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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.

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, all o—ther pleasures are; paines of

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

fures are. are.

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

II.

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

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

L Ove 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 — — — — — ses 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 —

ses his light, the vainly, the vain—ly loves to shine, the vainly

lo — — — — — ves to shine on all.

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

new fall Snow, when whiteness in--no--cense in--clos'd. Like that she

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

melting heat ex--pos'd; like that she ful--ly'd seems to show, when to loves

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

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

First Strain again.

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.

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

P

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 ho—pes 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 he—r a Sinner;
wou'd I cou'd, wou'd I cou'd, oh! wou'd I cou'd make of her a Sinner.

E

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

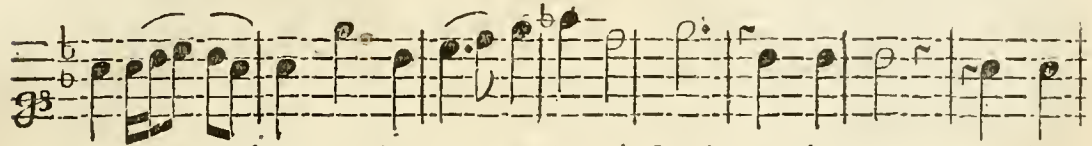
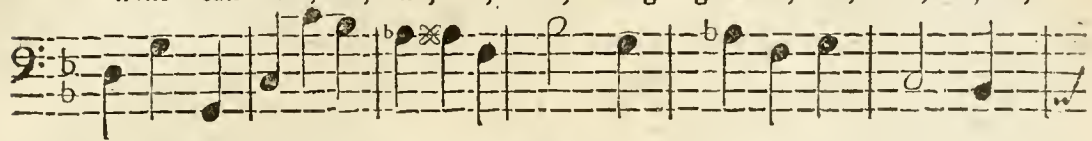
Love, almigh--ty Love I cry'd when an--gry, thus, thus, thus, thus,

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

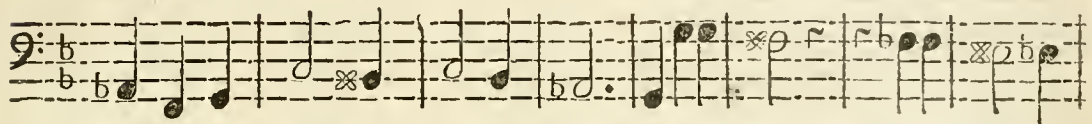
an-gry, thus, thus, thus the God re--ply'd: B'effings greater, none, none, none, none



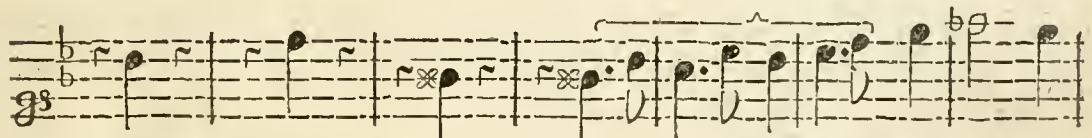
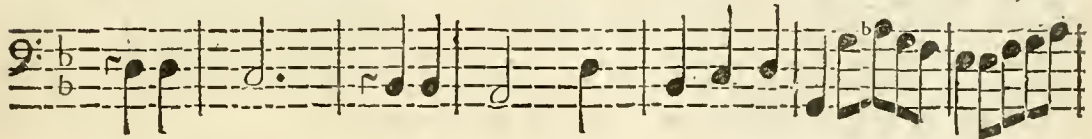
none can have, no, no, no, none, blessing's grea-ter, no, no, no, no,



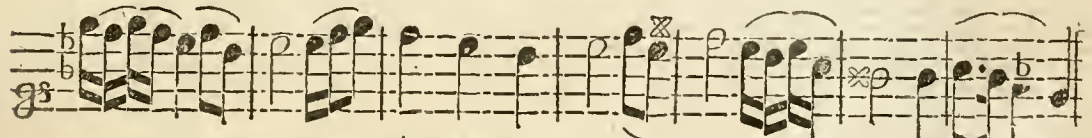
no, none can have; art thou not A-min-ta's slave? art thou not, art thou



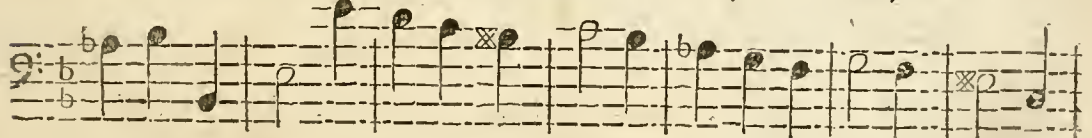
not, art thou not, art thou not A-min-ta's slave? cease,



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 —

—leave the care, of lon — — — — — gling Lovers in dif — pair ; 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, 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

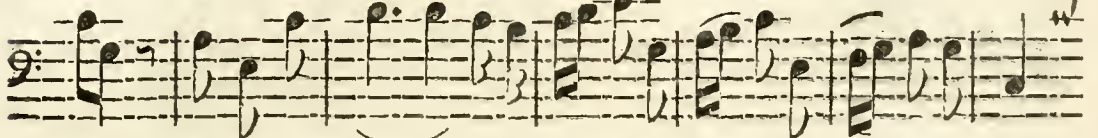
shou'd prove too farr, and leaft our leap from the Sky shou'd prove too farr, we'll

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

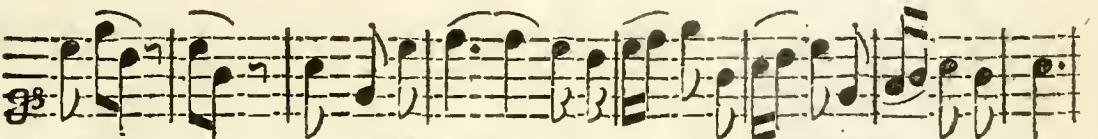
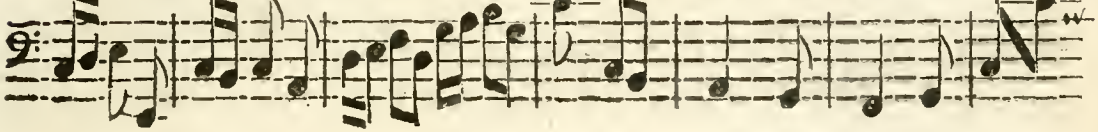
slide, we'll slide on the back of a new fal-ling Star, and drop,



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



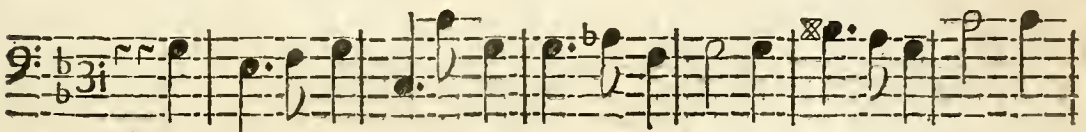
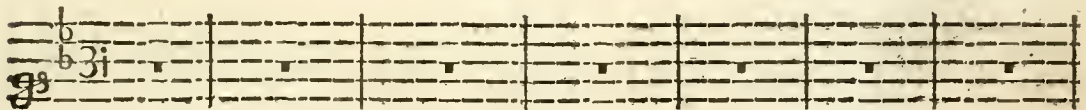
drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love;



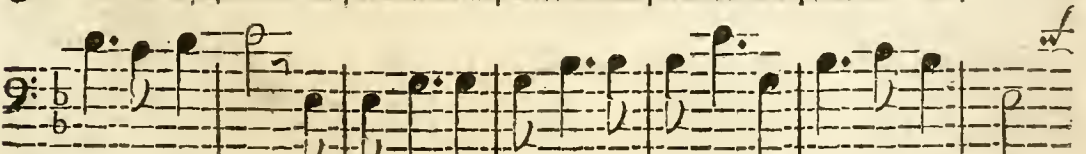
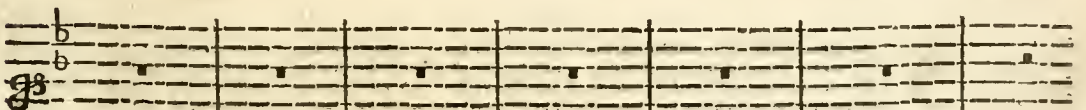
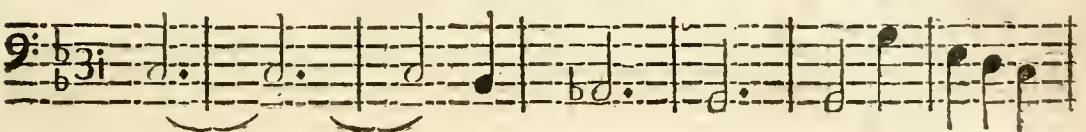
and drop, drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.



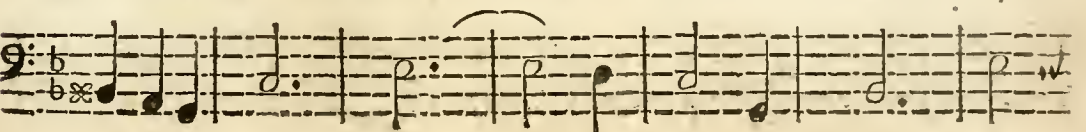
and drop, drop, drop from a—bove, in a gel-ly, a gel-ly, a gel-ly of Love.

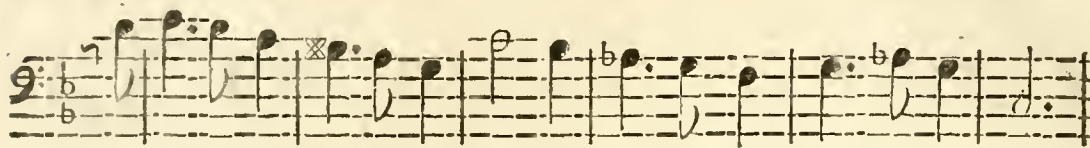
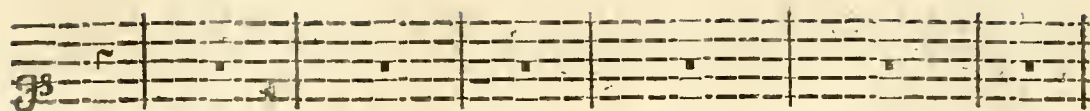


But now the Sun's down, and the Element's Red, the Spirits of Fire a—

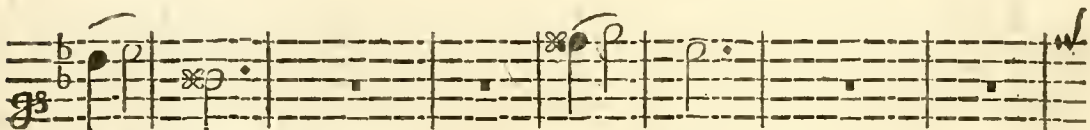


—gainst us make Head; they muster, they muster, they muster like gnats in the Air:

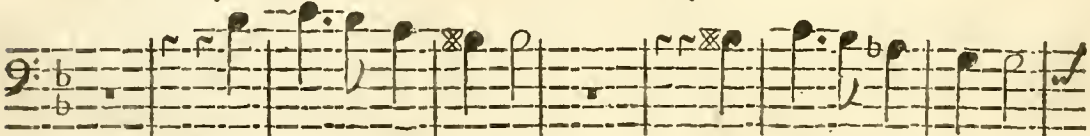




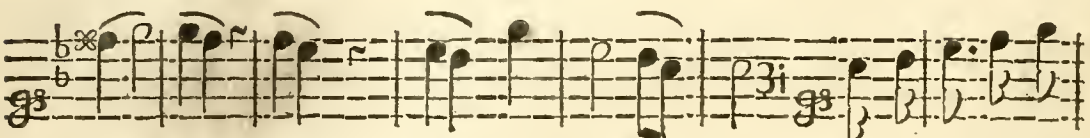
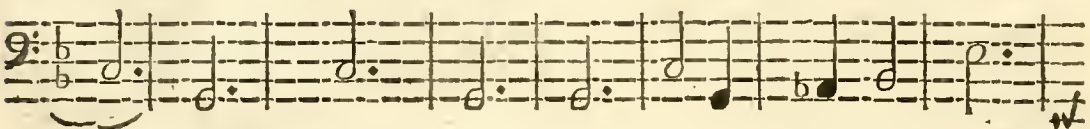
a—las I must leave thee my Fair, and to my light Horfe-men re—pair.



Oh stay! oh stay!



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



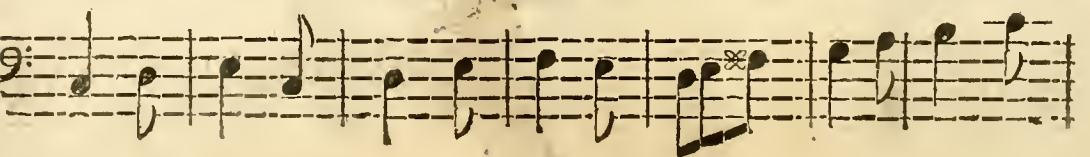
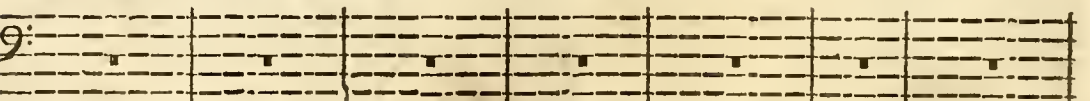
oh stay! stay, stay, oh stay, stay, stay; for you need not to

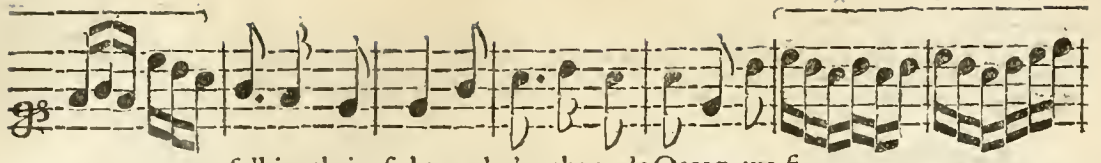


a—las, a—las I must leave thee, must leave thee my Fair.

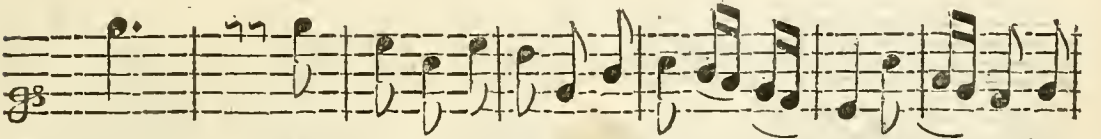
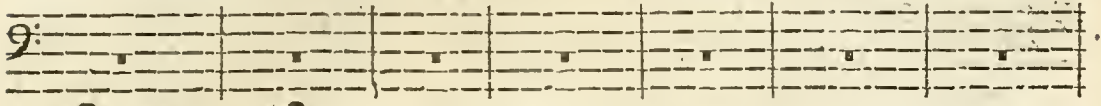


fear 'em, you need not to fear 'em to Night; the Wind is for us and blo—

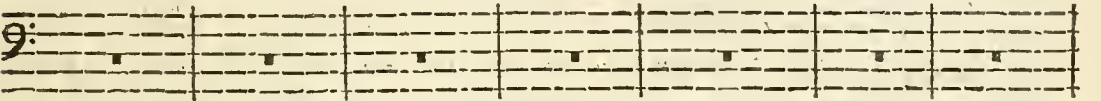




ws full in their fight, and o're the wide Ocean we fi



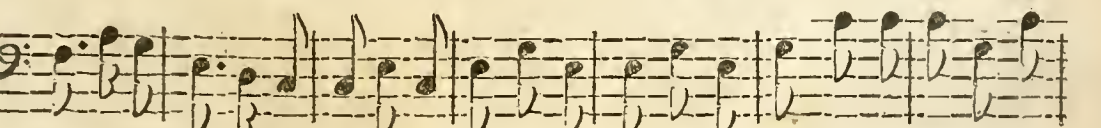
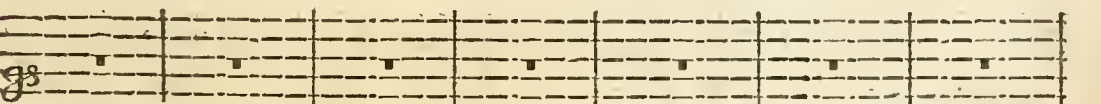
ght; like Leaves in the Autumnour Foes will fall down and his in the



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

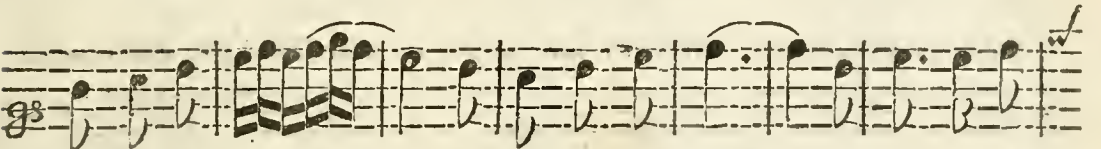
So ready, so ready and quick is a Spi-rit of Air, to pity, to pity the



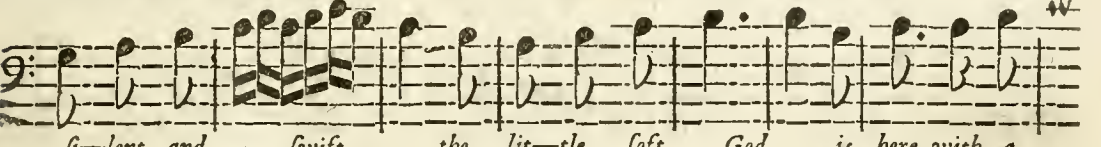
Lower, and succour the Fair; that si-lent and swift, si-lent and swift,



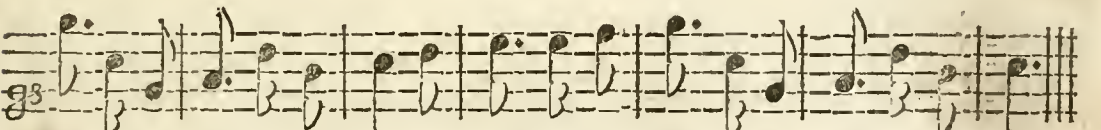
Lovers, and succour the Fair; that si-lent and swift,



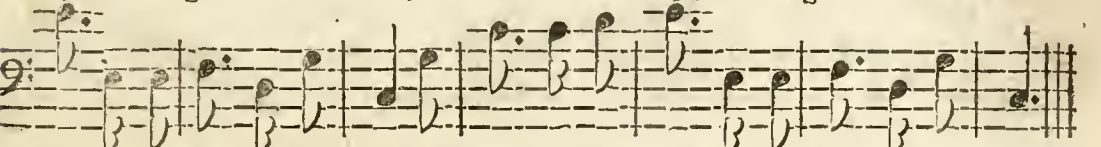
si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a



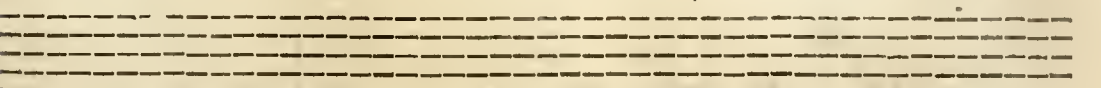
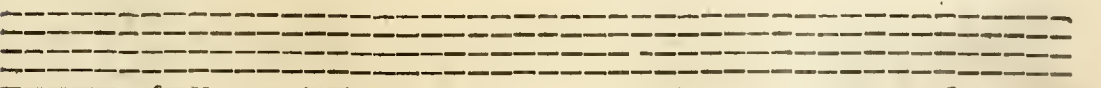
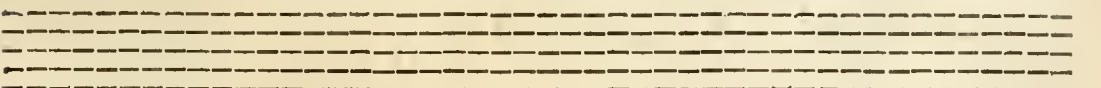
si-lent and swift the lit-tle soft God, is here with a



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*.

Wilst 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; ufe well, ufe well the con

quest of your Eyes, for Pride. Pride,

Pride has cost you dear. *Am—bro—fio* 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 *Hilft* you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, whilst you vouch-

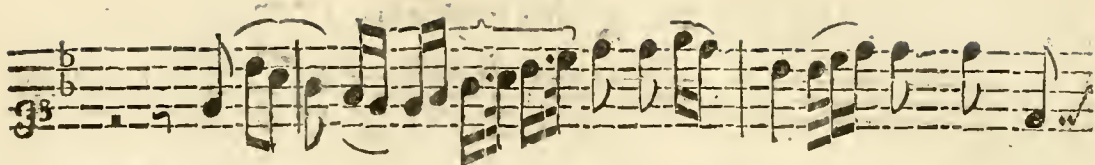
— safe our thoughts to breath, Clo—e, whilst you vouchsafe, whilst you vouch-

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

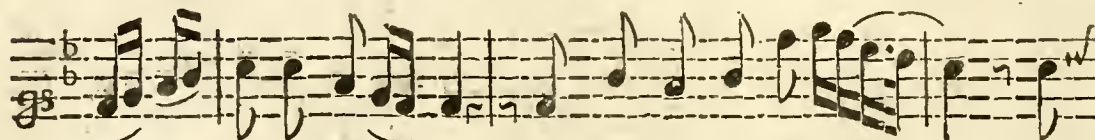
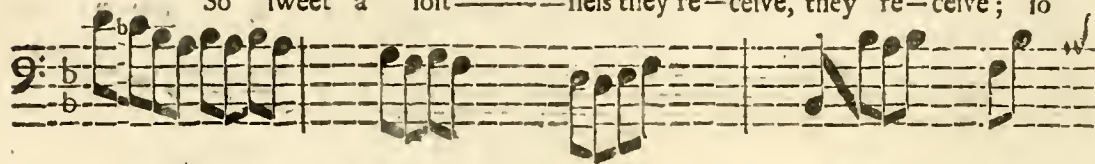
whilst you vouchsafe our thoughts to breath, whilst you vouchsafe our

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

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



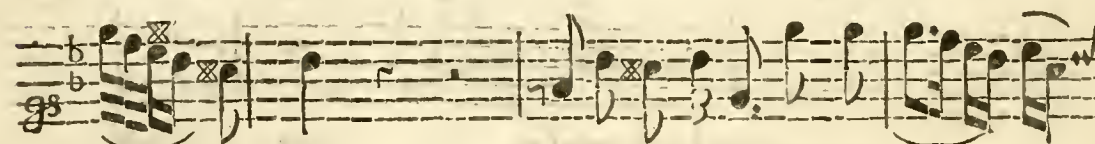
So sweet a softness they receive, they receive; so



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 beftow, 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.

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A Table of the SONGS contain'd in this Book.

	A	Page.	I	Page.
As Phœbus with heat	pursue,	7	If Musick be the Food of Love,	16
Beauty the painfull	Mothers Pray'r,	9	T	
Chloe found Amyntas	lying,	2	The Cares, the Cares of Lovers, To Arms, to Arms Heroick Prince,	19
Foolish Love be gone,	F	3	W	
			When Myra Sings, we seek the	12

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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.

Chlo-e found A-myntas 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. *Roundeau.*

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:
 Chloë, 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.

Chloë 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.

3i

3i

foo—lish love be gone, be go— ne, be

gone, begone, be gone said I; vain are thy attempts, vain are thy at—

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

—lurements, thy al-lure— men

—ts I de—fye: foo—lish 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

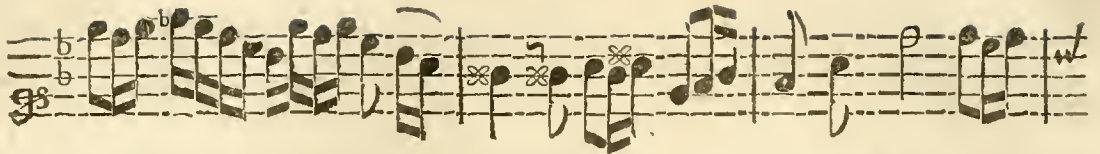
pre-par'd a dart, *Myra*, revenge my cause, *My-ra* revenge my cause,

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—



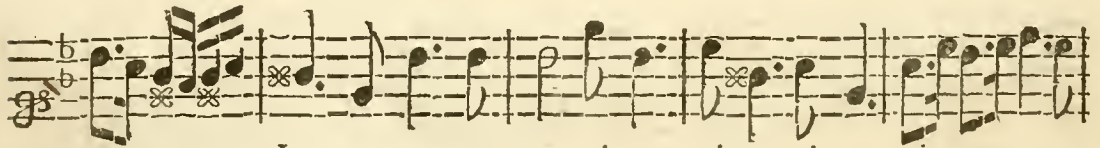
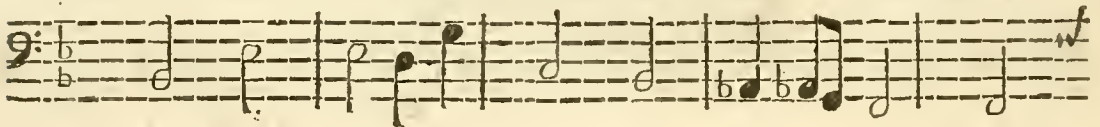
s my Brain, and tea—res my Heart, tea



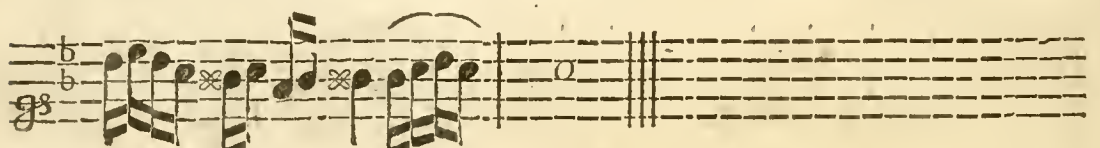
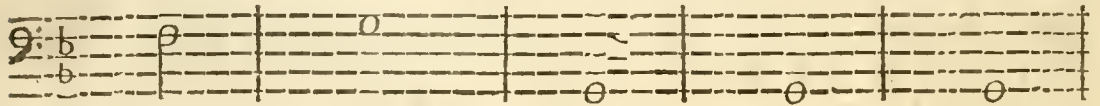
res my Heart, tea



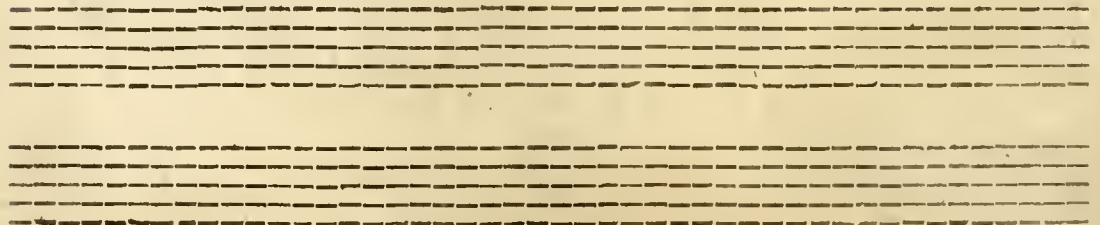
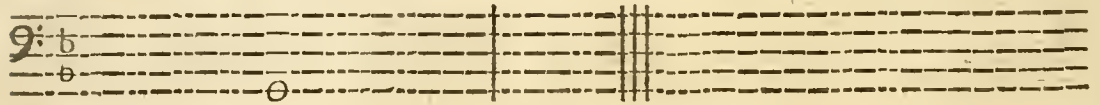
ars my Heart; oh! Love, oh! Love, oh!



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,

ing Lawrel grew; the

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-

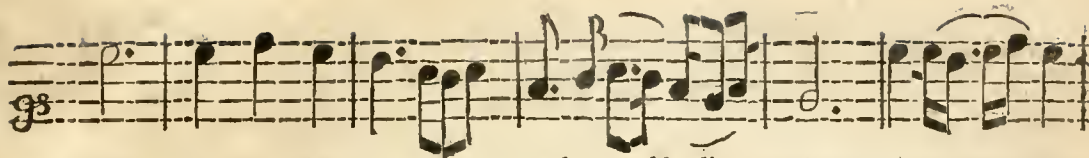
has; and what's more rare, and what's more rare, from Pride and

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



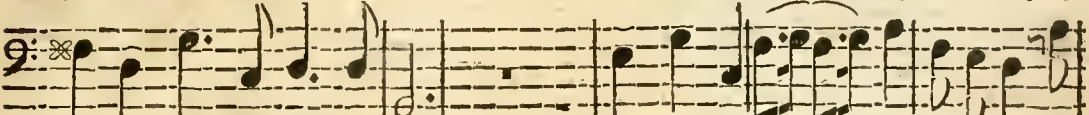
shine, *Ar-mi-da* you — — — 're but half di — vine : *Ar — mi — da*



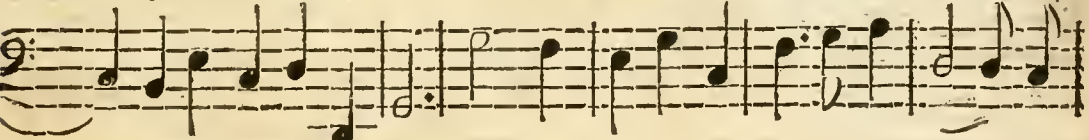
shine, *Ar — mida*, *Ar — — mi — da* you're but half di — vine : *Ar — mi — da*, *Ar —*



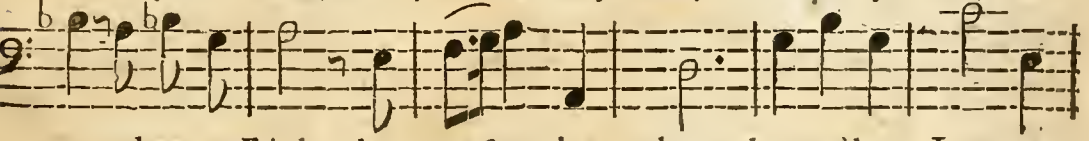
you — 're but half di — vine ; for Feinds can Beau — ty i — mi — tate, and yet,



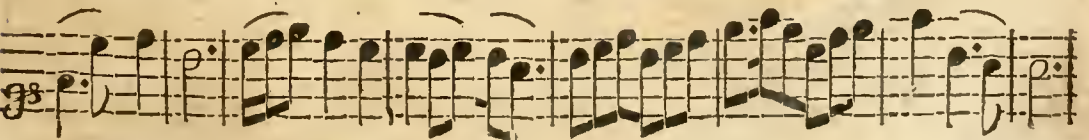
— *mi — da* you're but half di — vine ; for Feinds can Beau — ty, i — mi — tate, and



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,

45-4 6 6 76

di—vine.

you were all, all, all di—vine.

Detailed description: This block contains a musical score for a vocal piece. It features five systems of music. The first system is marked 'Sof.' and includes a treble clef with a G-clef and a 9/8 time signature. The lyrics 'Ar-mi-da, Ar-mi-da you are all' are written below the notes. The second system continues the melody with lyrics 'Ar-mi-da you're di-vine, Ar-mi-da, Ar-mi-da,' and includes fingerings '45-4', '6', '6', and '76'. The third system shows the end of a phrase with 'di-vine.' and a double bar line. The fourth system continues with 'you were all, all, all di-vine.' and includes a key signature change to one flat. The fifth system concludes the phrase with a final double bar line.

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

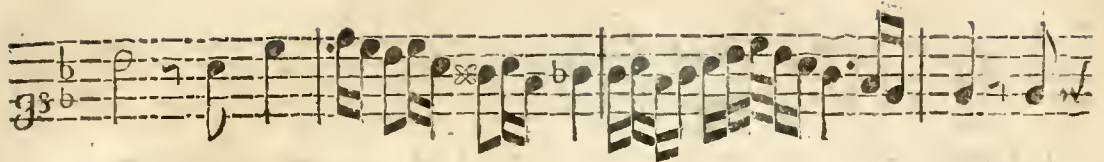
W Hen Myra Sing—s, when Myra Sing—

When My-ra Sing—s, when My-ra Sing—

s we feek th'in—chant—ing

s we feek th'in—chant—ing found,

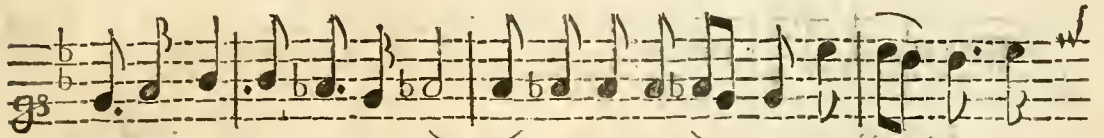
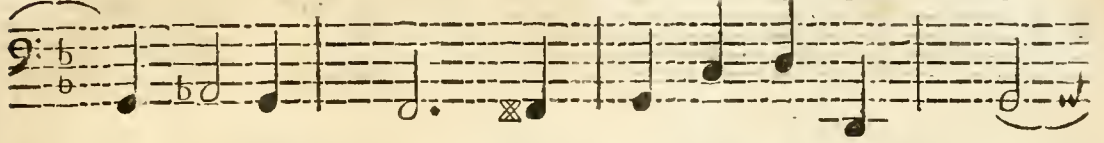
Detailed description: This block contains a musical score for a two-part song. It features five systems of music. The first system is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time, with lyrics 'W Hen Myra Sing—s, when Myra Sing—'. The second system continues the melody with lyrics 'When My-ra Sing—s, when My-ra Sing—'. The third system shows the end of a phrase with 's we feek th'in—chant—ing'. The fourth system continues with 's we feek th'in—chant—ing found,' and includes a key signature change to G minor (two flats). The fifth system concludes the phrase with a final double bar line.



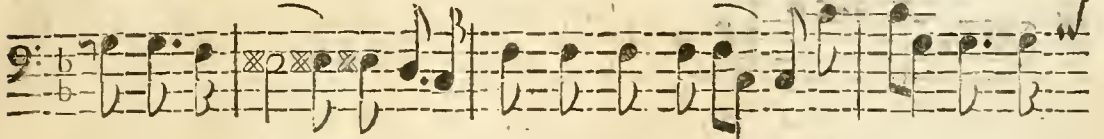
found, th'in—chant ————— ing found, and



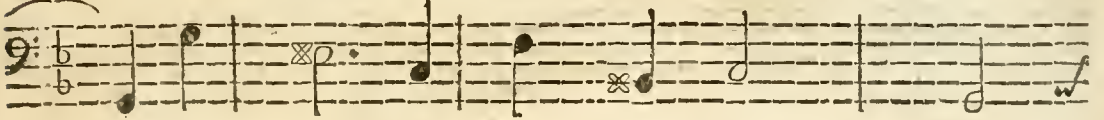
th'in—chant ————— found,



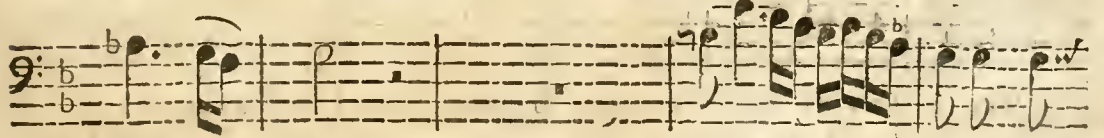
blefs the Notes, and blefs the Notes, which doe fo sweet—ly, fo sweet—ly, fo



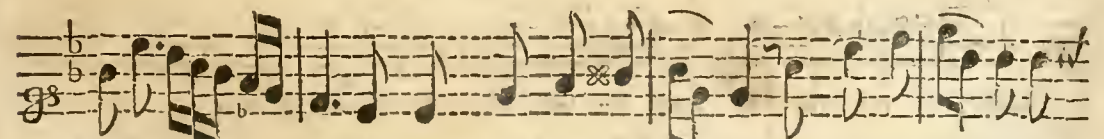
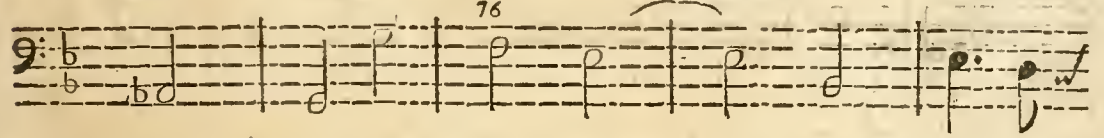
and blefs the Notes, and blefs the Notes which doe fo sweetly, fo sweet—ly, fo



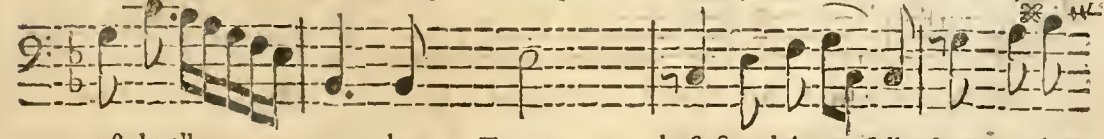
sweet—ly wound; what Mu—sick, what Mu—sick needs



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:

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

Such Harmony, such Wit, such Harmony, such

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

Wit, 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

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

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

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

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

with her Voice; he dies, 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:

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:

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 Mufick, if Mufick be the foo ————— d of Love, fingon, fing

on, fing on, fing on, fing, 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.

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

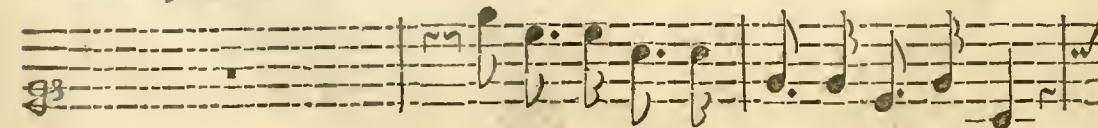
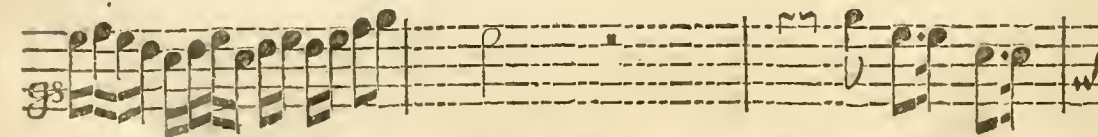
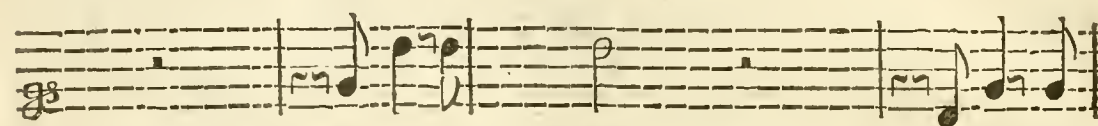
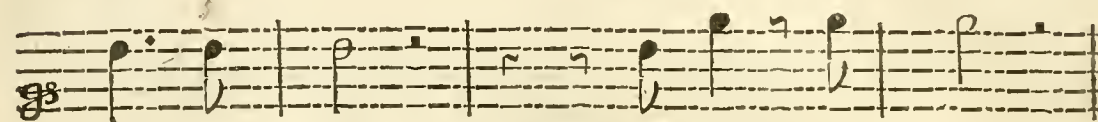
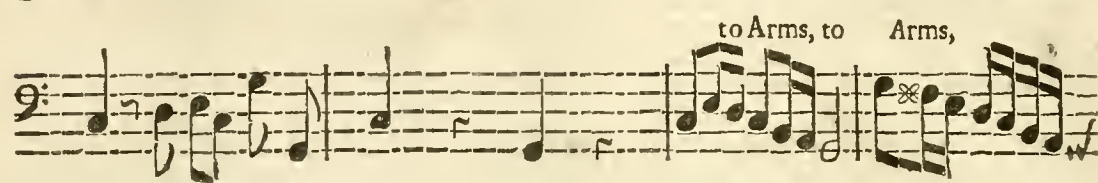
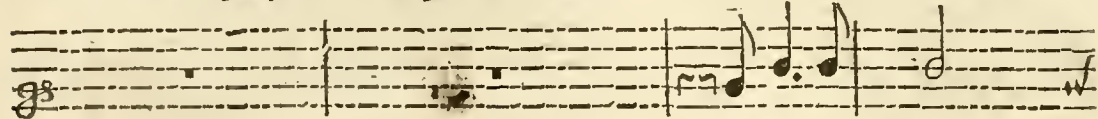
fier—ce, fo fier

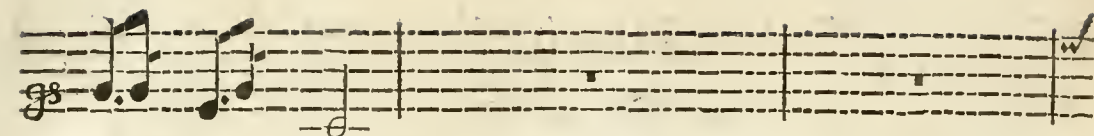
The Trumpet Song, Sung by the Boy, in the (*Libertine destroy'd.*)
Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

Trumpet.

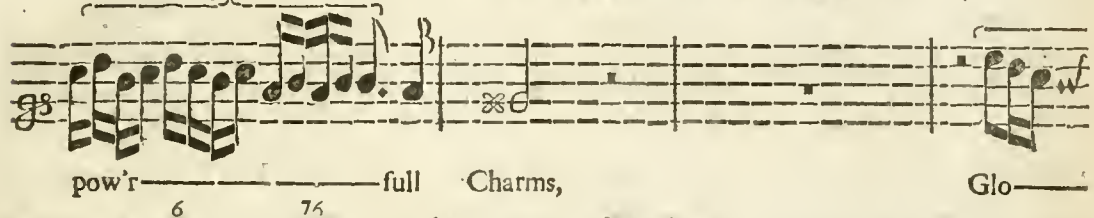
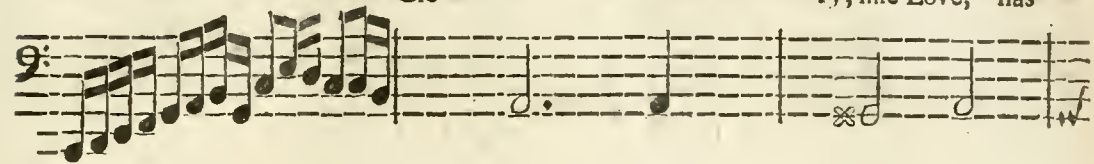
The musical score is written for a trumpet in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of 12 staves, each with a treble clef and a G-clef. The melody is characterized by frequent sixteenth-note passages, particularly in the lower register. The lyrics are placed below the notes, with some words like 'Arms' and 'to Arms' appearing multiple times. A large 'T' is placed above the first 'Arms' in the fourth staff. The piece concludes with a final flourish on the twelfth staff.

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



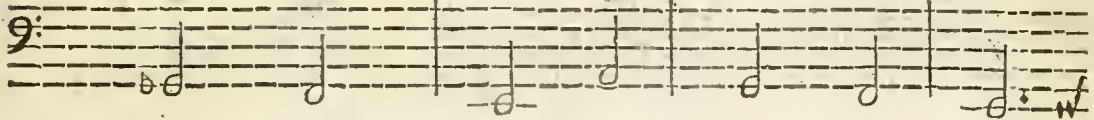


Glo — ry, like Love, has



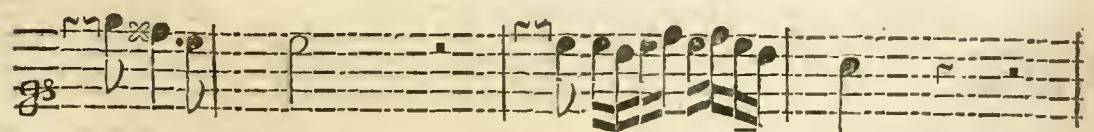
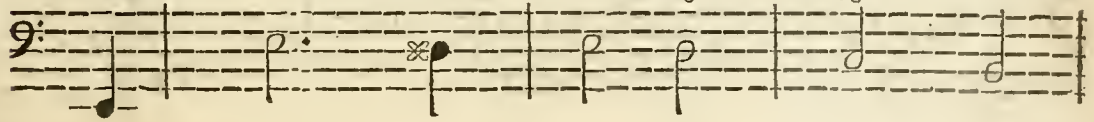
pow'r — full Charms, — Glo

6 76



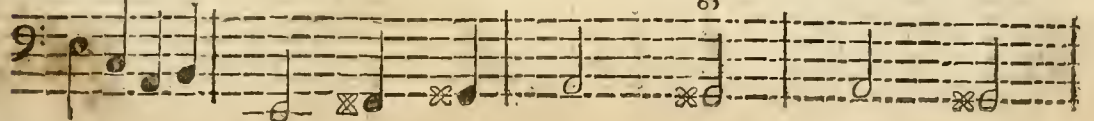
ry, like Love, has pow'r — full

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-

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, *Harpfichord*, or *Organ*.

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F. H. Van. Hove, Sculp.

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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.

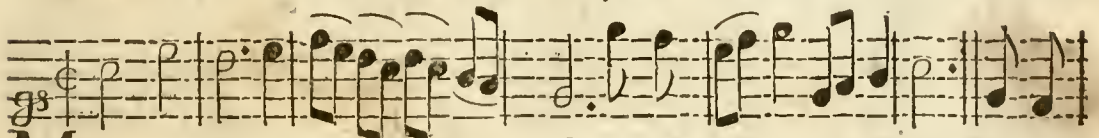
II.

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.

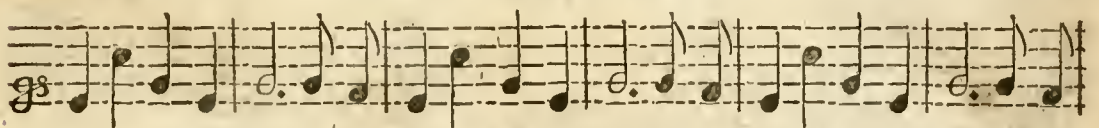
III.

That you'll give me Trinkets, cry'd she, I believe,
 But ah! what in return must your poor *Fenny* 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.

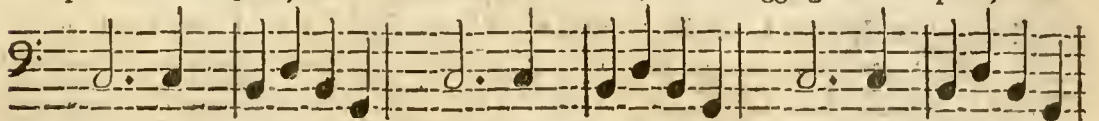
A Song in the *Mock-Mariage*, Sung by *Mis Cross*.
 Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.



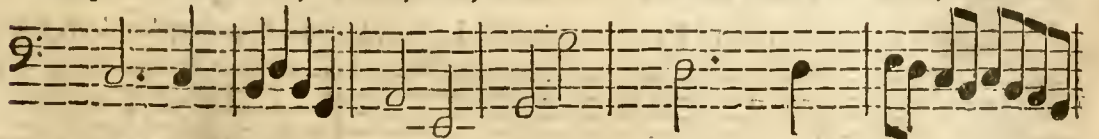
Man, Man, Man is for the Woman made, and the Woman made for Man; As the



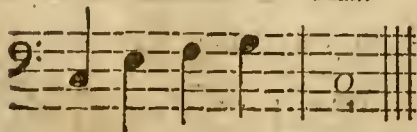
Spur is for the Jade, as the Scabbard for the Blade, as for digging is the Spade, as for



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

A New Song in the *Tempest*, Sung by *Mis Cross* 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—lafs, a—lafs 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 clofe, will hugg you,

hugg you clofe, hugg you clofe and keep you warm, will hugg you, hugg you

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

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

O H! Oh! lead me, lead me to some peace — full Gloom,

where none but figh — ing, none but figh — ing, figh — ing Lovers

come ; where the shrill, the shrill Trumpets never foun —

— d; never, never found, but one e — ter — nal hush, one e — ter — nal hush goes round.

There let me sooth my plea — sing pain, — there let me

sooth my pleasing pain, and never, never think of War, never, never, think of

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

Stretch'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—fhes to the fa—tal feild, Mi—sta—ken Swain has

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 *Alex* is knows, his con-quest o'er my

ten-der heart; in vain I wou'd the flame op-ose, in

vain I wou'd the flame op-ose, in vain I wou'd, in

vain con-temn the fa-tall dart: But love

too sub'tly does in-vade, but love too sub'tly

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!

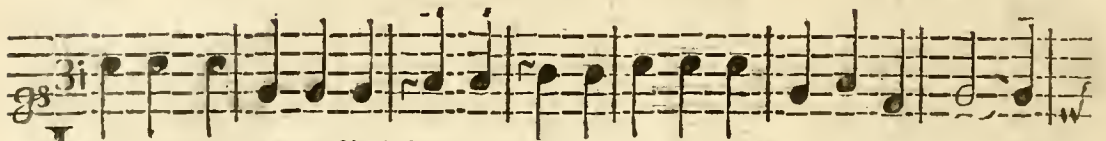
help, help, oh! help, help, oh!

help a yeild

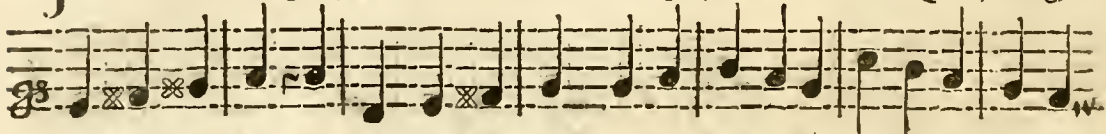
ing Maid.

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

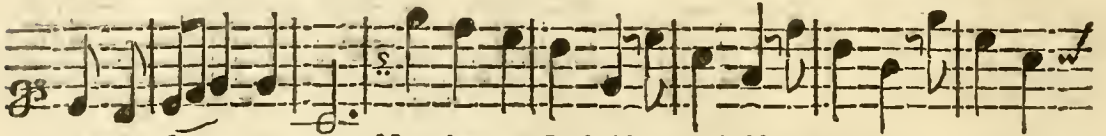
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



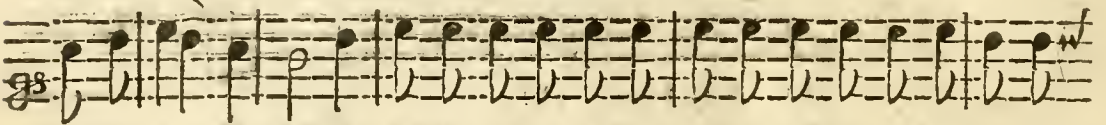
Jack thour't a Toaper, Jack thour't a thour't a Toaper, let's have tother Quart ; Ring,



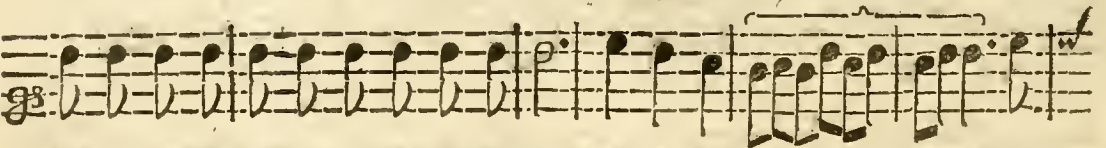
ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, we'er so fober, fo fober, fo fober



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



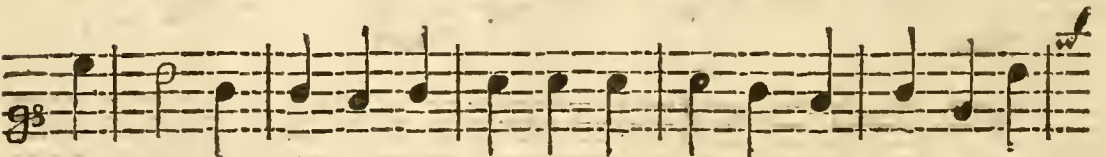
Bully'd by his Wife, for coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,



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



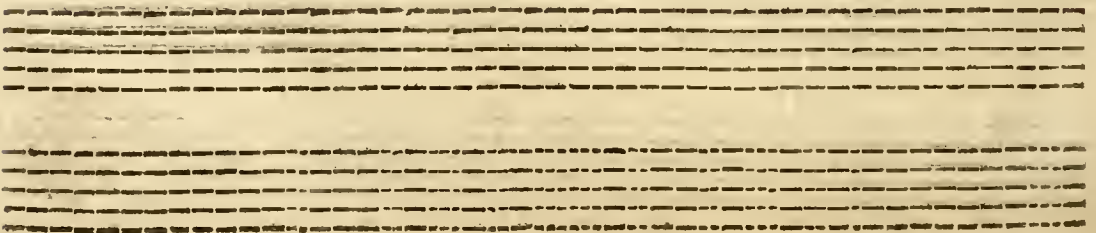
Strife ; I'm free, I'm free and so are you, so are you, so are you too, call



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



Watchmen cry past 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;

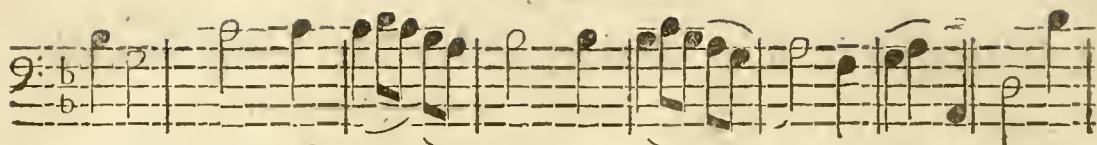
and yet wou'd fain engage my heart, in that un-easy cruel, cruel part;

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—



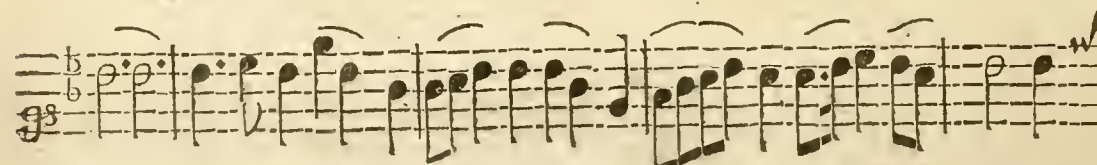
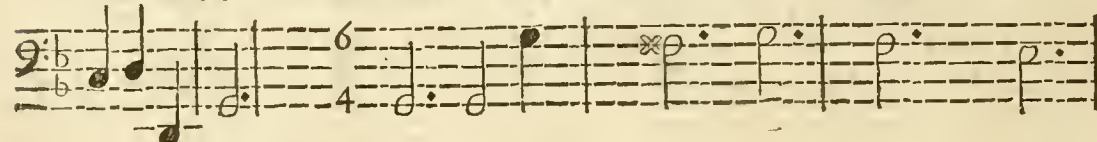
— gets no Spring, till gen—tle show'rs, till gen—tle show'rs af—sistance bring, so



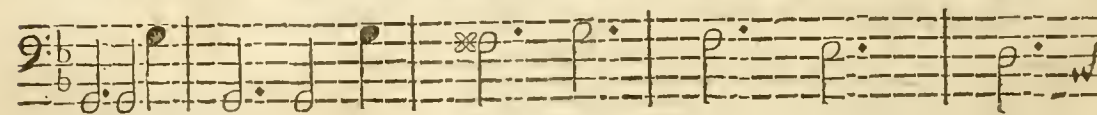
Love that scorches and destroys, till kind—nefs aids, till kind-nefs aids can



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



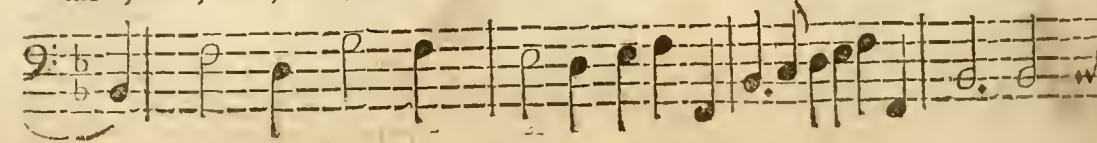
please; Love has a thousand, thousand, thousand, thou—sand ways to please; but



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-pi-ness *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 happi-ness *hast, hast, hast, hast,*

hast, let us Love, let us Love and to happi-ness *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'll be kind, I'll be kind, I'll be kind, kind, I'll, I'll be kind; Heav'n can give no

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

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

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

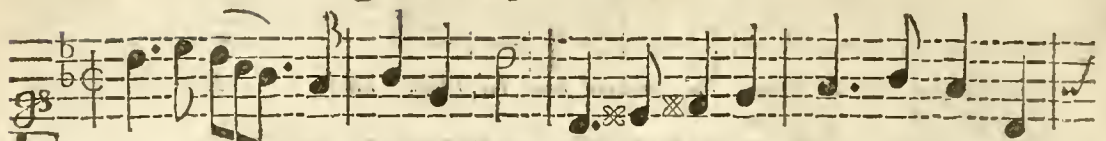
—ses—sing, then faithfull love, then faithfull love, and kind, and kind pos—

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.

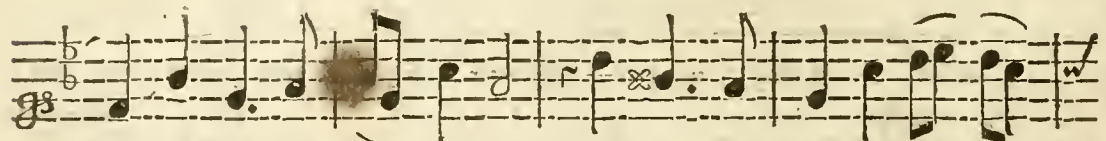
A Song set by Mr. John Eccles.



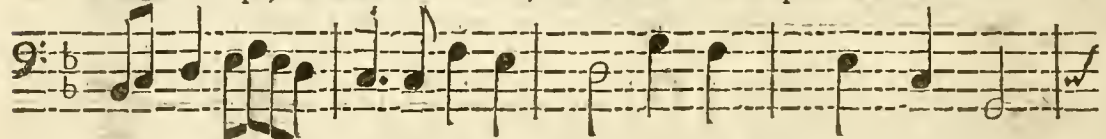
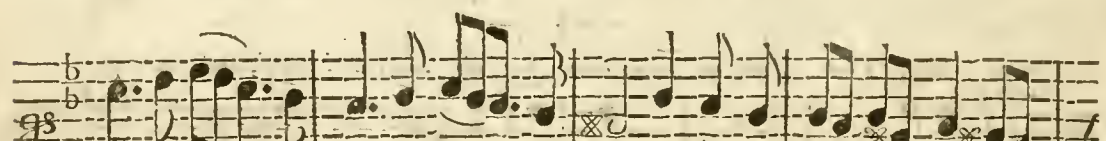
F Air *Be-lin*—*da's* youthfull Charms, fill th'admiring Town with wonder;

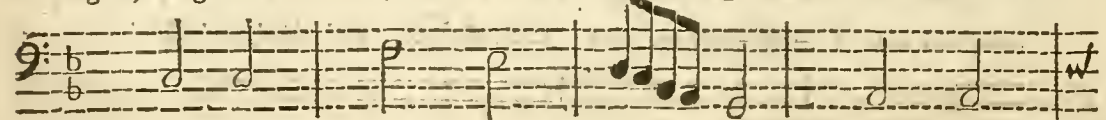

The stubborn'ft Hearther Eyes allure, and make 'em to her Pride sur-ren-der:

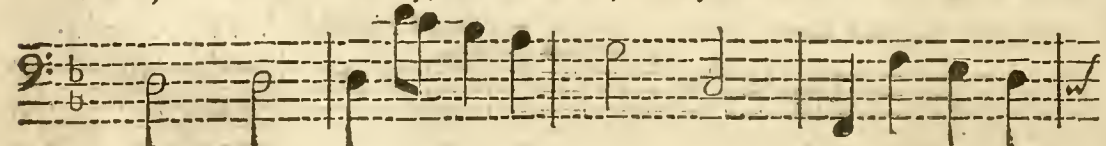
Face and Shape, and Wit so Rare, Heav'ns ma-ster---peice She was de—

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

Mind; the Women en-vy, Men ad---mire, 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—pleore; for oh! *Mir—rillo*, oh! *Mir—*

—*ril-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—ril-lo*, have a care, *Mir—*

— til—lo have a care, have a care, have a care, have a care.

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

T Ake not a Womans an-ger ill, but let this be your comfort, this be your comfort

still, that if one won't a—no—ther will: Tho' she that's foolish does de—

—ny, she, she that is Wi-fer will comply, and if 'tis but a Woman what care

I, what care I, what care I, if 'tis but a Woman what care I.

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 sullenly forbid the blifs,
Try but the next you cannot mis.

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

HOW happy, how happy is she, how happy, how happy is

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.

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

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

Melicia Musica 4th Book

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

seen; 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.

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. Courtevell.

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 dif—per—fes 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,

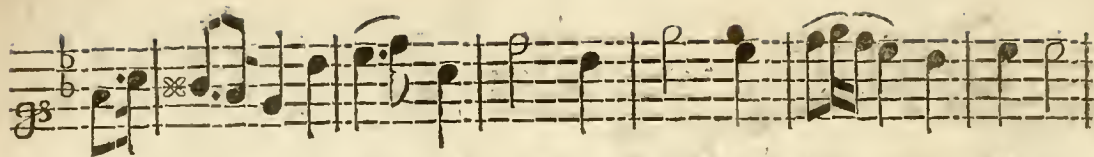
of all, all, all, of all, of all the

Senses. Her Face a Charming,

Charming prof-pect brings, her Breath gives bal-

my, bal-my bliffes; I hear an

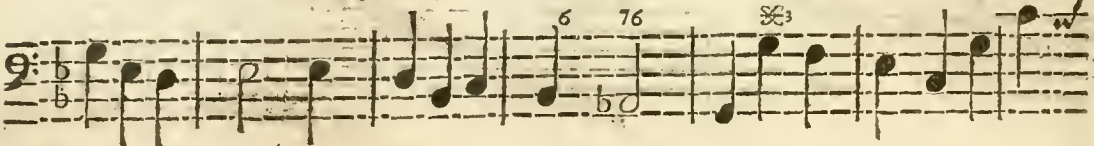
An-gel when she Sings, when she si-



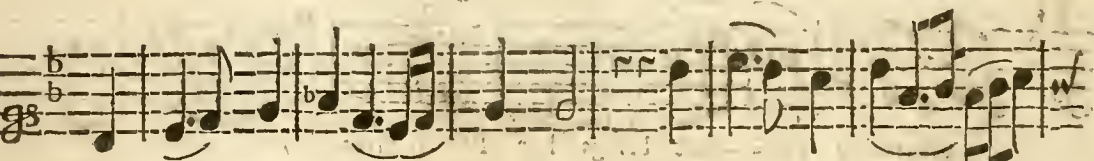
ngs, and taft of Heav'n, of Heav'n a lone in Kiffes.



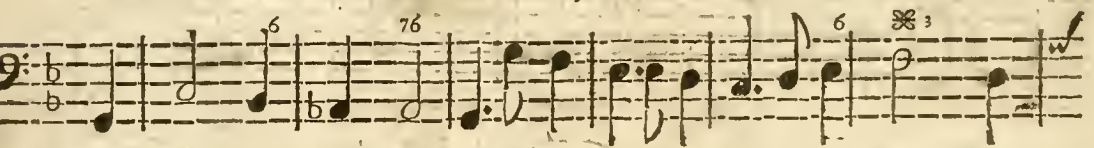
Four Senfes thus, thus, thus, thus, thus the feasts, thus, thus,



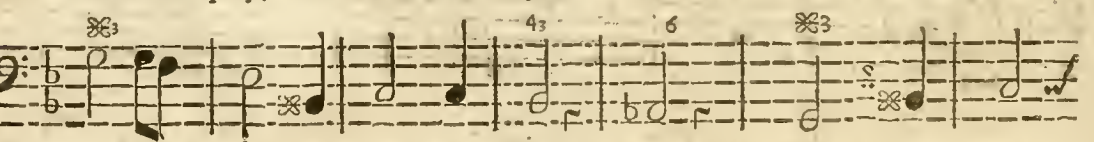
thus the feasts with joy s,



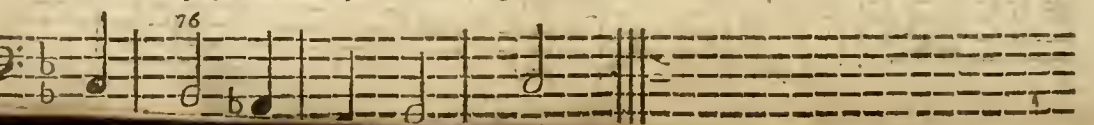
from Natures ri-chest. Treasure, let me the o-ther



Senfe imploy, and I fhall dye, dye, dye, and I



fhall dye, fhall dye with pleafure.



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

Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.

He.

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 Kifs me I won't tell, shou'd you,

shou'd you Kifs 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 Kifs 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 someth'g 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.

He.

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

He.

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

She. *He.*

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

She.

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

He.

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

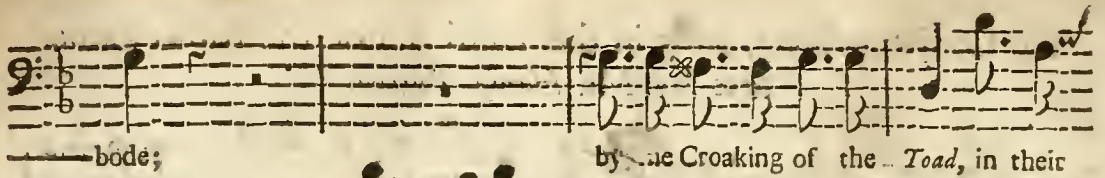
Pow'rs, ye Pow'rs that dwell with Fates below, and see what Men are doom'd to doe; where

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.

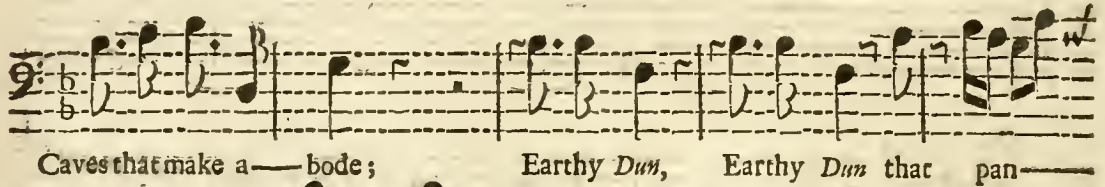
By the Croaking of the *Toad*, in their Caves that make a-



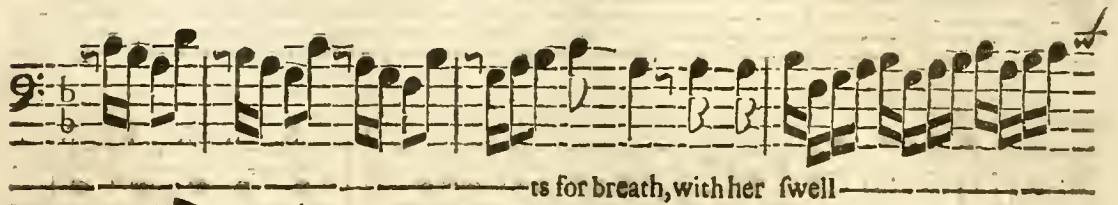
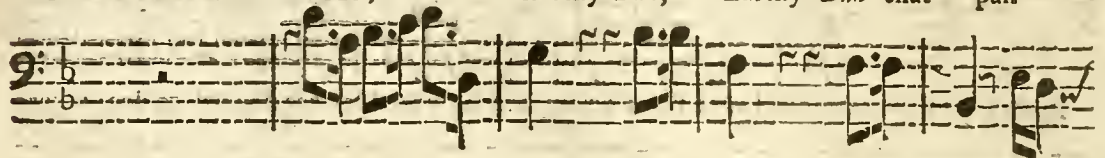
bode;



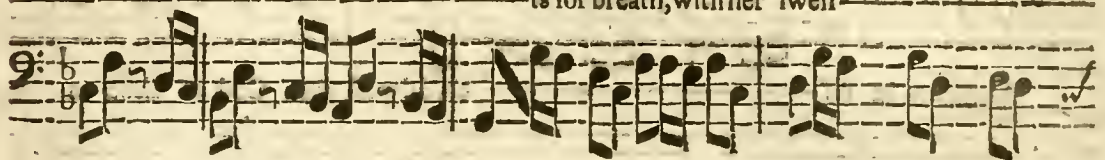
by the Croaking of the Toad, in their



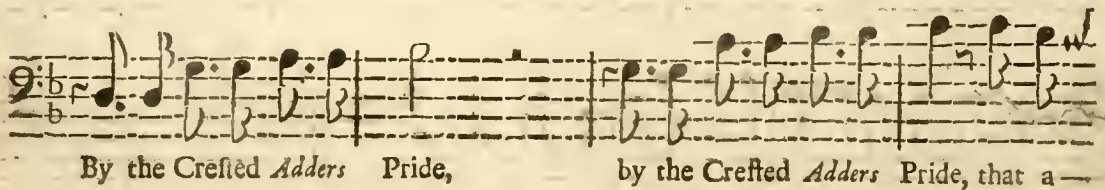
Caves that make a bode; Earthy Dum, Earthy Dum that pan



ts for breath, with her swell



d fides full, fu—ll, fu—ll of death;



By the Crested Adders Pride, by the Crested Adders Pride, that a

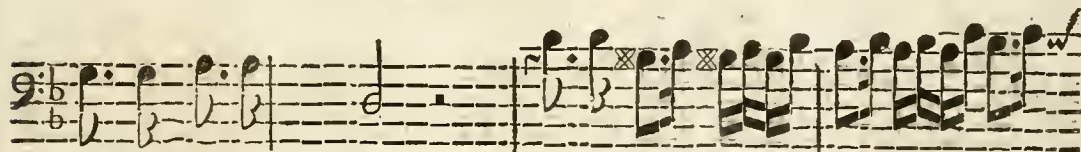
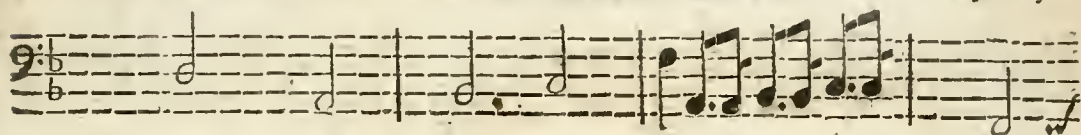


long the Cliffs doe gli de, by thy

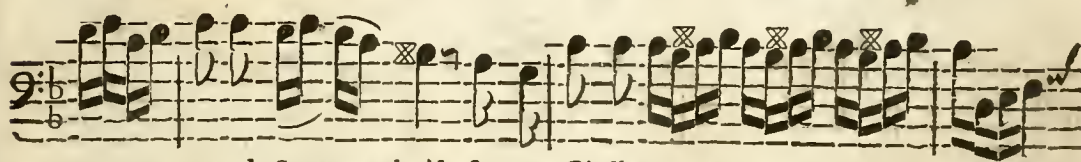
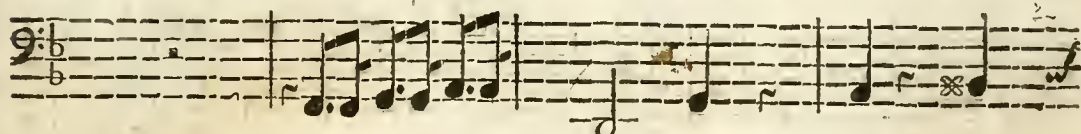




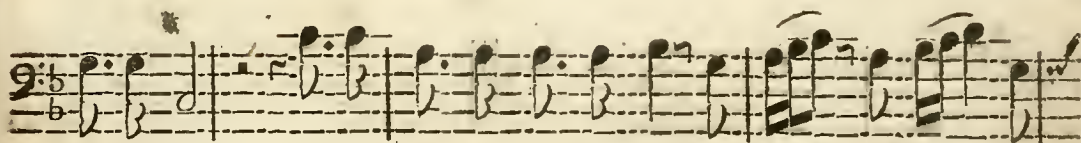
Vifage, by thy Vifage feir ——— ce and black, by thy



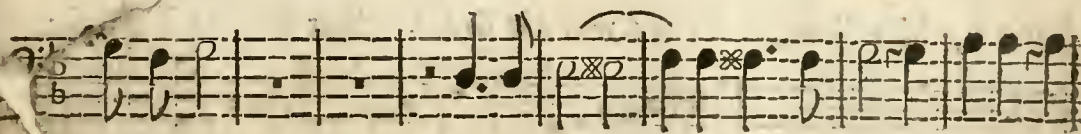
Deaths Head on thy Back; by thy twis ———



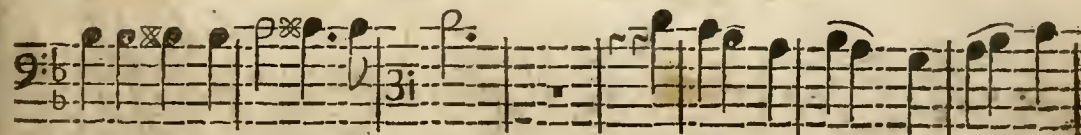
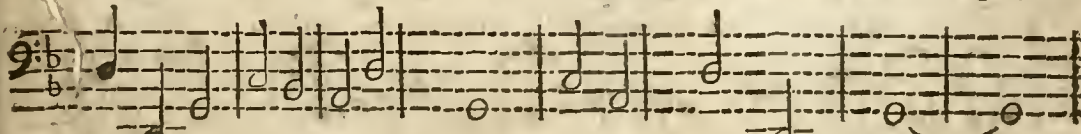
red Ser-pents plac'd, for a Girdle rou ———



—nd thy Waft; by the Hearts of Gold that deck thy Breaft, thy Shoulders



and thy Neck; from thy Sleep ——— ing Manfion rife, and open, and

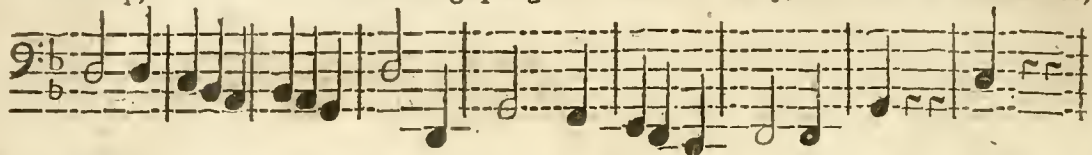


open thy un-will-——ing Eyes. While bubbling Springs their Mu-fick

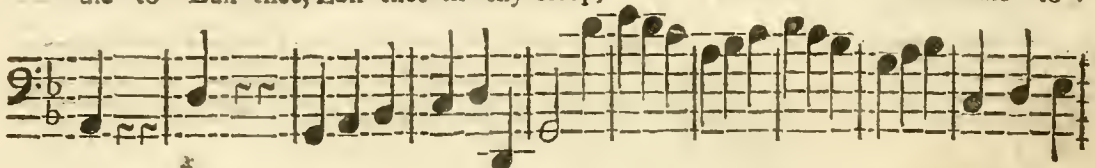




keep, while bubbling Springs their Musick keep, that use to Lull thee,



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



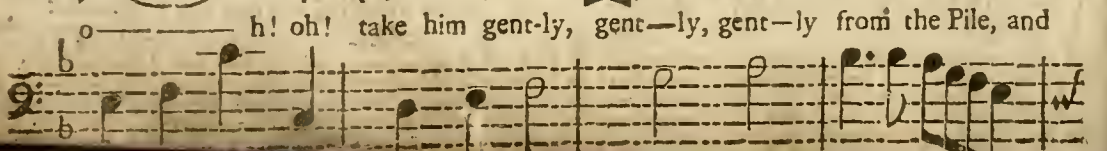
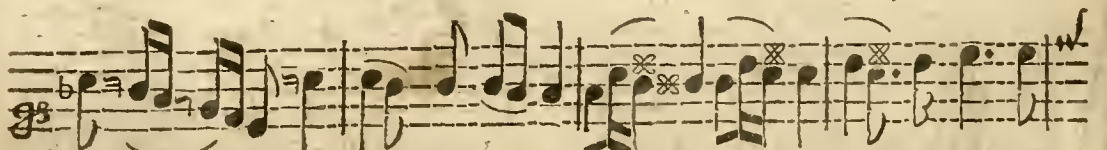
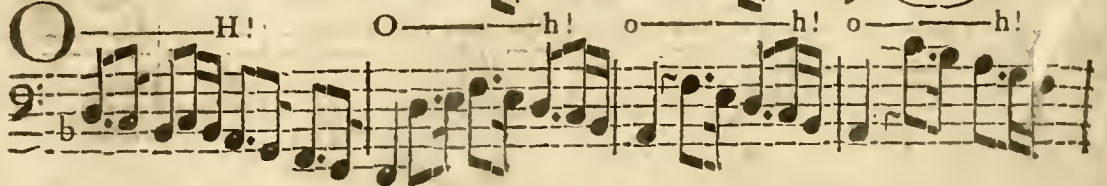
Lull thee, Lull thee, Lull thee, use to Lull thee, Lull thee



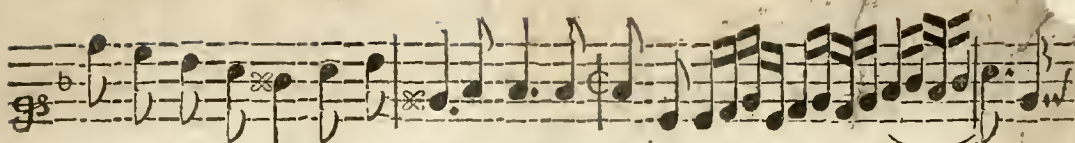
in thy Sleep.



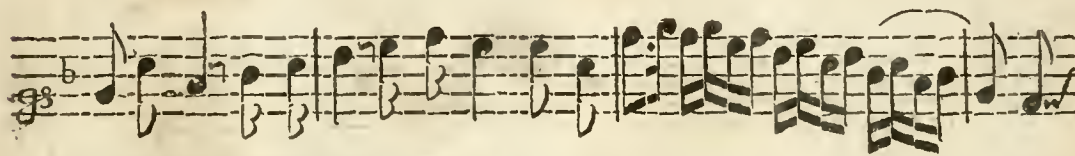
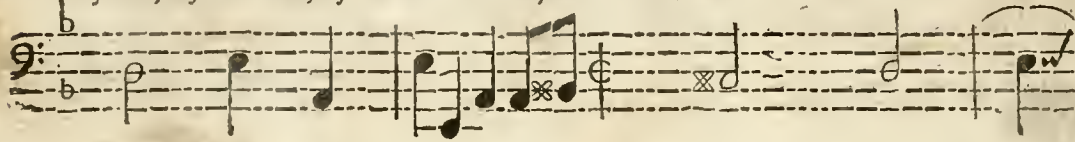
Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle in *Cyrus the Great*. Sett by Mr J. Lesles.



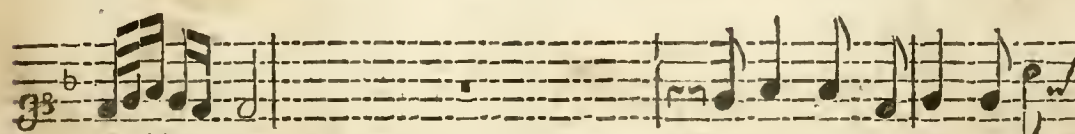
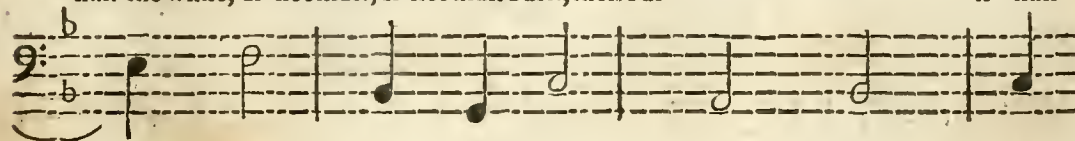
o — h! oh! take him gent-ly, gent-ly, gent-ly from the Pile, and



lay him, lay him here, lay him here to rest, and I will scor_____ch for



him the while, If heemust, If heemust burn, then bur_____n him

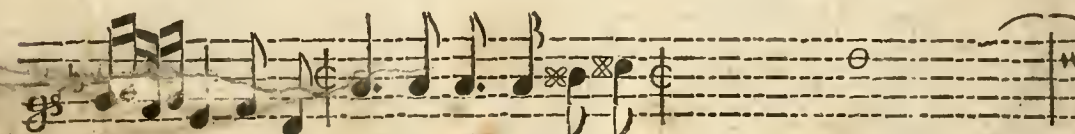
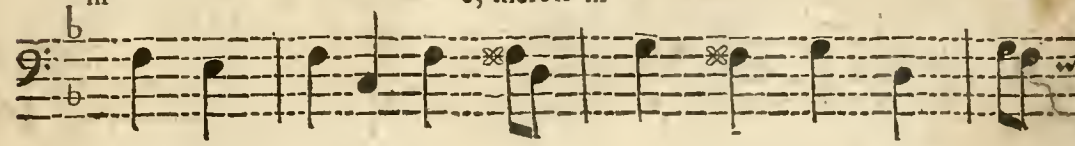


in my breast.

For there, there is fire, there is

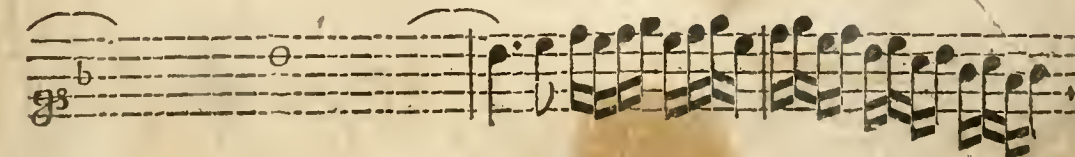
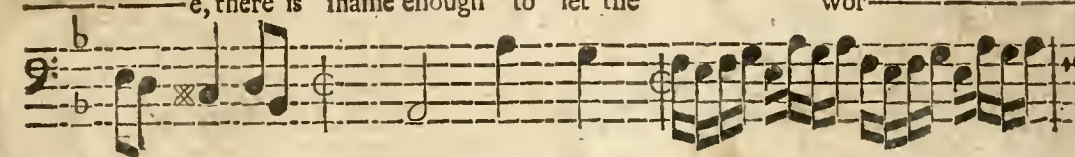


fir_____e, there is fir_____

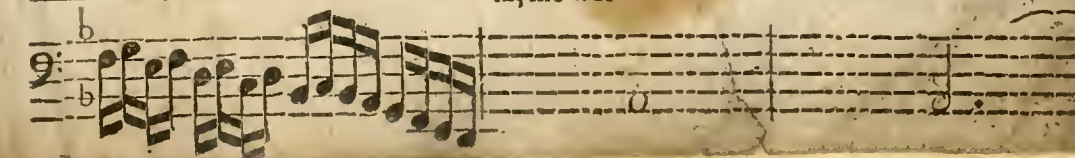


_____e, there is shame enough to set the

wor_____

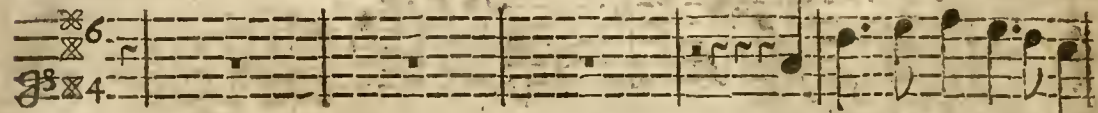


_____ld, the wor_____

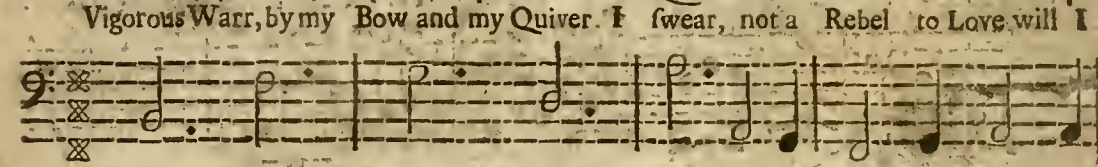




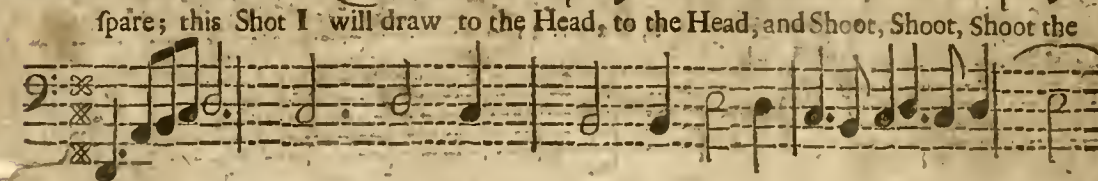
ld on Flame. *She speaks and then goes on.*

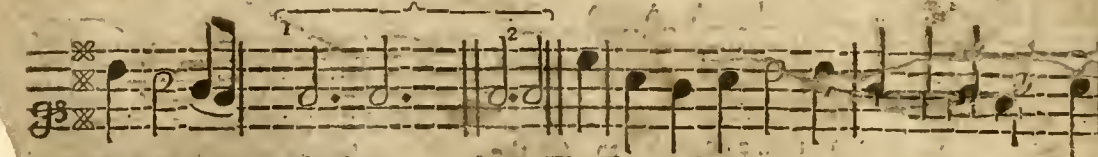
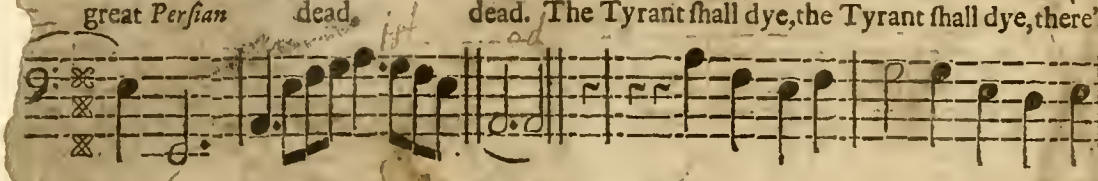

I'm Arm'd and declare for a

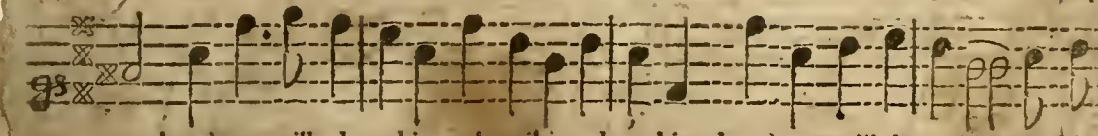
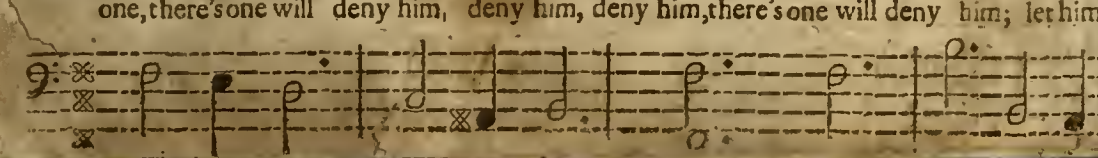
Vigorous Warr, by my Bow and my Quiver. I swear, not a Rebel to Love will I

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

