

THE SECOND
COLLECTION
OF
New Songs and Ballads.
WITH
The SONGS and DIALOGUES in the
First and Second Part of *Massaniello*.

By *Tho. D'urfey*.

ℓ

The Tunes Transpos'd for the *FLUTE*, at the beginning of the Book.



L O N D O N:

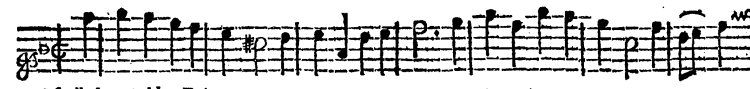
Printed by *William Pearson*, next door to the *Hare and Feathers*, in *Alders-gate*
Street, for *Henry Playford*, and Sold by him at his Shop in the *Temple-Chapel*
Fleet-street, and at all other Musick Shops in Town, where the First Booke
may be had. 1699.

Price Sixpence.

The SONG Tunes Transpos'd for the Flute.



Young Philander Wood' me long,



Of all the World's Enjoyments,



The SONG Tunes Transpos'd for the Flute.

The Devil he pull'd of his Jacket of flame,

Musical notation for the first song, featuring a single melodic line on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature.

Folly Roger Twangdillo of Plowden Hill.

Musical notation for the second song, featuring a single melodic line on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature.

THE SONGS and DIALOGUES
In the First and Second Part of *Massaniello*.
The first SONG Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell.

Y Oung Phi-lan-der woo'd me long, I was peevish
and forbad him; nor would hear his lo-ving Song, and yet now I wish I wish I
had him; for each morn I view my Glafs, I perceive the whim is going; for when
wrinkles streak the Face, we may bid farewell to Wooing; for when wrinkles

Musical notation for the first song from Massaniello, featuring a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a lute accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp and the time signature is common time. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

(2)

break the Face, we may bid warewell to Woo—ing.

II.
 Use your time ye Virgins fair,
 Choose before your day's are evil ;
 Fifteen is a Season rare,
 Five and Forty is the Devil ;
 Just when ripe consent to doo't,
 Hug no more the lonely Pillow ;
 Women like some other Fruit,
 Loofe there rellish when too mellow.

The Fishermans SONG in the 1st. Part, of *Maffaniello*; Sett by Mr. *Leveridge*.

OF all the World's Enjoyments, that e--ver valu'd were ; there's none of our Em—
 —joyments, with Fishing can compare : Some Preach, some Write, some Swear, some
 Fight; All Golden Lucre courting, But Fishing still bears off the Bell, For Pro-fit
 or for Sporting. *CHO.* *Then who a fel-ly Fisherman, a Fisherman will be? His*
ivroat must wet, just like his Net, so keep out cold at Sea. The

(3)

II.
 The Country Squire loves Running,
 A pack of wellmouth'd Hounds;
 Another fancies Gunning
 For wild Ducks in his Grounds :
 This Hunts, that Fowls,
 This Hawks, *Dick Bows*,
 No greater pleasure wishing,
 But *Tom* that tells what Sport excels :
 Gives all the Praise to Fishing.
CHO. Then who, &c.

III.
 A good *Westfalia Gammon*,
 Is counted dainty Fair ;
 But what is't to a *Sammon*,
 Just taken from the Warc :
 Wheate Ears and *Quails*,
Cocks, Snipes and *Rayles* ;
 Are priz'd while Season's lasting,
 But all must stoop to *Crawfish Soop*,
 Or I've no skill in Tasting.
CHO. Then who, &c.

IV.
 Keen Hunters always take too,
 Their pray with too much pains ;
 Nay often break a Neck too,
 A Penance for nor Brains ;
 They Run, they Leap,
 Now high now deep ;
 Whilst he that Fishing choofes,
 With ease may do'r, may more to boor ;
 May encertain the Mises.
CHO. Then who, &c.

V.
 And tho' some envious wranglers,
 To jeer us will make bold,
 And Laugh at patient Anglers,
 Who stand so long i'th' cold.
 They wait on Mises,
 We wait on this,
 And think it easie labour,
 And if you'd know, Fish profits too,
 Consult our *Holland* Neighbour.

A Dialogue between a Town Sharper and his Hostess, Sung by Mr. Leveridge and Mr. Pate, in the 1st. Part, Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell.

Sharp.

W Hilt wretched Fools sneak up and down, play hide and seek a--bout the Town; de-

---prest by Debts, and Fortunes frown, by Duns too kept in awe: When ever my Oc-

---cassions call, and 'mongst my Cre-di-tors I fall, I've one fine Song that Pays'em

all ; Fa la, - - - - - la Good

Hoff.

morrow Sir, I'm glad to See your Humour is So brisk and free, I hope the better

tis for me. If you your Purfs will draw: y'have been two Years at Bed and

Board, and I, Lord help me, took your Word, but now must have what here is S^cor'd, for

all your Fa, la la - - - - - la.

C

Sharp. My purse sweet Hostels is but lank,
 But I have some thing else in bank;
 And you at home I'll kindly thank,
 With charming sweet *Sol fa*.
 Well sit and Chaunt from Morn to Noon,
 No Nightingal in *May* or *June*;
 Did ever Sing so fine a Tune,
 As *fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.*

Host. You take me for an Idiot sure,
 Will this fine Tune my debt secure;
 Or pay my Baker or my Brewer,
 Or keep me from the Law,
 To buy your Shirts ther'es Mony lent,
 Befides in Meat and Drink more spent;
 And can you think I pay my Rent,
 With *fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.*

Sharp. I'll teach thee such a pretty Song,
 Shall please Rich, Poor, Old, and Young;
 Get thee a Husband Stout and Strong,
 Some Country Rich Jack-Daw;
 Nay more I'll bring to quit my Scores,
 A crew of Topping Sons of Whores;
 Shall Drink all Night and Charm the Hours,
 With *fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.*

Host. Ye cunning Rogue this wheedling talk,
 You fancy will rub out my chalk;
 But I your sly design will balk,
 When you to Jayl I draw
 Your boasted Song's a foolish thing,
 For do but you the Mony bring,
 You'll find I can already sing,
 As *la, la, la, la, la, &c.*

Well

Sharp.

Well Since Dams Fortune is my Foe, and that I muſt to Priſon go, Let's have a Neat

Host.

Frisk or So, and then Rub on the Law. Well Since you're on a merry Pin, and

make ſo ſlight the Counter-Gin, I'll do't and let the Tune begin with Fa - -

-la. *They Dance.*

*Sharp.**Hoff.**Sharp.*

Has not my Dance ill Humour charm'd ? I must confess my Blood is warm'd. And

Hoff.

Heart I hope by love alarm'd to laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha. You think you've catch'd me

*Sharp.**Hoff.*

now I smile, No that I'll do at Night dear child. Well I'll the Bayliffs stop awhile to

Try your Fa, la - - - - - la.

Enter a Chimney Sweepers Boy and SING S.

Boy. Sweep, sweep, sweep,
My Lord and Madam sleep,
Whilst I Pth Chimney creep,
And sweep, sweep, sweep.
He nimbly clumb up to the top,
Without a Ladder or a Rope,
And sweep, sweep, sweep,
Who calls the Chimney sweep?

Enter a Cookmaid with a Ladle Tanning.

Cook. Heigh ho, Heigh ho, Heigh ho,
Ye bawling Bratt what's here to do?
With this your Sooty Devils trade,
If with this squalling noise you make,
My Lord and Lady chance to wake,
I vow I'll break your head.

Boy. Oh! *Sisely,* why so full of wrath?
You know I only mean,
To sweep the Chimney clean,
Least Soot should fall and spoil the Broash.

Cook. You youngsters have another way to deal,
Pretend to sweep, but come indeed to steal.

Boy. Nay now my Honours touch'd and soon,
I'll make you sing another Tune.

Cook. Come, Sirrah, come I've lately lost a spoon,

Boy. Can no one be the thief but I?
Ye've found me still an honest boy;
You know I've kept your councell too,
And never hinted farther,
What in the Kitchen Larder,
I once saw you and *John* the Coachman do?

D

Cook.

Cook. Ye little Rogue, how did you dare,
To peep on such a grand affair ?

Boy. I saw it and will tell it too,
The garters you had on were blew;
I'll publish ev'ry thing was done,
Because you tax me with your Spoon.

Cook. I did but jest, come let's be friends,
I'll fetch thee what shall make amends.

[Exit Cook.]

Boy. Sweep, sweep, sweep,
I saw the Coachman creep,
Into the Stable dark and deep,
When I by chance did peep.

Enter Cookmaid with a great piece of Bread and Butter.

Cook. No more of that upon your life,
We are contracted Man and Wife;
And what you then did chance to see,
Was all in 'th way of honesty:
We've given our Words and both shook hands,
And that's as firm as Marriage bands.

Boy. Get me my Breakfast to my wif,
With no more spoons thrown in my dish,
Agen upon a Truss of hay,
You both may in the stable play;
And I that peep, and sweep and peep,
And sweep, and peep, will nothing say.

Cook. I'll feed thee till I cloy,
My pretty, pretty boy;
Thou shalt thy Breakfast have each morn.

Boy. And you all night shall have your joy.

CHO. *Thou shalt, &c.*

A Di-

A Dialogue in the fifth Act of the first part of Massaniello, between Pate and Leveridge, Acting two Fish-wives Scolding.

1st. Fish. **H**OW comes it now good Mrs. sprat,
You are so Impudent of late?
I'll endeavour to forestall my Wares,
And thrust your Nose in my affairs,
What is't you would be at?

2d. Fish. What means the Blowz, my actions shew,
I scorn both your affairs and you;
I hope my trade is not so small,
To help it I shou'd yours forestall,
Sure 'tis not come to that?

1st. Fish. Come, come I know you carry't high,
But yesterday the Neighbours swore,
That you did all the *Herrings* buy,
That I had bargain'd for before.

2d. Fish. They lye, I am the veriest jade,
That e'er at Door a By-blow laid,
If I did any *Herrings* buy,
I'd have ye know,
Ye filthy Sow,
I've other fish to fry.

1st. Fish. Come, come you did, you did, ye Quean,
And in the *Ass-house* cross the green,
To Breakfast drill'd my Husband too.

Both Sing { 1st. I'd have ye know,
2d. Ye did ye Quean,
1st. Ye filthy Sow,
2d. Ye did ye Quean,
1st. And drill'd my Husband by.
2d. I've other Fish to fry. } together.

2d. Fish. Ye dirty mawks — would I but go,
To grab my spouse a Horn or so,
I've Customers of Lords or Knights,
Would be my friends both days and nights,
And take it for a favour too.

1st. Fish.

- 1st. Fish. Thou long hast bragg'd of this I own,
When only Scowndrels of the Town,
Were still employed to Till your Ground,
Of which your Husband's one,
2^d. Fish. He was, but he soon found his dangerous case,
1st. Fish. He knows thou art not found.
- 2^d. Fish. Not found — you Trollop — by this light,
To vex thee now I'll tell the truth in spite,
He does Love me, thy Husband's mine,
Our Hands, our Lipps, our — we joyn,
And when we sit, and Sing, and play,
Has wish'd thee hang'd a hundred times a day.
- 1st. Fish. I'll slit that Nose,
2^d. Fish. Hefays that Mouth,
Is like the Pole, 'will reach from *North* to *South*.
And if you're there so wide,
You know full well,
The tales Men tell,
What they suspect beside.
- 1st. Fish. Ye Carrion,
2^d. Fish. Ye Mawkin,
1st. Fish. Ye Slattern,
2^d. Fish. Ye Pufs.

Both together, I'll teach you to slander me thus, thus, and thus:
I'll teach you to Cuckold me thus, thus and thus.

A Song

A SONG, Sett by Mr. Samuel Ackroyde.

HE lead her by the milk white hand in—to a co-vert sha—dy, he swore he'd

give her Houfe and Land, and she shou'd be a La-dy. Her Checks were spread with

Crimfon red; at last he made her squeak out. The naughty man a trick began that

I'm a sham'd to speak out.

E

A SONG Sett by Mr. Ackerojde.

The *De-vil* he pull'd off his *Jack-et* of flame, the *Fry-er* he pull'd off his Cowle,

The *De-vil* took him for a dunce of the game, the *Fry-er* took him for a

Fool; He piqu'd, and re-piqu'd him so oft, that at last he swore by the

Jol-ly fat *Nuns*, if Cards came no better than those that are past, oh!

oh! oh! I shall lose all my *Buns*.

TWANGDILLO.

A New Ballad, the Words made to the Tune of a Pretty Country Dance, call'd the Hobbyhorse.

Jol-ly *Ro-ger Twangdil-lo* of *Plowden Hill*, In his Chest had two thousand good pounds,

Fat Oxen and Sheep, and a Barn well fill'd, And a hundred good Acres of ground;

Which made ev'ry Maiden, With Maidenheads la-den, And Widows, tho' just set free, To

wrangle and fret, And pump up their Wit, To train to the Net, *Twangdil-lo, Twang-*

-dil-lo, Twangdil-lo Twangdil-lo young *Lu-ty Twang-dil-lo, Twangdee.* The

The first that brake Ice, was a Lass had been
 Born of a good House but decay'd;
 Her Gown was new Dy'd, and her Night-rail Clean,
 And to Sing and talk *French* had bin bred;
 She'd dance *Northern Nancy*,
 Ask'd *Parler vous Fransay*,
 That *Hodge* might her breeding see,
 She'd rowl her black Eye,
 Breaths short with a sigh,
 When e'er she came nigh *Twangdillo Twang*, &c.

III.

The next was a Seemstres of Stature low,
 That fancy'd she wanted a Male,
 Her Hair was as black as an *Autumn* floe,
 And hard as a Coach-horses tayl;
 She'd Oagle and Wheedle,
 And prick with her Needle;
 What d'e lack, what d'e buy, cry'd she?
 But now the brisk tone,
 Is chang'd to a groan,
 Ah! Pity my Moan *Twangdillo Twang*, &c.

IV.

A Musty old Chambermaid lean and tall,
 The next as a Suiter appears,
 With a Tongue loud and shrill, but no Teeth at all,
 For time had drawn them many years;
 Cast Gowns and such Lumber,
 Old Smocks without number,
 She bragg'd should her Dowry be,
 Forty pair of Lac'd Shoes,
 Ribbons Green, Red and Blews,
 But all would not Nooie *Twangdillo Twang*, &c.

V.

The next was a Lass of a *Popish* strain,
 That *Jesuite* Whims had been taught,
 She bragg'd they should soon have King *J.* again,
 Tho' her spouse was late hang'd for the Plott;
 The *French* would come over,
 And land here at *Dover*,
 And all as they wish'd would be;
 The *Jacobite* jade,
 Talk'd as if she was mad,
 In hopes to have had *Twangdillo Twang*, &c.

VI.

A Vintners fat Widow then straight was view'd,
 Whose Cuckold had pick'd up some pelf.
 He had kill'd half his Neighbours with Wine he'd brew'd,
 And lately had poyson'd himself
 With Bumpers of *Claret*,
 No Soufe paying for it.
 She'd *Roger's* companion be;
 Strike fist on the board,
 Huzza was the Word,
 Come Kiss me ador'd *Twangdillo Twang*, &c.

VII.

But *Roger* resolv'd not to be her man,
 And so gave a loose to the next,
 The Neice of a canting bleer Ey'd *Non Con*,
 That stiffly could Canvass a Text.
 A Dame in *Cheapside* too,
 Would fain be his Bride too,
 And make him of *London* free;
 But no Lass would down,
 In Country or Town,
 So Purse-proud was grown *Twangdillo Twang*, &c.

VIII.

Till at last pretty *Nancy*, a Farmers joy,
 That newly a Milking had bin;
 Round fac'd, Cherry Cheeks, with a smirking Eye,
 Came tripping it over the Green.
 She mov'd like a Goddess,
 And in her lac'd Boddice,
 A span she could hardly be;
 Her Hips were plump grown,
 And her Hair a dark brown;
 'Twas she that brought down *Twangdillo, Twangdillo*,
Twangdillo, Twangdillo, yong lusty *Twangdillo*,
Twangdee.

A match at Stool-ball, the Words made to a Ground
by Mr. Thomas D'urfey.

Come all, great, small, short, tall, a-way to Stoolball. Down in a Vale on a Summers day, all the Lads and Lassies met to be Merry; *Will* and *Tom*, *Hall*, *Dick* and *Hugh*, *Kate*, *Doll*, *Sue*, *Bess* and *Moll*, with *Hodge*, and *Bridger*, and *James*, and *Nanny*;

But when plump *Gris* got the Ball in her Mutton Fift, once fretted, she'd hit it farther than any; Running, Haring, Gaping, Staring, Reeling, Stooping, Hollowing, Hooping; Sun a setting, all thought fitting, by consent to rest'em; *Hall* got *Sue*, and *Doll* got *Hugh*, all took by turns their Lassies and Buss'd 'em. Jolly *Ralph* was in with *Peg*, tho' freckl'd like a *Turkey Egg*, and she as right as is my *Legg*, still gave him

leave to towze her. *Harry* then to *Ka-ty* swore, her *Duggs* were pretty, tho' they were all sweaty, and large as a-ny Cows are. *Tom* melancholy was with his *Lass*; for *Sue*, do what e'er he cou'd, wou'd not note him. Some had told her, b'ing a Souldier in a party, with *Ma-car-ty*, at the feige of *Limrick*, he was wounded in the *Scrotum*. But the cunning *Philly*, was more kind to *Willy*, who of all their *Al-ly*, was the ablest Ringer; He to carry on the Jest, be-gins a Bumper to the best, and winks at her of all the rest, and squeeze'd her by the Finger. Then went the *Glasses* round, then went the *Lasses* down, each Lad did his Sweet heart own, and on the *Grass* did fling her.

The first SONG in the first Part of Massaniello, Sung by Mr. Pate,
Representing Fate.

From Azure Plains, blest with Eternal day,
 Celestial flowry Groves, that ne'er decay;
 From Lucid Rocks that Sol's bright Rays let in,
 Where with unclouded Brow,
 I fate and view'd the deeps below,
 And saw my female drudges Spin;
 I Fate am come, thy Courage to improve,
 'Tis the Eternal's Dome, Engrav'd in Adamant above;
 And oh! thou drowzy Deity,
 That dost in slumbers bind,
 The Body of Mortality,
 And calm the Stormy mind;
 No more, no more his Brain possess,
 With the soft charm of gentle Peace,
 He must awake to bloody Wars,
 Unbounded Fury, civil Jars,
 And is by Heav'ns decree for wonderous deeds design'd:



St. Genaro Protector of Naples descends and Sings.

St. Gen. Tho' mighty Fate all must obey,
 And conqu'ring Hero's greatest King,
 Amongst the rest of human things,
 Yield to his dreadfull sway;
 Yet view thy Book of Dooms once more,
 Thou there wilt find one happy hour,
 When Naples shall be free from Rebel power,
 'Tis sure as the revolving year,
 And I her darling Saint appear,
 To stop thy fury lest it should exceed,
 And tell thee tho' permission of this ill
 Is sacr'd mystery and th' Eternal's will,
 Yet he that does the deed,
 For doing it must bleed.

Ascends.

Fate,

Hear each Neighbouring destiny,
 Who the Souls of Mortals free,
 Hear my Voice and straight obey,
 Heaven commands, the work must stay.
 Such a number and no more,
 Must Encrease your fatal store,
 And he must die the task being o'er;
 Remember all 'tis so decreed,
 That he that does this mighty deed,
 For doing it must bleed.

3