

CHOICE
AYRES and SONGS

TO SING TO THE

Theorbo-Lute, or Bass-Viol:

BEING

Most of the Newest *Ayres* and *Songs* sung at COURT,
And at the Publick THEATRES.

Composed by several Gentlemen of His Majesty's Musick, and others.

THE FOURTH BOOK.



LONDON,

Printed by *A. Godbid* and *J. Playford Junior*, and are Sold by *John Playford*, at his Shop
near the *Temple Church*; and *John Carr*, at his Shop at the *Middle-Temple Gate*, 1683.



From silent Shades, and the E-li-zium Groves, where sad de-par-ted

3b3

Spi-rits mourn; there Loves, from Chryſtal Streams, and from that Coun—try,

where Jove crowns the Fields with Flowers all the year, poor ſenceleſs Beſs, cloath'd in her Rags and

Fol-ly, is come to cure her Love—ſick Me-lan—cho-ly: Bright Cyn—thia kept her

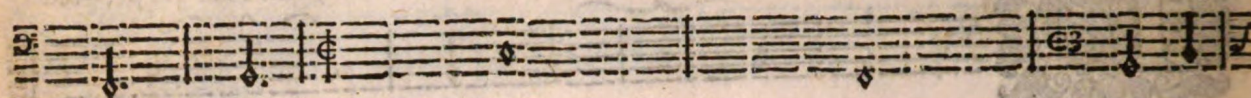
Re—vels late, while Mab the Fairy—Queen did dance; and O—be—ron did fit in

State, when Mars at Ve—nus ran his Lance. In yon—der Cow—ſlip lies my Dear, en-

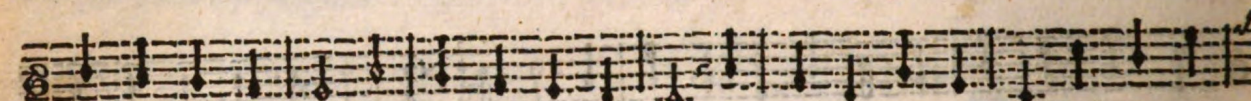
tomb'd in li—quid Gems of Dew; each day I'll wa—ter it with a Tear, its fa—ding



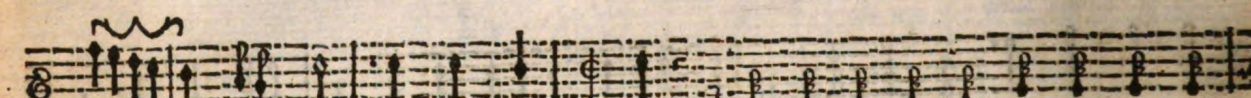
Blossom to re—new: For since my Love is dead, and all my Joys are gone; poor



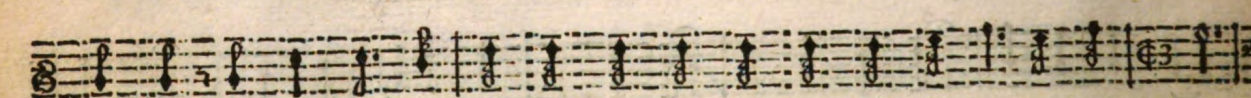
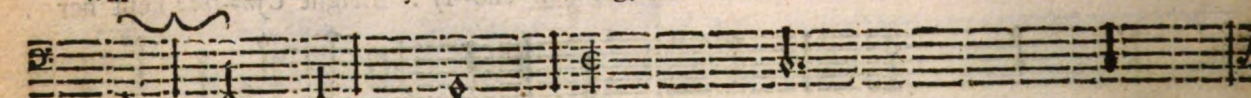
Bef's for his fake a Gar—land will make, my Mu—sick shall be a Groan. I'le



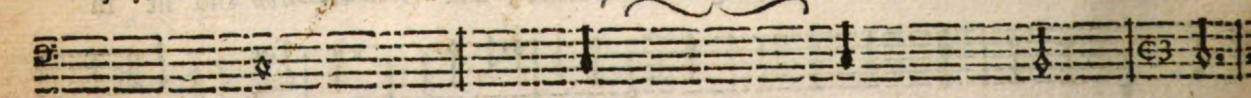
lay me down and dye; with-in some hollow Tree, the Rav'n and Cat, the Owl and Bat, shall



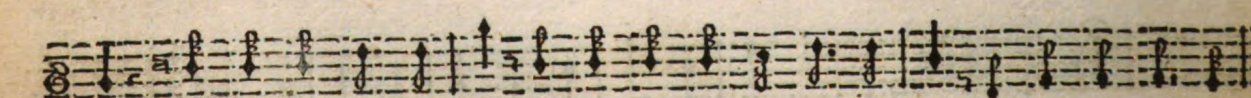
war—ble forth my E—le—gy. Did you not see my Love as he past



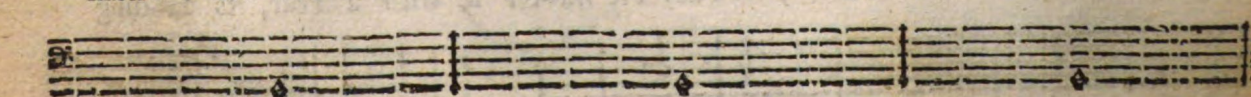
by you? His two flaming Eyes, if he come nigh you, they will scorch up your Hearts.

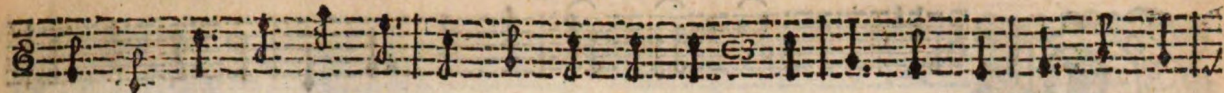


Ladies, be—ware ye, lest he should dart a glance that may en—snare ye. Hark!

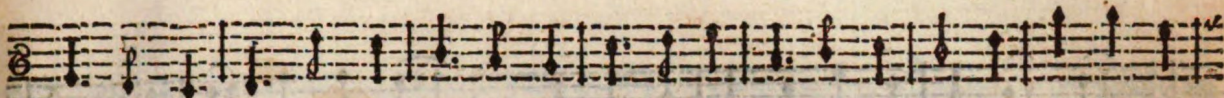
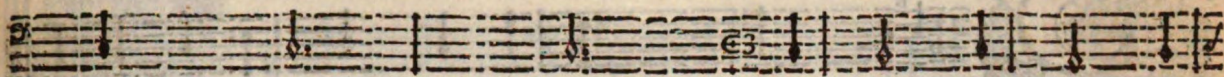


hark! I hear old Cha—ron bawl, his Boat he will no lon—ger stay; the Fu—ries lash their

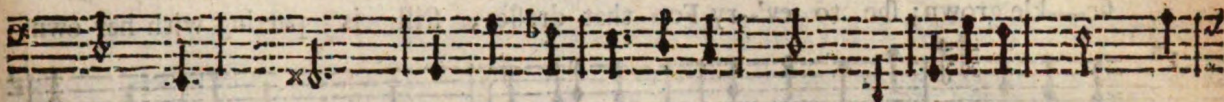




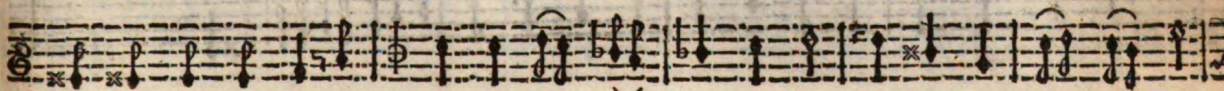
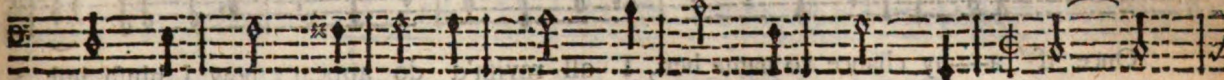
Whips, and call, Come, come a-way, come, come a-way: Poor *Bess* will re--turn to the



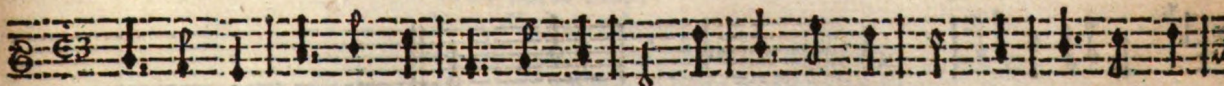
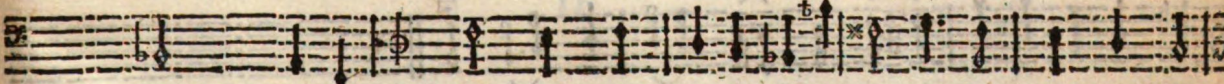
place whence she came, since the World is so mad, she can hope for no Cure; for Love's grown a



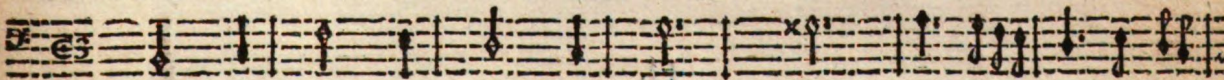
Bubble, a Shadow, a Name, which Fools do ad--mire, and wise Men en--dure. Cold and



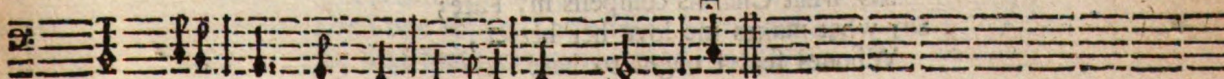
hungry am I grown, *Am--bro--sia* will I feed up--on, drink *Nectar* still, and sing;



who is content, does all Sorrow prevent: And *Bess* in her Straw, whil'ft free from the



Law, in her Thoughts is as great, great as a King.



Mr. Henry Purcell.

