

2

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A Song (in *Timon of Athens*) Sung by the Boy,
And Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



HE Ca—res, the Ca—res of

Lovers, their a—la—rmes, their

figs, their Tears have pow'r

— full Charms, and if so sweet their Tor—ment is, ye

Gods, ye Gods how ravishing, ye Gods, how ravishing, how ravishing the

blis, so soft, so gen—tle, so soft, so gen—tle is their pain;

'tis ev'n a plea

sure to com-plain.

A Song fet by Mr. John Gilbert.

Chloe found *Amyntas* ly-ing, all in Tears up-on the Plain; fighting

to him-self and crying, wretched I, to love in vain! Kifs me, Kifs me,

Dear, be-fore my dying; Kifs me once and ease my pain. *Rondeau.*

II.

Sighing to himself and crying,
Wretched I, to Love in vain:
Ever scorning and denying,
To reward your faithfull Swain;
Kifs me, Dear, before my dying,
Kifs me once and ease my pain.

III.

Ever scorning and denying,
To reward your faithfull Swain:
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain;
Kifs me, Dear, before my dying,
Kifs me once and ease my pain.

IV.

Chloe laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain;
But repenting and complying,
When He Kis'd, She Kis'd again,
Kis'd Him up before His dying,
Kis'd Him up and eas'd His pain.

A Song fet by Mr. Courtivel.

foolish love be gone,

foolish love be gone, be gone, be gone, be gone, be gone said I; vain are thy attempts, vain are thy at-

tempts, thy attempts on me; thy allurements, thy al-

lurements, thy allurements, thy allurements men-

ts I de-fye: foolish love be

gone, fo—lith love be gone, be

gone, be gone, be gone, said I; Women, those

dis—sem—blers, flye;

my Heart is not made for thee, my Heart is not made for thee, not for thee, no,

no not for thee, no, no not for thee, not for thee, no, no not for thee:

Sing from the repeat to the 1st. Close, which is at be gone said I; then go on with Love heard &c.

Love heard, Loveheard, Loveheard and fraight

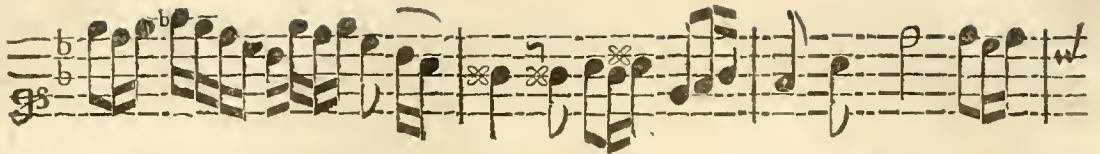
pre-par'd a dart, *Myra*, revenge my cause, *My-ra* revenge my cause,

revenge my cause, revenge, re-venge my cause, my cau-

se, my cause, said he, too sure, too sure, 'twas

aim'd, too sure, too sure 'twas aim'd, I feel, I fee— I the smart, it

rends my Brain, it rends my Brain, it rend—



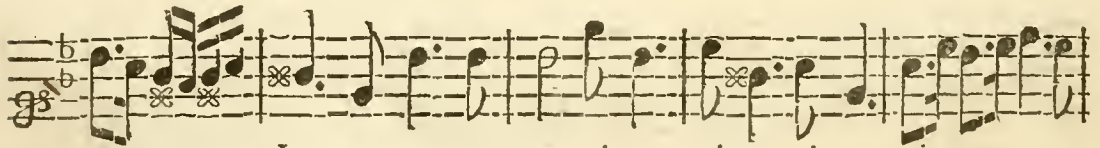
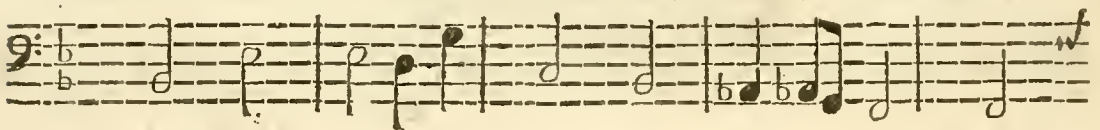
s my Brain, and tea—res my Heart, tea



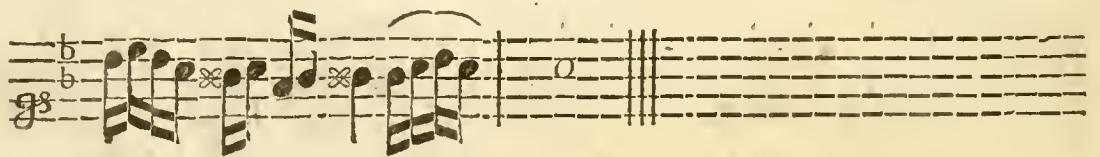
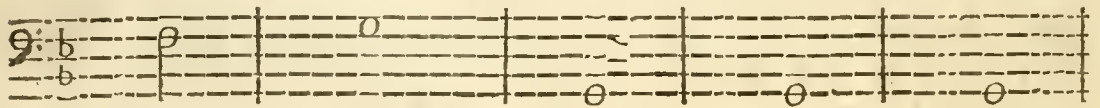
res my Heart, tea



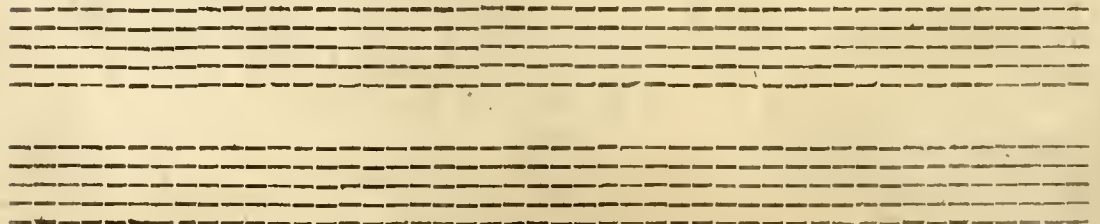
ars my Heart; oh! Love, oh! Love, oh!



Love, my con—que—rer, pi—ty, pi—ty, pi—ty, pi—



ty me.



A Song fet by Mr. Henry Hall, Organist at Hereford.

A S Phæbus did with heat pur-sue, the cold but love — ly

As Phæbus did with heat pursue, the cold, the cold but love — ly

Maid, the trem — bling Fair one as she flew, an e-ver — last —

Maid, the trem — bling Fair one, as she flew, an e-ver last —

ing Lawrel grew; the God then fighting,

figh-ing said, the God then fighting, figh — ing said, figh — ing said :

God then fighting, fighting said, figh — ing said, figh — ing said :

A-roun— d thee, a-roun— d thee, a roun

A-roun— d thee, a-roun— d thee, a

— d thee, *Jove's* Ar-til-le-ry, like painted Fires, like paint-ed

—roun— d thee, *Jove's* Ar—til-lery, like painted Fires, like painted Fire—

fires shall shine; for 'tis but just, oh! sa—cred Tree, you shou'd from o-ther

— s shall shine; for 'tis but just, oh! sa—cred Tree,

flame— s be free, who have re—sist—ed, re—sist—ed

you shou'd from other flames be free, who have re—sist—ed re—sist—ed

mine, you shou'd from other flame s be free, who have re-
 mine, you shou'd from other flames be free, who have re-
 —sist-ed, re-sist-ed mine.

A Song set by Mr. *Henry Hall*, the Words by Mr. *Peter Senhouse*.

BEAUTY the pain full Mothers Pray'r, the Lovers Theam,
 Beauty the pain full Mo-thers Pray'r, the
 the Vir-gins care; and Wit that
 Lovers Theam, the Lovers Theam, the Virginscare; and Wit that gilds her

gilds her innocence, o're all which ea-sy ver-tue Raigns,

innocence, o're all, all which ea-sy vir-tue raigns, Ar-mi-da

Ar-mi-da has; and what's more rare, from Pride and af-

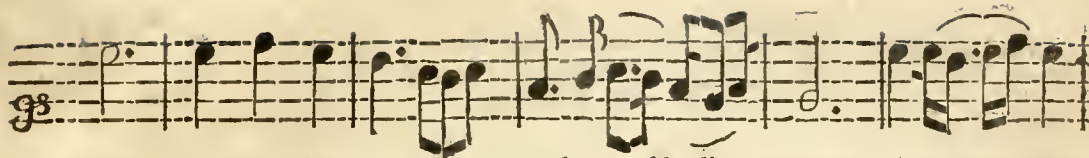
has; and what's more rare, and what's more rare, from Pride and

fec-ta tion clear, from Pride and af-fec-ta

af-fec-ta-tion clear, from Pride and af-fec-

tion clear: But tho' thus love li-ly you

ta-tion clear: But tho' thus love-li-ly you



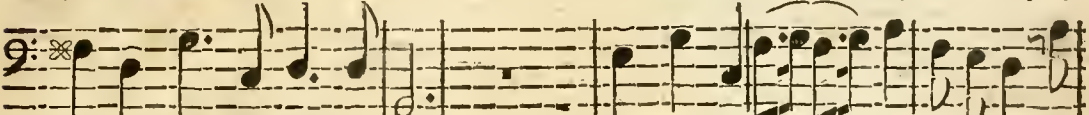
shine, *Ar-mi-da* you — — — 're but half di — vine : *Ar — mi — da*



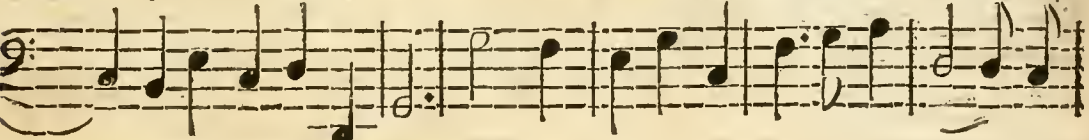
shine, *Ar — mida*, *Ar — — mi — da* you're but half di — vine : *Ar — mi — da*, *Ar —*



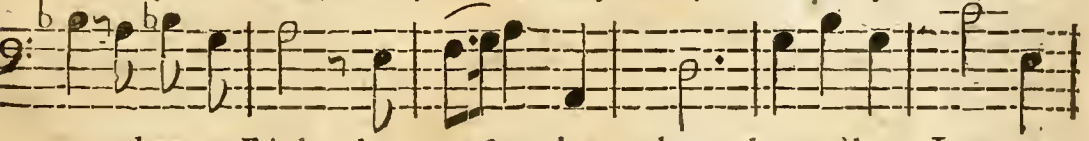
you — 're but half di — vine ; for Feinds can Beau — ty i — mi — tate, and yet,



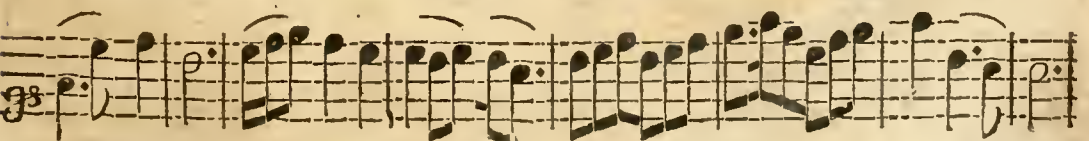
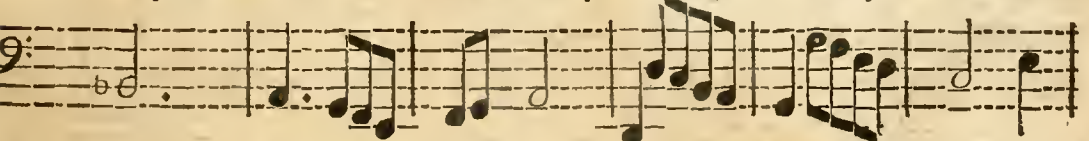
— *mi — da* you're but half di — vine ; for Feinds can Beau — ty, i — mitate, and



and yet are Feinds, because, because they hate ; but wou'd you Love to



yet, and yet are Feinds be — cause they hate ; but wou'd you Love to



Beauty joyn, *Ar — mida*, you are all — — — di — vine,



Beauty joyn, *Ar — mi — da*, *Ar — mi — da* you are all, are all di — vine,



Sof.

Ar—mi—da, Ar—mi—da you are all

Ar—mi—da you're di—vine, Ar—mi—da, Ar—mi—da,

di—vine.

you were all, all, all di—vine.

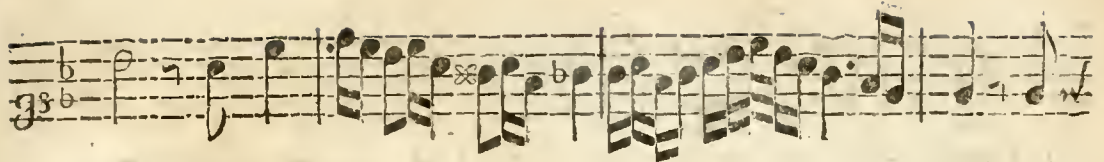
A Two Part Song, set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

W Hen Myra Sing—s, when Myra Sing—

When My-ra Sing—s, when My-ra Sing—

s we feek th'in—chant—ing

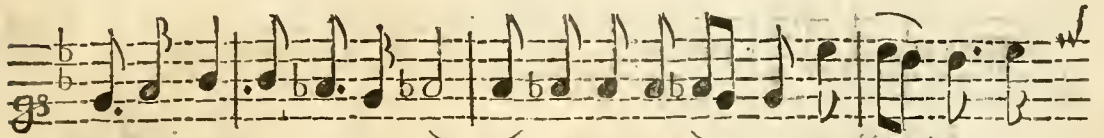
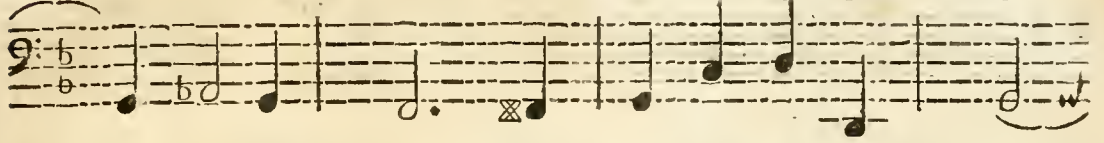
s we feek th'in—chant—ing found,



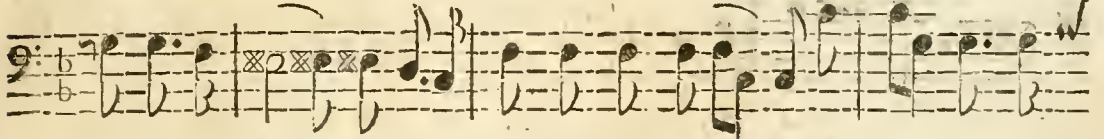
found, th'in—chant ————— ing found, and



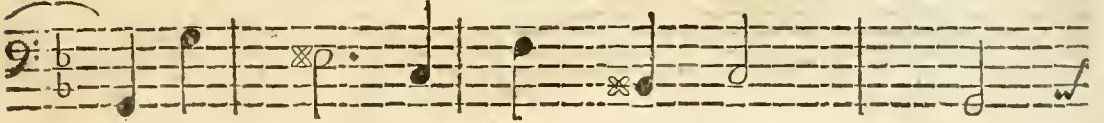
th'in—chant ————— found,



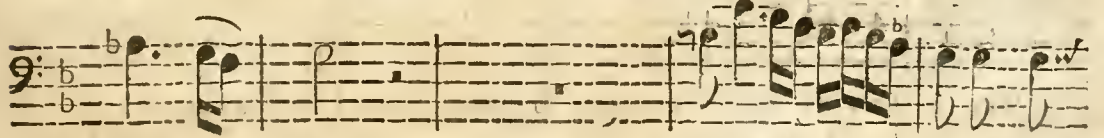
blefs the Notes, and blefs the Notes, which doe fo sweet—ly, fo sweet—ly, fo



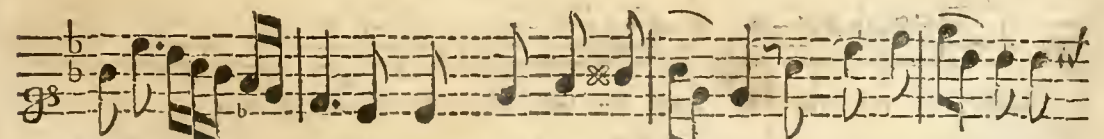
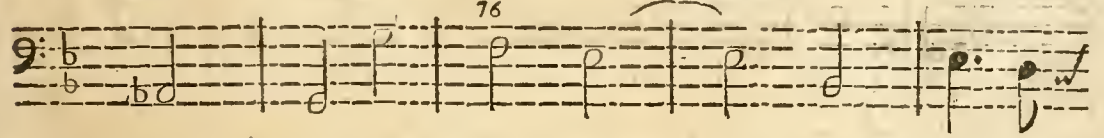
and blefs the Notes, and blefs the Notes which doe fo sweetly, fo sweet—ly, fo



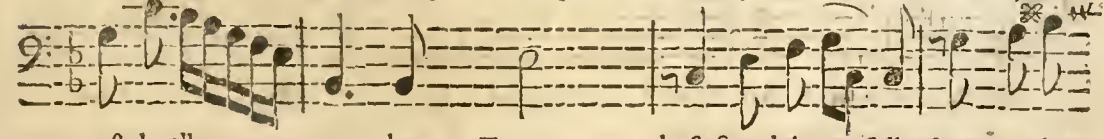
sweet—ly wound; what Mu—sick, what Mu—sick needs



sweet—ly wound; what Mu—sick needs



must dwell up—on that Tongue, whose speech is tunefull, whose speech is tunefull, is



must dwell up—on that Tongue, whose speech is tunefull, whose speech is



tune full as a no ther Song:

tune full as a no ther Song:

tune full as a no ther Song:

Such Harmony, such Wit, such Harmony, such Wit, such

Such Harmony, such Wit, such Harmony, such

Such Harmony, such Wit, such Harmony, such

Wir, a Face so fair, so many, so many pointed Arrows who, who can

Wir, a Face so fair, so many, so many pointed Arrows who, who can

Wir, a Face so fair, so many, so many pointed Arrows who, who can

bear? the slave that from her Wit, or Beau--ty flies,

bear? the slave that from her Wit, or Beau--ty flies, if she but

bear? the slave that from her Wit, or Beau--ty flies, if she but

if she but reach him, but reach him with her Voice,
 reach him, but reach him with her Voice, if she but reach him

Very flow.
 if she but reach him with her Voice; he dies, he dies, he
 with her Voice; he dies, he dies, he dies, he

dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies:
 dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies.

A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

I F Musick, if Musick be the foo

d of Love, fingon, sing

on, sing on, sing on, sing, fi

ng

on, till I am fill'd with jo

y, till I am fill'd with joy; for then my listning Soul you mo

ve, for then my listning Soul you mo

ve; you move; to plea

fures that can never, never

cloy ; your Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue de—clare, that you are

Mu—sick ev'ry where, your

Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue de—clare, that you are Mu—

sick ev'ry where.

3
8

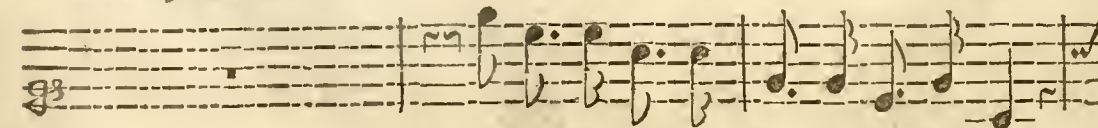
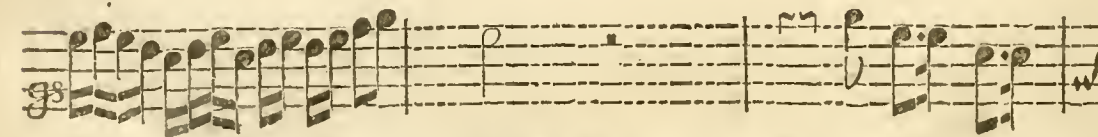
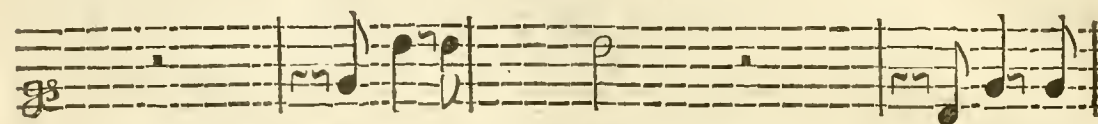
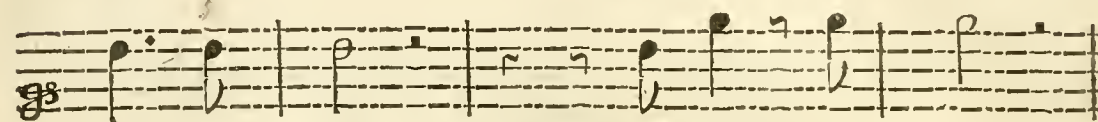
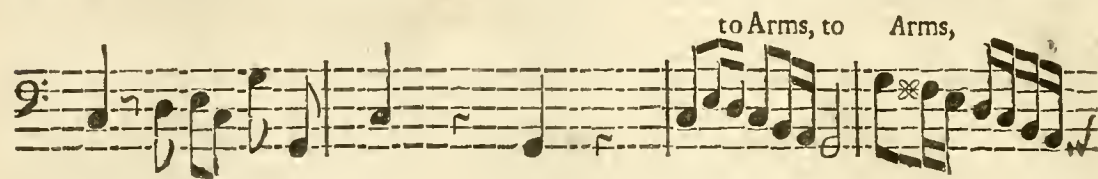
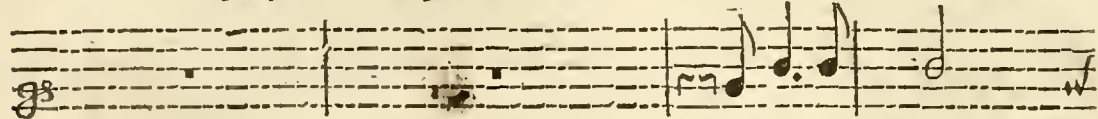
Pleasures in—vade both Eye and Ear, pleasures in—vade both Eye and Ear, fo

fier—ce, fo fier

The Trumpet Song, Sung by the Boy, in the (*Libertine destroy'd.*)
Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

Trumpet.

O Arms, to Arms,
to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to
Arms Hero ick Prince;



Glo — ry, like Love, has

pow'r — full Charms, — Glo —

6 76

ry, like Love, has pow'r — full

6 76

Charms; let Glo — ry; let Glo —

65

ry now thy Soul in-grofs, and re-com-pence its Ri-

vals lofs: Bid Trum-pets

found, bid Trum-pets found, fou-nd, and

nothing, nothing name but Battles, but Battles, but Bat-