

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 FOURTH BOOK. *RR*



LONDON,

Printed by *A. Godbid* and *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*, 1683.

CHOICE  
AYRES and SONGS

TO SING TO THE

Throne of Great-Britain:

BEING

Most of the Newest Part and Sweetest at Court,  
And at the Publick Theatres.

Compos'd by several Gentlemen of His Majesty's Musick, and others.



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LONDON,

Printed by A. Collins and J. Playford Junior, and are sold by John Playford, at his Shop  
near the Temple Church; and John Cox, at his Shop at the Middle Temple Gate, 1683.

TO ALL  
 LOVERS and UNDERSTANDERS  
 OF  
 MUSICK.

GENYLEMEN,



HIS Fourth Book has met with the same Fate as my former, not to come abroad at the time proposed; but the fault is not altogether mine; for I have met with great Disappointments in this Collection, large Promises, and but slender Performances; and had it not been for the assistance of some worthy Gentlemen, my very good Friends, (whose kindness I shall always acknowledge) I might have despair'd of my Undertaking. Most of the Songs have had the Approbation of (and are composed by) the best Masters in *Musick*, so that my Commendation can add little to their Value: However it is probable some ignorant Persons may unjustly censure them, like a certain Pretender to Musick, (who boasted himself a Scholar of Mr. *Birchenshaw's*) who publicly declar'd, That in my last Book there was but three good Songs, the rest being worse than common Ballads sung about Streets by Foot-boys and Link-boys; but (as *Solomon*, the wisest of Men, has it) the way of a Fool is right in his own Eyes, and he that *despiseth* his Neighbour is void of *Wisdom*. As for such Gentlemen who really understand Musick, I doubt not but they will give this, as they have done the former, a better reception; and that to them it will appear, that my Design is more the public Good, than my own private Gain. I have with no small pains and care printed the Songs as true as possible from the best Copies, and have not imposed Trash upon the Buyer, like the Publishers of the late Collection of Songs in Octavo, wherein (besides the bad Collection) there is scarce one line of Musick true in the whole Book. There has been a great deal of care to do this Book well, and therefore I hope it will be so accepted, which will oblige,

GENTLEMEN,

Your Servant

JOHN PLAYFORD.

# An Alphabetical Table of the SONGS contain'd in this Book.

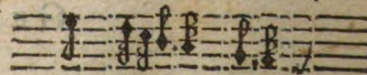
A	Folio	Oh! do not wrong that Face	Folio 22
<b>A</b> H what means that eager Joy	25	Oh Love! how just	52
A	24	P	
A pox on this needles Scorn	24	Philida whilst our tender Age	7
All other Blessings are but Toys. Mr. Turner.	35	Philander once a merry Swain	20
All joy to fair Psyche	40	Phillis accept a broken Heart	27
At length in musing what to do	38	Phillis whose Heart was unconfin'd	29
Amintor on the River side	71	Prophanely I swore by the Powers	57
After the fiercest pangs of hot Desire	64	Phillis in your absence I sad and	62
B		R	
Bless, Mortals, bless the chearing	19	Ranging the Plain one Summer's night	7
Bear witness now you silver	32	Remov'd from Noise and Tumults	54
Bess of Bedlam	44	Rashly I swore I would disown	76
C		Retir'd from Mortals sight	77
Close by a silver Rivolet	2	S	
Clorillo having long in vain	4	Since other Beauties charm your heart	56
Could Man his wish obtain. Mr. Peaseable.	5	She loves, and she confesses	42
Cease fruitless hopes	34	She who my poor heart possesses	48
Coridon met Phillis fair	38	See what a conquest Love has made	63
Come dear Companion	49	Sleep Adam, sleep, and take thy rest	68
D		T	
Draw out the Minutes twice	26	The Night her blackest Sables wore	8
Damon turn thine Eyes on me	51	That beautious Creature for whom	18
Daphne and Amintas: A Dialogue.	58	The bright Laurinda, whose hard fate	23
F		Though Sylvia lov'd too well	67
Fain would I Cloris e're I dye	69	Tell my Strephon that I dye	70
G		Tell my Thirsis, tell your Anguish	79
Go Phillis, go, be peevish still	6	To love and like, and not succeed	37
Gone are my happy days. Mr. Hart.	13	Then we'l joyn hand in hand	39
Go on, true Heart, pursue the prize	18	Think not my Soul's delight	74
Go, perjur'd Man	78	W	
H		When Phillis watch'd her harmless Sheep	9
How wretched am I when Clarinda	10	Whilst I in Shades was musing. Mr. Snow.	12
High State and Honour to others impart	21	What Woman was ever. Mr. Hart.	16
Happy is the Country life	36	When first Celinda blest mine Eyes	34
How long d'ye mean to torture me	41	With brightest Beams let the Sun shine	30
Hero's Complaint to Leander.	82	Whilst our Flocks feed upon the Plains	61
I		When Damon saw fair Sylvia's Face	66
I spend my sad Life	1	Why does the Morn in blushes rise	73
In vain brisk God of Love. Dr. Blow.	11	When Strephon found his Passion	65
In Phillis all vile Filts. Mr. Baptist.	14	Y	
His on the Bank of Thames	62	You I love by all that's true	53
L			
Lovely Selina innocent and free	28		
Lucinda by a secret Art	43		
Let each gallant Heart	50		
Let Equipage and Dress despair	72		
M			
Must poor Lovers still be wooing	33		
N			
No more on my knees to a Beauty	3		
Now every place fresh pleasure	36		
O			
On the Bank of a River close under	17		

These small ERRATA's I desire those who buy the Book, to correct with a Pen.

Folio 21. line 3. Frequent, put Fervent.

Folio 61. line 4. In the Bass the Notes are not placed right,

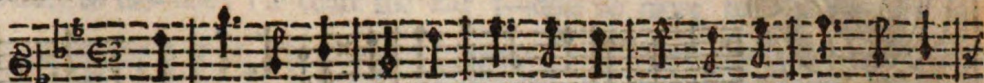
they must be thus:



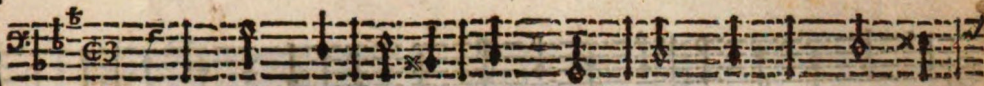
Chant o're the

Folio 75. last line, A B flat is wanting to the Note over Love in the Treble.

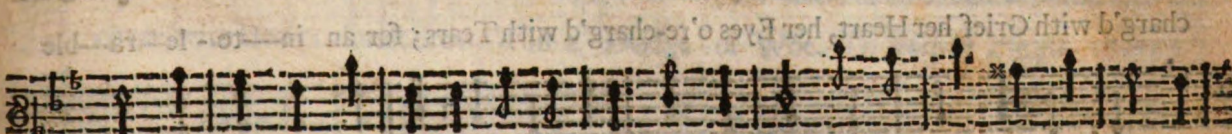
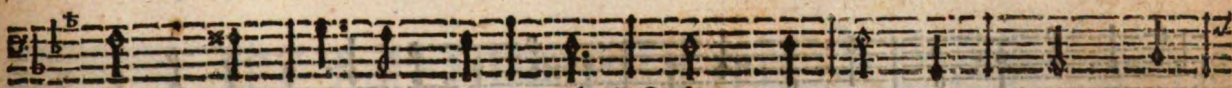
X by Purcell



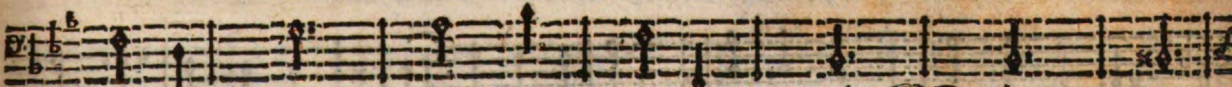
Spend my sad Life in sighs, and in cries, and in si-lent dark



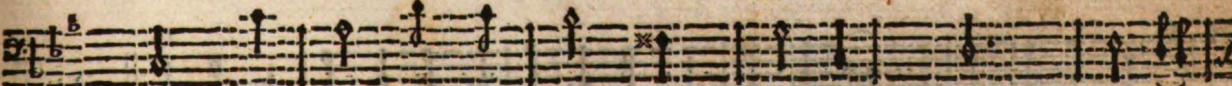
Shades mourn the frowns of your Eyes; lewd Sa-tyrs and Fawns soft pi-ty do



show, and Wolves howl in Confort to the noise of my Woes: Even Mountains and Groves are



kin-der than she; Groans re-bound from each Rock, Tears drop from each Tree: And



all things but *Cælia*, shews pi-ty, shews pi-ty on me.

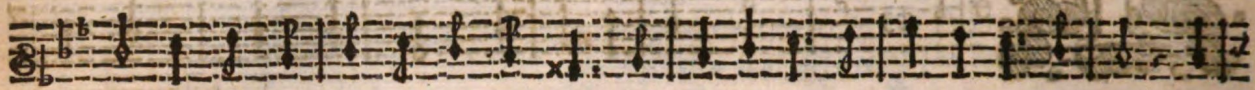


## II.

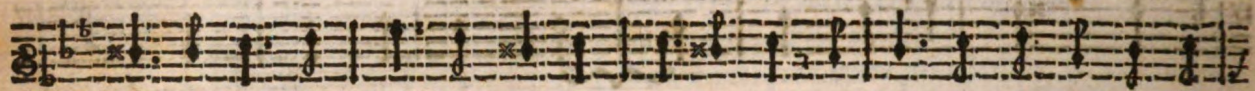
Come *Cælia*, come learn of these Shades to be kind,  
 Learn to yield when I sigh, Trees bend with the Wind;  
 When drops often fall, Rocks, Stones, will relent,  
 Ah! learn, cruel Maid! when I weep to repent.  
 Kind Joys does ne're from Embraces remove,  
 Rivers mix, and that mixture a Marriage may prove;  
 Learn of Trees to Embrace; of Rivers, cold Rivers, to Love.



Lose by a Silver Ri-vo-let, deckt with rich Willows, mournful *Daphne*



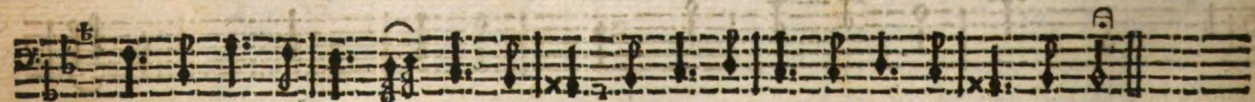
fate, leaning her me-lan-cho-ly Head on the sad Bank of an en-a-mel'd Mead; o're-



charg'd with Grief her Heart, her Eyes o're-charge'd with Tears; for an in-to-le-ra-ble



Smart, for dai-ly Pains, and nightly Fears: For more uncertain Hopes, and sure despair, 'gainst



Tyrant *Love* a long Complaint she made, whilst each sad object did her Sorrows aid.



A. 2. voc.

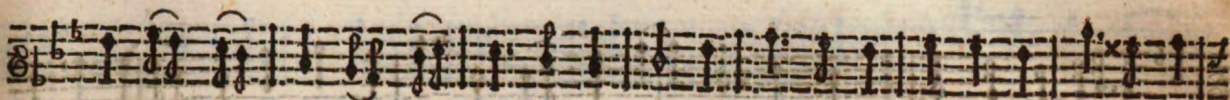
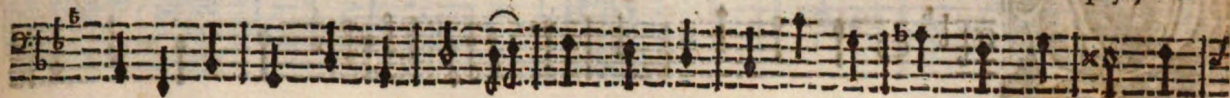


O more on my Knees to a Beau-ty I'le sue, my Heart that was

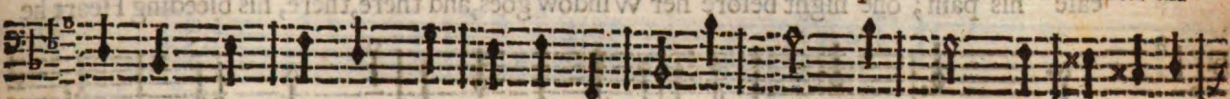




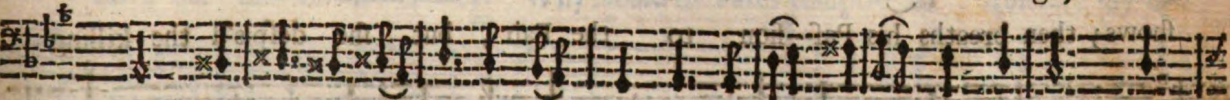
Captive, shall learn to sub-due; I'll court the fair I-dols no more to com-ply, nor



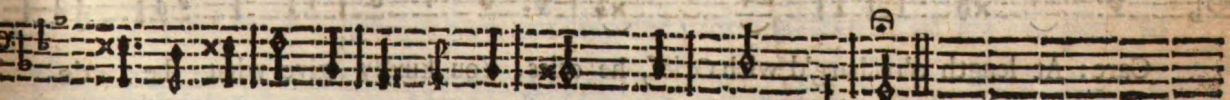
from their re-fu-fals con-clude I must dye: Let in-fi-pid Lovers their Passion dis-



cover, with Hearts almost drown'd in a Deluge of Woe. To *Phil-lis* I'll go, where a



whisper or so, makes way to the Fountain where Pleasures o' reflow.



## II.

There in Loves Garden I'll rifle each Flower,  
 Contemning young *Cupid*, and scoffing at's Power,  
 'Till Appetite's rais'd; then give o're to pursue  
 Those petty Intrigues, and briskly fall to.  
 At every motion, or amorous notion,  
 The risings of Nature with Love-tricks allay;  
 To an Alcove hard by, where *Jove* cannot spy,  
 My *Phyllis* and I most pleasingly stray.

## III.

Where whilst I enfold the soft Dear in my Arms,  
 I wallow in Joy, 'till dissolv'd by the Charms  
 Of her soft melting Kisses, I gasp for fresh Breath,  
 Each minute reviving to dye a new Death.  
 Thus in unparallel'd Raptures of Bliss  
 We consume the swift Minutes of troublesome Life,  
 'Till Nature retire, and puts out Love's Fire,  
 And Age puts an end to our amorous Strife.



O--ril--lo ha-ving long in vain, begg'd the proud Nymph to

ease his pain; one night before her Window goes, and there, there, his bleeding Heart he

shows; then breaths his Pas--sion to the Fair, but she despis'd the killing

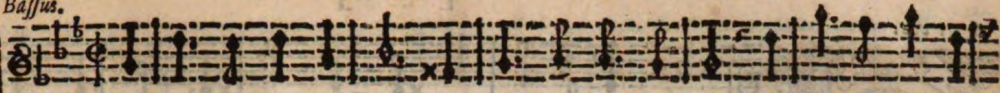
Care: At length o'recharg'd with Grief, he cries, You kindly give what she de-

nies, and then the fain-----ting Shepherd dies, and then the fain-----

-----ting Shepherd dies.



A. 2. voc. Cantus & Bassus.



Ould Man his Wish obtain, how happy would he be? But Wishes seldom

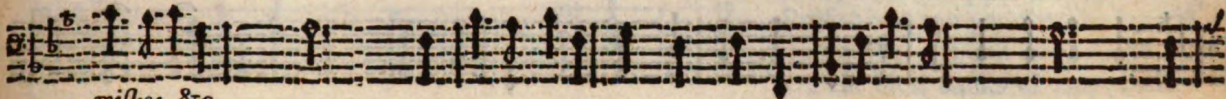


Could Man, &c.

But



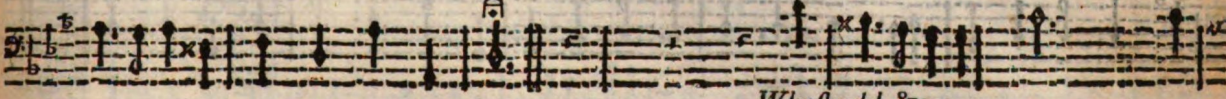
gain, and Hopes are but in vain, if For-tune dif-a-gree: Pi-ty ye Pow'rs of



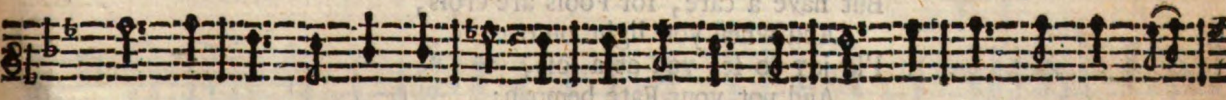
wishes, &c.



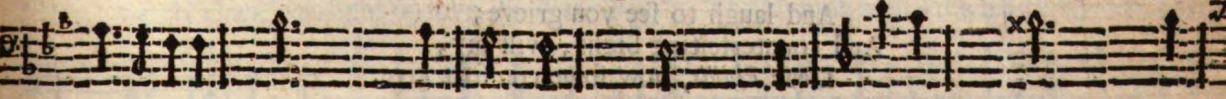
Love our In-fe-li-ci-ty. Why should the Fates conspire to frustrate my de-



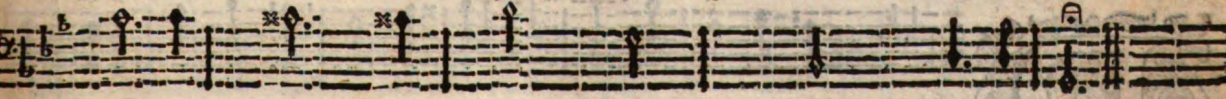
Why should, &c.



fire, since Love's a gen-tle Fire that keeps the World a-live: But me it puts to



pain; it makes me wish in vain, in vain, nor pro-mise a-ny hope to give.



II.

I love, and still I view,  
 Yet dare not tell my mind;  
 Should I my Flames pursue,  
 It might that Bliss undo,  
 Which is for her design'd.  
 A Blessing far above,  
 More lasting, rich, and kind;

Though hopes successles prove,  
 My Heart shall ne're remove  
 From wishing of her Love,  
 In Fortune's Triumphs lead:  
 And though it banish me,  
 If she but happy be,  
 'Twould please my Ghost when I am dead.

A. 2. VOC.



O, *Phil-lis*, go, be pe--vish still, and see if you can find

to one to be subject to your Will, and to your Lightness blind: Such a kind Fool perhaps may

do what ever you command; and humbly kneel to kiss your Shoo, when you deny your Hand.

II.

But have a care, for Fools are cross,  
 And when you light on one;  
 I'll joy to see you at a loss,  
 And not your Fate bemoan:  
 Your Pride I'll then with Scorn repay,  
 And laugh to see you grieve;  
 And counterfeiting Sighs, will say,  
 Dear *Phillis*, now some comfort give.

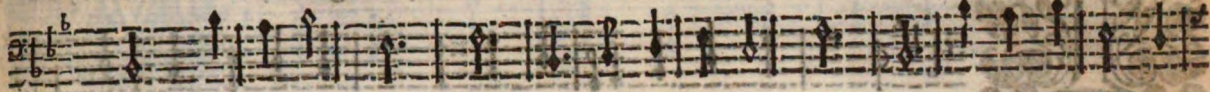


*Hi-li-da*, whilst our ten-der Age is, Na-ture per-swades us

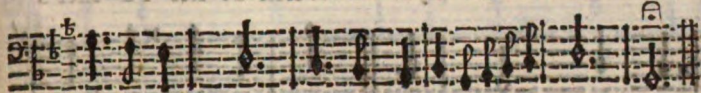
to be kind; Love, who both Gods and Men en--ga--ges, un-to his Altars bend our Minds.



At your re-si-ting, he's offended, and to revenge him time and care; Lads you to Age, who



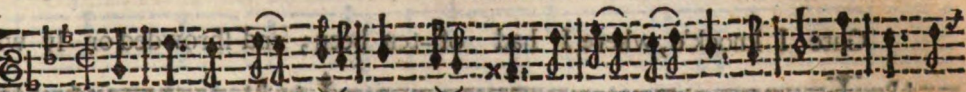
unbefriended leaves you repenting to despair.



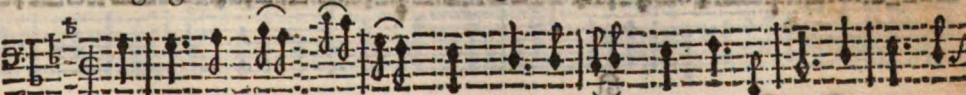
II.

No more in vain then wast your Beauty,  
And those sweet Treasures I adore;  
To Love and Nature pay your duty,  
Whilst I your pleasing Charms implore.  
Kindly embrace your dear *Sylvander*,  
Pres him upon your tender Breast;  
That our kind Souls may gently wander  
On the blest banks of Happiness.

A. 2. voc.



Anging the Plain one Summers night, to pass a vacant hour, I for-tu-



nately chanc'd to light on love-ly *Phillis* Bow'r: The Nymph adorn'd with thousand Charms, in



ex-pe-cta-tion fate, to meet those Joys in *Strephon's* Arms, w<sup>ch</sup> Tongue cannot relate.



II.

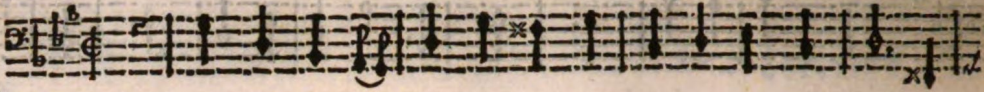
Upon her Hand she lean'd her Head,  
Her Breast did gently rise;  
That e'ry Lover might have read  
Her Wishes in her Eyes.  
At e'ry Breath that mov'd the Trees,  
He suddenly would start;  
A Cold on all her Body seiz'd,  
A trembling on her Heart.

III.

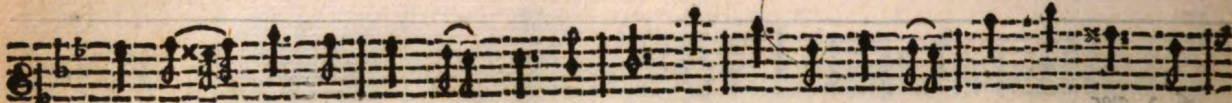
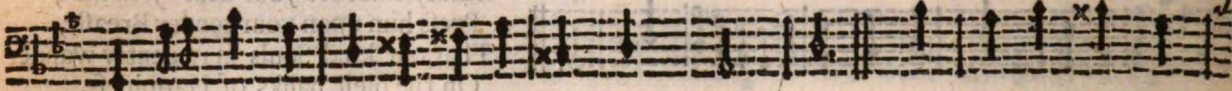
But he that knew how well she lov'd,  
Beyond his hour had stay'd;  
And both with Fear and Anger mov'd  
The melancholy Maid.  
Ye Gods, she said, how oft he swore  
He would be here by One;  
But now, alas! 'tis Six and more,  
And yet he is not come.



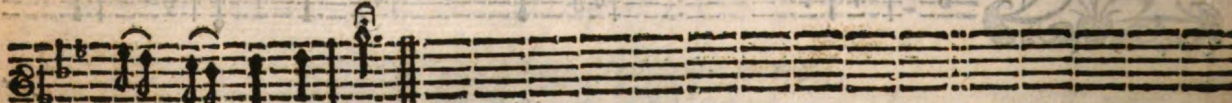
HE Night her blackest Sables wore, and gloomy were the Skies; and



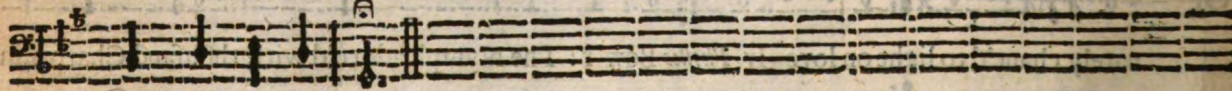
glitt'ring Stars there were no more, than those in *Stella's* Eyes: When at her Fa-ther's



Gate I knock'd, where I had of-ten been; and shrowd on-ly with her Smock, the



fair one let me in.



II.

Fast lock'd within her close Embrace,  
 She trembling lay asham'd;  
 Her swelling Breast, and glowing Face,  
 And every touch inflam'd.  
 My eager Passion I obey'd,  
 Resolv'd the Fort to win;  
 And her fond Heart was soon betray'd,  
 To yield and let me in.

III.

Then! then! beyond expressing,  
 Immortal was the Joy;  
 I knew no greater Blessing,  
 So great a God was I.  
 And she transported with Delight,  
 Oft pray'd me come again;  
 And kindly vow'd, that every night  
 She'd rise and let me in.

IV.

But, oh! at last she prov'd with Bern,  
 And sighing fate, and dull;  
 And I that was as much concern'd,  
 Look'd then just like a Fool.  
 Her lovely Eyes with Tears run o're,  
 Repenting her rash Sin;  
 She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour  
 That e're she let me in.

V.

But who could cruelly deceive,  
 Or from such Beauty part?  
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave  
 The Charmer of my Heart.  
 But Wedded and conceal'd the Crime,  
 Thus all was well again;  
 And now she thanks the blessed Hour,  
 That e're she let me in.



Hen *Phyllis* watcht her harmles Sheep, not one poor Lamb was made a

Prey; yet she had cause enough to weep, her fil-ly Heart did go astray: Then fly—ing

to the neighb'ring Grove, she left the tender Flock to rove, and to the Winds did breath her Love.

She fought in vain to ease her Pain, the heedless Winds did fan her Fire;

venting her Grief gave no re--lief, but rather did encrease desire. Then sitting with her

Arms across, her Sorrows streaming from each Eye; she fixt her thoughts up--on her

Lofs, and in De--spair re--solv'd to dye.



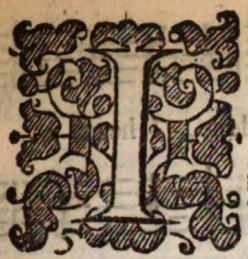
OW wretched am I when *Clarin-da* does frown, at her

Feet in con--fu--sion I fall; and kneeling, on Heaven for af--si--stance I call, and

court the kind Stars they'd in pi--ty look down: But in vain to their aid my Mi--se--ry

flies, for the Gods I but i--dly implore; 'tis *Clarin-da* a--lone my Peace can re-

store, no Heav'n but her Smiles, and no Stars but her Eyes.



N vain, in vain, brisk God of Love, in vain have I thy

pow'ful Charms long long strove to de-fie; for just as when some for-ti-fy'd Town has

long long held out the Siege, then bat-ter'd down: So I that ne-ver

fear'd, nay scorn'd thy Dart, at length am woun-ded, wounded, at the Heart. Look

then up-on the Sa-cri-fice you've slain, view well the Heart, and see if there one

stain of Treachery you find; if not, then say, Ah! Ah!

dear, dear Heart! that ne-ver went a-stray; dear Heart! that ne-ver went a-stray.



W hen in a Hill I in Shades was ma—sing all a—lone, I heard a

Nymph i'th' Wood thus make her moan: Ah cruel Boy! she cry'd, thou dost flight my Sighs, my

Groans, a—las! thou kil'st me quite; each Wood, each Plain, each Hill, I've trac'd a

round, but nought save Fancies for my pains I've found. Ah! cruel Boy! in Sighs again, she

said, How oft hast stopt thy Ears, when I have play'd in charming Notes to melt you

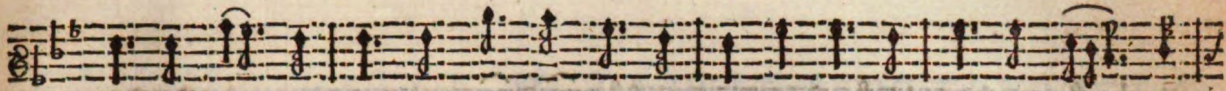
stubborn Swain; but still for Love thou dost return disdain. Ah! shall I dye! Gods, are ye so un-

kind! t' afford no aid to my di—stra—cted Mind! and at these words she wept, the

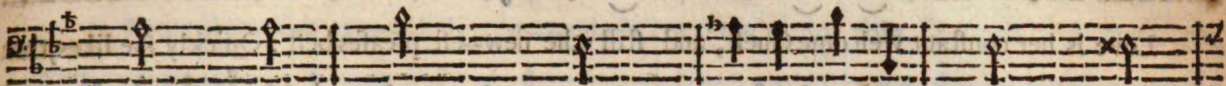




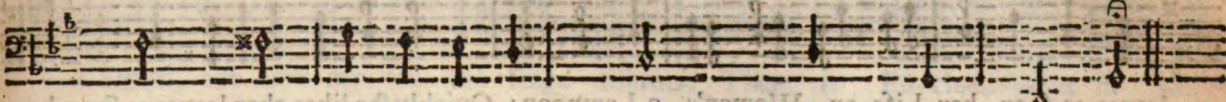
Woods rebound with pier—cing Groans, a voice she heard rebound: Thus to the Nymph it



said, Thy charm'd Delights me from my ten—der Flocks to thee In—vites, my ra—vish'd



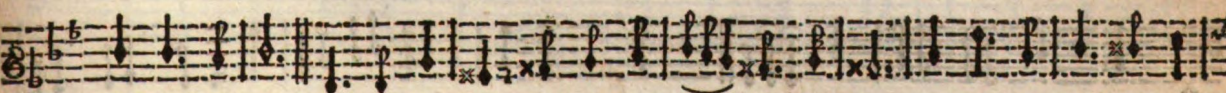
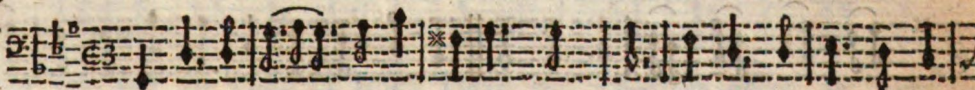
Sen—ses tran—ced by your Charms, I'll cir—cled live, and dye within your Arms.



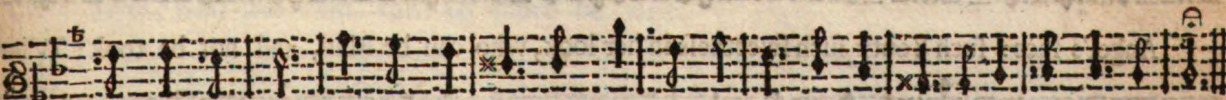
A. 2. voc.



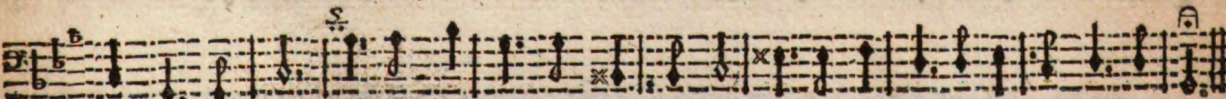
One are my hap—py days, all lost, for she that stole my Heart, stole then



my Li—ber—ty; arm'd with the Spoils of a de—fence—less Breast, and in the richest Garb



of Nature drest: Crown'd by her Conquest now she's gone, ne're to remember loving *Thirsis* moan.



II.

Let her in Triumph ride, I'll be as brave,  
 With humble Pride I'll follow like a Slave:  
 But if amidst the Pomp with Scorn she turn,  
 And see the Wretch that once for her did burn;  
 Just as she backward casts her Head,  
 Then her reproachful Eyes will strike me dead.



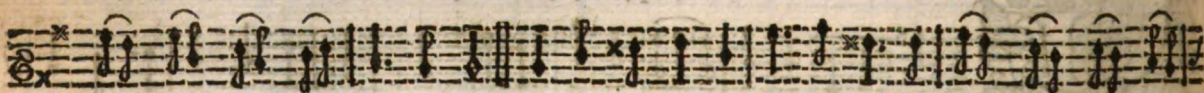
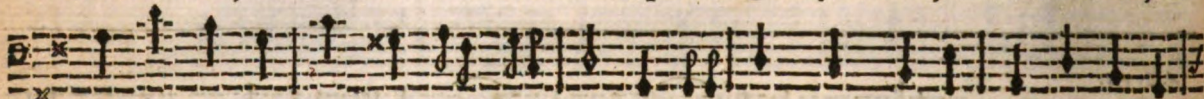
**L** OVE : *Phyllis* all vile Jilts are met, foolish, un-cer-tain, false Cocquet ;



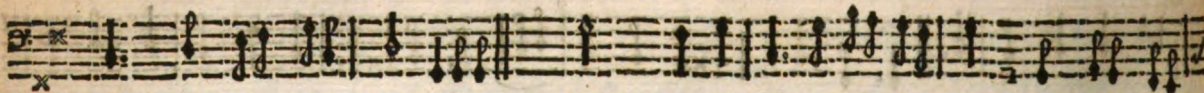
Love is her constant welcome Guest, and still the new--est pleases best : Quickly she likes, then



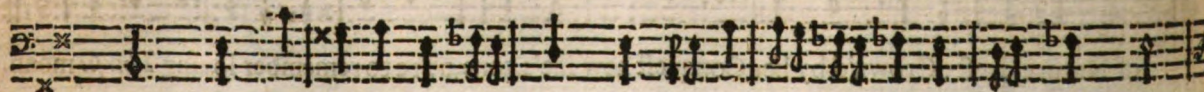
leaves as soon, her Life on Woman's a Lampon; Quickly she likes, then leaves as soon, her



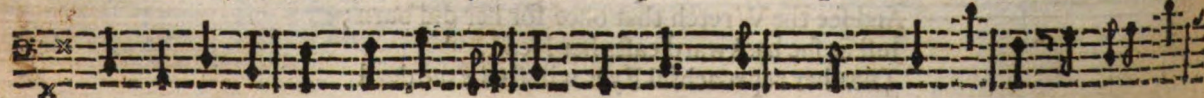
Life on Woman's a Lampon. Yet for the Plague of Human Race, this De--vil has an



Angel's face: such Youth, such sweetness in her look, who can be Man, and not be took? What

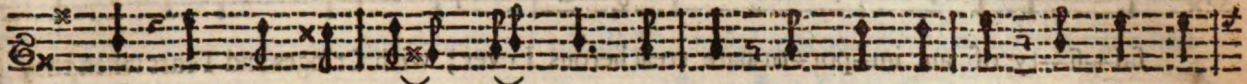
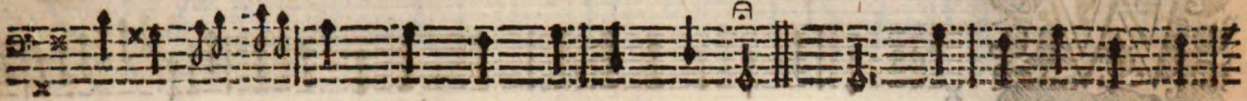


former Love, what Wit, what Art, can save a poor enclining Heart? What former Love, what

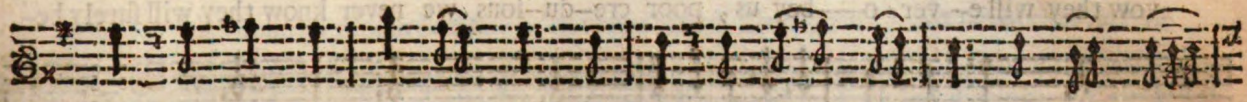
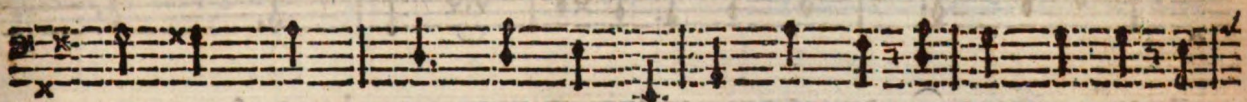




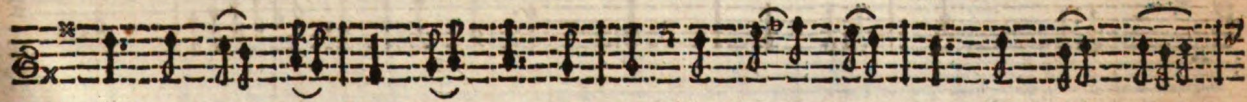
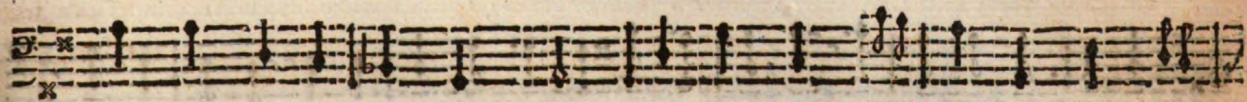
Wit, what Art, can save a poor en--cli--ning Heart? In vain a thousand times an



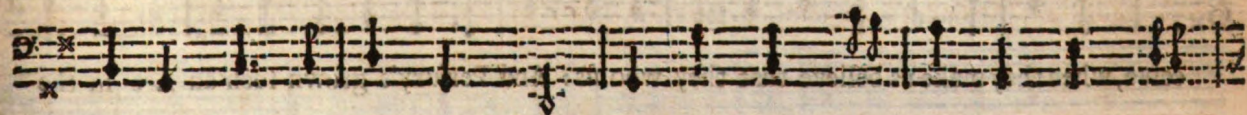
hour, Rea--son re--bels a--gainst her Pow'r; in vain I rail, I curse her



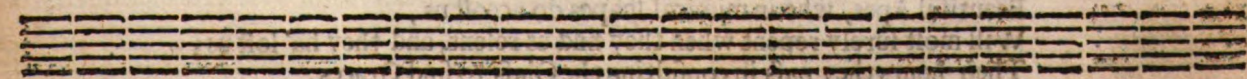
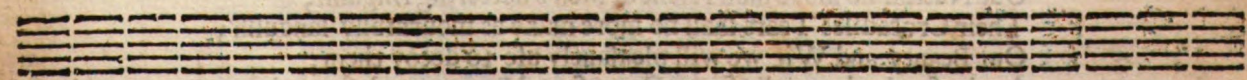
Charms, one look my fee--ble Rage difarms: There is En--chant--ment in her



Eyes, who sees 'em can no more be wife; There is En--chant--ment in her



Eyes, who sees 'em can no more be wife.



W hat Woman was e-ver so for-tu-nate, as to dif-co-ver the

fal-fi-ty of an im-por-tu-nate treacherous Lover; with Cringes and Tears when they

vow they will e-ver o-bey us, poor cre-du-lous we never know they will surely be-

tray us. Perfidious Man! let us do what we can, will un-do us; they de-sign to de-

ceive, when they make us believe that they woo us: And Perjury's grown such an Art in the

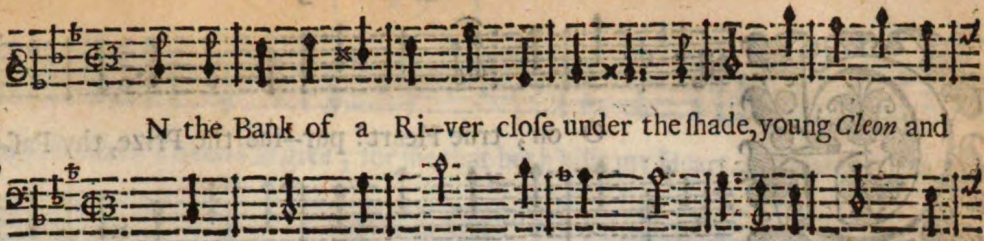
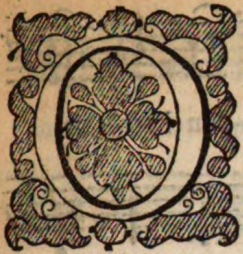
Town, so in fashion; that Custom and Time has made it no Crime in the Na-tion.

III.

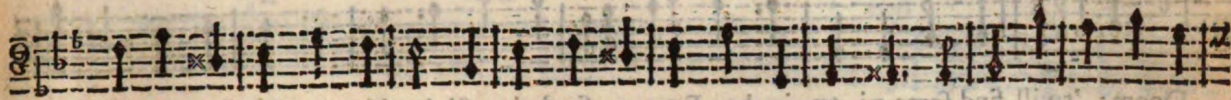
Our Nation no more shall relent at Men's flattering Anguish,  
 Their Crocodiles Tears shall no more make us mournfully languish;  
 Our Beauty and Wit we will pleasantly use to decoy them,  
 As pleasantly then we'll use our Coynefs and Frowns to destroy them.

IV.

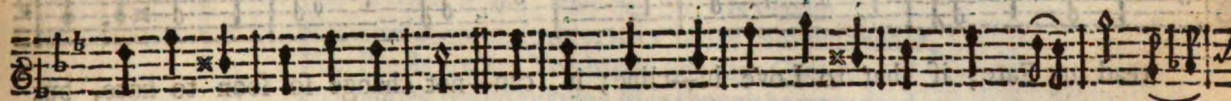
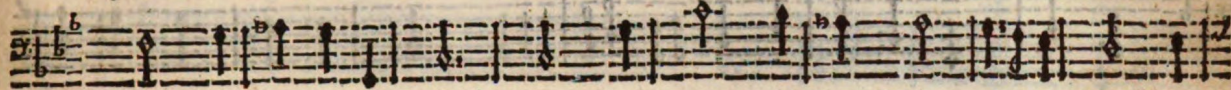
Beautiful Apes, who in mimical shapes do accost us,  
 Will most surely repent when they find us relent, and they ha' lost us;  
 Their hours they pass in consulting the Glafs to find Graces,  
 May make us approve, and presently love their Fools faces.



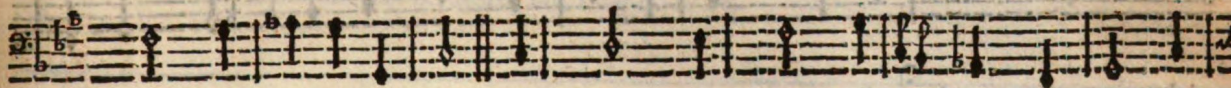
N the Bank of a Ri-ver close under the shade, young *Cleon* and



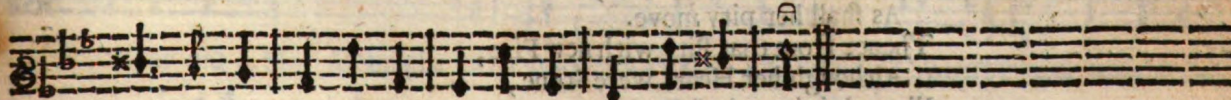
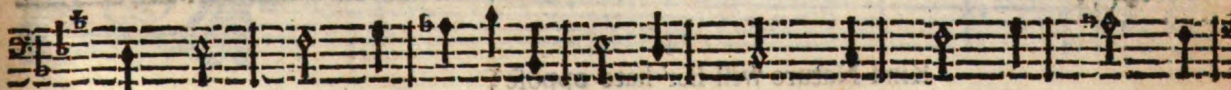
*Sylva* one evening were laid; the Youth pleaded strongly for proof of his Love, but Honour had



won her his Flame to reprove. She cry'd, where's the Luffter, when Clouds shade the Sun? or



what is rich *Nectar*, the tast being gone? 'Mongst Flow'rs on the Stalk sweetest Odours do



dwell; but if gather'd the Rose is, it lo-ses the smell.



II.

Thou dearest of Nymphs, the brisk Shepherd reply'd,  
 If e're thou wilt argue, begin on Love's side:  
 In matters of State let grave Reason be shown,  
 But Love is a Power will be ruled by none;  
 Nor should a coy Beauty be counted so rare,  
 For Scandal can blast both the Chast and the Fair.  
 Most fierce are the joys Love's Alembick do fill,  
 And the Roses are sweetest when put to the Still.



O on, true Heart! pur-sue the Prize, thy Pas-sion knows its

Doom; 'twill find some pi-ty in her Eyes, or send thee slighted home: Yet from her Heart I'll

read my Fate, if that to Love in-cline; it can-not change so soon to hate, but

it must think on mine.

II.

Kind Nature will her hate oppose;  
 And though she does not love,  
 My Passion I will so disclose,  
 As shall her pity move.  
 Thence from that Pity with new Fire,  
 Although her Heart were Stone,  
 I'll melt it into chaste Desire,  
 And Coyn it in my own.

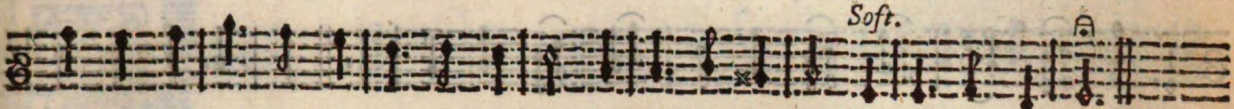
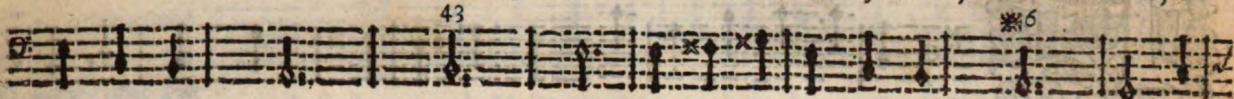


Hat beau-te-ous Creature for whom I'm a Lover, I can-not, I

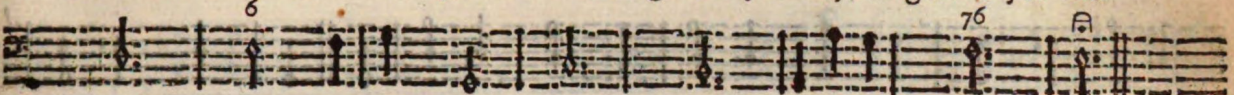
will not, I must not dis-co-ver, I can-not, I will not, I must not dis-co-ver: Yet



mark well my Song, and some Token I'll give; for she that both kills my Heart, and makes it live, is

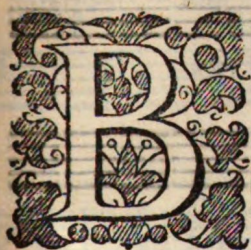


either call'd *Ma-ry*, or *Bet-ty*, or *Ann*. Now guess if you can, now guess if you can.

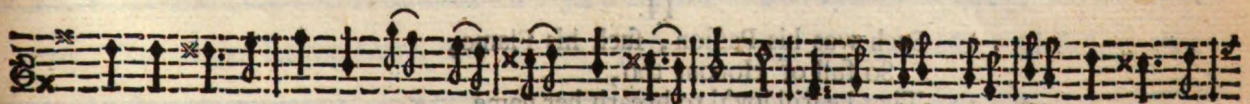
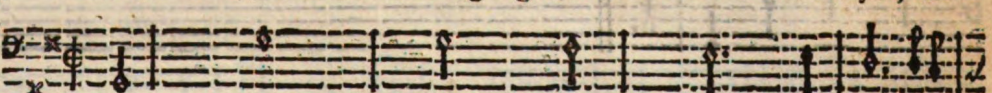


II.

Her Stature is tall, and her Body is slender,  
Her Eyes are most lovely, her Cheeks pale and tender,  
Fine Pearls are her Teeth, and her Lips Cherry red,  
Her Smiles would revive a Man though he were dead,  
She'd make one in love were he never before;  
But I say no more, but I say no more.



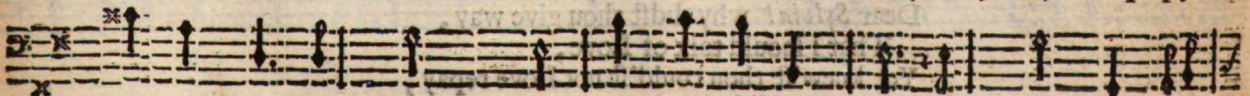
Lefs, Mortals, blefs the chearing Light that flows from *Calia's* Eyes, for



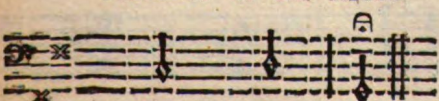
never did a Star so bright in Beauties Heav'n rise: And whilst a Crown's uneasie weight, and



all the mighty toys of State, she softens with her Charms, blefs, blefs, the hap-py



Monarch in her Arms.

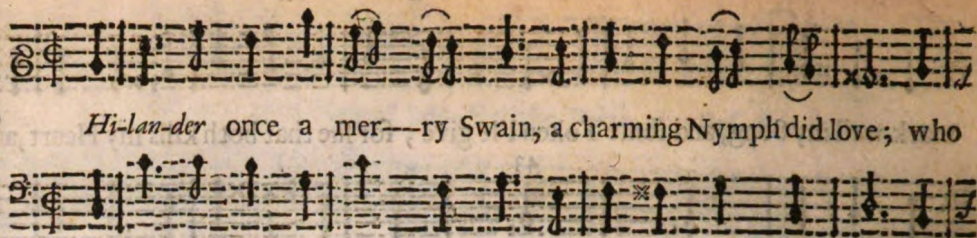


Dr. Blow.

II.

Who lives that does not yield to Love,  
And oft his Joys renew;  
And yet how few in Kings approve  
What they themselves pursue.  
The murmuring Crowd themselves afford  
The Pleasures they deny their Lord,  
Though Love is Empire's Dower,  
To recompence the Slavery of Power.

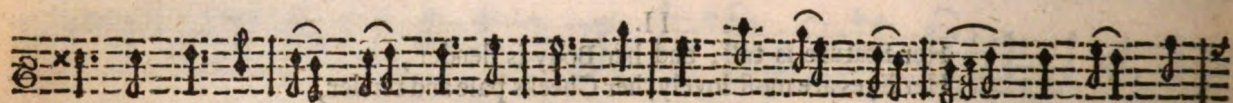
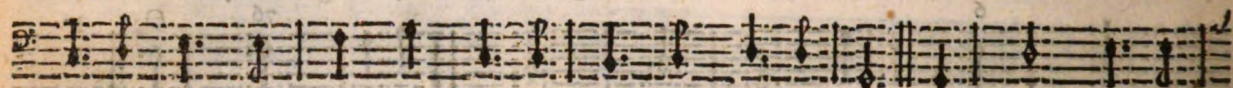
A. 2. voc.



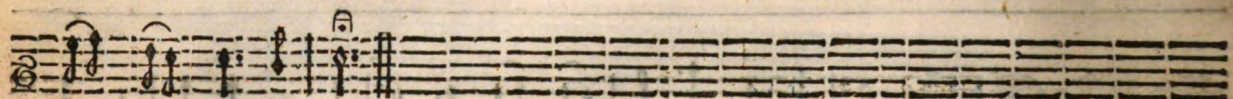
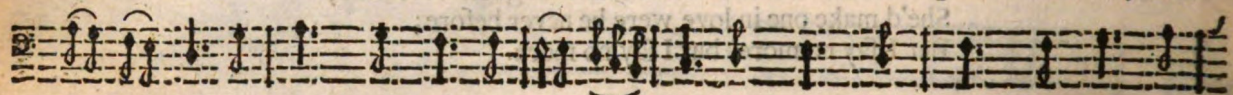
Hi-lan-der once a mer—ry Swain, a charming Nymph did love; who



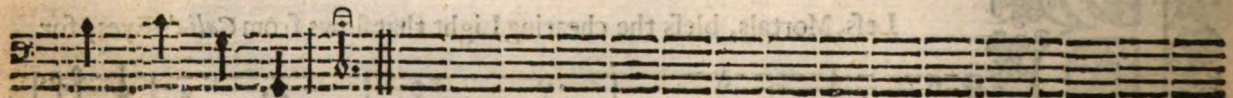
ne-ver paid his Love a—gain, but did un-con-stant prove: Falf-ly the Shepherd



he forfook, and did his Love dif-dain; yet he in love fuch plea—fure took, that



he embrac'd the Pain.



## II.

Such was his Paſſion, ſuch his Flame,  
So full of Honour too,  
That he ſtill lov'd to breath her name,  
Although ſhe prov'd untrue:  
Therefore beneath a Myrtle ſhade,  
One pleaſant Summer's Morn,  
The too unhappy Shepherd laid,  
And did lament her Scorn.

## III.

Thus to himſelf the wretched Swain,  
Though tender of her Fame,  
Of *Sylvia's* falſhood did complain,  
Yet durſt not blaſt her name:  
Dear *Sylvia!* why didſt thou give way,  
That I ſhould talk of Love,  
Yet knew'ſt thou could'ſt not Love repay,  
Nor would'ſt my Flame remove?

## IV.

When in its Youth my Paſſion was,  
'Twas eaſie to remove;  
But now 'tis grown to ſuch a paſs,  
The Task too hard will prove:  
For in my Heart the love of you  
Too deeply rooted is;  
'Twas the firſt Grief I ever knew,  
Yet is my greateſt Blifs.



An AYRE on a Ground.



H igh State and Honours to o-thers im-part, but give me your

Heart; that Treasure, that Treasure a-lone, I beg for my own: So gen-tle a Love, so

frequent a Fire, my Soul does inspire; that Treasure, that Treasure alone, I beg for my

own. Your Love let me crave, give me in pos-ses-sing so matchless a Bles-sing, that

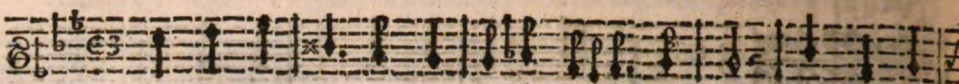
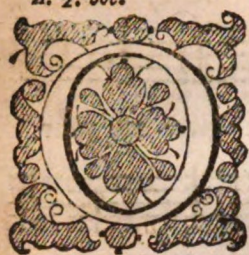
Empire is all I would have, loves my Petition, and all my Ambition. If e're you dis-co-ver so

faithful, so faithful a Lover, so re-al a Flame, I'le dye, I'le dye, I'ledye, so give up my Game.

Mr. Abel.

On a LADY dressing by a Glafs.

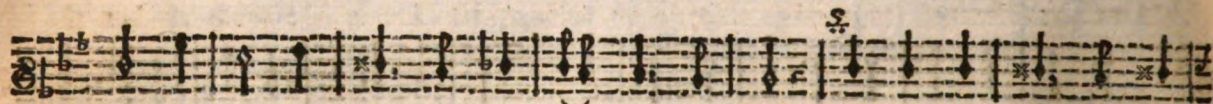
A. 2. VOC.



H! do not wrong that Face that is so fair, Na-ture will



chide if you her Work im-pair; she has been free in gi-ving all she



can, to make you love-ly, and ad-mir'd by Man. Then lay a-side your Glafs,



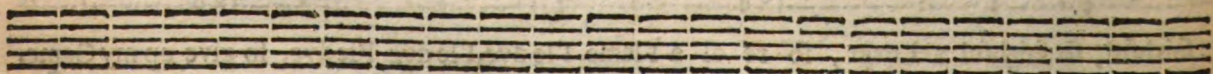
let me now ad-vise you, 'till Age or Grief, or both, make Men despise you.



Mr. William Gregory.

II.

*Narcissus* seeing of his lovely Face,  
 Doated so much he dy'd in's own Embrace;  
 If Man did so, what will not Woman do,  
 When she surveys what Men admire and woo?  
 Then lay aside your Glafs, let me now advise you,  
 'Till Age or Grief, or both, make Men despise you.





HE bright *Laurinda*, whose hard fate it was to love a Swain, ill-natur'd,

faithless, and ingrate, grew wea-ry of her pain: Long, long, a-las! she vain-ly strove, to

free her Captive Heart from Love; 'till urg'd too much by his Disdain, she broke at last the

strong-link'd Chain, and vow'd she ne're would love a-gain.

Capt. Packes

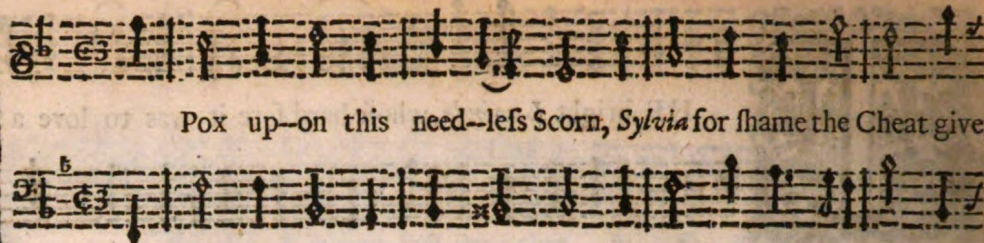
Capt. Packes

II.

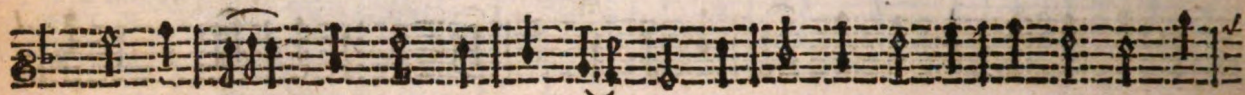
The lovely Nymph now free as Air,  
 Gay as the blooming Spring,  
 To no soft Tale would lend an Ear,  
 But careless sit and sing:  
 Or if a moving Story wrought  
 Her frozen Breast to a kind thought,  
 She check'd her Heart, and cry'd, Ah! hold!  
*Amintor* thus his Story told,  
 Once burn'd as much, but now he's cold.

III.

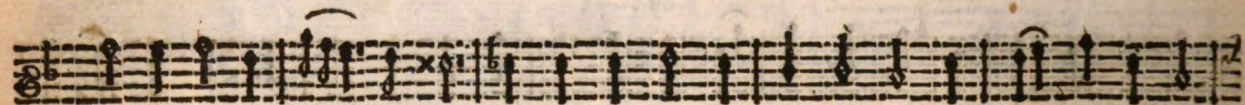
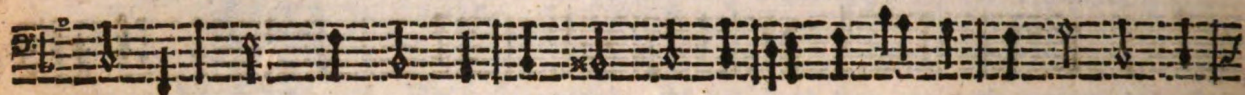
Long thus she kept her Liberty,  
 And by her all-conquering Eyes,  
 A thousand Youths did daily dye  
 Her Beauties Sacrifice:  
 'Till Love at last young *Cleon* brought,  
 The object of each Virgin's thought,  
 Whose strange resistless Charms did move,  
 They made her burn and rage with Love,  
 And made her blest as those above.



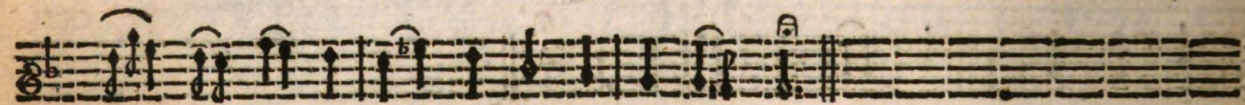
Pox up—on this need—less Scorn, *Sylvia* for shame the Cheat give



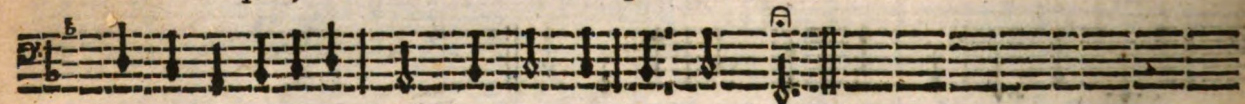
o're; the end to which the Fair are born, is not to keep their Charms in store: But



la-vish-ly dis-—pose in haſt of Joys, which none but Youth improve; Joys which decay when



Beau-ties paſt, and who when Beauties paſt will love?



Capt. Packe.

Capt. Packe.

II.

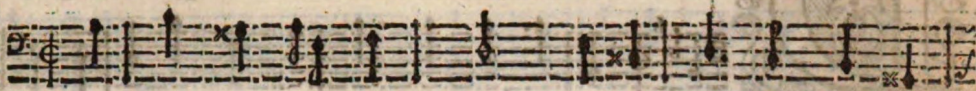
When Age thoſe Glories ſhall deface,  
 Revenging all your cold diſdain,  
 And *Sylvia* ſhall neglected paſs,  
 By every one admiring Swain:  
 And we can only pity pay,  
 When you in vain too late ſhall burn;  
 If Love increaſe, and Youth decay,  
 Ah *Sylvia!* who will make return?

III.

Then haſt my *Sylvia* to the Grove,  
 Where all the Sweets of *May* conſpire;  
 To teach us every Art of Love,  
 And raiſe our Charms of Pleaſure higher;  
 And when Embracing we ſhall lye,  
 Cloſely in ſhades on Banks of Flowers;  
 The duller World whiſt we deſie,  
 Years would be Minutes, Ages Hours.



H! what can mean that ea-ger Joy, Transports my Soul when



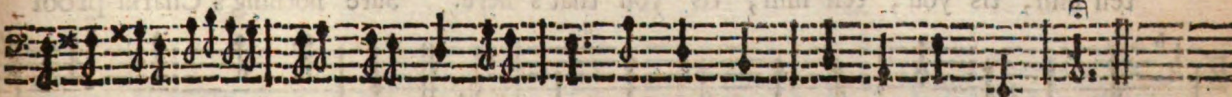
you ap-pear? ah *Strepson!* you my Thoughts employ, with all that's Charming, all that's



dear. When you your pleasing Sto-ry tell, a ten-der-ness in-vades my Parts;



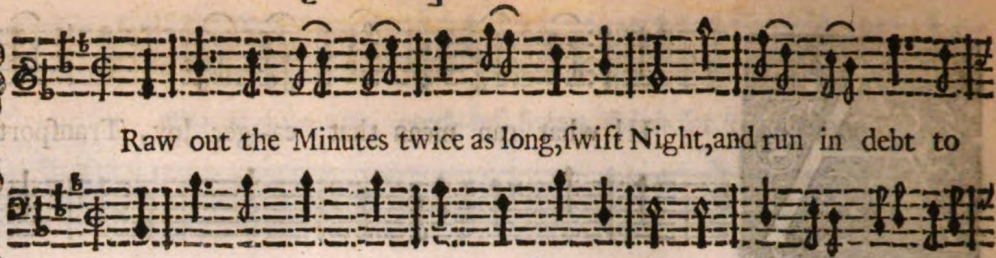
And I with Blush-es own, I feel something too mel-ting at my Heart.



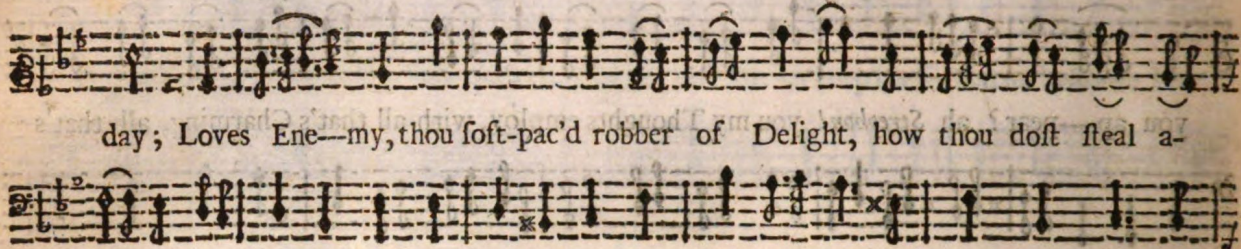
*Mr. William Turner.*

II.

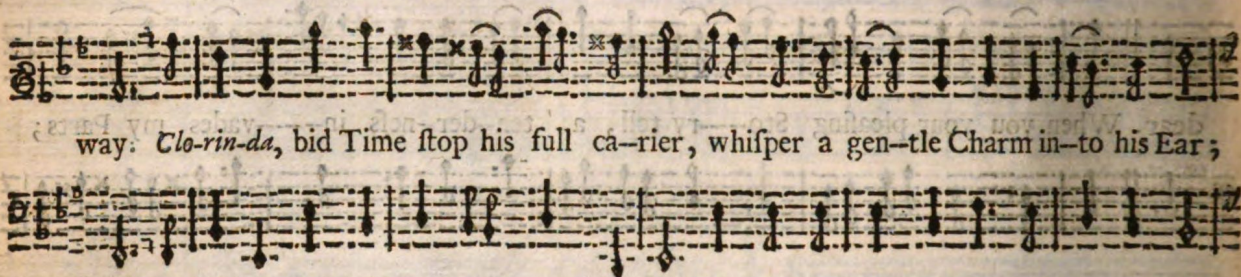
Each sight my Reason does surprize;  
 And I at once both wish and fear;  
 My wounded Soul mounts to my Eyes,  
 As if 'twould prattle Stories there.  
 Take, take that Heart that needs would go;  
 But Shepherd, see it kindly us'd;  
 For who such Presents would bestow,  
 If this, alas! should be abus'd?



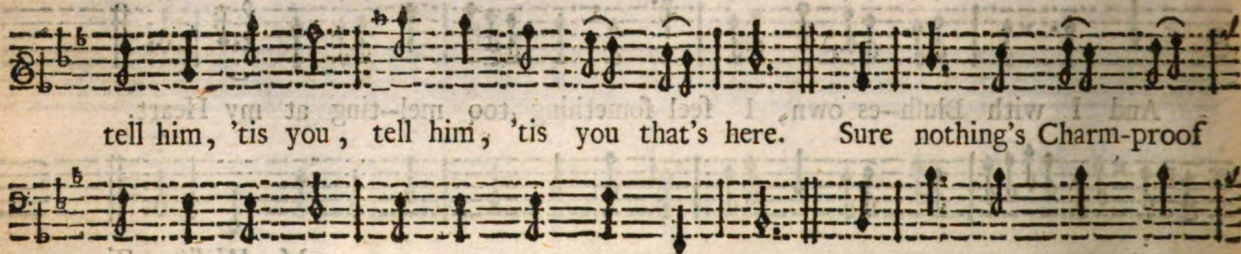
Draw out the Minutes twice as long, swift Night, and run in debt to



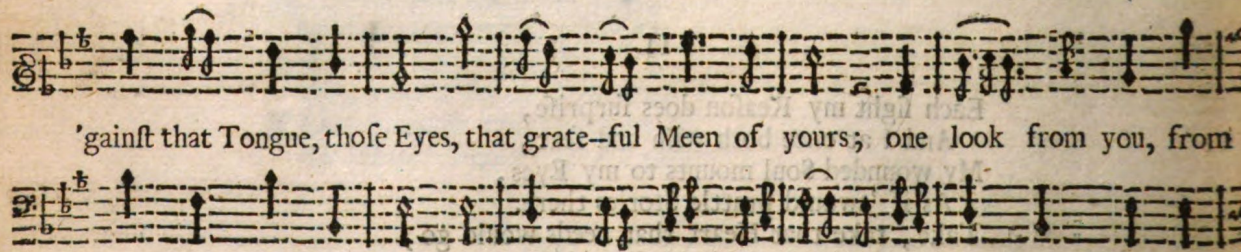
day; Loves Ene—my, thou soft-pac'd robber of Delight, how thou dost steal a-



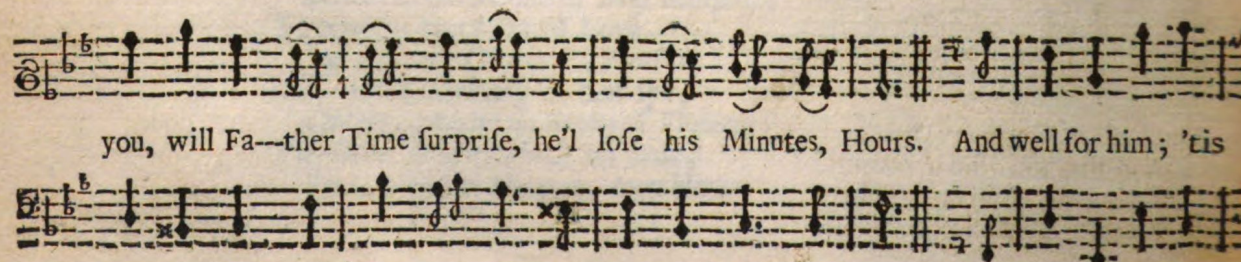
way: Clo-rin-da, bid Time stop his full ca-rier, whisper a gen-tle Charm in-to his Ear;



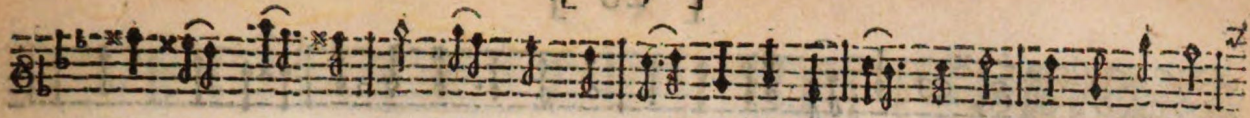
tell him, 'tis you, tell him, 'tis you that's here. Sure nothing's Charm-proof



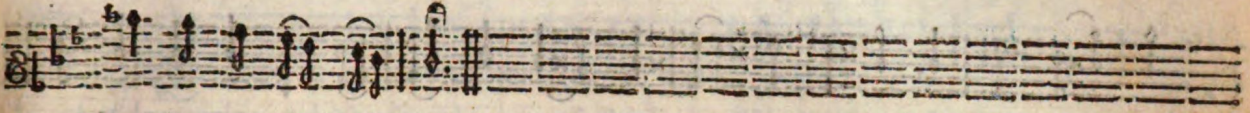
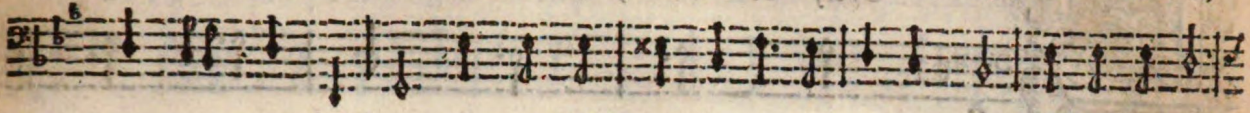
'gainst that Tongue, those Eyes, that grate-ful Meen of yours; one look from you, from



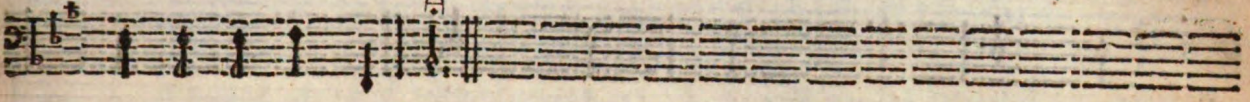
you, will Fa--ther Time surprife, he'l lose his Minutes, Hours. And well for him; 'tis



Time improv'd, to be blest with a glimpse of that Di--vi--ni--ty, all will adore,



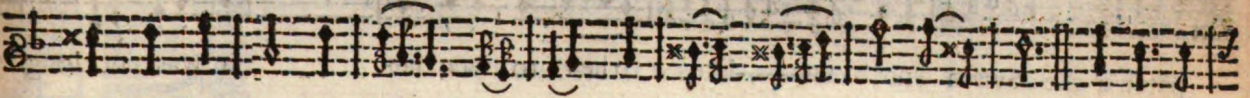
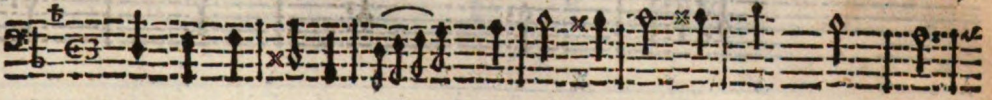
all will a--dore that see. *Dr. Blow,*



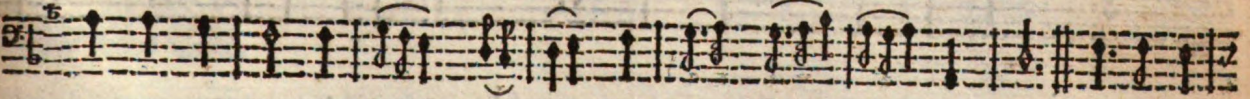
*A. 2. voc.*



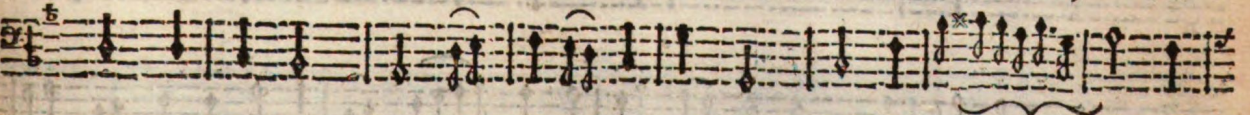
*Hil--lis*, accept a bro--ken Heart, w<sup>ch</sup> none 'till now could move;



Beauty, like yours, should scorn a part, in fa--ding per--jur'd Love: Yet I some-



times have seen you smile, on one makes Love a Trade; you smile, but



though I hope the while, on those he had be--tray'd. *Dr. Blow,*



II.

Must all be Cozeners who are fair?  
And slighted who are true?  
'Tis time for me then to despair,  
My Heart's too just for you.

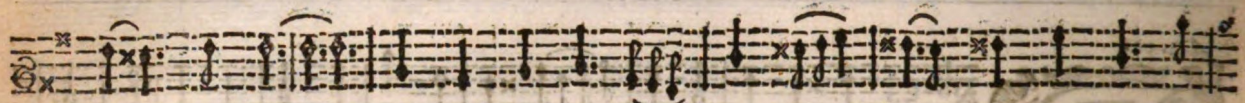
If you're engag'd, then I'm undone,  
Though you should change to me;  
For she that can prove false to one,  
Will false for ever be.



Ovely *Se—li—na*, in-no-cent and free from all the dangerous



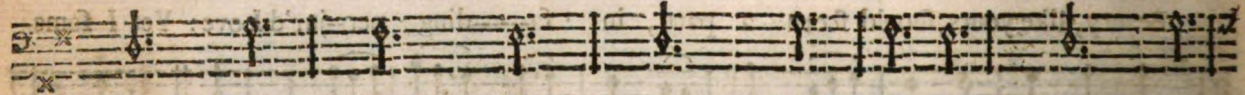
Arts of Love, thus in a me—lan—cho—ly Grove en—joy'd the sweetnes of her



Pri—va—cy ; 'till en—vious Gods de—sign—ing to un—do her, dif-



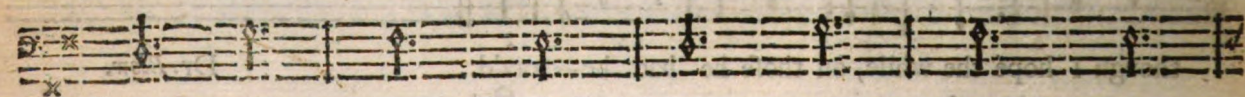
patch'd the Swain not un—like then to woo her. It was not long



e're the design did take; a gen—tle Youth born to persuade, deceiv'd the too too ea—sie



Maid; her Scrip and Garlands soon she did forsake, and rash—ly told the Secrets of her



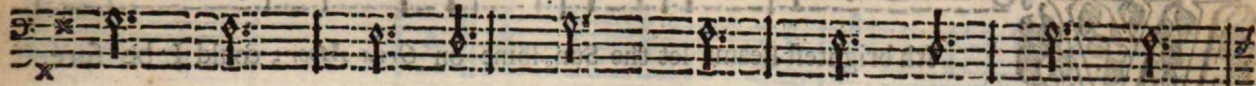
Heart, which the fond Man would e—ver—more im—part. *Falfe Flori—*



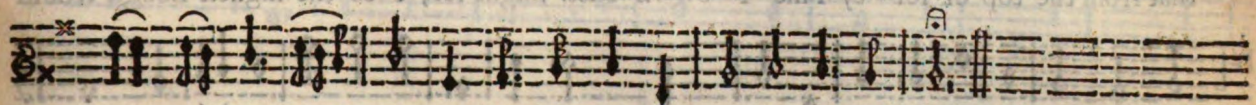
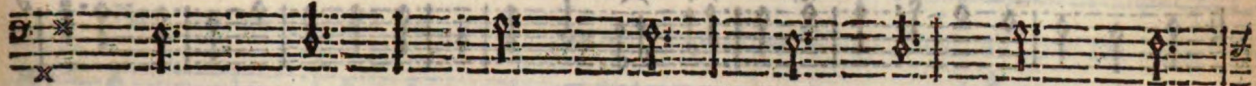




mel, joy of my Heart, said she, 'Tis hard to love, and love in vain, to love, and not be

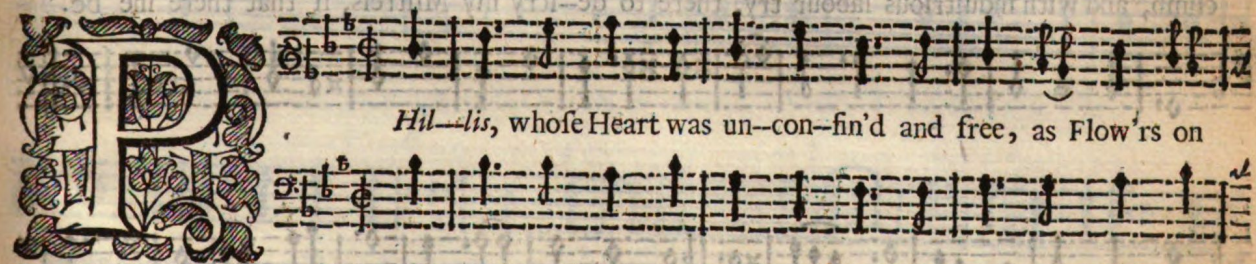
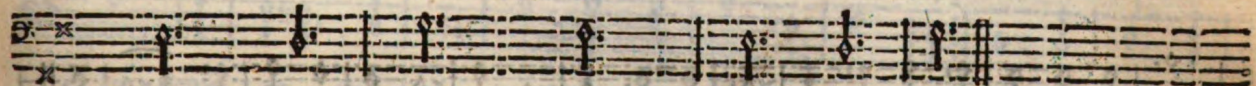


lov'd a-gain; and why should Love and Prudence dif-a-gree? Pi-ty ye Pow'rs that



fit at ease a-bove, if e're you know what 'tis to be in Love.

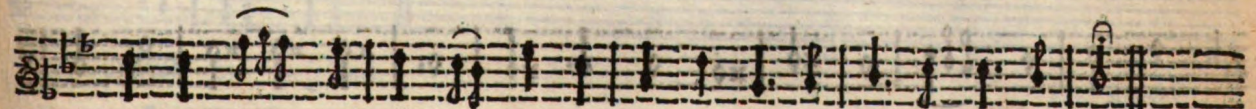
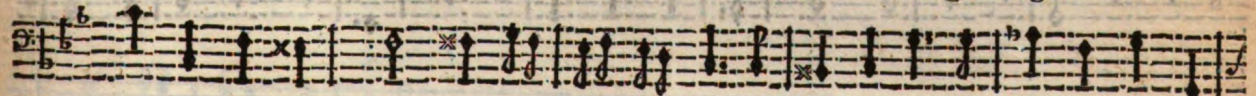
Dr. John Blow.



Hil-lis, whose Heart was un-con-fin'd and free, as Flow'rs on



Meads and Plains; none boasted of her being kind, mongst all the languishing and am'rous



Swains: No Sighs or Tears her Heart could move, to pi-ty or re-turn their Love.



Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.

'Till on a time the hapless Maid  
Retir'd to shun the heat o'th' day,  
Into a Grove, beneath whose shade  
Strephon the careless Shepherd slept and lay.  
But oh! such Charms the Youth adorn,  
Love is reveng'd for all her Scorn.

III.

Her Cheeks with blushes cover'd were,  
And tender sighs her Bosom warm'd;  
A softness in her Eyes appear'd,  
Unusual Pains she feels from every Charm.  
To Woods and Eccho's now she cries,  
For Modesty to speak denies.

O R R A M O O R, a Lapland Song.



Ith brightest Beams let the Sun shine on *Orra-Moor*; could I be sure,

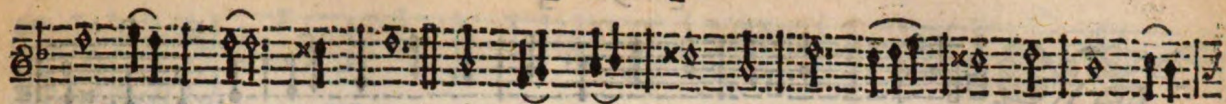
that from the top of lof--ty Pine I *Or-ra-Moor* might see, I to the highest Bough would

climb, and with industrious labour try; there to de--sery my Mistrefs, if that there she be.

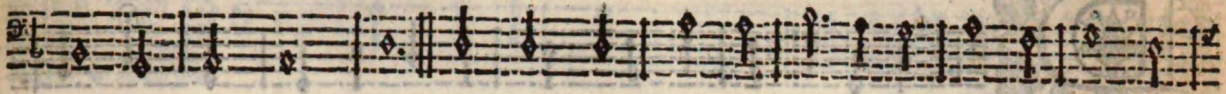
Could I but know amidst the Flow'rs, or in what shade she stays; the gawdy Bow'rs, with

all their ver--dant Pride, their Blossoms and their Sprays, which make my Mi--strefs

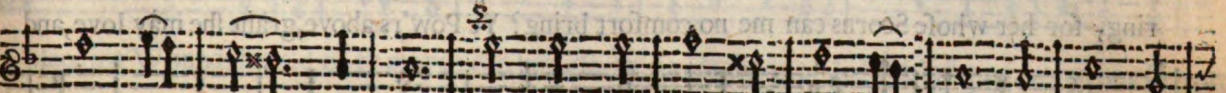
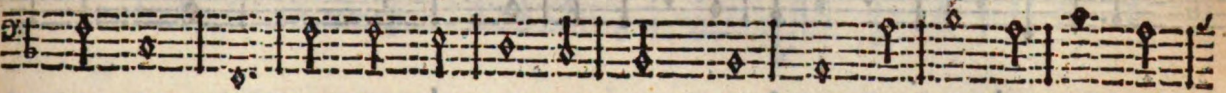
dis--ap--pear, and her in en--vious dark--ness hide, I from the Roots and



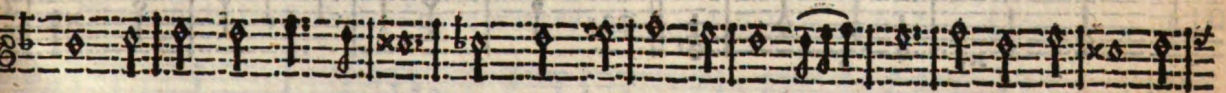
Beds of Earth would tear. Up—on the Raft of Clouds I'd ride, which un—to



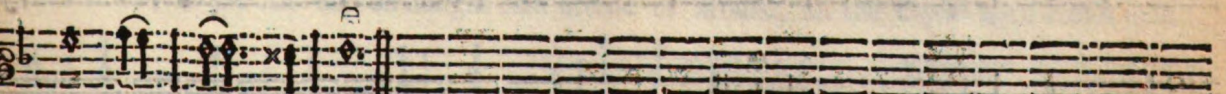
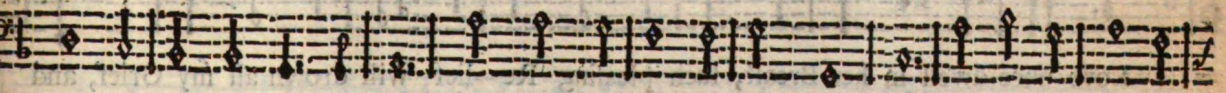
Or—ra fly ; of Ra—vens I would bor—row Wings, and all the fea—ther'd



In—mates of the Sky. But Wings, a—lafs! are me de—ny'd, the Stork and

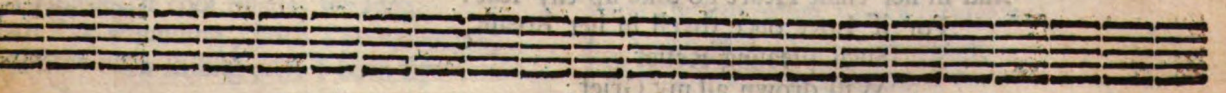
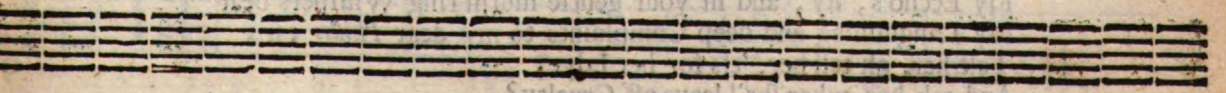
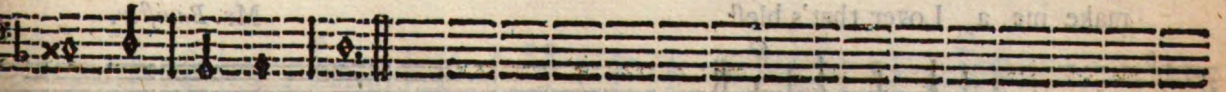


Swan their Pinions will not lend : There's none who un—to Or—ra bring, or will by that kind



Conduct me befriend.

Dr. Rogers:



Ear witness now you silver Streams; and pleasing shady Groves; whose

Harmony and Solitude can sweeten harmless Loves: How loud the Echo's of my Sighs do

ring, for her whose Scorns can me no comfort bring? Ye Pow'rs above, grant she may love, and

feel those Pangs which I al-ready know. For if Love once dwell in her Breast, for if

Love once dwell in her Breast, such pleasing Re-lief will drown all my Grief, and

make me a Lover that's blest.

Mr. Banister.

II.

Fly Echo's, fly, and in your gentle murm'ring Whispers bear  
 My Languishing and deep Complaints to my dear *Phyllis* ear;  
 Tell her, oh tell her, 'tis for her I dye,  
 And ask her, when she'l leave off Cruelty?  
 Oh powerful Love! come from above,  
 And in her chaste Heart go take up thy feat:  
 For if Love once dwell in her Breast,  
 Such pleasing Relief  
 Will drown all my Grief,  
 And make me a Lover that's blest.



Ust poor Lovers still be wooing, Beauties must they ne--ver gain?

Must they always be pursuing, never, never, to obtain? Can you glory in our dy--ing?

bleeding Wounds should pi-ty move; can you glo-ry in de-ny-ing? yield at last, and crown our Love.

Then all the lit-tle Gods of Love that are near us, and all the sweet Birds of the Grove that can

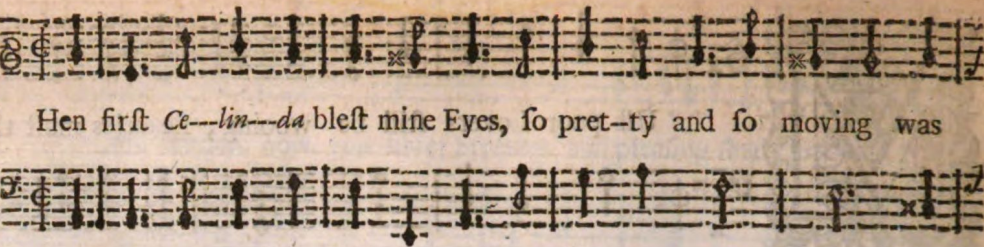
hear us; in the Air and on Boughs shall attend us around, all the *Cupids* with Rofes shall

co-ver the ground, whil'ft our am'rous Birds chanting, the Eccho's refound.

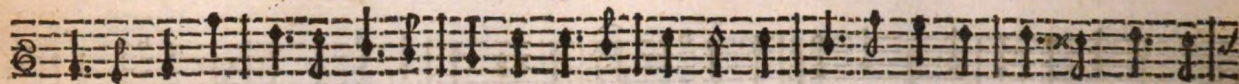
II.

Then with Myrtle Wreaths furrounded,  
Underneath cool Shades we lye;  
Both Eye-wounding, both Eye-wounded,  
There both killing, we'l both dye.

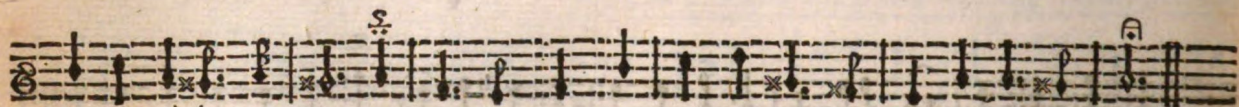
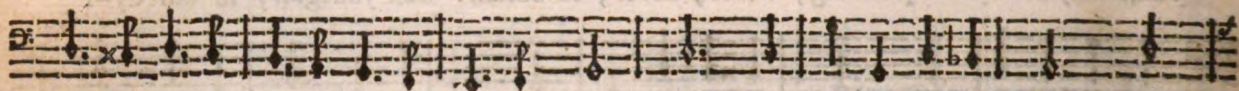
Thy bright Eyes shall gently fire me,  
Mirth, and Wit, and Gallantry;  
And thy charming Looks inspire me,  
With new Themes of Poetry.  
Then all the little Gods, &c.



Hen first *Ce--lin--da* blest mine Eyes, so pret--ty and so moving was



ev'ry Grace, that the surprize took off the pow'r of Loving : The Virtues of her pleasing Charms, my



Senfes stole a--way ; Love had no strength to rise in Arms, nor power to O--bey.



*Isaac Blackwell.*

II.

As in a Dream, my Spirits all  
Did to my Heart retire ;  
Which like a stubborn City Wall,  
Kept out the happy Fire :  
My Heart and Eyes are now awake,  
And all my Dreams are true ;  
And Love, to punish my mistake,  
Does all my thoughts pursue.

III.

At second view I was amaz'd,  
And griev'd, but troubled most ;  
And on that Paradise I gaz'd,  
Which I so lately lost.  
When that Seraphick Face I view,  
Kind Love, with all his Pow'rs ;  
The best remembrance does renew,  
Of those short happy Hours.

IV.

Blest be the Hours that let me know,  
Earth had so rich a Treasure ;  
I'll live and revel here below,  
And swim in Seas of Pleasure :  
I'll banquet all my Senfes here,  
And treat my Soul with Bliss ;  
Musick and Wit shall feed my Ear,  
And Beauty give me kisses.

V.

Heav'n in thy Voice and Eyes thou hast,  
And when I hear thee chanting ;  
I hear, I see, I smell, I tast,  
But there's one Sense still wanting.  
From the rare virtue of which Sense,  
All Senses have depending ;  
Love did at first from that Commence  
A Pleasure without ending.



Ease, fruitless hopes, left you convey my Heart to pi--ti--ful despair ; put

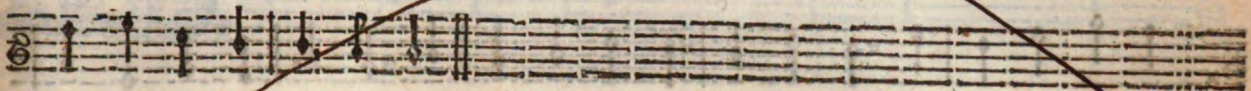


those false shapes of Love a--way, and let Fru--i--tion be my Pray'r : For to my Mi--se-



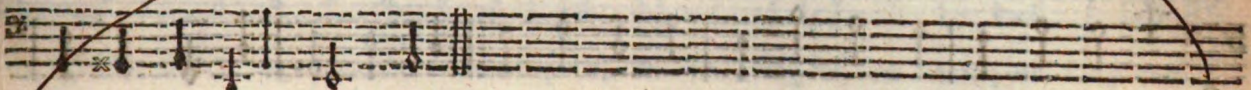


ry I find, Love can be deaf, as well as blind; where Int'rest rules a-bove, there's little



pleading in the Laws of Love.

*Isaac Blackwell*

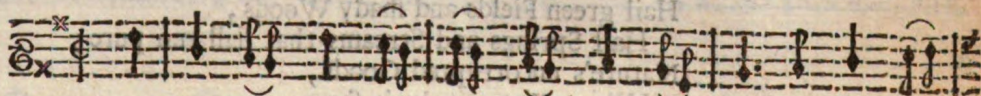


II.

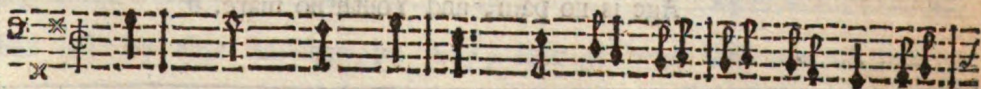
How strange a Vassal is her Fate,  
To Tyrant Duty for dull Gain;  
Love that's constrain'd oft turns to hate,  
And makes the Union but in vain:  
Yet Love is Mercenary made,  
And Marriage turns into a Trade;  
Where Int'rest must express  
The measure of true Love and Happiness.

III.

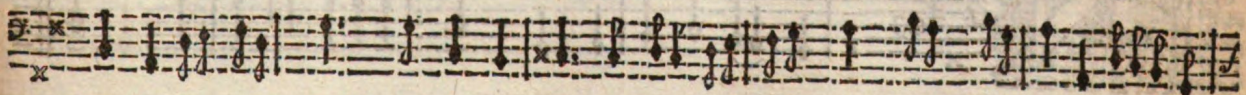
Affection should be brave and free,  
And where it doubly pays its Charms;  
It gains more by Civility,  
Than all the glitt'ring force of Arms.  
We still obey what is above,  
As Fortune and the pow'r of Love;  
But equal in Command  
Do often struggle for the upper hand.



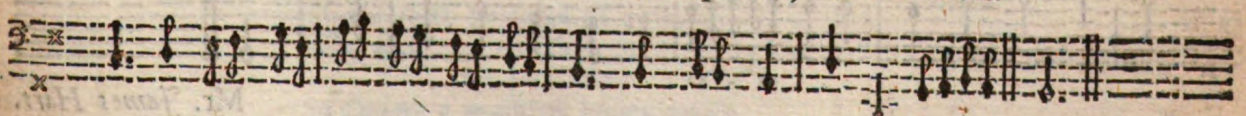
ALL o-ther Bles-sings are but Toys, to him that in his



Sleep enjoys; who in his Slumber does receive something his wa-king cannot give: The



Joy's are pu-rer, for he spares the Crimes, Ex-pen-ces, and the Cares.



II.

Thus when *Adonis* got the Stone,  
To Love the Boy still made his moan;

*Venus* the Queen of Beauty came,  
And as he slept, she cool'd his Flame:  
The Fancy charm'd him as he lay,  
And Fancy brought the Stone away.

A. 2. VOC.



Appy is the Country life, blest with Content, good Health, and Ease;

Free from factious Noise and Strife, we on—ly Plot our selves to please: Peace of Mind the

Days delight, and Love our welcom Dream at Night.

Mr. James Hart.

II.

Hail green Fields and shady Woods,  
 Hail Springs and Streams that still run pure;  
 Nature's uncorrupted Goods,  
 Where Virtue only is secure:  
 Free from Vice, here free from Care,  
 Age is no pain, and Youth no snare.

A. 2. VOC.



OW ev'ry place fresh Pleasure yields, let all our Ap-pe-tites be free;

let us en—joy the verdant Fields, this is Dame Nature's Ju—bi—lee.

Mr. James Hart.

II.

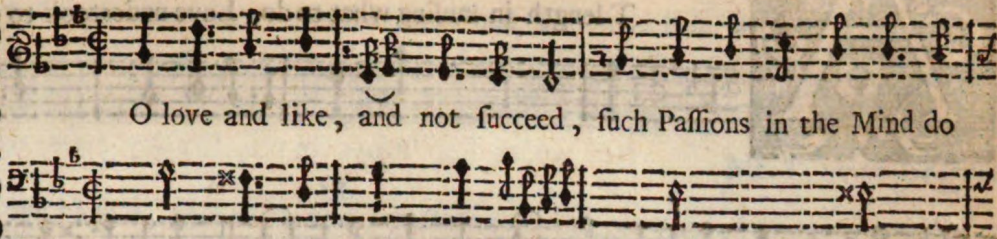
With Garlands made of sweetest Flow'rs,  
 Our Temples bound we'l dance and sing;  
 So blithly will we pass the Hours,  
 As to promote the growing Spring.

III.

The *Sylvan* Gods, the Nymphs and Fawns,  
 Shall to our Chorus joyn their Voice;  
 The Woods, the Streams, and Hills, and Lawns,  
 Loudly in Eccho's shall rejoyce.



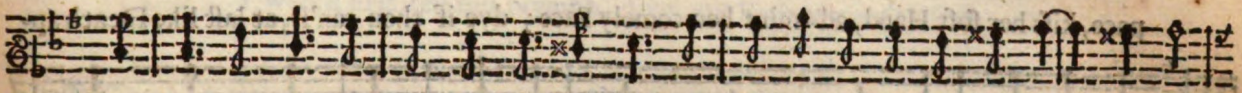
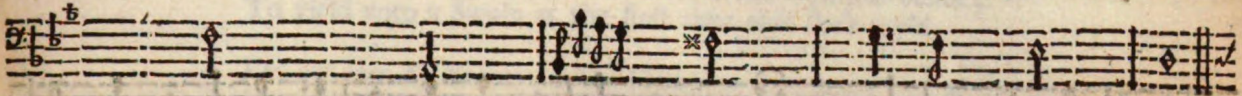
## CORIDON and PHILLIS, or the Cautious Lover.

*Almain.*

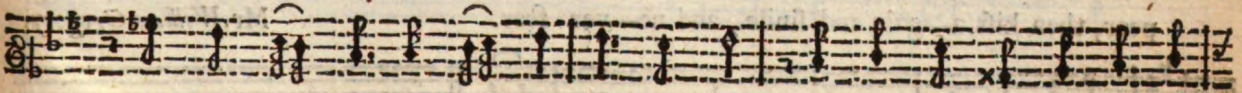
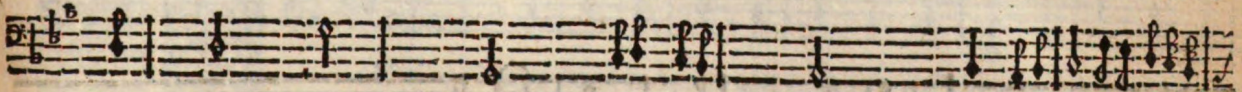
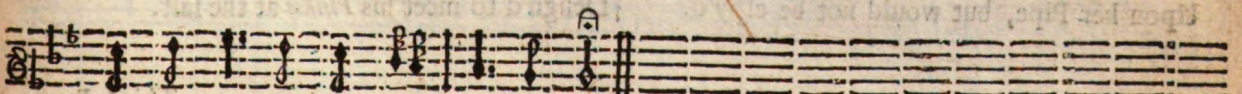
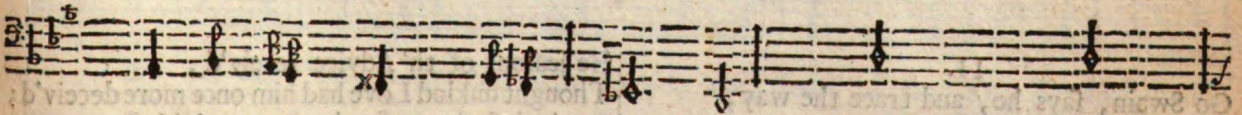
O love and like, and not succeed, such Passions in the Mind do



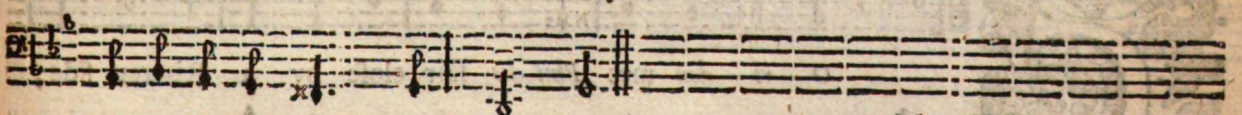
breed; that it depraves the no-bler part, en-fla-v'ing of the Heart, oh sad Love!



'Tis Love, fond Love, that does deceive the Mind, and nothing but Instinct can make him blind;

who is thus led by that un-hap-py Boy, like wifping *Will* out of the

bet-ter way, yet thinks he does not fray.



Mr. William Gregory.

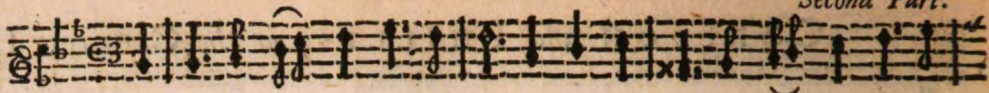
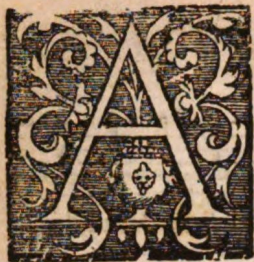
II.

Whose blind Intrigue when once obey'd,  
 'Tis like a Commonwealth, betray'd  
 To the false Dictates of a Foe,  
 Who like a Friend does show,  
 Or like *Jove*.

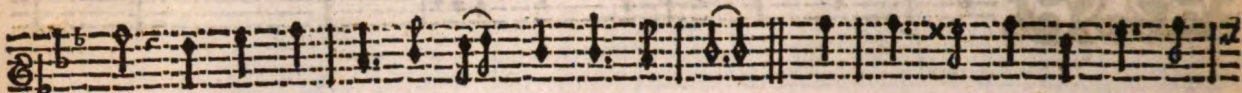
So *Coridon* a harmless loving Swain,  
 Who willingly his *Phyllis* would obtain;  
 But durst not venture to disclose the smart,  
 That Love, by an unlucky poyson'd Dart,  
 Had shot into his Heart.

Courant.

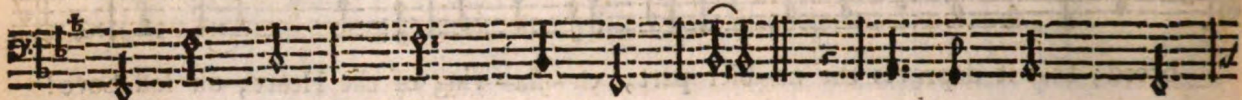
Second Part.



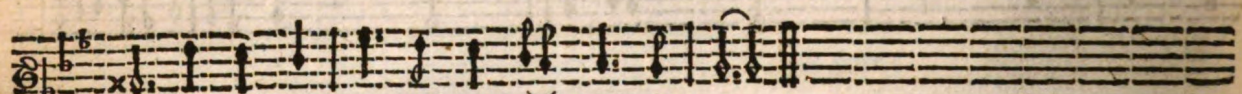
T-length in musing what to do, Love undertook to shew the way to



woo; in nothing else can he di-rect or guide. When met, draw near with courtly

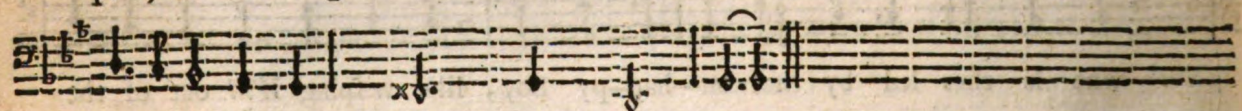


pace, kifs her soft Hand, ad-mire her comely Face; dye if thou can'st, at last like Death ap-



pear, then kifs a--gain and smile, and ne--ver fear.

Mr. William Gregory.



II.

Go Swain, says he, and trace the way,  
Where *Phillis* is accustomed to play  
Upon her Pipe, but would not be espy'd.

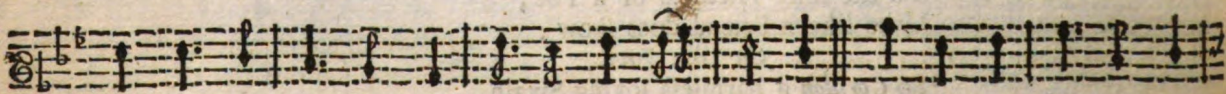
He jealous of th' Advice receiv'd,  
Thought unkind Love had him once more deceiv'd;  
But in despair not fearing Fortune's blast,  
Design'd to meet his *Phillis* at the last.

Saraband.

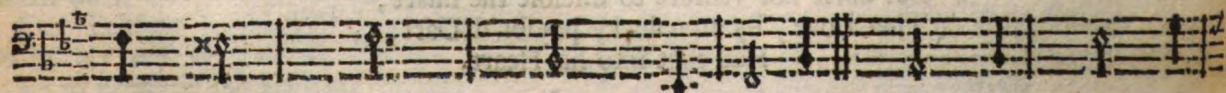
Third Part.

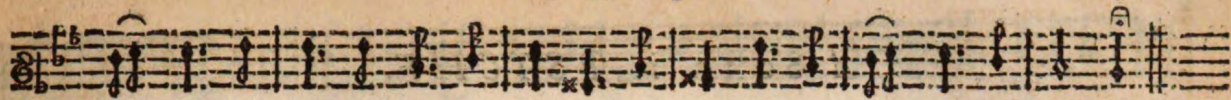


O--ri--don met *Phil-lis* fair close by a Ri-ver side,

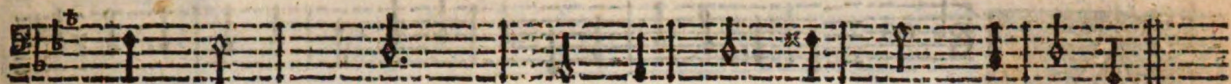


walking up--on the Bank for to see the Stream glide: O but fair Swain! she said,





who e're dif-co-vers that we walk thus a-lone, will conclude we are Lovers.



Mr. William Gregory.

I I.

She blush'd, he smiling said, well met my dearest Dear,  
Thrice happy *Coridon*, thus to meet such Joys here:  
What harm can that procure, Love may be blam'd;  
But if Truth once appear, sure it cannot be asham'd.

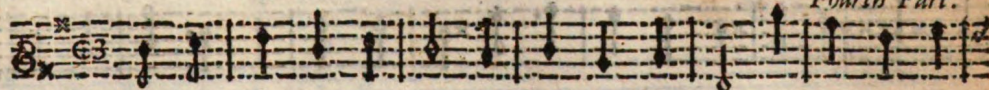
I I I.

If *Coridon* should prove a Traytor in his Zeal,  
To make his *Phillis* fond, and her Passions should reveal:  
Unhappy she'd appear, more than all the Nymphs beside,  
To yield unto a Swain at the first time that she's try'd.

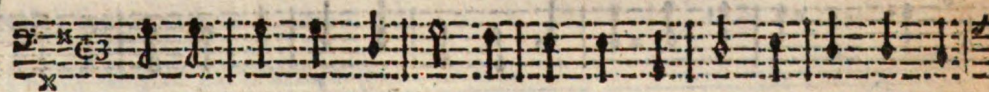
I I V.

Let not fair *Phillis* fear, false Thoughts dare enter  
Into this Breast of mine, where true Love has his Center;  
For could I suspect any false conclusion,  
I would first tell my Nymph, that my Ends were delusion.

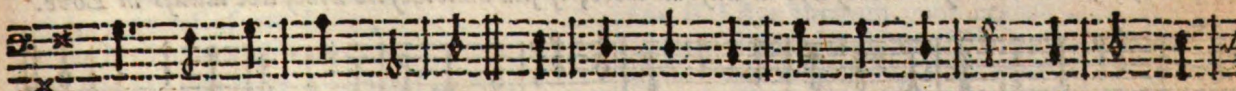
*Figg.*



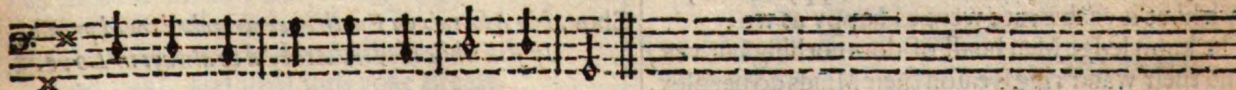
Hen we'l joyn hand in hand, and walk o're the Down, make Chaplets of



Ro-ses our Heads to crown: The Ci--ty may boast of her rich At-tire, that's



nothing to lo-ving with true de-sire.



Mr. William Gregory.

I I.

Let the Joys of the Court in pomp us excell,  
Our Rural Delights shall please us as well;  
No Jealousie here shall disturb our Minds,  
While we sing and dance with our Kids and Hinds.

I I I.

When the World is turmoil'd with trouble & care,  
The Rich and the Great may therein have share;

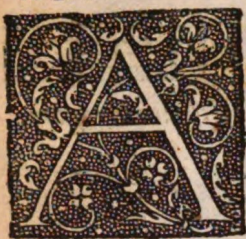
But we in our Love from that shall be free,  
And none shall more happily live than we.

I I V.

When thou with thy Pipe shalt good Musick make,  
Then we with our Feet will true Measures take;  
And thus will we spend the day in Delight,  
And be no less pleasant when it is night.

A SONG in PSYCHE.

A. 2. voc.



LL joy to fair *Psyche* in this hap-py place, and to our great

Master who her shall embrace; may never his Love nor her Beau-ty de-cay, but be

Chorus.

warm as the Spring, and still fresh as the Day. *No Mortals on Earth e-ver wretched could*

Soft.

*prove, if still while they liv'd they'd be al-ways in Love, if still while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.*

Mr. Matthew Lock.

II.

There's none without Love ever happy can be,  
Without it each Brute were as happy as we;  
The knowledge Men boast of does nothing but vex,  
And their wand'ring Reason their Minds do perplex.

Chor. *No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove,  
If still while they liv'd they'd be always in love.*

III.

Love Sighs and his Tears are mixt with Delights,  
But were he still pester'd with Cares & with Frights;

Should a thousand more Troubles a Lover invade,  
By one happy moment they'd fully be paid.

Chor. *No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove,  
If still while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.*

IV.

Then lose not a Moment, but in pleasure employ it,  
For a Moment once lost will always be so;  
Your Youth requires Love, let it fully enjoy it,  
And push on your Nature as far as 'twill go.

Chor. *No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove,  
If still while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.*



OW long d'ye mean to torture me, in Love's hot scorching Flame? Clo-

ris, what time shall I get free, from Love's fan-ta-stick Dreams? Never that sad In-

fer-nal sound, does dai-ly reach mine Ear; and e-ver racks that bleeding Wound, which

for your sake, which for your sake I bear.

## II.

That I do love, *Cloris*, you know,  
My Grief to you I tell;  
My over-fondness of you, shows  
That I have lov'd too well:  
And in requital of my Love,  
You blast me with a breath;  
The wounds you gave will fatal prove,  
Each frown pronounce, each frown pronouncing

## III.

(Death.)

It grieves my Heart to see you chuse  
My Rival in my room;  
And unconcern'd tell him the news,  
On me you've past your Doom.  
My injur'd Ghost when e're I dye,  
Shall never let you rest;  
But hovering in the Air shall fly,  
And steal, and steal into your Breast.

## IV.

Thus I torment my self, and doubt,  
That you unconstant are;  
You know true Love is ne're without  
Great Jealousies and Fears.  
Then pardon the distracted Thoughts,  
Of one you know is true;  
One Love has in subjection brought,  
And made a Slave, and made a Slave to you.

## V.

If you have any pity left,  
Then shew it now, and save  
Him who despairs of finding rest,  
And do'nt you dig my Grave:  
For if I dye through your neglect,  
Pray write this on my Tomb;  
*My Judge being fair, I did expect*  
*A favourable, a favourable Doom.*

## VI.

And since you did my Woes procure,  
I'll try if Torments can  
Increase my Flame, or help to cure  
A Love-distracted Man.  
I'll find some sure, yet speedy way,  
To end my Misery;  
Too long my Ruine I delay,  
And yet seem loth, and yet seem loth to dye.

## VII.

I'll place my self on *Caucasus*,  
And there I'll lend such Groans,  
Shall scare the damn'd *Prometheus*,  
With my sad frightful Tones.  
I'll make the Vultures quit their Prey,  
And feed upon my Breast;  
For through this means perhaps I may  
Find hopes of having, find hopes of having Rest.

A SONG upon a Ground.



HE loves, and she con—fes—fes too, there's then at

last no more to do; the hap—py Work's en—tire—ly done, en—ter the

Town w<sup>ch</sup> thou hast won: The fruits of Conquest now, now, now begin, I-o, Tri

umph, en—ter in. What's this, ye Gods! what can it be re-

mains there still an E—ne—my! Bold Honour stands up in the Gate, and would yet ca-

pi—tu—late: Have I o'recome all re—al Foes, and shall this Phantome me op-

pose? Noisy nothing A stalking Shade, by what Witchcraft wert thou

made, thou empty cause most of Harms? But I shall find out Counter

Charms, thy Al-magick Devillhip I to remove, from this Circle here of

Love: Sure I shall rid my self of thee, by the Night's ob-scure-ty, and ob-

scure-ty. ; Unlike to ev'ry o-ther Spright, thou at-

tempt'ft not Men to affright, nor appear'ft, nor appear'ft, bus in the Light.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



U—cin—da by a se—cret Art, unknown to all but her; which

she has pra—ctis'd on my Heart, has charm'd, has charm'd the Wan—de—rer: En—

joyment which did use t'a—bate the vi—gour of Love's heat, does now fresh Appe—

tites create, the Plea—sures to re—peat.

tites create, the Plea—sures to re—peat.

tites create, the Plea—sures to re—peat.

tites create, the Plea—sures to re—peat.

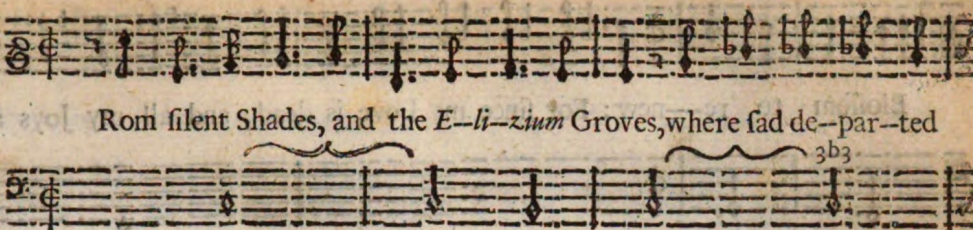
II.

So fares it with the Bird that's took,  
 And into Bondage brought;  
 At first his Prison how to brook,  
 With difficulty's taught:  
 But with kind tender usage bred,  
 Grows pleas'd with his Abode;  
 And with more Delicates is fed,  
 Than e're he found abroad.

Empty musical staff line.

Empty musical staff line.

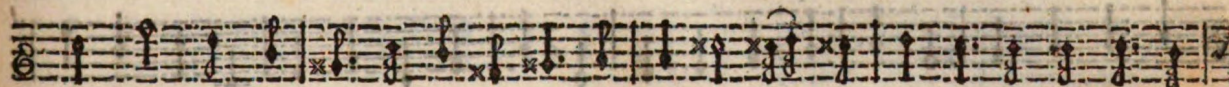
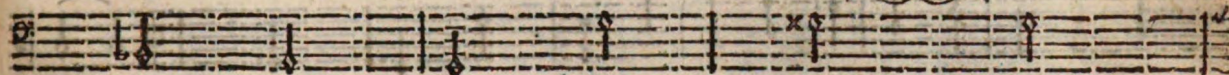




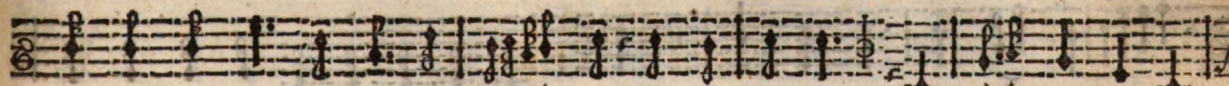
From silent Shades, and the *E-li-zium* Groves, where sad de-par-ted



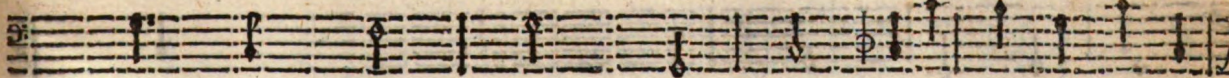
Spí-rits mourn; there Loves, from Chryſtal Streams, and from that Coun—try,



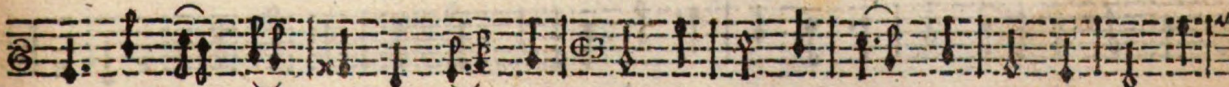
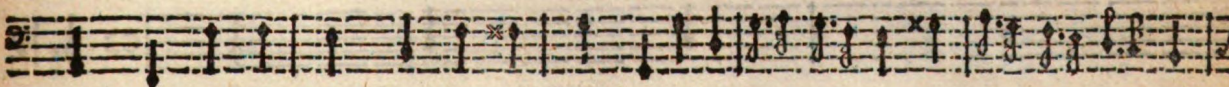
where *Fove* crowns the Fields with Flowers all the year, poor ſenceleſs *Beſs*, cloath'd in her Rags and



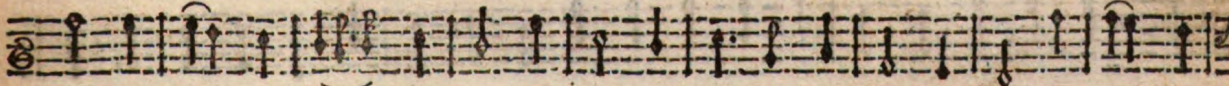
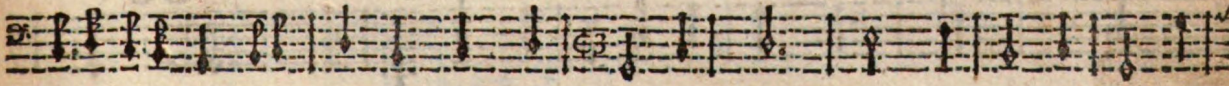
Fol-ly, is come to cure her Love—ſick Me-lan—cho-ly: Bright *Cyn-thia* kept her



Re—vels late, while *Mab* the Fairy-Queen did dance; and *O—be—ron* did fit in

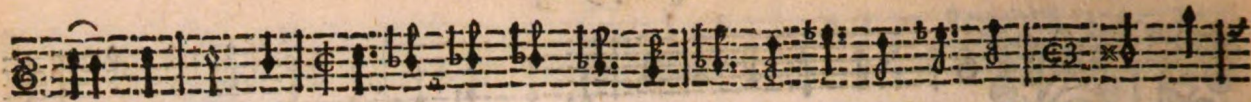


State, when *Mars* at *Ve—nus* ran his Lance. In yon—der Cow—ſlip lies my Dear, en-

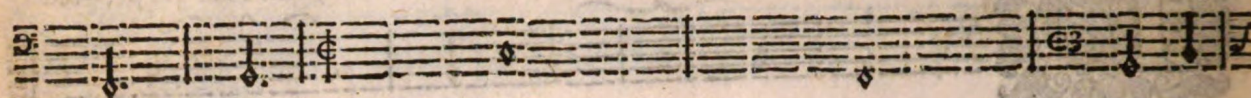


tomb'd in li—quid Gems of Dew; each day I'll wa—ter it with a Tear, its fa—ding

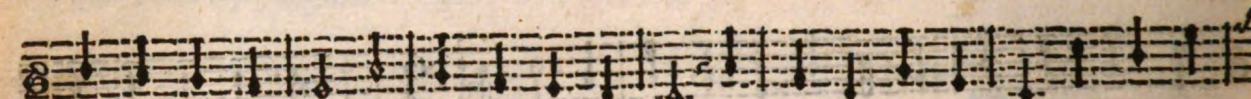




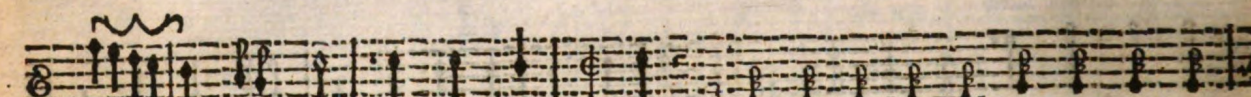
Blossom to re--new: For since my Love is dead, and all my Joys are gone; poor



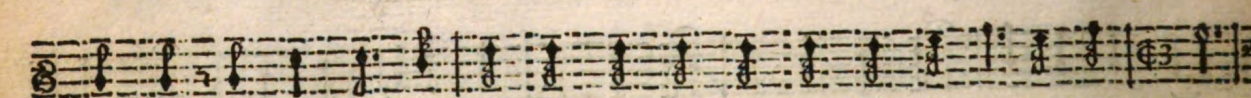
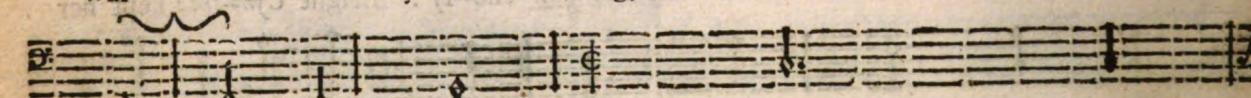
Be's for his sake a Gar--land will make, my Mu--sic shall be a Groan. I'll



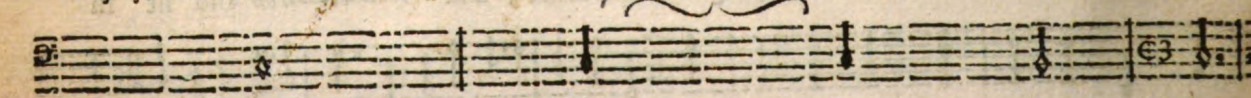
lay me down and dye; with-in some hollow Tree, the Rav'n and Cat, the Owl and Bat, shall



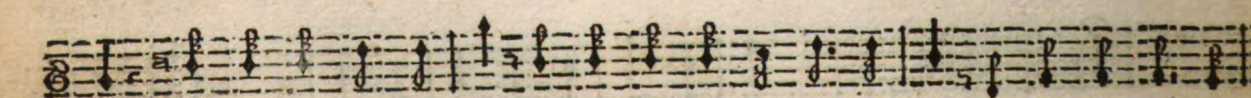
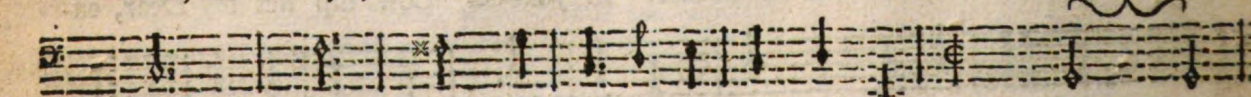
war--ble forth my E--le--gy. Did you not see my Love as he pass



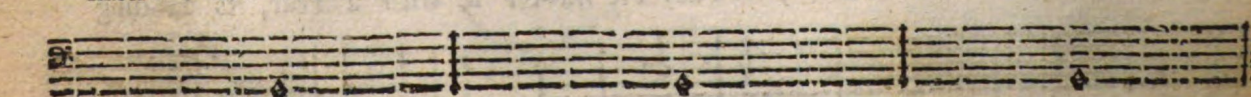
by you? His two flaming Eyes, if he come nigh you, they will scorch up your Hearts.



Ladies, be--ware ye, lest he should dart a glance that may en--snare ye. Hark!

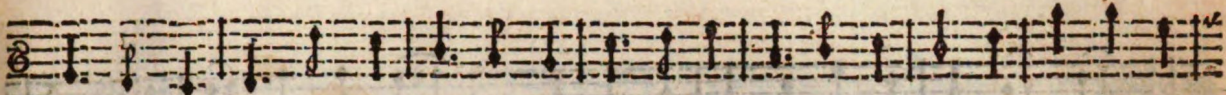
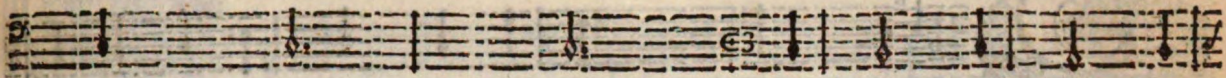


hark! I hear old Cha--ron bawl, his Boat he will no lon--ger stay; the Fu--ries lash their

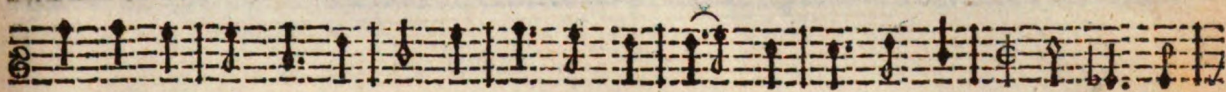




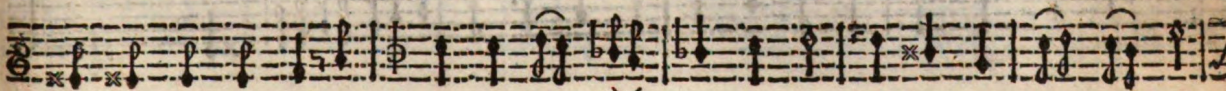
Whips, and call, Come, come a-way, come, come a-way: Poor *Befs* will re--turn to the



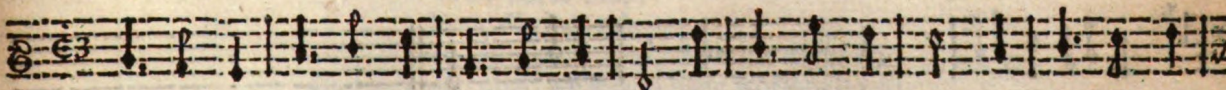
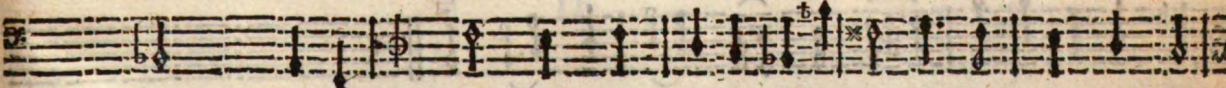
place whence she came, since the World is so mad, she can hope for no Cure; for Love's grown a



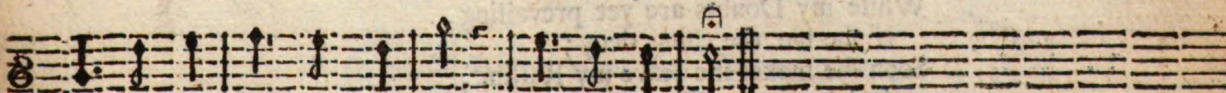
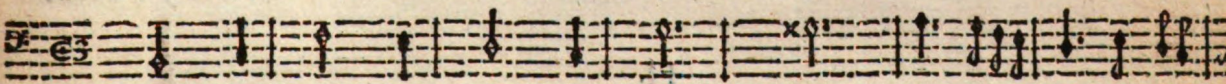
Bubble, a Shadow, a Name, which Fools do ad--mire, and wise Men en--dure. Cold and



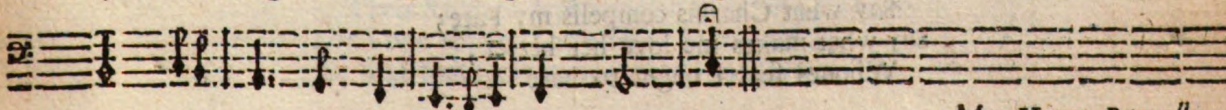
hungry am I grown, *Am--bro--sia* will I feed up--on, drink *Nectar* still, and sing;



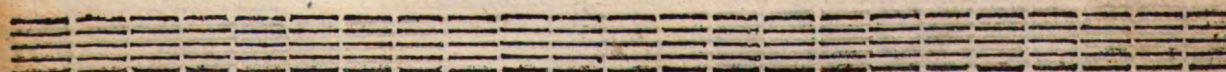
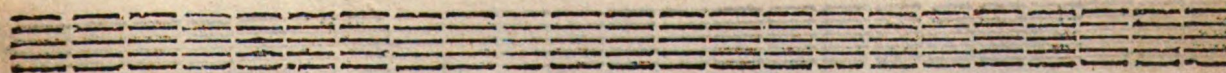
who is content, does all Sorrow prevent: And *Befs* in her Straw, whil'ft free from the



Law, in her Thoughts is as great, great as a King.



Mr. Henry Purcell.





HE who my poor Heart pos—ses—ses, is of late fo

fic—kle grown; she to ev'—ry Fop that dresses, still is parting with her own:

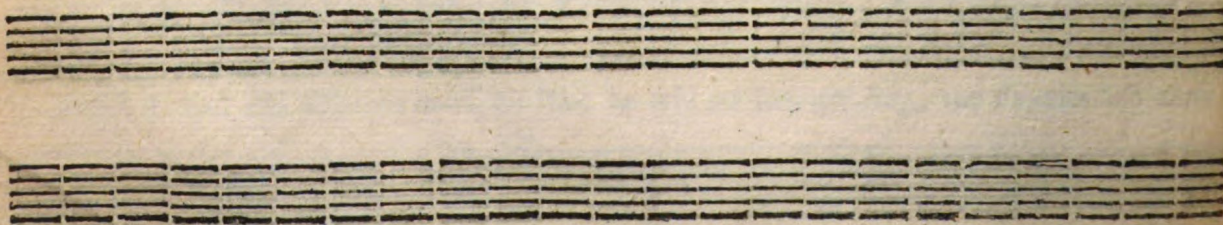
Once if a—ny chance to name her, I all ravish'd do appear; now I blush lest

they defame her, with some truth I dare not hear.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

While my Doubts are yet prevailing,  
 If she but the thing deny;  
 Soon she makes me leave my Railing,  
 And I give my Tongue the lye:  
 You whose skill in Love is greater,  
 Say what Charms compells my Fate;  
 Say what makes me love her better,  
 Whom I fear I ought to hate.





Some dear Com-pa-nions of th' *Ar-ca-dian* Fields, let us com-

bine to countermine the Plots, which Female con-ver-sa-tion yields. We'l break their Fetters

from their Charms, be free, and re-gain Man his long-lost Li-ber-ty.

II.

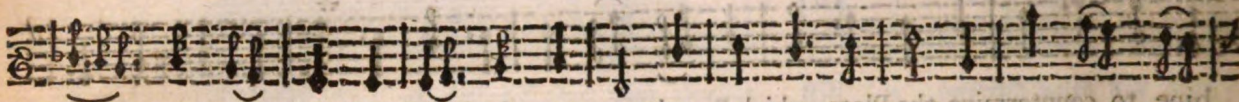
*Beauty* your Empire now is in its wain,  
 We'l never more  
 Your Shrines adore,  
 Since you delight t' abosciate with disdain:  
 Had you been kind, we would have worship'd still,  
 But your chief Glory was your Slaves to kill.

III.

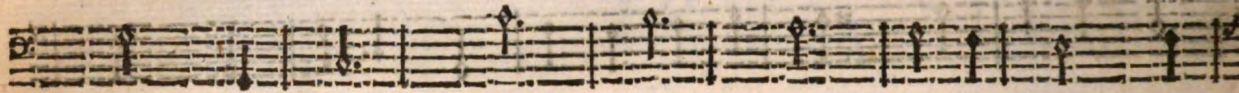
So lawful Princes when they Tyrants prove,  
 Themselves abuse,  
 And Power lose,  
 Their strength depending on their Subjects love:  
 For Love obliges Duty more than Fear,  
 All hate that Government that's too severe.



LET each gallant Heart, untouch'd with Love's Dart, prepare for his



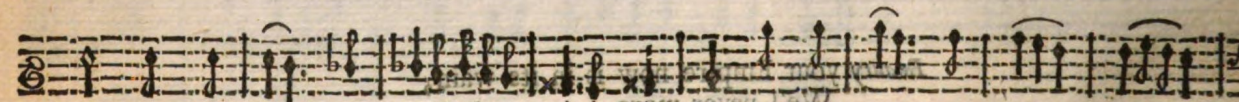
secret Alarms; that slug-gish Repose wherein now thou art, affords far less



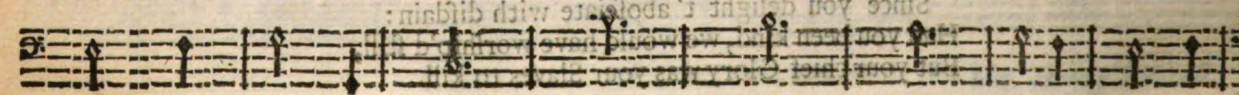
nu-me-rous Charms: For the Warfare of Love yields a thousand times more Sweets and De-



. 11



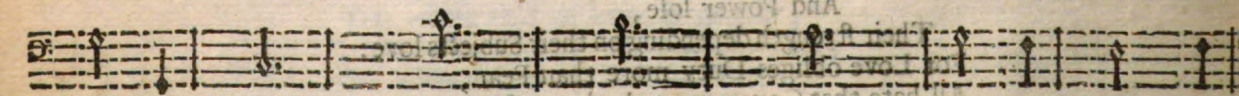
lights, than your dull, your dull Peace be-fore; than your dull, your dull, dull



. 11



Peace before. Long Torment 'tis sure we must calm-ly en-dure, be-fore the dear

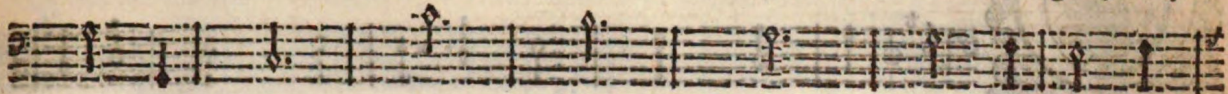


Prize we ob-tain; yet still the hard Toil is part of the Cure, and such Pleasures we

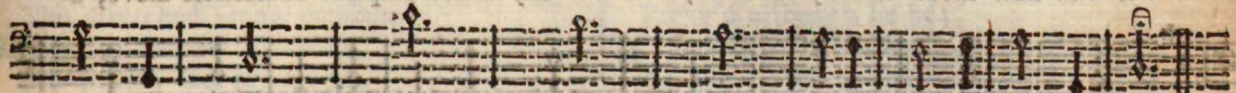




find in our Pain : That the warfare of Love yields a thousand times more blisful Delights, than your



dull, your dull Peace before; than your dull, your dull, dull Peace be-fore.

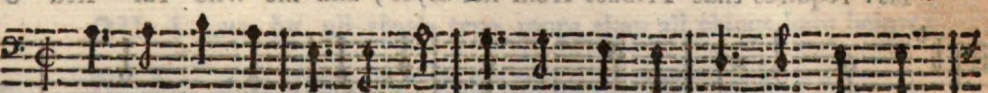


Mr. Henry Purcell.

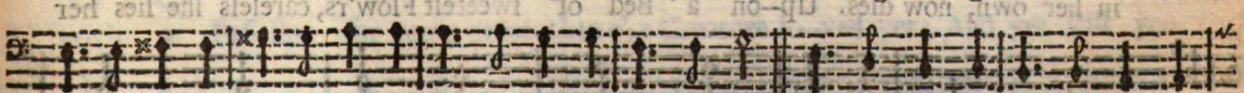
A. 2. voc.



*Amon*, turn thine Eyes on me, gaze not so on cer-tain Ru-ine;



but be warn'd by my undoing, 'tis an Angel's Face you see. That bright thing so like a Woman,



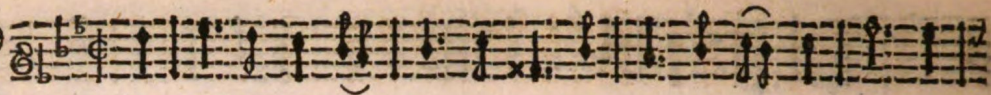
is in-deed a fla-ming Creature; which de-scen-ded to un-do Man, but partakes not



of his Nature; which de-scen-ded to un-do Man, but partakes not of his Nature.



Mr. William Turner.



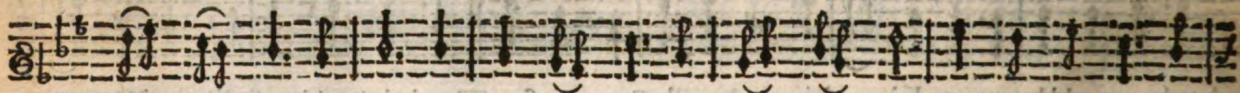
H *Love!* how just and how se-vere thy mighty Godhead is? *Phi-*



*lo-clea* now sheds ma-ny a Tear, who did thy Laws despise: Succesless Love, a-



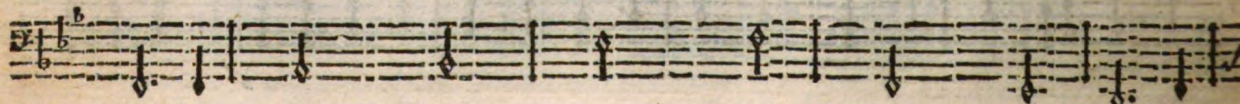
las! requires that Tribute from her Eyes; and she who ral-lied o-thers Fires, wrapt



in her own, now dies. Up-on a Bed of sweetest Flow'rs, careless she lies her



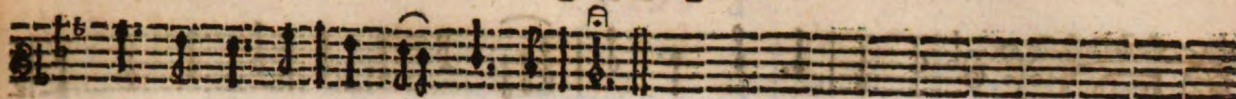
down; in Sighs she spends the te-dious Hours, in Tears her Eyes does drown: Pen-



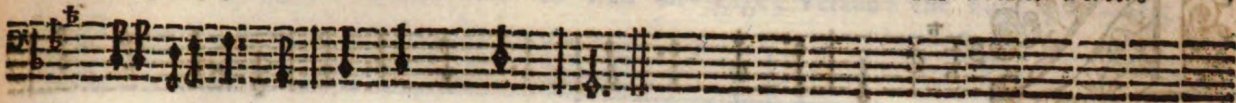
five she lies fair as the Queen, soft as the God of Love; to whom at length such







Vows she makes, as *Mars* himself would move. *Mr. Francis Forcer.*



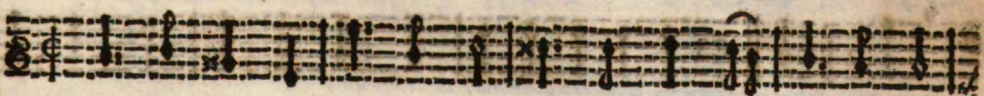
II.

Spare, O spare a tender Maid,  
Who never knew thy Power;  
Till by a faithless Swain betray'd,  
In vain she did Adore:  
Increase these Flames, that soon they may  
This wretched Frame consume;  
And not to torment by delay,  
But quickly seal my Doom.

III.

Or if for past Offences,  
Must linger out my days  
In Torments constant, 'till I dye,  
The Murderer I'll praise:  
Deaf to my Vows, false to his own,  
Perjur'd although he be;  
Yet patiently I still submit,  
To suffer Heaven and thee.

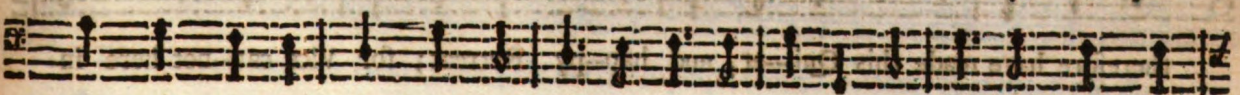
A. 2. 706.



OU I love by all that's true, more than all things here below;



with a Pas-sion far more great, than e're Creature lo-ved yet: And yet still you



cry, forbear, love no more, or love not here.

*Mr. Charles Taylor.*



II.

Bid the Miser leave his Ore,  
Bid the Wretched sigh no more;  
Bid the Old be young again,  
Bid the Nun not think of Man:  
*Sylvia*, this when you can do,  
Bid me then not think of you.

III.

Love's not a thing of Choice, but Fate,  
That makes me love, that makes you hate:  
*Sylvia* then do what you will,  
Ease or cure, torment or kill;  
Be kind or cruel, false or true,  
Love I must, and none but you.

**R**emov'd from Noise and Tu--mults of the Town, yet to its

Neighbourhood ally'd; the Mu--ses here--to--fore of fam'd Renown, chose in the Country

to re--side : For Ci--ties are to Arts a friend, and ev'---ry Science there exceeds;

but yet a--las! too oft we find, the richest Soyl o'rgrown with Weeds. Wisely you

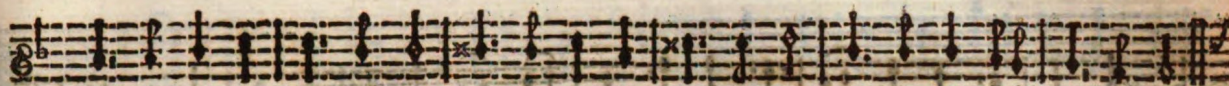
therefore have made this Qui--et, and hap--py Retreat; for Vice can--not here in--

vade, since this is fair Virtue's feat : Here you may still improve in ev'ry kind of skill, se--

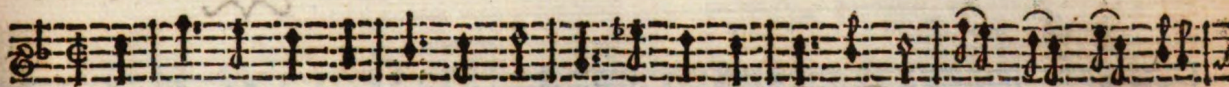
cure from the fol--lies of Love, and all the oc--ca--sions of Ill. Happy Nymphs, whose



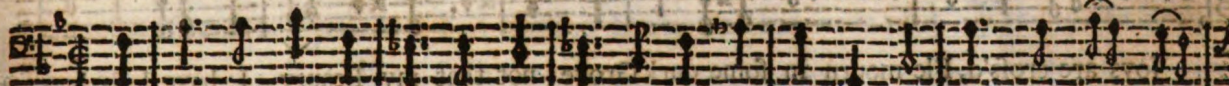
ear-ly Age, Ver-tue does so well en-gage; Vertue's the most plea-sant way,



for her Joys have no Al-lay: No Remorfe, no Discontent, can disturb the In-no-cent.



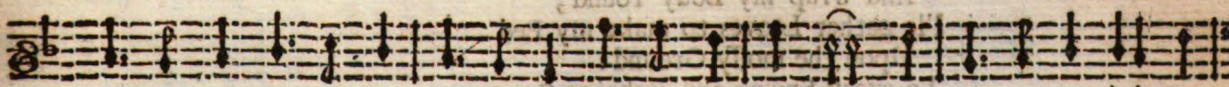
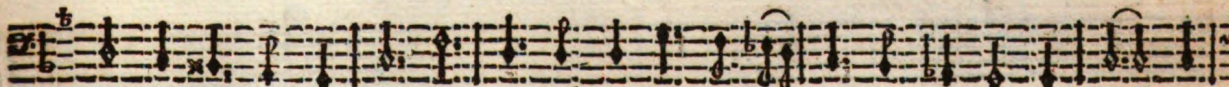
But here you sit, and here you sing, and make here perpetual Spring; hap-py as the



Birds in *May*, because as in-no-cent as they. The Ci-ty may boast of her



Beauties, so may the Court, but give me the Nymph that to neither does much re-ort; the



one and the o-ther are dan-ge-rous Rocks for to harm us, but here we may sport, and



they can neither hurt nor alarm us.

Mr. Francis Forcer.





Ince o-ther Beanties charm your Heart, farewel in--con--stant

Swain; let her that shares the greater part, en--joy this happy Plain: When all my future

Joys are cross'd, I'll mourn in some dark Grove; not that my Beauty I have lost, but

for my *Da-mon's* love.

II.

The Willow-Green shall crown my Head,  
 And wrap my Body round;  
 I'll gather Leaves to make my Bed  
 Upon the mossy Ground:  
 To every Spring and ecchoing Grove,  
 My mournful Song shall be,  
 Beauty was thrown away (for Love,)  
 On vain Inconstancy.

A. 2. voc.



Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of one flat (B-flat), and 3/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note on G4, followed by quarter notes on A4, B-flat4, and C5.

Ro-phane-ly I fwore by the Pow-ers Di-vine, that

Musical staff with bass clef, key signature of one flat, and 3/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note on G3, followed by quarter notes on F3, E3, and D3.

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of one flat, and 3/4 time signature. The melody continues with quarter notes on C5, B-flat4, A4, and G4.

Beau-ty no more should my Pleasures con-fine; but a-las! by surprize, my Cla-

Musical staff with bass clef, key signature of one flat, and 3/4 time signature. The melody continues with quarter notes on G3, F3, E3, and D3.

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of one flat, and 3/4 time signature. The melody continues with quarter notes on C5, B-flat4, A4, and G4.

rif-sa's bright Eyes has shot such a Dart, that has woun-ded my Heart: In re-

Musical staff with bass clef, key signature of one flat, and 3/4 time signature. The melody continues with quarter notes on G3, F3, E3, and D3.

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of one flat, and 3/4 time signature. The melody continues with quarter notes on C5, B-flat4, A4, and G4.

venge now I find I am left and un-done, and curse the past Fate I en-

Musical staff with bass clef, key signature of one flat, and 3/4 time signature. The melody continues with quarter notes on G3, F3, E3, and D3.

Musical staff with treble clef, key signature of one flat, and 3/4 time signature. The melody continues with quarter notes on C5, B-flat4, A4, and G4.

deavour'd to shun.

Musical staff with bass clef, key signature of one flat, and 3/4 time signature. The melody continues with quarter notes on G3, F3, E3, and D3.

Mr. Charles Taylor

II.

But Love, like the Brave, no sooner subdu'd  
His amorous Slave, but in pity renew'd  
Such excesses of Joy,  
My Fears to destroy;  
Now in Freedom I reign,  
All proud of my Pain;  
Such Raptures of Bliss my Senses persuade,  
'Tis in love, 'tis in love, our Pleasures ne're fade.

A DIALOGUE between Daphney and Amintas.

Daphney.

O pale *A-min-tas* does thy Looks appear, as if thy Doom drew

Amintas.

near; whence do thy Sorrows flow? From Discontent, the plague of Pow'rs below; I'me wea-

Daph.

ry of this World, and would a--no--ther know. Can this poor World find no re-

lief, to cure thy melancholy Grief? nor tempting hopes of Happiness draw hear, that may con-

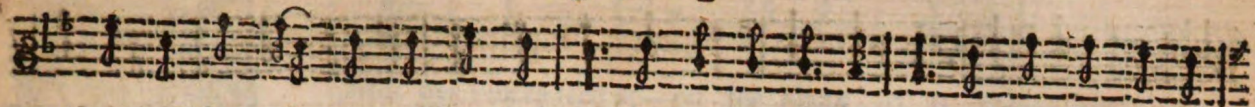
Amin.

tain thy Wishe here? The World in all its Pomp and State, is but a Lot--te--ry of Fate,

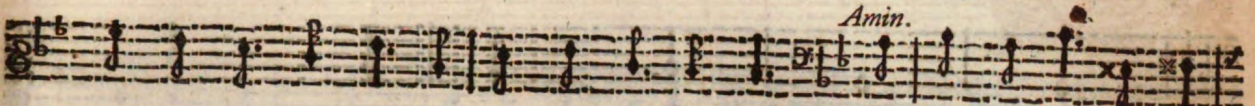
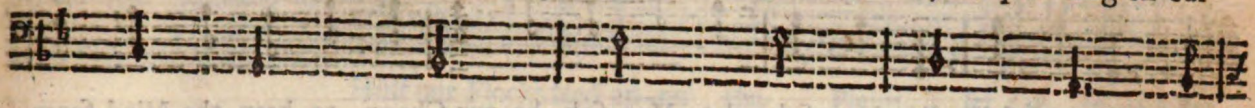
where Fortune blindly does bestow, Favours on him to whom she ne're did owe; where Fondlings

Daph.

me-rit-less as wise, enjoy the Prize, and Fate her E--qui--ty denies. Fortune a Cheat un-



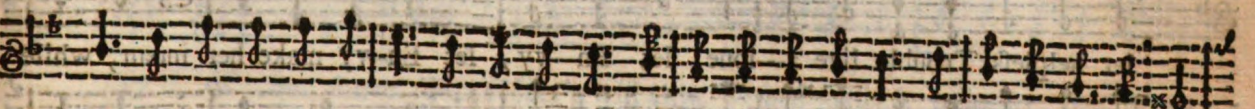
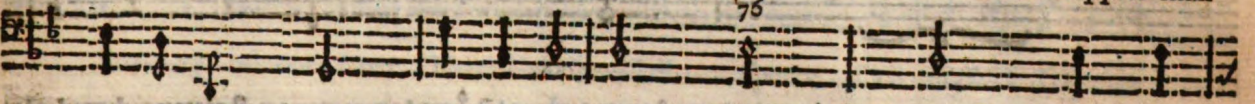
to our Hopes, is sent to steal a—way the Blessing of Content, de—pen—ding on our



Fraud, re—news our Care, and brings us to de—spair; But few re—pine at Fate,



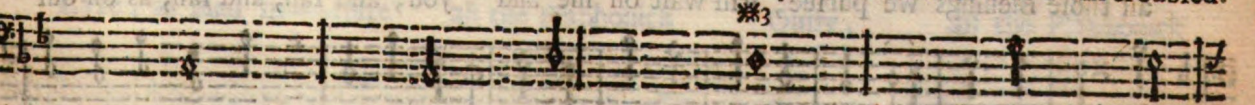
who happy are. Alas poor Swain! those who you daily see, that seem far happier than



thee, more Troubles undergo, in all they think or do, and to the World less happy are than we.



Then to be hap—py, is to be content, 'Twas so by Heav'n meant: But I am troubled.



No, it must not be, I'll charm a—way thy Grief with Har—mo—ny, all



Trouble must be banish'd hence: Then Daphney try thy In—flu—ence.

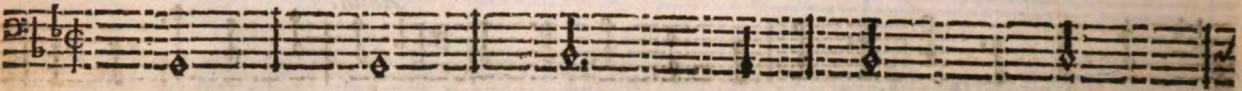




LET Mu--sick, let Mu--sick, let Mu--sick be our Charm, to keep the Mind from



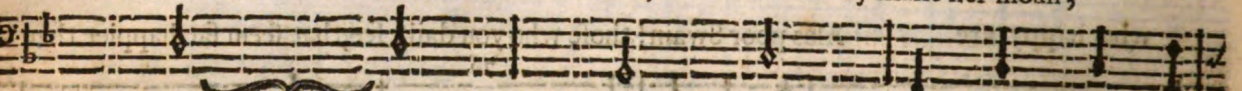
LET Mu--sick, let Mu--sick, let Mu--sick be our Charm, to keep the Mind from



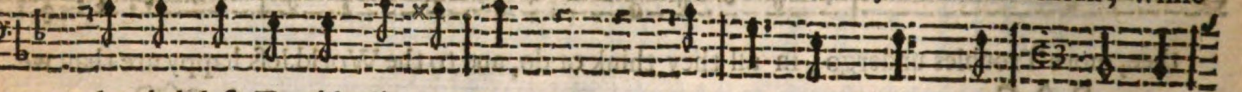
harm; let helples Trouble live a--lone, let Envy make her moan;



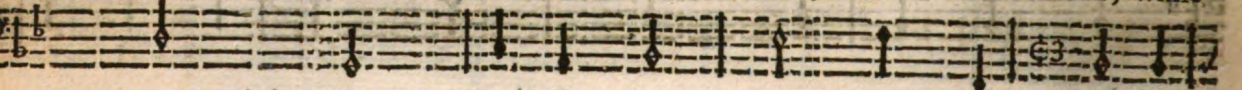
harm; let helples Trouble live a--lone, let En-vy make her moan;



let helples Trouble live a--lone, let En-vy, let En-vy make her moan, while



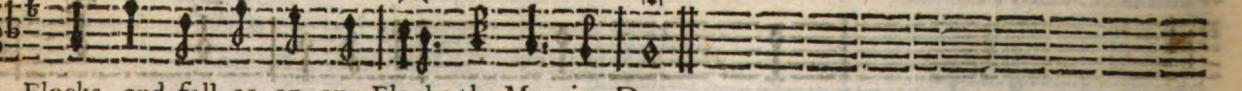
let helples Trouble live a--lone, let En-vy make her moan, while



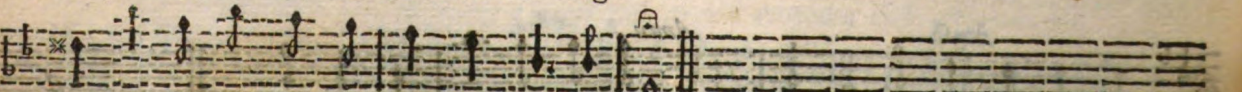
all those Blessings we pursue, still wait on me and you, and fall, and fall, as on our



all those Blessings we pursue, still wait on me and you, and fall, and fall, as on our



Flocks, and fall as on our Flocks the Morning Dew.



Flocks, and fall as on our Flocks the Morning Dew.





A 2. voc. *Canua & Bassus.*



Hilft our Flocks feed up—on the Plains, let us re—tire to  
Hilft our Flocks feed up—on the Plains, let us re—tire to

ver—dent Groves; and to each other in gen—tle Strains, chant o're the  
verdant Groves, and to each o—ther in gen—tle Strains, chant o're the Sto-

Sto—ry of our Love: There Heav'n will di—spence such mystick Influence up—  
ry of our Love. There Heav'n will dispence such mystick Influence up—on thy

on thy Lyre, as shall in—spire all the Psaphonick Quire, to  
Lyre, as shall in—spire all the Psaphonick Quire, all the Psaphonick

sing how we shall here thus live, thus love E—ter—nal—ly. Mr. Ja. Hart.  
Quire, to sing how we shall here thus live, thus love E—ter—nal—ly.

II.

There the Winds shall in Confort blow,  
And murmur on the Leaves a Bass,  
Whilst the glad *Druids* in Dance below,  
Singing shall sanctifie the place:

There each hollow Tree  
An Organ-Pipe shall be,  
And from their Womb  
Such sounds shall come,  
As to persuade the World, that Oaks may be  
Enchanted with our softer Harmony:

A. 2. voc.

**R**is on the Bank of *Thames*, with a sigh and weeping Eyes,

said to love-ly *Ce-li-mene*, Let no Man your Heart surprize, Men are all made up of Lies.

*Tho. Tudway.*

II.

Though a thousand times they swear,  
 And as many Vows repeat,  
 All they say is common Air,  
 All they promise but Deceit,  
 None were ever constant yet.

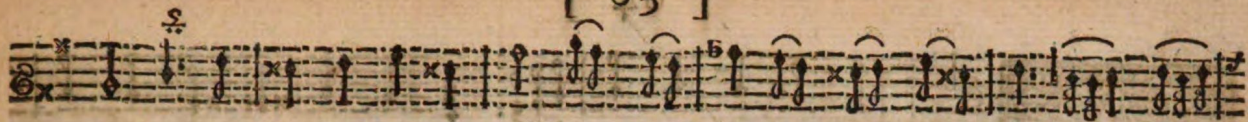
III.

Wisely then preserve your Heart  
 From such Tyranny of Fate,  
 Which only then can act its part,  
 When Love has its return of hate,  
 And your Repentance comes too late.

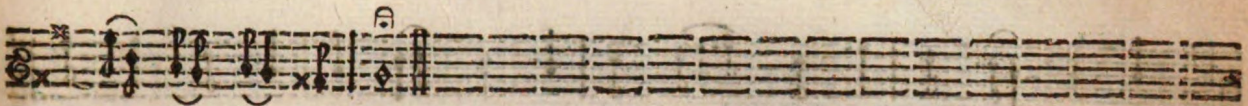
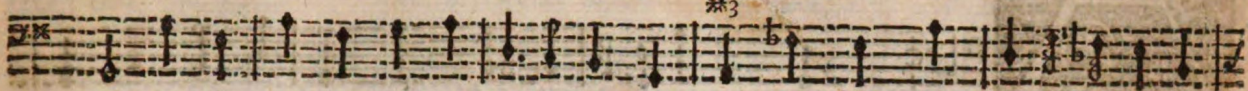
**P**hil-ly in your absence, I sad and thoughtful spend the day;

but so soon as you are nigh, Joy transports me, Joy transports me, and I'm gay.

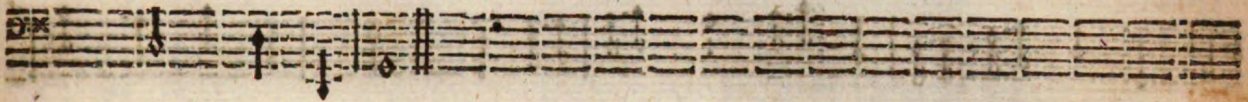
Something for you still I find, so sub-mis-sive, and so kind, that I know not what 'twill



prove; but a rash a-spi-ring Swain, whom re-spect did not re-strain, would al-



rea-dy call it Love. *Tho. Tudway.*



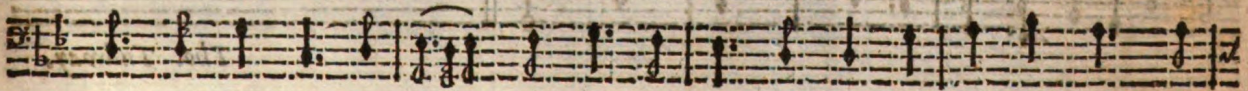
A. 2. voc.



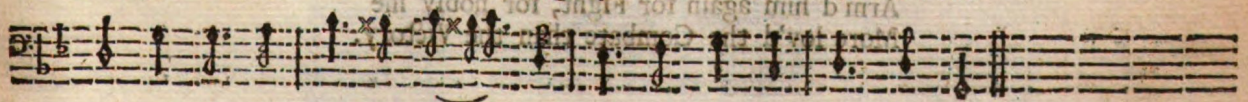
EE what a Con-quest Love has made! beneath the Myrtle's



a-mo-rous Shade the char-ming fair Co-rin-na lies, all mel-ting in De-



fire, quenching in Tears those fla-ming Eyes that set the World on fire.



*Tho. Tudway.*

II.

III

III.

What cannot Tears and Beauty do?	So when the Heav'ns serene and clear,
The Youth by chance stood by, and knew	Gilded with gawdy Light appear,
For whom those Chrystal Streams did flow;	Each craggy Rock and ev'ry Stone
And though he ne're before	Their native Rigour keep,
To her Eyes brightest Rays did bow,	But when in Rain the Clouds fall down,
Weeps to, and does Adore;	The hardest Marbles weep.



F—ter the fiercest pangs of hot De—fire, between Pan—

the—a's ri—sing Breasts, his ben—ded Head Phi—lan—der rests; though vanquish'd,

yet un-know-ing to re—tire, close hugs the Charmer, and a—sham'd to

yield, tho' he has lost the Day, still keeps the Field.

Tho. Tudway.

II.

When with a sigh the fair *Panthea* said,  
 What pity 'tis, ye Gods! that all  
 The bravest Warriours soonest fall!  
 Then with a kiss she gently rais'd his Head,  
 Arm'd him again for Fight, for nobly she  
 More lov'd the Combate than the Victory.

III.

III.

Then more enrag'd for being beat before,  
 With all his strength he does prepare  
 More fiercely to renew the War,  
 Nor ceases 'till the noble Prize he bore;  
 Ev'n her such wond'rous Courage did surprife,  
 She hugs the Dart that wounded her, and dyes.



Hen. Stre-phon found his Pas-sion vain, thus to the Nymph he

did complain; Re-lent-les Ca-lia! dost thou still de-light in Scorn, and love to kill?

Ah, cru-el Beauty! can't thou see a Swain that dyes, that dyes for thee, and yet not

pi-ty, pi-ty me, and yet not pi-ty, pi-ty me.

Henry Purcell.

See how the Blood springs from each Vein;  
 The sad effects of your Disdain;  
 Can't thou behold this Purple Flood,  
 And not shed Tears when I shed Blood?  
 Now, now at last more kind appear,  
 Grim Death I do not, do not fear;  
 But oh! your Charms I cannot bear:  
 But oh! &c.

W hen Damon saw fair Sylvia's Face, blest with a Heav'nly smiling Grace, with

fi-lent fear enerv'd he stood, and on-ly sigh'd beneath the neighb'ring Wood: I've seen my

Ruine, 'tis too late, Beauty's transcendent o're my Fate. To the Echo's he

sigh'd with a Ge-nius so mo-ving, so fainting, so dy-ing, so zea-lou-fly

loving, that the Wood-Nymphs and Sylvans with pi-ty reply'd, Such love, hap-py

Damon, can ne're be de-ny'd.

Isaac Blackwell.

Encourag'd, he the Nymph implores,  
 With Fruits and Flow'rs her Pow'r adores;  
 His fearful Tongue scarce Love implies,  
 But leaves it to the Rhet'rick of his Eyes:  
 Yet oft a Sigh or Blush do show  
 What he would, would not have her know,

When alone he repair'd to the murmuring Fountains  
 Repeating his Cares to the sigh-giving Mountains,  
 All the Wood-Nymphs and Sylvans with pity reply'd,  
 Such Love, happy Damon, can ne're be deny'd.



Hough *Sylvia* lov'd, too well she knew with Pride the Vict'ry to pursue,

shrouding her Smiles, display'd her Charms, and kept the Slave beneath her conq'ring Arms; yet

oft a--lone she sigh'd and cry'd, and curs'd the Bones of Female Pride. Then she

vow'd with a Blush, from thy Death I'll reprove thee, my Beau-ty too fa--tal no

longer shall grieve thee; all my Scorn and Dis-dain shall in Triumph be led, by

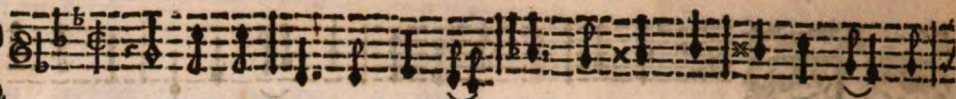
Smiles that succeed o're the frowns that are fled.

*Isaac Blackwell.*

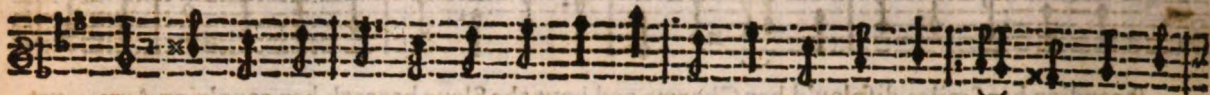
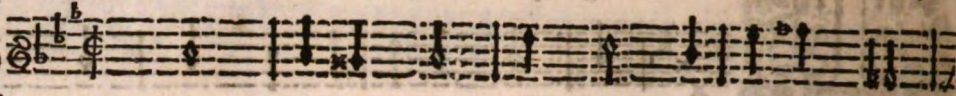
Thus blest beneath cool Myrtles, they  
 Youth's flow'ry Vernal pass away;  
 And Gods of Love renew their Fires,  
 And point their Darts at their inflam'd Desires:  
 The Flow'rs spring up where *Sylvia* moves,  
 And Birds still serenade the Groves.

So may *Sylvia* live long, and so happy be ever,  
 The Sunshine of Love let not Jealousie sever;  
 When all hate, fear, & scorn, shall in triumph be led,  
 By smiles that succeed o're the frowns that are fled.

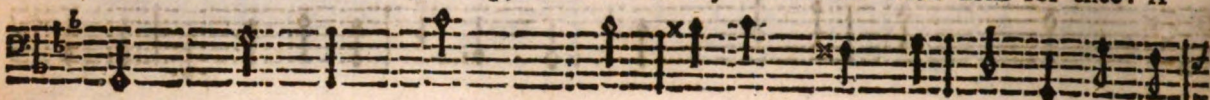
Adam's Sleep.



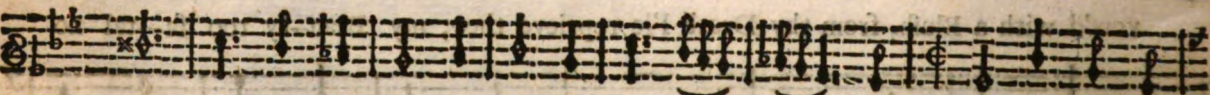
leep, *Adam*, sleep, and take thy rest, let no sad thoughts possess thy



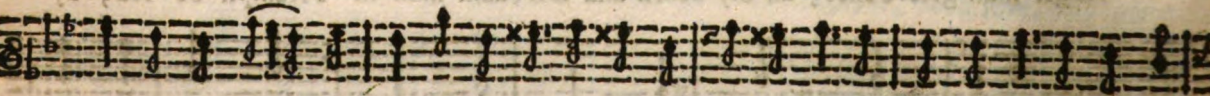
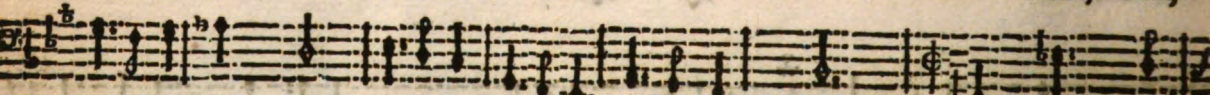
Breast; but when thou wak'st, look up, and see what thy Cre-a-tor hath done for thee: A



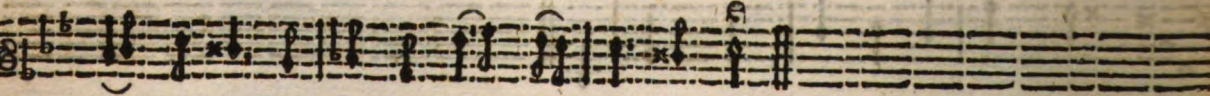
Creature from thy Side is ta'en, who 'till thou wake, she wants a Name; Flesh of thy



Flesh, Bone of thy Bone, a Mate most fit for thee a—lone. Wake, *Adam*,



wake, to embrace thy Bride, who is newly risen from thy Side; but in the midst of thy De-



lights, beware, lest her En-tice-ments prove thy Snare.

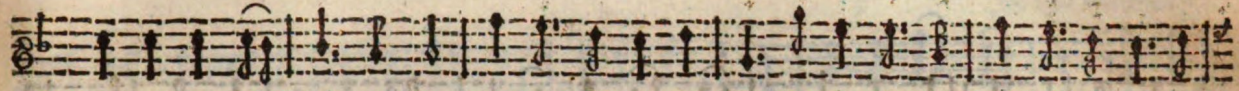
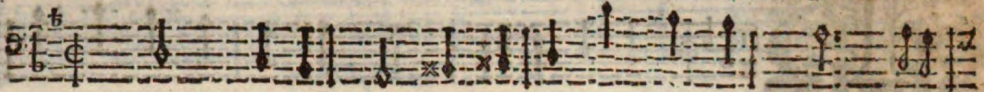


Mr. Henry Purcell.

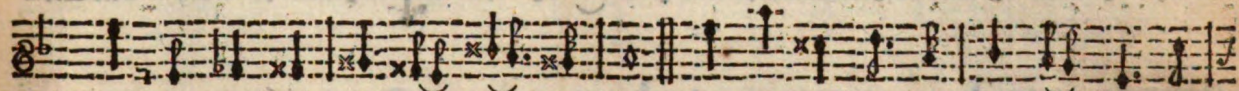
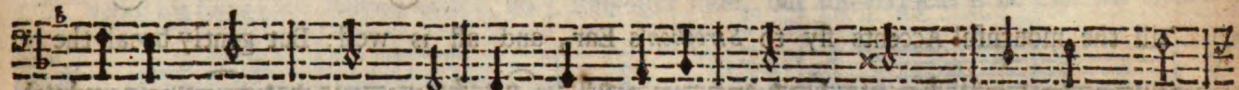




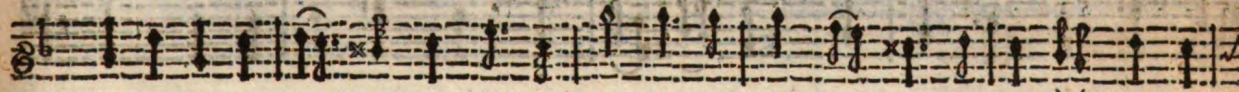
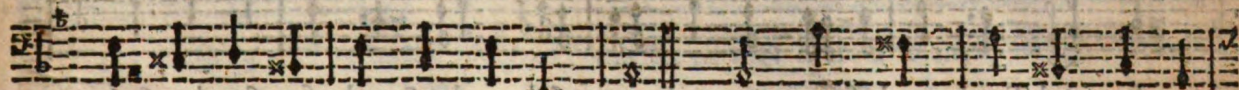
Ain would I Clo--ris e're I dye, bequeath you such a Le-ga-cy, that



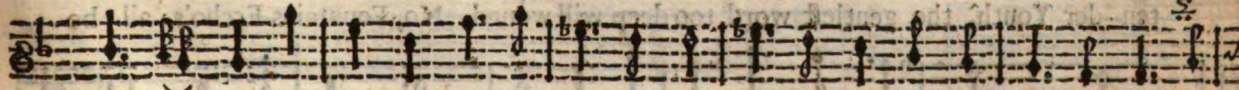
you might say when I am gone, None hath the like: My Heart alone were the best Gift I could be-



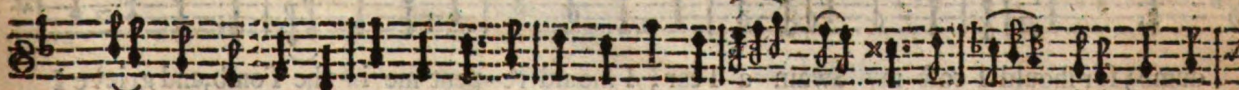
flow, but that's al--rea--dy yours you know. So that 'till you my Heart re--sign, or



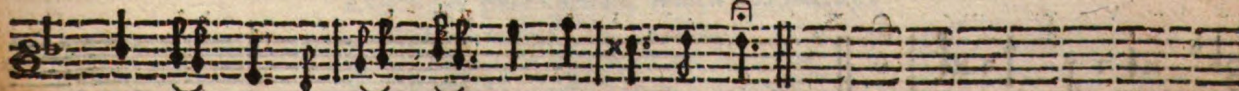
fill with yours the place of mine, and by that Grace my Store re--new, I shall have nought worth



giving you; whose Breast has all the Wealth I have, save a faint Carcase and a Grave: But



had I as many Hearts as Hands, as many Lives as Love has Fears, as ma--ny Lives as



Years have Hours, they should be all and on--ly yours.

Dr. John Blow.





ELL my *Strephon* that I dye, let Ec-cho's to each o—ther tell;

'till the mournful Accents fly to *Strephon's* Ear, and all is well: But gently break the

fa—tal Truth, and swee—ten ev'—ry fad—der Sound; for *Strephon* such a

ten—der Youth, the gentlest word too deep will wound. No, Fountains Eccho's all be

dumb; for should I cost my Swain a Tear, I should re—pent me in the Tomb, and grieve I

bought my Rest so dear.

Dr. John Blow.

A. 2. voc.



*Min-tor* on a Ri-ver side, ra-sing a Spring-tide

from his Eyes; his Passion could no lon-ger hide, but un-to Heav'n he cast his cries:

His Voice so well exprefs'd his Grief, 'twas Sin to wish him a Relief; he sigh'd and sung

in a soft Ayre, *Phil-lis* is cru-el, *Phil-lis* is cru-el, false, and fair.

Dr. John Blow.

II.

Eccho confined to a Grove,  
 Being unable to return,  
 These fatal words, in hopeless Love,  
 I burn, repeated thrice I burn:  
 Birds in his Grief, did bear a part;  
 Whilst Sighs kept soft Time in his Heart;  
 He mourning, sung in a soft Ayre,  
*Phillis* is cruel, false, and fair.

III.

Whilst in this Agony he lay,  
 A Tear did steal from either Eye,  
 Down his pale Cheeks, which did betray,  
*Amincor* waited but to dye.  
 Whilst Death fate heavy on his Eyes,  
 And he look'd like Love's sacrifice;  
 He dying, sung in a soft Ayre,  
*Phillis* is cruel, false, and fair.

A SONG upon the Court-Game BASSET.



ET F—qui—page and Drefs despair, since *Baf—fer* is come

in; there's no—thing can en—gage the Fair, but Mo—ney and more—in.

Is a—ny Countess in diftrefs, she flies not to the *Beau*; 'tis Coney on—ly

can re—drefs her Grief with a *Rou—lean*.

Dr. John Blow.

II.

By this bewitching Game betray'd,  
 Poor Love is bought and sold;  
 And that which should be a free Trade,  
 Is all engross'd by Gold:  
 Ev'n Senice is brought into disgrace,  
 Where Company is met;  
 It silent stands, or leaves the place,  
 While all the Talk's *Basset*.



HY does the Morn' in Blush—es rise, tell me O God of

Day? Cla--ro--na, oh! Cla--ro--na's Eyes, out--shine the brightest Rays.

'Tis true, 'tis true, she's far more bright, dim ta--per God be gone, and hide thy

baffled Beams in Night, let her rule Day a--lone. Dr. John Blow.

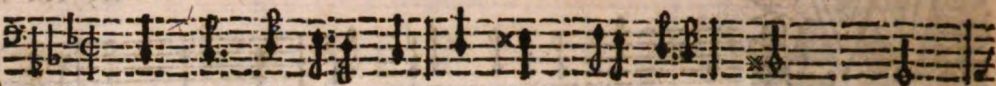
II.

If Anchorite-like, full twenty Years  
 On Earth's cold Bed I'd lain,  
 And woo'd the Gods with Fasts and Pray'rs,  
 Celestial Crowns to gain:  
 Yet after all, could you but love,  
 No more would I pursue  
 The endless search of Joys above,  
 But find out Heav'n in you.

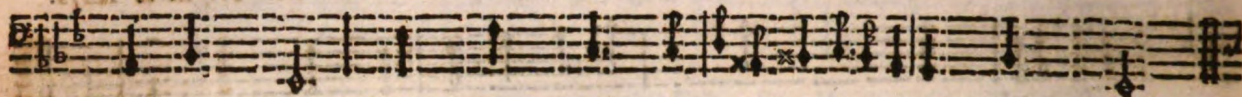
A. 2. voc. *Cantata & Bassus.*



Hink not, my Soul's de—light and grief, because my Sorrows



shun'd Relief, that therefore I had none at all, or short, or Su—per—fi—cial.



Chorus.



Shal—low Rills the Peb—bles chide, Deeps a—way in si—lence glide;



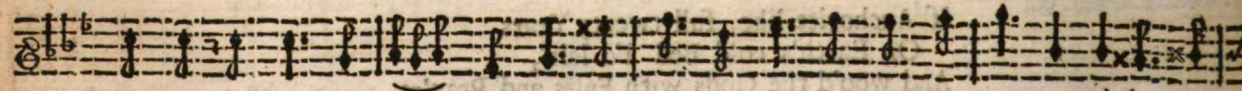
Shal—low Rills the Peb—bles chide, Deeps a—way in si—lence



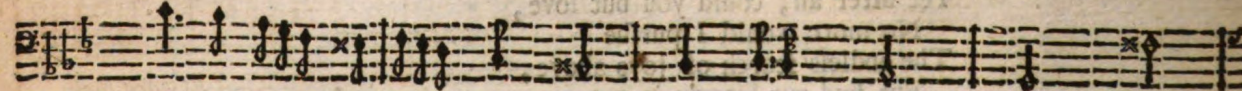
shal—low Rills the Peb—bles chide, Deeps a—way in si—lence glide.



glide, Deeps a—way in si—lence glide, Deeps a—way in si—lence glide.



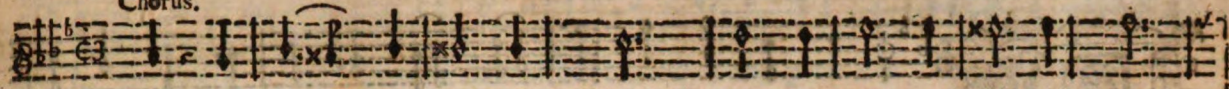
Spices and Gums in ruff Disguise, may court in vain regardless Eyes ; 'till bruis'd and



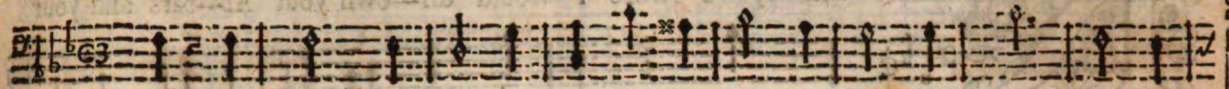
burnt, we then be—gin to own that Sweet's e—ver lodg'd with—in.



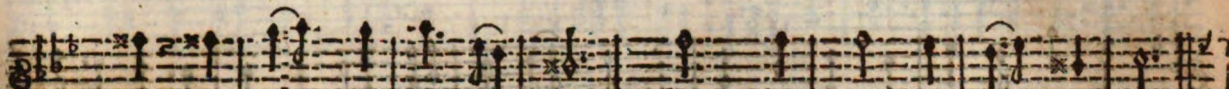
Chorus.



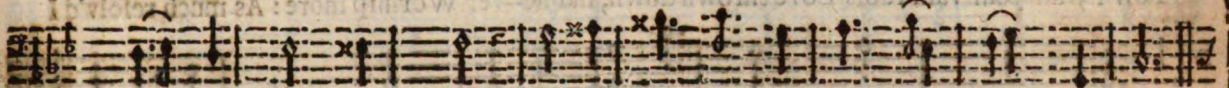
Heart, when bro---ken, sure they'l see, Love and Grief stream forth from thee;



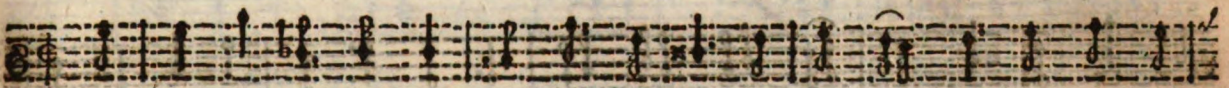
Heart, when bro---ken, sure they'l see, Love and Grief stream forth from thee; Heart, when



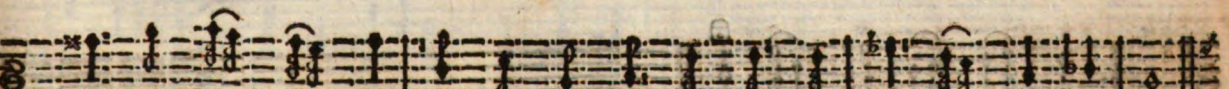
Heart, when bro---ken, sure they'l see, Love and Grief stream forth from thee.



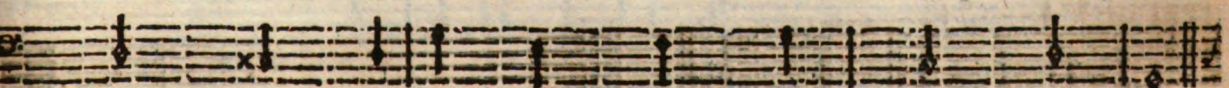
bro---ken, sure they'l see, Love and Grief, Love and Grief stream forth from thee.



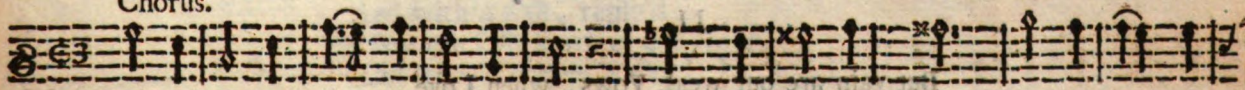
Yet then fair In---fi---del, if thou be-lieve, that Love a---lone did make me



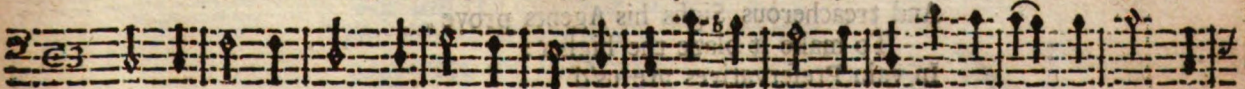
grieve; and on---ly say, Thou for---ry art that thou had'st mine, not I thy Heart.



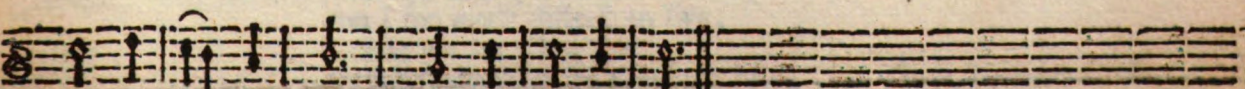
Chorus.



That a just Re---ward shall be for Love, Grief and Death for thee; that a just Re-

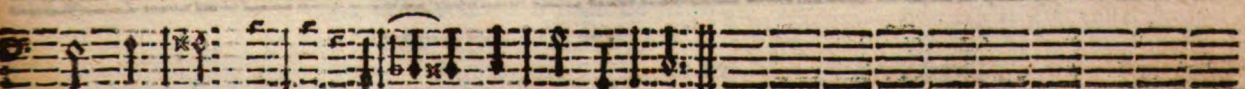


That a just Reward shall be for Love, for Love, Grief and Death for thee; that a just Reward shall



ward shall be for Love, Grief and Death for thee.

James Hart.



be for Love, Grief and Death for thee.



Ash--ly I swore I would dis--own your Al--tars and your

Pow'r; all your vain Idols Love thrown down, and ne--ver Worship more: As much resolv'd I

would for--get Lu--cin--da's guil--ded Charms; her Shape, her Beauty, and her

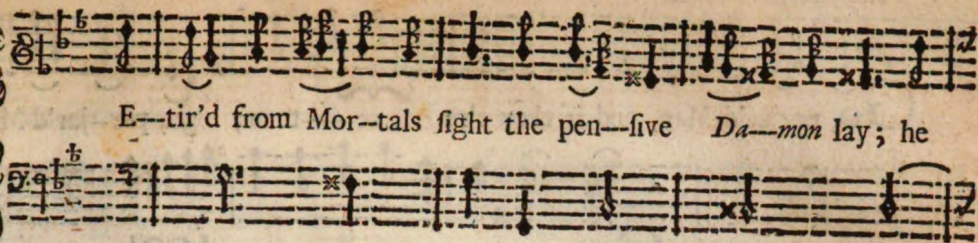
Wit, which tempt. me to her Arms.

Henry Purcell.

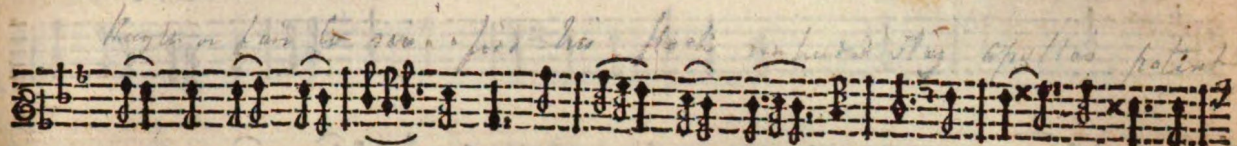
II.

But vain are our weak Vows, when Love  
 Does feed the active Fire;  
 And treacherous Sighs his Agents prove,  
 To make it blaze the higher:  
 In vain Preservatives are us'd  
 To any other part,  
 When the Infection has diffus'd  
 Its self unto the Heart.

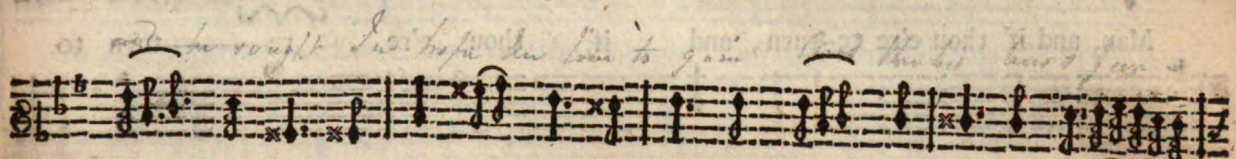
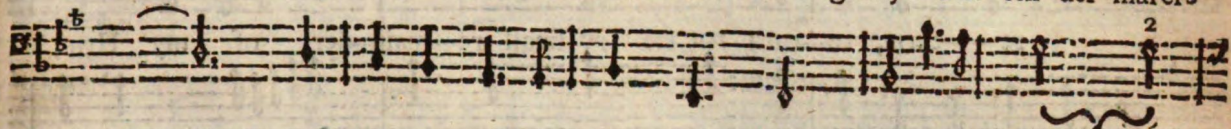




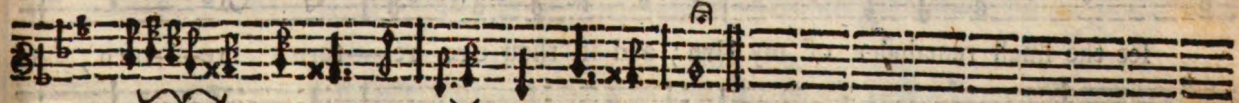
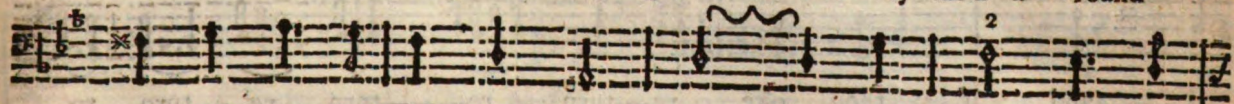
E--tir'd from Mor--tals fight the pen--five Da--mon lay; he



blest the dif--con--ten--ted Night, and curst the fini--ling Day: The ten--der sharers

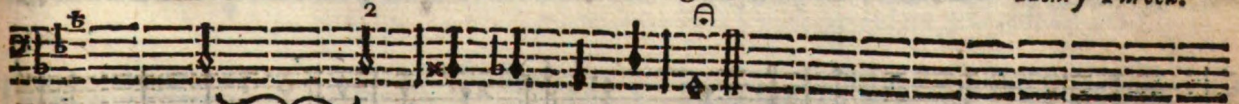


of his Pain, his Flock, no lon--ger graze; but sad--ly fix'd a--round



the Swain, like si--lent Mourners gaze.

Henry Purcell.



II.

He heard the Musick of the Wood,  
And with a sigh, reply'd;  
He saw the Fish sport in the Flood,  
And wept a deeper Tide:  
In vain the Summer's Bloom came on,  
For still the drooping Swain  
Like Autumn Winds was heard to groan,  
Out-wept the Winter's Rain.

III.

Some Ease (said he) some Respit give;  
Why, mighty Pow'rs! ah! why  
Am I too much distrest to live,  
And yet forbid to dye!  
Such Accents from the Shepherd flew,  
Whilst on the Ground he lay;  
At last so deep a Sigh he drew,  
As bore his Life away.

GO, perjur'd Man, and if thou e're re—turn; go, per—jur'd Man, and if thou e're

GO perjur'd Man, and if thou e're re—turn; go, perjur'd

re—turn, re—turn to see the small re—main—der of my Urn;

Man, and if thou e're re—turn, and if thou e're re—turn to

and if thou e're re—turn, re—turn, re—turn to

see the small remainder of my Urn; and if thou e're re—turn, re—turn,

see, to see the small re—main—der of my Urn. When thou shalt

to see, to see the small re—main—der of my Urn. When thou shalt

laugh, shalt laugh at my Re—li—gious! Dust, and ask where's now,

laugh, shalt laugh at my Re—li—gious! Dust, and ask where's now the

where's now the co-lour, form, and trust of Woman's Beauty? And per-  
 co-lour, form, and trust of Woman's Beauty? And perhaps with rude hands, with rude

haps with rude, with rude hands, perhaps with rude hands rifle the Flours w<sup>ch</sup> the Virgins strew'd.  
 hands, and perhaps with rude hands rifle the Flours w<sup>ch</sup> the Virgins strew'd. Know I've pray'd to

Know I've pray'd to Pi-ty, that the Wind may blow my Ashes up;

Pity, that the Wind may blow my A--shes up; know I've pray'd to

know I've pray'd to Pity, that the Wind may blow my Ashes up,  
 Pi-ty, that the Wind may blow my A--shes up, and strike thee Blind; that the

may blow my A--shes up, and strike thee Blind. Dr: John Blow.

Wind may blow my A--shes up, and strike thee Blind.

A DIALOGUE betwixt a Shepherd and Shepherdes, sung in the Play of the Duke of Guise.

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Bassus.

E L L me *Thirsis*, tell your Anguish, why you Sigh, and why you Languish;

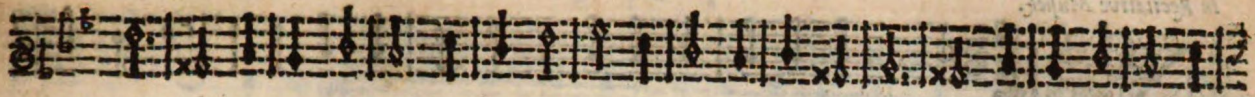
when the Nymph whom you Adore, grants the Blessing of Possessing, what can Love and

I do more? what can Love, what can Love and I do more? Think it's Love be-

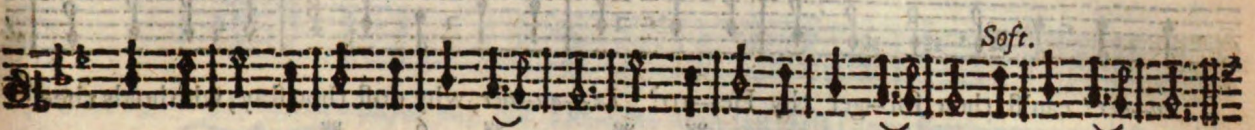
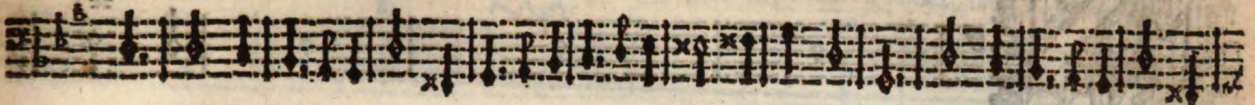
yond all measure, makes me faint a-way with Pleasure; strength of Cordial may destroy,

and the Blessing of Possessing kills me with excess of Joy. *Thirsis*, how can

I be-lieve you? but confesse, and I'll forgive you; Men are false, and so are

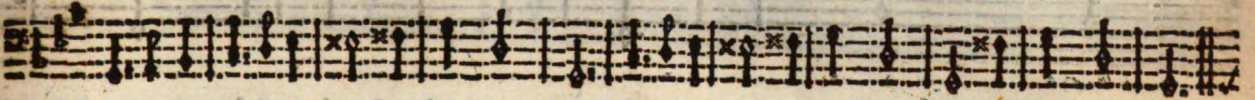


you; never Nature fram'd a Creature to enjoy, and yet be true; never Nature fram'd a

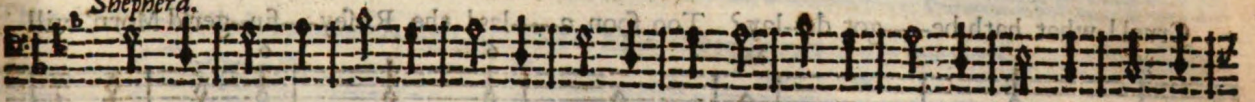


*Soft.*

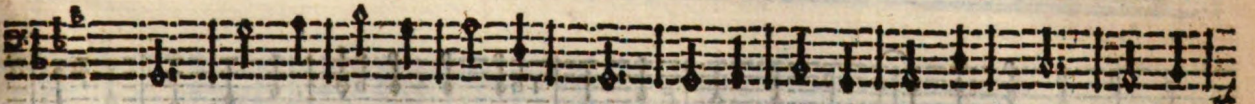
Creature to en-joy, and yet be true; to enjoy, and yet be true, and yet be true.



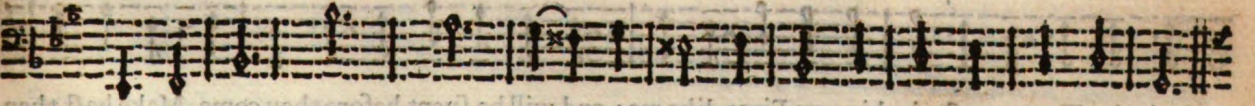
*Shepherd.*



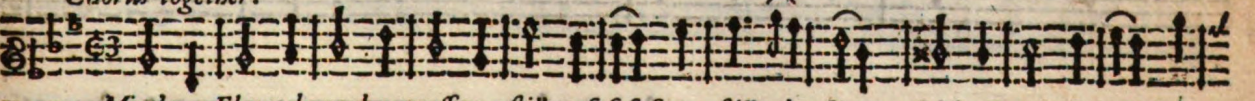
Mine's a Flame beyond expressing, still pos-ses-sing, still de-si-ers, fit for Love's Im-



perial Crown; e-ver shi-ning, and re-fi-ning, still the more 'tis melted down.



*Chorus together.*



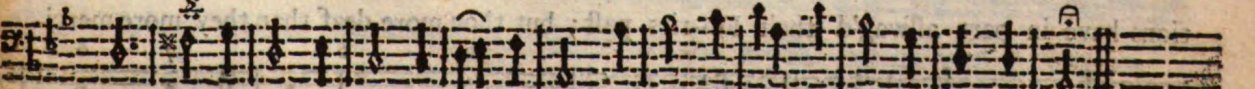
Mine's a Flame beyond expressing, still pos-ses-sing, still de-sires, fit for Love's Im-pe-rial



Mine's a Flame beyond expressing, still pos-ses-sing, still desires, fit for Love's Im-pe-rial



Crown; e-ver shining, and re-fi-ning, still the more 'tis mel-ted down.



Crown; e-ver shining, and re-fi-ning, still the more 'tis, still the more 'tis melted down.

# Hero's Complaint to Leander. [ 82 ]

In Recitative Musick.



OR com'st thou yet, my slothful Love! nor yet *Le-an-der*! Oh my *Le-*

*an-der*! can'st thou for-get thy He-ro? *Le-an-der*, why dost thou stay, who holds thee?

Cruel! what hath be-got de-lay? Too soon a-las! the Rosey-fin-ger'd Morn' will

chase the darksom Night. Ah me! I burn and dye in this my languishing Desires. See!

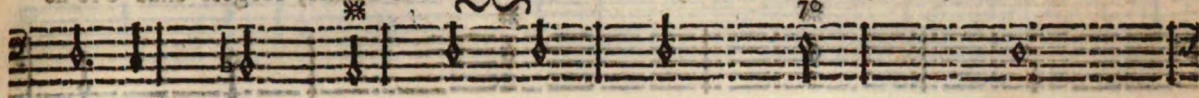
see! the Taper wasts in his own Fires, like me; and will be spent before thou come. Make hast then

my *Le-an-der*, prethee come. Behold the Winds and Seas deaf and enrag'd; my Impreca-

tions have in part allwag'd their Fu-ries past; but thou more deaf than they, more merci-



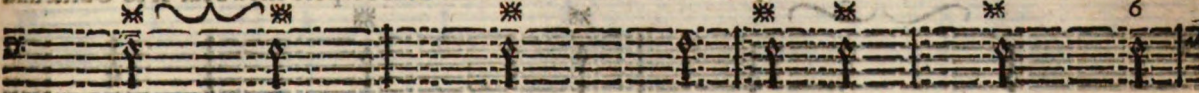
less, torments me with delay, If far from hence, upon thy Native Shoar, such high delight thou



tak'st, why didst thou more incite my hot De-sires with faithless Lines, flatt'ring me with Promise,



That when the Winds became less high, and Shores had some repose, if I did but the friendly Torch ex-



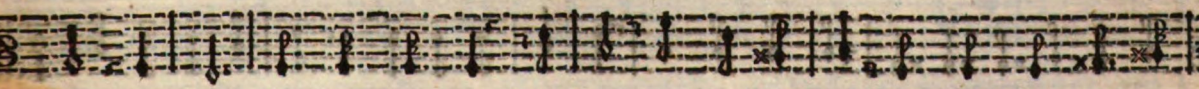
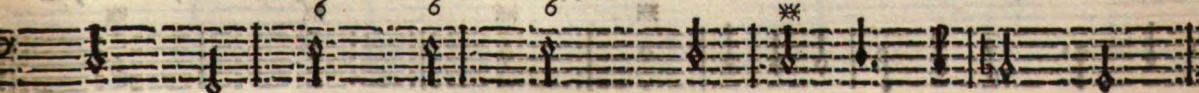
pose to be thy guide, thou would'st not fail to come? The Shores have Peace, the Winds and



Seas are dumb, thy He-ro here attends thee, and the Light invades the Horrour of the

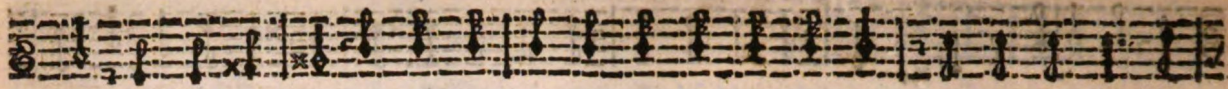


fable Night; come quickly then, and in these Arms appear, that have been oft thy chiefest

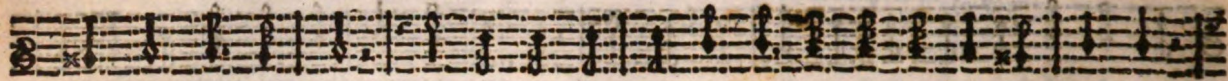
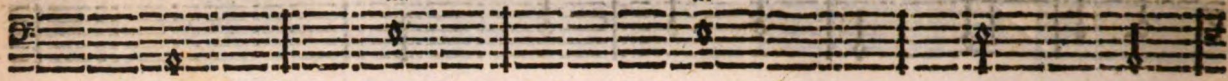


Calm, thy Sphear. Wretch that I am! 'tis so, you Gods! 'tis so! whilst here I vent to

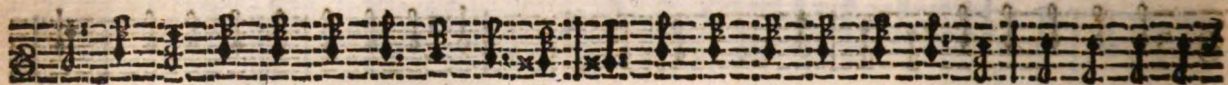




Heav'n and Seas my woe, he at *A-by-dos* in a new-er Flame, forgets that e're he



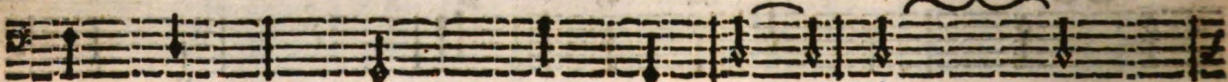
heard poor *Hero's* name. Ah! lighter than Blossoms, or the fleeting Air that sheds them;



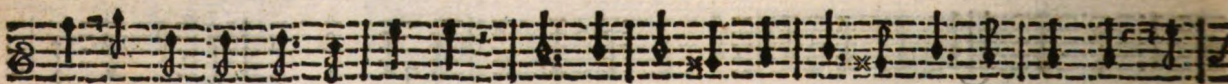
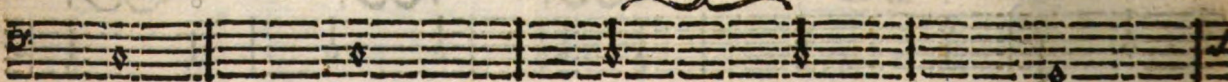
How! O how can'st thou repair thy broken Faith! Is this the dear respect thou bear'st to Oaths and



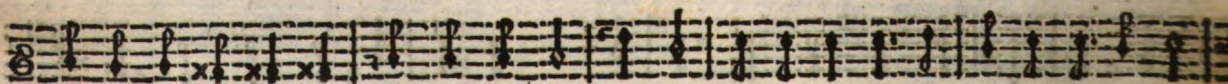
Vows, thus to neglect both *Ci-the-re-a* and her *Nun!* Is this th'in-vi-si-ble Band of



*Hy-men!* This that knot, before the sacred Al-tar made of Sea-born *Venus!* Heav'ns lend your



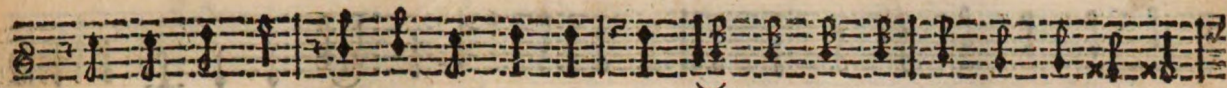
aid, and arm your selves in Thunder! Oh! but stay, what vain Fears transports thee, *He-ro,* a-



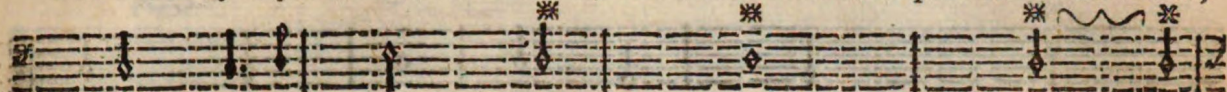
way with jealous Fu-ry? *Le-an-der's* thine, thou his; and the poor youth at home lamenting is



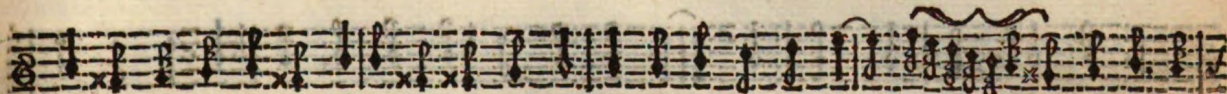




the wa-ry Eyes of his old Parents; now steals from them a-pace un-to the Shoar,



now with ha-fty hand doth fling his Robes from him, and e-ven now bold Boy attempts to



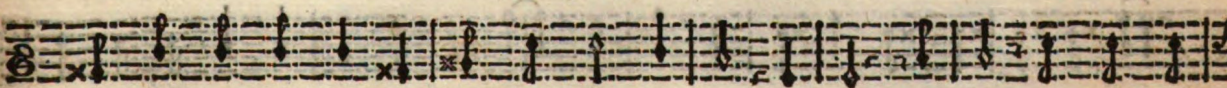
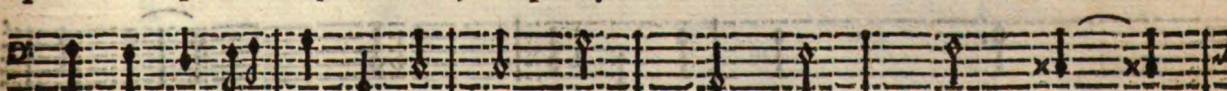
swim, parting the swelling Waves with Iv'ry Arms, born up alone by Love's all-powerful



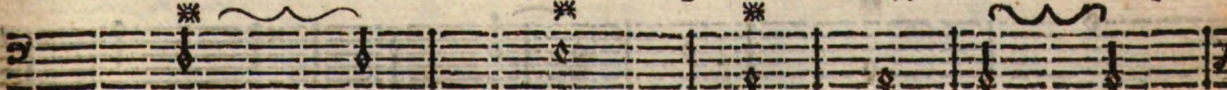
Charms. You gentler peaceful Winds, if e-ver Love had pow'r in you, if e-ver you did



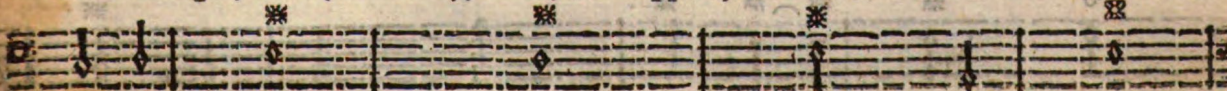
prove least spark of Cupid's Flame, for pi-ty's sake with softer Gales more smooth and ea-sie



make the troubled Flood un-to my Soul's delight. You Show'rs, you Storms and Tempests

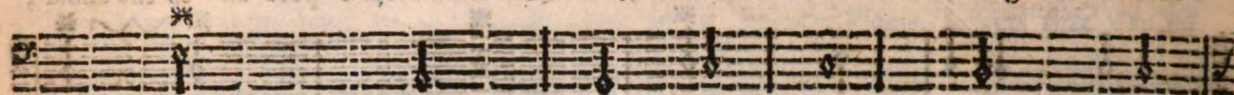


black as Night, retire your Fu-ry, till my Love appear, and blefs these Shoars in safaty, and I





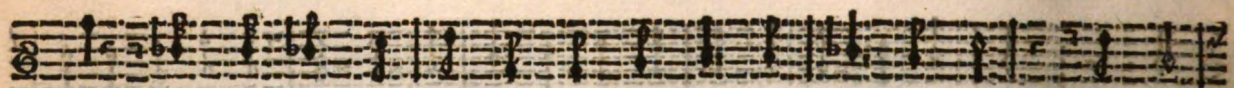
here with--in these Arms en--fold my on--ly Treasure; then all in Rage and Horror



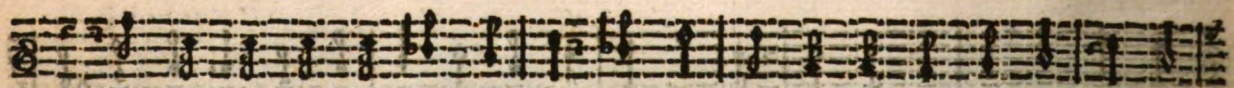
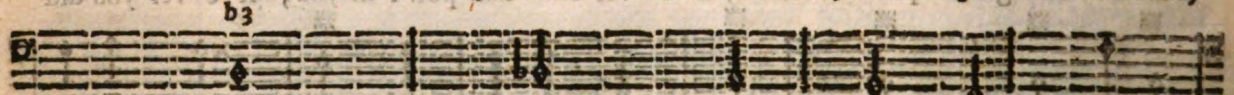
send at plea--sure the fro--thy Billows high as Heav'n, that he may here be e--ver



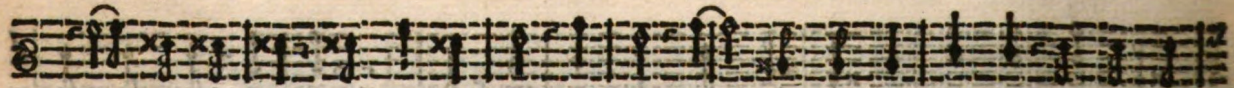
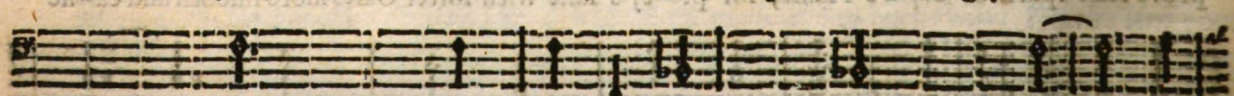
forc'd to dwell with me. But hark! O wonder! what sudden Storm is this? Seas menace



Heav'n, and the Winds do hiss, in scorn of this my just Re--quest. Re--tire,



re--tire, my too too vent'rous Love, re--tire, tempt not the an--gry Seas. Ah me!

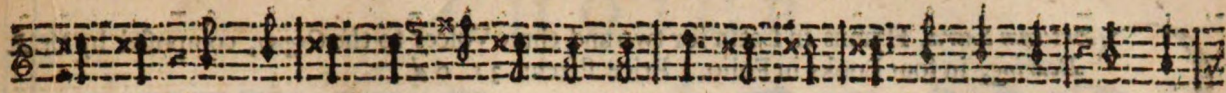


ah me! the Light, the Light's blown out! O Gods! O dead--ly Night! Neptune, A--o--lui,

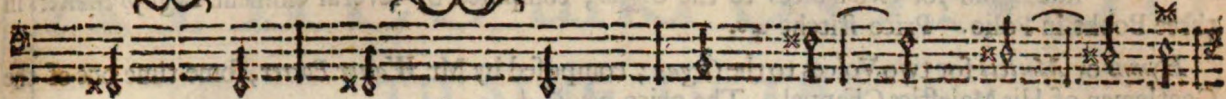


ye pow'rful De--i--ties, spare, O spare my Jew--el! pi--ty the Cries and Tears of wretched

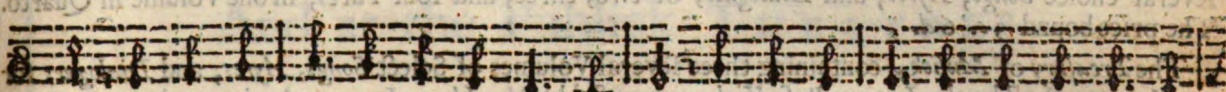
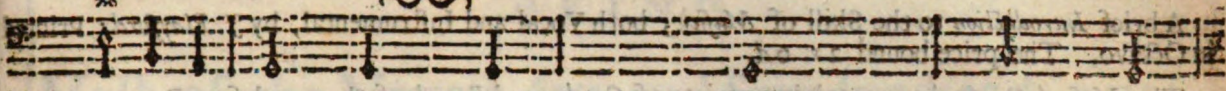




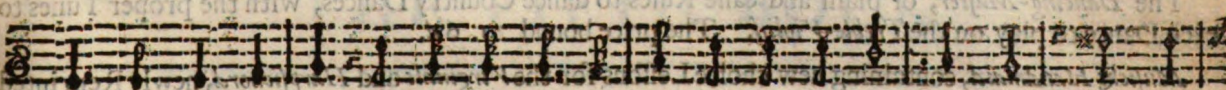
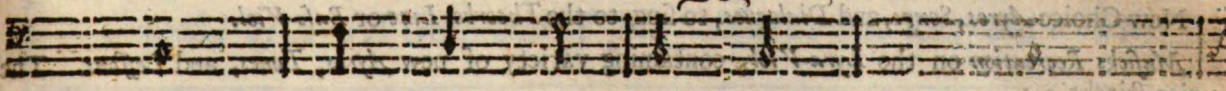
He-ro! 'Tis Le-an-der trusts you with his Love and Life, fair Le-an-der, Beau-ty



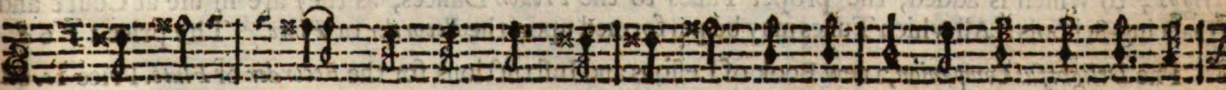
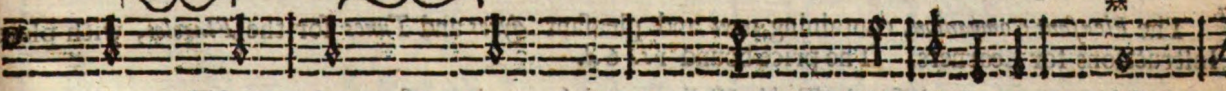
of these Shoars. See! see the bath-ful Morn, for for-row of my sad Laments, hath



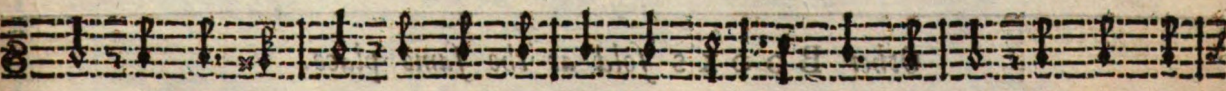
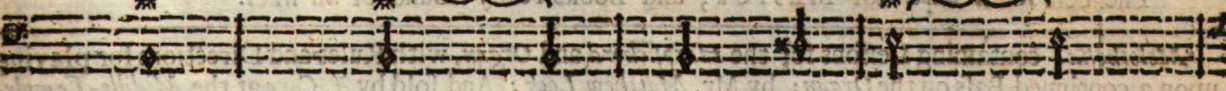
torn through cloudy Night a passage to my Aid, and here beneath amidst the horrid



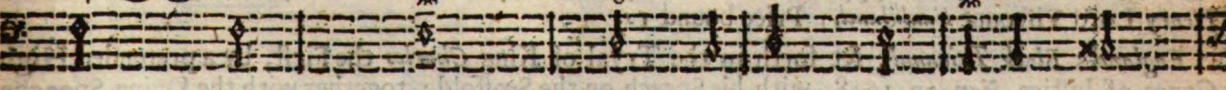
Shade, by her faint Light, something methinks I see re-sem-bling my Soul's Joy. Wo's me!



'tis he! drown'd by th'im-pe-tuous Flood, O dismal Hour! curst be these Seas, these

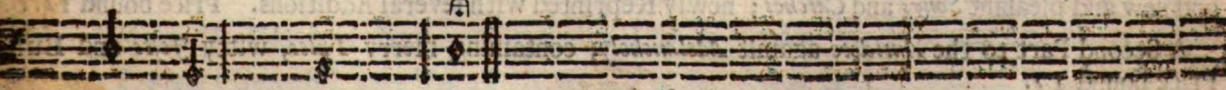


Shoars, this Light, this Tow'r! In spite of Fates, dear Love, to thee I come, Le-an-der's



Bo-son shall be Hero's Tomb.

Mr. Nic. Lannier.



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