

CHOICE  
AYRES and SONGS

TO SING TO THE

Theorbo=Lute, or Bass=Viol:

BEING

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

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

THE FIFTH BOOK.



LONDON,

Printed by J. Playford Junior, and are sold by John Playford, at his Shop near  
the Temple Church; and John Carr, at his Shop at the Middle-Temple Gate, 1684.

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TO SING TO THE

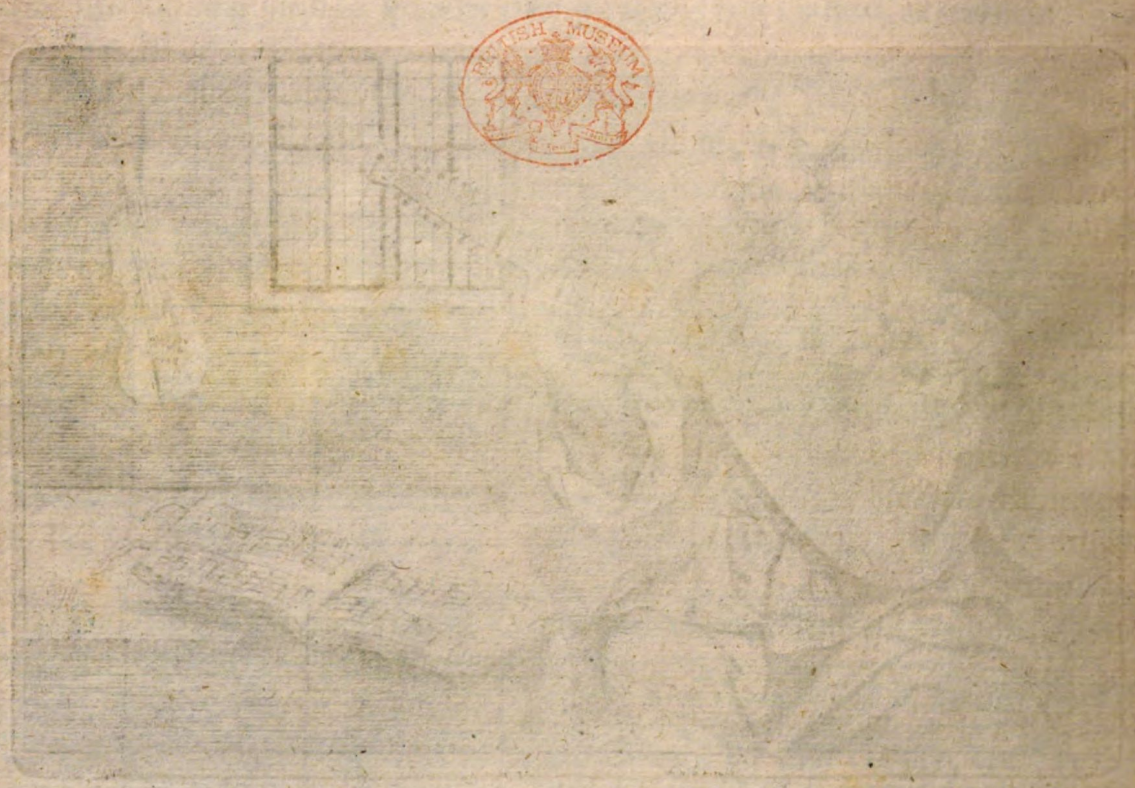
Chandos-Lite, or Balls & Balls

BEING

Moss of the Newell-Ayres and Songy sung at COURT  
And at the Publick THEATRES.

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LONDON,

Printed by J. P. Widdowes Junior, and are sold by John Pafford, at his shop near  
the Temple Church; and John Gay, at his shop at the Middle-Temple-Gate, 1684.

TO ALL  
LOVERS and UNDERSTANDERS  
OF  
MUSIC.

GENTLEMEN,



HIS Fifth Book of *New Songs* and *Ayres* had come sooner (by three Months) to your hands, but the last dreadful Frost put an Embargo upon the Press for more than ten Weeks; and, to say the truth, there was a great unwillingness in me to undertake the pains of publishing any more Collections of this nature: But at the request of Friends, and especially Mr. Carr, who assisted me in procuring some of these Songs from the Authors, I was prevailed with: Yet indeed the greatest Motive was, to prevent my Friends and Country-men from being cheated with such false Ware as is daily published by ignorant and mercenary persons, who put Musical Notes over their Songs, but neither minding *Time* nor right places, turn Harmony into Discord: Such Publications being a Scandal and Abuse to the Science of *Musick*, and all Ingenious Artists and Professors thereof. This I conceive I was bound to let my Reader understand; and that in what hitherto I have made public of this nature, my pains and care has ever been not only to procure perfect Copies, but also to see them true and well printed: But now I find my Age, and the Infirmities of Nature, will not allow me the strength to undergo my former Labours again, I shall leave it to two young Men, my own Son, and Mr. Carr's Son, who is one of His Majesty's Musick, and an ingenious person, whom you may rely upon, that what they publish of this nature, shall be carefully corrected and well done, my self engaging to be assisting to them in the overseeing the Press for the future, that what Songs they make public be good and true Musick, both for the credit of the Authors, and to the content and satisfaction of the Buyers; which that they may never be otherwise, is the desire of,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most faithful Servant,

JOHN PLAYFORD.

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The Vocal and Instrumental Music in Psyche, with the Instrumental Music in the Tempest.  
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Tripla Concordia, or new Ayres in three Parts for Treble and Bass Viols.

Also all sorts of Musical Instruments and Strings.

J. Carr



When first I fair Ce--lin--da knew, her kindness then was great; her

Eyes I cou'd with pleasure view, and friendly Rays did meet: In all delights we pass the

time that could di-ersion move, she oft wou'd kind-ly hear me rhyme upon some other's Love, she

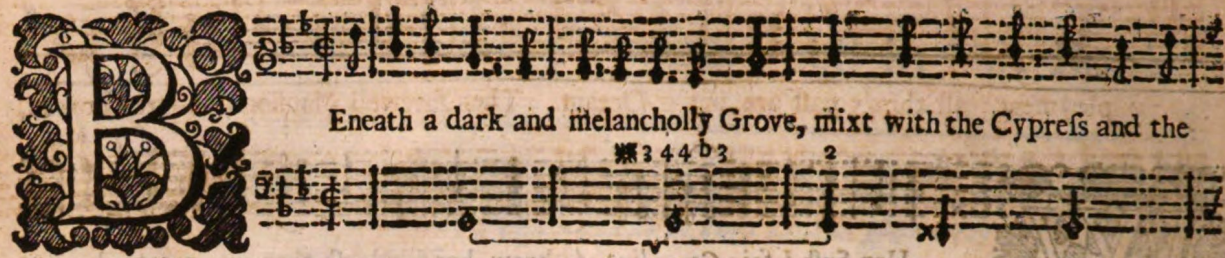
oft wou'd kind-ly hear my Rhime up--on some other's Love.

II.

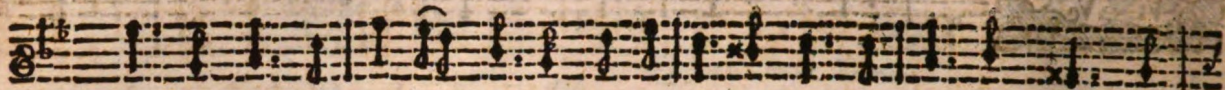
But, ah! at last I grew too bold,  
 Prest by my growing Flame,  
 For when my Passion I had told,  
 She hated ev'n my Name:  
 Thus I that cou'd her Friendship boast,  
 And did her Love pursue,  
 Am taught Contentment at the cost  
 Of Love and Friendship too.



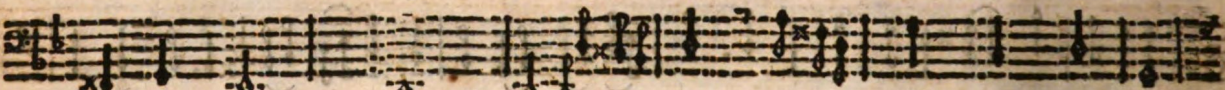
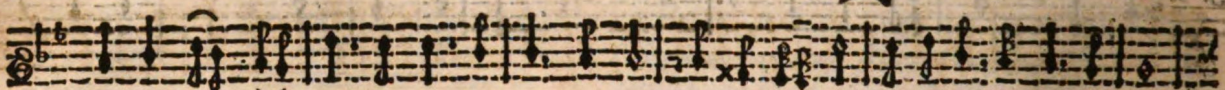
Eneath a dark and melancholly Grove, mixt with the Cypress and the



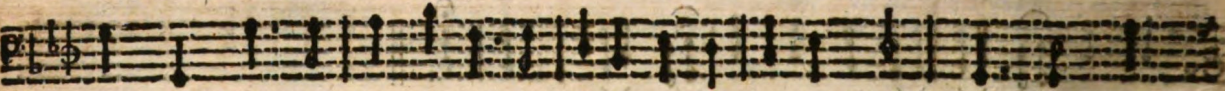
mournful Yew, the grow-ing Emblems of a fruitless Love, with anxious thoughts that



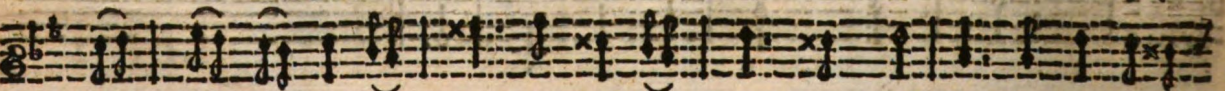
did past Acts re-new, the painful Shepherd lay, and thus his Muse in-vi-ted him to say :



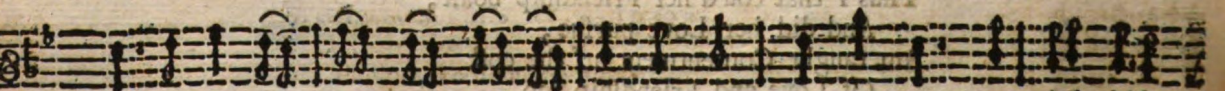
Why should Plea-sure so de-light us in its false fan-ta-stick Name? Why should Fraud

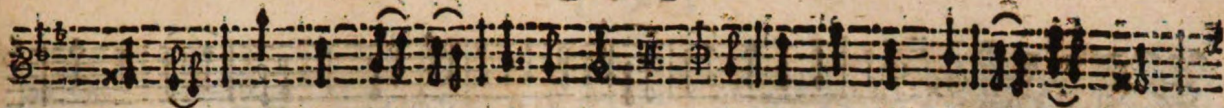


from Truth in-vite us? What's the End on't? What's the Aim? All our Acts of

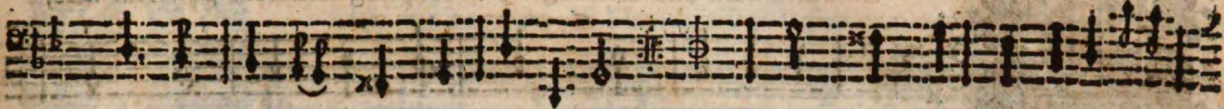


past Enjoy-ment glide and leave us, like a Stream: Present Time's the best Em-

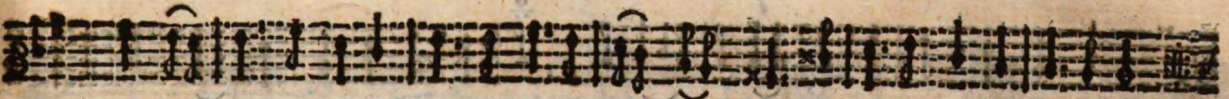
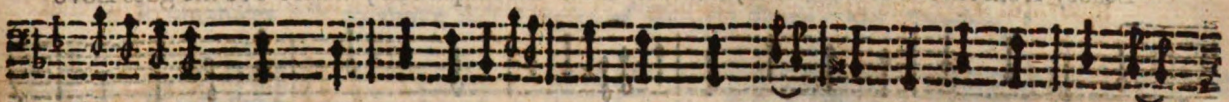




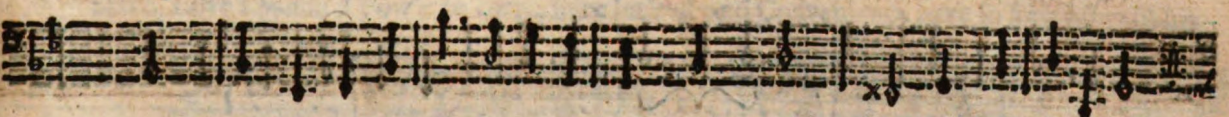
ployment ; all things past are but a Dream. Then farewell Mansions, fa-cred Bow'rs,



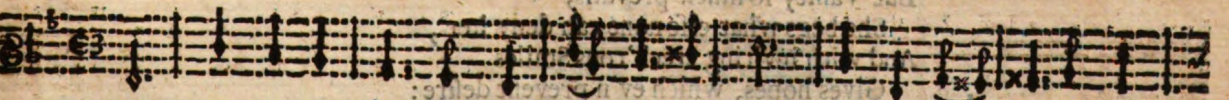
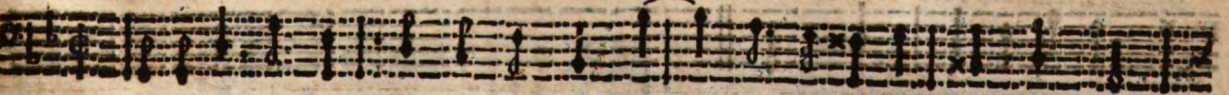
beauteous Friends, and happy Hours ! Farewell World, and worldly Bless-ing, Joy and



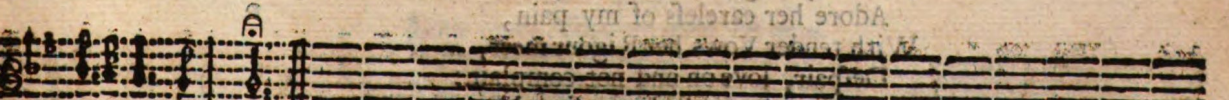
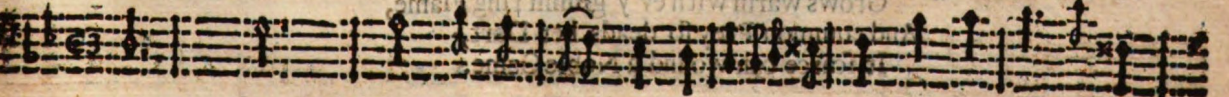
Mirth beyond expressing ; all that Nature e're would prove in fruitless Innocence or Love !



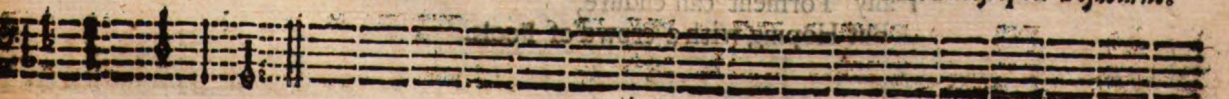
But O swift Time, that brings the Morning Light, bids that adieu, and brings the tedious



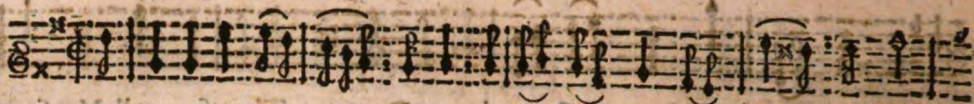
Night ; since to that long Farewell my Joys are fled ; think on poor Co-tri-don



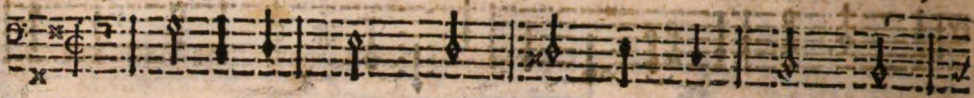
as on the Dead.



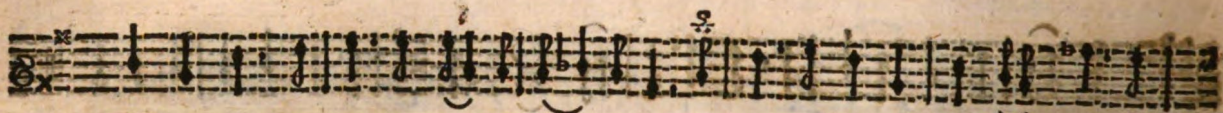
Mr. Christopher Fishburne.



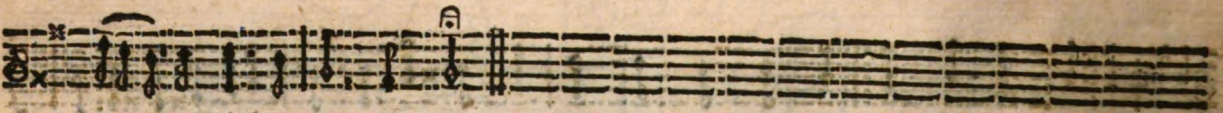
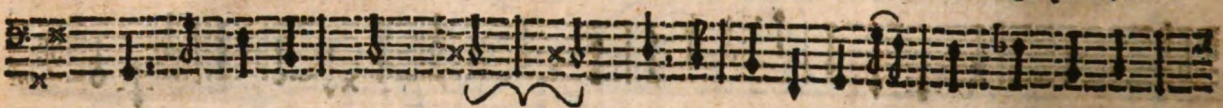
N Cloris all soft Charms agree, en-chanting Humour, pow rful Wit,



Beauty from Affe-cta-tion free, and for E-ter-nal Empire fit; where-e're she goes Love



! waits her Eyes, the Women en-vy, Men adore; tho did she less the Triumph prize, she



wou'd deserve the Conquest more.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



II.

But Vanity so much prevails,  
 She begs what else none can deny her,  
 And with inviting trech'rous Smiles  
 Gives hopes, which ev'n prevent desire:  
 Reaches at ev'ry trifling Heart,  
 Grows warm with ev'y glimm'ring Flame,  
 And common Prey so deads her Dart,  
 It scarce can wound a Noble Game.

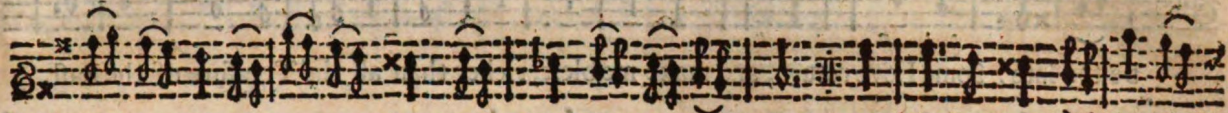
III.

I could lye Ages at her Feet,  
 Adore her careles of my pain,  
 With tender Vows her Rigour meet,  
 Despair, love on and not complain:  
 My Passion from all change secur'd,  
 Favours may rise no Frown controll:  
 I any Torment can endure,  
 But Hoping with a crowd of Fools.

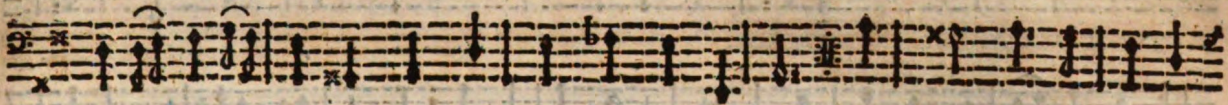




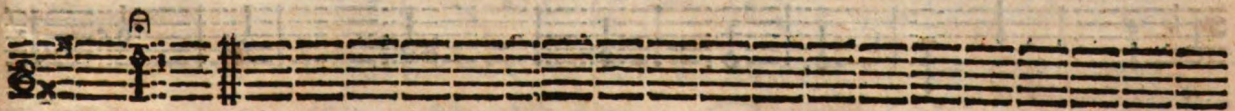
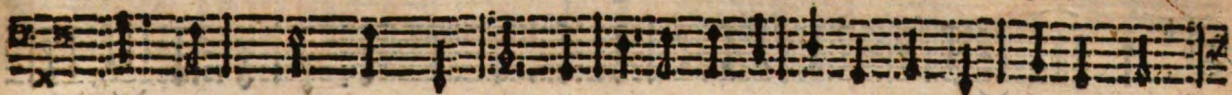
TELL me no more of Flames in Love, that common dull pretence, Fools



in Ro-man-ces use to move soft Hearts of lit-tle sence: No, *Strephon*, I'm not such a

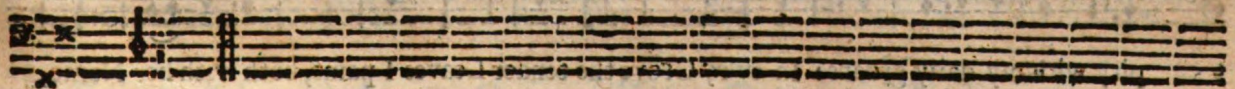


Slave, Love's banish'd Pow'r to own; since Int'rest and Convenience have so long usurp'd his



Throne.

*Mr. Fishburne.*

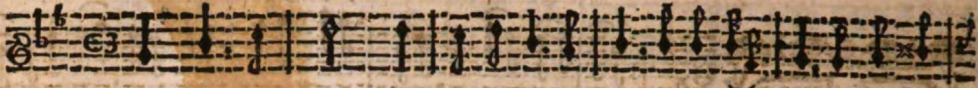


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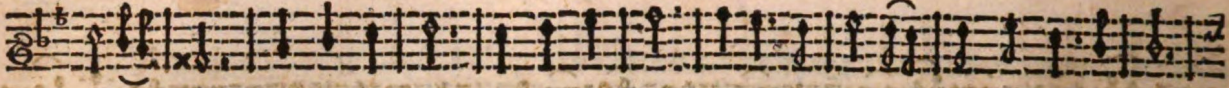
No burning Hope or cold Despair,  
Dull Groves or purling Streams,  
Sighing and talking to the Air  
In Love's fantastick Dreams,  
Can move my Pity or my Hate,  
But Satyrift I'll prove,  
And All ridiculous create  
That shall pretend to love.

III.

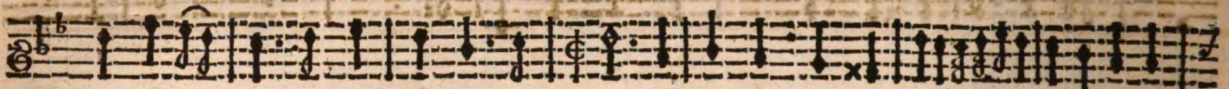
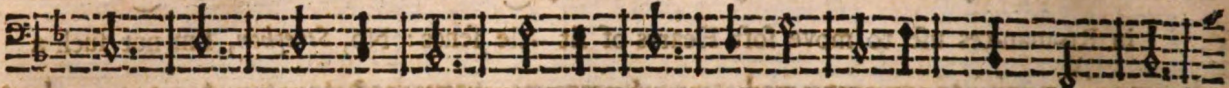
Love was a Monarch once 'tis true,  
And God-like rul'd alone,  
And though his Subjects were but few,  
Their Hearts were all his own:  
But since, the Slaves revolted are,  
And turn'd into a State,  
Their Int'rest is their only care,  
And Love grows out of date.



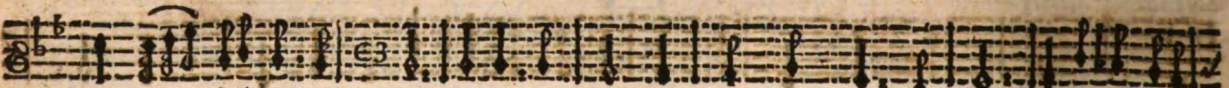
Quench these Flames! the mi-se-ra-ble state I'm in re-lieve before it



be too late: Some Love return, and make me blest, richer than all the Treasure of the East.



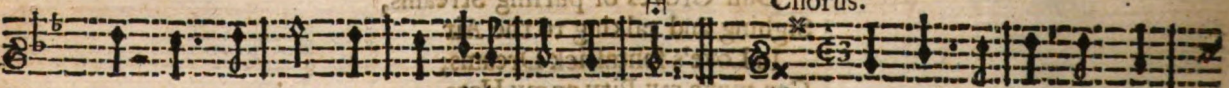
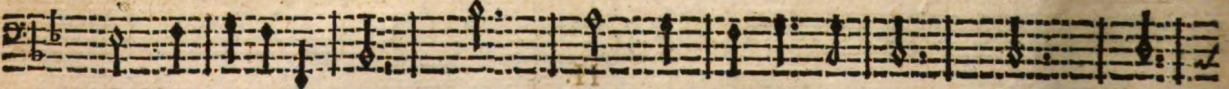
Oft in my Face my Mind's Disease ap-pears: My silent Brows, my fi-lent for-



row shows it self in Tears. In lonely Caves, obscur'd with Woods, the stones I move to



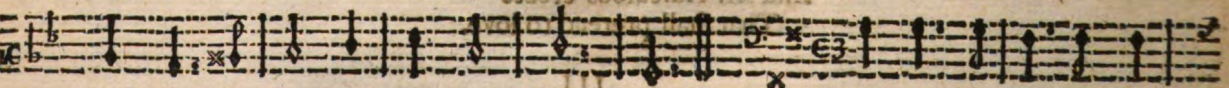
pity with my daily groans: In ev'ry Grove the tender Leaves I paint, both with her Name,



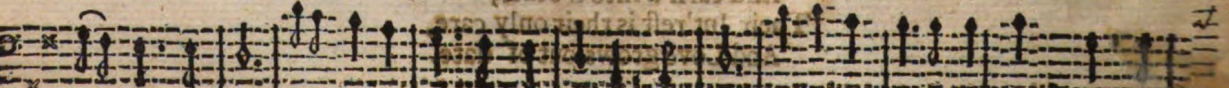
Chorus.

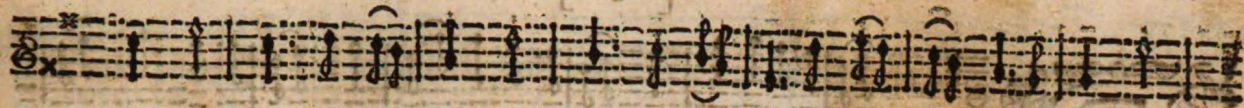
both with her Name, and with my own Complaint.

**B**UT might I hope the Gods



did e're de-sign to move her Heart: to some return to mine; then all who in immor-tal Thrones re-

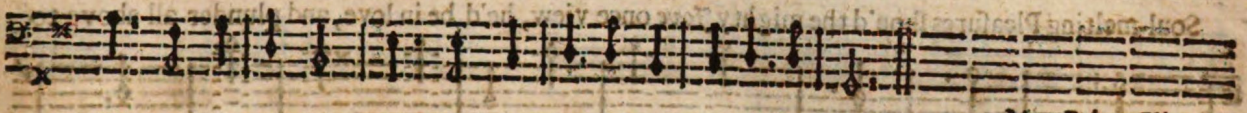




side, grant, grant, that no day, grant, grant, that no day may e-----ver us di-*vide*; grant,



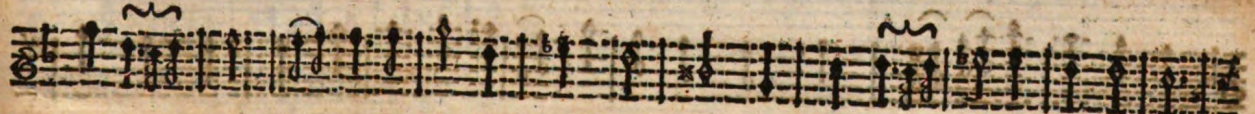
grant, that no day, grant, grant, that no day may e-----ver us di-*vide*.



Mr. Robert King.



Apply the Time when free from Love I rang'd the Woods and



ev'ry Grove; I minded not the Great Ones Fall, nor whom Am-bition did enthral.

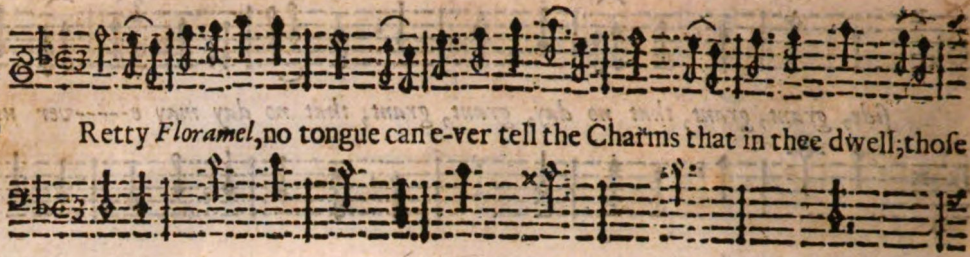


I minded not the Great Ones Fall, nor whom Am-bition did en-thrall. Mr. R. King.



II.  
 My only Care was how to keep  
 From cruel Wolves my harmless Sheep:  
 But though from Wolves my Sheep I kept,  
 None could my Heart from Love protect.  
 But though, &c.

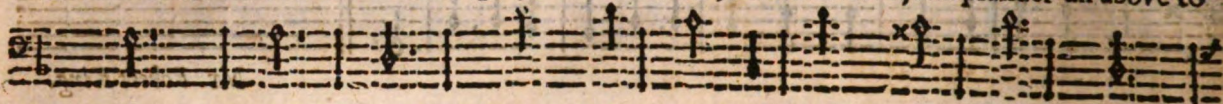
III.  
 There is not one upon these Plains  
 That loves like me of all the Swains:  
 But I have learn'd now to my cost,  
 That who loves best must suffer most.  
 But I have, &c.



Retty *Floramel*, no tongue can e-ver tell the Charms that in thee dwell; those



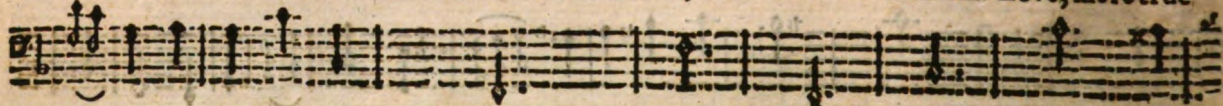
Soul-melting Pleasures shou'd the mighty *Jove* once view, he'd be in love, and plunder all above to



rain down his Trea--sure.. Ah! said the Nymph in the Shepherds Arms, had you half as much



Love as you say I have Charms, there's not a Soul, cre--a--ted for Man and Love, more true



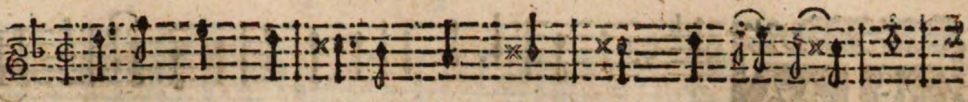
than *Floramel* wou'd prove; I'd o're the world with thee rove.

Mr. Fishburne.

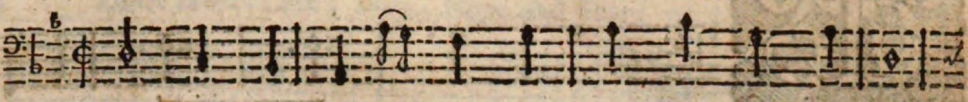


## II.

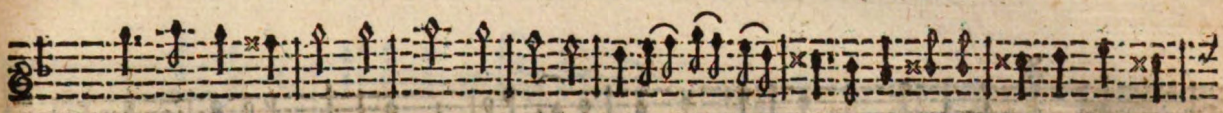
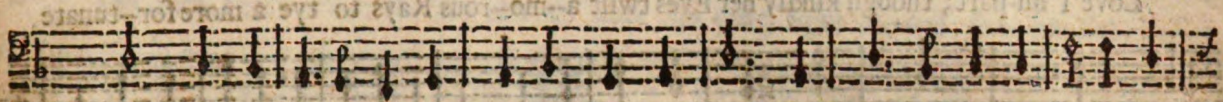
Love that's truly free had never Jealousie,  
 But artful Love may be  
 Both doubtful and wooing.  
 Ah! dear Shepherdess, ne're doubt, for you may guess  
 My Heart will prove no less  
 Than ever endless loving.  
 Then, cries the Nymph, like the Sun thou shalt be,  
 And I, like the kind Earth, will produce all to thee,  
 Of ev'ry Flower in Love's Garden I'll Off'rings pay  
 To my Saint. Nay then pray  
 Take not those dear Eyes away.



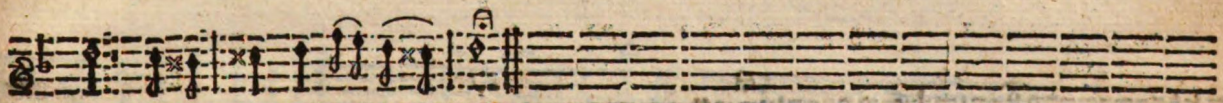
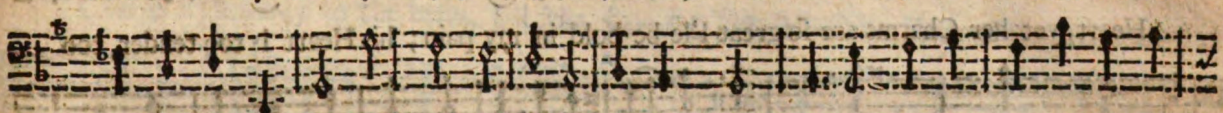
N the Shade, up--on the Grass where Nymphs and Shepherds lye,



Will was courting of a Lafs, and Nell stood list'ning by: Quoth Will, You will not tarry two

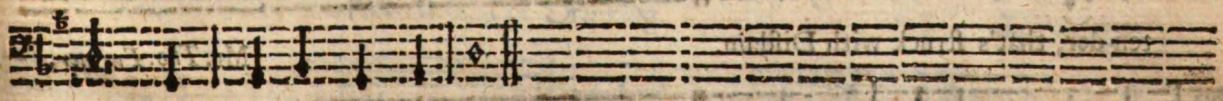


Months before you marry. Fye, no, fye, no, never, never tell me so; for a Maid I'll live and



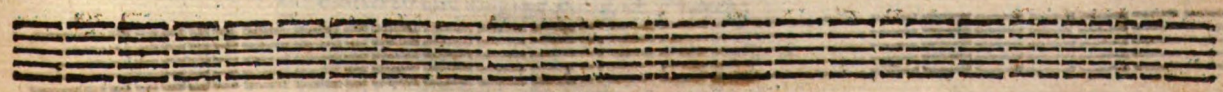
dye. Quoth Nell, So will not I.

Mr. Fishburne.



II.

Long Debates in Hopes and Fears,  
With Kisses mixt between,  
With a Song he charm'd her Ears  
How Minds have alter'd been;  
Finding his Love grown stronger,  
For fear of staying longer,  
Cry'd, Good now, pray now,  
If you love me let me go,  
For fear you change my Mind,  
And leave my Heart behind.





Though the Pride of my Passion fair *Silvia* be-trays, and frowns at the

Love I im-part; though kindly her Eyes twist a-mo-rous Rays to tye a more for-tunate

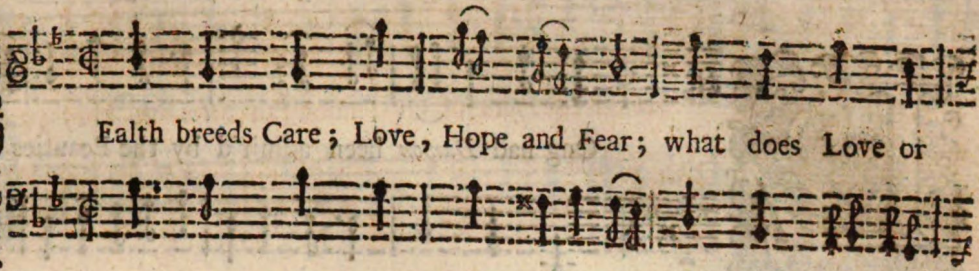
Heart, yet her Charms are so great I'll be bold in my pain; his Heart is too tender, too

ten-der, that's struck with Disdain.

Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.

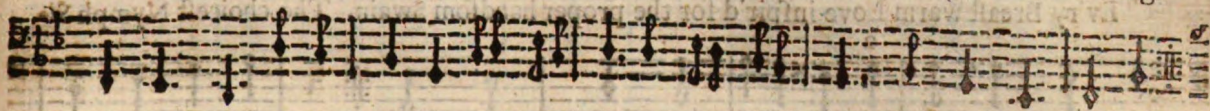
Still my Heart is so just to my passionate Eyes,  
 It dissolves with delight while I gaze:  
 And he that loves on, though *Silvia* denies,  
 His Love but his Duty obeys.  
 I no more can refrain her Neglects to pursue,  
 Than the force, the force  
 Of her Beauty can cease to subdue.



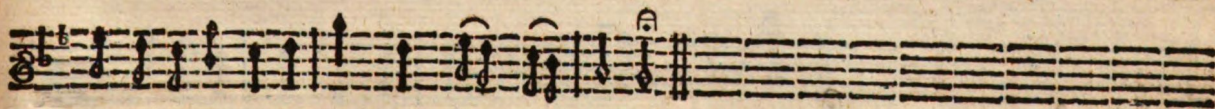
Health breeds Care ; Love, Hope and Fear ; what does Love or



Bus'-ness here? while *Bacchus* mer-ry does ap-pear, fight on and fear no sinking.

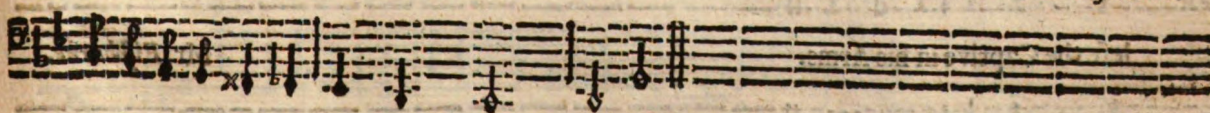


Charge it brisk-ly to the brim, 'till the fly-ing Top-sails swim. We owe the great Dif-



co-ve-ry to him of this New World of Drinking.

Mr. Fishburne.



II.

Grave Cabals that States refine,  
Mingle their Debates with Wine ;  
*Ceres* and the God o'th' Vine  
Makes ev'ry great Commander.  
Let sober Sots Small-beer subdue,  
The Wise and Valiant Wine does woe ;  
The *Stagyrite* had the honour to  
Be drunk with *Alexander*.

III.

Stand to your Arms, and now advance  
A Health to the *English* King of *France* ;  
On to the next, a *bon speranze* :  
By *Bacchus* and *Apollo*  
Thus in state I lead the Van,  
Fall in your place by your right-hand Man :  
Beat Drum ! now March ! Dub a dub, ran dan :  
He's a *Whigg* that will not follow.



ong had *Damon* been admir'd by the Beauties of the Plain;

Ev'ry Breast warm Love inspir'd for the proper handfom Swain. The choicest Nymph Si-

ci--lia bred was won by his resistless Charms; soft Looks, and Verse as smooth, had led and

left the Captive in his Arms.

Mr. Fishburne.

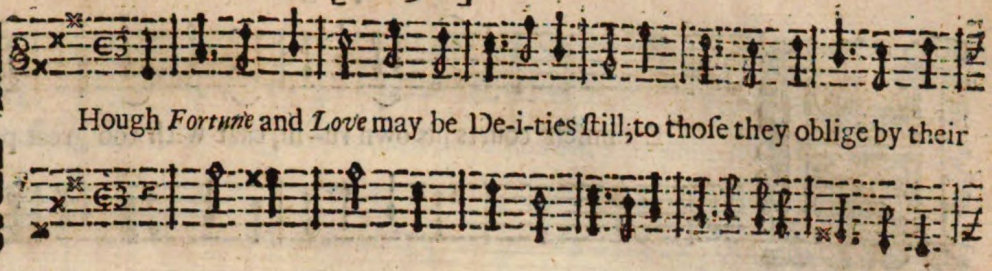
II.

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

III.

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





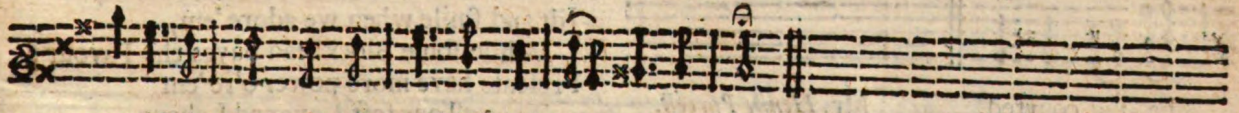
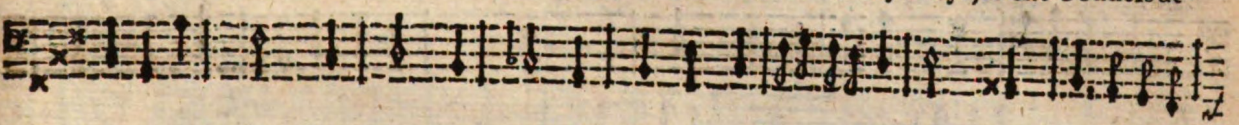
Hough *Fortune* and *Love* may be De-i-ties still; to those they oblige by their



Pow'r; for my part, they ever have us'd me so ill, they cannot ex-pect I'll e-a-dore: Hereafter a



Temple to *Friendship* I'll raise, and de-di-cate there all the rest of my Days, to the Godde's ac-



cepted my Vows, to the Godde's ac-cepted my Vows.

Mr. *Fisburne*.



II.

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

III.

But yet the Goddess of Fools to despise,  
 I find I am too much in her pow'r;  
 She makes me go where 'tis in vain to be wise,  
 In absence of her I adore:  
 If Love then undoes me before I get back,  
 I still with Resignment receive the Attack,  
 Or languish away in despair,  
 Or languish, &c.



E himself courts his own ru-in, that with too great pas-sion fues 'em :

When Men whine too much in wooing, Women will like Cocquets use 'em : Some by this way

of addresssing have the Sex so far transported, that they'l fool away the blessing for the pride of

be-ing courted.

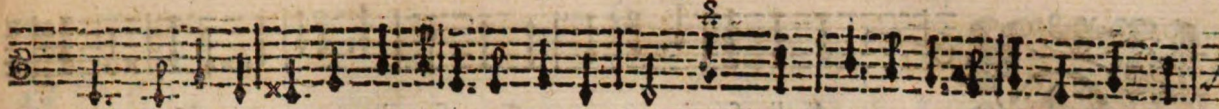
Mr. Henry Parcell.

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

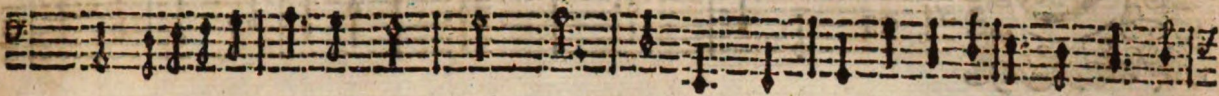


Ould you be a Man in fashion? would you lead a Life divine? Take a

lit-tle dram of Passion, a lit-tle dram of Passion, in a lusty Dose of Wine ; if the

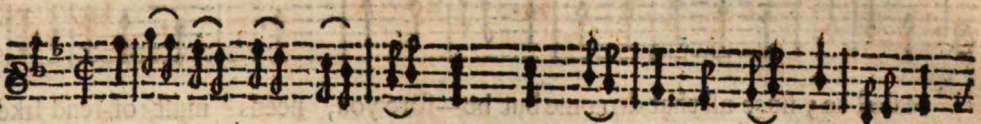
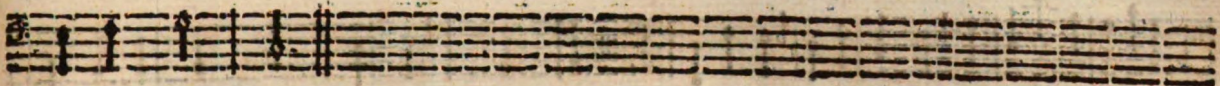


Nymph has no compassion, vain it is to sigh and groan. Love was but put in for fashion, Wine will



do the work a-lone.

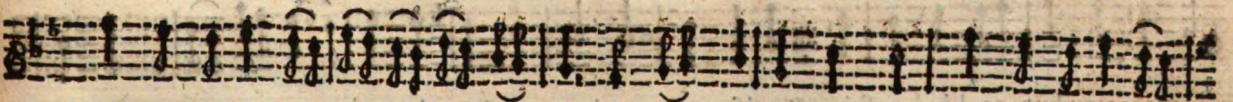
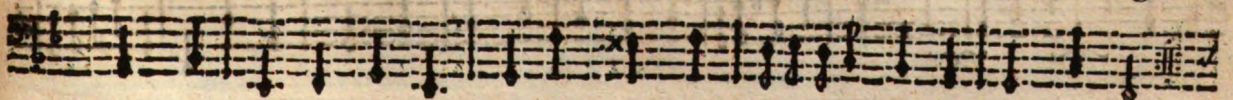
Capt. Pack



Y sha-dy Woods and purling Streams I spend my Life in pleasing



Dreams, and would not for the World be thought to change my false de-lightful thought :

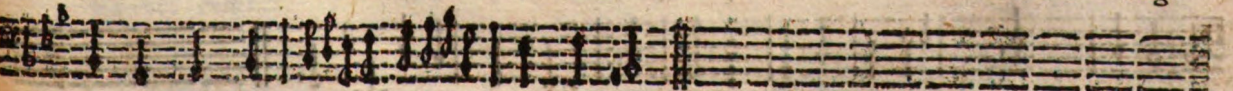


For who, a-lafs ! can hap-py be that does the Truth of all things see ? For who, a-lafs ! can



hap-py be that does the Truth of all things see?

Mr. Robert King.





*E--lia* forgive me my passion, since 'twas cre--a--ted by you, you

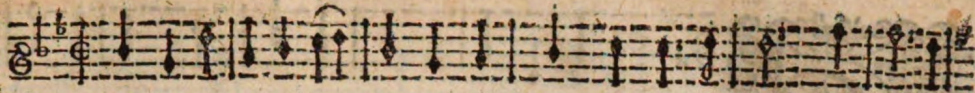
are the fatal occasion, be not the punisher too: If it be a crime to a--dore you, you should con-

cealed be; since all that do come but be--fore you, needs must of-fend like me. Make not soft

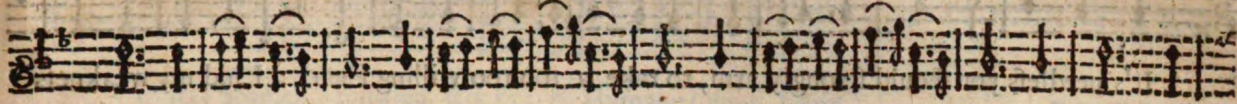
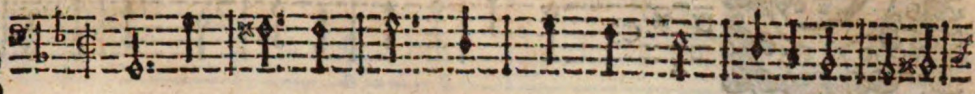
Pi-ty a stranger, there where such Vir--tue does appear; I should not fear so much dan--ger

were you but as kind as fair: But if you knew how much I prize you, would it not your favour

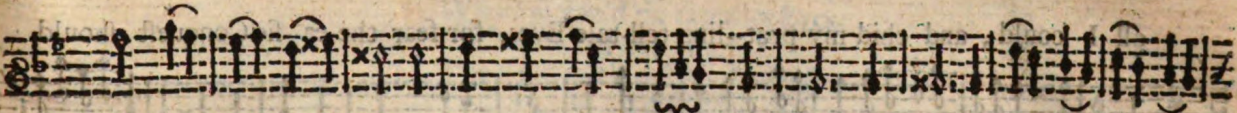
move? Plain Justice it self will advise you, still, still to pay Love for Love. *Sen. Damasene.*



Ay the Ambitious Pleasure find in Crowds and empty Noise, while gentle



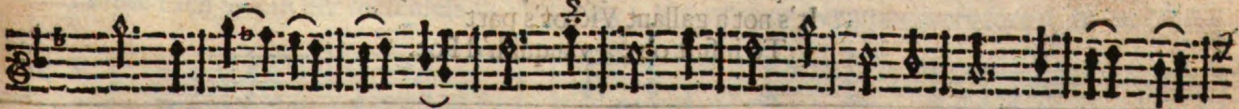
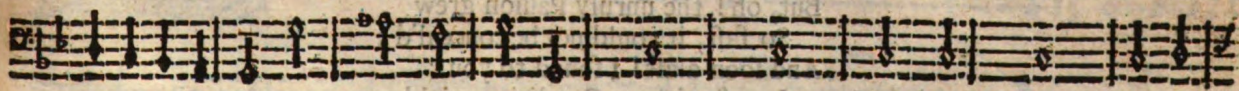
Love does fill my Mind with si-lent re--al Joys ; with si-lent re--al Joys. Let Knave and



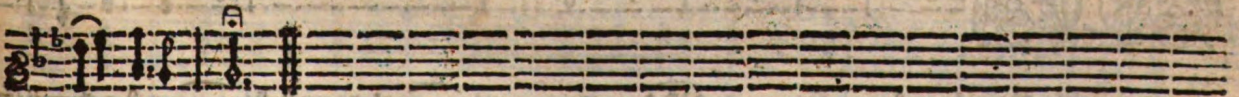
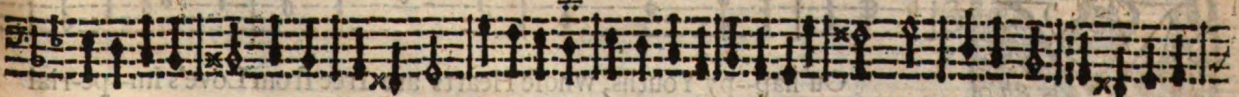
Fool grow rich and cru-el, and the World think 'em wise, while I lye dy-ing at her



Feet, and all, and all that World despise. Let conq'ring Kings new Tro-----phies

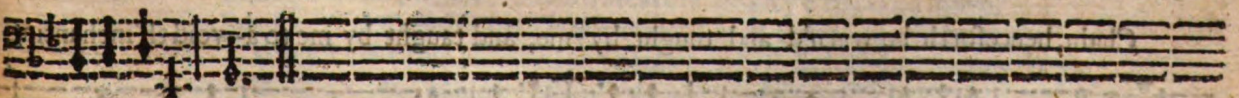


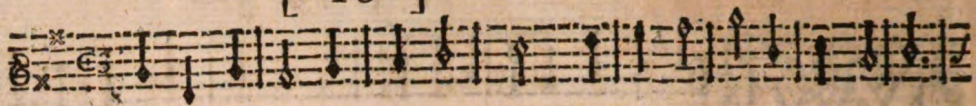
raise, and melt in Court-delights ; her Eyes can give me brighter Days, her Arms much



sof-ter Nights.

Mr. Robert King.

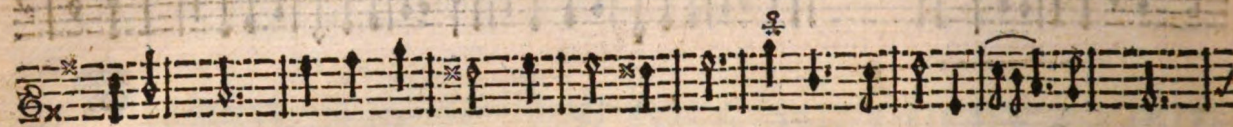




Eafe lovely *Strephon*, cease to charm ; uselefs, alas! is all this Art ;



It's needlefs you should strongly arm, to take a too too willing Heart : I hid my weaknefs

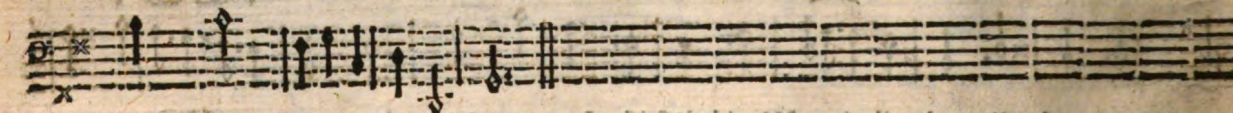


all I could , and chid my prat-ling tell-tale Eyes, for fear the ea-sie Conquest should



take from the Va-lue of the Prize.

Sen. *Damafene*.



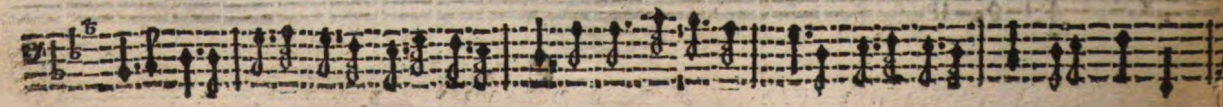
But, oh! the unruly Passion grew  
 So fast, it could not be conceal'd,  
 And soon alas! I found to you  
 I must without Conditions yield.  
 Though you have thus surpriz'd my Heart,  
 Yet use it kindly, for you know,  
 It's not a gallant Victor's part  
 To insult o're a vanquish'd Foe.

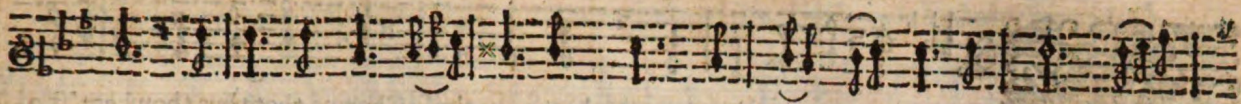


Ou hap-py Youths, whose Hearts are free from Love's Im-pe-rial

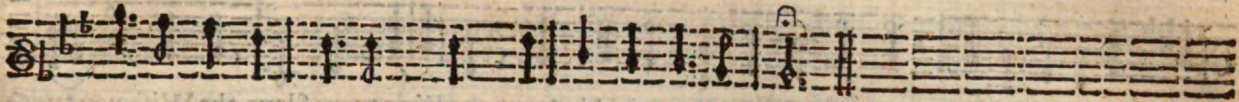
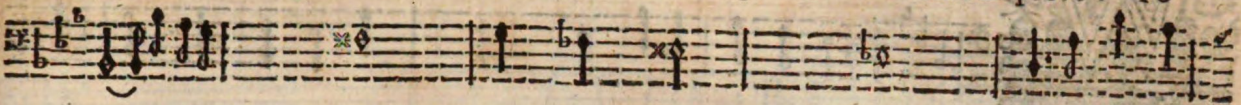


Chain, henceforth be warn'd and taught by me, and taught by me to a-void th'inchanting



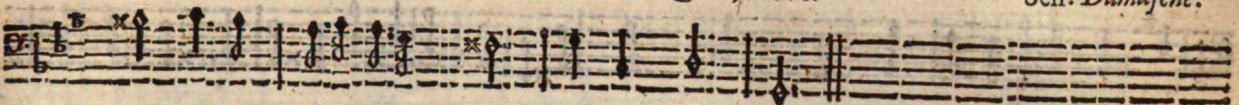


pain. Fa-tal the Wolves to trembling Flocks, sharp Winds to Blossoms prove : To



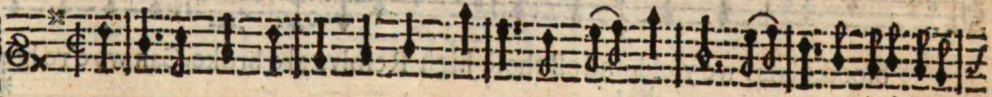
careless Seamen, hid-den Rocks ; to Humane Quiet, Love.

Sen. *Damascene.*



II.

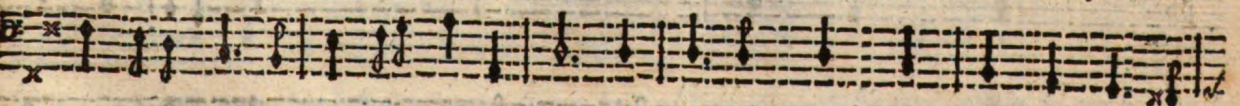
Fly the fair Sex, if Blifs you prize,  
The Snake's beneath the Flow'r ;  
Whoever gaz'd on Beauties Eyes,  
That tasted quiet more ?  
The Kind with restless Jealousie,  
The Cruel fill with Care ;  
With baser Falshood those betray,  
These kill us with Despair.



Hen busie Fame o're all the Plain *Ve-linda's* Praises rung, and on their oa-ten



Pipes each Swain her matchless Beauty sung ; the envious Nymphs were forc'd to yield the



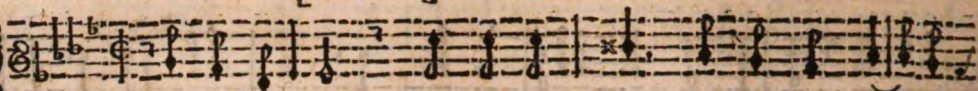
had the sweetest Face : No e-mu-lous disputes were held, but for the second place.



Mr. *Tho. Farmer.*

II.

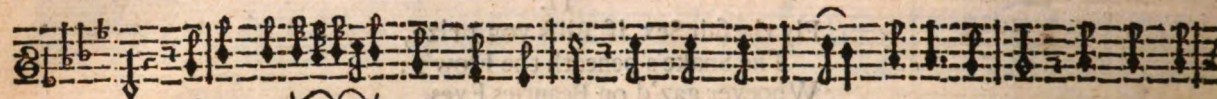
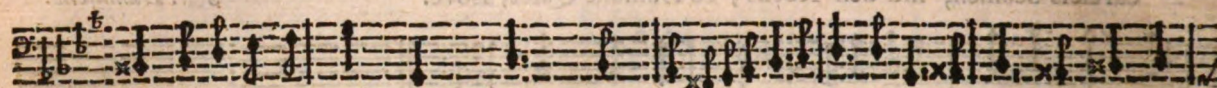
Young *Coridon*, whose stubborn Heart no Beauty e're could move,  
But smil'd at *Cupid's* Bow and Dart, and brav'd the God of Love,  
Would view this Nymph, and pleas'd at first such silent Charms to see,  
With wonder gaz'd, then sigh'd, and curs'd his Curiosity.



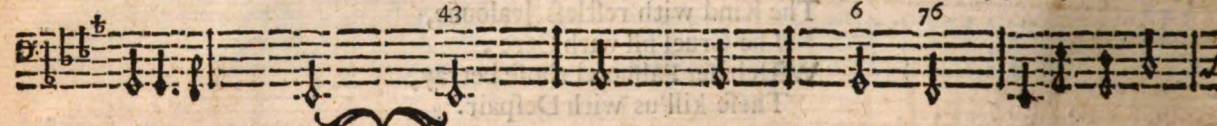
What art thou Love? whence are those Charms, that thus thou bear'st a



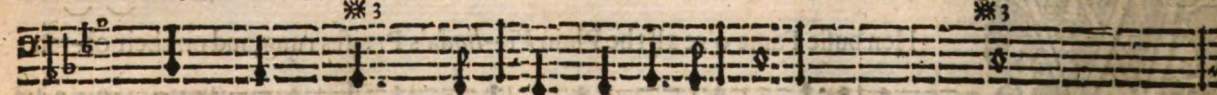
u-ni-verfal Rule? For thee the Soldier quits his Arms, the King turns Slave, the Wiseman turns



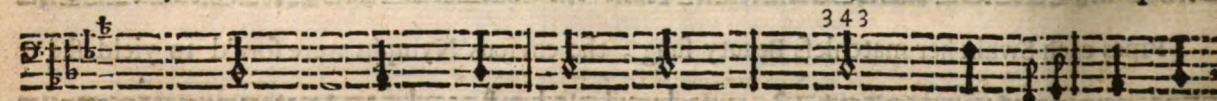
Fool. In vain we chafe thee from the field, and with cool thoughts resist thy yoke, next tide of



blood, alafs! we yield, and all those high Refolvys are broke. Can we e're hope thou should'ft be



true, whom we have found fo often bafe? couzen'd and cheated, ftill we view and fawn upon the



trecherous Face. In vain, in vain, in vain our Nature we accufe, and doat becaufe ſhe ſays we muſt.



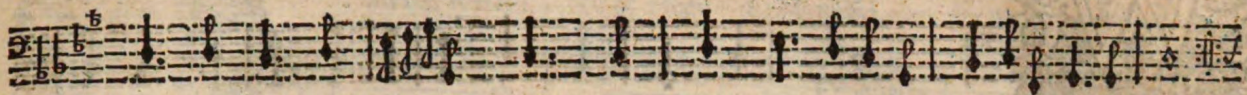
In vain our Nature we accufe, and doat becaufe ſhe ſays we muſt. This for a Brute were an ex-



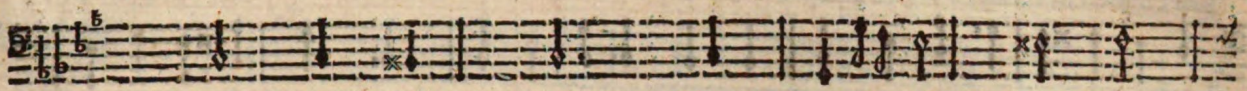




cuse, whose very soul and life is lust, whose very soul and life, whose very soul and life is Lust.



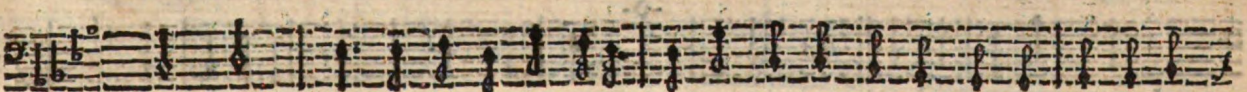
To get our likeness, what's that? Our likeness is but mi-se-ry, but mi-



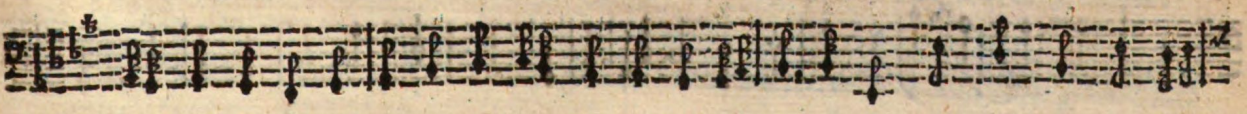
fe-ry. Why should I toil to propagate another thing as vile, another thing as



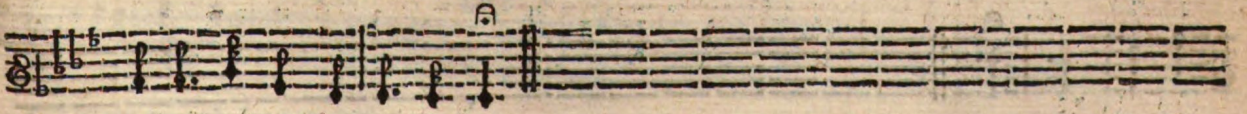
vile a Fool as I: From Hands divine our Spirits came, and Gods that made us did inspire



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



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



above the dregs of earthy Fire.

Sen. Baptist.





Elcome Mortal to this place, where smiling Fate did fend thee, snatch thy

happy Minutes as they pass, who knows how few attend thee? Joy ----- es full ripe a-

bout thee rowl, and flow in endless Measure; dip thy Wishes deep, and fill thy Soul with

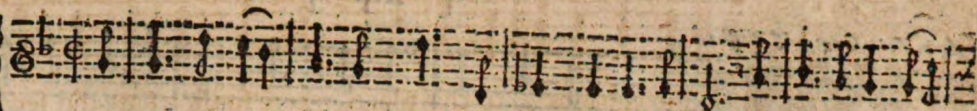
draughts of ev'ry Pleasure. Feast thy Heart with Love's de—fire, thy Eyes with Beauty's

charms, with Imagination fan the Fire, then quench it in thy Arms; for since Life's a flip-pe-ry

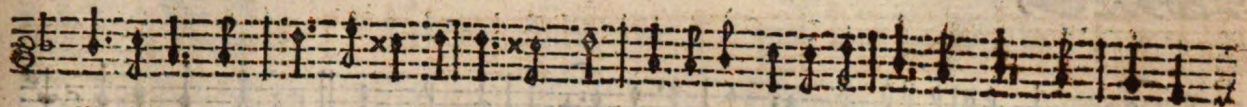
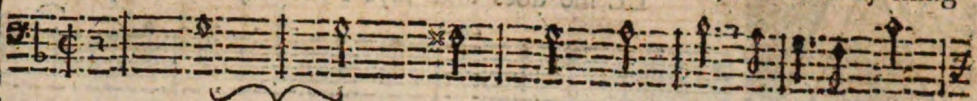
Gueft, whose flight can't be prevented, treat it whilst it stays here with the best, and then 'twill

go con—ten—ted.

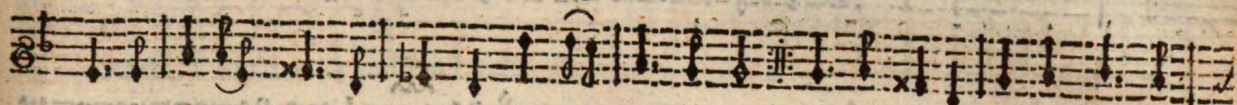
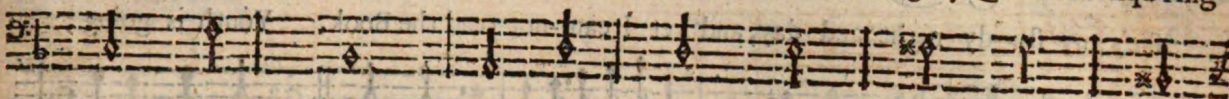
Capt. Packe.



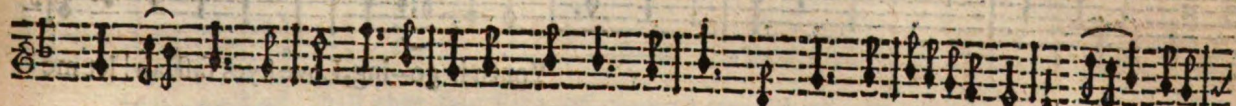
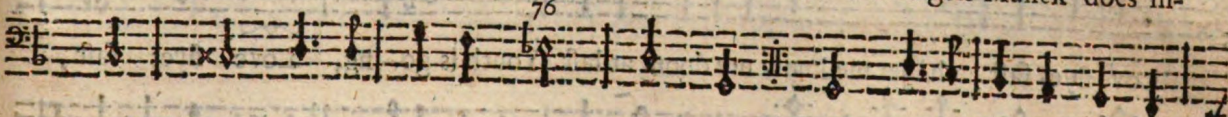
Sweet Resemblance of Heav'n no Man did ever see, nor can a-ny thing



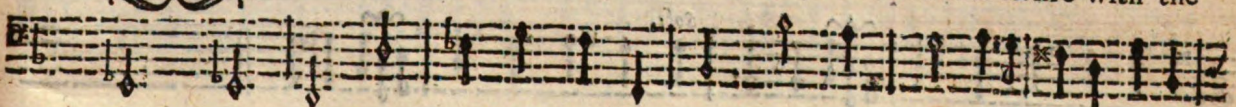
like it be, where Joys are all compleatly giv'n; on-ly my *Calia*, the mighty Queen of conqu'ring



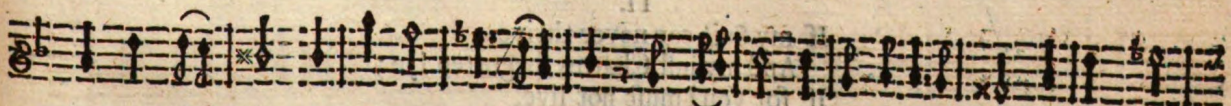
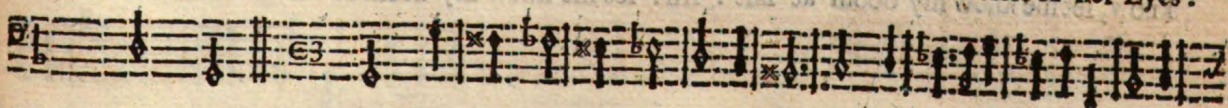
Beauty and of Wit, does a true Co-py make of it. As the Angels Musick does in-



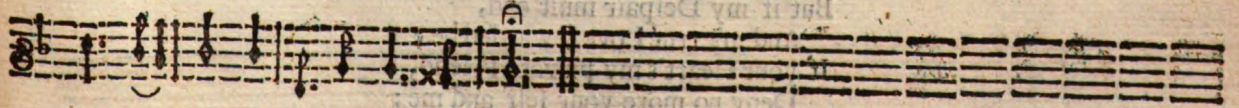
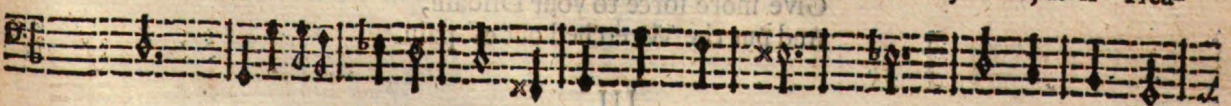
spire the Saints a-bove, so my *Calia* (their likenefs here) sets all Mens Hearts on fire with the



Flames of Love. The starry brightnes of the Skies is but the like-ness of her Eyes:



So wondrous good, so matchless fair and sweet, and all Graces so exactly meet, as if Hea-



ven were her, or she her self were it:

Sen: *Damasene*.



A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.

LL she does and says I weigh, my Fate I seek for in her look,

she's my stu-dy night and day, and yet I can-not read the Book. Youth is going,

Love flies fast, ah! let me know my doom at last. Youth is go-ing, Love flies fast,

Youth is go-ing, Love flies fast, ah! let me

ah! let me know my doom at last: Ah! let me know my doom at last.

know, let me know my doom at last: Ah! let me know my doom at last.

Mr. J. A. Hart.

II.

If my Suit can never thrive,  
 And my just Charms forgotten I ye;  
 If for you I must not live,  
 This Hour, this Moment let me dye:  
 Give more force to your Disdain,  
 And put the Wretched out of pain.

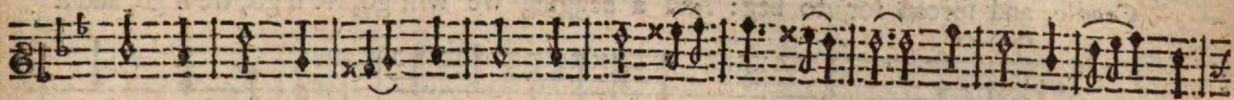
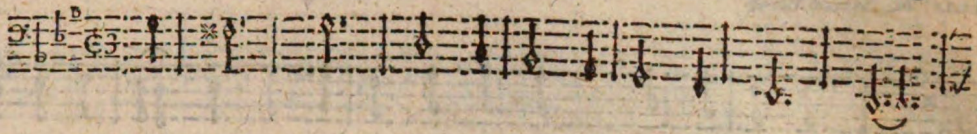
III.

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

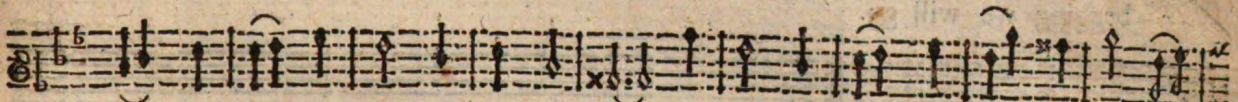
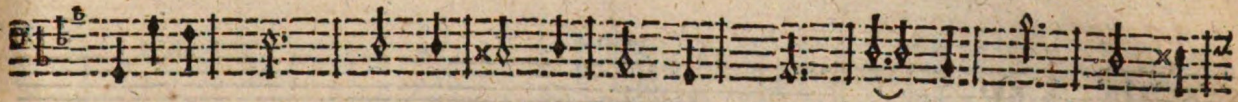
A SONG in the CITY HEIRESSES.



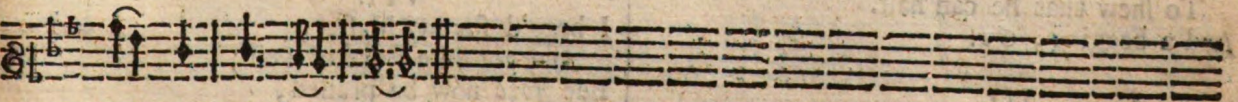
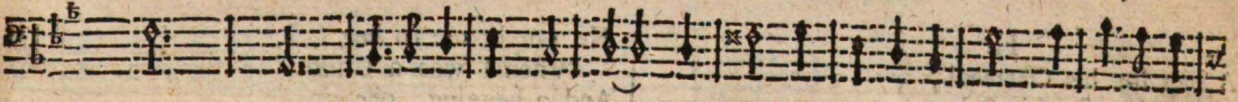
H *Fen-ny* gin your Eyes do kill, you'l let me tell my pain; gud



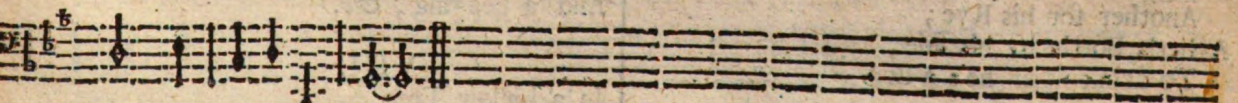
Faith, I lov'd a--gainst my will, yet wad not break my Chain: Ize once was call'd a



bon--ny Lad, 'till that fair Face of yours betray'd the Freedom once I had, and

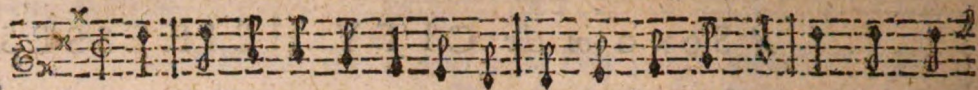


all my bli--ther hours.

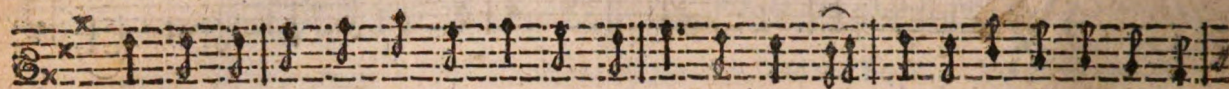


II.

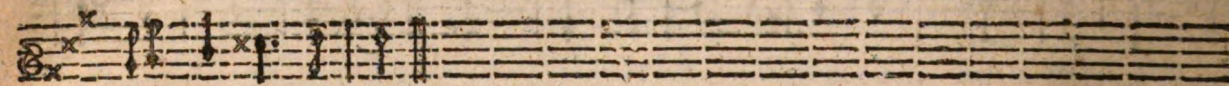
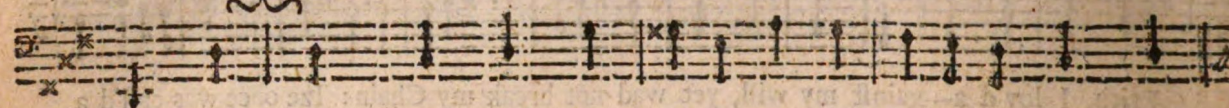
And now wey's me, like Winter looks  
 My faded show'ring Eyn;  
 And on the Banks of shaded Brooks  
 I pass my wearied time:  
 Ize call the Streams that glideth on  
 To witness, if they see,  
 On all the brink they glide along,  
 So true a Swain as I.



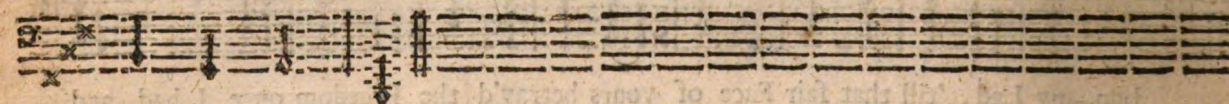
Here was a Jovial Pegger, he had a wooden Leg; lame from his



Cradle, and forced for to beg: And a begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go, and a



begging we will go.



II.

A bag for his Oatmeal,  
Another for his Salt;  
And a pair of Crutches  
To shew that he can halt.  
And a begging, &c.

III.

A bag for his Wheat,  
Another for his Rye;  
A little Bottle by his side,  
To drink when he's a-dry.  
And a begging, &c.

IV.

To *Pimblico* we'll go,  
Where we shall merry be;  
With ev'ry Man a can in's hand,  
And a Wench upon his Knee.  
And a begging, &c.

V.

And when we are dispos'd  
To tumble on the Grass,  
We've a long patch'd Coat  
To hide a pretty Lafs.  
And a begging, &c.

VI.

Seven Years I begg'd  
For my old Master *Wild*,

He taught me to beg  
When I was a Child  
And a begging, &c.

VII.

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

VIII.

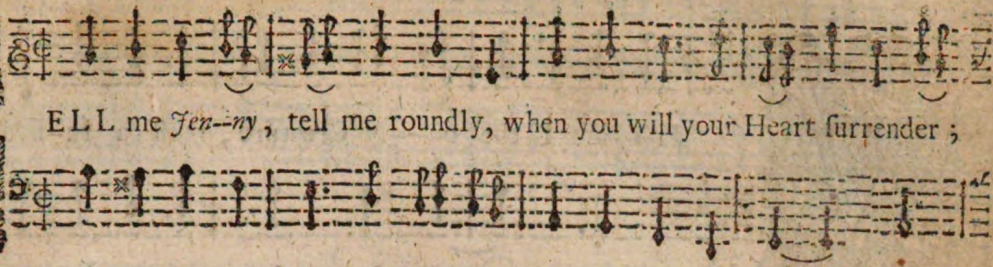
In a hollow Tree  
I live, and pay no Rent;  
Providence provides for me,  
And I am well content.  
And a begging, &c.

IX.

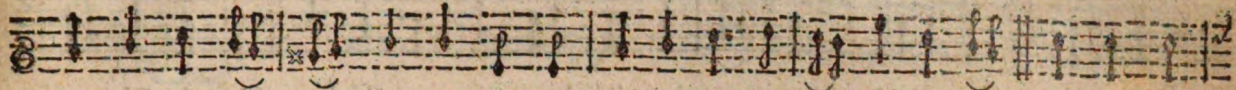
Of all Occupations,  
A Begger lives the best;  
For when he is a weary,  
He'll lye him down and rest.  
And a begging, &c.

X.

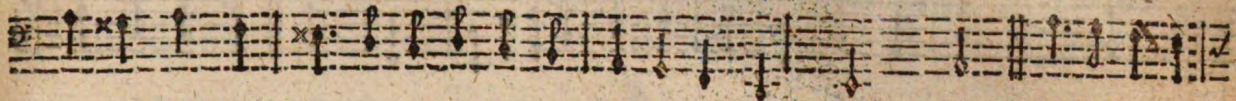
I fear no Plots against me,  
I live in open Cell;  
Then who would be a King,  
When the Beggers live so well.  
And a begging, &c.



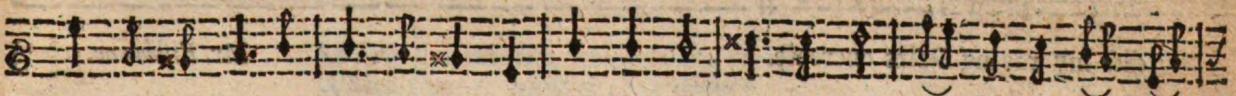
ELL me *Jen-ny*, tell me roundly, when you will your Heart surrender ;



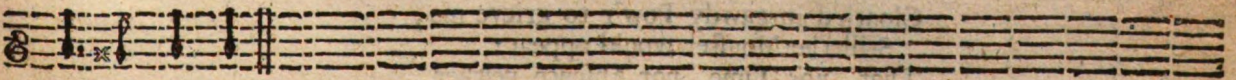
Faith and Troth I love thee foundly, 'twas I that was the first pretender. Ne're say nay,



nor de-lay, here's my Heart, and here's my Hand too; all that's mine, shall be thine,



Body and Goods at thy command too; all that's mine, shall be thine, Bo--dy and Goods at



thy command too.



II.

Ah! how many Maids, quoth *Jenny*,  
 Have you promis'd to be true to?  
 Fye! I think the Devil's in you,  
 To kiss a body so as you do!  
 What d'ye? let me go,  
 I can't abide such foolish doing;  
 Get you gone, naughty Man,  
 Fye! is this your way of Wooing!

W H Y am I the on--ly Creature, must a ru--in'd Love pursue;

o--ther Passions yield to Nature, mine there's nothing can subdue. Not the Glo--ry

of Pos--ses--sing Monarchs wishes gave me ease, more and more the mighty Blessings

did my raging Pains encrease.

Mr. Fishburne.

II.

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

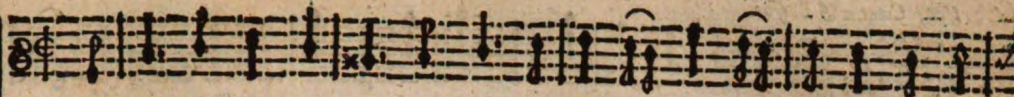
III.

Had alone her matchless Beauty  
 Set my amorous Heart on fire,  
 Age at last would do its duty,  
 Fuel ceasing, Flames expire.  
 But her Mind immortal grows,  
 Makes my Love immortal too;  
 Nature ne'er created Faces,  
 Can the Charms of Souls undo.

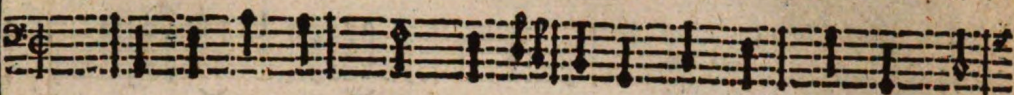
IV.

And to make my Loss the greater,  
 She laments it as her own;  
 Could she scorn me, I might hate her,  
 But alas! she shews me none.  
 Then since Fortune is my Ruine,  
 In Retirement I'll complain;  
 And in rage for my undoing,  
 Ne'er come in its Power again.

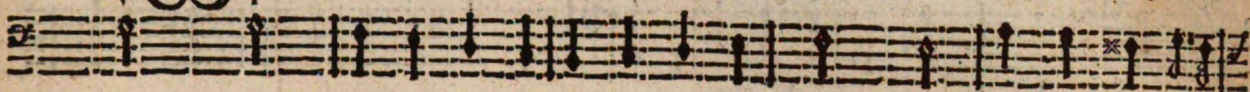




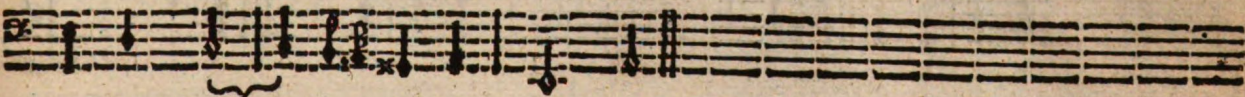
*Au-rin-da*, who did love disdain, for whom had languish'd many a Swain;



leading her bleating Flocks to drink, she spy'd up-on a Rivers brink, a Youth, whose Eyes did



well declare, how much he lov'd, but lov'd not her.

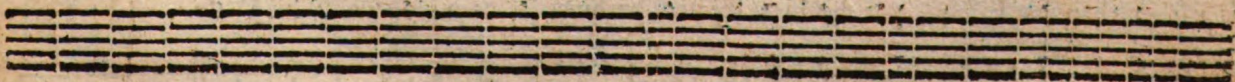


II.

At first she laugh'd, but gaz'd a while,  
Which soon it lessen'd to a smile;  
Thence to surprize and wonder came,  
Her Breast to heave, her Heart to flame:  
Then cry'd she out, Ah! now I prove  
Thou art a God, most mighty *Jove*.

III.

She would have spoke, but Shame deny'd,  
And bid her first consult her Pride;  
But soon she found that Aid was gone,  
For *Jove*, alas! had left her none:  
Ah! now she burns! but 'tis too late,  
For in his Eyes she reads her Fate.



A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



Ike a Dog with a Bottle fast ty'd to his Tail, like Vermin in a

Trap, or a Thief in a Jayl; or like a To--ry in a Bog, or an Ape with a Clog:

Such is the Man, who when he might go free, does his Li--ber--ty lose for a Ma--tri--mo--nial

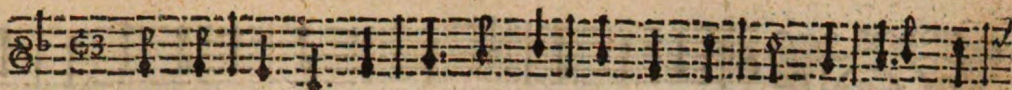
Noose, and sells himself in--to Cap--ti--vi--ty. The Dog he does howl when the Bot--tle does

jog; the Vermin, the Thief, and the Tory in vain, of the Trap, of the Jayl, of the Quagmire complain.

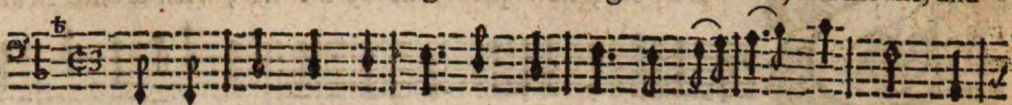
But well fare poor Pug, for he Play-----es with his Clog: And tho' he would be rid on't

rather than his Life; yet he lugs it, and he hugs it, as a Man would his Wife.

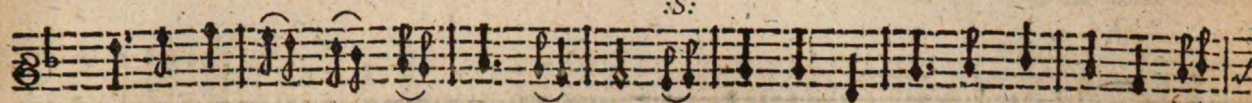
A. 2. Voc.



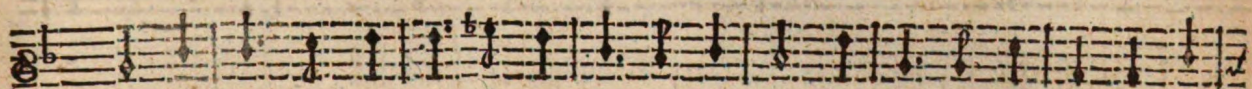
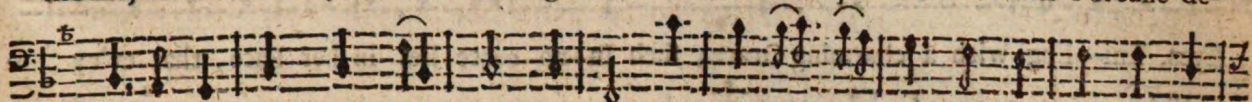
E T th'ambitious fore high on the Wings of Renown, and mount, and



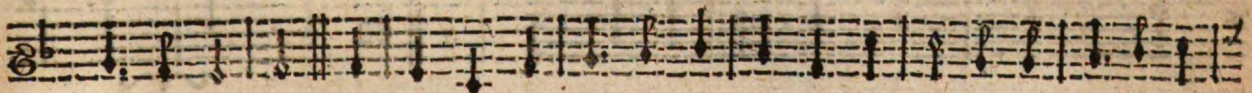
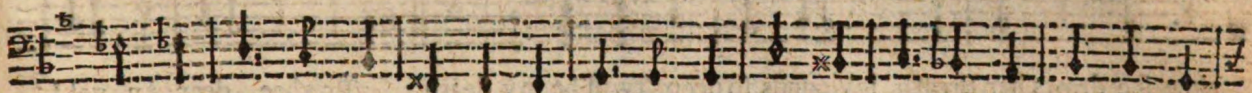
:S:



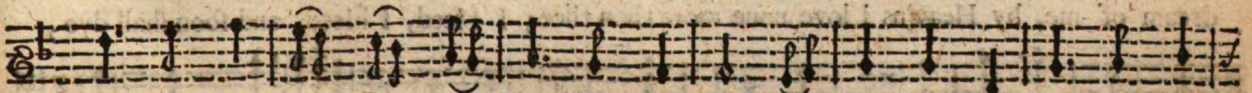
mount, like blind Birds, to come tumbling down: Let Lo-ver's pale Face his sick Fortune de-



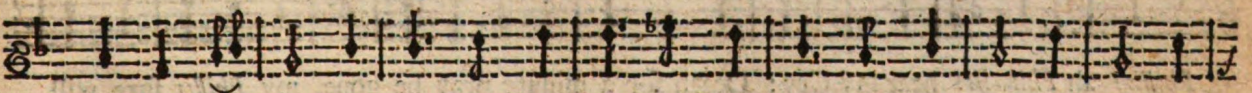
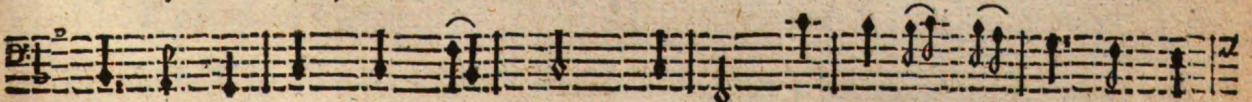
clare; let Trai-te-rous Statesmen the Rabble ensnare, Wine's all my Am-bi-tion, my



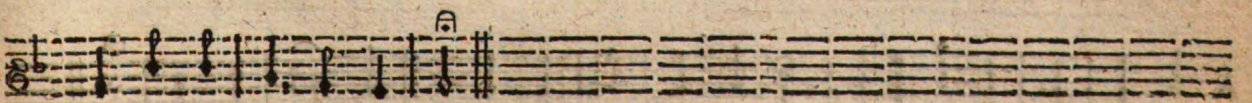
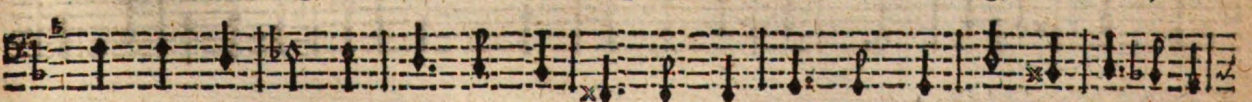
Love, and my Care. In Brimmers each Man shall drink Loy-al-ly round, till his Fancy's, his



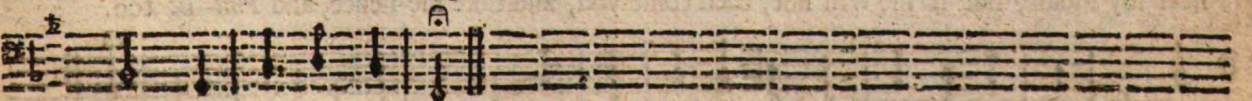
Fan-cy's i'th' Air, and him--self on the Ground. Our Hats down be--fore us for



Pillows we'll fling, where Pu--nies shall sleep whilst the A---ble do sing, All health, all

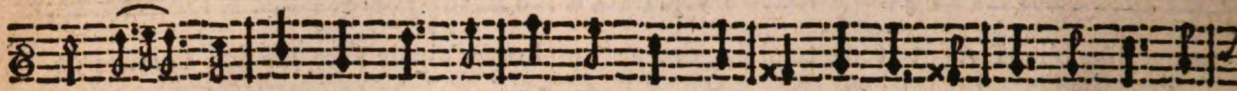
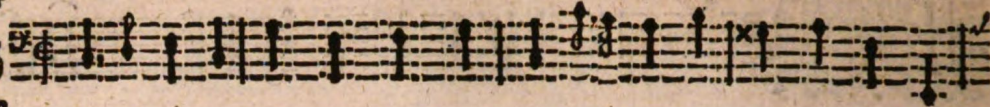


health to the Duke and the King.

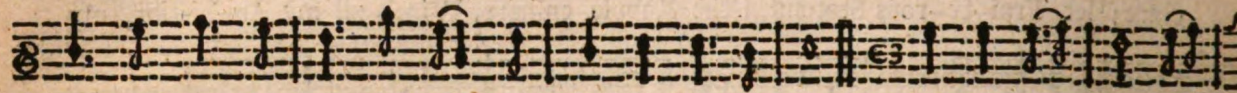
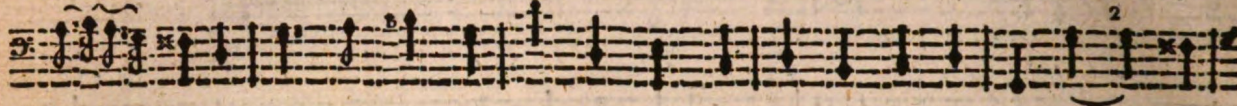




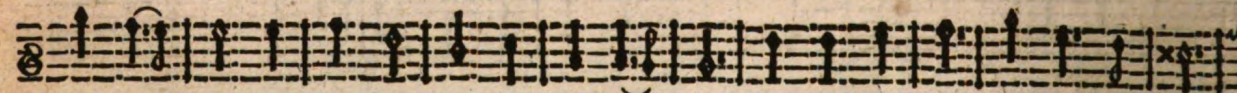
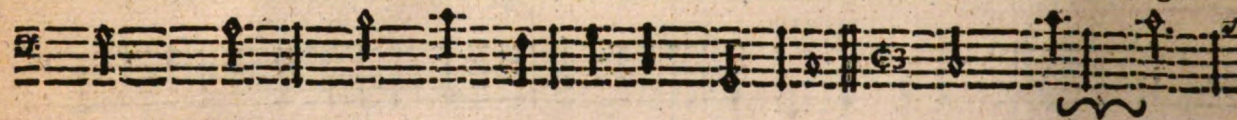
E E, see, how plea--fant--ly she lies, with cross'd Arms, and clos'd-up



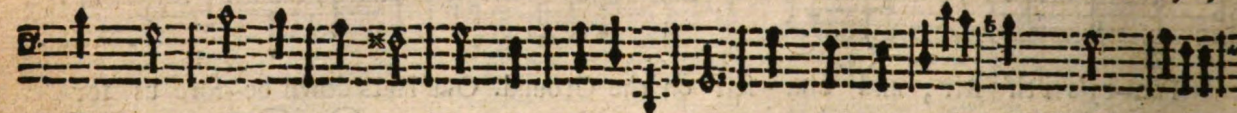
Eyes, smi--ling with a charming Grace; such In--no--cence lies in her Face, that ev'ry



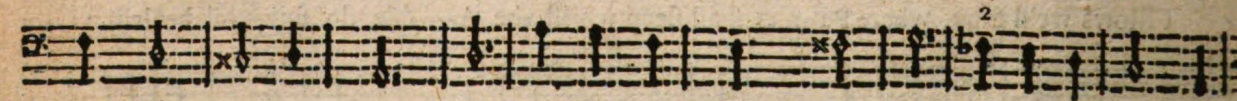
time she draws her Breath, it wounds so deep, 'twill be my death. Prethee, dear An--gel!



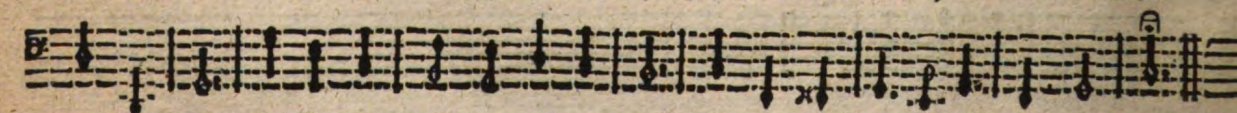
dream of me, by Heav'ns I love none more than thee; I bleed, I bleed, and soon shall dye,



*Phillis!* ah *Phil--lis!* hear my Cry: Death for a minute pray be gone, my *Phillis* sure will



hear my Moan; but if she will not, then come you, and take me hence, and *Phil--lis* too.



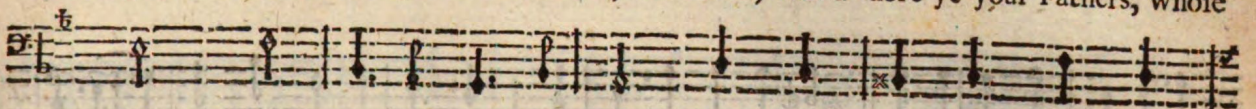
A new LOYAL SONG made and compos'd to Musick, and sung at the great Feast of the Loyal Gentry of the City of Westminster, in Westminster-Hall, Thursday July 19. 1683.



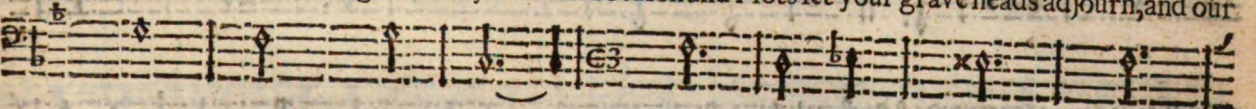
ARK how *Noll* and *Bradshaw's* heads a-bove us, cry, Come, come, ye



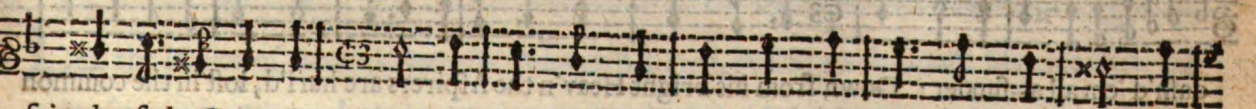
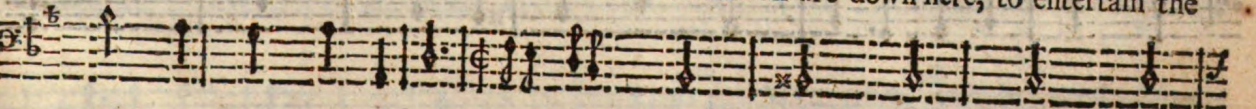
Whigs that love us; come ye faith-ful Sons, fall down, and a-dore ye your Fathers, whose



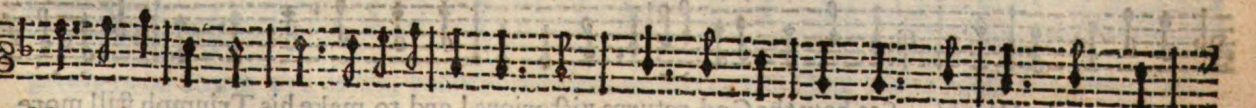
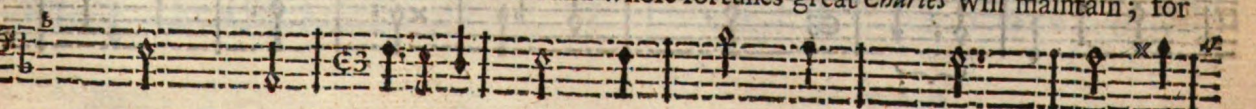
Glory was to kill Kings before ye. From Treason and Plots let your grave heads adjourn, and our



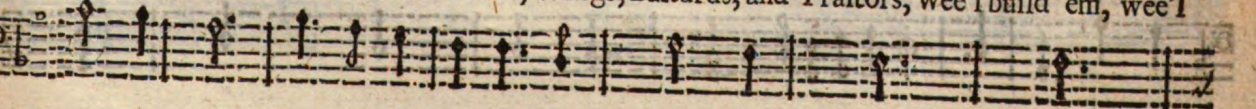
glo-ri-ous Pi-na-cle adorn. What tho' the Scaffolds all are down here, to entertain the



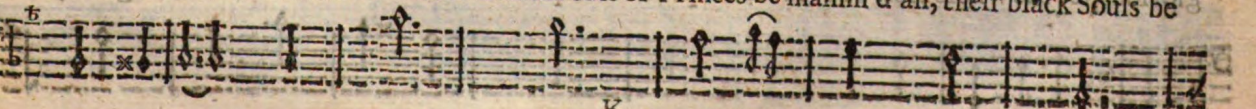
friends of the Crown here. We whose lives and whose fortunes great *Charles* will maintain; for

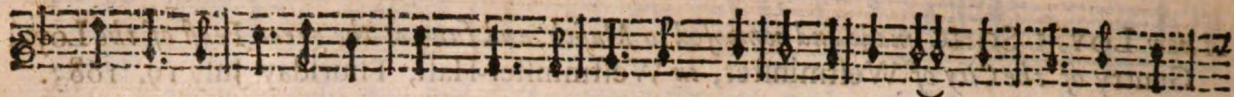


Monarchy Haters, damn'd Affo-ci-a-tors, Whigs, Bastards, and Traitors, wee'l build 'em, wee'l

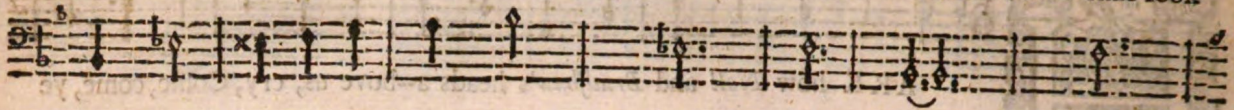


build 'em a-gain. Let the in-fa-mous Cut-throats of Princes be sham'd all, their black Souls be





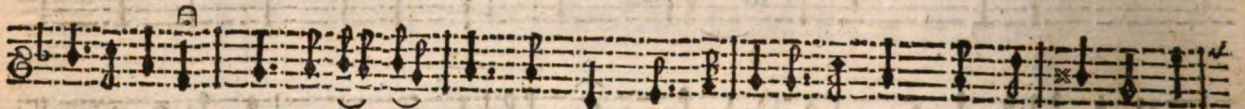
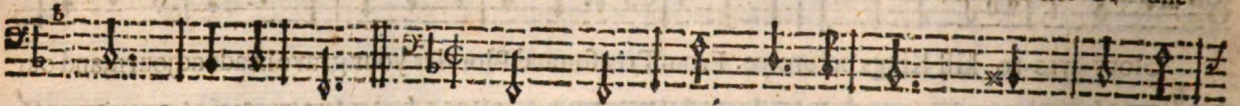
damn'd all, their Blunderbuss ramm'd all with Brimstone and Fire in-fer-nal. The Gods that look



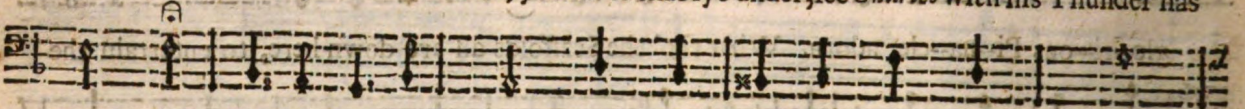
o're him did by wonders restore him, their Angels sat round him that hour that they crown'd him, and were



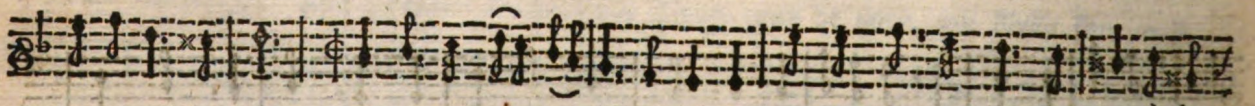
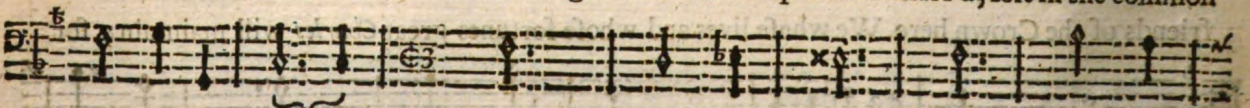
lifted his Guards e-ternal. **H**ow like Jove the Monarch of Great-Britain drives the Gi-ant-



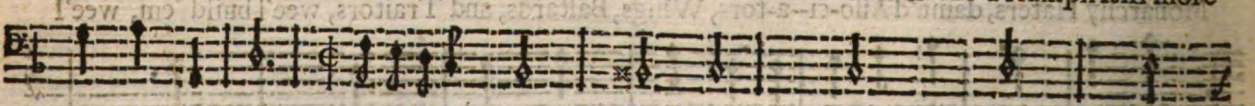
sons of Titan! Down ye Re-bel-crew; ye Slaves that lye under, see Charles with his Thunder has



dash'd 'em all a-funder: Down from his bright Heav'n the Aspirers are hurl'd, lost in the common

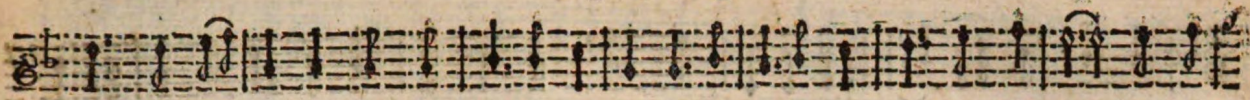


Rubbish of the World. See how the God returns victorious! and to make his Triumph still more

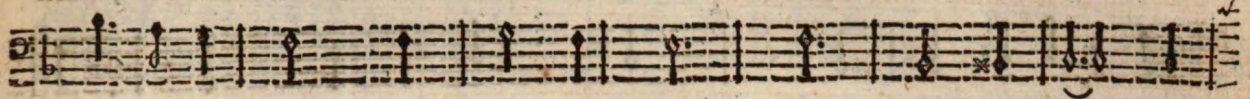


glorious, see the whole Host of Heav'n the proud Conquerour meet! The Stars burn all brighter, the

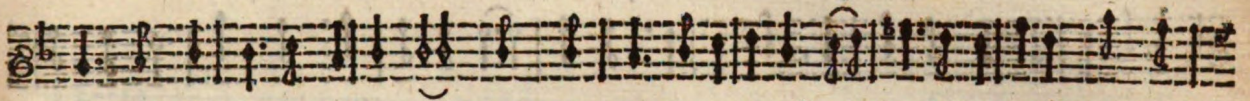




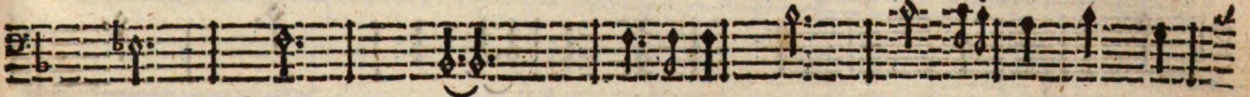
Sun mounts up-righter, while his Steeds gallop lighter, to see, see their *Jove* made so great. With the



brands and the stings of a Conscience disloyal, from the fi'-ry Trial let the coward Slaves fly all, leave



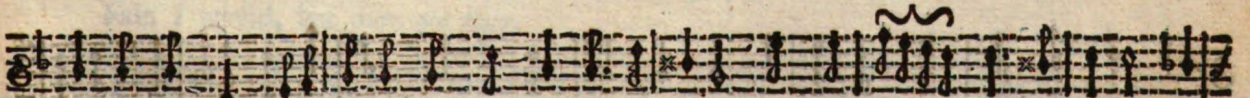
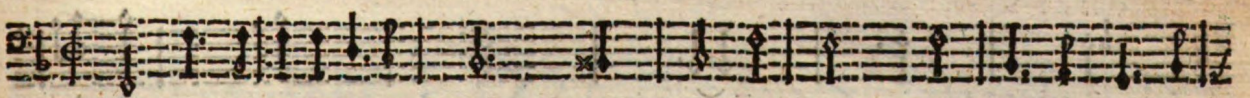
Vengeance and Gibbets behind 'em, whilst the great Desperado's all turn Renegado's, with their



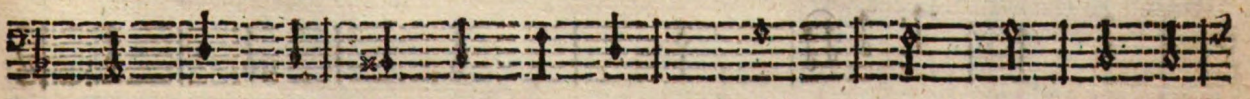
old Friends took napping, in some Coal-hole at *Wapping*, shall *CHARLES* and his Justice find 'em.



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

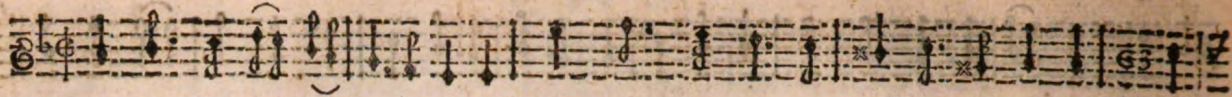


Brothers no Storm e're fever, but new wonders de-liver, and their Heirs reign for-ever; on

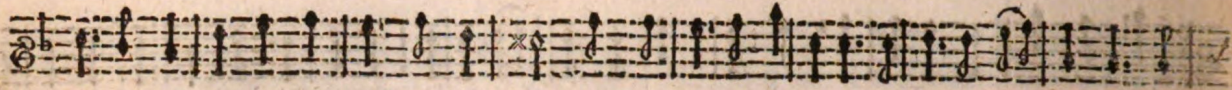
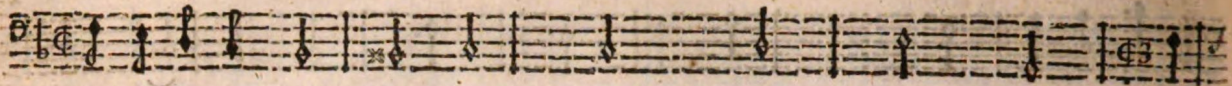


*England's* bright Throne sit, 'till Time's last sand runs, and stop their Glories Char'ot with the Sun's!

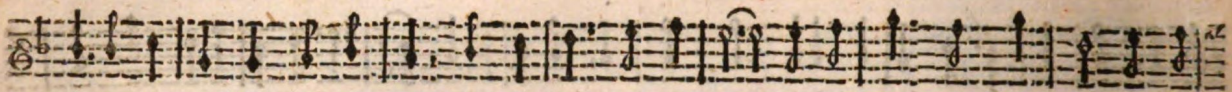
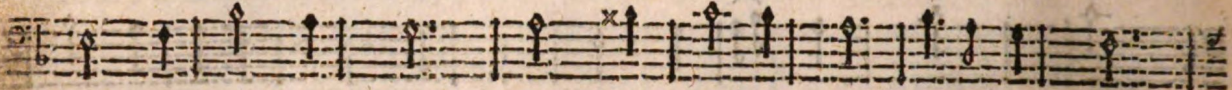




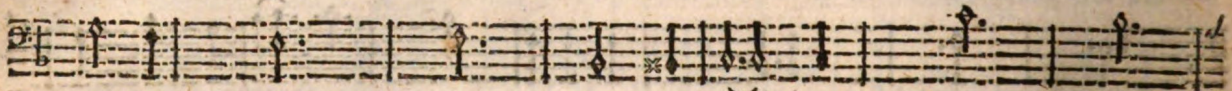
For *Charles* his se--cond Restora--tion, snatch'd from the Jaws o'th' Imps of Dam-na-tion, with



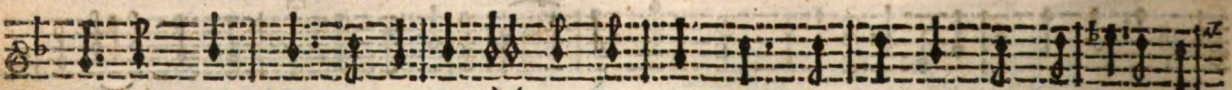
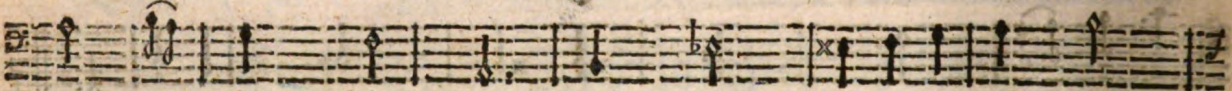
Feasting and Revels wee'l chear up our Souls: For the safety of *Cesar*, in Joys and in Pleasure wee'l



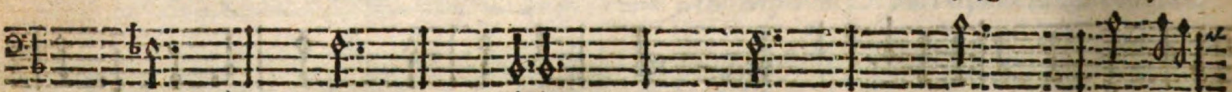
out-run all measure, 'till our hearts shall o'reflow like our bowls. For a Health to great *Charles* let the



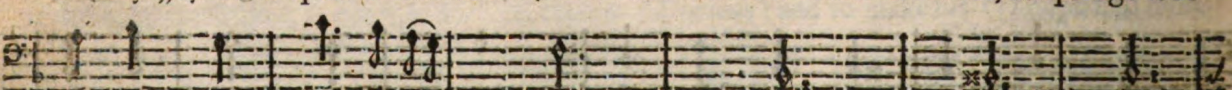
Goblet be crown'd there, the Huzza go round there, to the Skyes let it found there, to the



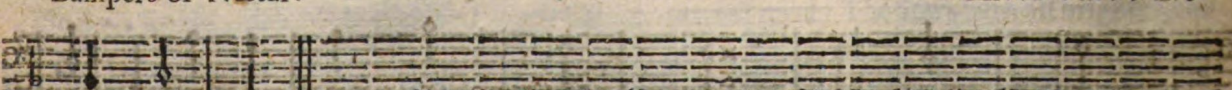
Throne of Great *Charles* his Pro-te-stour, 'till the pleas'd Gods (that see) Boys, grow as merry as



we; Boys, joyn their Sphere in the Chorus, make their whole Heav'ns out-rore us, and pledge us in



Bumpers of Nectar. *Mr. Francis Forcer.*







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

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

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

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

Fain I would, but dare not stay.



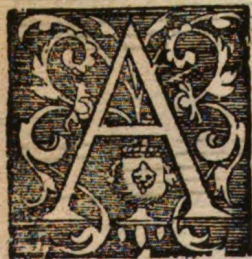
Hen first *A—min—tas* charm'd my Heart, the heedless Sheep be-

gan to stray ; the Wolves soon stole the greatest part, and all will now be made a Prey.

Ah! let not Love your Thoughts possess, 'tis fa-tal to a Shepherdess ; the dangerous Passion

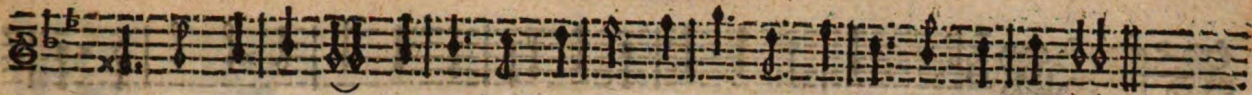
you must shun, or else like me be quite undone.

Dr. Staggins.

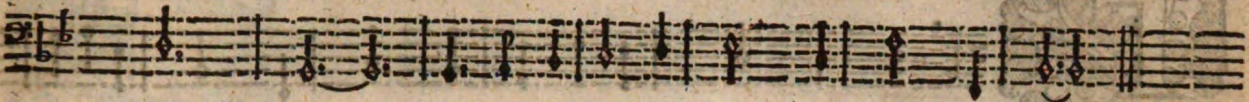


Wife I do hate, for either she's false, or she's jealous; but

give me a Mate, who nothing will ask us, or tell us: She stands on no terms, nor chaffers by



way of Indenture; or loves for the Farms, but takes the kind Man at a ven-*ture*.



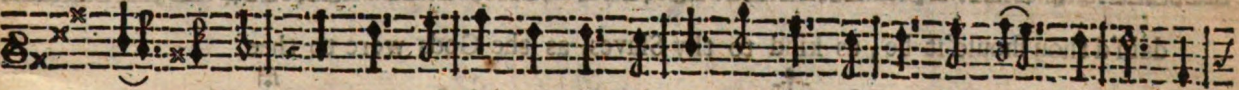
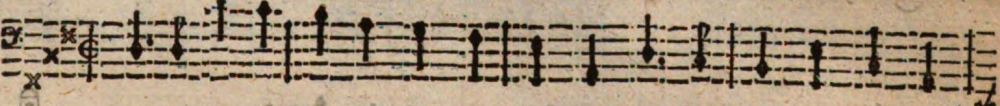
Mr. Pelham Humphreys.

II.

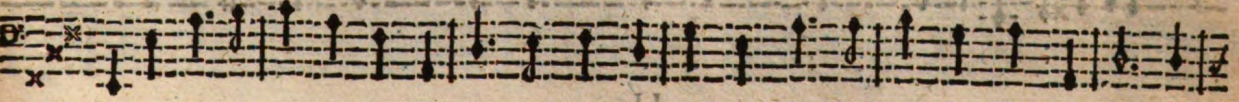
If all prove not right,  
 Without an Act, Procefs or warning,  
 From Wife for a night,  
 You may be divorc'd the next morning.  
 Where Parents are Slaves,  
 Their Brats can't be any other;  
 Great Wits and great Braves  
 Have always a Punk to their Mother.



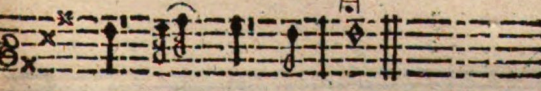
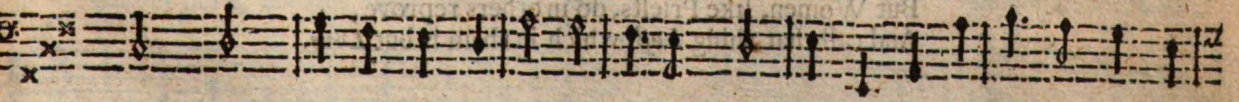
*Lo-ris*, when you difperfe your In-flu-ence, your dazling Beams are



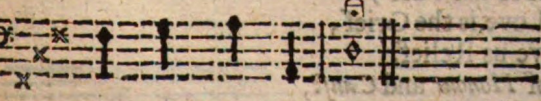
quick and clear; you fo surprife and wound the Senfe, fo bright a Miracle you appear: Ad-



miring Mortals you a-fto-nifh fo, no o-ther De-i-ty they know, but think that all Di-

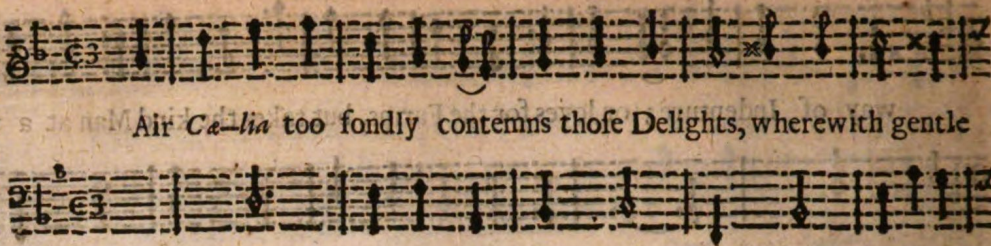


vi-ni-ty's below.

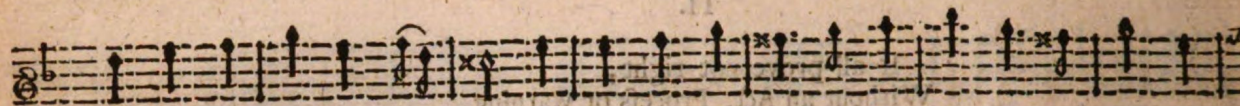


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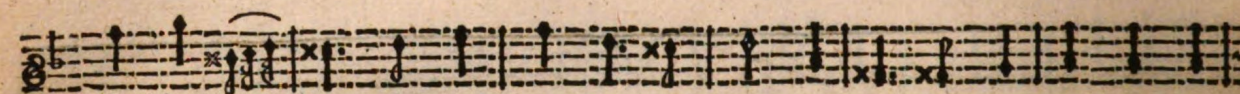
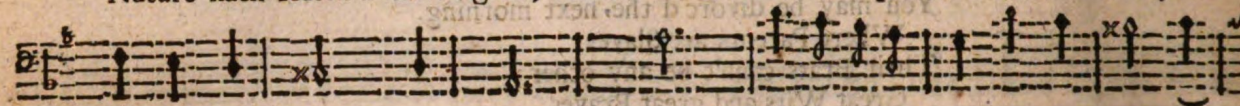
One charming Look from your illufterious Face,  
 Were able to fubdue Mankind;  
 So fweet and powerful a Grace,  
 Make all Men lovers, but the Blind:  
 Nor can you Freedom by refiftance gain,  
 For each embrace the fofter Chain,  
 And never fruggle with the pleafant Pain.



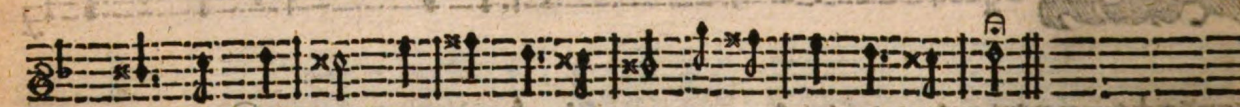
Air *Ce-lia* too fondly contemns those Delights, wherewith gentle



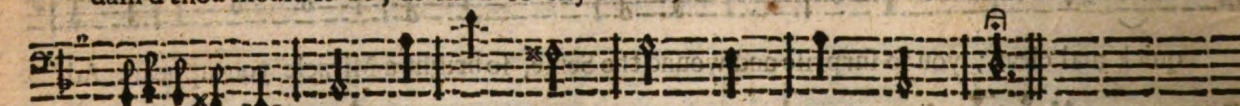
Nature hath soften'd the Nights; if she be so kind to present us with Pow'r, the



fault is our own to neg—lect the good hour: Who gave thee this Beauty, or—



dain'd thou should'st be, as kind to thy Slaves, as the Gods were to thee.



## II.

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

## III.

What they through their madness and folly create,  
We poor silly Slaves still impute to our Fate;  
But in such Distempers where Love is the Grief,  
'Tis *Celia*, not Heaven, must give us Relief.  
Then away with those Titles of *Honour* and *Cause*,  
Which first made us sin, by first giving us Laws.



Lik'd, but never lov'd, be--fore I saw that charming Face; now


ev'ry Feature I adore, and doat on ev'ry Grace: She ne're shall know that kind desire, which

her cold Looks denies; un--less my Heart that's all on fire, should sparkle through my

Eyes. Then if no gentle Glance return a si--lent Leave to speak, my Heart which would for

e--ver burn, a--las! must sigh and break.

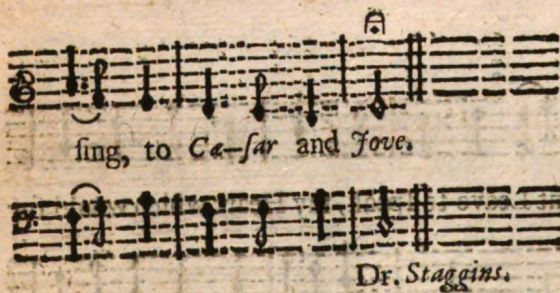
Mr. William Turner.



E T business no lon-ger usurp your high mind, but to Dallance give

way, and to Pleasure be kind; let business to morrow, to mor-row employ, but to day the short

Blessings let's closely en-joy. Let's frolic below 'till they hear us a-bove, to Ca-sar we'll




sing, to Ca-sar and Jove.

*Dr. Staggins.*

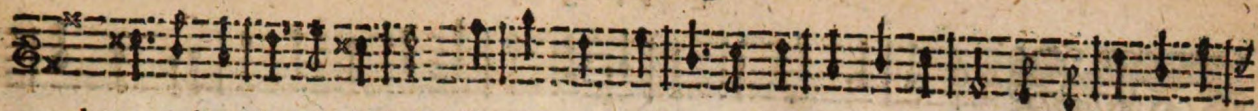
II.

From business we'll ramble like Bridegrooms unbrac'd,  
 And surfeit on Pleasures which others but taste:  
 We'll laugh 'till we weep on the Breasts of the Fair,  
 And Tears that are shed shall the trespass repair.  
 Then study below to act those above,  
 Who never repent, but are always in love.

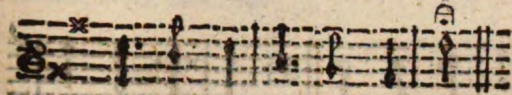
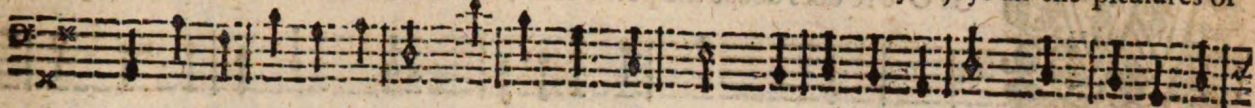


OW happy and free is the re-fo-lute Swain, that denies to sub-

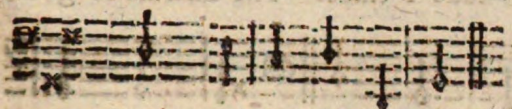
mit to the Yoak of the Fair; free from excesses of Pleasure and Pain, neither dazl'd with



hope, or deprest with despair: He's safe from disturbance, and calmly enjoys all the pleasures of



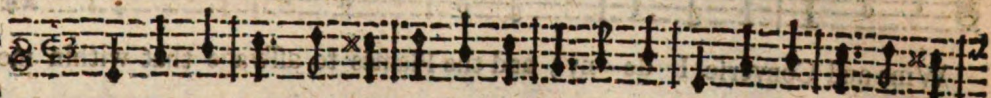
Love, without Clatnour and Noise.



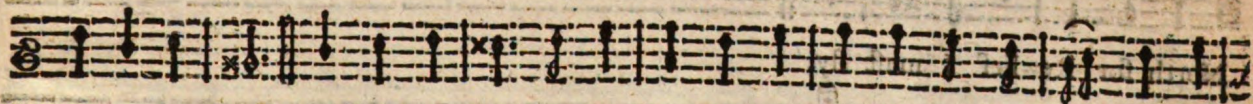
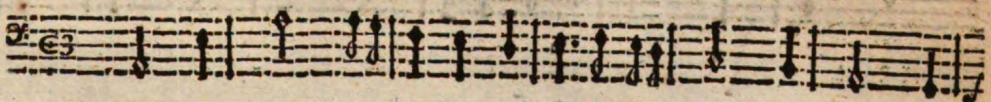
Mr. Richard Croone.

II.

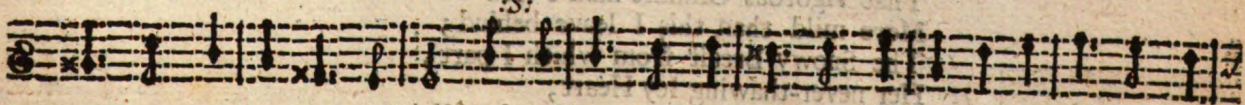
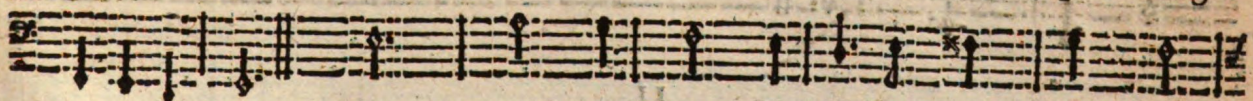
Poor Shepherds in vain their Affections reveal,  
To a Nymph that is peevish, proud, sullen, and coy;  
Vainly do Virgins their Passions conceal,  
For they boyl in their Grief till themselves they destroy.  
And thus the poor Darling lyes under a Curse,  
To be check'd in the Womb, or o'relaid by the Nurse.



Long was the day e're *Alexis* my Lover, to finish my Hopes would his



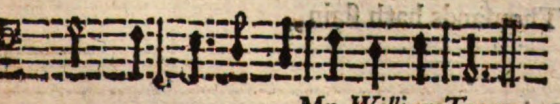
Passion re-veal; he could not speak, nor I could not discover, what my poor aking



Heart was so loth to conceal: Till the strenght of his Passion his Fear had remov'd, then we



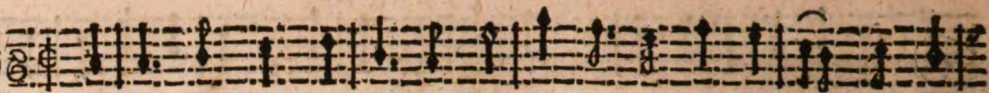
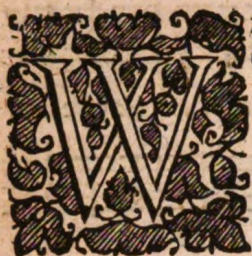
mutually talk'd, and we mutually lov'd.



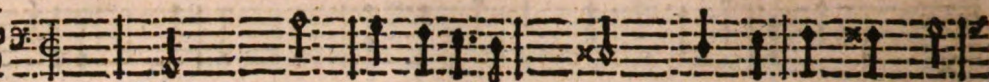
Mr. William Turner.

II.

Groves for Umbrella's did kindly o'reshade us  
From *Phebus* hot Rages, who like Envy had strove;  
Had not kind Fate this Provision made us, (Love:  
All the Nymphs of the Air would have envy'd our  
But we stand below Envy, that ill-natur'd Fate,  
And above cruel Scorn is our happy Estate.



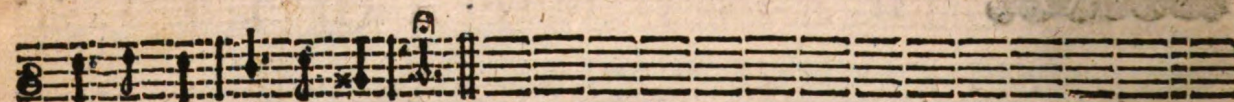
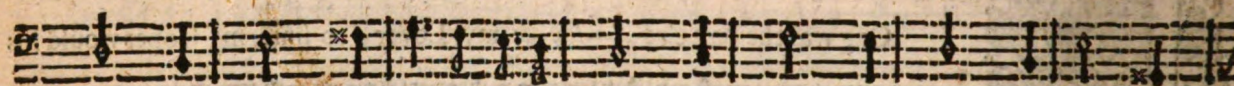
HO e're does doubt the pow'r of Love, see but those Pains he makes me prove;



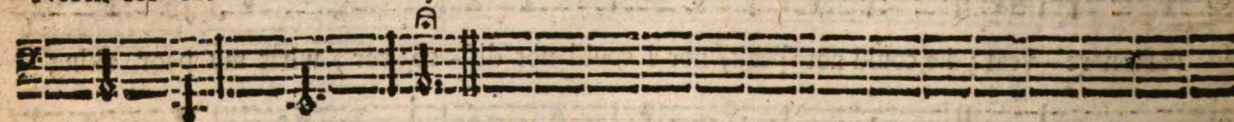
think on the Pleasures I re-fuse, or on the So-li-tude I chuse. The Charms of good



Wine and Converse I de--ny; and the Flames to assuage that within me does rage, to the



North for Re--lief I must fly.



## II.

That vigorous Climate shall I find  
 More mild than this I leave behind;  
 The Snowy Breast from which I part,  
 Her never-thawing Icy Heart,  
 Has still so inur'd me to Cold and Disdain,  
 That I never shall fear  
 The Storms that are there,  
 The North yields not half so much pain.

## III.

But since her Beauty has impress'd  
 Her Image firmly in my Breast,  
 'Tis vain to leave her, unless I  
 From my own self knew how to fly.  
 Yet since in the West she her Thousands hath gain'd,  
 Her Empire shall be  
 Enlarged by me,  
 In the North *Doralisa* shall Reign.





T Syl--via's feet young *Strephon* lay, whilst with a Scornful

Pride, she view'd the hum--ble a--mo--rous Eoy, and did his Fate deride: Ah *Strephon!*

cease, you strive in vain, to make your Conquest sure; coy *Sylvia's* Eyes dart cold Disdain, faint

Hopes, but sure Despair.

Mr. *John Roffey*.

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

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

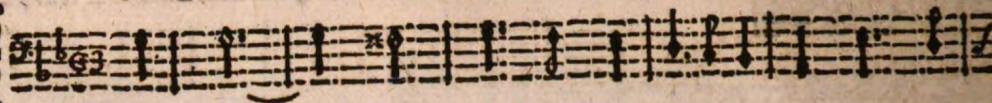
One that shall all thy Joys compleat,  
 And Happiness secure;  
 When both with equal Flame shall meet,  
 Such noble Loves endure.

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

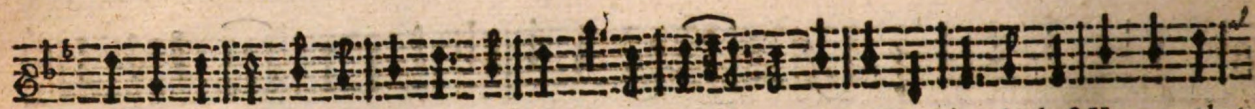
A LOYAL Song.



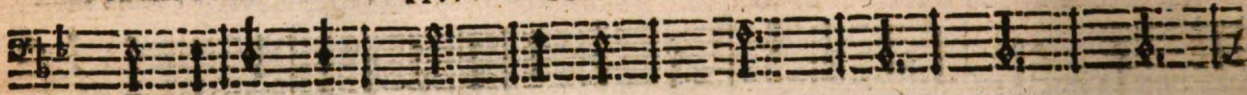
Like Quires of Angels we'll Loy--al--ly sing, whil'ft Heav'n loves the



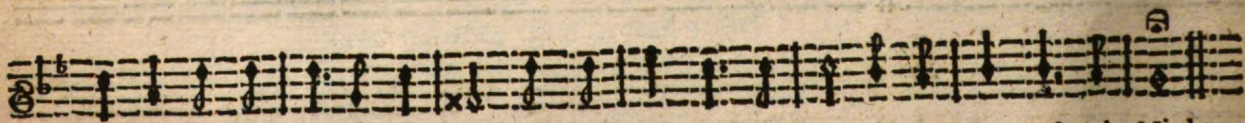
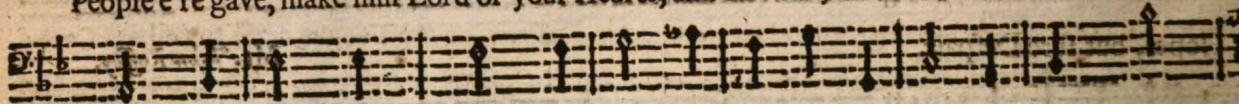
Musick, God prosper the King; and all his true Sub--jects with us will a--gree, none



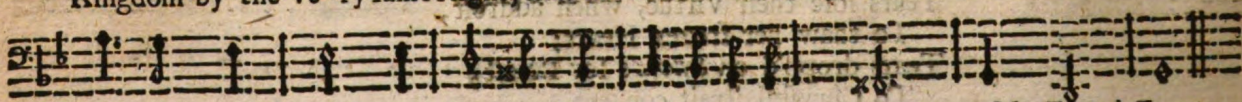
e're in a Prince were so happy, so happy, so hap--py as we. Pay him the best Homage that



People e're gave, make him Lord of your Hearts, and all that you have; For *Charles* rules the



Kingdom by the ve--ry same Right, that the Sun rules the Day, and the Moon rules the Night.



Mr. Francis Forcer.

I I.

Phanatics be damn'd, who Succession out-face,  
And tell us, Dominion is founded in Grace;  
With *Julian* and *Plato*, and all their Decrees,  
Who set up new Princes when ever they please:  
But long live the King for to triumph o're those,  
Who the Laws of the Crown or Land do oppose;  
And when our great Monarch to Heav'n must be gon,  
May the rightful Successor then sit on his Throne.

I I I.

When Rebels their Oaths of Allegiance forsook,  
And did wait for the Blood of the King & the Duke;  
The Stars in their Courses appear'd for the Crown,  
And Legions of Angels did guard them to Town:

And tho' *Whigs* in Cabals do daily combine,  
The Birds of the Air will reveal the design;  
And lawful Succession just Heav'n shall secure,  
As long as the Sun and the Moon do endure.

I V.

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

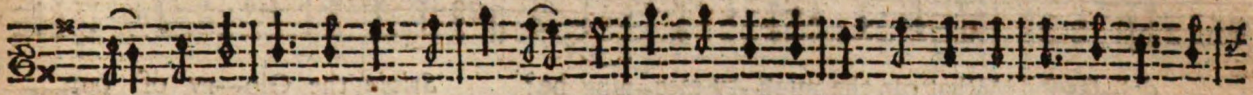
A new Song in the late reviv'd Play, call'd, Valentinian.



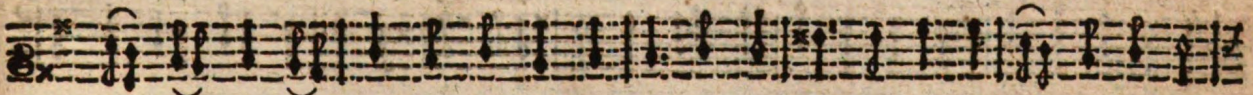
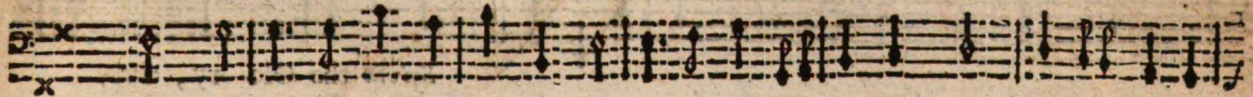
Here would coy *A--min--ta* run, from a de-spai-ring Lo--vers story?



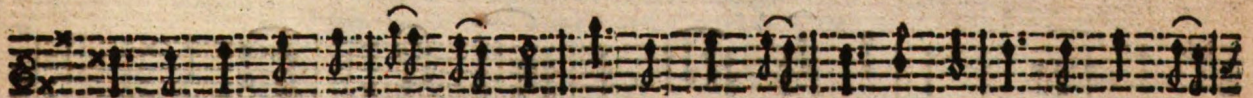
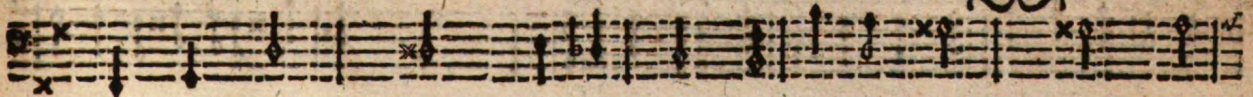
when her Eyes have Conquest won, why should her Ear re--fuse the Glory? Sh all a Slave, whom



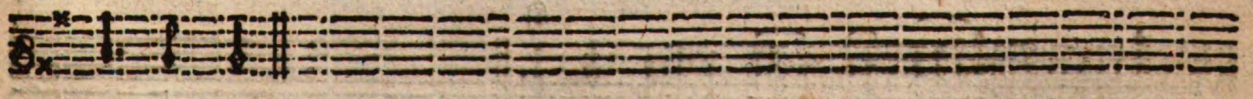
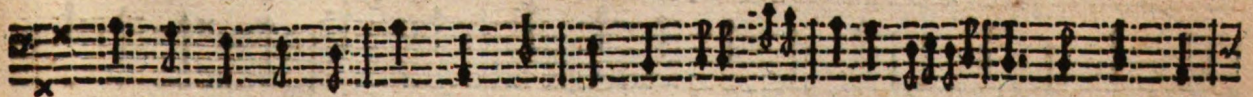
Racks constrain, be forbidden to complain? Let her scorn me, let her fly me, let her looks her



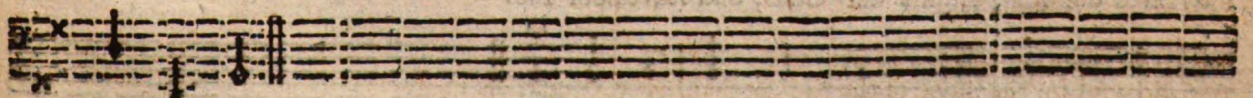
Love de--ny me; ne're shall my Heart yield to Despair, or my Tongue cease to tell my Care;

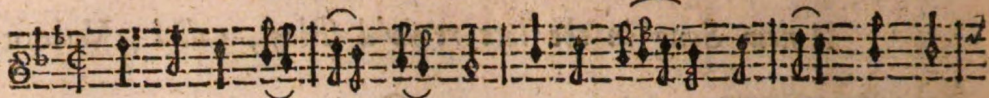


or my Tongue cease to tell my Care. Much to love, and much to pray, is to Heav'n the



on--ly way.

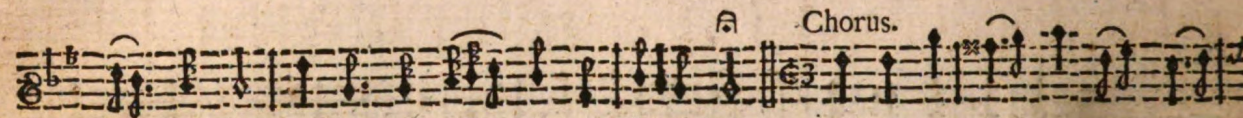




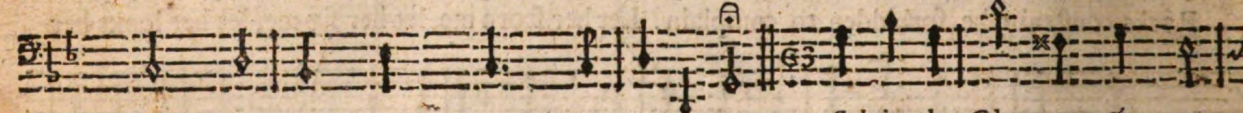
ELL me ye Si--ci--lian Swains, why this mour--ning o're your Plains?



Where's your u--fual Me--lo--dy? Why are all your Shepherds mad? And your Shepher-



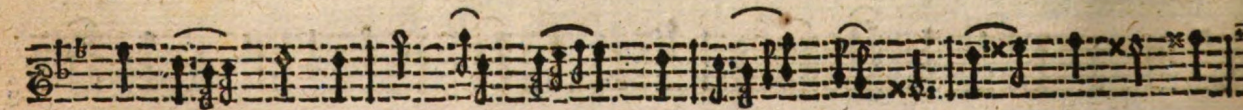
des--fes fad? What can the migh--ty mea--ning be? *Sylvia* the Glo--ry of our



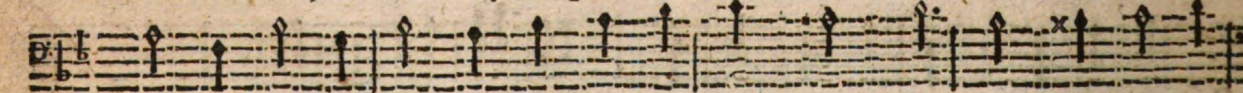
*Sylvia* the Glo--ry, &c.



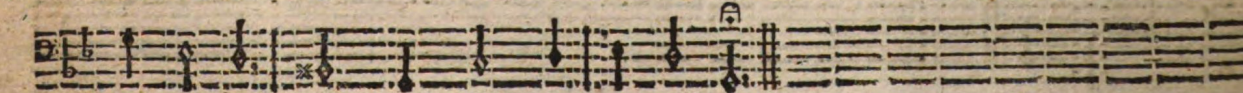
Plains, *Sylvia* the Love of all our Swains, that blest us with her Smiles; where ev'ry Shepherd



had a Heart, and ev'--ry Shep--her--des a part, flights our Gods, and



leaves our Isle, flights our Gods, and leaves our Isle.



A. 2. Voc. Cantus &amp; Bass.

Hen gay Phi-lan-der left the Plain, the love, the life of ev-ry Swain, his

Pipe the mourn-ful Stre-phon took; by some sad Bank and murm'ring Brook, whilst

list'ning Flocks forfook their Food, and me-lan-cho-ly by him stood; on the cold ground him-

self he laid, and thus the mournful Shepherd play'd.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

## II.

Farewell to all that's bright and gay,  
 No more glad Light and chearing Day;  
 No more the Sun will gild our Plain,  
 'Till the lost Youth return again:  
 Then every pensive Heart that now  
 With mournful Willow shades his Brow,  
 Shall crown'd with chearful Garland's sing,  
 And all shall seem Eternal Spring.

## III.

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

Against L O V E.



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

*Eccho.* *Eccho.*

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

*Eccho.* *Eccho.*

Ear, which a frown or a smile can e--qual--ly bear, can e--qual--ly bear, can bear : Nor on

*Soft.*

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

*Eccho.*

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

*Eccho.* *Eccho.*  $\text{\textcircled{a}}$

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

II.

By sporting with Dangers still longer and longer,  
The Fetters and Chains of the Captive grow Iron-  
He drills on his Evil, then curses his Fate, (ger;  
And bewails those Misfortunes himself did create:  
Like an empty Camelion he lives on the Air,  
And all the day lingers 'twixt Hope and Despair:  
Like a Fly in the Candle he sports, and he games,  
'Till, a Victim to Folly, he dies in the Flames.

III.

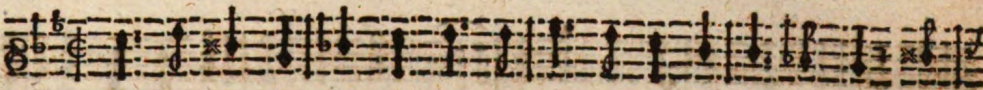
If Love, so much talk'd of, a Herefy be,  
Of all it enslaves, few true Converts we see;  
If hectoring and huffing would once do the feat,  
There's few that would fail of a Vict'ry compleat:

But with Gain to come off, and the Tyrant subdue,  
Is an Art that is hitherto practis'd by few:  
How easie is Freedom once had to maintain;  
But Liberty lost is as hard to regain.

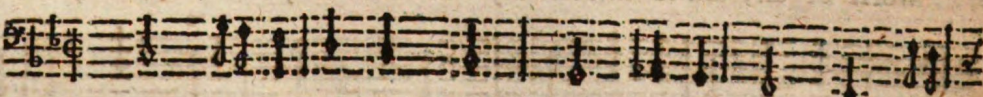
IV.

This driv'ling and sniv'ling, and chiming in parts,  
This whining and pining, and breaking of Hearts;  
All pensive and silent in corners to sit,  
Are pretty fine Passions for those that want wit:  
When this Passion in fashion doth so far abuse 'em,  
It were good the State should for Pendulums use 'em;  
For if Reason it seise on, and make it give o're,  
No labour can save, or relieve 't any more.

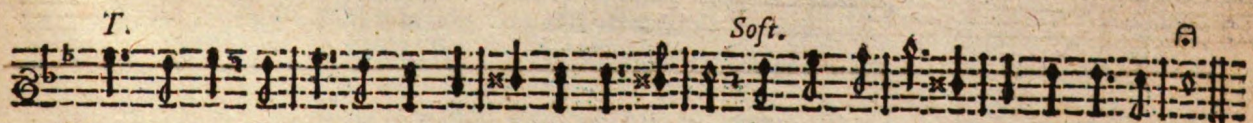
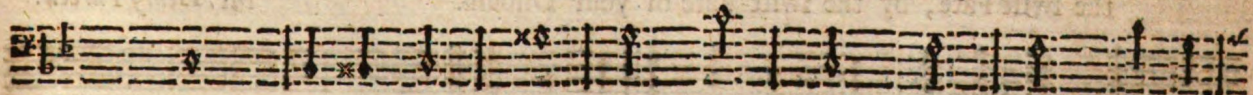
On MARRIAGE.



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



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



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



Mr. Tho. Kingsley.

II.

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

III.

Yet this by none can be denied,  
That Wedlock, or 'tis much belied,

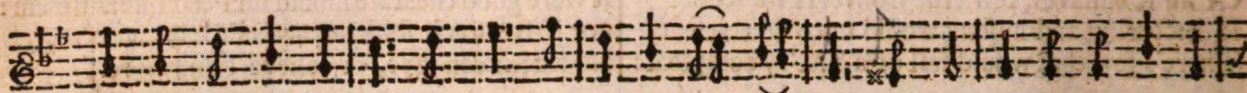
Is a good School, in which Man's Vertue's tried;  
And this convenience Woman brings,  
That when her angry mood begins,  
The Husband never wants a sight of 's Sins. :||

IV.

If he by chance offend the least,  
His Pennance shall be well encreast,  
She'll make him keep a Vigil without a Feast:  
And when's Confession he is framing,  
She will not fail to make's Examen,  
He has nothing else to do, but to say Amen. :||



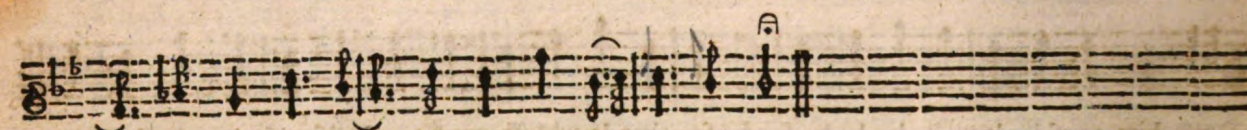
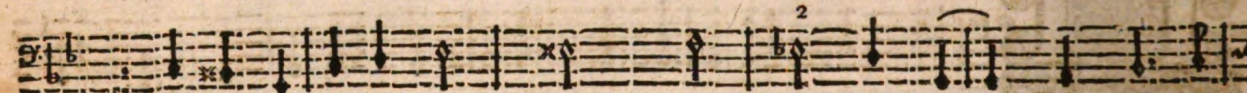
Thousand sev'ral ways I try'd to hide my Passion from your view,



conscious that I should be deny'd, because I can--not me--rit you; absence, the last and

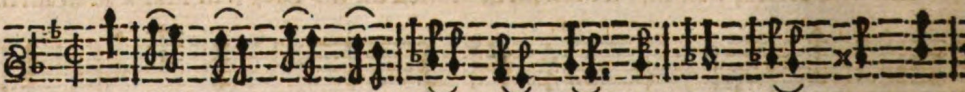


worst of all, did so encrease my wretched Pain, that I return'd, ra---ther to fall by

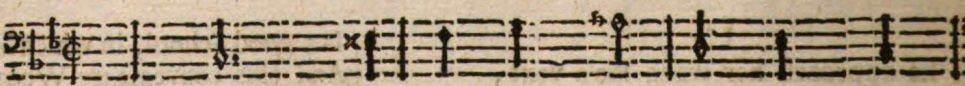


the swift Fate, by the swift Fate of your Disdain.

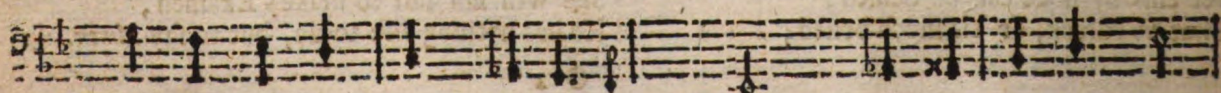
Mr. Henry Purcell.



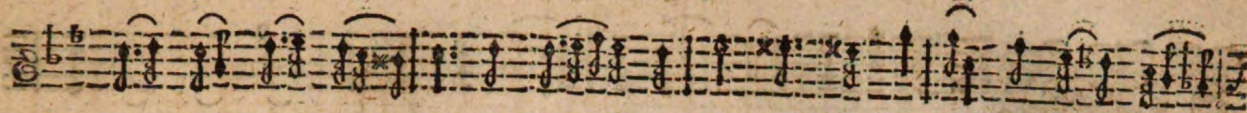
Hrough mournful Shades, and so---li---ta---ry Groves, fann'd with the



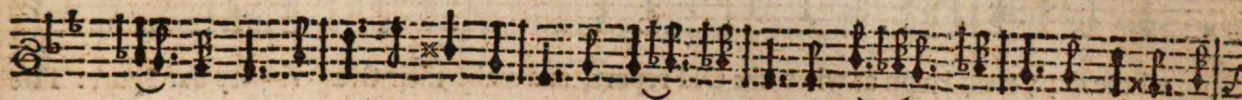
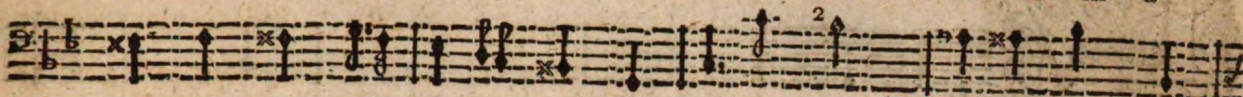
fighs of un---suc---cess---ful Loves, wild with Despair young *Thirsis* strays; thinks



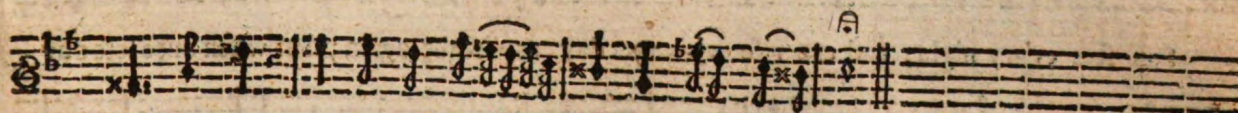
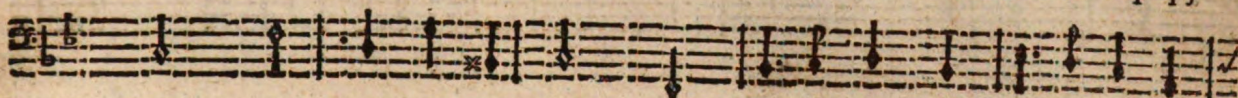




o—ver all *A—mi—ra*'s heav'nly Charms, thinks he now sees her in a-



nothers Arms; then at some Willow's feet himself he lays, the lov—li'ft most un-hap-py



Swain, and thus, thus to the wild Woods he does complain.



Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

How art thou chang'd, O *Thirsis*! since the time  
That thou could'st love, and hope without a Crime;  
When Nature's Pride, and Earth's Delight,  
As through her shady Evening Walk she pass'd,  
And a bright Day did all around her cast,  
Could see (nor be offended at the sight)  
The sighing, melting, wishing Swain,  
That now must never dare to wish again.

III.

Riches and Titles, why should they prevail,  
Where Duty, Love, and Adoration fail?  
Lovely *Amira*! could'st thou prize  
The empty Noise that a fine Title makes,  
Or the vile Trash that with the Vulgar takes,  
Before a Heart that sighs for thee, and dies?  
Be not unkind, but pity the poor Swain  
Your Rigour kills, not triumph o're the Slain.



ET us, kind *Les—bia!* give a way in soft Em—bra—ces

all the day; we'll laugh at what the Old report, and make their Gra—vi—ty our Sport: The

Sun sets ev'-ry night, and can rise ev'—ry day as bright again; but when once sets our

smallest Light, we then shall find it always Night; dissolv'd in Sleep, both thou and I must

e—ver *Les—bia*, e—ver lye.

Chorus.

**T** Hen let us kiss, then let us kiss, and kiss a-gain, and give a hun-dred, hun-

**T** Hen let us kiss, let us kiss, and kiss again, and give a hun-dred, hun-

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

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

all with one more kiss, and so, so de--ceive his jea-lous Eye, and so, so deceive

his jea-lous Eye.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

## The CAUTION.

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

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

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

loves, confirm the Oath, and seal it with a Kifs.

Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

## II.

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

A Dialogue between PHILANDER and the Eccho.

Philander.



Tay, stay, gen—tle *Ec—cho*, dear Nymph! stay, with Love's sad

Language thou can't play; the last of my Discourse retort, Love, once thy grief, is now thy

Eccho. Philander.

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

Eccho. Philander.

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

Eccho. Philander.

spair? *Or De—spair*. Love or Despair! what dost thou mean, would't have me suf—fer

Eccho. Philander.

both a—gain? *Both a—gain*. And what reward shall I e're find? will fair *Clarif—*

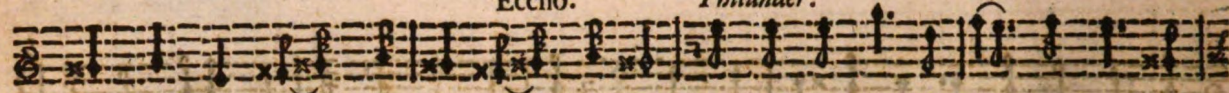
Eccho. Philander.



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



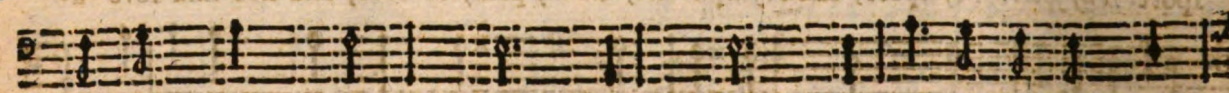
Eccho. Philander.



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



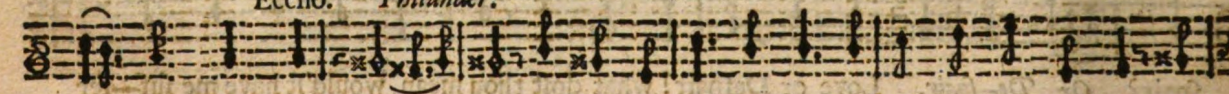
Cupid's grown so great a Cheat? Tell me, dear *Ec-cho!* how I may chase this in-tru-ding



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



Eccho. Philander.



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



Eccho. Philander.

Eccho Philander.

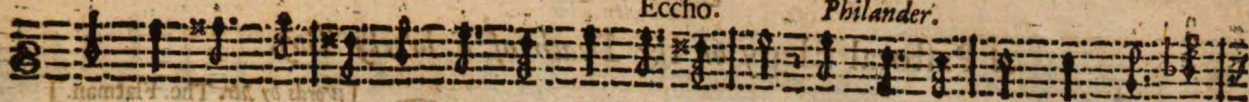


dye. *Than dye.* Ah! ah! what, does this Eccho say Dye? *Ah dye!* Is this the Counsel I im-

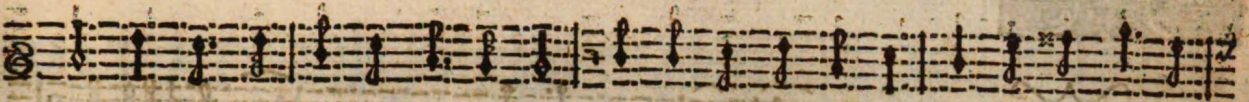
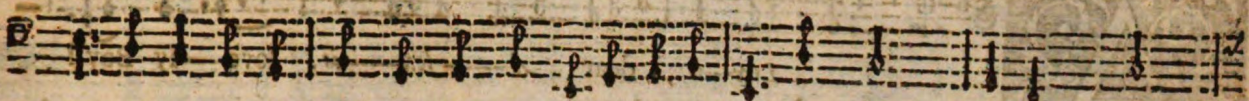


Eccho.

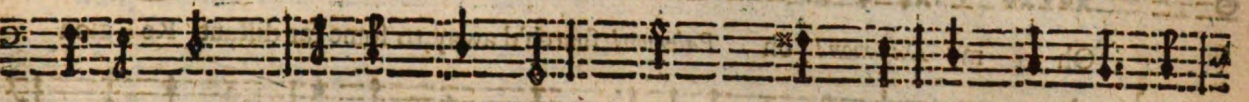
Philander.



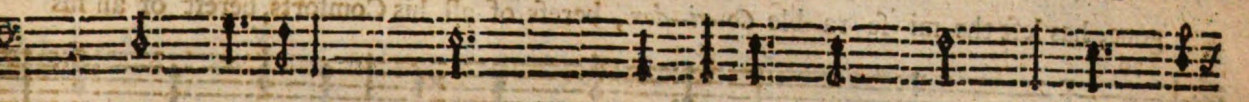
plore? Hence bubling Air, I will no more. *Ill no more.* Be ill no more? That I be-



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



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

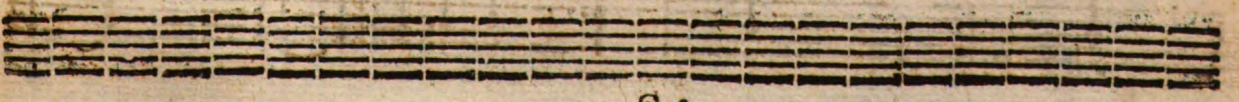
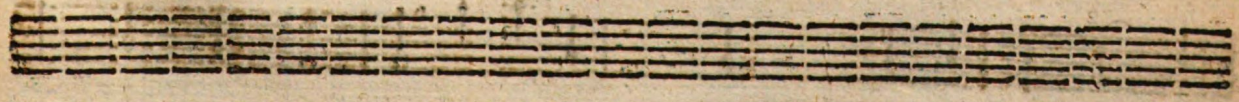
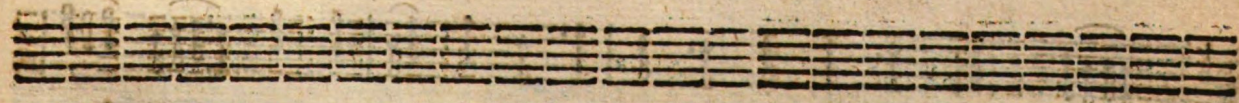
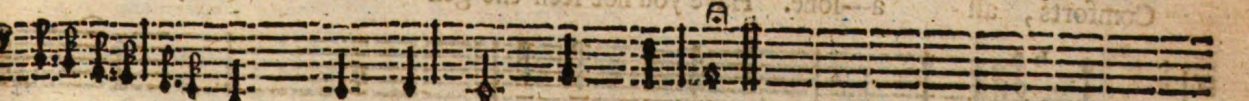


Eccho.



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

Dr. John Blow.

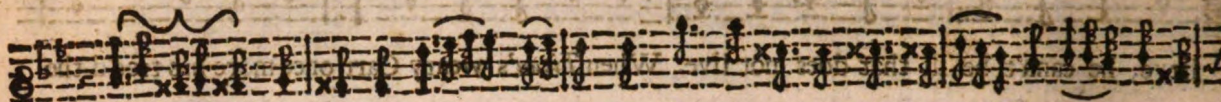


A Pastoral Elegy on the Death of a lovely Boy.

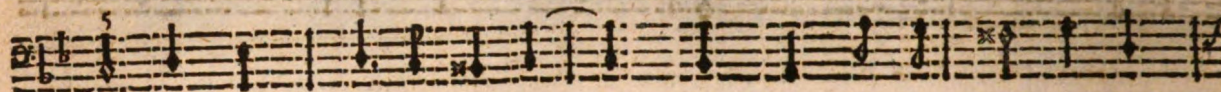
[Words by Mr. Tho. Flatman.]



Alex-is, dear A-lex-is, love-ly Boy!



Oh my Da-mon! oh Palemon! snatch'd away, to some far distant Re-gion



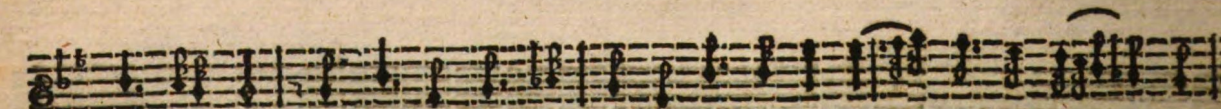
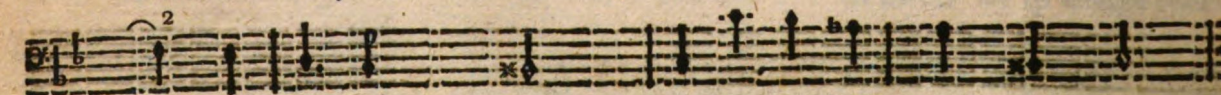
gone, has left the mi-se-ra-ble Co-ri-don, bereft of all his Comforts, bereft of all his



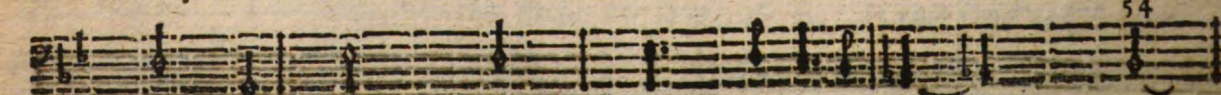
Comforts, all a-lone. Have you not seen the gen-tle Youth, whom ev'ry



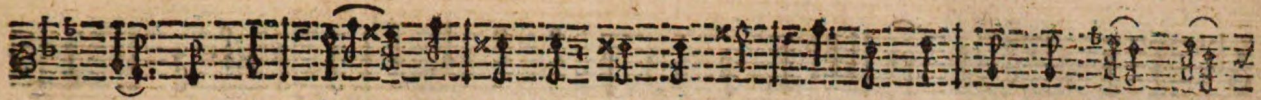
Swain did love, chearful when ev'-ry Swain was sad, beneath the me-lan-



cho-Iy Grove? His face was beauteous as the dawn of Light, broke through the gloo-my



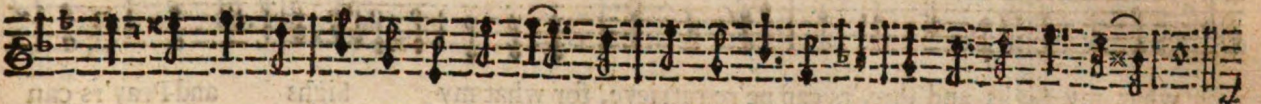




Shades of Night. Oh my Anguish! my Delight! him, ye kind Shepherds, I be-



wail, 'till my Eyes and Heart shall fail; 'tis he that's landed on that di-stant



Shore, and you and I shall see him here no more, and you and I shall see him here no more.



Re-turn *A-lex-is*, Oh re-turn! re-turn, re--turn, in vain I



cry; poor *Co-ri--don* can ne-ver cease to mourn, thy too un-time-ly cru--el

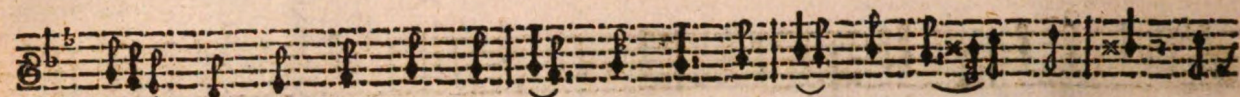
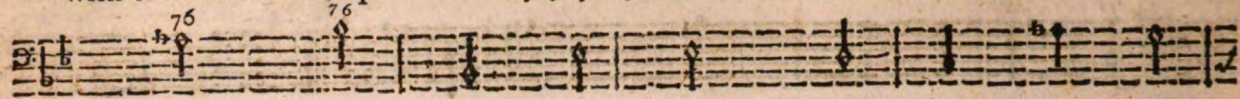


De--fi--ny: Farewel for e-ver, for e--ver, char--ming Boy, farewel for e-ver, and





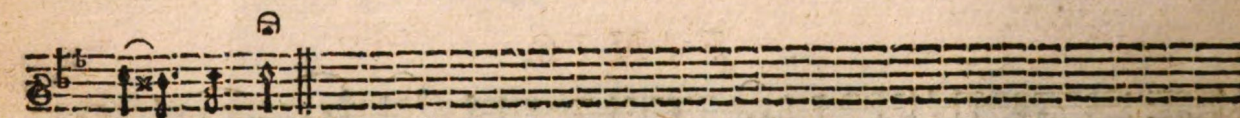
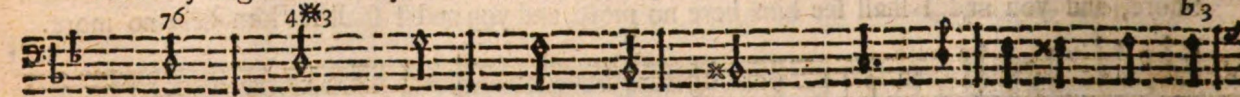
with thee all the Transport of my Joy; ye Pow'rs above, why should I longer live, to



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

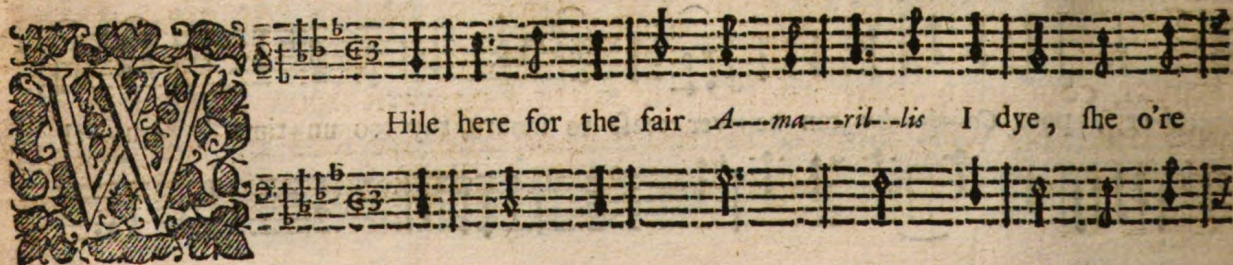
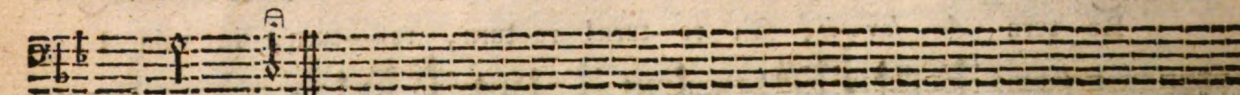


what my Sighs and Pray'rs can ne're retrieve, for what my Sighs and Pray'rs can

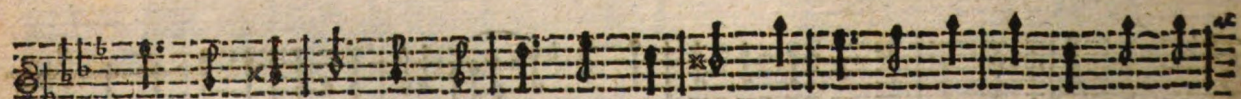


ne're retrieve.

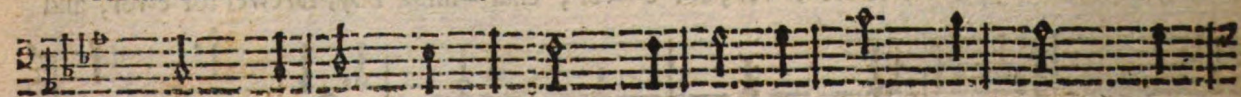
Dr. John Blow.



Hile here for the fair *A-ma-ri-ti-lis* I dye, she o're

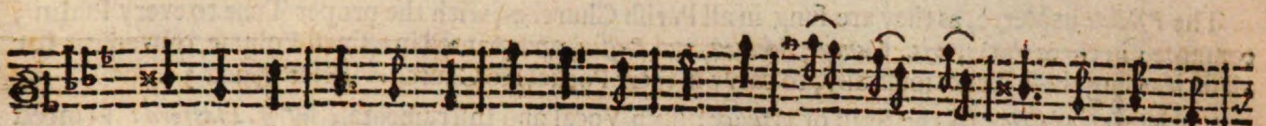
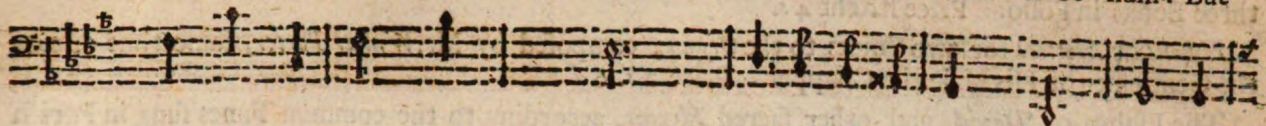


Rocks and o're Streams from my Pas-sion does fly; O! bring her, kind *Venus*, bring her

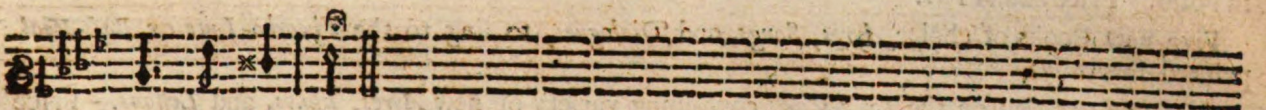




here back a--gain, and the chief of my Herd un--to thee shall be slain: But

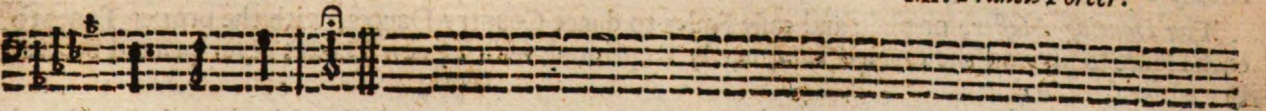


if she's appeas'd, if to Love she encline, take all my whole Herd, my lit-tle



Herd is all thine.

Mr. Francis Forcer.



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