THE SECULAR SONGS OF JOHN BLOW
(1649-1708):

AN EDITION

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PROMOTER: PROF I. J. GROVÉ (Stellenbosch)
ALPHABETICAL SONG INDEX

All songs are for solo voice, unless otherwise indicated.

Ah, me Undone Facsimile of autograph of John Blow
Lbl Add.31457
(reproduced with permission of the British Library)
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To check the passion and to ease the pain, I try to speak and
To my friend complain but when faint breathings when faint
Breathing at last when faint breathings only were remaining.
Alexis, dear Alexis

A Pastoral Elegy on the Death of a lovely Boy.

1684

T. Flatman

Alexis, dear-- Alexis love

Da-mon' Oh-- Pala-mon! Snatch'd a way, to some far distant region

gone, has left the miserable Coridon bereft of all his comforts, bereft of all his-

com-forts, all----- have you not seen the gen-

17

youth, whom ev'ry swain did love, cheerful when ev'ry swain was sad, be-

neath the me-

lan-

chol-y-- grove? His face was beau-

- 1 -
as the dawn of light broke—through the gloomy shades of night

Oh—my anguish! my delight! Him, ye kind

Shepherds, I—bewail, 'till my eyes and heart shall fail, 'tis he that's

landed on that distant shore, and you and I shall see him here—no

more, and you and I shall see him no more. Return—

Lex is, oh return! return, return in vain I—

cry, poor Coridon can never cease to mourn. Thy
too un-time-ly cru-el-des-ti-ny: Fare-well for e-ver, for
e-ver, char-ming boy. Fare-well for e-ver and with thee all the trans-port-
of—my joy ye pow’rs a-bove, why should I long-er live, to
wait—a few un-com-fort-a-ble years to drown—my-self—in
tears, for what my sighs—and pray’rs can ne-ver re-trieve
for what my sighs—and pray’rs can ne-ver re-trieve.
All my past life

from 'The True Consistancy'

1685

J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

All my past life is mine— no more, the flying hours are—

All my past life is mine— no more, the flying hours are—

gone; like transitory dreams giv’n o’er, whose

gone; like transitory dreams giv’n o’er, whose

Images are kept in store, by memory alone.

Images are kept in store, by memory alone.

II

What ever is to come is not,
How can it then be mine?
The present moment’s all my lot,
And that as fast as it is my got,
Phillis is wholly thine.

III

Then talk not of inconstancy.
False hearts, and broken vows;
If I by miracle can be,
This long-live’d minute true to thee.
It’s all that heaven allows.

- 4 -
Amintor on a riverside
1683

A. 2. Voc.

Amintor on a riverside, raising a spring-tide from his eyes; his passion could no longer hide, but unto heav’n he cast his cries: His voice so well express’d his grief, ’twas

phil lis i s cruel, ph il lis is cruel, false, and fair.

Echo confined to a grove,
Being unable to return,
These fatal words, in hopeless love,
I burn, repeated thrice I burn:
Birds in his Grief did bear a part,
Whilst sighs kept soft time in his heart;
He mourning, sung in a soft Ayre,
Phillis is cruel, false, and fair.

II

Whilst in this agony he lay,
A tear did steal from either eye,
Down his pale cheeks, which did betray,
Amintor waited but to dye.
Whilst death fate heavy on his eyes,
And he look’d like love’s sacrifice;
He dying, sung in a soft Ayre,
Phillis is cruel, false, and fair.
And is my cavalier return'd?

A song with flutes

1700
And is my cavalier return'd? Oh!—welcome, welcome, welcome to my arms, Oh!—welcome to my arms;
dread——ing the worst—— of harms?

What trem——
bling were within—my breast, at ev’ry attack’—was made I sent,

still as my fears—en—creast, still as my fears—en—creast, I sent—ten—

thou-sand, ten—thou—sand wishes to your aid; But see, see, see, see,
but see, see, see, see, see the fate of rugged war: Oh!——

barbarous, barbarous sun—and dust;

Come, come, come, come, come, come you must
be, you must be, you must be Martilla's care, she must, she must,
she must, she must recruit—what you have lost:

Come, come, come, come, come he to your self Philander—
R.

\[\text{kind; Come, come, come, come, come, come to your-}\]

R.

\[\text{self, be to your self Phil-ander-kind; come, come, come, come, come, come, on your Myr-til-la's bosom-}\]

R.

\[\text{rest; the care-full, care-full, care-full, care-full general love for you-de-}\]
sign'd; the care-full, care-full care-full, care-full, care-full general love for you—
dec-

sign'd warm-winter quarters, warm—winter quarters in my—breast.
And now the Duke's march

The Duke of Gloucester's march

1695

And now, now— the— Duke's March, let the Haut - bois play, and his

5

troops in the close shall Hus - sa— Hus - sa— Hus - sa— Hus - sa— Hus sa. And

9

now, now the Duke's march let the Haut - bois— play and his

13

troops in the close, shall Hus - sa, Hus - sa, Hus - sa, Hus - sa— Hus - sa.
As Celadon and Chloris

1679

You may delight to break all fences down,
And lay all common, that is in your way,
To live on rapine, rather than your own,
The constant practice of who goes astray:
Thus, with all pastoral laws though you dispence,
Still their inclosure is their innocence.

If friendship be a fault, then the whole frame
Of all society a pieces fall;
And we must all turn salvage, as we came
Ev'n from our very first original;
And so the wolf and you will think't no sin
To prey together, when so near of kin.

All malice and your jealousies apart,
Why may they not the rather join their stocks;
And much more strictly too unite at heart,
The more some labour to divide their flocks:
And so both glory more in that defeat,
Than if you all conspird to make them great.

- 16 -
Ask not the cause why sullen spring
Song to a Fair Young Lady going out of the Town in Spring

1699

J. Dryden

Ask not the cause, why sullen spring, so long delays her-

flowers to bear, why warbling birds, why warbling, warbling birds for-

get to sing, and winter storms invest the year

Cloris is gone, Cloris is gone, and fate, and fate provides to make it-

spring, where she resides to make it spring, where she resides:

"
Clo- ris is gone, the cru- el—fair, she cast—not back—a pit-ty-ing eye; but

left- her—lo-ver, but left—her—lo———ver

in des—pair, to sigh, to lan- guish— and to—die, ah!

how can— those— fair eyes— en— dure—to give—to give the—

wounds,— they will not—cure, to give the—wounds— they will not—cure.
As on his deathbed gasping Strephon lay
A pastoral elegy on the Earl of Rochester who died the 26th of July 1680

As on his deathbed gasping Strephon lay;

Strephon— the wonder— of the Plains, the noble— of the Ar— cadian Swains,

Strephon the bold, the witty, and— the gay: With many a sigh, and

many a tear, he said, re— mem— ber, re— mem— ber me— ye shep— herds

when I'm— dead; re— mem— ber me— ye shep— herds, re— mem— ber me— ye shep— herds

when I'm— dead. Ye trif— ling glo— ries of the— world— adieu,

and vain ap— plau— ses of— the age; For when we quit
this mortal stage, believe me—shepherds, for I tell you true,

those pleasures which from virtuous deeds we have, create the sweetest slumber.

Then since your fatal hour—will surely come, surely your heads—lay low—as mine, your bright Mediterranean sun decline; beseech the mighty Pan to guard you home, if

in Elizzam you would hap—py be: Live not like Strephon,

but like Strephon dye; live not like Strephon, but like Strephon dye.
As [whilst] on Septimius’ panting breast

1700

A. Cowley

Prelude for Violins

As whilst on Septimius’ panting breast,
meaning nothing less than rest;

on Septimius panting breast,
meaning nothing less than rest;
Acme lean'd her loving head, the pleas'd Septimus thus said.

said, the pleas'd Septimus thus said.

solo:

My dearest Acme— if I be once a live, and love not thee with a passion far above, all that
ere was called love, in a Libyan desert may I become some

lion’s prey; let him Acme, let him tear my breast, when Acme is not there; let him Acme, let him tear my breast, when Acme is not there.

Chorus

The God of love stood by to hear him; the God of love

The God of love stood by to hear him; the God of love
was always near him; pleas'd and tick-led with the sound, sneez'd a-loud,

and all around the little loves that waited by, bow'd—and blest the—

Augury.
Acme in-flame'd with what he said,

Acme in-flame'd with what he said,

Rais'd her gentle bending head; and her purple mouth with joy, stretching

Rais'd her gentle bending head; and her purple mouth with joy, stretching

To the de-li-cious boy; Twice, and twice cou'd not suf-fice, she kiss'd his

to the de-li-cious boy; Twice, and twice cou'd not suf-fice, she kiss'd his

Drunk-en rol-ling eyes; Twice, and twice cou'd not suf-fice, she kiss'd his

drunken rolling eyes; Twice, and twice cou'd not suf-fice, she kiss'd his
drunk-en rol-ling eyes, she kiss’d his drunk-en rol-ling eyes:

solo:

My lit-tle life, my all. said

she, so may we e-ver ser-vants be, to that blest God, and ne’er— re-

tain our ha-ted li-ber ty—a gain; so may thy pas-sion last for—
me, as I a passion have for thee, greater and fiercer much than

... can be conceived, by thee a man, it reigns not only in my

heart, but runs like life in every part;

she spake, the God of

love aloud sneez'd again, and all aloud the little

love aloud sneez'd again, and all aloud the little
loves that wait-ed by, bow’d- and blest the Aug- u-gu-ry.

bow’d- and blest the Aug- u-gu-ry.
At looser hours in the shade
Horace to his lute
1700

At looser hours,

Horace to his lute

At looser hours,

Horace to his lute

At looser hours,

Horace to his lute

At looser hours,

Horace to his lute

At looser hours,

Horace to his lute

At looser hours,

Horace to his lute

At looser hours,

Horace to his lute

At looser hours,

Horace to his lute

At looser hours,

Horace to his lute

At looser hours,

Horace to his lute

At looser hours,

Horace to his lute

At looser hours,
play; now pri-thee, pri-thee, pri-thee, pri-thee play pri-thee, pri-thee, pri-thee, pri-thee, pri-thee, pri-thee
play thy-Roman Ayres: Now pri-thee, pri-thee, pri-thee, pri-thee
play, now pri-thee, pri-thee, pri-thee, pri-thee play? pri-thee, pri-thee, pri-thee, pri-thee, pri-thee, pri-thee
play thy-Roman Ayres,

First thou wert tun'd— for Lesbian lays:
First thou wert tun'd— for Lesbian lays, that hero tost— on stormy
In seas; or in the camp, amidst alarms, still softens all— with lyric charms; still, still, still softens all, all, all— with lyric charms.

Of beauty's queen, the sacred nine, the god of love, the god of love, the god of wine he sung; and to compleat, to compleat his joys, the lovely, lovely lovely.
maid; the lovel y, lovel y maid with fine black eyes;

Hail! Hail! to the lute, whose grateful, grateful,
grateful odes; Hail! Hail! to the lute, whose grateful, grateful,
grateful odes, do at their banquets, at their banquets
cheer the god's Hail! Hail! to the lute; which entertains, enters,
tains me too. Hail! Hail! to the lute, which entertains, entertains me too,
and sweetens all, all, all, and sweetens

all my pains, sweetens all, all, all my pains, and sweetens

all, all, all, sweetens all, all my pains, sweetens all, all, all my pains.
Boasting fops who court the fair

(Gentleman’s Journal, September, 1692)

1692

P. Motteux

---

Boasting fops, who court the fair, for the fame of being lov’d

you who daily prating are of the hearts your charms have mov’d

still be vain—talk and dress but, while—shadows—you pursue

own that some—who boast—it less, may be blest as much as you.

---

II

Love and birding are ally’d
Baits and nets a like they have
The same arts in both and try’d
The unwary to enslave.

If in each you’d happy prove
Without noise still watch your prey
For in birding and in love
While we talk it flies away.
Born with the vices of my kind

“To Cynthia”

1689

T. D’Urfey

Born with the vices of—my kind, I should in-constant be;— dear—

Cel- lia, could I ram-bling find, more beau-ty, more—beau-ty, than—inh-

thee: The roy-ling-sur-ge-s of—my—blood, by vir-tue now—

now—grown low; should a new show’r en-crease the flood, too

soon—would o-ver-flow. But frail-ty (when thy face—I see) does

mo-de-stly—re-tire; un-com-mon must her gra-ces be, whose
look, whose look, can bound desire: Not

to my virtue, but thy pow'r, this constancy is due; when

change self, can give no more, 'tis easy to be true.
Bring my mistress
1689

Bring, bring—my mistress to—my arms, let me the flask—embrace

there are the true, the pow’r—ful—charms, and—none—in Ce—lia’s—

face:— How bright, how spark—ling, are—her eyes! How

frag—rant is her breath! Kiss me, my—love, my life,—she—
cries, press me—my dear, to death,—to death,—press me—my dear, to

death. The flow—ing—joys have reach’d—my
heart, they glide—through ev’ry vein; what heart, what strength; does

wine—im—part? What—plea—sure—without pain?—While

love; how frail—are all—thy joys? How soon—do they re

tire? He los—ses—all, who but—en—joys; what feeds, puts—

out the fire, the fire; what feeds, puts—out the fire.
Chloe found Amintas [Amyntas]

A Rondelay

1700

J. Dryden
tears, all in tears upon the plain; sighing to himself.

sighing to himself and crying; wretched, to love in vain, wretched.

vain, to love in vain, wretched.
I, wretched I, to love in vain, to love in vain:

Kiss me dear, kiss me dear,

kiss me before my dying; kiss me once,
kiss me once—and ease—my—pain. Sigh—ing, sigh—ing
kiss me once—and ease—my—pain. Sigh—ing, sigh—ing
kiss me once and ease—my—pain.

sigh—ing to him—self and—cry—ing; Wret—ched
to love in—vain, wret—ched
I, wretched I, wretched I, to love in vain, to love in vain, wretched I, wretched I, to love in vain, to love in vain.

Ever scorn ing and denying, ever scorn ing and denying, and denying to reward your faithful swain.
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
Kiss me dear,--- kiss me dear,---
43
E - ver scorn - ing and de - ny - ing, and de -
scorn - ing and de - ny - ing, e - ver scorn - ing and de - ny - ing, and de -
ny - ing, e - ver scorn - ing and de - ny - ing, and de - ny - ing to re -

45
ny - ing to re - ward your faith - full swain. Chlo - e
ny - ing to re - ward your faith - full swain. Chlo - e,
ward, to re - ward your faith - full swain.

48
laugh - - - - - ing at his - cry - ing.
laugh - - - - - ing at his - cry - ing.
Chlo - e, laugh - - - - -
that he lov'd in vain.

Kiss me dear,  kiss me dear,

kiss me before my dying;  kiss me once,
kiss me once— and ease— my— pain.

Chloe, laughing at his crying.

laugh— ing at his crying.
laughing at his crying.

Chloë, laughing, laughing at his crying.

Crying, told him that he lov'd in vain.

Told him that he lov'd in vain.
But repenting and complying, when he kiss'd, she kiss'd again, kiss'd him up before she kiss'd, when he kiss'd, she kiss'd again, kiss'd him up before she kiss'd again, kiss'd him up before she kiss'd, when he kiss'd, she kiss'd again, kiss'd him up before

But repenting and complying, when he kiss'd she kiss'd again: But repenting and complying, when he kiss'd, again, she kiss'd again: But repenting and complying, when he kiss'd, again, she kiss'd again: But repenting and complying, when he kiss'd.
fore his dy-ing; but re-pent-ing and com-ply-ing, but re-pent-ing and com-
fore his dy-ing; but re-pent-ing and com-ply-ing, but re-pent-ing and com-
fore his dy-ing; but re-pent-ing and com-ply-ing, but re-pent-ing and com-
fore his dy-ing; but re-pent-ing and com-ply-ing, but re-pent-ing and com-
fore his dy-ing; but re-pent-ing and com-ply-ing, but re-pent-ing and com-
fore his dy-ing; but re-pent-ing and com-ply-ing, but re-pent-ing and com-
fore his dy-ing; but re-pent-ing and com-ply-ing, but re-pent-ing and com-
fore his dy-ing; but re-pent-ing and com-
Church scruples and jars
On the affairs abroad, and King Williams' expedition
1719

T. D'Urfey

Church scruples and jars plunges all Europe in wars,
English Caesar espouses our quarrel
Predestin'd to stand against Lewis le Grand
And wear his now flourishing laurel.

The cause that is best, now comes to the test
For heaven will no longer stand neuter
But pronounce the great doom for old Luther or Rome
And prevent all our doubts for the future.

'Twould turn a wise brow, to consider what poor
Fools take to become politicians.
Fops, bullies, and cits, all set up for wits,
And ingeniously hatch new divisions.

Some show their hot zeal for a new common-weal,
And some for a new Restoration,
Thus cavil and brawl, 'till the Monsieur gets all,
And best proves the wit of the nation.

Tho' we medicines apply, yet the fever swells high,
First caus'd by a Catholic riot
Which no cure can gain, 'till the breathing vein
Correct the mad pulse into quiet.

Yet what' er disease on our country may chance,
Let's drink to its healthy condition,
And rather that William were victor in France
Than Lewis were England's physician.
Clarinda’s heart is still the same
MU MS 118

For long I look and talk of love
That all your streams and groves can name her
All your hills and Echoes blame her
If she keep her cruel fashion
Nought but death can ease my passion.

If all your charms that lovers hand
All ye sighs ye groans ye anguish
And if looks where doeth I languish
Mov’d not her to any feeling
Beauty takes delight in killing.
Clarona, lay aside your lute
A single song
1700

Solo

Clarona, lay aside your lute, you need not learn the charm-

must attract all eyes and hearts: Where is there purer red and white, or

such a show of sense and wit? Who reads your face, must take delight, in

every line Dame Nature writ. Clarona lay aside your lute.
need not learn the charming arts, your bloom does promise so fair fruit, as must attract all eyes and hearts: The features of the finest face, never, never, never, no, never, never, never composed, a sweeter, sweeter air; How captivating every grace, every grace? How captivating every grace? Come give your lute to those less fair; come, come, come give your lute to those less fair.
Come fill the glass
A song in imitation of Anacreon [Anacron]

1700

Come fill the glass, fill it high, fill it high; come fill the glass, fill it high, fill it high.

Come fill the glass, till it be high, till it be high; earth is always dry, earth is always dry.

Come fill the glass, fill it high, fill it high; the barren earth is always dry, the barren earth is always dry.

Come fill the glass, fill it high, till it be high; the barren earth is always dry, is always, always.
always dry, but when steep'd in kindly, kindly show's, but

always dry,

but when steep'd in kindly, kindly

when steep'd in kindly, kindly show's, it

show's, but when steep'd in kindly, kindly

laugh

show's, it laugh

smile

smile, and smile

smile, and smiles
s in-flow'rs: The jo-vial, jo-vial God did sure de-sign, by the im-

smiles in flow'rs: The jo-vial, jo-vial God did sure de-sign,

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thus content to revel here, to revel here, to
make us thus, thus content to revel here, to revel

revel, and to reign in
here, to revel, and to reign in

love, and be throughout like those above, and be throughout like those above, above, above, above, above, above, above, above, above;-------

bove, above, above, and be throughout like
bove and be throughout like those above, above, above, and be throughout

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II.

I

like—those above, above, above, above.

out—like—those, above, above, above, above.
Come poetry, and with you bring along

For her majesty, Queen to King Charles

1688

A. Cowley

Come poetry, and with you bring along, a rich and painted throng, of no blest words

Into my song; Come poetry, and with you bring along, a rich and painted-

throng, of no blest words into my song: Into my numbers let them
gently flow, let them gently flow, soft and pure, and pure, soft and pure as

falling snow; and turn the number still to prove, smooth as the smoothest
sphere above, and like a sphere, like—a sphere harmoniously move and
like a sphere, like—a sphere harmoniously move.

Little dost thou, vain song, thy fortune know, what thou art destin’d to, and
what thy stars intend to do; little dost thou, vain song, thy fortune
what thy Stars intend to do; little dost thou, vain song, thy fortune
know, what thou art destin’d to, and what thy stars intend to do; what
know, what thou art destin’d to, and what thy stars intend to do; what
thou art destin’d to, and what thy stars intend to do. Among a
among a thousand songs, but few can be born to the honour promised thee, but few can be born to the honour promised thee.

Eliza's self shall thee receive, and a blest being, a blest being to thee.

give; thou in her sweet, in her sweet and tuneful voice shalt live; thou in her sweet, in her sweet and tuneful voice shalt live.

and tuneful voice shalt live. Her warbling tongue shall free sweet and tuneful voice shalt live.
ly—with thee play, thou on her lips shalt stray, and dance up—on the ros—ie way.

What prince a—live that would not en—vy thee, and count—thee hap—pi—er, count thee hap—pi—er far—than he? What prince a—live—that would not en—vy thee, and count thee hap—pi—er, count thee hap—pi—er far—than he, and

count thee hap—pi—er, count thee hap—pi—er far—than he, and

And how shalt thou thy au—thor crown, And how shalt thou thy au—thor crown, when fair E-li—za, when fair E-li—za.

And how shalt thou thy au—thor crown, when fair E-li—za shall be
when fair Eliza, when fair Eliza shall be known,
shall be known, shall be known, when fair Eliza
known, when fair Eliza shall be known, when fair Eliza
when fair Eliza, when fair Eliza shall be known,
shall be known, to sing thy words, when she but speaks her own;
shall be known, to sing thy words, when she but speaks her own;
Eliza shall be known, to sing thy words, when she but speaks her own;
when fair Eliza, when fair Eliza shall be known,
when fair Eliza, when fair Eliza shall be known,
when fair Eliza, when fair Eliza, shall be
when fair Eliza, when fair Eliza, shall be
Eliza shall be known, to sing thy words, when she but speaks her own.
Eliza shall be known, to sing thy words, when she but speaks her own.
known, to sing thy words, to sing thy words, when she but speaks her own.
known, to sing thy words, to sing thy words, when she but speaks her own.
Could softening, melting looks prevail

1687

Could soft-ning melt-ing looks pre-vail— Phil-lis might e-ver hope suc-cess, her

beau-ties pow’r— would not-fail— did not her cheap-ness— make it—less but

such ad-va-nces, but such ad-va-nces she—does—make, who lov’d her once must her—for-

sake, but such ad-va-nces she—does—make, who lov’d her once must her—for-sake.

II

She who’s too eagerly enclin’d
To catch at love lets go her fame
And ’tis beneath a generous mind
To catch ignoble yielding game
But in resistance, but in resistance is such force
It charms beyond the brightest eyes.
Draw out the [thy] minutes twice as long
1683

Draw out the minutes—twice as long, swift night, and run—indebt to
day: Loves e—nemy, thou soft-pac’d rober—of—de—light—how
thou—dost—steal—a—way. Clo—rin—da, bid time stop his—full—ca—rier, whis—per a
gen—tle charm in—to— his ear; tell him, ‘tis you, tell him, ‘tis you—that’s here.
Sure no—thing’s charm—proof—’gainst that—tongue, those eyes, that grate—ful—meen of
One look—from you, from you, will father—time surprise, he'll lose his minutes, hours.
And well for him; 'tis time improv'd, to be blest with a
glimpse of that divinity, all will adore, all will adore—that—see.
Employ'd all the day still in publick affairs

A song for the Musick Society

1700
is in danger of sinking;

needful refreshing at night, is in danger of sinking;

sink- ing, sinking, is in danger of sinking, under the weight: No

La - bour like

No La - bour like

that of the brain, too much thinking, too much thinking.
whilst the mo-de-rate glass keeps the spi-rits, the spi-rits from think-ing, whilst the mo-de-rate glass keeps the spi-rits, the spi-rits from

sink-ing; too much think-ing, too much think-ing, whilst the sink-ing; too much think-ing, too much think-ing, whilst the

mo-de-rate glass keeps the spi-rits, the spi-rits from mo-de-rate glass, keeps the spi-rits the spi-rits from

sink-ing. The lau-rel and i-vy to-
sink-ing.
ge-ther we twine, our friend-ship—still crown-ing—still, still, still, still, still

crown-ing—with mu-sick, with mu-sick, with mu-sick and wine;

A song is the sanc-tion of our so-ci’ble laws, and the glass and the

voice; and the glass and the voice, the sanc-tion of our so-ci’ble laws, and the glass and the voice, the
voice, alternately pause, alternately pause,
glass and the voice, alternately pause, alternately pause;

And the

The remaining soft

Slow

The remaining soft minuets,
Brisk minuets, the remaining soft minuets in the remaining soft soft soft minuets in

56

converse we pass, our thoughts growing brisker, brisker, converse we pass, our thoughts growing brisker, brisker, brisker, brisker,

6 4 6

brisker, brisker, each chirruping, chirruping each chirruping, chirruping chirruping glass, each chirruping, chirruping, chirruping glass;

6 5 6 5

chirruping glass. our thoughts growing brisker, each each chirruping, chirruping, chirruping, glass; our thoughts growing
chi-rup-ing, chi-rup-ing, chi-rup-ing, chi-rup-ing glass; Each
brisk-er, brisk-er,
each chi-rup-ing, chi-rup-ing, chi-rup-ing, glass;

chi-rup-ing, chi-rup-ing, chi-rup-ing, chi-rup-ing chi-rup-ing glass.

Each chi-rup-ing, chi-rup-ing, chi-rup-ing, chi-rup-ing glass.
Euridice my fair

A dialogue between Orpheus and Euridice

1688

T. Flatman

Orpheus

Eu - ri - di - ce, my fair, my fair Eu - ri - di - ce, my love, my joy, my life!

If so you be, in Plu - to's king - dom, an - swer me; ap - pear, and come to thy poor-

Oh! I hear, I hear, dear— Or - pheus, but I can - not come be - yond the

bounds of dull E - li - zi - um; I can - not!

And why wilt thou not draw near? Is
No; no, there cannot there, within these courts, a shade so dear, as he that calls thee?

Why comes not then my Euridice!

The fates, the

fates forbid, and these eternal gates never unbar'd to let a

prisoner go, deny me passage; nay, grim Cerberus too, stays at the door!

But cannot then they, that o're the Lethe, return again?
Oh, never! Oh, never!
Sure they may! Let's try, if art can
null the laws of destiny; my layes compacted, Thebes made ev'ry tree loosen its roots, to caper; Come, let's see, let's see, what thou and I can
Perchance, the throng of ghosts, may be enchanted with a song, and moved to pity, and
Hark! Hark! The hinges move, the gates unmov'd pity.

'Twas musick, only musick, could unbar'd, I come, I come, my love.

spell, helpless undone Eurydice from hell. 'Twas hell.
Fain would I, Chloris, ere I die

1683

Fain would I Chloris ere I die, bequeath you such a legacy, that you might say when I am gone, none hath the like: My heart alone were the best gift I could bestow, but that's already yours—you know.

So that till you my heart resign, or fill with yours the place of mine, and by giving you; whose grace my store renew, I shall have—nought worth giving you; whose breast has all the wealth I have, save a saint car-case and a grave: But
had— I as ma-ny hearts as hands, as ma-ny lives as love— has— fears, as ma-ny lives as
years have— hours, they should be—all and only yours. But only yours.
Fair lady so strong are the charms

1678

Fair lady so strong are the charms of your eyes that they who behold them are struck with surprise; of which since your modesty will not be told, I'll only be bold to say that I saw, those beauties of yours that all the world doth awe: Then blame me no more if sigh and adore, then blame me no more if I sigh and adore: You are fairer than fair, more witty than wit; more gentle and mild, and as innocent

- 83 -
sweet; you tell me you'll love but you tell me not when, you give me your

heart but—take it again; Ah madam cry I, I live and I

dye, then blame me no more if I sigh and adore, sure from the

toyles and endless complaints that lovers perplex when—they kneel to their

saints, if happy I live in the sight of those neither will

grant nor—yet—will despise, 'tis all I dare crave nor all I would
have then blame me no more if still bound—— to sigh yet——still I a-dore, if

still, still, still bound to sigh, yet still to a-dore.
Fairest work of happy nature
1689

Fairest work of happy nature, sweet without dissembling art;

kind in every tender feature, cruel only in a heart:

View the beauties of the morning, where no sullen clouds appear:

Graces there are less adorning, than below, when Celia's there.

II
Ev'ry tuneful breast confesses,
Sounds by you improve their pow'r;
Ev'ry tongue in soft addresses,
Humbly tells us his amour;
Such a tribute, lovely blessing,
Faithful Stephon ne're demes;
Such a treasure in possessing,
All the bills of love supplies.

III
Yet I see by ev'ry tryal,
Feeble hopes my flames persue,
Ever finding a denial,
Where my softest love was true:
But my heart knows no retreating,
No decay can ease my pain;
Love allows of no defeating,
Tho' the prize is sought in vain.

IV
For if e're my Celia's treasure,
Must her virgin sweets resign:
Love shall flow with equal measure,
And I 'le boldly call her mine:
'Till her panting wedded lover,
Grown uneasy by my claim;
Leaves me freely to discover
Golden coasts without a name.
Faire nimph, [Fair nymph] that to the wanton winds

Ch. Ch. 23

* Chorus of nimphs and shepherds

Faire nimph that to ye wanton winds—display your golden

tres-ses bright—and gay, you whose ex-cell-ing beau-ties shame ye glist-ning rubies flame, and you at whose approaching sight Al-za-ra hides her less ad-ored light

I r"
I shep-hards and shep-hard-ess-es you that sport with innocent

love And dreame no--- hurt Hi-ther make haste to fill these flow-rie

plains with your melodious strains. This day ye sa-cr ed hy-

men come in state and fa-vour-ing loves des-gines to beauties
lust[y] va[lour, ho[nour joyns. Th’ad[ventrous Or[peus

heavens decree conforms to his Eu[ridice.

O hap[py day of hap[py day most for[tu[nate:

Faire n[ymphs, whose cheer[ful looks make knowne, such pure con
tents at these my nuptiall feasts as is within your breasts my harbor'd

joyes were all your owne, how gladly doth my thankfull cäre, your

amu'rous layes and charming ditties heare, while your melodious

strains agree to prove th'af'fects of love and courtesy.
Chorus

What heart—like that of tiger or of—bear a soul—can

har—bour so se—cure. That will not of thy joys per—
take, hear—ing what love has done for true love’s sake,

no, gen—tle nimph it ne—ver—can be so, na—ture has bet—ter taught
all things below, there's not a beast in desert wild, or chirping

bird in shady woods not a mute fish in deep or shallow

floods but tamely reconciled, they skipp and dance and caroll to ye skye

thus amrously laboring to express their true de-light in thy true
Solo (Euridice)

Happiness: How are my joys increased bright rural deities

Happiness:

Happiness:

In my contented breast, while I behold delight— and laughter

Sparkling from your eyes then deare companions of my

Joyes lett us make hast to yonder groves and there unto ye purling
noise of crystall vio - lett with prim - ros - ses be - sett in ac - tive

num-bers—variously move, in ac - tive num-bers—variously move:

Chorus

Away, away with mer - ry chear, we for a while will tar - ry
Away, away with mer - ry chear, we for a while will tar - ry
Away, away with mer - ry chear, we for a while will tar - ry

here, till ye great Or - pheus doe him - self ap - pear. A - way,
here, 'till ye great Or - pheus doe him - self ap - pear.
here, 'till ye great Or - pheus doe him - self ap - pear.

- 94 -
a-way, a-way with mer-ry chear, we for a while will tarry

here, 'till ye great Orpheus doe him-self appear

we for a while will tarry

doe him-self appear. We for a while will tarry—
great Orpheus doe him-self appear. 'Till ye pear.
Farewell, my useless scrip

The Parting, a Pastoral by a Lady

1699

Fare - well, fare - well, my use - less scrip, and poor - un - head - ed flocks; no

more, no, no, no more, no more - you'll round - me, round - me,

round - me, round - me, trip, trip, trip, trip, tril - cloth - me with your

locks: Fed by yon purl - ing, purl - ing streams, where Da - mon first - I

knew; I on - ly, on - ly, think - on him, I can - not, I can - not, I

can - not, I can - not, I can - not think on you.
Fill [Make] me a bowl, a mighty bowl

The Cup, An Ode of Anacreon, Paraphras’d

1687

J. Oldham

Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl, large as—my—capacious soul;

Vast as my thirst is,—let it have depth enough, to be—my—grave; I mean, the grave of all my care, for I—design—bury’t—there.

Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl, large as—my—capacious soul;
Fill me a mighty bowl, large as my capacious soul;

Let it of silver fashion'd be, worthy of wine, worthy of me;

Worthy to adorn the spheres, as that bright cup amongst the stars.

Fill me a mighty bowl, large as my capacious soul;

Fill me a mighty bowl, large as my capacious soul.
For honour and glory

1691

For hon - our and glo - ry, the

soldier prepares, march on march on and charge bravely, charge

bravely is the cry of the wars——— For When the hero had

no great fa - vour and re - nown — he — straight — tum - bles down down

down with a knock on the crown, and his val - our is scarce a - days talk for the town.
Then with love, wine and music, with wine, love and music; with love, wine and music, let's our senses emit then with wine, love and music, with love, wine and music, let's our senses emit

Laugh, ploy. Laugh, at danger; Laugh, ploy. Laugh, at danger; Laugh, laugh.

Laugh, laugh at danger and trouble and follow and follow, laugh at danger and trouble, at danger and trouble, and follow.
follow, and follow, follow the joy.
follow, and follow, follow the joy.
Go, perjur’d maid

1700

Go, go, go, go, perjur’d maid, to all, all, all, all, all, all.

Go perjur’d maid, to all ex-treems in-clin’d; go perjur’d maid, to all, all, all, all ex-treems in-clin’d;

Go, go, go, perjur’d maid, to all ex-treems in-clin’d, Go, go, go.

Go, go, go, perjur’d maid, to all all, all, to all ex-treems in-clin’d, first so endearing; after so unkind, first—

treems in-clin’d; first so endearing; after so unkind, first—

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so endearing after so unkind, as cruel, as in-
dering; so endearing—after so unkind, as cruel, as in-
dear-
dering: so en-dear-ing af-ter so un-kind, as cru-el, as in-
dear-
dering: so en-dear-ing af-ter so un-kind, as cru-el, as in-
con-Slant. - el. Slant in con is thy mind.
con-stant, as cru-el, as in con-stant is thy mind.
con-stant, as cru-el, as in con-stant is thy mind.
con-stant, as cru-el, as in con-stant is thy mind.
Go, go to my riv-al, leave me to com-pain; Go.
Go, go to my riv-al, leave me to com-pain; Go.
Go, go to my riv-al, leave me to com-pain; Go.
Go, go to my riv-al, leave me to com-pain; Go.
Go, go to my riv-al, leave me to com-pain; Tell him from
go to my riv-al, leave me to com-pain; Tell him from
go to my riv-al, leave me to com-pain; Tell him from
Tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to reign; tell him from me, tell him he has not long to
quick-ly quick-ly—change; I know, I know your heart, you'll quick-ly
change; I know, I know your heart, you'll quick-ly, quick-ly,

change, you'll quick-ly quick-ly change a-gain, you'll quick-ly, quick-ly change a-gain.

quick-ly change, you'll quick-ly change a-gain, you'll quick-ly change a-gain.
Go, perjur’d man

1700

R. Herrick

Prelude for violins

Vlns

Go, perjur’d man, and if thou e’er—
see, to see the small remainder of my urn.

When thou shalt laugh, shalt laugh at my religious dust, and
and ask where's now, where's now the colour, form, and trust of—
ask where's now the colour, form, and trust of woman's

wo - man's beau - ty? And per - haps with rude, with rude beau - ty? And per - haps with rude hands, with rude hands; and per - haps with rude hands; Per - haps with rude hands, ri - fle the flow'rs which the vir - gins strewd; hands, ri - fle the flow'rs which the vir - gins strewd; know, I've pray'd— to
know, I’ve pray’d— to Pi-ty, that the wind may blow my a-shes up.
Pi-ty, that the wind may blow my a-shes up. Know, I’ve pray’d— to
Pi-ty, that the wind may blow my a-shes up, and strike thee blind; That the
May blow my a-shes up, and strike thee blind.
When thou shalt strike thee blind.
Grant me, ye gods, the life I love

1688

A. Cowley

Grant me, ye Gods, the life I—love, and lend to me a shady—grove;

There let the trees verdant hair, sport—with each kind blast of air. Let

birds, the choristers of the wood, sing all that’s pleasant, sing all—that’s

pleasant—all—that’s good; make some liquid silver stream, in soft—

whisp’ring—court the—plain; and let me here flowers behold, let me here
if ye can, what prince, what great unhappy man, would not thus a

flowers behold, fringing its banks with native gold. Then tell, ye Gods, tell.

I will prefer, and choose to live an hermit here!
Great Queen of love, behold
A dialogue between Cupid and Venus
Lbl. - Add. 14399

Cupid

Great queen of love behold, behold thy son distress'd and wrong'd—

Venus

tem'd by petty deities, I came, I came why calls my

Cupid

resists the rigour of thy dart. Diana's

nymphs came undecrid and stole my arrowes from—
side, A kiss will sweet-en all thy pain thy quiver see I'll fill a-

gain. Dear mo-ther now un-bind my eyes oh— dare not that— great-

Jove-de-nyes I'll break my bow and ar-rows too—

And love shall bid the world a-dieu

and love shall— bid the world a-dieu. Nay do not

greive I will un-doe ye Cy-pris from thy— brow and free-ly
50  Cupid
give thee leave to play. This shall be Cupid's holy day.

57  My thanks great queen and I will raise a thousand, thousand--

63  Chorus: 3 voc.
And men shall say when
altars in thy praise. And men shall say when

68  love hath play'd his prize. Beauty not blinds them
love hath play'd his prize. Beauty not blinds them

73  love hath play'd his prize. Beauty not blinds them, not

blinds them, not blinds them but does give them eyes.
Happy the man who, languishing
Sappho to the goddess of Beauty
Addressed to the Duchess of Grafton
1700

Solo

Happy, happy, happy—the man who languishing, who

Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py—does sit, and hear the charming Pa - phi - ana's,

lan - guish - ing—does sit, and hear the charm - ing Pa - phi - ana's,

hear the charm - ing, charm - ing Pa - phi - ana's - wit, and se's her sweet - ly smi - ling,

smi - ling at - his - sighs; This, this, this, changes, this,

this, the mor - tal - ities. Ah me un - 

* This recitative is found in the autograph Lbl. Add 31457

- 118 -
done! Ah me un-done! As soon as I had seen the beauty, such the features, air and meen I was a-maz'd, of ev'ry sense—be-reft;

My voice was gone, not the least-accent left. To check the passion, and to ease the pain; To check the passion, and to ease the pain.

try—to speak and to my freind, and to my freind, and to my freind-complain; But when—faint breathings, but when—faint breathings only do—remain;
Oh! now I burn; Oh! now I burn; The sub-tle flame does rise thro' ev'-ry
vein, and fix-es in my eyes; The day to me seems but a mi-sty-light;
my hear-ing, as-con-fus'd-too, as my sight: sight. Now a
cold,— a cold— sweat my trem-bling limbs— be-
dew; Now a cold,— a co—ld sweat— my.
trembling limbs be-dews; And like a wither'd plant,

my visage shews; Pale, cold and speech-less, without breath I--

lye, in the sweet the sweet transports of my soul, I--

soul, I--

Now a, die.
Ah me! undone

Lbl Add. 31457

(autograph: excerpt from Happy the man who languishing)

Ah me undone Ah me undone as soon as I had seen the beauty

such the features, Air, and moon I was a-maz'd of eve-ry sense—be-reft

my voice was gone—not the least accent left to check-the pas-sion

and to ease—the-pain, I try—to—speak and to my friend—com-plain but

when faint—breath-ings, when faint breath-ings, but when faint breath-ings on-ly on-ly

manuscript ends here.
How I have serv'd

How have serv'd, how just or true, I need appeal to none but you; For

all my thoughts from you— took birth, my sole divinity on— earth: Nor does a

wish, which upward flies, petition from heav'n's deities, ought— but—to fall your

much lov'd— sacrifice. When tongue griev'd, accents can no more im-

part, and— sighs— lament expiring heart, when anguish'd—

soul in strong convolution lyes, and rapid tears o're flowing melting—
Then, then Clariana you'll find, and grieve, a fleeting life no

d pow'r can retrieve; nor gain, from fate, a moment of re-

Chorus, A 3 Voc-Altus, Medius, Bassus e Continuo Basse

So gently glide my soul, that thou may'st be, translated to eternity, to meet those joys for

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...faith-ful loves as-sign'd; With full swoln bliss, and knot-ty cares...

cares un-bind, and leave the tor-ments of the world be-hind.
If I live to be [grow] old

"The old man's wish"

1685

W. Pope
II

In a country town by a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance on which I may look;
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easie pad nag to ride out a mile.

CHOR: May I govern, etc.

III

With Horace and Plutarch, and one or two more,
Of the best wits that liv’d in the ages before,
With a dish of roast mutton, not venison nor veal,
And clean, though course, linnen at every meal.

CHOR: May I govern, etc.

IV

With a pudding on Sunday, and stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar,
With a hidden reserve of burgundy wine,
To drink the king’s health in as oft as I dine.

CHOR: May I govern, etc.

V

With a courage undaunted may I face the last day,
And when I am dead, may the better sort say,
(In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow)
He’s gone, and leaves not behind him his fellow.

CHOR: May I govern, etc.
If I my Celia could persuade
Song for two voices
1700
G. Etherege

If I my Celia cou'd persuade?

If I my Celia cou'd persuade to see those wounds her eyes have made!

If I my Celia cou'd persuade:

If I my Celia, my Celia cou'd persuade, to see those wounds her eyes have made; If I my Celia, my Celia cou'd persuade;
Ce\-
li-\-
a-\-
cou\-
d\-
per-
\-
suade; to see those wounds her
\-
eyes have made; to see those wounds her
eyes have made; and hear, hear, hear, whilst I that-
passion tell; and hear, hear, hear,
whilst I that-
passion tell; and hear, hear, hear,
whilst I that-
passion tell; and hear, hear, hear,
whilst I that passion that passion tell;
which like her self,— which like her

self,— does— so ex— ceed; how soon we might— be freed— from—

self,— does— so ex— ceed; how soon we might— be freed— from

care, She need not fear,—
care, she need not fear,— nor— I de— spair; she need not fear, nor

she—— need not fear,— nor I—— nor I de— spair.
If mighty wealth

A translation out of Anacreon

1700

If mighty wealth that gives the rules to vicious men and cheating—

fools, cou’d but preserve me in the prime of blooming youth and—

purchase-time, than I wou’d covet riches too, and scrape and cheat—

as others do; Then I wou’d covet riches too, and scrape and cheat—

as others do; That when the minister of fate, pale death, was knocking at the
gate. I'd send him loaded back with coin, a bribe of richer dust than mine; I'd send him loaded back with coin, a bribe of richer dust than mine.

But since that life—must—slide—a—way, and wealth—can't—purchase—one—poor—day; Why—shou'd—my cares en—crease—my—

- 132 -
pain; and waste my time-- with sighs-- in vain; and waste my time-- with sighs-- in vain?

Since riches cannot life supply, it is a useless poverty; It is a useless poverty.
ply, it is a use- less po- ver- ty; It is a use- less po- ver-

ty.

I'll try to guide— the gent- lest-

way, I'll try to guide— the gent- lest-

way; With cheer- ful friends, brisk wine shall pass, and drown a

care, drown a— care in ev- ry glass: Some- times- di- vert- ed with love's
charms, the circle made by Celia's arms. Sometimes diverted

with love's charms, the circle made by Celia's arms.
I little thought

"Love's Ingratitude": A song on ingratitude

1687

A. Cowley

I little thought, thou fond-ingrateful-sin! When first I let thee in, and

gave thee but a part in my unwa-ry heart; I little thought, that

thou would'st e're have grown, so false, or strong, to make it all-thine own: At

mine own breast, with care I fed thee still, letting thee suck thy fill; and

dain-ti-ly I nourish'd thee, with idle-thoughts, and po-e-try! What ill returns dost thou al-

- 136 -
low? I fed thee then, and thou—thou—dost starve me—

There was a time, when thou—wast cold—and chill, nor hadst the pow'r of doing

ill; into my bosom did I take, this frozen and—be-num—ed

snake, not fearing from it any harm; but now it stings that

breast—which made it warm. What cursed weed's this love! But one grain—
sow, and the whole—field 'twill over-grow; straight will it choke
up, and—devour, each wholesome herb,—each wholesome

herb, and—beauteous flow'r! Nay, unless something soon I do, 'twill

kill,—I fear, 'twill kill,—I fear,—my very laurel too.

But now all's gone, I now,—alas! I—now,—

alas! Complain, declare, protest, and—threat in—

vain; since by my own unfore'd consent, the traitor has
my go- vern-ment, and is so set- tl’d in the throne, that ‘t were- Re-
bel- lion—now, ‘t were Re-bel- lion—now, to—claim mine own.
Illustrious day, what glory canst thou boast
A song for ye Queen's birthday
Rowe 22

I - l - l - u - s - t - r - i - o - u - s - d - a - y - w - h - a - t - g - l - o - r - y - c - a - n - s - t - y - e - b - o - a - s - t - o - f - a - l - l - y
Sons of time, advanced the most in ushering to the world two saints in
Soft
name, in virtue zeal, and dignity the same in ushering
to the world two saints in name, in virtue, zeal and dignity the
same heav'n the first a glorious work essay'd he labour'd far but on the'
sudden staid as if he had not thought on well but now endearing

the designe once more and adding all adding all the former store he now—

his first intention does excell nor did this happy island
doer regain the great and glorious blessings of her reign,

A royal saint who governs with the pray'rs both heav'n and earth and crown's—

the crown she wears. A With heav'nly wealth would she
for us pro - cure, wou’d heav’n her ab - sence scores of years en - dure, and

long to us so vast a - trea - sure lend, since ev’ry man she ad - ding to your store

and eve - ry prayer does pur - chase more you all at sin - full age knows - how — to spend.
I'll tell thee, my Celia [Sylvia]

1681

I'll tell thee my Celia, if never before thou'st heard of the pleasures that love has in store; true love is a flame that forever burn bright, and time can not quench or diminish its light. To none but love's empire 'tis lost when enjoyed; for they never lov'd truly that ever were cloy'd.
In Caesar all the joint [ye joynt] perfections meet

Ge. R. d. 47
greet and peace-ful-ly a-dorn his mind. Each ver-tue does its sis-ter ver-tue

His well known val-or and her-oi-ck

heat, soft-est, soft-est pi-ty soft-est, soft-est pi-ty soft-est pi-ty does al-lay.

fen-ded good-ness most he shows where most of-fend-ed
goodness most he shows thus twice he over comes his foes he over comes his foes but this this ye no

bler way. Mercy with Justice with Justice

takes her seat and every virtue every virtue

does its sister virtue greet. And greet.
In vain, brisk God of Love

pow’rful charms long strove to de fie; for just as some

forti fy’d town has long held out the siege, then battered

down: So I that never fear’d, nay scorn’d thy dart, at length am

wounded, wounded, at the heart. Look then up on the
sa - cri - fice you've slain, view well the heart, and— see— if there one—

stain— of— treach - e - ry you find; if not, then say, ah!—

Ah! de - ar, de - ar heart! that ne - ver—

went— a - stray; Dea - r heart! that ne - ver— went— a - stray.
It grieves me when I see what fate

on the best of mankind wait; it grieves--

me, it grieves--me when I see what fate, does on the best of

man--kind wait; it grieves--me when I see, what fate, does on the

best, does on the best of man--
against death’s smallest dart, the poet’s

or lovers, or lovers’ heart:

But when their life, when their life in its decline,

cline;

But when their life in its decline, touches—
th' in-e- vi-ta-ble line; touch-es— th' in-e- vi-ta-ble line,

all, all, all,— the world; all the

world's mor-tal-to-them— then;

and wine— an-co-nite, is an-co-nite— to— men: Nay, in— death's hand, the
grape-stones—proves, the grape-stones—proves as strong as—thunder—der— is in—

Jove's; as

strong as—thunder—der— is in— Jove's. as
strong as thunder is in Jove's.
It is not that I love you less

The Self Banished

A minuet

1700

E. Waller

It is not that—I love you less—than when before your feet I lay; but to prevent—the sad increase of hopeless love, I keep away. In vain, (alas!) for every thing, which I have known belong to you; your form does to my fancy bring, and makes my old wounds bleed anew.
Lately on yonder swelling bush
The bud
1700
E. Waller

Lately on yonder swelling bush, lately on yonder swelling bush,
big with many, many, many.

ma-n-y, ma-n-y, ma-n-y, ma-n-y, ma-n-y a com-ing rose; big with ma-n-y, ma-n-y, ma-n-y.

ma-n-y, ma-n-y, ma-n-y, ma-n-y, ma-n-y a com-ing rose; big with ma-n-y, ma-n-y, ma-n-y.

ma-n-y, ma-n-y, ma-n-y, ma-n-y, ma-n-y, ma-n-y a com-ing rose, this ma-n-y, a com-ing rose; big with ma-n-y, ma-n-y a com-ing rose.
and now—you see—how full 'tis blown; And
now—you see and now—you see how full 'tis blown;

Still as I did—the leaves—in—spire,—with—such—a pur•ple,
with such a pur•ple light—it shone, as if they had been, they had been
made—of fire, and spread—ing—so, wou'd
flame a•non, all—all that was meant, all—all that was meant by—
air—or sun; to the young flow’r my breath has done; all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all that was—meant—by—

If—our—loose—breath—so—much—can—do, if—
If—our—loose—breath—so—much, so—much—can do, if—our—loose—breath, so—

our—loose—breath—so—much—can—do; what—may the same—in—
much, so much, so—much—can do; What may the
that which life less buds persuades, to wax more soft, to wax more soft, to wax more soft, her youth invades.

that which life less buds persuades, to wax more soft, to wax more soft, to wax more soft, her youth invades.
Leave to him all our cares

1687

Leave to him all our cares, who the diadem wears, leave to him.

leave to him all our cares, to him all our cares who the diadem wears, put to grass all your fears, all your fears all your.

fears, put to grass all your fears, Whig and Tory disputes are all, all, all non-sense, he commands us our ease, and to

do what we please, which is freedom enough in all conscience, which is
freedom enough in all conscience
the pathways to heav'n, our guardian lays common, all, all
the pathways to heav'n, the pathways to
heav'n our guardian lays common, the test now bars
no man, the test now bars no man, let Libertines
thankful be, thankful be, for if penal laws were abus'd, only
31

fit to be us'd against shif ters and flin chers of Claret, pe nal

33

laws were a-bus'd, on ly fit to be us'd against shif ters and flin chers of

35

Cla ret. Fill a glass of large

38

size that his cu stom es may rise, fill a glass, fill a glass of large

41

size, that his cu stom es—may rise, that his cu stom es—may

43

rise were it heapt to the skies, to the skies, to the skies, were it heapt to the—
skies, and a mile to the bottom I'de sink it, I'de sink it. Long, long live—great

Caesar, who gives us this leisure you must—huz—za, huz—za, as—I drink it.
Let equipage and dress despair

A song upon the Court-Game Basset

1683

G. Etherege

By this bewitching game betray'd,
Poor love is bought and sold;
And that which should be a free trade,
Is all engross'd by gold;
Ev'n sense is brought into disgrace,
Where company is met,
It silent stands, or leaves the place,
While all the talk's Basset.
Let us drink to the well-willers

A glee

1685

A 2 Voc
Long by disdain has Celia strove
Sung in The Lucky Chance (Aphra Behn), 1687

1685

Col. Ousley

Long by disdain has Celia strove, to conquer Stephon's
hopeless love; but still in vain, she strives, a
midst a thousand pains— it lives: To fierce unquiet cares a prey, his
love grows as his hopes decay; but still with pray'rs, and tears, and vows, his
fair tormentor he pursues. But ah! How can she give despair, since

[Chorus]

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she so charming-- is, and fair? Still her sharp answers--

shall be born, her eyes more—force have than her scorn.

II

All ways, all times, the Wretch has try’d,
In her best humours been deny’d;
When pity did good Nature aid,
With all the tenderness it had:
When reason against fancy strove,
With powerful arguments for love;
Such love as she must needs esteem,
And like, had it not come from him.

Chorus
Lovely Salina [Lonely Selina]
Sung in The Princess of Cleve (1689)

1683

N. Lee

Love-ly— Sa- li-na, in-no-cent and free from all—the dan-ge-rous

arts of— love, thus in a me-lan-choly— grove en-

joy’d— the sweet-ness of her pri-va-cy;

‘till en-vious Gods de-sig-n-ing— to un-do her, dis-patch’d— the

swain— not un-like then—to woo-her.

It was—not long e’re the de-sign did take; a gen-tle youth

- 170 -
born to persuade, deceiv'd the too too easy maid; her

script and garlands soon she did forsake, and rashly told the secretes of her heart, which this fond man would ever more impart.

False Florimel, joy of my heart, said she, 'tis hard to love, and

love in vain, to love, and not be lov'd again; and why

should love and prudence disagree? Pity ye pow'rs that
fit—at ease above, if e’re you know what ’tis to be in love.
Lysander I persue in vain
A mad song
1700

Ly-san-der I---per-sue, per-sue, per-sue, per-sue in-vain;

cru-el-Ly-san-der-thu-s-s to fly me, cruel-Ly-
san-der-thu-s-s to fly---------

Be-lin-da-never, ne-ver, ne-ver must ob-
tain; Be-lin-da-never, never must ob-

- 173 -
tain; who is so great, will still deny me, will still deny me, still deny me, who is so

great, who is so great, will still deny me; but am I not, am I not,

am I not the God of love? But am I not, am I not, am I not the God of

love? Bring, bring, bring my trusty arms, weak beauty must succeed; this, this

dart is stronger, stronger, stronger, stronger,

charms; ah! Feeble, feeble arms— and harmless dart,
Brisk

no-thing, no-thing Bel- lin-da, no-thing, no-thing Bel- lin-da can pre-

vail a- la- laa- s what hopes to wound a-hearted, arm’d,

arm’d with a dou-ble, dou-ble, dou-ble, dou-ble, dou-ble, dou-ble, dou-ble, dou-ble coat-

mail; arm’d, arm’d, arm’d, arm’d with a dou-ble, dou-ble, dou-ble, dou-ble, dou-ble, dou-ble, dou-

dou-ble, dou-ble coat of-mail; she that could

dou-ble, dou-ble coat of mail; she that could no-

conquests boast, she that could no-

conquests boast;
now, now falls— a victim to disdain— and— shame; Belinda—

is forever lost, forever

lost, Belinda— is— forever lost; Mad, mad,

mad, mad, mad, mad, that I lov’d, that I lov’d and not suppress my flame; mad, mad,

Slow

mad, mad, mad, mad that I lov’d, that I lov’d and not suppress the flame; See, see—

— see, see, see now it rises to the
sky, and turns a-blazing-star, the fright-ed-earth looks pale—and-

crys, it threat-ens, threat-ens un-i-ven-sal war; two ar-mies al-re-a-dy, al-

rea-dy joyn bat-tle a-bove, the God—of war, the God—of war fights, fights,

fights the God—of love;— stand firm my bat-ta-lions, stand firm, stand firm, stand

firm my bat-ta-lions, stand firm,— the ty-rant, the ty-rant, the ty-rant, shall yield, shall

yield, the ty-rant shall yield;— my re-serve of wing’d arch-ers will car-ry the field, will
fly, they fly: Smile, smite, smile thank and rear; so

fly, they fly; Smite, smite, smite flank and rear; so

now will I storm, will I storm, will I storm, will I storm yon castle 'th

air, the chariot of the sun—my rage, in my rage, over-turning; con

sume, consume, consume the whole world, since Belinda's a burning—consume, consume, consume the whole world, since Belinda's a burning—...
Mighty Sir, 'tis you alone

Song on the king's birthday

Lbl. Add 19 759 f.12

Mighty sir 'tis alone to you that the triumphs

day is due that the triumphs of the

day is due but a part of those joyes all your subjects may claime

which tho' old are not wasted but ever the same.
Morpheus, the humble god
1700

Sir J. Denham

Morph'us the humble god, that dwells in cottages, in cot-tages, and smoky cells, and smoky cells, hates gilded roofs and beds of down; and though he fears no prince's frown, flie...
s from the circle of a crown: And crown. Come, come,
s from the circle of a crown:

Come, come, I say, thou pow’rful, pow’rful God; and thy
Come, come, come, come, I say, thou pow’rful god; and thy

Leaden charm
Leaden charm

Charming rod, dipp’d in the Le- than lake,
Charming rod, dipp’d in the Le- than lake,
wakeful, o'er—his wakeful temple shake, lest he should
o'er—his wakeful, wakeful temple shake, lest he should

lest he should sleep,—and never, never, never, never, never, never,
lest he should sleep,—and never, never, never, never, never, never,

never, never, never wake: lest he shou'd sleep,—lest he shou'd sleep,—and
never, never, never—wake; lest he shou'd sleep,—lest he shou'd sleep,—and

never, never, never, never, never, never, never wake.
never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never—wake.
Nature a- la - s
why, why

Nature a- la - s, a-la- s, why;

thou?—Why,—art thou so ob lig-ed to thy grea-test test

why, why art thou,—why,—art thou so ob lig-ed to thy grea-test test

foe, sleep that is the best re-past, yet of death, of death, yet of death, of death it bears a tast; and both,—and both,—and both,—and

death, of death it bears a tast; and both,—and both,—and both,—and

- 183 -
both, both—are the same thing at last; and both, both, and both, both—are the same thing at last.
No, Lesbia [Lisbia], no, you ask in vain

The Queen's Epicedium

1695

H. Herbert

No, no, no, no Lis - bia; no, no, no, no,

no, you ask in vain no, no, no,

no, my heart, my mind, my mind's un -
strung— no, no, no, no when all, — all.

all— when all the world’s— in tears in—

pain do you,— do you,— do you re-quire— a

song,— no, no, no Lis-bia;

no, no, no— no;

see, see, see, see how
ev'-ry nymp, ev'-ry nymp ev'-ry nymp and swan,

hang down, their heads and weep and weep hang down, their heads and weep

and weep no voice nor pipe is heard in all the

plain, no voice nor pipe is heard in all the plain, so great their

sor rows, so great their sor rows, so great their sor rows they neg
lect their sheep so great their sorrows so great their sorrows.

ey they neglect their sheep. The

Queen! The Queen of Arcadia is gone! Lis-

bi-a, the loss can't be express'd, she's gone. Lis-

bi-a the loss the loss the

loss can't be express'd: not with the deepest sigh
not with the deepest sigh—groan— or groan— or groan— or groan— or groan—

throb-bing of the breast.

Ah! Poor Arc-dians!—How they mourn—Ah! Poor Arc-dians, see how they mourn—

light and wonder of their eyes!—She’s gone, and
never, never must return.

Ah! Poor Arcadians, she's gone, she's gone, see how they mourn, she's gone, she's gone, and never, never to return.

She's gone, she's gone, their star is fix'd and shines.
Beyond the skies, their star is fix'd – and shines beyond the skies.
No, Lucinda, I swear
Och. Mus. 1215(2)

No Lucinda I swear the temptations so sweet that I cannot for

bear you in vain do in treat No Lucinda I swear the temptations so

sweet that I cannot for bear you in vain do in treat No Lucinda I

swear that I cannot for bear you in vain do in treat No Lucinda I

tations so sweet that I cannot for bear you in

cinda I swear the temptation for sweet that I

swear the temptation so sweet that I cannot for

vain do in treat hang conscience the parent of slavish dull fear.
O

cannot for bear you in vain do in treat hang conscience the parent of

bear you in vain, in vain, do in treat in treat hang conscience the
I let not this bug-bear then frighten my dear. No Lucinda I let not this bug-bear then frighten my dear.
No more the dear, the lovely nymph

Gentleman’s Journal, October 1692

1692

P. A. Motteux

No-- more, -- the-- dear, -- no-- more

Praise re-- store:

death

ne- ver, ne- ver, ne- ver will the beau- teous prize re- store; death
fee - ble grief,— too weak too slow— de - 

can you, can you, can you— want— help to end—

the pains I— bear?

Ah

me!— ah me!— While I my Ce - lia’s

loss— be - moan, a thou - sand, thou - sand, thou - sand

deaths— a thou - sand, thou - sand, thou - sand deaths I dye in— stead of—
one tho' dead—joy in pain—

Ian guish—lang uish—I lan—

Grief stabs—my heart. Grief

stabs—my heart. yet has no pow'r to kill. Grief kill.
Of all the torments
A love song
1700
W. Walsh

Of all the torments; of all the torments,
Of all the cares with which our lives are curst, are curst;
Of all the torments, of all the torments,

- 197 -
torments, all the cares, of all, all the
plagues, of all, all the plagues, of all, all the plagues a lower
bears, sureri-
vals are the-
worst: Of all— the tor-
all— the tor-
vals are the— worst; by
partners in each other kind afflictions easier
grown; in love alone we hate to find, we hate to find companions of our woe; in love alone we hate to find, we hate to find companions of our woe.

Sylvia for all those pangs you see, for all those pangs all.

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ill, those pangs you see, as labouring in my breast, I beg not—

that— you'd favour me, but that you'd slight— the— rest:

— rest. How great so e'er your— rigours are, with them a—

lone I'll cope, I— can— endure. I— can— endure— my

own— despair, but— not another's hope. I can en—

dure— my own— despair, but not another's hope.
O love, that stronger art than wine

Sung in The Lucky Chance (Aphra Behn), 1687

Col. Ousley
to this useful passion owe.

Love wakes the dull from sluggish ease, and learns a clown—the art to please; humbles the vain, kindles the cold, makes misers free—and cowards bold: 'Tis he

forms the sot—form drink, and teaches airy fops to think; 'tis he re-

forms the sot from drink, and teaches airy fops to think.

When full—brute appetite is fed, and choak'd the glutton lyes—and dead;—thou new
spirit dost dispence, and fin-
ne, the gross delights of-
aid, that against nature can per-
vir-tue's unconqu-ar-

- ving mind re-tire, with-in the bounds of just de-
cheer-er of age, youth's-kind un-rest, and half-the heav'n of-
blest, and half-the heav'n of-the-blest.
O, Nigrocella
The fair lover and his black mistress
1700

[H.] Herbert

Oh! Nigrocella,

Oh! Nigrocella.

don't despise a lover's trembling,
trembling—

flame: Oh! Nigrocella,
Oh! Ni - gro - cel - la, a pas - sion - kind - led -- by your eyes, you can - not just - ly blame;

Oh! Ni - gro - cel - la, Oh! Ni - gro - cel - la, un - hap - py me, had you been fair, you had been kind - er - sure;

- 205 -
Were I as black as Leda's hair, you should not thus endure;
come Nigrocella,
come Nigrocella, tell the truth, who, who's the Alex -
- 207 -
tell the truth, who, who's the Alex is

of your soul?
Orethea’s [Orithea’s] bright eyes
A Song for two Voices
1700
Orethea, Orethea, triumphing Orethea.

Orethea, why oh! Why can nothing wave your cruelty?

Give me my life. Often pray, but you give life to make me die;—a thousand, thousand, thousand times a day.

Be warned, heedless youth, be warned, be warned, be warned, be warned, be warned, be ridden.

[Chorus]
charms, there is no resisting her powerful charms, her

charms, there is no resisting her powerful charms, her

her powerful charms, her powerful, powerful charms.

her powerful charms, her powerful, powerful charms.

her powerful, powerful charms.
O turn not those fine eyes away

A single song

1700

O turn-not, turn-not—those fine eyes—away;

nor blush you gave me, nor blush you give me that kind look:

More than a thousand, a thousand, thousand times me,—have you took, as I've been stealing,

as I've been stealing—stealing of a—glimps—or—
ray; from those two lights which make per-pe-tual, which make per-pe-tual, from those two
lights, which make per-pe-tual, per-pe-tual—day; from those two lights which make per-
pe-tual, per-pe-tual—day: See, fair—one, see, see, see,
see fair—one, see: See fair—one, see, see, see,
see fair—one, see. I'm look-ing now I'm look-ing now a-no-ther way;
see fair—one, see. I'm look-ing now I'm look-ing now a-no-ther way;
you may be kind, you may be kind, and
if I must not, if I must not see, I can be blind, blind for that

moment you the favour, you-the-favour show, then see again, see, see again, to look on only you, then see again, see, see, again to look on only you.

Come think no more, no more on this surprise; come think no more, no more on this surprise; but let your lover, but let your lover make his court;
we've long been at this pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty,

pretty glancing sport; now let our tongues, now let our tongues declare, declare what this implies; 'tis time we cease, 'tis time we cease the tattle of our eyes; 'tis time we cease the tattle of our eyes.
O, Venus daughter of the mighty Jove
Sappho to the Goddess of love
1700
send— relief,— send relief and suffer

not, suffer— not— my heart to break with grief:

Oh! Venus, Oh! Venus.

suffer not— my heart— to break— with—

grief: if ever thou hast heard me when I pray’d; if

ever thou hast heard me when I pray’d, Oh! Come come— now
come-- great god-- dess, come to thy Sap-- pho,

come to thy Sap-- pho, to thy Sap-- pho's--

aid; oft-- have-- my-- prayr's--, such fa--

vours-- hast-- thou shown, from heav'n's
gol-- den mansions call'd thee down; from heav'n's
gol-- den mansions call'd thee down.
Carr: 

See, she comes in her Carulean Carr, the flying chariot, the flying chariot, cuts the yielding aire; sparrows, see how the nimble, nimble, nimble, nimble sparrows's stretch the wing; and
throu' the region, thro' the region do— their— goddess— bring;
To
me she comes, she comes, she comes, to— me she's e— ver— kind, to me she comes, she
comes, she comes, to— me she's e— ver— kind, and smi— ling.
ask me what afflicts thy mind?
Why am I call'd? Why? Why? Tell me; tell me, why am I call'd?
Why? Why, tell me, tell me, tell me what is't thou want's: Oh! Ve— nus,
O!—

Ven—

nus
don't you know

why---

all these—

plaints;

'Tis

love, 'tis love, 'tis love,

I ra—

rage.

Slow

the fa—

tal dart sticks—in my side;

how can I

bear, can I bear—

the smarts?

What youth? What rag—

ing lover—shall I gain?

Where, where,
where is the captive? Where is the captive? Where is the captive that should
wear my chain? Where is the captive that shou'd wear my chain?

Alas, poor Sappho, who, who, who is this ingratiating? Alas, poor Sappho, who is this ingratiating? Who wrongs thy love repays with scorn—
or hate: Does he now, does he now fly thee?

He shall soon return; shall follow thee.

and with like ardour burn; shall follow, follow, follow thee.
present at thy hands receive? Will he no

He, he shall repent it; he shall repay it, he, he shall repent it, and more largely give:

The force of love, no longer, no longer, no longer shall with

stand; He, he, he shall be fond, be all at thy com

mand; He, he shall be fond, he shall be fond, be all at thy com
When, when wilt thou work this—change? Now, now, Venus, free.

now, now ease my mind of all, all— all, all, all, all, of all, all.

all, all, this— misery; for—sake me not, for—

sake me not; my pow'r— ful, pow'r— ful, my pow'r—

help— er— be, let Pha— on love, let Pha— on love; But let him
love, let him, let him love, but let him, let him love, let him, let him, let him, love like— me; but let him, let him love, let him, let him, let him love like— me.
Philander [Phylander], do not think of arms
Myrtilla to Philander, designing for Flanders

1700

Philander, do not, do not, do not think of arms, Philander, do not, do not.

do not think of arms; War is for the bold—and strong, can

danger, toil and rude alarms, be pleasing— to the soft—and young? Phil

lander, do not, do not, do not think of arms, Philander, do not, do not,

do not think of arms; this arm's too tender for a weigh—ty shield, too—

- 228 -
fine that face is-- for the dusty field: Philander, do not, do not.

Philander, do not, do not, do not think—of—arms; Philander, do not, do not, do not think—of—arms; Philander—stay, make your campaign where—you’ve been us’d to conquer hearts; where

troops—of beauties you—have slain, those eyes—have shot—such pointed—darts: Philander stay, Myrtilla begs—you’d—stay; Myrtilla begs—you’d—stay, though you shou’d reap fresh laurels ev’ry—day.
Phillis [Phyllis], accept a broken [stubborn] heart
1683

A 2. Voc.

Must all be Cozeners who are fair?
And slighted who are true?
'Tis time for me then to despair,
My heart's too just for you.
If you're engag'd, then I'm undone,
Though you should change to me;
For she that can prove false to one,
Will false for ever be.

- 230 -
Phillis [Phyllis] I must needs confess

1687

Flute

Phillis I must needs confess that I am fickle

grown of late, and now to Celia's charms address that

love which yours do first create. Not that I think your-

beauty less than hers who does my heart possess
but 'tis the will—of fate, 'tis the will—of fate, but 'tis the
will of—fate, thou you may think—the prac—tice—strange. I'll

justi—fy—the—roar—ing flame nor fear the arm’—rous

Gods’—re—venge, since I—still love—thee—not the—same,
for tho' my heart does--hour--ly--range, he looses--no--thing
by the--change, since--I still play his game. I still play his

game since I still play his game.
Pleasures by angels unenjoy'd

1685

Pleasures by angels unenjoy'd, on Gloria's—smiles do—wait:

She's heav'n's glo—ry, na—ture's—pride, her sex—es—en—vy—our de—light!

Life and—death on her de—pend, the fates her—smiles and—frowns—at—tend; in

her all per—fec—ions—meet, her beau—ty's—not—more charm—ing—than her—wit; in her

all per—fec—ions meet, her beau—ty's—not—more charm—ing—than her—wit.

Love sits with triumph in her eyes,
Fitting for every look a dart;
Which from her swift as lightning flies,
And never fails to wound a heart:

Every motion does inspire,
Endless passion, strong desire;
What other beauties give and claim,
Is, like themselves, a false decaying flame.

Love in one moment greater grows,
When by those lovely charms convey'd;
Then what from years of worship flows:
When by another's beauty made:

All those pains despair attend,
Can ne're my hopeless passion end?
There's joy in suff'ring caus'd by you,
More than the happiest lover e're knew.
Poor Celadon, he sighs in vain
Loving above himself

1700

Slow and soft

2 Violins
sighs, and sighs, and sighs— in vain;

The fair Eugenia

must— not— love, nor has a shepherd, nor has a
shepherd reason to complain:

When tow’ring, tow’ring thoughts, his

ruinin prove,
but Celadon, but Celadon his—

stars—will often blame:

with all the passion of the mind—and
tongue; Com

plain—ing words, com—plain—ing words, and notes

increase his— flame;
The nymph— the nymph— won't see it but com-mends the— song;

A-las,
a - las,

a - las a - las 'tis

plain—what cros - sses still—his—fate;
What, what can a verse or note avail? Birth, fortune, birth,

fortune, are as hills of greatest height, they
o- ver-look, they o- ver-look a low- ly, low- ly dale.
Poor Mariana long in vain

MU MS 118

Poor - Ma - ri - a - na long in - vain with - in her con - stant breast, har - bour'd a

pass - ion - for her - swaine, which could not be sup - prest: The youth an - e - qual

flame did own, yet 'twas but a - pre - tence; for his false heart was quick - ly

shown by its in - dif - fe - rence. For his false dif - fe - rence.

II

This though it pierc'd the tender Maid with deepest agony,
Yet would she not upbraid her swain of his inconstancy:
But ah! said she, the fault's my own, that I this usage find;
For could I just desert have shown, the youth had still been kind.

III

Then she began thus to deplore her own unhappiness.
The only remedy in store for virgins in distress:
Alas she cry'd, what fate is mine, there to have fix'd my love;
Where, shepherd, I can't merrit thine, nor yet my own remove!
Prithee die, and set me free

Kellsea Coom

1700

Sir J. Denham

A 2 Voc.

Prithee, pri-thee, pri-thee die, and set me free; or

Prithee, pri-thee, pri-thee die, and set me free; or else be kind and brisk, be kind and brisk and gay like

me. I pre-tend not, I pre-tend not, I pre-tend not, I pre-tend not to the me. I pre-tend not, I pre-tend not, I pre-tend not, to the wise ones, to the grave, to the grave, to the grave, or the precise ones:

wise ones, to the grave, to the grave, to the grave, or the precise ones:
But if a mistress I must have, wise and grave;

But if a mistress I must have.

Let her so behave, her self behave. All the

Let her so let her so her self, her self behave.

Day long Susan civil, all the day long. all the day long Susan

All the day long Susan civil, all the day long Susan
civil; kind by night, kind by night, kind by night, or such a Devil.
civil; kind by night, kind by night, kind by night, or such a Devil.
Return fair princess of the blooming year

1687

Return, fair princess of the blooming year!—For you we

Return, fair princess of the blooming year!—For you we

lan-guish, and for you—we-long; you height-en-our-mirth, and en-liv-en-our-

song; you only—our droop-ing-spirits can cheer: For you imprison'd

nature do-re-prieve, you—al-l-cra-tures

do-re-lieve; tho' their pin-ing, and de-clining, you can—
life—and vigorous, their pinning, and declining.

you can life—and vigorous, —— Oh, the joys that do attend you! Oh,—the charms that still commend you! For your absence here we mourn; here we languish, all in anguish, 'till those happy days return. Oh, the joys that do attend you! Oh,—the charms that still commend you! Oh, the
 mend you! Tho' we now are cold and faint - ing, tho' we're

spirit - less- and- pant - ing; if you visit— once our clime, then we'll

chant it,— and— ga - lant it, and with— joy a - dore— your— shrine; then we'll

chant it,— and— ga - lant it, and— with joy a - dore— your— shrine.
Sabina has a thousand charms

A love song

1700

Sabina has a thousand, thousand, thousand

her lovely eyes are captivating my heart;

cupid's arms, and every look a dart,

when the beautiful idiot speaks, she cures me, cures me, cures me of my pain;

Her tongue—the servile fetters are, the servile fetters are, and frees her slave, and frees her slave again:

- 250 -
Had Sa-bi-na-to-Sabi-na lent beau-

-s-ty with rea-son crown’d, each sin-gle sin-gle-shafts her

eyes had-sent had giv’n-a-mor-tal wound; Now tho’ each hour-she

gains-a-heart, and makes-man-kind,-and makes-man-kind her slave, yet

like-the Gre-cian he-ro’s dart, like-the Gre-cian

he-ro’s dart, she heals—the wounds she gave.
Shall all the buds

Shall all ye buds bloom and flow'rs of spring-ing youth ye

Shall all ye buds ye bloom and flow'rs of spring-ing-

pleas-ant hours of ri-fer age shall all my days such—na-tu-re-

ye pleas-ant hours of rip-er age shall all my days such

has de-sign ed for layes, be spent in song and yet by me my

na-tu re has de-sign ed— for layes, be spent in song and yet by me my

na-tive soil for-got - ten be: be: Shall I not sing ye wing-ed

na-tive soil— for-got - ten be: be: Shall I not sing shall
Ye nymphs ye in-those gentle streams do play you
in-whose golden meadow loose your way accept this-

lute yet hearty fife of mine and with me in a

friend ly, in a friend ly-chorus joyne and with me in a

friend ly, in a friend ly chorus joyne

Chorus

With feigned gold—
let proud With feigned gold— let proud

with feigned gold, with feigned gold

Let proud Hydaspes flow, and gliuring sand in rich—
Proud—Hydaspes flow and gliuring sand in rich

Pa ctolus—share of nobler—stream ye world— did never
Pa ctolus—share of nobler—stream ye world— did never

Know did—never know— you no richer flood know— your
Know did—never know— you no richer flood nor your
nor please—— you more no richer flood—— know you nor please you

plea——— se you more no richer flood, nor please——— you

more. Then whilst ye murr——— m'ring——

more Then whilst ye murr——— m'ring——

waters glide a—— long the flowery banks——

waters glide a—— long the flowery banks, and——

and so to the ocean flee, will all concur in one continued——

to the ocean flee will all con——
song 'till time's absorb into eternity will all concurn in one continu'd song will all concurn in one continu'd song 'till time, 'till time's absorb, into eternity will all concurn in one continu'd song 'till time's absorb into eternity.
She, alas, whom all admir'd, is dead

1687

She, alas, whom all admir'd is dead,
She's dead and with her all that's brisk or gay is fled,
No rattling coaches now run up and down, no am'rous sparks amuse the wandering town,
All pensive in their chambers.
sit and-- mourn-- and mourn-------- the fair, the sweet

Cor-rin-na's dead and-- gone, she a-las,---- she----- a-las whom

all ad-mir'd-- is--- dead.
Shepherds, deck your crooks

1700

Solo

Shep—herds deck your crooks, bring ev'ry sweet and florid thing; and bring ev'ry sweet, ev'ry sweet and florid thing; bring your myrtles from the groves.
myrtles from the groves honey-suckles; from the bow'rs, from the bow'rs,

bring your myrtles from the groves honey-suckles, honey-

suckles honey-suckles from the bow'r where you use to meet, you

use to meet your lovers; virgins strew the way with

flow... flow'... flow'... flow'... virgins strew the way with
flow'rs.

Trip, trip,

Trip, trip,

Trip, trip, trip it dam'sels,

Trip, trip, trip it,

Trip, trip, trip it, dam'sels, dance and sing, dance and sing;

Trip, trip, trip it, trip it,

Trip, trip it dam'sels, dance and sing;

Trip, trip, trip it, trip it.

Trip it, dam'sels, dance and sing;

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trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, dance and sing, dance and
trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip it, dam’-sels, dance and
trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip,

sing; dance the hay, dance the hay,
sing; dance the hay, dance the hay,
trip it, dance and sing; dance the hay,

dance the hay, and dance the—ring; dance the hay,
hay, dance the hay, and—dance the ring; Trip, trip, trip, trip,
dance the hay, and dance the ring; Trip, trip, trip, trip,
dance the hay, dance the hay,
trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip.
trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip,
trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip.

and dance the ring;
trip it, dance the hay, and dance the ring; like the ladies, like the
trip it, dance the hay, and dance the ring;

like the ladies, like the ladies of the
ladies of the spring.
like the ladies, like the ladies of the
spring, trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip,

like the ladies, like the ladies;

spring, Trip, trip, trip, trip, trip it, trip, trip, trip, trip.

trip it, trip it, like the ladies of the spring.

trip trip, trip, trip, trip it, like the ladies of the spring.

trip it, trip, trip, trip it, like the ladies of the spring.
Shot from Orinda’s brighter eyes

5

Shot from Orinda’s brighter eyes, the lightning pierc’d my kindling breast; from

whence a stubborn flame does rise, a flame no more to be supprest: It

spreads and rages in my soul, to such a head the Tyrant’s grown; he

saucily without control, burns all that does oppose him down.
Since the spring comes on

A pastoral song

1687

Since the spring comes on, and the teaming earth, gives plants and flow’rs a kindly birth; since all things in one great design, of gayety and mirth combine, why shou’d not we and meet with ingjoy the blooms gay appear, why shou’d not ming year?

Why shou’d not we as gay appear, and meet with joy the blooming year?
we as gay—appear, and meet with joy, and meet with

joy, the bloo—

Soft

—ming—year, the bloo—

—ming—year?—Come then to the gods of the

hills, and—the—lawns, the—Sylvia's, the sa-tyrs, the nymphs, and the fawns; with

all de-voti-on—we'l-altars er-ect, and sa-ci-fice free-ly of—
what they protect, and sacrifice freely — what they protect.

To Flora first, an offering of her own fragrant wreaths we'll bring; to

Flora first, an offering of her — own — fragrant — wreaths we'll bring; and

then for Pan, take from his dam, some frisking kid, or — wanton

lamb; and then for Pan, take from his dam, some frisking kid, or

wanton — lamb, some frisking kid, or wanton — lamb.
Nor shall it be the least of our care, that Cupid, in all we per-
forme, have a share. A tide of love now fills our veins, and o're all other passions reigns; a tide of love now fills our veins, and o're all other passions reigns. And

This therefore is the season, the amorous to en-
joy, since nature commands our reason, our dictates to ob-

With mirth, and rural innocence, each shepherd does, caress his mate;

none e're shall give— or— take offence, but birds and lambs will imitate.
Stay, gentle Echo
A dialogue between Philander and the Echo
Lbl. Add. 14399

Philander:

Stay, stay gentle Echo dear. Nymph—stay with love's sad

language thou can'st play the last of my discourse retort, love, once thy

Echo:

Philander:

Thy sport, My sport, fair—

Nymph? No 'tis my pain to love— and not find love a-gain.

Echo:

Philander:

Love a-gain! Cruel, thus to increase my care, is love a
Echo: Philander:
cordial for— des—pair? For— des— pair. Love or des—

pair what dost thou mean, wouldn’t have me suf— fer both— a—gain?

Echo: Philander:
Both— a—gain And what re— ward shall I e’re find? Will fair Cla—ri—

za be still un—kind? Still un—kind When pas—sion strains his voice most high,

Echo: Philander:
will she like— thee, like thee far—ther— fly? Far—ther— fly Shall I in vain my

sighs re—peat since Cu—pid’s grown so great a cheat. Tell me dear Echo,— how I
may chase this intruding guest away and break that bow whose pow'r most

strange, thy substance to a voice—did change Change Ah, no my fate I cannot

fly—'tis harder far to change than dye Than dye Ah! Ah!

What does this echo say—dye? Say—dye Is this the counsel I im-

plore? Hence bubbling Air I will no more. I'll no more Be ill no more that I be-

lieve he can't be ill that does not live When Ti-tans weary carr once more has traced the
spacious heav'n's o're near to his happy fountain set I'll call thee with my

[\~]

tale: Fail not to haste and know my will. I will.
Strife, hurry, and noise

1685

Strife, hurry, and noise (that fills the lewd Town) sure at last 'tis time to give over; and in the dear shades of the country alone, blest quiet and ease to recover.

Foolish hopes, idle fears, and restless desires, are the busie man's restless attendant; what he vainly pursues, the mind that retires, already is come to the end on't.
Stubborn church division

A song, to a ground of Dr John Blow's
sung in The Richmond Heiress (1694)

1719

T. D'Urfey
Stubborn church division

      Stubborn church division
      Folly and ambition
      Caus'd with great derision
      Poor England's sad conditions
      Princes leave their stations, by strange abdications
      New odes care to ease us
      Yei nothing e'er please us.
      Happy's the man that shuns the great
      That pleaseth himself in rural state.

      With ease and with sweet retreat
      Avoids all jars and faction.
      In his small dominions
      Vents no opinions.
      Nor deters the true, for Papist, or Socinian;
      But sits down with his friend around
      Whilst the glass is crown'd
      And the healths abound,
      To the king and the queen and the best in town.

      The fleet or armies actions
      Argues still will reason
      Speaks nor hears nor treason
      Nor arraigns the sense
      Of five hundred heads to please on;
      Ne'er get his attendance,
      He wishes well to all, that are at White-Hall
      But he loves no court dependance.

      Books admires when witty
      Good music and a ditty
      And takes a spouse, to adorn his house,
      That's rich and kind, and pretty.
      Merry, merry, merrily discards all sorrow
      Warily dies never, never lend nor borrow
      Generously entertains his friends today
      And is the same tomorrow.
Tell me no more you love

1700

Tell me no more,- no more,- you love; in vain,—fair Ce- lia, tell me no more,- no more— you

Tell me no more,- no more,- you love; in vain,—fair Ce- lia, you— this pas- sion—feign. Tell me no

Tell me no more,- no more— you love; can they pre- tend— to love, who do re- fuse what love—per-

Tell me no more,- no more— you love, who once— has— felt— his ac- tive—

Tell me no more,- no more— you love; in fire,— dull laws— of— ho- nour will dis- dain; tell me no more,-- no more— you love; in

Tell me no more,- no more— you love; in vain,—fair Ce- lia, you— wou'd be thought, you— wou'd be thought, you— wou'd be thought his slave; and
yet you will not, and yet you will not to—his pow’r—submit. Tell me no more—no

more—you love; in vain,—fair Ce- lia, in vain,—fair Ce- lia, you—this pas- sion feign.
Tell my Strephon that I dye, let echo's to each other tell;
'til the mournful accents fly to Strephon's ear, and all is well: But

gently break the fatal truth, and sweeten every fader sound; for

Strephon such a tender youth, the gentlest word too deep will wound. No, fountains

echo's all be dumb; for should I cost my swain a tear, I should repent me in the tomb, and grieve

I bought my rest so dear.
The great Augustus like the glorious sun

Sung in The Royalist 1681/2

1683

T. D’Urfey

The great Augustus like the glorious sun long on the rabble

weeds with splendor, yet all the fruits of his bright influence

now ill odour, nauseous to the sense. Long slighted they his grace and love, his mercy made them rebels brave. Nor would they be kept

under like the rude ancients that affronted Jove, because they
never felt his lightning—or his thunder, because they

never felt his lightning—or his thunder.

Then let 'em be confounded, confounded confounded, and so may

Then let 'em be confounded, confounded confounded, so may

every Round head, then let 'em be confounded, confounded con-

every Round head, then let 'em be confounded, confounded con-

founded, and so may every Round head, that stands not up for king—or

cfounded, and so may every Round head, that stands not up for king—or
laws and so may every Round head be wretched and—con-

laws and so may every Round head—be—wretched—and—con—

founded that dares defend that dares defend the good—old cause.

founded that dares that dares defend the good old cause.

- 284 -
The world was hush'd

The world was hush'd, the world was hush'd, - and - na - ture -
lull'd in a soft, in a soft, soft re -
pose, the world was hush'd. As I in - tears reflecting -
lay, on Cin - thi - a's faith - less, faith - less, vows on Cin - thi - a's faith - less,
faith - less vows on Cin - thi - a's faith - less vows. The
God of love, the God of love, of - love, all gay -

1691
T. D'Urfey
to heal my wounded heart; new pangs of joy my soul en dear'd, and—pleasure, pleasure charm'd ev'ry part.

Fond man, said he, has end thy—woe, till they my pow'r—till they my pow'r—and justice know, the cruel sex—will—all—doe so, will all, will all—doe so.
Thou flask once fill'd with glorious red
Sung in The Committee c.1700
Gentleman's Journal, Feb. 1693
1693
Sir R. Howard

Thou flask, once fill'd with glorious red, but empty now, for shame be gone
thy fate be moan, for with thy charms——— my—love is fled. Fall
to the groan or drawer's lot, fall to the groan or drawer's lot
like a stale—mistress now forget now for—
like a stale—mistress now forget now forget. Here’s thy succes-
sor Here’s thy successor then depart, thou no more can’t warm my

heart, here’s thy successor, thou no—more no, no, no more, no more can’t—warm my

no, no, no, no, no, no more can’t—warm my heart.
Though the [our] town be destroy'd

1688

T. D'Urfey

Though our town be destroy'd, since ourselves we—en—joy, where e're we re—side, we

make a new troy; when mer—ry—in—one place, our minds com—pass all, thus

man's the great world, and the globe's but the small. Thus globe's but the small. Then

drink our veins full, and while wa—ters—glide a—bout the dull earth, let

wine be our tide; then drink our veins full, and while wa—ters—glide a—bout the dull earth, glide a—bout the dull earth, let wine be our tide.
Tir'd with destroying

Lbl. Add. 14399

Tir'd with destroying, now Eliza was and would—not suffer me,

poor me, to gaze Crowd's of adorer's came so fast. Still happy he

was killed—the last I pres'd to be her sacrifice. But slighted as

to—mean—a prize you'll see con-triv'd to ag-gre-vate my crime

me thoughts she doom'd me for an-other—time; but this was not pre—
vail, her voice and lute, and her most charming eyes for bad dispute.

II

Greedy to catch my fate I said
Look once again and I am dead
Disturb'd she spake live still my slave
Th'art not yet worthy of a grave
Thus languishing I am pronounced to live
Till her kind frown's my speedy sentence give
'Tis not my lady's [ladies] face

1679

A. Brome

'A 2. Voe

'Tis not my ladies face that makes me love her; though beauty there doth rest, enough to enflame the breast, of one that never did discover, the glories of a face before. But I that have seen many more, see nought in her, but what in others are; only because I think she's fair, she's fair. But fair.

II

'Tis not her virtues, nor those vast perfections,
Which crowd together in her,
Ingage my heart to win her,
For those are only brief collections,
Of what in man's in folio writ;
Which by their imitating wit,
Women, like apes, and children strive to do;
But we, that have the substance, slight the show.
To me you [y'ave] made a thousand vows
A dialogue between a man and his wife
Sung in The Rival Sisters (1696)

1700

R. Gould

Wife:

To me you made— a thou - sand,

thou -sand vows; a thou -sand, thou -sand,

thou -sand vows; a thou -sand, thou -sand,

ten -der things—you’ve—said; I gave—you all, all, all, all,

all—that love—allows, the plea— sures

of— the nup— tial bed:

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But now, now, now, now—my eyes have lost— their—charms, or

you—abate, or you—abate—in your—desire, you with a—

no—ther, you with a no—ther in—your arms,

and burn, burn, burn, with an un—hal—low'd—
fire; and burn, burn, burn, with an un—hal—low'd—fire.

Husband:

That charming, charming Celia I—ad—
Love is a sacred, a sacred, tree—of life, that up—

Wife:  

How, how, how, how, how—wou'd my passion—

Own is—true; but had I, had I, had I, ten times the desire, how,

Own is—true; that charming—Celia I ad—

Mire; I must, I must, I must, I must with—pleasure, with pleasure

Love is a sacred, a sacred, tree—of life, that up—to
heav'n, that up— to heav'n, that up— to heav'n its bran— ches— rear s;

but ad— mi - ra - tion, ad - mi - ra - tion but— the— leaf e, en - joy - ment, en - joy - ment, en - joy - ment is the fruit it bears; thus while you

raise— this vain— dis— pute, your pas - sion but it self de - ceives, while you— your self, while— you— your self, while you— your

self— have— all the— fruit; What need you en - vy me? What need you

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en-vy—me? What need you en-vy me the-leaves. leaves. A-

way then, a-way then, a-way then all fond-ness, I

find tis in vain, tis in vain; for wives when-neg-lec-ted, for wives when-neg-

lec-ted, to sigh and com-plain; I find 'tis-in

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vain, for wives when neglected, to sigh,
find 'tis in vain, for wives when neglected, to sigh,

- to sigh and complain; we raise the loose wishes, we raise the loose wishes, we strive to raise the loose wishes, we strive to raise

frain; away then, away then, away then all frain; away then, away then, away then all

-298-
fond-ness, I find 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain; a-way then all fond-ness,

fond-ness, I find 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain; a-way then all fond-ness, I

Chorus

find 'tis in vain. 'Tis a fol-ly, 'tis a fol-ly,

find 'tis in vain.

To whine,—

to

t'is a fol-ly, 'tis a fol-ly to whine,

lan-guish, to lan-guish and grieve; 'tis a

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to languish, to languish and grieve; 'tis a folly, 'tis a folly, 'tis a folly, 'tis a folly.

'tis a folly to whine; to languish,

to languish and grieve; let us rather endeavour, endeavour, to languish and grieve; let us rather endeavour.

let us rather endeavour, endeavour, endeavour our selves to de-
receive; what we wish to be true, what we wish to be true, love bids us be-
receive; what we wish to be true, what we wish to be true, love bids us be-
lieve; what we wish to be true, love bids us believe; time,—reason,
lieve; what we wish to be true, love bids us believe; time,
lieve; what we wish to be true, love bids us believe; time,
lieve; what we wish to be true, love bids us believe; time,
lieve; what we wish to be true, love bids us believe; time,
lieve; what we wish to be true, love bids us believe; time,
lieve; what we wish to be true, love bids us believe; time,
lieve; 'tis a folly, 'tis a folly, 'tis a folly, to whine,- to languish, to languish and grieve; 'tis a folly, 'tis a folly, 'tis a folly, to languish, and grieve; 'tis a folly, 'tis a folly, 'tis a folly, to languish and grieve. 'tis a folly, 'tis a folly to languish and grieve. whine,- to languish, to languish and grieve.
Vain are thy charms, fair creature

1686

Vain are thy charms, fair creature!—I forbear to invoke Eu-cha-ri-a, lest she grant my pray'r.

He dearly buys his life in a disease, who has forward children and a wife to please. He dearly buys his life in a disease, who has forward children, and a wife to please.
We all to conqu'ring beauty bow

The Perfection: A new song to the Duchess of Grafton

1685

T. D'Urfey

We all to conqu'ring beauty bow, its pleasing power admire; but I ne'er knew a face 'till now, that like yours could inspire. Now

I may say, I met with one amazes all mankind; and

like men gazing on the sun, with too much light am blind.

---

II

Soft as the tender moving sighs,
When longing lovers meet;
Like the divining prophets wife,
And like blown roses sweet;
Modest, yet gay; reserv'd, yet free;
Each happy night a bride;
A mein like awful majesty,
And yet no spark of pride.

III

The patriarch, to gain a wife,
Chast, beautiful, and young,
Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
And never thought 'em long.
Ah! Were you to reward such cares,
And life so long could stay;
Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
Would seem but as one day.
Weep, all ye nymphs
Sung in The Princess of Cleve (1689)

Weep all ye nymphs, your floods—unbind for Strephon's now no more, your tresses spread before the wind and leave the hated shoar: See, see upon the craggy rocks each goddess stripp'd appears; they beat their breasts, and rend—their locks, and—swell the sea—with tears. They tears.

II

The God of love that fatal hour,
When this poor youth was born,
Had sworn by Styx to shew his power,
He'd kill a man e're morn:
For Strephon's breast he arm'd his dart,
And watch’d him as he came;
He cry'd, and shot him through the heart,
Thy blood shall quench my flame.

III

On Stella's lap he laid his head,
And looking in her eyes;
He cry'd, remember when I am dead
That I deserve the prize.
Then down his tears like rivers ran,
He sigh'd, you love, 'tis true,
You love perhaps a better man,
But oh, he loves not you.
What is't to us who guide the state?
Sung in The History of Adolphus (1691)
An ode in imitation of Quid Bellicosus Cantaber

1700
J. G. Howe

What is't to us who guides the state, who's out of fa-

vour, or who's great? Who are the min-

isters, and spies? Who votes for pla-

ces, or who buys? The world will still, will still, still be rul'd by

knaves and fools, con-

tending, to be

slaves; small things, my friend serve to sup-
port, life's trou-
ble-
some at best, and short, our
youth runs back, occasion flies, gray hares come on, and pleasure dies, and

present blessing loose, for empire, for empire which he can not use? Kind providence has us supply’d, has us supply’d, with what to

others is deny’d; virtue which teaches to condemn, and
scorn, and scorn, scorn—ill actions, and ill men.

Beneath this lime tree's fragrant

grove, beneath this lime tree's fragrant shades; on beds of flow'rs, on

beds of flow'rs—supinely laid; let's then all other cares, all

other cares—remove, and drink—and sing, and drink—and sing to

those—we love: Here's to Neatra, to——
Near a heav'n design'd, perfection of the charming, charming, kind; may she be, best as she is fair, may she be best as she is fair; and pity me, and pity me as I love her; may she be best may she be best as she is fair; and pity me, pity me, and pity, pity me as I love her. And her.
When artists hit on lucky thoughts
On the excellency of Mrs Hunt's voice, and manner of singing
1700
soft - est words, and sweet - est, sweet - est notes; when soft - est words, and

sweet - est, sweet - est notes, drop from the hand and
tongue; drop from the hand and tongue; drop-------

But to com-plete——the ode, to be by all, by all ad - mir'd; all, to be by

all, by all ad - mir'd; to be by all ad - mir'd;—— to have A-pol-lo's
c'ous-nod, it must
be.

be with her tune-
full-breath, with her tune-
full-breath in-spir'd; it must

be, must be with her tune-
full, tune-
full-

breath in-spir'd. So
tune-

breath in-spir'd. So
tune-

man-ner, and so sweet- a tone; so-

man-ner, and so sweet- a
fine a manner, and so sweet a tone, so

tone; so fine a manner, and

so sweet a tone, so el

so sweet a tone;

loquent a voice:

So fine a manner, so
sweet a tone, so eloquent a voice:

an Angelina, so eloquent a voice—has
li·na, and she reigns, -- she reigns al·one,

li·na, and she reigns al·one, is

is queen-- of mu--

queen, is queen-- of mu--

sick by the peo·ple's choice.

sick by the peo·ple's choice.

See, see, see, see, see, see,
see how the cap-ti-va-ted throng;
see, see, see, see, see, see, see.
see, see, see, see, see, see, see,
see, see, see, see, see, see, see,
see how the cap-ti-va-ted throng.
see, see, see, see, see, see, see,
see, see, see, see, see, see, see,
on to fill her train, the nicest ear, the

on to fill her train; the nicest
ear, the nicest ear, the nicest ear that—

hears her song, must in the publick tri—
hears her song, must in the publick

umph, must in the publick tri—

umph, must in the publick tri—
triumph wear—her chain.
Whence, Galatea, why so gay?

A pastoral dialogue

Complaining the Princess’s birthday was not celebrated, February 1698

1700

Whence, Galatea? Why so gay? Who, who is the happy

swain, the happy, happy

I took you for the queen; for the queen of—May, as you—

came—o’er, as you came o’er the plain: Who, who is the happy

swain, the happy, happy—
swain; I took you for the queen of May, as you came o'er the plain:

Shepherd, I came from yonder bow'r, am finer than the shining bough; after a summer's evening show'r; yet there's a cloud hangs on my brow.

This day—by Pan's command, is sacred, sacred say, say what's the cause?
to Cynthia, to Cynthia the fair, this day her infant
rays, her infant rays—first blest our land.

The God has mark'd it in our

dar; in our ka-lendar; the God has mark'd it, has mark'd it in our

Then why this silence? Why this holy day? Then why this silence?

ka-lendar.

Why this holy day? Do not the hills, and valleys ring? Why, why does not
Ti-ty-rus take his pipe, and play and Co-ri-don and Thir-sis—sing? Why,

why does not Ti-ty-rus take— his pipe and play, and Co-ry-don and Thir-sis——

Jacy-thi-a mer-- its high re-nown, she long,

long.------she long,--------- long pre-serv'd our

threat-ned flocks, when herds of woolves came howl-ing down, she— still with---
stood,--- she-- still with stood— their fu - rious

When those so strangely-fierce—and bold, fierce—and

shocks:

bold, so strangely—fierce—and bold, scorn—ing the night—ap—pear'd,

scorn—ing the night—ap—pear'd in o—pen—day, ap—pear'd— in o—pen—

day; and wou’d as-sault a—harm—less—fold;
and wou'd assault a-harmless fold, she like-a-goddess drove 'em all, all-all-

way; she like-a-goddess drove 'em all-away, all-away, all-away, all-away.

Chorus

She like-a-goddess drove 'em

way, she like-a-goddess, drove 'em all-away, all-away, all-away, all-away, all-away, all-away, the
all, a-way; the woolves appear, appear, appear, appear in open day; she---

woolves appear, appear, appear, appear, appear in open day; she-- like--

like-- a-god-dess drove 'em all a-way, she like-- a-god-dess drove 'em all a-way, she like-- a-god-dess, she like--

god-dess drove 'em all a-way, she like-- a-god-dess drove 'em all a-way, she like-- a-god-dess drove 'em all a-way.
When from the old chaos

1688

When from the old chaos brisk light started out, in number and measure the world mov'd about. Likenevolumes of musick the spheres then began, to refresh and enliven, to refresh and enliven, the spirit of man; all, all, all the orbs in their turns still—our pleasures, our pleasures advance, and by their own movements, and by their own movements, they teach us to dance,—to
38

dance, they teach us to dance. They teach us how to
dance and love, for nothing else is done above. The planets do their

45

Bo re's run, the moon and stars, the moon and stars dance to the sun; they
dance, and by their consort prove the pow'r of harmony and love: For by their

dance, and by their consort prove the pow'r of harmony and love: For by their

54

influence, we find, ourselves to mirth and love inclin'd. For clin'd.
When I drink my heart is possest

A song for two voices

1700

Sir R. Howard

When I drink my heart is possest, my heart is possest, my heart is possest, my heart is possest.

sest with a joy that slides through my breast; my joy that slides through my breast; my joy that slides through my breast; my joy that slides through my breast.

thoughts, and my fancy grow'd by the wine not the Muses inspir'd; my fancy grow'd by the wine not the Muses inspir'd; my fancy grow'd by the wine not the Muses inspir'd; my fancy grow'd by the wine not the Muses inspir'd.

cares grow be calm'd when I drink, my cares grow be calm'd when I drink, my cares grow be calm'd when I drink, my cares grow be calm'd when I drink.
24

calm'd when I drink, and down, down—down with the stream they all—sink, and

drink, and down, down, down with the stream they all sink, my

30

down, down, down, down, down—down with the

cares grow be — calm'd when I drink, and down, down, down with the

35

stream they all sink; and down, down, down, down, down—down with the

stream—they all sink; my cares grow be — calm'd when I drink, and

41

down, down, down, down, down—down with the stream they all sink; the

down, down with the stream—they all sink;
46 God I enjoy with the wine, and my humour grows more di-
the God I enjoy with the wine, and my humour grows more di-

52 vine, like Bacchus with fresh roses—crown’d with fresh roses—

57 crown’d; the fragrant odours stealing round.
crown’d; the fragrant odours stealing round.

63 Thus, thus I tri—

stealing round. Thus, thus I tri—
above— all strife, thus I

--- triumph, I

Soft

triumph and sing, the sweetness of this life; and

triumph above— all strife, and sing the sweetness of this life; and

sing the sweetness of this life: When I drink with glasses full

sing the sweetness of this life: When I drink with glasses full

charg'd, my spirits grow free and— enlarg'd— when I

charg'd, my spirits grow free and— enlarg'd— when I
drink my spirits grow free and enlarged

among troops of beauties I play, and raised above

thoughts of decay, and raised above thoughts of decay, and raised above thoughts of decay.

cay; when I drink, I sing the soft charms of Venus, and
clasp in my arms my mistress, who then seems to me, a goddess too as

bright as she, who then seems to me, a goddess too as

she; when I drink, When I drink th'advantage I

find, from troubles, from troubles to shelter my
I think: this, this is the blessing alone, this, this is the blessing alone; that we—that live can call our own; you that seek blessing alone, that we that live can call our own:

more tell me but why, tell me, tell me but why, you that seek more tell me but why, tell me but why, since all a-like must one day die, since all a-like, all,
all a-like must one—day—die? You that seek more tell me but

all a-like, must one day die; all, all, all, a-like all,

why, since all a-like must one day die, all, all, all, all a-like

all a-like, all a-like must one day die; since all a-like, all, all a-like

must one—day—die; all, all, all, all a-like must one—day—die.

must one day die, since all a-like, all, all a-like must one day die.
Whilst on your neck no rival boy
A dialogue between Horace and Lydia

1700

Whilst on your neck, no rival boy; more welcome, welcome, more welcome

wel-come, wel-come threw his arms than I; your Hor-ace Ly-dia, live'd more blest, than the great

Mon-arch the great Mon-arch

While you did me a lone-embrace, and Clo-

e, Clo-e took-not Ly-dia's place, my
save—her life, to save—her life—— I’d glad—ly, I’d glad—ly I’d glad—ly die.

Galais has all my soft—de—sires, his;— we burn— with e—qual fires.

If fate, if fate my suit wou’d—not de—ny to— save— his life— I

twice—wou’d die. If fate— my suit— wou’d not—de—ny, to save his
life—twice—wou'd die, to save—his—life I—twice would die.

But if the love, but if the love, I once prof est, revive, revive, revive— and

kindle—in—my breast; thrust Close out and enter

tain neglected Lydia there—again, thrust Close

out and enter—tain neglected—
Tho' he shine--brighter shine brighter,
Ly--dia there a--gain.

Though he shine--brighter than--a star, you light as chaff, and
rough--er are than the rude o--cean; you light as chaff, and rough--er are--

than the rude o--cean: Glad--ly I glad--ly, I with thee, wou'd live, with

thee--wou'd dye; with thee, with thee wou'd live with thee--wou'd

Glad--ly I glad--ly, I with thee, wou'd live, glad--ly
thee wou'd live, with thee—wou'd die, gladly I.

with thee, with thee wou'd die, gladly I with thee wou'd live, with thee—wou'd die.

gladly I with thee wou'd live, with thee—wou'd die.

gladly I with thee, with thee wou'd die.
Whilst our peaceful flocks

Solo

Whilst our peace-full flocks do lie safe and kept by care-full—eye ev'-ry pretty bleating lamb close-ly ing by his dame Ear-ly hi-ther doo we press fair-est love-ly'st shep-herdess here to cele-brate thy praise in our soft and

2 Voc.

well tun'd lays: Blest be our migh-ty Pan, blest be our migh-ty Pan and

that bright eye to whom we owe all our fel-li-cy. Blest be our migh-ty Pan, blest be our migh-ty Pan and that brighter

star to whom we owe all our fel-li-cy.
Whilst you vouchsafe your thoughts to breathe

1695

Whilst you vouchsafe our thoughts to breathe,— whilst you vouch-

safe our thoughts—to breathe, Clo— e, whilst you vouch— safe,

whilst you vouchsafe our thoughts— to breathe,— Clo— e, me— thinks they

do— themselves— excell; whilst you vouchsafe our thoughts to breathe,—

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

safe, whilst you vouchsafe our thoughts— to breath,— Clo—
e, me-thinks they do-them-selves-ex-cell:

- a-soft-ness they re-ceive, they-re-ceive; so sweet a-

- soft-ness they re-ceive, whilst from your lips they flow, they flow,

while from your lips they flow, while from your lips they flow—so well;

harsh and un-pol-lish't tho' they do--- ap-pear, so sung, so

sung they ra--- va-vish ev'n--- the ni-cest ear,
I cou'd but poor mortals here—be—low,
some-times sing and—al-ways love; cou'd but poor mortals here—be—low.

Low, some-times sing and—al-ways love; 'Twou'd some ear—nest—on

Us be—low, of what the hap—py, hap—py, hap—py do a—bove, of what the hap—py, hap—py, hap—py, the hap—py, hap—py, the hap—py, hap—py, of what the hap—py do—a—bove, of what the hap—py do—a—bove; [2] To charm the age, and to re—form—

- 346 -
too; This Clo-e, this Clo-e, sure—must—be-re-serv’d for—you.
Why does my Laura shun me?
The Grove: a Song to a Minuet
1700

Why does my Laura shun—me?—Why? And whither, whither,
whither, and whither, whither, whither, whither will—she fly? I've
whither, the valleys and—

rang'd— the banks of—Rills; but can-not, can-not, can-not, can-not, can-not find
my time-rous dove, propitious—be this, this, this Cyprian—grove:
I have my wish,— the blessings near; the nymphs, my mistress, the

nymph, my— mistress, must,— must— be here; on ev’ry

tree— I find— her name, some rival youth has—

writ his— flame; she’s here,— here,— here,— she’s— mine, but does— re—

quire, this— Laun— rel leaf shou’d fann my— fire.
Why does the morn in blushes rise?

1683

T. D’Urfey

Why does the morn’ in—blush—es—rise, tell me o God of day? Cla—

ro—na, oh!—Cla—ro—na’s eyes, out—shine—the bright—est—rays. ‘Tis

tru—true, ‘tis true, she’s far—more bright, dim ta—per—God be gone, and hide—thy

baff—led beams—in—night, let her rule—day—a—lon—e.

II

If anchorite-like, full twenty years
On earth’s cold bed I’d lain,
And woo’d the gods with fasts and pray’rs,
Celestial crowns to gain:
Yet after all, could you but love,
No more would I pursue.
The endless search of joys above,
But find out heav’n in you.
Why, Flavia, why so wanton still?

Flavia grown old

1700
Fla - ton-still? Flavia, why.

why, why, why so wanton still?

Dissembl'd languishing is lost, as soon as

age comes stalking on; and Flavia's but a living

ghost. now all her charms are dead and gone; now all, all.

all her charms are dead and gone. Disgong.
Why is Terpander pensive grown?

A dialogue between Philander and Terpander,
upon the burning of White Hall-Chappel, 1698

1700

Philander:

Why is Terpander pensive grown? Why

why has he left composing Airs?

Why, why,—sits he on his bank alone singing the

tide—sighs—and—tears?

Terpander:

Art thou a

stranger in the land? Look yonder, look yonder, look yonder, view them tottering
spires; there stood—— the al-tar, there stood—— the al-tar late pro-fain’d by

Oh!

strange,— by strange, by strange—— un-hal—— low’d fires.

dismal, dismal scene, oh!—— dismal, dismal scene, was that the doom,

where true devo-tees for ma-ny, ma-ny, ma-ny—— years, for ma-ny,

ma-ny, ma-ny—— years, with fer-vent zeal,—— had us’d to

- 354 -
I come, and join in holy, holy hymns and prayers?

Terp. The same.

The same, Philander, but no more, no, no more, another word would break, break,

break, break my heart, nothing my honour can restore, nothing.

Terp. A- alas, I pity thee! A- nothing, my right hand must forget its art.

Phil. A- alas, I pity thee! Nor is it long, since blest—Panthea—
be-moan'd, can't forget that dying, dying-song, who ever heard it sighed—and groan'd.

Ah! Friend, why add you to my pangs?—Why, why?

Ah!—Friend, why add you to my pangs? The fire within, now's greater grown, greater grown; the harp which on that willow hangs, which
Terp.  

on that willow hangs; now, never—

Terp.  

never, never must—be taken—

Terp.  

down; the harp which on that willow hangs, now, never—

Terp.  

—never—must—be taken—

Chorus  

Nay, nay, Nicanter's good and great,

Terp.  

down. That sacred—
nay, nay, Nican-der's good and great; that sa-
crred-
name, our trou-bles still al-
lays;
nay, nay, Ni-
can-der's good and great; the sa-
crred
name, that sa-
crred-name; Nay, nay, Ni-
can-der's good and great, that sa-
crred-name,
name, our trou-
bles still al-
lays, that sa-
crred-name, our
our trou-
bles still al-
lay; some say he'll-
trou-
bles still al-
lays; some say he'll-
build a glo-
Phil. ~

... that sacred name, our troubles still al-

Terp.

... seat, a phoe-nix from the brood-ing ashes raise; Nay, nay, Ni-

Phil. ~

... a glo-ri-ous seat: Some say he'll build a glo-ri-ous

Terp.

... seat, a glo-ri-ous seat, a glo-ri-ous seat, a
Nay, nay, Nicanter's good and great, that sacred name, our troubles still al-
G
lays; some say he'll build a glorious
Phil. seat, a glo-rious seat; terp. seat, a glo-rious seat, a glo-rious seat; some say he'll build a glo-rious seat; a phoe-nix from the—

Drag brood-ing—a-shes raise, a phoe-nix from the brood-ing a-shes raise.

Terp.
Why weeps Asteria?

Why weeps Asteria?

Why weeps Asteria, and mourns the absence, the absence of---

--- a faithful lover? Who with the first fair wind returns, and brings his constant passion---

--- a faithful lover? Who with the first fair wind returns and brings his constant passion---

--- A--Las! Las! Las! His restless nights are pass'd, are pass'd, in---

--- A--Las! Las! A--Las! His restless nights are pass'd, are pass'd, in---

--- A--Las! Las! A--Las! His restless nights are pass'd, are pass'd, in---
wishing, in wishing, for those happy-gales, in wishing, in

wishing for those happy-gales; impatient

cries, hoist, hoist in haste, hoist, hoist in haste,

I've sighs—a now,— I've sighs—a now—to—

fill—the-sails; A-ster-i-a, A-ster-i-a

has the sole command, others with all their charms—and art, the syrens—
of the sea—or—land can't captivate Al-can—der's heart, can't captivate Al-can—der's heart; can't cap—ti-vate Al-can—der's heart; can't cap—ti-vate Al-can—der's heart.

In vain, in vain are all, all, all their lan—guish—ings and sighs; all, all—

In vain, in vain, in—vain they tempt the un-shak—en mind;

firm as a rock, firm as a rock, and deaf—er to—their—cries, he
scat - ters, scat - ters all, all, all be - fore the wind.
Will fair Panthea’s cold disdain

1688

Will fair-- Panthea’s cold-- disdain, will fair-- Pan

the-- a’s cold-- disdain, pur-- sue-- to death, to

dain, will fair-- Panthea’s cold dis-- dain, pur-- sue-- to

death, a gen-- tle swain; who dares not-- hope-- to find a-- cure, of the fierce--
death, a gen-- tle swain; who dares not hope to find a cure, of the fierce--
pangs he does-- en-- dure: Sure, strict-- est hon-- our can-- not blame, the

pangs he does en-- dure: Sure, strict-- est hon-- our can-- not-- blame, the
dawning of an am-bent Flame, that springs from such im-mortal fire, as
no, no gross fuel doth require. Her hap-pi-ness will my con-tent-ment prove, and sweet-en all, all, all the bit-ter draughts of love; her hap-pi-ness will my con-tent-ment prove, and
sweeten all the bitter draughts of love, and sweeten all the bitter draughts of love.

all, all, all the bitter draughts of love.

all, all the bitter draughts of love.
You, whom cruel Sylvia charms
A song set by Dr Blow, the words fitted to tune

Gentleman's Journal, July 1694

1694

P. Motteux

You, whom cruel Sylvia charms, leave the nymph, and

run— to—arms, to arms leave the nymph and

run— to arms.

While hon—our calls, while hon—our calls for

war—prepare, while hon—our calls— for war—prepare— then—return,

then—return to win the—fair love, like fame, is va—lour's due, be but da—ring in— the
field;— those who can a foe—subdue, a foe—subdue, force a mistress soon, soon

soon-to-yield force a mistress soon-to-yield. Love like fame, love like fame, love like

fame,— love like fame is valour’s due love like fame is valour’s due.
You wrong me, Silvia [Sylvia], when you cry

(Gentleman’s Journal, March, 1693)

1693

M.L.M [P. Motteux]?

You wrong me, Silvia when you cry, you wrong me, Silvia,

You wrong me, Silvia when— you cry, you wrong me, Silvia,

when— you cry, that I beauty’s pow’r— die:—— You wrong me, Silvia when— you cry, you

wrong me, Silvia when— you cry, when— you cry that I beauty’s pow’r de— fie——

Where I discover beauty, most const— ly— I love;—— but

when ’tis gone, a— dieu t’ye, a— dieu t’ye, a— dieu— t’ye, I re— mo— ve, but when ’tis gone, a—
The ghost of your departed charms,
Frights your lover from your arms:
(Age now your pow'r destroying)
My wan-ton thoughts remove:
You make me think of dying,
But not of love:
In vain you strive to mend your face;
So false a piece will never pass.