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With the Dialogues in the last New Play call'd

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His *Majesties Theatres*. Most of the Songs

within the Compass of the *Flute*.

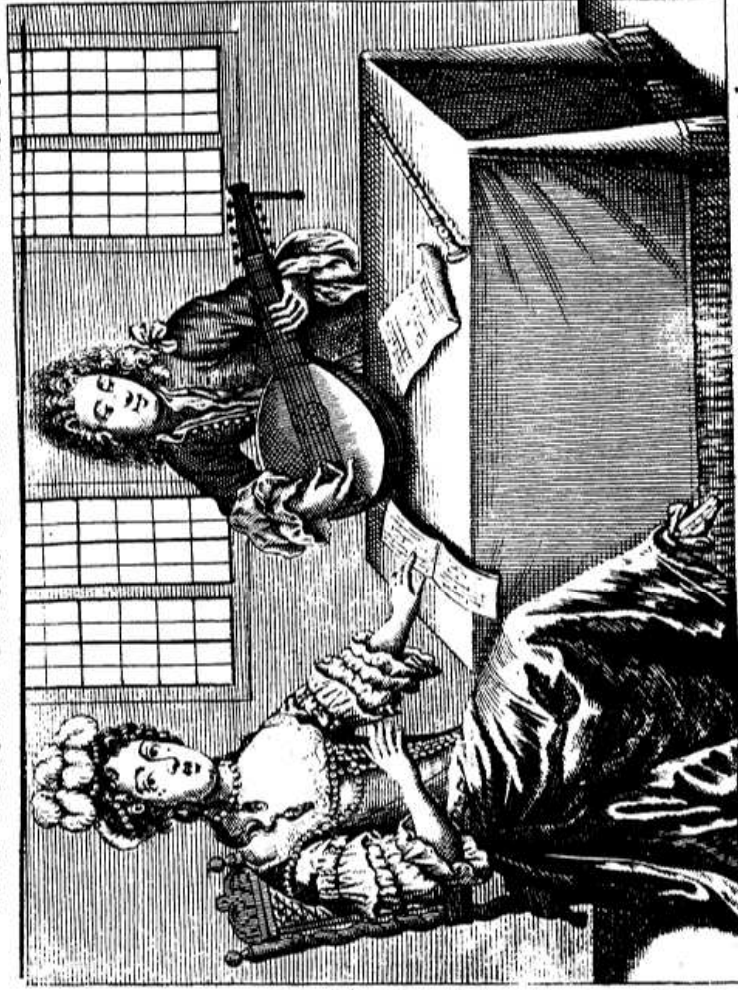
W I T H

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The Second Book of the Second Volume.



F. H. Van. Hoye. Sculp.

L O N D O N,

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Price One Shilling six Pence.

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## A Song in (Love's a Jest). Sett by Mr. John Eccles.

MORTALS learn your Lives to measure, not by length of time but pleasure;

Now the hours in-vite com-ply, whilst you I'd-ly pause they fly; best

whilst a nim-ble pace they keep, but in torment, in torment when they creep. Mortals

learn your lives to measure, not by length of time but pleasure; soon your Spring must

have a fall, loosing Youth is loosing all, then you'll ask but none will give,

and may linger but not live.

End with the first Strain.

A Dialogue in (*Love's a Jest*) between Mr. *Bowman* and Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.  
Sett to Musick by Mr. *John Eccles*.

Hark you Madam, ca'nt I move you, why the  
Devil, why the Devil doe you run, han't I told you twice I Love you, han't I told you  
twice I Love you, come, come, come then, Kifs, Kifs, Kifs me, Kifs, Kifs, Kifs me or I me gone.

Go, go, go, nay pith, prithee go I hate a Rakish Lover; nay do not discom-  
pose my Dress, good, good fa-miliar Spark give over, give over, pray give over,  
how on quality you pres, how on quali-ty you pres, nay prithee, prithee go, nay

prithe, prithee go, I hate a Rakeish Lover, nay Lover. From the Countess  
to the Citt, ev'ry Beauty for me dyes, Damme why shou'd I submit to doat up-  
on this Womans Eyes, Damme why shou'd I submit to doat upon this Wamans  
Eyes; to Womans Eyes. Fifty Beaux expire for me, fifty Beaux, fifty Beaux  
ex-pire for me, O gling, O gling, figh ing; all, all, all, all the day; yet

yet not one, no, no, no, no not one dares be so free, tho' they let me win at play,

tho' they let me win at play. Sure we Rakes can bet-ter move you,

sure we Rakes can better move you, see this Shape, and Leg my Dear, in one Minute

more, I'll Love you than those Fops can in a year, than those Fops can in a year.

But your Love will soon be over,  
Then you'll get a fresher Lover, come, come to Bed,

Leave, leave my hand,  
come, come, come to Bed, to Bed, to Bed, to Bed, I long t' embrace; then

lends your Face, first the Hand, and then the Face, then the Breast, & then the rest, & then, then,

Strikes him,  
The Face,  
then, then, then, s'death I've a good mind to bear you,

no to vex you more I'll leave you, thus I puff you,

then I'll say, how I did treat you.  
I'll go say I refus'd your Love to day.

CHORUS.

All will believe, all will be-lieve I us'd you so, all will be-lieve, all will be-  
None will believe, none will believe you cou'd, you cou'd do so; none will believe,  
—lieve, all will believe, all will believe I us'd you so; all, all, all, all, all, all,  
none will believe, none will believe you cou'd, you cou'd do so; none, none, none, none, none,  
all, all, all will believe I us'd you so, all, all, all, all will believe I us'd you so.  
none, none, none will believe I us'd you so, none, none, none, none will believe I us'd you so.

A Dialogue suppos'd to be between a Eunuch Boy, and a Virgin. Sung by Bowen and Mrs. Crofs in a New Play call'd Ibrahim. Set to Musick by Mr. Daniel Purcell.

Ly, fly from my fight, fly far a-way, my scorn, my  
scorn thou'lt on—ly Purchase by thy stay; a-way, away, a-way fond  
Fool, a-way, a-way, away, a-way, fond Fool, a-way. Dear, dear Angel, no,  
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, here on this place I'll root—  
—ted grow; those pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty Eyes have Charm'd me so, I  
cannot, cannot stir, I cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot goe; I cannot, cannot, cannot

cannot stir, I cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot goe, I cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot

She.  
goe. Thou filly, filly Creature be advis'd, and do not, do not stay to be despis'd; by all, all,

He.  
all my actions thou may'st see, my heart can spare no room for thee: why, why dost thou

hate me? ah! confesse, thou sweet dis-poser of my Joys?

She.  
The Reason is, I on-ly guess, by something in thy Face and Voice, that thou, that

He.  
thou art not made like o-ther Boys; Why I can Kiss, and I can Play, and tell a thousand

pret-ty Tales, and I can Sing the live-long Day, if a-ny other Talent fails, can

Sing, can Sing the live-long Day, if a-ny other Talent fails, can Sing, can Sing the live-long

She.  
Day, if a-ny other Talent fails. Boast not thy Mufick, for I fear, that Sing-ing

gift has cost thee dear, each war-bling Lin-net

on the Tree, has far a better, better, better Fate, a better Fate than thee; for thy life hap-

— by pleasures prove, as they can Sing so they can Love.

CHORUS. She.

[ 10 ]

He. No, no, no poor Boy, No, no, no poor Boy;  
 Why so can I, why, why cannot I, why cannot I,  
 No, no, no not I; (Pish) (Pish) Oh fye; no, no not  
 pray do but try, pray do but try, do but try, do but try, pray, pray do but  
 I; (Pish) (Pish) Oh fye; no, no not I;  
 try, do but try, do but try, do but try, pray, pray do but try, I know no reason, no  
 You know, you know, you know you lye.  
 rea-son why, I know no reason, no rea-son why.

[ 11 ]

A Dialogue Sung on Hob's Wedding, at a Country Wake. Sett to Musick by Mr. John Eccles.

Mr. Withers.  
 Come Hodge, come Robin, come Robin, come John, come Katy, come Katy, come Jenny,  
 come Joan, make haft all and don, your best Clothes on, for Hob must be Married, be Married  
 a nou; For I must be Married, for I must be Married, be Married, be Married,  
 be Married a-non. For Hob, Hob must be Married, for Hob must be  
 For Hob must be Married, for Hob must be Married, for  
 Married, for Hob must be Married, for Hob must be Married, be Married, be Married a non.  
 Hob must be Married, for Hob must be Married, be Married, be Married, be Married a non.  
 Withers.  
 Let the Plough to day stand still, and Maids go not to the Mill; but haft to the

Wedding, but haft to the Wedding, no matter for bidding, no matter for bidding, you may

all come, you may all come, you may all come that will. You may all

come, you may all come, you may all come, you may all come, you may all, all, all, all, all, all, all, come, you may all come, you may all come you may all, all, all all, all, all

all, all, you may all come that will. There's Pudding and such good Cheer, and a

Barrel of good strong Beer, and the Fidler shall play, and we'll trip it all day; But at

Night gadfookers stand Clear, stand Clear, but at Night gadfookers stand Clear.

But at Night gadfookers stand Clear, gadfookers stand Clear, gadfookers stand Clear, gad-

fookers stand Clear, at Night stand Clear, stand Clear, at Night gadfookers stand Clear.

Mrs. Hadjen. Here's I, and Katy and Sue, we're all as ready as you; but Mary does say she'll

not Marry to day; By my troth I wonot, I wonot, I wonot, by my troth I

wonot come too. She wonot come too, she wonot come too, she

wonot come too, she wonot come too, by my troth she wonot come too.



Mrs. Hudson.

Come *Mary*, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come *Mary*, come, come, come,

Mr. Wilshire.

Come *Mary*, come, come, come *Mary*, come, come, come *Mary*, come,

come, come, come, come, come *Mary* you must be rul'd; then give him your Hand, then

come, come *Mary*, come *Mary* you must be rul'd; then give him your

give him your Hand, and say you'r well mov'd, and say you'r well mov'd. Don't think,

Hand, and say you'r well mov'd, and say you'r well mov'd, well mov'd.

Chor.

don't think, don't think that *Hob* will be fool'd. don't think, don't think, don't

Chor.

don't think, don't think, don't

Mary.

think, don't think, that *Hob*, that *Hob* will be fool'd. Come, come then, come, come then

think, don't think, that *Hob*, that *Hob* will be fool'd.

Come, come then to Church; come, come then to Church, and let's Wedd. And af-ter

that we'll to Bed, to Bed, and after that we'll to Bed. Yet I cannot, I

cannot, but Cry, to think I shall dye, when I part with my Maiden-head; I cannot but

cannot but Cry, to think I shall dye when I part with my Maiden-head.

CHORUS.

She cannot but cry to think she shall dye, she cannot but cry to think she shall dye, she

She cannot, she cannot but cry to think she shall dye, she cannot but cry. to think she shall

cannot but cry to think she shall dye, when she parts with her Maiden-head;

dye, she cannot but cry, but cry, when she parts with her Maiden-head;

she cannot but cry to think she shall dye, she cannot but cry to think she shall dye, she

she cannot, she cannot but cry to think she shall dye, she cannot but cry to think she shall

cannot but cry to think she shall dye, to think she shall dye when she parts, when she  
dye she cannot but cry to think she shall dye, to think she shall dye when she

parts with her Maiden—bead.  
parts with her Maiden—bead.

A Drunken Dialogue in (*Love's a Jefe*) between Mr. Reading and M. Lee, in the  
Second Act. Set to Music by Mr. John Eccles.

Shou'd I not lead a happy life, (*bick*) shou'd I not, shou'd I not, shou'd I not lead a

happy life, (*bick*) were but my Bottle like my Wife, were but my Bottle like my Wife; (*bick*)

my Bottle empties when I Swill, my Bottle empties when I Swill; (*bick*)

But my Wife swells up, but my Wife swells up, but my Wife, my Wife swells up

when we Bill, (*bick*) wou'd when I Drink, wou'd when I Drink my Bottle fill; and when I Kifs,

and when I Kifs my Wife not swell, all wou'd be well; I wou'd fo (*bick*) fo

swill, I wou'd fo, (*bick*) fo fill, I wou'd fo, (*bick*) fo Bill, that dai-ly, dai-ly I wou'd

spend my life; Drinking, Filling, Hugging, Billing, my merry,

merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry Bottle and my Wife.

Still at your Pot you drunken Sot, you drunken,

drunken, drunken Sot; you till I come will never go home, and when you're there, you

Curse and Swear, you Curse, you Ban, you Damm and Swear, then prove a Bed a lump of

lead; will you never leave your beaftly Pott, you odious filthy drunken Sot.

Do you think you Scold I'll be controul'd, (bick) do you think you Scold I'll be con-

-troul'd; no more be said, no more be said, or at your head as I'm a Sot, (bick)

souce flies the Pott; but first I think I'll save the Drink, but first I think I'll save the Drink;

Hold leave a sup, don't, don't drink all, all up;

Here taste, taste, and know why, why, why I'll not go. *She Drinks.*

How sweet, how sweet oh! how it Cheers and warms my Heart; oh! dear methinks, me-

-thinks I fuck my Mother, here's to you my Love, have 'tother Quart and then, what then, and

then a-nother. *She Drinks again.*

CHORUS.

Come now we're friends, come now we're friends, and all, all, all is right, and all, all, all is

Come now we're friends, come now we're friends and all, all, all is right, drink,

right; drink, drink, drink, drink all day, but love, love, love at night, drink, drink, drink,

drink, drink, drink all day, drink, drink, drink, drink all day but love at night,

drink all day, drink, drink, drink, drink all day, drink, drink, drink, drink all day but

drink, drink, drink, drink all day, drink, drink, drink, drink all day, drink, drink, drink, drink all

love, love, love at night, drink. Love, love, love at night, but love, love, love at night.

day but love at night. day but love at night, but love, love, love at night.

A Dialogue in (*Love's a Jest*) between a Boy and a Girl in the Fourth Act.  
Sett to Music by Mr. John Eccles.

**P** Retty, pretty Miss, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty Miss let us talk, let us

talk to-gether; I play truant, I play truant, I play truant, to come hither,

to go with you up and down, I'd leave all the Boys in town, I'd leave all,

all, all, all, I'd leave all, all, all, all, I'd leave all, I'd leave all the Boys in town.

*Stc.* Boys in town. My deary, deary, deary *fer my*, *Femmy* how d'ye do, how d'ye

do, how d'ye do; I'd leave all our Girls for you, nay my fi-ness, fi-ness Ba-by,

*Sis sings her Baby away.*  
*Hr.*  
 nay my fi-neft Ba-by too. Come let us play, let us play at Man and Wife, come

*Sis.*  
 come let us play, let us play at Man and Wife. Eye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye,

fye you know, that's full of frife, you know that's full of frife, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye,

*Hr.*  
 fye that's full of frife. Comethen let us Kifs, let us Kifs and hug, let's Kifs and hug, er's

Kifs and hug each other, let's Kifs and hug each other, like my Father and my

*Sis.*  
 Mother, like my Father and my Mother. Ay that's better, that's better, that's better,

come be-gin, come begin, when you'r out I'll put you in, when you'r out I'll put you in.

*Hr.* *Sis.*  
 Pray, pray be not so fhy, be not so fhy my deary. Stand off, stand

off, keep your diftance, keep your diftance or I vow, I vow I'll rear ye.

*Hr.*  
 Are thy Bubbies a coming, thy Bubbies, thy Bubbies, thy Bubbies a coming, Child;

Let me fee, let me fee, let me fee, I muft Kifs, I muft Kifs.  
*Sis.*  
 Oh! no, no, oh! pray, pray, fye, fye, fye, no, no, no, no, no,

no you shan't. There's no body sees us then why do you fear, now a lit-tle more

good Betty. Eye, fye, you make me Blush I swear, yet me-

—thinks 'tis very Pretty, well, we'll Marry e're 'tis long, You'r too little, You'r too young.

CHORUS.

Ob! I cannot, I cannot, I cannot tarry long; Ob! I

Ob! I cannot, I cannot, I cannot, I cannot, I cannot tarry long; ob! I cannot, I cannot, I

cannot, I cannot tarry long; quickly, then quickly, then quickly, then quickly, then quickly,

cannot, I cannot tarry long; quickly, then quickly, then quickly,

then let us Mar-ry; ob! I cannot, I wonnot, I cannot, I wonnot, I cannot tarry long, I

then let us Mar-ry; ob! I cannot, I wonnot, I cannot tarry long, I

cannot, I wonnot, I cannot, I wonnot, I cannot, I wonnot tarry long.

cannot, I wonnot, I cannot, I wonnot, I cannot, I wonnot tarry long.

A Song in (Love's a Jest). Set by Mr. Ackeroyd. Sung by Mrs. Hudson.

From Aberdeen to Edinbrongh I trudg'd it with my Bearn; And thence to London Town

did goe, some News of my Love to learn; And thence to Lon-don Town did goe, some

News of my Love to learn, some News of my Love to learn.

But now the Bonny Lad is come,  
With Royal Willy here;  
So I fe e'en gang contented home;  
Sin I have got my Dear

III.

I for my *Sawny* Wove a Plad,  
No *Laird* can better wear;  
I've Knit a Bonnet for the *Lad*,  
And other goodly Geer.

IV.

Our canny *Loons* and *Lassies* now  
Mun all be blythe and dance;  
For *Sawny* says, we'll force to bow  
The mickle *De'il* of *France*.

A Song Sett by Mr. *Moses Snow*, B. M.

W hat diff'ring forms does Love obtrude, to vex an Am'rous mind; to be fa-

miliar's to be Rude, to be reserv'd unkind: Women, like Victors, do pro-

ceed, who o--thers Rights in-vade, and in vain Tryumph

proud--ly lead the cap--tives they have made.

II.

Thus Lovers in uncertainty,  
Like Mariners are tost;  
Who tho' they scape a Storm at Sea,  
Are Wrackt upon the Coast:  
Then since their Treacherous Arts I see,  
In vain are all their Charms;  
My Native freedom ne'er shall be  
Subdu'd to forraign Arms.