CANTATAS

For

a Voice with Accompanyment;

Together with

SONGS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

for

One Two & Three Voices:

A Through Bass to the whole

And all the Songs Transposed

for the Flute.

The Words & Musick by Henry Carey

London. Printed for the Author, and Sold at the Musick Shops. 1724. Price 6s

P.B.

TO THE

SUBSCRIBERS.

THE following Compoſitions having had the good Fortune to pleaſe in Private, and being deſired to Publiſh them, I have at laſt ventured 'em abroad, for theſe Reaſons:

To pleaſe my Friends,
To mortify my Enemies,
To get Money,
And Reputation.

And Firſt, To you, my Friends, whoſe kind Influence cheriſh'd my Fancy, and gave Life to my Endeavours, this comes a grateful, tho' ſmall Return for your Favours to the Author; who, like the School Boy, lays his little Specimen at your Feet, to implore your Protection, to receive your friendly Cenſure, and promiſe future Amendment.

As for my Enemies, one would hardly think ſuch a merry Fellow as I ſhould have any, (but ſuch have your Encouragement and my Induſtry rais'd me) they, I am ſure, neither expect or deſire any thing of this Nature from me, therefore take I this Opportunity to undeceive them; and if they have not Generoſity enough to call home their Ill-Will, I deſpiſe the Friendſhip of ſuch implacable Men, and ſtill court them for my Enemies.

The Care of my Family is my allotted Task in this Life; the Science I profeſs is the Portion given me for their Support; and as I am accountable to them for what I hold in Truſt, I think my ſelf obliged to make the moſt of it: I hope therefore no Body will blame me, for endeavouring to get Money to make Life eaſy, and Contemplation free.

All Authors are ambitious of Reputation, tho' few obtain it. I am reſolv'd to ſtand Candidate, however; if I ſucceed, it will overpay my Labours; if I fail, it ſhall be a Warning to me for the future.

And now, my moſt honoured Friends! accept the Will for the Deed, for I aſſure you I have done my Beſt; if you think well of my Endeavours, I ſhall ſmile at Envy, and bid Ill-Will defiance. For what more can I wiſh, when my little Labours have pleas'd you, your Approbation has mortify'd my Enemies; by your Encouragement I have got Money; and your Friendſhip is Reputation, to

Your moſt Obedient

and Obliged,

H. CAREY.

The Artfull Shepherdess

Cantata

Recit.

The fair Pastora, sate in a Shady

Grove; with Coridon her Darling Swain, Prostrate before her: a Thousand tales of

Love the Shepherd told, but the Relentless Fair, with Air disdainfull; thus answer'd all, his Protestations.

Aria

The

Groves the Plains, the Nymphs the Swains, the Silver Stream, the Cooling

Shade; all all declare, how false you are, how many Hearts you

have be=tray'd: Ungratefull! go, too well I know your fatal,

false, de=luding Art! to e'er=y She, as well as me; you

make an Off'ring of your Heart.

Largo

Yes, I will leave you,

Cruel Maid! yes, I will leave you, Cruel Maid! your dread Com=

=mand shall be Obey'd; your dread Command shall be O=

=bey'd. yes, I will leave you, Cruel Maid! your dread Command shall

be O=bey'd; shall be Obey'd; your dread Command shall be O=

=bey'd, shall be Obey'd.

But know, thou Charming Tyrant! know, from you to Certain Death I go; from

you to Certain, Certain Death I go. Da Capo al fegno :S.

Recit.

This faid; with Eyes expreſsing deadly Reſo=lution, the

Melancholy Shepherd took his leave: the Artful Shepherdeſs

is at a Stand! reſolv'd (howe'er) ſhe will not loſe him ſo; with

Looks alluring, and a Syrens Voice, ſhe kindly thus recalls him.

Aria

tr

tr

tr

Turn, turn again my Dearest Swain! Gentler Usage

tr

tr

thou shalt find, Gentler Usage thou shalt find.

tr

Dearest Swain! turn, turn a-gain, turn, turn again my

tr

dearest Swain! Gentler Usage thou shalt find,

tr

gentler u-sage thou shalt find, gentler

u-sage, gentler usage thou shalt find; gent - - ler usage

thou shalt find.

You have my Heart, but want the Art, the Art of

reading Womankind; you have my Heart, but want the Art,

the Art of reading Womankind.

Da Capo

An Epithalamium for 2 Voices

This is the Day, this is the Day,

This is the Day, this is the Day,

Sa = = = = cred, Sa = = = = cred to Mirth and Joy! Sa = = = =

Sacred to Mirth, Sacred to Mirth, to Mirth and Joy! Sacred to

= = cred to Mirth & Joy! Joy! in which the Hap = py, happy Pair were

Mirth, to Mirth & Joy! Joy! in which the Happy, happy Pair were

Join'd; the hap = py, hap = py, happy Pair were Join'd; let bound = = = =

Join'd; the hap = py, hap = py, happy Pair were Join'd; let bound = = = =

=lefs Pleafure, boundleſs Pleafure E'ery Soul employ; the Swain is

=lefs Pleafure, boundleſs Pleafure E'ery Soul employ; the Swain is

bleſt, the Swain is bleſt, the Lovely, Lovely Nymph is Kind.

bleſt, the Swain is bleſt, the Lovely, Love=ly Nymph is Kind.

Chorus for 3 Voices

Paſs the Glaſs around with Pleafure, Paſs the Glaſs around with Pleafure, 'tis the

Paſs the Glaſs around with Pleafure, round with Pleafure, 'tis the

Paſs the Glaſs around with Pleafure, 'tis the

Bride and Bridegrooms Health! Send 'em Bleſsings without meaſure, ſend 'em Bleſsings

Bride and Bridegrooms Health!

Bride and Bridegrooms Health! Send 'em Bleſsings without meaſure, ſend 'em Bleſsings

without meaſure, Honour, Peace, long Life and Wealth, Honour! Peace!

Honour! Peace!

without meaſure, Honour, Peace, long Life and Wealth, Honour! Peace!

long Life and Wealth! long Life and Wealth!

long Life and Wealth! long Life and Wealth! Da Capo

long Life and Wealth! long Life and Wealth!

The Tragical Story of the Mare, Compos'd in the High Stile by Sig.r Carini

Cantata

Unhappy me! what shall I do? my poor Dear
Mare, has lost her Shooe, and I've no money, to buy new: Some Drunken
Rascal, in the Night, has torn her Saddle, out of Spight;
'thas ruin'd, and undone me quite! but what does most my Soul Af=
=sail; is that in Fury of his Ale, the Curs'd Dog, has Lop'd her
Tail. Segue L'Aria

Aria

Andante

O Mare! O Mare, well mayst thou Grumble, thy

Shooe is loft, and thou muft Stumble, thy Shooe is loft and thou muft

Stumble, muft Stum = ble. O Mare, O

Mare! well mayst thou Grumble, loft is thy Shooe, and thou muft

Adagio Alquanto

Stum = ble, muft Stum = ble!

Surely the Fellow's

Brains were Addle, that cropt thy Tail and tore thy Sad = = = = =

tr

= dle; Surely the Fellow's Brains were Addle, Surely the Fellow's

Brains were Addle, that cropt thy Tail, thy Tail, and

tore = = = thy Sad = dle; that cropt thy Tail, and

Adagio

tr

tore thy Saddle, that cropt thy Tail, and tore = = thy Saddle;

D.C.

D.C.

The Hunting SONG in Love in a Forreſt, Sung by Mr. Ray at the Theatre Royal. the Words by Shakeſpear

What ſhall he have that Kill'd the Deer? what ſhall he have that Kill'd the

Deer? his Leathern Skin and Horns to wear, then ſing him Home, then

ſing him Home, then ſing him Home, ſing him Home, ſing him Home.

Chorus of Huntſmen

Then ſing him Home then ſing him Home then ſing him Home ſing him Home ſing him Home

Then ſing him Home then ſing him Home then ſing him Home ſing him Home ſing him Home

Then ſing him Home then ſing him Home then ſing him Home ſing him Home ſing him Home

Then ſing him Home then ſing him Home then ſing him Home ſing him Home ſing him Home

Then ſing him Home then ſing him Home then ſing him Home ſing him Home ſing him Home

Then ſing him Home then ſing him Home then ſing him Home ſing him Home ſing him Hom

Take thou no scorn to wear the Horn, take thou no Scorn to wear ye Horn, to

wear the Horn, — — — — it was a Creste'er thou wert born. Chorus again —

it was the Creste thy Father bore, it was the Creste thy Father bore, thy

Father's Father long before, thy Father's Father long before. Chorus again

The Horn, the Horn, the Jolly Horn, ye Horn, the Horn, the Jol - ly Horn,

is not a Thing to Laugh to Scorn, is not a Thing to Laugh to Scorn.

End with the Chorus

The Expostulation

Turn, turn away mine Eyes,

make not a Sacrifice, make not a Sacri = fice of my poor Heart!

turn, turn away = = = mine Eyes, make not a Sa = = = crifice,

make not a Sa = = = = = crifice of my poor Heart!

Tho, beyond Mea=sure, you share the Plea=sure;

that feels the Smart, that feels the Smart, you share the

Pleasure, you share the Pleasure, that feels the Smart, that

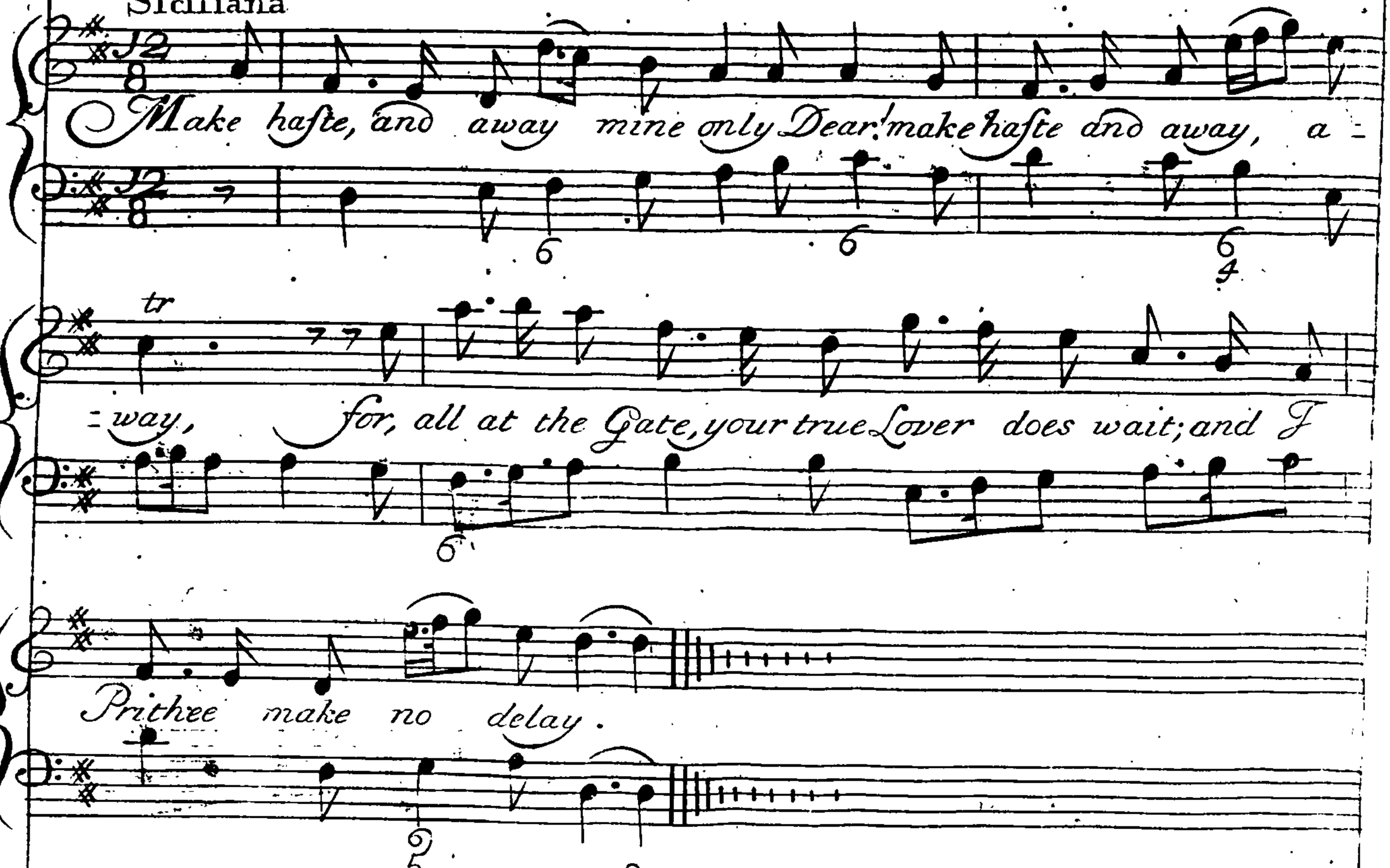
Adagio

feels , that feels the Smart; you share the Pleasure;

that feels the Smart. Da Capo

(The Intrigue) by way of Dialogue

Siciliana



2

O how shall I steal away my Love!
O how shall I steal away!
My Daddy is near, & I dare not for fear,
Pray come then another Day.

3

O this is the only Day my Love,
O this is the only Day!
I'll draw him aside, while you throw the Gates wide;
And then you may steal away.

4

Then Prithee, make no delay, dear Boy!
Then Prithee make no delay:
We'll serve him a Trick, for I'll slip in the Nick;
And to my true Love away.

5

O Cupid befriend this Loving Pair,
O Cupid befriend 'em, I pray!
May their Stratagem take, for thine own sweet sake;
And Amen! let all true Lovers say.

(A Reveille)

Or Morning Call to the Bride & Bridegroom

For 2 Voices

See! the Morning gives you Warning to suspend your dear Delight! See! the

See! the Morning gives you Warning to suspend your dear Delight! See! See! See the

Morning gives you Warning to suspend your dear Delight! Rise to

Morning gives you Warning to suspend your dear Delight, Rise, rise, rise to

Bless us, and Caress us! Cupid bids you quit the Fight.

Bless us, and Caress us! Cupid bids you quit the Fight, quit the

quit the Fight, quit the Fight; Cupid bids you quit the Fight.

Fight, quit the Fight, quit the Fight; Cupid bids you quit the Fight.

Happy Myrtillo

On a Grafsy Pillow, the Youthfull Myrtillo, the Youthfull Myrtillo, Trans
=ported was laid; in his Arms a Creature, whose E'ery Feature, whose E'ery
Feature for Conquest was made: to his Side he Claſp'd her, and
Fondly Graſp'd her, and fondly Graſp'd her, while ſhe Cry'd Oh Dear! Oh
Dear Myrtillo! had I known your will Oh! had I known your will Oh! I'd never come here.

2

Streams gently flowing,
And Zephyr blowing. & Zephyr &c
Ambroſial Breeze;
A Swain admiring,
And all Conſpiring. & all &c
The Charmer to pleaſe:
The dear Nymph Complying,
No more denying. no more &c
A Silent Grove;
Oh bleſt Myrtillo!
You may if you will O. you &c
Be happy as Jove.

3

Now the Devills in it
If ſuch a Minute, if ſuch &c
The Shepherd could loſe;
No, no, no Myrtillo
Has better Skill O, has &c
His Moments to Chuſe:
The delightfull Treaſure,
Of Love & Pleaſure. of Love &c
He boldly ſeiz'd!
And like Myrtillo,
He had his fill O. he had &c
Of what he pleaſ'd.

The Precaution) in French & English

Gardez vous bien ber = gere! de vous laiſser Charmer:
de vous laiſser Charmer: Conſervez L'art de Plaire,
Fuyez celui daimer, fuyez celui D'aimer!

L'Amour eſt un Martire,
Qui ternit les Appas,
Qui ternit les Appas:

Souffrez que Lon ſoupirent.,
Mais ne ſoupirez pas,
Mais ne ſoupirez pas.

O Nymph divinely Charming, take heed thou art not Charmd,
take heed thou art not Charmd! Be ſtill all Hearts a = larming.,
but never be Alarmd, no never be Alarmd.

Love is a fatal Anguiſh,
Tis Youth & Beauties Bane,
Tis Youth & Beauties Bane;

Let all Men for you Languiſh.,
But neer Regard their Pain,
No neer Regard their Pain.

The Jolly Bacchanal

Come all ye Jol - - - - - - - - ly Bacchanals that Love to Tope good Wine, let us

Offer up a Hogs-head, unto our Maſters Shrine, our Masters Shrine: Then

let us Drink, & never Shrink for I'll tell you the Reaſon why, 'tis a

Great Sin 'tis a Great Sin, to Leave a Houſe till we've Dra - - - - - - - -

- - - - - - nk the Cellar Dry. In Times of old I was a

Fool I dran - k the Water clear, but Bacchus took me from that

Rule he thought 'twas too severe: He fill'd a Goblet to the

Brim, & he bade me take a Sup, but had it been a Gallon Pot, by

Jo_ _ ve J'd toss'd it up.

tr

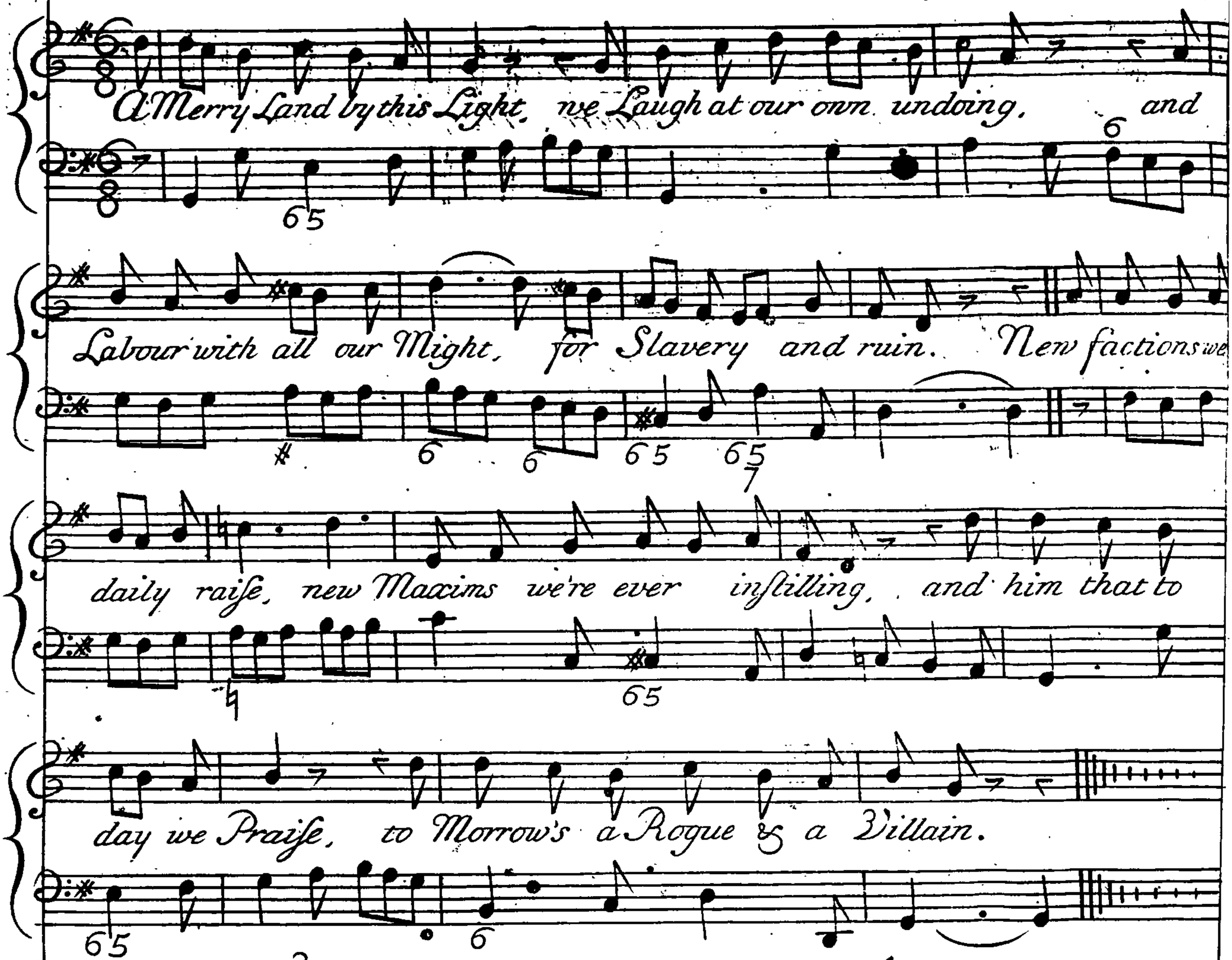
And ever since that happy Time, good Wine has been my

Chear; now nothing puts me in a Swoon but Water, or Small Beer.

Then let us Tope about my Boys, and never Flinch nor Fly, but fill our

Skins brimfull of Wine, and Drain the Bottles Dry.

A Touch on the Times



2

The cunning Politician,
Whose aim is to gull the People,
Begins his Cant of Sedition,
With Folks have a care of the Steeple:
The Populace this Alarms,
They bluster, they bounce, & they vapour,
The Nations up in Arms,
And the Devil begins to caper.

3

The Statesmen rail at each other,
And tickle the Mob with a Story,
They make a most damnable Pother,
Of National Int'rest and Glory.
Their Hearts they are bitter as Gall,
Tho' their Tongues are sweeter than Honey,
They don't care a Figg for us all,
But only to finger our Money.

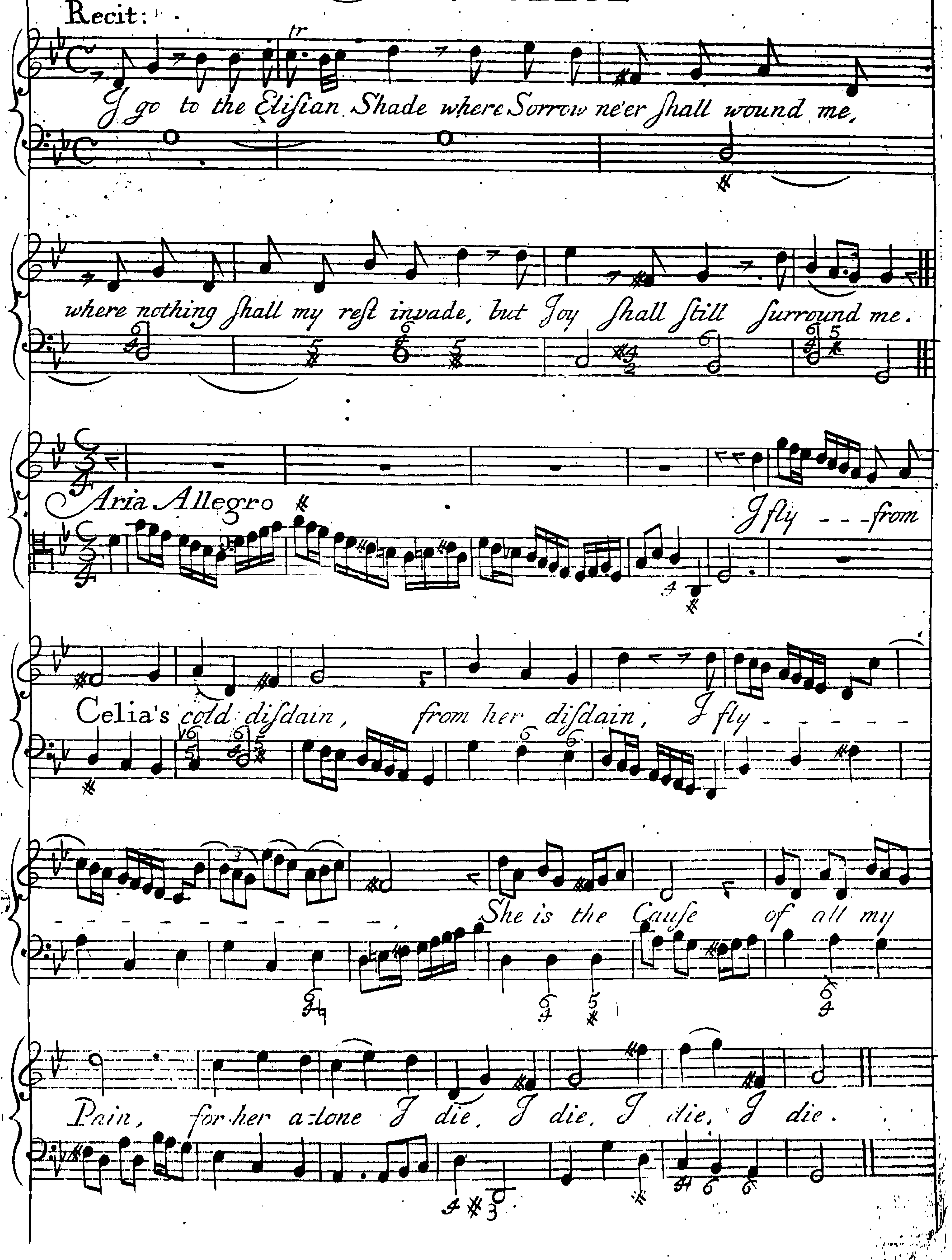
4

If my Friend be an honest Lad,
I never ask his Religion,
Distinctions make us all mad,
And ought to be had in Derision.
They Christen us Tories and Whigs,
When the best of 'em both is an Evil,
But we'll be no Party Prigs,
Let such Godfathers go to the D_l.

5

Too long have they had their Ends,
In setting us one against t'other,
And sowing such strife among Friends,
That Brother hated Brother.
But we'll for the future be wise,
Grow sociable, honest and hearty,
We'll all their Arts despise,
And laugh at the Name of a Party.

CANTATA


Recit:
I go to the Elisian Shade where Sorrow ne'er shall wound me,
where nothing shall my rest invade, but Joy shall still surround me.
Aria Allegro
I fly from Celia's cold disdain, from her disdain, I fly
She is the Cause of all my Pain, for her a-lone I die, I die, I die, I die.

Recit:

Her Eyes are Brighter than the Midday Sun when he but half his

Radiant Course has run when his Meridian Glories Gay - - - - lij shine and

Gild all Nature with a Warmth Divine

Aria Lento

See yonder Rivers flowing Tide w. ch now so full so full appears w. ch now so full so

full appears those Streams that do so sweetly Glide those Streams y t

do so sweetly Glide are no - - - - - - - thing no nothing but my Tears

Recit:

There have I wept till I cou'd weep no more and Curs'd mine Eyes & Curst mine

Eyes when they have shed their Store then like the Clouds that rob the Azure Main Give

Drai - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - n'd the

Flood to weep it back again. Aria Affettuoso

Pity my Pains ye Gentle Swains, gentle Swains

Pity my Pains, Pity my Pains Pity my Pains ye Gentle Swains

Vivace

Cover me with Ice and Snow cover me with Ice and Snow cover me with Ice and

Snow J Burn J Burn

J scorch J

tr

Scorch J Glow Prestissimo

Fu = ries tear me quick-ly bear me to the Dismal Dismal Shades below

Where Yelling and Howling & Grumbling & Growling strike our Ears with

Horrid Woe Horrid Woe Hiſsing Snakes Fiery Lakes were a

Pleaſure and a Cure . Not all the Hells where Pluto dwells can give ſuch

Pains as I endure To ſome Peaceful Plain con =

=vey me on a Moſsy Carpet lay me Fan me with am =

=broſial Breeze let me Die let me Die Die

Die and ſo have Eaſe

Songs in Harlequin Doctor Faustus
The Words by Mr Booth

Recit

Immortal Powrs! who favour Humane Race, You who the

Various Seasons kindly bless, appear! Let Mirth & Musick fill the Skies,

while from below their gladsom songs arise; The Earth from Magick's

Cursed Pow'r is free, and Heav'n it's self Joyns in their Jubillee

Aria Vivace

tr tr

Celestial Pow'rs Celestial Pow'rs Haste haste a -

Sym

-way Haſte haſte haſte away Haſte away

Sym

Haſte away Haſte haſte away Celeſtial

Sym

Pow'rs at Phæbus call

at Phæbus call who rules the Day haſte haſte away

Symphony again

Peace and Joy Peace and Joy Peace and Joy on Earth re-

-ſtore the Great Enchanter the Great Enchanter is no more

no no no more no no no more

Da Capo

Flauti unisoni

Aria Affettuoso

Haste O

Beauteous Queen of Night – with thy Silver Crescent bright thy lucid Charms ob-

-scure no more th'Enchanter now has lost his Pow'r

Crown our Joys Celes – – tial Queen Crown our Joys Ce-

lestial Queen appear and grace the Sacred Scene appear – – appear

Appear and grace the Sacred Scene Da Capo

FINIS.

The Song Part Transposed

FOR THE FLUTE

The Groves
The Plains

Symph

Song

Yes I will
Leave you &c

Largo

Turn Turn
Again &c

Allegro

Sym

Song

D C

Sym Song Sym Song

Sym

Da Capo

This is the Day

Sym Song

Puts ye Glass &c

D C

O Mare O Mare

Adag.

Hunting Song

tr Cho

Cho

Cho

Turn Turn Away &c

Adag:

DC

Make haste & Away

See the Morning

On a Gras[s]y Pillon

O Nymph &c

The Jolly Bacchanal

Violin

A Merry Land &c

Elisian Shades

Largo

tr

Go

tr

tr

Fly

tr

Largo

Her Eyes

Lento

tr

tr

See yonder

tr

tr

Largo

There

Dolli

tr

Pity

Pia

Affettuoso.

tr

Vivace

Cover me.

I Burn

Preſtiſſimo

tr

Furies

Largo

Where

Preſto

tr

Celestial Power's

Flutes &c.

Da Capo

FINIS.