

THE WORKS

OF

HENRY PURCELL

VOLUME XXII.

Catches, Rounds,

Two-part and Three-part

Songs

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.

NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

1922.

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I.

ODES AND WELCOME SONGS.

A. WELCOME SONGS TO CHARLES II. AND JAMES II.

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|---|--|---|--|
| 1. WELCOME, VICEGERENT, 1680.
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3. WHAT SHALL BE DONE, 1682.
4. THE SUMMER'S ABSENCE, 1682.
5. FLY, BOLD REBELLION, 1683. | <i>Printed by the
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8. YE TUNEFUL MUSES, 1686.
9. SOUND THE TRUMPET, 1687. | <i>Printed by the
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B. ODES ON QUEEN MARY'S BIRTHDAY.

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| 10. NOW DOES THE GLORIOUS DAY, 1689.
11. ARISE, MY MUSE, 1690.
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15. COME, YE SONS OF ART, 1694. | <i>In preparation.</i> |
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[1683.] <i>Printed by the
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Purcell Society.</i> | 18. LAUDATE CECILIAM, 1683.
19. HAIL, BRIGHT CECILIA, 1692. | <i>Printed by the
Purcell Society.</i> |
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D. MISCELLANEOUS ODES, ETC.

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21. CELESTIAL MUSIC, 1689.
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23. GREAT PARENT, HAIL! Christ Church, Dublin, Commemoration Ode, 1694.
24. WHO CAN FROM JOY REFRAIN. Ode on the Duke of Gloucester's Birthday, 1695. (<i>Printed by the Purcell Society.</i>) | <i>Printed by the
Purcell Society.</i> | 25. IF EVER I MORE RICHES DID DESIRE. Ode. Words by Cowley.
26. HARK, DAMON, HARK. Chorus and Solo.
27. HARK, HOW THE WILD MUSICIANS SING. Ode. Words by Cowley.
28. HOW PLEASANT IS THIS FLOWERY PLAIN. Ode. Words by Cowley.
29. WE REAP ALL THE PLEASURES. Ode. Words by Cowley. &c., &c. | |
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*Printed by the
Purcell Society.*

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UPWARDS OF 200 SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS, AND CATCHES.

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EDITED BY W. BARCLAY SQUIRE AND J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND.

VOL. XXII.

CATCHES, ROUNDS,
TWO-PART AND THREE-PART
SONGS

COMPOSED BY

H ENRY P URCELL.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED,
NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

—
1922.

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CATCHES AND ROUNDS

EDITED BY

W. BARCLAY SQUIRE.

CATCHES AND ROUNDS.

PREFACE.

HE catches and rounds here collected for the first time are peculiarly interesting as displaying Purcell's genius in its lighter side. From the days of Ravenscroft onwards, until the early part of the last century, composition of catches and rounds was never neglected in England, even by the gravest composers. Purcell was no exception to the rule, and many of his catches, originally written for the convivial gatherings in the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William and Mary, have retained their popularity until the present day, and are still to be met with in collections of school-songs. To gather them together from the various song-books of the period in which they originally appeared has been a task of some difficulty, but it is believed that those here printed are all now extant which may confidently be ascribed to Purcell. The work has been rendered more troublesome owing to the fact that in many cases the original words are so grossly indecent that later editors have reprinted the music with new words, but without indicating what was their original form, while in some cases compositions have been ascribed to Purcell which a little research would have shown to be the work of other men. In the former case, it has been thought best in the present edition either to alter the original words as little as possible or to write entirely new words, but retaining the opening phrase of the original and inserting some play on the words, such as always distinguishes the catch from the round or canon; which course has been pursued is indicated in the notes to each catch. "Aaron thus propos'd to Moses," which appeared in "Vinculum Societatis," Book II. (1688) and occurs in the "Pleasant Musical Companion," Book II. (1701), and in MS. collections is omitted, as it clearly is not a catch. In an Appendix have been placed the catches the authorship of which is doubtful. The following have not been included in the present volume:—

I.—*Catches by Purcell already printed in the volumes of the Purcell Society's edition containing his dramatic music.*

1. "At the close of the evening." (In "The Knight of Malta.")
2. "Jack, thou'rt a toper." (In "Bonduca.")
3. "My wife has a tongue." (In "The English Lawyer.")

II.—*Catches ascribed to Purcell in various Collections.*

4. "Ah, how gladly we." (An adaptation from "Dioclesian.")
5. "As now we're met." (An adaptation of "I gave her cakes." No. 15 in the present volume.)
6. "Come pull away boys." By G. Holmes.
7. "Had she not care enough." By J. Savile.
8. "Hark the bonny Christ Church bells." By H. Aldrich.
9. "Let's live good honest lives." By W. Cranford.
10. "Say what you please." By W. Turner.

In the lists of authorities given in the notes, the earliest source discovered has been stated, and later editions are generally omitted unless there seemed some special reason for mentioning them. The numerous manuscript sources in the British Museum collection have been mostly omitted, as they are easily found by reference to the excellent indexes in Mr. A. Hughes Hughes's "Catalogue of the Manuscript Music in the British Museum." It seemed best to omit these references as (with the exception of Add. MS. 19759) the manuscripts are all of late date. Full details of the various editions of "Catch that catch can" and "The Pleasant Musical Companion," so often referred to in the notes, will be found in the "Catalogue of Printed Music (1487-1800) in the British Museum." It only remains to express the Editor's thanks to Mr. John E. West for the kind assistance he has given as to various details.

W. B. S.

NOTES.

No. I.—"An ape, a lion, a fox, and an ass." ("Pleasant Musical Companion," Book II., 1701.)

I.

An ape, a lion, a fox, and an ass,
Do show forth man's life as it were in a glass ;
For apish we are till twenty and one,
And after that lions till forty be gone :
Then witty as foxes till three score and ten,
Then after that asses, and so no more men.

2.

A dove, a sparrow, a parrot, a crow,
As plainly sets forth how you women may know ;
Harmless they are till thirteen be gone,
Then wanton as sparrows till forty draws on :
Then prating as parrots till threescore be o'er,
Then birds of ill omen and women no more.

No. II.—"As Roger last night." ("Pleasant Musical Companion," Book II., 1701; Fitzwilliam MS.; Add. MS. 33237 f. 233; "Roger and Jenny" in the 10th edition of the "Pleasant Musical Companion.") Words rewritten for the Purcell Society by J. A. F.-M.

THE GHOST.

As Roger last night lay sleeping in bed,
There came a strange figure and stood at his head,
Quoth Roger, "Who are you and whence, prithee say
Why you visit by night and not come in the day ?"
"Friend Roger," he answered, standing by the bed-post,
"Come along quick, don't you see, I'm a ghost !"

No. III.—"Bring the bowl and cool Nantz." ("The Punch Catch"; from "Joyful Cuckoldom," c. 1693-94. (See infra, No. xvii.) Also in Book II. of the "Pleasant Musical Companion," 1701. In the 10th edition of the last-named work it is called "In Praise of Punch," Mus. School MS., c. 95.)

Bring the bowl and cool Nantz and let us be mixing,
We've a great deal of bus'ness, 'tis time to be fixing :
Dip, dip your dish fair, a round to all jolly punch-drinkers ;
We lose not a minute while we are our own skinkers,*
We need no damn'd drawers, our motions are quicker ;
We sit at the well, boys, and drink richer liquor.

* Skink, to pour out wine. A.S. scenc; Germ. schenk.

No. IV.—“Call for the Reckoning.” (“The Careless Drawer”; “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.) In all the early printed and manuscript versions there is no sharp in the signature, though the F in the last bar but one of the second voice part is flattened, clearly showing that the omission of the sharp is a mistake.

Call for the reck’ning and let us be gone,
 Such careless attendance sure never was known ;
 Pray ring the bell, till the drawers come up,
 Nay, prithee, pull on, though you break the rope ;
 Why, sure they’re asleep, a plague take ’em all ;
 Oh ! now they come sneaking with “Gentlemen, d’ye call ?”

No. V.—“Come, let us drink.” (“Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.)

Come, let us drink,
 ’Tis in vain to think
 Like fools, on grief or sadness ;
 Let our money fly
 And our sorrows die,
 All worldly care is madness.

But wine and good cheer
 Will, in spite of our fear,
 Inspire our hearts with mirth, boys ;
 The time we live
 To wine let us give,
 Since all must turn to earth, boys.

Hand about the bowl,
 The delight of my soul,
 And to my hand commend it ;
 A fig for chink !
 ’Twas made to buy drink,
 And before we go hence we’ll spend it.

No. VI.—“Come, my hearts.” (“A Loyal Catch”; “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1685; “Catch that catch can,” 1685.)

Come, my hearts,
 Play your parts
 With your quarts,
 See none starts,
 For the King’s health is a-drinking ;
 See to his Highness
 See there wine is,
 That has passed the test
 Above the rest,
 For those healths deserve the best.

They that shrink
From their chink,
From their drink
We will think
That of treasons they are thinking.

No. VII.—“Down, down with Bacchus.” (“Thesaurus Musicus,” Book I., 1693.)

Down, down with Bacchus! from this hour
Renounce the grape’s tyrannic pow’r,
Whilst in our large confed’rate bowl
And mingling virtue cheer the soul.

Down with the French! march on to Nantz,
For whose dear sake we’ll conquer France,
And when th’ inspiring cups swell high,
Their hungry juice with scorn defy.

Rouse, royal boys, your forces join
To rout the Monsieur and his wine;
Then the next year our bowls shall be
Quaff’d under the vines in Burgundy.

No. VIII.—“Drink on, till night be spent.” (“Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 2nd edition, 1686.) In some copies the first bar of the third voice part reads :



Drink on, till night be spent and sun do shine,
Did not the gods give anxious mortals wine
To wash all care and trouble from the heart?
Why then so soon should jovial fellows part?
Come, let this bumper for the next give way,
Who’s sure to live and drink another day.

No. IX.—“God save our sov’reign, Charles.” (“Catch that catch can,” 1685.)

God save our sov’reign, Charles, our faith’s defender,
Let all good men his laws and honour tender;
Protect Queen Cath’rine, England’s nursing-mother,
Preserve York’s duke, our King’s illustrious brother:
Who to his* pious votes denies his hand,
I pray for him too, but wish him out o’ th’ land.

* These (?).

No. X.—“Great Apollo and Bacchus.” (Add. MS. 29397, f. 506.)

Great Apollo and Bacchus one night did dispute
 Which god by disciples had got most repute ;
 “Two sons I have had,” says Apollo, “whose fame
 Sings loud Io Pæan to my sacred name” ;
 “I’ve as many,” quoth Bacchus, “and even your two
 Will serve and adore me, nay, sooner than you.”

No. XI.—“He that drinks is immortal.” (“Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701; Add. MS. 23237.) The printed version has a sharp to the C in the signature; the MS. is correct. The second line reads: “For wine still supply”—apparently a mistake for supplies.

He that drinks is immortal and can ne’er decay,
 For wine still supplies what age wears away ;
 How can he be dust that moistens his clay ?

No. XII.—“A health to the nut-brown lass.” (“Catch that catch can,” 1685; “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1686.) Words (altered in this edition) from Sir John Suckling’s “The Goblins” (1638); also occurring in Samuel Sheppard’s “Committee Man Curried” (1647).

A health to the nut-brown lass,
 With the hazel eyes ;
 She that hath good eyes
 In loving is wise,
 Let it pass.

As much to the livelier grey,
 They’re as good by night as day ;
 She that hath good eyes
 In loving is wise,
 Drink away.

I’ll pledge, sir, I’ll pledge : what ho ! some wine ;
 Here ’s to mine and to thine,
 To thine and to mine,
 The colours are divine.

But oh ! the black eyes, the black !
 Give me as much again, and let it be sack.
 She that hath good eyes
 In loving is wise,
 And is never slack.

No. XIII.—“Here’s a health, let it pass.” (“Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.)

Here’s a health, pray let it pass about,
 A health that ne’er shall cease till all our wine is out ;
 Therefore drink away and never let it stand,
 But ply it closely round from hand to hand,
 And eagerly and bravely, with courage thus pursue it,
 For ’tis a health, a health, to honest, ruddy Roger Hewitt.

No. XIV.—“Here’s that will challenge.” Bartholomew Fair. “An Additional Sheet to the book entitled ‘The Musical Companion,’” without date, bound up with the 1673 edition of “The Musical Companion” (British Museum) : probably printed about 1680. Also occurs in “Catch that catch can” (1685) and the ‘Pleasant Musical Companion,’ Book II. (1686), in both of which the sharp to the C in bar 6 of the third voice part is omitted. Jacob Hall, mentioned in the words, was a famous rope-dancer from c. 1668 to c. 1682. Pepys saw him at Bartholomew Fair on August 29, 1668, and at Southwark Fair in the following month : “such action as I never saw before, and mightily worth seeing . . . he seems a mighty strong man.” He received a salary from Lady Castlemain, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, and (according to “Wit and Drollery”) was still performing in London in 1682. (“Dictionary of National Biography.”)

Here’s that will challenge all the Fair ;
 Come buy my nuts and damsons, my Burgamy pears :
 Here’s the whore of Babylon, the Devil, and the Pope ;
 The girl is just a-going on the rope.

Here’s Dives and Lazarus and the world’s creation ;
 Here’s the Dutch woman, the like’s not in the nation ;
 Here is the booth where the tall Dutch maid is ;
 Here are bears that dance like any ladies.

“To-to-to-to-tot,” goes the little penny trumpet ;
 Here’s your Jacob Hall that can jump it, jump it ;
 Sound, trumpet, sound ; a silver spoon and fork ;
 Come, here’s your dainty pig and pork.

No. XV.—“I gave her cakes.” (“Banquet of Musick,” Book IV., 1690; “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.) The former omits the rest in the first bar of the third voice-part.

I gave her cakes and I gave her ale,
 And I gave her sack and sherry ;
 I kiss’d her once and kiss’d her twice,
 And we were wondrous merry.

I gave her beads and bracelets fine,
 And I gave her gold down derry ;
 I thought she was afeard till she strok’d my beard,
 And we were wondrous merry.

Merry my hearts, my cocks, my sprites,
 Merry my hey down derry ;
 I kiss’d her once, and I kiss’d her twice,
 And we were wondrous merry.

No. XVI.—“If all be true that I do think.” (“Banquet of Musick,” Book III. 1689; “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.) These words are a translation (sometimes attributed to Dean Aldrich) from the following epigram by Jean Sirmond (1589?-1649) :—

Si bene commemini causæ sunt quinque bibendi :
 Hospitis adventus ; præsens sitis atque futura ;
 Et vini bonitas, et quælibet altera causa.

If all be true that I do think,
 There are five reasons we should drink :
 Good wine, a friend, or being dry,
 Or lest we should be by and by,
 Or any other reason why.

No. XVII.—“Is Charleroy’s siege ?” “A Catch upon Charleroy.” (“Joyful Cuckoldom,” a collection of single-sheets probably published about 1693-94. The only copy known is in the British Museum, and has a manuscript title-page dated 1673, which is obviously too early. “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.) The siege of Charleroi referred to is probably that by the Prince of Orange in 1677.

Is Charleroy’s siege come to ? who would a-thought it !
 Then the rumour was false that Lewis had bought it ;
 Then charge all your guns, boys, as high as they can be,
 With the briskest champagne ramm’d down with Nantz brandy ;
 Let engineer Vauban shoot the devil and all,
 Yet his marshal shan’t dance at old Maintenon’s ball.

No. XVIII.—“Let the grave folks go preach.” “The Jovial Drinker.” (“Catch that catch can,” 1685.)

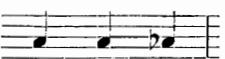
Let the grave folks go preach that our lives are but short,
 And tell us much wine speedy death does invite ;
 But we’ll be reveng’d beforehand with them for ’t,
 And crowd a life’s mirth in the space of a night.
 Then stand all about, with your glasses full crown’d,
 Till ev’rything else to our posture do grow ;
 Till over our cups and our heads and the whole house go round,
 And the cellar become where the chamber is now.
 The sun in the rays of his rich morning-gown,
 Shall be rivalled by faces as bright as his own,
 And wonder that mortals can fuddle away
 More wine in a night than he water by day.

No. XIX.—“Let us drink to the blades.” (“Joyful Cuckoldom,” 1693-94; “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.) The words were evidently written during the Siege of Limerick (1691). The following different readings occur in the “Pleasant Musical Companion” version :—

1st voice, Bar 6 : 
 Shan - non

2nd voice, Bar 5 : 
 trum - pets and

3rd voice, Bar 5 : 
 fa - - ces re -

Bar 8 : 
 Mon - sieur, poor

Let us drink to the blades intrench'd on the Shannon,
 Discharge our full glasses as they their whole cannon ;
 Ev'ry health shall be flourish'd with trumpets and drums,
 And our bumpers go off in pledge to their bombs,
 See the town in a blaze now our faces resembles,
 And at both the pale Monsieur, poor Mac and Teague trembles.

No. XX.—“The Macedon Youth.” (From “A New Additional Sheet to the ‘Pleasant Musical Companion,’” Book II., 1686.) The words of the first verse are altered from a song in Suckling’s “Tragedy of Brennoralt.”

The Macedon youth
 Left behind him this truth,
 That nothing was done with much thinking ;
 He drank and he fought,
 And he got what he sought,
 And the world was his own by fair drinking.
 He wash'd his great soul
 In a plentiful bowl,
 He cast away trouble and sorrow ;
 His mind did not run
 Of what ought to be done,
 For he thought of to-day, not to-morrow.

No. XXI.—“My Lady's Coachman, John.” (“A Small Collection of the Newest Catches,” 1687; “Comes Amoris,” Book II., 1688; “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.) Words rewritten by J. A. F.-M.

THE PENSIONER.

My lady's coachman, John,
 Whose sight is almost gone,
 He cannot drive his horses,
 His useful life is done,
 This poor old coachman, John !
 My lady said : “ ’Tis true
 A pension is his due,
 I'll give him half his wages,
 Since his remaining years of life
 Are surely very few.”
 ’Tis twenty years ago
 And now he'd have you know
 He's got a gouty toe :
He die ? Oh dear no !

No. XXII.—“Now England's great Council.” “A Catch made in the time of Parliament, 1676.” (“Catch that catch can,” 1685.) The words of the last line have been slightly altered.

Now England's great council's assembled
 To make laws for all English-born freemen,
 Since 'tis dangerous to prate
 Of matters of State,
 Let's handle our wine and our women.

Let's drink to the Senate's best thoughts
 For the good of the King and the nation ;
 They may dig on the spot
 As deep for the Plot
 As the Jesuits have laid the foundation.
 The plague take all zealots and fools,
 And each silly Protestant hater ;
 Better turn cat-in-pan,
 And live like a man,
 Than be hang'd and die like a traitor.

No. XXIII.—“Now, now we are met.” (“A Small Collection of the Newest Catches,” 1687, published with “Comes Amoris,” Book II., 1688; “Banquet of Musick,” Book I., 1688; “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.)

Now, now we are met, and humours agree,
 Call, call for wine,
 And lose no time,
 But let's merry be.
 Fill, fill it about, to me let it come,
 Fill the glass to the top,
 I'll drink every drop,
*Supernaculum.**
 A health to the King ! Round, round let it pass,
 Fill it up, and then
 Drink it off like men,
 Never baulk your glass !

No. XXIV.—“Of all the instruments that are.” “A Catch for three voices in commendation of the Viol.” (“Comes Amoris,” Book IV., 1693; “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.)

Of all the instruments that are,
 None with the viol can compare ;
 Mark how the strings their order keep,
 With a whet, whet, whet, and a sweep, sweep, sweep ;
 But above all it still abounds,
 With a zingle, zingle zing and a zin-zan-zounds.

No. XXV.—“Once in our lives.” (“Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1686; Musical School (Oxford) MS. c. 95. Another setting of the same words, by Michael Wise, is in “Catch that catch can,” 1685.)

Once in our lives
 Let us drink to our wives,
 Though their number be but small ;
 Heaven take the best,
 And the devil take the rest,
 And so we shall get rid of them all.
 To this hearty wish,
 Let each man take his dish,
 And drink, drink till he fall.

* To drink *supernaculum* was when the pledger of a toast, after drinking, turned down the cup upon his thumb-nail, to show that no drop of the liquor remained.

No. XXVI.—“Once, twice, thrice, I Julia tried.” (“Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.) Words altered.

Once, twice, thrice, I Julia tried,
The scornful puss as oft denied,
And since I can no better thrive,
I'll cringe to ne'er a maid alive.
So go your way, disdainful sow,
Good claret is my mistress now.

No. XXVII.—“One industrious insect.” “A Rebus upon Mr. Anthony Hall, who keeps the Mermaid Tavern in *Oxford*, and plays his part very well on the Violin. The Words [by] Mr. Tomlinson.” (“Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.) The author of the words has not been identified, but the same edition of the “Pleasant Musical Companion” contains a rebus by him on the name of Purcell, set as a catch by John Lenton. In line 5, the words “flesh” and “fish” are incorrectly transposed. In the last line, “fellow” is printed instead of “fellows.”

One industrious insect and the sweetness of th' other
Is the christian name of our well-belov'd brother,
His surname the room where the fire's in the middle,
And some say he plays very well on the fiddle,
The sign he hangs out is half flesh and half fish,
And he sells as true wine as good fellows can wish.

At the end of the catch the following Latin translation of the rebus is given:—

Insecta præcauta, alterius merda
Dant fratri prænomen (dum verba absurdæ)
Cognomen triticinium quo medio fit ignis
Multique ferunt ut tibicen insignis.
Vexilla sunt, magna bicarnea mundi;
Vinum, quod vendit, optarent potabundi.

No. XXVIII.—“Pale faces, stand by.” (“Vinculum Societatis, or the Tie of Good Company,” Book II., 1688; “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.) The words, “by Mr. Taverner,” are in C. Gildon’s “Miscellany Poems” (1692), p. 45, with slight alterations.

Pale faces, stand by, and our bright ones adore,
We look like our wine, you worse than our score;
Come light up our pimples, all art we outshine,
When the plump God does paint, each streak is divine,
Clean glasses are pencils, old claret his oil,
He that sits for his picture must sit a good while.

No. XXIX.—“Plague on you for a fop.” (“Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.) Original words (beginning: “Pox on you”) altered.

“Plague on you for a fop, your stomach's too queasy,
Cannot I gape and yawn, you coxcomb, to ease me?
What if I yawn full in your face? and shall, please ye.”

“ Fogh, how wide he yawns, now he ’s at it again,
 Out, ye beast, I never met so drowsy a man,
 I’m not able to bear it, what the devil d’ye mean ? ”

No less than a Cæsar decreed with great reason
 No restraint should be laid on the mouth or the weason,
 For yawning and gaping were always in season.

No. XXX.—“ Prithee be n’t so sad and serious.” (“ Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.)

Prithee be n’t so sad and serious,
 Nothing’s got by grief or cares ;
 Melancholy’s too imperious,
 When it comes, still domineers.
 But if bus’ness, love, or sorrow
 That possesses thus thy mind,
 Bid ’em come again to-morrow,
 We are now to mirth inclin’d.
 Let the glass run its round
 And each good fellow keep his ground,
 And if there be any flincher found,
 We’ll have his soul new-coin’d.

No. XXXI.—“ Room for th’ express.” (“ Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.) Evidently written on the fall of Limerick (July, 1694).

Room for th’ express ! At length here it comes,
 Lim’rick’s our own, be it known to all grums.
 Hark ! the guns of the Tower ring it in peals,
 We’ll drink round the bonfires, huzza to the bells.
 To our conquering army loud praises let ’s sing,
 And now, Monsieur Frenchman, have at you next Spring !

No. XXXII.—“ Since the Duke is return’d.” “ Upon the Duke’s Return.” (“ Catch that catch can,” 1685.) The date must be June, 1682, when the Duke of York returned to London from Scotland. For the evidence afforded by this catch to the question of the date of “ God save the King,” see the Proceedings of the Musical Association for May 15, 1917, and the *Musical Times* for June, 1917, p. 268 *et seq.*

Since the Duke is return’d we’ll damn all the Whigs
 And let them be hang’d for politic prigs ;
 Both Presbyter Jack, and all the whole crew,
 That lately design’d Forty-one to renew.

Make room for the men that never denied
 To *God save the King and Duke* they replied,
 Whose loyalty ever was fix’d with that zeal
 Of voting down schism and proud Commonweal.

Then bring up a pottle,
 We'll huzza the glass,
 And drink off a bottle,
 Each man in his place ;
 Here's a health to the Duke !
 Boy, give me my measure,
 The fuller the glass is,
 The greater the pleasure.

No. XXXIII.—“ Since time to us so kind does prove.” (“ Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.) Words altered. The 1701 version reads G, G♯ to the words “ Oh fie”: the much later “ Catch Club ” (c. 1760) has A, G♯, which is evidently correct.

“ Since time so kind to us does prove,
 Do not, my dear, refuse my love.”
 “ Who calls without ? Oh fie, the door is shut to,
 You're the boldest man that e'er I knew,
 Be off, the neighbours sure will hear.”
 “ Farewell, farewell, my dear.”

No. XXXIV.—“ Sir Walter enjoying.” (“ Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.) New words by J. A. F.-M.

THE SCOLDING.

Sir Walter enjoying a pipe in his chair,
 There enters my Lady, with her nose in the air :
 “ Pray my darling,” said he, “ what has brought me this pleasure ?
 For so busy are you, you have no leisure.”
 “ How can you sit there, surrounded by this smother ?
 No longer will I stand
 Such treatment at your hand,
 To-morrow I go home to Mother ! ”

No. XXXV.—“ Soldier, soldier, take off thy wine.” (“ Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.)

“ Soldier, soldier, take off thy wine,
 And shake thy locks as I shake mine.”
 “ How can I my poor locks shake,
 That have but ten hairs on my pate ;
 And one of them must go for tithe,
 So there remain but four and five.”
 “ Four and five, and that makes nine,
 So take off your drink as I take mine.”

No. XXXVI.—“ Sum up all the delights.” (“ A Small Collection of the newest Catches,” 1687, published with Book II. of “ Comes Amoris,” 1688; “ Banquet of Musick,” Book I., 1687; “ Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.) The last-

named collection reads (correctly) the version here given in the second voice part, four bars

from the end. The earlier versions read:  In Walsh's "Catch Club"

plea - sure ne'er

(c. 1760) the passage is thus altered:



Sum up all the delights the world does produce,
The darling allurements now chiefly in use,
You'll find when compar'd there's none can contend
With the solid enjoyment of bottle and friend.

For honour or wealth or beauty may waste,
Those joys often fade but rarely do last,
They're so hard to attain and so easily lost,
That the pleasure ne'er answers the trouble and cost.

None like wine and true friendship are lasting and sure,
From jealousy free and from envy secure ;
Then fill up the glasses until they run o'er,
A friend and good wine are the charms we adore.

No. XXXVII.—“The Surrender of Lim’rick.” The oldest printed copy traced is in Walsh’s “Catch Club” (c. 1760); no manuscript versions have been found earlier than the 18th century. The date of composition must be 1694.

The surrender of Lim’rick and the flight of the Bassaw,
Are but trifles compar’d to the safety of Nassau ;
Then let others rejoice that the Teagues are defeated,
That the Turks and the Germans have happily treated ;
Great Nassau’s return brings a joy that’s completer,
The cause of these blessings and the pledge of much greater.

No. XXXVIII.—“’Tis easy to force.” “A Catch on a Horse.” (“Catch that catch can,” 1685; “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1686; Fitzwilliam MS.)

’Tis easy to force
To the water your horse,
But when he’s once had his dose
He’ll no more drench his nose.

That the creature thus wise is
From hence it arises,
He finds his chill fuddle
Mere element and puddle.

Let the tipple be wine,
If the horse proves not swine
And drink all, he's an ass,
Though the Thames was his glass.

Greater Man on some strand
More courageous should stand,
And quaff seas in a hand.

No. XXXIX.—“'Tis too late for a coach.” (“Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.)

'Tis too late for a coach, and too soon to reel home,
We have freedom to stagger when the town is our own ;
Let's whirl it away and whip sixpences round,
Till the drawers are founder'd and the hogshead does sound.
The glass stands with you, Tom, sail your tide, pull away,
One minute of midnight is worth a whole day.

No. XL.—“'Tis women makes us love.” (“Catch that catch can,” 1685; “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1686.)

'Tis women makes us love,
'Tis love that makes us sad,
'Tis sadness makes us drink
And drinking makes us mad.

No. XLI.—“To all lovers of music.” “A Catch by way of Epistle.” (Prefixed to “Comes Amoris,” Book I., 1687; “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701; Music School MS. c. 95.) “My maggot-man Scott” was Sam Scott, who (with John Carr) published “Comes Amoris.”

To all lovers of music, performers and scrapers,
To those that love catches, play tunes, and cut capers,
With a new catch I greet you, and tho' I say it that shouldn't,
Like a fiddle, 'tis music, tho' the words are but wooden.

But my brother, John Playford, and I shall present you
Ere long with a book I presume will content you ;
'Tis true we know well the sale of good music,
But to hear us perform would make him sick and you sick.

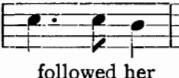
My maggot-man Sam, at the first Temple gate,
Will further inform you; if not, my wife Kate;
From between the two Devils near Temple Bar,
I rest, your friend and servant, John Carr.

No. XLII.—“To thee and to a lass.” (“Catch that catch can,” 1685; “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.) Words altered.

To thee and to a lass
 That kindly will fill up a brimming glass,
 And laugh and sing and kiss and play,
 And wanton out a summer’s day:
 Such, such a lass, kind friends and drinking,
 Give me, great Jove, and hang the thinking.

No. XLIII.—“True Englishmen drink.” (“Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.) “The seven who supported our cause” are the seven Bishops imprisoned in the Tower in 1688.

True Englishmen drink a good health to the mitre,
 Let our Church ever flourish, tho’ her enemies spite her,
 May their cunning and forces no longer prevail,
 But their malice as well as their arguments fail.
 Then remember the seven who supported our cause,
 As stout as our martyrs, and as just as our laws.

No. XLIV.—“Under a green elm.” (“Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1686.) Some later editions read “Under a great elm.” In bar 5 of the second voice part the original edition has  ; the reading adopted here is that of Walsh’s “Catch Club” (c. 1760).

Under a green elm
 Lies Luke Shepherd’s helm,
 That steered him ev’ry way,
 Wherefore now she’s gone,
 Mourning there is none,
 He follow’d her corpse in grey.

He smiled at the grave,
 Like a fleering knave,
 She’ll tell him on’t at the last day,
 For if we must rise,
 With the same body and eyes,
 She’ll have the same tongue, folks say.

No. XLV.—“Under this stone.” “An old Epitaph.” (“Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1686.)

Under this stone lies Gabriel John,
 In the year of our Lord one thousand and one;
 Cover his head with a turf or stone,
 With turf or stone ’tis all one, ’tis all one.
 Pray for the soul of gentle John,
 If you please you may, or let it alone.

No. XLVI.—“When V and I together meet.” (“A new Additional Sheet to the Catch-Book”—added to the “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1686; “Vinculum Societatis,” Book I., 1687.)

When V and I together meet,
We make up 6 in house or street,
Yet I and V may meet once more,
And then we 2 can make but 4;
But when that V from I are gone,
Alas ! poor I can make but 1.

No. XLVII.—“Who comes there?” “The London Constable.” (“Catch that catch can,” 1685; “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1686; Music School MS. c. 95.) Walsh’s “Catch Club” (c. 1760) contains some slight alterations in the notes.

“ Who comes there ? stand, and come before the constable,
We’ll know what you are, what makes you out so late,”
Says the midnight magistrate
With a noddle full of ale, in a wooden chair of state.

“ Whence come you, sir, and whither do you go ?
You may be, sir, a Jesuit for aught I know.”
“ You may as well, sir, take me for a Mahometan”—
“ He speaks Latin, secure him, he’s a dangerous man.”

“ To tell you the truth, sir, I am an honest Tory,
But here’s a crown to drink, and there’s the end of the story.”
“ Good morrow, sir, a civil man is always welcome ;
Go, Barnaby Bounce, light the gentleman home.”

No. XLVIII.—“Wine in a morning.” (“Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1686; Music School MS. c. 95.) Words by Tom Brown. Walsh’s “Catch Club” (c. 1760), as usual, contains some slight alterations in the music.

Wine in a morning makes us frolic and gay,
That like eagles we soar in the pride of the day,
Gouty sots in the night only find a decay.

’Tis the sun ripes the grape and to drinking gives light,
We imitate him when by noon we’re at height,
They steal wine who take it when he’s out of sight.

Boy, fill all the glasses, fill ’em up now he shines,
The higher he rises, the more he refines,
But wine and wit pall as their maker declines.

No. XLIX.—“Would you know how we meet.” “A new Catch.” (“Theater of Musick,” Book II., 1685; “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1686.) Words by Thomas Otway.

Would you know how we meet o'er our jolly full bowls ?
 As we mingle our liquors, we mingle our souls ;
 The sweet melts the sharp, the kind soothes the strong,
 And nothing but friendship grows all the night long ;
 We drink, laugh and celebrate ev'ry desire,
 Love only remains our unquenchable fire.

No. L.—“Young Collin cleaving.” (“Banquet of Musick,” Book V., 1690; “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1701.) New words. The original words are from the Latin of George Buchanan by T. D’Urfey (“New Poems,” 1690). Walsh’s “Catch Club” (c. 1760) has several slight alterations in the music.

Young Collin cleaving firewood sound,
 Soon fuel-chopping hot work found,
 And gladly stop’d when he heard a cry,
 His sweetheart he saw lay prone hard by !

Georgina had fallen and spoil’d her dress,
 (Her state I’ld best leave for you to guess),
 She cried for assistance out of her distress :
 “Oh, Collin, do help me from this mess.”

The swain did nought but stand and stare,
 Ne’er had he seen a sight so fair ;
 She cried : “ Hold your Georgina out your hand,
 I vow to do anything you command.”

No. LI.—“Young John the Gardener.” (Appeared anonymously (as a song) in “The Newest Collection of the Choicest Songs,” 1683; “Catch that catch can,” 1685; “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1686.) New words by J. A. F.-M.

THE SERVANTS’ BALL.

Young John the gard’ner led my Lady out,
 She found he danced quite well for such a lout ;
 Thomas the coachman danc’d with Lady Nell,
 Who said she rather liked the stable smell.

Mary the housemaid danc’d with Master Joe,
 And when he kiss’d her, cried “ Oh, let me go ! ”
 And Smith the cook, in “ Sir Roger ” with my Lord,
 Got out of breath and couldn’t say a word.

APPENDIX.

No. LII.—“Fie, nay prithee, John.” “A Scolding Catch.” Generally anonymous. (The earliest edition is in “Catch that catch can,” 1685.) Purcell’s name occurs first in the 10th edition of the “Pleasant Musical Companion,” published by J. Johnson about 1740. In Add. MS. 22099 it is ascribed to Blow; in Add. MS. 19759 (*c.* 1685) to “Mr. Fishborn.” The words have been altered.

“Fie, nay prithee, John,
Do not quarrel, man,
Let’s be merry and drink about.”

“You’re a rogue, you cheated me,
I’ll prove before this company,
I care not a farthing, Sir, for all you are so stout.”

“Sir, you lie, I scorn your word,
Or any man that wears a sword,
For all your huff, who cares a fig or who cares for you ?”

No. LIII.—“Full bags.” (Anonymous in the “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1686; with Purcell’s name and headed “A Catch, the words by Col. Allistree,” in the 1701 edition.) Rewritten by J. A. F.-M.

CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.

Full bags are a nuisance when you travel about,
And the Custom-house officers empty them out ;
You may talk your best French, pull grimaces, and shout,
And refuse the kind offers of many a tout ;
When sent for a cure to get rid of the gout,
You’ll get thin on the way tho’ you’re never so stout.

No. LIV.—“The glass was just tim’d.” No early copy, either manuscript or printed, has been traced. First appeared in the “Catch Club” (*c.* 1760).

The glass was just tim’d to the critical hour,
When we heard the report of the guns at the Tow’r,
Thanks to kind Heav’n, who the blessing contriv’d,
No sooner we drank it than our Monarch arriv’d,
The theme let’s continue and our bumpers advance,
Success to Old England, confusion to France !

No. LV.—“The Miller’s Daughter.” (Ascribed to Purcell in “A New Additional Sheet” to the “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 1686; to Blow in “A Small Collection of the Newest Catches” (1687), issued with “Comes Amoris,” Book II., 1688. New words.

The miller’s daughter, riding to the fair,
Look’d for her sweetheart, but could not find him there ;
She said : “Alas, I’m quite undone, oh how the folks do stare ! ”
When Robin saw her coming, he hid himself awhile,
But soon he crept behind her and kissed and made her smile ;
His kisses when she felt, she cried with might and main :
“Oh, Robin dear, you are a rogue, but sure I’ve got you back again.”

No. LVI.—“Since women so false.” Occurs only in Add. MS. 19759, which dates from about 1685. The music is very corrupt, and has been restored conjecturally.

Since women so false and so jiltish are grown
That a man never knows when he makes them his own,
As true honest drunkards hunt out the best wine,
So we lay out our loves only where they prove kind,
And when they grow old and begin to taste sickly,
We broach fresh amours to make ‘em taste briskly.

No. LVII.—“Tom making a manteau.” “Tom the Tailor.” (First appeared (anonymously) in a “Supplement of New Catches, to the Second Part of the Pleasant Musical Companion, containing the Choicest Catches of Dr. John Blow, and the late Mr. Henry Purcell, and other eminent masters” (1702). In the “Pleasant Musical Companion,” Book II., 5th edition (1707), it is ascribed to Henry Hall; in Walsh’s “Catch Club,” Part II. (c. 1720), and later collections, it is ascribed to Purcell.) Words altered.

Tom making a manteau * for a lady’s pleasure,
It was too small and wrong in measure,
He quickly found, tho’ woundily tight-laced, sir,
Nine inches would not half surround her waist, sir ;
Three inches more he adds, to make it bigger,
Yet all too small to span her buxom figure.

* Spelt “mantua” in later editions.

TWO-PART AND THREE-PART
SONGS.

EDITED BY

J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND.

TWO-PART AND THREE-PART SONGS

PREFACE.



MONG the vocal compositions of Purcell which are independent of any dramatic work, duets or "two-part songs" are relatively very numerous. It is curious, too, to find that of these a remarkably large proportion are written for treble and bass voices. Out of the forty-seven duets contained in the present volume, no fewer than forty-three are for this combination, the four exceptions being "How pleasant is this flowery plain" (for soprano and tenor), the Elegy on the death of Queen Mary (for two sopranos), "Turn then thine eyes," for the same, and the Dialogue between Orpheus and Charon (for two basses). One reason of the large preponderance of the treble and bass combination is that many of the duets are in the form of pastoral love-poems in dialogue; but even so, it might have been thought that the tenor voice might occasionally be chosen for the lover's part, instead of being used only in a single specimen. We know that in Restoration times the fashion obtained of a boy and a man singing together, the boy of course undertaking the female part in such dialogues as have been mentioned. There seems to have been little or no need for obliging the singers to utter only words appropriate to their own sex; thus the bass voice, and possibly the tenor, are employed in the duet "What can we poor females do?" and it is perhaps not to be regretted, in view of the character of some of the words, that they were not designed for women to sing.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of these two-part songs, whether in dialogue or not, is the perfect mastery of inflection and accentuation which they display. The Dialogue of Orpheus and Charon is worthy of Gluck or Wagner in respect of the faithful musical equivalents of the natural inflections of the speaking voice; and in the care with which the accents of the words are transferred to the music. In a good many instances later editors of Purcell's work have altered his characteristic accentuations so as to bring them into line with the smoother and less expressive manner of the 18th century; but there can be no doubt that the more vigorous style of accentuation is the one adopted by Purcell.

The master's career as a composer was so brief that it is difficult, if not impossible, to discriminate between his early and late work, although a gradual development of style is to be traced. I have arranged the following duets according to the dates of their first appearance in print, leaving to the last those which hitherto have existed only in manuscript. The hemophonic style of the first duet, which appeared in 1684, is maintained for some years, and "Here's to thee, Dick" (1688) is the first composition in this collection which shows a preference for a freer motion.

It is not to be supposed that the compositions in the latter part of the book, of sources that are in MS. only, are of later date, or more mature, than those which occur in the three editions of "Orpheus Britannicus," that great storehouse of Purcell's works in which were gathered, after his death, all the vocal compositions that his widow considered worthiest of his fame.

It is only quite recently that the volume of autographs, which contains the best possible text of many of these duets, was made available by the King's generous loan of the book to the British Museum. Other important MSS. are in the same library, and at Cambridge, in the Fitzwilliam Museum, there is a MS. volume which was probably used extensively in the preparation of "Orpheus Britannicus," so faithfully are its readings, and even its obvious mistakes, followed in the printed publication.

It may be noticed that the word "Chorus," which occurs frequently in the MSS. and elsewhere, means only that the two solo voices join in ensemble, not that any chorus in the modern acceptation is implied. The direction has been omitted in the following pages, as it is both unnecessary and misleading. The *basso continuo* is printed on a separate stave in certain cases where the pianoforte accompaniment differs slightly from it in the employment of octaves, &c.

I.—“WHEN GAY PHILANDER LEFT THE PLAIN.”

First published in Playford's “Choice Ayres,” V. (1684), p. 40. In D'Urfey's “Pills” the *cantus* part only is given as a “single song.”

When gay Philander left the Plain,
The love, the life of ev'ry Swain,
His pipe the mournful Strephon took ;
By some sad Bank, and murmur'ring Brook,
Whilst list'ning Flocks forsook their Food,
And Melancholy by him stood.
On the cold ground himself he laid,
And thus the mournful Shepherd play'd.

Farewell to all that's bright and gay,
No more glad Light and cheerful Day ;
No more the Sun will gild our Plain,
'Till the lost Youth return again ;
Then ev'ry pensive Heart that now
With mournful Willow shades his Brow,
Shall crown'd with cheerful Garlands sing
And all shall seem eternal Spring.

Say, mighty Pan, if you did know,
Say, all ye rural Gods below,
'Mongst all [the] Youths that graced your Plain,
So gay, so beautiful a Swain ?
In whose sweet Air and charming Voyce
Our list'ning Swains did all rejoice.
Him only, O ye Gods ! restore,
Your Nymphs and Shepherds ask no more.

II.—“ADIEU TO HIS MISTRESS.”

First published as “Adieu to a Mistress” in “Catch that Catch Can” (1685), and (with title as above) in “Pleasant Musical Companion” (1686), p. 3, 8. (Words have been slightly altered.)

Come lay by all Care, e'en let her go,
Fill up the Glass till it overflow.
If the Drawer prove right, no Mistress like Wine,
She'll charm all your Senses, and Fancies refine ;
To humour a Creature all change like the Moon,
Sometimes she'l be kind, then dogged as soon.
Prethee leave off, we'l mind her no more,
And 'tis forty to one if her loss you'll deplore.

Then drink about freely, whilst now in your pow'r,
Ne're lose the great Blessing of this happy Hour.

III.—“THOUGH MY MISTRESS BE FAIR.”

First published in “Catch that Catch Can” (1685), 68; and “Orph. Brit.,” first edition, I., 42. The autograph is in the Buckingham Palace Collection, and a MS. is in the Fitzwilliam Museum, No. 120.

Though my Mistress be fair, yet foward she’s too,
 Then hang the dull Soul that will offer to Woo ;
 But ’tis Wine, brave Wine,
 ’Tis Liquor, good Liquor,
 That’s much more sublime,
 Much brisker and quicker ;
 It in Sparkles smiles on me,
 Though she frown upon me ;
 Then with Laughing and Quaffing,
 I’le Time and Age beguile,
 Owe my Pimples and Wrinkles,
 To my Drink and a Smile.

Come fill up my Glass, and a Plague on her Face ;
 May it never want Scars and Scratches,
 Wash, Paint, and Patches ;
 Give me all my Drinking Magazine,
 I’le blow up the scornful Quean ;
 Give me Bottles and Jugs,
 And Glasses and Mugs,
 I’le hug ’em and tug ’em, and Court ’em much more,
 Than e’re I did the peevish Girl before.

The instrumental Bass part is here given as it stands in “Catch that Catch Can,” and in the autograph, since that in “Orph. Brit.” seems to have been arranged so as to diverge less from the vocal bass.

IV.—“A DIALOGUE BETWIXT ALEXIS AND SYLVIA.”

Words by D’Urfey, first published in his “Third Collection of New Songs” (1685), 22.

Alexis.—Sit down, my dear *Sylvia*, and then tell me true,
 When we the fierce pleasure of Passion first knew,
 What Senses were charm’d and what Raptures did dwell
 Within thy fond Heart, my dear Nymph, prethee tell !
 That when thy Delights in their fulness are known,
 I may have the joy to relate all my own.

Sylvia.—Oh fye, my *Alexis* ! how dare you propose
 To me, silly Girl, things immodest as those !
 Nice Candour and Modesty glow in my Breast,
 Whose Virtue can utter no words so unchast ;
 But if your impatience admits no delay,
 Describe your own Raptures, and teach me the way.

Alexis.—A Pain mixed with Pleasure my Senses first found,
 When crowds of Delight strait my Heart did surround ;
 A Joy so transporting, I sigh'd when 'twas done,
 And fain would renew, but alas ! all was gone ;
 Coy Nature was treacherous when first she meant
 A Treasure so precious so soon should be spent.

Sylvia.—This free, kind Confession does so much prevail,
 That I in your Bosom would blush out my Tale ;
 But, Dearest, you know 'tis too much to declare
 The Joys that our Souls, when united, do share.

Chorus.—Let this then suffice, if the pleasure could last,
 A Saint would leave Heaven, still so to be blest.

V.—“WHEN, LOVELY PHILLIS, THOU ART KIND.”

First published in the “Theater of Musick,” II. (1685), 4; “Orph. Brit.,” II., 114.

The earlier printed version has no instrumental bass; but the existence of such a part is implied in two passages.

When, lovely Phillis, thou art kind,
 Nought but Raptures fill my Mind ;
 'Tis then I think thee so Divine,
 T'excell the mighty pow'r of Wine ;
 But when thou insult'st, and laughs at my Pain,
 I wash thee away with sparkling Champaign ;
 So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother,
 And drive out one God by the Pow'r of another.

When Pity in thy Looks I see,
 I frailly quit my Friends for thee ;
 Perswasive Love so charms me then,
 My Freedom I'd not wish again.
 But when thou art cruel, and heeds not my care,
 Streight [way] with a Bumper I banish Despair ;
 So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother,
 And drive out one God by the Pow'r of another.

VI.—“A SERENADING SONG.”

First published in “Theater of Musick,” II. (1685), 13. Also in the first edition of “Orph. Brit.,” I., 14. The autograph is in the Buckingham Palace Collection, and copies are in Add. MS. 33,487, f. 46, and Fitzwilliam Museum, No. 120. The title evidently gave some trouble to the transcribers, as it appears variously as “A Serandeing Song” and “A Saranading Song.”

The words are by Charles Howe (cf. Tate's “Poems,” 1685).

Soft Notes and gently rais'd, least some harsh sound
 The fair *Corinna*'s rest do rudely wound,
 Diffuse a peacefull Calmness through each Part,
 Touch all the Springs of a soft Virgin's Heart ;

Tune ev'ry Pulse and kindle all her blood,
 And swell the Torrents of the living Flood ;
 Glide thro' her Dreams and o'er her Fancy move,
 And stirr up all the Images of Love.
 Thus feeble Man does his advantage take,
 To gain in sleep what he must lose awake.
 When Night and Shades shut up *Corinna's* charmes,
 Then is the prop'rest time to take up Armes.
 But Night and Shades her Beauties can't conceal,
 Night has peculiar graces to reveal ;
 Ten thousand raptures doe attend this Time ;
 Too strong for fancy and too full for Rhime.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

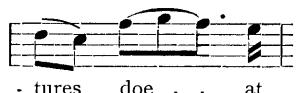
32 3 Last The Fitzw. MS. reads the first flute part as



34 4 1 The Fitzw. MS. reads :



35 1 3 The Fitzw. MS. reads treble voice :



ib. 2 1 The Fitzw. MS. reads for bass voice :



ib. 2 5 to line 3, bar 4, the Fitzw. MS. has even quavers in all parts.

VII.—“I SAW FAIR CLORIS ALL ALONE.”

“Theater of Musick,” III. (1685), 20.

I saw fair *Cloris* all alone,
 When feather'd Rain came softly down,
 And Jove descending from his Tow'r,
 To court her in a silver Show'r ;
 The gentle Snow flew in her Breasts,
 Like little Birds into their Nests ;
 But overcome with whiteness there,
 For Grief dissolved into a Tear ;
 Which, falling down her Garment's Hem,
 To deck her, froze into a Gem.

VIII.—“SYLVIA, 'TIS TRUE, YOU'RE FAIR.”

“Theater of Musick,” III. (1685), 18.

Sylvia, 'tis true, 'tis true you're fair,
 More, more than other Women are,
 Yet that's no plea to be severe ;
 Think not those Eyes,
 'Cause they conquer so much, and so much do surprize,
 Ne'er* ever intended to Tyrannize ;
 For Beauty was never, was never design'd
 For a Grace to that Face, and a Torment and Curse to my Mind ;
 To Consent and Enjoyment it rather should move you,
 For were you not handsome, who the Devil would love you ?
 Then since you're by Nature fram'd fit for the Sport,
 Be kind and complying, ne're refuse when we Court ;
 Your Scorn and your haughty Disdain prethee cease,
 And since you've the Charm, have the Will too to please ;
 For an insolent Beauty is nought but Disease.

IX.—“COME, DEAR COMPANIONS OF TH' ARCADIAN FIELDS.”

“Theater of Musick,” III. (1685), 14.

Come, dear Companions of th' Arcadian Fields,
 Let us combine
 To countermine
 The Plots our Female Conversation yields ;
 We'l break their Fetters, from their Charmes be free,
 And regain Man his long-lost Liberty.
 Beauty, your Empire now is on its Wain,
 We'l nevermore
 Your Shrines adore
 Since you delight t' associate with Disdain.
 Had you been kind, I would have worshipped still,
 But your chief Glory is your Slaves to kill.
 So lawful Princes when they Tyrants prove,
 Themselves abuse
 And Power lose,
 Their Strength depending on their Subjects' Love ;
 For Love obliges Duty more than Fear,
 All hate the Government that's too severe.

* This is certainly a misprint for “were.”

X.—“A HEALTH TO KING JAMES II.”

“ Pleasant Musical Companion,” III. (1686), 10. A MS. copy is in the Fitzwilliam Museum, No. 120.

How great are the Blessings of Government made,
 By the excellent Rule of our Prince,
 Who, while Troubles and Cares do his Pleasure invade,
 To his People all Joy does dispence !
 And while he for us is still carking and thinking,
 We've nothing to mind but our Shops and our Trade,
 And then to divert us with drinking.
 From him we derive all our Pleasure and Wealth ;
 Then fill me a Glass, nay, fill it up higher,
 My soul is athirst for His Majesty's Health,
 And an Ocean of Drink cannot quench my Desire.
 Since all we enjoy to his Bounty we owe,
 'Tis fit all our Bumpers like that should o'erflow.

The printed version is here followed ; the Fitzw. MS. puts a sharp before the first note of bar 5, treble voice, making the note B natural.

PAGE.	LINE.	BAR.	
43	1	5	The Fitzw. MS. puts a sharp before the first note in the treble voice, making it B natural.
43	2	3	The same MS. has no flat before the first note of the treble voice, only to the second D.
45	1	2	The Fitzw. MS. has E for the second note of the bass voice, instead of F, on the word “My.”

XI.—“ SACCHARISSA 'S GROWN OLD.”

“ Pleasant Musical Companion,” III. (1686), 14.

Saccharissa 's grown old, and almost past sport,
 She to her Physician at last does resort ;
 Him kindly she greets, and his Counsels intreats,
 How best, with her Health, she may taste of Love's Sweets ?
 Why, Madam (quoth he), if my Judgment be right,
 In the Morning 'tis Physick, a Banquet at Night ;
 She smiling reply'd, I'le take each in its turn,
 For my Pleasure at Night, and for Health in the Morn.

XII.—“ TEUCER'S VOYAGE.”

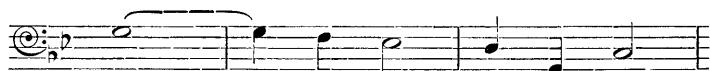
Words by Daniel Kenrick, from Horace, Odes, Book I., No. 7. First published in the “ Pleasant Musical Companion ” (1686). Also in “ Orph. Brit.,” I. (1698), 47.

The autograph is in the Buckingham Palace Collection.

When *Teucer* from his Father fled,
 And from the shore of *Salamine* ;
 With a Poplar Wreath he crown'd his Head,
 That glow'd with the warmth of generous Wine ;

And thus to his drooping Friends he said :
 Cheer up my Hearts, your Anchors weigh,
 Tho' Fate our Native Soil debar,
 Chance is a better Father far,
 And a better Country is the Sea ;
 Come plow, my Mates, the wat'ry way,
 And fear not under my Command ;
 We that have known the worst at hand
 With the morrow's dawn we'll Anchor weigh,
 Let us drink and drown our Cares away.

In the opening bars the Autograph, followed by the "Pleasant Musical Companion," reads the instrumental bass part as follows :



but the reading of "Orph. Brit." seems to imply a later revision by the composer, and is therefore retained.

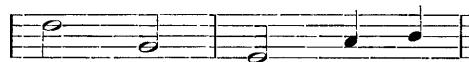
PAGE. LINE. BAR.

49 1 1 Treble voice; "Orph. Brit." has :



but apart from the way in which this clashes with the bass part, the readings of the Autograph and of the first printed version show that the text is as given here.

— 2 1, 2 "Orph. Brit." has for the instrumental bass :



— 4 1, 2 "Orph. Brit." reads the instrumental bass thus :



51 1 1 "Orph. Brit." has for the treble part :



— — 5 "Orph. Brit." has an instrumental bass part identical with the vocal until the double-bar.

XIII.—"OFT AM I BY THE WOMEN TOLD."

Words by Abraham Cowley. First printed in the "Theater of Musick," IV. (1687), 17, and "Comes Amoris," Book I. (1687), 12. In the former there is no instrumental bass part, but this is the only version which prints the trills (as "t").

Oft am I by the Women told,
 Poor *Anacreon*, thou grow'st old !
 Look how thy Hairs are falling all,
 Poor *Anacreon*, how they fall !

Whether I grow old or no,
 By th'effects I do not know,
 This I know without being told,
 'Tis time to *Live*, if I grow *Old*.
 'Tis time short Pleasures now to take,
 Of little *Life* the best to make,
 And manage *wisely* the *last Stake*.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

53 3 1 Vocal bass part. For the pair of quavers on the last beat "Comes Amoris" reads a single crotchet D.

XIV.—“HOW SWEET IS THE AIR AND REFRESHING.”

First printed in “Theater of Musick,” IV. (1687), 24. Also in the “New Musical and Universal Magazine” (1774), I., 176.

How sweet is the Air and refreshing
 Comes over the Neighbouring Plain[s];
 This ever was counted a Blessing
 'Mongst other Enjoyments of Swains;
 It sweetens our Humours, which glide in our Veins,
 Like Streams in the Channels, and softens our Strains.

Chorus.—While we sing by a Fountain, surrounded with Hills,
 And the gentle Nymphs' Echo's does keep up the Trills.

Sometimes in a grove, as delighting,
 We sit with our Sweetings in Bow'rs,
 Fine Roundelays to 'em reciting,
 While making us Garlands of Flowers;
 As loving as Turtles, we pass the soft Hours,
 No Shepherd is Sullen nor Shepherdess lowers.

Chorus.—While we sing, &c.

Then, Laura, leave off your despising
 Those Freedoms the village allows,
 Town-Gallants with finest devising
 Can't make you so happy a Spouse;
 Like Shoots in the Spring, our Passion still grows,
 Our Flocks are not blither, which wantonly brows [*sic*].

Chorus.—While we sing, &c.

XV —“FILL THE BOWL WITH ROSIE WINE.”

Words by Abraham Cowley. First printed in the “Theater of Musick,” IV. (1687), 32, and in “Comes Amoris,” I. (1687), 30.

Fill the *Bowl* with rosie Wine,
 Around our Temples *Roses* twine,
 And let us chearfully awhile
 Like the *Wine* and *Roses* smile.

Crown'd with Roses we contemn
Gyges' wealthy *Diadem*.
To-Day is *Ours*, what do we fear ?
To-Day is *Ours*, we have it here,
Let's treat it kindly that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish *Bus'ness*, banish *Sorrow*,
To the *Gods* belongs *To-Morrow*.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

- 57 1 2 The "Theater of Musick" gives the same notes as here given for the bass voice, but their values are identical with those of the treble voice.
- 58 1 4 "Comes Amoris" reads the bass voice thus :



XVI.—“IN SOME KIND DREAME UPON HER SLUMBERS STEAL.”

Words by Sir George Etherege. First printed in “Theater of Musick,” IV. (1687), 69. The autograph is in the Buckingham Palace Collection, and another MS. in Brit. Mus. Add. MSS. 30,382, fol. 75.

In some kind Dreame upon her Slumbers steal,
And to *Lucinda* all, I beg, reveal :
Breathe gentlest words into her eares,
Words full of love, but full of feares,
Such words as may prevaile like prayers
From a poor dying Martyr's Tongue,
By that sweet Voice of pitty sung.
Touch with the voice the more enchanting Lute,
To make the charmes strike all repulses mute ;
These may insensibly impart
My tender wishes to her heart,
And by a sympathetic force
So tune its Strings to Love's discourse,
That, when my Griefs compell a groane,
Her sighs may echo to my moane.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

- 59 2 2 Instrumental bass. The sharp is placed before the G in Add. MS. 30,382 only.
- 60 2 5 Several authorities read "thy" for "the" here and elsewhere; the reading of the text is preferred in Verity's edition of Etherege.
- 3 2-5 In Add. MS. 30,382 the more conventional reading of the second pair of slurred quavers as a dotted quaver and semiquaver is found in the treble voice in bars 2 and 3, and in the bass voice in bars 4 and 5.
- — 2 The Autograph reads F as the last note of the bass voice, an obvious mistake.
- At the end of the duet, Add. MS. 30,382 gives the sign indicating that the five bars marked "soft" are to be repeated.

XVII.—A DIALOGUE : “ LOVE AND DESPAIR.”

First printed in the “Theater of Musick,” IV. (1687), 86.

Despair.—Hence, fond Deceiver! hence, begone!
 Hence, and some tamer Captive find,
 Since Hope, thy best Companion’s flown
 Away, why ling’rest thou behind?
 Naked at first, and blind thou wert,
 Till, blinder, I allow’d thee part
 In my unwary hospitable Heart.
 But now thou’rt so unruly grown,
 You needs will make it all your own,
 And in my vanquished Breast will Tyrannize alone.

Love.—Cease, poor misguided Wretch, and know,
 I’ll seek some braver, nobler Breast ;
 To some more gen’rous Heart I’le go,
 That will not blush to own its Guest ;
 Blind though I was, my aim was sure,
 Yet won’t thy coward Heart endure
 The happy wound, nor wait the happier Cure ?

Despair.—Too long have I endured the wound,
 Too long indulg’d the raging Pain,
 Till I by sad experience found
 The wound too sure, the cure too vain ;
 Thou mighty Love, for such thou art,
 Withdraw thy fatal, certain Dart,
 Or else to both a mutual Flame impart,
 And warm Dorinda’s Breast, as thou hast fir’d my Heart.

Love.—If then thou wouldest victorious prove,
 And with success thy Wishes crown,
 With bold assurance speak thy Love,
 And make thy gen’rous Passion known ;
 When Beauty calls, to whine and dye,
 Is Cowardice, not Modesty ;
 You by pale asking teach her to deny,
 And by your faint pursuit encourage her to fly.

Chorus.—In vain, in vain, fond Lovers, in vain
 Of your Phillis’s Scorn you complain ;
 In vain do you talk of Darts and of Fire,
 Sigh, languish, lament, and expire,
 Since the Nymph dares not grant what you dare not desire,
 Whilst the brisk, eager Lover at his Prey boldly flyes,
 And takes the glad Captive by welcome Surprize.

PAGE. BAR. LINE.

64 2 1 The printed text has :



which contains one semiquaver too much. The emendation in our text is in keeping with Purcell's characteristic way of setting short syllables.

— 4 4 The second note in the voice part is a semiquaver in the printed text.

XVIII.—A DIALOGUE BETWEEN STREPHON AND DORINDA.

First printed in the “Banquet of Musick,” I. (1688), 36. A MS. is in Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 33, 234, fol. 109.

Strephon.—Has yet your breast no pity learn'd?
Dorinda, must I sigh in vain?
The list'ning Herd seems more concern'd
When of your Rigour I complain.

Dorinda.—Beguiling Shepherd! with such Art
The subtil Pois'on you instill;
No Antidote secures the Heart
Such weighty force it has to kill.

Strephon.—I bring no weapon to destroy,
But tender Wounds for you to cure;
Such Wounds as must your Care employ,
No rougher Hand they can endure.

Dorinda.—Forbear, forbear, pray tempt no more,
My Heart I feel almost undone,
And can no more oppose that Pow'r,
That Pow'r which has such Conquest won.

Strephon.—Dorinda, you the Conj'r'er are,
Here I for your Protection sue,
And as your Pris'ner took in War,
Some Mercy challenge as my due.

Dorinda.—I can no more reject your Pray'r,
Strephon, for Heav'n's sake constant prove!
My Breast shall bury all your Care,
And kindly entertain your Love.

Both.—So those bright Eyes which do the Tempest raise,
With one kind look the angry Storms appease,
And save poor sinking Lovers from the Seas.
Painters, henceforward with your skilful Arts,
Draw Beauty with one Eye a-shooting Darts,
The other weeping over wounded Hearts.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

66 2 4 The MS. reads:



— 4 1 The MS. reads instead of last note:



— 5 4 "The Banquet of Musick" version has, in the instrumental bass, a minim G in the latter half of the bar.

67 1 1 The MS. reads:



— 2 1 The MS. reads:



— 2 2 The MS. reads the first half-bar of instrumental bass:

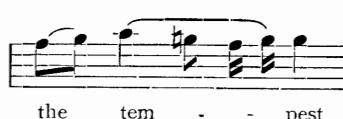


— 5 1 The MS. reads:



— 5 2 For the last note of voice part, the MS. reads G.

68 1 4 The bass voice part is here restored conjecturally. The "Banquet of Musick" gives:



and the MS.:



The former makes a crotchet too much in the bar, and the latter is difficult to reconcile with the treble part, or with the other reading; it has been thought best to take the treble part as a guide to the value of the notes, and the printed version for their pitch.

— 2 8 The bass vocal part stands in the MS. thus:



XIX.—“ HERE ’S TO THEE, DICK.”

Words by Abraham Cowley. First printed in the “ Banquet of Musick,” I. (1688), 10. The autograph is in the Buckingham Palace Collection. The duet appears also in “ Orph. Brit.,” first edition, I., 57, and has evidently been derived from the MS. in the Fitzwilliam Museum, No. 120.

Here ’s to thee, Dick, this whining *Love* despise,
 Pledge me, my *friend*, and drink till thou be’st *Wise* ;
 It Sparkles brighter far than *She*,
 ’Tis pure and right without Deceit,
 And such no *Woman* e’er will be ;
 No, no, they’re all *Sophisticate*.

With all thy servile Pains what canst thou win,
 But an *Ill-Favoured* and *Uncleanly Sin* ?

A thing so vile and so shortliv’d
 That *Venus’ Joys*, as well as *She*
 With Reason may be said to be
 From the neglected *Foam* derived.

Follies they have so numberless in store,
 That only he who loves them can have more ;
 Neither their *Sighs* nor *Tears* are true,
 Those idly blow, these idly fall,
 Nothing like to ours at all,
 But *Sighs* and *Tears* have *Sexes* too.

Here ’s to thee again, thy senseless Sorrows drown’d,
 Let the *Glass walk* ’till all things too go round,
 Again, till those *Two Lights* be *Four* ;
 No Error here can dangerous prove,
 Thy *Passion*, Man, deceived thee more,
 None *Double* see like Men in *Love*.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

70	4	1	}	These instances of “false relations” are supported by all the authorities,
72	1	1, 4		MS. and printed.

XX.—“ HOW PLEASANT IS THIS FLOWERY PLAIN.”

First printed in “ Banquet of Musick,” I. (1688), 42. In “ Orph. Brit.” (first edition), I., 18, derived from the MS. in the Fitzwilliam Museum, No. 120. Another MS. in Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 38,235, fol. 63b.

How pleasant is this flow’ry Plain and Grove !
 What perfect Scene of Innocence and Love !
 As if the Gods, when all things else below
 Were curs’d, reserved this place to let us know
 How beautifull the World at first was made,
 Ere Mankind by Ambition was betray’d.
 The happy Swain in these enamell’d Fields,
 Possesses all the Good that Plenty yields ;

Pure without Mixture as it first did come
 From the great Treasury of Nature's Womb.
 Free from Disturbance here he lives at ease,
 Contented with a little Flock's encrease,
 And cover'd with the gentle Wings of Peace.
 No Fears, no Storms of War his Thoughts molest,
 Ambition is a stranger to his Breast ;
 His Sheep, his Crook, and Pipe are all his Store,
 He needs not, neither does he covet, more.
 Oft to the silent Groves he does retreat,
 Whose Shades defend him from the scorching Heat ;
 In these Recesses unconcern'd he lyes,
 Whilst through the Boughs the whisp'ring *Zephire* flies,
 And the Wood's Choristers on ev'ry Tree,
 Lull him asleep with their sweet Harmony.
 Ah, happy, happy Life ! Ah, blest Retreat !
 Void of the Troubles that attend the Great !
 From Pride and courtly Follies free,
 From all their gaudy Pomps and Vanity ;
 No guilty Remorse does their Pleasure annoy,
 Nor disturb the Delights of their innocent Joy.
 Crown'd Monarchs, whom Cities and Kingdoms obey,
 Are not half so contented or happy as they.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

76 2 — Add. MS. 38,235 reads the first flute part :



- — 2 & 3 The same MS. contains the tie between the two C's in the second flute part.
- — 4 In the first flute part, "Orph. Brit." has B flat and A for the last two notes, thus making unison with the second flute.
- 77 1 2 The Brit. Mus. MS. dots the first note of the voice part, and has a semiquaver on the word "when."
- 2 2 Instr. Bass. In the two printed authorities the second pair of notes is given as a dotted quaver and a semiquaver. In the same bar the last two notes in the voice part appear in all authorities as a dotted crotchet and a quaver, thus making the bar too long.
- 2 4 Instr. Bass. For the second half of the bar "Orph. Brit." has :



- 78 3 2 "Orph. Brit." gives the fourth note to the word "his" as F, but the G here given is supported by the MSS.
- 79 1 1 Add. MS. 38,235 has :



these Re - cess - es

- — 5 The same MS. gives the latter half of the instrumental bass thus :



PAGE. LINE. BAR.

79 3 ff. The same MS. gives the flute parts thus:

2nd Flute.
etc. as in text.
1st Flute.
etc. as in text.

80 2 4 The same MS. reads the tenor voice-part thus:



— 3 4 The same MS. has a single crotchet instead of the two A flats at end of instrumental bass.
 — — 5 Treble part. The same MS. has a dotted quaver and semiquaver for the two quavers at end of the bar.

81 1 6
 — to 3 } The same MS. reads the first flute part an octave lower for two bars. Thus:



XXI.—“LET HECTOR, ACHILLES, AND EACH BRAVE COMMANDER.”

First printed in “Comes Amoris,” III. (1689), 22, and in the “Banquet of Musick,” IV. (1690), 14. Also in “Orph. Brit.,” I. (1698), 162. MSS. in the Buckingham Palace Collection and in the Fitzwilliam Museum, No. 120.

Let *Hector, Achilles*, and each brave Commander,
 With *Cæsar* and *Pompey* and great *Alexander*,
 All Nations and Kingdoms with Conquest subdue,
 Yet more than all this bright *Celia* can do.
 For one single glance from her conquering Eyes
 Will take 'em all Captive by way of Surprize;
 The Trophies and Crowns of their powerful Arms
 Are sacrific'd all to *Celia's* bright Charms;
 In Chains and in Triumph she carries them all,
 And if she but frown, then down they all fall.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

83 2 3 Bass voice. The Fitzwilliam MS. has F for the last note.

84 4 4 Treble voice. “Orph. Brit.” misprints A for B.

XXII.—“WERE I TO CHOOSE THE GREATEST BLISS.”

First printed in the “Banquet of Musick,” III. (1689), 2. Simpson’s “Thesaurus Musicus” (c. 1743), p. 20. “Orph. Brit.” I. (first edition), 206. “Harmonia Anglicana” (c. 1765). MSS. in Brit. Mus. Add. MSS. 22,099, fol. 56. Oxford Music School MSS. C. 96. Fitzwilliam Museum, No. 120.

Were I to choose the greatest Bliss
 That e'er in Love was known,
 'Twould be the highest of my Wish
 T'enjoy your Heart alone.
 Kings might possess their Kingdoms free,
 And Crowns unenvy'd wear ;
 They should no Rival have of me,
 Might I reign Monarch there.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

- | | | | |
|----|---|---|---|
| 86 | 1 | 2 | Bass voice. In “Thes. Mus.” the second half of the bar is conventionalised into a crotchet and two even quavers. |
| 87 | 3 | 2 | Bass voice. For the second crotchet “Harm. Angl.” gives no sharp as indicating B natural, and places no accidental above the instrumental bass G. |
| — | — | 4 | Bass voice. The group of two semiquavers and a quaver to the word “no” stands a note higher in “Orph. Brit.” and its original, the Fitzwilliam MS., but comparison with other occurrences of the phrase suggests that the reading here given—that of the Brit. Mus. MS.—is the right one. |

XXIII.—“NESTOR, WHO DID TO THRICE MAN'S AGE ATTAIN.”

Nestor, who did to thrice Man's age attain,
 By vast Experience found
 That busie Statesmen did project in vain,
 When Bumpers passed not briskly round.
 This Maxim then he to his Master gave,
 When he in Council should debate,
 Not, Trojan-like, to sit morose and grave,
 But drink, and so support the State.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

- | | | | |
|----|---|---|--|
| 89 | 3 | 1 | “Comes Amoris” reads the last note in both voices as a crotchet. |
| — | — | 3 | Bass voice. The last note is a quaver, following a dotted crotchet, in “Comes Amoris.” |

Printed in “Comes Amoris,” III. (1689), 26; “Banquet of Musick,” IV. (1690), 22; “Orph. Brit.” I. (1698), 210; MSS. in the Royal Library and in Fitzwilliam Museum, No. 120.

XXIV.—“LOST IS MY QUIET FOR EVER.”

First printed in the “Banquet of Musick,” V. (1691), 8. “Orph. Brit.” I. (1698), 110. Meares’ Collection (c. 1705). “Thesaurus Musicus,” II., 56. MSS. in the Royal Library,

Buckingham Palace; British Museum, Add. MSS. 22,099, fol. 56; Fitzwilliam Museum, No. 120.

Lost is my Quiet for ever,
Lost is Life's happiest part;
Lost all my tender Endeavour
To touch an insensible Heart;
But though my Despair is past curing,
And much undeserv'd is my Fate;
I'll show by a patient enduring,
My Love is unmov'd as her Hate.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

91 1 5 Bass voice. The Buckingham Palace and Brit. Mus. MSS. read thus:



but make the second B natural a crotchet, thus making one quaver too many. The printed versions support the text, but "Orph. Brit." puts a sharp before the last note, G.

— 3 7 Figures from "Thes. Mus." "Orph. Brit." has $\frac{6}{4} \frac{5}{3}$

— 4 2 "Orph. Brit." reads "Endeavours."

92 2 1 The figures in the text are from "Thes. Mus." Other authorities give variously 7 6 and 4 3.

92 3 5 Treble voice. The second note is G in "Orph. Brit." and the MSS.

XXV.—“A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THIRSIS AND DAPHNE.”

First printed in the "Banquet of Musick," V. (1691), 21, and "Orph. Brit.," II. (1702),

131.

Thirsis.—Why, my *Daphne*, why complaining,
And my Sighs and Tears disdaining,
Since not many hours are past,
When with hands uplift to Heav'n,
Then our plighted Faith was giv'n,
Vowing they shou'd ever last?

Daphne.—Oh! ingrateful sly Deceiver,
And I easie fond Believer,
To think that Man could e'er be true!
This to *Egla* was a Token,
Witness all your Vows are broken,
And I, poor I'm undone by you.

Thirsis.—Could that false malicious Creature
Work upon your easie Nature,
Could she say that Gift was mine?
No, that Garland *Egla* gave me,
But her Arts could ne're enslave me,
No, my Life, my All is thine.

Daphne.—Oh! how quick my Heart is beating!
 Ev'ry Pulse the Joy repeating,
 Pleas'd to find my Swain so true;
Thirsis is my only Treasure,
 Oh! I love beyond all measure,
 And would quit the World for you.

Both.—Oh! how quick my Heart is beating, etc.

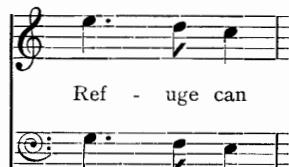
XXVI.—“FAIR CLOE MY BREAST SO ALARMS.”

Words by John Glanvill (“Poems,” 1725). First printed in “Banquet of Musick,” VI. (1692), 21, “Orph. Brit.” I. (1698), 137, and Simpson’s “Thesaurus Musicus,” ii., 46. Autographs are in the Buckingham Palace Collection and Gresham College MS. 406. A copy is in the Fitzwilliam Museum, No. 120.

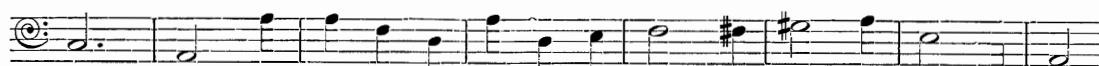
Fair *Cloe* my Breast so alarms,
 From her Pow'r I no Refuge can find ;
 If another I take in my Arms,
 Yet my *Cloe* is then in my mind.
 Unblest with the Joy, still a Pleasure I want,
 Which none but my *Cloe* can grant.
 Let *Cloe* but smile, I grow gay,
 And I feel my Heart spring with Delight ;
 On *Cloe* I cou'd gaze all the day,
 And *Cloe* do wish for each night.
 Oh! did *Cloe* but know how I love,
 And the Pleasure of loving again,
 My Passion her Favour would move,
 And in Prudence she'd pity my Pain ;
 Good Nature and Int'rest should both make her kind,
 For the Joy she might give, and the Joy she might find.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

97 2 1 The reading of the voice-parts in the text follows that of the autographs and the “Banquet of Musick.” “Orph. Brit.” “Thesaurus Musicus,” and the Fitzwilliam MS. give the bar thus :

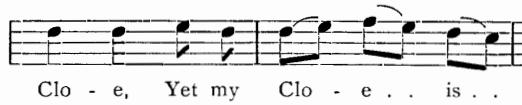


97 2 2 In the “Banquet of Musick,” “Thesaurus Musicus,” and “Orph. Brit.” the instrumental bass stands thus:
 to 3 1



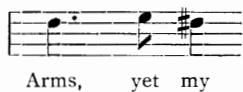
PAGE. LINE. BAR.

- 97 2 6
to }
97 3 1 } The autographs give the less ornamental version of the treble part:



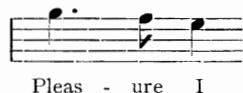
In spite of the weight of these authorities, it would seem that the little ornaments are in character with the style of the period, and they may have been left to the singer's option at first, and, when the duet was printed, have been given in full.

- 97 2 6 Bass voice. "Thesaurus Musicus" reads:



- 97 3 5 The autographs give the instrumental bass as a dotted minim.

- 97 4 1 Treble voice. The autographs read:



and in the same bar the instrumental bass appears as a dotted minim on B flat, in "Banquet of Music," "Thesaurus Musicus," and "Orph. Brit."

- 97 4 2 ff. "Banquet of Musick" and "Orph. Brit." give the instr. bass as:



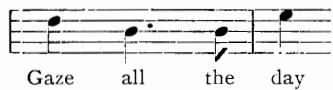
The latter continues as follows:



- 97 4 5 Treble voice. The printed versions have



- 98 2 5 Bass voice. The printed versions give:

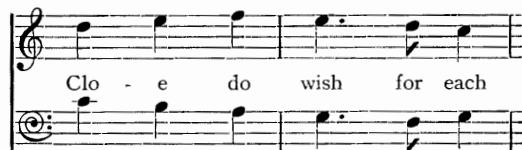


From this bar onwards, "Orph. Brit." gives the instr. bass as follows:



PAGE. LINE. BAR.

- 4 1 Treble voice. "Orph. Brit." has a single crotchet, F, on the first word.
 — 4 4, 5 The printed versions have the voice-parts as follows:

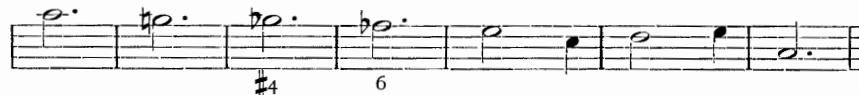


The reading of the text is supported by the autographs.

- 99 1 2 The Gresham College autograph has the voice-parts thus:



- — 2-8 Instr. bass. "Orph. Brit." reads thus:



- — 5 "Orph. Brit." gives the bass voice thus:



- — 7 "Orph. Brit." reads "when" for "how."

- — 8 Bass voice. "Orph. Brit." reads the second note an octave higher.

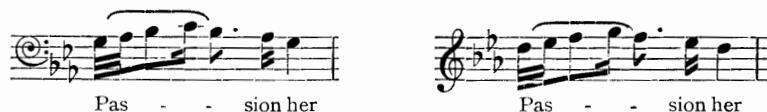
- 2 4 The text is supported by "Banquet of Musick." The autographs have the bass voice as:



and in the next bar the treble voice as:



"Orph. Brit." reads the passage thus:



- — 6 ff "Orph. Brit." reads the instr. bass as follows:



- 3 6 "Banquet of Musick" reads the instr. bass as a single dotted minim, the upper F.

- 4 1-3 "Orph. Brit." reads the instr. bass part as:

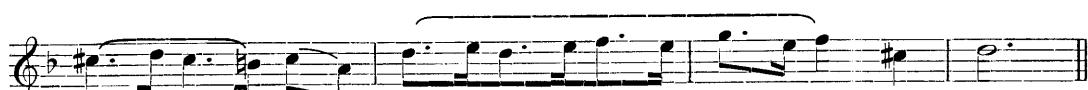


XXVII.—“THE EPICURE.”

Words by Abraham Cowley. First printed in the “Banquet of Musick,” VI. (1692), 29. In “Orph. Brit.” II. (1702), 141. The autograph is in the Buckingham Palace Collection, and there is a MS. in the Fitzwilliam Museum, No. 120.

Underneath this Mirtle Shade,
On Flow’ry Beds Supinely laid,
With Od’rous Oyles my Head o’erflowing,
And around it Roses growing,
What should I do but drink away
The *Heat* and *Troubles* of the day ?
In this more than *Kingly* State,
Love himself shall on me wait ;
Fill to me, *Love*, nay, fill it up,
And mingled, cast into the Cup
Wit and *Mirth* and noble *Fires*,
Vig’rous Health and gay *Desires*.
The *Wheel* of Life no less will stay
In a smooth than rugged Way ;
Since it equally doth flee,
Let the *Motion* pleasant be.
Why do we precious *Ointments* show’r ?
Nobler *Wines* why do we pour ?
Beauteous *Flow’rs* why do we spread
Upon the Monuments of the *Dead* ?
Nothing they but *Dust* can show,
Or *Bones* that hasten to be so.
Crown me with *Roses* whilst I *live*,
Now your *Wines* and *Ointments* give ;
After *Death* I nothing crave,
Let me *Alive* my Pleasures have,
All are *Stoicks* in the *Grave*.

PAGE.	LINE.	BAR.	
100	1	2	Instr. bass. “Orph. Brit.” follows the values of the vocal parts.
—	3	2	“Orph. Brit.” and the Fitzwilliam MS. omit the third note of the bass voice, and put a minim rest in its place.
101	1	2	Bass voice. “Orph. Brit.” has A for the first note.
—	2	4	Treble voice. “Orph. Brit.” has F for the first note.
—	4	5	Treble voice. “Orph. Brit.” has G for the second note.
102	1	4	The autograph indicates a short trill over the last note but one of the treble voice in this bar, and of the bass voice in the next.
—	—	6	Instr. bass. “Orph. Brit.” has E for the last note.
—	2	1	Treble voice. The autograph has a short trill over the last note but one, and gives the last two notes of the bar as a dotted quaver and semiquaver.
—	—	2	Bass voice. The autograph has a short trill over the last note but one.
—	—	4-7	“Orph. Brit.” reads the treble voice thus:



—	3	3	The Fitzwilliam MS. and “Orph. Brit.” have two even quavers to the word “Nobler.”
103	1	1	“Orph. Brit.” reads the last note of the bass voice as C sharp.
—	—	3	“Orph. Brit.” has a dotted minim for the instr. bass.
—	4	8	Instr. bass. “Orph. Brit.” follows the vocal bass exactly.

XXVIII.—“WHAT CAN WE POOR FEMALES DO ?”

First printed as a “single song” in “Comes Amoris,” V. (1694), 23. In “Orph. Brit.,” II. (1702), 46. A MS. in the Fitzwilliam Museum, No. 120.

What can we poor Females do
When Pressing, Teasing Lovers sue ?
Fate affords no other way,
But Denying, or Complying,
And Relenting, or Consenting,
Does alike our Hopes betray.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

- | | | | |
|-----|---|---|---|
| 104 | 4 | I | Instr. bass. “Comes Amoris” gives the last quaver as E. |
| — | — | 4 | Instr. bass. “Comes Amoris” has : |

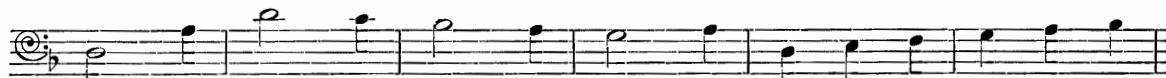


XXIX.—“DULCIBELLA, WHENE’RE I SUE FOR A KISS.”

Words by Anthony Henley. First printed in “Gentleman’s Journal,” October, 1694. In “Orph. Brit.” (first edition), I., 199. Meares’ Collection (c. 1705). MS. in the Buckingham Palace Collection. Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 22,099, fol. 130, and Fitzwilliam Museum, No. 120.

Dulcibella, whene’re I sue for a Kiss,
Refusing the Bliss,
Cry’s no, no, no, no,
Leave me, *Alexis*, ah ! what wou’d you do ?
When I tell her I’le goe,
Still she cry’s no, no, no,
My *Alexis*, ah ! tell me not, tell me not so.
Tell me, fair one, tell me why,
Why so coming, why so shy?
Why so kind, and why so coy ?
Tell me, fair one, tell me why
You’l neither let me Fight nor fly ;
Tell me, fair one, tell me why
You’l neither let me live nor dye.

All the printed authorities give the following notes at the beginning on the stave allotted to the bass voice. The Brit. Mus. MS. begins the bass part at bar 7. It is probable that when set as a “single song” the bass was a replica of the instr. bass, and was thence copied on to the lower stave :



XXX.—“WHEN MYRA SINGS.”

Words by Lord Lansdowne, 1693. First printed in “*Deliciæ Musicæ*,” II. (1695), 12. “*Orph. Brit.*” first edition, I., 104. Meares’ Collection (c. 1705). “*Thesaurus Musicus*” (Simpson’s, c. 1745). MS. in Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 22,099, fol. 115. Fitzwilliam Museum, No. 120.

When *Myra* sings, we seek th’ enchanting Sound,
And bless the Notes which doe so sweetly wound ;
What Musick needs must dwell upon that Tongue
Whose speech is Tuneful as another’s Song ?
Such Harmony, such Wit, a Face so Fair,
So many pointed Arrows who can bear ?
The slave that from her Wit or Beauty flies,
If she but reach him with her Voice, he dies.

In Meares’ Collection a flute part is added, standing a fifth above the notes sounded, and identical with the treble part.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

10 1 2 In the latter half of the bar the arrangement of the syllables in the text follows that of “*Deliciæ Musicæ*.” “*Orph. Brit.*” and some other authorities give :



— — 4 The second note in the treble voice is given as A in the Fitzwilliam MS. Bass voice. The first note is given as a crotchet (retaining the quaver rest, and thus making the bar too long by one quaver) in “*Del. Mus.*,” and copied from there in “*Orph. Brit.*”

XXXI.—“ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY.”

Words by Henry Parker. First printed in “Three Elegies,” &c. (by Blow and Purcell), 1695.

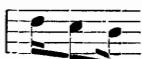
O dive Custos Auriacæ domus
Et spes labantis certior imperi,
O rebus adversis vocande,
O superum decus in secundis !
Seu te fluentem pronus ad Isida
In vota fervens Oxonidum chorus,
Seu te precantur, quos remoti
Unda lavat properata Cami,
Descende cœlo non ita creditas
Visurus ædes præsidiis tuis
Descende visurus penates
Cæsaris, et penetrali sacrum.
Maria musis flebilis occidit
Maria, gentis deliciæ breves,
O flete Mariam Camœnæ,
Flete, Divæ ! dea moriente.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

113 2 4 First treble voice. The third group of notes stands in the printed copy as :



which might of course be interpreted either as in the text or as follows :



The latter, though very characteristic of Purcell, yet involves considerable alteration of the printed notes, while the former requires no more than the transposition of the third note and the dot.

- | | | | |
|-----|---|---|---|
| — | 4 | 3 | Second voice. The last note stands as A in the printed copy. |
| 115 | 3 | 5 | The first treble part has a slur over the whole bar in the printed copy, but it seems most reasonable to adopt the suggestion of the lower voice, and to divide the three syllables equally over the bar. |

XXXII.—“FOR LOVE EV’RY CREATURE.”

First printed in “Orph. Brit.” (1st edn.), I., 45. A late MS. is in the Buckingham Palace Collection. A MS. in Fitzwilliam Museum, No. 120.

For Love ev’ry Creature
Is form’d by his Nature ;
No Joys are above
The pleasures of Love.

- | | | | |
|-------|-------|------|--|
| PAGE. | LINE. | BAR. | |
| 118 | 3 | 2, 6 | Slight misprints occurring here in the first edition of “Orph. Brit.” are corrected in the second. |
| 119 | 3 | 2, 3 | The discrepancy in note-values in the second and third bars of the bass figure, as compared with the treble figure in the preceding bars, is supported by all the authorities. |

XXXIII.—“THERE NE’ER WAS SO WRETCHED A LOVER AS I.”

(Words by William Congreve, slightly altered.)

First printed in “Orph. Brit.” (1698), 112, probably from the MS. in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge (No. 120), as the readings of the two are identical.

There ne’er was so wretched a Lover as I,
Whose hopes are for ever prevented ;
I’m neither at rest when *Aminta* looks Coy
Nor when she looks kind am contented ;
Her frowns give a pain I’m unable to bear,
The thoughts of ‘em set me a-trembling,
And her Smiles are a joy so great that I fear
Lest they should be no more but dissembling.
Then prithee, *Aminta*, consent and be kind,
A plague of this troublesome Wooing,
For I find I shall ne’er be at peace in my mind
Till once you and I have been doing ;

For shame, let your Lover no longer complain
 Of usage that's hard above measure,
 But since I have carried such loads of Love's pain,
 Now let me take Toll of the pleasure.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.
 122 3

The E flat of the instr. bass is conjectural ; the note is D in the authorities.

XXXIV.—“IN ALL OUR CINTHIA'S SHINING SPHEAR.”

A DIALOGUE.

Printed in “Orph. Brit.,” I. (third edition, 1721), 238.

He.— In all our Cinthia's shining Sphear
 Methinks the fairest Face is here ;
 Say, lovely Thing, what art thou ?

She.— I came, Sir, from the World below,
 I once was mortal flesh and blood,
 And scarce my Beauty's bloom display'd,
 I dropt, a tender Virgin, but I play'd
 The fool, and dy'd a Maid ;
 For which the Gods have sent me here,
 To shine a Starr in *Cinthia's* Sphear.

He.— So fair a Face
 In a World so base,
 Yet dy'd a Maid ?

She.— A very, very Maid.

He.— Have a care what you say.

She.— A pure, pure Maid.

He.— Are you sure you don't lye ?

She.— I'll tell you why ;
 The truth, that will plainly be seen,
 For I dy'd so very young, not full Thirteen ;
 Do you think I would deceive you ?

He.— No, no, I do believe you.
 That wonder in an Age may once be seen,
 There may be a Maid not full Thirteen,
 But were you to live your life over again,
 Oh ! what would you do, what would you do then ?
 I'm very much afraid
 You would still dye a Maid,
 And keep your Virgin Innocence unshaken ;

She.—I fear, I fear you are mistaken.

He.—How? not dye a Maid?

She.—No, no, not I.

Not dye a Maid, and I'll tell you why.
These Eyes I'm sure were for Love design'd,
And these Charms they were lent me to bless Mankind;
Then shall I dye a Maid?

He.—No, no, no, no, no, no.
I hope you have more witt than so.

She.—I'm sure I have more witt than so.

“ WHILE BOLTS AND BARRS MY DAY CONTROUL.”

Printed in “Orph. Brit.,” I. (third edition, 1721), 242. The first word is printed “When” in the first edition, but corrected to “While” later.

While Bolts and Barrs my day controul,
I keep the freedom of my Soul;
And though a Dungeon Dark and Deep
In anguish should my Carcass keep,
My mind would be no Pris'ner there,
But rove and wander ev'rywhere;
Should mount for Blessings from above,
For him I serve and her I Love.
With Rocks and Shores the Sea's confin'd,
But who can Barr the freeborn Mind?

PAGE.	LINE.	BAR.	
130	1	2	Bass voice. The first note is printed as E flat.
—	2	2	Instr. bass. The first note is printed as B flat.
131	1	3	Treble voice. The second note, F, is printed as a crotchet.
—	2	1	Instr. bass. The first note is printed as G.

XXXVI.—“ TRIP IT, TRIP IT IN A RING.”

A SONG FOR Two Voices.

Printed in “Orph. Brit.,” II. (third edition, 1721), 181.

Trip it, trip it in a ring,
Around this Mortal Dance and sing.

It is probable that this pretty little duet was intended for insertion at some point in “The Fairy Queen.”

XXXVII.—“GO TELL AMYNTA, GENTLE SWAIN.”

(A Two-Part Song.)

Printed in “Orph. Brit.,” I. (third edition, 1721), 263. Also in Simpson’s “Thesaurus Musicus” (c. 1745). MSS. are in the Buckingham Palace Collection, Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 30,382, fol. 77. The name sometimes appears as “Amynto” or “Amyntor,” as, for instance, in D’Urfey’s “Pills,” where the words are associated with another tune.

Go tell Amynta, gentle Swain,
 I would not dye, nor dare complain;
 Thy Tuneful Voice with Numbers joyn,
 Thy Voice will more prevail than mine;
 For Souls opprest and dumb with Grief,
 The Gods ordain’d this kind Relief,
 That Musick should in sounds convey
 What dying Lovers dare not say.
 A Sigh or Tear perhaps she’ll give,
 But Love on Pity cannot live;
 Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,
 And Love with Love is only paid;
 Tell her my Pains so fast increase
 That soon it will be past redress;
 For the Wretch that speechless lies,
 Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

The figures in the bass, which seem to have but slight authority, are added in “Thesaurus Musicus.”

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

134	1	1	Bass voice, third beat of bar. “Orph. Brit.” has even quavers.
135	2	1	Treble voice. “Orph. Brit.” inserts a sharp before the second G. Neither the Buckingham Palace MS. nor “Thes. Mus.” has a sharp here, and the sharpening of this quaver alone (the other G’s in the bar are naturals by implication in both parts) seems unnecessarily harsh.
136	2	2	Instr. bass. “Orph. Brit.” begins the bar with a single minim on the lower B.
—	3	1	Treble voice. “Thesaurus Musicus” has even quavers on the second beat.

XXXVIII.—“TURN THEN THINE EYES.”

(A Two-Part Song.)

Printed in “Orph. Brit.,” I. (third edition, 1721), 202.

Turn then thine Eyes upon those glories there,
 And catching Flames will on thy Torch appear.

This is probably a fragment from some dramatic music.

XXXIX.—“JULIA, YOUR UNJUST DISDAIN.”

(A SONG FOR TWO VOICES.)

Printed in “Orph. Brit.,” II. (first edition, 1702), 145. Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 22,099, fol. 94.

Julia, your unjust Disdain,
Moves me to complain ;
You that Vow'd to be so true,
Alas, is false and married too ;
Could I drive those thoughts away,
That rack me ev'ry day,
By your unjust Inconstancy,
Oh, how happy should I be !

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

140 2 3 Instr. bass. The Brit. Mus. MS. reads the first note as D.

XL.—“I SPY CELIA.”

(A SONG FOR TWO VOICES.)

Printed in “Orph. Brit.,” II. (first edition, 1702), 166.

I spy *Celia, Celia* eyes me,
 I approach her, but she fly's me,
 I pursue, more coy I find her,
 I seem colder, then she 's kinder.
 Her Eyes Charme me, my words move her,
 She Esteems me, and I love her.
 In not Blessing, most she Blesses,
 And not possessing, each possesses.
 Now she Blushes, I grow bolder,
 She would leave me, but I hold her,
 She grows angry, I appease her,
 I am redder, then I please her.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

142 3 3 Instr. Bass. The last note, B, has a sharp placed above it in “Orph. Brit.” It should obviously be before it, as indicating B natural, not above it, as implying a major triad.

XLI.—“WHILE YOU FOR ME ALONE HAD CHARMES.”

(The 9th Ode of Horace imitated)

(A DIALOGUE BETWIXT YE POET AND LYDIA.)

The autograph is in the Buckingham Palace Collection.

Poet.— While you for me alone had Charmes,
And none more welcome fill'd your Armes,
Proud with content I slighted Crownes,
And Pittied Monarchs on their Thrones.

Lydia.— While you thought Lydia only Fair,
 And lov'd no other nymph but her,
 Lydia was happier in your love
 Than the blest Virgins are above.

Poet.— Now Chloe's charming voice and art
 Have gain'd the conquest of my Heart;
 For whom, ye Fates, I'd wish to die,
 If mine the nymph's dear life might buy.

Lydia.— Thirsis by me has done the same,
 The youth burnes me with Mutuall Flame,
 For whom a thousand Deaths I'd bear,
 Would Fate my dearest Thirsis spare.

Poet.— But say, fair Nymph, if I once more
 Become your Captive as before,
 Say I throw off my Chloe's Chain,
 And take you to my Breast again ?

Lydia.— Why, then, though he more bright appear,
 More constant than a fixed Starr,
 Though you than wind more fickle be,
 And rougher than the stormy Sea,
 By Heaven and all its pow'rs I vow
 I'd gladly Live and Dye with you.

Both.— Then cease all Jealousies from hence,
 Let Love anew its date commence ;
 Thirsis and Chloe wee'l dethrone,
 And in each other reign alone,
 And no usurping Pow'r shall dare
 Once more to fix its Empire there.

XLII.—“ ABOVE THE TUMULTS OF A BUISY STATE.”

The autograph is in the Buckingham Palace Collection. Another MS. in the Brit. Mus.
 Add. MS. 33,235, fol. 103.

Above the Tumults of a buisy State
 Clog'd with dull cares, with noise and strife,
 I 'l lead a merry peacefull Life,
 Neither to boast nor to repine at Fate.
 Where Envy never shall molest,
 Nor base contempt disturb my rest,
 But from the World and Love set free,
 My Mansion Cottage still shall be
 All calm and quiet as the Halcyon's Nest.

But Love must sure some Habitation find,
 And if in Progresse it should come
 To my obscure and peacefull Home,
 For hospitality's sake I must be kind,
 But if the charming Guest should take
 Me and my Heart a Pris'ner make,
 Too late would my Repentance prove
 I once defiance bid to Love.
 Then who will then have Pitty for my sake ?

The treble voice is in the soprano clef.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

- | | | | |
|-----|---|---|---|
| 150 | 4 | 4 | The MSS. read "the" and "this" indifferently. In the treble voice the autograph has C sharp instead of B natural on the third beat; the Brit. Mus. MS. gives the latter note, which is evidently right. |
| — | — | 5 | Instr. bass. The Brit. Mus. MS. gives the latter half of the bar as a dotted crotchet and a quaver, repeating the vocal bass. |
| 151 | 4 | 2 | Instr. bass. The Brit. Mus. MS. repeats the vocal bass in the latter half of the bar. |
| — | — | 4 | Instr. bass. The Brit. Mus. MS. has a dotted minim on the low A. |
| 152 | 1 | 1 | Treble vioce. The autograph has: |



The reading of the other MS. has here been preferred as corresponding with the same figure in the bass voice in the next bar. For the instr. bass the Brit. Mus. MS. has:



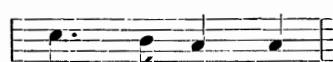
XLIII.—“ALAS, HOW BARBAROUS ARE WE.”

MSS. in Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 33,234, fol. 159; Fitzwilliam Mus., No. 120.

Alas, how barbarous are we,
 Thus to reward the courteous Tree,
 Who its broad Shade affording us,
 Deserves not to be wounded thus;
 See how the yielding Bark complies
 With our ungrateful injuries,
 And seeing this, say, how much then,
 Trees are more generous than men,
 Who by a nobleness so pure,
 Can first oblige and then endure.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

- | | | | |
|-----|---|---|-----------------------------------|
| 153 | 2 | 2 | Instr. bass. The Fitz. MS. reads: |
|-----|---|---|-----------------------------------|



- | | | | |
|-----|---|---|--|
| 154 | 1 | 2 | Instr. bass. The third note is B natural in the Brit. Mus. MS.; the C sharp, corresponding with the vocal part, is correctly given in the Fitzw. MS. |
|-----|---|---|--|

PAGE.	LINE.	BAR.	
154	2	4	Treble voice. In the Fitzw. MS. the last two notes are a dotted quaver and semiquaver.
—	—	5	Instr. bass. The Fitzw. MS. has:



— 4 1 Both MS. read "more" for "so."

XLIV.—“SILVIA, THOU BRIGHTER EYE OF NIGHT.”

(A SERENADING SONG.)

Autograph in the Buckingham Palace Collection.

Silvia, thou brighter eye of Night,
Accept the humble vowes
Of him that to thy sacred light
(Than Cynthia's Beams more pow'rful and more bright)
With adoration bowes.

Accept him and the suppliant Priest
That at Love's altar serves,
Admit to thy relenting Breast
(Worst Titles give best Lawes) and he serves best
That least of all deserves.

Remember all the tender houres
That wee in private spent,
Were * thro' the silent blissful Bow'rs
The jealous Sun, that envy'd our amours,
His beams to watch us sent.

Did we the happy time improve,
To the full height of Bliss,
Did we with more than common Love
Thro' all the sweets of riotous pleasure move,
And you deny me this?

XLV.—“SEE WHERE SHE SITS WEEPING.”

Words by Abraham Cowley. Autograph in the Buckingham Palace Collection.
MSS. in Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 33,237, fol. 200, and 33,287, fol. 36.

See where she sits, and in what comely wise,
Drops Tears more fair than others *Eyes*!
Ah, charming Maid, let not ill *Fortune* see
Th' Attire thy *Sorrow* wears,
Nor know the Beauty of thy Tears,
For she'll still come to dress herself in *thee*.

* [Sic.] Evidently for "Where."

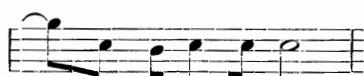
As Stars reflect on *Waters*, so I spy
 In ev'ry Drop (methinks) her *Eye* ;
 The *Baby*, which lives there, and always plays
 In that illustrious *Sphere*,
 Like a *Narcissus* does appear,
 Whilst in his *Flood* the lovely *Boy* did gaze.

Ne'er yet did I behold so glorious Weather,
 As this *Sun-shine* and *Rain* together ;
 Pray Heav'n her *Forehead*, that pure *Hill* of *Snow*,
 (For some such *Fountain* we must find,
 To Waters of so fair a kind)
 Melt not, to feed that beauteous *Stream* below.

Ah, mighty Love, that it were *inward Heat*
 Which made this precious *Limbeck* sweat !
 But what, alas, ah what does it avail
 That she weeps *Tears* so wond'rrous *cold*
 As scarce the *Asses Hoof* can hold,
 So cold, that I admire they fall not *Hail*.

In Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 33,287 the parts for the two violins are interchanged throughout.

PAGE.	LINE.	BAR.	
160	3	2	Instr. bass. In Add. MS. 33,287 the last two notes are even crotchets.
161	1	5	Instr. bass. The same MS. has on the second beat a dotted quaver and semiquaver.
	2	3	First violin. For the third and fourth quavers, the autograph has a single crotchet, F.
162	1	3, 4	Add. MS. 33,237 reads "The lovely <i>Boy</i> " for "Whilst in his <i>Flood</i> ."
—	4	4	Second violin. In Add. MS. 33,287 there is no indication that the B is natural, i.e., there is no sharp before it.
163	2	4	Second violin. Add. MS. 33,287 has, for the last pair of quavers, two E flats.
164	2	1	First violin. Add. MS. 33,237 reads :



In the same bar there is no flat to the note A in Add. MS. 33,287.

XLVI.—“OH! WHAT A SCENE DO’S ENTERTAIN MY SIGHT.”

The autograph is in the Buckingham Palace Collection, and there is another copy in Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 33,287.

Oh! what a Scene do’s entertain my Sight,
Chloris, the goddess I admire,
Chloris, my Joy and my Desire,
 Now, now puts on her best Attire.
 How my Senses all are courted,
 How my Soul is quite transported
 With ravishment and sweet delight ;
 Whilst with pleasure I behold
Nature her Treasures unfold
 In Pearls of Christal Dew and Fields of flow’ry Gold.

All creatures now are in a merry Vein,
 From ev'ry quarter all around
 Tuneful Melodies resound ;
 The wanton Lambs to please the Swain,
 Dance and brisk it o'er the Plain.
 Then view the Lark, observe her lab'ring Wings,
 How she mounts and how she sings,
 Still she does upward move,
 As if she'd reach the ears of Jove,
 Or meant to Joyn in Consort to the choirs above.
 Come then, let's strike up nobler strains,
 Let's make the neighb'rинг Valleys ring,
 Whilst we dance and whilst we sing
 The sports and pleasures of the Spring ;
 And whilst fair *Chloris* does invite
 To pleasing Fields and fragrant Flow'rs,
 Purling streams and shady Bow'rs,
 All Joyes doe there commence, I am crown'd with all Delight.

XLVII.—“A DIALOUGE (*sic*) BETWEEN CHARON AND ORPHEUS.”

Autograph in the Buckingham Palace Collection ; copies in the Brit. Mus. Add. MSS. 22,100 ff. 108-110, and 33,234, 105-108.

Orpheus.—Hast, gentle *Charon*, hast, I prethee, come,
 And waft me to the blest *Elizium*,
 Thro' whose coole Shade with wand'ring Soules ile flee
 Till I have found the fair *Euridice*.
 —Sure he's asleep and hears me not,—So ho!
 Awake, dull man, awake, thou dost not know
 The Paines that parted Lovers undergo.

Charon.—What voice is this I hear ? No Mortal dare
 Invade these gloomy regions of Despair,
 Where sullen Clouds have chac't away the Light,
 And drawn dark Curtains of Eternall Night.
 And winged *Mercury* perhaps may bring
 Some message to the great *Infernal King*.
 Speak, who art thou ?

Orpheus.—I prethee come and see.
 'Tis *Orpheus* calls.

Charon.—Then *Orpheus* wait on me.

Orpheus.—For pitty's sake let me no longer stay,
 Each minute seems to be a lasting Day.

Charon.—The rising *Tydes* by angry Windes are met,
 And swell so high my Boat will overset.
 I dare not stirr,

Orpheus.— Feare not, the Winds shall cease,
Ile charm their rage to gentle calmes of peace.

Charon.— Then come aboard and whilst we sayle along,
Divert the Storm by some delightful Song.

Both.— Be still, ye proud Waves and your Fury give o'er,
Retire all ye Winds and oppose them no more ;
In the dark hollow Caverns your revells goe keep,
Then void of disturbance thy Billows may sleep ;
And when they awake, they'll be calm and appear
As gentle as if the great *Pluto* were here.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.
172 3 4 Instr. bass. Both Brit. Mus. MSS. read :



173 3 2 Bass voice. Both Brit. Mus. MSS. read the Bass voice thus:



176 1 1 Both Brit. Mus. MSS. read the last group of the lower voice thus:



— 2 1 Instr. bass. Both Brit. Mus. MSS. read the latter half of the bar :



like the vocal part.

— — 2, 3 In Add. MS. 33,234 the vocal parts are interchanged from " And " to the word " appear. "

— 3 3 Add. MS. 33,234 gives the first notes of the vocal parts as :



THREE-PART SONGS.

I.—“'TIS WINE WAS MADE TO RULE THE DAY.”

A DRINKING SONG, WITH CHORUS FOR THREE VOICES.

Printed in “Orph. Brit.” II. (first edition, 1702), 171. A MS. in the Fitzwilliam Museum, No. 120, and another, of the chorus only, in the Royal College of Music, No. 1064, fol. 28.

'Tis Wine was made to rule the Day,
And not the flaring Sun ;
'Tis Love that should o're Night bear sway,
And not the silly Moon ;
Wine is th' amazement of the Old,
That Bliss would fain retrieve ;
And Love the business of the bold,
That can Both joys receive.

Chorus.—Let my Queen live for ever, and let's still drink *French* wine ;
Let my Rage be Immortal, and my Liquor divine.

Infus'd in Wine, let's sink to rest,
And Dream of what we Love ;
And since she may not be possest,
Let's thus our wants improve.

Chorus.—Let my Queen live for ever, etc.

Oh ! lull me, couch'd in soft repose,
And sleep ne'er from me take ;
Except the Gods will interpose,
And let me enjoy awake.

Chorus.—Let my Queen live for ever, etc.

No Instr. Bass is printed in “Orph. Brit.,” but the figures appear over the vocal part. At the 16th bar of the chorus, *i.e.* :

II.—“WHEN THE COCK BEGINS TO CROW.”

(A SONG FOR THREE VOICES.)

Printed in “Orph. Brit.” II. (second edition, 1711), 184.

When the Cock begins to crow,
 Cock-a dode do ;
 When the Embers leave to glow,
 And the Owl cries to whit, to who ;
 When Crickets do sing and Mice roam about,
 When Midnight Bells ring to call the Devout ;
 When the Lazie lye stretching, and thinks 'tis no harm,
 Their Zeal is so cold, and their Beds are so warm ;
 When the long lazie slut
 Has not made the Parlour clean,
 No Water on the Hearth is put
 But all things in disorder seen ;
 Then we trip it round the Room,
 And make like Bees a drowsie hum ;
 Be she *Betty, Nan, or Sue*
 We make her of another hue,
 And Pinch her, Pinch her black and blew.

PAGE.	LINE.	BAR.	
181	1	1-5	The notes for the instr. bass part are repeated on the stave of the bass voice, obviously in error, as no words are attached.
182	2	1	Instr. bass. “Orph. Brit.” gives the fourth quaver as B.
183	2	1	First treble voice. “Orph. Brit.” omits the flat before the E.
185	1	3	“Orph. Brit.” has the last note of the top voice as F, making fifths with the bass.

It is probable that this little Trio was intended for insertion in “The Fairy Queen.”

APPENDIX.

I.—“ SWEET TYRANESS I NOW RESIGN.”

The following Trio is claimed as Henry Purcell's, since it is printed as his in “ Catch that Catch Can ” (1667), and in Banister and Low's “ New Ayres and Dialogues ” (1678), where it appears, with sundry alterations, as a “ single song.” (In the latter collection, only the second verse is given). If it be indeed the work of the famous composer, it must date from about his ninth year. There seems no good reason to doubt that Burney (Hist., III., 486) is right in assigning it to the composer's father, Henry Purcell the elder.

Sweet Tyraness, I now resign
My Heart, for evermore 'tis thine ;
Those magic sweets force me,
My arts, myself, to slavery ;
What need I care ? thy beauty flings
Such flow'ry smiling charms would conquer kings.

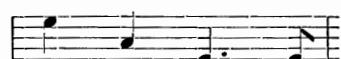
The grey-eyed morn, wanton to be
Attendant on simplicity,
Courts now thy fairer eyes,
Lest they should [take] them by surprise ;
To thee, thee only, he appeals
Being the mortal that both wounds and heals.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

186 1 2 First Treble (Cantus Primus). In “ New Ayres ” the last three notes are even quavers, and the Instr. bass runs thus :



— 2 1 Instr. bass. “ New Ayres ” reads thus :



187 1 3 “ New Ayres ” gives the Instr. bass thus :



II.—“POOR BLIND WOMAN.”

(THE BLIND BEGGAR'S SONG.)

“Composed for 3 Voices by the late famous Mr. Henry Purcell, found among some of his old Manuscripts and never before published” (Walsh's “Orpheus Britannicus,” c. 1745, p. 120). It also appears in Simpson's “Thesaurus Musicus,” c. 1750).

A poor blind woman,
That has no sight at all,
I pray pity the blind.

There is no better authority for this little Trio than the note quoted above, and its authenticity is therefore by no means certain.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

PAGE.		PAGE.	
Above the tumults	150	Oh ! what a scene	166
Alas, how barbarous are we	153	Once in our lives	9
An ape, a lion, a fox, and an ass	1	Once, twice, thrice	10
As Roger last night	1	One industrious insect	10
Bring the bowl...	1	Pale faces, stand by	10
Call for the reckoning	2	Plague on you	11
Come, dear companions	40	Poor blind woman, A...	187
Come lay by all care	21	Prithee ben't so sad	11
Come, let us drink	2	Room for th' express...	12
Come, my hearts	3	Saccharissa's grown old	46
Down, down with Bacchus	3	See where she sits	157
Drink on, till night	4	Silvia, thou brighter eye	155
Dulcibella, whene'er I sue	105	Since the Duke is return'd	12
Fair Cloe my breast so alarms	97	Since time so kind	12
Fie, nay prithee, John	18	Since women so false...	19
Fill the bowl with rosie wine	55	Sir Walter enjoying	13
For love ev'ry creature	118	Sit down, my dear Sylvia	26
Full bags are a nuisance	18	Soft notes and gently rais'd ...	32
Glass was just tim'd, The	18	Soldier, soldier, take off thy wine ...	13
Go tell Amynta	133	Sum up all the delights	13
God save our Sovereign	4	Surrender of Lim'rick, The ...	14
Great Apollo and Bacchus	4	Sweet tyraness, I now resign ...	186
Has yet your breast no pity learn'd?	66	Sylvia, 'tis true, you're fair ...	38
Haste, gentle Charon	172	There ne'er was so wretched ...	120
He that drinks is immortal	4	Though my mistress be fair...	23
Health to the nut-brown lass, A	5	'Tis easy to force	14
Hence, fond deceiver	62	'Tis too late for a coach ...	14
Here's a health	5	'Tis wine was made to rule...	177
Here's that will challenge	5	'Tis women makes us love ...	14
Here's to thee, Dick	69	To all lovers of music ...	15
How great are the blessings	43	To thee and to a lass ...	15
How pleasant is this flow'ry plain...	74	Tom making a manteau ...	19
How sweet is the air...	54	Trip it in a ring ...	132
I gave her cakes	6	True Englishmen drink a good health ...	15
I saw fair Cloris	36	Turn then thine eyes...	137
I spy Celia	141	Under a green elm ...	16
If all be true	6	Under this stone ...	16
In all our Cinthia's shining sphere ...	125	Underneath this myrtle shade ...	100
In some kind dream	59	Were I to choose ...	86
Is Charleroy's siege come to?	6	What can we poor females do	104
Julia, your unjust disdain	139	When gay Philander ...	20
Let Hector, Achilles	82	When, lovely Phillis, thou art kind	30
Let the grave folks go preach ...	7	When Myra sings ...	109
Let us drink to the blades ...	7	When Teucer from his father fled ...	48
Lost is my quiet	91	When the cock begins to crow ...	181
Macedon youth, The	8	When V and I together meet ...	16
Miller's daughter, The	19	While bolts and bars...	130
My lady's coachman, John	8	While you for me alone had charmes	146
Nestor, who did to thrice man's age ...	88	Who comes there? ...	16
Now England's great council's assembled...	8	Why, my Daphne ...	93
Now, now we are met	9	Wine in a morning ...	17
O Dive custos Auriacæ domus ...	112	Would you know how we meet	17
Of all the instruments	9	Young Collin cleaving fire-wood	17
Oft am I by the women told ...	52	Young John the gard'ner ...	18

CATCHES, ROUNDS,
TWO-PART AND THREE-PART
SONGS.

CATCHES

I

AN APE, A LION, A FOX AND AN ASS.

Henry Purcell.

1 2
1. An ape, a li - on, a fox and an ass, Do shew forth man's life as it were in a glass;
2. A dove, a spar-row, a par - rot, a crow, As plainly sets forth how you wo-men may know;

3 3
For ap - ish we are till twen-ty and one, And af - ter that li - ons till spar - rows till for - ty be gone:
Harm-less they are till thir-teen be gone, Then wan - ton as for - ty draws on:

Then wit - ty as fox - es till three score and ten, But af - ter that ass - es, And so no more men.
Then prat-ing as par - rots till three score be o'er, Then birds of ill o - men, And wo-men no more.

II

AS ROGER LAST NIGHT.

1 2
As Ro - - ger last night lay sleep - - ing in
Quoth Ro - - ger, "Who are ___ you, ___ and ___ whence pri - thee
"Friend Ro - ger," he an - swerd, stand - ing by ___ the ___ bed -

bed, There came a strange fi - gure and stood at his head.
say, Why you vi - sit ___ by ___ night, and not come in ___ the ___ day?"
- post, "Come a - - long, quick, don't you see ___ I'm a ghost?"

III

BRING THE BOWL AND COOL NANTZ.

1 2
Bring the bowl and cool Nantz, bring the bowl and cool Nantz and let us be
Dip, dip your dish fair, a round to all jol - ly, jol - ly punch -
We need no ___ damn'd draw - ers our mo - - - - tions, our mo - tions are

mix - ing, We've a great deal of bus' - ness, we've a great deal of bus' - ness 'tis time to be fix - ing,
- drink - ers; We lose not a mi - nute, we lose not a mi - nute, while we are our own skinkers,
quick - er, We sit at the well, boys, we sit at the well, boys, and drink rich - er Li - quor.

IV
CALL FOR THE RECKONING.

1 Call for the reck' - ning and let us, and let us be gone, Such
 2 ring the bell, till the draw - ers come up, Nay
 3 sure they're a - sleep, a plague, a plague take 'em all; Oh!

care - less at - ten - dance sure ne - - ver, sure ne - ver, sure ne - ver was known; Pray
 pri - thee pull on, pull on, pull on, tho' you break the rope; Why
 now they come sneak - ing with "Gen-tie-men, d'ye call?" "Gen-tie-men, d'ye call?"

V
COME, LET US DRINK.

1 Come, come, let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, 'Tis in vain to think, Like
 2 But wine, wine, wine, wine, wine and good cheer Will, in spite of our fear, In-spire
 3 Hand, hand a-bout, hand, hand a-bout, hand, hand a-bout the bowl, The de-light of my soul, And to my

fools, on grief or sad - ness, Let our mo-ney fly And our sor - rows die, All worldly care is madness.
 2
 3
 1
 hand, to my hand com-mend it, A fig, a fig for chink! 'Twas made to buy drink, And be-fore we go hence we'll spend it.

VI
COME, MY HEARTS.

1 

2

3

1

VII
DOWN, DOWN WITH BACCHUS.

1 

2

3

1

VIII

DRINK ON, TILL NIGHT BE SPENT.

1 day. Drink on, drink on, drink on, till night be spent and
 2 wine To wash all care, to wash all care and trou - ble from the heart?
 3 part? Come let this bum - per, let this bum - per for the next give way, Who's
 sun do shine, Did not the gods give an - anxious mor - tals
 Why then so soon, why then so soon should jo - vial fel - lows
 sure to live, who's sure to live and drink an - o - ther

IX

GOD SAVE OUR SOVEREIGN CHARLES.

1 God save our Sov'reign, Charles, our faith's de - fender, Let all good men his laws and hon'our tender; 2
 2 Pro - tect Queen Cath'rine, Eng - land's nurs-ing mo - ther, Pre - serve York's duke, our King's il - lust - rious bro - ther: 3
 3 Who to his pi - ous votes de - nies his hand, I pray for him too, but wish him out o'th' land.

X

GREAT APOLLO AND BACCHUS.

1 Great A - pol - lo and Bac-chus one night did dis - pute Which god by dis - ci - ples had got mostre - pute; 2
 2 "Two sons I have had," says A - pol - lo, "whose fame Sings loud I - o Pæ - an to my sac - red name;" 3
 3 "I've as ma - ny," quoth Bac-chus, "and e - ven your two Will serve and a - dore me, nay, soon-er than you."

XI

HE THAT DRINKS IS IMMORTAL.

1 He that drinks is im - mor - tal, he that drinks is im - mor - tal and can neer de - cay, 2
 2 For wine still sup - plies, for wine still sup - plies what age wears a - way; 3
 3 How can he be dust, how can he be dust that moist - ens his clay?

XII A HEALTH TO THE NUT-BROWN LASS.

1 A health, a health to the nut - brown lass, With the ha - zel
 2 As much to the live - lier grey, They're as good ____ by night as
 3 I'll pledge, sir, I'll pledge; what ho! some wine here! some wine!
 4 But oh! the black eyes, the black! Give me as much a-gain, and let it be

eyes; She that hath — good eyes In lov - ing is wise, Let it pass, let it pass.
 day; She that hath — good eyes In lov - ing is wise, Drink a - way, drink a - way:
 — To mine and to thine, To thine and to mine, The co - lours are di - vine:
 sack. She that hath — good eyes In lov - ing is wise, And is ne - ver slack.

XIII HERE'S A HEALTH, LET IT PASS.

1 Here's a health, a health, pray let it pass a - bout, A health that ne'er shall cease till all our wine is out;
 2 There-fore drink a-way, and ne - ver let it stand, But ply it close - ly round from hand to hand, And
 3 ea - ger - ly and brave - ly, with cour-age thus pur-sue it, For 'tis a health, a health to hon - est, rud - dy Ro - ger Hew - itt.

XIV BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

1 Here's that will chal - lenge all the Fair; Come buy my nuts and dam - sons, my Bur - gam - y pears:
 2 Here's Di - ves and La - za - rus and the world's cre-a - tion, Here's the Dutch wo - man the like's not in the na - tion;
 3 'To - to - to - to,' goes the lit - tle pen - nytrum - pet; Here's your Ja - cob Hall That can jump ____ it, jump it;

Here's the whore of Ba - by - lon, the De - vil and the Pope; The girl is just a - go - ing on the rope.
 Here is the booth where the tall Dutchmaid is; Here are bears that dance like a - ny la - dies.
 Sound, trum - pet, sound, A sil - verspoon and fork; Come, here's your dain - ty pig and pork.

XV
I GAVE HER CAKES.

1 I gave her cakes and I gave her ale, And I gave her sack and
 2 I gave her beads and bracelets fine, And I gave her gold down
 3 Mer-ry my hearts, mer-ry my cocks, mer-ry my sprites, Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry my hey down

sher-ry;— I kiss'd her once, and I kiss'd her twice, And we were won - drous mer-ry.—
 der - ry;— I thought she was a-feard till she strok'd my beard, And we were won - drous mer-ry.—
 der - ry;— I kiss'd her once, and I kiss'd her twice, And we were won - drous mer-ry.—

XVI
IF ALL BE TRUE THAT I DO THINK.

1 If all be true that I do think, There are five rea-sons, there are five rea-sons we shoudddink:
 2 Good wine, a friend, or be-ing dry, Orlest weshould be by and by,
 3 Or a - ny o-therrea-son, or a - ny o-therrea-son, or a - ny o-therrea-son why, a-ny rea - son why.

XVII
A CATCH UPON CHARLEROY.

1 Is Char - le - roys siege come, come, come to? who would a thought it! Then the
 2 Then charge all your guns, boys, as high as they can be, With the
 3 Let en - gin - er Vau - ban shoot the de - vil, the de - vil and all, Yet his

ru - mourwas false, was false, false, false that Lew - is had boughtit.
 brisk-est cham-pagne ramm'd down, ramm'd down, down, down, down, down with Nantz bran-dy:
 Mar - shal shant dance no, no, no, no, shant dance at old Main - te-non's ball.

XVIII
THE JOVIAL DRINKER.

1 Let the grave folks go preach that our lives are but short, And tell us much
 2 Then stand all about, with your glasses full crown'd, Till ev - 'ry - thing
 3 The sun in the rays of his rich morn - ing - gown, Shall be ri - valled by

wine spee - dy death does in - vite; But we'll be re - veng'd be - fore -
 else to our pos - ture do grow; Till our cups and our heads and the
 fa - ces as bright as his own, And won - der that mor - tals can

- hand with them for't, And crowd a life's mirth in the space of a night:
 whole house go - round, And the cel - lar be - come where the cham - ber is now.
 fud - dle a - way More wine in a night than he wa - ter by day.

XIX
LET US DRINK TO THE BLADES.

1 Let us drink, let us drink to the blades in - trench'd on the
 2 Ev - 'ry health shall be flour - - - ish'd with trum - pets and
 3 See the town in a blaze now our fa - ces, our fa - ces re -

Shan - non Dis - charge our full glasses as they their whole can - non;
 drums, And our bump - ers go off in pledge to their bombs.
 - sem - bles, And at both the pale Mon - sieur, poor Mac and Teague trem - bles.

XX

THE MACEDON YOUTH.

1 The Ma - ce-don youth Left be-hind him this truth, That nothing was done with much thinking;
 2 He drank and he fought, And he got what he sought, And the world was his own by fair drinking:
 3 He wash'd his great soul In a plen - ti-ful bowl, He cast a - way trouble and sor-row;
 4 His mind did not run — Of what ought to be done, For he thought of to - day, not to - morrow.

XXI
MY LADY'S COACHMAN, JOHN.
(THE PENSIONER.)

THE PENSIONER.

1 My la - - dys coach - man, John, Whose sight is al - most gone, He
2 My la - dy said: "Tis true, A pen - sion is his due, I'll
3 'Tis twen - ty years a - - go And now he'd have you know

2 can - not drive his hor - ses, His use - ful life is done, This poor old coach - man, John!
3 give him half his wa - ges, Since his re - main - ing years of life Are sure - ly ve - - ry few!"
1 He's got a gou - ty toe: He die? Oh dear no!

XXII

NOW ENGLAND'S GREAT COUNCIL.

(A CATCH MADE IN THE TIME OF PARLIAMENT, 1676.)

1 Now Eng-land's great coun-cil's as - sem-bled To make laws for all Eng-lish-born free-men; Since'tis
 2 Let's drink to the se - nate's best thoughts For the good of the King and the na-tion; May they
 3 A plague of all zea-lots and fools, And each sil-ly Pro-tes-tant ha-ter; Bet-ter
 2 dan-grous to prate Of mat-ters of State, Let's han-dle our wine and our wo-men;
 3 dig on the spot As deep for the Plot As the Je-suits have laid the foun-da-tion.
 1 turn cat-in-pan, And live like a man, Than be hang'd and die like a trai-tor.

XXIII
NOW, NOW WE ARE MET.

1 

2

3

1

XXIV
OF ALL THE INSTRUMENTS THAT ARE.

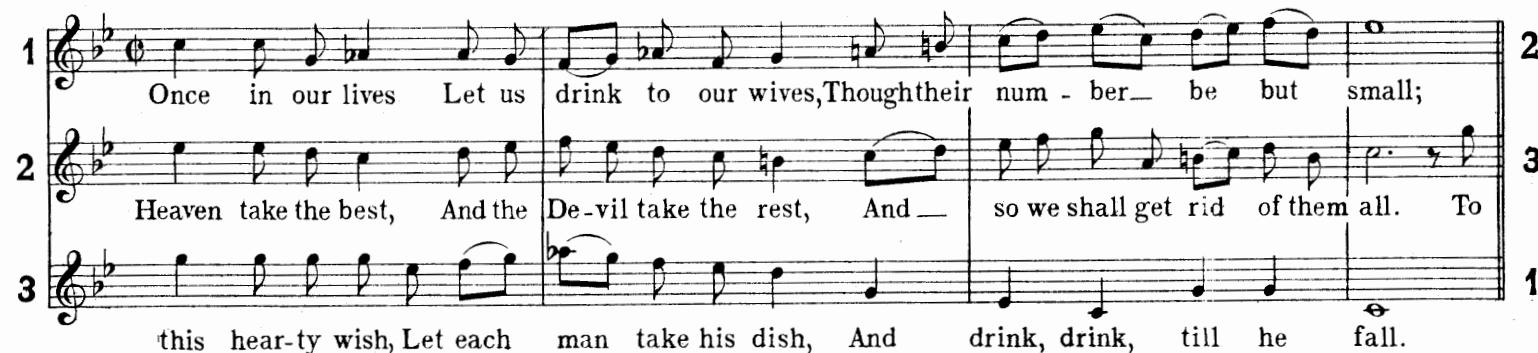
1 

2

3

1

XXV
ONCE IN OUR LIVES.

1 

2

3

1

XXVI
ONCE, TWICE, THRICE, I JULIA TRIED.

1 Once, twice, thrice, I Ju - - - lia
 2 since, and since I can no bet - ter, bet - ter
 3 So go your way, so go your way, so go your way, dis - disdain - - ful

2 tried, The scorn - - - ful puss as oft de nied, And
 3 thrive, I'll cringe to neer a maid a - live. So go your way,
 1 sow, Good cla - ret, good cla - ret is my mis - tress now.

XXVII
ONE INDUSTRIOUS INSECT AND THE SWEETNESS OF TH' OTHER.

1 One in - dus - - tri - ous in - - sect and the sweet - ness of
 2 His - sur - name the room where the fire's in the
 3 The - sign he hangs out is half flesh and half

2 th'o - ther Is the chris - ti - an name of our well - be - lov'd bro - ther,
 3 mid - dle, And - some say he plays ve - ry well on the fid - dle,
 1 fish, And he sells as true - wine as good fel - - lows can wish.

XXVIII
PALE FACES, STAND BY.

1 Pale fa - ces, stand by and our bright ones a - dore, We look like our wine, you worse than our score;
 2 Come light up our pim - ples, all art we out - shine, When the plump God does paint, each streak is di - vine,
 3 Clean glas-ses are pen - cils, old cla - ret his oil, He that sits for his pic - ture must sit a good white.

XXIX
PLAQUE ON YOU FOR A FOP.

(yawn)

1 31 (yawn) (yawn)

"Plague on you, Plague on you, Plague on you for a

2 "Fogh, fogh, fogh, fogh, how wide he yawns; now he's

3 No less than a Cæ - sar, no less than a Cæ - sar, no, no, no less than a

fop, your sto - mach's too quea - sy, Can-not I gape, can-not I gape and yawn, you

at it, now he's at it a - gain, Out, ye beast, out, ye beast, I ne-ver met so

Cæ-sar de - creed with great rea - son No re - straint, no re - straint should be laid on the

cox-comb, to ease me, What if I yawn full in your face? and shall, please ye."

drow-sy a man, I'm not a - ble to bear it, what the dev - il d'ye mean?"

mouth or the wea-son, For yawn - ing and gap - ing were al - ways in sea - son.

XXX
PRITHEE BEN'T SO SAD AND SERIOUS.

1 3(?) Pri-thee ben't so sad and se - rious, No - thing's got by grief or cares;

2 But if Bus' - ness, love or sor - row That po - ses - ses thus thy mind,

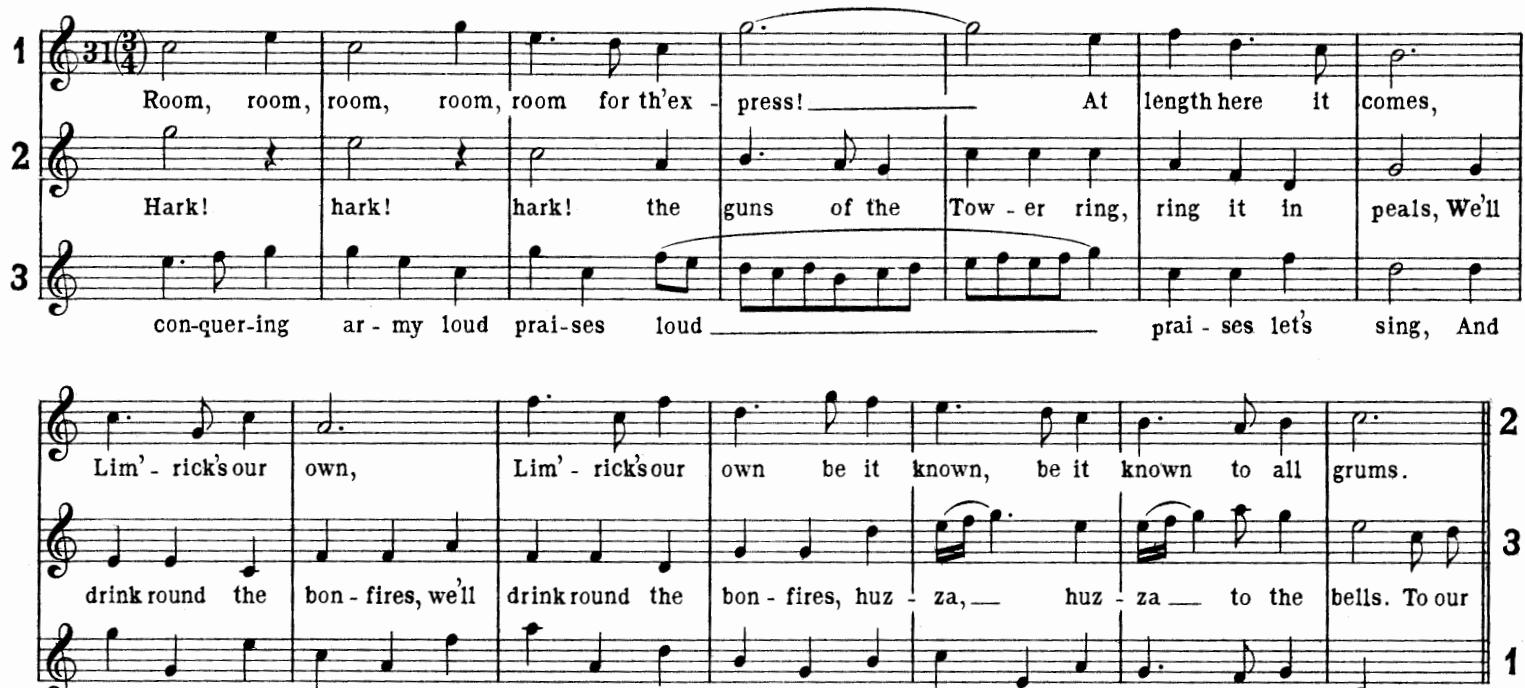
3 Let the glass run its round And each good fel - low keep his ground, And

Mel - an - cho - ly's too im - pe - rious, When it comes, still do - mi - neers.

Bid 'em come a - gain to - mor - row, We are now to mirth in - clin'd.

if there be a - ny flinch - er found, We'll have, we'll have his soul new - coin'd.

XXXI
ROOM FOR TH' EXPRESS.

1 

2 Room, room, room, room, room for th' express! At length here it comes,

3 Hark! hark! hark! the guns of the Tow - er ring, ring it in peals, We'll

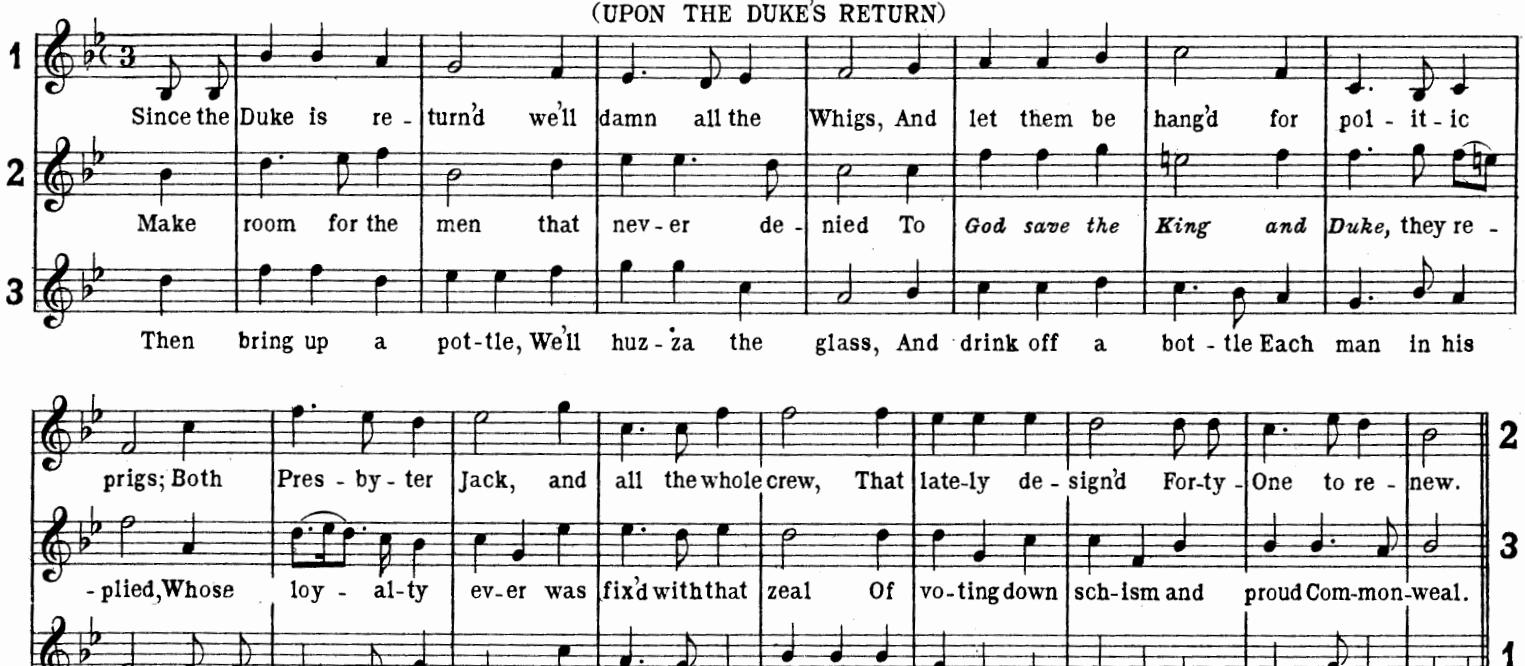
con-quering ar - my loud prai-ses loud prai - ses let's sing, And

Lim' rick's our own, Lim' rick's our own be it known, be it known to all grums.

drink round the bon - fires, we'll drink round the bon - fires, huz - za, huz - za to the bells. To our

now, Mon - sieur French-man. and now, Mon-sieur Frenchman, have at you, have at you next Spring!

XXXII
SINCE THE DUKE IS RETURN'D.
(UPON THE DUKE'S RETURN)

1 

2 Since the Duke is re - turn'd we'll damn all the Whigs, And let them be hang'd for pol - it - ic

3 Make room for the men that nev - er de - nied To God save the King and Duke, they re -

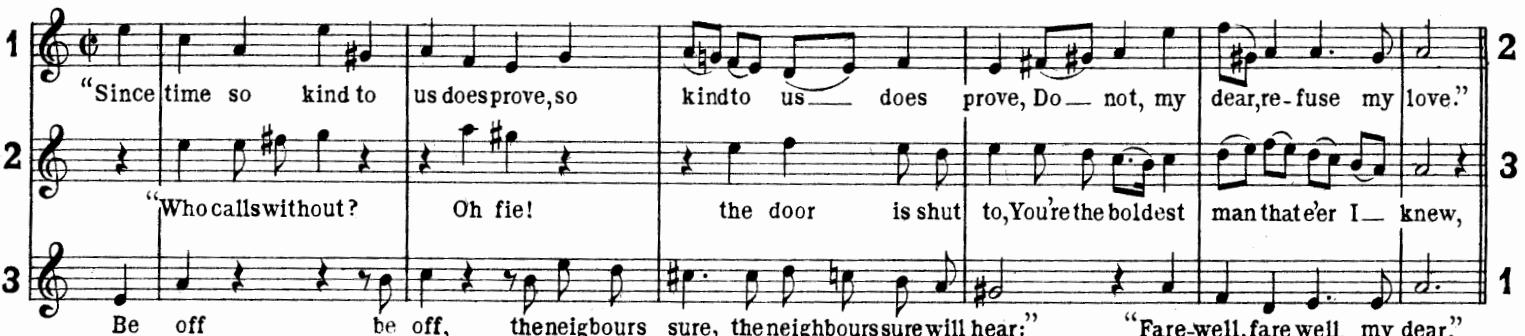
Then bring up a pot-tle, We'll huz - za the glass, And drink off a bot - tle Each man in his

prigs; Both Pres - by - ter Jack, and all the whole crew, That late-ly de - sign'd For-ty - One to re - new.

- plied, Whose loy - al-ty ev - er was fix'd with that zeal Of vo - ting down schism and proud Com-mon-weal.

place; Here's a health to the Duke! Boy, give me my measure, The full-er the glass is, The great - er the pleasure.

XXXIII
SINCE TIME SO KIND TO US DOES PROVE.

1 

2 "Since time so kind to us does prove, so kind to us does prove, Do - not, my dear, re-fuse my love."

3 "Who calls without? Oh fie! the door is shut to, You're the boldest man that e'er I knew,

Be off be off, the neighbours sure, the neighbours sure will hear!" Fare-well, fare-well, my dear."

XXXIV
SIR WALTER ENJOYING.
(THE SCOLDING.)

1 Sir Wal - ter en - joy - ing a pipe in his chair, There
 2 "Pray my dar - ling" said he, "what has brought me this plea - sure? For so
 3 "How can you sit there, how can you sit there, sur - roun - ded by this smo - ther? No
 2 en - ters my La - - dy, with her nose in the air:
 3 bu - sry are you, you have no lei - sure."
 1 long - er will I stand Such treat - ment at your hand, To - mor - row I go home to Mo - ther!"

XXXV
SOLDIER, SOLDIER, TAKE OFF THY WINE.

1 "Sol - dier, sol - dier, take off thy wine And shake thy locks, and shake thy locks as I shake mine,"
 2 "How can I my poor locks shake, That have but ten, that have but ten hairs on my pate; And
 3 one of them must go for tithe, So there re - main, so there re-main but four and five."
 4 "Four and five, and that makes nine, So take off your drink, so take off your drink as I take mine."

XXXVI
SUM UP ALL THE DELIGHTS.

1 Sum up all the de - lights, sum up all, all, sum up all the de - lights the
 2 For hon - our or wealth or beau - ty may
 3 None like wine, none like wine and true friend - ship are
 world does pro - duce, The dar - ling al - lure - ments now chief - ly in use, You'll find when com -
 waste, Those joys of - ten fade but rare - ly do last, They're so hard to at -
 last - ing and sure, From jea - lou - sy free and from en - vy se - cure, Then fill up the
 - pard there's none can con - tend With the so - lid en - joy - ment of bot - tie and friend.
 - tain and so eas - i - ly lost, That the plea - sure ne'er an - swers the trou - ble and cost.
 glass - es un - til they run o'er, A friend and good wine are the charms we a - dore.

XXXVII
THE SURRENDER OF LIM'RICK.

1 The sur - ren - der of Lim'rick and the flight of the
 2 Then let oth - ers re - joice that the Teagues are de -
 3 Great Nas-sau's re turn, great Nas - sau's re - turn brings a joy that's com -

Bas-saw, Are but tri - fles com - pard, are but tri - fles com - pard to the safe - ty of Nas-sau;
 -feat-ed, That the Turks and the Ger-mans, that the Turks and the Ger - mans have hap - pi - ly treat-ed.
 -ple - ter, The cause of these blessings, the cause of these bless - ings and the pledge of much greater.

XXXVIII
'TIS EASY TO FORCE.

1 'Tis ea - sy to force To the wa - ter your horse, But when he's once had his dose Hell no more drench his nose.
 2 That the crea-ture thus wise is From hence it a - ris - es He finds his chill fuddle Mere e - le-ment and puddle.
 3 Let the tip - ple be wine, If the horse proves not swine And drink all, he's an ass, Tho' the Thames washis glass.
 4 Greater Man on some strand More cour - a - geous should stand, And quaff, and quaff seas in a hand.

XXXIX
'TIS TOO LATE FOR A COACH.

1 'Tis too late for a coach, and too soon to reel home, We have freedom to stagger when the town is our own;
 2 Let's whirl it a - way and whip six - pences round Till the draw - ers are founder'd, and the hogshead does sound.
 3 The glass stands with you Tom, sail your tide, pull a - way, One minute of mid - night is worth a whole day.

XL
'TIS WOMEN MAKES US LOVE.

1 'Tis wo - men makes us love,-
 2 'Tis love that makes us sad,-
 3 'Tis sad - ness makes us drink...
 4 And drink - ing makes us mad...

XLI
TO ALL LOVERS OF MUSIC.

1 31(3) To all lov - ers of mu - sic, per - form - ers and scra - pers, To - those that love
 2 But my bro - ther, John Play - ford, and I shall pre - sent you E'er long with a
 3 — My mag - got - man Sam, at the first Tem - ple gate, Will fur - ther in -

catch - es, play - tunes and cut ca - pers, With a new catch I greet you and tho' I
 book I pre - sume will con - tent you, 'Tis true we know well the
 - form you, If not, my wife Kate; From be - tween the two De - vil's near 2
 say it that shoul - dn't, Like a fid - dle, 'tis mu - sic, tho' the words are but wood - en.
 sale of good mu - sic, But to hear us per - form would make him sick or - you sick. 3
 1 Tem - ple Bar, I rest, your friend and ser - vant John Carr.

XLII
TO THEE AND TO A LASS.

1 To thee to thee, and to a lass That kind - ly will fill up a brim - ming glass,
 2 And laugh and sing and kiss and play, And want - - on out a sum-mer's day:
 3 Such, such a lass, kind friends and drink - ing, Give me great Jove, and hang, and hang the think - ing. 1

XLIII
TRUE ENGLISHMEN DRINK.

1 31(3) True Eng - lishmen drink a good health, to the mi - tre, Let our Church ev - er flour - ish, tho' her en - e-mies spite her, 2
 2 May their cun - ning and for - ces no long - er pre - vail, But their ma - lic - e as well as their ar - gument - s fail. 3
 3 Then re - member the seven who sup - por - ted our cause, As stout as our mar - tyrs, and as just as our laws. 1

XLIV
UNDER A GREEN ELM.

1 Under a green elm Lies Luke Shep-herd's helm, That steered him ev' - ry way,
 2 Where-fore now she's gone, Mourning there is none, He fol - low'd her corpse in grey. He
 3 smiled at the grave Like a fleer - ing knave, She'll tell him on't at the last day, For
 4 if we must rise, With the same bo - dy and eyes, She'll have the same, the same tongue, folks say.

XLV
UNDER THIS STONE.

1 Un-der this stone lies Ga - briel John, In the year of our Lord one thou-sand and one;
 2 Cov-er his head with turf or stone, 'Tis all one, 'tis all one, With turf or stone, 'tis all one.
 3 Pray for the soul of gen-tle John, If you please you may, or let it a - lone, 'tis all one.

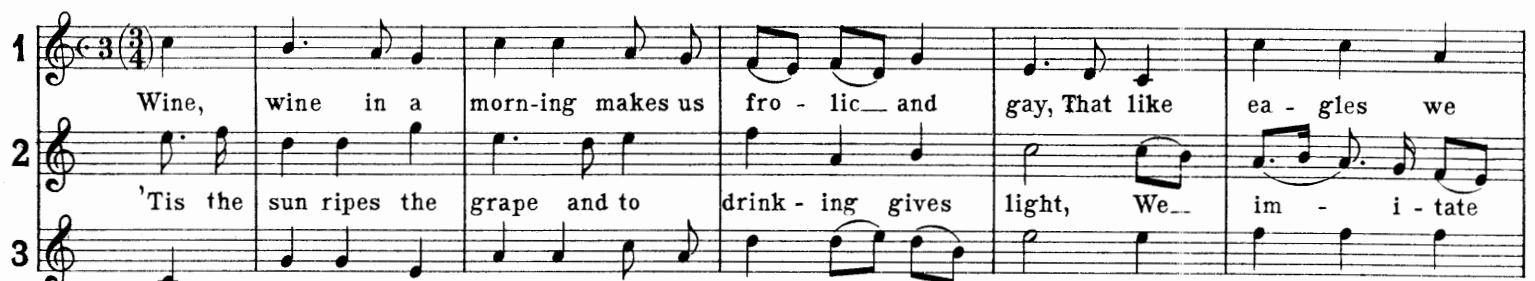
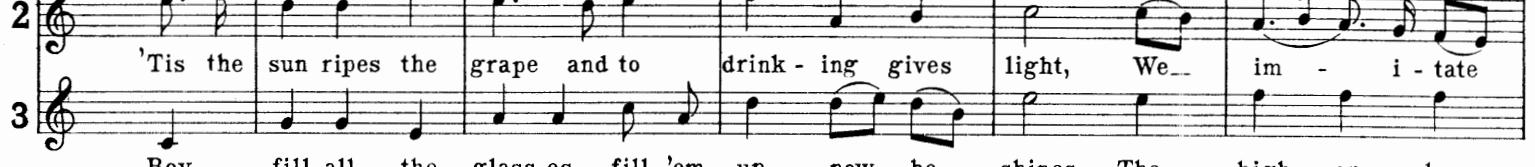
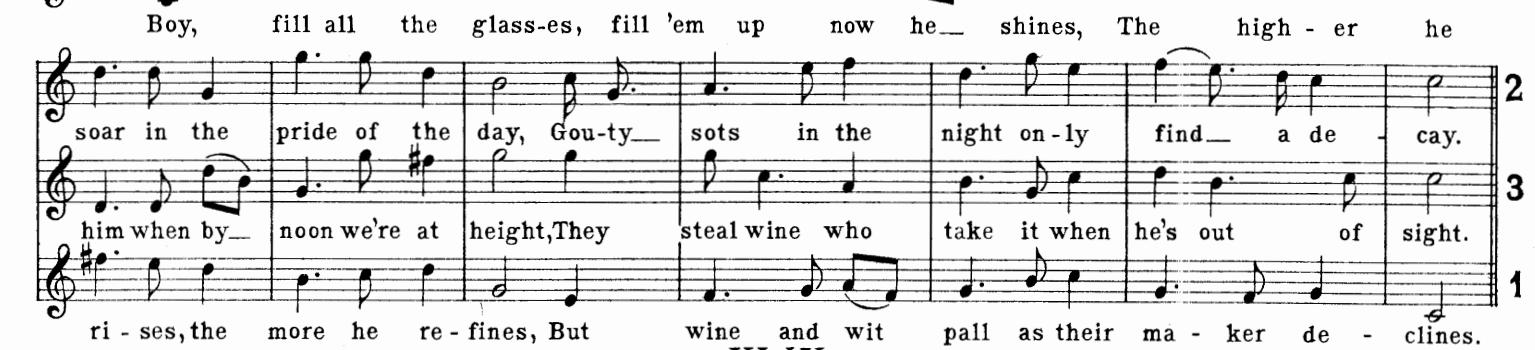
XLVI
WHEN V AND I TOGETHER MEET.

1 When V and I to - geth - er meet, We make up 6 in house or street.
 2 Yet I and V may meet once more, And then we 2 can make but 4;
 3 But when that V from I are gone, A - las! poor I can make but 1.

XLVII
WHO COMES THERE.

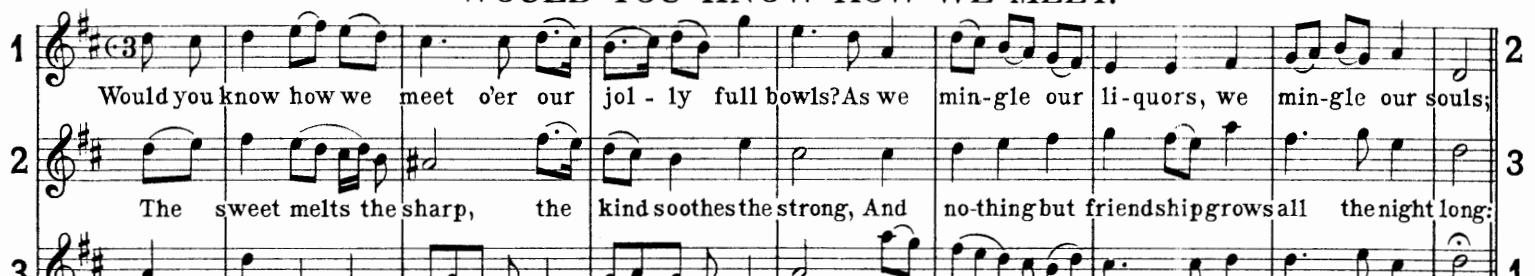
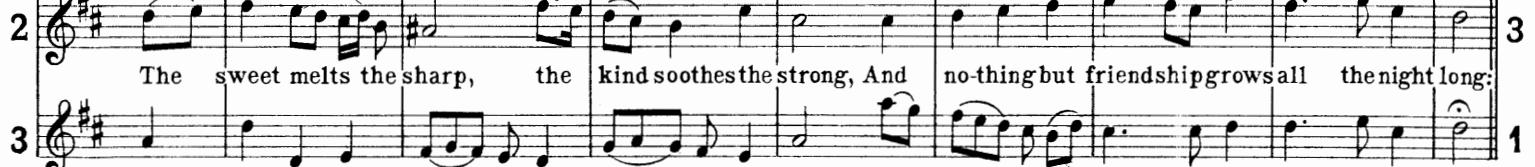
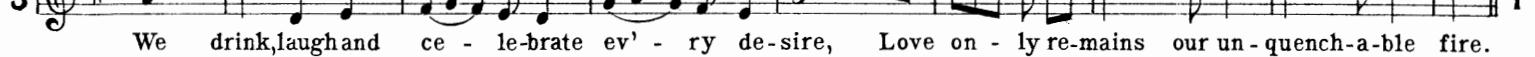
1 "Who comes there? stand! who comes there? stand, and come be-fore the
 2 — "Whence come you, sir, and whi-ther do you go? You may be, sir, a
 3 "To tell you the truth, sir, I am an hon-est To - ry But here's a crown to
 constable, We'll know what you are, what makes you out so late," Says the
 Je - sus - it for aught I know," "You may as well, sir, take me
 drink, and there's the end of the sto - ry." "Good mor - row, sir, a civ - il man is
 mid - night mag-is-trate, With a nod-dle full of ale, In a wood-en chair of state.
 for a Ma hom-e-tan" "He speaks La - tin, se - cure him, he's a dan - ger - ous man!"
 al - ways wel - come; Go, Barn - a - by Bounce, light the gen - tle-man home."

XLVIII
WINE IN A MORNING.

1  Wine, wine in a morn-ing makes us fro - lic and gay, That like ea - gles we
 2  'Tis the sun ripes the grape and to drink - ing gives light, We im - i - ate
 3  Boy, fill all the glass-es, fill 'em up now he shines, The high - er he soar in the pride of the day, Gou-ty sots in the night on - ly find a de cay.
 him when by noon we're at height, They steal wine who take it when he's out of sight.
 ri - ses, the more he re - fines, But wine and wit pall as their ma - ker de - clines.

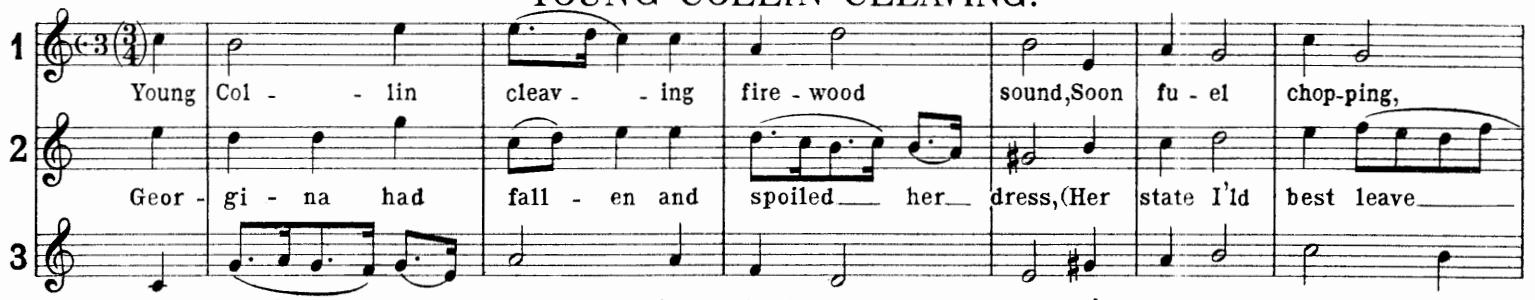
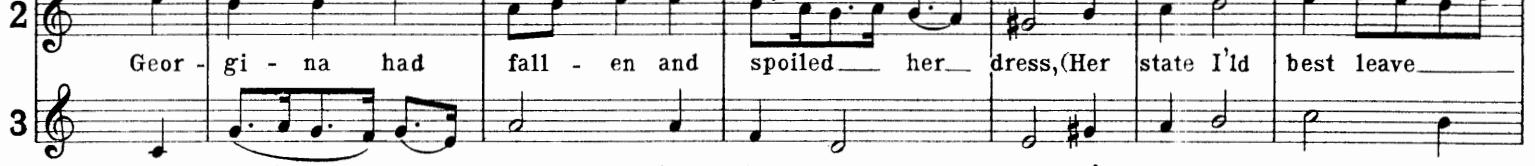
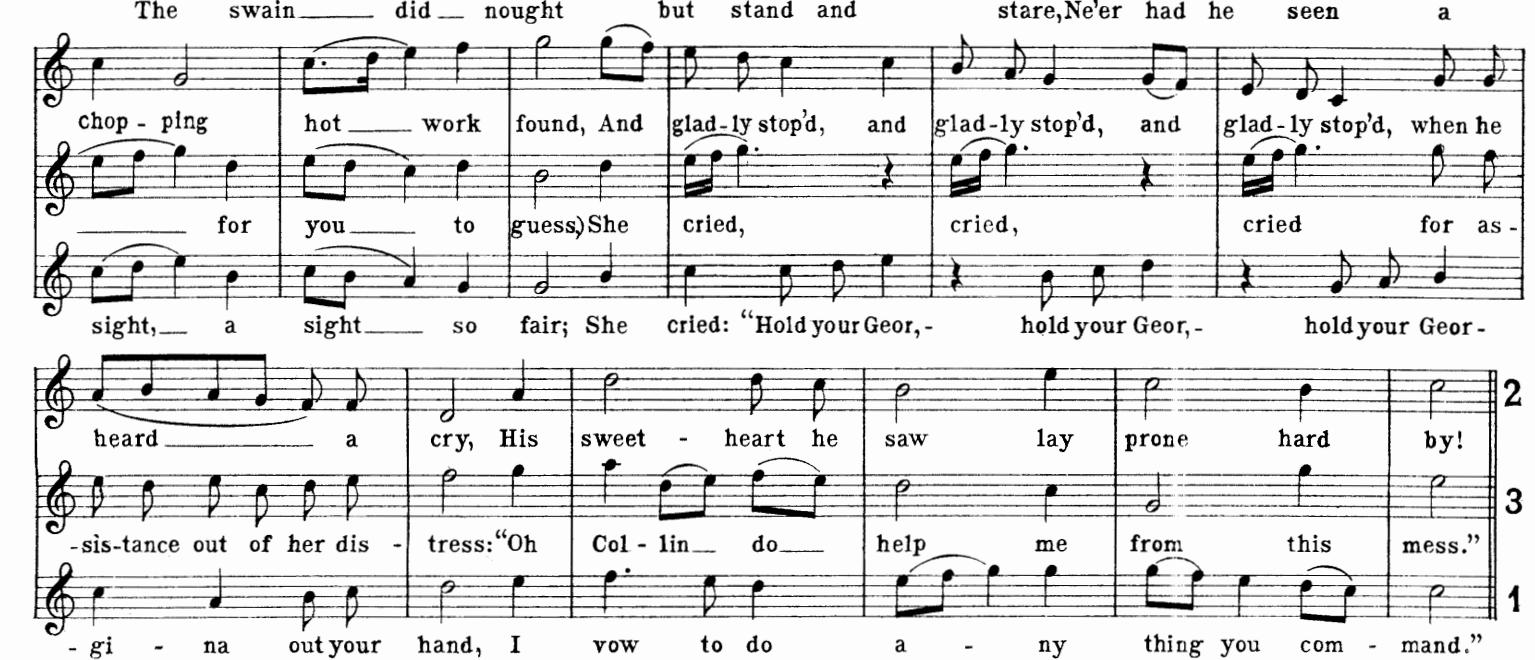
XLIX

WOULD YOU KNOW HOW WE MEET.

1  Would you know how we meet o'er our jol - ly full bowls? As we min - gle our li - quors, we min - gle our souls;
 2  The sweet melts the sharp, the kind soothes the strong, And no - thing but friendship grows all the night long:
 3  We drink, laugh and ce - le - brate ev' - ry de - sire, Love on - ly re - mains our un - quench-a - ble fire.

L

YOUNG COLLIN CLEAVING.

1  Young Col - lin cleav - ing fire - wood sound, Soon fu - el chop - ping,
 2  Geor - gi - na had fall - en and spoiled her dress, (Her state I'd best leave
 3  The swain did nought but stand and stare, Ne'er had he seen a
 chopping hot work found, And glad - ly stop'd, and glad - ly stop'd, and glad - ly stop'd, when he
 for you to guess) She cried, cried, cried for as -
 sight, a sight so fair; She cried: "Hold your Geor,- hold your Geor,- hold your Geor -
 heard a cry, His sweet - heart he saw lay prone hard by!
 sis-tance out of her dis - tress: "Oh Col - lin do help me from this mess."
 - gi - na out your hand, I vow to do a - ny thing you com - mand."

LI
YOUNG JOHN THE GARDENER.
(THE SERVANTS' BALL.)

1 Young John the gard'ner led my La - dy out, She found he danc'd quite well for such a lout,
2 — Thomas the coach-man danc'd with La - dy Nell, Who said she ra - ther liked the sta - ble smell.
3 Ma - ry the housemaid danc'd with Master Joe; And when he kiss'd her cried 'Oh let me go!'
4 And Smith the cook,in'Sir Ro-ger' with my Lord, Got out of breath and could - n't say a word.

APPENDIX.

LII
FIE, NAY PRITHEE, JOHN.

1 "Fie, nay pri-thee, John, Do not quar-rel man, Let's be mer-ry and drink a - bout."
2 "You're a rogue, you cheated me, I'll prove be-fore this com-pa - ny, I carenta far-thing,Sir, for all you are so stout."
3 "Sir, you lie, I scorn your word, Or a - ny man that wears a sword,For all your huff, who cares a fig or who cares for you?"

LIII
FULL BAGS.

1 Full bags are a nui-sance when you tra-vel a - bout, And the cus-tom-house of-fi-cers emp-ty them out;
2 You may talk your best French,pull gri - ma-ces and shout, And re - fuse the kind of-fers of ma - ny a tout;
3 When sent for a cure to get rid - of the gout, You'll get thin on the way tho' you're ne-ver so stout.

LIV
THE GLASS WAS JUST TIM'D.

1 The glass was just tim'd to the crit - i - cal hour, When we heard the re - port of the guns of the Tow'r,
2 Thanks to kind Heav'n who the bless-ing con-triv'd, No soon-er we drank it but our Mon-arch ar - riv'd,
3 The theme let's con - tin - ue and our bum-pers ad-vance, Suc - cess to old Eng-land, Con - fu-sion to France!

LV
THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER RIDING TO THE FAIR.

The miller's daughter rid - ing to the fair, Look'd for her sweetheart, but could not find him there; She
When Ro - bin saw her com - ing he hid him-self a-while, But soon he crept behind her and
His kiss - es when she felt, she cried with might and main: Oh _____ Ro - bin dear,
cried: "A - las, I'm quite un-done, I'm quite un-done, Oh how, how the folks do stare!"
kiss'd, and made her smile;
Ro - bin dear, Oh you are a rogue, you are a rogue, you are a rogue, but sure I've got you back a - gain.

LVI
SINCE WOMEN SO FALSE.

Since wo-men so false and so jilt-ish are grown That a man nev-er knows when he makes them his own,
As true honest drunkards hunt out the best wine, So we lay out our loves on-ly where they prove kind,
And when they grow old and be - gin to taste sick-ly, We broach fresh a - mours to make'em taste brisk-ly.

LVII
TOM MAKING A MANTEAU.

Tom mak - ing a man - teau for a la - dy's plea-sure, It was, it was, it
He quick - ly found, tho' wound - i - ly tight - laced, sir, Nine in - ches, nine in - ches,
Nine in - ches more he adds, to make it big-ger, Yet all, yet all too small, yet all,
was too small, too small all wrong in mea - sure,
nine in - ches, nine in - ches would not half sur - round all wrong in mea - sure,
all, all too small, all too small, yet all too small to span her bux - om fig - ure.

TWO-PART SONGS

I

WHEN GAY PHILANDER LEFT THE PLAIN.

Treble
(or Tenor)

Bass.

When gay Phi-lan-der left the plain, The love, the life _ of ev' - ry swain, His pipe the mourn-ful

When gay Phi-lan-der left the plain, The love, the life of ev' - ry swain, His pipe the mourn-ful
Moderato.

Stre-phontook; By some sad bank, and mur-m'ring brook, Whilst list'-ning flocks for - sook their food, And

Stre-phontook; By some sad bank, and mur - m'ringbrook, Whilst list'-ning flocks for - sook their food, And

me - lan - cho - ly_ by him stood. On the cold ground him-self he laid, And thus the mourn-ful Shep-herd play'd.

me - lan - cho - ly_ by him stood. On the cold ground him-self he laid, And thus the mourn-ful Shep-herd play'd.

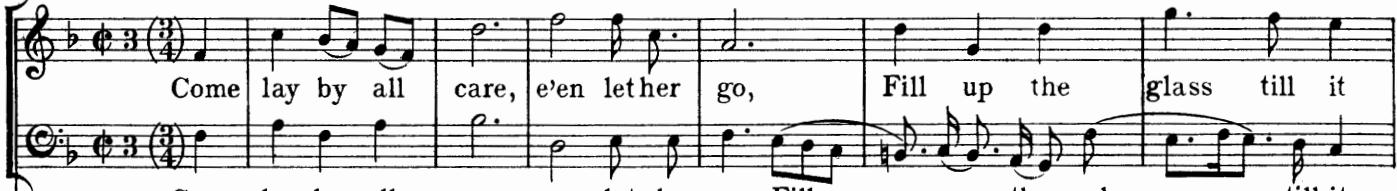
II

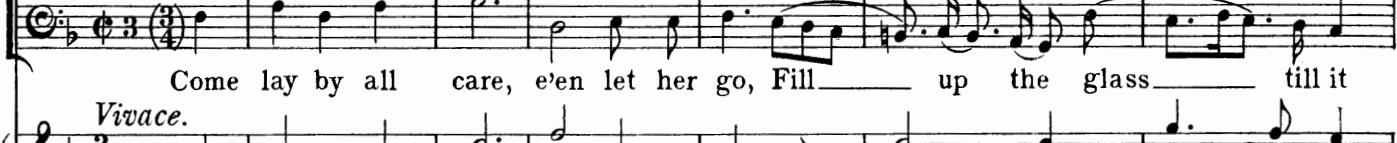
Farewell to all that's bright and gay,
No more glad light and cheerful day;
No more the sun will gild our plain,
'Till the lost youth return again;
Then every pensive heart that now
With mournful willow shades his brow,
Shall crown'd with cheerful garlands sing
And all shall seem eternal spring.

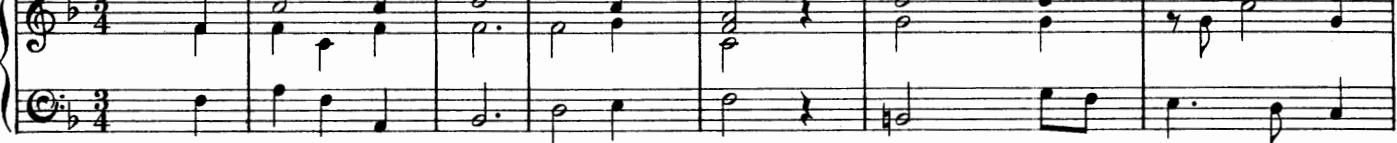
III

Say, mighty Pan, if you did know,
Say all ye rural Gods below,
'Mongst all [the] youths that graced your plain,
So gay, so beautiful a swain?
In whose sweet air and charming voice
Our list'ning swains did all rejoice.
Him only, O ye Gods! restore,
Your nymphs and shepherds ask no more.

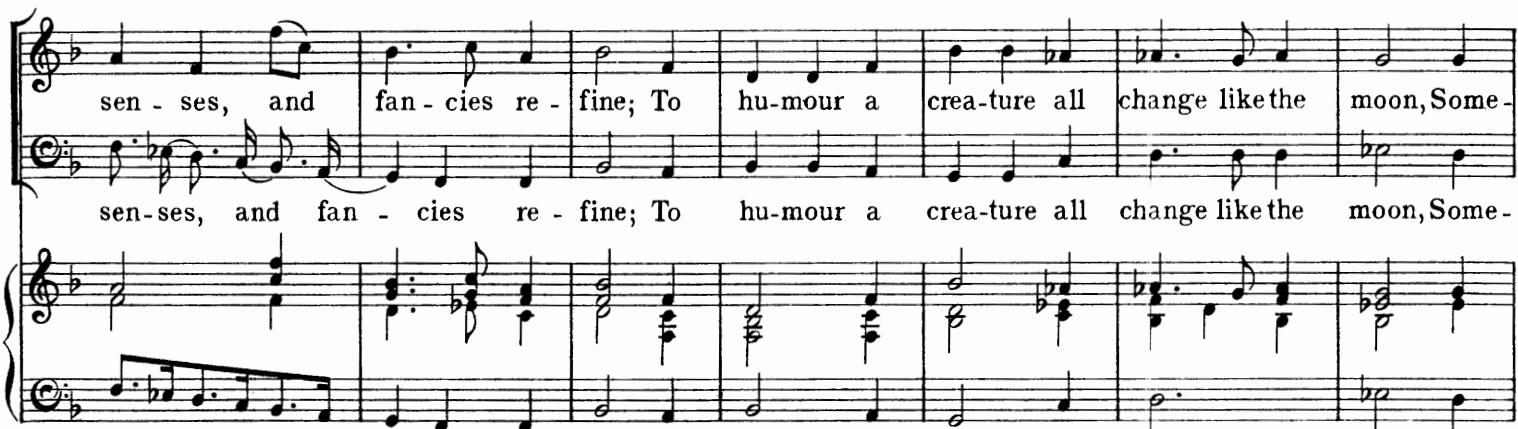
ADIEU TO HIS MISTRESS.

Treble. (or Tenor)  Come lay by all care, e'en lether go, Fill up the glass till it

Bass.  Come lay by all care, e'en let her go, Fill up the glass till it

Vivace.
Accomp. (ad lib.) 


o - - - ver flow. If the draw-er prove right, no mis - tress like wine, She'll charm all your
o - ver - - - flow. If the draw-er prove right, no mis - tress like wine, She'll charm all your


sen - ses, and fan - cies re - fine; To hu-mour a crea-ture all change like the moon, Some -
sen-ses, and fan - cies re - fine; To hu-mour a crea-ture all change like the moon, Some -


-times she'll be kind, then dog-ged as soon. Pri-thee leave off, we'll mind her no
-times she'll be kind, then dog-ged as soon. Pri-thee leave off, we'll mind her no

CHORUS.

more, And 'tis for - ty to one if her loss you'll de - plore. Then drink a - bout free - ly, Then
 more, And 'tis for - ty to one if her loss you'll de - plore. Then drink a - bout

drink a - bout free - ly, whilst now in your pow'r, whilst now, now in your pow'r, Then drink a - bout
 free - ly, then drink a - bout free - ly, whilst now in your pow'r, whilst now in your pow'r, Then
 (h)

free - ly, then drink, Then drink, drink a - bout, drink a - bout free - ly, whilst
 drink a - bout free - ly, Then drink a - bout free - ly, Then drink, drink a - bout, drink a - bout free - ly, whilst
 (h)

Repeat
dal segno §
 (h) now in your pow'r, Ne'er lose the great bles-sing, Ne'er lose the great bles-sing of this hap - py hour.
 now in your pow'r, Ne'er lose the great bles-sing, Ne'er lose the great bles-sing of this hap - py hour.

Repeat
dal segno §

III
THOUGH MY MISTRESS BE FAIR.

Treble.
(or Tenor)

Bass.

Andantino.

she frown up - on me; Then with laugh - - - - -
 - ing and quaff-ing, I'll time and age be -
 she frown up - on me; Then with laugh - - - - -
 - ing and quaff-ing, I'll time and age be -

- guile, Owe my pim-ples and wrinkle-s, Owe my pim-ples and
 wrinkles To my drink and a smile.
 - guile, Owe my pim-ples and wrinkle-s, Owe my pim-ples and wrinkle-s To my drink and a smile.

Come fill up, come fill up my glass, and a plague on her face; May it ne - ver want
 Come fill up my glass, come fill up my glass and a plague on her face; May it

scars and scratch-es, may it ne - ver want scars and scratch-es, Wash, paint and patch-es;
 ne-ver, may it ne - ver want scars, want scars and scratch-es, Wash, paint and patch-es;

Give me all my drink - ing ma-ga - zine, I'll blow _____ up the scorn-ful
 Give me all my drink - ing ma-ga - zine, Give me all, I'll blow _____ up the scornful

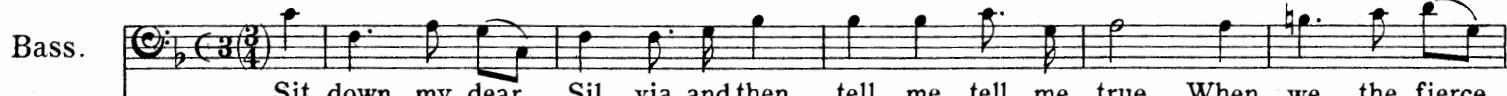
quean; Give me bot-tles and jugs, And glas-ses and mugs, I'll hug 'em and
 quean; Give me bot-tles and jugs, And glas-ses and mugs, I'll

tug 'em, I'll hug 'em and tug 'em, And court 'em much more, Thane'er I did the pee -
 hug 'em, I'll hug 'em and tug 'em, And court 'em much more, Thane'er I did the pee -

- vish girl be - fore, Thane'er I did thane'er I did the pee - - - - - vish girl be - fore.
 - vish girl be - fore, Thane'er I did the pee - - - - - vish girl be - fore.

IV

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT ALEXIS AND SYLVIA.

Alexis.*Andantino.*

plea - sure of pas - sion first knew, What sen - ses were charm'd and what rap - tures did

dwell With - in thy fond heart, my dear nymph, pri-thee tell! That when thy de -

- lights in their ful - ness are known, I may have the joy to re - late all my

Sylvia.

Oh fie, my A - lex - is! how dare you pro - pose To me, silly girl, things im -

own.



ut - ter no words so un - chaste; But if your im - pa - tience ad - mits no de -

-lay, De - scribe your own rap-tures, and teach me the way.

Alexis.

A pain mixed with plea-sure my

sen - ses first found, When crowds of de - light straight my heart did sur - round; A

joy so trans - port - ing, I sigh'd when 'twas done, And fain would re - new, but a -

las! all was gone; Coy na-ture was treach-er-ous when first she meant A— trea-sure so

pre - cious so soon should be spent; Coy na-ture was treach-er-ous when first she meant A—

Sylvia.

This free, kind con - fes-sion does so much pre-

tre-a-sure so pre - cious so soon should be spent.

vail, That I in your bo - som would blush out my tale; But, dear - est, you know'tis too

much to de - clare The joys that our souls, when u - ni - ted, do share. Let this then suf -

-fice, if the plea - sure could last, A Saint would leave Heav'n, a Saint would leave

Heav'n, still so to be blest, still so, so,— so to be blest.

CHORUS.

Let this then suf - fice, if the plea - sure could last, A Saint would leave Heav'n, a Saint would leave

CHORUS.

Let this then suf - fice, if the plea - sure could last. A Saint would leave Heav'n, a

Heav'n, still so to be blest, still so, so,— so to be blest.

Saint would leave Heav'n, still so to be blest, still so, so to be blest.

V

WHEN LOVELY PHILLIS THOU ART KIND.

Treble.
(or Tenor)

Bass.

Andantino.

then I think thee so di - vine, Tex - cel the might - y — pow'r of wine; But
then I think thee so di - vine, Tex - cel the might - y pow'r of wine;

Allegretto.

pain, I wash thee a - way with spark - - ling cham - page; So brave - ly con -
 pain, I wash__ thee a - way with spark - - ling cham - page; So brave - ly con -

 - temn both the Boy__ and his Mo - ther, And drive out one_ God, and
 - temn both the Boy and his Mo - ther, And drive out one

 drive out one God by the Pow'r, _____ by the Pow'r of an - o - ther.
 God, and drive out, and____ drive out one God by the Pow'r of an - o - ther.

Measures 6, 5, 4, 3

II

When pity in thy looks I see,
 I frailly quit my friends for thee;
 Persuasive Love so charms me then,
 My freedom I'd not wish again.
 But when thou art cruel, and heeds not my care,
 Straight [way] with a bumper I banish despair;
 So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother,
 And drive out one God by the Pow'r of another.

VI
A SERENADING SONG.

SYMPHONY FOR FLUTES.

1st Flute.

2nd Flute.

Larghetto.

Animato.

7 6 7 6 7 6 6

#7 6 5 4 #3

6 5 6 5 6

4 #3 6# 4 #3 6 6 5 6 8

(*Soft notes and gently rais'd, lest some harsh sound*) The fair Co-rin-na's

Larghetto.

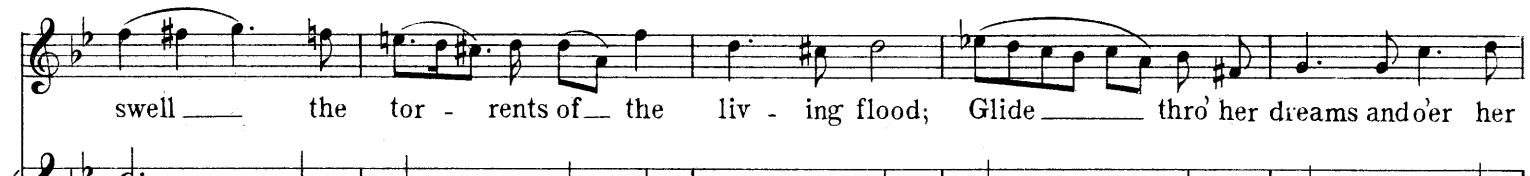
Treble.

rest do rude - - - ly wound, Dif - fuse a peace-ful calm-ness through each part, Touch all the

Più moto.

(*springs of a soft vir-gin's heart, Tune ev'-ry pulse and kin-dle all her blood, and*)

2 6 6 43 4 3 6



Dal Segno & al Fine, e poi segue



his ad-van - tage take, To gain in sleep what he must lose a - wake. When night and shades shut up -



— Co-rin - na's charms, Then, then is the prop'rest time to take up arms. But night and



shades her beau - ties can't con - ceal, Night has pe - cu - liar gra - ces to re - veal;



Flute I

Tenor

Bass

Ten thou-sand thou-sand rap-tures do at-tend, Ten thou-sand thou-sand,

Ten thou-sand thou-sand rap-tures do at-tend, Ten thou-sand

Ten thou-sand thou-sand rap-tures do at-tend this time, Too strong for

thou-sand raptures do at-tend, do at-tend this time, Too

fan-cy, Too strong for fan-cy and too full, and too full, too

strong for fan-cy, Too strong for fan-cy and too full, and too full,

full for rhyme, ~~Too~~ strong for fan-cy and too full for rhyme.

too full for rhyme, ~~Too~~ strong for fan-cy and too full for rhyme.

4# 6 6 6

VII

I SAW FAIR CLORIS ALL ALONE.

Treble.
(or Tenor)

Bass.

Allegretto.

I saw fair Clo - ris all a - lone, When fea - ther'd

I saw fair Clo - ris all a - lone, When fea - ther'd

rain came soft - ly down, And Jove de - scend - ing from his tow'r, To

rain came soft - ly down, And Jove de - scend - ing from his tow'r, To

court her in a sil - ver show'r; The gen - tle snow flew

court her in a sil - ver show'r; The gen - tle snow flew

in her breasts, Like lit-tle birds, like lit-tle birds in - to their nests; But o - ver -

in her breasts, Like lit-tle birds, like lit-tle birds in - to their nests; But o - ver -

-come with white - ness there, For grief dis - solved, For grief dis - solved in -

-come with white - ness there, For grief dis - solved, For grief dis - solved in -

-to a tear; Which, fal - ling down, which fal - ling down her gar - ment's hem, To

-to a tear; Which, fal - ling down her gar - ment's hem, To

deck her, froze in - to a gem.

deck her, to deck her, froze in - to a gem.

VIII
SYLVIA, 'TIS TRUE YOU'RE FAIR.

Treble. (or Tenor)

Syl-via, 'tis true, 'tis true, you're fair, More, more than o - ther wo - men are, 'tis
Moderato.

true, Yet that's no plea to be se - vere; Think not those eyes, 'Cause they con-quer so
Allegretto.

much, and so much do sur - prise, Were e - ver in - ten-ded to ty - ran-nize; For

beau-ty was ne - ver, was ne-ver de - sign'd For a grace to that face and a tor - ment and

cure to my mind; To con-sent and en - joy-ment it ra - ther should move you, For were you not

hand-some, who the De - vil would love you, For were you not hand-some, who the De - vil would

love you? Then since you're by na - ture fram'd fit for the sport, Be kind and com-ply-ing, be
Bass. §

Then since you're by na - ture fram'd fit for the sport, Be kind and com-

kind and com-ply-ing; ne'er re - fuse when we court; Your scorn and your haught-y dis -
ply-ing; nor re - fuse, ne'er re - fuse when we court; Your scorn and your haught-y dis - dain pri-thee

-dain pri-thee cease, And since you've the charm, have the will too to please; For an in - so-lent
cease, pri-thee cease, And since you've the charm, have the will too to please; For an in - so-lent

beau-ty is nougnt but dis - ease, For an in - so - lent beau-ty is nougnt but dis - ease.
beau-ty is nougnt but dis - ease, For an in - so-lent beau-ty is nougnt but dis - ease.

IX

COME, DEAR COMPANIONS OF TH'ARCADIAN FIELDS.

Treble.
(or Tenor)

Bass.

Come, dear com - pa-nions of th'Ar - ca - dian fields, Let us,

Come, dear com - pa - nions of th'Ar-ca - dian fields, Let us,

Andante.

let us com - bine To coun-ter - mine The plots our fe-male con-ver-sa - tion yields; We'll

let us com - bine To coun-ter - mine The plots our fe-male con-ver-sa - tion yields;

break their fet-ters, we'll break their fetters, from their charms be free, And re - gain man his

We'll break their fetters, from their charms be free, And re-

long, long lost li - ber - ty. Come

-gain man his long, long lost li - ber - ty. Come

2.

li - ber - ty. Beau - ty, your em-pire now, now, now is in its wane, Well
 li - ber - ty. Beau - ty, your em-pire now, now, now is in its wane,

2.

ne-ver, no ne-ver, ne-ver - more, ne-ver - more Your shrines a - dore, Since you de -
 We'll ne-ver, no ne-ver, ne-ver - more Your shrines a - dore, Since you de -

light t'as-so - ciate with dis - dain. Had you been kind, I would have wor-shipp'd, I
 light t'as-so - ciate with dis - dain. Had you been kind, I would have wor-shipp'd, I

would have worshipp'd still, But your chief glo - ry is your slaves to kill.
 would have worshipp'd still, But your chief glo - ry is your slaves to kill.

So lawful prin-ces when they ty - rants prove,
Themselves a - buse And pow - er
So lawful prin-ces when they ty - rants prove, Themselves a -

lose, Their strength depending de - pen - ding on their subjects' love; For love ob-li-ges du - ty more than fear,
- buse, And pow - er lose, Their strength de - pen - ding on their subjects' love; For love ob-li-ges
For love ob-li-ges

For love ob - li - ges du - ty more than fear, more than fear, All hate the
du - ty more than fear, For love ob - li - ges du - ty more than fear, All hate the
All hate the

go - vern - ment that is too se - vere, All, all hate the go - vern - ment that is too se - vere.
go - vern - ment that is too se - vere, All, all hate the go - vern - ment that is too se - vere.

X
A HEALTH TO KING JAMES II.

Treble. (or Tenor) How great are the bles-sings of Go - vern-ment made, By the ex - cel-lent

Bass. How great are the bles-sings of Go - vern-ment made, By the ex - cel-lent

Moderato.

rule of our Prince, Who while trou-bles and cares do his plea - sure in -

rule of our Prince, Who while trou-bles and cares do his plea - sure in -

-vade, To his peo - ple all joy does dis - pense! And while he for us is still

-vade, To his peo - ple all joy does dis - pense! And while he for us is still

cark - ing and think-ing, We've no-thing to mind but our shops and our trade; And

cark - ing and think-ing, We've no-thing to mind but our shops and our trade;

then to di - vert us_ with drink - ing, And then to di - vert, to di -
 And then to di - vert us_ with drink-ing, And then to di -

1. 2.
 - vert us with drink-ing, And drink-ing. From him we de - rive all our plea - sure, our
 - vert us with drink-ing, drink-ing. From him we de - rive all our

plea - sure and wealth; Then fill me a glass, nay, fill it up, fill it up
 plea - sure and wealth; Then fill me a glass, Then fill me a

high-er, My soul is_ a - thirst for His Ma-jes-ty's health, Then fill, fill,
 glass, nay, fill, fill, fill it up high-er, My soul is_ a - thirst for His

fill it up high-er, My soul is a - thirst for His Ma - jes-ty's health, And an o - cean of
 Ma-jes-ty's health, My soul is a - thirst for His Ma - jes-ty's health, And an o - cean of

drink can-not quench my de - sire. Since all we en - joy to his boun - ty we
 drink can-not quench my de - sire. Since all we en - joy to his boun - ty we

owe, 'Tis fit all our bum-pers like that should o'er flow, _____ 'Tis
 owe, 'Tis fit all our bum-pers, 'Tis fit all our bum-pers like

fit all our bum - pers, 'Tis fit all_ our_ bum - pers like that should o'er - flow.
 that should o'er - flow, _____ like that, like that should o'er - flow.

14781

XI
SACCHARISSA'S GROWN OLD.

Treble. (or Tenor)

Bass.

Animato.

sweets? Why Ma-dam (quoth he) if my judg- ment be right, In the
 sweets? Why Ma-dam (quoth he) if my judg-ment be right, In the morn-ing, in the

morn-ing 'tis phy-sic, a ban-quet at night; She smi - ling re - plied I'll take

morn-ing 'tis phy-sic, a ban-quet at night; She smi - ling re - plied I'll take

each in its turn, For my plea - sure at night, and for health in the morn.

each in its turn, For my plea - sure at night, and for health in the morn.

14781

XII
TEUCER'S VOYAGE.

Treble.
(or Tenor)

Bass.

Andante.

When Teucer from his fa - ther fled, And from the shore of Sa - la - mine; When Teu - cer

When Teu - cer from his fa - ther fled, And from the shore, and from the

from his fa - ther fled, And from the shore of Sa - la - mine, and from the shore of Sa-la-

shore of Sa - lamine, When Teu - cer from his fa - ther fled, And from the shore of Sa - la -

- mine, With a pop-lar wreath he crown'd his head, That glow'd with the warmth of

- mine, With a pop-lar wreath he crown'd his head, That glow'd with the

gen - e - rous wine; And thus to his droop - ing
 warmth of gen - e - rous wine; And thus to his droop - ing friends he

friends he said, And thus to his droop - ing friends he said: Cheer up my
 said, And thus to his droop - ing friends he said:
Andante.

hearts, Cheer up my hearts, your an - chors weigh,Tho fate our na-tive soil de -
 Cheer up my hearts, Cheer up my hearts,your an - chors weigh,Tho fate our na-tive soil de -

- bar, Chance is a bet-ter,bet-ter fa-ther far, Chance is a bet-ter, bet-ter fa-ther
 - bar, Chance is a bet-ter,bet-ter fa-ther far, Chance is a

far, And a bet - ter coun - trv. a bet - ter, bet-ter coun-trv is the
 bet-ter, bet-ter fa-ther far, And a bet - ter coun - trv, a bet-ter coun-trv is the

 sea; Then cheer up my hearts, Then cheer up my hearts,your an-chors weigh,Come,
 sea, Then cheer up my hearts, Then cheer up my hearts,your an-chors weigh,

 plough, my mates, come, plough, my mates, the wa - t'ry, wa - t'ry
 Come, plough, my mates, come, plough, my mates, the wa - t'ry wa - t'ry
Pesante.

 way, And fear not, and fear not,fear not un - der my com - mand We that have
 way, And fear not, and fear not,fear not un - der my com - mand We that have

known, have known the worst, we that have known the worst at hand. With the mor-row's dawn, with the morrow's
 known, have known the worst, we that have known the worst at hand. With the mor-row's dawn, with the

25

dawn we'll an - chor 31(3) weigh, Let us drink and drown our cares a way,
 mor-row's dawn we'll an - chor weigh, Let us drink and drown our cares, Let us

Vivace.

Let us drink and drown our cares a - way, and drown our cares, and
 drink and drown our cares a - way, Let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us

6

drown our cares, let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us drink and drown, and
 drink, let us drink and drown, and drown our cares a - way, let us drink and drown, and

6

drown our cares a - way, let us drink and drown, and drown our cares a - way.
 drown our cares a - way, let us drink and drown, and drown our cares a - way.

4 3 6 6 6 6 4 3

XIII

OFT AM I BY THE WOMEN TOLD.

Treble.
(or Tenor)

Oft am I by the wo - men told, Poor An - a - creon, thou grow'st old!

Bass.

Oft am I by the wo - men told, Poor An - a - creon, thou grow'st old!

Moderato.

Look how thy hairs are fall - ing all, Poor An - a - creon, how they fall!

Look how thy hairs are fall - ing all, Poor An - a - creon, how they fall!

Whe-ther I grow old or no By th'ef - fects I do not know, This I

Whe-ther I grow old or no By th'ef - fects I do not know, This I

Poco animato.

know with - out be - ing told, 'Tis time to live if I grow
 know with - out be - ing told, 'Tis time to live 'tis time to live if I grow

old 'Tis time short plea-sure now to take, Of lit-tle life the best to
 old. 'Tis time short plea-sure now to take, Of lit-tle

make, Of lit-tle life the best to make, And man-age wise - ly the last stake.
 life the best to make, the best to make, And man-age wise - ly the last stake.

HOW SWEET IS THE AIR AND REFRESHING.

Treble.
(or Tenor)

Bass.

Accomp.
(ad lib.)

Andantino.

e - ver was count - ed a bless-ing Mongst o-ther en - joy-ment of swains; It sweet - ens our
e - ver was count - ed a bless-ing Mongst o-ther en - joy-ment of swains; It sweet - ens our

Chorus

hu-mours, which glide in our veins, Like streams in the channels and soft - ens our strains. While we
hu-mours, which glide in our veins, Like streams in the channels and soft - ens our strains. While we

sing by a fount-ain, sur - round-ed with hills, And the gen-tle nymphs' e - choes does keep up the trills.
sing by a fount - ain, sur-round-ed with hills, And the gen-tle nymphs' e - choes does keep up the trills.

II

Sometimes in a grove, as delighting,
We sit with our sweetings in bowers,
Fine roundelays to 'em reciting,
Whilst making us garlands of flowers;
As loving as turtles, we pass the soft hours,
No shepherd is sullen, nor shepherdess lowers.
Chorus. While we sing, etc.

III

Then, Laura, leave off your despising
Those freedoms the village allows,
Town-gallants with finest devising
Can't make you so happy a spouse;
Like shoots in the spring, our passion still grows,
Our flocks are not blither, which wantonly browse.
Chorus. While we sing, etc.

FILL THE BOWL WITH ROSY WINE.

Treble.
(or Tenor)

Bass.

Allegro energico.

Andantino.

cheer - ful - ly a - while Like the wine and ro - ses smile, like the wine and ro - ses smile.
 - ful - ly a - while Like the wine and ro - ses smile, like the wine and ro - ses smile.

Crown'd with ro-ses we con temn Gy - ges' weal-thy di - a - dem.
 Crown'd with ro - ses we con - temn Gy - ges' weal - thy di - a - dem.

To-day is ours, to-day is ours, what do we fear? what dowefear? To-day is
 To-day is ours, is ours, what do we fear? To-day is ours,

Andante con moto.

ours, what, what, what do we fear? To-day is ours,
 what do we fear, what, what do we fear? To-day is

is ours, we have it here, Let's treat it, treat it kind-ly that it may Wish at
 ours, is ours, we have it here, Let's treat it, treat it kind - ly that it may Wish at

f

least with us to stay. Let's treat it kind - ly that it may wish at
 least with us to stay. Let's treat it kind - ly that it may wish at

least with us to stay. Let's ba - nish bus'ness, ba - nish sor - row,
 least with us to stay. Let's ba - nish bus' - ness, ba - nish sor - row,

Vivace.

To the gods be - longs to - mor - row, Let's ba - nish bus'ness,
 To the gods be - longs to - mor - row, Let's ba - nish bus' - ness,

ba - nish sor - row To the gods be - longs to - mor - row. Let's mor - row.
 ba - nish sor - row To the gods be - longs to - mor - row. Let's mor - row.

XVI

IN SOME KIND DREAM.

Treble
(or Tenor)

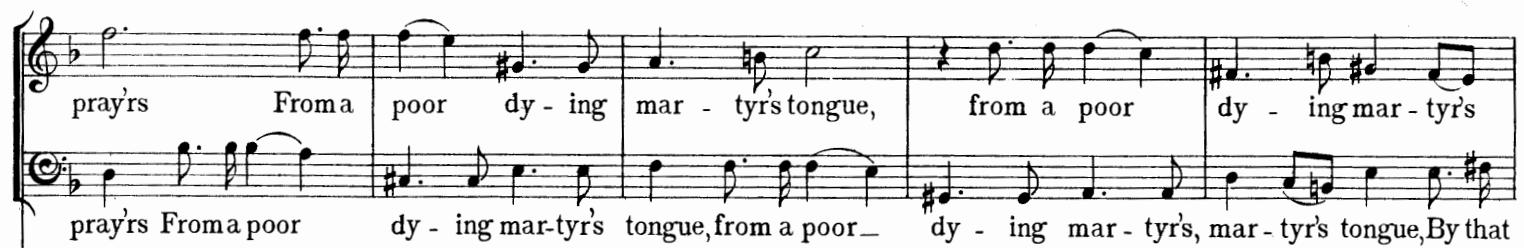
Bass.

Andante.

In some kind dream up - on her slum - bers steal, And to Lu -
In some kind dream up - on her slum - bers steal, And to Lu -

- cin - da all, I beg, re - veal: Breathe gent - lest words in - to her
- cin - da all, I beg, re - veal: Breathe gent - lest words in - to her

ears, Words full of love, words full of love but full of fears, Such words as may prevail like
ears, Words full of love, full of love, full of love but full of fears, Such words as may prevail like



tongue, By that sweet voice of pi - ty sung. Touch, touch with the
sweet voice of pi - ty sung, of pi - ty sung. Touch, touch with the
Allegretto.

voice the more en - chant - - - - ing lute, Touch with the
voice, touch with the voice the more en - chant - - - -

voice the more en - chant - - - - ing lute, To make the charms
- - - - ing lute, the more en - chant - - - - ing lute, To make the charms

strike, strike all re - pul - ses mute; These may in - sen - si - bly im-

strike, strike all re - pul - ses mute; These may in - sen - si - bly, im - part, these may in -

-part, these may in - sen - si - bly im - part My ten - der wish - es to her

-sen - - si - bly im - part My ten - der wish - es, ten - der wish - es to her

2 3 2

heart, And by a sym - path - et - ic force So tune its strings to love's dis - course, That, when my

heart, And by a sym - path - et - ic force So tune its strings to love's dis - course, That, when my

soft

grieves com - pel - a groan, Her sighs may e - cho, e - cho to my moan.

grieves com - pel - a groan, Her sighs may e - cho, e - cho to my moan.

soft

XVII

LOVE AND DESPAIR.
A DIALOGUE.

Despair.

Bass. Hence, fond de - cei - ver! hence be - gone! Hence, and some ta - mer cap - tive find,

Adagio.

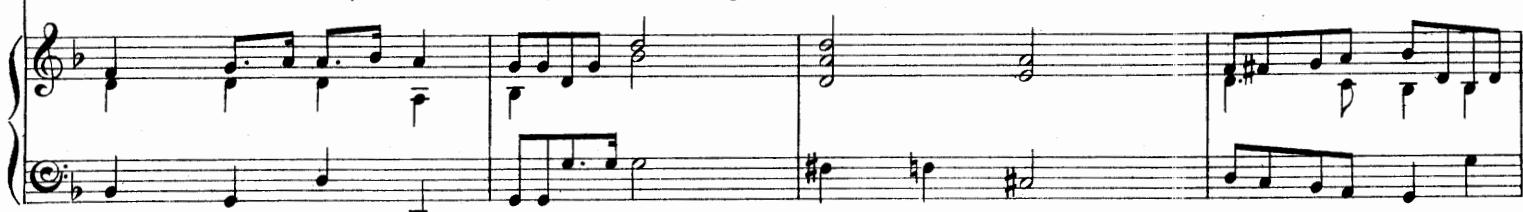
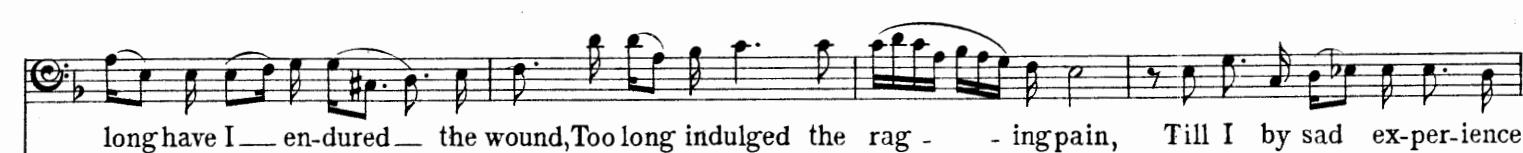
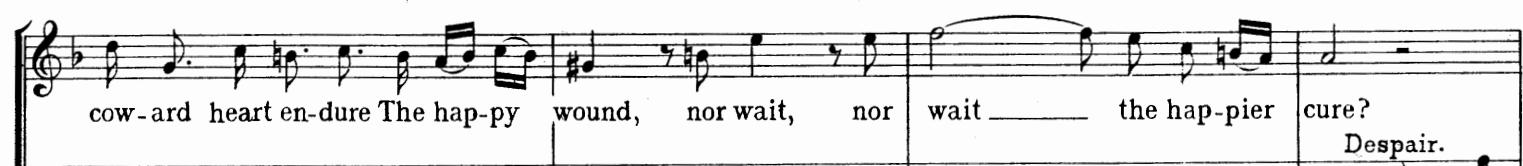
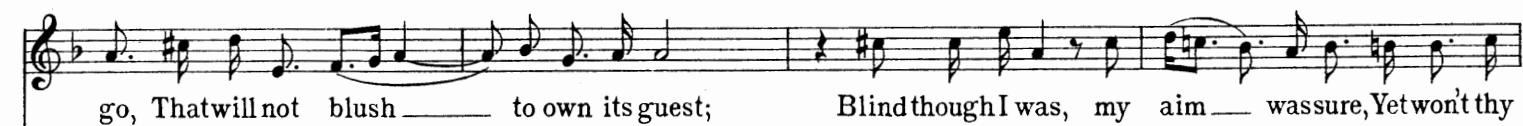
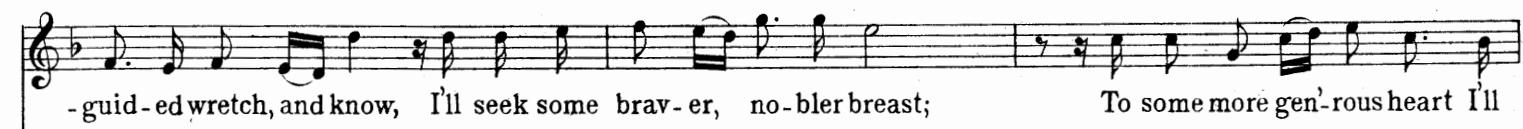
Since Hope, thy best com-pa-nion's flown A - way, why ling' - rest thou be-hind?

Na-ked at first, and blind thou wert, Till, blin - der, I al-low'd thee part In my un-wa-ry hos-pi-

- ta - ble heart; But now thou'rt so un-ru - ly grown, You needs will make it all your

own, And in my van - quish'd breast will ty - ran-nize a-lone. Cease, cease, poor mis-

Love.



Love.

If
else to both a mu-tual flame im-part, And warm Do - rin - da's breast, as thou hast fired my heart.

then thou wouldst vic-to - rious prove, And with suc-cess thy wish-es crown, With bold as - su-rance

#3
speak thy love, And make thy gen' - rous pas - sion known; When beau-ty calls, to whine - and

7 6
die, Is cow-ar-dice, not mo - des-ty; You by pale ask-ing teachher to de - ny, And by your faint pur-

#3 b6
-suit en-cou-rage her to fly. In vain, in vain, fond lo-vers, in vain Of your Phil - lis 's
Despair.
In vain, in vain, fond lo-vers, in vain Of your Phil - lis 's

Allegretto animato.
In vain, in vain, fond lo-vers, in vain Of your Phil - lis 's

scorn you com - plain; In vain do you talk, in vain do you talk of darts and of fire,
 scorn you com - plain; In vain do you talk, in vain of darts and of fire, Sigh,

Sigh, lan - guish, la - ment and ex-pire, Since the nymph dares not grant what you
 lan - guish, la - ment and ex-pire, Since the nymph dares not grant what you

dare not de - sire, Whilst the brisk, ea - ger lov - er at his prey bold - ly flies, And
 dare not de - sire, Whilst the brisk, ea - ger lov - er at his prey bold - ly flies, And.

takes the glad cap-tive, and takes the glad cap - tive by - wel - - - - - come sur -prise.
 takes the glad cap-tive, and takes the glad cap - tive by - wel - - - - - come sur -prise.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN STREPHON AND DORINDA.

Bass. *Strephon.*

Has yet your breast no pi - ty learn'd? Do - rin - da, must I sigh _____ in
Andante.

vain? The list'ning herd seems more_ con-cerned When of your ri - - gour I com-plain.

Dorinda.

Be-gui - ing shep-herd! with such art The sub - tle poi - son you in - still; No an - ti - dote -

— se-cures the heart, Such might - y force it has to kill. *Strephon.*

I bring no wea-pon to de-stroy, But ten -

- der wounds for you to cure; Suchwounds as must ____ your care em-ploy, No rough - er hand they

Dorinda.

For-bear, for-bear, pray tempt no more, My heart I feel al-most un-done, And can no
can en-dure.

7 #6 #3

Strephon.

more, no more oppose that pow'r, that pow'r Which has such con-quest won. Do-rin-da, you

— the conj - ror are, Here I for your pro-tec - tion sue, And as your pris' - ner took in war,

Dorinda.

Some mer - cy chal-lenge as my due. I can no more re-ject your pray'r, Strephon, for heav'n's

7 6

sake con-stant prove! My breast shall bu-ry all your care, And kind - ly en - ter-tain - your

love. So those bright eyes which do the tem - pest raise, With one kind look the an - gry storms ap -

So those bright eyes which do the tem - pest raise, With one kind look the an - gry storms ap -

Animato.

- please, And save poor sink - ing lov - ers from the seas. Paint-ers, hence - for-ward with your skil - ful
- please, And save poor sink - ing lov - ers from the seas. Paint-ers, hence - for-ward with your skil - ful

arts, Draw beau - ty with one eye a - shoot - ing darts, The o - ther weep - ing, the o - other
arts, Draw beau - ty with one eye a - shoot - ing darts, The o - other weep - ing,

weep - ing o - verwound-ed hearts. Paint-ers, hence - for-ward with your skil - ful arts, Draw beau - ty with
weep - ing o - ver wounded hearts. Paint-ers, hence - for-ward with your skil - ful arts, Draw

one eye a - shoot - ing darts, The o - ther weep - ing, the o - other weep - ing o - verwounded hearts.
beau - ty with one eye a - shoot - ing darts, The o - ther weep - ing, weep - ing o - ver wounded hearts.

XIX
HERE'S TO THEE, DICK.

Treble. (or Tenor)

Bass.

Allegretto vivace.

Here, here's to thee, Dick, this whi - ning love _____ despise,

Here, here's to thee, Dick, here, here's to thee, Dick, this

Here, here's to thee, Dick, this whi - ning, whi - ning love _____ de -

whi - ning love _____ despise, this whi - ning, whi - ning love _____ de -

- spise, Pledge me, pledge me, my friend, here, here's to thee, Dick,

- spise, Pledge me, here's to thee, Dick, pledge me, my friend,

pledge me, and drink, drink till thou be'st wise; It spark-les bright -

pledge me, and drink, drink till thou be'st wise; It spark-les bright -

er far than she, 'Tis pure, 'tis pure and right without deceit, And

er far than she, 'Tis pure, 'tis pure and right without deceit, And

6 6

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor) and piano. The vocal parts are in G major, while the piano part is in C major. The vocal parts sing in a three-part harmonic setting. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and melodic lines. The vocal parts sing in a three-part harmonic setting. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and melodic lines.

Allegretto.

ser-vile pains what canst thou win, with all thy ser-vile
 pains what canst, what canst thou win,
 all thy ser - vile pains what canst thou win, with all thy ser - vile pains what canst thou win,

But an ill - fa - voured and un - clean - ly sin? A thing, a thing so vile and
 But an ill - fa - voured and un - clean - ly sin? A thing, a thing so vile and

4 3#

so short-lived That Ve - nus' joys as well as she With rea - son may be said to be
 so short-lived That Ve - nus' joys as well as she With rea - son may be said to be

6 6 6 6 6

From the ne-glec - ted foam de-rived. Fol-lies they have so num - ber-less in store, That on - ly
 From the ne-glec - ted foam de-rived. Fol-lies they have so num - ber - less in store, That on - ly

4 3 4#

he who loves them can have more; Neither their sighs nor tears are true, Those
 he who loves them can have more; Neither their sighs nor tears are true, neither their

4 3# 7 6

id-ly blow, these id - ly fall, Neither their sighs nor tears are true, No-thing
 sighs nor tears are true, These id-ly blow, these id - ly fall, No-thing

(1) (2)

6 6 # 7 6 #

like, no-thing like to ours at all, But sighs and tears, but sighs and tears have sex-es
 like, no-thing like to ours at all, But sighs and tears, but sighs and tears have sex - es

4 3# 6 # 4 3#

too. Here's to thee a - gain, here's to thee a - gain, Thy sense - less sor - rows
 too. Here's to thee a - gain, here's to thee a - gain, Thy

Animato.

6

drown'd, Here's to thee, thy sense - less sor - - rows drown'd, Let the glass walk till all things too go
 senseless sor - rows drown'd, thy sense - less sor - - rows drown'd, Let the

6 4 3#

round, till all things too go round till all
 glass walk till all things too go round till all, all

things too go round, A - gain, a-gain, a - gain, a-gain till these two lights be four; No
 things too go round, A - gain, a-gain, a - gain, a-gain till these two lights be four; No

er - ror here can dan - ge - rous prove, Thy passion, man, deceived thee more, None dou - ble
 er - ror here can dan - ge - rous prove, Thy passion, man, deceived thee more, None dou - ble

see like men in love, None dou - ble see, none dou - ble see like men in love.
 see, none dou - ble see like men in love, None dou - ble see like men in love.

HOW PLEASANT IS THIS FLOWERY PLAIN.

SYMPHONY for two FLUTES

Flute I. {

Flute II. {

Treble. {

Tenor. {

Larghetto

{

{

{

{

{

{

{

{

Allegro

{

{

{

{

14731

Musical score for piano, page 75, featuring four staves of music:

- Staff 1 (Treble Clef):** Starts with a forte dynamic (f). Measures include: f, e, e, #d, d, d, d, d, d, d, d, d, d.
- Staff 2 (Treble Clef):** Measures: d, d.
- Staff 3 (Treble Clef):** Measures: - (rest), - (rest), d, d, d, d, d, d, d, d, d, d.
- Staff 4 (Clef Circle):** Measures: - (rest), - (rest), d, d, d, d, d, d, d, d, d, d.

Measure numbers: 2, 6, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

- Staff 1 (Treble Clef):** Measures: d, d.
- Staff 2 (Treble Clef):** Measures: d, d.
- Staff 3 (Treble Clef):** Measures: d, d.
- Staff 4 (Clef Circle):** Measures: d, d.

- Staff 1 (Treble Clef):** Measures: d, d.
- Staff 2 (Treble Clef):** Measures: d, d.
- Staff 3 (Treble Clef):** Measures: d, d.
- Staff 4 (Clef Circle):** Measures: d, d.

- Staff 1 (Treble Clef):** Measures: d, d.
- Staff 2 (Treble Clef):** Measures: d, d.
- Staff 3 (Treble Clef):** Measures: d, d.
- Staff 4 (Clef Circle):** Measures: d, d.

L.H.

Measure numbers: 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6, 5, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

6 4 3

6 6 7 6#

7 6 6 7 6 6 3#

Treble.

How plea - sant is this flow' - ry plain and grove! What perfect scene of in-no - cence and

Andante, quasi recit.

love! As if the Gods,— when all things here be-low Were curs'd, reserved this place to let us

know, How beau - ti - ful the world at first was made, Ere man - kind by am-bition was be -

The hap - - py swain in these en-am - elled fields, Pos - ses-ses all the

- tray'd.

Andantino.

good, pos-ses - ses all, all the good that plen - ty yields; Pure with - out mix-ture as

it first did come From the great trea - su-ry of na-ture's womb. Free from dis -

-turb-ance here he lives at ease, Con - tent - ed with a lit - tle flock's in -

6 6 4 6 4 3#

-crease, And co - ver'd with the gen - - - - tle wings of Peace.

6 4 8| 4 3# 0

No fears, no storm of war his thoughts mo-lest, Ambition is a stran-ger to his breast; His

Andante.

6 4 3#

sheep, his crook and pipe are all his store, He needs not, neither does he co-vet, more.

6 # 4 3#

Oft to the si - lent groves he does re - treat, Whose shades de - fend him from the scor - ching heat; In

Adagio.

6 5 4 6 #

A musical score for 'The Woodman's Song' featuring two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and includes lyrics: 'these re - ces - ses un - con - cerned he lies, Whilst thro'the boughs the whis - - p'ring ze - phyr'. The bottom staff uses a bass clef. Measure numbers 5, 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, and 3 are indicated below the bass staff.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and piano. The vocal parts are in G clef, and the piano part is in C clef. The music consists of two staves. The top staff has lyrics: "flies, And the wood's cho - ris -ters on ev' - ry tree, Lull him a-sleep, lull him a-sleep with their". The bottom staff shows harmonic changes with Roman numerals (I, II, V, VI, IV, V) and key signatures (G major, E major, B major). Measure numbers 6 and 7 are indicated below the bass staff.

Flute I.

Flute II.

sweet har - mo-ny.

Andantino.

A musical score for a vocal piece. The top two staves show piano accompaniment in G major, 2/4 time. The vocal part begins on the third staff with lyrics "Ah, happy, happy, happy life!" repeated twice. The vocal line includes eighth-note chords and sustained notes. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note patterns and sustained notes.

ah hap - py life! Ah, blest re-treat, Void of the troubles, the trou - ble that attend the
ah hap - py life! Ah, blest re-treat, Void of the troubles, the troubles that attend the

great! From pride and courtly fol - lies free, From all their gau-dy, gau -
great! From pride and courtly fol - lies free, From all their gau -

poms and va - ni - ty; No guil - ty re - morse doestheir plea - sure an -
dypomsandva - ni - ty; No guil - ty re - morse doestheir plea - sure an -
Allegro.

-noy, Nor dis - turb the de - lights of their in - no-cent joy. Crown'd monarchs, whom
 -noy, Nor dis - turb the de - lights of their in - no-cent joy. Crown'd

6 # 6 b # 6

ci - ties and king - doms o - bey, whom ci - ties and king - doms o - bey, Are not
 monarchs, whom ci - ties and king - doms o - bey, whom kingdoms o - bey, Are not

6 7 6 7 6 7 6 #

half so con - tent - ed, are not half so con - tent - ed or hap - py as they.
 half so con - tent - ed, are not half so con - tent - ed or hap - py as they.

9 # # # # 6 6 #

LET HECTOR, ACHILLES AND EACH BRAVE COMMANDER.

Treble. (or Tenor)

Bass.

Allegro con spirito.

Hec - tor, A - chil - les, and each brave com - mand - er, Let
 - chil - les and each brave command - er, With Cæs - ar and Pom - pey, with
 Caes - ar and Pom - pey, and great, great, and great A - lex - an - der All na - tions and
 Pom - pey, with Caes - ar and Pom - pey, and great, and great A - lex - an - der All

king-doms, all na-tions and king-doms with con-quest sub-due, with con-quest, with con-quest sub-

na-tions and king-doms, all na-tions and king-doms with con-quest sub-due, with conquest, with

6 6 6 6

-due, Yet more than all this, more, more, more, yet more than all this, yet more than all

con-quest sub-due, Yet more than all this, yet more than all this, yet more than all

9 6 9 8 5 4 3

more than all this, bright Ce-lia can do. For one sin-gle glance from her con-quer-ing

this, more, more, bright Ce-lia can do. For one sin-gle glance from her con-quer-ing

9 8 6 6 #6

eyes Will take 'em all cap-tive by way of sur-prise; The tro-phies and

eyes Will take 'em all cap-tive by way of sur-prise; The tro-phies and

b 6

crowns of their pow - er - ful arms, Are sac - ri - fic'd all to Ce - lia's bright
crows of their pow - er - ful arms, Are sac - ri - fic'd all to Ce - lia's bright

charms; In chains and in tri - - - - - umph, in chains and in
charms; In chains and in tri - - - - -

tri - - - - - umph she car - ries them all, And if she but frown, then down, then
- - - - - umph she car - ries them all, And if she but frown, then down, then

down they all fall, down they fall, down they fall, down, down, down, down they all fall, down they fall, down they fall, down

— down, down they all fall. In chains and in tri -
 — then down they all fall. In chains and in

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle staff is in bass clef, and the bottom staff is also in bass clef. The lyrics are as follows:

 - umph she car-ries them all, And if she but

 tri - - - - umph she car-ries them all, And if she but

 The score includes measure numbers 6, 6, 6, 7, and 6 at the bottom.

frown, then down they all fall, down they fall, down they all fall,
 frown, then down they all fall, down they fall, down they all fall,

A musical score for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in common time. The key signature changes between G major (two sharps), C major (no sharps or flats), and F major (one sharp). The lyrics "down, down they all fall" are repeated three times across the four staves. Measure numbers 6 through 10 are indicated below the bass staff.

XXII

WERE I TO CHOOSE THE GREATEST BLISS.

Treble.
(or Tenor)

Bass.

Andante.

Were I to choose the great - est bliss,
were I to choose the great - - -

great - est bliss That e'er in love was known,'Twould be the high - est of my
- - est bliss That e'er in love was known,'Twould be the high- est of my

wish T'en - joy your heart a lone. Kings might pos - sess their
wish T'en - joy your heart a - lone. Kings might pos - sess their

king - doms free, And crowns un - en - vied wear; They should no ri - val have of
 king - doms free, And crowns un - en - vied wear; They should no

me, no, no, they should no ri - val have of me, Might I reign
 ri - val, they should no ri - val have of me, no, no, Might I reign

mon - arch there, They should no ri - val have of me, no, no, they should no
 mon - arch there, They should no ri - val have of me, no, no, they should no ri - val, they

ri - val they should no ri - val have of me, Might I reign mon - arch there.
 should no ri - val have of me, Might I reign mon - arch there.

ri - val they should no ri - val have of me, Might I reign mon - arch there.
 should no ri - val have of me, Might I reign mon - arch there.

XXIII

NESTOR, WHO DID TO THRICE MAN'S AGE.

Treble.
(or Tenor)

Bass.

Andante

vast ex - pe - rience found, That bu - sie states-men did pro - ject in vain, When bumpers

6 6 6 6 7 6

passed not brisk-ly round, when bumpers passed not brisk-ly round, _____ passed not
When bumpers passed not brisk-ly round, when bumpers passed not brisk-ly round, _____

6 4 3 #

brisk - ly round, _____ brisk- ly, brisk- ly round.
— passed not brisk-ly, brisk- ly round, when bumpers passed not briskly round, brisk - ly, brisk- ly round.

4 3 5 4 3 6 9 # 0

This max - im then he to his mas - ter gave, When he in coun - cil
This max - im then he to his mas - ter gave, When he in coun - cil
Animato

6 7 8 4 3 # 6

should de - bate, Not, Tro - jan-like, to sit mo - rose, to sit mo - rose and
should de - bate, Not, Tro - jan - like, to sit mo - rose, to sit mo - rose and

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

grave, But drink, drink, But drink, drink, drink, but drink, and so sup-port the
 grave, And so sup-port the state, and so sup-port the state, But drink, drink, but

state, and so sup-port the state, and so sup-port the state, but drink, drink, drink, and
 drink, drink, drink, and so sup-port the state, but drink, but drink, but drink, drink,

so sup-port the state, but drink, but drink, but drink, and so sup-port the
 drink, and so sup-port the state, but drink, but drink, but drink, but drink, drink, and

state, and so sup-port the state, but drink, and so sup-port the state.
 so sup-port the state, and so sup-port the state, but drink, and so sup-port the state.

XXIV

LOST IS MY QUIET FOR EVER.

Treble. (or Tenor) 

Bass. 

Larghetto.





2.

heart. But tho' my de - spair is past cu-ring, but tho' my de -
heart. But tho' my de - spair is past cu-ring, but

-spair, my de - spair is past cu-ring, And much un-de - serv'd is my fate; I'll show by a
tho' my de - spair is past cu-ring, And much un-de - serv'd is my fate;

pa - tient en du - ring, My love, I'll show by a pa - tient en -
I'll show by a pa - tient en - du-ring, My love is un - mov'd, I'll

-du - ring, My love is un - mov'd, is un - mov'd as her hate.
show by a pa - tient en - du - ring, My love is un - mov'd as her hate.

XXV

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THIRYSIS AND DAPHNE.

Thirysis.



Why, my Daphne, why com-plaining, And my sighs and tears dis-dain-ing, Since not ma - ny

Allegretto.



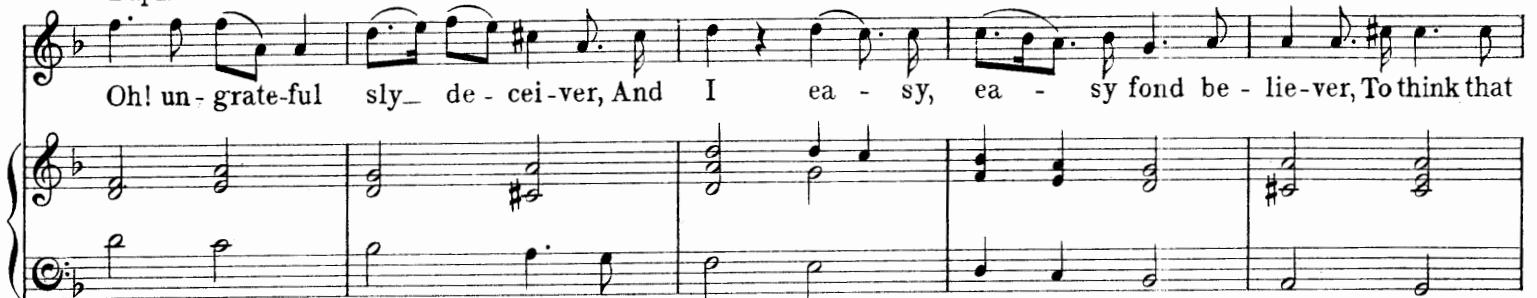
hours are past, When with hands lift up to Heav'n, Then our plighted faith was giv'n, Vow-ing they should



e-ver last, should e-ver, e - ver, e - ver last, should e-ver, e - ver, e - ver last.



Daphne.



Oh! un - grate-ful sly de - cei-ver, And I ea - sy, ea - sy fond be - lie-ver, To think that



man could ere be true! This to Eg - la was a to-ken, Wit- ness all your vows are bro-ken, And I,



poor I, and I, poor I'm un-done by you. *Thiris.*
 Could that false ma-li-cious creature Work up-on your
 ea-sy na-ture, Could she say that gift was mine? No, that garland Eg-la gave me, But her arts could
 ne'er en-slave me, No, no, my life, my all is thine, my all, all, all, my all is thine.
Daphne.
Con spirito. Oh! how quick my heart is beat-ing! Oh! how
 quick, how quick my heart is beat-ing! Ev'-ry pulse the joy re-
 -peat-ing, the joy re-repeat-ing; the joy re-repeat-ing, Pleas'd to find my

swain so true, pleas'd to find my swain so true; Thir - sis

(#)

is my on - ly trea - sure, Thir - sis is my on - ly trea - sure,

Oh! I love, Oh! I love be - yond all mea - sure, And would

quit the world for you. Oh! how quick my heart is beat - ing! Oh! how

Thirsis.

Oh! how quick my heart is beat - ing!

quick, how quick my heart is beat - ing! Ev' - ry pulse the joy re -

Oh! how quick my heart is beat - ing! Ev' - ry pulse the joy, the

pp

-peating, the joy re - peat-ing, the joy re - peat-ing, Pleas'd to find my
 joy re - peat-ing, the joy, the joy re - peat-ing, Pleas'd to find my

pp

swain so true, pleas'd to find my swain so true; Thir - sis
 nymph so true, pleas'd to find, to find my nymph so true; Daph - ne

is my on - ly trea-sure, Thir - sis is my on - ly trea-sure, Oh! I love,
 is my on - ly trea-sure, my on - ly on - ly trea - sure, Oh! I love, Oh! I

Oh! I love be - yond all mea-sure, And would quit the world for you.
 love, I love be - yond all mea-sure, And would quit the world for you.

XXVI

FAIR CLOE MY BREAST SO ALARMS.

Treble
(or Tenor)

Bass.

Fair Clo - e my breast so a - larms, From her pow'r I no
Fair Clo - e my breast so a - larms, From her pow'r, from her pow'r I no
Animato.

re - fuge can find; If an o - ther I take in my arms, Yet my Clo - e, yet my
re - fuge can find; If an o - ther I take in my arms, Yet my

Clo - e is then in my mind. Un - blest with the joy, still a plea-sure I want, still a
Clo - e is then in my mind. Un - blest with the joy, still a

plea-sure I want, Which none but my Clo - e, my Clo - e can grant. Let
plea-sure I want, Which none but my Clo - e, my Clo - e can grant. Let Clo - e but

Clo - e but smile, I grow gay And I
 Clo - e but smile, I grow gay And I

feel my heart spring with de - light; On Clo - e I could gaze all the day, all, all the day, all, all,
 feel my heart spring with de - light; On Clo - e I could gaze all the day, all, all the day, all,

all, all the day, all, all the day, On Clo - e I could gaze all the day, And Clo - e do
 all, all, all the day, all, all the day, On Clo - e I could gaze all the day, And Clo - e do

wish for, and Clo - e do wish for, and Clo - e do wish for each night.
 wish for, and Clo - e do wish for, and Clo - e do wish for each night.

Oh! Oh! did Clo - e,
Oh! Oh! did Clo - e but know how I love, And the
Oh! Oh! did Clo - e,
Oh! Oh! did Clo - e but know how I love, And the

plea-sure of lo-v ing a - gain, My pas - sion her fa - vour would move,
plea - sure of lo-v ing a - gain, My pas - sion her fa - vour would move, my

— my pas - sion her fa - vour would move, And in prudence she'd pi - ty my
pas - sion her fa - vour would move, And in prudence she'd pi - ty my

pain; Good na-ture and int'rest should both make her kind, For the joys she might give, and the joy she might find.

pain; Good na-ture and int'rest should both make her kind, For the joys she might give, and the joy she might find.

XXVII
THE EPICURE.

Treble.
(or Tenor)

Bass.

Andante.

Underneath this myrtle shade, On flow'ry beds su - pine-ly laid, With
Underneath this myrtle shade, On flow'ry beds su - pine-ly laid, With

od'-rous oils my head o'er-flow-ing, And a-round it ro-ses growing, What should I
od'-rous oils my head o'er-flow-ing, And a-round it ro-ses growing,

do but drink a-way, What should I do but drink a-way, drink, drink a -
What should I do but drink a-way, What should I do but drink, drink, drink a -

-way, The heat and trou-bles of the day, The heat and trou-bles of the day.
-way, The heat and trou-bles of the day, The heat and trou-bles of the day.

3E

8

3

In this more than king- ly state, Love him-self shall on me wait; Fill to me,

In this more than king- ly state, Love him-self shall on me wait;

Con spirito

Love, nay, fill it up, And min-gled cast, cast in-to the

Fill to me, Love, nay, fill it up, And min - gled cast. in-to the

cup Wit and mirth Vig - rous health, vig 'rous health and gay de -

cup and no - ble fires, Vig - rous health, vig - 'rous health and gay de -

-sires. The wheel of life no less will stay In a smooth than rug - ged

-sires. The wheel of life no less will stay In a smooth than rug - ged

way; Since it e-qual-ly doth flee, Let the mo - - - tion plea- sant be,
 let the
 way; Since it e-qual-ly doth flee, Let the mo - - - tion plea-sant be,

Why do we precious ointments show'r? Nobler wines why do we pour? Beauteous flow'r's—
Andante.

A musical score page featuring three staves. The top staff is a soprano vocal line in common time, starting with a C-clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "— why do we spread,— Up- on the monuments of the dead? No-thing they but dust can show, Or". The middle staff consists of two measures of a cello or double bass part, with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff consists of two measures of a bassoon or similar instrument part, with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat.

Crown me with ro - ses whilst I live, Now, now your wines
 bones that hast - en to beso. Crown me with ro - ses whilst I live, Now, now your wines
Allegretto.

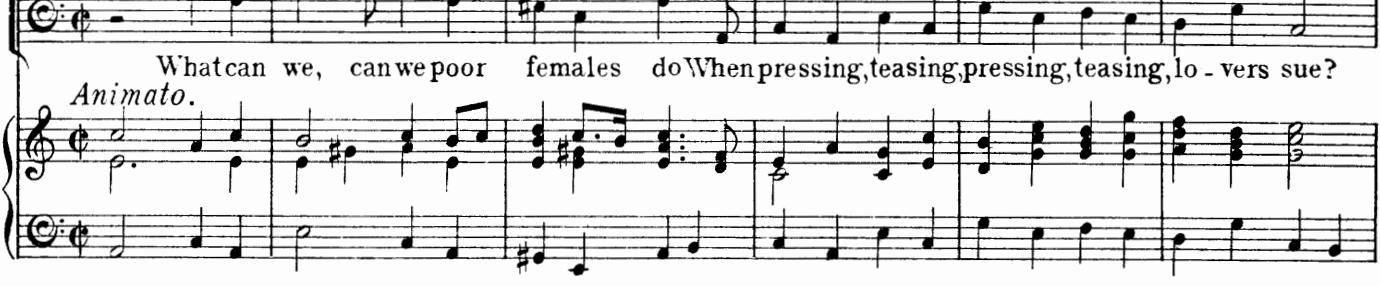
andoint - ments give; Af - ter death I no - thing crave, I no - thing crave,
 andoint - ments give; Af - ter death I no - thing, no - thing crave,

Let mea - live my plea - sure have; All, all are sto - ics, all,
 Let mea - live my plea - sure have; All, all are sto - ics, all,

All are sto - ics in the grave, All, all are sto - ics in the grave.
 All are sto - ics in the grave, All, all are sto - ics in the grave.

WHAT CAN WE POOR FEMALES DO.

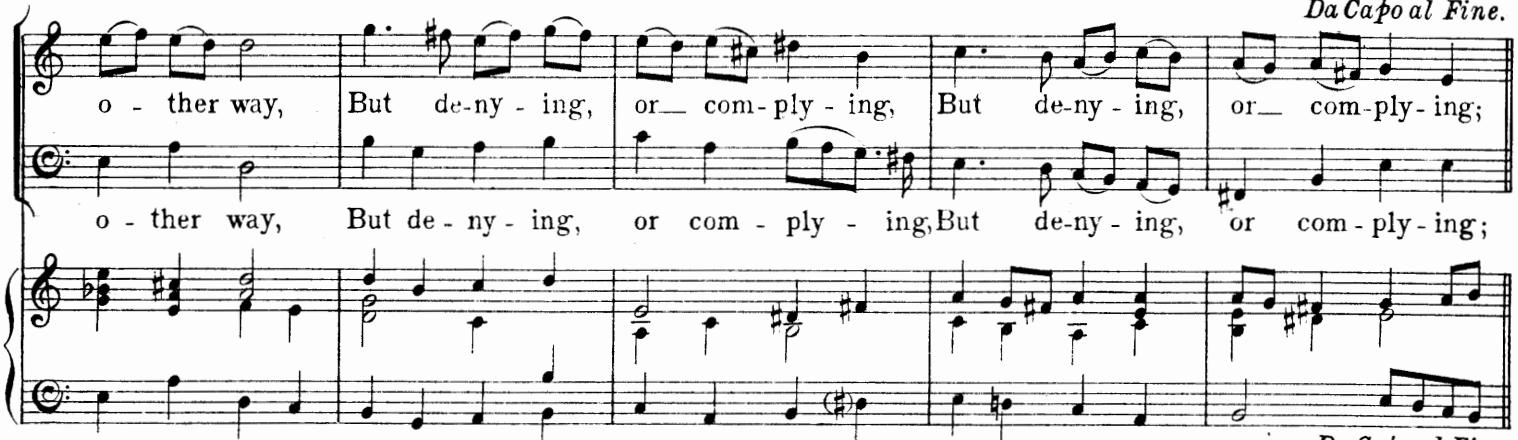
Treble. 

Bass. 

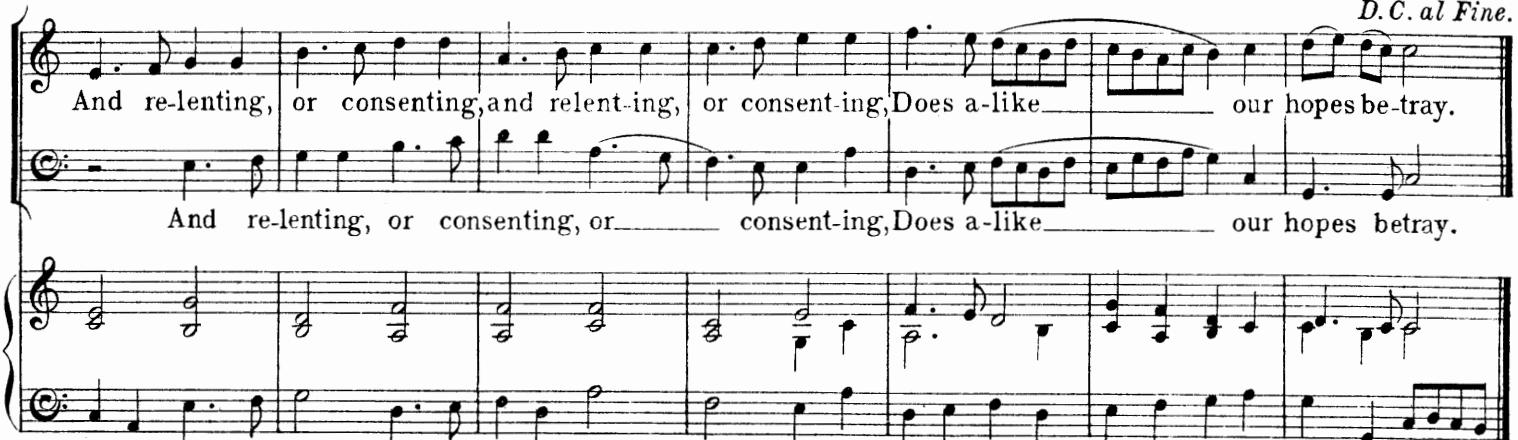
Animato.



Fine.



Da Capo al Fine.



D.C. al Fine.

DULCIBELLA, WHENE'ER I SUE FOR A KISS.

Treble. (or Tenor)

Bass.

Andante.

Dul - ci - bel - la, Dul - ci - bel - la, when - e'er I sue for a
kiss,
Dul - ci - bel - la, Dul - ci - bel - la, Dul - ci - bel - la, when -
Dul - ci - bel - la, sue for a kiss, Re - fus - ing the bliss, Cries no, no, no,
- e'er I sue for a kiss, Re - fus - ing the bliss, Cries
no, no, no, no, no, no, Leave me, leave me, leave me, A -
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, Leave me, leave me, A -

-lex - is, ah! what would you do? ah! what would you do?
 -lex - is, ah! what would you do? what would you, ah! what would you,
 7 5 b

what would you, what would you do? When I tell her I'll
 what would you, what would you do? When I tell her I'll go, Still she cries no, no,
 2

go, Still she cries no, no, no, My A - lex - is, no, no, my A - lex - is, ah!
 no, no, no, no, no, My A - lex - is, no, no, my A - lex - is, ah!
 7

tell me not, tell me not so, ah! ah! ah!
 tell me not, tell me not so, ah! ah! ah! tell me not
 5 b 6 # 7

tell me not, tell me not so. Tell me, fair one, tell me, fair one,
 so, ah! tell me not so. Tell me, fair one, tell me, fair one,

tell me why, Why so com-ing, why, why, why so com-ing, why so com-ing,
 tell me why, Why, why, why so com-ing, why, why, why so com-ing, why,

why so shy? Why so kind, so kind, so kind, and
 why, why so shy? Why so kind, so kind, so kind, and why so

why, and why so coy? Tell me, fair one, tell me, fair one,
 coy, and why so coy? Tell me, fair one, tell me, fair one,

A musical score for a vocal performance featuring three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff a bass clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The lyrics "tell me tell me why, You'll nei-ther let me fight" are written below the notes. The music consists of measures with various note values and rests, separated by vertical bar lines.

A musical score for three voices. The top two staves are soprano voices, and the bottom staff is a basso continuo part. The lyrics are:

nor fly; Tell me, fair one, tell me,
nor fly; Tell me, fair one, tell me,

The basso continuo part consists of a single line of notes and rests, indicating harmonic changes.

fair one, tell me why, You'll nei-ther let me live,
 fair one, tell me why, You'll neither let me live,

A musical score for two voices and piano. The top staff shows a soprano part with lyrics: "you'll neither let me live nor die." The bottom staff shows an alto part with the same lyrics. The piano part is in the bass clef, providing harmonic support. The score includes measure numbers 4, 5, and 6 at the bottom.

XXX
WHEN MYRA SINGS.

Treble (or Tenor)

Bass.

Adagio.

When Myra sings, When Myra sings,
 When Myra sings, When Myra sings,

we seek th'en chant - - - ing sound, th'en - chant -
 we seek th'en - chant - - - ing sound, th'en-chant - - -

- ing sound, And bless the notes, and bless the notes,
 - ing sound, And bless the notes, and bless the

which do so sweet-ly, so sweet-ly, so sweet - ly wound; What mu - - - sic,
 notes which do so sweet-ly, so sweet-ly, so sweet - ly wound;

what mu - sic needs must dwell up - on that tongue Whose speech is tune - ful, whose speech is

What mu - sic needs must dwell up - on that tongue Whose speech is tune - ful,

4 3 7 3

tune - ful, is tune - ful as an-o-ther's song?

whose speech is tune - ful as an - o-ther's song?

Allegro.

6 4 # 4 3#

Such har - mony, such wit, such har - mony such wit, such wit, a

Allegro.

Such har - mony, such wit, such har - mony, such wit, a

6

face so fair, So ma - ny, so ma - ny point - ed ar - rows who, who can bear?

face so fair, So ma - ny, so ma - ny point - ed ar - rows who, who can bear?

4 3# 6 b

The slave that from her wit, or beau - ty flies,

The slave that from her wit, or beau - ty flies, If she but

If she but reach him, but reach him with her voice,

reach him, but reach him with her voice, If she but reach him

Very slow.

If she but reach him with her voice, he dies, he dies, he

with her voice, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he

dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies.

dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies.

ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY.

Treble I. 

Treble II. 





O re - bus ad - ver - sis vo - can -
re - bus ad - ver - sis vo - can - de,

- de, O re - bus ad - ver - sis vo - can -
O re - bus ad - ver - sis vo - can -

- de, O su - perum, O su - pe - rum
- de, O su - perum, O su - perum

$\frac{4}{2}$

de - cus in se - cun - dis!
de - cus in se - cun - dis!

Seu te flu - en - - tem pro-nus ad I - si - da
 Seu te flu - en - - tem pro-nus ad I - si - da
Andante.

In vo - ta - fer-vens, In vo - ta fer-vens Ox - o - ni-dum -
 In vo - ta fer-vens In vo - ta fer-vens Ox - o - ni-dum -

cho - rus, Seu te pre - can - tur, quos re - mo - ti Un - - da la - vat pro - pe -
 cho - rus, Seu te pre - can - tur, quos re - mo - ti Un - - da la - vat pro - pe -

- ra - - ta Ca - mi, Seu te pre - can - tur, quos re - mo - ti Un - - da
 - ra - - ta Ca - mi, Seu te pre - can - tur, quos re - mo - ti Un - - da

la - vat pro-pe - ra - - ta Ca-mi, De - scen - de, de - scen - - de
 la - vat pro-pe - ra - - ta Ca-mi, De - scen - de, de - scen - de, de - scen - - de

coe - lo non i - ta cre - di-tas Vi-su - rus vi-su - rus æ - des præ -
 coe - lo non i - ta cre - di-tas Vi-su - rus vi-su - rus vi-su - rus æ - des præ -

- si - di - is tu - is, De - scen - de, de - scen - de vi - - su - rus pe -
 - si - di - is tu - is, De - scen - de, de - scen - de vi - - su - rus pe -

- na - tes, pe - na - - tes Cæ - sa - ris, Et, et pe - - ne - tra - - li
 - na - tes, pe - na - - tes Cæ - sa - ris, Et, et pe - - ne - tra - - li

sa-crum, Et, et pe - ne - tra - li sa-crum. Mari -
 sa-crum, Et, et pe - ne - tra - li sa-crum. *Tempo primo.*

- a mu-sis_ fle - - bi-lis oc-cidit,
 Ma-ri - - a, gen-tis de-

4. 3. 5.

Ma-ri - a, Ma-ri - a oc-cidit, O fle-te, O
 - li - - ci-æ bre-ves, Ma-ri - a Ma-ri - a oc-cidit, O fle-te,

fle - te, O, O, O_ fle - te Ma-ri - am, O fle - te Ma-ri - am,
 O fle - te O, O, O_ fle - te Ma-ri - am, O

O fle - te Ma - ri - am, O fle - te Ca - mœ - - næ, O
 fle - te Ma - ri - am, O fle - te Ma - ri - am Ca - mœ - - næ,

fle - te, O fle - te, O, O fle - te Di - vae!
 O fle - te, O fle - te, O, O fle - te Di - vae! Fle - te de - a mo - ri -

Fle - te de - a mo - ri - en - te, Fle - - te de - a
 - en - te, Fle - te de - a mo - - ri - - en - - - te,
 4 2
 4 2

mo - ri - en - te, mo - - - - - ri - - en - - - te.
 mo - ri - en - te, mo - - - - - ri - - en - - - te.

FOR LOVE EV'RY CREATURE.

Treble.
(or Tenor)

Bass.

Allegro.

For love ev'- ry creature Is
For love ev'- ry creature Is form'd by his na-ture, for love ev'- ry creature Is form'd by his na-ture,
creature Is form'd, For love ev'- ry creature, for love ev'- ry creature Is form'd by his creature Is form'd, For love ev'- ry creature is form'd, Is form'd by his na-ture;
No joys are a - bove The plea - - -
na-ture; No, no, no joys are a - bove The plea - - -

- sures of love, No joys are above The

- sures of love, No joys are above The

7 6 7

ple - sures of love, No joys _____ are a -
 ple - sures of love, No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no
 4 3#

- bove, no, no, no, no joys are a - bove, no, no, no, no,
 joys are a - bove, no, no, no, no, no,

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor/Bass) in common time, featuring a treble clef for Soprano and Alto, and a bass clef for Tenor/Bass. The key signature is one flat. The lyrics are: "no, no joys are a - bove The plea-sures the plea-sures, the plea - sures of love." The vocal parts are separated by vertical bar lines. The piano accompaniment is shown below with a bass clef, featuring harmonic chords.

THERE NE'ER WAS SO WRETCHED A LOVER AS I.

Treble.
(or Tenor)

Bass.

Andante.

wretched, so wretched a lo - ver as I, there ne'er, ne'er was so
ne'er was so wretched a lo - ver as I, so wretched, so wretched, so

wretched a lo - ver as I, Whose hopes are for e - ver, for
wretched a lo - ver as I, Whose hopes are for e - ver, for e - ver, for e - ver, for

e - ver, for e - ver pre - vent - ed; I'm nei - ther at
e - ver, for e - ver pre - vent - ed; I'm nei - ther at rest

6

7 6 6 4 3# 6 5 6 7 6

6 5 4 #

7 4 8 8 : 8 8 8

7 8 8 : 8 8 8

rest when A - min - ta looks coy, Nor when she looks kind, looks
when A - min - ta looks coy, Nor when she looks kind, looks

kind, looks kind, nor when she looks kind am con-tent - ed; Her frowns give_ a pain, her
kind, looks kind, nor when she looks kind am con-tent - ed; Her frowns give_ a
6 **6** **6** **6**

frowns give_ a pain, a pain I'm un - a - ble to_ bear, The
pain, her frowns give_ a pain, a pain I'm un - a - ble to_ bear, The
6 **b** **6** **#** **#**

thoughts of 'em set me a trem - - - bling, they
thoughts of 'em set me a trem - - - bling, they
6 **b** **#** **b** **#** **6**

set me a - trembling, And her smiles are a joy

set me a - trembling, And her smiles are a joy so

4 3#

so great, so great, so great, so great, that I fear, that I fear, that I

great, so great, so great, so great, that I fear, that I fear, that I fear, that I

6 b.

fear Lest they should be no more but dis - sem-bling, lest they should be no more but dis - sem-bling.

fear Lest they should be no more but dis - sem-bling, lest they should be no more but dis - sem-bling.

Then pri-thee, A - min-ta, con-sent and be kind,

Vivace.

A plague of this trou-ble-some, trou-ble-some

A plague of this trou-blesome,trou-ble-some woo-ing,Then,pri-thee, A - min-ta con-sent and be
 woo-ing,then pri-thee A - min-ta con-sent and be kind, A plague of this trou-blesome,trou-ble-some

4 8#

kind, a plague of this trou-blesome,trou-ble-some woo-ing,Then,pri-thee, A - min-ta con-sent and be
 woo-ing,Then,pri-thee, A - min-ta con-sent and be kind, A plague of this trou-blesome,trou-ble-some

4 3# 4 8# 4 3 6 4 3#

kind, A plague of this trou-blesome,trou-ble-some woo-ing, For I find I shall ne'er be at peace in my
 woo-ing,Then,pri-thee, A - min-ta con-sent and be kind, For I find I shall ne'er be at peace in my

4 8# 6 6 7 6

mind Till once you and I have been do-ing, been do-ing,been doing,been doing,been do-ing,Till
 mind Till once you and I have been do-ing, been do-ing,been doing,been doing,been doing,been do-ing,Till

7 6 7 # 6# 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

once you and I have been do-ing; For shame, for shame, let your lo-ver no longer com-
 once you and I have been do-ing; For shame, for shame, let your lo-ver no long-er, no longer com-

-plain,com-plain, com-plain Of u-sage that's hard, hard, hard, of u-sage that's hard, hard a-bove

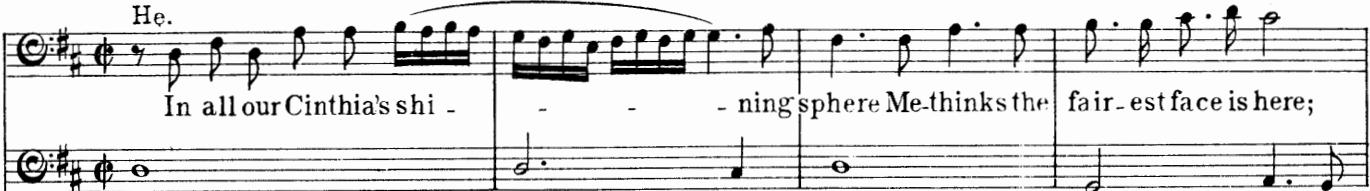
-plain,com-plain, com-plain Of u-sage that's hard, hard, hard, of u-sage that's hard, hard a-bove

let me, now let me, now let me take toll, Now let me, now let me, now let me take toll of the pleasure.

let me, now let me, now let me take toll, Now let me, now let me take toll of the pleasure.

XXXIV
IN ALL OUR CINTHIA'S SHINING SPHERE.
DIALOGUE.

Bass. *He.*



Adagio.



She. (Treble)





A ve-ry, ve-ry maid.

So fair a face In a world so base, yet died a maid? Have a

A pure, pure maid, A pure, pure maid. A

care what you say. Are you sure you don't lie?

pure, pure maid. I'll tell you why, The truth, that will plain-ly be seen, For I

Allegretto.

died so ve - ry young not full thir - teen; Do you think I would de - ceive you?

No,

no, no, no, no, no, no, I do be - lieve you. That won-der in an age may once be

seen, There may be a maid not full thir - teen, But were you to live your life

o - ver a - gain, Oh! what would you do, what, whatwould you do, what would you do

then? I'm ve-ry much a - fraid You would still die a maid, And keep your vir - gin

I fear, I fear you are mis -
in - no-cence, and keep your vir - gin in - no-cence un - sha-ken;

-ta - ken. No, no, not I. Not die a
 How? not die a maid? Not die a maid?

maid, and I'll tell you, tell you why. These eyes I'm sure were for love de - sign'd, And these
Vivace.

charms they were lent me to bless, to bless man-kind, these charms they were lent me to

bless, to bless man-kind, to bless, to bless man-kind; Then

shall I die a maid? Then shall I die a maid?
 No, no, no, no, no! No,

Then shall I die a maid?
No, no, no, no, no!
no, no, no, no, no!

No, no, no, no, no!
Then will you die a maid? No, no, no, no, no!

no, no, no, no, no! I hope I have more wit, more wit than so, I
no, I hope you have, I hope you have more wit, more wit than so, I hope you have, I

hope I have, I'm sure I have, I'm sure I have, I have more wit than so,
hope you have, I hope you have, I hope you have, you have more wit than so, I

I'm sure I have, I'm sure I have, I'm sure I have, I have more wit than so.
hope you have, I hope you have, I hope you have, I hope you have, you have more wit than so.

WHILE BOLTS AND BARS MY DAY CONTROL.

Treble.
(or Tenor)

Bass.

Animato.

keep the free-dom of my soul, I
And
day con-trol, I keep the free-dom, I keep the free-dom of my soul; And tho' a dun-geon

tho' a dun-geon dark and deep In an - - guish should my car - case keep, My mind would
dark and deep In an - guish should my car - case keep, My

be no pris'-ner there, my mind would be no pris'-ner, be no pris'-ner there, But rove and
mind would be no pris'-ner there, my mind would be would be no pris'-ner there, But

wander, but rove and wander, wander ev'-ry-where; Should mount for blessings from a-

rove but rove and wan - der ev'-ry-where; Should mount for blessings

-bove, For him I serve, should mount for bles-sings for him I serve, and her I

from a-bove, For him I serve, should mount for bles-sings for him I serve, and her I

love, With rocks and shores the sea's con - fined, But who, but who can bar the free-born mind,

love, With rocks and shores the sea's con - fined, But who, but who can bar the free-born

— but who but who can bar the free-born mind, — but who but who can bar the free-born mind?

mind, but who but who can bar the free-born mind, but who can bar the free-born mind?

TRIP IT, TRIP IT IN A RING.

Treble.

Bass.

Allegro vivace.

Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it in a ring, A -
 Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it in a ring, A round,

- round, a round this mor-tal dance and sing, dance and sing, dance and
 a round, a round this mor-tal dance and sing, dance and sing, dance and

sing, dance and sing, a round, a round, a round, a round this
 sing, dance and sing, a round, a round, a round, a round this

mor - tal dance and sing, this mor - tal dance and sing.
 mor - tal dance and sing, this mor - tal dance and sing.

XXXVII

GO TELL AMYNTA, GENTLE SWAIN.

Treble.
(or Tenor)

Bass.

Andante.

gen - - - tle swain,
I would not die,
go tell A - myn - ta,
go tell A - myn - ta, gen - - - - - tle swain,
gen - - - - - tle swain,
I would not die nor dare com -
I would not die nor dare com -

#2

- plain; Thy tune - ful voice with num - bers join, Thy voice will more pre -
 - plain; Thy tune - ful voice with num - bers join, Thy voice will more pre -

- vail than mine; For souls op - prest and dumb with grief, for souls op - prest and
 - vail than mine; For souls op - prest and dumb with grief,

dumb with grief, The gods or dain'd this kind re - lief, That mu - sic should in sounds con -
 The gods ordain'd the gods or - dain'd this kind re - lief, That mu - sic should in sounds

- vey What dy - ing lo - vers dare not say, what dy - ing
 - vey What dy - ing lo - vers, what dy - ing lo - vers,

lo - vers, dy - ing lo - vers dare not say. A sigh or tear per -
dy - ing, dy - ing lo - vers dare not say.

- haps she'll give, a sigh or tear per - haps she'll give, But love on
But love on pi - ty can - not live, A sigh or tear per - haps she'll

pi - ty can - not live, a sigh or tear per - haps she'll give,
give, a sigh or tear per - haps she'll give, But love on pi - ty can - not

but love on pi - ty can - not live, love on pi - ty can - not live;
live, but love on pi - ty can - not, can - not live;

Tell her that hearts for hearts were made, And love with love is on - ly paid;

Tell her that hearts for hearts were made, And love with love is on - ly, on - ly paid;

Tell her my pains so fast in - crease That soon, that soon it will be past,

Tell her my pains so fast, my pains so fast in - crease That soon it

— it will be past re - dress; For the wretch that speech - less lies, for the wretch that

will, it will be past re - dress; For the wretch that speech - less lies,

speech - less lies, At-tends but death, at-tends but death to close his eyes.

for the wretch that speech - less lies, At-tends but death to close, to close his eyes.

XXXVIII

TURN THEN THINE EYES.

catch-ing, catch-ing flames Will on thy, on thy torch ap-

catch-ing, catch-ing flames Will on thy, on thy torch ap-

-pear, and catch-ing, catch-ing flames and catch-ing, catch-ing flames,

-pear, and catch-ing, catch-ing, catch-ing, catch-ing flames,

catch-ing, catch-ing flames will on thy torch ap - pear, will on thy torch ap -

catch-ing, catch-ing flames will on thy torch ap - pear, will

-pear, will on thy torch ap - pear, appear, will on thy torch ap - pear, will on thy torch ap - pear.

on thy torch ap - pear, will on thy torch appear, will on thy torch ap - pear, will on thy torch ap - pear.

XXXIX

JULIA, YOUR UNJUST DISDAIN.

Treble
(or Tenor).

Bass.

Andante.

-plain; You, you, you that vow'd to be so true, A-las, a-las, a-las,

-plain; You, you, you that vow'd to be so true, A-las, a-las, a-las,

-las, a-las is false and mar-ried too; Could I drive

-las, a-las is false and mar-ried too; Could I drive

those thoughts a-way, That rack me, rack me ev'-ry day, By your, by

those thoughts a-way, That rack me, rack me ev'-ry day, By your, by

your un-just in - - con - stan-cy, Oh! oh! how hap - py, Oh!
 your un - - just in - - con - stan-cy, Oh! oh! oh! how hap - py, how
Allegretto.

oh! how hap-py, how hap-py, Oh! oh! how hap - py, how hap - py should I -
 hap-py, Oh! oh! how hap - py, how hap - py, how hap - py should I
 6 6 6 6 6 5 6 5

be, Oh! oh! oh! how hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py hap - py should I -
 be, Oh! oh! oh! how hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py hap - py should I
 6 6 6 6 6 6 4 3#

be, Oh! oh! oh! how hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py hap - py should I - be!
 be, Oh! oh! oh! how hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, hap - py hap - py should I be!
 6 6 6 6 6 6 4 3#

XL

I SPY CELIA.

Treble (or Tenor). 

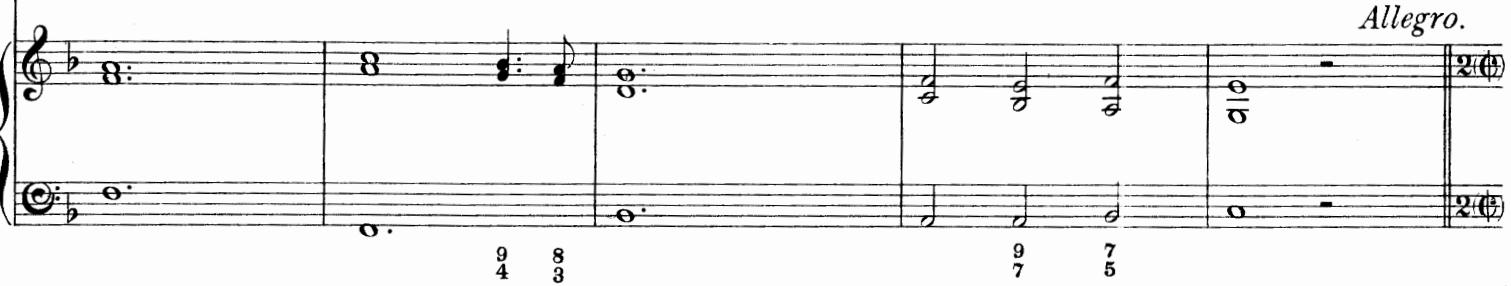
Andantino.

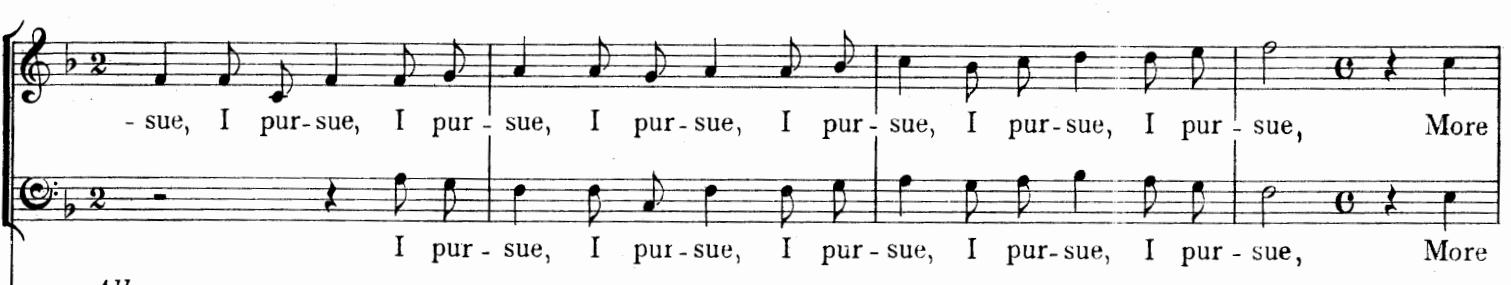


(Allegro.)



Allegro.





Allegro.

(Piu lento.)



coy, — more coy, — more, more coy I find her, I seem cold - er, cold - er,
 coy, more coy, more, more coy I find her, I seem cold - er, cold - er,

7 6 6 7 6 6 5 6 6# b7

cold-er, then, then she's kind - er, she's kind - er, then, then she's kind - er, she's
 cold-er, then, then, then she's kind - er, she's kind - er, then, then, then she's kind - er, she's

Tempo primo.

#3 #5 #4 5 6 #5

kind - er, then, then, then she's kind - er. My words move _____
 kind - er, then, then, then, then she's kind - er. Her eyes charm me,

Andantino.

3(3) 8: #8 6 3# 6 7 #

— her, — and I love her, and I love her, I love her, I love her.
 She es - teems me, and I love her, I love her, I love her. In

8 6 4 6 3 7 6 9 8 3#

§

In not bless - ing, most, most she bless - es, In not bless - ing,
 not bless-ing, most, most she bless - es, In not bless - ing, most, most she

§ 6 7

most, most she bless - es, And not pos - sess - ing, and not pos - sess - ing,
 bless - es, most she bless-es, And not pos - sess - ing, and not pos - sess - ing, and

8 7

and not pos - sess - ing, each, each, each pos - sess - es, each, each pos -
 not pos - sess - ing, each, each, each pos - sess - es, each, each, each pos -

5 #6 4 #3

- sess - es, each, each pos - sess - es, each, each pos - sess - es. Now, now she
 - sess - es, each, each pos - sess - es, each, each, each pos - sess - es.

Fine.

4 3# σ Fine. 3

blush-es, now, now, now she blush-es, She would
Allegro.

leave me, but I hold her, I hold her, I hold
but I hold her, I hold her, I hold

her, She grows angry, grows angry, grows
her, I hold her, She grows angry, grows angry, grows

Allegretto.

an-gry, grows an-gry, grows an-gry, I ap-pease her, I ap-pease her, I ap-
an-gry, grows an-gry, grows an-gry, I ap-pease her, I ap-pease her, I ap-

Andantino.

- please her, Then, then, then I please her, then,
 - please her, I am red - der, then, then, then I

Animato.

then, then I please her, then, then, then, then, then, then I please her, then
 please her, then, then, then I please her, then, then, then, then, then I please her, then

then, then I please her. My words move her,
 then, then I please her. Her eyes charm me, She es-
 4 5 6 7 8

Dal S al Fine.
 and I love her, and I love her, I love her, I love her. In
 - tems me, and I love her, I love her, I love her. In not bless-ing
 6 4 6 3 7 6 4 8 8#

Dal S al Fine.

WHILE YOU FOR ME ALONE HAD CHARMS.

THE 9th ODE OF HORACE IMITATED.

(A Dialogue betwixt the Poet and Lydia.)

Poet.

Bass. While you for me a lone had charms, And none more wel-come fill'd your arms, Proud
Adagio.

Lydia.

While you thought Ly-dia
— with con-tent I slight-ed crowns, And pi-tied monarchs on their thrones.

5 6 7 6 5

on - ly fair, And lov'd no o - ther nymph but her, Ly-dia was hap-pier in your love Than

— the blest vir - gins are a - bove.

Poet.

Now Chlo - e's charm - ing voice — and art Have

7 6

gain'd the con - quest of my heart; For whom, ye Fates, I'd wish to die, If mine the

Lydia.

nymph's dear — life might buy. Thir-sis by me has done the same, The youth

— burns me with — mu - tual flame, For whom a thou-sand deaths — Id bear, Would Fate —

— my dear - - est Thir - sis spare.

Poet.

But say, fair nymph, if I once more Be-come your

cap - tive as be - fore, Say I throw off my Chlo - e's chain, And take _____ you

Lydia.

Why, then, though he more bright ap - pear, More con -
to ____ my breast a - gain?

- stant than a fix - ed star, Though you ____ than wind more fick - le be, And rough -
7 6 7 6

- er than the storm - y sea, Byheavnand all its pow'r's I vow I'd glad-ly live and die with you.
7 6 4 5

CHORUS.

Then cease, cease all jea - lou-sies from hence, Let love, let love a - new
 Then cease, cease all jea - lou-sies from hence, Let love, let love a - new

Allegretto.

2

its date com - mence; Thir - sis and Chlo - e well de - throne, And in each
 its date com - mence; Thir - sis and Chlo - e well de - throne, And in each

o - ther, in each o - ther reign a - lone; And no u - surp - ing
 o - ther, in each o - ther reign a - lone; And no u - surp - ing pow'r, and

pow'r and no u - surp - ing pow'r shall dare Once more to fix its em - pire there.
 no u - surp - ing pow'r shall dare, shall dare Once more to fix its em - pire there.

ABOVE THE TUMULTS OF A BUSY STATE.

Treble.
(or Tenor)

Bass.

Andante.

A - bove the tu-mul ts of a bu - sy state, A - bove the tu-mul ts of a

A - bove the tu-mul ts, a - bove the tu-mul ts of a

bu - sy state, Clog'd with dull cares, with noise and strife, I'll lead a mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry

bu - sy state, Clog'd with dull cares, with noise and strife, I'll lead a mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry

peace-ful life, Nei-ther to boast nor to re - pine at fate. Where en - vy ne-ver, ne-ver shall

peace-ful life, Nei-ther to boast nor to re - pine at fate. Where en - vy ne-ver, ne - - ver

mo-lest, Nor base con-temp-t dis-turb my rest, But from this world and love set free, My

shall mo-lest, Nor base con-temp-t dis-turb my rest, But from this world and love set free, My

mansion cot - tage still shall be All calm, all calm and qui-et as the hal-cyon's nest.

mansion cot - tage still shall be All calm, all calm, calm and qui-et as the hal-cyon's nest.

But love must sure some ha - bi-ta-tion find, And if in pro-gress it should come To my ob -

But love must sure some ha - bi-ta-tion find, And if in pro-gress it should come To
Allegretto.

- scure, ob - scure and peace-ful home, For hos - pi-ta-li-ty's sake I must, I must be

my ob-scure and peace-ful home, For hos - pi-ta-li-ty's sake, for

kind, for hos - pi-ta-li-ty's sake I must be kind. But if the

hos - pi-ta-li-ty's sake, I must, I must be kind. But if the
Allegretto.

charm - - ing guest should take Me and my heart a pris' - ner make, Too
 charm - - ing guest should take Me and my heart a pris' - ner make,

late would my re-pen-tance prove, Too late would my re - pen - - tance
 Andante. Too late would my re-pen-tance prove, Too late would my re - pen - tance

prove I once defiance, once de-fiance bid to love. Then, who will then have pi - ty
 prove I once defiance, once defiance bid to love. Then, who will

Then, who will then have pi - ty, then, who will then have pi - ty for my sake?
 then have pi - ty, then, who will then will then have pi - ty for my sake?

XLIII

ALAS, HOW BARBAROUS ARE WE.

Treble.
(or Tenor)

Bass.

Adagio.

— to reward the cour-teous tree, Who its broad shade af-ford-ing
thus, to reward the cour-teous tree, Who its broad shade af-ford-ing

us, De-serves not to be wound - - - ed thus; See, see how the yield - - ing
us, De-serves not to be wound - - ed thus; See, see how the yield - - ing

bark complies With our un - grate - ful in - ju-ries, And see-ing this,

bark complies With our ungrate-ful in - ju-ries, And see-ing this,

say, how much, then, Trees are more ge - ne-rous than men, Who by a

say, how much, then, Trees are more ge - ne-rous than men, Who by a

Allegretto.

no-bleness so pure, Can first ob - lige and then en - dure, Who by a

no-bleness so pure, Can first ob - lige and then en - dure, Who by a

no - bleness so pure, Can first ob - lige and then en - dure.

no - bleness so pure, Can first ob - lige and then en - dure.

SILVIA, THOU BRIGHTER EYE OF NIGHT.
A SERENADING SONG.

Treble.
(or Tenor)

Bass.

Sil - via; thou bright-er eye of night, Ac-cept the hum - ble vows Of
Sil - via; thou bright-er eye of night, Ac-cept the hum - ble vows Of
Andante.

him that to thy sa - cred light(Than Cynthia's beams more pow'r - ful and more bright)With a - do -
him that to thy sa - cred light(Than Cynthia's beams more pow'r - ful and more bright)With a - do -

-ra - tion bows. Ac-cept him and the suppliant priest That at love's al - tar serves,Admit to
-ra - tion bows. Ac-cept him and the suppliant priest That at love's al - tar serves,Admit to

thy re-lent - ing breast(Worst ti-tles give best laws) and he servesbest That least of all de -
thy re-lent - ing breast(Worst ti-tles give best laws) and he servesbest That least of all de -

- serves. Re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber all the ten - der hours That we
 - serves. Re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber all the ten - der hours That we
Allegretto espressivo.

in pri - vate spent, Re - mem - ber re - mem - ber all, Where through the si - lent bliss - ful
 in pri - vate spent, Re - mem - ber re - mem - ber all, Where through the si - silent bliss - ful

bow's The jealous sun, that en - vied our a - mours, His beams to watch us sent. Did we the happy time im -
 bow's The jealous sun, that en - vied our a - mours, His beams to watch us sent. Did we the
Tempo primo.

- prove, To the full height of bliss, Did we with more than common
 hap - py time improve, To the full height of bliss, Did we with more than com - mon

love Through all the sweets of ri - o - tous plea - sure move, And you de - ny me this?
 love Through all the sweets of ri - o - tous plea - sure move, And you de - ny me this?

XLV

SEE WHERE SHE SITS.

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

Treble.
(or Tenor)

Bass.

Basso
Continuo. (Violoncello *ad lib.*)

Lento.

See where she sits, and in what come-ly wise, Drops tears,
see where she

See where she sits, and in what come-ly wise, Drops tears,

sits and in what come - ly wise, Drops tears more fair than

Drops tears more fair than o - thers'eyes, drops tears more fair than

o - thers'eyes! Ah! charming maid, charming maid, let not ill For - tune see, Ah!

o - thers'eyes! Ah! charm-ing maid,charming maid,let not ill

charming maid let not ill For-tune, ill For - tune see Th'at-tire thy sor-row wears,
 For - tune see, Ah! charming maid, charm-ing maid,let not ill For - tune see Th'at-tire

 Th'at-tire thy sor - - row wears, Nor know the beau - ty of thy tears, Nor know the beau -
 thy sor-rowwears, thy sor - - row wears, Nor know the beau - ty of thy tears, Nor

- ty of thy tears, For she'll still come, For she'll still come to dress her self in thee.

know the beau - ty of thy tears, For she'll still come ____ to dress her - self in thee.

Allegretto animato.



Continuation of the musical score for three staves (Treble, Alto, Bass) in common time, key signature of one flat. Measures 9-12 show eighth-note patterns. The lyrics "As stars re-flect on" appear above the vocal parts. A dynamic instruction "(tacet Vcello)" is placed below the cello staff.

Continuation of the musical score for three staves (Treble, Alto, Bass) in common time, key signature of one flat. Measures 13-16 show eighth-note patterns. The lyrics "wa-ters so I spy In ev' - ry drop (me-thinks)her eye; The ba-by which lives there and" appear below the vocal parts.

Continuation of the musical score for three staves (Treble, Alto, Bass) in common time, key signature of one flat. Measures 17-20 show eighth-note patterns. The lyrics "al-ways plays, and al-ways plays In_ that il-lus-trious sphere, Like a Nar-cis-sus does ap-" appear below the vocal parts.

-pear, Whilst in his flood the love - ly boy did gaze, whilst in his flood the

love - ly boy did gaze, the love - ly boy did gaze, the love - ly boy did gaze.

Ne'er yet did I be - hold so glo - - rious wea - ther, As this sun - shine and rain to -

Tempo primo.

- ge-ther; Pray heav'n her fore - head, that pure hill of snow, (For some such fountain we must

find, To wa-ters of so fair a kind) Melt not, to feed that beauteous stream be -
 low, Melt not to feed that beauteous stream be - low. Ah! might-y Love,
 that it were in-ward heat Which made this pre - cious lim - beck sweat! But
 that it were in-ward heat Which made this pre - cious lim - beck sweat!

what, a-las,
ah, what does it a-vail
That she weeps
But what, a-las,
ah, ah, what does it a-

tears so wond'-rous cold, Ah, what does it a-vail
-vail That she weeps tears so wond'-rous cold, Ah, what does it a-

That she weeps tears so wond'-rous cold, As scarce, as scarce the ass'-s
-vail That she weeps tears so wond'-rous cold, As scarce the ass's

hoof can hold, So cold that I ad-mire, I ad-mire they fall not
 hoof can hold, So cold that I ad-mire, I ad-mire they fall not

$\#_3 \quad b_3$

hail, so cold, that I ad-mire, I ad-mire they fall not hail.
 hail, so cold, that I ad-mire, I ad-mire they fall not hail.

OH! WHAT A SCENE DOES ENTERTAIN MY SIGHT.

Flute or
Violin obbl.

Andante.

1.

2.

3.

4.

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12



Treble (or Tenor).

Oh! Oh! what a scene does en - ter-tain my sight, Chlo-ris, the god-dess I ad-mire,

Lento.

Chlo-ris, my joy and my de - sire, Now, now puts on her best at-tire. How my sen-ses all are court-ed,

Allegro vivace.

How my soul is quite trans-port-ed With ra - vish-ment and sweet delight; Whilst with plea-sure I be-hold

Na-ture her tre-a-su - ries un-fold In pearls of cry-stal dew and fields of flow' - ry gold.

How my sen-ses all are court-ed How my soul is quite trans-port-ed With
 Bass. How my sen-ses all are court-ed How my soul is quite trans-port-ed With

ra - vish-ment and sweet de-light; Whilst with plea-sure I be-hold Na-ture her trea-su -
 ra - vish - ment and sweet de - light; Whilst with plea - sure I be-hold Na-ture her trea-su -

-ries un - fold In pearls of cry-stal dew and fields of flow' - ry gold.
 -ries un - fold In pearls of cry-stal dew and fields of flow' - ry gold.

All crea-tures now are in a mer-ry, mer - ry vein, From ev'- ry quar-ter all _____ a -
Andantino.

- round Tune - - - ful me - lo-dies re - sound; The wanton

Lambs to please the swain, Dance and frisk it o'er the plain. Then view the lark, ob -

- serve her lab' - - ring wings, How she mounts _____ and _____ how she

sings, Still, still she does up-wards, up- wards move, As if she'd reach the ears of Jove, Or meant to

join, to join in con-sort to the choirs a - bove. Come then, let's strike up,

Allegro.

Come then, let's

come then, let's strike up nob - ler strains, Let's make the neigh-bring val - leys ring, Whilst we

strike up, let's strike up nob - ler strains, Let's make the neigh - b'ringval-leys ring, Whilst we

dance and whilst we sing The sports and plea - - sure of the spring:

dance and whilst we sing The sports and plea - - sure of the spring:

And whilst fair Chlo-ris does in-vite to pleas - - ing fields and fra-grant flow'r's, Purl-ing

And whilst fair Chlo - ris does in - vite to pleas - - ing fields and fra-grant flow'r's,

streams, purl - - ing streams ____ and sha - dy bow'r's, All joys _____ do there com-mence,
 Purl-ing streams, purl-ing streams and sha-dy bow'r's, I am
 2

all joys _____ do there com-mence, I am crown'd
 crown'd _____ with all de - light, All joys _____ do there com-mence,

— with all de - light, all joys _____ do there com-mence, I am crown'd _____
 All joys _____ do there com-mence, I am crown'd with all, I am

— with all de-light, I am crown'd, — with all, — am crown'd with all de - light.
 crown'd, — with all — de-light, am crown'd — with all de - light.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN CHARON AND ORPHEUS.

(Two Basses.)

Orpheus.

Haste, haste gen-tle Cha-ron haste, I pri-thee come, And waft me to the blest E-ly-sium,

Adagio.

Thro' whose cool shade with wan-dring souls I'll flee Till I have found the fair Eu-

(animato)

-ry-di-ce. Sure he's a - sleep and hears me not, So ho! so ho! A - wake -

— dull man, a - wake! thou dost not know The pains that part-ed lov - ers

un - - der-go.
 Charon.
 (Continuo) What voice is this I hear?
 no mor - tal dare In - vade
 — these gloom-y re - gions of de - spair, Where sul - len clouds have chas'd a-way the
 light, And drawn dark cur - tains of e - ter - nal night. And wing - ed
 Mer-cu - ry per -haps may bring Some mes - sage to the great in - fer - nal King.

I pri-thee come and see, 'Tis Or-pheus calls. For
 Speak, who art thou? Then Or - - pheus wait on me.

pi - ty's sake let me no long - er stay, Each min-ute seems to be a -

last - ing day.

The ris-ing tides by an-gry winds are met, And swell so high my boat will o - ver

Fear not, the winds shall cease, I'll charm their rage to gentle calms of
set. I dare not stir.

3 4 4 2 5 6

peace.

Then come a-board and whilst we sail a-long, Di-vert the storm by some de-light-ful song.

Be still, still, be still, ye proud waves and your fu-ry give o'er, Re-

Be still, still, be still, ye proud waves and your fu-ry give o'er,
Continuo.

Andantino.

-tire all ye winds, and op-pose them, op - pose them no more; In the dark, hol - low

Re - tire all ye winds, and op-pose them no more; In the

17431

ca - verns your re - vels go | keep, Then void of dis - turb - ance, then void of dis -

dark, hel - low ca - verns your re - vels go | keep, Then void of dis - turb - ance, of dis -

- turb - ance the bil - lows may sleep; And when they a - wake they'll be calm_ and ap -

- turb - ance the bil - lows may sleep; And when they a - wake they'll be calm_ and ap -

#6

- pear As gen - - - - - tle as if the great Plu - to were here.

- pear As gen - - - - - tle as if the great Plu - to were here.

2

THREE PART SONGS.

1

A DRINKING SONG

with a Chorus for three Voices.

Treble
(or Tenor)

'Tis wine was made to rule the day, 'tis wine, 'tis wine, 'tis wine;

Allegretto.

'Tis wine was made to rule the day, And not the fla - ring sun; 'Tis love that

should o'er night bear sway, And not the sil - ly, sil - ly moon, and not the

sil - ly, sil - ly moon; Wine is th'a - maze-ment of the old, That bliss would fair re-

-trive; And love the bus' - ness of the bold, That can both joys re -

CHORUS.

rage be im-mor-tal, let my rage be im-mor-tal, let my rage be im-mor-tal, and my
 -mor-tal, let my rage be im-mor-tal let my rage be im-mor-tal, and my
 rage be im-mor-tal, let my rage be im-mor-tal let my rage be im-mor-tal, and my
 rage be im-mor-tal, let my rage be im-mor-tal let my rage be im-mor-tal, and my
 5 6 6 6

li-quor di-vine; let my rage be im-mor-tal, my
 li-quor di-vine; let my rage be im-mor-tal, let my rage be im-mor-tal, my
 li-quor di-vine; let my rage be im-mor-tal, let my rage be im-mor-tal, let my
 6 # 5 6 6 b3 6 6

Fine.

rage be im-mor-tal, and my li-quor di-vine. In-fus'd in wine, let's sink to rest, And
 -mor-tal, and my li-quor di-vine.
 rage be im-mor-tal, and my li-quor di-vine. *Fine. Tempo primo.*
 6 6 7 6

A musical score for two voices and piano. The top staff shows a soprano vocal line with lyrics: "dream of what we love; In-fus'd in wine, let's sink to rest, And dream of what we love; And since she may not". The bottom staff shows a basso continuo line with sustained notes and harmonic support. The piano part is indicated by a treble clef and a bass clef bracket.

A musical score page from a vocal score. The top staff shows a soprano vocal line with lyrics: "be possest, Let's thus our wants im-prove, And since she may not be— possest, Let's thus our wants im- prove." The piano accompaniment is shown below, with two staves: one in G major and one in C major. The score includes dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte), and key changes indicated by sharps and flats. The vocal part ends with a fermata over the word 'Fine.'

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) in common time, 3/4 key signature, and B-flat major. The vocal parts are in soprano, alto, and bass clef. The piano accompaniment is in common time, 3/4 key signature, and B-flat major. The vocal parts sing "Oh! lull me, Oh! lull me, couch'd in soft re - pose, Oh! lull me, Oh!" in a repeating pattern. The piano part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. The vocal parts enter at measure 6, and the piano part begins at measure 6.

lull me, couch'd in soft re - pose, And sleep, sleep ne'er from me take; Ex -

Dal Segno $\frac{2}{2}$ al Fine.

- cept the Gods will in - ter - pose, And let_ me en - joy _____ a - wake.
Dal Segno $\frac{2}{2}$ al Fine.

WHEN THE COCK BEGINS TO CROW.

Treble I
(or Tenor D)

Treble II
(or Tenor II)

Bass.

Vivace.

When the cock begins, begins to crow; Cock-a-doodle-doo.

When the cock begins to crow, when the cock begins to crow,

-gins to crow, When the cock begins, begins to crow,

-do, Cock - a - doo - do, When the em - bers, the em - bers

Cock - a - doo - do, Cock - a - doo - do, When the em - bers

Cock - a - doo - do, Cock - a - doo - do, When the em - bers

leave to glow, And the owl cries to whit to who, to
 leave to glow, And the owl cries to whit to who, to whit to who, to who, to
 leave to glow, And the owl cries to whit to who, to whit to who, to who, to

whit to who, to whit to who; When crick-ets do sing, and mice roam a -
 whit to who, to whit to who; When crick-ets do sing, and mice roam a -
 whit to who, to whit to who; When crick-ets do sing, and mice roam a -

- bout, When mid-night bells ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, To
 - bout, When mid-night bells ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, To
 - bout, When mid-night bells ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, To

call the de - - devout; When the la - - - - zy lie stretch - ing, and
 call the de - - devout; When the la - - - - zy lie stretch - - - ing, and
 call the de - - devout; When the la - - - - zy lie stretch - - - ing, and

Allegro.

think 'tis no harm, Their zeal is so cold, and their beds are so warm; When the
 think 'tis no harm, Their zeal is so cold, and their beds are so warm; When the
 think 'tis no harm, Their zeal is so cold, and their beds are so warm; When the

long la - zy slut Has not made the par-lour clean, No wa-ter on the hearth is
 long la - zy slut Has not made the par-lour clean, No wa-ter on the hearth is
 long la - zy slut Has not made the par-lour clean, No wa-ter on the hearth is

put, But all, all, all, all things in dis - or - der seen, all things in dis - or - der

put, But all, all things in dis - or - der seen, all things in dis - or - der seen,

put, But all, all, all things in dis - or - der seen, all things in dis - or - der seen,

seen, all, all, all things in dis - or - der seen; Then we trip it, trip it, trip it,

all things in dis - or - der seen; Then we trip it, trip it, trip it,

- or - der seen, all things in dis - or - der seen; Then we trip it, trip it, trip it,

trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it round the

trip it, trip it round the

trip it, trip it round the

room, And make like bees a drow - sy, drow-sy, drow - sy hum, hum, hum; Be she Bet-ty, Nan or
 room, And make like bees a drow - sy, drow - sy, drow - sy hum, hum, hum; Be she Bet-ty, Nan or
 room, And make like bees a drowsy, drow - - sy, hum, hum, hum; Be she Bet-ty, Nan or
Tempo primo.

Sue, We make her, make her of an - o - ther hue, And pinch her, pinch her,
 Sue, We make her, make her of an - o - ther hue, And pinch her, pinch her,
 Sue, We make her, make her of an - o - ther hue, And pinch her, pinch her,

1. 2.
 pinch her black and blue, and pinch her, pinch her, pinch her, black and blue; and blue.
 pinch her black and blue, and pinch her, pinch her, pinch her, black and blue; and blue.
 pinch her black and blue, and pinch her, pinch her, pinch her, black and blue; and blue.

I

SWEET TYRANESS, I NOW RESIGN.

Cantus Primus.

Cantus Secundus.

Bassus.

Andante.

What need I care? thy beau - ty flings Such flow -'ry smil-ing charms would con - quer kings.

What need I care? thy beau - ty flings Such flow -'ry smil-ing charms would con - quer kings.

What need I care? thy beau - ty flings Such flow -'ry smil-ing charms would con - quer kings.

II

THE BLIND BEGGAR'S SONG.

Treble I. A poor blind woman, that has no sight at all, I pray pi-ty the blind, A poor blind woman.

Treble II. A poor blind woman, that has no sight at all, I pray pi-ty the blind, A poor blind woman.

Bass. A poor blind woman, that has no sight at all, I pray pi-ty the blind, A poor blind woman.

Andante.

