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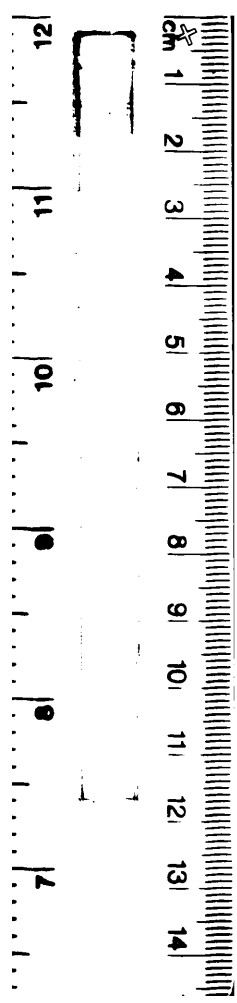


F. H. Van Hoye. Sculp.

L O N D O N,

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HENRY
PLAYFORD
LONDON

[1] 15

A Song in the *Mock-Mariage*, Sung by Mrs. Knight.

H! how you protest and solemnly lye, look humble and

tawn like an As; I'm pleas'd I mustown when e-ver I see, a Lover that's brought

to this pass: Keep, keep further off, you'r naughty I fear, I vow I will never, will

never, will never yeild to't; you ask me in vain, for never, I swear, I

never, no never, I never, no never, I never, no never will do't.

II.

For when the Deed's done how quickly you go,
No more of the Lover remains;
In hast you depart what'er we can do,
And stubbornly throw off your Chains:
Desist then in time, let's hear on't no more,
I vow I will never, will never, will never yeild to't;
You promise in vain, in vain you adore,
I never, no never, I never, no never, I never, no never yeild to't.

T Was with-in a furlong of *Edenborough* Town, in the Re-*lie* time of year when the

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

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

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

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

wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Woman made for Man.

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

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

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

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

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

Eye: how can you, can you sleep, how can you, can you sleep, how can you, can you

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

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

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

a-las, a-las my Dear, you't cold, cold as stone, you must no longer,

no, no longer, no, no longer, no, no longer, longer lye a-lone;

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

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

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

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

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

O H! Oh! lead me, lead me to some peace—full Gloom,
 where none but sigh—ing, none but sigh—ing, sigh—ing Lovers
 come; where the shrill, the shrill Trumpets never foun
 d; never, never found, but one e—ter—nal hufh, one e—ter—nal hufh goes round.
 There let me sooth my plea—sing pain, there let me
 sooth my pleasing pain, and never, never think of War, never, never, think of

War, never, never think of War, never, never, never, never, never
 think of War a—gain: what glo—ry, what glo—
 ry, what glo—ry can, can a Lover have to conquer, to con
 quer, yet be still a slave, what glo—ry, what glo—
 ry can a Lo—ver have, to conquer, to conquer, to conquer,
 yet be still, still a slave, yet, yet be still, yet, yet be still, yet, yet be still, still a slave?

A Song in the 5th Act of Pyrrhus, Sung by Mrs. Hudson. Set by Mr. John Eccles.

S Fretch'd in a dark and dif-mall Grove, a poor a—bandon'd hopeles
 Maid; thinking on her de—part—ed Love, cry'd whither, ah!
 whither wou'd Am—bi—tion lead: From the dear joys that
 Love can give, from the soft cir—cle of my Arms, He
 ru—fnes to the fa—tal feild, Mi—sta—ken Swain has
 dan—gers, Charms, has dangers, dan—gers, Charms:

Lovers with scorn and hatred curft, when
 all their passion fail'd to move, found out this ty—rant ho—nour
 first in pure revenge to ru—ine Love, in pure revenge to
 ru—ine Love, found out this ty—rant ho—nour first, in
 pure revenge to ru—ine Love, in pure revenge to
 ruine, ru—ine Love. Love.

D

A New Catch in the Tragedy of Bonduca.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Jack thou't a Tooper, Jack thou't a thou't a Tooper, let's have tother Quart; Ring,
ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, we'er so fober, so fober, so fober
'twere a shame to part; None but a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold
Bully'd by his Wife, for coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,
coming, coming, coming, coming, coming late, fears a Do-mer-tick
Strife; I'm free, I'm free and so are you, so are you, so are you too, call
and knock, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock holdly, knock boldly, tho'
Watchmen cry past two a Clock.

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

Y O U say 'tis Love creates the pain, of which so sadly you complain;
and yet wou'd fain engage my heart, in that un-ea-sy cru-el, cru-el part;
but how a-las, how a-las think you that I can bear the woun-
ds of which you die? how a-las, how a-las think you that I can
bear the wounds of which you die? 'Tis not my pas-sion makes my care,
but your indifference gives despair; the lu-ty Sun, the lu-ty Sun be-

— gets no Spring, till gen—tle show'rs, till gen—tle show'rs af—fiance bring, fo

Love that forches and deftroys, till kind—neis aids, till kind—neis aids can

caufe no joy; Love has a thoufand, thoufand, thoufand, thou—fand ways to

pleafe; Love has a thoufand, thoufand, thoufand, thou—fand ways to pleafe; bur

more, more, more, more, more, more, more to rob us of our eafe, bur more, more,

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

—ing nights and carefull days, fome hours of plea—

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

fears o'er—flows the joy, o'er—flows the joy with floods of Tears; bur ab—

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

Tears: But one foft moment makes amends for all the tor—ment that at—

—tends, one foft moment makes a—mends for all the tor—ment that at—tends.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

lo-ving, Youth for lo-ving was de-sign'd; Youth for lo-ving was de-sign'd

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

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

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

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

ter bles-sing, no grea- ter bles-sing then faithfull love, and

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

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

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

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

F

A Song fet by Mr. *John Eccles.*

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

The stubborn'f Hearther Eyes a llures, and make 'em to her Pride sur-ren-der :

Face and Shape, and Wit fo Rare, Heavns ma-ster--peice She was de-

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

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

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

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

C *E-lia* has a thousand, thousand, thou- fand

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

stand gazing on her Face, some new, and some re-fit--lefs grace, fills with fresh

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

new, and some re-fit--lefs grace, fills with fresh magick all

the place :

But while the Nymph I thus a-dore,

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

wretched, wretched Fate de-pleare; for oh! *Mir-tillo*, oh! *Mir-*

-sillo have a care, have a care, her sweetness is a-bove com-pare, but

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

fair; have a care, have a care, have a care *Mir-till-lo*, have a care, *Mir-*

-sillo have a care, have a care, have a care, have a care.

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

Take not a Woman's an-ger ill, but let this be your comfort, this be your comfort

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

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

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

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

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

Sung by Miss Cross.

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

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

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

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

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

—pears un-dif-guis'd.

II.

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

F I N I S.