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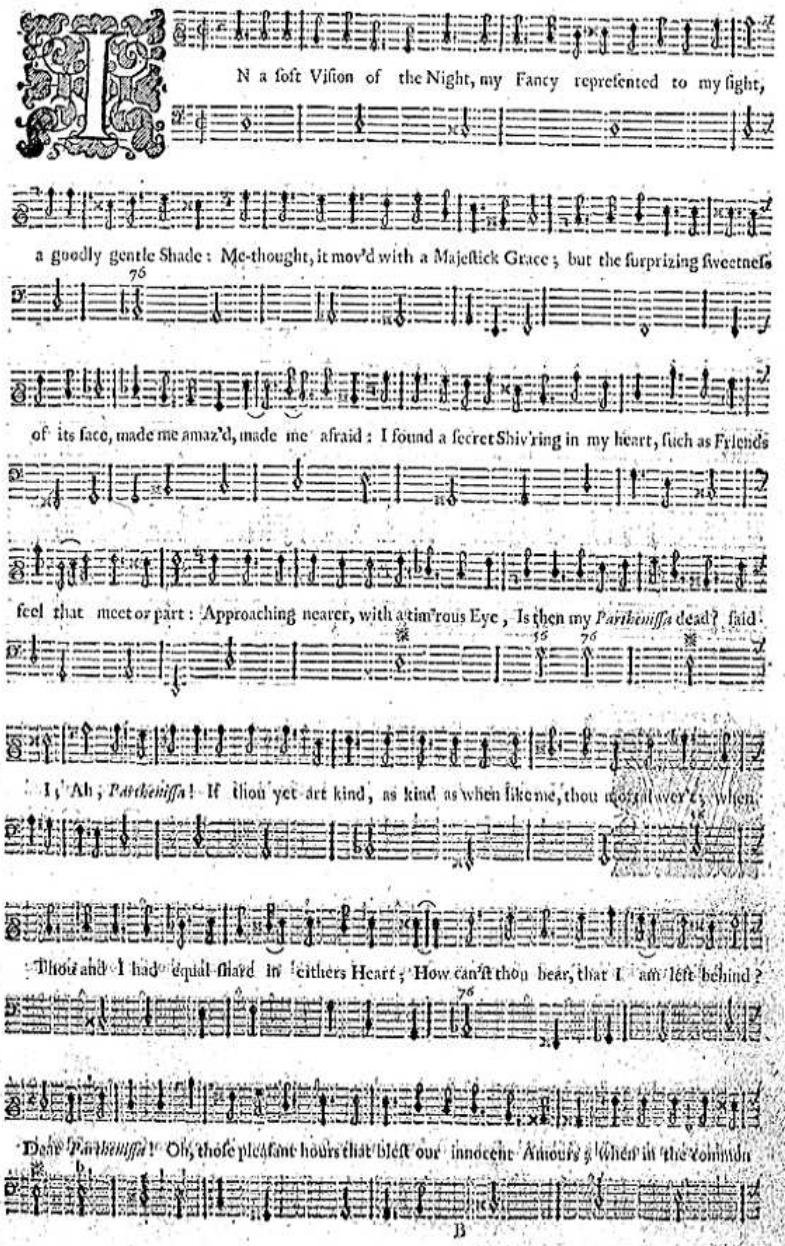
Your Obliged Servant,

JOHN PLAYFORD.

An Alphabetical Table of the *Songs* in this Book.

101

URANIA to PARTHENISSA.



treasury of one breast, all that was thine or mine did rest: Dear *Parthe-nissa!* Dear *Parthe-nissa!*

Friend! What shall I say! Ah, speak to thy *U--re-ni-a*! O, envious Death! Nothing but thee I fear'd; no

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

Fears, and overwhelm'd my self in Tears; But *Par-the-nis--sa* Smil'd, and then she disappear'd.

Mr. *Math. Locke.*

A. 2 Voc. Canto & Bassus.

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

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

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

gan to decay; And all the soft flames a fond Lover doth feel, Like a Ghost that is struck at, did vanish away.

Mr. *Forcer.*

II.

Then how cruel, how cruel and harsh was the smart!
When her Eyes gave me wounds, but would not discover
The plot of that Passion that play'd with my heart;
And seem'd to contemn to secure a poor Lover.
Ah! too, too unjust to her self and to me;
Thus neither obtain'd, though we both did adore;
My heart she had kept, had her Passion been free:
But now 'tis return'd, I can offer't no more.

III.

Yet forc'd by her Vertues, I ne're can repent
My Devotion, nor court her repulse for the Fate
That prov'd so ungentle, and fierce to prevent;
Our Amours shall grow null'd, and protect me from hate.
Then far from her sight, to some Grove I'le retire,
Where she grieves for my loss, I will never remove;
But sighing, repeat, that I once did admire;
I'le languish for pity, tho I cannot for Love.

A. 2 Voc. Canto & Bassus.

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

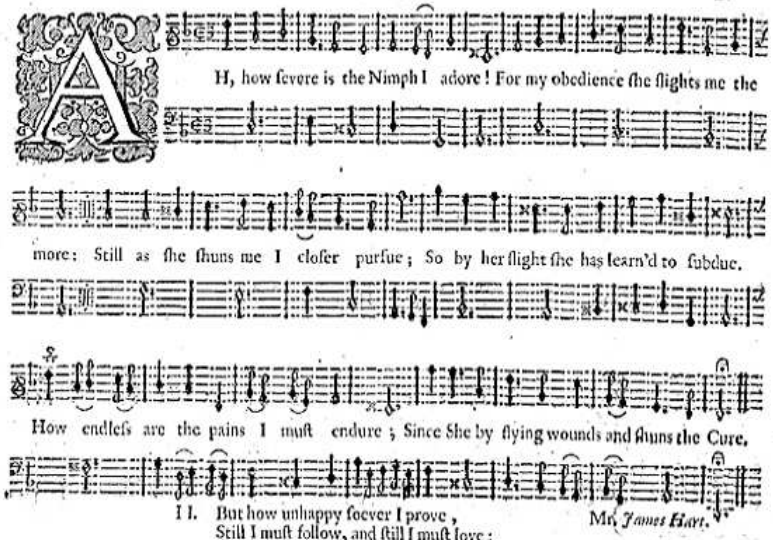
stella may find: I wander all day in dark shades of Despair; All night I complain to the

pi-tyless Ayr! *Astel-la*, *Astel-la*, is all my sad cry! *Astel-la*, *Astel-la*, the Ecchos reply:

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

Mr. *James Hart.*

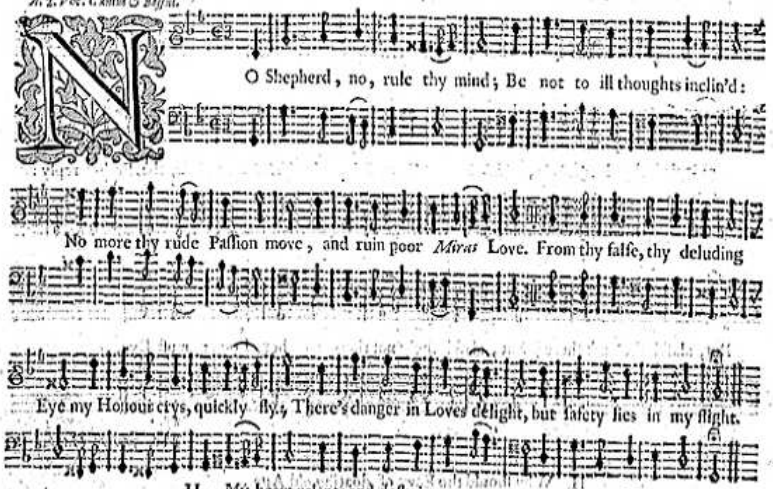
II. Why should the Envy of doating old Age,
The heart of young Lovers to sorrow engage;
The Ev'ning of Life let dull Interest move,
The Mornings of Youth are for Pleasure and Love.
Astella, *Astella*, to Pleasure give way;
Bright Beauty and Youth sullen time must obey:
But the Love of *Aminter*; but the Love of *Aminter* shall never decay.



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

Mr. *James Hart.*

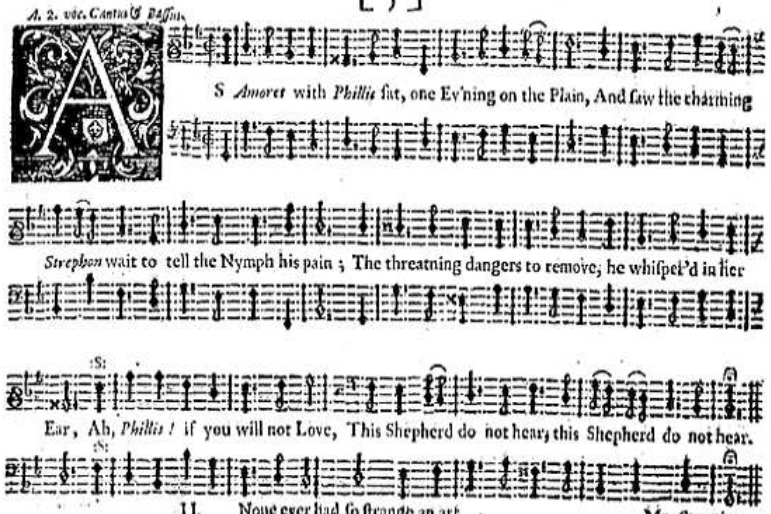
A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



II. My heart relents and despairs,
To conquer thy moving Prayers:
Oh, if thou my loss cant fear,
Thy Passionate Vows for pear:
For if Love makes my heart comply,
My Virtue knows how to dye;
And death, from all scandal clear,
Is better than Empire hear.

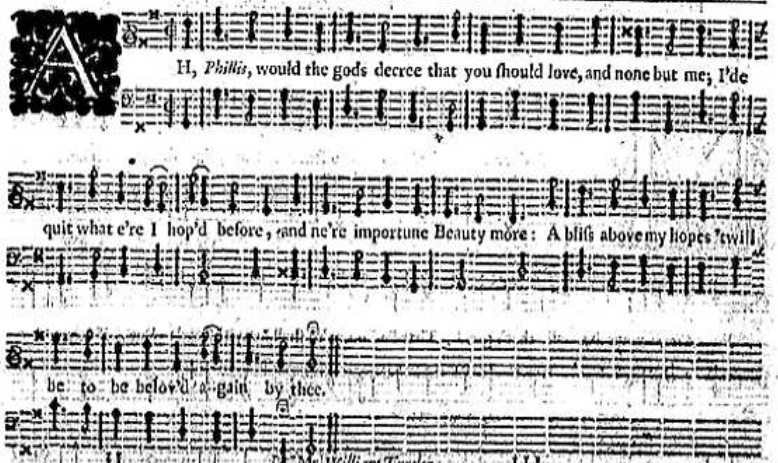
Mr. *James Hart.*

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Bassus.



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

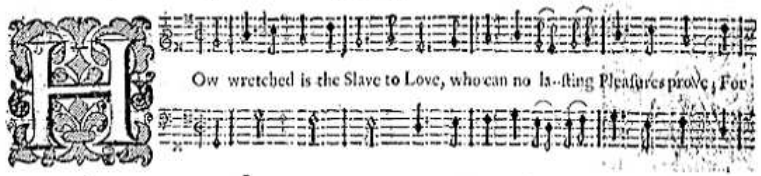
Mr. *Staggins.*



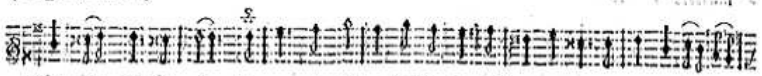
Mr. *William Turner.*

II.
Should you, my *Phillis*, cruel prove,
And with disdain, return my Love:
Though all my hopes were still in vain,
I'de look on you, and hope again:
Or, Martyr like, charm'd with the Cause,
Glory to suffer by your Laws.

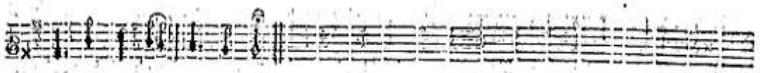
III.
Though some by chance procure their peace,
My Life before my Love shall cease;
My Love's immortal as my Soul;
Which fate by death cannot controul;
Should you affect to cross my Love,
My Death my Constancy should prove.



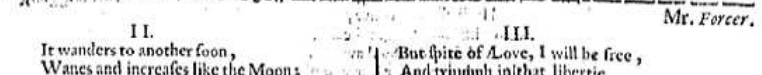
HOw wretched is the Slave to Love, who can no la-sting Pleasures prove; For



still they'r mixt with pain; when not obtain'd, restles is the desire; Enjoyment puts out all the



Fire, and shews the Love is vain.



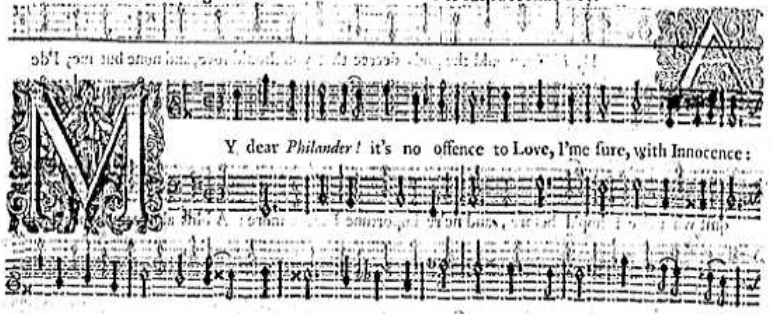
Mr. *Forcer.*

II.

It wanders to another soon,
Wanes and increases like the Moon;
And like her never rests:
Makes Tides of pleasures
Now and then of Tears,
Which ebbs and flows of Joys and Cares,
In Lovers wavering breasts.

III.

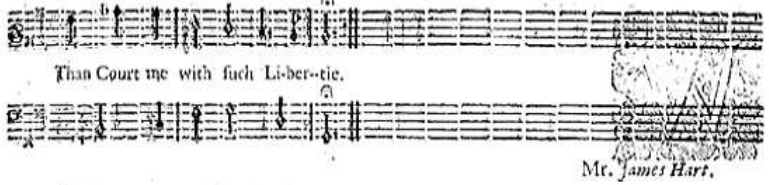
But spite of Love, I will be free,
And triumph in that libertie
I without that enjoy:
I'th worst of Prisons
He my body bind,
Rather than chain my free-born mind
For such a foolish Toy.



MY dear *Philander!* it's no offence to Love, I'me sure, with Innocence:

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

only Love an hour, or less, than Venus to devour; Farewell: I'm gone, I'm gone.

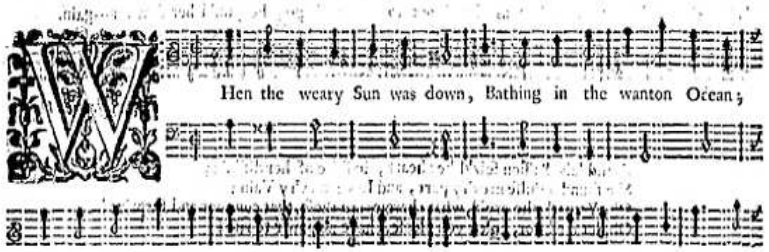


Than Court me with such Li-ber-tie.

Mr. *James Hart.*

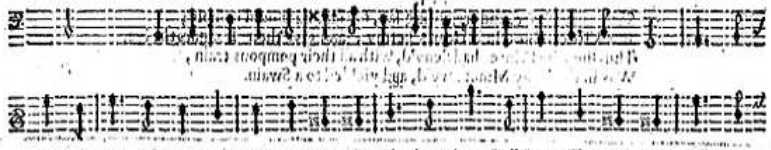
II.

By this I'le try still your Constancy;
Now, Will you live? or, Will you dye?
To live, I'de rather have you chuse:
But, if this freedom you abuse,
Philander, know by Heavens leave,
I'le send you restles to your Grave;
Where you shall so Tormented be,
You'l wish in vain for to be free.

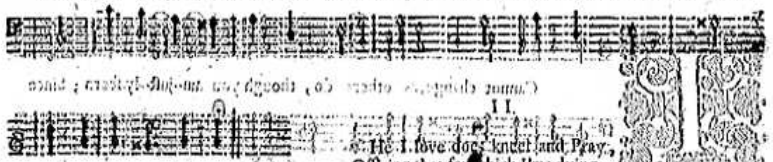


WHen the weary Sun was down, Bathing in the wanton Ocean;

My Love that ne're let me alone, raised me to my De-vo-tion: But my purpose was pre-



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



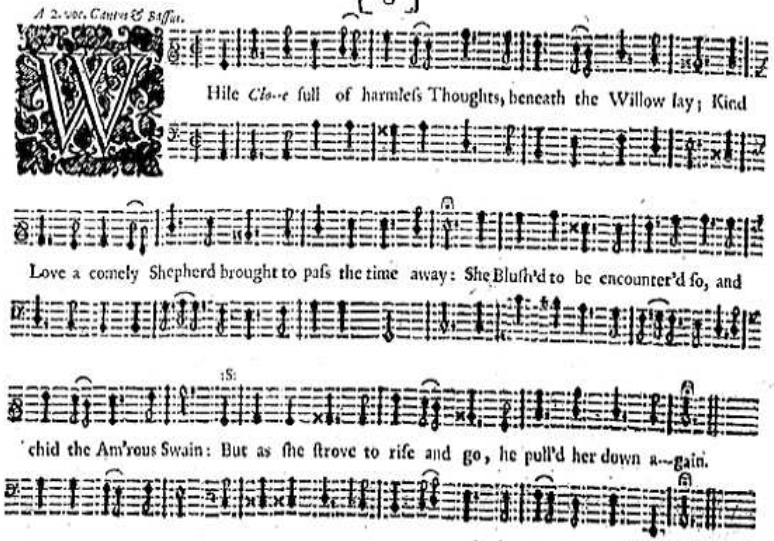
Kill me, or content me.

II.

He I love does kneel and Pray,
Offring that for which I'me dying;
Blushing I sigh, and turn away,
And am bleeding, whilst denying.
With a careless voice I rally;
Whilst my heart does blame my folly:
Oh that Love was once deceiving,
Let me dye, or let me have him.

Mr. *Alphon. Marsh.*

A 2. voc. Cantus & Bassus.



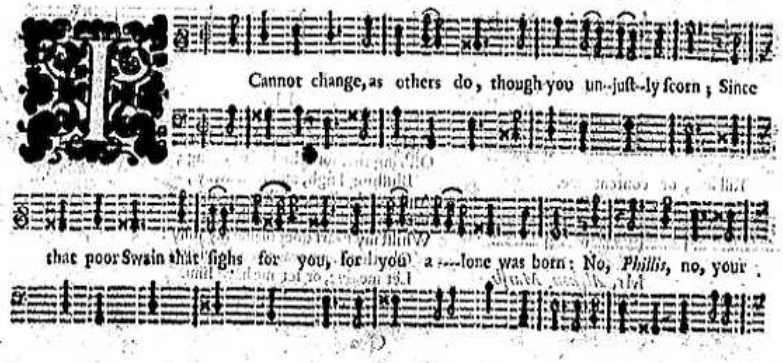
Mr. *James Hart.*

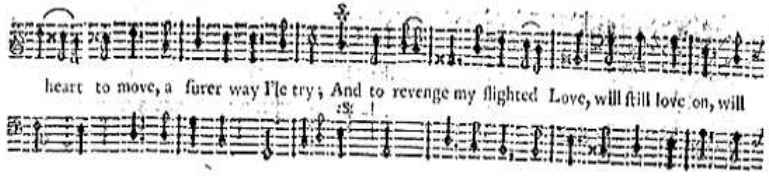
II.

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

III.

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

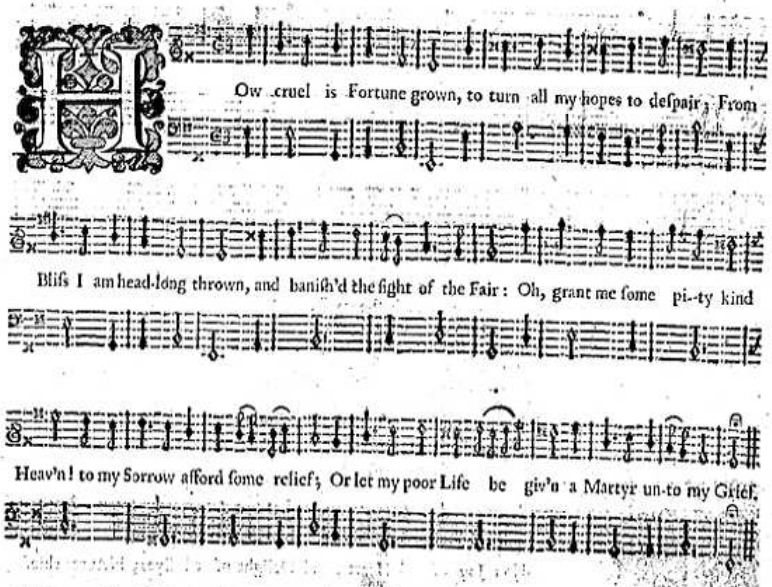




Mr. *William Turner.*

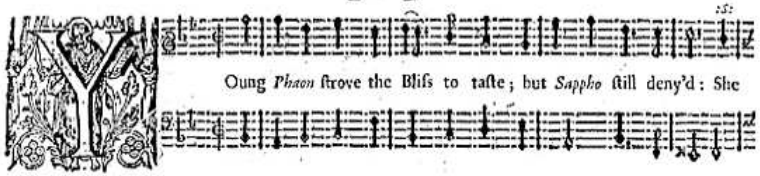
II.

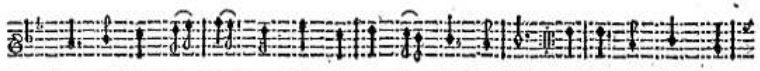
When kill'd with grief *Amintas* lyes,
And you to mind shall call
The Sighs, that now unpitty'd rise;
The Tears that vainly fall:
That welcome hour that ends his smart,
Will then begin your pain:
For such a faithful tender Heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

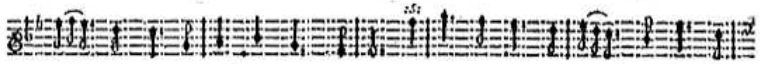


II.

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



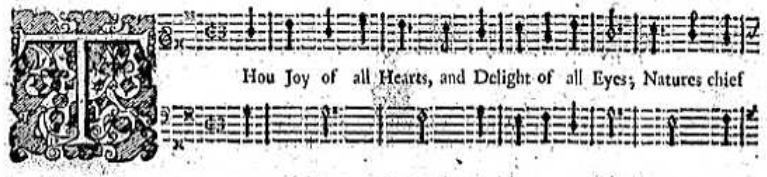


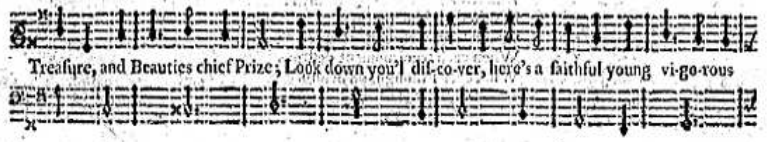


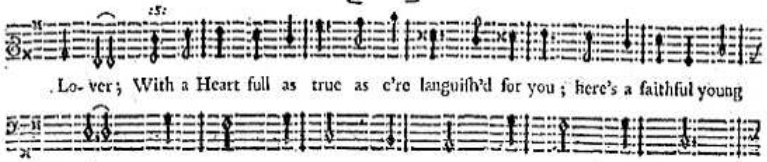
Mr. *John Banister.*

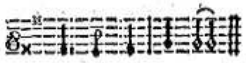
II.

At last come ruin me, she cry'd,
And then there fell a Tear:
I'le in thy Breast my Blushes hide,
Do all that Virgins fear.
O, that age could loves Rites perform,
We make Old Men obey;
They court us long, Youth does but storm,
And plunder and away.





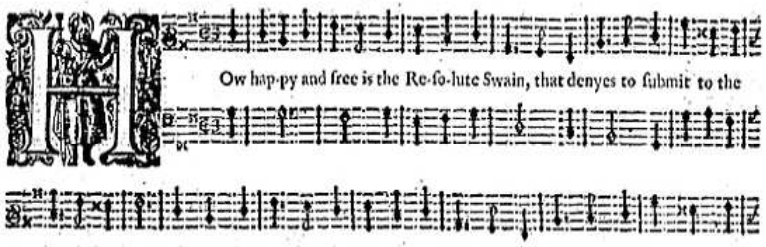


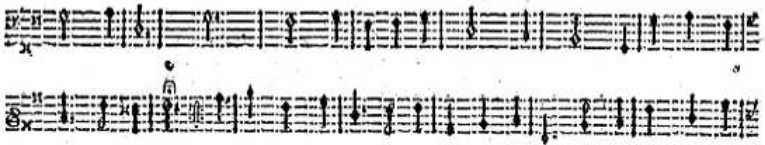


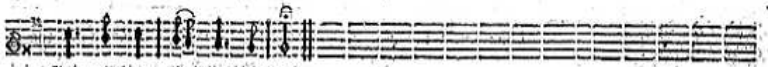
Mr. *William Turner.*

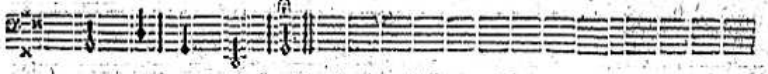
II.

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



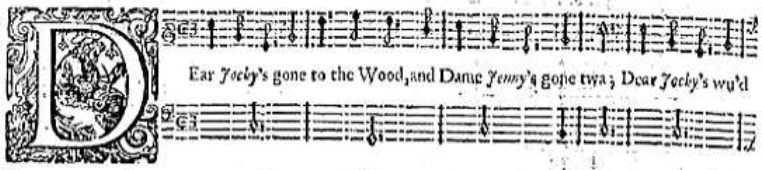




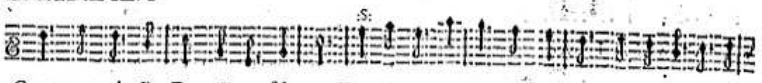


II. Poor Shepherds in vain there affections reveal,
To a Nymph that is peevish, proud, sullen, and coy;
Vainly do Virgins their Passion conceal,
For they boyl in their grief, 'till themselves they destroy.
And thus the poor Darling lyes under the Curse,
To be check'd in the Womb, o're-laid by the Nurse.

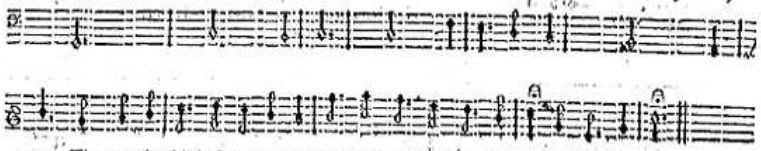
A Scotch Ayre.



Ear *Jocky*'s gone to the Wood, and Dame *Jenny*'s gone twa; Dear *Jocky*'s wu'd



Court a-good, But Dame *Jenny* sa's na: Dame *Jenny* my Dearest Love; Prethee *Jenny* fancy



me; Thou art the blitheſt bonny-Girle, and the fineſt Pearl, that e'er *Jocky*'s Nyne ſee.

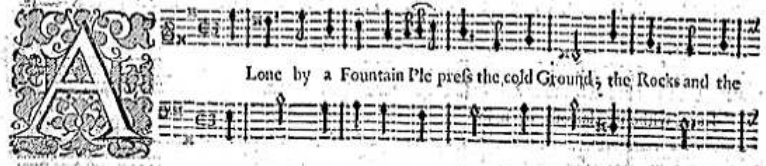
Mr. *William Gregorie*.

II.

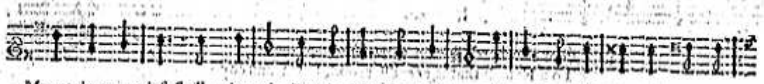
When *Jocky* had Wo'd her thus, ſhe ſa's prethee forbear;
Thou *Jocky* art falſe I fear, and wadſt *Jenny* infnare:
Dame *Jenny* believe it not, that thy *Jocky* is untrue;
For I do ſwear by au' that's good, in this pleaſant Wood,
And by Bonnet that's Blue.

III.

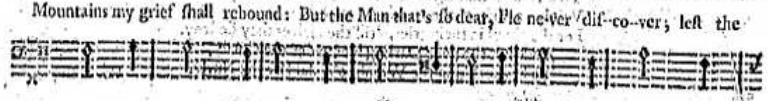
Why ſu'd I not now believe, when dear *Jocky* d'us Swear
By Bonnet, and au' that's good, that e'er *Jocky* s'al wear:
Come let us gang he'm my Dear, and be merry there a' while,
I love thee heartily my Joy, th'art the only Boy
On whom *Jenny* s'al Smile.

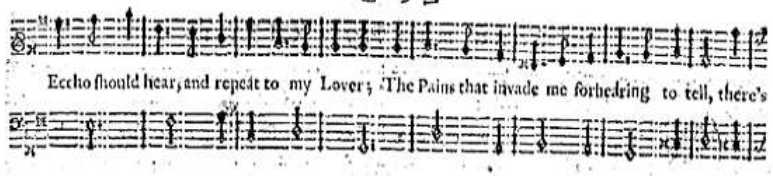


Lone by a Fountain Ple preſs the cold Ground; the Rocks and the

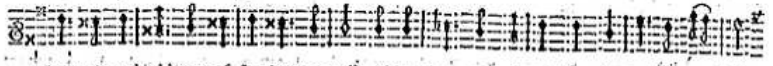


Mountains my grief ſhall rebound: But the Man that's ſo dear, Ple never dif-co-ver; leſt the

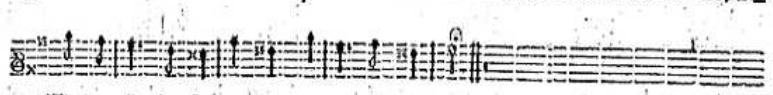




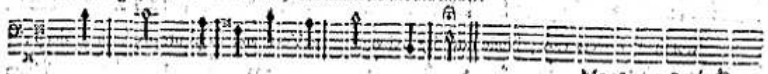
Eccho ſhould hear, and repeat to my Lover; The Pains that invade me forbedring to tell, there's



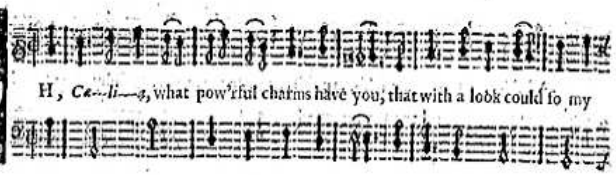
, none can upbraid me of Loving too well: If my charms cannot win him, his paſſion to ſhow;



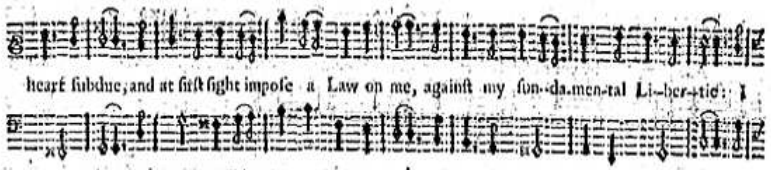
'Tis enough, that I Love him, too much he ſhould know.



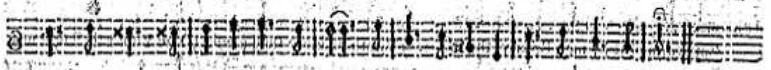
Mr. *Simon Pack*, Gent.



H, *Ca--li--a*, what pow'rful charms have you, that with a look could ſo my



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



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

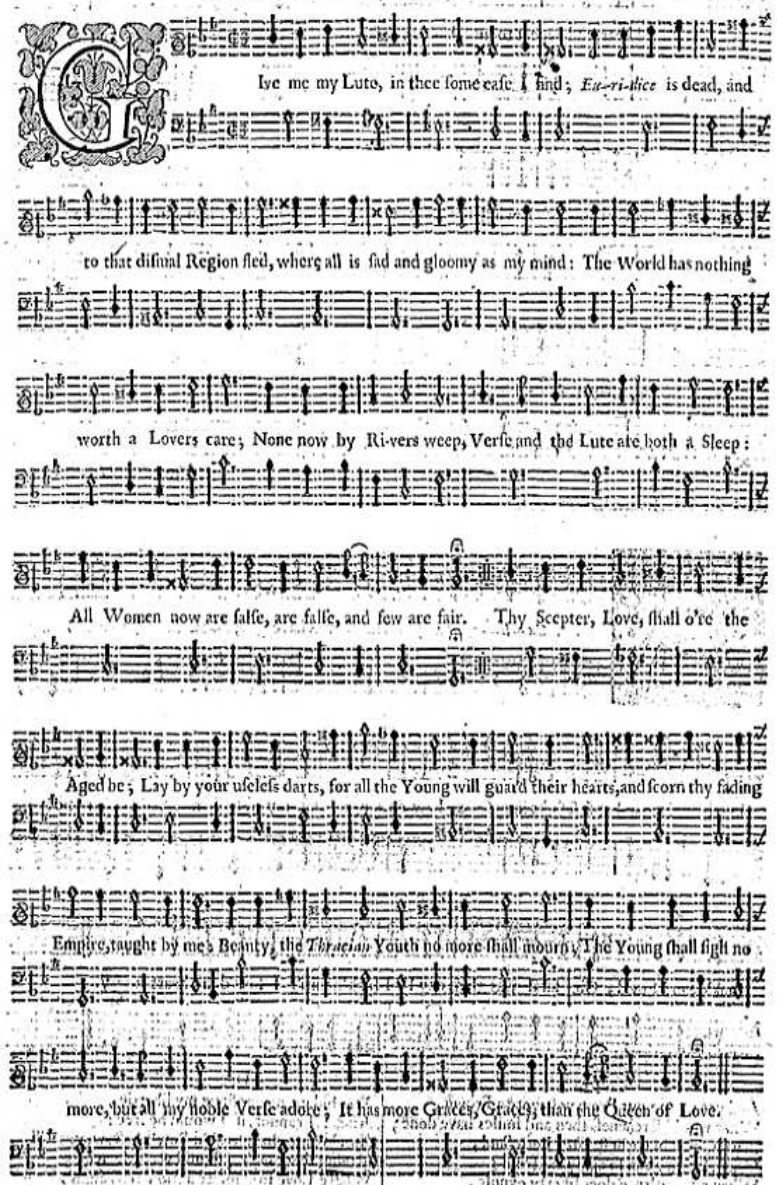
II.

And yet upon your Brow you wore a Frown,
What would ſerenenes then and ſmiles have done;
In vain, in vain we boſt a free born Soul,
When Beauty can ſo eaſily controul!
When every glance does liberty expoſe,
And with a Look, we native Freedome looſe.

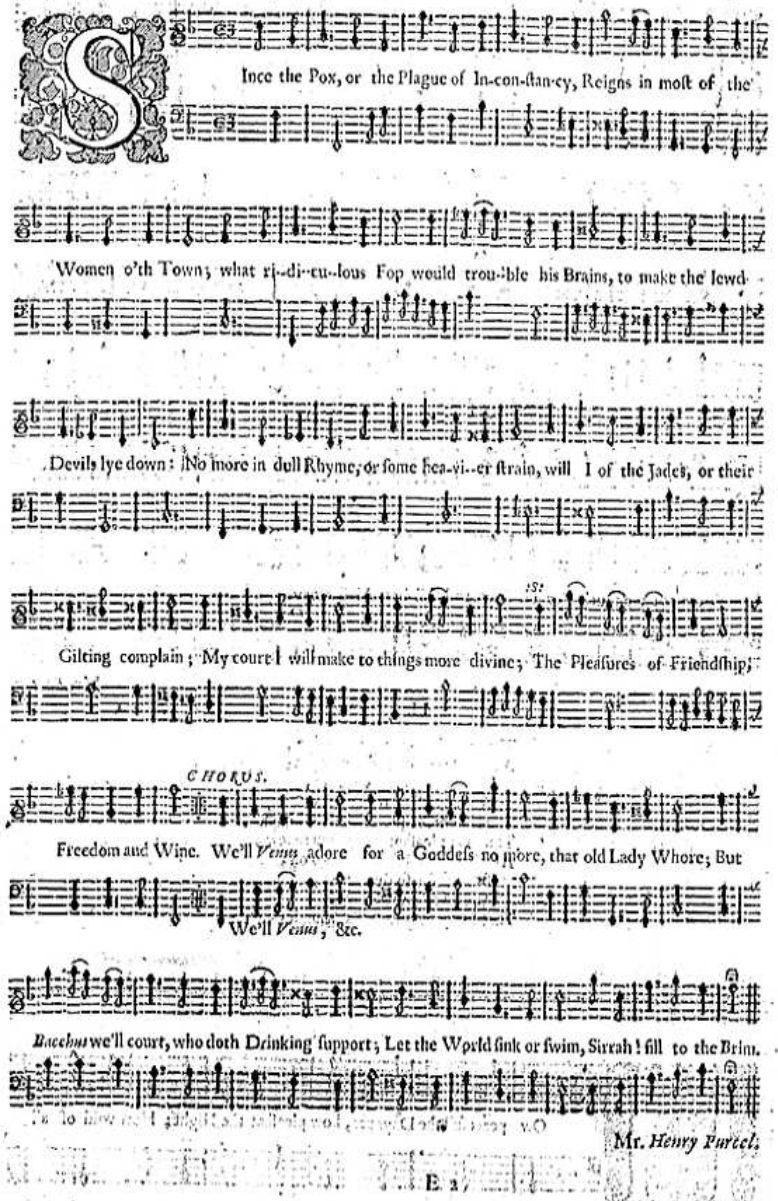
III.

You bid me now reſume my libertie,
Alas! I cannot, if I would be free:
Should Fate the impoſt'd Pow'r beſtow, yet ſtill
Having that Pow'r, I ſhould want the will.
Where Love ſo abſolute a Monarch reigns,
They court their Fetters, & grow proud of Chains.

A SONG *in the Play of* CIRCE.

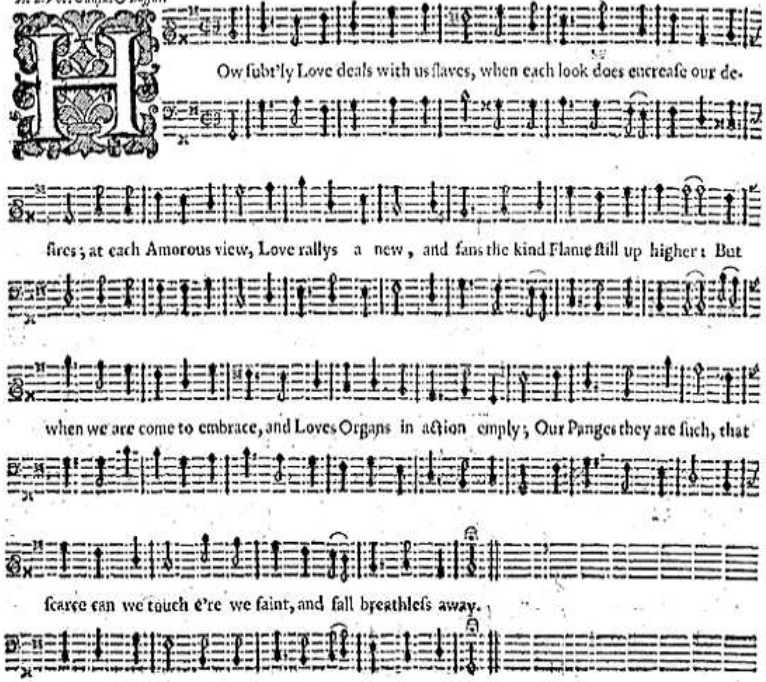


Mr. *John Banister.*



Mr. *Henry Purcel.*

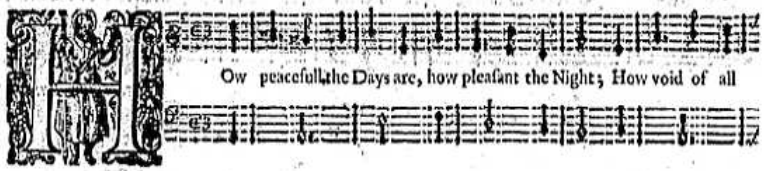
A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.

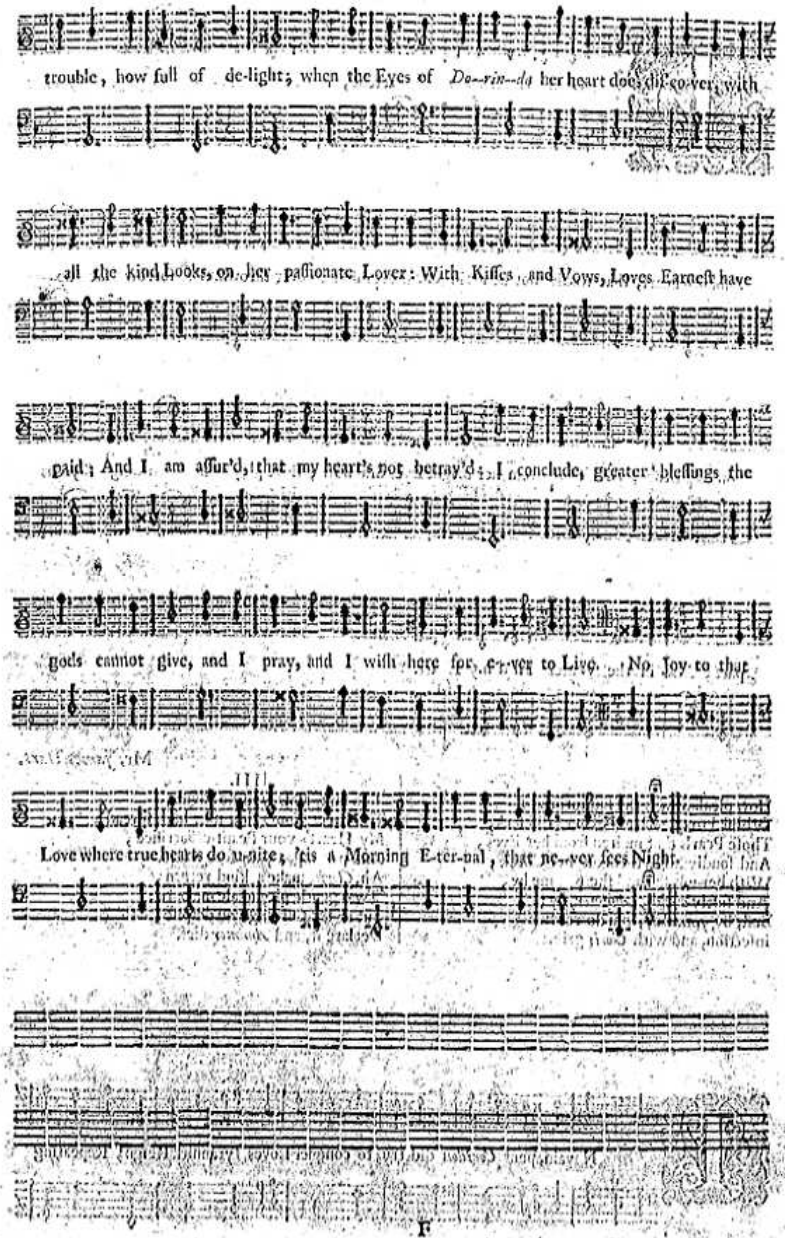


Mr. *Forcer.*

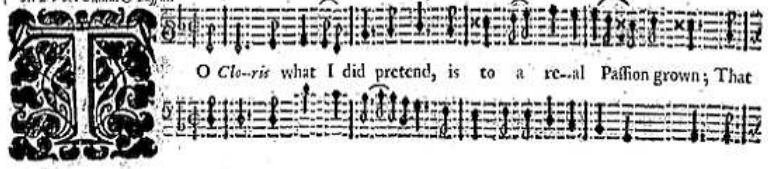
II.

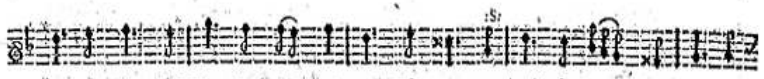
Then panting in respite we lye,
And muse on the pastime began;
Till by powerful thought,
With pleasure refraught,
We take heart to be sick once again.
Thus our pleasant convulsion renew,
And in sweetest succession go on;
Till our fits so dull grow,
And do follow so slow,
That our pretty Love Fainting is done.

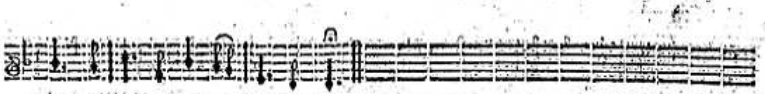




[A. 2 Voc. Canus & Bassus.







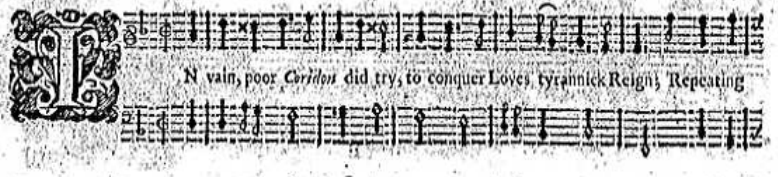
Mr. *James Hart.*

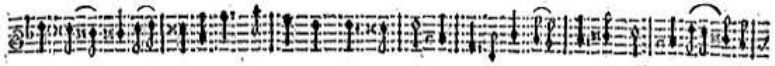
II.

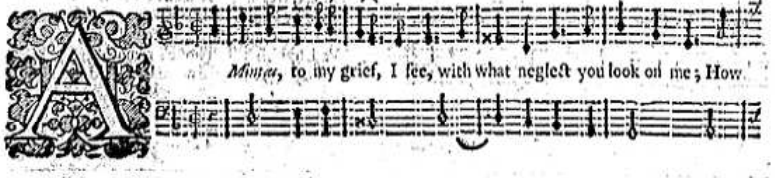
How pleasant was the sad surprize;
Whilst I to quench my Flames did seek,
Those Pearls that melted from her Eyes,
And fondly kiss'd them off her Cheek;
With her white hand she put me by,
And softly cry'd, *Amintor*, fly;
Lest, by your stay, you do receive
Infection, and with *Cloris* grieve.

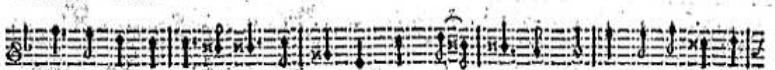
III.

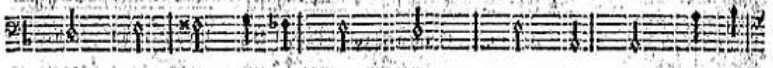
Too late, alas, you do advise,
The sweet Contagion now hath spread;
My Heart's your Beauties Sacrifice,
And panting at your feet is laid.
Ah, *Cloris*, make a kind return,
'Twas gentle pity made me burn:
But if the Offering you despise,
Declare it, and *Amintor* dies.

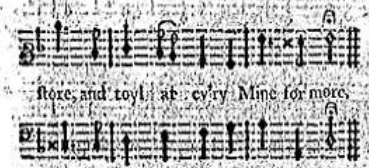












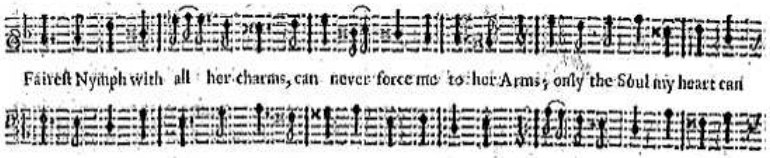
Mr. *Henry Purcel.*

II.

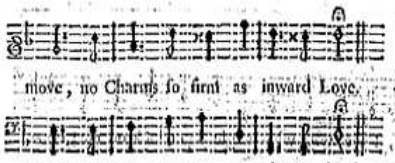
Celia shall now turn Miser too;
But 'tis to lay up Love for you:
To lay up all her Tears and Sighs,
And all her Looks, with dying Eyes;
That when by some inconstant Maid,
You find your Pains, and Heart betray'd,
She may put on those pow'rful Charms,
To bring you back to her own Arms.

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Bassus.

HOw fond's the World, to love a Face like me-men-ta-ry Joys do pass, the



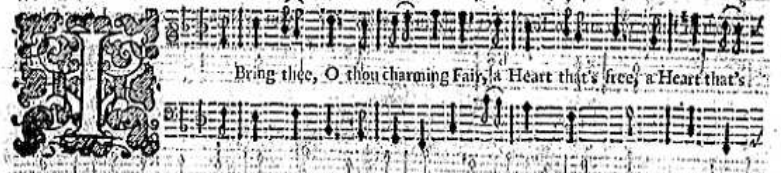
Fairest Nymph with all her charms, can never force me to her Arms; only the Soul my heart can



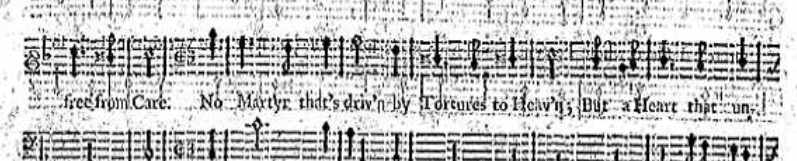
move, no Charms so firm as inward Love.

II.

Like *Indians*, who the Sun adore,
The gayest thing e're seen before;
So we by Fancy chuse the Fair,
And, by repulse, brought to despair;
We languish 'till all hope's remov'd,
And dying, wish, we ne're had lov'd.

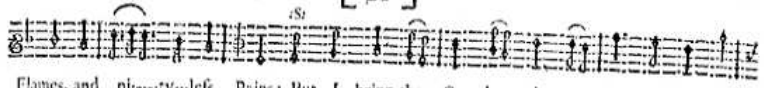


I Bring thee, O thou charming Fair, a Heart that's free, a Heart that's

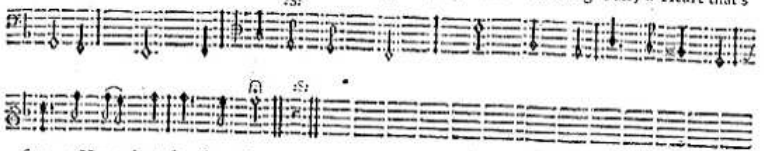


free from Care. No Martyr that's driv'n by Torcures to Heav'n; But a Heart that un-

force'd, to thy Beauty is giv'n. No Captive in Chains, that sighs and complains, of Bleeding and



Flames, and pi----ty---less Pains: But I bring thee, O, thou charming Fair, a Heart that's

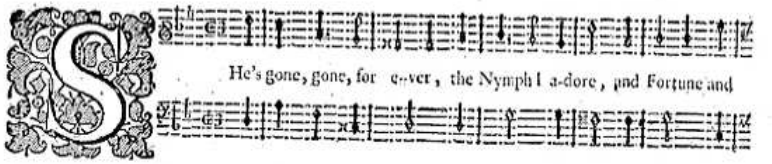


free, a Heart that's free from Care.

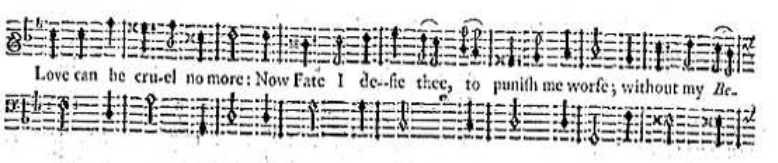
Mr. *James Hart.*

II.

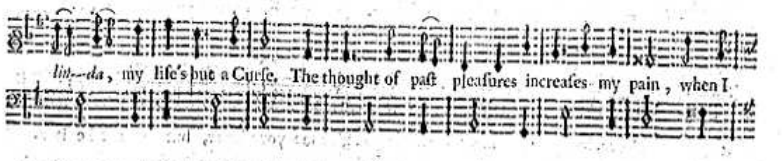
Send all thy Guards of Frowns away,
I will not force, I will not force obey:
But kindness and favour, will make me deliver
My heart at thy feet, and adore thee for ever:
Thy slave will be gone when thy Beauty goes down;
But into the Sea i'le sink with thy sun:
For I bring thee, O thou charming Fair,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



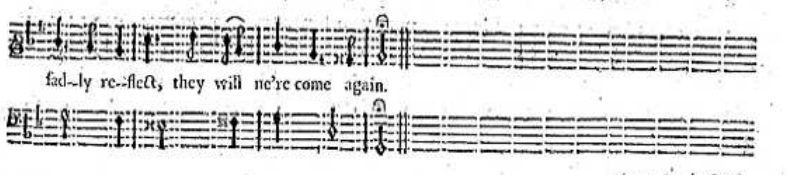
SHe's gone, gone, for e--ver, the Nymph I a-dore, and Fortune and



Love can be cru-el no more: Now Fate I de--sie thee, to punish me worse; without my *Be-*

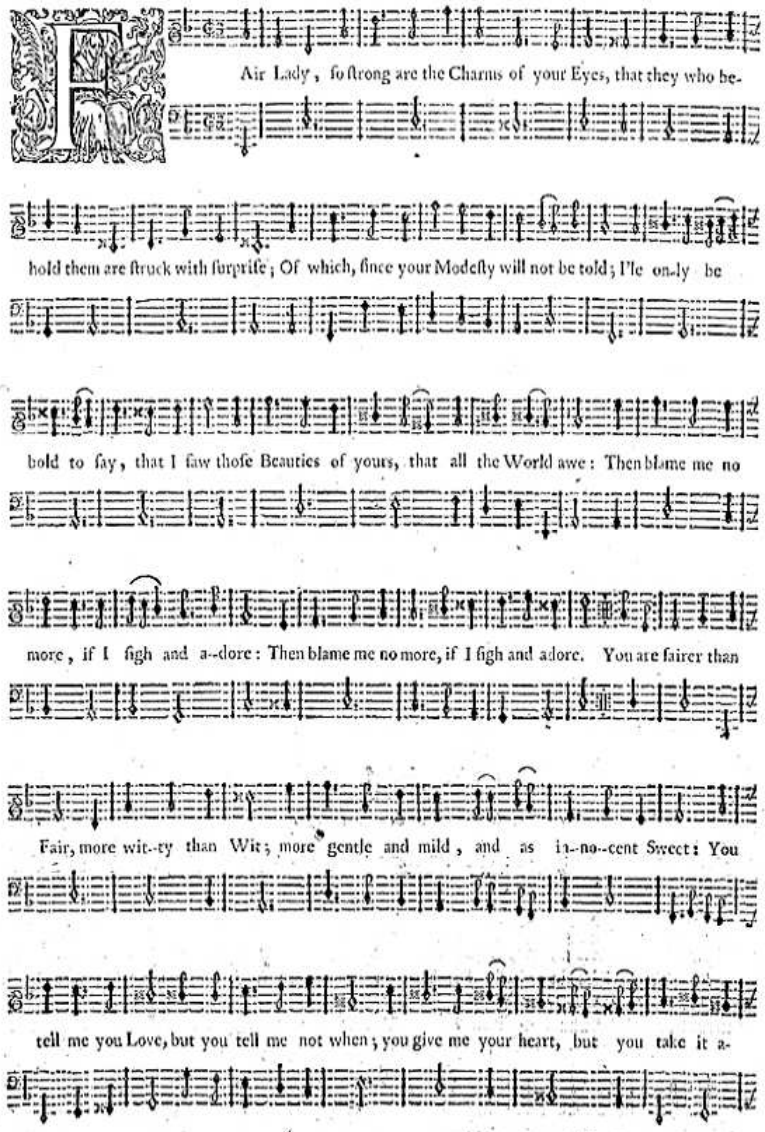


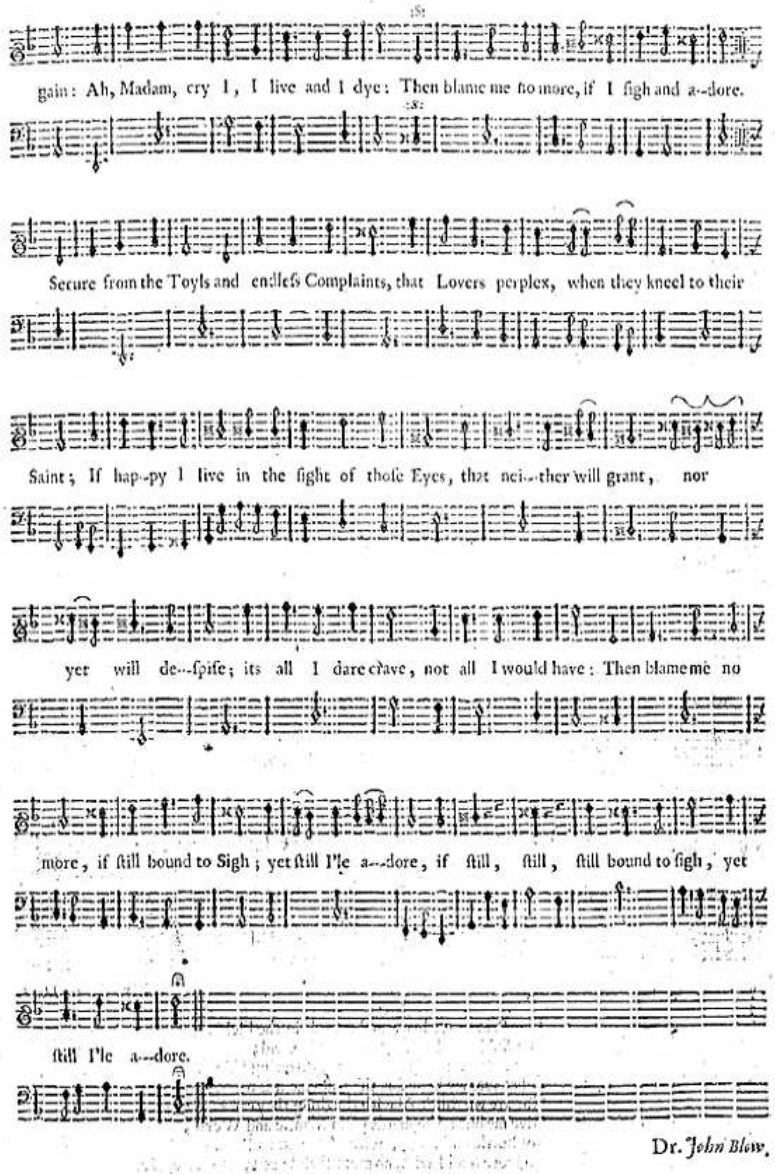
lin--da, my life's but a Curse. The thought of past pleasures increases my pain, when I



sad--ly re--flect, they will ne're come again.

Simon Pack, Gent.

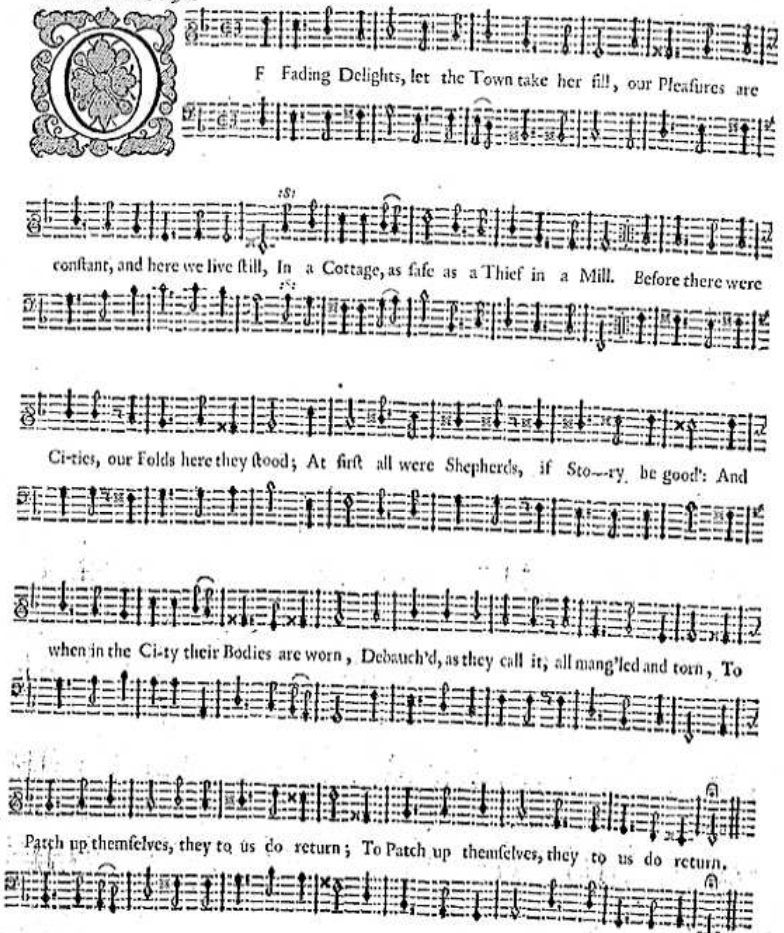

Air Lady, so strong are the Charms of your Eyes, that they who be-
hold them are struck with surprise; Of which, since your Modesty will not be told; I'le on-ly be
bold to say, that I saw those Beauties of yours, that all the World awe: Then blame me no
more, if I sigh and a--dore: Then blame me no more, if I sigh and adore. You are fairer than
Fair, more wit--ty than Wit; more gentle and mild, and as in--no--cent Sweet: You
tell me you Love, but you tell me not when; you give me your heart, but you take it a-


gain: Ah, Madam, cry I, I live and I dye: Then blame me no more, if I sigh and a--dore.
Secure from the Toyls and endless Complaints, that Lovers perplex, when they kneel to their
Saint; If hap--py I live in the sight of those Eyes, that nei--ther will grant, nor
yet will de--spise; its all I dare crave, not all I would have: Then blame me no
more, if still bound to Sigh; yet still I'le a--dore, if still, still, still bound to sigh, yet
still I'le a--dore.

Dr. *John Blow.*

The SHEPHERD's SONG.

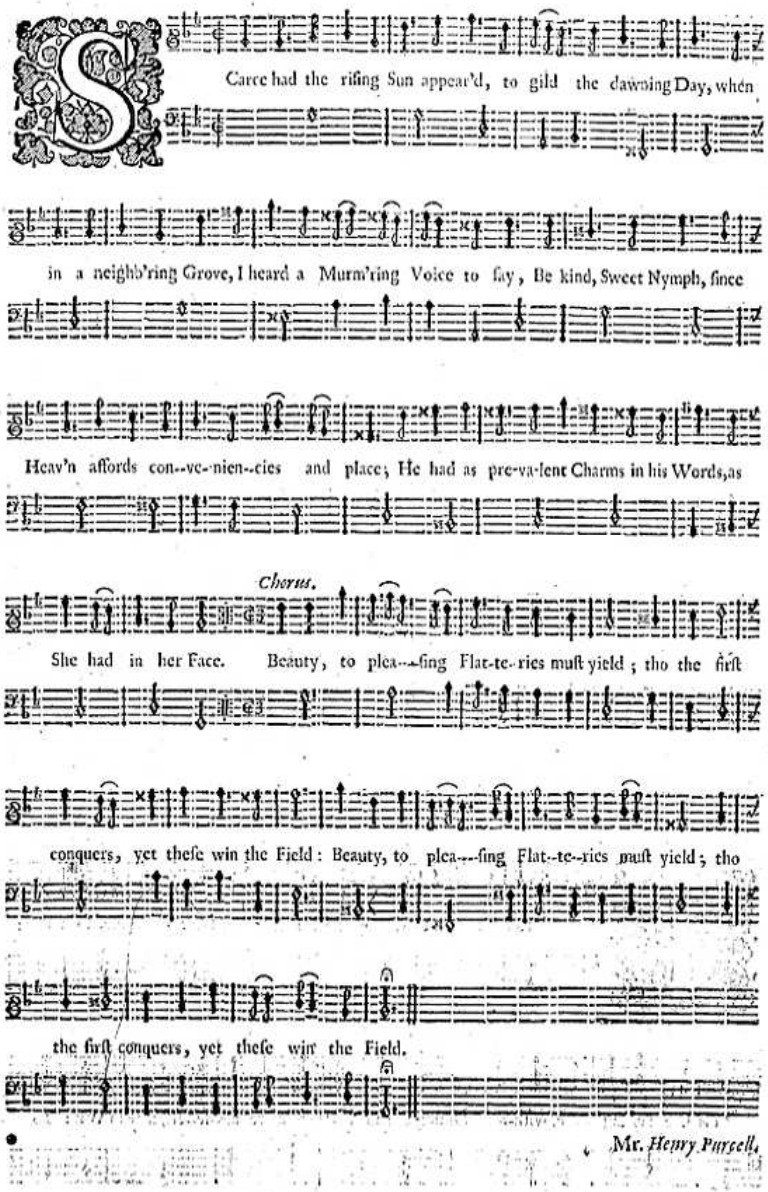
A. 2. voc. Cantus & Bassus.



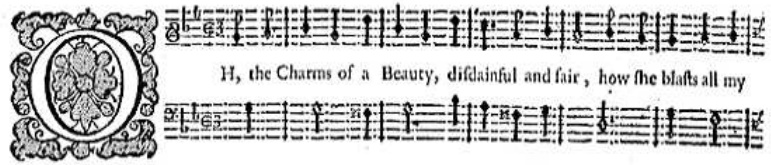
Mr. *James Hart.*

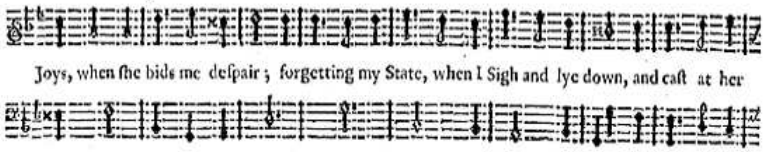
II.

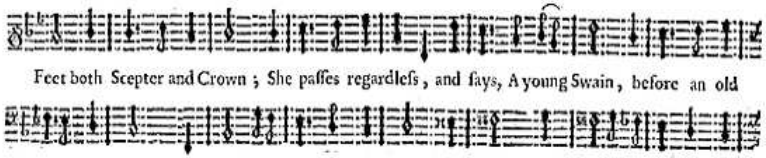
Like Princes we live, and we rule in the Field,
Our Subjects obedience do readily yield;
Nor a Sword do we want, nor a glittering Shield.
What ever we hope for, th' Enjoyment is near;
Nor are we disturb'd with the thing they call Fear:
Give me but a Shepherds plain Mantle and Weed,
My Bottle and Bagg,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

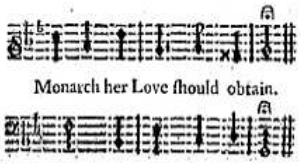


Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



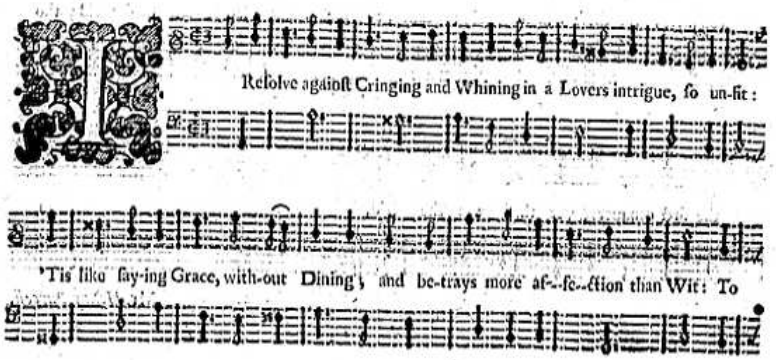


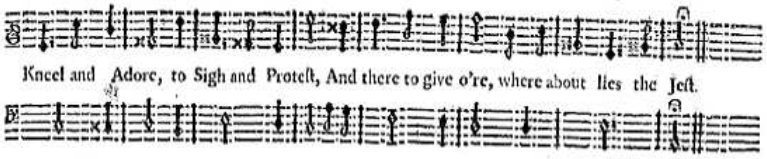




II.

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



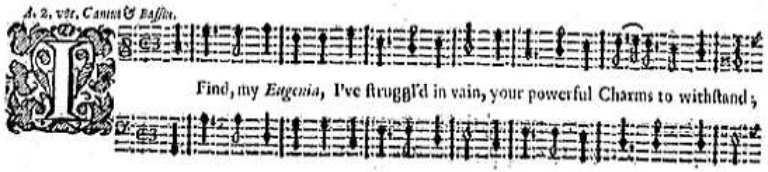


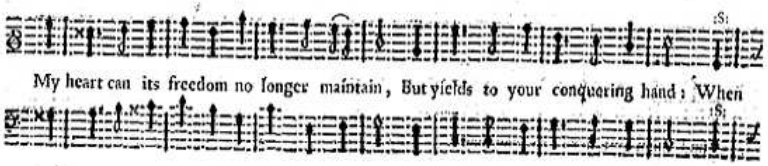
Mr. *Henry Purfell.*

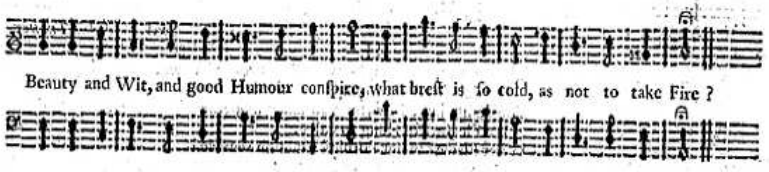
II.

Dearest Mistress, I prethee be wiser;
Recant your Platonick Opinion:
Whilst you hord up your Love, like a Miser,
You starve all within your dominion.
And when the dread Foe is vanquish'd by you,
I'le kiss the Boys Bow, and for ever be true.

A. 2. vtr. Canus & Bassus.





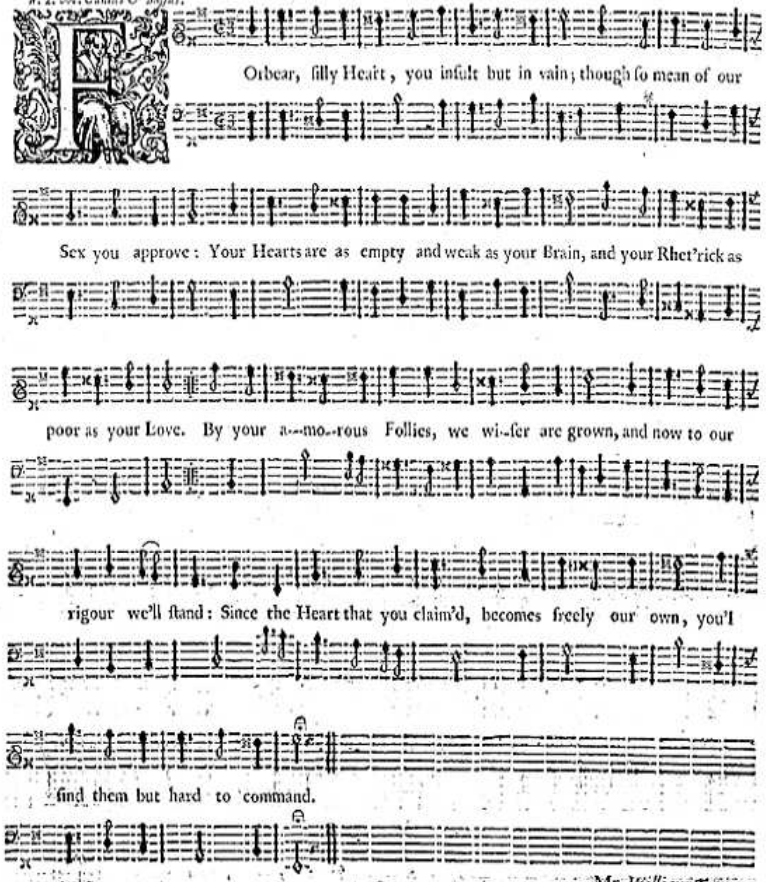


Mr. *William Turner.*

II.

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

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Bassus.



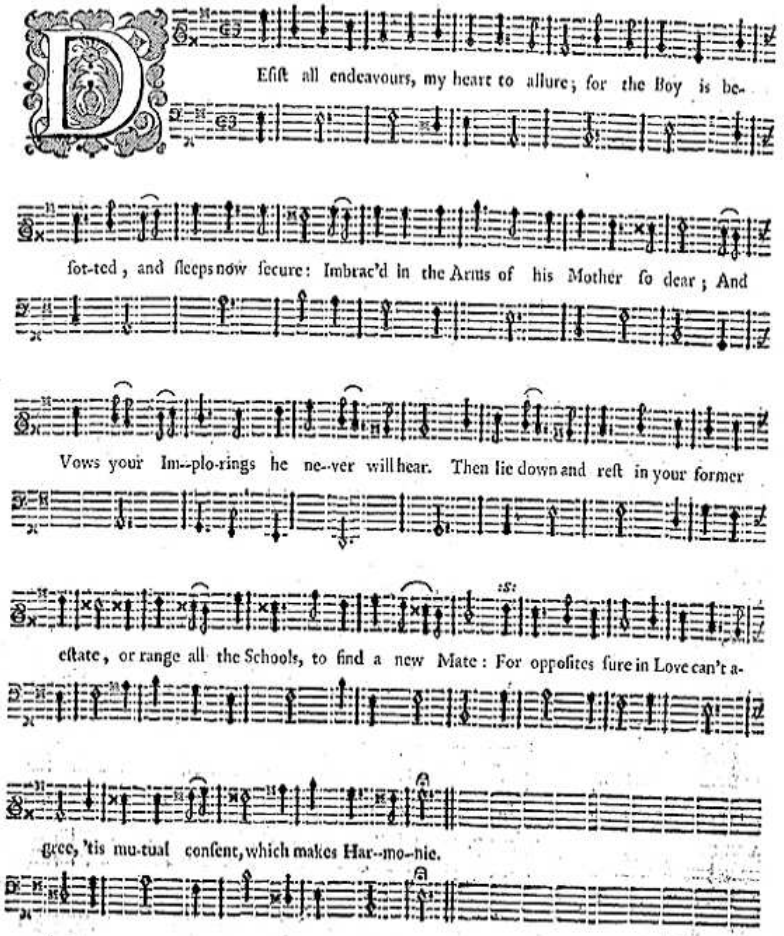
Mr. *William Turner.*

II.

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

III.

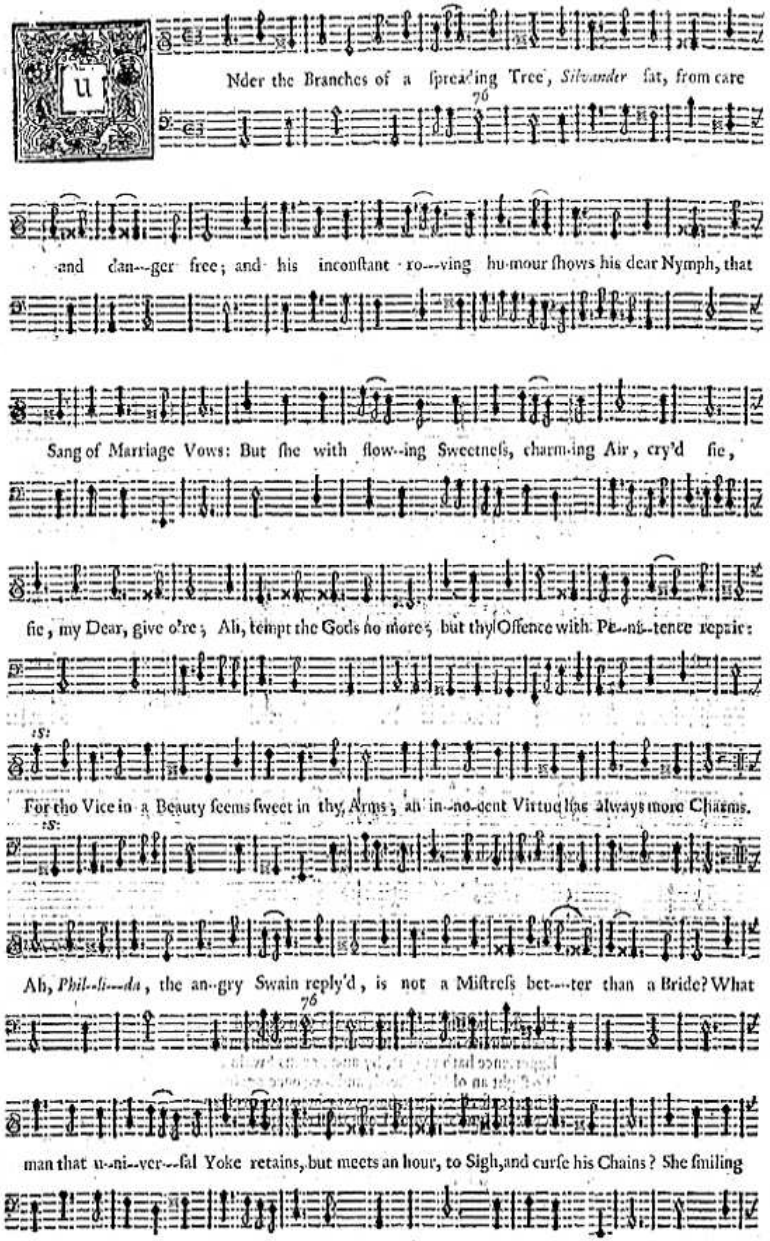
How charming and sweet is Love, while 'tis young!
Yet if the Design does but fail,
It changes her Note, from an amorous Song,
To a Tune with a Huff and a Rail.
If your Loves have no greater pow'r to invite,
We must, for your Passion, declare,
They're not worth our Return, nor your Scorn our Requite;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

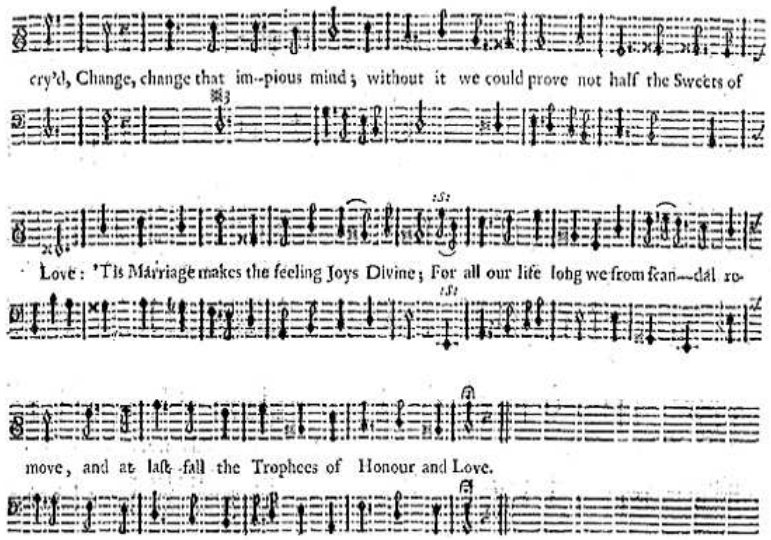


Mr. *John Mos.*

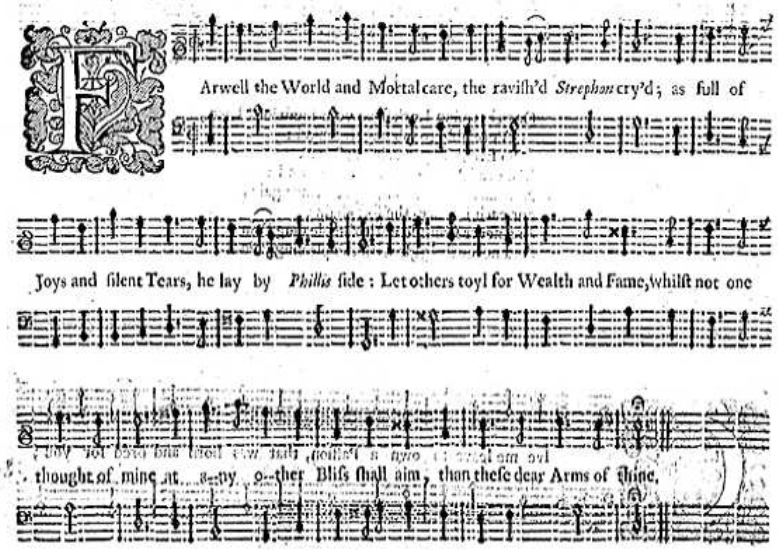
II.

Fly, fly, foolish Shepherd, in vain you expend
Each Minute in Love, for your Joys now do end:
Experience hath taught, by an amorous Swain,
To slight an old Shepherd, and love once again.
Then cease all designs, since your humours presage
A person Ignoble, your Love shall engage.

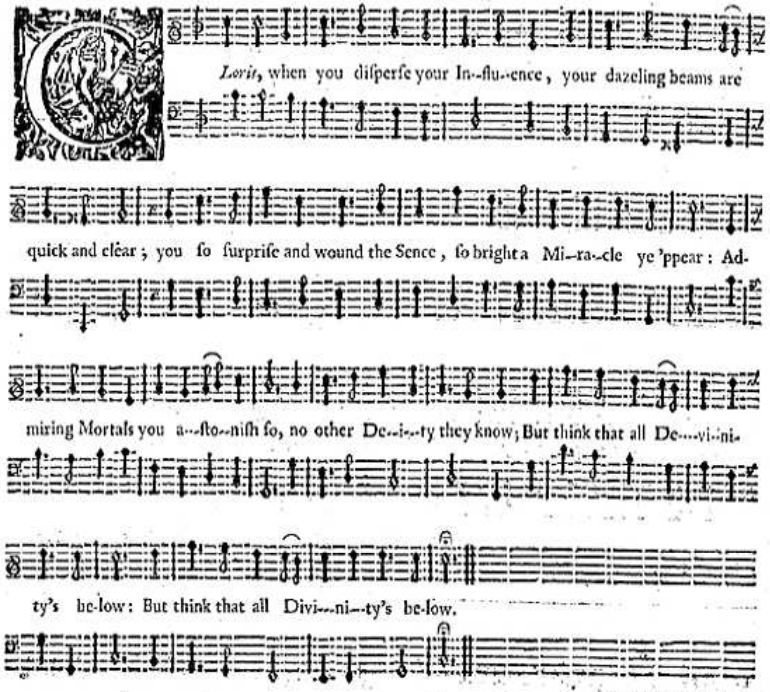




Mr. *William Turner.*



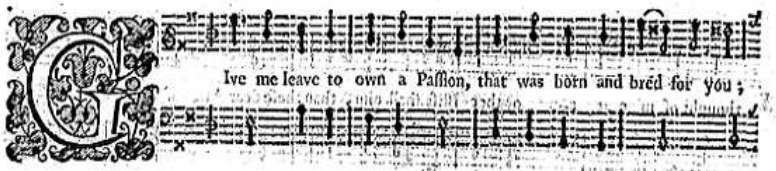
A. 2. voc. Cantus & Bassus.

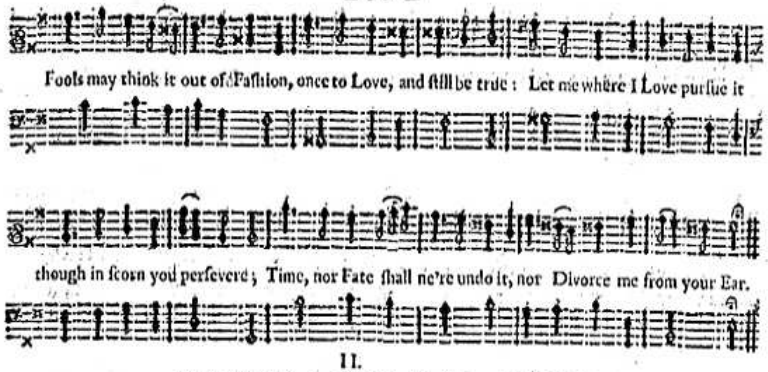


Mr. *William Turner.*

II.

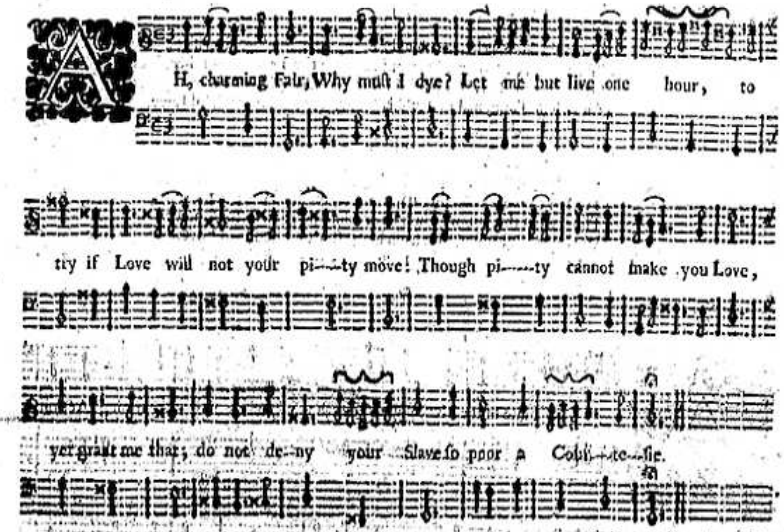
One charming Look from your illustrious Face,
Were able to subdue Man-kind:
So sweet, so powerful a Grace,
Makes all men Lovers, but the Blind:
Nor can they freedom, by resistance gain,
For each inbraces the soft chain,
And never struggle with the pleasing Pain:
And never struggle with the pleasing Pain.





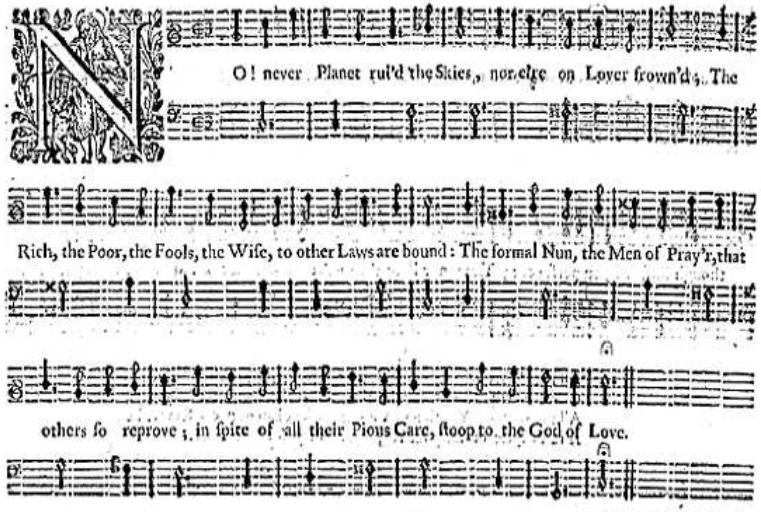
II.

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



II.

Before you kill me, I'le impart
To you, a Wounded, Wretched Heart;
For my sake, lodge it in your Breast,
From Care and Sorrow der it rest;
And when your Hour-Glass is run;
Then meet me at *Elizium.*



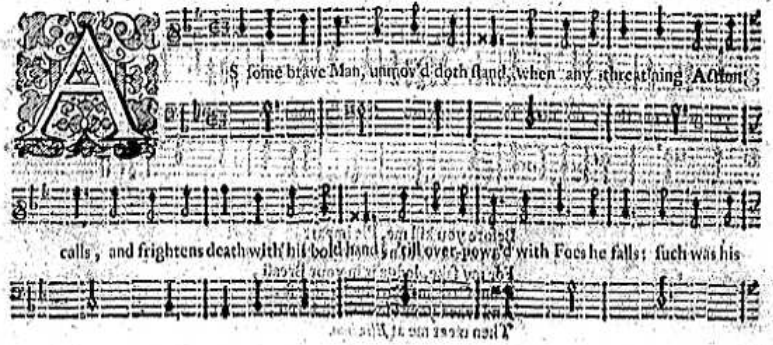
Mr. *Alph. Marsh.*

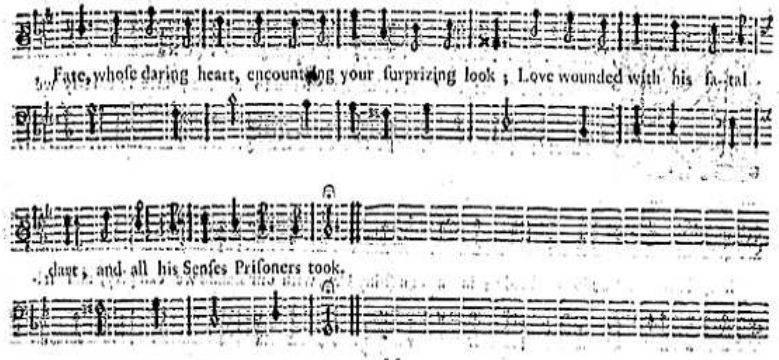
II.

Crown'd Monarchs, to a lovely Face, their Scepters Sacrifice;
Their Captive Conquests croud to grace the Triumphs of her Eyes;
Great *Jove* dissolv'd himself in show'rs, fair *Danae*'s Fires to prove;
And silent Time, makes slow his Hours, to wait on pow'rful Love.

III.

Yet I 'gainst Fate and Beauties harms a safe exemption found;
Till fair *Corinna*'s daz'ling Charms, my tender Heart did wound.
Thus, what the potent Thunderer could ne'r to softness move;
Was by a Lightning, shot from her, that melted into Love.



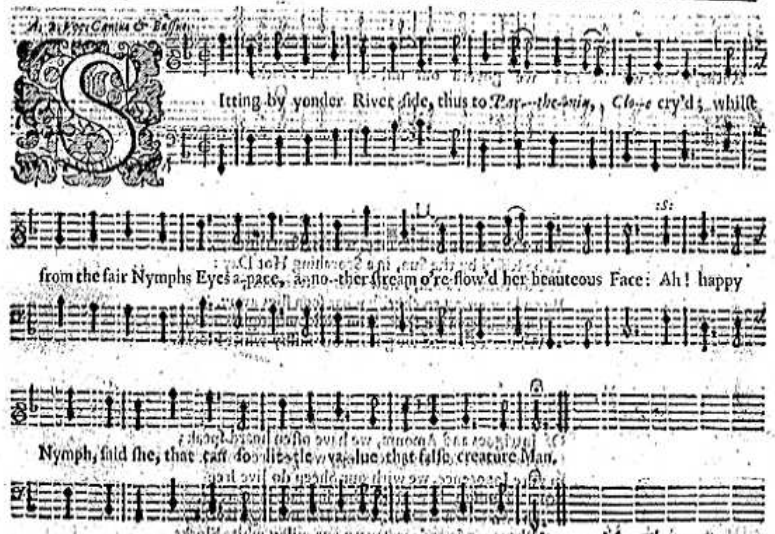


II.

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

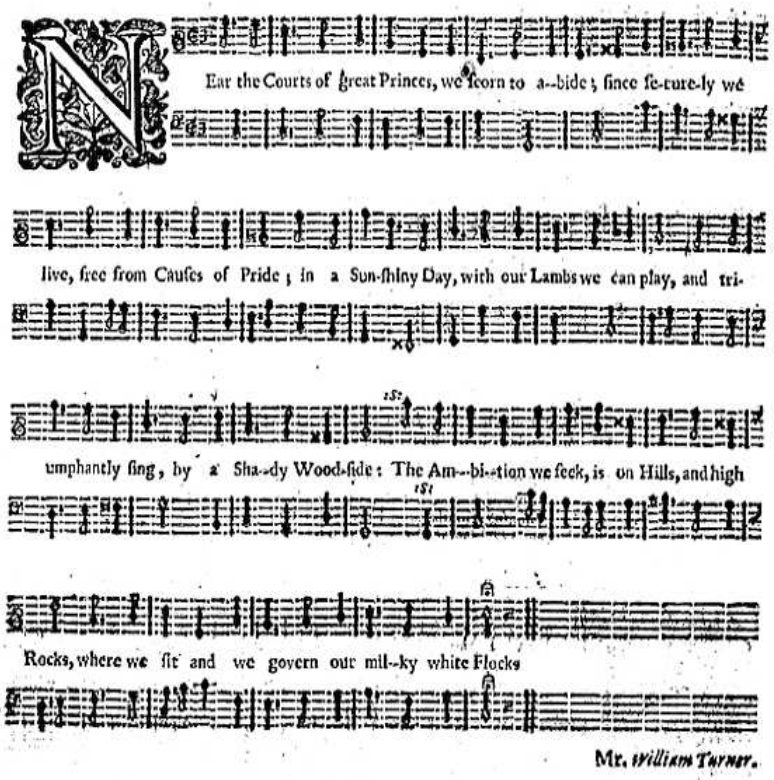
But if unpity'd, he should fall by you,
Those Sighs shall haunt your Ears, when last he cry'd;
Aminda, Aminda, your Lover was true;
Aminda, Aminda; 'twas for you he dy'd.

A Duet Canon & Basso.



Mr. *Thomas Farmer.*

Oft the perfidious things, would cry,
They Love, they Bleed, they Burn, they Dye:
Yet, if, they't absent half a Day,
Nay; let them be but one poor Hour away:
No more they Dye, no more Complain,
But like unconstant Wretches, Live again.



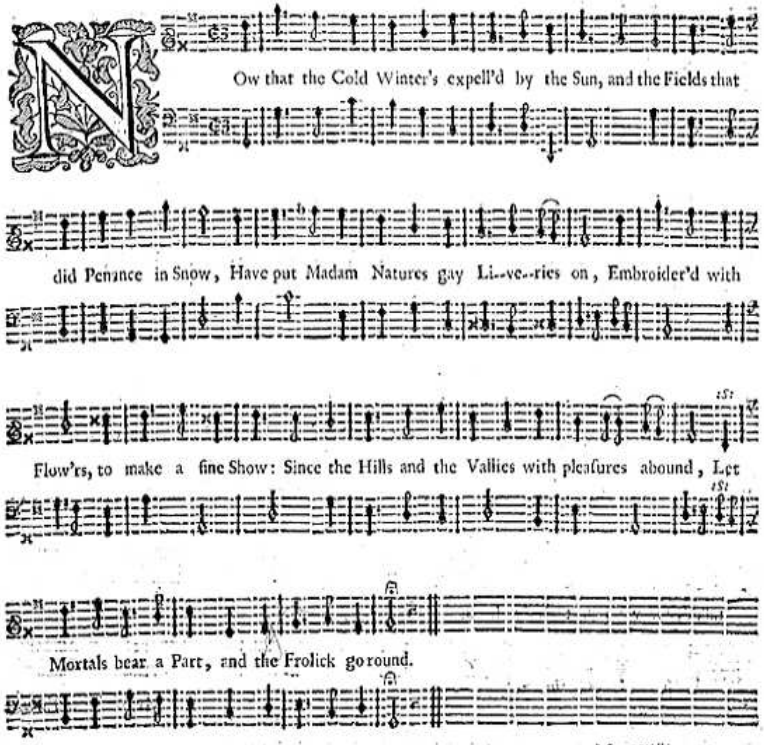
Mr. *William Turner.*

II.

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

III.

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



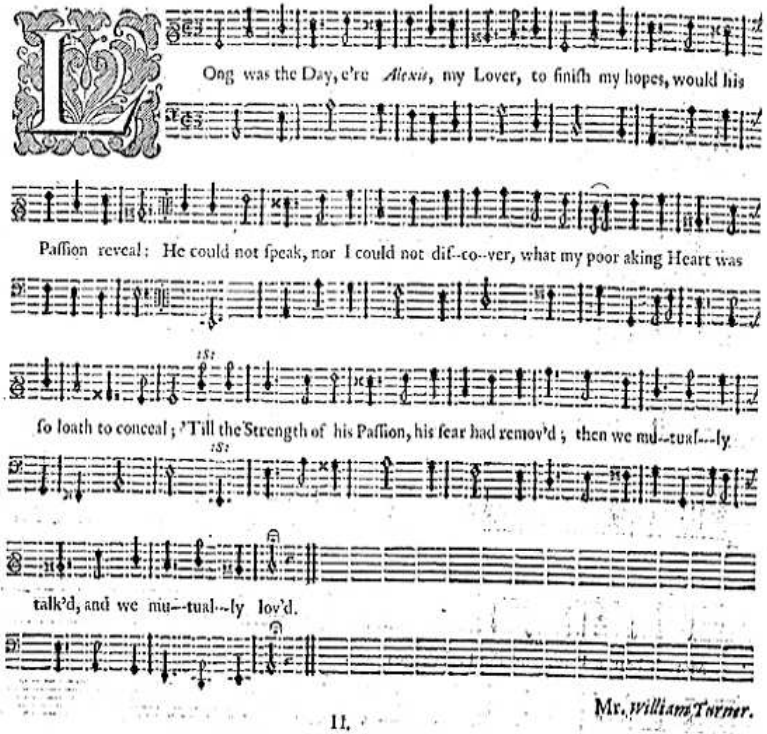
Mr. *William Turner.*

II.

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

III.

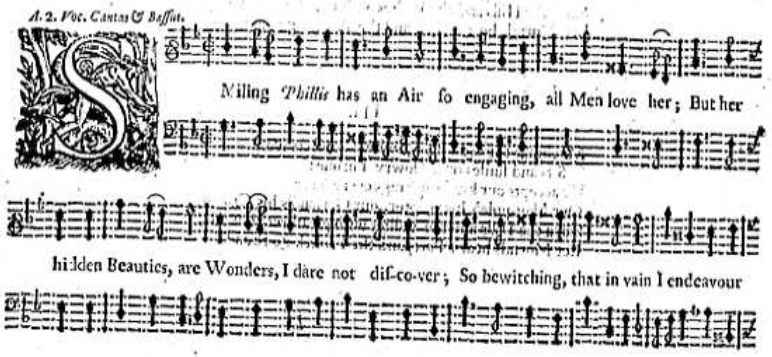
Me thinks the God *Pan*, whose Subjects we are;
Sits and smiles on a Flowry Throne;
He accepts our kind Off'rings every Year,
Our May-pole's his Scepter, our Garland's his Crown.
Since the Hills and the Vallies with pleasures abound;
Let Mortals bear a Part, and the Frolick go round.

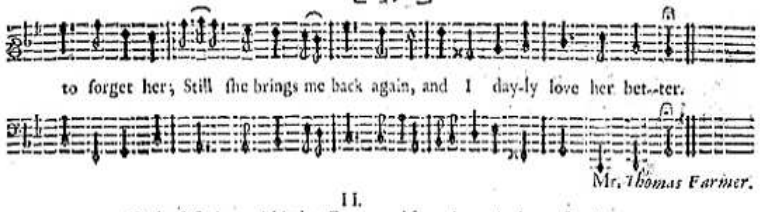


II.

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

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



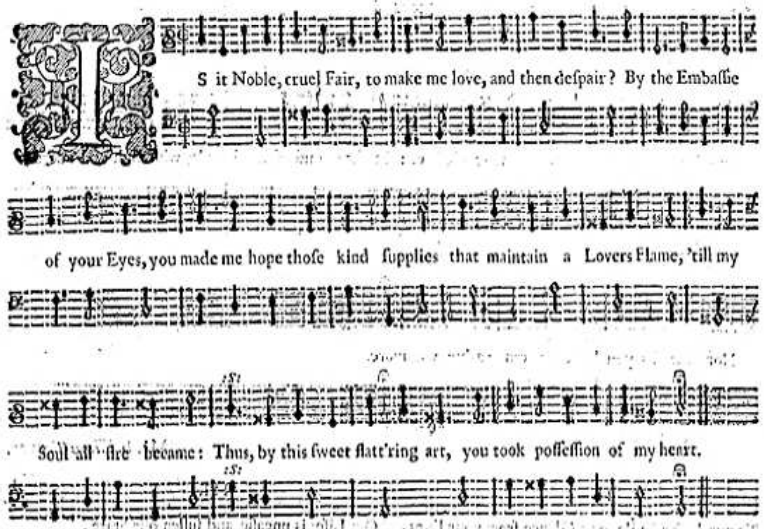


II.

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

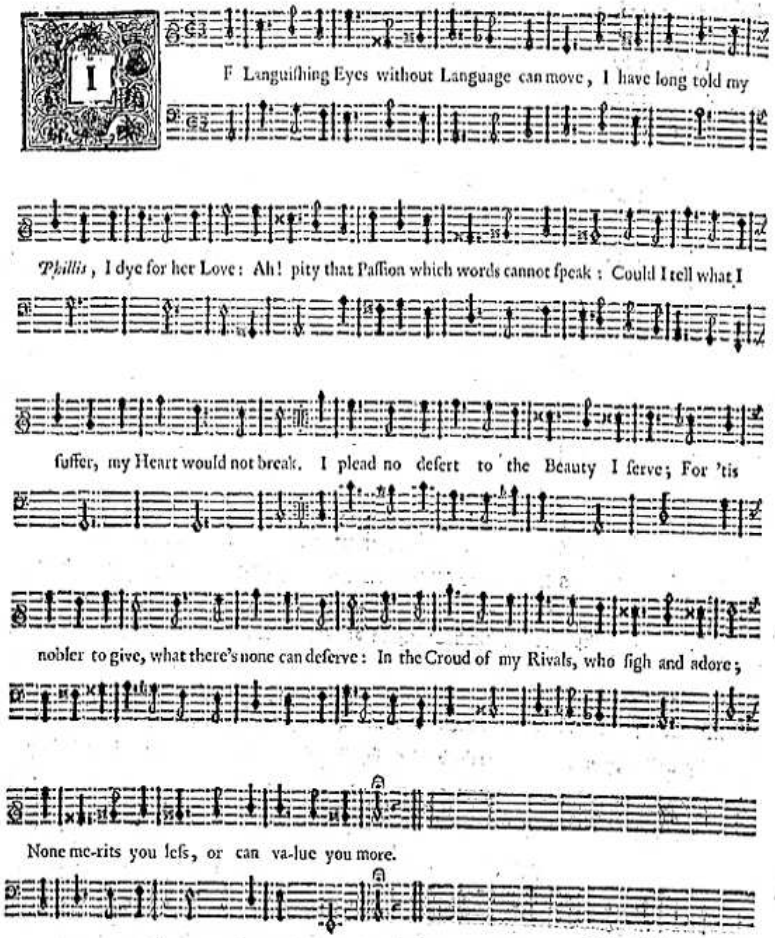
III.

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



II.

But, *Aminda*, can despise
The flame in which her Captive dyes;
And with disdainful looks, disay
Those Joys she promis'd by her Eyes?
Of her rigour, and my pain,
She forbids me to complain;
How severe's my wretched fate,
That I must love, though she's ingrate.



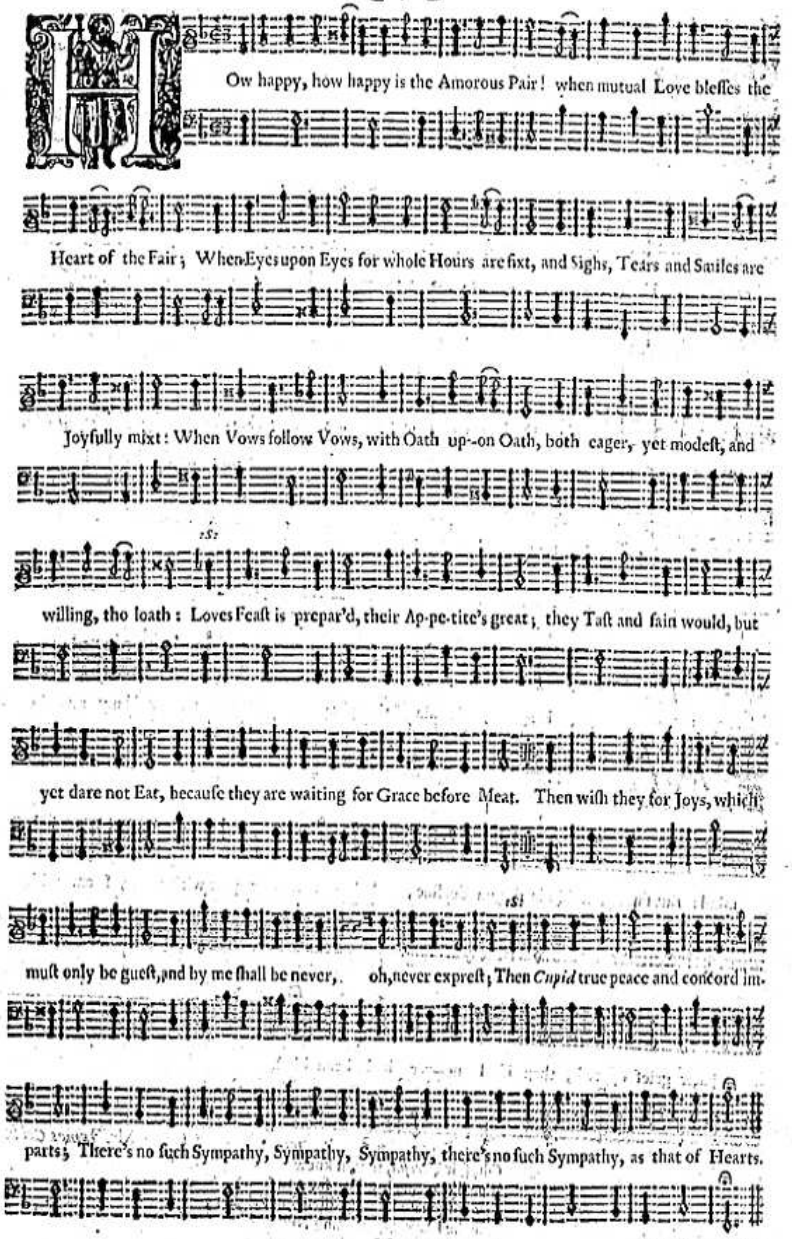
Mr. *William Turner.*

II.

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

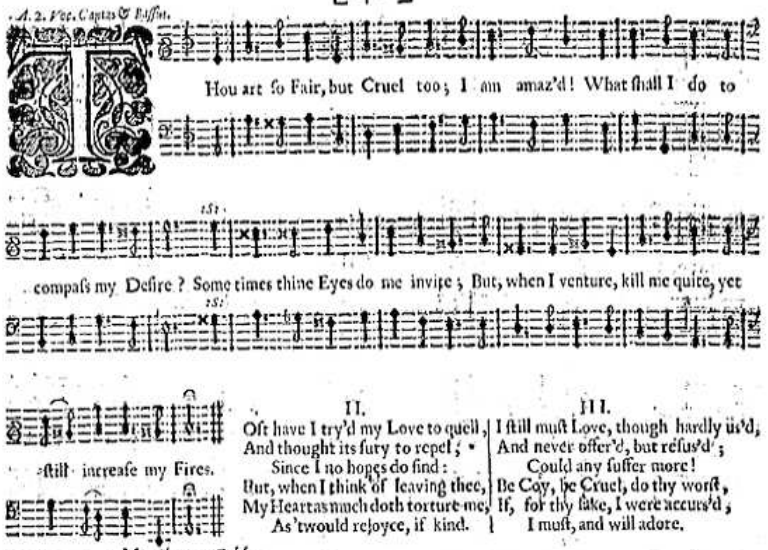
III.

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



Mr. *John Moss.*

A. 2. Vec. Capito & Bassus.



THou art so Fair, but Cruel too; I am amaz'd! What shall I do to compass my Desire? Some times thine Eyes do me invite; But, when I venture, kill me quite, yet still increase my Fires.

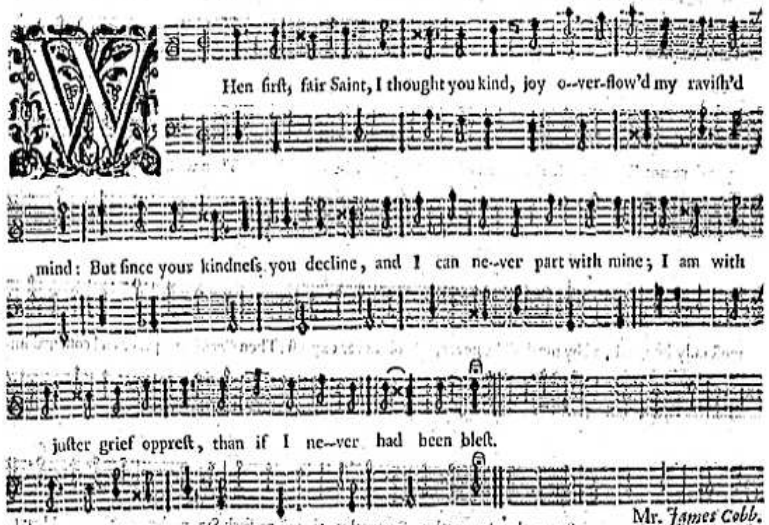
II.

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

III.

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

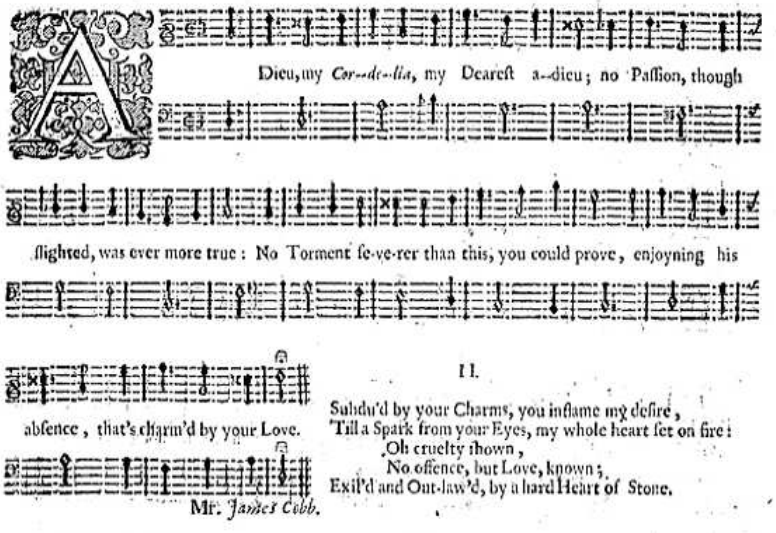
Mr. *James Cobb.*



WHen first, fair Saint, I thought you kind, joy o--ver-flow'd my ravish'd mind: But since your kindness you decline, and I can ne--ver part with mine; I am with juster grief oppress't, than if I ne--ver had been blest.

Mr. *James Cobb.*

Oh, fair *Ottesia*, if you knew
The Torments I endure for you,
My passionate Hopes, dispairing Frights,
Uneasie Days, and waking Nights;
Your Rigour, or your Love will free
My Heart from you, or you from me.

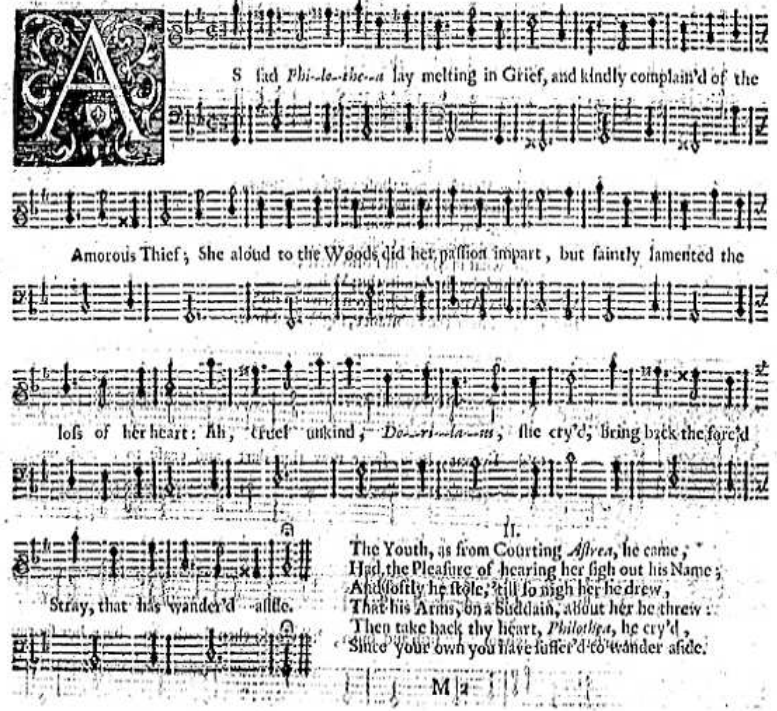


ADieu, my *Cor--de--lia*, my Dearest a--dieu; no Passion, though slighted, was ever more true: No Torment se-ve-rer than this, you could prove, enjoyning his absence, that's charm'd by your Love.

II.

Subdu'd by your Charms, you inflame my desire,
Till a Spark from your Eyes, my whole heart set on fire:
Oh cruelty shown,
No offence, but Love, known;
Exil'd and Out-law'd, by a hard Heart of Stone.

Mr. *James Cobb.*

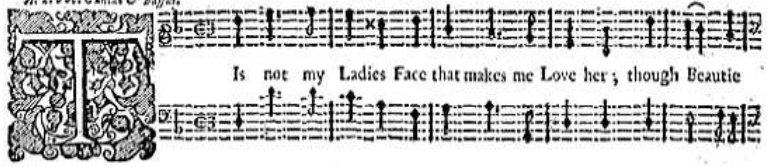


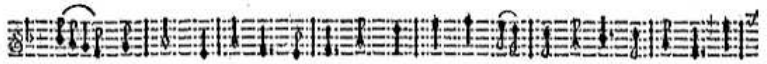
AS sad *Phi--le--the--a* lay melting in Grief, and kindly complain'd of the Amorous Thief; She aloud to the Woods did her passion impart, but faintly lamented the loss of her heart: Ah, cruel unkind, *Do--ri--la--us*, she cry'd, bring back the forc'd Stray, that has wander'd aside.

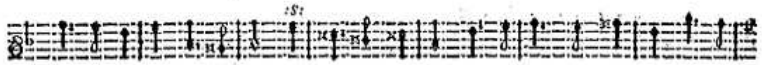
II.

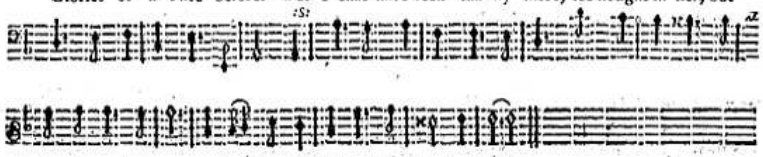
The Youth, as from Courting *Astrea*, he came,
Had the Pleasure of hearing her sigh out his Name;
And softly he stole, till so nigh her he drew,
That his Arms, on a Suddain, about her he threw:
Then take back thy heart, *Philothea*, he cry'd,
Since your own you have suffer'd to wander aside.

A. 2. voc. Cantus & Bassus.





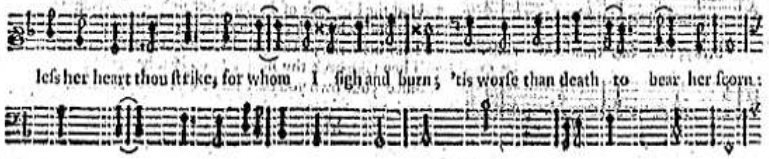


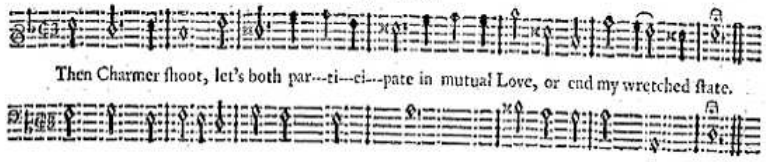


Dr. *John Blow.*

II.

'Tis not her Vertues, nor those vast Perfections,
Which croud together in her;
Ingage my heart to win her;
For those are only brief Collections,
Of what in Man's in Folio writ;
Which by their imitating Wit,
Women, like Apes, and Children strive to do;
But we, that have the Substance, slight the Show.





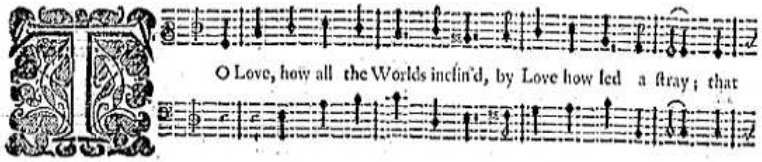
Mr. *John Moss.*

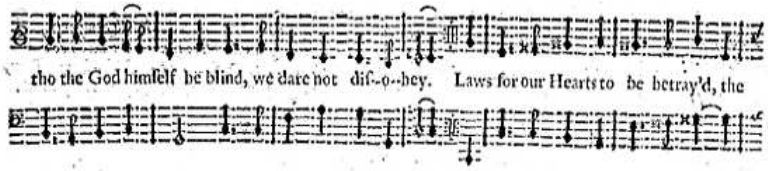
II.

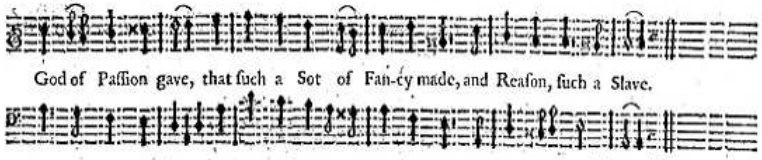
When first my heart receiv'd its wound,
I prostrate fell, and on the Ground,
With humble suit I did implore;
But still her heart was hard'ned more.
Then Charmer Shoot, let's both participate
In mutual Love, or end my wretched state.

III.

I'le string my Lute, and then I'le try
To drown her scorn in Harmony;
If, in that Flood, I cannot find
Her to *Amphetis*, to grow kind;
I'le banish Love, and scorn the Lovers Fate,
With all those Fair ones, that are so ingrate.







Mr. *William Turner.*

II.

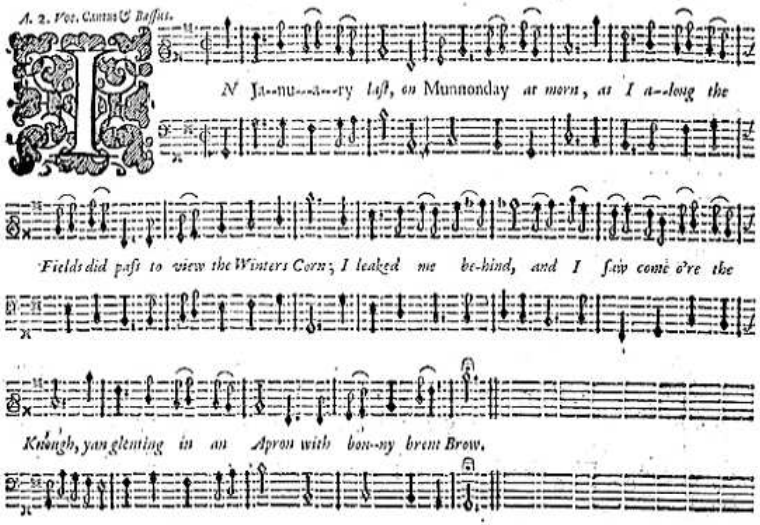
Where resolution is forgot to struggle with the Flame,
It does the Judgement quite besot; and make the Reason tame:
For when our blind desires have sped, and to ill Fate were given,
This will at last be poorly said, it was decreed in Heav'n.

III.

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

A Scotch SONG, in the *Fond Husband.*

A. 2. Voc. Canto & Bassus.



II.

I bid gud morrow, fair Maid, and she right courteoustie,
Beks lew and fine, kind Sir, she said, gud day agen to ye:
I speard o her, fair Maid, quo I, how far intend you now?
Quo she, I mean a Mile or twa, to yonder bonny brough.

III.

Fair Maid, i'me weel contented to ha sik companie;
For I am ganging out the Gate that ya intend ta be:
When we had walkt a Mile or twa, Iz said to her, my Dow,
May I not dight your Apron fine, kiss your bonny Brow.

IV.

Nea, gud sir, you are far misteen, for I am nean o those;
I hope ya ha more brieding than to dight a woman cloths:
For I've a better chosen than any sick as you,
Who boldly may my Apron dight, and kiss ma bonny brow.

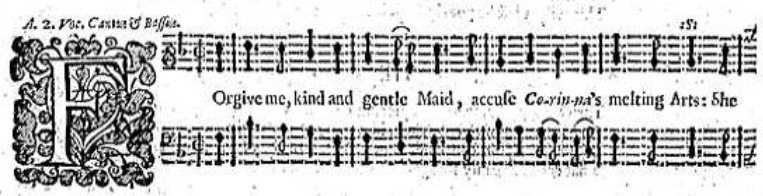
V.

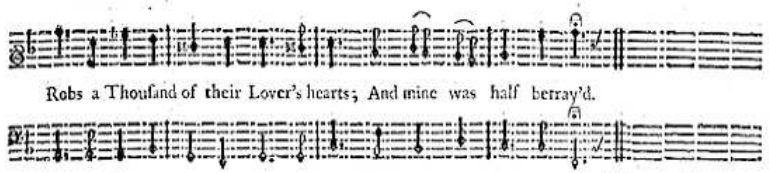
Na, if ya are contrallted, I have ne mar to say,
Rather than be rejected, I will give o're the play:
And I will chose yen o me own that shall not on me rew,
Will boldly let me dight her Apron, kiss her bonny brow.

VI.

Sir, Iz see ya are proud-hearted, and leath to be said nay,
Ton need not tall ha flarted, for eight that Iz did say:
Ton know Wemen for modestie, ne at the first time beo;
But, gif we like your company, we are as kind a you.

A. 2. Voc. Canto & Bassus.





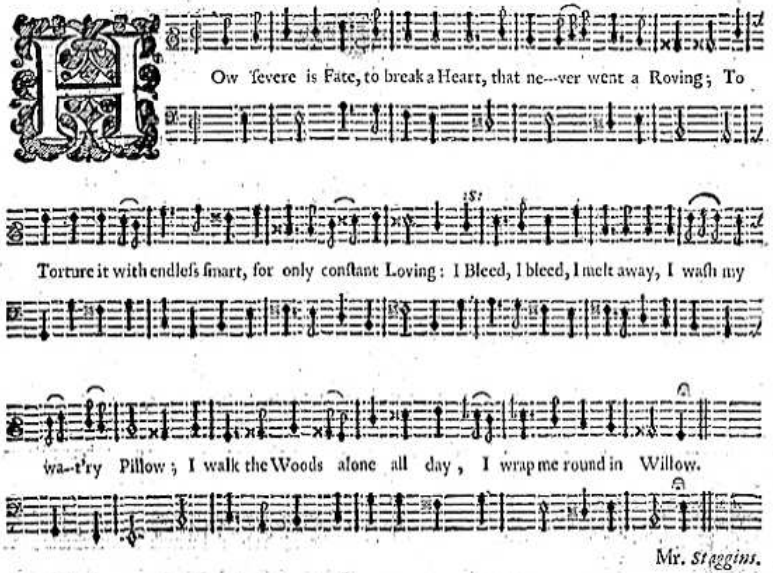
Mr. *Francis Forcer.*

II.

Corinna can old Faith remove,
The Faith of Saints, she is so Fair:
Make aged Hermits think no more of Pray'r;
And Dying, dream of Love.

III.

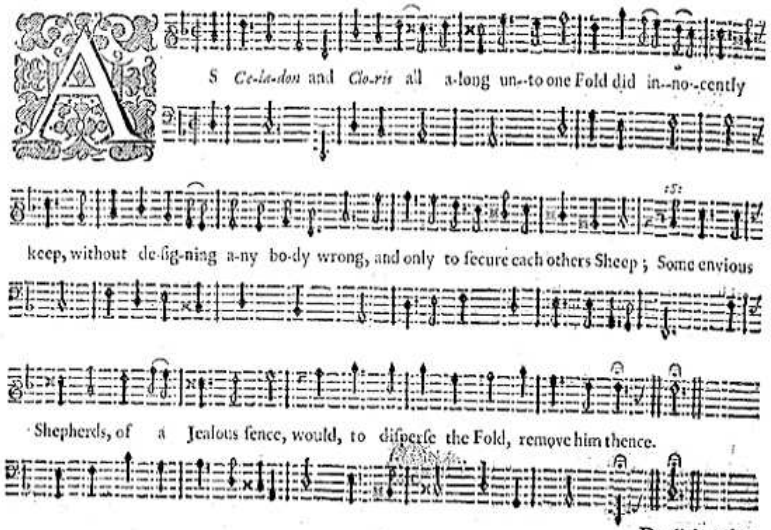
But if new Beauties I pursue,
May I be bold, and your fair Sex
With Letters, Songs and tedious Love perplex;
And find all Chast, like you.



Mr. *Staggins.*

II.

Some Pity then, fair Saint, I crave, to raise my drooping spirit,
That Languishes even to its Grave, and fain your Love would merit:
It Pants, it Sighs, it Pines away, and never can recover;
'Till *Cloris* pleasantly does say, Arise my Constant Lover.



Dr. *John Blow.*

II.

You may delight to break all Fences down,
And lay all common, that is in your way;
To live on rapine, rather than your own,
The constant practice of who goes astray:
Thus, with all pastoral laws though you dispence,
Still their inclosure is their Innocence.

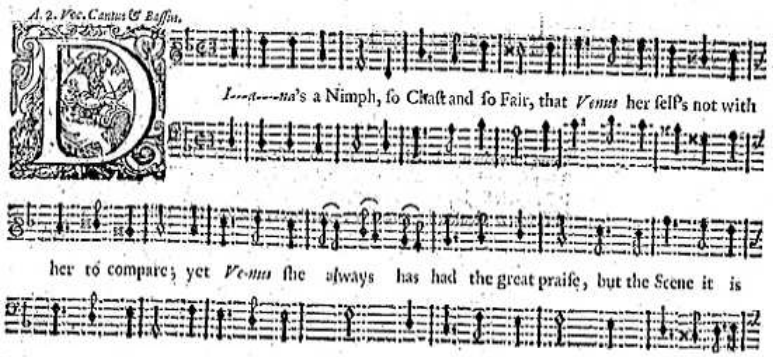
III.

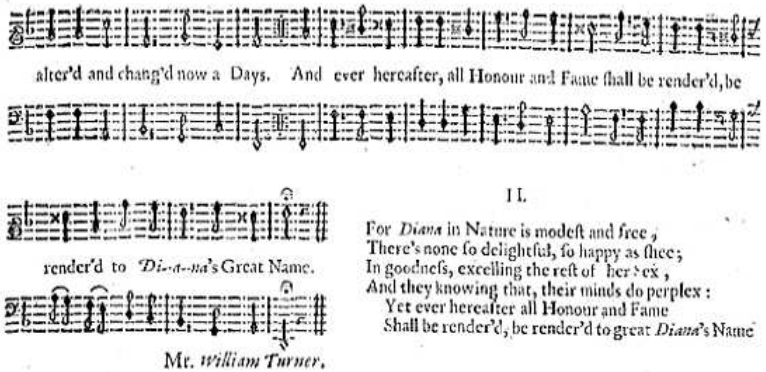
If Friendship be a Fault, then the whole Frame
Of all Societie a Pieces fall;
And we must all turn Salvage, as we came
Ev'n from our very first Original;
And so the Wolf and you will think't no sin
To prey together, when so near of kin.

IV.

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

A. 2. Vec. Cantus & Bassus.

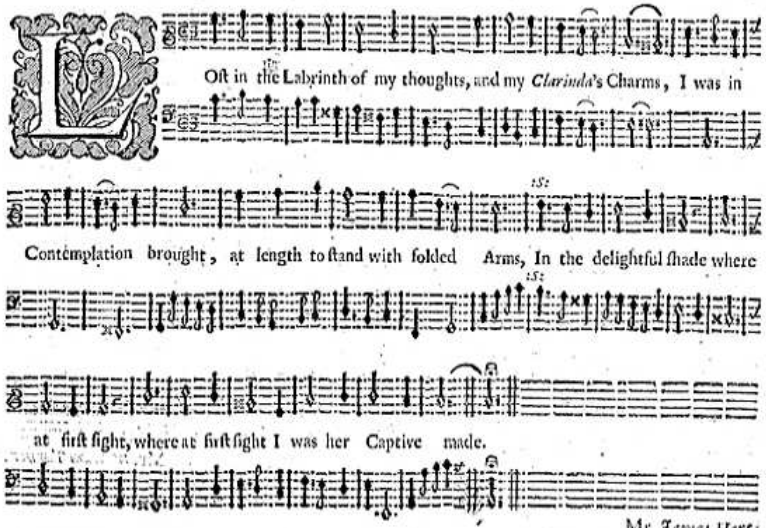




Mr. *William Turner.*

II.

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



Mr. *James Hart.*

II.

As she sat leaning on her Arms,
Her Eyes were downward thrown;
As if she rather meant to warm,
Than burn the Heart she'd made her own:
Thus glorious Victors chuse
To save their Slaves, to save their Slaves;
Lest they their Triumphs loose.

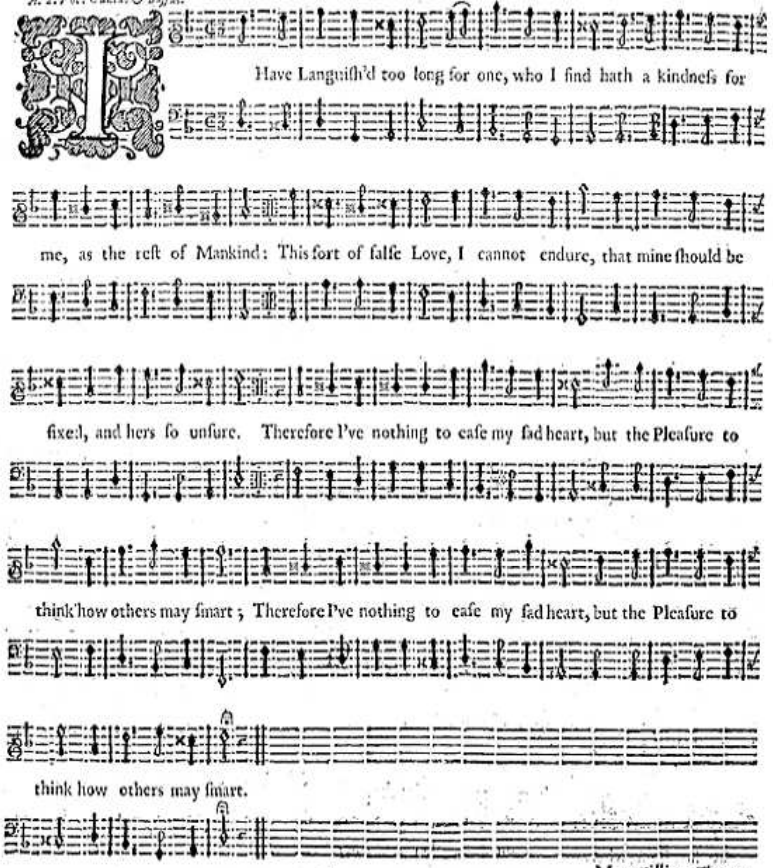
III.

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

IV.

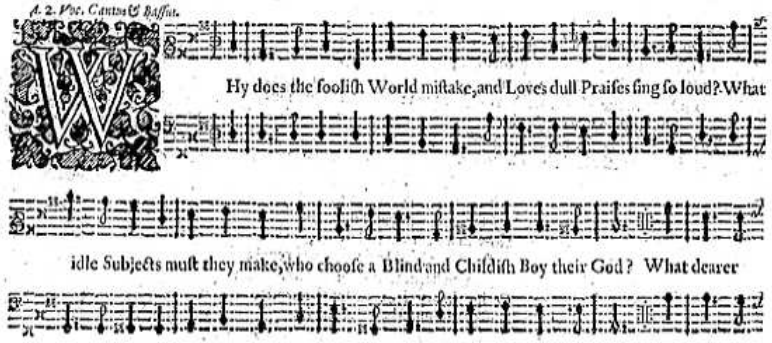
Thus am I in confusion tost,
'Twixt hoping and despair;
Now in a Fear that all is lost,
But hope her Heart may yet repair
The harm that's done b' her Eyes:
Or let them quite, or let them quite
Consume their Sacrifice.

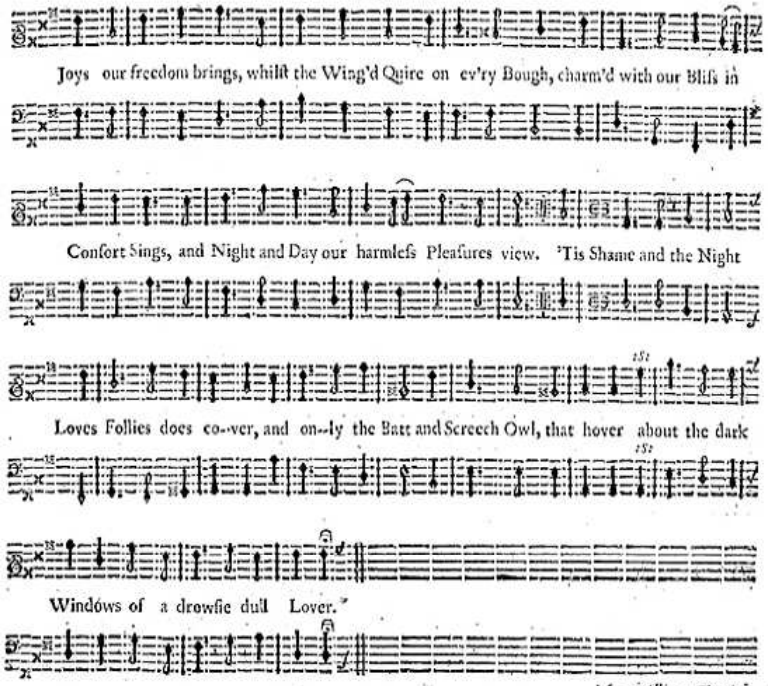
A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



Mr. *William Turner.*

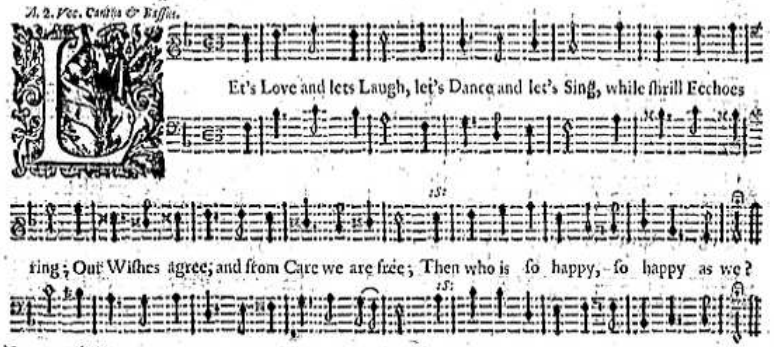
A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.





Mr. *William Turner.*

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.

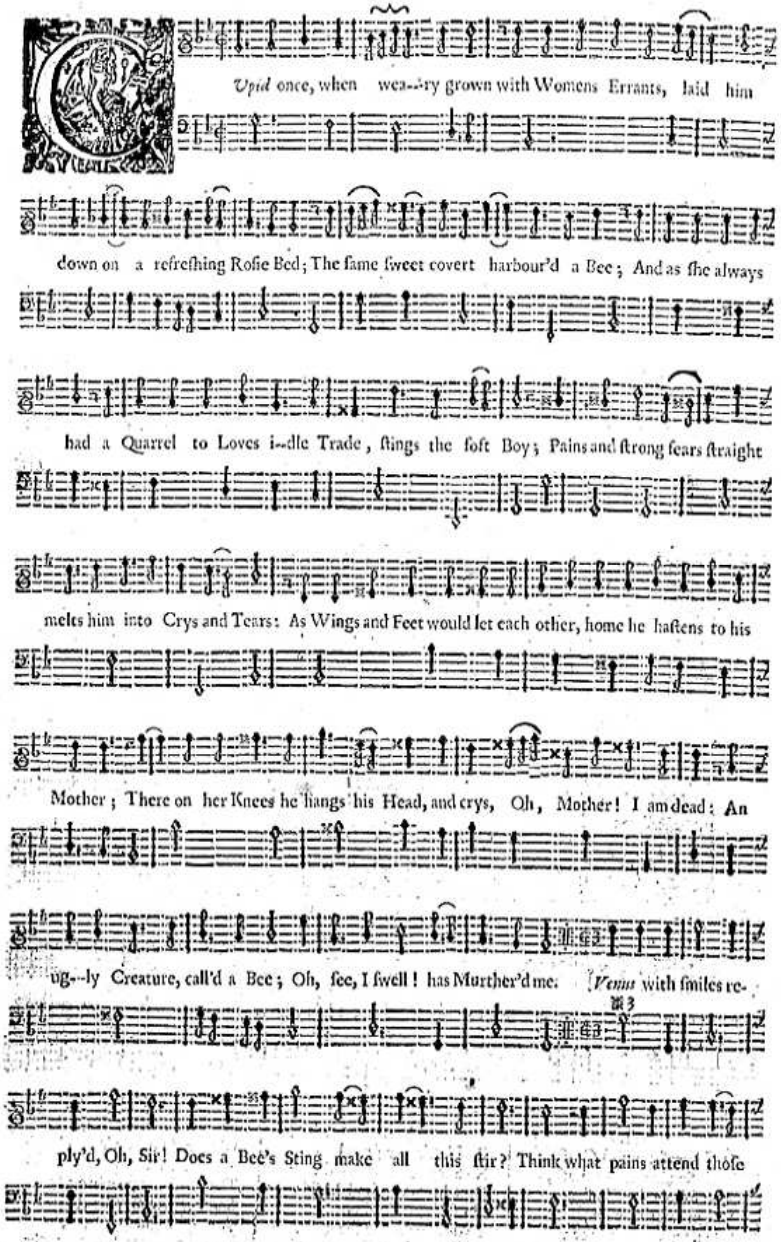


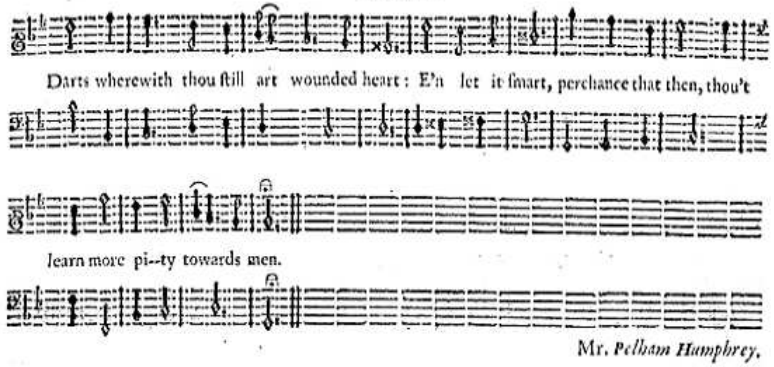
Mr. *John Banister.*

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

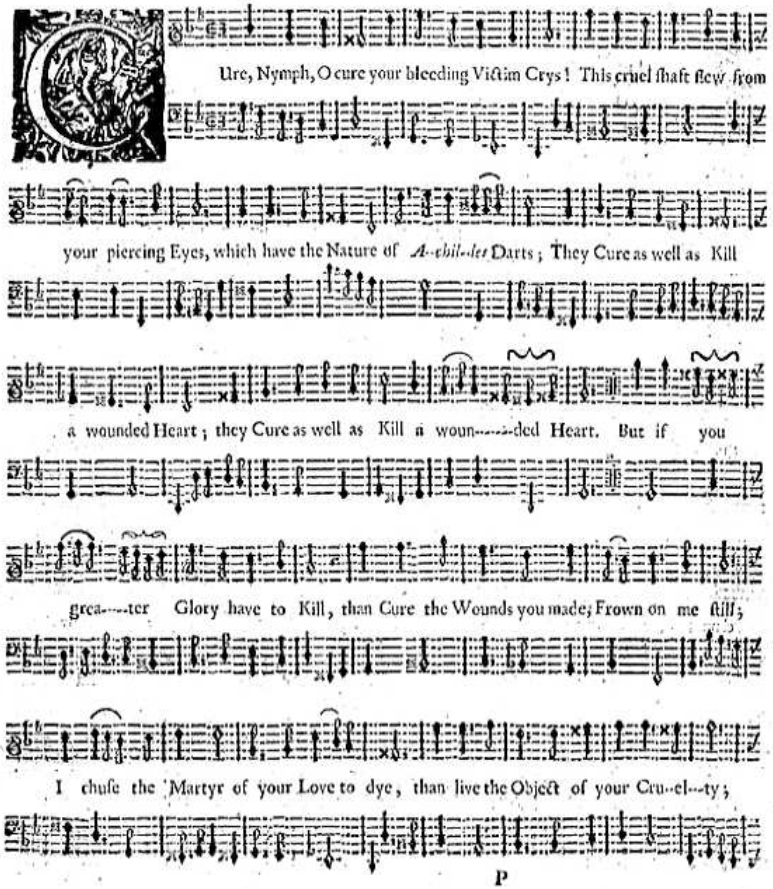
III.
By Flatt'ry or Fraud
No Shepherds betray'd,
Or Cheats the fond Maid;
No false subtle Knee
To decieve us we see;
Then who is so happy, &c.

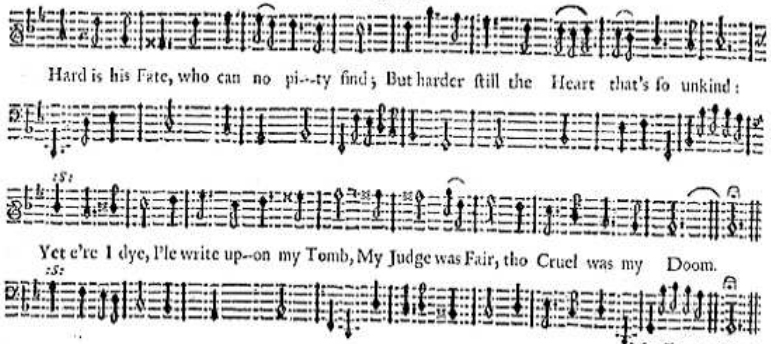
IV.
We envy no Pow'r,
They cannot be poor
That wish for no more;
Some richer may be,
And of higher degree;
But none are so happy, &c.



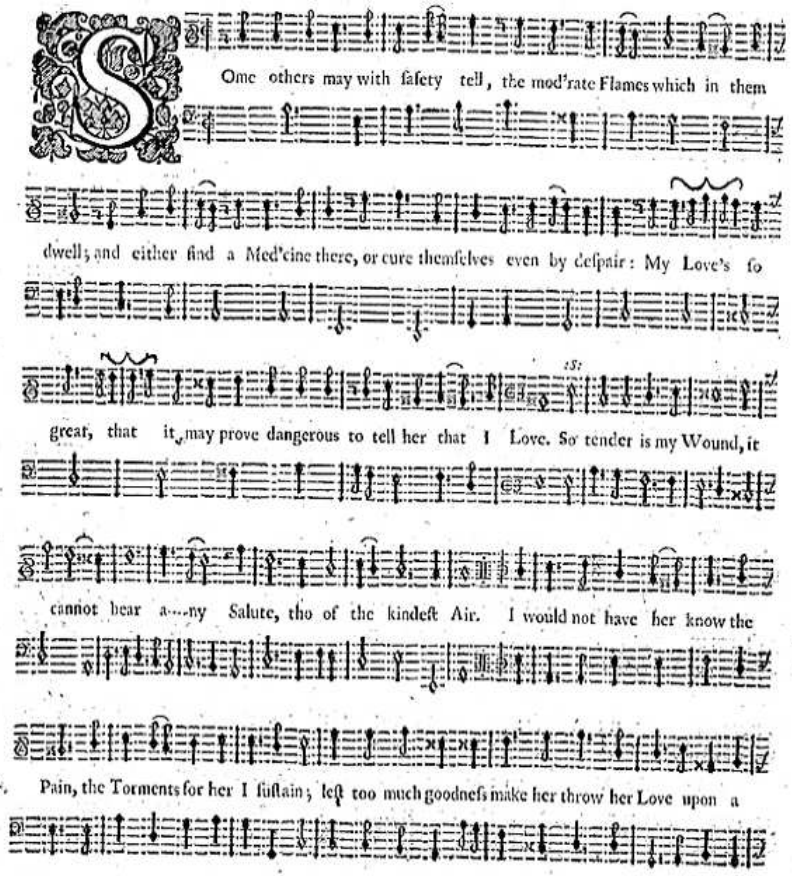


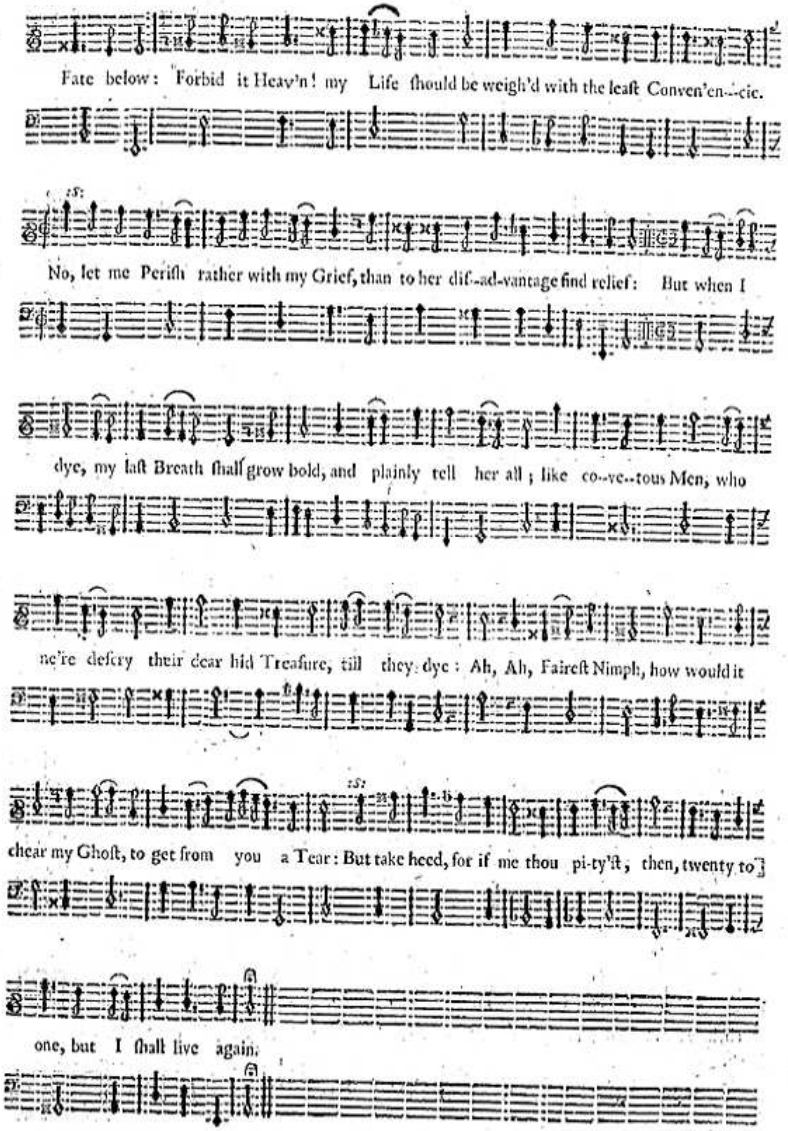
Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*





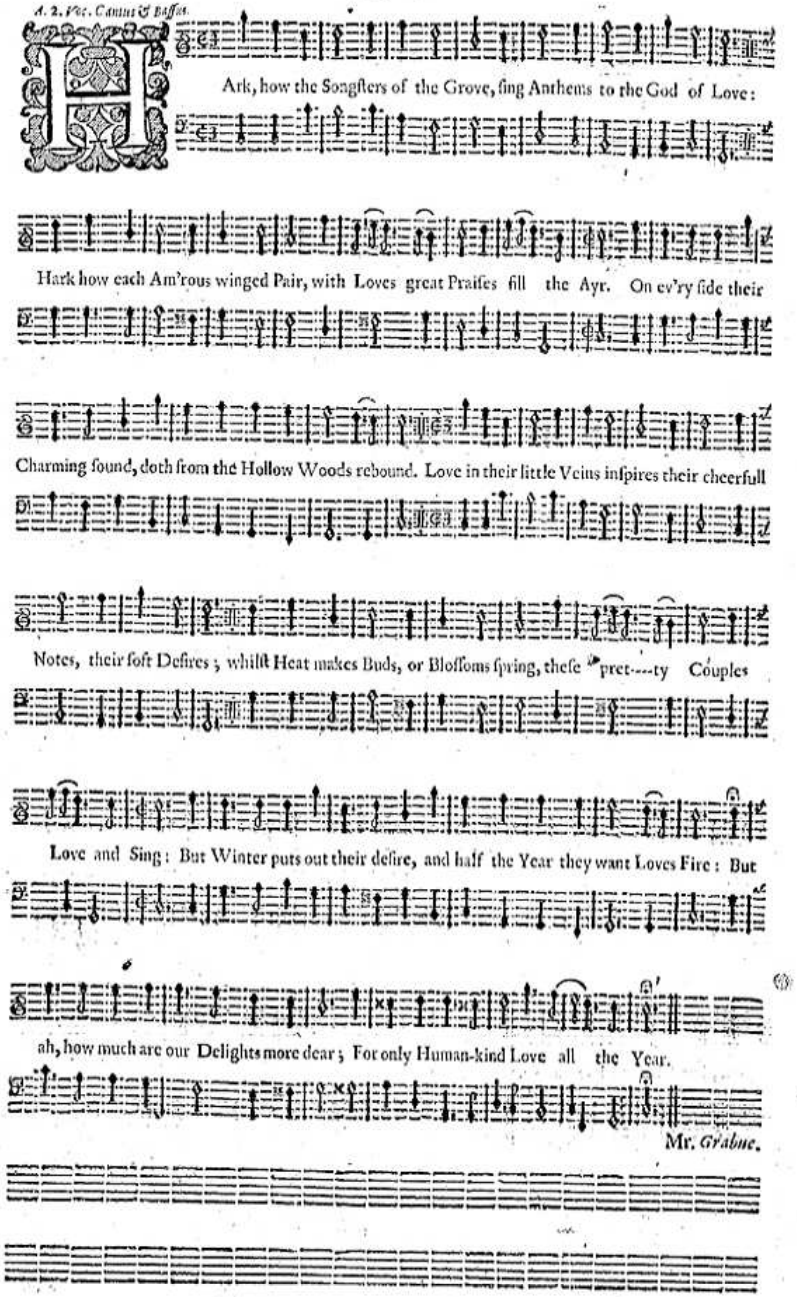
Mr. *James Hart.*





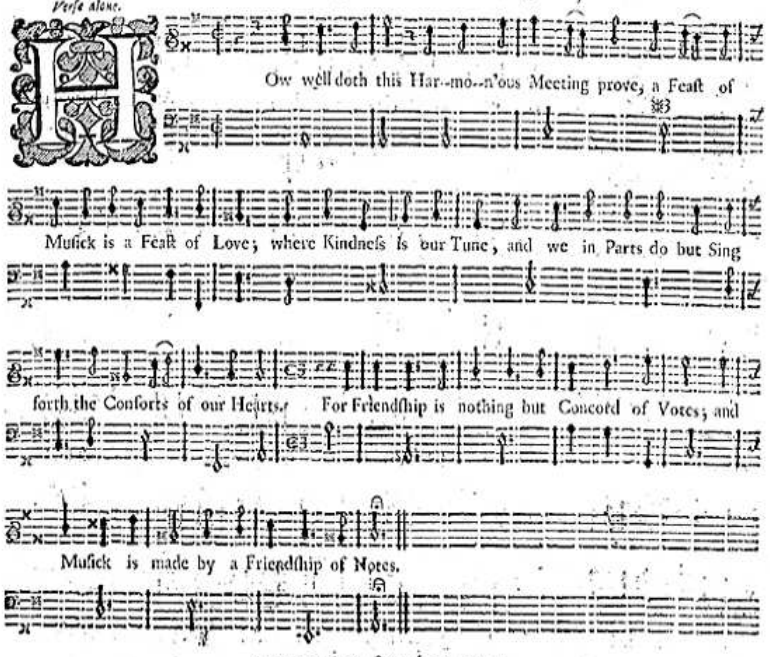
Mr. *James Hart.*

A. 2. Voc. Cantus & Bassus.



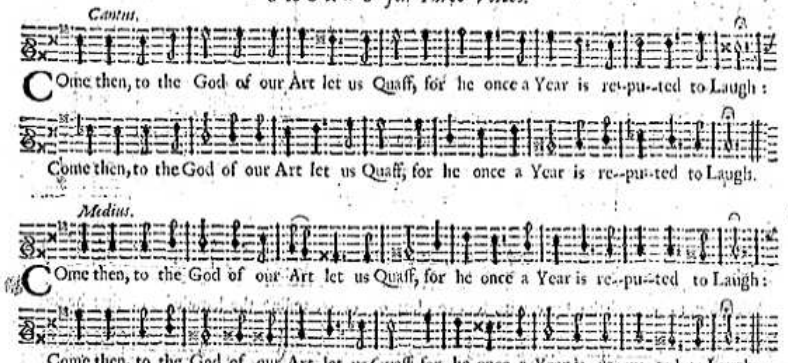
A SONG Sung at a MUSICK Feast.

Verse alone.

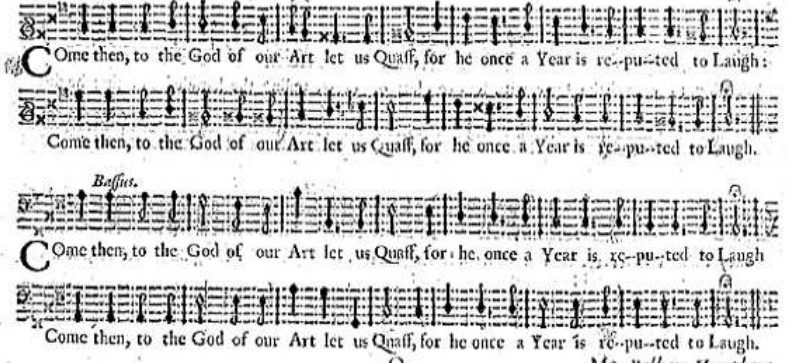


CHORUS for Three Voices.

Cantus.



Medius.



Bassus.

Mr. *Pelham Humphrys.*

AMINTOR *and* CORIDON. *For a Bass alone.*

Aminter.

IN yonder Grove *A--min--tor* lies, with folded Arms, and heav'd up

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

Coridon.

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

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

Aminter.

Fool, and a Pox take that Fool, who doth doat on a Smile. *A--min--tor* by the River side, sat

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

Coridon.

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

part, all Sorrows he'll drown in the Juice of the Quart; and follow the Maxims of old, *A--ri--sto--tle,*

Aminter.

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

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

Coridon.

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

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

mit of no sorrow, for cloy'd over Night, for cloy'd over Night, we renew them to morrow.

Mr. *Benjamin Wallington.*

A Pastoral SONG, by two Nymphs and a Shepherd.

First Nymph.

MAke hast my Shepherd, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay; and

oh, how very short's a Lovers day? Hast, hast, *A-min-tas* to the Grove; beneath whose shades so

soft I've sat, and heard my dear lov'd Swain repeat how much the *Gal-la-te-a* Lov'd? while

all the list'ning Birds a-round Sang to the Musick of the Blessed-Sound.

CHORUS for Three Voices.

MAke hast Amintas, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?

MAke hast Amintas, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?

MAke hast Amintas, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?

Second Nymph.

How dull each Field and Grove appears, when thou with-draw'st thy Eyes; ours lose themselves in

si-lent Tears, and all the Springs decays and dyes; So if the God of Day declines, each

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

will its fragrant Leaves be spread, but pines it self into a Bud again: The cooling streams do

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

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

CHORUS for Three Voices.

MAke hast Amintas, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?

MAke hast Amintas, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?

MAke hast Amintas, come away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?

Turn over.

Shepherd.

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

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

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

great a Punishment for any Fault. Come *Gal--la--te----a* haste away, the Sun is up and

will not stay; And oh, how very shorts a Lovers Day?

CHORUS for Three Voices.

Come Gal-la-te--a, haste away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?

Come Gal-la-te--a, haste away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?

Come Gal-la-te--a, haste away, the Sun is up and will not stay, and oh, how very short's a Lovers Day?

Mr. *Francis Forcer.*

An *ITALIAN* Ayre.

CHORUS for Three Voices.

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

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

Mor-ta-li che fa-te, Mor-ta-li che fate, che fate Mor-ta-li che fate, Tra-cu-ra--ti non pen-

sa—te al—le—gio—ri non pen—sa—te Tra-cu—ra—ti non pen—sa—te al—le—go—ri,

sa—te al—le—gio—ri non pen—sa—te Tra-cu—ra—ti non pen—sa—te al—le—go—ri,

sa—te al—le—gio—ri non pen—sa—te Tra-cu—ra—ti non pen—sa—te al—le—go—ri,

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

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

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

ta—li che fa—te che che che Mor—ta—li che fa—te.

ta—li che fa—te che che che Mor—ta—li che fa—te.

ta—li che fa—te che che che Mor—ta—li che fa—te.

Turn o

Verse for a Bass alone.

E-co vi ch'a ma tut-tia go-de-re, a mor che bram a dor-gio-ei

vi-e vie dunque ve-ni-te legiar a man-te e'n un-ri-ve-re-re e'n un-ri-ve-

re-re men-ti-re Sem-bi-an-te e'n un-ri-ve-re-re e'n un-ri-ve-re-re men-

ti-re Sem-bi-an-te men-ti-re Sem-bi-an-te.

CHORUS again, for three Voices.

Second Verse.

QUi-re si

an-de nons-deg non-e-que-ra mann pa-ri-dis-so so-la tut-ta in ter-ra mann

pa-ri-dis-so so-la tut-ta in ter-ra in tut-ta in ter-ra in ter-ra.

CHORUS again, and conclude.

LU-cin-da, since we have confess'd to each, each others Love,

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

at the first kind interview, and both with equal Care and Vigour grew; Mine

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

themselves betray.

Mr. *William Gregory.*

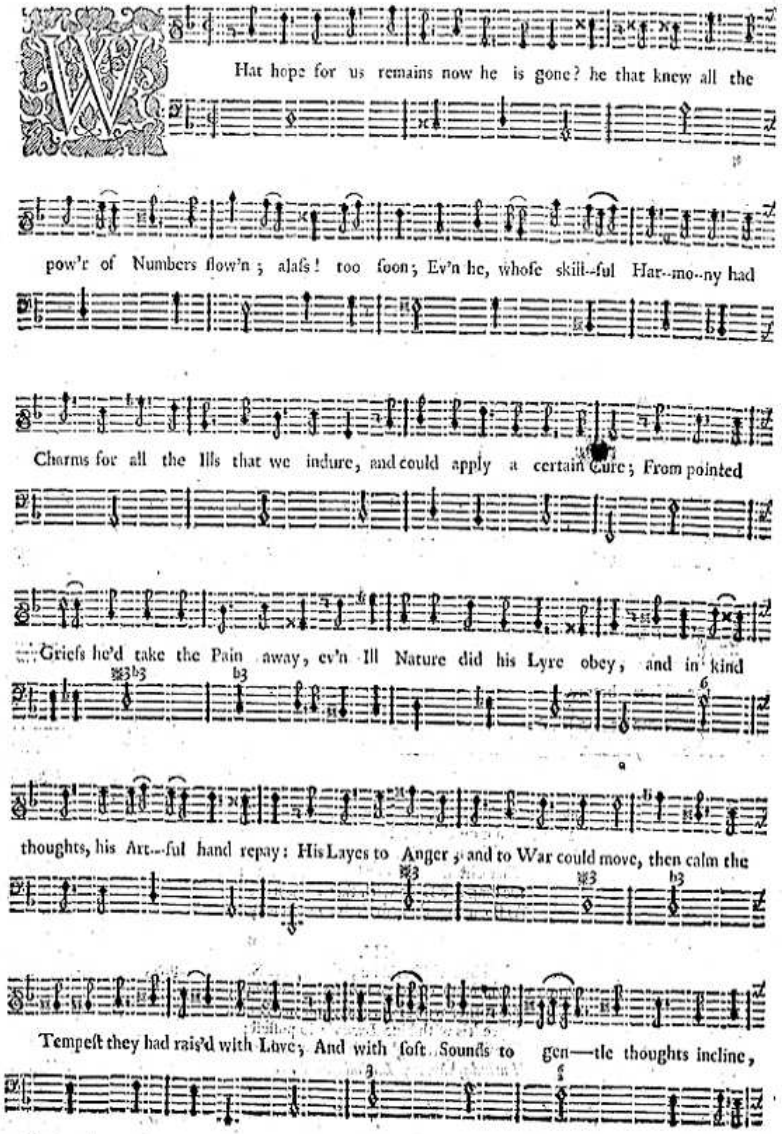
II.

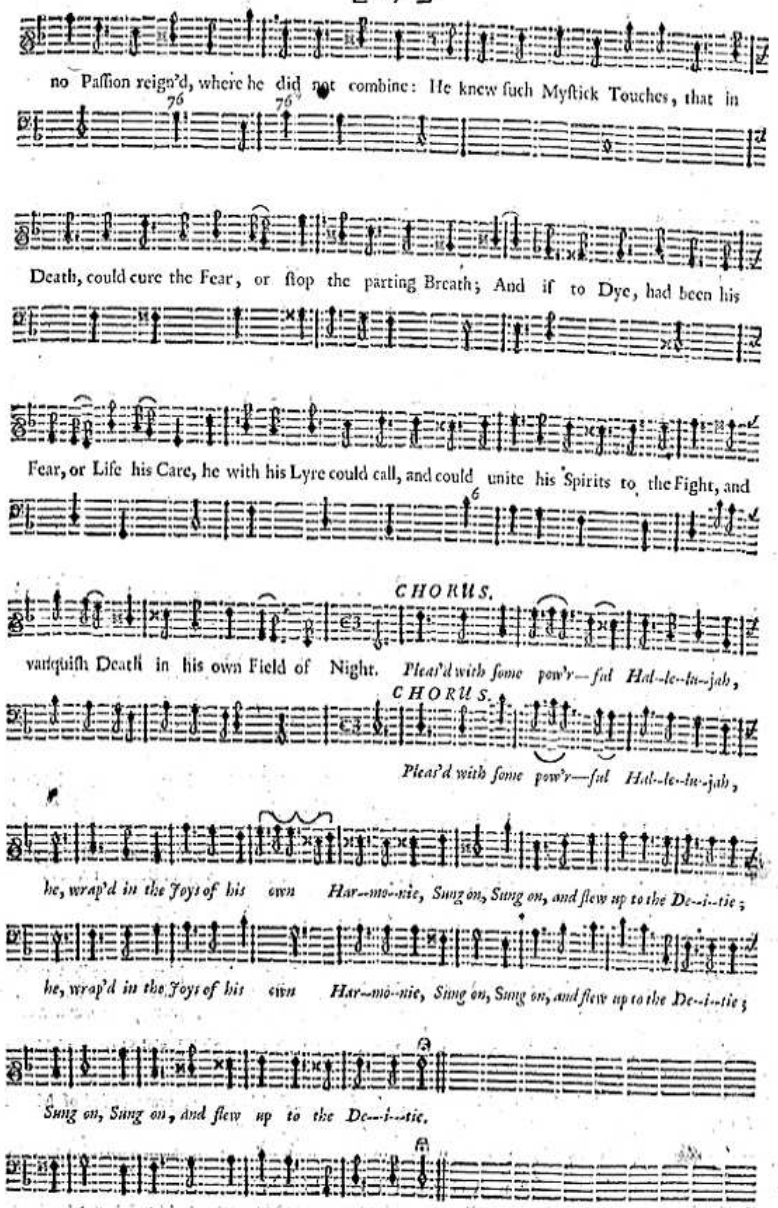
Now let us study to improve our Passions with that Fire,
That may not quickly wast our Love, but still preserve desire;
And silently enjoy at such a Rate,
That distance may our Fancies recreate:
Dealing our Love with that equalitie,
As Born together, so their Deaths may be.

III.

Lucinda shall but whisper'd be, us'd as the Name of Saints,
And call'd on as a Deitie, to satisfie Complaints;
Nor other wishes dare attempt my Breast,
Since 'tis with kind *Lucinda* so possest:
She fills my thoughts with Glory, then I'le cry,
Lucinda, Loves; *Lucinda*, so do I.

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





Mr. Henry Purcell.