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The date of this Ms. Collection of Songs is about 1725, it is after 1718. See date on 5th Song page 10.

J. Kidson
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<th>All 7 Keys (b, a, b third)</th>
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<td>C D E F G A B</td>
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Fingers increase; let faction be damned & discord cease; some let's drink it
Health go round; to whom celestial Joys I'll pour; Deny no pleasure to my soul; for Bacchus health restore

Let's maintain and their united pleasures reign; while Bacchus grant us

whilst we have break; For there's no drinking after death. And still pursue; the senseless woman-making crew; And swiftly move; for Bacchus is a friend to love; And
to the board, let's all sing the songs that both afford: And

he that will this health deny, down amongst; dead men, down amongst
he that woman's health deny, down amongst; dead men;
he that Bacchus health deny, down amongst; dead men;

they won't with us comply, down

dead men; down, down, down, down amongst; dead men & him lie.

Ritornel
Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan. Composed by Mr. Carey.

1. As in the drowsy hours of night, the roof was mov'd, the streamers waving in the wind;
   The fairest, fairest image of his love was seen, in the splendour of the dawn.

2. When black-eyed Susan came on board, Oh! how bright I saw her face, and how she shone in the beam of light;
   How sweetly her eyes did shine, as she looked on the moon and the stars above.

3. Tell me ye sailor, tell me true, if my sweet William sails among the crew,
   The cold wind bloweth through the ship's shining hands, and quick at fishing on the deck he stands.

4. See the sweet Sun high point in Air,
   Such close was his binion to his breast,
   (If chance his Maker's will call to his zeal),
   And hope at once into his mind:
   The pilot's Captain in his midst,
   Might every William's eye there kiss work,

5. Oh! Sit down, lovely dear,
   My heart shall ever true remain;
   Yet me kiss off that falling tear,
   We only part to meet again.
   Changes, as ye list, ye know,
   The faithful compass in that silent grove.

6. As to fair India's coast we sail,
   The sun was seen in flamboyant bright,
   The break of AA's a clear delight,
   By kine is angry so withal.
   And we are wondrous pleased that I now look in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

7. At the Pattle called me from the Arms,
   Yet not my pretty Susan won;
   The compass gear, yet hope from hence,
   William sails to his dear return.
   As turn aside, and shall that round we fly,
   Such precious sea should drop from Mermaid's eye.

8. Believe not what the landman say,
   He's a tromp with doubt thy constant mind;
   They'll tell thee sailors when away,
   A weary Port a Midst they stand;
   But yet believe them where they tell thee so,
   For them art present wherever I go.

9. Believe not what the landman say,
   He's a tromp with doubt thy constant mind;
   They'll tell thee sailors when away,
   A weary Port a Midst they stand;
   But yet believe them where they tell thee so,
   For them art present wherever I go.
A Dialogue betwixt Charon and Oliver. by Sir H. Hall.

Haste Charon, haste, thy noble commands thy speed; Charon, in he, he made three Kingdoms bleed.

Charon.

Brod soul; So black is thy guilt, I know so well, thou dost these shades in colour far excell, and seemst a beauty-pot to white Hell.

Note.

Dear Charon, haste; most streams of injure blood, poison, bloody is thy Cry, & dreadful is thy Hour.

Charon.

Stay, stay, how guiltless must he be, who Choriste hell for Sanctuary?

Thy weighty Crimes will never let thee float, But singly thou wilt sink my mighty Boat.

Note.

Charon, no more delay, for now you are too far, remember, remember what I was in Wair.
did Charles, and shall not I pass over, 

Weak shade! thou art to hold, and do not mistake still different ways great Charles thou didst move.

Thy course was downward still. His still above.

I saw him ascend, whilst angels stooped down to present an 

Thrones of left of his head to repay with a huge double gem.

Look yonder! I saw the bright troop on Wing, and they fly to spots and

bright was of King that him from his new brother, Angels I could not desire.

over leaf continued.
Then open’d wide Alysium’s radiant Gate, & they flew in gay triumphant State;

and then, So well God and Man the Martyr did love, gods Men wept below, Saints re-

Joy’d all above, Saints joy’d all above. ’Twas bravely praise thou might give

thou dost make me what I never was, in love with Heav’n. But Charis from his

Seat shall remove, the Heav’n slight mine, and his Abjions approve, as once upon

Earth I’ll dethrone him above; I to Elysium hence will go.

Charm.

No, Tyrant, no, To Dost fell of horror thou heading must fall, & with Furire as
Chorus

Drag him down, Drag him down to th' Abyss, Let flames and serpents a

Serpents about him still serpents about him still roll, and as he does pityless, pityless heav'n, he does pityless heav'n, and as he does pityless, pityless heav'n, he does pityless heav'n.

Let A flame ever scorch him, at him in scorn let A flame ever scorch him, at him in scorn let serpents still hiss, serpents still hiss, Let A flame ever scorch him, at him in scorn let serpents still hiss, serpents still hiss.

Drag him down, Drag him down to th' Abyss, Let flames and serpents a

Drag him down, Drag him down to th' Abyss, Let flames and serpents a

Drag him down, and make yet Wretch know, proud Tyrants on Earth shall be slaves here below.

Drag him down, and make yet Wretch know, proud Tyrants on Earth shall be slaves here below.
A Psalm of Thanksgiving to be Sung by the Children of Christ's Hospital, on Monday, Tuesday, & Wednesday of Easter Week according to Ancient Custom. For their Founder & Benefactor, 1718, Composed by M. Barrett, M. of the Munich Church.
How now, how now, blest is he, how now, blest is he on this occasion by thee, from Heaven ambitious Joseph fell who doubly now laments, laz

ments to see of Scars of Thun, and that he can only tyrannize in

Chorus.

Hell can only, only tyrannize in

Sing Love & Mercy

to Mankind, let all of World in praise be join'd: Yet every joyful

Of...plan sound, with tender Voice and cheerful Mind

repeat of hap...py, happy, happy sound.
Poor owen, poor owen for a while, poor Owen for a while did lie; despised by all, and

Often they were heard to cry, Swan's wine's dry; Swan's wine's dry; often they were heart

Standing by said, let's try, let's try; let's try; said let's try, let's try, let's try, let's try, let's try,

Where they drank their wine in Borole; To

gratifi — that to gratifi — their

thirsty, thirsty, thirsty, thirsty.

If all true Friends of good Liquor now were here, were here, to clab strongly in behalf of

it is all too little the Toft to exalt, & to make out in Metre it wants in Malt.

And some sort of People would call for't at all; But I wish all Hope once, at least for a war.

The K. of Spain's health

Drink a health to Heroes in measure, Main, drink health to K. true K. of Spain, since time goes on us &

Non nobis Domine non nobis sed nomini

Non nobis Domine non nobis sed
by all that walked by; did dye, despis'd by all, despis'd by all, al, al, al, by all; if walked by; often

to cry, weeping; let us weep: Lord's wine; dry; Lord's wine dry; O, O, he

try me by one joy, dry; dry; dry; then one by all, all, one & all, went to Court Hall.

Small Beer, Small Beer, in behalf of King Biddle, he dide, hey Small Beer.

The French call it little Beer, & we call it Small, & we call, we call it Small.

Strong, over night, much strong, over night & no, no Small, next morning.

better can boast, 'tis in good hand, 'tis in good hand, & and your turn is to.

Every man his bill, then to shall I drink, then to shall I drink, or to whom shall I file.

Eurus is kind, to sounding Huzza, — — — — we'll add to the Wind.

tuo da Gloria, sed nomini tuo da Gloria, nomini tuo da Gloria, sed nomini tuo da Gloria.
An Enthusiastic Song in A Minor Princess. Song by M. Surrinage.

Oh, cease, cease no more to God to swell my breast, my mansion.

Dread the greater guest, the mansion, my mansion. Dread the greater guest.

Guest, but lo he comes, he comes. I shake, I shake. I feel his sway and now he hurries me.

O, order believe, believe, and Kings obey. Obey the Heaven's inspired song.

Hast, hast, hast to God's due vengeance give.

Hark, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark from the east they cry.
who lets Blasphemers live, shall by Blasphemers die.

Blest, blest, have to God due vengeance give, beware, beware.

Be ware, ten thousand, thousand thou —— and, thousand thousand, I wee, I see,

invasions, Wars, Ruin.

flow & soft.

endless woe. Ah! wretched, wretched 

turn over.
Ain't no sin, we'll put in some time
All around, we'll put in some time
All around, we'll put in some time

See, see we fulfill, we fulfill on your

Does, your dreadful, dreadful will, See, see the Throng Hoot 'em,

host 'em as they drag along,

now they tear... am, now they tear... 'em now they Dye,

All applause... all applause... Shout, shout, shout, shout, shout, for joy.
Telemonachus. Sung by Mr. Barbier. in Calypso.

Symphony.

As in Elysian Plains he roves, Silent wanders thro' groves, O! let me thither be conveyed.

As in Elysian Plains he roves, I'll die to meet his happy shade. I'll die, I'll die to meet his happy shade.

No more let sorrow be. Sung by Sis. Margarita.
Mente. Song by Wm. Pearson. in Calypso

Let not pleasures charms undo thee.

trust not the deluding joy

trust not the deluding joy

trust not the deluding joy; let not pleasures

charms undo thee, trust not the deluding joy

trust not the deluding joy.

Tho' & Siren softly love thee, gaily smiling, & beguiling, She'll thy noble bliss destroy, she'll thy

noble bliss destroy; gaily smiling, & beguiling, She'll thy noble bliss destroy, she'll thy
Rejoicing birds salute the day, as every grove new beauty wears;

Come every grace adorn me;

Charm those eyes that charm me; love now thy aid supply,

To charm these eyes that charm me, love now thy aid supply.
Come every grace around me to charm those eyes that charm me,

Love now thy aid supply, love now thy aid supply,

Or if ungrateful scorn me, ye orising Furies Arm me,

unpity'd he shall Die, or if ungrateful scorn me, ye

Dye------ unpity'd he shall Die. Da Capo...
Calypso. { The last Song } in the Opera of Calypso

Presto

No longer, no longer, no longer here shall

Piano

Nature's smile, nor spring perpetual grace my

Fare, hence adieu; flattering pleasures fly Eternal

Gloom blot out the day; fade every flower each free de-
O 'tis the voice of Calypso... that Calypso too could die.

...that Calypso too could die.

Eternal gloom shall out of day, fade every flower, each tree decay.

...that Calypso too could die.
When gentle sleep had charmed my breast,
Lulled my senses, and lulled my senses all to rest; With my dea

Lusted eyes I seem'd to view Anacreon whilst I dream'd a
Parland on his head he wore, and in his hand, and in his

Hand his Lyre he box'd. Aina.

Harmonious sounds around, sounds around, around him broke;
Remains when e'er he spoke: And as he touch'd & dancing strings: The lovers that waited clapt their wings: And as he touch'd & dancing strings: The lovers that waited, the lovers that waited clapt their wings.

Old he appear'd but silver hair; That made him old had made him fair:

His beauties like the rose shine;

His beauties like 8 re-sus shine; His smiles were cheery, as his wine;

Cheerful, cheery, full as his wine: A rigid led of reeling bard; at once his
conduct and his Guard: His Wreath he took, his Wreath that spread fresh blooming

Glory's round...his head: and wish'd (said he) receive, the noblest present, the noblest present I can give.

With joy I bow'd my homage paid; proud of the present which he made: The fragrant flowers sweetly smelt like wine; they sweet of him so fresh. Then unadorn'd so headlong had, The Chaplet on my brow he plac'd.

Archie.

warm'd with gay desire...warm'd with gay desire...with gay desire...
The Chapel warm'd with gay desire, warm'd with gay desire, with gay desire, Breath'd gen-

tle flames, Breath'd gen - tle flames, Breath'd gen - tle flames, gentle flames, and

Am - irous fires; Breath'd gentle flames, Breath'd gen - tle flames.

breath'd gentle flames, gentle flames, and Am - irous fires.

Now, now, now now in my blood, Anchoran reigns; love, love, love & Anchoran fills my Veins; now, now

now in my breast, Anchoran reigns; love, love, love & Anchoran fills my Veins; now, now in my

blood Anchoran reigns; love, love, love & Anchoran fills my Veins.
To his soft lyre, my passion move; to his soft lyre, my passion move; his lyre that tunes my heart to love; to his soft lyre, my passion move; his lyre that tunes my heart to love; his lyre that tunes my heart to love. 

Mr. Croft.
A Single Song in The Opera of Dido & Aeneas by H. Purcell

Let Monarchs fight for power & fame, With noise & arms Mankind alarm.

Let daily fears their quiet fright, And cares disturb their rest by night.

With noise & arms Mankind alarm. Greatness shall never my soul in thrall; give me content, & I have all. Greatness shall never

Chorus.
Hear! mighty Love, to thee I call, give me Abelard and I have all.

Hear! mighty Love,

Hear! mighty Love,

Hear! mighty Love, to thee I call, give me Abelard, I have all.

That soft, that sweet, that Charming Fair, Fate cannot hurt while I have her.

That soft, that sweet,

That soft, that sweet,

That soft, that sweet, that Charming Fair; Fate cannot hurt while I have her.
They spread their cloaks in the snow, or angele. Hoy about her hung. Irida dere, ovr Gesta.

Aria.

Istch shephers, dont deceiv ye, plea, delights in woundyng hearthes.

Istch shephers, dont deceiv ye, plea, delights in woundyng hearthes; in

woundyng, woundyng, woundyng hearthes.

Istch shephers, dont deceiv ye, plea, delights in woundyng hearthes; in

woundyng, woundyng, woundyng hearthes.
A Song for a Voices. \( \text{M. Hen. Purcell} \)

1. When lovely Phillis they art kind, my sight; but rapture fits my mind: this then I think thee so Divine: I exalt the mighty power of Wine. But when thou in a word so amusest him, my freedom I do not with again: But when thou art cruel, but to my heart cruel, and needs not my cares straight.

2. When lovely Phillis they art kind, my sight; but rapture fits my mind: this then I think thee so Divine: I exalt the mighty power of Wine. But when thou art cruel, and needs not my cares straight.

When thou art cruel, and needs...
All tell me no more of your duty or vow, that change of condition no love can aod.

And since such ill changes have often been common, that wealth or woman was fated to lose.

And fill my heart and mind with what my cruel fortune lost. I know not how.

This fit we out selves should mend that abuse, and make with our fetters of this bitter chainage.

In goodlock’s trap, a passing occasion, to ease our wrong in passion, as well as we can.
fo'red, must be fo'red to yield.

With his unable, he is unable.

This is to conquer, the need to conquer;

Wondrous, wondrous, wondrous Machine, in thee I stand.
A Single Song

I attempt from grief's sickles to fly
in vain, since I am myself my own

Fever, since I am my self my own Deaver & pain.

No more not, no more not bid

Heart with Bide, no more swell show canst not raise forces, thou canst not raise forces enough to rebel.

For love has more pow'r, wee Mary and Sater, to make us seek ruin to

make us seek ruin, and spot those that hate. {Da Capo}
A Dialogue in Tyrannick Love, or Royal Martyr

Hark my Doridcar! Hark we're call'd, we're call'd, we're call'd betrost.

Let us go, let us go; let us go, let us go, let us go, let us go to embrace.

Part of long-ing loose in despair; Let us go, let us go, let us go, let us go,

Let us go, let us go, let us go, let us go, let us go, let us go;
Merry, merry, merry we sail from the East, half tippled at the
Rainbow Feast; in the bright Moonshine whilst the winds whistle.
Moonshine, whilst the winds whistle, loud; twir, twir, twir, twir, twir, twir.

Turn quick
We mount, we mount and we fly.

A long in a drowsy white cloud, and last our leap from sky should prove too far.

And last our leap from sky should prove too far, and last our leap from sky should prove too far.

slide, we'll slide on the back of a new falling star, and drop, drop, drop, drop, drop.
Here come to pass, pray you to perform what the Man would have done.

Then call me again when the Battle is won.

Chorus

So ready, so ready & quick is a Spirit of Joy, to sing, to pity the Son of Joy, to pity the Son of Joy.

......

Swift, silent & swifft, silent & swifft the little soft God is that silent & swifft, silent & swifft the little soft God is

Here with a Wrish & is gone with a Nod; is here with a wrish & is gone with a Nod.

Here with a Wrish & is gone with a Nod; is here with a wrish & is gone with a Nod.