

TO ALL Lovers of Musick.

THE Character with which all Musick has been as yet Printed, not being Comparable to that which is generally Written; we have been induced to consider of a new way, how any Musick may be Printed, so as to be more Convenient, and more Beautiful than any yet Publish'd, if not equal to any in Manuscript. Whether the Effect has answer'd the Design, we leave to the Censure of those, who will, without Prejudice, compare this Specimen with any Printed Musick; and we doubt not, but the Neatness of the Character, the Regularity and Evenness of the Lines, the natural Division of the several Syllables to their proper Notes, &c. will easily be seen; and the great Expence and Trouble, we have hitherto been at, be in some measure Rewarded by a candid Reception and Encouragement.

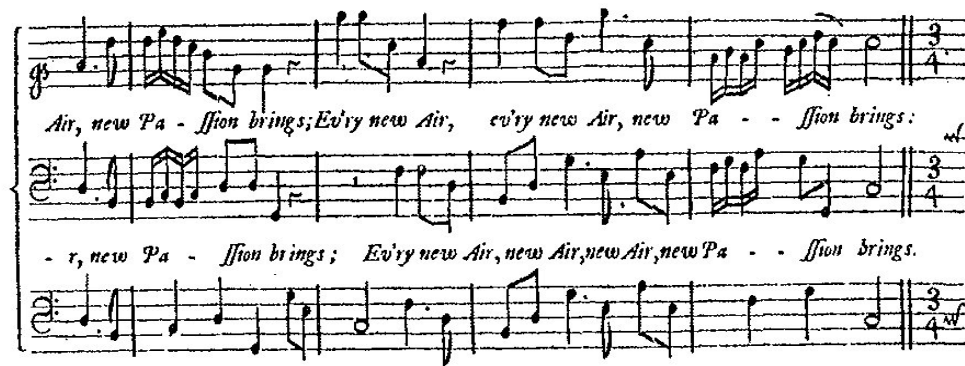
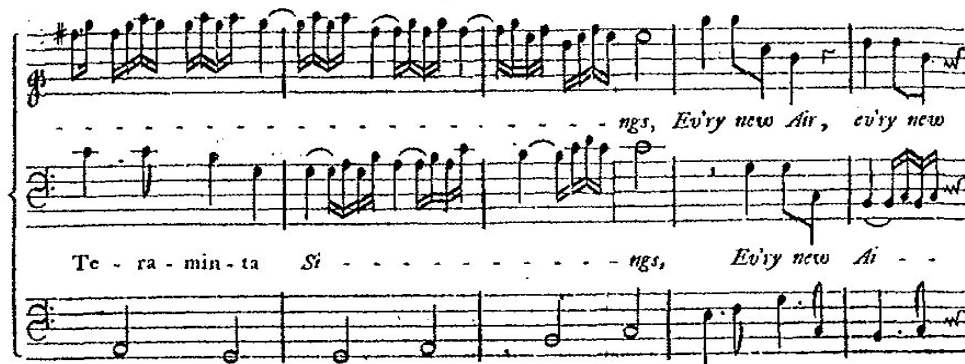
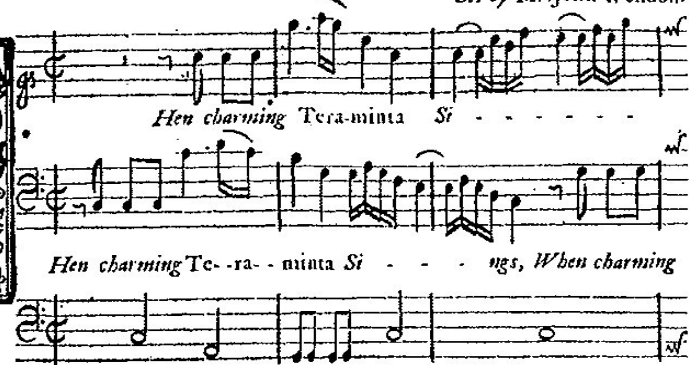
We intend not, by what has been said, any Encomiums of our own Industry, any more than of the Science of Musick it self; since as this needs none, so we should be glad, for the publick Good, to be exceeded in the other.

The Musick is Compos'd by Good Masters, and several Songs by the same Hands and Others, may be procur'd and Monthly Publish'd, if the Work meets with Encouragement.

Be pleas'd to take Notice, That the Binding of the Tails of the Notes, does not make them belong to One Syllable, except there be either a Tie over the Heads of those Notes, or a Division in the Syllable: and that this Character, or Mark, $\frac{1}{2}$ (which is used by the Italian Masters, and is call'd a Natural,) is intended so as to restore the Note following to its natural and true sound; as for Instance,



If any Person has a valuable Collection of Musick, and is willing to have it Printed with this Character, if it be sent to our Printer, it shall be Carefully and Correctly done.



When Charming Teraminta, &c.

Listen, now wou'd Listen, now wou'd Kifs, now wou'd Kifs, now wou'd

now wou'd Kifs, now wou'd Kifs, now wou'd Listen, now wou'd Kifs,

Kifs, now, now, now, now, now, now wou'd Kifs,

now wou'd Kifs, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now wou'd Kifs,

Slow.
Till by Her Breath re-puls'd they fly, And in low pleasing Mur-murs dye, And in

Till by Her Breath re-puls'd they fly, And in low pleasing Murmurs dy - -

low pleasing Mur-murs dye. Nor do I

- - e, And in low pleasing Murmurs dye.

When Charming Teraminta, &c.

ask, that She wou'd give, By some new Note, the Pow'r to Live:

I wou'd ex - pi -

Slow.
I wou'd ex - pi - - - - ring with the Sound, Dye on the Lips,

- - ring with the Sound, wou'd ex - pi - - - ring with the Sound, Dye on the

Dye on the Lips, that gave the Wound, Dye on the Lips, that gave the Wound.

Lips, Dye on the Lips, Dye on the Lips, the Lips, that gave the Wound.