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AYUNTAMIENTO DE MADRID
BIBLIOTECA MUSICAL

59



A SONG IN DON QUIXOTE Set by Mr. John Eccles. Sung by Mrs. Brasegirde.

I Burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, my Brain consumes to Ashes, each Eye-ball too, like Lightning Flashes, like Lightning Flashes with-in my Breast; there glows a so-lid Fire, which in a Thousand, Thousand Ages can't expire Blow, blow, blow, blow, blow, blow the Winds great Ruler Blow, bring the Po and the Gang'es hither, 'tis Sultry, sultry, sultry weather; pour me all on my Soul, it will hiss, it will hiss, it will hiss like a Coal, but never, never be the cooler Thus Pride, hot as Hell, that first made me Rebel, from Love's awful Thron, a Curse

AYUNTAMIENTO DE MADRID



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AYUNTAMIENTO DE MADRID

BIBLIOTECA MUSICAL

Angel I fell; And mourn now the Fate which my self did create, Fool, Fool that
 consider'd not when I was well, And mourn now the Fate which my self did
 create, Fool, Fool that consider'd not when I was well. A dieu a dieu trans-
 porting Joys, a dieu, a dieu transporting Joys; off, off, off, ye vain Fan-
 tastick Toyes, off, off ye vain fan - tastick toyes, that drop'd this Face and
 Body to allure, bring, bring me Daggers, Poyson, Fire, Fire, Daggers, Poyson.
 Fire, for scorn is turn'd in to desire, all Hell all Hell feels not the
 rage, which I, poor I, which I poor I en-dure.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

R. 22.968



QJ-17

A SONG set by M^r Eccles. and Sung by M^{rs} Ayliff.

Ye Nymphs and Sylvian Gods, that Love green Fields and Woods in Spring new
born her Self do's adorn, with Flowers and Blooming Buds, come Sing in the
Praise, whilst Flocks do graze, in yonder pleasant Vale, of those that choose, their
Sleeps to loose, and in cold Dews with Clouted Shoes, do carry, the Milking Pail.

2

The Goddess of the Morn,
With blythes they adorn,
And take the fresh Air;
Whilst Linnets prepare,
A Consort on each green Thorn,
The Ouzle and Thrush,
On every Bush
And the Charming Nightingale
In merry Vain;
Their Throats do Strain,
Go entertain,
The Jolly train,
That carry the Milking Pail.

3

When cold bleak winds do Roar,
And Flowers can spring no more,
The Feilds that were Seen,
So plegant and green,
By Winter all Candid ore,
Oh how the Town Lads,
Looks with her white Face,
And her Lips of deadly Pale:
But it is not so,
With those that go,
Through Frost and Snow,
With Cheeks that glow,
And carry the Milking Pail.

for the
FLUTE

