

THESAURUS MUSICUS:
BEING, A
COLLECTION of the Newest SONGS



PERFORMED

At Their *Majesties Theatres*; and at the *Conforts* in
Viller-street in *York-Buildings*, and in *Charles-street*
Covent-Garden.

WITH A

Thorow-Bas to each SONG, for the *Harpficorn*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol*.

To which is Annexed,

A *Collection* of *Airs*, Composed for two *Flutes*, by several *Masters*.

THE SECOND BOOK.



Licensed according to Order.

L O N D O N,



Printed by *J. Heptinstall* for *Henry Playford*, and are to be sold at his Shop near
the *Temple-Church*; and *John Money*, *Stationer*, at the *Mitre* in *Mitre-Court* in
Fleetstreet. And at most *Musick-Shops* in *Town*. 1694.

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A Catalogue of Vocal and Instrumental Musick, most of which being newly Reprinted for Henry Playford at his Shop near the Temple-Church.

HARMONIA SACRA, in two Books, being Collections of *Divina Hymns and Dialogues*; Set to Musick by Dr. John Blow, Mr. Henry Purcell, and other Eminent Masters: With some *Latin Songs*, by Signior Carissimi, and Signior Gratiiani.

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The first and second Books of *Apollo's Banquet*, being Collections of the Newest Tunes for the *Treble-Violin*. The first and second Parts of the *Division-Violin*, containing the Newest Grounds for the *Violin*. The first and second *Consorts* of Mr. Farmer's *Musick*, in four Parts. A *Consort of Musick* in three Parts, by Mr. John Lenson, and Mr. Tho. Toller. The *Dancing-Master*, with Tunes to each Dance, and Directions for *Country-Dancing*; the Eighth Edition. The *Introduction to the Skill of Musick*; the Twelfth Edition. A *Table Engraven on Copper*, shewing any Note within the Compass of the *Bass-Viol*; very Beneficial to *Young Practitioners* on that *Instrument*.

Also all sorts of *Ruled Paper and Ruled Books*, with *Songs and Tunes* fairly Prick'd, and *Books* on all other Subjects, are sold at the same Place.

A New Scotch Song Sung at the Confort In York-Buildings, at the Entertainment of the Prince of Baden. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



SAWNEY is a Bonney, Bonney Lad, but Saw-ney
 Kens it well; and Sawney might a Boon have had, but Saw-ney
 loves to tell: He weens that I mun love him soon, gin Lo-vers now are
 rare; But I'de as leif have none, as one whom twan-ty, twan-ty share.

II.
 When anent your love you come,
 Ah! Sawney were you true;
 What tho' I seem to Frown and Gloom,
 I ne're cou'd gang from you;
 Yet still my Tongue doe what I can,
 With muckle Woe denies;
 Wa's me when once we like a Man,
 It Boots not to be wife.

A Song in the last new Play call'd *Love Triumphant, &c.*
Set by Mr. *John Eccles.* Sung by a Girl.

YOUNG I am and yet un-skill'd, how to make a
Lo—ver yeild; how to keep, or how to gaine,
when to Love and when to Feign: Take me, take me some of
you, while I yet am young and true; e're I can my
Soul dif—guise, heave my Breafts, heave my Breafts and
rowl my Eyes.

II.

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to lye and to betray;
He that Love me first is blest,
For I may deceive the rest:
Cou'd I find a blooming Youth,
Full of Love and full of Truth;
Brisk and of a *Jaune* Meen,
I shou'd long to be Fifteen.

A Song set by Mr. *Godfry Finger.*

Think not Sighs or Tears can move, Pray'rs and Vows are ne're re—paid;
Those are common cheats in Love, dai—ly at our Al—tars made:
Cu—pid's Vassals may dif—pair, ut—lets now are all his
Arts; They who hope to wound the fair, e—ver shoot with
Gol—den Darts.

A Song to a Ground by Mr. Henry Hall.

N-chan

ted, en-charm-ed by your Voice, en-charm-ed by

your Voice and Face, in plea-sing Trance I fain

ting lye. I bleed, I bleed fair Nymph I bleed a-pace; and

now I lan-guish, now I dye, now, now, and now I

dye. Sin-g fair Nymph,

sin-g fair Nymph and let your Rays up-on

your pro-frate slave be freed, for An-gels Face, and

An-gels Voice, when-e're they please can raise, can raise the

dead, can raise the dead.

[6]

A Song fet Mr. Robert King.

It is Love that al-ways strikes the fire, which spar-

—kles in our hearts, which sparkles in our hearts: A Soul its Vigour, a

Soul its Vigour don't inspire, re-mains like o-ther parts; And Po-ets

still in Wit int-prove, as more or less in-spir'd by Love, as

more or less in-spir'd by Love.

II.

If this be true, as sure it is,
Can I remain so poor,
And of its Portion ever miss,
Who with such Zeal adore?
Of all thy Bards, Love, tell me why
Must only *Strephon's* Fleece be dry?

[7]

A Song in the Double-dealer, Sung by Mrs. Ayloff,
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Cimbia frowns when ere I Wo'e her, yet she's vex'd, she's vex'd if I give o-ver;

much, much she fears I shou'd, I shou'd undoe her, but much more, but much more, much

mo- re to lose her Lover; Thus, thus in

doubting the re-fu-ses, and not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus,

thus she loses; And not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus, thus, thus,

thus, thus she loses: Prethee *Cimbia* look behind you,

prethee *Cynthia* look behind you, Age and Wrinkles, Age and Wrinkles

will o're--take you; Then, then too late, too late, too late, then, then to late De--

—fire will find you; When the po—w'r does

forfake you; Think, think, oh! think,

think, think, oh! think, oh! sad con—dition to be past, yer

with, yer with fru--ition; to be past, be past, yer with,

with, with fru--ition, yer with, with, with fru--ition.

A Song fet by Mr. *Bowman* in the *Comedy* call'd the *Double-dealer*.

A *N*cient *Phil--is* has young *Graces*, young *Gra*—

ces; 'tis a frange thing, a frange but a true one; Shall I

tell you, tell you, tell you? Shall I tell you, how she her self shall make her

own *Fa--cis*; And each *Morning*, *Morning*, *Morning*, still wear's a new one;

where's the *Won--der* now, now, now, now? where's the *Won--der* now, now, now,

now? the *Won--der* now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now?

A Song set by Mr. Robert King, the Words by J. F.

When on her Eyes, when on her Eyes, my hap-py Star I gaze; A

frange Commotion sei-fes ev'ry part; Fain wou'd I speak, fain wou'd I speak the Cause of

my diseafe, but fear to tell the sto-ry of my heart. Her looks severe, yet

so endearing awes; The Womens Envy, but Mankinds aplaufe; Her looks severe, yet

so en-dear-ing awes; The Womens En-vy, but Mankinds aplaufe.

A Song set by Mr. Henry Hall.

In vain, in vain, in vain my fair Sylvia your pre-

In vains, in vain my fair Sylvia; my fair Sylvia your pre-

And a—las! a—las 'tis a fol—ly all the World muft needs

And a—las! a—las 'tis a fol—ly all the World muft needs

own, the in—fec-tion once ta—ken to fi—y, to fi—

own, the in—fec-tion once ta—ken to fi—

y from the Town; And a—las 'tis a

y from the Town; And a—las 'tis a

fol—ly all the world muft needs own, the in—fec-tion once ta—ken to fi—

fol—ly the world muft needs own, the in—fec-tion once ta—ken

y to fi—

to fi—y, to fi—

y, to fi—y from the

y, to fi—y, to fi—y from the Town, to

Town, to fi—y from the Town,

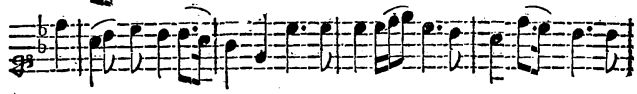
fi—y from the Town.



W H I L E, *Ga-la—the-a*, you design to gain a Conquest o're all Hearts,



take heed lest you your own re—sign, Love play's not id—ly with his Darts,



Be care—full how you fan his Fire, and while you strive to give de—fire, you



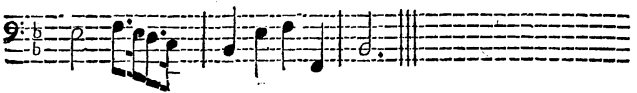
do not fall, you do not fall, fall, do not fa—ll



in—to that Snare, which for your Lo—ver, which for your Lo—ver,




for your Lo—ver you pre—pare. By Mr Henry Hall.



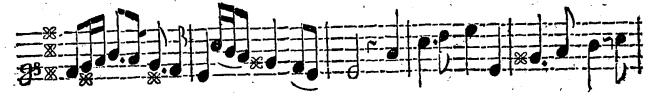
[17]
A New Song in the *Prophecs*, or the History of *Dioclesian*, Sung in the
Third Act: By Mrs. *Ayliff*. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.




W H E N first I saw the brig—ht *Au-re-lia's* Eyes, when first I



saw the brig—ht *Au-re-lia's* Eyes; a suddain trem—



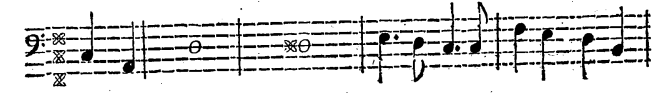
bling did my Limbs sur—prize, in ev'ry Vein, in ev'ry Vein I




felt a tin—gling, tingling smart, and a co—



ld faintness, and a co—ld faintness all a—rou—



nd my Heart, all a—rou—



nd my Heart: But oh! oh!

oh! oh! the piercing, piercing pier — cing

joy, but oh! oh! oh! oh! the pleafing, plea —

—sing pain; And oh! and oh!

oh! oh! and oh! — may both ten-thou

—land Years, ten-thou — land

yea — rs re — mais, ten — thou

— land years re — main, ten thou

— land years re — main.

A New Song in the *Prophets*, or the *History of Dioclesian*. Sung in the last Act. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

SINCE from my Dear, my dear, my dear since from my dear, my dear, my dear, my dear, my dear. A — fire — a's fight I was fo

rude — ly torn, my Soul has ne — ver

never, never, has never, never, never known de-light, un-less it were

to mourn, to mourn, un-less, un-less it were to mourn, mourn. Bue

oh! a-las, a-las, with weep-ing Eyes, and bleed-ing, bleed-ing

heart I lye; thinking on her, on her, whose absence 'tis that makes me

wish to dye, dye, dye, dye, makes me, makes me wish to

dye, dye dye.

F I N I S.

A Song for Two Voices, set by Mr. R. Courtivelle.

Lu-cin-da is Young, and she's Witty; her humour is good, her

Lu-cin-da is Young, and she's Witty, her humour is

humour is Good, is Good, and she's Pritty; as Nature has le-gi-bly written,

good, her humour is Good, and she's Pritty; as Nature has le-gi-bly, le-gi-bly

and all that smile on her, smile on her are smitten; Her Face has a sin-gu-lar

written, and all that smile on her, smile on her are smitten; Her Face has a

Air in't, her Face has a sin-gu-lar Air in't, and yet what's as sweet, and yet what's as

sin-gu-lar Air in't, her Face has a sin-gu-lar Air in't, and yet what's as sweet, and

F

sweet, and yet what's as sweet, as sweet, as sweet, as what's rare in't:

yet what's as sweet, and yet what's as sweet, as sweet as what's rare in't:

rare in't. So love—ly Lu—

rare in't. So

love—ly Lu—cin—da, fo

cin—da, fo love—ly Lu—cin—da who

love—ly Lu—cin—da, fo love—ly Lu—

loves not, who loves not a Drefs, a drefs, a drefs by ad-mi-ring, it moves not, or

—cin—da, who loves not a Drefs, by ad-mi-ring, a drefs by ad-mi-ring, it moves not,

shou'd you your pas-sion dif-co-ver, or shou'd you your pas-sion dif-co-ver, the

or shou'd you your pas-sion dif-co-ver, or shou'd you your pas-sion dif-

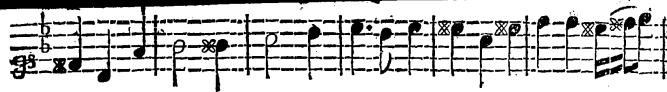
looks, she looks uncon-cern'd, unconcern'd on the Lo-ver; and Cu-pid may

—co-ver, she looks uncon-cern'd, unconcern'd on the Lo-ver; and

waft, may waft a whole Quiver, and Cu-pid may waft, may waft a whole

Cupid may waft a whole Quiver, and Cupid may waft a whole

A Song set by Collonel Pack.



Quiver; I fear, I fear, I fear she'l re—sift him for e—ver, I



Quiver; I fear she'l re—sift him for e—ver, I fear she'l re—sift him, I



fear, I fear, I fear, fear, I fear she'l re—sift him, I



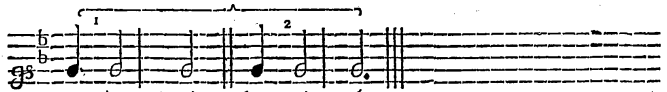
fear, she'l re—sift him, I fear she'l re—sift him, I fear she'l re—sift him for



fear she'l re—sift him for e—ver I fear she'l re—sift him for



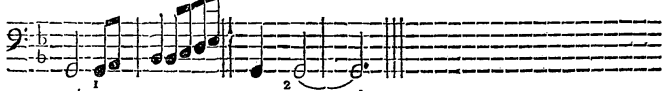
e—ver, re—sift him for e—ver, I fear she'l re—sift him for



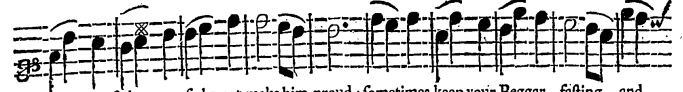
e—ver, e—ver.



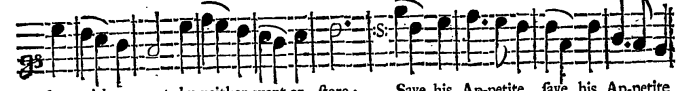
e—ver, e—ver.



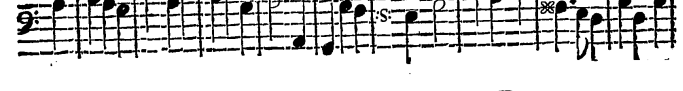
Charms, the li—ber—ty of tasting, li—ber—ty, li—ber—ty of tasting; let your



sighs, your sighs, your sighs not make him proud; sometimes keep your Beggar fasting, and



by neither want, by neither want or store; Save his Ap—petite, save his Ap—petite

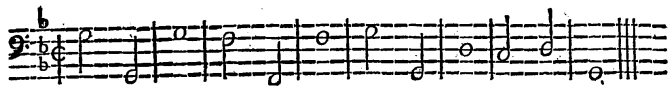


from waiting; He will always, always, always, always, always you a—dore.



G

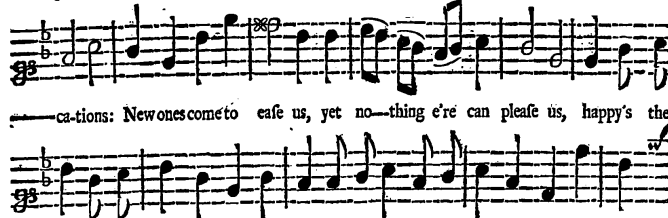
A New Song in the *Richmond-Heirefs*, the Words by Mr. *Durfey*, to a Ground of Mr. *Solomon Eccles*.



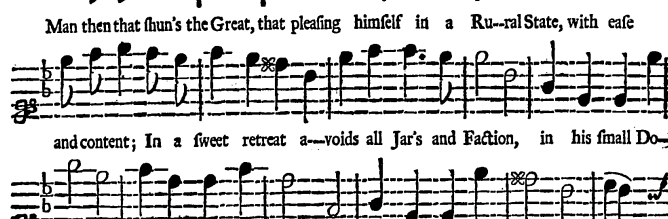
The Ground Bass.



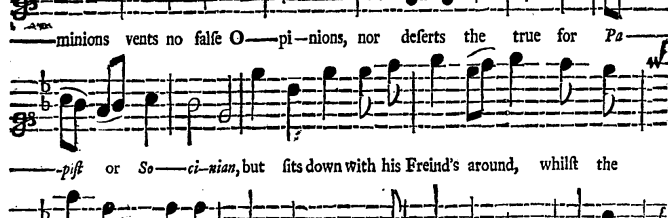
Stubborn Church-di-vi-sion, Fol-ly and Am-bi-tion, caus'd with great De-ri-sion,
poor *England's* sad con-di-tion; *Princes* leave their Stations, by strange Ab-di-



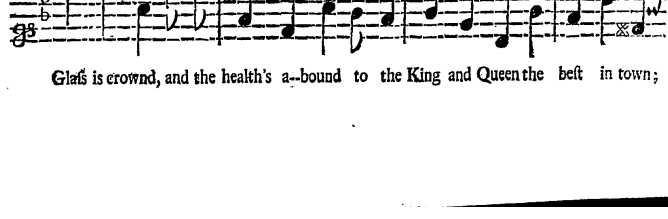
ca-tions: New ones come to ease us, yet no-thing e're can please us, happy's the



Man then that thun's the Great, that pleasing himself in a Ru-ral State, with ease



and content; In a sweet retreat a-voids all Jar's and Faction, in his small Do-



minions vents no false O-pi-nions, nor deserts the true for Pa-



—pist or So-ci-nian, but sits down with his Freind's around, whilst the

Glass is crown'd, and the health's a-bound to the King and Queen the best in town;



the Fleet or Ar-mies Action, ar-gues fill with Rea-son, speaks nor



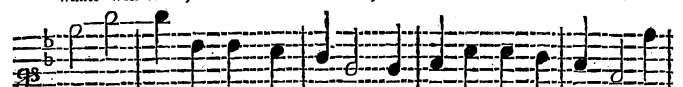
hears no Treason, nor arraigns the Sense of five hun-dred Heads to



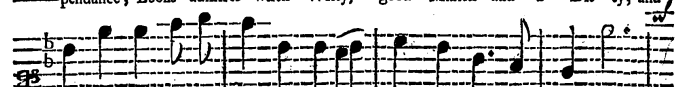
please One: Plaintiff or De-fen-dants, ne're get his at-tendance, he



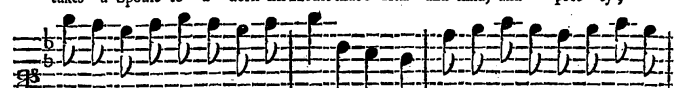
wishes well to all, that are at *White-hall*, but he loves no Court de-



pendance; Books admires when Witty, good Musick and a Dit-ty, and



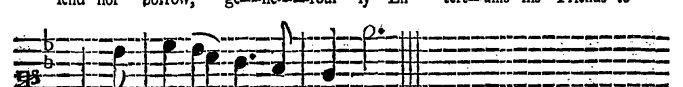
takes a Spouse to a-dorn his House that's rich and kind, and pret-ty;



merry, merry, merril-ly discards all forrow; waril-ly does never, never



lend nor borrow, ge-ne-rouf-ly En-tert-ains his Friends to



day, and is the same to morrow.

I Never felt the pangs of Love, nor cou'd the greatest Beau—ty Charm; a
Heart so stedfast none cou'd move, till *Ce—lia's* brighter Eyes, till
Ce—lia's brighter Eyes kind—led a flame: She has cre—a—ted
such a pain, that all the world be—sides can't cure; I still must sigh, but
sigh in vain, for no one knows the tor—ments I en—dure.

II.

Where e're I go I view the Fair,
But fill my *Celia* does excell;
All beauteous Objects pleasing are,
But she the fairest, she the fairest in my heart,
My heart doth dwell:
Since I am wounded with a Dart,
Shot from thy Quiver, mighty Love;
O wound my lovely Charmer's heart,
Or all my earthly Joys by Death remove.

A Song in King *Arthur*, set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

Sound a par—ly yee fair and sur—ren—der, found, found, found, found a par—
Sound, found, found, found a par—ly yee fair and sur—ren—der,
—ly yee fa—ir, a par—ly yee fair, and sur—
found a par—ly yee fair, found a par—ly yee fair and sur—
—render; fet your selves and your Lover's at ease:
—render; fet your selves and your Lover's at ease: He's a
He's a gratefull, a gratefull of—fen—der who plea—
gratefull, a gratefull of—fen—der who pleasure, who plea—

sure dare feize, but the whine-ing pre-ten-der, the whineing pre-
 sure dare feize, but the whining, the whining pre-
 tender is sure to displeas. Sound a parly yee fair and fur-ren-der,
 tender is sure to dif-pleas, found, found, found, found a parly yee
 found, found, found, found a par-ly yee fair, fou-nd, a
 fair and fur-ren-der, found a par-ly yee fair; found a par-
 par-ly yee fair and fur-ren-der; since the fruit of de-fire is pof-
 ly yee fair and fur-render: since the fruit of de-fire is pof-

feeling, 'tis un-man-ly to sigh, 'tis un-manly to sigh and complain; When we
 feeling, 'tis un-man-ly to sigh, 'tis un-manly to sigh and com-plain;
 kneel for re-dressing, when we kneel for re-dressing, we mo-
 When we kneel for re-dressing, when we kneel for re-dressing we-
 ve your dif-dain; Love was made for a blessing, a
 mo-ve your dif-dain; Love was made, love was

blef—sing, Love was made, love was made for a blef—
made, love was made for a blef—sing, love was made for a blef—sing, was

—sing, and not for a pain, love was made for a blef—
made for a blessing, and not for a pain; love was made for a

—sing and not for a pain.
blessing, was made for a blessing and not for a pain.

A Song in the last new Play call'd *Love Triumphant*, &c.
Set by Mr. *John Eccles*, and Sung by Mrs. *Hudson*.

W Hat state of life can be so blest, as love that warms a lo—vers breast;

two souls in one the same de—fire, to grant the blis and to require; but

if in Heav'n a Hell we find, 'tis all from thee, oh! Jealousie, oh! oh! oh!

oh! oh! Jealousie, thou tyrant, tyrant. Jealousie thou ty—rant,

Jealousie, oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! Jealousie, oh! oh! oh! Jealousie thou

ty—rant of the mind.

II.
All other Ills tho' sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect love;
In absence or unkind disdain,
Sweet hope relieve the lover's pain;
But oh! no cure but death we find,
To fet us free from Jealousie.

Oh! oh! &c.

II.
False in thy glass all Objects are,
Some fet too near, and some too farr,
Thou art the fire of endless night,
The fire that burns, and gives no Light;
All Torments of the damn'd we find,
In only thee, oh! Jealousie.

A Song in the last new Play call'd *Love Triumphant, &c.*
Set by Mr. H. Purcell, and Sung by Mrs. Ayliff.

HOW happy's the Husband, how happy's the Husband whose
Wife has been try'd, has been try'd; not damn'd to the Bed, not damn'd to

the Bed of an ig-no-rant Bride: fe-cure of what's left, fe-cure of what's left he
ne're misse the rest, but where there's enough, enough, enough, but where there's e-
nough sup-poses a Feast; so foreknowing the cheat he escapes the deceit, and in
spight of the curse he resolves, he resolves to be blest; and in spight of the

curse he resolves, he resolves to be blest, he resolves to be blest, he re-

solves, he resolves to be blest.
II.
If Children are blessings,
His Comfort's the more,
Whose Spouse has been known
To be fruitfull before;
And the Boy that she brings,
Ready made to his Hand,
May stand in his stead
For an Heir to his Land:
If his own prove a Sot,
When 'tis lawfully got;
As when ere it is so,
If it don't Ile be hang'd.

A New Song in *Epsome-Wells* set by Mr.
Henry Purcell.

Leave, leave these useles Arts, leave, leave these use-les Arts in loving; seeming
Leave, leave these useles Arts, leave, leave these useles Arts in loving,
an-ger and dif-dain:
seem-ing an-ger and dif-dain:

Trust, trust to nature gently, gently, gently mo—ving, nature

Trust, trust to nature, gently, gently, gent—ly, mo—ving,

never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, ne—ver pleads in vain;

nature, never, never, never, never, never, never, ne—ver, never, never, ne—ver pleads in vain;

nothing, nothing guides a lo—vers passion, nothing guides a lo—vers passion, like, like

nothing, nothing guides a lovers passion, nothing guides a lovers passion, like, like

the fair ones in—cli—nation, like the fair ones in—cli—nation.

the fair ones in—cli—nation, like the fair ones in—cli—nation.

(1) Borec. Mr. Banisters First and Second Trebles.

(2) Minuet.

(1) Borec.

(2) Minuet.

K

[36]

Mr. Pefable's First Trebles.

(1)

(2) Paspe.

(3)

[37]

Mr. Pefable's Second Trebles.

(1)

(2)

(3)

First Trebles.

(4) Hornpipe.

FINIS.

(1) Round 0.

(2) Slow Air.

Second Trebles.

(4) Hornpipe.

FINIS.

(1) Round 0.

(2) Slow Air.

Mr. Robert King's First Trebles.

(1) Round 0.

(2) Minuet.

(3) Gavet.

FINIS.

Mr. Robert King's Second Trebles.

(1) Round 0.

(2) Minuet.

(3) Gavet.

FINIS.

(1) Trumpet. First Trebles.

First system of musical notation for (1) Trumpet, First Trebles, measures 1-3. The notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. It features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including slurs and accents.

(2)

Second system of musical notation for (2) Trumpet, First Trebles, measures 4-6. The notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. It continues the melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including slurs and accents.

(1) Trumpet. Second Trebles.

First system of musical notation for (1) Trumpet, Second Trebles, measures 1-3. The notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. It features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including slurs and accents.

(2)

Second system of musical notation for (2) Trumpet, Second Trebles, measures 4-6. The notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. It continues the melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including slurs and accents.