A Collection

of

TWENTY FOUR SONGS

By English Composers of
the 17th & 18th Centuries.

FROM LAWES TO LINLEY.

Edited by G. E. P. Arkwright.

PARKER & SON,
27 Broad-street, Oxford. 1908.
PREFACE.

HENRY LAWES (1595—1662) is known by name to many readers who have never heard his music, because of his association with more than one of the poets of his time. Herrick praised him, "the excellent Composer of his Lyricks," and Milton wrote a sonnet in commendation of his music, which, though it is familiar to all, is here reprinted exactly as it appeared in Lawes's Choice Psalms, 1648.

To my Friend Mr. Henry Lawes.

Harry, whose tuneful and well measur'd song
First taught our English Music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas cares, committing short and long.
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envie to look wan:
To after age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth Aire couldst humour best our tongue.
Thou honour'dst Verfe, and Verfe must lend her wing
To honour thee, the Priest of Phoebus Quire,
That tun'ft their happiest Lines in hymne or *story.

Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Then his Cefalla, whom he wo'd to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

J. Milton.

Milton's "magnificent compliment," if allowance is made for a certain poetical over-statement, gives on the whole a just criticism of Lawes's work. If we leave out of count the Polyphonic writers (who had their own difficulties of accentuation and their own methods of overcoming them), it is true to say that Lawes's immediate fore-runners in the monodic style, his master Coprario, for instance, and the younger Alfonso Ferrabosco were
reckless in the matter of "spanning words with just note and accent," an art to which Lawes evidently paid great attention. His songs, again, though many of them are of very slight importance, often the merest trifles, always show some amount of "smooth Aire"; while in the longer declamatory songs he undoubtedly tries to give just expression to the varying sentiments suggested by the verses, and he is the first English writer who may be said to attempt to put any dramatic feeling (however inadequately) into his music. But his essays in this kind of music, such as Arisbane's Complaint, which Milton singles out for praise, must generally fail to satisfy modern hearers. For where the voice has assigned to it nothing but a primitive kind of recitative interest and movement will be looked for in the accompaniment, where, in Lawes's work, it is not to be found. Musical art in Lawes's day was not sufficiently advanced to make a long narrative, devised on these lines, tolerable to modern ears. If critics expect to find among his works 'big songs full of sustained musical interest, after the manner of Purcell's great pieces of dedication, they will be disappointed. Lawes indeed helped to prepare the way for Purcell, but there was a lapse of some half a century between the two composers, and Music advanced far in the interval.

Five of Lawes's songs are given in the present volume. Of these, two (How happy and Come lovely Phillis) were printed in the First Book of Playford's "Select Mufecall Ayres and Dialogues, For one and two Voyces, to finge to the Theorbo, Lute, or Baffè Viell," 1652. The other three songs are from Lawes' "Ayres and Dialogues, For One, Two, and Three Voyces," 1653. Desperato's Banquet is one of the songs from Dr. Strode's Masque, "The Floating Island," which was performed at Oxford in 1636 before Charles I. and his Queen. It may be supposed that Lawes wrote all the music for this Masque, for his setting of another of the songs from it, Once Venus cheeks, is to be found in the Third Book of "Select Ayres and Dialogues." Desperato, it should be explained, is one of the characters in the Masque, which has lately been reprinted by Mr. Dobell in his edition of Strode's Works, 1907.

John Blow (1648—1708) is one of the chief figures in English Church music; he was moreover a prolific composer of other kinds of music; and

* Other songs from the Masque are in the British Museum, Add. MSS. 20396.
he was Purcell's master. It is impossible to tell exactly what was the musical relation between these two great composers, nor how they influenced each other, until the complete works of both are accessible, with dates. It seems likely, however, that Purcell's indebtedness to Blow has hardly been sufficiently recognized. It is probable that Blow's original mind was able to lead the way in many directions where Purcell's greater genius speedily surpassed the master. In comparison with what Purcell accomplished, Blow's attempts seem immature and his methods uncertain; but Purcell's finer work was none the less in many cases the fruit of suggestions which originated with Blow.

*The Fair Lover* in this volume is taken from the "Amphion Anglicus," a collection of Blow's songs published in 1700. The other little song is from the "Gentleman's Journal" for September, 1692.

*Henry Purcell* (1658 or 9—1695) was the first in date of the three great giants who summed up, each in his different way, the music of the preceding century. That his place by the side of Handel and Bach is not yet entirely secure in popular opinion is not due to inferiority of genius in Purcell; but simply to the fact that when he died, music had not quite fully acquired what may be called the modern idiom; and so his manner of expressing himself seems occasionally to be somewhat old-fashioned. Again, the materials of his art were as yet not perfectly developed, and the means at his command (it may be admitted) sometimes seem inadequate to give just expression to his imagination. Purcell's music, therefore, must always appeal to the student rather than to the general public.

Historians have been fond of speculating as to what would have happened to English music if Purcell had reached old age. One thing is certain, that he would have left us many more master-pieces, for his work was by no means finished, and his genius was still developing up to the moment of his death. On the other hand, if he had lived, Handel would never have come to make his home in England, and the Oratorios would never have been written: so what we have lost in Purcell the world has gained in Handel. But we must not assume that Purcell could ever have founded a school in England (unless a circle of mimics is to be called a school) any more than Handel could. When these great masters had said their say, the last word had been spoken in Music, in that kind.
Music could advance no farther along those particular lines, and it became necessary to find a new opening, a by-way leading out of the old road indeed, but leading into new and unexplored regions. It happened to be in Germany that the genius made his appearance, who by chance or inspiration found out a new path, along which (as it turned out) music was going to make its advance. This was the younger Bach; and thenceforward the history of music belongs mainly to Germany, where all the conditions necessary for its development were to be found. Handel is not to blame, as some historians seem to suppose, because music in England becomes of little interest after his time, nor if Purcell had lived longer could he have altered the course of events.

The two first songs given here are taken from the "Gentleman's Journal," a monthly magazine, edited by Peter Motteux. Of these, _Jesu, joy of man's desiring_ from the number for January, 1691-2, is thus introduced by the Editor:—"You have here the two new Songs which I promised to send you every Month. The first is by Mr. Purcell, to whom I must own my self doubly oblig'd, for he hath not onely made the Notes extremely fine, but nicely adapted them to my Words: I am not without hopes of having the Honour to have it sung before her Majesty." The song is also in the 1st Edition of the "Orpheus Britannicus," 1698, wrongly marked as if it were a song which had not before been printed. It is omitted in the 2nd Edition. The other song, _If Music be the Food of Love_, is taken from the June number of the "Gentleman's Journal," 1692. There is another quite different setting of these words by Purcell in the "Orpheus Britannicus."

The song, _Celia has a Thousand Charms_, was sung in Gould's Play, "The Rival Sisters," produced in 1695. _I see she flies me_ was introduced into Dryden's "Aureng-Zebe" at a revival of the play perhaps in 1692 or 1694 (see Mr. Barclay Squires' "Purcell's Dramatic Music" in the International Music Society's Magazine, 1903-4). Both the latter songs are in all the Editions of the "Orpheus Britannicus," Book I.

Richard Leveridge (c. 1670—1758) was in his day a well-known bass singer. "I remember (says Burney in 1789) his singing 'Ghofts of every occupation' and several of Purcell's bafe songs, occasionally, in a style which forty years ago seemed antediluvian; but as he generally was the representative of Pluto, Neptune, or some ancient divinity, it corresponded perfectly with his figure and character. He was not only a celebrated
finger of convivial songs, but the writer and composer of many that were in great favour with singers and bearers of a certain claf, who more piously performed the rites of Cunus and Bacchus, than those of Minerva and Apollo." He published "A Collection of Songs, with the Musick, by Mr. Leveridge. In Two Volumes," 1727, whence this little song is taken.

William Boyce (1710—1779). So long as Handel was in occupation of England, there was not much room for other composers, however meritorious they might be. There were nevertheless, a few Englishmen who found employment in departments of music which Handel had not cared to annex, especially as composers of Church Music, and as writers of English Operas, and of songs for the Public Gardens. They were not, it is true, men of the first rank, but neither were they (as is often supposed) mere hangers-on to Handel; indeed, as far as one can judge, they derived their inspiration less from Handel than from the contemporary Italian writers. Among them, Boyce will probably be accounted, as a song writer, second only to Arne. Boyce had not Arne's easy spontaneity, but he displays more vigour and more variety than can be found in Arne's rather monotonous flow of melody. If his tunes are never quite so good as Arne's best, they are never so insipid as his less good. Boyce's collections of songs, and his little Operas, "The Chaplet" and "The Shepherds' Lottery," contain much pretty and tuneful music, and so does his Serenata "Solomon," while his Church Compositions, especially his larger Festival Anthems, are among the most important contributions to music made by any Englishman of his period.

The song of Momus from Dryden's "Secular Masque" (written apparently for a revival in 1750) has a Violin part, and Venus' song has parts for two Violins (or perhaps Flutes) which are incorporated in the accompaniment. These two songs are taken from Book 1 of "Lyra Britannica," a collection of songs by Boyce. The spirited Bass song, "Rail no more" (which has full string accompaniment), is from the 5th Book of the same Collection. The Soprano song from "The Shepherds' Lottery" is scored for Strings and Flutes.

Thomas Augustine Arne (1710—1778) was a most prolific song writer: indeed he wrote far too easily and far too much. Amongst the interminable
quantity of his songs there are many which are without any value whatever, but there are others which have always been recognized as genuine inspirations: he was indeed the composer of some of the best and most popular songs in the literature of English music.

_O come, O come my dearest_, sung by Mrs. Clive in "The Fall of Phaeton," 1736, and printed with the songs in "As you like it" in 1740, is written for voice and figured bass, with a Violin part; as is also _To Delia_, sung by Miss Young at Raebelagh, printed in No. VII. of the Collection of Arne's songs called "The Agreeable Musical Choice."

_Hail immortal Bacchus_ from "Judith" has an accompaniment for Strings, and so has the Soprano song from "Alfred." _The School of Anacreon_ is the first of a set of "Six Cantatas for a Voice and Instruments;" it is scored for two Horns as well as Strings.

_Thomas Linley_ (1732—1795) is probably most generally known as the Bath music-master, whose daughter eloped with Sheridan. He wrote the music for many pieces for the stage (including his son-in-law's "Duenna"), and was a graceful composer of songs and part-music. The three little songs here printed are taken from his "Twelve Ballads" published in 1780. They are written for voice and accompaniment of "Cembalo Solo."

With Linley a collection of this kind may fitly end. Both in the sentiment of his songs and in the treatment of his accompaniments we begin to perceive a change from the feeling and methods of his predecessors: and the weak goose-step of his basses (which make a pretence of moving but are really only marking time) warns us that we are now approaching the 19th century and the _Era_ of the Piano-forte.

The Editor has occasionally added a few bars of introductory symphony or ritornello, where it seemed desirable, and has in many cases transposed the songs into a lower key than that in which they were originally printed. The words also have been modernised in one or two of the earlier songs, as also have the time-signatures throughout.
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SONGS

BY ENGLISH COMPOSERS,

FROM LAWES TO LINLEY.
ON LIBERTY.
HOW HAPPY THOU AND I.

HENRY LAWES.
1692

Vivace.

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

how happy thou and I that never knew how to love! There's

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

no such blessing here beneath, what' e'er there is above. 'Tis

\[ \text{Music notation} \]
Liberty, 'tis Liberty, that every wise man loves. Out, out upon those Eyes, that think to murder me! And he's an Ass believes her fair that will not leave him free: There's no thing sweet, there's no thing
sweet to man but Li - ber - ty, I'll tie - my
heart to none nor yet con - fine mine eyes, But I will
rove at Li - ber - ty and be no wo - man's prize: 'Tis
Li - ber - ty, 'tis Li - ber - ty, has made me now thus wise.
DESPERATO'S BANQUET.
(THE FLOATING ISLAND.)

Words by Dr WILLIAM STRODE.

HENRY LAWES.
1596

Slow.

 mf

Come heavy Souls, oppressed with the weight of

mf

cresc.

crimes and pangs or want of your delight; Come drown in Le-the's

cresc.

mf

sleep-y Lake what-ev-er makes you ache; Drink healths from polish-ed
bowls, breathe out your cares to-geth-er with your Souls;

Cool Death's a Salve that all may have; there's no dis-tinc-tion in the grave

Lay down your loads be-fore Death's Iron door, Sigh,

and sigh out, groan once and groan no more.
CORIDON to his PHILLIS.
COME LOVELY PHILLIS.

HENRY LAWES.

1. Come lovely
2. Sweet, still be

Phil - lis, Since it thy will is To crown thy
smil - ing: 'Tis sweet be - guil - ing Of ted - ious

Cor - ri - don with daf - fo - dil - lies; With man - y
hours and sor - rows best ex - il - ing: For if you
kiss - es As sweet as this is I will re -
low - er The banks no pow - er Will have to

- pay to mul - ti - ply thy bliss - es. Here will I
bring forth an - y plea - sant flow - er. Your eyes not

hold thee And thus en -Fold thee, Free from harms With -
grant - ing Their rays en -chant - ing. My bright day Will

in these arms. fade a - way.
ANACREON'S ODE, CALL'D, THE LUTE.

Moderato.

I long to sing the siege of Troy,
or Thebes which Cadmus reared so high; But tho' with hand and voice I strove, my Lute will sound nothing but Love.

Enlisted by Mr. John Berkenhead.

HENRY LAWES.
I chang'd the strings but 'twould not do; At last I took an other

Lute; And then I tried to sing the praise of All

performing Hercules. But when I sung Alcides'

name My Lute re-sounds Love, Love, again.
Quicker.

Then fare-well all ye Grecian Peers and

all true Trojan Cavaliers: Nor Gods nor

Men may Lute can move 'Tis dumb to

cresc.

all but Love, Love, Love.
NIGHT AND DAY, TO HIS MISTRESS.

Words by CAREW.

Music by HENRY LAWES.
1653

Moderato.

If when the Sun at Noon displays His brighter rays

Thou but appear: He then all pale with shame and fear, Quencheth his

light, and grows more dim Composed to thee, than Stars to him.
If thou but show thy face again, when darkness doth at midnight reign; Darkness flies, and light is hurled Round about the silent world; so, as alike, thou driv'st away Both light and darkness, night and day.
THE FAIR LOVER AND HIS BLACK MISTRESS.

Allegretto.

Oh, Ni-gro-cel-la,
Oh, Ni-gro-cel-

Oh, Ni-gro-cel-la, don't des-pise a

lo-ver's trem-blitg,
trembling flame, Oh, Ni-gro-cel-la,

Oh, Ni-gro-cel-la, a passion kind

died by your Eyes, you can not justly blame; Oh, Ni-gro-

Oh, Ni-gro-cel-la, un-hap-py me,
Had you been fair, you had been kind—sure; Were I as
black as Leda's hair, you should not thus endure.

Come, Nigrocelia,
come, Nigrocelia,
tell the truth, who, who's the Alex -

-is of your soul?

Come, Ni-gro-cel -

-la, you burn for some fair scorn - ing

youth; Take heed, you burn not to a coal;
BOASTING FOPS.

Words by
PETER MOTTEUX.

Moderato.

Dr. BLOW.

1892

Boasting Fops, who court the Fair
For the Fame of being.

Love and Bird's ing are allied,
Baits and Nets alike, they loved;
You who daily praying are
Of the Hearts your Charms have

have;

The same Arts in both are tried
The unwar. y to.

en.
mov’d; slave: Still be vain in Talk and Dress,

But while shadows you pursue, Own that some who
boast it less, May be blest as much as you.

and in Love, While we talk, it flies a way.
STRIP OF THEIR GREEN.

Words by
PETER MOTTEUX.

HENRY PURCELL.
1692

Rather slow.

Stript of their green our_ Groves ap-pear, our vales lie bur-ied_

depth in snow, the blow ing North con-trols the_

Air, a nipping cold chills all be-low._
low. The Frost has glaz'd our deepest streams, Phoebus with draws

his kindly beams, Phoebus with draws

his kindly beams,
Rather Quick.

Yet Winter, blest be thy return, thou'st brought the Swain for whom I us'd to mourn. Yet And in thy

Ice with pleas - ing flames we burn - and in thy Ice with plea -
Tempo I.

Too soon the Sun's reviving beam will thaw thy ice and melt thy Snow; Trumpets will sound and Drums will beat, and tell me the dear, dear Youth must go; Too go; Then
must my unwilling Arms resign him

cresc.
up to stronger Charms, resign him

cresc.
up to stronger Charms.

Rather quick.

What Flowers, what sweets, what beautiful thing When Damon's
gone can ease or pleasure bring? What Win...

cresc...

- ter brings Da-mon, Win - ter

cresc.

is my Spring Win - ter brings Da-mon, Win

- ter is my Spring.
IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE.

Words by
COL. HEVENINGHAM.

HENRY PURCELL.
1692

If Music be the food of Love, sing on, sing on, sing

on, sing on, till I am fill'd, am fill'd with joy: For

then my listening Soul you move, for then my listening—
Soul, you move to pleasures that can never clout. Your Eyes, your Mien, your Tongue declare that you are Music everywhere; Your Eyes, your Mien, your Tongue declare that you are Music everywhere.
Pleasures invade both Eye and Ear so fierce, so fierce, so fierce, so
die, so fierce, the transports are, they wound, and
all my senses feasted are, and all my senses
feasted are, tho' yet the Treat is
Only sound. Sing on, fair Nymph, enchant me still; Such charms may wound, they cannot kill;

Sing on, fair Nymph, enchant me still, such charms may wound, they cannot kill.
CELIA HAS A THOUSAND CHARMS.
(THE RIVAL SISTERS.)

Words by
ROBERT GOULD.

HENRY PURCELL.
1695.

Moderato.

Celia has a thousand, thousand, thou-

sand charms; Twere Heav’n ’twere Heav’n to die with-

in her arms: While I stand
gazing on her face Some new and some resistless grace Fills with fresh magic all the place; While I stand gazing on her face Some

new and some resistless grace Fills with fresh magic all the place.
Moderato.

But while the Nymph I thus adore,

but while the Nymph I thus adore,

thus adore, I should my wretched, wretched, wretched

For Oh! Mir-til-lo, oh! Mir-til-lo, have a

Fate deplore; For Oh! Mir-til-lo, oh! Mir-til-lo, have a
care, have a care, Her sweet-ness is beyond com-pare, But

then she's false, she's false, but then she's false, she's false, as

well as fair; Have a care, have a care, have a care, Mir-ti-lo, have a

care, Mir-ti-lo, have a care, have a care, have a care, have a care.
I see she flies me,

(AURENG-ZERE)

HENRY PURCELL.
1602-1694

Words by
DRYDEN.

I see, I see she flies me, she

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

flies me, I see, she flies me, she

flies me, she flies me, she flies me every
where, she flies me ev'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

cresc.

dim poco rit.

fate, since 'tis my fate to love her, since 'tis my fate to love her.
Rather slow.

Were she but kind, kind, were she but kind,

kind, whom I adore, I might live long

er, but not love

her more; were she but kind
kind, were she but kind, whom I adore, I might live longer, but not love her more.
ADVICE.

R. LEVERIDGE.

Lightly.

Maidens, beware ye, Love will entice ye. If you but look and lend your Ear: Words will determine ye. Sighs will trepan ye. Tears will draw you into the
Snare, then in time beware. Daily you'll find it, if you'll but mind it, how many maids false men betray: Let this concern ye, let their fall learn ye from the danger to run away, run, run away.
The Song of Momus to Mars.

(From Dryden's "Secular Masque")

Allegro assai.

Thy sword within the Scabbard keep and

let mankind agree; let mankind agree, let mankind agree;

Better the world were fast asleep than kept awake by Thee; than
kept a - wake by Thee;

kept a - wake by Thee,  

kept a - wake by Thee.

bett - ter the World were fast a - sleep than

bett - ter fast a - sleep than

bett - ter fast a - sleep than

Thy

Thy

The
Pioneers only thinner, with all our Cost and Care,
But neither Side a Winner, For things are as they were,
cresc.
things are as they were, things are as they were;
The Fools are only thinner with all our Cost and Care,
But
Neither Side a winner, For things are as they were,

Things are as they were, Things are as they were;

Neither side a winner, for things are as they were.
THE SONG OF VENUS.

(FROM DRYDEN'S "SECULAR MASQUE")

DR BOYCE.
1750

Amoroso.

PEAR when storms are past,
Calm appearances when storms are past;

Love will have his hour at last.
Nature is my kindly care, Mars destroys and I repair.

Take me, while you may, Venus comes not every day,

Take me, take me, while you may.
comes not ev'ry day,

Take me, take me,

while you may,

Ve-nums comes not ev'ry day,

Ve-nums comes not ev'ry day.
YE NYMPHS OF THE PLAIN.
(THE SHEPHERDS' LOTTERY.)

Words by MOSES MENDES.

Andante assai.

1. Ye Nymphs of the plain, who once saw me so gay,
   You lovers so true, that attend on my bier,
   And ask why in sorrow I spend all the day:
   'Tis love, cruel love, that my think that my fortune has proved too severe:
   Ah! curb not the sigh, nor re-
peace did be-tray: Then crown your poor Phil-is with willow. The bloom which once
fuse the kind tear: Then strew all the place round with willow. Erect me a
graced, has de-sert-ed this cheek; My eyes no more spar-kle, my tongue can scarce
tomb and en-grave on its side, Here lies a poor maid-en, whose love was de-
speak; My heart too so flut-ters, I fear it will break. Then crown your poor Phil-is with
-nied; She strove to en-dure it, but could not, and died. Then shade it with Cypress and
willow, willow.
willow.
RAIL NO MORE YE LEARNEDASSES.

Allegro assai.

1. Rail no more, ye learned Ass- ses against the joys the Bowd sup-
2. Draw the scene for wit and pleasure En- ter jol- li- ty and'

-plies; Sound its depth and fill your glass-ses, Wis- dom at the bot- tom lies.
Joy: We for think-ing have no lei- sure, Man-ly mirth is our em-ploy.
Fill them higher still and higher; Shallow draughts perplex the brain; Sipping quenches all our fire. Bumpers light it up again.

Since in life there's nothing certain Well the present hour end.

And when Death shall drop the curtain With applause we'll quit the stage.

Sipping quenches all our fire. Bumpers light it up again.

-pleasse will quit the stage.
O COME, O COME MY DEAREST.

(THE FALL OF PHARON.)

DI ARNE.

Moderato.

O come, O come, my dearest, and hither bring Thy lips adorn'd with all the blooming Spring. O blooming Spring, A
thousand thousand sweets their fragrant atoms blend,
Which in a gale of joy, Which in a gale of joy
thy breath at-tend; Thy Love in gentle murmurs to my soul ap-ply,
heal me with kisses, Oh heal me with kisses, or else I die, or else I die, A else I die.
TO DELIA.

Andante.

1. Soft pleasing Pains sometimes at Midnight tell, ye Shades, that

known before My beating Bosom feels; When I behold the
do I stray, Beneath inclement Skies; And there my true De-
fold my Fair, And all my bliss contain, Ah! why should ye those
bliss-ful Bow'y Where dea-rest De-lia dwells. That way I dai-ly
-vo-tion pay, To De-lia's sleep-sealed eyes. So pi-ous Pil-grims
Bless-ings share For which I sigh in vain. But let me not at

drive my Flock: (Ah, hap-py, hap-py Vale!) There
night-ly roam With te-di-ous Tra-vel faiut, To
Fate re-pine And thus my Griefs im-part, She's

look and wish, and while I look, My Sighs in-crease the Gale, My
kiss a-lone the Clay-cold Tomb, Of some loved fav-rite Saint, Of
not your Ten-ant, She is mine: Her Man-sion is my Heart, Her

Sighs in-crease the Gale. 2. Some
some loved fav-rite Saint.
Man-sion is my Heart. 3. O
HAIL IMMORTAL BACCHUS.

(JUDITH.)

Con spirito.

Hail,
hail, immortal Bacchus

Hail immortal Bacchus, known

zone, by thy vine-circled zone,

By the crew that on thee wait

Thy rosy
Hi - ther

vest - ed like the God With thine I - vy wreath and rod Hi - ther

Hi - ther

vest - ed like the God With thine I - vy wreath and rod, Hi - ther
come in jolly pride

And o'er thy

festive rites pre-side.

Hall,

hail, immortal Bacchus

immortal Bacchus

Hither vested like the God

With thine ivy wreath and
rod
Hi- ther come in jol- ly pride And o'er thy

festive rites pre- side Hi- ther come in jol- ly pride And o'er thy festive rites pre- side.

Sta al Fine.
ARISE SWEET MESSENGER OF MORN.

(ALFRED.)

ARNE.
1740

Cheerfully.

1. A-rise, a-rise, Sweet mes-sen-ger of morn.
Morn, ap-ears, a ro-sy, ro-sy hue
Nymph be like, be like the blush-ing Dawn

With thy mild, mild beams this Isle ad-orn,
Steals soft o'er yon-der o-rien blue
That gai-ly bright-ens o'er the lawn,

With thy mild, mild
beams this isle ad-orn.

For long as Shep-herds sport and

yon-der o-rient blue.

Well are we met in trim ar-ray,

bright-ens o'er the lawn.

Each Shep-herd like the Sun be gay,

play, for long as Shep-herds sport and play, as Shep-herds sport and play,

This ray, well are we met in trim ar-ray, are met in trim ar-ray, To
guy, each Shep-herd like the Sun be gay, like the Sun be gay, And

this shall be a ho-li-day, This this shall be a ho-li-day, a ho-li-day,

frolick out this ho-li-day, To frolick out this ho-li-day, this ho-li-day,
grate-ful keep this ho-li-day, And grate-ful keep this ho-li-day, this ho-li-day,

This this shall be a ho-li-day,

To frolick out this ho-li-day,

And grate-ful keep this ho-li-day.
THE SCHOOL OF ANACREON.

(A CANTATA.)

Recit.

The fes-tive board was met, the so-cial board Round fam'd An-

-ac-re-on took their si-lent stand; My sons, be-gan the Sage, be this the rule.

Nobrewaus-tere must dare ap-proach my School, Where Love and Bacchus joint-ly reign with-

-in, Old Care be-gone, old Care be-gone; Here Sad-ness were a Sin.
me the joys that wait On him that's learned or him that's great,

Wealth and wisdom I despise, Cares surround the rich and wise, cares surround

cresc.

Cares surround the rich and wise.

Tell not The Queen that gave god Cupid
birth and Bacchus god of wine and mirth, their friend and fav'rite own, me their
friend and fav'rite own, And I was born for them a-love,
I was born for them a-love.

The Queen that

p

f

The Queen that
Andante Largo.

Business, Title,
Title, Pomp and State,
Title, Pomp and State

give them to the fools I hate,
give them to the fools, give them to the fools, to the fools, to the fools I hate,
give them to the fools, give them to the fools, to the fools I hate.

Sprightly.

But let Love, let Life be mine, bring me Nectar, bring me wine,

Speed the dancing hours away And mind not what the grave ones say.
Speed the dan-

cing hours a-way.

Mind not, mind not what the grave-ones say.

(Note) * The lower notes are suggested as an alternative.
Gaily let the minutes fly. In Love and Freedom, Wit and Joy; in Love and Freedom, Wit and Joy.
Love and Life be mine, Bring me Nectar, bring me wine, Speed the dancing hours away, Mind not what the grave ones say, Speed the dancing Speed the
dancing hours away,

Mind not what the grave ones say,

Mind not, Mind not what the grave ones say,
DEAR TO MY SOUL IS DAMON'S LOVE.

THOMAS LINLEY.
1780

Amoroso.

Dear to my soul is Damone's love Like opening day he
Damon alone can Delia please, With tend'rest thoughts his
Blest in his sight the happy day. On love's light pinions

Glares my sight, Sweet as the song of earliest birds,
Boason glows, Gently he woos to every bliss,
Glides away, Stealing the hours till evening shade,
His voice awakes to new delight: Each anxious fear it
That fancy hopes and love bestows; His manly sense, his
A-like by him is happy made: Thus constant may we

bids depart, And fills with joy his Delia's heart. Each
tem per kind, Dispel each doubt that clouds the mind. His
ev er prove The bliss of undissembled love. Thus

an xious fear it bids depart. And fills with joy his
man ly sense, his tem per kind. Dispel each doubt that
con stant may we ev er prove The bliss of un dis-

De lia's heart.
clouds the mind.

sem bled love.
AH! DEAREST MAID.

THOMAS LINLEY.

1780

Affetuoso.

1. Ah! dearest maid, I am not sad
   Because with light-some steps thou'rt

2. No, blithesome May, should I spy
   Thy beau-teous cheek with sor-row

3. Ah! love-ly maid, by for-tune cross,
   A thought-ful glance I could not

seen,
Or that thy tress-ses loose-ly flow,
Or sport-ive want-on
pale,
Should I per-ceive thy pen-sive eye,
Or in thy breast the
bear,
How then if wealth and fame were lost,
Could I abide thy
o'er thine e'ye; May'st thou ne'er know the grief of love,
sigh prevail; Were I to lose that cheerful look,
pitying tear? Could'st thou endure the chilly morn,

Its pleasures still with thee remain, Nor would I have thee
Nor hear thy sprightly song resound, I then should think my
In adverse fate be blest with me, My humb'led state would'st

ever prove, One anxious doubt to give thee pain, One anxious
love forsook, And jealous fears my heart would wound, And jealous
thou not scorn, Tho' I my love would die for thee, Tho' I my

doubt to give thee pain.
fears my heart would wound.
love would die for thee.
FALSE DELIA ADIEU.

Con spirito.

THOMAS LINLEY.

1780

1. False

1. De-lia, a-dieu to my chain! 
2. more if I meet your bright eyes

Dear free-dom, long hop'd for in vain,
My heart leaps with joy or sur prise;

Now
No

tells me my heart is at rest,
more when you're nam'd do I care,
And love lurks no more in my breast,
If your cen-sure or praise meets my ear,

If your
love lurks no more in my breast: With joy to my rivals I leave
such Nor
censure and blame meets my ear: My dreams from your image are free,

truth as your constancy gave, My reason now tells me I'm free. And my
waking first think of thee: Of absence no more I complain. Or_

reason and actions agree. feel either pleasure or pain.

3. Whet the shaft I first tore from my heart So sadly severe was the smart, I
thought it still fix'd in the wound, Nor ease from the pain could be found, No

ease from the pain could be found: But now no fierce passion alarms, I'm

happy and laugh at your charms, The bird thus ensnar'd strains his wings; Re

les'd thus he soars and sings.