MERCIURIUS MUSICUS:
OR,
The Monthly COLLECTION
OF
New Teaching SONGS,
Compos'd for the Theatres, and other Occasions;
With a Thorow Bass for the Harpsichord, or Spinett:
The SONGS being Transpos'd for the Flute, at the end of the Book.

For January.

LONDON:
Printed by William Pearson, next door to the Hare and Feathers, in Alders-gate-street; for Henry Playford, and Sold by him at his Shop in the Temple-Change Fleet-street; And F. Hare, at the Golden Viol in St. Paul's Church-Yard, and at his Shop in Freeman's-Yard in Corn-Hill; And at all other Musick-Shops in Town. Price Six Pence.
To all Lovers of HARMONY.

GENTLEMEN,

These Monthly Collections in Miniature being so many Favours, which the Masters are pleased to oblige me with, makes me fond to believe they have some kind Reflections on the Memory of my Father; who, to the Extent of his Power has advanced Musick in general, and that they intend to settle their good opinions in the right line. What I have to do, after my grateful acknowledgment, is to see their Works Perfectly Printed from their Originals, and so far to merit their Esteem, as to be able to shew them the vanity of some Pedlars of Musick, whose Wares have often reach'd Rome itself, to the lessening of the Characters the English Masters so justly deserve. I shall take Care, the SONGS shall be the Newest of the last Month, and I hope by the continuance of this and other Collections; supported by their Favours, that Musick will grow more and more in Esteem; and as it has been my utmost care to promote, so I hope these little Collections being of a small price, and continued New monthly, will prevent Encouraging of these Pedlars, who have so often impos'd on the World, which will lay greater obligations on,

Your Humble Servant

Henry Playford.
A S O N G, Sett by Mr. Samuel Ackeroyde.

To see the fair, 'tis wondrous strange, 'tis wondrous strange; thus by their

Pride misled; There greatest hopes they cannot change, they cannot change, they cannot

change, their greatest hopes they cannot change, but with for what they dread.

Then, Sylvia, pray your passion own, I A time draws near when you'll disown.
And tempt the fates no more; B One moment lost before.
A S O N G, Sett by Dr. Blow.

Farewell, farewell, my useless scrip, and poor unheaded flocks; no more, no, no, no more, no

more you'll round me, round me, round me, round me, trip, trip, trip, trip, or cloth me with your

locks: Fed by yon purling, purling streams, where Damon first I knew; I only, only, think on
him, I cannot, I cannot, I cannot, I cannot, I cannot think on you.

**A S O N G, Set by Mr. Dan. Purcell.**

Rust not to the Smiles of Women, nor their loft de-

—d—ing Arts; Those are favours paid in common, on—ly to en—tan—gle Hearts:

B 2
Do not think we suffer Anguish, tho' its outward signs are seen; we like you can seem to

lan—guish, yet be free, yet be free as Air with-in, yet be free, yet be free as

II.

All the hopes our Eyes do send you,
    Are but shadows to delude;
Fly 'em and they will attend you,
    But they vanish if pursu'd:
Always fond of Man's undoing,
Some we wound by being coy;
Gay and ease Smiles will ruin,
    Grave and Wise our frowns destroy.
A New SONG, Sett by Mr. John Church.

F

From all uncafe Palliars free, Revenge, Ambition, Jealousy, contented I had,

been too blest, if Love and you would let me rest: Yet that dull life I now despise, safe from your

Eyes I fear'd no Griefs, I fear'd no gries; but oh! I find no Joys.

A midft a Thousand soft desires,
Which Beauty moves, and Love inspires;
I feel such pangs of Jealous fear,
No Heart so kind as mine can bear;
Yet I'll defie the worst of harms,
Such are those charms,
Tis worth a Life, 'tis worth a Life,
To die within your Arms.
A S O N G, Sett by Mr. King.

Let soft desires your Heart engage, let soft desires your Heart engage; 'tis sweet, sweet, sweet to Love, 'tis sweet to Love in ev'ry age, ev'ry season, ev'ry Creature yields to Love and courts his Joys: yields to Love and courts his Joys; none are truer,
none are sweeter, when discretion guides the choice; none, none, none, none, none are sweeter,

when discretion guides the choice, none, none, none, none, none, none are sweeter when dis-

creation guides the choice.
A SONG, Sett by Mr. Henry Hall of Hereford.

Charming fair Amoret, that dear undoer; altho' she flies me, yet still I'll pursue her,

nothing like constancy becomes a Lover, e'er he should reap the joy he much must suffer: Martyrs their dying flames court as a Blessing, and soon forget the
A New SONG, Sett by Mr. Francis.

If on my raging smart she'd take compassion;
And with a gentle sigh daign to deplore me,
Nothing so blest as I, e'er lov'd before me:
Lock'd in her Arms I'd lie faint and expiring,
Lost in the mighty Joy, yet still desiring.

Ye Celia, scorn the little Arts, which meaner beauties

Use, who think they can't secure our Hearts, unless they still refuse:
Come let's not trifle time away,
   Or stop you know not why;
Your Blushes and your Eyes betray,
   What death you mean to die:
Let all your Maiden fears begone,
   And Love no more be crost;
Ah! Celis when the Joys are known,
   You'll curse the Minutes lost.
A New SONG, Sett by Mr Dan. Purcell.

O H! why O-lin-da prethee, prethee why wou'd you from

Strephon have me fl- y, wou'd you from

Strephon have me fly

fly: Has he not Wit, has he not
Wit and charming Air, and ev'ry, ev'ry Nett to catch the fair; ah! then how can you
then how can you bid me part, and take me hence, take me hence without my Heart? and take me hence, take me hence without my Heart.
Wit and charming Air, and ev'ry, ev'ry Nett to call

tch the fair, and ev'ry Nett to call

tch the fair; ah! then how can you
Bid me part, and take me hence, take me hence without my heart? ah!

Then how can you bid me part, and take me hence, take me hence without my Heart? and take me hence, take me hence without my Heart.
A SONG in Rinaldo and Armida, Sung by Mr. Gouge. Sett by Mr. John Eccles.

Ah! Queen, ah! Queen, ah! wretched Queen, ah! wretched Queen give o'er;

cease, cease with hopeless fires to burn; ah! cease, his absence, his

absence to deplore, who now, ev'n now, who now ev'n now for-fakes the
A SONG, Sett by Mr. William Crofts.

When first Celinda blest mine Eyes, so pretty, and so moving was ev'ry
shore, and never will return, and never will return, no never see you more, no never see you more, no
The Virtues of her
pleasing Charms, her pleasing Charms my Senses stole away, love had no strength to rise in
Arms, nor pow'r, nor pow'r to o——bey. bey.
The SONG Tunes for the FLUTE.

Farewell my useless scrip,

Trust not to the smiles of Women,
Let soft desires your Heart engage,
From all uneasy Passions free,
The SONG Tunes for the FLUTE.

Charming fair Amoret,

Fye Celia scorn the little Arts,
Ob! my Olinda,
The SONG Tunes for the FLUTE.

Ab! Queen ab! Queen,

When first Celinda blest mine Eyes.
Books lately Printed for, and Sold by, Henry Playford at his Shop in the Temple-Change Fleet-street.

*W*it and Mirth: Or, Pills to purge Melancholy, Being a Collection of the best Old and New Ballads, and Songs, containing near 200, with the Tunes to each. Price 2s. 6d. in Calf 3s. Printed for Henry Playford at his Shop in the Temple-Change.

*Orpheus Britannicus*, being the Choicest Songs of one; two and three Voices, by the late Mr. Henry Purcell in Folio. Price Bound 18s.

*An Introduction to the Skill of Musick*, the Thirteenth Edition, to which is Added the whole Art of Composition by the late Mr. Henry Purcell. Price bound 2s.


At Goudger's Coffee-house, in Bewford-buildings in the Strand is a Confort of Musick, Vocal, and Instrumental; every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday in the Evening, where my Musick is to be Sold, and may be heard on the Nights above said at the request of any Gentleman that desires to buy them. The Songs for February are now in the Press.

Twelve New Songs, with a Thorow-Bass Figur'd for the Organ, Harpsichord, or Spinet, chiefly to Encourage William Pearson's New London Character, Compos'd by Dr. Blow, Dr. Turner, Mr. Nicola, Mr. Ralph Courtrice, Mr. Samuel Ackroyde, Mr. John Eccles, Mr. Daniel Purcell, Mr. John Barret, Mr. Williams, Mr. John Church, and Mr. William Crofts: With Two New Dialogues, Sett by Mr. Jer. Clark, and single Songs, Sung in the last Reviv'd Play call'd The Island Princes: Or, The Generous Partigian. Newly made into an OPERA. Printed by and for William Pearson next door to the Hare and Feathers in Alders-Gate-street; and Sold by Mr. Playford at the Temple-Change Fleet-street; Mr. Scott at the Middle-Temple-Gate; F. Hare at his Shop in Freeman's-Tard in Corn-Hill, and all other Musick-Shops in Town. Price 1s. 6d.

FINIS.