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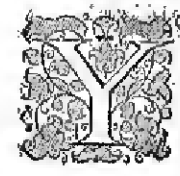
LONDON,

Printed by *Anne Godbid*, and are Sold by *John Playford*, at his
Shop near the *Temple Church*, 1679.



To all LOVERS of
MUSICK.

GENTLEMEN & LADIES,



OUR kind Acceptance of my former Collection of the newest and best modish Songs and Ayres that were then in Town, has encouraged me to undergo the Pains and Charge of Publishing this *Second Book*, wherein you are presented with most of the Choicest New-Mode Songs, that were Composed since that time by several Eminent MASTERS of His Majesties *MUSICK*. I shall not apologize for their Excellency, the Authors Names, which you will find added to most of them, are sufficient to declare it, and for those that want the Reputation of their Authors, whose Names (through ignorance) are omitted, the Esteem given them by the most skilful *Musicians*, supplies that defect. Most of the Songs and Ayres herein contained I received exact Copies of from the Hands of their Authors, to whom I acknowledge my self much obliged, for their Assistance in promoting this Work: And it has been my extraordinary Care, to do them the Justice, and give you the Satisfaction, of having them truly Corrected and well Printed, for which, your Approbation will be a sufficient Recompense, and a farther encouragement to me to present you hereafter with more of this nature, and in the mean time to remain,

Your Obliged Servant,

JOHN PLAYFORD.



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URANIA to PARTHENISSA.



N a soft Vision of the Night, my Fancy represented to my sight,

a goodly gentle Shade: Me thought, it mov'd with a Majestick Grace; but the surprizing sweetness

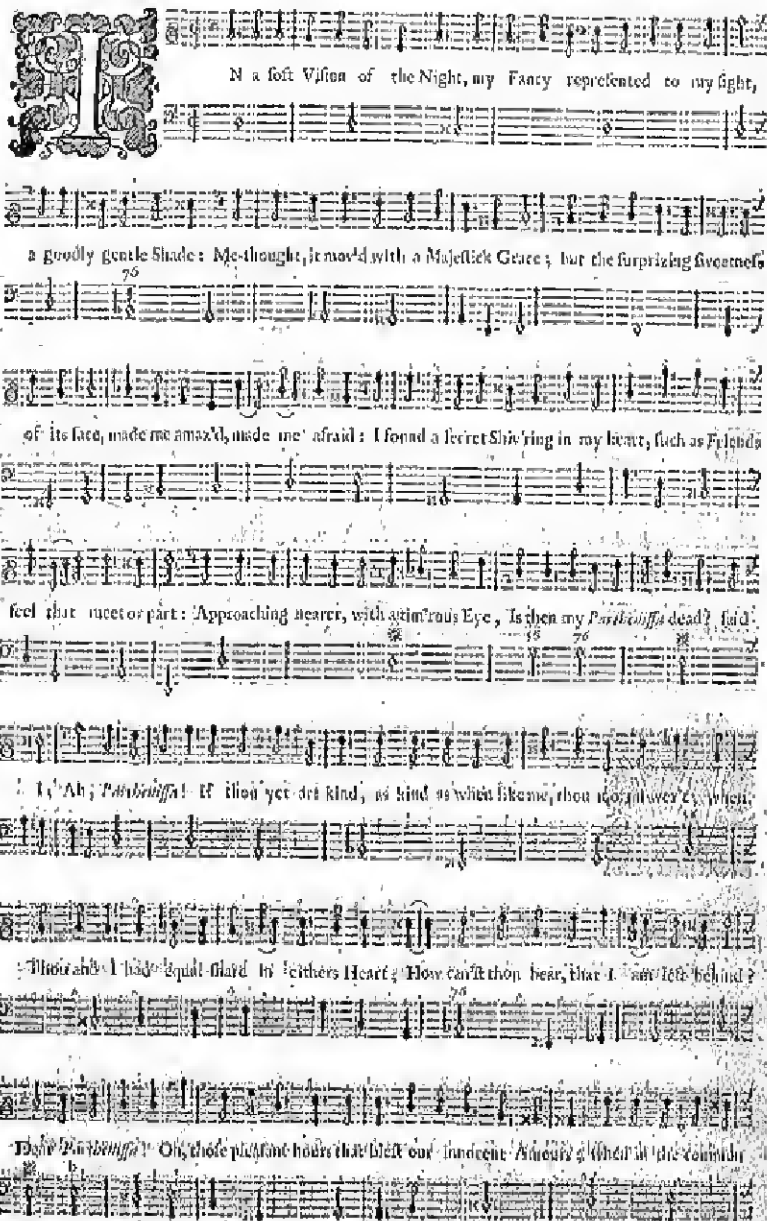
of its face, made me amaz'd, made me afraid: I found a secret Shriv'ring in my heart, such as Friends

feel that meet or part: Approaching nearer, with adm'rous Eye, Is then my Parthenissa dead? said

I, Ah; Parthenissa! If thou yet art kind, as kind as when like me, thou too art woe's: when

Thou art I had equal share in either's Heart: How can't thou bear, that I am left behind?

Dear Parthenissa! Oh, those pleasant hours that blest our innocent Amours: when in the country



treasury of mine breast, all that was thine or mine did rest: Dear *Parthenissa!* Dear *Parthenissa!*

Friend! What shall I say! Ah, speak to thy *Parthenissa!* O,acious Death! Nothing but thee I fear'd; no

other Rival could estrange her soul from mine, or make me change: Scarce had I spoke my passionate

fears, and overwhelm'd my self in Tears; but *Parthenissa* smil'd, and then she disappear'd

Mr. Math. Locke.

A. 2. P. 2. Cantata & Bass.

When first to *Dorinda* my heart I resign'd, My Vows they were real, and

Passion unfeign'd: But she scorn'd my devours, and refus'd to be kind; tho' she lov'd, tho' she

lov'd, when she rashly disdain'd. But alas, 'twas in vain, for my cowardly zeal, no sooner restit, be-

gan to decay; And all the soft flames a fond Lover doth feel, like a Ghost that is struck and driv'n off away.

11.
Then how cruel, how cruel and harsh was the smart!
When her Eyes gave me wounds, how would not I discover
The plot of that Passion that play'd with my heart;
And seem'd to constrain to figure a poor Lover:
Ah! too, too unjust to her self, and to me;
Thou richer obtain'd, though we both did adore;
My heart she had kept, had her Passion been true:
But now 'tis frozen, I can offer no more.

111.
Yet grac'd by her Vertues, I ne'er can repent
My Devotion, nor count her repulse for the Fault
That prov'd so ungentle, and fierce to prevent;
Ours Amours shall grow mild, and protect me from hate,
Then far from her sight, to some Grove I'll retire,
Where the groves for my loss, I will never remove;
But sighing, repeat, that I once did admire;
The anguish for pity, tho' cause for Love.

Mr. Power.

A. 2. P. 2. Cantata & Bass.

Tell me, Oh! tell me, some Pow'rs that are kind, where I my dearest *A-*

schella may find: I wander all day in dark shades of Despair; All night I complain to the

gi-cylo's Ayr! *Ash-la, Ash-la*, is all my sad cry! *Ash-la, Ash-la*, the Echoes reply:

But, alas! she's not here; but, alas! she's not there, and her Lover must Dye.

Mr. James Heist.

11. Why should the Envy of aiting old Age,
Tho heart of young Lovers to forsake engage;
The Evening of Life let still the best move
The Mornings of Youth are for Pleasure and Love
Ash-la, Ash-la, to Pleasure give way,
Bright Beauty and Youth full time must obey;
But the Love of *Aminta*, but the Love of *Aminta* shall never decay.

A II, how severe is the Nymph I adore! For my obedience she slights me the

more: Still as she stuns me I closer pursue; So by her sight she has learn'd to subdue,

How endless are the pains I must endure; Since she by dying wounds and stuns the Cure,

II. But how unhappy fever I prove,
 Still I must follow, and still I must fore;
 For should I struggle, and break off my chain,
 My freedom would be worse than her disdain.
 Therefore the nobler Fate I will prefer;
 It must be happy, if it come from her.

Mr. Jones Hart.

N Shepherd, no, rule thy mind; Be not to all thoughts inclin'd:

No more thy ridds Passion move, and ruin poor *Naras* Love. From thy false, thy deluding

Eye my Honour crys, quickly fly, There's danger in Loves delight, but safety lies in my flight.

II. My heart's rebels and depairs,
 To conquer thy moaning Prayers:
 Oh, if thou my loss and fear,
 Thy Pains would I could bear!
 For if I live makes my heart comply,
 My Virtue knows how to dye;
 And clearly from all kindred clear,
 Is better than Empire here.

Mr. Jones Hart.

A I. *See. Cantata. Bass.*
 I Answer with Phillis her, one Evening on the Plain, And saw the charming

Shepherd wait to tell the Nymph his pain; The threatening dangers to remove, he whisper'd in her

Ear, Ah, Phillis! if you will not Love, This Shepherd do not hear; this Shepherd do not hear.

II. None ever had so strange an art
 His Passion to convey
 Into a listening Virgins heart,
 And steal her Soul away.
 Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
 Occasion for your Fate;
 In vain said she, in vain you strive;
 Alas! 'tis now to late! Alas! 'tis now to late!

Mr. Stiggins.

A II, Phillis, would the gods decree that you should love, and none but me; I'd

quit what ere I hop'd before, and ne'er importune Beauty more: A bliss above my hopes 'twill

be: to be beloved again, by thee.

Should you, my Phillis, cruel prove,
 And with disdain return my Love;
 Though all my hopes were still in vain,
 I'd look on you, and hope again.
 Oh, Mercies! the chance with the Cause
 Glory to suffer by your Laws.

Mr. William Taylor.

II. Though some by chance procure their peace,
 My Life before my Love shall cease;
 My Love's the mortal of my Soul;
 Which fate by death cannot controul.
 Should you all set to cross my Love;
 My Death my Constancy should prove.

How wretched is the Slave to Love, who can no lasting Pleasures prove; For

fill they mixt with pain; when not obtain'd, restless is the desire; Enjoyment puts out all the

fire, and shows the Love is vain.

11. It wanders to another foon, / Waxes and increases like the Moon; / And like her never rests: / Makes Tides of pleasures / Now and then of Tears, / Which ebb and flows of Joys and Cares, / In Loves waving breaths.

111. Not spite of Love, I will be free, / And trundle in that liberty: / I without that enjoy: / I'll twilt of Prisoners / Be my body bind, / Rather than chain my free-born mind / For such a foolish Toy.

Mr. Forcer.

My dear Philander! it's no offence to Love, I'm sure, with innocence:

But *Christ* vows by all, that's good, That Passion ne'er shall be withstood: But if you'd

only Love an hour, or less, have served, as devours; For such a short time, I'll

Than Court me with such Liberties.

Mr. James Hart,

11. By this He try fill your Constancy; / Now, Will you live? or, Will you dye? / To live; I'd rather have you chuse; / But, if this freedom you abuse, / *Philander*, know by Helwens grave, / He sent you restless to your Grave; / Where you shall be Tormented be, / You'll wish in vain for to be free.

When the weary Sea was down, Bathing in the wanton Ocean;

My Love that ne'er let me alone, raised me to my Devotion: But my purpose was per-

vented by a Nymphe that thus lamented: Oh, how long shall Love Torment me! Kill me,

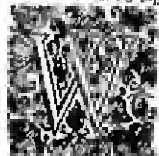
and, or content me.

11. The I have done great and great, / Offering that for which I'm dyeing; / Blushing I fight, and turn away, / And am bleeding, whilst denying: / *Philander* reject, would I could, / Whil' my heart later blame my folly:

Oh that Love was once destroyed, / Let me dye, or let me have him.

Mr. *Alphon*, *Marth*.

A 2. or. Cantata & Opera.



While *Clare* full of harmless Thoughts, beneath the Willow lay, Kind



Love a comely Shepherd brought to pass the time away: She blush'd to be encounter'd so, and



chid the Am'rous Swain: But as she strove to rise and go, he pull'd her down a--gain.



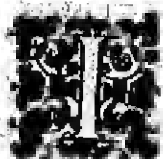
Mr. James Hart.

II.

A sudden Passion seiz'd her heart, in spite of her disdain;
She found a Pulse in ev'ry part, and Love in ev'ry Vain;
Oh, Youth! she cry'd, what charms are these, that conquer and surprize!
Oh, let me! for, unless you please, I have no pow'r to rise!

III.

She kindly spake, and trembling lay, for fear he should comply;
But Virgins Eyes their Horses betray, and give their Tongues the lie.
Thus she who Princes had deny'd, with all their pompous train,
Was in the lucky Minute try'd, and yielded to a Swain.



Cannot change, as others do, though you unjustly scorn, Since



that poor Swain that sighs for you, for byeds' a-- lone was born: No, Phillis, no, your



heart to move, a three way He try; And to revenge my slighted Love, will still love on, will

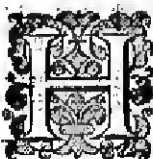


still love on, and dye,

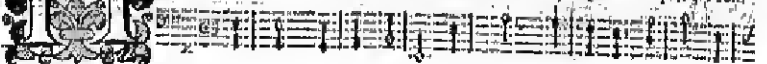


Mr. William Turner.

II.
When kill'd with grief *Abraham* lies,
And you to mind shall call
The Sighs, that now unprofitably rise;
The Tears that vainly fall:
That welcome hour that ends his smart;
Will then begin your pain:
For such a faithful tender Heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.



Oh cruel is Fortune grown, to turn all my hopes to despair, From:



But I am head-long thrown, and banish'd the sight of the Fair: Oh, grant me some pi-ty kind



Heav'n! to my sorrow afford some relief, Or let my poor Life be giv'n a Martyr un-to my Grief.



While striving with Care and Pain
To cure my poor Soul of its smart,
More Grief the sad Centre gains,
And sends a deep Sigh from my Heart:
In vain do I think on Joys,
Or for Happiness beg, as I pray;
When each cruel moment steals away
Whatever I thought on before.

Young Phœon strove the Bliss to taste; but Sappho still deny'd: She
 Struggled long, the Youth at last; lay panting by her side. Useless he lay, Love
 would not wait, till they could both agree; They idle-ly languish'd in debate, when
 they should active be.

Mr. John Banister.

II.
 At last come ruin me, the cry'd,
 And then there fell a Fear;
 I lie in thy Breastray Blotches hide,
 Do all that Virgins fear.
 O, that age could loves Rites perform,
 We make Old Men obey;
 They count us long, Youth does but frown,
 And plunder and away.

Hou Joy of all Hearts, and Delight of all Eyes; Natures chief
 Treasure, and Beauties chief Prize; Look down you'll ill-co-ver, here's a faithful young vi-go-rous

Lo- ver; With a Heart full as true as e're languish'd for you; here's a faithful young
 vi-go-rous Lo-ver.
 Mr. William Turner.

II.
 The Heart that was once a Monarch in's breast;
 Is now your poor Captive, and can take no rest;
 'Twill never give over,
 But about your sweet Bosome will hover;
 Dear Miss let it in,
 Be assur'd 'tis no sin;
 Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover.

How happy and free is the Re-so-lute Swain, that denies to submit to the
 Yoke of the Fair: Free from ex-cel-ses of pleasure and pain, neither dazled with hope, nor de-
 prest with despair. He's safe from disturbance, and calm-ly en-joys all the Pleasures of
 Love, without clamour or noise.

II.
 Poor Shepherds in vain these affections reveal,
 To a Nymph that is peevish, proud, fallen, and coy;
 Vainly do Virgins their Passion conceal,
 For they buy in their grief, 'till themselves they destroy.
 And thus the poor Darling lies under the Curse,
 To be check'd in the Womb; e're laid by the Nurse.

A SCOTCH AIRE.

Dear *Jacky's* gone to the Wood, and *Dame Jenny's* gone too; Dear *Jacky's* wou'd

Courte a-good, But *Dame Jenny* G's na: *Dame Jenny* my Dearest Love, Prethes *Jacky* fancy

na; Thou art the blishest bonny-Girl, and the finest Pearl, that e'er *Jacky's* Nynce see

Mr. William Gregorie.

II.
When *Jacky* had Wou'd her thus, the fa's prettice forbear,
Thou *Jacky* art fallis't fear, and wou'dst *Jenny* inthare:
Dame Jenny believe it not, that thy *Jacky* is untrue;
For I do swear by an' that's good, in this pleaser Wood,
And by Bonnet-thar's Blue.

III.
Why sh'd I not now believe, when dear *Jacky* d'us Swear
By Bonnet, and an' that's good, that w're *Jacky's* I wear;
Come let us gang he'in my Digs, and be merry there a' while,
I love thee heartily my Joy, that's the only Boy
On whom *Jenny's* all Smile.

Along by a Fountain Ple press the cold Ground; the Rocks and the

Mountains my grief shall rebound: But the Sun that's so dear, Ple never dis-co-ur, left the

Echo should hear, and repeat to my Lover; The Pains that invade me forbidding to tell, there's

none can upbraid me of Loving too well; If my charms cannot win him, his passion to show;

'Tis enough, that I Love him, too much he should know.

Mr. Simon Park, Gent.

AII, *Ca-ll*—, what pow'ful charms have you; that with a look could to my

heart subdue, and at full sight impose a Law on me, against my sin-da-men-tal Li-ber-tie: I

look'd, and Lov'd; Oh, fatal was that day! I look'd until I look'd my heart a-way.

II.
And yet upon your Brow you wear a Crown;
What would fierceness then and smiles have done;
In vain, in vain ye boast a free heart Soul,
When Beauty can so easily control!
When every glance does liberty expose,
And with a look, we native Freedom lose.

III.
You bid me now refuse my libertie;
Alas! I cannot, if I would be free;
Should fate the unwill'd Pow'r bestow, yet still
Having that Pow'r, I should want the will
Where Love to absolute's Monarch reigns,
They court their Fetters; & grow proud of Chains.

B

A SONG in the Play of CIRCE.

Give me my Lute, in thee some ease I find; *Ev-er-ince* is dead, and

to this dismal Region fled, where all is sad and gloomy as my mind: The World has nothing

worth a Lovers care; None now by Rivers weep, Verse and the Lute are both a Sleep:

All Women now are false, are false, and few are fair: Thy Scepter, Love, shall o'er the

Agee be; Lay by your useless darts, for all the Young will gaine their hearts, and from thy fading

Emphs, taught by me's Beauty, the *Tyrannous* Youth no more shall learn; The Young shall fight no

more, but all my noble Verse adore; It has more Cities, *Graces*, than the Cities of Love:

Mr. John Banister.

Since the Pox, or the Plague of Inconstancy, Reigns in most of the

Women o'th Town; what ex-dire-ous Fop would trouble his Brains, to make the Jewe

Devils lye down: No more in dull Rhyne, or some sea-si-er Brain, will I of the Jades, or their

Gaiting complain; My court I will make to things more discrete, The Pleasures of Friendship;

CHORUS.

Freedom and Wine. We'll *Yung* adore for a Goddess no more, than old Lady Whore; But

Drach we'll court, who doth Drinking support; Let the Wych fish or swim, Search! fill to the Drin.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

A. 2. 12c. C. 12c. 12c. 12c.

How faintly Love deals with us slaves, when each look does entreat our de-

fires; at each Amorous view, Love rallies a new, and fans the kind Flame fill up higher: But

when we are come to embrace, and Loves Organs in action employ; Our Fingers they are such, that

scarce can we touch ere we faint, and fall breathless away.

Mr. Rogers.

II.

Then panting in repose we lye,
 And muse on the passion began;
 'Till by powerful thought,
 With pleasure refraght,
 We take heart to be fish' once again,
 Thus our pleasant conversation renew,
 And in sweetest succession go on;
 'Till our fire so dull grow,
 And do follow to dew,
 That our pretty Love fainting is done.

How peaceful the Days are, how pleasant the Night; How void of all

trouble, how full of de-light; when the Eyes of *De-rin-da* her heart does discover with

all the kind looks on Joy, passionate Lover: With Kisses, and Vows, Loves Earnest have

said; And I am assur'd, that my heart's not betray'd; I conclude, greater Blessings the

gods cannot give, and I pray, and I wish here for, ever to Live. No, Joy to that

Love where true hearts do unite, tis a Morning Eternal, this no-very late Night.

Act 2. The Captives.

T O *Cloris* what I did pretend, is to a real Passion grown; That

stubborn heart, that would not bend, in one short minute's over-throw'n. As sorrow set up

on her Brow; And Tears from her bright Eyes did flow; Love play'd'n Charming Syrens

parts; And in the Water th'd my Heart.

Mr. James Hart.

II.
How pleas'd I was the sad Surprise;
While I to quench my Thirst did seek,
Those Pearls that melted from her Eyes,
And fondly kiss'd them off her Cheek;
With her white hand she put me by,
And softly cry'd, *Amator*, By;
Left, by your stay, you do receive
Infection, and with *Cloris* grieve.

III.
Too late, alas, you do advise,
The sweet Contagion now hath spread;
My Heart's your Beauties sacrifice,
And panting at your feet is laid.
Alas, Cloris, make a kind return;
Twas gentle pity made me burn;
But if the Oil 'ing you detest,
Declare it, and *Amator* desist.

I N vain, poor *Cloris* did try, to conquer Lovers tyrannick Reign; Repeating

Daph-nos cru-el-ty, for all things but increase his pain: In vain, alas, in vain he strove; and struggling

but increase his Love: As Men, who in Feavers toss and turn, make their Di-sea-ses steeper burn.

A *Monte*, to my grief, I see, with what neglect you look on me; How

much to Love you need insist'd; yet slight his heart, for you design'd. So have I seen some

wretched Slave, whose Fortune should have made him crave; despite the Wealth he had, in

Boxes and toys, at every Mine for nought.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.
Cloris shall now turn Miser too;
But 'tis to buy up Love for you;
To buy up all her Tears and Sighs,
And all her Looks, with dying Lives;
That when by some Inconstant Child,
You find your Faith and Heart betray'd;
She may put on those poor rick Charms;
To bring you back'd her own Arms.

A. 2. 100. Cantata of Saffin.

On fond's the World, to love a Face like me: momentary Joys expels, the

Fairest Nymph with all her charms, can never force me to: but Arms; only the Soul his heart can

II.
 Like Indians, who the Sun adore,
 The gayest thing e'er seen before;
 So we by thine adore the Fair;
 Ah! by a chance brought to despair,
 We languish 'till all hope's remov'd,
 And dying, wish we ne'er had lov'd.

... ..

Being thee, O thou charming English Heart that's free, a Heart that's

free from Care: No Martyr that's down by Torments to Hell; but a Heart that's un-

forc'd, to thy Deputy: No Captive to Chains; that sighs and complains, of bleeding and

Flames, and passionless Pains: But I bring thee, O, thou charming Fair, a Heart that's

free, a Heart that's free from Care.

II.
 Send all thy Guards of Frowns away,
 I will not force, I will not force obey:
 But kindness and favour, will make me deliver
 My heart at thy feet, and adore thee for ever:
 Thy slave will be gone when thy Beauty goes down;
 But into the Sea I'll sink with thy fun:
 For I bring thee, O thou charming Fair,
 A heart that's free, a heart that's free from care.

Mr. James Hart,

He's gone, gone, for ever, the Nymph I adore, and Fortune and

Love too in cruel no more: Now Fate I desire thee, to punish me worse, without my Br-

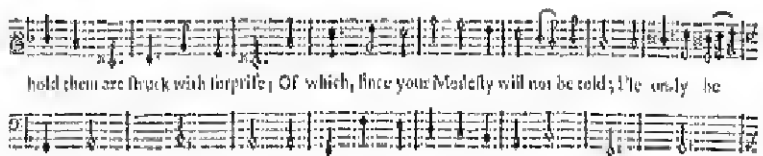
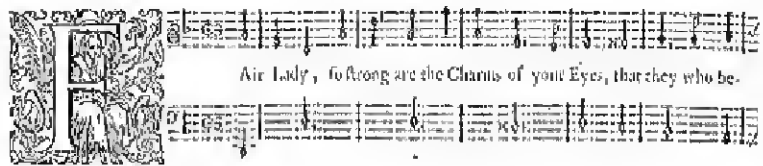
ands, my life's but a Curse. The thought of past pleasures increases my pain, when I

feel by re-act, they will ne'er come again.

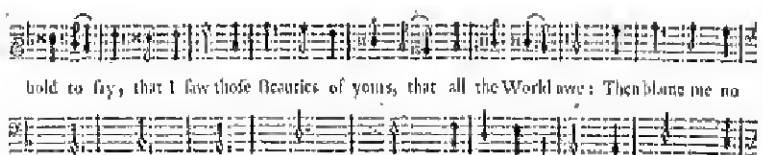
Simon Park, Gent.



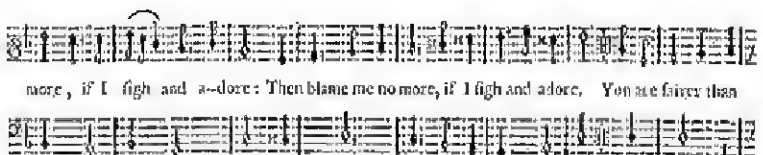
Air Lady, so strong are the Charms of your Eyes, that they who be-



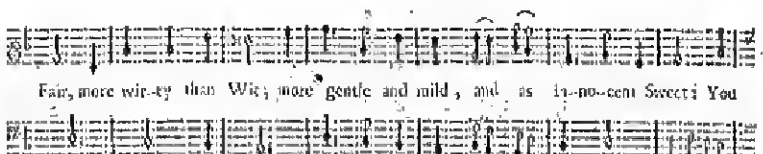
hold them are struck with torpore; Of which, since your Majesty will not be told; I'll only be



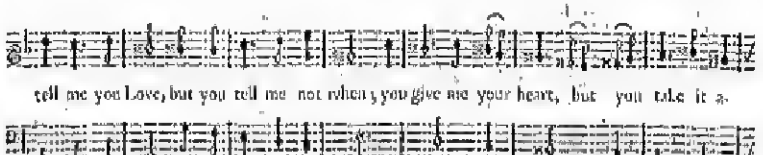
bold to say, that I saw those Securities of yours, that all the World awe: Then blame me no



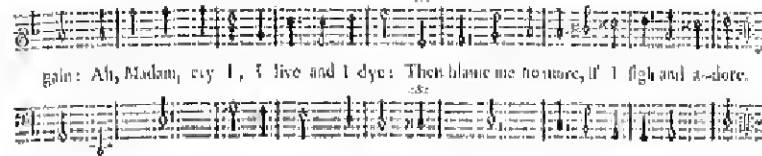
more, if I sigh and a-dore: Then blame me no more, if I sigh and adore. You are fairer than



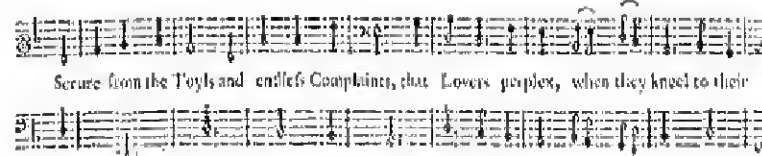
Fair, more wir-ry than Wit, more gentle and mild, and as in-no-cent Sweet: You



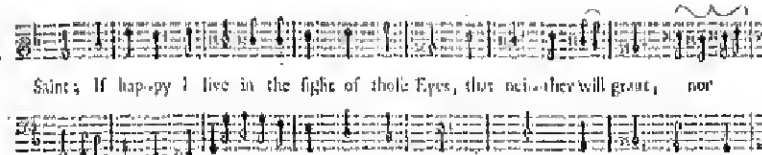
tell me you Love, but you tell me not when you give me your heart, but you take it a-



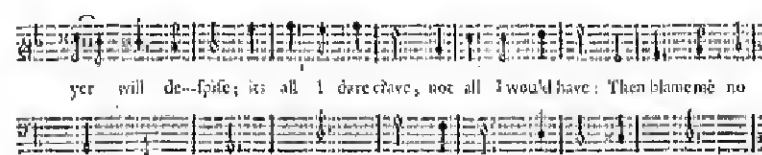
gain: Ah, Madam, cry I, I live and I dye: Then blame me no more, if I sigh and a-dore.



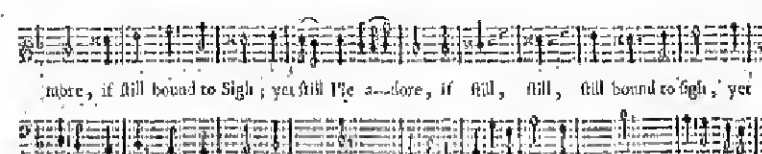
Secure from the Toyls and endless Complaints, that Lovers perplex, when they kneel to their



Saint; If hap-py I live in the sight of those Eyes, that nei-ther will grant, nor



yet will de-spise; its all I dare crave, not all I would have: Then blame me no



more, if still bound to Sigh; yet still I'll a-dore, if still, still, still bound to sigh, yet

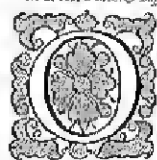


still I'll a-dore.

Dr. John Blow.

The SHEPHERD'S SONG.

A. 2. 1702. Charles D. Buffin.



Musical notation for the first line of the song, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature.

Fading Delights, let the Town take her fill, our Pleasures are

Musical notation for the second line of the song.

constant, and here we live still, in a Cottage, as safe as a Thief in a Mill. Before there were

Musical notation for the third line of the song.

Cities, our Folds here they stood; At first all were Shepherds, if Sto---ry, be good: And

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song.

when in the Ci-ty their Bodies are worn, Debauch'd, as they call it; all mangled and torn, To

Musical notation for the fifth line of the song.

Patch up themselves, they to us do return; To Patch up themselves, they to us do return.

11.

Mr. James Hart;

Like Princes we live, and we rule in the Field;
Our Subjects obedience do readily yield;
Nor a Sword do we want, nor a glittering Shield,
What ever we hope for, th' Enjoyment is near;
Nor are we disturb'd with the thing they call Fear;
Give me but a Shepherd's plain Mantle and Weed,
My Bowle and Dagg, with a Pipe and a Reed;
No more shall I wish, no more shall I need; No more, &c.



Since had the rising Sun appear'd, to gild the dawning Day, when

Musical notation for the first line of the song on page 25, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature.

Musical notation for the second line of the song on page 25.

in a neighbouring Grove, I heard a Murr'ing Voice to say, Be kind, Sweet Nymph, since

Musical notation for the third line of the song on page 25.

Heav'n affords con-ve-nien-ces and place; He had as pre-va-lent Charms in his Words, as

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song on page 25, including the word 'Chorus' above the staff.

She had in her Face. Beauty, to plea-sing Flat-ter-ies must yield; tho the first

Musical notation for the fifth line of the song on page 25.

conquers, yet these win the Field: Beauty, to plea-sing Flat-ter-ies must yield; tho

Musical notation for the sixth line of the song on page 25.

the first conquers, yet these win the Field.

Mr. Henry Dunsell.



O H, the Charms of a Beauty, disdainful and fair, how she blunts all my

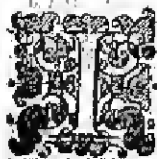
Joys, when she bids me despair; forgetting my State, when I sigh and lye down, and cast at her

Feet both Scepter and Crown; She passes regardless, and says, A young Swain, before an old

Monarch her Love should obtain.

Forbear, my *Chastity*, to laugh at my Age,
Nor think me less apt than the Young, to engage;
Though the Politick States-man in care spreads the Light;
He puts off his troubles, and laughs all the Night:
He wakes like a Star, ever fixt to his Spher;,
And his Mistress looks pale, when the Morning draws near.

Rebuke against Cringing and Whining in a Lovers intrigue, so un-fie:
'Tis like flying Grace, with-out 'Disingl, and be-alys more Me-fe-llon than Wit. To



Rebuke against Cringing and Whining in a Lovers intrigue, so un-fie:

'Tis like flying Grace, with-out 'Disingl, and be-alys more Me-fe-llon than Wit. To

Rebuke against Cringing and Whining in a Lovers intrigue, so un-fie:

'Tis like flying Grace, with-out 'Disingl, and be-alys more Me-fe-llon than Wit. To

Kneel and Adore, to Sigh and Protest, And there to give o're, where about lies the Jest.

Dearest Mistress, I prethee be wifex;
Recant your Parantick Opinion;
Whiltt you hard up your Love, like a Miser,
You have all within your dominion.
And when the dread Foe is vanquish'd by you,
Ple Kiss the Boys Bow, and for ever be true.

II.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

Dearest Mistress, I prethee be wifex;
Recant your Parantick Opinion;
Whiltt you hard up your Love, like a Miser,
You have all within your dominion.
And when the dread Foe is vanquish'd by you,
Ple Kiss the Boys Bow, and for ever be true.

A. 2. vtr. Cantu U. Esplan.



Find, my *Ergasia*, I've struggl'd in vain, your powerful Charms to withstand;

My heart can its freedom no longer maintain, Burys'ds to your conquering hand; When

Beauty and Wit, and good Humour confire, what best is so cold, as not to take Fire?

Blind *Cupid*, o're Mortals, triumphs in your Eyes;
From thence doth his Empire extend
Who ever looks on you, is soon made a Prize;
His Liberty none can defend.
Love shoots not quills, Ice of all hearts,
While the Drow is his Bow, the Locks are his Dart.

II.

Mr. William Turner.

Blind *Cupid*, o're Mortals, triumphs in your Eyes;
From thence doth his Empire extend
Who ever looks on you, is soon made a Prize;
His Liberty none can defend.
Love shoots not quills, Ice of all hearts,
While the Drow is his Bow, the Locks are his Dart.

II.

4. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

Orbear, silly Heart, you beleeve but in vain, though so mean of our

Sex you approve: Your Hearts are as empty and weak as your Brain, and your Rhetrick as

poor as your Love. By your a-mo-rous Follies, we wiser are grown, and now to our

rigour we'll stand: Since the Heart that you claim'd, becomes freely our own, you'l

find them but hard to command.

Mr. William Turner.

II.

What Cringes and Sighs, what Raptures and Vows,
To delude a Poor Nymph you employ?
You design her a Wife, for you fancy a Spouse
Is a Pleasure too long to enjoy.
What Flame can our Follies Opinion remove?
Or, what can a kind one create?
When at once you propose both Honour and Love,
You ruin the Name and Estate.

III.

How charming and sweet is Love, while 'tis young!
Yet if the Design does but fail,
It changes her Note, from an Amorous Song,
To a Tune with a Harsh and a Rail.
If your Loves have no greater pow'r to Invite,
We wish, for your Passion, declare,
They're not worth our Return, nor your Scorn our Requite;
And so we can rest as we are.

EST all endeavours, my heart to allure; for the Boy is be-

for-ten, and sleeps now secure: Imbrae'd in the Arms of his Mother so dear; And

Vows your Im-plo-rings he ne-ver will hear. Then lie down and rest in your former

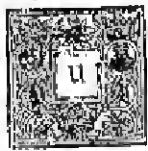
estate, or range all the Schools, to find a new Mate: For opposites sure in Love can't a-

gree, tis mutual consent, which makes Har-mo-nie.

Mr. John Mordaunt.

II.

Fly, fly, foolish Shepherd, in vain you expect
Each Misere in Love, for your joys now do end;
Experience hath taught, by an amorous Swain,
To slight an old Shepherd, and love once again.
Then cease all designs, since your humours prefige
A person ignoble, your Love shall engage.



Under the Branches of a spreading Tree, *Silvanus* sat, from care

Musical notation for the first system on page 30, including a treble and bass staff.

and dan-ger free, and his incessant ro-ving hu-mour shows his dear Nymph, that

Musical notation for the second system on page 30, including a treble and bass staff.

Song of Marriage Vows: But she with flow-ing Sweetness, turning Air, cry'd he,

Musical notation for the third system on page 30, including a treble and bass staff.

he, my Dear, give o're; Ah, tempt the Gods no more; but thy Offence with Pen-itence re-peat;

Musical notation for the fourth system on page 30, including a treble and bass staff.

For the Vice in a Beauty seems sweet in thy Arms; an in-ces-sant Virtu-ous always more Chaste.

Musical notation for the fifth system on page 30, including a treble and bass staff.

Ah, *Phiblisoch*, the an-gry Swain cry'd, is not a Mis-tress bet-ter than a Bride! What

Musical notation for the sixth system on page 30, including a treble and bass staff.

man that won-der-ful Yoke retains, but meets an hour, to Sigh, and curse his Chains? She smiling

Musical notation for the first system on page 31, including a treble and bass staff.

cry'd, Change, change that im-pious mind; without it we could prove not half the Sweeters of

Musical notation for the second system on page 31, including a treble and bass staff.

Love: 'Tis Marriage makes the feeling Joys Divine; For all our life long we from Ran-dal re-

Musical notation for the third system on page 31, including a treble and bass staff.

move, and at last fall the Trophies of Honour and Love.

Ms. William Turner.



Arwell the World and Mortal care, the ravill'd *Strophian* cry'd, as full of

Musical notation for the first system on page 31, including a treble and bass staff.

Joys and silent Tears, he lay by *Phibis* side: Let others toy for Wealth and Fame, whilst not one

Musical notation for the second system on page 31, including a treble and bass staff.

thought of mine at any other Bliss shall aim, than these dear Arms of thine.



Love, when you disperse your In-sin-cere, your dazzling beams are

quick and clear; you so surprize and wound the Sence, so bright a Mi-ra-cle ye appear: Ad-

miring Mortals you a--ro--nith so, no other De--li--ty they know; But think that all De--vi--l--

ty's be-low: But think that all Divi--ni--ty's be-low.

Mr. William Turner.

11.

One charming Look from your illustrious Face,
Were able to subdue Mankind;
So sweet, so powerful a Grace
Makes all men Lovers, but the Blind:
Now can they freedom, by resistance gain,
For each Intruder the lost chain,
And never struggle with the pleasing Pain,
And never struggle with the pleasing Pain.



ive me leave to own a Passion, that was born and bred for you;

Fools may think it out of Reason, once to Love, and still be true: Let me where I Love pursue it

though in scorn you persevere; Time, nor Fate shall ne'er undo it, nor Diverge me from your Ear.

11.

All the Force of your denial; cannot make me raise the Siege;
Constancy shall be my trial, though my hopes you disoblige:
All my days of Youth and Vigour, shall for Love's great service be;
And in spite of all your Rigour, Love you to Eternitie.



He, charming Fair, Why must I dye? Let me but live one hour, to

try if Love will not your pi--ety move! Though pi--ety cannot make you Love,

yet shall me that, do me do my your Slave to prove a Cogh--le--sic.

11.

Before you kill me, I'll impart
To you, a Wounded, Wretched Heart;
For my sake, lodge it in your Breast,
From Carr and Murderer if sent:
And when your Hours-Gladius run;
Then meet me at Elysium.

NO! never Planet ead the Skies, nor eke of Layer frow'ds. The

Rich, the Poor, the Poole, the Wife, to other Laws are bound: The formal Nun, the Men of Play, that

others so rep'ove, in spite of all their Pious Care, stoop to, the God of Love.

Mr. Alph. Maske.

II.

Crown'd Monarchs, to a lovely Face, their scepters sacrifice;
 Their Captive Conquests crowd to grace the Triumphs of her Eyes;
 Great Jove dissolv'd himself in showers; fair Diana's Fires to prove;
 And silent Time, in quiet flow his Hours, to wait on pay'ful Love.

Yet I 'gainst Fate and Beauties bars a safe exemption found;
 Till late Charms, my dazzling Charms, my tender Heart did wound;
 Thus, what the potent Thunder could not do, soft lightning lov'd;
 Was by a Lightning, strik from her, that melt'd into Love.

As some brave Men, unmov'd do stand, when any raving King Affront

calls, and frightens death with his bold hand, I fall over-board with Fear he falls: such was his

Face, whose darts heart, encounter'd your surprizing look; Love wounded with his fatal

dart, and all his Senses Prisoners took.

So does some treacherous Defeat, our Blood, and all our parts invade;
 And then on life, it self doth seize, with fires, kept in Ambuscade;
 Yet, since from your gl'orious Eyes, his yielding Breast remov'd its wound;
 He hopes, where so much pity lies, there is some mercy to be found.

But if despit'd, he should fall by you;
 'Till Sole Sighs shall haune your Ears, when last he cry'd;
 Admit, Admit, your Lover was true;
 Admit, Admit, 'twas for you he dy'd.

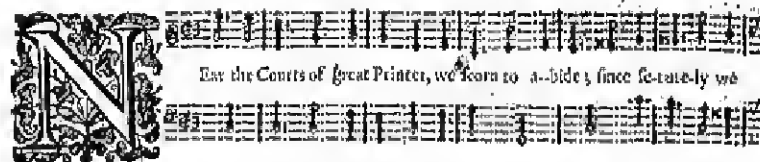
Sitting by yonder River side, that to the Sun, she cry'd, while

from the fair Nymphs Eyes, she saw, her beam o're flow'd her beauteous Face: Ah! happy

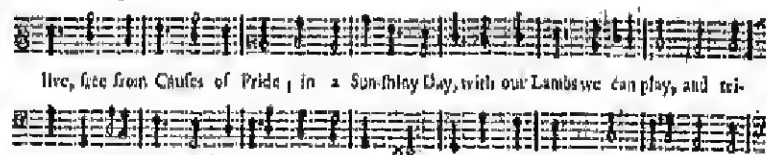
Nymph, said she, that I do see, the man, whoe'er he is, that creature Man,

Of the perfidious things, would try,
 They Love, they bleed, they Burn, they Dye:
 Yet, if, they're absent half a Day,
 Nay, let them be but one poor Hour away;
 No more they Dye, no more Complain,
 But live unconstant Wretches, Live again.

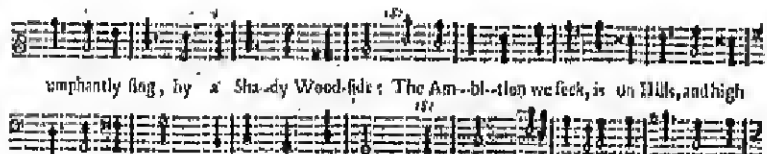
Mr. Thomas Parryer.



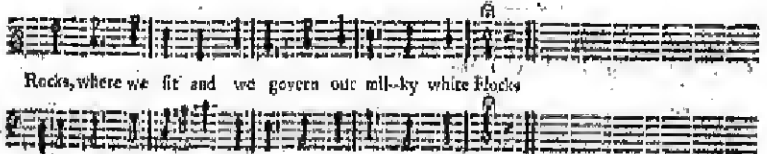
See the Courts of Great Princes, we learn to abide; since fearely we



live, free from Causes of Pride, in a Sun-shiny Day, with our Lambs we can play, and tri-



umphantly sing, by a Sha-dy Wood-side; The Am-bi-tion we seek, is on Hills, and high



Rocks, where we sit and we govern our milky white Flocks

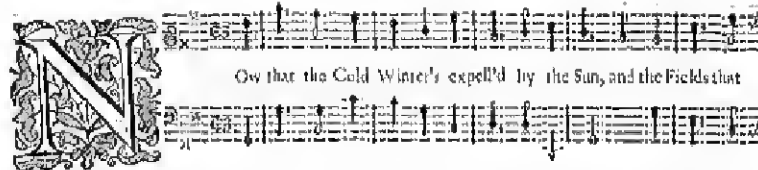
Mr. William Turner.

II.

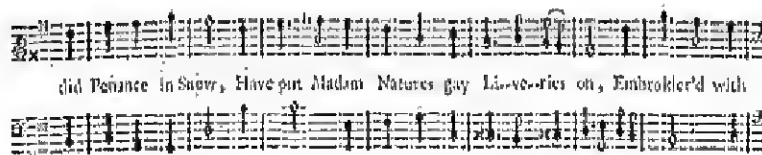
What some may call Beauty, we do often display,
To be kiss'd by the Sun, in a Scorching Hot Day:
We do think it a Sin, a new Conquest to win,
By endeavouring to cherish what soon flies away.
The Ambition we seek, is on Hills, and high Rocks,
Where we sit and we govern our milky white Flocks.

III.

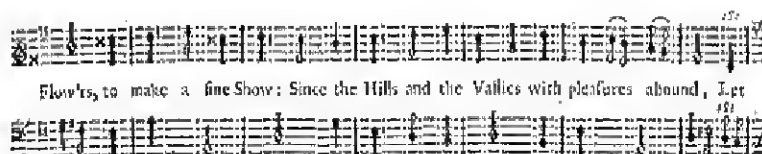
Of Indignas and Amours, we have often heard speak;
But to know their true meaning, we yet we do seek:
In pure Innocence, we with our Sheep do live free,
From all noise, like a Bark that lies safe in a Creek.
The Ambition we seek, is on Hills, and high Rocks,
Where we sit and we govern our milky white Flocks.



ow that the Cold Winter's expell'd by the Sun, and the Fields that



did Penance in Snow, Have put Madam Natures gay Li-ve-ries on, Embroider'd with



Flowers, to make a fine Show: Since the Hills and the Vallies with pleasures abound, Let



Mortals bear a Part, and the Frolick go round.

Mr. William Turner.

II.

Uah, hark! how the Birds in sweet Consort conspire;
The Lark and the Nightingale join;
And in every Grove, there's an amorous Quire,
While nothing but Mirth in their hamlets desire:
Since the Hills and the Vallies with pleasures abound;
Let Mortals bear a Part, and the Frolick go round.

III.

Methinks the God King, whose Subjects we are;
Sits and smiles on a Flowry Throne;
He accepts our kind Offerings every Year,
Our May-pole's his Scepter, our Garland's his Crown;
Since the Hills and the Vallies with pleasures abound;
Let Mortals bear a Part, and the Frolick go round.

Long was the Day, she *Stew*, my Lover, to finish my hopes, would his

Passion reveal: He could not speak, nor I could not dis-co-ver, what my poor aching Heart was

so loath to conceal, 'Till the Strength of his Passion, his fear had remov'd; then we un-*con-*sciu-sly

talk'd, and we un-*con-*sciu-sly lov'd.

Mr. William Turner.

11.

Groves for *Umbrells*, did kindly o're-shade us
 From *Phoebus* hot rages, who like Envy, had strove,
 Had not kind Fate, this provision made us;
 All the Nymphs of the Air would have envied our Love:
 But we stand below Envy, that ill-natur'd Fate;
 And above cruel Scorn, is our happy estate.

A. 2. Mr. Cantor & Bass.

Singing *Phoebus* has an Air so engaging, all Men love her, But her

hidden Beauties, we Wonders, I dare not dis-co-ver; So bewitching, that in vain I endeavour

to forget her; Still she brings me back again, and I thy-ly love her bet-ter.

Mr. Thomas Farhart.

11.

Kindness springs within her Eyes, and from thence is always flowing;
 Ev'ry Minute does furnish with fresh Beauties full a Blowing.
 Were she but as true as fair, never Man had such a Treasure;
 But I dye with jealous Care, in the midst of all my Pleasure.

111.

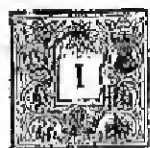
Free and easie, without Pride, is her Language, and her Fashion;
 Setting gentle Love aside, she's unmov'd with any Passion.
 When she says, I have her heart, though I ought not to believe her,
 She so kindly plays her part, I could be deceiv'd forever.

Is it Noble, cruel Fair, to make me love, and then despair? By the Embasie

of your Eyes, you made me hope those kind Supplies that maintain a Lovers Flame, 'till my

Soul sh'ld be-*lieve*: Thus, by this sweet flatter-ing art, you took possession of my heart.

But, when you in despair
 The flame in which I live consume do by
 And yet still in my looks do you still
 Those joys the proud by her Eyes
 Of her bright and my pain, you make
 She told me to complain
 How severe's my wretched fate,
 That I must love, though she's in-gate.



If languishing Eyes without Language can move, I have long told my

Philia, I dye for her Love: All pity that Passion which words cannot speak: Could I tell what I

suffer, my Heart would not break, I plead no desert to the Beauty I serve; For tis

nobler to give, what there's none can deserve: In the Crowd of my Rivalls, who sigh and adore;

None merits you less, or can va-lue you more.

Ms. William Turner.

II. III.

To purchase a Smile, or a Glance from your Eyes,
My freedom and life were too little a Prize:
But if, to desert you can only be kind,
Like Heav'n, to your fall, you must then be confin'd;
All joys are decreed us, and 'tis nature's doom,
That what we're we possess, from another should come:
Then, *Philia*, what pleasure with me may you prove,
Nor can I want merit, who have so much Love!

Our Life is uneasy, and fullen our State,
Ev'ry Minute is angry, and full of debate:
But kind was the Pow'r, who our quiet to keep,
Sent Love to relieve us, and lay us a sleep,
In Ocean of Cares, though against Tide we fall,
Yet our Love from behind us huppliss a fresh Gale:
The Passage is pleasant, but, ah, 'tis too short;
Let us live while we may, we must part at the Port.



Ow happy, how happy is the Amorous Pain! when mutual Love blesses the

Heart of the fair; When Eyes upon Eyes for whole Hours are fixt, and Gigs, Tears and Smiles we

joyfully mixt: When Vows follow Vows, with Oath up-on Oath, both eager, yet modest, and

willing, the loath: Loves Feast is prepar'd, their Ap-pe-tite's great, they Taste and saim would, but

yet dare not Eat, because they are waiting for Grace before Meat. Then with they for Joys, which

must only be guesst, and by me shall be never, oh, never expect; Then *Cupid* true peace and concord in-

parts; There's no such Sympathy, Sympathy, Sympathy, there's no such Sympathy, as that of Hearts.

M. Mr. John Mass.

A. 2. For Capricio & Luffa.



You art so Fair, but Cruel too; I am amaz'd! What shall I do to

compass my Desire? Sometimes thine Eyes do me inspire; But, when I venture, kill me quite, yee

Still increase my Fires.

II.
Oft have I try'd my Love to quell,
And thought its fury to repel;
Since I no hopes do find:
But, when I think of leaving thee,
My heart as much doth torture me,
As 'twould joyce, if kind.

III.
I still must Love, though hardly us'd,
And never offer'd, but refus'd;
Could any suffer more!
Be Coy, be Cruel, do thy worst,
If, for thy sake, I were secur'd,
I must, and will adore.

Mr. James Cobb.



Hen first, fair Saint, I thought you kind, joy o-ver-flow'd my ravish'd

mind: But since your kindness you decline, and I can ne-ver part with mine; I am with

juster grief oppress'd, than if I ne-ver had been blest.

Mr. James Cobb.

Oh, fair *Quisid*, if you knew
The Torments I endure for you,
My passionate Hopes, disquieting Nights,
Lineasie Days, and waking Nights;
Your Rigour, of your Love will free
My Heart from you, or you from me.



Di-vi-nely *Cre-di-tu*, my Dearest *a-dieu*; no Passion, though

frighted, was ever more true: No Torment so-ve-rer than this, you could prove, enjoying his

absence, that's charm'd by your Love.

II.
Subdu'd by your Charms, you inflame my desire,
Till a Spark from your Eyes, my whole heart set on fire!
Oh cruelty shown,
No offence, but Love, known;
Exit'd and Ourselves, by a hand full of Stone.

Mr. James Cobb.



Sad *Phi-lis-be-a* lay melting in Grief, and kindly complain'd of the

Amorous Thief; She alon'd to the Woods, did her passion impart, but faintly lamented the

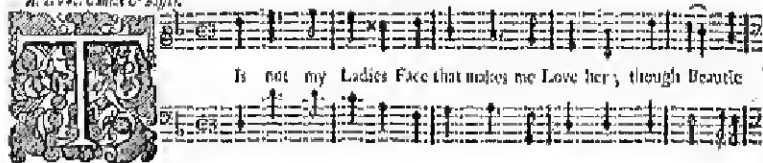
loss of her heart: Ah, trees! assist, *De-vi-la-a*, the cry'd; Bring back the forc'd

Stray, that has wander'd a-ill'd.

II.
The Youth, as from Courting *Athen*, he came;
Had the Pleasure of hearing her sigh out his Name;
And softly he stole; till so high he drew,
That his Arms, on a sudden, about her he threw:
Then take back thy heart, *Philis-be*, he cry'd,
Since your own you have suffer'd to wander a-side.

M

A. 2. 4. 6. Canto & Bass.



Is not my Ladies Face that makes me Love her, though Beautie



there dail rest, enough to enflame the Breast, of one that never did dis-ro-veer, the



Glores of a Face before. But I that have seen ma-ny more, see nought in her, but



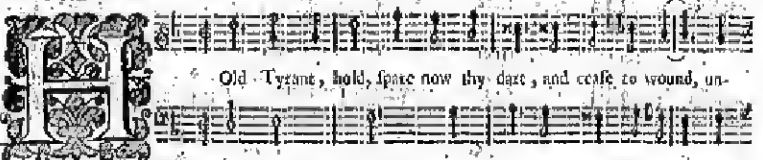
what in others are, on-ly because I think she's Fair, she's Fair.



Dr. John Blow.

II.

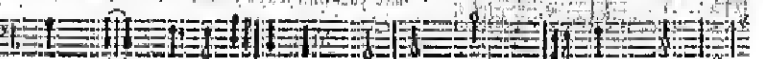
'Tis not her Vertues, nor these vast Desfections,
Which crowd together in her;
Engage my heart to win her;
For those are only brief Collections,
Of what in Man's in Follie writ,
Which by their insat'ing Wir,
Women, like Apes, and Children strive to do;
But we, that have the Substance, fight the Show.



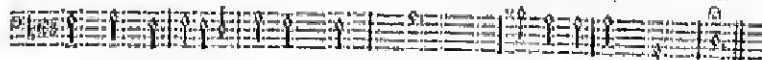
Old Tyrant, hold, spare now thy dart, and cease to wound, un-



less her heart thou strikest for whom I sigh and burn; 'tis worse than death, to hear her scorn.



Then Chamber shoot, let's both par-ti-ci-pate in mutual Love, or end my wretched State.



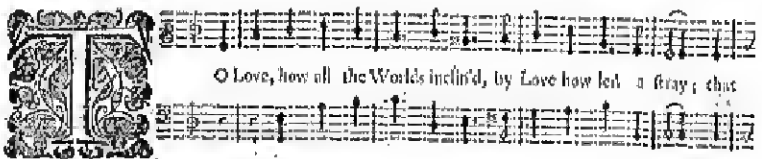
Mr. John Stapp.

II.

When first my heart receiv'd his wound,
I prostrate fell, and on the Ground,
With humble suit I did implore;
But still her heart was hard'ned more.
Then Chamber Shoot, let's both participate
In mutual Love, or end my wretched State.

III.

I'll bring my Lute, and then I'll try
To crown her scorn in Harmony;
If, in that Pass, I cannot find
Her to *Amphion*, to grow kind;
I'll barish Love, and scorn the Lovers Fate,
With all those Fair ones, that are so ingrate.



Love, how all the Worlds inclin'd, by Love how led a Stray; that



tho the God himself be blind, we dare not dis-ob-ey. Laws for our Hearts to be betray'd, the



God of Passion gave, that such a Set of Fan-sy made, and Reason, such a Slave.



II.

Mr. William Turner.

Where resolution is forgot to struggle with the Flame,
It does the Judgment quite before; and make the Reason tame;
For when our blind desires have fled, and to ill Fate were given,
This will at last be poorly said, it was decreed in Heaven.

III.

Thrice happy he, who Conquering Love has seiz'd his very Soul,
And in that Agony can prove, his power to controul;
That Mortal, tho' I once but know, I'd rather than Love adore;
That could as easily forego, as entertain the Fire.

N

A 5 *Chorus* and *Chorus* all a-long in-to one Fold did in-no-vently

keep, without de-signing any bo-dy wrong, and only to secure each others Sheep; Some envious

Shepherds, of a Jealous fruce, would, to disperse the Fold, remove him thence.

Dr. John Blow.

II.

You may delight to break all Fences down,
And by all common, that is in your way;
To live on rapine, rather than your own,
The constant practice of who goes astray;
Thus, with all post'ral law though you dilence,
Still their inclosure is their Innocence.

III.

If Friendship be a Fault, then the whole Frenze
Of all Societic a Pieces fall;
And we must all turn Salvage, as we raine
E'en from our very first Original;
And to the Wolf and you will think; no fit
To prey together, when so near of kin.

IV.

All malice and your jealousies apart,
Why may they not the rather joyn their Stocks;
And much more stridly too unite their Flocks;
The more some labour to divide their Flocks;
And to both glory more in that defeat,
Than if you all conspire'd to make them great.

A 2. *Rec. Cantata & Bassin.*

D *Di-ana's* a Nymph, so Chast and so Fair, that *Venus* her self's not wish

her to compare; yet *Venus* the always has had the great praise, but the Scene it is

alter'd and chang'd now a Days. And ever hereafter, all Honour and Fame shall be render'd, be

render'd to *Di-ana's* Great Name.

Mr. William Turner.

II.

For *Diana* in Nature is modest and free;
There's none so delighted, so happy as thee;
In goodness, excelling the rest of her Sex;
And they knowing that, their minds do perplex;
Yet ever hereafter all Honour and Fame
Shall be render'd, be render'd to great *Diana's* Name.

L Of in the Labyrinth of my thoughts, and my *Charinda's* Charms, I was in

Contemplation brought, at length to stand with folded Arms, In the delightful shade where

at first sight, where at first sight I was her Captive made.

Mr. James Barr.

II.

As the fat leaching on her Arms,
Her Eyes were downward thrown;
As if she rather meant to warn,
Than burn the Heart she made her own;
Thus glorious Victors chuse
To live their Slaves, to have their Slaves,
Lest they their Triumphs loose.

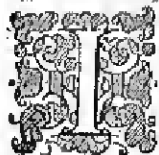
III.

With gentle Smiles she fed my Heart,
And seem'd to bid me live;
And to increase my pleasing smart,
Some times a Sigh or Two would give;
Yet so, as if she meant;
Rather to check, rather to chide,
Than give encouragement.

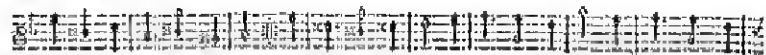
IV.

Thus am I in confusion tost,
Twixt hoping and despair;
Now in a Fear that all is lost,
But hope her Heart may yet repair
The harm that's done by her Eyes;
Or let them quite, or let them quite
Continue their sacrifice!

A. 2. Part. Cantata or Ruffin.



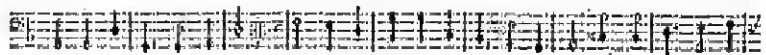
Have languish'd too long for one, who I find hath a kindness for



me, as the rest of Mankind: This sort of false Love, I cannot endure, that mine should be



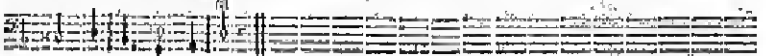
fixed, and hers so unsure. Therefore I've nothing to ease my sad heart, but the Pleasure to



think how others may smart; Therefore I've nothing to ease my sad heart, but the Pleasure to

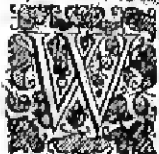


think how others may smart.



Mr. William Turner.

A. 2. Part. Cantata or Ruffin.



Hy does the foolish World mistake, and Loves dull Praises sing so loud? What



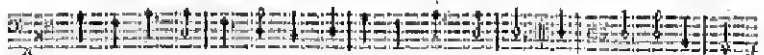
idle Subjects must they make, who choose a Blind and Childish Boy their God? What deers



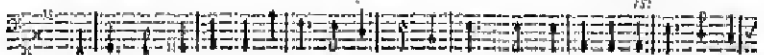
Jays our freedom brings, whilst the Wing'd Quire on ev'ry Bough, charm'd with our Bliss in



Comfort sings, and Night and Day our harmless Pleasures view. 'Tis Shame and the Night



Loves follies does cover, and on-ly the Bunt and Screech Owl, that hover about the dark



Windows of a drowsie dull Lover.

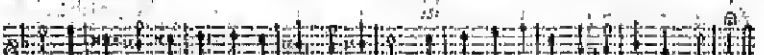
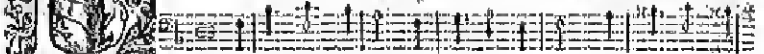


Mr. William Turner.

A. 2. Part. Cantata or Ruffin.



Let's Love and lets Laugh, let's Dance and let's Sing, while shall Echoes



ring; Our Wishes agree; and from Care we are free; Then who is so happy, so happy as we?



Mr. John Dunster.

II.
We'll pees the soft Grass,
Each Swan with his Lads,
And follow the Chase;
When weary we be;
We sleep under a Tree;
Then who is so happy, &c.

III.
By Flatt's or Fraud,
No Shepherds betray'd;
Or Cheats the fond Maid;
No little subtle Kneec
To deceive us we see;
Then who is so happy, &c.

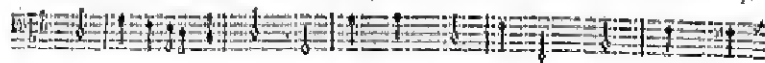
IV.
We envy no Pow'rs,
They cannot be poor
That wish for no more;
Some richer may be;
And of higher degree;
But none are so happy, &c.



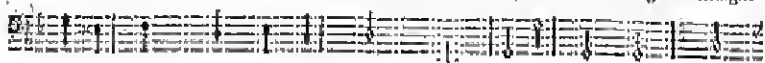
Upd once, when was-try grown with Womens Errands, laid him



down on a refreshing Rosie Bed; The same sweet covett harbour'd a Bee; And as she always



had a Quarrel to Loves little Trade, Sings the soft Boys; Pains and strong tears straight



melts him into Crys and Tears: As Wings and Feet would let each other, home he hastens to his



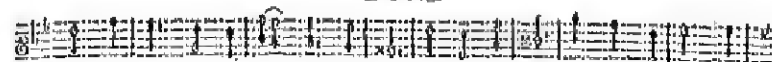
Mother; There on her Knees he hangs his Head, and crys, Oh, Mother! I am dead; An



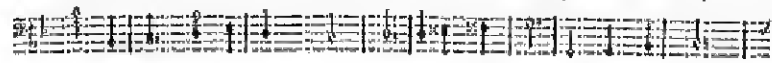
ug-ly Creature, call'd a Bee; Oh, see, I live! has Mother'd me. *Finis* with smiles re-



ply'd, Oh, Sir! Does a Bee's Sting make all this fair? Think what pains attend those



Darts wherewith thou fill art wounded heart: But let it smart, perchance that then, thou't



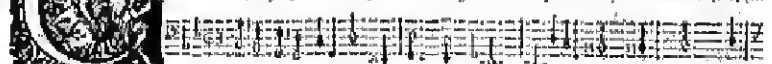
learn more pi-ty towards men.



Mr. Pelham Hamphrey.



Ure, Nymph, O cure your bleeding Virgin Crys! This grief shaft flow from



your pleasing Eyes, which have the Nature of *Achilles* Darts; They Cure as well as Kill



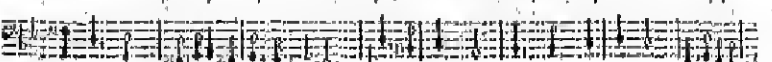
a wounded Heart; they Cure as well as Kill a woun-nded Heart. But if you

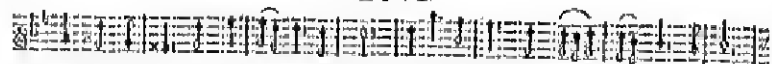


grea-er Glory have to Kill, than Cure the Wounds you made; From on me Kill,



I think the Martyr of your Love to dye, than live the Object of your Cru-el-ty;





Hard is his Fate, who can no pity find; But harder still the Heart that's so unkind:



Yet e're I dye, Ple write up-on my Tomb, My Judge was fair, tho' Cruel was my Doom.



Mr. James Hart.



Some others may with safety tell, the moderate Flames which in them



dwell, and either find a Med'cine there, or cure themselves even by despair: My Love's so



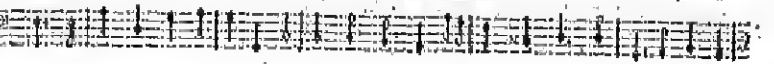
great, that it may prove dangerous to tell her that I Love. So tender is my Wound, it



cannot bear any Salute, tho' of the kindest Air. I would not have her know the



Pain, the Torments for her I sustain; lest too much goodness make her throw her Love upon a



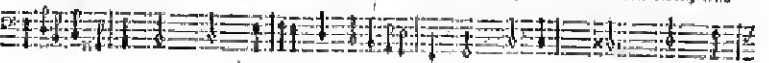
Fate below: Forbid it Heav'n! my Life should be weigh'd with the least Conven'ence.



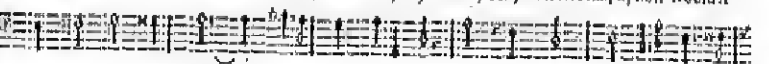
No, let me Perish rather with my Grief, than to her dis-ad-vantage find relief: But when I



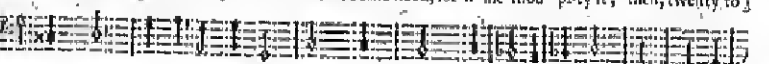
dye, my last Breath shall grow bold, and plainly roll her all like co-re-tou Men, who



ne're desiry their dear hid Treasure, till they dye: Ah, Ah, Fairest Mumph, how would it



cheer my Ghost, to get from you a Tear: But take heed, for if me thou pi-ty'r, then, twenty to]



one, but I shall live again.



Mr. James Hart.

A. 2. The Ground Bass

Hark, how the Songsters of the Groves, sing Anthems to the God of Love:

Hark how each Au'rous winged Pair, with Loves great Praises fill the Ayre. On ev'ry side their

Clamouring sound, doth from the Hollow Woods rebound. Love in their little Veins inspires their cheerful

Notes, their soft Defines; whilst Heat makes Duds, or Blossoms spring, these prettily Couples

Love and Sing; But Winter puts out their desire, and half the Year they want Loves Fire: But

ah, how much are our Delights more dear; For only Humankind Love all the Year.

Mr. Crabbe.

A SONG Sung at a MUSICK Feast.

How well doth this Harmonious Meeting prove, a Feast of

Musick is a Feast of Love; where Kindness is our Tune, and we in Parts do but Sing

both the Comforts of our Hearts. For Friendship is nothing but Concord of Voices; and

Musick is made by a Friendship of Notes.

CHORUS for Three Voices.

Come then, to the God of our Art let us Quaff, for he once a Year is re-pu-ted to Laugh:

Come then, to the God of our Art let us Quaff, for he once a Year is re-pu-ted to Laugh.

Come then, to the God of our Art let us Quaff, for he once a Year is re-pu-ted to Laugh.

Come then, to the God of our Art let us Quaff, for he once a Year is re-pu-ted to Laugh.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

AMINTOR and CORIDON. For a Bass alone

Amintor.

N yonder Grove *A-min-ter* lies, with folded Arms; and heav'd up

Eyes, cause *Phyllis* is unkind, and Sighing, cries; Oh, cruel Love, Why dost thou not by death re-

Coridon.

move the Torments of my Mind? Whilt *Co-ri-don* me-ri-ly, me-ri-ly fits, and call for Ca-

nary to ripen his Wits; Kill swearing a Woman was ne're worth his while; and a Fox take that

Amintor.

Fool, and a Fox take that Fool, who doth deat on a Smile. *A-min-ter* by the River side, sat

Weeping, to increase the Tyde, with Ri-vo-lers of Tears, telling the harmless Fish that he did

Coridon.

envy their Fe-li-ci-ty, cause freed from Loving Fears. But *Coridon* Laughing, declares, for his

part, all Sorts she'll drown in the Juice of the Quary, and follow the Maxims of old, *A-ri-fo-ric*,

in Courting the Plat, in Courting the Pint, and Adoring the Bottle. Fair *Phyllis* having

chang'd her Mind; her Dear *Amintor* is confin'd, and circle'd in her Arms; Where having crop the

Chorus.

Sweets of Love; alas, his Joys his Burthen prove, and fast are all those Charms; Then who would sub-

sult to the Chains of a Woman, and cancel his freedom for what is so common; whilst Joys of Canary ad-

mit of no sorow, for eoy'd over Night, for play'd over Night, we renew them to morrow.

Mr. Benjamin Wallington.

A Pastoral SONG, by two Nymphs and a Shepherd.

First Nymph.
M

Alas had my Shepherd, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay; and

Oh, how very short's a Lovers day? Hail, hail, *A-mi-nus* to the Grove, beneath whose shades so

oft I've sat, and heard my dear lov'd Swain repeat how much the *God-does-a Lov'd?* whilst

all the living Birds a-round Sang to the Musick of the Blessed Sound.

CHORUS for Three Voices.

M *Alas had my Swain, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?*

M *Alas had my Amintas, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?*

M *Alas had my Amintas, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?*

Second Nymph.
How shall each Field and Grove appear, when thou with-draw'st thy Eyes; our souls themselves in

fi-ent Tears, and all the Springs decay and dyes; So if the God of Day declines, each

lit-tle Flow'r hangs down his gandy head, losing that Beauty which it did retain, no longer

will its fragrant Leaves be spread, but plies it self into a End again: The rooking flames da

backwards glide, since on their banks they saw not thee, losing the Order of their Tyde, and

in soft murmurs, chide thy Cru-el-tie,

CHORUS for Three Voices.

M *Alas had my Swain, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?*

M *Alas had my Amintas, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?*

M *Alas had my Amintas, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?*

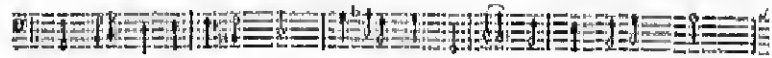
Allegro.



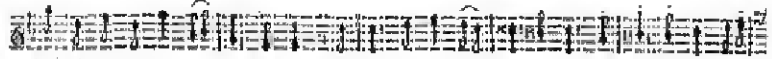
I hear thy Charming Voice, my Fair, and see bright Nymph, thy Swain is here, who his Divot'ous



had catch early'r paid, but that a Lamb of thine was stray'd; and I the little wanderer have



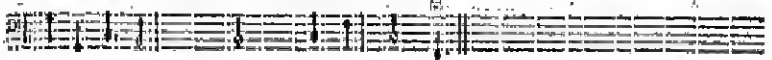
brought, that with one angry look from thy fair Eyes, thou may'st the pretty Fugative Charlife; too



great a Punishment for any Fault. Come Gal-la-re-a hast away, the Sun is up and



will not stay; And oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?



CHORUS for Three Voices.



Come Gal-la-re-a, hast away, the Sun is up and will not stay; and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day!



Come Gal-la-re-a, hast away, the Sun is up and will not stay; and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day!



Come Gal-la-re-a, hast away, the Sun is up and will not stay; and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day!

Mr. Francis Forster.

AN ITALIAN AYRE.

CHORUS for Three Voices.



MOr-ta-li che fate, che fate Mor-ta-li che fate, Tra-cen-ra-ti non pen-



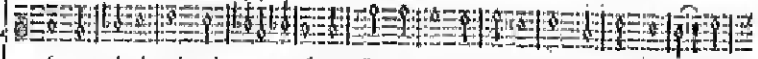
MOr-ta-li che fate, che fate Mor-ta-li che fate, Tra-cen-ra-ti non pen-



MOr-ta-li che fate, Mor-ta-li che fate, che fate Mor-ta-li che fate, Tra-cen-ra-ti non pen-



sa-te al-le-gio-ri non pen-sa-te Tra-cen-ra-ti non pen-sa-te al-le-gio-ri,



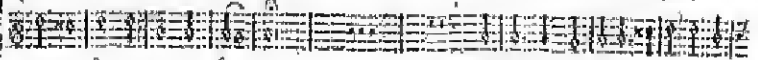
sa-te al-le-gio-ri non pen-sa-te Tra-cen-ra-ti non pen-sa-te al-le-gio-ri,



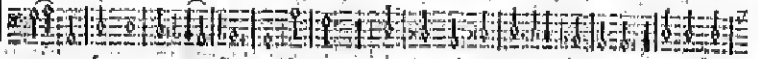
sa-te al-le-gio-ri non pen-sa-te Tra-cen-ra-ti non pen-sa-te al-le-gio-ri,



non pen-sa-te, non pen-sa-te, Mor-ta-li che fate, che fate, Mor-



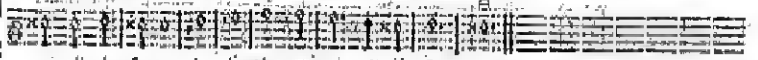
non pen-sa-te, non pen-sa-te, Mor-ta-li che fate, che fate, Mor-



non pen-sa-te, non pen-sa-te, Mor-ta-li che fa-te, Mor-ta-li che fate, che fate, Mor-



ta-li che fa-te che che che Mor-ta-li che fa-te.



ta-li che fa-te che che che Mor-ta-li che fa-te.



ta-li che fa-te che che che Mor-ta-li che fa-te.

Fine

Verse for a Bass alone.

C-co ni ch'a ma in-ta go-de-re, a me chebam a dor-gio-ri

si-e via d'augu ce-ni-te legur a mu-te efn m-ri-oc-re-re efn m-ri-oc-re-re

re-re mu-ni-re Sem-bi-an-te efn m-ri-oc-re-re efn m-ri-oc-re-re m-ri-oc-re-re

si-re Sem-bi-an-te mu-ni-re Sem-bi-an-te. **CHORUS** *Qu-er se*
again, for three Voices.

ni-oc-re-re mu-ni-re mu-ni-re mu-ni-re mu-ni-re mu-ni-re mu-ni-re mu-ni-re mu-ni-re

pa-ri-dif-so fo-la-ma-in in m-ri-oc-re-re in m-ri-oc-re-re in m-ri-oc-re-re in m-ri-oc-re-re **CHORUS**
again, and conclude.

Quoniam, since we have confess'd to each, each others Love,

why should our Flames be still suppress'd, and not to action move? Both kindl'd

at the first kind in-civew, and both with equal Care and Vigour grew; Mine

Scorch'd; and scorch'd, nor durst your Passion say, you Lov'd, 'till forc'd, they did

themselves betray.

Mr. William Gregory.

II.
Now let us study to improve our Passions with that Fire,
That may not quickly wast our Love, but still preserve desire;
And silently enjoy as such a Rate,
That distance may our Fancies recreate;
Desiring our Love with that equalitie,
As Born together, so their Deaths may be.

III.
Lucinda shall but whisp'rd be, us'd as the Name of Sins;
And call'd of as a Dettle, so satistic Complaints;
Nor other wishes dare attempt my Breast,
Since 'tis with kind Lucinda to possess;
She fills my thoughts with Glory, when I'll cry;
Lucinda, Loves; Lucinda, so do I.

On the Death of his Worthy Friend Mr. MATTHEW LOCKE,
MUSICK-Composer in Ordinary to His Majesty,
And Organist of Her Majesties Chappel, who Dyed in August, 1677.

What hope for us remains now he is gone? he that knew all the

pow'r of Numbers flow'n; alas! too soon; Er'n he, whose skill-ful Har-mo-ny had

Chains for all the Ills that we endure, and could apply a certain Cure; From pointed

Gifts he'd take the Pain away, ev'n Ill Nature did his Lyre obey, and in kind

thoughts, his Art-ful hand repay; His Lays to Anger, and to War could move, then calm the

Tempest they had rais'd with Lyre; And with soft Sounds to gen-tle thoughts incline,

no Passion reign'd, where he did not combine: He knew such Mystic Touches, that in

Death, could cure the Fear, or stop the parting Breath; And if to Dye, had been his

Fear, or Life his Care, he with his Lyre could call, and could unite his Spirits to the Fight, and

CHORUS,
vanquish Death in his own Field of Night. Pleas'd with some pow'r-ful Hal-le-lu-jah,

CHORUS,
Pleas'd with some pow'r-ful Hal-le-lu-jah,
he, wrap'd in the Joys of his even Har-mo-nie, Sing on, Sing on, and flow up to the De-i-tie,

he, wrap'd in the Joys of his even Har-mo-nie, Sing on, Sing on, and flow up to the De-i-tie,

Sing on, Sing on, and flow up to the De-i-tie.

Mr. Henry Purcell.