

M^r Hen^r. Purcell's
Favourite Songs
out of his most celebrated
ORPHEUS BRITTANICUS
and the
rest of his Works
the whole
fairly Engraven and
carefully corrected

London Printed for & sold by In^o. Walsh Serv^t. to his Majesty at the
Harp & Hoboy in Catherine Street in the Strand: and In^o. & Joseph Hare
at the Viol & Flute in Cornhill near the Royal Exchange

A Catalogue of M^r Henry Purcells SONGS
Single Songs *1695.*

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Rosalmond	Acis & Galatea
Temple of Love	Crispus & Muzio Scavola
Otho	

(2)

*A Song sung by Mrs Aliff in the Play call'd Tyrannick -
Love or the Royall Martyre set by Mr Henry Purcell*

Ah! how sweet. Ah! how sweet, how sweet it is to Love; Ah! - Ah! -

Ah! - how gay is young desire. And what pleasing

pains, and what pleasing pains we prove, when first, when first we feel a Lovers

first Pains of Love are sweeter far than all, all, all, all, all.

other pleasures are. Pains of Love are sweeter far, than all, all, all, all.

other plea - - - - - sures are are

*Sigh's that are from Lovers blown,
Gentle move, and heave the heart,
Ev'n the tears they shed alone,
Like trickling balm cure the smart,
Lovers when they loose their breath,
Bleed away an easy death.*

Celia has a thousand Charms. Set by Mr Henry Purcell and Transposid for f Flute

Celia has a thousand, thousand, thou - - - Sand Charms, tis Heavn, tis

Heavn to live with vi - - - her Arms, while I stand gazing on her Face, some new, & some resistless

grace fills with fresh magick all - - - the place, while I stand gazing on her Face, some new & some

resistless grace, fills with fresh magick all - - - f place:

But while the Nymph I thus a - - - dore. But while the Nymph I thus, I thus a -

-dore, I should my wretched, wretched, wretched Fate deplore for Oh Mirtallo, oh Mirtallo, have a

care, have a care, her Sweetness is a-bove compare but then shes false, shes false but then shes

false, shes false as well as fair, have a care, have a care, have a care Mirtallo, have a care, Mir-

till's have a care, have a care, have a care, have a care.

For f Flute

Flute part musical notation

Flute part musical notation

Flute part musical notation

A SONG Sung before the late Queen Sett by ⁽⁴⁾M^r Henry Purcell

Celebrate this Festival, Celebrate this Festival, Ce... b5... b37... lebrate this



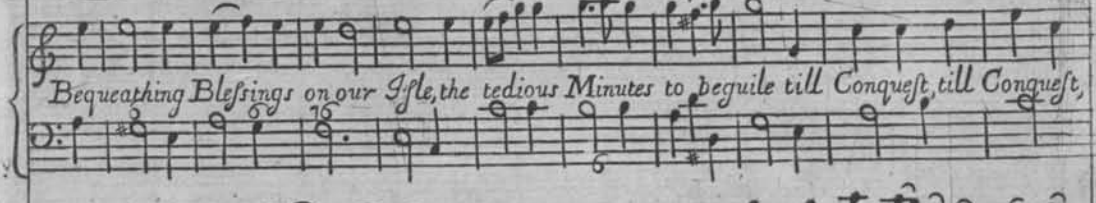
Festival. 'Tis Sacred bid the Trum... pets cease, 'tis Sacred bid the



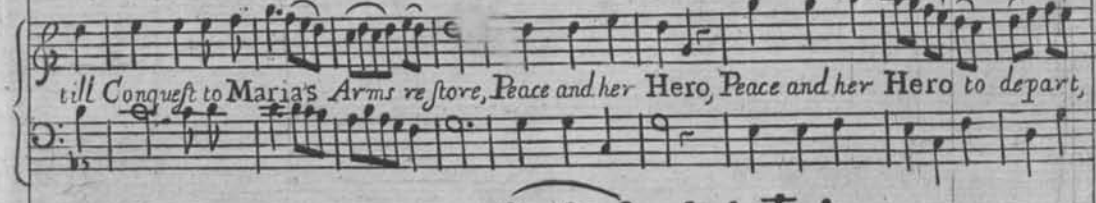
Trum... pet cease Kindly treat Maria's Day, and your Homag^t will re pay.



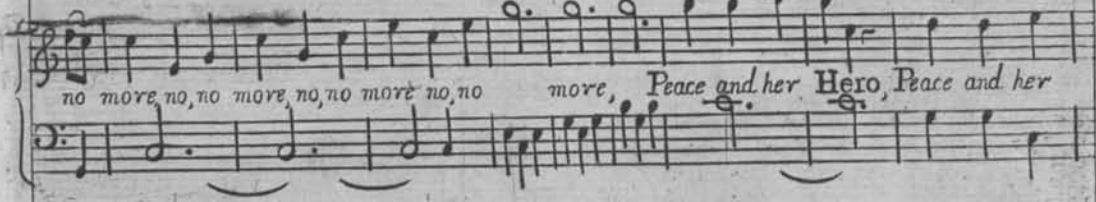
Bequeathing Blessings on our Isle, the tedious Minutes to beguile till Conquest, till Conquest,



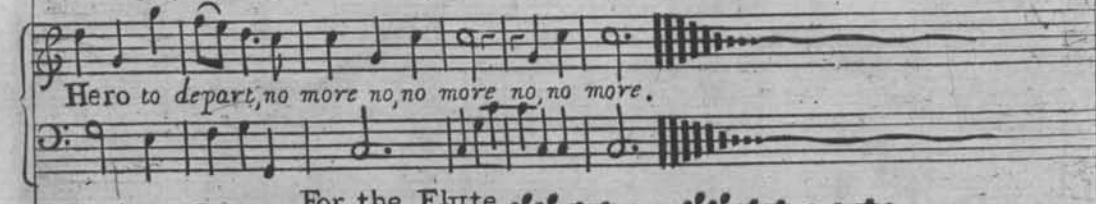
till Conquest to Maria's Arms re store, Peace and her Hero, Peace and her Hero to depart,



no more, no, no more, no, no more, no, no more, Peace and her Hero, Peace and her



Hero to depart, no more no, no more no, no more.



For the Flute.



Dear pretty youth A SONG in the ⁽⁵⁾ TEMPEST Set by M^r. H. Purcell.

Dear, Dear, pretty pretty, pretty youth, Dear pretty, pretty, pretty youth
Unvail, unveil those eyes, unveil, unveil those eyes. 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 could, methinks I could, I could from sleep be
free: methinks I could, methinks I could from sleep, I could from sleep be free.
very slow *Quiet*
Alas! A last my Dear, your 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 arme, and I in each arme, 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.

From Rosie Bowrs A SONG Set by M^r. Henry Purcell.

From Rosie Bowrs where sleeps the God of Love hither, hither ye little waiting Cupid

fly fly - - - - - fly - - - - - hither ye lit - - - - - tle waiting Cu - - - - - pids fly, teach me, teach me in

soft Me - - - - - lodious Songs, to move with ten - - - - - der, ten - - - - - der Passion my Heart's, my hearts dar - - - - - ling Joy

ah! let the Soul of Musick: Tune my Voice to Win dear Strephon, ah! ah! let the Soul of Musick tune my

Voice to Win dear Strephon, dear, dear, dear Strephon, who my Soul en - - - - - joy.

or if more in flu - - - - - encing is to be brisk and Ai ry with a Step and a Bound and a Frisk from the

Ground I will Triplike a - - - - - ny Fairy, As once on I - - - - - da Dancing we were three Ce - - - - - lestial Bodies, with an Air, an

Face and a Shape and a Grace let my Charm like Beauty's Goddess, with an Air, and a Face, and a

Shape, and a Grace let me Charm like Beautys Goddess. Ah ah tis in vain tis all tis all,

all in Vain Death and De-spair must end the Fa-tal pain cold Despair cold cold De-spair dis-

gais'd like Snow and Rain falls, falls, falls on my Breast, Bleak Winds in Tempest Blow in Tempest

Blow in my Veins all Shiver, and my Fingers Glow my Pulse beats a Dead, Dead March, my

Pulse beats a Dead, Dead March for lost repose and too so-lid lump of Ice my poor, poor fond Heart is froze.

Or say ye Pow'r say say ye Pow'r my Race to Crown shall I

shall I shall I Throw my self for drown shall I shall I shall I Throw my self for drown a mongst the

foaming Billows in-creasing, all with Tears I shed on Beds of Ooze and Chrystal Pillows lay down,

down, down lay down down my Love-sick Head say, say ye Pow'r, say say ye Pow'r my

Peace to Crown, shall I, shall I, shall I Than my self or drown, shall I, shall I, shall I

Than my self or drown. No, no, no, no, no I'll straight run Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad,

Mad that soon, that soon my Heart will warm, when once the Sense is fled, is fled Love,

Love has no pow'r, no, no, no, no, no pow'r to Charm, Love has no pow'r, no, no, no,

no, Love has no pow'r, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no pow'r to Charm. Wild thro the

Wood, I'll fl - - - - - Wil - d thro the Woods I'll fl - - - - -

Robes, Looks shall thus, thus, thus, thus be tore a Thousand, thousand deaths I'll

dye a thousand thousand deaths I'll dye ere thus, thus in vain, ere thus, thus in

vain, thus in vain a - dars

From Rosie Bow's For the FLUTE

This image shows a page of handwritten musical notation for a flute piece. The score is arranged in 18 horizontal staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as treble clefs, time signatures (including 2/4 and 3/4), notes, rests, and dynamic markings like asterisks (*). The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The paper shows signs of age, with some staining and wear at the bottom edge.

(10)
A SONG Set by M^r Henry Purcell

Y swift ye Hours, flie swift ye Hours, make hast make hast fly - make hast. make hast fl - y fl - y swift - I than
la - zy la - zy Sun, make hast. make hast, make hast, and drive the te - dious Minutes on.
the te - dious Minutes on. on Bring back my Bel - vide - ra, my Bel - vide - ra
to my sight, bring back my Bel - vi - de - ra, my Bel - vi - de - ra to my sight,
my Bel - vi - de - ra then thy self, more bright, make hast, make hast, make hast bring
back my Bel - vi - de - ra, my Bel - vi - de - ra to - - - my sight. swifter y
Time, my ea - ger Wi - shes mo - - - ve, swifter than Time, my ea - ger Wi - shes
mo - - - ve, my ea - - - ger Wi - shes move, &
scorn the beaten Paths, and scorn the beaten Paths of Vulgar love, & scorn y^e beaten

Pains, and scorn the beaten Pa - - - - - ths of Vulgar Love, and scorn the beaten pa - - -
 - - - - - ths of Vul - gar Lo - - - - - ve, Soft Peace is banish'd from my tor - - - - - tur'd
 Breast, Soft Peace Soft Peace is banish'd from my tor - - - - - tur'd Breast, Love robs my Days of
 Ease Love robs my Days of Ease my Nights of Rest Love robs my Days of Ease Love
 robs my Days of Ease my Nights, my Nigh - - - - - ts of rest, Yet tho her cru - el Scorn,
 provokes De - spair, yet tho her cru - el Scorn, her cru - el Scorn provokes De - spair, my
 Passion still is strong, my Passion still is stro - - - - - ng, my Passion still is stro - - - - - ng, as
 she is Fair, Still mist I Love, still blefs the plea - - - - - sing Pain, still court
 my Ruine, still still court my Ruine and em - brace my Chain, still court my Ruine,
 still, still court my Ruine, and em - brace my Chain.

for the
FLUTE

A handwritten musical score for flute, consisting of 15 staves. The notation is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The score begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first staff contains the text "for the FLUTE" and the beginning of the melody. The second staff continues the melody with various ornaments (asterisks) above notes. The third staff features a first ending bracket labeled "1" and a second ending bracket labeled "2". The fourth staff continues the melody with more ornaments. The fifth staff shows a change in the melodic line. The sixth staff continues with ornaments. The seventh staff shows a change in the melodic line. The eighth staff continues with ornaments. The ninth staff shows a change in the melodic line. The tenth staff continues with ornaments. The eleventh staff shows a change in the melodic line. The twelfth staff continues with ornaments. The thirteenth staff shows a change in the melodic line. The fourteenth staff continues with ornaments. The fifteenth staff shows a change in the melodic line and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Tom a Bedlam⁽¹³⁾

Forth from my dark and Dismall Cell, or from the Dark a byss of Hell, mad Tom is come to view the
 World a gain, to see if he can cure his distemperd brain, fears and cares oppress my Soul, hark how the
 angry Furies howl, Pluto laughs and Proserpine is glad to see poor angry Tom of Bedlam Mad,
 Through the world I wander Night and Day, to find my stragling Sences in an angry mood I
 met old Time, with his Pentateuch of Tenses, when me he spies a way he flies, for Time will stay for
 no Man, in vain with cryes I rend the Skies, for pity is not common, Cold and comfortless I be,
 help, help, oh help or else I dye, Hark I hear Apollos Team, the Carman gins to whistle, chafte Diana
 bends her bow, and the Boar begins to bridle, come Vulcan with tools and with tackles, to knock of my trouble some
 Shackles, bid Charles make ready his Wain, to bring me my Sences a gain.

Last night I heard the Dog Star bark,
 Mars met Venus in the dark,
 Lymping Vulcan heat an Iron bar,
 And furiously made at the great God of Warr,
 Mars with his weapon laid a bout,
 Lymping Vulcan had got the Gout,
 His broad Horns did hang so in his light,
 That he cou'd not see to aim his blows aright,
 Mercury the nimble Post of Heaven,
 Stood still to see the quarrel,
 Correl beltyd Bacchus Giant like,
 Bestrid a Strong beer barrel,
 To me he drank I did him thank,

But I could drink no Sider,
 He drnk whole Buts till he burst his guts,
 But mine was ne'er the wider,
 Poor Tom is very dry,
 A little drink for Charity,
 Hark I hear Acteon's hounds,
 The Hunts man whoops and hollows,
 Ringwood Rockwood Iowler Bowman,
 All the Chunce doth follow,
 The man in the Moon drinks Clarret,
 Eats powder'd Beef Turnep and Carret,
 But a Cup of Malago Sack,
 Will fire the Bush att his Back,

For the Flute

Bess of Bedlam Set by ⁽¹⁴⁾ M^r Henry Purcell

From silent Shades and the Elizium Groves, where sad departed Spirits mourn, their Loves from Chrystall
 streams, and from that Country where Jove Crowns y^e Feilds with Flowers, all y^e year, poor Senceless Bess cloath'd
 in her Rags, and folly is come to cure her Lovesick Melancholly, Bright Cinthia kept her Revels late while Mab y^e Fairy
 Queen did Dance, and Oberon did sit in State when Mars at Venus ran his Lance, in yonder Constelip lies my Dear en
 tomb'd, in liquid Genoms of Dew, each day I'll water it with a Tear, its fading Blossom to re new, For since my
 Love is dead and all my Joys are gone poor Bess for his sake a Garland will make, my Musick shall be a Groan,
 I'll lay me down and dye within some hollow Tree, y^e Raven and Cat, the Owle and Bat, shall war - ble forth
 my Ele - gy, did you not see my Love as he past by you, his two flaming Eyes if he come nigh you, they will scorch up your
 Hearts, Ladies beware ye lest he should dart a glance that may ensnare ye, Hark, hark! Hear old Charon bawl, his

Boat he will no longer stay the furies lash their Whips and call, come, come a way come, come away poor Bess will return to the place

whence she came, since the world is so mad, she can hope for no cure for loves growne Bubble, a shadow a name which fools do ad

— mire & wise men endure, cold & Hungry am I growne, Am brostia will I feed upon drink Nectar still and Sing, who is content doe

all sorrow prevent & Bess in her Strav whilst free from y^e law in her thoughts is as great, great as a King.

For the Flute

A SONG with a Trumpet in Don Quixot, Set by M^r Henry Purcell.

The Trumpet Sounds the first Strains before the Song begins

Genius of England from thy pleasant Bow'r of bliss Arise and Sprea

- d thy Sacred Wings, Guard guard from Enes the Brittish State thou on whose Smile does

wait th'uncertain happy Fate of Monarches and Kings.

Then follow brave Boys, then follow brave Boys to the Wars, follow follow

follow, follow follow follow, follow follow follow brave Boys to the Wa

follow follow follow brave Boys to y

Wa... rs the Laurel y^e know is the prize, the

Laurel you know is the prize, who brings home if noblest if no blest, the

no... blest Scars look's fi... nest in Celi's Eyes, ... ke off it Slothfull ease, ... let Glory let Glory let Glory inspi... re your Hearts, ... remember a Soldier in war & in Peace, ... remember a Soldier in war in war & in Peace, is the ... blest of all other Arts, ... remember a Soldier in war & in Peace, ... remember a Soldier in war in war & in Peace, is the no... blest of all other Arts.

A SONG in the Play call'd Oranzebe Set to Musick by M^r Hen^r Purcell,
Sung by M^{rs} Alyff.

I see, I see she flyes me, she flyes me, I see, I see she flyes me,

she flyes me, flyes - - - me, she flyes me every where, she flyes me

ev'ry where, her eyes, her eyes her scorn, her scorn discover, but what's her scorn, but

what's her scorn or my dispair, since tis my fate, tis, tis my fate, since tis, tis my fate,

since tis my fate to love her, since tis my fate to love her, Were she but

kind, kind, were she but kind, kind whom I - - a dove, I might live long - - -

er but not love her more were she but kind kind were she
 but kind kind whom I a dove I might live long er live long
 er but not love her more

for the
FLUTE

A SONG Set by ⁽²⁰⁾ M^r Henry Purcell.

IF Musick, *f* Musick be the foo- - - d of Love, sing on sing on!

sing on sing on! sing, si- - - ng on till I am fill'd with Jo-

-y, till I am fill'd with Joy for then my listning soul you mo-

ve for then my listning soul you mo- - - ven you move to plea-

-sures that can never, never cloy, your Eyes, your Mean, your Tongue declare, that

you are Mu- - - sick evry where, your Eyes your Mean, your

Tongue declare, that you are Mu- - - sick evry where,

Pleasures invade both Eye and Ear, pleasures invade both Eye and Ear so fier-

-ce so fier- - - ce the transports are they poun- - - d so fier - - - ce if

transports are they wound, and all my Senses feasted are, and all my Senses feasted are, tho' yet y

Treat is only sound, tho' yet the Treat is only sound, sound, sound, sound, sound,

sound, is on ly sound, sure I must perish, I must, I must perish by your Charms,

unless you sa - - - - - ve me, in your Armes.

for the FLUTE

A SONG in the Fools Preferment⁽²²⁾ Set by M^r Henry Purcell.

I'll sail upon the Dog-star, I'll sail upon the Dog-star, and
 then pursue the Morning, and then pursue and then pursue the Morning, & I'll chase y^e moon, till
 it be noon, I'll chase the Moon, till it be Noon, but I'll make, I'll make her leave her Horning, I'll
 climb the Frosty Mountains, I'll climb the Frosty Mountains, and there I'll Coyn the Weather. I'll
 tear the Rainbow from the sky, I'll tear the Rain-bow from the sky, and tye, and tye both
 ends together. The stars pluck from their Orbs too, the stars pluck from their Orbs too, &
 crowd them in my Budget, And whether I'm a Roar - - - ing boy,
 a Roar - - - ing Boy, let all, let all the Nation Judge it.

for the
FLUTE

A SONG Set by M^r Henry Purcell.

I Look'd, I Look'd and saw within the Book of Fate, where many Days did low'r, w^h

lo. when lo one happy, happy Hour leapt up leapt up and smild. leapt up and smi---

-ld. to save thy sin- - - - king state. A Day shall come when in thy pow'r thy

cruell foes shall be, a Day shall come when in thy pow'r thy cruell foes shall be, then shall the

Land be free, and thou in Peace and thou in Pea- - - - ce shalt Reign but take, Oh, S: - - -

oh - - - take that opportunity, which once refus'd, will never, never, never come again will

never, never, never, never, never, never never come again. 76 43 1 2

for the FLUTE

Let the Dreadfull Engines A SONG ⁽²⁴⁾ Set by M^r. Henry Purcell.

LET the dreadfull Engines of eternall will, the Thun- der Ro- ar &
crook- ed Lightning kill, my rage is hot, is hot, is hot- as theirs, as fa- tall to, and
dares as horrid and dares as horrid horrid ex- ecution do, Or let the Frozen North its ran-
cour, Show, within my Breast far, far grea- ter Tempests grow, Dis- pair's more
cold, more co- ld than a- ll the winds can blow; Can nothing can nothing warm me, can
nothing can nothing warm me, yes, yes, yes, yes Lucindas eyes, yes, yes, yes, yes yes yes Lucindas
eyes, yes, yes, yes, yes yes Lucindas eyes there there, there there there E- terna, there there, there there Vesuvio
Lies to furnish Hell with flames, that mount- ing mounting reach the Skyes, can
nothing can no thing warm me can nothing can nothing warm me, yes, yes, yes, yes Lucindas eyes, yes, yes,
yes, yes, yes Lucindas eyes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes Lucindas eyes, Yes pour I did but use her name,
and see how all, and see how all meteors flame blew lightning flashes round the Court of Sol, and now the Globe more fiercely

burns then once at Phaestons fall, ah ah

where where are now, where are now, where are now those Flow-ry Groves, where Zephirs fragrant winds did play,

ah where are now, where are now, where are now those Flow-ry Groves, where Zephirs fragrant winds did play, where

guarded by a troop of Loves the fair the fair Lucinda sleeping lay, there Sing the Nightingall, and Lark, around us all was

sweet and gay, we ne regrew sad till it grew dark, nor nothing fear'd but Shortning day, I glow I glow I glow but

tis with hate, Why must I burn, why must I burn, why, why must I burn for this ingrate, why, why must I burn for this ingrate,

Cool, cool is then, cool is then, and rails since nothing nothing will prevaile, when a woman Love pretends tis but

till she gains her ends and for better and for worse is for marrow of the purse where she Filts you ore and ore proves a Slattern

or a Whore this hour will tieze will tieze and vex will tieze will tieze & vex and will Cuckold you the next, they were all contriv'd in

Spright to torment us not delight, but to Scold to Scold, to Scratch and bite and not one of them proves right but all all are witches

by this light, And Job I fairly bid em and the world good night good night good night good night good night good night.

Oh lead me. A SONG in BONDUCA⁽²⁶⁾ Set by M^r. Henry Purcell.

Oh lead me, lead me to some peace-full Gloom, where none but
Sigh-ing none but sighing, sighing Lovers come; where the shrill, the shrill Trumpets never
Sound; never, never sound, but one eternal hush, one eter-nal hush goes round.
There let me sooth my pleasing pain, there let me sooth my pleasing pain, and
never, never think of War never, never think of War, never, never think of War, never, never,
never, never, never, never think of War again; What glo-ry, what glo-ry, what glo-ry can
can a Lover have, to conquer, to conquer, yet be still a slave, what glo-ry, what glo-ry
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.

Sound Fame, A SONG in Dioclesian, ⁽²⁷⁾ Set by M^r Henry Purcell.
within the Compass of the Flute.

Sound Fame, thy Brazen Trumpet Sound, Sound, - - - -

Sound, - - - - Sound, - - - - thy Brazen Trumpet Sound,

Stand, Stand in the centre stand, in the centre of the Universe, and call and

call - - - y^e listning World a round, While we in joy - -

- - - - full Notes rehearse, in artfull Numbers

in artfull Numbers and well cho - - - sen verse. Great Dioclesian.

Great - - - - Di - o - clesians Glory,

Great Dioclesian, Great - - - - Di - o - clesians Glory,

Great - - - - Di - o - clesian Glory.

The Conjurers SONG or the Croaking of a Toad Set by M^r. Henry Purcell.
 Within the Compas of a Flute

YOU twice ten hundred Deities, to whom to whom, we daily Sacrifices. Ye powers, ye
 powers that dwell with Fates below, and see what men are doom'd to doe, where Elements in
 dis- cord dwell, thou God of sleep a-ri- se & tell, tell great Zempoallya
 strange strange Fate must on her dis- mal dis- mal Vision wait.
 By the croaking of the Toad, in their Caves that make a bo- de by a Croaking of
 Toad in their Caves that make a bo- de Earthy Dun, Earthy Dun y pa
 nts for breath, with her swe- ll'd sides full, full, full of
 death: by a Crested Aders Pride, by a Crested Aders Pride, that a long the Cliffs doe

gli- de by thy Visage, by thy Visage, feir- ce and
 black, by thy Deaths Head on thy back, by thy twif-
 ted Serpents plac'd for a girdle rou- nd thy Waist, thy if Hearts of
 Gold that deck, thy Breast, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck; from thy
 sleep- ing Mansion rise, and open, and open, thy un- will- ing Eyes,
 While bubbling Springs their Musick keep while bubbling Springs their
 Musick keep, that use to Lull thee, use to Lull thee, Lull thee in thy sleep,
 that use to Lull thee, Iull thee, Iull thee,
 use to Lull thee, Lull thee in thy sleep.

A two part SONG Set by ⁽³⁰⁾M^r Henry Purcell.

And in each track of Glo... ry, Since, and in each track of Glo...
And in each track of Glo... ry, Since, of Glo...

ry, since, for their lov'd Country, or their Prince.
ry, since, for their lov'd Country, or their Prince.

Princes that hate, that hate Romes Tyranny, and joyn the Nations right, with their own Royalty, none were
Prines that hate, that hate Romes Tyranny, and joyn the Nations right, with their own Royalty,

more ready, none were more ready, none, none, none, none, none were more ready, in distress to
none, none, none, none, none were more, none were more ready, none were more ready, in distress to

save, no none were more Loyal, none, were more Loyal, none, none more Brave.
save, none were more Loyal, none, were more Loyal, none, none more Brave.

For the Flute

(31)
A two part SONG between Cupid & Bacchus in Timon of Athens
Set by M^r Henry Purcell

Come let us agree, come let us agree, come let us agree, come, come, come, come, come, come

Come let us agree, come let us agree, come let us agree, come, come, come, come,

come, come, come let us agree; come, come, come, come, come, come, come let us agree;

come, come, come let us agree; come, come, come, come, come, come, come let us agree;

There are pleasures divine, there are pleasures divine, in Love and in

Wine, in Love and in Wine, there are pleasures divine, in Wine and in Love, in

Wine, & in Love there are pleasures are pleasures divine, in Wine and in Love, in

Love and in Wine, in Wine and in Love, in Love and in Wine,

Love and in Wine, in Wine and in Love, in Love and in Wine,

Love and in Wine, in Wine and in Love, in Love and in Wine,

A Song for 2 Voices set to Musik by Mr H. Purcell.

Come, come, come, come, let us leave let us, let us leave the Town; Come, come, come, come, Come
 Come, come, come, come, let us leave, let us leave the Town; Come, come, come, come
 come, come, come, let us leave let us, let us, let us, leave the Town; And in some lonely place where Crowds &
 Come, come, come, come, let us leave let us, let us leave of Town, and in some lonely place where
 Noise, where crowds and noise, where never, never, never, never known to so... live to
 Crowds where crowds & Noise were never, never, never, never known to so... live to
 spend our days. In pleasant, pleasant, shades... in pleasant, pleasant, shades, upon the
 spend our days. In pleasant, pleasant, pleasant, in pleasant, pleasant, pleasant shades upon the
 Griefs at night our selves we'll lay, our days in harmless sports shall pass, our days in harmless
 Griefs at night our selves we'll lay, our days in harmless sports shall pass our
 sports, in harmless sports shall pass; thus Time shall slide away
 days in harmless sports shall pass; thus Time shall slide away do a way

A SONG for two Voices Set by ⁽³³⁾M. Henry Purcell.

Dulcibella, Dulcibella when e'er I Sue for a kiss, Dulcibella, Dulcibella when
 Dulcibella, Dulcibella, Dul ci - -
 e'er I Sue for a kiss, refusing the bliss, crys no, no, no, no crys no, no, no, no,
 -bella when e'er I Sue for a kiss, refusing the bliss, crys no, no, no, no, crys no, no, no,
 leave me, leave me, leave me Alexis, ah what wou'd you do, ah what wou'd you
 no leave me, leave me Alexis, ah what wou'd you do, what wou'd you, ah
 ah what wou'd you, what wou'd you do, when I
 what wou'd you, what wou'd you, what wou'd you do, when I tell her Ill go, Still She
 tell her Ill go, still she crys no, no, no my Alexis, no, no my Alexis, ah tell me not
 crys no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no my Alexis, no, no my Alexis, ah tell me not
 tell me not so, ah, ah, ah tell me not tell me not so.
 tell me not so, ah, ah, ah tell me not so, ah tell me not so.

Tell me fair one, tell me faire one, tell me why, why so coming, why, why, why so coming, why so

Tell me fair one, tell me faire one, tell me why, why, why, why so coming, why, why, why so

coming, why so Shy, why so kind, so kind, so kind and why, and why so coy, tell me

coming, why, why, why so Shy, why so kind, so kind, so kind & why so coy, and why so coy, tell me

fair one, tell me fair one, tell me, tell me why you'l neither let me fig - .. - .. - ..

fair one, tell me fair one, tell me, tell me why you'l neither let me fig - .. - .. - ..

... ht nor fly, tell me fair one, tell me fair one,

... ht nor fly, tell me fair one, tell me fair one,

tell me why, you'l neither let me li - .. - .. - ..

tell me why, you'l neither let me li - .. - .. - .. - ve, you'l

... ve, you'l neither let me li - .. - .. - .. - ve, nor Dye.

neither let me li - .. - .. - .. - ve, nor Dye.

Fair Cloe A SONG ⁽³⁵⁾ sett by M^r. Henry Purcell.

Fair Cloe my breast so-A larms from her pow'r I no refuge can
 Fair Cloe my breast so a larms from her pow'r from her pow'r I no refuge can

find if a nother I take to my Arms yet my Cloe yet my Cloe is then in my mind
 find if a nother I take to my arms yet my Cloe is then in my mind

unblest with the Joy still a pleasure I want still a pleasure I want which none but
 unblest with the Joy still a pleasure I want which none but

my Cloe my Cloe can grant let Cloe but Smile I grow ga ...
 my Cloe my Cloe can grant let Cloe but Smile I grow ga ...

...y and I feel my heart Spring with delight on Cloe I coud gaze all the
 ...y and I feel my heart Spring with delight on Cloe I coud gaze all the

day all all the day all all all all the day all all the day on Cloe I coud gaze all the
 day all all y day all all all all the day all all y day on Cloe I coud gaze all the

day and Cloe do wish for and Cloe do wish for and Cloe do wish for each
 day and Cloe do wish for and Cloe do wish for and Cloe do wish for each

Night oh oh did Cloe oh oh did
 Night oh oh did Cloe oh oh did

Cloe but know how I love and the pleasure of loving a gain my
 Cloe but know how I love and the pleasure of loving a gain my passion her

passion her favours woud move ... my passion her favour woud move
 favours woud move ... my passion her favour woud move

& in prudence She'd pity my pain good Nature and Intrest shou'd
 & in prudence She'd pity my pain good Nature and Intrest shou'd

both make her kind for the Joy she might give and the Joy she might find
 both make her kind for the Joy she might give and the Joy she might find

A two Part SONG Set by ⁽³⁷⁾ M^r Henry Purcell.

LET Hector A-chil-les, and each brave Com-mander, let Hector A-chil-les, and
 2 76 Let Hector A-chil-les, & each brave Com-
 each brave Commander with Cæsar and Pompey, with Cæsar and Pompey, and great, great
 -mander, and each brave Commander, wth Cæsar and Pompey, with Cæsar and Pompey, & great
 and great Alex-ander, all Nations and Kingdoms all Nations and Kingdoms with Conquest
 and great Alex-an-der, all Nations and Kingdoms all Nations and Kingdoms
 sub-due, with Conquest, with Conquest sub-due, yet more then all this, more more
 with Conquest sub-due, with Conquest, with Conquest sub-due, yet more then all this, yet
 more, yet more then all this, yet more then all this bright Cælia can do, For one single glance from her
 more then all this, yet more then all this more, more, bright Cælia can do, For one single glance from her
 conquering Eyes, will take em all Captive by way of Sur-pris, the Trophies & Crowns of their powerfull arms are
 conquering Eyes, will take em all Captive by way of Sur-pris, the Trophies & Crowns of their powerfull arms are

sacrific'd all to Cæli's bright Charms in Chains and in Tri-umph in Chains & in Tri-
 sacrific'd all to Cæli's bright Charms in Chains & in Tri-umph

- - - umph she carries them all and if she but from then down then down they all fall down they fall down they
 - - - umph she carries them all and if she but from then down then down they all fall down they fall down they

fall down - - - n down down they all fall in Chains and in Tri-umph
 ll down they fall down they fall down then down they all fall in Chains & in Tri-umph

- - - umph she carries them all and if she but from then down they all fall down they fall down they
 - - - umph she carries them all and if she but from then down they all fall down they fall down they

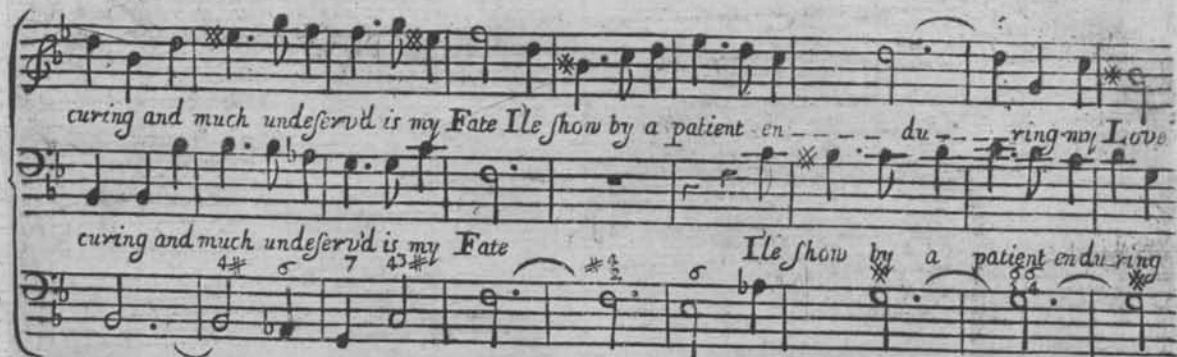
fa - - ll down - - n down down they all fall down down down down down down they all fall
 ll down they fall down they all fall down they down they all fall down down down - - n they all fall

A two part SONG Set by M^r Henry Purcell.

LOST is my Qui-et for e-ver. Lost is my Qui-et for e-ver. Lost for e-ver, for e-ver, lost. Lost is my Qui-et for ever, ever. Lost is Life's hap-pi-est part, lost, all, all my ten-der Endeavours, to touch an in-sen-si-ble Heart, But tho my De-spair, is past curing, but tho my De-spair my De-spair is past curing but tho my De-spair is past curing

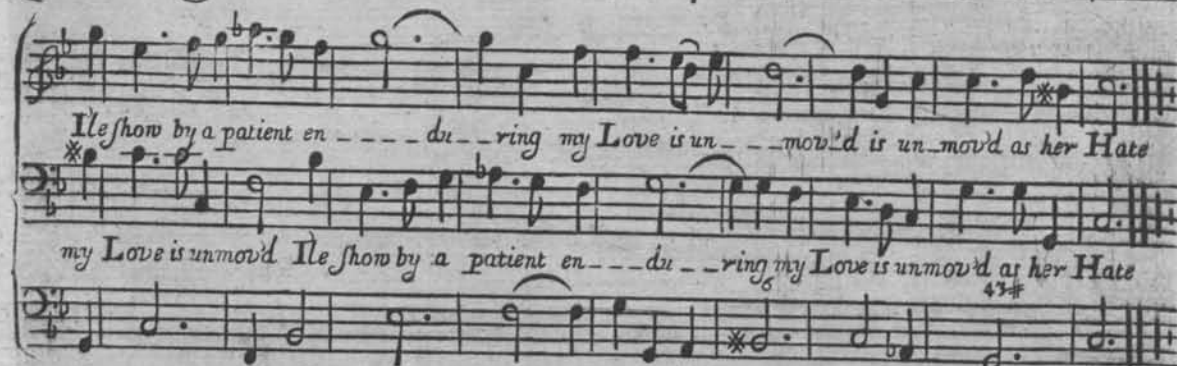
curing and much undeserv'd is my Fate Ile show by a patient en- - - du- - - ring my Love

curing and much undeserv'd is my Fate Ile show by a patient en du ring

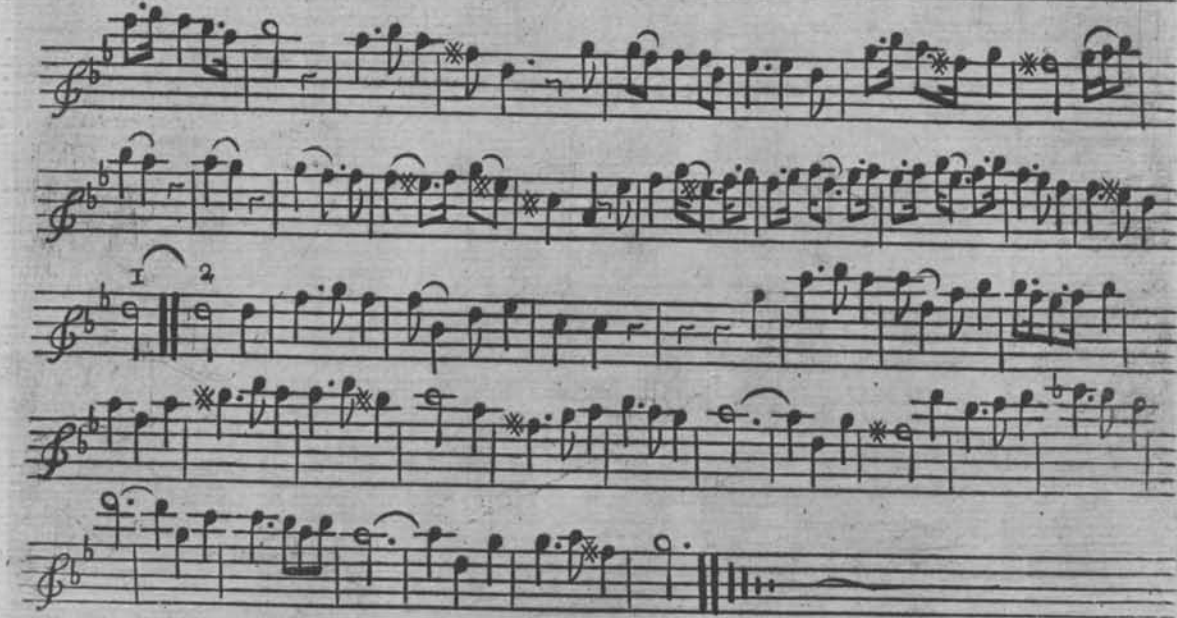


Ile show by a patient en- - - du- - - ring my Love is un- - - mov'd is un- mov'd as her Hate

my Love is unmov'd Ile show by a patient en- - - du- - - ring my Love is unmov'd as her Hate



for the
FLUTE



A two part SONG in King Arthur Set by M^r Hen: Purcell

Sound a Parly ye Fair and Surrender, sound, sound, ::||: a Parly ye Fa

Sound, sound, sound, sound, a Parly ye Fair and Surrender, Sound a Parly ye Fair, sound a

ir a Parly ye Fair & Surrender, set your selves & your Lovers at ease He's a

Par - - - ly ye Fair & Surrender, set your selves & your Lovers at ease He's a greatfull a

greatfull a greatfull offender who plea - - - sure dare seize but y^e whineing pre

greatfull offender who pleasure who plea - - - sure dare seize but the

-tender the whineing pretender is sure to displease Sound a Parly ye Fair and Surrender

whineing y^e whineing pretender is sure to displease Sound, sound, sound, sound, a Parly ye

sound, sound, ::||: a Parly ye Fair sou - - - nd a Parly ye Fair & Surrender Since y^e

Fair & Surrender sound a Parly ye Fair Sound a Par - - - ly ye Fair & Surrender Since y^e

fruit of desire is possessing tis unmanly to Sigh tis unmanly to Sigh & complain when we kneel for re -

fruit of desire is possessing tis unmanly to Sigh tis unmanly to Sigh & complain when we

=dressing w̄ we kneel for redressing we mo - - - ve your disdain Love was
 kneel for redressing w̄ we kneel for redressing we mo - - - ve your disdain

made for a Blessing a Blessing Love was made Love was made for a Bles-
 Love was made love was made love was made for a Blessing Love was made for a

- sing and not for a pain Love was made for a Bles-
 Blessing was made for a Blessing and not for a pain Love was made for a

- sing and not for a Pain
 Blessing was made for a Blessing and not for a Pain

For the FLUTE

This section contains six staves of music for the flute. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The music is characterized by a steady eighth-note rhythm with various melodic ornaments and trills. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Sing all ye Muses A SONG Set by ⁽⁴⁸⁾ M^r Hen^r Purcell, The Words by M^r Durefy.

Sing, Sing... all ye Muses, Sing... sing, sing, your Lutes strike, strike,

Sing, Sing... all ye Muses, sing, your Lutes strike,

Strike a round... your Lutes strike a round,

Strike strike a round... your Lutes strike a round.

When a Soldier's the story, when a Soldier's the story what Tongue can want sound, when a Soldier's the

When a Soldier's the story, when a Soldier's the story what Tongue can want sound, when a Soldier's the

Story what Tongue can want sound, who Danger disdains, who Danger disdains, wounds, wounds

Story what Tongue can want sound, who Danger disdains, who Danger disdains, wounds

Brushes and Pains, when the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains, Rich Profit comes easy, comes easy in

Brushes and Pains, when the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains, Rich Profit comes easy, comes easy in

Cities of Store, but the Gold is earned hard, where the Cannons do Roar, but the

Cities of Store, but the Gold is earned hard, where the Cannons do

Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons do Roar, Yet see how they run, how they run, how they run, how they

Ro 4 3 6 4 7 6 4 3 do Roar, Yet see how they run, how they

run at the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming a Town, thro' Blood, and thro'

run at the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming, the Storming a Town, thro' Blood, and thro'

Fire to take the Half Moon, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon, they Sea ...

Fire to take the Half Moon, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to take the Half Moon,

... le the high Wall, they Sea ... le the high Wall whence they see

they Sea ... le the high Wall, the high Wall whence they see

others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see others fall, their Hearts precious

others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they see others fall, their Hearts precious

Darling, bright Glo ... ry, bright Glo ... ry pur - suing, tho

Darling, bright Glo ... ry, bright Glo ... ry pur - suing, tho

Slow

(45)

Deaths un-der Foot, and the Mine is just blowing, It springs, it springs,

Deaths under Foot, and the Mine is just blowing, Up they

it springs, it springs up they Fl --- y they Fl --- y yet
Fl --- y it springs, it springs, s 6 it springs, it springs 6 up they Fl

more, more, more, more, more, yet more will sup-ply, as Bridegrooms to Marry they
y yet more, more, more, yet more will sup-ply as Bridegrooms to Marry they

haf ten to Dye, they hasten to die, till Fate claps, claps, claps her
haf ten, they hasten to die, till Fate claps, claps, claps her

Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings of the Breach being
Wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her Wings, and the glad Tydings brings of the Breach being

Enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings, then happy's She whose
Enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings,

Face can win, then hap-py's She whose Face can win, can win a Soldier's Grace, they Range a
 happy's She, then hap-py's She whose Face can win, can win, a Soldier's Grace, they Range a

bout in State, they Range about in State like Gods, like Gods dis-posing Fate no Luxury, in
 bout in State, they Range about in State like Gods, like Gods dis-posing Fate on Luxury, in

Peace nor Pleasure in ex-cess can par tal let the Joys can par tal let the
 Peace nor Pleasure in ex-cess can par tal let the Joys can par tal let the

Joys the Mar-tial Martiall He-ro Crown when flash'd with Ra-
 Joys the Mar-tial He-ro Crown when flash'd with

ge and forc'd by want forc'd by want he Stor
 Ra-ge and forc'd by want he Stor- ms he

ms he Stor ms a wealthy Town
 Stor ms a wealthy Town

To Arms and Britains strike home, two SONGS in Bonduca.
 Set by M^r Henry Purcell. Within the Compass of the FLUTE

To Arms, to arms, to arms, to arms to arms, to arms, to arms, to

To arms, to arms, to arms, to arms to arms to

arms to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms to arms to

arms, to arms, to arms, to arms to arms to arms, to arms, to arms, to

arms to arms to arms, to arms to arms your Ensigns

arms to arms, to arms, to arms to arms your Ensigns

Straight display now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now set the

Straight display now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now set the

Battle in array. The Oracle for Warr de clares, for

Battle in array. The Oracle for Warr de clares, for

warr de-- clares, Success depends, Suc-- cess depends up--

warr de-- clares, Success depends, Suc-- cess depends up--

- on our hearts and Spears. The Oracle for Warr de-

- on our hearts and Spears. The Oracle for Warr de-

- clares for Warr declares Suc- cess depends, Suc-

- clares for Warr declares Suc- cess depends, Suc-

- cess depends up- on our hearts and Spears.

- cess depends up- on our hearts and Spears.

A Verse in Bonduca. Britains strike home.

Britains strike home. Re-venge, re-venge your Countrys wrongs,

Fight, fight and re-cord, fight, fight and re-cord your selves in

Druids Songs, fight, fight and re-cord, fight, fight and re-

-cord re-cord your selves in Druids Songs.

A SONG for two Voices Set by ⁽⁴⁹⁾ M^r Henry Purcell.

When Myra Sing - ... s, when Myra Sing - ...
 When Myra Sing - ... s, when Myra Sing - ...

... s, we Seek th'inchant - ... - ing Sound, th'inchant - ... - ing
 ... s, we Seek th'inchant - ing Sound, th'inchant - ... - ing

Sound, and Bless y^e Notes, & bless y^e Notes, that do so sweetly, so sweetly, so sweetly wound, what Mu -
 Sound, and Bless y^e Notes, & bless y^e Notes, y^e do so sweetly, so sweetly, so sweetly wound,

... sick, what Mu - - - sick needs must dwell up on that Tongue, whose speech is Tune full,
 what Mu - - - sick needs must dwell up on that Tongue, whose speech is

whose speech is Tune full, is tune - - - full as another Song. Such Harmony, such
 Tune full, whose speech is tune - - - full as another Song. Such Harmony

Wit such Harmony, such wit, such wit a Face so Fair, so many, so many pointed Arrows, who,
 such wit, such Harmony, such wit a Face so Fair, so many, so many pointed Arrows, who,

Who can bear, the Slave that from her wit, or Beauty flies, if she
 Who can bear, the Slave that from her wit, or Beauty flies, if she but reach him, but reach
 but reach him, but reach him with her Voice, if She but reach him with her voice, he
 him with her voice, if she but reach him with her voice, he dies, he dies, he
 dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he Dies.
 dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he dies, he Dies.

For the Flute

The Mad Dialogue Sung by M^r Leveridge and M^{rs} Lynsey Sett by M^r Purcell.

He

Behold, behold the Man that with Gigan... tick Might dares, dares, dares Combat

Heav'n again sto... rm, Joves bright Falace put the Gods to flig... ht,

987

Chaos renew and make perpe... tu al Night, Come on, come on, come

on come on ye Fighting, Fighting fools, come on, come on, come on, come on ye Fighting, Fighting fools, that

petty, petty Jars maintain, that petty, petty Jars maintain, I've all, all the Wars of Europe, all the

Wars of Europe in my Brain, I've all, all, all the Wars of Europe in my Brain,

She

Whos he that talks of War, when charming, charming Beau-ty comes in, whos sweet, sweet,

sweet Face di-vinely fair, e-ter-nal plea... sure, e-ter-nal plea...

sure, e-ter-nal plea... sure, comes, when I ap-

pear, the Martial, Martial God a Conqerd Victim lyes, obeys each glance, each anfull nod, and dreads the

Light ning of my killing Eyes, more, more than the fiercest, the fiercest, the fiercest thun

der in the Skies, Ha, ha, now, now, now, now we mount up high, now, now

we mount up high, the Sun's bright God and I, Charge, Charge, Charge on the Azure, Charge on the

Azure dawns of ample Sky, See see see see see see see see see see see see see see see see see see, how thimmortall

Spirits ru n. See see see see see see see see see see see see see see see see see, how thimmortall, spirits ru

pur - sue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, Drive e'm o're the

burning Zone, drive e'm o're the burning Zone from thence come row ling down, come

row ling down, and search the Globe below, with all the gulphy Main, to find my lost, my

wan dring sense, my wan dring Sense a - gain, She By this dis

joynted matter that crowds thy Pe-ricranium, I nicely have found, that thy Brain is not found, and

He
 thou shalt be, and thou shalt be my Companion. Come, come, come, come, come, come, let us plague the
 World then, I embrace the blest oc-
 casion for by instinct I find thou art one of the kind, thou art
 one of the kind, that first brought in, that first brought in Dam-
 nation,

III
 She. My Face has Heaven Inchant'd,
 With all the Sky born Fellows,
 Jove press'd to my Breast and my Bosom he kiss'd,
 Which made old Juno jealous.

IV
 He. I challeng'd Grifly Pluto,
 But the God of Fire did shun me,
 Witty Hermes I drub'd round the Pole with my Club,
 For breaking Jokes upon me,
 Chorus of both.

Then Mad very Mad very Mad let us be,
 For Europe does now with our Frenzy agree,
 And all things in Nature are mad too as we,

V
 She. I found Apollo Singing,
 The tune my Rage Increases

I made him so blind with a look that was kind,
 That he broke his Lyre to pieces,

VI
 He. I drank a Health to Venus,
 And the Mole on her white Shoulder,
 Mars flinch'd at the Glass and I thren't in his Face,
 Was ever Hero bolder,

VII
 She. 'Tis trugmy dear Alcides,
 Things tend to dissolution,
 The Charms of a Crown and the Crafts of the Gown,
 Have brought all to Confusion,

VIII
 He. The haughty French begun it,
 The English Wits pursue it,
 She. The Garman and Turk still go on with it Work,
 He. And all in time will rue it,

CHORUS

Then Mad very Mad let us be, very Mad, very Mad let us be, very Mad, very Mad, very
 Then Mad, very mad, very mad, very mad let us be, very Mad, very Mad, very
 Mad, very Mad, let us be, for Europe does now with our Frenzy a-
 gree, & all things in Nature are Mad, mad, mad, &
 Mad, very Mad, let us be, for Europe does now with our Frenzy a-
 gree, and all things in nature are
 all things in Nature are Mad, mad, mad, are Mad, mad, mad, are Mad, mad, mad are mad too as we, are mad too as we,
 Mad, mad, mad, and all things in nature are Mad, mad, mad, are Mad, mad, mad, are mad too as we, are mad too as we,

(54)
A Dialogue in the Opera call'd the Fairy Queen Set by M^r
Henry Purcell Sung by M^r Reading and (M^r Pate in womans habit)

He
Now the Maids and the Men are making their Hay, we've left the dull

fools, we've left the dull fools and are Stolen a-way; then Mopia no more be

Coy as before, but let's merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily play; and kiss, and

She
kiss, and kiss, and kiss, and kiss the Sweet time a-way. Why how now Sir clown, why

how now, what makes you so bold; I'd have ye, I'd have ye to know I'm not

made of that mold: I tell you again, again and again, Maids must never, must

never kiss no Men; no, no, no, no, no, no kissing at all, no, no, no, no,

no, no kissing at all; I'll not kiss till I kiss you for good and

She

all, He no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no kissing at

Not kiss you at all, not kiss you at all, not at all;

all, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no kissing at all; no, no, no, no,

not kiss you at all; why no, why no not at all,

no, I'll not kiss till I kiss you for good and all. He

why no, no, no, no, no, no kissing at all; Should you give me a

Score, 'twould not lessen your Store, then bid me, bid me cheerfully, cheerfully kiss and take my

She

fill, and take my fill my fill of the bliss; I'll not trust you so far I know you too well, should I

give you an Inch you'd soon you'd soon take an Ell; then Lord like you Rule & Laugh - - - then

Lord like you Rule and Laugh - - - at the Fool; no, no, no, no, no, no

kissing at all no no no no no kissing at all I'll not kiss till I kiss you for good and

He
all so small a request you must not you cannot you shall not deny nor will I admit of a

nother a nother re-ply you must not you shall not deny you must not deny cannot deny shall not de-

Chorus She
Chorus Nay what do you mean nay what do if mean O fie fie fie fie O

= ny you must not deny shall not deny you must not deny shall not deny if must not de-

fie fie fie fie nay what do you mean nay Pish nay Pish nay Pish nay what do you

ny you must not deny shall not deny you must not you cannot you shall not you must not deny cannot you

what do you mean O fie fie fie fie O fie fie fie fie O fie fie fie fie fie

shall not deny you must not deny you must not you shall not deny cannot you

fie fie fie O fie fie fie fie fie fie fie

shall not deny you must not you cannot you shall not deny

(57)
A Dialogue in the 2^d Part of Don Quixote Set by M^r. H. Purcell.

He

Since Times are so bad, I must tell you sweet Heart, I'm thinking to leave off my Plough and my Cart and to the fair Citty a

Journey will go to better my Fortune as other folk do, since some have from Dithes and course I eather Breeches, been

raisd been raisd to be Rulers and wallow'd in Riches, prithee come: ||: ||: from thy Wheel, prithee come, come, come,

come from thy Wheel for if Gypsies do'tt bye I shall I shall be a Governour too ever I dye, Ah Collin, ah collin bu'

all by all thy late doings I find with sorrow and trouble with sorrow and trouble the Pride of thy mind our Sheep now at

random disorderly run and now and now Sundays Incket goes every day on, Ah what dost thou what dost thou what dost thou

mean, Ah what dost thou, what dost thou, what dost thou Mean, To make my Shoes clean and foot it and foot it to th Court to y'

King and the Queen, where shewing my parts I preferment shall win, Fye, ||: ||: ||: ||: ||: ||: tis better, tis better for us to

Plough and to Spin for as to y Court when thou happen'st to try thoult find nothing got there unless thou canst buy, for

Momy the Divil, the Divill and all's to be found, but no good parts minded, no, no, no, no good parts minded without the good

He

Pow'd, Why then I'll take Arms, why then I'll take Arms, I'll take Arms and follow, and follow Allurms but Honour in't

She

now a days plagu'd by Charms, And so lo'se a limb by a Shot or a Blow, and curse thy self after, for leaving for leaving the Plough,

He She He She He

Suppose I turn Gamester, So Cheat and be Bang'd, What think'st of the Road then, the Highway to be Hang'd, Nice Pumping

She

however yields profit for Life, I'll help some fine Lord, to anothers fine Wife, That's dangerous too, amongst the tonn Crew

for some of em will do the same thing by you, and then I to Cuckold ye may be drawn in, faith Collin tis better I

He She

Sit here and Spin, faith Collin, tis better I sit here and Spin, Will nothing prefer me what think'st of the Law, Oh,

He She

while you live Collin, keep out of that Pan, I'll Cant and I'll Pray, Ah, theres naught got, Ah, there's

naught got that way, there's no one minds now what those Black Cattle Say, Let all our whole care, be our

He

Farming affair, To make our Corn grow, and our Apple Trees Bear,

Ambition, Ambitions a Trade, a trade no Contentment can show, so I'll to my Distaff, Am
 Ambition Ambitions a trade no Contentment can show, and I to my Plough,

—bition, Ambitions a Trade, a trade no Contentment can show, no, no, no Contentment can Show.
 Ambition, Ambitions a trade no Contentment can show, no, no, no, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

Contentment can show, no, no, no Contentment can Show.
 Contentment can show, no, no, no, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

Chorus

Let all our whole care be our Farming affair, to make our Corn grow, and our Apples Trees Bear, Am
 Let all our whole care be our Farming affair, to make our Corn grow, and our Apple Trees Bear,

bition, Ambitions a Trade, a Trade no Contentment can show, so I'll to my Distaff, Am
 Ambition, Ambitions a Trade no Contentment can show, and I to my Plough,

—bition, Ambitions a Trade, a trade no Contentment can Show, no, no, no Contentment can Show.
 Ambition, Ambitions a trade no Contentment can Show, no, no, no, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

Contentment can show, no, no, no Contentment can Show.
 Contentment can show, no, no, no, no, no, no Contentment can Show.

A Dialogue in the Prophetess Set by M^r Hen: Purcell

Tell me why, tell me why my char - - ming fair, tell me why, tell me

why you thus deny me: can dispair, can dispair, or these Sighs & looks of care,

make Corinna ever fl - - y me, ever fly me, tell me why

tell me why my char - - ming fair, tell me why you thus deny me: Oh Mirtill - lo

you're above me, I respect but dare not love ye, She who hears inclines to Sin, who parlies

half gives up the town, & ravenous love soon enters, in when once the out works

beaten down: then my Sighs & tears won't move ye, no, no, no, no, no Mirtillo

you're above me, I respect but dare not love ye: no, no, no, no, no Mirtillo

you're above me, I respect but dare not love ye, I respect but dare not

love ye: Cou'd this lovely charming Maid, think Mir = tillo woud deceive her, cou'd Co-

= rinna be afraid, She by him shoud be betray'd, no, no, no, no, too well too well I love her,

therefore cannot be above her, oh, oh, oh, oh, let love wth love be paid: my heart my

life, my heart my life, my all I give her, let me now, now, now, let me now, now, now, ah

now, now, now receive her. Oh how gladly we beleive, when the heart is too, too, willing, can I

look that face deceive, can he take delight in killing; ah I dye, ah I dye, I

dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, yet I will, I will beleive ye, ah I

dye, ah I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I

will, yet, yet I will, I will beleive ye.

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CHORUS

Oh how gladly we believe, when the heart is too, too willing; can that
Oh how gladly we believe, when the heart is too, too, willing; can that

look that face deceive, can he take delight in killing; ah I dye, ah I
look that face deceive, can he take delight in killing; ah I dye,

dye, I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, yet I will, I will believe ye
ah I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, I will believe ye

ah I dye, ah I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I will, yet,
ah I dye, I dye if you deceive me, yet I will, I

yet I will, I will, yet, yet I will, I will believe ye.
will, yet, yet I will, I will, yet I will, I will believe ye.