

THESAURUS MUSICUS:

BEING, A

COLLECTION of the Newest SONGS

PERFORMED

At His *Majesties Theatres*; and at the Consort in *Viller-street* in *York-buildings*. Most of the Songs being within the Compass of the *Flute*.

WITH A

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

To which is Annexed,

A *Collection of AIRS*, Composed for Two *Flutes*, by several Masters.

THE FIFTH BOOK.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. Heptinstall*, for *John Hodgebatt*, and are to be sold by *Samuel Scott*, at his Shop near the *Middle-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetstreet*, and *Daniel Dring* at the *Har-row* and *Cross* at the corner of *Cliffords-Lane* in *Fleetstreet*, where Masters and Shopkeepers may have them. And at most Musick-Shops in Town. 1696.

Price One Shilling Sixpence.

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A Song Sett by Mr. Finger.

The musical score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in a key with one flat (B-flat). It features a large, ornate initial 'I' at the beginning of the first line. The lyrics are: 'I promis'd Sylvia to be True, nay, out of Zeal, I Swore it too; and that She might believe me more, gave Her in Writing what I Nor Vows, nor Oaths can Lo—vers bind, so long as Pleas'd, so long they'r Kind; 'twas on a Leaf the Wind but blew, away both Leaf and Promise flew.' The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines, with some numbers (1, 2, 6, 15, 26, 61, 283, 6) placed below the notes, possibly indicating measure numbers or fingerings.

BOOKS Printed for, and Sold by John Hudgebutt.

Thefaurus Musicus the 1st. 2d. 3d. and 4th. Books.
A Collection of New A T R S, Composed for Two Flutes, with Sonata's, by several of the most Ingenious Masters of this Age. Price One Shilling Sixpence.

A Song Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell

Is vain, 'tis vain, 'tis vain, in vain to fly, to fly

like, wou—ded Dear, and think by that, and think by that,

a life, a life to save; oh! no, no, no, oh! no, no, no, the stroke has peir-

—cd no near, that I've no refuge, no, ne, no refuge but the grave; in vain, in

vain then do I strive, in vain, in vain then do I strive, to quit, to quit that love which

nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing sure but Death can e're re-move.

Methinks I hear the Hea—v'nly Spheres,

methinks I hear the Hea—v'nly Spheres; Tuning their soft, soft, their soft Me-

—ludious Strains: The dewy Clouds dif—folv—e in Tears, as if they Wept, as

if they Wept to see my pain, as if they Wept to see my pain:

But tell the cru—el Swain, bur oh! bur oh! the cruel, cruel Swain that shoo the

Dart, smiles, smiles at the wound, & breaks, & break—s a— Lo-vers Heart.

A Song in *Bouduca*, Sung by Mr. Freeman and Mr. Edwards.
Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.

O Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to

Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to

Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, your Ensigns straight display; now

now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, let the Battle in array: The O-racle

cle for Wa—r declares, for Wa—r declares, success depends, success depends up

on our Hearts and Spears; the O-racle for Wa—r declare, for Wa—r de

clares, success depends, success depends upon our Hearts and Spears.

A Song in *Bouduca*, Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.

B Rises strike home, re-venge, re-venge your Country's wrong: Strike,

frike and re-cord, frike, frike and re-cord your felves in *Dru-ids*

Songs; frike, frike and re-cord, frike, frike and re-cord, re-

cord your felves in *Dru-ids* Songs.

A Song in the *Lovers-Luck* Sett by Mr. *John Eccles*.

Full of the God, full of the God I feel my ra-

Soul; Full of the God, full of the God I feel my ra-

Soul a-roun- d their Spheres, a-roun- d their Spheres my glew-

Eye-Balls ro- w!, sparkling forth raptures,

sparkling forth raptures, sparkling forth raptures from my ac-

Breast. In vain I beg the fullen, the fullen God of Sleep; in vain I call him from his

g'oomy deep, to fetter up my wan-

vain I beg the fullen, the fullen God of Sleep; in vain I call him from his gloomy

deep to fet-ter up my wan-

A Song in the *Mask for the Lover's Last Shift*, Sung by Mrs. Crofs and the Boy, upon a Marriage Life. Sett by Mr. Franck.

G O Home, go Home, go Home un-happy wretch, and mourn for all thy guilty, for

Go Home, go Home, go Home unpappy wretch, and mourn for all thy guilty, for

all thy guil-ty pas-sion past; go Home, go Home, go Home un-happy wretch, and

all thy guil-ty pas-sion past; go Home, go Home, go Home unhappy wretch, and

mourn, and mourn, and mourn for all thy guilty, for all thy guil-ty pas-sion

mourn, and mourn, and mourn for all thy guil-ty, for all thy guil-ty pas-sion

passt, for all thy guilty, for all thy guil-ty pas-sion past, for all thy guil-ty

passt, for all thy guilty, for all thy guil-ty pas-sion past, for all thy guil-ty

pas-sion past: Then thou shalt find those Joy

pas-sion past: Then thou shalt find those Joy

s, those Joys re-turn, those Joy

s, those Joys re-turn, those Joy

s, those Joys re-turn those Joy s, those, those Joys re-turn

s, those Joys re-turn, those Joys, those Joy-s, those, those Joys re-turn

Which shall for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever

Which shall for ever, for ever, for

laft; which thall for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever

ever, for ever, laft; which thall for ever, for ever

laft, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for e-ver laft, for

laft, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for e-ver laft, for

ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for e-ver laft, for ever, for

ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for e-ver laft, for ever, for

ever, ever, e-ver laft.

ever, ever, e-ver laft.

A Song fet by Mr. Finger, in the New Play call'd
 (Love for Love.) The Words by Mr. Congreve.
 Sung by Mr. Pate and Mr. Reding.

Tell thee Charmion, Charmion,

Charmion, cou'd I time re-trieve; I tell thee

Charmion, Charmion, cou'd I time

retrieve, and cou'd again begin to Love, be-gin to Lo-

ve and live; To you, to you, to you I thoud my

earliest, ear-liest

Offering give; to you, to you, to you I shou'd my ear-liest,
 car ———— lieft Offering give: I know my
 Eyes wou'd lead my Heart, my Heart to you, I know, I know my Eyes wou'd lead my
 Heart to you, and I shou'd all my Vows, all my Vows and Oaths renew; but to be
 plain, I never, never wou'd be true, I never, never wou'd be true.

Chorus.

For by our weak and weary truth, I find, for by our weak, our weak, our weak and
 For by our weak and weary truth, I find, for by our weak, our weak, our weak and
 weary truth I find, Love hates to cen-ter in a point, in a point assign'd, but
 weary truth I find, Love hates to cen-ter in a point, in a point assign'd,
 run ————, but run ———— with
 but run ————, but run ————
 joy, with joy, with jo ———— y the cir ————
 with joy, with jo ———— y the cir ————

cle of the mind; but run ————— with

cle of the mind; but run ————— with

the circle, the circle of the mind, the circle, the circle of the

the circle, the circle of the mind, the circle, the circle of the

mind; then never, never, never let us Chas ————— what should be free, but

mind; then never, never, never let us Chas ————— what should be free, but

for re-lief, but for re-lief of es ————— ther Sex a — gree: Since Women

for re-lief, but for re-lief of es ————— ther Sex a — gree:

love to change, since Women love to change, since Women

and so do we, and so do we,

love to change, since Women love to change, and so do

and so do we since Women love to change,

we, and so do we, and so do we, since

since Women love to change, since Women love to change, since

Women love to change; and so do we, and so do we.

Women love to change; and so do we, and so do we.

E

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A Song set by Mr. Robert King, Sung at the Confort in York-buildings.

W hen *Cynthia* did by va-ri-ous ways, at once in-vade my care-les Heart; con-
 founded with the sweet A-maze, I left the use of Wis-dom and of Art:
 Wisdom for-bids to Love at all, Art bids us hide it
 when we doe: But Ca-sar could not help his fall, when struck,
 struck, when struck, struck, when struck, when struck with such
 a sudden blow; when struck, struck, when struck, struck,

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when struck, when struck with such a suddain blow.

A New Song set by Mr. R. W.

W ell Cha-ri-ty then said I, since it must thus for e-ver be;
 I can renounce your Sla-ve-ry, and since you will nor, can be free:
 Ma-ny a time she made me dye, yet wou'd you think't I lov'd the more, but
 Ile not take't as here to-fore, not I, I vow not I.

A New Song set by Mr. Finger, Sung by Mrs. Hudson,
at the Confort in Charles-street in Coventgarden.

MY Suit will be over, my Fire will de-cline, if you'd have me be yours, you must
quickly be mine; no Shephard had e-ver a Heart better fram'd, no Lo-ver
e're yet had a Breat more in-flam'd: If a proof of my Passion be all you re-
quire, my Sympathy will show the truth of my Fire; let your Heart be but warm
and I'm all on a flame, the moment 'tis cold your Shephard's the same.

A Song Set by Mr. Finger.

N a dark and lone-ly Den, clos'd in
dismal Sha-des of Night, too many, many mournfull years I'd lain, to bear at
first the ray of light; you like the Sovereign of the
Day, with too much glo-
ry struck my sight, I turn'd my feeble Eyes a-way, to the pal-e Ruler
of the Night, to the pal-e Ruler of the Night:

E

Blind, blind I was to all, to all your Charms, such brightness from your Eyes here shines,

my weakness sav'd me from your Arms, I wanted strength to be undone; But now I'm

lost, but now I'm lost, and you're a-dor'd, my freedom at your feet I

lay, since my Senses are re-flor'd, my Eyes have gaz'd my Heart a-

way, my Eyes have gaz'd my Heart a-way, my Eyes have gaz'd my Heart a-

way, my Heart a-way.

A Song Sett by Mr. Finger.

I N-happy 'tis that I was Born, to be undone by Ce-lia's Scorn;

nor Time, nor Tongue can e're re-late, the Trage-dy of my hard Fate,

I in a Fever scorch and burn, with Love, but none do you re-turn; If

pitty on me you'll not rake, a-las my tender Heart, my tender Heart will

break, a-las my tender Heart, my tender Heart will break.

Ah Charming Creature cast an Eye, I with a Thousand times to

dye, but if ten-thousand pains in vain, by one kind look they all are
 paid: For shou'd I live and not ob-tain, that trouble is a
 grea-ter pain, now lovely Fair I on-ly find, to let me
 dye is to be kind, to let me dy-e is to be kind.

A Song Sung by Mrs. Cybber. Sett by Mr. Williams.

B E-lis-a change, change your fickle, your fickle, fickle mind, and to Sire-
 phon be more kind, he that loves, he that loves and does as-dore ye: he that

fights and dyes, that fights and dyes be-fore ye, cease, ah! cease that bou-
 nd-less will, and forbear, forbear, forbear to kill, and forbear, forbear, forbear to
 kill: When you plainly doe dis-cover, such a confiant
 faithfull Lover, will not pi-ty mov-e your breast, to be-fow a look
 at least; you cannot chuse but pit-ty me, if mercy's in Di-vi-
 ni-ty, you cannot chuse but pit-ty me, if mercy's in Di-vi-ni-ty.

Sung by Mrs. Hudson, in the *Ridiculous Lovers*. Sett by Mr. Williams.

Un-jully *Phillis* you accuse your slave with want of ten-der Love, for when dull
 Wedlock I re-fuse, tis that my flame may last-ing prove: Not Winds can
 more commend the Sea, than un-wed *Phillis Strephon* may; but ty-rant
 Wed-lock does decree, that conqu'ring Woman shall o-bey.

II.
 When e're you Wed you must resign
 Your pow'r of being Cruel too:
 The dread of which now makes me thine,
 And will preserve me ever so:
 The Knott of Love if ty'd by truth,
 No Time nor Fate can e're unbind;
 Then yield thy Beauty and thy Youth,
 And *Strephon* shall be ever kind.

Song Sung at the Confort in *Tork-buildings*. Sett by Mr. Williams.

How Peacefull the Days are, how Pleasant the Nights, how full of all Plea-sures,

all Joys and Delights; when the Eyes of *Do-rinda* her Heart does dis-cover, with
 all the kind looks of a Passionate Lover. When Kisses and Vows Loves earnest
 have paid, and I am se-cure that my Heart's not betray'd, I include greater
 blessings the world cannot give, and I Pray, and I Wish here for e-ver to
 live; No Joy's like that Love where true Hearts do U-nite, tis a Morning

E-rernal that never sees Night.

A Song in the *Lover's Luck*, Sung by Mr. Redding and Mr. Curco,
And Sett by Mr. John Eccles.

LET us Re-vel and Roa—r, let us Re-vel and Roa—

Let us Re-vel and Roa—r, let us

—r, and Roa—r, the whole World is our

Re-vel and Roar, and Roa—r, the whole world is our

Score; nay, the God's shall Club to our Pleasure: When we

Score; nay, the God's shall Club to our Pleasure: When we Wallow all Night, in an

Wallow all Night, in an unknown de-light, As—re—ra dif—covers the Treasure.

unknown de-light, in an unknown de-light, As—re—ra dif—covers the Treasure.

Let us never Repine,
Whilst brisk Wenches and Wine,
Make the Brims of our Lives Run over;
Leave the *Howl* and the *Howl*,
To the Polinick Sort,
And the *Howl* to the Fool of a Lover.

Thus we are free from all Cares,
Of Taxes and Wars,
We know not the Name of dull Sorrow.
Ev'ry Purse is our prey,
Which we Spend in a day,
And the Devil take Care for to Morrow.

A Song Sett by Mr. Robert King.

W Hy *Phili* must your an-ger try to wrack a Zea-lous Breaft, a—

—las, a—las, I ne-ver can de-ny the Lo-ve which

I pro-est: If I must be your Mar-tyr now, to prove, to prove my

Passion true, it is but just you shou'd allow my ho—

—pes, my ho—pes of Heav'n in you.

The last Song that Mr. Henry Purcell Sett before he Dy'd.

Ore-ly, Lovely Al-bi-na, Love-ly, Lovely Al-bi-na's come, come a-shore, to enter her just, just claim; ten times more Char-ming, ten times more Char-ming then be-fore; To her Imor-tal Fame, Fame. The Bel-gick Ly-on, as his brave, brave, brave, the Bel-gick

Ly-on, as his brave, brave, brave, this Beauty, this Beauty will re-leave, this Beauty, this Beauty will re-leave, will, will re-leave, for nothing, nothing, nothing but a mean blind Slave, can live, and let her grieve, and let her grieve

(1) Mr. Banister's First Trebles.

Solo.

Symphony.

(2) Trumpet Minuet. Round O.

(3) Minuet.

(4) Minuet.

(1) Mr. Banister's Second Trebles.

Solo.

Symphony.

(2) Trumpet Minuet. Round O.

(3) Minuet.

(4) Minuet.

First Trebles.

(5)
A March.

Musical notation for the first five measures of the 'A March' section in the first treble part. It consists of five staves of music in treble clef, featuring a rhythmic melody with eighth and sixteenth notes.

(6)

Musical notation for the next five measures of the 'A March' section in the first treble part. It continues the rhythmic melody from the previous section.

(7) Saraband.

Musical notation for the first five measures of the 'Saraband' section in the first treble part. The tempo and mood change to a slower, more melodic style.

(8) Minuet.

Musical notation for the first five measures of the 'Minuet' section in the first treble part. The music is characterized by a delicate and graceful melody.

Second Trebles.

(5)
A March.

Musical notation for the first five measures of the 'A March' section in the second treble part. It mirrors the first treble part with a similar rhythmic melody.

(6)

Musical notation for the next five measures of the 'A March' section in the second treble part. It continues the rhythmic melody from the previous section.

(7) Saraband.

Musical notation for the first five measures of the 'Saraband' section in the second treble part. The tempo and mood change to a slower, more melodic style.

(8) Minuet.

Musical notation for the first five measures of the 'Minuet' section in the second treble part. The music is characterized by a delicate and graceful melody.

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(9) Mr. Pefable's First Trebles.

Musical notation for measures 9 and 10. The notation is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including some trills and slurs. The word "Minuet." is written below the first staff.

Musical notation for measures 11 and 12. The notation continues the melody from the previous measures, ending with a double bar line.

Musical notation for measures 13 and 14. The notation continues the melody, featuring a trill in measure 13.

Musical notation for measures 15 and 16. The notation continues the melody, ending with a double bar line.

F I N I S

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(9) Mr. Pefable's Second Trebles.

Musical notation for measures 9 and 10. The notation is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including some trills and slurs. The word "Minuet." is written below the first staff.

Musical notation for measures 11 and 12. The notation continues the melody from the previous measures, ending with a double bar line.

Musical notation for measures 13 and 14. The notation continues the melody, featuring a trill in measure 13.

Musical notation for measures 15 and 16. The notation continues the melody, ending with a double bar line.

F I N I S

A Song, Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell.

W Hat un-grate-full De-vil move you! Come, come my Friend, the Truth de-

—clare; You Love Sylvia, Sylvia Loves you; why, why then will you Wed the Fair?

Marriage-joyning does dif-co-ver, but Love-free-ing joyns for Life: Wou'd you,

wou'd you, wou'd you Love the Nymph for ever? Never, never, never, never, never,

never let her be your Wife¹ ²

