THE WORKS

OF

HENRY PURCELL

VOLUME XVI.

Dramatic Music

PART I.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.
NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

1906.

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1. Welcome, Vicegerent, 1680.
2. Swifter, Isis, 1681.
3. What shall be done, 1682.
4. The Summer's Absence, 1682.
5. Fly, bold Rebellion, 1683.

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6. From these serene, 1684.
7. Why are all the Muses, 1685.
8. Ye tuneful Muses, 1686.
9. Sound the Trumpet, 1687.

In preparation.

B. ODES ON QUEEN MARY'S BIRTHDAY.

10. Now does the glorious day, 1689.
11. Arise, my Muse, 1690.
12. Welcome, glorious morn, 1691.

Printed by the Purcell Society.

13. Love's goddess sure, 1692.
14. Celebrate this festival, 1693.
15. Come, ye sons of art, 1694.

In preparation.

C. ODES FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

16. Welcome to all the pleasures, [1683.
17. Raise the voice.

Printed by the Purcell Society.

18. Laudate Ceciliam, 1683.
19. Hail, bright Cecilia, 1692.

Printed by the Purcell Society.

D. MISCELLANEOUS ODES, &c.

20. From hardy climes. Marriage Ode for Princess Anne, 1683.
21. Celestial Music, 1689.
22. Of old when heroes. The Yorkshire Feast Song, 1690. (*Printed by the Purcell Society.*)
23. Great parent, hail! Christ Church, Dublin, Commemoration Ode, 1694.
24. Who can from joy refrain. Ode on the Duke of Gloucester's Birthday, 1695. (*Printed by the Purcell Society.*)
25. If ever I more riches did desire. Ode. Words by Cowley.
26. Hark, Damon, hark. Chorus and Solo.
27. Hark, how the wild musicians sing. Ode. Words by Cowley.
28. How pleasant is this flowery plain. Ode. Words by Cowley.
29. We reap all the pleasures. Ode. Words by Cowley.

&c., &c.

II.
OPERAS, INCIDENTAL MUSIC, AND SONGS IN PLAYS.

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2. Amphitryon.
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18. The Fatal Marriage.
19. A Fool's Preferment.
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22. Henry the Second.
23. The Indian Emperor.
24. The Indian Queen.

In preparation.

25. King Arthur.
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In preparation.

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In preparation.

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IV.
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DRAMATIC MUSIC

PART I.

COMPOSED BY

HENRY PURCELL.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED.
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1906.

DRAMATIC MUSIC.

PREFACE.

THE present volume contains the first instalment of the Act Tunes, Incidental Music, Songs, &c., written by Henry Purcell for various plays. From this series are omitted the following works: "Dido and Æneas," "Dioclesian," "The Fairy Queen," "The Indian Queen," "King Arthur" and "The Tempest." These, chiefly owing to the fact that they contained more music than the ordinary dramas of the day, were styled on their production "operas." In accordance with this distinction they have been kept separate in the present complete edition of the composer's works.

In this general preface I have to acknowledge my obligations to Mr. W. Barclay Squire for his constant advice and for his transcription of "Abdelazer" and the "Canterbury Guests." Also to Miss Lucy Broadwood, who has supplied transcript and pianoforte arrangement of "Amphitryon," and to Mr. J. Pointer for many valuable suggestions. The historical notes to each opera are for the most part little more than an abbreviation of Mr. Squire's exhaustive article on Purcell's Dramatic Music in the Sammelband of the "Internationale Musik Gesellschaft," 1905, pp. 489-564. I have corrected obvious mistakes in the various MSS. and printed publications. The collection of "Ayres for the Theatre" (1697) in particular is full of misprints, and it seemed hardly necessary to enumerate them. The list of various readings therefore will be found smaller than in other volumes of the Society's publications.

ABDELAZER; OR, THE MOOR'S REVENGE.

Abdelazer, a tragedy by Mrs. Aphra Behn, was first produced at the Dorset Garden Theatre by the Duke of York's Company in 1677. The title page of the first edition is as follows: "Abdelazer, | or the | Moor's Revenge. | A | Tragedy. | As it is Acted at his Royal Highness the | Duke's Theatre. | Written by Mrs. *A. Behn.* | *London,* | Printed for *J. Magnes* and *R. Bentley,* | in *Russel-street* in *Covent Garden,* | near the *Piazza's,* 1677. | "

It has been until lately assumed that Purcell's music was written for the production of the piece in 1677. But the result of Mr. Squire's researches, in this as in the case of "Dido and Æneas," has been to post-date considerably the composition of the music, and he also points out that no music by Purcell survives (if it ever existed) for the situations in the play where music is required.

The song "Lucinda is bewitching fair" is not in any edition of the play; there is no setting of the well-known song "Love in phantastic triumph sat," nor of another song, "Make haste, Amintas," and there is no incidental music in various places where music is required by the stage directions. Now the instrumental music of "Abdelazer" was published by Purcell's widow in "Ayres for the Theatre" (1697), and "Lucinda is bewitching fair" appears in Hudgebutt's "*Thesaurus Musicus*" (1695) and in "*Orpheus Britannicus*" (1698). In the first-named work it is described as "A new Song set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*, in the Play call'd *Abdelazar*. Sung by the Boy." It might have been expected that if Purcell had written music for the original production, it would have included Mrs. Behn's songs in the play and the other incidental music required, and that such music would have been preserved along with that which we now possess. The evidence therefore points to the fact that "Lucinda is bewitching fair" was a new song introduced at a revival of "Abdelazer" in 1695. Such a revival is indeed chronicled by Cibber, who (Apology, 1740, ed. 1889, I. 195) informs us that the Patentees (*i.e.*, the proprietors of the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane and the Dorset Garden house) "were not able to take the field till *Easter Monday* in *April*" [*i.e.*, 4 April, 1695], when "their first attempt was a reviv'd Play called *Abdelazer*." That it was this revival at which "Lucinda is bewitching fair" was introduced is proved by the heading of the song in "*Orpheus Britannicus*": "Sung by *Jemmy Bowen*, at the opening of the Old Play-house" [*i.e.*, Drury-Lane, to distinguish it from the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre]. It is therefore most probable that the incidental music was written by Purcell for the same occasion. The character of the music in the play certainly confirms the theory of the later date of the music. The "tunes" at all events are not surpassed in vigour by any of Purcell's compositions of this character. (*See* especially Nos. II. and IX.)

The instrumental music is included in "Ayres for the Theatre" (1697). There are also MS. versions at the British Museum (Ad. MSS. 22099 and 35043); Christ Church, Oxford (I. 4, 63) and the Royal College of Music (S. H. Catalogue, No. 1978). The song is printed in Hudgebutt's "*Thesaurus Musicus*" (IV. 16) and in "*Orpheus Britannicus*" (I. p. 88). A contemporary harpsichord arrangement of the Jig appeared in the "Choice Collection of Lessons" (1696), and is reprinted, with two other harpsichord versions of other numbers from the "Abdelazer" music, in Vol. VI. of the present edition of Purcell's works.

ABDELAZER.

A new Song set by Mr. *Henry Purcell*, in the Play call'd *Abdelazer*. Sung by the Boy.

Lucinda is bewitching fair,
All o're ingaging is her Air:
In ev'ry Song *Lucinda 's* fam'd,
She is the Queen of Love proclaim'd,
To all she does a Flame impart,
Expiring Victims feel her Dart.
Strephon for her has Love exprest,
Philander sighs to with the rest;
Rack't with despair each one complains,
Unmov'd, untouch'd, she all disdains.

AMPHITRYON; OR, THE TWO SOSIAS.

Dryden's "Amphitryon" was acted and printed with the music of the songs before October, 1690; it is advertised in the *London Gazette*, October 30—November 3 in that year. Its title-page is as follows: "Amphitryon; | or | the Two Socia's. | A Comedy. | As it is Acted at the | Theatre Royal.

Egregiam vero laudem, & spolia ampla refertis; |
Una, dolo, Divûm, si Fœmina victa duorum est. VIRG. |

Written by Mr. *Dryden.* | To which is added, | The Musick of the Songs. | Compos'd by Mr. *Henry Purcel.* | *London,* | Printed for *J. Tonson,* at the *Judges Head* in *Chancery-lane* | near *Fleet-street;* and M. Tonson at *Gray's-Inn-Gate* in | *Gray's-Inn-Lane.* 1690 | ." The play is avowedly adapted from Plautus and Molière. It is prefixed by a letter to Sir William Leveson Gower, in which the author says: "What has been wanting on my Part, has been abundantly supplyed by the Excellent Composition of Mr. *Purcell;* in whose Person we have at length found an *English-man,* equal with the best abroad. At least my Opinion of him has been such, since his happy and judicious Performances in the late *Opera;* and the Experience I have had of him, in the setting of my Three Songs for this *Amphitryon:* To all which, and particularly to the Composition of the *Pastoral Dialogue,* the numerous Quire of Fair Ladies gave so just an Applause on the Third Day."

The allusion to the "late *Opera*" is to "Dioclesian," which was produced at the Queen's (or Dorset Garden) Theatre in 1690.

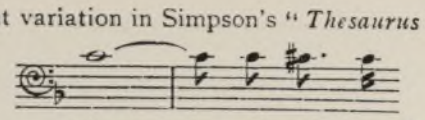
The instrumental music to "Amphitryon" is published in "Ayres for the Theatre"; there are also MS. copies at St. Michael's College, Tenbury; at Buckingham Palace, and at Christ Church, Oxford (H. I., 3).

The songs, as already stated, appeared with the play. "Celia that I once" and "For Iris I sigh" are also found in "*Joyful Cuckoldom*" (*c.* 1695), in "*Pills to Purge Melancholy*" (1700), II. 303, and in various MS. collections. The dialogue "Fair Iris and her Swain" is in Book II. of "*Orpheus Britannicus*" (1702), p. 153, and much later in the "*Thesaurus Musicus*" published by John Simpson. As the figuring in this last-named work is much more complete than in "*Orpheus Britannicus,*" it has been adopted in the present edition.

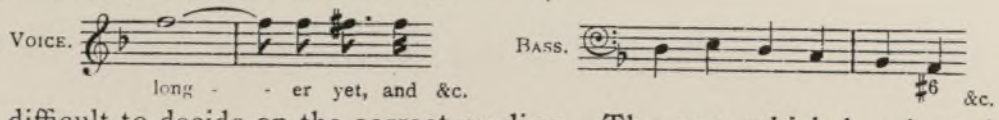
NOTES.

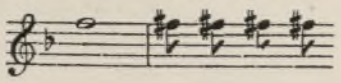
PAGE. LINE. BAR.

34 3 3 & 4 There is an important variation in Simpson's "*Thesaurus Musicus.*" It runs:

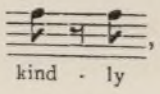


36 1 1 & 2 Similarly "*Thesaurus Musicus*" has:



It is difficult to decide on the correct reading. The care which has been bestowed on the figuring in "*Thesaurus Musicus*" as compared with the indifferent editing of "*Orpheus Britannicus*" would incline one to the reading in the former work. But, on the other hand, Simpson's publication is too late to have the same value as the contemporary editions, and in these it is hard to see how all the repeated sharps  can have been inserted, unless intentionally.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

37 3 2 "*Orpheus Britannicus*" reads: 

, an obvious mistake.

Page.	Line.	Bar.	
39	3	2	This is an extreme false relation, even for its period, but it is so given in all the copies.
40	—	—	The ensemble is headed *Chorus* in the early editions; this merely indicates that what follows is to be sung by both voices together.
40	3	1	In Simpson's "*Thesaurus Musicus*" the G of the soprano is altered into F. The change is an improvement, but it is not supported by any early edition.

AMPHITRYON.*

Act III. Scene: Before Amphitryon's Palace.

[Jupiter comes to serenade Alcmena.]

Enter Jupiter *and* Phædra, attended by Musicians and Dancers.

[After some dialogue, Alcmena appears at the window, above.]

Jupiter. See, she appears:
This is my bribe to *Phædra*; when I made
This Gold, I made a greater God than *Jove*,
And gave my own Omnipotence away.

Jupiter *signs to the Musicians, Song and Dance: after which,* Alcmena *withdraws, frowning.*]

SONG.

I.

Celia, that I once was blest
Is now the Torment of my Brest;
Since to curse me, you bereave me
Of the Pleasures I possest:
Cruel Creature, to deceive me!
First to love, and then to leave me!

II.

Had you the Bliss refus'd to grant,
Then I had never known the want:
But possessing once the Blessing
Is the Cause of my Complaint:
Once possessing is but tasting;
'Tis no Bliss that is not lasting.

III.

Celia now is mine no more;
But I am hers; and must adore:
Nor to leave her will endeavour;
Charms that captiv'd me before
No unkindness can dissever;
Love that 's true, is Love for ever.

* It will be noticed that the words as here printed differ slightly from those set to music. The version given above is from the printed play; the musical setting is from the separately printed songs.

ACT IV.

[MERCURY, in the shape of SOSIA, boasts of his power to PHÆDRA.]

Phæd. And will you make your self a younger man; and be handsome too and rich? for you that know hearts, must needs know, that I shall never be constant to such an ugly old *Sosia.*

Merc. Thou shalt know more of that another time: in the mean while, here's a cast of my office for thee.

[*He stamps upon the Ground: some Dancers come from underground; and others from the sides of the Stage. A Song, and a fantastick Dance.*

MERCURY'S SONG TO PHÆDRA.

I.

Fair *Iris* I love, and hourly I dye,
But not for a Lip, nor a languishing Eye:
She's fickle and false, and there we agree;
For I am as false, and as fickle as she:
We neither believe what either can say;
And, neither believing, we neither betray.

II.

'Tis civil to swear, and say things of course;
We mean not the taking for better for worse.
When present, we love; when absent, agree:
I think not of *Iris*, nor *Iris* of me:
The Legend of Love no Couple can find
So easie to part, or so equally join'd.

After, the Dance.

Phæd. This Power of yours makes me suspect you for little better than a God; but if you are one, for more certainty, tell me what I am just now thinking.

Merc. Why, thou art thinking, let me see; for thou art a Woman, and your minds are so variable, that it's very hard even for a God to know them. But, to satisfie thee, thou art wishing, now, for the same Power I have exercis'd; that thou mightest stamp, like me; and have more Singers come up for another Song.

Phæd. Gad, I think the Devil's in you. Then I do stamp in some body's Name, but I know not whose; (*stamps.*) Come up, Gentle-folks, from below; and sing me a Pastoral Dialogue, where the Woman may have the better of the Man; as we always have in Love matters.

[*New Singers come up and sing a Song.*

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE BETWIXT THYRSIS AND IRIS.

I.

Thyrsis. Fair *Iris* and her Swain
Were in a shady Bow'r;
Where *Thyrsis* long in vain
Had sought the Shepherd's hour:
At length his Hand advancing upon her snowy Breast,
He said, O kiss me longer,
And longer yet and longer,
If you will make me Blest.

II.

Iris. An easie yielding Maid,
By trusting is undone;
Our Sex is oft betray'd,
By granting Love too soon.
If you desire to gain me, your Suff'rings to redress;
Prepare to love me longer,
And longer yet, and longer,
Before you shall possess.

III.

Thyrsis. The little Care you show,
Of all my Sorrows past;
Makes Death appear too slow,
And Life too long to last.
Fair *Iris* kiss me kindly, in pity of my Fate;
And kindly still, and kindly,
Before it be too late.

IV.

Iris. You fondly Court your Bliss,
And no Advances make;
'Tis not for Maids to kiss,
But 'tis for Men to take.
So you may Kiss me kindly, and I will not rebell;
And kindly still, and kindly,
But Kiss me not and tell.

V.—A RONDEAU.

Chorus. Thus at the height we love and live,
And fear not to be poor:
We give, and give, and give, and give,
Till we can give no more:
But what to-day will take away,
To-morrow will restore.
Thus at the heighth we love and live,
And fear not to be poor.

AURENG-ZEBE.

Dryden's Tragedy of "Aureng-Zebe" was produced in 1675 and printed in the following year. The play only contains two situations where the stage directions require music, and for these no music survives. The only song connected with the play is "I see she flies me," which originally appeared without any title in the fifth book of "*Comes Amoris*" (1694), and subsequently was included in "*Orpheus Britannicus*" (I. 33). It is first connected with Dryden's play in an undated single-sheet edition headed "A Song in the Play call'd *Oranzebe* set to Musick by Mr. *Henry Purcell* and sung by Mrs. *Alyff*." Mrs. Ayliff was the original *Miss Prue* in Congreve's "Love for Love" (1695); she also sang in "The Fairy Queen" in 1692, and in Purcell's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," 1695; so it was probably about 1694 that the song was introduced by her into "Aureng-Zebe." This date would agree with its appearance in "*Comes Amoris*."

A Song in the Play call'd *Oranzebe* set to Musick by Mr. *Henry Purcell* and sung by Mrs. Alyff.

I see she fly's me ev'rywhere,
Her Eyes her Scorn discover,
But what 's her Scorn or my despair,
Since 'tis my fate to Love her.
Were she but kind, whom I adore,
I might live longer, but not Love her more.

BONDUCA; OR, THE BRITISH HEROINE.

This play was an anonymous alteration of a Tragedy by Beaumont and Fletcher. It must have been produced at the Theatre Royal in 1695, as the publication of the first edition is advertised in the *London Gazette* for October 24-28 of that year. The work is prefixed by a dedication to Lord Jeffreys, signed by George Powell (1658?-1714) an actor and dramatist who took the part of Caratach. According to Powell the adaptation was from the pen of a friend of his, adding the information that the "whole play was revised quite through, and likewise studied up, in one fortnight." The music is one of Purcell's most celebrated productions, and the number of MS. versions of it, complete or imperfect, is very large. The most important MSS. are noted below. It was first printed in a complete form by Dr. Rimbault for the Musical Antiquarian Society in 1842.

Most of the MS. copies are without the Catch "Jack thou'rt a toper," the song "O lead me to some peaceful gloom," and the Overture and Act Tunes. The chief MS. sources for the present edition are as follows :—

A—British Museum Ad. MS. 31452.

B—British Museum Ad. MS. 31447.

C—British Museum Ad. MS. 5337 (formerly in the possession of Sir John Hawkins).

D—A MS. in the handwriting of John Travers, now in the Library of St. Michael's College, Tenbury.

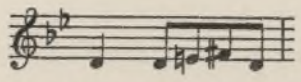
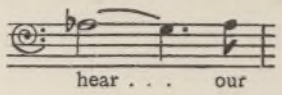
(**E**)—Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, in the handwriting of Dr. Croft.

The Catch is printed in "*Joyful Cuckoldom*," "*Deliciæ Musicæ*" (III. 12) and later publications.

There are many MS. and printed copies of "O lead me," "To arms," and "Britons strike home." One or all will be found in "*Orpheus Britannicus*," Hudgebutt's "*Thesaurus Musicus*," and "*Deliciæ Musicæ*." There are MSS. of these numbers at Buckingham Palace, the Royal College of Music, the Bodleian and Christ Church Libraries, Oxford, and the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.

The Overture and Tunes are in "Theatre Ayres," and there are MS. versions of these instrumental numbers in the British Museum, the Royal College of Music, and the Bodleian Library.

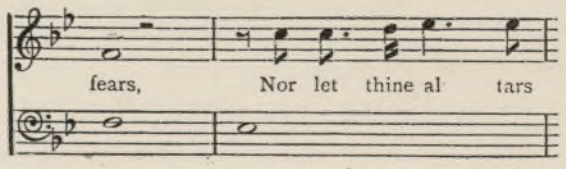
NOTES.

Page.	Line.	Bar.	
55	3	5	1st Violin. Rimbault reads : 
56 56	2 3	4 2	All the copies that I have consulted have sharps in the first part. Rimbault omits them.
59	—	4	Bass voice (**E**) has 

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

59 — 4 Rimbault reads (1st Violin and Treble): but all the five MSS. are as in [the text.

60 — 3 An additional bar in **D** reads:



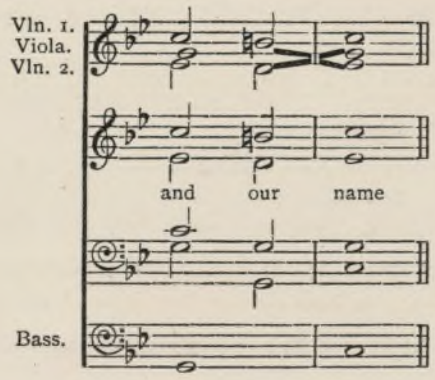
61 — 5 **D** figures last crotchet 6.

62 — 5 1st Violin. Rimbault reads:

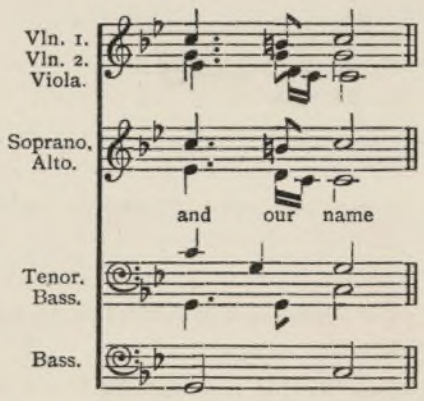
63 — 2 Viola. **E** has second crotchet A.

— — 5 1st Violin. **A** has no ♮ to E.

64 — — There are two variations of the final cadence. First in interest comes the fine reading of **D** which I have, with regret, not adopted, as it is unsupported by any other MS. It is probably explained by the writing out in full of a *rallentando*.



Another distribution of the parts is found in **C** and is adopted by Rimbault:



65 1 1 Viola. Last three quavers **A** and **C** have

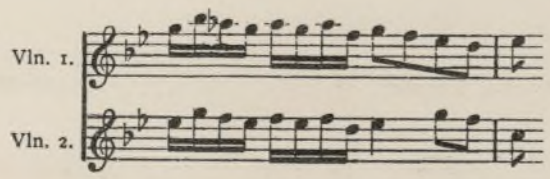
— 2 3 Viola. **E** has

66 1 2 1st Violin. Rimbault has softened the false relation to but the authority of the MS. is clear. **E** has

67 1 1 Viola. **E** and Rimbault have second quaver C.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

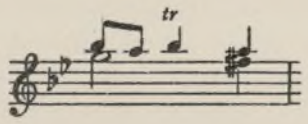
67 1 3 **D** has:



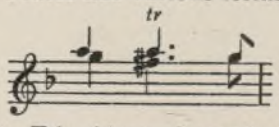
67 2 3 **E** has second quaver A.

68 1 3 2nd Violin. The two C's are bound in **D**.

70 2 2 The cadence of the Flutes has various forms. **D** has:



A and **E** have:

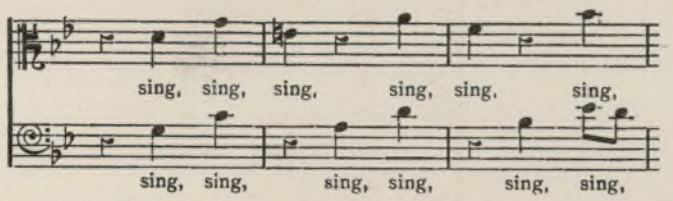


70 3 5 Rimbault inserts ♯ to F in Alto: I can find no authority.

71 2 4 Last quaver in Alto. **C**, **D**, and "*Orpheus Britannicus*" read C. In **E** the C has been corrected to G.. Possibly C is the origin ıl, and copyists, in fear of the tritone, altered the note to G.

71 2 5 **D** has ♯ to F, and to the same note in the Bass. **A** has ♯ to F in the Bass alone, but it is possible that the accidental refers to the preceding note.

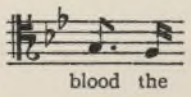
74 — — **A** and **E** have another reading of the Alto and Bass parts at the entry of the Chorus:



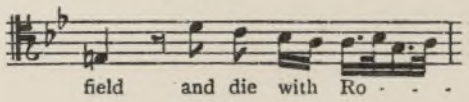
The first bar, at all events, is clearly wrong, and probably arises from the fact that in the MSS. the Chorus parts begin a fresh line on the second beat of the bar.

75 1 5 Bass second quaver. Rimbault has C, possibly a misprint.

76 2 2 Rimbault reads



76 2 3 **E** has



No. XIII.

76 — — The instrumentation is differently described in various copies:

A is as in the text.

B has Trumpet and Violins,

and a MS. of the song in the Fitzwilliam Museum (30. G. 24) has "Violins" on the first stave only and "A Trumpett" above.

76 4 4 The ♭ is not in all the copies, but it is supported by **D** and **E** and seems to me fine.

78 — — **D** has "1st as a duet 2nd as a chorus" in pencil, and at the end has "repeat as chorus." There seems to be some doubt as to whether "To arms" was repeated as a chorus. Rimbault gives his opinion decidedly against the idea, on the ground of the absence of directions in the older copies. He is probably correct, but **D**, to which he had not access, is of some value on the other side.

79 1 2 Bass. Rimbault reads E last quaver: all the older MSS. have G, and similarly in line 2, bar 3.

No. XIV.

79 — — Here again there is doubt as to the instrumentation. **A** has "For hautboys" (top line); **B** "Hautboy 1, Hautboy 2"; **E** "Symphony for Trumpet and Hautboys"; Fitzwilliam (G. 24), "This for hautboys." There thus seems no doubt about the Hautboys, and it is probable that a Trumpet also would be played, though the evidence cannot be said to be conclusive.

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

There is also some uncertainty as to how the part preceding the Chorus was sung. There is little doubt, however, as Rimbault says, that it was sung as a solo by the First Druid. But there is a pencil note in D (which has the Chorus only), "(1) Duet (2) Chorus." In Ad. MS. 15979 it is given as a duet only, and so it appears in "*Orpheus Britannicus*." This is probably an alteration made later for concert-room performance.

85 4 5 Buckingham Palace MS. has ♭ under F in Bass.

THE TRAGEDY OF BONDUCA.

PERSONÆ DRAMATIS.

Suetonius, a General of the *Romans*.
Petilius, a *Roman* Officer.
Junius, another *Roman* Officer.
Decius, a *Roman* Officer.
Macer, a hungry *Roman* Soldier.
Caratach, General of the *Britons*.
Venutius, in love with *Claudia*.
Hengo, nephew to *Bonduca*.
Nennius, a *British* Officer.
Macquaire, a *Pict*, in love with *Claudia*.
Bonduca, Queen of *Britain*.
Claudia } Daughters to *Bonduca*.
Bonvica }
Roman and *British* Guards and Attendants, *Druids*, &c.

ACT I.

[THE BRITISH CAMP.—BONDUCA, CARATACH, NENNIUS, &c., rejoice at the defeat of the Romans. It is decided to attack the Romans again on the morrow and then to celebrate the nuptials of VENUTIUS and CLAUDIA. The act ends with a scene in which CLAUDIA repulses the advances of the PICTISH CHIEF, who vows vengeance against her.]

ACT II.

[THE ROMAN CAMP.—SUETONIUS has sent to CARATACH to arrange a treaty, but they cannot come to terms, and it is decided to continue the war. After CARATACH has gone, SUETONIUS addresses PETILIUS]:—

Be sure you hearten
Your shatter'd Troops, to give the Onset briskly.
Since we must fight, Fury must be our Fortune.
Look to those eating Rogues that bawl for Victuals;
Tell 'em, if now they push the Conquest home,
The Fat of all the Kingdom lies before 'em.

Petilius. That 's the best Argument. The generous Soldiers
Spare begging conquer'd Foes, but when they Dine
They give no Quarter to a lusty Chine.
Thus the well-booted *Greeks* before *Troy* Town
Still pray'd for Beef enough to swallow down;
And ate as well as fought to get Renoun.

Enter CORPORAL MACER, *and other Soldiers as a Foraging.*] [*Exeunt.*

CATCH, SUNG BY THE SOLDIERS.

Jack, thou 'rt a Toper, let 's have t' other Quart :
Ring, we 're so sober, 'twere a shame to part.
None but a Cuckold, Bully'd by his Wife
For coming late, fears a Domestick Strife.
I'm free, and so are you, to call and knock boldly,
Tho' Watchmen cry, Past Two a Clock.

[MACER and the Soldiers are pursued and taken prisoners by the Britons, who propose to hang them.]

ACT III.

[THE BRITISH CAMP.—NENNIUS is about to hang MACER and the Soldiers, but they are spared by CARATACH. The scene changes.]

SCENE II.—THE TEMPLE.

Enter DRUIDS, *singing;* BONDUCA, CLAUDIA, SECOND DAUGHTER, VENUTIUS, NENNIUS, COMES, [MACQUAIRE], HENGO, *&c.*

1st Druid. Hear us, Great *Ruguith*, hear our Prayers :

2nd Druid. Defend, defend thy British Isle.

1st Druid. Revive our Hopes, disperse our Fears,

3rd Druid. Nor let thine Altars be the Roman Spoil.

Chorus. Descend, ye Powers Divine, descend,

4th Druid. In Chariots of Etherial Flame,
And touch the Altars you defend.

Chorus. O save our Nation, and our Name.

5th Druid. Hear, ye Gods of *Britain*, hear us this day :
Let us not fall the *Roman* Eagle's prey.
Clip, clip their Wings, or chase 'em home,
And check the tow'ring Pride of Rome.

[The prayers of BONDUCA, VENUTIUS and CLAUDIA meet with no response. CARATACH then addresses the goddess.]

Caratach. Divine *Andate*, thou who hold'st the Reins
Of Furious Battles, and Disorder'd War

. . . . . .

Give us this Day good Hearts, good Enemies,
Good Blows o' both sides ; Wounds that Fear or Flight
Can claim no Share in : steel us both with Angers,
And Warlike Executions, fit thy Viewing.

* * * * * * *

Grant this Divine *Andate;* 'tis but Justice,
And my first Blow, thus on this Holy Altar,
I sacrifice unto thee.

[*A flame arises.*

Bonduca. It flames out.

Caratach. Now sing, ye Druids.

Druids. Sing, sing, ye Druids! all your Voices raise,
To celebrate Divine Andate's Praise.
Divine Andate! President of War,
The Fortune of the Day declare.
Shall we to the Romans yield,
Or shall each Arm that wields a Spear,
Strike it through a Massy Shield;
And Dye with *Roman* Blood the Field?

Thunder here.]

Oracle. *Much will be spill'd.*

1st and 4th Druids. To Arms, to Arms! your Ensigns strait display,
Now, now, now, set the Battle in Array,
The Oracle of War declares,
Success depends upon our Hearts and Spears.

Verse and Chorus. Britons, strike Home: revenge your Country's Wrongs,
Fight and record your selves in Druids' Songs.

[The rest of the Act is mainly occupied by Battle scenes, in which the Britons are defeated.]

Act IV.

[The Pictish Chief still plots against Claudia: she goes, with Venutius, to the Fort where Bonduca has taken refuge. Hengo, saved from the rout by Caratach, repels Macer.]

Act V.

[Venutius kills the Pictish Chief and then dies himself from a wound. The scene changes to the interior of the Fort.]

Enter Bonvica *and* Julia.]

Bonvica. Where shall the wretched Off-spring of *Bonduca* fly
To escape those dismal Screams of Horror,
That fill the *Britains* Ears? Oh wretched Mother!
Unhappy Sister! More unhappy!!
Their Courage makes th' approach of Death
Seem pleasing: But I have the true fearful
Soul of Woman; and wou'd not quit the World.
Julia, call *Lucius*, and bid him bring his Lute;
Fain wou'd I leave this dire consuming Melancholy.

Enter Lucius *with a Lute.*]

Lucius,* I'd have the Song you taught me last.
I fear, I do resemble now the Swan,
That Sings before its Death.

---

* This name is generally printed in italics, as if the lines "I'd have the Song," &c., were to be spoken by Lucius, but it is obvious from the context that this is a misprint, and that the whole speech is Bonvica's, Lucius merely accompanying the song on the lute.

SECOND SONG, by Miss *Cross*,

Oh! Lead me to some Peaceful Gloom,
Where none but sighing Lovers come.
Where the shrill Trumpets never sound,
But one Eternal Hush goes round.
There let me soothe my pleasing Pain,
And never think of War again.
What Glory can a Lover have,
To Conquer, yet be still a Slave?

[In the following scene BONDUCA and her daughters take poison in the presence of the Roman General, and in the final scene the slaughter of the principal characters is completed by HENGO's being killed by the Romans and CARATACH's committing suicide.]

THE CANTERBURY GUESTS; OR, A BARGAIN BROKEN.

This comedy in five acts is the work of Edward Ravenscroft, one of the cleverest of the minor dramatists of the late 17th century. It was produced in the autumn of 1694, as is proved by a passage in the "Gentleman's Journal" for October-November of that year. The printed play was advertised in the "*London Gazette*" for 17-20 December, 1694. In Act III., scene 5, a Song and Dance are introduced, and it was doubtless here that was sung Purcell's "Dialogue between Two Wives," which was printed in Book III. of Hudgebutt's "*Thesaurus Musicus*" (1695). No other copy is known to exist, but the words were printed in Vol. III. (1712) of the third edition of "*Pills to Purge Melancholy*" and also on a broadside preserved in the British Museum (Ad. MS. 35043). For the present edition Mr. Paul England has made some slight alterations in the original words, which are too broad for modern taste.

A Dialogue between Two Wives, Sung in the Play call'd, *The Canterbury Guests, or, the Bargain Broken.*" Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

1st Wife.

Good Neighbour why doe you look awry?
You 'r grown a wondrous Stranger,
You Huff, and you Puff, and you walk about
As if you 'd burst with Anger.
Is it for that your Fortunes great,
Or you so Wealthy are?
There 's none so nigh, that lives so high,
Who can with you compare:
The other day I heard one say,
Your Husband durst not show his Ears;
But like a Lout, did walk about,
So full of sighs and fears.

2nd Wife.

Good Mistress Shrew, I care not for you,
For you nor all your Jears;
My Husbands known, by every one,
To be both kind and true,
And so he'd be continually
But for such Jades as you;

You Wash, you Lick, you Trim, you Trick,
You Toss, you Lear, you Grin, you Nod,
You Wink and Pink, and in his Drink,
You strive to draw him in.

1st Wife.

You lye you Chit, when in your fit,
You make a noise, you make a strife,
Run up a Score, on ev'ry Door,
And lead him a weary, weary life.

2nd Wife.

Tell me so agen, you sawcy Quean,
And I 'll pull you by the Quoife.

1st Wife.

Go, you 'r a dirty Bare,
Your Husband cannot bear it,
A nasty Quean, as e're was seen,
Your Neighbours all declare it ;
A fulsome Trot, and good for nought,
Unless it be to Chatt ;
You stole a Spoon out of the Room,
Last Christning you were at.

2nd Wife.

You lye you Shrew.

1st Wife.

I vow 'tis true,
Nay more I know where it was found.

2nd Wife.

For this disgrace, I'le claw your Face,
And I'le fell you to the ground.

The Two Husbands.

Hey day ! What 's the matter now ?
The Jades I think are in their drink ;
'Tis so, upon my life.

1st Husband.

Good neighbour, pray let 's end this Fray,
And take each Man his Wife.

2nd Husband.

You mistress Jones, I'le break your Bones,
If thus you mutiny.

1st Husband.

Here 's a salt Eel, which you shall feel,
Unless you soon agree.

1st Wife.
My dearest Dear, be not severe,
Nor mind our twittle twattle;
2nd Wife.
We'll drink and Freinds, and so all ends,
In this good dram o' th Bottle.

CIRCE.

"Circe," a rhymed tragedy by Dr. Charles Davenant, is mentioned by Downes as having been first performed between 1676 and 1681. He alludes to it as an opera, and says that "All the Musick was set by Mr. Banister and being well Perform'd it answer'd the Expectations of the Company." The date of the original production was probably 1677, when both the play and the numerous lyrics it contains were printed by Tonson. There are also two later editions, issued respectively in 1685 and 1703, probably on the occasion of revivals of the work. Of Banister's music all that seems to have survived is two songs in Act IV., which were printed in 1679 in Book II. of Playford's "*Choice Ayres*": there is also an anonymous setting of a song in Act II. in "*New Ayres and Dialogues*" (1678). There exist, however, a number of MSS. of the music of Act I., which bear the name of Purcell as that of the composer. The opening scene of this setting was published by Dr. Rimbault in 1847 as the work of Banister, but in 1876 the editor retracted this opinion in an article in "*Concordia*" and ascribed it to Purcell. The music, though not so mature in style as the composer's later works for the theatre, is so remarkable, so much beyond all we know of Banister's powers, and so strongly Purcellian in character that, judging from internal evidence alone, it may safely be attributed to the greater composer. The conjecture may therefore be hazarded that for some revival (probably in 1685) Banister's setting of Act I. was set aside and that Purcell was employed on the new setting here printed in full for the first time.

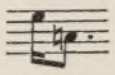
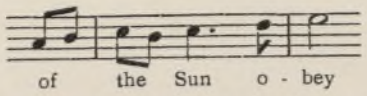
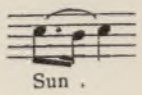
The MSS. employed in this edition are as follows:

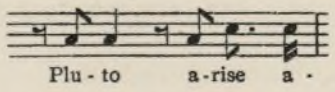
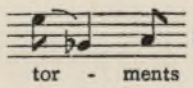
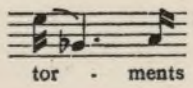
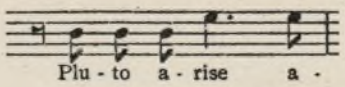
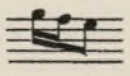
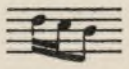
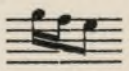
A. A MS. at Oriel College, Oxford, forming part of a set of Purcell's chief choral works by the same copyist who wrote the first part of a volume at St. Michael's College, Tenbury, which is stated on the cover to have been begun in 1695.

B. A copy at the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, dating from about 1708.

C. and **D.** Two MSS. in the British Museum (Ad. MSS. 33237 and 31447). There are also later MSS. in the Libraries of the Royal College of Music and of Dr. Cummings. The common source of all these MSS. is proved by the fact that they all omit the three first words (with their accompanying notes) in the Verse "You who hatch factions at the Court." In the present edition this deficiency (with an introductory bar) has been supplied conjecturally by the editor.

NOTES.

Page.	Line.	Bar.	
102	1	7	**B** and **C** have 
102	2	3	
105	2	6	The copies read  On the repetition of the phrase in the Chorus, page 109, the words are divided as in the text.
106	2	5	Soprano. **B** has 
109	2	5	

Page.	Line.	Bar.	
113 / 115	2	4	The clash of the Tenor and Viola parts is harsh, but similar passages are not uncommon in Purcell. In B the harshness is avoided, but this copy is evidently incorrect and introduces other difficulties.
117	1	1	Voice. **C** has: 
118	1	2	Voice. **B** has:  ; **D** has: 
118	1	4	Voice. **C** has: 
119	1	2&3	Violin 1. **C** has:  and 
119	1	3	Violin 2. **C** has: 

CIRCE.

Act I.—Scene IV.

Scene.—Circe's Cave.

[Iphigenia is a Priestess of Diana at Tauris, where rule Thoas, King of Scythia, and his Queen, Circe. Iphigenia is loved by Thoas and also by Ithacus, the son of Circe by Ulysses, but she rejects their advances and joins Circe in urging Ithacus to marry Osmida, "daughter to Thoas by a former Queen." The opening scenes are devoted to these cross-currents of love.

Ith. [*to Circe.*] The Gods some secret Remedy may find,
To cure the Wounds of each afflicted mind.
Raise the infernal Pow'rs by your strong Charms.

Cir. To your Requests I will indulgent prove,
But Heav'n itself has little pow'r o're Love.

Osm. I from the Gods only to death pretend,
'Tis in that point my Miseries must end.

Cir. You must retire; these Sacred Mysteries,
With Reverence we conceale from common Eyes.

Tho. My Soul is with some mighty Fate opprest,
My Heart does pant and strugle in my Breast.
I feel, I know not what, that sayes I am
For one that Loves, and is a King, too tame,
How weakly Reason too resists desire ?
And like small Show'rs does but augment the Fire.

Ex. all but Circe *and her Women.*]
The Scene *opens to the inward part of the Cave.*]

The Infernal Priests enter.

Sung by Circe's Women at the Infernal Sacrifice. Priests joyn in the *Chorus.*

We must assemble by a Sacrifice
Those Demons *who do range about the skies.*
Their necessary aid you use,
Those poysonous Herbs and Roots to chuse,
Which mingled, and prepar'd by your strong Art,
Do to your Charms, their chiefest Force impart.

Your Censors to the Altar take,
And with Arabian *Gums sweet Odours make.*
The Air, with Musick gently wound,
Sweet Smells they love, and every pleasing sound.

Cir. The stragling *Demons*, Harmony can fix,
Calls home the Sences of the Lunaticks,
And which is most, in Temples does prepare,
And can assemble Man's wild thoughts to Prayer.

[*They all walk up to the Altar.*

Priests sing:

I.

Come every Demon *who o'resees*
The Fates of mighty Monarchies,
And orders how they rise and set,
All you who Love and Lust inspire,
And kindle wild Ambition's Fire,
The dang'rous Sickness of the Great.

I.

Chorus. Circe, *the Daughter of the Sun obey,*
Or in his guilded Beams you ne're shall play.

II.

You who hatch Factions in the Court,
Sedition in the meaner sort,
Amongst the Pious, holy Strife,
Tumults in Camps, in Senates too,
Those discords which the good undoe,
All, all that wait on humane life.

Chorus. Circe, *the Daughter of the Sun obey,*
Or in his guilded Beams you ne're shall play.

[*Enter four Spirits.*

Cir. Bring me the juice of every Plant
Which grows in those infectious Shades,
Where Nature hid, corrupts or fades:
Of all that temperate heat, or moisture want.
Bring me the lustful *Motacilla's* blood,
And Vervain against Thunder good.
The juice of baneful Aconite:
The black and melancholy qualities of these,
By sympathy, the God of Darkness please,
Whom I must raise up to his hated light.

[*Exit one of the Spirits.*

Sung by one of Circe's *Women alone.*

Lovers, who to their first Embraces go,
Are slow and languishing, compar'd to you;
In speed you can outdo the winged Wind,
And leave, even Thought, creeping and tir'd behind.

[*A Spirit rises, and layes a Jarre at* Circe's *feet.*

Sung by *Circe's* Women.

Behold, quick as thy thought,
Th' Ingredients of thy Spells are brought,
By which thy dismal Bus'ness must be wrought.
Great Minister of Fate,
In this deep Cave you sit in State,
Famine and Pestilence about you wait;
At your dread Word they fly through every Land,
Whilst their fierce undiscerning rage,
Does pity neither Sex nor Age.
Death is as blind as Love, at your command.

Chorus. *Each Plant and Herb have all their poyson sent;*
On what new mischief is your Magick bent?

To the Magicians.] *Cir.* Whil'st on the Earth this Juice I pour,
And that the Priests their solemn Anthem sing,
Do you tread on this holy flour,
Those mystick Figures, sacred to th' Infernal King

Magicians dance.]

A Priest sings alone.

Pluto, *arise!*
From those blest shades where Kings, and Lovers are,
Where those no torment have from State and Care;
And these feel not the torment of Despair.

The Second Part of the Dance.

Pluto, *arise!*
From thy blest Kingdom of Equality,
Where Birth, Wealth, Beauty have no tyranny,
Where all Mankind are fellow-slave to thee.

[In Scene V., which ends the Act, CIRCE consults PLUTO and learns from him of the arrival of ORESTES and PYLADES.]

CLEOMENES, THE SPARTAN HERO.

"Cleomenes," a tragedy by Dryden and Southerne, was first acted at the Theatre Royal in the Spring of 1692. Some incidental music is required by the stage directions in Act III., but none of this is at present known to exist, and the only music that survives is a setting by Henry Purcell of the song "No, no, poor suff'ring heart," in the Second Scene of Act II. This was printed in Book IV. of "*Comes Amoris*" (1693), and the melody alone appeared in "*Joyful Cuckoldom*" (n.d.): from the heading to the latter edition we learn that it was sung by Mrs. Butler, who was the original PHILIDEL in "King Arthur."

ACT II. SCENE II.

The SCENE *opens and discovers* CASSANDRA'S *Apartment. Musicians and Dancers.*—PTOLOMY *leads in* CASSANDRA. SOSYBIUS *follows—they sit. Towards the end of the Song and Dance, enter* CLEOMENES *and* CLEANTHES *on one side of the Stage, where they stand.*

SONG.

1.

No, no, poor suff'ring Heart, no Change endeavour,
Choose to sustain the smart, rather than leave her;
My ravish'd Eyes behold such Charms about her,
I can dye with her, but not live without her.
One tender Sigh of hers to see me Languish,
Will more than pay the price of my past Anguish:
Beware, O cruel Fair, how you smile on me,
'Twas a kind Look of yours that has undone me.

2.

Love has in store for me one happy Minute,
And She will end my pain who did begin it;
Then no day void of Bliss, or Pleasure leaving,
Ages shall slide away without perceiving:
Cupid shall guard the Door the more to please us,
And keep out Time and Death when they would seize us.
Time and Death shall depart, and say in flying,
Love has found out a way to Live by Dying.

DISTRESSED INNOCENCE, OR THE PRINCESS OF PERSIA.

This tragedy, by Elkanah Settle, was first produced at the Theatre Royal late in 1690. The only music connected with it is the overture and the seven Act Tunes by Purcell, which are here printed from the separate part-books of the "Ayres for the Theatre."

THE COMICAL HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE.—PART I.

The production of this play, a kind of burlesque on Cervantes' immortal romance, of which D'Urfey was the author, was announced in the "Gentleman's Journal" for May, 1694. The *London Gazette* for 2nd-5th July, 1694, announces its publication together with that of the Second Part. The songs in both parts were also published in the same year.

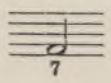
The play requires a good deal of music, but only that of the songs has survived. They were the work of Purcell and of John Eccles, and were issued with the following title-page:

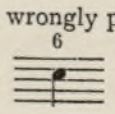
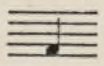
"The | Songs | To | the New Play of | Don Quixote. | *Part the First.* | Set by the most Eminent Masters of the Age. | All written by Mr. *D'Urfey.* | *Decies repetita placebunt.* | *London,* | Printed by *J. Heptinstall* for *Samuel Briscoe,* at the corner of | *Charles-Street, Covent-Garden.* 1694. | Price Two Shillings. | " (This publication is referred to in the following notes as **A.**) Only Purcell's contributions are reprinted in the present edition.

NOTES.

I.—SING ALL YE MUSES.

Printed in **A.**—"Songs in the Play" (1694).
B.—"*Orpheus Britannicus*" (1698) I. 141.
C.—Simpson's "*Thesaurus Musicus,*" p. 54.
D.—Walsh's "*Harmonia Anglicana,*" III. p. 80.

PAGE.	LINE.	BAR.	
132	2	7	2nd minim in the Bass. **B** and **D** have: 

Page.	Line.	Bar.	
132	3	5	Bass. **D** figures first chord: $\frac{6}{5}$
135	2	4	Alto Voice. Last crotchet is wrongly printed F instead of E. Accompaniment should correspond.
			Same chord (Bass). **D** has:  not 
140	1	5	Bass Voice. **C** has ♭ to **D**.

II.—WHEN THE WORLD FIRST KNEW CREATION.

Printed in **A**, and (melody only) in D'Urfey's "*Songs Compleat*," II. p. 21.

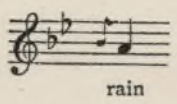
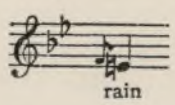
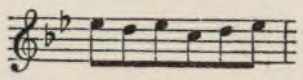
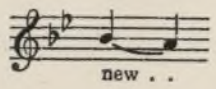
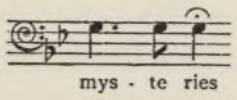
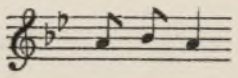
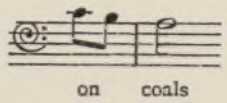
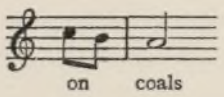
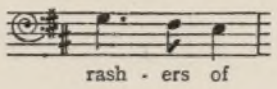
III.—LET THE DREADFUL ENGINES.

Printed in **A**, **B**, on a single sheet engraved by Cross, and in a "Collection of the most celebrated Songs and Dialogues composed by the late famous Mr. Henry Purcell" (Meares).

There are old MS. copies in the British Museum (Ad. MS. 22099, fol. 62) and in the Fitzwilliam Museum (30. G. 24).

IV.—INCANTATION SCENE.

The Trio "Art all can do" is printed in **A** and in the second edition (1706) of "*Orpheus Britannicus*" (I. p. 38). A MS. copy, dating from the middle of the 18th century or later (British Museum, Ad. MS. 31813), is without the 2nd Violin part: it is referred to below as **E**.

Page	Line.	Bar.	
152 152	2 3	3 1	**E** adds appoggiatura:  and 
153	4	1	**E** repeats the whole passage for solo beginning "Groves with eternal sweets."
155	1	4	**A** has:  in Soprano and 1st Violin parts, evidently printed by mistake from the following bar.
156 & 157	—		The Bass in the whole of the section in triple time has numerous ties and slurs in **E**. In **A** (British Museum copy) staccato marks have been added in manuscript to all the quavers in the passage.
157	1	4	**E** has: 
159	3	8	**E** does not change the time signature, and reads: 
160 162	4 1	1 & 3 4	Soprano. **E** has: 
163 166	2 1	3 2	**E** has:  and 
166	1	1	Bass Voice. **A** has: 

THE COMICAL HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE.—PART I.

[ACT I. contains no music. The first scene of ACT II. is laid at the Inn of VINCENT, "a humourous Host, or Inn-Keeper." The scene ends with the burlesque knighting of DON QUIXOTE. During the first part of the ceremony DON QUIXOTE kneels, while PEREZ, NICHOLAS, the HOSTESS, VINCENT, and MARITORNES, with singers and dancers, preceded by "Drums and Trumpets sounding," march round him in procession. Then] HOSTESS *and* MARITORNES *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.*

Vincent. Now sing the Song in Praise of Arms and Soldiery.

SONG.

Sing all ye Muses, your Lutes strike around;
When a Soldier 's the Story, what Tongue can want Sound?
When Danger disdains, Wounds, Bruises and Pains,
When the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains.
Rich Profit comes easy in Cities of Store,
But the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons do roar.
Yet see how they run, at the Storming a Town,
Thro' Blood and thro' Fire to take the Half-Moon.
They scale the High Wall,
Whence they see others fall,
Their Hearts precious Darling, bright Glory pursuing,
Tho' Death 's underfoot, and the Mine is just blowing.
It springs, up they fly, yet more still supply,
As Bridegrooms to marry, they hasten to die:
Till Fate claps her Wings, and the glad Tidings brings,
Of the Breach being enter'd, and then they 're all Kings.
Then happy 's she whose face
Can win a Soldier's Grace;
They range about in State,
Like Gods disposing Fate:
No Luxury in Peace,
Nor Pleasure in Excess,
Can parallel the Joys the Martial Hero crown,
When flush'd with Rage, and forc'd by Want, he storms a wealthy Town.

[ACT III., SCENE II. takes place among "Mountains and Rocks at the end of the Deep Grove." DON QUIXOTE and SANCHO PANCA release the Galley Slaves, among whom is GINES DE PASSAMONTE.]

Gines. Thanks to our noble and valiant Redeemer; here's to his Health; and, Brothers, let's entertain him with a Song. Confound the World. Dear Redeemer, we are no more Rogues than the rest of Mankind; all the World are Rogues, and deserve the Galleys as much as we. Come Sing to that Purpose, Brother.

SONG.

When the World first knew Creation,
A Rogue was a top Profession;
When there were no more in all Nature but Four,
There were Two of them in Transgression:
And the Seeds are no less,
Since that you may guess,
But have in all Ages been growing apace;
There's Lying and Thieving,
Craft, Pride, and Deceiving,
Rage, Murder, and Maiming*
Hard Drinking and Gaming,*
Branch out from one Stock, the rank Vices in Vogue,
And make all Mankind one Gigantical Rogue.

View all Humane Generation,
You'll find in every Station
Lean Virtue decays, whilst Interest sways
The ill Genius of the Nation.
All are Rogues in degrees,
The Lawyer for Fees,
The Courtier *Le Cringe*, and the Alderman *Squeeze*,
The Canter, the Toper,
The Church Interloper,
The Quean, and the Practice-of-Piety-Groper;*
But of all, he that faits our true Rights 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 model'd new the Creature;
For the Savage in Man
From Original ran,
And in spite of Confinement now reigns as't began:
Here's 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 lie.

* The lines marked with an asterisk have been slightly altered in the present edition.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

The Mountain of Sierra Morena continues.

[After some dialogue between DON QUIXOTE and SANCHO]

CARDENIO *enters in ragged clothes, and in a wild Posture sings a Song. Then Exit.*

SONG.

Let the dreadful Engines of Eternal Will,
The Thunder roar, and crooked Lightning kill;
My Rage is hot as theirs, as fatal too,
And dares as horrid Execution do.
Or let the Frozen North its Rancour show,
Within my Breast far greater Tempests grow;
Despair 's more cold than all the Winds can blow.

Can nothing, nothing warm me?
Yes, *Luscinda's* Eyes;
There *Ætna*, there, *Vesuvio* lies,
To furnish Hell with Flames,
That mounting reach the Skies.

Ye Pow'rs, I did but use her Name,
And see how all the Meteors flame;
Blue Lightning flashes round the Court of *Sol*,
And now the Globe more fiercely burns
Than once at *Phaeton's* Fall.

Ah! where are now those flow'ry Groves,
Where *Zephyr's* fragrant Winds did play?
Where, guarded by a Troop of Loves,
The fair *Luscinda* sleeping lay:
There sung the Nightingale and Lark,
Around us all was sweet and gay;
We ne'er grew sad, till it grew dark,
Nor nothing fear'd but short'ning Day.

Glow, I glow, but 'tis with Hate;
Why must I burn for this Ingrate?
Cool, cool it then and rail,
Since nothing will prevail.

When a Woman Love pretends, 'tis but till she gains her Ends,
And for better, and for worse, 'tis for Marrow of the Purse,
When the Jilt has filched your Gold, proves a Slattern or a Scold.*
This Hour will tease and vex,
And will cozen you the next.*
They were all contrived in spite:
To Torment us, not delight;
But to scold, and scratch and bite,
And not one of them proves right;
But all are Witches by this Light!
And so I fairly bid 'em, and the World, Good Night.

* *See Note, p.* xxii.

ACT V.

[In SCENE I. PEREZ (the Curate), NICHOLAS (the Barber), and VINCENT plot to persuade DON QUIXOTE "that all things are governed by Inchantment." CARDENIO "to help forward the Jest" undertakes to play the part of an Inchanter, and assist in the Song. In SCENE II. ("the Town with the Inn") the plot is executed. VINCENT enters, disguised as MERLIN, and "Dreadful Sounds of Musick" are heard.]

Enter two Women representing URGANDA *and* MELISSA, *two Inchantresses, led by* MONTESMO: *they seize* DON QUIXOTE *and* SANCHO PANCA. . . . *Musick sounds in Recitative, then an Inchanter and two Inchantresses sing in parts this Song.*

SONG.*

Montesmo. With this, this sacred charming Wand;
I can Heaven and Earth command;
Hush all the Winds that curl the angry Sea,
And make the rolling Waves obey.

Urganda. I from the Clouds can conjure down the Rain,
And make it Deluge once again.

Melissa. I when I please make Nature smile as gay,
As at first she did on her Creation-Day:
Groves with eternal Sweets shall fragrant grow,
And make a true *Elysium* here below.

Chorus. Groves with eternal Sweets shall fragrant grow,
And make a true *Elysium* here below.

Melissa. I can give Beauty, make the Aged young,
And Love's dear momentary Rapture long.

Urganda. Nature restore, and Life, when spent, renew:
All this by Art can great *Urganda* do.
Why then will Mortals dare
To urge a Fate, and Justice so severe?
See there a Wretch, in 's own Opinion wise,
Laughs at our Charms, and mocks our Mysteries.

Melissa. I 've a little Spirit yonder,
Where the Clouds do part asunder,
Lies basking his Limbs
In the warm Sun-Beams,
Shall his Soul from his Body plunder.

Urganda. Speak, shall it be so? No,
That Fate 's too high; I 'll give him one more low.
Melissa, Let it be so, &c.

Montesmo. Appear ye fat Fiends that in Limbo do groan,
That were, when in Flesh, the same Souls as his own;
You that always in Lucifer's Kitchen reside,
'Mongst Sea-Coal, and Kettles, and Grease newly fried;
That pamper'd each Day with a Garbage of Souls,
Broil Rashers of Fools for a Breakfast on Coals;
This Mortal from hence to convey shew your Skill,
Thus Fate's and our magical Orders fulfil.

Together. Appear, &c.

* In his setting of this song Purcell, according to his usual practice, has divided D'Urfey's verses among the characters differently from the printed version of the play; the concluding lines, beginning "Appear ye fat Fiends" are only found in the musical setting.

THE COMICAL HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE—PART II.

The first part of "Don Quixote" having proved a success, a second part quickly succeeded it. Its publication was advertised in the "*London Gazette*" of 19-23 July, 1694, along with the Songs in both the First and Second Parts. The title-page of the Songs is as follows :—

"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. | "

Besides Purcell's compositions this work includes other songs by J. Eccles, Colonel Pack, and unnamed composers. From D'Urfey's preface to the play we learn that Mrs. Bracegirdle created a great sensation by her singing of Eccles' song "I burn." She had the honour of drawing a special tribute from Purcell himself, who wrote the song "Whilst I with grief ("*Orpheus Britannicus,*" I. 4) "on Mrs. *Bracegirdle's* singing (*I burn,* &c.) in the Second part of 'Don-Quixote.'"

NOTES.

I.—SINCE TIMES ARE SO BAD.

Printed in **A**.—"Songs in the Play" (1694).

B.—"*Orpheus Britannicus*" (I. p. 164).

C.—"Songs and Dialogues" (Meares).

D.—D'Urfey's "*Songs Compleat*" (I. p. 88. Words only).

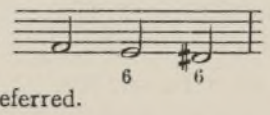
E.—Simpson's "*Thesaurus Musicus,*" p. 38.

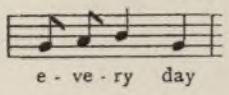
MS. copies are of frequent occurrence. The chief one used is—

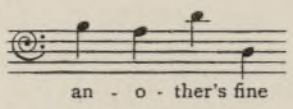
F.—Ad. MS. 31453, fol. 175 (British Museum).

In **D** the words have the following title : "A DIALOGUE. *Highly diverting Queen* MARY, *in the 4th Act of the second Part of* DON QUIXOTE; *for a Clown and his Wife. Sung by Mr.* READING *and Mrs.* AYLIFF. *Set by Mr.* HENRY PURCELL."

PAGE. LINE. BAR.

167 2 1 Bass. All the copies except **F** read :  The reading adopted is the more natural, and has therefore been preferred.

169 2 3 **B** has : 

172 3 4 Bass Voice. **C** has : 

173 4 3 Bass. **C** figures 7 for whole bar and no ♯.

174 3 3 "Ambition's a trade." **D** has "Verse for 2 voices." **A** and **B** and other copies have "2 voc."

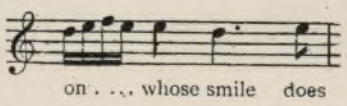
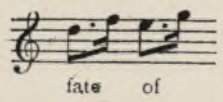
176 1 4 "Let all our whole care." In **A**, **B** and **C** marked "Chorus" and in **D** printed in italics.

175 2 2 } **E** figures last crotchet 6.
176 3 2 }

II.—GENIUS OF ENGLAND.

Printed in **A**, **B**, **C**, and **D**.

There are many MS. copies. The chief consulted are Ad. MS. 22099, fol. 86, and 35043, fol. 31 (British Museum), and 30. G. 24 in the Fitzwilliam Museum. The song is stated by Burney to have been "long the favourite song of our theatres." It was sung by Mr. Freeman and Mrs. Cibber, and accompanied on the trumpet by John Shore, Mrs. Cibber's brother.

Page.	Line.	Bar.	
179	1	3	Voice. Some of the MSS. omit the appoggiatura  on . . ., whose smile does
179	2	1	Voice. **B** and some MSS. have :  fate of
182	1	1	Voice. **B** has no ♯ to F.

III.—LADS AND LASSES.

This song is printed in Book III. of Hudgebutt's "*Thesaurus Musicus*" (1695), and there headed "A Song in the 2nd Part of *Don Quixote*. Sung by Mrs. *Hudson*, not Printed in that Collection. Set by Mr. *Purcell*."

There is also an early single-sheet edition in the British Museum headed: "A Scotch Song in the Second part of the Play call'd Don Quixote sung by Mrs. Hudson and set to Musick by Mr. Henry Purcell."

The evidence that Purcell wrote the music is thus satisfactory, but in the first edition (1699) of "*Pills to Purge Melancholy*," the song is given without composer's name. It is equally anonymous (but headed "A Scotch Song") in Vol. I. of D'Urfey's "*Songs Compleat*" (1719), and in the same Collection the tune again appears to words beginning "Within an arbour of delight," with the curious heading: "*A Poole at* Piquette. *The Words made, and set to a Tune by Mr.* D'Urfey; *made at* Ramsbury Mannor." It is possible to read this "Set by Mr. D'Urfey to a tune," but it is remarkable that if Purcell was really the composer his name should not have been given. Nevertheless, the authority of the contemporary "*Thesaurus Musicus*" is strong, and justifies us in including the music in the present edition.

The words of the song do not appear in the play; it may well have been introduced in Act II. instead of a long song by Eccles, "Ye nymphs and sylvan gods."

THE COMICAL HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE.—Part II.

Act IV. Scene: The Town.

[This Act treats of Sancho's adventures as Governor of Baratavia.]

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* Manuel *wait, then is a Dance of Spinsters.*

A SONG, sung by a Clown and his Wife.

He. Since Times are so bad, I must tell thee, Sweet-heart,
I'm thinking to leave off my Plough and my Cart;
And to the fair City a Journey will go,
To better my Fortune, as other folks doe:
Since some have from Ditches,
And coarse Leather-breeches,
Been raised to be Rulers, and wallow'd in Riches.
Prithee come, come from thy Wheel;
For, if Gypsies don't lye,
I shall be a Governour, too, ere I dye.

She. Ah, *Collin!* by all thy late doings I find
With sorrow and trouble the Pride of thy Mind;
Our Sheep now at random, disorderly run,
And now Sunday's Jacket goes ev'ry day on:
Ah! what dost thou mean?

He. To make my Shooes clean,
And foot it to Court, to the King and the Queen,
Where shewing my Parts, I preferment shall win.

She. Fye, 'tis better for us to Plough and to Spin;
For as to the Court, when thou happen'st to try,
Thou'lt find nothing got there, unless thou canst buy;
For Money the Devil and all 's to be found,
But no good Parts minded without the good Pound.

He. Why then I'll take Arms,
And follow Alarms,
Hunt Honour that now-a-days plagueily charms:

She. And so lose a Limb by a Shot or a Blow,
And curse thy self after for leaving the Plough.

He. Suppose I turn gamester;

She. So cheat and be bang'd:

He. What think'st of the Road then?

She. The High-way to be hang'd.

He. A Trade then I'll try that yields profit for Life,*
I'll help some fine Lord to another's fine Wife:

She. That 's dangerous too,
Amongst the Town-Crew,
For some of 'em will do the same thing by you;
And then I to betray ye may be drawn in,*
Faith, *Collin*, 'tis better I sit here and spin.

He. Will nothing prefer me? What think'st of the Law?

She. Oh! while you live, *Collin*, keep out of that Paw.

He. I'll Cant, and I'll pray;

She. Ah! there's naught got that way;
There 's no one minds now what those black Cattle say;
Let all our whole Care
Be our Farming Affair,

He. To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-trees bear.

2 Voices.

Ambition 's a Trade, no Contentment can show;

She. So I'll to my Distaff,

He. And I to my Plough.

---

* The lines marked with an asterisk have been slightly changed in the present edition.

CHORUS.

Let all our whole Care
Be our Farming affair,
To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-trees bear.
Ambition 's a Trade, no Contentment can show ;
So I 'll to my Distaff,
And I to my Plough.

ACT V. SCENE II.—THE JUDGMENT-HALL (?).

[DON QUIXOTE has been vanquished by DUKE RICARDO's page, disguised as the Knight of the Screech-Owl. To celebrate the victory, the Duke gives an Entertainment to the combatants. It is characteristic of the careless way in which plays were printed at the time that the following song is inserted in the middle of a scene between CARDENIO and MARCELLA.]

A SONG.

At the Duke's Entertainment, by St. *George* and the Genius of *England* : Sung by Mr. *Freeman* and Mrs. *Cibber*.

Mr. *Freeman*.

Genius of *England*, from thy pleasant Bow'r of Bliss,
Arise and spread thy sacred Wings :
Guard from Foes the British State,
Thou on whose Smile does wait
Th' uncertain happy Fate
Of Monarchies and kings.

Mrs. *Cibber*.

Then follow brave Boys to the Wars,
The Lawrel you know is the Prize ;
Who brings home the noblest Scars,
Look finest in *Celia's* Eyes.
Then shake off the slothful Ease,
Let Glory inspire your Hearts ;
Remember a Soldier in war and in Peace,
Is the noblest of all other Arts.

A SONG.

I.

Lads and Lasses Blithe and Gay,
Hear what my Song discloses ;
As I one morning Sleeping lay,
Upon a bank of Roses,
Willy ganging out his Gate,
By gude luck chanc'd to spy me ;
And pulling Bonnet from his Pate,
He softly lay down by me.

2.

Willy tho' I muckle priz'd,
Yet now I wou'd not know him ;
But made a Frown my Face disguised,
And from me strove to throw him :
Fondly still he nearer prest,
Upon my Bosom lying ;
His beating Heart too thump'd so fast,
I thought the Loon was dying.

3.

But resolving to deny,
An Angry Passion feigning ;
I often roughly push'd him by,
With words full of disdaining :
Willy balk'd, no favour wins,
But went off discontented ;
But I gude faith for all my Sins,
Ne'er half so much repented.

THE COMICAL HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE.—PART III.

The Third Part of "Don Quixote" must have been produced late in 1695, as its publication was advertised in the "*London Gazette*" for 12th-16th December in that year, Purcell having died on the 21st of the previous month. His only contribution to the play is the fine Scena "From rosy Bowers," which is headed, in "*Orpheus Britannicus*" (1698 I. p. 90): "This was the last Song that Mr. *Purcell* Sett, it being in his Sickness"; similar headings occur in the other publications of the song. From D'Urfey's dedication and preface the play seems to have been a failure, owing (according to the author) to the indifferent performance of the music.

The Songs were published separately with this title-page :

"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*. | "

NOTES.

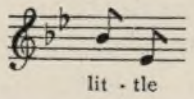
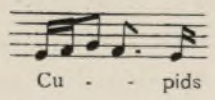
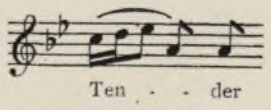
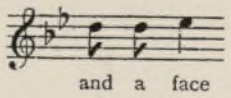
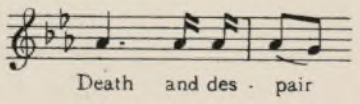
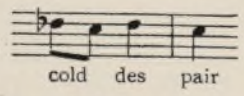
"From rosy Bowers" was sung in the original production by Miss Cross, who must then have been very young.

The Song is printed in **A**.—"Songs in the Play."
B.—"*Orpheus Britannicus*," I. p. 90.
C.—"Songs and Dialogues" (Meares).

There are many old MS. copies: use has been made in the present edition of Ad. MS. 22099 (British Museum) and of 30. G. 24 in the Fitzwilliam Museum.

The copies are strikingly uniform, with the exception of **A**, which is obviously carelessly printed and contains many mistakes. In the present edition the received version has been followed, excepting in the striking passage on p. 189, which may have frightened subsequent editors.

NOTES.

Page.	Line.	Bar.	
186	3	1	Voice. **A** has:  and 
			lit - tle Cu - - pids
186	4	2	**A** has: 
			Ten - - der
188	3	4	**A** has: 
			and a face
189	1	3	All the copies except **A** have softened the passage to: 
			Death and des - pair
189	2	1	**A** has: 
			cold des pair
190	4	6	The **F** in the bass is figured $\frac{7}{5}$ in **C**; in all the other copies that have figures it is figured 5.

THE COMICAL HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE.—Part III.

Act V. Scene I.

[No scene is given. Basilius, Carrasco, Quitteria and Altisidora plot to make Don Quixote unfaithful to Dulcinea.]

Altisidora. I intend to teize him 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. [Don Quixote enters in his nightcap and Altisidora makes love to him.]

Altisidora.—Come now, you shall see me sing and dance, and how far I excel dull *Dulcinea.* [*Here* Altisidora *sings.*]

In Five Movements.

1. Movement. Love.

From Rosie Bowers, where sleeps the God of Love,
Hither ye little waiting Cupids fly,
Teach me in soft melodious Strains to move,
With tender Passion my Heart's darling Joy.
Ah! let the Soul of Musick tune my Voice
To win dear Strephon, *who my Soul enjoys.*

2. Movement.

Or if more influencing,
Be doing something airy,
With a Hop and a Bound,
And a Frisk from the round, } Gaily
I'le trip, trip like a Fairy
As when on Ida *dancing*
Were three Celestial Bodies,
With an Air and a Face,
And a Shape and a Grace,
Let me charm like Beauty's Goddess.

3. Movement. Slow. Melancholy.

Ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis all, 'tis all in vain,
Death and Despair must end the fatal Pain;
Cold, cold Despair disguis'd, like Snow and Rain
Falls on my Breast: Bleak Winds, in Tempests blow,
My Veins all shiver, and Fingers glow:
My Pulse beats a dead March for lost Repose,
And to a solid lump of Ice my poor fond Heart is froze.

4. Movement. Passion.

Or say, ye Powers my Peace to Crown,
Shall I thaw myself, and drown
Amorgst the Foaming Billows,
Increasing all with Tears I shed;
On Beds of Ooze, and Christal Pillows,
Lay down my Love-sick Head.

5. Movement. Swift. Frenzy.

No, no, I'le streight run mad,
That soon my Heart will warm;
When once the Scense is fled,
Love has no Power to charm.
Wild thro' the Woods I'll fly,
And dare some savage Boor;
A thousand Deaths I'll dye,
E're thus in vain Adore.

THE DOUBLE DEALER.

Congreve's Comedy "The Double Dealer" was first played at the Theatre Royal in November, 1693; its publication was advertised "this day" in the "*London Gazette*" for 4th-7th December, 1693. For this production Purcell wrote an Overture and Act-Tunes, and also set the song "Cynthia frowns" which is introduced in Act II. The other song in the play was set by Bowman. The Instrumental music was printed in "*Ayres for the Theatre*" (1697), and the song in Book I. of Hudgebutt's "*Thesaurus Musicus*" (1694) and in "*Orpheus Britannicus*" (1698. I. p. 70). From "*Thesaurus Musicus*" we learn that the singer was Mrs. Ayliff. In both printed editions the penultimate line of the song is printed:

"Think, oh! think, oh! sad condition,"

and a MS. version in the Fitzwilliam Museum gives the same reading.

Act II. Scene I.

SONG.

1.

Cynthia frowns when e'er I Woo her,
Yet she's vext if I give over;
Much she fears I should undo her,
But much more to lose her Lover:
Thus, in doubting, she refuses;
And not Winning, thus she Loses.

2.

Prithee *Cynthia* look behind you,
Age and Wrinkles will o'ertake you;
Then too late Desire will find you,
When the Power does forsake you:
Think, O think o' th' sad Condition.
To be past, yet wish Fruition.

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

This is a tragedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, revived between 1682 and 1685. Purcell wrote for it the Act-Music herewith printed. Only the First Violin and Bass parts have up to the present been discovered. They exist in a MS. in the Library of the Royal College of Music. The arrangement of the Tunes in the MS. has been preserved, as it is of some interest. Nos. I.—IV. are evidently Curtain Tunes, strictly so-called, *i.e.*, short pieces played by the orchestra while the audience is assembling. No. V. is the Overture, and the remaining numbers are Act Tunes, played between the Acts. The same arrangement occurs in "The Fairy Queen." The quaint heading to No. VII., "Round O," is a common English form of the Italian Rondo. The notes in several places in the Royal College MS. are wanting, the edges of the paper having been torn away. The music is apparently rather an early work of the composer, and contains several curious rhythmical experiments which he did not afterwards employ.

The missing parts have been conjecturally supplied in the accompaniment.

THE ENGLISH LAWYER.

This is an adaptation by Edward Ravenscroft of a Latin Comedy by George Ruggle performed before James I. in 1615. It was printed in 1678, and the title-page states that the play was acted at the Theatre Royal. The only song in the play is "My wife has a tongue." It was printed as "The Scolding Wife," with Purcell's name, in "Catch that Catch Can: or the Second Part of the Musical Companion" (1685), but in the second edition (1686) Purcell's name is omitted. In a MS. in the British Museum (Ad. MS. 29397), probably dating from the end of the 17th century, the catch is given with the initials "H. P." against it. If Purcell wrote the catch it was probably taken from the play as printed, and not written for the dramatic production; for the situation in which the song occurs does not seem to allow of its being sung by three voices as a catch. The words alone, headed "A New Catch," occur in the "Additional New Songs and Catches" in the 1684 edition of "Wit and Mirth. An Antidote against Melancholy."

Act III.

SONG.

My Wife has a Tongue, as good as e'r twang'd;
At every word, she bids me be hang'd.
She 's ugly and old;
And a cursed Scold;
With a damnable *Nunquam Satis:*
For her Tongue, and her Tail,
If ever they fail,
The Devil shall have her *gratis.*

EPSOM WELLS.

Shadwell's "Epsom Wells" was originally produced in 1672, printed in 1673, reprinted (and therefore probably revived) in 1676, 1693, and 1704. Only the 1673, 1676 and 1704 editions are in the British Museum, and none of them contain the two-part Song "Leave these useless Arts." There thus seems no ground for Rimbault's assertion that Purcell wrote his music for the 1676 revival.

Mr. Squire considers that this song was probably written for and introduced in the 1693 revival. It is printed in Book II. of Hudgebutt's "*Thesaurus Musicus*" (1694) and there headed "A New Song in *Epsome-Wells* set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*" The distinctive title "A New Song," coupled with the recent revival of the play, point to this conclusion.

The song is also printed in "*Orpheus Britannicus*" (1st Edition, p. 37). There is no indication as to whether the upper part is to be taken by tenor or soprano, for the tenor clef is not employed in either publication.

A New Song in *Epsome-Wells* set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

Leave these useless Arts in loving,
Seeming Anger and Disdain:
Trust to Nature gently moving,
Never, never pleads in vain;
Nothing guides a Lover's Passion,
Like the Fair One's Inclination.

CONTENTS.

ABDELAZER, or THE MOOR'S REVENGE.

I.

OVERTURE.

Henry Purcell.

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

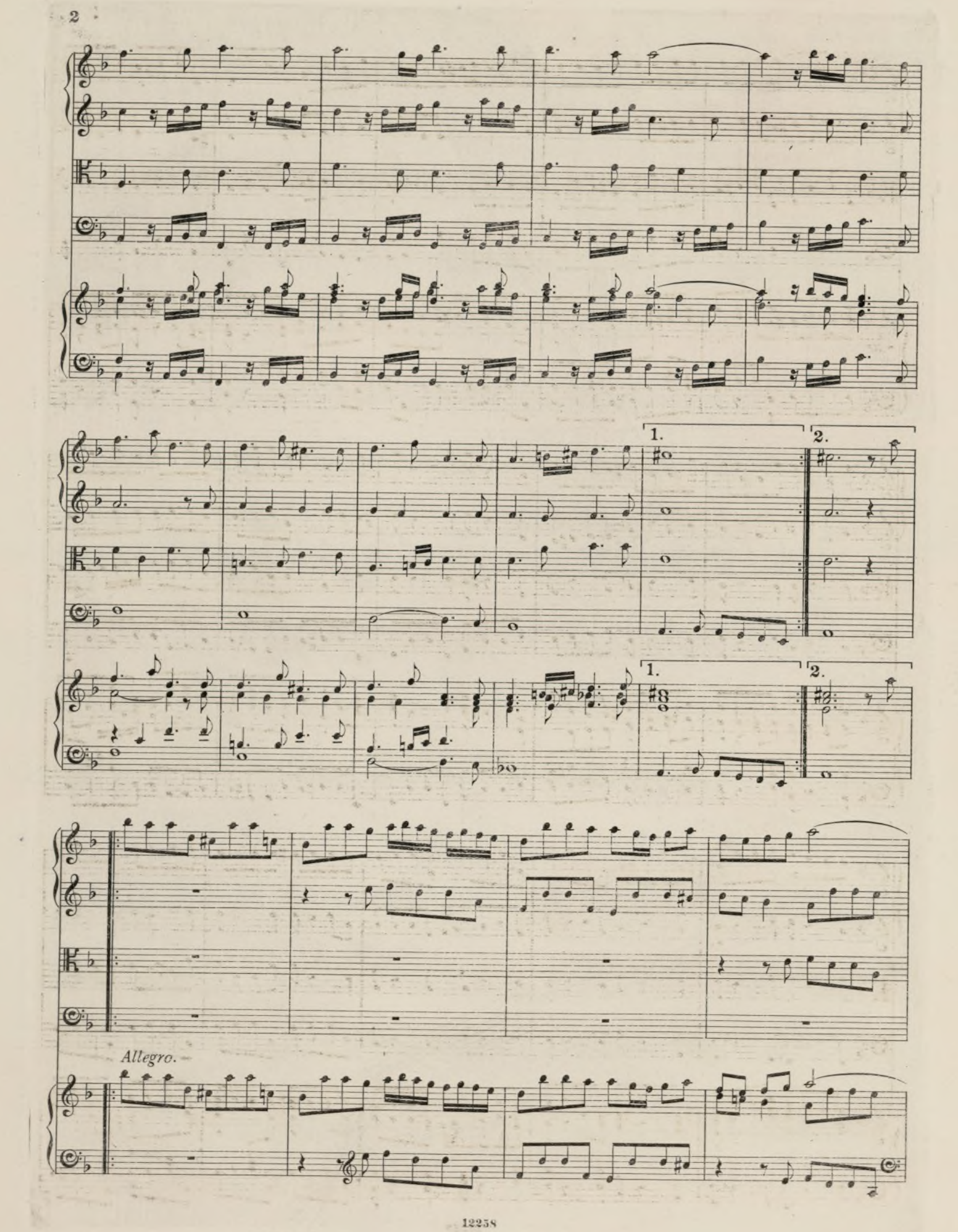
Viola.

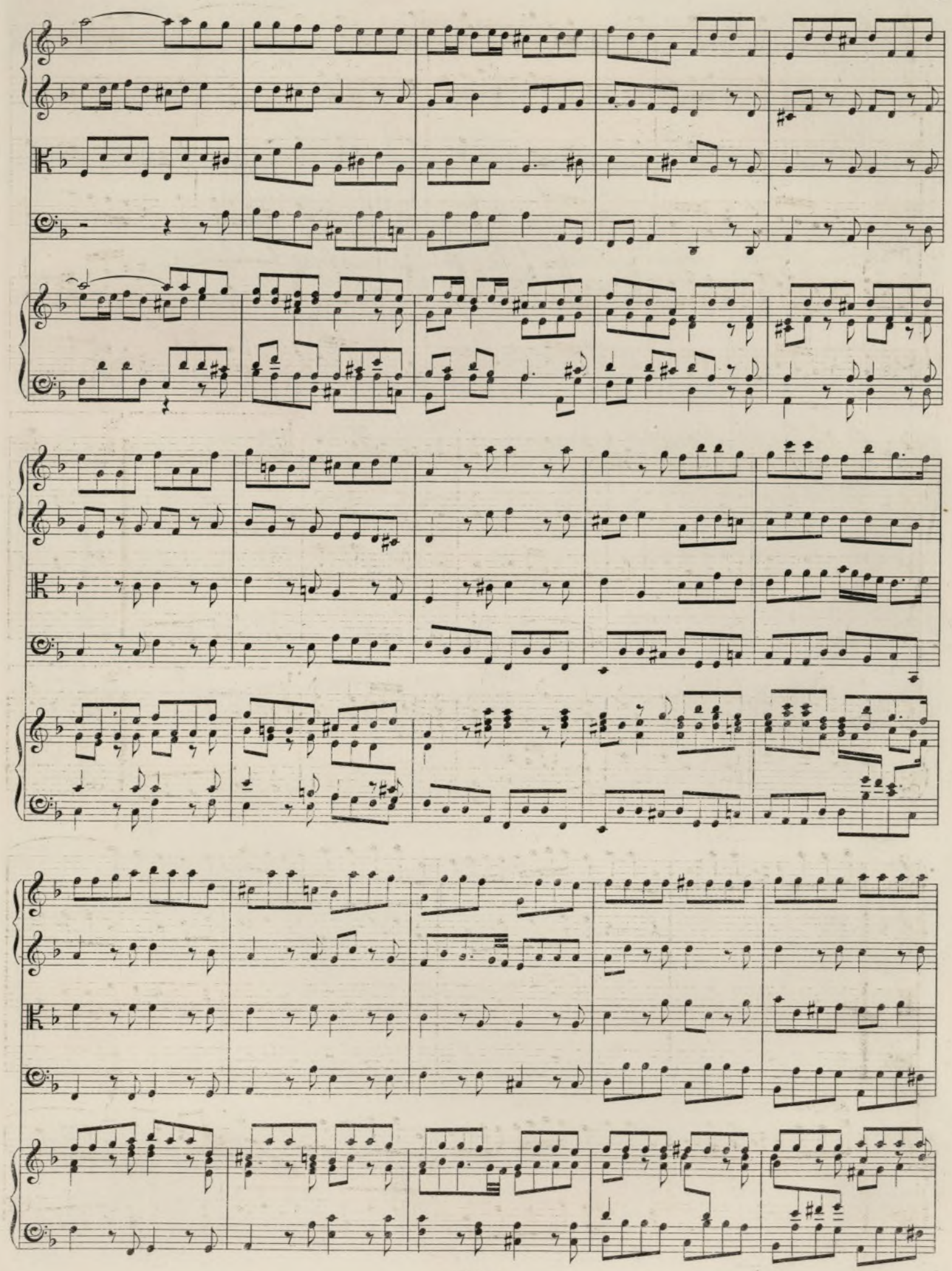
Bass.

Andante maestoso.

PIANO.

f





1. 2.

1. 2.

rall.

II.

RONDEAU.

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

Viola.

Bass.

Allegro animato.

PIANO.

f

mf

f

mf

f

III.
AIR.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Allegro moderato.

mf

f

Repeat *p*

f

1. 2.

IV.

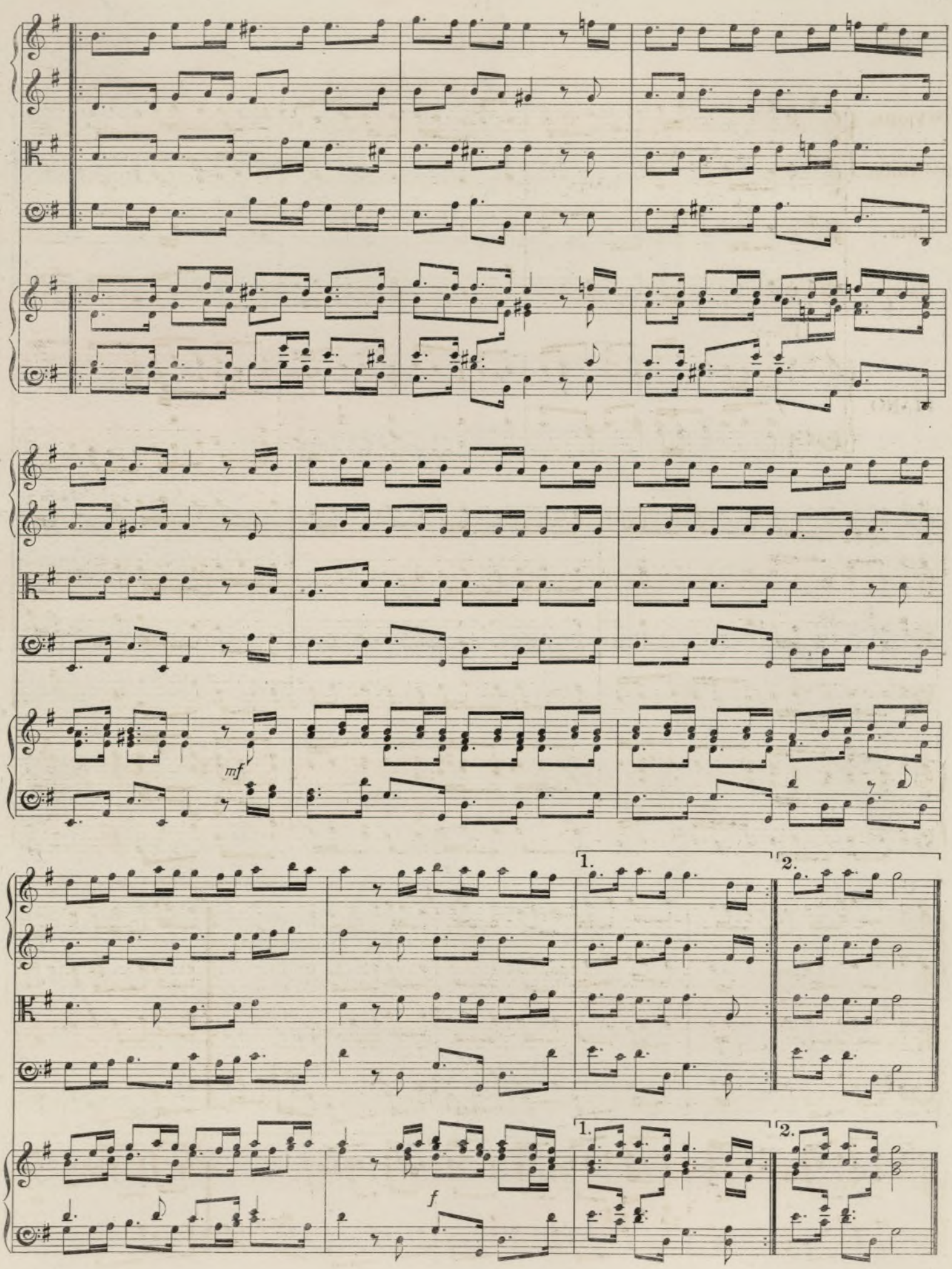
AIR.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Vivace.

f

1. 2.



V.

MINUET.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Andante grazioso.

mp

VI.

AIR.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

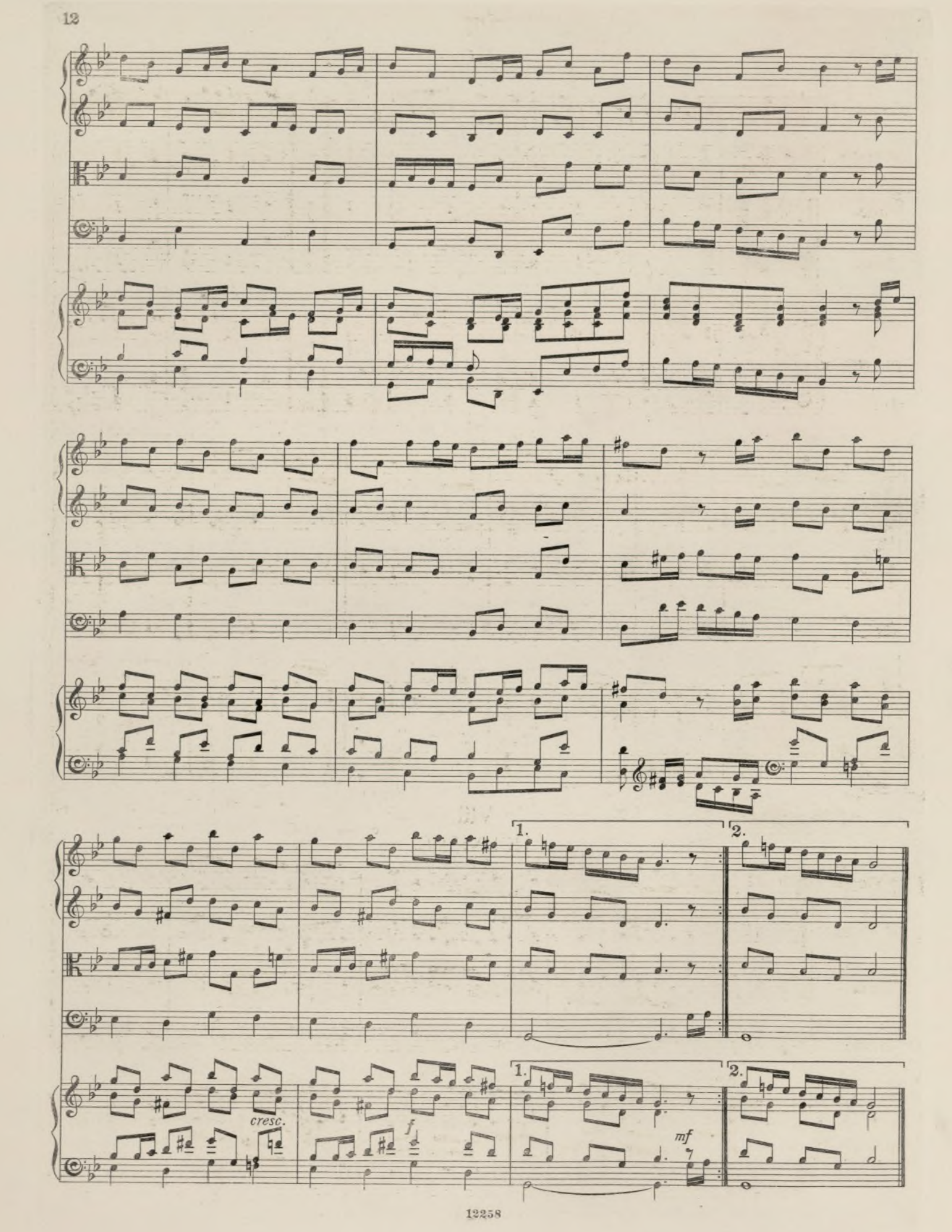
Allegro.

mf

1.
2.

Repeat *p*

mf



VII.
JIG.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Vivace.

mf *Repeat p* *mf*

1. 2.

1. 2.

p

VIII.
HORNPIPE.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass
PIANO.

Allegro.

mf *Repeat p*

mf

p cresc.

IX.

AIR.

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

Viola.

Bass

Moderato.

PIANO.

mf

1. 2.

1. 2.

p *mf*

f

p

1. 2.

1. 2.

cresc.

mf

X.

SONG. *(Soprano)* LUCINDA IS BEWITCHING FAIR.

Soprano Solo.

Lu - cin - da is be - witch - ing fair, Lu - cin - da is be - witch - ing fair,

Bass

Andante.

PIANO.

mf

All o'er, all o'er en - gag - - - ing is her air, all

o'er, all ____ o'er, all ____ o'er en - gag - ing__ is her air,

cresc.

all ____ o'er, all ____ o'er en - - gag - ing__ is her air: In ev - ry song Lu-

cresc. *cresc.*

- cin - da, Lu - cin - da, Lu - cin - da's fam'd, She is the Queen _____ of Love pro -

- claim'd, To all, to all, she does, she does a flame im - part, Ex - pir - ing vic - tims,

cresc.

ex - pir - ing, ex - pir - ing vic - tims feel her dart. Lu - cin - da is be -

p

p

-witch - ing fair, Lu - cin - da is be - witch - ing fair, All o'er, all

o'er en - gag - - - ing is her air, all o'er, all o'er, all

cresc.

o'er en - gag - ing is her air, all o'er all o'er en - gag-ing is her air.

Stre - phon for her has love ex - pressed, Phil-an - der sighs, sighs,

mf *dim.* *p*

sighs too with the rest; Rack'd, rack'd

with des-pair each one com-plains, Un - mov'd, un-

touch'd, she all, she all, she all dis-dains. Lu - cin - da is be - witch-ing fair, Lu-

pp

-cin - da is be - witch-ing fair, All_ o'er, all_____ o'er en - gag - -

cresc.

- -ing_ is her air, all_____ o'er, all_____ o'er, all_____

cresc.

o'er en - -gag-ing_ is her air, all_____ o'er, all_____ o'er en - gag-ing is her air.

p *cresc.*

AMPHITRYON, or the TWO SOSIAS.

I.

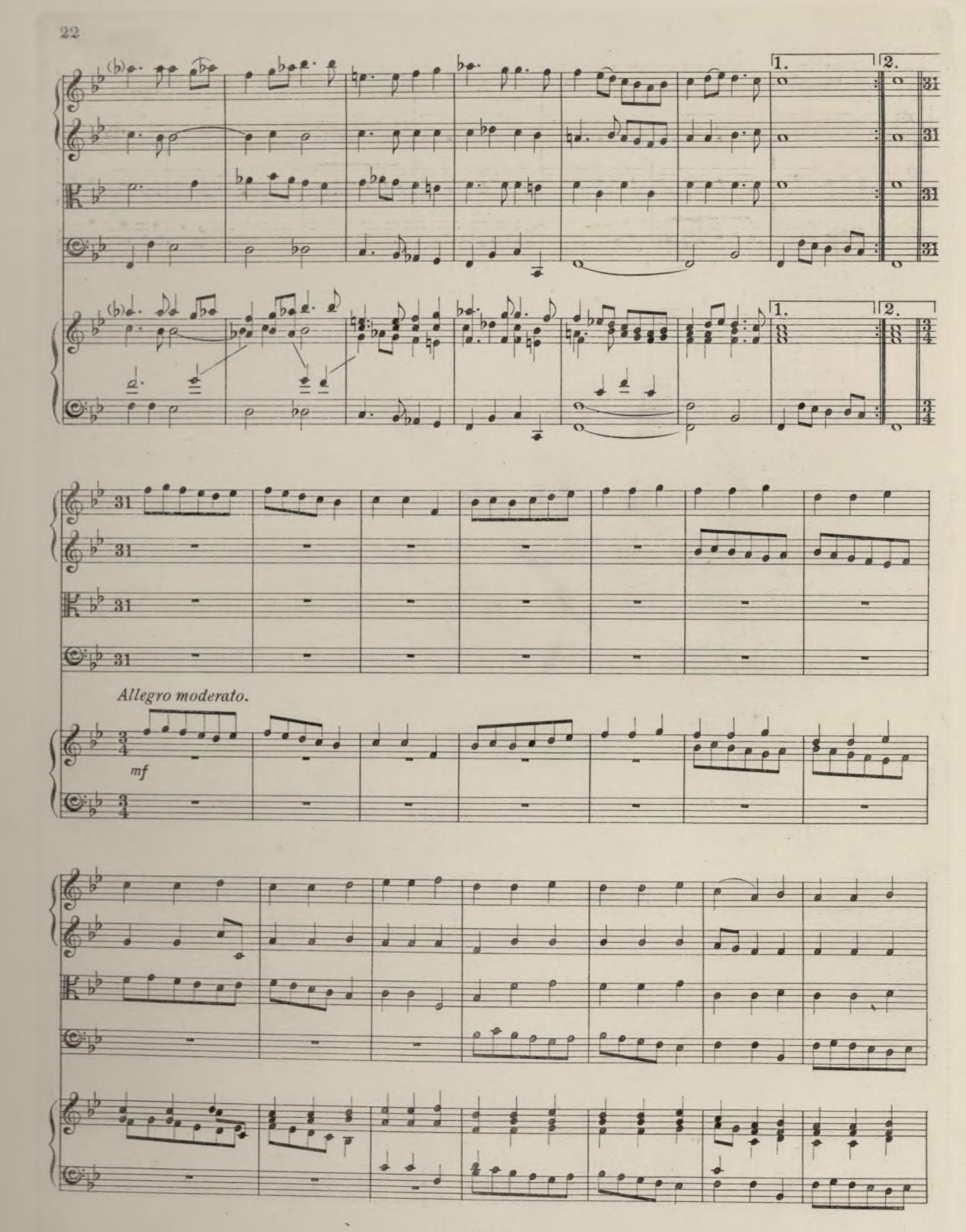
OVERTURE.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Andante maestoso.

f

Ped.

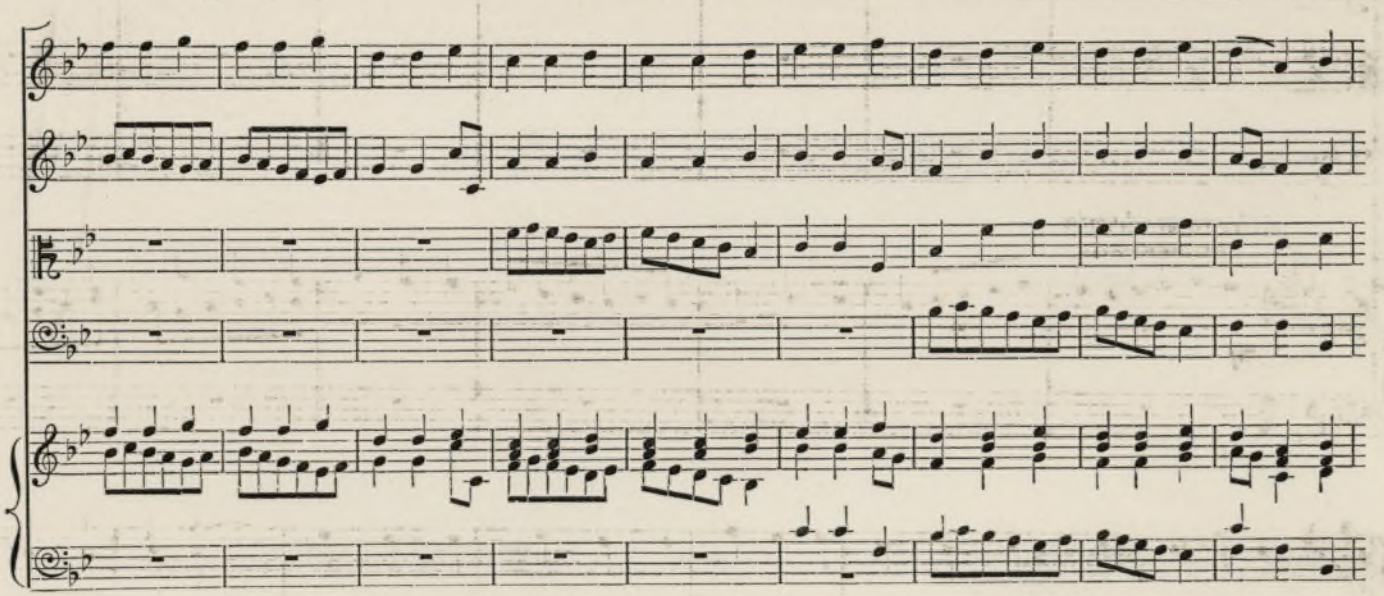


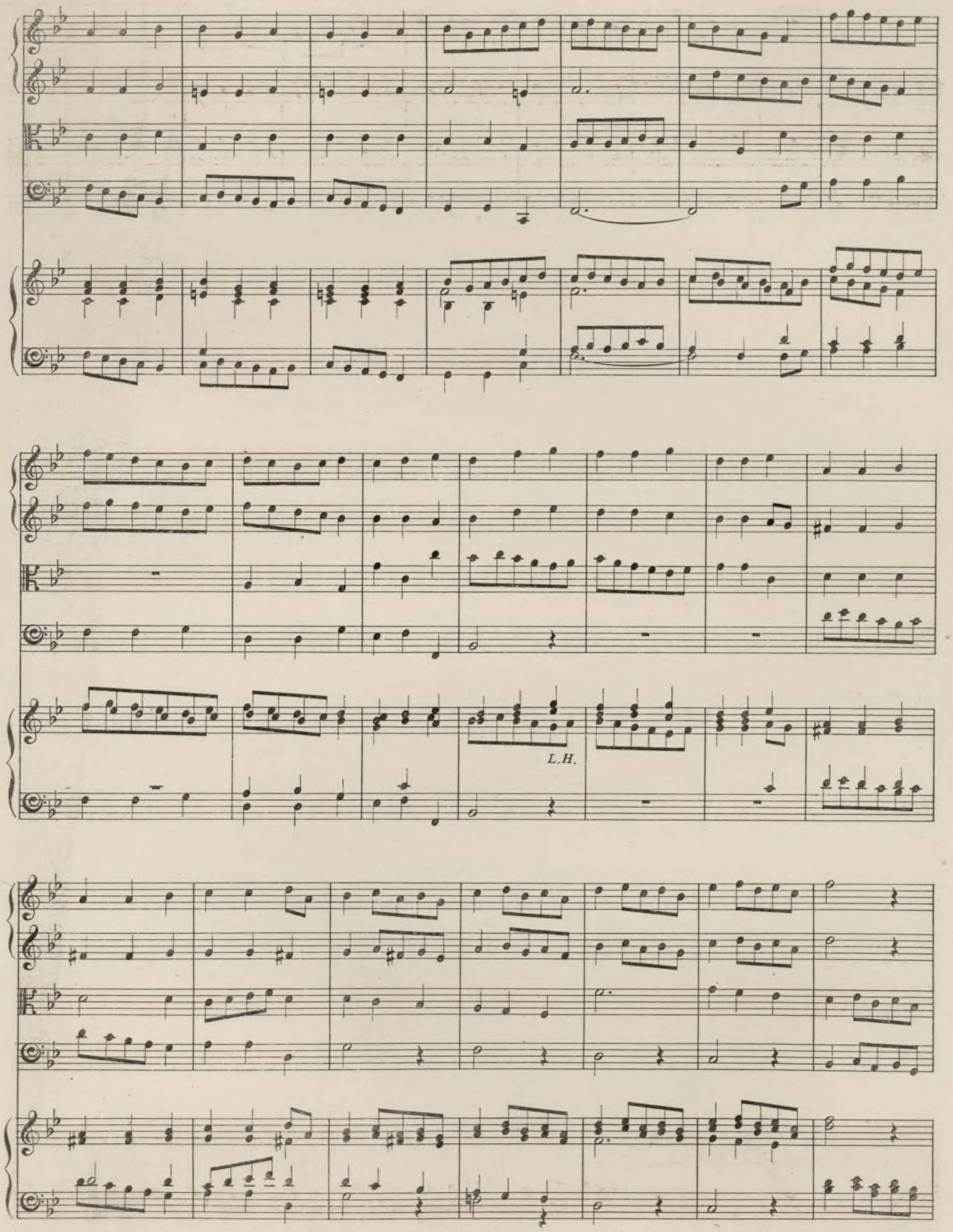
CORRECTION.

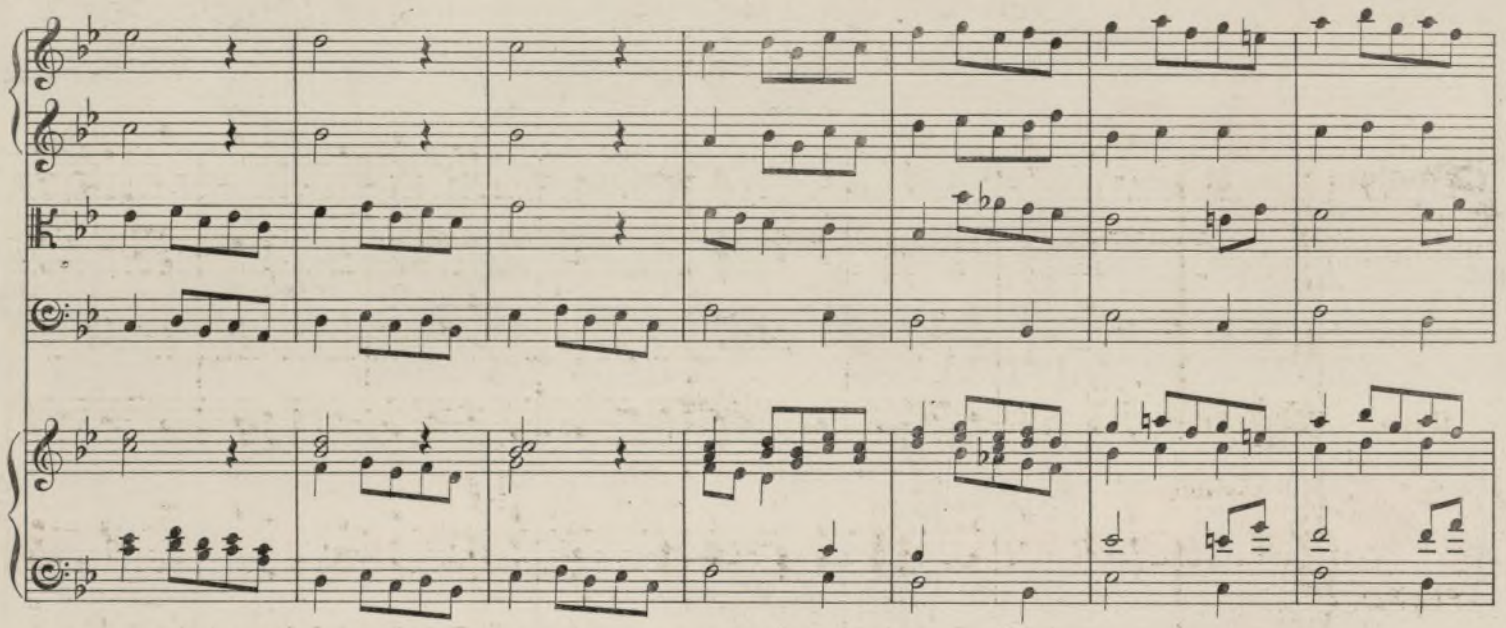
Vol. xvi. p. 22.

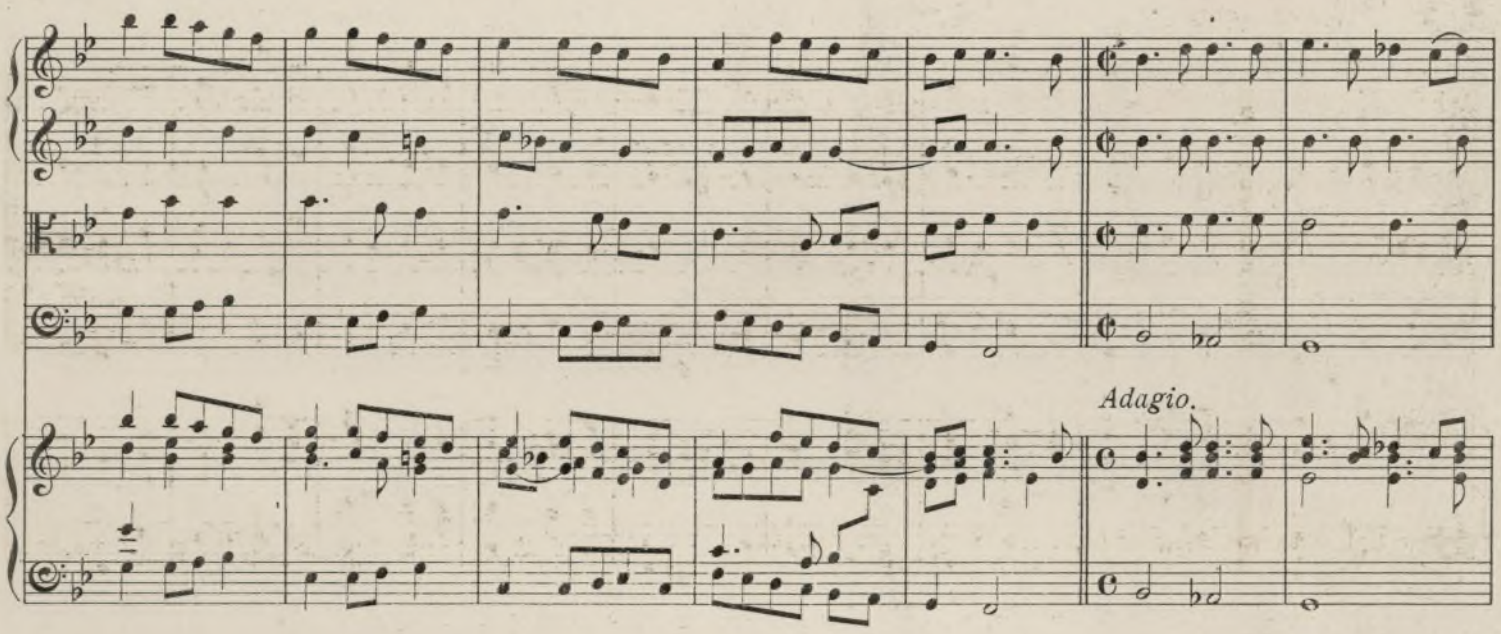
Line 2, bars 5 to 13 should read as below. The mistake occurs in "Ayres for the Theatre," and has been corrected from a contemporary score in the library of the late Dr. Cummings.

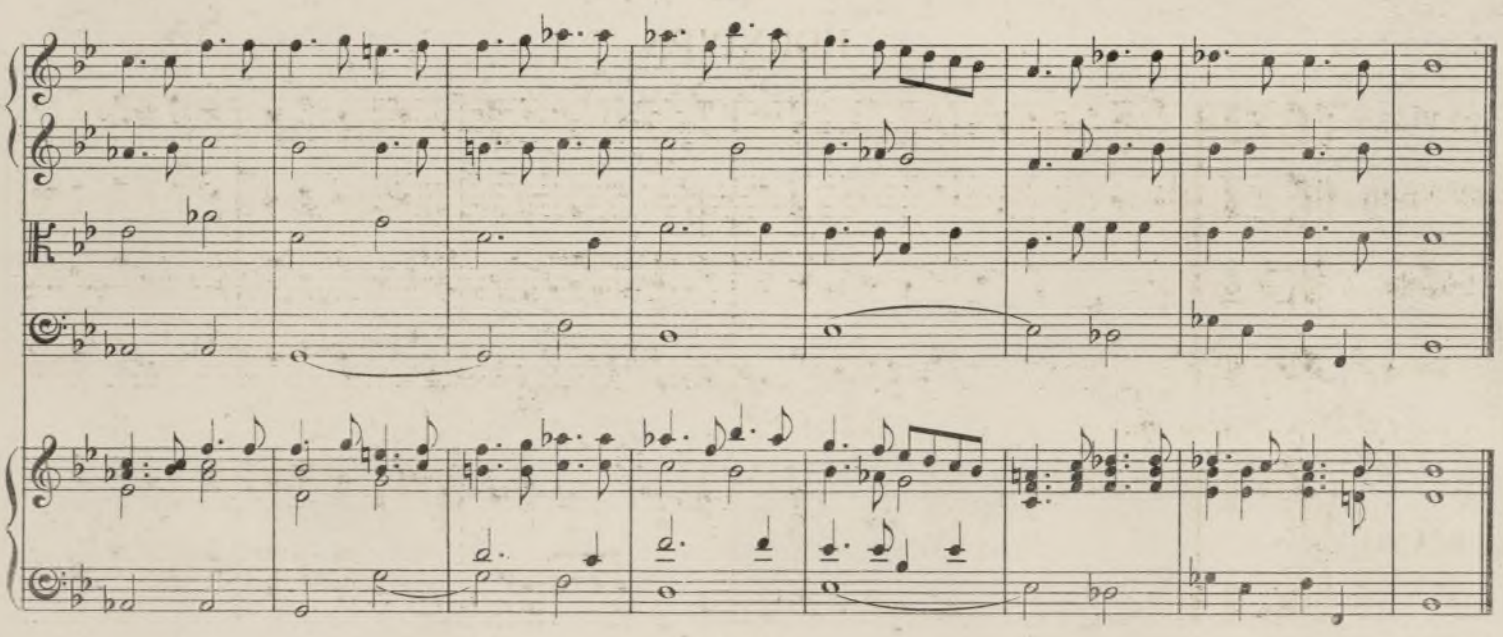
The D in the 1st Violin part in the last bar occurs in both "Ayres for the Theatre" and Dr. Cummings' MS.











II.

SARABAND.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

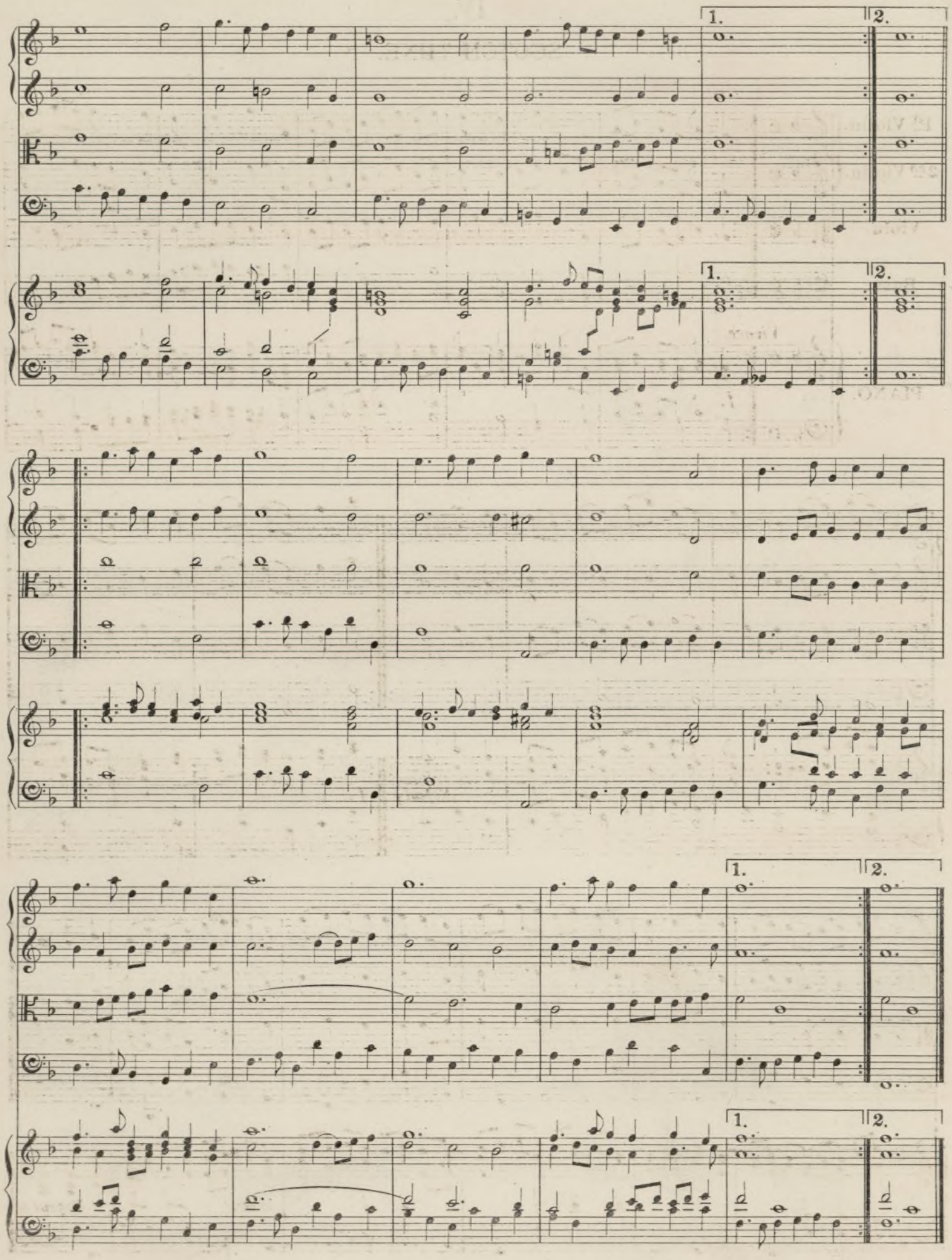
Andante.

III.

HORNPIPE.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Allegretto.



IV.

SCOTCH TUNE.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Vivace.

f

Repeat p

f

cresc.

Repeat p

V.

AIR.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Andante.

mf

Ped.

1. 2.

Repeat *p*

mf

cresc.

f

Repeat *p*

f

VI.

MINUET.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Andante.

mp

mf

VII.

HORNPIPE.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Animato.

f

VIII.

BOUREE.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.

Moderato.

PIANO.

mf

IX.

SONG. (*Soprano.*) CELIA, THAT I ONCE WAS BLEST.

Soprano Solo.

Ce-lia, that I once was blest, Is now the tor-ment of my breast, Since to curse me you bereave me

Bass.

Andante.

PIANO.

Of the plea-sure I pos - sest; Cru - el crea-ture to de - ceive me, First to love and

then to leave me, Cru - el crea-ture to de - ceive me, First to love and then to leave me!

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

L.H.

2.

Had you the bliss refus'd to grant,
I then had never known the want;
But possessing
Once the blessing
Is the cause of my complaint;
Once possessing is but tasting,
'Tis no bliss that is not lasting.

3.

Celia now is mine no more,
But I am hers and must adore;
Nor to leave her
Will endeavour;
Charms that captived me before
No unkindness can dissever;
Love that's true, is love for ever.

ACT IV.

X.

SONG. *(Soprano.)* FOR IRIS I SIGH.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Soprano Solo.
Bass.
PIANO.
mp

For I-ris I sigh, and hour - ly die, But not for a

p

lip nor a lan - guish-ing eye. She's fic-kle and false, and there we a - gree, O

these are the vir - tues that cap - ti-vate me. We nei - ther be - lieve what

ei - ther can say, And nei - ther be - -liev - ing, we nei - ther be - tray. We -tray.

2.

'Tis civil to swear and say things of course,
We mean not the taking for better for worse;
When present we love, when absent agree,
I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me.
The legend of love, no couple can find,
So easy to part, and so easily join'd.

XI.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE BETWIXT THYRSIS *(Bass)* and IRIS *(Soprano)*.

Soprano Solo.

Bass Solo.

THYRSIS.

Fair I - ris and her swain Were in a sha-dy bow'r, Where Thyr-sis long — in

Bass.

PIANO.

vain Had sought the hap - - py hour. At length his hand ad-vanc-ing up - on her snow-y breast, He

said: "O — kiss me long - - er, and long - - - er yet, and long - - - -

IRIS.

An ea-sy yield-ing maid, By trust-ing is undone; Our

- - er, If you ____ will make me blest."

sex is oft betray'd By grant - - - ing love ____ too soon. If you de - sire to

gain me, Your suf-f'rings to re - dress, Pre-pare to love me long - - er, and

long - - - er yet, and long - - - - er, Be - fore you shall pos -

- sess.

The lit-tle care you show Of all my sor-rows past, Makes death appear too slow, And life

— too long to last. Fair I - ris, kiss — me kind - ly, in pi - ty' of my

You fond-ly court your

fate, And kind - ly still, and kind - ly still, Be-fore it is too late.

bliss, And no ad-van-ces make, 'Tis not for maids to give, But 'tis for men to

take: So you may kiss me kind - ly, And kind-ly still and kind-ly, And I will not re-

-bel; But do not kiss and tell, but do not kiss and tell, No nev-er kiss and

tell. Yes, you may kiss me kind-ly, And kind-ly still, and

And may I kiss you kind-ly, And kind-ly still, and kind-ly, And

kind-ly still and kind-ly, And I will not re-bel, Yes, you may kiss me kind-ly still, and

you will not re-bel? And may I kiss you kind-ly, And kind-ly still, and

kind - ly still, and I will not re - bel, But do not kiss and tell, but do not kiss and

kind - ly still, and you will not re - bel? No, no, no no,

tell, No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

no, no, I'll nev-er kiss and tell, No, no, I'll nev-er kiss and tell, No, no, no, no,

no, I'll nev-er, nev-er, nev-er, no nev-er, nev-er, nev-er, no nev-er kiss and tell.

no, no, no, no, I'll nev-er, nev-er, nev-er, I'll nev-er, nev-er, nev-er kiss and tell.

Thus at the height we love and live, And fear not, fear not

Thus at the height we love and live, And fear not, fear not

Allegretto.

to be poor; poor; We give and we give, we give and we give, we

to be poor; poor; We give and we give, we give and we

give and we give, Till we can give no more, Thus at the height we

give, and give Till we can give no more, Thus at the height we

love and live And fear not, fear not to be poor; But what to - day will

love and live And fear not, fear not to be poor; But what to - day will

take a - way, To - mor-row, to - mor - row will re - store. Thus at the

take a - way, To - mor-row, to - mor - row will re - store. Thus at the

height we love and live And fear not, fear not to be poor.

height we love and live And fear not, fear not to be poor.

AURENG-ZEBE.

SONG. (*Soprano*) I SEE, SHE FLIES ME.

Soprano Solo.

Bass.

PIANO.

Moderato.

mf

simile

I see, I see, she flies me, she

flies me, I see, I see, she flies me, she

flies me, flies me, She flies me eve-ry -

-where, she flies me eve-ry -where, Her eyes her eyes her scorn, her

scorn dis-cov-er, But what's her scorn, but what's her scorn or

my de-spair, Since 'tis my fate 'tis, 'tis my fate, since 'tis, 'tis my

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

Fine.

Più lento.

p

kind, kind, were she but kind, kind whom I a - dore,

I might live long - - - - - - er, but not love

cresc.

her more. Were she but kind, kind, were she but kind,

dim. p cresc.

kind whom I a - dore, I might live long - - - -

cresc.

- - er, live long - - - er, but not love her more.

D.S.

BONDUCA, or, THE BRITISH HEROINE.

I.

OVERTURE.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
Andante maestoso.
PIANO.
f

1. 2.

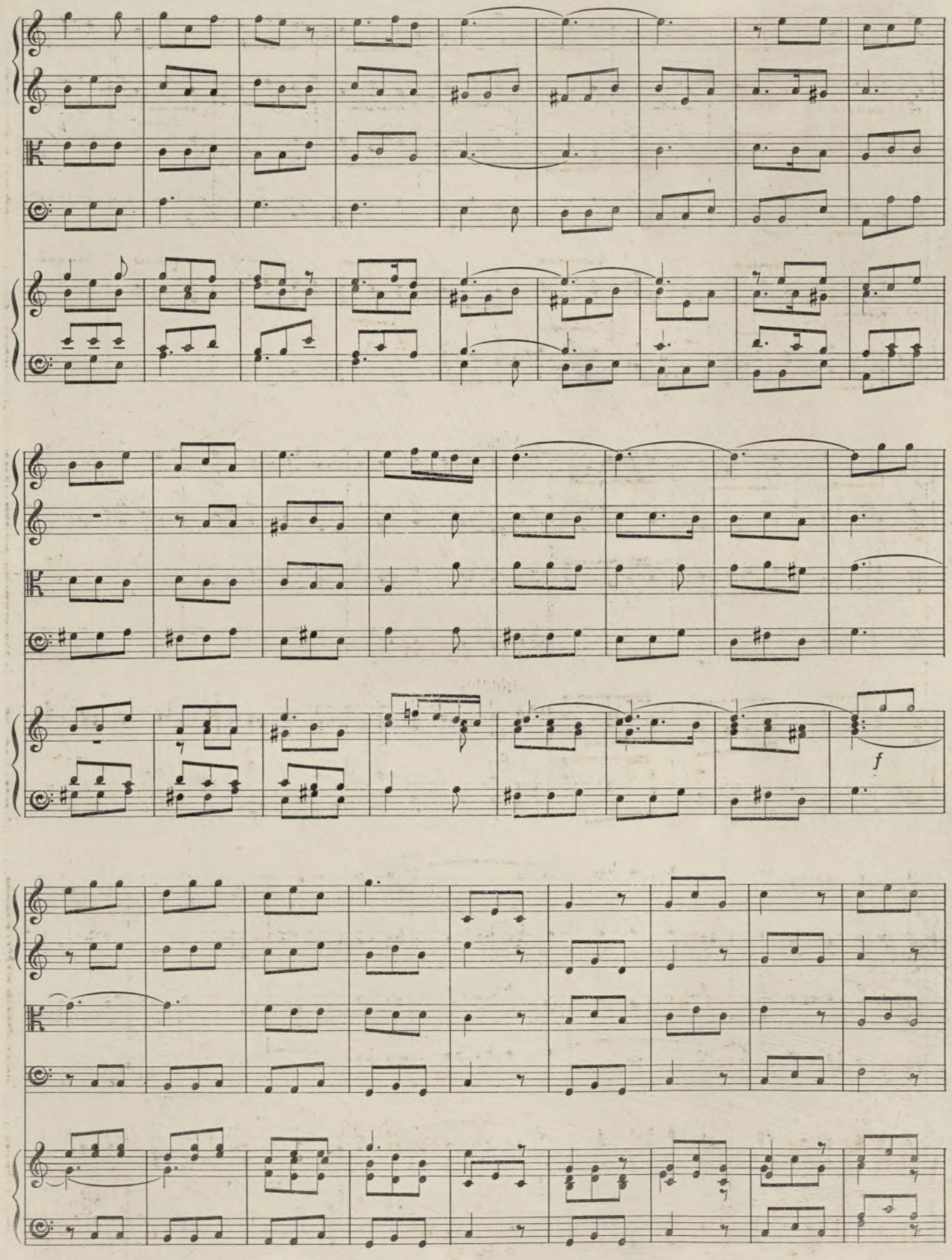
1. 2.

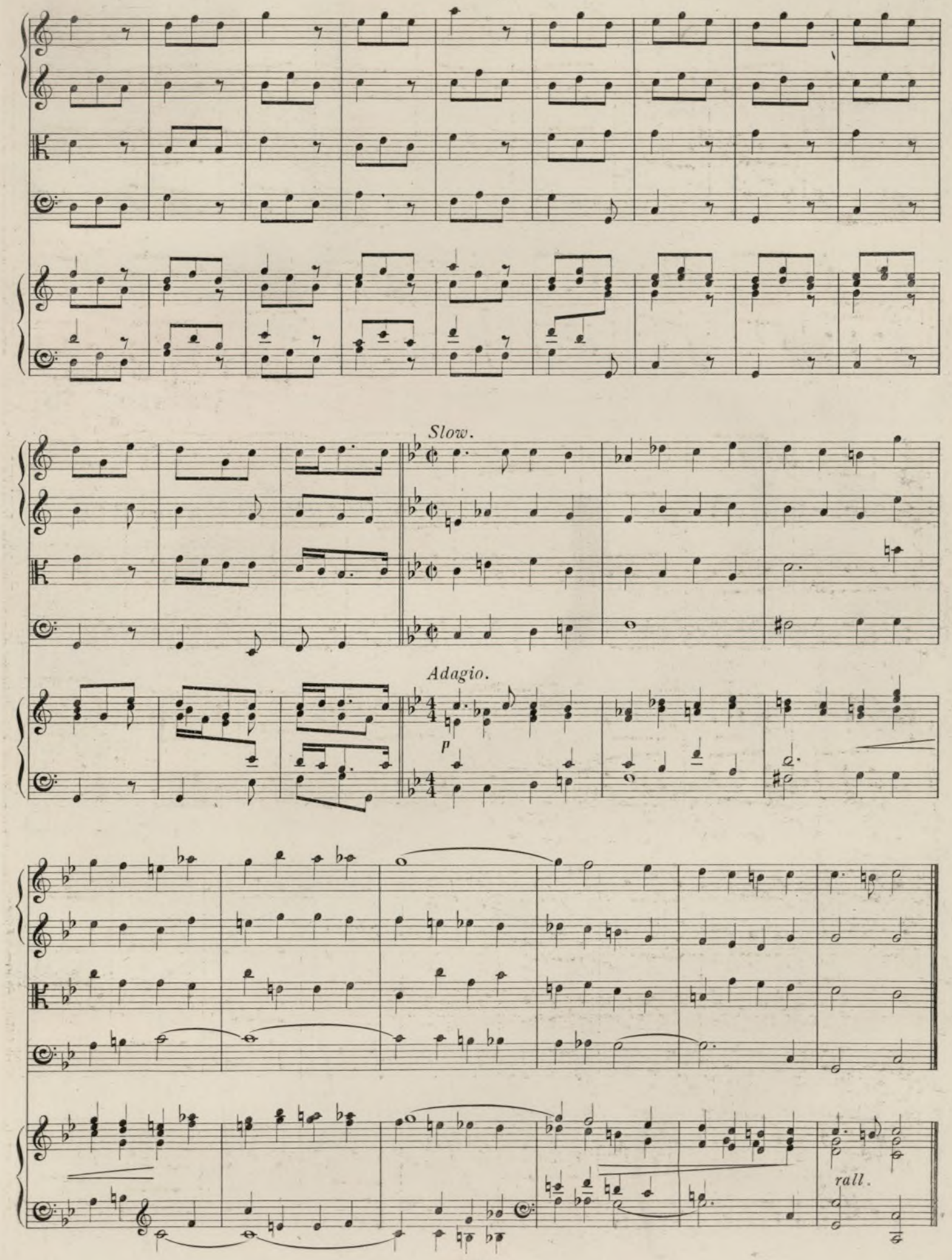
Allegro.

p

cresc.

f





II.

AIR.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Andante.

f

1. 2.

repeat p

f

mf

repeat p

III.
HORNPIPE.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Allegro.

f *repeat p*

f

mf

f repeat p

IV.

AIR.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Allegro.

mf

cresc.

mf

f

V.
HORNPIPE.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.
mf

VI.

AIR.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Vivace.

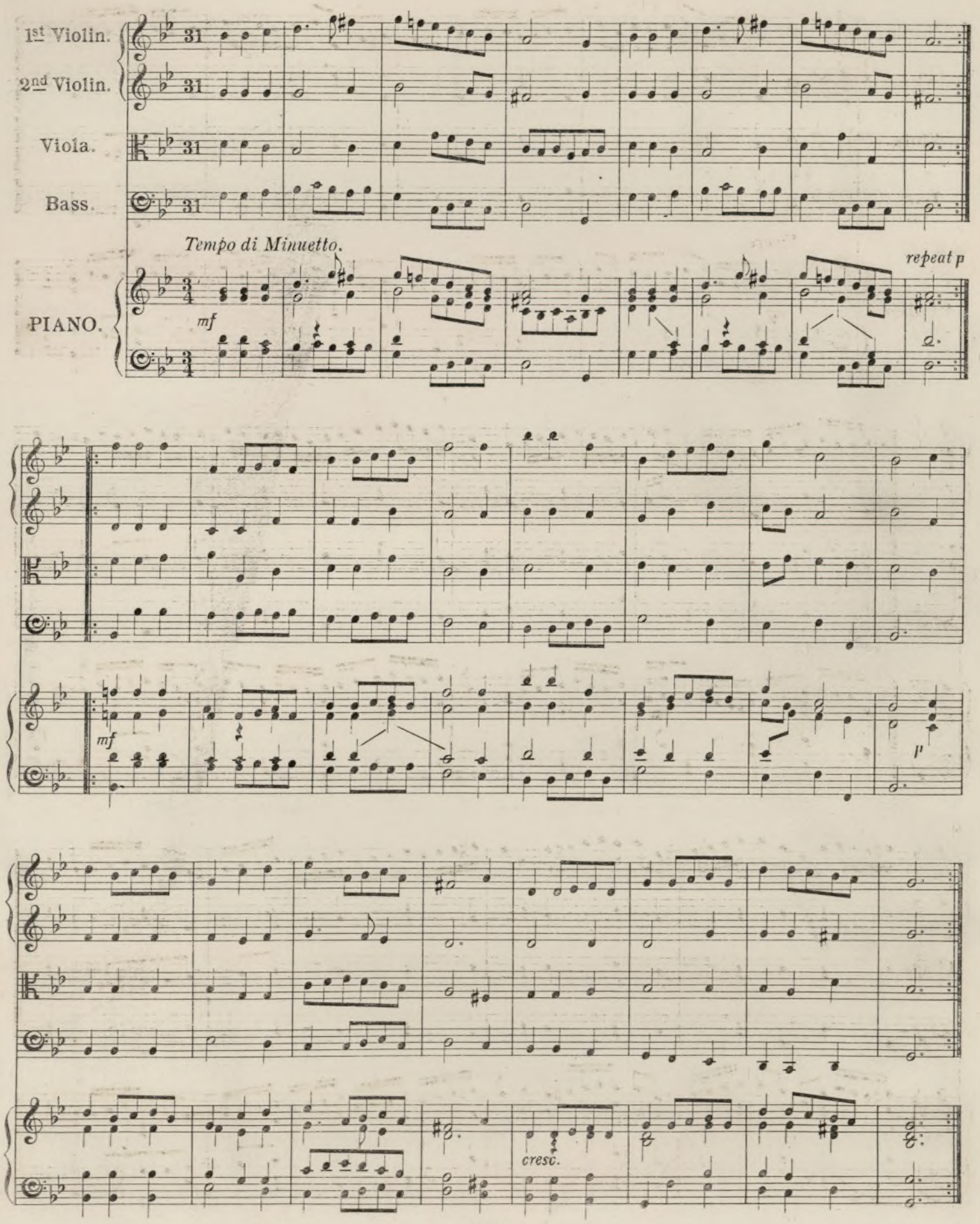
mf

p

cresc.

VII.

MINUET.



ACT II.

VIII.

CATCH *(for three Voices.)* JACK THOU'RT A TOPER.

1st Soldier. Jack, thou'rt a to - per, Jack, thou'rt a, thou'rt a

2nd Soldier. None but a cuck-old, a cuck-old, a cuck-old, a

3rd Soldier. free,— I'm free, and so are you, so are you,

to - per, let's have t'o - ther quart: Ring, ring, ring, ring,

cuck - old, bul - lied by— his wife For com - ing, com - ing, com - ing,

so are you to call— and knock, knock bold - - ly, knock

ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, we're so

com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, com - ing

bold - - ly, knock bold - - ly, knock bold - - ly, Tho'

so - ber, so so - ber, so so - ber, t'were a shame— to part.

late, fears a do - - mes - - - - - - - - tic strife. I'm

watch-men cry, "Past— two o' - - clock!"

SOLOS. *(Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass.)* and CHORUS. HEAR US, GREAT RUGWITH.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Andante maestoso.

f

p

cresc.

f

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

Viola.

Soprano Solo. PRIESTESS.

Alto Solo. 1st DRUID.

Hear us great, great Rug-with hear.

Tenor Solo. 2nd DRUID.

Bass Solo. 3rd DRUID.

CHORUS.

Soprano.

Hear us great, great Rug - with, hear our

Alto.

Hear us great, great

Tenor.

Hear us great, great Rug - with, hear, hear our

Bass.

Hear us great, great Rug - with,

Bass.

6 6 6 6 6 4 3 6 4 7 6 7

p f

Defend, de-fend thy British

prayers! hear us great, great Rug-with, hear, hear, hear our prayers!

Rugwith, hear, great, great Rug-with, hear our prayers!

prayers! hear us great, great Rug-with, hear!

hear, hear us great, great Rug-with, hear our prayers!

p

Nor let thine al-tars be the Ro-man's spoil.

Receive our hopes, disperse our fears,

Isle.

Hear us

f

great, great Rug-with, hear, great, great Rug-with, hear! Descend, ye powers,

Hear us great, great, great Rug-with, hear! Descend, ye

Hear us great, great, great, great Rug-with, hear! Descend, ye

Hear us great, great, great, great, great Rug-with, hear! Descend, ye powers,

de-scend, de - scend, ye powers di - vine, de-scend, de - scend, ye powers di -

powers, de-scend, ye powers di - vine, de-scend, ye powers di -

powers, de - scend, ye powers di - vine, de-scend, ye powers di -

de-scend, de - scend, ye powers di - vine, de-scend, de - scend, ye powers di -

soft

soft

soft

soft

De - scend In chariots of e - the-real flame, And touch, and touch the al-tars

- vine,

- vine,

- vine,

- vine,

p

you de - fend.

O save us, O save us, save us, save us, O save our nation and our name.

O save us, O save us, save us, save us, O save our nation and our name.

O save us, O save us, save us, save us, save our nation and our name.

O save us, O save us, save us, save us, save our nation and our name.

p *rall.* *f*

X.

SOLO. *(Bass)* HEAR, YE GODS OF BRITAIN.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass Solo.
Bass
PIANO.

3rd DRUID.

Hear, ye Gods of Bri-tain, hear, ye Gods of Bri-tain;

Andante.

f

Faster.

Hear us this day: Let us not fall, let us not fall the Ro-man ea-gle's prey.

Allegro.

Clip, clip their wings, clip, clip their wings, clip, clip their wings, or chase

'em home; And check the tow'r-ing pride of

Rome, and check the towr-ing pride of Rome, of Rome, of Rome,

Clip their wings, or chase 'em home, Clip their wings, or chase 'em home, Clip, clip their

wings, or chase 'em home, And check the tow'r-ing pride of Rome, of Rome, of Rome, of Rome.

XI.

DUET. *(two Sopranos)* and CHORUS. SING, SING YE DRUIDS.

1st Flute.

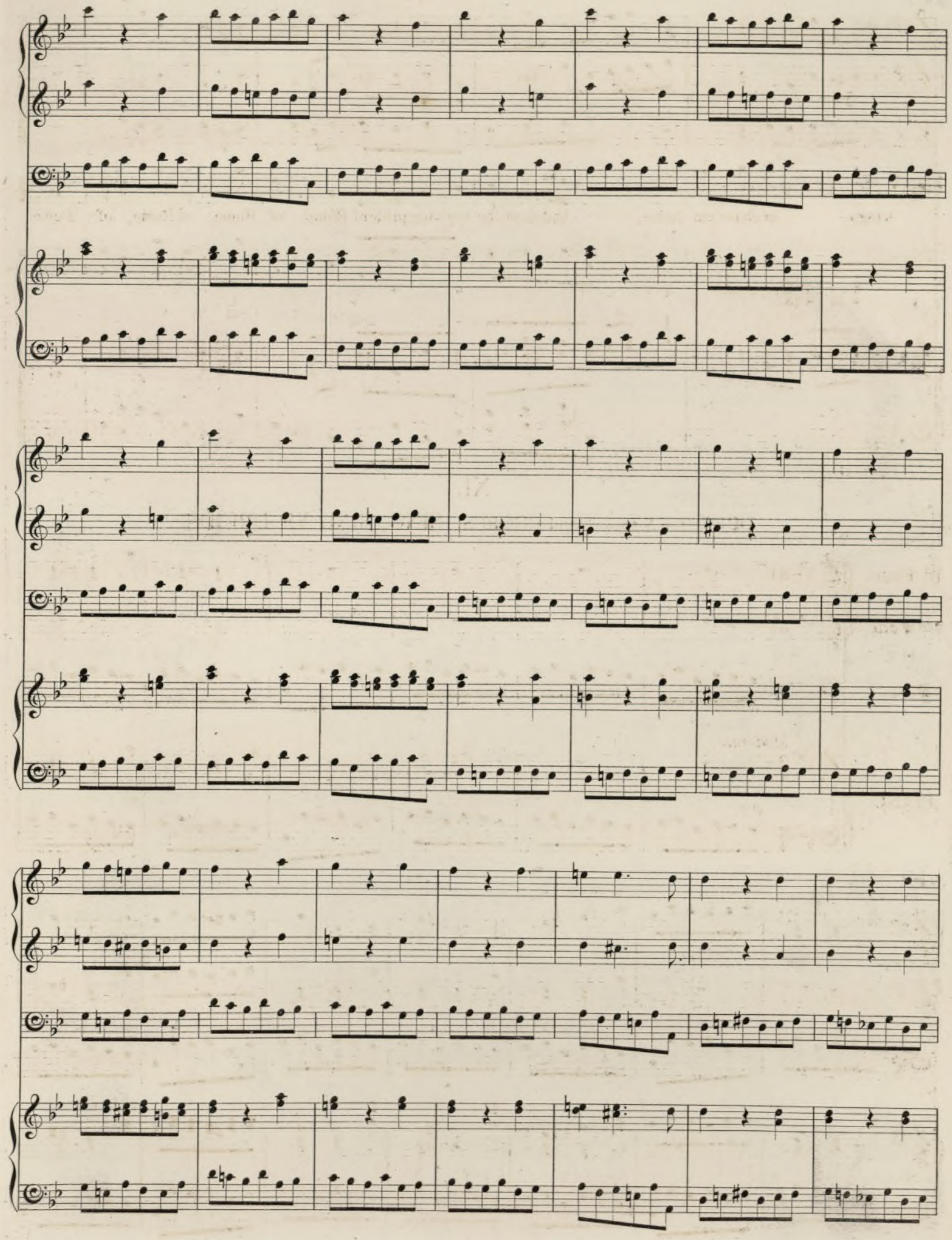
2nd Flute.

Bass.

Moderato.

PIANO.

p



cresc.

1st Soprano. 1st PRIESTESS.

2nd Soprano. 2nd PRIESTESS.

Sing, sing, sing, sing ye Dru-ids, sing,

Sing,

mf

sing, sing, sing ye Dru-ids! All, all, all, all your voi-ces

sing, sing, sing ye Dru-ids! All, all, all, all your voi-ces

raise, All, all, all, all your voi - - ces raise, Sing, sing, sing,

raise, All, all, all, all your voi - - ces raise, Sing, sing, sing,

sing, sing! All your voi - - ces raise, To ce-le-brate, to

sing, sing! All your voi - - ces raise, To ce-le-brate, to

ce-le-brate di - vine An-da - te's praise, To ce-le-brate, to ce-le-brate di - vine An-da - te's

ce-le-brate di - vine An-da - te's praise, To ce-le-brate, to ce-le-brate di - vine An-da - te's

praise, Sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing di - vine— An - da - te, di -

praise, Sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing di - vine— An - da - te, di - vine— An -

- vine,— di - vine An - da - te's praise, Sing, sing ye Dru - ids, sing, sing ye

- da - te, di - vine— An - da - te's praise, Sing, sing ye Dru - ids, sing, sing ye

Dru - ids! Sing, sing di - vine An - da - te's

Dru - ids! Sing, sing di - vine An - da - te's

praise, di - vine An - da - te, di - vine An - da - te, di - vine An -

praise, di - vine An - da - te, di - vine, di - vine

- da - te's praise. Sing, sing, sing ye Dru - ids, sing, sing, sing ye Dru - ids!

An - da - te's praise. Sing, sing, sing ye Dru - ids, sing, sing, sing ye Dru - ids!

Sing, sing di - vine An - da - te's

Sing, sing di - vine An - da - te's

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

Viola.

praise.

praise.

CHORUS.

Soprano.

Sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing di - vine

Alto.

Sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing,

Tenor.

Sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing,

Bass.

Sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing di - vine

f

An - da - te's praise.

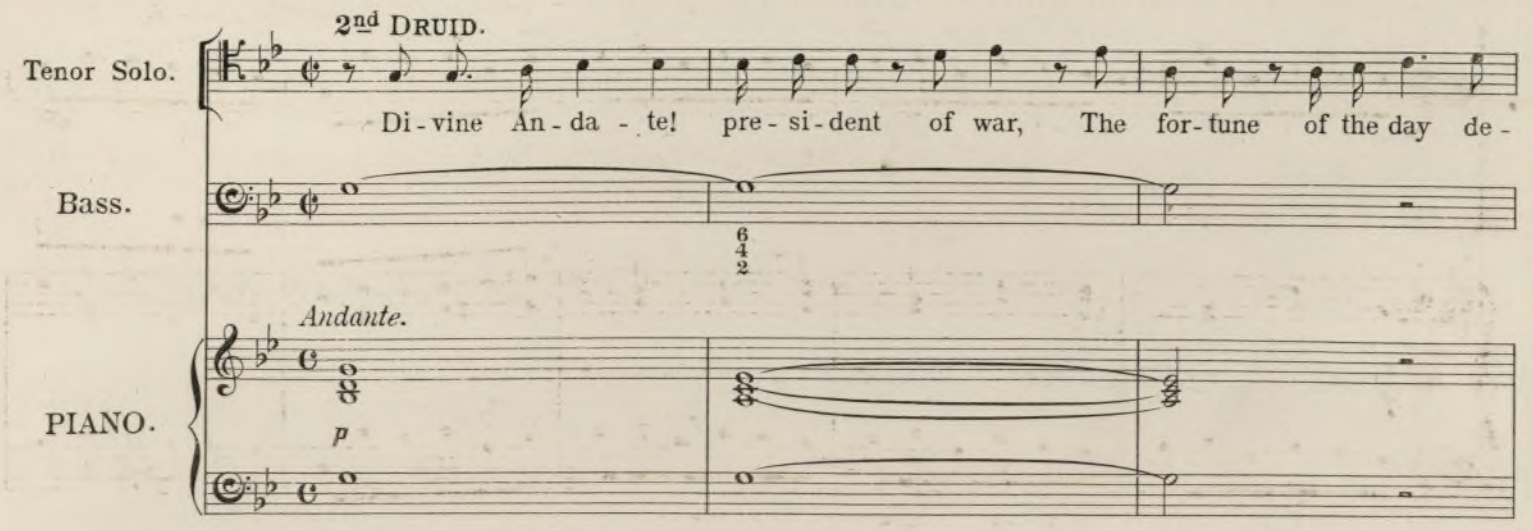
sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, di-vine An - da - te's praise.

sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, di - vine An - da - te's praise.

An - da - te's praise.

XII.

RECITATIVE. *(Tenor.)* DIVINE ANDATE! PRESIDENT OF WAR.



-clare. Shall we, shall we to the Ro-mans yield, Or shall each arm that wields a spear, Strike it through a

mas - sy shield, And dye with Ro - man blood the field, dye with Ro -

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - man blood the field?

XIII.

DUET. *(Alto & Bass)* TO ARMS.

Trumpet.

Violins.

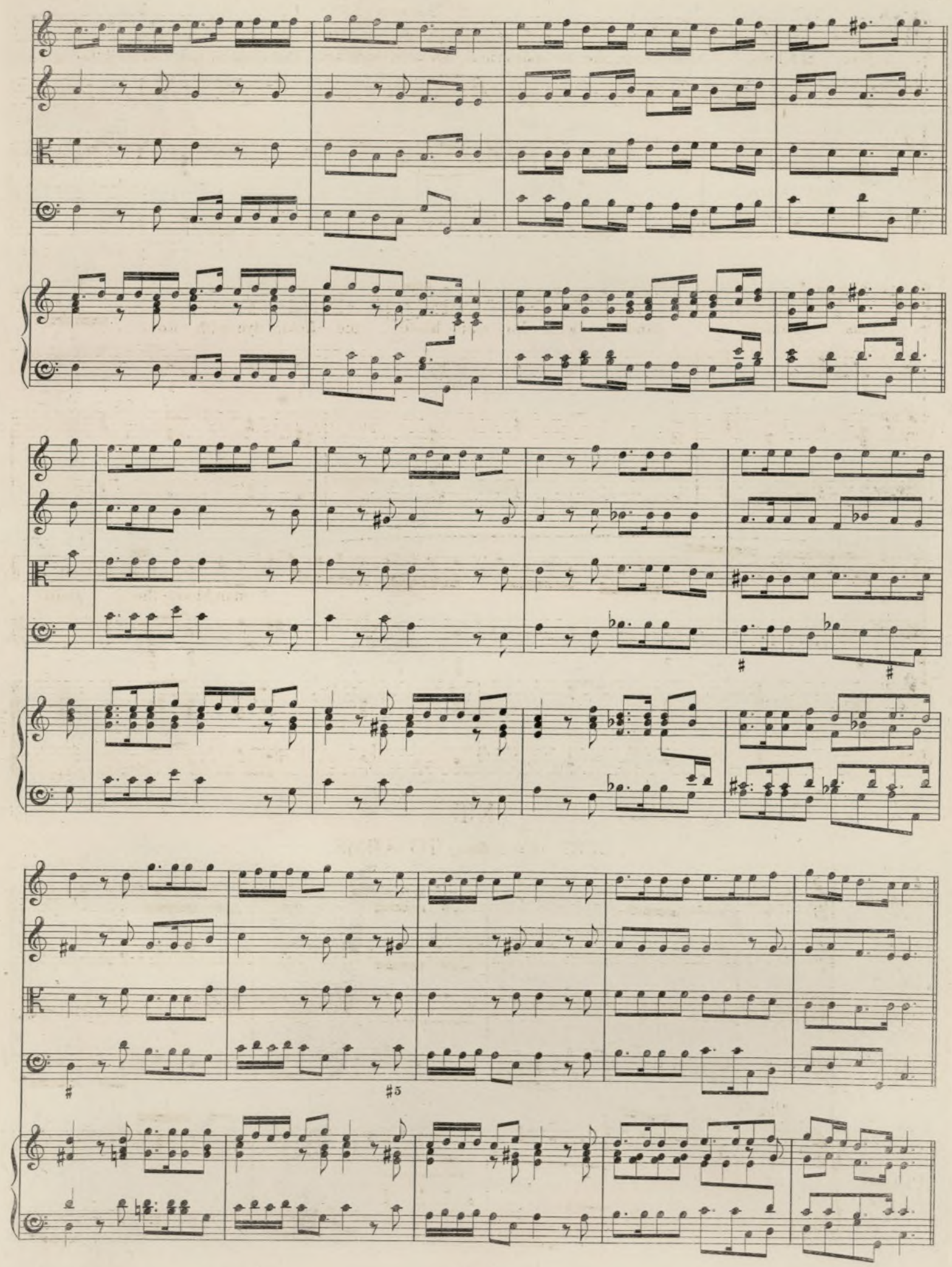
Viola.

Bass.

Allegro.

PIANO.

f



1st DRUID.

Alto Solo.

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

3rd DRUID.

Bass Solo.

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

Bass

PIANO.

mf

arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, your en-signs straight dis-play,

to arms, to arms, to arms, to arms, your en-signs straight dis-play,

Now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now set the bat - tle in ar - ray.

Now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now set the bat - tle in ar - ray.

The or - a - cle for war de - clares, for war de - clares, Suc - cess de - pends, suc -

The or - a - cle for war de - clares, for war de - clares, Suc - cess de - pends, suc -

- cess de - pends up - on our hearts and spears. The or - a - cle for war de - clares, for

- cess de - pends up - on our hearts and spears. The or - a - cle for war de - clares, for

war de - clares, Suc - cess de - pends, suc - cess de - pends up - on our hearts and spears.

war de - clares, Suc - cess de - pends, suc - cess de - pends up - on our hearts and spears.

XIV.

SOLO. *(Alto)* and CHORUS BRITONS, STRIKE HOME.

Trumpet,
1st Oboe
& 1st Violin.
2nd Oboe
& 2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass
PIANO.

Allegro con spirito.

f

Alto Solo. 1st DRUID.

Bri - tons strike home! Re - - venge, — re - - venge — your coun - - try's

wrongs: Fight, fight and re - cord, Fight, fight and re - cord — your -

- selves in Dru - ids' songs, Fight, fight and — re - - cord,

Fight, fight and re - cord, re - cord your - selves in Dru - ids' songs.

Trumpet,
1st Oboe & 1st Violin.

2nd Oboe & 2nd Violin.

Viola.

CHORUS.

Soprano.

Bri - tons, strike home! Re - venge, re - venge your coun - try's wrongs. Fight, fight and re -

Alto.

Bri - tons, strike home! Re - venge, re - venge your coun - try's wrongs. Fight, fight and re -

Tenor.

Bri - tons, strike home! Re - venge, re - venge your coun - try's wrongs. Fight, fight and re -

Bass.

Bri - tons, strike home! Re - venge, re - venge your coun - try's wrongs. Fight, fight and re -

f

- cord, Fight, fight and re - cord your - selves in Dru - ids' songs, Fight,

- cord, Fight, fight and re - cord your - selves in Dru - ids' songs, Fight,

- cord, Fight, fight and re - cord your - selves in Dru - ids' songs, Fight,

- cord, Fight, fight and re - cord your - selves in Dru - ids' songs, Fight,

fight and re - cord, Fight, fight and re - cord, re - cord your - selves in Dru-ids' songs.

fight and re - cord, Fight, fight and re - cord, re - cord your - selves in Dru-ids' songs.

fight and re - cord, Fight, fight and re - cord, re - cord your-selves in Dru-ids' songs.

fight and re - cord, Fight, fight and re - cord, re - cord your - selves in Dru-ids' songs.

ACT V.

XV.

SOLO. *(Soprano)* O LEAD ME TO SOME PEACEFUL GLOOM.

BONVICA.

Soprano Solo. O, O lead me, lead me to some peace - ful

Bass

Andante.

PIANO. *p sostenuto e legato*

gloom, Where none — but sigh - ing, none — but sigh - ing, sigh - ing lov - ers come,

cresc.

Where the shrill, the shrill trum-pets ne-ver sound, ne-ver,

mf

ne - ver sound, But one e - ter - nal hush, one e - ter - - nal hush goes round.

p

There let me soothe my pleas - ing pain,

Andante.

p

There let me soothe my pleas- - ing pain, And ne - ver, ne - ver think of

p

war, ne - ver, ne - ver think of war, ne - ver, ne - ver think of war,

cresc.

ne - ver, ne - ver, ne - ver, ne - ver, ne - ver, ne - ver think of war a - gain. What

Poco animato.

cresc.

glo - - - - ry, what glo - - - - ry, what glo - - - - ry can,

can a lov - er have, To con - quer, to con - quer yet be still a

slave? What glo - - - - ry, what glo - - - - ry can a lov - - - er

have, To con - quer, to con - quer, to con - quer, yet be still, still a

slave, yet, yet be still, yet, yet be still, yet, yet be still, still a slave?

THE CANTERBURY GUESTS, or, A BARGAIN BROKEN.

ACT III. SCENE V.

DIALOGUE. *(Two Sopranos, Alto or Tenor and Bass.)* GOOD NEIGHBOUR, WHY?

1st Soprano.

1st WIFE.

Good neighbour why, why do you look — a - wry? You're grown a

Bass.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

mf

won - d'rous, won - d'rous stran - - ger, You huff and you puff and you walk a - bout As

if — you'd burst — with an - - ger. Is it for that your for - tune's great, Or

you so wealth - y are? There's none so nigh that lives so high, Who

can with you com - pare. The oth - er day I heard one say, Your

hus-band durst not, durst not show his ears, But like a lout did walk a -

- bout So full of sighs, so full, so full of sighs and fears.

2nd WIFE.
2nd Soprano.

Good mistress shrew, I care not for you, Nor all your nois-y jeers, My hus-band's known by

ev-er-y-one, To be_ both kind and true, And so he'd be con-tin-ual-ly But

for_ such jades as you; You wash, you lick, you trim,_ you trick, You

toss,_ you leer, you grin,_ you nod, You wink_ and pink and in_ his drink, You

1st WIFE.

You lie, you chit! When in your fit, You strive to draw him in.

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 𝅗𝅥.

make a noise, you make a strife, Run up 'a score on ev'-ry door, And lead him a wea-ry, wea-ry life.

Tell me so a-gain, you sau-cy quean,

Go, go you're a

Tell me so a-gain, you sau-cy quean, And I'll pull you by the coif.

Tempo I°

dir-ty bear, Your hus-band can-not bear it, A nas-ty quean as e'er was seen, Your

neigh-bours all, your neigh-bours all de-clare it; A ful-some trot, and good for nought, Un-

-less it be to chat; — You stole a spoon out of the room, Last christ'ning you were at.

You

I vow 'tis true, I vow 'tis true, I vow, I vow 'tis true, Nay more, I

lie, you shrew, you lie, you shrew, you lie, you lie, you lie, you lie, you shrew.

Allegro moderato.

know where it was found.

For this dis-grace, I'll claw your face, And I'll fell you to the ground.

Allegretto.

1st HUSBAND.

Hey day! what's the mat-ter now? what's the mat-ter now? The

2nd HUSBAND.

Hey day! what's the mat-ter? what's the mat-ter now?

Allegro moderato.

jades, I think, are in their drink; 'Tis so, 'tis so, 'tis so up - on my

'Tis so, 'tis so, 'tis so, 'tis so up - on my

life. Good neigh-bour, pray, let's end this fray, And take each man his wife.

life. You, mis-tress

Allegretto.

Here's a salt eel, which you shall feel, Un-

Jones, I'll break your bones, if thus you mu-ti-ny.

1st WIFE.

My dear-est dear, be not se-vere, Nor mind our twit-tle, twit-tle, twit-tle

-less you soon a-gree.

twat-tle.

2nd WIFE.

We'll drink and friends, and so all ends, In this good dram o'th' bot-tle.

CIRCE.

ACT I.

SCENE IV.

I.

SOLO (*Bass.*) and CHORUS. WE MUST ASSEMBLE BY A SACRIFICE.

PRELUDE.

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

Viola.

Bass.

Andante maestoso.

PIANO.

p

cresc.

Bass Solo.

We must, we must as-

mf

- sem-ble by a sa-cri-fice Those de-mons who do range a - bout the skies;

loud

loud

loud

CHORUS:

Soprano.

We must, we must as - sem - ble by a sa - cri - fice, as - sem - ble by a

Alto.

We must, we must as - sem - ble by a sa - cri - fice Those de - mons who do

Tenor.

We must, we must as - sem - ble by a sa - cri - fice Those de - mons who do

Bass.

We must, we must as - sem - ble by a sa - cri - fice, as - sem - ble by a

loud

f

sac - ri-fice Those de - mons who do range a - bout the

range a-bout the skies, Those de - mons who do range a - bout the

range a-bout the skies, Those de - mons who do range a - bout the

sac - ri-fice Those de - mons who do range a - bout the

skies;

skies;

skies;

skies;

We must, we must as - sem - ble by a sa - cri - fice Those de - mons who do

We must, we must as - sem - ble by a sa - cri - fice, as - sem - ble by a

We must, we must as - sem - ble by a sa - cri - fice Those de - mons who do

We must, we must as - sem - ble by a sa - cri - fice, as - sem - ble by a

f

range, who do range

sa - cri - fice Those de - mons who do range a - bout the skies,

range, do range a - bout the

sa - cri - fice Those de - mons who do range

— a - bout the skies, who do range — a - bout the

— do range — about the skies, do range a - bout the

skies, do range — a - bout the skies, a - bout the

— a - bout the skies, who do range — a - bout the

skies; we must, we must, we must, we must.

skies; we must, we must, we must, we must.

skies; we must, we must, we must, we must.

skies; we must, we must, we must, we must.

rall.

II.

RECITATIVES *(Tenor & Bass)* AIR and CHORUS. THEIR NECESSARY AID YOU USE.

1st PRIEST.

Tenor Solo. Their ne - ces - sa - ry aid you use, Those pois'n - - ous herbs and roots to

Bass

PIANO.

choose, Which min - gled and pre - pared by your strong art, Do to your charms — their chief - est

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

Viola.

force im - part.

Bass Solo. 2nd PRIEST.

Your cen-sers to the al - tar take, And with A - ra-bian gums sweet o - -

Alto Solo. 3rd PRIEST.

The air with mu - - - sic gen - tly wound,

- - - dours make,

Andante.

p

The air with mu - - - sic gent - ly wound, Sweet smells they love, and

p

eve - ry pleas - - - - - ing sound, and eve - ry pleas - - - - ing

cresc.

sound, sweet smells they love, sweet smells they love and eve - ry pleas - - - - ing

cresc.

sound, and eve - ry pleas - - - ing sound.

p

p

rall.

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

Viola.

CHORUS.

Soprano

The air with mu - sic gen - tly wound, The air with mu - sic

Alto.

The air with mu - sic gen - tly wound, The air with mu - sic

Tenor.

The air with mu - sic gen - tly wound, The air with mu - sic

Bass.

The air with mu - sic gen - tly wound, The air with mu - sic

p

gent-ly wound, Sweet smells they love, sweet smells they

gent-ly wound, Sweet smells they love, they love,

gent-ly wound, Sweet smells they love, they

gent-ly wound, Sweet smells they love, they

p cresc.

love, sweet smells they love, and eve - ry pleas-ing sound and eve - ry pleas - ing sound.

sweet smells they love, sweet smells they love, they love, and eve - ry pleas - ing sound.

love, sweet smells they love, and eve - ry sound and eve - ry pleas - ing sound.

love, sweet smells they love, sweet smells they love, they love, and eve - ry pleas - ing, pleas - ing sound.

f

III.

SOLO *(Tenor)* and CHORUS. COME EVERY DEMON.

Tenor Solo.

Bass

PIANO.

1st PRIEST.

Come eve-ry de-mon who o'er-sees The fates of might-y mon-ar-chies, And or-ders how they rise and set, and or-ders how they rise and set; All you, who love and lust in-spire, And kin-dle wild Am-bi-tion's fire, The dan-grous sick-ness of the great, Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come.

Andante.

mp

Cir - ce, the daugh - ter of the Sun, o - bey, Or on his gild - ed beams

Allegro moderato.

mp

you ne'er shall play, Cir - ce, the daugh - ter of the

Sun, o - bey, Or on his gild - ed beams you ne'er shall play,

you ne'er shall play.

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

Viola.

CHORUS.

Soprano.

Cir - ce, the daugh-ter of the Sun,— o -bey, Or on his gild - ed beams you ne'er shall play,—

Alto.

Cir - ce, the daugh-ter of the Sun, o - bey, Or on his gild - ed beams you ne'er shall play,—

Tenor.

Cir - ce, the daugh-ter of the Sun,— o - bey, Or on his gild - ed beams you ne'er shall play,—

Bass.

Cir - ce, the daugh-ter of the Sun,— o - bey, Or on his gild - ed beams you ne'er shall play,—

mf

Cir - ce, the daugh-ter of the Sun,— o - bey, Or on his gild - ed beams

—— you ne'er,— you ne'er shall play, Or on his gild - ed beams you

— play,—— you ne'er— shall play, Or on his gild - ed beams

—— you ne'er— shall play, Or on his gild - ed beams

you ne'er shall play, you ne'er shall play.

ne'er shall, ne'er shall play, you ne'er shall play.

you ne'er shall play, you ne'er shall play, shall play, you ne'er shall play.

you ne'er, you ne'er shall play, you ne'er shall play.

Tenor Solo. 1st PRIEST.

You who hatch fac-tions in the Court, Se-di-tion in the mean-er sort, A-

Bass.

Andante.

p

* See Preface

-mongst the pi - ous, ho - ly strife, a - mongst the pi - ous, ho - ly strife, Tu - - mults in

camps, in se - nates too, Those dis - cords which the good un - do, All, all that

6 6 7 6

wait on hu - man life, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all.

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

Viola.

CHORUS.

Soprano.

Cir-ce, the daugh-ter of the Sun, o - bey, Or on his gild - ed beams you ne'er shall play,

Alto.

Cir-ce, the daugh-ter of the Sun, o - bey, Or on his gild - ed beams you ne'er shall play,

Tenor.

Cir-ce, the daugh-ter of the Sun, o - bey, Or on his gild - ed beams you ne'er shall play,

Bass.

Cir-ce, the daugh-ter of the Sun, o - bey, Or on his gild - ed beams you ne'er shall play,

mf

Cir-ce, the daughter of the Sun, o - bey, Or on his gild - ed beams

you ne'er, you ne'er shall play, Or on his gild - ed beams you

play, you ne'er shall play, Or on his gild - ed beams

you ne'er shall play, Or on his gild - ed beams

you ne'er shall play, you ne'er shall play.

ne'er shall, ne'er shall play, you ne'er shall play.

you ne'er shall play, you ne'er shall play, shall play, you ne'er shall play.

you ne'er, you ne'er shall play, you ne'er shall play.

IV.

SOLI *(Soprano & Alto)* and CHORUS. LOVERS WHO TO THEIR FIRST EMBRACES GO.

Soprano Solo. 1st WOMAN. Lov-ers, who to their first em - bra - - - - ces go, Are slow and lan - guish

Bass

PIANO.

Quick.

-ing com-pard to you; In speed you can out-do, in

Allegro.

mf

speed you can out-do the wing - - - - - - - - - - - ed

wind, you can out-do the wing - - - ed wind, And leave e - ven thought creep -

dim.

- - - ing and tired be-hind.

Alto Solo. 2nd WOMAN.

Be - hold, quick as thy thought, Thin -

Sempre Allegro.

mf

-gre-dients of thy spells are brought, By which thy dis - - - - mal busi-ness must be wrought.

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

Viola.

CHORUS.

Soprano.

Great min-is-ter of Fate, great min-is-ter of Fate, In this deep cave you sit in

Alto.

Great min-is-ter of Fate, great min-is-ter of Fate, In this deep cave you sit in

Tenor.

Great min-is-ter of Fate, great min-is-ter of Fate, In this deep cave you sit in

Bass.

Great min-is-ter of Fate, great min-is-ter of Fate, In this deep cave you sit in

Andante maestoso.

f

state, Great min-is-ter of Fate, In this deep cave you sit in state, Famine and

state, Great min-is-ter of Fate, In this deep cave you sit in state, you sit in

state, Great min-is-ter of Fate, In this deep cave you sit in state, you sit in

state, Great min-is-ter of Fate, In this deep cave you sit in state, Fa-mine and pes-ti-lence a-bout you

sf

pes-ti-lence a-bout you wait, a-bout you wait;

state, Fa-mine and pes-ti-lence a-bout you wait, a-bout you wait;

state, Fa-mine and pes-ti-lence a-bout you wait;

wait, a-bout you wait;

Alto Solo. 2nd WOMAN.

At your dread word they fly through ev'- ry hand, Whilst their fierce un- dis-

mf

-cern - ing rage, Does pi - ty nei - ther sex nor age, Death is as blind as love, at your com-mand.

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

Viola.

CHORUS.

Soprano

Great min - is - ter of Fate, great min - is - ter of Fate, In this deep cave you sit in

Alto.

Great min - is - ter of Fate, great min - is - ter of Fate, In this deep cave you sit in

Tenor.

Great min - is - ter of Fate, great min - is - ter of Fate, In this deep cave you sit in

Bass.

Great min - is - ter of Fate, great min - is - ter of Fate, In this deep cave you sit in

f

state, Great min-is-ter of Fate, In this deep cave you sit in state, Famine and

state, Great min-is-ter of Fate, In this deep cave you sit in state, you sit in

state, Great min-is-ter of Fate, In this deep cave you sit in state, you sit in

state, Great min-is-ter of Fate, In this deep cave you sit in state, Fa-mine and pes-ti-lence a-bout you

pes-ti-lence a-bout you wait, a-bout you wait.

state, Fa-mine and pes-ti-lence a-bout you wait, a-bout you wait.

state, Fa-mine and pes-ti-lence a-bout you wait.

wait, a-bout you wait.

V.

MAGICIANS' DANCE.

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

Viola.

Bass.

Andante.

PIANO.

mf

Repeat p

mp

VI.

SOLO. *(Bass)* PLUTO, ARISE!

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass Solo.
Bass.
PIANO.

2nd PRIEST

Pluto, a-rise, a-rise, a-rise, a-rise! From those blest shades where

Andante.

mf

kings and lov-ers are, Where those no tor-ment have from state— and care, And these

and these feel not the tor - ments, the tor - ments of des-pair. Plu-to — a-rise, a-

cresc.

- rise, a - rise, a - rise! From thy blest king-dom of e-qual - i - ty, Where Birth, Wealth

and Beau - ty have____ no ty - ran-ny, Where all man - kind are fel-low-slaves, Where

all, where all mankind are fel-low-slaves to thee, Where all man-kind are fel - low, fel-low - slaves to thee.

CLEOMENES, THE SPARTAN HERO.

ACT II.

SONG. *(Soprano.)* NO, NO, POOR SUFF'RING HEART.

Soprano Solo.

Bass.

PIANO.

Andante.

mp

No, no, poor suf-f'ring heart, no change en - - deav - - our, Choose to sus - - tain the smart ra - ther___ than leave her; My rav - ish'd eyes be-hold such charms a - bout her, I can die___ with her, but not___ live___ with - out her.

cresc.

dim.

One ten - der sigh of her's to see me lan - - guish, Will more than

pay the price of my— past an - - guish; Be - ware, oh— cru - el fair,

mf

how you smile on me, 'Twas a kind look of yours that has un - done me.

2.

Love has in store for me one happy minute,
And she will end my pain who did begin it;
Then no day void of bliss, or pleasure leaving
Ages shall slide away without perceiving.
Cupid shall guard the door the more to please us,
And keep out Time and Death when they would seize us,
Time and Death shall depart and say in flying
Love has found out a way to live by dying.

DISTRESSED INNOCENCE or THE PRINCESS OF PERSIA.

I.

OVERTURE.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Andante maestoso.

f

1.

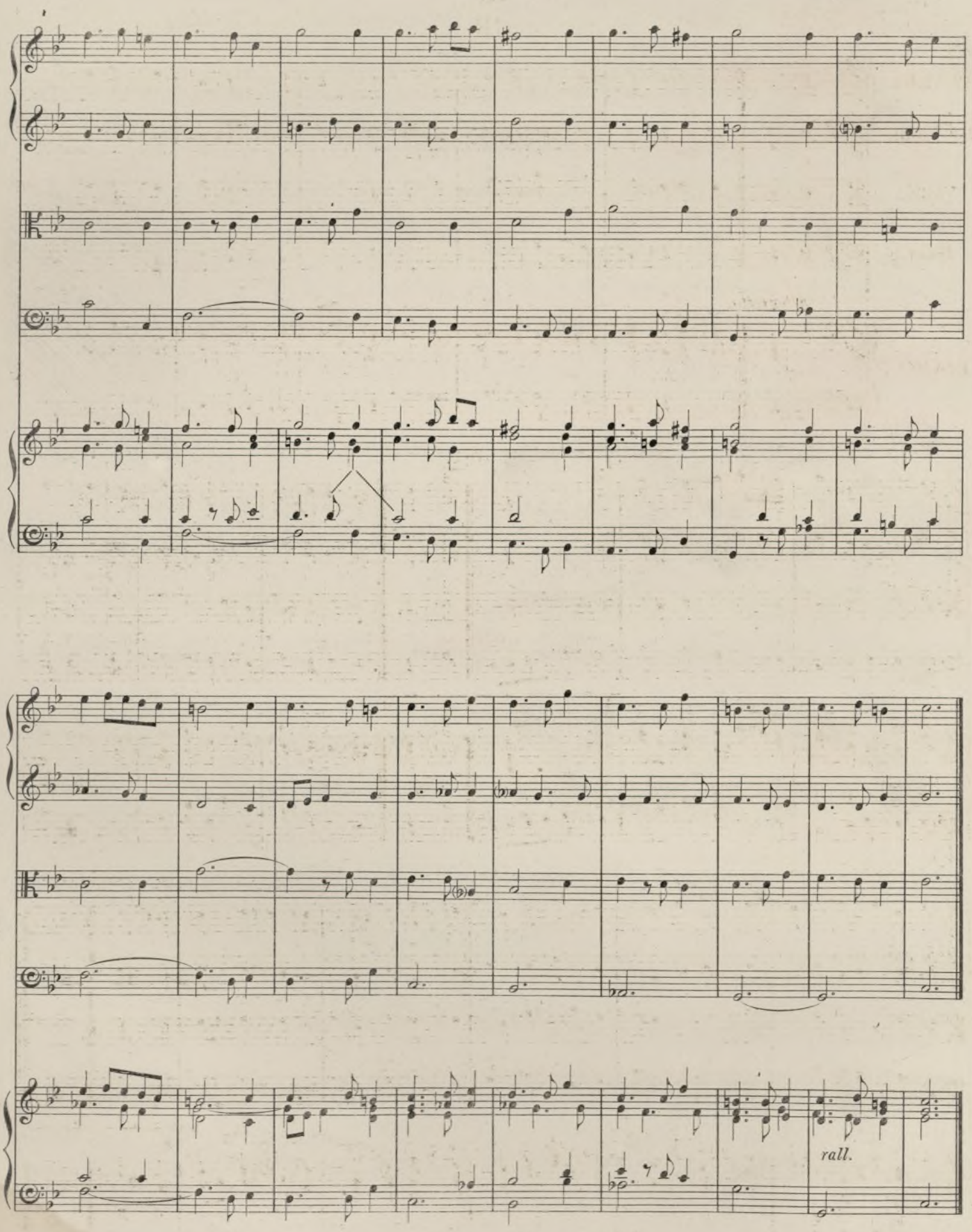
Repeat p

2.

2.

Allegro.

mf



II.
AIR.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Allegretto.

mf

1. 2.

p *mf*

1. 2.

p

III.
SLOW AIR.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Adagio.

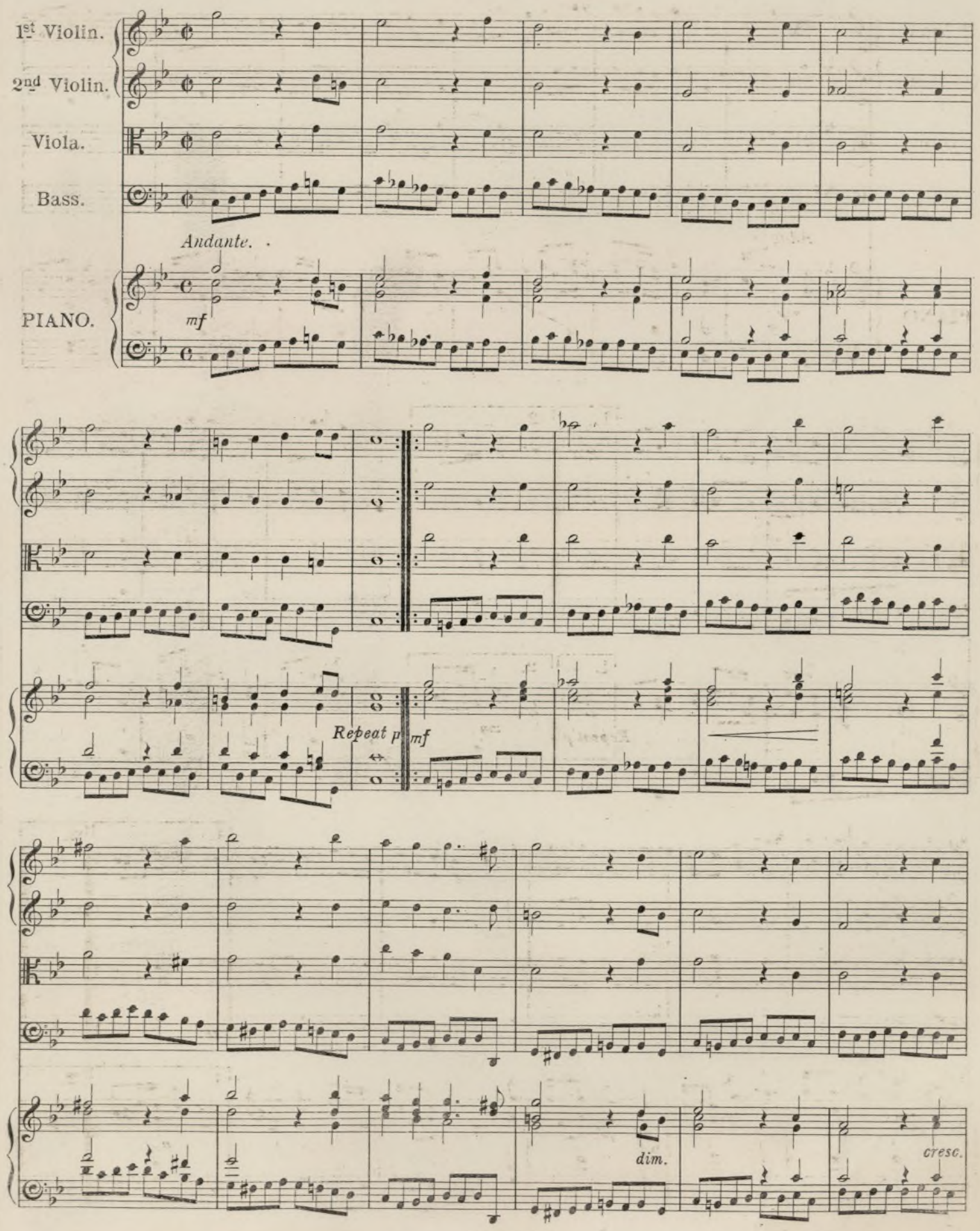
mp

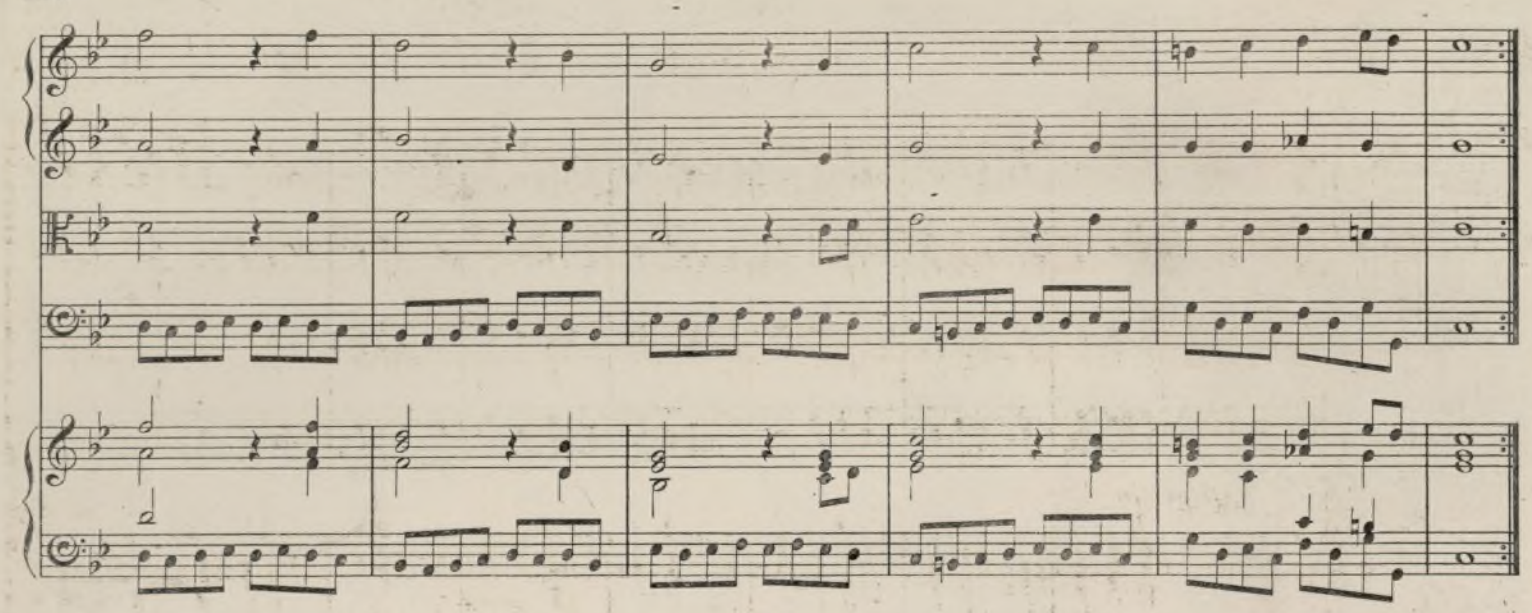
Repeat *p*

mp

p

IV.
AIR.





V.

HORNPIPE or JIG.

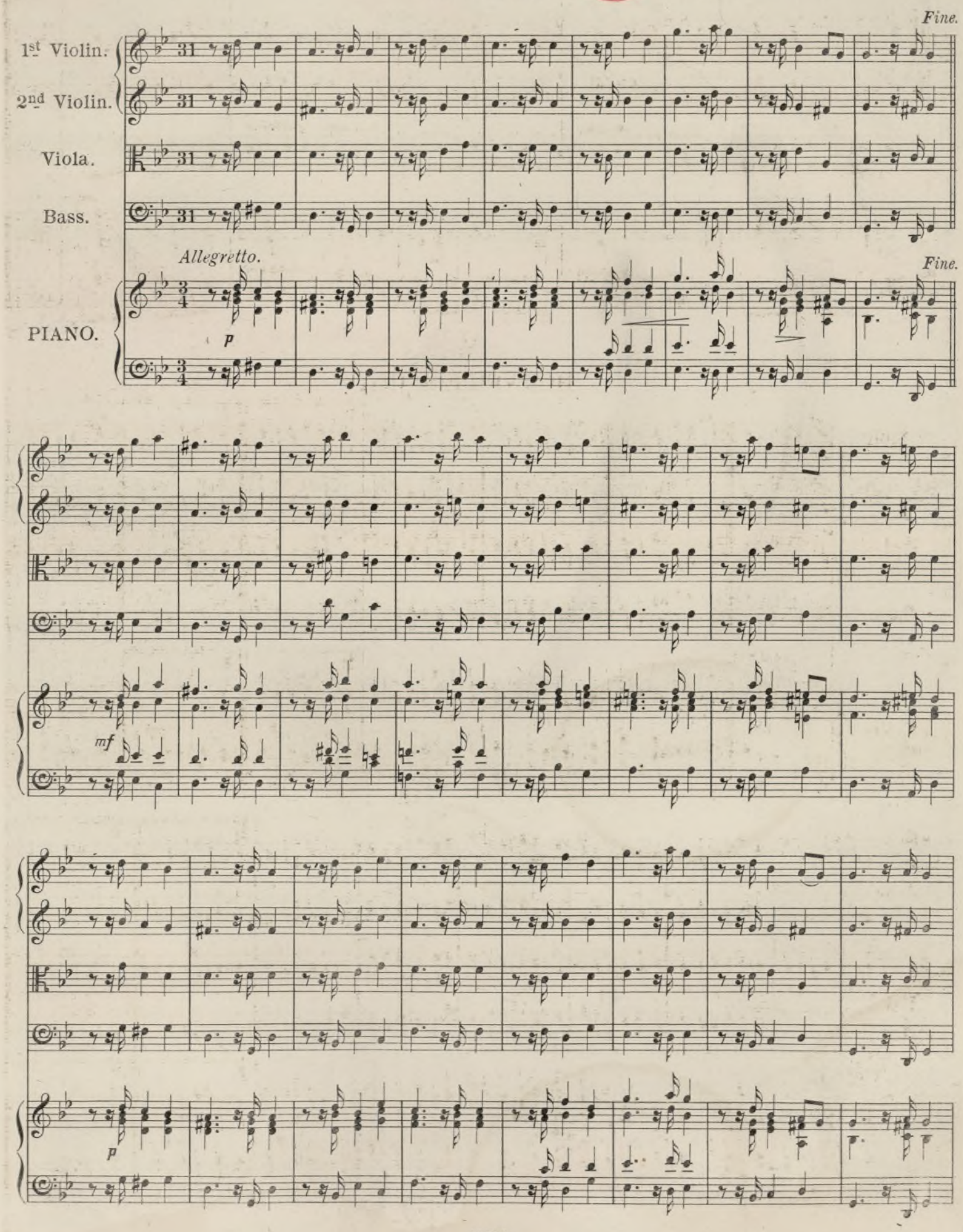
1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Vivace.

mf *p* *mf* *cresc.* *f* *p*

1. 2.

VI.
RONDEAU.



D.C.

D.C.

mf

VII.
AIR.

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

Viola.

Bass.

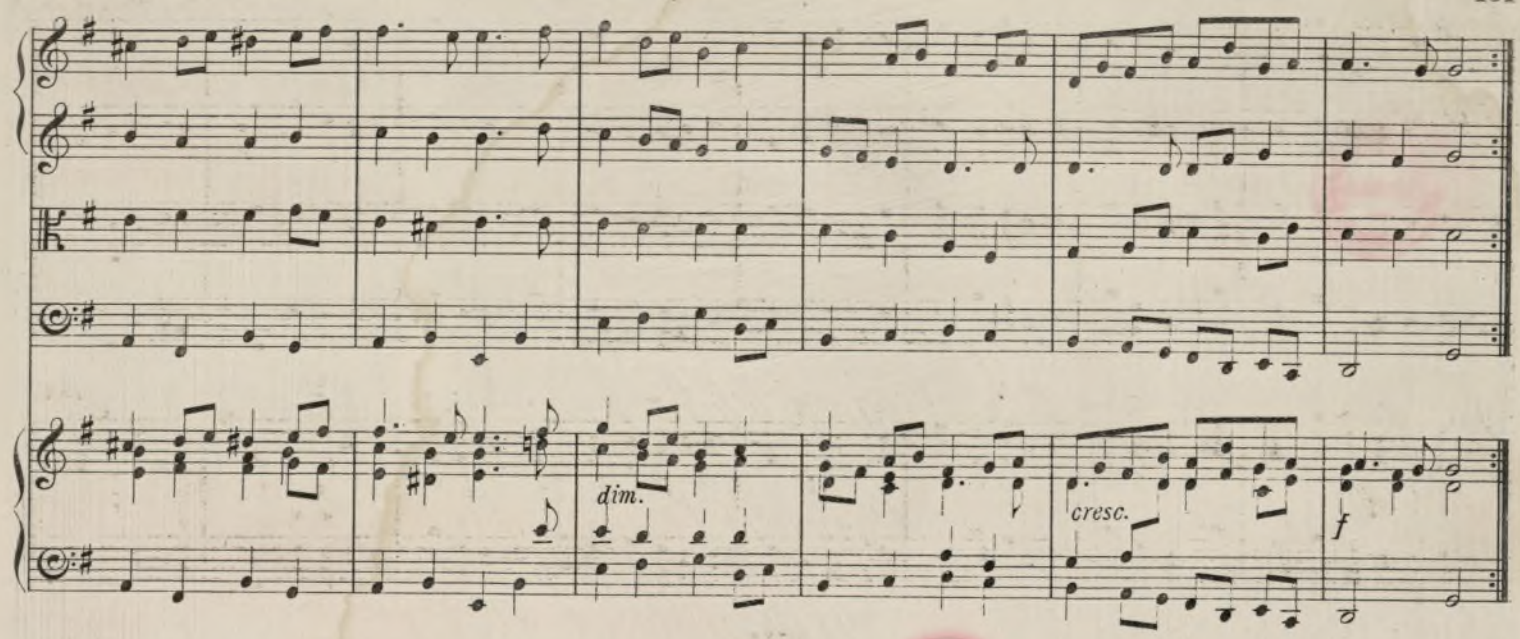
Allegro.

PIANO.

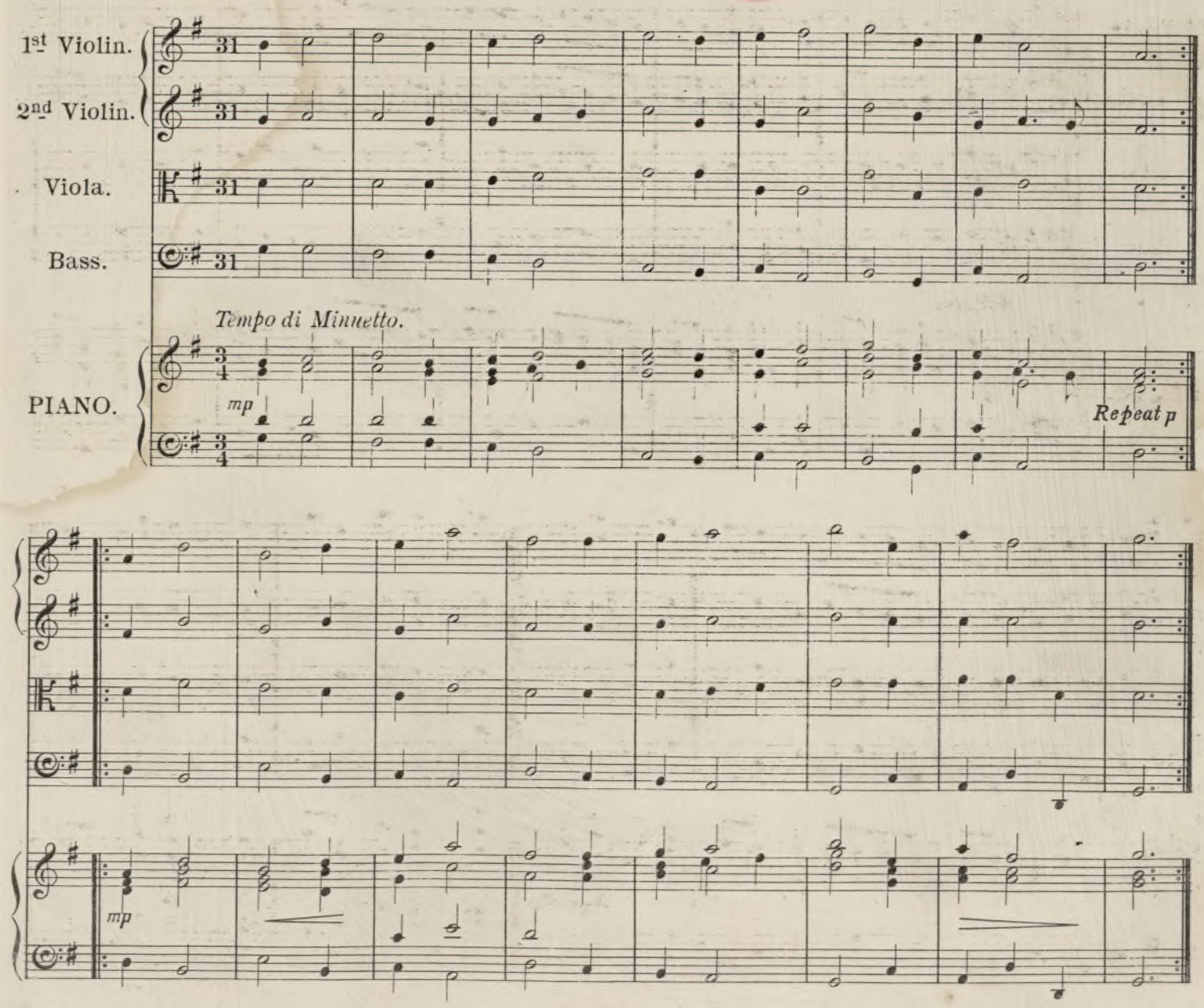
mf

Repeat p

mf



VIII.
MINUET.



THE COMICAL HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE.

Part I.

ACT II. SCENE I.

I.

DUET. *(Alto and Bass.)* SING ALL YE MUSES.

Alto Solo.

Bass Solo.

Bass.

PIANO.

Allegro moderato.

mf

Sing, sing all ye Mu - ses, sing,

Sing, sing

sing, sing, your lutes strike, strike, strike a - round,

all ye Mu - ses, sing, your lutes strike, strike, strike a - round,

your lutes strike a - round;

your lutes strike a - round;

When a sol-dier's the_ sto - ry, when a sol-dier's the_ sto - ry, what tongue can want

When a sol-dier's the sto - ry, when a sol-dier's the_ sto - ry, what tongue can want

Vivace.

mf

soft

sound? When a sol-dier's the_ sto - ry, what tongue can want sound? When dan - ger dis -

(soft)

sound? When a sol-dier's the_ sto - ry, what tongue can want sound? When

(soft)

p

cresc.

-dains, when dan - ger dis - dains, wounds, wounds, wounds, brui - ses and

dan - ger dis - dains, when dan - ger dis - dains, wounds, brui - ses and

pains, When the hon-our of fight - ing is___ all that he gains; Rich pro - fit comes ea - sy, comes

pains, When the hon-our of fight - ing is all that he gains; Rich pro - fit comes

ea - sy, ea - sy in ci - ties of store, But the gold is earned hard where the can-nons do

ea - sy, ea - sy in ci - ties of store, But the

roar, ___ But the gold is earned hard where the can - nons do

gold is earned hard where the can-nons do roar, ___ do

Brisk time.

roar. Yet see how they run, how they run, how they run, how they run, at the storm-ing, the

roar. Yet see how they run, how they run, at the storm-ing, the

Vivace.

f

storm-ing, the storm-ing, the storm-ing, the storm-ing a town, Through blood and through fire to

storm-ing, the storm-ing, the storm-ing, the storm-ing a town, Through blood and through fire to

soft

take the half-moon, Through blood and through fire to take the half - moon; They scale

(*soft*)

take the half-moon, Through blood and through fire to take the half - moon;

(*soft*)

p

cresc.

— the high wall, they scale the high wall, Whence they see o-thers fall,— fall,

They scale the high wall, the high wall Whence they see o-thers fall,— fall,

fall,— fall,— fall, Whence they see o - thers fall; Their hearts' pre - cious darl - ing, bright

fall,— fall,— fall, Whence they see o - thers fall; Their hearts' pre - cious darl - ing,

glo - - - - ry, bright glo - - - - ry pur - su-ing, Though Death's un - der

Slow.

bright glo - - - ry, bright glo - - - - ry pur - su-ing, Though Death's un-der

Adagio.

p

Brisk.

foot, and the mine is just blow-ing. It springs, it springs, it

foot, and the mine is just blow-ing. Up they fly,

Vivace.

f

springs, it springs, up they fly, they fly,

it springs, it springs, it springs, it springs, up they

Yet more, more, more, more, more, yet more still sup - ply, As

fly, Yet more, more, more, yet more still sup - ply, As

bride-grooms to mar-ry, they hast - - - - en to— die, they hast-en to die; Till

bride-grooms to mar-ry, they hast - - - - - - - en, they hast-en to die; Till

Fate claps, claps, claps her wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her wings, And the glad ti-dings

Fate claps, claps, claps her wings, till Fate claps, claps, claps her wings, And the glad ti-dings

brings Of the breach be-ing en-tered, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they're all

brings Of the breach be-ing en-tered, and then, then, then, then, then, then, then they're all

kings. Then hap-py's she whose face Can win, then hap - - py's she whose face Can win, can

kings. Then hap-py's she, then hap - py's she whose face Can win, can

mf

win a sol - dier's grace, They range a-bout in state, they range a-bout in state, Like

win a sol-dier's grace, They range a-bout in state, they range a-bout in state, Like

f

gods, like gods dis-pos - ing Fate; No lux - ur - y in peace, Nor plea-sure in ex - cess Can

gods, like gods dis-pos-ing Fate; No lux - ur - y in peace, Nor plea-sure in ex - cess Can

mp cresc.

par-al-lel the joys, can par-al-lel the joys the mar- -tial, mar-tial he - ro

par-al-lel the joys, can par-al-lel the joys the mar- - - -tial he - ro

crown, When flushed with rage, and forced by want, forced by

crown, When flushed with rage, and forced by want, he

mf cresc.

want, he storms, he storms a weal-thy town.

storms, he storms a weal-thy town.

f

ACT III. SCENE II.

II.

SONG. *(Bass.)* WHEN THE WORLD FIRST KNEW CREATION.

GALLEY-SLAVE.

Bass Solo. When the world first knew cre - a - tion, A rogue was a top, a rogue was a top pro-

Bass.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

- fes- - sion; When there were no more In all na - ture but four, There were two of them in trans-

- gres- - sion; And the seeds are no less, Since that you may guess, But have in all

a - ges been growing a - pace; There's ly- ing, and thiev - ing, Craft, pride, and de - ceiv - ing, Rage,

mur-der, and maim - ing, Hard drinking and gam - ing, Branch out from one stock, the rank

vi - ces in vogue, And make all man-kind one gi - gan - - - ti - cal rogue.

2.

View all human generation,
You'll find in every station
Lean Virtue decays, whilst Interest sways
The ill genius of the nation.
All are rogues in degrees,
The lawyer for fees,
The Courtier *Le Cringe,* and the Alderman *Squeeze,*
The canter, the toper,
The church interloper,
The quean, and the practice-of-piety-groper;
But of all, he that fails our true rights to maintain,
And deserts the cause royal, is deepest in grain.

3.

He that first to mend the matter,
Made laws to bind our nature,
Should have found a way
To make wills obey,
And have modelled new the creature;
For the savage in man
From original ran,
And in spite of confinement now reigns as't began;
Here's 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 lie.

III.

SONG. *(Bass.)* LET THE DREADFUL ENGINES.

CARDENIO.

Bass Solo. Let the dread - ful en-gines of e - ter - nal will, The thun - - - - - - - - - der roar and crook - - - - ed light - ning kill, My rage is hot, is hot, is hot as theirs, as fa - - - - - - - - tal too, And dares as hor-rid, and dares as horrid, horrid ex - - e - cu - tion do.

Bass.

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf* *cresc.*

Or let the fro - zen North — its ran - - - - - - cour show, With-in my breast far,

f

far great - - - - er tem - pests grow; Des-pair's — more cold, more — than all —

dim.

— the winds can blow. Can no-thing, can no - thing warm me? Can

Allegretto.

mp

no-thing, can no - thing warm me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Lu - cin - da's eyes,

cresc.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lu-cin-da's eyes, — Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lu-cin-da's

mf

eyes, — There, there, there, there, there, Et- -na, there, there, there, there Ve-su-vio lies, — To

furn-ish Hell with flames, That mount - - - - ing, mounting reach the skies.

Can nothing, can no-thing warm me? Can nothing, can no-thing warm me? Yes, yes, yes,

p *cresc.*

yes, Lu-cin-da's eyes, Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lu-cin-da's eyes, Yes,

cresc.

yes, yes, yes, yes, Lu-cin-da's eyes. Ye powers, I did but use her name, And see how all,

rall.

Recit.

and see how all the me-teors flame; Blue light-ning flash-es round the Court of Sol, And

Slow.

now the globe more fiercely burns Than once at Phae-ton's fall. Ah!

Andante sostenuto.

p

ah! where, where are now, where are

now, where are now those flow'- - - ry groves, Where Ze-phyr's fra-grant winds did

cresc.

play? Ah! where are now, where are now, where are now those flow' - ry groves, Where Zephyr's

fra-grant winds did play? Where guard - ed by a troop___ of Loves, The fair, the fair Lu-

cresc.

-cin-da sleep-ing lay: There sung the night-in-gale and lark, A-round us all was sweet and

p *cresc.*

gay; We ne'er grew sad till it grew dark, Nor no-thing feared but short'n - ing day.

I glow, I glow, I glow, but 'tis with hate; Why must I burn, why must I burn, why, why must I

RECIT. *Andante.*

burn for this in - grate? Why, why must I burn for this in - grate? Cool, cool

Sostenuto. *p* *mf*

it then, cool it then and rail, Since no-thing, no - thing will pre - vail.

When a wo - man love pre - tends, 'Tis but till she gains her ends, And for bet - ter and for

Vivace.

mf

worse Is for mar - row of the purse, When the jilt has filched your gold, Proves a

slat - tern or a scold; This hour will teaze, will teaze and vex, will teaze, will teaze and

vex, And will co-zen ye the next. They were all con-triv'd in spite, 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 witch-es by_ this light. And so___ I fair- ly

Lento.

mf

bid 'em and the world good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night.

IV.

TRIO. *(Two Sopranos and Bass)* WITH THIS SACRED CHARMING WAND.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Bass Solo.
Bass.
PIANO.

soft
soft
MONTESMO.
With this, this sa-cred
Andante.
mp
p

charm - - - ing wand, I can Heav'n, can Heav'n and Earth com-mand, command, com-
- mand, command, command; Hush, hush, hush all the winds that curl the an - - gry
p

sea, And make the roll - - - - - - - - - - ing waves o - bey.

URGANDA. (2nd Soprano.)

I, I from the clouds can con - - jure down the rain, I from the clouds can con - - jure

mf

down the rain, can con - - - - jure down the rain, And make it de - - -

- luge, and make it de - - - - luge once, once a - gain.

MELISSA. (1st Soprano.)

I, when I please, I, when I please make Na - - ture smile,

Andante grazioso.

mf

smile, smile as gay, as gay,

As at first she did on, as at first she did on her cre - a - - tion - day;

Groves with e - ter - - nal sweets shall fra - - grant grow, shall fra - grant,

p

fra - grant grow, And make a true E - ly - - - - - -

- sium, and make a true E - ly - - - - - - - - sium here be - low.

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

MELISSA.

Groves with e - ter - - nal sweets shall fra - - grant grow, shall fra - grant, fra - grant

URGANDA.

Groves with e - ter - - nal sweets shall fra - - grant grow, And

MONTESMO.

Groves with e - ter - - nal sweets shall fra - - grant grow, shall fra - grant, fra - - grant

grow, And make a true E - ly - - - - - sium, and make a true E - ly - -

make a true E - ly - - - sium, and make a true E - ly - - - - - - - -

grow, And make a true E - ly - - - - - sium, and make a true E - ly - - - -

6 7

RITORNELLO

- - - - - sium here be-low.

- sium, a true E - ly - - sium here be - low.

- - - - - sium here be-low.

6 6 ♯3 4 ♯3

MELISSA.

I can give beau-ty, make the a-ged young, And Love's dear mo-men-ta-ry rap-ture long,

Andante.

Love's dear mo-men-ta-ry rap-ture long.

Andante grazioso.

mp

URGANDA.

Na-ture re-store, and life, and life, when spent,

p

re-new; Na-ture re-store, and life, and life when

p

spent, re - new; All this, all this by

cresc.

art, all this by art can great, can great

Ur - gan - da do, can great, can

cresc.

great Ur - gan - da do.

f

rall.

MELISSA

URGANDA

MONTESMO.

Why

Why then, why then will mor-tals dare

Art all can do, all, all can do;

Why then, why

Allegro.

mp

then, why then will mor-tals dare To urge a fate, to urge a fate, Why

To urge a fate, to urge a fate, to urge a fate, to urge a

then will mor-tals dare To urge a fate, to urge a fate, to urge a

then, why then will mor-tals dare To urge a fate, to urge a fate,

fate, Why then, why then will mor-tals dare To urge a fate, to urge a

fate, to urge a fate, Why then, why then will mor-tals dare To urge a

— to urge a fate, to urge a fate and jus - - - tice so se - vere?

fate, to urge a fate, to urge a fate _____ and ____ jus - tice so se - vere?

fate, to urge a fate, to urge a fate, to urge a fate and jus - tice so se - vere?

MONTESMO.

See, see there a wretch, in his own ___ o - pin - - ion wise, Laughs _____

Andante.

mf

— at our charms, laughs _____ at our charms and mocks, and mocks our mys-te-ries.

MELISSA.

I've a lit - tle spi - rit yon - der, Where the clouds do part a - -

Allegro vivace.

- sun - der, Lies bask - ing his limbs In the warm sun-beams, Shall his soul from his bo - dy—

plun - der. Speak, speak, shall it be so? shall it be so? shall it be,

cresc.

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

p

rall.

URGANDA

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

MONTESMO.

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

Presto.

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'll

MELISSA.

Let it be

Let it be so,

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

Allegro.

so, let it be so, let it be so, let it be, let it be, 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.

Ap-

-pear, ap-pear, 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 al-ways, you that al-ways in Lu-ci-fer's kit - chen re-

-side, 'Mongst sea-coal and ket-tles and grease new-ly fried; That pam-pered, that pam-pered each

day with a gar-bage of souls, Broil rash-ers of fools for a break-fast on coals, This

mor-tal from hence to con-vey, to con-vey try your skill, Thus fate's, thus fate's and our

ma-gi-cal or-ders ful-fil, Thus fate's, thus fate's and our ma-gi-cal or-ders ful-fil.

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

MELISSA.

Ap - pear, ap - pear, ap - pear, ap - pear, ye fat fiends that in lim - bo do

URGANDA.

Ap - pear, ap - pear, ap - pear, ye fat fiends that in lim - bo do

MONTESMO.

Ap - pear, ap - pear, ye fat fiends that in lim - bo do

f

groan, That were, when in flesh, the same souls as his own; You that

groan, That were, when in flesh, the same souls as his own; You that

groan, That were, when in flesh, the same souls as his own; You that

al - ways, you that al - ways in Lu - ci - fer's kit - chen re - side, 'Mongst sea - coal and

al - ways, you that al - ways in Lu - ci - fer's kit - chen re - side, 'Mongst sea - coal and

al - ways, you that al - ways in Lu - ci - fer's kit - chen re - side, 'Mongst sea - coal and

ket - tles and grease new - ly fried;— That pam-pered, that pam-pered each day with a gar-bage of

ket - tles and grease new - ly fried;— That pam-pered, that pam-pered each day— with a gar-bage of

ket - tles and grease new-ly fried;— That pam-pered, that pam-pered each day with a gar-bage of

souls, Broil rash - ers of fools for a break - fast on — coals,— These mor - tals from hence to con -

souls, Broil rash - ers of fools for a break - fast on coals,— These mor - tals from hence to con -

souls, Broil rash - ers of fools for a break - fast on coals,— These mor - tals from hence to con -

- vey, to con - vey shew your skill,— Thus fate's, thus fate's and our ma - gi - cal or - ders ful - fil.— - fil.—

- vey, to con - vey shew your skill,— Thus fate's, thus fate's and our ma - gi - cal or - ders ful - fil.— - fil.—

- vey, to con - vey shew your skill,— Thus fate's, thus fate's and our ma - gi - cal or - ders ful - fil.— - fil.—

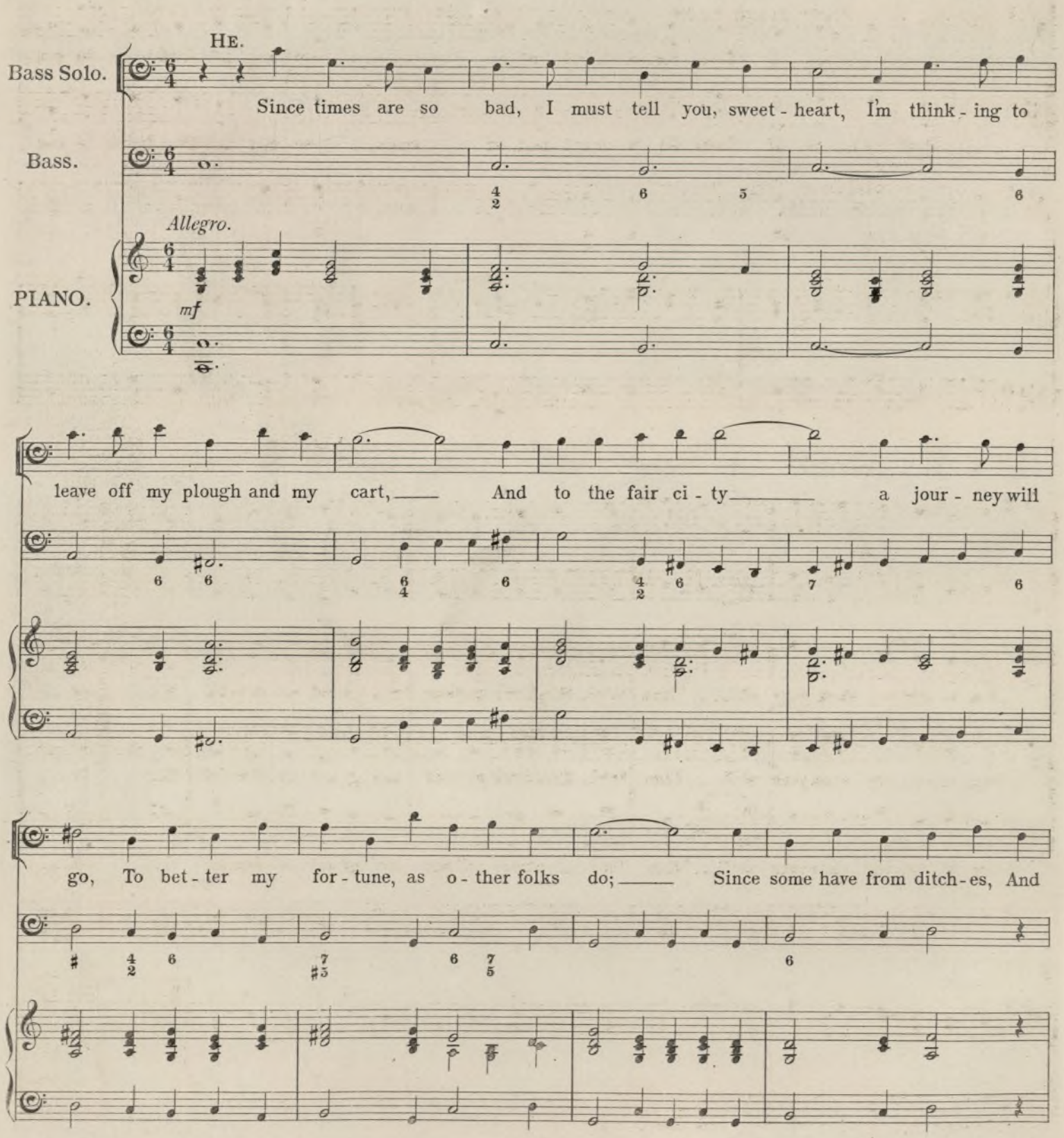
THE COMICAL HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE.

Part II.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

I.

DIALOGUE. *(Soprano and Bass.)* FOR A CLOWN AND HIS WIFE. SINCE TIMES ARE SO BAD.



coarse lea - ther breech - es, Been raised,— been raised to be ru - lers and wal - lowed in—

rich - es,——— Pri - thee come, come, come, come from thy wheel, pri - thee come, come, come,

come from thy wheel, For if gip-sies don't lie, I shall, I shall be a gov-er-nor too ere I die.

Soprano Solo. SHE.

Ah!— Co - lin, ah!— Co - lin, by all, by all thy late do - ings I find, With

sor-row and trou-ble, with sor-row and trouble the pride of thy mind; Our sheep now at ran-dom dis-

-or-der-ly run, And now, and now Sun-day's jack-et goes eve-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?

Bass Solo. HE.

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

Soprano Solo. SHE.

Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie,

Queen, Where shew-ing my parts, I pre - fer - ment shall win.

fie, fie, fie, fie, 'tis bet-ter, 'tis bet-ter for us to plough and to spin; For as to the

Court, when thou hap-pen'st to try, Thou'lt find no-thing got there un-less thou can'st buy; For

mo-ney the de-vil, the de-vil and all's to be found, But no good parts mind-ed, no,

no, no, no good parts mind-ed with-out the good pound.

Bass Solo. HE.

Why then I'll take arms, why

then I'll take arms, I'll take arms, And fol-low, and fol-low a-larms, Hunt hon-our that

Soprano Solo. SHE.

And so lose a limb by a shot or a blow, And

now-a-days pla-gui-ly charms:

curse thy-self af - ter for leav-ing, for leav-ing the plough.

Sup - pose I turn gamester?

So cheat and be bang'd:

The high-way to be hang'd.

What think'st of the road then?

A

SHE.

That's

trade then I'll try that yields pro-fit for life, I'll help some fine Lord to an-o-ther's fine wife:

dan - ger-ous too, A - mongst the town crew, For some of 'em will do the same thing by

you; And then I to be - tray ye may bedrawn in, Faith, Co - lin, 'tis bet-ter I

sit here and spin, Faith, Co - lin, 'tis bet - ter I sit here and spin.

HE.

Will

SHE.

Oh! while you live, Co - lin, keep out of that

no-thing pre - fer me? What think'st of the law?

paw.— Ah!— there's naught got, ah!— there's naught got that

I'll cant and I'll pray:—

way, There's no one minds now what those black cat-tle say;— Let all our whole care be our

farm-ing af-fair, Am-bi-tion's, am-bi-tion's a

HE.

To make our corn grow, and our ap-ple-trees bear. Am-bi-tion's, am-

trade, a trade no con - tent-ment can show, So I'll to my dis - taff, Am-

-bi - tion's a trade no con - tent-ment can show, And I to my plough.

7 6 # 6 6 7 #
5

-bi - tion's, am - bi - tion's a trade, a trade no con - tent-ment can show, no, no, no, no,

Am - bi - tion's, am - bi - tion's a trade no con - tent-ment can show, no, no, no,

6 7 6

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,

6 5 6 7 5 6 4 5 5 6 5 6 6
2 3 4

no, no con-tent-ment can show, no, no, no con-tent-ment can show. Let

no, no con-tent-ment can show, no, no, no, no, no, no con-tent-ment can show. Let

all our whole care Be our farm-ing af-fair, To make our corn grow and our ap-ple-trees bear. Am-

all our whole care Be our farm-ing af-fair, To make our corn grow and our ap-ple-trees bear.

-bi-tion's, am-bi-tion's a trade, a trade no con-tent-ment can show. So I'll to my dis-taff,

Am-bi-tion's, am-bi-tion's a trade no con-tent-ment can show. And

Am - bi - tions, am - bi - tion's a trade, a trade no con - tent - ment can show, no,

I to my plough. Am - bi - tion's, am - bi - tion's a trade no con - tent - ment can show,

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 con - tent - ment can show, no, no, no con - tent - ment can show.

no, no, no, no, no, no con - tent - ment can show, no, no, no, no, no, no con - tent - ment can show.

ACT V. SCENE II.

II.

SONG. *(Tenor and Soprano.)* GENIUS OF ENGLAND.

Trumpet.

Bass.

PIANO.

Moderato.

f

Tenor Solo. SAINT GEORGE.

Ge - nius of Eng - land, from thy pleas - ant bower of bliss, A - rise

mf

and spread thy sa - cred wings: wings:

Guard, guard from foes the Bri - tish State, Thou on——whose smile— does wait Th'un-cer - tain

Trumpet.

hap-py fate— Of mon-arch-ies and Kings. Kings.

f

Soprano Solo. THE GENIUS OF ENGLAND.

Then fol-low, brave boys, Then fol-low brave boys to the wars,

Animato.

fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, brave boys to the

wars,

Fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, brave boys to the wars,

The Lau-rel you know's the prize, The

Lau-rel you know's the prize, Who brings home the noblest, the no - - - blest,

the no - - - - - - blest scars, Looks fin - - - - -

- - - - est in Ce- - lia's eyes. Then

shake off the sloth-ful ease,

Let glo-ry, let glo-ry, let glo-ry in - spire your hearts;

Re - mem-ber a sol-dier in war and in peace,

re - mem-ber a sol-dier in war, in war and in peace Is the no - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - blest of all o - ther arts:

Re - mem-ber a sol-dier in war and in peace, re - mem-ber a

sol-dier in war, in war and in peace Is the no - - - - - - - - -

- - - blest of all_ o - ther arts.

III.

SONG. *(Soprano.)* LADS AND LASSES, BLITHE AND GAY.

Soprano Solo.

Bass.

PIANO.

Lads and Las-ses, blithe and gay, Hear what my song dis - clos - es; As I one morn-ing sleep-ing lay, Up - on a bank of_ ro - ses, Wil-ly gang-ing out his gate by good luck chanced to_ spy me, And pul-ling bon-net from his pate, He soft-ly lay down by me.

2.

Willy though I muckle prized
Yet now, I wad no' know him,
But made a frown, my face disguised
And from me strove to throw him.
Fondly still he nearer prest
Upon my bosom lying;
His beating heart too thumped so fast,
I thought the loon was dying.

3.

But resolving to deny,
An angry passion feigning;
I often roughly pushed him by,
With words full of disdaining;
Willy balked, no favour wins,
But went off discontented,
But I, gude faith for all my sins
Ne'er half so much repented.

THE COMICAL HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE.

Part III.

ACT V. SCENE I.

II.

SONG. *(Soprano.)* FROM ROSY BOWERS.

ALTISIDORA.

Soprano Solo. From ro - sy bowers, where sleeps the God of Love,

Bass.

Andante.

PIANO. *mp*

Hi-ther, hi-ther ye lit-tle wait-ing Cu-pids fly, fly, fly Hi-ther ye

lit-tle wait-ing Cu- - pids fly, Teach me, teach me in soft me-

-lo-dious songs to move With ten- - der, ten- - -der pas-sion, my heart's, my

heart's dar - - - ling joy. Ah! let the soul of mu-sic tune my voice, To win — dear

mf *p*

Stre-phon, Ah! — ah! — let the soul of mu-sic tune my voice, To win — dear —

Stre - phon, dear, — dear, — dear — Stre - phon, who my soul — en - - joys,

Or if more in - flu - en - cing, Is — to be brisk and ai - ry, With a

Allegretto.

mf

step and a bound And a frisk from the ground, I will trip like a - ny fai - ry.

As once on I - da danc - ing, Were three ce - les - tial bo - dies, With an air and a face, Or a

shape and a grace, Let me charm like Beau - ty's god - dess, With an air and a face, And a

shape, and a grace, Let me charm like Beau - ty's god - dess. Ah! ah! 'tis in

Slow

Adagio.

p

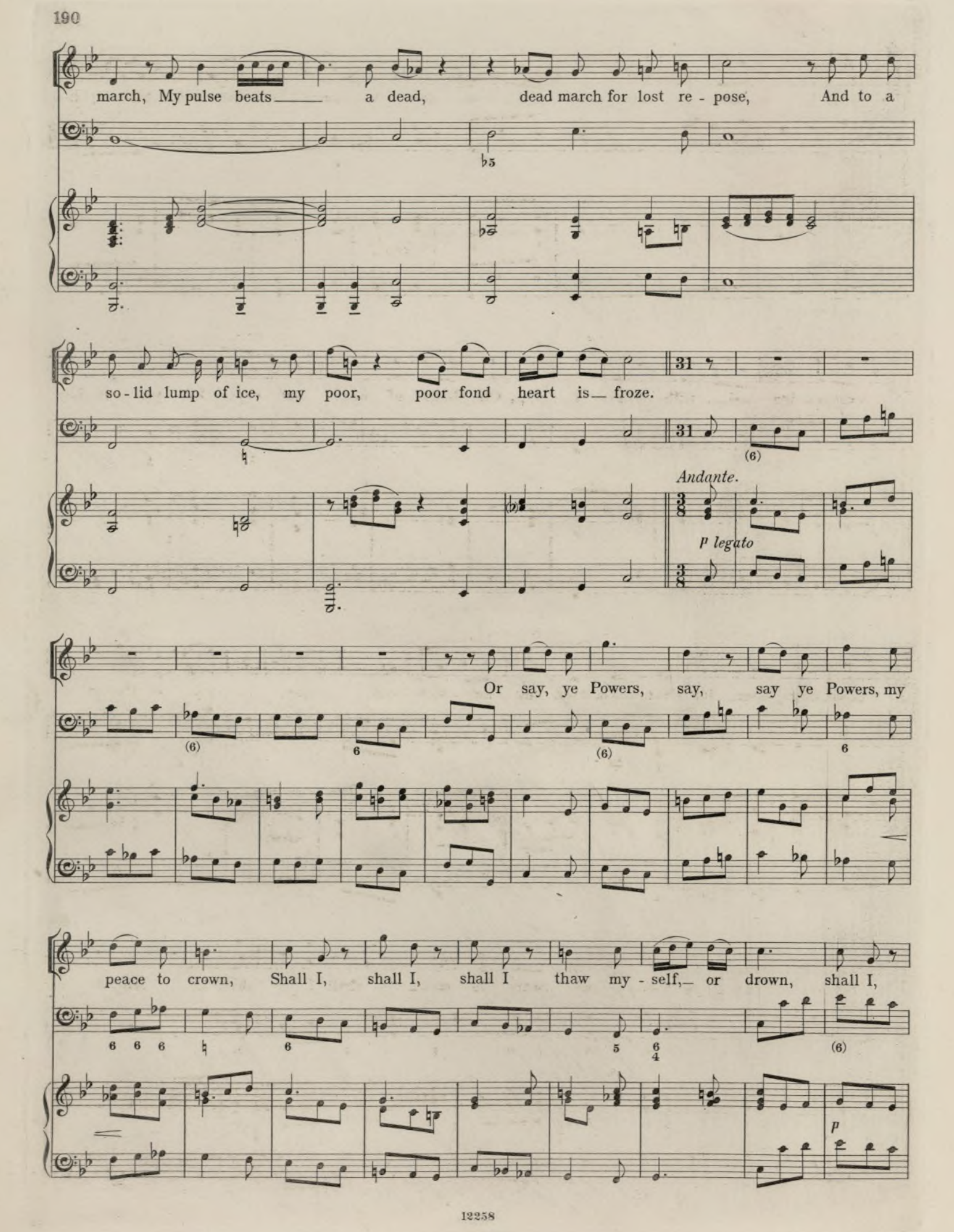
vain, 'tis all, all, all, all— in vain. Death and des - pair must end the fa- -tal pain, Cold des-

- pair, cold, cold— des - pair disguised, like snow and rain, Falls, falls, falls on my breast!

Bleak winds in tem-pests blow, in tem-pests blow, My

Più moto.

veins all shiv-er and my fin - gers glow, My pulse beats— a dead, dead



shall I, shall I thaw my - self,— or drown? A - mongst the foam - ing bil - lows In -

cresc.

- creas - ing all— with tears I shed, On beds of ooze and crys - tal pil - lows, Lay

down, down, down, lay down, down, down my love - sick head. Say, say— ye Powers

cresc.

say, say— ye Powers, 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?

p

Quick.

No, no, no, no, no, I'll straight run mad, mad, mad, mad, mad That soon, that soon my heart will warm; When once the

Allegro.

mp

sense is fled, is fled,— Love, Love has no pow'r, no, no, no, no, no pow'r to charm, Love has no

mf sostenuto

dim.

pow'r, no, no, no, no, Love has no pow'r, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no pow'r to charm.

scherzando

Wild — thro' the woods I'll fly, — wild — thro' the woods I'll fly, —

Robes, locks shall thus, thus, thus, thus be tore; A thou-sand,

thou-sand deaths — I'll die; a thou - - sand, thou-sand deaths — I'll die Ere

thus, thus in vain, ere thus, thus in vain, thus in vain a - dore.

rall.

THE DOUBLE DEALER.

I.

OVERTURE.

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

Viola.

Bass.

Andante maestoso.

PIANO.

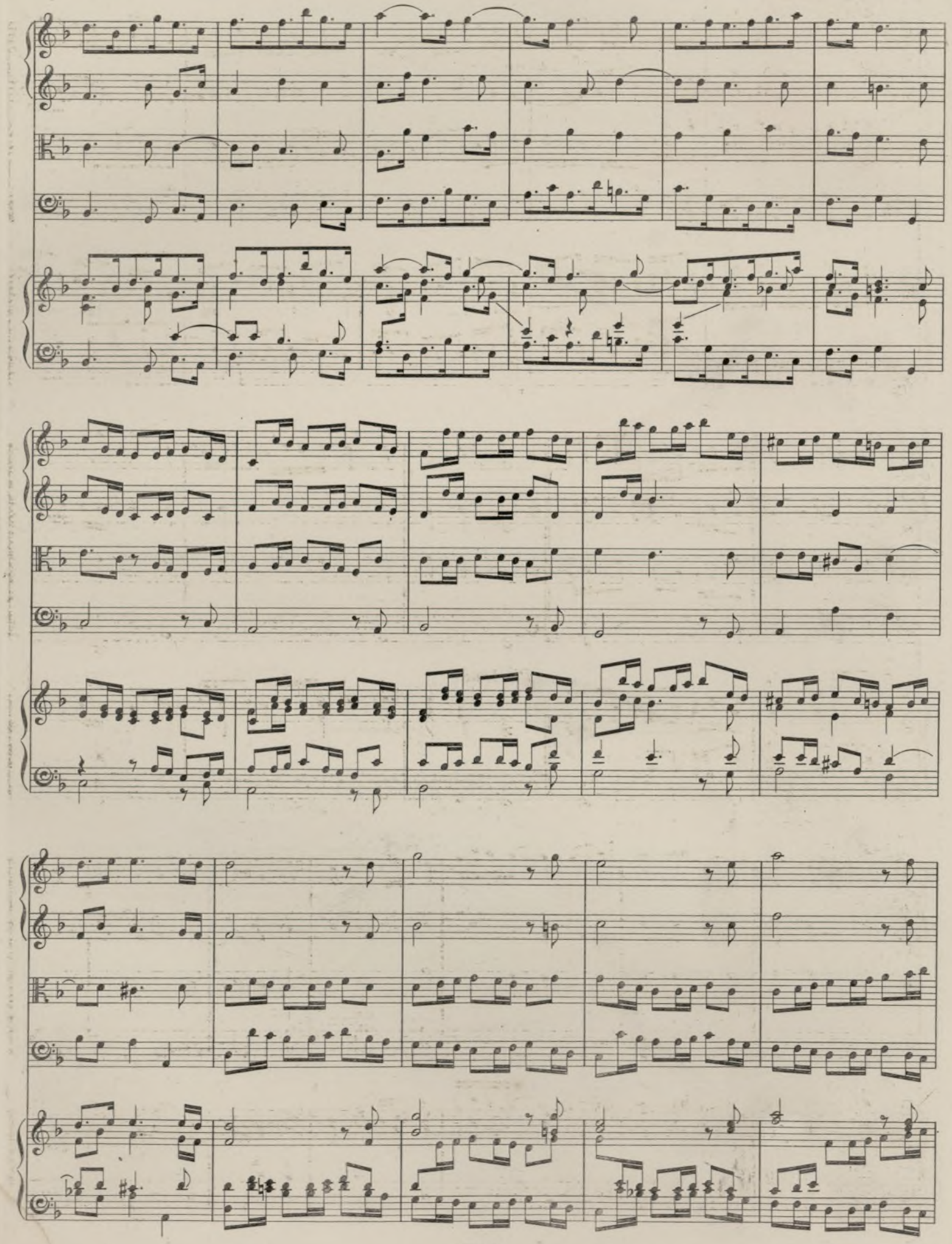
f

1. 2.

1. 2.

Allegro.

mf



Più lento.

II.

HORNPIPE.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Vivace.

f

III.

MINUET.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Tempo di Minuetto.

f

Repeat p

mf

Repeat p

IV.

AIR.

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

Viola.

Bass.

Adagio.

PIANO.

f

1. 2.

Repeat p

f

mp

cresc.

f

1.

2.

Repeat p

V.

HORNPIPE.

1st Violin.

2nd Violin.

Viola.

Bass.

Vivace.

PIANO.

f

Repeat p

f

mf

cresc.

f

Repeat p

VI.

MINUET.

SLOW AIR.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Andante sostenuto.

mp

p

cresc.

cresc.

p

VII.
MINUET.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Tempo di Minuetto.

f

Repeat p

mf

Repeat p

VIII.
AIR.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Andante.

1. 2.

1. 2.

p

mf

IX.

AIR.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Vivace.

f

Repeat p

f

mf

Repeat p

ACT II. SCENE I.

X.

SONG. *(Soprano)* CYNTHIA FROWNS.

Soprano Solo.

Cyn - thia frowns when e'er I woo her, Yet she's vexed, she's vexed if I give

Bass.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

mf

o - ver; Much, much she fears I should, I should un-do her, But much more, but much more, much

more to lose her lo-ver; Thus, thus in doubt-ing she re - fus - es

And not win - ning, and not win - ning, thus, thus, thus she lo - ses; And not win - ning,

and not win - ning, thus, thus, thus, thus, thus, thus she lo - ses.

Pri-thee Cyn - thia look be - hind you,

Andante.

mp *p* *cresc.*

Pri-thee Cyn - thia look be - hind you, Age and wrin-kles, age and wrin - kles

dim.

will — o'er - take you; Then, then too — late, too — late, too — late, then, then too —

late De - sire will find you, When the power —

— does — for - sake you.

mf

Think, think, think, O think, think, think, O —

think o'th' sad con - di - tion, To___ be past,_ yet wish, yet wish fru -

- i - tion to___ be past, be_____ past___ yet wish,_____ wish,_____

wish fru - i - tion, yet wish,_____ wish,_____ wish fru - - i - tion.

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE

I.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Allegro.

f

Repeat p

f

Repeat p

II.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Vivace.

f

Repeat *p*

f

Repeat *p*

III.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Allegro moderato.

f

Repeat p

f

Più lento.

IV.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Allegro vivace.

f

Repeat p

f

Repeat p

V.
OVERTURE.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

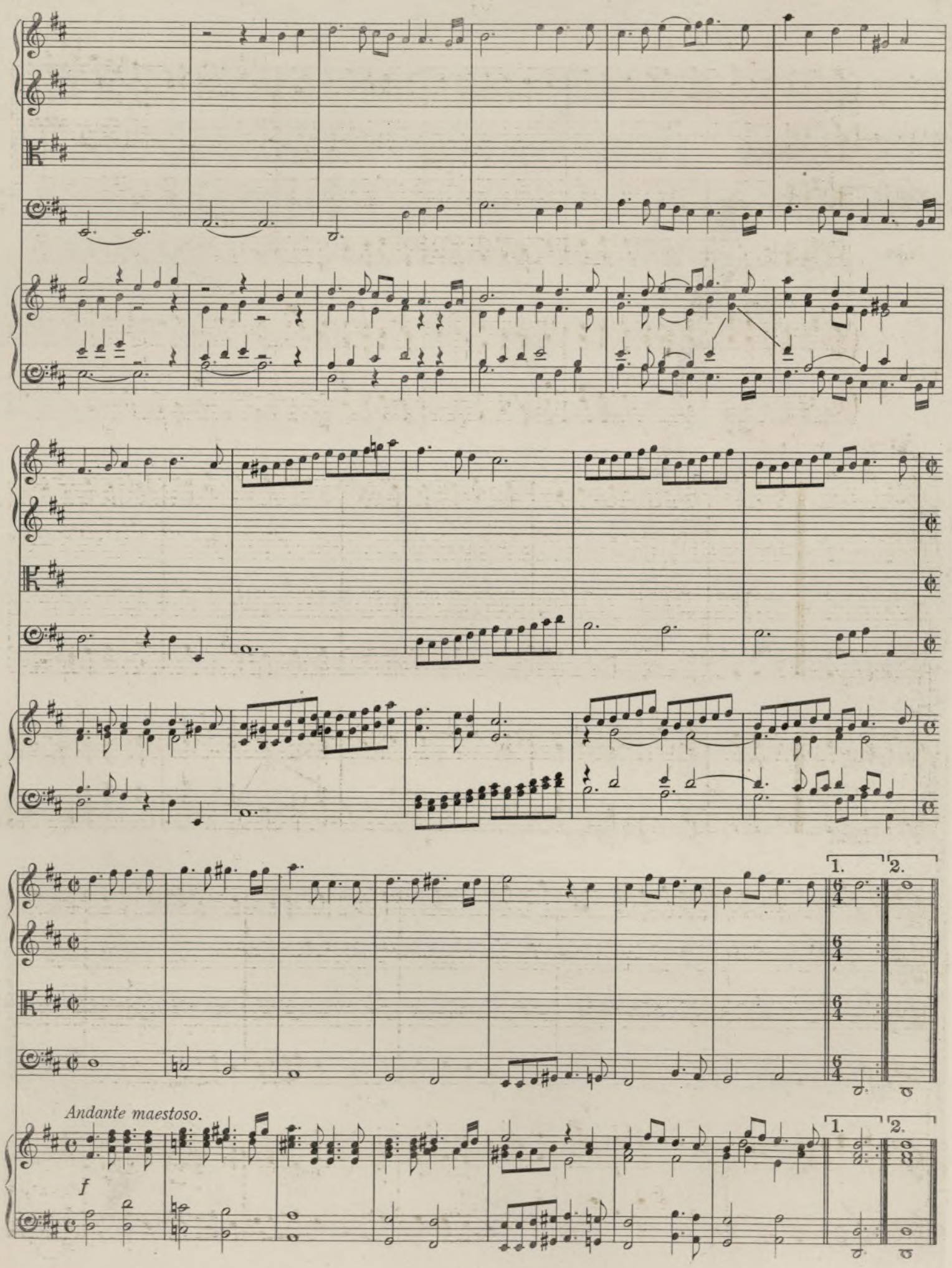
Andante maestoso.

f

1. 2.

Allegro.

Repeat p



1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Vivace.

f

Repeat p

f

Repeat p

VII.
ROUND O.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Allegro.

f

Fine.

D.C.

VIII.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Allegro.

f

Repeat p

f

IX.

1st Violin.
2nd Violin.
Viola.
Bass.
PIANO.

Tempo di Minuetto.

mf

Repeat p

cresc.

f

THE ENGLISH LAWYER.

ACT III.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES. MY WIFE HAS A TONGUE.

1 My wife has a tongue, as good as ere twanged; At eve-ry word she bids me be hanged.

2 She's ug-ly and old, And a curs - ed scold; With a dam - na-ble nun - quam sa-tis:

3 For her tongue and her tail, If ev - er they fail, The de-vil shall have her gra-tis.

EPSOM WELLS.

TWO-PART SONG. LEAVE THESE USELESS ARTS.

Tenor or Soprano. Leave, leave these use - less arts, leave, leave these use - less arts in lov - ing; Seem-ing an - - - - - - - ger and dis - dain; -dain. Trust, trust to na-ture, gently, gently,

Bass. Leave, leave these use-less arts, leave, leave these use-less arts in lov-ing, Seem-ing an - - - - - - - ger and dis - dain; -dain. Trust, trust to na-ture, gently, gently,

Bass.

Moderato.

PIANO.

gen-tly mov - - - ing, Na-ture ne-ver, ne-ver, ne - ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, ne - ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver,

gen-tly mov - - - ing, Na - ture ne-ver, ne-ver, ne - ver, ne-ver, ne-ver ne - ver, ne-ver, ne-ver

ne - ver pleads in vain; No - thing, no - thing guides a lov - er's pas - sion, no - thing guides a

ne - ver pleads in vain; No - thing, no - thing guides a lov - er's pas - sion, no - thing guides a

lov-er's pas-sion, Like, like the fair one's in - clin - a - tion, like the fair one's in - clin - a - tion. -a-tion.

lov-er's pas-sion, Like, like the fair one's in - clin - a - tion, like the fair one's in - clin - a - tion. -a-tion.

Novello & Company, Ltd. Engravers & Printers.

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