

a Cure for Melanchoy

from: Songs Compleat, Pleasant and Divertive; ... VOL. V. 1719

arr. Andreas Stenberg

1 - 2. *Lento*
mm.

1 - 2. mm.

1. Are you grown so Me-lan-cho-ly, That you think on nought but Folly;
2. First I would have a Bag of Gold, That should ten Thousand Pie - ces hold,

1 - 2. mm.

1. Do you wish for to
2. For to cast away at

1. are you made Do you think, Do you wish for to
2. In thy Hat, For to spend, Or thy Whore: For to
Are you sad, are you worse; Want of Chink Is a Curse: Do you wish for to
And all that, Would I pour; On thy Friend, Or thy Whore: For to cast away at

1. Do you wish for to
2. On thy Whore: For to

have, Lon-ger life, or a Grave,
Dice, Or to shift you of your Lice,

have, Lon-ger life, or a Grave,
shift you of your Lice, Thus would I Cure ye.
have, Lon-ger life, or a Grave, Thus would I Cure ye.
Dice, Or to shift you of your Lice,

have, Lon-ger life, or a Grave,
shift you of your Lice,

3. Next I would have a soft Bed made, where-in a Vir-gin should be laid;

12 sop I

p

3. Next I would have a soft Bed made, where a Vir - gin should be laid;

Sop II

Altos

3. Next I would have a soft Bed made, where a Vir - - gin

That would Play, A - ny Way Tou'll de-vise; That would stick Like a Tick, To your

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That would Play, A - ny Way Tou'll de - vise; That

should be laid; That would Play, A - ny Way Tou'll de -

Thigs That would bill like a Dove, Lye beneath or a - bove, Thus would I Cure ye.

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would stick To your Thigs Lye beneath or a - bove, Thus would I Cure ye.

vise; Lye be - neath or a - bove, Thus would I Cure ye.

4. Next that same Bowl, where Jove Di - vine, Drank Nec - tar in, I'd fill with Wine;

23 Tenor

Bass I

p

Bass II

4. Next that same Bowl, where Jove Di - vine, Drank Nec - tar in, I'd fill with

4. Next that same Bowl, where Jove Drank Nec - tar I'd fill with

That whereas You should pause, Till your cheek, and to Venus,

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Wine; Till your cheek, To

Wine; You should quaff, Like a Greek, To Ceres

8va ad lib.

Thus would I Cure ye.

6. But if not Gold, nor

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Bacchus Thus would I Cure ye. 6. But, but, (6.) But if not Gold, nor
and Si-le - nus, Thus would I Cure ye.

Woman can, Nor Wine, nor Songs, make merry Let the Batt, And the Owl;

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Wo-man can, Nor Wine, nor Songs, make merry then; Let the Batt, An the Owl;
wo-man can Be thy mate, Let a
Wo-man can,

In thy Brain, Make thee Howl; Let the Pox be thy Friend,

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In thy Brain, Howl; Let the Pox be thy Friend And the
Pain, Howl; Let the Pox be thy Friend

Let the Pox be thy Friend, the

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plague work thy end; Thus I would cure Ye. Aah!