

(A.)

VINCULUM SOCIETATIS,
OR THE
Tie of good Company:

Being a Choice COLLECTION
Of the Newest SONGS now in Use.

WITH
THOROW BASS to each SONG for the *Harpichord, Theorbo, or Bass-Viol.*

The Third BOOK; With several New Airs for the *Flute or Violin.*



L O N D O N,

Printed by *T Moore*, and *J Heptinstall*, for *John Carr*, at his Shop at the *Middle-Temple-Gate*, Anno Domini, MDCXCI.

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[1]

O -- rin - na now you'r young and gay,

Frown not on each pre -- ten -- der: the self same Sun that

warms in May has no pow'r in De -- cem -- ber, the self same Sun that

warms in May, has no pow'r in De -- cem -- ber.

Mr. John Eagles.

II.

The God of Love will show his Hate
To those neglected Duties,
And one day make 'em know the Fate
Of wither'd Autumn Beauties;
And one day make 'em, &c.

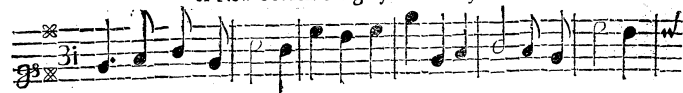
III.

Hoping in vain to be ador'd,
Decking each fading Feature,
VVhilst, like Diseases, they're abhorr'd,
And shunn'd by ev'ry Creature.
VVhilst, like Diseases, they're abhorr'd, &c.

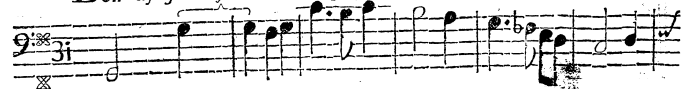
B

[2]

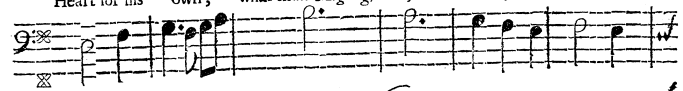
A New Scotch Song by Mr. Munford.



On - ny *Foe - key* now with clasping and kissing and vows he has seal'd my



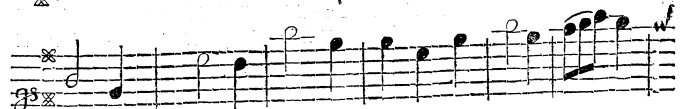
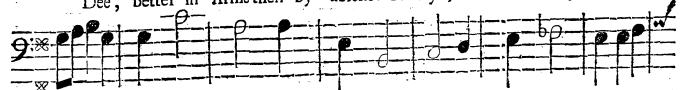
Heart for his own, what shall *Mog - gy* do, how fore - ly she'll miss him when



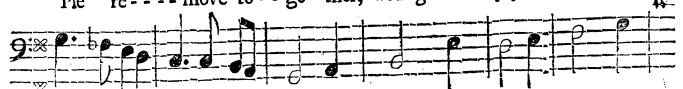
all her Joys to the Warr will be gone. Tell him I'll flee, and with him I'll



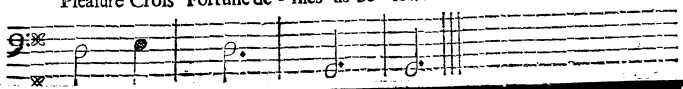
Dee, better in Arms than by absence be slayn, and then with my Love



I'll re - - - move to - - ge - ther, we'll go ten - joy a - bove the



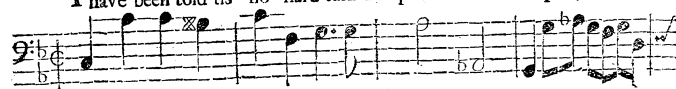
Pleasure Cross Fortune de - nies us be - low.



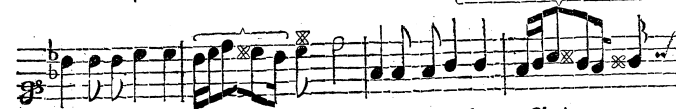
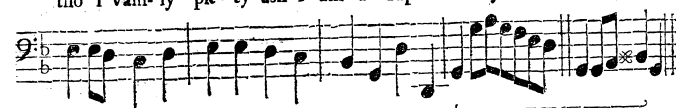
[3]



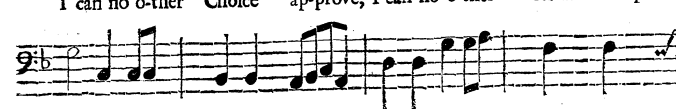
I have been told tis no hard task a hopele's Love to quit, but



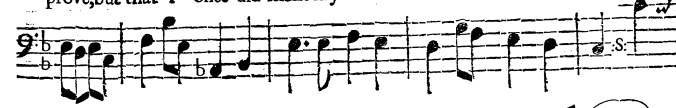
tho' I vain - ly pit - ty ask I am a Captive yet.



I can no o - ther Choice ap - prove, I can no o - ther Choice ap -



prove, but that I once did make my constant Heart can e - ver Love, my



Constant Heart can e - - ver Love, but ne - ver can for - sake.



Mr. Ralph Courtevell.

[4]

L Ove's In -- fant warmth like dawning light, dif -- fu -- ses through
the sole de - light, but when from that it ri - ses to Ex - treams,
it scorches as the fierce Me - ri - dian Beams: Then I that can lea -- su -- re
pain, than Men born free a Ty - rant Reign, try by some new - er ob - ject to re -
move the dang'rous Torments of Encreasing Love. Mr. Alex. Damascene.

II.

Yet dare not long that object see
Left I should lose my liberty,
Be rude like him who only One can prize,
And all the Sex besides that One despise:
With ease Joys Thousands I view,
But ne're to Frenzy them pursue,
So well compos'd, to temper'd's my desire,
Like lambent flames that shine but do not fire.

[5]

I N vain I strive my Flame to hide, which will it self Re -- veal;
not all my Prudence, nor my Pride, my Pas --
sion can Con -- ceal: For aid my honour
I Re -- peat, and on my rea -- son call; But Oh! when
Love is mighty great, our Reason's ve -- ry small; But Oh! when
Love is migh -- ty great, our Reason's ve -- ry small.

[6]

When ere those love-ly Eyes I view, I burn a-way, I burn a—
 —way with fierce de—fire; such power—full Influence must sub—
 —due, such powerfull Influence must sub—due, and set the Col—
 —dest heart on fire. Pla—
 —chillias sure to Conquer all that know what joyes in Wo—men
 are. Crouds of Admirers prostrate fall, Crouds of Ad—mirers

[7]

prostrate fall; in ev'ry place, in ev'ry place, in e—v'ry
 place, in e—v'ry place, where you ap—pear: Crouds of Ad—
 You are so very Charm—ing fair, such Temp—
 —ting Fea—tures in your Face; 'tis
 sure im—pos—si—ble you were pro—duc'd like us, of
 hu—mane race. Then jus—ti—fie your birth Di—

[8]

—vine, in shew—ing pit—ty, in shew—ing pic—ty,
in shew—ing pit—ty, to your slave. Tem—ples and
Al—tars brigh—tst shine when Heav'n is kind, when
Heav'n is kind, when—Heav'n is kind and
pleas'd to fave. Temples and

[9]

Will Co—rin—na ne're be—lieve the Vows I've oft re—pea—ted,
must I for her e—ver grieve who dai—ly she's In—tre—red—
will her Ears be e—ver deaf un—to my mournful found,
will her Tongue give no re—lief to him her Eyes does
wound, wound.

Mr. John Eagles.

D

[10]

Once slumbring as I lay, as I lay with - in my Bed, no Creature with me,

no Crea-ture with me but my Maidenhead, me-thought a Gallant came as

Gal-lants they can do, much, much with young La-dies and with old ones

too, he woo'd, he sud, at last he sped, Married me

thought we were and went to Bed, he turn'd to me, got up, with that

[11]

squeak'd, blush'd and cry'd out, cry'd out and so a - - wak'd.

It wou'd have vex'd a Saint, my Fleeish did burn to be so near and mis,

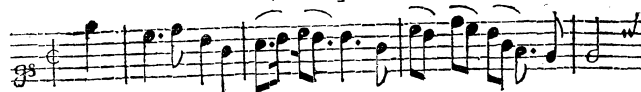
and mis so good, so good a turn; Oh cru-el Dream, Oh

cru-el Dream, why dost thou thus deceive me, to shew me

Heav'n and then in Hell, in Hell to leave me.

Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.

[12]



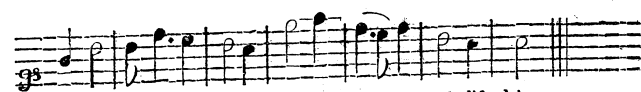
THE Crewel Silvia Loves and Burns in Flames she can - not hide,



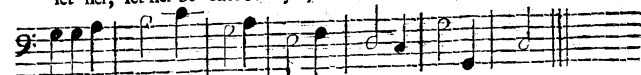
make her dear Thirfis cold Re - turns, Treat her with Scorn and Pride,



you know that Captives she has made, the Tor - merits of her Chain,



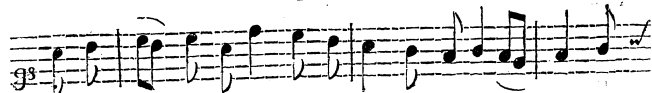
let her, let her be once betray'd, or wrack her with dis - dain.



Mr. Moses Snow.

[13]

A Catch in Three parts by Mr. Henry Purcell.



AT the clofe of the Ev'ning the Watches were fet, the Guard went



the round, and the tar, tat, tat too; tat, tar, tat too; tat, tar, tat too; tat, tat,



tat too; tat, tat, tat too; I, I, I, I, I, I too was beat; the I, I, I, I,



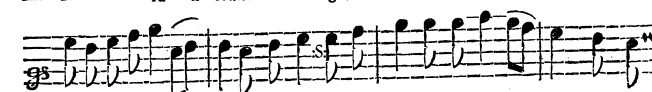
I, I too was beat. But neat yonder Star ap - pears in the Sky, and tara,



ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,



ra is founded on high; and ta-ra,



is founded on high, we shall soon be releiv'd, then drink, drink a-



way, then drink a-way, then drink, drink,



drink a-way, here, her's to you, and to you, and to you; let us

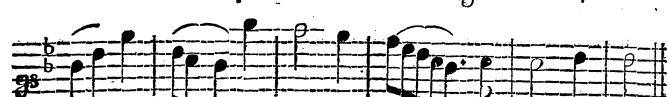
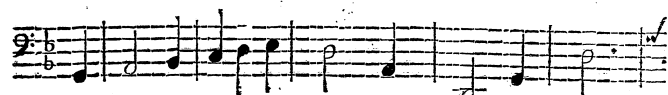


drink, let us drink till 'tis day; Let, let us drink till 'tis day.

[14]



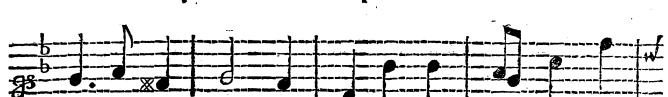
When ere I see young Strephon my Love, oh then more



Joys, a—round me move, than Heav'n can boast a—bove.



Let Big—gots E—ter—nall Em—pire sway, for which they so



Zea—louf—ly pray; if he nere for—fake me, his



kind—ness will make me, more blest than they.



The worlds chief power's Ambition and Gain,
For which its slaves takes so much pain,
How wretched or how vain.
There's no happy state below the Sky,
But Love can be call'd a true joy,

By Mr. Manshipp.

[15]



'Tis strange, 'tis strange this Heart with—in my Breast; Reason Op—po—sing,



And her pow'rs Cannot one sin—gle mo—ment rest; un—less it knows, it



knows what's done in yours. In vain I seek it in your



Eyes, which subt—ly would my fears controul, for Art has taught them



to Disguise; for Art has taught them to Disguise, which Nature



made to Ex—plain, Explain the Soul.



[16]

Free from Ce—lin—da's ra—ging smart, A—lex—'s breaff was

peace; Wounded was her more ten—der heart, his har—der

one at Ease. The God that hearts of Rock could shake,

is sure a Coward grown; he ty—ran—ni—ses o're the Weak: he

ty—ran—ni—ses o're the Weak, but dares not strike the strong.

By Mr. Ra. Courteville.

[17]

Lo—the won—der of her Sex, 'tis well, 'tis well her heart is

ren—der: How might such kil—ling Eyes per—plex, did Vir—tue, Vir—tue

but de—fend her. But nature, mer—cy—full and kind, not bent, not

bent to vex but please us, has to her Bound—less Beau—ty

Joy'd a Bound—less will to ease us, a Bound—less,

bound—less will to ease us.

By Mr. Rob. King.

[18]

W Here Beauty with such charms does shine, as my poor heart, poor heart has won; can I the pleasing thought decline, tho sure to be, to be undone? No, no, no, no, no rather than in mi-se-ry from your fair Eyes to Live; No, no, no, no, no rather than in mi-se-ry from your fair Eyes to Live, be it my gent—

[19]

—ler lott to dye by the soft wounds, soft wounds, by the soft wounds they give: No, no, no, no, no be it my gentler lott to dye by the soft wounds they give? No, no, no, no, no, be it my gentler lott to dye by the soft wounds they give.

By Mr. Rob. King.

The world was hush'd, the world was hush'd, and na--ture
lay lull'd in a soft, in a soft, soft re--
pose; the world was hush'd: As I in tears Re-flec--ring
lay, on Cin--thia's faith--less, faith--less, on Cinthia's faithless,
faith--less Vows; on Cin--thia's faith--less Vows. The
God of Love, the God of Love, of Love all gay ap--pear'd,

all gay ap--pear'd; to heal my wound--ed
heart, to heal my wound--ed heart; new pangs of Joy my Soul en--
dear'd, and pleasure, pleasure charm'd each part. Fond man, said
he, here end thy woe, till they my Pow'r, till
they my Pow'r and Justice know; the Cruel Sex will
all doe fo, will all,--will all doe fo.

LET but Co-rin-na pas a-long, a Thousand Shepherds hearts she
gains; she's the soft Sub-ject, she's the soft Sub-ject of each
Song, that's sung up-on the plea-sant Plains. She's gay and
young as is the Spring, more Char-ming than the Queen of
Love; sweeter than An-gels does she Sing, and plea-ses more than Joys a-bove.

The Second Part.

YET none but Per-jur'd Da-mon, e're the love-ly Char-ming

Maid cou'd move; he un-did the un-hap-py Fair, and taught her
ten-der heart to Love: Then left her whilst she fights, whilst she
fights in vain she fights, in
vain, and curst the hour and fa-tal day, that first she
saw her faith-ful Swain, that did her Li-ber-ty be-tray.

By Mr. John Freeman.

Grant ye Gods if I must be to Hy-men a slave, that the

[24]

Man I shall wed, be no Fool nor a Knave: if a Duncel be
 Jealous, and that will un—doe me, for 'tis odds but I yeild to the
 first that will wooe me: She that's linkt to a Rogue, Lord have mer—
 —cy up—on her, Lord have mer-cy up—on her; for who can be Just?
 for who can be Just to a Man with—out Honour?

By Mr. Ra. Courteville.

Let him I must take then for better for worse,
 Be honest and Love me, a fig for his Purse;
 For his truth and good nature, shall weigh more with me,
 Than all he can tell us, of Gold and degree:
 And a Woman of Wit, when nothing will win her,
 Will be a Woman of Wit.

[25]

A Dialogue sung by Mr. Boman & Mrs. Butler in Sir Anthony Love.

N O more Sir, no more, I'll e'ne give it o're, I see it is
 all, it is all but a Cheat, your soft with-ing Eyes, your Vows and your
 Eyes, which thus you so of-ten, so of-ten re-peat; 'Tis you are too
 blame who foolish-ly claim so fil-ly, so fil-ly a lean Sa-cri--fice, but
 Lovers who Pray must al-ways o--bey, and bring down their

Knees and bring down ----- their Knees and their Eyes, of

late ye have made de-votion a Trade in Loving as well as Re-ligion, but

you cannot prove through the A-ges of Love a-ny Worshop was offer'd, any

Worship was offer'd but one, that one let it be in which we a--

gree, leave Forms to the Maids who are younger, we'r both of a mind, make

hast and be kind, and con-ti-nue, con-ti-nue a Goddess no longer

Chorus.

we're both of a mind, that one let it be, in which we a--

that one let it be, in which we a-gree, we'r both of a mind, that one let it be, we're

gree, we'r both of a mind, that one let it be, that one let it be, in which we a--

both of a mind, that one let it be, that one let it be, let it be in which we a--

gree, we'r both of a mind, make hast and be kind, make hast

gree, make hast and be kind, we'r both of a mind, make hast

and be kind.

and be kind.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

FOR Ho-nour and Glo-ry, For Honour and Glo-ry the

Soul-di-er pre-pares, march on, march, march on and Charge bravely, Charge

brave-ly is the cry of the Wars. VWhen the He-ro had

won great Fame and Re-nown, he straight Tum - - - bles down, down,

down with a knock on the Crown, and his Va-lour is scarce a days

Chorus.

talk for the Town. Then with Love, Wine and Mufick, with Wine Love and Mu fick,

Then with Wine Love and Mufick, with Wine Love and

7 6 76

Then with Love Wine and Mufick; with Love Wine and Mufick let's our

Mufick; Then with Wine Love and Mufick, with Love Wine and Mufick

Sen - ces em - ploy; Laugh - at danger,

let's our Sences em-ploy: Laugh, - laugh at danger, Laugh,

Laugh, - Laugh - at danger and trouble, and follow,

Laugh, - Laugh at dan-ger and trouble, at danger and trouble,

and Fol - low, fol - low, and fol - low, follow true joy.

and Fol - low, follow, and fol - low, fol - low true joy.

[30]

1

Saraband.

By Mr. Ra. Courteville.

2

Bore.

3

[27]

Almane By Mr. Akroyde.

4

Minvet.

5

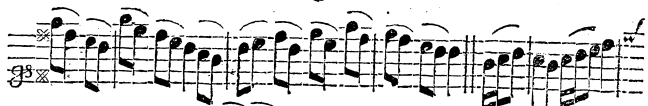
Hornepipe.

6

Almane by Mr. Baupétre.*Round O Minuet.**Slow Tune by Mr. Purcell.**Prelude by Mr. Cousteau.**By Mr. Mumford.*

[30] - [30]

Scotch Tune by Mr. Keene.



Mr. Keene.

