PROGETTO Valorizzazione dei fondi speciali della Biblioteca della Facoltà di Musicologia con il contributo della Fondazione CARIPLO

Responsabile PROF. PIETRO ZAPPALA – collaboratore: DR. MASSIMILANO SALA

FONDO ALBERT DUNNING, n° 110

PURCELL, Henry (1658-1695)
[Orpheus Britannicus]

ORPHEUS BRITANNICUS. | A | COLLECTION | OF ALL | The Choicest SONGS. | for | One, Two, and Three Voices, | COMPOS’D | By Mr. Henry Purcell. | TOGETHER, | With such Symphonies for Violins or Flutes, | As were by Him design’d for any of them: | AND | A THOROUGH-BASS to each SONG; | Figur’d for the Organ, Harpsichord, or Theorbo-Lute. | The Second Edition with Large Additions; and placed in their several Keys according to the Order of the GAMUT.


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1 partitura in 2 voll. ([4], 289, 189-190 p.; [4], ii, 204 p.); ill.; 32 x 21 cm.
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LONDON:
Printed by William Pearson, and Sold by John Young, at the Dolphin and Crown in St. Paul's Church-Yard. MDCCXL.
To the Honourable,

The Lady HOWARD.

Madam,

Were it in the Power of Music to abate those strong Impressions of Grief, which have continued upon me ever since the Loss of my dear lamented Husband, there are few (I believe) who are furnished with larger or better Supplies of Comfort from this Science, than he has left me in his own Compositions, and in the Satisfaction I find, that they are not more valued by me (who must own my self fond to a Partiality of all that was his) than by those who are no less judges than Patrons of his Performances.

I find, Madam, I have already said enough to justify the Presumption of this Application to Your Ladiship, who have added both those Characters to the many excellent Qualities, which make You the Admiration of all that know You. Your Ladiship's extraordinary Skill in Music, beyond most of either Sex, and Your great Goodness to that dear Person, whom You have sometimes been pleased to Honour with the Title of Your Muter, makes it hard for me to judge whether he contributed more to the vast Improvements You have made in that Science, or Your Ladiship to the Reputation he gained in the Profession of it: For I have often heard him say, That as several of his best Compositions were originally design'd for Your Ladiship's Entertainment, so the Pains he bestowed in fitting them for Your Ear, were abundantly rewarded by the Satisfaction he has received from Your Approbation, and admirable Performance of them, which has best recommended both them and their Author to all that have had the Happiness of hearing them from Your Ladiship.

(a)

Another
The DEDICATION.

Another great Advantage, to which my Husband has often imputed the Success of his Labors, and which may best plead for Your Ladiship's favourable Acceptance of this Collection, has been the great Journel's both of Thought and Numbers which he found in the Poetry of our most refin'd Writers, and among them, of that Honourable Gentleman, who has the dearest and most deserv'd Relation to your Self, and whose Excellent Compositions were the Subject of his Last and best Performance in Music.

Thus, Madam, Your Ladiship has every way the justest Title to the Patronage of this Book, the Publication of which, under the auspicious Influence of Your Name, is the best (I had almost said the only) means I have left of Extolling to the World, my desire to pay the last Honours to its dear Author, Your Ladiship having generously prevented my intended Performance of the Duty I owe to his Athes, by erecting a fair Monument over them, and gracing it with an Inscription which may perpetuate both the Marble and his Memory. Your Generosity, which was too large to be confined either to his Life or his Person, has also extended itself to his Poesy, on whom Your Ladiship has been pleas'd to enthrall Your Favours, which must, with all Gratitude, be acknowledg'd as the most valuable part of their Inheritance, both by them, and

YOUR LADISHIP'S

Most Oblig'd, and most Humble Servant,

Fr. Purcell.

THE Publisher to the Reader.

THE First Edition of this Work having been so well received, and the real Value each Piece carries along with it, has Encourag'd the Re-printing of this our Britith Orpheus, which I may venture to say, does Excel any Collection of Vocal Music yet Extant in the English Tongue, and may vie with the best Italian Compositions.

The Author's extraordinary Talent in all sorts of Music, is sufficiently known; but he was particularly admir'd for his Vocal, having a peculiar Genius to express the Energy of English Words, whereby he mov'd the Passions as well as caus'd Admiration in all his Auditors.

In this Edition you will find added, many Compositions, never before Published, which are owing to several Gentlemen who had Original Copies by them, that freely Communicated the same for the Good of the Publick; but I am Oblig'd, in particular, to the Author's Widow, who has supplied me with several Single Songs, and other Excellent Pieces that were made for Birth-Days, Feasts, and other Occasions, with the Instrumental Parts to each as were Originally design'd for them, which were never yet known to the World.

There is also an Addition of some Instrumental Parts that were left out of the first Edition; all which makes this Work much more Compleat than before, and will be a means to Perpetuate that Name which in Music will be as lasting as the Science itself.

Yours, &c.
An ODE, on the Death of Mr. Henry Purcell, by Mr. Dryden.

I.

Mark how the Lark and Luset Sing, 
With rival Notes, 
They flourish their warbling Threats, 
To welcome to the Morning, 
But in the close of Night, 
When Dusk begins her Heavenly Lay, 
They cease their mutual Mischief, 
Drink in her Mute with Delight, 
And listening, and silent, and silent and listening, 
And listening and silent.

II.

So soon the rural Crew when Purcell came, 
They Sang no more, or only Sung his Fame. 
Their Graces they all admired the God-like Man: 
The God-like Man. 
Alas! 'tis too soon, 
As he too late began. 
We beg no Hell our Ode we restore; 
Had here been there, 
So Sovereign fear had sent him back before. 
The power of Harmony too well they knew, 
He longed for this had Twisted their lasting Sphere, 
And left so Hel below.

III.

The Heavens' Choir, who heard his Notes from 
Let down the Scale of Muses from the Sky: 
They handed him along. 
(Sung.) 
And all the way he Trod, and all the way they 
Ye Brethren of the Lute, 
And Tuneful Voice, 
Lament his lot, but at your own Rejoice. 
Now live secure, and longer out your Days, 
The Gods are pleased plain with Purcell's Lays, 
Not know to mend their Choice.

A Lamentation for the Death of Mr. H. Purcell. Set to Music by his Brother, Mr. Daniel Purcell.

The Words by N. Tate, Esq.

I.

A Gloomy Morn in the Plains,
A Gloomy Grief in the nymphs and Swains,
The Shepherd in his Sheep's feet,
His pining Flocks refuse to feed.
Silent are the Laws and Glades,

The Hills, the Yoles, the Groves, the Dales,
All rent as Elysian Shades.
No more they Sing, no more Rejoice,
Echo her half has left her Voice.

II.

A Sighing Wind, a Murmuring Hill,
Our Earn with doleful Acquiesce fill:
They are heard, and only they,
Far farther they seem to cry,
The Joy, the Pride of Spring is Dead,
The Soul of Harmony is fled.

III.

Mark how the melancholy Flute,
Joins in this Comfort with the amorous Lute,
Lamenting Damon's hopeless Fate:
From them he learns to tell the Lover's Care,
With soft Complaints to move the cruel Fair,
To calm her Anger, and to change her Fate.
The various Organ taught by Damon's hand
A hollow Passion to command,
The roving Fancy to refine,
And fill the ruffled Soul with Charms Divine,
Now in loud Sounds employ its tuneful Breath,
And hides each secret Sound confides
To mount the Fancies of Damon's Death.
And with confounding Grief to form one tumultuous
(Choir.)

IV.

Cease, cease, ye Sons of Art, forbear
To aggravate your own Defair:
Cease to lament your learned Chief
With fruitless Skill, and hopeless Grief.
For sure, if Mortals here below
Ought of Divine Beings know
Damon's large Mind, in former active Sphere,
And circles in Melodious Ruptures there
Mix'd with his Fellow-Choristers above,
In the bright Odes of Harmony and Love.

The following Lines were devised for Mr. Purcell's Monument; which being supply'd by a better Hand, the Author of this Inscription, in veneration to the Memory of that great Master, prefixeth it to his Golden Remains.

Memoriae Sactarum H. P.

Ent! Marmore logaqua
(Vix, heu per dolorem)
Lacrymosa filius, filia,
Manes Purcelli tacete,
Quaepias es, Vixor,
Silete ut venerat.
Ehce! quam subito Orbi Harmoniae
Procubuit COLUMNA!
Anglicus Amphiand, Orphea, Apollo,
Depictis Harmoniae,
Carme Cordes
Artes Músicas
Percusser dulciis,
Facile Coropus
Pez acuta Músicas videt qui Cæsare.
To the Memory of my Dear Friend
Mr. Henry Purcell.

MUSIC, the chiefest Good the Gods have given us, and what below annuls our Heav’n, like a Spirit, by a Filling Spell, Comedic to Clay, did Ages dwell. Look where th’Emperor and the Orator, and where the Poet and the Graces, will find the truest, most excellent Grace. None ever was more dear to me than you were, Mr. Purcell. And though I now, in the Tasman Sea, cannot go to your Funeral, I am with you in my Heart.

To the Memory of his much lamented Friend Mr. H. Purcell. By H. P.

Ask! what deep Groans command the Air, Is Nature sunk into Defeat, Or does the trembling Earth decay-
A fit of Falling-Necktie, nigh? O my Prophecy! Fears! he’s gone! Twas Nature’s diapasoned Grum.

Harmonious Soul! thou’rt not at ease, At Diffracks here, and flit from hence; In thy Sacred Caverns hear The Music of Heaven, hearken to the Sphere; Then meant the air where Angels sing, And Love doth dance on every String.

For Ralls thou needst not rob the East Nor ihrip the Posts of Spicy Nett! For, O my Friend, thy charming Strains Perform the Spheres with wonderous Grains. Touch but thy Eyes the Stones will come, And dance themselves into a Tomb.

A Catalogue of Books sold by John Cullen at the Buck between the Two Temple-Gates, Fleet-Street.

Hymens sera in a Vell, Containing Divine Songs and Dialogues for 2, 3, and 4 voices, with 4, of the Cholce Church Anthems, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell; Price of them fith’d 5 each.

The Divine Companion, being a Collection of Male Hymns and Anthems for 2, 3 and 4 voices. Contains the Additions to the late Mr. Henry Purcell, the 17th Edition, Price Bound 1, 1.


An Introduction to the Skill of Musick, by Mr. J. Playford, with the Additions of the late Mr. Henry Purcell, the 15th Edition, Price Bound 2.

The Second Book of the Pleasant Musick Compendium, containing the Masters of the late Mr. Henry Purcell, Dr. Blow, and others, Price 1, 6.

A Select Bouquet, containing new and choice Inventions for the Treble Violin, with a Collection of near 150 of the best Tunes, for that Instrument, by Mr. J. Playford, Mr. Toller, Mr. Finger, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Eccles, Mr. Lunnin, and others.

A Collection of 90 Original Scotch Tunes, full of the Highland Humour, for the Violin, being the first and lately printed; the Second Edition with a large Addition, Price Bound 2.


Wm. and Nathaniel Flett’s newly published Melancholy in a Vell, being a Collection of the best Ballads, Old and New, fitted to all the Tunes to each, for the Voice or Instrument, Price of the two vols. 2, 6. each, and of the last, 3.

The Compleat Master-Mate, being Plain, Easy, and Familiar Rules for Singing and Playing on the most useful Instruments now in Vogue, viz. Violin, Cello, Bass-Viol, Treble-Viol, Tenor-Viol, Containing all the Concerto Tunes, Tino, and Aires, with the style and manner of playing each, Price 2.

A New and Praiseworthy Book of the late Mr. Morgan’s never before printed: To which is added, a Scale of the seven Keys, showing how to Tran.


A Collection of New Songs, for One, Two, and Three Voices, with or without Instruments. Composed by Thomas Acton, Organist of the Cathedral-Church of Westminster. Several of the Songs are in the most popular, are Transposed for the Flute, and the Flute only, Price 1.

Twelve Songs, with a Thorough-Bass to each Song, Composed by Dr. Byam, Dr. Turner, Mr. Nixon, Mr. Ralph Courtauld, Mr. Samuel Bowles, Mr. John Eccles, Mr. Daniel Purcell, Mr. John Williams, Mr. John Church, and Mr. William Crafts.

Two Dialogues, Set by Mr. J. Clark, in The Florida Picciets. Price 1, 6.

Other Pieces of the late Mr. Henry Purcell, Printed for the Widow, and sold at the Tune-Place.

The Ode to the Tune and Tabulatur in Score, Price 2, 6.

The Ode of the Light in Score, Price 2, 6.

The Twelve Sets of Ayres in a Part, made for the Theatre, Price 6.

Ten Sonatas, wherein is the famous Sonata in E flat, Price 6.

A Collection of Harpsichord Lessons, with Inventions for Young Beginners, Price 2, 6.

Where may be had Strings, Bridge, Wire, for Harpsichords, Flute-Violins, all sorts of Paper for Musick, and Riddle-Books of all sorts.
A Song in Tyranick Love, or the Royal Martyr.

But while the Nymph I thus adore, but
while the Nymph I thus adore, I flound my wretched, wretched
wretched

How sweet, ah! how sweet, how sweet it is to love; ah! ah!
Ah! how gay is young desire:
Ah! how gay is young desire:
And what pleasing pain, and what
pleasing pain we prove, when first, when first we feel a Lovers fire; Pain of

Pains of Love are sweeter far, then all, all, all, all, all, all, all, other pleasures are;
Pains of Love are sweeter far, then all, all, all, all, other pleasures are;

Faith allure; for oh! Mirable, oh! Mirable, have a care, have a care, her
sweetest is above compare; but then she's gone, she's gone, but then she's gone, she's
sweeter as well as Fair; have a care, have a care, have a care Mirable have a
care Mirable have a care, have a care, have a care.
A Song on Mrs. Bracegirdle's Singing (I Born &c.) In the 2d. Part of Don Quixote.

When I with Grief did on you look, whilst I with Grief did on you look, when Love had sur-

Your Brain, from you, 1, 1, the con-

Jion took, from you, for you bore-

The pain, for you, for you bore-

ued to say:  

Mar-vel-ly, then your Lo-ve prize, and be not, be not

be not too se-

rav. of your Eyes, for Pride, Pride,

Pride has fill you dear. Ar-

ess-o treated your Flames with scorn, and rack-

your ten-der mind, withdrew your Smiles, withdrew your

Smile-

s and Frowns return, and pay him, pay him, pay him in his

kind, kind, and pay him, pay him, pay him in his kind.
A single SONG.

F Mufick, if Mufick be the foo----... of Love, Sing on, Sing on,

Sing on, Sing on, Sing, Fevering on, till I am fird with joy,

joy, till I am fill'd with joy; for then my listen Soul you mov-

move, to pleasures that can never, never decay; your Eyes, your

Mean, your Tongue declare, that you are Mufick, ev-

every where, your Eyes, your Mear, your Tongue declare, that you are Mu-

Pleasures invade both Eye and Ear, pleasures invade both Eye and Ear, so fer-

fer----ce the transports are, they wound, and all my Senses feel the are, and all my

Senses feel the; sh' yet the Treat is only found, sh' yet the Treat is only
A Song in the Indian Emperor.

Look'd, I look'd, and saw within the Book of Fate, where many Days did

Leapt up and smil'd, to save thy sinking State.
A single SONG.

Were the but kind, kind, were the but kind, kind, whom I a-

doRE, I might live lon-

geR, but not Lo-

ve more; were the but kind, kind, were the but

kind, kind, whom I a-
doRE; I might live lon-

geR, live lon-

geR, but not Lo-

ve her more.

It's my face, since it's my fate to love her, since it's my fate to love her?
A Two Part SONG in King Arthur.

Wo Daughters of this Age-dream are we,

Two Daughters of this Age-dream are we,

Two Daughters of this Age-dream are we,

Two Daughters of this Age-dream are we,

Both our Sea-green Locks have Comb'd, and both our Sea-green Locks have Comb'd, have

Both our Sea-green Locks have Comb'd, and both our Sea-green Locks have Comb'd, have

Both our Sea-green Locks have Comb'd; come, come, come; come, come, come; Bide with us an Hour or two, come,

Come, come, come; Bide with us an Hour or two, come.
come, come, come! Naked in fear we are, what danger, what danger!

from a Naked Foe! come, come Bath with us, come, come

Bath and share what Pleasures in the Floods appear; we'll

beat the Waters till they bound, we'll beat the Waters till they bound, and

A Two Part SONG, in Epsome-Wells.

Leave those useless Arts, leave, leave those useless Arts in Loving; seeming

leaving, leaving those useless Arts, leave, leave those useless Arts in Loving.

anger and difficulty:

anger and difficulty:
O'er, thou art blest, love thou art blest, love thou art blest of human joys; our
chiefest, chiefest, chiefest happiness below;
all, all, all other pleasures; all, all other, all other pleasures are but toys, all,
all other pleasures; all, all other pleasures, all, all other pleasures are but toys; all,
all, all are but toys; music without that is but noise; all, all, all are but toys;
music without that is but noise;
And Beauty, Beauty, Beauty, and Beauty,

Beauty but an empty show, but an empty show. Heaven who knew best what Men

Soul improve; How—o'er the philosophers dispute, that, that, that,

that alone, that alone, must his Soul improve; How—o'er the philosophers dispute, that, that, that,

thoughts above the brute; said let him, let him be, said let him, let him be, and

thoughts above the brute; said let him, let him be, said let him, let him be, and
A Two Part SONG.

Though my Mistress be Fair, yet forward, yet forward she's too, then hang the dull Soul, then hang the dull Soul, that will offer, will offer to Woo, but 'tis Wine, brave Wine, brave Wine, 'tis Liquor, good Liquor, that's much more sublimer, much brisker and quicker, much, much, much brisker and quicker; it in Sparkles smiles on me, and quicker, much, much, much brisker and quicker; it in Sparkles smiles on me,

Time and Age be-guile, owe my Pimplés and Wrinkles, owe my Pimplés and Wrinkles, to my

Drink, and a Smile. Come fill up, come fill up my Glass, and a-pox on her Face; may it never want Scars and Scratches, may it never want Scars and Scratches, Wash, Pale, and
generous Wine; and thus to his drooping warmth of generous Wine; and thus to his drooping Friends he said, and thus to his drooping Friends he said: Cheer up my Hearts, clear up my Hearts, your Anchors weigh; the Fate our Native Soil debar, clear up my Hearts, your Anchors weigh; the Fate our Native Soil debar, Chance is a better, better Father far, Chance is a better, better Father far; and a

Hearns, then cheer up my Hearts, your Anchors weigh. Come Prow, my Mates, come Prow, my Mates, the

Hearns, then cheer up my Hearts, your Anchors weigh. Come Prow, my Mates, come Prow, my Mates, the

wa-try, wa-try way, and fear not, and fear not, fear not under my Com-

wa-try, wa-try way, and fear not, and fear not, fear not under my Com-
A Two Part SONG.

For Love every Creature is formed, for

Love every Creature, for Love every Creature is formed, is formed by his Nature:
The Conjurers SONG in the 3d. Act of the Indian Queen.

O twice ten hundred De-sties, to whom, to whom we daily Sacrifice; Ye pow'rs, ye pow'rs that dwell with Fars below, and see what Men are doom'd to doe; where Elementis discord dwell, thou God of deep an-ise and tell; tell great Zeus and all, what strange; strange Fate must on her dis-mall, dis-mall Vis-sion wait.

No, no, no, no Joys are above the pleasures of Love, no Joys are above the pleasures of Love, no Joys are above the pleasures of Love, no Joys are above the pleasures of Love.

Joys are above; the pleasures, the pleasures, the pleasures of Love.

Joys are above; the pleasures, the pleasures, the pleasures of Love.
Orpheus Britannicus.  

---

bode; by the Croaking of the Toad, in their Caves that make a death; by the Croaked Adder Pride, by the Croaked Adder Pride, that along the Cliff doe glide, by thy Pride, by thy Pride frise and black, by thy Death's Head on thy

---

bode, Barnby Dun, Barnby Dun that p---nts for breath, with her two

---
Lull thee, Lull thee in thy Sleep.

A SONG with HAUTBOYS.

A Symphony for HAUTBOYS.

Seek not to know what must not, what must not, must not be reveal'd; Joy—

only flauw where Fare is most conceal'd; too busy—

Man, too busy Man would find his forrows more, if future Fortunes

he should know before; For by that knowledge, for by that knowledge of his
Orpheus Britannicus.

BOOK I.

Decline, he would not, would not live at all, but always die; Enquire nor them who,

who shall from Babel be freed, who vaunt would wear a Crown, or who shall Bleed, shall Bleed.

All, all must submit, all must, submit to their appointed

Dread, Fate and misfortune will too, too quickly come; Let me no more

am forbid by Fate to tell, to tell the tale: Let me no more, no more, no more with power

...
A VERSE FOR 3 VOICES IN THE 1st PART OF DON QUIXOTE.

Why then, why then will Mortals dare,
All can do, all can do;
Why then, why then will Mortals dare,

Charon the peaceful Shade invites,
Charon the peaceful Shade, the peaceful Shade invites,

Charon the peaceful Shade, the peaceful Shade invites,

HERMIONE.

Herman the peaceful Shade, the peaceful Shade invites,

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Herman the peaceful Shade, the peaceful Shade invites,
A DIALOGUE in the Propheties.

HE

Why, tell me why my Char——ming Fair, tell me why, tell me

SHE

O! Mi——ls——lo you're a——love me, I re——pect but dare not Love ye. She who

HE

Love soon enters in, when once the Out-work's burnt ten down: Then my Sighs and

SHE

Years won't move ye? No, no, no, no Mi——ls——lo you're a——love me, I ref——
A DIALOGUE in King Arthur.

O U shall 'tis love creates the pain, of which so Madly you complain and yet would

fain engage my heart, in that uneasy cruel, cruel part, but how alas, how a-

las, think you that I can bear the wounds of which you die? How a-

s, how alas think you that I can bear the wounds of which you die? 'Tis not my

pulsion makes my care, but your indifference gives despair; the lovely Sun, the lovely

Sun begot no spring, till gentle show'rs, till gentle show'rs assistance bring, to love that
froths and destroys, till kindness aids, till kindness aids can cause no joy.

Love has a thousand, thousand, thousand ways to please; Love has a thousand, thousand,
thousand, thousand ways to please, but more, more, more, more, more, more, more to rob us of our
care, but more, more, more, more, more, more, more to rob us of our care; for waiting
nights and careful days, from hours of pleasure.

But absence soon, or jealous fears, o'erflows the joy, o'erflows the

Let us Love, let us Love, and to happiness hush, hush, hush, hush, hush; Let us Love, let us

Love and to happiness, hush, hush, hush, hush, Age and Wisdom comes too fast; Youth for

Love and to happiness, hush, hush, hush, hush, Age and Wisdom comes too fast;
A SONG, in the Fatal Marriage.

Yielding was disdained, Youth for Loving, Youth for Loving was disreg'd,
To be constant

Youth for Loving was disreg'd, Youth for Loving, Loving was disreg'd; I'll be constant you be kind,

If you be kind, If you be kind, If you be kind, If you be kind; How can I grow more greater

If you be constant, If you be kind, If you be kind, If you be kind; May I grow more greater blessing,

Greater Blessing than faithful Love, and kind, and kind piti-ful-ling, than faithful Love, than faithful Love, and

Greater Blessing than faithful Love, and kind, and kind piti-ful-ling, than faithful Love, and

Kind, and kind piti-ful-ling, and kin-der, and kind, and kind piti-ful-ling.

Kind, and kind piti-ful-ling, and kind, and kind piti-ful-ling.

No thing less, no, nothing, nothing less, than what her every look, her every, every look did then confute.
A SONG in the Double-Dealer.

Woe is me when e're I lose her, yet she's vex'd, she's vex'd if I give over; much, much, much, I should undo her, but much more, but much more, much more.

To chill desire, but while she strives to chill desire, her brighter Eyes, such warmth, such warmth, such warmth inspire, such warmth, inspire, she cheats the flame, she cheats the flame.

Pretend love, look better,
A SONG in the 3d. Act of the Prophets.

When first I saw the Bright Aurelia's Eyes, when first I saw the Bright

Aurelia's Eyes, a sudden trembling did my Limbs fur-

—prices, in ev'ry Vain, in ev'ry Vain I felt a ting-

sting, ting-

sting, tingling

And a cold faintness, and a cold faintness all around my Heart, all a-rou

But oh! oh! oh! the piercing, piercing,
A SONG in the Tempest, Sung by Miss Crofts.

Dear, Dear, Priety, Priety, Priety Youth,

Dear, Priety, Priety, Priety Youth, unavail, unavail your Eyes, unavail, unavail your Eyes; how can you, can you Sleep, how can you, can you Sleep, how can you, can you

Sleep, when I, when I am by, when I, when I am by? Were I with you all

Night to be, methinks I cou'd, methinks I cou'd, I cou'd from Sleep be free; methinks I cou'd, methinks I cou'd from Sleep, I cou'd from Sleep be free.
A SONG in King Arthur.

A sweet life of... 

Venae here will close her Dwelling, and forsake her Cyprian Groves. 

from his Favorite Nation, Care and Envy will Remove; Jez-lou-fe, that 

powerless, and Despair that dies for Love.

Gentle Murmurs, sweet Complaining, 
Sights that blow the Fire of Love; 
Soft Repulse, kind Dealing; 
Shall be all the Pains you prove. 

Every Swain shall pay his Duty, 
Grateful every Nymph shall prove; 
And as they Excel in Beauty, 
Those shall be Renowned for Love.
A SONG in Bonduca, Sung by Miss Crofs

Oh! lead me, lead me to some peaceful Gloom, where

None but flying, none but fighting, flying Lovers come;

where the thrill, the thrill Trumpets never found; never,

never, found, but one Eternity; one Eternity goes round:

There let me rest, my pleasing pain, there let me

touch my pleasing pain, and never never think of War, never, never think of

War, never, never think of War, never, never, never, never, never, never, never think of War, again;

what glory, what glory can a Lover have to Conquer, to Conquer, yet be still a Slave?

Lo—ver have, to Conquer, to Conquer, to Conquer, yet be still, still a Slave?
A single SONG.

Sweeter than Roses, or cool, cool Evening Breeze;

Sweeter than Roses, or cool, cool Evening Breeze, on a warm Flowery shore, was the Dear, the dear, the dear, dear Kiss;

First trembling, first trembling made me, made me free;

First trembling, first trembling made me freeze, then shot like Fire, all, all, all, all o'er, then shot like Fire,

What
A SONG, Sung by J. Bowen, at the opening the Old Play-house.

Un-sati'd is Bewitching Fair, Love-sati'd is Bewitching Fair, all o're.

Il e-a-ter-ning is her Air; all o're, all o're, all o're in-pa-ging is her Air; all o're, all o're in-pa-ging is her Air; all o're, all o're in-pa-ging is her Air; all o're, all o're in-pa-ging is her Air.

The last SONG the Author Sett, it being in his Sickness.

From Rosin Bow's where Sleep's the God of Love, E丽江, E丽江 ye little waiting Cupid's fly, fly, fly, little waiting, Cupid's fly; teaching, teach me in expiring, expiring Victims feel her Darts; La-

(continued with musical notation)
Orpheus Britannicus.

BOOK I.

Peace to Crown, shall I, shall I, shall I, Thou my self or drown, shall I, shall I, shall I.

Thou my self or drown: amongst the foaming Billows increasing, all with Tears I shed on Beds of

Ooze, and Gyrittal Billows, lay down, down, down, lay down, down, down my Love-sick Head;

say, say ye Powers, say, say ye Powers my Peace to Crown, shall I, shall I, shall I Thaw my

Quick.

self or drown: shall I, shall I, shall I Thaw my self or drown? No, no, no, no,

no, I'll straight run: Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, that foes, that foes, my Heart will

Charm; Love has no power, no, no, no, no, Love has no power, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

no, no power to Charm: Wild thro' the Woods Tie fl——y, Wild thro' the

Woods Tie fl——y, Robes, Locks shall this, thus, thus be tore; a Thousand,

thousand Death Tie dye, a thousand, thousand death Tie dye, e're thus, thus, in vain, e're

that, thus is vain: thus in vain adore.
A SONG in Henry the Second's Sung by Mrs. Dyer.

In vain, in vain, in vain, in vain, in vain, in vain, in vain, in vain, in vain, in vain.

Brevity, Reason nor Honour, Reason nor Honour could its for...

A SONG Sung before the Queen on Her Birth-day.

Yet Love, Love, Love more fire...
Orpheus Britannicus.

BOOK I.

A Two Part SONG.

When Myra Sing,

When Myra Sing.

Conqu'ring, till Conqu'ring, till Conqu'ry to Ma-

Arm re-

more, Peace and her Mi-

more, Peace and her He-

more, no more, no, no more, no, no more, no, no more.
The Two following Songs in Bonduca.

To Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to

To Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to

Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to

Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to

Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, your Ensigns straight display;

to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, your Ensigns straight display;

now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, for the Battle in array;

now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, for the Battle in array;

The Oracles for War declares, for War declares, success depends, success depends,

The Oracles for War declares, for War declares, success depends, success depends,

on our Hearts and Spears; the Oracles for War declares, success depends, success depends on our Hearts and Spears; the Oracles for War declares, success depends, success depends on our Hearts and Spears; the Oracles for War declares, success depends, success depends on our Hearts and Spears; the Oracles for War declares, success depends, success depends on our Hearts and Spears;
A Two Part SONG.

Brave, strike home, re-venge, re-venge your Country's wrongs: Fight,

Brave, strike home, re-venge, re-venge your Country's wrongs: Fight,

Fight and re-cord, Fight, Fight and re-cord your selves in Druid Songs;

Fight and re-cord, Fight, Fight and re-cord your selves in Druid Songs;

Since the toils and the hazards of War's at an end, the pictures of Love should suc-
The last SONG the Author Sett before his Sickness.

O'er—ly, Love—ly Al—to—na, Love—ly Al—to—na,
Six—s come, come a—shore, to enter her car, full shame.
Ten times more Charm—ing, Ten times more Charm—ing,

Beg—gick Ly—on, as his brave, brave, brave the Bel—gick Ly—on, as his brave, brave
Brave, this Beauty, this Beauty, will re—live, this Beauty, this Beauty, will relieve, will, will re—live, for nothing, nothing, nothing but a mean blind Slave, can live.

Ten times more Charm—ing, Ten times more Charm—ing,
and let her griev.
A Two Part SONG.

Come, come, come, come, let us leave, let us leave the Town; Come, come,

Come, come, come, come, let us leave, let us leave the Town;

Come, come, come, come, come, come, let us leave, let us leave, let us leave

Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, let us leave, let us leave, let us leave

Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, let us leave, let us leave, let us leave

The Town; And in some lonely place, where no noise, where crowds and

The Town; And in some lonely place, where crowds, where crowds and

Noise, were never, never, never, known, resolve

Noise, where never, never, never known, resolve
A Two Part SONG.

Oft is my Quiet for e- ver, oft is my Quiet for e- ver, oft for

Loft is my Quiet for e- ver, e- ver, oft is my Quiet for

Loft is my Quiet for e- ver, e- ver, oft is my Quiet for.

Heart. But tho' my De- pair is past curing, but tho' my De-

Heart. But tho' my De- pair is past curing, but

Tho' my De- pair is past curing, and much unde- served is my Fate; Pio show by a

Tho' my De- pair is past curing, and much unde- served is my Fate;

Pio show by a patient en- du- ring my Love, Pio show by a patient en- du- ring,

Pio show by a patient en- du- ring my Love is un- mov'd, Pio show by a patient

my Love is un- mov'd, is un- mov'd as her Hec.

en- du- ring my Love is un- mov'd as her Hec.

Pio show by a patient en- du- ring my Love is un- mov'd, Pio show by a patient

my Love is un- mov'd, is un- mov'd as her Hec.

en- du- ring my Love is un- mov'd as her Hec.

Pio show by a patient en- du- ring my Love is un- mov'd, Pio show by a patient

my Love is un- mov'd, is un- mov'd as her Hec.

en- du- ring my Love is un- mov'd as her Hec.
A Two Part SONG, the Words by Mr. Congreve.

There never, never was so wretched a Lover as I, so wretched, so wretched, so

wretched a Lover as I; there never, never was so wretched a Lover as I,

wretched a Lover as I, so wretched, so wretched, so wretched a Lover as I, who

whole hopes are for ever, for ever, for ever prevent:

hopes are for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever prevented: Pme neither at

Pme neither at re--

pain, Pme un-a-ble to bear, the thoughts of em far me a trem-

pain, Pme un-a-ble to bear, the thoughts of em far me a trem-

bling, they far me a
A pox of this troublesome, troublesome Wooing, then prithee A-mista con-
troublesome Wooing, then prithee A-mista content and be kind, a pox of this troublesome,
-
fee and be kind, a pox of this troublesome, troublesome Wooing, then prithee A-mista
troublesome Wooing, then prithee A-mista content and be kind, a pox of this trouble-
-
content and be kind, a pox of this troublesome, troublesome Wooing, for I find I shall
-
more but dilly-bilbling, Then prithee A-mista content and be kind;
-
more but dilly-bilbling.
-
A pox of this troublesome,
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 take Toll, now let me, now let me take Toll of the pleasure.

Neptun's Defeat.

His Pope flings the Tereus Wars, another of the Thessalian, in

Verst that...This Pope sings the Tereus Wars, in

Numbers, in rat-ling Numbers, Verst that...
Whil'st I in soft and humble Verse, my own, my own Captivities resound;

Ranks and Files of Infantry; nor Fleets at Sea have vanquished me, nor Brigs—

&c.; whilst I in soft, in soft and humble Verse, my own—

Dear, nor Cavalry, nor Ranks and Files, nor Ranks and Files of Infantry;

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

still denies; all, all you Artillery Companies; give those ent—

—en—

—en—

—en—

—en—

Flatts at Sea have vanquished me, nor Brigadiers, nor Cavalry, nor Ranks and Files, nor
A SONG in the 4th. Act of the Fool's Preferment.

Stars pluck from their Orbit, and crown them in my

Badger; And whether I'm a Roaring Boy,

a Roaring Boy, let all the Nation

judge it.

A Two Part SONG.

Air: Cloe my Breast so lar-——~ms, from her Pow'r I no

Fair: Cloe my Breast so lar-——~ms, from her Pow'r, from her Pow'r I no

Sky and Tyre, and I cry both cries together. The
Refuge can find; If another I take in my Arms, yet my Cle—

Refuge can find; If another I take in my Arms, yet my Cle—

then in my mind: Unblest with the Joy, still a Pleasure I

then in my mind: Unblest with the Joy, still a Pleasure I

want, which none but my Cle, my Cle—can grant; let Cle—

want, which none but my Cle, my Cle—can grant; let Cle—

Oh! Oh! did Cle—

Oh! Oh! did Cle—
**Orpheus Britannicus.**

**BOOK I.**

**BEY of BEDLAM.**

From stent Shads, and the Blitzen Groves, where fad de-parted Spirits roam their

Lores, from Caryall Dreams, and from that Country where, 

Joy Crown the Fields with Flowers all the

year; poor Scowl's betch'd in her Raggs and solely, is come to cure her Love-sick Melancholy.

Bright Cynthia kept her Revels late, while Adal the Fairy Queen did dance, and O—rion did

in State when Mars at Venus ran his Lance; In yonder Cowslip lies my Dear, entomb'd in

liquid Gem's of Dew, each day the winter is with a Tear, its fading Blossom to re-

Joy she might give, and the Joy she might find.

Joy she might give, and the Joy she might find.
new: For since my Love is dead, and all my Joys are gone; poor Be's for his sake, at

Garland will make, my Musick shall be a Groan, I lay me down and dye with-

in some hollow Tree, the Raw's and Car, the Oat and Bar, shall wa--ble for-

my E-ny. Did you not see my Love as he pass by you? His two flaming

Eyes, if he come nigh you, they will torch up your Hearts; Ladies beware ye, lest he theft'd

dart a Glance that may ensnare ye; Hark! Hark! I hear old Cberow bawl, his Host he will not

longer lay, and Furies rack their Whips and call, come, come a-way; come, come a-way. Poor

Be's will return to the place whence he came, since the World is Mad the can hope for no

Cure: for Loves grown a Bubble, a Shadow, a Name, which Fools do admire, and Wise Men-

dare, Cold and Hungry am I grown, Am-bra-sia will I feed up-on, drink Nolam

Sing: Who is content, does all Sorrow pre-vent? And Be's in her Straw, whilst

free from the Law, in her thoughts is as great, great as a King.
A SONG, Sung in the Play call'd the The Massacre in Paris.

Thy Genius, ho! ho! from his sweet bed of rest, adorned with Jemima, and with Rose deck'd,

the Poor's Divine has rais'd to stop thy Fate, a true Repentance never, never comes too late, a

true Repentance never, never comes too late: So soon as Born she made herself throw'd, the

fleecy Manto of a weeping Cloud, and swift as thought her Almighty Journey

took, swift as thought her Almighty Journey took; her Hands Heav'n's Azure

Gate with trembling Struck; the Stars did with amaze

ment on her look, the Stars did with amazement on her look, did with amazement on her look;

She told thy Story in a Tone, She told thy Story in a Tone, the

Angels start from Elys and gave a groan. But Charles beware, Oh! dally not, Oh!

dally not, beware, Oh! dally not with Heav'n; for after this no Pardon, no, no, no

Par-don shall be giv'n; Oh! dally not, Oh! dally not with Heav'n, for after this, no,

no, no Pardon shall be giv'n, no, no, no Pardon shall be giv'n.
A SONG, Sung at the Knighting of Don Quixote, in the 2d Act.

Sing, Sing all ye Mules, Sing,

Sing, Sing all ye Mules,

Sing, your Lutes strike, strike a-round,

Sing, your Lutes strike, strike a-round;

Sing, your Lutes strike, strike a-round;

Sing, your Lutes strike a round; when a Soldier's the story, when a

Sing, your Lutes strike a round; when a Soldier's the story, when a

Sing, your Lutes strike a round; when a Soldier's the story, when a

Soldier's the story, what Tongue can want found; when a Soldier's the story, what

Soldier's the story, what Tongue can want found; when a Soldier's the story, what

Soldier's the story, what Tongue can want found; when a Soldier's the story, what

Tongue can want found; who Danger dittains, who Danger dittains, Wounds, Wounds

Tongue can want found; who Danger dittains, who Danger dittains, Wounds, Wounds

Tongue can want found; who Danger dittains, who Danger dittains, Wounds, Wounds

Wounds, Bruises and Pains, when the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains; Rich

Wounds, Bruises and Pains, when the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains; Rich

Wounds, Bruises and Pains, when the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains; Rich

Profit comes, easily, easily, easily in Cities of Store, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the

Profit comes, easily, easily, easily in Cities of Store, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the

Profit comes, easily, easily in Cities of Store, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons do

Profit comes, easily, easily in Cities of Store, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons do

Profit comes, easily, easily in Cities of Store, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons do

Cannons do roar, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons do roar, do
Roar! Yet see how they run, how they run, how they run, how they run at the Storming, the

Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming a Town, thro' Blood, and thro' Fire, to

Scal' the high Wall, they Scal' the high

Wall, whence they see others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see others fall; their Hearts precious Darling, bright Glory, bright

Wall, whence they see others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see others fall; their Hearts precious Darling, bright Glory, bright

Mine is just blowing. It springs, it springs, it springs, it

Up they Fly, it
A Dialogue in Tyrannick Love, or the Royal Martyr.

Let us go, let us go, let us
Hark my Deluder! hark we're call'd, we're call'd, we're call'd below;
let us

go, let us go, let us go, let us go, let us go to relieve the care of love;
go, let us go, let us go, let us go, let us go;

sighing Loives in despair; let us go, let us go, let us go; let us go
let us go, let us go, let us go,

let us go, let us go, let us go, let us go: Merry, merry, merry, we
let us go, let us go, let us go, let us go: Merry, merry, merry, we

Ross a wealthy Town.
Sole from the East; half Tipp'd at the Rainbow Feast; in the bright Moonshine whilst the

Winds whistle loud; try, try, try, try, try, try,
in the bright Moonshine, whilst the Winds whistle loud; try, try, try, try, try, try, try,

starr, and drop, drop, drop from a bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of
Starr, and drop, drop, drop, from a bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of

Love; and drop, drop, drop, from a bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.
Bar now the Sun's down, and the Elements Red, the Spirits of Fire against us make

Head; they murder, they murder, they murder like Goats in the Air: a—las I must leave thee my

Oh hay! oh

Fair, and to my light Horsemen repair. A—las I must leave thee,

hay! oh hay! hay, oh hay, hay, hay; a—las I must leave thee, a—las, a—las I must leave thee, must leave thee my Fair.

for you need not to fear'em, you need not to fear'em to Night; the Wind is for us and

blo—wa fall in their flight, and o'er the wide Ocean we fl

gir; like leaves in the Autumn our Foes will fall down, and

his in the Waters, and his in the Waters and down;

But their Men lie so—curely in—
CHORUS.

So ready, so ready and quick is a Spirit of Air, to pity, to pity, the

So ready, so ready and quick is a Spirit of Air, to pity, to pity, the

Lover, and succour the Fair; that slum and swit, slum and swit,

Lover, and succour the Fair; that slum and swit, that slum and swit,

Close and swit, the little lift God, is here with a Whf, and is

Close and swit, the little lift God, is here with a Whf, and is

Gone with a Nod, is here with a Whf and is gone with a Nod.

Gone with a Nod, is here with a Whf and is gone with a Nod.

Sky, with wonder will gaze and fear such a-vents as will come to pass, stay

Sky, with wonder will gaze and fear such a-vents as will come to pass, stay

Then call me a-gen when the Battle is won.

Then call me a-gen when the Battle is won.

You to perform what the Man would have done.

You to perform what the Man would have done.
A Two Part SONG.

O, no, no, no, no, resistance, resistance is but
No, no, no, no, no, resistance, resistance is but

vain; no, no, no, no, no, resistance, resistance is but vain, vain,
vain; no, no, no, no, no, resistance, resistance is but vain, vain,

vain, vain, vain, resistance is but vain; and only adds new weight, and
vain, vain, vain, resistance is but vain; and only adds new

only adds new weight, and only adds new weight to Cupid's

vain, vain, vain, resistance is but vain; A thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand ways;
thousand, thousand Arts the Tyrant, the Tyrant, the Tyrant, the Tyrant knows to Cap-ti-
ways, a thousand Arts, the Tyrant, the tyrant, the Tyrant knows to Cap-ti-

raise our hearts;
And sometimes
raise our hearts: Sometimes he Singh, be Singh-employs;

The line is the Universal Language of the Eyes;

The lord with tenderness de-

End with the first strain from this mark.
A Two Part SONG.

Captive by way of Sur—prize; the Trophies and Crowns of their powerful Arms, are sacrified all to Ce—lia's bright Charms; in Chains and in Tri—

Nations and Kingdoms, with Conquest subdue, with Conquest, with Conquest subdue, yet more than all

Caesar and Pompey, and great, and great A—lex—ander; all Nations and Kingdoms, all Nations and

Pompey, and great, great, and great A—lex—ander; all Nations and Kingdoms, all Nations and

Ce—lia can do. For one singgle glance from her conquering Eyes, will take'em all

Ce—lia can do. For one singgle glance from her conquering Eyes, will take'em all

this, more, more, more, yet more than all this, yet more than all this, bright

more than all this, yet more than all this, yet more than all this, more, more, bright
A single SONG.

Love Arms himself in Celia's Eyes, when e're weak
Reason would rebel;
when
A SONG, in King Arthur.

Fair, sound a par-ly ye Fair and fur- ren-der, let your

par-ly ye Fair, sound a par-ly ye Fair and fur- ren-der, let your

Gives and your Lovers at ease: Sound a par-ly ye Fair and fur- ren-der.

Par-ly ye Fair and fur- ren-der, sound, sound, sound, sound a par-ly ye

Sound, sound, sound, sound a par-ly ye Fair and fur- ren-der, sound a
Orpheus Britannicus.

BOOK I.

He's a grateful, a grateful of-fen-der, who plea-

Fair and for-ren-der, for your foes and your Lovers at ease:

but the whining pre-end-er, the

ture dare feize;

He's a grateful, a grateful of-fen-der, who plea-

found, found, found, found a Par-ly ye Fair, fon-

Fair and for-ren-der, found a Par-ly ye Fair, found a Par-

so the whining, the
whining pretender, is sure to displea; found a Par-ly ye Fair and sur-ren-der,
whining pretender, is sure to dis-plea; Sound, found, found, found a Par-ly ye

Par-ly ye Fair and sur-ren-der:
Par-ly ye Fair and sur-ren-der:

Since the
Since the

found, found, found, found a Par-ly ye Fair, fou-

Fair and sur-ren-der, found a Par-ly ye Fair, found a Par-

Fruit of de-fire is pos-ter-ry, 'tis un-man-ly to ligh, 'tis un-man-ly to
Love was made for a blessing, a blessing, Love was made for a blessing, a blessing. Love was made, Love was made for a blessing, a blessing, Love was made, Love was made for a blessing, a blessing.

kneel for redressing, we move your disdain; kneeling for redressing, we move your disdain;

S

In short times are to end, I must tell you sweet Heart, Fine thinking to leave of my Plough and my Cart, and to the fair City a Journey will go, to better my Fortune as

other folks do; since some have from Ditches, and court Leather Breeches, been raised, been raised

made for a blessing, a blessing and not for a pain.

She, too e're I dye. Ah! Cowl, ah! Cowl, by all, by all thy late doing I find with

farrow and trouble, with farrow and trouble the Pride of thy mind, our Sheep now

at random disorderly run, and now, and now Sundays Jacket goes every day on: Ah!
what do I say, what do I know, what do I mean? all I do is what do I say, what do I mean.

To make my shoes clean and foot it, and foot it to the Court, to the

King and the Queen, where dwelling my parts I profess shall win; eye, eye, eye, eye.

As to the Court when thou hast set to try, thou'lt find nothing go there, unless thou can't

For Money the Devil, the Devil and all to be found, but no good parts minded, so,

Are take Arms, and take Arms, and take Arms, hunt Honour that now a-days plague-ly

Charm: And to make a limb by a blow or a blow, and cut thyself after for

leaving for leaving the Plough, supposing I turn Gamerier? so cheat and be begg'd.

What think'th of the Road then? the Highway to be Hung'd. Nice Pimping how-ever yields

prof. for Life, Me help some fine Lord to another's fine Wife, that's dangerous too, a-
TWO VOC.

Amony's, Ambition's, a Trade, a Trade no Contentment can show, so Ple to my Dlluff:

Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can show, and

Cuckold ye may be drawn in, faith Coll's a better fit hire and Spin, faith Coll's this better fit here and Spin. Will nothing, prefer me, what think't of the Law? Oh!

I to my Plough; Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can show, no, no, no;

while you live Coll's keep out of that Plow, Plie Caret and Plie Boy. And there's nagging out

sh! there's nagging out that way; there's no one minds now what those Black Cartel say; let

all our whole care be our Farming affair, To make our Corn grow, and our Apple Trees bear.
Let all our whole care be our Farming affairs, to make our Corn grow and our Apple Trees bear;

A single SONG.

Tribe the Vail, Speed, the Vail, Touch, touch, touch, touch, touch, touch the Lute; Wake the Harp, Wake the Harp, Wake the Harp, In

Sing your Paeans, Sing, sing, sing, sing in chear.

-full and Harmonious Lay.
A single SONG.

Har a sad, sad Fate is mine, is mine! what a sad, sad Fate is mine! my Love, my Love, my

Love is my crime; my Love, my Love is my crime! what a sad, what a sad,

But if by disdain the can leff—my pain, this all, this all.

all, I implore; to make me Love lefs, to make me Love lefs, or her self to Love more; more, more, to make me Love lefs, or her self to Love more.
A SONG with Two Trumpets and a Kettle-Drum.

Fife and all, all, all, all, all the Harmony of War;
all, all, all, all, all the Harmony of War; in vain, in vain attempt the passions, the passions to allarm, allarm, allarm;
Orpheus Britannicus.

BOOK I.

with thy Commanding Sound

with thy commanding sounds,

- sounds, sounds, sounds, sounds,

Loud.

as composing, composing and Charm;

with thy commanding

Loud.

RE.
A single SONG.

B

Ade, my Cares resign, and droop, and droop, then sink, sink down:

Then, then the pleasing thoughts begone, and I in riches now, at least I
A single SONG.

This is Nature's Voice, 'tis Nature's Voice, thro' all the world:

It is Nature's Voice, it is Nature's Voice, thro' all the world.

Let the heart, at once the passions express and move,

Let the heart, at once the passions express and move.

As soon the passions express, to express and move;

As soon the passions express, to express and move.

We hear, and sense we grieve or hate, and feel we grieve or hate, and feel we grieve or hate, and feel we grieve or hate, and feel.

Grieve or hate, rejoice or love; in

Devy, or love; in

Unfree chains it does the fancy bind, it does, it does the fancy bind, it does, it does the fancy bind.
Ah me! to many Deaths decreed,
By Love or War, I hourly dye,
Who e'er now my Love I blend:
Yet when I have him in my Eye,
He kills me with excess of joy.

Ah me! at once it Charms the Mind,
At once it Charms the Mind.
A single SONG.
A single SONG.

my Bel-i-de-ra, than thy self more bright, make haste, make haste, make haste, bring
back my Bel-i-de-ra, my Bel-i-de-ra
Swifter than Time my eager Wishes move,
form the beaten Paths, and scorn the beaten Paths of Vulgar Love, and scorn the beaten
Swifter than Time, my eager Wishes move,
and
to my fight, bring back my Bel-i-de-ra, my Bel-i-de-ra to my fight.

on: Bring back my Bel-i-de-ra, my Bel-i-de-ra

and dome the tedious Minutes on, the tedious Minutes

and dome the tedious Minutes on, the tedious Minutes

and dome the tedious Minutes on, the tedious Minutes
Parth and scorn the base:
Paths of Vulgar Love, and scorn the beaten
Paths of Vulgar Love, Soft Peace is
banished from my torrid Breath, Soft Peace, Soft Peace is banished from my
torrid Breath, Love robs my Days of Ease, Love robs my Days of Ease, my
Nights of Rest; Love robs my Days of Ease, Love robs my Days of Ease, my Nights, my Nigh-
ts of Rest; Yet shoo! her cruel Scorn pro-vo ces Despair,

Yes, tho' her cruel Scorn pro-vo ces Despair, my Passion

Hill is strong, my Passion, hill is strong, my Passion, hill is strong,

Hill is strong, hill is strong, hill is strong, hill is strong, hill is strong,

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Hill is strong, hill is strong, hill is strong, hill is strong, hill is strong,

Hill is strong, hill is strong, hill is strong, hill is strong, hill is strong,
The STORM; a single SONG.

Blow, blow Boreas blow, and let thy fury, thy winds make the billows foam and roar; thou canst no Terror breed in valiant Minds, but fright of thee we'll live, but fright of thee we'll

live and find a Shout, Then cheer my Hears, and be not aw'd, but keep

p the Gun Room clear, tho' Hell's broke loose, and the Devils roar abroad, whilst we have

Sea-room here, Boys, never fear, never, never fear. Hey! how the rolling up! how far, the

mounting Top-mast touch'd a Starr; the Meteor blaz'd as thro' the Clouds we came, and Saa-

CHORUS.

The flashes of Lightning and Tempests of Rain, do fiercely con-
A single SONG.

Peace and I are strangers grown, grown and I are strangers, strangers grown.

A Two Part SONG.

Peace and I are strangers grown, Peace and I are strangers, strangers grown, I languish.

O let me, let me weep!
O, O let me, O, let me, let me weep! O, O,

re, no more, no more shall welcome sleep:

O let me for ever, ever weep, for ever, for ever, for

Ple hide me, Ple hide me from

the sight of Day, and light, light, light my Soul away.

My Eyes no more, no more, no mo
let me, let me weep!

O, O, O let me, O, O let me weep! O, O, O let me for ever, ever

weep, for e-ver, for e-ver, for e-ver, for e-ver weep!

He's gone, he's gone, he's
gone, his loss deplore; he's gone, he's gone, he's gone, his loss deplore, and I shall

never, never, never, never, never see him more;

I shall never, never, never see him more, shall never, never, never see him more.

I shall never, shall never, shall never, shall never see him more.
A SONG in the Married Beau.

S

Ee, see, see where repenting, where repenting

Celia

lies, with blushing Cheeks, with blushing Cheeks, and mel-

ting Eves; mourning, mourning, is a mourning, mourning,

ful Shade, the ruins, the ruins in her Heart and Fame, which fin-

ful Love has made: Oh! Oh! Oh! let thy Tears, fair, fair Celia

D

Ul-ul-la, Dulei-ul-la, when e're I live for a Kiss; Dulei-ul-la, Dulei-

Dulei-ul-la, Dulei-ul-la,
A SONG in the Prophefes, or the History of Diocefan.

Since from my Dear, my Dear, my Dear, since from my Dear, my

Dear, my Dear, my Dear, my Dear. A—bre—a's sight I was so

ruddy torn, my Soul has never, never,

never, has never, never, never known de—light, un—less it were to

mourn, to mourn, un—less, un—less, it were to mourn, mourn. But

oh! alas, alas, with weeping Eyes, and bleeding, bleeding

Heart I lye; thinking on her, on her whole absence this that makes me

with to dye, dye, dye, dye, makes me, makes me with to

dye, dye, dye, dye.
A Two Part SONG.

Were I to choose the greatest Bliss, were I to choose the greatest Bliss, that

Were I to choose, were I to choose the greatest Bliss, that

Were e'er in Love was known; 'twould be the highest of my Wife, then

Were e'er in Love was known; 'twould be the highest of my Wife, then

Joy your Heart alone; Kings might possess their Kingdoms

Joy your Heart alone; Kings might possess their Kingdoms

free, and Crowns un-en-vy'd wear; they 'shou'd no Ri-val have of

free, and Crowns un-en-vy'd wear; they 'shou'd no Ri-val have of
A Two Part SONG.

Roy-al-ty; none were more rea-dy, none were more rea-dy, none, none,

Roy-al-ty, none, none, none, none, none were more, none were more

none, none, none were more rea-dy in di-fress to save, none were more

re-a-dy, none were more rea-dy in di-fress to save, none were more

Loy-al, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none were more

Loy-al, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none were more

Loy-al, none, none more brave.

Loy-al, none, none more brave.

B b b
A Two Part SONG.

After, who did to thrice Man's Age attain? Nofar, who did to thrice Man's
Age attain, by vast Experience found, by vast Experience found, that

This Maxim then he to his Master gave, when he in Council should de-

pale'd not briskly round, when Bumpers pale'd not briskly rou-

baste; not Trojan-like, to fit merrily, to fit merrily and grave, but drink, drink, but
A Two Part SONG.

Let Caesar and Ursa live,
let all delights the Stars can give, upon the Royal Pair descend.

Let Caesar and Ursa live, let all delights the Stars can give, upon the Royal Pair descend.

Let Caesar and Ursa live, let all delights the Stars can give, upon the Royal Pair descend.

Let Caesar and Ursa live, let all delights the Stars can give, upon the Royal Pair descend.

Let Caesar and Ursa live, let all delights the Stars can give, upon the Royal Pair descend.

Let Caesar and Ursa live, let all delights the Stars can give, upon the Royal Pair descend.

Let Caesar and Ursa live, let all delights the Stars can give, upon the Royal Pair descend.

Let Caesar and Ursa live, let all delights the Stars can give, upon the Royal Pair descend.

Let Caesar and Ursa live, let all delights the Stars can give, upon the Royal Pair descend.
A Dialogue in Oronoko, Sung by the Boy and Girl.

and thus our Loyal Vows ascend; and thus our Loyal Vows ascend; O, O.
Orpheus Britannicus.

BOOK I.

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will not let me tell? Why this trem-
bling, why this trem-

bling too all day? Pains I never, Pains I never, never, never,

felt before; And when thus I touch, when thus I touch your hand, why I wish, I

with, I wish I was a Man? How should I know more than you? Yet would

be a Woman too. When you wash your self and play, I mention could look all day;

Nay first now, say, first now am pleased, am pleased to well, should you, should you kiss me-

I won't tell, thou'd you, thou'd you kiss me I won't tell; no, no I won't tell; no, no I won't
tell, no, no I won't tell; should you kiss me I won't tell. Too I could do that all day,

and desire no better play; Sure, sure in love there's something more, which

makes Mamma so big, so big before. Once by chance I heard it nam'd;

don't ask what, don't ask what for I'm ashamed: Stay but till you're past fifteen,

then you'll know, then, then you'll know what 'tis I mean, then you'll know, then, then you'll
A Three Part SONG.

For folded Flocks, and fruitful Plains; the Shepherds and the Farmers

Shephers and the Farmers gains, the Shepherds and the Farmers gains, fair Britain all gains, the Shepherds and the Farmers gains, fair Britain

all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all all the World out-vies; For folded Flocks and fruitful

all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all all the World out-vies; Fair Britain all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all
A single SONG, The Words by Sir Robert Howard:

Ost thou canst hear,

Love thou canst hear,

Thou art blind; leave my Heart free, oh! pit-ty me, oh!

pit-ty me, since Clarice is unkind; leave my Heart free, oh! pit-ty me, oh!

pit-ty me oh!

pit-ty me, since Clarice is unkind, oh!

She is un-con-fant, she is un-con-fant, she is un-con-fant as she's bright;

She is un-con-fant, she is un-con-fant, she is un-con-fant as she's bright; her smile

lies on ev'ry Shepherd's fall; And as the Sun, and as the Sun it

lies on ev'ry Shepherd's fall; And as the Sun, and as the Sun it

198 Orpheus Britannicus. BOOK I.  199 Orpheus Britannicus. BOOK I.
...and as the Sun, and as the Sun, o-

...his light, the vainly, the vainly lover to shine, the vainly lo-

I thought her fair like new fain Snow, I thought her fair like new fain

Snow, when whitened innocence clad'd. Like that the ful-ly'd seems to show, like

that the ful-ly'd seems to show, when to Loves melting, melting heat ex-

...like that the ful-ly'd seems to show, when to Loves melting, melting heat ex-

...when to Loves melting, melting heat ex-

...when to Loves melting, melting heat ex-

Love, thou art. First S. again

Brisk Time.

The powerful Char-

ms shall now be try'd. this Fu-

ms shall now be try'd. this Fu-

from, my Breast to chase, I'll summon son;

...summon son; revenge and pride. I'll summon, summon

Slow.

...summon son; revenge and pride. I'll summon, summon

...summon son; revenge and pride; at least her Image, her Image to deface.
A single SONG.

See how the fading Glories of the Year, put on a youthful Smile; see,

Hills and Groves re-joyce, faintly to echo back her heav'n-ly Voice, faintly to

Dusk's modest, her bright Eyes create a Spring of ever blooming joys, of ever-

but my Pain rais'd, but my Pain rais'd, the more nor Para-dise, Panthea, is to me a burning Glass of

making where e're the corns E-lian, Fields; where Roses proudly breath our all their

lees; Panthea, Panthea is to me a burning Glass of ice.

Sweet, and blush out all their Beauty at her Feet; where Nightingales their own Love-Songs lay

G G G
A single SONG.

Ere the Deities approve,

Here, here the Deities approve, the God of Mu—ick and of Love, all the Talents they have lent you, all the Blessings they have lent you, pleased to see, to see what they bestow, live and thrive, live and thrive so well below; pleased to see, to see what they bestow, live and thrive, live and thrive so well below.

A Two Part SONG.

As soon as the Chas—on, as soon as the Chas—on was made in—to form, and the first, the fi—os, as soon as the Chas—on was made in—to form, and the first, the
when by example improving delights, improving delights,
when by example improving delights, improving delights,

Wine governs our Days, Love and Beauty our Nights, And drink, drink, drink, and
Wine governs our Days, Love and Beauty our Nights, Love on then, love on then,

drink, drink, drink; Love on then, love on then, and drink, drink, drink,
and drink, drink, drink, and drink, drink, drink, Love on then, and drink,

and drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, Love on then and drink; 'tis a folly to think of a
and drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, Love on then and drink; 'tis a folly to think of a
A DIALOGUE in the Fairy Queen.

NOW the Maids and the Men are making of Hay, we've left the dull Fools, we've left the dull Fools and are flown away; then Mega no more, be coy as before, but let's merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, play; and Kiss, and Kiss, and Kiss, and Kiss, and Kiss, and Kiss, the sweet time away. Why how now Sir Clown, why how now, what makes you so bold? I'd have ye, I'd have ye to know I'm not made of that mold; I tell you again, again and again, Maids must never, must never give me a frown, 'twou'd not lessen your store, then bid me, bid me cheerfully cheerfully Kiss and take my fill, and take my fill, my fill of the Kiss; I'll not tryst you so far, I.
Chorus.

You must not, you shall not deny; you must not, you shall not deny, you

Must not deny, you must not, you shall not deny, you must not, you cannot, you shall not, you

What do you mean? O fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie.

Cannot, you shall not deny, you must not, you shall not deny, you

Fool, no, no, no, no, you must not deny; you cannot, you

Shall not deny, nor will I admit of another, another reply; you must not, you

Shall not deny, you must not, you cannot, you shall not deny.
A DIALOGUE in the Richmond Heires.

Ehold, behold the Man that with Gigan

Charming, charming Beauty comes in, who's sweet, sweet, sweet Face Di-vine-ly

Come on, come on, come on ye Fighting, Fighting Fools, come on, come on, come

Marvial God a Conquer'd Victim lies, obeys each glance, each awfull nod, and dreads the
lightening of my killing eyes; more, more than the fiercest, the fiercest, the fiercest;

thunder in the skies. Ha! ha!

now, now, now, now we mount up high, now, now, we mount up high, the Sun's

bright God and I, Charge, Charge, Charge on the Azure, Charge on the Azure

dawn of ample Sky. See, see, see, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee; see how thin

mortal spirits run - run; fee-fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, see how thin

mortal spirits run - run; fee-fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, see how thin

drive him o'er the burning Zone; from these come row -

down, come row - row - row - rowing down, and search the Globe below, with all the

gulph. Man, to find my love, my wandering Sense, my wan -

Sirs.

driving Sense again. By this disjoyred manner that crowns thy Per -
Chorus.

Thou mad, very mad let us be,
very mad, very mad let us be,
very mad, very mad, very mad let us be, for Europe does now wish our French a-grieve;

all things in Nature are mad, mad, mad, and all things in Nature are mad, mad, mad.

mad, very mad, very mad, very mad let us be, for Europe does now wish our French a-grieve;

all things in Nature are mad, mad, mad, and all things in Nature are mad, mad, mad.

Chorus.

I made him to blind, with a book that was kind,
That he brake his Eyes to pieces.

V. I drank a health to Venus,
And the Mask on her white shoulder
Marv'lin'd as the Glass, and I threw't in his face,
Was ever Hermes better?

VII. 'Tis true, my dear friend,
Things tend to dissolution.
The Charms of a Crown, and the Crafts of the Gowe,
Have brought us all to Confusion.

VIII. The hungry French began it,
The English Wits profane it.
The Giraffe's Tail still go on with the Wind,
And all in time will run it.

Chorus. Then mad, very mad, be.
A single SONG.

Can nothing, can nothing warm me, can nothing, can nothing warm me? yes,

yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes,

yes, Lucinda's Eyes; there, there, there, there, there, there, there, there, yes; yes, yes, yes,

Skyes; Can nothing, can nothing warm me? can nothing, can nothing,

warm me? yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes, Lucinda's Eyes; yes,
yea, yea, yea, yea, Lavinia's eye.

Ye pow'rs I did but into her name, and see how all,

and see how all the Muses dance, blew lighting itself round the Court of Sol, and

now the Globe more fiercely burns than once at Flora's fall.

Ah!

where, where are now, where are now, where are

now those flow—ry Groves, where Zephyr's fragrant Winds did play? ah! where are now, where are

now, where are now those flow—ry Groves, where Zephyr's fragrant Winds did play? where

guarded by a Troop of Love, the fair Lavinia the sleeping lay; there sung the

Nightingale, and Lark, around us all was sweet and gay, we're grew fast till it grew dark, nor

nothing feared but shortening day.

I glow, I glow, I glow, but 'tis with here

why must I burn, why must I burn, why, why must I burn for this ingratitude? why, why must I

burn for this ingratitude? Good, cool- it then, cool it then, and rail, since nothing no-

thing will prevail. When a Woman Love pretends, 'tis but till she gains her ends, and for
A single SONG.

Ligh on a Throne, high on a Throne, of glittering Ore,
exalted, exalted by all-mighty Fate, our shining the bright Gem, the
worc; the gracious, the gracious Glor-
r-i-a-n-a fate, the
gracious, the gracious Glor-
r-i-a-n-a fate;
The dazzling beams of Majesty too fierce, too fierce for mortal Eyes to
see, She Veild, and with a frowning brow, they, they caught, the

Better, and for Woe, is for Marrow of the Purge, where the Jilts you're, and o're, proves a
Silence on a Whore, this hour will reize, will reize and vex, will reize, will reize and vex,
and will Cuckold ye the next; they were all constrained in Spight, to car-mere us, not de-
light, lost to Scold, to Scold, and Scratch, and Bite, and no one of them proves right; but all,
all are Witches by this light, and so freely bid them, and the World good

night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night.
Orpheus Britannicus.

BOOK I.

Pyramids of State seem low, so much above it fits my soul; vast Pyramids of State, vast

Pyramids of State seem low, so much above it fits my soul.

CHORUS.

She spoke, whilst Gods unford, in that flood, adoring one so great, so

She spoke, whilst Gods unford, that flood, adoring one so Great, so

Glo-ry is but a fleeting dream of wealth, that is not, that it

Glo-ry is but a fleeting dream of wealth, that is not. GM, GM, GM, GM

feels; full Vilage whose vain joys do make poor Mortals poorer when they wake.

feels; full Village whose vain joys do make poor Mortals poorer when they wake.

The fawning crowd of slaves that bow, with praise could we're my Sense control, vast

flow straight to Heaven, and all a-long, all a-long, all a-long, bright Glory-ana, bright Glory-

flow straight to Heaven, and all a-long, all a-long, all a-long, and all a-long, all a-long.
A single SONG.

Call, call, I call you all to Gilead Hall, your Temples round,

D, with joy bound, and Golden Crown'd; and plentiful, plentiful Bow'ls, and plentiful, plentiful

Bowls of Burnett Gold; where we shall Laugh and Dance and Quaff, where we shall Laugh and

Dance and Quaff, the Juice that makes the Britains Bold, the Juice that makes the Britains

Bold; Where we shall Laugh and Dance, where we shall Laugh and Dance and

Quaff, the Juice that makes the Britains bold, the Juice that makes, the
A single SONG.

C[ora]na is divi-ce, divi-ly fair, Eas-

ey,

early was love and love, for-
her Air; Of bearts our-

had the abs-

way: The Poin't now lan-
guishes, now, now, now, now lan-
guishes, by which the

card'd; Her Beauty ful-

Ly'd, her Beauty ful-

Ly'd, and her Eyes, her Eyes charmed:

distant, distant Shore.
A single SONG, in the Liberrine.

Nymphs and Shepherds come away, come away; Nymphs and Shepherds come away, come away, come, come, come away; in the Groves, in the Groves let sport and play, let's sport and play, let's sport and play; For this, this is Flora's Holy-day, this is Flora's Holy-day, this is Flora's Holy-day; Sacred to happy Love, to Dancing, to Music, to Dancing, to
A Two Part Song.

Women have the Shot to Pay; here are Marriage Vows for fighting, for their

Marks that cannot Write; after that without reproving, play and welcome

Day and Night, play and welcome, play and welcome, play and welcome.

Shepherd, Shepherd, leave decoying, Pipes are sweet as Summers day, but a little after Toying.
A DIALOGUE

In all our Cymbal shining Sphere, methinks the fairest Face is here,

Saw I am a thing what art thou? I came Sir from the World below, I once was

mortal flesh and blood, and scarce my Beauty's bloom display'd, I dropped a tender Virgin,

but I played the fool, I played the fool and dyed a Maid; for which the Gods have sent me

here, to shine, to shine a Star in Cymbal Sphere. So fair a

Face in a World so fair, yet dye a Maid; a very, very Maid. Have a care what you

say, a pure, pure Maid; a pure, pure Maid; are you sure you don't dye. A pure, pure

Maid; I 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. No, no, no, no, no, 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,

what would you do, what would you do then; I'm very much afraid you would still dye a
Then shall I dye a Maid; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

Then will you dye a Maid; no, no, no, no, no, no,

I fear, I fear you are mistaken. How nor dye a Maid, no nor I, nor

I dye a Maid, nor dye a Maid, and I tell you, tell you why I have? I'm sure were for

Love designed, and their Charm they were sent to bless, to bless Mankind; their

Charms they were sent to bless, to bless Mankind, to bless, to bless Mankind; then

Then shall I dye a Maid; no, no, no, no, no,

I hope I have more wit, more wit then so; I hope I have, I'm

I hope you have, I hope you have more wit, more wit then so; I hope you have, I hope you have, I

I'm sure I have, I'm sure I have, I have more wit then so; I'm sure I

I hope you have, I hope you have, you have more wit then so; I hope you have, I hope you have, I

I hope you have, I hope you have, you have more wit then so;
A Two Part SONG.

While Bolts and Bars my day control, while Bolts and Bars my day control; I keep the freedom of my Soul, I keep the freedom of my Soul; and th' a Dungeon troubl; I keep the freedom, I keep the freedom of my Soul, and th' a Dungeon Dark and Deep, in anguish shou'd my Careful keep, my Mind would be no Prisner and Deep, in anguish shou'd my Carcase keep, my Mind would be no there, my Mind would be no Prisner, be no Prisner there, but rove and wander, but Prisner there, my Mind would be, would be no Prisner there; but rove and wander, but

Love, with Rocks and Shores the Seas confound; but who, but who can Barr the freebom Mind, but who Love, with Rocks and Shores the Seas confound; but who, but who can Barr the freebom Mind, but who can Barr the freebom Mind, but who, but who can Barr, can Barr the freebom Mind.
A single SONG, in the Libertine.

In their delightful pleasant Groves, let us Celebrate, let us

Celebrate, let us Celebrate our happy, happy Love; in their delightful pleasant Groves, in

Revel in the cheerful Spring; Revel in the cheerful Spring.

happy Loves, let's Pipe, Pipe and Dance, let's Pipe, Pipe and Dance, Dance and Laugh, Laugh,

Laugh and Sing, thus, thus, thus every happy, happy living thing,
A single SONG with a Trumpet.

While for a righteous Cause a Arm— the wondrous, wondrous Hero, the wondrous, wondrous, wondrous Hero escapes from Death, in thousand, thousand, thousand shapes; from Death in thousand, thousand, thousand shapes, in thousand, thousand, thousand shapes, still safe, still safe, still formost, in Alarm—
A single SONG.

SYMPHONY for FLUTES.

R.\n\nReturn fond Mufe, the thoughts of War, on this auspicious day, forbear, forbear.
 foe, when Britain should hear joy proclaim; and to disarm approaching harm.

Tie
A Two Part SONG

Sounded the Trumpet.

Sounded the Trumpet, sounded, sounded the Trumpet till around you make the

you make the lightning Shores re-bounced; the

lightning Shores re-bounced; you make the lightning Shores re-bounced, rebound, the

lightning Shores rebound, rebound. On the

lightning Shores rebound, rebound. On the sright—ly Haukey, the
SYMPHONY for HAUTBOYS.

A single SONG.

Thou art this World, this World below, the Spheres above, the Spheres above; who in the Heav'ly round, to their own Musick move, to their own Musick move; who in the Heav'ly round, to their own Musick move.
A Three Part Song.

Symphony for Hautboys.

Happy, happy, happy Realm, happy, happy, happy Realm, beyond expelling, fuch, fuch, fuch,

Happy, happy, happy Realm, happy, happy, happy Realm, beyond expelling, fuch, fuch, fuch,

Such a Royal Pair, fuch, fuch, Such a Royal PairPottering, happy, happy, past expelling, past, past,

Would these Rests again as before. 

Cæsar, Cæsar Bear thy Coys, thy Toys of War, 

Happy, dvr.

They the trouble, they the trouble. 

Happy, dvr.

—Jilted Fate, 

time the blessing, time the blessing. Happy, dvr.

Happy, dvr.
A SONG with Violins, taken from A St. Celia Musick.

Count the cruel Fair, or praise virtuous Kings.

While all thy Consecrated Lay, whilst all thy Consecrated

Lays are to more noble; noble sets bent, and every grateful Note to Heaven re-
A Two Part Song.

Go tell A my cy gend le Swain, go tell A my cy gend le Swain, I would not

pay's, the melody, the melody, the melody it lent; and e'ry grateful

dye; Go tell A my cy gend le Swain, I would not dye nor

dare complain; thy Tune-ful Voice with Numbers joy, thy Voice will more pre-

gall than mine, for Souls oppress and dumb with Grief, for Souls oppress and dumb with
Grief, the Gods ordain this kind relief; that Mullick should be found.

Love with Love is only paid; tell her my Pains to fall increase, that soon, that soon, that soon.

n it will be past, it will be past regrets; for the wretch that speechless lies, for the wretch that speechless lies, attends but Death; attends but Death to close his Eyes.

lyes, for the wretch that speechless lies, attends but Death to close, to close his Eyes.
A Verse out of a Yorkshire Song, for two Voices and two Trumpets.

And now, now the renowned, the renowned Naffaw; the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned.

And now when the renowned, the renowned Naffaw, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned.

And now when the renowned Naffaw; the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned.

And now when the renowned Naffaw; the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned.

And now when the renowned Naffaw; the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned.

And now when the renowned Naffaw; the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the renowned, the ren...
The work so well perform'd and done.

The work so well perform'd and done;
A Two Part SONG out of the same Piece.

They did no storm — nor threatening fear, nor threatening fear,
of

They did no storm — nor threatening fear, nor threatening

than
der in the grumbling, grumbling, grumbling, grumbling Air;

fear, of than
der in the grumbling, grumbling, grumbling, § Air; nor any

not any Revolutions near, nor any Revolutions, nor any Revolutions near, nor any Revolutions, any Revolutions,

near. They did not near the noble, noble work, large hopes, large

near. The noble work, large hopes, large

hopes of freedom, freedom, large hopes of freedom hold;

hopes of freedom, freedom, large hopes of freedom hold, freedom inspir'd their minds,

spir'd, inspir'd their minds, and made 'em bold, and gave 'em English Hearts like those of

freedom inspir'd their minds, and made 'em bold, and gave 'em English Hearts like those of

Old; to welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome our Redeemer, when he

Old; to welcome, welcome, welcome our Redeemer, when he

came, whole virtue, whole virtue and whole Fame made our long

came, whole virtue, whole virtue and whole Fame made our long
A single SONG.

He Sparrow and the gentle

Dove, Sacrifice's fit for Love, Rome sweet, and Mistle bring, Beauty's of the Blooming Spring, into

Sacred Garlands wine, to offer up to Venus mine:

That the pleasure

they poise, that the pleasure they poise, may still increase, may still increase and still be fresh,

and by a more, by a more exalted love, each happy hour to come improve, each hap-

py hour, each happy hour to come improve.

A a a a
A single SONG,

With him he brings the

Partner of his Throne, that Brighter Jewel, that Brighter Jewel then a Crown: in whom does

Triumphant commanding Grace, an All-gold noon, and

unmatched Face: There Beauty in whole As-til-lovy tryes, whilst he who e-ter,

c-er keeps the Field, gladly slumbers, is proud to yield, and fill the

Captive of her Conqu'ring Bye.
WHat ho! what ho! thou Genius of this isle, what ho! what ho!


laz\-

y Limbo, awake, awake, awake, and Winter from thy Furry Mantle

flake; awake, a-wake, and Winter from thy Furry Mantle flake.

made me rise unwillingly and low, from Beds of e-vern-lift-ing

B b b b
Snow, so fit not how still, how still and
I can scarcely move, or draw my breath, can scarcely move or
wondrous cold, far, far unfit to bear the bitter cold;

draw my breath; let me, let me, let me freeze again, to death
let me freeze again to death, let me, let me, let me freeze again to death.

Cupid.

How daring, fool forbear, forbear what dost thou mean by freezing here? At Love's appea-

raring, all the sky clearing, the stormy winds their fury spare; Winter lab-
dying, and spring renewing, my beams create a more glorious spring. End with full strain.

Great Love I know thee now, Eddick of the Gods art thou;

Heaven and Earth by thee were made, Heaven and Earth by thee were

made, Humane Nature is thy creature, Humane Nature is thy
A SONG with Instructments out of the same Piece.

Creature, ev'ry where, ev'ry where, ev'ry where thou art, thou art obey'd, ev'ry where, ev'ry where, ev'ry where thou art, thou art obey'd, ev'ry where thou art, obey'd.
A single SONG.

Either this way, either, this way, this way

Bend; truth nor, truth nor, truth nor the malicious Fiend; truth nor the malicious.

Let war—devote this day to peace, let war—

Fiend; either this way, either this way, this way bend, this way, either this way, this way bend.

FINIS.