

THE MAD LOVER

The Mad Lover. The Words and Tune by Mr. De la sale.

I Love to Madnes, rave t'enjoy, but heaps of Wealth my

De la Sale
fl. 1694

Cantus

1. I love to Mad-ness, rave t'en-joy, but heaps of Wealth my Pro - gress
2. Were thou some Pea-sant, mean and small, and all the spa - tious Globe were

Bass

4

C

bar; Curse on the Load that stops my way, my Love's more rich and brigh - ter
mine, I'd give the World the Sun and all, for one kind brigh - ter Glance of

B

7

C

far: Were I prest un-der Hills of Gold, my fu - ri - ous sighs should make my'es-cape, I'd
thine. This Hour let *Ce-lia* with me live, And Gods cou'd I but of you bor - row, I'd

B

11

C

sigh, and blow up all the Mould, and thro the Oar, the Oar in *Ce-lia's* Lap.
give what on - ly you can give, For that dear Hour, I'd give to mor - row.

B

Source: The Gentlemen's Journal, or the Monthly Miscellany; June 1694, pg. 179-180.
The name "Celia" may be replaced by your favourite's.