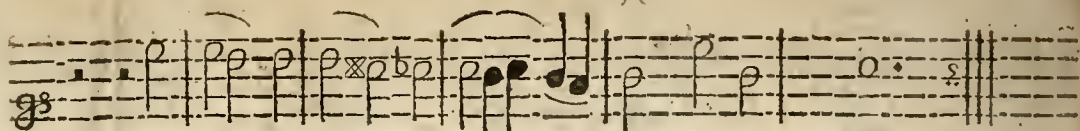
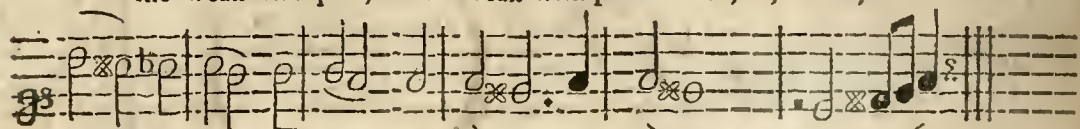


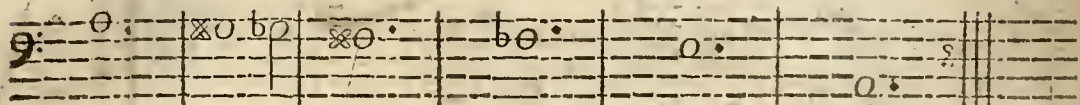
1st book "Deliciae Musicae"



the weak with pain, the weak with pain. No, no, no;



pain, the weak with pain, the weak with pain. No, no,

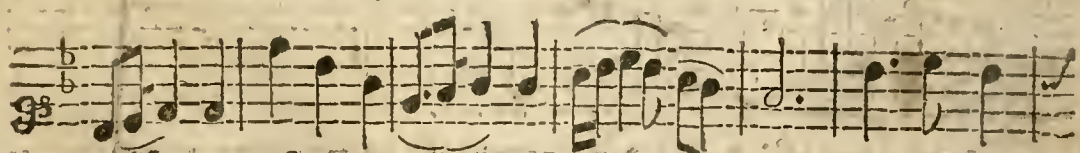
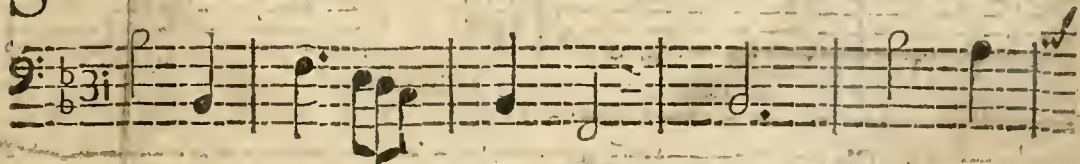


End with the first Strain from this mark. :S:

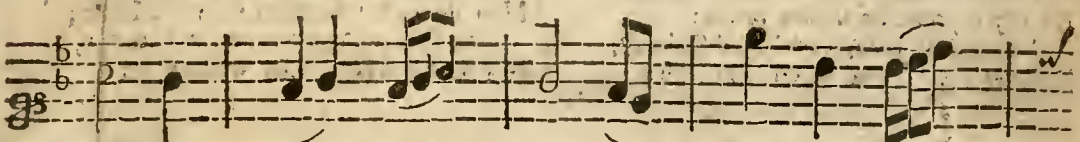
A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



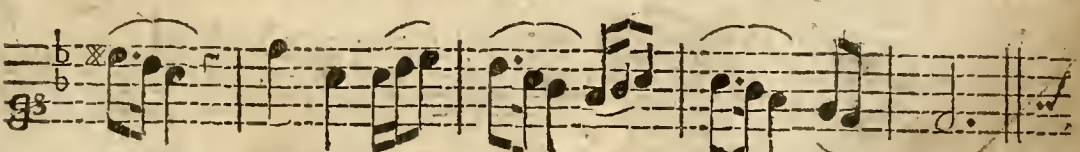
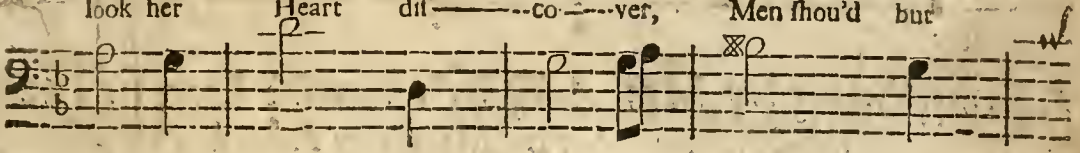
S He that wou'd gain a faith—full Lo—ver, must at a



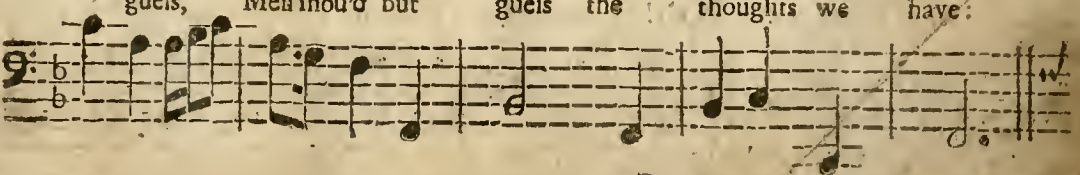
distance, must at a di—fiance keep the slave; not by a



look her Heart dif—co—ver, Men shou'd but



guess, Men shou'd but guess the thoughts we have.



Whilft they'r in doubt their flame increa—ses, and all at—tendance,

and all at—ten—dance they will pay ; when once con—est their

ar—dour cea—ses, and Vows like Smook soon fly's—

a—way.

Then fond *Aurelia* cease complaining,
 All thy reproaches useles prove;
 Beauty may conquer whilft disdainig,
 But lose their value when they love :

II.
 So when a Comet does appear,
 Men do with trembling view the Blaze ;
 The Sun too common none does fear,
 Nor on his Beams with wonder gaze.

A Song Sung by Mrs. Ayliff in *Tyrannick Love*, or the
Royal Martyr. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

A h! how sweet, ah! how sweet, how sweet it is to Love, ah!

ah! ah! how gay is young de— fire:

And what plea—sing pain, and what plea—sing pain we prove; when first, when

first we feel a Lovers fire; paines of Love are swee—ter

far, then all, all, all, all, all o—ther pleasures are; paines of

Love are swee—ter far, then all, all, all, all other plea—

fures are. are.

II.

Sighs that are from Lovers blown,
Gently move and heave the Heart;
Even the Tears they shed alone,
Like trickling Balsome cure the smart ;

Lovers when they loose their breath,
Bleed away an easy death.

A Song fet by Mr. Henry Purcell. The Words by Sir Robert Howard.

Love thou can't hear, Love thou can't

hear tho' thou art blind; leave my heart free, leave my heart free, oh!

pitty me, oh! pit-ty me, since Clo-ris is unkind; leave my heart free, oh!

pit-ty me, oh! pit-ty me oh!

pit-ty me, since Cloris is unkind oh!

pit-ty me, since Clo-ris is un-kind.]

She is un—con—stant,

she is un—con—stant, she is un—con—

stant as she's bright; she is un—con—stant, she is un—con—stant,

she is un—con—stant as she's bright;

her smi—les on ev'ry Shepherd

fall, her smi—les on ev'ry Shepherd fall;

And as the Sun, and as the Sun u

fes his light, the

vainly, the vain-ly loves to shine, the vainly lo

ves to shine on all; and as the Sun, and as the Sun, u

ves to shine on all; and as the Sun, and as the Sun, u

fes his light, the vainly, the vain-ly loves to shine, the vainly

fes his light, the vainly, the vain-ly loves to shine, the vainly

lo

ves to shine on all.

lo

ves to shine on all.

lo

ves to shine on all.

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

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

new fall Snow, when whiteness in-nocence in-clos'd. Like that the

ful-ly'd seems to shine, like that the ful-ly'd seems to show, when to Loves melting,

melt-ing heat ex-pos'd; like that the ful-ly'd seems to show, when to loves

melting, melting heat ex- pos'd; when to Loves melting,

melt-ing heat ex- pos'd. Love thou, &c.

melt-ing heat ex- pos'd. Love thou, &c.

melt-ing heat ex- pos'd. Love thou, &c.

melt-ing heat ex- pos'd. Love thou, &c.

melt-ing heat ex- pos'd. Love thou, &c.

melt-ing heat ex- pos'd. Love thou, &c.

Brisk Time.

The powfull Charms shall now be try'd, the powfull

charms shall now be try'd; this Fury, this

Fury from my breast to chase, I'll summons

scorn, revenge and pride; I'll summons, summons scorn, revenge and pride;

Slow.

at least her Image, at least her Image, her Image to deface.

$\frac{b65}{4 \times 3}$

A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell. The Words by Mr. Congreve.

Ious Ce--lin--da goes to Prayers, if I but ask, if I but ask the
 favour; and yet the tender, tender Fool's in tears when she believes, when
 she believes Ile leave her: Wou'd I were, wou'd I were free from this restraint, or
 else had hopes, or else had hopes to win her; wou'd she cou'd, wou'd she cou'd
 make of me a Saint, or I of her, or I of her a Sinner;
 wou'd I cou'd, wou'd I cou'd, oh! wou'd I cou'd make of her a Sinner.

A Song set by Mr. Courtville. The Words by Mr. Congreve.

G Rant me gen-tle Love, said I, 'one choice blessing e're I dye,

long I've born ex--cess of pain, let me now, let me now, let me now,

now some blifs ob--tain; thus, thus, thus, thus to al-migh--ty

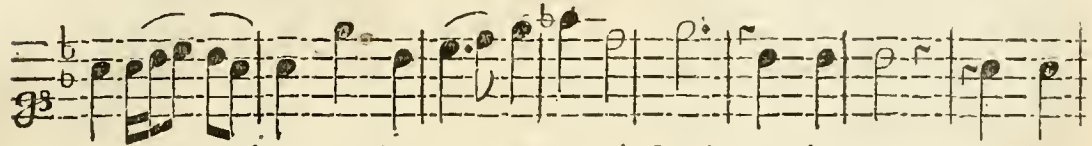
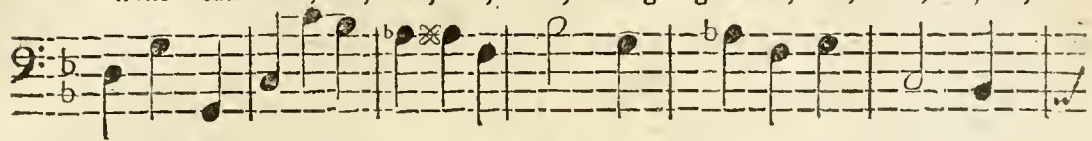
Love, almigh--ty Love I cry'd when an--gry, thus, thus, thus, thus,

thus, thus, thus, thus, when angry, thus, thus, thus the God re--ply'd: when

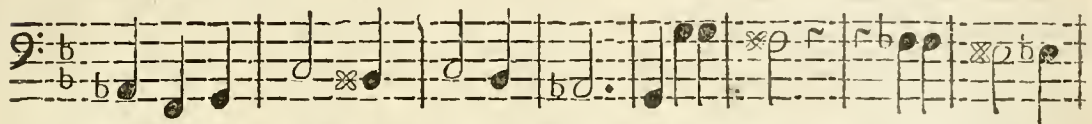
an-gry, thus, thus, thus the God re--ply'd: B'effings greater, none, none, none, none



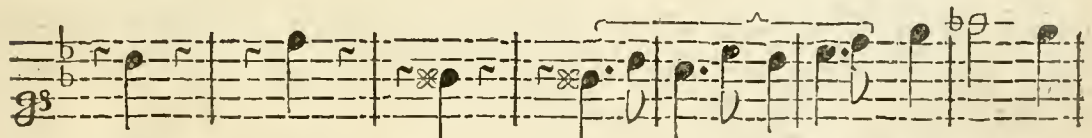
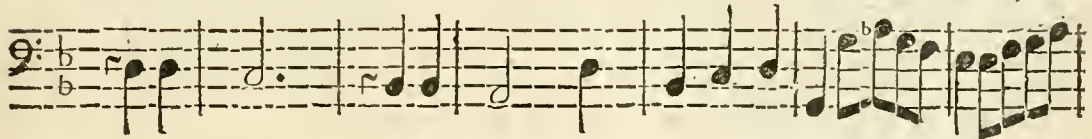
none can have, no, no, no, none, blessing's grea-ter, no, no, no, no,



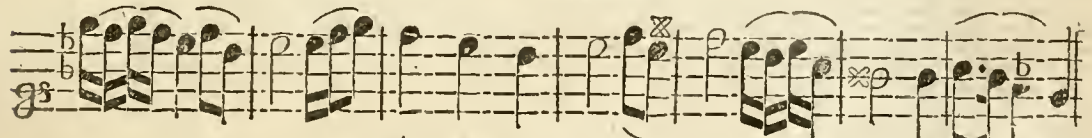
no, none can have; art thou not A-min-ta's slave? art thou not, art thou



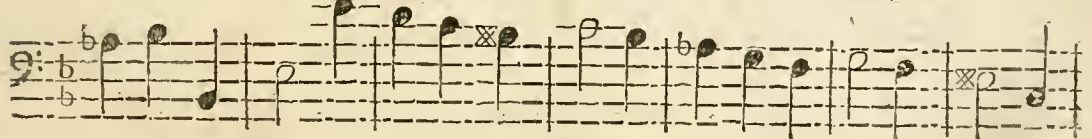
not, art thou not, art thou not A-min-ta's slave? cease,



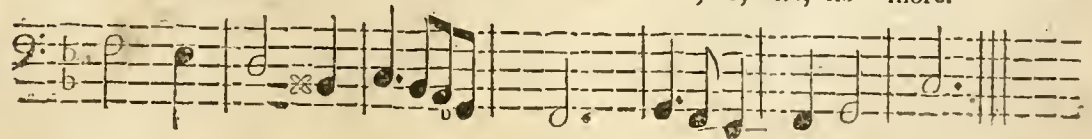
cease, cease, cease, cea ————— se-fond mor — tal



to implore, for Love, Love himself's no more, no more, for Love him-



—self's no more, for Love himself's no more, no, no, no more.



A Dialogue in *Tyrannick Love*, or the *Royal Martyr*,
Sung by Mr. *Bowman*, and Mrs. *Ayliff*, Set by Mr. *H. Purcell*.

Let us goe, let us

Hark my *Davidcar!* hark we're cal'd, we're cal'd, we're cal'd be — low ;

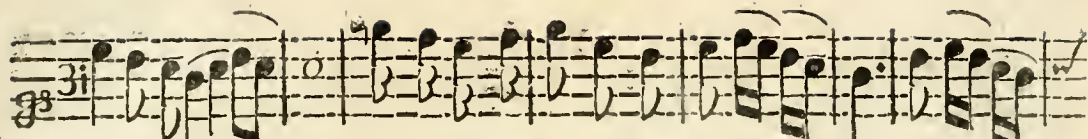
goe, let us goe ; let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe to re —

let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe ;

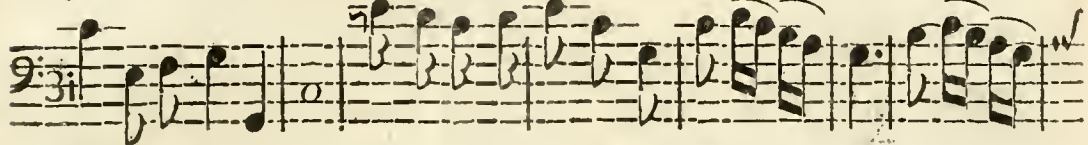
—leave the care, of lon — — — — — ging Lovers in dif — pair ; let us

goe, let us goe, let us goe ; let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us

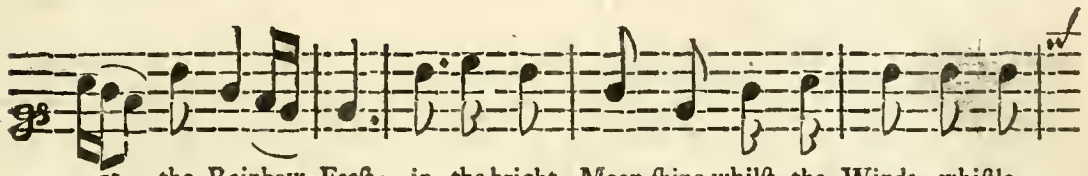
let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us goe, let us



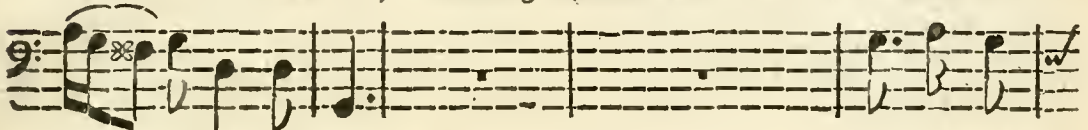
goe, let us, let us goe; merry, merry, merry we Sayle from the East; half tip-pl'd



goe, let us, let us goe; merry, merry, merry we Sayle from the East; half tip-pl'd



at the Rainbow Feast; in the bright Moon-shine whilst the Winds whistle

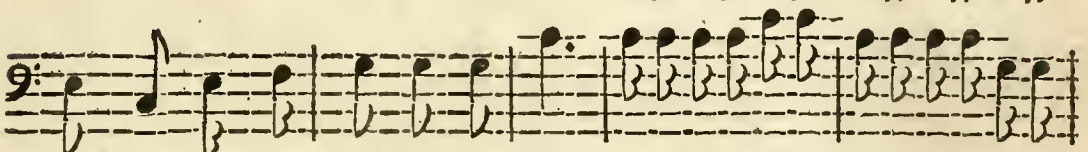


at the Rainbow Feast;

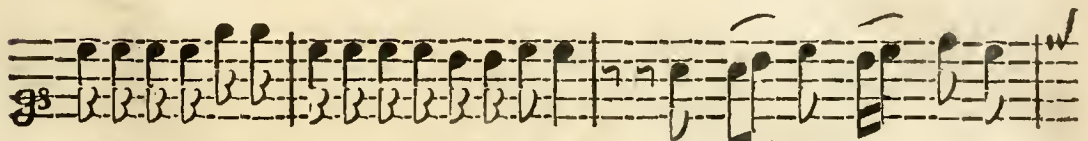
in the bright



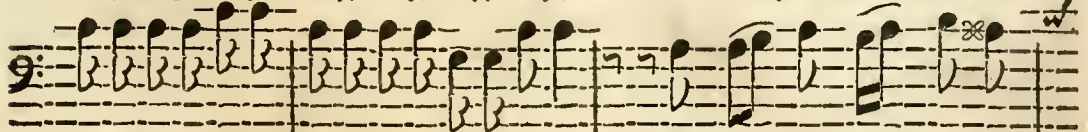
loud; tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy,



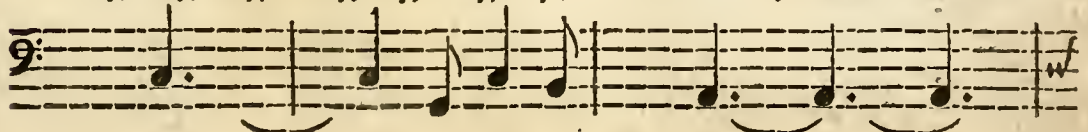
Moon-shine, whilst the Winds whistle loud; tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy



tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy; we mount, we mount and we



tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy, tivy; we mount, we mount and we



fi y, all racking a--long, in a dawny white

fi y, all racking a--long, in a dawny white

Cloud, and leaft our leap from the Sky shou'd prove too farr,

Cloud, and leaft the leap from the Sky

and leaft our leap from the Sky shou'd prove too fa--rr, we'll

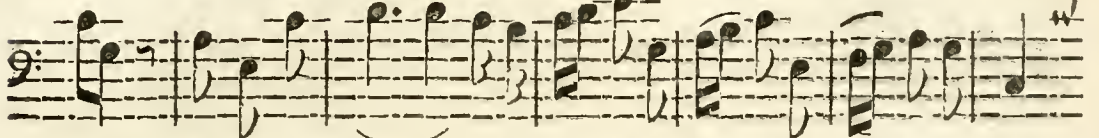
shou'd prove too farr, and leaft our leap from the Sky shou'd prove too farr, we'll

slide, we'll slide on the back of a new fal-ling Star, and drop,

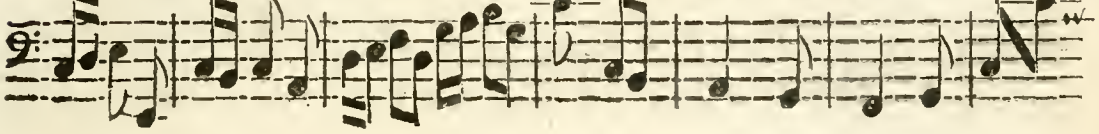
slide, we'll slide on the back of a new fal-ling Star, and drop,



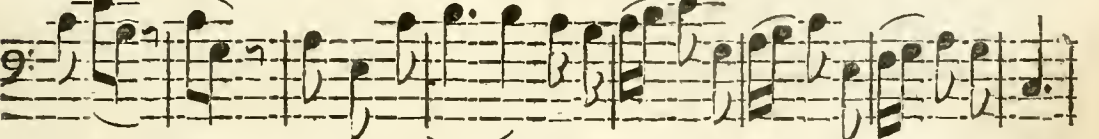
drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love;



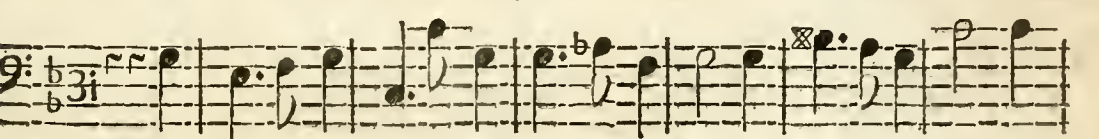
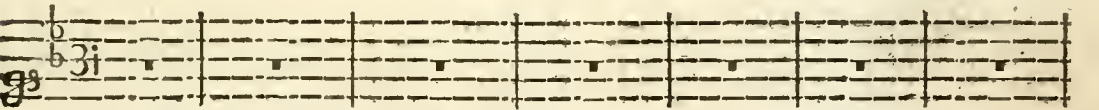
drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love;



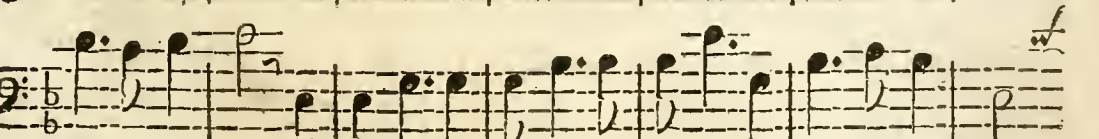
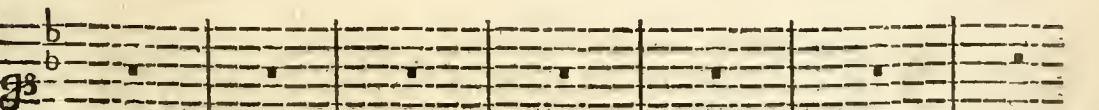
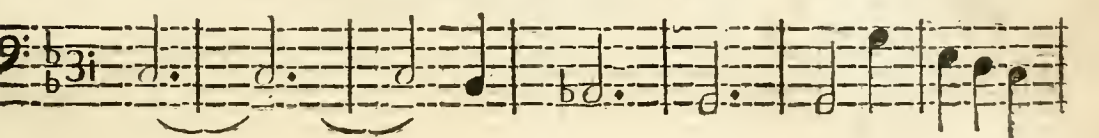
and drop, drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.



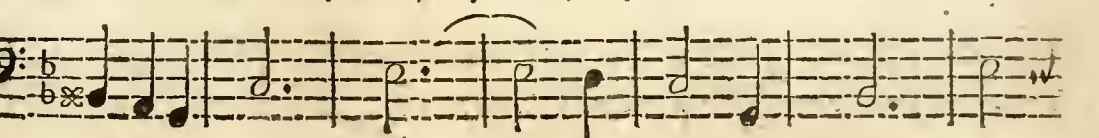
and drop, drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.

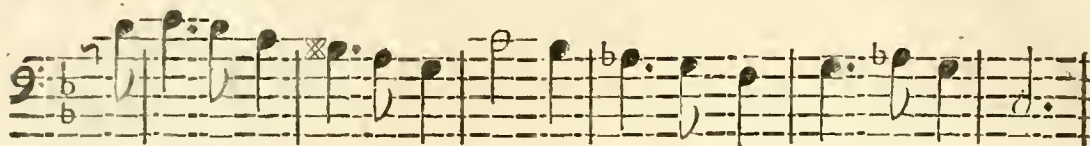


But now the Sun's down, and the Element's Red, the Spirits of Fire a—

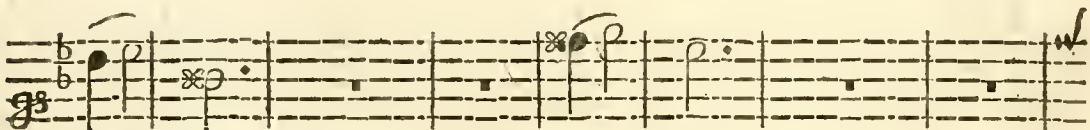


—gainst us make Head; they muster, they muster, they muster like gnats in the Air:

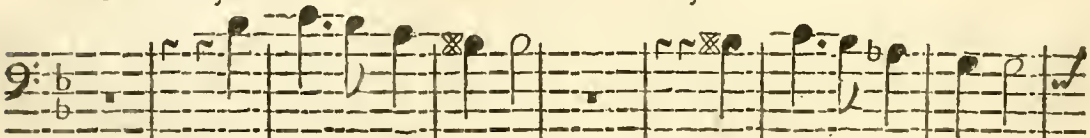




a—las I must leave thee my Fair, and to my light Horfe-men re—pair.



Oh stay! oh stay!



A—las I must leave thee, a—las I must leave thee



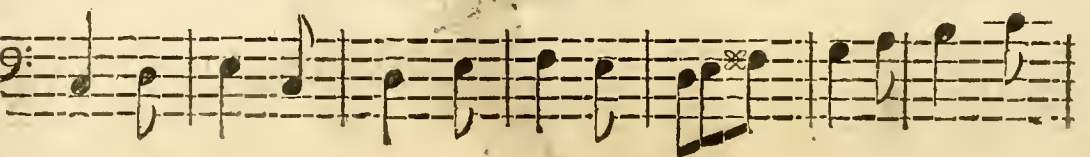
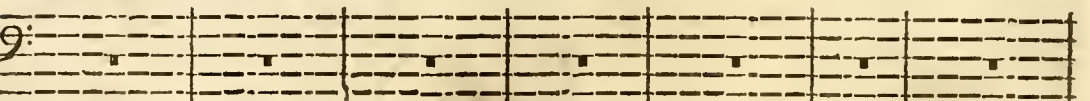
oh stay! stay, stay, oh stay, stay, stay; for you need not to

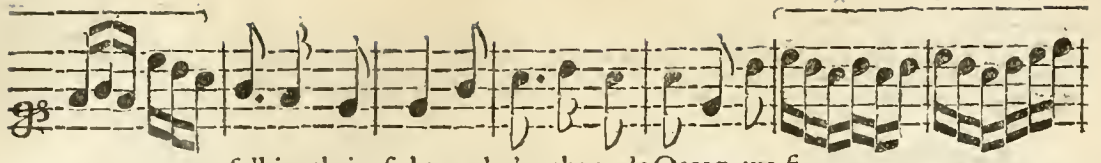


a—las, a—las I must leave thee, must leave thee my Fair.

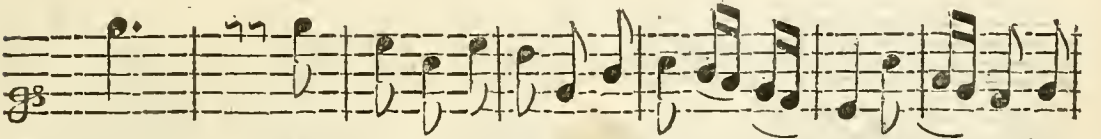
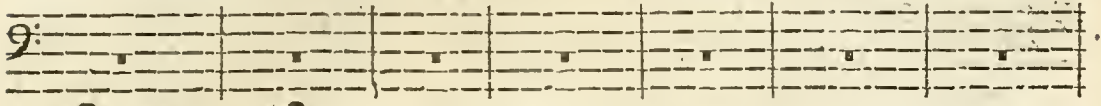


fear 'em, you need not to fear 'em to Night; the Wind is for us and blo—

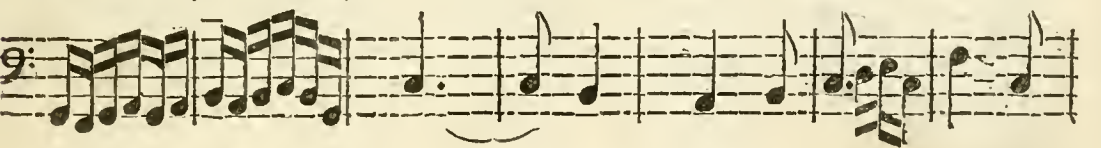
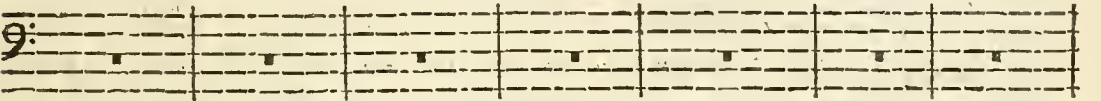




ws full in their fight, and o're the wide Ocean we fi



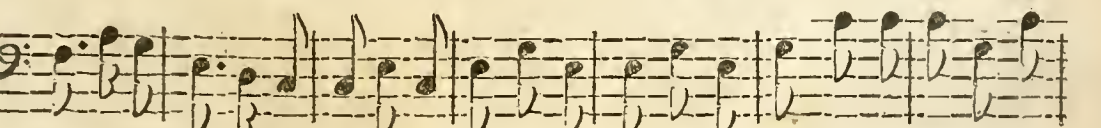
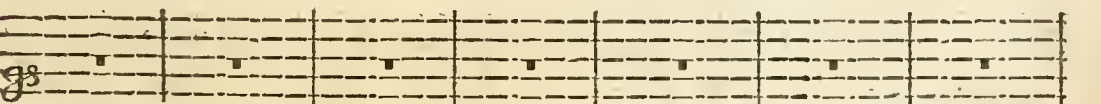
ght; like Leaves in the Autumnour Foes will fall down and his in the



Water, and his in the Water, and down:



But their Men lye se-cure-ly in—



-trench'd in a Cloud, and a Trumpetter, Hornet, a Trumpetter, Hornet to Battle, to



Bat ——— the sounds loud; no mortals that spye how we

Tilt in the Sky, with wonder will gaze and fear such events as will ne're come to pass,

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

stay you to perform what the Man wou'd have done.

Chorus.

So ready, so ready and quick is a Spi-rit of Air, to pity, to pity the

So ready, so ready and quick is a Spi-rit of Air, to pity, to pity the

Lower, and succour the Fair; that si-lent and swift, si-lent and swift,

Lovers, and succour the Fair; that si-lent and swift,

si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a

si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a

Wish, and is gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.

Wish, and is gone with a Nod, is here with a Wish, and is gone with a Nod.

A Song set by Mr. Ralph Courtivelle.

W H Y fair Co—rin—na shou'd you grieve, why fair Co—rin—na shou'd

you grieve, why, why ah! why, why fair Co—rin—na why shou'd you grieve; whilst

wise—ly we im—plore the hap—piest hours, the Gods can give or mor—tals

can in—joy; let those whose Beauties are de—cay'd, their

lofs of pow'r, their lofs of pow'r be—moan, be—moan, be—moan, their

lofs of pow'r bemoan; since Men are feldom cap—

tives, captives made, when that great Charm is gone, when

that great, great, great Cha ————— rm, great Charm is gone:

But you who dai — ly may

be — hold, whole mil — lions that a — dore, and by

in — dul — ging ev — ry hour, in — crease, increa

— se the mighty store. Still live as free, still live as free,

still live as free from ev'ry care, that com— mon

passions move, as those that gaze, that gaze up—on you, are from

all de—signs, from all de—signs, de—signs but Love; from

all ————— de—signs but Love, from all

de—signs but Love.

A Song on Mrs. Bracegirdle's Singing (*I Burn &c.*) in
the 2 Part of *Don-Quixote*. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

W Hilst I with grief did on you look, whilst I with grief did on you

look, when Love had tur ————— n'd your Brain, from

you I, I the con-ta ————— gion took, from you I, I the con-

ta ————— gion took, and for you, for you bore

the pain, for you, for you bore ————— the pain:

Mar-cella, then your Lo-ver prize, and be not, be not,

be not too fe—vere; use well, use well the con

quest of your Eyes, for Pride. Pride,

Pride has cost you dear. *Am—bro—sio* treats your Flames with scorn, and rack

s your ten—der mind, withdraw your Smiles, withdraw your

Smile — s and Frowns re—turn, and pay him, pay him, pay him

in his kind, and pay him, pay him, pay him in his kind.

A New Song set by Dr. Blow.

W
 Hilst you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, whilst you vouch-

— safe our thoughts to breath, Clo—e, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouch-

— safe our thoughts to breath, Clo—e, methinks they do themselves ex-cel-;

whilst you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, whilst you vouchsafe our

thoughts to breath, Clo—e, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouchsafe our

thoughts to breath, Clo—e, methinks they do themselves ex—cell :

So sweet a softness they receive, they receive; so

sweet a softness they receive, whilst from your Lips they flow, they

flow, while from your Lips they flow, while from your Lips they

flow so well; Harsh and unpolish't tho' they do ap-

pear, so Sung, so Sung they Ravish ev'n the

nicest Ear; cou'd but poor mortals here be-low, cou'd but poor mortals

here be-low, fometimes Sing and always Love; cou'd but poor mortals here be

low, fometimes Sing, and always Love, and always Love; 'Twou'd some

Ear-neft on us bestow, of what the hap-py, hap-py, happy

do a--bove, of what the happy, hap-py, happy, the hap-py, happy

of what the happy do above, of what the hap-py do a--boue;

To Charm the Age, and to re form it too; This,
Clo—e, this, Clo—e, sure must be reserv'd for you.

F I N I S.

Vocal and Instrumental Musick lately Printed, and Reprinted with large Additions, for Henry Playford at his Shop near the Temple-Church.

Cantica Sacra, the first Set in Latin, the second Set in English and Latin, containing *Hymns* for 2 and 3 Voices to the Organ. Price of each 3 s.

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