

F I N I S.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

M R. Playford desires to give notice to his *Musical Friends* in or about LONDON, That his Dwelling-house is now at the lower end of Arundel Street, over against the George; and that there, or at his Shop near the Temple Church, all such as desire to be accommodated with such choice Comforts of Musick for Violins and Viols, as were Composed by Dr. Colman, Mr. William Lawr., Mr. John Jenkins, Dr. Benjamin Rogers, Mr. Matthew Locke, and divers others, may have them fairly and true Prick'd. Also most of the choicest Vocal Hymns and Psalms for two and three Voyces, Composed by Mr. William and Henry Lawes, Mr. Locke, Mr. Jenkins, Dr. Rogers, and other choice Masters. He has also a large Collection of the new Instrumental Musick for two Trebles and Bass.

# CHOICE AYRES and SONGS TO SING TO THE Theorbo-Lute, or Bass-Viol: BEING

Most of the Newest Ayres and Songs sung at COURT,  
And at the Publick THEATRES.

*Composed by several Gentlemen of His Majesty's Musick, and others.*

## THE FOURTH BOOK.



L O N D O N ,

Printed by A. Godbid and J. Playford Junior, and are Sold by John Playford, at his Shop near the Temple Church; and John Carr, at his Shop at the Middle-Temple Gate, 1683.

An Alphabetical Table of the SONGS contain'd in this Book.

A	Folio	Oh! do not wrong that Face	Folio 22
A H what means that eager Joy	25	Oh Love! how just	52
A pos on this needle's Scorn	24		
All other Blessings are but Toys. Mr. Turner.	35	Philida whilst our tender Age	7
All joy to fair Plyche	40	Philander once a merry Swain	26
At length in musing what to do	38	Phillis accept a broken Heart	27
Aminitor on the River side	71	Phillis whose Heart was unconfin'd	29
After the fiercest pangs of hot Desire	64	Prophanely I swore by the Powers	57
B		Phillis in your absence I sad and	62
Bless, Mortals, bless the clearing	19	R	
Bear witness now you silver	32	Ranging the Plain one Summer's night	7
Bells of Bedlam	44	Remov'd from Noise and Tumults	54
C		Rashly I swore I would disown	76
Close by a silver Rivulet	2	Retir'd from Mortals sight	77
Clorille having long in vain	4	S	
Could Man his wish obtain. Mr. Peaseable.	5	Since other Beauties charm your heart.	56
Cease fruitless hopes	34	Sbe loves, and she confesses	42
Cordion met Phillis fair	38	She who my poor heart possesses	48
Come dear Companion	49	See what a conquest Love has made	63
D		Sleep Adam, sleep, and take thy rest	68
Draw out the Minutes twice	26	T	
Damon turn thine Eyes on me	51	The Night her blackest Sables wro	8
Daphne and Amlntas: A Dialogue.	58	That beauteous Creature for whom	18
E		The bright Laurinda, whose hard fate	23
Fatn would I Cloris o're I dye	69	Though Sylvia lov'd too well	67
G		Tell my Strephon that I dye	70
Go Phillis, go, be peevish still	6	Tell my Thirlis, tell your Anguiss	79
Gone are my happy days. Mr. Hart.	13	To love and like, and not succeed	137
Go on, true Heart, pursue the prize	18	Then we'll jygn hand in hand	39
Go, perjur'd Mah	78	Thinck not my Son's delight	74
H		W	
How wretched am I when Clarinda	10	When Phillis watch'd her harmles Sheep	19
High State and Honour to others impart	21	Whilst I in Shades was musing. Mr. Snow.	12
Happy is the Country life	36	What Woman was ever. Mr. Hart.	16
How long O ye men to torture me	41	When first Cclinda blast min Eyes	34
Hero's Complaint to Leander.	82	With brightest Beams let the Sun bind	30
How wretched am I when Clarinda	10	Whilst our Flocks feed upon the Plains	61
I spend my sad Life	1	When Damon saw fair Sylvia's Face	66
In vain break God of Love. Dr. Blow.	11	Why does the Morn in blus'is rise	53
To Phillis all'vile gift. Mr. Bapst.	14	When Strephon found his Puffon	65
Isis on the Bank of Thames	62	Y	
L		You, I love, by all that's true! oldching	53
Lovely Selina innocent and free	28		
Lutinna by a secret Art	43		
Let each gallant Heart	50		
Let Equipage and Drest despair	72		
M			
Much poor Lovers still be woing	33		
N			
No more on my knees to a Beauty	1		
Now every place fresh pleasure	3		
O			
On the Banks of a River close byder	17		

Folio 75. 1st line, A B flat is wanting to the Note over  
Love in the Trinity.

&lt;img alt="A page of musical notation on five-line staves. The music consists of two systems. The first system starts with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics for this system are: 'Spend my sad Life in sighs, and in cries, and in si-lent dark'. The second system starts with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics for this system are: 'Shades mourn the frowns of your Eyes; lewd Sa-tyrs and Fawns soft pi-ty do show, and Wolves howl in Confort to the noise of my Woes: Even Mountains and Groves are kin-der than she; Groans re-bound from each Rock, Tears drop from each Tree: And Lin-say, 12. 1st line. B flat. 2nd line. A flat. 3rd line. G flat. 4th line. F sharp. 5th line. E flat. 6th line. D flat. 7th line. C sharp. 8th line. B flat. 9th line. A flat. 10th line. G flat. 11th line. F sharp. 12th line. E flat. 13th line. D flat. 14th line. C sharp. 15th line. B flat. 16th line. A flat. 17th line. G flat. 18th line. F sharp. 19th line. E flat. 20th line. D flat. 21st line. C sharp. 22nd line. B flat. 23rd line. A flat. 24th line. G flat. 25th line. F sharp. 26th line. E flat. 27th line. D flat. 28th line. C sharp. 29th line. B flat. 30th line. A flat. 31st line. G flat. 32nd line. F sharp. 33rd line. E flat. 34th line. D flat. 35th line. C sharp. 36th line. B flat. 37th line. A flat. 38th line. G flat. 39th line. F sharp. 40th line. E flat. 41st line. D flat. 42nd line. C sharp. 43rd line. B flat. 44th line. A flat. 45th line. G flat. 46th line. F sharp. 47th line. E flat. 48th line. D flat. 49th line. C sharp. 50th line. B flat. 51st line. A flat. 52nd line. G flat. 53rd line. F sharp. 54th line. E flat. 55th line. D flat. 56th line. C sharp. 57th line. B flat. 58th line. A flat. 59th line. G flat. 60th line. F sharp. 61st line. E flat. 62nd line. D flat. 63rd line. C sharp. 64th line. B flat. 65th line. A flat. 66th line. G flat. 67th line. F sharp. 68th line. E flat. 69th line. D flat. 70th line. C sharp. 71st line. B flat. 72nd line. A flat. 73rd line. G flat. 74th line. F sharp. 75th line. E flat. 76th line. D flat. 77th line. C sharp. 78th line. B flat. 79th line. A flat. 80th line. G flat. 81st line. F sharp. 82nd line. E flat. 83rd line. D flat. 84th line. C sharp. 85th line. B flat. 86th line. A flat. 87th line. G flat. 88th line. F sharp. 89th line. E flat. 90th line. D flat. 91st line. C sharp. 92nd line. B flat. 93rd line. A flat. 94th line. G flat. 95th line. F sharp. 96th line. E flat. 97th line. D flat. 98th line. C sharp. 99th line. B flat. 100th line. A flat. 101st line. G flat. 102nd line. F sharp. 103rd line. E flat. 104th line. D flat. 105th line. C sharp. 106th line. B flat. 107th line. A flat. 108th line. G flat. 109th line. F sharp. 110th line. E flat. 111th line. D flat. 112th line. C sharp. 113th line. B flat. 114th line. A flat. 115th line. G flat. 116th line. F sharp. 117th line. E flat. 118th line. D flat. 119th line. C sharp. 120th line. B flat. 121st line. A flat. 122nd line. G flat. 123rd line. F sharp. 124th line. E flat. 125th line. D flat. 126th line. C sharp. 127th line. B flat. 128th line. A flat. 129th line. G flat. 130th line. F sharp. 131st line. E flat. 132nd line. D flat. 133rd line. C sharp. 134th line. B flat. 135th line. A flat. 136th line. G flat. 137th line. F sharp. 138th line. E flat. 139th line. D flat. 140th line. C sharp. 141st line. B flat. 142nd line. A flat. 143rd line. G flat. 144th line. F sharp. 145th line. E flat. 146th line. D flat. 147th line. C sharp. 148th line. B flat. 149th line. A flat. 150th line. G flat. 151st line. F sharp. 152nd line. E flat. 153rd line. D flat. 154th line. C sharp. 155th line. B flat. 156th line. A flat. 157th line. G flat. 158th line. F sharp. 159th line. E flat. 160th line. D flat. 161st line. C sharp. 162nd line. B flat. 163rd line. A flat. 164th line. G flat. 165th line. F sharp. 166th line. E flat. 167th line. D flat. 168th line. C sharp. 169th line. B flat. 170th line. A flat. 171st line. G flat. 172nd line. F sharp. 173rd line. E flat. 174th line. D flat. 175th line. C sharp. 176th line. B flat. 177th line. A flat. 178th line. G flat. 179th line. F sharp. 180th line. E flat. 181st line. D flat. 182nd line. C sharp. 183rd line. B flat. 184th line. A flat. 185th line. G flat. 186th line. F sharp. 187th line. E flat. 188th line. D flat. 189th line. C sharp. 190th line. B flat. 191st line. A flat. 192nd line. G flat. 193rd line. F sharp. 194th line. E flat. 195th line. D flat. 196th line. C sharp. 197th line. B flat. 198th line. A flat. 199th line. G flat. 200th line. F sharp. 201st line. E flat. 202nd line. D flat. 203rd line. C sharp. 204th line. B flat. 205th line. A flat. 206th line. G flat. 207th line. F sharp. 208th line. E flat. 209th line. D flat. 210th line. C sharp. 211th line. B flat. 212th line. A flat. 213th line. G flat. 214th line. F sharp. 215th line. E flat. 216th line. D flat. 217th line. C sharp. 218th line. B flat. 219th line. A flat. 220th line. G flat. 221th line. F sharp. 222th line. E flat. 223th line. D flat. 224th line. C sharp. 225th line. B flat. 226th line. A flat. 227th line. G flat. 228th line. F sharp. 229th line. E flat. 230th line. D flat. 231th line. C sharp. 232th line. B flat. 233th line. A flat. 234th line. G flat. 235th line. F sharp. 236th line. E flat. 237th line. D flat. 238th line. C sharp. 239th line. B flat. 240th line. A flat. 241th line. G flat. 242th line. F sharp. 243th line. E flat. 244th line. D flat. 245th line. C sharp. 246th line. B flat. 247th line. A flat. 248th line. G flat. 249th line. F sharp. 250th line. E flat. 251th line. D flat. 252th line. C sharp. 253th line. B flat. 254th line. A flat. 255th line. G flat. 256th line. F sharp. 257th line. E flat. 258th line. D flat. 259th line. C sharp. 260th line. B flat. 261th line. A flat. 262th line. G flat. 263th line. F sharp. 264th line. E flat. 265th line. D flat. 266th line. C sharp. 267th line. B flat. 268th line. A flat. 269th line. G flat. 270th line. F sharp. 271th line. E flat. 272th line. D flat. 273th line. C sharp. 274th line. B flat. 275th line. A flat. 276th line. G flat. 277th line. F sharp. 278th line. E flat. 279th line. D flat. 280th line. C sharp. 281th line. B flat. 282th line. A flat. 283th line. G flat. 284th line. F sharp. 285th line. E flat. 286th line. D flat. 287th line. C sharp. 288th line. B flat. 289th line. A flat. 290th line. G flat. 291th line. F sharp. 292th line. E flat. 293th line. D flat. 294th line. C sharp. 295th line. B flat. 296th line. A flat. 297th line. G flat. 298th line. F sharp. 299th line. E flat. 300th line. D flat. 301th line. C sharp. 302th line. B flat. 303th line. A flat. 304th line. G flat. 305th line. F sharp. 306th line. E flat. 307th line. D flat. 308th line. C sharp. 309th line. B flat. 310th line. A flat. 311th line. G flat. 312th line. F sharp. 313th line. E flat. 314th line. D flat. 315th line. C sharp. 316th line. B flat. 317th line. A flat. 318th line. G flat. 319th line. F sharp. 320th line. E flat. 321th line. D flat. 322th line. C sharp. 323th line. B flat. 324th line. A flat. 325th line. G flat. 326th line. F sharp. 327th line. E flat. 328th line. D flat. 329th line. C sharp. 330th line. B flat. 331th line. A flat. 332th line. G flat. 333th line. F sharp. 334th line. E flat. 335th line. D flat. 336th line. C sharp. 337th line. B flat. 338th line. A flat. 339th line. G flat. 340th line. F sharp. 341th line. E flat. 342th line. D flat. 343th line. C sharp. 344th line. B flat. 345th line. A flat. 346th line. G flat. 347th line. F sharp. 348th line. E flat. 349th line. D flat. 350th line. C sharp. 351th line. B flat. 352th line. A flat. 353th line. G flat. 354th line. F sharp. 355th line. E flat. 356th line. D flat. 357th line. C sharp. 358th line. B flat. 359th line. A flat. 360th line. G flat. 361th line. F sharp. 362th line. E flat. 363th line. D flat. 364th line. C sharp. 365th line. B flat. 366th line. A flat. 367th line. G flat. 368th line. F sharp. 369th line. E flat. 370th line. D flat. 371th line. C sharp. 372th line. B flat. 373th line. A flat. 374th line. G flat. 375th line. F sharp. 376th line. E flat. 377th line. D flat. 378th line. C sharp. 379th line. B flat. 380th line. A flat. 381th line. G flat. 382th line. F sharp. 383th line. E flat. 384th line. D flat. 385th line. C sharp. 386th line. B flat. 387th line. A flat. 388th line. G flat. 389th line. F sharp. 390th line. E flat. 391th line. D flat. 392th line. C sharp. 393th line. B flat. 394th line. A flat. 395th line. G flat. 396th line. F sharp. 397th line. E flat. 398th line. D flat. 399th line. C sharp. 300th line. B flat. 301th line. A flat. 302th line. G flat. 303th line. F sharp. 304th line. E flat. 305th line. D flat. 306th line. C sharp. 307th line. B flat. 308th line. A flat. 309th line. G flat. 310th line. F sharp. 311th line. E flat. 312th line. D flat. 313th line. C sharp. 314th line. B flat. 315th line. A flat. 316th line. G flat. 317th line. F sharp. 318th line. E flat. 319th line. D flat. 320th line. C sharp. 321th line. B flat. 322th line. A flat. 323th line. G flat. 324th line. F sharp. 325th line. E flat. 326th line. D flat. 327th line. C sharp. 328th line. B flat. 329th line. A flat. 330th line. G flat. 331th line. F sharp. 332th line. E flat. 333th line. D flat. 334th line. C sharp. 335th line. B flat. 336th line. A flat. 337th line. G flat. 338th line. F sharp. 339th line. E flat. 340th line. D flat. 341th line. C sharp. 342th line. B flat. 343th line. A flat. 344th line. G flat. 345th line. F sharp. 346th line. E flat. 347th line. D flat. 348th line. C sharp. 349th line. B flat. 350th line. A flat. 351th line. G flat. 352th line. F sharp. 353th line. E flat. 354th line. D flat. 355th line. C sharp. 356th line. B flat. 357th line. A flat. 358th line. G flat. 359th line. F sharp. 360th line. E flat. 361th line. D flat. 362th line. C sharp. 363th line. B flat. 364th line. A flat. 365th line. G flat. 366th line. F sharp. 367th line. E flat. 368th line. D flat. 369th line. C sharp. 370th line. B flat. 371th line. A flat. 372th line. G flat. 373th line. F sharp. 374th line. E flat. 375th line. D flat. 376th line. C sharp. 377th line. B flat. 378th line. A flat. 379th line. G flat. 380th line. F sharp. 381th line. E flat. 382th line. D flat. 383th line. C sharp. 384th line. B flat. 385th line. A flat. 386th line. G flat. 387th line. F sharp. 388th line. E flat. 389th line. D flat. 390th line. C sharp. 391th line. B flat. 392th line. A flat. 393th line. G flat. 394th line. F sharp. 395th line. E flat. 396th line. D flat. 397th line. C sharp. 398th line. B flat. 399th line. A flat. 400th line. G flat. 401th line. F sharp. 402th line. E flat. 403th line. D flat. 404th line. C sharp. 405th line. B flat. 406th line. A flat. 407th line. G flat. 408th line. F sharp. 409th line. E flat. 410th line. D flat. 411th line. C sharp. 412th line. B flat. 413th line. A flat. 414th line. G flat. 415th line. F sharp. 416th line. E flat. 417th line. D flat. 418th line. C sharp. 419th line. B flat. 420th line. A flat. 421th line. G flat. 422th line. F sharp. 423th line. E flat. 424th line. D flat. 425th line. C sharp. 426th line. B flat. 427th line. A flat. 428th line. G flat. 429th line. F sharp. 430th line. E flat. 431th line. D flat. 432th line. C sharp. 433th line. B flat. 434th line. A flat. 435th line. G flat. 436th line. F sharp. 437th line. E flat. 438th line. D flat. 439th line. C sharp. 440th line. B flat. 441th line. A flat. 442th line. G flat. 443th line. F sharp. 444th line. E flat. 445th line. D flat. 446th line. C sharp. 447th line. B flat. 448th line. A flat. 449th line. G flat. 450th line. F sharp. 451th line. E flat. 452th line. D flat. 453th line. C sharp. 454th line. B flat. 455th line. A flat. 456th line. G flat. 457th line. F sharp. 458th line. E flat. 459th line. D flat. 460th line. C sharp. 461th line. B flat. 462th line. A flat. 463th line. G flat. 464th line. F sharp. 465th line. E flat. 466th line. D flat. 467th line. C sharp. 468th line. B flat. 469th line. A flat. 470th line. G flat. 471th line. F sharp. 472th line. E flat. 473th line. D flat. 474th line. C sharp. 475th line. B flat. 476th line. A flat. 477th line. G flat. 478th line. F sharp. 479th line. E flat. 480th line. D flat. 481th line. C sharp. 482th line. B flat. 483th line. A flat. 484th line. G flat. 485th line. F sharp. 486th line. E flat. 487th line. D flat. 488th line. C sharp. 489th line. B flat. 490th line. A flat. 491th line. G flat. 492th line. F sharp. 493th line. E flat. 494th line. D flat. 495th line. C sharp. 496th line. B flat. 497th line. A flat. 498th line. G flat. 499th line. F sharp. 500th line. E flat. 501th line. D flat. 502th line. C sharp. 503th line. B flat. 504th line. A flat. 505th line. G flat. 506th line. F sharp. 507th line. E flat. 508th line. D flat. 509th line. C sharp. 510th line. B flat. 511th line. A flat. 512th line. G flat. 513th line. F sharp. 514th line. E flat. 515th line. D flat. 516th line. C sharp. 517th line. B flat. 518th line. A flat. 519th line. G flat. 520th line. F sharp. 521th line. E flat. 522th line. D flat. 523th line. C sharp. 524th line. B flat. 525th line. A flat. 526th line. G flat. 527th line. F sharp. 528th line. E flat. 529th line. D flat. 530th line. C sharp. 531th line. B flat. 532th line. A flat. 533th line. G flat. 534th line. F sharp. 535th line. E flat. 536th line. D flat. 537th line. C sharp. 538th line. B flat. 539th line. A flat. 540th line. G flat. 541th line. F sharp. 542th line. E flat. 543th line. D flat. 544th line. C sharp. 545th line. B flat. 546th line. A flat. 547th line. G flat. 548th line. F sharp. 549th line. E flat. 550th line. D flat. 551th line. C sharp. 552th line. B flat. 553th line. A flat. 554th line. G flat. 555th line. F sharp. 556th line. E flat. 557th line. D flat. 558th line. C sharp. 559th line. B flat. 560th line. A flat. 561th line. G flat. 562th line. F sharp. 563th line. E flat. 564th line. D flat. 565th line. C sharp. 566th line. B flat. 567th line. A flat. 568th line. G flat. 569th line. F sharp. 570th line. E flat. 571th line. D flat. 572th line. C sharp. 573th line. B flat. 574th line. A flat. 575th line. G flat. 576th line. F sharp. 577th line. E flat. 578th line. D flat. 579th line. C sharp. 580th line. B flat. 581th line. A flat. 582th line. G flat. 583th line. F sharp. 584th line. E flat. 585th line. D flat. 586th line. C sharp. 587th line. B flat. 588th line. A flat. 589th line. G flat. 590th line. F sharp. 591th line. E flat. 592th line. D flat. 593th line. C sharp. 594th line. B flat. 595th line. A flat. 596th line. G flat. 597th line. F sharp. 598th line. E flat. 599th line. D flat. 600th line. C sharp. 601th line. B flat. 602th line. A flat. 603th line. G flat. 604th line. F sharp. 605th line. E flat. 606th line. D flat. 607th line. C sharp. 608th line. B flat. 609th line. A flat. 610th line. G flat. 611th line. F sharp. 612th line. E flat. 613th line. D flat. 614th line. C sharp. 615th line. B flat. 616th line. A flat. 617th line. G flat. 618th line. F sharp. 619th line. E flat. 620th line. D flat. 621th line. C sharp. 622th line. B flat. 623th line. A flat. 624th line. G flat. 625th line. F sharp. 626th line. E flat. 627th line. D flat. 628th line. C sharp. 629th line. B flat. 630th line. A flat. 631th line. G flat. 632th line. F sharp. 633th line. E flat. 634th line. D flat. 635th line. C sharp. 636th line. B flat. 637th line. A flat. 638th line. G flat. 639th line. F sharp. 640th line. E flat. 641th line. D flat. 642th line. C sharp. 643th line. B flat. 644th line. A flat. 645th line. G flat. 646th line. F sharp. 647th line. E flat. 648th line. D flat. 649th line. C sharp. 650th line. B flat. 651th line. A flat. 652th line. G flat. 653th line. F sharp. 654th line. E flat. 655th line. D flat. 656th line. C sharp. 657th line. B flat. 658th line. A flat. 659th line. G flat. 660th line. F sharp. 661th line. E flat. 662th line. D flat. 663th line. C sharp. 664th line. B flat. 665th line. A flat. 666th line. G flat. 667th line. F sharp. 668th line. E flat. 669th line. D flat. 670th line. C sharp. 671th line. B flat. 672th line. A flat. 673th line. G flat. 674th line. F sharp. 675th line. E flat. 676th line. D flat. 677th line. C sharp. 678th line. B flat. 679th line. A flat. 680th line. G flat. 681th line. F sharp. 682th line. E flat. 683th line. D flat. 684th line. C sharp. 685th line. B flat. 686th line. A flat. 687th line. G flat. 688th line. F sharp. 689th line. E flat. 690th line. D flat. 691th line. C sharp. 692th line. B flat. 693th line. A flat. 694th line. G flat. 695th line. F sharp. 696th line. E flat. 697th line. D flat. 698th line. C sharp. 699th line. B flat. 700th line. A flat. 701th line. G flat. 702th line. F sharp. 703th line. E flat. 704th line. D flat. 705th line. C sharp. 706th line. B flat. 707th line. A flat. 708th line. G flat. 709th line. F sharp. 710th line. E flat. 711th line. D flat. 712th line. C sharp. 713th line. B flat. 714th line. A flat. 715th line. G flat. 716th line. F sharp. 717th line. E flat. 718th line. D flat. 719th line. C sharp. 720th line. B flat. 721th line. A flat. 722th line. G flat. 723th line. F sharp. 724th line. E flat. 725th line. D flat. 726th line. C sharp. 727th line. B flat. 728th line. A flat. 729th line. G flat. 730th line. F sharp. 731th line. E flat. 732th line. D flat. 733th line. C sharp. 734th line. B flat. 735th line. A flat. 736th line. G flat. 737th line. F sharp. 738th line. E flat. 739th line. D flat. 740th line. C sharp. 741th line. B flat. 742th line. A flat. 743th line. G flat. 744th line. F sharp. 745th line. E flat. 746th line. D flat. 747th line. C sharp. 748th line. B flat. 749th line. A flat. 750th line. G flat. 751th line. F sharp. 752th line. E flat. 753th line. D flat. 754th line. C sharp. 755th line. B flat. 756th line. A flat. 757th line. G flat. 758th line. F sharp. 759th line. E flat. 760th line. D flat. 761th line. C sharp. 762th line. B flat. 763th line. A flat. 764th line. G flat. 765th line. F sharp. 766th line. E flat. 767th line. D flat. 768th line. C sharp. 769th line. B flat. 770th line.



Lose by a Silver Ri-vo-let, deckt with rich Willows, mournful Daphne

fate, leaning her sne-lan-cho-ly Head on the sad Bank of an en-a-mel'd Mead; o-re-

charg'd with Grief her Heart, her Eyes o're-charg'd with Tears; for an in-to-le-ra-ble

Smart, for dai-ly Pains, and nightly Fears: For more uncertain Hopes, and sive despair, 'gainst

but what she most grieves, soft did she sink her head, and laid her

Tyrant Love a long Complaint she made, whilst each sad object did her Sorrows aid.

A. 2. v. 20c.



O more oft my Knees bow a bow low, low, low,

Heart that was

Captive, shall learn to sub--due; I'll count the Fair I-dols no more to cont--ply,

from their re-su-fals con-clude I must dye: Let in-sipid Lovers their Passion dif-

cover, with Heats almost drown'd in a Deluge of Woe. To <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ Illego, where a

whisper or so, makes way to the Fountain where Pleasures brook:

II.

There in Loves Garden I'll rise each Flower,

Containing young Chil'd, and looking at Power,

Till Appetite stral's it; then give o're the purle,

Those petty Intrigues, and briskly fall to,

At every notion, or amorous notion,

The risings of Nature with Love-tricks allay,

To oh Allove hard by, where you cannot fly,

My Phoebe and I most pleasingly stray.

III.

Where whilst I entold the soft Dear in my arms,

I wallow in Joy, 'till dissolv'd by the Charms

Of her soft melting Kisses, I gasp for fresh breath, and quiv-

Each minute reviving to dye a new Death.

Thus in unparallel'd Raptures of Bliss,

We consume the twise Minutes of troublous Life,

Till Nature retire, and puts out Love's fire,

And Age puts an end to our amorous strife.



O---it---lo ha-ving long in vain, begg'd the proud Nymph to

ease his pain; one night before her Window goes, and there, there, his bleeding Heart he

shows; then breaths his Pas-sion to the Fair, but she despis'd the killing

Care: At length o'recharg'd with Grief, he cries, You kindly give what she de-

nies, and then the fainting Shepherd dies, and then the fainting

—ting Shepherd bodies, if not using I, will be glad to have 10



Ould Man his Wish obtain, how happy would he be? But Wishes seldom

Could Man, &c

B1

gain, and Hopes are but in vain, if For-tune dif-a-gree: Pi-ty ye Pow'rs of  
willst, &c.

fire, since Love's a gen-tle Fire that keeps the World a-live: But me it puts to

pain; it makes me wish in vain, in vain, nor pro-miss any hope to give

11

I love, and still I view,  
Yet dare not tell my mind;  
Should I my Flames purifie,  
It might that Bliss undo,  
Which is for her design'd.  
A Blessing far above,  
More lasting, rich, and kind;

Though hopes successless prove,  
My Heart shall ne're remove  
From wishing of her Love,  
In Fortune's Triumphs lead;  
And though it banish me,  
If she but happy be,  
Would please my Ghost when I am dead.



A. 2. vee. O, Phil-lit, go, be pe-vish still, and see if you can find.

one to be subject to your Will, and to your Lightnes blind; Such a kind Fool perhaps may

do what ever you command; and humbly kneel to kis your Shoo, when you deny your Hand.

II.  
But have a care, for Fools are croſſ,  
And when you light on one;  
I'le joy to ſee you at a loſſ,  
And not your Fate bemoan:  
Your Pride I'le then with Scorn repay,  
And laugh to ſee you grieve;  
And counterfeiting Sights, will ſay,  
Dear Phyllis, now ſome comfort give.



Hu-b-ha, whilſt our ten-der Age is, Na-ture per-fwades us

to be kind; Love, who both Gods and Men en---ga-geſ, un-to his Altars bend our Minds.

*heb ms 1 and 2. Rond 3 in the blues.*

At your re-fiſting, he's offended, and to revenge him time and care; Lads you to age, who  
unbefriended leaves you repenting to despair.

III.  
No more in vain then waſt your Beauty,  
And thofe sweet Treafurs I adors;  
To Love and Nature pay your duty,  
Whilſt I your pleaſing Charms implore,  
Kindly embrace your deaſy Sylo-mander,  
Pref humphrey your tender Breſt;  
That our kind Souls may gently wander  
On the bleſt banks of Happineſs.



Angling the Plain on ſummer's night, to paſs a vacant hour; I for-tu-

nately chanc'd to light on love-ly Phyllis Bow'r: The Nymph alladorn'd with thouſand Charms, in

ex-pe-cta-tion fate, to meet thoſe Joys in Strephon's Arms, wch Tongue could not relate.

II.  
Upon her Hand ſhe lean'd her Head,  
Her Breſt did gently riſe;  
That cry Lover might have read  
Her Wilfes in her Eyes.  
At e're Breath that mov'd the Treets,  
He ſuddenly would flift  
A Cold on all her Body ſeiz'd  
A trembling on her Heart.

III.  
But he that knew how well ſhe lov'd,  
Beyond his hour had ſay'd;  
And both with Fear and Anger mov'd  
The melancholy Maid.  
Ye Gods, ſhe ſaid, how oft he ſwore  
He would hor'e by One  
But now, afaiſt its ſix and more,  
And yet he is not comiſſ.



H E Night her blackest Sables wore, and gloomy were the Skies; and  
 glitt'ring Stars there were no more, than those in *Stella's Eyes*: When at her Fa-ther's  
 Gate I knot'd, where I had of-ten been; and shrowded on-ly with her Smock, the  
 fair one let me in.

## II.

Fast lock'd within her close Embrace,  
 She trembling lay ashay'd;  
 Her swelling Breast, and glowing Face,  
 And every touch enstain'd.  
 My eager Passion I obey'd,  
 Revolv'd the Fort to win;  
 And her fond Heart was soon betray'd,  
 To yield and let me in.

## III.

Then! then! beyond expressing,  
 Immortal was the Joy;  
 I knew no greater Blessing,  
 So great a God was I.  
 And she transported with Delight,  
 Oft pray'd me come again;  
 And kindly vow'd, that every night  
 She'd rise and let me in.

## IV.

But, oh! at last she prov'd with Bern,  
 And fighing fate, and dull;  
 And I that was as much concern'd,  
 Look'd then just like a Fool.  
 Her lovely Eyes with Tears run o're,  
 Repenting her rash Sin;  
 She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour  
 That e're she let me in.

## V.

But who could cruelly deceive,  
 Or from such Beauty part?  
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave  
 The Charnier of my Heart.  
 But Wedded and conceal'd the Crime,  
 Thus all was well again;  
 And now she thanks the blessed Hour,  
 That e're she let me in.



*Hen Phillis* watcht her harmless Sheep, not one poor Lamb was made a  
 Prey; yet she had cause enough to weep, her sil-ly Heart did go astray: Then fly-ing  
 to the neigh'ring Grove, she left the tender Flock to rove, and to the Winds did breath her Joy.  
 She fought in vain to ease her Pain, the heedless Winds did fan her Fire;  
 venting her Grief gave no re-lief, but rather did encrease desire. Then sitting with her  
 Arms acros, her Sorrows streaming from each Eye; she fixt her thoughts up-on her  
 Loss, and in Despair, resolv'd to dye.

[ 10 ]



OW wretched am I when Cl---rin---da does frown, at her

Feet in con---fu---sion I fall; and kneeling, on Heaven for af---si---stance I call, and

court the kind Stars they'd in pi---ty look down: But in vain to their aid my Mi---se---ry

flies, for the Gods I but i---dly implore; 'tis Cl---rin---da a---lone my Peace can re-

store; no Heav'n but her Smiles, and no Stars but her Eyes.

Oh ye

ye Voi

ye Muses

[ 11 ]



N vain, in vain, brisk God of Love, in vain have I thy

pow'rful Charms long long strove to de-sie; for just as when some for-ti-fy'd Town has

long long held out the Siege, then bat---ter'd down: So I that ne'er

fear'd, nay scorn'd thy Dart, at length am woun---ded, wounded, at the Heart. Look

then up-on the Sa---cri---fice you've slain, view well the Heart, and see if there one

Rain of Treachery you find; if not, then say, wot; Ah! o---h, Ah!

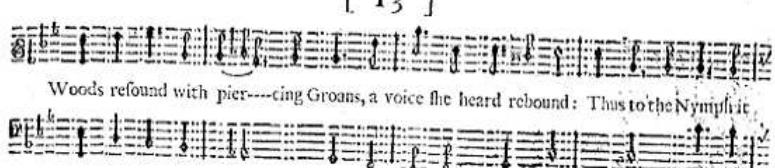
dear, dear Heart! that ne---ver went astray; dear Heart! that ne---ver wont astray.

D z



Hilf I in Shades was mu-sing all a--lone, I heard a

Nymph i'th' Wood thus make her moan: Ah! cruel Boy! she cry'd, thou still dost slight my Sighs, my  
 Groans, a--jas! thou kill'st me quite; each Wood, each Plain, each Hill, I've tracl'd a--  
 round, but nought save Fancies for my pains I've found. Ah! cruel Boy! in Sighs again, she  
 said, How oft I a-fest, ropt thy Ears, when I have play'd in charming Notes to melt you  
 stubborn Swain; but still for Love thou dost return disdain. Ah! shall I dy! Gods, are ye so un-  
 kind! I a-fest no aid to my di-strac-ted Mind! and at these words she wept, the

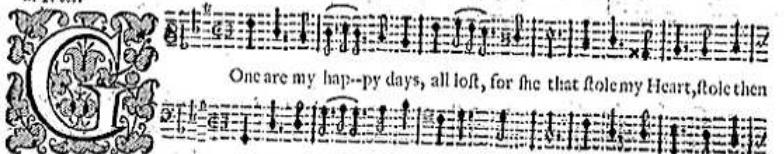


Woods resound with pier---cing Groans, a voice she heard rebound: Thus to the Nymph he

said, Thy charm'd Delights me from my ten-der Flocks to thee In--vites, my ra-vish'd

Sen-fes tran-ced by your Charms, I'e cir-----cled live, and dye within your Arms.

A. 2. 106.

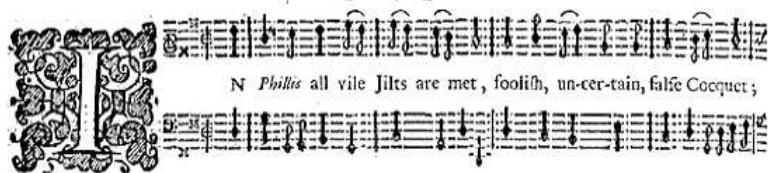


One are my hap-py days, all lost, for she that stole my Heart, stole then

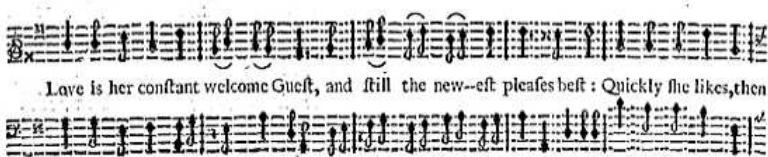
my Li-ber-ty; arm'd with the Spoils of a de--fence-less Breast, and in the richest Garb

of Nature best: Crown'd by her Conquest now she's gone, we're to remember loving This her moan.

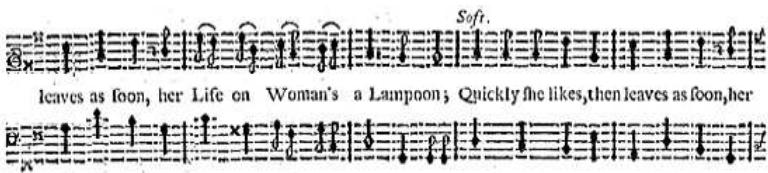
Let her Triumph hide! I'e be as brave,  
 With humble Pride I'e follow like a Slave:  
 But if amidst the Pomp with Scorn she then,  
 And see the Wretch that once for her did burn;  
 Just as she backward calls her Head,  
 Then her reproachful Eyes will make me dead.



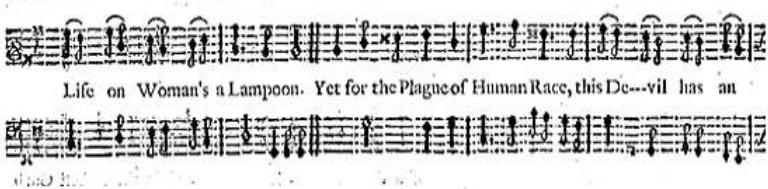
N Phyllis all vile Jilts are met, foolish, un-cer-tain, false Coquet;



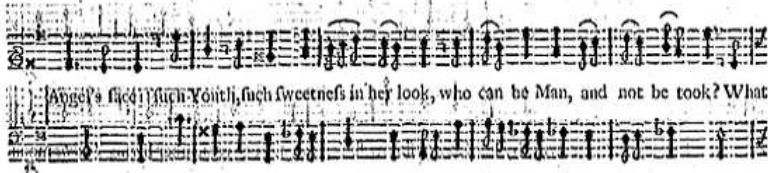
Love is her constant welcome Guest, and still the new-est pleases best: Quickly she likes, then



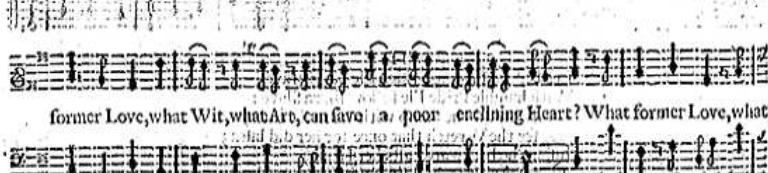
leaves as soon, her Life on Woman's a Lampoon; Quickly she likes, then leaves as soon, her



Life on Woman's a Lampoon. Yet for the Plague of Human Race, this De--vil has an



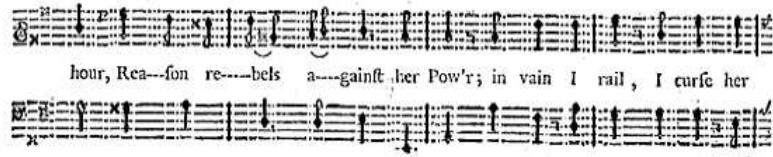
Angel's face! such Yon'th, such Sweetness in her look, who can be Man, and not be took? What



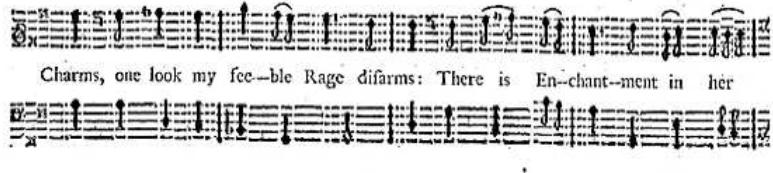
former Love, what Wit, what Art, can save a poor en-chaining Heart? What former Love, what



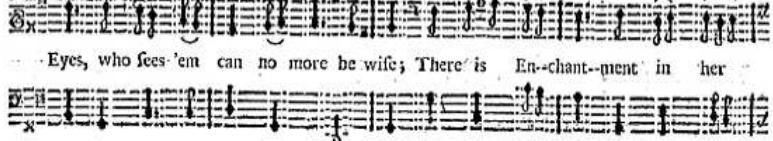
Wit, what Art, can save a poor en--cli--ning Heart? In vain a thousand times an



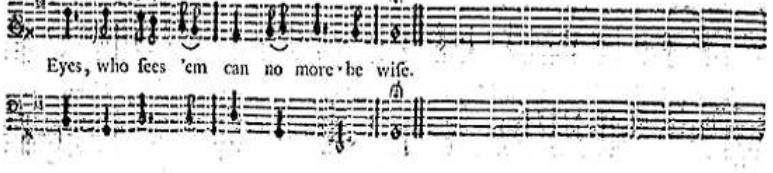
hour, Rea--son re---bels a---gainst her Pow'r; in vain I rail, I curse her



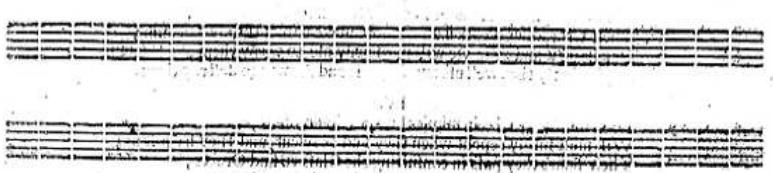
Charms, one look my fee--ble Rage disarms: There is En--chant--ment in her



Eyes, who sees 'em can no more be wise; There is En--chant--ment in her



Eyes, who sees 'em can no more be wise.





Hat W-o-ma-n was e-ver so for-tu-nate, as to dif-co-ver the

fal-si-ty of an im-por-tu-nate treacherous Lover; with Cringes and Tears when they  
 vow they will e-ver o-beay us, poor cre-du-lous we never know they will surely be-  
 tray us. Perfidious Man! let us do what we can, will un-do us; they de-sign to de-  
 ceive, when they make us believe that they woo us: And Perjury's grown such an Art in the  
 Town, so in fashion; that Custom and Time has made it no Crime in the Na--tion.

## III.

Our Nation no more shall relent at Men's flattering Anguish,  
 Tlchi Crotadiles Tears shall no more make us mournfully languish;  
 Our Beauty and Wit we will pleasantly use to decoy them,  
 As pleasantly then we'll use our Coyneſ and Frowns to destroy them.

## IV.

Beautiful Apes, who in mimical shapes do accost us;  
 Will moff lively repent when they find us relent; and they ha' lost us;  
 Their hours they pass in consulting the Glaſs to find Graces,  
 May make us approve, and presently love their Fools faces.



N the Bank of a Ri-ver close under the shade, young Cleon and

Sylva one evening were laid; the Youth pleaded strongly for proof of his Love, but Honour had

won her his Flame to reprove. She cry'd, where's the Lucifer, when Clouds shade the Sun? or

what is rich Nectar, the taft being gone? Mongſt Flow'rs on the Stalk sweetest Odours do

dwell; but if gather'd the Rose is, it lo-ſes the ſmell.

## II.

Thou dearest of Nymphs, the brisk Shepherd reply'd,

If e're thou will argue, begin on Love's tide;

In matters of State let grave Reason be shown,

But Love is a Power will be ruled by none;

Nor ſhould a coy Beauty be counted ſo rare,

For Scandal call blaſe both the Chaff and the Fair;

Moft ſcierc are the joys Love's Alembick do fill,

And the Roses are sweetest when pnt to the Still.



O on, true Heart! pur-sue the Prize, thy Pas-sion knows its

Doom; 'twill find some pi-ty in her Eyes, or send thee flighted home: Yet from her Heart I'll

read my Fate, if that to Love in-cline; it can-not change so soon to hate, but

it must think on mine.

II.  
Kind Nature will her-hate oppose;  
And though she does not love,  
My Passion I will so disclose,  
As shall her pity move.  
Thence from that Pity with new Fire,  
Although her Heart were Stone,  
I'll melt it into chaste Desire,  
And Coyn it in my own.



Hat beau-tions Creature for whom I'm a Lover, I can-not, I

will not, I must not dis-co-ver, I can-not, I will not, I must not dis-co-ver: Yet

mark well my Song, and some Token I'll give; for she that both kills my Heart, and makes it live, is

either call'd Ma-ry, or Ba-ty, or Ann. Now gues if you can, now gues if you can.

Soft.

II.  
Her Stature is tall, and her Body is slender,  
Her Eyes are most lovely, her Checks pale and tender,  
Fine Pearls are her Teeth, and her Lips Cherry red,  
Her Smiles would revive a Man though he were dead,  
She'd make one in love were he never before;  
But I say no more, but I say no more.



Le-s, Mortals, ble-s the clearing Light that flows from Celia's Eyes; for

never did a Star so bright in Beauties Heav'n rise: And whilst a Crown's uneasie weight, and

all the mighty toyls of State, she softens with her Charms, ble-s, ble-s, the hap-py

III.  
Who lives that does not yield to Love,  
And oft his Joys renew?  
And yet how few in Kings approve  
What they them-selves pursue.  
The mirth-ning Crowd themselves afford  
The Pleasures they deny their Lord,  
Though Love is Empire's Dower,  
To recompence the Slavery of Power.

Dr. Blow.

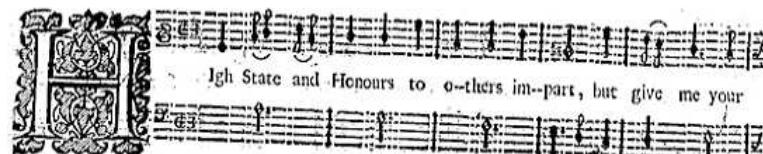


*Hi-lan-der* once a mer---ry Swain, a charming Nymph did love; who  
ne-ver paid his Love a--gain, but did un-con-stant prove: Fair-ly the Shepherd  
he forsook, and did his Love dis-dain; yet he in love such plea-sure took, that  
he embrac'd the Palm.

II.  
Such was his Passion, such his Flame,  
So full of Honour too,  
That he still lov'd to breath her name,  
Although she prov'd untrue:  
Therefore beneath a Myrtle shade,  
One pleasant Summer's Morn,  
The too un-happy Shepherd laid,  
And did lament her Scorn.

III.  
Thus to himself the wretched Swain;  
Though center of her Fame,  
*Sylvia's* falsehood did complain,  
Yet durst not blast her name;  
Dear *Sylvia!* why didst thou give way,  
That I should talk of Love,  
Yet knew'st thou couldst not Love repay;  
Nor would it my Flame remove?

IV.  
When in its Youth my Paßion was,  
'Twas easie to remove;  
But now 'tis grown to such a paſs,  
The Task too hard will prove:  
For in my Heart the love of you  
Too deeply rooted is;  
'Twas the first Grief I ever knew,  
Yet is my greatest Bliss.

*An Ayre on a Ground.*

High State and Honours to o-thers im-part, but give me your  
Heart; that Treasure, that Treasure a--lone, I beg for my own: So gen-tle a Love, so

frequent a Fire, my Soul does inspire; that Treasure, that Treasure alone; I beg for my

own. Your Love let me crave, give me in pos-ſeſſion ſo marchles a Bleſſing, that

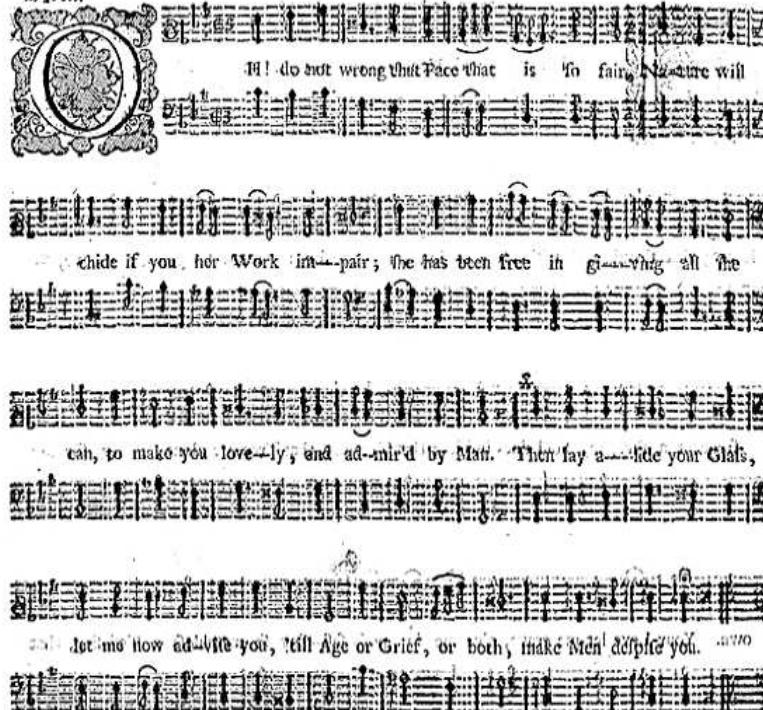
Empire is all I would have, loves my Petition and all my Ambition. If e're you dif-co-ver ſo  
a guilty wrong, do not be ſtray'd by your ſtronger ſentiment, but ſteadily ſtand to Justice's right.

faithful, ſo faithful a Lover, ſo real a Flame, I'd dye, I'd dye, I'd dye, ſo give up my Game,

Me. Abel.

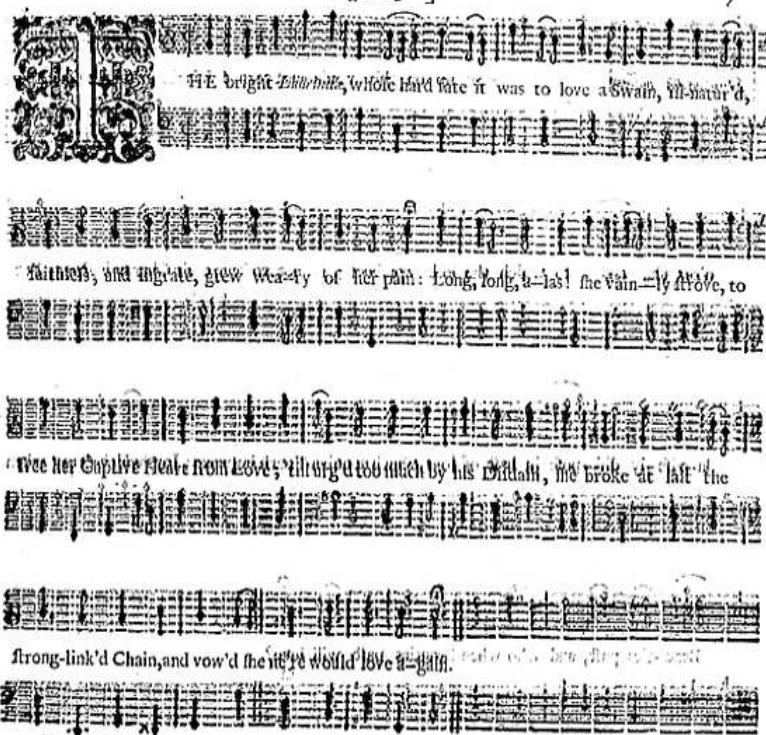
*On a Lady dressing by a Glass.*

A. 2. v. 1.



Mr. William Gregory.

*Narcissus* seeing of his lovely Face,  
Doated so much he dy'd in s own Embrace  
If Man did it, what will not Woman do?  
When she surveys what Men admire and woe?  
Then lay aside your Glass, let me now ad-vise you,  
Till Age or Grief, or both, make Men despise you.



Capt. Packe.

I.  
The lovely Nymph now free as Air,  
Gay as the blooming Spring,  
To no soft Tale would she attend, nor hear  
But careleß sit and sing,  
Or if a moving Story wrought  
Her frozen Breast to a kind glow.

She check'd her Heart, and cry'd, Ah hold  
Amor thus his snowy hand did lay  
Once burn'd as much, but now he's cold.

II.  
Long thus she kept her Liberty,  
And by her all-conquering Eyes  
A thousand Youths did fall, and by her Skill  
Her Beauties Sacrificed.  
Till Love at last young & bold, who often  
The object of each Virgin's thought,  
Whose strange relation I can't tell,  
They made her beth, and beth they did tell of  
And made her beth as beth above.



Pox up-on this need-less Scorn, *Sylvia* for shame the Cheat give

ore; the end to which the Fair are born, is not to keep their Charms in store; But

la-vish-ly dis-pose in half of Joys, which none but Youth improve; Joys which decay when

Beau-ties past, and who when Beauties past will love?

Capt. Pocke.

II.

When Age those Glories shall deface,  
Revenging all your cold disdain?  
And *Sylvia* shall neglected pass,  
By every one admiring *Sylvia*?  
And we can only pity you,  
When you in vain too late shall burn;  
If Love increase, and Youth decay,  
Ah *Sylvia*, who will make return?

III.

Then hast my *Sylvia* to the Grove,  
Where all the Sweets of *Me* comprise,  
To teach us every Art of Love,  
And raise our Charms of Pleasure higher;  
And when Embracing we shall lay  
Closely in shades on Banks of Flowers,  
The duller World whilst we doth roll along,  
Years would be Minutes, Ages Hours.



H! what can mean that ea-ger Joy? Transports my Soul when

you ap-pear; ah *Strephon!* you my Thoughts employ, with all that's Charming, all that's

dear. When you your pleasing Sto-ry tell, a ten-der-ness in-vades my Parts;

And I with Blush-es own, I feel something too mel-ting at my Heart.

Mr. William Turner.

IV.

Each sight my Reason does surprise,  
And I at once both wish and fear;  
My wounded Soul mounts to my Eyes,  
As if twould prattle Stories there.  
Take, take that Heart that needs would go;  
But Shepherd, see it kindly us'd;  
For who such Presents would bestow,  
If this, alas! should be abus'd?



Raw out the Minutes twice as long, swift Night, and run in debt to

day; Loves Enemy, thou soft pac'd robber of Delight, how thou dost steal a-

way. Clo-sure, bid Time stop his full ca-sier, whisper a gen-tle Charm in-to his ear,

tell him, 'tis you, tell him, 'tis you that's here. Sure nothing's Charm-proof

'gainst that Tongue, those Eyes, that grate-ful Meen of yours, or look from you, from

you, will Fa-ther Time surprise, he'll lose his Minutes, Hours. And well for him; 'tis

you, will Fa-ther Time surprise, he'll lose his Minutes, Hours. And well for him; 'tis

Time impris'ed, to be blest with a glimpse of that Di...vi...ni...ty, all will adore,

all will a-dore that fee.

Dr. Blow.



Hil-lis, accept a bro-ken Heart, w<sup>ch</sup> none till now could move;

Beauty, like yours, should scot a part, in fa-ding per-jur'd Love: Yet I some-

times have seen you smile, on one makes Loyo a Trade; you smile, but

though I hope the while, on those he had be-tray'd.

Dr. Blow.

Mus't all be Cozeners who are faint?

And slighted who are true?

This time for me then to de-spair?

My Heart's too ju-ly for you.

If you're engag'd, then I'm undone,

Though you should change to me;

For she that can prove false to one,

Will fa-fte for ever be.



Ovely *Sa-li-na*, in-no-cent and free from all the dangerous  
 Arts of Love, thus in a me--lan--cho---ly Grove en--joy'd the sweetnes of her  
 Pri---va---cy ; 'till en--vious Gods de---sign---ing to u---do her, dis---  
 patch'd the Swain not un---like then to woo her. It was not long  
 e're the design did take; a gon---tle Youth born to persuade, deceiv'd the too too ea---sic  
 Maid; her Scrip and Garlands soon sic did forfake, and rafh---ly told the Secrets of her  
 Heart, which thy fônd Mane wold e---ver---more liti---part. Falfo 'Worl-

265

*mel*, joy of my Heart, said she, 'Tis hard to love, and love in vain, to love, and not be  
 lov'd a---gain; and why should Love and Prudence dif---a---gree? Pi---ty ye Pow'r's that  
 fit at easc a---bove, if e're you know what'tis to be in Love. Dr. John Blow.



*Hil---li*, whose Heart was un---con---sin'd and free, as Flow'r's on  
 Meads and Plains; none boasted of her being kind, mongst all the languishing and am'rous  
 Swains: No Sighs or Tears her Heart could move, to pi---ty or re-turn their Love.  
 Mr. Tho. Farmer.

II.  
 Till on a time the hapless Maid  
 Retur'd to shun the heat o' th' day,  
 Into a Grove, beneath whose shade  
*Shepton* the careless Shepherd slept and lay.  
 But oh! such Charms the Youth adorn,  
 Love is regal for all her Scorn.

III.  
 Her Cheeks with blushes cover'd were,  
 And render sighs her Bosom warm'd;  
 A softness in her Eyes appear'd,  
 Unifull Palms she feels from every Charm.  
 To Woods and Eccho's now she cries,  
 For Modesty to speak denies.

*O R R A M O O R, a Lapland Song.*

With brightest Beams let the Sun shine on *Orra-Moor*; could I be sure,

In the top of lof-ty Pine I *Orra-Moor* might see, I to the highest Bough would  
climb, and with industrious Javour try, there to de-scry my Mistress, if that there she be.

Could I but know amidst the Flow'rs, or in what shade she stays; the gawdy Bow'r's, which  
all their verdant Pride, their Blofoms and their Sprays, which make my Mi-stress

dis-ap-pear, and her in en-vious dark-ness hide, I from the Roots and  
Boughs of the tall Pine-tree, and the high-est Boughs of the tall Pine-tree, and the high-est

Beds of Earth would tear. Up-on the Raft of Clouds I'd ride, which un-to  
*Orra* fly; of Ra-vers I would bor-row Wings, and all the fea-ther'd

In-mates of the Sky. But Wings, a-las! are me de-ny'd, the Stork and

Swan their Phions will not lend: There's none who un-to *Orra* bring, or will by that kind

Conduct me befriend. Dr. Rogers.

Conduct me befriend. Dr. Rogers.

B

Ear witness now you silver Streams, and pleasing shady Groves; whose

Harmony and Solitude can sweeten harmless Loves: How loud the Echo's of my Sighs do

ring, for her whose Scorns can me no comfort bring? Ye Pow'rs above, grant she may love, and

feel those Pangs which I al-re-a-dy know. For if Love once dwell in her Breast, for if

Love once dwell in her Breast, such pleasing Re-lief will drown all my Grief, and

make me a Lover that's blest.

Mr. Banister,

II.

Fly Echo's, fly, and in your gentle murmur ring Whispers bear  
My languishing and deep Complaints to my dear Phœbe ear;

Tell her, oh tell her, 'tis for her Idyl,

And ask her, when she'll leave off Cruelty?

Oh powerful Love! come from above,

And in her chaste Heart go take up thy seat:

For if Love once dwell in her Breast,

Such pleasing Relief

Will drown all my Grief,

And make me a Lover that's blest.

M

Uſt poor Lovers ſill be wooing, Beauties muſt they ne-ver gain?

Must they always be purſuing, never, never, to obtain? Can you glory in our dy-ing?

bleeding Wounds ſhould pi-ty move; can you glo-ry in a de-ny-ing? yield at laſt, and crown our Love.

Then all the lit-tle Gods of Love that are near us, and all the sweet Birds of the Grove that can

hear us; in the Air and on Bougs ſhall attend us around, all the Cypresses with Roses ſhall

co-ver the ground, whil'st our am'rous Birds chanting, the Echo's re-echo'd

Then with Myrtle Wreaths ſur-round'd,  
Underneath cool Shades we'll lie;  
Both Eye-wounding, both Eye-wounded,  
El're both killing, we'll bea-dye;

Thy bright Eyes shall gently fire me,

Mirth, and Wit, and Galantry;

And thy charming Looks inspire me,

With new Themes of Poetry.

Then all the little Gods,



Her first Co-lin-da blest mine Eyes, so pret-ty and so moving was

ev'ry Grace, that the surprize took off the pow'r of Loving : The Virtues of her pleasing Charms, my  
 Senses stole a-way ; Love had no strength to rise in Arms, nor power to O-beay.

Isaac Blackwell.

## II.

As in a Dream, my Spirits all  
 Did to my Heart retire,  
 Which like a Stubborn City Wall,  
 Kept dit the happy Fire:  
 My Heart and Eyes are now awake,  
 And all my Dreams are true;  
 And Love, to punish my misake,  
 Does all my thoughts puzzle.

## III.

At second view I was amaz'd,  
 And grieve'd, but troubled most;  
 And on that Paradise I gaz'd,  
 Which I so lately left;  
 When that Scaphick Face I view'd,  
 Kind Love, with all his Pow'rs;  
 Tho' ne'er remembrance dides review,  
 Of those short happy Hours.

## IV.

Blest be the Hours that let me know,  
 Earth had so rich a Treasure;  
 I'd live and revel here below,  
 And swim in Seas of Pleasure;  
 I'd banquet all my Senses here,  
 And treat my Soul with Billfes;  
 Mufick and Wit shall feed my Ear,  
 And Beauty give me kisses.

## V.

Hew'n in thy Voice and Eyes thou hast,  
 And when I hear thee chanting;  
 I hear, I see, I smell, I tast,  
 But there's one Seple still wanting,  
 From the rare virtus of which Senfe,  
 All Senses have depending;  
 Love did at first from that Commencement  
 A Pleasure without ending.



Ere, fruitless hopes, left you convey my Heart to pit-tul-sel despair; put  
 those false dayys of Love, to my Yound, for I am-ation, be joy! Pray et RY to my Misfor  
 wised to recall you to me,

ry I find, Love can be deaf, as well as blind; where Int'rest rules a-bove, there's little  
 pleading in the Laws of Love.

*Isaac Blackwell.*

II.  
 How strange a Vassal is her Fate,  
 To Tyrant Duty for dull Gain;  
 Love that's constrain'd oft turns to hate,  
 And makes the Union but in vain:  
 Yet Love is Mercenary made,  
 And Marriage turns into a Trade;  
 Where Int'rest must express  
 The measure of true Love and Happiness.

III.  
 Affection should be brave and free,  
 And where it doubly pays its Charms,  
 It gains more by Civility,  
 Than all the glitt'ring force of Arms.  
 We still obey what is above,  
 As Fortune and the pow'r of Love;  
 But equal in Command  
 Do often struggle for the upper hand.



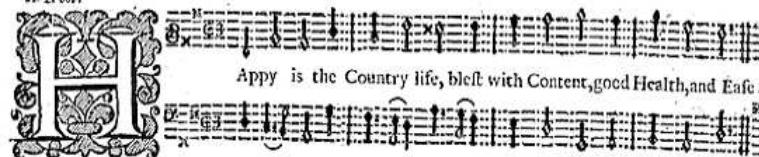
LL o--ther Bles-sings are but Toys, to him that in his  
 Sleep enjoys, who in his Slumber does receive something his wa-king cannot give. The

Joys are pp-ter, for he spares the Crimes, Ex-pences, and the Care.

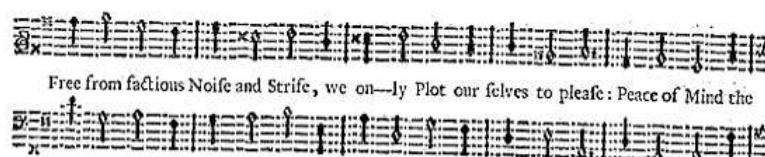
Venus the Queen-of Beauty came,  
 And as she sleep'd, the cool'd his Flame;  
 Thus when Love did get the Stone  
 To Love the boy did make in Japan,  
 His eyes had a glow in them.

K. 2

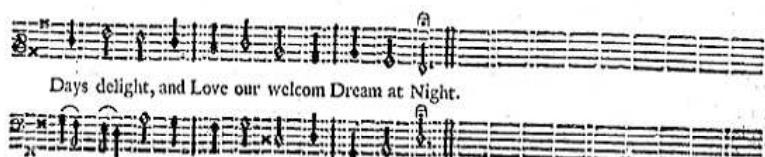
A 2. ver.



Appy is the Country life, blest with Content, good Health, and Ease;



Free from factious Noise and Strife, we on—ly Plot our selves to please: Peace of Mind the

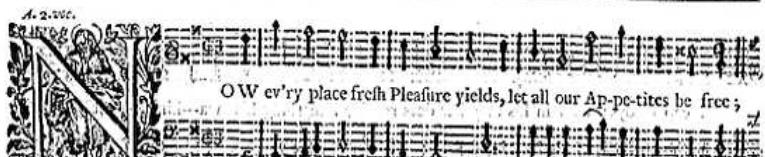


Days delight, and Love our welcom Dream at Night.

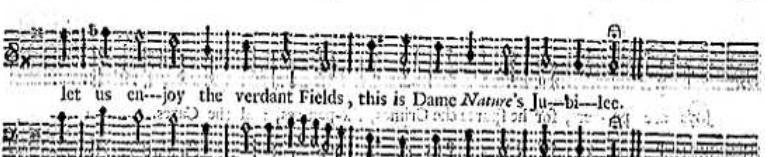
Mr. James Hart.

II.

Hail green Fields and shady Woods,  
Hail Springs and Streams that still run pure;  
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,  
Where Virtue only is secure:  
Free from Vice, here free from Care,  
Age is no pain, and Youth no smart.



O W ev'ry place fresh Pleasure yields, let all our Ap-pe-tites be free;



let us en—joy the verdant Fields, this is Dame *Nature's Ju—bi—lee.*

Mr. James Hart.

III.

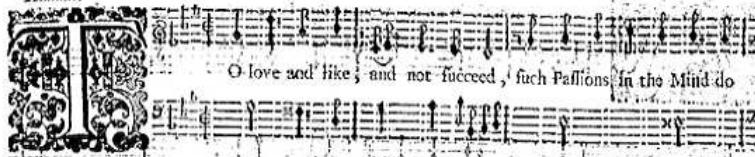
With Garlands made of sweetest Flowers,  
Our Temples bound w<sup>e</sup>c<sup>t</sup> dance, and Fawns;  
So blithly will we pass the Hours,  
As to promote the growing Spring.

III.

The *Sylvan Gods*, the Nymphs and Fawns,  
Shall to our Chorus joyn their Voice,  
The Woods, the Streams, and Hills, and Lawys,  
Loudly in Echo's shall rejoice.

## CORIDON and PHILIPS, or the Cautious Lover.

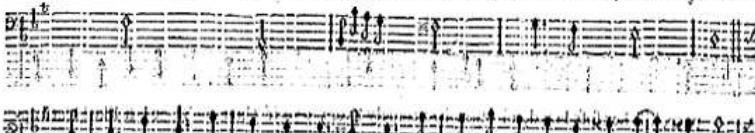
Almain.



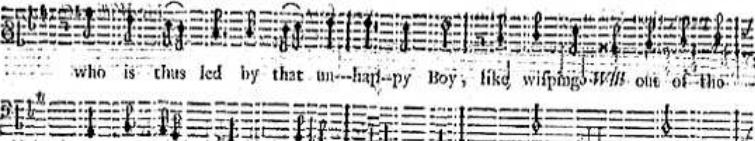
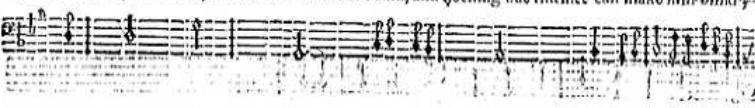
O love and like; and not succeed, such Passions in the Mind do



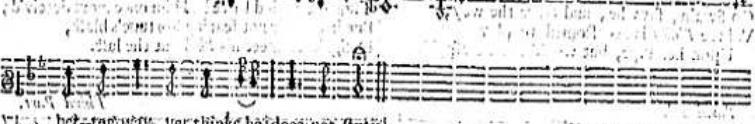
good; that it depraves the nobler part, en—flaming of the Heart, oh sad Lovel



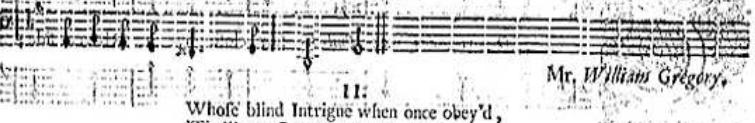
Tis Love, fond Love, that does deceive the Mind, and nothing but Inflame can make him blind;



who is thus led by that un—hap—py Boy, like wispings will out of tho—



bet—terways, yet thinks he does not stray,



Mr. William Gregory.

II.

Whole blind Intrigue when once obey'd,  
'Tis like a Commonwealth, betray'd  
To the false Dictates of a Foe,

Who like a Friend, does how,

Or like a Friend,

So Coridon a harmless loving Swain,  
Who willingly his *Philip* would obtain; But durst not venture to disclose the smart,  
That Love, by an unlucky poyson'd Dart,  
Had stopt into his Heart.

L

Court.



Second Part.

T length in musing what to do, Love undertook to shew the way to

woo; in nothing else can he di--rect or guide. When met, draw near with courtly  
 pace, kiss her soft Hand, ad--mire her comely Face; dye if thou canst, at last like Death--  
 pear, then kiss a--gain and smile, and ne--ver fear.

Mr. William Gregory.

II.  
Go Swain, says he, and trace the way,  
Where *Phillis* is accustomed to play  
Upon her Pipe, but would not be esp'y'd.

He jealous of th' Advice receiv'd,  
Thought unkind Love had him once more deceiv'd;  
But in despair not fearing Fortune's blast,  
Design'd to meet his *Phillis* at the last.

Saraband.



Third Part.

O---ri---don met *Phillis* fair close by a Ri--ver side;

walking up--on the Bank for to see the Stream glide: O but fair Swain! she said,

who e're dif--co--vers that we walk thus a--longe, will conclude we are Lovers.

Mr. William Gregory.

She blush'd, he smiling said, well met my dearest Dear,  
Thrice happy *Coridon*, thus to meet such joys here:  
What harm can that procure, Love may be blam'd;  
But if Truth once appear, sure it cannot be ashame'd.

III.  
If *Coridon* should prove a Traytor in his Zeal,  
To make his *Phillis* fond, and her Passions should reveal  
Unhappy she'd appear, more than all the Nymphs beside,  
To yield unto a Swain at the first time that she's try'd.

IV.  
Let not fair *Phillis* fear, false Thoughts dare enter  
Into this Breast of mine, where true Love has its Centr,  
For could I suspect any false conclusion,  
I would first tell my Nymph, that my Ends were delusion.

Jig.

Fourth Part.

Hen we'l joyn hand in hand, and walk o're the Down, make Chaplets of

Ro--ses our Heads to crown: The Ci--ty may boast of her rich At--tire, that's  
 nothiing to lo--ving with true de--sire.

Mr. William Gregory.

II.  
Let the Joys of the Court in pomp us excell,  
Our Rural Delights shall please us as well;  
No Jealousie here shall distract our Minds,  
While we sing and dance with our Kids and Hinds.

III.  
But wo in our Love front that shall be free,  
And none shall more happily live than we.  
IV.  
When thou with thy Pipe shall good Music make,  
Then we with our Feet will true Measures take;  
And thus will we spend the day in Delight,  
And hand--els pleasant when it is night.

## A SONG in PSYCHE.

A. 2. Vol. I.



LL joy to fair Psyche in this hap-py place, and to our great

Maister who her shall embrace; may never his Love nor her Beau-ty de-cay, but be  
 warm as the Spring, and fill freshes the Day. No Mortals on Earth e-ver wretched could  
 prove, if still while they liv'd they'd be al-ways in Love, if still whil're they liv'd they'd be always in Love.

Chorus.

Mr. Matthew Lock.  
 Should a thousand more Troubles a Lover invade,  
 By one happy moment they'd fully be paid.

Chor. No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove,  
 If still while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.  
 Then love not a Moment, but in pleasure employ it,  
 For a Momen't once lost will always be fo'r.

Chor. No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove,  
 If still while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.  
 Your Youth requires Love, let it fully enjoy it,  
 And puish on your Nature as far as 'twill go.

Chor. No Mortals on Earth ever wretched could prove,  
 If still while they liv'd they'd be always in Love.  
 Love Sights and his Tears are mixt with Delights,  
 But were he still pester'd with Cares & with Frightes,

I.

II.

III.

IV.

V.

VI.

VII.

VIII.

IX.

X.

XI.

XII.

XIII.

XIV.

XV.

XVI.

XVII.

XVIII.

XIX.

XX.

XXI.

XXII.

XXIII.

XXIV.

XXV.

XXVI.

XXVII.

XXVIII.

XXIX.

XXX.

XXXI.

XXXII.

XXXIII.

XXXIV.

XXXV.

XXXVI.

XXXVII.

XXXVIII.

XXXIX.

XL.

XLI.

XLII.

XLIII.

XLIV.

XLV.

XLVI.

XLVII.

XLVIII.

XLIX.

XLX.

XLXI.

XLII.

XLIII.

XLIV.

XLV.

XLVI.

XLVII.

XLVIII.

XLVIX.

XLVII.

XLVIII.

XL

## A SONG upon a Ground.



HE loves, and she con---fes--- too, there's then at  
 last no more to do; the hap---py Work's en---tire---ly done, en---ter the  
 Town w<sup>ch</sup> thou hast won: The fruits of Conquest now,now,now begin, I-o, Tri---  
 umph, en---ter in. What's this, ye Gods! what can it be! re---  
 mains there still an E---ne---my! Bold Honour stands up in the Gate, and would yet ca---  
 pi---tulate. Have I o'recome all---rival Foes, and shall this Phantomne me op---  
 pose? Noi---fy nothing Falking Shad<sup>e</sup>, by what Witchcraft wert thou  
 made, thou emp---ty caufe of fo---lid Harms? But I shall find out Counter  
 Charms, thy Ai---ry Devilship to remove, from this Cir---cle here of  
 Love: Sure I shall rid my self of theo, by the Night's ob---stu---ry, and ob---  
 scu---ver fe---cre---cy. Unlike to ev'---ry o-ther Spright, thou at---  
 tempt' not Men to affright, nor appear'it, nor appear'it, but in the Light.  
 M 2

pose? Noi---fy nothing Falking Shad<sup>e</sup>, by what Witchcraft wert thou  
 made, thou emp---ty caufe of fo---lid Harms? But I shall find out Counter  
 Charms, thy Ai---ry Devilship to remove, from this Cir---cle here of  
 Love: Sure I shall rid my self of theo, by the Night's ob---stu---ry, and ob---  
 scu---ver fe---cre---cy. Unlike to ev'---ry o-ther Spright, thou at---  
 tempt' not Men to affright, nor appear'it, nor appear'it, but in the Light.  
 M 2

Mr. Henry Purcell.



*U-cin-da* by a se-cret Art, unknown to all but her; which

she has pra-Cis'd on my Heart, has charm'd, has charm'd the Wan-der-er: En-

joyment which did use t'a-bate the vi-gour of Love's heat, does now fresh Appre-

tites create, the Plea-sures to re-peat.

## II.

So fares it with the Bird that's took,  
And into Bondage brought;  
At first his Prison how to brook;  
With difficulty's taught:  
But with kind tender usage bred,  
Grows pleas'd with his Abode;  
And with more Delicates is fed,  
Than e're he found abroad.

## Bells of Bedlam.



From silent Shades, and the *E-hi-zum* Groves, where sad de-par-<sup>ed</sup> <sup>9b2</sup>

Spi-rits in-burn, their Loves, from Chry-stal Stream-s, and from that Coun-try,

Where *Jove* crowns the Fields with Flow-ers all the year, poor fencelet's *Peg*, cloath'd in her Rags and

*Pal-ly*, is come to cure her Love-sick Me-lan-choly: Bright *Cym-thia* kept her

Re-vels late, while *Tab* the Fairy-Queen did dance; and *O-be-ren* did sit in

State, when *Mari* at *Pe-nan* ran his Lance. In yon-der Cow-slip lies my Dear, en-

tom'd in il-lum-ined Gems of Dew, each day I'll wa-ter it with a Tear, its fa-ding

Blossom to re---new: For since my Love is dead, and all my Joys are gone; poor

*Bess* for his sake a Gar-land will make, my Mu-sick shall be a Groan. I'll

lay me down and dye; with-in some hollow Tree, the Ray'nd Cat, the Owl and Bat, shall

war-ble forth my E-le-gy. Did you not see my Love as he past

by you? His two flaming Eyes, if he come nigh you, they will scorch up your Hearts.

Ladies, be-ware ye, lest he should dart a glance that may en-snare ye. Hark!

Hark! I hear old Cha-ron bawl, his Boat he will no lon-ger stay; the Fu-ries laugh thick,

Whips, and call, Come, come a-way, come, come a-way: Poor *Bess* will re-turn to the

place whence she came, since the World is so mad, she can hope for no Cure, for Love's Brown a-

Bubble, a Shadow, a Name, which Fools do ad-mire, and wise Men cn-sidre. Cold and

hungry am I grown, Am-bro-sia will I feed up-on, drink Nectar full, and sing;

who is content, does all Sorrow prevent: And *Bess* in her Straw, whil'st free from the

Law, in her Thoughts is as great, great as a King.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



HE who my poor Heart pos-ses-ses, is of late so

kle grown; she to ev'-ry Fop that dresses, still is parting with her own.

Once if a—ny chance to haue her, I all ravish'd do appear; now I blith left

they defame her, with some truth I dare not hear.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

While my Doubts are yet prevailing,  
If she like the thing ably,  
Soon she makes me leave my Railing,  
And I give my Tongue the lye:  
You whole skill in Love is greater,  
Say what Charms compells my Fate;  
Say what makes me love her better,  
Whom I fear I ought to hate.



Ome dear Com-pa-nions of th' Ar-ca-dian Fields, let us com-

bine to countermine the Plots, which Female con-ver-sa-tion yields. We'll break their Fetters

from their Charms, be free, and re-gain Man his long-lost Li-ber-ty.

III.

Beauty your Empie now is in its whit,

We'll never more

Your Shrines adore,

Since you delight t' abso-ciate with disdain:

Had you been Kind, we would have worship'd still;

But your chief Glory was your Slaves to kill.

III.

So lawful Princes when they Tyrants prove,

The-mselfes abuse,

And Power sole,

Their strength depending on their Subjects love;

For Love obliges Duty more than Fear,

All hate that Government that's too severe.

A SONG to a Ground.

[ 50. ]

The words by John Turner Esq;



L E T each gallant Heart, untouched with Love's Dart, prepare for his

bel-ier Alarums; that slug-gill Repose wherein now thou art, affords far less

mi-me-rous Charms: For the Warfare of Love yields a thousand times more Sweets and De-

lights, than your dull, your dull Peace be-fore; than your dull, your dull, dull

Peace before. Long Torment 'tis sure we must calmly en-dure, be-fore the dear

Prize we ob-tain; yet still the hard Toil is part of the Cure, and such Pleasures we

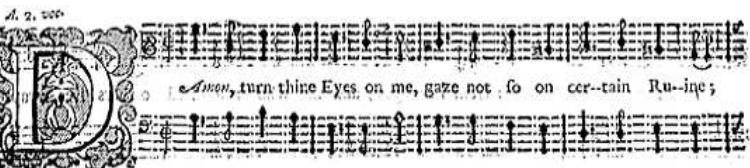
[ 51. ]

285

find in our Pain: That the warfare of Love yields a thousand times more blissful Delights, than your

dull, your dull Peace before; than your dull, your dull, dull Peace be-fore.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



D. 2. 285. *Woman, turn thine Eyes on me, gaze not so on cer-tain Ru-ine;*

but be warn'd by my undoing, 'tis an Angel's Face you see. That bright thing so like a Woman,

is in-deed a Ra-ming Creature; which de-scend-ed to un-do Man, but partakes not

of his Nature; which de-scend-ed to un-do Man, but partakes not of his Nature.

o 2

Mr. William Turner.



H Love! how just and how se-vere thy mighty Godhead is? Phi-

ta-tea now sheds ma-ny a Tear, who did thy Laws despise: Succesless Love, a-

has! requires that Tribute from her Eyes; and she who rul-ed o-thers Fires, wrape-

in her own, now dies. Up-on a Bed of sweetest flow'rs, care-less she lies her

down; in Sighs she spends the te-dious Hours, in Tears her Eyes does drown; Pen-

five she lies fair as the Queen, soft as the God of Love; to whom at length such

Vows she makes, as *Mars* himself would move.

*Mr. Francis Forcer,*

II.  
Spare, O spare a tender Maid,  
Who never knew thy Power;  
Till by a faithles Swain betray'd,  
In vain she did Adore:  
Encruste the folilamos, that soon they may  
This wretched Frame confine;  
And not to torment by delay,  
But quickly seal my Doom.

III.  
Or if for'pass'd Offences,  
Mist lin'ger out my day's  
In Torments constant, 'till I dye,  
The Murderer I'll praise:  
Deaf to my Vows, false to his own,  
Perjur'd although he be;  
Yet patiently I still submit,  
To suffer Heaven and thee.



O U. I love by all that's true, more than all things here below;

with a Pa-sion far more great, than e're Creature lo-ved yet: And yet still you

cry, forbear, love no more, or love not here.

*Mr. Charles Taylor,*

II.  
Bid the Miser leavo his Ore,  
Bid the Wretched sigh no more;  
Bid the Old be young again,  
Bid the Nun not think of Man;  
*Sylvia*, then do what you will,  
Bid me then not think of you.

III.  
Love's not a thing of Choice, but Fate;  
That makes me love, that makes you hate:  
*Sylvia* then do what you will,  
False or cure, torment or kills,  
Be kind or cruel, false or true;  
Love I must, and none but you.



Emov'd from Noise and Tu--mults of the Town, yet to its

Neighbourhood ally'd; the Mu-ses here-to-fore of fam'd Renown, chose in the Country'

to re-side: For Ci-ties are to Arts a friend, and ev'----ry Science there exceeds;

but yet a---las! too oft we find, the richest Soyl o'regrown with Weeds. Wisely you

therefore have made this Qui---et, and hap-py Retreat; for Vice can-not here in-

vade, since this is fair Virtue's seat: Here you may still improve in ev'ry kind of skill, se-

cure from the fol--lies of Love, and all the oc--ca--sions of ill. Happy Nymphs, whose

ear--ly Age, Ver-tue does so well en--gage; Virtue's the most plea--stant way,

for her Joys have no Al-lay: No Remorse, no Discontent, can disturb the In-no-cent.

But here you sit, and here you sing, and make here perpetual Spring; hap-py as the

Birds in May, because as in---no---cent as they. The Ci-ty may boast of her

Beauties, so may the Court, but give me the Nymph that to neither does much re-fort; the

one and the o--ther are danger-ous Rocks for to harm us, but here we may sport, and

they can neither hurt nor alarm us.

Mr. Francis Forcer.



Ince o-ther Beauties charm your Heart, farewell in-con-stant

Swain; let her that shars thogreater part, en--joy this happy Plain; When all my future  
 Joys are cro's'd, I'll mourn in some dark Grove; not that my Beauty I have lost, but  
 for my Da-mon's love.

## II.

The Willow-Green shall crown my Head,  
 And wrap my Body round;  
 I'll gather Leaves to make my Bed  
 Upon the mossy Ground:  
 To every Spring and echoing Grove,  
 My mournful Song shall be,  
 Beauty was thrown away (for Love,)  
 On vain Infidelity.



An. 2. V. 1.  
 Ro-phane-ly I swore by the Pow--ers Di--vine, that

Beau-ty no more should my Pleasures con-fine; but a--las! by surprize, my Cle-

rif--so's bright Eyes has shot such a Dart, that has woun--ded my Heart; In re-

venge now I find I am left and un-done, and curse the past Fate I en-

deayr'd to shun.

Mr. Charles Taylor.

11.  
 But Love, like the Brave, no sooner subdu'd  
 His amorous Slave, but in pity renew'd  
 Such excesses of Joy,  
 My Fears to destroy:  
 Now in Freedom I reign,  
 All prond of my Pain,  
 Such Raptures of Bliss my Senses perfume,  
 'Tis in love, 'tis in love; our Pleasures ne're fade.

## A DIALOGUE between Daphney and Amintas.

Daphney.



O pale A-min-tar does thy Looks appear, as if thy Doom drew

Amintas.

near; whence do thy Sorrows flow? From Discontent, the plague of Pow'r below; I'm wea-

Daph.

ry of this World, and would a-no-ther know. Can this poor World find no re-

sue to care thy melancholy Grief? nor tempting hopes of Happiness draw near that may con-

tain thy Wishes here? The World in all its Pomp and State, is but a Lot-te-ry of Fate,

Where Fortune blithly does bestow, Favours on him to whom she ne'er did owe; where Fondings

B. won't last in Judg-ment, Fortune shi-

Daph.

merit-less as wife, enjoy the Prize, and Fortune's duty deliv-

Fortune a Cheat un-

to our Hopes, is sent to seal a-way the Blessing of Content; des-pen-ding on our

Amint.

Fraud, re-news our Care, and brings us to de-spair; But few re-pine at Fate,

Daph.

who happy are. Alas poor Swain! those who you daily see, that seem far happier than

Thee, more Troubles undergo; in all they think or do, and to the World less happy are than we.

Amint. Daph. Amint.

Then to be happy, is to be content, Twas so by Heaven's meant: But I am troubled,

No, it must not be, I'll charm a-way thy Grief with Har-mo-ny, all

Trouble must be banish'd hence. Then Daphney try thy In-flu-ence.

LET Mu-sick, let Mu-sick, let Mu-sick be our Charm, to keep the Mind from

LET Mu-sick, let Mu-sick, let Mu-sick be our Charm, to keep the Mind from

harm; let helpless Trouble live a—lone, let Envy make her moan;  
harm; let helpless Trouble live a—lone, let Envy make her moan;

let helpless Trouble live a—lone; let Envy, let Envy make her moan, while  
let helpless Trouble live a—lone, let Envy make her moan, while

all those Blessings we pursue, still wait on me and you, and fall, and fall, as on our

all those Blessings we pursue, still wait on me and you, and fall, and fall, as on our

Flocks, and fall as on our Flocks the Morning Dew.

Flocks, and fall as on our Flocks the Morning Dew.

*Isaac Blackwell.*

Hillt our Flocks feed up—on the Plains, let us re—tire to

Hillt our Flocks feed up—on the Plains, let us re-tire to

ver—dent Groves; and to each other in gen—tle Strains, chant o're the

ver—dent Groves, and to each o—ther in gen--tle Strains, chant o're the Sto—

Sto—ry of our Love. There Heav'n will di—spence such mystick Influence up—

ry of our Love. There Heav'n will dispence such mystick Influence up—on thy

on thy Lyre, as shall in—spire all the Psaphonick Quire, to

Lyre, as shall in—spire all the Psaphonick Quire, all the Psaphonick

sing, how we shall here thus live, thus love E—ter—nal—ly. *Mr. J. Hart:*

Quire, to sing how we shall here thus live, thus love E—ter—nal—ly.

There each hollow Tree  
An Organ-Pipe shall be,  
There the Winds shall in Confort blow,  
And murmur on the Leaves a Bals,  
Whilst the glad Druids in Dance below,  
Singing shall sanctifie the place;

There each hollow Tree  
An Organ-Pipe shall be,  
And from their Womb  
Such sounds shall come,  
As to persuade the World, that Oaks may be  
Enchanted with our softer Harmony.



Air on the Bank of Thames, with a sigh and weeping Eyes,

said to love-ly Ce--li-men, Let no Man your Heart surprize, Men are all made up of Lies.

*Theo. Tudway.*

II.

Though a thousand times they sweat,  
And as many Vows repeat,  
All they say is common Air,  
All they promise but Deceit,  
None were ever constant yet:

III.

Wisely then preserve your Heart  
From such Tyranny of Fate,  
Which only then can act its part,  
When Love has its return of hate,  
And your Repentance comes too late.



Hill-up in your absence, I sad and thoughtful sped the day;

but so soon as you are nigh; Joy transports me, joy transports me; and I'm gay.

Something for you hill I shall, to sub-mil-fives and to kind, that I know not what will

R

prove; but a rash a-spi-ring Swain, whom re-spect did not re-strain, would al-

rea---dy call it Love.

*Theo. Tudway.*



EE what a Con-quolt Love has made I boath the Myndo's

a-mo-rous Shade the char-ming fair Co-ri-na lies, all mel-ting in De-

fire, quenching in Tears choe fla-ming Eyes that set the World on fire.

*Theo. Tudway.*

II.

III.

What cannot Tears and Beauty do? So when the Heav'n serene and clear,  
The Youth by chance stood by, and knowne the world,  
Gilded with gaydy Light appear,  
For whom those Chryftal Streams did flow; And though he ne're before stoo'd on Earth's base Rigour keep,  
And though he ne're before stoo'd on Earth's base Rigour keep,  
To her Eyes brightest Ray did bounce, But when in Rain the Clouds fall down,  
Weeps to, and does Alas, and behownd on the bright Marbles weep.

R 2



F---ter the fiercest pangs of hot De--fire, between Pan-

the---'s ri---ing Breasts, his ben---ded Head Phi---lan---der rests; though vanquish'd,  
 yet un--know--ing to re--tire, close hugs the Charmer, and a--sham'd to  
 yield, tho' he has lost the Day, still keeps the Field.

*Tho. Tawney.*

II.

When with a sigh the fair *Ranhea* said,  
 What pity 'tis, ye Gods! that all  
 The bravest Warriors soonest fall!  
 Then with a kiss she gently rais'd his Head,  
 Arm'd him again for Fight, for nobly she  
 More lov'd the Combate than the Victory.

III.

Then more strag'd for being beat before  
 With all his strength he does prepare  
 More fiercely to renew the War,  
 Nor ceases 'till the noble Prize he bore  
 E'en her such wondrous Courage did surprise,  
 When told: She judges the Dart that wounded her; and lies



Hen Stre-phoid found his Pas-sion vhin, thus to the Nymph he

did complain; Re--lent--les Cæ--lia! dost thou still de---light in Scorn, and love to kill?  
 Ah, chü--el Beauty! canst thou see a Swain that dyes, that dyes for thee, and yet not  
 pi--ty, pi--ty me, and yet not pi--ty, pi--ty me.

*Henry Purcell*

II.

See how the Blood springs from each Vein;  
 The sad effects of your Dildain;  
 Can't thou behold this Purple Flood,  
 And not shed Tears when I shed Blood?  
 Now, now at last more kind appear,  
 Grim Death I do not, do not fear;  
 But oh! your Charms I cannot bear;  
 But oh! G'e.



Hen Damon saw fair Sylvia's Face, blest with a Heav'ly smiling Grace, with

fi--lent fear enerv'd he stood, and on--ly sigh'd beneath the neighb'rинг Wood: I've seen my

Ruine, 'tis too late, Beauty's transcendent o're my Fate. To the Echo's he-

sigh'd with a Ge--nius so mo--ving, so fainting, so dy--ing, so zeal--lou--fly

loving, that the Wood-Nymphs and Sylvans with pi---ty reply'd, Such love, hap--py

Damon, can ne're be de--ny'd.

*Isaac Blackwell.*

Encourag'dly he the Nymph implores,  
With Fruits and Flow'r is her Pow'r adores;  
His fearful Tongue scarce Love implies,  
But leaves it to the Rhet'rick of his Eyes:  
Yet oft a Sigh or Blush do show  
What he would, would not have her know.

When alone he repair'd to the murmuring Fountains  
Repeating his Cares to the sigh-giving Mountains,  
All the Wood-Nymphs and Sylvans with piety reply'd,  
Such Love, happy Damon, can ne're be deny'd.

Hough Sylvia lov'd, too well she knew with Pride the Vict'ry to pursue,

shrouding her Smiles, display'd her Charms, and kept the Slave beneath her conq'ring Arms; yet

oft a--longe the sight'd and cry'd, and curs'd the Bones of Female Pride. Then she

vow'd with a Blush, from thy Death I'll reprieve thee, my Beau--ty too fa--tal no

longer shall grieve thee; all my Scorn and Dis-dain shall in Triumph be led, by

Smiles that succeed o're the frowns that are fled.

*Isaac Blackwell.*

Thus blest beneath cool Myrtles, they  
Youth's flow'r'y Vernal pals away;  
And Gods of Love renew their Fires,  
And point their Darts at their enfol'd Desires;

The Flow'r's Spring up where Sylvia moves,

And Birds still serenade the Groves.

So may Sylvia live long, and so happy be ever  
The Sunshine of Love let not Jealousie fever's  
When all hate, fear, & scorn, shall in triumph be led,  
By smiles that succeed o're the frowns that are fled.

## Adam's Sleep.

[ 68 ]



Sleep, Adam, sleep, and take thy rest, let no sad thoughts possess thy

Breast; but when thou wak'st, look up, and see what thy Cre-a-tor hath done for thee: A

Creature from thy Side is ta'ke, who 'till thou wak'd, she wants a Name; Fleth of thy

Fleth, Bone of thy Bone, a Mate most fit for thee a----lone. Wake, Adam,

wake, to embrace thy Bride, who is newly risen from thy Side; but in the midst of thy De-

ights, beware, lest nor En-thracements prove thy Slave.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

333

[ 69 ]

Ain would I Clo-rit e're I dyc, bequeath you such a Le-ga-cy, that

you might say when I am gone, None hath the like: My Heart alone were the best Gift I could be-

low, but that's al---rea-dy yours you know. So that 'till you my Heart re-sign, or

fill with yours the place of mine, and by that Grace my Store re-new, I shall have nought worth

giving you; whose Breath has all the Wealth I have, save a saint Catcave and a Grave: But

had I as many Hearts as Hands, as many Lives as Love has Fears, as ima---ny Lives as,

Years have Hours, they should be all and on--ly yours.

Dr. John Blow.

ELL my *Strephon* that I dye, let Ec-cho's to each o-ther tell;

'till the mournful Accents fly to *Strephon's Ear*, and all is well: But gently break the  
fa---tal Truth, and swe---ten ev'---ry sad---der Sound; for *Strephon* such a

ten---der Youth, the gentlest word too deep will wound. No, Fountains Echo's all be

dumb; for should I cost my Swallow a Tear, I should re-pent me in the Tomb, and grieve I

bright my Rest so dear.

Dr. John Blow.

A. 2. ver.  
*Mus-tor* on a Ri-ver side, ra---sing a Spring-tide

from his Eyes; his Passion could no lon---ger hide, but un-to Heav'n he cast his cries:

His Voice so well-expres'd his Grief, 'twas Sin to wish him a Relief; he sigh'd and sung

in a soft Ayre, *Phil-lis* is cru---el, *Phil-lis* is cru---el, false, and fair.

Dr. John Blow.

II.  
Echo confined to a Grove,  
Being unable to return,  
These fatal words, in hopeless Love,  
I burn, repeated thrice I burn;  
Birds in his Grief did bear a part,  
Whilst Sighs kept soft Time in his Heart;  
He mourning, sung in a soft Ayre,  
*Philis* is cruel, false, and fair.

III.  
Whilst in this Agony, he lay,  
A Tear did steal from either Eye,  
Down his-pale Cheeks, which did betray,  
*Avisor* waited but to die,  
Whilst Death fate heavy on his Eyes,  
And he look'd like Love's sacrifice;  
He dying, sung in a soft Ayre,  
*Philis* is cruel, false, and fair.

## A SONG upon the Court-Game BASS ET.



ET L--qui-page and Drefs despair, since *Baffet* is come

in; there's no-thing can en--gage the Fair, but Mo---ney and more---in.

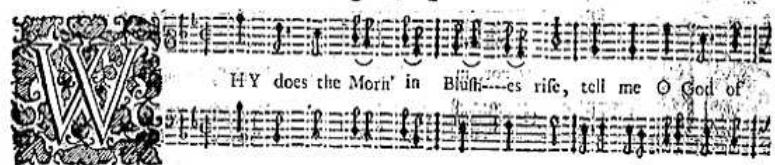
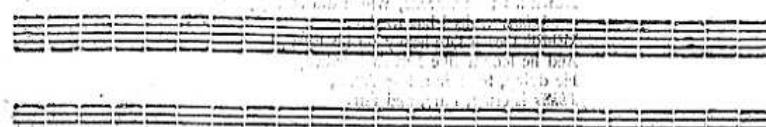
Is a--ny Countes in distres, she flies not to the *Bea*s; 'tis Coney on---ly

can re--dref her Grief with a *Rou--lean*.

Dr. John Blow.

## II.

By this bewitching Game betray'd,  
Poor Love is bought and sold;  
And that which shoul'd be a free Trade,  
Is all engross'd by Gold:  
Ev'n Sence is brought into disgrace,  
Where Company is met;  
It silent stands, or leaves the place,  
While all the Talk's *Baffet*.



HY does the Morn' in Blush--es rise, tell me O God of

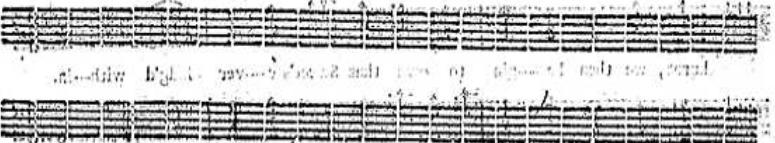
Day? Cl--ro--ni, oh! Cl--ro--na's Eyes, out--shine the brightest Rays.

'Tis true, 'tis true, she's fair more bright, dim ta--per God be gone, and hide thy

baffled Beams in Night, let her rule Day a--lone. Dr. John Blow.

## III.

If Anchoret-like, full twenty Years  
On Earth's cold Bed I'd lain,  
And wo'd the Gods with Fast and Pray'rs,  
Celestial Crowns to gain:  
Yet after all, could you but love,  
No more would I pursue  
The endless search of Joys above,  
But find out Heav'n in you.



Hark not, my Soul's de-light and grief, because my Sorrows

ound Relief, that therefore I had none at all, or short, or Su-por-tional.

## Chorus.

Shal-low Rills the Peb-bles chide, Deeps a-way in si-lence

Shal-low Rills the Peb-bles chide, Deeps a-way in si-lence glide.

Spices and Gums in ruff Disguise, may const-rain your Eyes; 'till bruis'd and

burnt, we then be-gin to own that Sweet's e-ver lodg'd with-in.

## Chorus.

Heart, when bro-ken, fare they'll see, Love and Grief stream forth from thee

Heart, when bro-ken, fare they'll see, Love and Grief stream forth from thee

Yet then fair Ip-er-sis-tent, if thou be-lieve that Love a-long did make me

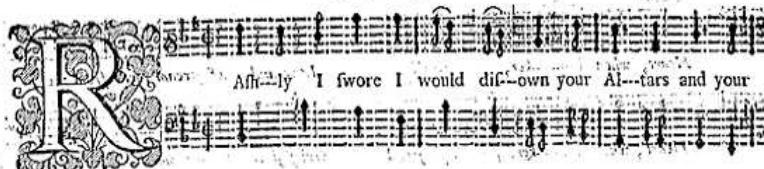
grieve; and on--ly say, Thou for-ry art than-ghou-bat-him, upon thy Heart.

## Chorus.

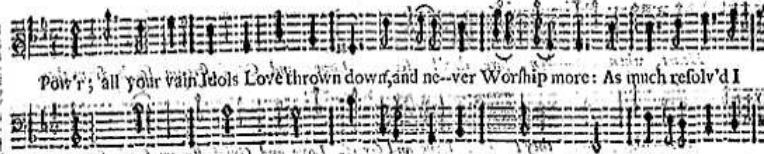
That a just Re-word shall be for Love; Grief and Death for thee; that a just Re-word shall be for Love; Grief and Death for thee; that a just Reward shall

That a just Reward shall be for Love; Grief and Death for thee; that a just Reward shall be for Love; Grief and Death for thee; that a just Reward shall

be for Love; Grief and Death for thee; James Hart.



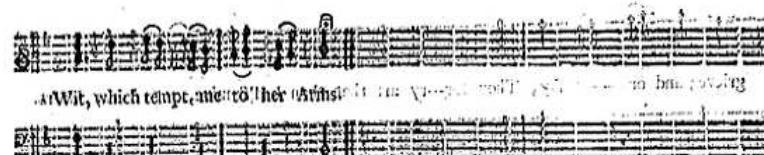
Af---ly I swore I would dif---own your Al---ters and your



Pow'r; all your vain Idols Love thrown down, and ne---ver Worship more: As much refolv'd I

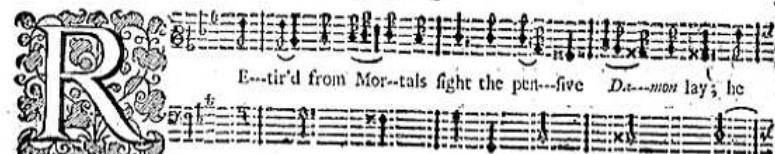
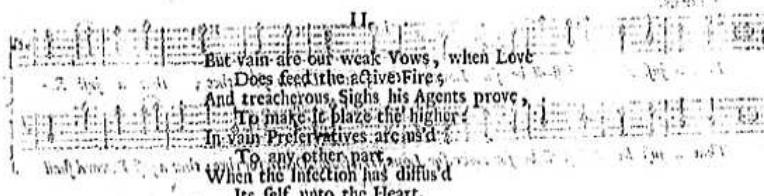


o would for---geol---zme awed, to the ghi---ded Charms; her Shape, her Beauty, and her

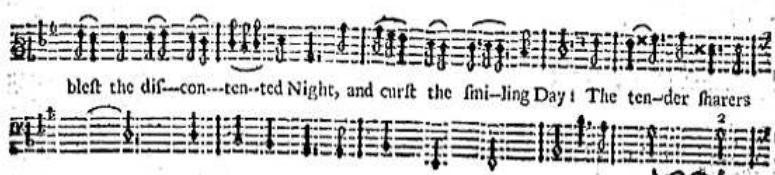


Wit, which tempt me to her Amisgic; but vi---pi---vill---m bim, nowling

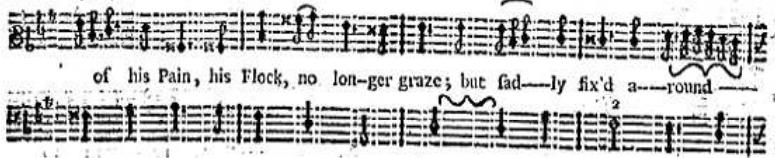
*Henry Purcell.*



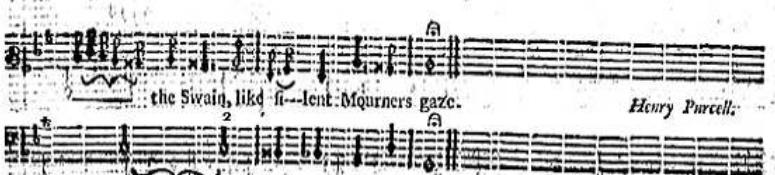
E---tir'd from Mor---tals fight the pen---five D---mon lay; he



blest the dis---con---ten---ted Night, and curs't the simi---ling Day! The ten---der sharers

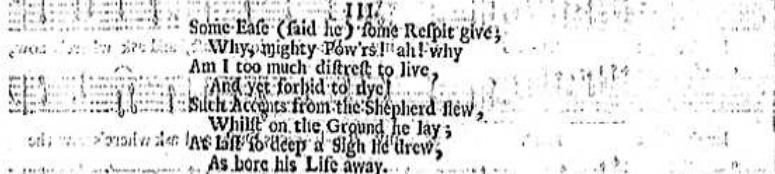
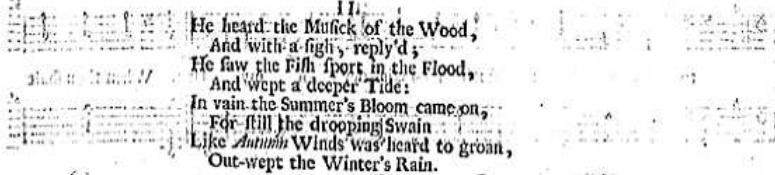


of his Pain, his Flock, no lon---ger graze; but sad---ly fix'd a---round



the Swain, like si---lent Mourners gaze.

*Henry Purcell.*



Go, perjur'd Man, and if thou e're re-tur-n; go, perjur'd Man, and if thou e're  
 Go perjur'd Man, and if thou e're re-tur-n; go, perjur'd  
 re-tur-n, re-tur-n to see the small re-main-der of my Urn;  
 Man, and if thou e're re-tur-n, and if thou e're re-tur-n to  
 and if thou e're re-tur-n, re-tur-n, re-tur-n to  
 see the small remainder of my Urn, and if thou e're re-tur-n, re-tur-n,  
 see, to see the small re-main-der of my Urn. When thou shalt  
 to see, to see the small re-main-der of my Urn. When thou shalt  
 laugh, shalt laugh, and ask where's now, and if I still am not I ma  
 laugh, shalt laugh, and ask where's now the

where's now the co-lour, form, and trust of Woman's Beauty? And per  
 co-lour, form, and trust of Woman's Beauty? And perhaps with rude hands, with rude  
 hands, with rude hands, perhaps with rude hands rifle the Flours w<sup>th</sup> the Virgin's strew'd.  
 hands, and perhaps with rude hands rifle the Flours w<sup>th</sup> the Virgin's strew'd. Know I've pray'd to  
 Know I've pray'd to Pity, that the Wind may blow my Allies up,  
 Pity, that the Wind may blow my Allies up, I know I've pray'd to  
 know I've pray'd to Pity, that the Wind may blow my Allies up,  
 Pity, that the Wind may blow my Allies up, and strike thee blind; that the  
 may blow my Allies up, and strike thee blind. Dr. John Blomc  
 Wind may blow my Allies up, and strike thee blind, and thou shall be

A DIALOGUE betwixt a Shepherd and Shepherdess, sung in the Play of the Duke of Guise,  
Act. 2. sc. 1. Cantus & Bassus.

E L L me Thirs, tell your Anguish, why you Sigh, and why you Languish;

When the Nymph whom you Adore, grants the Blessing of Possessing, what can Love and

I do more? what can Love, what can Love and I do more? Think it's Love be-

yond all measure, makes me faint a-way with Pleasure; Strength of Cordial may destroy,

and the Blessing of Possessing kills me with excess of Joy. Thirs, how can

I believe you? but confess, and I'll forgive you! Men are faine, and I were

you; never Nature fram'd a Creature to enjoy, and yet be true; never Nature fram'd a

Creature to en-joy, and yet be true; to enjoy, and yet be true, and yet be true.

Shepherd. Mine's a Flame beyond expressing, still pos-sess-ing, still de-sires, fit for Love's Im-

perial Crown; e-ver shi-ning, and re-shi-ning, still the more 'tis melted down.

Chorus together. Mine's a Flame beyond expressing, still pos-sess-ing, still de-sires, fit for Love's Im-pe-ri-al

Mine's a Flame beyond expressing, still pos-sess-ing, still de-sires, fit for Love's Im-pe-ri-al

Crown; e-ver shi-ning, and re-shi-ning, still the more 'tis melt-ed down.

Crown; e-ver shi-ning, and re-shi-ning, still the more 'tis melt-ed down.

Hero's Complaint to Leander. [ 82 ]

In Recitative Mufick.

O.R. com'st thou yet, my gothful Love! nor yet Le-an-der! Oh my Le-  
an-der! can't thou for-get thy He-ro? Le-an-der, why doft thou stay, who holds thee?  
Cruel! what hath be-got de-lay? Too soon a-las! the Rosy-fin-ger'd Morn' will  
chase the darksom Night. Ah me! I burn and dye in this my languishing Desires. See!  
see! the Taper wafts in his own Fires, like me; and will be spent before thou come. Make haſt then  
my Le-an-der, prethee come. Behold the Winds and Seas deaf and enrag'd; my Impreca-  
tions have in part qſway'd their fit-rites past; but thou more deaf than they, more merci-

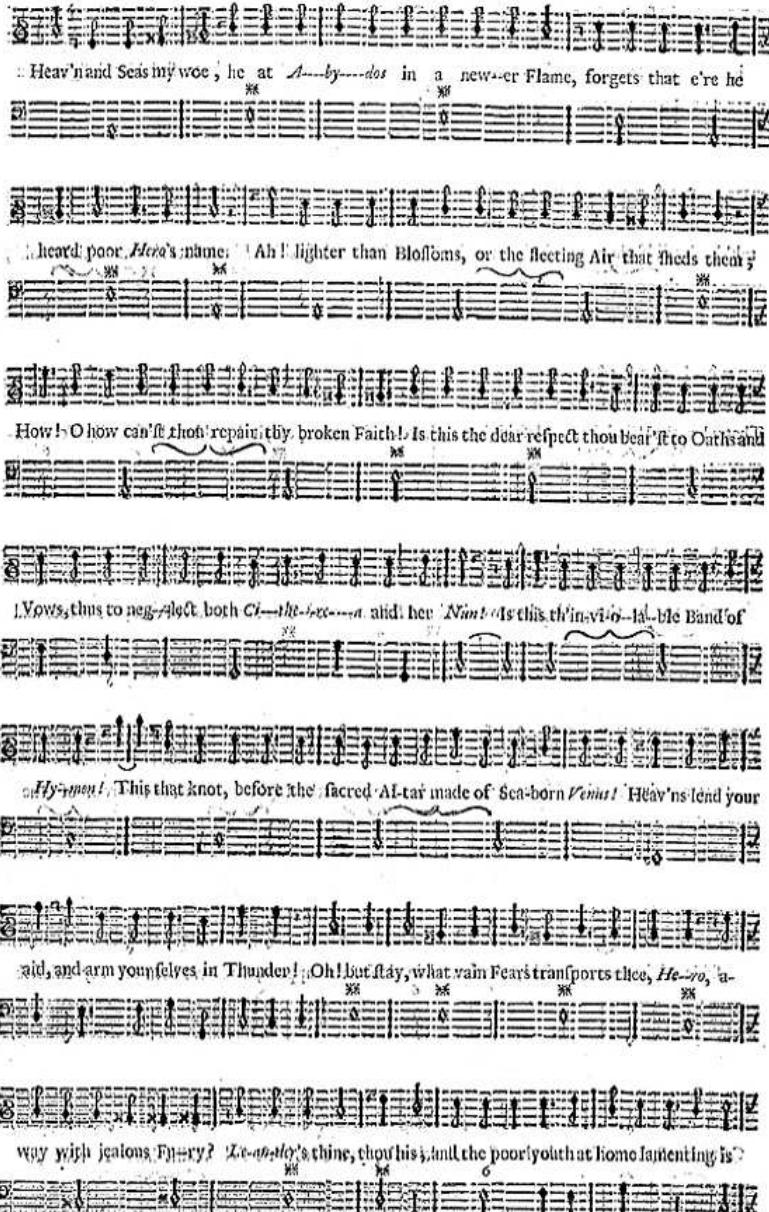
[ 83 ]

315

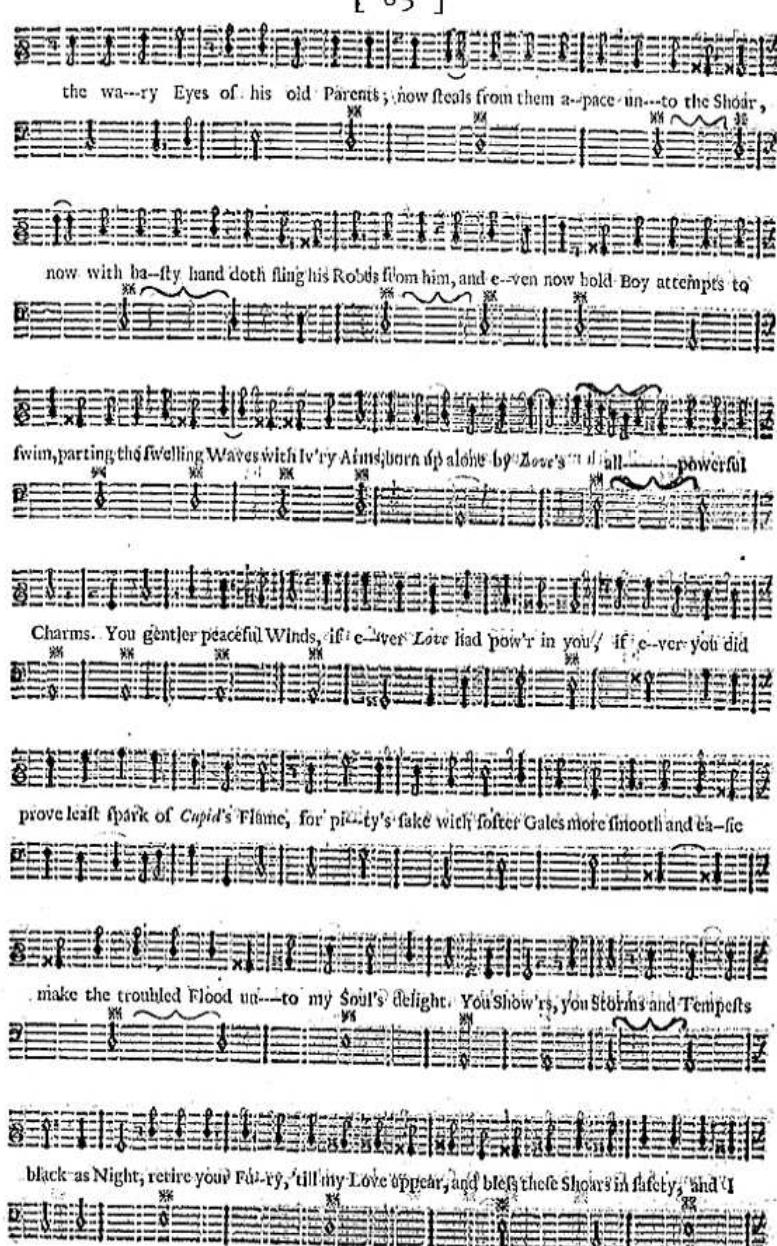
leſ, torments me with delay. If far from hence, upon thy Native Shoar, such high delight thou  
tak'ſt, why didſt thou more incite my hot Deſires with faſtſilſ Lines, flatt'ning me with Prohife,  
That when the Winds became leſ high, and Shores had ſome reſoſt, if I did but the friendly Towt ex-  
poſe to be thy guide, thou wouldſt not fail to come? The Shores have Peaſe, the Winds and  
Seas are dumb, thy He-ro here attends thee, and the Light invades the Empoſt of the  
ſable Night; come quickly then, and in theſe Arms appear, that have been oft thy cheſt  
Calm, thy Spear. Wretche that I ſaih 'tis for you God's! the ſol whilſt here I vele to

X 2

Heav'n and Seas my woe ; he at *A-by-dos* in a new-er Flame, forgets that e're he  
 heard poor *Hero's* name. ' Ah ! lighter than Blossoms, or the fleeting Air that sheds them ;  
 How ! O how can't thou repair thy broken Faith ! Is this the dear respect thou bear'st to Oaths and  
 Vows, thus to neg-lect both *Ci-thr-ex-a* and her *Nim-ble* Band of  
*Hymen* ! This that knot, before the sacred Altar made of Sea-born *Venus* ! Heav'n lend your  
 aid, and arm yourselves in Thunder ! Oh ! but stay, what vain Fears transports thee, *He-ro*, a-  
 way with jealous Fury ? *La-mo-ly*'s thine, thou his ; and the poorly youth at home lamenting is



the wa-ry Eyes of his old Parents ; now steals from them a-pace un-to the Shoir,  
 now with ba-fty hand doth fling his Robs from him, and e-ven now bold Boy attempts to  
 swim, parting the swelling Waves with Iv'ry Arms ; born up alone by Love's all-powerful  
 Charms. You gentler peaceful Winds, if e-ver Love had pow'r in you ; if e-ver you did  
 prove least spark of Cupid's Flame, for piety's sake with softer Gales more smooth and ea-sie  
 make the troubled Flood un-to my Soul's delight. You Show'rs, you Storms and Tempests  
 black as Night, retire you Fol-ly, 'till my Love appear, and bless these Shoirs in safety, and I



here with-in these Arms en-fold my on-ly Treas'rs; their all in Rage and Horror  
 send at pleasure the fro-thy Billows high as Heav'n, that I may here be e-ver  
 fain'd dwell with me. But hark! O wonder! what sudden Storm is this? Seas menace  
 the Wind, the Winds do hiss, in scorn of this my just Re-quest. Re-tire,  
 oh re-tire, my too, vent'rous Love, re-tire, tempt not the an-gry Seas. Ah me!  
 oh me! the Light, the Light ab-blown out! O Gods! O dead-ly Night! Neptunes, &c.  
 YE low-fus De-istics, spare, O spare my Jew-ell pi-ty, the Gries and Teals of wretched

Ho-ro! 'Tis Le-an-der trusts you with his Love and Life, fair Le-an-der, Beau-ty  
 of these Shores. See! see the basf-ful Morn, for sor-row of my sad Laments, hath  
 torn through cloudy Night a passage to my Aid, and here beneath amidst the horrid  
 Shade, by her faint Light, someth'ng methinks I see te-tem-bl'g my Soul's Joy. Wo's me!  
 'tis he! drown'd by th'int-pe-tious Flood. O dismal Hour! can be these Seas, these  
 Shores, this Light, this Tow'l! In spite of Pates, dear Love, to like I come; Le-an-der's  
 Bo-som shall be Hiro's Tomb.