

T H E
Banquet of MUSICK:

O R,

A Collection of the newest and best SONGS
Sung at Court and at Publick Theatres, being most
of them within the Compas of the *FLUTE*.

W I T H

A T H O R O W - B A S S for the *Theorbo-Lute*,
Bass-Viol, *Harpichord*, or *Organ*.

Composed by several of the Best Masters.

The W O R D S by the *Ingenious Wits* of the Age.

The S I X T H and L A S T B O O K.



L I C E N S E D,

February 17. 1691.

Robt. Midgley.

In the SAVOY,

Printed by *Edw. Jones*; and Sold by *John Carr* at his Shop at the *Middle-Temple Gate*,
and by *Henry Playford* at his Shop near the *Temple Church*, 1692.

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Advertisement.

Subscriptions for the second Book of that Excellent Collection of Musick (Entituled, *Harmonia Sacra, or Divine Poems, Hymns, and Dialogues*) are taken at Henry Playford's Shop near the Temple Church, at Mr. John Blow's Shop at the Middle-Temple Gate, and at several Bookellers and Musick

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An Advertisement to the READER.



Having formerly Printed Five Books, Entituled, *The Banquet of MUSICK*, in which are many Excellent SONGS Set by the best Masters, I have here ventured on this Sixth and Last Book, which makes a compleat Volume.

Also, the Second Part of *Apollo's Banquet*, containing the newest TUNES now in use, (the First Part having the best Instructions for the VIOLIN) is newly Printed. Which Books being kindly received, will Encourage farther the Endeavours of

Your Friend,

H. P.

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A Scotch S O N G.



HE Weather's too bleak now to gang out of Doors, gud Faith by the

Chimney Ize pass the long hours; and gin thac my Dear wilt now itay with me there, it

may for blest *Jocky* freeze on the whole Year: My bonny blis *Jenny*, then ne-ver let's

part, no Cold here I fear, but that of thy Heart; this Wheather to-ge-ther weze Dally and

Play, Enjoying and Toying as if it were *May*. Signior *Baptist*.

II.
 In Summer 'tis sweet to trip o'er the Land,
 And in the Green Meadows to walk hand in hand,
 When ev'ry Loon
 Of his La's begs a Boon,
 Or on the soft Grass gives her a Green Gown.
 Our Leisure,
 And Pleasure,
 Shall now be as great;
 Weze Tattle,
 And Prattle,
 And Blessing reap:
 And when I my *Jenny* fast by me do hold,
 She'l say, it is rather too warm, than too cold.

Jocky, *Jenny*.
 Air-est *Jen-ny*! thou mun love me; Troch, my bonny Lad, I do:

Jocky, *Jenny*.
 Gin thou say'st, Thou dost approve me, Dearest, thou mun kiss me too. Take a Kiss or twa, or

twa, gud *Jocky*, but I dare give nean I trow: Fye! nay! * pish! be not un-luck-y!

[* Pish must ah'y be utter'd, not sung.]

Wed me first, and aw will do. *Mr. Samuel Akroyd.*

II.
Jocky. For aw Fife and Lands about it,
 Ize not yield this to be bound;
Jenny. Nor I lig-by thee without it,
 For twa hundred thousand POUND.
Jocky. Thou wilt dye if I, if I forsake thee.
Jenny. Better dye, than be undone.
Jocky. Gin 'tis so, come on, Ize tank thee,
 'Tis too cauld to lig alone.

[2]

This and the two following SONGS in the Wives Excuse.

Ungrateful Love! thus ev'ry hour to punish me by her Dis-

dain; you Tyrannize to shew your Pow'r, and she to Tri-

umph in my Pain: You who can Lau-

gh, you, you who can Laugh at Human Woes, and Victims

to her Pride, decree; on me a yielding Slave impose your

Chains, but leave the Rebel, but leave the Rebel free. Mr. Henry Purcell.

[3]

And this whining way of Wooing, Loving was design'd a Sport;

Sighing, Talking, without Doing, makes a filthy idle Court: Don't be-

lieve that Words can move her, if she be not well inclin'd; she herself must be the

Lover, to persuade her to be kind. If at last she
The first Strain again.

grants the favour, and consents to be undone; never think your Passion gave her

to your Wishes, but her own. Mr. Henry Purcell.
End with the first Strain.

[4]

O—vin—na, I ex—cuse thy Face, the ex—ring Line which

Na—ture drew; when I re—flect, that ev'—ry Grace thy Mind a—dorns, is

Just and True: But Oh! thy Wit what God has sent, sur—pri—sing, ai—ry,

un—con—fin'd; some Wonders sure A—po—lo meant, and thot him—self in—

to thy Mind.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

[5]

Till she's Frowning, still In—spi—ring, all Man—kind with

Zea—lous Love; still Dis—dai—ning, all Ex—pi—ring, to see

Spl—via cruel prove. In ev'ry Thick—et, ev'—ry Grove, a bleed—ing ViGim,

mourning Swain, does but Languish, Sigh, Complain, of her Frowns when she—

—c Disdains; Yet she ne'er does ease his Pain; No, she'l never, no, she'l never,

no, no, no, no, she'l never, never ease his Pain, but Sirephon still will hug his Chain.

End with the first Strain.

Mr. Robert Bradley

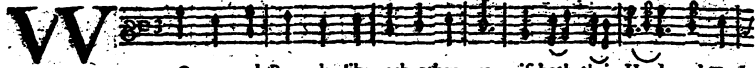
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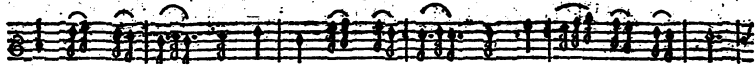
A. 3. Voc.

[A. CATCH]

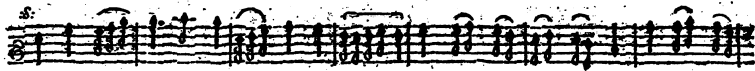
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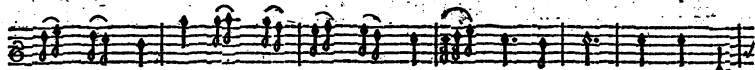
Omen and Peacocks like each other are, if both their Heads and Tails,



if both their Heads and Tails, if both their Heads and Tails you do compare ;



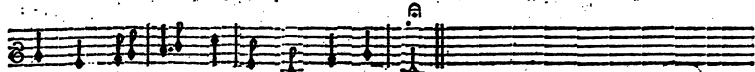
For these have Mountshoes their Heads to Grace, as those their Top-knots wear, as those their



Top-knots wear, as those their Top-knots wear, to deck their Face ; The Women

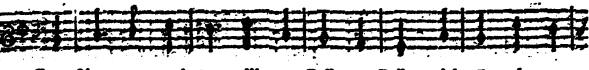


chiefly in their Tails contain, that Pride which Peacocks, that Pride which Peacocks,



that Pride which Peacocks by their Tails maintain.

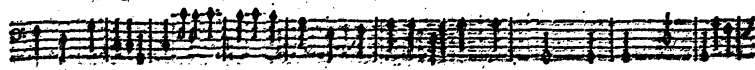
This and the following SONG in the Marriage-Hater march'd.



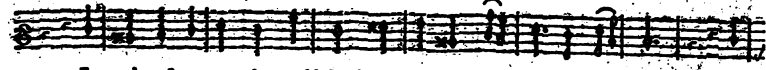
Great Jaws once made Love like a Bull, a Bull, with Le-da a



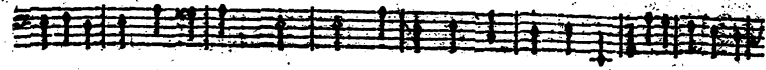
Swan was in vogue ; and to per-se-vere in that Rule, that Rule, he now does descend like a Dog :



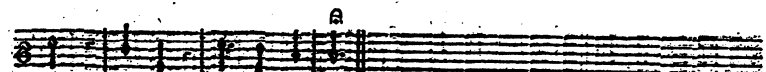
[7]



For when I to Co-lie would speak, and on her Breast sigh what I mean ; my

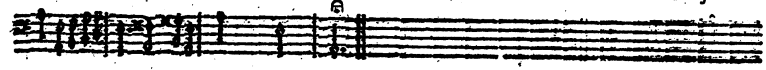


Hears-Strings are ready to break, for there I find Monsieur Le Chien, Le Chien, Le



Chien, Monsieur, Monsieur Le Chien.

Mr. Mansford.



II.
For knowledge of Modish Intrigues,
Or managing well an Amour,
I defy any one with two Legs,
But here I am Rival'd by four :
Distracted all Night with my Wrongs,
I cry, Cruel Gods ! what d'ye mean !
That what to my Merit belongs,
You bestow upon Monsieur Le Chien !

III.
For Feature, or Niceness in Dress,
Compare with him surely I can ;
Nor vainly my self should express,
To say, I am much more a Man :
To th' Government firm too as he,
The former I cunningly mean ;
And if he Religious can be,
I've as much sure as Monsieur Le Chien.

IV.
But what need I publish my Parts,
Or idly my Passion relate ;
Since Fancy that Captivates Hearts,
Resolves not to alter my Fate :
I may Sing, Caper, Ogle, and Speak,
And make a long Court, *Auf bien* ;
And yet with one Passionate Lick,
I'm out-rival'd by Monsieur Le Chien.



Oony Lad, prithee lay thy Pipe down, the blith are thy Notes; they have

now no Pow'r; whilst my Joy, my dear Peggy, is gone, and Wedded quite from me, will

Love no more: My gode Friends that do kea my Grief, with Song and Sto-ry a

Cure would find; but a-las! they bring no Re-lief, for Peggy still runs in my Mind.

Mr. Tho. Tallor.

II

When I visit the Park or Play,
 They aw without Peggy a Defart seem;
 She's before my Eyes aw the day,
 And aw the long night too she haunts my Dream:
 Sometimes fancyng a Pleav'n of Charms,
 I wake, and rob'd of my dear Delight,
 Find the figs in anothers Arms,
 Ah! then 'tis she kills me out-right.



Slow.
 Ait all ye Graces, wait all ye Graces on Cu-pid's


Eyes, and Cu-pids Prune your Wings; fan soft, soft on her Bosom when the Sighs, Ap-

plan ——— d her when she Sings: Let Nymphs a-dorn the

Tresses of her Hair, and Myfick Garlands, Myfick Garlands wreath; Mortals with Gods do

e-qual Brightness share, whilst migh ——— cy She's beneath.

Mr. Barrindoe.




HY does the cruel God of Love, so wound my ten-der Heart?

The tort'ring Pain I can't remove, by all the help of Art: My fair Ones Scorn, and

cold Repulse, ex-tin-guish not my Fire; the more she frowns, and seems averſe, the

more, the more I her ad-mire.



N the Brow of Rich-mond Hill, which Eu-rope ſcarce can

pa-ral-lel, ev'-ry Eye ſuch Won-ders fill, to view the Proſpect round;

where the Sil-ver Thames does glide, and ſtately Courts are E-di-f'd, Meadows deck'd in

Sun-mer's Pride, with ver-dant Beau-ties Crown'd: Love-ly Cyn-thia

paſ-ſing by, with brigh-ter Glo-ries bleſt my Eye, Ah! then in

vain, in vain, ſaid I, the Fields and Flow'rs do ſhine; Na-ture in this

Charming Place, cre-a-ted Pleaſure in Exceſs, but all are Poor to Cyn-thia's Face, whole

Fea-tures are Divine. Mt. Henry Purcell.

The Notes with this Mark * over them are to be ſung Demisemiquavers.

[12]

LY — soft, ye gen — the Hours, post not to cast,

whilst I Be — lin — d's Char — ming Face ad — mire: For she hath vow'd, this

Vi — fit is the last; and then, like Time, once gone, she comes no more.

Let the Sun slack his Pace, be his Stee — ds un — re — garded; whilst he

looks on her Face, whilst he looks on her Face, his sta — y's

well re — war — ded. Mr. John Gilbert.

11.
Ah! 'tis in vain, she fled with eager haift,
Yet kindly to allwage my deadly Smart;
Whilst with her light'ning Eyes she pierc'd my Breast,
She left her darling Image in my Heart:
And to shew to the last her Art of Beguiling,
Tho' my Hopes are all past, her Picture's still Smiling.

[13]

Lave your Ogling foo — lish Lo — ver, let your Tongue your Heart discover:

Such respectful Addressing, is no help, is no help to Possessing.

The first Strain again.

Women keep the dear Blessing, for the for — ward, for the forward and pressing.

The first Strain again.

Their Coyness and Elying, their Pride and Denying, are all but

The first Strain again.

Arts of Alluring; there's none such a Saint, but knows when to grant, Virtue is not,

Virtue is not for e — ver en — du — ring. Mr. Ralph Corrisville.

A SONG in the Indian Emperor.

Look'd, I look'd, and saw within the Book of Fate, where

many Days did Low'r, when lo! when lo! one happy, happy Hour, kept up, kept up, and

finPd, kept up and finiPd, to save thy fin king State.

A Day shall come, when in thy pow'r thy cru-el Foes shall be; a Day shall come, when

in thy pow'r thy cru-el Foes shall be, thou shall thou and be free, and thou in

Peace, and thou in Peace shall Reign; but take, Oh! Oh! take that

op-por-tu-ni-ty, which once refus'd, will never, never, never come again, will never, never,

never, never, never, never, never come again.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

N vain, Cle-me-ne, you bestow the promis'd Empire of my Heart; if

you re-fuse to let me know, the Wealthy Char-ms of ev'ry part: My Passion

with your kindness grew, the Beau-ty gave the first de-fire; but Beauty only to pur-

sue, is foll-wing a Wand'ring Fire, is foll-wing a Wand'ring Fire.

As Hills in prospective suppress
The free Enquiry of the Light;
Refrain makes ev'ry Pleasure less,
And takes from Love the full Delight:

Faint Kisses may in part supply
Those eager Longings of my Soul;
But, Oh? Far less, if you deny
A quick Possession of the whole.

The Virgins Wish, by Mr. Akeroyd.

Virgins, if e're at length it prove my Destiny to be, to be in Love, pray

with me such a Fate: May Wit and Prudence be my Guide, and

may a lit-tle de-cent Pride my Actions re-go late. Virgins, if e're I

am in Love, pray with me such a Fate.

II. III.

Such Stateline, I mean, as may Keep Nautious Fools and Fops, and Fogs away, But still obliger the Wife: That may secure my Modesty, And Guardian to my Honour be, When Passion does arise.	When first a Lover I Commence, May it be with a Man, a Man of Sense, And Learn'd Education: May all his Courtship ease be, Neither too formal, nor too free, But wistly shew his Passion.
---	--

S. Virgins, if e're I am in love, &c.
S. Virgins, &c.

IV.

May his Estate agree with mine,
That nothing look like a Design,
To bring us into Sorrow:
Grant me all this that I have said,
And willingly I'll lye a Maid
No longer than to morrow.
S. Virgins, &c.

Ells at first seem'd much a-raid, much afraid, much afraid, yet

when I kiss'd, she soon repay'd: Could you but see, could you but see what I did more, you'd

en-ry me, what I did more, you'd en-ry me, you'd en-ry me. Mr. Samuel Akeroyd.

II. *over employ'd*

We then so sweetly were employ'd,
The height of Pleasure we enjoy'd;
Could you but see, could you but see,
You'd say so too if you saw me,
You'd say so too if you saw me, if you saw me.

III. *kind & free*

She was so Charming, Kind, and Free,
None ever could more Happy be;
Could you but see, could you but see,
Where I was then you'd wish to be,
Where I was then you'd wish to be, you'd wish to be.

IV. *did express*

All the Delights we did express,
Yet craving more still to possess;
Could you but see, could you but see,
You'd Curse, and say, Why was't not me?
You'd Curse, and say, Why was't not me? Why was't not me?

V. *Love you'd know*

Ladies, if how to Love you'd know,
She can inform what we did do;
But could you see, but could you see,
You'd cry aloud, The next is me;
You'd cry aloud, The next is she, the next is me;



O W shall I calm my trou—bled Breast, how

shall I calm my troubled Breast, or bring my wou—ded

Heart to Rest; since th'Enemy, since th'Enemy that gave the Pain, denies to give, de-

nies to give, de-nies to give me Ease a-gain? Could a—ny o-ther

care my Woe, I would not ask it of a Foe; but 'tis hard Fate, but 'tis hard Fate,

hard Fate, but 'tis hard Fate, we do en—dure, when on—ly they that wound, when

on—ly they that wound, that wound, when on—ly they that wound, when on—ly they that

wound, when on—ly they that wound, that wound, that wound, when on—ly they that

wound, that wound, can cure.

[A CATCH] Set by Mr. Robert Bradley.

A. 3. Voc. **S**ome write in the Praise of Tobac, Tobac, To-bac-co and

Wine, whilst o-thers praise Wooten, but Snuff shall be mine: For still as ye Sneeze, and

Sneeze. Che-bo, Che-bo, Che-bo do cry, God bless ye, God bless ye, the People reply: Snuff causes this

Blessing, then tell me, God bless ye, tell me, God bless ye, tell me which think ye, is't best to cry

So, or cry, Damn ye, and Sink ye!

A SONG upon a Grand.



E gentle, Phillis, since I'm yours, trample not on your Slave;

the Conquest got for Conquerors, t'infult, it is not brave, it

is not brave: Your late Success with Mercy use, soft let my Fetters, my Fetters be;

then gladly Freedom I'll re-fuse, for better Slave-ry.

Love more en-ga-ges far-ther Hate, than Rule with Love alone;

a Tyrant Rebels 'doth create, but Love, but Love secures a Throne, but Love

ve secures a Throne. Mr. Barrindoc.

A, 2. Voc.



Air Clo-e, my Breast fo' a-lar-ms, from her

Air Cloe, my Breast fo a-lar-ms, from her Pow'r, from her

Pow'r I no Refuge can find; if a-no-ther I take in my Arms, yet my Clo-e, yet my
Pow'r, I no Refuge can find; if a-no-ther I take in my Arms, yet my

Clo-e is then in my Mind: Unblefs'd with the Joy, still a Pleasure I want, still a
Clo-e is then in my Mind: Unblefs'd with the Joy, still a

Pleasure I want, which none but my Clo-e, my Clo-e can grant; let
Pleasure I want, which none but my Clo-e, my Clo-e can grant; let Clo-e but

[22]

Cl-e but fini—le, I grow gay, and I
 fini—le, I grow gay, and I

feel my Heart spring with Delight; on Cl-e I could gaze all the day, all, all the
 feel my Heart spring with Delight; on Cl-e I could gaze all the day, all

day, all, all, all, all the day, all, all the day; on Cl-e I could gaze all the
 all the day, all, all, all, all the day, all, all the day; on Cl-e I could gaze all the

day, and Cl-e do with for, and Cl-e do with for, and Cl-e do with for each night.
 day, and Cl-e do with for, and Cl-e do with for, and Cl-e do with for each night.

[23]

Oh! Oh! did Cl-e, Oh! Oh! did Cl-e but
 Oh! Oh! did Cl-e, Oh! Oh! did Cl-e but

know how I Love, and the Plea-sure of Loving again; my
 know how I Love, and the Pleasure of Loving a-gain; my Pas-sion her

Pas-sion her Favour would mo—ve, my Pas-sion her Favour would
 Fa-vour would mo—ve, my Pas-sion her Fa-vour would mo—

mo—ve, and in Prudence she'd pi-ty my Pain: Good Na-ture and
 ve, and in Prudence she'd pi-ty my Pain: Good Na-ture and

Int^r-rest should both make her kind, for the Joy she might give, and the
 Int^r-rest should both make her kind, for the Joy she might give, and the

Joy she might find. *Mr. Henry Purcell,*
 Joy she might find.

WH Y, a-las! do you now leave me, you who vow'd a Love so true?

Can you hope, whilst you deceive me, others will be just to you? Oh! you know what you forfake;

you're pur-su-ing my Un-do-ing, but you know not what you take.

Is your Fit of Passion over?
 Will you kill me, Dear? Unkind!
 Is your Heart then such a Lover,
 As no Vows, no Oaths, can bind?

Hear at least my last Adieu!
 See me Lying,
 See me Dying,
 And remember 'tis for you.

LY— swift ye Hours, fly

— swift ye Hours, make haif, make haif, fly —; make haif, make haif, fly —

—, fly — swif—t, thou la—zy, la—zy, la—zy Sun, make

haif, make haif, make haif, and drive the te—dious Minutes on, the te—dious Mi—nutes

on, on: Bring back my Bel—vi—de—ra, my Bel—vi—de—ra to my

fight, bring back my Bel—vi—de—ra, my Bel—vi—de—ra to my fight,

[26]

my *Bel-vi-de-ra*, then thy self more bright, make half, make half, make half, bring

back my *Bel-vi-de-ra*, my *Bel-vi-de-ra* to my fight.

Swifter than Time my ea-ger With-es mo-ve,

swifter than Time my ea-ger With-es mo-ve, my

ea-ger With-es move, and scorn the beaten Paths, and scorn the

beaten Paths of Val-gar Love, and scorn the bea-ten Paths, and scorn the bea-ten

[27]

Pa-ths of Vulgar Love, and scorn the beaten Pa-ths of

Vulgar Lo-ve. Soft Peace, is banish'd from my tor-tur'd

Breast, soft Peace, soft Peace, is banish'd from my tor-tur'd Breast, Love

robs my Days of Ease, Love robs my Days of Ease, my Nights of Rest; Love

robs my Days of Ease, Love robs my Days of Ease, my Nights, my Nigh-

-ts of Rest. Yet tho her cru-el Scorn provokes Despair, yet tho her

cru — el Scorn, her cru — el Scorn pro — vokes Despair, my Pas — sion still is

strong, my Pas — sion still is strong, my Pas — sion still is stro — ng, as she is fair;

Still must I love, still blest the plea — sing Pain,

still court my Ruine, still, still court my Ruine, and em — brace my Chain;

still court my Ruine, still, still court my Ruine, and embrace my Chain.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



N — der — neath this Myr — tle Shade, on Flow' — ry Beds su —
N — der — neath this Myr — tle Shade, on Flow' — ry Beds Se —

pine — ly laid; with Od'rous Oyls my Head o'erflowing, and a — rou — nd it Roses
pine — ly laid; with Od'rous Oyls my Head o'erflowing, and a — rou — nd it Roses

growing: What should I do but drink a — way, what should I do but drink a —
growing: What should I do but drink, drink, what should I do but

way, drink, drink a — way, the Heat and Trou — bles of the day, the Heat and
drink, drink, drink a — way, the Heat and Trou — bles of the day, the Heat and

Troubles of the day. In this more than Kingly State, Love himself shall on me wait;

Trou- bles of the day. In this more than Kingly State, Love himself shall on me wait;

Fill to me, Love, nay fill it up, and mingled, ca—st, cast in-to the

Fill so me, Love, nay fill it up, and mingled ca—st in-to the

Cup, Wit and Mirth, Vig'rous Health, Vig'rous Health, and Gay Desires; The

Cup, and Noble Fires, Vig'rous Health, Vig'rous Health, and Gay Desires: The

Wheel of Life no less will stay, in a smooth than rugged Way; since it

Wheel of Life no less will stay, in a smoo—th than rugged Way; since it

e—qual—ly doth flee, let the Mo—tion plea—fant be, let the Mo—tion

e—qual—ly doth flee, let the Mo—tion pleasant be, let the

pleasant be, let the Mo—tion plea—fant be.

Mo—tion plea—fant be, let it plea—fant be.

Solo.

Why do we precious Ointments show'r? Nobler Wines why do— we pour?

Beauteous Flow'rs why do we spread, up—on the Mo—ments of the Dead?

Nothing they but Duff can show, or Bones that ha—sten to be fo.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

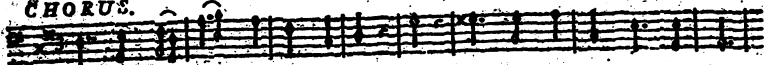
[32]

CHORUS.



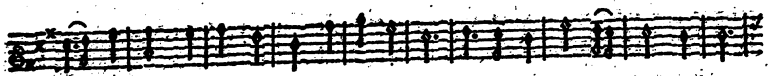
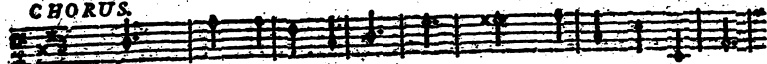
Crown me with Ro-ses whilst I live, now, now your Wine and Ointments give:

CHORUS.

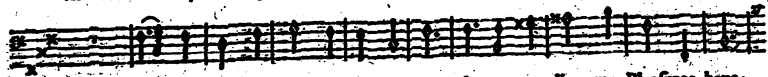


Crown me with Ro-ses whilst I live, now, now your Wine and Ointments give:

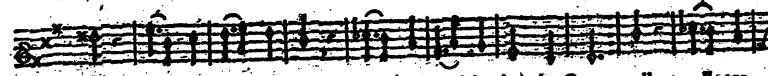
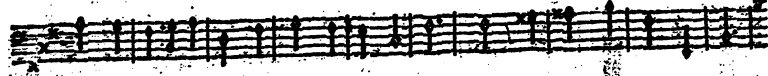
CHORUS.



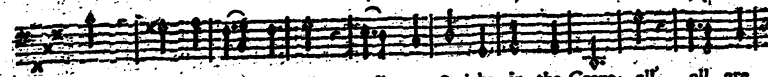
Af-ter Death I nothing crave, I nothing crave, let me a-live my Pleasures have;



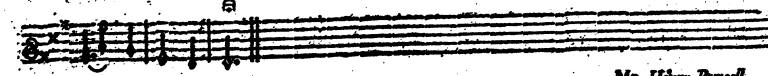
Af-ter Death I nothing, nothing crave, let me a-live my Pleasures have;



all, all are Stoicks, all, all are Stoicks in the Grave; all, all are

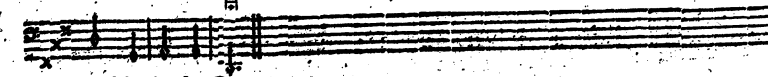


all, all are Stoicks, all, all are Stoicks in the Grave; all, all are



Stoicks in the Grave.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



Stoicks in the Grave.



F I N I S .

