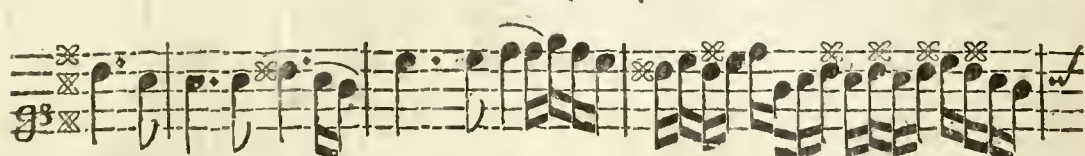
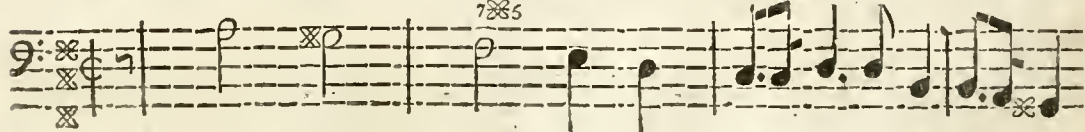


The three following Songs, in the Play call'd *Oroonoko*.

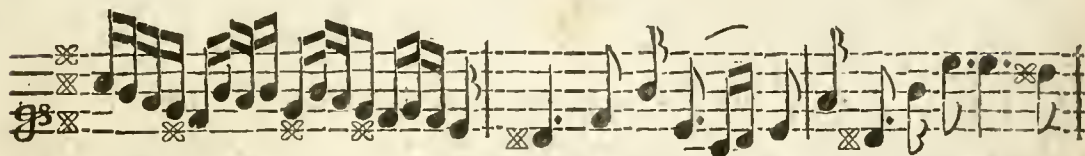
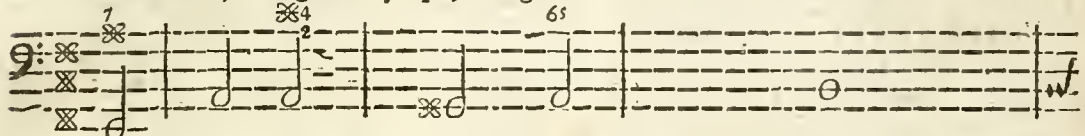
A Song Sung by the Boy, and Sett by Mr. Courtrevill.



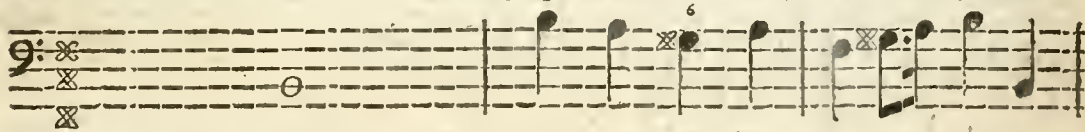
A Lafs, a Lafs there lives upon the Green, cou'd I, cou'd I, cou'd I her



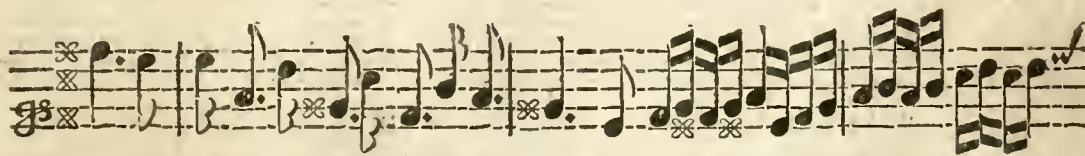
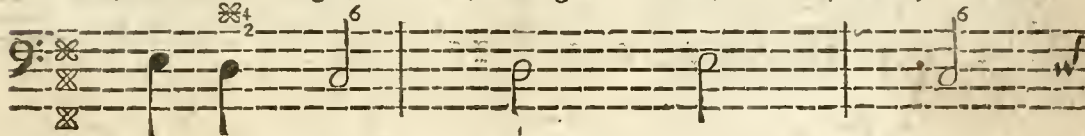
Picture draw; a brighter Nymph, a bright



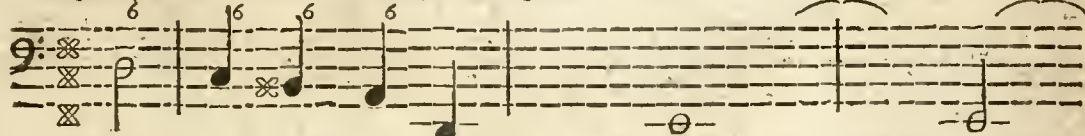
ter Nymph was never, never, never, never, never



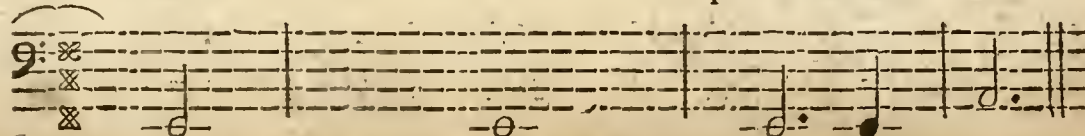
feen; that looks and reigns, that looks, and reigns a little, lit-tle, little, lit-tle



Queen, a lit-tle, lit-tle, little, little Queen, that kee



ps the Swains in awe.

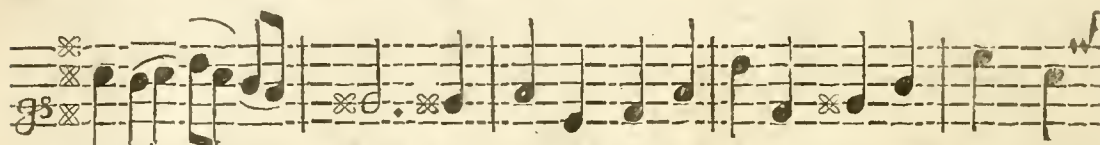
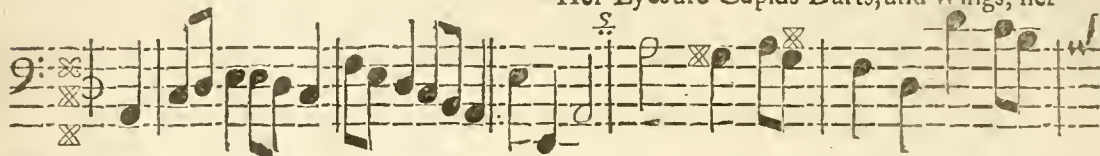


Delicia Musica 4th Book

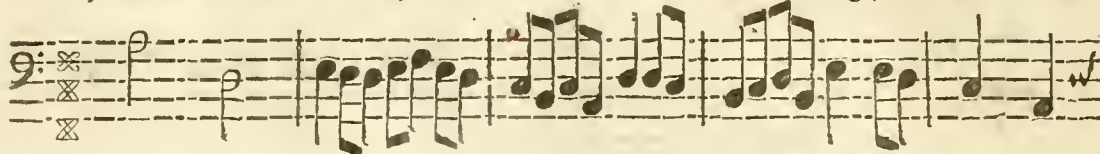
4235709



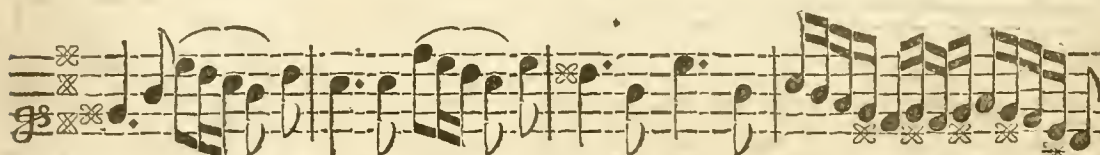
Her Eyes are Cupids Darts, and Wings, her



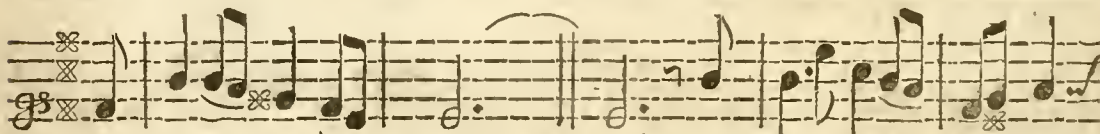
Eyebrows are his Bow, her Silken Hair the Silver Strings, that sure and



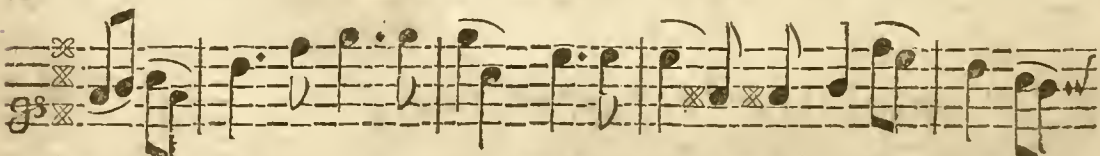
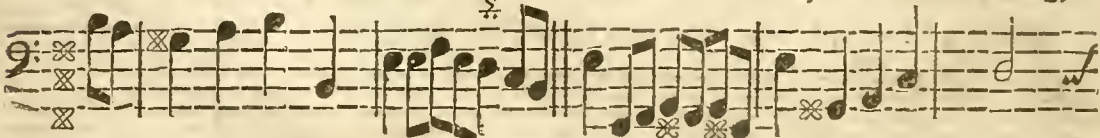
swift, swift, swi ——— ft destruction brings to all, all,



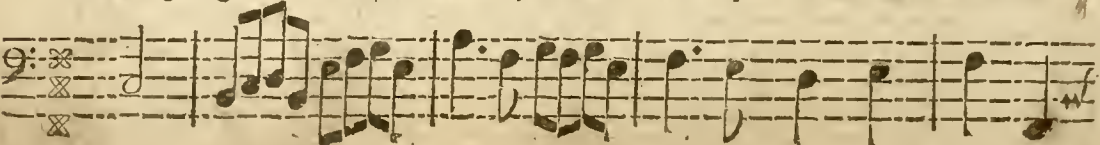
all, to all, all, all, to all, all, all, to all, to all, ———



to all the Vale be ——— low. If Pastorella's dawning,



dawning light can warm, and wound, warm and wound, can warm and wound us



fo, her Noon will shine fo Pier — cing, Peir — cing bright, each

glan — cing Beam will kill out —

—right, will kill out-right, and ev—ry Swain, and ev—ry Swain subdue, and

ev—ry Swain, and ev—ry Swain sub—due.

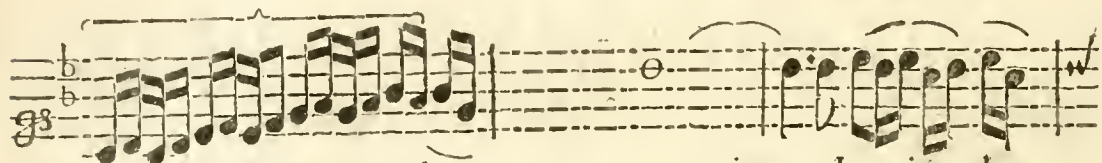
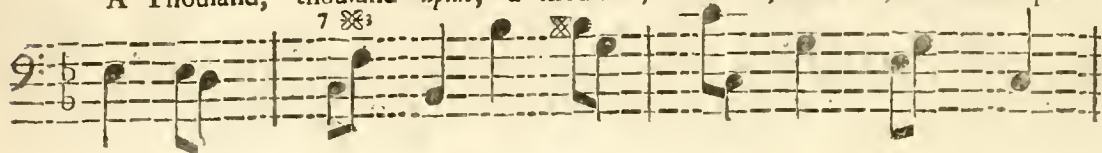
A Song Sett by Mr. R. Courteville.

B Right Cynthia's Pow'r di—vine — ly

great, what Heart, what Heart, what Heart is not o — bey—ing?



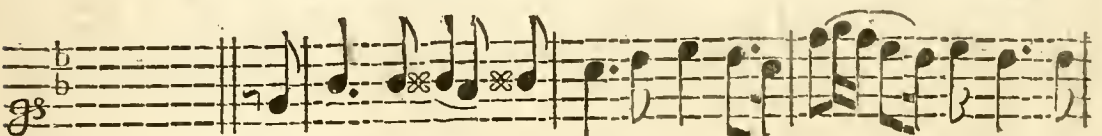
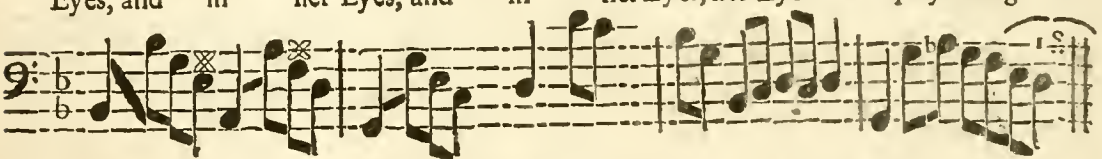
A Thousand, thousand *Cupids*, a thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand *Cupids*



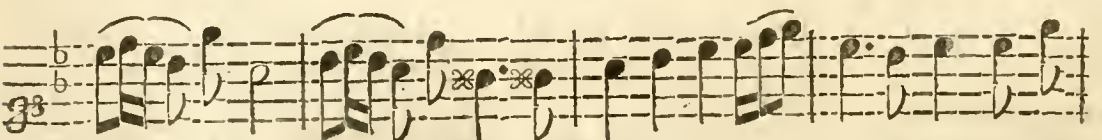
on ————— her wait, and in her



Eyes, and in her Eyes, and in her Eyes, her Eyes are play—ing.



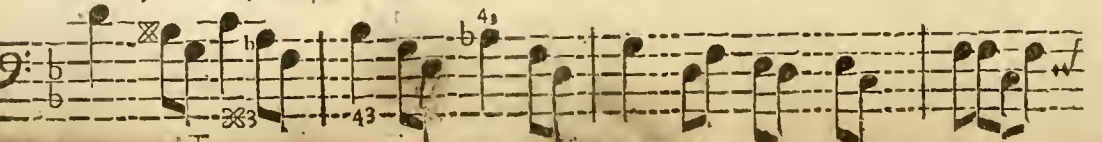
She seems the Queen of Love, the Queen of Love to Reign, for



she alone, she alone, for she alone, a—lone dis—per—ses such



sweets, sweets, such sweets, sweets as best can en—ter—tain, can



en-ter-tain the Gust of all, of all, all, all, of all, all, all,

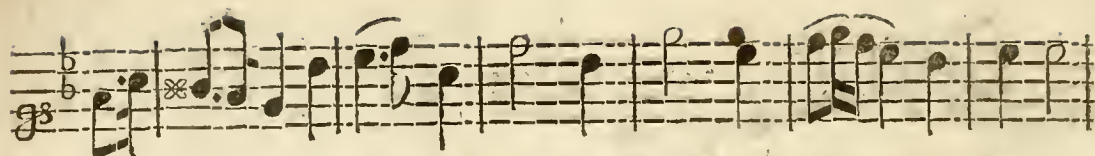
of all, all, all, of all, of all the

Senses. Her Face a Charming,

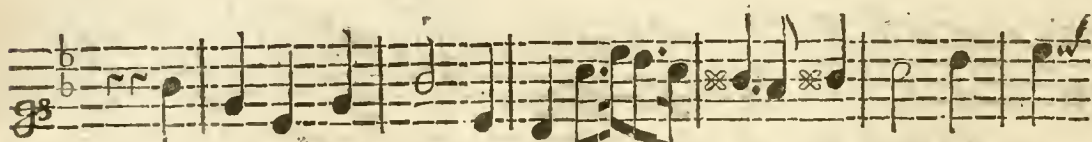
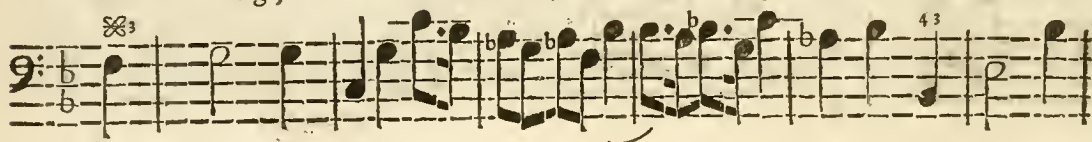
Charming prof-pect brings, her Breath gives bal-

my, bal-my blisses; I hear an

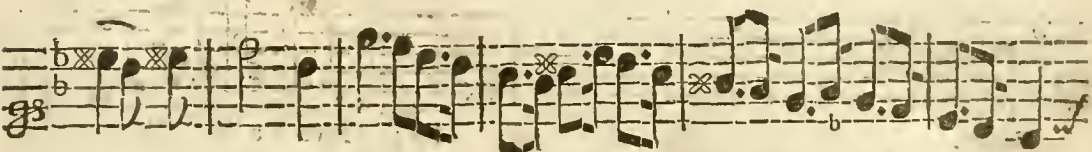
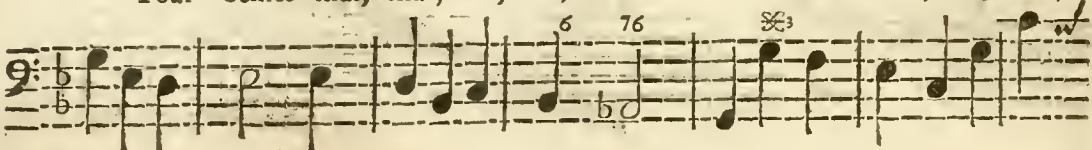
An-gel when she Sings, when she si-



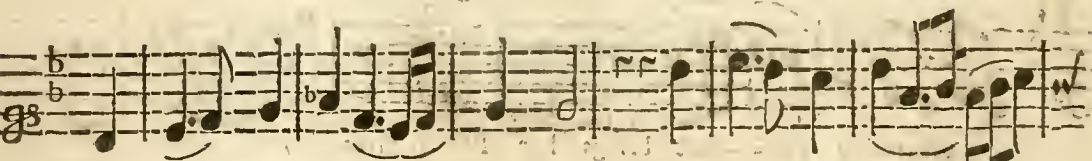
ngs, and taft of Heav'n, of Heav'n a—lone in Kiffes.



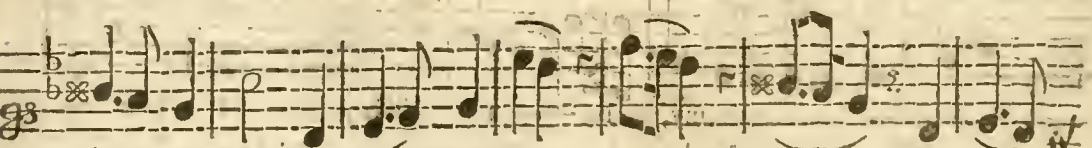
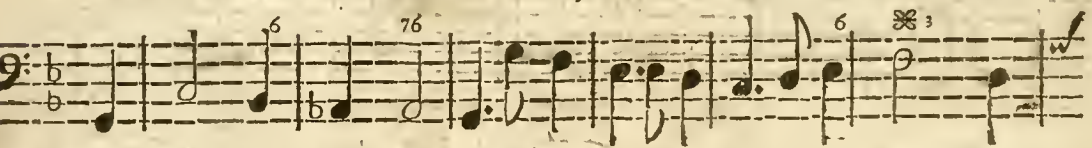
Four Senfes thus, thus, thus, thus, thus the feasts, thus, thus,



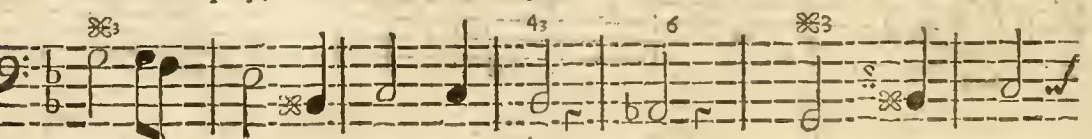
thus the feasts with joy s,



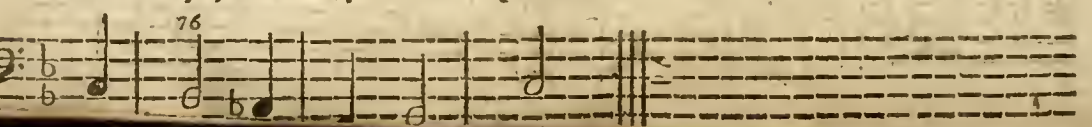
from Natures ri—chest Treasure, let me the o—ther



Senfe imploy, and I shall dye, dye, dye, and I

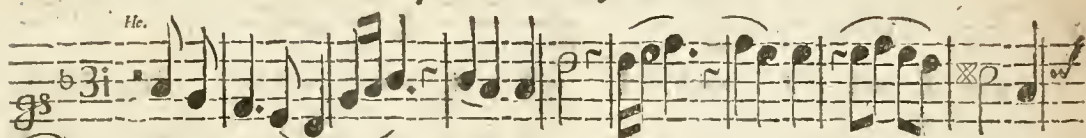


shall dye, shall dye with pleasure.



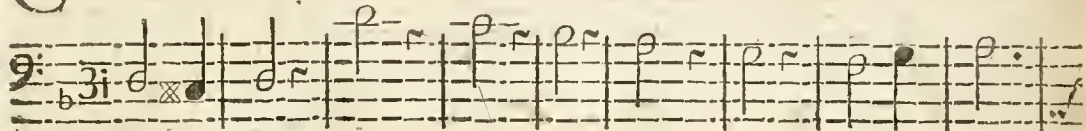
A Dialogue Sung in *Oroonoko*, by the Boy and Girl.

Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.

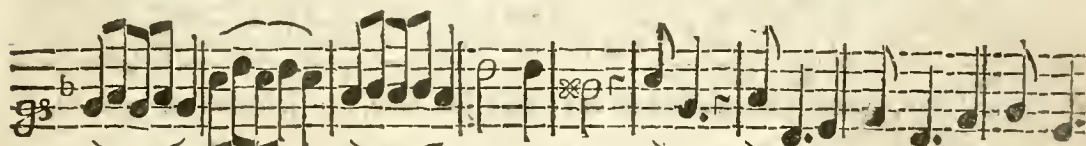
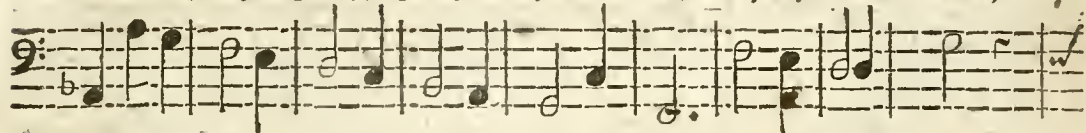


C

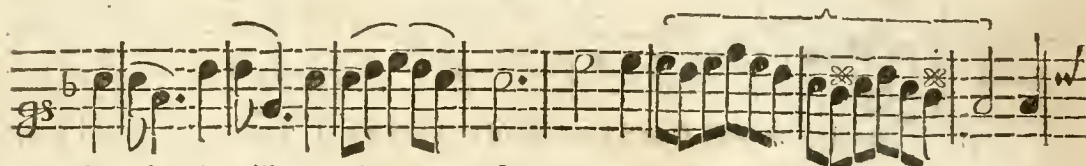
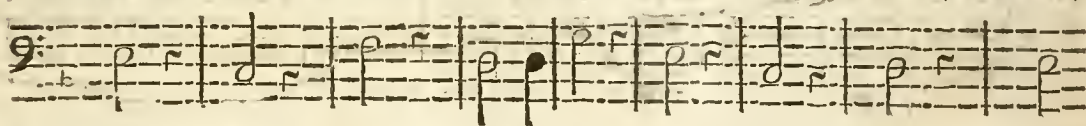
E-le-me-ne, pray tell me, pray, pray tell me Ce-le-me-ne



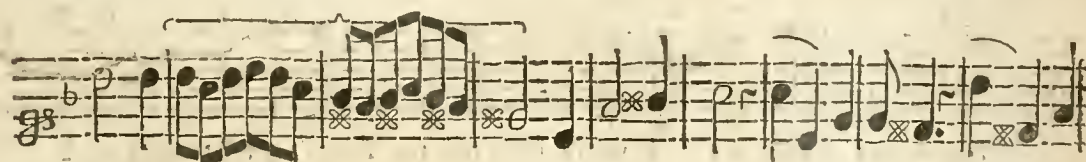
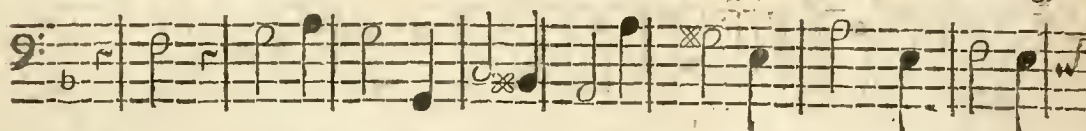
when those pretty, pretty, pretty Eyes I see; why my Heart beats,



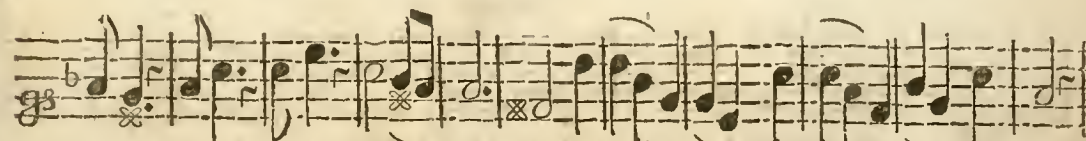
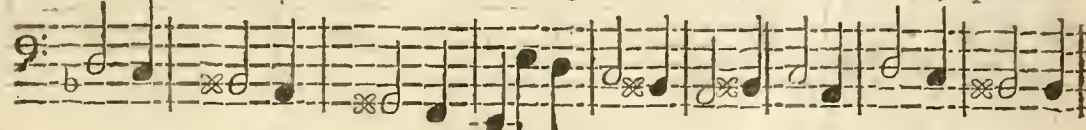
beats, beats, beats in my Breast? why, why it will not, it will not,



why, why it will not let me rest? Why this trem—bling,

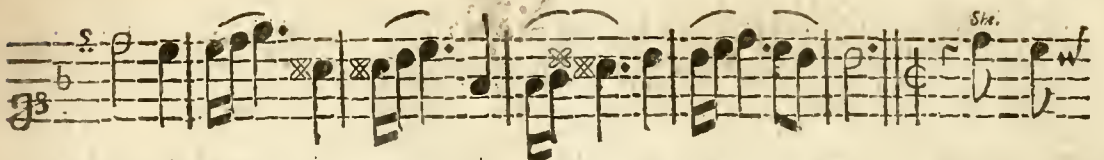


why this trem—bling too all o'er; Pains I never, pains I

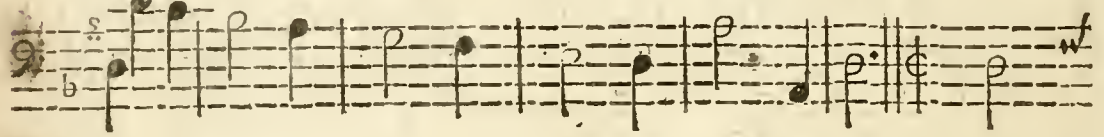


never, never, never felt be-fore: And when thus I touch, when thus I touch your Hand,

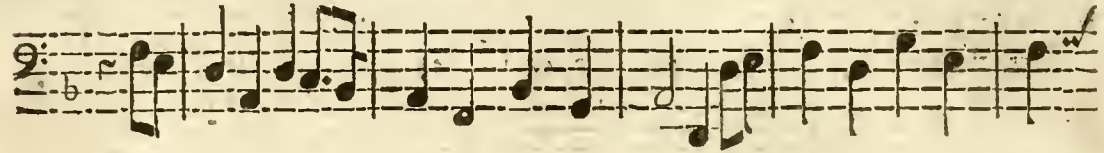




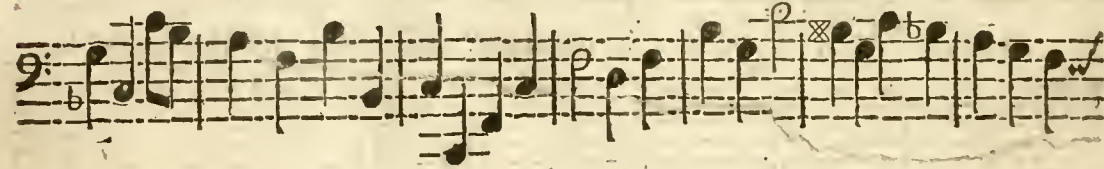
why I wish, I wish, I wish I was a Man? How shou'd



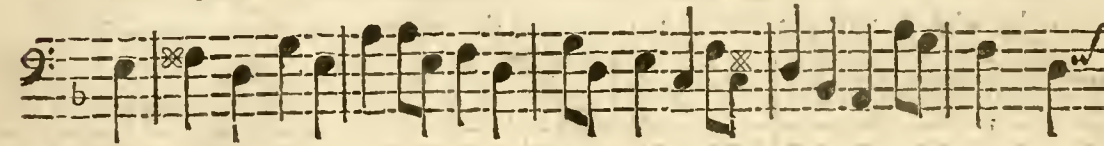
I know more than you? Yet wou'd be a Woman' too. When you wash your self



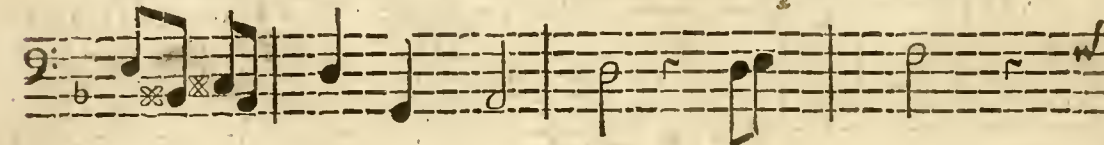
and play, I methinks cou'd look all day; Nay just now, nay, just now am' pleas'd,



am' pleas'd so well, shou'd you, shou'd you Kiss me I won't tell, shou'd you,



shou'd you Kiss me I won't tell; no, no I won't tell; no, no I



won't tell; no, no I won't tell; shou'd you Kiss me I won't tell.



He.

Tho' I cou'd do that all day, and de—fire no better play: Sure,

sure in Love there's something more, which makes Mam—ma so bigg, so

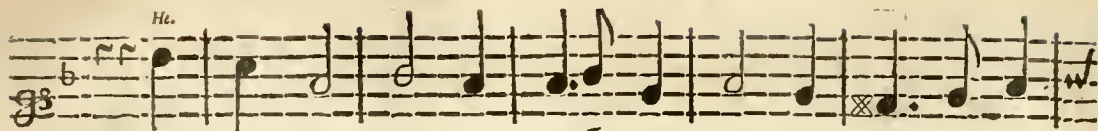
She.

bigg be—fore. Once by chance I hear'd it nam'd; don't ask

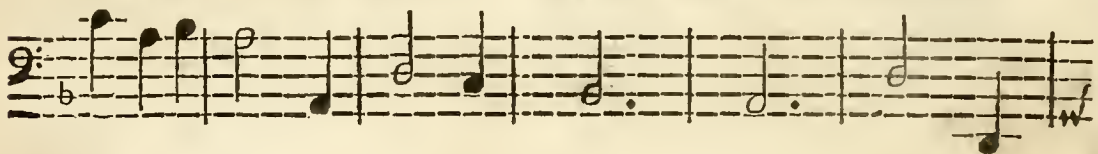
what, don't ask what for I'm a—sham'd: Stay but till you're

past Fif—teen, then you'll know, then, then you'll know what 'tis I

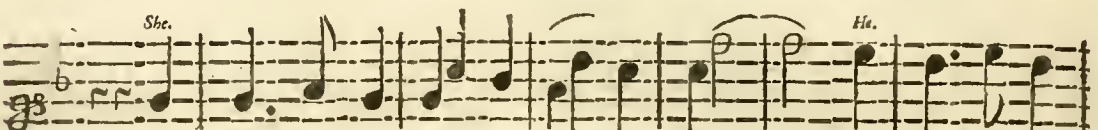
mean, then you'll know then, then you'll know what 'tis I mean.



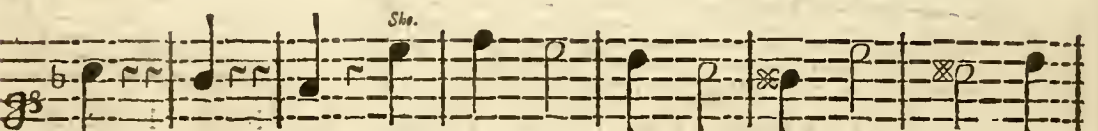
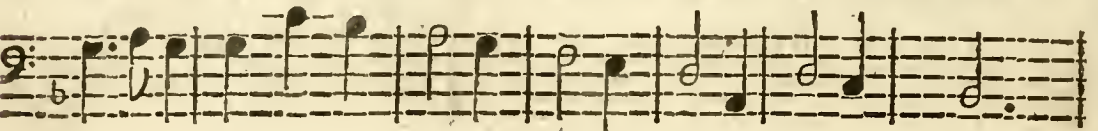
How—e—ver, lose not pre—sent Bliss; but now we're a—



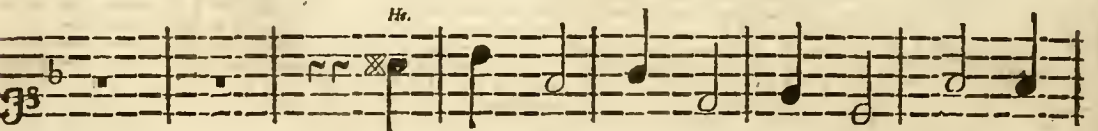
—lone let's Kiss, but now we're a—lone let's Kiss, let's Kiss.



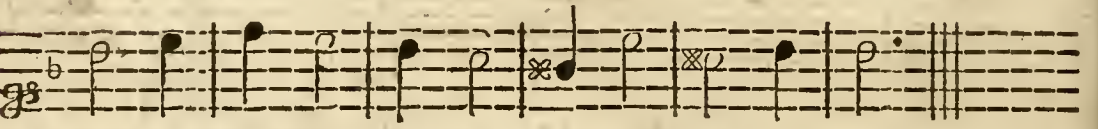
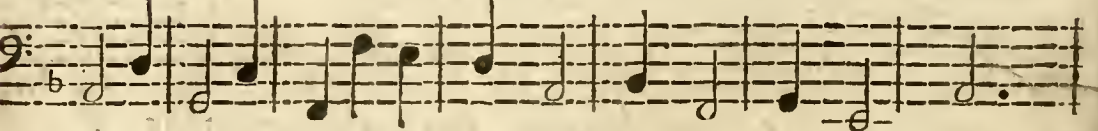
My Breasts do so heave, so heave, so hea—ve. My Heart does so



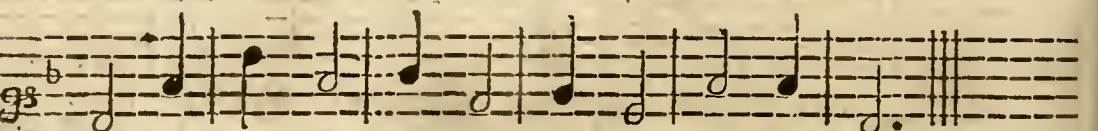
pant, pant, pant. There's something, something, something more we



There's something, something, something more we



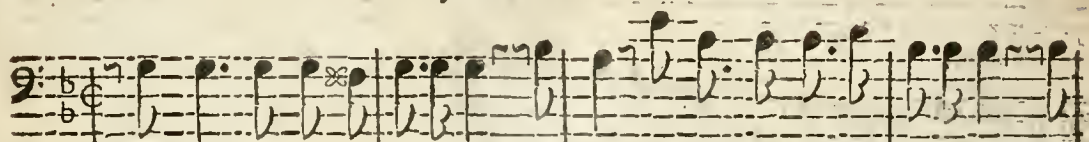
want, there's something, something, something more we want.



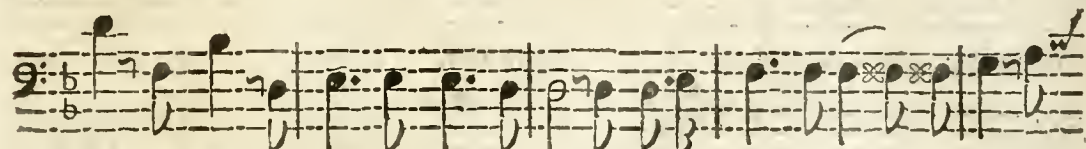
want, there's something, something, something more we want.



The Conjurers Song, Sung in the Third Act of the *Indian Queen*.
Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.



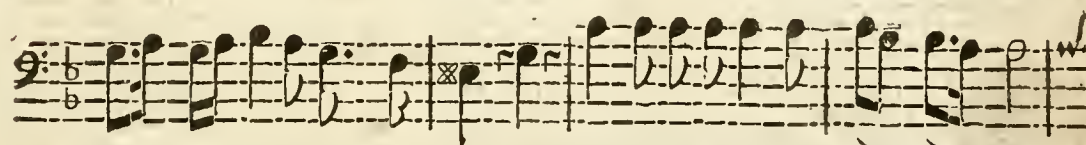
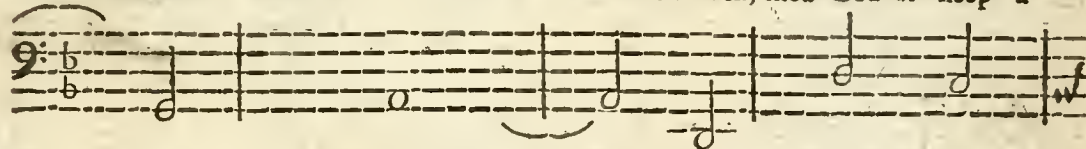
YOU twiceten hundred De-i-ties, to whom; to whom we dai-ly Sacrifice; Ye



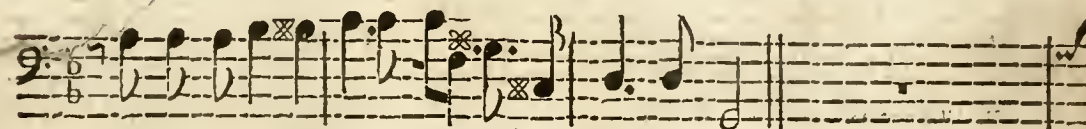
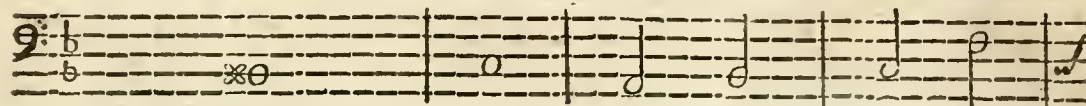
Pow'rs, ye Pow'rs that dwell with Fates below, and see what Men are doom'd to doe; where



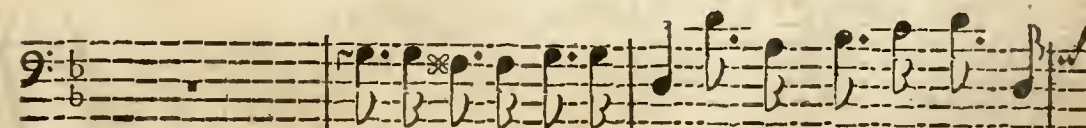
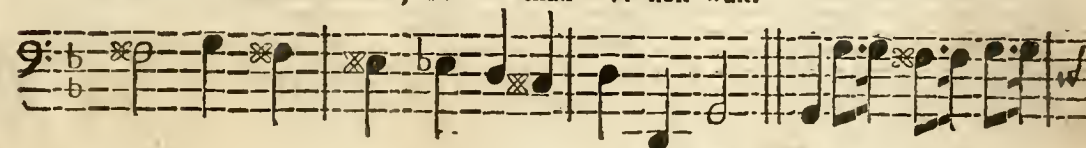
Elements in dis— cord dwell, thou God of sleep a—



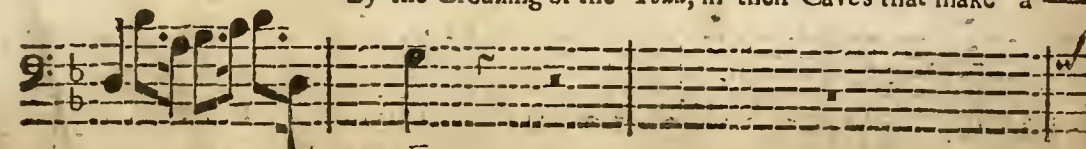
ri— se and tell; tell great Zempoalla, what strange, strange Fate

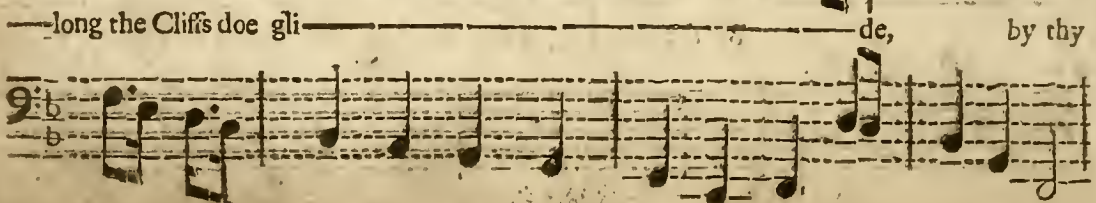
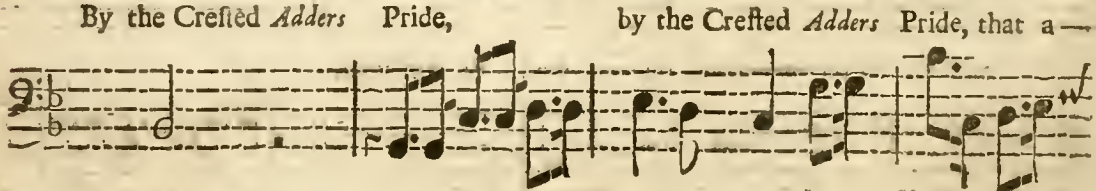
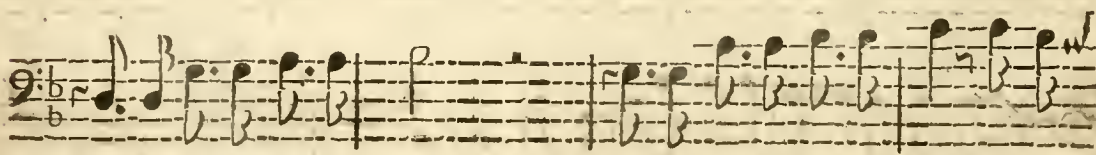
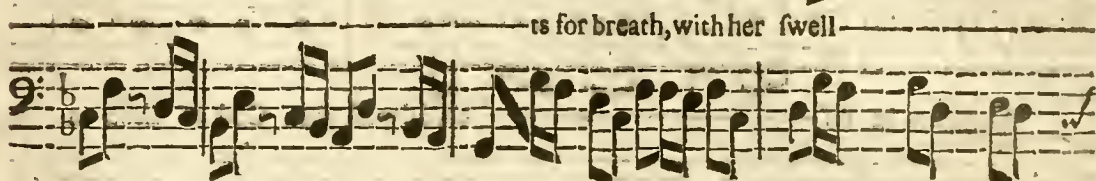
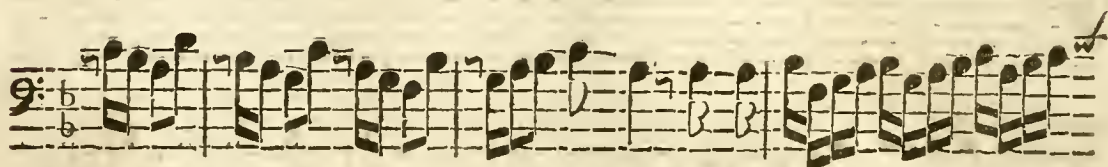
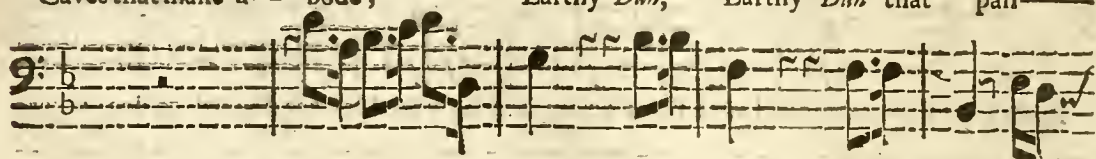
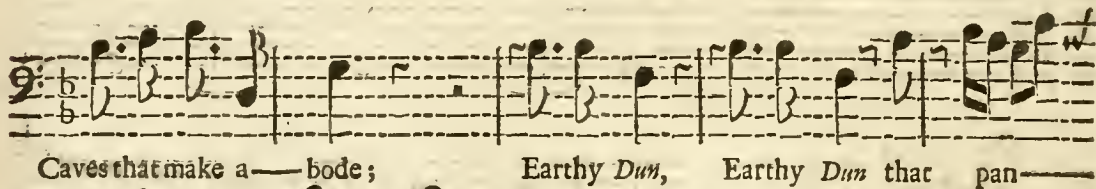
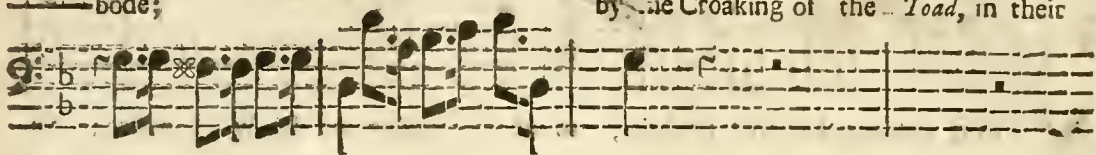
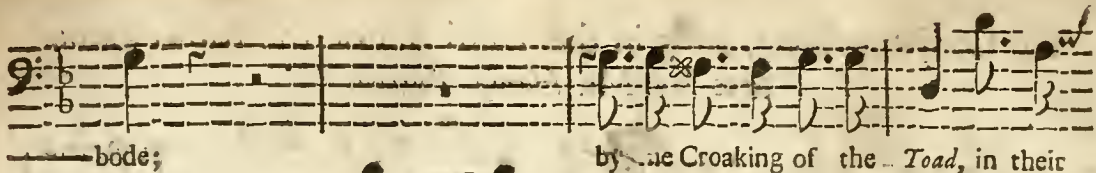


must on her dis— mall, dis— mall Vi-sion wait.



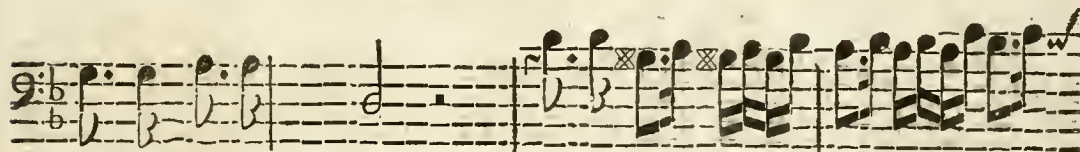
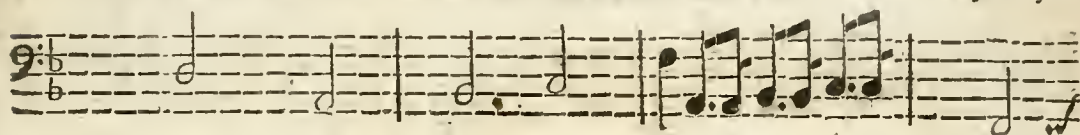
By the Croaking of the Toad, in their Caves that make a—



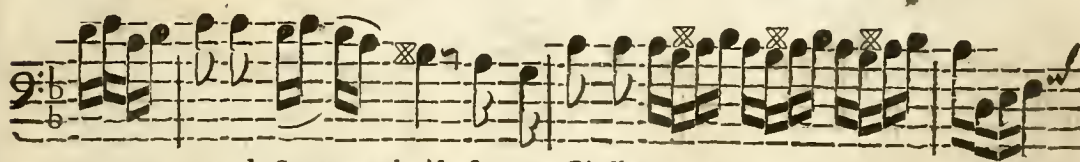
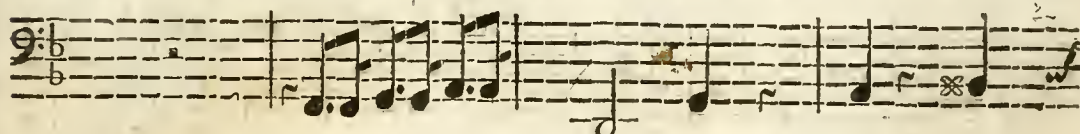




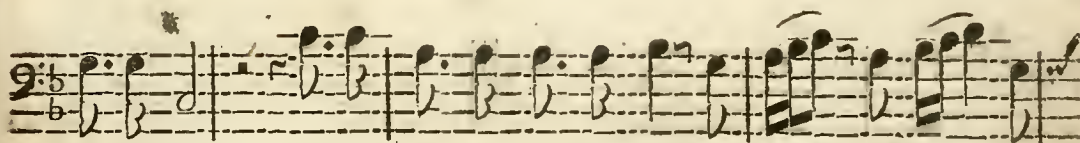
Vifage, by thy Vifage feir ——— ce and black, by thy



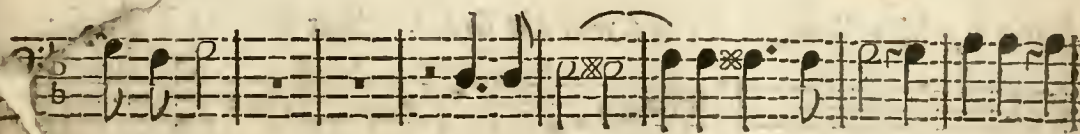
Deaths Head on thy Back; by thy twis ———



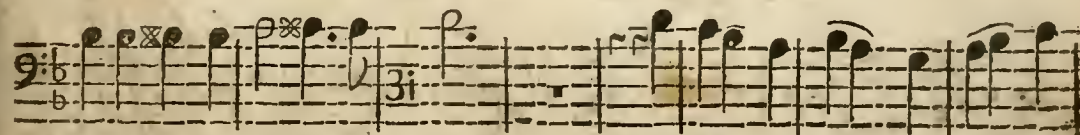
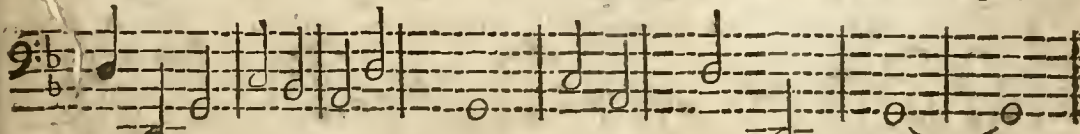
red Ser-pents plac'd, for a Girdle rou ———



—nd thy Waist; by the Hearts of Gold that deck thy Breast, thy Shoulders



and thy Neck; from thy Sleep ——— ing Mansion rise, and open, and

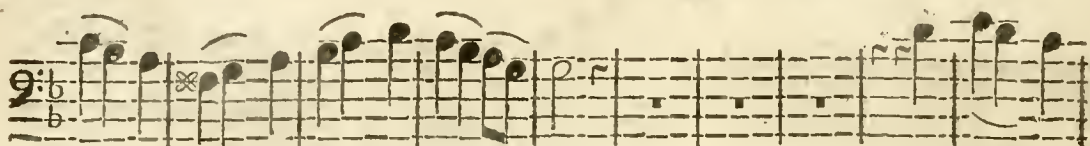
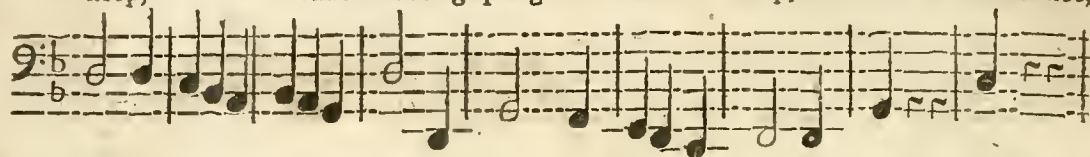


open thy un — will — ing Eyes. While bubbling Springs their Mu-sick

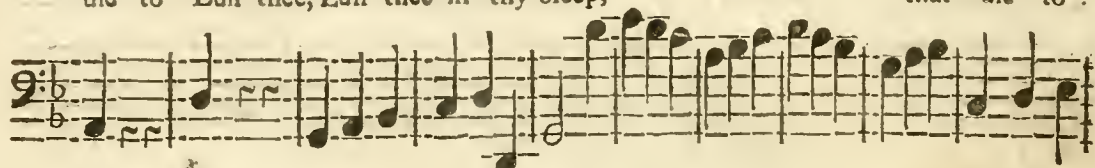




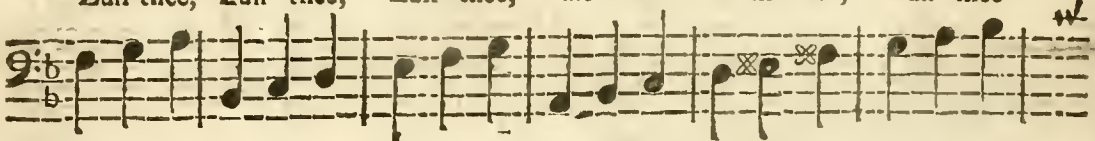
keep, while bubbling Springs their Musick keep, that use to Lull thee,



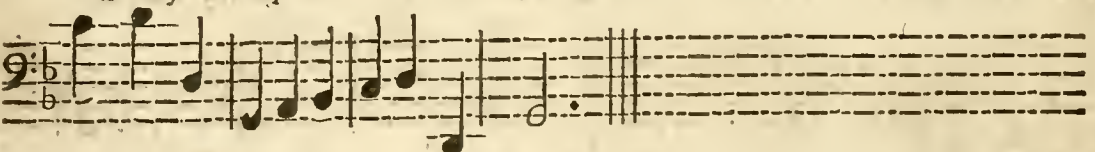
use to Lull thee, Lull thee in thy Sleep, that use to



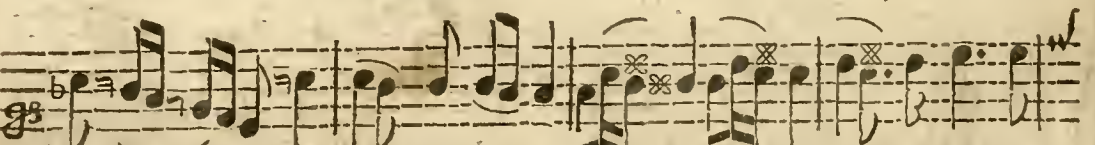
Lull thee, Lull thee, Lull thee, use to Lull thee, Lull thee



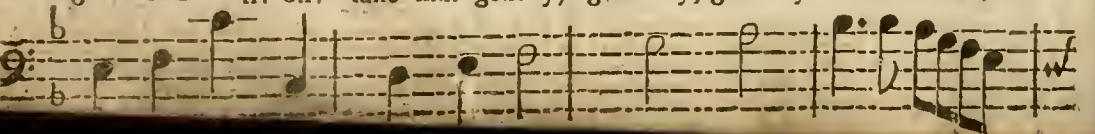
in thy Sleep.



Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle in *Cyrus the Great*. Sett by Mr J. Eccles.



o — h! oh! take him gent-ly, gent-ly, gent-ly from the Pile, and



lay him, lay him here, lay him here to rest, and I will scor ——— ch for

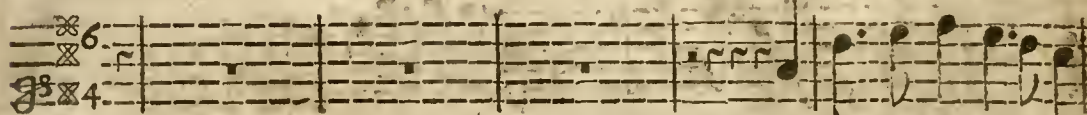
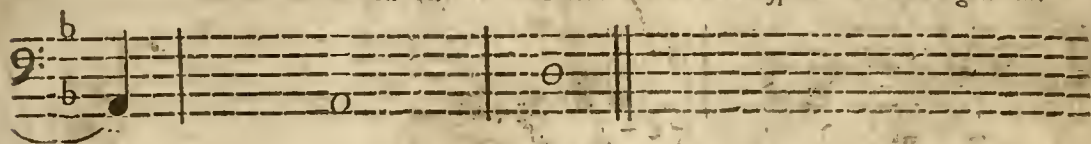
him the while, If hee must, If hee must burn, then bur ——— n him

in my breast. For there, there is fire, there is

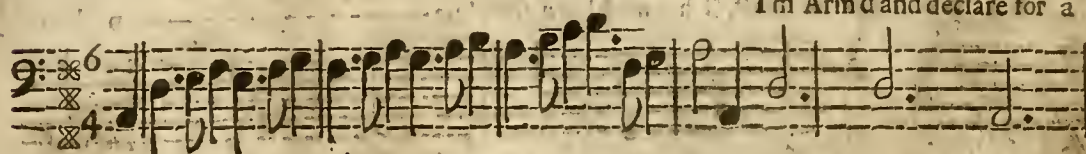
fir ——— e, there is fir ———

e, there is shame enough to set the wor ———

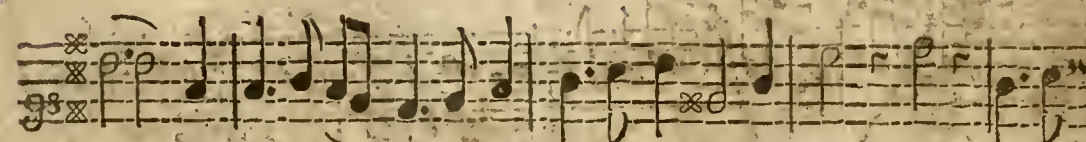
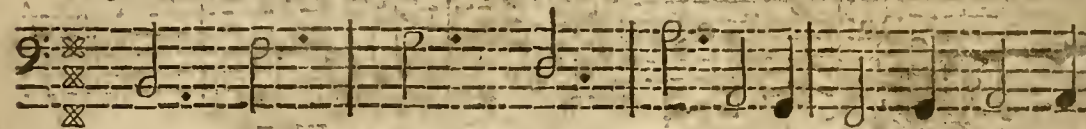
ld, the wor ———



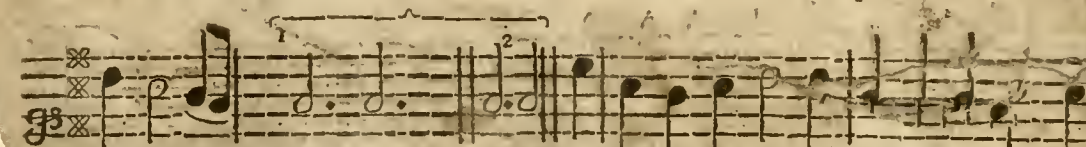
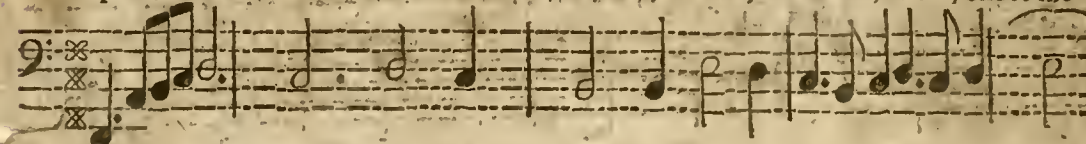
I'm Arm'd and declare for a



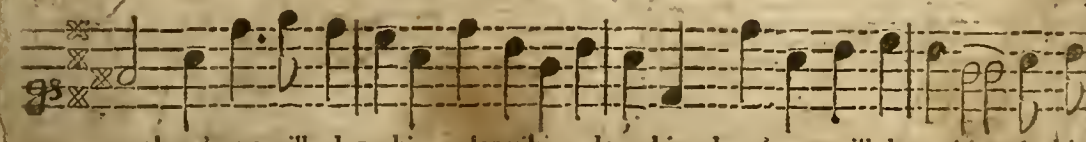
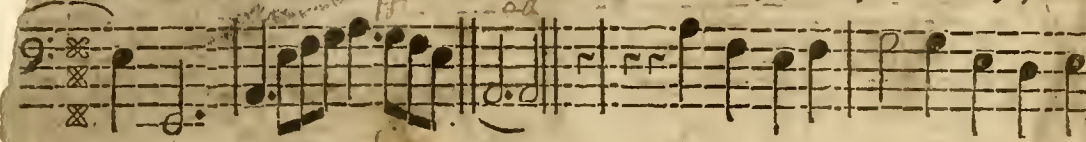
Vigorous Warr, by my Bow and my Quiver. I swear, not a Rebel to Love will I



spare; this Shot I will draw to the Head, to the Head, and Shoot, Shoot, Shoot the



great Persian dead, dead. The Tyrant shall dye, the Tyrant shall dye, there's



one, there's one will deny him, deny him, deny him, there's one will deny him; let him

