

The Married Beau, or the Curious Impertinent, Z. 603

(Text: John Crowne, 1641–1712)

[8] Act V: Song

See where repenting Celia lyes,
With blushing cheeks, and melting eyes,
Bemoaning, in a mournful shade,
The ruins in her heart and fame,
Which sinful love has made.

Oh! let thy tears, fair Celia, flow,
For that celestial, wond'rous dew,
More graces on thee will bestow,
Than all thy dresses, and thy arts could do.

The Spanish Friar, or The Double Discovery, Z. 610

(Text: John Dryden, 1631–1700)

[11] Song

Whilst I with grief did on you look,
When love had turn'd your brain,
From you, I the contagion took,
And for you bore the pain.

Marcella, then your lover prize,
And be not too severe;
Use well the conquest of your eyes,
For pride has cost you dear.

Ambrosio treats your flames with scorn,
And racks your tender mind,
Withdraw your smiles and frowns return,
And pay him in his kind.

Sir Anthony Love, or the Rambling Lady, Z. 588

(Text: Thomas Southerne, 1660–1746)

[13] Act II: Song

Pursuing Beauty, Men descry
The distant Shore, and long to prove
(Still richer in Variety)
The Treasures of the Land of Love.

We women, like weak Indians, stand
Inviting, from Golden Coast,
The wand'ring rovers to our Land;
But she, who trades with 'em, is lost.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try,
How they can Court, or you be Won;
For Love is but Discovery,
When that is made, the pleasure's done.

[14] Act IV: Dialogue*Woman*

No more, sir, no more, I'll e'en give it o'er,
I see it is all but a cheat;
Your soft wishing eyes, your vows, and your lies,
Which thus you so often repeat.

Man

'Tis' you are to blame, who foolishly claim
So silly a lean sacrifice:
But lovers, who pray, must always obey,
And bring down their knees and their eyes.

Woman

Of late you have made devotion a trade
In loving as well as religion;
But you cannot prove, thro' th' ages of love,
Any worship was offer'd but one.

Man

That one let it be, in which we agree;
Leave forms to the maids, who are younger;
We're both of a mind, make haste and be kind,
And continue a goddess no longer.

[15] Act V: Song

In vain Clemene, you bestow,
The promis'd Empire of your Heart;
If you refuse to let me know,
The wealthy Charms of every part.

My Passion with your kindness grew,
Tho' Beauty gave the first desire,
But Beauty only to pursue,
Is foll'wing a wand'ring Fire.

As Hills in perspective, suppress,
The free enquiry of the sight:
Restraint makes every Pleasure less,
And takes from Love the full delight.

Faint Kisses may in part supply,
Those eager Longings of my Soul;
But oh! I'm lost, if you deny,
A quick possession of the whole.

Aureng-Zebe, Z. 573

(Text: John Dryden, 1631–1700)

[16] Song

I see she flies me ev'rywhere,
Her eyes her scorn discover;
But what's her scorn or my despair,
Since 'tis my fate to love her.
Were she but kind whom I adore,
I might live longer, but not love her more.

The Old Bachelor, Z. 607

(Text: William Congreve, 1670–1729)

[19] Act II: Song

Thus to a ripe, consenting maid,
Poor, old, repenting Delia said,
Would you long preserve your lover?
Would you still his goddess reign?
Never let him all discover,
Never let him much obtain.

Men will admire, adore and die,
While wishing at your feet they lie:
But admitting their embraces,
Wakes 'em from the golden dream;
Nothing's new besides our faces,
Every woman is the same.

[22] Act 3: Duet

As Amoret and Thyrsis lay
Melting the hours in gentle play,
Joining faces, mingling kisses,

And exchanging harmless blisses:
He trembling cried, with eager haste,
O let me feed as well as taste,
I die, if I'm not wholly blest.