BLOW, John (1649-1708)
[Amphion Anglicus]

AMPHION ANGLICUS. | A | WORK | OF MANY | COMPOSITIONS, | For One, Two, Three And Four | VOICES: | With several Accompaniments of | Instrumental Musick; | AND | A Thorow-Bass to each Song: | figur’d for an | Organ, Harpsichord, or Theorboe-Lute. | by Dr. JOHN BLOW.
LONDON: | Printed by William Pearson, for the Author; and are to be Sold at his House in the | Board-Sanctuary [sic], over-against Westminster-Abby, and by Henry Playford, at his Shop | in the Temple-Change, Fleet-street. MDCC.

1 partitura ([8], viii, [2], 216 p.; [1] c. manoscritta); 31 x 21 cm.
RISM B 2985
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TO

Her Royal Highness,

THE

PRINCESS

ANN of DENMARK.

Madame,

The excellent Art of Music, was thought by many of the wisest Ancients, to have derived its Original immediately from Heaven; as one of the first, most beneficial Gifts of the Divine Goodness to Mankind: thereby to draw and allure, the old, rude, and untaught World, into Civil Societies; and so to soften and prepare their Minds for the easier reception of all other Accomplishments of Wisdom and Virtue.

The most Learned of the Ancient Heathens, the Greeks, were so much of this Opinion, that they carried their Veneration for this Admirable Faculty, too far. They believed, they could not do it right, but by assigning to it, for its Protection and Improvement, some peculiar tutelary Gods of its own. Nay, when to all the other Ornaments and Perfections of human Life, they seldom appointed more than one single Deity to preside over each of them, to Music alone they allotted a greater number of

Geoffrey Chaucer
The Dedication.

Guardian Divinities than to any of the rest; some of the Male, but most of the Female and Fairer Sex.

They were indeed mistaken, when they bestowed on it these Fabulous Honours; and they made but ill Gods of those Men and Women, who would have done excellently well, if they had only passed for Patrons of it, or Inventors in it, as they really were.

But in all times of the truer Antiquity, even amongst God's own peculiar People, we find this most instructive and delightful Skill did always meet with its due and deserved Honours, short of Idolatry, and within the bounds of Sobriety and Decency.

Thus we read in the Holy Scriptures, not long after the History of the Creation, the Name of the Man is Solemnly recorded with Renown, among the Founders of Nations, who was the first Inventor of the Harp and the Organ.

And undoubtedly there was never any Age of the true Church afterwards, whether Jewish, or Christian, wherein the Sacred delights of Music were not admitted, to bear an eminent Part in the Worship of the True God.

In the Jewish Church, it is certain, that even before the Temple itself was built, while it was yet only in Design, God Inspir'd David, the Man after his own Heart, to Compose before-hand, the Hymns and Divine Anthems that were to be Sung in it.

And the choice of the Person for that Work, was infinitely for the dignity of the Art: Since no less a Man, than the chief of their Monarchs, and the greatest of their Conquerors, was ordained by God, to be their Poet and Musician on that occasion.

And it were easy to prove, that the same Celestial Spirit of Musical Concord and Harmony, was all along cherished and entertained in the Christian Church, during the very best Times of its purest Doctrines and Devotions.

It will be enough, only to mention one undeniable Instance, That, in the Primitive Age, during the cruellest Persecutions, in their most Private and Nightly Assemblies, the Christians of that early Time, as Pliny informed Trajan, remarkably distinguished themselves, by their alternate Singing of Psalms, and Spiritual Songs.

Such, Madame, have been always the Employments of the Sublime Art of Music, to teach and cultivate Humanity; to Civilize Nations; to Adorn Courts; to Inspire Armies; to Inspire Temples and Churches; to sweeten and reform the fierce and barbarous Passions; to excite the Brave and the Magnanimous; and, above all, to inflame the Pious and the Devout.

For these Reasons, it has all along receiv'd the Encouragement and Favour of the Greatest, the Wise, the most Religious, the most Heroick Persons of all Ages. And it seems but reasonable, that
The Dedication.

that it should be so; that they should principally take upon them the care of this High-born Science of Tunesful Sounds and Numbers, whose Souls are more elevated than others, and seem most to partake of that Natural, and Divine Harmony, it professes to Teach.

You see, Madame, what undoubted Title Your Royal Highness has to the Patronage of this Art. It is Your own by many rightful Claims, not only for your High Birth and Royal Dignity, but for something, that is even yet more Your own; for that admirable temper of Spirit, that harmonious sweetness of Disposition, that silent Melody, and charming Mufick of Your whole Life.

After I have said this, it cannot be denied, but that, by inscribing these Papers to Your Royal Highness, I have chosen the worthiest and most excellent Patroness for these my Studies, that this Nation, or Age has produc'd. Yet I must still confess, while I Applaud my self for the happiness of my Choice, the ambition of it puts me into Confusion: I am ashamed to think, that to such a Patroness I can present so very little, either worthy of the Art I admire, or of the Glorious Principal to whom I dedicate all my Muses.

But for that part, which concerns Your self, Madame, Your own Goodness and Benignity, has set my Mind at ease, by Your generous Invitation and favourable Promise, of accepting the low Present I now offer, and Your Gracious Assurance of a perpetual Protecition to its Author.

And that also, if anything can, may possibly enable me to supply the other Part better for the future, and lift up my Genius to something more becoming the Majesty of the Art it self.

The two most Noble ends of Mufick Vocal and Instrumental, being either to raise and nourish the tender, and the Generous Passions of Love, Friendship, and Honour, among Men, or to animate our Affections, and to kindle the ardour and zeal of our Devotions towards God: I must own, that what I now lay at your Royal Highness's Feet, consists only in some weak Performances of the first kind.

I will make no Apology for the Subjects of any of them, tho' they are generally conversant about Love-Affairs, since the divertiments and delights of those softer Affections, when conceived in pure Thoughts, and cloathed with innocent Expressions, have been always allowed in all Wise and Good-natur'd People; and never any where Condemn'd by the truly Good and Honourable part of Mankind.

I dare affirm, that nothing but the unf.ocieal fulleness of a Cynick, would ever exclude secular Mufick, so qualified, out of Civil Societies, as nothing but the perverse Sowerness of a Fanatick, would ever drive Divine Mufick out of the Church.

But
The Dedication.

But yet, lest a Work of this Nature, tho' perhaps not blameable in itself, either for the Matter, or the manner of it, should however seem to fall below what is due to Your Royal Highness's Greatness of Mind, and consummate Virtue: Give me leave, Madame, to tell You, I am preparing, as fast as I can, to make some amends for this, by a Second Musical Preface, upon Arguments incomparably better: I mean my Church-Services, and Divine Compositions.

To those, in truth, I have ever more especially consecrated the Thoughts of my whole Life. All the rest I consider but as the Blossoms; or rather the Leaves; those I only esteem as the Fruits of all my Labours in this kind. With them I began my first Youthful Raptures in this Art: With them, I hope calmly and comfortably to finish my days. Nor will my Mind be ever at rest, till I have offer'd them up to God, for the Publick use of the best Church in the Christian World, under the Propitious Authority of Your Royal Highness's Name.

May it please Your Royal Highness,

I am Your most Humble, most Dutiful, and most Devoted Servant,

JOHN BLOW.

To the Most Incomparable Master of Musick, Dr. John Blow: Occasion'd by his obliging the World with his Inimitable Amphi Angelicus.

T'ho Works like Thine, and of establisht Fame, Are safe from Censure in their Author's Name, And stand secure of Gratification and Praise, Without the weakDigit of our Layes: Yet since the Muse is only born to wait On the Stupendous Labours of the Great, Give her her Birth-right, and accept the Plea She makes to fame Her self, by Singing Thee.

Oh! Pow'ful Man, and of resculpt Arts, Who reign within our Ears, and in our Hearts; Numbers, like their Master's Temper, sweet, Dethrone the Senes, and fill up their Seat; In exced of Admiration drown'd, We're lost in Rapture, and confus'd in Sound. Tell us from whence such Influence can Difill, And whence proceed this Exceat of Skill!

Others, with Joachim's Traff, may strive to And tune such Words with a Lyra's Ode, Oblede the Play-House, and the gaudy Fry, With Entertainments of Obedience: But Thou great Prince of the Musick's Band, Who are fit to touch a Royal Hand, Unblest and by their folly do appear, And worthy of thy Patroness's Care, Whole awful Eyes, and whole unequall'd May read and judge thy Layes without Offence.

Thy Rage is Sober, and thy Hymns, Song Fair as her Soul, and as her Judgment Strong; Thy Mournings Jilt, tho' various in their Form, Soft as a Breeze, yet Rolling as a Storm; Gentle, yet of a Majestick State, Like ANN's Humble, and like ANNA's Great: Whether thy Hymns do our Devotions move, Or Tender Ayrs excite our Virtuous Love.

But though thy Works superior to the Praise Which Verse can give, or Admiration raise, Might challenge Fame, and every Muse invite To Sing of what thou'd every Muse Delight; Yet what Excels thy self, if it can be, Is, that so many live to Copy Thee, That Youth's around the Brititsh World are spred, Varm'd by thy Beams, and by thy Councils: (led) Who one day shall themselves Perfection reach, Equal to all, but Finis, who such could teach. And future Ages with Delight shall fee (or) What thou hast been, by what thy Sons shall so the Tall Oak with Boughs erected famed, And views the Fores, and the Woods Command; (mand) See's Plants and Trees, which were her Offspring, rife, And shoot their growing Harvest to the Skies: Who, when their Parent shall resign to Fate Her father'd Limbs, the Ensigns of her State, To the same height and full Proporation grown, Shall speak her Greatness, as they shew their Gunn.

William Pittis, late Fellow of New-College in Oxford.

An ODE.

Being a Parallel equaling Poetry with Musick: Compos'd into a Catch for Four; and made in Honour of my Worthy Friend, Dr. John Blow, and his Extraordinary Work.

I.

When Sauce was in her glorious State,
Great Mists with Angelina's late;
The Nobles, and the Vulgar Throng,
Were Charm'd with his Immortal Song.

II.

So whilst the Apollo's Race can Sing,
Great Blow will be true Muck's King;
As Nations must refund his Praise,
Far as the Sun extends his Rays.

III. Let
III.

Let Poetry then gain Renown,
And yield the Bard his Verdant Crown,
Whil'st Ancient Tyger bears its Name,
Sing, Sing to his Exalted Fame.

IV.

Let Museök too in due receive
And let its Composers live;
While ever Theatres do Ebb and Flow,
Drink drinks a Health to famous blow.

T. D'ORPEZ.

To his Esteemed Friend, Dr. Blow,
Upon Publishing his Book of Songs.

A Public Good, does Publick Thanks requite:
And All should strive to Praise what All
Admire. 

The Art of Singing, late in our Publick bosoms
With that of Storying, we thought was
Left:
Till in this Work we all with Wonder view
What ever Art, with order'd Notes can do,
Corelli's Heights, with Great Baffani's too
And Brittan's Orphans learn'd his Art first
You,
Long have we been with Balladry opprest,
Good Senfe Lampoon'd, and Harmony Burn'd
But yet the Lusfel: Love goes glibly down,
And fill the Dead/Bound'nd tales the Town:
Let 'em Sing on—and for fair Sallys's sake,
Some Merry Madrigal to Museök make,
Then point the Names of those that are
(Wrote 'em,
With Lords a-top: and Blockheads at the Bottom
While at the Stoops we daily dashing view
False Concord, by Tom Cruft Engrav'd true.

Nor are you by this Work to raise a Name:
Go Pious'd, Amen, long times approved your Praise.

You first our Modern Museök did refine
Rugged and rough, like Metal in the Mine
You purg'd the Dross, and stamp'd it into
(Coin

How much we owe to that Harmonious Quill
That first reform'd, and is our Standard Bell
(Tales
Thus tho' you shine, yet ye no Pride give
Your Temper's easy, as the Ayres you make
Unrul'd to all, you generally imprize
The Beauties of your museö: Harmonious Art
For scarce our Life a Tuneful Bard can find
But Miss'd, or left, has been inspir'd by You.

When I review thy Harmony Divine
Where happy Strokes through ev'ry Office shine
Others in Ayre, have to perfection grown
But Canto is an Art that's Thine alone
Thus, tho' a multitude of Writers Rhyme,
How few but little ever reach'd Sublime
Thus many a Painter can a Portrait make
That does not like Hiffly undertake;
Thus we have to faintly the驾ghtly rise to
How to keep back, and how to catch the Eyes
All in a happy Order to dispose
None but a Paris or a Kneller knows
(First
Thus while you spread your Fame, at the
Anv'rd by Fate, from Melody and Wit,
With British Bard on Harp a Touch plays
With grated Ears I paint out your days
Shore's most Harmonious Tube, ne'er strikes
(My Ear
Not of the Bard, besides his Fame I hear,
Not Chantning at St. Paul's, repulse my Senses
I'm only vers'd in Whon's Hymnody
But is by chance some Charming Ponce view'd
As well as old, as long as love and law
As when the Phill's neither Brine nor Blood cou'd
(Move
Throw'd down his Lances, & lay'd his Armor by
Ariel fails from Errantry to Elegy
But if some mighty Hero's Fame he hears
That like a Torrent, all before him bears
In haste he mounts his Trusty Steed again
And led by Glory, flows along the Plain
So I with equal ardour seize my Lyre
And singing again my long neglected Muse.

Henry Hall, Organist of
Hersfort.

To Dr. BLOW.

A Musical Lute of old with Magic Art,
To ten Hand's Stones, new Pattisons did impart
His sounds out from his Mystical Soul
Lyre
Such power he shows with his commanding
As bold Prometheus with his Viscous Fire
And Viva Viva Life the many Quarries dance
And well-form'd Concerts as he plays advance
On Salvage Beasts did Orpheus want his Skill,
And his echoing VVood with strange amazes;
If he with Touching Sounds their Fears did all
Pull down the Lyre's Pride, or curb the Taxis's Rage
And since't we are to Groan under Reason

But Museök was for Noble Ends designed,
By Nature form'd to regulate our Mind
Third Mills and gloomy Vapours dispel,
And troubled thoughts of the Blood to quell
To tune the Jarring World to Peace and Love,
And fit us here to join the Choral Alme:
Thus has our LIFE been long oblig'd by Museök
Who first with decent Modesty did show
In blooming Purcell what himself cou'd do
On Purcell's whole Genius he bestowed,
And all the Master's Grace in the Pulpit cou'd do.
But humane long to hear the Leonid
Oppress'd with Rapture, fink beneath the God:
And Beasts Philosophize within their Cell

Oh more than Man! how boundless is
Your Skill
It's chain'd the Soul, and Captivates the Will
Keeps'vry ev'ry Sense employ'd, and makes us see
What Fable's Composers could employ
And when Old, as long as love and law
As when the Phill's neither Brine nor Blood cou'd
(Move
Throw'd down his Lances, & lay'd his Armor by
Ariel fails from Errantry to Elegy
But if some mighty Hero's Fame he hears
That like a Torrent, all before him bears
In haste he mounts his Trusty Steed again
And led by Glory, flows along the Plain
So I with equal ardour seize my Lyre
And singing again my long neglected Muse.

Jerome Clarke, Organist of
St. Paul's London.

To my much Honoured Master, Dr. John Blow,
On his Amphin Anglicus.

WILL those that know you only by your Pay respect to Merits, Merits claim,
And with your Labours in your Praizes join
Permit me, who am known, to offer mine

Mußck
Museick you've taught me, and your pow'rful
(Lays
Now teach me Words to speak in Museick's
(Praise
For who can hold his Speech that has a Tongue,
And not bring forth, or not attempt a Song.
But Words fall short of what to Deeds I owe,
And cannot pay the Deeds they cannot show:
A Father's Fondness, and a Mather's Care,
Should have returns beyond a Scholar's Pray'r.
Yet since the Wilkes of a grateful Heart
May safe the swellling Debt, and pay in part,
Accept 'em from the youngest you have-
(Fare'd, dear'd
Your youngest Offspring, not the least end-
(dear'd
I for my Subject's sake, must needs be hear'd.
Oh! may you long, and growing in Eternity,
Make Museick yours, as you are Museick's Theme,
Till on Fame's Wings to greatest Honours.
(own
You Patronize those Arts you now Adorn;
While I pursing what your hands have shown,
Admire Your Knowledge, and entertain my
(own
And reaching for the Heav'n, where Fight allure's,
Am one day something, 'tis I once was
(yours
As I my Voice more in Judgment raise,
And imitate the Beauties now I Praise.
William Crofts, Organist of
St. Ann's.

To my Friend, Dr. Blow, on his Amphi-
(Over
Were it Applause thou fough'tst immortal
We cannot more Proclaim than all Men
Know
Thou hast sufficient Fame already won,
And spread thy Sweet Ecmomists through
(The town
Our Organs through the Land, and ev'ry
(Quire
Own thy Supplies, as Fire from Light takes rise.
Thy Compilations where thy Name is join'd,
Are like our Gold with the King's Image Cow'd,
Their Value by their Stamp is known, and we
Allow 'em then for Current Harmony.
This when a Friend's deems not Mean to own;
A Royal Present: She, to whom not one

To my Honoured Master, Dr. John
(Blow, on the Publication of his
Amphi-
Anglicus.
Since others, who the same Infron Honour
Their Loves have tender'd, and their Dul-
they shew,
As in respectfull Homage to Deferring,
They've made an Offering of their 
Virtues; (Briefs)
Be pleas'd to give acceptance of the Claim,
I make, from being Yours alone to Fame:
And tho' my Gratitute be late expr'd,
I bring a Soul as Thankful as the Rest,
And since I owe as much, as much I pay,
As much as I owe, and what I owe:
A Work like Yours shou'd render all admired,
And can't as well as by it be Prais'd:
Strength, Beauty, Nature, Art and Wit shou'd
In favour of so Noble a Deign; (join

To my moat Honoured Friend, Dr. John
Blow, on the Publication of his
Amphi-
Anglicus.

And ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Muse should wait
To bear it from the reach of Envious Fate;
Yet I must dare attempt the Sacred Theme,
And Conferre my Verse with my Elemen,
Whil'st in Adonishment my Voice I raise,
And o'er my Thanks instead of Praise,
Owning the Muses Lordship as your due,
And what I hold, is only held from you,
As if Chance shall one day please to change,
And shed her favour'd Favourites on my Toid,
Like Echo dwell upon my Teacher's Name,
And give my Praise from whence they came.

John Barret, Musick-Master to the
Best of Christ's Hospital, and Or-
ganist of St. Mary at Hill.

The Book is Great, and vast should be our
But all we do, cannot one Altar raise,
Equal to what thy Charming Poesy has done,
Which genuine Sons of Art must ever own.
Dull Marble's useless to Record thy Fame;
This Book alone, will Eterrnyze thy Name:
Such Compositions fill are shewing there,
(But what some do) we thought forgot were.
Thy rolling Decease, gently lead the Air
True Fags, Jill Cause du proportionate.
Thy Synopses shew the Difords fine;
Transitions clear and sweet, Thy Air Sublime;
All Artful Musicks Method'd therein,
A Contemplation, ad Ario, & ad Templ.
From this Great Work; some blooming hopes
(we raise,
That Musick won't be left in shade, but
(days,
But rear its Head; its own true Lute have
From thy dear Book, whilst thou freely in it
(Grave.
For who's not doubtfull on't, when as we see,
Whole Rears Imprin'ted, not one Note like Thee:
The mightiest of them, cry, let's please the
(Town!
(If that be done, they value not the Crown.
And then let you see this good and taking
'Tis soon in Balfour bow'd, eer th' Mob be
(waking,
Oll happy Men, who thus their Fames can

In spite of Circumstances, then be pleas'd to take
A Gift sincere as any Muse can make;
Thou'sh the Verse, and halt be my Song,
My Heart's make's Satisfaction for my Tongue,
And, with Blessings, can nothing else below,
But bare Acknowledgments for what I owe.
The Pains You'vee taken, and the Love You've
(rown,
Treating Your Pupil Children as Your own,
The Work You've Pubblish'd, and the Numbers
(Thoughts
Should take up all th' Employment of our
(Taught,
As in the British Bard, with joy we view
A Pow'r which can the Grecian's Arts out-do;
And Tons are built by Him, but Men by Thee.

William Laddington.
Such truth we know, has peered long the
Town,
But There appear, and thus as froth are gone
Then let all Noble Sons of Heavenly Harmony
Unite their Will, that Thou nor Book may
(never die.
Richard Brown, Organist of
Christchurch, St. Lawrence Jewery, and
Bermondsey.

To the most Ingenious Dr. John Blow,
Organist of His Majesty's Chapel
Royal, &c. On his Book of Songs.

Dost, I own it—'tis a Debt I owe,
Befits the Subject will command now;
The Theme's to vaunt, and to incite my Mind,
It runs over all, and leaves the Pen behind,
And yet the nearest, prettiest Thoughts must fall
Imperfectly of the Original:
And Circumstances of Imperfect Man,
What he would shou the Moli, the least he
Can:

The utmost I can do, is to confess
I can admire far better than Express,
So deftly digested in sublime an Air,
So Easy all, so rivalling to the Ear
Is every Song, that owns Your artifal Care;
And such are the Chords, white Ever charming Notes
Seem to command a more than Mortal Throat;
More Soul, more Vigor to express their Life,
Than the low reach of Human Voice can give:
So Firm, so firm all the Parts are strong
Is every Sinew of each well-strung Song.

(Continued)

To the Honour'd Dr. John Blow, for
Encouraging my New Character, in
making Choice of it for His Irnimitable Amphiion Anglican.

The Pears whole Task has been before to
Have, and Thank you chiefly for
(Your Loop,
But I a double Debt must ever owe,
And for two benefices, my thanks can fall;
'Tis true, the subject is a Worthy Theme,
To take up all their Thoughts, and their Efforts;
But yet the Honour that is done me bears
A Value greater far, than is in Theirs,
Since I not only my Continuance raise,
But Live by that, which others only Prass.

William Pearsen.
III.

Great Matter of the Instrument Divine!
Defended of Inqui'd Juba's Line!
How many Plants of Art, set by His Hand,
Have spread, and fill, are spreading o'er the Land!

Cedars in Lebanon could not thicker stand.
One hopeful Trippling from grew very Tall,
Higher than all the rest, like goodly Saul.
And if the Muse late Sorrows don't recall,
Nor we disturb a Soul at rest,

Twas Pursell, Pursell—Larry the Great, the Blest!
His Labour highly of the Muse deserve;
And she as tenderly will love them according To their demand, all the World admires,
Perform'd in those Renowned Italian Quire's.

The Muses, which He knew to be sublime,
The Scholar often wish'd to hear,
Desiring here below, no long of time,
But in his present State, he thought to hear.

The Nymphs lament, his Lyre Changes Tone,
Makes a soft and most grievous Moan,
When in the Troubl'd River Celles thrown.

IV.

But let her Mourning Muse dry up her Tears,
New-Tune Her Lute, or change the Strings,
And touch the New, those cheerful Airs

A M P H I A N brings,
T hose to the Ear more Consonant, more kind;
T hose which compose the most disorder'd Mind,
T hose Thoughts rudd'd with the blackest Stormy Wind.
The Lyra, when he's setting Songs of Love,
Sing'd which suit a Lover's tender Care,
A thousand Captive, having in the Air.
And that the Charms may due Composition move.

They learn and Sing 'em to the stillest Fair.
When in a Numerous Song ski was regard'd
To sing the

The Noble subject warm'd his Fancy, for'd,
Then how the Comfort-Turned was Inqui'd.

The Strains were bold, and strong.
Lofty as Pindar's Didymian Song;
Sometimes the Notes, at the Composer's choice,
Soft, as Sertorius's Flute, sweet as Pan's Voice.

Nothing more Nicely Feetho's softest Air,

But Archeba's Fine, Unparalleled Guitar.

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FLUTES.

FLUTES.

VIOLIN.

VIOLIN.

The skied, fa-

g Nave, Observe! Observe! Observe the Mode, and bring you
dainties, bring you dainties, and bring you dainties bring, you dain-
tis from h—broad:

Licious Threnos Lute, and De-dine’s mellow, mel-
low Flute, with Cre-

mom’s Cre-
nos’s en—cy Fruit:

Solo.

At home you have the fresh-est, the fresh-est Air:

Vocal, In-frrumental, Vocal, In-frrumental Fare.
nothing has the part; our English Trumpet nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing has fur-part.

The Grove: a SONG to a Minuet.

HY does my Lue-a Shun me? why? and whither, whither, whither,

whither, and whither, whither, whither, whither, whither will she fly? I've

rang'd the Val-lies and the Hills, the Meadows and the Banks, and the

Banks of Hills; but cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot find

my ti-me-rous Dove, Prop-i-tious be this, this, this Cy-prian Grove:
Sappho to the Goddess of Beauty: Address'd to the Dutchess of Grafton.

Solo.

App'y, app'y, app'y the Man who lanson'sing, who lan-guishting does sit, and hear the Charming Pa-phi-a-sa's,

hear the charming, charming Pa-phi-a-sa's Wit, and sit's her sweetly smil-

ling, smil-ing at his Sighs; this, this, this, changes,

this, this, the mort-al De-nies. Ah me un-

-Bride.

done! ah me un-done! As soon as I had seen the Beauty, such the Features, Air and Meen.
I was amazed, of every fife before; my voice was gone,

not the least accent left. To check the passion, and to ease the pain; to check the passion, and to ease the pain. I try to speak and

to my friend, and to my friend, and to my friend complain; But when faint breathings, but when faint breathings gently do remain; alas! alas! the fainting tongue must move in vain.

Vein, and fixes in my eyes; the day to me seems but a milky light; my hearing, as confused too, as my sight. Now a

cold, a cold sweet my trembling limbs be dew;

Now a cold, a cold sweet my trembling limbs be dew.
cold and speechless, without breath I lie; in the sweet, the sweet

transports of my Soul, I die; in the sweet transports of my Soul, I die.

Now a,

A Love Song.

F all the Torments; of all the Torments, all the Cares with which our lives are curst, are curst; with which our lives are curst, of all the Torments, fure

lives are curst, of all the Torments, of all the Torments, all the Cares, of all, all the Plagues, of all, all the Plagues, of all, all the Plagues a Lover bears, sure Rival is the worst: Of all the Torments, of all the Torments, sure
Rival are the worst; by

Pangs all, all, those pangs you feel, as labouring

in my breast, I beg not that you'd favour me, but that you'd

flight the reft: How great so e'er your rigours are, with

them alone I'll cope, I can endure, I can endure my

own Despair, but not another's Hope; I can endure my own De-

Sweat for all those pangs you feel, for all those
On the Excellency of Mrs. Hunt's Voice, and manner of Singing.

When artful, when artful, hit on lucky
Thoughts, when artful, when artful, hit on lucky
Thoughts, in the composition, in the composition, in the composition of a Song;

When softest Words, and sweetest
When softest Words, and sweetest

sweetest Notes, when softest Words, and sweetest, sweetest Notes, when softest Words, and sweetest

sweetest Notes, drop from the Hand and Tongue; drop, drop
from the Hand and Tongue; drop, drop, drop from the Hand and Tongue;

Tongue, 'tis well, 'tis well: But to complete the Ode, to be by all, by all ad

mired; all, to be by all, by all admired; to be by all admired; to

have all his gracious Ned, it must
is Queen of Muzick by the People's choice.

Queen, is Queen of Muzick by the Peoples choice.

See, fee, fee, fee, see, see, see how the Captivating through:

fee, fee, fee, fee, see, fee, fee, see, see how the Captivating through:

fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, see how the Captivating through:

Cap-...captivating through, press on, press on, press on to

fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, see how the Captivating through, press on to

fill her train; the nicest Ear, the nicest Ear that

hears her Song, mult in the publick Triump, mult

in the publick Triump, mult in the publick Triump, mult

Tri-...umph wear her chain.

Tri-...umph wear her chain.
Loving above Himself.

VIOLIN. Slow and soft.

Love, nor has a Shepherd, nor has a Shepherd reason to complain:

When towering, towering thoughts, his ruin prove.

But Caliban, but Caliban his stars will often blame.

The Fair Ensign must not
with all the passion of the Mind and Tongue;

complaining Words, complaining Words, and Notes

incurse his flames;

The Nymph, the Nymph won't

plain what crosses fill his Fate; what, what can a Verse or
Note a—val; Birth, Fortune, Birth, Fortune, are as Hills of greatest height, they

overlook, they over—look a low—

G o Perjur'd Man, and if thou e'er—

ly low—ly Dale.
Goe Per-jur'd Man and if thou e'er return;

Man and if thou e'er return; Goe Per-jur'd Man and if thou e'er return; Goe Per-jur'd Man and if thou e'er return; Goe Per-jur'd Man and if thou e'er return;

return, return, return; to see, to see the small remainder of my urn; and if thou e'er return, to see the small remainder of my urn.

der of my urn.
When thou shalt laugh, shalt laugh at my re-

When thou shalt laugh, shalt laugh at my re-

Womans Beauty? and perhaps with rude, with rude

Womans Beauty? and perhaps with rude hands, with rude hands; and perhaps with rude

—igious Dust, and ask where’s now, where’s now the Colour, Form, and

—igious Dust, and ask where’s now the Colour, Form, and Tru of

hands; perhaps with rude hands, rifle the Flower’s which the Virgins fire’d;

hands, rifle the Flower’s which the Virgins fire’d; know I’ve pray’d to
A Song for the Musick Society.

Employ'd all the day till, still in publick Affairs; em-
ploy'd all the day still, still in pub-

Publick Affairs; employ'd all the day still, still in pub-

Publick Affairs; or bus'd in private, in private un-

Publick Affairs; or bus'd in private un-

Employ'd all the day still, still in pub-

Employ'd all the day still, still in pub-

Who minds not the needful refresh'd at night, is in danger of sinking;
fink- ing, fink- ing; is in danger of fink- ing un- der the
weight: No Lo-
bour like that of the Brain, too much thinking, too much thinking,
weight: No la-
bour like that of the Brain, too much thinking, too much

warm, whilst the mo- de-rate Grand keeps thee Spirits, the Spir-
whilst the mo- de-rate Grand keeps the Spirits, the Spir-

warm, whilst the mo- de-rate Grand keeps the Spirits, the Spir-
whilst the mo- de-rate Grand keeps the Spirits, the Spir-

Laurel and I- vy to- ge- their we twine, our Friend- ship fill Crowing, fill,
fill, fill, fill, fill, crowning with music, with music, with music and wine;

A Song is the

A Song is the sanction of our sociable laws, and the glass and the glass and the voice; a song is the

Sanction of our sociable laws, and the glass and the voice; a song is the

and the glass and the voice, the glass and the voice, alternately

Sanction of our sociable laws, and the glass and the voice, the glass and the voice, alternately

pause, alternately pause, alternately

pause; and the glass and the voice alternately pause; the remaining soft

pause; and the glass and the voice alternately pause; the remaining soft minutes, the remaining soft

pause; and the glass and the voice alternately pause; the remaining soft minutes, in converse we pass our thoughts

thoughts growing brisker, brisker, brisker, brisker,

growing brisker, brisker, brisker, each chirruping, chirruping
The Budd. By Mr. Waller.

Are ly on yon-der sweel-ing Buff, lastely on yon-der sweel-

Lately on yon-der sweel-

big with ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny,

big with ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny a com-ing Rolle; big with ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny a com-ing Rolle; big with ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny a com-ing Rolle; big with ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny a com-ing Rolle; this ear-ly Bud began to

Rolle; big with ma-ny, ma-ny a com-ing Rolle, this ear-ly...
A Love SONG.

S O L O.

S-re-na has a thousand, thousand, thousand Charms, to
capture my Heart; her lovely lovely Eyes are
Capable Arms, and every look a Dart, Dart: But when the
Beautiful speaks, she cures me, cures me, cures me of my pain;
Her Tongue the servile Fetters are, the servile Fetters are, and
frees her Slave, and frees her Slave again: Had Nature to Ser-

to S-re-na lent Beauty with Reason Crown'd, each single
single Shaft's her Eyes had lent, had given a mortal wound;
Now thro' each hour she gains a Heart, and makes Mankind, and makes Mankind her
Slave, yet like the Gracious Hero's Dart, like the Gracious Hero's Dart, she
heals the wounds, she heals the wounds she gave.
Myrtilla to Phylander, designing for Flanders.

Hi—lan—der, do not, do not, do not think of Arms; Phy—lan—der,

Do not, do not, do not think of Arms; War is for the bold and strong, can

Danger, Toile and rude Al—arms, be plea—sing to the Soft and Young; Phy

Phy—lan—der, do not, do not, do not think of Arms, Phy—lan—der, do not, do not,

Do not think of Arms; This Arm’s too ten—der for a weighty Shell, to sink that Face is

for the Daily Field: Phy—lan—der, do not, do not, do not think of Arms; Phy—lan—der, do not, do not, do not think of Arms; Phy—lan—der, stay, make your Cam—

aign where you’ve been used to Conquer Hearts; where Troops of Beau—ties

you have flain, those Eyes have shot such pointed Darts: Phy—lan—der

hay, Myr—til—la begs you’d flay; Myr—til—la begs you’d flay, though you thou’d

rop fresh Laurel ev—ry day.
A Dialogue between Philander, and Terpander, upon
the Burning of White-Hall-Chapel.

Hy is Terpander penned grown? Why
why has he left Compo-
ing Air?

Why, why sits he on his bank lone, dwell-
ing the

Tide with Sighs and Tears? Art thou a
stranger in the Land? Look yonder, look yonder, look yonder,

View them towering Spires; there stood the Altar, there stood the Altar

late profound by strange, by strange, by strange unhall-

dowl'd fires. Oh! dismal, dismal Scene. Oh! dismal, dismal

Scene, was that the Doom, where true Devotees for many, many, many

Years, for many, many, many Years, with servent Zeal,

had us'd to come, and join in holy, holy Hymns and Prayers? The fame,

the fame, Philander, but no more, no, no more, another word would break, break,
break, break my Heart, nothing, my Honour can re-frore, nothing, nothing, my
right Hand must for-get is Art. A-la-s, I pi-ty thee! A-
has, I pi-ty thee! not is it long, since blest Pem-the-a you, bemoan’d, I
can’t forget that dy-ing, dy-ing Song, who-ever heard is sigh-
and groan’d. Ah! Friend, why
add you to my pangs? Why, why? Ah! Friend, why
add you to my pangs? the fire with-in, now’s grea-ter grown,
grea-ter grown; the Harp which
on that Willow hangs, which on that Wil-low hangs; now,
ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver must be
taken down; the Harp which on that Wil-low hangs, now, ne-
CHORUS.

Nay, nay, N—can—de's Good and Great;
That fa—cred Name, our

Nay, nay, N—can—de's Good and Great; that fa—cred Name, that
Troubles still al—lays; Nay, nay, N—can—de's

Nay, nay, N—can—de's Good and Great; the fa—cred Name, our Troubles still al-

Nay, nay, N—can—de's Good and Great; N—can—de's Good and Great;
That fa—cred Name, our Troubles still al— lays; Some say he'll

Some say he'll build a glorious Seat, a glo-
build a glo-

Seat, a glo-

Seat, a glo-

Seat, a glo-

Seat, a glo-

Seat, a glo-

Seat, a glo-

Seat, a glo-

Seat, a glo-
P.
Nay, nay, N"am"-der's Good and Great, that sacred Name; some say he'll build a glorious Seat; a Phoenix from the brooding A"thes rais'd.

Nay, nay, N"am"-der's Good and Great, that sacred Name; our Troubles shall always;

sacred Name; our Troubles shall always; some say he'll build a glorious Seat; a glorious Seat; A Phoenix from the brooding A"thes rais'd.
La-re-na, lay aside your Laty, you need not learn the Charm.

Bloom does promise to Fair Fruit, as must attract all Eyes and Hearts: The

Features of the finest Face, never, never, never, no, never, never, never, never,

must attract all Eyes and Hearts: Where is there fairer Rod and White, or

you'll, a sweeter, sweeter Air; How captivating every

such a show of Sense and Wit! Who reads your Face, must take delight in

Grace, every Grace! How captivating every Grace! Come give your

Every line Dame Nature Writ. Ol-e-re-na lay aside your Laty, you

need not learn the Charm.

Late to those left Fair; come, come, come give your Laty to those left Fair.
A Two Voe. SONG, the Words by Sir John Denham.

Come, come, come, come, I say, thou pow'ful God, and thy

Leaden Charming

Leaden Charming

Rod, dig in the Lebanon Lake, o'er his wakeful, o'er his

wakeful temple shake, lest he should sleep, lest he should sleep, and
A Two Voc.
Kellsca Coom.

Prithoe, prithoe, prithoe die, and let me free; or else be kind and brisk, be kind and brisk and gay like me.

I pretend not, I pretend not, I pretend not, to the Wife ones.

But if a Mistress I must have, let her so, let her self behave: All the day long Susan civil, all the day long, all the day long Susan civil; kind by night, kind by night, kind by night, or such a Devil.
A S O N G upon the Duke of Gloucester.

Prince so Young, so Young, and of so great a mind, so Brave, so Mars-tially, so Mars-tially, so Mars-tially inclined: May one day prove the Wonder, the Wonder of Mankind; may one day prove, may one day prove the Wonder of Mankind.

To Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms; Young Glorious in the path of Heros treads; and now Bata-lions, and now Bata-lions, Bata-lions Heads; and now Bata-lions, Bata-lions, and now Bata-lions, Bata-lions, Bata-lions Heads: and now Bata-lions, Bata-lions, and now Bata-lions, Bata-lions, Bata-lions Heads.
A SONG Perform'd before the Queen.

Solo.

Solemnly:

Years are past, are past;
The solemn years are

past, are past, yet re-pine not, yet re-pine not, re-pine not

at the last;

Since William and Marian.

Reign,

Since William and Mari.

Reign:

Safe in its

course a midst the Storm, safe in its course, a midst the

Storm, from Plots and Deaths, and Deaths in every form; safe in its

course, in its course, safe in its course a midst the Storm;

from Plots and Deaths, and Deaths, from Plots and Deaths, in every form; to fix the

world a-gain, a-gain, to fix the world a-gain, to fix the world, the

world a-gain, to fix the world, the world a-gain.
A S O N G with FLUTES.

And is my Caesar return'd? Oh! welcome, welcome,

And is my Caesar return'd? Oh! welcome, welcome to my Arms;

And is my Caesar turn'd,
A SONG in Imitation of ANACRON.

One fill the Glass, fill it high, fill it high; come fill the Glass, fill it high, fill it high, the barren

Earth is always dry, always dry; come fill the Glass, fill it high, the barren Earth is always dry; come fill the

Glass fill it high; the barren Earth is always dry, always
Slow.

A SONG for Two Voices.

H Heav'n! Ah Heav'n! what isn't I hear?

Ah Heav'n! Ah Heav'n! what isn't I hear? The

The warbling Lute, the warbling Lute;

Ah Heav'n! what isn't I hear?

Ah Heav'n! what isn't I hear, warbling Lute, warbling Lute.

Lute enchants my Ear. Ah Heav'n! Ah Heav'n! what isn't I hear?

I hear? The warbling Lute, warbling Lute In-

The warbling Lute, the warbling Lute

Ah Heav'n! what isn't I hear?
Love, of Love, the Soul of Love sure must be there; that
mine in Rapture, in Rapture Charms, and drive a-way, and drive a-way, dri-
mine in Rapture, in Rapture Charms, and drive a-way, and drive away, and dri-

Ah Heav'n! Ah Heav'n! what 'ere I 'ear?
SOLO.
A SONG.

Tell me no more, no more you Love; in vain, fair Celia, in vain, fair Celia, you this Puff-fion feign. Tell me no more, no more you Love; can they pretend to Love, who do refuse what love produces them to?

Tell me no more, no more you Love, who once has felt his Active

first, dull Laws of Honour will disdain; tell me no more, no

H! when ye pow'rs, when,

when mult his Labour, his Labour cease?
[84]

But Oh! ye pow'rs when, when shall his Labour, his Labour cease?

[85]

Ah! thrills a-alarms, o're pay him-self for all, all, for all his pains with bright Mari-a's Charms; Mari-a's! Maria!

Form'd by bounteous heav'n, to cancel all, to cancel all the mighty Deeds we owe; the swelling, swelling hymn which hourly grow, and make, and make, make the Balance even.

[86]

But Oh! ye pow'rs when shall his Labour cease?

[87]

Must he still Toyle, still Toyle, Toyle to fit the World at ease?

[88]

When must he reap Love's quiet Joys, the peacefull, peacefull fruit of prosperous, prosperous Armes?

[89]

When undisturb'd by Marcial noise, and frequent calls of
A SONG for Two Voices.

Ouch'd by the Pleasant, the Pleasant.

Heli-o-nian Spring; of bright Cecilia, Cecilia they Sing; of bright Cecilia, Cecilia they Sing, they Sing; the bright Cecilia, Cecilia, Cecilia that inspires the Cecilia, Cecilia, Cecilia that inspires the Cecilia.

Couched by the Pleasant, Couched by the Pleasant, the Heli-o-nian Spring; Couched by the Pleasant, Couched by the Pleasant.

Pleasant Hel-li-

Brain, the awful Goddess that their cause maintains, the awful Goddess that their
Goddess that their cause maintain; and with her sacred

cause maintain, and with her sacred Pow'r, and

Pow'r, and with her sacred, sacred pow'r, the artful Hand, and

with the sacred, sacred pow'r; the

tuneful Voice, the artful Hand, the artful Hand, and tuneful Voice, and

artful Hand, and tuneful Voice, the artful Hand, and tuneful Voice, and


gives a taste of Heavenly Bliss, of Heavenly Bliss; in

gives a taste of Heavenly Bliss, of Heavenly Bliss;
Love, in Thunder, in Thunder and Lightning he commences

Tis not that I love you less, that when before your feet I lay; but to prevent the fading blaze of hopeless Love, I keep away: in vain (alas!) for every thing, which I have known belong to you; your form does to my fancy bring, and makes my Old wounds bleed anew.

Thunder of a Frown; and all the little Giants can throw down, down, down, with the Lightning of a Smile, or the Thunder, the Thunder of a Frown.
A SONG for Three Voices.

Sighing to himself and crying; wretched I to Love in vain, wretched I to Love in vain, wretched I, wretched I, wretched I, wretched I, wretched I, wretched I.

Kiss me Dear, Kiss me Dear, Kiss me be fore my dying;
Kiss me once, Kiss me once and ease my pain.

Sighing, Sighing to himself, Sighing to himself and crying;

Sighing, to himself and crying, wretched,

wretched I to Love in vain, wretched I to Love in vain, wretched

wretched I to Love in vain, wretched I to Love in vain, wretched

wretched I to Love in vain, to Love in vain; wretched I to Love in
when he K'ld the K'ld a-gain, K'ld him up be-fore his dy-ing;

But repenting and com-pling, but repenting and com-pling,

the K'ld, when he K'ld the K'ld a-gain, K'ld him up be-fore his dy-ing;

But repenting and com-pling, but repenting and com-pling, the K'ld,

the K'ld, when he K'ld the K'ld a-gain, K'ld him up be-fore his dy-ing;

But repenting and com-pling, but repenting and com-pling, when he K'ld

the K'ld, when he K'ld the K'ld a-gain, K'ld him up and eas'ld his pain.

but repenting and com-pling, but repenting and com-pling, when he K'ld

the K'ld, when he K'ld the K'ld a-gain, K'ld him up and eas'ld his pain.

when he K'ld, when he K'ld the K'ld a-gain, K'ld, him up and eas'ld his pain.

Slaves: small things, my friend serve to sup-port, Life's trou-ble-some at best, and
there, our youth runs back, occasion flies, gray hairs come, and pleasure

dies and pleasure dies: who, who would the present,

prefer blest loose, for empire, for empire which he

cannot see? kind providence has us supplied,

plied, has us supplied, with what else is denied; virtue which teaches to content,

derm, and scorn, and scorn, from ill actions, and ill men.

beneath this lime-tree's fragrant grove, beneath this lime-tree's fragrant shades; on beds of flower's, on beds of

flower's splendidly laid; let's then all other cares, all other cares remove, and drink and sing, and drink and sing to those we love.

Here's to nice to nice. heaven designed, perfection of the charming, charming, charming.
A Single SONG,

Turn not, turn not those fine Eyes a-way;
see Fair one, see, I'm looking now, I'm looking now another way;

You may be kind, you may be kind, and if I must not, if I must not see,

I can be blind, blind for that moment you the fav'rous, you the fav'rous,

Now, then see again, see, see again, to look only you, then see again, see, see again to look only you.

Come think no more, no more on this sur-prise; come think no more, no more on this sur-prise;

We've long been at this pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty Glancing sport; now let our Tongues, now let our Tongues declare, decla-

re what this implies; 'tis time we cease, 'tis time we cease the Tattle of our Eyes; 'tis time we cease, 'tis time we cease the Tattle of our Eyes.
SOLO A SONG.

T Grieves me when I see, when I see what Fate, does

on the best of Man-kind wait; it grieves me, it grieves me when I see what Fate, does on the best of Man-kind wait; it grieves me when I see what Fate, does on the best of Man-kind wait;

Poes, or Lovers, let them, let them, let them.
Viola.

Invisible Line; touches th' invisible Line, all.

all, all, the world; all the world's Mortal to them

then;

and Wine is An-co-rite, as An-co-rite to Mortal, in

Death's hand, the Grape-fruits proves, the Grape-fruits proves as

strong as Thunder is in Jove's;

if my Ce-lia could persuade,

if I my Ce-lia could persuade, to see those wounds her

Eyes have made; if I my Ce-lia, if I my Ce-lia could persuade.

SONG For Two Voices. Words by Sir George Etherage.
S O L O  For a Basso alone.

No mighty Monarch, and ascend the Throne; Ros mighty Monarch

and ascend the Throne; tis yet once more, tis yet once more your own; For

Lucifer and all his Legions are o'er thrown,

Monarch and ascend the throne, for Lucifer and all his Legions are o'er thrown,

for Lucifer and all his Legions are o'er thrown: Son of the

Morning, first born Son of light, How art thou tum-

ed
head long down, down into the Dungeon of Eternal night;

how are thou tumbled head long down, into the Dungeon of Eternal night, Son of the morning, first born

Son of light, how are thou tumbled head long down, down into the Dungeon of Eternal night, into the Dungeon of Eternal night.

Ulick's the Cordial of a troubled Brest, the sol-rekt Remedy that grief can find, the sol-rekt Remedy that.
Grief can find; the gentle Spell that charms, charms
our cares to rest; the gentle Spell that charms, that charms
ruffling passions of the mind, of the mind, and calms, calms,
calms, calms the ruffling passions of the mind;
Musick does all our joys re-

Rapture to our Love;

It wings Devotion to a Pitch Divine, 'tis our chief Bliss on Earth, and half our Heav'n above; 'tis our chief Bliss on Earth, and half our Heav'n
SOLO.  

*The Fair Lover and his Black Mistress.*

---

above, our chief Bliss on Earth, and half our Heav'n a-bove, a-bove, and

Oh! Ni-grae-land, Oh! Ni-grae-land,

Oh! Ni-grae-land.

---

half our Heav'n a-bove.

---

Is, don't de-spise a Love-er's trem-

---

Were I as Black as Levi's Hair, you shou'd not thus endure;
A SONG for Two Voices, The Words by Sir Robert Howard.

When I Drink my Heart is plesant, my Heart is plesant,
When I Drink my Heart is plesant.

with a joy that slides through my Breast; my Thoughts, and my
with a joy that slides through my Breast; my thoughts and my Fancy grow

 Fancy grow'd by the Wine not the Museis in-spir'd; my
 Fancy grow'd by the Wine, not the Museis in-spir'd, my Cares grow be-

 Cares grow be-calm'd when I Drink, my Cares grow be-calm'd when I Drink, and down,
 Cares grow be-calm'd when I Drink, my Cares grow be-calm'd when I Drink, and down, down, down,

down with the stream they all sink, and down, down, down,
down with the stream they all sink, my Cares grow becalmed when I Drink, and down,
down with the stream they all sink; my Cares grow becalmed when I

down with the stream they all sink; my Cares grow becalmed when I drink, and down,
down with the stream they all sink; my Cares grow becalmed when I drink, and down, down, down,
down with the stream they all sink; and down, down, down,
down with the stream they all sink; the God I en-
down with the stream they all sink; the God I en-
down with the stream they all sink; the God I en-

Down, down, down, with the stream they all sink; the God I en-
Down, down, down, with the stream they all sink; the God I en-
Down, down, down, with the stream they all sink; the God I en-

-joy with the Wine, and my Hu-mour grows more Di-vine, like Bacchus with
-joy with the Wine, and my Hu-mour grows more Di-vine, like Bacchus with
-joy with the Wine, and my Hu-mour grows more Di-vine;
Thrice Rose-crowned with fresh Rose-crowned; the fragrant O-dours stealing

Like Beech-bos with fresh Rose-crowned; the fragrant O-dours stealing

Thus, thus I Tri-
numph, I Tri-
umph, I Tri-
umph, I Tri-

Tri-
numph and sing, the sweet-ness of this Life; and

Drink my Spi-rits grow free and en-larg-

Drinking Troops of Beauties I play, and rais’d a-

Drink my Spi-rits grow free and en-larg’d, grow free and en-

Drinking Troops of Beauties I play, and rais’d a-

Tri-
numph a-bove all strife,

Tri-
numph a-bove all strife, and sing the sweet-ness of this Life; and
thoughts of decay, and raised above thoughts of decay; when I
raised above thoughts of decay, and raised above thoughts of decay; when I
Drink,

Drink, I sing the soft charms of Venus, and Clasp in my Arms my Mistress, who

then seems to me, a Goddess too as bright as the, who then seems to
then seem to me, a Goddess too as bright as the, who then seems to
then seems to me, a Goddess too as bright as the; when I Drink,

me, a Goddess too as bright as the; when I Drink,

Blessed alone, that we that live can call our own; you that seek
this is the Blessing alone, that we that live can call our own;

more tell me but why, tell me, tell me but why, since all a-like
you that seek more tell me but why, tell me but why, since all a-like
A Dialogue between a Man and his Wife.

O me you made a thousand, thousand Vows;

you that seek more, tell me but why, since all alike must one day die; all,

all, all alike, all, all alike, all alike must one day die; since

all, all, all alike must one day die; all, all, all,

all alike, all alike must one day die, since all alike, all

all alike must one day die.

all alike must one day die.
times the de-sire, how, how, how, how, how, how, how, how, how, how would my pas-sion

in-jure you? Love is a sa-cred, a sa-cred Tree of Life, that up to

Heavn, that up to Heavn, that up to Heavn its branches rear; But ad-mi-

ation, ad-miration but the leaf, en-joy-ment, en-joy-ment, en-

joy-ment is the fruit it bears; thus while you said this vain Di-fuse, your

Pasion but it self de-ceives, while you your self while you your
What need ye envy me? What need ye envy me the Leaves?

Away then, away then, away then all Fondness, I

find it in vain, it is in vain; for Wives when negleeted, for Wives when negleeted,

Wives when negleeted, to sigh and complain;

Away then, away then, away then all Fondness, I

find it in vain, it is in vain; for Wives when negleeted, for Wives when negleeted,

Wives when negleeted, to sigh and complain;
away then all Fonds, I find 'tis in vain; 'tis in vain; away then all Fonds, I find 'tis in vain; away then all Fonds, I find 'tis in vain; away then all Fonds, I find 'tis in vain.

CHORUS

away then all Fonds, I find 'tis in vain.

CHORUS

away then all Fonds, I find 'tis in vain.

CHORUS

away then all Fonds, I find 'tis in vain.

CHORUS

...
true, Love bids us believe; what we wish to be true, Love bids us believe; Time,
true, Love bids us believe; what we wish to be true, Love bids us believe.

Reason, Reason, or Change, at last will relieve; Time, Reason,
Reason, Reason, or Change, at last will relieve; Time

Solo. A Translation out of Anacreon.

Mighty Wealth that gives the Rules to Vicious Men and Cheating

Fools, Could but preserve me in the Prime of Blooming Youth and Purchase Time,

than I would covet Riches too, and Scrape and Cheat as others do; then I would
covet Riches too, and Scrape and Cheat, as others do, that when the Minister of
Fate, Pale Death, was knocking at the Gate, I'd send him Loaded back with Coin,
Bribe of Richer Dust than mine; I'd send him Loaded back with Coin, a Bribe of
Richer Dust than mine; I'd send him Loaded back with Coin, a Bribe of Richer Dust than

But since that Life must slide a-
way, and Health can't pur-chase one poor day; Why shou'd my

Cares en-creas my Pain, and waste my time with Sighs in vain;
and waste my time with Sighs in vain?
Since Riches cannot Life supply, it is a Life-less Poverty, it is a Life-less Poverty.
Since Riches cannot Life supply, it is a Life-less Poverty, it is a Life-less Poverty.
A SONG for Two Basseti.

Time that can't be bought to buy, I'll try to guide the gentlest way,
with cheerful Friends, bright Wine shall pass, and drawn a Cane, drawn a

Ake Bright, make Bright your Warrior's Shield,
His Shining Arms and Helm prepare,
Bright your Warrior's Shield, make Bright, make

Cane in every Glass; Sometimes divert ed with Love's Charms, the Circle made
by Celia's Arms; Sometimes divert ed with Loves Charms, the Circle

made by Celia's Arms.
Several, several, several, several, several.

War, with Plumes of War, and Dress your Hero, Dress your Hero.

for the Field, Dress your Hero for the Field, and bid him E-mulous Hero for the Field, Dress your Hero for the Field, and bid his E-mulous.

Virtue soar, where never Mortal dared be.

Virtue soar, where never Mortal dared be.

A SONG for Two Voices.

Ring Shepherds, bring the Kids and Lambs, those Firstlings of their tender Dame.
S O L O.

The Rites are per-formed, joy to this happy,

Bride, to the Bride, who shines brighter, shines brighter, shines brighter than the Morning Star;
to the Groom who Rejoices, Rejoices, Rejoices, looks Fresh, and as Gay as a fine Ro-ly Morn, as a fine Ro-ly Morn in the dawn of the day; be their Loves e-ver growing,

be their Loves e-ver growing, as Bloomy as Spring, may it Flo-

Shepherds can pipe, while Shepherds can pipe, while Shepherds can pipe,

Dance and Sing, Sing, while Shepherds can pipe Dance and Sing.

Bring Shepherds, End with the 1st. 2 parts!
SOLO

Flavia grown OLD.

why so wanton till?

why, why so wanton till?

why so wanton till?

why, why so wanton till? Where is the Rol-ling, Sparkling Eye? Where,

where, where, is the Rol-ling Sparkling Eye?

Spike-ing on; and Flavia's but a Liv-ing Ghost, now all her Charms are Dead and gon; now all, all, all her Charms are

Die. Why Flavia, why so Wanton

Died. Why Flavia, why so Wanton
S O L O.

Hep—berds deck your

Crooks, and bring, bring ev'ry Sweet and Flor—

thing; and bring ev'ry sweet, ev'ry sweet and Flo—

Myrrles from the Groves, bring your Myrrles from the Groves Ho—ny—sackless

from the Bow'rs, bring your Myrrles from the

Groves Ho—ny—sackles, Ho—ny—sackles Ho—ny—sackles from the Bow'rs

where you use to meet, you use to meet your Lo—vers;

Vir-gins frow the way with Flow'ns.

Trip, trip, trip it Dam'tels, Dance and Sing, Dance and

Trip, trip, trip it Dam'tels, trip, trip, trip it Dam'tels, Dance, Dance and

Trip, trip, trip it Dam'tels trip, trip, trip it,
Sing; trip, trip, trip, trip it Damp'tels, Dance and Sing; trip, trip, trip, trip,

Dance the Hay, Dance the Hay, Dance the Hay, and Dance the Ring; like the Ladies, like the Ladies of the Spring.
trip it, trip, trip, trip it, trip it, trip it, like
like the Ladies; trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it like the
trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip it.

the Ladies of the Spring.

Ladies of the Spring.

like the Ladies of the Spring.


Why Weeps Astarta? why Weeps Astarta?

why Weeps Astarta, and Mourns the absence, the

absence of a Faithful Lover! who with the first
Fair Wind returns, and brings his Constant Passion

O'er; who with the first Fair Wind returns and

brings his Constant Passion O'er,

A-лас! A-лас! A-лас! A-лас! His reck-les' Nights are

PassM, are past, in willing, in willing, for those hap-

U u
A SONG, for two VOC.

SOLO.

more Charms in her Was, how happy were I, with joy I thought,

Triumph—ing O-re-the-a, O-re-the-a, Triumph—ing O-re-

Be warn'd heed—les Youth, be warn'd, be warn'd, be warn'd, be
nothing left then Reft; ac-me lean'd her Lov-ing Head; the plea'd Sep-

nothing left then Reft; ac-me lean'd her Lov-ing Head; the plea'd Sep-ti-

-ius thus said, the plea'd Sep-ti-mius thus said. Violins-

-as thus said, the plea'd Sep-ti-mius thus said:

SOLO.

My dearest Ac-me if I be once a-live, and

Love never with a passion far a-bove, all that e're was called Love, in a

Lybian De-sart may I become some Lion's prey, let him Ac-me, let him

near my Breast, when Ac-me is not there, let him Ac-me, let him tear my

Breast, when Ac-me is not there. The God of Love stood by to hear him;

the God of Love stood by to hear him, the God of Love was al-ways near him; plea'd and tick-led with the sound,
Lift my All, said the, so may we e-very Servants be, so that blis-

gain, and all along the little Loves that wait-ed by, bow'd and blest the.

left for me, as I a Passion have for thee. Greater and fiercer much than.

can be conceiv'd, by thee a man, it reigns not, only in my Heart, but.

runs like Life in ev-ery part, the spake, the God of Love a-loud sneez'd—a

the spake, the God of Love a-loud sneez'd—a

Horace to his Lute. A S O N G for a B a s t.
hours in the shade; if we my Late have Sun-

...g, have Sun-

...g and Play'd a Note that takes, may lift some

years; now prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee, Play; now prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee

Play prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee

Ayres. Now prithee, prithee, prithee, prithee, Play, now

Play thy Roman Ayres.

First thou were run'd

First thou were run'd for Lofhian Lay's;

Lay's, that Hero oft on Stormy Seas; or in the Camp, a midst Alarm

... tens all with Lyric Charm; still, still, still

... tens all with Lyric Charm.
Go Perjur'd Maid. A SONG for Two Voices.

O, go, go, go, Perjur'd Maid, to all, all, all, all, all,

all Extrems inclin'd; go Perjur'd Maid, to all, all,

Maid, to all Extrems inclin'd; Go, go, go Perjur'd Maid, to all,

Firlt so Endear-ing; after so Unkind, firlt so Endear-ing af

all, all, to all Extrems inclin'd; firlt so Endear-ing, firlt
Reign, tell him from me, tell him from me, tell him he has not long to me, tell him he has not long to Reign, tell him from me, tell him he

Reign, he has not long to Reign, he has not long to Reign; I know, I

Hence, Ga-la-teen? Why so gay? Who, who is the happy

I know, I know your heart, you'll quickly, quickly change; I know, I know your heart, you'll quickly, quickly change, I know, I know your heart, you'll quickly change, you'll quickly change a-

Queen, for the Queen of May, as you came o'er, as you came o'er the

Plain: Who, who is the happy Swain, the hap-
Happy Swain; I took you for the Queen of May, as

you came o'er the Plain: Shepherd, I come from yonder Bow'r, am

farther than the shining Bough, as near, as near, as near

than the shining Bough; after a Summer's Evening

Shy Brow; yet there's a Cloud hanging on my Brow. Say, say, say what's the Cause? This

Diy by Paul's Command, is Sacred, Sacred to Ja-yo-bi-e, to Ja-yan.
CHORUS

Drove 'em all away;
She like a Goddess, drove 'em all away, all away;
She like a Goddess, drove 'em all away, all away; she like a Goddess, drove 'em all away, all away, all away, all away, all away, all away, all away, all away.

SOLO.
Sappho to the Goddess of Love.

H Pæ-næ! Daughter of the Mighty Zeus!

Who art so Knowing, who art so Knowing, to Knowing in the Art of Love; Oh! Pæ-næ! Assist me now; Oh! quickly, quickly...
where is the Captive? Where is the Captive? Where is the Captive that thou'dt
wear my Chain? Where is the Captive that thou'dt wear my Chain?

A--las, poor Sappho, Who, who, who is this In--grate? A--

A--las, poor Sappho, A--las poor Sappho, Who is this Ingrate? Who

wrongs thy Love, re--pay's with Scorn or Hate:

Does he now, does he now Fly thee? Does he now, does he now

Fly thee? He shall soon re-turn, shall soon re-turn; he shall soon re-turn, shall

follow, follow thee, shall follow, follow, follow thee, and with love as--dur, burn;

shall follow, follow, follow thee, and with love as--dur burn;

Will he no Pre--sent at thy hands re--ceive? Will he no

Pre--sent at thy hands re--ceive? He, he shall repent it; he shall repent in,

he, he shall repent it, and more large--ly give: The force of Love, so Longer, no
longer, no longer shall withstand. He, he, he shall be Fored, be all at

thy command. He, he shall be food, he shall be Fored, be all at thy command:

When, when wilt thou work this Change? When, when wilt

 thou work this Change? Now now, free, now, now end my Mind

of all, all, all, all, all of all, all, all, all this Misery; for

like me nor, forsake me nor; my powerful, powerful, my

When, when wilt thou work this Change? When, when wilt

Love, but let him, let him love, let him, let him, let him love like me, nor let him, let him

Love, let him, let him, let him love like me.

EPISODE

A SONG for Four Voices and Two VIOLINS, at an Entertainment of MUSICK in York Buildings.

Sing, sing ye Mus-ses; sing, sing, sing, sing; sing, sing, sing, sing, sing ye

Sing, sing ye Mus-ses, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing; sing, sing, sing ye

Sing, sing ye Mus-ses; sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing ye

Sing, sing ye Mus-ses; sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing ye

G g g
Sing, sing, ye Muses; sing, sing ye Muses, and reverence, the Constellation, the Constellation of this Sphere;
FINIS.
The Reconciliation: A Dialogue
between Horace and Lydia.

Hor. While with no youth more fond than I,
Chased in his arms away and gay,
Not the great monarch of the west,
Must all his pomp, I be more vast.

Lydia. While I alone prized your heart,
Nor Thracian Clite claimed a part,
Wit with the Cottage Roman Rome,
Woud Lydia have changed her name.

Hor. Methought I saw thee, that fair one, of the
Who最容易songs, and softly played,
With joy I yield my latest breath,
To save the sunless Land from death.

Lydia. My beauty calls to warmly,
And fear of the soul of my charm:
Diseased! Nurses! and Lydia die with joy,
To save from death the Blowing Boy.

Hor. Long should my former flames return,
And with their second fire and flame:
Saw, Thracian Clite despised,
I'd take back Lydia to my breast.

Lydia.