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**DELICIAE MUSICÆ:**

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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 Thorough-Bass, for the *Theorbo-Lute*,  
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*Composed by several of the Best Masters.*

The First Volume Compleat.



F. H. Van. Hoye. Sculp.

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Compleat the First Volume. The First Book of the Second Volume will be Pub-  
lished next Term. 1696.

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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.**

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| Ab! how sweet it is to Love,               | G | 6     | Pious Colinda goes to Prayers,               | 13    |
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|  |   |       | Whilst you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, |       |



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By your Servant,

*H. P.*

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

H O, who can behold Flo—rel—la's Charms, and not, and

not like me a-dore; one, one glance, one, one glance

from her my Soul, my Soul dis-arms, and robs me of re-  
 mit-ting pow'r. Let unblest Hero's still, still pur-sue coy Glo-  
 ry in the dut-ty Field, if I Flo-  
 rel-la but sub-due. Fate can no grea-ter, no, no, no  
 grea-ter Tri-  
 umph yield.

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;  
 76  
 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

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

A thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand, ways;  
 A thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand,

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 employs;

trys the u-niversal language of the Eyes:  
 The fierce with

the soft with tenderness de-  
 fierce-ness he de-roys;  
 -coys, the soft with tenderness de-coys; he kills the stron-  
 he kills the stron-g, he kills, the  
 -g, he kills the stron-g with joy, with jo-  
 stron-g with joy, with jo-  
 y, he kills the strong with joy;  
 y, he kills the strong with joy; the weak with,

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 set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

He that would gain a faith-ful Lo-ver, must at a  
 distance, must at a di-stance keep the slave; not by a  
 look her Heart dis-co-ver, Men shou'd but  
 guess, Men shou'd but guess the thoughts we have:

Whilst they'r in doubt their flame increa-fes, and all at-tendance,  
 and all at-ten-dance they will pay; when once con-fest their  
 ar-dour cea-fes, and Vows like Smook soon fly's  
 a-way.

Then fond *Aurelia* cease complaining,  
 All thy reproaches useless prove;  
 Beauty may conquer whilst disdain'd,  
 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.

Ah! how sweet, ah! how sweet, how sweet it is to Love, ah!

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 are. are.

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.

A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell. The Words by Sir Robert Howard.

L Ove thou can't hear, Love thou can't

hear tho' thou art blind; leave my heart free, leave my heart free, oh!

pitty me, oh! pit-ty me, since *Cloris* is unkind; leave my heart free, oh!

pit-ty me, oh! pit-ty me oh!

pit-ty me, since *Cloris* is unkind oh!

pit-ty me, since *Cloris* is un-kind.

She is un-con-stant,

she is un-con-stant, she is un-con-

stant as she's bright; she is un-con-stant, she is un-con-stant,

she is un-con-stant as she's bright;

her fini-les on ev'ry Shepherd

fall, her fini-les on ev'ry Shepherd fall;

D



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.

*6*  
*3*  
*4*  
 I thought her fair like new fain Snow, I thought her fair like

new fain Snow, when whiteness 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.

*6*  
*3*  
*4*  
 First Strain  
 again.

Brisk Time.

The powfull Char — ms shall now be try'd, the powfull

char — ms shall now be try'd; this Fu — ry, this

Fu — ry from my breaft to chace, I'll summons

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

Slow.

at leaft her Image, at leaft her Image, her Image to deface.

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

Pious Ce—lin—da 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

elfe had hopes, or elfe had ho—pes 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 he—r a Sinner;

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

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

Grant me gen-tle Love, said I, one choice blessing e're I dye,

long I've born ex-cess of pain, let me now, let me now, let me now,

now some bliss ob-tain; thus, thus, thus, thus to al-migh-ty

Love, almigh-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-i's slave? art thou not, art thou

not, art thou not, art thou not A-min-i's slave? cease,

cease, cease, cease, cea-se 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

**H**ark 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,

Moon-shine, whilst the Winds whistle loud; 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

*f* y, all racking a--long, in a dawny white  
*f* 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 farr, 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 mufter, they mufter, they mufter 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 fall in their fight, and o're the wide Ocean we fi

ght; like Leaves in the Autumnour 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 Trumpeter, Horner, a Trumpeter, Horner to Battle; to

Bar — the founds 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 Spi-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 set by Mr. Ralph Courtivelle.

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

rives, 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, still 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.

Whilt 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 fe-vere; use well, use well the con-  
 quest of your Eyes, for Pride Pride,  
 Pride has cost you dear. *Am-bro-sio* treats your Flames with scorn, and rack  
 s your ten-der mind, withdraw your Smiles, withdraw your  
 Smile s and Frowns re-turn, 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.

**W** Hilt you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, whilst you vouch-  
 safe our thoughts to breath, *Clorinda*, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouch-  
 safe our thoughts to breath, *Clorinda*, methinks they do themselves ex-cell;  
 whilst you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, whilst you vouchsafe our  
 thoughts to breath, *Clorinda*, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouchsafe our  
 thoughts to breath, *Clorinda*, methinks they do themselves ex-cell :

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 unpolish'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; 'Twould some  
 Ear-nerst on us below, of what the happy, 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;

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

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And Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

'tis ev'n a plea-  
sure to com-plain.

A Song fet by Mr. John Gilbert.

Hlo-s found A-myntas ly-ing, all in Tears up-on the Plain; fighting  
to him-self and crying, wretched I, to love in vain! Kifs me, Kifs me,  
Dear, be-fore my dying; Kifs me once and ease my pain. Roundeau.

II.  
Sighing to himself and crying,  
Wretched I, to Love in vain:  
Ever scorning and denying,  
To reward your faithfull Swain;  
Kifs me, Dear, before my dying,  
Kifs me once and ease my pain.

IV.  
Chloe laughing at his crying,  
Told him that he lov'd in vain;  
But repenting and complying,  
When He Kis'd, She Kis'd again,  
Kis'd Him up before His dying,  
Kis'd Him up and eas'd His pain.

III.  
Ever scorning and denying,  
To reward your faithfull Swain:  
Chloe, laughing at his crying,  
Told him that he lov'd in vain;  
Kifs me, Dear, before my dying,  
Kifs me once and ease my pain.

A Song fet by Mr. Courtivel.

Foolish love be gone,  
foolish love be gone, be go- ne, be  
gone, be gone, be gone said I; vain are thy attempts, vain are thy at-  
tempts, thy attempts on me; thy allurements, thy al-  
lurements, thy al-lurements, thy al-lurements, thy al-lure-  
ments, thy al-lurements, thy al-lurements, thy al-lurements, I de-fye:  
foolish love be

[ 04 ]

gone, foolish love be gone, be gone, be gone, be gone, said I; Women, those  
dis-fem-blers, flye;  
my Heart is not made for thee, my Heart is not made for thee, not for thee, no,  
no not for thee, no, no not for thee, not for thee, no, no not for thee:

*Sing from the repeat to the 1st. Close, which is at be gone said I; then go on with Love heard &c.*

[ 05 ]

Love heard, Love heard, Love heard and straight  
pre-par'd a dart, Myra, revenge my cause, My-ra revenge my cause,  
revenge my cause, revenge, re-venge my cause, my cause,  
my cause, said he, too sure, too sure, 'twas  
aim'd, too sure, too sure 'twas aim'd, I feel, I feel the smart, it  
rends my Brain, it rends my Brain, it rends

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s my Brain, and tea—res my Heart, tea—

res my Heart, tea—

ars my Heart; oh! Love, oh!—Love, oh!

Love, my con—que—rer, pi—ty, pi—ty, pi—ty, pi—ty

ty me.

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A Song set by Mr. Henry Hall, Organist at Hereford.

As Phoebus did with heat pur-sue, the cold but love—ly

As Phoebus did with heat pursue, the cold, the cold but love—ly

Maid, the trem—bling Fair one as she flew, an e—ver—last—

Maid, the trem—bling Fair one, as she flew, an e—ver last—

ing Lawrel grew; the God then fighting,

ing Lawrel grew; the

figh—ing said, the God then fighting, figh—ing said, figh—ing said :

God then fighting, fighting said, figh—ing said, figh—ing said :



A-roun—d thee, a-roun—d thee, a-roun—d thee, a-roun—d thee, *Jove's Ar-til-le-ry*, like painted Fires, like paint-ed

—roun—d thee, *Jove's Ar-til-le-ry*, like painted Fires, like painted Fire—

fires shall shine; for 'tis bur just, oh! fa—cred Tree, you shou'd from o-ther

—s shall shine; for 'tis bur just, oh! fa—cred Tree,

flame—s be free, who have re—fit-ed, re—fit-ed

you shou'd from other flames be free, who have re—fit-ed re—fit-ed

mine, you shou'd from other flame—s be free, who have re—

mine, you shou'd from other flames be free, who have re—

—fit-ed, re—fit-ed mine.

—fit-ed, re—fit-ed mine.

A Song set by Mr. Henry Hall, the Words by Mr. Peter Senhouse.

**B**EAUTY the pain—full Mothers Pray'r, the Lovers Theam,

Beauty the pain—full Mo—thers Pray'r, the

the Vir—gins care; and Wit that

Lovers Theam, the Lovers Theam, the Virgins care; and Wit that gids her

gilds her innocence, o're all which ea-sy ver-tue Raigns,  
 innocence, o're all, all which ea-sy vir-tue raigns, *Ar-mi-da*  
*Ar-mi-da* has; and what's more rare, from Pride and af-  
 has; and what's more rare, and what's more rare, from Pride and  
 fec-ta-tion clear, from Pride and af-fec-ta-tion clear,  
 af-fec-ta-tion clear, from Pride and af-fec-ta-tion clear:  
 But tho' thus love-li-ly you  
 ta-tion clear: But tho' thus love-li-ly you

shine, *Ar-mi-da* you're but half di-vine: *Ar-mi-da*  
 shine, *Ar-mi-da*, *Ar-mi-da* you're but half di-vine: *Ar-mi-da*, *Ar-*  
 you're but half di-vine; for Feinds can Beau-ty i-mi-tate, and yet,  
 —*mi-da* you're but half di-vine; for Feinds can Beau-ty, i-mi-tate, and  
 and yet are Feinds, because, because they hate; but wou'd you Love to  
 yet, and yet are Feinds be-cause they hate; but wou'd you Love to  
 Beauty joyn, *Ar-mi-da*, you are all di-vine,  
 Beauty joyn, *Ar-mi-da*, *Ar-mi-da* you are all, are all di-vine,  
 D

*Softe*

Ar-mi-da, Ar-mi-da you are all  
Ar-mi-da you're di-vine, Ar-mi-da, Ar-mi-da,  
di-vine.  
you were all, all, all di-vine.

A Two Part Song, set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

When My-ra Sing-s, when My-ra Sing-s  
we feek th'in-chant-ing  
s we feek th'in-chant-ing found,

found, th'in-chant-ing found; and  
th'in-chant-ing found,  
blefs the Notes, and blefs the Notes, which doe fo sweet-ly, fo sweet-ly, fo  
and blefs the Notes, and blefs the Notes which doe fo sweetly, fo sweet-ly, fo  
sweet-ly wound; what Mu-sick, what Mu-sick needs  
sweet-ly wound; what Mu-sick needs  
must dwell up-on that Tongue, whose speech is tunefull, whose speech is tunefull, is  
must dwell up-on that Tongue, whose speech is tunefull, whose speech is

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tune full as a no-ther Song:

tune full as a no-ther Song:

Such Harmony, such Wit, such Harmony, such Wit, such

Such Harmony, such Wit, such Harmony, such

Wit, a Face so fair, so many, so many pointed Arrows who, who can

Wit, a Face so fair, so many, so many pointed Arrows who, who can

bear? the slave that from her Wit, or Beau-ty flies,

bear? the slave that from her Wit, or Beau-ty flies, if the but

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if she but reach him, but reach him with her Voice,

reach him, but reach him with her Voice, if she but reach him

*Very slow.*

if she but reach him with her Voice; he dies, he dies, he

with her Voice; he dies, he dies, he dies, he

dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies.

dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies.

A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

I F Mufick, if Mufick be the food of Love, fingon, fingon, sing on, sing on, sing on, sing, fing, fing on, till I am fill'd with joy; for then my lifting Soul you move, for then my lifting Soul you move, you move, to pleasures that can never, never

cloy; your Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue declare, that you are Mufick ev'ry where, your Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue declare, that you are Mufick ev'ry where. Pleasures in-vade both Eye and Ear, pleasures in-vade both Eye and Ear, so fierce, so fierce

ce the transports are, they wou  
nd, to fier ce the

transports are, they wound, and all my Senses feasted are, and all my Senses feasted

are; tho' yet the Treat is on-ly found, tho' yet the treat is on-ly

found, found, found, found, found, found is on-ly found;

sure I must perish, I must, I must perish by your Charms, unless you

fa <sup>3</sup> ve me in your Armes.

The Trumpet Song, Sung by the Hero, in the (*Libertine destroy'd.*)  
Set by *Mrs. Henry Purcell.*

Trumpet.

**T**o Arms, to Arms,

to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to

Arms Hero ick Prince;

F

to Arms, to Arms,

to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to

Arms He-ro ick Prince ;

to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms,

Glo ry, like Love, has

pow'r full Charms, Glo

ry, like Love, has pow'r full

Charms; let Glo ry, let Glo

—ry now thy Soul in—grofs, and re—com—pence its Ri

vals lofs : Bid Trum—pets

found, bid Trum—pets found, fou—nd, and

nothing, nothing name but Battles, but Battles, but Bat

—tles, Con

—quests, Tri—umphs,

Tri

—umphs Fame,



Musical score for Bass, Theorbo-Lute, Bass-Viol, Harpschord, or Organ. The score consists of two systems of three staves each. The first system includes the instruction "Triumphs," and the second system includes "Triumphs Fame." The music is written in a historical style with various ornaments and clefs.

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

| Page.  | Page.                               |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| C<br>Celia has a thousand Charms,<br>D<br>Dear, dear, pritty, pritty Youth,<br>F<br>Fair Belinda's youthfull Charms,<br>H<br>How happy, how happy is she,<br>M<br>Jack thour't a Tooper,<br>Man, Man, Man is for the Woman made,   | 19<br>4<br>18<br>22<br>12<br>3      |
| O<br>Ob! how you protest and solemnly lye,<br>S<br>Obi ob! lead me to some peacefull Gloom,<br>T<br>Stretch't in a dark and dismal Grove,<br>T<br>Twas within a furlong of Edenborough Town,<br>Y<br>Too well I fear Alexis know's,<br>Y<br>Take not a Womans anger ill,<br>Y<br>You say 'tis Love creates the pain, | 1<br>6<br>8<br>10<br>10<br>11<br>13 |

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H! how you protest and solemnly lye, look humble and  
 fawn like an Ass; I'm pleas'd I must own when e-ver I see, a Lover that's brought  
 to this pass: Keep, keep further off, you'r naughty I fear, I vow I will never, will  
 never, will never yeild to't; you ask me in vain, for never, I swear, I  
 never, no never, I never, no never, I never, no never will do't.

### II.

For when the Deed's done how quickly you go,  
 No more of the Lover remains;  
 In hast you depart what-e'er we can do,  
 And stubbornly throw off your Chains:  
 Desist then in time, let's hear on't no more,  
 I vow I will never, will never, will never yeild to't;  
 You promise in vain, in vain you adore,  
 I never, no never, I never, no never, I never, no never! yeild to't.

I Was with-in a furlong of *Edenborough* Town, in the Ro-sie time of year when the

Grafs was down; bonny *Jocky* Blith and Gay, said to *Jenny* making Hay, let's

fit a little (Dear) and prattle, 'tis a foultry Day: He long had Courted the

Black-browd Maid, but *Jocky* was a Wagg and wou'd ne'er consent to Wedd, which

made her Fith and Phoo, and cry out it will not do, I cannot, cannot, cannot,

wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

II.  
He told her Mariage was grown a me'er Joke,  
And that no one Wedded now but the scoundrell folk,  
Yet my dear thou should'st prevail, but I know not what I aile;  
I shall dream of Clogs, and silly Doggs with Bottles at their taile;  
But I'll give thee Gloves and a Songrace to wear,  
And a pritty Filly-foal, to ride out and take the Air,  
If thou ne'er wilt Fith nor Phoo, and cry it ne'er shall doe,  
I cannot, cannot, &c.

III.  
That you'll give me Trinkets, cry'd she, I believe,  
But ah! what in return must your poor *Jenny* give,  
When my Maiden Treasure's gone, I must gang to *London-Town*,  
And Roar and Rant, and Patch and Paint, and Kiss for half a Crown;  
Each Drunken Bully oblige for pay,  
And earn an hated Living in an odious fulsom way,  
No, no, no it ne'er shall doe, for a Wife I'll be to you,  
Or I cannot, cannot, &c.

A Song in the *Mock-Mariage*, Sung by *Mis Cross*.  
Set by *Mr. Henry Purcell*.

Man, Man, Man is for the Woman made, and the Woman made for Man; As the

Spur is for the Jade, as the Scabbard for the Blade, as for digging is the Spade, as for

Liquor is the Can, so Man, Man, Man is for the Woman made, and the

Woman made for Man.

II.  
As the Scepter to be sway'd,  
As for Night's the Serenade,  
As for Pudding is the Pan,  
And to cool us is the Fan,  
So Man, &c.

III.  
Be the Widdow, Wife or Maid,  
Be the Wanton, be the Stay'd,  
Be the Well or Ill Array'd,  
Whore, Bawd, or Harridan,  
Yet Man, &c.

A New Song in the *Tempest*, Sung by *Mis Cross* to her Lover, who is supposed Dead. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

Dear, dear, pritty, pritty, prit-ty Youth,

dear, pritty, pritty, prit-ty Youth, unvail, unvail your Eye, unvail, unvail your

Eye: how can you, can you sleep, how can you, can you sleep, how can you, can you

sleep, when I, when I am by, when I, when I am by? Were I with you all

night to be, methinks I cou'd, methinks I cou'd, I cou'd from sleep be free, me-

-thinks I cou'd, methinks I cou'd from sleep, I cou'd from sleep be free:

a-las, a-las my Dear, your cold, cold as stone, you muff no longer,

no, no longer, no, no longer, no, no longer, longer lye a-lone;

but be with me my Dear, my Dear, Dear, Dear, but be with me my Dear, and

I in each Arm, and I in each Arm will hugg you, hugg you close, will hugg you,

hugg you close, hugg you close and keep you warm, will hugg you, hugg you

close, will hugg you, hugg you close, hugg you close and keep you warm.

X

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A Song in the Trageby of *Bonduca*, set by Mr. Purcell.  
Sung by Miss Crofs.

Oh! Oh! lead me, lead me to some peace—full Gloom,  
where none but figh—ing, none but figh—ing, figh—ing Lovers  
come; where the thrill, the thrill Frumpets never foun  
d; never, never found, but one e—ter—nal huff, one e—ter—nal huff goes round.  
There let me footh my plea—sing pain, there let me  
footh my pleasing pain, and never, never think of War, never, never, think of

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War, never, never think of War, never, never, never, never, never  
think of War a—gain: what glo—ry, what glo—ry, what glo—ry, what glo—ry can, can a Lover have to conquer, to con—  
quer, yet be still a slave, what glo—ry, what glo—ry can a Lo—ver have, to conquer, to conquer, to conquer,  
yet be still, still a slave, yet, yet be still, yet, yet be still, yet, yet be still, still a slave?

A Song in the 5th. Act of *Pyrrhus*, Sung by Mrs. Hud-  
son. Set by Mr. John Eccles.

S  
Stretch'd in a dark and dim-mall Grove, a poor abandon'd hopelefs  
Maid; thinking on her de-parred Love, cry'd whither, ah!  
whither wou'd Am-bi-tion lead: From the dear joys that  
Love can give, from the soft cir-cle of my Arms, He  
ru-ines to the fa-tal feild, Mi-sta-ken Swain has  
dan-gers, Charms, has dangers, dan-gers, Charms:

Lovers with scorn and hatred curst, when  
all their passion fail'd to move, found out this tyrant honour  
first in pure revenge to ru-ine Love, in pure revenge to  
ru-ine Love, found out this tyrant honour first, in  
pure revenge to ru-ine Love, in pure revenge to  
ruine, ru-ine Love. Love.

D

A New Song Set by Mr. John Freeman.

**T**oo well I fear A—lex— is knows, his con—quest o'er my  
 ten—der heart; in vain I wou'd the flame op—pose, in  
 vain I wou'd the flame op—pose, in vain I wou'd, in  
 vain con—tern the fa—call darr: But love  
 too sub'tly does in—vade, but love too sub'tly  
 does in—vade, oh! help, help, oh! oh! help, help, oh! help

oh! oh! help a yeild— ing Maid, but Love too  
 sub'tly, too sub'tly does in—vade, oh! help, help, help, oh!  
 help, help, oh! help, help, oh!  
 help a yeild  
 ing Maid.

A New Catch in the Tragedy of *Bonduca*.  
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Jack thou a Toaper, Jack thou't a thour't a Toaper, let's have rother Quart; Ring,  
ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, we'er fo fober, fo fober, fo fober  
'twere a shame to part; None but a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold  
-Bully'd by his Wife, for coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,  
coming, coming, coming, coming, coming late, fears a Do-mel tick  
Strife; I'm free, I'm free and fo are you, fo are you, fo are you too, call  
and knock, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, tho'  
Watchmen cry past two a Clock.

A Dialogue in *King Arthur*, fet by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Y O U say 'tis Love creates the pain, of which fo sad-ly you complain;  
and yet wou'd fain engage my heart, in that un-ea-ly cru-el, cru-el part;  
but how a-las, how a-las think you that I can bear the woun-  
ds of which you die? how a-las, how a-las think you that I can  
bear the wounds of which you die? 'Tis not my pas-sion makes my care;  
but your indifference gives despair; the lu-ly Sun, the lu-ly Sun be-



— gets no Spring, till gen—tle show'rs, till gen—tle show'rs af—fiance bring, fo

Love that scorches and destroys, till kind—nefs aids, till kind—nefs aids can

caufe no joy; Love has a thousand, thousand, thousand, thou—fand ways to

pleafe; Love has a thousand, thousand, thousand, thou—fand ways to pleafe; but

more, more, more, more, more, more, more to rob us of our ease, but more, more,

more, more, more, more, more to rob us of our ease; for wak—

—ing nights and carefull days, fome hours of plea

—fures he re—pays; But ab—fence soon or jea—lous

fears o'er—flows the joy, o'er—flows the joy with floods of Tears; but ab—

—fence soon or jea—lous fears o'er—flows the joys, o'er—flows the joys with floods of

Tears: But one soft moment makes amends for all the tor—ment that at—

—tends, one soft moment makes a—mends for all the tor—ment that at—tends.

CHORUS.

Let us Love, let us Love and to hap-pi-ness hast, hast, hast, hast,

Let us Love, let us Love and to hap-pi-ness hast, hast, hast, hast,

hast, let us Love, let us Love and to hap-pi-ness hast, hast, hast, hast,

hast, let us Love, let us Love and to hap-pi-ness hast, hast, hast, hast,

hast, Age and Wis-dom comes too fast; Youth for lo-ving was desig'n'd, Youth for

hast, Age and Wis-dom comes too fast; Youth for lo-ving was desig'n'd,

lo-ving, Youth for loving was de-sig'n'd; You be constant

Youth for loving, loving was de-sig'n'd; I'll be constant, you be kind,

I'll be kind, I'll be kind, I'll be kind, kind, I'll be kind; Heav'n can give no

I'll be constant, I'll be constant, I'll be constant, I'll be kind; Heav'n can give no grea-

grea-ter blef-sing then faithfull love, and kind, and kind pos-

ter blessing, no grea-ter blessing then faithfull love, and

sel-sing, then faithfull love, then faithfull love, and kind, and kind pos-

kind, and kind pos-sel-sing, then faithfull love, and kind, and kind pos-

sel-sing, and kin-

d, and kind, and kind, pos-sel-sing,

sel-sing, and kin-

d, and kind, and kind, pos-sel-sing,

A Song fet by Mr. John Eccles.

F Air *Be-lia*—*da's* youthfull Charms, fill th'admiring Town with wonder;  
 The stubborn't Hearther Eyes a lures, and make 'em to her Pride sur-ren-der:  
 Face and Shape, and Wit so Rare, Heav'ns ma-ster—peice She was de—  
 sign'd, a grace—full Meen, and such an Air, nothing ex—cells it but her  
 Mind; the Women en—vy, Men ad—mire, her Eyes does Love in all in—  
 spire, her Eyes does Love in all in—spire.

A Song in the Rival-Sisters, fet by Mr. Henry Purcell. Sung by Young Bowen.

C *E-lia* has a thousand, thousand, thou—sand  
 Charms, 'tis Heav'n, 'tis Heav'n to lye with—in her Arms; while I  
 stand gazing on her Face, some new, and some re-fit—lefs grace, fills with fresh  
 magick all the place, while I stand gazing on her Face, some  
 new, and some re-fit—lefs grace, fills with fresh magick all  
 the place:

But while the Nymph I thus a-dore,  
 but while the Nymph I thus, I thus a-dore, I shou'd my wretched,  
 wretched, wretched Fate de-plore; for oh! *Mir-rillo*, oh! *Mir-*  
*-rillo* have a care, have a care, her sweetness is a-bove com-pare, but  
 then she's false, she's false, but then she's false, she's false as well as  
 fair; have a care, have a care, have a care *Mir-rillo*, have a care, *Mir-*

*-til-lo* have a care, have a care, have a care, have a care.

A Song in the *Rival-Sisters*, Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.  
 Sung by Mr. Leaverige.

Take not a Womans an-ger ill, but let this be your comfort, this be your comfort  
 fill, that if one won't a-no-ther will: Tho' she that's foolish does de-  
 ny, she, she that is Wi-fer will comply, and if 'tis but a Woman what care  
 I, what care I, what care I, if 'tis but a Woman what care I.

II.  
 Then who'd be Damn'd, to Swear untrue,  
 And Sigh and Weep, and Whine and Woe,  
 As all our simple Coxcombs doe;  
 All Women love it, and tho' this,  
 Does fully forbid the bliss,  
 Try but the next you cannot mis.

A Song in the *Rival-Sisters*, Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.  
Sung by Miss *Croft*.

**H**OW happy, how happy is she, how happy, how happy is she, that ear-ly, that ear-ly her Passion be-gins; and willing, and willing wish- Love to agree, does not stay till she comes to her Tears: Then, then she's all Pure and Chast, then then she's all Pure and Chast; like Angels her fini-les to be priz'd, Pleasure is seen Cherub-Fac'd, and Nature appears, and Nature ap- pears un-dis-guis'd.

**II.**  
From Twenty to Thirty, and then,  
Set up for a Lover in vain,  
By that time we study how Men,  
May be wrack'd with neglect and disdain:  
Love dwells where we meet with desire,  
Desire which Nature has given,  
She's a Fool then that feeling the fear,  
Begins not to warn at Eleven.

**F I N I S.**

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

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

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

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

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

Picture draw; a brighter Nymph, a bright Nymph was never, never, never, never, never

sees; 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.

Her Eyes are Cupid's Darts, and Wings, her  
Eyebrows are his Bow, her Silken Hair the Silver Strings, that fire and  
swift, swift, swi—ft destruction brings to all, all,  
all, to all, all, all, to all, all, all, to all, to all,  
to all the Vale be— low. If Pasforella's dawning,  
dawning light can warm, and wound, warm and wound, can warm and wound us

fo, her Noon will shine to 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 Cymbia's Pow'r di—vine—ly  
great, what Heart, what Heart, what Heart is not o—bey—ing?

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 dif-per-fes such

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

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

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

Senes. Her Face a Charming,

Charming prof-pect brings, her Breath gives bal

my, bal-my blisses; I hear an

An-gel when she Sings, when she fi



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

Four Senses thus, thus, thus, thus, thus the feasts, thus, thus,

thus the feasts with joy

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

Sense employ, and I fhall dye, dye, dye, and I

fhall dye, fhall dye with pleasure.

A Dialogue Sung in *Oroonoko*, by the Boy and Girl.  
Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.

*He.*  
E—le—me—ne, pray tell me, pray, pray tell me Ce—le—me—ne

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,

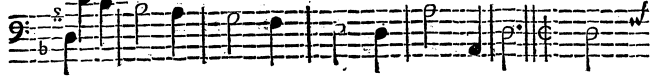
why, why it will not let me reft? Why this trem—bling,

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

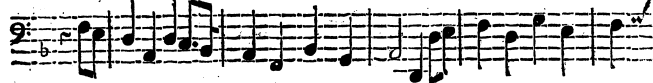
never, never, never felt be—fore: And when thus I touch, when thus I touch your Hand,



why i with, i with, i with I was a Man? How shou'd



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



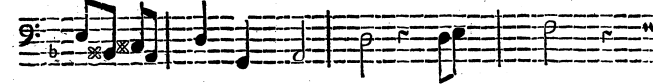
and play, I methinks cou'd look all day; Nay just now, nay, just now am pleas'd,



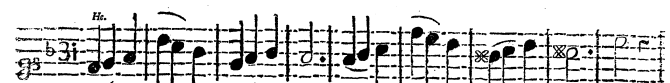
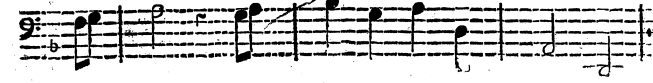
am pleas'd so well, shou'd you, shou'd you Kifs me I won't tell, shou'd you,



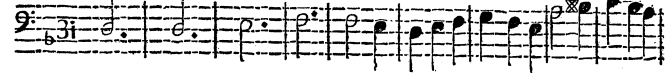
shou'd you Kifs me I won't tell; no, no I, won't tell; no, no I



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



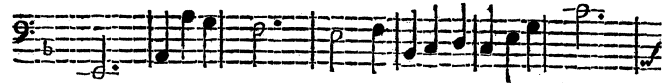
Tho' I cou'd do that all day, and de—fire no better play: Sure,



sure in Love there's something more, which makes Mam—ma so bigg, so



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



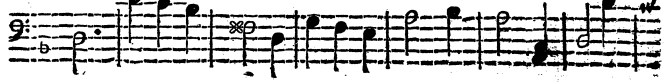
what, don't ask what for I'm a—sham'd: Stay but till you're



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.



*Ho.*  
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.

*Stu.* My Breasts do fo heave, fo heave, fo hea—ve. *Ho.* My Heart does fo

*Stu.* pant, pant, pant. There's ſomething, ſomething, ſomething more we  
*Ho.* 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*.

**Y** O u twiceten hundred De-i-ties, to whom, to whom we dai-ly Sacrifice; Ye

Pow'rs, ye Pow'rs 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 *Dun*, Earthy *Dun* that pan  
is for breath, with her swell  
d sides full, full, full of death;  
By the Crested *Adders* Pride, by the Crested *Adders* Pride, that a  
long the Cliffs doe glide, by thy

Vifage, by thy Vifage feir — ce and black, by thy  
Deaths Head on thy Back; by thy twis  
red *Serpens* plac'd, for a Girdle rou  
nd thy Waist; by the Hearts of Gold that deck thy Breast, thy Shoulders  
and thy Neck; from thy Sleep — ing Mansion rise, and open, and  
open thy un-will — ing Eyes. While bubbling Springs their Mu-fick  
E

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.

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 scor—ch for  
him the while, If hee must, If hee must burn, then bur—n him  
in my breast. For there, there is fire, there is  
fir—e, there is fir—e, there is flame enough to set 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 swear, not a Rebel to Love will I

spare; this Shot I will draw to the Head, to the Head, and Shoot, Shoot, Shoot the

great Persians 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, she 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. Courteville.

**D** A-mon farewell, fare well when I

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

F Turn over

not that you have Van-quish't one, who when you flig — he will Love:

But if you still will faichfull 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.