
**W11a Chorus of Ancient Poets**

His personal fils our eyes, his name our eares,

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His virtue ev'ry drooping spirit cheers.

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3
Fame

Why move these princes of his traine so slow
As taking root they would to statues

grow, But that their wonder of his vertue
turnes them so!

Ciacona

Tis fit you mix that wonder with delight,
As you were warm'd to motion with his sight so

Arts and Science

pay the expectation of this night.
Soe pay the expectation of this night.
And he mov'd first, to move you in each spheare. O with what
joy you measure out the time, Each breast like his still free from ev'ry crime,
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joy you measure out the time, Each breast like his still free from ev'ry crime,

Whose pensive weight might hinder you to clime!
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**W11d Song of Galatea**

**Simfony**

Soe well Bri-tan-o-cles o'ver seas doth Raigne, Re duc-ing what was wild be-fore,

That fair-est sea Nymphs leave the trou-bled Maine, And haste to vis- it him on shore.

What are they less than Nymphs since each make shew of won-drous im-mor-tal-i-ty?

And each those spark-ling treas-ures weares that grow where breath-lesse di-vers can-not Prie.
3 Voices

On ever moving waves they dance, unto the whistling of the wind;

Whose measures meet by erring chance, Where Musick can no concord find.

Galatea agaime

But now for their majestic welcome trie, How ev'n and equally they'll meet, When you shall lead them by such Harmony, As can direct their ears and feet.
Chorus

When he shall lead with Harmony

As can direct your eares and feet.
Simphony

W11e Valediction

Song

Wise na- ture that the Dew of sleepe pre- pares To in- ter- mit our joys, and ease our cares In vites you from these Tri- umphs to your rest May ev'- ry whis- per that is made be chast, Each la- dy slow- ly yeeld, yet yeeld at last; Her heart a Pris- ner, Her heart a Pris'- ner to her Lov- ers breast! To wish us to our Roy- all Lov- er more of youth- ful bless- ings than he had be- fore.
Were but to tempt old Nature 'bove her might, since all the Odor Musique Beau- teous Fire We in the spring, the spheares, the stars, admire, Is his re- new'd and Bett- ered ev'- ry night! Is his re- new'd and
Grand Chorus

To Bed, to Bed, may ev'ry lady dreame from that chiefe bettered ev'ry night!

beaut'y she hath stol'n a Beame, Wich will amaze her Lovers curious Eyes!
Each law- full Lov- er that he may ad- vance his youth, Dreame he hath

stolne, his vig- or Love, and Truth, then all will haste to Bed, but none to Rise!

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