MUSIC FOR LONDON ENTERTAINMENT

1660–1800

Series A Volume 2

Don Quixote

MUSIC FOR LONDON ENTERTAINMENT
1660-1800

A contribution to the musical, dramatic, literary and social history of London through facsimile publications of printed editions & manuscripts

Series A *Music for Plays 1660–1714*
(editor: Curtis Price)

Series B *Music for Plays 1714-1800*

Series C *English Opera & Masque*
(editors: Curtis Price, Stanley Sadie)

Series D *Pantomime, Ballet & Dances*
(editor: John M. Ward)

Series E *Italian Opera*
(editor: Lowell Lindgren)

Series F *Music of the Pleasure Gardens*
(editor: Christopher Hogwood)

Series A Volume 2

Don Quixote

The music in the three plays of Thomas Durfey

Originally published by
Samuel Briscoe
London 1694–1696

Introduction by
CURTIS PRICE

RICHARD MACNUTT

TUNBRIDGE WELLS
1984

Acknowledgments

The publisher and advisory board wish to thank the following for very kindly allowing originals in their possession to be reproduced in this volume: the Bodleian Library, Oxford; the Master and Fellows, Magdalene College, Cambridge; the Royal College of Music, London; Mr Robert Spencer. Details of the material reproduced will be found on page xii of the introduction.

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data

Don Quixote.—(Music for London entertainment 1660-1800. ISSN 0264-5971; v.2)
1. Songs, English
I. Durfey, Thomas II. Series
784.3'06'0942 PR1187

ISBN 0-907180-35-3

Printed and bound by Smith Settle, Otley, West Yorks

Published by Richard Macnutt Ltd
29 Mount Sion, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN1 1TZ, England

Contents

Series A *Music for Plays 1660–1714*

Series editor: Curtis Price

Titles are listed chronologically, not in the order of their publication in this Series

* *These volumes are already published*

Printed editions

Choice Ayres, Songs & Dialogues. 5 books, 1676–84.

* *The Theater of Music*. 4 books, 1685–87.
A1, 1983, introduction by Robert Spencer, ISBN 0 907180 10 8

Vinculum Societatis. 3 books, 1687–91.

Comes Amoris. 5 books, 1687–94.

The Banquet of Musick. 6 books, 1688–92.

Thesaurus Musicus. 5 books, 1693–96.

* Music for Thomas Durfey's *Don Quixote*. 3 parts, 1694–96.
A2, 1984, introduction by Curtis Price, ISBN 0 907180 35 3

Deliciae Musicae. 6 books, 1695–96.

Henry Purcell, *A Collection of Ayres, compos'd for the Theatre*, 1697.

Richard Leveridge. Songs, 1697–*c*1735.

Daniel Purcell. Songs & Dialogues, 1698–*c*1715.

Harmonia Anglicana and act music for the Queen's Theatre, 1701–10.

John Weldon. Songs & dialogues, 1702–*c*1710.

John Eccles, *A Collection of Songs for one two and three Voices*, [1704].

Miscellaneous songs for plays, 1660–1714 (*c*3 volumes).

Manuscripts

New York Public Library, Drexel MS 3976, the 'Rare Theatricall'.
Matthew Locke's overtures & act tunes for plays of the 1660s.

New York Public Library, Drexel MS 3849.
Act tunes & chamber music from the 1670s & 1680s.

British Library, Add. MSS 29283–5.
Act music for plays of the early 1680s.

British Library, Add. MS 24889.
Act music & arrangements of songs, mostly from plays 1690–1705.

Royal College of Music, MS 1172.
Act music & dances for the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 1690–96.

British Library, Add. MS 29378.
John Eccles's music for plays & semi-operas at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1695–1700.

Magdalene College, Cambridge, MS. F.4.35(1–5).
A large retrospective collection of act music, 1690–1710.

Thomas Durfey's *Don Quixote*

Introduction by Curtis Price

Thomas Durfey's ambitious dramatisation of Cervantes's *Don Quixote* was issued as three separate plays. Parts 1 and 2, with a mixture of music by Henry Purcell and John Eccles, were produced in May and July 1694 at the theatre in Dorset Garden; despite 'violent hot Weather', Part 2 was as successful as the first. Part 3, with music by various composers, had its première at Drury Lane in November of the following year; though a failure, it included some fine music, notably Purcell's last song, 'From rosy bowers'. While adorned with less lavish scenery, the *Don Quixote* trilogy was obviously designed to emulate the so-called semi-operas, as the spoken drama revolves round the numerous musical scenes. And the first two parts were probably intended as a cheap substitute for the annual spring extravaganza, the last of which, *The Fairy-Queen* (May 1692), had put a severe financial strain on the theatre company.

The Plays and their Music

Allardyce Nicoll has written that Cervantes's novel is impossible to dramatise.[1] Durfey's trilogy could be offered as a case in point, but not for the reasons one might expect. It adheres closely to the form and spirit of the original, at least in Parts 1 and 2: episodic, disjointed, farcical, pathetic, with constant disintegration into violent pandemonium. Whatever sins he may have been forced to commit in converting the novel into a play, Durfey cannot be accused of taking undue liberties with his source. From the rise of the curtain Don Quixote and Sancho Panca are their immortal selves, despite the perukes. The playwright announces his departure from Covent Garden satiric comedy when he bids the audience (in the prologue to Part 1) to

> Perk up and smile, the Satyr sleeps to day.
> Our *Sancho* bears no Rods to make ye smart:
> Proverbs, and Merry Jokes are all his Part.

And he freely acknowledges those few significant additions to the romance, such as the role of Sancho's daughter, Mary the Buxom, created as a vehicle for the hoydenish Susannah Verbruggen. One modern critic has recommended that 'if we can ignore the random plot and accept the conception of Don Quixote as a travelling freak show, there is a lot to enjoy'.[2] One should also appreciate the overriding importance of music and dancing in the plays, which marked the end of a two-year dry spell for Purcell and involved him in the only major collaboration of his stage career.

In Parts 1 and 2 he and Eccles divided the lyrics almost equally between them. Why should Purcell, having firmly established himself as sole master of English opera, have worked with a composer several ranks inferior? Eccles had in fact recently achieved considerable success in the theatre with simple, flamboyant songs that, despite their bland appearance, are remarkably effective dramatically; these pieces were often performed by the actors themselves, of whom the most celebrated, Anne Bracegirdle, sang only the music of Eccles. Purcell, in contrast, excelled in writing more difficult, highly decorated serious songs for the professional singers who took the non-speaking roles of spirits, soldiers, fairies, and so forth in the masques of the semi-

[1] *A History of English Drama 1660-1900* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, rev. edn, 1952-9), i, 277.
[2] Robert D. Hume, *The Development of English Drama in the Late Seventeenth Century* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1976), 385.

operas. But *Don Quixote* brought the composers onto common ground. For example, each produced a splendid mock folksong—Eccles's 'Ye nymphs and sylvan gods' and Purcell's 'Lads and lasses blithe and gay' (both in Part 2). The hit of the show was Eccles's mad song 'I burn, I burn' (in Part 2), whose success Durfey attributed mainly to Mrs Bracegirdle's performance (see below). Purcell's more sophisticated effort in this genre, 'Let the dreadful engines' (in Part 1), was not as loudly applauded, but his droll ambling dialogue between a farmer and his wife, 'Since times are so bad' (in Part 2), was said to have pleased the Queen.[3]

While *Don Quixote* lacked the scenic pretensions of *King Arthur* or *The Fairy-Queen*, the trilogy is more highly developed in one respect: most of the songs and dances are closely integrated with the action, a marriage of music and drama thought unnecessary in the grander semi-operas. To give a few examples, Purcell's mock heroic duet for countertenor and baritone, 'Sing all ye muses' in Part 1, Act II—the first vocal music heard in the play—perfectly matches the grandiloquence and good-natured ridicule heaped on Don Quixote during the sham knighting ceremony. The next scene—the funeral of Chrysostome, a young Englishman[4] who killed himself for unrequited love—would appear wholly incongruous in the midst of the slapstick violence which surrounds it. The main function of the overwrought eulogy is to draw the Don into a ridiculous defence of Marcella, the woman who spurned the dead Chrysostome. But Eccles's elaborate dirge 'Sleep poor youth', with the plaintive accompaniment of three treble recorders and mournful ground bass ('Couch'd in the dark and silent grave'), is truly moving. One of his finest compositions, it adds yet another dimension to this already complex scene.

Durfey further assured close links between the spoken drama and music in *Don Quixote* by requiring some of the main characters to sing their own songs, thereby exploiting the talents of those actors who were also accomplished musicians—Mrs Bracegirdle, Thomas Doggett (who portrayed Sancho Panca), and John Bowman. The last-named took the role of Cardenio, a main figure in both Parts 1 and 2 even though he does not appear until the fourth act of Part 1, where he is seen wandering in the mountains, driven mad by his perfidious beloved, Luscinda. His first utterance is Purcell's splendid baritone song 'Let the dreadful engines', during which Cardenio's personality is laid bare. This brilliant stroke permits him to join the thick of the plot without the need for time-consuming, expository speeches.

Eccles's mad song for Mrs Bracegirdle in Part 2, 'I burn, I burn', has quite a different effect. The show-stopping climax of Marcella's misguided affair with Ambrosio, it reveals a cruel irony since she herself was the cause of Chrysostome's love-suicide in Part 1. In the preface to the second play, Durfey wrote that the song was 'so incomparably well sung, and acted by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, that the most envious do allow, as well as the most ingenious affirm, that 'tis the best of that kind over done before'. Purcell also admired the performance, since a year later he set Durfey's poem 'Whilst I with wounding grief did on you look', subtitled 'A Song upon Mrs Bracegirdle Singing (I Burn &c) in ye play of Don Quixote'.[5]

To understand the conspicuous failure of Part 3, which shocked Durfey because he had concocted the play from precisely the ingredients which had brought success before, one must know that the London theatrical world underwent a radical change before the final part of the trilogy was mounted. In the winter of 1695, the principal actors, led by Thomas Betterton, Elizabeth Barry and Anne Bracegirdle, left the United Company in protest against the management of Christopher Rich, and succeeded in obtaining a licence to establish a co-operative company in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The rebel group included Bowman, Doggett, and the best of Purcell's professional singers. The new company hired Eccles as house composer. Purcell was left at Drury Lane with no experienced singers and was forced to engage children to sing

[3]In Durfey's *Songs Compleat, Pleasant and Divertive* (1719), i, 88, the verse is headed '*Highly diverting Queen* Mary, *in the* 4th *Act of the Second Part of* DON QUIXOTE...'
[4]Durfey, not Cervantes, specifies his nationality.
[5]Composed for a revival of Dryden's *The Spanish Fryar*. See Curtis Price, *Henry Purcell and the London Stage* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1984), 86-8, 215.

most of the dramatic songs he composed in the final months of his life. The third part of *Don Quixote* was first performed in November at about the time he died, and during his illness he was able to write only one song for the play, 'From rosy bowers', performed by the child Letitia Cross, who acted Altisidora. The rest of the music was provided by Ralph Courteville, Samuel Akeroyde and Mr Morgan, none of whom was as talented or experienced as Eccles, though Courteville's songs have a distinctly Purcellian flavour.

Durfey blamed everyone but himself: the young singers and dancers; some 'unlucky accidents' that happened during the performance; the producers, for placing the puppet show in Act IV too far from the audience. But his remark (in the dedication) that the play's defects 'are not so obnoxious as are supposed' reveals just how badly it had fared. Part 3 is clearly the weakest of the lot: the story is incoherent, the characters extremely vulgar, and some of the musical episodes unabashedly irrelevant. These shortcomings are, however, all but recompensed by 'From rosy bowers'. Altisidora's motives are innocent: 'I intend to teize [Don Quixote] now with a whimsical variety, as if I were possess'd with several degrees of Passion—sometimes I'll be fond, and sometimes freakish; sometimes merry, and sometimes melancholy,—sometimes treat him with Singing and Dancing, and sometimes scold and rail as if I were ready to tear his eyes out'. Yet she breaks the knight's spirit, and the 'death and despair' of the song presages Don Quixote's final collapse. Music is the lifeblood of *Don Quixote*, guiding and shaping any interpretation of this extraordinary set of plays.[6] To mount a revival without the songs and dialogues reprinted in this volume would be unthinkable.

The Sources of the Music

The three parts of *Don Quixote* require a total of 26 vocal pieces, an unusually rich libretto even for a Restoration semi-opera. Settings of all the lyrics survive, which is remarkable when one considers that the music was never collected in a single publication. Table 1 lists all the pieces in order of performance, including the ones whose lyrics are not printed in the playbooks but are ascribed to *Don Quixote* in musical sources. The music for Parts 1 and 2 was printed by John Heptinstall for Samuel Briscoe in summer 1694, shortly after the premières.[7] These volumes, which are reprinted in this facsimile, lack only two songs: the anonymous 'With my strings of small wire' (Part 1, III.ii) and Purcell's 'Lads and lasses blithe and gay' (Part 2, exact location unknown), both of which can be recovered in contemporary publications. Facsimiles of these songs are given in the Appendix to the present volume.

In Henry Playford's *Wit and Mirth: or, Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1699) the lyric 'If you will love me' (Part 2, Act I) is set to a different, though still anonymous, tune from that which appears in the second part of *The Songs to the New Play of Don Quixote*. This D minor minuet is also reproduced in the Appendix.[8]

Unlike the music for Parts 1 and 2, which was printed from movable type, *New Songs in the Third Part of . . . Don Quixote*, issued in January 1696, was engraved on copper plates, except for the titlepage. The order of pieces in this publication varies from copy to copy, most of which lack one or more of the songs. The ephemeral nature of the volume is further indicated by the poor quality of the engraving and numerous misprints. In fact Purcell's 'From rosy bowers' is so corrupt here that the version printed in *Orpheus Britannicus*, Book I (1698), is given in the Appendix as a 'performable' alternative. One should note, however, that *New Songs in the Third Part of . . . Don Quixote* is the earliest source of this composition and the only one to show the astonishing leap at the words 'Ah, 'tis all in vain, death and despair', an unmistakable Purcell touch.

[6]For a more detailed discussion, see Price, *Henry Purcell*, 205-22.
[7]See Cyrus Lawrence Day and Eleanore Boswell Murrie, *English Song-Books 1651-1702* (London: Bibliographical Society, 1940), 89-90.
[8]The tune appears without words in John Walsh's *The Self-Instructor on the Violin*, Book I (1700), no. 35, as a 'Minuett'.

The text of 'The infant spring' is not printed in the playbook, but the rubric in *New Songs* states that it was '*intended to be sung by Mary ye Buxoms Husband*', probably at their wedding celebration in III.ii. The song was presumably cut from the production; Mary's husband, Jacques, was portrayed by Will Penkethman, who was not noted for his singing.

Day and Murrie ascribe the anonymous 'Welfare trumpets' to Part 3 because some copies of *New Songs* include the piece. The lyric is not printed in the playbook, but in *Songs Compleat, Pleasant and Divertive* (1719), i, 22, the tune is headed '*A* DIALOGUE *in the Opera for Mr.* Leveridge *and Mr.* Edwards. . .' Both singers were members of the Theatre Royal company at the time of the première of Part 3, which might well have been described as an opera, considering the amount of music it included. The dialogue ('*representing two Country Boors arguing about the War*') was probably performed in the final entertainment.

While the list of pieces in Table 1 gives the impression of completeness, a great deal of the music for the original productions is lost: namely, the instrumental incidental music (an overture and seven or eight act tunes) and all but one or two of the dances. Dancing was a conspicuous feature of the trilogy and, as Table 2 shows, some of the choreography is described in detail. A 'Minuet In Don quixet' survives in Royal College of Music MS 1172, f. 35^v^ (to be reproduced in *Music for London Entertainment*, Series A), though where in the drama it was used is unknown. In the ninth edition of Henry Playford's *The Dancing-Master* (1695), 162, is the tune of Eccles's ballad ''Twas early one morning' made into a dance '*Longways for as many as will*' with the following instructions:

> The 1. man go round the 2. wo. and turn the 2. man till the 1. man comes into his own place, the 1. wo. go round the 2. man, and turn the 2. wo. till the 1. wo. comes into her own place; the 1. cu. [i.e. couple] cross over and go the Figure through till they come into the 2. cu. place, then lead through the 2. cu. and cast up, and go the Figure through the 1. cu. and so cast off.

Whether this describes the choreography devised for the play is doubtful, though the dance is called 'Sancho-Pancho'; in Part 1, Act IV, Sancho sings ''Twas early one morning' and '*then Dances ridiculously*', perhaps to the same tune. Songs or instrumental arrangements thereof commonly served as dances in plays of the period.[9]

The accuracy of the printing in *The Songs to the New Play of Don Quixote*, Part 1, is comparable to that of contemporary Playford publications, thought not up to the high standards of *Orpheus Britannicus*. Part 2 is slightly less reliable and, as mentioned above, Part 3 is crudely engraved. The problems for the modern performer fall into two categories:

(1) Notational ambiguities. These are not mistakes but easily mastered conventions of late seventeenth-century notation; in essence, the performer is expected to add or cancel accidentals according to the rules of harmony and counterpoint and the dictates of good taste.

(2) Misprints. The following list is not a full critical apparatus, but a summary of hard-to-spot wrong notes, omitted changes of key signature, and better readings of problematic passages taken from concordances in other sources. Not mentioned are obvious misprints at cadences, unaltered sixth and seventh degrees in the minor mode, incorrect bass figures, minor rhythmic errors, and the use of the sharp or flat instead of the natural sign.

[9]See Curtis Price, 'Restoration Stage Fiddlers and their Music', *Early Music*, vii (1979), 315-22.

A Partial List of Misprints

The information is given in the following order: page (in bold-face type), staff (in roman numerals, referring to simple staves, regardless of systems), bar, beat, and the correction.

PART 1

Sing all ye muses	**1,** VI, bar 5, beat 2: minim B; **4,** II, bar 3, beat 4: crotchet G; **4,** II, bar 4, beat 2: crotchet F; **4,** X-XII, bar 3: key signature changes to C major
Sleep poor youth	**9,** VI, bar 1, beat 3: add crotchet G; **11,** VIII, bar 3, beat 3: minim C; **15,** V, bar 5, beat 1: crotchet G; **17,** XII, bar 3, beat 4: omit sharp
Let the dreadful engines	**21,** III, bar 4, beat 1: quaver rest omitted; **23,** V, 1st full bar, beat 2: B natural
With this sacred charming wand	**28,** III, bar 6, beat 4: 4 semiquavers; **29,** IX, bar 1, beat 1: add crotchet rest; **33,** X, bar 1, beat 2: 1st quaver is A; **36,** VI, bar 4, beat 2: 2nd quaver is E flat

PART 2

If you will love me	**1–2,** *passim:* remove C sharp from key signature
Since times are so bad	**6,** VIII, bar 3, beat 4: insert crotchet A; **7,** II, 2nd complete bar, beat 6: crotchet D; **7,** X, bar 2, beats 3-4: crotchet D, crotchet E
Genius of England	**13,** XI, bar 1, beat 4: dotted quaver
De foolish English nation	**23,** VI, 4th complete bar, beat 4: crotchet A

PART 3

Vertumnus Flora	**2,** XIII, bar 3, beat 4: crotchet G; **2,** XIV, bar 6, beats 3-4: minim C; **3,** IX, bar 7, beat 1: crotchet G tied to previous minim
Here is Hymen	**4,** V, bar 7, beat 3: D sharp; **4,** VI, bar 8, beat 2: crotchet E
Cease Hymen	**5,** II, bar 4, beat 1: crotchet D; **5,** XII, bar 7, beat 3: add minim rest; **6,** I, bars 3-4, beat 3: minim tied over to a dotted crotchet; **6,** X, bar 4, beat 3: add minim rest; **7,** I, bar 2, beats 2-3: add crotchet rest; **7,** I, bar 4, beat 2: semiquaver rest; **7,** I, bar 5, beat 4: ?F natural; **7,** III, bar 1, beats 2-3: ?F naturals; **7,** V, 2nd full bar, beat 1: crotchet F sharp
Damon turn your eyes to me	**8,** I, bar 1, beat 3: triplet quavers; **8,** II, bar 2, beat 1: 1st 3 quavers form triplet; **8,** III, bar 4, beat 4: dotted quaver, semiquaver
Come all great small	**9,** bar lines missing from the following staves: IV, V, VI, VII, XI, XIII, XVI; **9,** X, bar 1, beat 4: F
The old wife she sent to the miller	**10,** II and V: lack final bar line; **10,** VI, bar 1, beat 6: add crotchet A; **10,** VI, bar 2, beats 3-4: tie lacking
The infant spring	**10,** I and III: lack final bar line
From rosy bowers	compare the version given in the Appendix
Ah my dearest	**16,** I, bar 1, beat 3: insert semiquaver rest; **16,** III, 1st complete bar, beat 2: quaver rest between D and A; **16,** VIII, 2nd complete bar, beat 1: omit sharp before D; **16,** XIV, bar 1, beat 2: E natural; **17,** I, bar 6, beats 1-2: dotted crotchet; **17,** IV,

bar 2, beats 1-2: dotted crotchet; **17,** VI, bar 2, beats 1-2: dotted crotchet; **17,** VIII, 2nd complete bar, beat 1: add crotchet rest before D; **17,** IX, 3rd complete bar, beat 4: last note is a quaver; **17,** XI, bar 2, beat 4: last note is a quaver; **17,** XI-XII: omit bar lines at end of these staves; **17,** XI, bar 4, beat 2: quaver F sharp; **17,** XIII, 4th complete bar, beat 2: A, G and F are quavers; **17,** XV, 1st complete bar, beat 1: dotted crotchet G; **17,** XV, 2nd complete bar, beat 1: B naturals; **17,** XV, 2nd complete bar, beat 2: semiquavers; **18,** V, bar 1, beat 1: G and F are semiquavers; **18,** V, bar 4, beats 1-2: dotted crotchet; **18,** VIII, bar 4, beats 1 and 2: dotted crotchet; **18,** VI-XI: first 4 beats after the double bar require emendation

Welfare trumpets — **19,** V, 4th complete bar, beats 2-3: D natural, E natural; **19,** VI, 2nd complete bar, beat 1: c sharp

The Copies used for this Reprint

All the surviving copies of the music of the three parts of *Don Quixote* that I have examined are to some extent imperfect or otherwise unsuitable for reproduction. In order to produce a facsimile of the best possible quality, a composite has been drawn from individual copies, as listed below. There appear to be no typographical differences between them.

Part 1: Richard Macnutt, Tunbridge Wells – title, dedication, epilogue, pp. 1, 2, 5-16, 21-2, 25-8, 30, 33-7; Royal College of Music, London, I. G. 12. (1)– advertisement, prologue, pp. 32, 40-42; Bodleian Library, Oxford, Harding Mus. E 12 – pp. 3, 4, 17, 19, 23; Bodleian Library, Harding Mus. E 11 – pp. 18, 20, 24, 38; Bodleian Library, Harding Mus. E 104 – pp. 29, 31, 39.

Part 2: Royal College of Music, I. G. 12. (2) – title; Royal College of Music, I. G. 13. (3) – pp. 1-18, 21-4; Richard Macnutt – pp. 19, 20.

Part 3: Richard Macnutt – title, pp. 2, 3, 9, 13-15; Royal College of Music, I. G. 13. (4) – pp. 4-8, 16-19; Bodleian Library, Mus. 24. c. 3 (3) – pp. 10, 11.

Appendix: Bodleian Library, Harding Collection – p. 2; Robert Spencer, Woodford Green – p. 3; Richard Macnutt – pp. 4-8; Magdalene College, Cambridge – p. 9.

Parts 1 and 2 (Day and Murrie nos. 127 and 128) are reprinted exactly as in the originals (Day and Murrie's second-mentioned issue of Part 1, containing the prologue and epilogue, being reproduced here). Surviving copies of Part 3 (Day and Murrie no. 151) vary in content and sequence of the songs: in this facsimile all the known songs are reproduced in the sequence in which they occur in the play. The titlepage and music of Part 3 were originally printed on one side of the paper only. Details of the sources reproduced in the Appendix are given there on page 1.

I should like to thank Irena Cholij for help in preparing this introduction.

Table 1

Vocal music in Durfey's *Don Quixote*

Key to sources: A, *Songs in 1 Don Quixote* (1694); B, *Songs in 2 Don Quixote* (1694); C, *Songs in 3 Don Quixote* (1696); D, *Orpheus Britannicus*, 2 books (1698, 1702); E, *Wit and Mirth*, various edns (1699-1708); F, *Songs Compleat, Pleasant and Divertive*, 5 vols. (1719); G, *Thesaurus Musicus* (1695), iii, 28.

title	*composer*	*singer(s)*	*sources*	*act & scene*	*comment*
Part 1					
Sing all ye muses	Purcell		A, D	II.i	Don Quixote is knighted: '*Enter Drums and Trumpets Sounding... Then Singers and Dancers, representing Knights of several Orders, two and two, carrying Branches of Laurel. They march solemnly round* Don Quixote, *who kneels, whilst* Vincent *puts a Circle about his Head . . .*'
Young Chrysostome had virtue	Eccles		A	II.ii	sung during Chrysostome's funeral procession by a young shepherdess
Sleep poor youth sleep in peace	Eccles		A, F	II.ii	the dirge sung as the body is lowered into the grave
With my strings of small wire	Anon.	Joseph Harris, who portrayed the barber	E, F	III.ii	Nicholas, 'a merry drolling Barber', whom Don Quixote mistakes for an adversary, enters singing this song, presumably accompanying himself on a cittern; only the opening words are printed in the playbook
When the world first knew creation	Purcell		A, E, F	III.ii	sung by one of the galley slaves in gratitude for his being freed by Don Quixote
Let the dreadful engines	Purcell	John Bowman, who acted Cardenio	A, D	IV.i	Cardenio, mad and wandering in the mountains, sings of being treacherously deprived of Luscinda, his betrothed
'Twas early one morning	Eccles	Thomas Doggett, who acted Sancho	A, E, F	IV.i	Sancho Panca sings of his wedding and honeymoon
With this sacred charming wand	Purcell	Bowman and two unnamed sopranos	A	V.ii	Cardenio and two *carnaval* performers, Melissa and Urganda, are disguised as enchanters to frighten Don Quixote and Sancho; a long, multi-movement masque beginning with an accompanied recitative
Part 2					
If you will love me / You love and yet when I ask you	Anon.		B, E, F	I.ii	an unidentified male singer entertains the Duke with the first part of a love dialogue which is not closely related to the plot: the 'Lady's Answer' is sung to the same tune
Ye nymphs and sylvan gods	Eccles	Mrs Ayliff, dressed as a milkmaid	B, E, F	II.ii	sung as part of a sham enchantment, an incidental entertainment conjured up by Pedro, who is dressed as Merlin

title	*composer*	*singer(s)*	*sources*	*act & scene*	*comment*
Damon let a friend advise ye	Pack	Mrs Hudson	B	III.i	performed by an unnamed member of the dramatis personae, the song encourages Ambrosio to pursue Marcella even though she seems to resist him
Since times are so bad	Purcell	John Reading and Mrs Ayliff	B, D	IV.iii	part of a rustic entertainment offered to Sancho and his family
Lads and lasses blithe and gay	Purcell	Mrs Hudson	E, F, G	?	not printed in the playbook or in *Songs in 2 Don Quixote;* perhaps heard in Sancho's entertainment in IV.iii
I burn my brain consumes to ashes	Eccles	Anne Bracegirdle	B	V.ii	Marcella, mad with unrequited love for Ambrosio, sings her own song
Genius of England	Purcell	John Freeman and Mrs Cibber	B, D, F	V.ii	a final entertainment, incidental to the plot; the lyric is printed by mistake near the beginning of V.ii in the playbook
De foolish English nation	Anon.		B	V.ii	sung in the same entertainment by one representing St Dennis
Part 3					
Vertumnus Flora	Courteville		C	II.ii	'sung by one representing Joy' in the marriage entertainment
Here is Hymen here am I	Courteville		C, F	II.ii	'sung by one representing Hymen' in the marriage entertainment
Cease Hymen cease thy brow	Courteville		C	II.ii	the final song in the marriage entertainment, sung 'By one Representing Discord'
Damon turn your eyes to me	Morgan	Letitia Cross	C, F	III.ii	sung by Altisidora when she pretends to make love to Don Quixote
Come all great small short tall	Anon.		C, E, F	III.ii	sung to a ground bass by five clowns (or 'country men') at Mary the Buxom's wedding feast
The old wife she sent to the miller her daughter	Anon.	Mrs Verbruggen	C, E, F	III.ii	sung by Mary the Buxom at her wedding feast
The infant spring	Anon.	Will Penkethman (?), who played Jacques	C, F	[III.ii]	'*intended to be Sung by Mary ye Buxoms Husband*', but not printed in the playbook; evidently omitted in performance
Dear Pickaninny	Anon.		C, E, F	IV.ii	sung by two puppets, 'one representing a Captain, and t'other a Town Miss'
From rosy bowers	Purcell	Letitia Cross	C, D	V.i	sung by Altisidora when she tries to entice Don Quixote away from Dulcinea
Ah my dearest Celide	Akeroyde	Letitia Cross and (?) Jemmy Bowen	C	V.ii	an entertainment offered to Don Quixote on his deathbed
Welfare trumpets	Anon.	Leveridge and Edwards	F	?	sung by '*two Country Boors arguing about* the War'

Table 2
Dances in Durfey's *Don Quixote*

location	*stage direction*	*comment*
Part 1		
II.i	*Here* Hostess *and* Maritorness *raise up* Don Quixote, *and lead him to the farther part of the Stage, and Arm him. Then a Dance is perform'd, representing Knights Errant killing a Dragon: Which ended, they bring* Don Quixote *to the Front of the Stage.*	this immediately follows the knighting ceremony
II.ii	*Here a Song is Sung by a young Shepherdess; then they all Dance a Solemn Dance, expressing despairing Love.*	performed during Chrysostome's funeral
IV.i	*Dance here.*	Dorothea's 'slaves' offer Don Quixote an ironic 'Dance to entertain this Wonder of Knight-Errantry'
IV.i	Sancho *Sings a Song* [' 'Twas early one morning'], *and then Dances ridiculously.*	Sancho returns Dorothea's compliment
V.ii	*Then enter Furies bearing a great Cage, into which they put* Don Quixote; Sancho *struggles to get off; the Inchantresses wave their Wands, and then there is an Antick Dance of Spirits to fright* Sancho, *who at last drive him into the Cage by* Don Quixote. [Later] *Musick sounds again; the Magicians return; then a Dance of Furies; which ended, they take up the Cage, and prepare to go out.*	the conclusion of Cardenio's enchanted masque
Part 2		
I.ii	*Here follows an Entertainment of Dancing, then the Banquet is prepared and brought in...*	performed after the minuet-song 'If you will love me'
II.ii	*Musick sounds, and then a Dance of Spirits is performed, which ended the Scene opens, and discovers* Pedro *drest like* Merlin, *and Page like* Dulcinea, *sitting in a Chariot.*	a charade to trick Don Quixote
II.ii	Pedro *waves his Wand, then here is perform'd this Song* ['Ye nymphs and sylvan gods'] *sung by a Milkmaid, and followed by a Dance of Milkmaids.*	Cardenio calls this a 'strange Entertainment'
III.ii	*Enter two with Drum and Fife sounding hoarsly, and marching solemnly o're the Stage; then Enter* Pedro *disguis'd like a* Chinese, *with great Whiskers, and a large long Crooked Nose on his Face, leading in* Mannel *drest antickly in a long Robe, with three Skirts held up by three Pages and veil'd, attended by four Waiting Women veyl'd and drest antickly, then 4 Anticks in several shapes, bearing a Table, on which stands the Figure of a large Golden Head; they go round the Stage, and then the Table and Head being plac'd in the middle they dance, then* Pedro *advances to the Duke and speaks.*	an incidental entertainment; cf. the Chinese masque in *The Fairy-Queen*, Act V
IV.iii	Sancho Teresa *and* Mary *sit down, then Musick sounds, and an Entertainment follows of Singing and Dancing: which ended, a Table is brought in furnished;* Pedro *and* Mannel *wait, then is a Dance of Spinsters.*	an entertainment for Sancho and his family
V.ii	A Dance here of the Seven Champions, then a Song by St. *Dennis.*	part of the jingoes' masque
Part 3		
II.ii	*... an Entertainment of Musick and Dancing... Here follows a Dance of six or eight Men and Women, representing the Happiness and Unhappiness of Marriage.*	the scene is a rustic wedding

location	*stage direction*	*comment*
III.ii	*Enter… Singers and Dancers.*	dancing probably graced Mary's wedding feast, though none is mentioned in the stage directions
IV.ii	—	Gines de Passamonte remarks that the puppet show includes 'a Song and a Dance'
V.i	*Here* Altisidora *sings.*	before she sings 'From rosy bowers', Altisidora says to Don Quixote, 'you shall see me sing and dance, and how far I excel dull *Dulcinea*'
V.ii	*Here follows the last Entertainment of Singing and Dancing, which Ended,* Don Quixote *sleeps.*	

THE

SONGS

TO

The New Play

OF

DON QUIXOTE.

As they are Sung at

The Queen's Theatre

IN

DORSET GARDEN.

Part the Firſt.

Sett by the moſt Eminent Maſters of the Age.

All Written by Mr. *D'urfey.*

Decies repetita placebunt.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Heptinſtall* for *Samuel Briſcoe*, at the corner of *Charles-ſtreet, Covent-Garden.* 1694.

Price Two Shillings.

TO MY

Much Honoured and Ingenious Friends

(Lovers of MUSICK)

That frequent the *Rose*, *Chocalate-house*, *Coffee-houses*, and other places of Credit, in and about *Covent-Garden*; and

Particularly,

To the late Worthy Members of the

Witty Club.

Thefe two Books of Songs, Sung in the Firft and Second Part of *Don Quixote*, are with all Veneration moft humbly Dedicated,

By,

Gentlemen,

Your much obliged and moft

Humble Servant,

T. D'urfey.

Advertiſement of New Books.

THE Satyr of *Titus Petronius Arbiter*, a *Roman* Knight: with its Fragments recover'd at the Siege of *Belgrade*, 1688. which makes it intire. Made *Engliſh* by Mr. *Burnaby* of the *Middle-Temple*, and another Hand.

A Collection of Letters of Love and Gallantry, and ſeveral other Subjects. Written by Ladies, and printed by their direction; Vol. II. With a Dialogue between Love and Reaſon, ſhewing the Reaſonableneſs and Unreaſonableneſs of Love, the Memoirs of the Fair *Eloiſa* a Nun and *Abelard* a Monk, and her paſſionate Letter to him: The Character and Pictures of ſeveral Ladies and Gentlemen; with other diverting Letters that paſt betwixt both Sex in Town and Countrey, dedicated to the *Beaux*. Where the Firſt Volume is alſo to be had.

Lives of the Twelve *Cæſars*, the Firſt Emperors of *Rome*: written in *Latine* by *C. Suetonius Tranquilus*: Tranſlated into *Engliſh* by ſeveral Eminent Hands; with the Heads of the Emperors on Copper Plates.

The Compleat Captain, or an Abridgment of *Julius Cæſar*'s Commentaries, with Political Remarks on his Wars with the *Gauls*, the *Britains*, the *Spaniards*, the *Africans*, and the *Civils* Wars; with the Political Maxims of War now in uſe; with a Compariſon betwixt the Ancient and Modern way of making War, with Reflections on both. Tranſlated from the Copy printed at *Paris*, and dedicated to the *French* King, by *Henry* Duke of *Rohan*.

The Young Lawyer's Recreation; being a choice Collection of ſeveral pleaſant Tryals, Caſes, Paſſages and Cuſtoms in the Law, both Profitable and Diverting.

All Printed for *S. Briſcoe*, at the corner of *Charles-ſtreet*, in *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, *Covent-Garden*.

PROLOGUE

For the Firſt Part of *DON QUIXOTE*:

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

IN hopes the Coming Scenes your Mirth will raiſe
To you, the Juſt pretenders to the Bays;
The Poet humbly thus a Reverence pays.
And you, the Contraries, that hate the Pains
Of Labour'd Sence, or of Improving Brains:
That feel the Laſhes in a well-writ Play,
He bids perk up and ſmile, the Satyr ſleeps to Day.
Our *Sancho* bears no Rods to make ye ſmart;
Proverbs, and Merry Jokes, are all his Part.
The Modiſh Spark may Paint, and lie in Paſte,
Wear a huge Steinkirk twiſted to his Waſte;
And not ſee here, how foppiſh he is Dreſs'd.
The Country Captain, that to Town do's come,
From his Militia Troop, and Spouſe at home,
To beat a *London*-Doxies Kettle-Drum:
One, who not onely th' whole Pit can prove,
That ſhe for Braſs Half-crown has barter'd Love:
But the Eighteen-penny Whore-maſters above,
With his Broad Gold may Treat his Pliant Dear,
Without being ſhown a Bubbled Coxcomb here.
Grave Dons of Bus'neſs, may be Bulker's Cullies,
And Crop-ear'd Prentices ſet up for Bullies,
And not one Horſe-whip Laſh here, flaug their Follies;
Nay, our hot Blades, whoſe Honour was ſo ſmall,
They'd not bear Arms, becauſe not Coll'nels all:
That wiſh the *French* may have a mighty Slaughter;
But wiſh it ſafely,— on this ſide o'th' Water.
Yet when the King returns, are all prepar'd,
To beg Commiſſions in the Standing-Guard;
Even theſe, the Sons of Shame and Cowardice,
Will 'ſcape us now, tho' 'tis a curſed Vice.
Our Author has a famous Story choſe,
Whoſe Comick Theme no Perſon do's expoſe,
But the Knights-Errant; And pray where are thoſe?
There was an Age, when Knights with Launce and Shield,
Would Right a Ladies Honour in the Field:
To puniſh Raviſhers, to Death would run;
But thoſe Romantick Days—alas, are gon;
Some of our Knights now, rather would make one,
Who finding a young Virgin, by Diſaſter,
Ty'd to a Tree, would rather tie her faſter.
Yet theſe muſt 'ſcape too; ſo indeed muſt all
Court-Cuckold-makers now not Jeſt do's maul;
Nor the horn'd Herd within yon City-Wall.
The Orange-Miſs, that here Cajoles the Duke,
May ſell her Rotten Ware without rebuke.
The young Coquet, whoſe Cheats few Fools can dive at,
May Trade, and th' Old, Tope Kniperkin in private.
The Atheiſt too, on Laws Divine may Trample,
And the Plump Jolly Prieſt get Drunk for Church-Example.

A EPI-

EPILOGUE

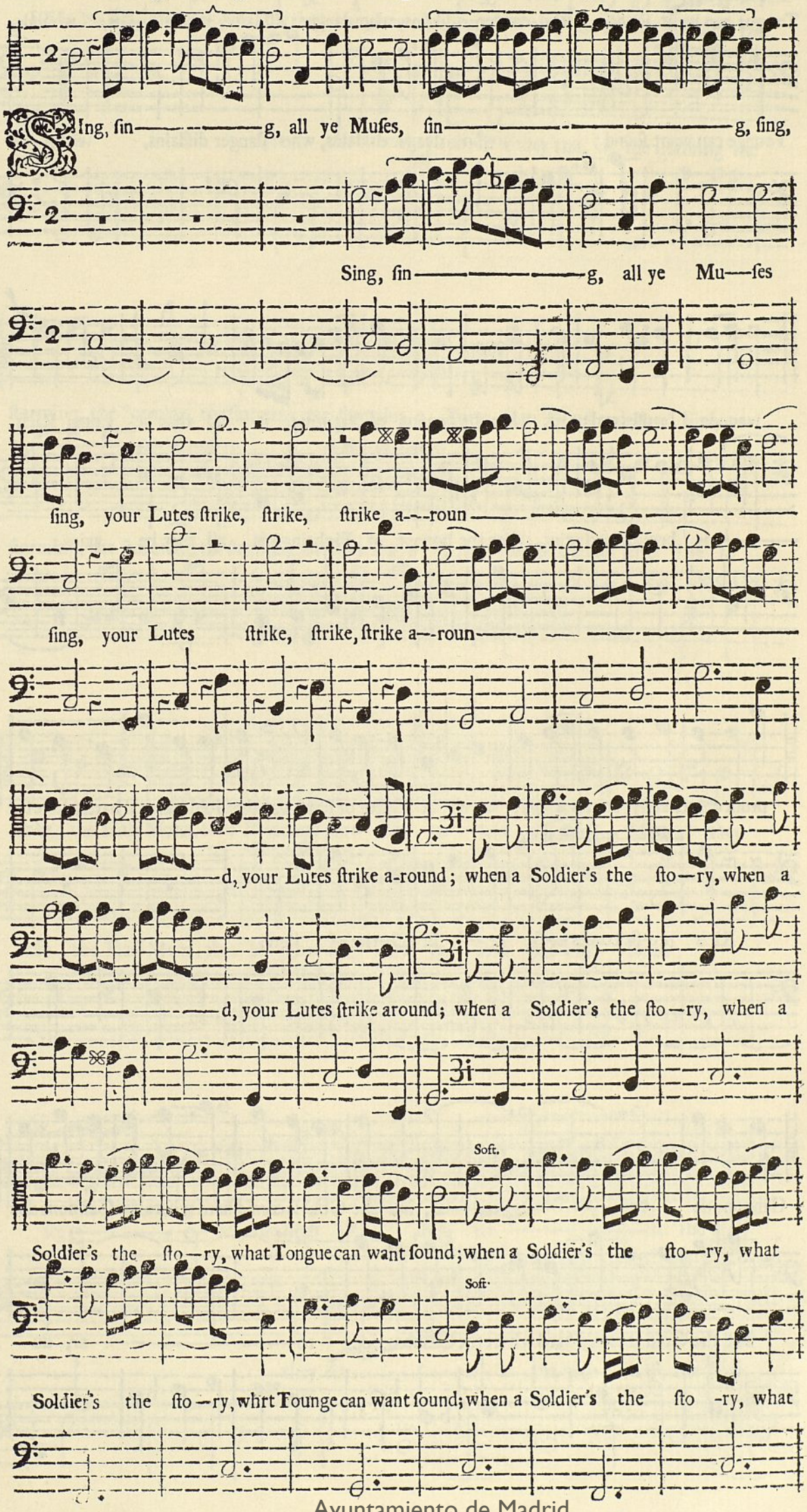
To the First Part of *DON QUIXOTE.*

By Sancho *Riding upon his Ass.*

'MOngst our Fore-fathers, that pure Wit profest,
There's an old Proverb, *That two Heads are best.*
Dapple and I have therefore jogg'd this way,
Through sheer good Nature, to defend this Play:
Tho' I've no Friends, yet he (as proof may shew,)
May have Relations here for ought I know.
For in a Crowd, where various Heads are addle,
May, many an Ass be, that ne'er wore a Saddle.
'Tis then for him that I this Speech intend,
Because I know he is the Poet's Friend;
And, as 'tis said, a parlous Ass once spoke,
When Crab-tree Cudgel did his Rage provoke;
So if you are not civil, 'sbud, I fear,
He'll speak agen,——
And tell the Ladies, every *Dapple* here.
Take good Advice then, and with kindness win him,
Tho' he looks simply, you don't know what's in him:
He has shrewd Parts, and proper for his place,
And yet no Plotter, you may see by's Face;
He tells no Lyes, nor does Sedition vent,
Nor ever Brays against the Government.
Then for his Garb he's like the *Spanish* Nation,
Still the old Mode, he never changes Fashion;
His sober Carriage too you've seen to day,
But for's Religion, troth, I cannot say
Whether for *Mason*, *Burgis*, *Muggleton*,
The House with Steeple, or the House with none;
I rather think he's of your Pagan Crew,
For he ne'er goes to Church --- no more than you.
Some that would, by his Looks, guess his Opinion,
Say, he's a *Papish*; others, a *Socinian*:
But I believe him, if the truth were known,
As th'rest of the Town-Asses are, of none;
But for some other Gifts ---- mind what I say,
Never compare, each *Dapple* has his Day,
Nor anger him, but kindly use this Play;
For should you with him, conceal'd Parts disclose,
Lord! how like Ninneys, would look all the *Beaus.*

F I N I S.

The Firſt Song in the 2*d*. Act. Sung at the Knighting of *Don-Quixot*: Set by Mr. *Purcell*.



Tongue can want ſound ; who danger diſdains, who danger diſdains, woun——ds, wounds,

Tounge can want ſound ; who danger diſdains, who danger diſdains, woun——

wounds, bruiſes and pains, when the honour of Fighting is all that he gains; Rich

——ds bruiſes and pains, when the honour of Fighting is all that he gains;

profit comes ea-ſy, comes ea--ſy, ea--ſy in Cities of ſtore, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the

Rich pro-fit comes ea-ſy, ea--ſy in Ci--ties of ſtore,

Cannons do ro——————ar, but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons doe

but the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons doe ro——————ar, do

Brisk-time.

roar ; yet ſee how they run, how they run, how they run, how they run at the ſtorming, the

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' Fire, to

ſtorming, the ſtorming, the ſtorming, the ſtorming a Town, thro' Blood and thro' Fire to

Soft.

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

Soft.

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

ſca——le the high Wall, they ſca——le the high

they ſca——le the high Wall, the high

Wall, whence they ſee others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they ſee others

Wall, whence they ſee others fall, fall, fall, fall, fall, whence they ſee others

fall ; their hearts precious darling, bright glo——ry, bright

fall ; their hearts precious darling, bright glo——ry, bright

Slow.

glo——ry pur—ſuing, tho' Death's un—der Foot and the

glo——ry pur---ſuing, tho' Death's un---der Foot and the

Mine is juſt blowing. It ſprings, it ſprings, it ſprings, it

Mine is juſt blowing, up they Fl——y,

ſprings up they fl——y, they fl——y, yet

ſprings, it ſprings, it ſprings, it ſprings, up they fl——

more, more, more, more, more, yet more ſtill ſup-ply, as Bride-grooms to

——y, yet more, more, more, yet more ſtill ſup--ply, as Bride-grooms to

Marry, they haſ——ten to die, they haſten to die; till Fate claps,

Marry, they haſ——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

claps, claps her 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

Breach being enter'd, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they'r all Kings:

happy's She whoſe Face can win, then hap-py's She whoſe Face can win, can win a

Then happp's She, then happy's She whoſe Face can win, can win a

Soldier's Grace, they Range about in State, they Range about in State, like Gods, like

Soldier's Grace, they Range about in State, they Range about in State, like Gods, like

Gods diſ--poſing Fate; no Lux-u--ry in Peace, nor pleaſure in ex——

Gods diſ--poſing Fate; no Lux--u——ry in Peace, nor pleaſure in ex-——

——ceſs can par—ra--lell the joys, can par--ra -lell the joys, the

——ceſs can par---ra--lell the joys, can par--ra--lell the joys, the

Mar——tial, Martial He——ro Crown when fluſh'd with Ra——

Mar——tial He——ro Crown when fluſh'd with

——ge, and forc'd by want, forc'd by want, he Stor——

Ra——ge, and forc'd by want he Stor——ms,

——ms, he Stor——ms a Wealthy Town.

he Stor——ms a Wealthy Town.

The 2*d*. Song, Sung by a young Shephardeſs in the 2*d*. Act. Set by Mr. *John Eccles*.

Slow.

YOUNG *Chry--ſoſtome* had Ver--tue, Senſe, Renown, and Manly Grace, yet

all a--las were no defence a---gainſt *Marcella's* Face: His Love that

long had ta--ken Root, in doubts, in doubts cold bed was lay'd, where She not warming

it to Shoot, the lovely, love--ly Plant decay'd, the lovely, love—ly

Plant de---cay'd.

II.

Had Coy *Marcella* own'd a Soul,
Half Beauteous as her Eyes;
Her Judgment had her Scorn controul'd,
And taught her how to Prize:
But Providence that form'd the Fair,
In ſuch a charming Skin,
Their outſide made their only care,
And never look'd within.

The Dirge, or 3*d*. Song in the 2*d*. Act. Sung by a Shepherd and Shepherdess. Set by Mr. *John Eccles*.

Symphony.

1 Flute.

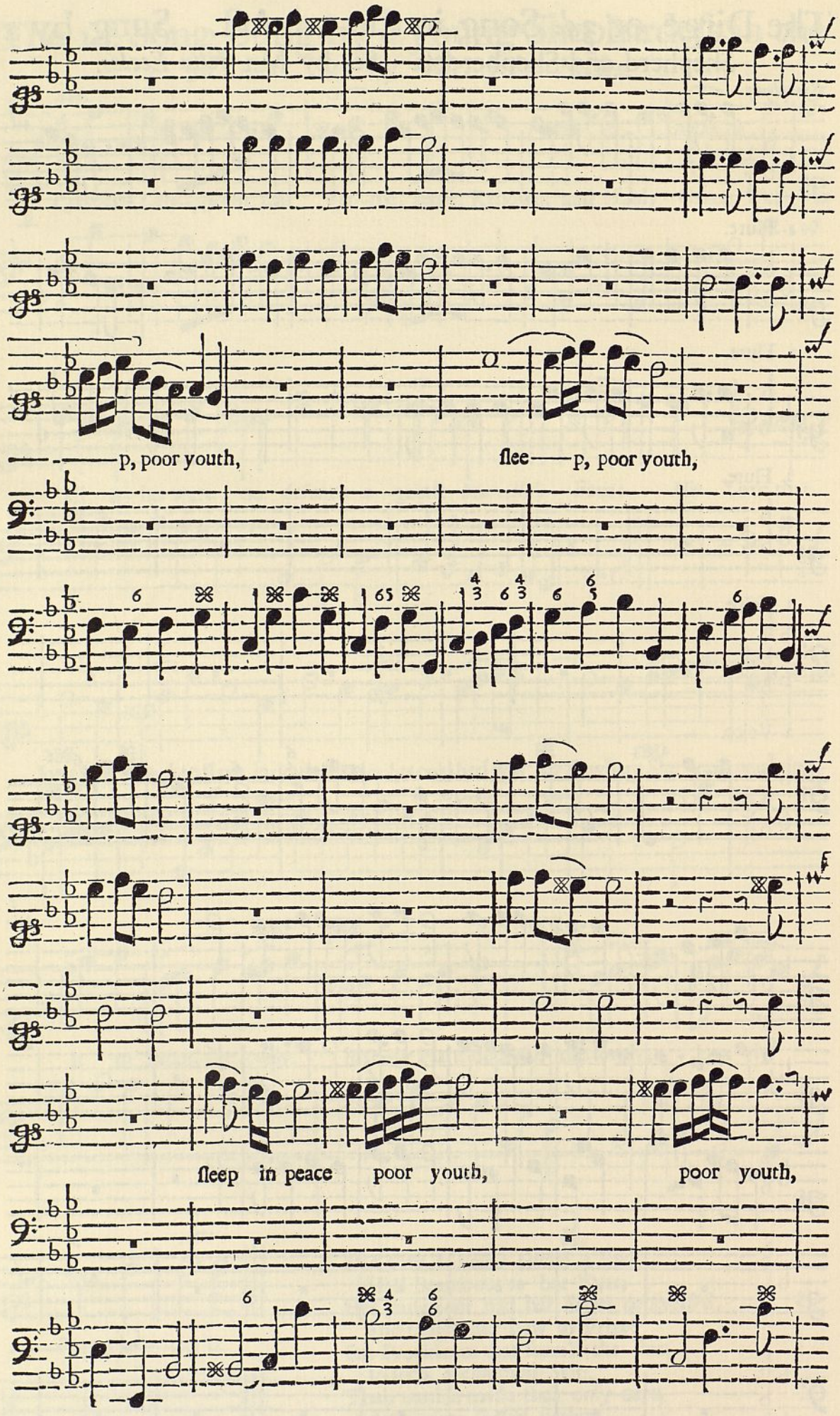
2 Flute.

3 Flute.

1 Voice.

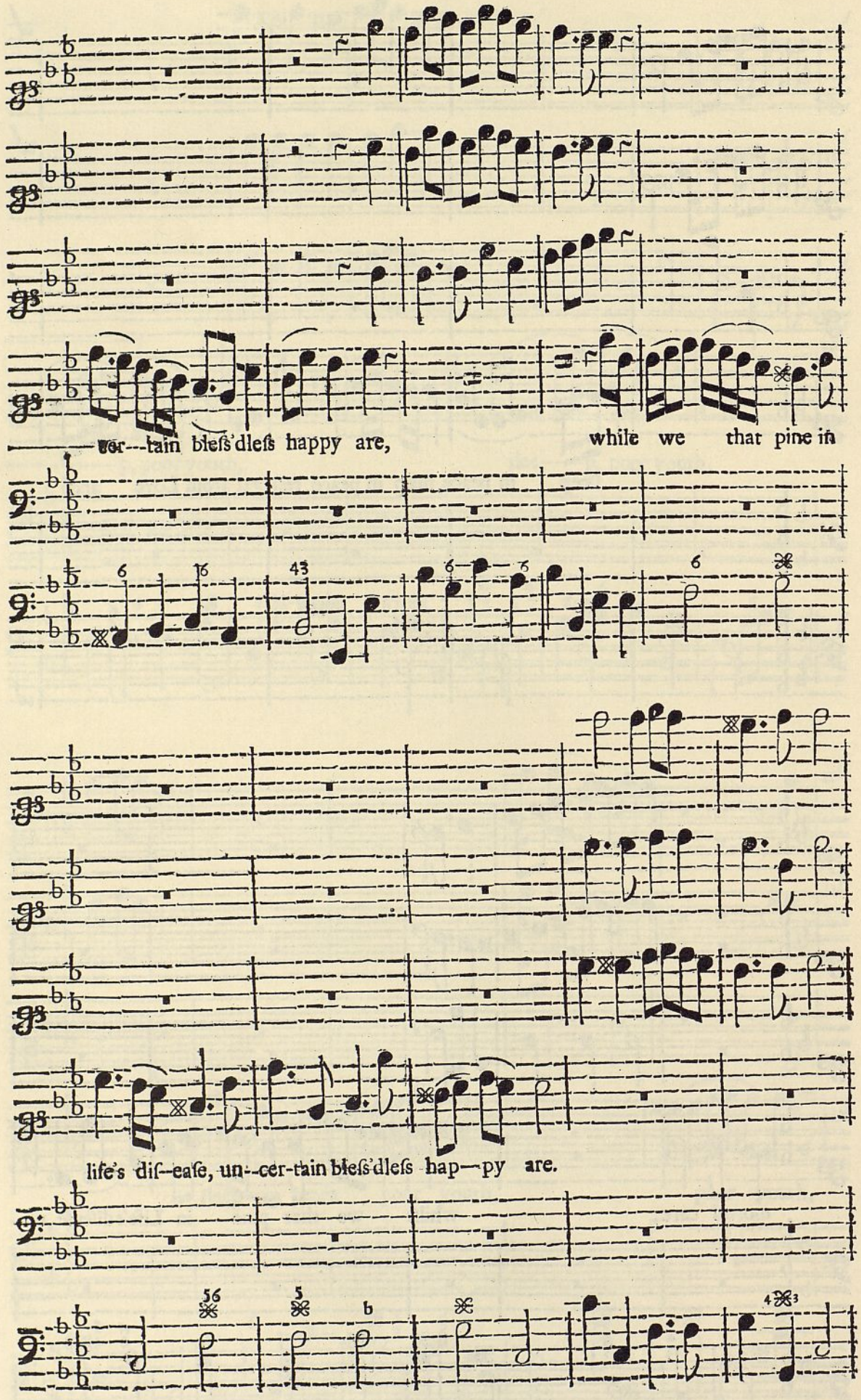
2 Voice.

S Lee-



ſleep in peace, ſleep in peace reliev'd from Love and

mortal care; whilſt we that pine in Life's diſeaſe un-



Cou--ch'd in the dark and ſi--lent Grave,

Cou—ch'd in the dark and ſi—lent Grave, no ills of Fate,

no ills of Fate thou now can'ſt fear; in vain wou'd Tyrant Pow'r en--

--ſlave, or ſcornfull Beauty be ſe—vere, or ſcornfull Beauty

be ſevere, or ſcornfull Beauty be ſe--vere.

She.

Wa——————rs,

Wa——rs; Wars that do Fa—tal

Storms dif—perfe, far, far, far from thy happy, happy Manfion keep; Earth-quakes that

fha——ke, that fha——

——ke the U—niverfe:

can't Ro——ck, can't Ro——ck, can't Ro——

——ck thee in——to founder fleep. fleep.

With all the Charms, the Cha——————————rms of

With all the Charms, the Cha——————————rms

pea——ce, poſ—-ſeſt ſe—cure from life's Torment or Pain.

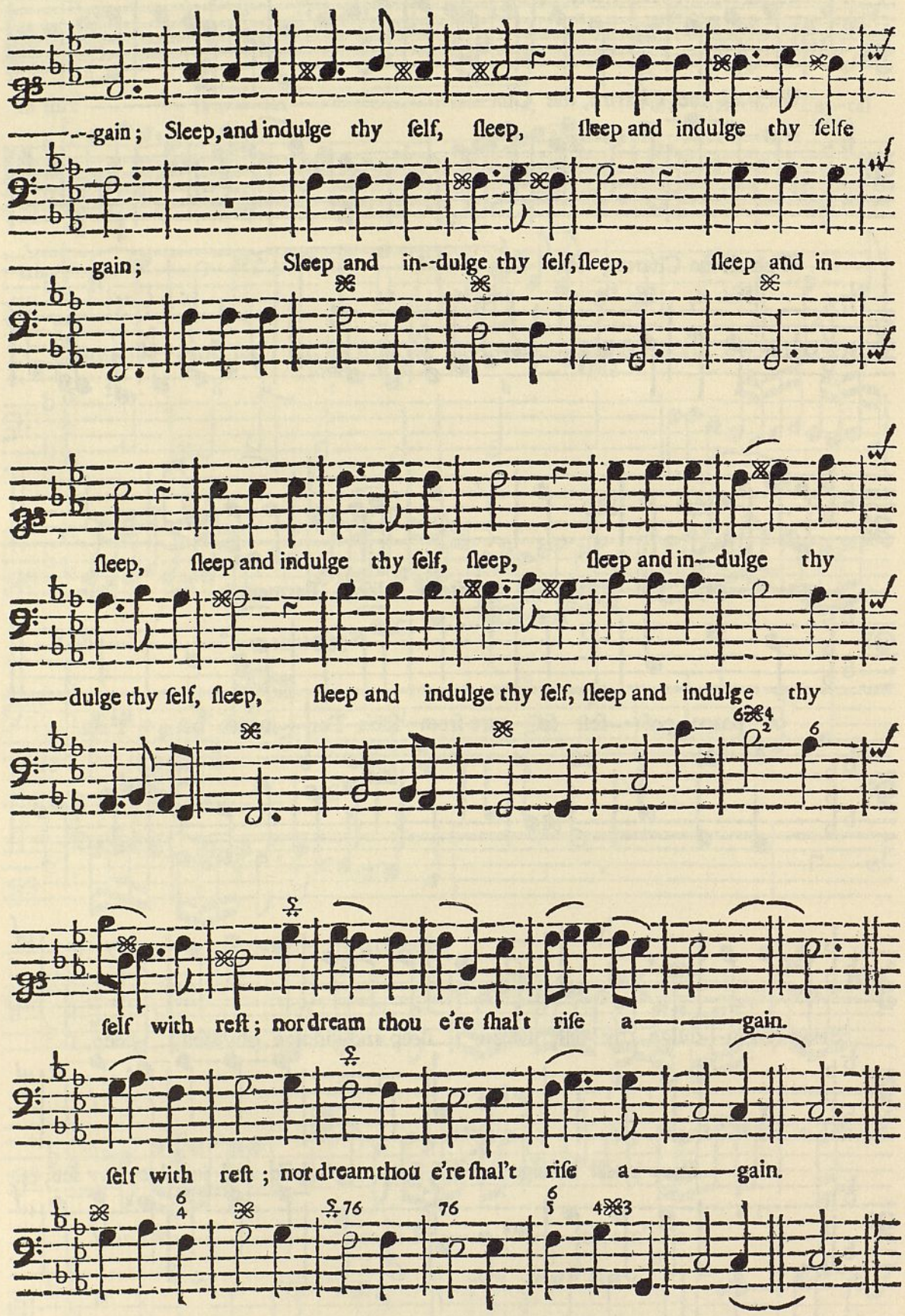
of peace poſ—-ſeſt ſe—cure from life's Tor—ment or Pain.

Sleep and in—dulge thy ſelf, ſleep, ſleep and indulge thy ſelf, ſleep,

Sleep and indulge thy ſelf, ſleep, ſleep and indulge thy ſelf,

ſleep and in—dulge thy ſelf with Reſt, nor dream thou e're ſhal't riſe a——

ſleep: In—dulge thy ſelf with reſt, nor dream thou e're ſhal't riſe a——



CHORUS.

Paſt is the fear of fu-ture doubt, of fu---ture

Paſt is the fear of fu-ture

doubt, the Sun is from the Dy—al gone; the Sands are ſu———nk, the

doubt, the Sun is from the Dy—al gone; the Sands are ſu———nk, are ſunk

ſands are ſu——nk; *the ſands are*

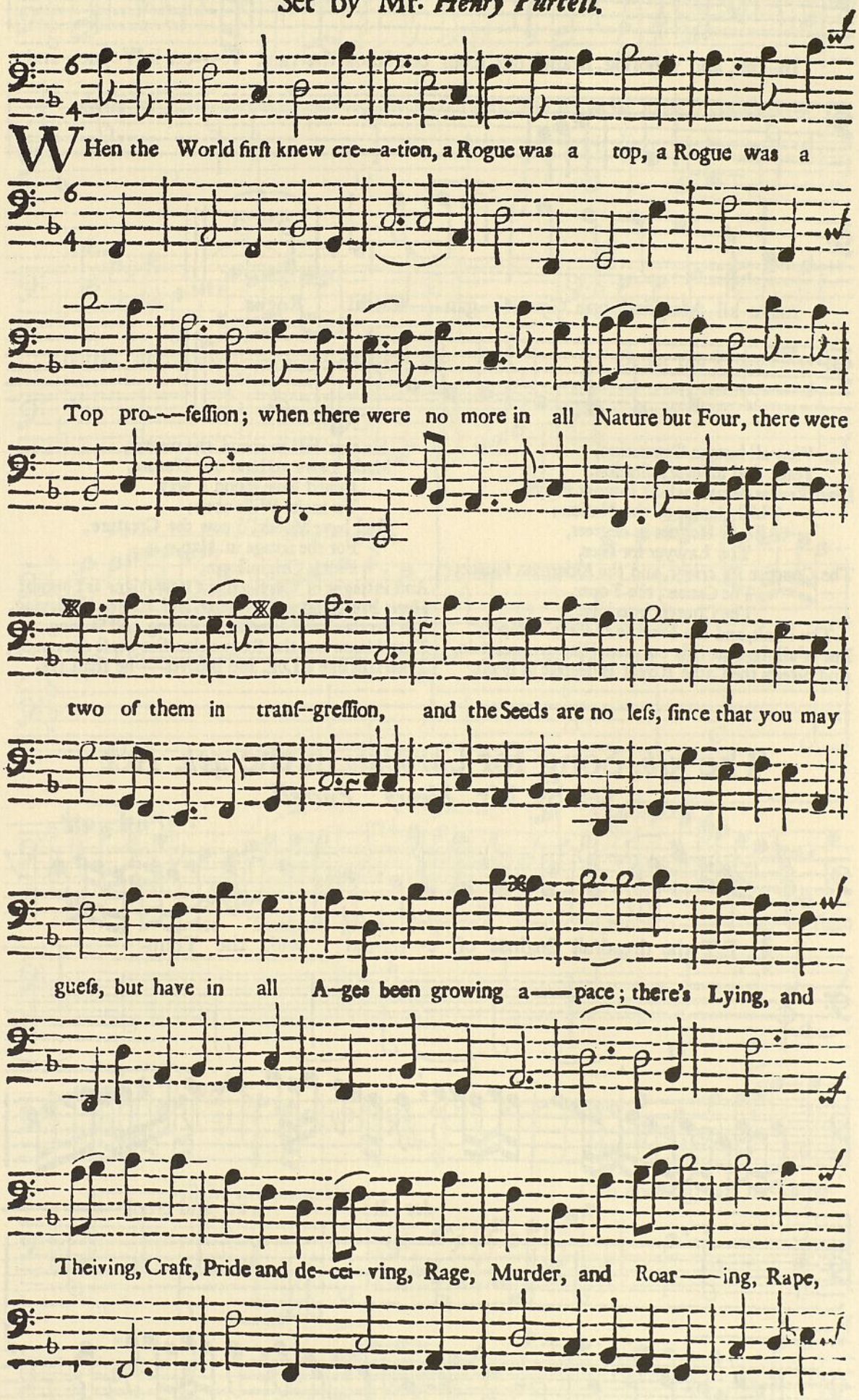
the ſands are ſu——

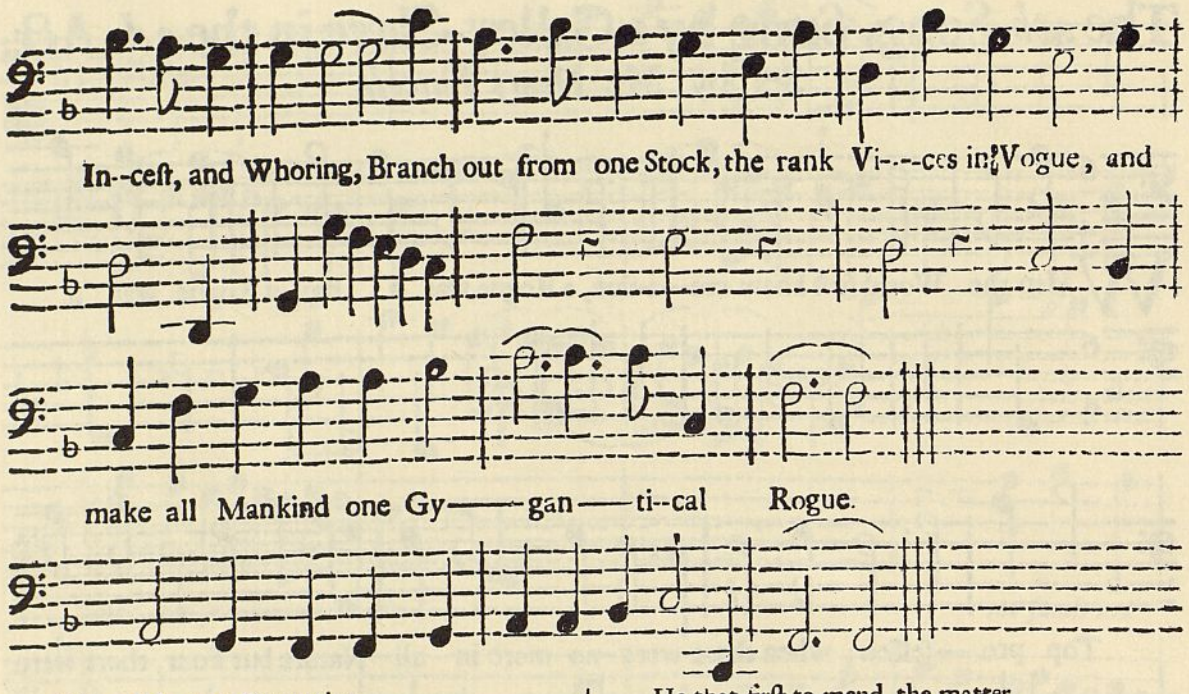
ſunk, the Glaſs is out, the fol——ly of the farce is done.

——nk, the Glaſs is out, the fol——ly of the farce is done.

The 4*th*. Song, Sung by a Galley-Slave in the 3*d*. Act.

Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



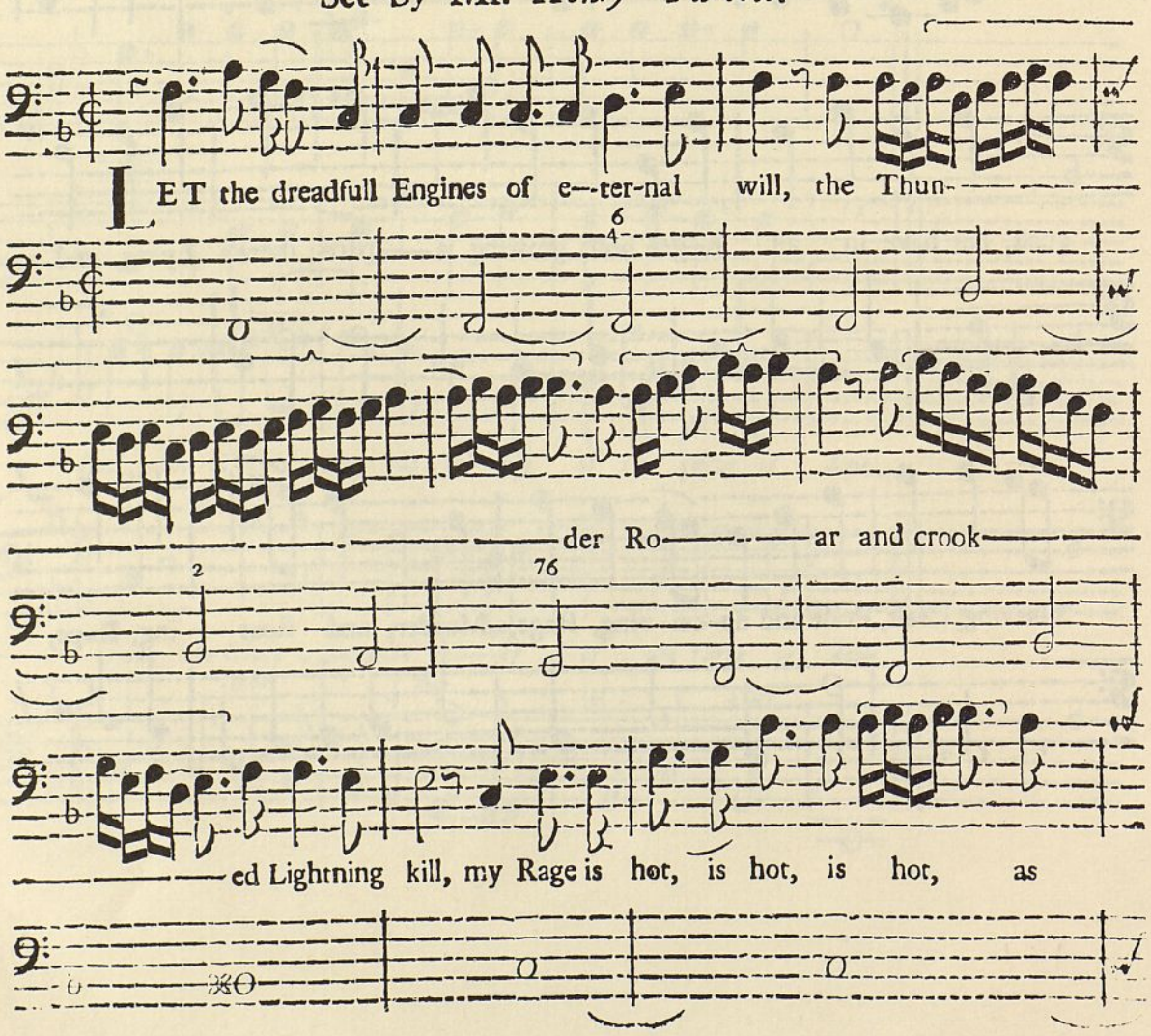


View all human Generation,
You'l find in every Station,
Lean Vertue decays, whilſt Intereſt ſways,
Th'ill Genius of the Nation;
All are Rogues in degrees,
The Lawyer for Fees,
The Courtier *Le cringe*, and the Alderman ſqueez;
The Canter, the Toper,
The Church-Interloper,
The Punk, and the Practiſe of Piety Groper;
But of all, he that fails our true Rites to maintain,
And deſerts the Cauſe Royal is deepeſt in grain.

He that firſt to mend the matter,
Made Laws to bind our Nature,
ſhou'd have found a way,
To make Wills obey;
And have Moddel'd new the Creature,
For the ſavage in Man,
From Original ran,
And in ſpight of Confinement now raigns as't began:
Heres Preaching and Praying, and Reaſon diſplaying,
Yet Brother with Brother, is Killing and Slaying;
Then blame not the Rogue that free-Senſe does enjoy,
Then falls like a Log, and believes-----he ſhall lye.

The 5*th*. Song for *Cardenio* in the 4*th*. Act.

Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.



theirs as fa——tall too, and dares as horrid, and dares as

horrid, horrid ex——e---cution do: Or let the Frozen North

its ran——cour ſhow, within my Breaſt far, far grea——

——ter Tempeſts grow; deſpaire's more cold, more co——ld than

a——ll the winds can blow. Can nothing, can no--thing

warm me, can nothing, can nothing warm me? yes, yes, yes, yes *Lucinda's*

Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes,

yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; there, there, there, there, there *Et---na;* there, there, there, there *Ves-*

---suvio lyes, to fur--nish Hell with flames, that mount---

---ing, mounting reach the Skyes; can nothing, can

nothing warm me, can nothing, can nothing warm me? yes, yes, yes,

yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes; yes,

yes, yes, yes, yes *Lucinda's* Eyes. Ye pow'rs I did but uſe her name,

and ſee how all, and ſee how all the Meteors flame, blew lightning flaſhes round the Court of

Sol, and now the Globe more feircely burns than once at *Phaeton's* fall.

Slow.

Ah! ah!

where, where are now, where are now, where are now thoſe

Flow — r'y Groves, where *Zephir's* fragrant winds did play? ah! where are

now, where are now, where are now thoſe flow———r'y Groves, where *Zephir's*

fragrant winds did play ? where guarded by a Troop of Loves, the

76

fair, the fair *Lu—cin—da* ſleeping lay, there Sung the Nightingale, and

Lark, around us all was ſweet and gay, we ne're grew ſad till it grew

dark, nor nothing fear'd but ſhort——ning 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 in—grate, why, why muſt I

burn for this in—grate; Coole, coole it then, coo—

—le it then, and raile, ſince nothing, no—thing will pre—vaile.

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 Jilts you o're and o're, proves a

Slattern or a Whore; this hour will teize, will teize and vex, will teize, will teize and

vex, and will Cuckold ye the next; they were all contriv'd in ſpight, to tor—

—ment us, not de—light, but to ſcold, to ſcold, and ſcratch, and bite, and not

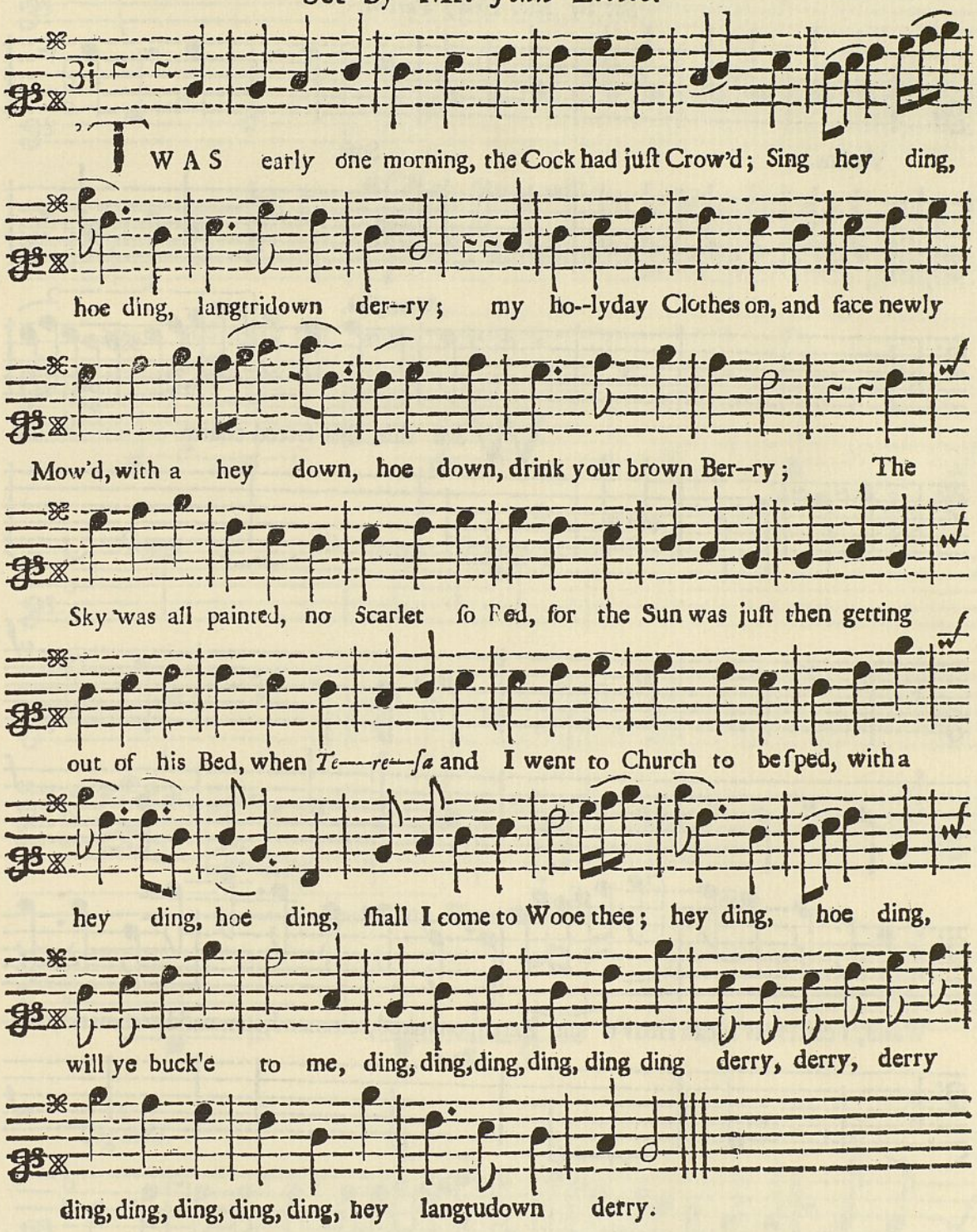
one of them proves right, but all, all are Witches by this light; And

ſo I fair—ly bid e'm, and the World good night, good night, good night, good

night, good night, good night.

The *6th.* Song for *Sancho* in the *4th.* Act.

Set by Mr. *John Eccles.*



II.

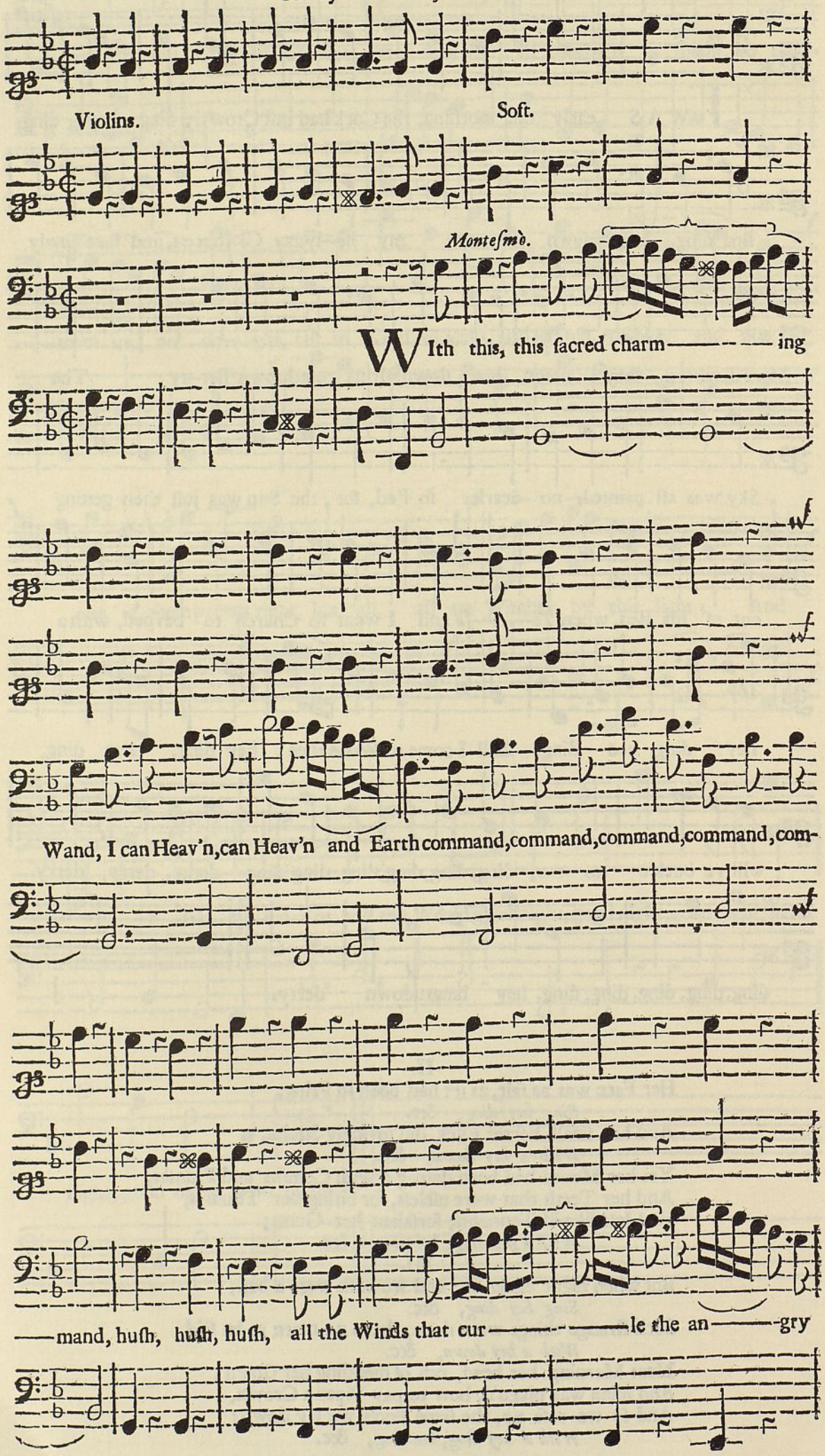
Her Face was as fair, as if't had been in Print;
Sing hey ding, &c.
And her small Ferret Eyes, did lovingly Squint,
With a hey down, &c.
Yet her Mouth had been damag'd with Comfits and Plumbs,
And her Teeth that were useless, for biting her Thumbs,
Had late like ill Tennants, forsaken her Gums;
With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.

III.

But when night came on, and we both were a bed;
Sing hey ding, &c.
Such strange things were done, ther's no more to be said,
With a hey down, &c.
Next Morning her head, ran of mending her Gown;
And mine was plagu'd, how to pay Piper a Crown,
And so we rose up, the same Fools we lay down;
With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.

The *7th.* Song for *Montesmò* an Inchanter, and *Melliſſa* and *Urganda* Inchantreſſes. Sung in the *5th.* Act of the firſt Part of *Don-Quixot.*

Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



Sea, and make the row

ling Waves o—bey.

Urganda.

I, I from the Clouds can Con——jure down the Rain, I from the

Clouds can Con——jure down the Rain, can Con——jure

down the Rain; and make it De——luge, and make it De——

Mellissa.

——luge once, once a—gain: I, when I pleaſe, I, when I

pleaſe, make Na——ture ſmile, ſmile, ſmile, as

ga——y, as ga——

——y, as at firſt ſhe did on, as at firſt ſhe did

on her Cre——a—t'on day; Groves with E——ter——nal ſweets, ſhall

fra——grant grow, ſhall fragrant, fra--grant grow, and

make a true *E*——*li*——————*zium*, and make a true *E*-——

——*li*——————*zium* heer be-—-low.

CHORUS.

Groves with E——ter----nal ſweets ſhall fra---grant grow, ſhall fragrant,

Groves with E——ter——nal ſweets ſhall fra——grant gro————w,

Groves with E——ter--nal ſweets ſhall fra-—-grant grow, ſhall fragrant,

fra—grant grow; and make a true E—li——————

and make a true E—li————zium, *and make a true* E—li————

fra—grant grow, and make a true E—li————————zium, *and*

——zium, *and make a true* E—li————————zium *here be*—

————————zium, *a true* E——li——zium, *here be*—

make a true E——li————————————zium *here be*—

——*low.* Ritornello.

——*low.*

——*low.*

Melliſſa.

I can give Beauty, make the aged young, and Love's dear momentary rapture

long; Love's dear momentary rapture long.

Urganda.

Nature re—ſtore, and life, and life when ſpen——

——t re—new; Nature re—ſtore, and life, and life when ſpen——

——t re—new: all this, all this by Art, all this by

Art can great, can grea——

t *Ur—gan——da* doe; can great, can grea——

t *Ur——gan——da* doe.

Mellissa.

Urganda. Why

Why then, why then will Mortals dare

Art all can doe all, all can doe; Why, then, why

then, why then will Mortals dare, to urge a Fate, to urge a

to urge a Fate, to urge, a Fate, to urge a

then will Mortals dare, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate,

Fate: why then, why then will Mortals dare, to urge a

Fate, to urge a Fate; why then, why then will Mortals dare,

to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate why then, why then will Mortals

Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a

to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a Fa——

dare to urge a Fate, to urge a Fate, to urge a

Fate, and Juſ——tice ſo ſe——vere?

——te, and Juſ——tice ſo ſe——vere?

Fate, to urge a Fate, and Juſtice ſo ſe——vere? See, ſee there a

Wretch in his own o--pi—nion Wiſe; Laugh-----s at our

Charms, Laugh-----s at our Charms, and mocks, and mocks our

Melliſſa.

My--ſte--ries. I've a lit--tle Spirit yonder, where the Clouds do part a----

----ſunder, lyes, basking his Limbs, in the warm Sun-beams, ſhall his Soul from his

Bo—dy plunder, ſpeak, ſpeak, ſhall it be ſo? ſhall it be ſo,

ſhall it be, ſhall it be, ſhall it be ſo? ſhall it be, ſhall it be, ſhall it be ſo?

Urganda.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no

no, no, no, no, no, no; no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no;

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no; that

Fate's too high, too high, that Fate's too high; I'le give him, give him

one more low, I'le give him, give him one more low.

Mellissa.

Let it be so, let it be so, let it be so;

Urganda.

Let it be so, let it be, let it be so, let it be so;

let it be, let it be, let it be so; let it be, let it be,

let it be, let it be, let it be so; let it be, let it be,

let it be so.

let it be so. Appear, appear, appear, appear ye fat Fiends that in

Limbo do groan, that were, when in flesh, the same Souls as his own; you that

always, you that always in *Lu—ci—fer's* Kitchin re—ſide, 'mongſt Sea-cole and

Kettles, and Greaſe newly fry'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each

day with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Raſhers of Fools for a

Break-faſt on Coals, this Mortal from hence to con—vey, to con—

—vey try your skill; thus Fate's, thus Fate's, and our Ma—gi—cal

orders ful—fill, thus Fate's, thus Fate's, and our Ma—gi-cal orders ful—fill.

CHORUS. Violins the ſame.

Ap—-pear, ap—pear, ap——pear, ap—-pear, ye fatt Fiends that in

Ap—-pear, ap — pear, ap- -pear, ye fatt Fiends that in

Ap — pear, ap—-pear, ye fat Fiends that in

Lim—-bo do groan, that were, when in fleſh, the ſame Souls as his own; you that

Lim—bo do groan, that were, when in fleſh, the ſame Souls as his own; you that

Lim—bo do groan, that were, when in fleſh, the ſame Souls as his own; you that

always, you that always in Lu--ci--fer's *Kitchin re——ſide, 'mongſt Sea-cole and*

always, you that always in Lu--ci--fer's *Kitchin re——ſide, 'mongſt Sea-cole and*

always, you that always in Lu--ci--fer's *Kitchin re——ſide, 'mongſt Sea-cole and*

Kettles, and Greaſe new--ly try'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each

Kettles, and Greaſe new--ly try'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each

Kettles, and Greaſe new--ly try'd; that pamper'd, that pamper'd, each

day, with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Ra-ſhers of Fools for a

day, with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Ra-ſhers of Fools for a

day, with a Garbidge of Souls, broyl Ra-ſhers of Fools for a

Breakfaſt on Coals, theſe Mortals from hence to con--vey, to con--

Breakfaſt on Coals, theſe Mortals from hence to con--vey, to con--

Breakfaſt on Coals, theſe Mortals from hence to con--vey, to con--

—vey ſhew your skill; thus Fate's thus Fate's and our Ma--gi---cal

—vey ſhew your skill; thus Fate's thus Fate's and our Ma--gi---cal

—vey ſhew your skill; thus Fate's thus Fate's and our Ma--gi---cal

or---der ful—fill. fill.

or---der ful—fill. fill.

or---der ful---fill. fill.

FINIS.

THE SONGS TO The New Play OF DON QUIXOTE.

As they are Sung at

The Queen's Theatre IN DORSET GARDEN.

Part the Second.

Sett by the moſt Eminent Maſters of the Age.

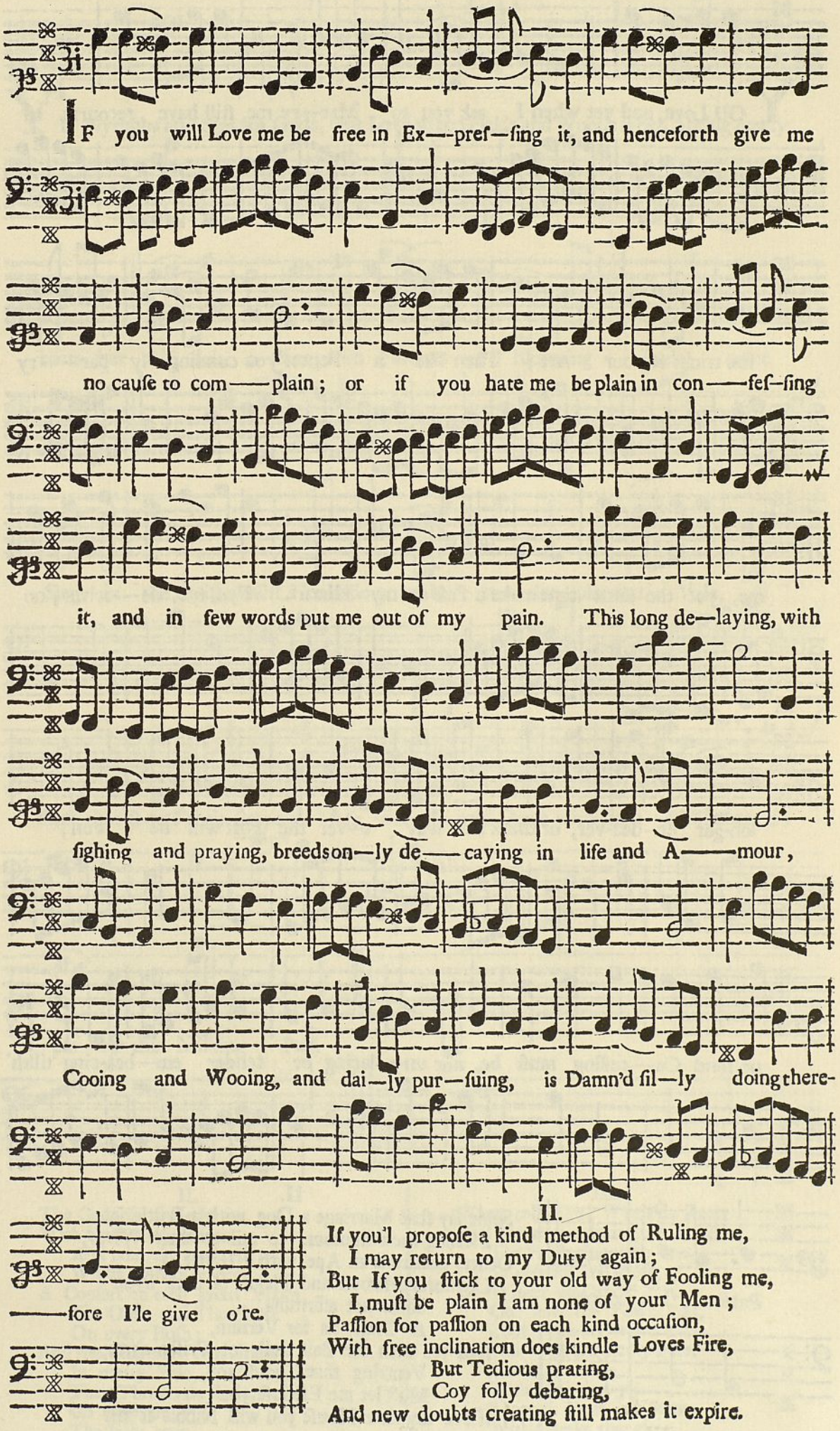
All Written by Mr. *D'urfey.*

Decies repetita placebunt.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Heptinſtall* for *Samuel Briſcoe*, at the corner of *Charles-ſtreet, Covent-Garden.* 1694.

Price One Shilling Six Pence.

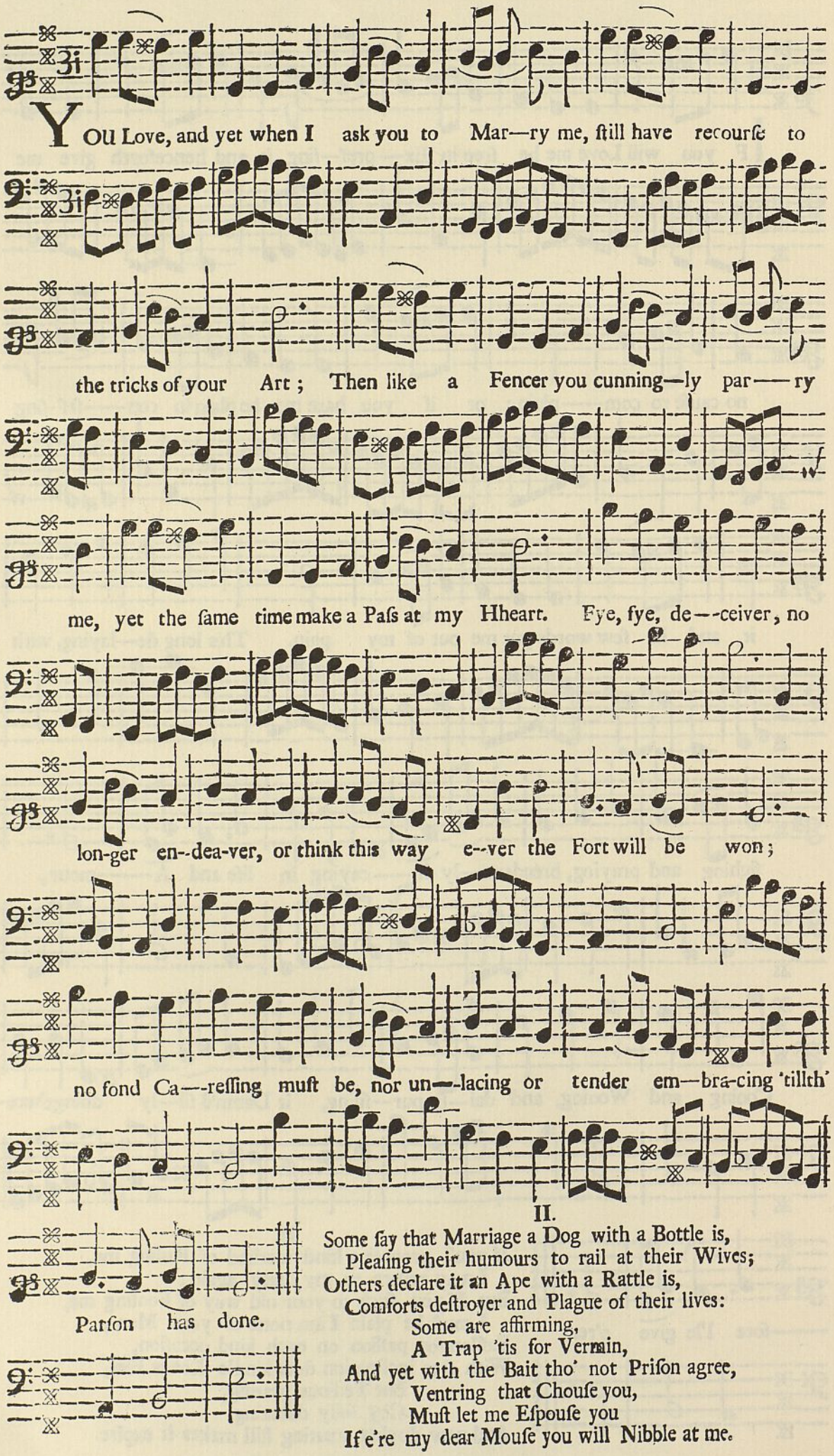
The firſt Song to a Minuet at the Duke's Entertainment of *Don Quixote* in the firſt Act.



II.

If you'l propoſe a kind method of Ruling me,
I may return to my Duty again;
But If you ſtick to your old way of Fooling me,
I, muſt be plain I am none of your Men;
Paſſion for paſſion on each kind occaſion,
With free inclination does kindle Loves Fire,
But Tedious prating,
Coy folly debating,
And new doubts creating ſtill makes it expire.

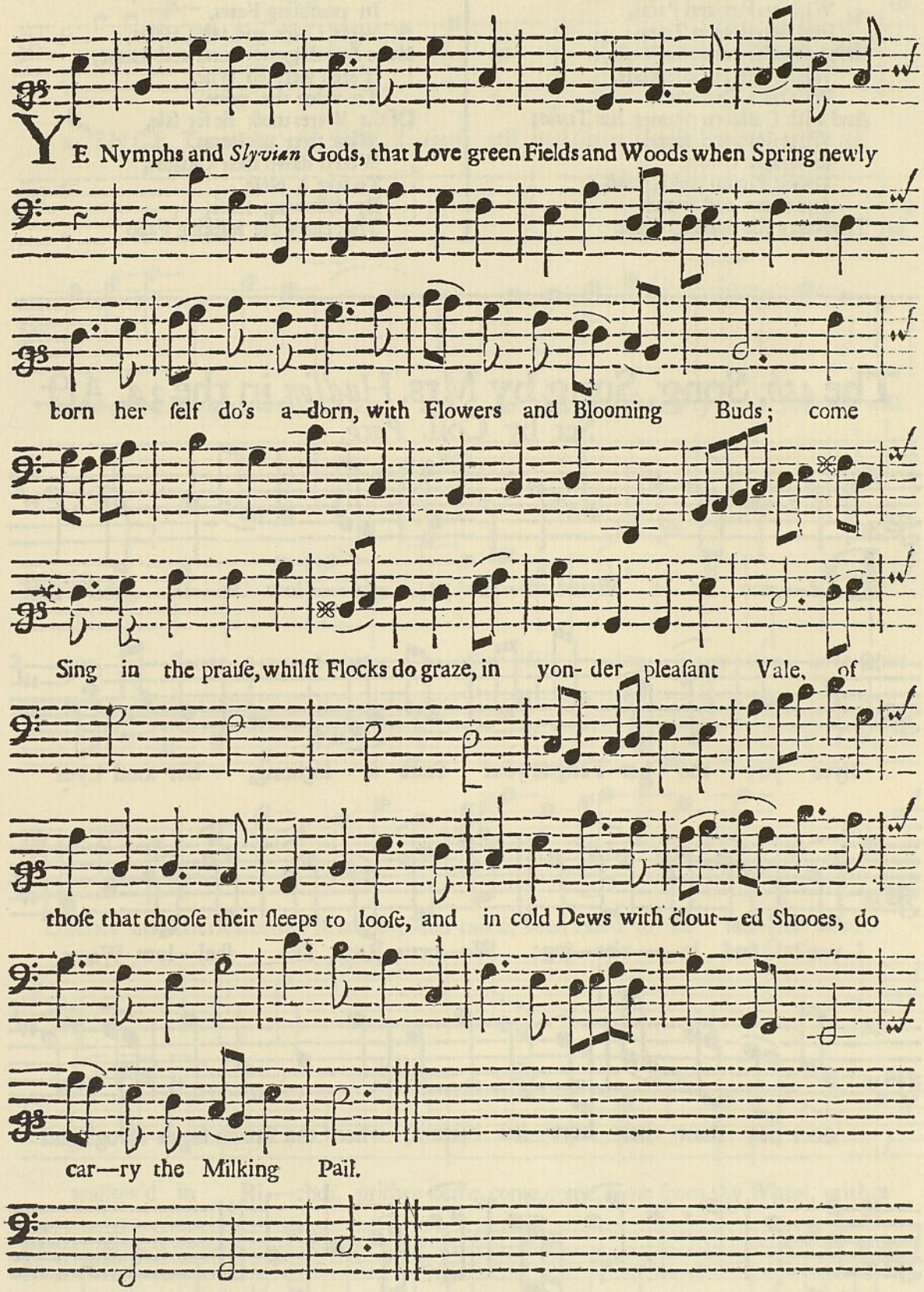
The Ladys Anſwer. The 2*d*. Song to a Minuet at the Duke's Entertainmet of *Don Quixote* in the firſt Act.



II.

Some ſay that Marriage a Dog with a Bottle is,
Pleaſing their humours to rail at their Wives;
Others declare it an Ape with a Rattle is,
Comforts deſtroyer and Plague of their lives:
Some are affirming,
A Trap 'tis for Vermin,
And yet with the Bait tho' not Priſon agree,
Ventring that Chouſe you,
Muſt let me Eſpouſe you
If e're my dear Mouſe you will Nibble at me.

The 3*d*. Song in the 2*d*. Act. Sung by Mrs. *Ayliff*, dressed like a Milk-maid. Set by Mr. *John. Eccles.*



II.

The Goddess of the Morn,
With blushes they adorn,
And take the fresh Air;
Whilst Linnets prepare
A Consort on each green Thorn,
The Ousle and Thrush,
On every Bush;
And the Charming Nightingale
In merry Vain,
Their Throats do strain,
Go entertain
The Jolly train
That carry the Milking Pail.

III.

When cold bleak Winds do Roar,
And Flow'rs can spring no more,
The Fields that were seen,
So pleasant and green,
By Winter all Candid o're,
Oh! how the Town Lass,
Looks with her white Face,
And her Lips of deadly Pale:
But it is not so,
With those that go,
Through Frost and Snow,
With Cheeks that glow,
And carry the Milking Pail.

IV.

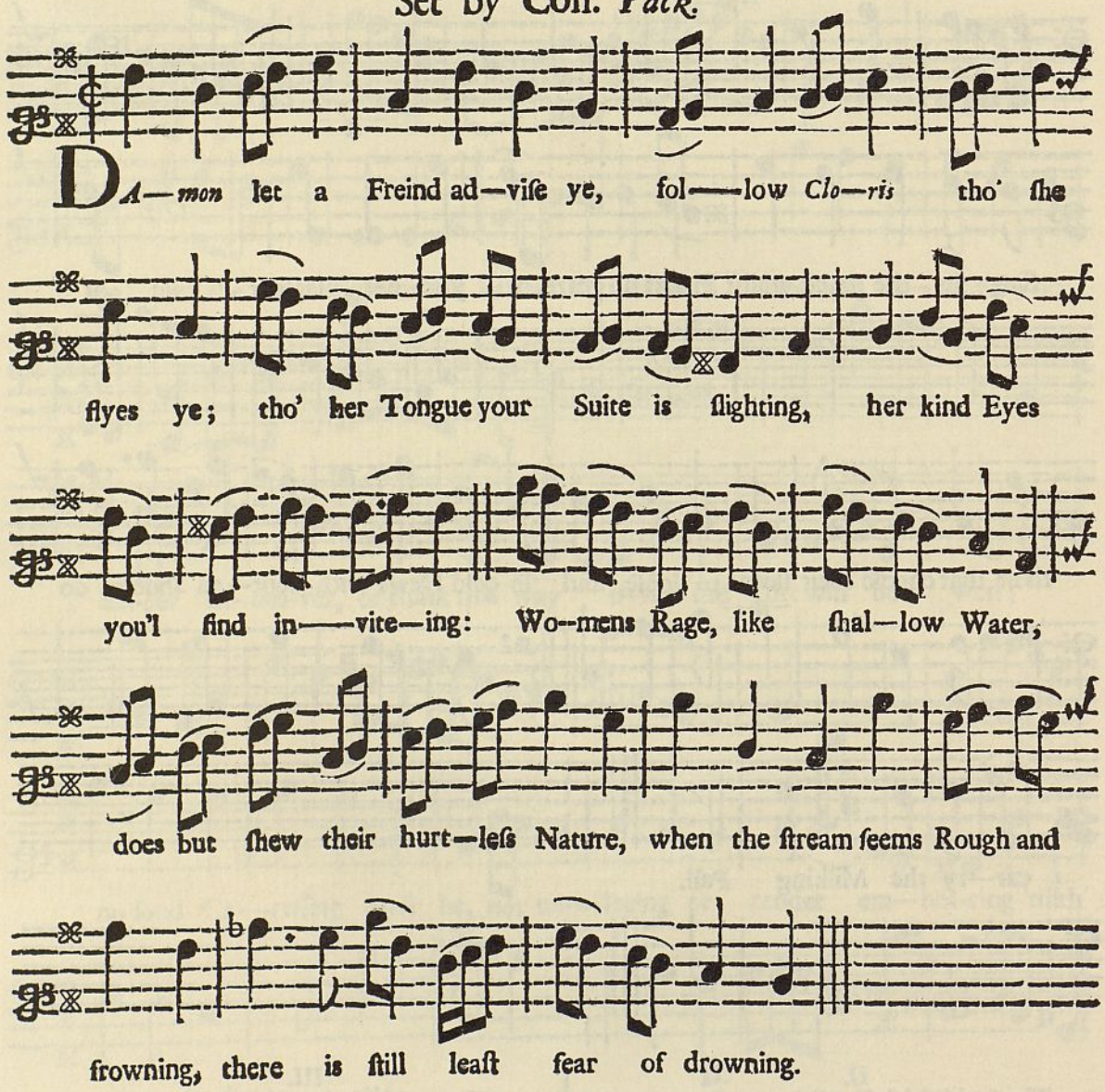
The Miſs of Courtly mould,
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold,
With waſhes and Paint,
Her Skin does ſo Taint,
She's wither'd before She's old,
Whilſt She in Commode,
Put's on a Cart-load;
And with Cuſhions plumps her Tayle;
What Joys are found,
In Ruſſet Gown,
Young, Plump and Round,
And ſweet and ſound,
That carry the Milking Paile.

V.

The Girles of *Venus* game,
That venture Health and Fame,
In practiſing Feats,
With Colds and with Heats,
Make Lovers grow Blind and Lame,
If Men were ſo Wiſe,
To value the price,
Of the Wares moſt fit for ſale,
What ſtore of Beaus,
Wou'd dawb their Cloaths,
To ſave a Noſe,
By following thoſe,
That carry the Milking Paile.

The 4*th*. Song, Sung by Mrs. *Hudſon* in the 3*d*. Act.

Set by Coll. *Pack*.



II.

Let me tell the advent'rous Stranger,
In our calmneſs lyes our danger;
Like a River's ſilent Running,
Stillneſs ſhews our depth and Cunning:
She that Railes ye into Trembling,
Only ſhews her fine diſſembling;
But the Fawner to abuſe ye,
Thinks ye fools, and Sot will uſe ye.

A Dialogue in the 4*th*. Act of the 2*d*. Part of *Don Quixote*, for a Clown and his Wife. Sung by Mr. *Reading* and Mrs. *Ayliff*. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*.

He.

SINCE Times are ſo bad, I muſt tell you ſweet Heart, I'me thinking to leave off my Plough and my Cart, and to the fair Cit——ty a Journey will goe, to better my Fortune as other folk doe; Since ſome have from Ditches and courſe Leather Breeches, been rais'd, been rais'd to be Ru--lers and wallow'd in Ri—-ches, prithee come, come, come, come from thy Wheel, prithee come, come, come, come from thy Wheel, for if Gypſies don't lye I ſhall, I

She.

ſhall be a Governour too, e're I dye. Ah! *Col--lin*

ah! *Collin*, by all, by all thy late doings I find with ſorrow and

trouble, with ſor—row and trouble the Pri —— de of thy Mind, our

Sheep now at random diſ--or—der—ly run, and now, and now Sundays

Jacket goes e—-ve—ry day on; ah! what doſt thou, what doſt thou,

what doſt thou mean? ah! what doſt thou, what doſt thou, what doſt thou mean?

He.

To make my Shoos clean and foot it, and foot it to the Court, the King and the

She.

Queen, where shewing my parts I preferment shall win; Fye, fye, fye, fye,

fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, 'tis better, 'tis better for us to Plough and to

Spin; for as to the Court when thou happen'ſt to try, thoul't find nothing

got there unleſs thou can'ſt buy; For Money the Devil, the De--vil and

all's to be found, but no good Parts minded, no, no, no, no good Parts

He.

minded without the good Pound. Why then I'le take Arms, why

then I'le take Arms, I'le take Arms, and follow, and follow Allarms, hunt

She.

Honour that now a--dayes plaugeil— ly charms: And ſo loſe a Limb by a

Shot or a Blow, and curſe thy ſelf af--ter, for lea—ving, for lea—ving the

He. *She.*

Plough. Suppoſe I turn Gameſter? So Cheat and be bang'd:

He. *She.* *He.*

What thinkſt of the Road then? The High-way to be Hang'd; Nice Pimping how—

e—ver yields profit for Life, I'le help ſome fine Lord to a---nother's fine

She.

Wife: That's dan--ge--rous too, amongſt the Town Crew, for

ſome of 'em will doe the ſame thing by you; and then I to

Cuckold ye may be drawn in, faith *Col—lin* 'tis better I ſit here and Spin,

He.

faith *Collin* 'tis bet--ter I ſit here and Spin. Will nothing prefer me, what

She. *He.*

think'ſt of the Law? Oh! while you live *Collin* keep out of that Paw: I'le

She.

Cant and I'le Pray. Ah! there's nought got, ah! there's nought got that way, there's

no one mind snow what those black Cattle say; let all our whole care be our

He.

Farming af—fair, To make our Corn grow and our Ap—ple Trees bear.

2 Voice.

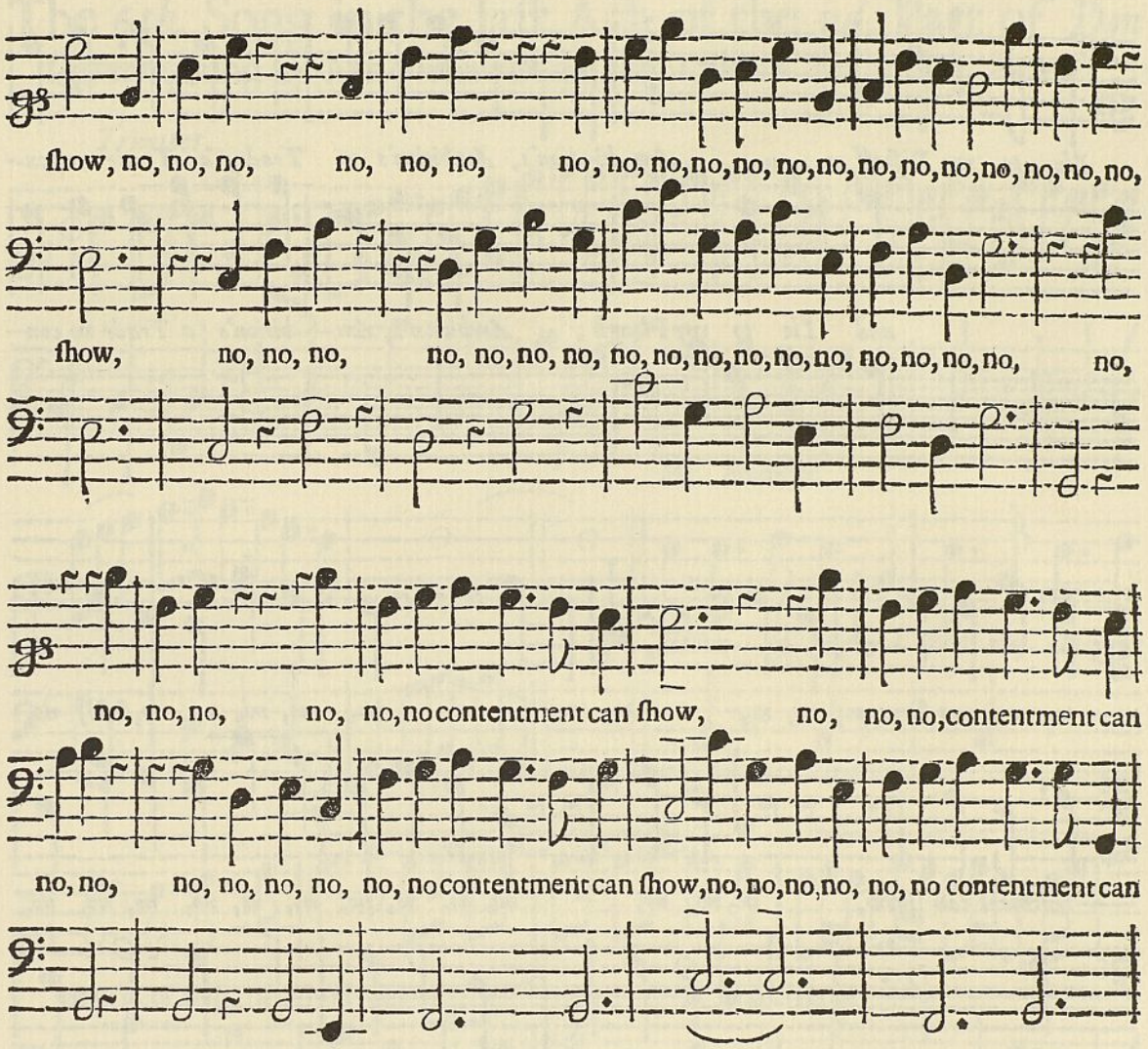
Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade, a Trade no Contentment can show, so I'le to my

Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can show,

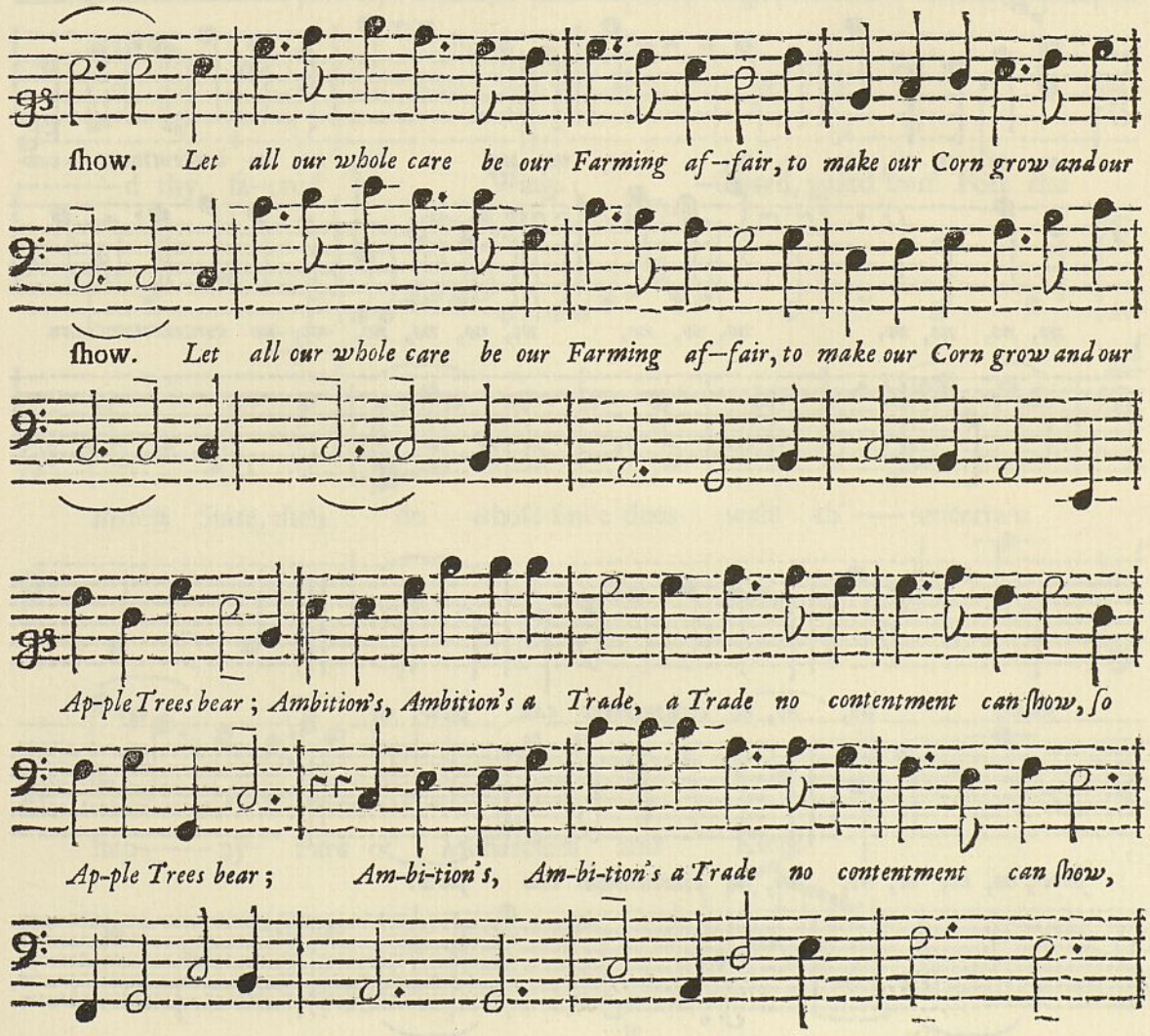
56

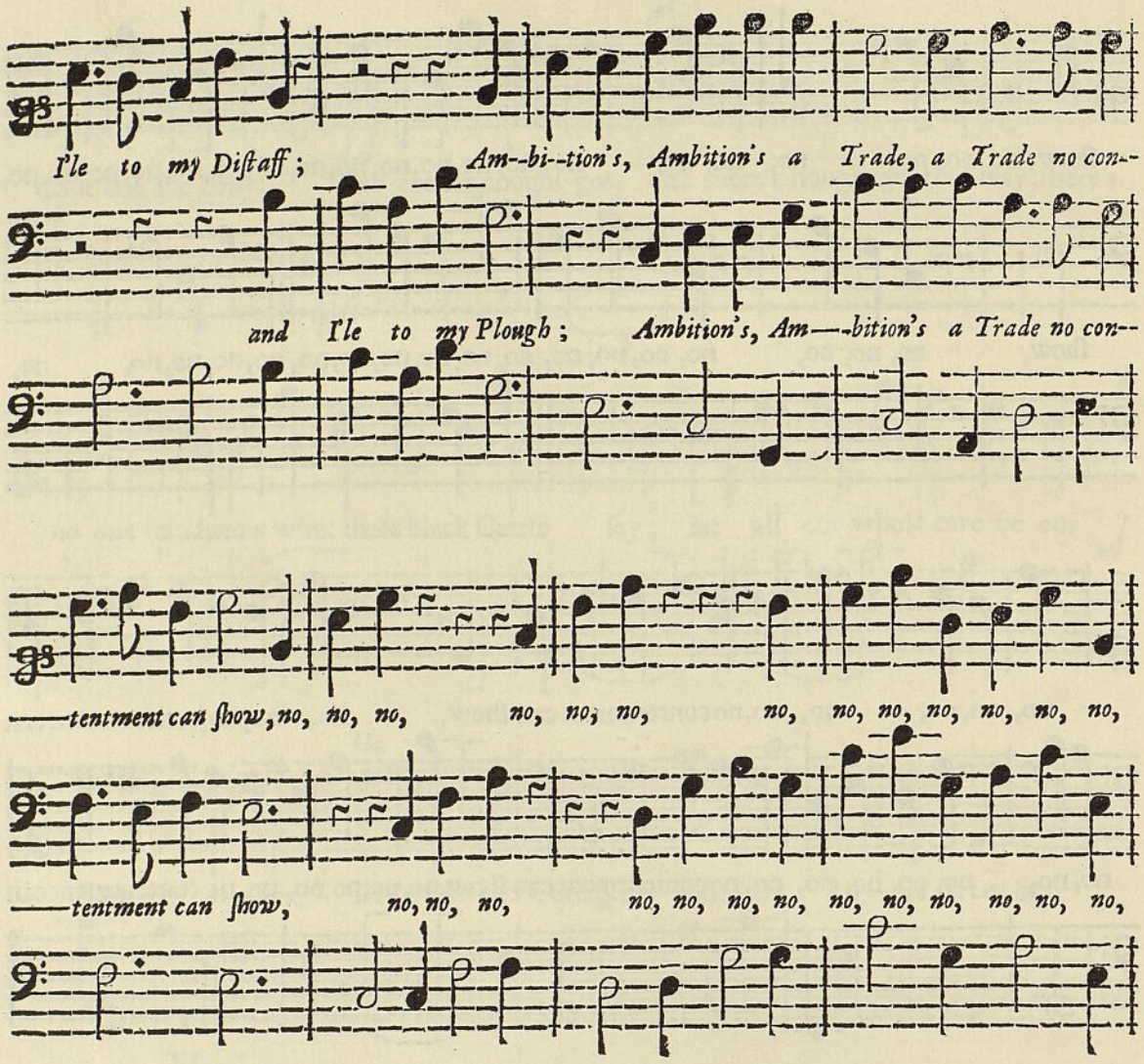
Distaff; Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade, a Trade no Contentment can

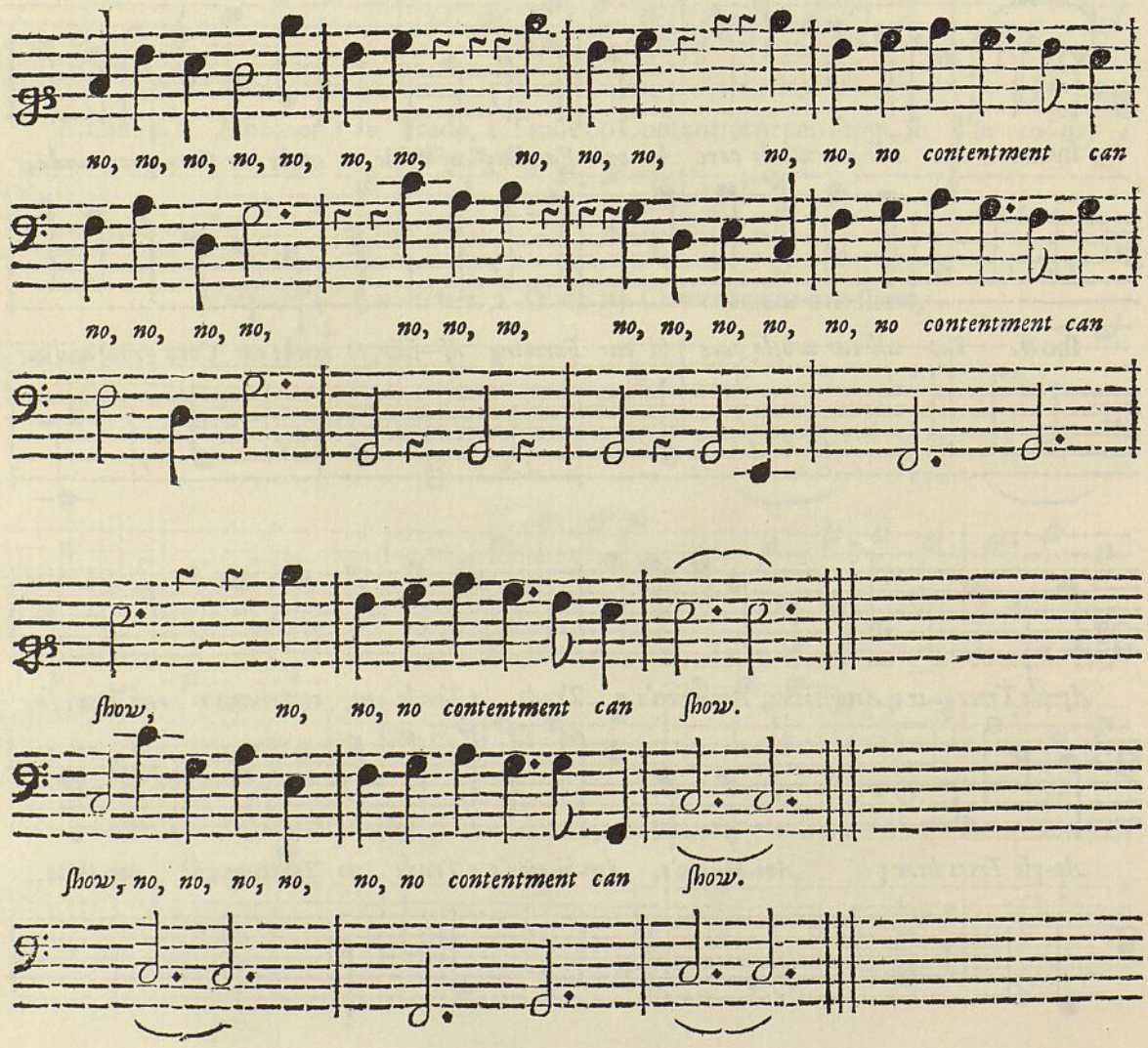
and I to my Plough; Ambition's, Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can



CHORUS.







The 6*th*. Song in the laſt Act of the 2*d*. Part of *Don Quixote*, Sung by Mr. *Freeman* and Mrs. *Cibber*. Set by Mr. *Purcell*.

Trumpet.

Mr. *Freeman*.

GEnius of *England* from thy pleaſant Bow'r of bliſs a—ri——————ſe and ſprea——————d thy ſa—cred Wings; Guard, guard from Foes the *Britiſh* State, thou on whoſe ſmile does wait th'——uncertain hap——py Fate of Monarchies and Kings

Trumpet.

Mrs. *Cibber.*

Then follow brave

Boys, then follow brave Boys to the Wars,

follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow brave

Boys to the War

s,

follow, follow follow brave Boys to the War

s' the Lawrel you know 's the prize,

the Lawrel you know 's the prize: who brings home the

noblest, the no——————bless, the no——————

——————bless Scars looks fine——————

——————est in *Ce——lia's* Eyes;

then sha——————ke off the Sloth-full

ease, let Glory, let

Glory, let Glo--ry in--spi——————re your Hearts;

re--member a

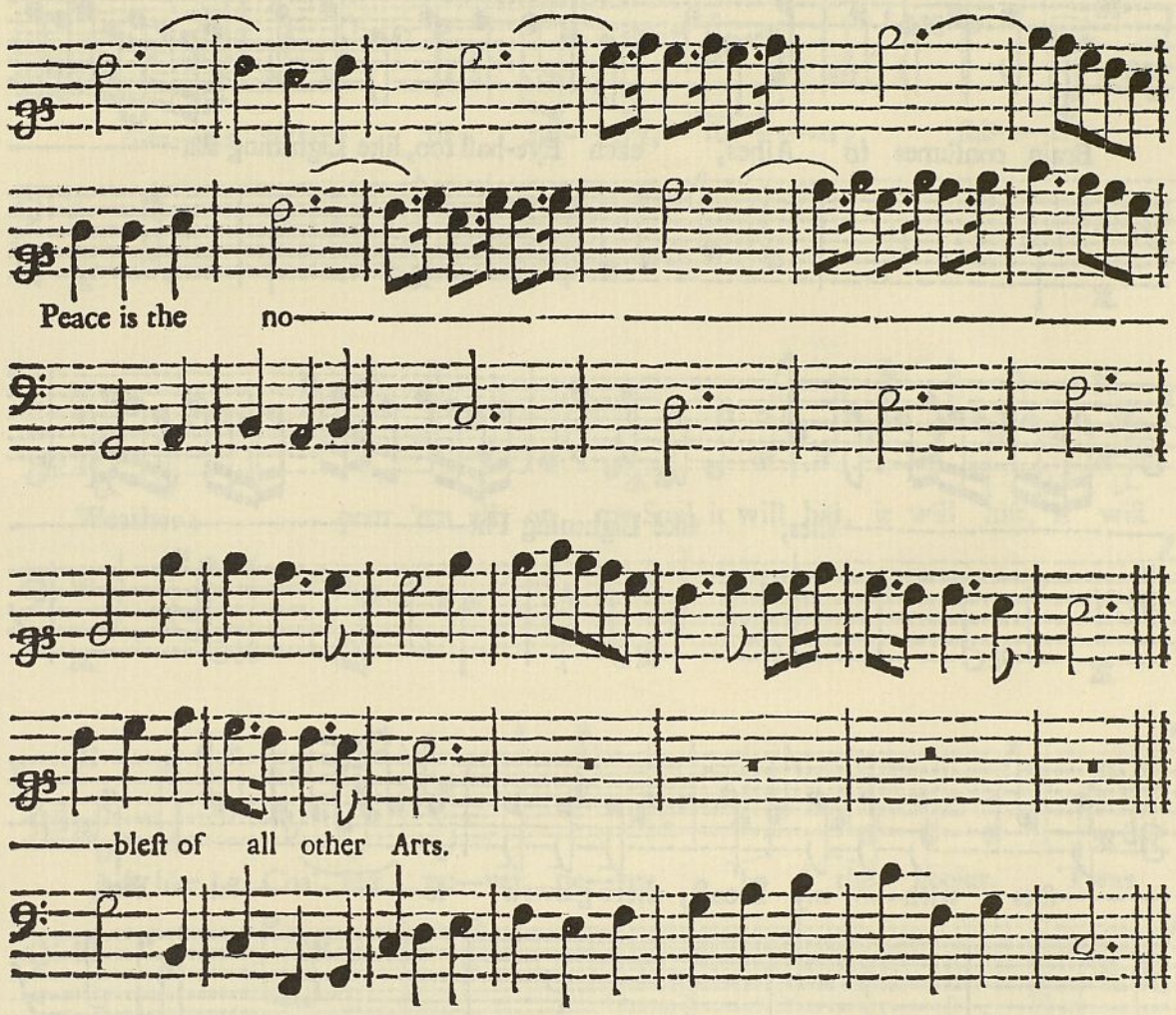
Soldier in War and in Peace, re--member a

Soldier in War, in War and in Peace is the no——————

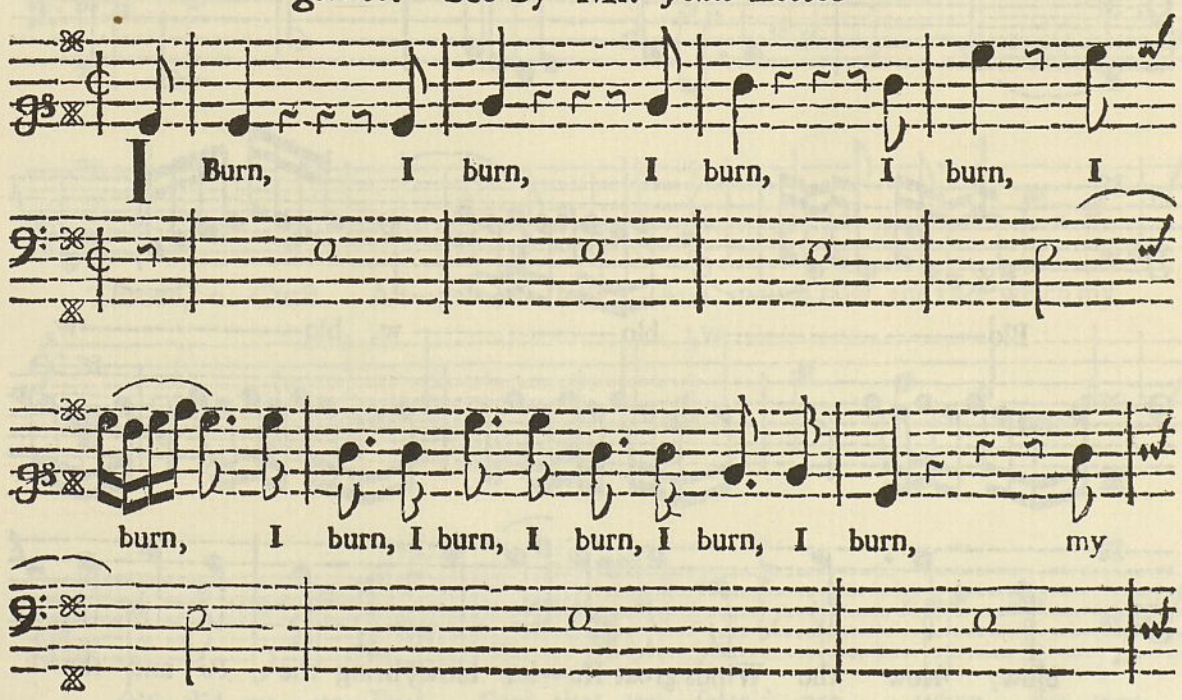
——————bleft of all other Arts:

Re—mem-ber a Soldier in

War and in Peace, re—member a Soldier in War, in War and in



The *7th.* Song in the laſt Act. Sung by Mrs. *Braſegirdle.* Set by Mr. *John Eccles.*



Brain conſumes to Aſhes, each Eye-ball too, like Lightning Fla——

——ſhes, like Lightning Fla——

——ſhes with--in my Breaſt; there glows a ſo——lid Fire,

which in a Thouſand, Thouſand A—ges can't ex—pire:

Blo——w, blo——w, blo——w,

blow, blow the Winds great Ru—ler blow, bring the *Po* and the

Gan—ges hither, 'tis Sul—try, ſul—try, ſul—try

Weather; pour 'em all on my Soul, it will hiſs, it will hiſs, it will

hiſs like a Coal, but ne—ver, ne—ver be the cooler. 'Twas

Pride, hot as Hell, that firſt made me Re--bell, from Love's awe—full

Throne, a Curſt An—gel I fell; And mourn now the Fate which my

ſelf did cre—ate, Fool, Fool that con—ſider'd not when I was

well ; And mourn now the Fate which my ſelf did create, Fool, Fool that con—

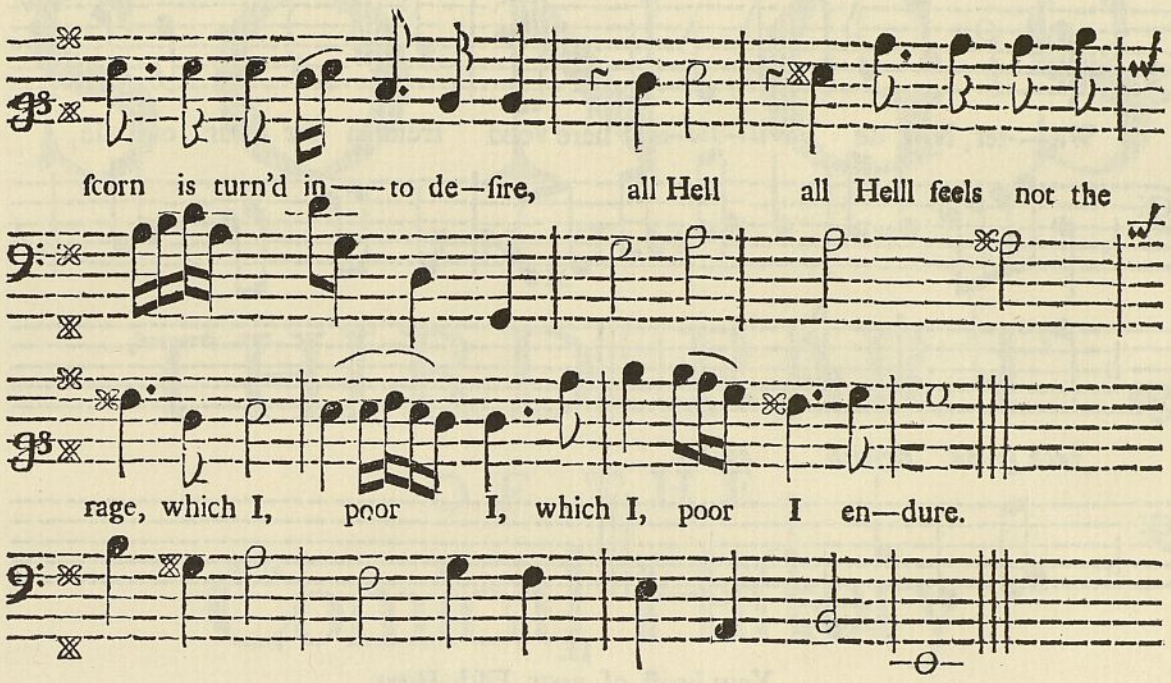
—ſider'd not when I was well. A—dieu, a—dieu trans—

—port—ing Joys a—dieu, a—dieu tranſ—port—ing joys;

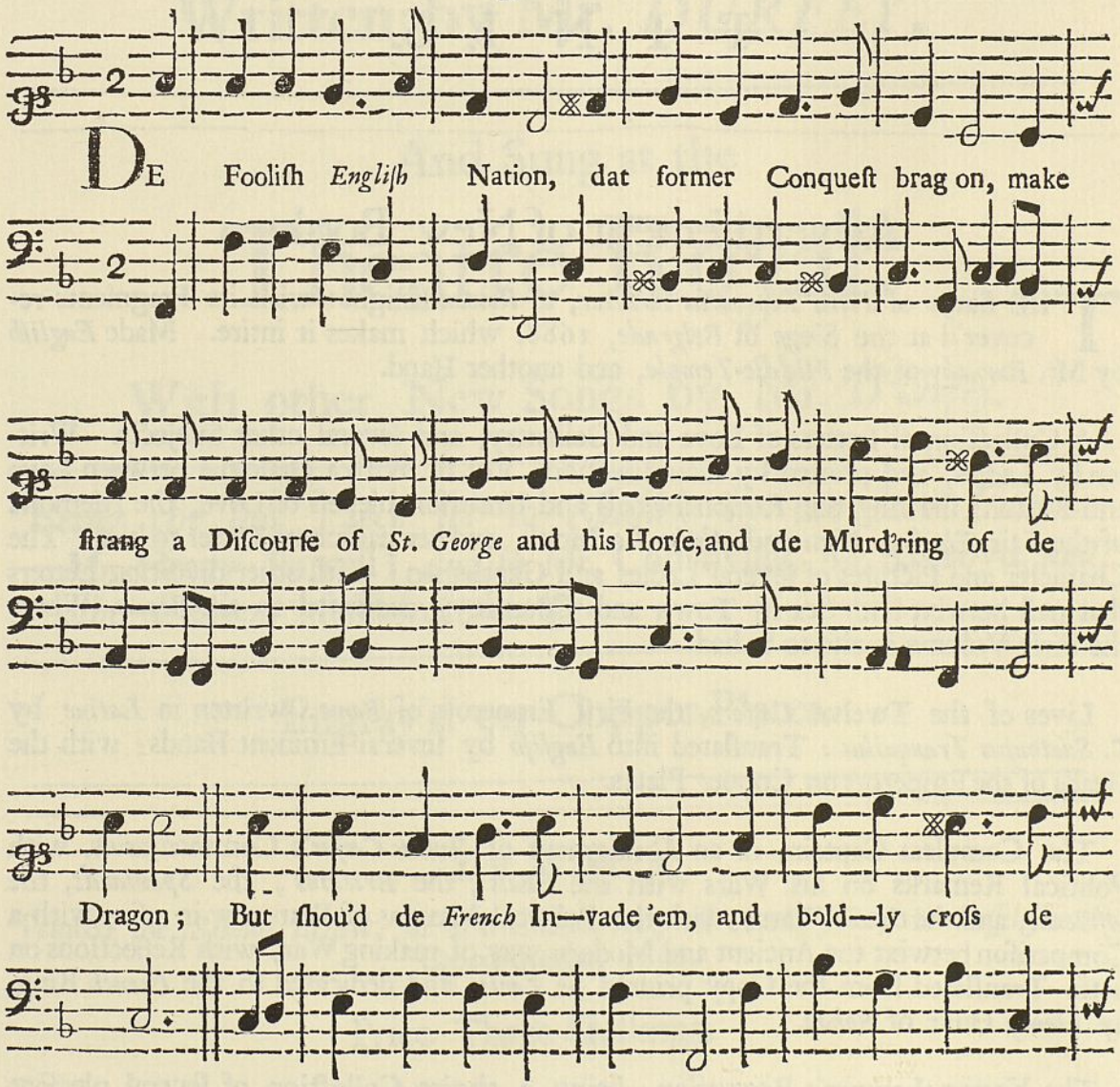
off, off, off ye vain Fan—taſ—tick Toyes, off, off ye

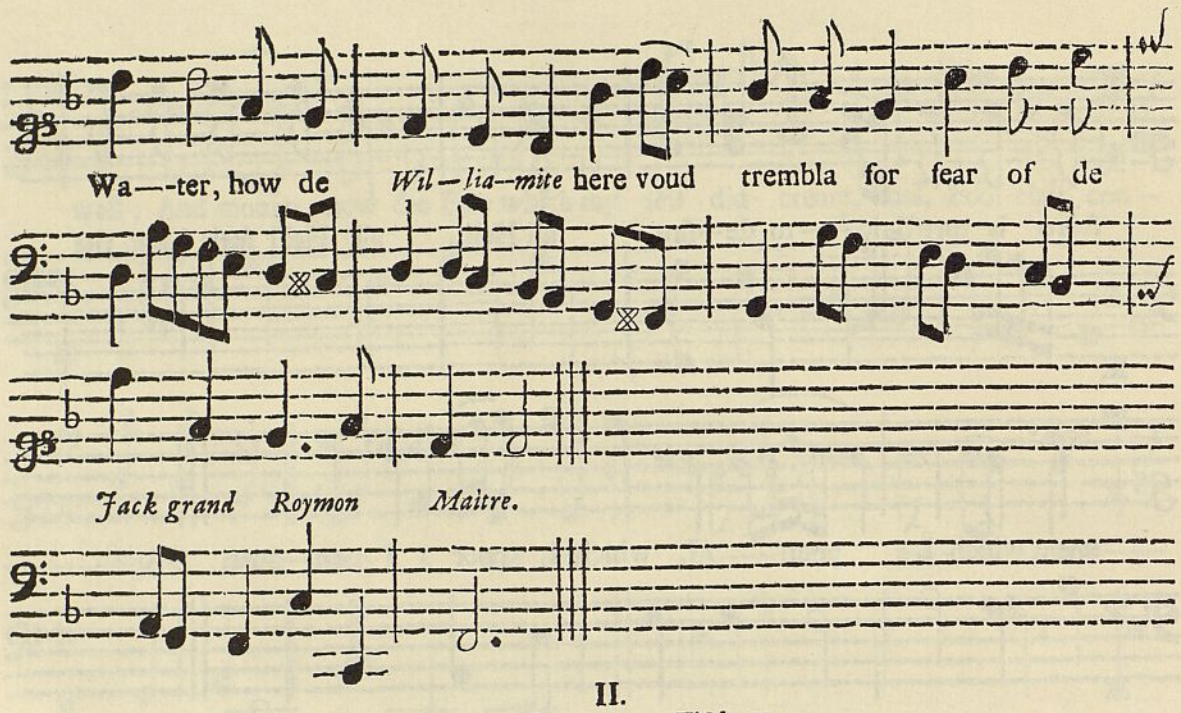
vain fan—taſ-tick toyes, that drep'd this Face and Bo—dy to al--lure,

bring, bring me Daggers, Poyſon, Fire, Fire, Daggers, Poy—ſon, Fire, for



The 8*th*. Song, in the Fifth Act.





II.

Yaw boaſt of your Fifth *Henry*,
Dat once in *France* did Forrage;
But to anſwer dat ſame
Doe but read *Noſtredame*,
Garzoon will cool your Courage;
Our Gold will take your City,
Tho' Fighting ne're can get one,
Veel on *Salsburg*-Plain
Bring on Millions of Men,
D'en—Wheiw—vere is *Great-Brittain.*

F I N I S.

Advertiſement of New Books.

THE Satyr of *Titus Petronius Arbiter*, a *Roman* Knight: with its Fragments recover'd at the Siege of *Belgrade*, 1688. which makes it intire. Made *Engliſh* by Mr. *Burnaby* of the *Middle-Temple*, and another Hand.

A Collection of Letters of Love and Gallantry, and ſeveral other Subjects. Written by Ladies, and printed by their direction; Vol. II. With a Dialogue between Love and Reaſon, ſhewing the Reaſonableneſs and Unreaſonableneſs of Love, the Memoirs of the Fair *Eloiſa* a Nun and *Abelard* a Monk, and her paſſionate Letter to him: The Character and Pictures of ſeveral Ladies and Gentlemen; with other diverting Letters that paſt betwixt both Sex in Town and Countrey, dedicated to the *Beaux*. Where the Firſt Volume is alſo to be had.

Lives of the Twelve *Cæſars*, the Firſt Emperors of *Rome*: written in *Latine* by *C. Suetonius Tranquilus*: Tranſlated into *Engliſh* by ſeveral Eminent Hands; with the Heads of the Emperors on Copper Plates.

The Compleat Captain, or an Abridgment of *Julius Cæſar's* Commentaries, with Political Remarks on his Wars with the *Gauls*, the *Britains*, the *Spaniards*, the *Africans*, and the *Civils* Wars; with the Political Maxims of War now in uſe; with a Compariſon betwixt the Ancient and Modern way of making War, with Reflections on both. Tranſlated from the Copy printed at *Paris*, and dedicated to the *French* King, by *Henry* Duke of *Rohan*.

The Young Lawyer's Recreation; being a choice Collection of ſeveral pleaſant Tryals, Caſes, Paſſages and Cuſtoms in the Law, both Profitable and Diverting.

All Printed for *S. Briſcoe*, at the corner of *Charles-ſtreet*, in *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, *Covent-Garden*.

NEW SONGS IN THE THIRD PART OF THE Comical Hiſtory OF DON QUIXOTE.

Written by Mr. *D'URFEY*.

And Sung at the

Theatre Royal.

With other New Songs by Mr. *D'Urfey*.

Being the laſt Piece ſet to Muſick by the late Famous Mr. Henry Purcell: *And by* Mr. Courtiville, *Mr.* Akeroyd, *and other Eminent Maſters of the Age.*

Engrav'd on Copper-Plates.

LONDON,

Printed for *Samuel Briſcoe*, at the Corner-ſhop of *Charles-ſtreet*, in *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, *Covent-Garden*, 1696.

Price Three Shillings.

Where are alſo to be had, the Firſt and Second Parts of Mr. *D'Urfey's* Songs, ſet to Muſick by Mr *Henry Purcell*.

The first Song in the Second Act sung by one representing Joy.

Victumnus Flora you that bless ye feilds where war

bling Philomell war bling Philomel in sa

fety builds and to ye Nymphs to ye Nymphs and Swains that revell revell

revell ore these plains ye re vel ore these plains

Dispose ye Joy dispose ye Joy Dis

pose ye Joy s that Heavn and nature yeilds

call Hymen call Hymen call call call call call Hymen from his

merry merry merry merry merry merry home from his merry merry merry merry

home from his merry merry merry merry home call Hymen call call Hymen

from his merry me ... merry home bid him prepare prepare bid him prepare prepare

bid him prepare prepare prepare his Torch & come to sing and drink to sing and drink to

sing & drink full Bowles call call call Loud call call call loud loud call loud and

say tis beauty's feast tis beauty's feast tis beauty's feast Qui teras weding day tis

beauty's feast Qui teras weding day Qui teras weding day. Mr. Courtivill.

The Second Song in the Second Act Sung by one representing Hymen.

Here is Hymen here am I some mens greif and

some mens Joy here's for better and for worse many bless and many curse

Tender Virgins soft and young you that to be mothers long by my

Aid Loves raptures try save your blushes save your blushes save your

blushes and in joy.

Mr. Courtivill.

The last Song in the 2d Act, set by Mr. Courtivill.

Cease Hymen cease Cease Hymen cease

thy brow thy brow, lett dis cord awe lett discord

dis cord awe thow heavy, heavy yoake, where fools where fool's, nth

trouble trou ble draw

I'me Sworn foe to all I'me Sworn foe to

all I'me Sworn foe to all to all I'me

Sworn foe to all too all I'me Sworn foe to all to

all to all thy law does bind, to all to all, to all

thy law does bind marrage from first Marrage from first

creation was designd, a Curse, a Curse, a Curse, a Curse, Intaild

on wretched, wretched, wretched wretched humian

kind; I'me Sworn foe to all I'me

Sworn foe to all I'me Sworn foe to all I'me Sworn

foe to all to all, to all thy law does bind, to all, to

all, to all thy law does bind, cease Hymen, cease

cease Hymen, cease, cease thy brow, let dis-

cord ave; tis noble, noble, discord, tis noble,

tis no-ble discord, genrous

Strife, that gives the truest tast, the truest tast, the truest truest tast, of

life; Marrage first, first made man fall, falt, fall, fall,

Marrage, marrage, marrage, first made man fall, had I bin in y^e

garden plas't, the Woman nere had made him, made him tast, twas foolish Loveing

twas fooli-sh Loveing damn'd us all, twas fool-ish Loveing damn'd us all.

The 1st Song in the 3d Act Sung by Altisidora to Don Quixote

Damon turn your Eyes to me whither simply wou'd you, woud you lead em

Can you, can you think a nother she has more charms, has more charms then I to feed em

He that leav's a Rosy Rosy Cheek, lips vermilion like a Ruby, blindly cour ser

fare to seek, pox, pox upon him for a Booby.

Mr. Morgan.

II

If a smile the Lover's Joy
Can allure, I'l do't divinly,
Or dee love a sleepy Eye,
Here is one can Oagle finely;
Charms woud make another man
Gaze an age, I'l shew to win ye,
And when I've shewn all I can,
If you goe? the Devil's in ye.

A Song Sung by 5 Country Men.

at Mary the Buxoms Wedding.

1st Country Man — 2d Country Man

Come all, Great, Small, Short, Tall, away to Stool ball. Down in a Vale on a Summers

day, all the Ladds, and Lasses mett to be Merry, a Match for Kisses att Stool ball

3d Co. Man

play, & for Cakes and Ale and Sider and Perry. Will, & Tom, Hall, Dick, & Hugh, Kate

Doll, Sue, Bess, & Moll, with Hodge and Bridget, & James, and Nanny, But when plump Giss

4th Co. Man

gott the ball in her Mutton fist. Onee fretted, she'd hitt it further than any. Running,

Hareing, Gapeing, Stareing, Reaching, Stooping, Hollowing, Hooping, Sun a Setting, all thought fitting,

5th Co. Man

by concent to rest em. Hall gott Sue, and Doll gott Hugh, all took by turns their Lasses & Buss'd em.

2d Co. Man

Jolly Ralph, was in with Pegg, tho' freekl'd like a Turkey Egg, & she as right as is my Legg, still gave

3d Co. Man

him leave to towse her. Harry then to Katey Swore, her Duggs were pritty tho' they were all sweaty, &

4th Co. Man

large as any Cows are. Tom, mellancholly was with his Lass, for Sue do what ere he could wou'd

5th Co. Man

not note him. Some had told her being a Souldier, in a Party with Macarty, at ye Seige of Limirick

2d Co. Man

he was wounded in the Scrotum. But the cunning Philly, was more kind to Willy, who of all

3d Co. Man

their Ally was the Ablest Ringer. He to carry on ye Jest, begins a Bumper to the best &

4 Co. Man

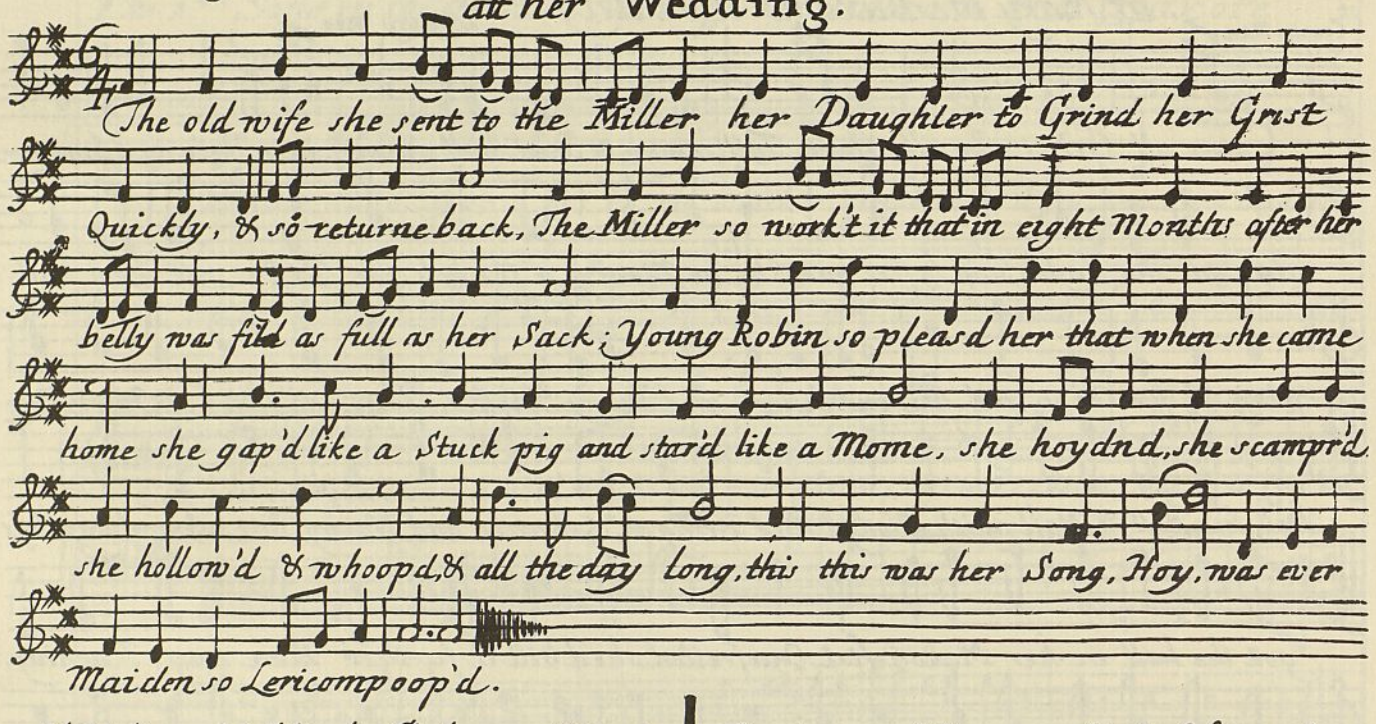
winks att her of all the rest, and Squeez'd her by the fingers. Then went the Glasses round,

Then went the Lasses down, each Lad did his sweet heart owne, & on the Grass did fling

1st Co. Man

her. Com all, Great, Small, Short, Tall, a way to Stool ball.

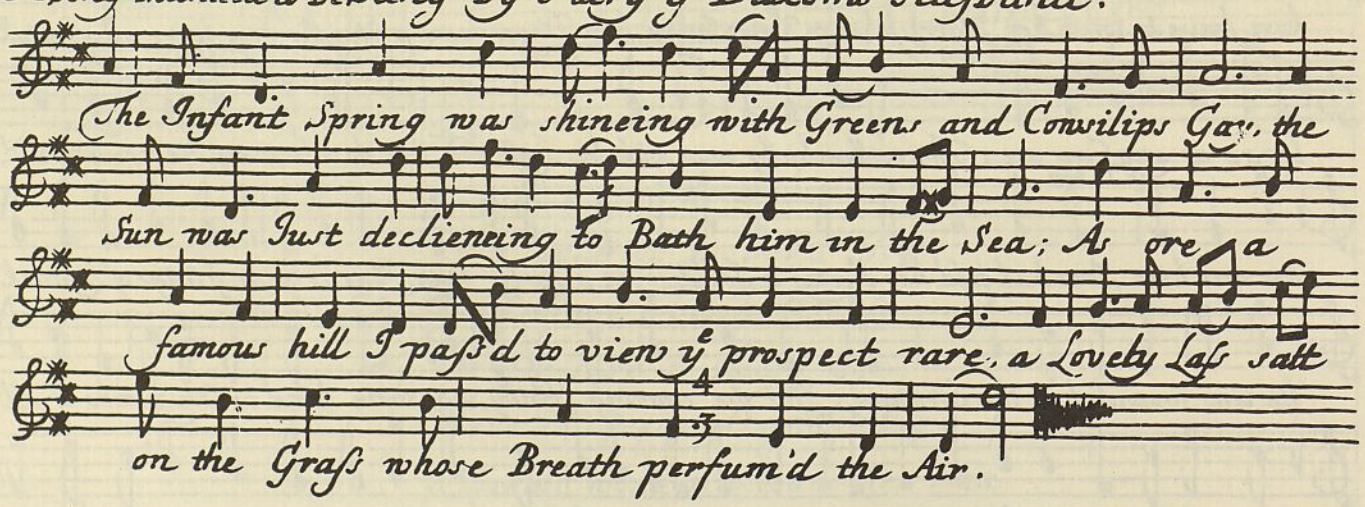
2. Song in the third Act, Sung by Mary ye Buxom, att her Wedding.



Oh Nelly cry'd Celie thy Cloths are all Mealy;
Both back side & belly are rumpled all ore,
You Mop now & slabber, why what a pox ail you,
I'le goe to ye Miller, and know all yee whore,
She went & the Miller did grinding so ply,
She came Cutting Capers a foot & half high,
She waddled, she strodled, she hollow'd & whoop'd,
And all the day long,
This this was her Song,
Hoy were ere two Sisters so Lericompoo'd.

Then Mary oth Dairy a third of ye Number,
Would fain know ye cause they so Jigg'd it about,
The Miller her wishes long would not Incumber,
But in ye old manner ye Secrett made out
Thus Celie & Nelly and Mary ye Mild,
Were Just about Harvest time all big with Child,
They danc'd in ye Hay they hollow'd & whoop'd,
And all ye day Long,
This this was her Song,
Hoy were ere three Sisters so Lericompoop'd

A Song intended to be Sung by Mary ye Buxoms Husband.



No more let Noysy fame say,
In London Jennys praise,
For pretty Pegg of Ramsey.
Excells her a Thousand ways.
For face, for skin, for shape, for Mein,
For Charming Charming smile,
For Eye, and Thigh,
And Somthing by.
A King would give an Isle.

3

The Courtier for her favour
Would Slight his Golden Claimes
The Iacobite to have her
Would quite abjure King Iames
The Ruddy Plump Judge
That Cricuits do's trudge
Would Managing Tryalls defer
Postpone A Cause
And wrest the Lawes
To gett but the managing her

4

The Generall would leave Booming
Of Towns in hott Campaigns
The Bishop his vsim and Thummin
And Plaguing his Learned Brains
One fighting would mock
And tother his Fibeb
A Pin for Relligion or france
This Shun the Warr's
And that his Prayres
If Peggy but gave A Glance

5

The Powderid Playhous Ninny
With much lesse Braines then Haire
That deal's with Moll & Ienny
& Tawdry Comon ware
If Peggy once hee
Saw under A Tree
With Rosie Chapletts Crownd
Heed Roar and Scowre
And Curse the howr
That ere he Saw London-Town

6

The Saylor usd to Slaughter
In Ship's of Oak Strong Wall'd
Whose Shott twixt wind & Water
The French Jam foutres mauld
If Peggy Once there
Her Vessell Should Steer
And gave ye Rough Captain a Blow
Heed Give his Eyes
And next French Prize
That he might but thump her Soe

7

The Docter here half Sainted
For Cures Controwling fate
That has Warme Engines Planted
At many a Postern Gate
If Peggy were ill
And wanted his Skill
Heed Soon bring her to deaths door
By Love made Blind
Slip from behind
And make his Injection before

8

The Cit that in Old Sodome
Sitts Cheating round ye Yeare
And to my Lord & Madam
Putts of his tarnisht Ware
This Sneaking Young Fop
Would give his whole Shop
To gett pretty Peggy's good will
To have her Stock
Soe Close kept Lockt
And putt in a Key to her Till

9

Yet tho' She Heartes disposes
And all things at her point
Tho' London Iennys Nose is
Like others out of Iqyrt
Yet She has one fault
Which Ienny has not
Who Loves happy Lawes has Obeyd
For Peggy dos Slight
And Starve her delight
To keep the dull name of A Maid

A Song in the 4th Act Intended to be Sung by 2 Poppets one representing A Captain tother a Town Miſs. and set to a Minuet.

Capt. Dear Pinkaninny if half a Guinny to Love will win ye I lay it here down we must be Thrifty twill serve to shift ye and I know fifty will doot for a Crown Dunns come so boldly Kings money so slowly that by all things ho--ly tis all I can say Yet Ime so rapt in the snare that Ime Trapt in I as Ime true Cap--tain give more then my Pay.

II

Miſs. Good Captain Thunder
Go mind your Plunder
Od zounds I wonder
You dare be so bold
Thus to be making
A Treaty so sneaking
Or dream of taking
My Fort with small Gold.

III

Other Town Miſses
May gape at Ten peices
But who me poſseſes
Full twenty shall pay
To all poor Rogues in Buff
Thus thus I strut and huff
So Captain kick and cuff
March on your way.

A Song Sung by Altisidora in the 5.th Act of Don Quixote, Sett by Mr. Purcell.

From Rosie Bow'rs where Sleep's ye God of Love, hither, hither, Yee little waiting Cupids

fly, fly ---- fly ---- hither Yee little waiting Cupids fly, teach me teach me in Soft me-

lodious Strains to move wt. tender tender passion my hearts my hearts Darling Joy, ah let ye

Soul of Musick tune my Voice, to win dear Strephon, ah, ah Let ye Soul of Musick tune my Voice, to win dear

Strephon, Dear, Dear, Dear Strephon who my Soul enjoy's; Or if more Influencing is to be brisk & airy,

with a Step & a bound & a frisk from ye Ground I will trip like any Fairy as once an Idd Dancing where three

Ccelestiall Bodies wth an air & face & a Shape & a Grace let me Charme like beauty Goddess with an air & a

face & a Shape & a Grace let me Charm like Beauty's Goddess; Ah, Ah tis in Vain, tis all, tis all, all, in

Vain, Death & Dispair must end ye fatall pain, Cold dispair cold, cold dispair, disguis'd like Snow & Rain

falls, falls, falls on my Brest, bleak winds in Tempests Blow---- in Tempest Blow----- my Vains all Shiver & my

fingers Glow, my Pulse Beats a Dead dead March, my Pulse Beats a Dead Dead March, for lost repose & to a Solid lump of

Ice my poor, poor fond Heart is froze; Or Say yee pow'rs Say, Say yee pow'rs my peace to

Crown Shall I, Shall I, Shall I, Thaw my Self or Drown, Shall I, Shall I, Shall I, Thaw my Self or Drown, a mong'st ye foaming-

Billows increasing all wth tears I Shed on Beds of Down & Christall pillows lay down, down my Love sick head, Say, Say ye

Pow'rs my peace to Crown Shall I, Shall I, Shall I, Thaw my Self or Drown; No, no, no, no, no Ile Streight run Mad, mad, mad, mad, mad that

Soon ye Soon, my heart will warm when once ye Sence is fled, is fled, Love, Love has no power, no, no, no, no Love has no pow'r no

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no pow'r to Charm, wild thro' the Wood's Ile fly----- wile thro' ye

woods Ile fly------- Robes Locks shall thus, thus, thus, thus be tore a Thousand, Thousand Death's

Ile Dy, a 1000 ---ill:- Death Ile dye, ere thus, thus in vain, ere thus thus in vain thus in

vain adore.

A Dialogue Sung by A Boy and Girl, Suppos'd a Brother & Sister, set by Mr. Akeroyd

He

Ah my dearest, my dearest, my dearest Celide, tother day, tother day, tother day, I ask'd my mother why thy lodging chang'd must be, why thy lodging chang'd must be why not Still why not Still, Still, Still lye with thy Brother I, remember well you did, and I know to what she Said, Lis is is a great Boy great Boy grown,

She

Cho:

therefore now must lye a lone, therefore now must lye a lone. To part w the custome of modesty votes. Or you had long Coats, Unless you had Britches,

To part w the

He

custome of modesty votes. Unless you had

Or you had long coat's, to part us the custome of Modesty botes,

britches, to part us the custom of modesty botes, unless you had

She

Or you had long Coats,

He

britches I wonder what's In my little tinny britches, Sure, ther Some

she

whichcraft in the Stiches. Or, what Divell here resid's, that my pettycoat's thus hid's, for

He She He She He She

I long for a kiss, So do I, So do I, for I long for a kiss, So doe I, So do I, Mother laugh's an hour or

two when I Sometim's ask to know why, a he and a She, why a he and a She, may not bed

at our Size as well as two girls, Or as well as two boys, as well as two girls, or as well as

He slow

two boys, I will, Since I am kept from you, gett a wife, gett a wife as Soon, as may be,

she

and Ile gett a Husband too, three times bigger, three times bigger, three times

Cho

bigger, three times bigger, then my baby. Lett's laugh then and follow our

Lells laugh then and follow our

innocent play, And kiss when Mamma is gon out of the way, For I feare

innocent play, And kiss when Mamma is gone out of the way,

for I fear wee shall cry when wee know tis all that a Brother, tis all that a

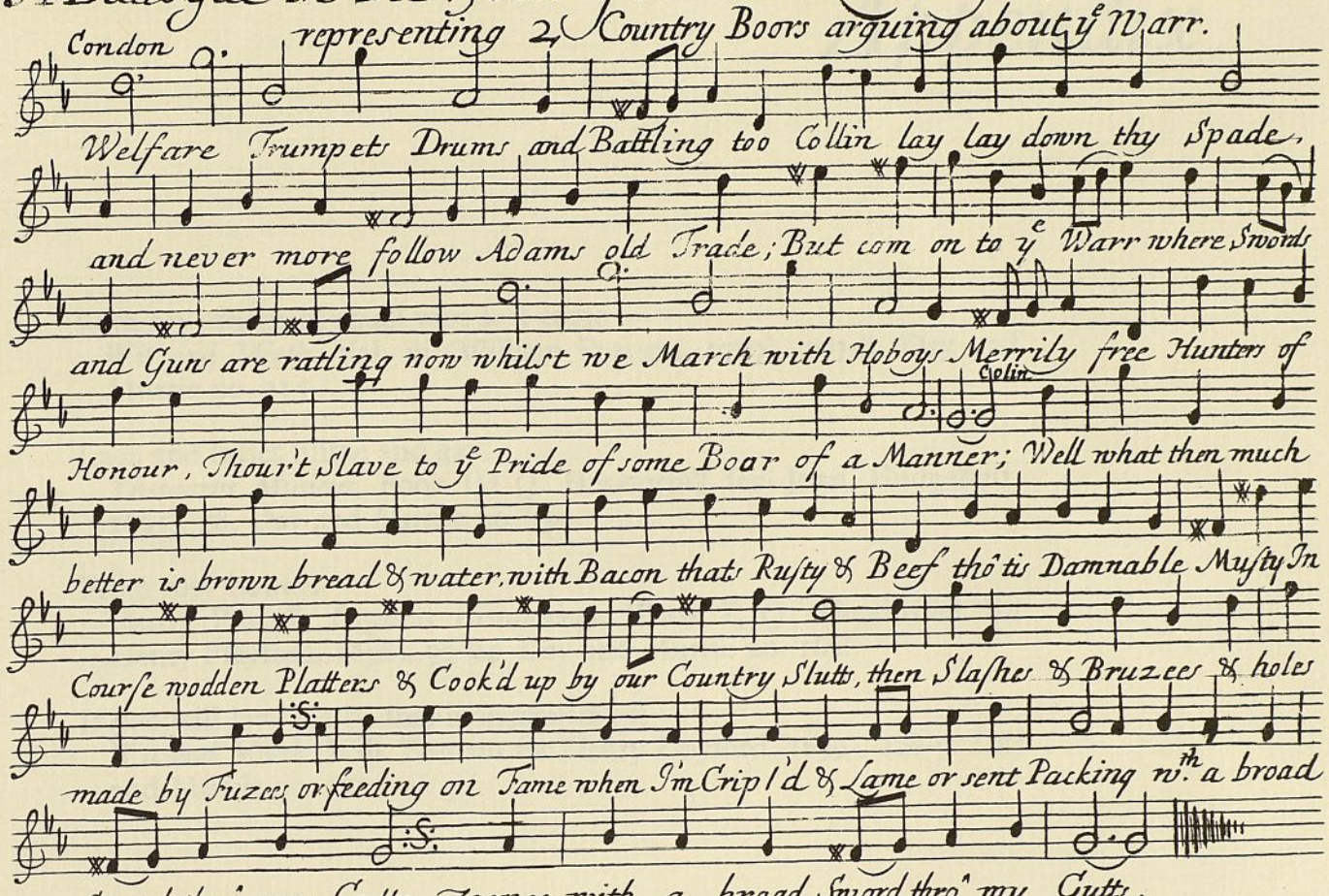
for I fear wee shall cry, when wee know tis all that a Brother, tis all that a

Brother, and Sister may do.

Brother, and Sister may do.

A Dialogue in the 5th Act for Mr Leveridge & Mr Edwards.

Condon representing 2 Country Boors arguing about ye Warr.



Coridon

Dull fool rail no more at Caveleering,
What a Damn'd Scandal it is,
To sneak here at home,
Grow mouldy with peace,
When Loud Fame calls thee out
Where bold Dragoons are Domaneering,
Thou'lt see fortune ready to befriend thee,
If thou art wounded,
For Honour and Valour,
Preferments propounded,

Colin

I fear my Comission,
Will prove but a Vision,
For when I am posted,
On mines, where I'm like to be rosted,
Tis forty to one but I'm puff'd from my future Comand,
Or if with much Toyling,
I chance to scape Broyling,
A Damn'd bitt of Lead,
Drills me quite thrô the Head,
How ye Devil then shall I kiss ye Kings hand,
Zoons how shall I kiss ye Kings hand,

To the 2d. part of ye Tune

Coridon

From Bullets and fire,
Tho oft we retire,
Our wishes we Crown,
When we enter a Town,
That is Rich where the Lasses are kind,
And the Plunder's refreshing and Coole,

Colin

But what if foul Weather
Won't let us som thither
The Trench full of Water
Then is not better
Ly safe at home & our Plowjobbers rule

Coridon

Gad Zooks youre a Cowardly fool.

Appendix

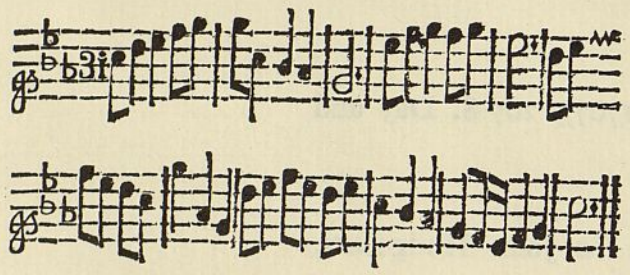
With my strings of small wire lo I come
Wit and Mirth, Vol. iii (William Pearson, 1707), 207-8. Day and Murrie no. 215.

Lads and lasses blithe and gay
Thesaurus Musicus, Book III (J. Heptinstall for John Hudgebutt, 1695), 28. Day and Murrie no. 139.

From rosy bowers
Henry Purcell, *Orpheus Britannicus*, [Book I] (J. Heptinstall for Henry Playford, 1698), 90-94. Day and Murrie no. 166.

If you will love me be free in expressing it
Wit and Mirth (Will. Pearson for Henry Playford, 1699), 228-9. Day and Murrie no. 182.

The Amorous Barber's Passion of Love for his dear Bridget.



WIth my Strings of ſmall Wire lo I come,
and a Citern made of Wood;
And a Song altho' you are Deaf and Dumb,
may be heard and underſtood.
Dumb, dumb——

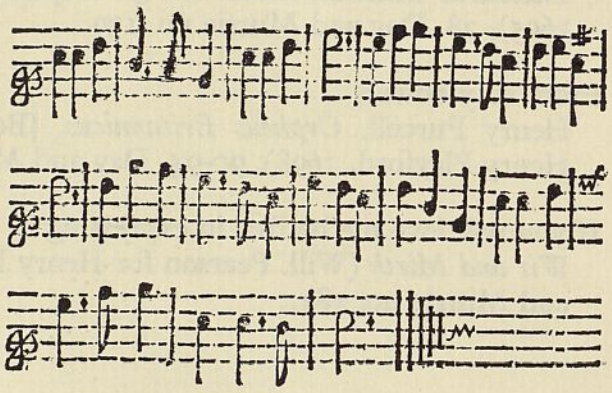
Oh! take Pitty on me, my Dear,
me thy Slave and me thy Vaſſal;
And be not Cruel, as it were,
like to ſome ſtrong well built old Caſtle.
Dumb, dumb——

Leaſt as thou paſſeſt along the Street,
braver every Day and braver;
Every one that does thee meet,
will ſay there goes a Woman-ſhaver.
Dumb, dumb——

And again will think fit,
and to ſay they will determine;
There goes ſhe that with Tongue killed Clip-Chops,
as a Man with his Thumbs kill Vermin.
Dumb, dumb——

For if thou doſt then farewel pelf,
farewel *Bridget* for I vow I'll;
Either in my Baſon hang my ſelf,
or drown me in my Towel.
Dumb, dumb——

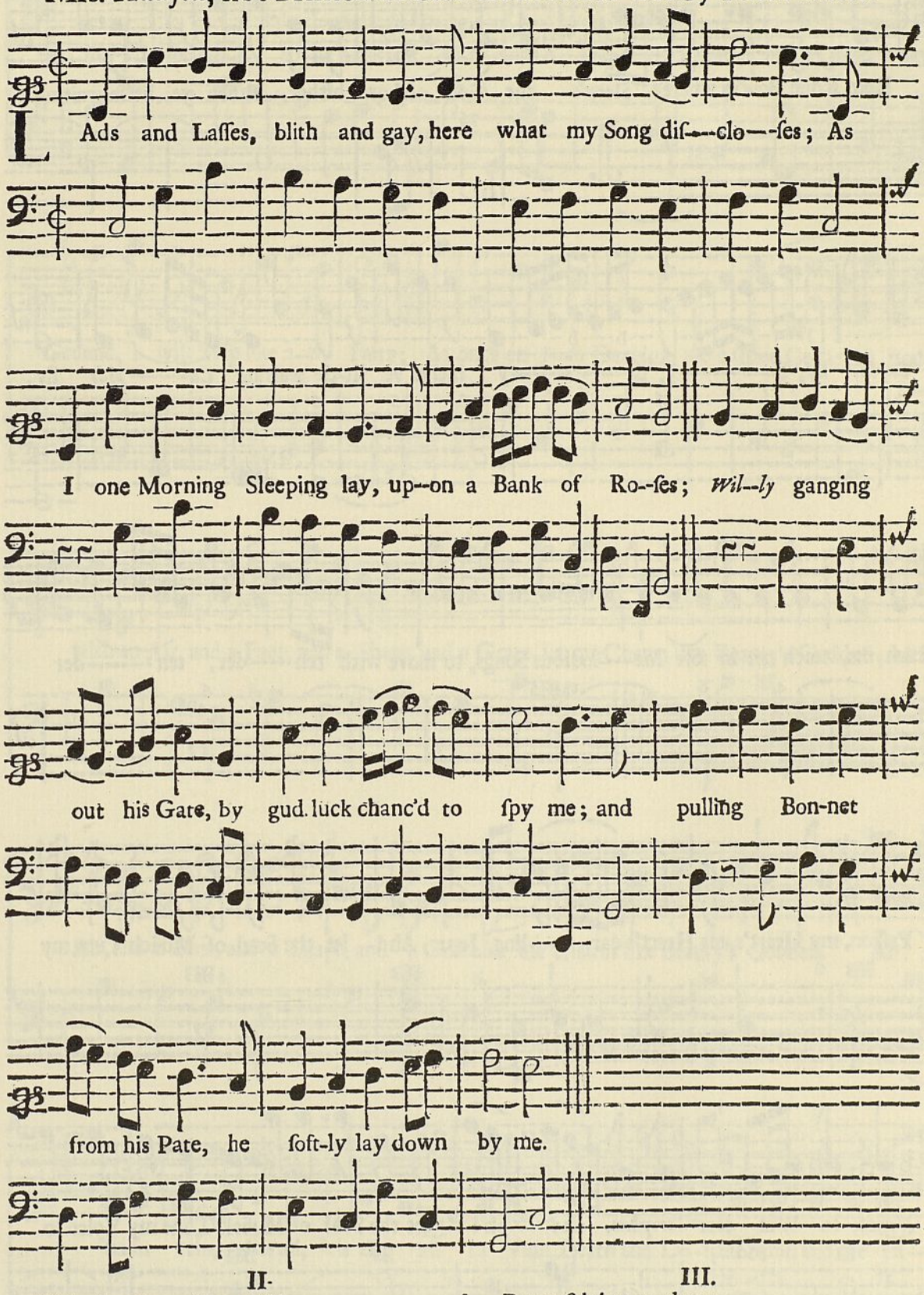
A Ballad made by a Gentleman in Ireland *who could not have Acceſs to a Lady, whom he went to viſit, becauſe the Maid the night before had over-lain her pretty Bitch. To the Tune of,* O Hone, O Hone.



OH! let no Eyes be dry,
Oh Hone, O Hone,
But let's lament and cry,
Oh Hone, O Hone:
We are quite undone almoſt,
For *Daphne* on this Coaſt,
Has yielded up the Ghoſt,
O Hone, O Hone.

Daphne my deareſt Bitch,
O Hone. &c.

A Song in the 2*d*. Part of *Don Quixote*. Sung by Mrs. *Hudſon*, not Printed in that Collection. Set by Mr. *Purcell*.



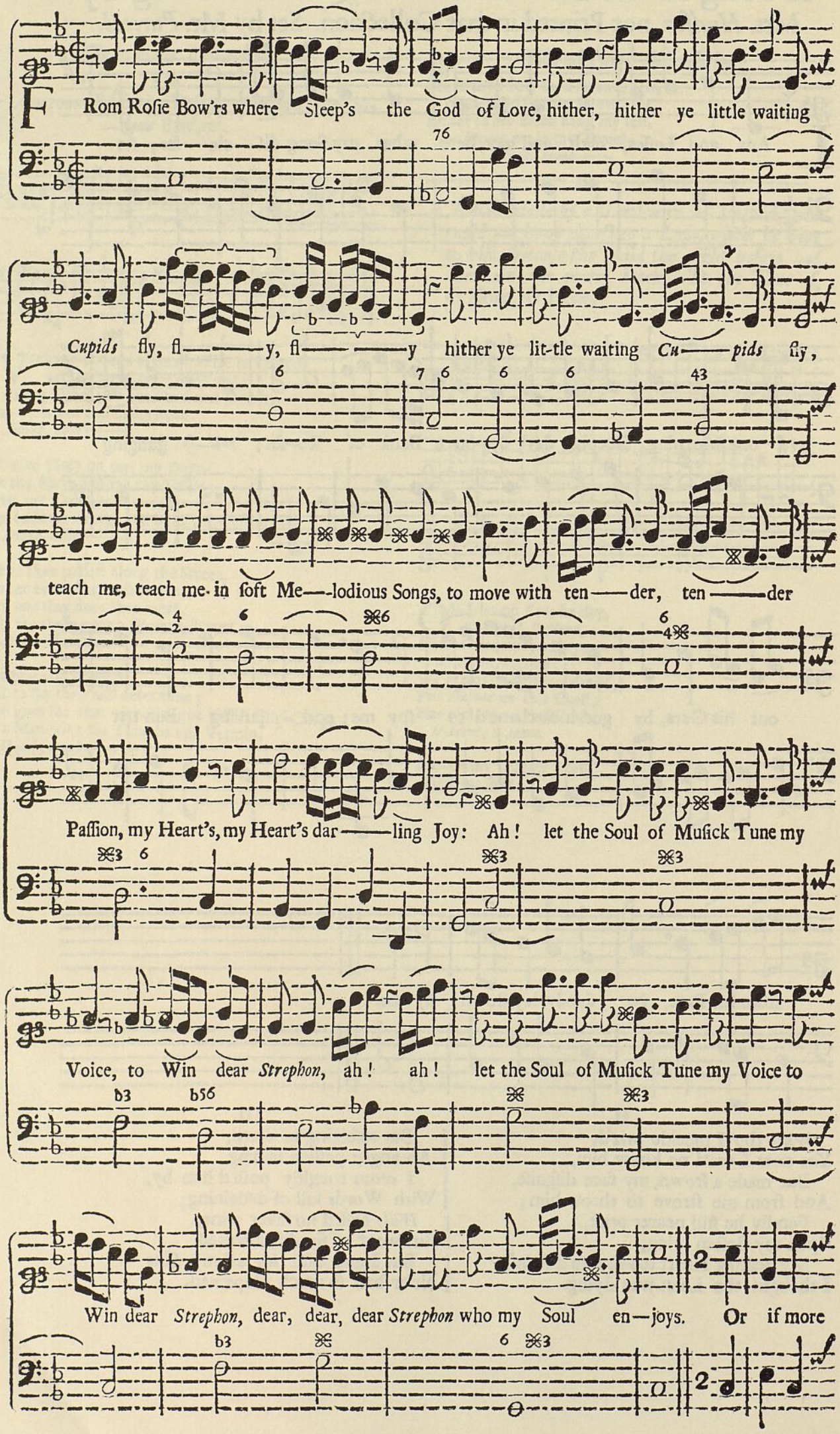
II.

Willy tho' I muckle priz'd,
Yet now I wa'd no know him,
But made a frown, my face diſguiſe,
And from me ſtrove to throw him;
Fondly he ſtill nearer preſt,
Upon my Boſom lying,
My beating Heart too thump'd ſo faſt,
I thought the Loon was dying.

III.

But reſolving to deny,
An angry paſſion faining,
I often roughly puſh'd him by,
With Words full of diſdaining;
Willy balk'd no faver wins,
But went off ſo diſcontented,
But I-gud faith for all my Sins
Ne'er half ſo much Repented.

This was the laſt Song that Mr. *Purcell* Sett, it being in his Sickneſs.



in—flu--encing is to be brisk and Ai-ry, with a Step and a Bound, and a Frisk from the

Ground, I will Trip like a--ny Fairy; As once on *I--da* Dancing, were three Ce--leſtial Bodies,

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

Slow.

Air, and a Face, and a Shape, and a Grace let me Charm like Beauty's 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 diſguis'd like Snow and Rain, falls, falls, falls

on my Breaſt, Bleak Winds in Tempeſts Blo——w, in Tempeſts Blo——w,

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

Pulſe bea——ts a Dead, Dead March for loſt re-poſe, and to a ſo--lid lump of Ice, my

poor, poor fond Heart is froze.

Or, ſay ye Pow'rs, ſay, ſay ye Pow'rs my Peace to Crown, ſhall I, ſhall I, ſhall I

Thaw my ſelf or drown? ſhall I, ſhall I, ſhall I Thaw my ſelf or 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, down my Love-ſick Head;

ſay, ſay ye Pow'rs, ſay, ſay ye Pow'rs my Peace to Crown, ſhall I, ſhall I,

ſhall I Thaw my ſelf or drown? ſhall I, ſhall I, ſhall I Thaw my ſelf or drown?

Quick.

No, no, no, no, no, I'le 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 pow'r to Charm: Wild thro' the Woods I'le fl--

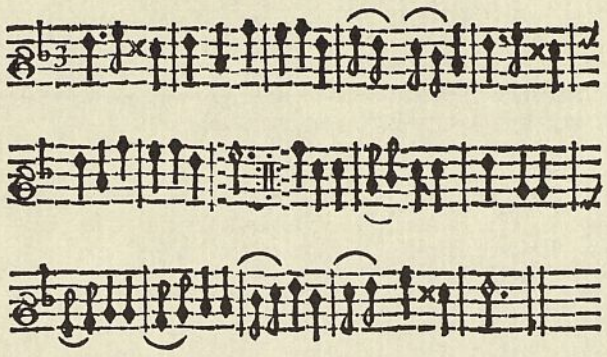
y, Wil --- d thro' the Woods I'le fl y, Robes, Locks ſhall

thus, thus, thus, thus be tore; a Thouſand, thouſand deaths I'le dye, a thouſand,

thouſand deaths I'le dye, e're thus, thus in vain, e're thus, thus in vain, thus in

vain a—dore.

A SONG to a Minuet Tune.



IF you will Love me, be free in Expreſſing it,
And henceforth give me no cauſe to complain;
Or if you hate me be plain in confeſſing it,
And in few words put me out of my pain.
This long delaying, with ſighing and praying,
Breeds only decaying in life and Amour,
Cooing and Wooing,
And daily purſuing,
Is Damn'd ſilly doing, therefore I'll give o'er.

If you'll propoſe a kind method of Ruling me
I may return to my Duty again;
But if you ſtick to your old way of Fooling me,
I muſt be plain, I am none of your Men;
Paſſion for Paſſion on each kind occaſion,
With free inclination does kindle Loves Fire,
But Tedious Prating,
Coy folly debating,
And new doubts creating ſtill makes it expire.

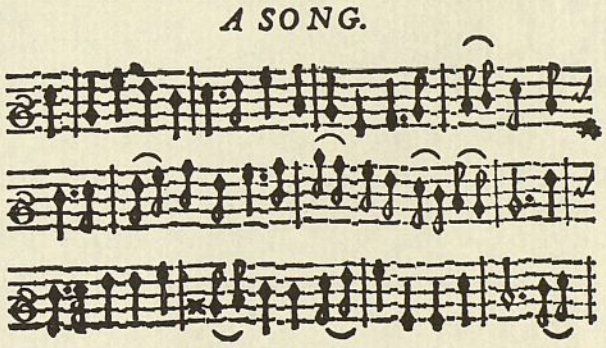
The

The Anſwer, to the ſame Minuet Tune.

YOu Love, and yet when I ask you to Marry me,
Still have recourſe to the tricks of your Art
Then like a Fencer you cunningly parry me,
Yet the ſame time make a Paſs at my Heart.
Fye, Fye, deceiver,
No longer endeavour.
Or think this way ever the Fort will be won;
No fond Careſſing,
Muſt be, nor unlacing,
Or tender embracing 'till th' Parſon has done.

Some ſay that Marriage a Dog with a Bottle is,
Pleaſing their humours to rail at their Wives;
Others declare it an Ape with a Rattle is,
Comforts deſtroyer and Plague of their lives:
Some are affirming;
A Trap 'tis for Vermin,
And yet with the Bait tho' not Priſon agree,
Ventring that Chouſe you,
Muſt let me Eſpouſe you
If e're, my dear Mouſe, you will Nibble at me.

A SONG.



Index of First Lines
&
Song Titles

m=music ascribed to; D&M=C. L. Day and E. B. Murrie, *English Song-Books 1651-1702* (London: Bibliographical Society, 1940), first line index no.; words and verses are by Thomas Durfey in all cases. In the present volume roman numerals have been added at the head of each recto in order to identify the three parts here bound together, and pagination has been supplied for Part 3 and the Appendix.