

50 [38]
A Catch for 3 Voices. By Mr. H. Purcell

DOWN, down with *Bacchus*, down, down with *Bacchus*; from this hour re-
nounce the Grapes Ty-ran-nick pow'r; whilst in our large, our large Cor-
Bowl, and mingling Vertue, mingling Ver-tue, chear the Sou-
with the French, down with the French, march on to Nantz for whose, for
fake weel con-quer France; and when, when th'inspiring Cups swell high, then
—gry, hun-gry juice with scorn, with scorn de-fy. Rouse, rouse, rouse, rouse
rouse Royal Boyes, your Forces joyn, to rout, to rout the *Monfieur* and his
Wine; then, then, then, then the next year, our Bowl shall be quaff'd,
un-der the Vines in *Bur-gun*—dy.

F I N I S.

51
THE SAURUS MUSICUS:
BEING, A
COLLECTION of the Newest SONGS

PERFORMED

At Their Majesties Theatres; and at the Conforts in
Viller-street in York-Buildings, and in *Charles-street*
Covent-Garden.

WITH A

Thorow-Bas to each SONG, for the *Harpsicord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol*.

To which is Annexed,

A Collection of *Airs*, Composed for two *Flutes*, by several Masters.

THE SECOND BOOK.



Licensed according to Order.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Heptinstall for John Hodgebutt, and are to be sold by John Money, Stationer,
at the Mitre in Mitre-Court in Fleet-street, at Henry Playford's Shop near the Temple-
Church, and at most Musick-Shops in Town. 1694.

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A New Scotch Song Sung at the Confort In York-Buildings, at the Entertainment of the Prince of Baden. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

SAWNEY is a Bonney, Bonney Lad, but Saw-ney
Kens it well; and Sawney might a Boon have had, but Saw-ney
loves to tell: He weens that I mun love him soon, gin Lo-vers now are
rare; But I'de as leif have none, as one whom twan-ty, twan-ty share.

II.

When anent your love you come,
Ah! Sawney were you true;
What tho' I seem to Frown and Gloom,
I ne're cou'd gang from you;
Yet still my Tongue doe what I can,
With muckle Woe denies;
Wa's me when once we like a Man.
It Boots not to be wif.

A Song in the last new Play call'd *Love Triumphant*, &c.
Set by Mr. *John Eccles*. Sung by a Girl.

YOUNG I am and yet un—skill'd, how to make a
Lo—ver yeild; how to keep, or how to gaine,
when to Love and when to Feign: Take me, take me some of
you, while I yet am young and true; e're I can my
Soul dis—guise, heave my Breasts, heave my Breasts and

II.

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to lye and to betray;
He that Love me first is blest,
For I may deceive the rest:
Could I find a blooming Youth,
Full of Love and full of Truth;
Brisk and of a *fantes* Meen,
I shou'd long to be Fifteen.

A Song set by Mr. *Godfry Finger*.

Think not Sighs or Tears can move, Pray'rs and Vows are ne're re—paid;
Those are common cheats in Love, dai—ly at our At—tars made:
Cu—pid's Vassals may dis—pair, use—less now are all his
Arts; They who hope to wound the fair, e—ver shoot with
Gol—den Darts.

A Song to a Ground by Mr. Henry Hall.

ted, en-char-m-ed by your Voice, en-char-m-ed by
your Voice and Face, in plea-sing Trance I fain-lye. I bleed, I bleed fair Nymph I bleed a-pace; and
now I lan-guith, now I dye, now, now, and now I

dye. Sin-g fair Nymph,
fin-g fair Nymph and let your Rays up-on
your pro-strate slave be shed, for An-gels Face, and
An-gels Voice, when-e're they please can raise, can raise the
dead, can raise the dead.

[6]

A Song set Mr. Robert King.

Is Love that al-ways strikes the fire, which spar-

—kles in our hearts, which sparkles in our hearts: A Soul its Vigour, a

Soul its Vigour don't inspire, re-mains like o-ther parts; And Po-ets

still in Wit im--prove, as more or less in-spir'd by Love, as

more or less in-spir'd by Love.

II.

If this be true, as sure it is,
 Can I remain so poor,
 And of its Portion ever miss,
 Who with such Zeal adore?
 Of all thy Bards, Love, tell me why
 Must only Strephon's Fleece be dry?

[7]

A Song in the Double-dealler, Sung by Mrs. Ayloff,
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Cimbia frowns when ere I Woe her, yet she's vex'd, she's vex'd if I give o-ver;

much, much she fears I shou'd, I shou'd undoe her, but much more, but much more, much

mo--re to lose her Lover; Thus, thus in

doubting she re-fu-fes, and not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus,

thus she loses; And not Winning, and not Winning, thus, thus, thus, thus,

thus, thus she loses: Prethee Cimbia look behind you,

prethee *Cynthia* look behind you, Age and Wrinkles, Age and Wrinkles

will o're--take you; Then, then too late, too late, too late, then, then to late De--

— fire will find you; When the po—w'r does

forfake you; Think, think, oh! think,

think, think, oh! think, oh! sad con—dition to be past, yet

with, yet with fru—ition; to be past, be past, yet with,

with, with fru—ition, yet with, with, with fru—ition.

A Song set by Mr. *Bowman* in the *Comedy* call'd
the *Double-dealer*.

Ancient *Phil-lis* has young Graces, young Gra—

ces; 'tis a strange thing, a strange but a true one; Shall I

tell you, tell you, tell you? Shall I tell you, how she her self shall make her

own Fa—cis; And each Morning, Morning, Morning, still wear's a new one;

where's the Won—der now, now, now, now? where's the Won—der now, now, now,

now? the Won—der now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now?

A Song set by Mr. Robert King, the Words by J. F.

W hen on her Eyes, when on her Eyes, my hap-py Star I gaze; A
 strange Commotion sei-ses ev'ry part; Fain wou'd I speak, fain wou'd I speak the Cause of
 my disease, but fear to tell the sto-ry of my heart. Her looks severe, yet
 so endearing awes; The Womens Envy, but Mankinds applause; Her looks severe, yet
 so en dear-ing awes; The Womens En-vy, but Mankinds applause.

A Song set by Mr. Henry Hall.

I N vain, in vain, in vain my fair Sylvia your pre—
 In vains, in vain my fair Sylvia, my fair Sylvia your pre—
 —fence I shun; No distance, no distance preserves, no distance pre—
 —fence I shun; No distance preserves, no, no, no distance preserves, pre—
 —serves from the source of your Darts; Where e-ver I goe, or where e-ver I run, your
 —serves from the source of your Darts; Where e-ver I goe, or where e-ver I run, your
 train of Ar—til-le-ry, your train of Ar—til-le-ry reaches my heart:
 train, your train of Ar—til-le-ry rea—ches my heart:

D

And a—las! a—las 'tis a fol—ly all the World muft needs

And a—las! a—las 'tis a fol—ly all the World muft needs

own, the in—fec—tion once ta—ken to fl — y, to fl —

own, the in—fec—tion once ta—ken to fl —

— y from the Town; And a—las 'tis a

— y from the Town; And a—las 'tis a

fol—ly all the world muft needs own, the in—fec—tion once ta—ken to fl —

fol—ly the world muft needs own, the in—fec—tion once ta—ken

y to fl — y, to fl — y from the

y, to fl — y, to fl — y from the Town, to

Town, to fl — y from the Town,

fl — y from the Town.

W H I L E, *Ga-la-the-a*, you design to gain a Conquest o're all Hearts,

take heed lest you your own re-sign, Love play's not id-ly with his Darts.

Be care-ful how you fan his Fire, and while you strive to give de-fire, you

do not fall, you do not fall, fall, do not fa——ll

in—to that Snare, which for your Lo—ver, which for your Lo—ver,

for your Lo—ver you pre-pare.

By Mr Henry Hall.

W H E N first I saw the brig——ht *Au-re-lia's* Eyes, when first I

saw the brig——ht *Au-re-lia's* Eyes; a suddain trem——

bling did my Limbs sur—prize, in ev'ry Vein, in ev'ry Vein I

felt a tin——gling, tingling smart, and a co—

ld faintness, and a co——ld faintness all a—rou—

nd my Heart, all a—rou—

E

nd my Heart: But oh! oh! oh!

oh! oh! the piercing, piercing pier—cing

joy, but oh! oh! oh! oh! the pleasing, plea—

—sing pain; And oh! and oh!

oh! oh! and oh! — may both ten—thou—

—find Years, ten—thou—find

yea—rs re—main, ten—thou—

—find years re—main, ten thou—

—find years re—main.

A New Song in the *Prophecies*, or the History of *Dioclesian*. Sung in the last Act. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

SINCE from my Dear, my dear, my dear since from my dear, my

dear, my dear, my dear, my dear A—fire—s's fight I was so

rude—ly torn, my Soul has ne—ver

never, never, has never, never, never known de-light, un-less it were
to mourn, to mourn, un-less, un-less it were to mourn, mourn. But
oh! a-las, a-las, with weep-ing Eyes, and bleeding, blee-ding
heart I lye; thinking on her, on her, whose ab-sence 'tis that makes me
with to dye, dye, dye, dye, makes me, makes me with to
dye, dye dye.

A Song for Two Voices, set by Mr. R. Courtivelle.

L Lu-cin-da is Young, and she's Witty; her humour is good, her
Lu-cin-da is Young, and she's Witty, her humour is
humour is Good, is Good, and she's Pritty; as Nature has le-gi-bly written,
good, her humour is Good, and she's Pritty; as Nature has le-gi-bly, le-gi-bly
and all that smile on her, smile on her are smitten; Her Face has a sin-gu-lar
written, and all that smile on her, smile on her are smitten; Her Face has a
Air in't, her Face has a sin-gu-lar Air in't, and yet what's as sweet, and yet what's as
sin-gu-lar Air in't, her Face has a sin-gu-lar Air in't, and yet what's as sweet, and

sweet, and yet what's as sweet, as sweet, as sweet, as what's rare in't:

yet what's as sweet, and yet what's as sweet, as sweet as what's rare in't:

rare in't. So love—ly Lu—

rare in't. So

—cin—da, fo love—ly Lu—

love—ly Lu—cin—da, fo

—cin—da, fo love—ly Lu—cin—da who

love—ly Lu—cin—da, fo love—ly Lu—

loves not, who loves not a Drefs, a drefs, a drefs by ad-mi-ring, it moves not, or

—cin—da, who loves not a Drefs, by ad-mi-ring, a drefs by ad-mi-ring, it moves not,

shou'd you your paf-sion dif-co-ver, or shou'd you your paf-sion dif-co-ver, she

or shou'd you your paf-sion dif-co-ver, or shou'd you your paf-sion dif-

looks, she looks uncon-cern'd, unconcern'd on the Lo-ver; and Cu-pid may

—co-ver, she looks uncon-cern'd, unconcern'd on the Lo-ver; and

wait, may wait a whole Quiver, and Cu-pid may wait, may wait a whole

Cupid may wait a whole Quiver, and Cupid may wait a whole

Quiver; I fear, I fear, I fear she'll re—sist him for e—ver, I

Quiver; I fear she'll re—sist him for e—ver, I fear she'll re—sist him, I

fear, I fear, I fear, fear, I fear she'll re—sist him, I

fear, she'll re—sist him, I fear she'll re—sist him, I fear she'll re—sist him for

fear she'll re—sist him for e—ver, I fear she'll re—sist him for

e—ver, re—sist him for e—ver, I fear she'll re—sist him for

e—ver, e—ver.

e—ver, e—ver.

A Song fet by Collonel *Pack*.

31

T Hat your Beauty may be laſting, to the Man you have al-low'd your

31

Charms, the li-ber-ty of taſting, li-ber-ty, li-ber-ty of taſting; let your

31

figh, your figh, your figh not make him proud; ſometimes keep your Beggar faſting, and

31

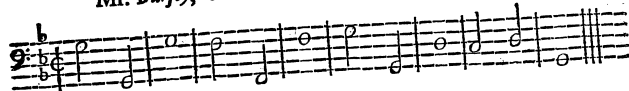
by neither want, by neither want or ſlore; Save his Ap-petite, ſave his Ap-petite

31

from waſting; He will always, always, always, always, always you a-dore.

G

**A New Song in the *Richmond-Heirefs*, the Words by
Mr. Dufey, to a Ground of Mr. Solomon Eccles.**

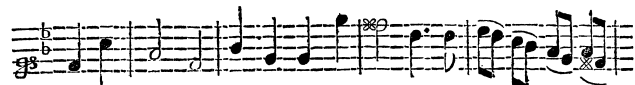


The Ground Bass.

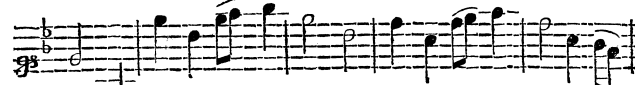
Subborn Church-di-vi-sion, Fol-ly and Am-bi-tion, caus'd with great De-ri-sion,
poor England's sad con-di-tion; Princes leave their Stations, by strange Ab-di-
ca-tions: New ones come to ease us, yet no-thing e're can please us, happy's the
Man then that shun's the Great, that pleasing himself in a Ru-ral State, with ease
and content; In a sweet retreat a-voids all Jar's and Faction, in his small Do-
minions vents no false O-pi-nions, nor deferts the true for Pa-
-pist or So-ci-nian, but sits down with his Freind's around, whilst the
Glas is crown'd, and the health's a-bound to the King and Queen the best in town;



the Fleet or Ar-mies Action, ar-gues still with Rea-son, speaks nor



hears no Treason, nor arraigns the Sense of five hun-dred Heads to



please One: Plaintiff or De-fen-dants, ne're get his at-tendance, he



wishes well to all, that are at White-hall, but he loves no Court de-



pendance; Books admires when Witty, good Musick and a Dit-ty, and



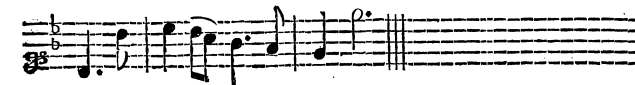
takes a Spouse to a-dorn his House that's rich and kind, and pret-ty;



merry, merry, merril-ly discards all sorrow; waril-ly does never, never



lend nor borrow, ge-ne-rouf-ly En-tert-ains his Friends to



day, and is the same to morrow.



I Never felt the pangs of Love, nor could the greatest Beau-ty Charm; a
Heart so steadfast none could move, till Ce-lia's brighter Eyes, till
Ce-lia's brighter Eyes kind-led a flame: She has cre-ated
such a pain, that all the world be-lides can't cure; I still must sigh, but
sigh in vain, for no one knows the tor-ments I en-dure.

II.

Where e're I go I view the Fair,
But still my *Celia* does excell;
All beauteous Objects pleasing are,
But she the fairest, she the fairest in my heart,
My heart doth dwell:
Since I am wounded with a Dart,
Shot from thy Quiver, mighty Love;
O wound my lovely Charmer's heart,
Or all my earthly Joys by Death remove.

A Song in King *Arthar*, set by Mr. Henry Purcell.


Ound a par-ly yee fair and fur-ren-der, found, found, found, found a par-
ly yee fa-ir, a par-ly yee fair, and fur-found a par-ly yee fair, found a par-
ly yee fair and fur-render; set your selves and your Lover's at ease:
render; set your selves and your Lover's at ease: He's a
gratefull, a gratefull of-fen-der who pleasure, who pleasure, who pleasure.

sure dare feize, but the whine-ing pre-ten-der, the whineing pre-
 sure dare feize, but the whining, the whining pre-
 tender is sure to displease. Sound a parly yee fair and fur-ren-der,
 ten-der is sure to dis-please, found, found, found, found a parly yee
 found, found, found, found a par-ly yee fair, found, a
 fair and fur-ren-der, found a par-ly yee fair; found a par-
 par-ly yee fair and fur-ren-der; since the fruit of de-fire is pos-
 ly yee fair and fur-render: since the fruit of de-fire is pos-

-selling, 'tis un-man-ly to figh, 'tis un-man-ly to figh and complain; When we
 -selling, 'tis un-man-ly to figh, 'tis un-man-ly to figh and com-plain;
 kneel for re-dressing, when we kneel for re-dressing, we mo-
 When we kneel for re-dressing, when we kneel for re-dressing we
 -ve your dif-dain; Love was made for a blessing, a
 mo-ve your dif-dain; Love was made, love was

blef-sing, Love was made, love was made for a blef-

made, love was made for a blef sing, love was made for a blef-sing, was

sing, and not for a pain, love was made for a

bleffing, was made for a bleffing and not for a pain.

A Song in the last new Play call'd *Love Triumphant*, &c.
Set by Mr. *John Eccles*, and Sung by Mrs. *Hudson*.

W Hat state of life can be so blest, as love that warms a lo-vers breast;

two souls in one the same de--fire, to grant the blifs and to require; but

if in Heav'n a Hell we find, 'tis all from thee, oh! Jealousie, oh! oh! oh!

oh! oh! Jealousie, thou tyrant, tyrant, Jealousie thou ty-rant,

Jealousie, oh! oh! oh! oh! Jealousie, oh! oh! oh! Jealousie thou

ty-rant of the mind.

All other Ills tho' sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect love;
In absence or unkind disdain,
Sweet hope relieve the lover's pain;
But oh! no cure but death we find,
To set us free from Jealousie.

Oh! oh! &c.

Fall's in thy glass all Objects are,
Some set too near, and some too farr,
Thou art the fire of endless night,
The fire that burns, and gives no Light;
All Torments of the damn'd we find,
In only thee, oh! Jealousie.

A Song in the last new Play call'd *Love Triumphant*, &c.
Set by Mr. H. Purcell, and Sung by Mrs. Ayliiff.

How happy's the Husband, how happy's the Husband whose
Wife has been try'd, has been try'd; not damn'd to the Bed, not damn'd to
the Bed of an ig-no-rant Bride: se-cure of what's left, se-cure of what's left he
ne're misses the rest, but where there's enough, enough, enough, but where there's e-
—nough sup—poses a Feast; so foreknowing the cheat he escapes the deceit, and in
spight of the curse he resolves, he resolves to be blest; and in spight of the

curse he resolves, he resolves to be blest, he resolves to be blest, he re—
solves, he resolves to be blest.
II.
If Children are blessings,
His Comfort's the more,
Whose Spouse has been known
To be fruitfull before;
And the Boy that she brings,
Ready made to his Hand,
May stand in his stead
For an Heir to his Land:
If his own prove a Sot,
When 'tis lawfully got;
As when ere it is so,
If it don't 't be hang'd.

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

Leave, leavethese useles Arts, leave, leave thoe use—les Arts in loving; seeming
Leave, leavethese useles Arts, leave, leave these useles Arts in loving,
an—ger and dis—dain:
seem—ing an—ger and dis—dain:

Trust, trust to nature gently, gently, gently mo—ving, nature

Trust, trust to nature, gently, gently, gent—ly, mo—ving,

never, never, never, never, never, never, never, never, ne—ver pleads in vain;

nature, never, never, never, never, never, ne—ver, never, never, ne—ver pleads in vain;

nothing, nothing guides a lo—vers passion, nothing guides a lo—vers passion, like, like

nothing, nothing guides a lovers passion, nothing guides a lovers passion, like, like

the fair ones in—cli—nation, like the fair ones in—cli—nation.

the fair ones in—cli—nation, like the fair ones in—cli—nation.

(1) Boree. Mr. Banisters First and Second Trebles.

(2) Minuet.

(1) Boree.

(2) Minuet.

Mr. Pefable's First Trebles.

(1)



(2) Paspe.



(3)



Mr. Pefable's Second Trebles.

(1)



(2)

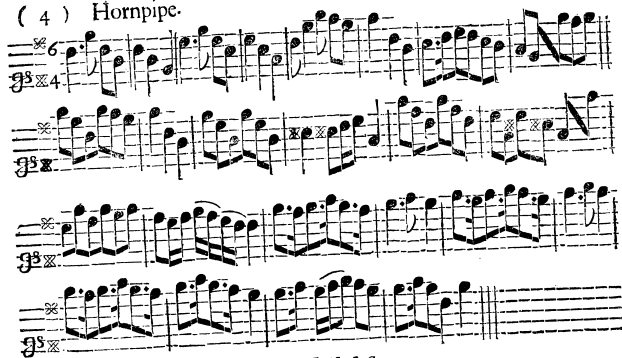


(3)



First Trebles.

(4) Hornpipe.



FINIS.

(1) Round O.



(2) Slow Air.



Second Trebles.

(4) Hornpipe.



FINIS.

(1) Round O.



(2) Slow Air.



Mr. Robert King's First Trebles.

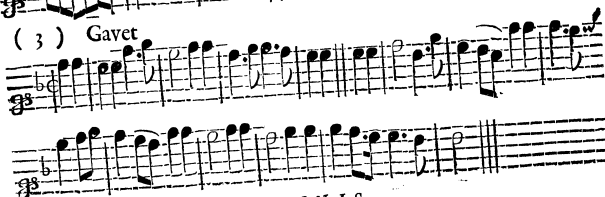
(1) Round O.



(2) Minuet.



(3) Gavet.



FINIS.

Mr. Robert King's Second Trebles.

(1) Round O.



(2) Minuet.



(3) Gavet.



FINIS.

(1) Trumpet.

First Trebles.



(2)



(1) Trumpet.

Second Trebles.



(2)

