

SINGLE

SONGS,
AND
DIALOGUES,
IN
The Musical PLAY
OF
MARS & VENUS.

Perform'd with the *ANATOMIST*, or
the *SHAM DOCTOR*.

Set to Musick by Mr. *Finger*, and Mr. *John Eccles*.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. Heptinstall*, for the Authors, and Sold by *John Hare* Musical Instrument Seller, at the *Golden Viol* in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, and at his Shop in *Freeman's-Yard* in *Cornhill*. And by *John Welch* Musical Instrument-maker in Ordinary to His Majesty, at the *Golden Harp* and *Hautboy* in *Catharine-street* against *Somerset-house Water-Gate* in the *Strand*. 1697.

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AND

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Set to Music by Mr. Fingar and Mr. John Fisher

LONDON

Printed by J. Knapton, for the Authors and sold by John Miller
Musical Instrument Seller at the Golden Key in St. Pauls Church
Yard, and at his Shop in Freeman's Lane in Cornhill, and by John
Wells Musical Instrument Maker in Ordinary to His Majesty at the
Golden Key and Hammer in Catherine Street against Somerset House
Water Gate in the Strand 1737

To the Right Honourable,

Sir Robert Howard,

Auditor General of the Exchequer and one of His Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council. &c.

Sir,

AMong the many Arts and Sciences whose Reputation is rais'd by your excellent Performances and generous Encouragements, Musick is particularly oblig'd to pay you a thankfull Acknowledgement. As such, we humbly beg leave to lay these Musical Composures at your Feet. Were not your condescending goodness as Famous as your other Vertues, we should not dare approach so great a Shrine with so small an Offering. But like Heaven, you ever lov'd to countenance every good Intent, and suffer the Zeal and sincerity of your Votaries to atone for their Imperfections. As you fully grasp at once and with ease all the Valuable qualifications of which others are proud tho' they but singly and superficially possess them, so with a larger Capacity of Soul you exert your diffusive Generosity in a more ample manner; and while your whole Time seems engrost by the most serious and important Affairs, to prop the State and Vindicate Reason and Liberty, by your Councils, by your incomparable Pen, and your exemplary Zeal and Resolution, even then you still redeem some Moments to support the Drooping Muses. Your very Recreations are but a Change of Study, and more beneficial to your Country than the labour'd Endeavours of others. We see in the Productions of your Mind all the sprightly Vigour of Youth with the profound Judgment of a Riper age; all the Felicity of Nature with all the Graces and Delicacies of Art. Those three Charming Sisters Musick, Painting and Poetry have strove to outrival one another in bestowing their utmost Favours on you, but you have so highly oblig'd them, that tho' they are Goddesses, 'tis not in their Power to oblige you equally. Thus the Greatest, as well as we, must despair of expressing, as they ought, the Respect they have for your inestimable Worth; But, were our Power answerable to our Desires none wou'd be more ambitious of discharging the mighty Debt due from all Lovers of the Muses to you than,

Sir,

Your most Humble

and Obedient Servants,

Godfrey Finger,

John Eccles.

Sir Robert Howard

Auditor General of the Exchequer and one of His Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council &c

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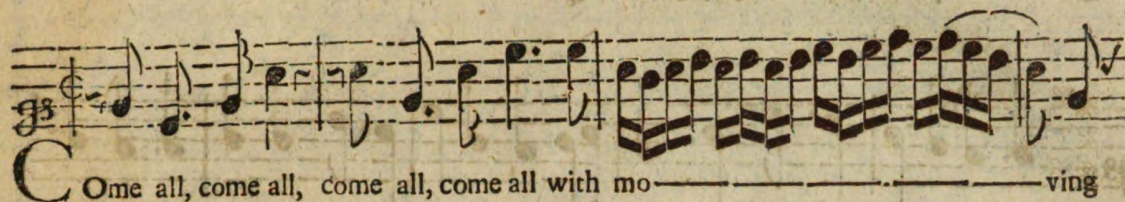
Godfrey Finget

John Baker

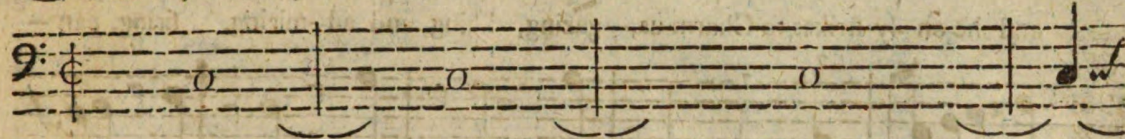
PROLOGUE.

The first Song Sung by Mrs. *Hudson*.

Sett by Mr. *Finger*.



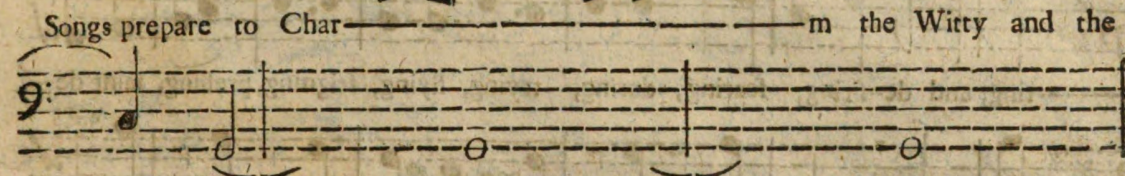
C Ome all, come all, come all, come all with mo ————— ving



o o o



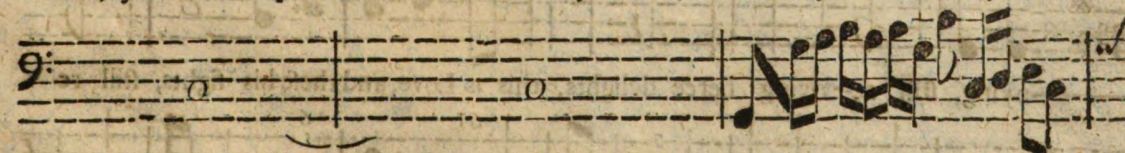
Songs prepare to Char ————— m the Witty and the



e e e



Fair; ye Trum — pets soft — ly breath, or cease, cease,



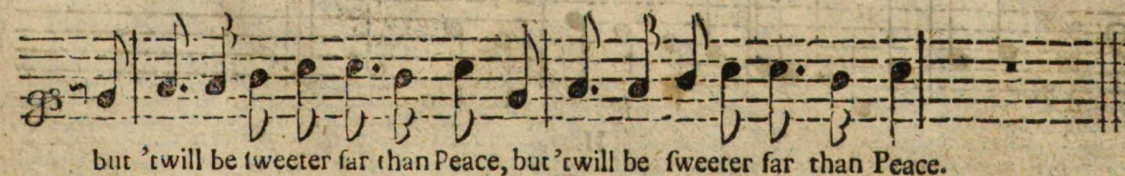
o o



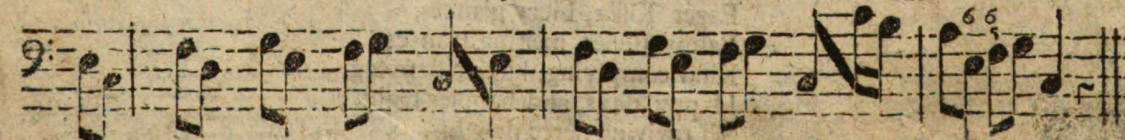
cease, cease, Love may in Britain raise — e a Warr, a Warr,



e e e

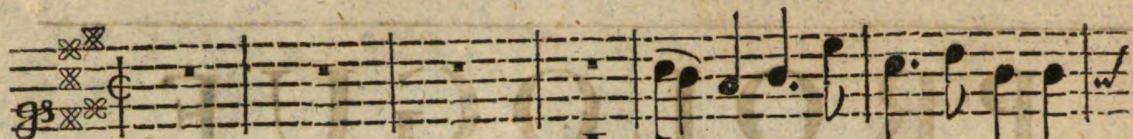


but 'twill be sweeter far than Peace, but 'twill be sweeter far than Peace.



e e e

Sung by Mrs. Ayloffe.



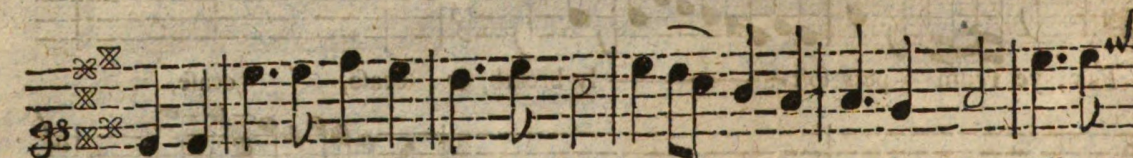
Ove a-lone can here a-larm us,



and he on-ly strikes to Charm us; gazing, liking, and ad-miring, firing, pan-



—ting, and de-firing, fearing, daring, trying, flying, feigning, preffing, faint de-



—nying, still re-viving fierce delights, this is Love, and these his fights, still re-



—viving fierce delights, this is Love, and these his fights.



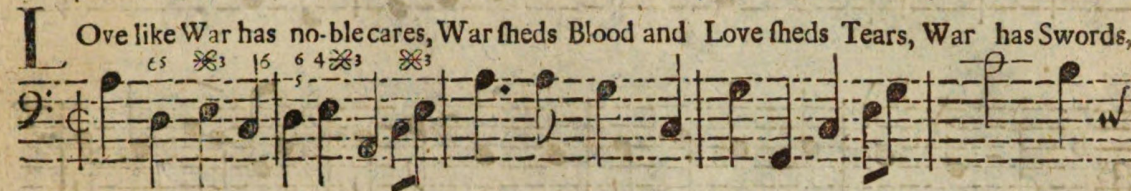
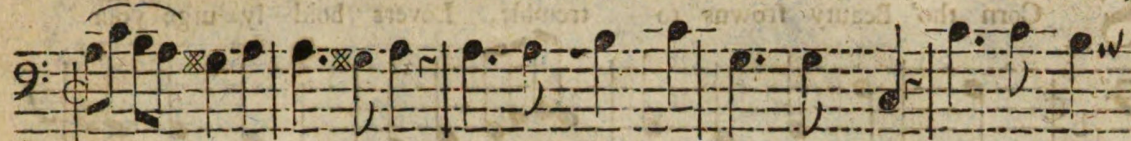
II.

Eager Kisses, Fiery glances,
Balmy Blisses, melting trances;
Kind complying, kinder denying,
Happy days, and happier nights,
Still reviving fierce delights,
This is Love, and these his fights.

A Song in Three parts.



War sheds Blood and Love sheds Tears, War has Swords,



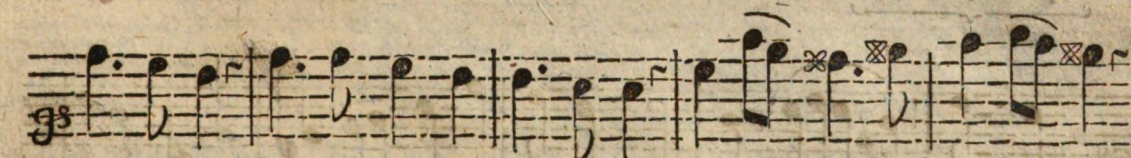
Love like War has no-ble cares, War sheds Blood and Love sheds Tears, War has Swords,



and Love has Darts, War takes Towns, and Lovetakes Hearts: Love like War has



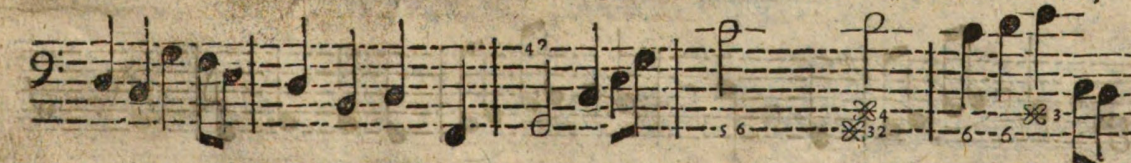
and Love has Darts, War takes Towns, and Lovetakes Hearts: Love like War has



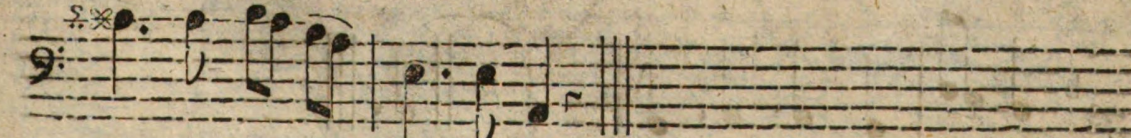
flames and fires, Love like War the bold requires, Love like War does Art ad-mit,



flames and fires, Love like War the bold requires, Love like War does Art ad-mit,



Love like War for Youth is fit.



Love like War for Youth is fit.



Sung by Mrs. Aylofffe.

T O dou--ble the sports, to *Tha—li—a* be—longs, I'll joyn, comick
 Scenes to your A—mo—rous Songs; To heighten Life's pleasures, to
 soften its cares, no Cha—rm like a Farce,
 no Phy--sicians like Plays.

Sung by Mrs. Aylofffe

T O tre--ble the pleasures with
 re--gu--lar measures, my Train shall ad--van—ce;

Some joyn in a Chorus, while gay-ly be-fore us some joy--

n in a Dance.

Grand Chorus.

Let Scenes of mirth and love,
 With Songs and Dances joyning,
 The fleeting hours improve,
 And banish dull repining;
 He who those Joys refuses,
 When kindly they invite,
 The end of Living loses,
 Life's business is Delight.

(1 Act.) **First Song Sung by Mrs. Hudson.**
 Sett by Mr. John Eccles.

O meet her Mars the Queen of Love comes here, adorn'd with all her Charms;

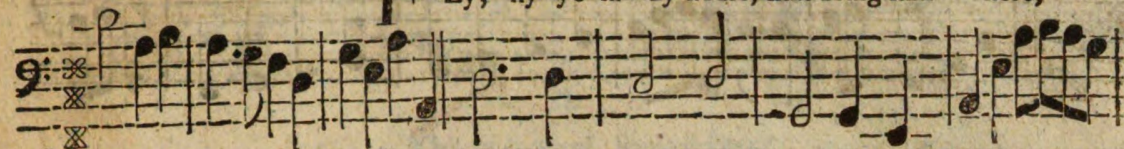
The Warriour best the Fair can move, and crowns his toiles in Beauty's arms, the

Warriour best the Fair can move, and crowns his toiles in Beauty's armes.

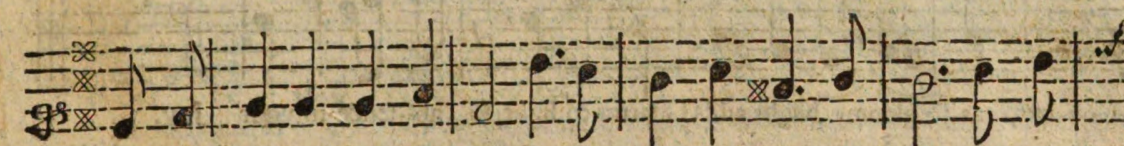
Venus.



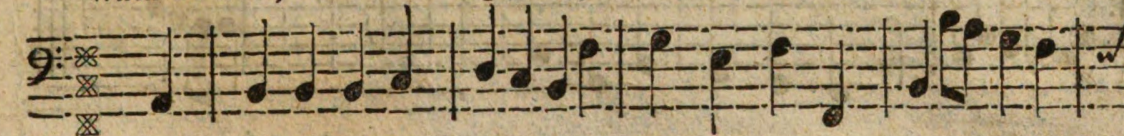
F Ly, fly ye la--zy hours, hast bring him here,



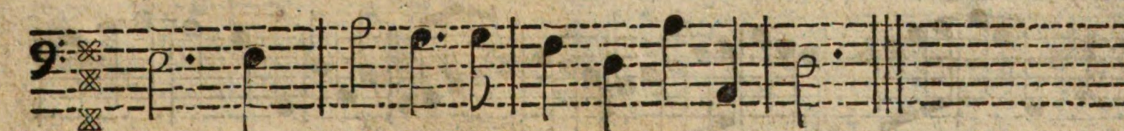
swift, swift as my fond wishes are. are.



When we love, and love to rage, ev'ry moment seems an age; when we



love, and love to rage, ev-'ry moment seems an age.



Cupid.



B. Eau-ty's Goddess cease to mourn, soon to your Arms from

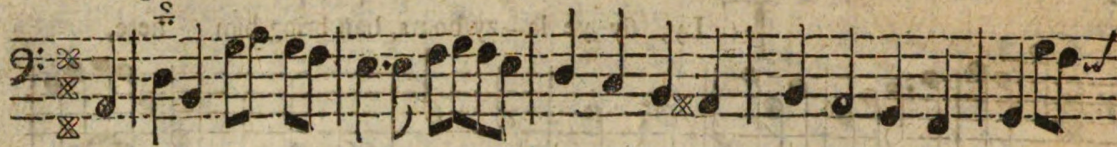


Wars a-larms, your He-ro will re--turn. --turn.

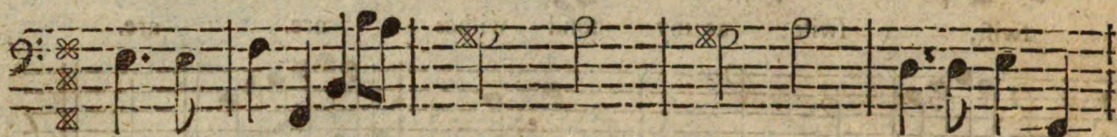




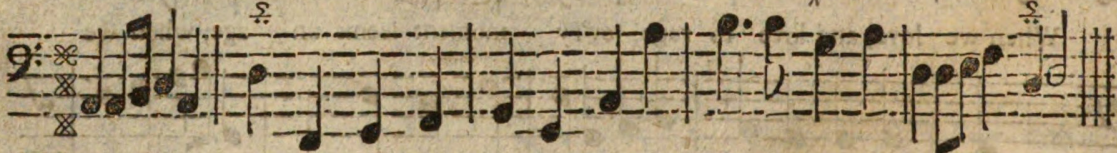
Your grief will then be lost in Kisses, mel



ting Blisses, you shall La



toy, as gloomy Night adds Charms to light, so ab-sence to your Joy.



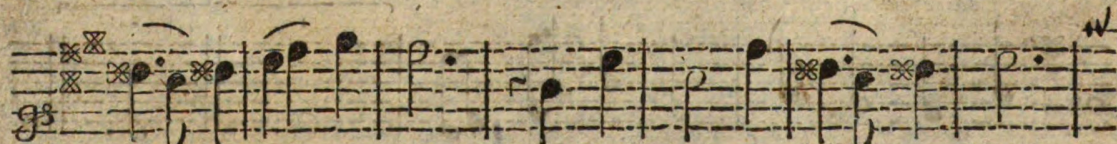
Cupid.



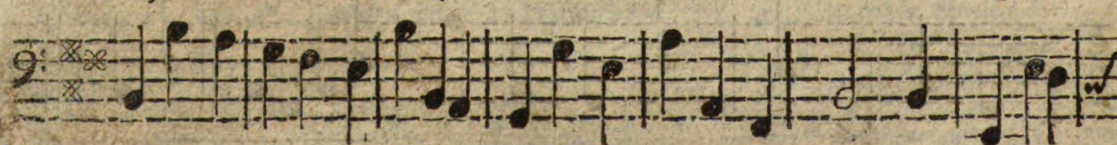
Here the kind-est



Husbands are, and the kind-est heart-ed Fair; each in



Hy-mens bonds is free, and when Wives with Lo-vers go,



Cuckolds, not to dis-a-gree, thank the men who make'em so.

II.

Others fond of Roving Lives,
 Love all Women but their Wives:
 Painted Beautys there abound,
 Nay some Men are Painted too;
 Crowds are in the Temples found,
 But come most to Worship you.

A Dialogue between *Vulcan* and *Venus*.

Sett by Mr. *John Eccles*.

Vulcan.

I Hou plague of my life, thou plague of my life, thou Devil, thou Devil, thou Devil, thou

Wife; come tell me, come tell me, why did you Drefs, why did you Drefs so like a Crack?

you know, you know you know I forbad you, why d'ye Patch thus, and Prink? what?

you're Painted I think! why this Head six Foot high? Blood and Fire, who am I? who

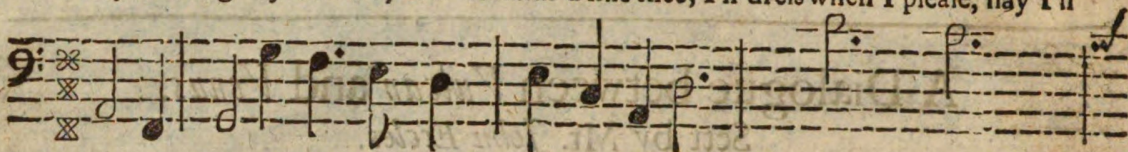
Venus.



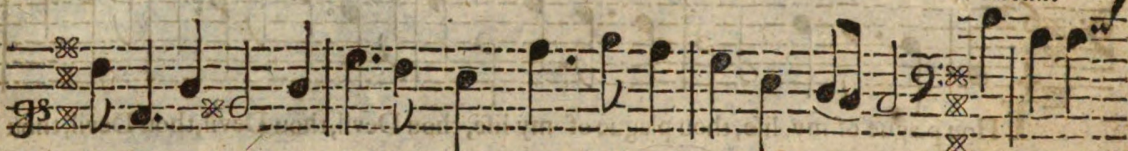
am I, who am I, who am I. My Fool, for what else can that properly



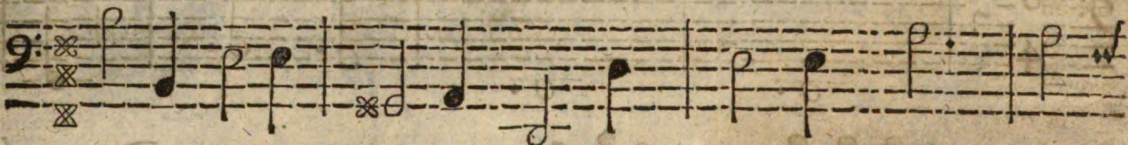
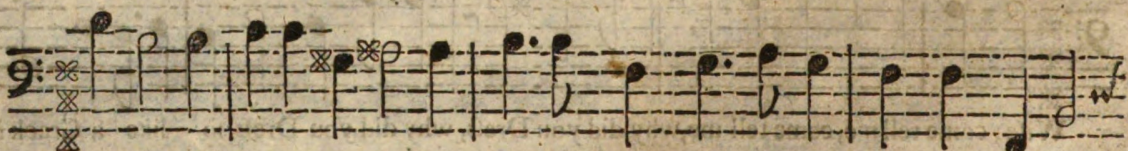
be, that's ug—ly and old, and ill natur'd like thee, I'll dress when I please, nay I'll



Vulcan.



Cuckold thee too, what else have young Wives with such Husbands to doe? If ever

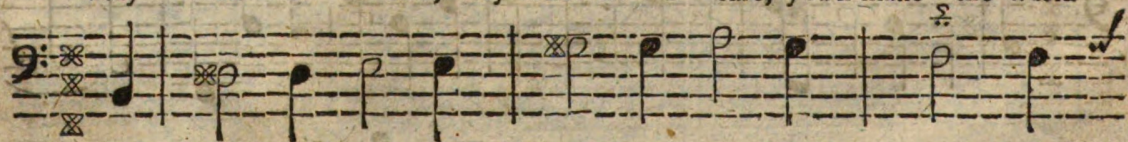
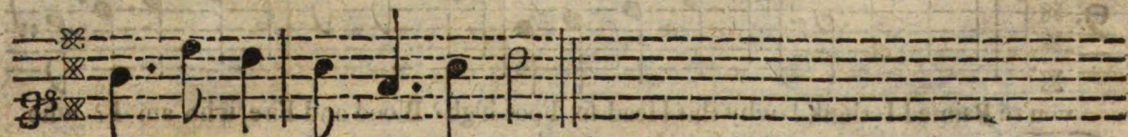
you dare, If ever you dare, I'll make the world know what a Strumpet you are.



Venus.



Nay what do I care, nay what do I care, you'll make the world

know what a Cuckold you are.



Both together Scolding.



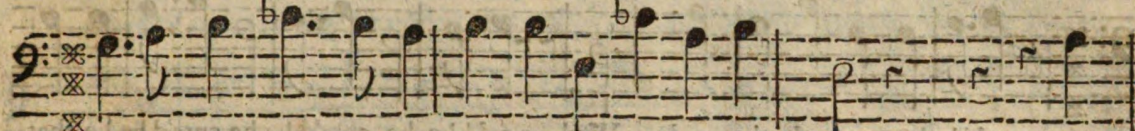
You'll make the world know, you'll make the world know, you'll make the world



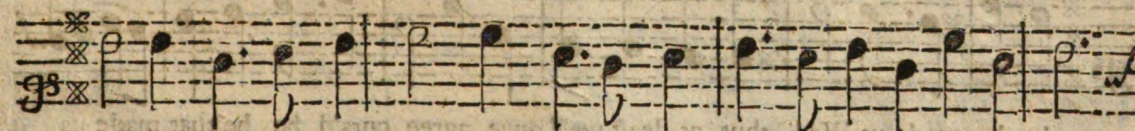
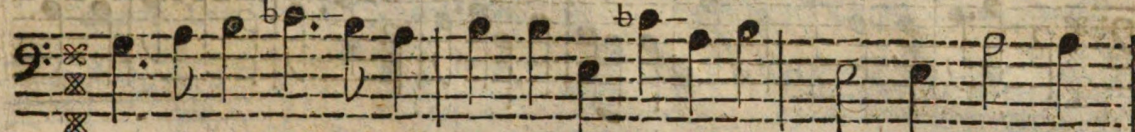
I'll make the world know, I'll make the world know, I'll make the world know, I'll



know what a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold you are; you'll make the world



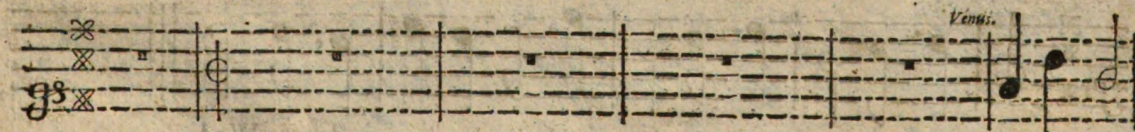
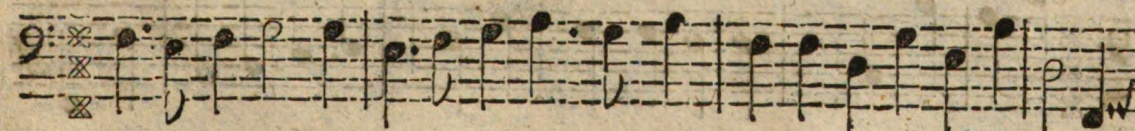
make the world know what a Strumpet, a Strumpet you are, I'll



know, you'll make the world know, you'll make the world know what a Cuckold you are.

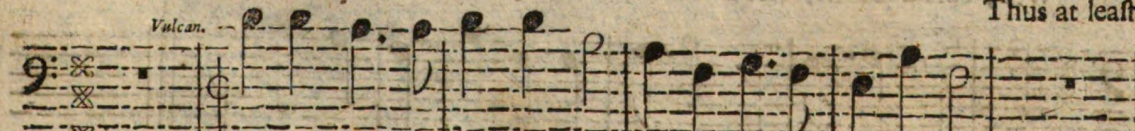


make the world know, I'll make the world know what a Strumpet, a Strumpet you are.



Venus.

Thus at least,



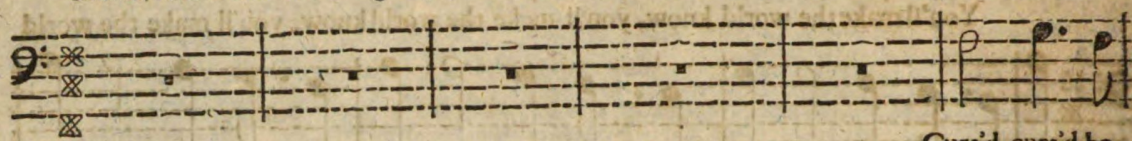
Vulcan.

Joyn and curse the tie with me, that confines us to one Bed,

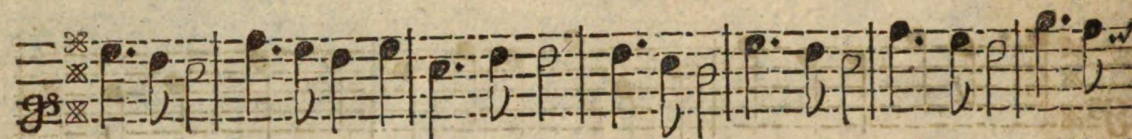




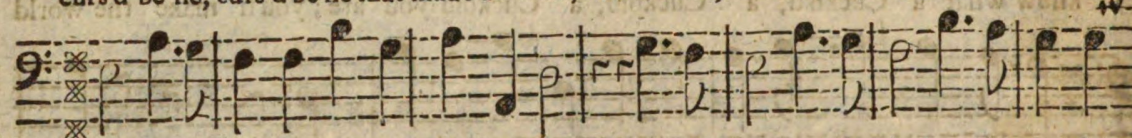
thus at least we'll once a—gree, curs'd be he, curs'd be he that made us Wed, curs'd be he,



Curs'd, curs'd be



curs'd be he, curs'd be he that made us Wed, curs'd be he, curs'd be he, curs'd be he, curs'd be



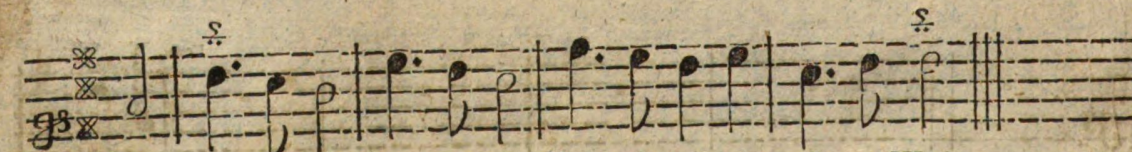
- he, curs'd be he that made, that made us Wed, curs'd be he, curs'd be he, curs'd be he that



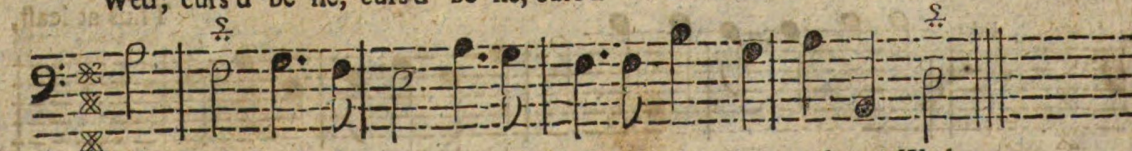
he that made us Wed, thus at least we'll once agree, curs'd be he that made us



made, that made us Wed, thus at least we'll once agree, curs'd be he that made us



Wed; curs'd be he, curs'd be he, curs'd be he that made us Wed.



Wed; curs'd, curs'd be he, curs'd be he that made, that made us Wed.



(2 Act.)

Venus running in to Mars's Arms.

Sett by Mr. John Eccles.

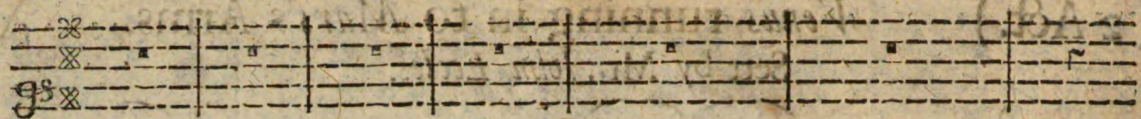
M Y Mars, oh! oh! oh my Mars, oh my Mars, my dear-est,
My Venus, oh! oh! oh my Venus, oh my Venus, my

dearest Love; my Joy, my Soul, my all, my all, oh my dearest, dearest Mars.
dearest Love, my Life, my Heav'n, my all, my all, my dearest, dearest Venus.

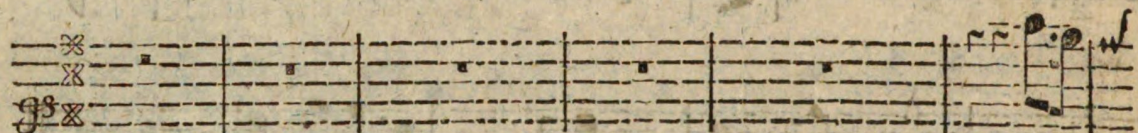
Trumpet.

C Ome all ye Loves clap, clap ev'ry Wing; come all ye

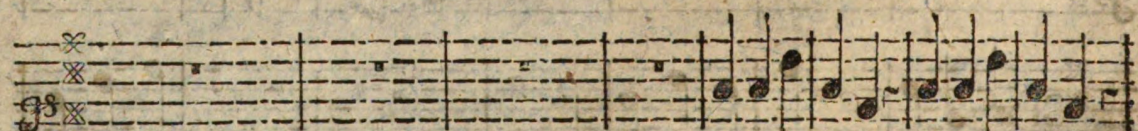
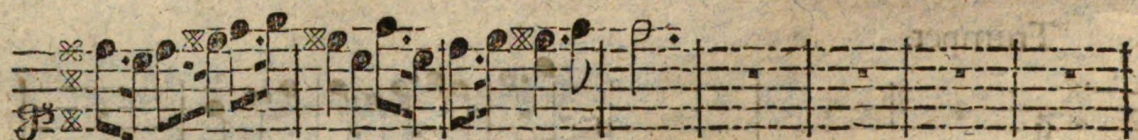
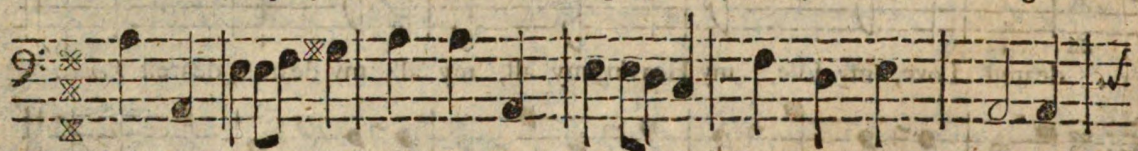
Loves, clap, clap ev-ry Wing; I-o Triumphe!



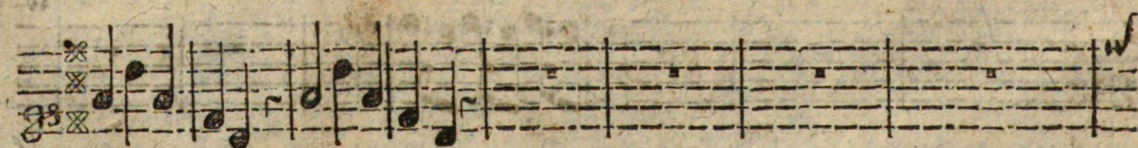
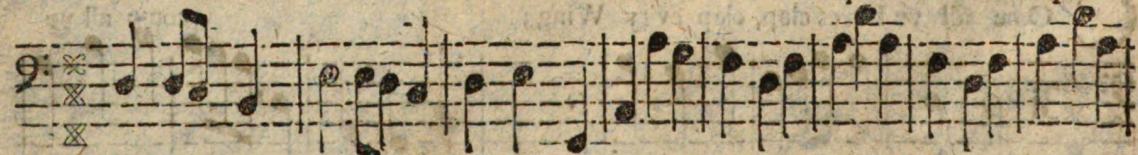
I-o Triumphe! *I-o* Triumphe, Tri



umphe, Triumphe, dance, dance, dance and sing!



I-o Triumphe! *I-o* Triumphe!



I-o Triumphe, Triumphe, dance, dance, dance and



sing, Triumphe, Trium— phe dance, dance, dance and

A Dialogue between *Mars* and *Venus*.

Sett by Mr. John Eccles.

How sweet, how sweet, how lovely, when re—

turn'd; how sweet, how lovely, how lovely when re—turn'd is the dea—

turn'd; how lovely, how sweet, how lovely when return'd, is the dea—r, is the

r, is the dear, dear ob — je — ct, is the dear, is the dear, dear

dear, dear ob — je — ct, is the dear, dear object, is the dear, the dear, dear

object whom we mourn'd; recruit-ed fires more fiercely warm, and absence heigh

object whom we mourn'd; re-cruited fires more fiercely, fiercely warm, and absence

tens, heigh-tens heightens ev'ry, ev'ry Charm, the Blessing that a while

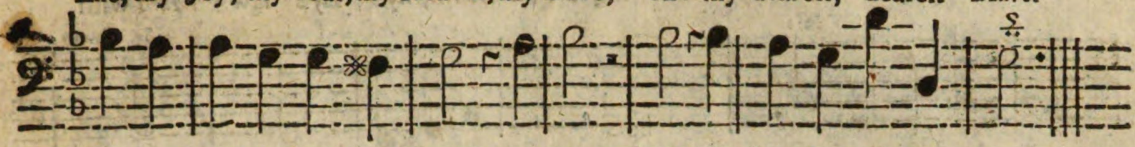
heightens, heightens ev'ry, ev'ry Charm, the Blessing that a while

was lost, when 'tis regain'd, is valu'd, va-lu'd most; my dear, my dear, my

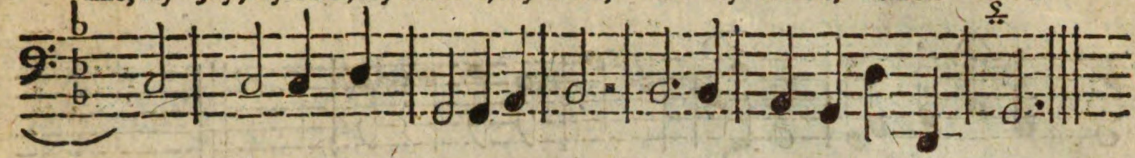
was lost, when 'tis regain'd, is valu'd, va-lu'd most; my dear, my dear, my



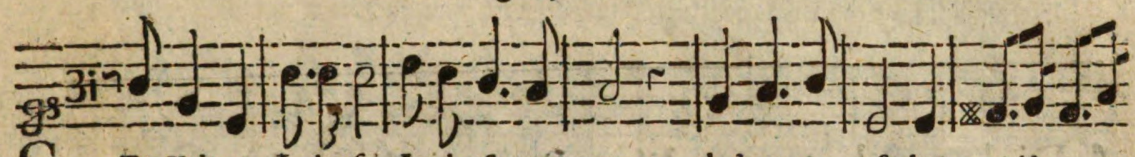
Life, my Joy, my Soul, my Heav'n, my Love; oh! my dearest, dearest *Mars.*



Life, my Joy, my Soul, my Heav'n, my Love, oh! my dearest, dearest *Love.*



Songs in the 3^d. Act, Sett by Mr. Finger.
And Sung by Mrs. Hudson.



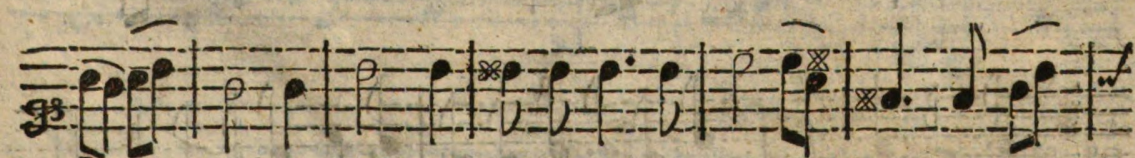
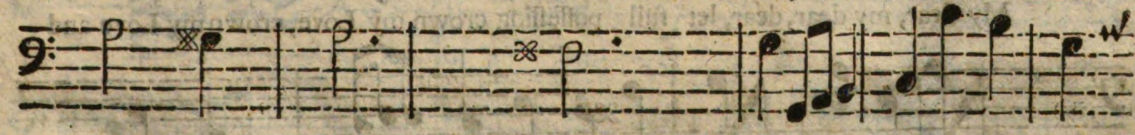
S *Ee Vulcan,* Jealousie, Jea-lousie ap-pears, tho' not to ease but rail—



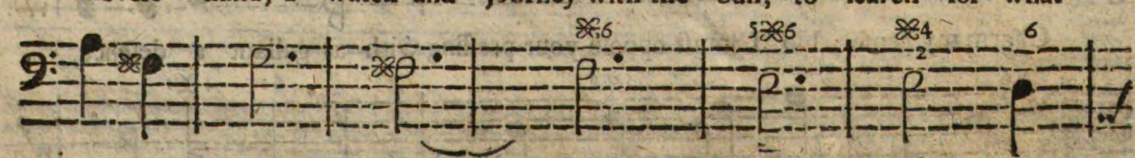
e thy cares, still restless



round the world I ru—n, to Rack the wretched

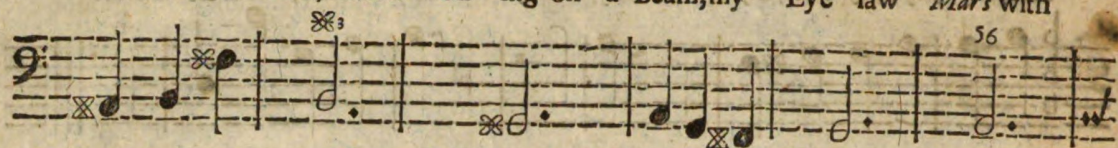


Lovers mind, I watch and journey with the Sun, to search for what

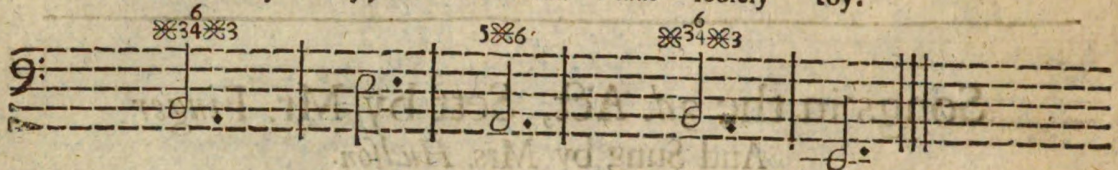




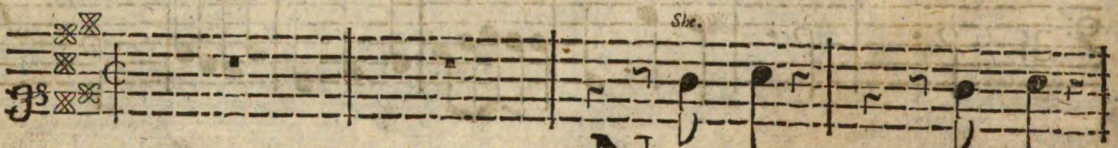
I dread to find, thence slid—ing on a Beam, my Eye saw Mars with



Venus loose-ly toy, saw Mars with Venus loosely toy.



A Dialogue between Mrs. Bracegirdle and Mr. Bowman.



She.

N O, no, no, no,



Yield, yield



My dear, my dear, dear, let full possessing crown my Love, crown my Love and



Charm my Sense ; No I must oppose your pressing with as gallant a defence,



He.
When Love's Harveſt ſhou'd be reaping, will you waſt the time, in doubt ;

She.
Ev'ry Town that's worth the keeping, keeps a while th' in-va-der out ;

Cheap Em-bra-ces quickly cloy, Ea-ſy Conqueſt ſeems a toy,

but de-ny-ing, ſtruggling, flying, wanton playing, wiſe de-lay-ing,

rai-ſe us to a Sen-ſe of Joy.

Love's a Hawk and stoops a—pace, we

Love's a Hawk and stoops a—pace, Love's a Hawk and stoops a—pace, we

all, all, all, all hurry for the Quarry, we all, all, all, all hurry

all, all, all, all hurry for the Quarry, we all, all, all, all hurry

for the Quarry, tho' the sport, tho' the sport ends with the Chase,

for the Quarry, tho' the sport ends with the Chase, ends with the Chase,

tho' the sport, tho' the sport ends with the Chase.

tho' the sport ends with the Chase, ends with the Chase.

Cupid.

T Hus all un-e-qual Unions break, thus Hymen without Love is

weak; but I'll Ex-ert my pow'r a-new, make Vulcan kind, and,

Ve-nus true; her gra-ti-tude shall thus im-prove, and

Friendship shall re-sem-ble Love; where Hymen wov

e un-e-qual Tyes,

Capric



Lov e to no high



er pitch can raise.



F I N I S.