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Theater of MUSIC:

O R, 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 SECOND BOOK.



LONDON,

Printed by J. P. for Henry Playford and R. C. and sold by Henry Playford near the  
Temple Church, and John Carr at the Middle-Temple Gate, 1685.

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A Tabor Bass to each Song for the Theatre, or Ball-Room.

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Symphonies and Records in 4 Parts to several of them for the Violin and Flute.

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MUSICK Books sold by John Carr at the Middle-Temple Gate.

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F Grief has a—ny Pow'r to kill, I have re—ceiv'd my

Doom; the Tyrant has de—clar'd his will, my Time's not long to come; So close he has be—

sieg'd my Heart, no mo—ment's ease I find; in vain I strug—gle with the

Dart, that galls my tor—tur'd Mind.

Mr. Hen. Purcell.

II.

Nor do I beg for a Reprieve,  
 I'm not so fond to live;  
 Nor will I any longer grieve,  
 Will you one Smile but give.  
 Your Mercy then should to my Heart  
 An easie Death convey;  
 I'd then defy the pow'r of Smart,  
 And melt in Joys away.



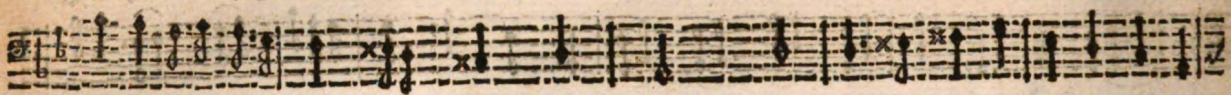
Uppid, the flyest Rogue alive, one day was plund'ring of a Hive! but



as with too too ea--ger hast, he strove the Li--quid Sweets to tast : A Bee surpriz'd the



heed--less Boy, prick'd him, and dash'd the ex--pect'd Joy. The Urchin when he felt the smart of



the in--ve--nom'd an--gry Dart, he kick'd, he flung, he spurn'd the Ground, he



blow'd, and then he chaf'd the wound; he blow'd, and chaf'd the wound in vain, the

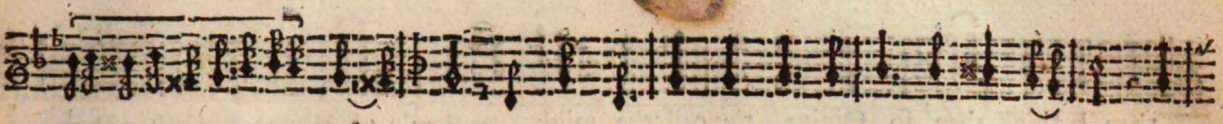
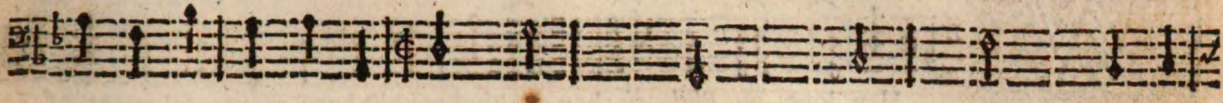


rub--bing still encreas'd the Pain. Strait to his Mother's Lap he hies, with swel--ling





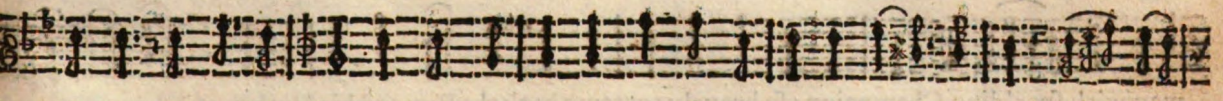
Cheeks, and blub—ber'd Eyes, cries she, What does my *Cupid* ay!, when thus, thus, he told his



mourn—ful Tale: A lit-tle Bird they call a Bee, with yellow Wings, fee,



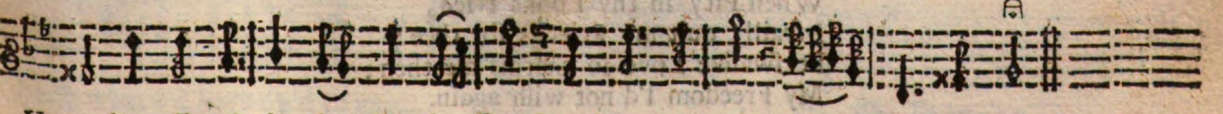
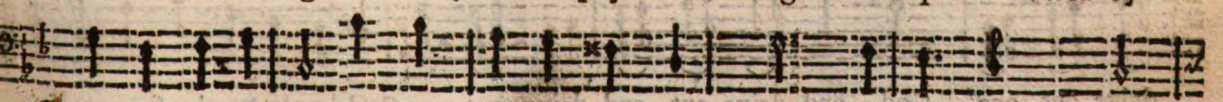
fee Mother, fee, how it has go—r'd and wounded me! And are not you, reply'd his



Mother, for all the world just such a—no—ther, just such a—no—ther peevish thing, like in



bulk, and like in Sting? For when you aim a poys'nous Dart against some poor un-wea—ry



Heart, how lit-tle is the Ar—cher found, and yet how wide, how deep the wound.



A. 2. Voc.



Hen love-ly *Phil-lis* thou art kind, nought but Raptures fill my Mind; 'tis

Hen love-ly *Phil-lis* thou art kind, nought but Raptures fill my Mind; 'tis

then I think thee so Divine, t'excell the migh—ty Pow'r of Wine: But when thou in-

then I think thee so Divine, t'excell the migh—ty Pow'r of Wine: But

sults, but when thou in—sults, and lau—ghs at my Pain, I wish thee a-

when thou insults, and lau—ghs at my Pain, I wish thee a-

way with sparkling Champaign; so bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother, and drive out one

way with sparkling Champaign; so bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mo—ther, and

God, and drive out one God by the Pow'r, by the Pow'r of a—ro—ther.

drive out one God, and drive out, and drive out one God by the Pow'r of a—no—ther.

## II.

Mr. Hen. Purcell.

When Pity in thy Looks I see,  
I frailly quit my Friends for thee;  
Perswasive Love so charms me then,  
My Freedom I'd not wish again.

But when thou art cruel, and heeds not my Care,  
Streight with a Bumper I banish Despair;  
So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother,  
And drive out one God by the Pow'r of another.





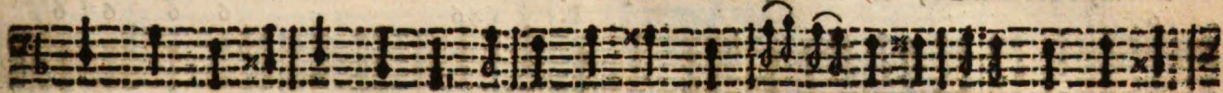
Come all ye ten-der Nymphs, and learn of me, to shun a wretched



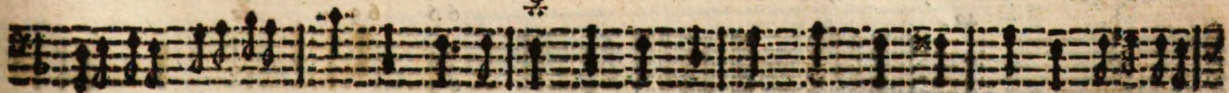
Fate; take heed how you dif-fer-ent Scorn, or too well coun-ter-feit your Hate: The



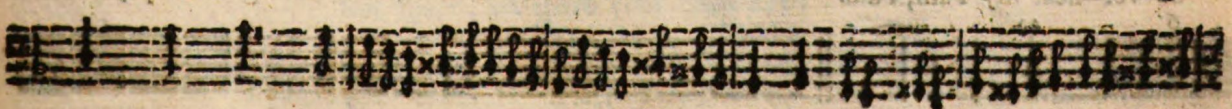
charming Swain his Pow-er knew, and to my wounded Heart he did a generous Pi-ty



shew, a mu-tual Flame impart. But I, un-hap-py I, with Scorn and Pride,

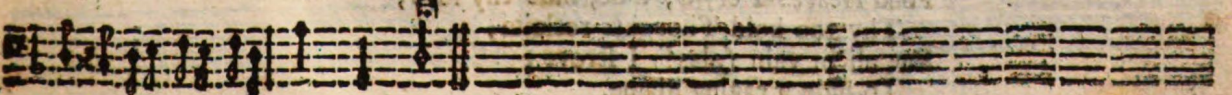


think-ing to hide the blush-ing Pain; too far the fic-ti-ous Lover try'd, with fooling



boast what I'd have dy'd to gain.

Mr. Tedway.



Hen first *Do-rin-da*, your bright Eyes, had made my Heart your Slave; how

vainly sou—ght I to disguise the Tortures that you gave: Durst hardly

call my Fate unkind, or to my self complain; for fear some bu—sic list'—ning Wind should

o—ver—hear my Pain; for fear some bu—sic list'—ning Wind should o—ver—

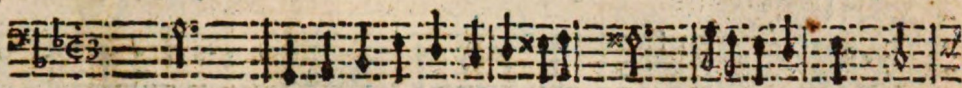
o—ver—hear my Pain, Pain. Signior Baptist.

II.

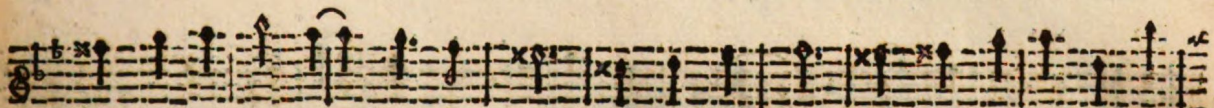
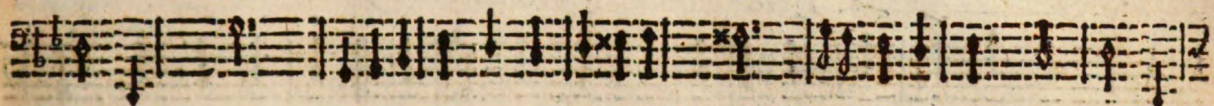
Your Beauty did my Passion awe,  
 So great your Merits were;  
 That all around I nothing saw,  
 But prospects of Despair.  
 Fond Heart! I cry'd, hide, hide thy love,  
 Thy too bold Thoughts reclaim;  
 But all in vain (alas!) I strove,  
 To hide a raging Flame.



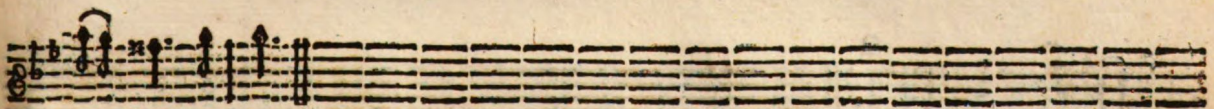
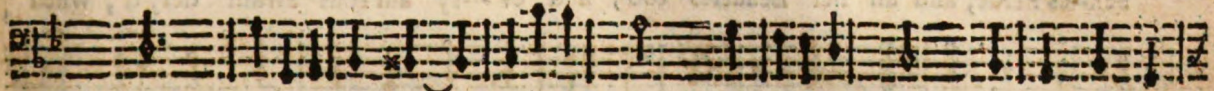
N vain she frowns, in vain she trys the Darts of her dif-dain-ful



Eyes; she still is Charming, still is Fair, and I must love, tho' I de—spair:

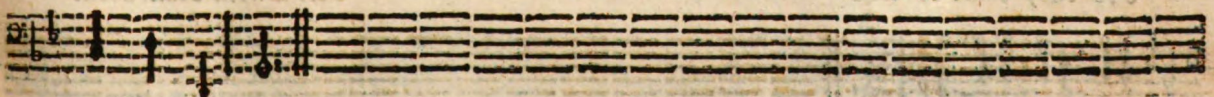


Nor can I of my Fate com—ply, or her Difsdain; who would not dye, to be



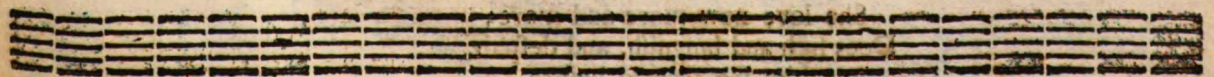
so sweetly flain.

Capt. Pack

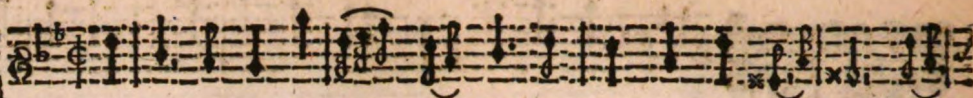


II.

Like those who Magic Spells employ,  
 At distance wounds, and does destroy;  
 She kills with her severe Difsdain,  
 And absent I endure the pain.  
 But spare, oh spare your cruel Art!  
 The fatal Dart  
 Stabs your own Image in your Lover's Heart.



A. 2. voc.



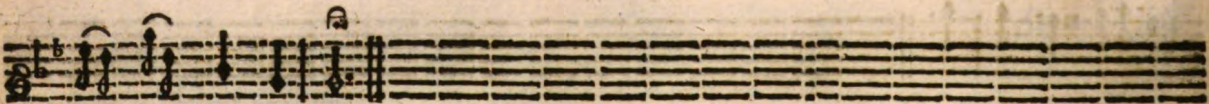
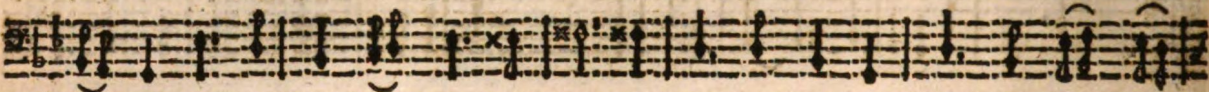
He poor *Endymion* lov'd too well a Nymph too chaste and fair; whose



Eyes had known the way to kill, and to procure Despair: For she had all her

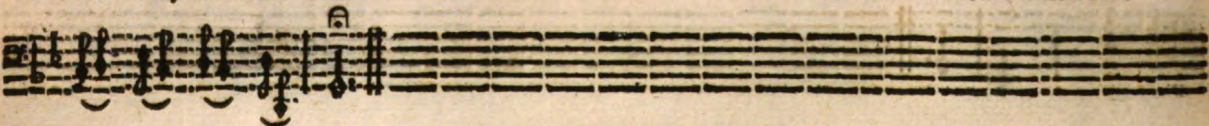


Sex—es Pride, and all her Beauties too; and ev'—ry am'rous Swain defy'd, when



e're they came to woo.

Mr. David Underwood.



## II.

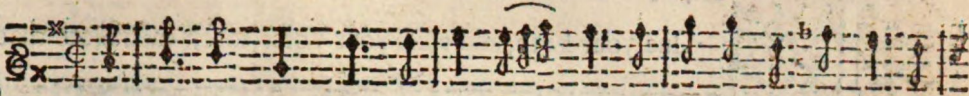
Ha! see the Love-sick Youth would cry,  
 What Grievs my Bosom wears?  
 My Sorrows in my Sighs descry,  
 And Passion in my Tears:  
 Yet she regardless saw him weep,  
 Not minding his deserts;  
 Which struck his wounded Breast so deep,  
 At last it broke his Heart.

## III.

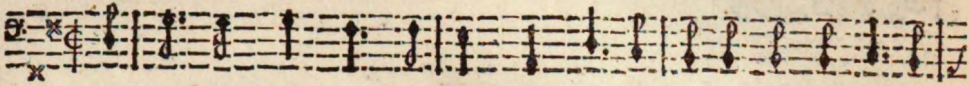
And now upon her guilty Head  
 The Sin of Murder lies;  
 And shrinks, and starts to see him dead,  
 And Pity fills her Eyes:  
 Ah! see what Creatures Women are!  
 She love now more and more;  
 Does sigh and languish, and despair,  
 For him she scorn'd before.

A Marriage SONG.

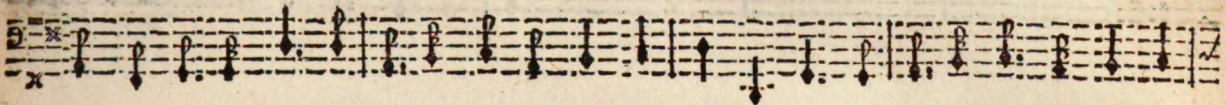
A. 2. Voc.



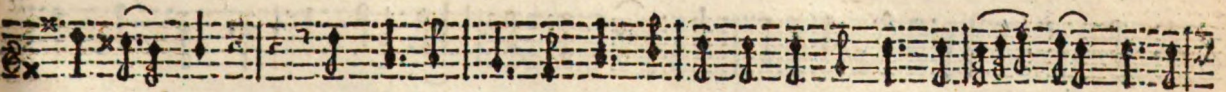
Ehohd the Morn' dawns, the Lark has sung, E-tet-nal be your Blifs; con-



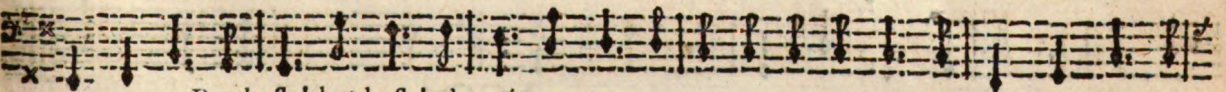
tinue always young, and ev'ry day you wake your Love like this, and ev'ry day you wake your



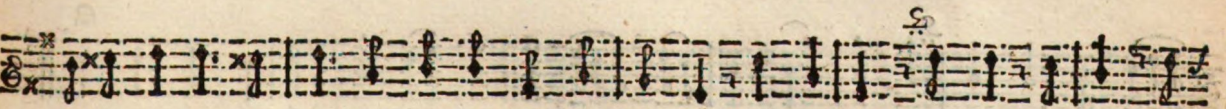
Love like this: And con-sum-ma-tion, with the Ri-sing Sun, be lo-ving-ly perform'd, as



now be--gun. But hush! the Bride's asleep! forbid the Morning Cock to crow so loud, di-



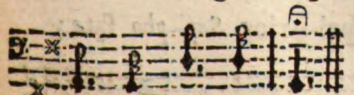
But hush! but hush! the, &c.



spere the bu-sie Crowd, for fear too ear-ly waking make her weep, but what's now lost they



could no longer keep.



Mr. Tho. Farmer, B.M.

II.

Advance once again, and softly sing, and with a murmuring Tone  
Such Pleasure to 'em bring, that to our Voyces they may dream alone;  
And gently waking, let Love's Charms renew,  
As Trees that Blossoms and ripe Fruit do shew.

But hark! the Crowd return!

Let us conclude our Harmony with this delightful hearty Wish;  
That still encreasing Joys may always burn,  
And in Love's part, may Anchor every Morn'.



Une your Lute, and raise your Voice, touch each Note that's soft and moving;

warm her Heart that's cold as Ice, make her feel the Joys of Loving. Tell her, how she

has mis-spent all the Hours that Nature gave her; tell her, Beau-ty is but lent,

and this moment it may leave her: Shew her how the Streams of Love gent-ly flow with

end-less Pleasure; tell her, how the Gods a—bove va—lu'd Love their on—ly Treasure.

Mr. Robert King.

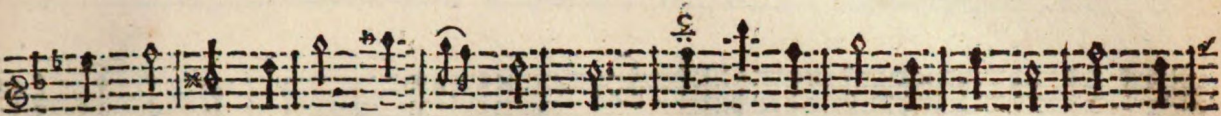
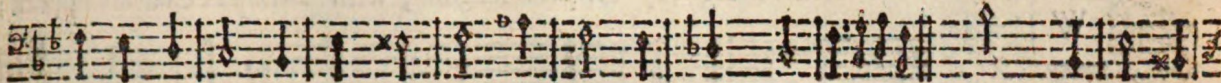


Ith—in a fo—li—ta—ry Grove de—spai—ring *Sap-pho* fate;

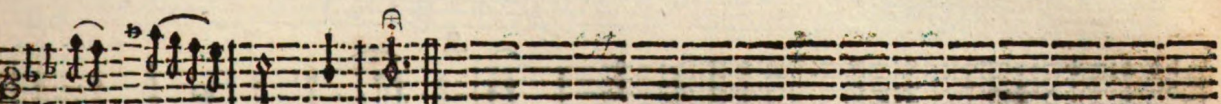
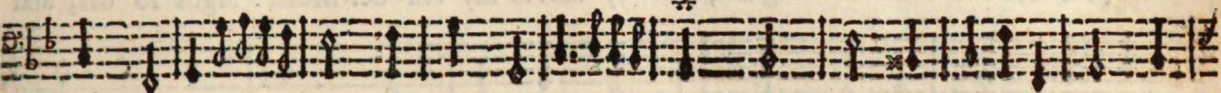
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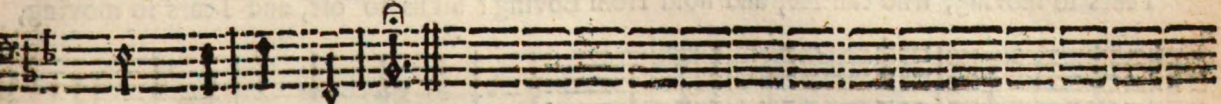
lamenting of her ill-plac'd Love, and cur--sing of her Fate: In vain, said she, I



would conceal the Conquest from his Eyes; my Looks, a--las! too plain reveal, what



I would fain disguise.

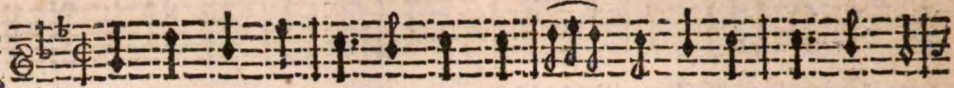


II.

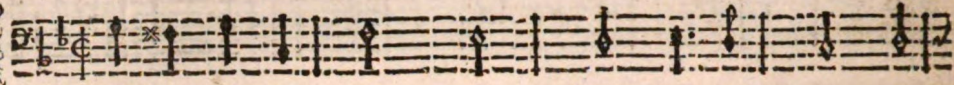
Away my Eyes! would you betray,  
 The weakness of my Heart!  
 To one that will not Love repay,  
 Or e're regard my Smart:  
 But yet how often hath he sworn,  
 That he would constant prove!  
 How oft with Tears did he implore  
 My Pity, and my Love.

III.

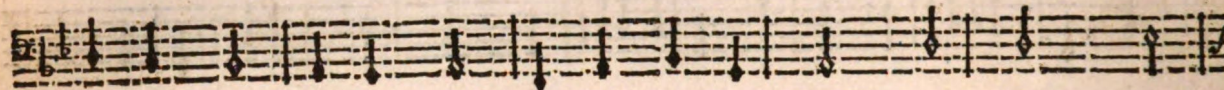
But he, like a proud Conquerour,  
 Who in his way subdues  
 Some Towns, with his resistless Pow'r  
 Fresh Conquests now pursues:  
 Then *Sappho*, give thy Sorrows o're,  
 And be thy self again;  
 And think on that vain Man no more,  
 That could thy Love contemn.



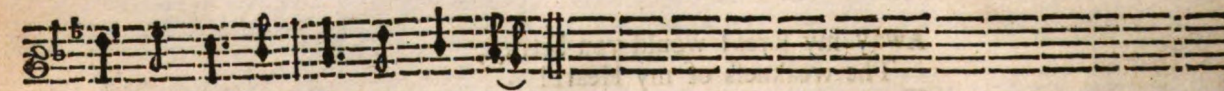
Hen I fee my *Strephon* languish, with *Lucinda's* Charms opprest;



when I fee his Pain and Anguish, Pi—ty moves my ten—der Breaft: Sighs fo oft, and

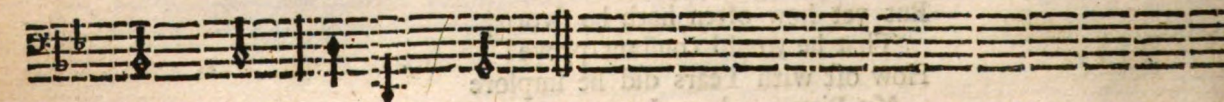


Tears fo moving, who can fee, and hold from Loving? Sighs fo oft, and Tears fo moving,



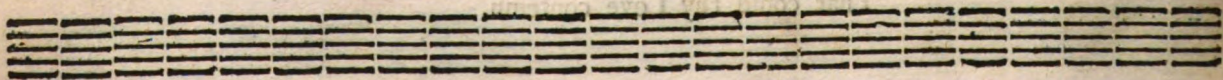
who can fee, and hold from Loving.

*Mr. Robert King.*



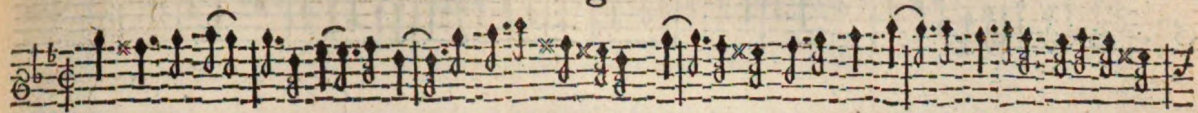
II.

*Strephon's* plain and humble Nature,  
 Mov'd me first to hear his Tale;  
*Strephon's* Truth by ev'ry Creature,  
 Is proclaim'd through all the Vale:  
 There's not a Nymph that would not chuse him,  
 Why should I alone refuse him?  
 There's not, &c.

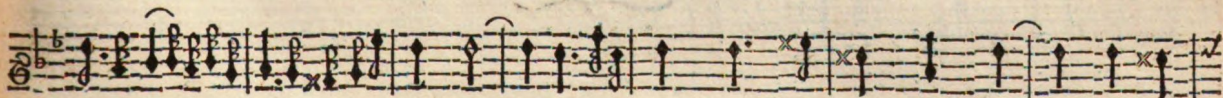
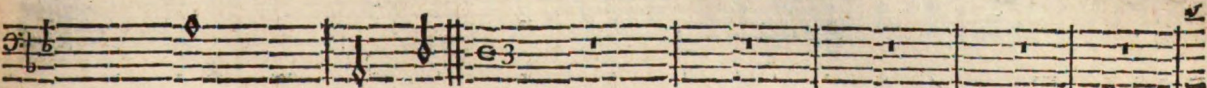
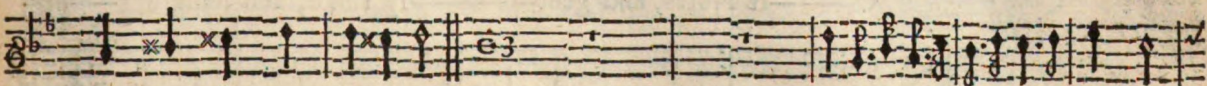
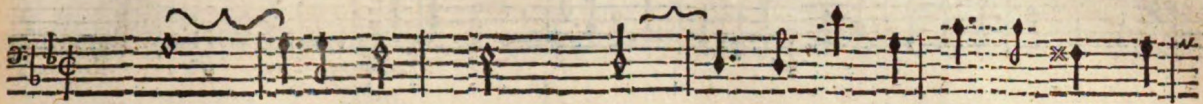
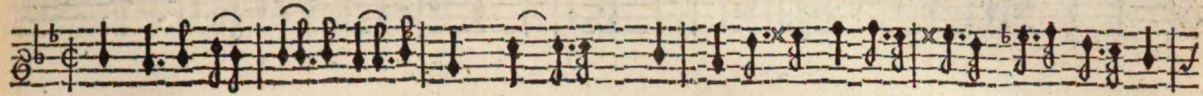




A Seranading SONG.



Symphony for two Flutes.

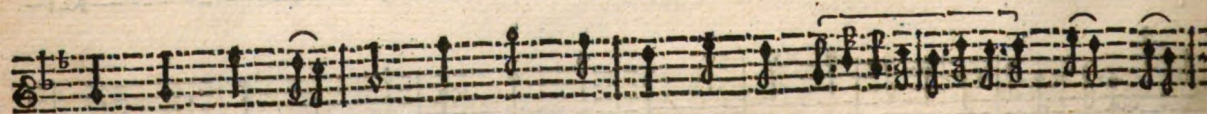




O ———ft Notes, and gent ———ly rais'd, left some har ———sh



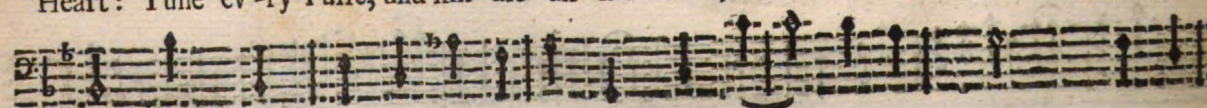
found the fair *Co-rin-na's* Rest do rude ———ly wound; dif-fuse a peace-ful

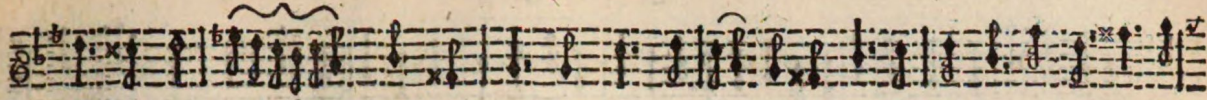


Casimness through each Part, touch all the Springs of a fo ———ft Vir-gin's

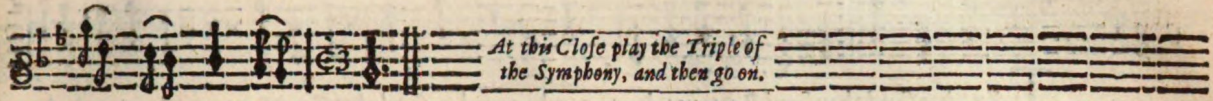
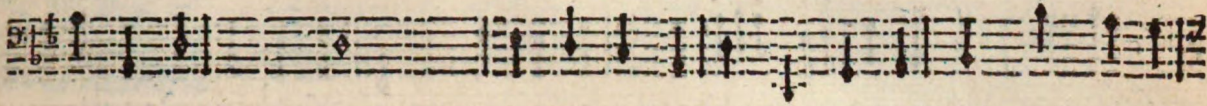


Heart: Tune ev'-ry Pulse, and kin-dle all her Blood, and swell the Tor ———rent of the



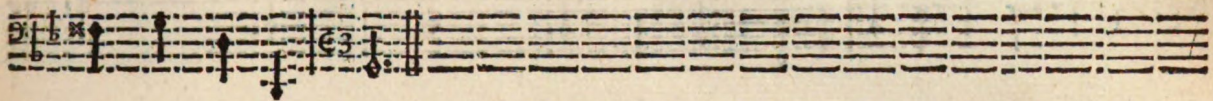


living Flood; gli—de thro' her Dreams, and o're her Fan—cy move, and stir up, stir up all the

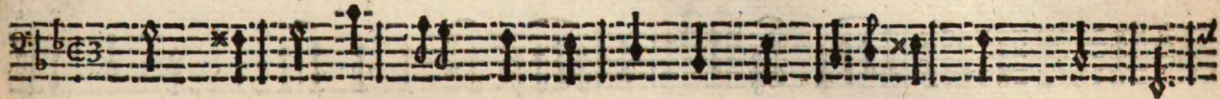


*At this Close play the Triple of the Symphony, and then go on.*

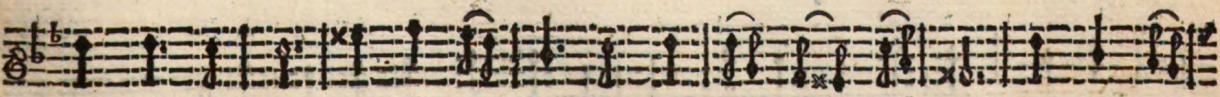
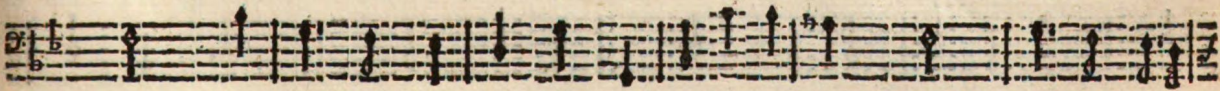
I—ma—ges of Love.



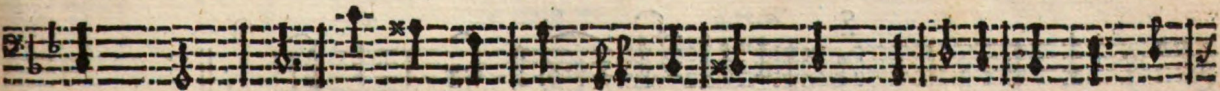
Thus fee—ble Man does his ad—van—tage take, to gain in Sleep what he must lose a—wake;



when Night and Shades shut up Co—rin—na's Charms, then, then is the prop'rest time



to take up Arms: But Night and Shades her Beau—ties can't con—ceal, Night has pe—



cu—liar Gra—ces to re—veal.



[ Flute. ]

Chorus.

**T** En thousand thousand Raptures do attend, ten thousand thousand, ten thousand thousand Raptures

Chorus.

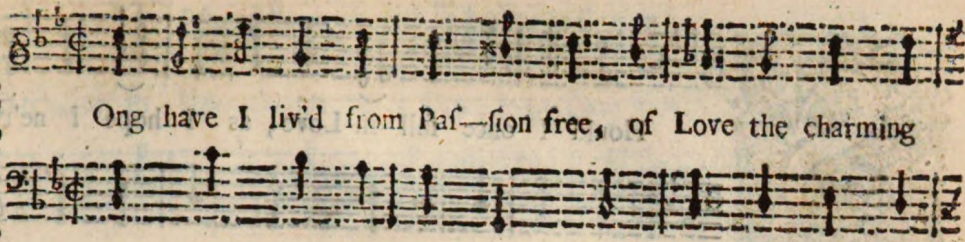
**T** En thousand thousand Raptures do at-tend, ten thousand thousand Raptures do attend, do

do attend this time, too strong for Fancy, too strong for Fancy, and too full, and too

at-tend this time, too strong for Fancy, too strong for Fancy, and too full, and

full, too full for Rhime; too strong for Fan-cy, and too full for Rhime.

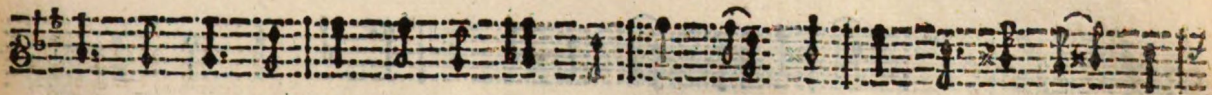
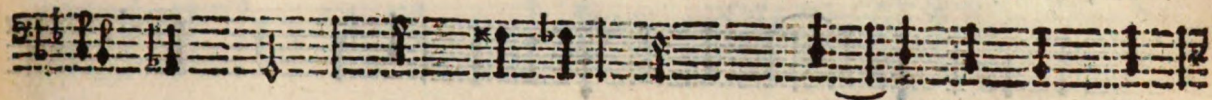
too full, too full for Rhime; too strong for Fan-cy, and too full for Rhime.



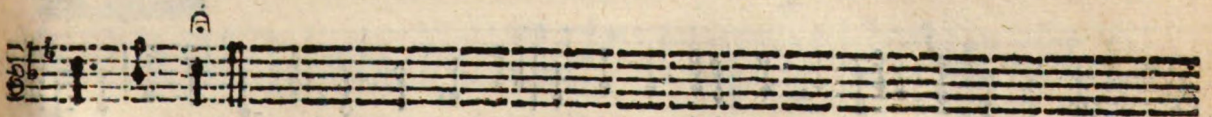
Long have I liv'd from Pas—sion free, of Love the charming



De—i—ty; 'till conqu'ring Beau—ty, Oh hard Fate! hath made me yield to a

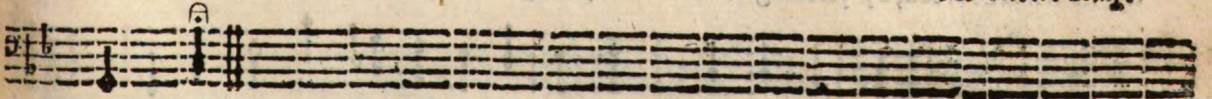


restless State: With wan—de—ring Thoughts my Heart's oppress'd, Day brings no Comfort,



Night no Rest:

Mr. Robert King.



II.

The silent Swans on murm'ring Streams  
 Live free and easie without pains;  
 When by each side they gently move,  
 Live Hearts united with true Love:  
 But I a wretched Soul must be,  
 Depriv'd of her I fain would see.

III.

Go, restless Thoughts! tell her, that I;  
 Being absent from her, now must dye;  
 I strove this Passion to remove,  
 But the more I endeavour'd, more I lov'd:  
 When she appears, too true she'l find,  
 Beauty hath charm'd my Reason, Love my Mind!



Should I once fall in Love, as I hope I ne're shall, grant, ye

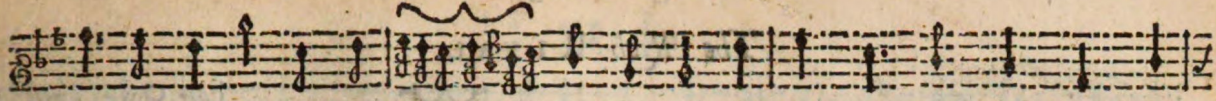
Gods, to my lot such a Mistress may fall; nei-ther Ug-ly, nor a Beauty, more

handfom than good, my E-qual in For-tune, in Ho-nour and Blood: Not too

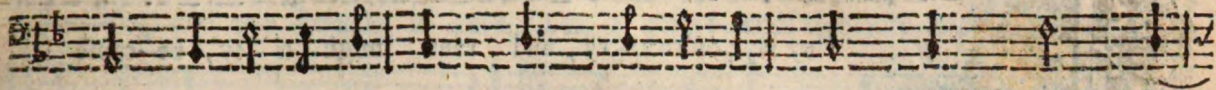
ea-sie when courted, by yielding with Honour, such, such may she prove, or else a plague on her.

May she have enough Wit to make sport with pert Fools, may her Vertue fit free, not a

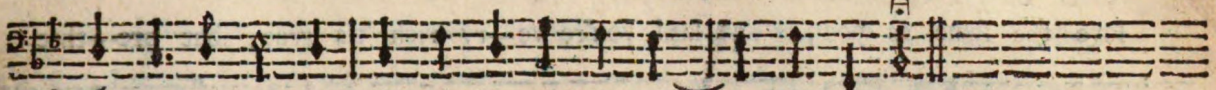
Slave to stiff Rules; that when Cob comes to see me, she will not stick to make one, at a



Glass, or a Catch, or to lau—gh at a Pun: Such, such would I chuse me, for

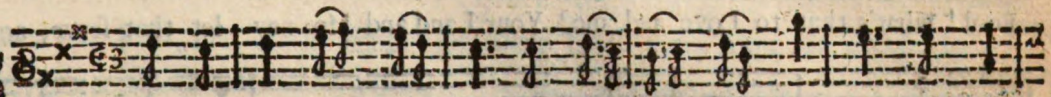


better, for worse, and when the Wife's done, may she prove a good Nurse.



A new CATCH.

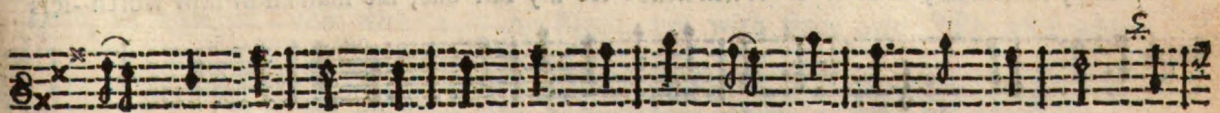
A. 3. Voc.



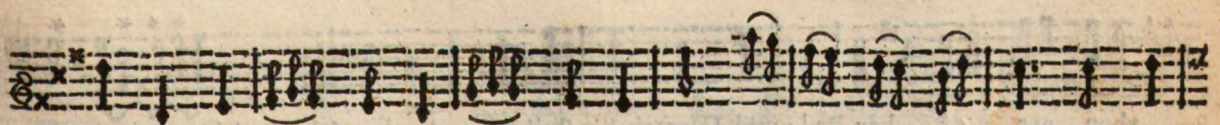
ould you know how we meet o're our jol—ly full Bowls? As we



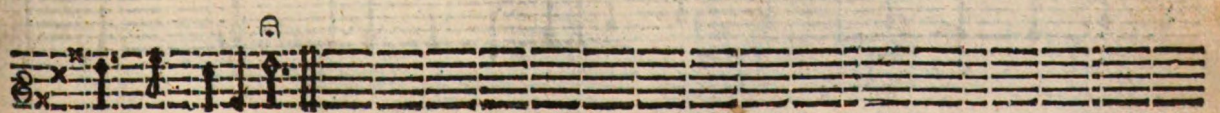
min—gle our Liquors, we min—gle our Souls; the Sweet melts the Sharp, the



Kind fooths the Strong, and no-thing but Friendship grows all the Night long: We



drink, laugh, and ce—le-brate ev'—ry De-fire, Love on—ly re—mains, our un-



quen-cha-ble Fire.

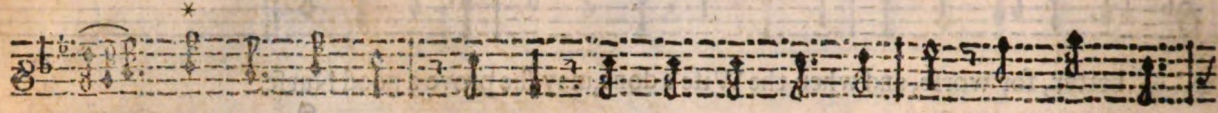
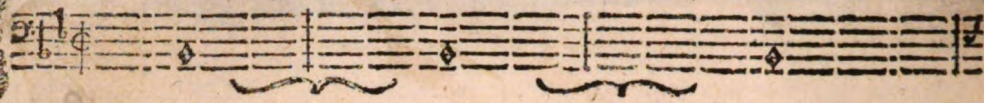
Mr. Henry Purcell.

The Rich RIVAL.

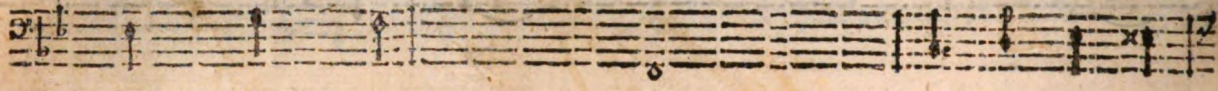
[Mr. Cowley's words.]



Hey say you're angry, and rant mighty, be-cause I



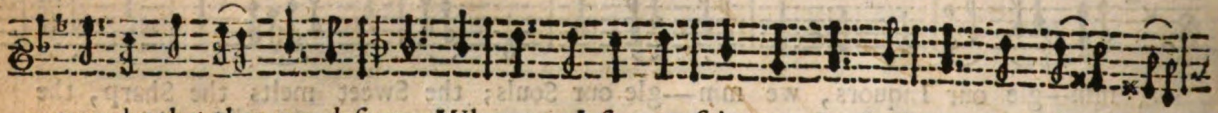
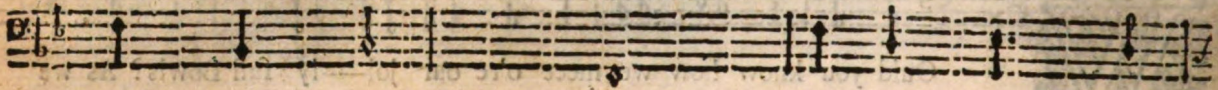
love the same as you, a-las! you're ve-ry rich 'tis true; but pre-thee



[Where this mark \* is over the Note, are to be sung Demiquavers.]



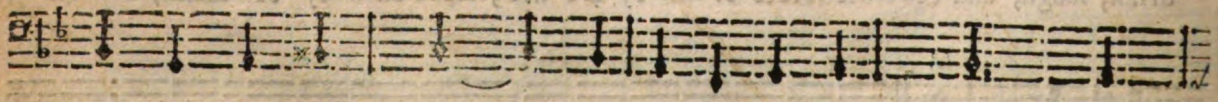
Fool! what's that to Love and me? Your Land and Mo-ney let that serve, and know you're



more by that than you deserve. When next I see my fair one, she shall know how worth-less



thou art of her Bed; and, Wretch, I'll strike thee dumb and dead with no-ble



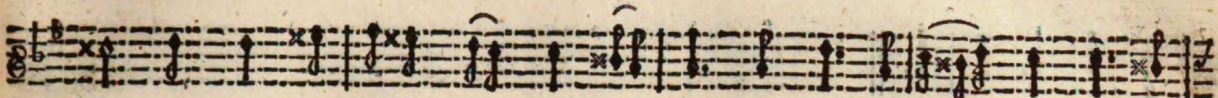
Verse, not un-der-stood by you; while thy sole Rhet'rick shall be Joynture and



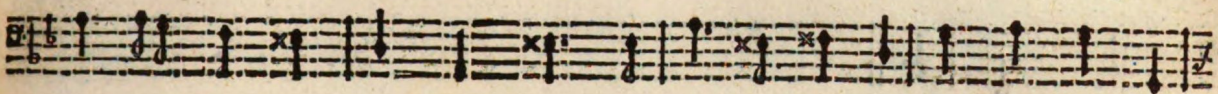




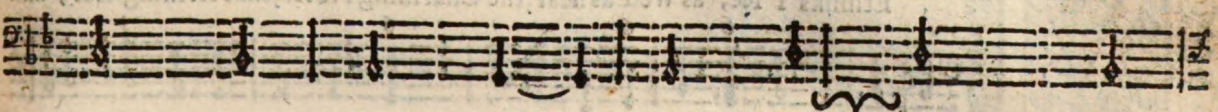
Jew-els, and our Friends a-gree. Pox o' your Friends that dote and do—mi-



neer, Lo--vers are bet—ter Friends than they, let's those in o—ther things o-



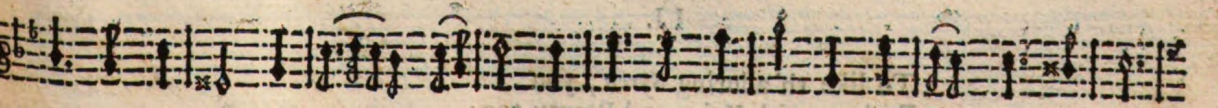
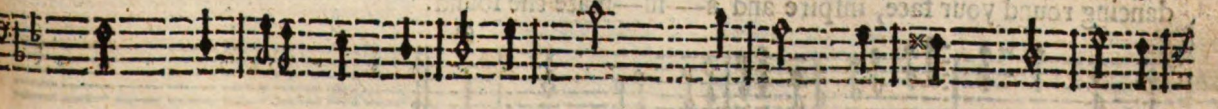
bey, the Fates and Stars, and Gods must go—vern here: Vain name of Blood! in



Love, let none ad—vise with a—ny Blood, but with their own: 'Tis that which



bids me this bright Maid a—dore, no o—ther Thought has had ac—cess,

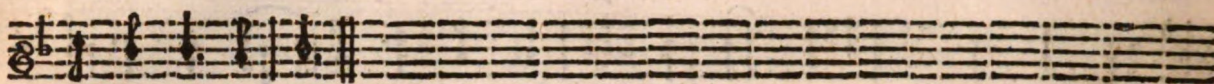


did she now beg, I'd love no less; and were she an Empress, I should love no more.



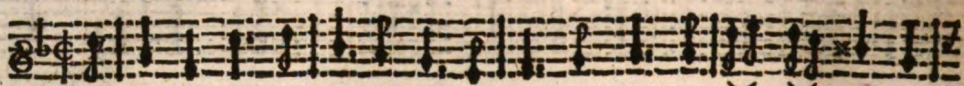
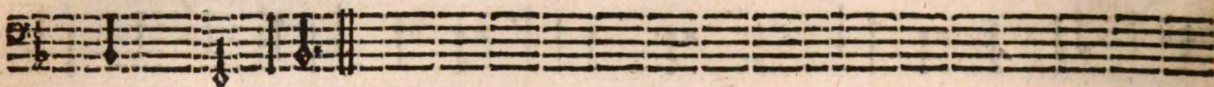


Were she as just and true to me, ah, sim—ple Soul! what

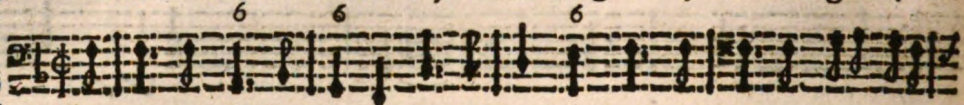


would become of thee!

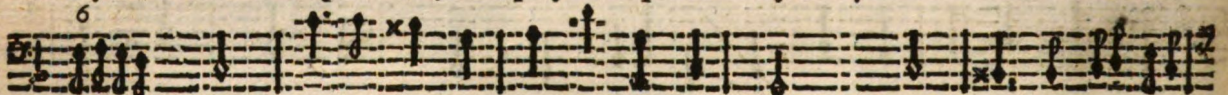
Mr. Henry Purcell.



Methinks I see, as well as hear, the Charming Notes, that striking Ear; and



from your Touch those Spirits rise, that play and sparkle in your Eyes: While all the Graces



dancing round your face, inspire and a—ni—mate the sound.



II.

To like th' alluring *Syren*, you  
 Enchant with Voice and Beauty too;  
 And the Devoted Lover move,  
 To perish in a Sea of Love:  
 Who hears and see repent too late,  
 He may bemoan, but can't avoid his Fate.



N—just *Cli—me—na* does complain; that I a—no—ther

prize; she on—ly in my Breast would reign, that is, would Ty—ra—nize: Let

who will be con—fin'd to one, and pay his Vows to her a—lone, I'll be mo—no—po-

liz'd by none. Mr. John Roffey.

II.

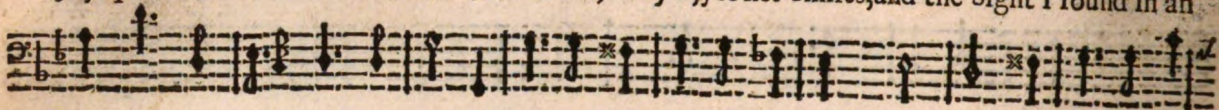
It was not thus in Days of old,  
 Our Fathers had more sense;  
 They took unto 'em who they would,  
 And thought it no offence:  
 Tell me ye sprightly Sons of *May*,  
 Who gave our Charter thus away,  
 And why are we less free than they?



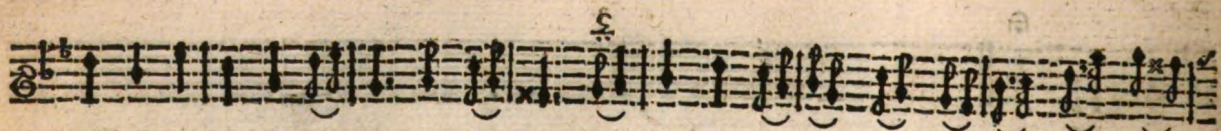
Then close-ly embrac'd in the Arms of my Dear, the Raptures of



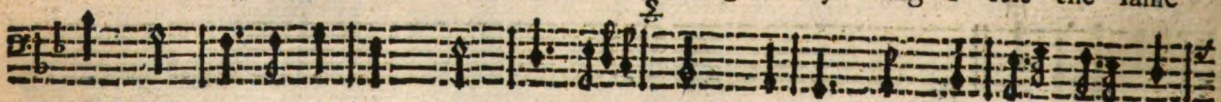
Joy spoke *E—li—zium* was there; I fainted, I dy'd, yet her Smiles, and the Sight I found in an



Hour a whole Age of Delight: One mo—ment I wounded, the next I surviv'd, in her



Presence I liv'd, in her Absence I dyd; but li—ving or dy—ing I felt the same



pain, 'twas the Pleasures of Love did the Vi—cto—ry gain. Mr. David Underwood.



*fine*

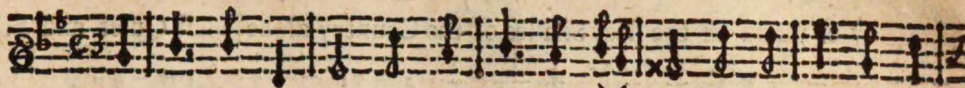
II.

What streams of Compassion when dead in her Arms,  
 To cherish my Vitals did flow from her Charms!  
 The issues of Sweetness from Nature did flow,  
 And Innocence guarded her Vertues below:  
 Methink still I see the bright Beams of her Eyes,  
 Which so conquer'd my Reason, and made me her Prize;  
 He Blushes so bashful, her tim'rous Desires,  
 Imposing new Flames to my vigorous Fires.

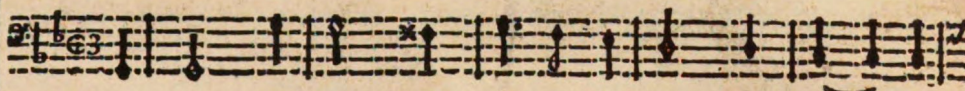
III. But

III.

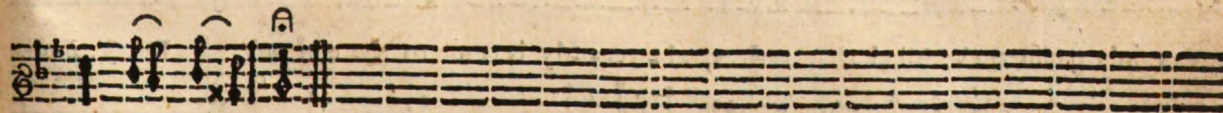
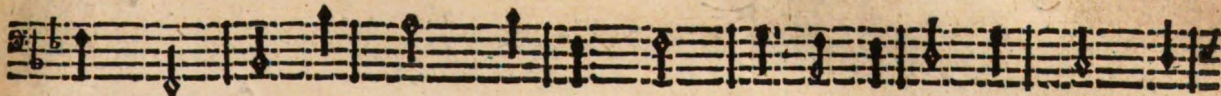
But now, fair *Amintas!* my Love is beguil'd,  
 And only for loving of me is exil'd,  
 Unto some wild Desert of hopeles Despair,  
 Where ev'ry Enjoyment is eccho'd by her:  
 Yet still on the height of *Amintas* I live,  
 And what Hopes will not grant me, my Wisnes shall give;  
 Till Time when all Lovers once hid shall disclose,  
 And restore me unto her to take my Repose.



H! tell me no more that *O-lin-da's* too low, to pos-ses a--ny

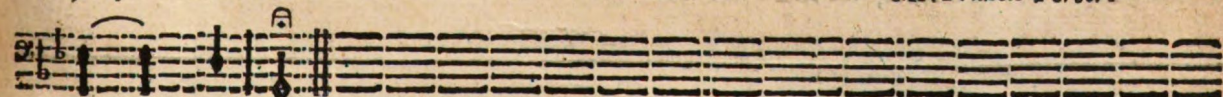


room in my Mind; if For-tune has par--tial--ly render'd her so, must Love be un-



just, or un--kind?

*Mr. Francis Forcer.*

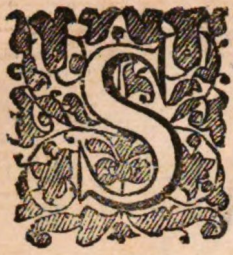


II.

Love truly is blind when by Fortune 'tis sway'd,  
 Which too often does Merit despise;  
 But if Love shews respect where it ought to be paid,  
 'Tis Fortune, not Love, that wants Eyes.

III.

But where can the mighty Disparity be,  
 Since we both have Affection alike?  
 In Love, as in Death, undistinguish'd we lie,  
 For they level what-ever they strike.



Trife, hurry, and noise (that fills the lewd Town) sure at last 'tis time to give

ov-er; and in the dear Shades of the Country alone, blest Quiet and Ease to re-co-ver.

Foolish Hopes, i-dle Fears, and restless Desires, are the bu-sie Man's restless Attendant; what he

vainly pursues, the Mind that retires, al--rea--dy is come to the end on't. Dr. J. Blow.



Ith--in a Grove, not far from whence, Sheep and their Lambs a

nib-ling pac'd, I saw the Shepherd and his dear *Clarin-da*, close by him embrac'd.



His Arms a--bout her Neck and Wast, she vow'd she lov'd, but durst not tast.

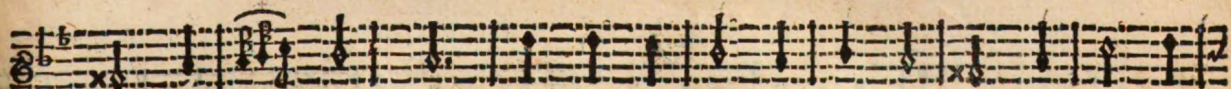
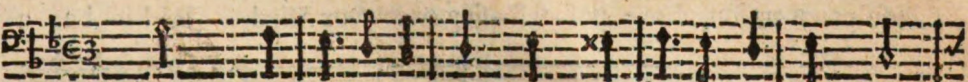


II.

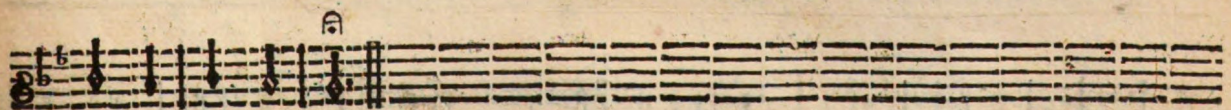
Fairest *Clarinda*, why so coy!  
 For I do swear by all that's good,  
 You need not fear a harmles Boy,  
 I wou'd not hurt you if I cou'd:  
 She sigh'd, and then turn'd up her Eyes,  
 Do what you will, I cannot rise.



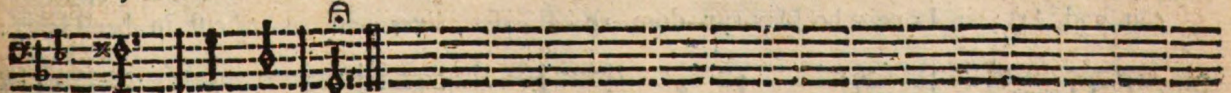
Ince Syl--vi--a's too so sic--kle grown, to scorn what



once they seem'd to love: From Women's Charms then sure I'm free, for Jilts they



are, and e're will be.



III.

They seem'd to love what most they hate,  
 And speak the worse of him they love;  
 Sure 'tis not Choice, but their curs'd Fate,  
 To do what still they disapprove.  
 May he that loves 'em jilted be,  
 And when too late, his Folly see.



*Hil-lis*, talk no more of Passion, words alone want Pow'r to move;

she that shuns a fair oc--ca--sion, never, never should pretend to more. Honour that fo

oft you mention, Love pos--ses--sing once your Mind, a--las ! is but a vain pretension,

Women use that wo'nt be kind. Your dai-ly seeking out Ex--cu--ses, shows too much De-

ceit and Art; in Love who Mar-tyr--dom re--fu--ses, lives an A--theist in her Heart:

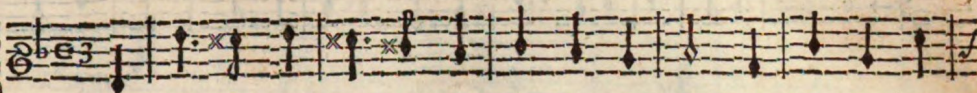
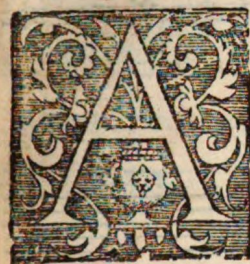
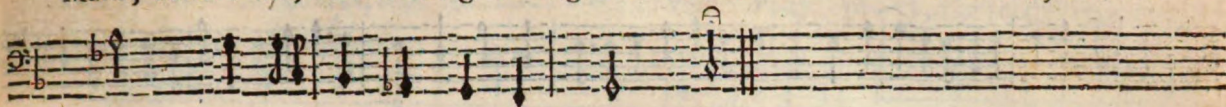
Fame and Honour will deceive ye, none did e're un--cen--fur'd go; therefore, gentle



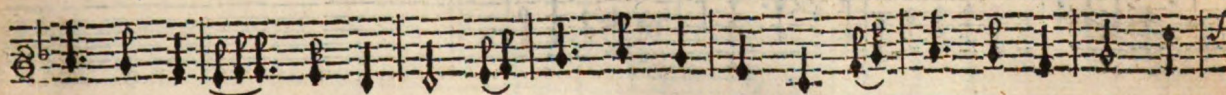
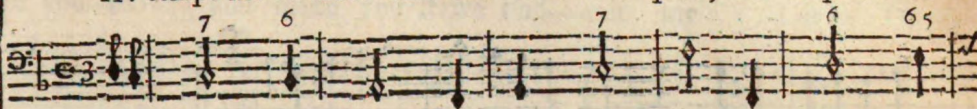


Maid, believe me, Love's the greatest good we know.

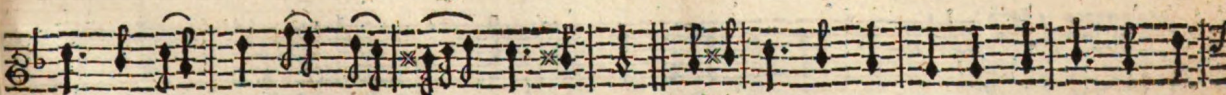
Mr. Henry Purcell.



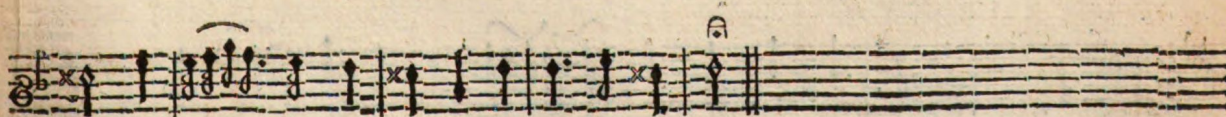
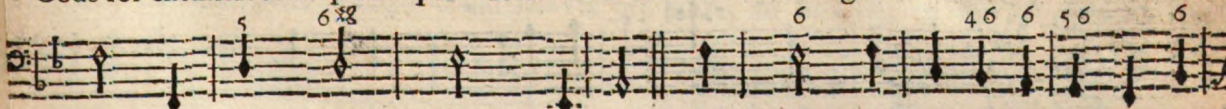
H! tempt me no more when the Mi--nute is past, the Rapture of



Love is too Sa—cred to last; de—fects in our Na—ture shews plainly by these, the



Gods for themselves keep so per—fect a Bliss: The charming Convulsion our Senses con—



troul, and Hea—ven's the Union of Body and Soul.

Mr. Alex. Damascene.

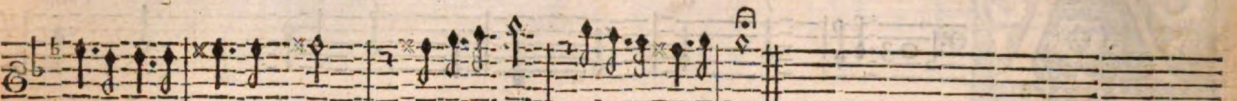


II.

Then Lovers love on, and get Heaven betimes,  
 He that loves well atones for the worst of his Crimes;  
 Love locks up his Gates on the Sordid and Base,  
 But the generous Lover is sure of a Place:  
 Let the Nymph to her Paradise ne're doubt the way,  
 When her Lover can open the Door with his Key.



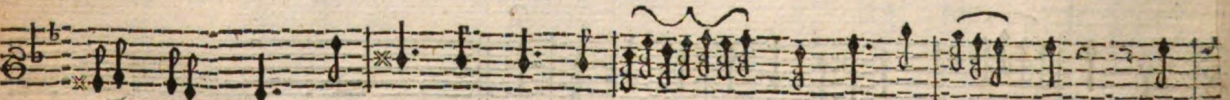
Symphony to the following Song.



SONG.



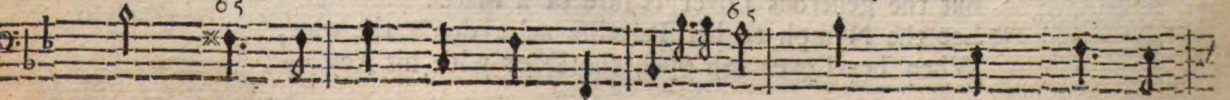
E-neath an un-fre-quen-ted Shade, for Wret-ches a Re-



tire-ment made; poor *Da-mon* lay, and e're he dy'd, complaining, com-



plai-ning, thus to *Phil-lis* cry'd: Ah! could you feel but once what

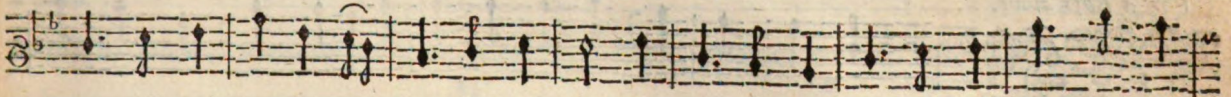




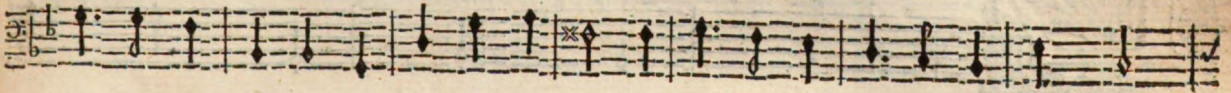
Pain the Wretch endures, that lo—ves in vain! Pi-ty, pi—ty, the tender Heart would



move, and make you strive, and make you strive t'ad—mit my Love. The



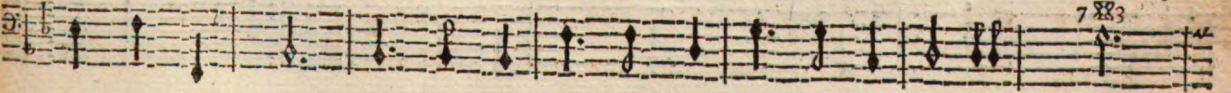
Sweets of good Humour, with those of your Eyes, have ta—ken a for—ti—fi'd Heart by fur—



prife; the sharp—eft attacks could ne—ver yet move, to sub—mit to the Pleasures of



Beau—ty or Love: I ne—ver will yield, yet a—las! 'tis in vain to conquer my

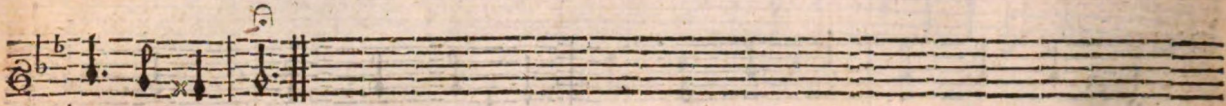
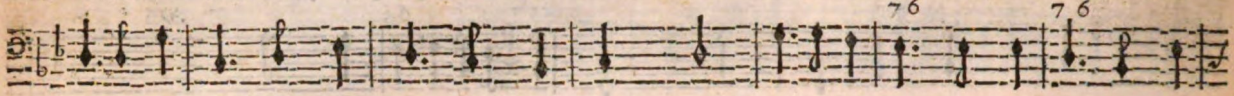


Love as her Hate and Difdain; if I find her fe—vere, though ne—ver fo



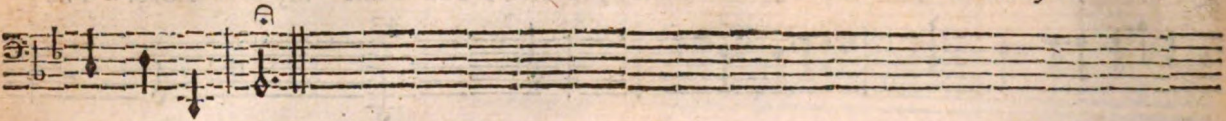


fair, I'll quit all the Thoughts of those Pleasures in store, and turn to that Freedom I

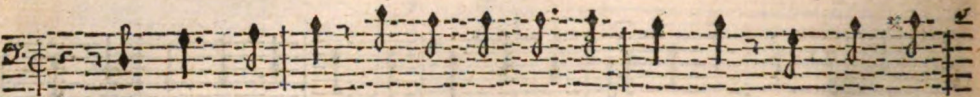


liv'd in be-fore.

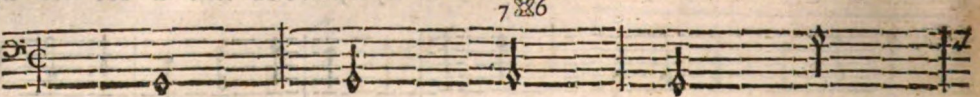
Mr. Samuel Akroyd.



For a Bass alone.



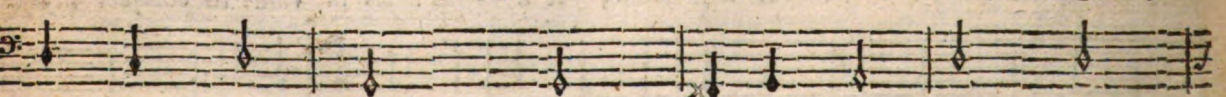
Ove thee 'till there shall be an end of mat-ter, so long 'till



Courtiers leave in Court to flatter; while empty Courtlings shall laugh, jeer, and jibe, or 'till an old lean



Judge re—fuse a Bribe: 'Till young Men Women hate, I will love thee, 'till greedy



Lawyers shall renounce a Fee; and 'till de--cre-pid Mifers Mo-ney hate, or Statesmen

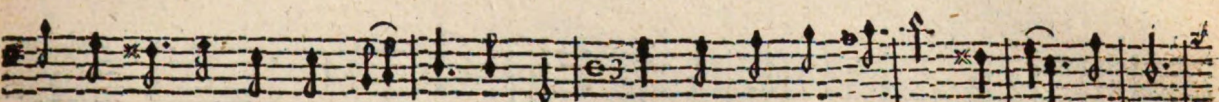
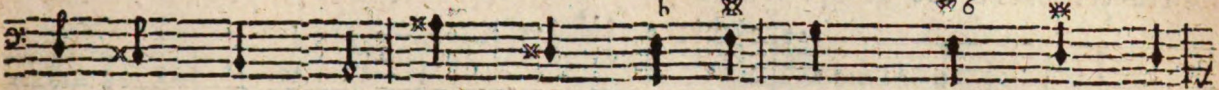




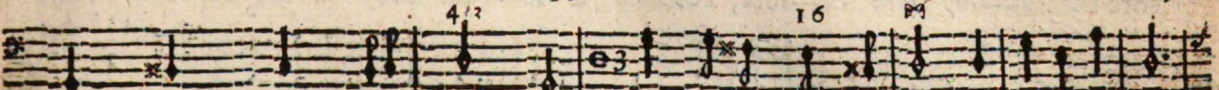
leave to juggle in a State. While Priests Ambition troubles Commonwealth, 'till Whores grow Chast, and



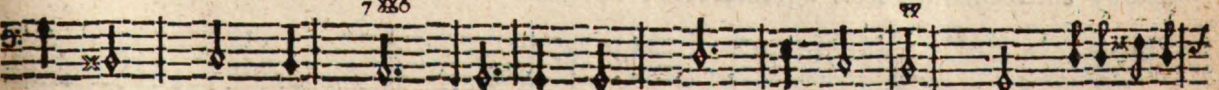
Thieves forsake their Stealth; 'till Tradefmen leave to Co—zen, or to Lye, 'till



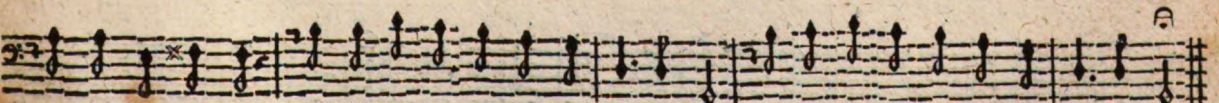
there's a worthy Flat—te—rer, or brave Spy. 'Till ho—nest valiant Men can be afraid,



'till Kings by Favourites are not betray'd; 'till all Impossible do meet in one, I love thee *Phillis*,



I love thee *Phillis*, I love thee *Phillis*, and love thee a—lone; I love thee *Phillis*,



I love thee *Phillis*, I love thee *Phillis*, and love thee alone; I love thee *Phillis*, and love thee alone.





E Pow'rs that rule the World, must I still be pursu'd by such

cru-el strokes of De--sti--ny? What hopes in store for that poor Wretch, that lo--ving

more than a--ny e're be--fore, becomes a fa--tal Prey to the ru--ral Pow'r,

and by their Charms, feels a fresh Death each Hour? But if in time that frozen Heart could

melt, where on--ly Thoughts more cold than Ice have dwelt; could Pi--ty then take

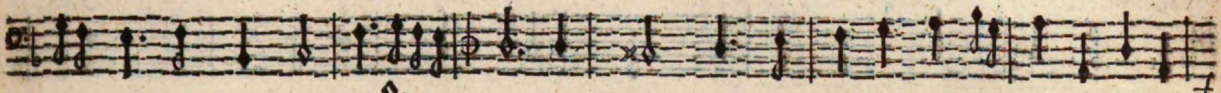
place, and Smiles pos--sels, that plea--sing Face that Frowns do now disgrace:



Change then but by de—grees, lest the fur—pri—sing Joy prove e—qual to De—



spair, and as soon de—stroy. A—las! the Ma—lice of my Stars is too plain,



they would con—trive her Love worse than her Dis—dain; a flatt'ring Ray



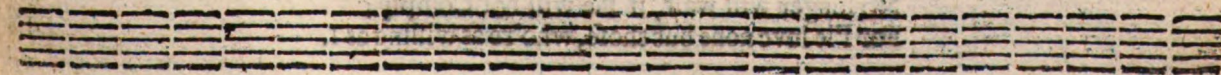
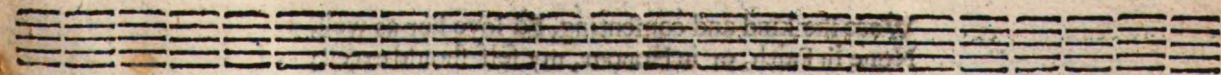
of Hope my Death but to de—lay, and as soon to be—tray; for such pro—di—geous

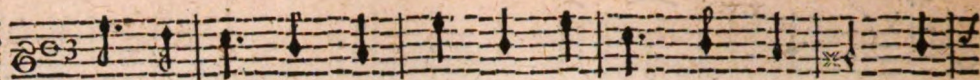


Bliss, transporting Joys! who can, of this side Heaven, be—lieve reserv'd for Man?

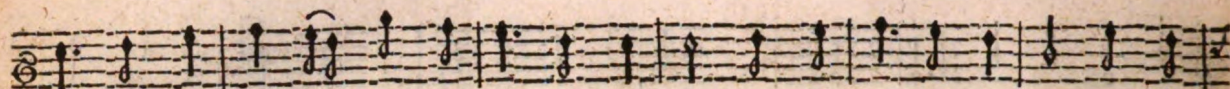
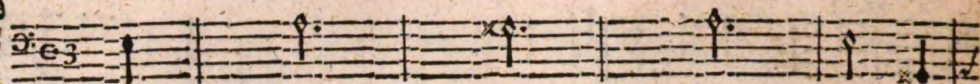


Mr. Thomas Farmer, B. M.

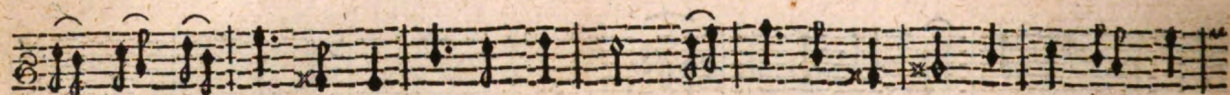




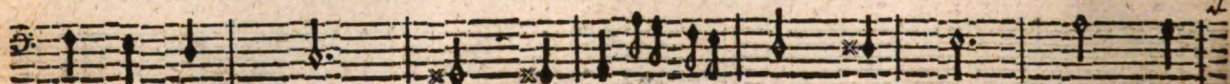
Ince my Mistrefs proves Cru--el, my Suit I'le give o're; no



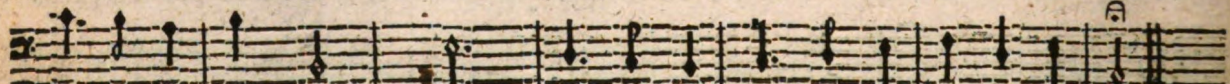
more will I Lan--guish, will I Court, or A--dore; and no farther Expect, or her



Fa--vours implore: But the force of her Charms I'le boldly de--fie, no lon--ger will



wait, if she will not Comply; for I'le love none but those, who're as wil--ling as I.



Mr. John Goodwin.

II.

He's a Fool that desires what he cannot obtain,  
 Or continue to love, when he knows 'tis in vain;  
 There are no such Endearments I find in Disdain:  
 For the force of her Charms I'le boldly defie,  
 No longer will wait, if she will not Comply;  
 For I'le love none but those, who're as willing as I.

III.

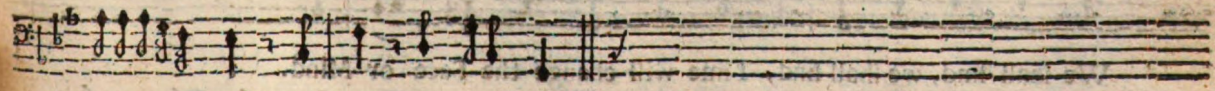
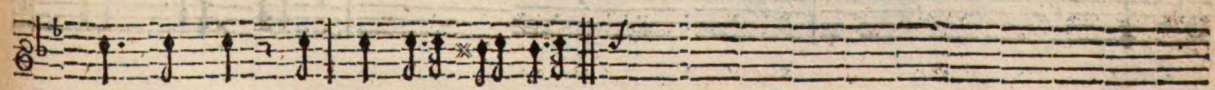
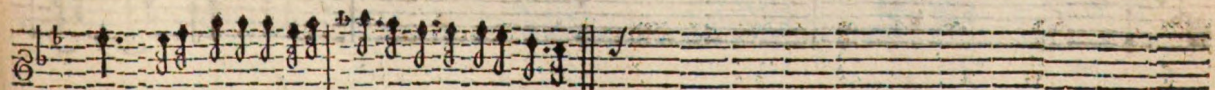
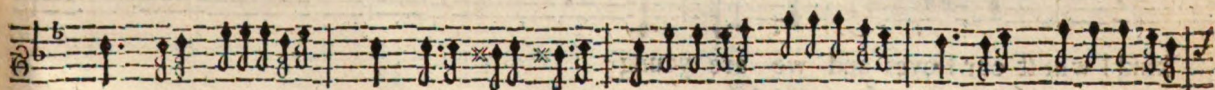
Were she kind and consenting, I'd love her as well,  
 None in Faith, or in Honour, my self should excell;  
 A kind Beauty is Heaven, but a froward one Hell.  
 And the force of her Charms I'le boldly defie,  
 No longer will wait, if she will not Comply;  
 For I'le love none but those, who're as willing as I.



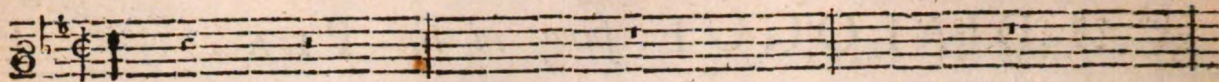
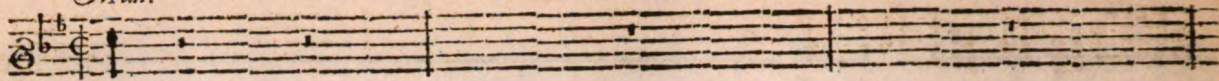
A DIALOGUE *sung in the* PLAY of  
Sir Courtly Nice.



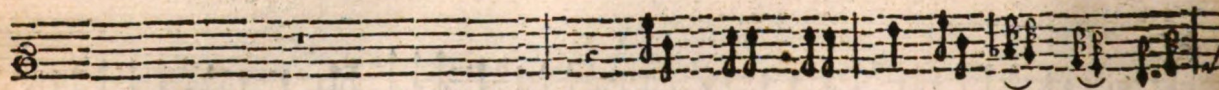
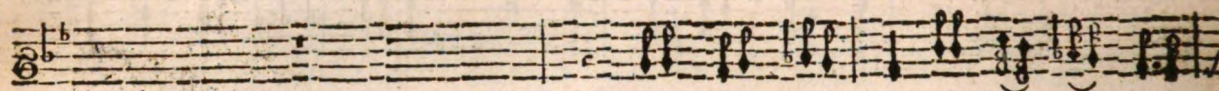
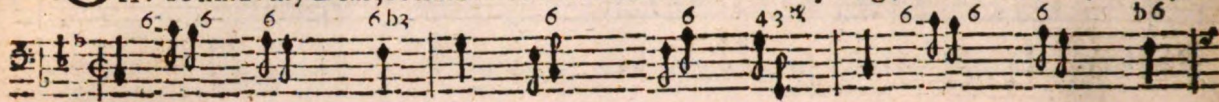
*Symphony.*



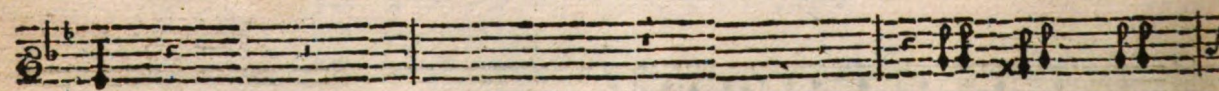
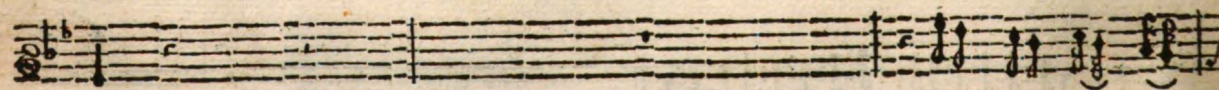
*Man.*



OH! be kind! my Dear, be kind! whilst our Loves and we are young; Oh! be kind! my Dear, be

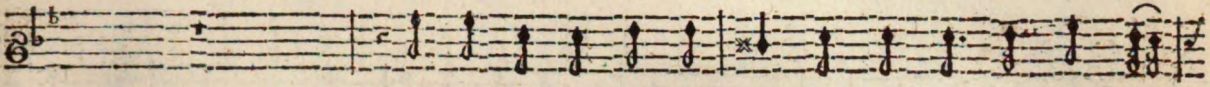
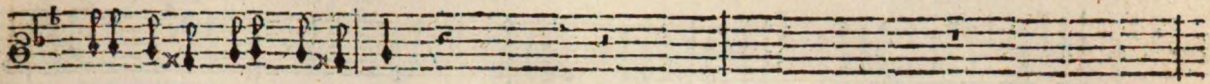
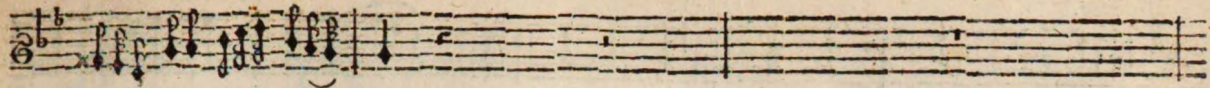


kind! whilst our Loves and we are young:



We shall find, we shall find, Time will change the Face or Mind.

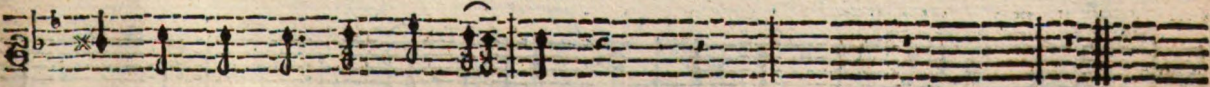




Both will not con--ti--nue long. Oh! be kind! my Dear, be

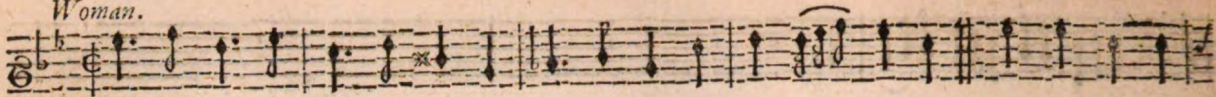


kind! both will not con--ti--nue long: Oh! be kind! my Dear, be kind! both will not con--ti--nue



long: Oh! be kind! my Dear, be kind!

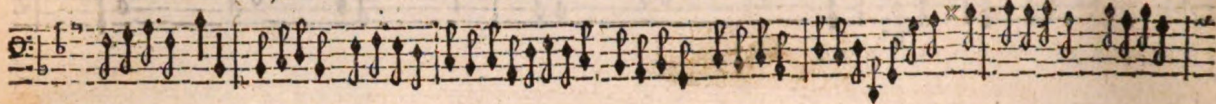
*Woman.*



Oh! I love, and fear to lose you, therefore 'tis I must re--fuse you: When I've yielded



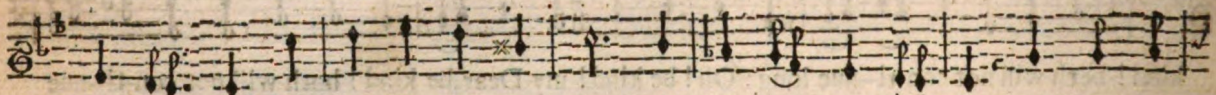
you my Crown, you'l no more Obedience own, you'l no more O-be-dience own; no, I love, and



*Man.*



fear to lose you, therefore 'tis I must re--fuse you. The Fair by Kindness reign, by Cru-el-



ty de-stroy; the Fair by Kindness reign, by Cru-el-ty destroy. If you can



Charm with the Pain of Love, then what can you do, can you do with the



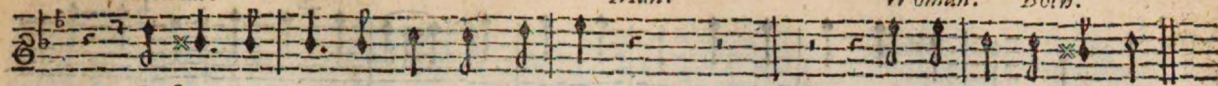
Joy? The Fair by Kind-ness reign, by Cru-el-ty de-stroy.



Woman.

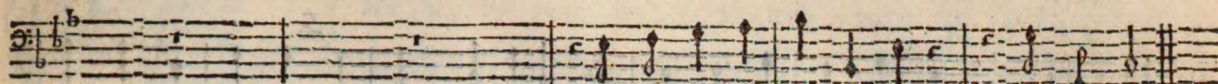
Man.

Woman. Both.



I fear to yield, but cannot de--ny.

So shall I: So shall I.



If you do not, I shall dye.

So shall I.

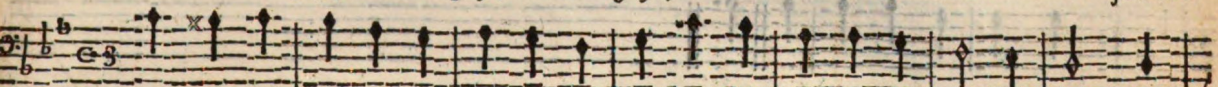


CHORUS.

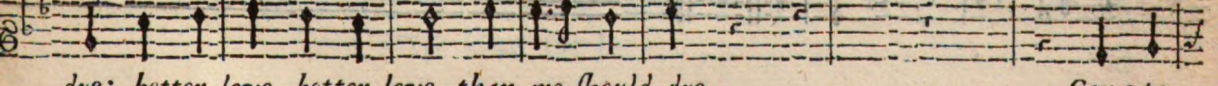
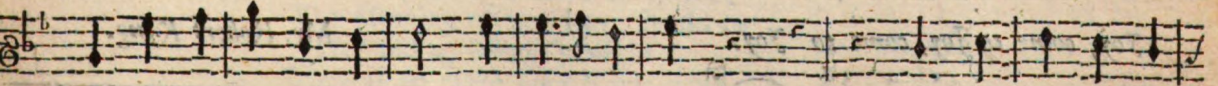


Then come to Joy, come to Joy, come to Joy,

better love than we should

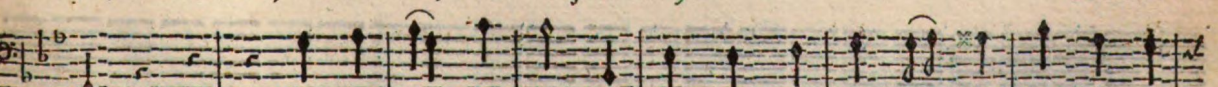


Then come to Joy, come to Joy, come to Joy, better love, better love, than we should

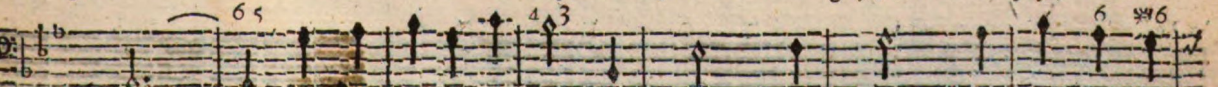


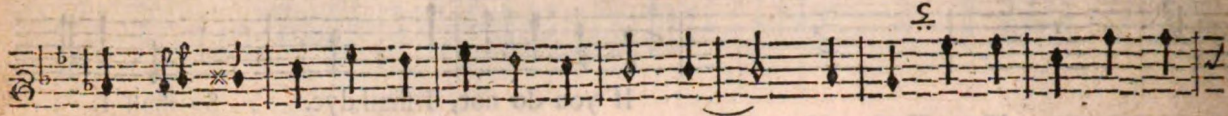
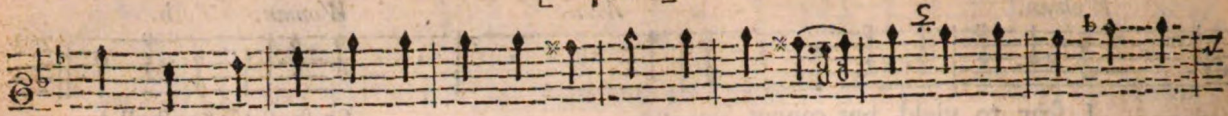
dye; better love, better love, than we should dye.

Come to



dye; better love than we should dye. Come to Joy, come to Joy, come to

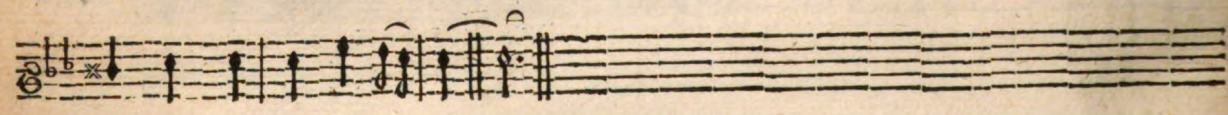
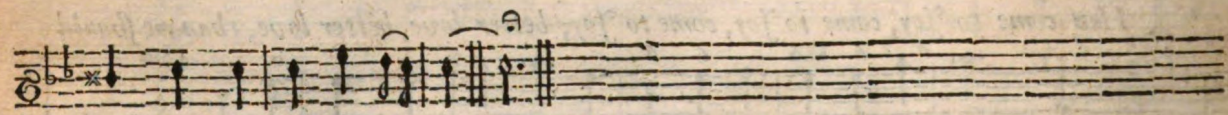
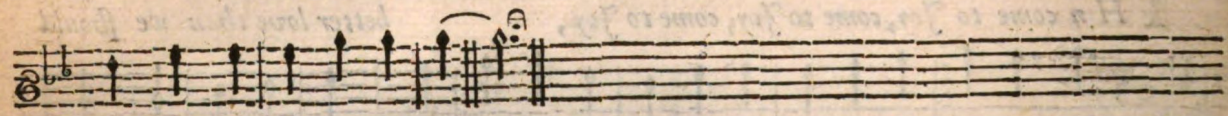
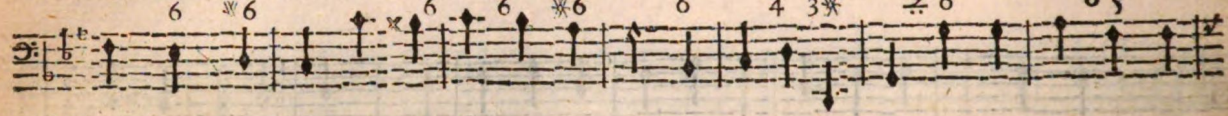




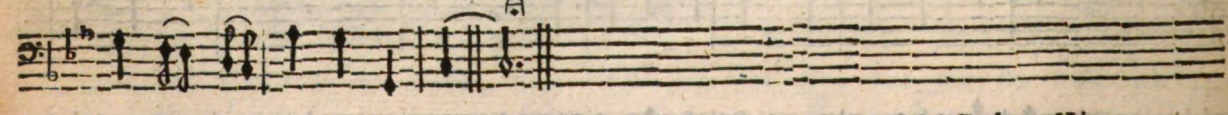
Joy, come to Joy, better love, better love, than we should dye. Come to Joy, come to



Joy, come to Joy, better love, better love, than we should dye. Come to Joy, come to

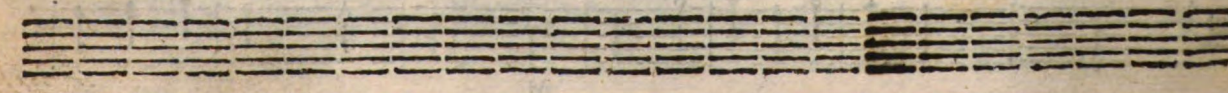
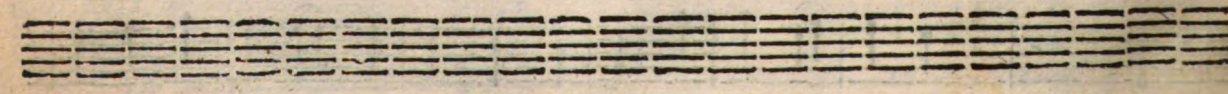
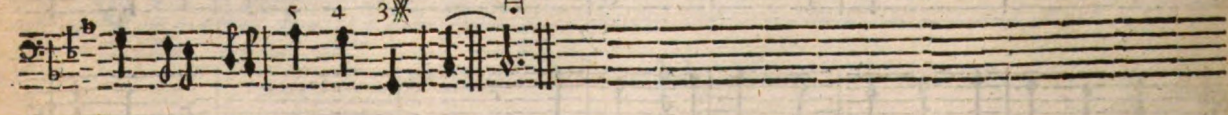


Joy, come to Joy. come to Joy.



Joy, come to Joy, come to Joy.

Mr. Robert King.





Hil-*is*, be gent--ler, I ad--vise, make up for Time mis-

76

pent; when Beau-ty on its Death-bed Iyes, 'tis high time to repent. Such is the

Ma--lice of your Fate, which makes you old so soon; your Pleasure e--ver

comes too late, how ear--ly e're be--gun.

Mr. Thomas Tedway.

II.

Think what a wretched thing is she,  
 Whose Stars contrive in spight;  
 The Morning of her Love should be  
 Her fading Beauty's Night:  
 Then if to make your Ruine more,  
 You'l peevishly be coy;  
 Dye with the Scandal of a Wh--  
 And never know the Joy.



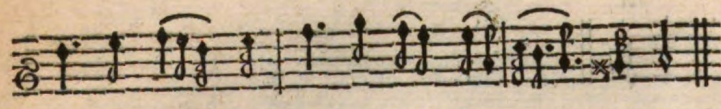
U—sing on Cares of Humane Fate, in a sad Cypress



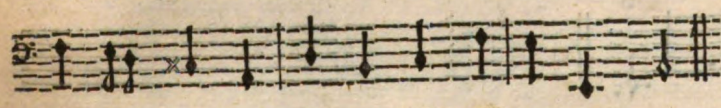
Grove; a strange Dispute I heard of late, 'twixt *Ver-tue*, *Fame*, and *Love*: A pensive Shepherd



ask'd Advice, and their O—pi-nions crav'd; how he might hope to be so wise, to get a

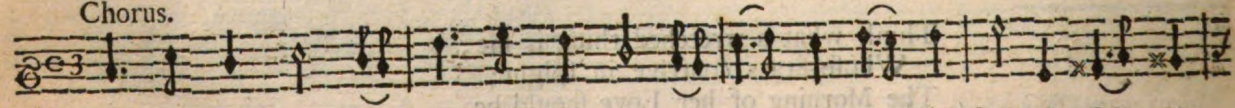


Place be—yond the Skies, and how he might be fav'd.



Nice *Vertue* preach'd Religion's Laws,  
 Paths to Eternal Rest;  
 To fight his King's and Country's Cause,  
*Fame* counsell'd him was best:  
 But *Love* oppos'd their noisy Tongues,  
 And thus their Votes out-brav'd;  
 Get, get a Mistress, Fair and Young,  
 Love fiercely, constantly, and long,  
 And then thou shalt be fav'd.

Chorus.



Swift as a Thought, the a—mo—rous Swain to Syl—ria's Cor—tage flies; in soft ex—



Swift as a Thought, &c.



pressions told her plain the way to Hea—ven—ly Joys: She who with Pi—c—ty was stor'd, de—





lays no lon-ger crav'd ; charm'd by the God whom they ador'd, she smil'd and took him at his

word, and thus they both were sav'd.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

A SONG in the Play of Sir Courtly Nice.

S I gaz'd un-a-ware on a Face so fair, your cruel Eye lay

watching by, to snatch my Heart, which you did with such Ar- t, that a-

way with't you run, whilst I look'd on; to my Ru-in and Grief, stop Thief, stop Thief; to my

Ruin and Grief, stop Thief, stop Thief, stop Thief, stop Thief, stop Thief.

Mr. Robert King.

A Pastoral Coronation SONG. [ 46 ]

Hile Thir-fis wrapt in Downy Sleep, pleas'd with sweet Fancies

lay; the Graces constant watch did keep, and Cu-pids rou-nd him play: 'Till crowds of

Nymphs and Swains around, his ten-der Ears invade; with In-vi-ta-tions to be crown'd, in

this sof-—t Se-ra-nade.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

Arise, thou lovely charming Swain!  
 Uncloud those glorious Eyes;  
 And shine upon the longing Plain,  
 Ah! charming Youth, arise:  
 See where thy joyful Subjects stand,  
 Each Nymph a Wreath has made;  
 Each Swain has Laurels in his hand,  
 To crown thy lofty head.

III.

In haste the wond'rous Shepherd rose,  
 No dawning Morn' so fair;  
 No blooming Flow'r did e're disclose  
 A shew or scent so rare:  
 Th'adoring Throng with eager pace  
 Their welcom Sov'reign meet;  
 And on his Head their Garlands place,  
 Themselves beneath his Feet.

A DIALOGUE betwixt Oliver Cromwell and Charon.

*Noll.*



AST Charon, haft, 'tis *Noll* commands thy Speed; *Charon*, I'm

*Charon.*  
he that made three Kingdoms bleed. Proud Soul, fo black's thy Guilt, I know thee well,

7 6  
thou doft those Shades in Colour far ex-cell, and seem'ft a Beauty-spot to whiten Hell.

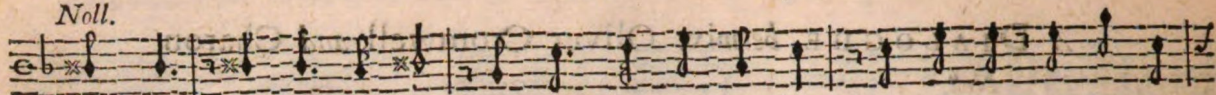
*Noll.*

Dear *Charon*, haft, vaft Streams of in-jur'd Blood purfue, and horrid is its Cry, and

*Charon.*  
dreadful is its Hew. Stay, ftay, how guil-ty muft thou be, who chufeft Hell for

sanctuary; thy weighty Crimes will never let thee float, but fingly thou wilt fink my mighty Boat.

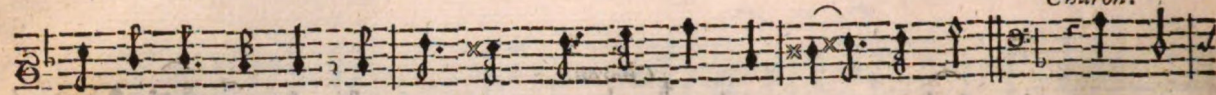
*Noll.*



*Cha-ron*, no more de-lay, you now presume too far, re-mem-ber, re-mem-ber,



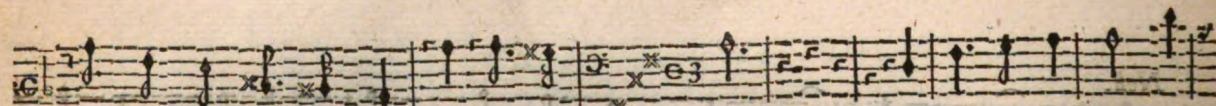
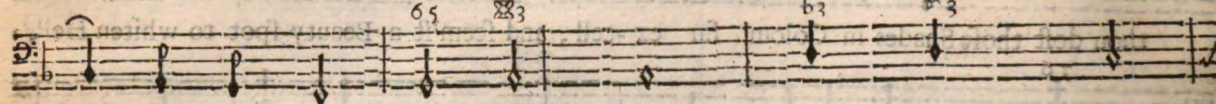
*Charon.*



what I was in War; did *Charles*, and shall not I pass o're the Lake? Weak Shade!



thou art too bold, and dost mistake; still diff'rent ways great *Charles* and thou didst move,



thy Course was downward, still His still a—bove. I saw him ascend, whilst



Angels stoop'd down to present a new Throne, and the loss of his Head to re-pay with a



huge double Crown. Look yonder! I saw the bright Troop on the wing, and as they did

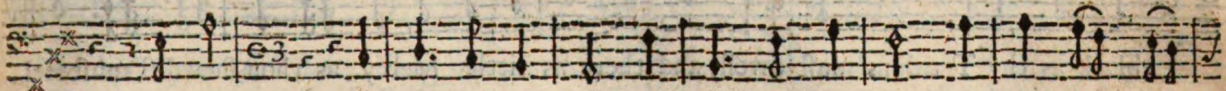
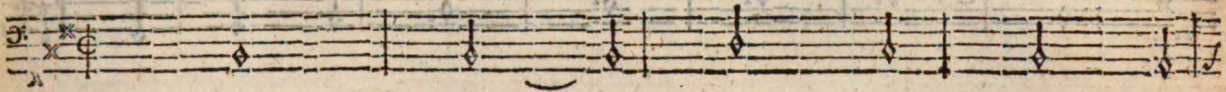




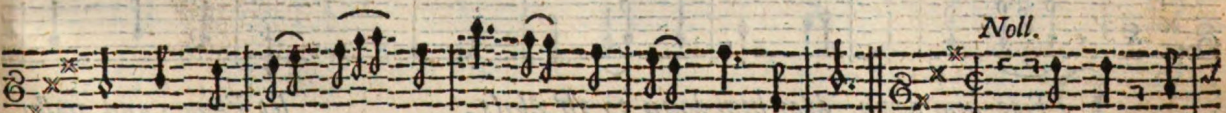
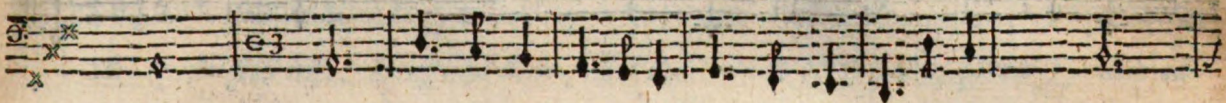
fly, so spotless and bright was the King, that Him from his new Brother-Angels I could not descry.



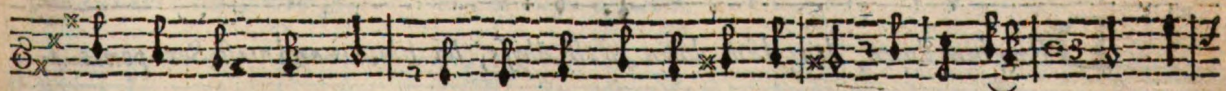
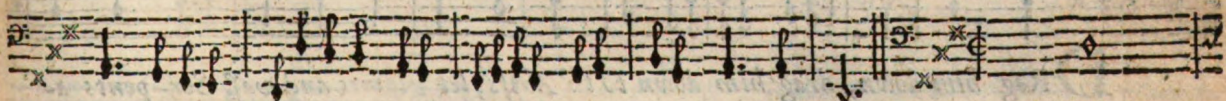
Then open'd wide E-li-zium's radiant Gate, and in they flew in gay Triumphant State;



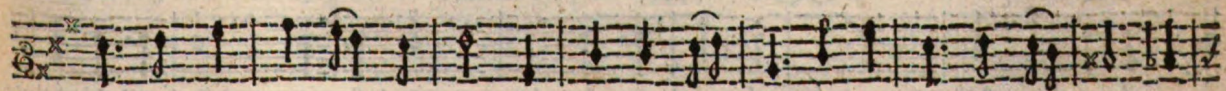
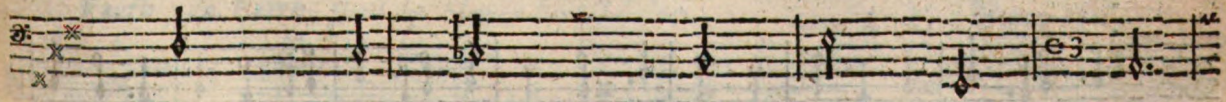
and then, so well God and Man the Martyr did love, good Men wept be-



low, Saints re-joyc'd all a-bove, Saints re-joyc'd all a-bove. 'Twas brave! and



by the Praise thou'ft giv'n, thou'ft made me what I ne-ver was, in love with Heav'n! But



Charles from his Seat shall remove, tho' Heavens slight mine, and his Actions approve; as



once up-on Earth, I'll Dethrone him a—bove; I to E—li—zium hence will go.

*Charon.*

No, Tyrant, no, to Dens full of Horror thou headlong must fall, and with Fu-ries as

*Slow.*

black as thy Treasons must dwell, and there as little Mercy as thou shew'd'st must feel.

CHORUS sung by three Furies.

**D**Rag him down, drag him down to th' Abyss, let Flames and vast

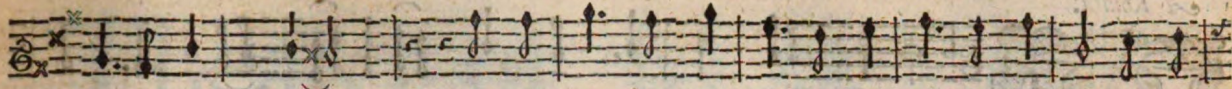
**D**Rag him down, drag him down to th' Abyss, let Flames and vast Ser-pents a-

**D**Rag him down, drag him down to th' Abyss, let Flames and vast Ser-pents a-

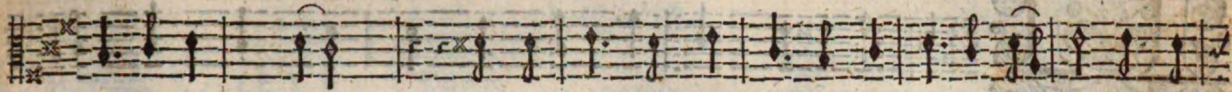
Ser-pents a-bout him still roul, and as he does pi--ti--less, pi--ti--less howl, he does

bout him still ro—ul, and as he does pi-ti--less, pi-ti--less howl, he does

bout him still ro—ul, and as he does pi-ti--less, pi-ti--less howl, he does



*pit-ty-les howl; let the Flames e-ver scorch him, and at him in scorn, let the*



*pit-ty-les howl; let the Flames e-ver scorch him, and at him in Scorn, let the*



*pitiless howl; let the Flames ever scorch him, and at him in Scorn, the Serpents still*



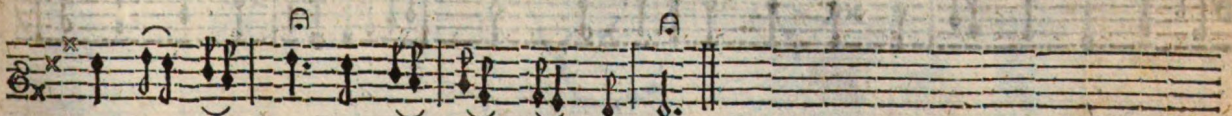
*Ser-pent still his, Drag him down, and make the Wretch know, proud*



*Ser-pent still his, Drag him down, and make the Wretch know, proud Tyrants on*



*his, still his, Drag him down, and make the Wretch know, proud Tyrants on*



*Tyrants on Earth shall be Slaves here be-low.*



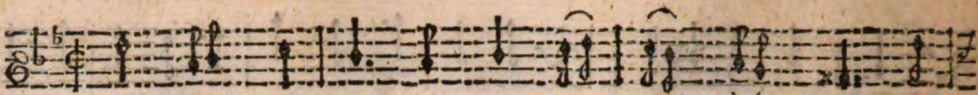
*Earth, on Earth, shall be Slaves here be-low.*

Mr. Henry Hall.

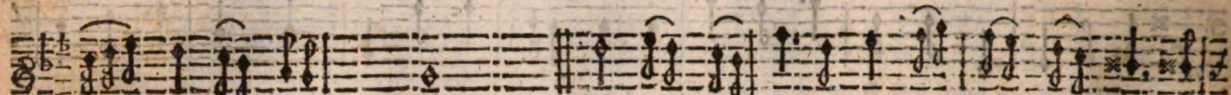


*Earth, on Earth, shall be Slaves here be-low.*

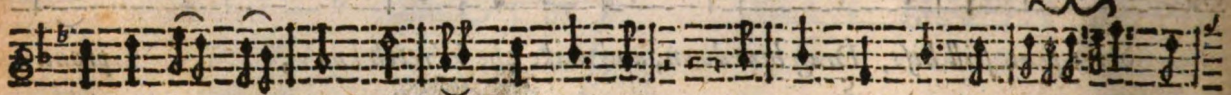
A Round.



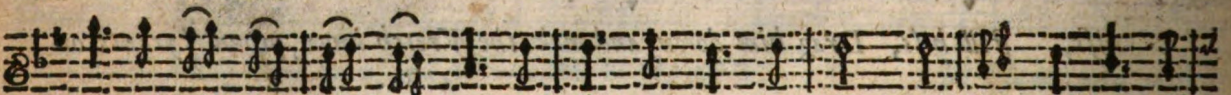
A I L *Al—bion!* hail! all hail! at—tend the Throne, and



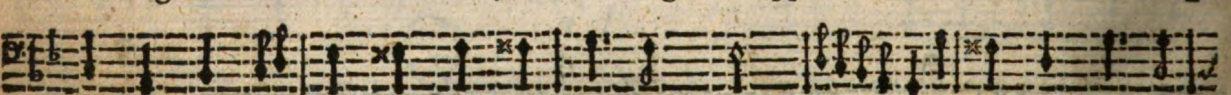
him that sits there—on. Hail *Albion!* hail! thy faithful Friends prevail, and



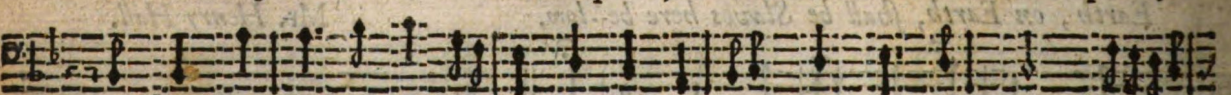
Foes lie truckling down. [*Hail Albion! hail! &c.*] The ful—len Clouds di—-perst the



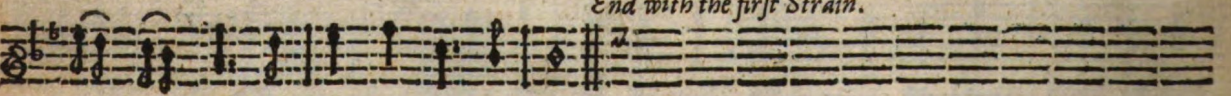
Clouds of groundless Doubts and Fears, the ri—sing Sun appears. [*Hail Albion! hail! &c.*]



The Warlike *JAMES* as active in his Sphere, as does from hence such Beams dispence, as

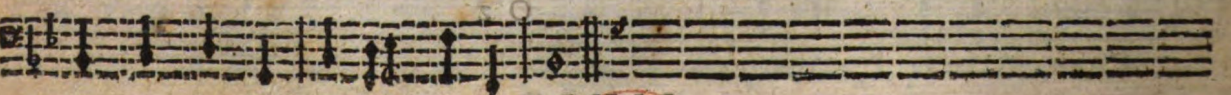


End with the first Strain.



gives new Life and Vigour all the Year.

Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.



F I N I S.

