

THE
SONGS

IN THE
Indian QUEEN:

As it is now Compos'd into an

OPERA.

By Mr. HENRY PURCELL
Composer in Ordinary to his Majesty
And one of the Organists of his Majesty's Chapel-Royal



LONDON,

Printed by J. Streater, and are to be Sold by John May, at his Shop under
St. Dunstons Church: and for John Blagden at Tho. Dring's, Bookseller, at the
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The Publishers, to Mr. Henry Purcell.

SIR,

Having had the good Fortune to meet with the Score or Original Draught of your Incomparable Essay of Musick compos'd for the Play, call'd The Indian Queen. It soon appear'd that we had found a Jewel of very great Value; on which account we were unwilling that so rich a Treasure should be bury'd in Oblivion; and that the Common-wealth of Musick should be depriv'd of so considerable a Benefit. Indeed we well knew your innate Modesty to be such, as not to be easily prevail'd upon to set forth any thing in Print, much less to Patronize your own Works, although in some respects imitable. But in regard that the Press being now open any one might print an imperfect Copy of these admirable Songs, or publish them in the nature of a Common Ballad, We were so much the more emboldned to make this Attempt, even without acquainting you with our Design; not doubting but your accustomed Candor and Generosity will induce you to pardon this Presumption; and for our parts, if you shall think fit to condescend so far to us, we shall always endeavour to approve our selves,

Your Obedient Servants,

J. May,

J. Hodgeburt.

A Song in the first Act, Sung by Mr. Freeman.

Wake, wake, our soft rest must cease, and fly to-gether.

and fly to—ge—ther
with our Country's peace; no
more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no more, no
more must we sleep, must we sleep under Plan—tain shade, which neither
Heat could pierce, nor Cold in-vade; where bount'ous Nature, never, never, never,
never, never, never feels de-cay, and op—ning Buds, and op—ning

Buds drive — fall — ing Fruits a—way.

A Song in the first Act, Sung by the Boy with Flutes.

WHY,
why, why should men quarrel, why, why should men quarrel here, where
all, all, where all pos—sels as much as they can hope for
by luc—cess; none, none can have most, none can have most, where
Nature is so kind,

—d Man's use tho' not his Mind; why, why,

why shou'd Men quarrel, why, why shou'd Men quarrel here, where all, all,

all, where all ————— pos-sets as much as they can hope for

by suc-cess, as much as they can hope for: by suc-cess,

as much as they can hope, as much as they can hope for by suc-cess.

By ~~these~~ Prophecies ~~we have been told,~~
 Our Land shall be subdu'd by one more old,
 And see that world's already hiser come,
 If these be they, we welcome them our doom.

A Song Sung by Mr. Freeman.

Heir looks are such that Mercy flow

from thence, more gen-tle, gen-tle than our Na-tive in-nocence:

By their pro-tec-tion let us, let us, let us beg to live, they come not

here to con-quer but for-give; by their pro-tec-tion let us, let us,

let us beg to live, they come not here to con-quer but for-

—give, they come not here to con-quer but for-give.

{ If so your goodness may your power express,
 And we shall judge both best by our Success. }

A Song in the Second Act, Sung by Mr. Freeman.

Come to Sing great Zoroaster's glory, whose beautous fight, so charming bright, out-shines the Lu-stre of glory; whose beautous fight, so charming bright, out-shines the Lu-stre of glory.

Sung by Envy and his followers with Instruments.

What Flattering noise is this,
 At which my Snakes all list;
 I hate to see fond Tongues advance,
 High as the Gods, the slaves of Chance.

A Song Sung by Mr. Freeman.

Scorn'd Envy here's nothing, here's nothing that thou, that thou canst blast: Her glories, her glories are too bright, to be o'er-

cast, her glories, her glories are too bright to be o'er-cast.

Sung by Envy and his followers with Instruments.

I fly from the place where Flattery reigns,
 See those mighty things that before,
 Such slaves like Gods did adore,
 Contemn'd and unpity'd in Chains.

A Song Sung by Mr. Freeman.

Be-gone, begone, be-gone curst Fiends of Hell, sink down, sink down where Noisome Vapors dwell; While I, while I her triumph found,

Turn over.

while I, while I her Try
 umph found, to fill, to fill the U-ni-ver-sal Round.

Sung by a Conjuror.

You twice ten hundred Desties,
 To whom we daily Sacrifice;
 Ye Pow'rs that dwell with Fates below,
 And see what Men are doom'd to doe;
 Where Elements in Discord dwell,
 Thou God of Sleep, arise, and tell,
 Great Zempoalla what strange Fate,
 Must on her dismall Vision wait.

The Conjuror's Charm.

By the Croaking of the Toad,
 In their Caves that make abode;
 Earthy Dun that pants for breath,
 With her swell'd sides full of death;
 By the Crested Adder's Pride,
 That along the Cliffs do glide;
 By the Visage fierce and black,
 By the death's Head on thy back;
 By the twisted Serpents plac'd,
 For a Girdle round thy Waste;
 By the Hearts of Gold that deck,
 Thy Breast, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck;
 From thy sleeping Adanson rise,
 And open thy unwilling Eyes;
 While bubbling Springs their Musick keep,
 That use to lull thee in thy sleep.

Sung by the God of Dreams.

Seekest not to know, what must not be reveal'd,
 Joys only flow where Fate is most conceal'd;
 Too busy Man would find his Sorrows more,
 If future Fortune He shou'd know before;
 For by that knowledge of his Destiny,
 He wou'd not live at all, but always dye;
 Enquire not then who shall from Bonds be freed,
 Who'sse shall wear a Crown, and who shall bled;
 All must submit to their appointed doom,
 Fate and Misfortunes will too quickly come;
 Let me no more with powerfull Charms be prest,
 I am forbid by Fate to tell the rest.

A Song in the Third Act, Sung by Mr. Freeman, and Mr. Church.

Ah! — ah! — how hap-py are we, are we, are
 Ah! — ah! — ah! how hap-py are we, are we,
 we, ah! ah! how hap-py are we, from humane passions, from humane
 are we, ah! ah! how hap-py are we, from humane
 passions free:
 passions free:
 ah! ah! ah! ah! how hap-py are
 ah! — ah! — ah! — how hap-py are

we, those wil-

we, those wil-

—d Tenants of the Breast; no never, never, no never, never, no never,

—d Tenants of the Breast; no never, never, no never,

never, never can disturb our rest; ah!

never, never can disturb our rest; ah! ah!

ah! how hap-py are we, are we, are we, ah! ah! how

ah! how hap-py are we, are we, are we, ah! ah! how

happy are we: Yet we pit-ty, we pit-ty, we

happy are we: Yet we pit-ty, we

pitty, tender Souls whom the Tyrant Love, whom the Tyrant Love, whom the Tyrant

pitty, tender Souls whom the Tyrant Love, whom the Tyrant Love, whom the

Love con—trouls; ah! ah! how

Tyrant Love con—trouls; ah! ah! ah! how

happy are we from humane Passion, from humane Pas-

happy are we, from humane Pas-

tion free.

A Song Sung by Mrs. Cross.

Attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain, since I am my self my own Feaver, since I am my self my own Feaver and Pain; No more now, no more now fond Heart with Pride, no more swell, thou can't not raise Forces, thou can't not raise Forces enough to re-bell: Fer'

Love has more pow'r and less mercy than fate, to make us feek ru— in,
to make us feek - ru - ine, and to those that hate.

Vers. *We the Spirits of the Air,*
Then Cho. *That of Humane Things take Care,*
Out of Pity now descend,
To forewarn what Woes attend;
Vers. *Grenado's close'd with Scorn decays,*
With the Siles no Empire stays,
Cho. *We the Spirits are,*
Vers. *Can't so languish thus in vain,*
Since never to be lov'd again.
Cho. *We the Spirits, &c.*

A Song in the Fourth Act, Sung by Mrs. Cross.

They tell us that you might Powers u—down, shake perfect your Joys and your... blessings by... why do you suffer, ah!
why do you suffer, ah!
why do you suffer, ah!
why do you suffer, ah!
why do you suffer, ah!

sad torments here, yet tho' for my pas—sion such grief I en—dure,

my love shall like yours still be con—stant and pure.

II.
 To suffer for him gives an ease to my pains,
 There's joy in my grief, and there's freedom in Chains.
 If I were divine he cou'd love me no more,
 And I in return my adorer adore ;
 Oh ! let his dear life then (kind Gods) be your care,
 For I in your blessings have no other share.

A Sacrifice, Sung by the Chief Priest.

While thus we bow before your Shrine,
 That you may bear great Powers Divine,
 All living things shall in your Praises join ;
 You who at the Altars stand,
 Waiting for the Dread command,
 The fatal Word shall soon be heard,
 Answer then is all prepar'd,

Chorus. All's prepar'd.

Priest. Let all unballow'd Souls be gone,
 Before our Sacred Rites come on,
 Take care that this be also done,

Chorus. All is done.

Priest. Now in procession walk along,
 And then begin your solemn Song.

Chorus. All distant sounds thus on this Offering wait,
 Your power's shewn by their untimely Fate ;
 While by such various Fates we learn to know,
 There's nothing to be trusted here below.

F I N I S

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 of the most Ingenious Masters of this Age. Price One Shilling Sixpence.