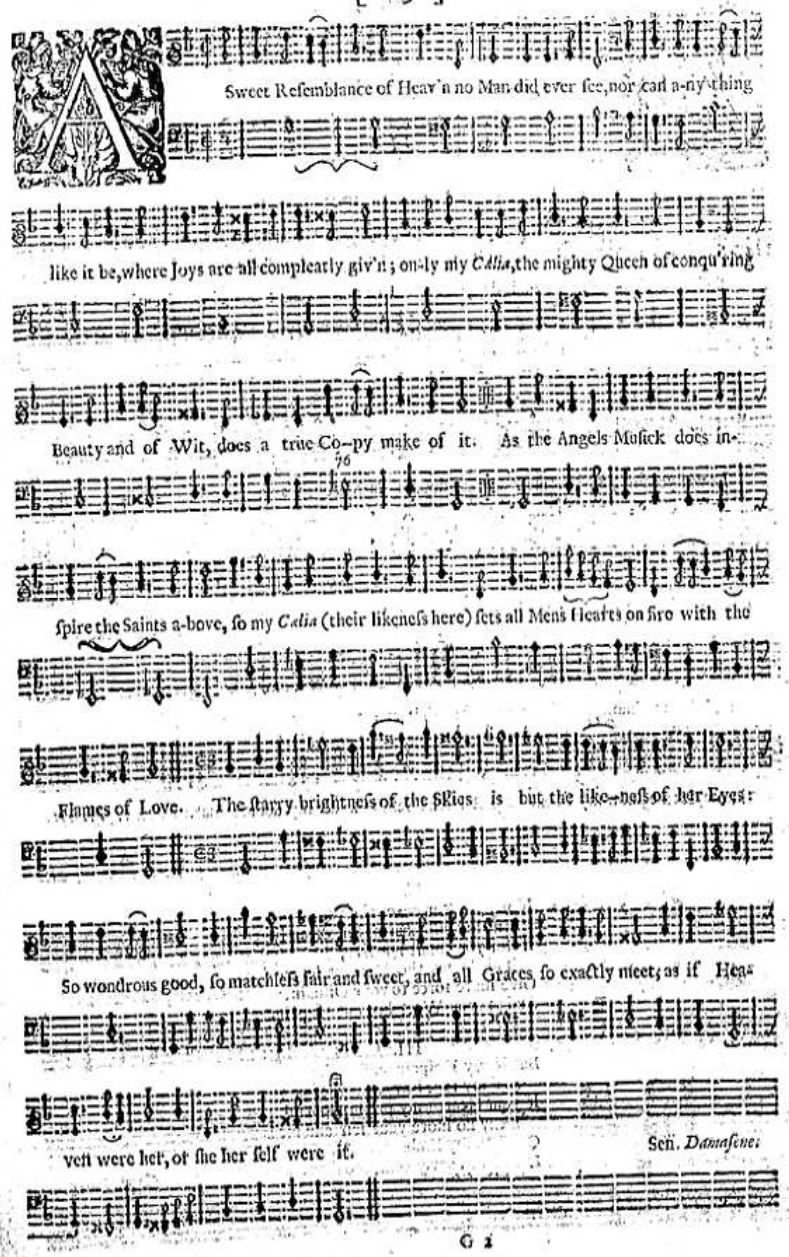
Spirits came, and Gods that made us did in-spire something more noble in our Frame

above the dregs of earthy Fire.

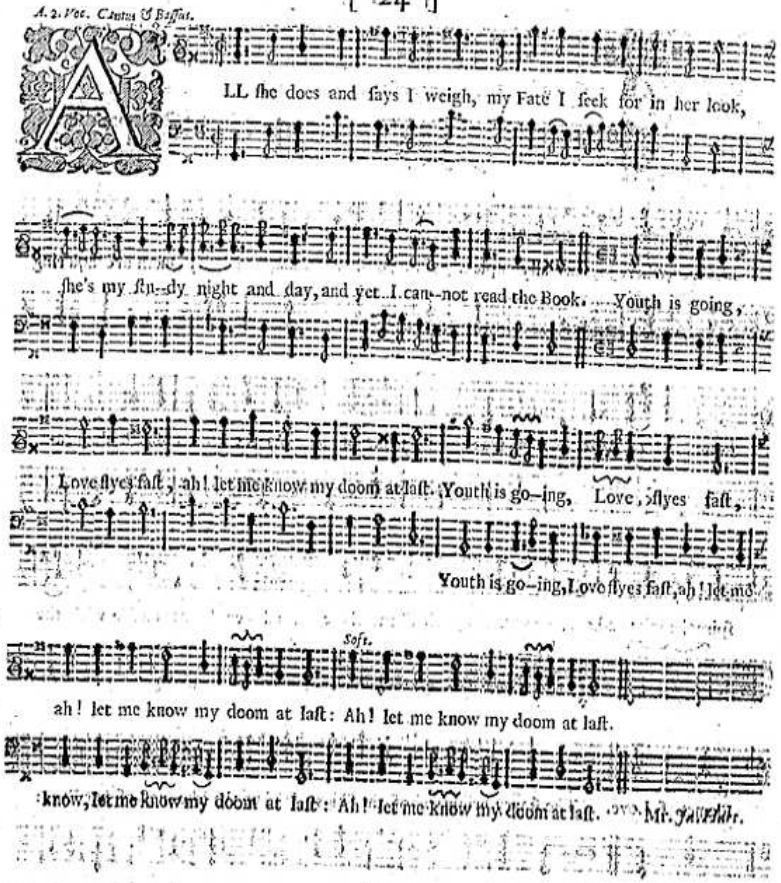
Sen. Restif.

G


WElcome 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 cann't be prevented, treat it whilst it stays here with the best, and then 'twill
go con---ten---ted.
Capt. Packe.


ASweet Resemblance of Heav'n no Man did ever see, nor can a-ny thing
like it be, where Joys are all compleatly giv'n; on-ly my Celia, 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 Celia (their likeness here) sets all Mens Hearts on fire with the
Flames of Love. The starry brightness of the Skies is but the like-ness of her Eyes:
So wondrous good, so matchless fair and sweet, and all Graces, so exactly meet, as if Hea-
ven were her, or she her self were it.
Sen. Damasene.

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



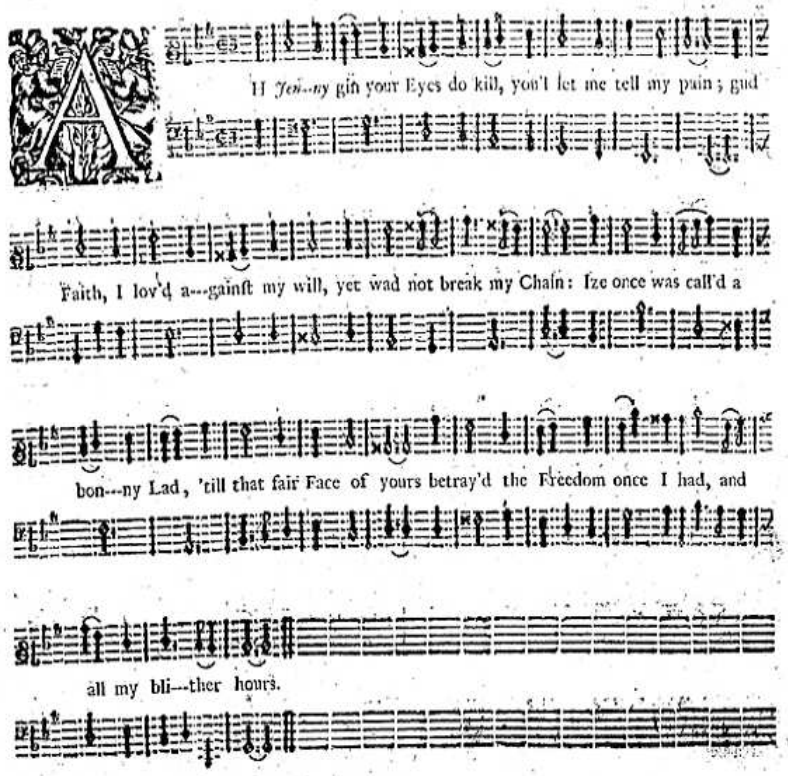
II.

If my Suit can never thrive,
And my luft Charms forgotten 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.

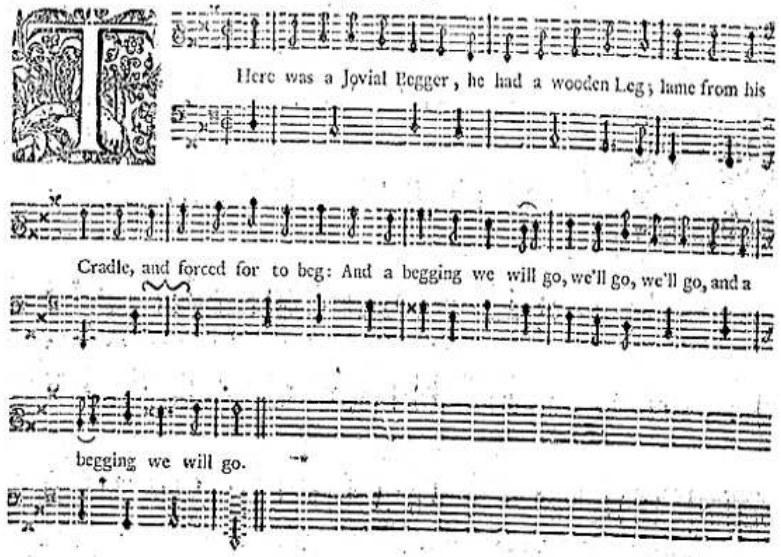
But if my Despair must end,
And my true Love rewarded be;
If your Heart's my private Friend,
Deny no more your self and me:
Quick to my Embraces run,
Heav'n can never come too soon.

A SONG in the CITY HEIRESSES.



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.



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 Bottle 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'ave a long patch'd Coat
To hide a pretty Lass.
And a begging, *&c.*

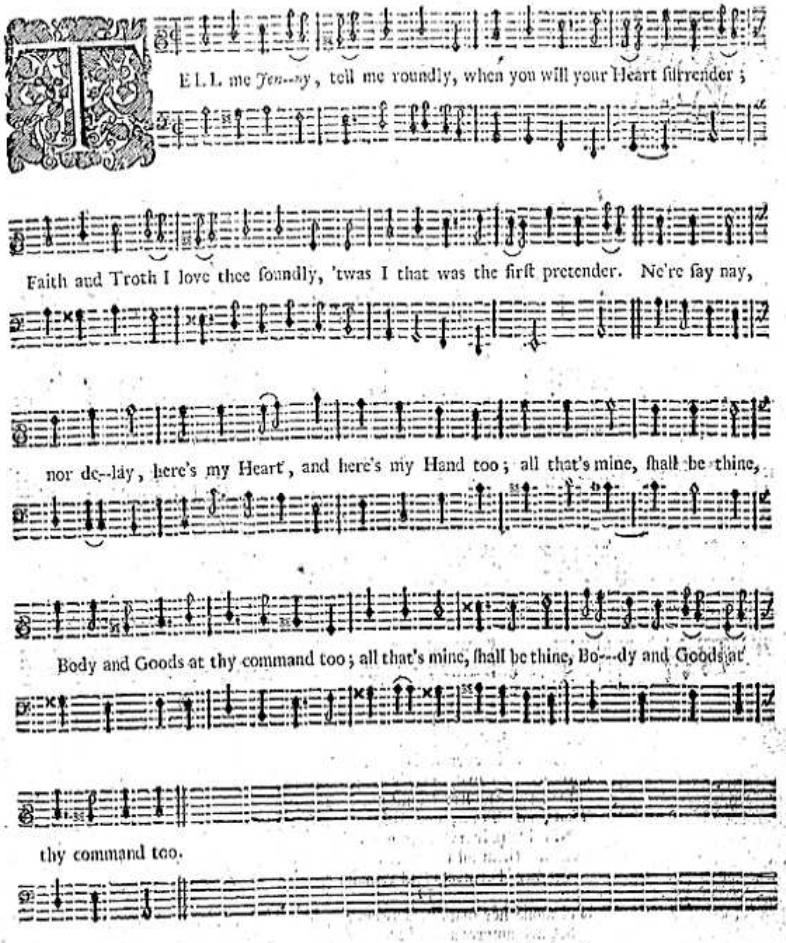
VI.
Seven Years I begg'd
For my old Matter *Wild*,
He taught me to beg
When I was a Child.
And a begging, *&c.*

VII.
I begg'd for my Master,
And got him Store of Pelts;
But *Jove* now be praised,
I now beg for my self.
And a begging, *&c.*

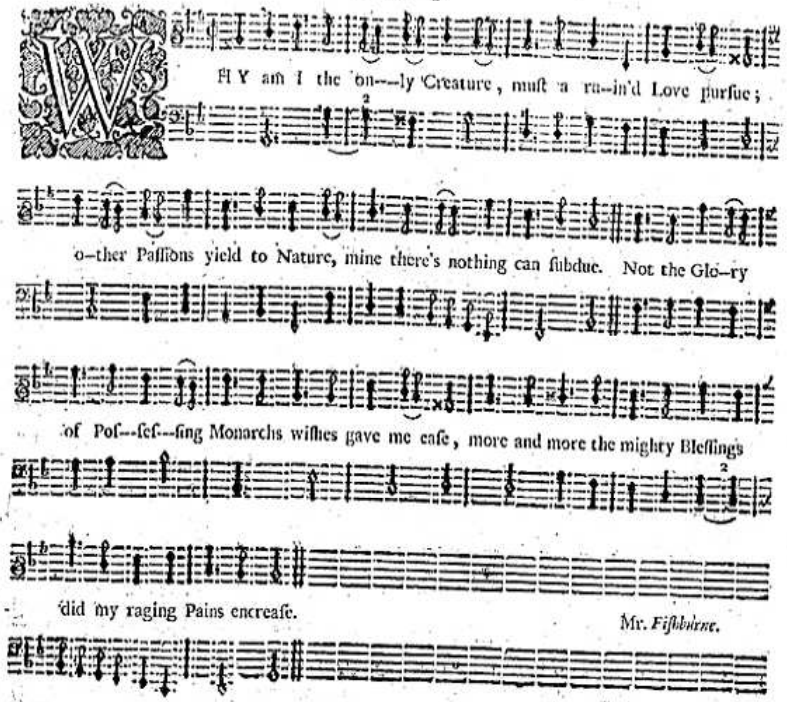
VIII.
In a hollow Tree
I live, and pay no Rent;
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.
And a begging, *&c.*

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.*



II.
Ah! how many Maids, quoth *Jenny*,
Have you promis'd to be true to?
Fye! 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 doing;
Get you gone, naughty Man,
Fye! is this your way of Wooing!



Mr. *Fiſhbirne.*

II.

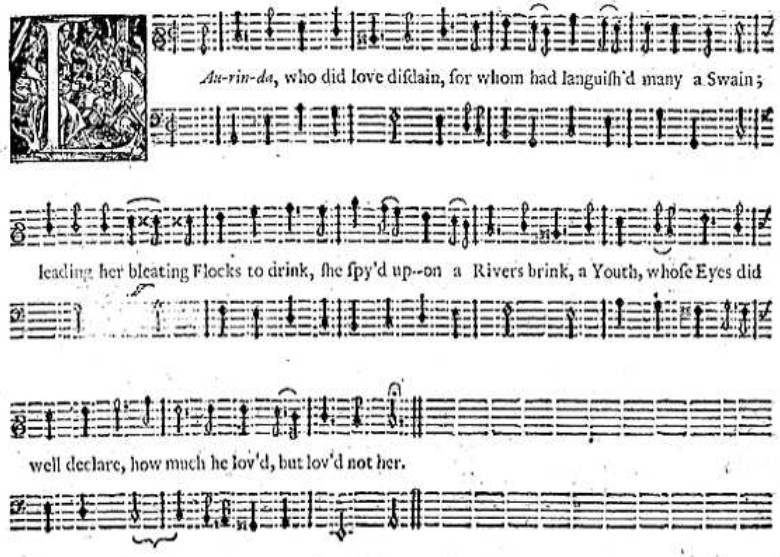
Nor could Jealouſie relieve me,
Though it ever waited near;
Cloath'd in gawdy Pow'r to grieve me,
Still the Monſter would appear:
That, nor Time, nor Abſence neither,
Nor Deſpair removes my Pain;
I endure them all together,
Yet my Torments ſtill remain.

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're 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'le complain;
And in rage for my undoing,
Ne're come in its Power again.

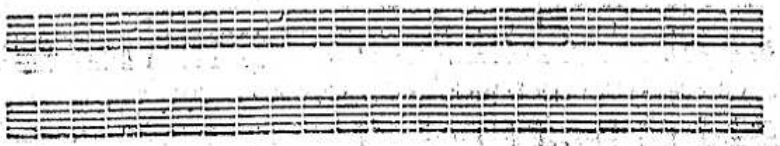


II.

At firſt ſhe laugh'd, but gaz'd a while,
Which ſoon it leſſen'd to a ſmile;
Thence to ſurpriſe 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 & Bassus.

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 he might 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. Stafford.*

A. 2. Voc.

LET 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--ly 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 fling, 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 crossed 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!

dream of me, by Heav'ns I love none more than thee; I bleed, I bleed, and soon shall dye,

Phillis! ah *Phil--lis!* 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 composed 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 grave heads adjourn, and oft

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 Haters, damn'd Asso--ci--a--tors, Whigs, Bastards, and Traitors, we'l build 'em, we'l

build 'em a--gain. Let the in--fa--mous Cut--throats of Princes be shamm'd all; their black Souls be

damn'd all, their Blunderbuss ramm'd all with Brimstone and Fire in-fer--nal. The Gods that look

o'er *him* did by *wonders* restore *him*, their *Angels* sat round *him* that hour that they *crown'd him*, and were

listed his Guards e--ternal. HOw like *Jove* the *Monarch* of *Great-Britain* drives the Gi--ant-

sons of *Titan!* 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 disloyal, 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 some Coal-hole at *Wapping*, shall *CHARLES* and his Justice find 'em.

LEt the Malice of fanatick Roundhead, hatch'd in Hell, be still confounded! May the Roy--al

Brothers no Storm e'er sever, but new wonders de-liver, and their Heirs 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 Restoration, snatch'd from the Jaws o'th' Imps of Dam-na-tion, with

Feasting and Revels wee'l chear up our Souls: For the safety of *Cæsar*, in Joys and in Pleasure wee'l

out-run all measure, '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, joyn their Sphere in the Chorus, make their whole Heav'ns out-rore us, and pledge us in

Bumpers of Nectar.

Mr. *Francis Forcett.*

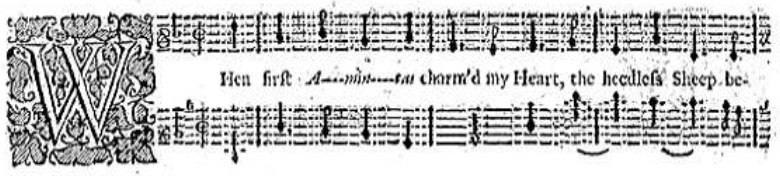
O the Grove, gentle Love, let us be go--ing, where the kind

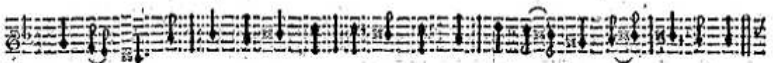
Spring and Wind all day are wooing; he with soft sighing Blasts strives to o'retake her,

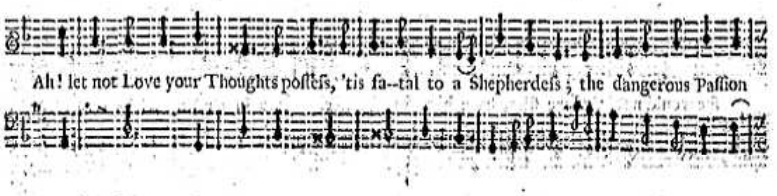
she would not, tho' she flies, have him forsake her. But in circling Rings returning,

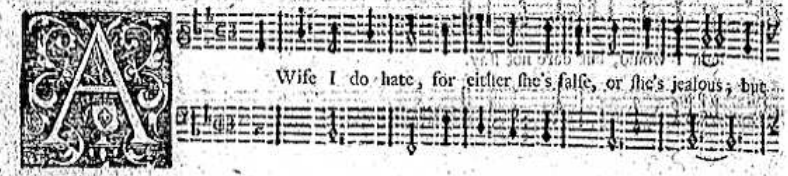
and in pur---ling Whispers mourning; she swells and pants, as if she'd say,

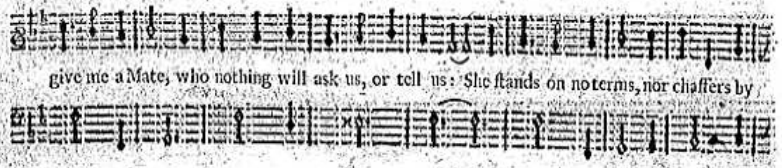
Fain I would, but dare not stay.

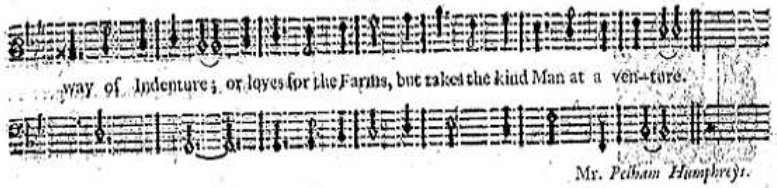








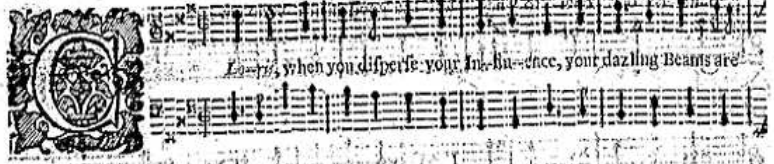


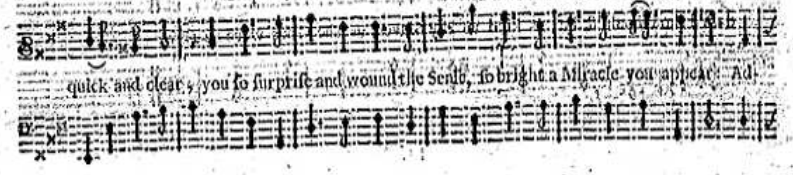


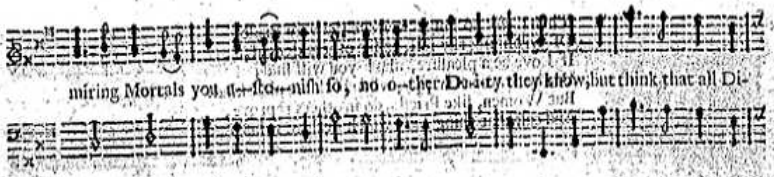
Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

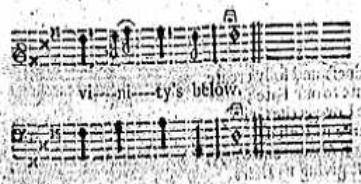
II.

If all prove not right,
Without an Act, Process or warning,
From Wife for a night,
You may be divorc'd the next morning,
Where Parents are Slaves,
Their Brats cann't be any other;
Great Wits and great Braves
Have always a Punk to their Mother.



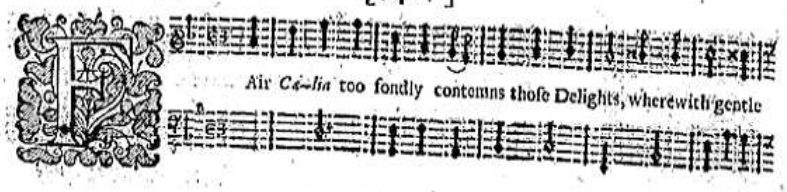


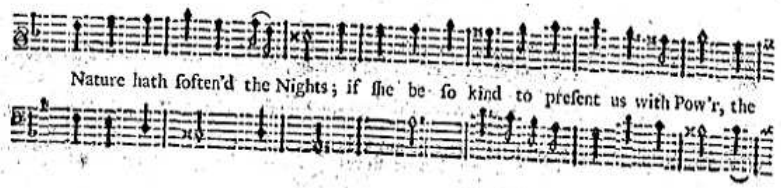


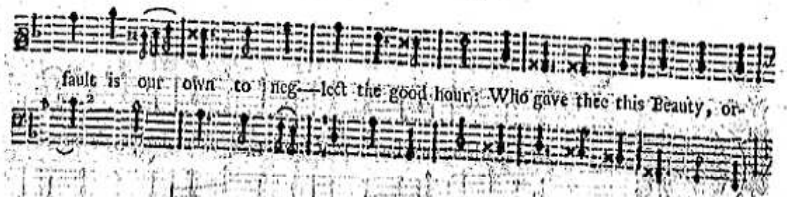


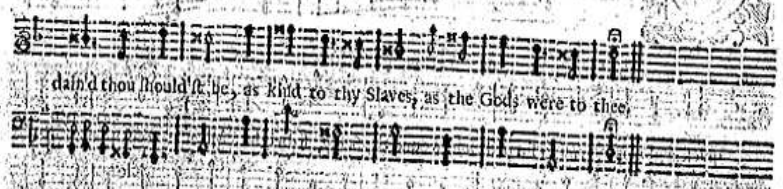
II.

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.







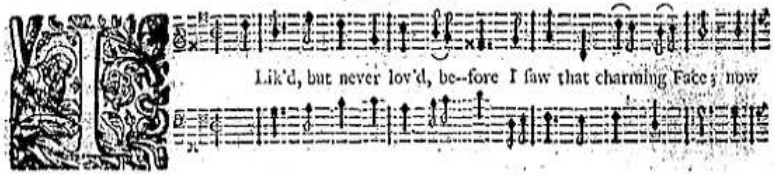


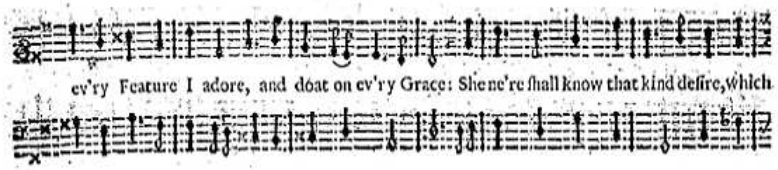
II.

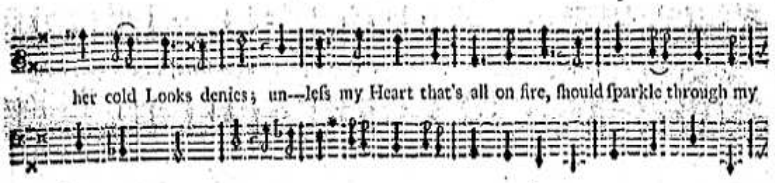
Then *Cælia* no longer reserve the vain Pride,
Of wronging thy self, to see others deny'd;
If Love be a pleasure, alas! you will find,
We both are not happy, when both are most kind.
But Women, like Priests, do in others reprove,
And call that thing *Lust*, which in them is but *Love*.

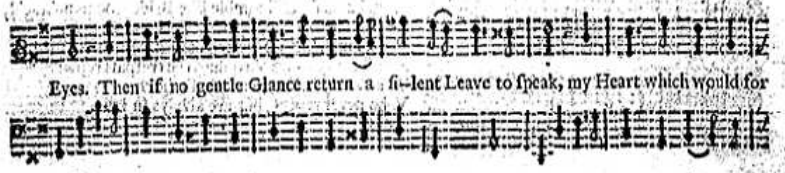
III.

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 *Cælia*, not Heaven, must give us Relief.
Then away with those Titles of *Honour* and *Caste*,
Which first made us fit, by first giving us Laws.

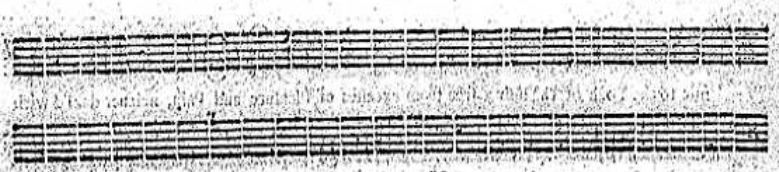


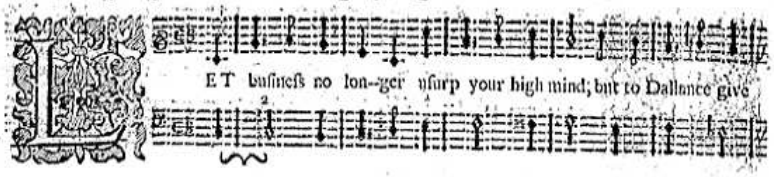


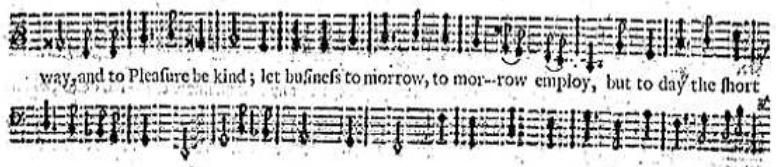


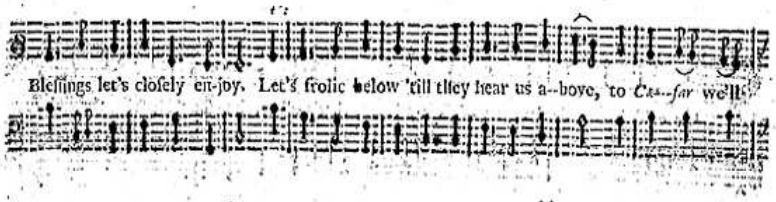


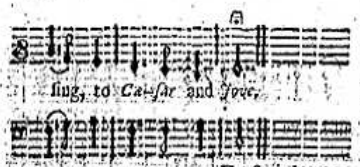
Mr. *William Turner*.







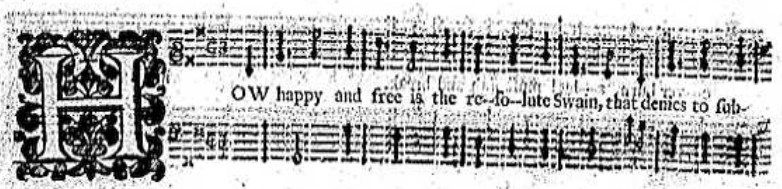


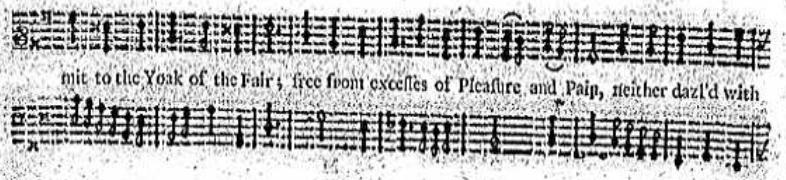


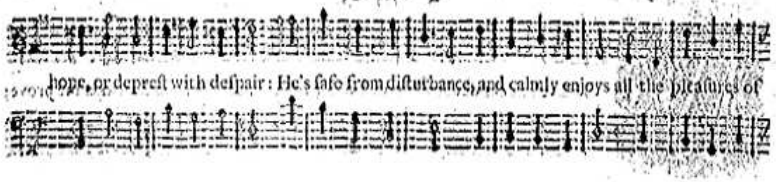
Dr. *Staggins.*

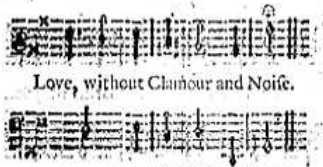
II.

From business we'll ramble like Bridegrooms unbrac'd,
And surfeit 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 trespass repair.
Then study below to act those above,
Who never repent, but are always in love.





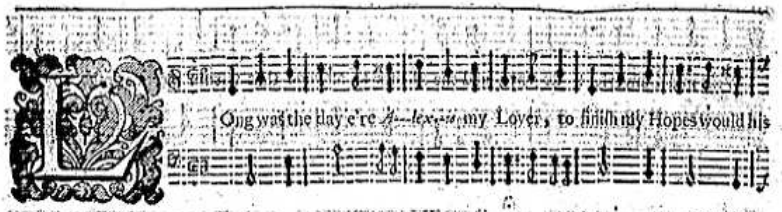


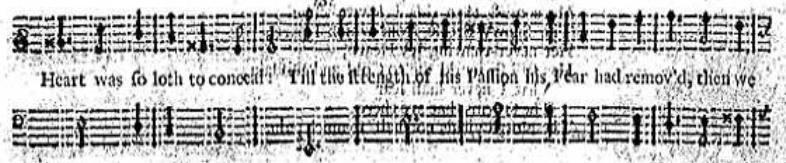


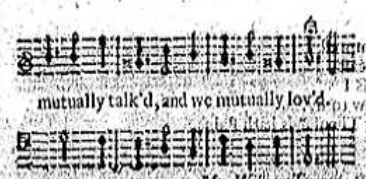
Mr. *Richard Croone.*

II.

Poor Shepherds in vain their Affections reveal,
To a Nymph that is peevish, proud, sullen, and coy;
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'rclaid by the Nurse.



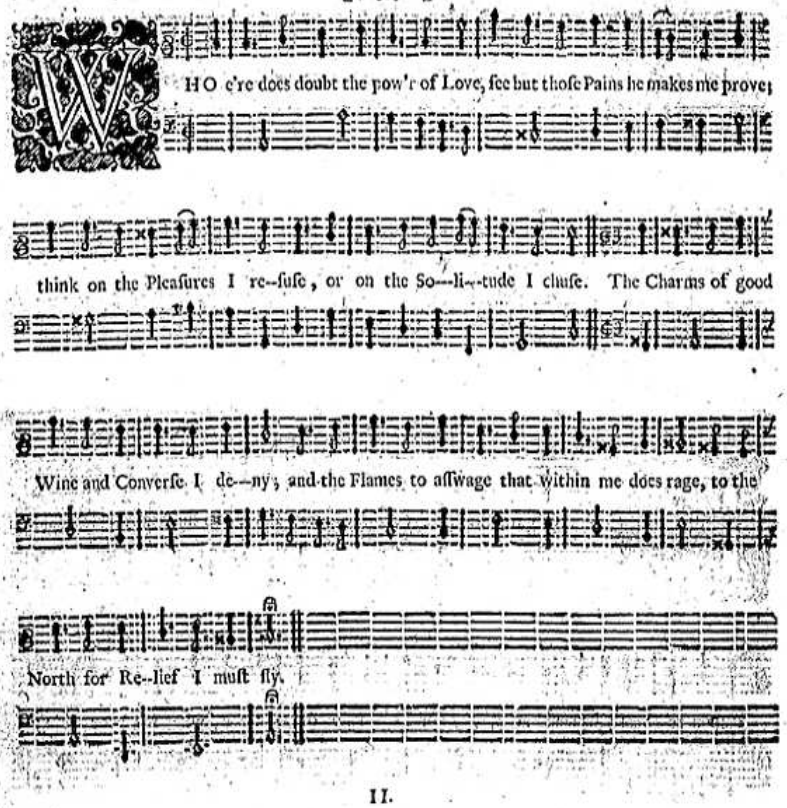




Mr. *William Turner.*

II.

Groves for Umbrella's did kindly o'rshade us
From *Phœbus* hot Rays, who like Envy had strove;
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.

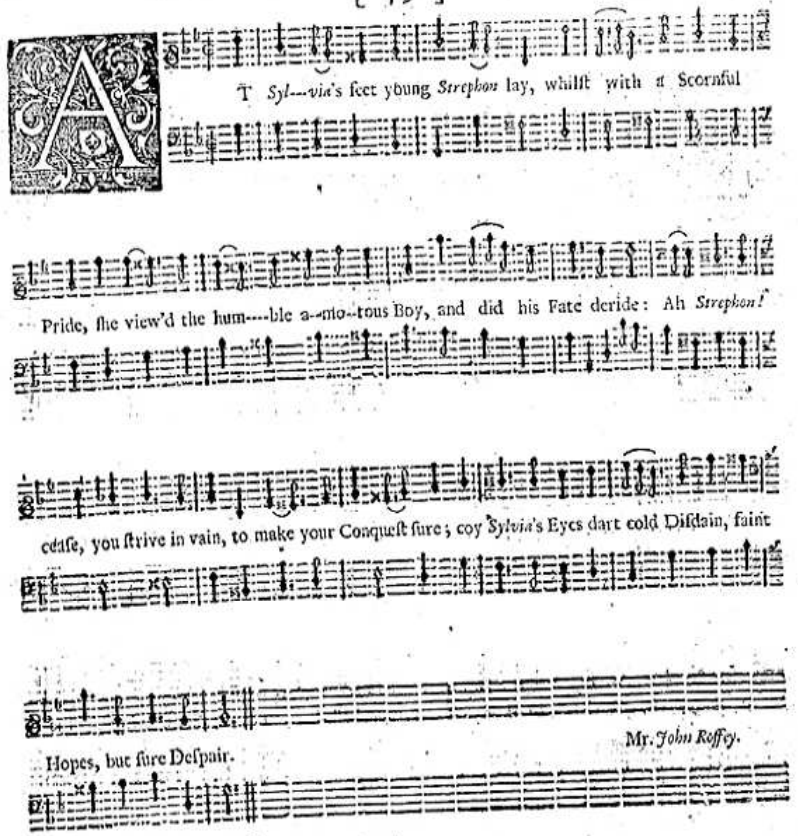


II.

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 inur'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 impreſt
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 *Doralisa* shall Raign.



Mr. *John Roffey.*

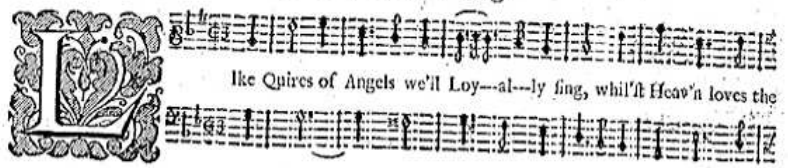
Tears lose their Virtue, when addrest,
To thaw her frozen Heart;
Tears dropp'd on *Sylvia's* Icy Breast,
To Chrystal strait convert.

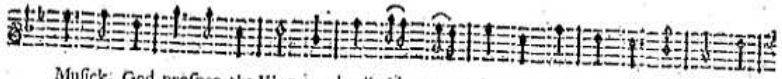
Then gentle *Strephon* seek no more,
What thou shalt never find;
Thy fruitless Passion give o're,
And love a Nymph more kind:

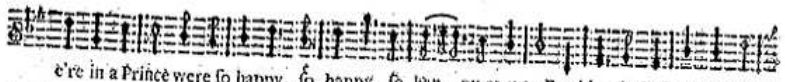
One that shall all thy Joys compleat,
And Happiness secure;
When both with equal Flame shall meet,
Such noble Loves endure.

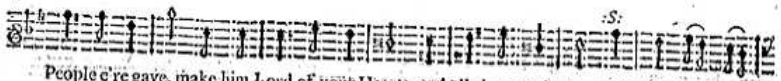
[*Sing these four Lines to the latter part of the Tune.*]

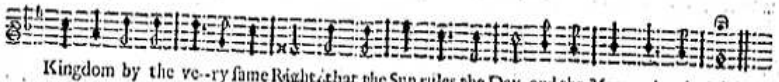
A LOYAL Song.











Mr. *Francis Forcer.*

II.

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.

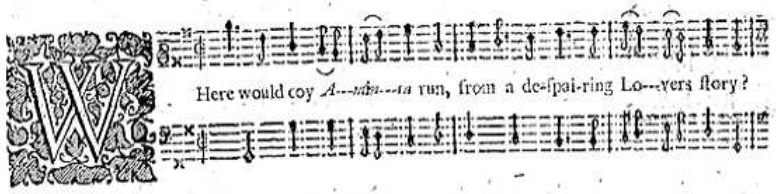
III.

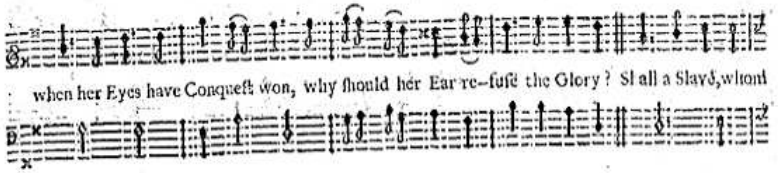
When Rebels their Oaths of Allegiance forsook,
And did wait for the Blood of the King & the Duke;
The Stars in their Courses appear'd for the Crown,
And Legions of Angels did guard them to Town:
And tho' *Whigs* in Cabals do daily combine,
The Birds of the Air will reveal the design;
And lawful Succession just Heav'n shall secure,
As long as the Sun and the Moon do endure.

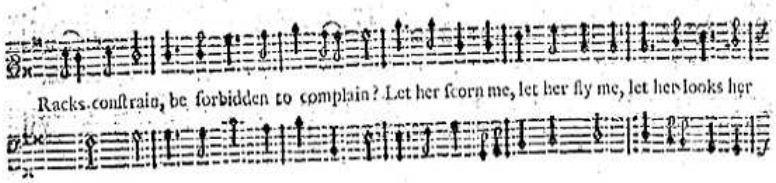
IV.

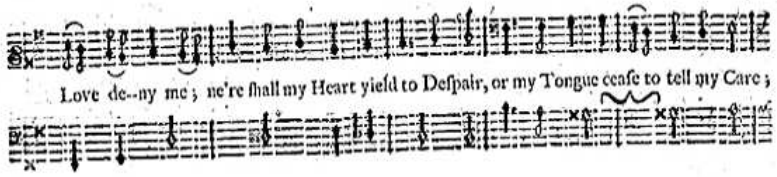
Hence are the People, when Heav'n does Espouse
The Cause of the King, and establish his House;
No Cant of Phanatics, or Commonwealth Zeal,
Can ever prevail by a Whiggish Appeal:
But *Charles* must for ever the Scepter command,
Which the Powers above have repos'd in his hand;
And we unto Heav'n will our Gratitude pay, (day.
And make his whole Reign a long Thanksgiving-

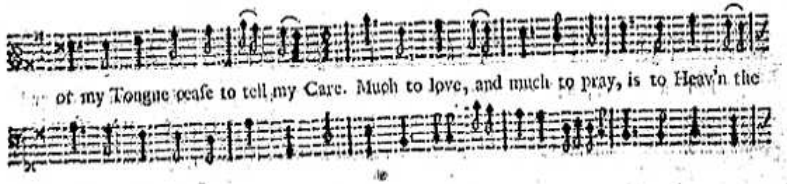
A new Song in the late reviv'd Play, call'd, Valentinian.

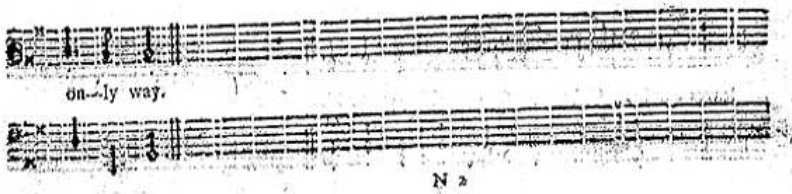


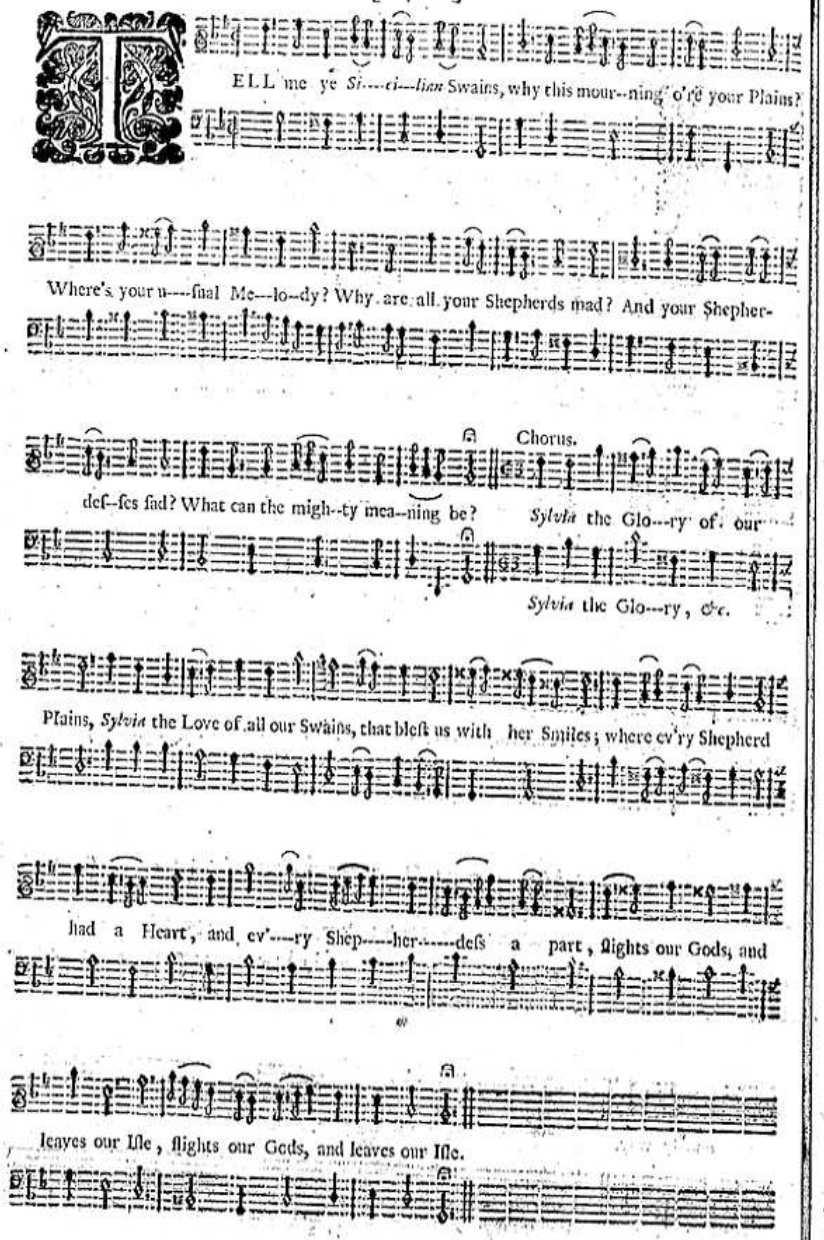


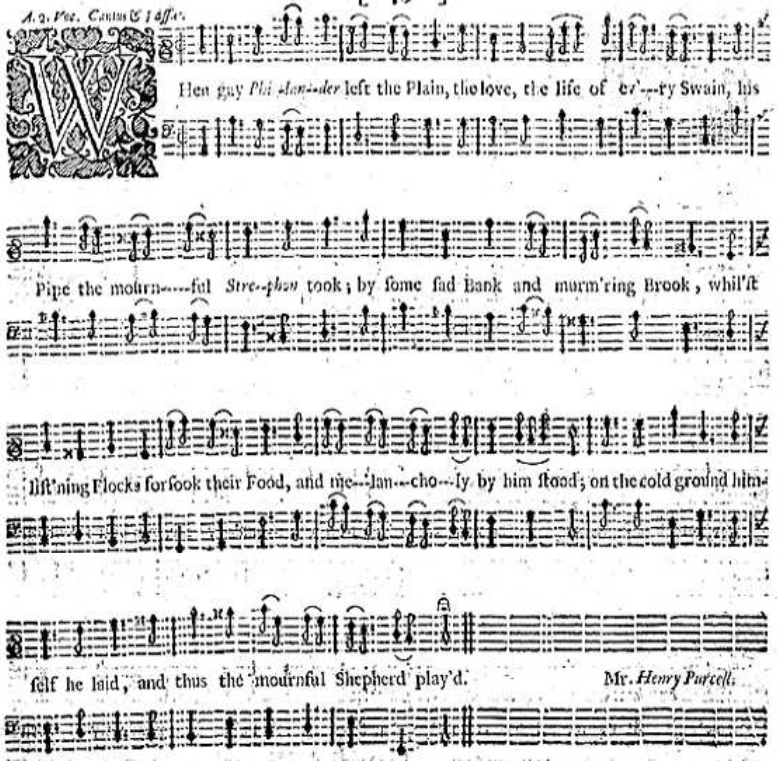












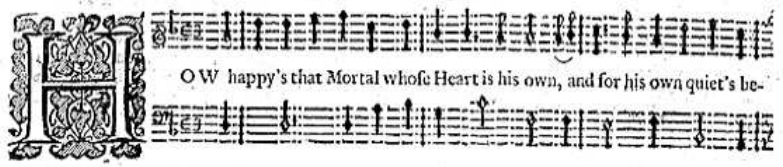
II.

Farewell to all that's bright and gay,
No more glad Light and chearing 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 chearful Garland's sing,
And all shall seem Eternal Spring.

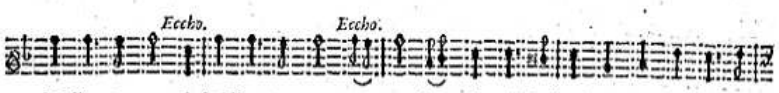
III.

Say, mighty *Pan!* if you did know,
Say all ye rural Gods below,
'Mongst all Youths that grac'd your Plain,
So gay, so beautiful a Swain;
In whose sweet Air and charming Voyce,
Our list'ning Swains did all rejoyce;
Him only, O ye Gods! restore,
Your Nymphs and Shepherds ask no more.

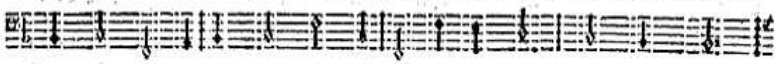
Against LOVE.

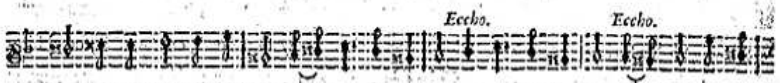


HOW happy's that Mortal whose Heart is his own, and for his own quiet's be-



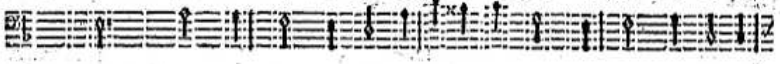
holding to none, beholding to none, to none; that to Love's Enchantments ne're lendeth an



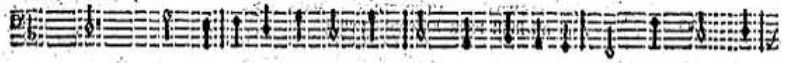


Ear, which a frown or a smile can e-qual-ly bear, can e-qual-ly bear, can bear: Not one

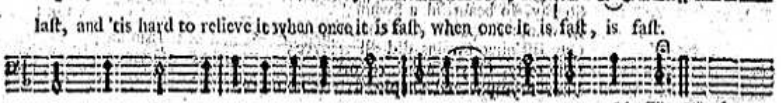
ev'-ry frail Beauty still fix-es an Eye, but from those sly Felons doth prudently fly, doth



pru----------dently, prudently fly, doth fly; for the Heart that still wanders is pounded at



last, and 'tis hard to relieve it when once it is fast, when once it is fast, is fast.



Mr. *Tho. Kingsley.*

II.

By sporting with Dangers still longer and longer,
The Fetters and Chains of the Captive grow stron-
He drills on his Evil, then curses his Fate, (ger;
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.

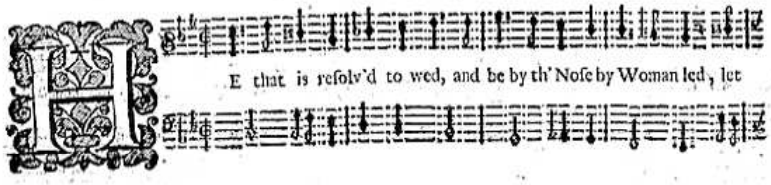
III.

If Love, so much talk'd of, a Heresy be,
Of all it enslaves, few true Converts we see;
If hectoring and huffing would once do the feat,
There's few that would fail of a Vict'ry compleat:
But with Gain 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.

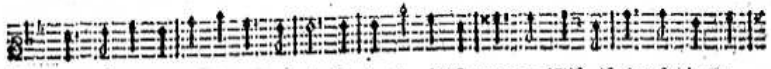
IV.

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 fine Pastimes 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 seise on, and make it give o're,
No labour can save, or relieve 't any more.

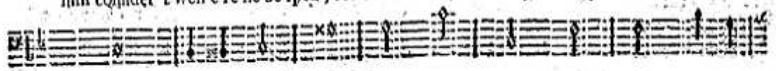
On MARRIAGE.

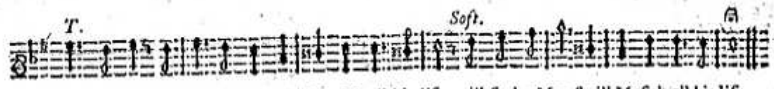


HE that is resolv'd to wed, and be by th' Nose by Woman led, let

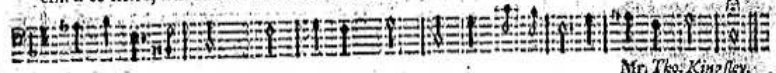


him consider't well e're he be sped; for that lewd Instrument, a Wife, if that she be on-





clin'd to strife, will find a Man shrill Musick all his life, will find a Man shrill Musick all his life.



Mr. *Theo. Kingsley.*

II.

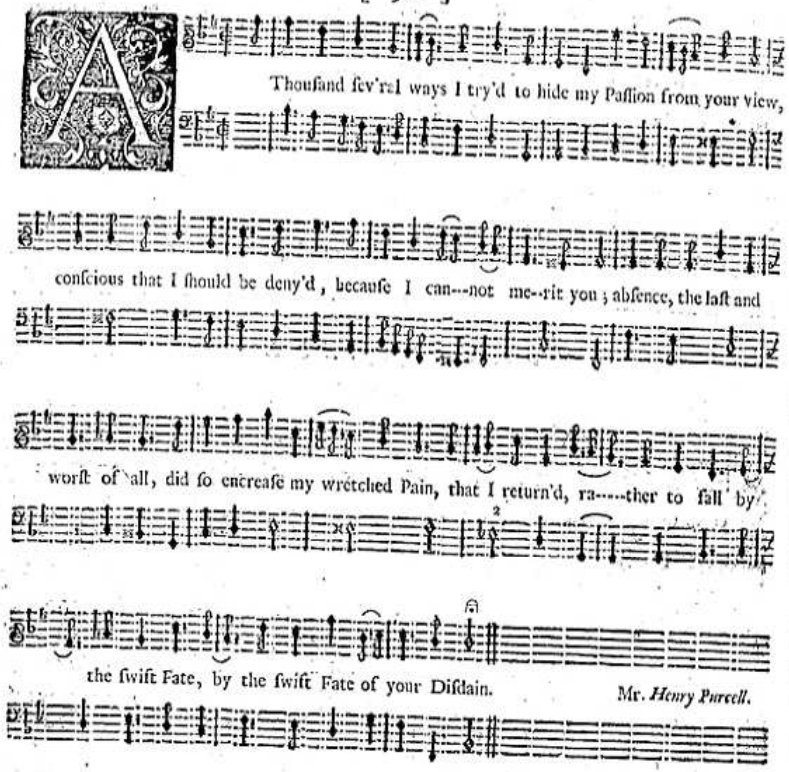
If he approach her when she's vext,
Nearer than the Parson does his Text,
He's sure to have enough of what comes next;
And by our Grammar Rules we see,
Two different Genders can't agree,
Nor without Solecismus connected be. :||:

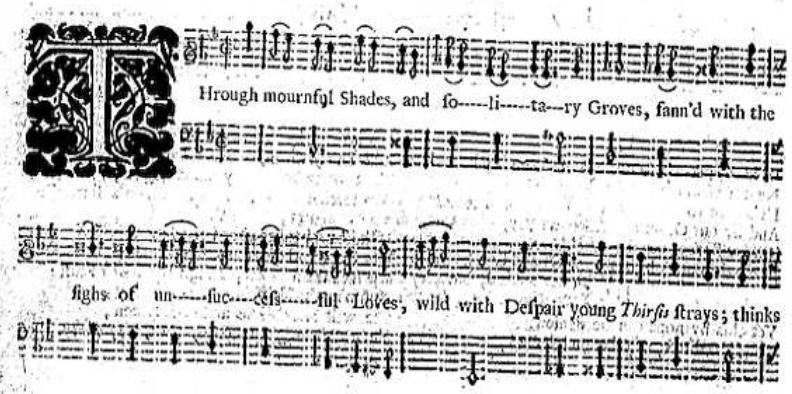
III.

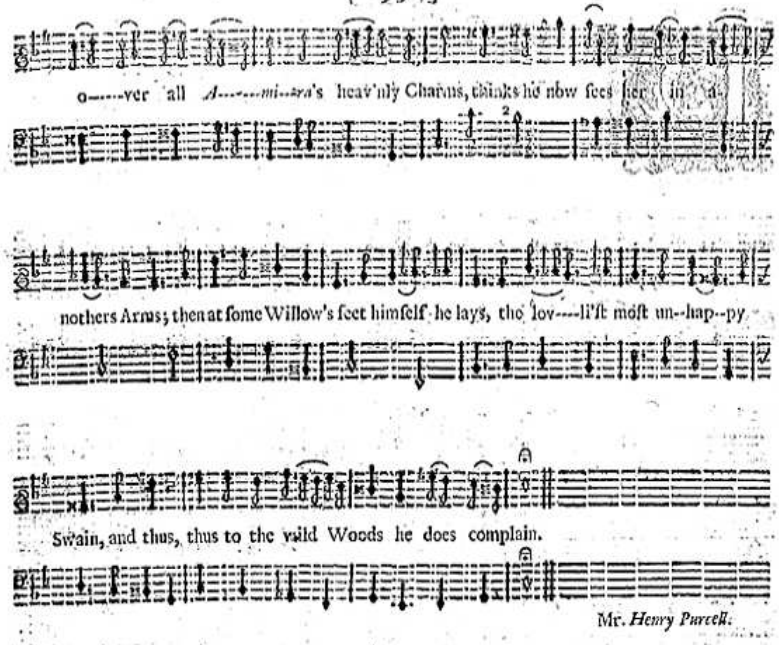
Yet this by none can be denied,
That Wedlock, or 'tis much belied,
Is a good School, in which Man's Vertue's tried:
And this convenience Woman brings,
That when her angry mood begins,
The Husband never wants a sight of's Sins. :||:

IV.

If he by chance offend the least,
His Penance shall be well encreast,
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*. :||:







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 *Les---bia!* give a way in soft Em---bra---ces

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 *Les---bia*, e---ver lye.

Chorus.

THen let us kiss, then let us kiss, and kiss again, and give a hun-dred, hun-

THen let us kiss, let us kiss, and kiss again, and give a hun-dred, hun-

dred thousand more; let us kiss, kiss on as we began, and give as ma-ny as before.

dred thousand more; let us kiss, kiss on as we began, and give as many as before.

But lest perchance our printed Bliss some envious Ri--val should descry, we'll wipe out

But lest perchance our printed Bliss some envious Ri--val should descry, we'll wipe out

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.

Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

The CAUTION.

BEware, poor Shep---herds! all be-ware, be-ware of *Lelia's*

Arts; whose ev'-----ry word con--tains a Snare, her Eyes a thou---sand Darts: She'l

hear and en-----ter---tain your Vows, and give you hopes of Bliss; nay, sware she

loves, confirm the Oath, and seal it with a Kiss. Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

II.

But when the woful circumstance
Proclaims the Conquest sure,
Too late you'l curse the fatal Chance,
Too soon th'effect endure:
I that once thought my self her Care,
Now hopeless must complain;
Learn therefore, learn to shun the Snare,
By thinking on my Pain.

A Dialogue between PHILANDER *and the* Eccho.

Philander.

STay, stay, gen----tle *Eccho*, dear Nymph! Stay, with Love's fad

Language thou can'st play; the last of my Discourse retort, Love, once thy grief, is now thy

Eccho. *Philander.*

Sport. *Thy sport.* My sport, fair Nymph? no, 'tis my pain, to love, and not find love h-

Eccho. *Philander.*

gain. *Love again!* Cru--el! thus, to encrease my Care, is Love a Cordial, for De-

Eccho. *Philander.*

spair? *Or De--spair.* Love or Despair! what dost thou mean, would'st have me suf--fer

Eccho. *Philander.*

both a---gain? *Both A--gain.* And what reward shall I be find? will fair *Clar-*

Eccho. *Philander.*

sa be still un-kind? *Still unkind.* When Passion strains his Voice most high, will she like

Eccho. *Philander.*

thee, like thee, far---ther fly? *Far---ther fly.* Shall I in vain my sighs repeat, since

Cupid's grown so great a Cheat? Tell me, dear *Ec--cho!* how I may chase this in--tru--ding

Guest a--way, and break that Bow, whose Pow'r most strange, thy Substance to a

Eccho. *Philander.*

Voice did change? *Change.* Ah no, my Fate I can--not fly! 'tis harder far to change than

Eccho. *Philander.* Eccho *Philander.*

dye, *Thou'lt be:* Ah! ah! what, does this Eccho say Dye? *Ah dye!* Is this the Counsel I im-

Eccho. *Philander.*

plore? Hence bubling Air, I will no more. *Ill no more.* Be ill no more? That I be-

lieve, he cann't be ill that does not live. When *Titan*'s weary Carr once more has trac'd the

spacious Heav'ns o're, near to this happy Fountain set; I'le call thee with my Fla--ge--let:

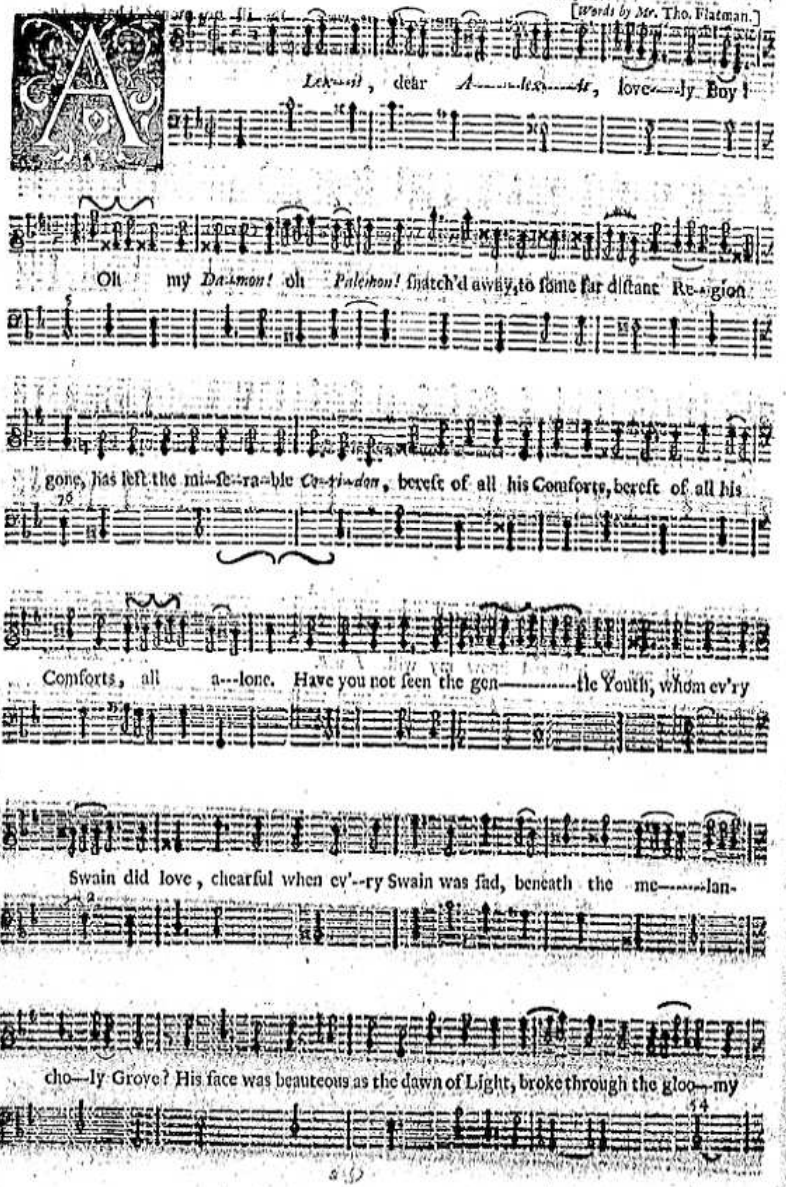
Eccho.

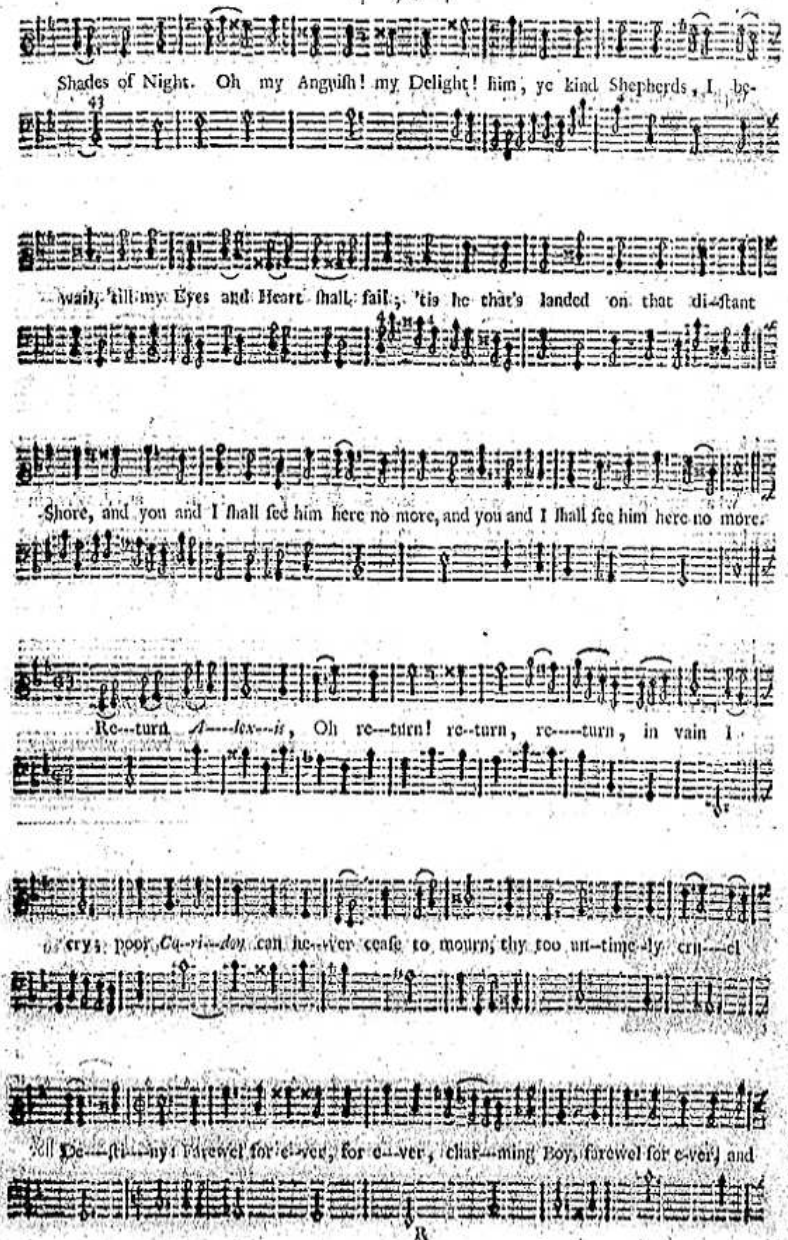
Fail not to hast and know my will. *I will.*

Dr. *John Blow.*

A Pastoral Elegy on the Death of a lovely Boy.

[Words by Mr. Tho. Flatman.]





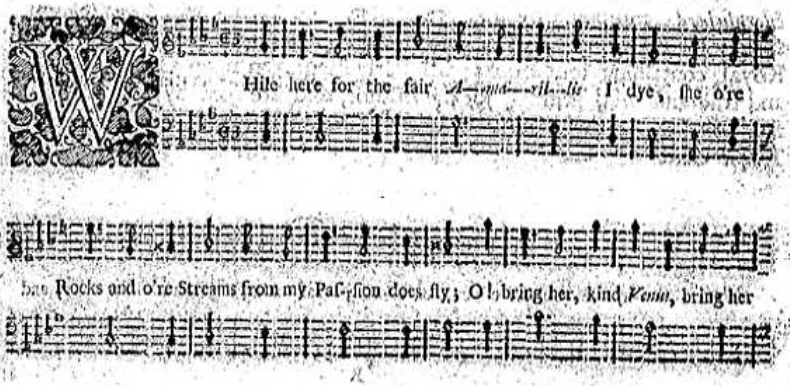
with thee all the Transport of my Joy; ye Pow'rs above, why should I longer live, to

wait a few un--com--for---ta---ble Years, to drown my self in Tears, for

what my Sighs and Pray'rs can ne're retrieve, for what my Sighs and Pray'rs can

ne're retrieve.

Dr. *John Blow.*



here back a--gain, and the chief of my Herd un---to thee shall be slain: But

if she's appeas'd, if to Love she encline, take all my whole Herd, my lit--tle

Herd is all thine.

Mr. *Francis Forcers.*

FINIS.

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