

THE ALAMODE MUSICIAN.

*Being a new Collection of Songs,
Compos'd by some of the most
Eminent Masters, & Ingrav'd from
the Originals, with a thorough Bass
for the Harpsichord, or Bass-Violl,
and for the easier playing & Trebles
upon the Flute, each Song is transpos'd
(where necessary) to a Key proper for
that Instrument.*

*Sould by Henry Playford at his Shop in
the Temple Chaurge Fleet Street. 1698*

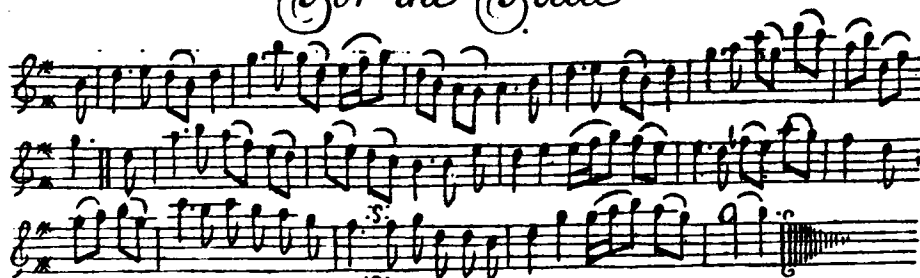
A new Song set by Mr. Forcer.



Farewell my welef Trip, & poor unheed'd flock, No more you'll
round me trip, nor cloath me with your Locks, Feed by yon purling
Stream where Jockey, where Jockey first I knew, I only think I only
think I only think on him, I cannot, cannot, cannot think on you.

Farewell each Shepherdess the bonny Lad, adieu,
May each his Wish possess and to that Wish be true,
Your Oaten Pipes could please but Jockey then was kind,
Your bonny Tunes may Cease the Lad has Chang'd his mind.

For the Flute



Sould by Henry Playford at his Shop in y^e Temple Change Fleet-street
(num 8)

Attendants on
A Song in the Comedy call'd the Town Vnmask'd
Set by M^r. Iohn Eccles Sung by M^r. Bowman

All things seem deaf, seem deaf

f to my Complaints, All things seem deaf

f to my Complaints, in Vaine I roa... in the groves a

lone, in Vaine I roa... in the groves alone; Hear me, hear me ye

Loves, ye... ver departed Swains, that to Eli... zian

Shades are gone, hear me, hear me Ye Loves departed Swains, that to E...

li... zian Shades are gone,

If to my faithfull Celadon I prove not true, if to my faithfull

Celadon I prove not true; Let it be both our dooms, let it be both our dooms.

let it be both our dooms, let it be both our dooms never to come to you, never to come to you.

let it be both our dooms, never to come to you, no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no never never

never never never, no never to come to you, no never never never never, no never to come to you.

For the Flute

A Heavy Flageolet at his shop in St. James' Church, West Street

A new Song set by M^r. Barrett.

How wretched, how wretched is our
Fate, to Love, when doom'd when doom'd to Love in Vain, or Sigh &
Tears me, & I prove, & in the fair no Fictions move, but hatred and Disdain.
Ah dear Siberia, Did you, did you, did you know what Torments I endure, you
more Compassionate wou'd grow, & some kind tender pity show, my Wild despair to
Cure, my Wi.....ld despair to Cure.
To you my Heart Give Sacrific'd, to Sigh, to bleed, to bleed, to burn. For you the World I
have despis'd, you as my Goddess I doti'd, and am by you by you undone. &
am by you & am by you, by you, by you undone.

Should be Henry VIII. & the other things are simple & honest And fine.

(Humour)

*A new Song set by Mr Jeremiah Clark Sung by
M^s Campion at the Theater in Dorset Garden*

Long has Pa-sto-ra

ru'd the Plain, long, long, long

has Pa-sto-ra ru'd the Plain, the Day...ly Song, the

Day...ly Song of every Sighing, every Sigh-ing Swain, in

Softest notes, in Softest notes all tell their Tender Love, each

Stri-ves...in Vain, each Stri-ves...in Vain Pa-sto-ras Brest to move;

Ah happy, happy Nymph, Ah happy, happy Nymph, whose

Charms such Ma-gick have, can Chain a World, can Chain a World and
 force Mankind your Slave. *Slow* Would you Improve and still much
 brighter shine, Oh do but Love and you'll be all Divine, Oh.
 Oh, Oh do do but Love and you'll be all Divine.

For the Flute

Slow

Printed by Henry Mayford at his Shop in 4 Temple Church Fleet-street (m 2)

*A new Song upon a Lost Heart, the words
by Mrs. Child Set by M^r. Wilford.*

The musical score is written for a single voice and piano accompaniment. It consists of ten staves of music. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'f' (forte) and 'x' (crescendo). There are also repeat signs and first/second endings indicated by '1st' and '2nd'.

Return, return thou wand-... ring Guest, return
return to thy forsaken Breast, forsaken Breast, fond Heart why
dost thou still pursue, a fate which will thy peace undoe.
fond Heart why dost thou still pursue, a fate which will
thy peace undoe, thy peace undoe. How ill have
Strangers treated thee, with va-rious kinds of
treachery, yet thou as pleas'd with thy undoing dost vainly
fly to meet thy ruine 1st strain gain

Oh dost thou hope at last to find a Breast that's Constant
 Soft & kind, if that alone crowns thy desire, then to thy
 own thou must retire, if that alone Crowns thy desire, then
 to thy own thou must retire. end with the first strain.

For the Flute.

first strain again

end with the first strain

Printed by Henry Playford at his Shop in the Temple Change Fleet Street (num 3)

*A new Song, in the Fatall Devorse, set by
M^r. Daniel Purcell Sung by M^r. Linsey.*

O... O... Hymen must we, must we allway's see, Perjur'd Men thus faithles^s
be, and still still securely sli... ght, Securely slight our Deity, must Vows &
Oaths to us be Swore, and then be never, never, never, then be never, never,
never, never, never, never thought on more, must Vows & Oaths to us be Swore, &
then be never, never, never, never thought on more.
In Vain, in Vain, In Vain, in Vain our Votrys Seek our Aid, In Vain, in
Vain, In Vain, in Vain, In Vain, in Vain... our Votrys seek our
Aid, In Vain, in Vain our Votrys seek our Aid, In Vain, in

Vain our Votrys seek our Aid if thus, thus, thus, if thus, thus,
thus, they still must be betraid if thus thus thus if thus thus thus if
thus, thus, thus they still must be betraid, if thus, thus, thus, if thus, thus, thus, if
thus, thus, thus, they still must be betraid.

For the Flute



Composed by Henry Playford at his shop in y^e Temple Church Fleet Street (num 4)

*A New Song the words by Cap^t
Walker set by Mr. Courteville*

The Charms of bright Beauty so Pow...

er full for that wee make

Peace and for that wee make War. then tell me no more,

no more, then tell me no more, no more of Reli-gion and

Laws, your Cant of Injustice your good and bad Cause, your

Con...quest, your Con...quest

your Conquest and Tri

umphs your Captives and Spoiles, cou'd

never incite me, no never, could never incite me, could
never incite me, to Hazardous toyles, could never incite me,
to Hazardous toyles. So be great wise and
wealthy, I never would chuse, should the Nymph I adore
should the Nymph I adore her Favours refuse.
But let my Eugenia be faithfull and kind, ile weather the
Winter and wearv the wind, ile Ra- - - - vage the
Seas, ile Ra- - - - vage the Seas the earth and the

Air and Com. *bata for Ho*

Slow
even Death, even Death, Death and Despair.

For the Flute

Slow

Sold by Henry Playford at his Shop in the Temple Change Fleet Street
 (Num 6)