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169

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TO ALL LOVERS OF
MUSICK.

GENTLEMEN,



HIS Third Book, or Collection of New Ayres and Songs had come to your hands some Months sooner, had I not been prevented by long Sickness; however I hope it will not now be unwelcome. I need not here commend the Excellency of their Composition, the ingenious Authors Names being printed with them, who are Men that understand to make *English* Words I speak their true and genuine Sence both in good humour and Ayre; which can never be performed by either *Italian* or *French*, they not so well understanding the Proprieties of our Speech. I have seen lately published a large Volum of *English* Songs, composed by an *Italian* Master, who has lived here in *England* many Years; I confess he is a very able Master, but being not perfect in the true *Idiom* of our Language, you will find the Air of his Musick so much after his Country-Mode, that it would sure far better with *Italian* than *English* Words. But I shall forbear to censure his Work, leaving it to the Verdict of better Musical Judgments; only I think him very disingenious and much to blame, to endeavour to raise a Reputation to himself and Book, by disparaging and undervaluing most of the best *English* Masters and Professors of Musick. I am sorry it is (in this Age) so much the Vanity of some of our *English* Gentry to admire that in a Foreigner, which they either slight, or take little notice of in one of their own Nation; for I am sure that our *English* Masters in Musick (either for Vocal or Instrumental Musick) are not in Skill and Judgment inferiour to any Foreigners whatsoever, the same Rules in this Science being generally used all over *Europe*: But I have too far digress'd, and therefore beg your Pardon. This Book being bound up with the two others formerly published, will make a compleat Volum. To conclude, I desire you to think, that I have herein as much studied your satisfaction as my own Interest, and kindly to receive this Collection, from

From my House in
Arundel-Street,
near the Thames
side, Novemb. 2.
1690.

GENTLEMEN,

Your hearty Servant,

JOHN PLAYFORD

B Id the sad for--sa--ken Grove to sigh for e--ver, sigh as much as

I; bid the Dew fall, and the Sky weep a--pace, weep like the Queen of

Love, it can-not be more show'ry than her Face. Ah hapless De--i--ty! and

still more wretched, cause she may not die: Can there be far-ther Joy in the Ce--le--stial

store, now my best Heaven, *Ad--mis*, is no more; he is no more, no more?

Mr. Farmer.

C Ease, if thou canst; pursue no more; *Lucinda's* alter'd much of

late, so chang'd from what she was before, that she re--signs thee up to Fate; no

more at--ten--tive to thy Pray'rs. In vain are all thy sighs, in vain thy tears:

In vain are all thy sighs, in vain thy tears.

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

C An life be a Blessing, or worth the possessing? can life be a

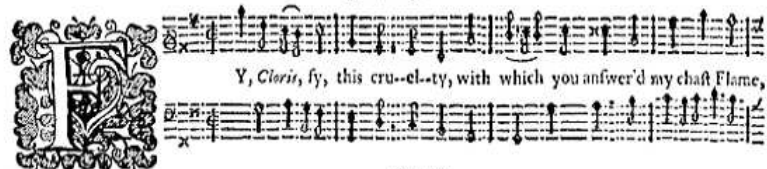
Blessing, if Love were away? Ah no! though our Love all night keep us wa--king; and

though he tor--ment us with cares all the day; yet he sweetens, he sweetens our

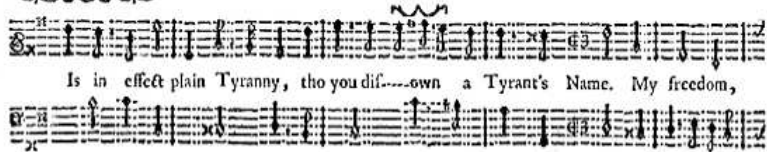
pains with the taking: There's an hour at the last, there's an hour to re--pay.

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

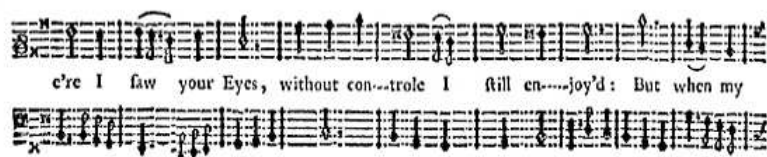
II. In every possessing, the ravishing blessing;
In every possessing the fruit of our pains:
Poor Lovers forget long Ages of Anguish,
What e're they have suffer'd, or done to obtain.
'Tis a pleasure, a pleasure, to sigh and to languish;
When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.



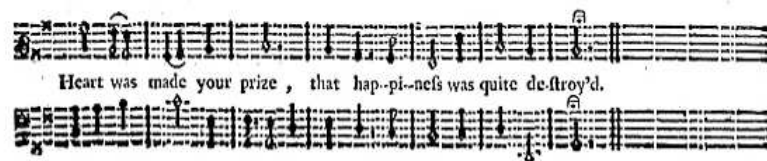
Y, *Cloris*, fy, this cru-el-ty, with which you answer'd my chaf't Flame,



Is in effect plain Tyranny, tho you dis-own a Tyrant's Name. My freedom,



e're I saw your Eyes, without con-trole I still en-joy'd: But when my



Heart was made your prize, that hap-pi-ness was quite de-stroy'd.

II.

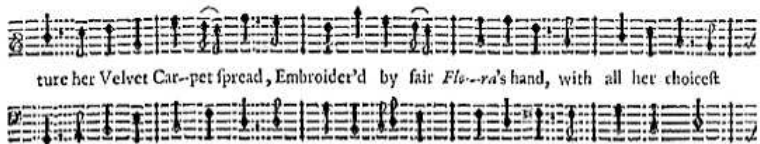
For your *Idea* still remains,
 Spight of your scorn, within my Breast;
 Railing *Chimera's* in my Brains,
 When I dispose my self to rest:
 But if at any time I be
 Deluded with a slumber there;
 The Image of your Cruelty
 Does in sad Dreams to me appear.

III.

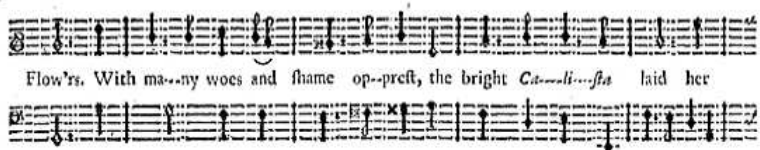
Thus by your Rigour have I made
 Me more unhappy than you're Fair;
 And having all my Peace betray'd,
 You leave me solely in despair.
 Then, *Cloris*, if you needs must hate,
 Conceal it yet in Charity;
 And pity, pity, my hard Fate,
 Which else must end in Misery.



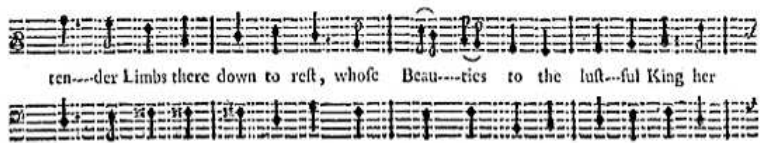
Enceath the stately Cedar's shade, a Grove for Love's soft hours, Na-



ture her Velvet Car-pet spread, Embroider'd by fair *Flo-ra's* hand, with all her choicest



Flow'rs. With ma-ny woes and shame op-press'd, the bright *Ce-li-sia* laid her



ten-der Limbs there down to rest, whose Beau-ties to the lust-ful King her



Honour had be-tray'd.

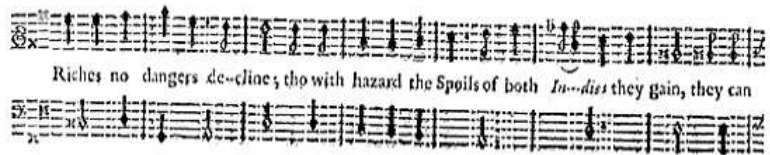
Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.

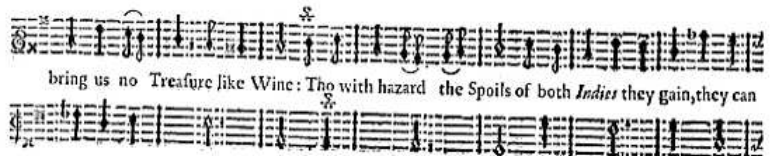
Complaining thoughts could find no vent,
 Such crouds of Sorrows came;
 And still as upwards they were sent,
 Alas! her bashful Tongue refus'd
 with words to own her shame.
 But to the Gods with stow'rs of Tears,
 And Heart-sick Groans, she cry'd,
 Ah! end my wretched Life and Cares,
 Revenge, revenge his Crimes on me;
 so fell, and sigh'd, and dy'd.



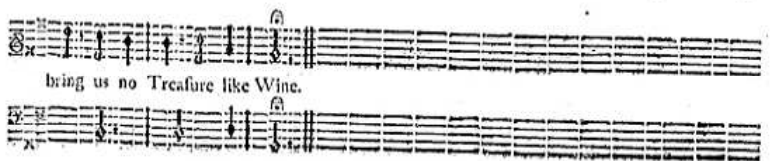
Et the da-ring Advent'ers be tosd on the Main, and for



Riches no dangers de-cline; tho with hazard the Spoils of both *Indies* they gain, they can



bring us no Treasure like Wine: Tho with hazard the Spoils of both *Indies* they gain, they can



bring us no Treasure like Wine.

II.

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

III.

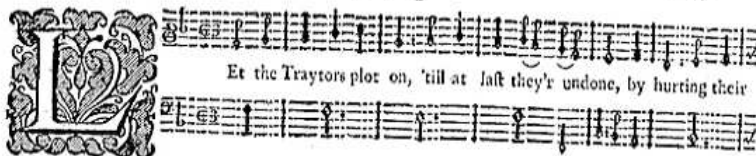
There's none that groans under a burdensom Life,
If this Sovereign Balsom he gains.
This will make a Man bear all the Plagues of a Wife,
And of Rags and Diseases in Chains.
This will make, &c.

IV.

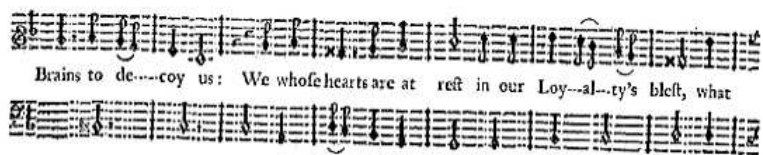
It swells all our Veins with a kind purple Flood,
And puts Love and great Thoughts in the Mind:
There's no Peasant so rank, but it fills with good Blood,
And to Gallantry makes him inclin'd.
There's no Peasant, &c.

V.

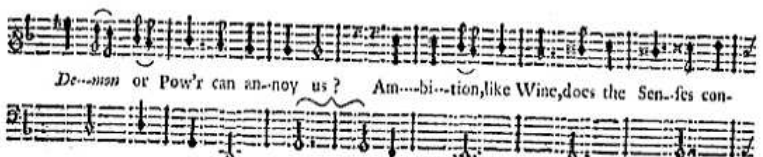
There's nothing our Hearts with such Joys can bewitch,
For on Earth 'tis a Power that's Divine:
Without it we're wretched, though never so rich;
Nor is any Man poor that has Wine.
Without it we're, &c.



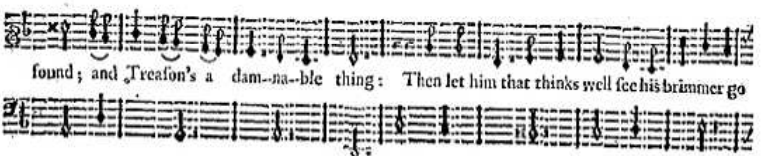
Et the Traytors plor on, 'till at last they'r undone, by hurting their



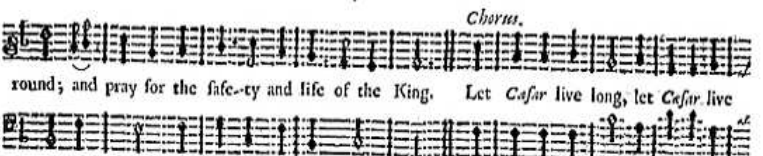
Brains to de-coy us: We whose hearts are at rest in our Loy-alty's blest, what



De-mon or Pow'r can an-noy us? Am-bi-tion, like Wine, does the Sen-ses con-

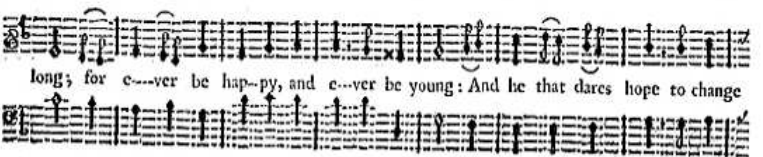


found; and Treason's a dam-na-ble thing: Then let him that thinks well see his brimmer go

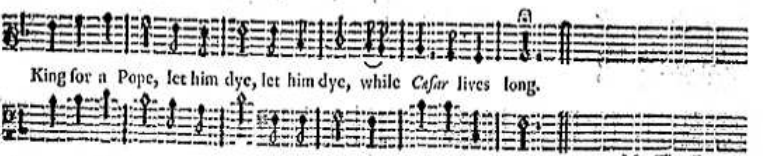


Chorus.

round; and pray for the safe-ty and life of the King. Let *Cesar* live long, let *Cesar* live



long; for e-ver be hap-py, and e-ver be young: And he that dares hope to change



King for a Pope, let him dye, let him dye, while *Cesar* lives long.

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.

How happy are we when our Hearts are all free,
And blest in our Sacred Obedience;
Whilst we, that hate all that would Monarchs depose,
Make the Polltick Fool that's ambitious to Rule,
Still baiks at the Oath of Allegiance.

He trembles, and flies from his numerous Foes,
Like a Deer that the Hunters surround;
Whilst we, that hate all that would Monarchs depose,
Make the Joys of our Hearts like our Glasses abound.
Chor. Let *Cesar* live long, &c.

Clo--rin--da, adieu, since you flight what is true, no lon-ger Ple

Court for dis--dain; tho your Charms are delightful, your Scorns are as frightful, P'le never Court

longer in vain. P'le rove up and down, and P'le ransack the Town, but P'le find out a

Nymph that's more true; I'me re--sol'd to de--sic your proud scorns, tho I dye: So a-

dieu, fair Clo--rin--da, a--dieu.

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

Nothing I know, yet feel a pow'r--ful Fire burning with-

in my Breast, through deep de--fire to be once more where first I felt un--rest, which

can--not be ex--prest. Oh my sole Good! Oh my best hap--pi--ness! Why am I thus retain'd?

Is there no comfort in this wretchedness? Then let me live con--tent to be thus pain'd.

A NORTHERN SONG.

Say--ney was tall, and of no--ble Race, and lov'd me bet--ter than

a--ny yen; but now he ligs by a--no--ther Lass, and Say--ney, ne're be my Love a--gen.

I gave him a fine Scotch Sack and Band, I put them on with mine own hand; I

gave him a Houle, I gave him Land, yet Say--ney will ne're be my Love a--gen.

I robb'd the Groves of all their Store,
And Nodgays made to give Sayney more,
He kiss'd my Breast, and said would do more,
Gude Feth, we thought he was a borny oppin' stinl you
He queez'd my Fingers, grasp'd my Knee,
And carv'd my Name on each Green Tree,
Sigh'd and languish'd to live by me,
But now he will ne're be my Love a--gen.

II
No Boon-grace and my Soul burnt Fate,
He stain'd, and all my Kiffes Gowd,
But now he dotes on the Copper Lace
Oh some Jewl, Queer, of DONDON Town,
He gangs and gives her Curds and Cream,
Will't a poor Soul fishin' at beam,
I've re for Sayney, in a Dream,
For now he will ne're be my Love a--gen.

A Dieu to the Curie of a Coun-te-ry Life, too long I have

prov'd it, and found it a Thief: To a Soul that would be un-con-fin'd, brisk, and free, 'tis a

cru-el and an in-sup-por-ta-ble Grief; to a Soul that would be un-con-fin'd,

brisk, and free, 'tis a cru-el, and an in-sup-por-ta-ble Grief.

Mr. James Hart

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

Then give me the pleasures of the Stage;
That now I enjoy, though at ne're such a rate:
For the dull Country Life
Suits only a Wife
I much more can bid Age and Impotence hate:
For the dull.

B Lust not redder than the Morning, tho' the Virgins gave you warning.

Sigh not for the Chance befall yee, tho' they smile and dare not tell yee.

Chance befall yee, tho' they smile and dare not tell yee.

Mr. Tho. Farmer

II.
Maids like Turtles love the Cooing,
Bill, and in Arms, in their Wooing:
'They like you, they start and tremble,
And their troubled Joys dissemble.
'They like you, &c.

III.
Grasp the Pleasure while 'tis coming,
Though your Beauties now are blooming:
Time at last your Joys will sever,
And they'll part, they'll part for ever.
Time at last, &c.

A Winter heedless of his Flocks, his Fl. w^{ch} once employ'd his care,

now bray himself among the Rocks, and his Sorrow adds Delphic: Oh! Cru-el Clod

vis-sa, cries he, you for-bid me your sight, when you know 'tis your Eyes that un-

did me. Pray revoke the sad Fate to w^{ch} I am doom'd, or else in these Flames I shall soon be consum'd.

Mr. Henry Purcell

II.
Then up he took his Pipe and play'd
And gently with the Passion strove:
But fraiz the Reed aside he laid,
To sing of his neglected Love.
If ever poor Man that was wrack'd in despair
Prevail'd on the Cruel, or soften'd the Fair;
Then pity *Clarissa*, Oh! pity the Swain,
Whole life's but a Torment, till you cure his Pain.

Then down he laid him on the Ground,
His Eyes inclining him to sleep;
But he much rather Troubles found,
That wretched Lovers waking keep.
Then as if from some Dream in a maze he came,
He started, and started, and call'd on her Name:
Return my *Clarissa*, or else you'll undo me,
For sleeping and waking my Greifs do pursue me.

P *A--fo--ra's* Beau--ties when unblown, e're yet the ren--der

Bud did cleave, to my more ear--ly Love were known, their fa--tal Pow'r I

did perceive. How of--ten in the dead of Night, when all the World lay

mus'd in sleep, have I thought this my chief delight, to sigh for you, for you to weep?

Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

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

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

H Ow I sigh when I think of the Charms of my Swain, and remember how

sweetly he kindness can feign; Oh! I rather would love all his falshoods than try: There

still is some pleasure, though 'twere but to dye.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

S ince one poor View has drawn my heart in--to the charming Snare; from

my Confinements I'll ne're part, but still your Fetters wear. What more *Amator* can you do? Now

you the Conquest have, 'tis Cruelty thus to pursue a wounded yielding Slave.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

When her lan-guifh-ing Eyes faid, Love! too foon the foft Charm I o-
 bey'd; for my Paflion fhe would not ap-prove, and I find I was on-ly betray'd: Which
 makes me con- tend with my Chain, and the Pow-ers a-bove I im-plore; that if fhe re-
 gard not my Pain, I may dye, and ne're fee her more.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

Take no plea-fure in the Sun's bright Beams, nor in the Chry-ftal
 Ri-vers purling Streams; but in a dark and fi-lent sha-dy Grove, I figh out woes of
 my neglected Love. Come cri-el Fair, and Charm me, e're I go to Death's em-bra-ces

in the Shades below: For tho condemn'd and fetter'd, here I lye, 'till I your Sentence
 have, I cannot dye. One look from thofe dear Eyes, and then a-dieu, to all your Cruel-
 ties and Beau-ties too.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

Roor Cle-o-mee, thy Garlands tear from off thy Widow'd brow, and
 bind thy loofe difhevel'd Hair with Yew and Cyprefs now: And fince the Gods decreed his Years fould
 have fo fhort a date, let thy fad Eyes pay Seas of Tears, as Tribute to his Fate.

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.

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

III.

The Birds that did frequent thefe Groves,
 To happier Mantions fly;
 And all that once fmil'd on our Loves,
 Now feem to bid me dye

Yet am free, why should I be subject to any Heav'n but thee?

I scorn thy Art, *Cupid*, and Dart; thou may'st not, shalt not wound my Heart: For if thou'dst

here a Captive gain; know, Fondling, thou attempt'st in vain.

Mr. James Hart.

H! lay by your Lute: Ah! *Lucasia*, forbear; whilst your Tongue I may

hear, other Musick is mute. Ah! lay by your Lute, for the Heav'n's have decreed, That my

Heart should submit, that my Heart should submit to none, to none but the Charms of your Wit.

Mr. James Hart.

A SCOTCH SONG.

On—by La's gin thou wert mine, and even—ty thousand

Pounds a—bout thee; I'd scorn thy Gow'd for thee my Queen, to

lay thee down on a—ny Green, and shew thee how thy Dad—dy got thee. I'd

scorn thy Gow'd for thee my Queen, to lay thee down on a—ny Green, and

shew thee how thy Dad—dy got thee.

Mr. Tho. Farmer's

II.

Bonny Lad, gin thou wert mine,
 And twenty thousand Lords about thee;
 I'd leave them aw to kiss thine Eyn,
 And gang with thee to any Green,
 To shew me how my Daddy got me:
 I'd leave them, &c.

The ANSWER to a late SONG, Let Fortune and Phillis, &c.

Love my dear *Phillis*, and never will change, no generous Man is suspicious,
 whilst you question the truth, you provoke them to reign, and you prove but your self the more vicious.
 You will and you won't, you'r a wonder to me, for all other Men do what Fate do decree. If that her
 Beauty and Humour do meet, she hath power to make you to love her; you'r a wandering
 Slave if your Fetters you break, and 'tis fawcy to say you'r above her: Where's the Ease you can
 find, if your Love you forgo? For without my dear *Phillis* no Comfort I know. *What a Blessing is*
What a Blessing, &c.
 is for to have a fair *Mist*! if she wounds with a *Trovan* she can heal with a *Kiss*.

Mr. John Reading.

Of all the dear Joys, that the World has in store, if *Celia* prove
 constant, I'll ask for no more: If she prove but as kind, as her Vows do declare, I'll laugh at the
 Jealous, and triumph over Care. To clasp the soft dear all night in my Arms, to kiss and em-
 brace, and dissolve with her Charms, and to think that these Joys ever-lasting shall be, makes
 revel-ling Princes less happy than we.

Mr. John Reading.

||

So soft are her Charms, and so melting her ways;
 That she conjures fresh Spirits when Passion decays:
 How I'm drown'd in the Bill of a balmy white Mand!
 She infuses new Nature, and Life doth command.
 On the Banks of her Breasts all my Sorrow she dries,
 And darts through my Soul with her laughing Eyes:
 She raises my Love, which was bent, with a Joy,
 And cures with these Pleasures, which before did destroy.

Upon the loss of a MISTRESS.

How I am greiv'd, that now I must part with her that I

once call'd my own; e're since my poor Breast was by *Phyllis* pos-*sess*d, such Sorrow by

me was ne're known. I thought that her Charms would have kept off all Harms; and I

ne're dream'd of this, when close in her Arms: since you *For-tune*, can be so un-

faith-ful to me; Ah tell me! ah tell me, how true you are to those

Men that can flat-ter like you!

Mr. John Reading.

See how, see how the Flow'rs a---dorn the Spring, how the Birds with

cheerful Notes to-ge-ther sing, all Joy, Peace, and Concord to ev'ry thing: Then let us

be as they are free, there's no loss so great as our Liberty: Then let us be as they are free, there's

no loss so great as our Li-ber-ty. None, none shall disturb us with Envy, Pride, or Care, nor

will we live by Hope, or dye by Despair; but Live, Love, and Laugh, and be as free as Air.

Hark, hark, methinks I hear a sound from a neighb'ring Grove rebound; says, if happy you'l

be, you must keep your Mind free; there's no pleasure, no pleasure, like Li-ber-ty.

Mr. William Turner.

All to the Myr--tle shade, all hail to the Nymphs of the Field;

Kings will not here in--vade, tho Vertue all Free--dom yields. Beauty here opens her Arms, to

soften the languishing Mind; and *Phil--is* unlocks her Charms: Ah *Phillis!* ah! why so kind?

II.
Phillis the Soul of Love, the Joy of Neighbouring Swains;
Phillis that Crowns the Groves, and *Phillis* that gilds the Plains;
Phillis that ne're had the skill to Paint or to Patch, or be fine;
 Yet *Phillis*, whose Eyes can kill, whom Nature has made Divine.

III.
Phillis, whose charming Tongue makes Labour and Pain a delight;
Phillis that makes the Day young, and shortens the live-long Night.
Phillis whose Lips lick May, still laugh at the sweets that they bring,
 Where Love never knew decay, but sets with Eternal Spring.

Ow short is the Pleasure that follows the Pain, a poor Lover is

fore'd to endure; the Joys we long wait for we soon lose a--gain, and re--lapse in the

midst of the Cure. Ah *Phil--is!* I wish you had still been unkind, since from you I

quickly must part; to think of a Bliss I no longer can find, is a Grief that will

break my sad Heart.

Mr. John Reading.

En--der Males, let me ad--vise ye, wink when Lovers would sue

prize ye; whilst ill natur'd thoughts you cherish, all your happy moments perish. Torments

that in Love be--fall, wil--ful Lo--vers make 'um all: Torments. that in Love be--

fall, wil--ful Lovers make 'um all.

Mr. John Reading.

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

III.
 Oft despair succeeds disdain;
 'Till a Law of Loves ordaining;
 Whilst Tormenters are tormented,
 Give Content and be contented.
 Pains in Love, if pains there are;
 Lovers for themselves prepare.

N... sult not too much on the fading suc...cess, for all that thou

hast I be...fore did pos...sels, I know, my proud Rival, how hap...py thou art, I

know e'ry Joy, and each thought of thy Heart. To tempt thee those Pleasures were

taken from me, and to gain a new Beauty, he'll take them from thee: To tempt thee those

Pleasures were taken from me; and to gain a new Beauty, he'll take them from thee.

Mr. John Reading.

Come all the Youths, whose Hearts have bled by cru...el Beau-ties

Pride; bring each a Garland on his Head, let none his Sorrows hide:

But hand in hand a round me move, singing the sad...dest Tales of Love; and

try when your Complaints ye joyn, if all your wrongs can e...qual mine.

Mr. Fran. Forcer.

II.
The happ'cst Mortal once was I,
My Heart no Sorrow knew;
Pity the Pain with which I dye,
But ask not whence it grew:

Yet if a Tempting fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind;
Though bright as Heaven, whose Stamp she bear,
Think of my Fate, and shut her Snare.

Ive me thy Youth the time of Love, the now that's in thy Pow'r, I'd

fall on thee like migh...ty Jests, in Love a nobler Show'r. My thoughts shall still be

fix'd on thee, with Love thy Love re...ceive; un-con-stant then, and fic-kle be, if

Love will give you leave.

Mr. Isaac Blackwell.

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

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

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

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

Mistress de-stroys in Spor-ring and Play. She drains all my Blood, 'till I look just as

pale as a Thief that's half starved, long kept in a Gaol; in-fec-bles my Nerves, and doth

shorten my Life, and empties my Pockets, and to doth my Wife. *Then Women make*
Then Women, &c.

After of these that you see, Ple find out a Comrade, some jolly brave Man, wherein our full

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

Printed and Sold by M^r John Reading at the Theatre in St. Dunstons Church-yard in London.

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

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

Gate, and makes a sweet Confort with them and his Chains: He drown's Care in

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

Chor. a. 3. voc.
Then since we're all Slaves that I standers be; and our Land's a large Prison invol'd with this
Then since, &c.
Then since, &c.

Sea; we'll drink off the Ocean, and set our selves free, for Man is the World's E-mpire--to my

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

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Basses.

A large decorative initial 'A' is followed by musical notation on a staff. The lyrics below the staff are: "Fox of the Fooling and Plotting of late, what a Po-ther and A Fox of the Fooling, &c."

Musical notation on a staff with lyrics: "Stir has it kept in the State? Let the Rabble run 'mad with Sus-pi-cions and Fears; let 'em

Musical notation on a staff with lyrics: "Scuffle and Jar 'till they go by the Ears: Their Grievances never shall trou-ble my

Musical notation on a staff with lyrics: "Pate, so I can en-joy my dear Bottle at quiet."

Musical notation on a staff with lyrics: "Pate, so I can en-joy my dear Bottle at quiet."

Musical notation on a staff with lyrics: "Pate, so I can en-joy my dear Bottle at quiet."

Musical notation on a staff with lyrics: "Pate, so I can en-joy my dear Bottle at quiet."

II.

What Coxcombs were those, who would harter their Bale,
And their Necks, for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Mask?
At Old *Taverns* they never had need to swing,
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, and their King;
A Friend and a Bottle is all my Design,
It's no room for Treason that's top-full of Wine.

III.

I mind not the Members and Makers of Laws,
Let 'em Sit or Prorogue as His Majesty please;
Let 'em Damn us to Woolen, I'll never repine
At my Lodging when dead, so alive I have Wine.
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear
To Curse 'em, for making my Claret so dear.

IV.

I mind not grave Asses, who lily debate
About Right and Succession, the Titles of State;
We've a good King already, and he deserves laughter,
That will trouble his head with who shall come after.
Come here to his Health, and I wish he may be
As free from all care and all trouble as we.

V.

What care I how Leagues with the *Hollander* go;
Or Intrigues betwixt *Sissy* and *Montieur d'Avans*;
What concerns it my Drinking if *Castill* be sold,
If the Conquerour takes it by Storming or Gold,
Good *Beardoux* alone is the place that I mind,
And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for a Wind.

VI.

The Dilly of *France*, that aspires to Renown,
By dull cutting of Throats, and ventring his own;
Let him fight and be damn'd, and make Matches and treat;
To afford News-mongers and Coffee-House chat,
He's but a brave Wretch; whilst I am more free,
More safe, and a thousand times happier than he.

VII.

Come he or the Pope, or the Devil to meet;
Or come Ragot and Stake, I care not a Groat;
Never think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will hear;
No I swear Mr. Fox, pray excuse me for that,
I'll drink in Defence of *Gilbert* and *Holier*,
This is the Profession that never will alter.

A large decorative initial 'A' is followed by musical notation on a staff. The lyrics below the staff are: "H cru-el bloody Fate, what canst thou now do more? A- la! 'tis now too late *Phis-lan-der* to restore: Why should the Heav'nly Pow'rs persuade poor

Musical notation on a staff with lyrics: "Mortals to believe, that they guard us here, and reward us there, yet all our Joys deceive."

Musical notation on a staff with lyrics: "Mortals to believe, that they guard us here, and reward us there, yet all our Joys deceive."

Musical notation on a staff with lyrics: "Mortals to believe, that they guard us here, and reward us there, yet all our Joys deceive."

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

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

A large decorative initial 'O' is followed by musical notation on a staff. The lyrics below the staff are: "Ove you by all that's good, I do more than your Guardian An-gel

Musical notation on a staff with lyrics: "far, con-su-sion seize me if I know besides your self a Woman fair: The Love of

Musical notation on a staff with lyrics: "far, con-su-sion seize me if I know besides your self a Woman fair: The Love of

Musical notation on a staff with lyrics: "far, con-su-sion seize me if I know besides your self a Woman fair: The Love of

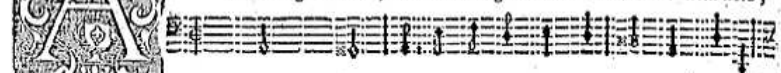
Musical notation on a staff with lyrics: "far, con-su-sion seize me if I know besides your self a Woman fair: The Love of

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

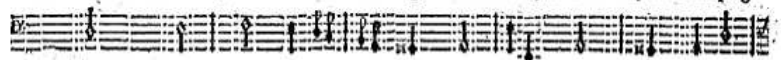
But Age must come, and Charms will seize
The Time when Lovers disappear;
But I will love you past all these,
Love me but now, while Youth is here.
Content I'll let me down; Love on and sing;
The Winter's o're because I've had the Spring.



S freezing Fountains, when the Sun goes off their Streams with-hold,



and to their own im-bra-cés run 'till all congeal'd with Cold; or as a hopeless drooping



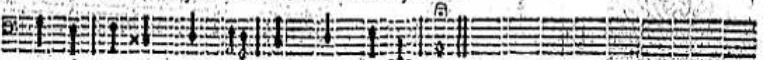
Flow'r for day de-par-téd grieves, possést of nothing but a show'r of Tears up-on her



Leaves. Such, such am I in your ab-sen-ence left so like these Mourners show, that



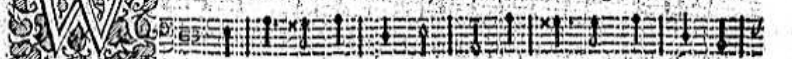
Brooks and Flow'rs of day be-arest are Pictures of my Woe.



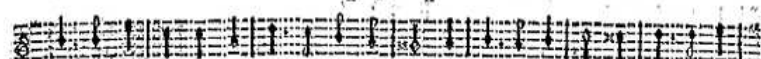
Mr. Pelham Humphry.



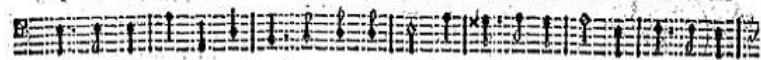
Hil't o--thers on Dow-ny Neasts are lol-ling on La--dies



Breasts, a suck-ing of Breath that is rain-ted, and kiss-ing Lips that are painted, he's



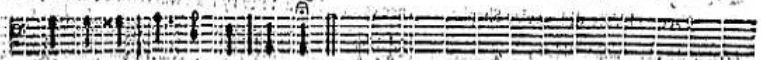
up at the sound of the merry merry Horn, and drink of the wholsom breath of the



Morn: His Mind and his Bo--dy is e--ver em--ploy--ing in Pleasures, in



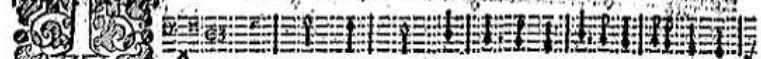
Pleasures, are worth the en-joy-ing.



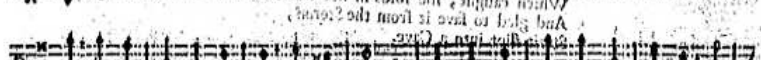
Mr. Nicholas Staggins.



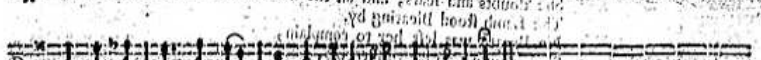
Let tell thee my Celis, if I never before thou'lt heard of the



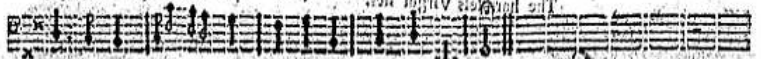
Pleasures that Love has in store; true Love, ^{with reason's flame} shall for A--ever burn bright, and



Time cannot quench or di--mi-nish its Light. To none but Love's Emp'rick 'ris' lost when en-



joy'd, for they never lov'd truly that ^{ever were enjoy'd}



Dr. John Blow.

Come in a hol-low si-lent Cave young Di-mun flee-ping
 lay, himself one hour from Grief to save, and from the scorching day; he Ce-lia lov'd, whose
 Face and Wit did ev'ry Shepherd's Sence controul; whose ev'ry Hair was Love's soft Nest, whose
 ev'ry Glance a Heart did Gaze, and ev'ry Smile a Soul.

Mr. Crabbe

ii.

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

iii.

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

Since cruel This-is you my Torments slight, and take no no-tice
 of my Am'rous Flame, in these Vermilion Letters thus I write my bloody Reasons to
 con-firm the same; in these Ver-mi-lion Let-ters thus I write my bloo-dy
 Reasons to confirm the same, my bloody Reasons to confirm the same. These of my
 Passion are the live-ly Marks which from my Veins in Blood you here see writ;
 touch them, your Breast will kindle with the Sparks the ardent Cha-ra-cters are wrecking
 yet: Touch them, your Breast will kin-dle with the Sparks the ar-dent
 Cha-ra-cters are wrecking yet, the ardent Cha-ra-cters are wrecking yet.

Mr. James Hart



After all your Cru-el-ty I Love you still, tho' by all that's

good 'tis much against my will: Ah Phil-ly could I my Love to reason bend, my

sin-cere Passion soon would have an end; but un-hap-py Damns must condemn'd re-

main, for his ten-der Love that's answer'd by dis-dain. Let then your Sentence pass,

Adon your Slave to dye, let him not Languish in Ex-ter-min-ty.

Mr. James Hart.

A. 2. 400. Cantata B. 1874



Hees up my Friends, the Winter's ending, Spring comes on, and the

year's, and the year's a mending. Oh! that the State had the like turn of Fate, that the

gen-til Winds could o-ver blow like the Winter's Snow, all the black

Seems that our mind be low. Hark, how the winged Confort, chaunt it, all in a

Concord whilst we want it; to the Fields let's go, and avoid this Juring, this howrid

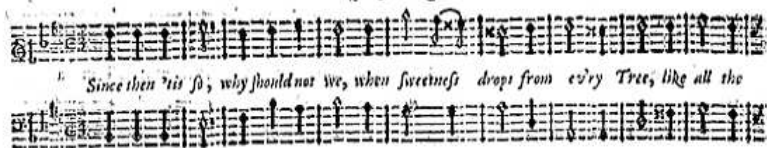
noise of Plots and Warring, with the Clink of his self let the Churl please himself, tho' we

have not the heaps of fordid Treasure, we'll make it up with mirth and pleasure, we'll

make it up with mirth and plea-sure. Na-ture is kind and gen-til;

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.



Since then 'tis so, why should not we, when sweetness drops from ev'ry Tree, like all the

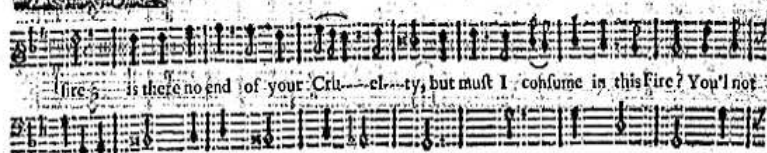


World melt, melt, melt, in-to Har-mo--ny?

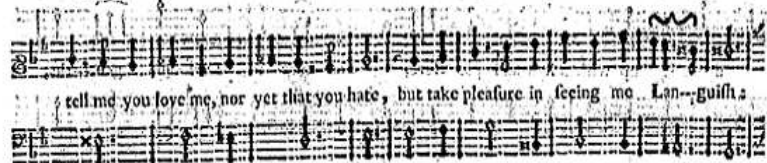
Mr. William Turner.



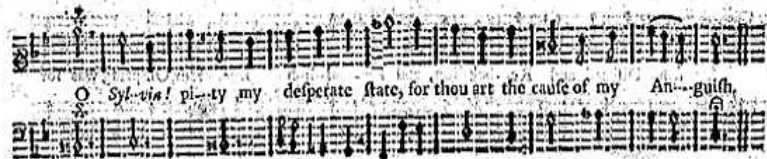
Syl-va, tell me how long it will be before you do grant my de-



sire: is there no end of your Cru-el-ty, but must I consume in this fire? You'll not



tell me you love me, nor yet that you hate, but take pleasure in seeing me Lan-guish.



O *Syl-va*! pl-ty my desperate state, for thou art the cause of my An-guish,

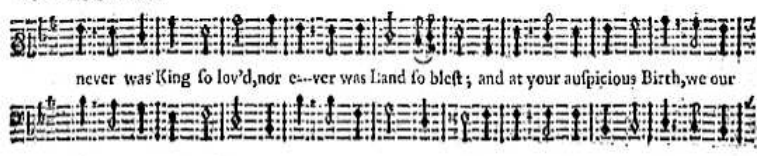
II.

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

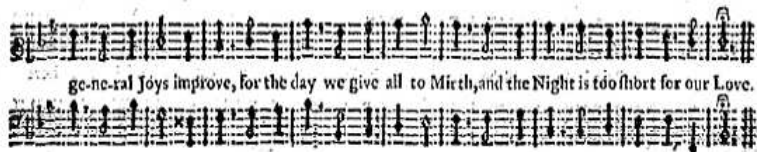
A. 2. 192.



nce you have Wars remov'd, and given three Kingdoms rest, there



never was King so lov'd, nor e-ver was Land so blest; and at your auspicious Birth, we our

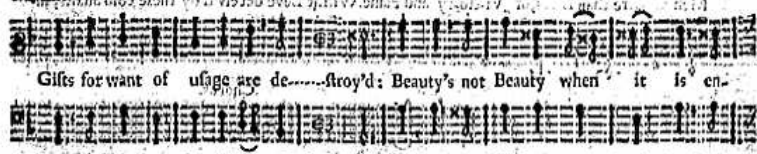


ge-ne-ral Joys improve, for the day we give all to Mirth, and the Night is too short for our Love.

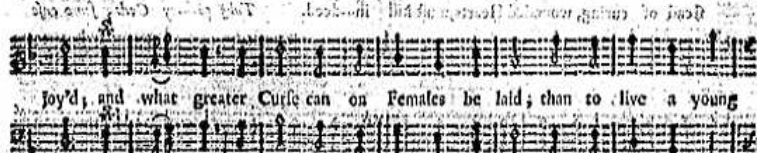
A. 2. 196.



The Nature never yet design'd, that Beauty should be so unkind; her



Gifts for want of usage are de-stroy'd: Beauty's not Beauty when 'it is en-



joy'd, and what greater Curse can on Females be laid; than to live a young



Widow, or dye an old Maid.



Change, Oh! change your fatal Bows, since neither knows the Virtue

of each others Darts; alas! what will become of Hearts? If it prove a Death to

Love, we shall find Death will be cruel to be kind; for when he shall to Armies fly, where

Men think Blood too cheap to buy themselves a Name, he reconciles them, and deprives the Valiant

Men of more than Lives, of Vi-ctory and Fame. Whilst Love deceiv'd by these cold Shafts, in-

stead of curing; wounded Hearts, must kill in-deed. *Chorus.* Take pi-ty Gods, some ease

the World will find, to give young Cupid Eyes, or strike Death blind: Death should not thin

have his own will, and Love by seeing Men blind leave off to kill.

Dr. Christopher Gibbons.

Victorious Men of Earth, no more proclaim how wide your Empires

are, tho you bind in ev'ry Shore, and your Triumphs reach as far as night or day; yet you proud

Monarchs must o-bey, and mingle with for-sa-ken Ashes; w^h Death calls you to, the crowd of

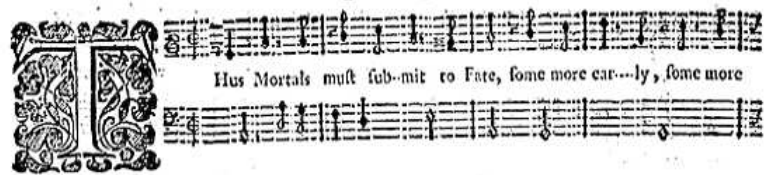
common Men, de-vo-ur-ing Famine, Plague, and War, each a-ble to un-do Man-kind,

Death ser-vile E-mil-i-ty, are, nor to these a-lone con-sid-

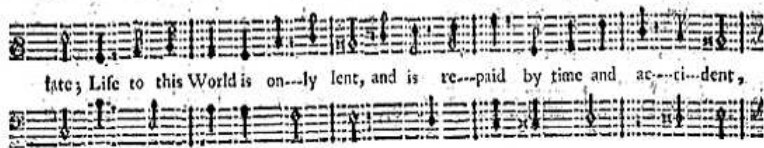
Chorus. He hath us will more quiet and sub-til ways to kill, a Smile or Kiss, as he will

use the Art, shall have the un-ning skill to break the Heart.

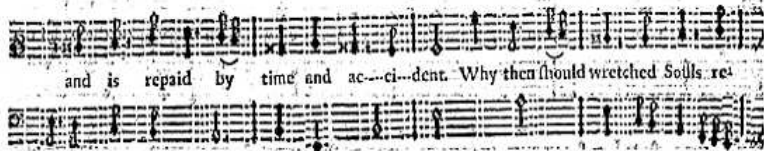
Dr. Christopher Gibbons.



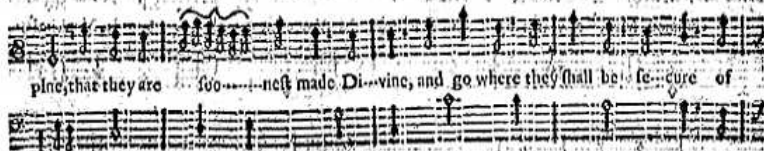
Hus Mortals must sub-mit to Fate, some more ear-ly, some more



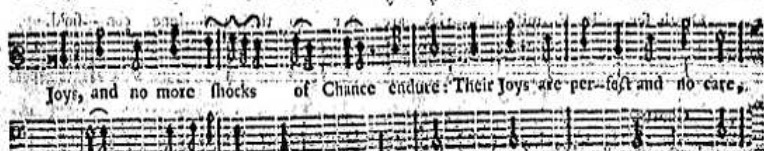
fate; Life to this World is on-ly lent, and is re--paid by time and ac--ci--dent,



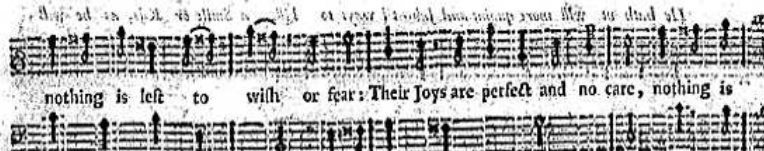
and is repaid by time and ac--ci--dent. Why then should wretched Souls re-



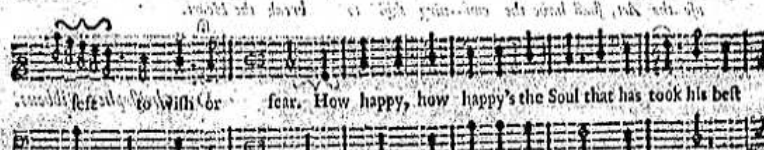
pine, that they are so--nest made Di--vine, and go where they shall be se--cure of



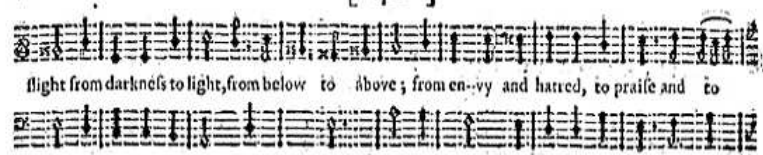
Joys, and no more shocks of Chance endure: Their Joys are per--fect and no care,



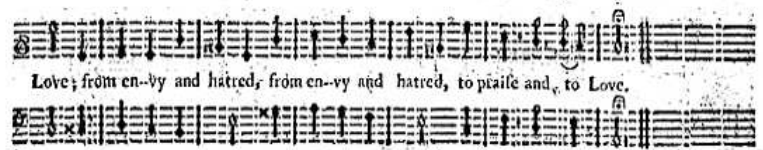
nothing is left to with or fear: Their Joys are perfect and no care, nothing is



left to with or fear. How happy, how happy's the Soul that has took his best

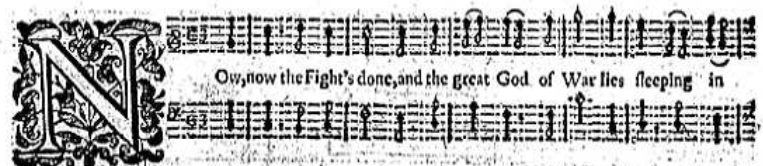


flight from darkness to light, from below to above; from en-vy and hatred, to praise and to

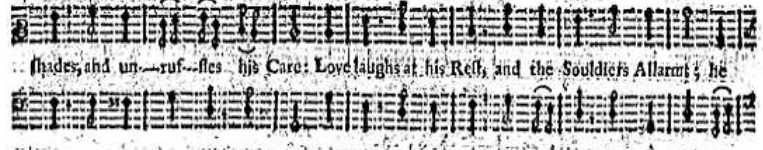


Love; from en-vy and hatred, from en-vy and hatred, to praise and, to Love.

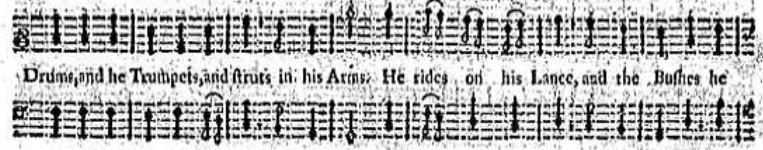
Mr. William Turner.



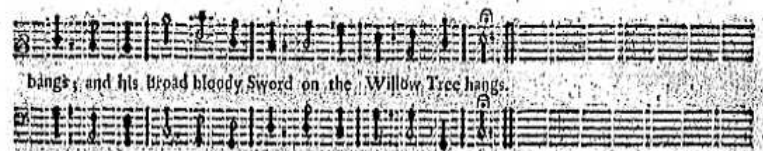
ow, now the Fight's done, and the great God of War lies sleeping in



shades, and un--ruf--les his Care: Love laughs at his Rest, and the Souldiers Alarm; he



Drums, and he Trumpets, and struts in his Arms: He rides on his Lance, and the Buffs he



bangs, and his broad bloody sword on the Willow Tree hangs.

ii.

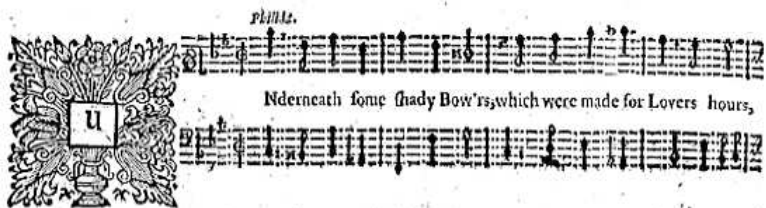
Love smiles when he feels the sharp point of his Dart,
And he wings it to hit the grim God in the Heart;
Who leaves his Steel Bed, and his Bolsters of Urals,
For Pillows of Roses, and Couches of Grails;
His Corser of Lightning is grown so slow,
That a *Cupid* 'th' Saddle sits bending his Bow.

iii.

Love, Love is the cry, Love and Kisses go found;
While *Phillis* and *Damon* sit clas'd on the Ground;
The Shepherd who loon does his Pleasure destroy,
'Tis Absorbe; she cries; and he murders my Joy;
But he Rallies again with the force of her Charms;
And kisses, embraces; and dies in her Arms.

A DIALOGUE between PHILIDA and CORIDON.

Philid.



Underneath some shady Bow'rs, which were made for Lovers hours,

Coridon. *Philid.*

thither let thee and I go stray, And wait the hours of this pleasant day: Whilst there we

Coridon.

name the Gods above, we'll think of nought but how they Love; Love is a thing that

Philid.

is too stale for our Pastoral's pleasant Tale. Ah no! for Love hath made me smart and

Coridon.

bleed, Just so it hath my Heart; for it doth sympathize with thine, whilst wholly *Philid.*

Philid.

is mine. Then let us to Love's Altars pay the rest of this our hap-py day.

Chor. a 3. Voc.

We'll make a Con-cer-dance with these our Charms, em-bra-cing each o-ther in
We'll make a Con-cer-dance, &c.
We'll make a Con-cer-dance, &c.

Lovers folded Arms: We'll make our Flocks feed near some shady Hill, whilst all our Lives

long with pleasures we'll fill. Those Lovers are happy who say, that they can

keep the same Loves which the Gods do o-ber-ry

Mr. John Reading

Whist our peaceful Flocks do lye, safe-ly kept by care-ful Eye;

Ev'ry pret-ty blea-ting Lamb clo-ly ly-ing by his Dam, Early hither do we press,

finest, loveliest Shepherdess, for to Ce-le-brate thy Praise in our soft and well tuned Lays.

Chor. a. 2. Voc.
Blest be our mighty Pan, blest be our mighty Pan; and that bright she, to whom we

owe all our Fe-li-ci-ty. Blest be our mighty Pan, blest be our

mighty Pan, and that bright she, to whom we owe all our Fe-li-ci-ty.
mighty Pan; and that bright she, to whom we owe all our Fe-li-ci-ty.

II.

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

III.

Nay, that Beauty that doth still,
All that look with wonder kill;
Bloom for ever fresh and gay,
Like the Riches of the May,
On your Lips withall excell,
May their Native Coral dwell,
With each Feature and each Line,
Gracing her that's so Divine.

A. 2. Voc.
All hail to the glorious Spring, and to ev'ry painted

Flower; they make me a might-ty King, and bow to my short liv'd Pow'r: From their

Earthly Beds, see how they raise their dew-y heads; see how they offer at my Feet,

Chorus
all that is beau-ti-ful and sweet. Who would sub-mit to the Care of the Great, and the

Dangers that wait on his Fall; when Nature's a Sub-ject to ev'ry Wit, and a

Man that's con-tent-ed has all.

II.

What Beauty or Art out-does
The Jessamine's fragrant Sweet?
The blush of the full-blown Rose;
Or Lilly's Eye dazzling white?
There; and what's in the Field;
Cool Groves, and Chrysal Rivers yield;
The Morning Sun, and Evening Shade,
Nature for happy Man has made.

First Verse.



Musical notation for the first line of the first verse, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature.

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

Musical notation for the second line of the first verse.

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

Musical notation for the third line of the first verse.

Matters humble Tale, in Sounds that may prevail; Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire, tho

Musical notation for the fourth line of the first verse.

so ex--al--ted, she and I so low--ly be, tell her such dif--ferent Notes make all

Second Verse.

Musical notation for the first line of the second verse.

thy Har--mo--ny. Hark, hark, how the Strings awake, and tho the mo--ving hand

Musical notation for the second line of the second verse.

approach not near, themselves with awful Fear a kind of num'rous trembling make: Hark,

Musical notation for the third line of the second verse.

hark, how the Strings awake, and tho the mo--ving hand approach not near, themselves with

Musical notation for the first line of the third verse.

aw--ful Fear a kind of num'rous trem--bling make.

Musical notation for the second line of the third verse.

Now all thy For--ces try, now all thy Charms ap--ply; revenge up--on her

Musical notation for the third line of the third verse.

Ear the Conquest of her Eye, revenge up--on her Ear the Conquest of her Eye.

Third Verse, But slow.

Musical notation for the first line of the fourth verse, marked 'But slow'.

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

Musical notation for the second line of the fourth verse.

and she to wound, but not to cure. Too weak too wilt thou prove, my Passion to re-

Musical notation for the third line of the fourth verse.

move; Physick to o--ther Ills, th'art Non--rishi--ment to Love. Sleep,

Musical notation for the fourth line of the fourth verse.

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

nor gentle, though in her in-spire; all thy vain Mirth lay by, bid thy Strings silent lye.

Sleep, sleep again my Lyre, and let thy Master dye; sleep again my Lyre, and let thy Master dye.

Dr. John Blow.

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

Or *Ma-ri-a-na* long in vain within her constant Breast, harbour'd a

Passion for her Swain, who could not be suppress'd: The Youth an e-qual Flame did own, yet

'twas but a pretence; for his false Heart was quickly shewn by its in-dif-fer-ence.

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

III.
Then she began thus to deplore her own unhappiness,
The only Remedy in store for Virgins in distress:
Alas! she cry'd, what Fate is mine; there to have fix'd my Love;
Where, Shepherd, I can't merit thine; nor yet my own remove!

A PASTORAL SONG set by Mr. William Gregory, in memory of his deceased Friend Mr. Pelham Humphrys, one of the Gentlemen of HIS MAJESTY'S Chappel, and Master of the Children of the Chappel.

[Words by Mr. T. Flatman.]

Id you not hear the hideous groan, the sighs and hea-ry

moan, that spread themselves o'er all the pen-sive Plain, and rent the Breast of many a tender

Swain? 'Twas for *A-min-ta*, dead and gone. Sing ye for-fa-ken Shepherds, sing his Praise, in

careless Me-lan-cho-ly lays: Lend him a lit-tle doleful breath, poor *A-min-ta*,

poor *A-min-ta*, cruel Death. 'Twas thou that mad'st dead words to live, thou that dull

Numbers didst in-spire, with charming Voice; and tune-ful Lyre: That Life to

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

Chor. a. 2. Voc.

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

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

sing this mournful Song, a--last! ere it be long, shall like A-min-tas breatheless
sing this mournful Song, a--last! a--last! ere it be long, shall like A-min-tas

be, tho more for-got-ten in the Grave, in the Grave, than he; tho more for-
breatheless be, tho more for-got-ten in the Grave, the Grave, than he;

got-ten in the Grave, in the Grave, than he.
tho more for-got-ten in the Grave, the Grave, than he.

A PASTORAL ELEGY on the Earl of Rochester, who died the 26th of July, 1680. Set by Dr. John Blow.

[Words by Mr. T. Flatman.]

S on his Death-bed gasping Stre-phon lay; Strephon the
wonder of the Plains, the noblest of the Arcadian Swains, Strephon the bold, the

wit-ty, and the gay: With many a Sigh, and ma-ny a Tear, he said, Re-
mem-ber, re-mem-ber me ye Shepherds when I'm dead; remem-ber me ye

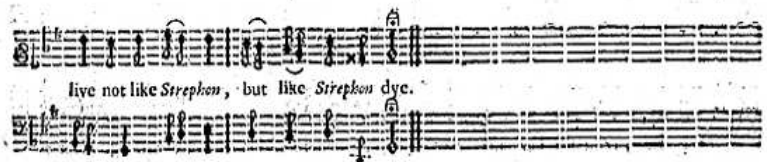
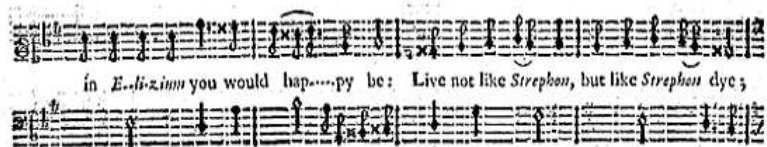
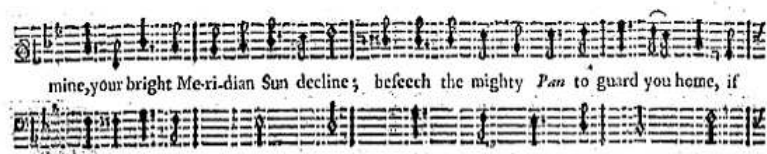
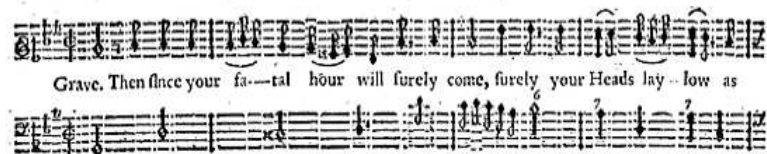
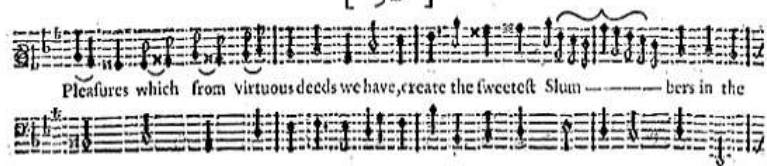
Shepherds; re-mem-ber me ye Shepherds when I'm dead. Ye trifling Glories
of the World a--then, and vain ap-plau-ses of the Age, for when we quit

this mortal Stage, be--have care, Shepherds, for I tell you true, that

of the World a--then, and vain ap-plau-ses of the Age, for when we quit
this mortal Stage, be--have care, Shepherds, for I tell you true, that

of the World a--then, and vain ap-plau-ses of the Age, for when we quit
this mortal Stage, be--have care, Shepherds, for I tell you true, that

this mortal Stage, be--have care, Shepherds, for I tell you true, that



FINIS.

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