



Università degli Studi di Pavia
Facoltà di Musicologia

con il contributo di
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cariplo**

PROGETTO *Valorizzazione dei fondi speciali della Biblioteca della Facoltà di Musicologia*
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Responsabile PROF. PIETRO ZAPPALÀ – collaboratore: DR. MASSIMILANO SALA

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BLOW, John (1649-1708)
[Amphion Anglicus]

AMPHION ANGLICUS. | A | WORK | OF MANY | COMPOSITIONS, | For One, Two, Three
And Four | VOICES: | With several *Accompagnements* of | Instrumental Musick; | AND
| A Thorow-Bass to each Song: | figur'd for an | Organ, Harpsichord, or Theorboe-
Lute. | by Dr. JOHN BLOW.

LONDON: | Printed by William Pearson, for the Author; and are to be Sold at his
House in the | Board-Sanctuary [sic], over-against Westminster-Abby, and by Henry
Playford, at his Shop | in the Temple-Change, Fleet-street. MDCC.

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h AMPHION ANGLICUS.

Libri

A Phil. Playf.^{1702.}

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For One, Two, Thrice and Four

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With several *Accompagnements* of

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TO
Her Royal Highness,
THE
PRINCESS
ANN of DENMARK.

Madame,

THE excellent Art of Musick, was thought by many of the Wisest Ancients, to have derived its Original immediately from Heaven; as one of the First, most beneficial Gifts of the Divine Goodness to Mankind: thereby to draw and allure, the old, rude, and untaught World, into Civil Societies; and so to soften and prepare their Minds for the easier reception of all other Accomplishments of Wisdom and Virtue.

The most Learned of the Ancient Heathens, the Greeks, were so much of this Opinion, that they carried their Veneration for this Admirable Faculty too far. They believed they could not do it right, but by assigning to it, for its Protection and Improvement, some peculiar tutelary Gods of its own. Nay, when to all the other Ornaments and Perfections of human Life, they seldom appointed more than one single Deity to preside over each of them, to Musick alone they allotted a greater number of

Guar-

The Dedication.

Guardian Divinities than to any of the rest; some of the Male, but most of the Female and Fairer Sex.

They were indeed mistaken, when they bestow'd on it these Fabulous Honours; and they made but ill Gods of those Men and Women, who would have done excellently well, if they had only pass'd for Patrons of it, or Inventors in it, as they really were.

But in all times of the truer Antiquity, even amongst God's own peculiar People, we find this most instructive and delightful Skill did always meet with its due and deserv'd Honours, shott of Idolatry, and within the bounds of Sobriety and Decency.

Thus we read in the Holy Scriptures, not long after the History of the Creation, the Name of the Man is Solemnly recorded with Renown, among the Founders of Nations, who was the first Inventor of the Harp and the Organ.

And undoubtedly, there was never any Age of the true Church afterwards, whether Jewish, or Christian, wherein the Sacred delights of Musick were not admitted, to bear an eminent Part in the Worship of the True God.

In the Jewish Church, it is certain, that even before the Temple it self was built, while it was yet only in Design, God Inspir'd David, the Man after his own Heart, to Compose before-hand, the Hymns and Divine Anthems that were to be Sung in it.

And

The Dedication.

And the choice of the Person for that Work, was infinitely for the dignity of the Art: Since no less a Man, than the chief of their Monarchs, and the greatest of their Conquerors, was ordain'd by God, to be their Poet and Musician on that occasion.

And it were easy to prove, that the same Celestial Spirit of Musical Concord and Harmony, was all along cherished and entertained in the Christian Church, during the very best Times of its purest Doctrines and Devotions.

It will be enough, only to mention one undeniable Instance, That, in the Primitive Age, during the cruellest Persecutions, in their most Private and Nightly Assemblies, the Christians of that early Time, as Pliny informed Trajan, remarkably distinguish'd themselves, by their alternate Singing of Psalms, and Spiritual Songs.

Such, Madame, have been always the Employments of the Sublime Art of Musick, to teach and cultivate Humanity; to Civilize Nations; to Adorn Courts; to Inspirit Armies; to Inspire Temples and Churches; to sweeten and reform the fierce and barbarous Passions; to excite the Brave and the Magnanimous; and, above all, to inflame the Pious and the Devout.

For these Reasons, it has all along receiv'd the Encouragement and Favour of the Greatest, the Wisest, the most Religious, the most Heroick Persons of all Ages. And it seems but reasonable,

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that

The Dedication.

that it should be so ; that they should principally take upon them the care of this High-born Science of Tuneful Sounds and Numbers, whose Souls are more elevated than others, and seem most to partake of that Natural, and Divine Harmony, it professes to Teach.

You see, Madame, what undoubted Title Your Royal Highness has to the Patronage of this Art. It is Your own by many rightful Claims, not only for your High Birth and Royal Dignity, but for something, that is even yet more Your own ; for that admirable temper of Spirit, that harmonious sweetness of Disposition, that silent Melody, and charming Musick of Your whole Life.

After I have said this, it cannot be denied, but that, by inscribing these Papers to Your Royal Highness, I have chosen the worthiest and most excellent Patroness for these my Studies, that this Nation, or Age has produc'd. Yet I must still confess, while I Applaud my self for the happiness of my Choice, the ambition of it puts me into Confusion : I am ashamed to think, that to such a Patroness I can present so very little, either worthy of the Art I admire, or of the Glorious Princess to whom I dedicate all my Muses.

But for that part, which concerns Your self, Madame, Your own Goodness and Benignity, has set my Mind at ease, by Your generous Invitation and favourable Promise, of accepting the

low

The Dedication.

low Present I now offer, and Your Gracious Assurance of a perpetual Protection to its Author.

And that also, if any thing can, may possibly enable me to supply the other Part better for the future, and lift up my Genius to something more becoming the Majesty of the Art it self.

The two most Noble ends of Musick Vocal and Instrumental, being either to raise and nourish the tender, and the Generous Passions of Love, Friendship, and Honour, among Men ; or to animate our Affections, and to kindle the ardour and zeal of our Devotions towards God : I must own, that what I now lay at your Royal Highness's Feet, consists only in some weak Performances of the first kind.

I will make no Apology for the Subjects of any of them, thô they are generally conversant about Love-Affairs ; since the divertisements and delights of those softer Affections, when conceiv'd in pure Thoughts, and cloathed with innocent Expressions, have been always allowed in all Wise and Good-natur'd Polite Nations ; and never any where Condemn'd by the truly Good and Honourable part of Mankind.

Printed from old paper from my ms. 1

I dare affirm, that nothing but the unsociable sullenness of a Cynick, would ever exclude secular Musick, so qualified, out of Civil Societies ; as nothing but the perverse sorneness of a Fanatick, would ever drive Divine Musick out of the Church.

But

The Dedication.

But yet, lest a Work of this Nature, thô perhaps not blameable in itself, either for the Matter, or the manner of it, shoud however seem to fall below what is due to Your Royal Highness's Greatness of Mind, and consummate Virtue: Give me leave, Madame, to tell You, I am preparing, as fast as I can, to make some amends for this, by a Second Musical Present, upon Arguments incomparably better: I mean my Church-Services, and Divine Compositions.

To those, in truth, I have ever more especially consecrated the Thoughts of my whole Life. All the rest I consider but as the Blossoms, or rather the Leaves; those I only esteem as the Fruits of all my Labours in this kind. With them I began my first Youthful Raptures in this Art: With them, I hope calmly and comfortably to finish my days. Nor will my Mind be ever at rest, till I have offer'd them up to God, for the Publick use of the best Church in the Christian World, under the Propitious Authority of Your Royal Highness's Name.

May it please Your Royal Highness,

I am Your most Humble, most Dutiful,

and most Devoted Servant,

JOHN BLOW.

To the Most Incomparable Master of Musick, Dr. John Blow: Occasion'd by his obliging the World with his Inimitable Amphion Anglicus.

THo Works like *Thine*, and of establish'd
Are safe from Censure in their Author's
Name,
And stand secur'd of Gratitude and Praise,
VVithout the weak assistance of our Lays:
Yet since the Muse is only born to wait
On the Stupendous Labours of the Great,
Give her her Birth-right, and accept the Plea
She makes to Fame *Her self*, by Singing *Thee*.

Oh! Pow'rful Man, and of resistless Arts,
VVho reign'st within our Ears, and in our
(Hearts;
VWhose Numbers, like their Master's Temper,
Dethrone the Senses, and fill up their Seat;
As in excess of *Admiration* drown'd,
VV're lost in *Rapture*, and confus'd in *Sound*.
Tell us from whence such Influence can Distil,
And whence proceed's this *Extasie* of Skill?

(Please,
Others, with loathsom Trash, may strive to
And Tune loose VVords with a *Lascivious Ease*,
Oblige the Play-House, and the gaudy Fry,
VVith Entertainments of Obscenity:
But Thou great Prince of the Musician's Band,
VVho'se VWorks are fit to touch a Royal Hand,
Unblemish'd by their Folly do't appear,
And worthy of thy Patroness's Care,
VWhose awfull Eyes, and whose unequal'd
(Sense
May read and judge thy Lays without Offence.

Thy Rage is Sober, and thy spotles Song
Fair as Her Soul, and as Her Judgment Strong;
Thy Movements Just, thô various in their
(Form,
Soft as a Breeze, yet Rolling as a Storm;
Gentle, but yet of a Majestick State,
Like *ANNA* Humble, and like *ANNA* Great:
VVhither thy Hymns do our Devotions move,
Or Tender Ayrs excite our Virtuous Love.

But thô thy Works superior to the Praise
VVhich Verse can give, or Admirall raise,
Might challenge Fame, and ev'ry Muse invite
To Sing of what shou'd every Muse Delight;
Yet what Excels thy self, if it can be,
Is, that so many live to Copy Thee;

That Youths around the British World are
(spread,
VVarm'd by thy Beams, and by thy Counsells
(led,

Who one day shall themselves Perfection reach,
Equal to all, but *Him*, who such could Teach.
As future Ages with Delight shall see
(be.
What thou hast been, by what thy Sons shall

So the Tall Oak with Boughs erect'd stand's,
And views the Forest, and the Woods Com-

Cmand's;
See's Plants and Trees, which were her Off-
(spring, rise,
And shoot their growing Harvest to the Skies:
Who, when their Parent shall resign to Fate
Her scatter'd Limbs, the Ensigns of her State,
To the same height and full Proportion grown,
Shall speak *Her Greatness*, as they shew their
(Own.

William Pittis, late Fellow of
New-College in Oxford.

An ODE.

Being a Parallel equalling Poetry with
Musick: Compos'd into a Catch for
Four; and made in Honour of my
Worthy Friend, Dr. John Blow, and
his Extraordinary Work.

I.
WHEN Rome was in her Glorious State,
Great *Maro* with *Augustus* late;
The Nobles, and the Vulgar Throng,
Were Charm'd with his Immortal Song.

II.

So whil'st *Apollo's* Race can Sing,
Great *Blow* will be true Musick's King;
As Nations must resound his Praife,
Far as the Sun extends his Rays.

a

III. Let

III.

Let Poetry then gain Renown,
And yield the Bard his Verdant Crown,
Whilst Ancient Tyber bears its Name,
Sing, Sing to his Exalted Fame.

IV.

Let Musick too its due receive,
And let its best Composer live:
While silver Themes does Ebb and Flow,
Drink drink a Health to famous Blow.

T. D'URFET.

To his Esteemed Friend, Dr. Blow,
upon Publishing his Book of Songs.

A Publick Good, does Publick Thanks re-
quest; And All shou'd strive to Praise what All
Admire.

The Art of Descant, late our Albions boast,
With that of Staining Glass, we thought was
lost; Till in this Work we all with Wonder view,
What ever Art, with order'd Notes can do,
Corelli's Heights, with Great Bassan's too;
And Britan's Orpheus learn'd his Art from
You.

Long have we been with Balladry opprest,
Good Sense Lampoon'd, and Harmony Bur-
lesq'c;

Musick of many Parts, has now no force,
Whole Reams of single Song become our
Curse,

With Bass's wond'rous Lewd, and Trebles
(worse.

But yet the Luscious Lore goes glibly down,
And still the Doubt'Entendre takes the Town.
Let 'em Sing on—and for fair Sylvia's sake,
Some Merry Madrigal to Musick make,
Then point the Names of those that Seit and
(Wrote 'em,

With Lords a-top, and Block-heads at the Bot-
(tom;

While at the Shops we daily dangling view
False Concord, by Tom Cress Engraven true.

Nor are you by this Work to raise a Name,
Go Perjur'd Masters, long since approv'd your Fame.

You first our Modern Musick did refine,
Rugged and rough, like Metal in the Mine,
You purg'd the Dross, and stamp'd it into
(Coin.)
How much we owe to that Harmonious Quill,
That first reform'd, and is our Standard still!

Thus tho' you shine, yet you no Pride par-
Your Temper's easyl, as the Ayrs you make.
Unask'd to all, you gen'rously impart
The Beauties of your most Harmonious Art:
For scarce our Isle a Tuneful Bard can show,
But first, or last, has been Inspir'd by You.

When I review thy Harmony Divine,
What happy Stroaks through ev'ry Office shine!
Others in Ayr, have to Perfection grown,
But Canon is an Art that's Thine alone.
Thus, tho' a Multitude of Writers Rhime,
How few but Milton ever reach'd Sublime!
Thus many a Painter can a Portrait make,
That dares not Noble Hill'y undertake;
There how to saintly fall, and gently rise,
How to keep back, and how to catch the Eyes;
All in a happy Order to dispose,
None but a Vario, or a Kneller knows.

(I sit,
Thus while you spread your Fame, at Home
Amov'd by Fate, from Melody and Wit,
The British Bard on Harp a Treban plays,
With gated Ears I saunter out my days.
Shore's most Harmonious Tube, ne'er strikes
(my Ear,

Nought of the Bard, besides his Fame, I hear:
No Charming at St. Paul's, regales my Senses,
I'm only vers'd in *Vsum Ikerordens*.
But if by chance some Charming Piece I view,
By all carret'd, because put forth by You;
As when of Old, a Knight long lost in Love,
Whose Phyllis neither Brine nor Blood cou'd

move,
Throws down his Lance, & lays his Armor by,
And falls from Errantry to Elegy:
But if some mighty Hero's Fame he hears,
That like a Torrent, all before him bear's,
In haste he mounts his Trusty Steed again,
And led by Glory, scow'r's along the Plain;
So I with equal ardour seize my Flute,
And string again my long neglected Lute.

Henry Hall, Organist of
Hereford.

To my much Honoured Master, Dr. John
Blow, on the Publication of his
Amphion Anglicus.

When Art, with ev'ry study'd Grace
And springs a-fresh from Venerable
(Years,
As youthful Strength, with aged Judgment
(join's,
And stamps unerring Charms on all its Lines,
Just is our Wonder, and the feeblest Lays
May be excus'd for joining in its Praise;
Since in their Deathless Subject they may live,
And take those Honours which they cannot

(give;
Else had I (with the num'rous rest who share
The Bounties of your Guidance and your Care)
Lain undiftinguish'd from the Ravish'd Throng
And paid my Admiration for my Song:
But all Commanding Gratitude denies
That I shou'd only feast my Soul and Eyes,
Entranc'd with Pleasure, and o'erwhelm'd with

Joy,
Which ever Fill's, but yet can never Clay,
My Tongue must dwell on, and my Pen must
(write,
And Bless the Source whence issue's such De-
(light.

Oh! more than Man! how boundless is
(your Skill!
It Chain's the Soul, and Captivate's the Will!
Keep's ev'ry Sense employ'd, and make's us see
What Your Composures are, and Ours shou'd be;
As ev'ry Tuneful Note Correctly true,
Still gives us Beauties, and those Beauties New.
Fair, and yet Strong, tho' Modest, yet they

Please,
Laborious, yet Attractive in their Ease:
Of many Parts, yet all those Parts agree,
And in Divisions, shew us Symmetry,
While you the Treasures of your Mind impart,
And follow Nature, as you Conquer ART.
I, with the rest you have vouchsaf'd to Teach,
Must Wonder at the Skill we cannot Reach.

Jeremy Clarke, Organist of
St. Paul's London.

To Dr. BLOW.

Amphion's Lute of old with Magick Art,
To fenceless Stones, new Passions did im-

[part:
The stubborn Flint his gentle Notes control,
And Musick animate's it with a Soul: Lyre
Such power he shews with his commanding
As bold Prometheus with his stolen Fire:
With active Life the clumsy Quarries dance,
And well-form'd Cities as he plays advance.
On Salvage Beasts did Orpheus wast his Skill,
And th' echoing Woods with strange amaze-
ment fill,
If he with sooth'ning Sounds their Fierceness
might assage,
(Rage:
Pull down the Lyon's Pride, or curb the Tyger's
dwells,
And Beasts Philosophize within their Cells.

But Musick was for Nobler Ends design'd,
By Nature form'd to regulate our Mind;
Thick Mists and gloomy Vapours to dispel,
And troubled motions of the Blood to quell:
To tune the Jarring World to Peace and Love,
And fit us here to join the Choir above! —
Thus has our Isle been long oblig'd by Blow
Who first with decent Modesty did show
In blooming Purcell what himself cord do.
On Purcell his whole Genius he bestow'd,
And all the Master's Graces in the Pupil flow'd;
But he unable long to bear the Load,
Opprest with Rapture, sunk beneath the God;
Home then the welcome Deity returns,
And Blow again with youthful Transports
burns.

White-Hall, May 20. 1700.

To my much Honoured Master, Dr. John
Blow, on his Amphion Anglicus.

Whilst those that know you only by your
Pay that respect to Merits, Merits claim,
And with your Labours in your Praifes join,
Permit me, who am known, to offer mine.

Musick

Musick you've taught me, and your pow'rful
(Lays

Now teach me Words to speak in Musick's
(Praise :

For who can hold his Speech that has a Tongue,
And not bring forth, or not attempt a Song.

But Words fall short of what to Deeds I owe,
And cannot pay the Debt they cannot show ;
A Father's Fondness, and a Master's Care,
Should have returns beyond a Scholar's Pray'r :
Yet since the Wilhes of a grateful Heart
May ease the swelling Debt, and pay in part,
Accept 'em from the youngest you have
(rear'd)

Your youngest Off-spring, not the least en-
(dear'd,

I for my Subjects sake, must needs be hear'd.

Oh ! may you long, and growing in Esteem,
Make Musick yours, as you are Musick's Theme,
Till on Fame's Wings, to greatest Honours
(born,

You Patronize those Arts you now Adorn ;
Whilst I pursuing what your hands have shown
Admire Your Knowledge, and encrease my
(own ;

And reaching for the Boys, whose sight allur's,
Am one day something, 'cause I once was
(Yours :

As I my Voice mature in Judgment raze,
And Imitate the Beauties now I Praise.

William Crofts, Organist of
St. Ann's.

To my Friend, Dr. Blow, on his Am-
phion Anglicus.

W^{ere} it Applause thou sought' st Immortal
We cannot more Proclaim than all Men
(know ;

Thou hast sufficient Fame already won,
And spread thy sweet Encomiums through
(the Town.

Our Organs through the Land, and ev'ry
(Quire,

Own thy Supplies, as Fire from Light takes fire.
Thy Compositions where thy Name is join'd,
Are like our Gold with the King's Image Coin'd;
Their Value by their Stamp is known, and we
Allow 'em then for Current Harmony.
This when a Prince's deems not Mean to own ;
A Royal Prince's ; She, to whom not one

Of all the Muses, but have Homage paid ;
Blest in the Censures which her Judgment
made.
Here thou mayst end, content with the Re-
ward
Of thy fair Trophies, on her Favours rear'd.

J. Phillips.

To his ever Honour'd Friend, Dr. John
Blow, on his Excellent Book, Inti-
tuled Amphion Anglicus.

Father of Musick and Musicians too,
And Father of the Muses, all's thy due ;
For not one drop that flows from Helicon,
Till Air'd by thee, Refines into a Song.
Forgive my Zeal, who with my Sprig of Bay's
Dare pres into the Chorus of thy Praise ;
For Silence were, when Blow is Nam'd, a
(VVrong,
To th' Subject, and the Master of all Song :
Your Art new Motion to our Verses brings,
VVe can but give them Feet, you give them
(VVings.

H. P.

To my Honour'd Master, Dr. John
Blow ; on the Publication of his
Amphion Anglicus.

Since others, who the same Instruction own,
Their Loves have tender'd, and their Du-
ties shewn,
As in respectful Homage to Deserts,
They've made an Offring of their Verse and
(Hearts ;
Be pleas'd to give acceptance of the Claim,
I make, from being Yours alone to Fame :
And thô my Gratitude is late express'd,
I bring a Soul as Thankful as the rest,
And since I owe as much, as much woud pay,
But such a Debt must needs excuse delay.
A Work like Yours shoud render all amaz'd,
And can't so well as by it self be Prais'd.
Strength, Beauty, Nature, Art and Wit shoud
In favour of so Noble a Design ; [join

And

And ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Muse should wait
To bear it from the reach of Envious Fate ;
Yet I must dare attempt the Sacred Theme,
And Consecrate my Verse with my Esteem ;
Whilst in Astonishment my Voice I raise,
And offer up my Thanks instead of Praise,
Owning the Muses Lordship as your due,
And what I hold, is only held from you.
As I (if Chance shall one day please to smile,
And shed her scatter'd Favours on my Toil)
Like Echo dwell upon my Teacher's Name,
And give my Praises back from whence they
(came.

John Barrett, Musick-Master to the
Boys in Christ's Hospital, and Or-
ganist of St. Mary at Hill.

To my Honour'd Master, Dr. John
Blow ; on the Publication of his
Amphion Anglicus.

Our Praise is just, when what we praise,
Such pow'rful Merits, and prevailing
(Arts,
As to condemn the Silence we would shew,
And make us Speak, since all our Speech is due.

In spite of Censure, then be pleas'd to take
A Gift sincere as any Muse can make ;
Thô rough my Verse, and lowly be my Song,
My Heart make's Satisfaction for my Tongue,
And, lost in Thanks, can nothing else beflow,
But bare Acknowledgments for what I owe.
The Pains You've taken, and the Love You've
(shown,

Treating Your Pupil Children as Your own,
The Work You've Publish'd, and the Numbers
(Taught,

Should take up all th' Employment of our
As in the British Bard, with Joy we view
A Pow'r which can the Grecian's Arts out-do ;
And Towns are built by Him, but Men by You.

William Luddington.

To my most Honour'd Friend, Dr. John
Blow, on the Publication of His
Amphion Anglicus.

The Work is Great, and vast should be our
But all we do, cannot one Altar raze,
Equal to what thy Charming Pen has done,
Which genuine Sons of Art must ever own.
Dull Marble's useles to Record thy Fame ;
This Book alone, will Eternize thy Name :
Such Compositions still are shining there,
(By what some do) we thought forgotten were.
Thy rolling Descants, gently lead the Air
True Fuge, just Canon, due proportions bear.
Thy Syncopations shew the Discords fine ;
Transitions clear and sweet, Thy Air Sublime ;
All artful Musick's Methodiz'd therein,
A Contrapunt, ad Arsin, & ad Thefin.
From this Great Work, some blooming hopes
(we raise,
That Musick wont be lost in these, nor after
(days,
But rear its Head ; its own true Lustre have
From thy dear Book, whilst thou sleep'st in the
(Grave.

For who's not doubtful on't, when as we see,
Whole Reams Imprinted, not one Note like Theel !
The mightiest of them, cry, let's please the
(Town !

(If that be done, they value not the Gown.)
And then to let you see 'tis good and taking,
'Tis soon in Ballad howld, evr th' Mobb are
(waking,

(Oh happy Men, who thus their Fames can
(raise,
And lose not e'en one Inch of Kent-street
(Praise)

But still the greatest Scandal's yet behind,
A baser Dunce among the Crew we find ;
A Wretch bewitch'd to see his Name in Print,
Will own a Song, and not one Line his int' ;
I mean of the Foundation : Sad the Case !

He write's Treble, no matter who the Bass !
(Just like some over crafty Architect,
First form's the Garret, then the House ere't.)

If this a Doctor be among Logicians,
Fiddlers and Dancers are our best Musicians :
Who'll coin ye Gavots, Minuets and Borees,
Faster than Christ'nning Gossips chat old Sto-

(ries.
Such

Such Trash we know, has pester'd long the
 (Town,
 But Thou appear, and they as soon are gone
 Then let all Noble Sons of Heav'nly Harmony
 Unite their Wish, that Thou nor Book may
 (never die.

Richard Brown, Organist of
 Christchurch, St. Lawrence Jewry, and Ber-
 monsey.

*To the most Ingenious Dr. John Blow,
 Organist of His Majesty's Chapel
 Royal, &c. On his Book of Songs.*

DOCTOR, I own it—'tis a Debt I owe,
 Besides the Subject will command it now:
 The Theme's so vast, and so incites my Mind,
 It runs o'er all, and leaves the Pen behind,
 And yet the nearest, neatest Thoughts must fall
 Immensely short of the Original:
 Hard Circumstances of Imperfect Man,
 What he wou'd shew the Most, the least he
 (can:

The utmost I can do, is to confess
 I can Admire far better than Express,
 So well design'd in so sublime an Air,
 So Easy all, so ravishing to the Ear
 Is ev'ry Song, that own's Your artful Care.
 And such are these, whose ev'ry charming Note
 Seem to command a more than Mortal Throat;
 More Soul, more Vigor to express their Life,
 Than the low reach of Human Voice can give:
 So Firm, so Just are all the Parts so strong
 Is ev'ry Sine of each well-wrought Song:
 Concord with Discords knit, so well agree,
 That both Unite, to make one Harmony.
 So sweet are all the Turns; so soft they move,
 The Notes alone woud teach us thoughts of
 (Love;

Notes that by artful Numbers do us raise
 By their own Energy to speak their Praise.
 Harmonious Man! 'tis You alone excell;
 Since those w' admir'd before, scarce now do
 The very Eulogies of former days, (well:
 But Satyrs are upon the thing they'd Praise;
 So far you have out-gone them, none but You
 Cou'd set so Brisk, so Manly, and so True.
 Music's great Standard Thou alon must be,
 And all preceding Sons of Harmony
 May Imitate, but ne'er can equal Thee.

Ed. Langbridge, Citizen
 of London.

*To my true Friend, Dr. Blow, On His
 Amphion Anglicus.*

IN Moral Times, when Wisdom claim'd the
 Ever vicious Maxims to the World were
 (known;

Those happy Men held Virtue for their guide,
 And slighted all the Peacock World beside:
 Their Object was the Substance, not the Shade,
 Which now through false Opinion's, Substance
 (made.

'Twas then great Merit rais'd its awful Brow,
 And look'd with Pity on the Mean below.

'Twas then each Art Immortaliz'd the Name,
 And who deserv'd the Choice, secur'd the
 (Fame.

With these Great Blow, ereft Thy Teeming
 (Head,

Man thou art now; More thou wilt be when
 Dead.

But Living, take the Thanks of one, whose
 (Heart

Is full of Gratitude, as Your's of Art;
 The Favours You have done me, speak 'em
 (due,

And the unwearied Goodnes you pursue:
 As to dispel my Care, Your Care's employ'd,

And to restore me what I once Enjoy'd,
 Whilst in Acknowledgments my Thoughts
 (contend,

And own the Patron, where I find the Friend.

S. Akeroyd.

*To the Honour'd Dr. John Blow, for
 Encouraging my New Character, in
 making Choice of it for His Inimi-
 table Amphion Anglicus.*

THE Pens whose Task ha's been before to
 Have writ, and Thank'd you chiefly for
 [Your Lays,
 But I a double Debt must ever owe,
 And for two Benefits, my Thanks beslow;
 Tis true, the Book it self's a Worthy Theme,
 To take up all their Thoughts, and their Esteem;
 But yet the Honour that is done me bear's
 A Value greater far, than is in Theirs,
 Since I not only my Contentment raise,
 But Live by that, which others only Praise.

William Pearson.

A

*A Pindarick ODE,
 On Dr. BLOW's Excellency in the ART of MUSIC.*

By Mr. HERBERT.

The Liberal Arts,

Which flourish'd long in Greece, their Native Soil,
 Transplanted into other Parts,

Anwer'd the Care, and Toil.

In Italy, that Emulous Land,

The Sciences did readily take Root,
 Grow up, and into Branches Shoot,

Like those Spontaneous Plants of Thriving Nature's hand.

The Climate so serene, so delicate the Air,

Music improv'd to that degree,

The Banks of Tyber were adjudg'd the Fair,

The Pleasant Garden of sweet Harmony!

Nor prov'd the Britisb, an ungrateful Clime,
 Those Cyons, which were brought from thence,

Two great Improvers, Industry, and Time,

To that Perfection rais'd, more than a Cent'ry since,
 They yielded such Fair, Golden, lasting Fruit,

As gain'd in Rome It Self, the best Repute:

And there the Rich Produce do's still remain,

Preserv'd Intire in the Vatican.

II.

Thus Bird, a Britisb Worthy, spread his Name,
 And for his Country gain'd this early Fame;

And down from him, in Time's successive Flow,

Many a Noble Genius cou'd we show,

But nor One Greater, None more Excellent than Blow.

In Sacred Harmony, how just his Thoughts!

Such as may rightly claim the Roman Golden Notes!

His Gloria Patri long ago reach'd Rome,

Sung, and rever'd too in St. Peter's Dome;

A Canon — will outlive Her Jubilees to come.

Celestial Hymns! Not one of His can dye;

How they excite Devotion! mount it high!

Teaching the Prostrate, Humble Soul to fly,

And, with Alauda, most Divinely Sing,

As She is soaring to the Sky,

Assisted by a Seraph's stronger Wing.

III. Great

III.

Great Master of the Instrument Divine!
Descended of Inspir'd Jubab's Lint!
How many Plants of Art, set by His Hand,
Have spread, and still are spreading o'er the Land?
Cedars in Libanus cou'd not thicker stand.
One hopeful stripling soon grew very Tall,
Higher than all the rest, like goodly *Saul*;
And, if the Muse late Sorrows don't recall,
Nor we disturb a Soul at rest,
.Twas Purcell, Purcell—Harry the Great, the Blest!
His Labours highly of the Mule deserve;
And She as tenderly will ever Them Prevere.
His fam'd *Te Deum*, all the World admires,
Perform'd in those Renown'd *Italian* Quires!
The Master's, which He knew to be Sublime,
The Scholar often wish'd to hear,
Desiring here below, no longer time.
But Providence which granted not that Pray'r,
Took Him away, and left us here to Grieve,
And doleful Sounds were hear'd on St. *Cecilia's* Eve.
Thus *Orpheus* fell; the Hills and Valleys Groan,
The Nymyhs lament, his Lyre Changes Tone,
Makes a most Sad, most grievous Moan,
When in the Troubl'd River *Hebrus* thrown.

IV.

But let her Mourning Muse dry up her Tears,
New-Tune Her *Lute*, or change the Strings,
And touch the New, those cheerful Airs
AMPHION brings.
Those to the Ear more Consonant, more Kind;
Those which compose the most disorder'd Mind;
Thoughts ruff'd with the blackest stormy Wind.
The *Lyrift*, when he's setting Songs of Love,
Solo's which suit a Lover's tender Care,
A thousand *Cupids* hover in the Air;
And that the Charms may due Compassion move,
They learn and Sing 'em to the absent Fair.
When in a *Numerous Song* He was requir'd
To sing the *Hero* of the War,
The Noble subject warm'd his Fancy, fir'd;
Then how the *Consort-Trumpet* was Inspir'd!
The Strains were bold, and strong,
Lofty as *Pindar's* *Dithyrambic* Song;
Sometimes the Notes, at the Composer's choice,
Soft, as *Syrimna's* Flute, Sweet, as *Phoenissa's* Voice!
Nothing more Nicely Echo's softest Air,
But *Arabella's* Fine, Unparalleld Guitar.

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[1]

PROLOGUE.

Solo. Brisk.

Elcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, ev-ry
Guest; welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome to the Mu-ses Feast:
Mu-sick is your on-ly cheer, Musick enter-tains, enter-tai-ns, enter-tai-ns the Bar: Welcome, welcome,
welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome Guest, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome Guest,
welcome, welcome to the Mu-ses Feast.

B

[2]

B6
g3 b3

The sacred, sa-
cred Nine, Observe! Observe! Observe the Mode, and bring you
dainties, bring you dainties, and bring you dainties bring, you dain-
tis from a broad: The de-
licious Thracian Lute, and Do-do-ne's mellow, mel-
-lona's, Cre-mo- ma's ra-cy Fruit:

[3]

FLUTES.

VIOLENS.

Solo.

At home you have the fresh-est, the fresh-est Air;
Vo-cal, In-stru-men-tal, Vo-cal, In-stru-men-tal Fare.

FLUTES.

[4]

FLUTES.

VIOLINS.

Our English Trumpet, nothing, - pet, nothing,

nothing, nothing, nothing has sur-past; our English Trumpet; nothing, nothing, nothing,

[5]

nothing has sur-past; our English Trumpet nothing, nothing, nothing has sur-past.

The Grove : a SONG to a Minuet.

HY does my Lau-ra Shun me? why? and whither, whither,

whither, and whither, whither, whither, whither will she fly? I've

rang'd the Val-lies and the Hills, the Meadows and the Banks, and the

Banks of Rills; but cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot find

my ti-me-rous Dove, Pro-pi-tious be this, this Cy-prian Grove:

C

I have my wish, the Blef-sings near; the Nymph, my Mistress, the

Nymph, my Mistress, must, must be here; on ev'-ry Tree I

find her Name, some Ri-val Youth has Writ his Flame; she's

here, here, here, here, she's mine, but does re-quire, this Lau---rel leaf

shou'd fann my Fire.

Sappho to the Goddess of Beauty: Addres'd to the Duchess of Grafton.

Solo.

Ap-py, hap-py, hap-py the Man who lan-

guishing, who lan-guishing does sit, and hear the Charming Pa-phi-a-na's,

hear the charming, charming Pa-phi-a-na's Wit, and se's her sweetly smi-

ling, smi-ling at his Sighs; this, this, this, changes,

Slow.

this, this, the mor-tal De-i-fies. Ah me un-

Brisk.

done! ah me un-done! As soon as I had seen the Beauty, such the Features, Air and Meen.

Slow.

I was amaz'd, of ev'-ry fence be - rest; my Voice was gone,

Brisk.

not the leaft ac-cent left. To check the pa-f-sion, and to eafe the

Slow.

pain; to check the pa-f-sion, and to eafe the pain. I try to speak and

Slow.

to my Freind, and to my Freind, and to my Freind complain; But when faint

breathings, but when faint breathings on-ly do remain; a-las! a-las!

a-las! a-las! the faul-tring Tongue must move in vain.

Slow.

Oh! now I burn; Oh! now I burn; the subtle flame does rise thro' ev'-ry'

Brisk.

vein, and fixes in my Eyes; the day to me seems but a mi-fty light;

Slow.

my hearing, as con-fus'd too, as my sight: Now a

cold, a cold sweet my trem-bling limbs be-dew;

Now a cold, a co-lid sweat my trem-

bling Limbs be-dews; and like a wither'd plant, my Vi-sage shews; pale,

cold and speechless, without Breath I lye, in the sweet, the fw - eet
 transports of my Soul, I die; in the sweet thanspots of my
 Soul, I die. Now a,

A Love SONG.

F all the Tor - - - ments; of
 all the Tor - - - ments, all the Cares with
 which our lives are curst, are curst; with which our lives are curst; with which our

lives are curst; of all the Tor - - - - - ments,
 of all the Tor - - - - - ments, all the
 Cares, of all, all the Plagues, of all, all the Plagues, of all, all the
 Plagues a Lo - ver bears, sure Ri -
 - - - - - vals are the worst: Of all the Tor - - - - -
 - - - - - ments, of all the Tor - - - - - ments, sure

Ri-----vals are the worst; by
Partners in each o-ther kind af-flict-ions eu-sier
grown; in Love a-lone we hate to find, we hate to find com-pa-nions of our
woe; in Love a-lone we hate to find, we hate to find compa-----
-nions of our woe.

Sylvia for all those pangs you see, for all those

panggs all, a---ll, those pangs you see, as la---bouring
in my Breast, I beg not that you'd fa---vour me, but that you'd
flight the rest: How great so e'er your ri-gours are, with
them a---lone I'll cope, I can en-dure, I can en---dure my
own De-spair, but not a-nother's Hope, I can en-dure my own De
-pair, but not a-nother's Hope.

On the Excellency of Mrs. Hunt's Voice, and manner of Singing.

Hen Artists, when Artists hit on Luckey
Thoughts; when Artists, when Artists hit on Luckey
- - - - - Artists hit on luckey Thoughts, in the compo - - - - - sure, in the com
- - - - - posure, in the compo - - - - - sure of a Song:
When soft - est Words, and sweet - - - - - est,
sweet - est Notes; when soft - est Words, and sweet - - - - - est

sweet - est Notes; when soft - est Words, and sweet - - - - - est,
sweetest Notes, drop from the Hand and Tongue; dr - op, dr - op
from the Hand and Tongue; dr - op, dr - op, drop from the Hand and
Tongue, 'tis well, 'tis well: But to compleat the Ode, to be by all, by all ad
mir'd; all, to be by all, by all ad-mir'd; to be by all ad-mir'd; to
have A - pe - lo's gra - - - - - cious Nod, it must

be, must be with her Tune full Breath, with her Tune full
Breath in-spir'd; it must be, must be with her Tune ful Tune-
ful Breath in-spir'd.

2. Voc.

So fine a Manner, and so sweet a Tone; so fine a Manner, and
So fine a Manner, and so sweet a Tone; so

so sweet a Tone, so sweet a Tone, so El-
fine a Manner, and so sweet a Tone; So

-loquent a Voice: So
fine a Manner, so E-
7 6 6 5 b 5 5 6 6

sweet a Tone, so E-
-loquent a Voice; fo sweet a
7 6 6 5 5 6 6 7 6 6

-loquent a Voice has An-ge-li-na, so E-loquent a
Tone, so El- -loquent a Voice, has An-
7 6 6 7 6 6 7 6 6 5 5 6 6

Voice has An-ge-li-na, and she reigns, she reigns a lone,
-ge-li-na, has An-ge-li-na, and she reigns a lone, is
7 6 4 7 6 6 7 6 6 5 5 6 6

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for voice and includes lyrics: "is Queen of Mu- - - - - sick by the People's choice," and "Queen, is Queen of Mu- - - - - sick by the Peoples choice." The bottom staff is for piano, showing a harmonic progression with Roman numerals and fingerings: 4 3, b 5, 9/8, 2/3, 5, 7 6, 9, 7/5, 5/4, 6, 4 3. The score is in common time, with a key signature of one flat.

A musical score for three voices. The top voice has lyrics "See, see, see, see, see, see how the Cap- - - - - ti-va-ted throng ;". The middle voice has lyrics "see, see, see, see, see, see how the Cap- - - - -". The bottom voice has lyrics "See, see, see, see, see, see how the Cap- - - - -". The music includes various dynamics like P (piano), f (forte), and sforzando marks, as well as time signatures like common time and measures with 7, 6, and 5/6. The vocal parts are separated by vertical bar lines.

A musical score for a solo voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano C-clef, common time, with lyrics in English. The piano part is in bass F-clef, common time. The score includes dynamic markings like forte and piano, and various performance instructions such as 'strong', 'fee', 'fee', and 'fee how the'. The vocal line features several sustained notes and eighth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note chords.

Cap- - - - - ti-vated throng, pres^s on, pres^s on, pres^s on to
see, see how the Cap- - - - - ti-vated throng, pres^s on to

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and piano. The vocal parts are in common time, 2/4 time, and 3/4 time. The piano part includes dynamic markings like 'p' (piano), 'f' (forte), and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The lyrics 'fill her train, the ninniest Ear, the ninniest Ear that' are repeated in both soprano and alto parts. The bass part provides harmonic support. Measure numbers 1 through 10 are indicated above the staff.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of G major (no sharps or flats), and a common time signature. It features a vocal line with a melodic line above it. The lyrics are: "hears her Song, must in the publick Tri- - - - - umph, must". The middle staff continues the melody with a different vocal line. The lyrics are: "hears her Song, must in the publick Tri- - - - - umph,". The bottom staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of C major (no sharps or flats), and a common time signature. It features a vocal line with a melodic line above it. The lyrics are: "hears her Song, must in the publick Tri- - - - - umph,". Measure numbers 34, 35, 36, and 37 are indicated above the staff.

in the publick Tri-
must in the publick Tri-
must in the publick Tri-

A musical score for three voices. The top staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It features a melodic line with various note values and rests, accompanied by a basso continuo line indicated by vertical double bar lines and a bass clef. The lyrics "umph wear her chain," are written below the notes. The middle staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a basso continuo line. The lyrics "umph wear her chain." are written below the notes. The bottom staff starts with a bass clef and a common time signature. It contains a melodic line with quarter and eighth notes, and a basso continuo line. The lyrics "umph wear her chain." are written below the notes.

Loving above Himself.

 VIOLENS. Slow and Soft.



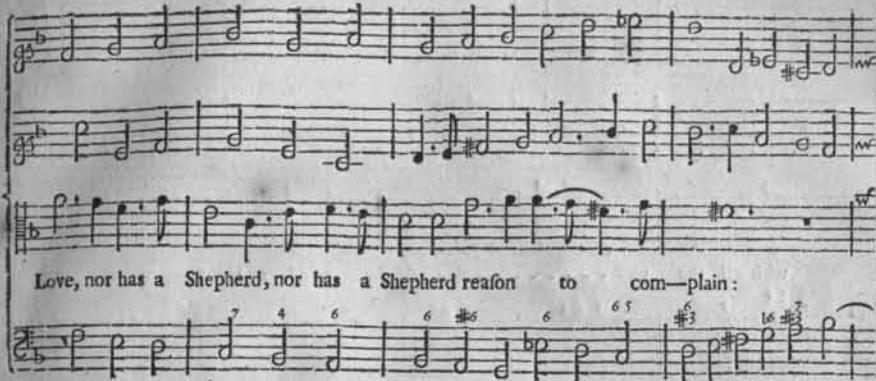
Oor Ce-la-den,



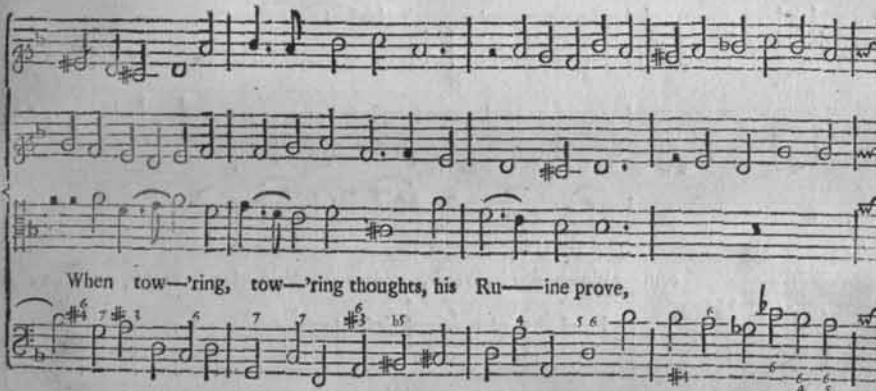
poor Ce-ladon, he sighs, and sighs, and



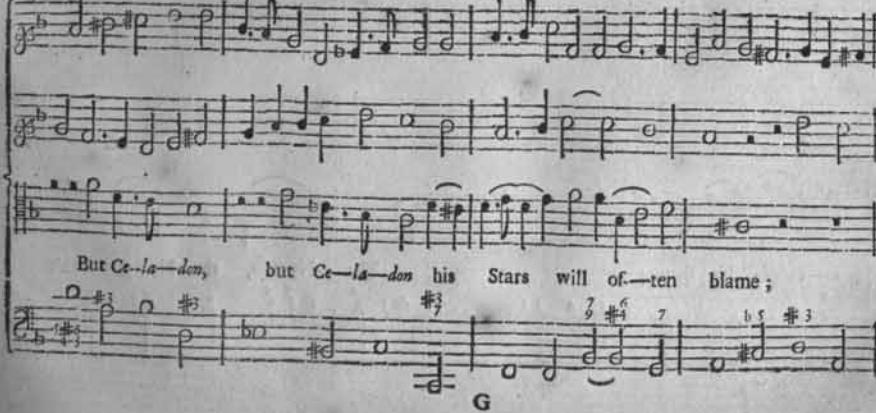
sighs in vain; The Fair Eu-gi-nia must not



Love, nor has a Shepherd, nor has a Shepherd reason to com-plain:



When tow-ring, tow-ring thoughts, his Ru ine prove,



But Ce-la-den, but Ce-la-den his Stars will of-ten blame;

G

with all the pa---tion of the Mind and Tongue;

$\begin{matrix} \#3 \\ 6 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 7 \\ 3 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} \#6 \\ 5 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 4 \\ 3 \end{matrix}$

complain-ing Words, complain-ing Words, and Notes.

$\begin{matrix} 6 \\ 3 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ b3 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 7 \\ 4 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ 6 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 7 \\ 6 \end{matrix}$

increase his flame;

The Nymph, the Nymph won't

$\begin{matrix} 7 \\ 4 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ b3 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 7 \\ 6 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ 3 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 7 \\ 4 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ 3 \end{matrix}$

see it but commends the Song;

$\begin{matrix} 6 \\ 6 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ b3 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ 5 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ 6 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ b3 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ 6 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ b3 \end{matrix}$

a---l---

as, a---las, a---las, a---las ris

$\begin{matrix} 8 \\ 7 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 7 \\ 6 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ 5 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ 6 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 7 \\ 6 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ 5 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 7 \\ 6 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ 5 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 7 \\ 6 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ 5 \end{matrix}$

plain what cro---fes still his Fate; what, what can a Verse or

$\begin{matrix} 3 \\ 4 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ 3 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ 4 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ 5 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ 6 \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} 5 \\ 6 \end{matrix}$

Note a-vail; Birth, Fortune, Birth, Fortune, are as Hills of greatest height, they

$\begin{matrix} \frac{6}{7} & \frac{6}{7} \\ \frac{6}{4} & \frac{6}{4} \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} \frac{6}{4} \\ \frac{6}{4} \end{matrix}$

overlook, they over-look a low -

$\begin{matrix} \frac{6}{7} & \frac{6}{6} \\ \frac{6}{7} & \frac{6}{6} \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} \frac{6}{7} & \frac{6}{6} \\ \frac{6}{7} & \frac{6}{6} \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} \frac{6}{7} & \frac{6}{6} \\ \frac{6}{7} & \frac{6}{6} \end{math>$

ly low-ly Dale.

$\begin{matrix} \frac{7}{6} & \frac{6}{6} \\ \frac{7}{6} & \frac{6}{6} \end{math}$

Go Perjur'd Man.

Prelude for VIOLINS.

$\begin{matrix} \frac{6}{5} \\ \frac{6}{5} \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} \frac{6}{5} \\ \frac{6}{5} \end{matrix}$ $\begin{matrix} \frac{6}{5} \\ \frac{6}{5} \end{math>$

G O Per-jur'd Man, and if thou e'er -

Go Per-jur'd

$\begin{matrix} \frac{6}{5} \\ \frac{6}{5} \end{matrix}$

return; Goe Per-jur'd Man and if thou e'er re-

Man and if thou e'er return; Goe Per-jur'd Man and if thou e'er re-

(Measure 76)

(Measure 43)

turn, to see the small re-main-der of my Urn; and if thou e'er

turn, and if thou e'er return, to see the small re-main-der of my

(Measure 65)

(Measure 43)

re-turn, re-turn, re-turn to see, to see the small re-main-

urn, and if thou e'er re-turn, re-turn, to see, to see the small remainder

(Measure 7)

(Measure 76)

(Measure 7)

(Measure 76)

(Measure 43)

der of my Urn.

of my Urn.

(Measure 43)

(Measure 66)

When thou shalt laugh, shalt lau - - - gh at my re -

When thou shalt laugh, shalt lau - - - gh at my re -

trust of Womans Beauty? and per - - - haps with rude

Womans Beauty ? and perhaps with rude hands, with rude hands; and perhaps with rude

ligious Duff, and ask where's now, where's now the Colour, Form, and

ligious Duff, and ask where's now the Co-lour, Form, and Trust of

hands; per - - - haps with rude hands, ri - - - fle the Flow'r's which the Virgins strew'd;

hands, ri - - - fle the Flow'r's which the Vir-gins strew'd; know I've pray'd to

know I've pray'd to pi-ty, that the wind may blow my
pi-ty, that the wind may blow my A—shes up. Know I've

Ashes up. Know I've pray'd to pity, that the Wind may blow my
pray'd to pity, that the Wind may blow my A—shes up, and strike thee

A—shes up; may blow my A—shes up, and strike thee Blind.
blind; that the Wind may blow my A—shes up, and strike thee Blind.

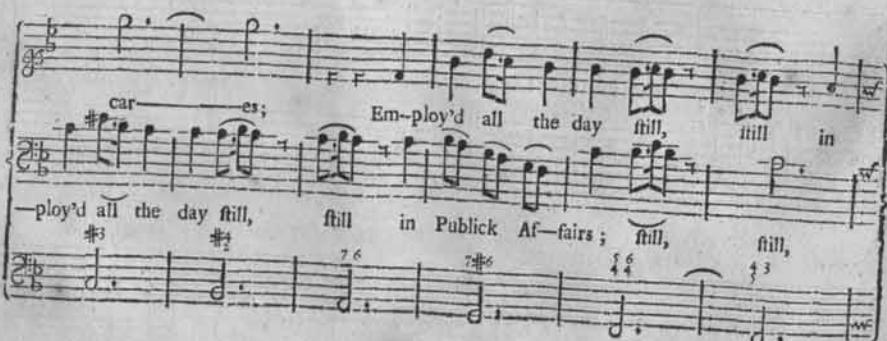
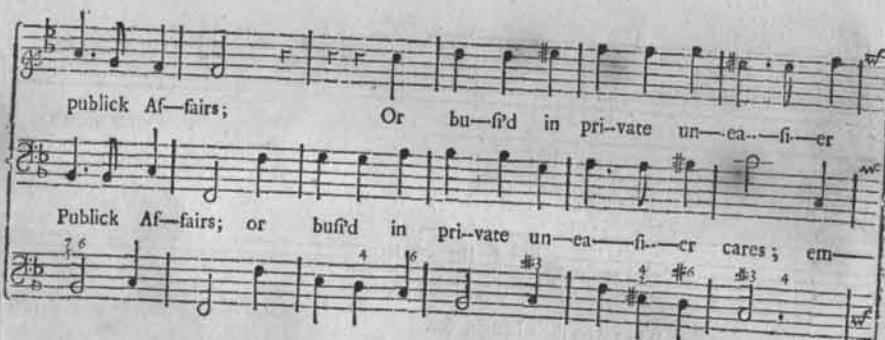
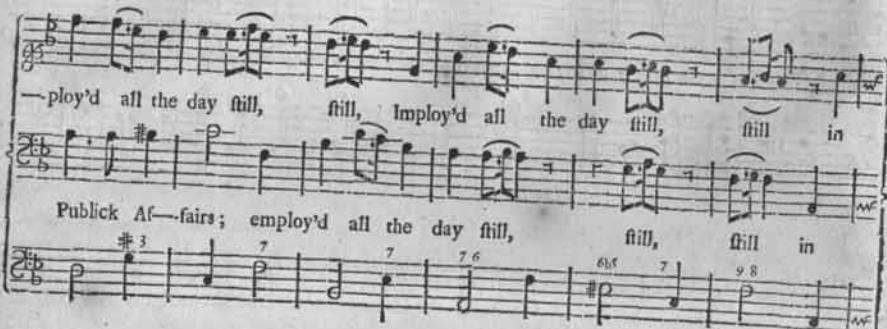
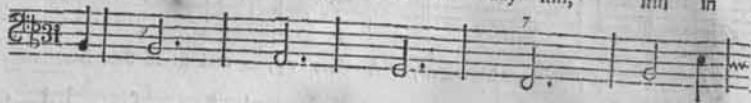
When thou shalt Laugh, &c.
When thou shalt Laugh, &c.

A SONG for the Musick Society.



Mploy'd all the day still, still in pub-liek Affairs; em-

Employ'd all the day still, still in



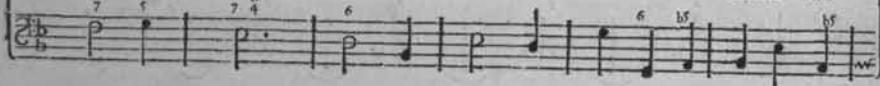
Publick Af-fairs; employ'd all the day still,

still; employ'd all the day still, still in Publick Af-fairs; in



still in Publick Af-fairs; Or busid in private, in pri-vate un-

Publick, in Pub-lick Af-fairs; Or busid in Private un-



ca-si-er Cares; who minds not the needful re-fresh-ing at
ca-si-er cares.



night, — — — is in danger of sinking;

Who minds not the needful re-fresh-ing at Night, is in danger of



A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and piano. The vocal parts are in common time, treble clef for Soprano and Alto, bass clef for Bass. The piano part is in common time, bass clef. The lyrics describe a ship sinking under the weight of its own sins. The piano part includes a bass line and harmonic chords.

weight : No La - - - -

weight : No la - - - -

3 4 7 7 7 9 # 3

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff shows a soprano vocal line with lyrics: "whilst the mo-de-rate Glas keeps the Spirits, the Spi-". The middle staff shows a basso continuo line with a cello-like part and a harpsichord-like part. The bottom staff shows a bass vocal line with lyrics: "thinking, whilst the mo-de-rate Glas keeps the Spirits, the Spi-". Measure numbers 43, 7, 45, 34, 6, and 7-6 are indicated above the staves.

A handwritten musical score for a single melodic line. The score consists of three staves of music. The first two staves begin with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The lyrics "rits from sink-ing ; too much thinking, too much" are written below the first staff, and "rits from sink-ing ; too much thinking, too much thinking," are written below the second staff. The third staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. It continues the melody and lyrics from the previous staves.

A musical score for 'The Glass' by John Dowland. The score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in G major, the middle staff is in A minor, and the bottom staff is in A minor. The lyrics are written below each staff. The first staff's lyrics are: 'thinking, whilst the mo-de-rate Glas keeps thee Spirits, the Spi- - - -'. The middle staff's lyrics are: 'whilst the mo-de-rete Glas, keeps the Spirits, the Spi- - - -'. The bottom staff's lyrics are: '7 4 3 4 3 7 6 w.c.'. The music includes various note values like eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The key signature changes between staves.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. It features lyrics: "rits from sink-ing." followed by a repeat sign and "The". The middle staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. It also has lyrics: "rits from sink-ing.". The bottom staff starts with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. It includes a measure number 16 above the staff, and the lyrics "rits from sink-ing." are present here as well.

A musical score for 'Laurel and Lavy' featuring three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The lyrics 'Laurel and Lavy to-ge-ther we twine, our Friendthip still Crowning, still,' are written below the top staff. The music consists of various note heads and stems, with some notes having horizontal dashes or dots indicating pitch or rhythm.

still, still, still, still Crowning with Musick, with Musick, with Musick and Wine;
A Song is the

A Song is the sanction of our So-ci-ble Laws, and the Glas and the
Sanction of our so-ci-ble Laws, and the Glas and the Voice; A Song is the

Voice; and the Glas and the Voice, the Glas and the Voice, al-ter-nately
Sanction of our so-ci-ble Laws, and the Glas and the Voice, the Glas and the Voice, al-

pause, al-ter- - - - - nately
- ternately pause, al-ter- - - - - nately

pause; and the Glas and the Voice al-ter- - -
pause al-ter- - - - -

nate-ly pause: The re-maining soft
nate-ly pause: The remaining soft minuets, the re-

minuets, the remaining soft minuets in Converse we pass, our
maining soft, soft minuets in Converse we pass our thoughts

Brisk. - - - - -
Brisk. - - - - -
Brisk. - - - - -
thoughts growing brisker, brisker, brisker, brisker,
growing brisker, brisker brisker, each chir-up-ing, chir-up-ing

each chirup-ing, chirup-ing, chirup-ing Glas, our
chi-rup-ing Glas; each chi-rup-ing, chirup-ing

thoughts growing brisker, each chirup-ing, chirup-ing, chirup-ing, chirup-ing
chirup-ing Glas, our thoughts growing brisker, brisker; each
Glas; each chirup-ing, chirup-ing, chirup-ing, chirup-ing,
chirup-ing, chirup-ing, chirup-ing Glas, each chirup-ing, chirup-ing,
chirup-ing Glas.
chirup-ing, chirup-ing Glas.

The Budd. By Mr. Waller.

Ate-ly on yon-der swel-ling Bush, lately on yon-der swel-
Lately on yon-der swel-
-ling Bush, big with ma-ny, many, many,
-ling Bush, big with ma-ny, many, many, many, many, many,
many, many, many a coming Rose; big with ma-ny, many, many,
many a coming, Rose; big with many, many, many, many a coming
many, many, many a com-ing Rose, this ear-ly Bud began to
Rose; big with many, ma-ny a com-ing Rose, this ear-ly

blush, this ear-ly Bud began to blush, and did but half it self, did but half
 Bud began to blush, this ear-ly Bud began to blush, and did but half, and
 it self, and did but half it self dif-close; I pluckt tho no
 did but half it self, but half it self dif-close;
 bet-ter, no bet-ter grown, and now, — — — and
 pluck it tho' no bet-ter, no bet-ter grown, and now, — — —
 now, — — — and now you see how full 'tis blown;
 and now — — you see, and now you see how full 'tis blown;

Verse, S O L O.

full as I did the Leaves in-spire, with such a Pur-ple, with such a
 Pur-ple light it shone, as if they had been, they had been made of
 Fire, and spread-——ing so, wou'd flame a-non, all, all that was
 meant, all, all that was meant by Air or Sun; to the young
 Flow'r my Breath has done; all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all,
 all that was meant by Air or Sun, to the young Flow'r my Breath has done:

If our loose breath so much can doe,
If our loose breath so much, so much can do, if our loose breath,

if our loose breath so much can do; what may the same in
so much, so much, so much can do; What may the

forms of Love, of purest Love and Musick too, of pu-rest
same in forms of Love, of pu-rest Love and Mu-sick too,

Love, of purest Love and Mu-sick too; when Fla.
of purest Love and Musick too; when Fla.

via, when Fla. via it a-spires to move;
via when Fla. via it a-spires to move;

when that which life-less Buds per-swades, when that which life-less
when that which life-less Buds per-swades, when that which life-less

Buds per-swades, to wax more soft, to wax more soft, to wax more
Buds per-swades, to wax more soft, to wax more soft, to

soft, more soft, her Youth in-vades.
wax more soft, her Youth invades.

S O L O.

A Love SONG.

A-bi-na has a thousand, thou-sand, thou-sand Charms, to
cap-tivate my Heart; her love-ly love-ly Eyes are
Cu-pid's Arms, and ev-ry look a Dart, Dart: But when the
Beautious I-deot speaks, she cures me, cures me, cures me of my pain;
Her Tongue the ser-vile Fet-ters are, the ser-vile Fet-ters are, and
frees her Slave, and frees her Slave a-gain: Had Nature to Sa-bi-na

Music: The music consists of five staves of handwritten musical notation for solo voice. The notation includes various note heads, stems, and rests, with some notes having vertical lines extending above or below them. Measure numbers 93, 94, 95, 96, and 97 are visible on the left side of the staves. The vocal line follows the lyrics closely, with musical phrases corresponding to the words.

to Sa-bi-na lent Beau-ty with Reason Crown'd, each sin-gle
sin-gle Shafts her Eyes had sent, had giv'n a mor-tal wound;

Music: The music continues on five staves. The vocal line begins with "to Sa-bi-na lent Beau-ty with Reason Crown'd, each sin-gle". It then shifts to "sin-gle Shafts her Eyes had sent, had giv'n a mor-tal wound;". The notation uses a mix of common time and measures with a 6/8 feel.

Now tho' each hour she gains a Heart, and makes Mankind, and makes Mankind her
Slave, yet like the Græcian Hero's Dart, like the Græcian He-ro's Dart, she

Music: The vocal line continues with "Now tho' each hour she gains a Heart, and makes Mankind, and makes Mankind her". It then shifts to "Slave, yet like the Græcian Hero's Dart, like the Græcian He-ro's Dart, she". The notation uses a mix of common time and measures with a 6/8 feel.

heals the wounds, she heals the wounds she gave.

Music: The vocal line concludes with "heals the wounds, she heals the wounds she gave.". The notation ends on a final staff.

S O L O

Myrtilla to Phylander, designing for Flanders.

Hi-lan-der, do not, do not, do not think of Arms; Phi-lan-der,
 do nor, do nor, do not think of Arms; War is for the bold and strong, can
 Danger, Toile and rude Al-larms, be plea-sing to the Soft and Young? Phi
 lan-der, do not, do not, do not think of Arms, Phi-lan-der, do not, do not,
 do not think of Arms; This Arm's too ten-der for a weighty Shield, to fine that Face is
 for the Dusty Field: Phi-lan-der, do not, do not, do not think of Arms; Phi-

lan-der, do not, do not, do not think of Arms; Phi-lan-der, stay, make your Cam-
 paign where you've been us'd to Conquer Hearts; where Troops of Beau-ties
 you have slain, those Eyes have shot such pointed Darts: Phi-lan-der
 stay, Myr-ti-la begs you'd stay; Myr-ti-la begs you'd stay, though you shoud
 reap fresh Laurels ev'-ry day.

*A. Dialogue between Philander, and Terpander, upon
the Burning of White-Hall-Chappel.*

Philander.



Hy is Ter-pan-der pen- - five grown? Why

why has he left Com-po- - - sing Airs?

Why, why sits he on his bank a lone, swel- - - ing the

Tide with Sig- - - hs and Tears? Art thou a

stranger in the Land? Look yon-der, look yon-der, look yon-der,

View them tot'ring Spires; there stood the Altar, there stood the Altar

late profain'd by strange, by strange; by strānge uh-hal-

...low'd fires. Oh! dismal, dismal Scene, Oh! diſ-mal, diſ-mal

Scene, was that the Doom, where true Devotees for ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny

Years, for ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny Years, with fer- - - - vent Zeal,

had us'd to come, and joyn in ho- ly, ho- ly Hymns and Pray'rs? The same,

the same, Philan-der, but no more, no, no more, a-no-ther word wou'd break, break,

A handwritten musical score for a vocal piece titled "Panthea". The score consists of six staves of music with corresponding lyrics. The key signature varies between G major, A major, and B major. The time signature changes frequently, including measures in common time, 3/4, and 2/4. The lyrics describe a character named Panthea's despair and longing for her lost love, Art.

break, break my Heart, nothing my Ho-nour can re-store, nothing, nothing, my
right Hand must for- - - - - get its Art. A-las, I pi-ty thee! A-
las, I pi-ty thee! nor is it long, since blest Pan-the-a you bemoan'd, I
can't forget that dy-ing, dy-ing Song, who e-ver heard it sigh-
-d and groan'd. Ah! Friend, why
add you to my pangs? Why, why? Ah! Friend, why

CHORUS

Nay, nay, Ni-can-der's Good and Great,
That fa-cred Name, our Nay,
down. That fa-cred Name, our Nay,
nay, Ni-can-der's Good and Great; that fa-cred Name, that
Troubles still al-lays; Nay, nay, Ni-can-der's Good and Great;
fa-cred Name; Nay, nay, Ni-can-der's Good and Great;
Good and Great; the fa-cred Name, our Troubles still al-lays;
Great, that fa-cred Name, our Troubles still al-lays;
-lays, that fa-cred Name, our Troubles still al-lays; Some say he'll

Some say he'll build a glorious Seat, a glo-
build a glo- - - - - rious Seat, a glo- - - - - rious
6 6 5 5 6 7 #3 #3

rious Seat: Some say he'll build a glorious
Seat, a glo- - - - - rious Seat:
7 6 5 5 7 b5 #3 b3 d3 #5

Seat, a Phoenix from the brooding A-shes raise; Nay, nay, N-
a Phoenix from the brood-ing A-shes raise:
b5 g3 #4

cander's Good and Great; Nay, nay, N-
that fa- - - - - cred Name our Troubles still al-
5 #5 7 #6 5 #3

cander's Good and Great, that fa - cred Name, that fa - cred
lays; Nay, nay, Ni - can - der's Good and Great, that

Name, Nay, nay, Ni - can - der's Good and Great, that
fa - cred Name, our Troubles still al - lays, that

fa - cred Name, our Troubles still al - lays;
fa - cred Name our Troubles still al - lays; some say he'll

some say he'll build a glo - rious Seat, a glo -
build a glo - rious Seat, a glo -

-rious Seat; some say he'll
-rious Seat, a glo - - - rious

build a glorious Seat; A Phenix from the brooding A - shes
Seat; A Phenix from the brood-ing A - shes

Drag. raise, a Pbx-nix from the brood-ing A - shes raise.
Drag. raise, a Phenix from the brood-ing A - shes raise.

S O L O.

A single SONG.



La-ro-na, lay a---side your Lute, you need not learn the Charm-

b3 #3 #3 *6 #3 7 6 3 #4*

ing Arts; your Bloom does promise so Fair Fruit, as

6 6 16 *#3* *6 5 #3 b6 7 b3*

must at-tract all Eyes and Hearts: Where is there Pu-rer Red and White, or

#6 *7 #3* *4 6 5*

such a show of Sense and Wit? Who reads your Face, must take delight, in

7 b5 #3 #4 *6 7 6* *#3 7 6 b 6*

Ery line Dame Nature Writ. Cla-ro-na lay a side your Lute, you

#3 *b3 #3 #3*

need not learn the Charm-

6 5 #3 *7 6 #3 #4* *6 6 b6 6* *#3*

ing Arts, your

Bloom dos promise fo Fair Fruit, as must at-tract all Eyes and Hearts: The

6 5 #3 b6 7 *#6* *7*

Features of the fi-neft Face, never, never, never, no, never, never com-

b3 *b6* *7*

pos'd, a swee-ter, sweeter Air; How Cap-ti-vating ev-ry

#4 *#3* *b3 #3 b6*

Grace, ev-ry Grace? How Cap-ti-vating ev-ry Grace? Come give your

b3 *6*

Lute to those leſs Fair; come, come, come give your Lute to those leſs Fair.

7 *#3 b6 4 #3*

A Two Voc. SONG, the Words by Sir John Denham.

Orph'us the hum—ble God, that dwells in Cottages, in Cottages, and
Morph'us the hum—ble God, that dwells in
smoa-ky Cells, and smoa-ky Cells, hates Gild-ed
Cottages, in Cottages, and smoa-ky Cells, hates Gild-ed Roofs, and
Roofs and Beds of Down; and though he fears no Prince's Frown,
Bed-----s of Down; and though he fears no Prince's
fie-----s from the cir—cle of a Crown:
Frown, fie-----s from the cir—cle of a Crown:

never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never wake;
never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never wake;

left he shou'd sleep, left he shou'd sleep, and never, never, never,
left he shou'd sleep, left he shou'd sleep, and never, never, never,

never, never, never, never, never wake. Nature a-la-
never, never, never, never, never wake.

-s why, why art thou? why, art thou so ob-
Nature a-la-s, a-la-s, why; why, why art

—lig-ed so ob-lig-ed to thy grea-test foe, sleep that is the best re-
thou, why art thou so ob-lig-ed to thy greatest foe, sleep that

—past, yet of death, of death, yet of death, of death it bears a taft; and
is thy best re-past, yet of death, of death, yet of death, of death it bears a

both, both, and both, and both, both are the same thing at last; and
taft, and both, both, and both, both are the same thing at last;

both, both, and both, and both, both, are the same thing at last.
and both, both, and both, both, are the same thing at last.

A Two Voc.

Kellsea Coom.



Ritheee, prithhee, prithhee die, and set me

Prithhee, prithhee, prithhee die, and

free; or else be kind and brisk, be kind and brisk and gay like me.

set me free; or else be kind, be kind and brisk and gay like me.

I pretend not, I pretend not, I pretend not, pretend not to the Wife ones,

I pretend not, I pretend not, I pretend not, to the Wife ones

to the Grave, to the Grave, to the Grave, or the Pre-cise ones:

to the Grave, to the Grave, to the Grave, or the pre-cise ones:

evero

But if a Mi-stress I must have, Wife and Grave; let her so her

But if a Mistress I must have, let her so, let her

self be-have, her self behave: All the day long Su-fan ci-vil, all the

so her self, her self behave: All the day long Su-fan ci-vil

day long, all the day long Su-fan ci-vil; kind by night, kind by

all the day long Su-fan ci-vil; kind by night, kind by night,

night, kind by night, or such a De-vil.

kind by night, or such a De-vil.

A SONG upon the Duke of Gloucester.

Prince so Young, so

Young, and of so great a mind; so Brave, so Mar-ti-al-ly, so

Mar-ti-al-ly, so Mar-ti-al-ly, so Mar-ti-al-ly in-clind: May one day

prove the Won-der, the Wonder of Man-kind;

may one day prove, may one day prove the Won-der of Man-kind.

To Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to

Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms his Genius leads; Young Glo-ster in the

path, in the path of He-roes treads; and now Ba-ta-lions, and now Ba-ta-lions, Ba-

ta-lions, Ba-ta-lions Heads;

and now Ba-ta-lions, Ba-ta-lions, and now Ba-ta-lions, Ba-ta-lions, Ba-ta-lions

Heads: and now Ba-ta-lions, Ba-ta-lions, and now Ba-ta-lions, Ba-ta-lions, Ba-

ta-lions Heads.

SOLO.

A SONG Perform'd before the Queen.



He ful—len
years are past, are past; The fullen years are
past, are past, yet re—pine not, yet re—pine not, re—pine not
at the least; Since Wil—liam and Mari—
Reign, Since Wil—liam and Ma—ri—
Reign: Safe in its

course a—midst the Storm, safe in it's course, a—midst the
Storm, from Plots and Deaths, and Deaths in ev'ry form; safe in it's
course, in it's course, safe in it's course a—midst the Storm;
from Plots and Deaths, and Deaths, from Plots and Deaths, in ev'ry form; to fix the
world a—gain, a—gain, to fix the world a—gain, to fix the world, the
world a—gain, to fix the world, the world a—gain.

A SONG with FLUTES.



Musical score for page 68, featuring three staves of music for flutes. The key signature changes between G major (two sharps), F# major (three sharps), and C major (no sharps or flats). The lyrics "And is my, Ca-va-lier re-

Musical score for page 68, featuring three staves of music for flutes. The key signature changes between G major (two sharps), F# major (three sharps), and C major (no sharps or flats). The lyrics "turn'd,

Musical score for page 69, featuring three staves of music for flutes. The lyrics "And is my Ca-va-lier return'd? Oh! welcome, wel-come,"

Musical score for page 69, featuring three staves of music for flutes. The lyrics "wel-come to my Arms, Oh! welcome, welcome to my Arms;

Musical score for page 69, featuring three staves of music for flutes. The lyrics "And is my

Ca-va-lier re-turn'd? Oh! how have I sigh'd, how have I mourn'd,

how have I sigh'd, how have I mourn'd, dread-ing the worst of

harms?

What trem-blung were with-

in my Breast, at ev'ry at-tack't was made I sent, still as my fears en-

creast, still as my fears en-creast, I sent ten-thousand, ten-thou-sand

wishes to your aid; But see, see, see, see,
but see, see, see,

see, see the Fate of rug—ged War; Oh! barbarous, bar—barous Sun and

Duft;
Come, come, come, come, come,

come you must be, you must be, you must be Mar—til—la's care, she must, she must

the must, she must re—cruit what you have lost:

Come, come, come, come, come be to your self Phi—lan—der kind;

Come, come, come, come, come be to your self, be to your self Phi—lan—der

kind; come, come, come, come, come, come, on your Myr-tilla's bo-som rest; the
carefull, carefull, carefull, carefull, carefull general Love for
you de-sign'd; the carefull, carefull, carefull, carefull, carefull, carefull
general Love for you de-sign'd, warm win-ter Quarters, war-m
winter Quarters in my Breast.

A SONG in Imitation of ANACRON.

Ome fill the Glas, fill it high, fill it high; co-
Come fill the Glas, fill it
me fill the Glas, fill it high, fill it high, the bar-ren
high, fill it high; come fill the Glas, fill it high, fill it
Earth is al-ways dry, is al-ways dry; Come fill the Glas, fill it
high, the bar-ren Earth is always dry; Come fill the
high, the bar-ren Earth is al-ways dry, al-ways, al-
Glas fill it high; the bar-ren Earth is always dry, is al-

ways dry, but when steep'd in kind-ly, kind-ly show'rs, but
ways dry, but when steep'd in kind-ly, kind-ly

when steep'd in kind-ly, kind-ly show'rs, it Laugh-
show'rs, but when steep'd in kind-ly, kind-ly show'rs, it Laugh-

-as in dew, and Smile- -s, and Smile-
-as in dew, and Smile- -s and Smiles

-s in Flow'rs: The Jovial, Jovial God did sure de-sign, by the Im-
Smiles in Flow'rs: The Jovial, Jovial God did. sure de-sign,

mor- - tal, by the Immor- - tal, the Immor-tal gift of
by the Immor- - tal, by the Im-mor-tal, the Im-mor-tal gift of

Wine, to drown our sighs, to drown our sighs, and ease our
Wine, to drown our sighs, to drown our sighs, and ease our

care; and make us thus, thus, thus, and make us thus content to
care, and make us thus, thus, thus, thus, make us thus, thus, con-

Re- - vel here, to Re- - vel here, to Re- -
tent to Re- - vel here, to Re- - vel here, to Re-

[78]

-vel, and to Reign in Love, and be through-
-vel, and to Reign in Love, and

-out like those a--bove, and be throughout like those a--bove, above, a--
be throughout like those a--bove, above, a--bove, a--bove, a-- above, a-- above,

...bove; and be through-out like
and be throughout like those above, a--⁶bove, a--⁶ove, and be through--

those, like those a--bove, above, a--bove, above, a-- above.
our, like those a--bove, a--bove, a-- above.

[79]

Slow. *A SONG for Two Voices.*

H Heav'n! Ah Heav'n! what is't I hear?
Ah Heav'n! Ah Heav'n! what is't I hear? The
warb-- ling Lute, the warb--

The warb-- ling Lute, the warb--

The warb-- ling Lute Inchants my Ear. Ah Heav'n! what is't I hear? I
ling, warbling Lute Inchants my Ear. Ah Heav'n! Ah Heav'n! what is't I hear,
I hear?

hear the warb-- ling Lute, the warb-- ling Lute In--
The warb-- ling Lute In--

chants my Ear; now Beauty's pow'r in—flames my breast a—gain,
chants my Ear; now Beauty's pow'r in—flames my breast a—gain, I

I sigh, I lan—guish, I sigh, I languish in a
sigh, I languish, I sigh, I lan—guish in a plea—

pleasing pain; the Note's so soft, so sweet the Ayre; the
sing pain; the Note's so soft, so sweet the Ayre; the

Note's so soft, so sweet, so soft, so sweet, so sweet the Ayre; the Soul of
Note's so soft, so sweet, so soft, so sweet, so sweet the Ayre;

Love, of Love, the Soul of Love sure must be there; that
the Soul of Love, of Love, the Soul of Love sure must be there; that

mine in Rapture, in Rapture Charms, and drive a-way, and drive a-way, dri—
mine in Rapture, in Rapture Charms, and drive a-way, and drive away, and dri—

—ve a-way de-spair, dri—ve a-way de-spair.
—ve, drive a-way de-spair, and drive, drive a-way de-spair.

ah Heav'n! ah Heav'n! what is't I hear?
ah Heav'n! ah Heav'n! what is't I hear?

SOLO.

A SONG.



Tell me no more, no more you Love; in vain, fair Ce—lia,
 tell me no more, no more you Love; in vain, fair Ce—lia, in vain, fair
 Ce—lia, you this Pas—sion feign. Tell me no more, no more you Love;
 can they pre—tend to Love, who do re—fuse what love per—swades them to?
 Tell me no more, no more you Love, who once has felt his Ac—tive
 fire, dull Laws of Ho—nour will dis—dain; tell me no more, no

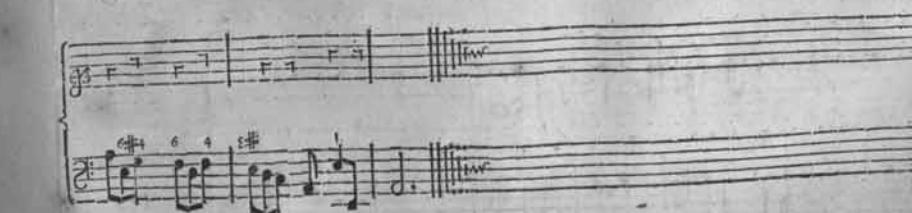
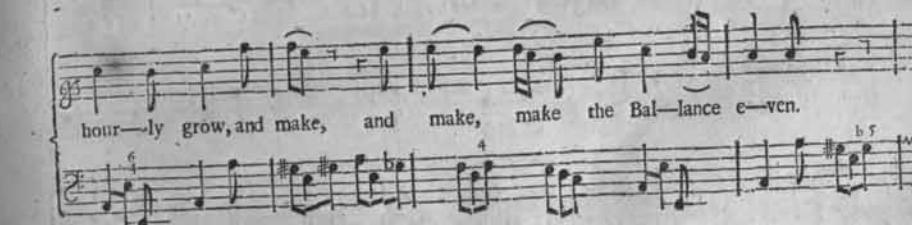
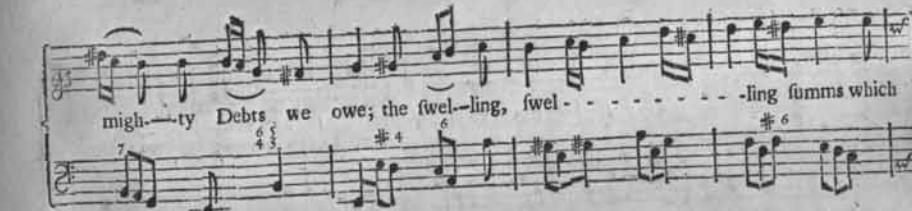
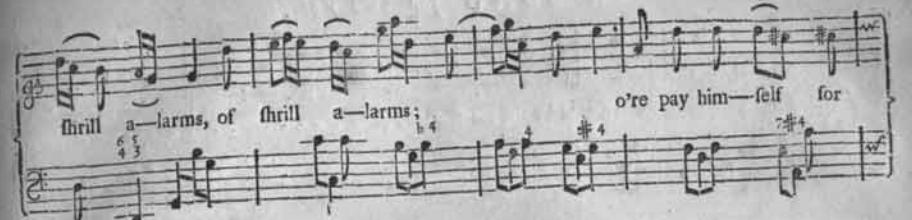
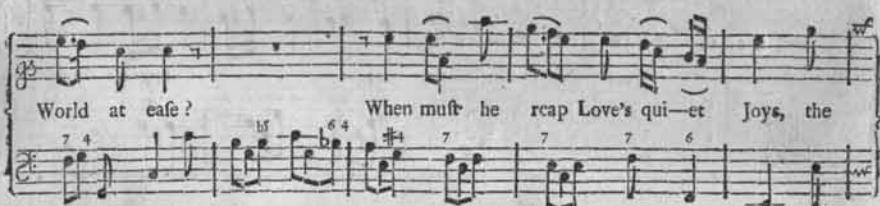
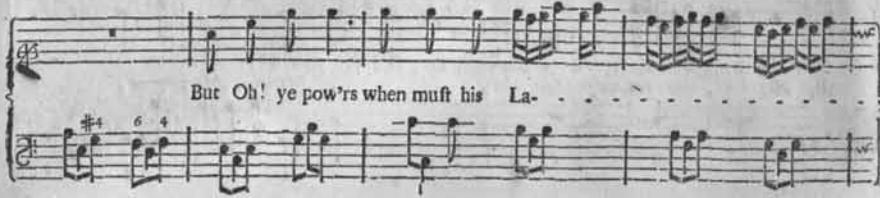
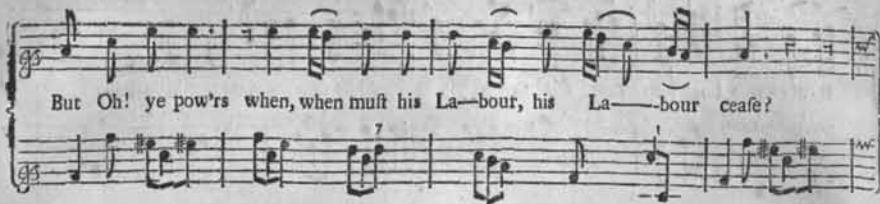
more you Love; in vain, fair Ce—lia, you wou'd be thought, you wou'd be thought, you
 wou'd be thought his Slave; and yet you will not, and yet you will not to his pow'r sub—
 mit. Tell me no more, no more you Love; in vain, fair Ce—lia, in
 vain, fair Ce—lia, you this Pas—sion feign.

SOLO.

A SONG Perfom'd before the King.



H! when ye pow'rs, when,
 when mult his La—bour, his La—bour cease?



A SONG for Two Voices.

Ouch'd by the Pleasant, the Plea- - - - - fane

 Musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time, and a bass F-clef. The bottom staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time. The vocal parts are separated by a thick vertical bar. The lyrics 'Ouch'd by the Pleasant, the Plea- - - - - fane' are written below the notes.

Hel-li-conian Spring;

Couch'd by the Pleasant, the Plea- - - - - fane

 Musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time, and a bass F-clef. The bottom staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time. The vocal parts are separated by a thick vertical bar. The lyrics 'Hel-li-conian Spring;' and 'Couch'd by the Pleasant, the Plea- - - - - fane' are written below the notes.

Couch'd, by the Pleasant, Couch'd by the Pleasant, the

Hel-li-co - nian Spring; Couch'd by the Pleasant, Couch'd by the

 Musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time, and a bass F-clef. The bottom staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time. The vocal parts are separated by a thick vertical bar. The lyrics 'Couch'd, by the Pleasant, Couch'd by the Pleasant, the' and 'Hel-li-co - nian Spring; Couch'd by the Pleasant, Couch'd by the' are written below the notes.

Ple- - - - - fane Hel-li - co - - - - -

Ple- - - - - fane Hel - li - co

 Musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time, and a bass F-clef. The bottom staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time. The vocal parts are separated by a thick vertical bar. The lyrics 'Ple- - - - - fane Hel-li - co - - - - -' and 'Ple- - - - - fane Hel - li - co' are written below the notes.

nion Spring; of bright Ce - cilia, Ce - ci - lia they

 Musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time, and a bass F-clef. The bottom staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time. The vocal parts are separated by a thick vertical bar. The lyrics 'nion Spring; of bright Ce - cilia, Ce - ci - lia they' are written below the notes.

Sing; of bright Ce - cilia, Ce - ci - lia they Sing;

of bright Ce - ci - lia, Ce - ci - lia they Sing, they Sing; the bright Ce

 Musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time, and a bass F-clef. The bottom staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time. The vocal parts are separated by a thick vertical bar. The lyrics 'Sing; of bright Ce - cilia, Ce - ci - lia they Sing;' and 'of bright Ce - ci - lia, Ce - ci - lia they Sing, they Sing; the bright Ce' are written below the notes.

the bright Ce - ci - lia, Ce - ci - lia, the bright Ce - ci - lia, that in - spires the

ce - lia, Ce - ci - lia, the bright Ce - ci - lia, Ce - ci - lia that in - spires the

 Musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time, and a bass F-clef. The bottom staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time. The vocal parts are separated by a thick vertical bar. The lyrics 'the bright Ce - ci - lia, Ce - ci - lia, the bright Ce - ci - lia, that in - spires the' and 'ce - lia, Ce - ci - lia, the bright Ce - ci - lia, Ce - ci - lia that in - spires the' are written below the notes.

Brain, the aw - ful Goddess that their cause main - tains, the aw - ful

Brain;

 Musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time, and a bass F-clef. The bottom staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time. The vocal parts are separated by a thick vertical bar. The lyrics 'Brain, the aw - ful Goddess that their cause main - tains, the aw - ful' and 'Brain;' are written below the notes.

Goddes that their cause main-tain; and with her fa- - - - - cred
b
cause main-tain, and with her fa- - - - - cred Pow'r, and
b ⁶ ³ ³

Pow'r, and with her fa- - - - - cred, fa- - - - - cred pow'r, the art-ful Hand, and
b
with the fa- - - - - cred, fa- - - - - cred pow'r; the
b ⁶ ⁶ ^b

tune-ful Voice, the art-ful Hand, the art-ful Hand, and tune-ful Voice, and
b
art-ful Hand, and tune-ful Voice, the art-ful Hand, and tune-ful Voice, and
#3 ⁶ ⁶ ^{#3} ⁷ ⁶ ⁷ ⁶ ^{#3} ^b

gives a taste of Heav'nly Bliss, of Heav'n- - - - - ly, Heav'nly Bliss; in
b
gives a taste of Heav'nly Bliss, of Heav'n- - - - - ly Bliss;
#3 ^b ⁹ ^b ³ ⁷ ¹⁰ ^b

more, more, in more, more than Martial Strains; in more, more, in more,
b
in more, more, in mo - re than Martial Strains; in more, more, in mo
7 ⁵ ⁶ ⁴ ³

more than Martial Strains.
b
re than Mar-tial Strains.
7

SOLO For a Bass.

Rms, Arms, Arms, he delights in Arms, Arms does he Love?
A
In Thun- - - - - der in Thun- - - - - der and Lightning he I-mi-tates
b
Love; Arms, Arms, Arms, he de-lights in Arms, Arms, Arms does he
#3
A a

Love? In Thun- - der, in Thun- - der and Light-ning he I-mi-tates
#3 6 and Light-ning he I-mi-tates
#3 6

Fors; and all the lit-tle Gi-ants can throw down, down, down, down, down,
#3 6

down; with the Lightning of a Smile, or the Thun- - der, the
7 6

Thun- - der of a Frown; and all the lit-tle Gi-ants can throw
#6 7 43

down, down, down, with the light-ning of a Smile, or the Thun- -
7 6

der of a Frown.
43

The Self Banished; out of Waller. A Minuet.

T is not that I Love you less, that when be-fore your
1 5

Feet I lay; but to pre-vent the sad en-crease of hope-less
7 6

Love, I keep a-way: in vain (a-las) for ev-ry thing, which
7 6 #6 #5 w

I have known be-long to you; your form does to my
bo b6 65

fan-cy bring, and makes my Old wounds bleed a-new.
6 6 4 w

A SONG for Three Voices.



Lo — e
 Clo — e found Amintas lying all in
 Clo — e found Amintas ly-ing all in Tears, all in Tears;
 found Amintas ly-ing all in Tears, all, all in Tears; Clo — e
 Tears, Clo — e found Amintas ly-ing all in
 Clo — e found Amintas ly-ing all in Tears, all, all in
 found Amintas ly-ing, all in Tears, all in Tears up-on the plain; Sighing to himself,
 Tears, in Tears, in Tears up-on the plain; Sighing, to him-self
 Tears, ly-ing all in Tears up-on the plain; Sigh-ing

Music: The page contains four staves of musical notation for three voices. The first staff begins with a large decorative initial 'C'. The music consists of mostly eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with some sustained notes. The key signature changes frequently, indicated by various sharps and flats. The vocal parts are labeled 'Lo — e', 'Clo — e', and 'Tears'.

Sigh-ing to him-self and crying; wretched I to Love in vain, wretched I to Love in
 Sigh-ing to him-self and crying; wretched I to Love in vain, wretched I to Love in
 to him-self and cry-ing, wretched, wretched I to Love in vain, to Love in vain; wretched
 vain, wretched I, wretched I, wretched I to Love in vain, to Love in vain:
 vain, wretched I to Love in vain, wretched I to Love in vain, to Love in vain:
 I to Love ir vain, wretched I, wretched I to Love in vain, to Love in vain:
 Kiss me Dear, Kiss me Dear, Kiss me be-fore my dy-ing;
 Kiss me Dear, Kiss me Dear, Kiss me be-fore my dy-ing;
 Kiss me Dear, Kiss me Dear, Kiss me be--fore my dy-ing;

Music: The page features three staves of musical notation for three voices. The first two staves are identical, consisting of eighth-note patterns. The third staff is a single line of eighth-note patterns. The lyrics 'Sigh-ing to him-self and crying...' and 'Kiss me Dear...' are repeated multiple times.

Kiss me once, Kiss me once and ease my pain.
Kiss me once, Kiss me once and ease my pain. Sighing,
Kiss me once, Kiss me once and ease my pain.

Sigh-ing, Sigh-ing to him-self, Sigh-ing to him-self and cry-ing;
Sigh-ing to him-self, Sigh-ing to him-self and cry-ing;
Sigh-ing, to him-self and cry-ing, wretched,

wretched I to Love in vain, wretched I to Love in vain, wretched
wretched I to Love in vain, wretched I to Love in vain, wretched
wretched I to Love in vain, to Love in vain; wretched I to Love in

I, wretch-ed I, wretched I to Love in vain, to Love in vain:
I to Love in vain, wretched I to Love in vain, to Love in vain:
vain, wretched I, wretched I to Love in vain, to Love in vain: E-ver

E-ver scorning and de-nying, and de-nying to re-
E-ver scorning and de-nying, ever scorning and de-nying, and de-ny-ing to re-
scorning and de-dying, e-ver scorning and de-nying, and de-ny-ing to re-wa rd, to re-

ward your faith-full Swain. Kiss me Dear, Kiss me Dear, Kiss me before my dy-ing;
ward your faithfull Swain. Kiss me Dear, Kiss me Dear, Kiss me be-fore my dy-ing
ward your faithfull Swain. Kiss me Dear, Kiss me Dear, Kiss me be-fore my dying;

Kiss me once, Kiss me once and ease my pain.
Kiss me once, Kiss me once and ease my pain.
Kiss me once, Kiss me once and ease my pain. E---ver

E---ver scorning and de---nying, and de---nying to re---
E---ver scorning and de---nying, ever scorning and de---nying, and de---nying to re---
scorning and de---nying, e---ver scorning and de---nying, and de---nying to re---ward, to re---

ward your faith---full Swain. Clo---e Laugh---ing at his crying,
ward your faithfull Swain. Clo---e Laugh---ing at his crying,
ward your faithfull Swain. Clo---e

Clo---e, Clo---e Laugh---ing at his Cry---ing,
Clo---e Laugh---ing at his Cry---ing, Clo---e Laugh---
Laugh---ing, at his Cry---ing, Clo---e Laugh---

Clo---e Laugh---ing at his Crying told him that he Lov'd in vain.
Clo---e Laugh---ing at his Crying, told him that he Lov'd in vain.
ing at his Cry---ing, told him that he Lov'd in vain.

Kiss me Dear, Kiss me Dear, Kiss me be---fore my dy---ing;
Kiss me Dear, Kiss me Dear, Kiss me be---fore my dy---ing;
Kiss me Dear, Kiss me Dear, Kiss me be---fore my dy---ing;

Kiss me once, Kiss me once and ease my pain.
Kiss me once, Kiss me once and ease my pain.
Kiss me once, Kiss me once and ease my pain.

Clo-e Laugh-ing at his Crying, Clo-e
Clo-e Laugh-ing at his Crying, Clo-e
Clo-e Laugh-ing at his

Clo-e Laugh-ing at his Cry-ing, Clo-e
Laugh-ing at his Cry-ing, Clo-e
Cry-ing, Clo-e Laugh-ing, Laugh-

Laugh-ing at his Crying, told him that he Lov'd in vain.
Laugh-ing at his Crying, told him that he Lov'd in vain. But re-
ing at his Crying, told him that he Lov'd in vain.

But re-penting and com-plying, when he Kis'd, the
—pening, and com-plying, when he Kis'd, the Kis'd a-gain, the Kis'd a-gain:
But re-pen-ing

Kis'd a-gain: But re-penting and com-plying, when he Kis'd, when he Kis'd
But re-penting and com-plying, when he Kis'd, when he Kis'd
and com-plying, but re-penting and comply-ing, the Kis'd

when he Kis'd she Kis'd a—gain, Kis'd him up be—fore his dy—ing;
 when he Kis'd she Kis'd a—gain, Kis'd him up be—fore his dy—ing;
 she Kis'd, when he Kis'd she Kis'd a—gain, Kis'd him up be—fore his dy—ing;
 But re-penting and com—plying, but re-pen-ting and com—ply-ing, the Kis'd,
 But re-penting and com—plying, but re-pen-ting and com—ply-ing, the Kis'd,
 But re-pen-ting and com—plying, but re-pen-ting and com—ply-ing, when he Kis'd
 the Kis'd, she Kis'd again, Kis'd him up and eas'd his pain.
 the Kis'd, she Kis'd again, Kis'd him up and eas'd his pain.
 when he Kis'd, when he Kis'd the Kis'd, a—gain, Kis'd, him up and eas'd his pain.

SOLO A SONG.

W Hat is't to us who guides the State, who's out of Fa—
 —vour, or who's Great? Who are the Mi—ni—sters, and
 Spics? Who Votes for Pla—
 or who Buys? The World will still, will still, still be rul'd by Knaves and
 Fools, conten—
 Slaves; small things, my friend serve to sup-port, Life's trou—ble—some at best, and

short, our Youth runs back, Occasion flies, gray Hares come on, and Plea-
sure dies, and Plea- - - - - sure dies: Who, who would the present,
present bles-sing loose, for Empire, for Em- - - - - pire which he
can- - - - - not use? Kind Pro-vidence has us sup-
ply'd, has us supply'd, with what to o-thers is deny'd; Virtue which teaches to con-
demn, and scorn, and scorn, scorn ill Ac-tions, and ill Men.

Be-neth this Lime-tree's Fra-grant Grove, be-
neath this Lime-tree's Fra-grant shades; on Beds of Flow'r's, on Beds of
Flow'r's su-pine-ly laid; let's then all o-ther cares, all o-ther cares re-
move, and Drink and Sing, and Drink and Sing to those we Love:
Here's to Nea-ra to Nea-ra Heav'n de-sign'd, Per-fec-tion
of the Charm-ing, Charm-ing, Charm- - - - - ing, Charm-ing

Kind; may she be, Blest as she is Fair, may she be Blest as she is
Fair; and Pi-ty me, and pi-ty me as I Love her; may she be
blest may she be blest as she is Fair, and pi-ty me, pi-ty me, pi-ty me,
and pi-ty, pi-ty me as I Love her.

A Single SONG,

Turn not, turn not those fine Eyes a-way;
O turn not, turn not those fine eyes a-way; nor blush you gave me, nor blush you

give me that kind Look: More than a Thou-sand, a thou-sand,
thousand times me, have you took, as I've been steal-ing, as I've been steal-ing, steal-ing
of a-Glimps or Ray; from those two lights which make per-pe-tual which,
make per-pe-tual, from those two lights, which make per-pe-tual per-pe-tual day; from those two
Lights which make per-pe-tual, per-pe-tual day; See, Fair one,
see, see, see, Fair one, see; See Fair one, see, see, see

Fair one, see, I'm looking now I'm looking now a-no-ther way;

you may be kind, you may be kind, and if I must not, if I must not see,

I can be blind, blind for that moment you the Fa-vour, you the fa-vour

show, then see a-gain, see, see a-gain, to look on on-ly you, then see a-gain, see, see, a-

gain to look on on-ly you. Come think no more, no more

on this sur-prise; come think no more, no more on this sur-

-prise, but let your Lover, but let your Lover make his Court;

We've long been at this pretty, pretty, pret-ty, pretty, pretty Glancing

sport; now let our Tongues, now let our Tongues declare, de-cla-----

re what this im-plys; 'tis time we cease, 'tis time we cease the Tat-tle

of our Eyes; 'tis time we cease, 'tis time we cease the Tat-tle of our

Eyes.

SOLO A SONG.



I 5
T Grieves me when I see, when I see what Fate, does

on the best of Man. - - - - kind wait; it grieves
let them, let them be;

me, it grieves me when I see what Fate, does on the best of Mankind
fy can Arme, arme, can arme, arme;

wait; it grieves me when I see, what Fate, does on the best, does on the
a gainst Death's small est

best of Man. - - - - kind wait:
Dart, the Poet's Head, or Lovers, or Lo-vers Heart: Violin.

Poets, or Lovers, let them, let them, let them
But when their Life, when their Life in it's de-cline; Violin.

Harpischord, or Violin.

be, Po-ets, or Lovers, let them be let them,

tis nei-ther Love, nor Po-e-
let them, let them be;

fy can Arme, arme, can arme, arme,
a gainst Death's small est

Dart, the Poet's Head, or Lovers, or Lo-vers Heart: Violin.

But when their Life, when their Life in it's de-cline; Violin.

But when their Life in it's de-cline, touch-es th' in-

F f

Violin.

[111]

SONG For Two Voices. Words by Sir George Etherage.

I

-swade, to see those wounds her Eyes have made ; If I my
-swade ; If I my Ce-lia, my

Ce-lia, my Ce-lia cou'd per-swade ; If I my Ce-lia, If I my
Ce-lia cou'd per-swade ; If I my Ce-lia, if

Ce-lia, my Ce-lia, if I my Ce-lia, my Ce-lia cou'd per-
I my Ce-lia, my Ce-lia, if I my Ce-lia cou'd per-

-swade; to see those wounds her Eyes have made ;
-swade; to see those wounds her Eyes have

to see those wounds, to see those wounds, those
made, to see those wounds her Eyes have made, to see those

wounds her Eyes have made; and hear, hear, hear,
wounds her Eyes have made; and hear, hear, hear, whilst I that pas-sion tell;

whilst I that pas-sion tell; and hear, hear, hear whilst I that pas-sion tell;
and hear, hear, hear, whilst I that pas-sion tell; whilst I that pas-sion, that

and hear, hear, hear, whilst I that pas-sion that pas-sion tell;
pas-sion tell; whilst I that pas-sion, that pas-sion tell;

which like her self, which like her self, does so ex-ceed;
which like her self, which like her self, does so ex-ceed;

how soon we might be freed from care,
how soon we might be freed from care, she need not fear, nor

She need not fear, she need not
I de-spair; she need not fear, nor I de-spair, she
fear, nor I, nor I de-spair.
need not fear, nor I de-spair.

SOLO For a Bass alone.

R

If e mighty Monarch, and a-scend the Throne; Ri—fe migh-ty Monarch
and a-scend the Throne; tis yet once more, tis yet once more your own; For
Lu--ci-fer and all his Legions are o'er thone: Ri—fe migh-ty
Monarch and a-scend the throne, for Lu--ci-fer and all his Legions are o'er thrown,
for Lu—ci-fer and all his Le-gions are o'er thrown: Son of the
Morning, first born Son of light, How art thou tum—bled

head long down, down in—to the Dungeon of E—ter—nal night;
how art thou tumb—led head long down, in—to the
Dungeon of E—ter—nal night, Son of the morn—ing, first born
Son of light; how art thou tumb—led head long down,
down in—to the Dun—geon of E—ter—nal night, in—to the Dungeon of
E—ter—nal night.

A SOLO for Two VIOLINS.

U—sick's the Cor—dial of a trou—bled Breast, Mu—
sick's the Cor—dial of a trou—bled Breast; the sof—test Re—
me—dy that grief can find, the soft—est Re—me—dy that

Grief can find; the gen-tle Spell that charms, charms
4.3 6.6

our cares to rest, the gen-tle Spell that charms, that charms
4.3 6.6

our care to rest; and calms the
6.5 b5

ruf- - - ling pas-sions of the mind, of the mind, and calms, calms,
6.6 7.6 5.6 4.5

calms, calms the ruf- - - ling pas-sions of the mind;
7.6 4.4 6.6 4.3

calms, calms, calms the ruf- - - ling pas-sions of the mind:
6.5 4.3 3.1



fine; 'tis that gives re-lish to our Wine, Mu-sick does all our
43 7 3 56 76

Joyes re-fine; 'tis that gives re-lish to our Wine, 'tis that gives
76 4 6 7

Rap-ture to our Love;

It wings De-vo-tion to a pitch Di-vine, 'tis our chief Bliss on Earth, and
65 43 56

half our Heav'n a-bove; 'tis our chief Bliss on Earth, and half our Heav'n a'-
65 56 7 43

bove, our chief Bliss on Earth, and half our Heav'n a--bove, a--bove, and

SOLO. *The Fair Lover and his Black Mistress.*

H! Ni-gro cel-la, Oh! Ni-gro cel-

la, don't de-s-pise a Lo-ver's trem-

bling, trembling flame:

Oh! Ni-gro cel-la, Oh! Ni-gro cel-

la, a pas-sion kind-led by your Eyes, you can-not

jus-ti-ly blame; Oh! Ni-gro cel-la, Oh! Ni-gro cel-la, unl

hap-py me, had you been Fair, you had been kind-er sure;

Were I as Black as Leda's Hair, you shou'd not thus en-dure;

come Ni-gro-cel-la, come Ni-gro-cel-
la, tell the truth, who, who's the A-lex-
is of your Soul? Come Ni-gro-
cel-la, you burn for some Fair scor-ning
youth; take heed you burn not to a Coal; come Ni-gro-
cel-la, come Ni-gro-cel-
la,

tell the truth, who, who's the A-lex-
- - - - - is of your Soul?
[new translation, 2nd of the
A Dialogue between HORACE and LYDIA. [15 ooth.]
Hor. Lib. 3. Ode 9.
Horace.
Hilf on your Neck, no Ri-val Boy, more welcome, welcome, more welcome
welcome, welcome threw his Arms than I; your Horace Lydia, live'd more blest, than the great
Monarch the great Mon- - - - - arch of the East.
K K

Lydia.

While you did me a lone Embrace, and Clo - - - - - , Clo - - - - -
took not Ly dia's place, my ri - sing, ri - sing, ri - sing glo - ry, my ri - sing,

ri - sing glo - ry touch the Sky, not I - lia was so fam'd as I, as I, not I - lia was so

fam'd, so fam'd as I, as I. My Clo - - - - e, my Clo - - - - e

Horace.

e, Clo - - - - e, now does Fire, skilfull in Song, and at the Lyre. If

Fate my Suit wou'd not de - ny, to save her Life, to save her Lif - - - - e

once profest, Re - vive, re - vive, re - vive, re - vive and kin - die in my Breast; thrust Clo - - - - e

Pde glad - - - - ly, Pde glad - - - - ly, I'de glad - - - -

Lydia.

die. Ca - la - is has all my soft De - sires, I his; we burn with

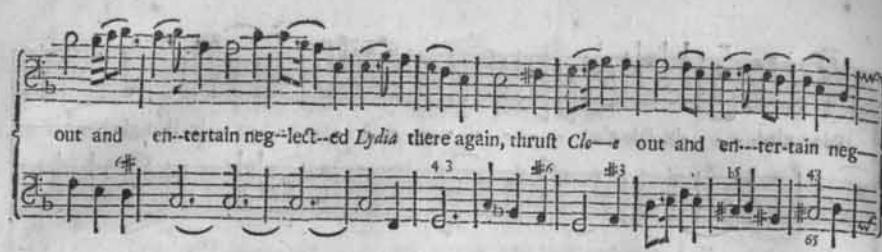
E - qual fires. If Fate, if Fate my suit wou'd not de - ny to save his Life I twice wou'd die.

If Fate my suit wou'd not de - ny, to save his Life I twice wou'd die, to save his

Horace.

Life I twice wou'd die. But if the Love, but if the Love, I

once profest, Re - vive, re - vive, re - vive, re - vive and kin - die in my Breast; thrust Clo - - - - e



Slow Lydia.

—lect-ed Lydia there again. Tho' he shine brighter



than the rude Ocean; you light as Chaff, and rough-er are than the rude Ocean: Glad-ly I

CHORUS.

glad-ly, I with thee, wou'd live, with thee wou'd dye; with thee, with thee wou'd
Glad-ly I, glad-ly I with thee wou'd live,

live with thee wou'd die; glad-ly, glad-ly I with thee wou'd live, with
glad-ly I with thee, with thee wou'd live, glad-ly I, glad-ly I with

thee wou'd live, with thee wou'd die; glad-ly I with the wou'd
thee wou'd live, with thee wou'd die; glad-ly I with thee wou'd live, with

live, with thee wou'd live, with thee wou'd die, glad-ly I, glad-ly I with thee wou'd live, with
thee wou'd die, glad-ly I, glad-ly I with thee, with thee wou'd live, glad-ly I with thee, with

thee wou'd die, glad-ly I, glad-ly I with thee wou'd live, with thee wou'd die.
thee wou'd die; glad-ly I with thee wou'd live, gladly I with thee, with thee wou'd die.

A SONG for Two Voices, The Words by Sir Robert Howard.



Hen I Drink my Heart is pos—fests, my Heart is pos—

When I Drink my Heart is pos—fests,

-fests with a joy that slides through my Breast; my Thoughts, and my

with a joy that slides through my Breast; my thoughts and my Fan—cy grow

Fan—cy grow fir'd by the Wine not the Mu—ses in—spir'd; my

fir'd, fir'd by the Wine, not the Mu—ses in—spir'd, my Cares grow be—

Cares grow be-calm'd when I Drink, my Cares grow be-calm'd when I Drink, and down,

-calm'd when I Drink, my Cares grow be-calm'd when I Drink, and down, down,

down with the stream they all sink, and down, down, down,

down with the stream they all sink, my Cares grow becalm'd when I Drink, and down,

down with the stream they all Sink ; and dow—n,

down with the stream they all sink ; my Cares grow becalm'd when I

Down, down, down, down, with the stream they all sink ; the God I en—

drink, and down, down with the stream they all sink ; the

joy with the Wine, and my Hu—mour grows more Di—vine, like Bacchus with

God I en—joy with the Wine and my Humour, grows more Di—vine ;

fresh Ro-ses Crown'd with fresh Ro-ses Crown'd; the fra-grant O-dours stealing
Like Bacchus with fresh Ro-ses Crown'd; the fragrant O-dours stealing

roun-----d. Thus, thus I Tri-----
roun-----d, steal-ing round. thus, thus I

-----umph a--bove all strife, thus I
Tri-----umph, I Tri-----umph, I

Tri-----umph and sing, the sweet-nefs of this Life; and
Triumph a--bove all strife, and sing the sweetnefs of this Life; and

sing the sweet-nefs of this Life: when I Drink with Glas-fes full
sing the sweet-nefs of this Life: when I Drink with Glas-fes full

charg'd, my Spi--rits grow free and en-larg-----d; when I
charg'd, my spi--rits grow free and en-larg-----d; when I

Drink my spi--rits grow free and en-larg-----d, grow free and en--
Drink my spi--rits grow free and en-larg'd, grow free and en-larg-----

larg-----d; a-mong Troops of Beauties I play, and rais'd a--bove
d; among Troops of Beauties I play, and

thoughts of de—cay, and rais'd above thoughts of de—cay; when I
rais'd a—bove thoughts of de—cay, and rais'd a—bove thoughts of de—cay; when I Drink,

Drink, I sing the soft charms of Ve—nus, and Clasp in my Arms my Mi—stress, who
I sing the soft charms of Ve—nus, and Clasp in my Arms my Mi—stress, who

then seems to me, a Goddess too as bright as she, who then seems to
then seem to me, a Goddess too as bright as she, who then seems to

me, a Goddess too as bright as she; when I Drink,
me, a Goddess too as bright as she; when I

When I Drink th' ad—vantage I find, from trou—bles, from
Drink, when I Drink th' ad—vantage I find, from trou—

trou—bles to shelter my mind; this, this is the bleſſing a—lone, this, this is the
trou—bles to shelter my mind; this, this is the bleſſing a—lone, this,

Bles—sing a—lone, that we that live can call our own; you that seek
this is the Bleſſing a—lone, that we that live can call our own;

more tell me but why, tell me, tell me but why, since all a—like
you that seek more tell me but why, tell me but why, tell me but why, since all a—like

must one day, die, all, all, all, all a-like must one day die?
 must one day die, since all a-like all, all a-like must one day die, all,
 you that seek more tell me but why, since all a-like must one day die, all,
 all, all a-like, all, all a-like, all a-like must one day die; since
 all, all, all a-like must one day die; all, all, all,
 all a-like, all, all a-like must one day die, since all a-like, all,
 all a-like must one day die.
 all a-like must one day die.

A Dialogue between a Man and his Wife.

O me you made a thou-sand, thou-sand Vows;
 a thou-sand, thou-sand, a thou-sand ten-der things you've said; I gave you
 all, all, all, all, all that love al-lows, the plea-
 sures of the Nuptial Bed:
 now, now, now my Eyes have lost their Charms, or you a-bate, or
 you a-bate in your de-sire, you wish a-no-ther, you wish ano-

The image shows a handwritten musical score for a three-part setting of "The Farmer's Song". The score consists of four systems of music, each with a different vocal part: a soprano part, an alto part, a tenor part, and a bass part. The music is written in common time, with various key signatures (G major, C major, F major, B-flat major) indicated by sharps and flats. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with some words underlined or in italics. The score is written on five-line staves with vertical bar lines separating measures. The handwriting is clear and legible, though there are some minor errors and variations in the musical notation.

self, while you your self have all the Fruit; What need you en—vy me?

What need you en—vy me? What need you en—vy me the Leaves. 2 Voc.

2 Voc.
A-way then, a-way then, a-way then all Fondness, I
a-way then, a-way then, a-way then all Fondnes, I

find tis in vain, tis in vain; for Wives when neg—lect—ed, for Wives when neg—
find tis in vain, tis in vain; for Wives when neg—lect—ed, for Wives when neg—

-lected, to sigh and complain; I find 'tis in vain, for
-lect-ed, to sigh and complain; I find 'tis in

Wives when neg—lect—ed, to sigh, — — — to sigh and com—
vain, for Wives when neg—lect—ed, to sigh, — — — to sigh and com—

-plain; we raise the loose Wishes, we raise the loose Wilhes, the
-plain; we raise the loose Wishes, we raise the

loose Wilhes we strive to restrain; a-way then, a-way then,
loose wishes we strive to restrain; a-way then, a-

a-way then all Fondness, I find 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain; a...
a-way then, a-way then all Fondness, I find 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain; a...
Sb

-way then all Fond—ness, I find 'tis in vain, a...
a-way then all Fondness, I find 'tis in vain, a...
b3 b5

CHORUS.
-way then all Fondness, I find 'tis in vain. 'Tis a fol—ly,
-way then all Fondness, I find 'tis in vain. To
CHORUS.

'tis a fol—ly, 'tis a fol—ly, 'tis a fol—ly to whine,
whine, to Languish, to Languish and grieve; 'tis a
43 b3 b5 76 65 #3

to Languish, to Languish and grieve; 'tis a fol—ly, 'tis a
fol—ly, 'tis a fol—ly, 'tis a fol—ly, 'tis a fol—ly
b3 b5 b3 6 6 #3 43 #3 343

fol—ly, 'tis a fol—ly, 'tis a fol—ly to Languish and grieve; let us
to whine; to Languish, to Languish and grieve;
43

ra—ther en—dea—vour, en—dea—vour, let us rather en—dea—vour, en—dea—vour
let us rather en—dea—vour, en—dea—vour, let us rather en—dea—vour
76 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

—dea—vour our selves to de—ceive; what we wish to be true, what we wish to be
—dea—vour our selves to de—ceive; what we wish to be true, what we wish to be
76 7 7 6 5 4

true, Love bids us be-lieve; what we wish to be true, Love bids us be-lieve; Time,
true, Love bids us be-lieve; what we wish to be true, Love bids us be-lieve;

Rea-son, Time, Rea-son, or Change, at last will re-lieve; Time, Rea-son,
Time, Reason, or Change, or Change, at last will re-lieve; Time

Time Rea-son, or Change, at last will re-lieve; 'tis a fol-ly, 'tis a
Rea-son, Reason, or Change, at last will re-lieve; to Whine,

fol-ly, 'tis a fol-ly, 'tis a fol-ly to Whine, to Languish,
to Languish, to Languish and grieve; 'tis a fol-ly, 'tis a

to Languish, and Grieve; 'tis a folly, 'tis a folly, 'tis a
fol-ly, 'tis a fol-ly, 'tis a fol-ly to Whine,
fol-ly, 'tis a fol-ly to Languish and Grieve.
to Languish, to Languish and Grieve.

SOLO. *A Translation out of Anacron.*

I F Mighty Wealth that gives the Rules to Vicious Men and Cheating

Fools, Cou'd but preserve me in the Prime of Bloom-ing Youth and Purchase Time,

than I wou'd covet Ri-ches too, and Scrape, and Cheat as o-thers do; then I wou'd

P P

covet Riches too, and Scrape and Cheat as others do; that when the Minister of
Fate, Pale Death, was knocking at the Gate, I'd send him Loaded back with Coin, a
Bribe of Richer Dust than mine; I'd send him Loaded back with Coin, a Bribe of
Rich-er Dust than mine; I'd send him Loaded back with Coin, a Bribe of Rich-er Dust than
mine. But since that Life must slide a
way, and Wealth can't pur-chase one poor day; Why shou'd my

Cares en-crease my Pain, and waste my time with Sighs in vain;
and waste my time with Sighs in vain?
Since Riches cannot Life sup-ply, it is a
Use-less Po-ver-ty; it is a Use-less Po-ver-ty.
Since Riches cannot Life sup-py, it is a Use-less Po-ver-ty, it is
a Use-less Po-ver-ty. Swift Time, Swift

Time that can't be bought to stay, I'll try to guide the gent--left
way, I'll try to guide, to guide the gentlest way;
with cheerful Friends, brisk Wine shall pass, and drown a Care, drown a
Care in ev--ry Glas: Sometimes di--vert-ed with Love's Charms, the Cir-- —— cle made
by Celi-a's Arms; sometimes di--vert-ed with Loves Charms, the Cir--cle
made by Celia's Arms.

A SONG for Two Basses.

SCALS
M

Ake Bright, make Bright your War--rior's Shield,
Make Bright, make
His Shin-- - - - ing Arms and Helm pre--pare;
Bright your War--rior's Shield, make Bright, make
His Shin-- - - - ing Arms and Helm pre--pare;
Bright your War--rior's Shield ; his Shin-- - - -
—pare, his Shin-- - - - ing Arms and Helm pre--pare:
—ing Arms and Helm prepare, his Shining Arms and Helm pre--pare:

Sev'-ral-ly Grac'd with Plumes of War, Sev'-ral-ly Grac'd with Plumes of
Sev'-ral-ly Grac'd with Plumes of War, Sev'-ral-ly

War, with Plumes of War, and Dress your He---roe, Dress your He---roe
Grac'd with Plumes of War; and Dress your He---roe, Dress your

for the Field, Dress your Heroe for the Field, and bid him E---mulous
He---roe for the Field, Dress your He---roe for the Field; and bid his E---mulous

Ver - - - - - tue soar, where ne---ver Mortal dar'd be
Ver - - - - - tue soar, where never Mortal dar'd be-fore, where

fore, where ne---ver Mortal dar'd be-fore, ne - - -
ne---ver Mortal dar'd be-fore, where ne - - - ver,
ne---ver Mortal dar'd be-fore.

ne---ver Mortal dar'd be-fore.
ne---ver Mortal dar'd be-fore.

A SONG for Two Voices.

Ring Shepherds, bring the Kids and

Lambs, those Firstlings of their ten---der Dams;
Bring Shepherds, bring the Kids, and Lambs, those Firstlings of their ten---der

bring Shepherds, bring the Kids and Lambs, the First-lings of their ten-der
Dams; bring Shepherds, bring the Kids and

Dams; ye Nymphs bring each a Tur-tle
Lambs, those Firflings of their ten-der Dams,

Dove, for Hymes and the God of Love; ye Nymphs bring each a Tur-tle
ye Nymphs bring each a Tur-tle Dove, for Hy-men and the God of

Dove, for Hy-men and the God of Love: May In-cense
Love, for Hy-men and the God of Love:

from their Al-tars rise, and Sweet-en all, all
may Incense from their Al-tars rise, may In-cense

Sweet-en all, and Sweeten all the Sa-cri-fice, and Sweet-en
from their Al-tars rise, and Sweeten all the Sa-cri-fice,

all, all - - - - - the Sa-cri-fice;
and Sweet-en all, all - - - - - the Sa-cri-fice;

Be-gin, be - - - - - gin
be-gin, be-gin, be-gin the Hy-me-ne-al Song, the Hy-me-ne-al
R

be-gin, be-gin the Hy-me-ne-al Song; to Ush-er, Ush-er
Song; be-gin, be-gin, be-gin the Hy-me-ne-al Song; to

in, to Ush-er, Ush-er in the Bri-dal throng; be no ill
Ush-er, Ush-er in, to Ush-er in the Bri-dal throng;

Omens in their way; no ill Omens in their way, to cross the glad—
be no ill Omens in their

—ness of this day;
way, to cross the glad— —ness of this day;

but cheer - - - - - ful Sounds, but cheer - - - - -
but cheer - - - - - ful Sounds, but

- - - - - ful sounds pro-pri-tious be, fill the
- - - - - ful foun - - - - ds propitious be,
cheer - - - - - ful foun - - - - ds propitious be,

glad, the glad, fill the glad, the gla - - - - -
fill the glad, the gla - - - - -

—d Temple's Sa-cred Quire:
—d Temple's Sa-cred Quire:

SOLO.

The Rites are per-form'd, Joy to this hap-py,
hap-py, hap-py Pair; Joy to this hap-py, hap-py Pair, to the
Bride, to the Bride, who shincs brighter, shincs brighter, shincs bright-
er than the Morning Star; to the Groom who Rejoy—ces, Rejoy—ces, Re-
joy—ces, looks Fresh, and as Gay as a fine Ro-sy Morn, as a
fine Ro-sy Morn in the dawn of the day; be their Loves e-ver growing,

be their Loves e—ver grow—ing, as Bloomy as Spring, may it Flo—
rish, may it Flo—rish while
Shepherds can Pipe, while Shepherds can Pipe, while Shepherds can Pipe,
Dance and Sing, Sing, Sing; while Shepherds can Pipe Dance and
Sing.
Bring Shepherds, End with the 1st. 2 part Verse.

S O L O.

Flavia grown Old.



Hy Fl-a - - - - via, Fla - - - - via,

Hy Fl-a - - - - via, Fla - - - - via,

why so wan-ton still? Fl-a - - - - via,

why, why so wan-ton still? Where is the Rol-ling, Sparkling Eye? Where,

where, where, is the Rol - - - - ling Sparkling Eye? Nor

have you now the Art to Kill, with Looking as if you woud'

Die. Why Fl-a - - - - via, why so Wan-ton

fill? Fla - - - - via, why, why, why,

why so wan-ton still?

Dis-sem-bl'd Lan-gui-sh-ing is lost, as Soon, as Age comes

Stalk-ing on; and Fla-via's but a Li-ving Ghost, now all her

Charms are Dead and gon; now all, all, all her Charms are

Dead and gon. Dissem.

SOLO.



Hep—herds deck your
Crooke, and bring, bring ev'ry Sweet and Flo—rid
thing; and bring ev'ry sweet, ev'ry sweet and Flo.
—rid thing, ev'ry Sweet and Flo—rid thing; bring your
Myrtles from the Groves, bring your Myrtles from the Groves Ho-ny—suckles;
from the Bow'rs, from the Bow'rs, bring your Myrtles from the

Groves Ho-ny—Suckles, Ho-ny—Suckles Ho-ny—Suckles from the Bow'r

where you use to meet, you use to meet your Lo—vers;

Vir—gins strew the way with Flow—
rs;

Vir—gins strew the way with Flow'rs.

3 VOC.

Trip, trip, trip, trip it Dam'sels, Dance and Sing, Dance and
Trip, trip, trip it Dam'sels, trip, trip, trip it Dam'sels, Dance, Dance and
Trip, trip, trip it Dam'sels trip, trip, trip it,

Sing; trip, trip, trip, trip it Dam'sels, Dance and Sing; trip, trip, trip, trip,
Sing; trip, trip, trip it Dam'sels, Dance, and Sing; trip, trip, trip it;
trip it, trip it Dam'sels, Dance and Sing;

trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing;
trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip it, Dam'sels, Dance and Sing;
trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip it;

Dance the Hay, Dance the Hay, Dance the Hay, and Dance the Ring;
Dance the Hay, Dance the Hay, Dance the Hay, and Dance the Ring;
Dance and Sing, Dance the Hay, Dance the Hay, and Dance the Ring;

Dance the Hay, Dance the Hay, Dance the Ha—
trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip,
trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip,

—y and Dance the Ring;
trip it, Dance the Hay, and Dance the Ring; like the Ladies, like the Ladies of the
trip it, Dance the Hay, and Dance the Ring;

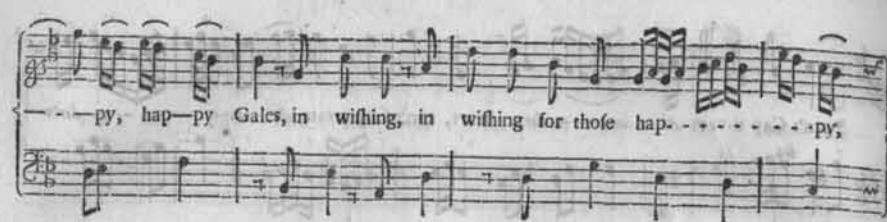
like the Ladies, like the La-dies of the Spring. Trip, trip, trip, trip,
Spring, like the La-dies, like the La-dies of the Spring: Trip, trip, trip, trip;
like the La-dies, like the La-dies of the Spring: Trip, trip, trip, trip;

trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip it like — —
like the L——dies; trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it like the
trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip it,
the La——dies of the Spring.
La——dies of the Spring.
like the La——dies of the Spring.

Why weeps Asteria. A Single SONG.

Hy Weeps A——ste——ri——a? why Weeps A——ste——
—ri——a? why Weeps A——ste——ri——a, and Mourns the absence, the

ab-fence of a Faith-ful Lo-ver? who with the first
Fair Wind re-turns, and brings his Con-stant Pa-f——sion
O-ver; who with the first Fair Wind re-returns and
brings his Con-stant Pa-f——sion O-ver,
A-las! A-las! A-las! A——las! His rest-less Nights are
Pa-f——d, are pa-f——d, in wish-ing, in wish-ing, for those hap-
U u



Sforz. *Quiet.*

Hap-py Gales; Im-pa-tient Cries, Hoist, Hoist in haste,

Slow.

Hoist, hoist in haste, Pve Sighs a—now, Pve Sighs a—

—now to — fill the Sails; *Aste-ri-a*, *Aste-ri-a*

has the Sole Command, o-thers with all their Charms and Art, the Sy-renes

of the Sea or Land can't Cap-ti-vate Alcan- der's Heart,

can't Cap-ti-vate Al-can- der's heart, can't Cap-ti-vate Al-can- der's

heart, can't Cap-ti-vate Al-can- der's Heart; In vain, in vain are all, all,

all their Lan-gui-shings and Sighs; all, all, all in vain, in vain, in

vain they tempt the un-shak-en Mind; firm as a Rock, firm as a

Rock, and deaf-er to their Cries, he scat-ters, scat-ters all,

all, all be-fore the Wind.

A SONG, for two VOC.



re—the-a's Bright Eyes, does all Mortals Surprize; O—re—the-a's

O—re—the-a's bright Eyes, does all Mor-tals sur-prize; O—re—the-a's

SOLO.

bright Eyes, does all Mor-tals sur-prize; But oh! oh! there's

bright Eyes do all Mor-tals sur-prize;

more Charms in her Wit, how hap-py were I, with joy I shou'd

die, with joy I shou'd die, if she'd let me Ex-pire at her feet;

Triumph— — ing O—re—the-a, O—re—the-a, Triumph— — ing O—re—

the — — — a, why oh! why can noth-ing wave your Cru-
el-ty? Give me my

Life, I of-ten pray, but you give Life to make me die; a

thousand, thou-sand, thou-sand times a day. Orethea again, then the Chorus.

Be warn'd heed-less Youth, be warn'd, be warn'd, be warn'd, be

Be warn'd heed-less Youth, be

warn'd heed-less Youth, be warn'd by my harms, when her Wit, in her
warn'd by my harms, when her Wit, her Voice and her Beau-ty take

Voice, and her Beau-ty take Arms; when her Wit, her Voice and her
Arms; when her Wit, her Voice and her Beau-ty take Arms, and her

Beau-ty take Arms, there is no re-fist-ing, there is no re-fist-ing her
Beau-ty take Arms, there is no re-fist-ing, there is no re-fist-ing her

Pow'r- - - - ful Charms; there is no re-fist-ing her Pow'r-
Pow'rful Charms, her Pow'r- - - - ful Charms, her Pow'r- - - - - ful

ful Charms, there is no re-fist-ing her Pow'r- - - - - ful Charms, her
Charms; there is no re-fist-ing her Pow'r- - - - - ful Charms, her Pow'r-

Pow'r- - - - - ful Charms, her Pow'r-ful Pow'rful Charms.
- - - - - ful Charms, her Pow'r-ful, Pow'rful Charms.

A SONG for Two Voices.

Prelude for VIOLINS.

A S on Sep-ti-mi-us pant-ing Breast, mean-ing
As on Sep-ti-mi-us pant-ing Breast, meaning

nothing less than Rest; *Ac-me* lean'd her Lov-ing Head, the pleas'd Sep-

nothing less than Rest, *Ac-me* lean'd her Lov-ing Head, the pleas'd Sep-si-mi-

-ti-mi-us thus said, the pleas'd Sep-si-mi-us thus said. *Violins.*

-us thus said, the pleas'd Sep-si-mi-us thus said:

SOLO.

My dearest *Ac-me* If I be once a-live, and

Love not thee with a passion far a-bove, all that e're was called Love, in a

Lybian De-fart may I become some Lion's prey; let him *Ac-me*, let him

tear my Breast, when *Ac-me* is not there; let him *Ac-me*, let him tear my

CHORUS.

VIOLENTS.

Breast, when *Ac-me* is not there. The God of Love flood by to hear him;

the God of Love flood by to hear him,

the God of Love was al-ways near him; pleas'd and tick-led with the sound,

the God of Love was al-ways near him; pleas'd and tick-led with the sound,

Sneeze'd a-loud, and all a-round the lit-tle Loves that wait-ed by, Bow'd and
Sneeze'd a-loud, and all a-round the lit-tle Loves that wait-ed by, Bow'd and

Blest the Au-gu-ry.
Blest the Au-gu-ry.

VERSE 2 VOC.

Ac-me inflam'd with what he said, rais'd her gen-tle bend-ing Head;
Ac-me inflam'd with what he said, rais'd her gen-tle bend-ing Head;

and her Pur-ple Mouth with joy, stretching to the de-li-tious Boy;

and her Pur-ple Mouth with joy, stretching to the de-li-tious Boy;

Twice, and twice cou'd not suf-fice, she Kis'd his drunk-en rol-ling Eyes;

Twice, and twice cou'd not suf-fice, she Kis'd his drunk-en rol-ling Eyes;

Twice, and twice cou'd not suf-fice, she Kis'd his drunk-en rol-ling Eyes, the

Twice, and twice cou'd not suf-fice, she Kis'd his drunk-en rol-ling Eyes, the

Kis'd his drunk-en rol-ling Eyes : Violin.

Kis'd his drunk-en rol-ling Eyes : My little

Life, my All, said she, so may we e—ver Servants be, to that bleſt
God, and ne'er re—tain our ha—ted Li—ber—ty again; so may thy Paſſion
lift for me, as I a Paſſion have for thee, Greater and Fiercer much than
can be conceiv'd, by thee a man, it reigns not on—ly in my Heart, but
runs like Life in ev'ry paſe; ſhe ſpoke, the God of Love a—loud Sneez'd—a
the ſpoke, the God of Love a—loud Sneez'd—a

Cbo.

—gain, and all along the little Loves that waited by, bow'd and bleſt the
—gain, and all \ a—lond the little Loves that waited by, bow'd and bleſt the
Au—gu—ry, bow'd and bleſt the Au—gu—ry.
Au—gu—ry, bow'd and bleſt the Au—gu—ry.

Horace to his Lute. A SONG for a Bass.

A T Loo—fer hours,
at Loo—fer hours in the Shade; at Loo—fer

Z z

hours in the shade; if we my Lute have Sun...g;
if we my Lute have Sun...g, have Sun...
g and Play'd a Note that takes, may last some
years; now prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee, Play; now prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee
Play prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee Play thy Roman
Ayres; Now prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee, Play, now

Prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee Play? prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee
play thy Roman Ayres, First thou wert tun'd
for Lef-bian Lays; First thou wert tun'd for Lef-bian
Lays, that Hero toss on Stormy Seas; or in the Camp, a-midst Alarm—
—s, still softens all with Ly-ric Charms; still, still, still softens
all, all, all with Lyric Charms, First thou &c.

of Beau-ty's Queen, the Sacred Nine, the God of Love, the God of
Love, the God of Wine he Sung; and to com-plete, to com-plete his
joys, the love-ly, love-ly love-ly Maid; the love-ly, love-ly Maid, with
fine black Eyes; Hail! Hail! to the Lute, whose grate-ful, grate-ful,
grate-ful Odes; Hail! Hail! to the Lute whose grate-ful, grate-ful,
grate-ful Odes, do at their Ban-quets, at their Ban-quets Cheer the

God's Hail! hail to the Lute, which En-tain-tains, En-tain-tains me too,
Hail! Hail to the Lute, which en-tain-tains, en-ter-tains me too, and Swee-tens
all, all, all; and Swee-tens all my Pains, Sweetens all, all, all my
Pains, and Swee-tens all, all, all, Swee-
tens all my Pains, and Swee-tens all my Pains, Sweetens
all, all, all my Pains.

Aaa

SOLO.

A Mad SONG.

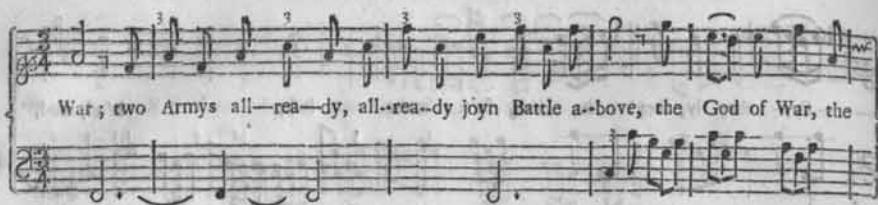
Y-san der I per-sue, I per-sue, persue, persue, per-sue in vain; cruel Ly-san-der thus-s to fly mee, cruel Ly-san-der thus to fl-y me; Be-lin-da never, ne-ver, ne-ver must obtain; Be-lin-da ne-ver, never must ob-tain, never, ne-ver must ob-tain; who is so Great, will still de-nay me, will still de-nay me, still de-nay

me, who is so Great, who is so Great, will still de-nay me; but am I not, am I not, am I not the God of Love? But am I not, am I not, am I not the God of Love? Bring, bring, bring my tru-fy Arms, weak Beau-ty must suc-cessful prove; this, this Dart is stron-ger, stron-ger, stron-ger, stron-ger; Charms; ah! fee-ble, fee-ble Arms and hurt-less Dart, nothing, nothing Be-lin-da, no-thing, nothing Be-lin-da can prevail a-la

Brisk.

s what hopes to wound a Heart, Arm'd, arm'd with a dou-ble, dou-ble,
double, double, double, double, double Coat of Mail; Arm'd, arm'd, arm'd,
arm'd with a double, double, double, double, double, double, double Coat of
Mail; She that cou'd no - - - - - ble Conquests boast, she that cou'd
no - - - - - ble Conquests boast; now, now falls a Victim to Di-
dain and Shame; Be-lin-da is for ever lost, for e - - - - -

ver lost, Be-lin-da, is for e-ver lost; Mad, mad,
mad, mad, mad, mad, that I Lov'd, that I Lov'd and not suppress my Flame; mad, mad,
mad, mad, mad, mad that I Lov'd, that I Lov'd and not suppress the
Flame; See, see, see, see, see now it ri - - - - -
- - - - - es to the Sky, and turns a Bla-zing Star, the fright-ed
Earth looks pale and crys, it threatens, threatens U - - ni-ve - - - - -
B b b



God of War Fights, Fights, Fights the God of Love; stand firm my Bat-ta—

—lians, stand firm, stand firm, stand firm my Bat---ta-lians, stand firm, the Tyrant, the

Ty—rant, the Ty—rant shall yield, shall yield, the Ty—rant shall

yield; my re—serve of wing'd Arch—ers will car—ry the Field, will

car—ry, will car—ry, will car—ry, will car—ry the Field, they

fly, they fly, they fly, they fly ; Smite, smite, smite Flanck and Reer; so

now will I storm, will I storm, will I storm, will I stor — — — m yon Castle i'th'

Air, the Chariot of the Sun in my rage, in my rage, o—ver turning; Con—

—sume, consume, consume the whole World, since Be-lin-da's a burning; consume, con—

sume, consume the Whole world, since Be-lin-da's a burning; con &c. burning.

Go Perjur'd Maid. A SONG for Two Voices.



O, go, go, go, Perjur'd Maid, to all, all, all, all, all, all,
Go, go, go,

all Ex-treams in-clin'd; go Perjur'd Maid, to all, all
go Perjur'd Maid, to all, all, all, all Extreams in-clin'd; Go Perjur'd
all Ex-treams in-clin'd, to all, all, all Ex-treams in-clin'd;
Maid, to all Extreams in-clin'd; Go, go go, go Perjur'd Maid, to all,
First so En-dear-ing; af-ter so Unkind, first so En-dear-ing af-
all, all, to all Extreams inclin'd, first so En-dear-ing, so En-

-ter fo un-kind, as Cruel, as In-con-stant, as Cru-el, as in-
dear-ing, af-ter fo un-kind, as Cru-el, as Inconstan, as Cru-el, as In-
-con-stant is thy Mind: Go, go to my Ri-val, leave me
-con-stant is thy Mind: Go, go to my Ri-val, leave me
to Complain; Go, go to my Ri-val, leave me to Complain;
to complain, Go, go to my Ri-val, leave me to complain;
tell him from me; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to
tell him he has not long to Reign; tell him from
Ccc

Reign; tell him from me, tell him from me, tell him he has not long to
me, tell him he has not long to Reign, tell him from me, tell him he

Reign; tell him from me he has not long, he has not long to Reign;
has not long to Reign, tell him, tell him he has not long to Reign; I know, I

I know, I know your Hearr, you'll quick-ly, quick-ly Change; I
know your Heart, you'll quick-ly, quick-ly Change, I know, I know your

know, I know your Heart, you'll quickly Change, you'll quick-ly, quick-ly Change a—
Heart you'll quick-ly, quick-ly, quick-ly change, you'll quick-ly change a—

gain, you'll quick-ly, quick-ly Change a—gain.
gain, you'll quick-ly Change a—gain.

*A Pastoral DIALOGUE Complaining the Princess's Birth-day
was not Celebrated, February 1698.*

Corydon.

Hence, Ga-la-te-a? Why so Gay? Who, who is the hap-py
Swain, the hap—py, hap—py Swain? I took you for the
Queen, for the Queen of May, as you came o'er, as you came o'er the
Plain: Who, who is the hap-py Swain, the hap—py

hap - - - - - py Swain; I took you for the Queen of *May*, as
you came o'er the Plain: Shepherd, I came from yonder Bow'r, am
fi - ner than the shi - ning Bough, am fi - ner, fi - ner, am fi - ner
than the shi - ning Bough; af - ter a Sum - - - er's Even - ing
Show'r; yet there's a Cloud hangs on my Brow. Say, say, say what's the Cause? This
Day by Pan's Command, is Sa - cred, Sa - cred to *Fa-cyn-thi-a*, to *Fa-cyn* - - -

Galatia. thi - a the Fair, this Day her In - fant Rays, her In - fant Rays first
Blest our Land. The God has mark'd it in our *Ka-len-dar*; in our
Ka-len-dar; the God has mark'd it, has mark'd it in our *Ka-len-dar*. Then
Why this Si - lence? Why this Ho - ly Day? Then Why this Si - lence?
Why this Ho - ly Day? Do not the Hills, and Val - leys Ring?
Why, why does not *Ti - ty - rus* take his Pipe, And Play, and Co - ri -

D d d

Sheet music for page 194, featuring three staves of musical notation with lyrics in common time.

Lyrics:

—don and *Thir-fis* Sing? Why, why does not *Ti-tty-rus*
take his Pipe and Play, and *Co-ry-don* and *Thir-fis* Sing?

Corydon-Slow.

fa-syn-thi-a mer- its high Renown, she long, long, she
Long, long preserv'd our threat—ned Flocks, when Herds of

Wolves came Howl-ing down, she still with—stood, the still with—

stood their Fu-—rions Shocks: When

Gal.

Sheet music for page 195, featuring three staves of musical notation with lyrics in common time.

Lyrics:

those so strange—ly Fierce and Bold, Fierce and Bold, so strange—
—ly Fierce and Bold, scorning the Night appear'd, scorning the
Night appear'd in o—pen Day, ap—pear'd in o—pen Day;

and wou'd assault a harmles Fold ; and wou'd assault a harmles

Fold, she like a Goddess drove 'em all, all, all a—way; she like a God—des
drove 'em all a—way, all a—way, all a—way; she like a Goddess

CHO.

CHORUS.

drove 'em all a-way;
she like a Goddess, drove 'em all away, all, a-
e like a God-defs, drove 'em all a-way, all a-way, she
-way; she like a God-defs, she like a
like a God-defs, drove 'em all a-way, a-
Goddef, drove 'em all a-way, all a-way, all a-way, the
all, a-way; the *Wolves* ap-pear, ap-pear, ap-pear, ap-
Wolves appear, ap-pear, ap-pear, ap-pear, ap-pear in o-open

pear in o-open Day; she like a Goddess drove 'em all a-way, she-
Day, she like a God-defs drove 'em all a-way, she like a
like a Goddess drove 'em a-----ll, all a-way.
Goddess, she like a Goddess drove 'em all a-way.

SOLO.

H *Ve-nus!* Daughter of the Migh-ty *love!*
Who art so Know-ing, who art so Know-ing, so Knowing in the
Art of Love; Oh! *Ve-nus* Af-sist me now; Oh! quick-ly, quick-ly
E e e

send, Oh! quick-ly, quickly send re—lief, send relief and suf—fer
 b6 4#3 7 15 13 6 4 #3 #4 6 5
 not, suf—fer not my Heart to break with Grief; Oh! Ve—nus,
 5 4#3 7 #4 6 5 4 #2 6 #3 #4
 Oh! Ve—nus, suf—fer not my Heart to break with Grief; if
 6 6 #5 #4 6 b6 #3 6 13 b6 5 5 6
 e—ver thou haft heard me when I Pray'd; if e—ver thou haft heard me
 17 6 6 5 4
 when I Pray'd, Oh! come, come now, come great God—defs, come to thy
 17 6 #3 6 6 5 43 4#3
 Sap—pho, come to thy Sap—pho, to thy Sap—pho's Aid; oft have my
 6 5 4 6 6 4 #3 6 2/8 65

Pray'r's, such Fa- - - - - vours hast thou shown, from Heav'n's
Gol-den Mansions call'd thee down; from Heav'n's Gol-den Man-sions
call'd thee Down. See, see, see,
see, see, she comes; see, see, see she comes, see she comes in her Ca-
ru- - - - lean Carr; see, see she comes in her Ca-ru- - - - lean
Carr, the Fly-ing Chariot, the Fly-ing Chariot, cuts the Yield-ing

Aire; See, see, see, see, see, see how the nimble, nimble, nimble, nimble Sparrow's,

see how the nimble, nimble, nimble, nimble Sparrow's stretch the Wing; and

thro' the Region, thro' the Region do their God-defs bring; to

me she comes, she comes, she comes, to me she's e-ver kind, to me she

comes, she comes, she comes, to me she's e-ver kind, and Smil-ing,

ask's me what af-flicts thy mind?

Why am I call'd? Why? Why? Tell me; tell me, why am I call'd? Why? Why,

tell me, tell me, tell me what is't thou want's: Oh! *Venus*, Oh! *Venus*

don't you know why all these Plaints; 'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis

Slow.
Love, I Ra-----ge, the Fatal Dart flicks in my

side; How can I bear, can I bear the smarts? What Youth? what

Rag-----ing Lo-ver shall I gain? Where, where,

F ff

where is the Captive? Where is the Captive? Where is the Cap-tive that shou'd

wear my Chain? Where is the Captive that shou'd wear my Chain?

A-las, poor Sap-pbo, Who, who, who is this In-grate? A-

—las, poor Sap-pbo, A-las poor Sap-pbo, Who is this Ingrate? Who

wrongs thy Love, re-pay's with Scorn or Hate:

Does he now, does he now Fly thee? Does he now, does he now

Fly thee? He shall soon re-turn, shall soon re-turn; he shall soon re-turn, shall

follow, follow thee, shall fol-low, fol-low, fol-low thee, and with like Ar-dour burn;

shall fol-low, fol-low, fol-low thee, and with like Ar-dour burn;

Will he no Pre-sent at thy hands re-ceive? Will he no

Present at thy hands re-ceive? He, he shall repent it; he shall re-pent it,

he, he shall repent it, and more large-ly give: The force of Love, no Longer, no

longer, no longer shall with—stand; He, he, he shall be Fond, be all at
thy com—mand; He, he shall be fond, he shall be Fond, be all at thy com—mand:
When, when wilt thou work this Change? When, when wilt thou work this Change?
Now now, Ve—nus, free, now, now ease my Mind
of all, all, all, all, all, all, of all, all, all, all this Mi—se—ry; for—
sake me not, for—sake me not; my pow'r—ful, pow'r—ful, my

pow'rful helper be, let Pha—oh love, let Pha—oh love; But let him love, let him, let him
Love, but let him, let him love, let him, let him, let him love like me; but let him, let him
Love, let him, let him, let him love like me.

EPILOGUE.

A SONG for Four Voices and Two VIOLINS, at an Entertainment of MUSICK in York Buildings.

Sing, sing ye Mu—ses; sing, sing, sing, sing, sing ye
Sing, sing ye Mu—ses, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing ye
Sing, sing ye Mu—ses; sing, sing, sing, sing, sing ye
sing, sing ye Mu—ses; sing, sing, sing, sing, sing ye
G g g

VIOLINS.

Muses and re—vere;

Muses and re—vere;

Muses, and re—vere; Sing, sing ye Mu—ses,

Muses, and re—vere; Sing, sing ye

Sing, and re—vere:
 sing and re—vere : Sing, sing 'ye
 Sing and re—vere:
 Sing and re—vere :
 Sing and re—vere :
 135 56 65 135

Sing, sing ye Mu—ses, sing,
Mu—ses, sing, sing and re—vere ; and re—
Sing, sing ye Mu—ses, sing, sing, sing ye Mu—ses,
Sing, sing ye Mu—ses, sing, sing, sing and re—vere ;

sing, sing, sing, Sing, sing ye Mu-ses; sing, sing ye
-vere; sing, sing, sing ye Mu-ses; sing, sing, sing ye Mu-ses;
sing, sing, sing ye Mu-ses; sing, sing, sing ye Mu-ses;
sing, sing, sing, sing, sing ye Mu-ses; sing, sing ye Mu-ses, and re-
vere; sing, sing ye Mu-ses, and re-vere; sing, sing ye Mu-ses, and re-
vere; sing, sing ye Mu-ses, and re-vere; sing, sing ye Mu-ses, and re-
vere; sing, sing ye Mu-ses, and re-vere;

Mu-ses, and re-vere; sing, sing ye Mu-ses, and re- Mu-ses, and re-vere; sing, sing ye Mu-ses, and re- Mu-ses, and re-vere; sing, sing ye Mu-ses, and re- Mu-ses, and re-vere; sing, sing ye Mu-ses, and re- Mu-ses, and re-vere; sing, sing ye Mu-ses, and re-

-vere, the Con-stel-la-tion, the Con-stel-la-tion of this Sphere;
you have not seen a Bright-ter, a Bright-ter, a Bright-ter Sky;
you have not seen a Bright-ter, a Bright-ter, a Bright-ter H h h

seen a Brighter, a Brighter, a Brighter, Sky ; you have not seen a brighter,
you have not seen a Brighter Sky ; you have not
Sky ; you have not seen a Brighter, a Brighter Sky ;
you have not seen a Brighter, a Brighter, a Brighter Sky ;

a Brighter, Brighter, Brighter Sky ; you have not seen a Brighter,
seen a Brighter, a Brighter, a Brighter Sky ; you have not
you have not seen a Brighter, a Brighter, a Brighter Sky ,

you have not seen a Brighter, a Brighter, a Brighter, Sky ,

a Brighter, Brighter Sky :
seen a brighter, brighter Sky : Musick may fa-tif-fie, may fa-tif-fie, may fa-tif-fie the
a brighter Sky : Musick may fa-tif-fie, may fa-tif-fie, may fa-tif-fie the
a brighter, brighter Sky : Musick may fa-tif-fie, may fa-tif-fie, may fa-tif-fie the

Ear; but Beauty Charmes, but Beauty Charm's, Charm's re-gales the Eye.
Ear; but Beauty Charmes, Charms, but Beauty Char—ms regales the Eye.
Ear; but Beauty Charms, Charms, Charms Charms regales the Eye.

4 Voc.

IO, IO Tri-um — pbe, fin — g, sing Muses, and
 IO, IO Tri-um — pbe, fin — g, sing
 IO, IO Tri-um — pbe, sing, sing,
 IO, IO Tri-um — pbe, sing,

found, sound, found, sound, found, sound, sound, sound, found,
 Mu—ses, and found, found, found, sound, sound, found, found,
 sing, IO, IO Tri-um — pbe, sing, sing, sing,
 fin—g, IO, IO Tri—

IO, IO Tri-um — pbe, sing, fin — g, sing
 sing Muses, and sound, IO, IO Tri—
 sing, sing, sing, sing, sing Mu—ses, and sound, sound, sound, sound,
 um — — pbe fin—g, sing Mu—ses and

Mu—ses, and fou—nd, found, found, sing Mu—ses, and
 mu — pbe, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing Mu—ses, and
 sou—nd, found, found, sing Mu—ses, and
 found, IO, IO Tri-um — pbe, sing, sing Mu—ses, and

VIOLINS.

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found, found, found, found ;

48

IO, IO Tri-um-phe, Tri-um-phe, sing, sing, sing

IO, IO Trium-phe, Tri-um-phe, sing, sing,

IO, IO Trium-phe, sing, sing,

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sing, sing Mu—les, and found, found, found,

sing, sing Mu—les, and found, found, found, 10, IO Tri—

sing, sing Mu—les, and found, found, found,

sing, sing Mu—les, and found, found, found, found,

5 76 48

IO, IO Tri-um-phe found;

um—phe, found, found, found, found, found,

IO, IO Tri-um-phe, found, found, found, found, found;

IO, IO Tri-um-phe, found, found;

Slow.

Do you but Please the Fair, do you but Please the Fair, and your Banquit is Crowd.

Slow. Do you but Please the Fair, do you but Please the Fair, and your Banquit is Crowd.

Do you but Please the Fair, do you but Please the Fair, and your Banquit is Crowd.

Do you but Please the Fair, do you but Please the Fair, and your Banquit is Crowd.

F I N I S.

The Reconciliation: a Dialogue
between Horace, & Lydia. —

Hor. while with no youth more ^{fair} ~~fair~~ than I,
Clasped in his Arms yond fondly toy,
not the great monarch of the East,
midst all his pomp, d. be more 'blest.

Lydia while I alone possid your heart,
Nor Thracian Cloe claimed a part,
Not with the noblist Roman Name,
Woud Lydia have chang'd her Name.

Hor. Me now'tis true, that fair one Iways,
who sweetly sings, and softly plays,
With Joy I'd yield my latest Breath,
To save the much Lov'd Maid from Death.

Lydia. My Bosom lovely Calais warms,
and he too doats upon my charms:
Twice! Twice! w. Lydia die with Joy,
To save from Death the blooming boy.

Hor. Say shoud my former flames return,
and with their wonted fierceness burn:
Say, Thracian Cloe dispossess,
~~desp' my~~ I'd take back Lydia to my Breast.

Lydia