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


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.


Orpheus Britannicus. | A | COLLECTION | of | 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 [sic], or Theorbo-Lute. | The Second BOOK, which renders the First Compleat. | The Second Edition with Additions.


1 partitura in 2 voll. ([4], 289, 189-190 p.; [4], ii, 204 p.); ill.; 32 x 21 cm.
RISM P 5981
ORPHEUS BRITANNICUS.

A COLLECTION OF 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 DESIGNED FOR ANY OF THEM:

AND

A THROUGH-BASS TO EACH SONG, FIGUR'D FOR THE ORGAN, HARPSICORD, OR THEORBO-LUTE.

THE SECOND BOOK, WHICH renders the First Compleat.

The Second Edition with Additions.

LONDON:

To the Right Honourable
Charles, Lord Hallifax,
Auditor of His Majesties Exchequer, &c.

MY LORD,

Shou'd be unjust to the Memory of the admired Purcell, and set too Small a Value on His Works, shou'd I put them under any Patronage but Your own. For Your Lordship has a Double Title to these Papers, both as you are the best Judge, as well as the Greatest Encourager of Poetry and Music. 'Tis but fit this Great Master of the Age, that has stood the Test of Your Judgment, should Claim Your Protection: Since no Greater Character can be given of any Composition, than that it has pleas'd to Exquisite a Taste as Your Lordship's.

But I am not so vain, as to attempt a Panegyric on Your Lordship, nor to Expatriate on the several Excellencies of this Celebrated Author: These are Subjects for the Sublimest Pens, and are already transmitte'd to Posterity.

But my design here, is to pay my Gratitude to Your Lordship, for the many Favours I have receiv'd; In a Present whose own Worth, is its Apology, and whose Native Graces will render it Acceptable. And to add, if possible to the Fame of Purcell, and Endear Him more to the World: Which can be only done, by prefixing the Name of Mountague to His Works.

My Lord,

I am Your Lordship's most Humble and Obliged Servant

HENRY PLAYFORD.
A Table of the SONGS Contain'd in this BOOK.

Note: That such SONGS are thus marked ' are the new Addition.

A

H! cruel Nymph, April who till now has round'd,
As storm and Tempests go, Ah! how few are we now,
A Prince of glorious Race defend'd, and Lo! a Sacred fire burn'd in thee breast.

B

Britain now the Caves beguil'd,
Beneath a stately Shadow lay me,
But! how much are our Delights,
Egyptian Honour to a Race divine,
C

Crown the Star and Crown the day,
Crown the other with the Crowning joy,
Come all ye Soners of the Skies,
Come all to me, Come let us agree,

D

For the' the Sun has all the Summer Glory,
Fair Iris and her Swain,
Genius of England,

H

Hark! how all Things in One Sound Resonate,
Hark! the Echoing in a Triumph Song,
Hark! how the Sallows of the Grove,
Hear with your Visionary Dots,
Alas, what is Britain,

I

Look! fair Cellia,
Joy Cellia,
Julia, Julia, your joints dispart,
If you goodness make you power Enquire,
In the Aerotonous Flat,

K

Let the Pipe and the Clarion,
Let their little Pipes engrave,
Let us Danc, let us Sing,
Let all Mankind the Peaceful store.

L

Merry God of Wit, lodge the fac'd Nine,
My Poesy are heard,
Musick for a while, fill all our cares beguil'd,
Many, many Days may she be,
May her Staff Example stand,

N

Nest Winter comes slowly, Pale Heaney and Old.

The end of the Table.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Compleat Musick Maker: Being Plain, Exact, and Familiar Rules for Singing, and Playing on the most useful Instruments now in Vogue. For the most curious Vocal and Flute Stilts. Comprising a great Variety of Subjects in different Moods and Stiles, and fitted to each Instrument, with Songs for two Voices. To which is added, a Scale of the Seven Keys of Musick, shewing how to Transpose any Tune from one Key to another, in which Book, the Learner is fain to meet with the best Instructions for each Instrument. Price Sixpence.
To Mr. Henry Playford, on his Publishing the Second Part of Orpheus Britannicus.

N
ext to the Man who so divinely sung,
Our Praise, kind Playford, do you belong,
For what you gave us of the Bard's before,
Vast Thanks were due, and now you merit more.
Thou, that's living had our erstwhile Pride,
And dead, almost does Adoration raise,
Yet he, or he, had scarce pretend'd a Name,
Did not your Facts perpetuate his Fame,
And show'd the coming Age as in a Glass,
What all the present Britain's Orphans,
Go on my Friend, nor spare no Pains nor Cost,
Nor let the least Moment of his be lost,
Whose meagre Labours your Collected show,
Excels our very best Performance now.

Duly each Day, our young Composers rise us,
With most inspired Songs, and first Sonatas' Weel were it, if the World would lay Embargo On such, a litter, and such fine Largo's, And would Enact it, There is no reason why: To Teize Corollis, or Barlethlue Baffin's Nor with Division, and unequal Graces, eclipse good Sense, as worthy Wits de Favre. Then howf Craft might Copper cut in vain, And half our Sowen Wits Starve again.

Thus while they print their Pick'd Lampsongs, to Do you the World some piece of Playford's give, Such as the most Critick must Command! For none can the Critick say which man can Mend, By this, my Friend, you'll get immortal Fame, When with your Hand we read Playford's Name.

H.H.
Organist of Hereford.

ORPHEUS
An Epithalamium

Olive Happy, thrice happy, thrice happy, happy, happy

Lover, may you be for ever, ever, ever, ever free; may you be for ever, ever,

ever, ever free, from the tormenting Devil Jealousy

from all the anxious cares and sires that attend a Married Life. Thrice happy, thrice happy,

thrice happy, happy, happy, happy, happy, Lover, may you be, for

and since the errors, since the errors of the Night are past, may be be ever,

may be be ever, may be be ever, ever constant, she be

ever, she be ever, ever, ever Chaste; may be be ever, ever

Constant, she be ever, she be ever, ever Chaste.
(Ah! cruel Nymph.) A single SONG.

Ah! cruel, cruel, ah! cruel Nymph, ah! ah! cruel Nymph yo

Ah! cruel Nymph, ah! cruel Nymph, fill, fill, fill with Silvia you reproach me;

Ah! cruel Nymph, ah! cruel Nymph, fill, fill, fill with Silvia you reproach me, fill, fill, fill with the deceiving Fair.

Ah! cruel, cruel, ah! cruel Nymph, ah! cruel Nymph you reproach me.

Ah! cruel Nymph, ah! cruel Nymph you reproach me, fill, fill, fill with Silvia you reproach me.

Ah! cruel Nymph, ah! cruel Nymph you reproach me, fill, fill, fill with Silvia you reproach me.

Ah! cruel Nymph, ah! cruel Nymph, fill, fill, fill with Silvia you reproach me.

Ah! cruel Nymph, ah! cruel Nymph you reproach me, fill, fill, fill with Silvia you reproach me.

Ah! cruel Nymph, ah! cruel Nymph you reproach me, fill, fill, fill with Silvia you reproach me.

Ah! cruel Nymph, ah! cruel Nymph you reproach me, fill, fill, fill with Silvia you reproach me.
(Crown the Altar, Deck the Shrine. A single SONG.

Rown the Altar, Deck the Shrine, Crown the Altar,

Deck the Shrine, Deck the Shrine;

Behold, behold the Bright Seraphick throng, prepare our Harmony to join, our Sacred Chorus attend and long.

Crown the Altar, Deck the Shrine, Crown the Altar

Deck the Shrine, Deck the Shrine.
A SONG in the 2d. Act of the Fairy-Queen.

Came all, came all, all, all, came all ye SONGers of the

Sky, Wake and assemble, Wake and assemble in this Wood;

A SONG for Three Voices, in the Fairy Queen.

Ay, the God of Wit inspire the Sacred Nine, to bear a

May the God of Wit inspire the Sacred Nine, to bear a

in this Wood; But no ill boding Bird be nigh, no

Part, and the Blessed Heavenly Quire, shew the utmost of their Art;

Part, and the Blessed Heavenly Quire, shew the utmost of their Art;

Part, and the Blessed Heavenly Quire, shew the utmost of their Art;
A SONG in the 5th Act of the Fairy Queen.

Thus, thus, thus, the Gloo---my

world, at first begun to shine;
Gloomy World at first began to shine;
And from a Power Divine, and from a Power Divine, a glory
round, a glory round about it shrud;
which made it bright, which made it bright, and gave it

Then, then were all minds as pure,
In Innocence's care, in Innocence's care, not subject to Extremes; there was no place then, no place then for empty Fame, no cause for Pride, no cause for Pride, Ambition wanted Aim. Thus, thus, &c. (as before.)
SOLO.  A single SONG.

YEs Daphne, ye Daphne, in your
Face I find those Charmes by which my Heart's betray'd, then let not your disdain unbind the Fruiter, the Fruiter that your Eyes have made: She that in Love makes least defence, woun-
d as ever with the fis-red Dart, Beauty may Cap-

itizes the Senti, but Kindness, but Kin-
et's only gains the Heart, Heart.

'Tis mildness, Daphne, must maintain,
the Empire that you once have won;
When Beauty does like Tyrants reign,
Their Subjects from their Duty run:
Then force me not to be unmune,
Lest I compelled by generous fame,
Call off my Loyalty to you,
To gain a glorious Rebekh's name.
SOLO.

A single SONG.

[Music notation]
A SONG for Two Voices, in the Fairy Queen.

Let the Fife and the Clarion, and thrill Trumpets sound; let the Fife and the

Clarion, and thrill Trumpets sound, sound, sound, sound, sound:

And the Arch of high Heaven, the

Heaven the Clangor refund.

The Four SEASONS in the Fairy-Queen.
Here's the Summer Sprightly Gay,
Smiling Wanton Fresh and Fair,
adorn'd with
all the Flowers of May, whose various Sweets Perfume the Air; adorned with all the

Flowers of May, whose various Sweets Perfume the Air.

Autumn yields, all the Fruit that Autumn yields, I offer to the God of Day;

Trees my will obey;—bey. All the Fruit that

See, see my many colour'd Fields, see, see my many colour'd Fields, and Loaded

all the Fruit that Autumn yields, I offer to the God of Day;

All the Fruit that Autumn yields, I offer to the God of Day;

Winter:

Frosts, and with Snow cover'd over, benumb'd with hard Frosts, and with Snow cover'd over; prays she
SOLO in the late Queen's Birth-day.

...
A single SONG.

HE Fa-stal Hour, the Fa-stal Hour comes on, comes

on a pace, which I had rather dis-tance then see; for when

Fate calls you from this place, you go to cer-tain Mi-bery, you go to

cer-tain, cer-tain Mi-bery. The thought does fiish me to the Heart,

and gives me pangs no word can speak, it Wrecks me,

it Wrecks me in each Vi-tal part; sure, sure when you go, sure when you go, my

Heart will break; sure, sure my Heart will break; since I for you so much, for you to

much endure, may I not, may I not hope you will, you will believe;

'tis you a-lone, 'tis you a-lone these Wounds, these Wounds, these Wounds can Cure, which

are the Fountains of my Grief; 'tis you alone, you a-lone, you a-lone these

Wounds can cure, which are the Fountains, are the Fountains of my Grief.
A SONG for Two Voices, in the Late Queen Elizabeth's Birthday.

Blest the Day, Blest the Day, the Day that Blest our Isle, Blest, Blest,
Blest the Day, Blest the Day, Blest the Day, that Blest our Isle, Blest, Blest,

Blest the Day, Blest the Day, that Blest our Isle.

An ELOGY upon the Death of Mr. Thomas Farmer, B. M.

Oung Thir - st, Fare ye Hills and Gro - ves deplore, Thir - st,

Thir - st the Pride of all the Plains, the Joy of Nymphs, and En - vy, and En - vy of the Swains, the gentle Thir - st is no more, the gen - tle Thir - st is no
more, no more, O! no more, the gentle Thrus-fa is no more.

What, what makes the Spring retire, what, what, what makes the Spring retire, and Groves their Songs decline? What, what, what makes the Spring retire, and Groves their Songs decline? What, what! Nature for her lov'd Thrus-fa seems to pine, for her lov'd Thrus-fa seems to pine, whole art-ful Strains, and tuneful Lyre, made the Spring bloom, and did the Groves inspire. What, what can the drooping Sons of Art, from this fad hour impart, to charm the Cares of Life, and ca---le the Lover's finest, and be the Lover's finest? While thus, thus in dif-mal Notes we mourn, and While thus, thus in dif-mal Notes we mourn—
A Trumpet Song, Sung by Mr. Bowen, in the (Libertine destroy'd.)
Arms, to Arms, to Arms He ro-

ick

Power-ful Charms; let Glo-
sy, let Glo-

Prince, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms;

Glo-
sy, like Love, has pow-

ry now thy Soul ingrofs, and recompence its Ri-

valls loss; bid Trumpets found, bid Trumpets found, fou-

Charms, Glo-
sy, like Love, has
and join your tender Voices here, appear, appear, appear, appear, appear, prepare, prepare, prepare, and
joy your tender Voices here.

Catch, catch a repeat, repeat, repeat, repeat, the trembling sounds a-new, repeat the trembling sounds a-new:

Soft, Soft,
A SONG for Two Voices.

Hath can we, what can we poor F-e-males do, when

What can we, can we poor Fa-males do, when

Pressing, Teasing, Pressing, Teasing Lovers sue? What can we, what can

Pressing, Teasing, Pressing, Teasing Lovers sue? What can we, what can

we poor, poor Females do? Fate affords no other way, but De-

we poor, poor Females do? Fate affords no other way, but De-

nying, or Complying, but De-nying, or Complying;

nying, or Complying, but De-nying, or Complying;

And Re-fusing, or Confessing, and Re-fusing, or confessing, does a-lik-

and Re-fusing, or Confessing, or Confessing does a-lik-

End with the first strain.

A Mad SONG.

Beneath a Poplar’s shadow lay me, no ra-
ging Fires will there dif-

may me, near some silver Current lying, near some silver Current lying; Oh! Oh! under

flee py Poppies dying;

I fiole — and am biggest, I free-

I and am biggest than Typhon e’er was, with a strong band of Bra
d me, oh!
bind me about! Left my Bosom friend, for the sect to pass, and the Fury get out.

I cannot, I will not, I cannot, I will not be vexed any longer, while I remain.

I grow weak, while I rush, while I rush, while I rush.

I grow weak, and the Goddess grows stronger.

A Verse out of the late Queen's Birthday SONG.

My Prayers over heard, Heav'n has at last bellow'd the mighty, mighty

Blessing which it long has owed; at length the Bount'ous Gods have furnish'd down, a Brightness second
A single SONG in the Indian Queen.

VV

AKE, wake,

Wake, our soft

Wake, wake, our soft

Wake, wake, our soft

Wake, Wake, Wake, our soft

Wake, Wake, Wake, our soft

Wake, Wake, Wake, our soft

Wake, Wake, Wake, our soft

Wake, Wake, Wake, our soft

Wake, Wake, Wake, our soft

Wake, Wake, Wake, our soft

Wake, Wake, Wake, our soft

Wake, Wake, Wake, our soft

Wake, Wake, Wake, our soft
A SONG in the Indian Queen, Sung by Mr. Bowen.

Vv

Hy, why,

why, thou'd men quarrel, why, why thou'd men quarrel here, where all, all, all, where

to exceed, as to exceed—Man's ur tho' not his Mind, why,

all—post-fide as much as they can hope for by fic—cells,

why, why thou'd Men quarrel, why, why thou'd Men quarrel here, where all, all,
A SONG in the Indian Queen, Sung by Mr. Freeman.

Corel Envy, here's nothing, here's nothing that thou canst not blast, Her

glories, her glories are too bright, to be o'er-cast, her glories are too bright, to be o'er-cast.
A SONG in the Indian Queen. Sung by Mr. Freeman.

[Music notation]

Heir looks are such that Mercy flows,
from thence, more gentle, gentle then our Native innocence:

By their protection let us, let us beg to live, they come not here to conquer but forgive;
here to conquer but forgive, by their protection let us, let us,

let us beg to live, they come not here to conquer but forgive, they come not here to conquer but forgive.

A SONG in the Indian Queen. Sung by Mrs. Gross.

[Music notation]

Hey tell us that you mighty powers above, make Perfect your Joys and your Blessings by Love; Ah! Why do you suffer, ah! why do you suffer the Blessing that's there, to give a poor Lover such sad torments here, yet tho' for my passion such grief I endure, my Love shall like yours, still be constant and pure.

To suffer for him, gives an ease to my Pains, There's joy in my Grief, and there's freedom in Chains. If I were Divine, he could love me no more, And I in return, my Adorer adore; Oh! Let his dear life then (and God) be your care, For I in your Blessings have no other care.
A Song in the Indian Queen, Sung by Mr. Freeman, and Mr. Church.

Ah! how happy are we, are we, are we, ah!

Ah! how happy are we, from human passions, from human passions.

Ah! how happy are we, those willing.

Yet we pity, we pity, tender souls whom the tyrant we:

Tenants of the breast, no never, never, no never.

Never, no never, never, never. Can disturb our rest.

Ah! how happy are we, are we, are we, ah! ah! how happy are we:

Ah! how happy are we, are we, are we, ah! ah! how happy are we:

Yet we pity, we pity, tender souls whom the tyrant we:
A single SONG, the Words by Mr. Congreve.

I—eas Ge-le-a goes to Pray's, if I but ask, if I but
ask the Favour, and yet the ten—der, ten—der Fool's in
Tears, when she believes, when
she believes I'll leave her: Would I were, would I were free from this restraint, or
else had hopes, or else had ho—"ps to win her, would she could, would she could
make of me a Saint, or I of her, or I of her a Sinner, would I could
would I could, oh! would I could make of her a Sinner.
A SONG by Phoebus in the Fairy-Queen, which shou'd have been put before the Four Seasons of the Year, in Page 21.

Nature imprison'd feels

in vain to be free.

Durst forth my beams to give all things a breath, making spring for the plants, ev'ry

Flower and each tree. 'Tis I who give life—warmth and vigour to

all, ev'n Love who rules all things in Earth, Air, and Sea, would languish and fade and to

nothing, nothing would fall, the world to its Chaos would re-turn, but for me.
The following Fine Verses, are taken out of one of the Duke of Gloucester's Birth-Day SONGS.

Ho,

Who can from Joy—refrain?

Who, who can from Joy——refrain, this

Gay,—this pleas—

—ing, shining wondrous Day?

Who, who can from Joy—refrain, this G—y, this

The Second SONG for Two Voices.

Or tho' the Sun has all, has all his Summers Glo—

For tho' the Sun has all, has all his Summers Glo—

—ries on, has all, all, all, all, all his Summers Glories on:

—ries on, has all, all, all, all, all his Summers Glories on:
This day has brighter, brighter splendors, this day has brighter, brighter splendors, has brighter, brighter splendors, has brighter, brighter splendors, has brighter, brighter splendors.

A Prince, a Prince of Glorious Race descended, at his happy, happy Birth, at his happy, happy Birth attended; A Prince, a Prince of Glorious race descended, at his happy, happy Birth, at his happy, happy Birth attended; with Royally Smiling Hours, with Royally Smiling Hours to show, he will Golden Days be.
The Fourth SONG with VIOLINS.

Thrusting, thrusting, thrusting Sword, whole thrusting, thrusting,
thrusting, thrusting Sword, has thousands, thousands, has thousands, thousands, thousands,
thousands Slain, has thousands, thousands, has thousands, thousands Slain, and made him, and

*Note: The top left frame appears to be a musical notation page, while the right page contains the lyrics and music notation.*
made him o'er half, o'er half Europe Reign. And made him, and made him o'er

half Europe Reign. The Father Brave, the Father Brave as e'er was

Trumpet Sound, And beat the War-like Drums, and

beat the War-like Drums. The Prince will be with Lawrels Crown'd, the Prince will
be with Laurcils Crowned, before his Manhood comes;

is and gay; His hands like shaking Lilies play;

Ah! Ah! how pleas'd he is and Gay, Ah! Ah! how his hands like shaking

pleas'd he is and Gay, when the Trumpet strikes his Ear, when the

Lilies play, and catch, and catch, and catch, and catch at ev'ry Sphere, and catch

Trumpet strikes his Ear! Ah! Ah! how pleas'd he is
MUSICK in Timon of Athens.
The First SONG, with Flutes.

Anthem to the God of Love. Hark! hark!

Anthem to the God of Love. Hark! hark!
hark! hark! hark how each Am---rous winged pair, with Love's great Prais---es fill the Air;  
On ev----ry side the Charming sound does from the hollow Woods, does from the hollow Woods, the

Charming sound does from the hollow Woods, does from the hollow

with Love's great Prais---es fill the Air.  On ev----ry side the Charming sound does from the hollow Woods, does from the hollow Woods, the
Only Human kind, for on-ly Human kind, For on-ly Human kind, love

Oh-ly Human kind, for on-ly Human kind, For on-ly Human kind, love

kind, for only Human kind, for only Human kind, Love, love, love

all the year, all, all, all, all, all, all the year; For only

all the year, all, all, all, all, all, all the year; For only, only

all the year, all, all, all, all, all, all the year; For only,

ah! but ah! how much are our delights more dear, more, more dear; For

ah! but ah! how much are our delights more dear, more, more dear; For

ah! but ah! how much are our delights more dear, more, more dear; For

Human kind, love all the year.

Human kind, love all the year.

Human kind, love all the year.
Hautboys.

Hence, hence,

hence with your trifling Deity, a greater, greater we adore,

from that blind Child's Pow'r: Love makes you languish and look pale, and shriek and
A single SONG with a SIMPHONY.

Sigh, sigh, sigh and whine, but over us no griefs prevail.

Sigh, sigh, sigh and whine, but over us no griefs prevail.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. 

Come all, come all, come all, come all to me,

Make halt, make halt, make halt, make halt, make halt. Make halt, make halt, make halt the sweets of mutual passions taste. Come all, come all, come.

griefs prevail, while we have lu–fly Wine, while we have lu–fly Wine.

all to me, come all, come all to me and wear my Chains.
the joys of Love, the joys of Love without its pains, the joys of

Love, the joys of Love without its pains.

A SONG. with Instruments.

Return, return, revolving Rebels; return, where d'ye go, where d'ye go, where d'ye go, d'ye know what Phantasm tis miliads you so, to grieve and to care, to grieve and to
A Two part SONG between Cupid and Bacchus.

Come let us agree, come let us agree, come let us agree; come, come, come, come, come.

Come let us agree, come let us agree, come let us agree; come, come, come, come, come.


let us agree; There are pleasures di-vine, there are pleasures di-vine,

let us agree; There are pleasures di-vine, in

in Love and in Wine, in Love and in Wine, there are pleasures di-

Wine and in Love, in Wine and in Love, there are pleasures di-
A Symphony for Flutes to the following SONG.

First Flute.

Second Flute.

clip their wings, or chase 'em home, clip their wings, or chase 'em home, clip, clip, their wings.
A VERSE for Two Voices in the Yorkshire-Feast-Song.

Rigantium Honour'd with a Race divine, gave Birth to the Victorious Race divine, Rigantium Honour'd with a Race divine.
He Bathful Thames for Beauty so renown'd, in half ran,
poor, and poor Augusia was asham'd to own: Augusia then did droop,
by her pu'ny Town, and poor, and poor Augusia was a sham'd to own. The

Bathful Thames, for Beauty so renown'd, in half ran by her pu'ny Town, and
now she tears her Tow'ring Front so high; tho' now she tears her Tow'ring Front so high, she
AVERSE with Violins in the Yorkshire-Feast-Song.
for dearly bought: By the Bolds—Worthies of the Shire, still of that Shire, still best by Sword and Shield, defended were, were.

best by Sword and Shield, defended were, by the Bold—Worthies
VERSE with Violins in the Yorkshire-Feast-Song.

S

O when the glittering Queen of Night, with black Eclipse is shadow'd, is

shadow'd o'er, o'er. The Globe that swells with Sullen

Pride, her Dazzling Beams to hide, does but a

FI
A single SONG.

Hon my Ac-nu-la Smile, she wounds me with a smooth Shaft that I embrace; when she speaks, when she speaks, yet more con

found me, her Words does flee, with such a

Grace: From that soft Voice what can defend me? Such lively

Sence does from it flow, all others Wic does now of—find me, since by kind,

since by kind Whispers, hers I know.
A SONG for Two Voices.

God, and drive out one God by the Pow'r, by the Pow'r of another.

When Fery in thy Looks I see,
I frailly quit my Friends for thee;
Fertile Love so charms me then,
My Freedom I'de not with again.
But when thou art cruel, and heed not my Care;
Streight with a Bumper I bar' my Delight,
So bravely commen both the Boy and his Mother,
And drive out one God by the Pow'r of another.

A SONG with Hautboys, on St. Cecilia's day 1692.

was with sparkling Champaign, so bravely commen both the Boy and his Mother, and drive out the 
way with sparkling Champaign, so bravely commen both the Boy and his Mother,
Yeald; must be forc'd, must be forc'd, must be forc'd to yeald, must be forc'd, must be forc'd to

chant, to thee, the wath-

yeald, must be forc'd, must be forc'd, must be forc'd to yeald:

Last, tho' wuld to Conquest must be forc'd, must be forc'd, must be forc'd to

With thee un-a-ble, with thee un-a-ble, with thee un-a-
A SONG in Donquixote, Sung by Mr. Freeman and Mrs. Cibber.

Trimmer.

Endus of England from thy pleasant Bow'r of Bliss

Wings, Guard, guard from Font the British State, thou on whose

Smile does wait, the uncertain happy Fate, of Monarchies and Kings.
Mrs. Cibber.

Then follow brave Boys,

follow, follow, follow brave Boys to the War—

then follow brave Boys to the Wars, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow brave Boys to the War—

follow, follow, follow, follow brave Boys to the War—

—s, the Laurel you know's the prize, the Laurel you know's the prize:

Who brings home the noblest, the noblest—

the no—blestScar, looks like—
Peace, remember a Soldier in War, in War and in Peace, is the

blist of all other

let Glory, let Glory, let Glory in-

re your Hearts,

Remember a Soldier in

War and in Peace, re-

member a Soldier in War, in War and in Peace, is the
A single SONG in Edipus.

While, shall all your Cares beguile, shall all, all, all, all, all, all, your Cares beguile.
A single SONG.

N the Brow of Richmond Hill, which Europe scarce can parallel, every
Eye such Wonders fill, to view the Prospect round, where the Silver Thames does glide and

fantly Courts are E-duc'd, Meadows deck'd in Summer's Pride, with verdant Beauties
Crow'd: Lovely Cynthia pa--sing by, with brighter Glories blest my Eye, Athens

 vain, in vain, fled I, the Fields and Flow'res do shine, Nature in this Charming Place, exalted

Pleasure in Excess, but all are Poor to Cynthia's Face, whose Features are Divine.

A SONG with a Trumpet in Diosclon.

Ou--nd Fame thy Brazen Trumpet sound,

Trumpet sound: Stand, stand in the Centre, stand in the

Centre of the Universe, and call, and call the lightning
A DIALOGUE between Thiris, and Daphne.

Why my Daphne, why complaining, and my Sighs and Tears disdaining?
Oh! how quick my Heart is beating! Oh! how quick, how quick, my heart is beating, ev'ry Full the joy repeating, the joy repeating, the joy repeating, please'd to find my Swain to true, please'd to find my Swain to true: Thir'-fa is my only Treasure, Thir'-fa is my only Treasure, Oh! I Love, Oh! I Love be-

Life, my All, la thing, my All, All, my All is thine.
CHORUS.

Oh! how quick my heart is beating! Oh! how quick, how quick my heart is beating! Oh! how quick my heart is beating!

Heart is beating, every pulse the joy repeating, the joy repeating, the joy, the joy repeating, pleasd to find my swain so true, pleasd to find my nymph so true: This is my only treasure, This is my only treasure, my only, only.

AND WOULD QUIT THE WORLD FOR YOU.

A VERSE OUT OF THE LATE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY SONG.

And would quit the world for you.

Oh! I love, Oh! I love, beyond all measure,

A

And would quit the world for you.

Oh! I love, Oh! I love, I love, beyond all measure,

And would quit the world for you.

Oh! I love, Oh! I love, beyond all measure,

AND WOULD QUIT THE WORLD FOR YOU.

And would quit the world for you.

Oh! I love, Oh! I love, beyond all measure,

AND WOULD QUIT THE WORLD FOR YOU.

And would quit the world for you.
Thus the sung: To lofty strains, to lofty strains her

Tuneful Lyre the Sung; and thus, thus, thus the Goddess Play'd,

And thus the Sung; to lofty strains her tuneful Lyre the

Strung; and thus, thus, thus the Goddess Play'd, and

Thus the Sung.
Many, many, many such Days may the behold.

May Time that tears, May Time that tears,

where he lays hold, On-ly Sal-u-te her, on-ly Sal-u-te her,

on-ly Sal-u-te her in his way, May Time that tears.

like the gla-

d Sun without de-cay.
may Time that tear—s, where he lays hold,

On—ly Sa—lute her, on—ly Sa—lute her, only Sa—lute her in his way, Sa—lute her in his way.

N—der—neath this Myrtle Shade, on Flow—ry Beds Su—pinely laid; with Od’rous Oyls my Head overflowing, and a—round it Roses

What should I do but drink a—way, what should I do but drink a—way, the Heat and Trou—bles of the day, the Heat and trou—bles of the day, the Heat and trou—bles of the day.
Trouble of the day? In this more than Kingly State, Love himself shall on me wait,

Fill to me, Love, nay fill it up, and mingled, cast into the

Why do we precious Ointments show? Nobler Wines why do we pour?

Wheel of Life no less will stay, in a smooth than rugged Way, since it

Nothing they but Dust can show, or Bones that hasten to be so.
CHORUS.
Crown me with Roses whilst I live, now, now your Wine and Ointments give.

After Death I nothing crave, I nothing crave, let me alive my Pleasure have,

Jullis, Jullis, your unjust disdain, moves, moves me, to comment;

Jullis, Jullis, your unjust disdain, moves, moves me to comment;

All, all are Sticks, all, all are Sticks in the Grave; all, all are

Sticks, Sticks in the Grave.
A single SONG.

H! Fair Celaerv, Oh!

Fair Celaerv, hide those Eyes, that Hearts Enough have won, for whose-fo-ever sees them die---s, oh!

Eyes, for whose-fo-ever sees them die---s, and cannot, and cannot, cannot

such Beauty and Châ---

rain from:

Such Beauty and Châ---

rains are seen unted in your face?

pp
Such beauty and charms are seen united in your face, the proudest, the proudest can't but own you, can't but own you, Queen of Beauty, Wit and Grace. Such beauty and charms are seen united in your face, the proudest, the proudest can't but own you, can't but own you, Queen of Beauty, Wit and Grace. Pity me, who am your slave, pity me, then pity me, who am your slave; and grant me, grant me a respite, unless I may your favour have, I can't, I can't one moment live, I can't, I can't unless I may your favour have, I can't, I can't one moment live.
A single S O N G.

Lorn' fair Ce-les, I Lorn' fair Ce-les, many, many years before the show'd her Art,

A S O N G on the late Queen.

Ay her Blest ex-ample, chafe Vice in troops out of the Land,

Beauty first, her Humor next, by turns, her

Engag'd my Heart, And when to these, when to these the Friendship joy'd, her

Peregrine from her awful Face, like trembling Ghosts when day's at hand: May her

Ho-jo bring us Peace, won with Honour in the Field: And our home-bred

Factions cease, He strik our Sword, and She our Shield.
A single SONG.

ET us Dance, let us Sing, let us fi-

ng, whilst our Life's in the Spring, and give all, and give all, all, all, all,

all to the great God of Love: Let us Love. Let us Re-vel, let us

re-vel and play, let us, let us re-vel and play, and re-joy.

ce whilst we may: Since old Time, since old Time their de-


A DIALOGUE between Thyris and Iris.

Air E-iris and her Swain, were in a shady Bowl, where Thyris long in

day had sought the happy hour, at length his hand advancing upon her Snowy Breast, he

said, O kiss me longer, and lon-ger yet, and lon-ger if you will

make me blest. An eas-ily yielding Maid, by triumph is undone, our Sex is oft betray'd by

grant-ing Love too soon, if you desire to gain me, your faintings to redress, pre-

pure to Love me longer, and lon-ger yet and lon-ger, before you
Orpheus Britannicus.  

BOOK II.  

shall pos-set: The little care you shew, of all my sorrow past, makes Death appear too slow, and

Life too long to last; Fair J-s, kiss me kindly, in pl-y of my Fate, and kindly

[friz.]

fill, and kindly fill before it be too late. You fondly court your Bliss, and no advanc

make 'tis not for Maids to give, but 'tis for Men to take: So you may kiss me

kind-ly, and kindly fill and kindly, and I will not re-bell, but do not kiss and tell, no, no, no, no, no,

tell, but do not kiss and tell, no ne-ver kiss and tell. And may I kiss you.

Yes you may kiss me kindly, and kindly fill, and kindly fill, and kindly, and

kind-ly, and kindly fill, and kindly, and will you not re-bell?

I will not re-bell. Yes you may kiss me kindly fill, and kindly fill, and I will not re-

And may I kiss you kindly, and kindly fill, and kindly fill, and you will not re-

bell, but do not kiss and tell, but do not kiss and tell, no, no, no, no, no,

No, no, no, no, no; I'll never kiss and tell, no, no, I'll

never kiss and tell, no, no, never, never, never, never, no, never kiss and tell.
BOOK II.  Orpheus Britannicus.

A SONG on St. Cecilia's Day 1692.

Thus at the height we Love and live and fear not, fear not to be poor: We give, and we give, we give and we give, we give and we

give, till we can give no more: But what to day, will take a-way, to
give, till we can give no more: But what to day, will take a-way, to

morrow, to mor-row will re-flo-cer.
breaks, hark! hark! each Tree its silence breaks; the Box and 

hark! each Tree its silence breaks; the 

Box and Furr, to talk, to talk, to talk, to 

hark! this in the fright-
A SONG for Two VOICES.

Celia Eyes me, Celia Eyes me,
I approach her, but she
spy Celia, I spy Celia,
I approach her, I approach her, but she

Colder, colder, colder, then, then, then she's kinder; she's kinder, then, then, then she's

My words

Kinder, she's kinder, then, then, then she's kinder; Her Eyes Charm me;

moves her, and I love her; I love her, I love her, I

She esteems me, and I love her, I love her, I

Celder, colder, colder, then, then, then she's kinder; she's kinder, then, then, then she's

Celder, colder, colder, then, then, then she's kinder; she's kinder, then, then, then she's

kinder, the's kinder, then, then, then she's kinder; My words

kinder, she's kinder, then, then, then she's kinder; Her Eyes Charm me,

moves her, and I love her; I love her, I love her, I

She esteems me, and I love her, I love her, I

Celder, colder, colder, then, then, then she's kinder; she's kinder, then, then, then she's

Celder, colder, colder, then, then, then she's kinder; she's kinder, then, then, then she's

kinder, the's kinder, then, then, then she's kinder; My words

kinder, she's kinder, then, then, then she's kinder; Her Eyes Charm me,

moves her, and I love her; I love her, I love her, I

She esteems me, and I love her, I love her, I
Blushes, she would leave me, but I hold her, I hold her, I hold her.

I grow bolder, but I hold her, I hold her, I hold her.

She grows angry, grows angry, grows angry, grows angry, grows angry.

I appease her, I appease her, I appease her, I appease her, I am red.
A Drinking

SONG,

With a Chorus for Three Voices.

Is Wine was made to Rule the Day, 'tis Wine, 'tis Wine, 'tis Wine,
then, then, then, then I please her, then, then, then I please her,
then, then, then, then I please her, then, then, then I please her:

'tis Wine was made to Rule the Day, and not the Blazing Sun, 'tis Love that
then, then, then, then I please her, then, then, then I please her:

My words move her, and I love her, and I love her, Charm me,

'tis Wine was made to Rule the Day, and not the Blazing Sun, 'tis Love that
then, then, then, then I please her, then, then, then I please her:

I love her, I love her. In  &c.

I love her, I love her, In not Blesting &c.
CHORUS.


Rage be Im-mortal, let my Rage be Im-mortal, let my Rage be Im-mortal, let my Rage be Im-mortal, let my Rage be Im-mortal, let my Rage be Im-mortal, let my Rage be Im-mortal, let my Rage be Im-mortal, let my Rage be Im-mortal, let my Rage be Im-mortal, let my Rage be Im-mortal, let my Rage be Im-mortal, let my Rage be Im-mortal, let my Rage be Im-mortal, let my Rage be Im-mortal, let my Rage be Im-mortal, let my Rage be Im-mortal, let my Rage be Im-mortal, let my Rage be Im-mortal, let my Rage be Im-mortal, and let's still drink, drink French Wine, let my e-ver, and let's still drink, drink, and let's still drink, drink French Wine, let my e-ver, and let's still drink, drink, and let's still drink, drink French Wine, let my e-ver, and let's still drink, drink, and let's still drink, drink French Wine, let my e-ver, and let's still drink, drink, and let's still drink, drink French Wine, let my e-ver, and let's still drink, drink, and let's still drink, drink French Wine, let my e-ver, and let's still drink, drink, and let's still drink, drink French Wine, let my e-ver, and let's still drink, drink, and let's still drink, drink French Wine, let my e-ver, and let's still drink, drink, and let's still drink, drink French Wine.
Give me, give me, give me doubts, or give me, give me fears, give me, give me feasts,

Give me, give me, give me doubts, or give me, give me fears, give me, give me feasts,

A SONG for Two VOICES.

WE the Spirits of the Air, that of humane things take care, out of piety now de-

We the Spirits of the Air, that of humane things take care, out of piety now de-
A SONG for two Voices.

Rip, rip, rip, rip, rip, rip, rip, in a ring, a-round, a-round, a-round, a-round, a-round, this mortal Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, a-round.

Triple, tripl, tripl, tripl, tripl, tripl, in a ring, a-round, a-round, a-round, a-round, a-round, a-round, a-round, this mortal Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, a-round.

Sing, this mortal Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, a-round, a-round, a-round, a-round, a-round, this mortal Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, a-round.

Sing, this mortal Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, a-round, a-round, a-round, a-round, a-round, this mortal Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, Dance and Sing, a-round.

this, what flat'ring noise is this, what flat'ring noise, what flat'ring noise is this? this, what flat'ring noise is this, what flat'ring noise, what flat'ring noise is this? this, what flat'ring noise is this, what flat'ring noise, what flat'ring noise is this? this, what flat'ring noise is this, what flat'ring noise, what flat'ring noise is this?
A SONG for Two VOICES.

To Woden thanks we render, to Woden thanks we render, to Woden we have vow'd, to

To Woden thanks we render, to Woden thanks we render, to Woden we have

L et all Mankind the Pleasure have, and blest this happy, happy, happy day; let all Man-

Let all Mankind the Pleasure have, and blest this happy, happy, happy day; let all Man-

Woden thanks we render, thanks, thanks, to Woden our defender, thanks,

Woden thanks we render, thanks, thanks, thanks, to Woden our defender, thanks,

happy day, this happy, happy, happy, happy day,

happy day; this happy, happy, happy, happy day.
A SONG for Three VOICES.

Owl cries to whit to who, to whit to who, to whit to who, to whit to who, to whit to who, to whit to who.

When Crickets do sing, and Mice roam about, when midnight Bells ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring to call the Devout; When the

Cock begins to Crow, when the Cock begins to Crow, Cock-a-doodle-do,

who; When Crickets do sing, and Mice roam about, when midnight Bells ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring to call the Devout; When the

when the Cock begins, be-gins to Crow, Cock-a-doodle-do,

who; When Crickets do sing, and Mice roam about, when midnight Bells ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring to call the Devout; When the

Cock begins to Crow, when the Cock begins to Crow, Cockadoodle-

ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring to call the Devout; When the

Crow, when the Cock begins, be-gins to Crow, Cockadoodle-

Embers leave to glow, and the

ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring to call the Devout; When the

Cockadoodle-do, when the Embers leave to glow, and the

Embers leave to glow, and the

ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring to call the Devout; When the

Cockadoodle-do; when the Embers leave to glow, and the

ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring to call the Devout; When the

ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring to call the Devout; When the
Laz'ye stretching, and thinks 'tis no harm, their zeal is so cold, and their

Now, all things in dis-or-der seen, all, all, all things in dis-or-der seen.

Beds are so warm, when the long laz'ye that has not made the Parlour clean, no

Then we Tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit.

Water on the Hearth is put, but still all, all, all things in dis-or-der

tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, tripit, round the Room, and make like Beb's a drowsy.
A SONG for Three VOICES.

They shall be as happy, happy, as they're fair, love, love shall fill all, all, all the places of care, and ev'ry time the Sun shall display his rising light, it shall be to them a new Wedding day, and when he ses, and when he

Pinch her, Pinch her black and blow.

Pinch her, Pinch her black and blow.

Pinch her, Pinch her black and blow.
If to your Goodness may your pow'r

If to your Goodness may your pow'r

Your pow'r express, if to your Goodness may your pow'r

and we shall judge both beft, and we shall judge, and we shall judge both beft, both beft, by

and we shall judge both beft, and we shall judge both beft, and we shall judge both, both beft.

If to your Goodness may your pow'r

If to your Goodness may your pow'r

A SONG for two Voices.
A SONG for Montezma an Inchanter, and Melisfa and Urganda Inchantresses. Sung in the First Part of Don Quixot.

I, I from the Clouds can Conjure down the Rain, I from the Clouds can Conjure

down the Rain, can Con----jure down the Rain, and make it

De----luge, and make it De----luge once, once again.

I, when I please, I, when I please make Nature smile, smile,

smile, as gay, as gay, as at

angry Sea, & make the roa---Ing waves o---bay.

fist she did on, as at fist she did on her Conv---ition day.
CHORUS.

I can give Beauty, make the aged young, and Love's dear momentary rapture long,
Nature re-bore, and Life, and Life when spent

Why then, why then will Mortals dare,

Art all can doe, all, all can doe;

Why then, why then will Mortals dare,

dare, to urge, a Fate, to urge a Fate, why then, why then will Mortals dare, to urge a

Fate, to urge, a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate: why then, why then will Mortals dare,

to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate: why then, why then will Mortals dare,

dare, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, and Justice fo se-vere,

Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, and Justice fo se-vere.

to urge a Fate, and Justice fo se-vere.

dare, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, and Justice fo se-vere.
See, see there a wretch in his own opinion Wise, Laughs at our Charms, Laughs at our Charms, and mocks, and mocks our Mysteries.

I've a little Spirit yonder, where the Clouds do part and mark, Eyes basking his Limbs, in the warm Sun beams, shall his Soul from his Body plunder, speak, speak, shall it be so? shall it be so?

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

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

Let it be so, let it be so, I'll give him, give him one more low.

shall it be, shall it be, shall it be so? shall it be, shall it be, shall it be so?

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

Let it be so, let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be.

E e e
Orpheus Britannicus.  

BOOK II.  

CHORUS. Violin's the fame.

Appear, appear, appear ye fat Fiends that in Limbo do groan, that were when in Flesh, the same Souls as his own; you that always, you that always in Lucifer's Kitchen rode, 'mongst Sea-cole and Kettles, and Grease newly tri'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd each.

day with a Garbage of Souls, boyl'd Rethres of Fools for a Breakfast on Coals, this Mortal from hence to convey, to convey try your skill, thus Fate's, thus Fate's, and our

Magical order fulfill, thus Fate's, thus Fate's, and our Magical order fulfill.
That pumper'd, that pumper'd, each day, with a Garble of Souls, broil Roasters of Fools for a

That pumper'd, that pumper'd, each day, with a Garble of Souls, broil Roasters of Fools for a

That pumper'd, that pumper'd, each day, with a Garble of Souls, broil Roasters of Fools for a

That pumper'd, that pumper'd, each day, with a Garble of Souls, broil Roasters of Fools for a

Breakfast on Coals, this Mortal from hence to convoy, to convey flew your skill, thus

Breakfast on Coals, this Mortal from hence to convoy, to convey flew your skill, thus

Breakfast on Coals, this Mortal from hence to convoy, to convey flew your skill, thus

Breakfast on Coals, this Mortal from hence to convoy, to convey flew your skill, thus

Fate's, thus Fate's, and our Magical order fulfill, fill.

Fate's, thus Fate's, and our Magical order fulfill, fill.

Fate's, thus Fate's, and our Magical order fulfill, fill.

Fate's, thus Fate's, and our Magical order fulfill, fill.

AMorous Flute, and soft Guitar, joyntly, joyntly, joyntly

AMorous Flute, and soft Guitar, joyntly, joyntly, joyntly

AMorous Flute, and soft Guitar, joyntly, joyntly, joyntly

AMorous Flute, and soft Guitar, joyntly, joyntly, joyntly

In vain the

In vain the

In vain the

In vain the

to inspire, wanton heat, wanton, wanton, wanton heat and looke de-fire:

to inspire, wanton heat, wanton, wanton, wanton heat and looke de-fire:

to inspire, wanton heat, wanton, wanton, wanton heat and looke de-fire:

to inspire, wanton heat, wanton, wanton, wanton heat and looke de-fire:
Finis.