

DELICIAE MUSICÆ:

BEING, A

Collection of the newest and best SONGS

Sung at Court and at the Publick Theatres, most
of them within the Compass of the FLUTE.

WITH

A Thorow-Bass, for the *Theorbo-Lute*,
Bass-Viol, *Harpsichord*, or *Organ*.

Composed by several of the Best Masters.

THE THIRD BOOK.

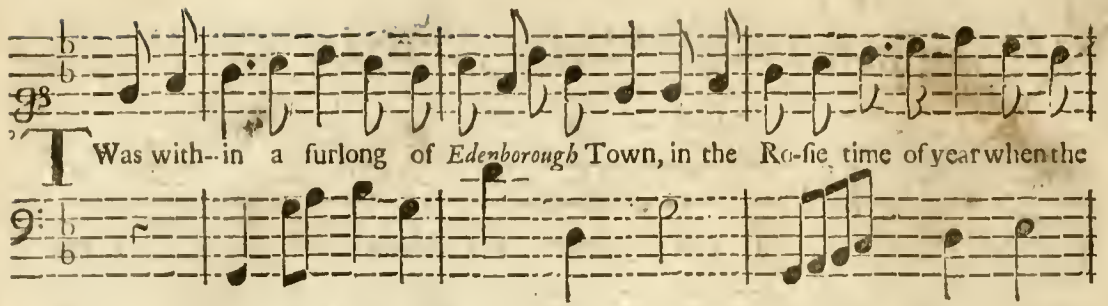


F. H. Van. Hove, Sculp.

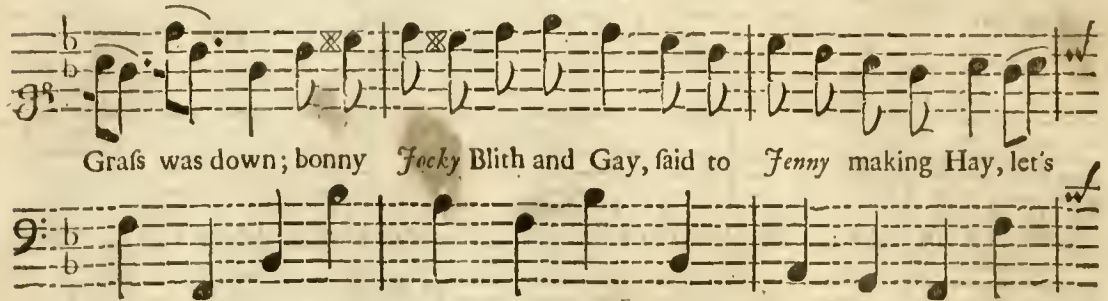
L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Heptinstall, for Henry Playford, and Sold by him at his
House over-against the Blew-Ball in Arundel-street; where the First and Second
Books may be had. The Fourth Book will be Publish'd next Term, which will
make the First Volume Compleat. MDCXCVI.

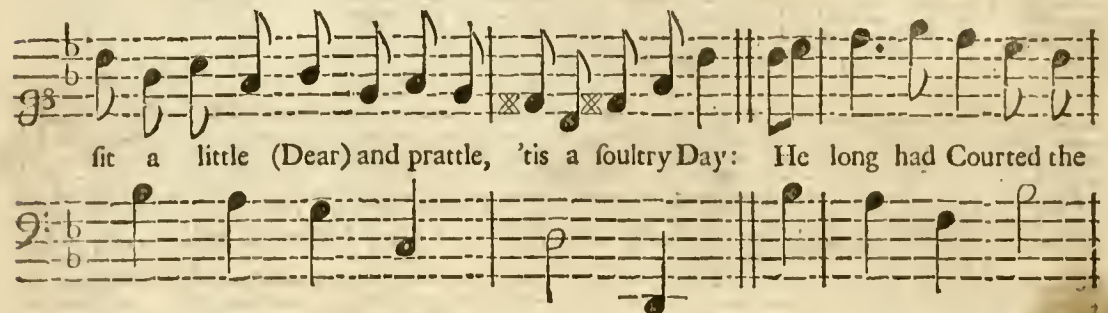
Price One Shilling.



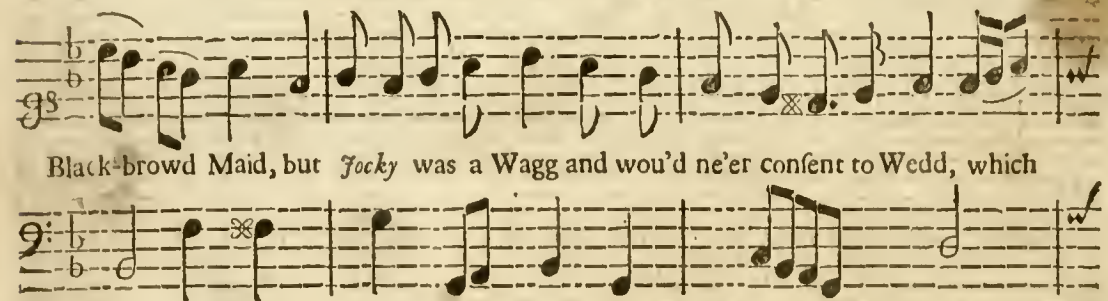
Was with-in a furlong of *Edenborough* Town, in the Ro-sie time of year when the



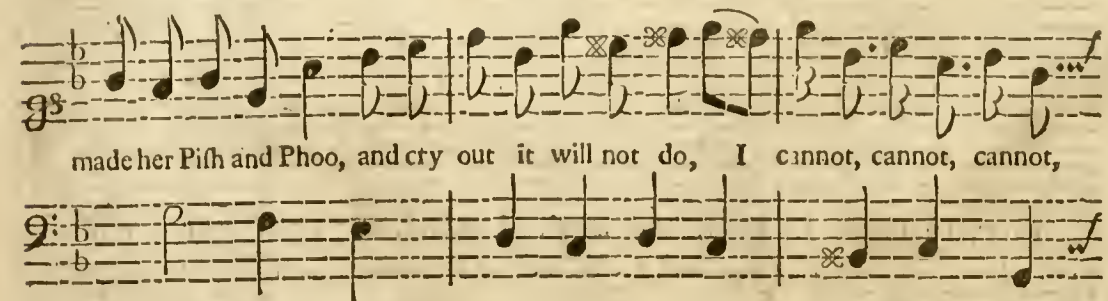
Grafs was down; bonny *Jocky* Blith and Gay, said to *Fenny* making Hay, let's



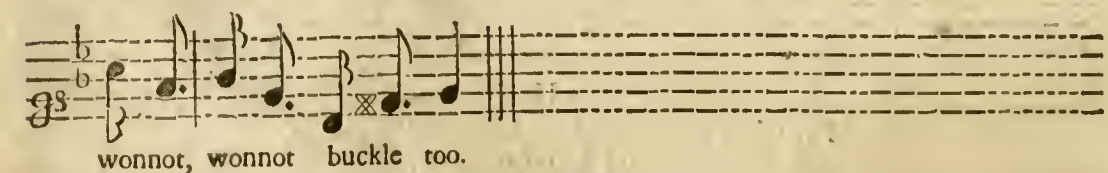
fit a little (Dear) and prattle, 'tis a foultry Day: He long had Courted the



Black-browd Maid, but *Jocky* was a Wagg and wou'd ne'er consent to Wedd, which



made her Pish and Phoo, and cry out it will not do, I cannot, cannot, cannot,



wonnot, wonnot buckle too.



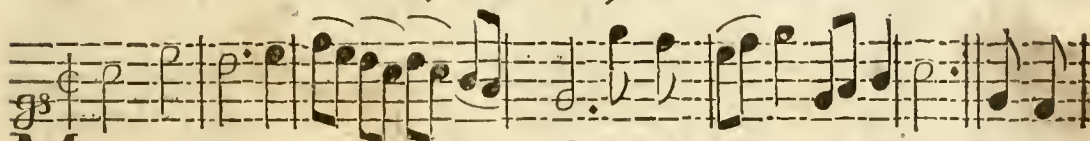
II.

He told her Mariage was grown a me'er Joke,
 And that no one Wedded now but the scoundrell folk,
 Yet my dear thou should'est prevail, but I know not what I aile;
 I shall dream of Clogs, and silly Doggs with Bottles at their taile;
 But I'll give thee Gloves and a Bongrace to wear,
 And a pritty Filly-foal, to ride out and take the Air,
 If thou ne'er wilt Pish nor Phoo, and cry it ne'er shall doe,
 I cannot, cannot, &c.

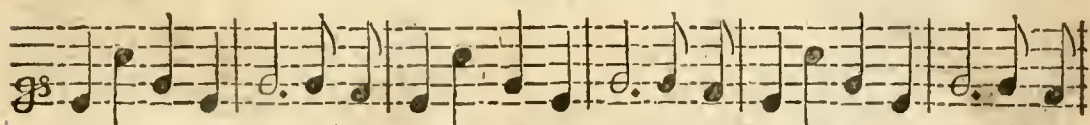
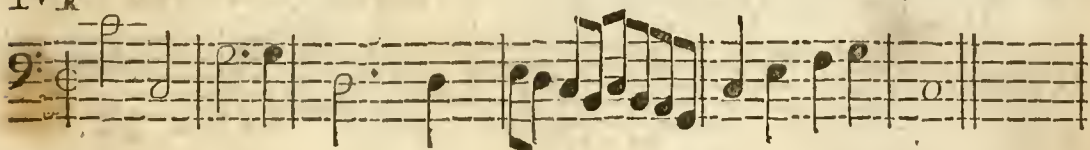
III.

That you'll give me Trinkets, cry'd she, I believe,
 But ah! what in return must your poor *Jenny* give,
 When my Maiden Treasure's gone, I must gang to *London-Town*,
 And Roar and Rant, and Patch and Paint, and Kifs for half a Crown;
 Each Drunken Bully oblige for pay,
 And earn an hated Living in an odious fulsom way;
 No, no, no it ne'er shall doe, for a Wife I'll be to you;
 Or I cannot, cannot, &c.

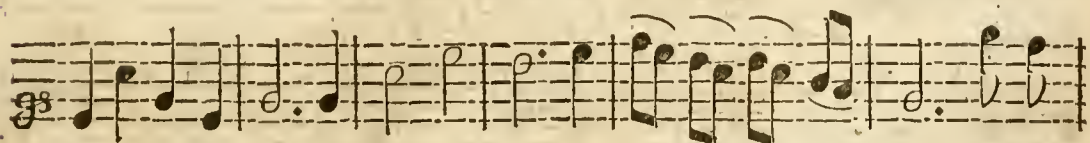
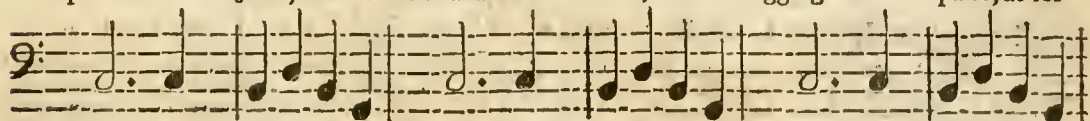
A Song in the *Mock-Mariage*, Sung by *Mis Cross*. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.



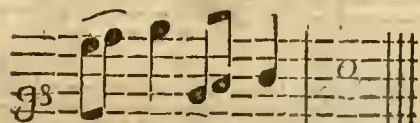
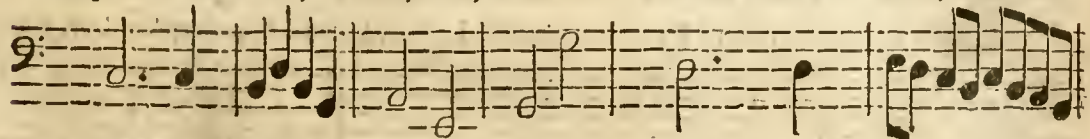
MAn, Man, Man is for the Woman made, and the Woman made for Man; As the



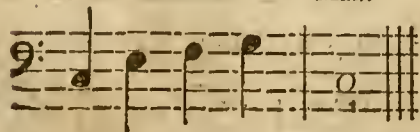
Spur is for the Jade, as the Scabbard for the Blade, as for digging is the Spade, as for



Liquor is the Can, so Man, Man, Man is for the Woman made, and the



Woman made for Man.



II.

As the Scepter to be sway'd,
 As for Night's the Serenade,
 As for Pudding is the Pan,
 And to cool us is the Fan,
 So Man, &c.

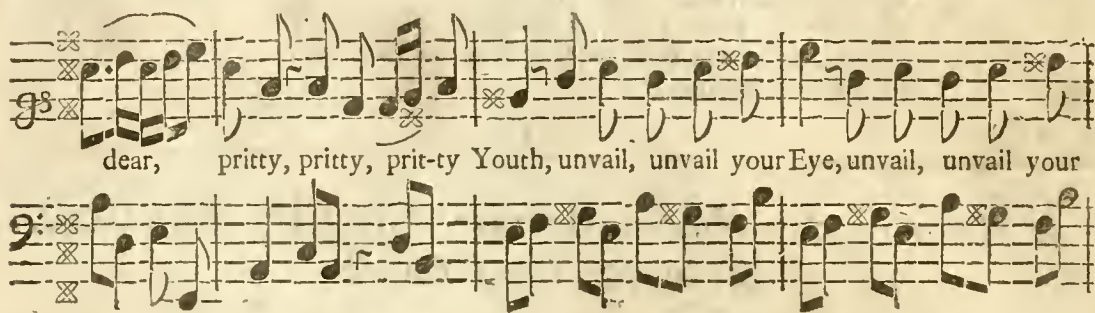
III.

Be the Widdow, Wife or Maid;
 Be the Wanton, be the Stay'd;
 Be the Well or Ill Array'd;
 Whore, Bawd, or Harridan,
 Yet Man, &c.

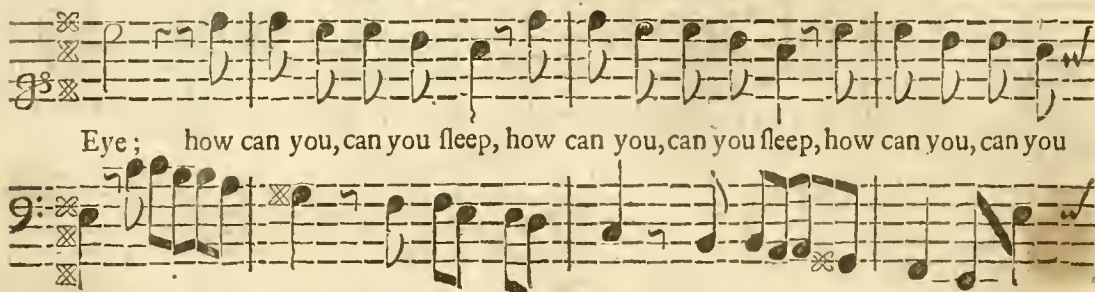
A New Song in the *Tempest*, Sung by *Mis Crofs* to her Lover, who is supposed Dead. Set by *Mr. Henry Purcell*.



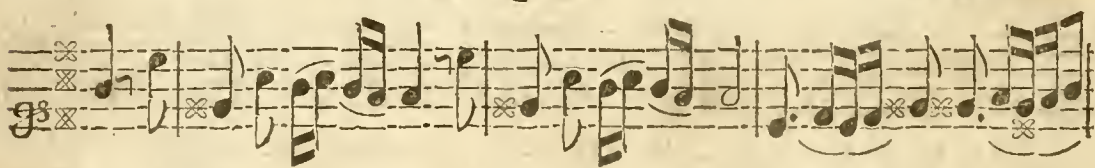
Dear, dear, pritty, pritty, prit-ty Youth,



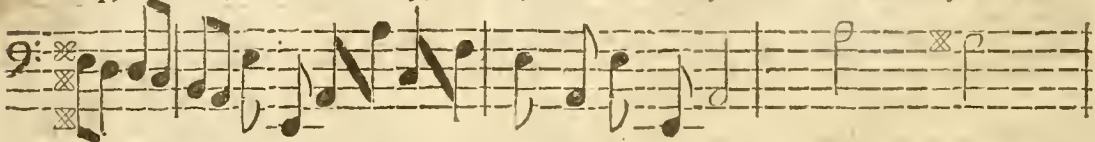
dear, pritty, pritty, prit-ty Youth, unvail, unvail your Eye, unvail, unvail your



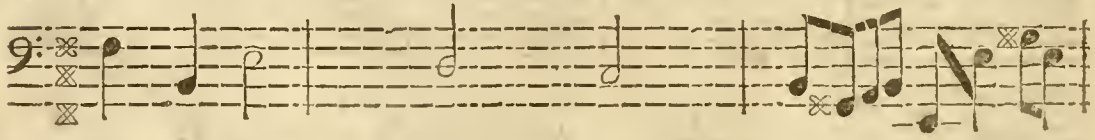
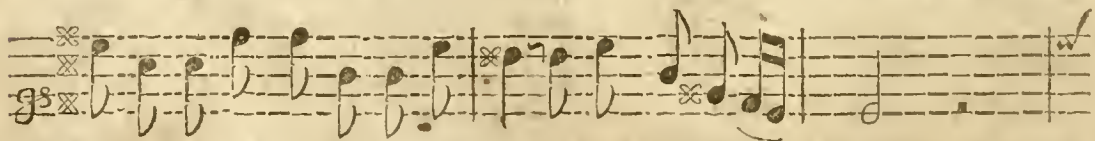
Eye; how can you, can you sleep, how can you, can you sleep, how can you, can you



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

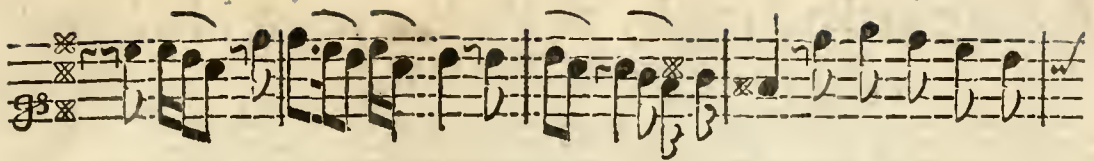



night to be, methinks I cou'd, methinks I cou'd, I cou'd from sleep be free, me-

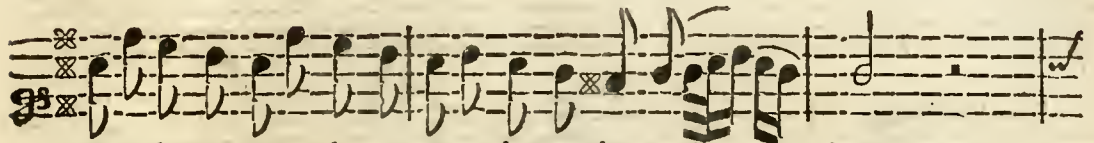
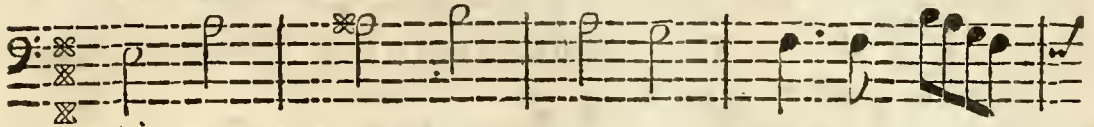



—thinks I cou'd, methinks I cou'd from sleep, I cou'd from sleep be free:





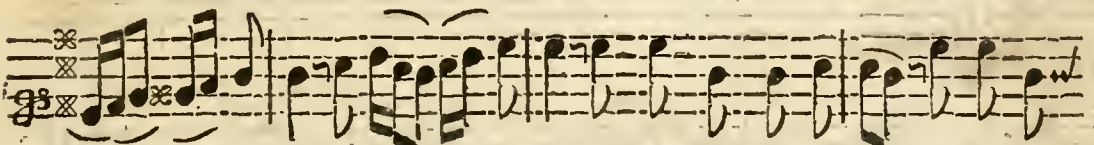
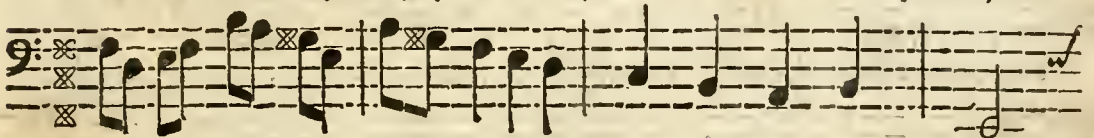
a—last, a—last my Dear, you'r cold, cold as stone, you must no longer,



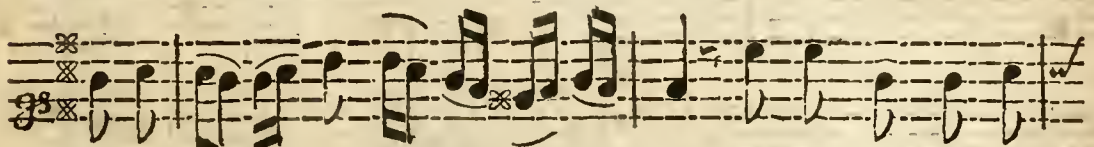
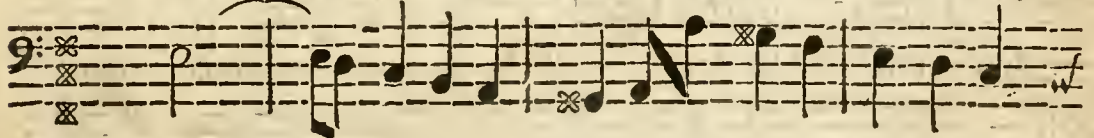
no, no longer, no, no longer, no, no longer, longer lye a—lone;



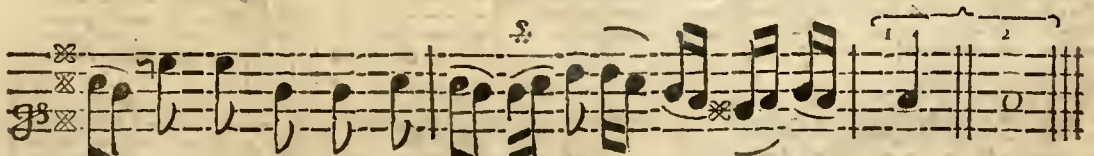
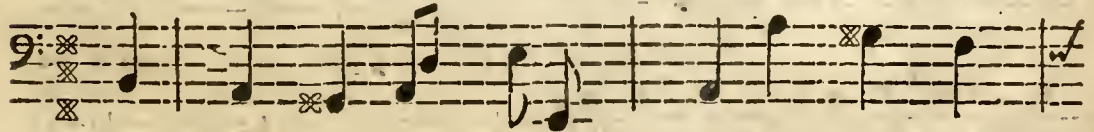
but be with me my Dear, my Dear, Dear, Dear, but be with me my Dear, and



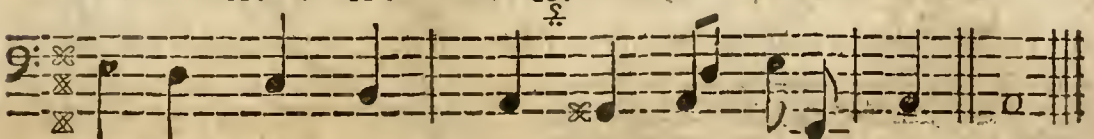
I in each Arm, and I in each Arm will hugg you, hugg you close, will hugg you,



hugg you close, hugg you close and keep you warm, will hugg you, hugg you

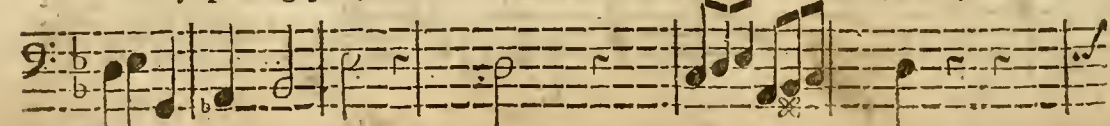
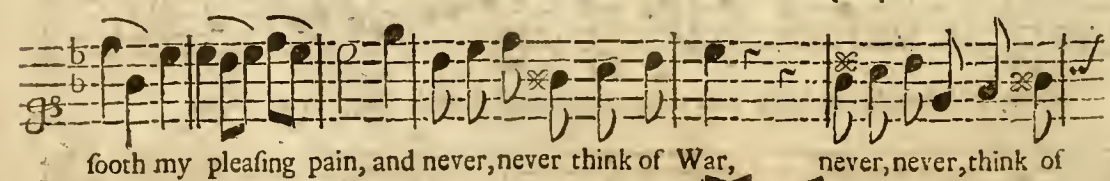
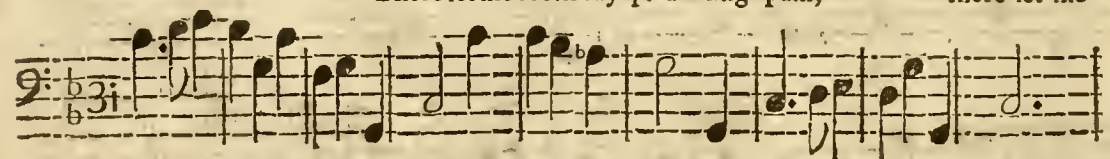
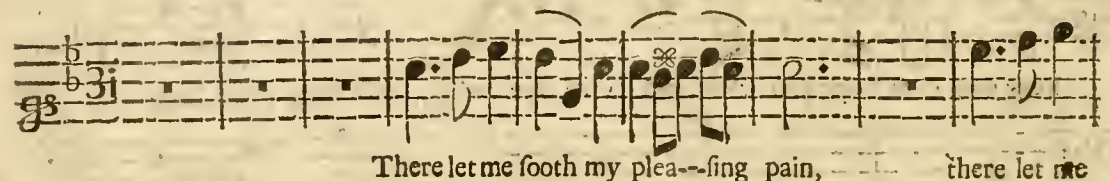
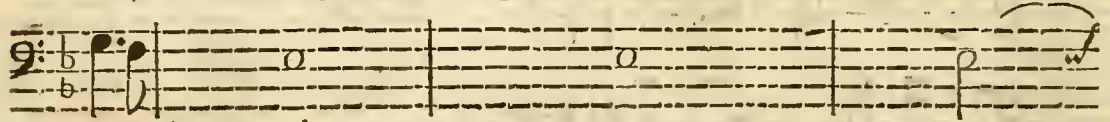
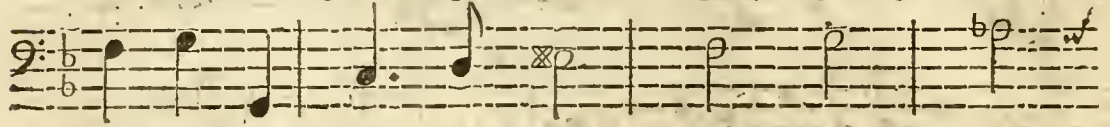
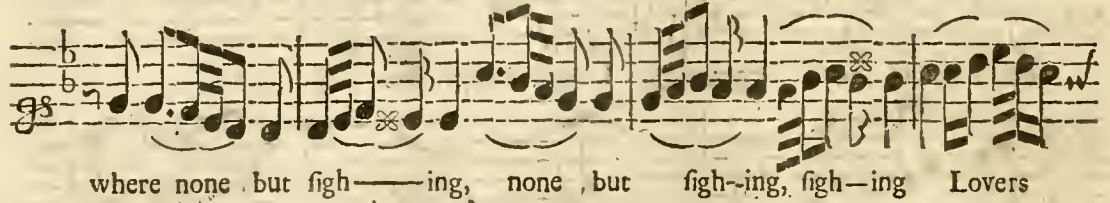
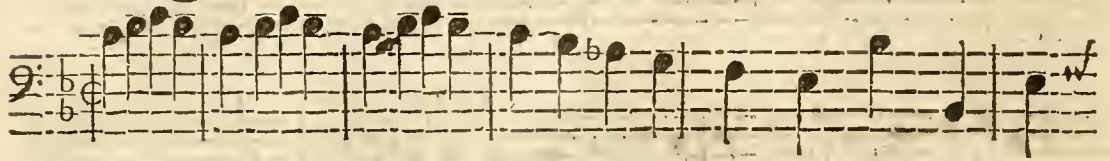
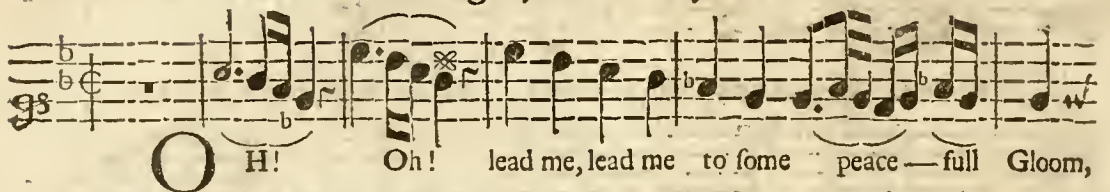


close, will hugg you, hugg you close, hugg you close and keep you warm.



A Song in the Trageby of *Bonduca*, fet by Mr. Purcell.

Sung by Miss Cross.



War, never, never think of War, never, never, never, never, never

think of War a--gain : what glo--ry, what glo--

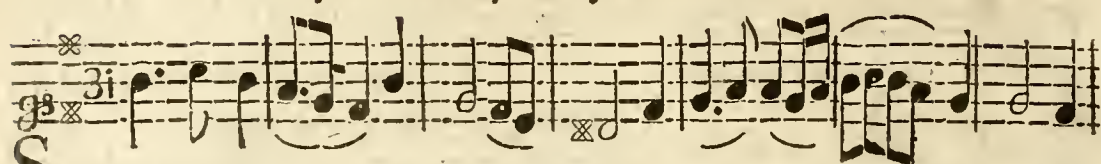
ry, what glo--ry can, can a Lover have to conquer, to con

quer, yet be still a slave, what glo--ry, what glo--

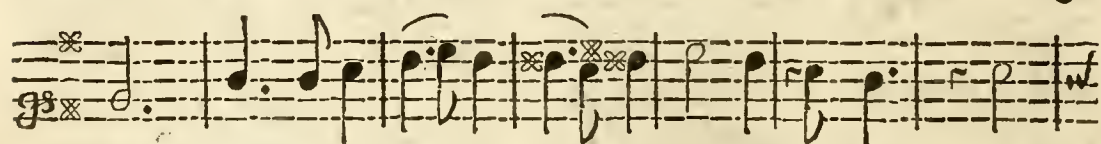
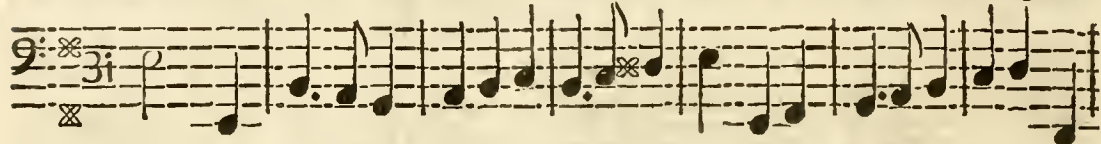
ry can a Lo--ver have, to conquer, to conquer, to conquer,

yet be still, still a slave, yet, yet be still, yet, yet be still, yet, yet be still, still a slave?

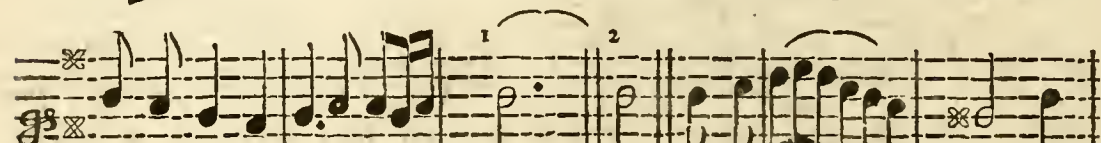
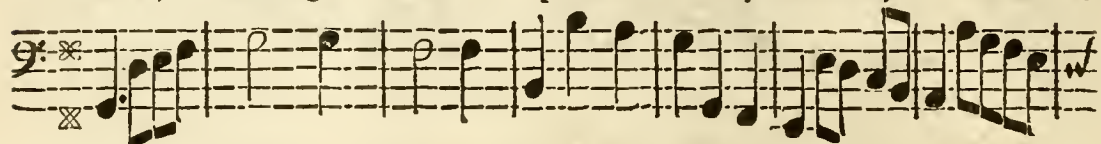
A Song in the 5th. Act of *Pyrrhus*, Sung by Mrs. Hud-
son. Set by Mr. John Eccles.



S Tretch'd in a dark and dis-mall Grove, a poor a——bandon'd hopeles



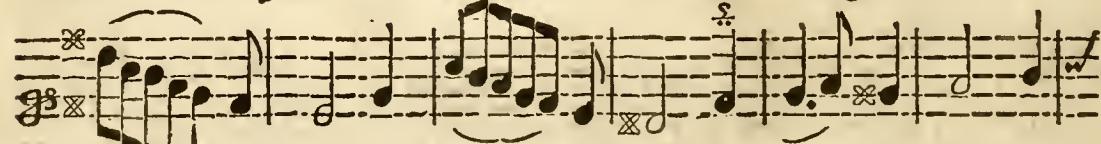
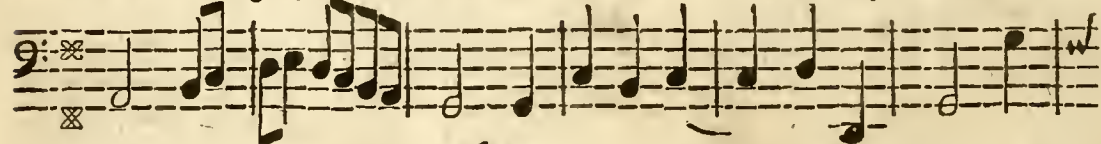
Maid; thinking on her de—part—ed Love, cry'd whither, ah!



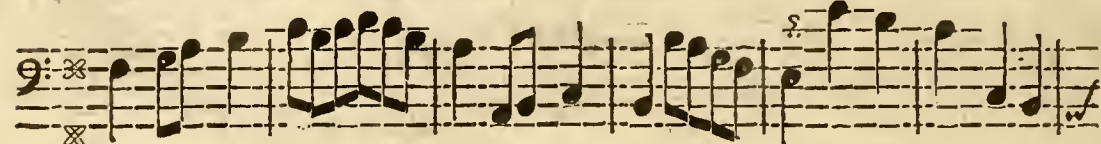
whither wou'd Am—bi—tion lead: From the dear joys that



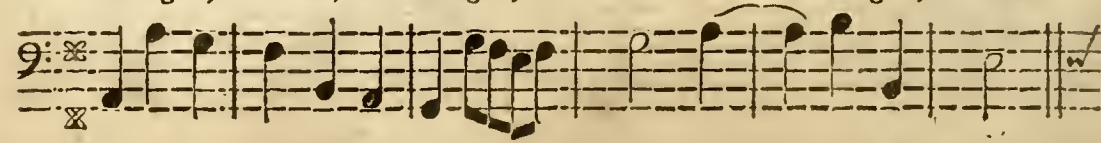
Love can give, from the soft cir——cle of my Arms, He



ru——shes to the fa——tal feild, Mi——sta——ken Swain has

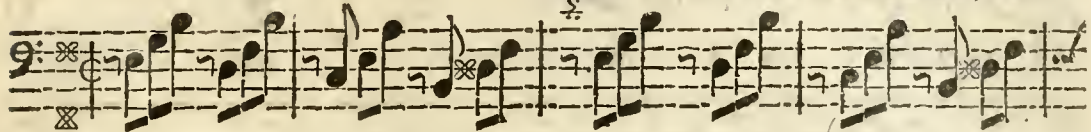


dan——gers, Charms, has dangers, dan——gers, Charms:

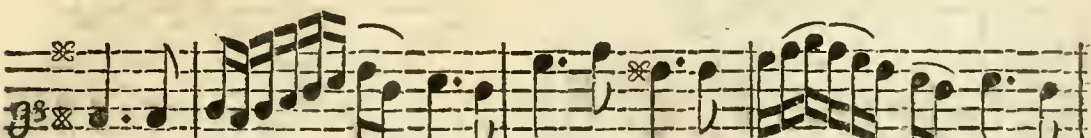
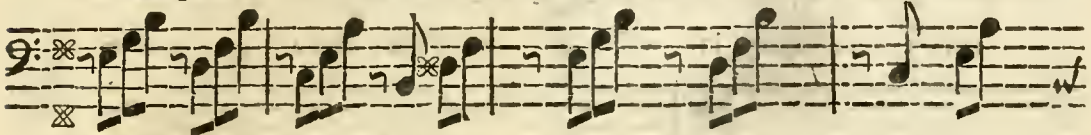




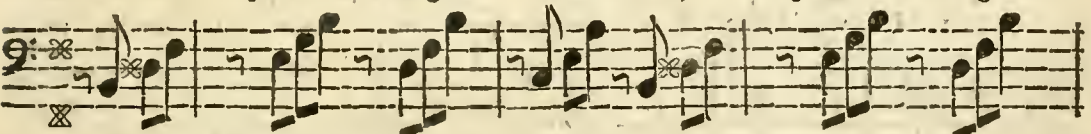
Lovers with scorn and hatred curst, when



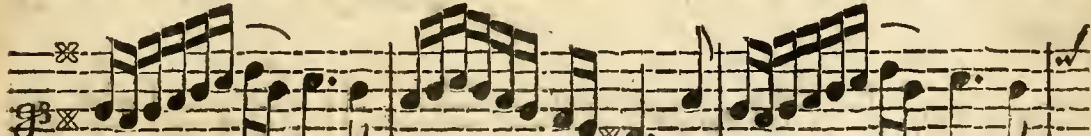
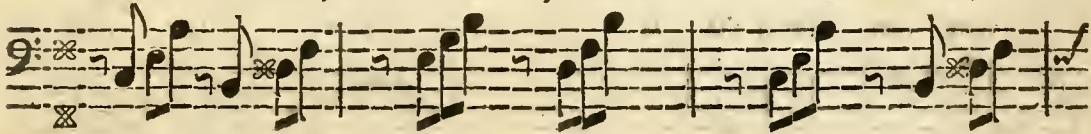
all their passion fail'd to move, found out this ty—rant ho—nour



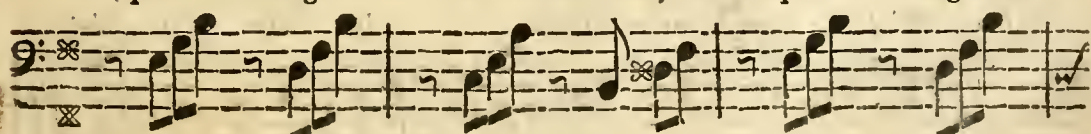
first in pure revenge to ru—ine Love, in pure revenge to



ru—ine Love, found out this ty—rant ho—nour first, in

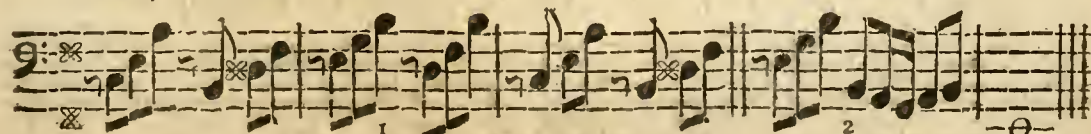


pure revenge to ru—ine Love, in pure revenge to



ruine, ru—ine Love.

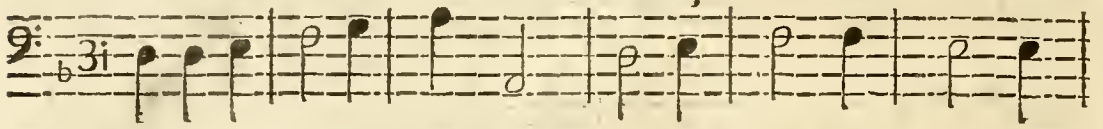
Love.



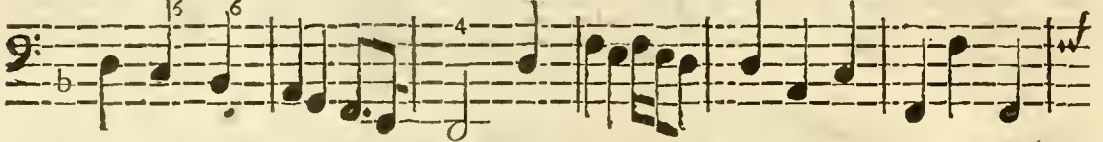
A New Song Set by Mr. John Freeman.



TOO well I fear A—lex—is knows, his con—quest o'er my



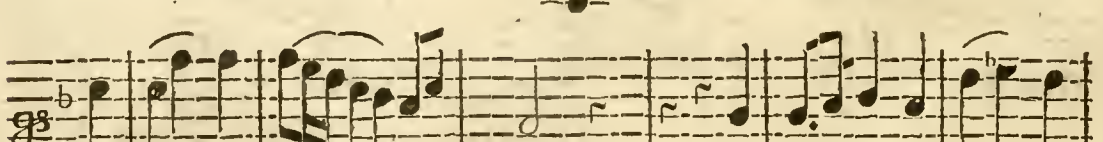
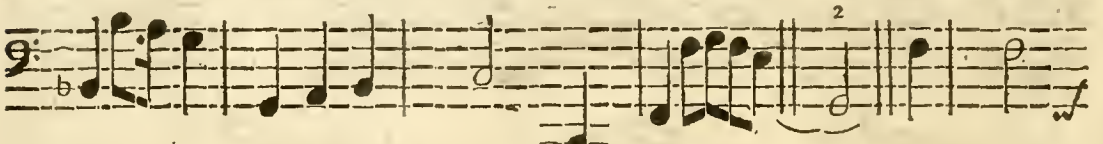
ten—der heart; in vain I wou'd the flame op—pose, in



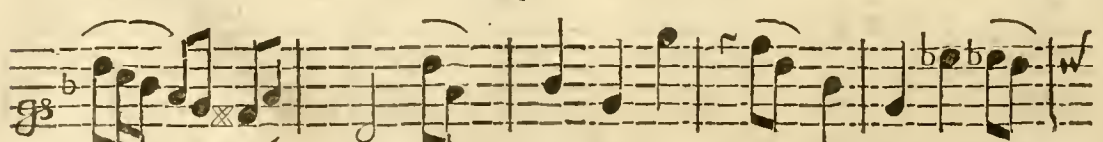
vain I wou'd the flame op—pose, in vain I wou'd, in



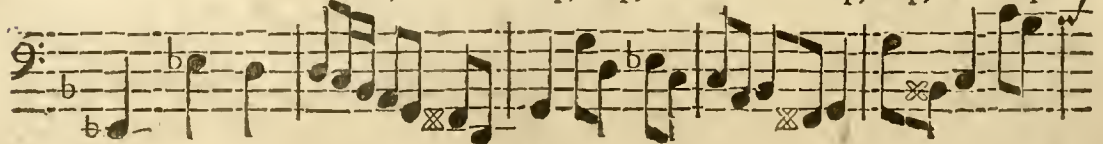
vain con—temn the fa—ll dart: But love



too subtl'y does in—vade, but love too subtl'y



does in—vade, oh! help, help, oh! oh! help, help, oh! help



oh! on! help a yeild ————— ing Maid, but Love too

subtly, too subtly does in—vade, oh! help, help, help, oh!

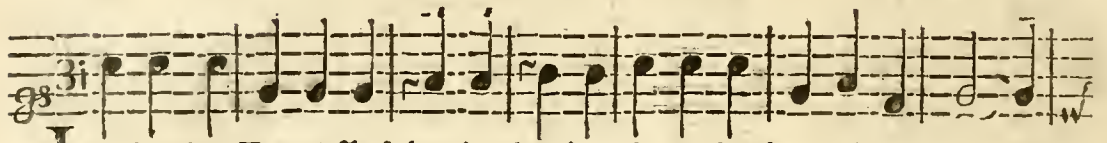
help, help, oh! help, help, oh!

help a yeild —————

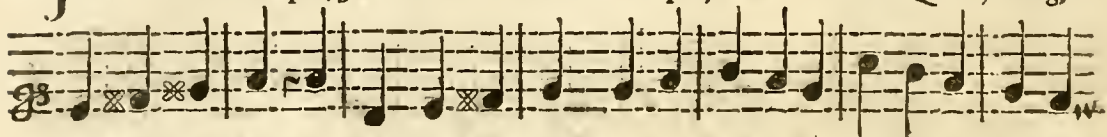
ing Maid.

A New *Catch* in the Tragedy of *Bonduca*.

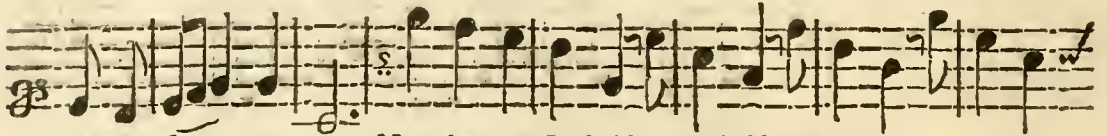
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



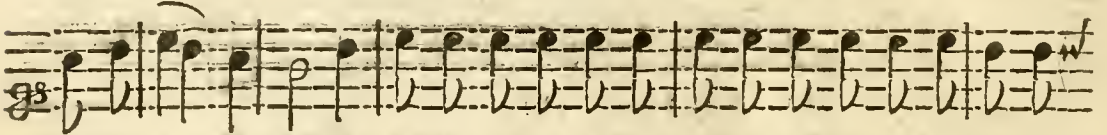
J Ack thour't a Toaper, *Jack* thour't a thour't a Toaper, let's have tother Quart ; Ring,



ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, we'er so sober, so sober, so sober



'twere a shame to part; None but a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold



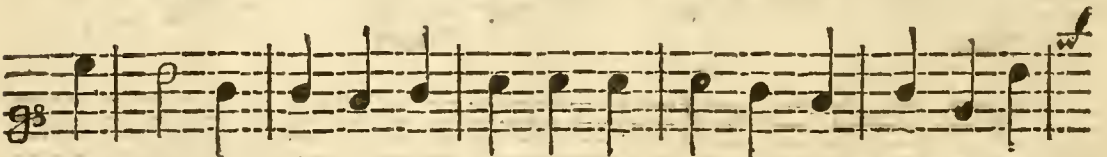
Bully'd by his Wife, for coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,



coming, coming, coming, coming, coming late, fears a Do-mes-----tick



Strife ; I'm free, I'm free and so are you, so are you, so are you too, call



and knock, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, tho'



Watchmen cry *paft* two a Clock.

A Dialogue in *King Arthur*, set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Y O U say 'tis Love creates the pain, of which so sadly you complain;

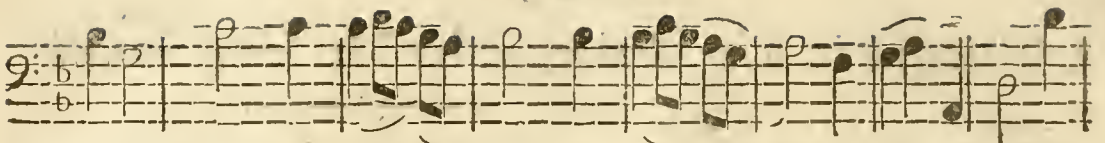
and yet would fain engage my heart, in that un-easy cruel, cruel part;

but how a-las, how a-las think you that I can bear the wound

--ds of which you die? how a-las, how a-las think you that I can

bear the wounds of which you die? 'Tis not my passion makes my care,

but your indifference gives despair; the lusty Sun, the lusty Sun be—



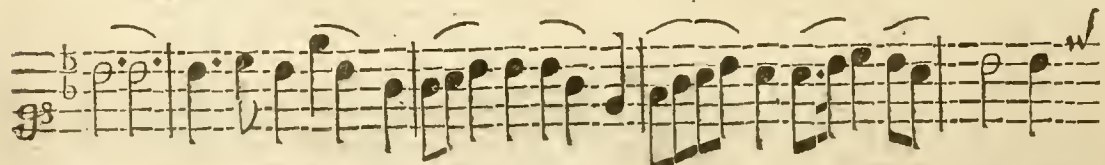
— gets no Spring, till gen—tle show'rs, till gen—tle show'rs af—sistance bring, so



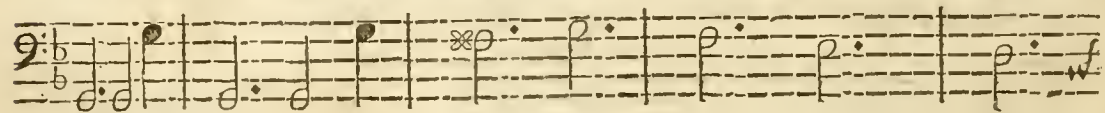
Love that scorches and destroys, till kind—nefs aids, till kind-nefs aids can



cause no joy ; Love has a thousand, thousand, thousand, thou—sand ways to



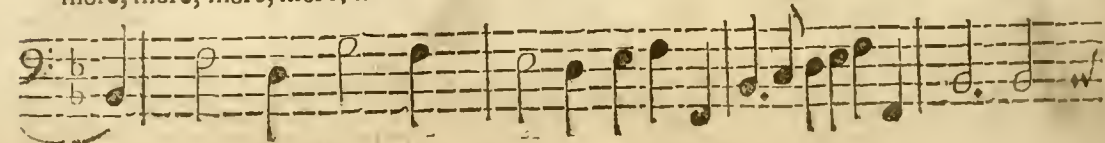
please; Love has a thousand, thousand, thousand, thou—sand ways to please; but



more, more, more, more, more, more, more to rob us of our ease, but more, more,



more, more, more, more, more to rob us of our ease; for wak—



ing nights and carefull days, some hours of plea

fures he re-pays; But ab-fence foon or jea-lous

fears o'er-flows the joy, o'er-flows the joy with floods of Tears; but ab-

fence foon or jea-lous fears o'er-flows the joys, o'er-flows the joys with floods of

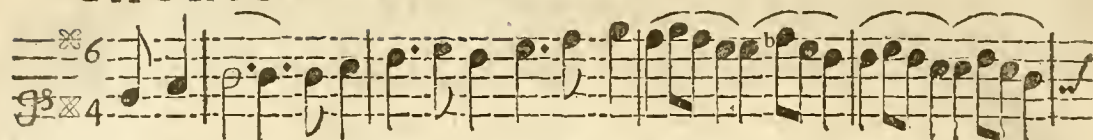
Tears: But one soft moment makes amends for all the tor-

ment that at-

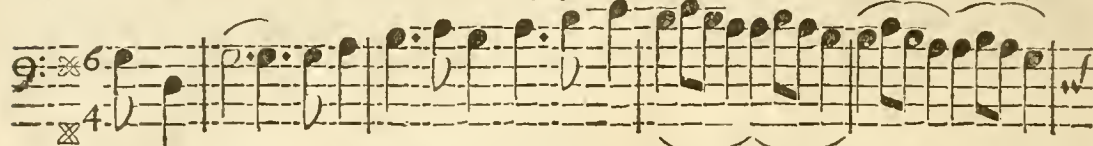
--tends, one soft moment makes a-mends for all the tor-

ment that at--tends.

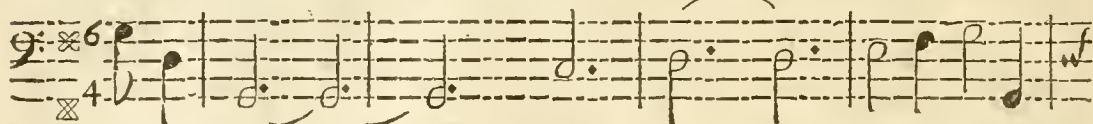
CHORUS.



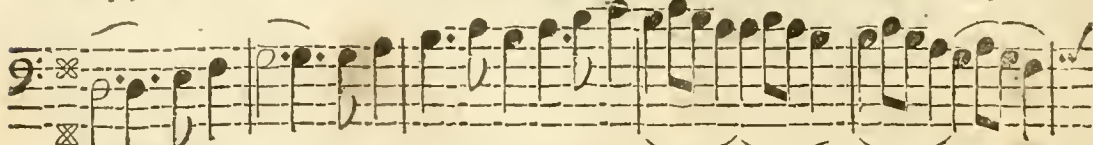
Let us Love, let us Love and to hap-pine/s *hast, hast, hast, hast,*



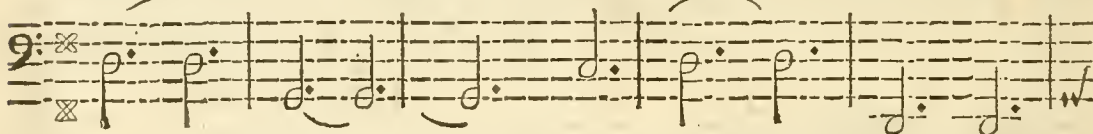
Let us Love, let us Love and to hap-pi-ness *hast, hast, hast, hast,*



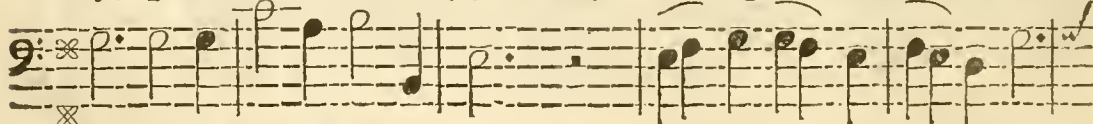
hast, let us Love, let us Love and to happine/s *hast, hast, hast, hast,*



hast, let us Love, let us Love and to happine/s *hast, hast, hast, hast,*



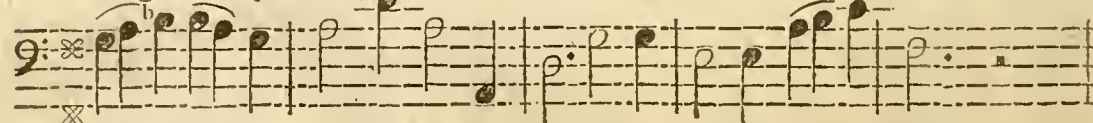
hast, Age and Wis-dom comes too fast; Youth for lo-ving was design'd, Youth for



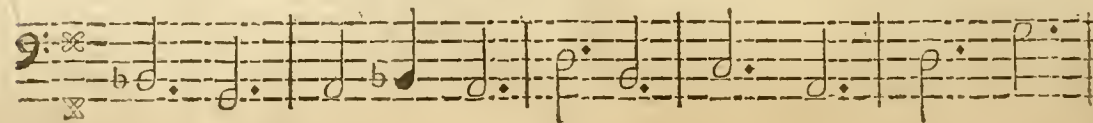
hast, Age and Wis-dom comes too fast; Youth for lo-ving was design'd,



lo-ving, Youth for loving was de--sign'd; You be constant

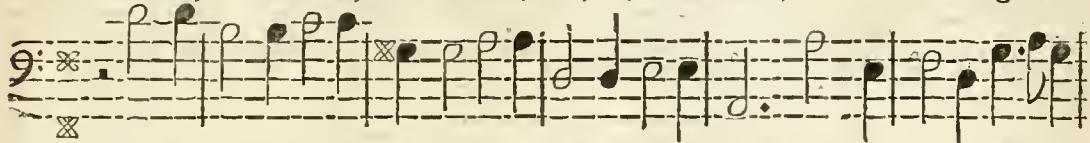


Youth for loving, loving was de-sign'd; I'll be constant, you be kind,

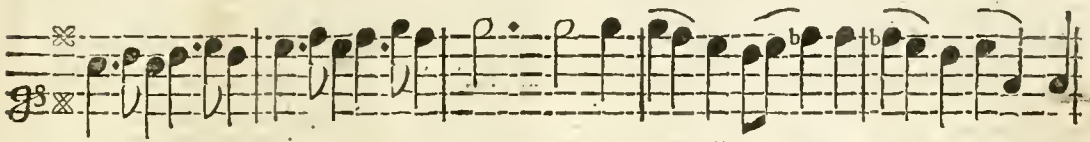
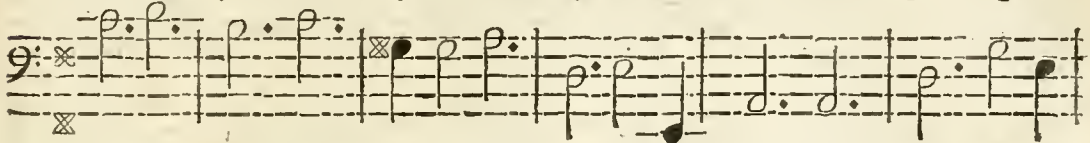




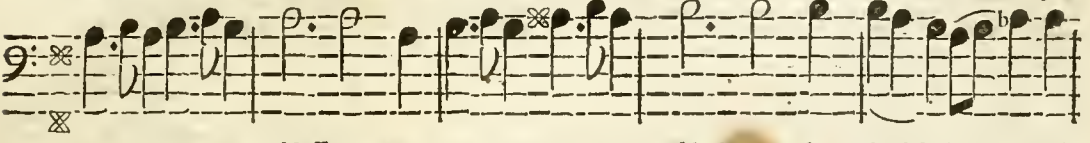
I le be kind, I le be kind, I le be kind, kind, I le, I le be kind; Heav'n can give no



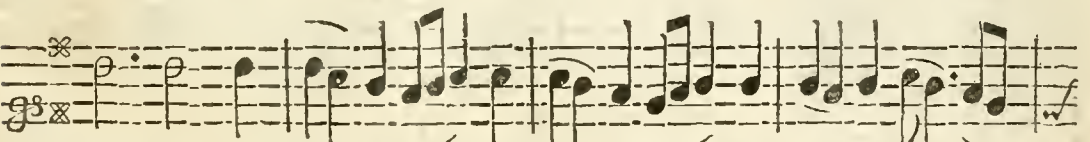
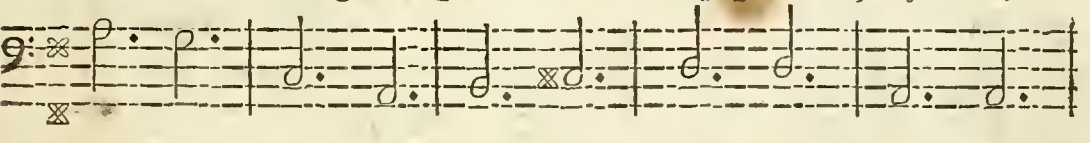
I le be constant, I le be constant, I le be constant, I le be kind; Heav'n can give no grea—



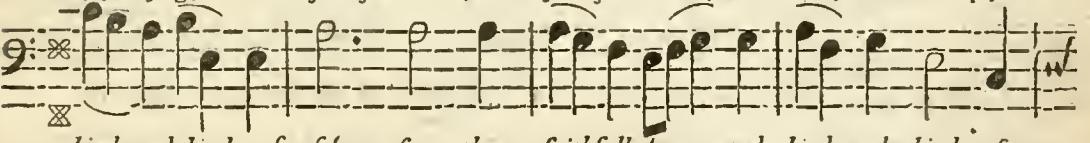
grea— ter bles—sing then faithfull love, and kind, and kind pos—



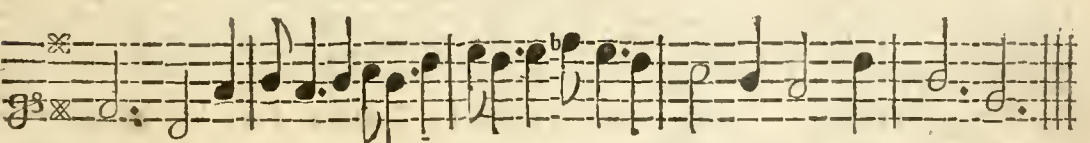
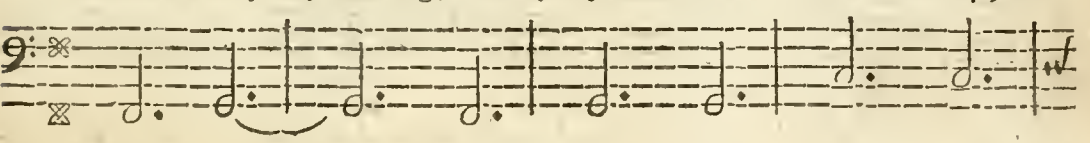
— ter blessing, no grea— ter blessing then faithfull love, and



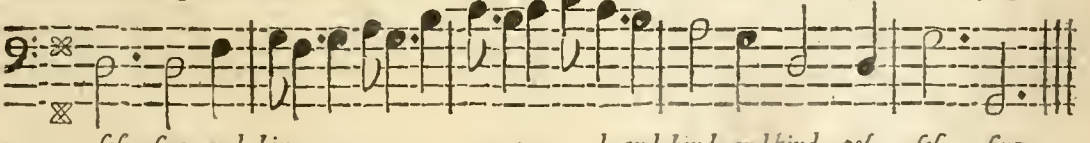
— ses—sing, then faithfull love, then faithfull love, and kind, and kind pos—



kind, and kind pos—ses—sing, then faithfull love, and kind, and kind pos—



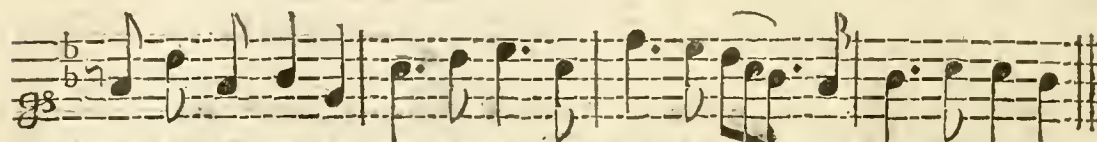
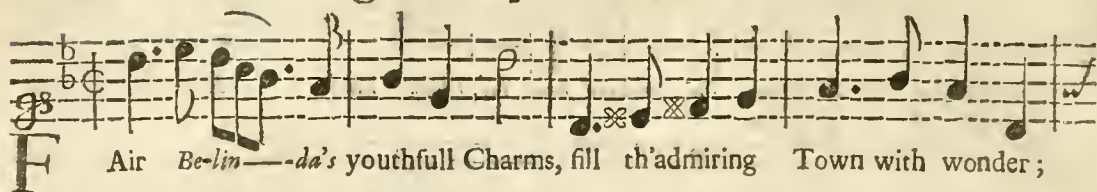
— ses—sing, and kin— d, and kind, and kind, pos—ses—sing.



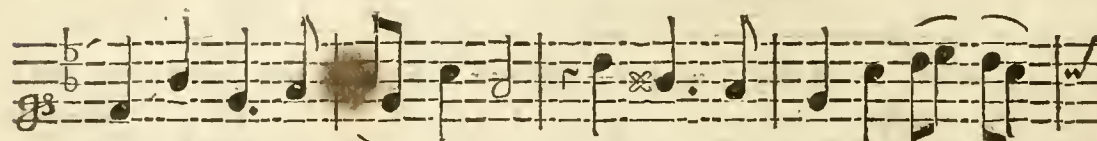
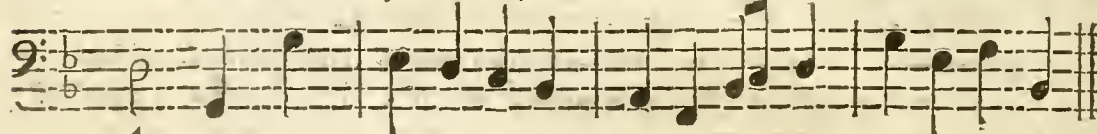
— ses—sing, and kin— d, and kind, and kind, pos—ses—sing.



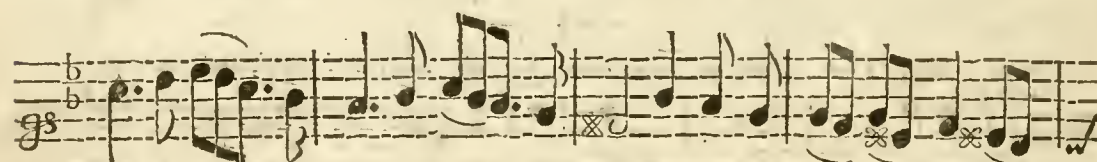
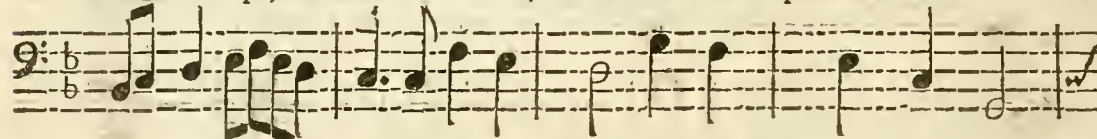
A Song set by Mr. John Eccles.



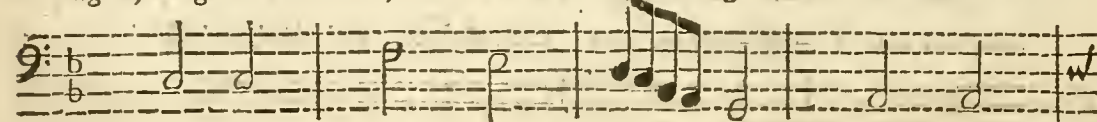
The stubborn'st Heart her Eyes allure, and make 'em to her Pride sur-render:



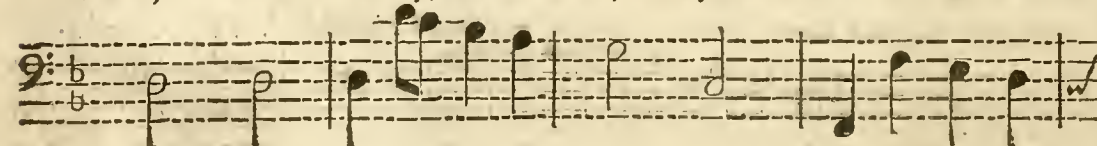
Face and Shape, and Wit so Rare, Heav'n's ma=ster=peice She was de=



sign'd, a grace=full Meen, and such an Air, nothing ex=cels it but her



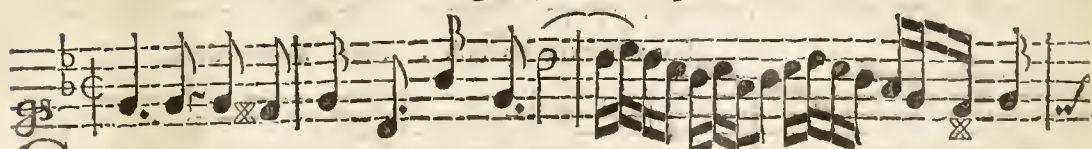
Mind; the Women en-vy, Men ad=mi-re, her Eyes does Love in all in=



spire, her Eyes does Love in all in=spire.



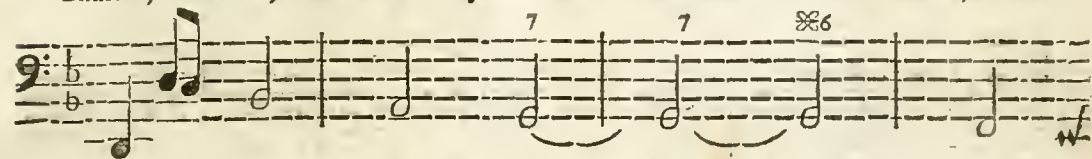
A Song in the *Rival-Sisters*, set by Mr. Henry
Purcell. Sung by Young Bowen.



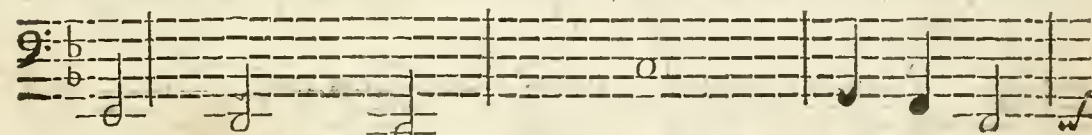
C *E—lia* has a thousand, thousand, thou— sand



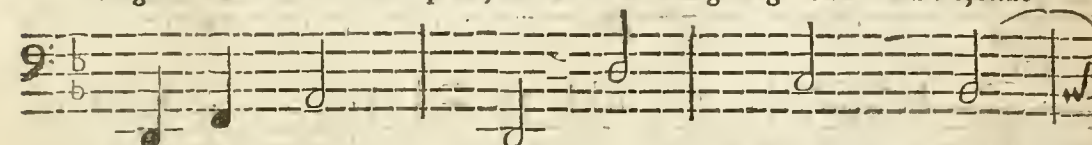
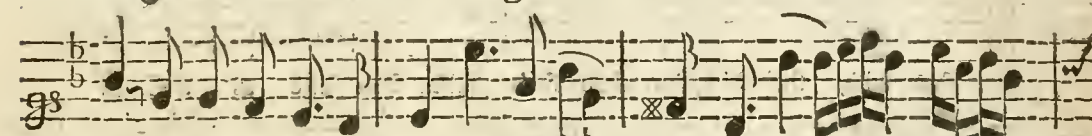

Charms, 'tis Heav'n, 'tis Heav'n to lye with—in her Arms; while I



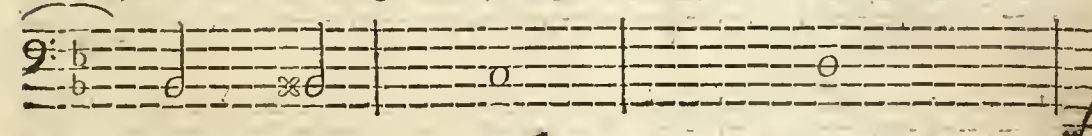

stand gazing on her Face, some new, and some resist—less grace, fills with fresh



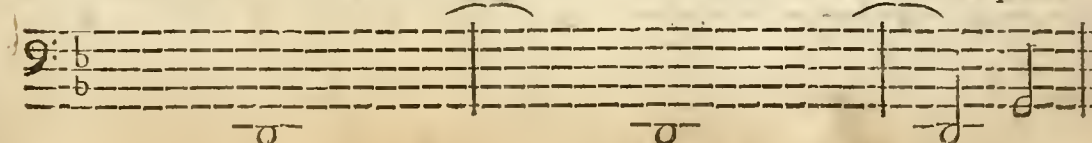

magick all the place, while I stand gazing on her Face, some

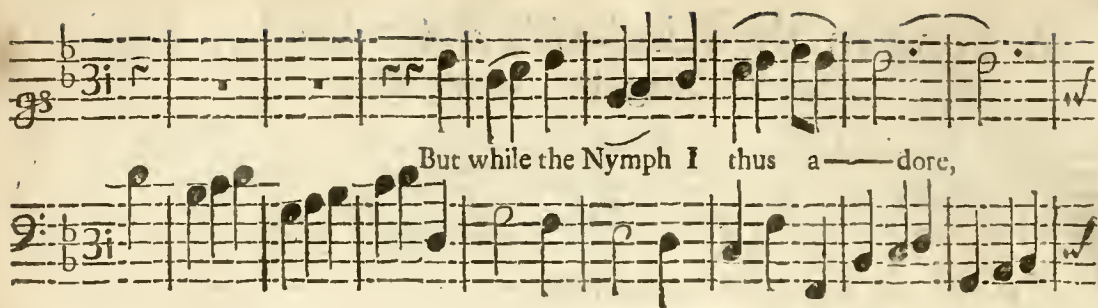



new, and some re-sist—less grace, fills with fresh magick all

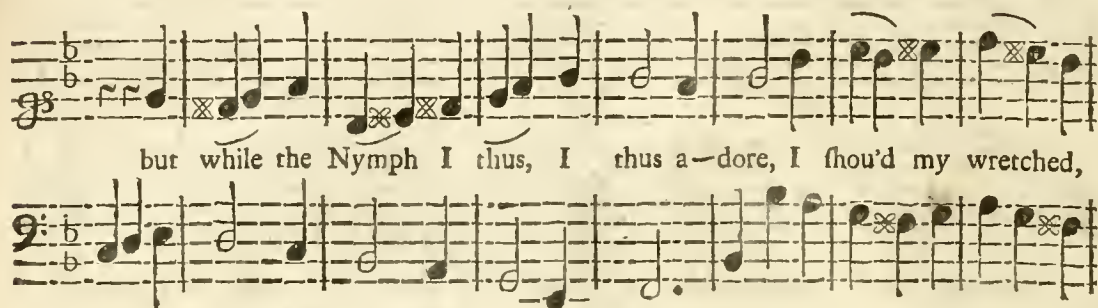



the place:





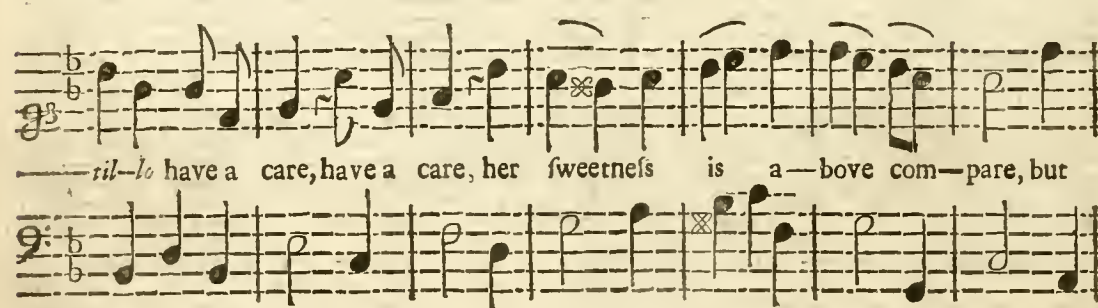
But while the Nymph I thus a—dore,



but while the Nymph I thus, I thus a—dore, I shou'd my wretched,



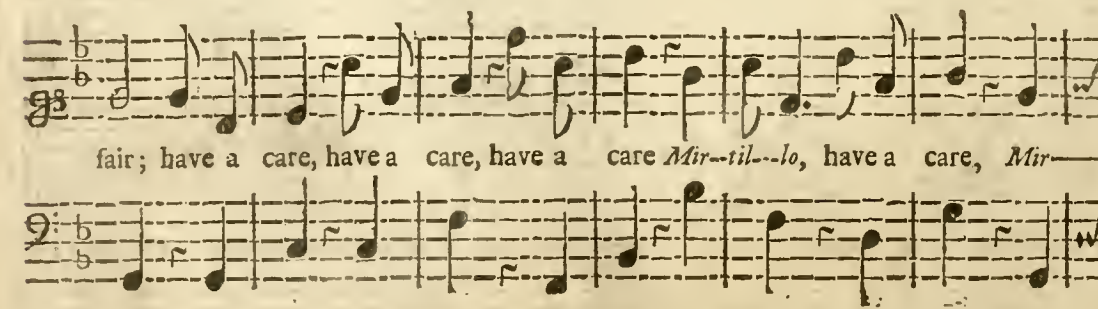
wretched, wretched Fate de—plore; for oh! *Mir—tillo*, oh! *Mir—*



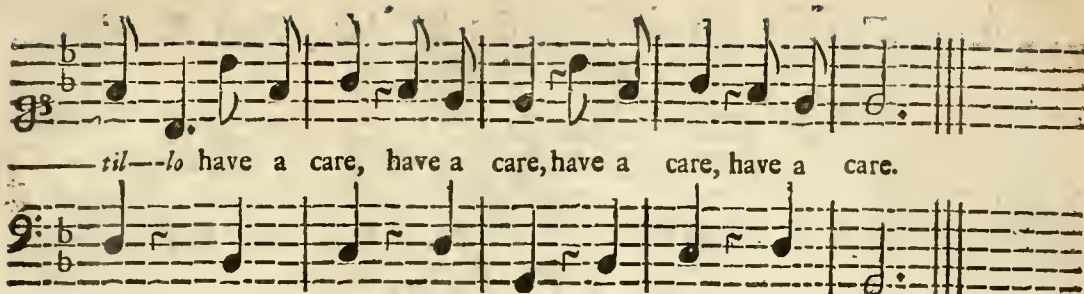
til—lo have a care, have a care, her sweetness is a—bove com—pare, but



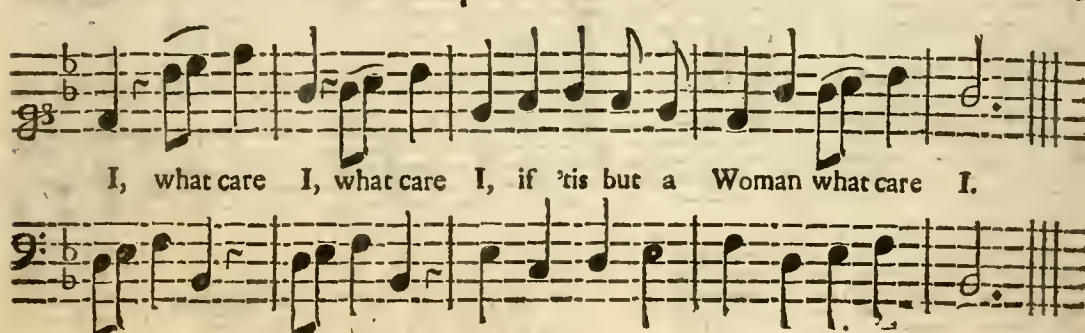
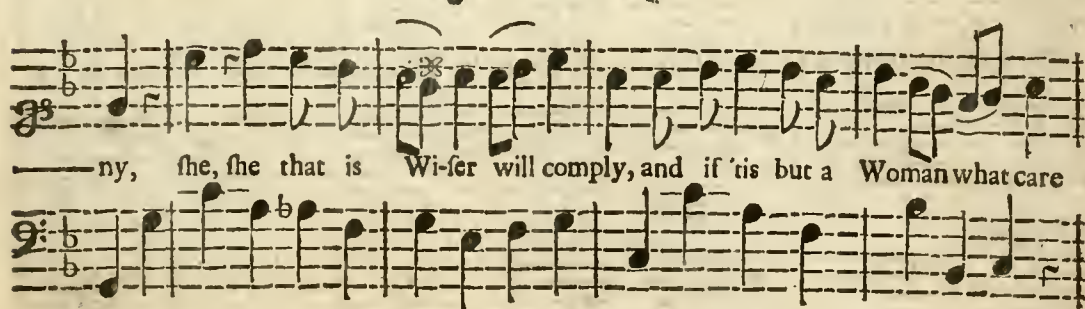
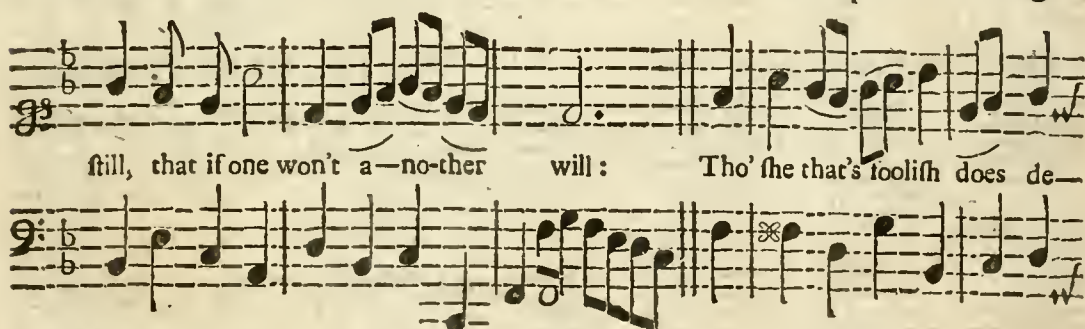
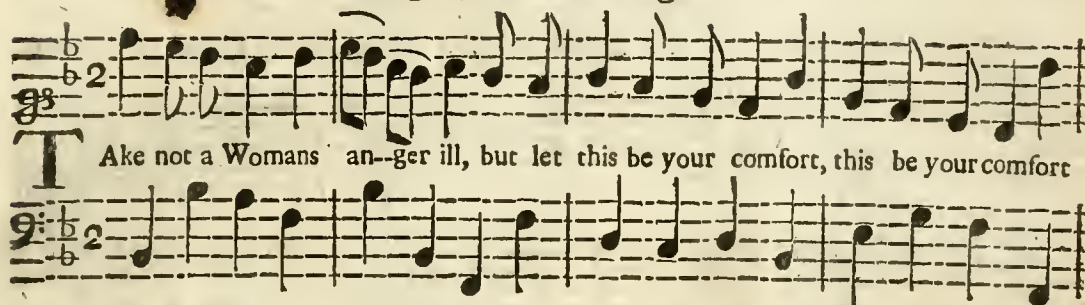
then she's false, she's false, but then she's false, she's false as well as



fair; have a care, have a care, have a care *Mir—til—lo*, have a care, *Mir—*



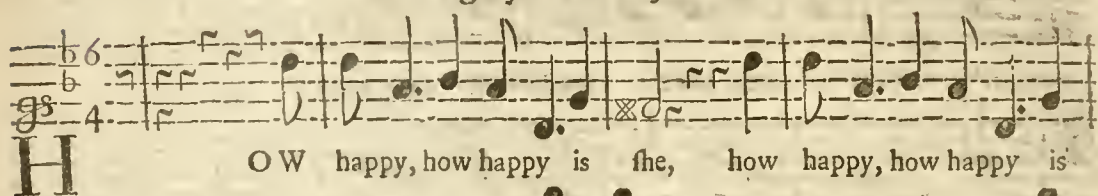
A Song in the *Rival-Sisters*, Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.
Sung by Mr. Leaverige.



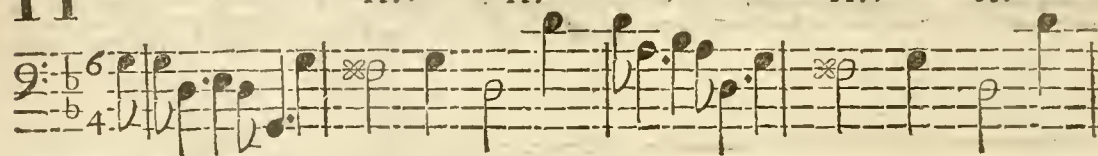
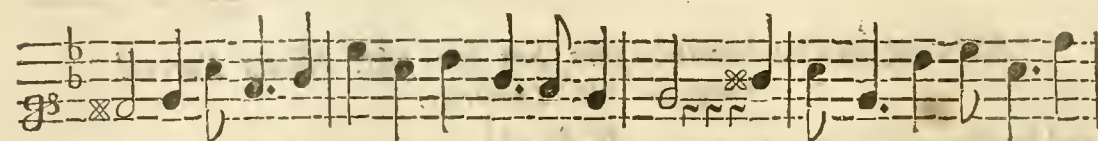
II.

Then who'd be Damn'd, to Swear untrue,
And Sigh and Weep, and Whine and Woe,
As all our simple Coxcombs doe;
All Women love it, and tho' this,
Does suddenly forbid the bliss,
Try but the next you cannot mis.

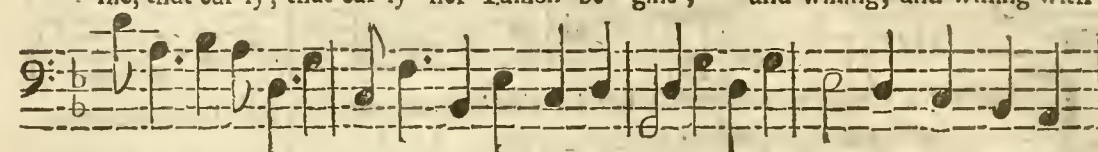
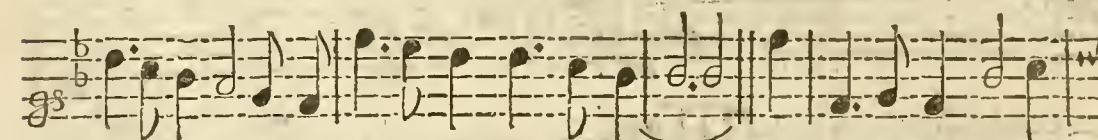
A Song in the *Rival-Sisters*, Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.
Sung by Miss Crofs.



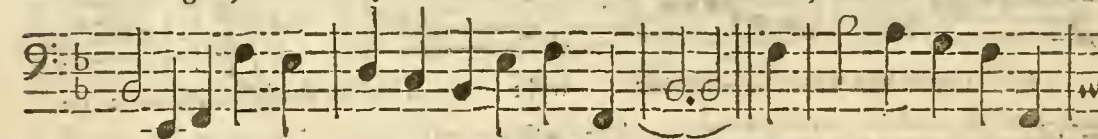
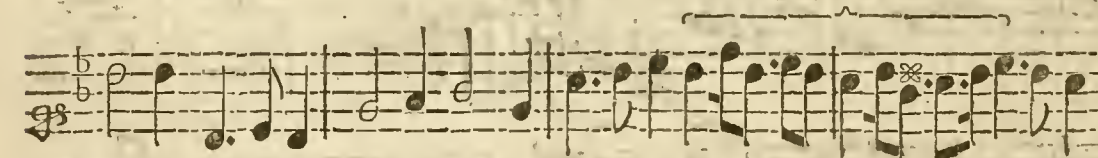
H O W happy, how happy is she, how happy, how happy is

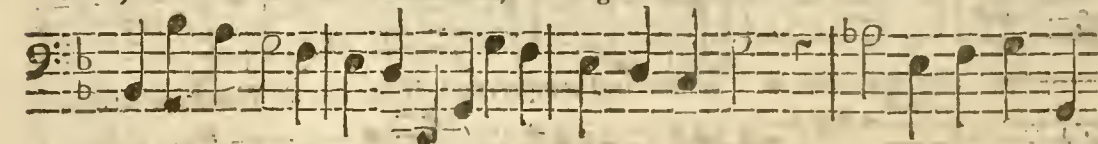
she, that ear-ly, that ear-ly her Passion be-gins; and willing, and willing with

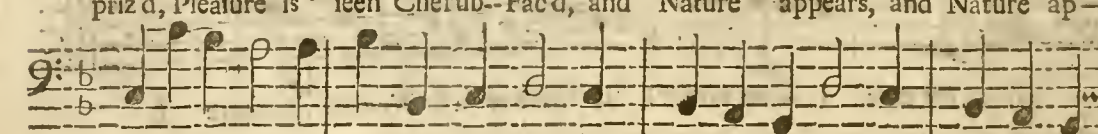
Love to agree, does not stay till she comes to her Teens: Then, then she's all Pure and

Chast, then then she's all Pure and Chast; like Angels her smi—les to be




priz'd, Pleasure is seen Cherub-Fac'd, and Nature appears, and Nature ap—




—pears un—dis—guis'd.



II.

From Twenty to Thirty, and then,
Set up for a Lover in vain,
By that time we study how Men,
May be wrack'd with neglect and disdain:
Love dwells where we meet with desire,
Desire which Nature has given,
She's a Fool then that feeling the fear,
Begins not to warn at Eleven.

F I N I S.