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make the First Volume Compleat. MDCXCVI.

Price One Shilling.

A Table of the SONGS contain'd in this Book.

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Celia has a thousand Charms,	19	Ob! how you protest and solemnly lye,	1
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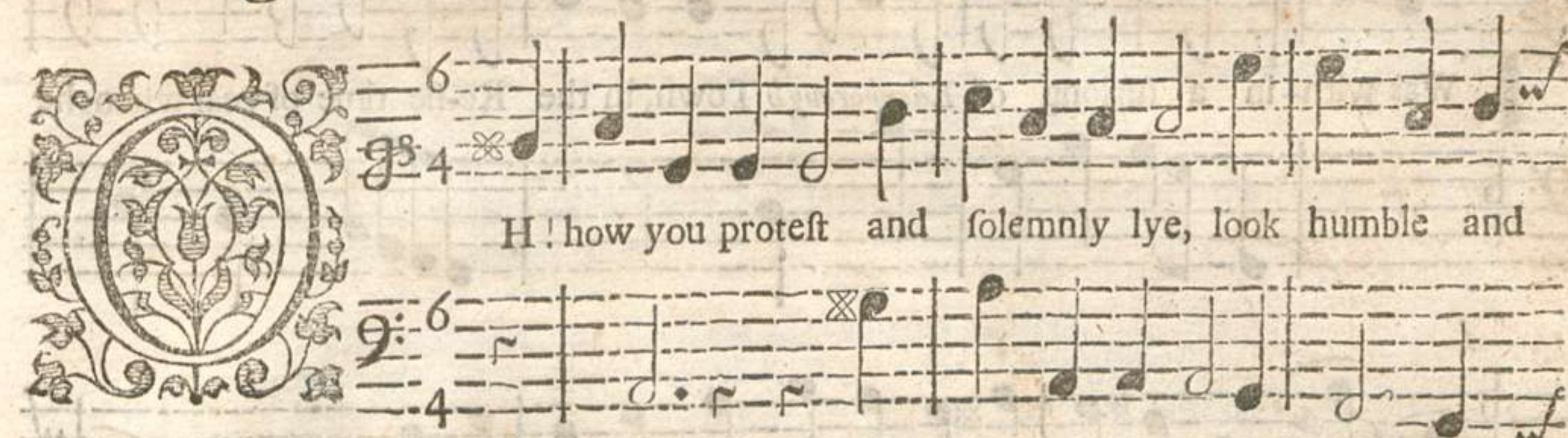
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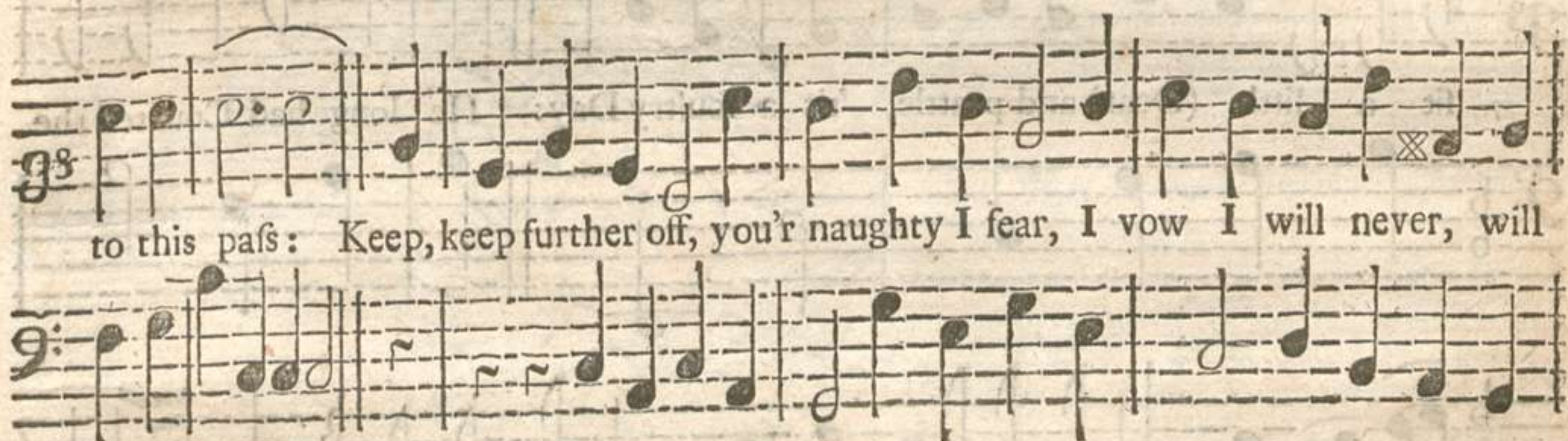
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A Song in the *Mock-Mariage*, Sung by Mrs. Knight.

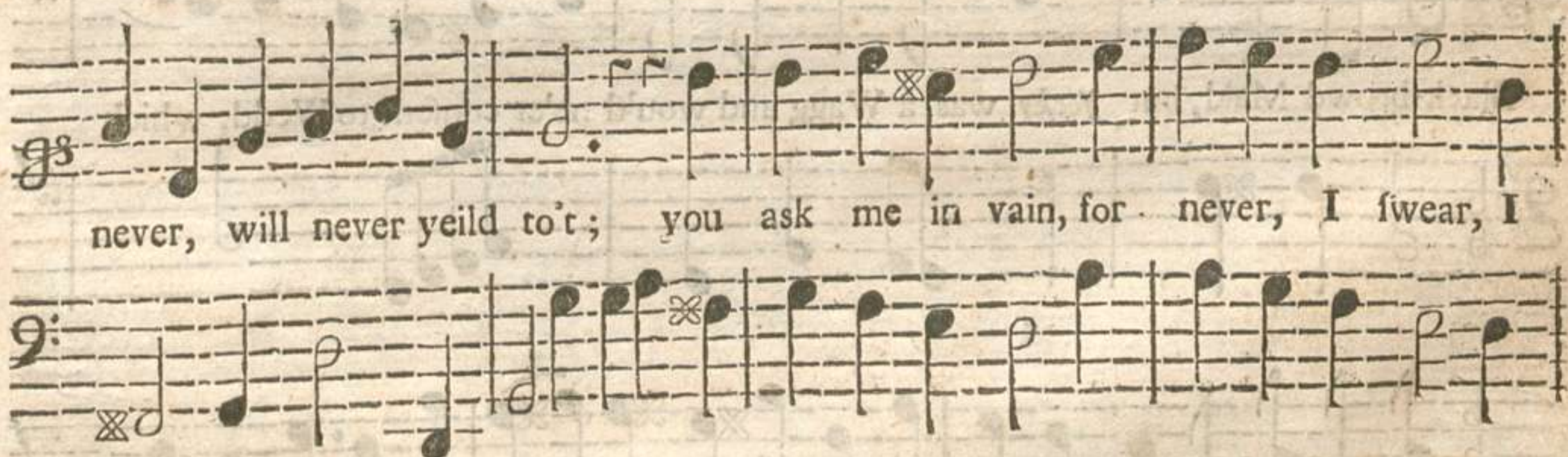
H! how you protest and solemnly lye, look humble and



tawn like an Ass; I'm pleas'd I must own 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-e'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 I yeild to't.

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

Grass was down; bonny *Jocky* Blith and Gay, said to *Fenny* 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 Mariage was grown a me'er Joke,
 And that no one Wedded now but the scoundrell folk;
 Yet my dear thou should'est 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 Congrace 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 Fenny give,
 When my Maiden Treasure's gone, I must gang to *London-Town*;
 And Roar and Rant, and Patch and Paint, and Kiss 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*.



MAn, 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 Cross* 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

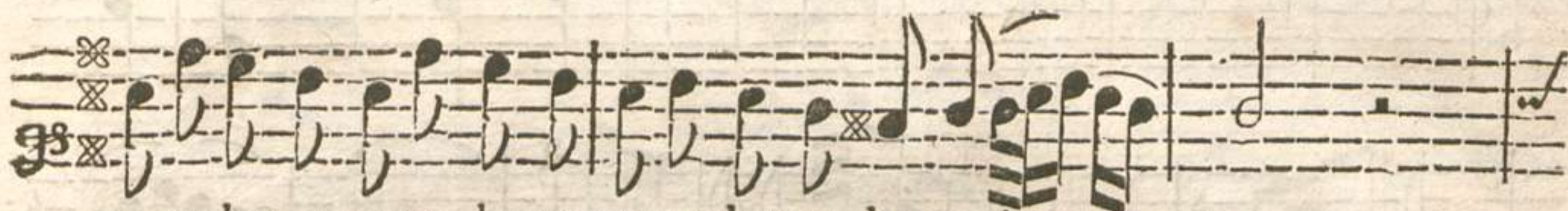
sleep, when I, when I am by, when I, when I am by? Were I with you all

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—lafs, a—lafs my Dear, you'r 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

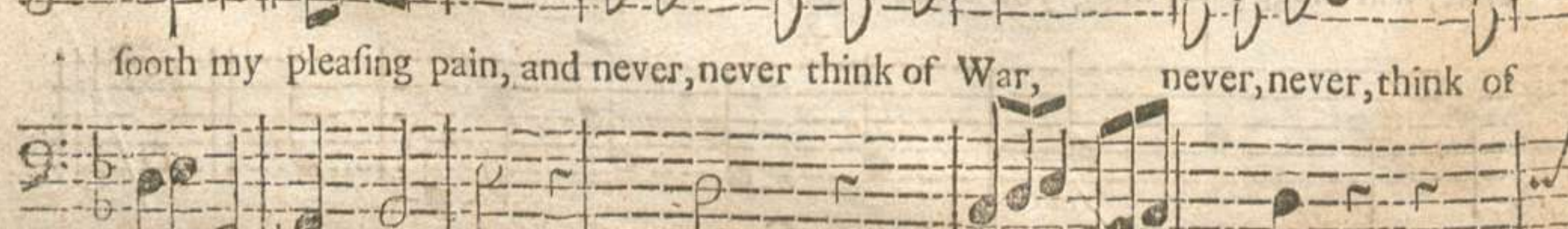
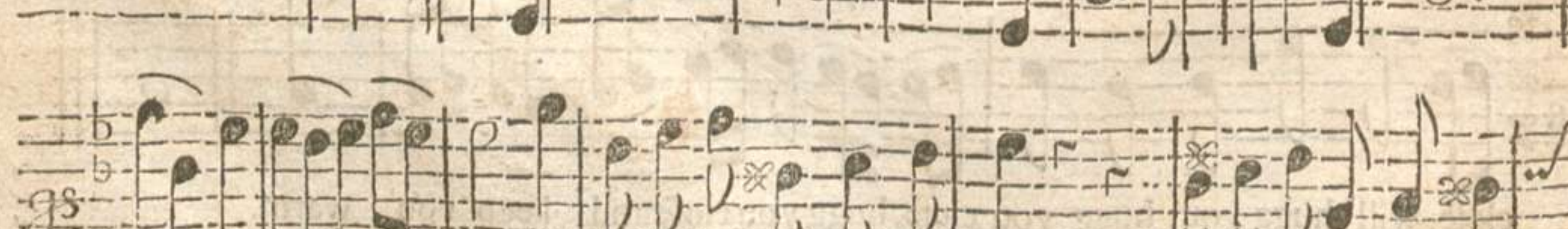
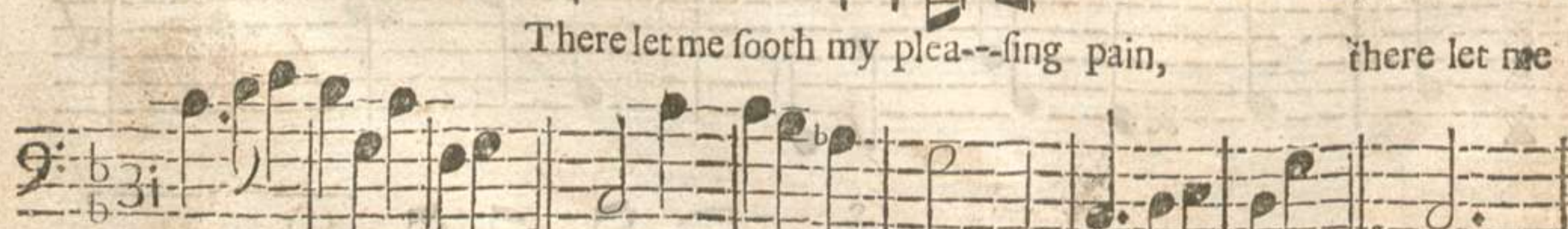
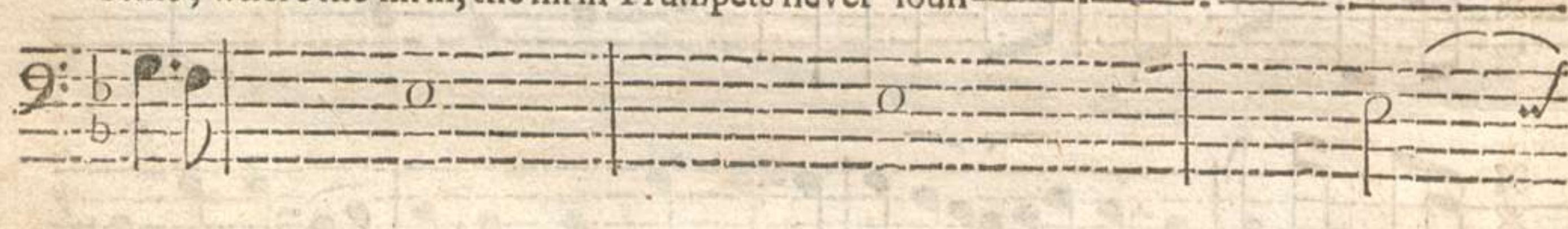
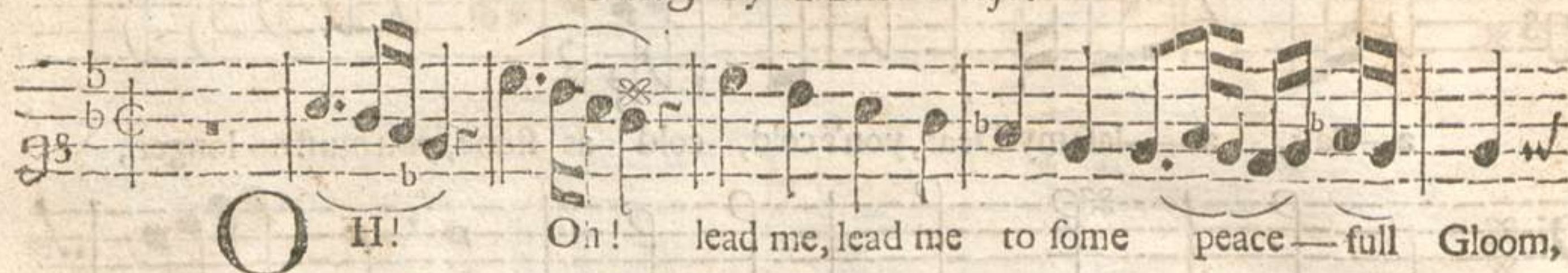


close, will hugg you, hugg you close, hugg you close and keep you warm.



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

Sung by Miss Crofs.





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. Hud-
son. Set by Mr. John Eccles.



S Tretch'd in a dark and dif-mall Grove, a poor a—bandon'd hopeleſs



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—ſhes to the fa—tal feild, Mi—ſta—ken Swain has



dan—gers, Charms, has dangers, dan—gers, Charms:





Lovers with scorn and hatred curst, when



all their passion fail'd to move, found out this ty—rant ho—nour



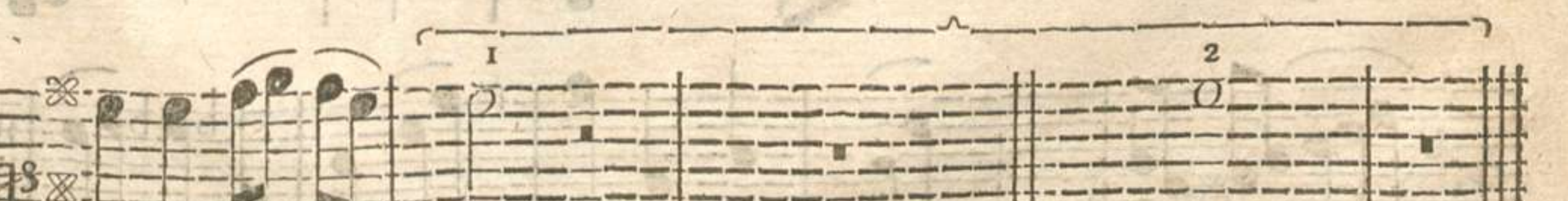
first in pure revenge to ru—ine Love, in pure revenge to



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.



A New Song Set by Mr. John Freeman.

TOO well I fear A—lex—is knows, his con—quest o'er my
 ten—der heart; in vain I wou'd the flame op—pose, in
 vain I wou'd the flame op—pose, in vain I wou'd, in
 vain con—temn the fa—tall dart: But love
 too subr'ly does in—vade, but love too subr'ly
 does in—vade, oh! help, help, oh! oh! help, help, oh! help

oh! oh! help a yeild ————— ing Maid, but Love too

subtly, too subtly does in—vade, oh! help, help, help, oh!

help, help, oh! help, help, oh!

help a yeild —————

ing Maid.

A New Catch in the Tragedy of *Bonduca*.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



Jack thour't a Toaper, *Jack* thour't a thour't a Toaper, let's have tother Quart; Ring,



ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, we'er so sober, so sober, so sober



'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-mes—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 boldly, 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 would fain engage my heart, in that uneasy cruel, cruel part;

but how alas, how alas think you that I can bear the wounds of which you die? how alas, how alas think you that I can

bear the wounds of which you die? 'Tis not my passion makes my care,

but your indifference gives despair; the lusty Sun, the lusty Sun be—



— gets no Spring, till gen—tle show'rs, till gen—tle show'rs as—sistance bring, so



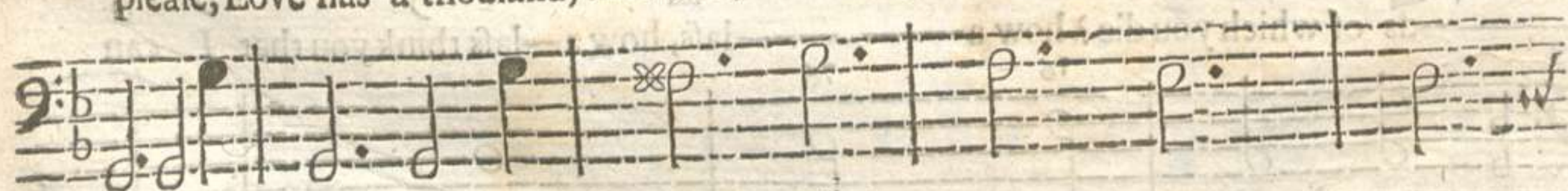
Love that scorches and destroys, till kind—ness aids, till kind-ness aids can



cause no joy ; Love has a thousand, thousand, thousand, thou—sand ways to



please; Love has a thousand, thousand, thousand, thou—sand ways to please; but



more, more, more, more, more, more, more to rob us of our ease, but more, more,



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



ing nights and carefull days, some hours of plea

—sures he re—pays; But ab—sence soon or jea—lous

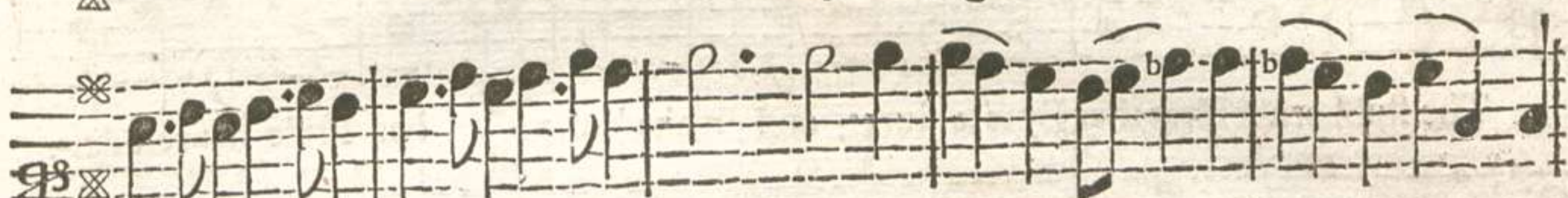
fears o'er—flows the joy, o'er—flows the joy with floods of Tears; but ab—



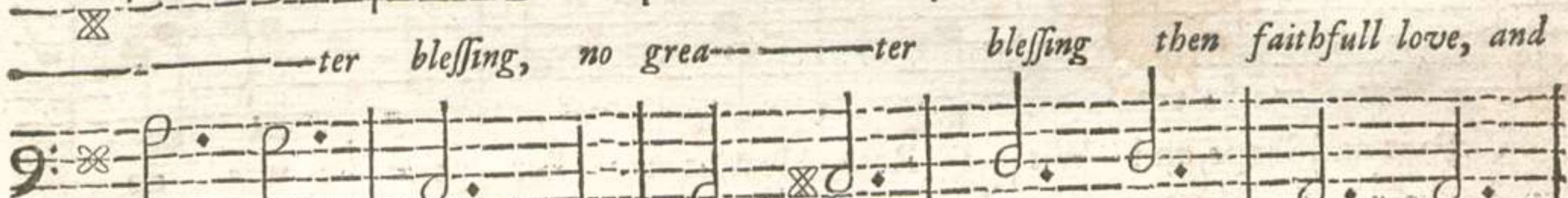
Ile be kind, Ile be kind, Ile be kind, kind; Ile, Ile be kind; Heav'n can give no



Ile be constant, Ile be constant, Ile be constant, Ile be kind; Heav'n can give no grea—



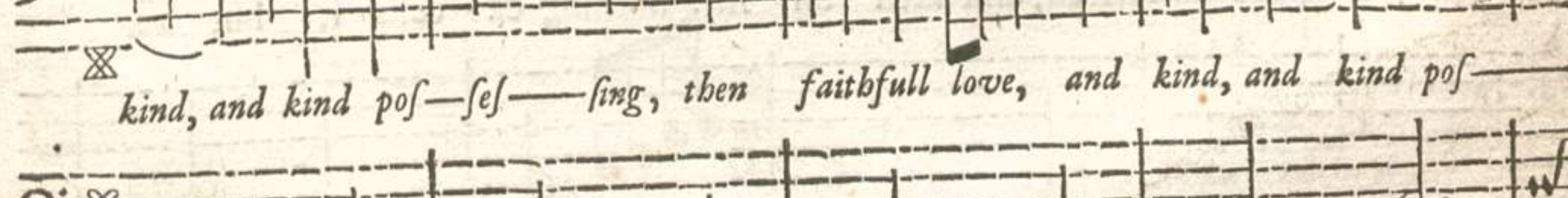
grea—ter blef—sing then faithfull love, and kind, and kind pos—



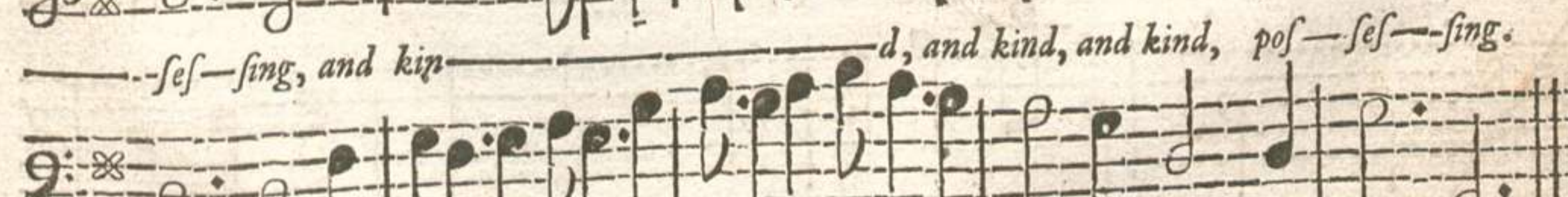
ter blessing, no grea—ter blessing then faithfull love, and



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



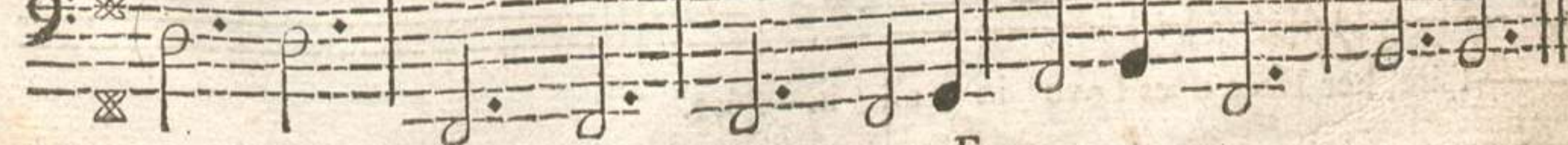
kind, and kind pos—ses—sing, then faithfull love, and kind, and kind pos—



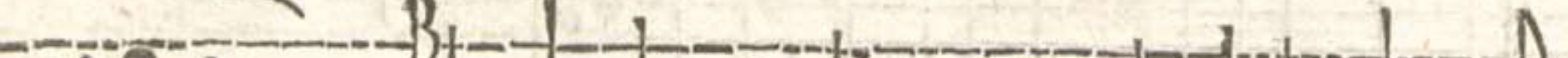
ses—sing, and kin—d, and kind, and kind, pos—ses—sing.



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



A Song fet by Mr. *John Eccles.*

A single staff of music in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. This is followed by a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a half note F#4. The melody continues with a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, and a half note B3. The staff ends with a double bar line.

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



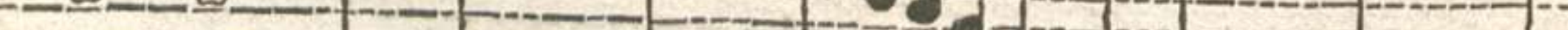
The stubborn'st Heart her Eyes allures, and make 'em to her Pride sur-render:

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Face and Shape, and Wit so Rare, Heav'ns ma = ster---peice She was de

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The notation includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a series of notes and rests. The notes are primarily eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed together. There are several rests, some marked with 'x' or 'u'. The notation is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

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



The musical notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by a half note F4, then a quarter rest. The next measure contains a half note E4 and a half note D4. This is followed by a quarter rest, then a half note C4, and another quarter rest. The final measure of the excerpt shows a half note B3 and a half note A3. The notation is printed in a classic, slightly stylized font.

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes several eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and rests. There are also some unusual symbols, possibly indicating specific performance techniques or ornaments. The paper is aged and shows some staining.

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

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

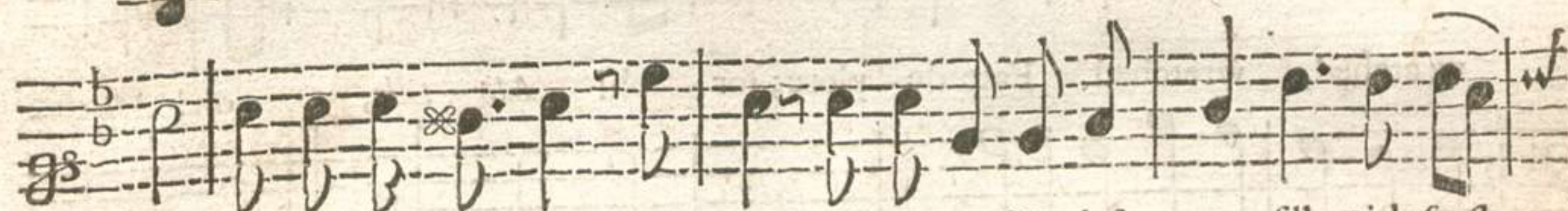
A Song in the *Rival-Sisters*, set by Mr. Henry
Purcell. Sung by Young Bowen.



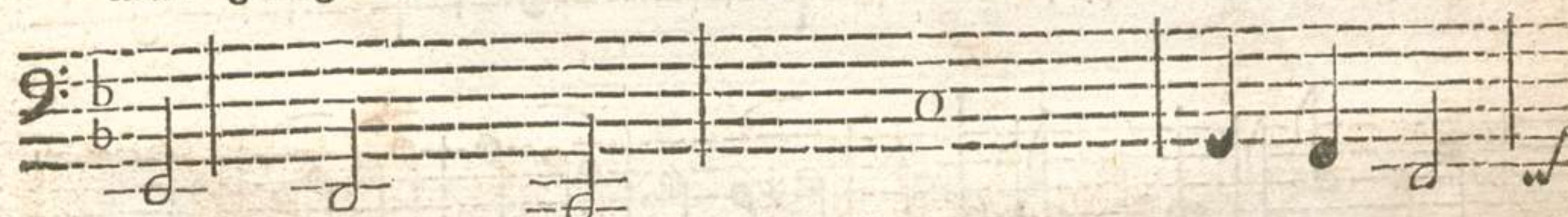
C E—lia has a thousand, thousand, thou— sand



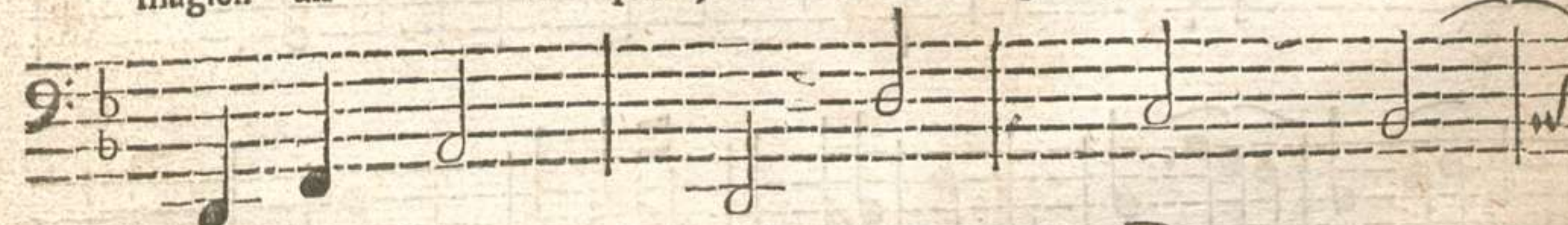
Charms, 'tis Heav'n, 'tis Heav'n to lye with—in her Arms; while I



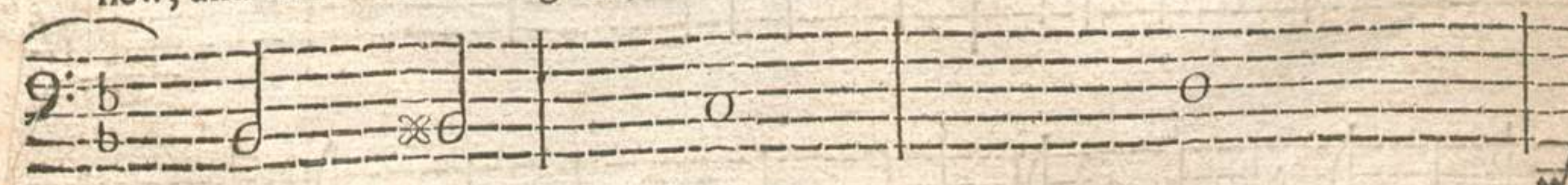
stand gazing on her Face, some new, and some resist—less grace, fills with fresh



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

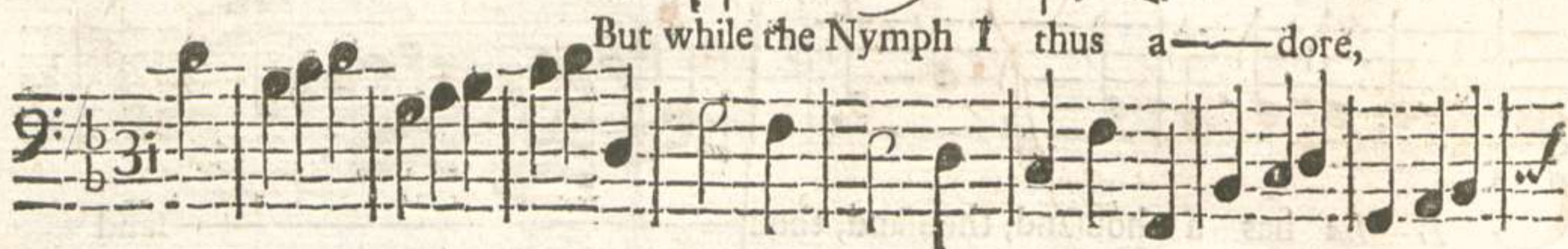


new, and some re-sist—less grace, fills with fresh magick all —

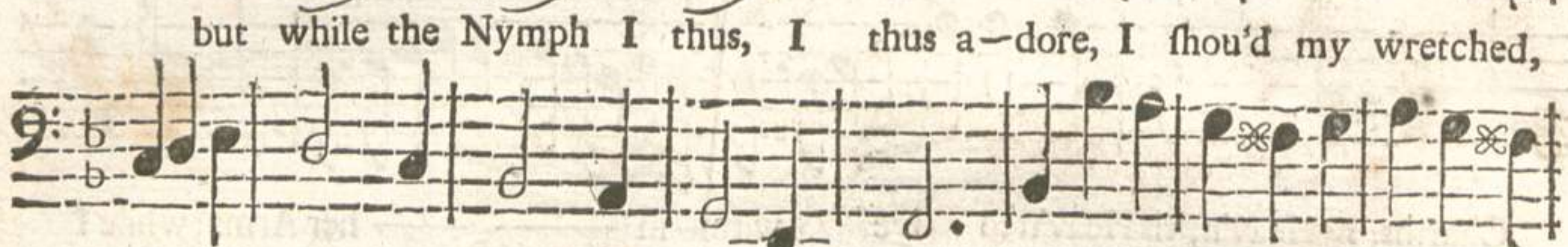


the place:

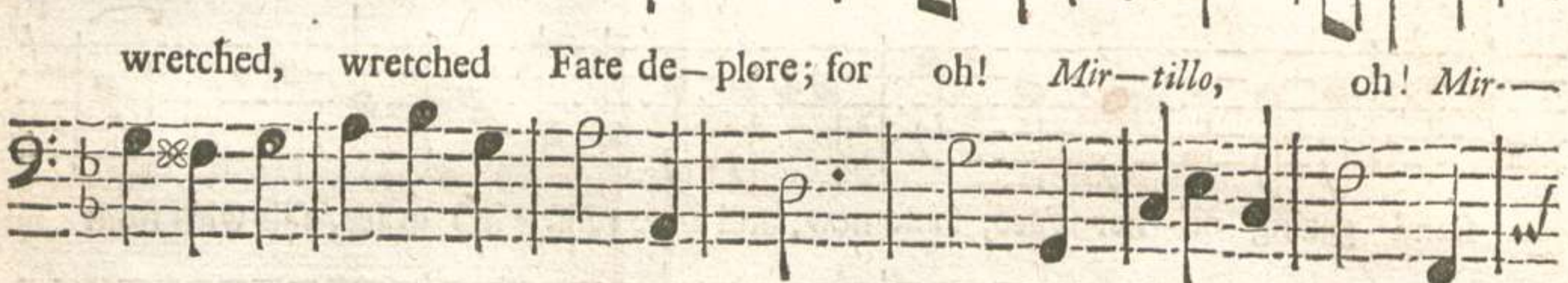




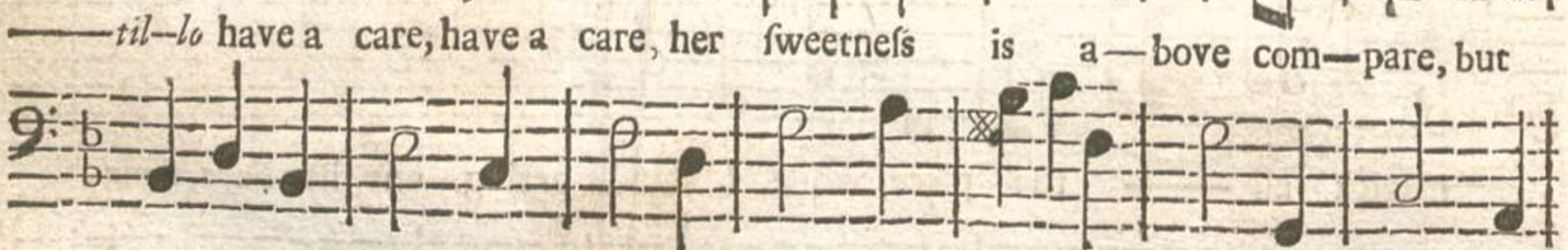
But while the Nymph I thus a—dore,



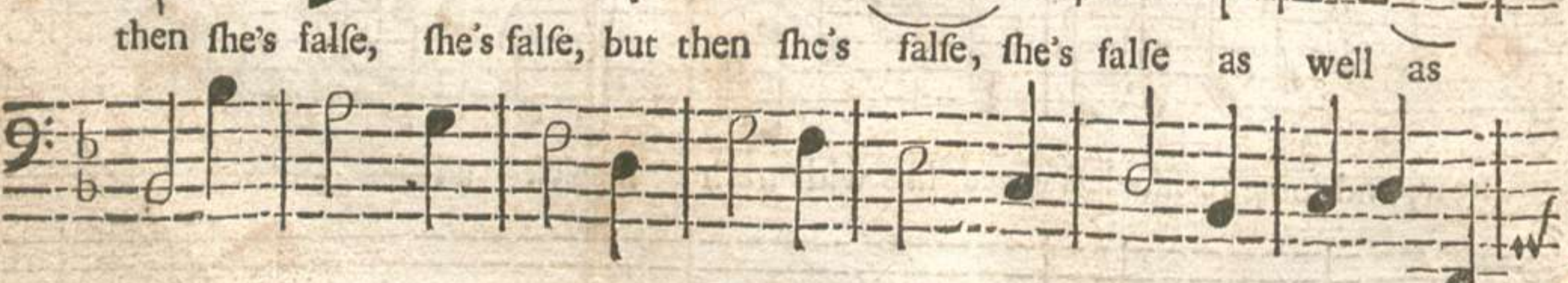
but while the Nymph I thus, I thus a—dore, I shou'd my wretched,



wretched, wretched Fate de—plore; for oh! *Mir—tillo*, oh! *Mir—*



—*til-lo* 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



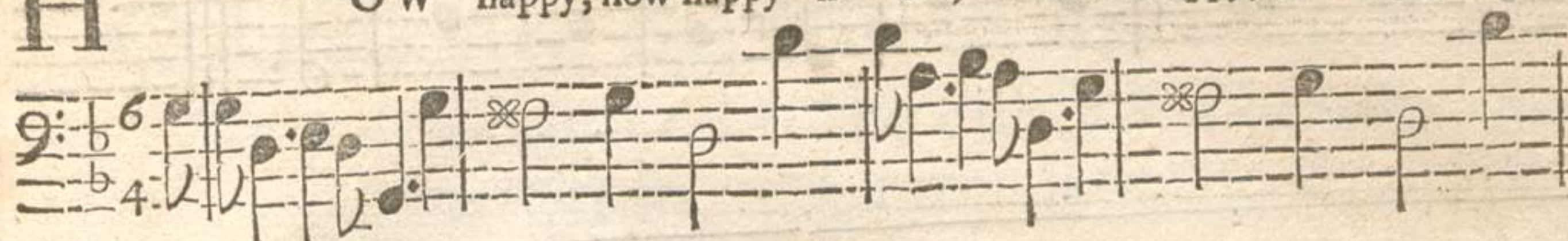
fair; have a care, have a care, have a care *Mir—til—lo*, have a care, *Mir—*

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



H

OW 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



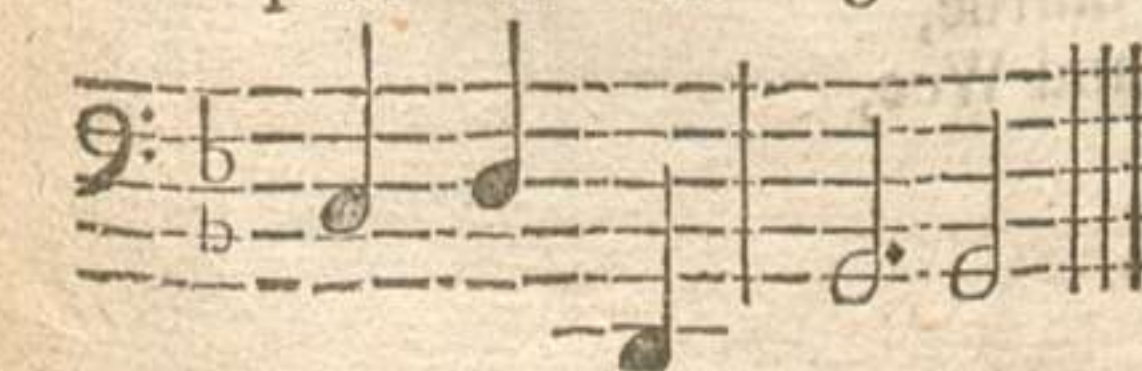
Chast, then then she's all Pure and Chast; like Angels her smi-les to be



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



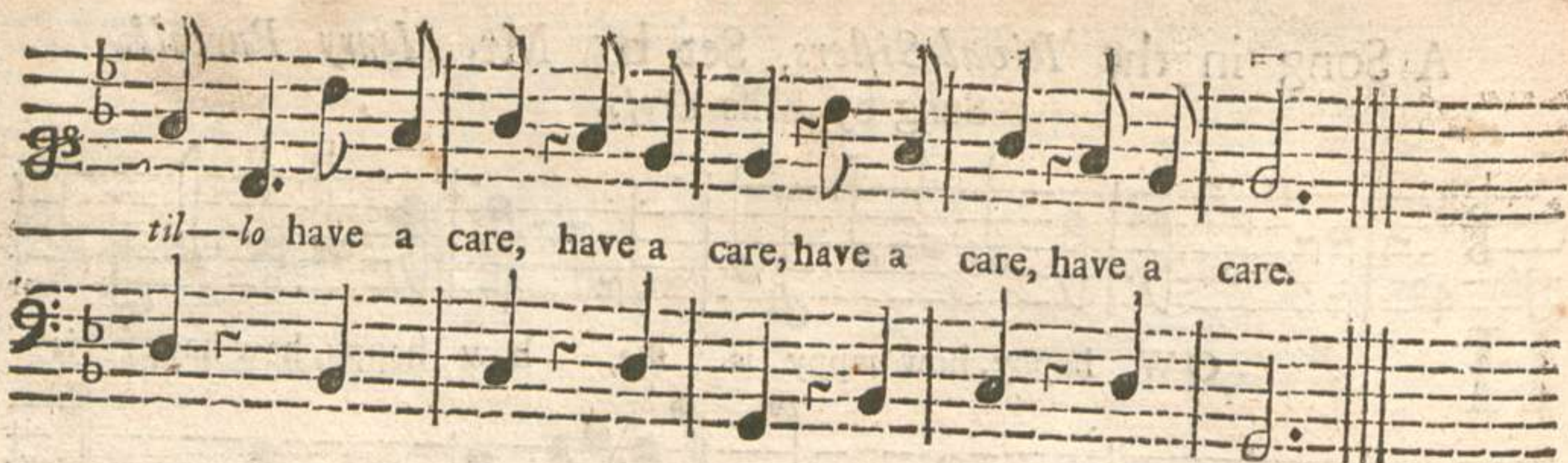
—pears un-dis-guis'd.



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 warn at Eleven.

F I N I S.



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

Take not a Womans an-ger ill, but let this be your comfort, this be your comfort
still, that if one won't a-no-ther will: Tho' she that's foolish does de-
ny, she, she that is Wi-ser 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 sullenly forbid the bliss,
Try but the next you cannot miss.