

14
1

DELICIAE MUSICÆ:

BEING, A

Collection of the newest and best SONGS

Sung at Court and at the Publick Theatres, most
of them within the Compass of the FLUTE.

WITH

A Thorow-Bass, for the *Theorbo-Lute*,
Bass-Viol, *Harpfichord*, or *Organ*.

Composed by several of the Best Masters.

THE FIRST BOOK.



F. H. van Noye Sculp.

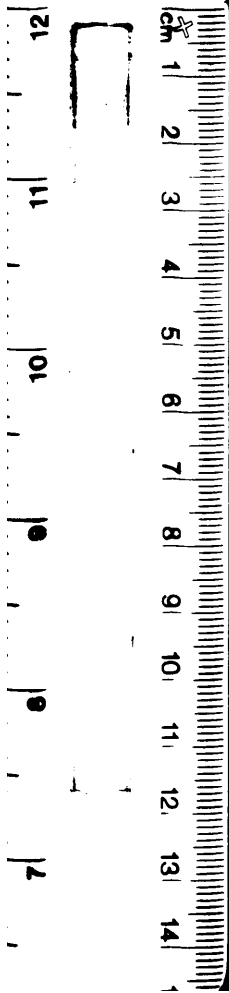
LICENCED,

April 23. 1695.

D. Poplar.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. Heptinstall*, for *Henry Playford* near the Temple-Church;
or at his House over-against the *Blew-Ball* in *Arundel-street*:
Where also the *New Catch-Book* may be had. 1695.



John Jones's Book

1730 Third hoop

3

Ed. Math. Book

- R. N. A. R. E. S. -

John Perry
His Book
Bought May 17th 1759

Musick IV. 1680 a.
1-3

14

DELICIAE MUSICAE:

BEING, A

Collection of the newest and best SONGS
Sung at Court and at the Publick Theatres, most
of them within the Compass of the FLUTE.

WITH

A Thorow-Bass, for the Theorbo-Lute,
Bass-Viol, Harpsichord, or Organ.

Composed by several of the Best Masters.

THE FIRST BOOK.



LICENCED,

April 23. 1695.

D. Poplar.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Heptinstall, for Henry Playford near the Temple-Church;
or at his House over-against the Blew-Ball in Arundel-street:
Where also the New Catch-Book may be had. 1695.

A Table of the SONGS contain'd in this Book.

	A	Page.	P	Page.
<i>P.</i> Ah! how sweet it is to Love,	G	6	<i>Pious</i> Ceinda goes to Prayers, <i>P.</i>	13
Grant me gentle Love, said I,	H	14	She that wou'd gain a faithfull Lover, <i>P.</i>	5
<i>P.</i> Hark my Darincar! hark we're call'd,	L	16	Who, who can behold Florella's Charms, <i>P.</i>	24
<i>P.</i> Love thou canst hear, tho' thou art blind,	N	8	Why fair Corinna shou'd you grieve,	27
<i>P.</i> No, no, no, resistance is but vain,		1	Whilst I with grief did on you look, <i>P.</i>	29
			Whilst you vouchsafe our thoughts to breathe,	



An Advertisement to the READER.

MY design in this new Collection of MUSICK, is to give the World the best Entertainment I can of that kind. What I publish is from Dr. Blow's, Mr. Purcell's, and other Eminent Masters Composition; the SONGS will commend themselves, and my Undertaking will be justify'd by them. I shall continue to make my Collection, and publish it every Term, so that nothing will be old before it comes to your Hands; and you shall always have a new Entertainment prepar'd, before you have lost the Relish of the former,

By your Servant,

H. P.

A New Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell. Sung by Mrs. Siball.

HO, who can behold Florella's Charms, and not, and not like me a-dore; one, one glance, one, one glance

BOOKS now in the Press and will be speedily Publish'd.

Two Elegys on our late Gracious Queen *MARTY*, one in *English*, Set to Musick by Dr. Blow, the other in *Latin*, Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Plain and Easy Directions to a young beginner, to learn the *French Hautboy*, with several outlandish *Märches* and other Tunes not only proper for that Instrument, but also for the *Violin* and *Flute*; and the *Queen's Farewell* in 4 Parts by Mr. Peasable, and another by Mr. Tollet in 3 Parts.

from her my Soul, my Soul dis-arms, and robs me of re-
 —lut — ing pow'r. Lee unblest Hero's fill, fill pur — sue coy Glo-
 ry in the du — ty Field, if I Flo-
 — rel — la bur sub — due. Fate can no grea — ter, no, no, no
 grea — ter Tri-
 umph yield.

[1] 14

A Song for 2 Voices, set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

N O, no, no, no, no, no, re — sistance, re —
 No, no, no, no, no, no, re — sistance, re — sistance, re —
 — sistance is but vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, re — sistance, re —
 — sistance is but vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, re — sistance, re —
 — sistance is but vain, vain, vain, vain, vain, re — sistance is but vain; and on — ly adds
 — sistance is but vain, vain, vain, vain, re — sistance is but vain;
 new weight, and on — ly adds new weight, and on — ly
 and on — ly adds new weight, and on — ly adds new weight, new

B

[2]

adds new weight to Cu-pid's Chain; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

weight, new weight to Cu-pid's Chain; no, no, no, no, no, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, re-sistance is but

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, re-sistance is but

vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, — re-sistance is but vain:

vain; no, no, no, no, no, no, re-sistance is but vain:

A thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand, ways;

A thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand,

W. G. M.
MUSIC
LIBRARY

[3] 14

thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand ways; a thousand, thousand, thousand,

ways; a thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand, ways a

thousand Arts, the Tyrant, the Tyrant, the Tyrant, the Tyrant, knows to Cap-ti-

thousand Arts, the Tyrant, the Tyrant, the Tyrant knows to Cap-ti-

—vate our hearts; And sometimes

—vate our hearts; Sometimes he fights he fights — s em-ploys;

trys the u-niversal language of the Eyes:

The fierce — with

[4]

the foft with tendernefs de-

fierce nefis he de-froys;

--coys, the foft with tendernefs de-coys; he kills the ftron

he kills the ftron-g, he kills, the

-g, he kills the ftron-g with joy, with jo

ftron-g with joy, with jo

y, he kills the ftrong with joy;

y, he kills the ftrong with joy; the weak with,

[5]

the weak with pain, the weak with pain. No, no, no,

pain, the weak with pain, the weak with pain. No, no,

End with the first Strain from this mark. :S:

A Song fet by Mr. Henry Purcell.

S He that wou'd gain a faithfull Lover, muft at a

distance, muft at a di-stance keep the flave; not by a

look her Heart dif-co-ver, Men shou'd bur

gues, Men shou'd bur gues the thoughts we have:

[6]

Whilst they'r in doubt their flame increa—ses, and all at—tendance,

and all at—ten—dance they will pay; when once con—fess their

ar—dour cea—ses, and Vows like Smoak soon fly's

a—way.

Then fond *Aurelia* cease complaining,
All thy reproaches useles prove;
Beauty may conquer whilst disdainning,
But lose their value when they love:

II. So when a Comet does appear,
Men do with trembling view the Blaze;
The Sun too common none does fear,
Nor on his Beams with wonder gaze.

A Song Sung by Mrs. Ayliff in *Tyrannick Love, or the Royal Martyr.* Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

A h! how sweet, ah! how sweet, how sweet it is to Love, ah!

[7] 1/4

ah! ah! how gay is young de—fire:

And what plea—sing pain, and what plea—sing pain we prove; when first, when

first we feel a Lovers fire; paines of Love are swee—ter

far, then all, all, all, all, all, all o—ther pleasures are; paines of

Love are swee—ter far, then all, all, all, all other plea—

—sures arc. arc.

Sighs that are from Lovers blown,
Gently move and heave the Heart;
Even the Tears they shed alone,
Like trickling Balsome cure the smart;

II. Lovers when they loose their breath,
Bleed away an easy death.

And as the Sun, and as the Sun u—ses his light, the

vainly, the vain—ly loves to shine, the vainly lo

ves to shine on all; and as the Sun, and as the Sun, u

ses his light, the vainly, the vain—ly loves to shine, the vainly

lo—ves to shine on all.

I thought her fair like new faln Snow, I thought her fair like

new faln Snow, when whitenefs in—no—cence in—clos'd. Like that the

ful—ly'd seems to shine, like that the ful—ly'd seems to show, when to Loves melting,

melt—ing heat ex—pos'd; like that the ful—ly'd seems to show, when to loves

melting, melting heat ex—pos'd; when to Loves melting,

melt—ing heat ex—pos'd. Love thou, &c.

First Strain
again.

Brisk Time.

The powfull Charms shall now be try'd, the powfull

charms shall now be try'd; this Fury, this

Fury from my breast to chase, I'll summons

scorn, revenge and pride; I'll summons, summons scorn, re-venge and pride;

Slow.

at least her Image, at least her Image, her Image to deface.

A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell. The Words by Mr. Congreve.

Dious Cecilia goes to Prayers, if I but ask, if I but ask the

favour; and yet the tender, tender Fool's in tears when she believes, when

she believes I'll leave her: Wou'd I were, wou'd I were free from this restraint, or

else had hopes, or else had hopes to win her; wou'd she cou'd, wou'd she cou'd

make of me a Saint, or I of her, or I of her a Sinner;

wou'd I cou'd, wou'd I cou'd, oh! wou'd I cou'd make of her a Sinner.

E

A Song set by Mr. Courtville. The Words by Mr. Congreve.

G Rant me gen-tle Love, said I, one choice blessing ere I dye,
 long I've born ex-cels of pain, let me now, let me now, let me now,
 now some bliss ob-tain; thus, thus, thus, thus to al-migh-ry
 Love, al-migh-ty Love I cry'd when an-gry, thus, thus, thus, thus,
 thus, thus, thus, thus, when angry, thus, thus, thus the God re-ply'd: when
 an-gry, thus, thus, thus the God re-ply'd: Blessings greater, none, none, none, none

none can have, no, no, no, none, blessing's grea-ter, no, no, no, no,
 no, none can have; art thou not A-min-ta's slave? art thou not, art thou
 not, art thou not, art thou not A-min-ta's slave? cease,
 cease, cease, cease, cease fond mor-tal
 to implore, for Love, Love himself's no more, no more, for Love him-
 self's no more, for Love himself's no more, no, no, no more.

A Dialogue in *Tyrannick Love, or the Royal Martyr*,
Sung by Mr. *Bowman*, and Mrs. *Ayliff*, Set by Mr. *H. Purcell*.

Let us goe, let us goe.

Hark my *Davidcar!* hark we're cal'd, we're cal'd, we're cal'd be — low ;

goe, let us goe ; let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe to re-

let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe ;

—leave the care, of lon- ging Lovers in dif- pair; let us

goe, let us goe, let us goe ; let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us

let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us

goe, let us, let us goe; merry, merry, merry we Sayle from the East; half tip-pl'd

goe, let us, let us goe; merry, merry, merry we Sayle from the East; half tip-pl'd

at the Rainbow Feast; in the bright Moon-shine whilst the Winds whistle

at the Rainbow Feast; in the bright

loud; tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy,

Moon-shine, whilst the Winds whistle loud; tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy

tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy; we mount, we mount and we

tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy; we mount, we mount and we

F

fi y, all racking a--long, in a dawny white

fi y, all racking a--long, in a dawny white

Cloud, and leaft our leap from the Sky shou'd prove too farr,

Cloud, and leaft the leap from the Sky

and leaft our leap from the Sky shou'd prove too fa--rr, we'll

shou'd prove too farr, and leaft our leap from the Sky shou'd prove too farr, we'll

slide, we'll slide on the back of a new fal-ling Star, and drop,

slide, we'll slide on the back of a new fal-ling Star, and drop,

drop, drop from a--bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love;

drop, drop from a--bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love;

and drop, drop, drop from a--bove, in a gel-ly a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.

and drop, drop, drop from a--bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.

But now the Sun's down, and the Element's Red, the Spirits of Fire a--

—gainst us make Head; they muster, they muster, they muster like gnats in the Air:

a—las I must leave thee my Fair, and to my light Horse-men re—pair.

Oh stay! oh stay!

A—las I must leave thee, a—las I must leave thee

oh stay! stay, stay, oh stay, stay, stay; for you need not to

a—las, a—las I must leave thee, must leave thee my Fair.

fear 'em, you need not to fear 'em to Night; the Wind is for us and blo

ws full in their fight, and o're the wide Ocean we fi

ght; like Leaves in the Autumn our Foes will fall down and his in the

Water, and his in the Water, and down:

But their Men lye fe—cure—ly in—

trench'd in a Cloud; and a Trumpetter, Horner, a Trumpetter, Horner to Battle, to

Bar — the foun- ds loud; no mortals that spye how we

Tilt in the Sky, with wonder will gaze and fear such events as will ne're come to pass,

Then call me a-gain when the Battle is won.
stay you to perform what the Man wou'd have done.

Chorus.

So ready, so ready and quick is a Spi-rit of Air, to pity, to pity the

So ready, so ready and quick is a Sp-rit of Air, to pity, to pity the

Lover, and succour the Fair; that si-lent and swift, si-lent and swift,
Lovers, and succour the Fair; that si-lent and swift,

si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a
si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a

Wish, and is gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.
Wish, and is gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.

A Song fet by Mr. Ralph Courtivelle.

W H Y fair Co-rin-na shou'd you grieve, why fair Co-rin-na shou'd
 you grieve, why, why ah! why, why fair Co-rin-na why shou'd you grieve; whilft
 wife-ly we in-plore the hap-piest hours, the Gods can give or mor-tals
 can in-joy; let thofe whose Beauties are de-cay'd, their
 lofs of pow'r, their lofs of pow'r be-moan, be-moan, be-moan, their
 lofs of pow'r bemoan; fince Men are feldom cap-

tives, captives made, when that great Charm is gone, when
 that great, great, great Cha—rm, great Charm is gone:
 But you who dai-ly may
 be—hold, whole mil-lions that a-dore, and by
 in-dul-ging ev-ry hour, in-crease, increa-
 se the mighty store. Still live as free, fill live as free,
 H

still live as free from ev'ry care, that com-
mon

passions move, as those that gaze, that gaze up-on you, are from

all de-signs, from all de-signs, de-signs but Love; from

all de-signs but Love, from all

de-signs but Love.

A Song on Mrs. Bracegirdle's Singing (I Burn &c.) in
the 2 Part of Don-Quixote. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

W Hilt I with grief did on you look, whilt I with grief did on you

look, when Love had tur-
n'd your Brain, from

you I, I the con-ta-
gion took, from you I, I the con-

ta-
gion took, and for you, for you bore

the pain, for you, for you bore the pain:

Mar-cella, then your Lo-ver prize, and be not, be not,

be not too severe; use well, use well the conquest of your Eyes, for Pride. Pride, Pride has cost you dear. *Ambrosio* treats your Flames with scorn, and racks your tender mind, withdraw your Smiles, withdraw your Smile and Frowns return, and pay him, pay him, pay him in his kind, and pay him, pay him, pay him in his kind.

A New Song set by Dr. Blow.

Hilt you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, whilst you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, *Cloe*, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, whilst you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, *Cloe*, methinks they do themselves excell; whilst you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, whilst you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, *Cloe*, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, *Cloe*, methinks they do themselves excell.

So sweet a softness they receive, they receive; so
 sweet a softness they receive, whilst from your Lips they flow, they
 flow, while from your Lips they flow, while from your Lips they
 flow so well; Harsh and unpollish'd tho' they do ap-
 pear, so Sung, so Sung they Ravish ev'n the
 nicest Ear; cou'd but poor mortals here be-low, cou'd but poor mortals

here be-low, sometimes Sing and always Love; cou'd but poor mortals here be-
 low, sometimes Sing, and always Love, and always Love; 'Twou'd some
 Ear-nerst on us be-low, of what the hap-py, hap-py, happy
 do a-bove, of what the happy, hap-py, happy, the hap-py, happy
 of what the happy do above, of what the hap-py do a-boue;

To Charm the Age, and to re form it too; This,
Clo-e, this, Clo-e, sure must be reserv'd for you.

F I N I S.

Vocal and Instrumental Musick lately Printed, and Reprinted with large Additions, for Henry Playford at his Shop near the Temple-Church.

Cantica Sacra, the first Set in Latin, the second Set in English and Latin, containing *Hymns* for 2 and 3 Voices to the Organ. Price of each 3 s.

Harmonia Sacra, in 2 Books, containing *Divine Hymns* and *Dialogues* lately set to Musick by Dr. John Blow, and Mr. Henry Purcell, and several Eminent Masters. Price Sticht of the first Book 7 s. the second Book 4 s.

The *Psalms* in 4 Parts in Folio. Price sticht. 2 s. 6 d.

The whole Book of *Psalms* in 3 Parts, by John Playford, as they are Sung in Churches, Printed for the use of several Masters in most Countries, who teach the same. The 2^d Edition in 8^o. Price Bound 3. 6 d.

The new *Treasury of Musick*, being the best Collection of Song-Books for this 20 years last past. Price Bound. 25 s.

The first Part of the *Musical Companion*, containing Variety of *Catches* and *Songs* for 3 and 4 Voices: to which is added several *Dialogues* for 2, 3, and 4 Voices, in one Volume in Quarto, Price. bound 3 s. 6 d.

The introduction to the Skill of Musick, both Vocal and Instrumental, by J. Playford; the 12th Edition Corrected and Amended, with new Rules for Composing in 2, 3, 4, and 5 Parts, by Mr. H. Purcell. Price bound 2 s.

I N S T R U M E N T A L.

Musick's Hand-Maid, in 2 Books, containing Lessons and Instructions for the *Harpicbord*, or *Spinnet*. Price sticht of each 2 s. 6 d.

The *Division Violin*, in 2 Books, containing Divisions on Grounds, with several *Solo's* for the *Treble Violin*. Price sticht of the first Part 2 s. 6 d. the second Part 1 s. 6 d.

Apollo's Banquet, in 2 Books, containing the newest Tunes, *Jiggs*, *Minuets*, *Bore's*, *Sarabands*, *Scottish Tunes*, and *French-Dances*, for the *Treble Violin*, most of which are proper to play on the *Flute*. Price of the first Book sticht, being the 7th Edition, with large Additions 1 s. 6 d. second Book 1 s.

Musick's Recreation, with Instructions for the *Lyra Viol*. Price sticht 2 s.

The *Dancing-Master*, with Directions for Country Dances, with Tunes to each Dance. The 9th Edition, with 36 new Dances never printed before. Price bound 2 s. 6 d.

Mr Farmer's 2 Sets in 4 Parts. Price sticht of the first Set 3 s. the second Set 1 s. 6 d.

A Large Sheet of Directions for the *Bass-Viol*. Price 1 s.

Other BOOKS sold at the same Shop.

England's *Black Tribunal*, containing the whole Proceedings of the Tryal of King Charles the First, together with His Speech upon the Scaffold, Jan. 30. 1648. To which is added, a full Relation of the Sufferings, and manner of putting to Death all the *Loyal Nobility* and *Gentry*, who were inhumanly put to Death for their constant *Loyalty* to their Sovereign Lord the King. Together with their several *Dying-Speeches* at their Execution, from 1642, to 1658. Price bound 2 s.

The History of that unfortunate Prince King Edward the Second, and his unhappy Favourites, *Gaveston* and *Spencer*; Written by the Right Honourable Henry Lord Viscount Faulkland. Price sticht 6 d.

The *Merry Companion*: or an *Antidote* against *Melancholy*. Price Bound 1 s. 6 d.

Wit and Mirth, an *Antidote* against *Melancholy*, compounded of witty *Poems*, merry *Ballads*, pleasant *Songs* and *Catches*. Price bound 2 s.

15- All sorts of *Rul'd Paper*, and *Rul'd Books* of *MUSICK* of several sizes. And also Books on all other Subjects, and all *Seasonary Ware* are to be sold at the same Shop.