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Bass-Viol, *Harpsichord*, or *Organ*.

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L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. Heptinstall*, for *Henry Playford*, and Sold by him at his
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Gracious *Queen Mary*, Sett by *Dr. Blow*, and the Late Famous *Mr. Henry Purcell*,
Compleats the First Volume. The First Book of the Second Volume will be Pub-
lish'd next Term. 1696.

Price One Shilling.

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

A	Page.	D	Page.
<i>A Lais their lives upon the Green,</i>	1	<i>Damon farewell when I am gone,</i>	17
<i>Bright Cynthia's Power divinely great,</i>	3	<i>Ob! take him gently from the Pile,</i>	14
<i>P. Celemene pray tell me, pray tell me,</i>	7	<i>You Twice Ten dandred Deities, P.</i>	11

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

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Several Books of *Italian Musick* both Vocal and Instrumental lately sent over from Italy, a Catalogue of which will be speedily Publish'd

HENRY
PLAYFORD
MUSICK

[1] 17

The three following Songs, in the Play call'd *Oroonoko*.

A Song Sung by the Boy, and Sett by Mr. Courteville.

A Lais, a Lais there lives upon the Green, cou'd I, cou'd I, cou'd I her

Picture draw; a brighter Nymph, a bright

ter Nymph was never, never, never, never, never

sen; that looks and reigns, that looks, and reigns a little, lit-tle, little, lit-tle

Queen, a lit-tle, lit-tle, little, little Queen, that kee

ps the Swains in awe.

B

[2]

Her Eyes are Cupids Darts, and Wings, her

Eyebrows are his Bow, her Silken Hair the Silver Strings, that fure' and

swift, swift, swi ——— ft destrucion brings to all, all,

all, to all, all, all, to all, all, all, to all, to all, ———

to all the Vale be ——— low. If *Pastorella's* dawning,

dawning light can warm, and wound, warm and wound, can warm and wound us

[3]

fo, her Noon will shine fo Pier ——— cing, Peir ——— cing bright, each

glan ——— cing Beam will kill out ———

—right, will kill out-right, and ev — ry Swain, and ev — ry Swain subdue, and

ev — ry Swain, and ev — ry Swain sub — due.

A Song Sett by Mr. R. Courteville.

B Right *Cymbel's* Pow'r di — vine ——— ly

great, what Heart, what Heart, what Heart is not o — bey — ing?

[4]

A Thousand, thousand Cupids, a thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand Cupids

on her wait, and in her

Eyes, and in her Eyes, and in her Eyes, her Eyes are play—ing.

She seems the Queen of Love, the Queen of Love to Reign, for

she alone, she alone, for she alone, a lone dis-per-fes such

sweets, sweets, such sweets, sweets as best can en—ter—tain, can

[5]

en—ter—tain the Gift of all, of all, all, all, of all, all, all,

of all, all, all, of all, of all the

Senses. Her Face a Charming,

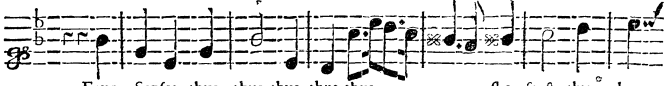
Charming prof—pect brings, her Breath gives bal—

my, bal—my blifes; I hear an

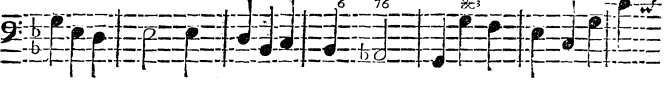
An—gel when she Sings, when she si



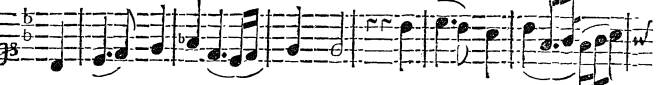
ngs, and taft of Heav'n, of Heav'n a lone in Kiffes.



Four Senfes thus, thus, thus, thus, thus the feasts, thus, thus,



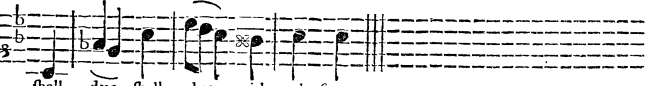
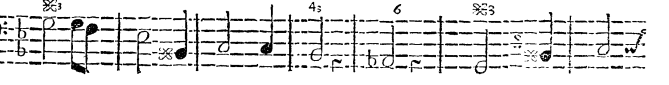
thus the feasts with joy



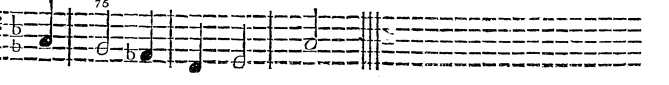
from Natures ri—cheft Treasure, let me the o—ther



Senfe employ, and I fhall dye, dye, dye, and I



fhall dye, fhall dye with pleafure.

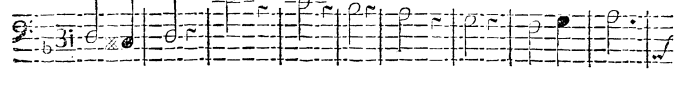


A Dialogue Sung in *Oroonoko*, by the Boy and Girl.

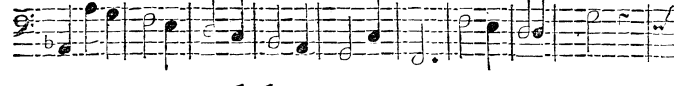
Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.



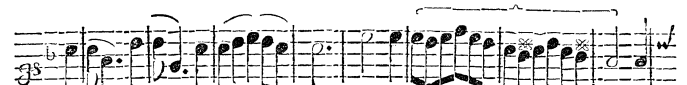
E-le-me-me, pray tell me, pray, pray tell me Ce-le-me-me



when thofe pretty, pretty, pretty Eyes I fee; why my Heart beats,



beats, beats, beats in my Breaft? why, why it will not, it will not,



why, why it will not let me reft? Why this trem—bling,



why this trem—bling too all o'er; Pains I never, pains I



never, never, never felt be-fore: And when thus I touch, when thus I touch your Hand,



why I wish, I wish, I wish I was a Man? How shou'd

I know more than you? Yet wou'd be a Woman too. When you wash your self

and play, I methinks cou'd look all day; Nay just now, nay, just now am pleas'd,

am pleas'd so well, shou'd you, shou'd you Kiss me I won't tell, shou'd you,

shou'd you Kiss me I won't tell; no, no I won't tell; no, no I

won't tell; no, no I won't tell; shou'd you Kiss me I won't tell.

Tho' I cou'd do that all day, and de--fire no better play: Sure,

fire in Love there's something more, which makes Mam--ma so bigg, so

bigg be--fore. Once by chance I hear'd it nam'd; don't ask

what, don't ask what for I'm a--sham'd: Stay but till you're

past Fif--teen, then you'll know, then, then you'll know what 'tis I

mean, then you'll know then, then you'll know what 'tis I mean.

It.
How—e—ver, loſe not pre—ſent Blifs; but now we're a—

— lone let's Kiſs, but now we're a— lone let's Kiſs, let's Kiſs.

St. My Breasts do fo heave, fo heave, fo hea—ve. *It.* My Heart does fo

St. pant, pant, pant. There's ſomething, ſomething, ſomething more we
It. There's ſomething, ſomething, ſomething more we

want, there's ſomething, ſomething, ſomething more we want.

want, there's ſomething, ſomething, ſomething more we want.

The Conjurers Song, Sung in the Third Act of the *Indian Queen*,
Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.

YOU twiceten hundred De-i-ties, to whom, to whom we dai-ly Sacrifice; Ye

Powrs, ye Powrs that dwell with Fates below, and ſee what Men are doom'd to doe; where

Elements in dif— cord dwell, thou God of ſleep a—

ri— ſe and tell; tell great Zempoalla, what ſtrange, ſtrange Fate

muſt on her dif— mall, dif— mall Vi—ſion wait.

By the Croaking of the *Toad*, in their Caves that make a—

bode; by the Croaking of the Toad, in their

Caves that make a bode; Earthy Dan, Earthy Dan that pan

ts for breath, with her swell

—d fides full, fu—ll, fu—li of death;

By the Crested Advers Pride, by the Crested Advers Pride, that a—

—long the Cliffs doe gli—de, by thy

Vifage, by thy Vifage feir—ce and black, by thy

Deaths Head on thy Back; by thy twis—

—red Ser-pents plac'd, for a Girdle rou—

—nd thy Waft; by the Hearts of Gold that deck thy Breast, thy Shoulders

and thy Neck; from thy Sleep—ing Manfion rife, and open, and

open thy un—will—ing Eyes. While bubbling Springs their Mu—fick

keep, while bubbling Springs their Musick keep, that use to Lull thee,
use to Lull thee, Lull thee in thy Sleep, that use to
Lull thee, Lull thee, Lull thee, use to Lull thee, Lull thee
in thy Sleep.

Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle in *Cyrus the Great*. Sett by Mr J. Eccles.

O H! O h! o h! o h! o h!
oh! take him gent-ly, gent-ly, gent-ly from the Pile, and

lay him, lay him here, lay him here to rest, and I will for ch for
him the while, If hee must, If hee must burn, then bur n him
in my breaft. For there, there is fire, there is
fir e, there is fir e, there is flame enough to fet the wor
ld, the wor

ld on Flame. *She speaks and then goes on.*

I'm Arm'd and declare for a

Vigorous Warr, by my Bow and my Quiver I fwear, not a Rebel to Love will I

spare; this Shor I will draw to the Head, to the Head, and Shoor, Shoor, Shoor the

great Persian dead, dead. The Tyrant shall dye, the Tyrant shall dye, there's

one, there's one will deny him, deny him, deny him, there's one will deny him; let him

Court her with Crowns, the shall fly him, shall

fly him, shall fly him, there's one that shall fly him; this Shaft I will draw to the

Head, to the Head; and Shoot, Shoot, Shoot the great Archer, Shoot the great

Archer, Shoot the great Archer, Shoot, Shoot, Shoot him dead.

A Song Sett by Mr. R. Courtevall.

D A-mos farewell, fare well when I

am gone if you un-constant prove; think not, think

F Turn over

not that you have Van-quisht one, who when you flig — ht will Love:

But if you still will faithfull be, I will be gratefull,

grate — full, wi — ll be gratefull

too; and whilst you shall Love on-ly me, I'll thin — k of no

—ne, of none but you, I'll think of none, none but you; none, none, none but

you none, none but you, none, none, none but you.

F I N I S.