

THE ALAMODE MUSICIAN.

Being a new Collection of Songs,
Compos'd by some of the most
Eminent Masters, & Ingrav'd from
the Originals, with a thorough Bass
for the Harpsichord, or Bass-Violl,
and for the easier playing of Trebles
upon the Flute, each Song is transpos'd
(where necessary) to a Key proper for
that Instrument.

Sould by Henry Playford at his Shop in
the Temple Chaurge Fleet Street. 1698

A new Song set by Mr. Forcer.

*Farewell my useless Scrip, & poor unheed'd flock, No more you'll
round me trip, nor cloath me with your Locks, Feed by you purling
Stream where Jockey, where Jockey first I knew, I only think I only
think I only think on him, I cannot, cannot, cannot think on you.*

Farewell each Shepherdess the bonny Lads adieu,
May each his Wish possess and to that Wish be true,
Your Oaten Pipes could please but Jockey then was kind,
Your bonny Tunes may Cease the Lad has Chang'd his mind.

For the Flute

Sould by Henry Playford at his Shop in y^e Temple Change Fleet-street
(num 5)

Interlude
A Song in the Comedy call'd the Town Vnmask'd
Set by M^r. Iohn Eccles Sung by M^r. Bowman

All things seem deaf, seem dea

f to my Complaints, All things seem dea

f to my Complaints, in Vaine I roa... in the groves a

lone, in Vaine I roa... in the groves alone; Hear me, hear me ye

Loves ye lo... ver departed Swains, that to Eli...

Shades are gon, hear me, hear me Ye Loves depa... ried Swains, that to E...

li... zian Shades are gone,

f to my faithfull Celadon I prove not true, if to my faithfull

Celadon I prove not true; Let it be both our dooms, let it be both our dooms,

let it be both our dooms, let it be both our dooms never to come to you, never to come to you.

let it be both our dooms, never to come to you, no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no never never

never never never, no never to come to you, no never never never never never, no never to come to you.

For the Flute

Henry Purcell at his shop in St. Dunstons Church, London.

A new Song set by M^r. Barrett.

How wretched, how wretched is our
Fate, to Love, when doom'd, when doom'd to Love in Vain, or Sigh &
Tears me, egi. lgi Prove, & in the fair no Passions move, but hate & Distain.
Ah dear Siberca, Did you, did you, did you know what Torments I endure, you
more Compassionate wou'd, grow, & som kind tender pity show, my Wild despair to
Cure, my Wi.....ld despair to Cure.
So you my Heart Give Sacrific'd, to Sigh, to bleed, to bleed, to burn. For you the World I
have despis'd, you as my Goddess I doti z'd, and am by you by you undone. &
am by you, & am by you, by you, by you undone.

ould be Henry Purcell's, it is the only one I have seen. And find (Number 2)

*A new Song set by Mr. Jeremiah Clark Sung by
 M^s. Champion at the Theater in Dorset Garden*

Long has Pa...sto...ra

ru'd the Plain, long, long, long

has Pa...sto...ra ru'd the Plain, the Day...ly Song, the

Day...ly Song of every Sighing, every Sigh...ing Swain, in

Softest notes, in Softest notes all tell their Tender Love, each

Stri...ves...in Vain, each Stri...ves, in Vain Pa...sto...ras Brest to move;

Ah happy, happy Nymph, Ah happy, happy Nymph, whose

Charms such Ma-gick have, can Chain a World, can Chain a World and
 force Mankind your Slave. *Slow* Would you Improve and still much
 brighter shine, Oh do but Love and you'll be all Divine, Oh.
 Oh, Oh do do but Love and you'll be all Divine.

For the Flute

Slow

Printed by Henry Maynard at his Shop in 4 Temple Church Fleet Street (m 2)

A new Song upon a Lost Heart, the words
by Mrs. Child Set by M^r. Wilford.

Return, return thou wand-...ring Guest, return
return to thy forsaken Breast, forsaken Breast, fond Heart why
dost thou still pursue, a fate which will thy peace undoe,
fond Heart why dost thou still pursue, a fate which will
thy peace undoe, thy peace undoe. How ill have
Strangers treated thee, with va-rious kinds of
treachery, yet thou as pleas'd with thy undoing dost vainly
fly to meet thy ruine ^{1st strain} gain

The musical score is written on ten systems of two staves each. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature (C). The music is a single melodic line. The lyrics are written below the notes. There are several repeat signs and first/second endings. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

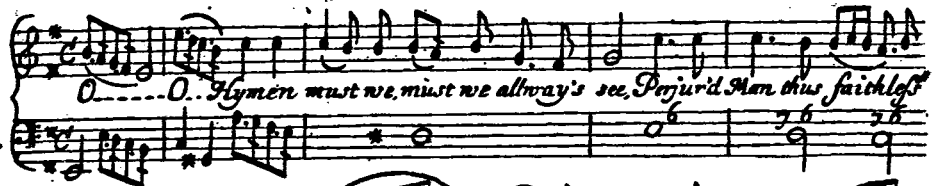
Oh dost thou hope at last to find a Breast that's Constant
 Soft & kind, if that a lone crowns thy desire, then to thy
 own thou must retire, if that a lone Crowns thy desire, then
 to thy own thou must retire. end with the first strain.

For the Flute.

first strain again
 end with the first strain

Printed by Henry Playford at his Shop in the Temple Change Fleet Street (num 3)

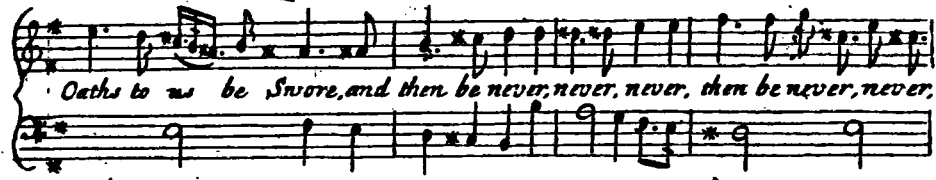
*A new Song, in the Fatall Devorse, set by
M: Daniel Purcell Sung by M: Linsey.*



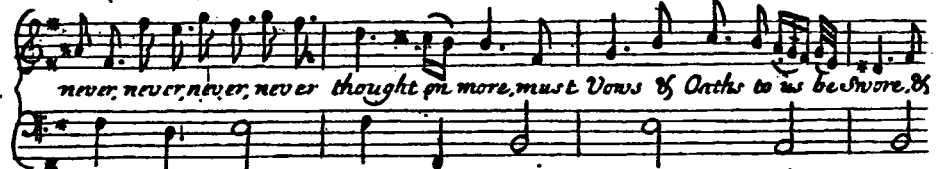
O... O... Hymen must we, must we allway's see, Perjur'd Man thus faithles



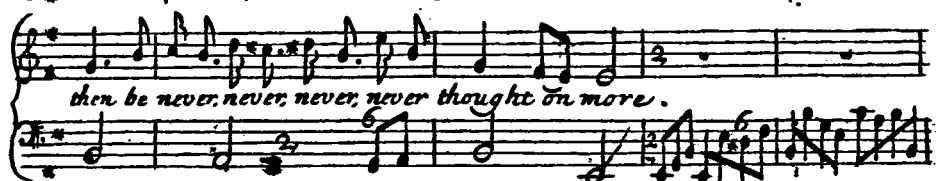
be, and still still securely slight, Securely slight our Deity, must Vows &



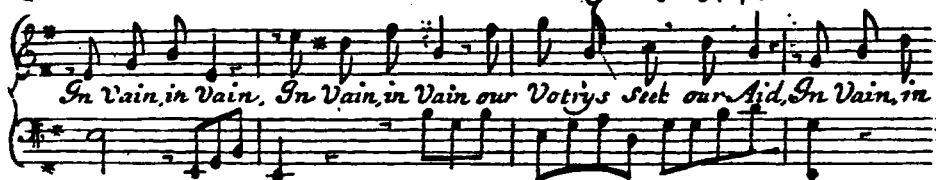
Oaths to us be Swore, and then be never, never, never, then be never, never,



never, never, never, never thought on more, must Vows & Oaths to us be Swore, &



then be never, never, never, never thought on more.



In Vain, in Vain, In Vain, in Vain our Votrys Seek our Aid, In Vain, in



Vain, In Vain, in Vain, In Vain, in Vain... our Votrys seek our



Aid, In Vain, in Vain our Votrys seek our Aid, In Vain, in

Vain our Dotrys seek our Aid if thus, thus, thus, if thus, thus,
thus, they still must be betraid if thus thus thus if thus thus thus if
thus, thus, thus they still must be betraid, if thus, thus, thus, if thus, thus, thus, if
thus, thus, thus, they still must be betraid.

For the Flute

Sould by Henry Playford at his shop in y^e Temple Church Fleet Street (num 4)

*A New Song the words by Cap^t
Walker set by Mr. Courteville,*

The Charms of bright Beauty so Pow-
erfull *for that wee make*
Peace and for that wee make War.. then tell me no more,
no more, then tell me no more, no more of Reli- gion and
Laws, your Cant of Injustice your good and bad Cause, your
Con-quest, your Con-quest
your Conquest and Tri-
umphs your Captives and Spowles, cu'd

never incite me, no never, could never incite me, could
never incite me, to Hazardous toyles, could never incite me,
to Hazardous toyles. To be great wise and
wealthy, I never would chuse, should the Nymph I adore
should the Nymph I adore her Favours refuse.
But let my Eugenia be faithfull, and kind, ile weather the
Winter and wearv the wind, ile Ra- - - - vage the
was, ile Ra- - - - vage the seas the earth and the

Air and Com... bate for He
slow
 even Death... even Death, Death and Despair.

For the Flute

slow

Sold by Henry Playford at his Shop in the Temple Church Fleet Street
 (Num 6)