

THE  
Theater of MUSIC:

OR, A

Choice COLLECTION of the newest and best SONGS  
Sung at the COURT, and Public THEATERS.

The Words composed by the most ingenious Wits of the Age, and set to  
MUSIC by the greatest Masters in that Science.

WITH

A THOROW-BASS to each SONG for the Theorbo, or Bass-Viol.

ALSO

Symphonies and Retornels in 3 Parts to several of them, for the Violins and Flutes.

THE THIRD BOOK.



LONDON,

Printed for Henry Playford and R. C. and sold by Henry Playford near the Temple  
Church, and John Carr at the Middle-Temple Gate, 1686.

# A TABLE of the SONGS contain'd in this Book.

| A.                                     | Page. | O.                                       | Page. |
|--|-------|--|-------|
| <b>A</b> H Phillis! why are you        | 22    | Oh Mother! Roger with his Kisses,        | 25    |
| A Grasshopper and a Fly                | 28    | [Set by Mr. Akeroyd.]                    | 25    |
| Adieu dear Object of my Love's excess. | 46    | Oh! that I had but a fine Man            | 27    |
| Ah cruel Beauty, could you prove       | 48    | P.                                       |       |
| <b>C.</b>                              |       | Pride and Ambition                       | 8     |
| Cynthia with an awful Power            | 11    | S.                                       |       |
| Come dear Companions                   | 14    | Sylvia, 'tis true, 'tis true you're fair | 18    |
| Celinda wou'd her Heart bestow         | 52    | Shun a vain Pretender's story            | 24    |
| <b>F.</b>                              |       | T.                                       |       |
| From drinking of Sack by the Pottle    | 4     | There is one black and sullen hour       | 6     |
| Farweel bonny Wully Craig              | 22    | Tell me what a Thing is Love             | 7     |
| <b>H.</b>                              |       | That I might dream thus                  | 13    |
| How pow'rful is the God of Love        | 38    | The Nymph that does expose to Sale.      | 17    |
| <b>I.</b>                              |       | [The Key is a Flat Third.]               | 17    |
| I saw fair Cloris all alone            | 20    | Th'ambitious Eye that seeks alone        | 32    |
| Is my Clorinda yet in Nature's state   | 26    | There's such Religion in my Love         | 42    |
| In a dark shady Cypress Grove          | 34    | W.                                       |       |
| If mighty Wealth that gives the Rules, | 49    | When first I pass'd the happy Night      | 12    |
| In Courts, Ambition kills the Great    | 53    | Whilst Strephon in his Pride of Youth,   | 21    |
| <b>L.</b>                              |       | While Orpheus in a heavy strain          | 30    |
| Long, long had Phillis Strephon lov'd, | 1     | Whilst Cynthia sung                      | 33    |
| Look down, look down, fair Saint,      | 2     | Why so averse is Laura's Mind            | 37    |
| Liberty's the Soul of Living           | 10    | When my Kids and Lambs I treated         | 40    |
| Lovely Laurida! blame not me           | 41    | Whilst you court a damn'd Vintner        | 44    |
| Let the vain, let the vain Spark       | 45    | Where art thou, God of Dreams            | 54    |
|  |       | Why this talking still of Dying          | 56    |
|  |       | Y.                                       |       |
|  |       | Your haughty Wish, proud Swain,          | 9     |

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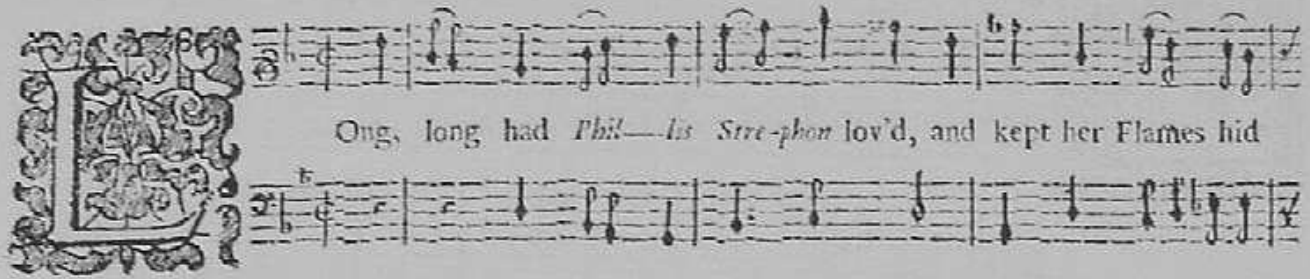
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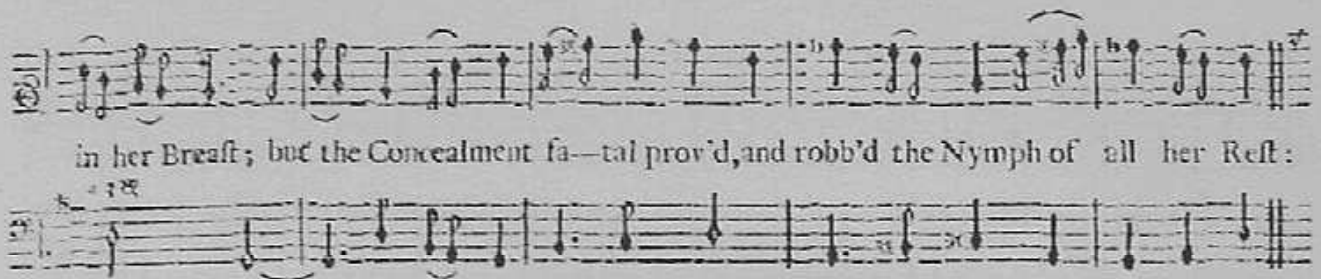
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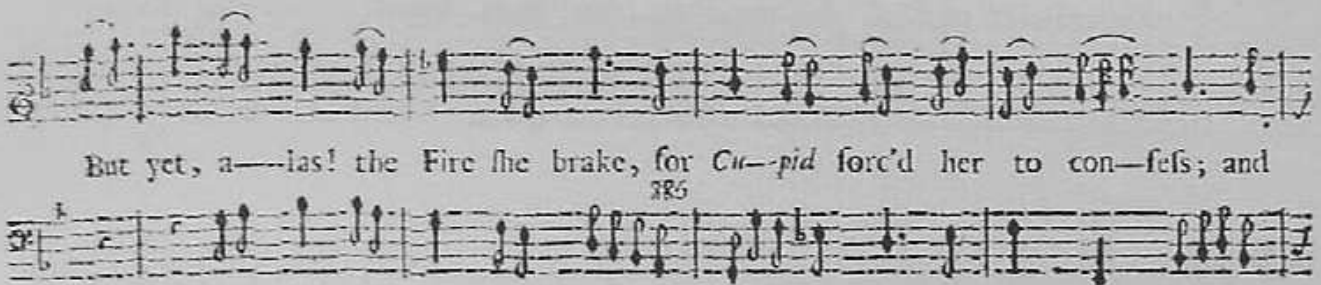
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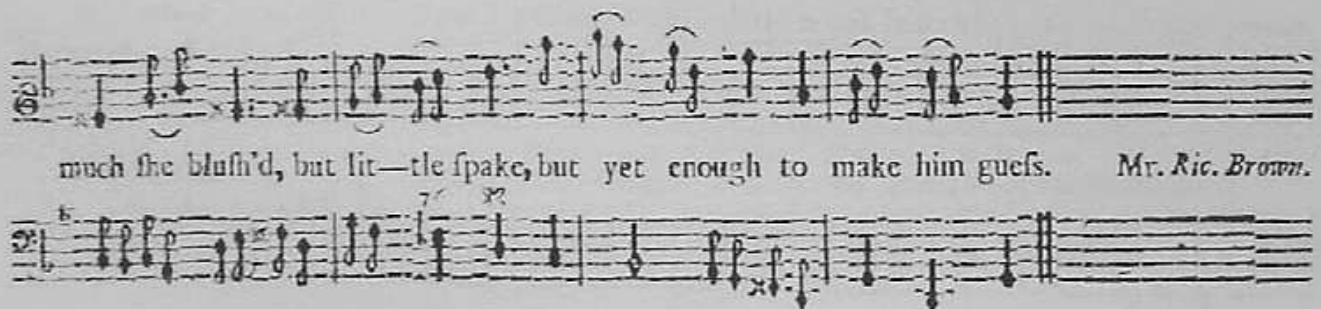
L ong, long had *Phili—lis Stre—phon* lov'd, and kept her Flames hid



in her Breast; but the Concealment fa—tal prov'd, and robb'd the Nymph of all her Rest:



But yet, a—las! the Fire she brake, for *Cu—pid* forc'd her to con—fess; and



much she blush'd, but lit—tle spake, but yet enough to make him guess. *Mr. Ric. Brown.*

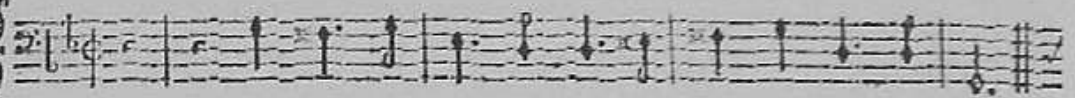
## II.

With foolish Pride, and much Disdain,  
 Her Words he heard, her Blushes view'd;  
 Laugh'd at her Tears, and mock'd her Pain,  
 At once both Absolute and Rude:  
 Not that he could the Maid forsake,  
 He lov'd her too too well he knew;  
 But from a Pride that all Men take,  
 To hear a Virgin Court and Sue.

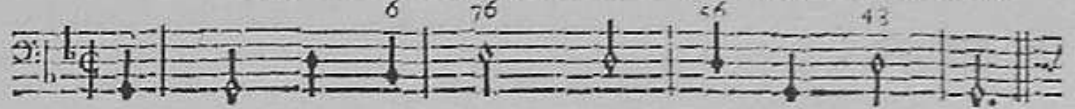
## A SERENADE SONG.



Look down, look down fair Saint, and see a rest-less Lover's Care!



Look down fair Saint, and see a rest-less Lover's Care!



whose Heart was 'till this moment free from Beauty's char-ming Snare: Look



whose Heart was 'till this mo-ment free from Beauty's charming Snare:



down, look down fair Saint, and see a rest-less Lo-ver's Care! But now a-las! it



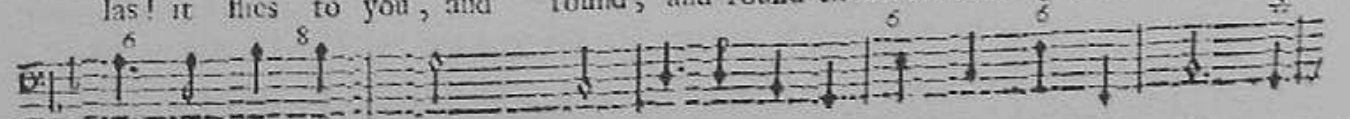
Look down fair Saint, and see a rest-less Lo-ver's Care! But now a-

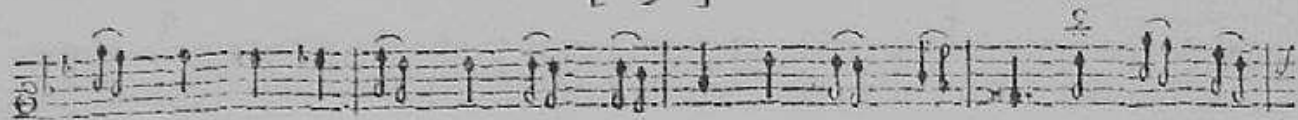


flies to you, and round, and round the Street all Night I rove; ah



las! it flies to you, and round, and round the Street all Night we rove;

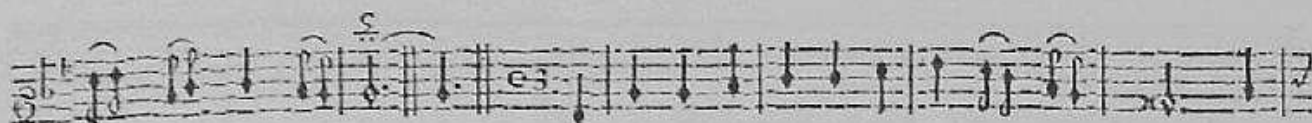




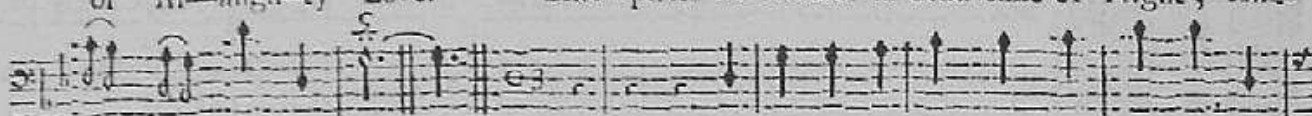
then look down! ah then look down, dear Soul! dear Soul! and view the Vi—ctim



ah then look down! ah then look down, dear Soul! and view the Vi—ctim



of Al—migh—ty Love. Like Spirits we wander in dead time of Night, *Huz-*



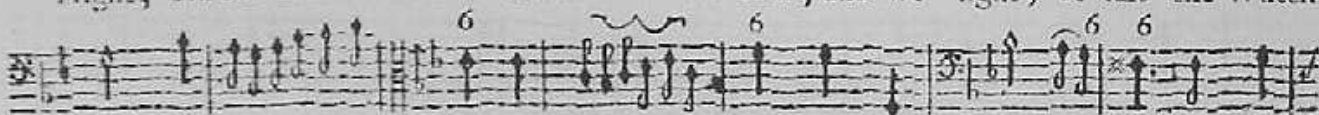
of Al—migh—ty Love. Like Spirits we wander in dead time of



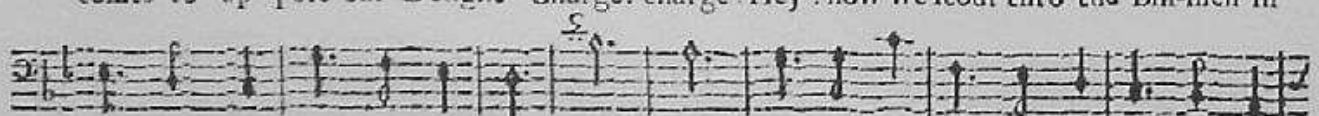
*a!* *Huz-z* *a!* we roar, and we fight; at last the Watch



Night, *Huz-z* *a!* *Huz-z* *a!* we roar, and we fight; at last the Watch



comes to op—pose our Delight. Charge! charge! Hey! now we scour thro' the Bill-men in



comes to op—pose our Delight. Charge! charge! Hey! now we scour thro' the Bill-men in



Flannel, and down drops a Con-stant-ble in-to the Kennel.

Flannel, and down drops a Con-stant-ble in-to the Kennel.

Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.



- Rom drinking of

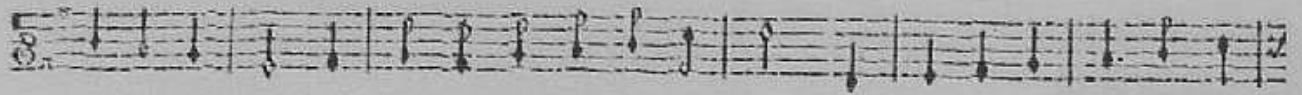
Sack by the Pottle, from breaking a Constable's

Preng preng-ta, preng preng-ta, preng, preng.

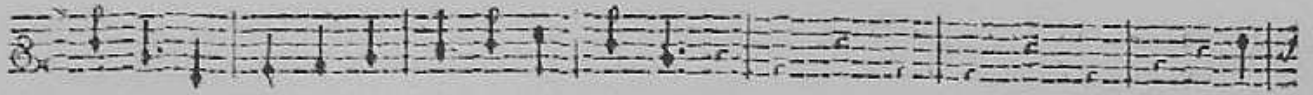
Noddle, his Noddle, his Nod-dle; from Bullies that would have been

Preng, preng. Preng, preng.

Roaring, been Roaring, from Bullies that would have been Who-ri- ng; I have



brought here a noise of mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry Boys, sweet Ladies, to hin-der your

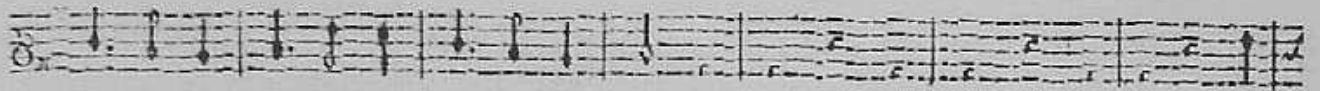


inoaring, sweet Ladies, to hinder your inoaring.

Hark!



*Preng preng-ta, preng preng-ta, preng, preng.*



how the Strings jarr, when I thrum my Git---tar!

Hark!



*Preng preng-ta, preng preng-ta, preng, preng.*



how the Strings jarr, when I thrum my Git---tar!

Ah!



*Preng preng-ta, preng preng-ta, preng, preng.*

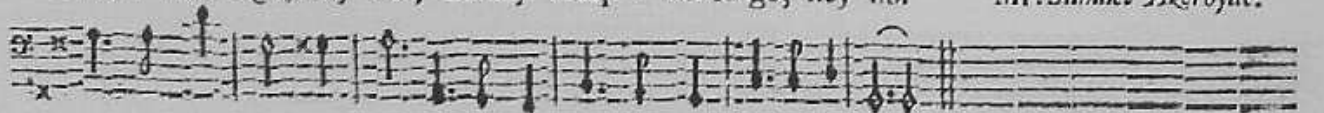


prove not my Foe! here I Languish be-low ; to my Sleep I would go, hey ho ; to my



Sleep I would go, hey ho ; to my Sleep I would go, hey ho.

Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.





Flannel, and down drops a Con-*sta*-ble in--to the kennel.

Flannel, and down drops a Con-*sta*-ble in--to the Kennel.

Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.

—Rom drinking of

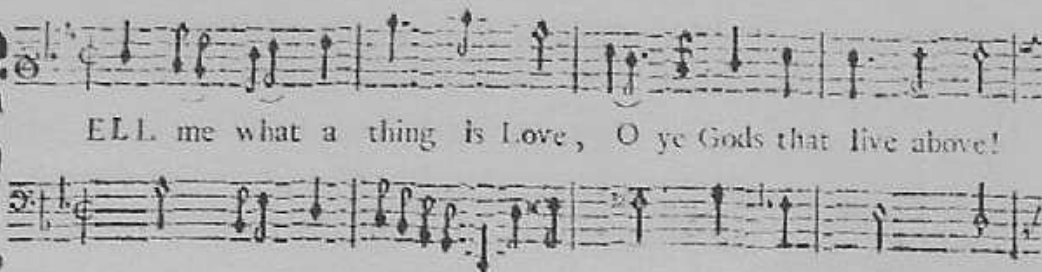
Sack by the Pottle, from breaking a Constable's

*Preng preng-ta, preng preng-ta, preng, preng.*

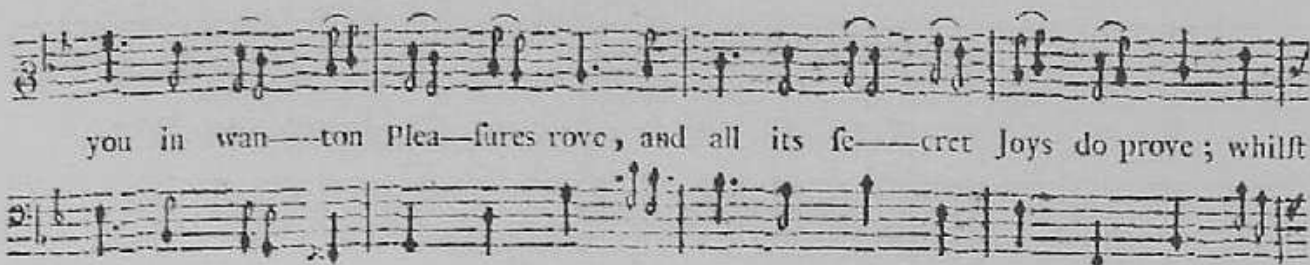
Noddle, his Noddle, his Nod-dle; from Bullies that would have been

*Preng, preng. Preng, preng.*

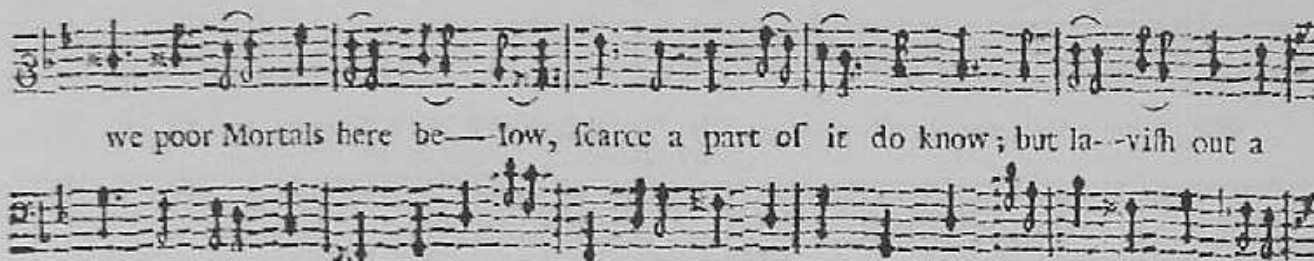
Roaring, been Roaring, from Bullies that would have been Who-ri—ng; I have



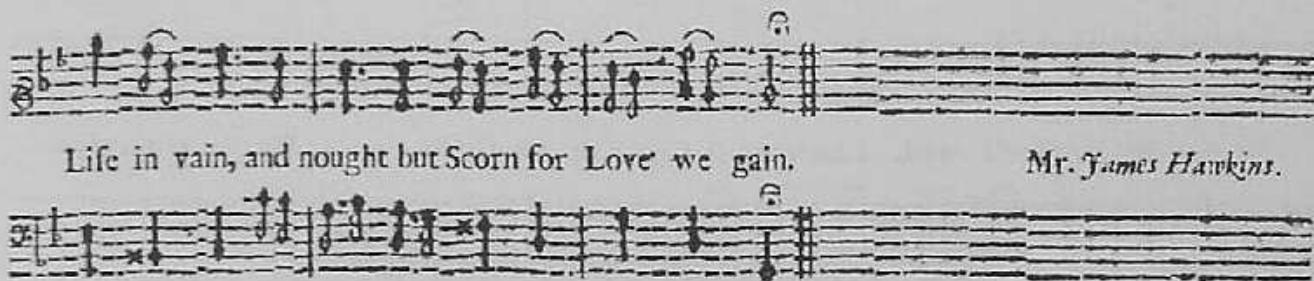
TELL me what a thing is Love, O ye Gods that live above!



you in wan—ton Plea—sures rove, and all its se—cret Joys do prove; whilst



we poor Mortals here be—low, scarce a part of it do know; but la—vish out a

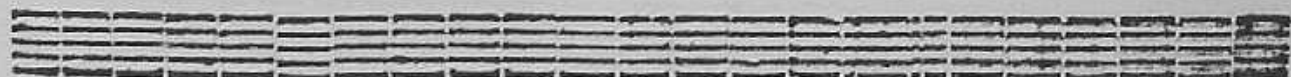


Life in vain, and nought but Scorn for Love we gain.

Mr. James Hawkins.

## II.

Why was Man cut out by Fate,  
Capable of better State?  
And why was Woman made his Mate  
To help him, yet his Toyles create?  
If we were made the Lords of all,  
Must we to our Subjects fall;  
And cringe to that which is our own,  
By right of our Creation?





Here is one black and ful—len hour, which Fate de—rived our

Life should know; else we should flight Al-migh—ty Pow'r, rapt with the Joys we find below.

'Tis past, dear *Cynthia!* now let Frowns be gone, a long long Penance I have

done; a long long Penance I have done, for Crimes a—las! to me unknown.

Mr. Samuel Akroyde.

II.

In each soft Hour of silent Night,  
 Your Image in my Dreams appears;  
 I grasp the Soul of my Delight,  
 Slumber in Joy, but 'wake in Tears.  
 Ah faithless charming Saint! what will you do!  
 Let me not think I am by you!  
 Let me not think I am by you  
 Lov'd worse, lov'd worse, for being true.

thought you'd gain'd; Blest your a—ven—ging Stars, that gave you pow'r to Tri—

—umph where you once was Slave.

*Mr. James Hawkins.*

II.

In Love, 'tis as much Policy  
 As in Battle pitch'd in Field;  
 Not to assault the Enemy,  
 But fly, and seemingly to yield,  
 And when they too secure do grow,  
 To rally back, and captivate the Foe.

III.

Thus when the formal Siege you laid  
 Against the soft and beauteous Fort,  
 You did suppose I was betray'd,  
 And thought to make my Love your Sport:  
 Yet know, ungrateful Swain! that I  
 Your Arts can baffle, and your self defye.

A. 2 Voc.



Ride and Am-bi-tion, and Pee-vil-ness too, nay all the whole

Sex-es Le-gion of Ills, I'd meet in a Woman, I'm doom'd to Wee, fo

Wit, damn'd Wit, not the Ca-ta-logue fills: To themselves 'tis a Plague, to us it is

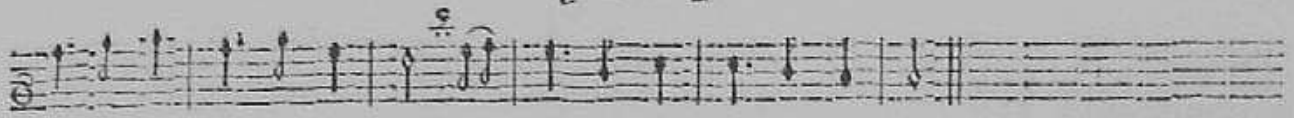
worse, but poyson'd with Learning is Curse up-on Curse.

Mr. James Hawkins.

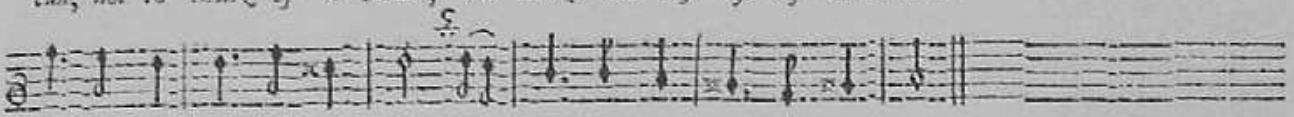


Our haughty With, proud Swain, I guess'd, so well the lo—ving

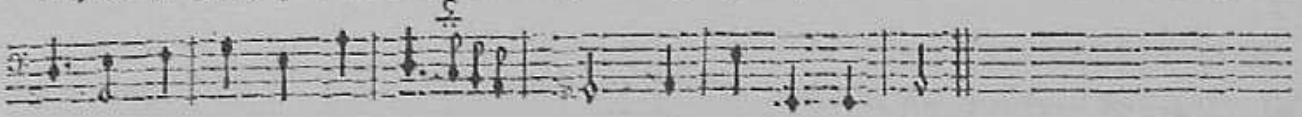
Hu-mour feign'd; you took the Bait with ea-ger haste, swell'd at the Prize you



can, not to think of a Man, but make the best use of our Prime.



can, not to think of a Man, but make the best use of our Prime. Mr. Sam. Akeroyde.



*C*umbia with an aw-ful Power, on all Hearts extends her sway;



Did the Ea-tern Natives know her, they'd less prize the God of Day: On her



Brow Night sha-dy lies, whilst Morning breaks from her fair Eyes; on her Brow Night



sha-dy lies, whilst Morning breaks from her fair Eyes. Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.



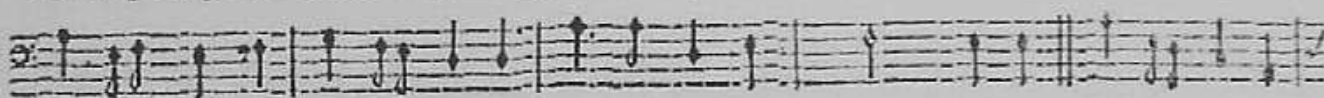
The two following Songs sung in The Commonwealth of Women.



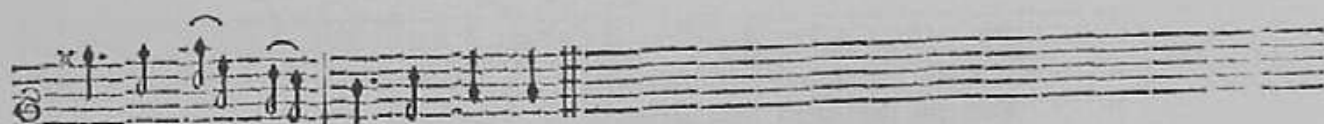
Li-ber-ty's the Soul of Living, ev'ry hour new Joys receiving;



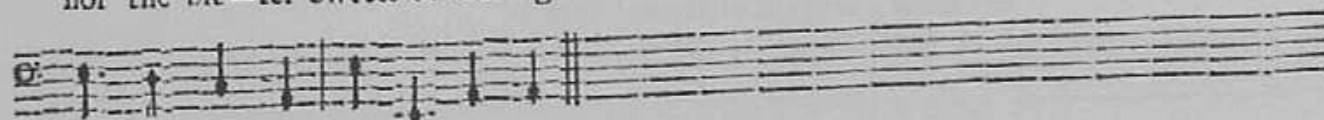
no sharp Pangs our Hearts are grieving, Li-ber-ty's the Soul of Living: Here are no falſe



Men pre-ſu-ming, Youth or Beauty to its Ruine; murr'ring Sighs, like Turtles coo'ng,



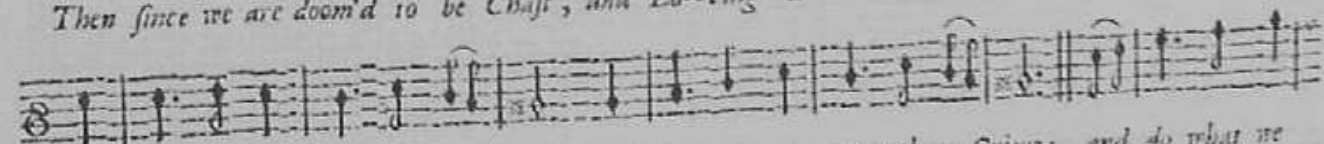
nor the bit-ter Sweets of wooing.



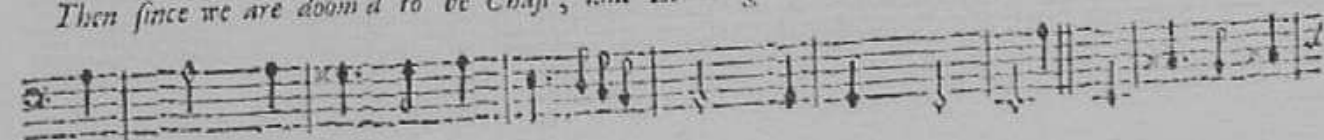
CHORUS.



Then ſince we are doom'd to be Chafte, and Lo-ving is counted a Crime; and do what we



Then ſince we are doom'd to be Chafte, and Lo-ving is counted a Crime; and do what we





Hat I might e--ven dream thus, That some Pow'r to my E--ter--nal

Rest would grant this hour; so wil--ling--ly deceiv'd, I might possess, in seeming

Joys a re--al Happiness: Death! I would gladly bow beneath thy Charms, so thou could'st

bring my *Doris* to thy Arms; that thus at last made happy, I might prove in Life the

Hell, in Death the Heav'n of Love.

Mr. John Rossy.





Then first I pass'd the hap—py Night, in Char—min'g Pleasure's

swift Delight, in those dear Arms of thine; what trem—bling

Joy's sur—priz'd that Heart! which when, a—las! we were to part, ne're felt a

Grief like mine, ne're felt a Grief like mine

Mr. Richard Brown.

II.

When Charms, which others only see,  
 Were giv'n intirely up to me,  
 To view, to touch, to tast;  
 But oh! how griev'd, how pain'd, how sad,  
 How the remembrance makes me mad  
 I am to know them past!  
 I am, &c.

III.

Ah! nothing can exprefs how sweet,  
 'Twas with my Lips with thine to meet!  
 And none can tell the pain  
 Which I poor Lover must endure!  
 Unless thou wilt compleat my Cure,  
 And give thy self again.  
 And give, &c.

worship'd, I would have worship'd still, but your chief Glo—ry is

your Slaves to kill. So law-ful Princes when they Ty---rants prove, themselves a-

buse, and Pow-er lose, their Strength de-pen—ding, de-pen—ding on their Subjects

Love; for Love o-bli-ges Duty more than Fear, for Love o-bli-ges Duty more than Fear, more than

Fear, all hate the Government that is too severe; all, all hate the Government that is

too severe.

A. 2 Voc. Cantus &amp; Bassus.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



One dear Com-pa-nions of th' *Arcadian* Fields, let us, let us com-

bine to countermine, the Plots our Female Con-ver-sa-tion yields; we'll bre—ak their

Fetters, we'll bre—ak their Fetters from their Charms, be free, and re—gain Man his

lo—ng, lo—ng lo—ft Li-ber—ty. *Beauty* your Empire now,

now, now, is ia its wain, we'll never, no never, never more, never more your Shrines a-

dore, since you delight t'af—so—ciate with Dif—dain: Had you been kind, I would have



HE Nymph that does expose to sale, the soft Endearments of her

Love, can ne-ver o're my Heart pre-vail, nor the least In-cli-na-tion move: It checks that

ri—sing Transports of Delight, and palls the fiercest Lovers ap--pe--tite; and palls the

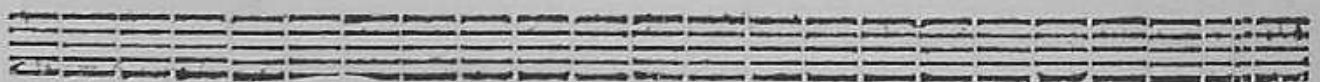
fier--cest Lo--vers Ap--pe--tite.

Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.

II.

But *Sapho*, full of all the Charms  
 That ever beautiful Maid adorn'd,  
 Relign'd her self into my Arms,  
 And proffer'd Presents nobly scorn'd:

She thought her Favours bore a price so high,  
 'Twas great to give, what Empires could not buy.



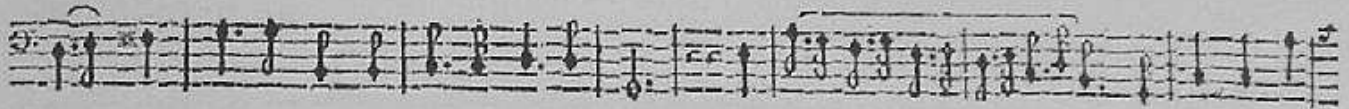
## The singing Bass to the foregoing Song.

A. 2 Voc.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



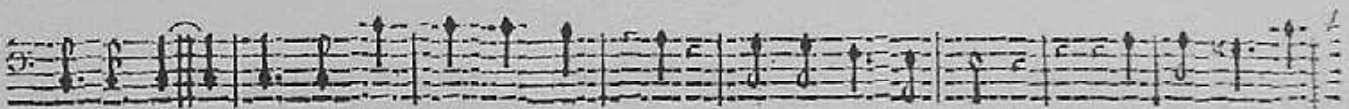
Come dear Com-pa-nions of th'*Ar-cu-dian* Fields, let us, let us combine to counter-



mine, the Plots our Female Conversation yields; we'll bre—ak their Fetters from



their Charms, be free, and regain man his lo—ng, lo—ng lost



Li-ber-ty. *Beauty* your Empire now, now, now is in its wain, we'll ne-ver, no



never, never more your Shrines adore, since you delight t'associate with Diffdain: Had you been



kind, I vould have worship'd, I would have worship'd still, but your chief Glo—



—ry is your Slaves to kill. So law-ful Princes when they Tyrants



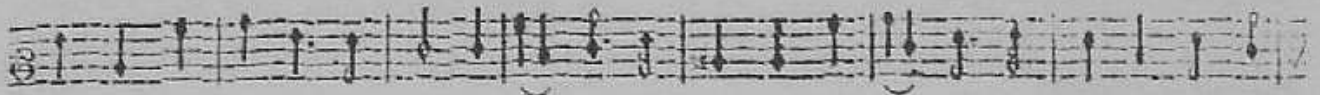
prove, themselves abuse, and Power lose, their Strength de-pen-ding on their Subjects Love;



for Love o-bli-ges Duty more than Fear, for Love o-bli-ges Duty more than Fear, all hate the



Government that is too se-vere; all, all hate the Government that is too severe.



Nature fram'd fit for the Sport, be kind and com-ply-ing, be kind and complying, ne're re-



fuse when we Court; your Scorn, and your haughty Disdain, prethee cease! and since you've the



Charms, have the Will too to please: For an in-so-lent Beauty is nought but Disease, for an



in-so-lent Beauty is nought but Disease.



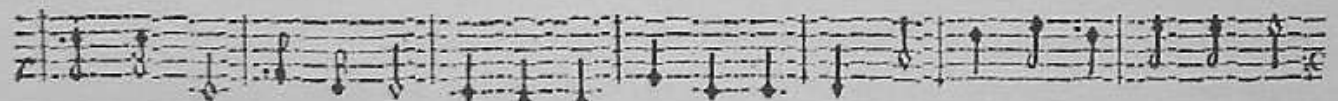
nought but Disease, for an in-so-lent Beauty is nought but Disease.



cease! and since you've the Charms, have the Will too to please: For an in-so-lent Beauty is



fuse, not refuse when we Court; your Scorn, and your haughty Disdain, prethee cease! prethee



Then since you're by Nature fram'd fit for the Sport, be kind and complying, nor re-



*The singing Bass of the Chorus.*

A. 2 Voc. Cantus &amp; Bassus.

CANTUS.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



*S*ivia, 'tis true, 'tis true, you're fair, more, more than other Women are, 'tis

true, yet that's no plea to be fe—vere: Think not those Eyes, 'cause they conquer so

much, and so much do surprize, ne're e—ver in—ten—ded to Ty-ra-nize; for Beauty was

ne-ver, was ne-ver design'd for a Grace to that Face, and a Torment and Cure to my

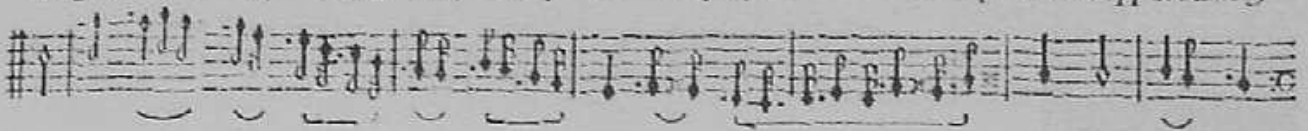
Mind: To Consent and En-joy-ment it rather should move you, for were you not handfom, who the

CHORUS.

f

Devil would love you, for were you not handfom, who the Devil would love you. Then since you're by

Garment Hem, to deck her, to deck her Freeze in— to a Gem.



there, for Grief dissolv'd, for Grief dissolv'd in— to a Tear; which falling down her



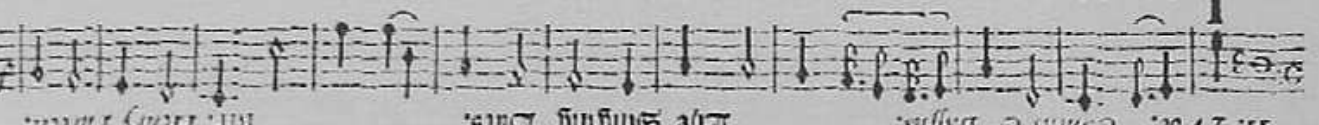
Breasts, like lit—the Birds, in—to their Nests; but o—ver—come with whitens



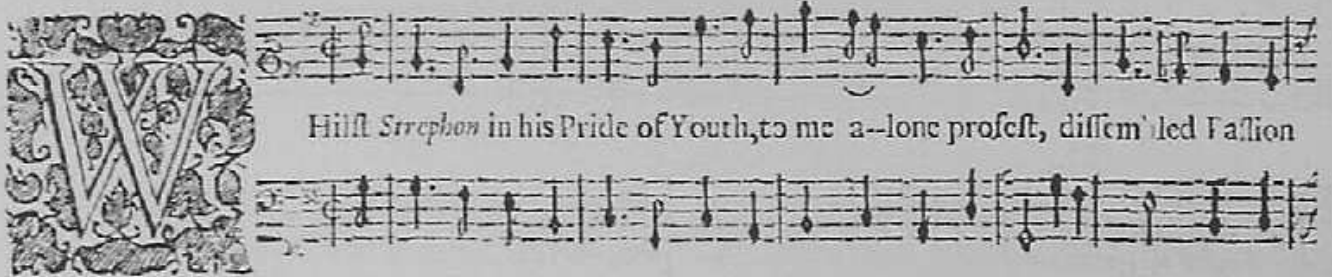
from his Tower, to court her in a sil—ver Show'r: The gen—the Snow flew in her



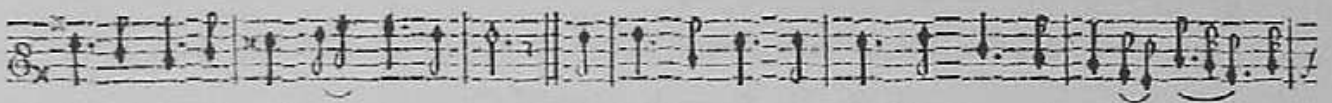
I Saw fair Cloris all along, when feather'd Rain came softly down; and Force descending



*A. 2<sup>d</sup> Voc. Cantus & Bassus. The Singing Vata. Mr. Henry Purcell.*



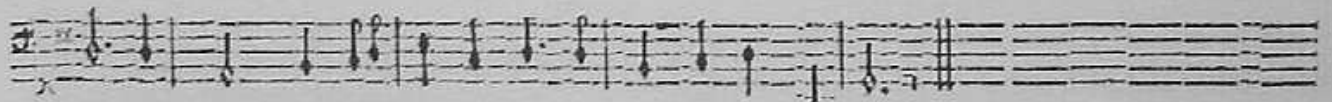
Hill *Strephon* in his Pride of Youth, to me a—lone profess, dissolv'd Falion



dress like Truth, he triumph in my Breast: I lodg'd him near my yielding Heart, deny'd him but my



Arms; de—lu—ded with his pleasing Art, transport'd with his Charms. *Sen. Alex. Damasceno.*



The Wand'rer now I lose, or share  
With ev'ry lovely Maid;  
Who makes the Hearts of Men their Care,  
Shall have their own betray'd:

Our Charms on them we vainly prove,  
And think we Conquest gain;  
Where one a Victim falls to love,  
A thousand Tyrants reign.



A. 2 Voc. Cantus & Bassus.

CANTUS.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



Saw fair *Cloris* all a—lone, when feather'd Rain came soft—ly

down; and *Jove* de-scen-ding from his Tow'r, to court her in a sil-ver Show'r: The

gen—tle Snow flew in her Breasts, like little Birds, like little Birds in—to their Nests: But

o—ver-come with whiteness there, for Grief dissolv'd, for Grief dif-solv'd in—to a

Tear; which fal—ling down, which falling down her Garment Hem, to de—ck her

Fro—ze in—to a Gem.



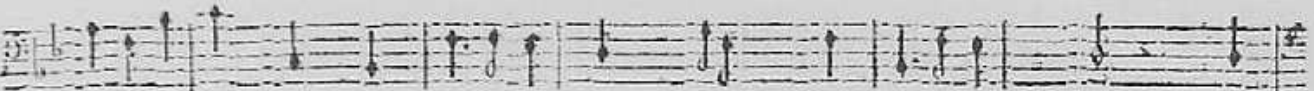
Eyn, when by my feln to mil—king I have gean; oft have I gift the Green, where *Willy*



vow'd to be my Swain. Sea neat was my conny Lad, with new Ruffet Shoon, and *Holland*



Lad; but now he's won his way, with Maiden-head, and Leve and au: His Locks were fea finely



feam'd, and shene as bright as a—ay in the Land; but now he's won his way, with



Maiden-head, and Leve and au.

Mr. Samuel Akeröyde.



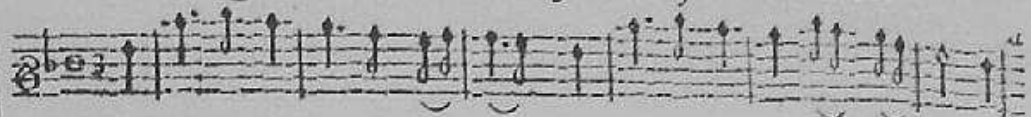
II.

Ife ene thraw away my skeel,  
 And gang ne mere to yonder fatal Frow,  
 Where I was pleas'd fea weel,  
 But now I feel mere ner others do:  
 He took me by the wulling hand,  
 And vow'd to Hea'n how he wad constant be,  
 When levingly we laid  
 Under the shade of the Wulow-tree.

III.

But ah! when the Loon had denn,  
 He nothing mere of Love cou'd shew;  
 But now he's won his way,  
 With Ma den-head, and Leve and au.  
 My Weam now begins to fill,  
 And feun the bonny Bird will crow,  
 Tho' he has won his way  
 With Maiden-head, and Leve and au.

A new SONG sung by a FOP newly come from France.



H Phillis: why are you less ren--dre, to my de-spi-ring Amour! your



Heart you have promis'd to ren--dre, do not de-ny the Retour: My Passion I cannot de-



fen--dre; no, no, Torments encrease tous les jours.



II.

To forget your kind Slave is *cruelle*,  
Can you expect my *Devoir*,  
Since *Phillis* is grown *infidelle*,  
And wounds me at ev'ry *Revoir*!  
Those Eyes which were once *agreeable*,  
Now, now, are Fountains of black *Des espoire*.

III.

Adieu to my false *Espérance*,  
Adieu les *Plaisirs des beaux Jours*;  
My *Phillis* appears at *distance*,  
And flights my unfeigned *Efforts*:  
To return to her Vows *impossible*,  
No, no, adieu to the Cheats of *Amour*.

A new Scotch SONG.

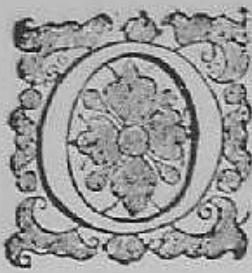


Arweel bonny *Wully Craig*, farweel to au thy bro-ken Vows to me;

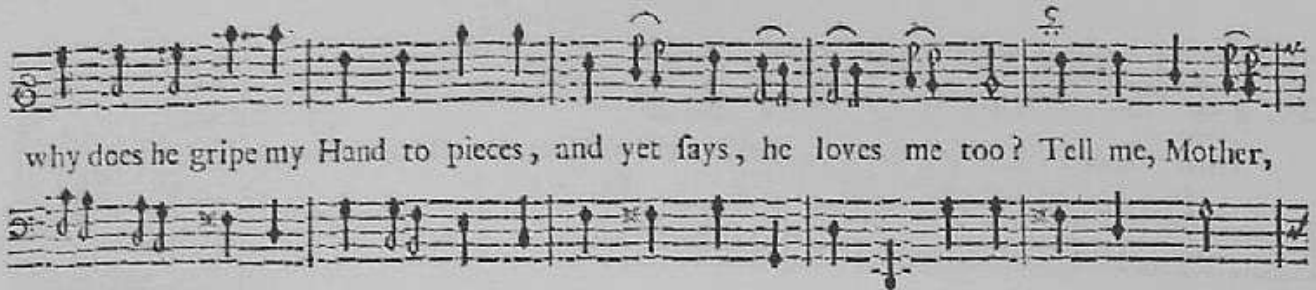


thou wast a love-ly Lad, when on the *Grass* thou tempted'st me: Full oft have I dry'd mine

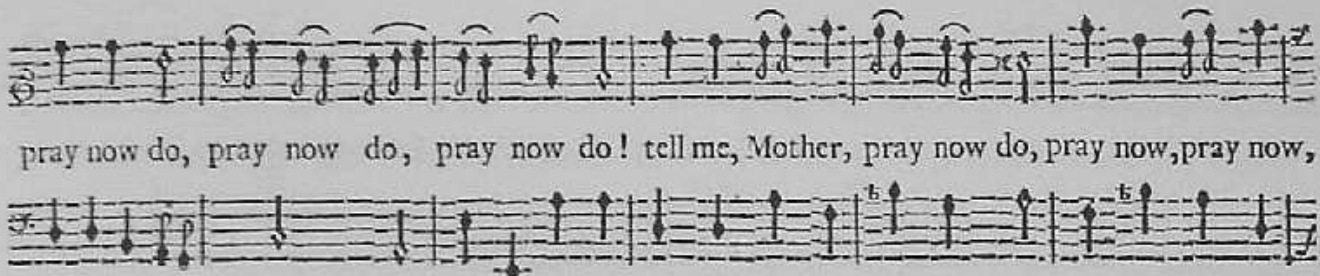




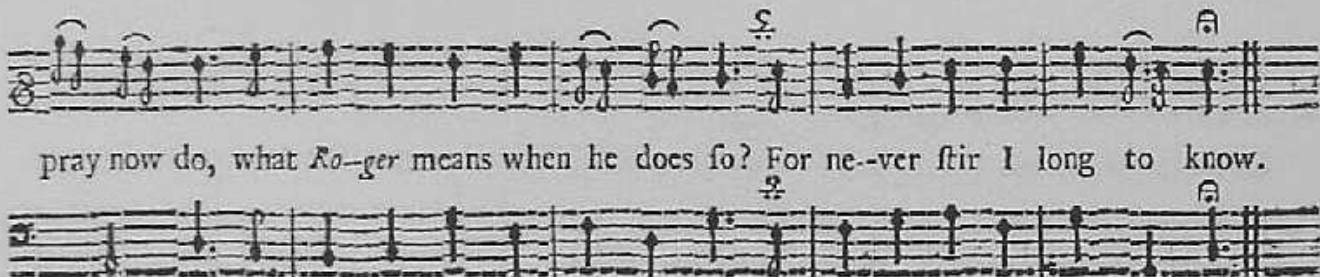
H Mother! *Roger* with his *Kif-fes* almost stops my *Breath* I vow!



why does he gripe my *Hand* to pieces, and yet says, he loves me too? Tell me, Mother,



pray now do, pray now do, pray now do! tell me, Mother, pray now do, pray now, pray now,



pray now do, what *Ro-ger* means when he does so? For ne-ver stir I long to know.

## II.

Nay more, the naughty man beside it  
 Something in my Mouth did put;  
 I call'd him *Beast*, and try'd to bite it,  
 But for my life I cannot do't.  
 Tell me, Mother, pray now do, :||: :||:  
 For never stir I long to know.

## III.

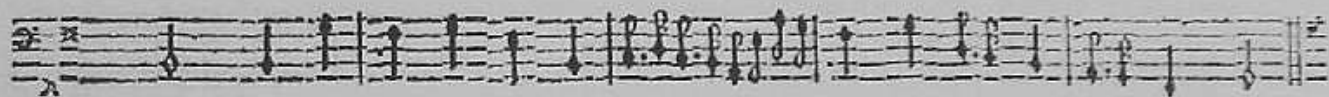
He sets me in his Lap whole Hours,  
 Where I feel I know not what;  
 Something I never felt in yours,  
 Pray tell me, Mother, what is that  
 Tell me, Mother, what is that?  
 For never stir I long to know.



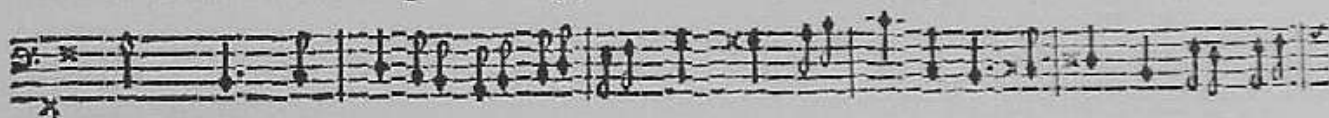
Hun a vain Pre-ten-der's Sto-ry, which does Pride not Love di-



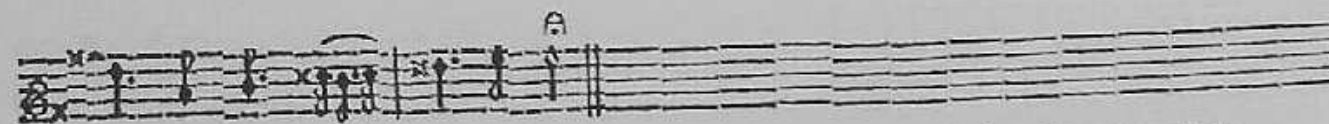
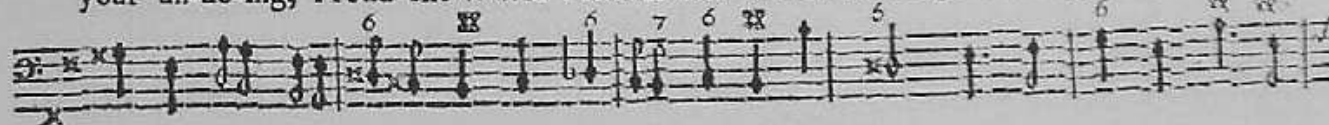
fco-ver; Beauty's rob'd of all its Glory, when Va-ni-ty creates a Lover:



He'l be con-stant in pur-su-ing, 'till 'tis said, he is pos-sess'd; then be pleas'd at

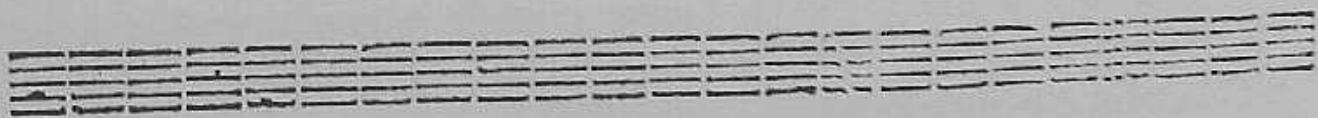
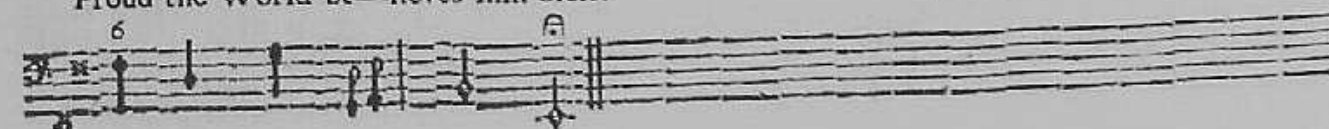


your un-do-ing, Proud the World believes him blest; then be pleas'd at your un-do-ings,



Proud the World be-lieves him blest.


Senior Alex. Damasceno.



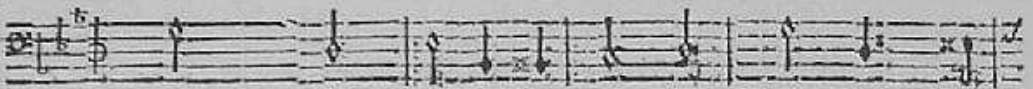



let's pi-ty one a-no-ther, whi—llt we live. Mr. Sam. Akeroyd.









H! that I had but a fine Man, a swee: Man, a dain-ty Man, and a



spi-cy one, for now I lye by my self all alone, and the cold Sweat comes me up on, and a-

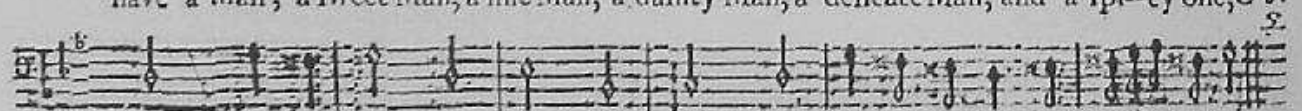
lack, for my Love I dye! and if I dye, why then I dye. Daughter, why should'it thou de-

fire for to wed, and haſt neither Pot nor Pan? Oh Mother, take you no care for that, ſo I may but

have a Man; a ſweet Man, a fine Man, a dainty Man, a delicate Man, and a ſpi-cy one, &c.





S my Clo-rin—da yet in Nature's State! what greater Joy, or

Grief to me! Live, live Clo-rin-da, 'till I hate, and I Clo-rin-da still abhorr'd by

thee: Thou art all Joy, I am by De-sti-ny all Grief, all Sorrow; none to pi-ty me!

dear Clo-rin-da, not a Soul but thee! Oh! had I time to write the turns of Time, to

vent my Passion in such a Rhime, as could all Hearts to mine in sympathy melt quickly

down, but none but thee, Clo-rin-da, pities me! Thou giv'st me thine, I thee my Pi-ty give,

CHORUS.

SO Re-bel *Jem-my Scot*, so Re-bel *Jem-my Scot*, that did to Em-pire foar; his

SO Re-bel *Jemmy Scot*, so Re-bel *Jem-my Scot*, that did to Empire

Father might be the Lord knows what, his Father might be the Lord knows what, but his

foar; his Father might be the Lord knows what, but his Mother we knew, his

Mother we knew a whore, a whore, a whore, a whore, a whore, a whore, a whore, a

Mother we knew a whore, a whore, a whore, a whore, a whore; his

whore; his Fa-ther might be the Lord knows what, but his Mother we knew a

Father might be the Lord knows what, but his Mother we knew, but his Mother we knew a

whore, a whore, a whore, a whore.

whore, a whore, a whore, a whore.

*Mt. Henry Purcell.*





Grafs-hopper, and a Fly, in Summer hot and dry, in

ea-ger Ar-gu-ment were met, a-bout, a-bout Pri-o-ri-ty: Says the Fly to the

Grafs-hopper, From mighty Race I spring, bright *Phabus* was my Dad 'tis known, and I

eat and drink with a King. Says the Grafs-hopper to the Fly, Such Rogues are

still, are still preferr'd; your Fa-ther might be of high Degree, but your

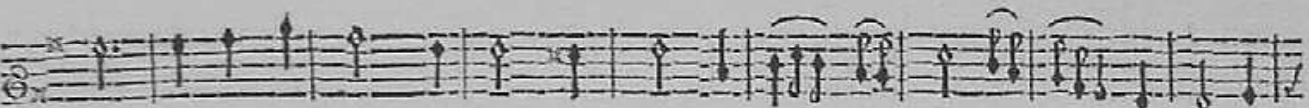
Mother was but a Turd, a Turd, a Turd.



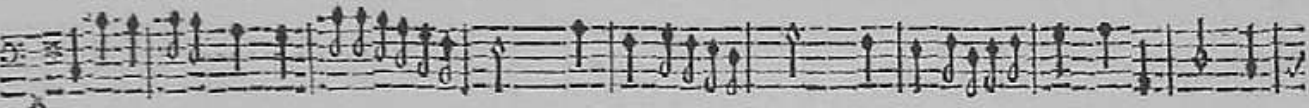
moan the Bier; if Wood can tell true Grief so well, the Cyprefs may be-



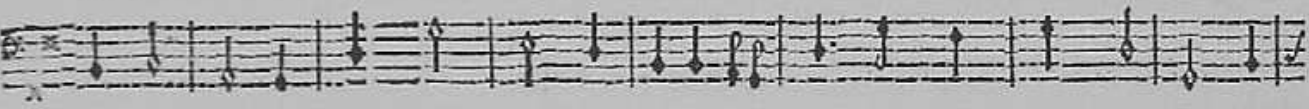
moan the Bier, the Cyprefs may bemoan the Bier. The standing Nobles of the



Grove, finding dead Timber speak and move, the fa—tal Ax be—gan to love; and



envy'd Death that gave such Breath, as Tunes the Voi—ces of the blest a—bove, as



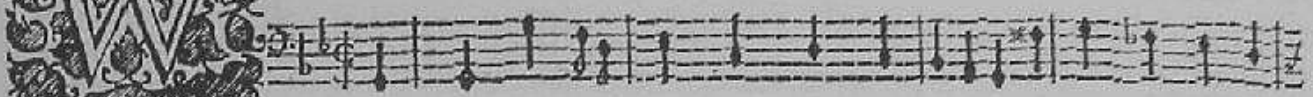
Tunes the Voi—ces of the blest a—bove.

Mr. George Hart.





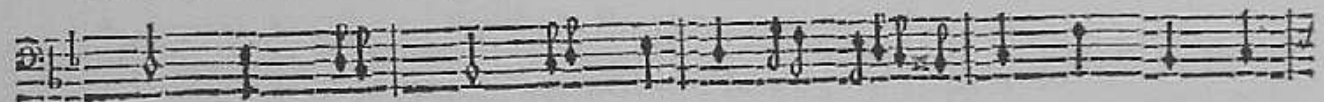
Hile *Orpheus* in a hea—vy strain, and dole—ful Accents



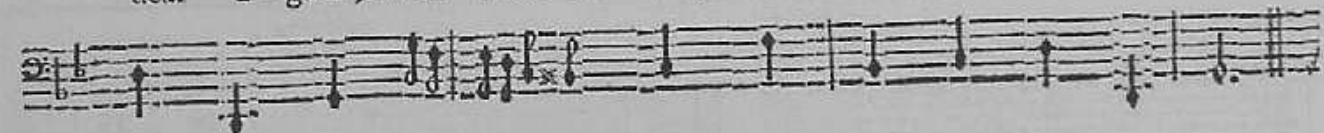
did complain, that his *Eu—ri—di—ce* was slain; the Trees to hear, ob—tain'd an



Ear; the Trees to hear, ob—tain'd an Ear; which when the Harp was dumb, grew



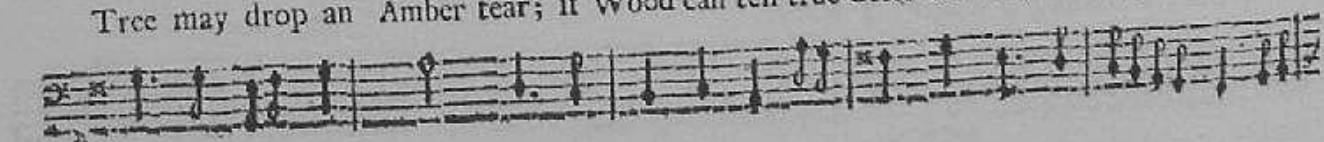
deaf a—gain; which when the Harp was dumb, grew deaf a—gain.

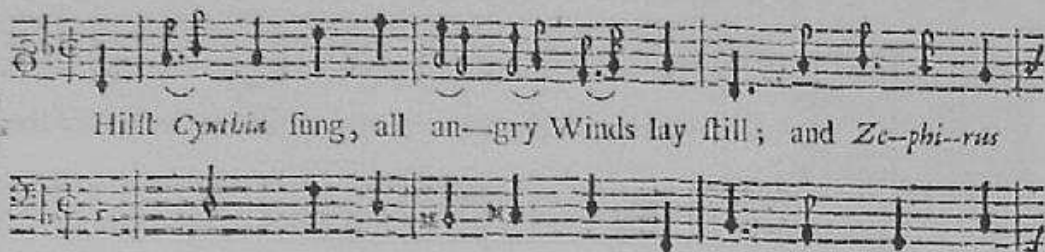


If Wood can speak, a Tree may hear, if Wood can Sor—row e're en—dear, a

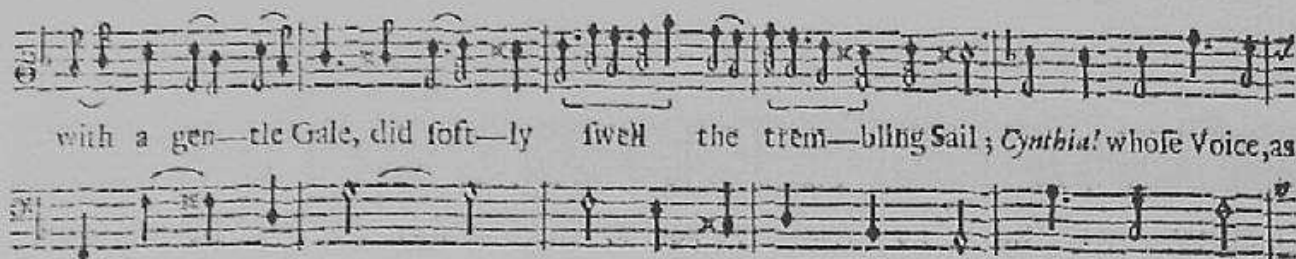


Tree may drop an Amber tear; if Wood can tell true Grief to well, the Cypres may be—

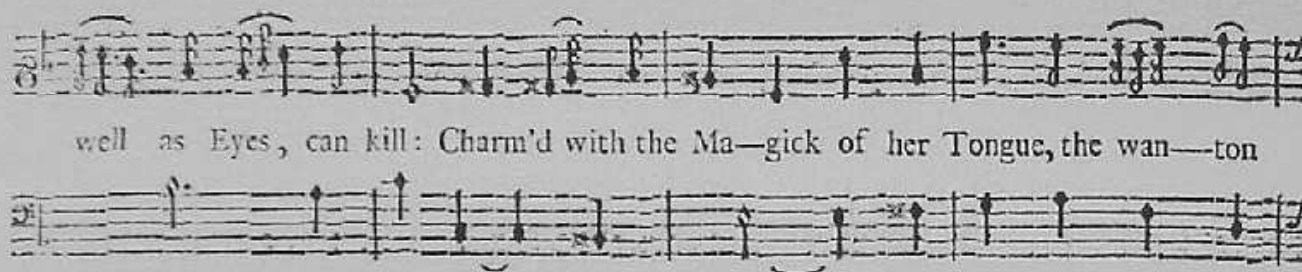




Hill! *Cynthia* fung, all an—gry Winds lay still; and *Ze—phi—rus*



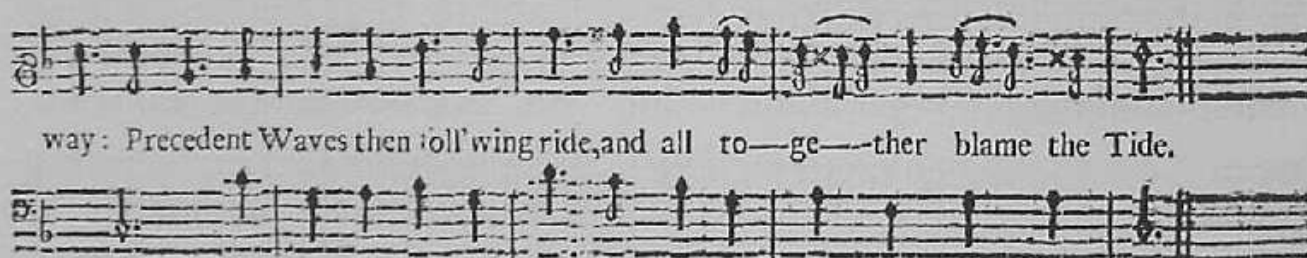
with a gen—tle Gale, did soft—ly swell the trem—bling Sail; *Cynthia!* whose Voice, as



well as Eyes, can kill: Charm'd with the Ma—gick of her Tongue, the wan—ton



Wa—ters danc'd a—long; each lit—tle Bil—low strove to stay, tho' Nature for—ced it a—

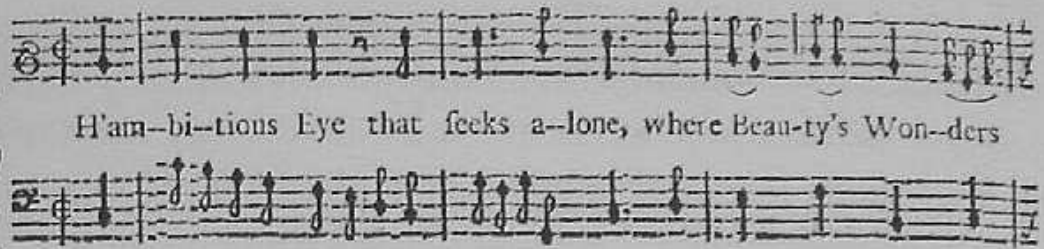


way: Precedent Waves then toll'wing ride, and all to—ge—ther blame the Tide.

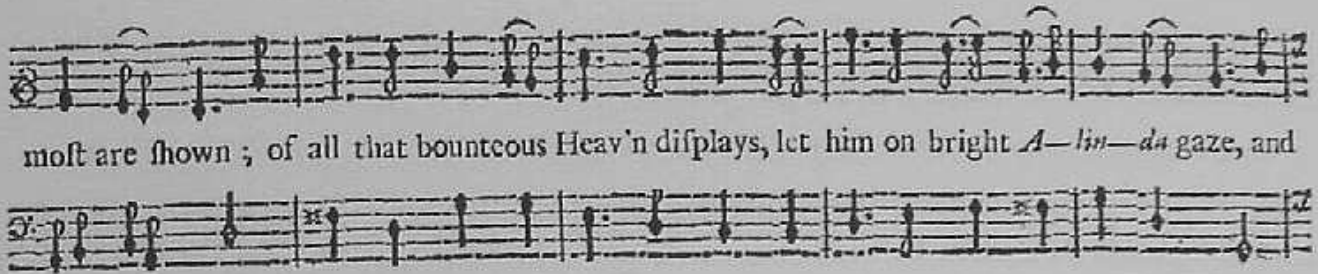
Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

## II.

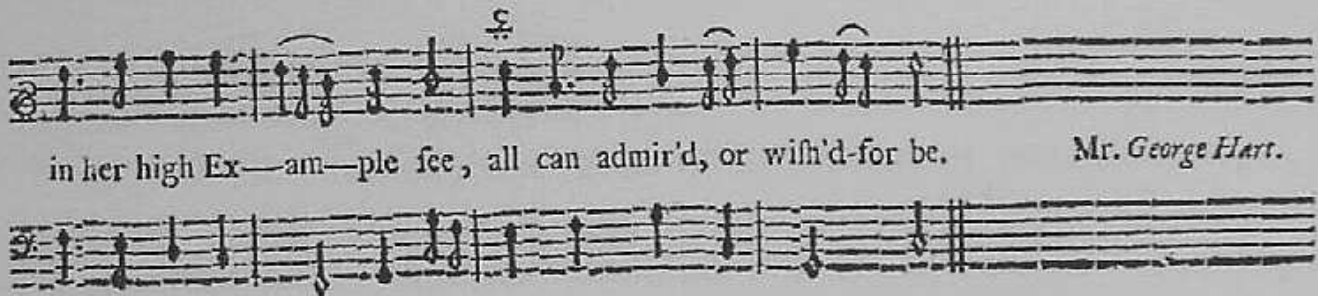
From *Rosie* Mouth she breath'd the perfum'd Sound;  
 The mournful *Attick Phylomel*,  
 Ne're did warble half so well;  
 Whilst mocking *Eccho's* babble it around.  
 Ne're in so sweet a Tune as this,  
 Upon the Banks of *Thamesis*,  
 Did silver Swans, about to dye,  
 Grace their mournful *Elégy*:  
 Dear *Cynthia!* they're excell'd by you,  
 In Sweetness, and in Fairness too.



H'am-bi-tious Eye that seeks a-lone, where Beau-ty's Won-ders



most are shown ; of all that bounteous Heav'n displays, let him on bright *A-lin-da* gaze, and



in her high Ex—am—ple see, all can admir'd, or wish'd-for be.

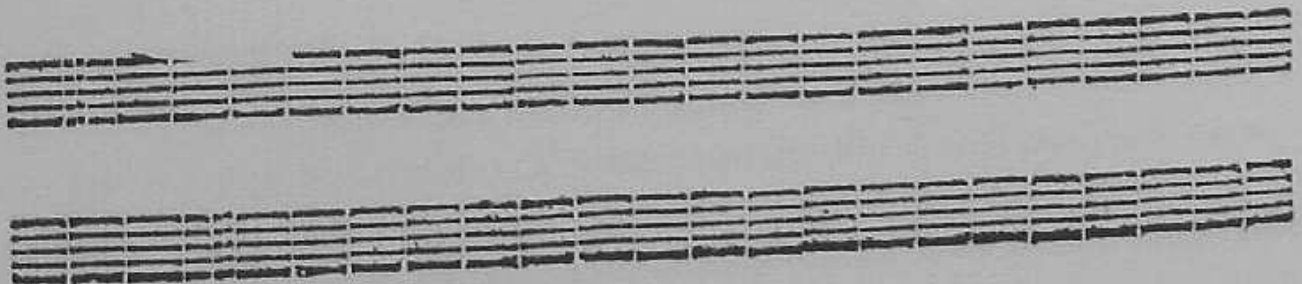
Mr. George Hart.

## II.

An unmatch'd form Mind-like endow'd,  
Estate and Title, great and good ;  
A Charge Heav'n dares to few admit,  
So few like her can manage it :  
Without all Blame, or Envy bear,  
The being witty, great, and fair.

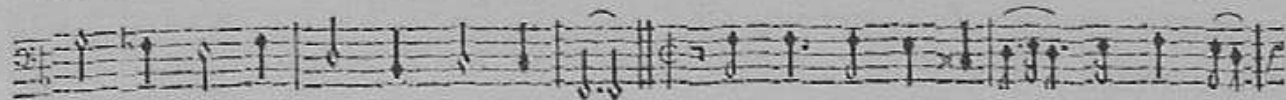
## III.

So well those murd'ring Weapons weild,  
As first her self with them to shield ;  
Then slaughter none in proud disport,  
Destroy those she invites to Court :  
Great are her Charms, but Virtue more,  
She wounds no Hearts, tho' all Adore.





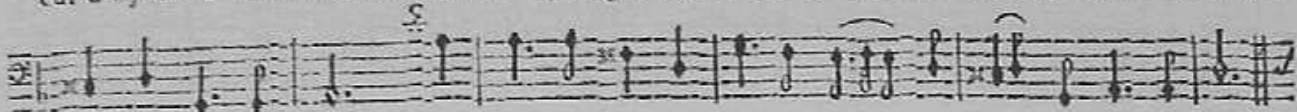
Fate has blest, with kind and yielding Charms: Where ev'ry Night each Swain does rest, fe-



Fate has blest, with kind and yielding Charms: Where ev'ry Night each Swain does rest, fe-



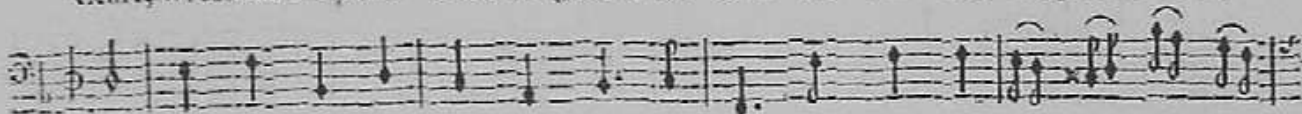
cur'd by Love from harms; where ev'ry Night each Swain does rest, fe--cur'd by Love from harms.



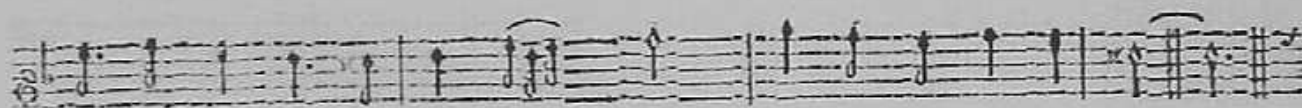
cur'd by Love from harms; where ev'ry Night each Swain does rest, fe--cur'd by Love from harms.



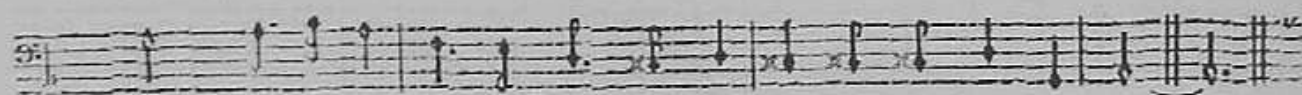
Cease, wretched *St. ephan!* cease to grieve, do thou like o--ther Shepherds live;



Cease, wretched *Strephon!* cease to mourn, to mourn, do thou like o--ther Shepherds



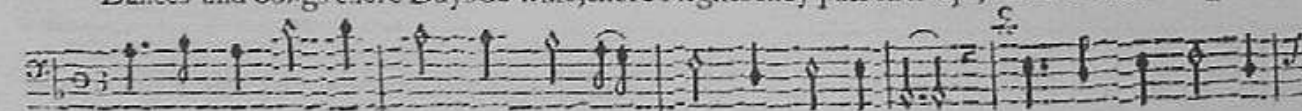
free from all Care there hours are pass'd, free as the Flocks they keep;



live; free from all Cares there hours are pass'd, free as the Flocks they keep;



Dances and Songs there Days do waft, there Nights they pass in sleep; Dances and Songs there



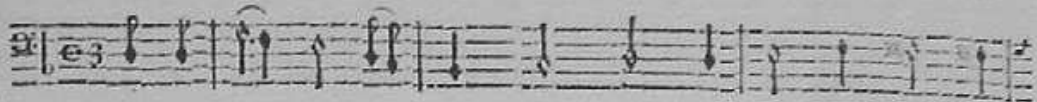
Dances and Songs there Days do waft, there Nights they pass in sleep; Dances and Songs there

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Bassus.

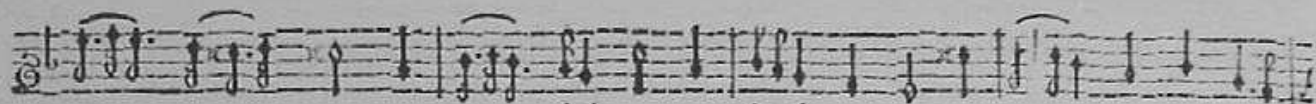
[Words by Mr. Abraham Cowley.]



In a dark sha—dy Cy—pres Grove, where nought but dif-mal



In a dark sha—dy Cy—pres Grove, where nought but dif-mal



thoughts of Love, no plea—fant, nor no chear—ful Ray, did e're ad—mit—tance



thoughts of Love, no pleafant, nor no chearful Ray, did e're ad—mit—tance



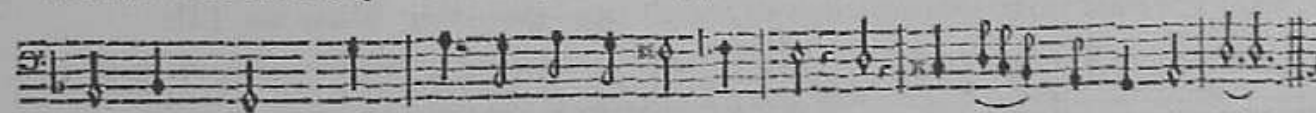
find; the me-lan-cho-ly Stre—phon lay, thus, thus, thus sigh—ing to the



find, did e're admittance find; the me-lan-cho-ly Strephon lay, thus sigh—ing to the



Wind; the me-lan-cho-ly Stre—phon lay, thus, thus, thus sigh—ing to the Wind:



Wind, the Wind; the me-lan-cho-ly Strephon lay, thus, thus sigh—ing to the Wind:



Ah! do not, Strephon, think to find, a Cure for thy tortur'd Mind, there amongst those whom



Ah! do not, Strephon, think to find, a Cure for thy tortur'd Mind, there amongst those whom



My fo averſe is Lau—ra's Mind! why ſtill to Dx—mon's

Grief un—kind! Lefs has her gen—tle Na—ture ſhook, for ſoft her Heart is

as her Look: Re—len—ting, grateful, juſt is ſhe, and good to all the

World but me.

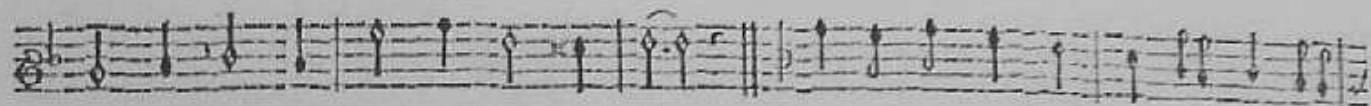
Mr. Robert King.

II.

Cou'd ſerving long, or ſuff'ring much,  
 This ever-ſcornful Beauty touch;  
 Cou'd faithful Love her favour win,  
 I bleſ'd above all hopes had been,  
 But vain is worth, I ſee too late,  
 Hearts are like Crowns, beſtow'd by Fate!



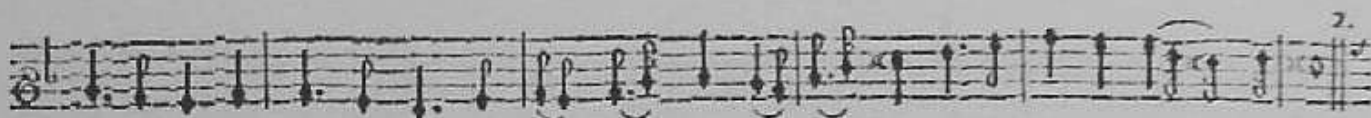




Days do wast, there Nights they pass in sleep. Sad is thy Fate, since thou a-lone, in-



Days do wast, there Nights they pass in sleep. Sad is thy Fate, since thou a-lone, in-



constancy surpass'd by none, has fix'd thy Heart, where no return can e're ex—pe—cted be:



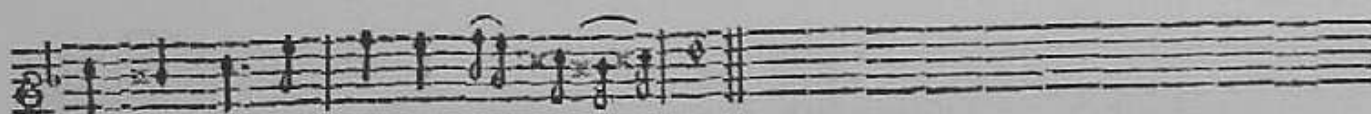
constancy surpass'd by none, has fix'd thy Heart, where no return can e're ex—pe—cted be:



Yet for my *Ce-lia's* love, to mourn shall pleasure be to me; yet for my *Ce-lia's*



Yet for my *Ce-lia's* love, to mourn shall plea-sure be to me; yet for my *Ce-lia's*

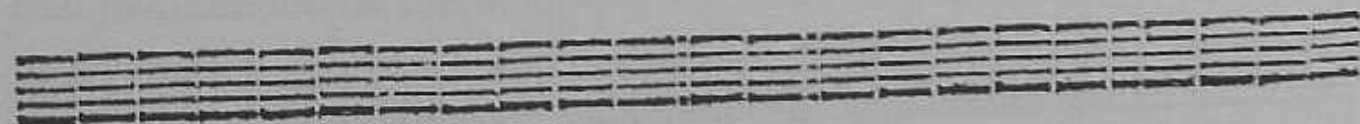
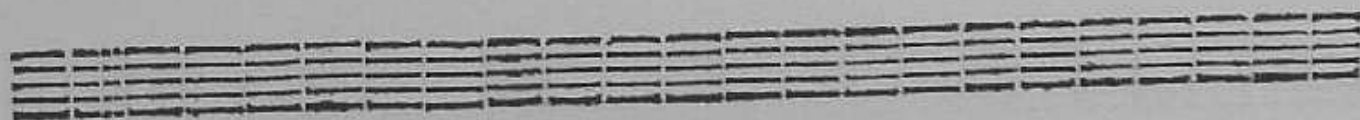


love, to mourn shall pleasure be to me.

Mr. James Hart.



love, to mourn shall pleasure be to me.

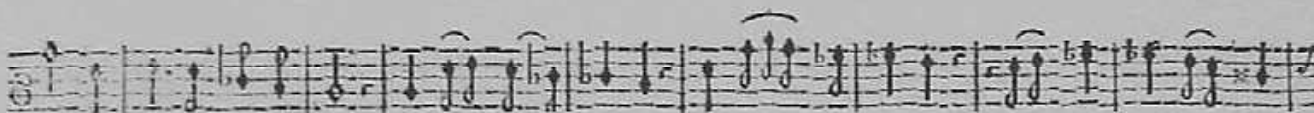




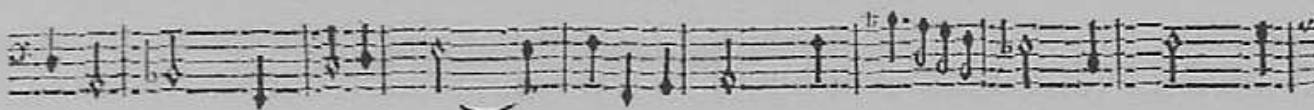
all the Rev'rence tha—t we pay.



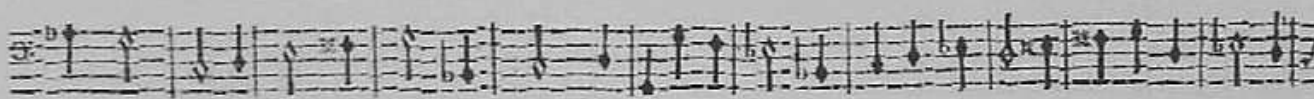
'Tis true, in Fea-vers we submit, and drink not in the burning Fit; yet now and



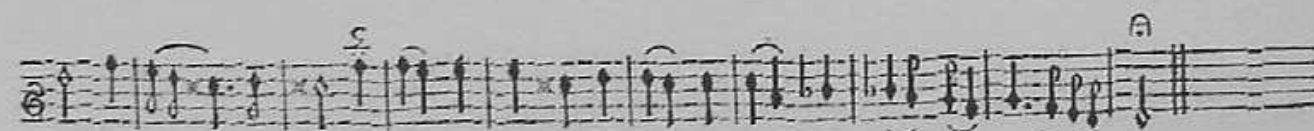
then a Cordial we may taft, to eat is danger, to eat is danger, but 'tis death, 'tis death,



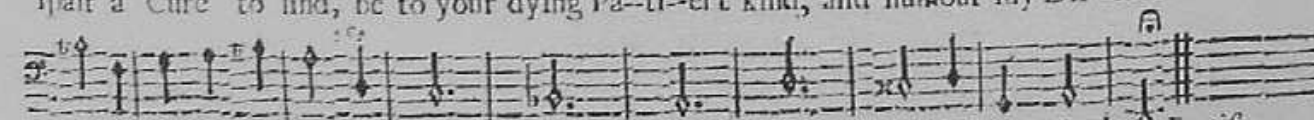
'tis death to faft. But fince a Fea-ver of the Mind no Ab-fti-nence can eafe, fince I defpair a



Cure to find, be to your dying Pa-ti-ent kind, and hu-mour my Dif-eafe; fince I de-



fpair a Cure to find, be to your dying Pa-ti-ent kind, and humour my Dif-eafe.





Ow pow'ful is the God of Love, whilst he maintains his Sa—cred

Rights! the Days with mighty Pleasure move, and full of Raptures are the Nights, and full of

Raptures are the Nights; the Days with mighty Pleasure move, and full of Raptures are the

Nights, and full of Rap—tures are the Nights: But if he stand in awe of Honour's nicer

Law; if his own Pow'r he weakly gives a—way, he for—feits all the Rev'ence

tha—t we pay; if his own Pow'r he weakly gives a—way, he forfeits

A. 2. Vcc.



Ovely Lau—vin—da! blame not me, if on your beauteous

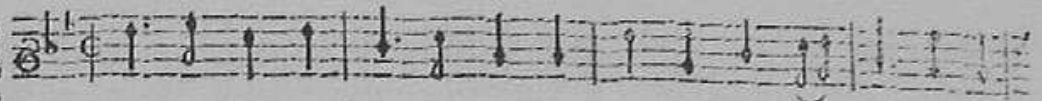
Looks I gaze; how can I help it, when I see something so charming

in your Face! That like a bright un--clou--ded Sky, when in the Air the

Sun-beams play; it ra—vi—shes my wond'ring Eye, and warms me with a

pleasing Ray.

Mr. John Courville.



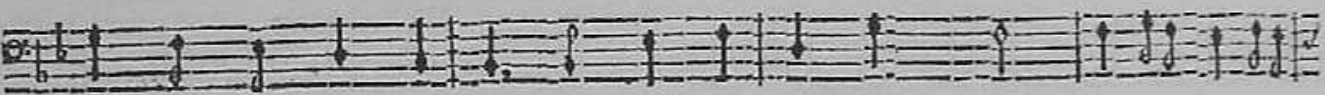
When my Kids and Lambs I treated, and to Mountains did invite;



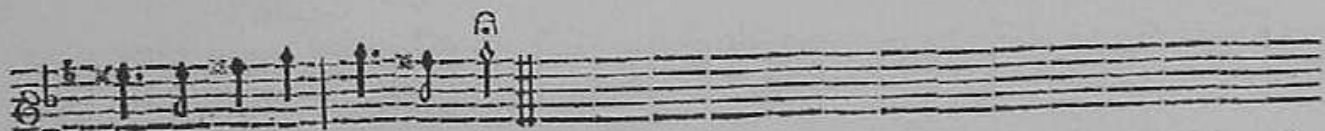
with clean Straw their Hur—dles free—ted, where they might re—pose all Night:



Then free from Care I liv'd at pleasure, 'till my *Le—lia* take her flight,

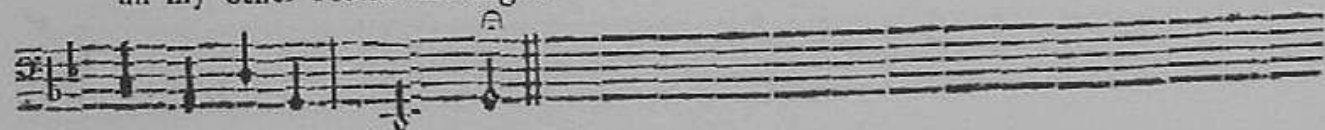


I at the loss of such a Treasure, all my o—ther, all my o—ther,



all my other Flocks did flight.

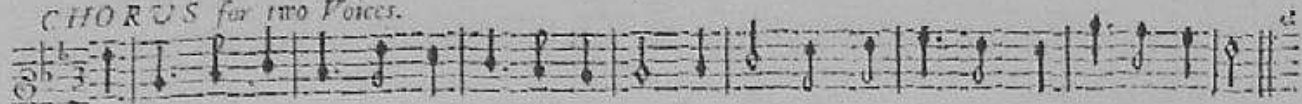
Mr. Samuel Akroyde.



I I.

Through each Grove and Wood I ramble,  
 Yet can never quit my fear,  
 Birds, methinks, in ev'ry Bramble,  
 Whistles *Lelia* in my Ear:  
 But I upon my headless Rover,  
 Never once can fix my Eye;  
 Which makes me now thus often over,  
*Lelia, Lelia, Lelia, cry.*

## CHORUS for two Voices.



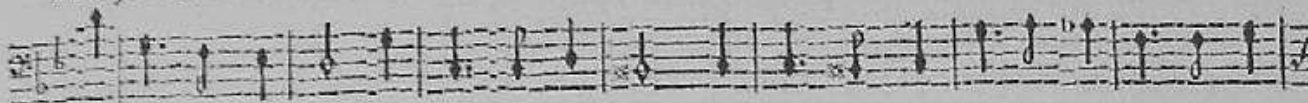
Kind Heaven no Peace to the Perjur'd allows, in Fate's gloomy Book keeps account of all Vows:



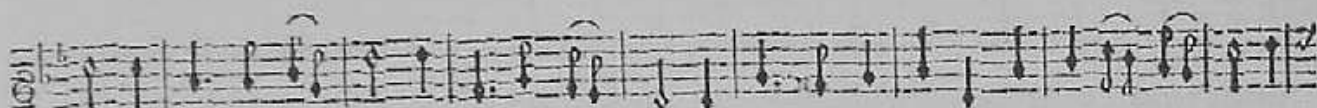
Kind Heaven no Peace to the Perjur'd allows, in Fate's gloomy Book keeps account of all Vows:



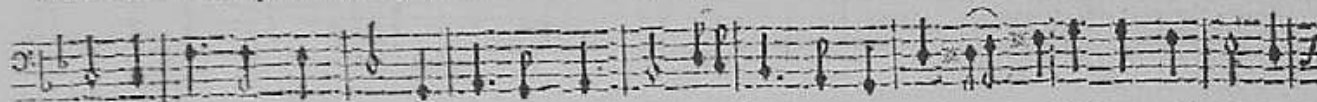
And Jove that does view the false and the true, knows who kept her Promise, and who deceiv'd,



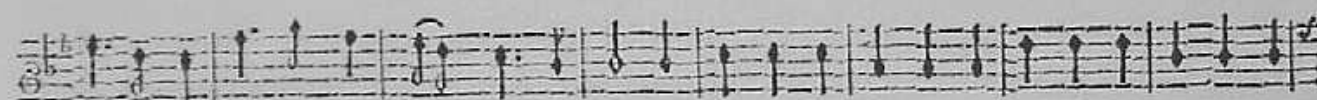
And Jove that does view the false and the true, knows who kept her Promise, and who deceiv'd,



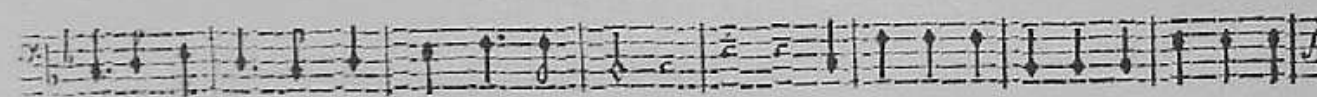
who will swear by the Skies, and Ga-ni-med's Eyes, no Woman that mingles Affection with Art, and



who will swear by the Skies, and Ga-ni-med's Eyes, no Woman that mingles Affection with Art, and



here in the faces of the World plays a part, shall e-ver hereafter, shall e-ver hereafter, shall



here in the faces of the World plays a part, shall e-ver hereafter, shall e-ver, shall



e-ver here-af-ter break a fond Heart, shall e-ver here-af-ter break a fond Heart.



e-ver here-af-ter break a fond Heart, shall e-ver here-af-ter break a fond Heart.



Here's such Re—li—gion in my Love, it must, like Ver—tue,

have Re—ward; and *Strophon's* Faith will from a—bove, tho' not be—low, find

due Regard: Tell me no more of Friends or Foes, that hinder'd what your

Heart de—sign'd; no Pa—rents can your Love di—spose, no more than they be—

get your Mind.

*The CHORUS.*

## II.

Great Love! the Monarch of our Wills,  
 When I am lost by your Disdain,  
 Will damn that Scorn your Lovers kills,  
 To be your fatal Beauty's Bane:  
 You, like a Bee, has stung my Heart,  
 Yet there the Avenging Dart does lye;  
 Which gives you in my Fate a part,  
 And you are undone as well as I.

For two Basses.



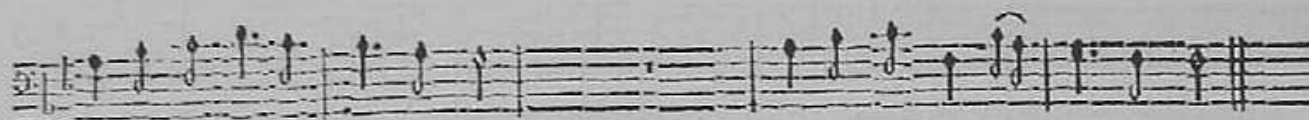
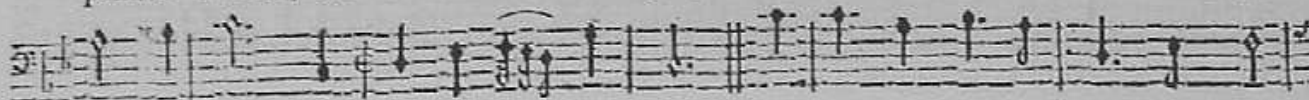
Let the vain, let the vain Spark consume his Store, in keeping an ex-



Let the vain Spark, &c.

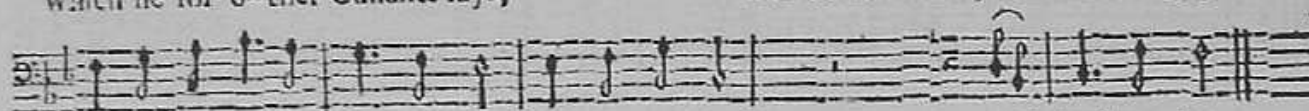


penfive Whore, for o—thers to em—ploy: For all those Snares and Baits he pays,



which he for o—ther Gallants lays,

and he must leaft, must leaft en—joy.



and he must leaft,

must leaft en—joy.

## I I.

Keep Whores then, as Perfumes you wear,  
Of which, your selves have the leaft share,  
Of others Claps partake:  
Your Bodies bring to th' Surgeon's hands,  
And to the Scriv'ners all your Lands,  
And give her your laft Stake.

## I I I.

While with Reason we blefs the Fate  
That brings us to the Marriage ftate,  
The only happy Life:  
The chief Enjoyment in a King,  
No Wealth nor Pow'r fuch Joy can bring,  
As does a Wife, a tender Wife.

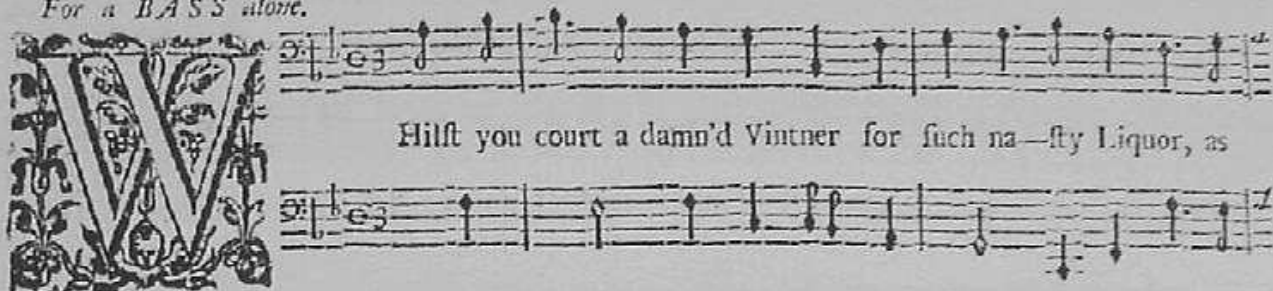
## I V.

There can be no true Friend befide,  
So oft does Intereft divide,  
But they are fo conjoyn'd:  
By this moft facred Rite are grown,  
That they are not one Flefh alone,  
But they are both one Mind.

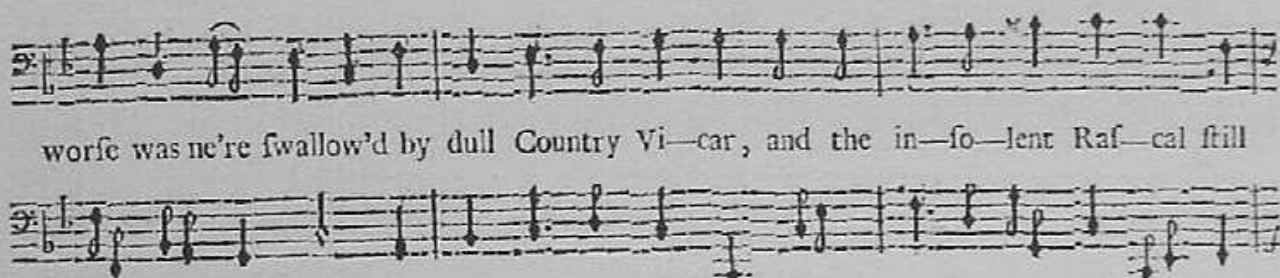


## The two following Songs in The Devil of a Wife.

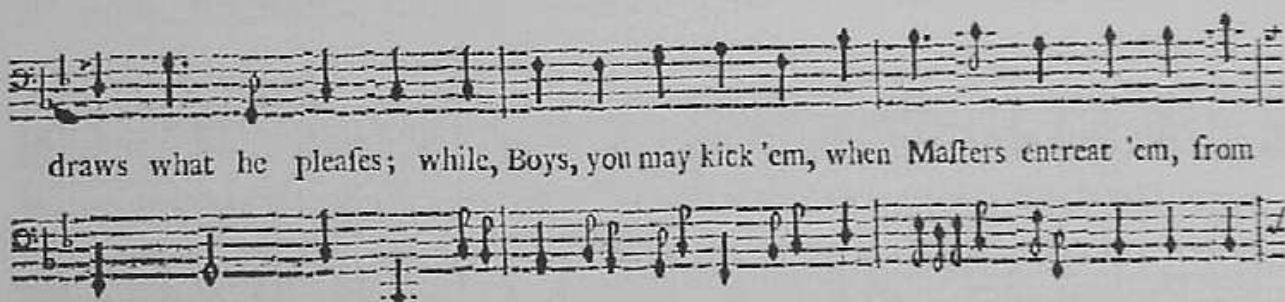
For a BASS alone.



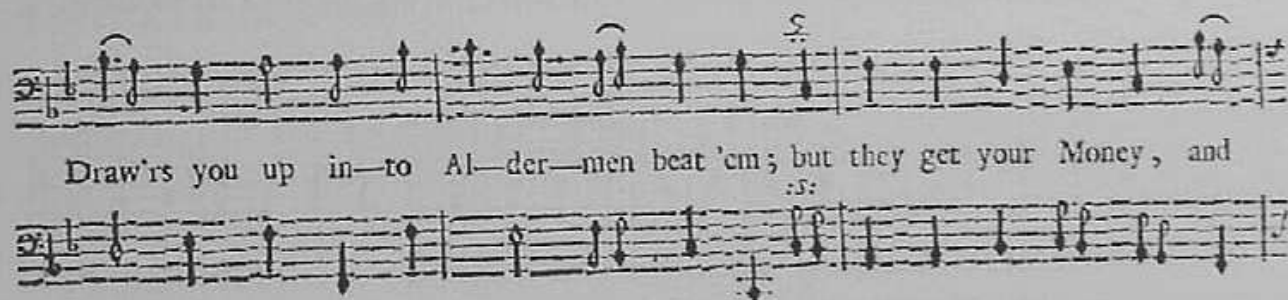
Hilt you court a damn'd Vintner for such na—sty Liquor, as



worfe was ne're swallow'd by dull Country Vi—car, and the in—fo—lent Raf—cal still



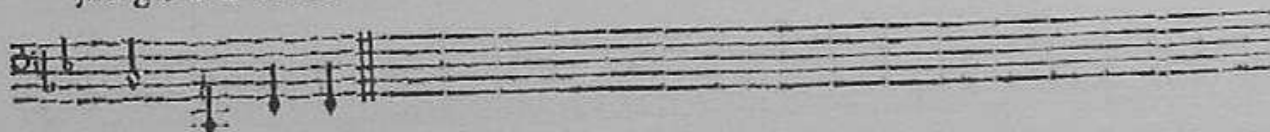
draws what he pleases; while, Boys, you may kick 'em, when Masters entreat 'em, from

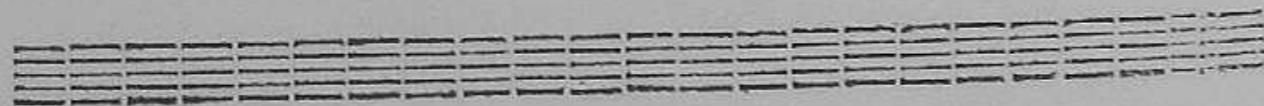


Draw'rs you up in—to Al—der—men beat 'em; but they get your Money, and



you get Dif—ca—ses.





since I can neither, neither keep, nor me-rit it. I ask no inconvenient

Kindness now, to move thy Passion, or to cloud thy Brow; for thou maist sa-tis-fie my

coldest plea, by some few soft, soft remembrances of me, by some few soft remembrances of

me, by some few soft re-mem-bran-ces of me. May no Minutes Trouble

thee possess, but only to en-dear the next hour's Happiness. May't thou, when thou art from

me remov'd, be e-ver bet-ter pleas'd, but ne-never worse be-lov'd.



— Dieu, dear Object of my Love's ex-cels,

and with thee all my hopes, all my hopes of Hap-pi-ness! Adieu, adieu, a-

dieu, dear Object of my Love's excess, and with thee all my hopes, all my hopes of

Happiness, and with thee all my Hopes of Happiness; a—ll my hopes,

my hopes of Happiness! With the same fervent and un-changed Heart,

which did its whole self once to thee impart. I to resign thy dear Converse submit,

F mighty Wealth, that gives the Rules to vicious Men, and chea--ted

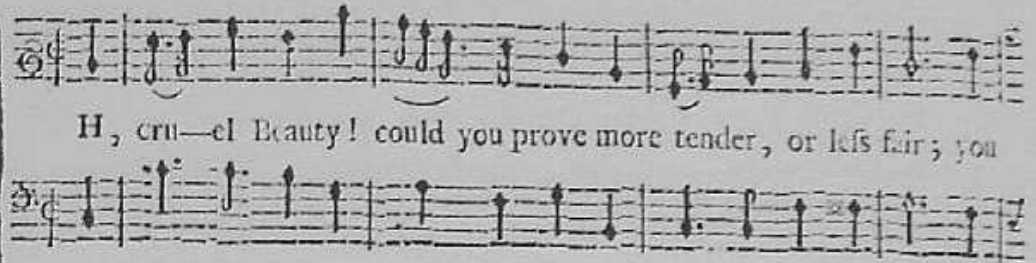
Fools, cou'd but preserve me in the Prime of bloo--ming Youth, and purchase Time;

then I wou'd covet Riches too, and scrape and cheat as others do; then I wou'd covet Riches

too, and scrape and cheat as others do: That when the Mi--ni--sters of Fate, pale

Death was knocking at the Gate, I'de fend him loaded back with Coyn, a Bribe of rich--er

Duff than mine; I'de fend him loaded back with Coyn, a Bribe of rich--er Duff than mine;



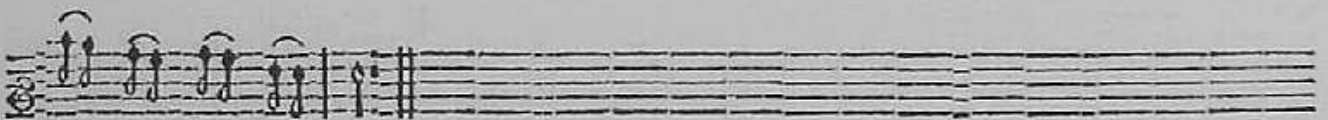
H, cru—el Beauty! could you prove more tender, or less fair; you



nei—ther would provoke my Love, nor cause me to despair: But your dissembling



charming Eye, my ea—sie Hope beguiles; and though a Rock beneath does lye, the



tempting Sur—face smiles.

Mr. Snow.



II.

To what your Sex on ours impos'd,  
 My humble Love comply'd;  
 And when my Secret I disclos'd,  
 Thought Modesty deny'd:  
 Yes sure, said I, her yielding Heart  
 Partakes of my desire;  
 Tho' nicer Honour feigns this Art,  
 To hide the riling Fire.

III.

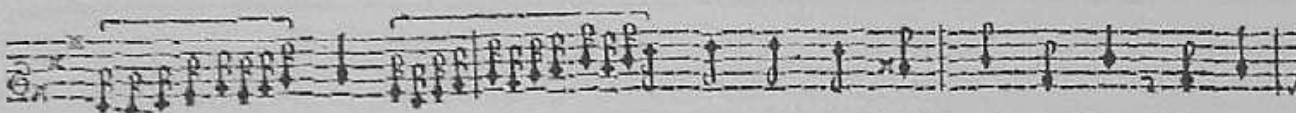
Again, your Hand my Suit I told,  
 And slighted Vows renew'd;  
 Yet you insensibly were cold,  
 And I but vainly woo'd:  
 Then for returns of Scorn prepare,  
 Or lay that Frown aside;  
 Affect'd Coynefs I could bear,  
 But hate insulting Pride.



Since Riches can-not Life supply, it is a use-less Po-ver-



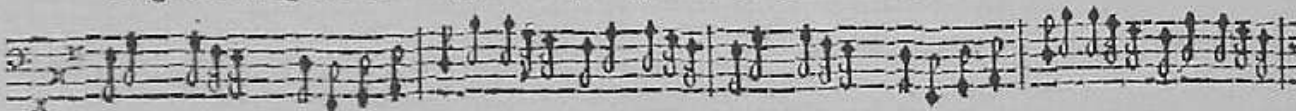
ty, it is a use-less Po-ver-ty.



Swi-ft Time, swi-ft Time, that can't be bought to stay, I'll try



to guide the gent-lest way, I'll try to guide, to guide the gent-lest way.



With cheer-ful Friends brisk Wine shall pass, and down a



Care, down a Care in ev'-ry Glas: Sometimes di-ver-ted with Love's Charms, the





I'd fend him loaded back with Coyn, a Bribe of rich--er Dust than mine.



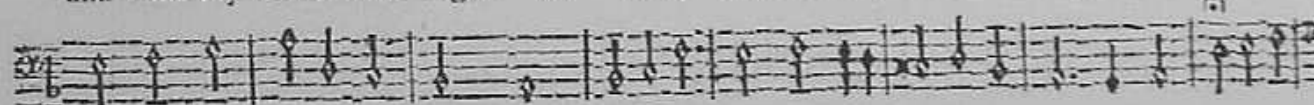
But since that Life must slide a--way, and Wealth can't



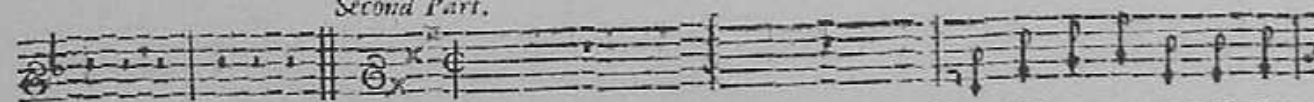
pur--chase one poor Day; why shou'd my Cares en--crease my Pain,



and wast my Time with Sighs in vain, and wast my Time with Sighs in vain.



*Second Part.*



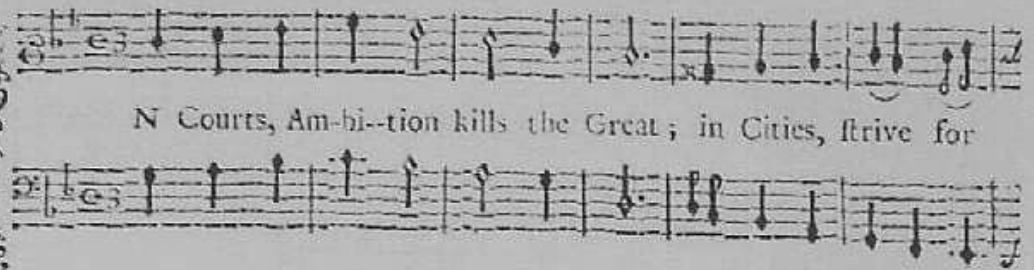
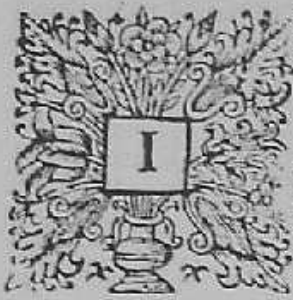
Since Riches cannot Life sup-

*Second Part.*

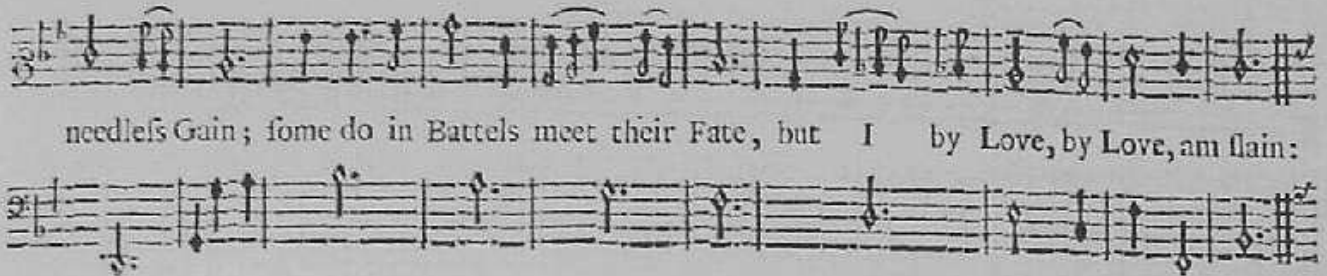


ply, it is a uselefs Po--ver--ty, it is a use--lefs Po--ver--ty;

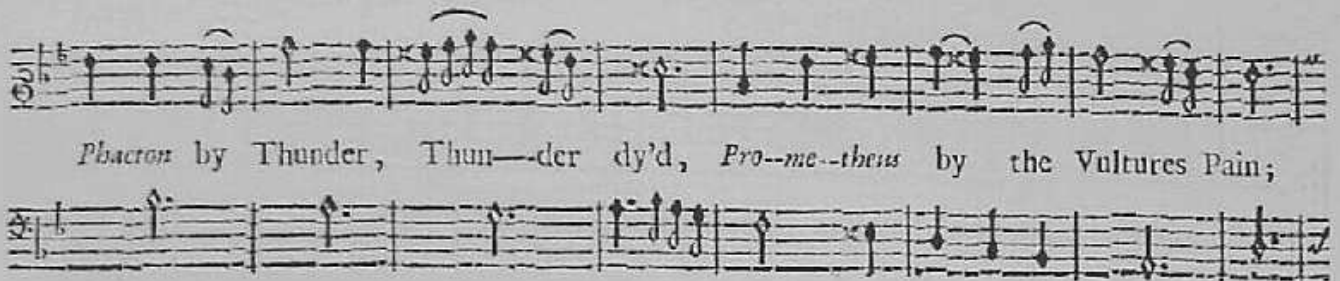




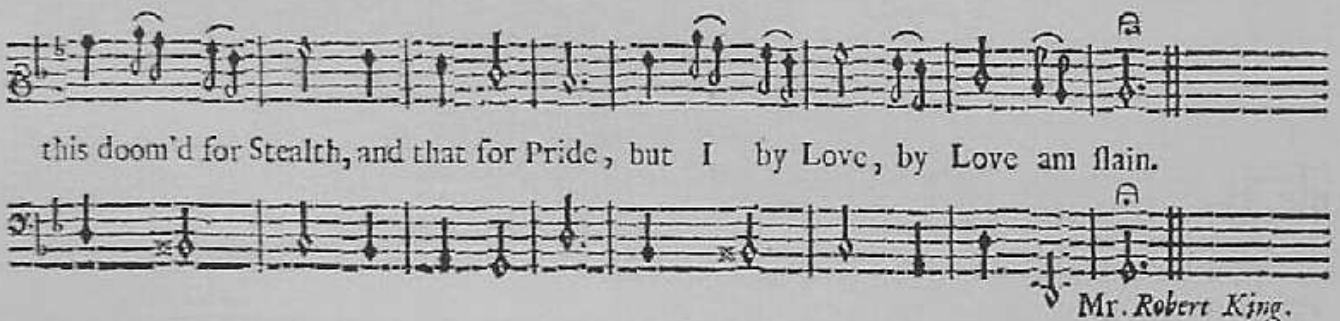
N Courts, Am-bi-tion kills the Great; in Cities, strive for



needle's Gain; some do in Battels meet their Fate, but I by Love, by Love, am slain:



*Phaeton* by Thunder, Thun—der dy'd, *Pro-me-theus* by the Vultures Pain;

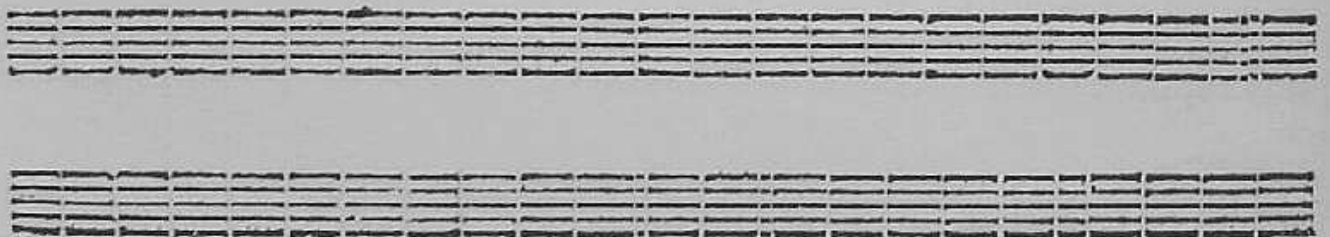


this doom'd for Stealth, and that for Pride, but I by Love, by Love am slain.

Mr. Robert King.

II.

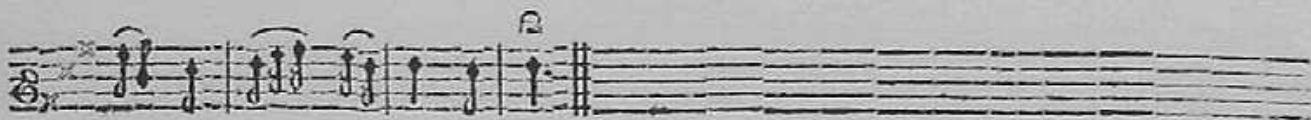
Let noisy desperate Fools be brave,  
 And build up Trophy's to the Sky;  
 My only With, ye Gods, I have,  
 When at *Clorinda's* Feet I dye:  
 When I, like some, to Greatness born,  
 To Fame and Empire rais'd up high;  
 That Fame, that Empire I wou'd scorn,  
 And at *Clorinda's* Feet wou'd dye.





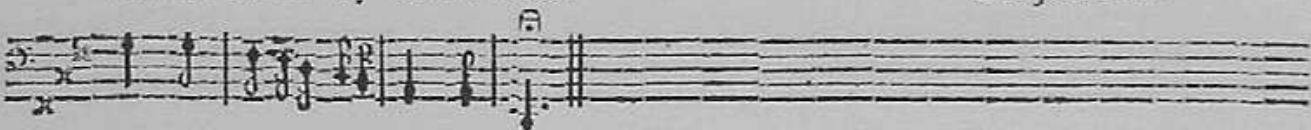


Cir—cle made by *Ce-lia's* Arms; sometimes di-ver—ted with Love's Charms, the

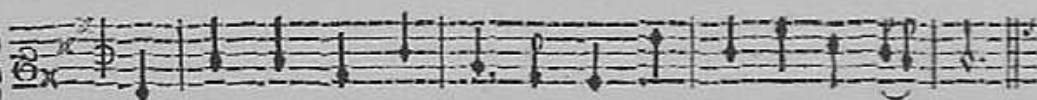


Cir—cle made by *Celia's* Arms.

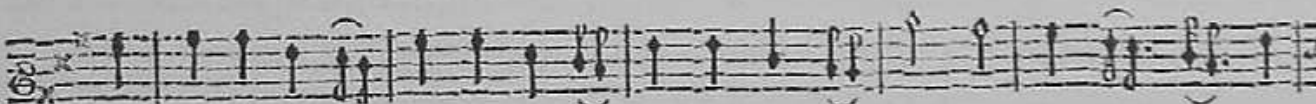
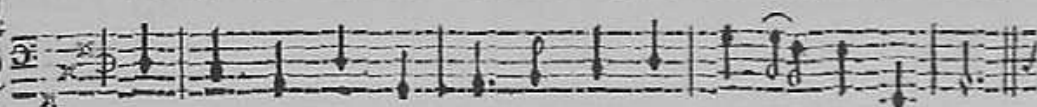
Dr. *John Blunt*.



*A. 2. Voc.*



*E-lin-da* wou'd her Heart bellow, but wou'd reserve her Gold;

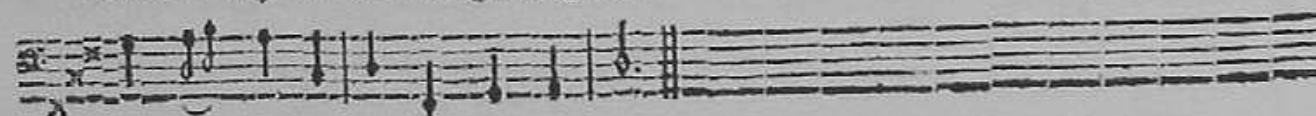


she'l so-li—ta—ry leave it so, *Ce-lin-da's* growing old; she'l so—li—ta—ry



leave it so, *Ce-lin-da's* growing old.

Mr. *James Hart*.



II.

Now if she vows to give but one,  
 Sure that must be her Store;  
 Grant me, *Celinda*, that alone,  
 And I'll thy Years adore.

Shew thy self now a God, and take some care of the Diltressed, Innocent, and Fair; to rest, to

5 6 5 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 6 7 5 4 3 5 6 7 6

rest, dispose the pi-ty'd Maid, her Eye—lids clo—se, gently

7 6 4 3 5 6 5 6 7 6 4 b 3 6 6 7 6 4 3

as Evening Dews shut up a Rose: Then bear in si—lent Whispers in her

5 6 4 3 6 7 6 5 4 3 6 7 6 5 4 3

Ear, such pleaing words, as Virgins love to hear, as Vir—gins love to hear.

5 6 7 6 4 3 3 2 1 6 7 6 4 3



Here art thou, God of Dreams! for whose soft Chain, the best of Mankind



e-ver do complain; since they affect to be, thy Captives before Li-ber-ty, unkind



and disobliging De-i-ty : He flies from Princes, and from Lovers Eyes, yet ev'ry night with the



poor Shepherd lyes, yet ev'-ry night with the poo——r Shap—herd lyes.





HY this talking still of Dying? Why that dismal Look and

Groan? Leave, fond Lover! leave your fighting, let these fruitless Arts a—lone:

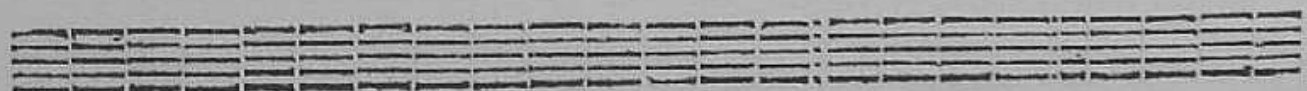
Love's the Child of Joy and Pleasure, born of Beauty, nurs'd with Wit; much a—

mis you take your Measure, this dull winning-way to hit.

*Mr. Robert King.*

II.

Tender Maids you fright from loving,  
 By the Effects they see in you;  
 If you wou'd be truly moving,  
 Eagerly your part pursue:  
 Brisk and gay appear in wooing,  
 Pleasant be if you wou'd please;  
 All this talking, and no doing,  
 Will not love, but hate, Encrease.



F I N I S.