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O R, A

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The *Words* composed by the most ingenious *Wits* of the Age, and set to
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A THOROW-BASS to each *Song* for the *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol*.

ALSO

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

THE SECOND BOOK.



L O N D O N,

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

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

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

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

Dart, that galls my tor—tur'd Mind.

Mr. Hen. Purcell.

II.

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



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

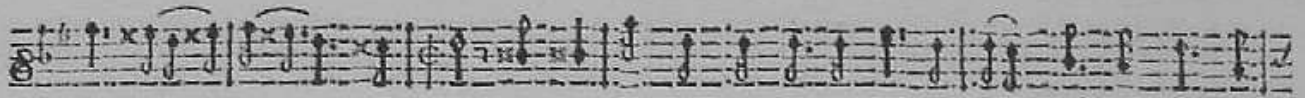
as with too too ea--ger hast, he strove the Li--quid Sweets to tast: A Bee surpriz'd the

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

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

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

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



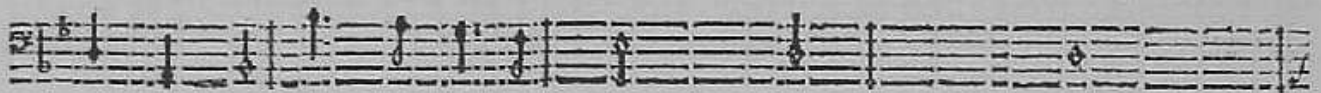
Cheeks, and blub—ber'd Eyes, cries she, What does my *Cupid* say, when thus, thus, he told his



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



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



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



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



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





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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Tedway.

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

vainly sought I to disguise the Tortures that you gave: Durst hardly

call my Fate unkind, or to my self complain; for fear some bu-sie lift'-ning Wind should

o-ver-hear my Pain; for fear some bu-sie lift'-ning Wind should o-ver-

o-ver-hear my Pain, Pain.

Signior *Baptist*.

II.

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



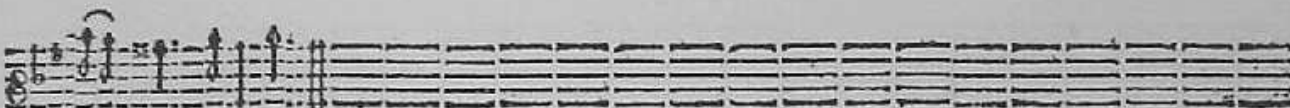
N vain she frowns, in vain she tries the Darts of her dif-dain-ful



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

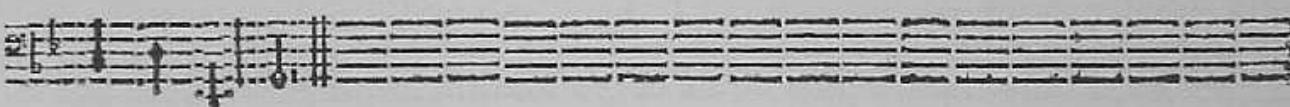


Nor can I of my Fate com—plaiz^{is}, or her Disdain; who would not dye, to be



so sweetly slain.

Capt. Pack.



II.

Like those who Magic Spells employ,
At distance wounds, and does destroy;
She kills with her severe Disdain,
And absent I endure the pain.

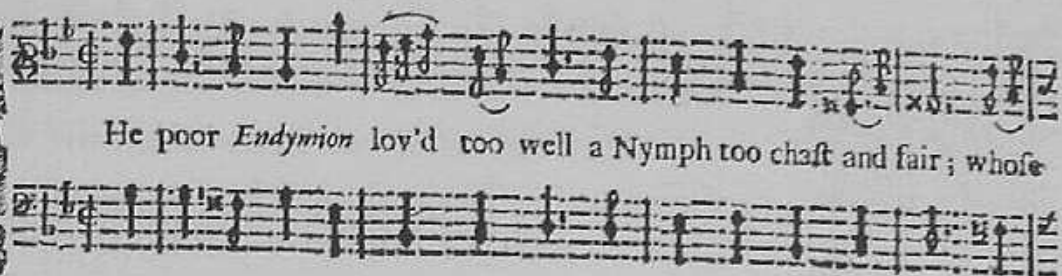
But spare, oh spare your cruel Art!

The fatal Dart

Stabs your own Image in your Lover's Heart.



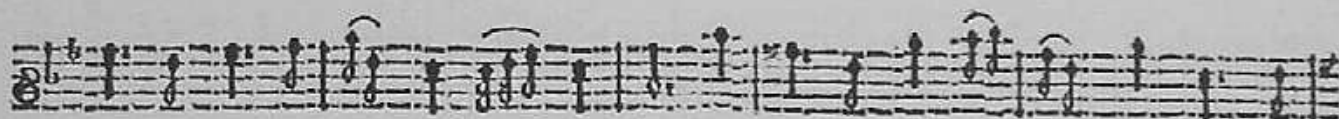
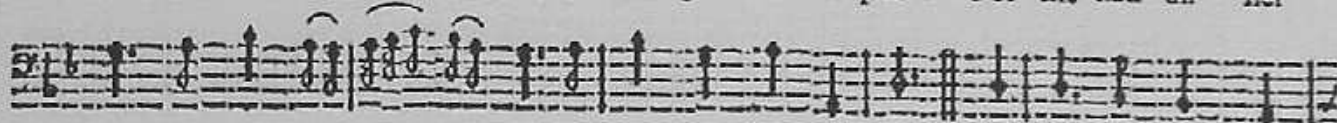
A. 2. Voc.



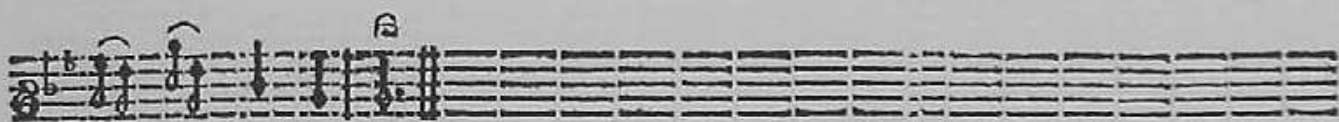
He poor *Endymion* lov'd too well a Nymph too chaste and fair; whose



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

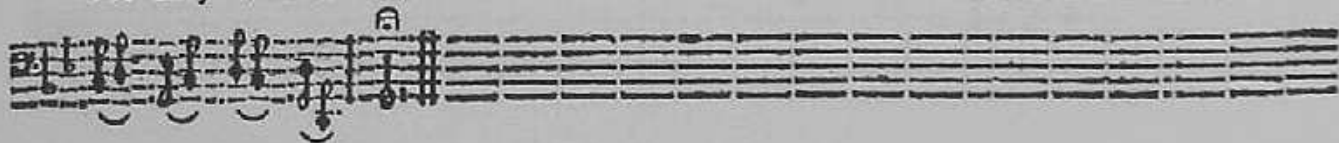


Sex—es Pride, and all her Beauties too; and ev'—ry am'rous Swain defy'd, when



e're they came to woo.

Mr. David Underwood.



II.

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

III.

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

A Marriage SONG.

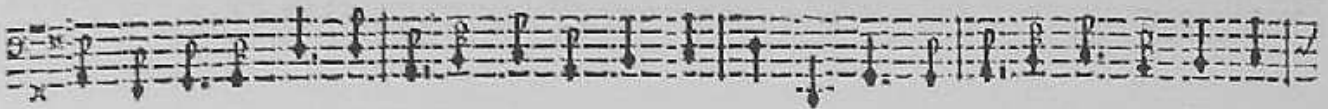
A. 2. Voc.



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



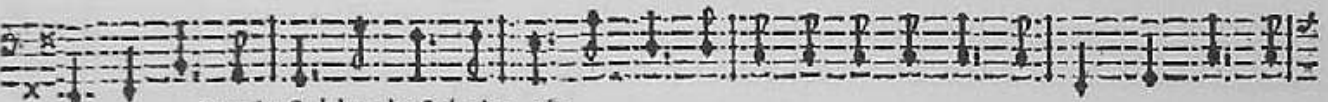
tinue always young, and ev'ry day you wake your Love like this, and ev'ry day you wake your



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



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



But hush! but hush! the, &c.



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



could no longer keep.



Mr. Tho. Farmer, B. M.

II.

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

But hark! the Crowd return!

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



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

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

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

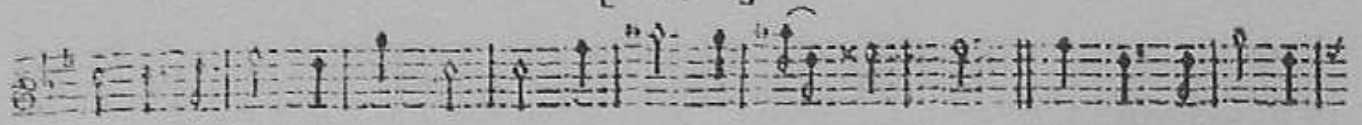
and this moment it may leave her: Shew her how the Streams of Love gent-ly flow with

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

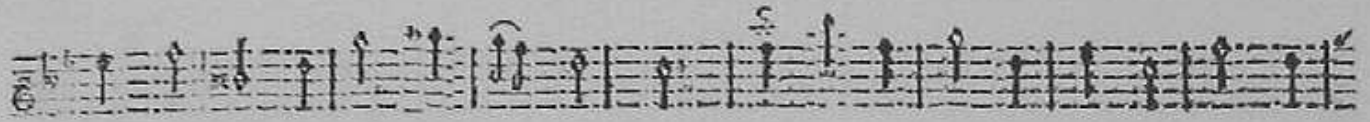
Mr. Robert King.



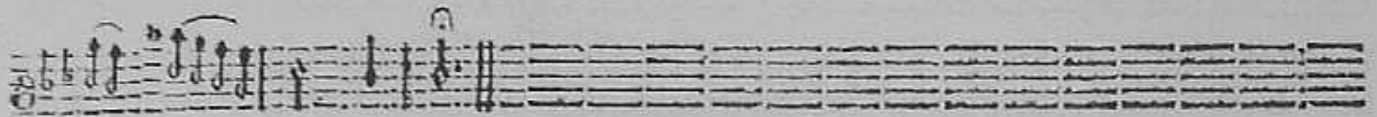
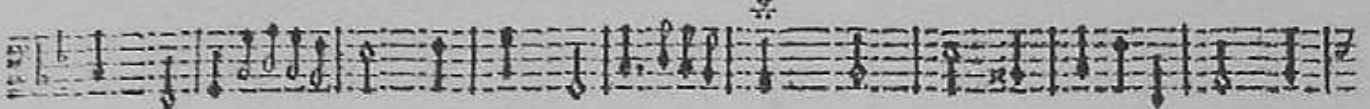
lth—in a so—li—ta—ry Grove de—spai—ring Sap—pho fate;



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



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



I would fain disguise.



II.

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

III.

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



Hen I see my *Strephon* languish, with *Lucinda's* Charms oppress;

when I see his Pain and Anguish, Pi—ty moves my ten—der Breast: Sighs so oft, and

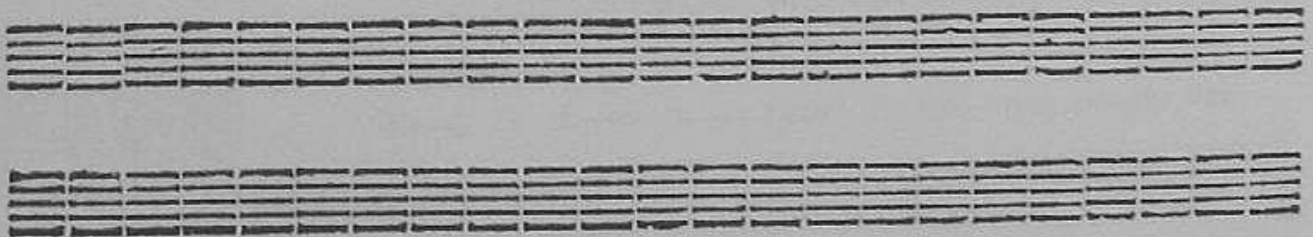
Tears so moving, who can see, and hold from Loving? Sighs so oft, and Tears so moving,

who can see, and hold from Loving.

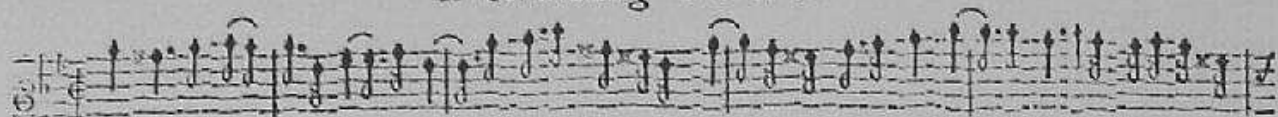
Mr. Robert King.

II.

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



A Serenading SONG.



Symphony for two Flutes.

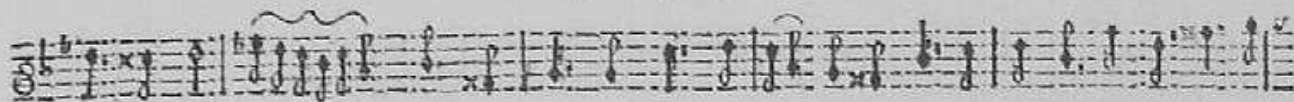


Soft Notes, and gently rais'd, lest some harsh

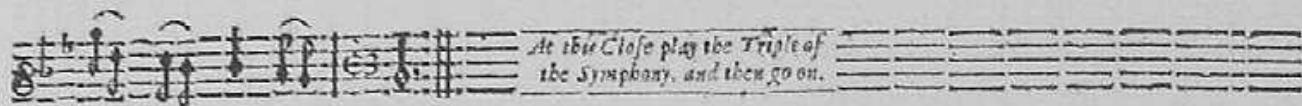
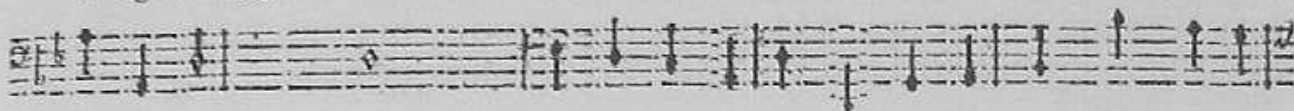
found the fair *Co-rin-thian's* Rest do rudely wound; diffuse a peaceful

Calmeſs through each Part, touch all the Springs of a soft *Vir-gin's*

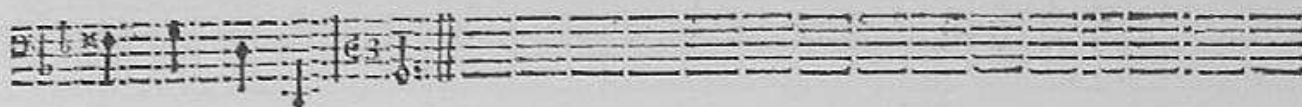
Heart: Tune ev'ry Pulse, and kindle all her Blood, and swell the Torrent of the



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



I—ma—ges of Love.



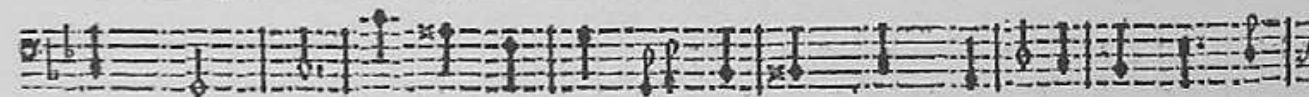
Thus fee—ble Man does his ad—van—tage take, to gain in Sleep what he must lose a—wake;



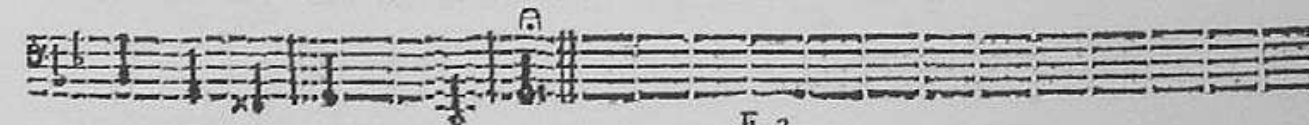
when Night and Shades shut up Co—rin—na's Charms, then, then is the prop' rest time



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



cu—liar Gra—ces to re—veal.



[Flute.]

Chorus.

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

Chorus.

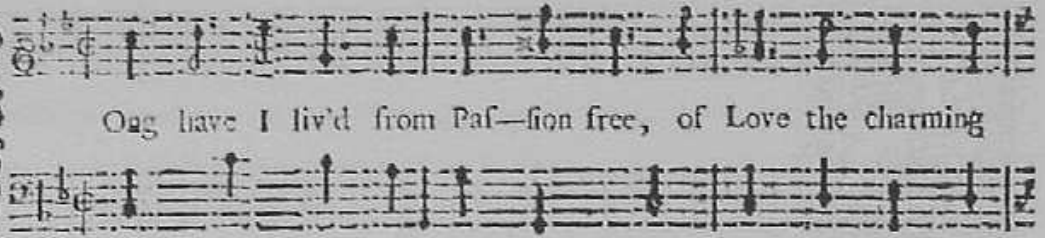
T *En thousand thousand Raptures do at—tend, ten thousand thousand Raptures do attend, do*

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

at—tend this time, 100 strong for Fancy, 100 strong for Fancy, and 100 full, and

full, 100 full for Rhime; 100 strong for Fan—cy, and 100 full for Rhime.

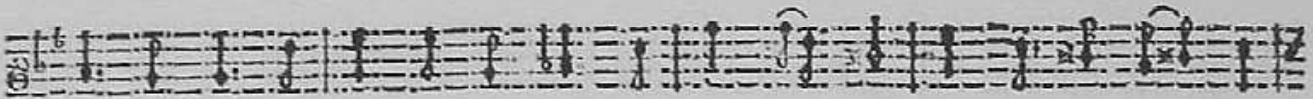
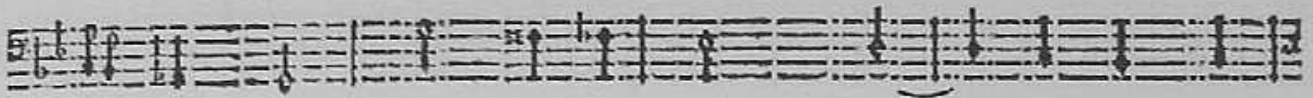
100 full, 100 full for Rhime; 100 strong for Fan—cy, and 100 full for Rhime.



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



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

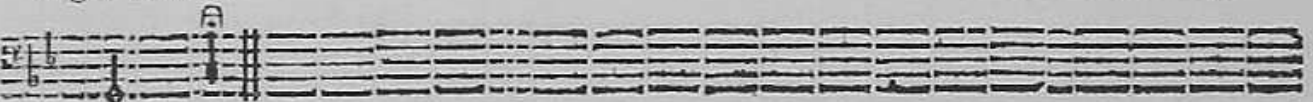


restless State: With wan—de—ring Thoughts my Heart's oppress'd, Day brings no Comfort,



Night no Rest.

Mr. Robert King.



II.

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

III.

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



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

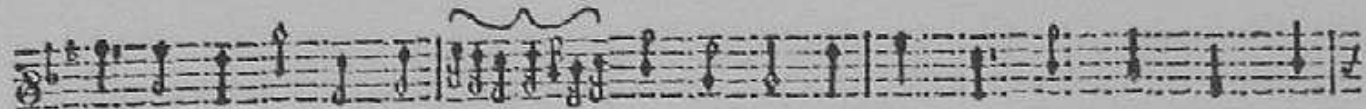
Gods, to my lot such a Mistrefs may fall; nei-ther Ug-ly, nor a Beauty, more

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

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

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

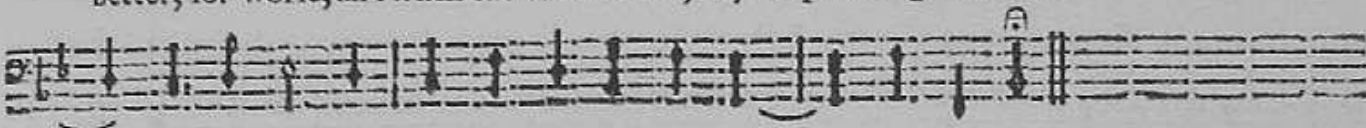
Slave to stiff Rules; that when Cob comes to see me, she will not stick to make one, at a



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



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



A new CATCH.

Ad. 3. Voc.



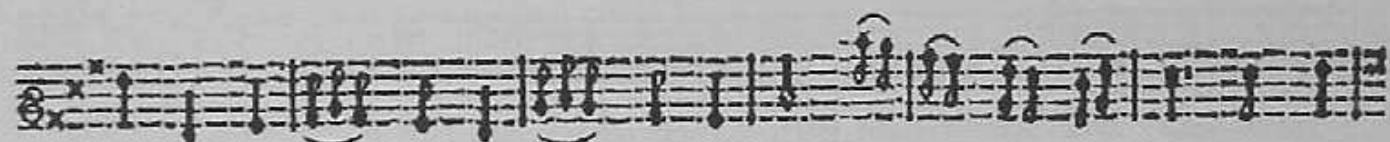
ould you know how we meet o're our jol—ly full Bowls? As we



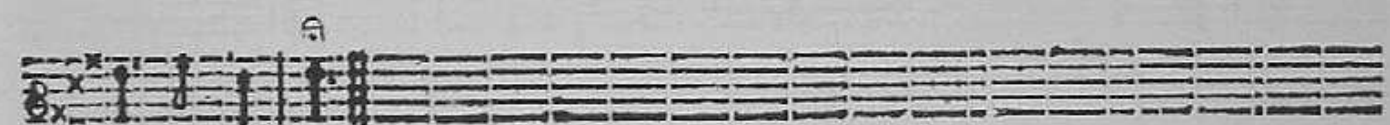
min—gle our Liquors, we min—gle our Souls; the Sweet melts the Sharp, the



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



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



quen—cha—ble Fire.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

The Rich RIVAL.



[Mr. Cowley's words.]

Hey say you're angry, and rant might—ti—ty, be—cause I

*

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

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

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

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

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

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



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



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



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



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



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

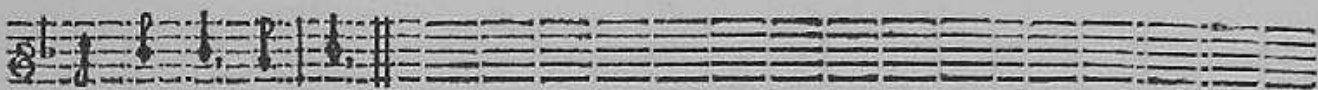


did she now beg, I'd love no less; and were she an Empress, I should love no more.





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

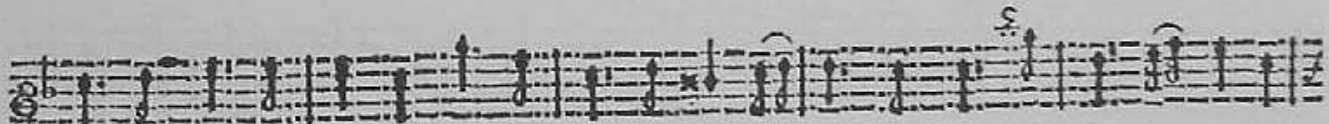


would become of thee!

Mr. Henry Purcell.



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



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

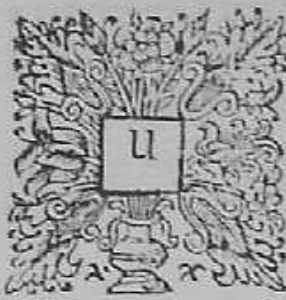


dancing round your face, inſpire and a—ni—mate the ſound.



II.

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



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

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

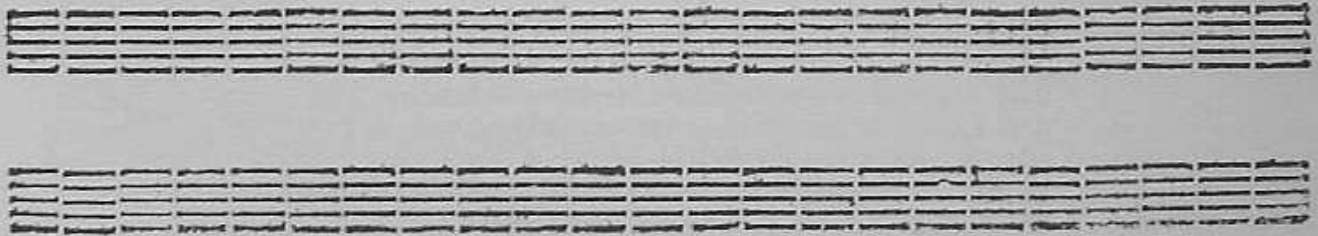
who will be con—fin'd to one, and pay his Vows to her a—lone, I'll be mo—no—po—

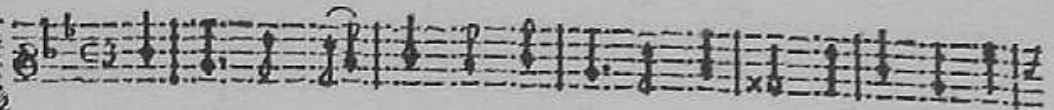
liz'd by none.

Mr. John Roffey:

II.

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





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



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



Hour a whole Age of Delight: One mo-ment I wounded, the next I sur-viv'd, in her



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



pain, 'twas the Pleasures of Love did the Vi-cto-ry gain.

Mr. David Underwood.

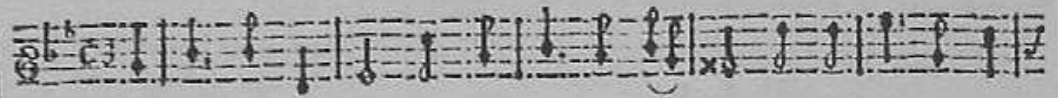


11.

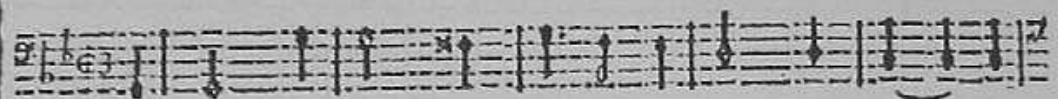
What streams of Compassion when dead in her Arms,
 To cherish my Vitals did flow from her Charms!
 The issues of Sweetness from Nature did flow,
 And Innocence guarded her Vertues below:
 Methink still I see the bright Beams of her Eyes,
 Which so conquer'd my Reason, and made me her Prize;
 He Blushes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

III.

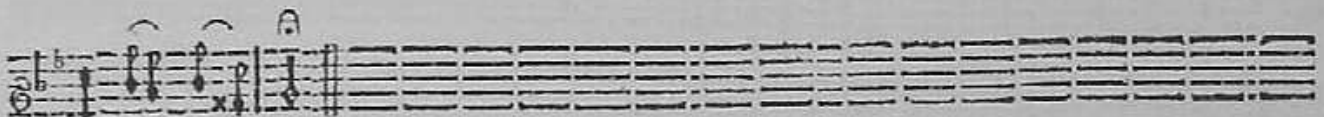
But now, fair *Amintas!* my Love is beguil'd,
 And only for loving of me is exil'd,
 Unto some wild Desert of hopeleſs Deſpair,
 Where ev'ry Enjoyment is echo'd by her:
 Yet ſtill on the height of *Amintas* I live,
 And what Hopes will not grant me, my Wiſhes ſhall give;
 Till Time when all Lovers once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



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



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



juſt, or un--kind?

Mr. Francis Forcer.



II.

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

III.

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



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

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

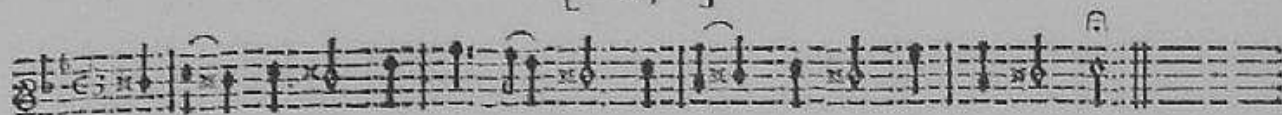
Foolish Hopes, i-dle Fears, and restless Desires, are the bu-sie Man's restless Attendant ; what he

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



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

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

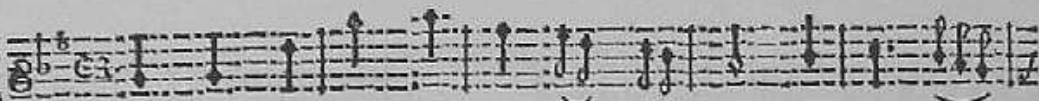


His Arms a-bout her Neck and Waist, she vow'd she lov'd, but durst not taste.



II.

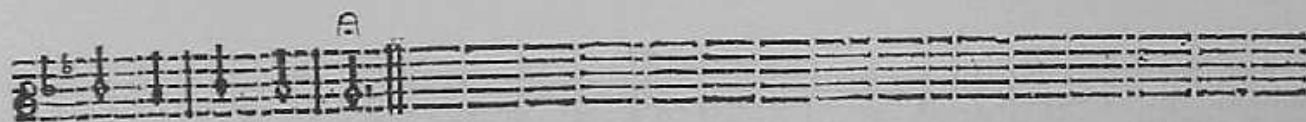
Fairest *Clarinda*, why so coy!
 For I do swear by all that's good,
 You need not fear a harmless Boy,
 I wou'd not hurt you if I cou'd:
 She sigh'd, and then turn'd up her Eyes,
 Do what you will, I cannot rise.



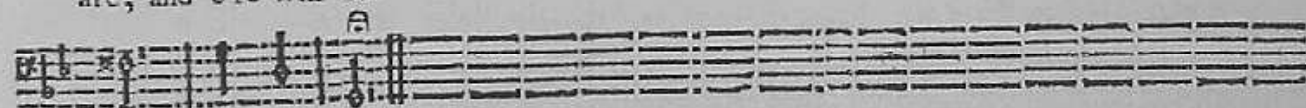
Ince Syl—vi—a's too so fic—kle grown, to scorn what



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

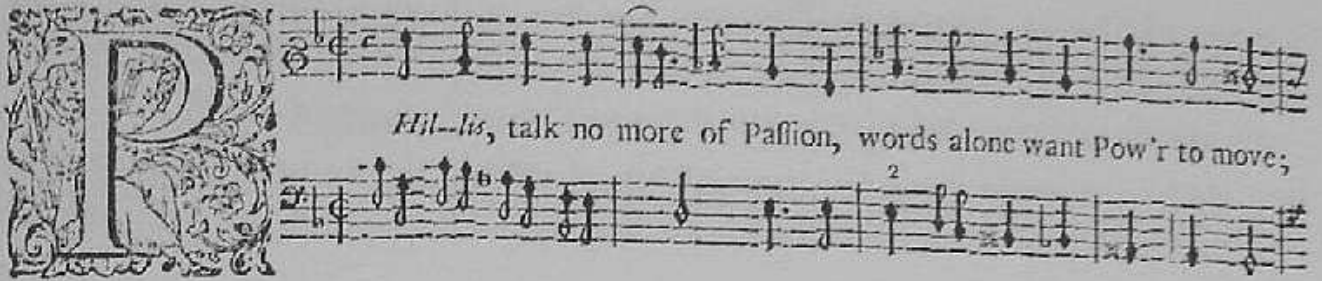


are, and e're will be.

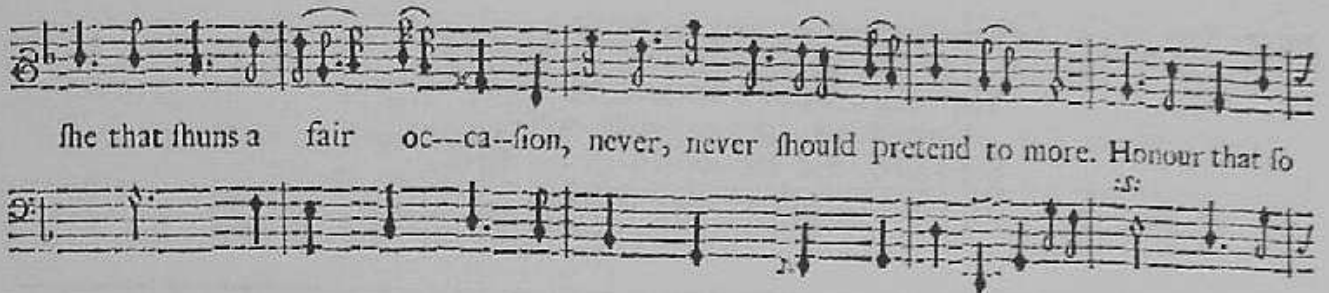


II.

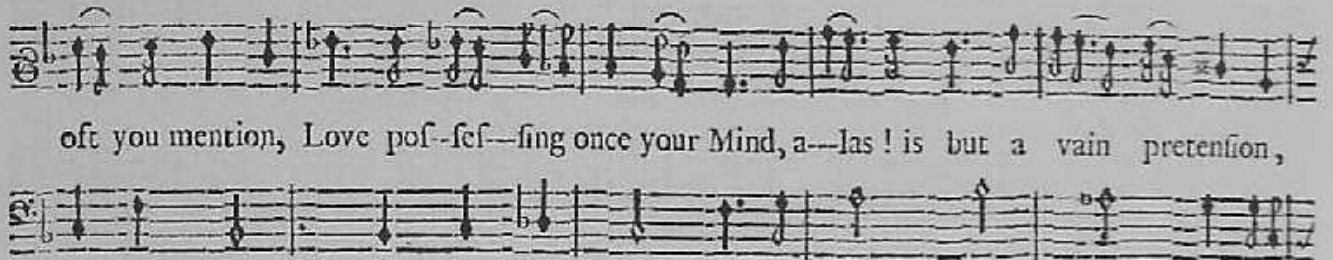
They seem'd to love what most they hate,
 And speak the worse of him they love;
 Sure 'tis not Choice, but their curs'd Fate,
 To do what still they disapprove.
 May he that loves 'em jilted be,
 And when too late, his Folly see.



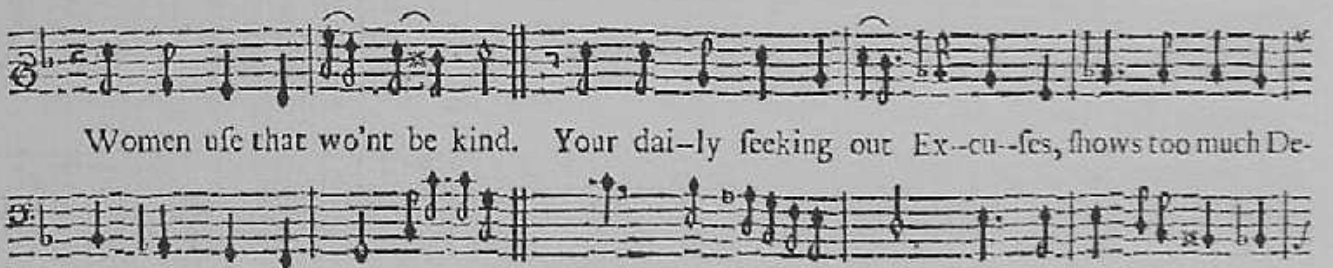
Phil-lis, talk no more of Passion, words alone want Pow'r to move;



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



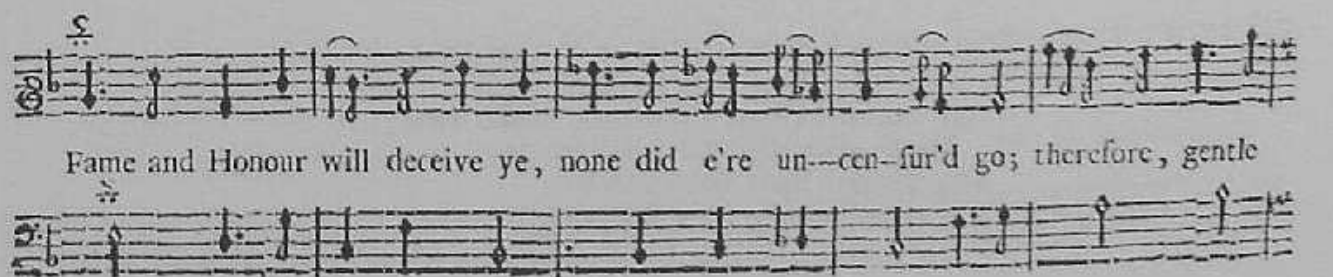
oft you mention, Love pos-ses-sing once your Mind, a--las ! is but a vain pretension,



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



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



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

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

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

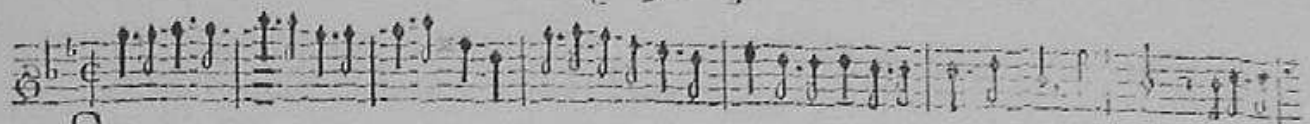
Love is too Sa—cred to last; de—fects in our Na—ture shews plainly by these, the

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

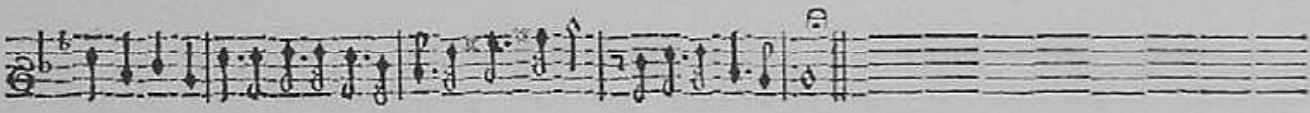
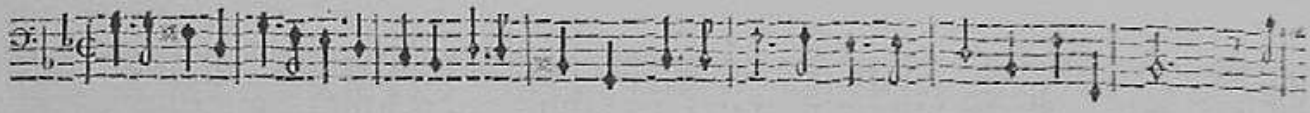
troul, and Hea—ven's the Union of Body and Soul. Mr. Alex. Damascene.

11.

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



Symphony to the following Song.



SONG.

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

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

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



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



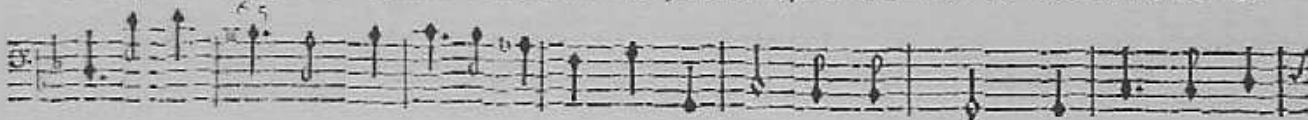
move, and make you strive, and make you strive t'ad—mit my Love. The



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



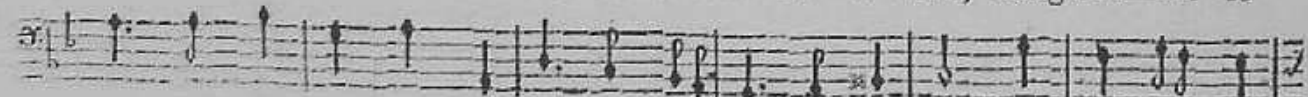
prise; the sharp—est attacks could ne—ver yet move, to sub—mit to the Pleasures of



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



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



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

liv'd in be-fore.

Mr. Samuel Akroyd.

For a Bass alone.

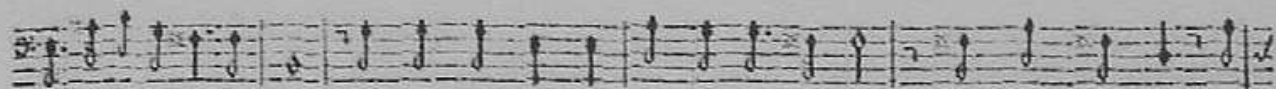


Ove thee 'till there shall be an end of mat-ter, so long 'till

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

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

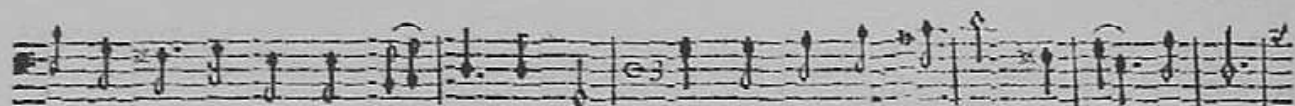
Lawyers shall renounce a Fee; and 'till de--cre--pid Misers Mo-ney hate, or Statesmen



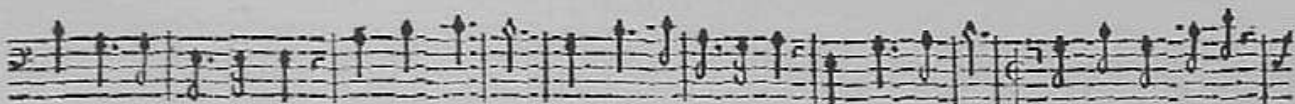
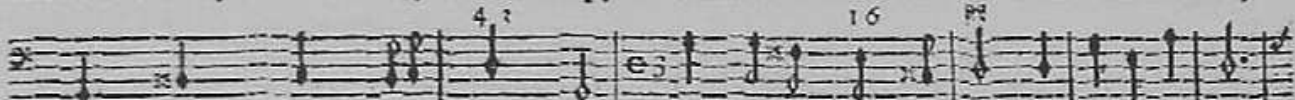
leave to juggle in a State. While Priests Ambition troubles Commonwealth, 'till Whores grow Chast, and



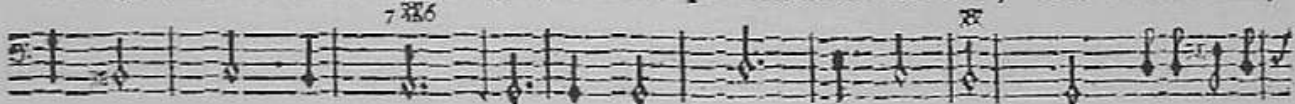
Thieves forsake their Stealth; 'till Tradesmen leave to Co--zen, or to Lye, 'till



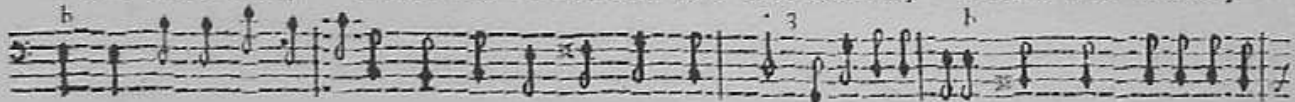
there's a worthy Flat--ter, or brave Spy. 'Till ho--nest valiant Men can be afraid,



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



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



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





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

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

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

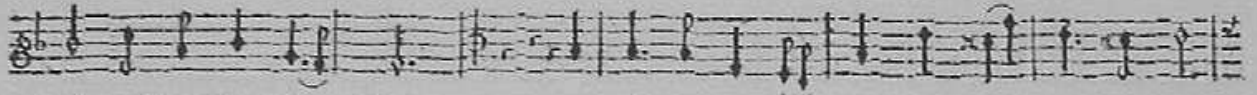
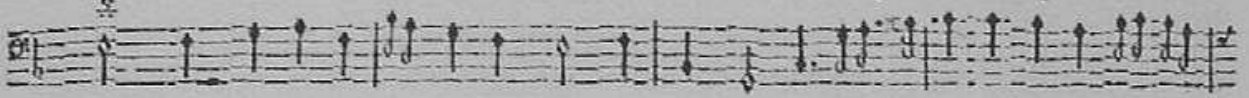
and by their Charms, feels a fresh Death each Hour? But if in time that frozen Heart could

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

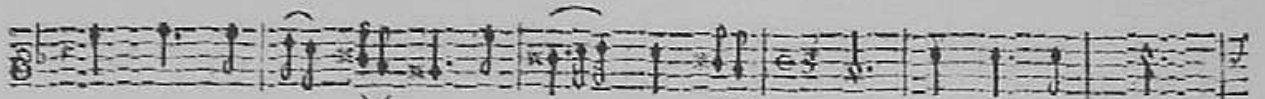
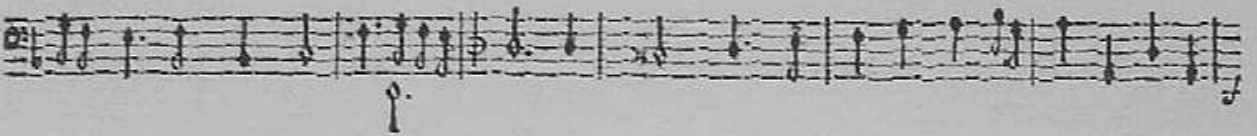
place, and Smiles pos-sess, that plea-sing Face that Frowns do now disgrace:



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



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



they would con—trive her Love worfe than her Dil—dain; a flatt'ring Ray



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



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



Mr. Thomas Farmer, B. M.

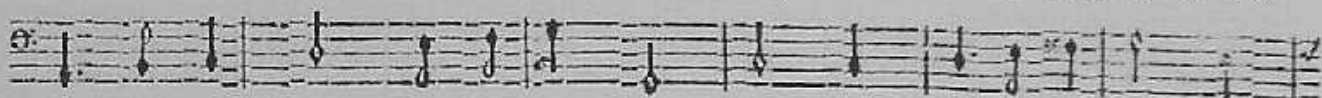




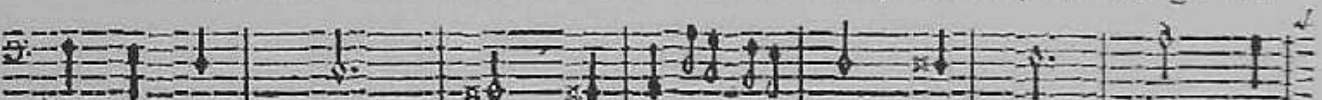
Ince my Mistress proves Cru---el, my Suit I'll give o're; no



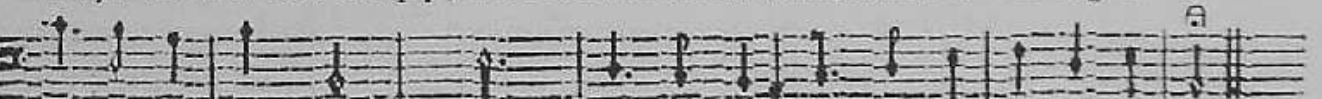
more will I Lan-guish, will I Court, or A-dore; and no farther Expect, or her



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



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



Mr. John Goodwin.

FI.

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

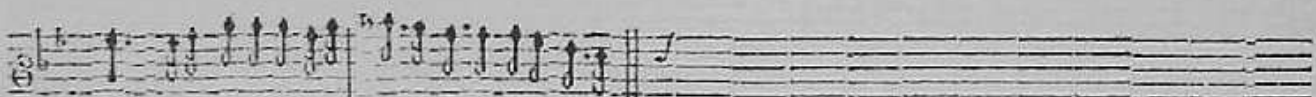
III.

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

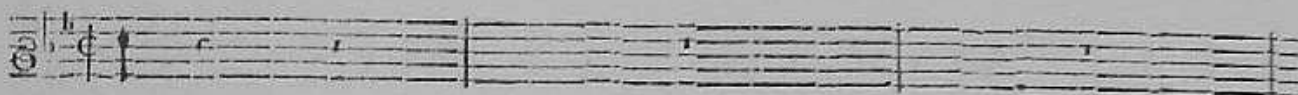
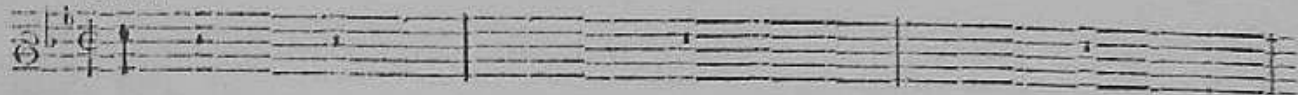
A DIALOGUE *sung in the PLAY of*
Sir Courtly Nice.



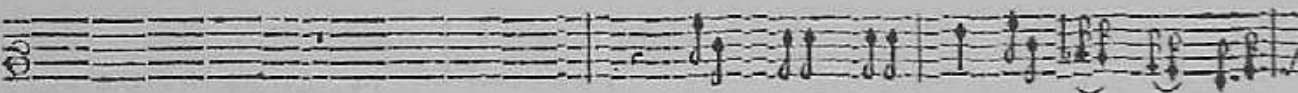
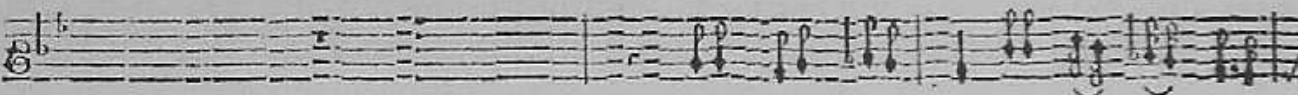
Symphony.



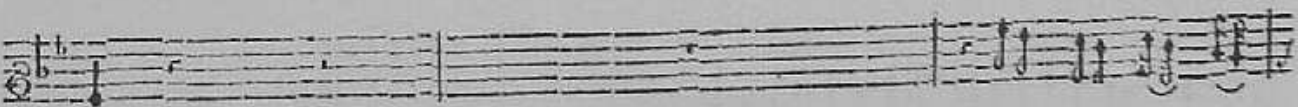
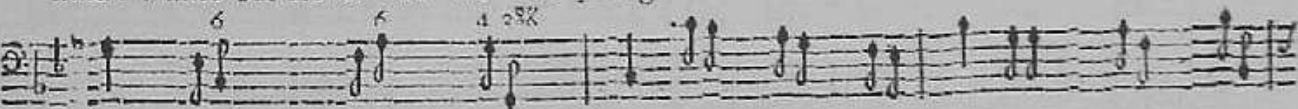
And.



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

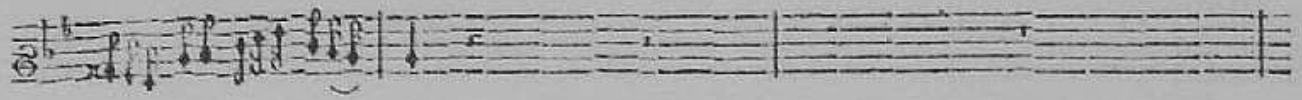


kind! whilst our Loves and we are young:

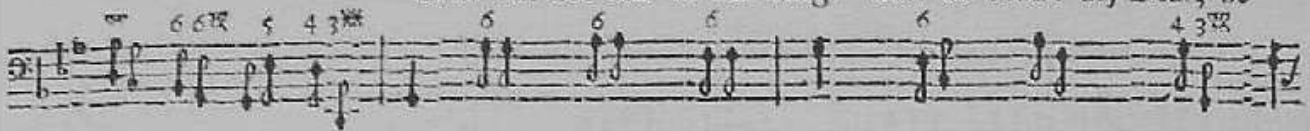


We shall find, we shall find, Time will change the Face or Mind.

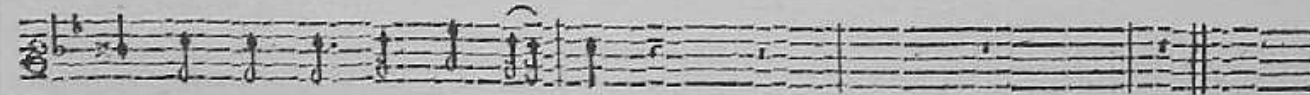




Both will not con-ti-nue long. Oh! be kind! my Dear, be



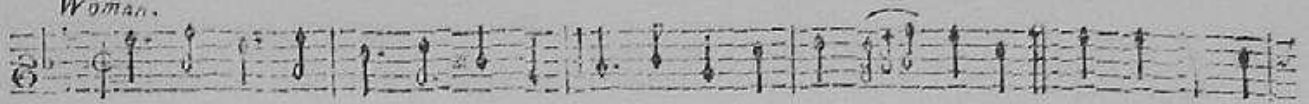
kind! both will not con-ri-nue long: Oh! be kind! my Dear, be kind! both will not con-ti-nue



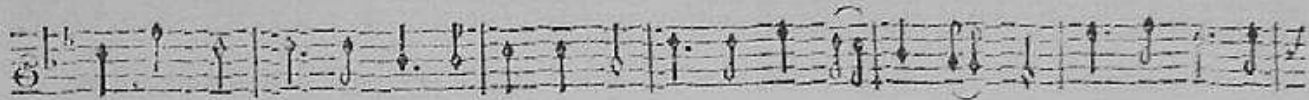
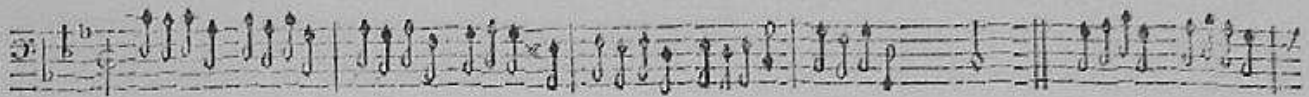
long: Oh! be kind! my Dear, be kind!



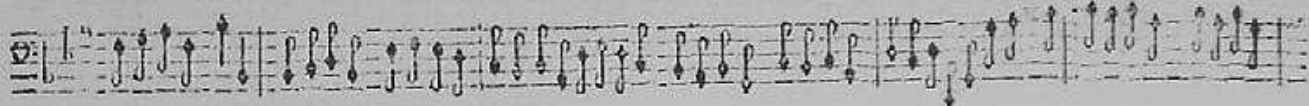
Woman.



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



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



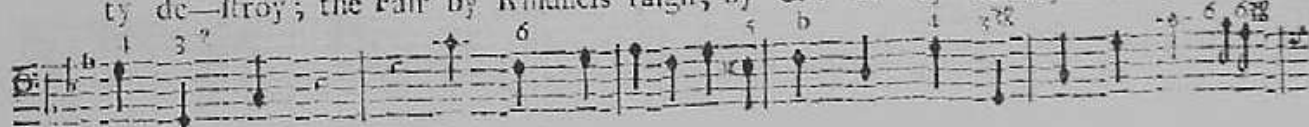
Man.



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



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



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



Joy? The Fair by Kind-ness raiga, by Cru-el-ty de-roy.



[4 I]

Woman.

Man.

Woman. Both.

I fear to yield, but cannot de--ny. So shall I: So shall I.

If you do not, I shall dye. So shall I.

Handwritten annotations: ♯, ♯1 2, 6, 7 ♯6, 1 3, 6, <, 4 3 ♯2

CHORUS.

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

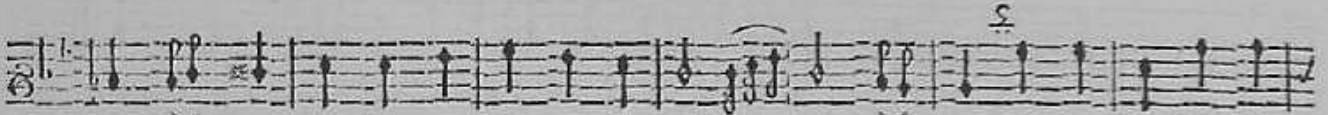
Then come to Joy, come to Joy, come to Joy, better love, better love, than we should

Handwritten annotations: 6, 6, ♯6, 6, 6, b, 4 ♯

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

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

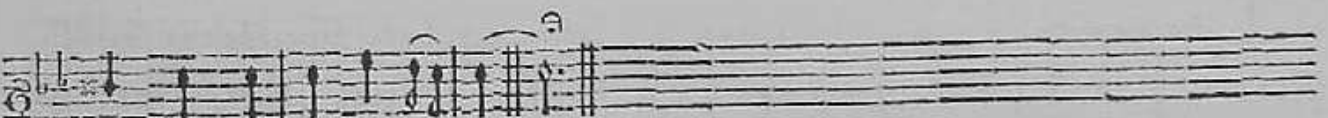
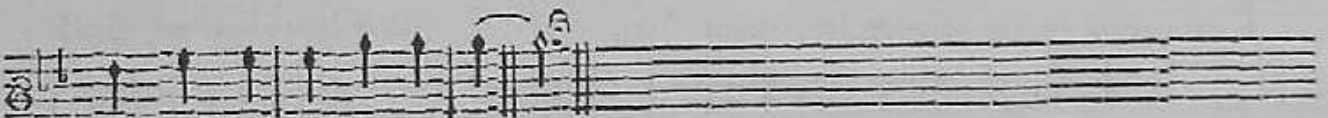
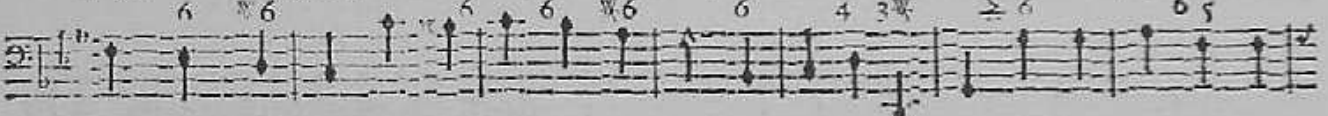
Handwritten annotations: 6 5, 4 3, 6 ♯6



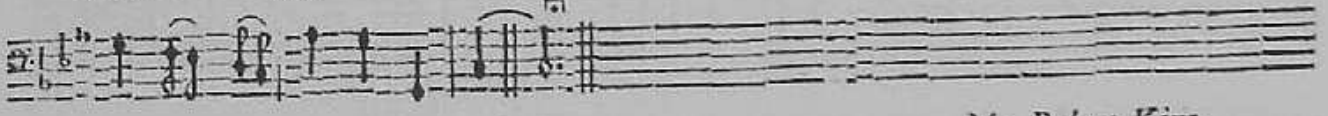
Joy, come to Joy, better love, better love, than we should dye. Come to Joy, come to



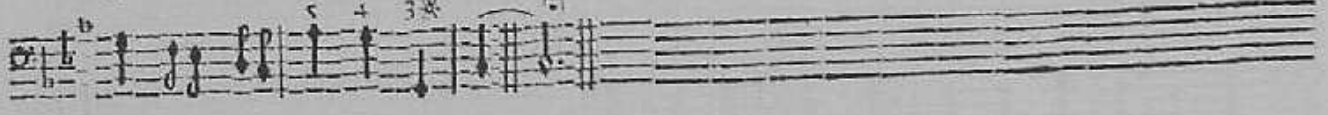
Joy, come to Joy, better love, better love, than we should dye. Come to Joy, come to



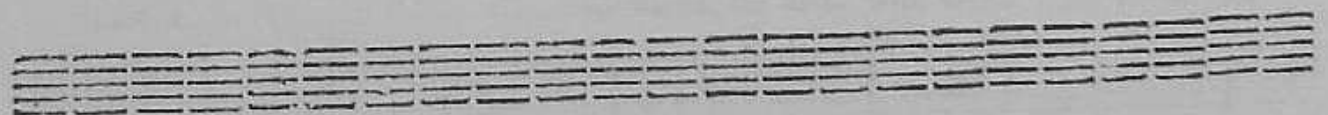
Joy, come to Joy, come to Joy.



Joy, come to Joy, come to Joy.



Mr. Robert King.





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

spent; when Beau-ty on its Death-bed lyes, 't's high time to repent. Such is the

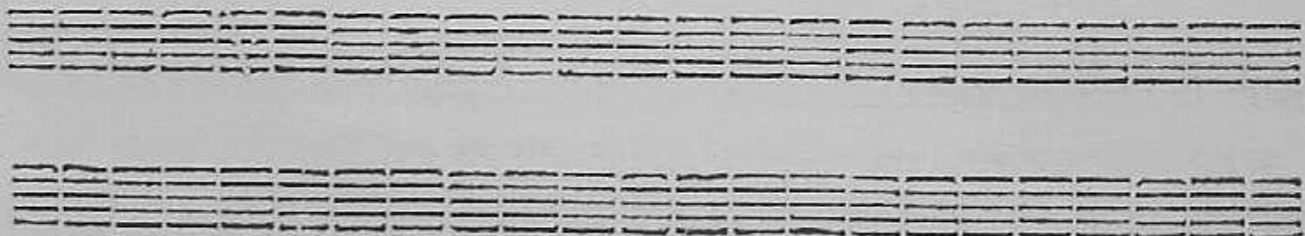
Ma-lice of your Fate, which makes you old so soon; your Pleasure e-ver

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

Mr. Thomas Tedway.

II.

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





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

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

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

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

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

Chorus.

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

Swift as a Thought, &c.

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

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

word, and thus they both were sav'd.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

A SONG in the Play of Sir Courtly Nice.

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

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

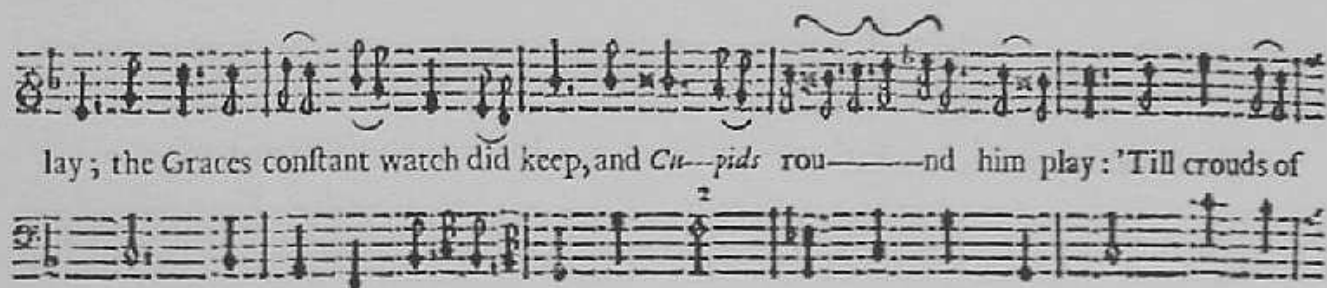
way with't you run, whilst I look'd on; to my Ru--in and Grief, stop Thief, stop Thief; to my

Ruin and Grief, sto- p Thief, stop Thief, stop Thief, stop Thief, stop Thief.

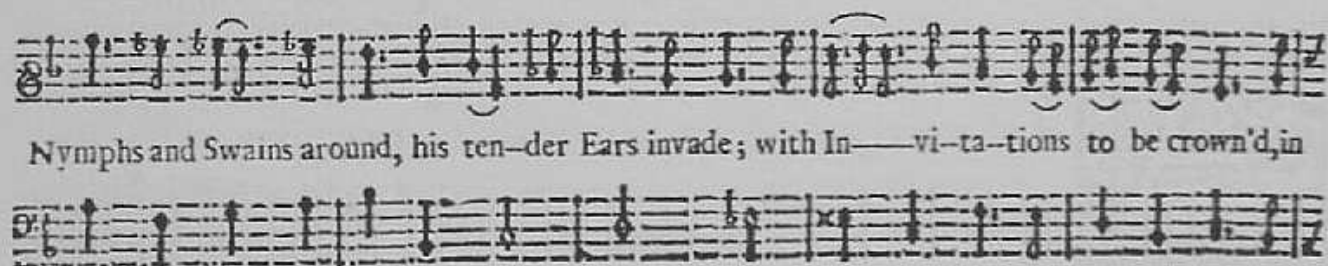
N
Mr. Robert King.



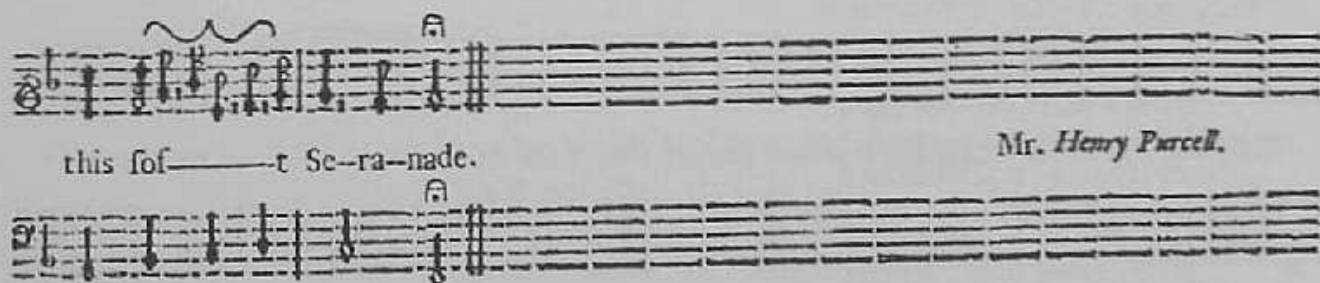
W
Hile *Thir—fis* wrapt in Downy Sleep, pleas'd with sweet Fancies



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



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



this sof—t Se—ra—nade.

Mr. Henry Parcell.

II.

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

III.

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

A DIALOGUE betwixt Oliver Cromwell and Charon.

Noll.

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

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

thou dost those Shades in Colour far ex-cell, and seem't a Beauty-spot to whiten Hell'.

Noll.

Dear Charon, halt, vast Streams of in-jur'd Blood pursue, and horrid is its Cry, and

dreadful is its Hew. Stay, stay, how guilt-ty must thou be, who chusest Hell for

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

Noll.

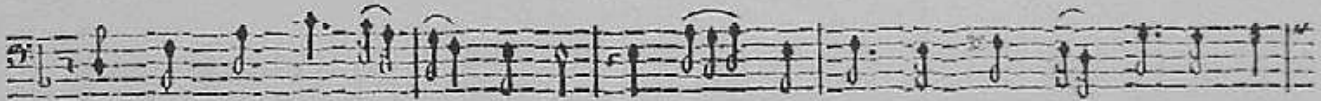
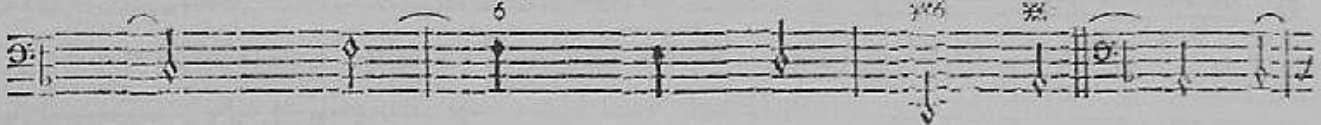


Cha-ron, no more de-lay, you now pre-fame too far, re-mem-ber, re-mem-ber,

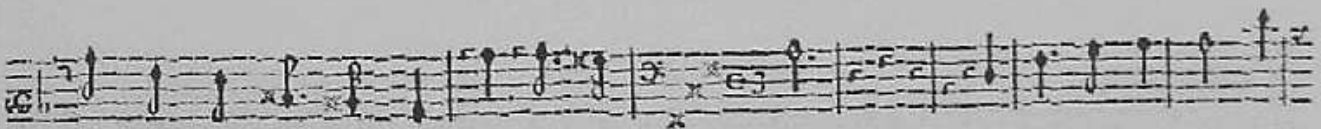


Charon.

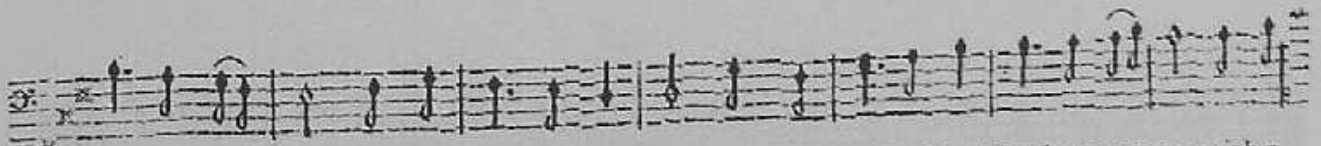
what I was in War; did *Charles*, and shall not I pass o're the Lake? Weak Shade!



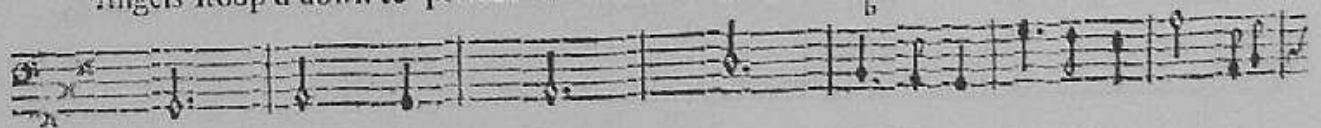
thou art too bold, and dost mistake; still diff'rent ways great *Charles* and thou didst move,



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



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

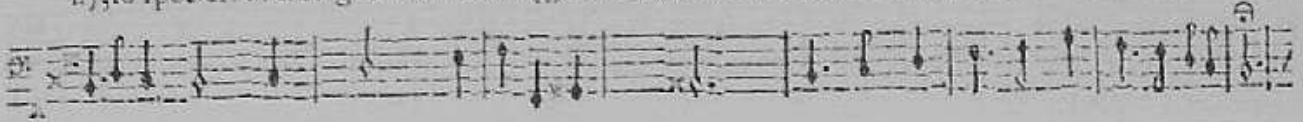


huge double Crown. Look yonder! I saw the bright Troop on the wing, and as they did

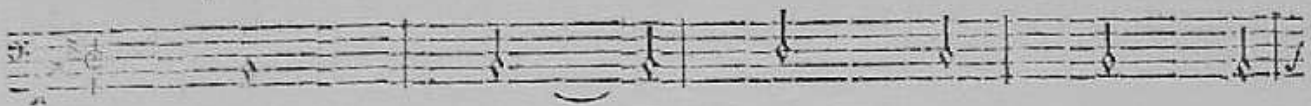




By, so spotless and bright was the King, that Him from his new Brother-Angels I could not delery.



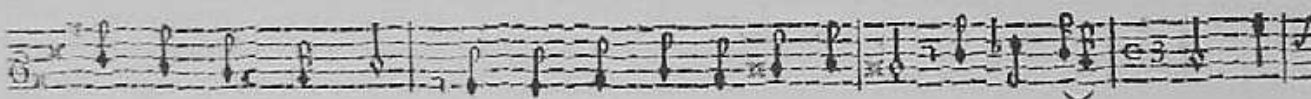
Then open'd wide E-li-xium's radiant Gate, and in they flew in gay Triumphant State;



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



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



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



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



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

Chacon.

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

Slow.

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

CHORUS sung by three Furies.

Drag him down, drag him down to th' Abyss, let Flames and vast

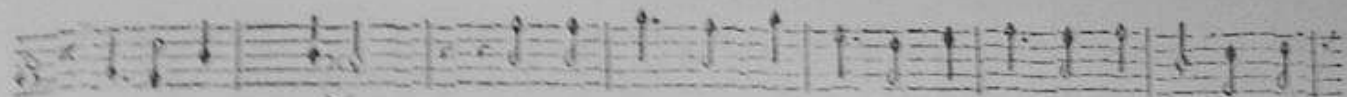
Drag him down, drag him down to th' Abyss, let Flames and vast Ser-pents a-

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

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

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

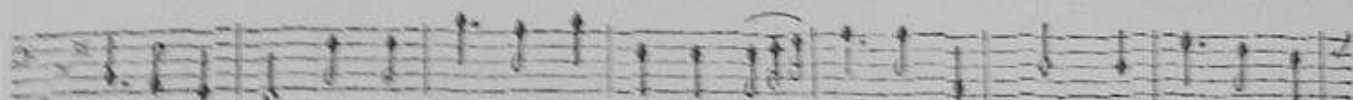
bout him still ro--ul, and as he does pi--ti--less, pi--ti--less howl, he does



pi-ti-less howl; let the Flames e-ver scorch him, and at him in scorn, let the



pi-ti-less howl; let the Flames e-ver scorch him, and at him in Scorn, let the



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



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



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



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



Tyrants on Earth shall be Slaves here be-low.



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

Mr. Henry Hall.



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

A Round.

ALL *Al-bion!* hail! all hail! at—tend the Throne, and

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

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

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

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

End with the first Strain.

gives new Life and Vigour all the Year.

Mr. Samuel Akroyde.

F I N I S.