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BEING, A

Collection of the newest and best SONGS,

With the Additional Musick to the *Indian Queen*,
by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*, as it is now Acted at His
Majesties Theatre. Most of the Songs be-
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Price One Shilling.

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A Masque. in the 5th. Act of the Indian Queen.

Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell.

Sung by Hymen.

O Bless the Genial Bed with Cha— st de—

lights, to give you hap— py Days and plea— sant, pleasant, pleasant

pleasant Nights, Lo I ap— pear to Crown your soft desires, to Crown your soft

— st de—sires, and with this sa— cred Torch to Con—secrate, to Con—

se—crate Love's fires, to Con—

se—crate Love's fires.

B

A Song Sung by one of *Hymen's* followers.

Come all, come all, come, come at my Call; come all, come all, come, come at my Call:

Heroes and Lovers come, come, come a-way, come, come, come a-way, come all, come

all, and Praise this glorious Day.

CHORUS.

Come all, come all, and Sing great Hymen's Praise, come all, all, all, and Sing great Hymen's

Come all, and Sing great Hymen's Praise, come all, all, all, and Sing great Hymen's

Praise; the God who makes the darkest Nights, appear more joyfull, more

Praise; the God who makes the darkest Nights, appear, appear more joy

joyfull, and more bright; than thousands, than thousands, than thousands, than thousands of Vic-

—full, and more bright; than thousands, than thousand—sands of Vic—

—rious days, than thousands, than thousands, thousands, than thousands of Victorious days.

A Song, Sung to *Hymen* by a Married Couple.

Let me, let me come at him,

—Me glad, I'm glad I have met him, Bane of

Pleasures Curse, confounded in venture of Better for Worse;

Passion, confounded, confounded in venture of Better for Worse;

you told us indeed you'd heap Blessings up—on us, you made us be-lieve you, and

you told us in-deed you'd heap Blessings up—on us, you made us be-lieve you, and

so, to have undone us; and Wailing, La-menting, Re-pent-ing, we

so, to have un-done us; in Railing, La-menting, Re-pent-ing, we

pass all our Days; what Stomach have we, what Stomach have we to Sin-g,

to Sing thy Praise.

A Song Sung by Hymen.

G Ood People, I'de make you all Bleft if I cou'd, but he that can do't must be

more, more, more, must be more than a God; and though you think now perhaps you

are curst, I'll warrant you thought, I'll warrant you thought your selves

hap-py, hap-py at first.

Second Song by the Married Couple.

M Y Hony, my Pugg, let's tamely jogg on, let's tamely jogg on, jogg

My Fetters, my Clogg, let's tamely jogg on, jogg

on as others have done; And sometimes at quiet, let's tugg, let's

on as others have done; But oftner in strife, let's

tugg the redious Load, the redious, redious load of a Married life; let's tugg, let's

tugg the redious Load, the redious, redious Load of a Married life; let's tugg, let's

tugg the redious Load, the redious, redious Load of a Married life.

tugg the redious Load, the redious, redious Load of a Married life.

Symphony for Flutes, with a Song Sung by Cupid.

He joys of Wedlock foon are pait, but I, if I please,

can make e'm, ma — ke e'm laft, can ma

ke e'm, ma — ke e'm, make e'm laft:

Where Love's Trade and Hearts are fold, how weak, how

weak's the Fire, how foon, how foon, how foon tis cold ?

The flame en-creafes and re

— fines, where Vertue and where Merit joyns, where Ver— tue, where Vertue

and where Merit joyns, where Ver— tue, where Vertue and where Merit joyns.

A Song Sung by one of *Cupid's* followers.

Trumpet.

S Ound, foun, foun— d, foun— d the Trumpet,

Sound, found, foun—

—d the Trumpet;

Let Love's subjects know from Heav'n's high, Vault to Erebus to E—

re-bus be-low; that from this

hour their Difcords, their Dif - cords all shall cease; Love, Love that can

on - ly, can only do't, will give 'em, will give 'em, ♯ ♯ give 'em, ♯ ♯

give 'em Peace, give 'em, ♯ ♯ ♯ ♯ give 'em Peace.

A Song Sung by two of *Cupid's* followers.

Make haft, make haft, make haft to put on, to put on Love's
 Make haft, make haft, make haft to put on, to put on, to put on Love's

Chains, ye Heroes that de-light, delight in Arms; forfake, for-fake

fond Honours gaudy Charms, forfake, forfake fond Honours gaudy Charms; and
 ---fake fond Honours gaudy Charms, forfake, forfake fond Honours gaudy Charms;

joyn, and joyn your Tru-mpets to our
 and joyn, and joyn your Tru-mpets to our

Rural strains your,
 Rural strains your,

CHORUS.

Let loud Renown with all her thousand Tongues, let loud, let loud Re-nown with

Let loud Renown with all her thousand Tongues let loud, let loud Re-nown with
 all, with all her thousand Tongues, re-peat no Name, re-peat no Name, no

all, with all her thousand Tongues, re-peat no Name, re-peat no
 no, no Name but his in her im-mortal Songs; re-peat no Name, no, no Name, but

Name, but his, but his in her im-mer-tal Songs; re-peat no Name, no Name but
 his in her im-mor-tal, in her im-

his in her im-mortal, im-mor-tal, im-
 mor-tal Songs; no, no, no Name but his in her im-mor-

mortal Songs; no, no, no Name but his in her im-mor-
 tal, in her im-mor-tal Songs. The end of the Masque.
 tal, im-mor-tal Songs.

The First Song in the New Play call'd the *She Gallants*,
Sung by Mr. Coper. Sett by Mr. John Eccles.

W Hile *Phillis* does drink, Love and Wine in al—lyance with Forces u-nited bid re—
—fifties de-fiance; by the touch of her Lips the Wine sparkles higher, and her
Eyes from her drinking are double the fire: Her Cheeks glow the higher re—
—cruiting their colour, as Flowers by sparkling re—vive with fresh
Odour; his Dart dipt in Wine Love wounds beyond cureing, and the
Li—quor like Oyle makes the flame more en—du—ring.

II.
By Cordials of Wine Love is kept from expiring,
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love and desiring;
Relieving each other the Pleasure is lasting,
And we now are cloy'd yet are ever a Tasting:
Then *Phillis* begin, let our Raptures abound,
And a Kifs and a Glas be fill going round;
Our joys are immortal while thus we remove,
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to Love.

The Second Song in the *She Gallants*, Sung by Young *Laroch*
a Boy of Seaven Years Old.

S O well Co—ri—na likes the joy, She vows shee'll ne-ver more be
coy; She drinks e—ter—nal draughts of Pleasure, e—ter—nal draughts will
not suffice; Ah! give me more, give me more, give me more, give me
more, give me more She cry'd, 'tis all too little, little, little, little,
lit—tle meafure, ah! give me more, give me more, give me more, give me

give me, give me more She cry'd, 'tis all too little, little, little, little,

lit-tle measure, ah! give me more, give me more, give me more, give me,

give me, give me more, She cry'd, 'tis all too little, little, little,

little, lit-tle measure; 'tis all too little, little, little, little,

lit-tle measure.

A Song, Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell, Sung in *Love's Last Shift*.

What un-grate-full De-vil moves you! Come, come my Friend, the Truth de-

—clare; You Love *Sylvia*, *Sylvia* Loves you; why, why then will you Wed the Fair?

Marriage-joyning does dif-go-ver, but Love-free-ing joyns for Life: Wou'd you,

wou'd you, wou'd you Love the Nymph for ever? Never, never, never, never, never,

never let her be your Wife.

Mr. Bomans Song, Acting Goofandelo, in the *Lovers Luck*,

R Ich Mines of hot Love are Roo--ted here, flasnes of flames in my

Eyes ap-pear; when swift as the Sun, to the Arms of *Thetis* I run, I

run; I run, I run, I run, I run, I run, I run, to feize on my blifs, in the

parts where it is, oh! you know, oh! you know, oh! you know where, oh!

you know, oh! you know, oh! you know where.

II.

She laid by her Knotting with wond'rous haft,
 And took me about my well thap'd Waste;
 I envy'd not *Jove* his Celestial Throne,
 Nor all the Gods above while Kisses came on,
 And somethng was done,
 Which I know, which I know best.

F I N I S.