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Whittingham, 33 Leicester Square London.
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Addenda page 23.rd No: 520. This note
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The British Musical Instrument
 was published ^{monthly} on Sat. of 24th beginning
 November 1723 each 4th continued
 Vol I ff 145 ended April 1724
 Vol II ff 145 " Oct 1724
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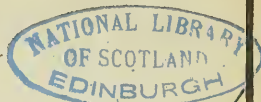
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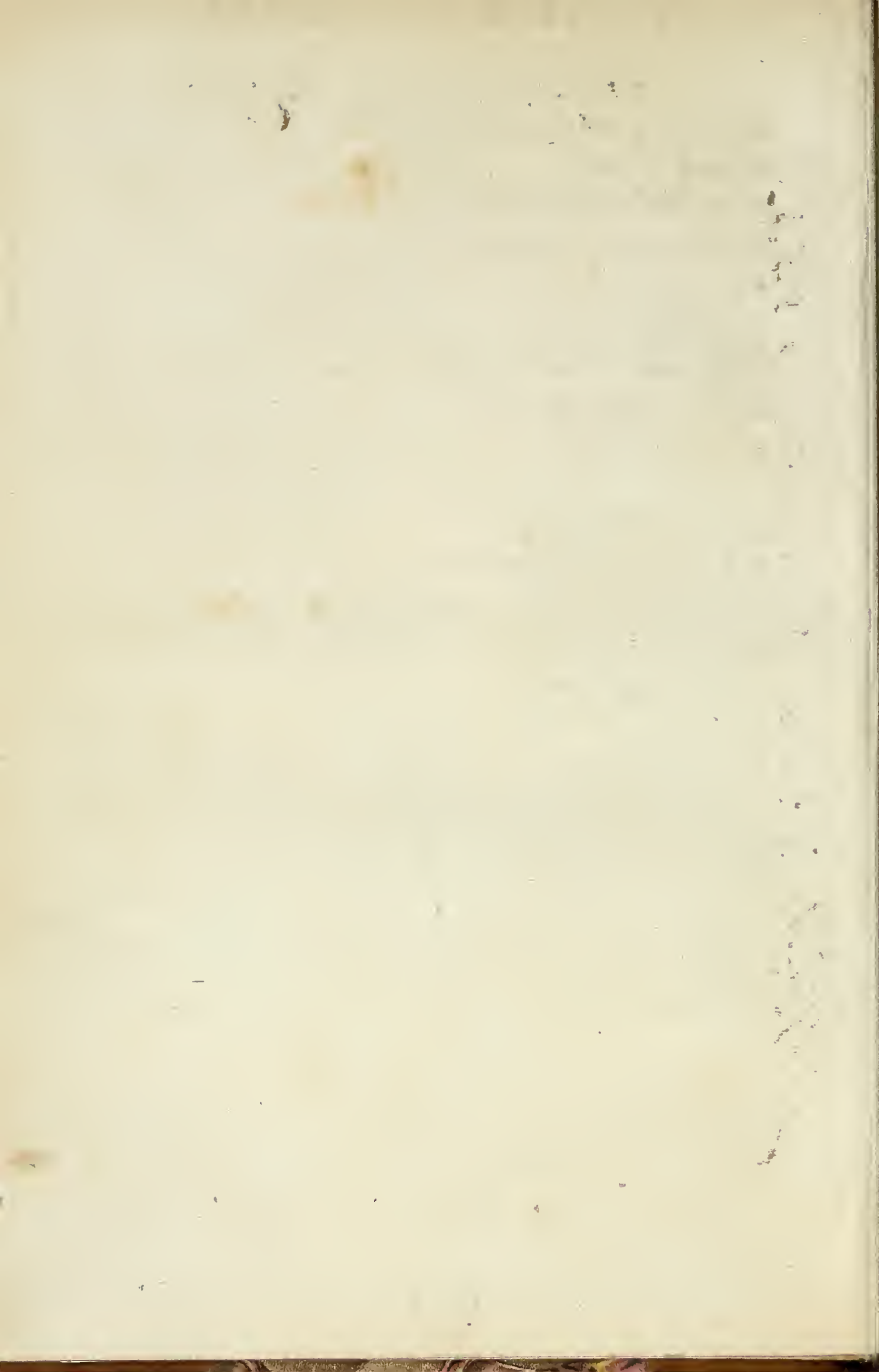
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Sung by Miss ARNE in ROSAMOND.

1

Andante.

Sym.

Was e-ver Nymph like Ro-samond so

Fair so faithfull and so fond a-dorn'd with ev'ry

Charm and Grace a-dor-n'd with ev'ry Charm and Grace

Was e-ver Nymph like

tr

Rosamond so fair so faithfull and so fond a...dorn'd with

ev'ry Charm and Grace adorn'd with ev'ry Charm and

Grace Was e...ver Nymph like Ro...sa-mond so fair so

faithfull and so fond adorn'd with ev'ry Charm and Grace a.

dor...n'd with ev'ry Charm and Grace

Syn.

I'm a...ll de-

fire my Hea...rt's on fire and leaps and Springs to

her embrace I'm all desire my Hea...rt's on

fire and leaps and Springs to her embrace and leaps and

Springs to her embrace. Da Capo

turn over for the Flute.

FLUTE.

Andante

Andante

Sym.

Song

tr

tr tr tr tr

Sym.

Song

tr

Sym.

Song

Da Capo

The LADIES CASE.

Sung by Miss RAFTOR at the Theatre Royal.

The Words by Mr. CAREY. The Tune by Mr. GOWGE.

How hard is the Fortune of all Woman kind, for ever subjected, for

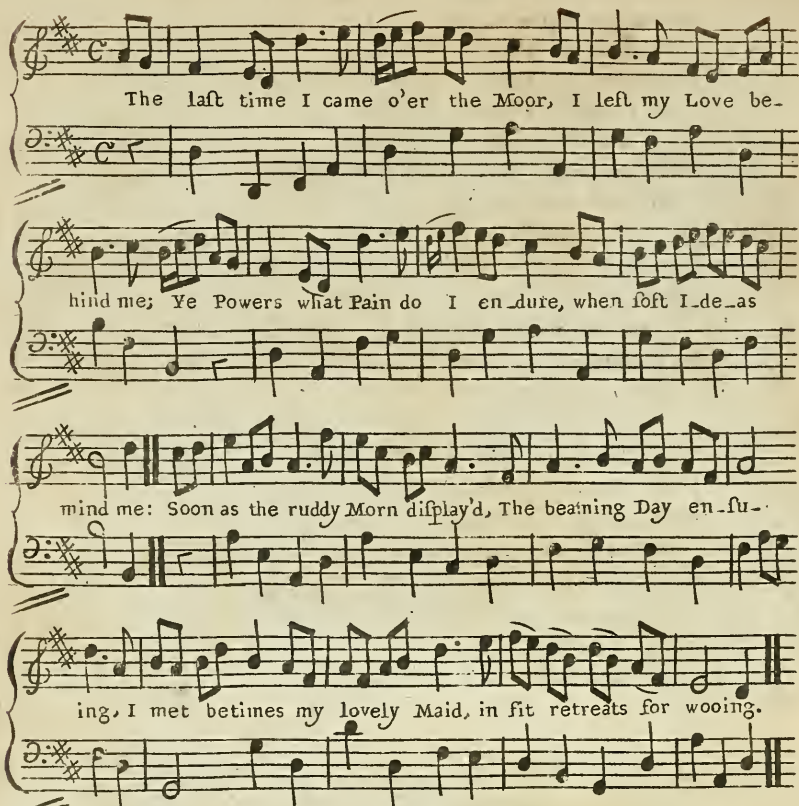
e-ver confin'd; The Parent controuls us untill we are Wives, the

Husband enslaves us the rest of our lives.

If fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal,
But secretly languish, compell'd to conceal;
Deny'd e'ry freedom of Life to enjoy,
We're sham'd if we're kind, we're blam'd if we're coy.

FLUTE.

The last time I came o'er the Moor.



The last time I came o'er the Moor, I left my Love be-

hind me; Ye Powers what Pain do I en-dure, when soft I de-as

mind me: Soon as the ruddy Morn display'd, The beaming Day en-su-

ing, I met betimes my lovely Maid, in fit retreats for wooing.

2

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and gayly sporting;
 We kist, and promis'd Time away,
 'Till Night spread her black Curtain:
 I pittied all beneath the Skies,
 Ev'n Kings, when she was nigh me;
 In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

3

Should I be call'd where Cannons roar,
 Where mortal Steel might wound me;
 Or cast upon some Foreign Shore,
 Where Dangers might furround me:

Yet, hopes again to see my Love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my Cares at distance move,
In Prospect of such Bliss.

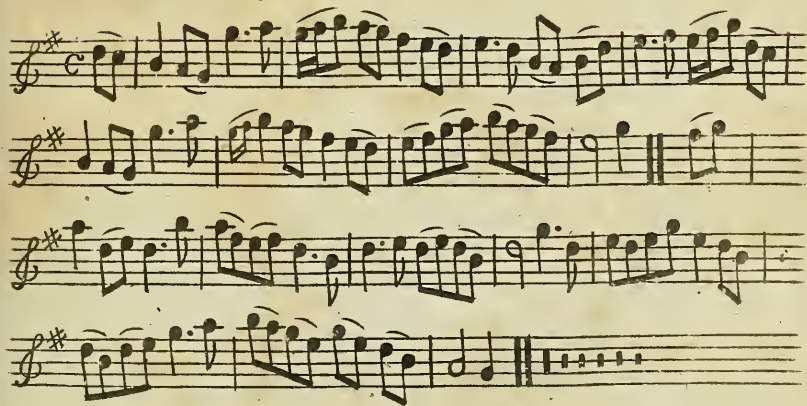
4

In all my Soul, there's not one place,
To let a Rival enter;
Since she excells in ev'ry Grace,
In her my Love shall center:
Sooner the Seas shall cease to flow,
Their Waves the Alps shall cover;
On Greenland Ice shall Roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

5

The next time I go o'er the Moor,
She shall a Lover find me;
And that my Faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then Hymen's Sacred Bands shall chain
My Heart to her fair Bosom;
There while my Being does remain,
My Love more fresh shall Blossom.

FLUTE.



The SOLITARY LOVER.

Blow on ye Winds, descend soft Rains, To sooth my tender Greif;

Your solemn Musick lulls my Pains, and gives me short Re-lief.

In some lone corner would I fit,
 Retir'd from human kind;
 Since Mirth, nor Show, nor sparkling Wit,
 Can please my anxious Mind.

The Sun, which makes all nature gay,
 Torments my weary Eyes;
 And in dark Shades I spend the Day,
 Where eccho sleeping lies.

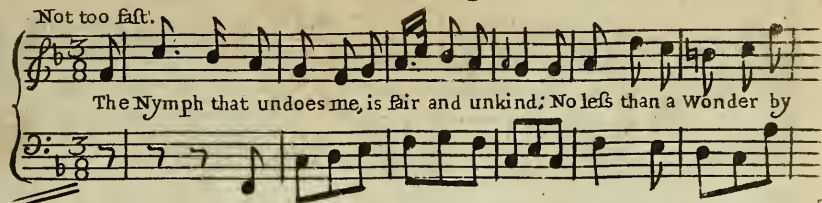
The sparkling Stars, which gayly shine,
 And glitt'ring deck the Night:
 Are all such cruel Foes of mine,
 I sicken at their Sight.

FLUTE.

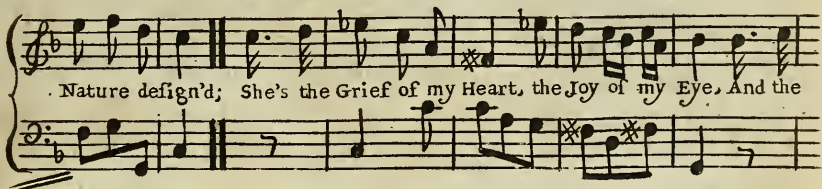
Charming SILVIA. Set by Dr. GREENE.

9

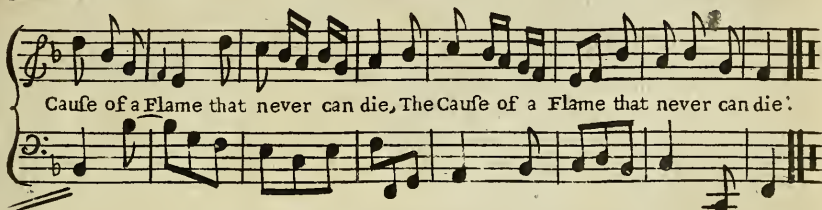
Not too fast.



The Nymph that undoes me, is fair and unkind; No less than a Wonder by



Nature design'd; She's the Grief of my Heart, the Joy of my Eye, And the

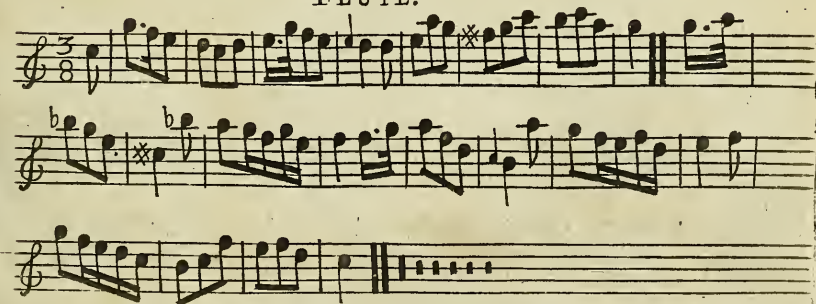


Cause of a Flame that never can die, The Cause of a Flame that never can die.

Her Mouth, from whence Wit still obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful Blush, and the smell of the Rose;
Love, and Destiny both attend on her Will,
She wounds with a Look, with a Frown she can kill.

The desperate Lover can hope no Redress,
Where Beauty, and Rigour are both in Excess:
In Silvia they meet; so unhappy am I,
Who sees her must love, and who loves her must die.

FLUTE.



A SCOTCH SONG.

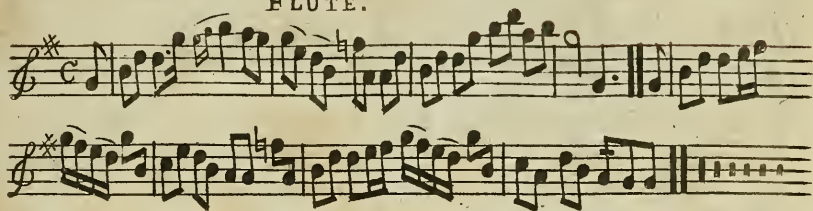
And this is no mine ain Houfe, I Ken by the bigging o't, Since
 with my Love I chang'd vows, I dinna like the bigging o't. For
 now that I'm young Robie's Bride, and Miftrefs of his Fire fide, mine
 ain Houfe I'll like to guid, and please me with the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my Father's Houfe,
 I gang where Love invites me,
 The strictest Duty this allows,
 When Love with Honour meets me;
 When Hymen moulds us into ane,
 My Robie's nearer than my Kin,
 And to refuse him were a Sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in mine ain Houfe,
 True Love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent Spouse,
 And let my Man command ay.

Avoiding ilha cause of strife,
The common Pest of married Life,
That makes me wearied of his Wife,
And breaks the kindly Band ay.

FLUTE.



The Modest Concealment.

Dear Collin prevent my warm Blushes, since how can I speak without

Pain, My Eyes have oft told you my Wishes, Oh can't you their meaning explain:

My Passion would lose by Expression, And you too might cruelly blame, Then don't you

expect a Confession of what is too tender to name, of what is too tender to name.

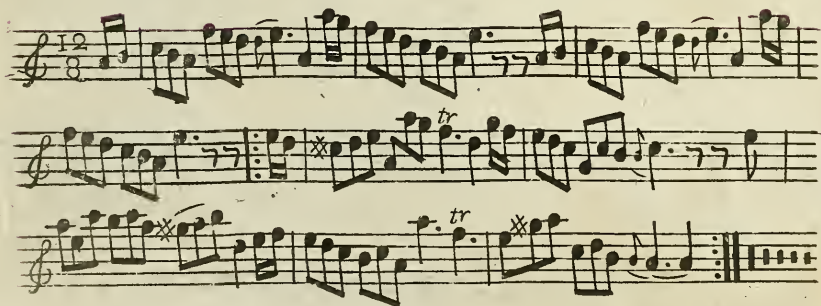
Since yours is the Province of speaking,
 Why should you expect it from me;
 Our Wishes should be in our keeping,
 Till you tell us what they should be:
 Then quickly why don't you discover,
 Did your Heart feel such tortures as mine,
 I need not tell over, and over,
 What I in my Bosom confine.

The Answer.

Dear Madam, when Ladies are willing,
 A Man' needs must look like a Fool;
 For me, I would not give a Shilling,
 For one that can love out of Rule:
 At least, you shou'd wait for our Offers,
 Nor snatch like Old Maids in Despair;
 If you've liv'd to these years without Proffers,
 Your Sighs are now lost in the Air.

You shou'd leave us to guess at your meaning,
 And not speak the matter too plain;
 'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,
 And yours to affect a Disdain:
 That you're in a terrible taking,
 By all your fond Oglings I see;
 The Fruit that will fall without shaking,
 Indeed is too mellow for me.

FLUTE.



The AMOROUS PROTECTOR.

Of e'ery sweet that glad the Spring, A Tribute to thy
 Charms I'll bring; I'll i-mi-tate the bu-zy Bee,
 To make a fra-grant Crown for Thee.

2

When from the Plains we're chac'd away,
 By the fierce God that rules the Day;
 I'll lead thee to the Shades and Streams,
 To shield thee from his scorching Beams.

3

And when to rest her Eyes incline,
 And Light, nor they no longer shine;
 The fairest Fleece of e'ery Sheep,
 My Love shall press in peacefull sleep.

4

From all the Ills that Night invade,
 I'll guard the dear, the beauteous Maid;
 My tender faithful Care shall prove,
 None watch so well as those that love.

Busy, Curious, thirsty Fly, drink with me, and drink as I; Freely

Busy, Curious, thirsty Fly, drink with me, and drink as I; Freely

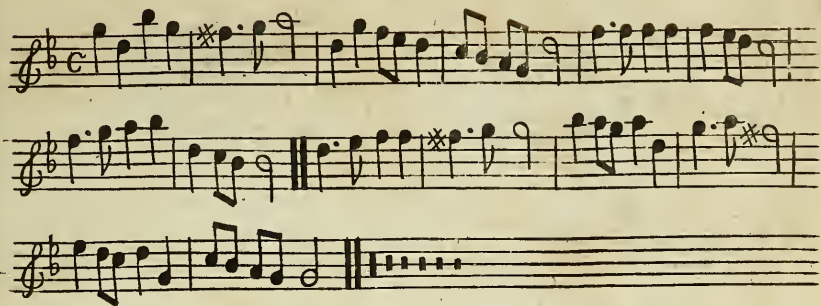
welcome to my Cup, couldst thou sip and sip it up: Make the most of Life you

welcome to my Cup, couldst thou sip and sip it up: Make the most of Life you

may, Life is short and wears away, Life is short and wears away.

may, Life is short and wears away, Life is short and wears away.

Both alike, both mine, and thine,
 Hasten quick to their decline,
 Thine's a Summer, mine no more,
 Tho' repeated to Threescore,
 Threescore Summers, when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one.
 Will appear &c:



The COMPLAINT.

The Words by THO: BOWMAN.

My Fate has undone me, in choice of my Fair, I know not which

rules me, my Love, or Despair: Ten Thousand Suggestions crowd into my

Mind, And tell me my Fair one will never be kind.

- Had she but less Beauty, her Pride might abate,
- One kills me with Raptures, the other with hate,
- When frowning she pushes me gently away,
- Her charms have such Power, they bid me to stay.

I sue for her Love in a soft tender Strain,
 She hears me with smiles, but replies with disdain;
 Had Phœbus pursu'd her, the God would have found
 His Daphne more gentle to have cur'd his wound.

The Groves, and the Meadows, have heard me complain,
 And Echo returned my sad sighs again,
 The Birds have left singing, and listned to hear,
 The sighs I have utter'd for the cruel Fair.

When by the Brook's side I have sat my self down,
 They've ceased their murmers to hear my sad moan;
 In silence they've glided along, left their haft,
 Shou'd add to my Sorrows, and trouble my Breast.

Tho' thus with my Torments I can't her Breast move,
 Yet blefs her ye Powers, and teach her to love;
 No Fair one shall e'er move my Heart to desire,
 But will like the Phoenix, with one Flame expire.

FLUTE.



A SONG The Words by Mr. BAZALELE MORRIS. 17.

Set to Musick by H.D.

Beauty and Love at va-ri-ance grown, had once a high De-
 bate; says Love in Heav'n to rule I'm known, on Venus thou to
 wait: Thou must of all command des-pair but what's de-
 riv'd from me, nor art thou lon-ger sweet or fair, than
 I, than I ac-know-ledge thee.

Mistaken Urchin, Beauty cries,

I know that thou art blind,

But Men have penetrating Eyes,

My Qualitys to find;

All, all thy wond'rous Charms they know,

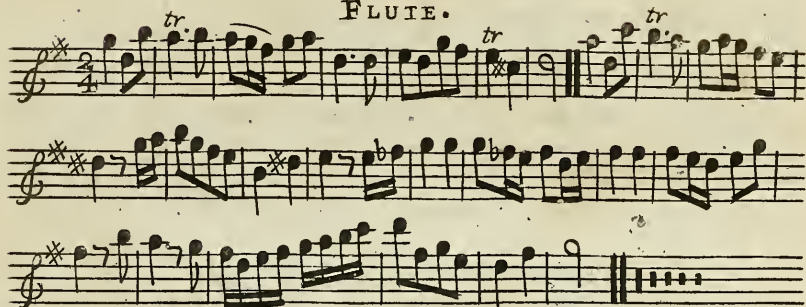
I only can dis-pence,

Thy Boasted Quiver and thy Bow,

Are my Benevolence.

Away, incenc'd, then Cupid flew,
 And thus to Vulcan pray'd,
 My Darts with Fickleness endue,
 To punish this proud Maid:
 So Beauty, from that Time has been,
 Careless'd but for an Hour,
 To doat a Day is now a Sin,
 To Love's Diviner Pow'r.

FLUTE.



The LOVER'S PLEA.

The Words by Mr. T. BOWMAN. The Musick by Mr. W. POWELLS.

Not too fast.

Blame me not Celia, if I shun, Charms form'd too

bright for mortal view; Since gazing on thee I'm un-

done, such is the Pow-er felt from you.

If Objects can the Eye invite,
 And in the Soul Ideas engrave;
 Who can behold thee with Delight,
 And not confess himself thy Slave.

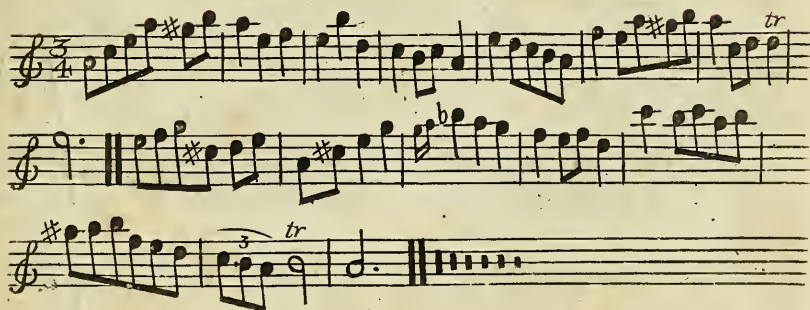
Love's subtle Darts thro' the Eye steal,
 On some we can with freedom gaze;
 Tell melting Tales, what Lovers feel,
 Yet not one soft Desire raise.

But you have double Chains to bind,
 And by that Power, Rev'rence draw;
 A Beauteous Form, with Vertue joyn'd,
 Then who dare look without an Awe.

The Wretch that durst presume to try,
 The Strength of Phoebus Beams, will find.
 He cannot gaze at Majesty,
 Without the fear of being blind.

Thus conscious of my humble Flame,
 At distance I your Charms admire;
 Left by too near approach you blame,
 A Passion you did first inspire.

FLUTE.



On CHLORIS's Unkindness.

Set by MR. VINCENT.

At dead of Night, when Care gives Place In o--ther
Breasts to soft Repose, My throbbing Heart feels no Re--
cess, Since Love, and Chlo--ris are my Foes.

At Morn, when Phæbus from the East,
Repels the gloomy Shades of Night,
The Grief that racks my tortur'd Breast,
Redoubles at th'Approach of Light.

At Noon, when most intense he shines,
My Sorrows more intense are grown;
At Ev'ning, when the Sun declines,
They set not with the Setting Sun.

To my Relief than hasten, Death,
And ease me of my restless Woes:
With Joy I will resign my Breath
Since Love and Chloris are my Foes.

The DOUBTFUL SHEPHERD. Set by Mr. M. C. FESTING.

Not too fast.

When Delia on the Plain appears, Aw'd by a thousand tender

Fears; I would approach, but dare not move, Tell me, tell me, my

Heart if this be Love, Tell me, tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

2
When e'er she speaks, my ravish'd Ear,
No other voice, but hers can bear;
No other wit, but hers approve,
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

3
If she some other Swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest Friend,
That Instant, Enemy I prove,
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

4
When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before;
The clearest Spring, or shady Grove;
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

5
When arm'd with Insolent disdain,
She seem'd to triumph o'er my pain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove,
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

The Words by MR. MITCHELL. Set by DR. GREENE.

Charming Chloe, look with Pity on your faithful Lovefick Swain:

Hear, oh hear his doleful Ditty, and relieve his mighty Pain:

Find you Musick in his sighing, Can you see him in Distress,

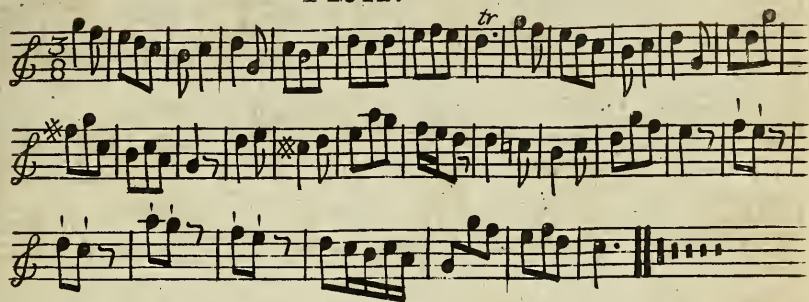
Piano
Wishing, Trembling, Panting, Dying, yet afford no kind Redress.

2
Strephon woo'd by lawless Passion,
For no Favours rudely sues:
All his Flame is out of Fashion,
Ancient Honour for him woos.
Love for Love's the Swain's ambition,
But if that is deem'd too great,
Pity, pity his Condition,
Say at least, you do not hate.

3
Shou'd you, fonder of a Rover,
Practic'd in the art of Guile,
Slight so true, and kind a Lover,
Chloe, might not Strephon smile:

Yes: well pleas'd at thy undoing,
 Vulgar Lovers might upbraid;
 Strephon, conscious of thy Ruin,
 Soon wou'd be a silent Shade.

FLUTE.



The RAVISH'D LOVER.

Set for the GERMAN FLUTE.

When Fanny Blooming Fair, First met my ravish'd Sight, Caught
 with her Shape and Air, I felt a strange Delight; whilst eagerly I
 gaz'd, admiring ev'ry Part, I ev'ry Feature prais'd, she stole in to my Heart.

In her bewitching Eyes,
 Young smiling Loves appear,
 There Cupid basking lyes,
 His Shafts are hoarded there;
 Her Blooming Cheeks are dy'd,
 With Colour all their own,
 Excelling far the Pride,
 Of Roses newly blown.

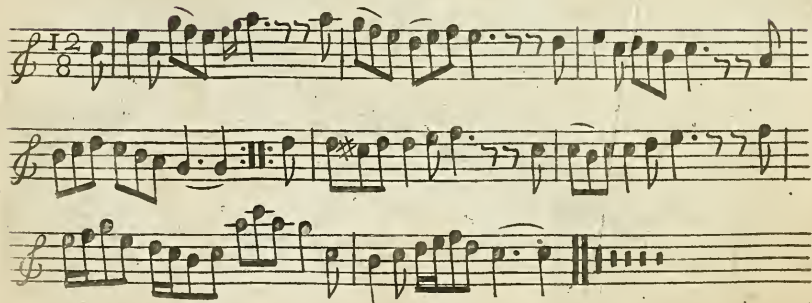
3

Her well turn'd Limbs confess
 The lucky Hand of Jove;
 Her Features all exprefs,
 The Beauteous Queen of Love:
 What Flames my Nerves invade,
 When I behold the Breast
 Of that too lovely Maid,
 Rise sueing to be prest.

4

Venus, round Fanny's Waste,
 Hath her own Cestus bound,
 With Guardian Cupids grac'd,
 Who sport the Circle round:
 How happy will he be,
 Who shall her Zone unloose,
 That Blifs to all but me,
 May Heav'n, and she refuse.

FLUTE.



As the Moles silent Stream, crept pensive a-long, And the Winds murmur'd
Solemn, the Willows a-mong; On the Green Turf complaining, a Swain lay re-
clin'd, And wept to the Ri-ver, and Sigh'd to the Wind.

2

In vain, he cry'd, Nature, has waken'd the Spring,
In vain Bloom the Violets, the Nightengales Sing,
To a Heart full of Sorrow, no Beauties appear,
Each Zephyr's a sigh, and each Dew drop a Tear.

3

In vain, my Salinda, has Graces to move,
The Fairest to envy, the Wifest to Love;
Her Presence, no longer gives joy to my Eye,
And without her to live, is more pain than to die.

4

Oh that Slumber, its Pinions would over me spread,
And paint but her Image, in Dreams, in her stead;
The Beautifull Vision would soften my pain,
But Sleep's a Relief, I Solicite in vain.

5

The Wretch, that like me, is Heart wounded with Care,
Is deluded with hope, and undone by despair;
His Pangs ever waking, deny him repose,
And the moments, but vary, to vary his Woes.

Largo

Pizzicato

Amelia, wishes, when she dies, her dearest Lord may close her Eyes, and

tr

Heav'n may open his, and Heav'n may open his.

Amelia, wishes, when she

dies, her dearest Lord may close her Eyes, her dearest Lord may close her Eyes, and

Heav'n may open his. A-me-lia, wishes; when she

dies, her dearest Lord may close her Eyes, A-me-lia, wishes, when she dies, her

dearest Lord may close her Eyes, and Heav'n may open his.

Then will he wish, but

all in vain, to have her render'd back a--gain, from Realms of endless

Da Capo

Bliss, from Realms of endless Bliss, of end...less Bliss. Da Capo.

The BASHFUL LOVER. Set by Mr. SCRIMSHAW.

Larghetto

Sweet Ty-rant Love, but hear me now, and cure while
 young the pleasing Smart: Or rather aid my trembling
 Vow, and teach me to reveal my Heart.

The musical score is written for a single voice in treble and bass clefs. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/8. The music is marked 'Larghetto'. The lyrics are written below the notes. There are several measures with a '6' below them, indicating a sixteenth note. The score ends with a double bar line and a series of dots.

Tell her, whose Goodness is my Bane,
 Whose looks have smil'd my peace away;
 Oh whisper how she gives me pain,
 Whilst undesigning, frank, and gay.

'Tis not for common Charms I sigh,
 Nor what the Vulgar, Beauty call;
 'Tis not a Cheek, a Lip, an Eye,
 But 'tis the Soul that lights them all.

For that I drop the tender tear,
 For that I breath this artless moan;
 Oh whisper Love into her Ear,
 And make the Bashfull Lover known.

FLUTE.

The flute part is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/8. It follows the same melody as the vocal part, with some variations in phrasing and dynamics. The score ends with a double bar line and a series of dots.

The VICAR of BRAY.

In good King Charles's golden days, when Loyalty no harm meant; A

Furious High-Church Man I was, and so I gain'd Preferment: Unto my

Flock, I daily Preach'd, Kings are by God appointed, And Damn'd are those who

dare resist, or touch the Lord's Anointed: And this is Law, I will main-

tain un-to my Dying Day Sir, That whatsoever King shall Reign, I

will be Vicar of Bray Sir.

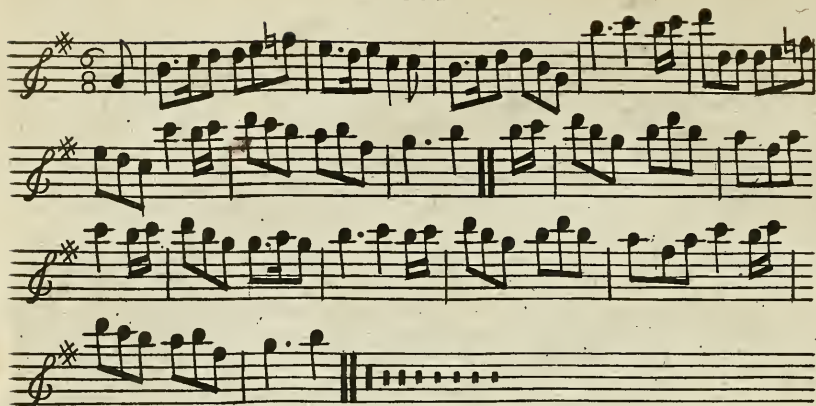
When Royal James, possess'd the Crown,
 And Popery grew in fashion;
 The Penal Law I Houted down,
 And read the Declaration:
 The Church of Rome, I found would fit,
 Full well my Constitution.
 And I had been a Jesuit,
 But for the Revolution.
 And this is Law, &c.

When William, our Deliverer came,
 To heal the Nations Greivance,
 I turn'd the Cat in Pan again,
 And swore to him Allegiance:
 Old Principles I did revoke,
 Set Conscience, at a distance,
 Passive obedience is a Joke,
 A Jest is non resistance.
 And this is Law, &c.

When Glorious Ann, became our Queen,
 The Church of Englands Glory,
 Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a Tory:
 Occasional Conformists base,
 I Damn'd, and Moderation,
 And thought the Church in danger was,
 From such Prevarication.
 And this is Law, &c.

When George in Pudding time came o'er,
 And Moderate Men look'd big Sir,
 My Principles I chang'd once more,
 And so became a Whigg Sir:
 And thus Preferment I procur'd,
 From our Faiths Great Defender,
 And almost every day abjur'd,
 The Pope, and the Pretender.
 And this is Law, &c.

The Illustrious House of Hannover,
 And Protestant Succession,
 To these I lustily will swear,
 Whilst they can keep possession:
 For in my Faith, and Loyalty,
 I never once will faulter,
 But George, my Lawful King shall be,
 Except the Times shoud' alter.
 And this is Law, &c.



AN APOLOGY for Loving a WIDOW. By GEORGE SEWELL, M.D.

Set by MR. SHEELES.

Tell me not Ce...lia once did blefs, A no...ther Mor...tal's Arms.

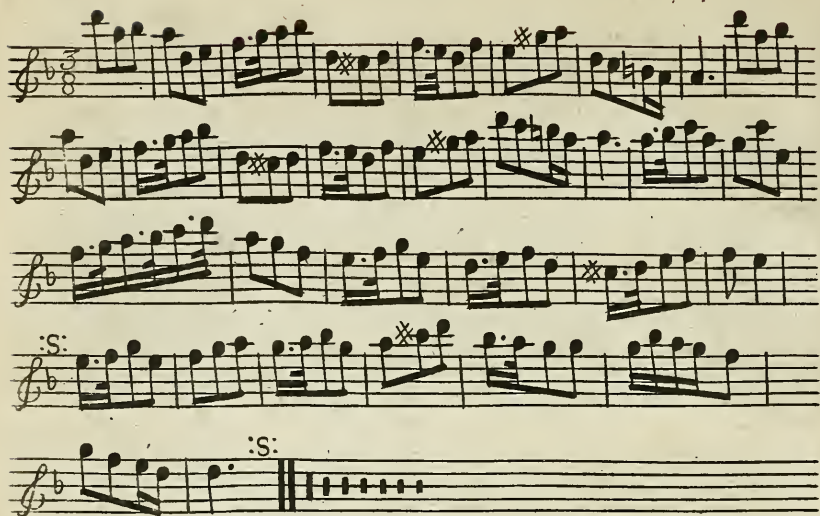
That cannot make my Pa...fion lefs, Nor mi...tigate her Charms.

Shall I refuse to quench my Thirst,
 Depending Life to save,
 Because some doughty Shepherd, first
 Has kiss'd the smiling Wave.

No, no; methinks 'tis wond'rous Great,
 And suits a Noble Blood,
 To have in Love, as well as State,
 A Taster to our Food.

Happy Hours, all Hours excell'ing, when retir'd from
crowds and noise: Happy is that silent dwelling, fill'd with
self possessing Joys. Happy that contented Creature,
who with fewest things is pleas'd. And consults the voice of
nature, when of roving fancies eas'd.

Ev'ry Passion wisely moving,
 Just as Reason turns the Scale;
 Ev'ry State of Life improving,
 That no anxious thought prevail:
 Happy Man, who thus possesses
 Life, with some Companion dear;
 Joys imparted, still increases,
 Greifs when told, soon disappear.

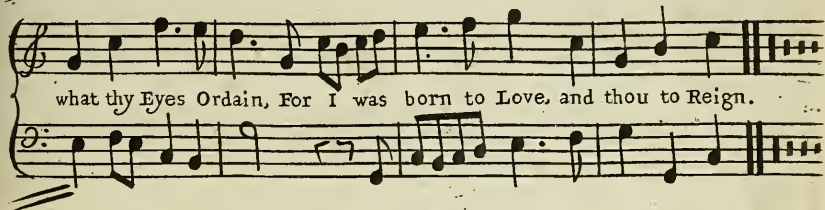
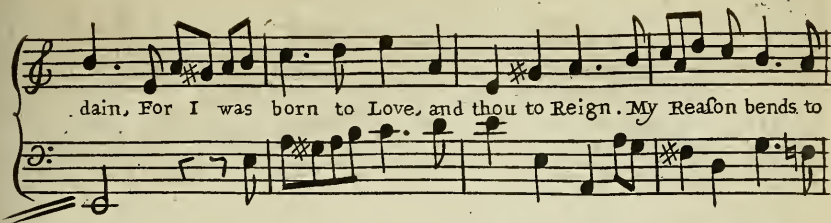


AN ODE. Set by DR. GREENE.

Musical score for the first line of the Ode. The score is written on two staves (treble and bass clef) in common time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "While blooming youth, and gay Delight, Sit on thy Rosie".

Musical score for the second line of the Ode. The score is written on two staves (treble and bass clef) in common time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Cheeks confest, Thou hast my Dear undoubted Right, To triumph".

Musical score for the third line of the Ode. The score is written on two staves (treble and bass clef) in common time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "o'er this destin'd Breast: My Reason bends to what thy Eyes Or-".



But would you meanly thus rely,
 On Power, you know I must obey:
 Exert a Legal Tyranny;
 And do an ill, because you may.
 Still must I Thee, as Atheists Heav'n adore,
 Not see thy Mercy, and yet dread thy Pow'r.
 Still must I, &c.

Take heed, my Dear, youth flies apace,
 As well as Cupid, Time is blind:
 Soon must those Glories of thy Face,
 The Fate of Vulgar Beauty find:
 The Thousand Loves that Arm thy potent Eye,
 Must drop their Quivers, flag their Wings, and die.
 The Thousand, &c.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each Frown,
 A hateful wrinkle more appears;
 And putting peevish Humours on,
 Seems but the sad effect of years.
 Kindness it self, too weak a Charm will prove.
 To raise the feeble fires of aged Love.
 Kindness it self. &c.

Forc'd Compliments, and formal Bows,
 Will shew thee just above neglect:
 The Heat with which thy Lover glows,
 Will settle into cold Respect:
 A talking, dull Platonic I shall turn,
 Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn.
 A talking, &c.

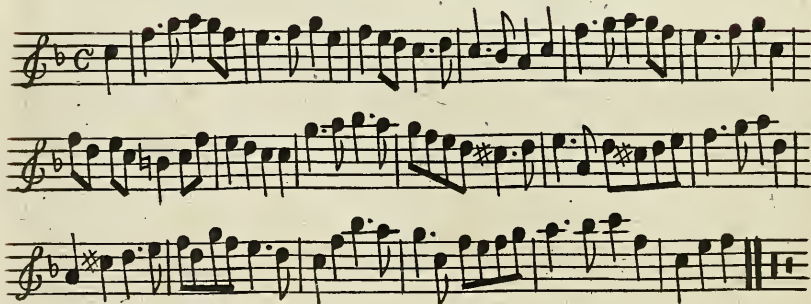
Then shun the ill, and know my Dear,
 Kindness, and Constancy will prove
 The only Pillars fit to bear,
 So vast a Weight as that of Love.
 If thou canst wish to make my Flames endure,
 Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.
 If thou canst, &c.

Haste, Celia, haste, while Youth invites,
 Obey kind Cupid's present Voice;
 Fill ev'ry Sense with soft Delights,
 And give thy Soul a Loofe to Joys:
 Let Millions of repeated Bliss'es prove,
 That thou all kindness art, and I all Love.
 Let Millions, &c.

Be mine, and only mine, take care,
 Thy Looks, thy Thoughts, thy Dreams to guide;
 To me alone; nor come so far,
 As liking any Youth beside:
 What Men e'er court Thee, fly them, and believe,
 They're Serpents all, and Thou the tempted Eve.
 What Men, &c.

So shall I court thy dearest Truth,
 When Beauty ceases to engage;
 So thinking on thy charming Youth,
 I'll love it o'er again in Age:
 So Time it self our Raptures shall improve,
 While still we wake to Joy, and live to Love.
 So Time it self, &c.

FLUTE.



The Maids REQUEST .

37

Glide Swiftly on thou' Silver stream, Pursue the

Lad I love; In gentle Murmurs tell my

Flame and try his Heart to move and try his Heart to move .

So may thy Banks be always Green,
 Thy Channel never Dry;
 If e'er thy Spring be failing seen,
 My Tears shall that supply .

May gilded Carps thy surface skim,
 In Place of uselefs Weeds;
 May painted Flowers adorn thy Brim,
 And Knots of bending Reeds .

FLUTE .

Glide Swiftly on thou' Silver stream, Pursue the

Lad I love; In gentle Murmurs tell my

Flame and try his Heart to move and try his Heart to move .

BACCHUS DEFEATED.

Bacchus must now his Power re-sign, I am the only God of Wine, I am y'

only God of Wine: It is not fit that wretch should be in Competi-tion

Chorus
fet with me. Who can Drink ten times more, who can drink ten times more,

who can drink ten times mo' n he, ten times mo- re, ten times mo- re, ten times

no- re, who can drink ten times more than He.

Let other Mortals vainly wear,

A tedious Life with Anxious care,

A tedious Life with Anxious care:

Let Courtiers Plot & Lawyers think,

Let States & Empires swim or sink,

Chorus. My sole ambition is &c. &c. to drink.

Make a new World ye Pow'rs Divine,
 Stockt with nothing else but Wine,
 Stockt with nothing else but Wine:

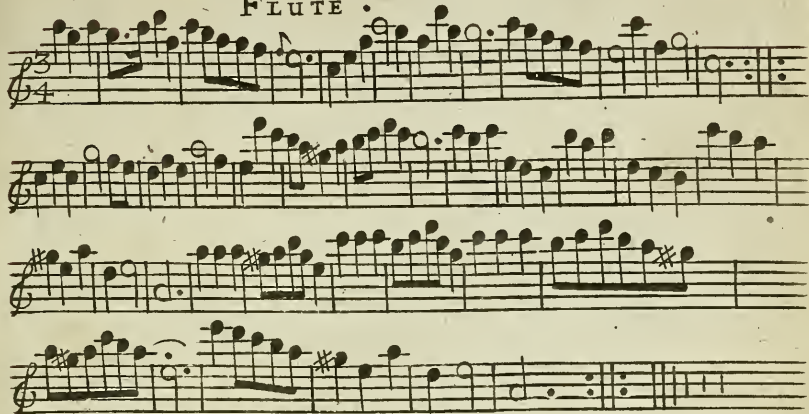
Let Wine its only Product be,

Let Wine be Earth and Air and Sea,

Chorus And let that Wine be all &c. &c. for Me,

All a...ll a...ll and let that Wine be all for Me.

FLUTE .



THE SUBLIME PASSION .

Affettuoso

Hard is the Fate of him who loves, yet dares not tell his trembling

Pain . But to y^e Sympathetick Groves, but to y^e lonely listening Plain .

2

Ah when she blesses next your shade,
 Oh when her Footsteps next are seen;
 In flow'ry Tracts along the Mead,
 In fresher Mazes o'er the Green.

3

Some gentle spirit of the Vale,
 To whom the weeping Lovers dear;
 From dying Lillies waft a Gale,
 And sigh my sorrows in her Ear.

4

Ah tell her what she cannot blame,
 Tho' Fear my Tongue must ever bind;
 Ah tell her that my Heavenly Flame,
 Is as her sacred soul refine.

5

Not her own Guardian Angel Eyes,
 With chaster extasy his Care;
 Not purer her own Wishes rise,
 Not holier her own sighs in Prayer.

6

Let Heav'n and her but this bestow,
 Can ought that's tender this deny;
 Oft, oft to hear her Goodness flow,
 And drink the Virtues from her Eye.

7

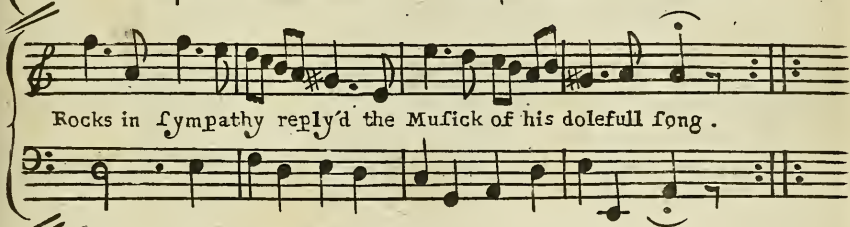
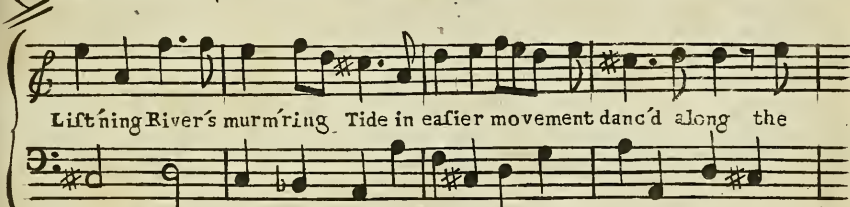
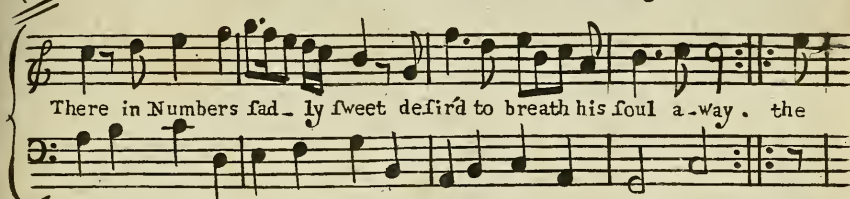
For Angels warble when she speaks,
 And where her Eyes sweet beaming shine,
 Heav'n on th' extatick Gazer breaks,
 Inspiring something all Divine.

FLUTE.



The unhappy SWAIN .

flow



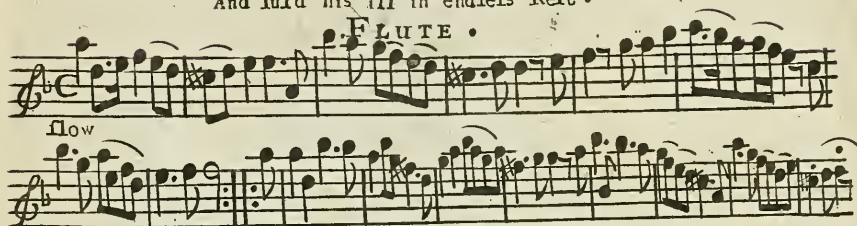
Ye mossie Carpets, shady Woods,
 Conscious to all our mutual flame,
 And you ye ever Murm'ring floods,
 Of Love the once Delightfull Theme.
 Witness ! how oft within your Grove,
 We gave a loose to heightn'd Joy
 Performing all the Rites of Love
 'Twas Rapture all without allay .

But all her Blooming tender Charms,
 The Grave has Rob'd of ev'ry Grace
 No more she spreads her Eager Arms
 I clasp no more instruct Embrace .

Ill fated hour when Cloe lay,
Struggling for Life to Live for me,
Clear it not Phæbus with thy Ray,
Nor glimpse of thy Divinity.

The featherd Choir whose tunefull Throats,
So gaily wont to hail the spring,
To dolefull sounds shall shape their Notes,
And Melancholly pine and sing,
Grown faint at Length the feeble Swain,
Dying a broken heart exprest,
Till Death approach'd to ease his pain,
And luld his ill in endless Rest.

FLUTE.



CELIA. in a Jeffamine Bower.

When the bright God of Day, Drove to Westward his Ray, and the

Evening was charming and Clear. The Swallows amain Nimble

skim o'er the Plain And our shadows like Giants ap-pear.

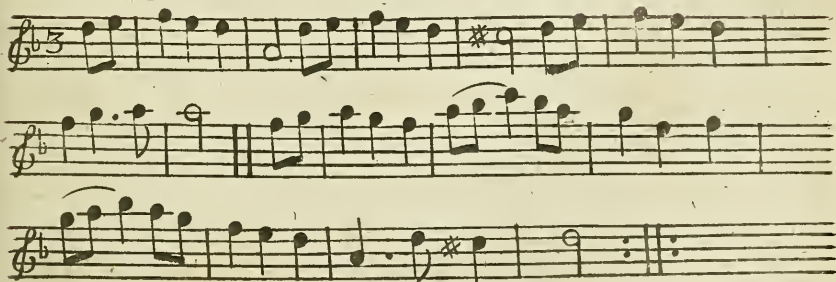
In a Jeffamine Bow'r,
 (When the Bean was in Flow'r
 And Zephyrs breath'd Odours around)
 Lov'd Celia she sat,
 With her Song, and Spinnet,
 And the charm'd all the Grove with her Sound.

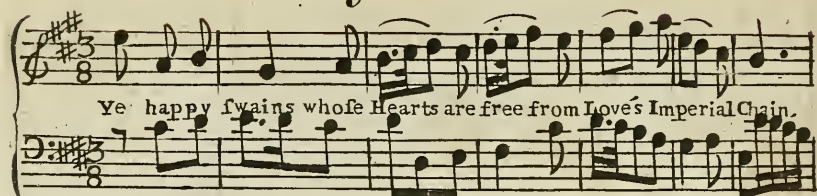
Rosy Bowers, she sung,
 Whilst the Harmony rung,
 And the Birds they all flutt'ring arrive,
 The industrious Bees,
 From the Flowers and Trees,
 Gently hum with their Sweets to their Hive.

The gay God of Love
 As he flew o'er the Grove
 By Zephyrs conducted along,
 As she touch'd on the Strings,
 He beat Time with his Wings,
 Whilst Echo repeated the Song.

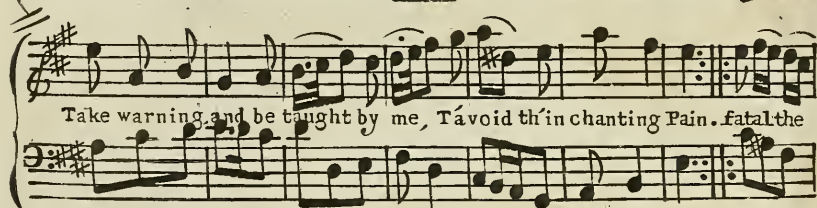
O ye Mortals, beware
 How ye venture too near:
 Love doubly is armed to wound:
 Your Fate you can't shun
 For you're surely undone
 If you rashly approach near the Sound.

FLUTE .

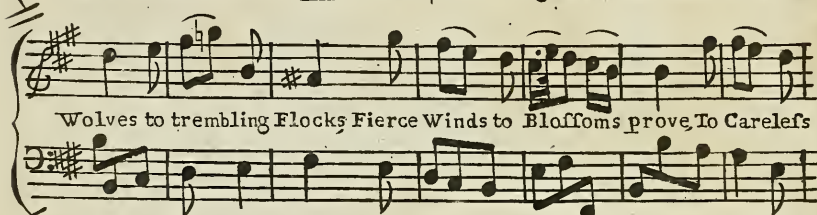


Set by D^r. GREENE .


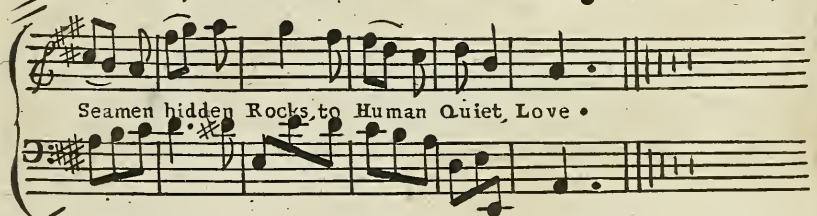
Ye happy swains whose Hearts are free from Love's Imperial Chain.



Take warning, and be taught by me, To avoid th' inchanting Pain. fatal the



Wolves to trembling Flocks, Fierce Winds to Bloffoms prove, To Careless



Seamen hidden Rocks, to Human Quiet, Love .

Fly the fair Sex, if Bliss you prize .

The Snake's beneath the Flower :

Who ever gaz'd on beauteous Eyes,

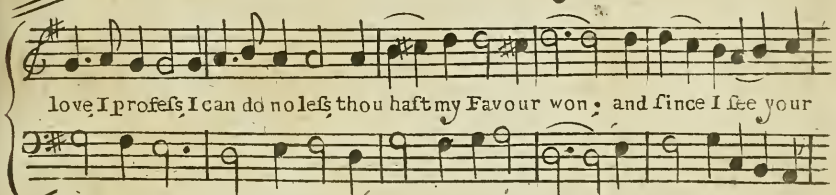
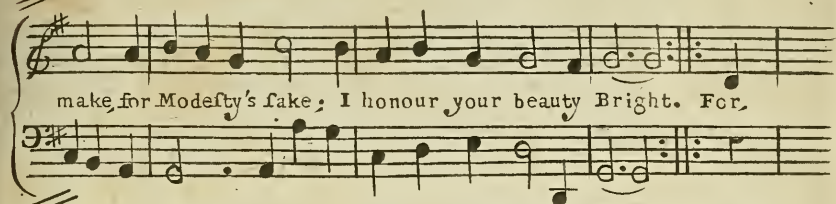
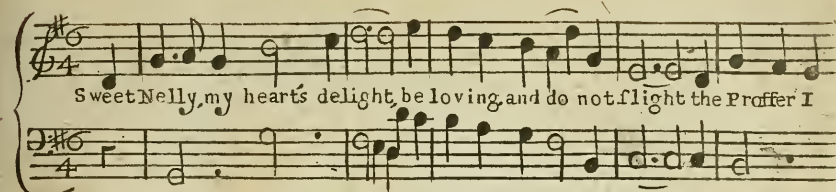
That tasted Quiet more !

How faithless is the Lovers Joy !

How constant is their Care !

The Kind with Falshood do destroy,

The Cruel with Despair .



2

No • I am a Lady gay ;
 'Tis very well known I may
 Have men of Renown, in Country or Town •
 So Roger, without delay,
 Court Bridget, or Sue, Kate, Nancy, or Prue,
 Their Loves will soon be won ;
 But don't you dare to speak me fair,
 As if I were at my last Prayer,
 To marry a Farmer's Son •

3

My Father has Riches Store,
 Two Hundred a Year and more,
 Beside Sheep, and Cows, Carts, Harrows, and Plows,
 His Age is above Threescore :
 And when he does die, then merrily I

Shall have what he has won.
 Both Land and Kine, all shall be thine,
 If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
 And marry a Farmer's Son.

4

A Fig for your Cattle, and Corn,
 Your proffer'd Love I Scorn;
 'Tis known very well, my Name is Nell,
 And you're but a Bumpkin born.
 Well, since it is so, away I will go,
 And I hope no harm is done.
 Farewel, adieu: I hope to wooe
 As good as you, and win her too,
 Though I'm but a Farmer's Son.

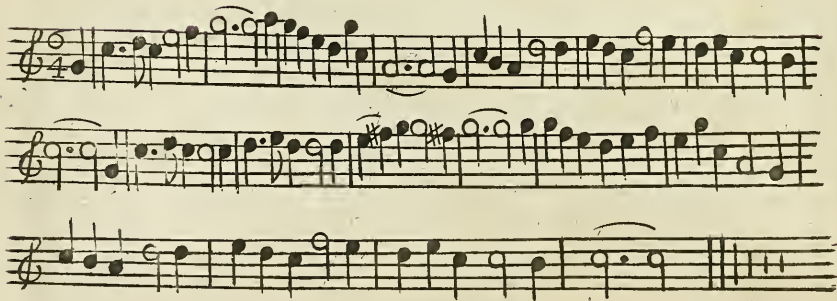
5

Be not in such haste, quoth she,
 Perhaps we may still agree;
 For Man, I protest, I was but in Jest.
 Come pry'thee set down by me,
 For thou art the Man, that verily can
 Perform what must be done;
 Both strait and tall, genteel withall,
 Therefore I shall be at your Call,
 To marry a Farmer's Son.

6

Dear Lady, believe me now,
 I Solemnly swear and vow,
 No Lords in their Lives, take Pleasure in Wives,
 Like Fellows that drive the Plow;
 For whate'er they gain, with Labour and Pain,
 They don't to Harlots run,
 As Courtiers do. I never knew
 A London Beau, that could out do
 A Country Farmer's Son.

FLUTE.



THE LASS of LIVINGSTONE .

47

Pain'd with her flighting Jamie's Love, Bell dropt a Tear, Bell dropt a

Tear, the Gods descended from above, well pleas'd to hear, well pleas'd to hear.

they heard the Praises of the Youth, from her own tongue, from her own Tongue, who

now convert'd was to Truth, and thus she sung, and thus she sung.

Blest Days! when our ingenious Sex,
 More frank and kind, More frank and kind,
 Did not their lov'd Adorers vex,
 But spoke their Mind, But spoke their Mind.
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
 Would he return, Would he return,
 She ne'er again would give him Care
 Or cause him mourn, Or cause him mourn.

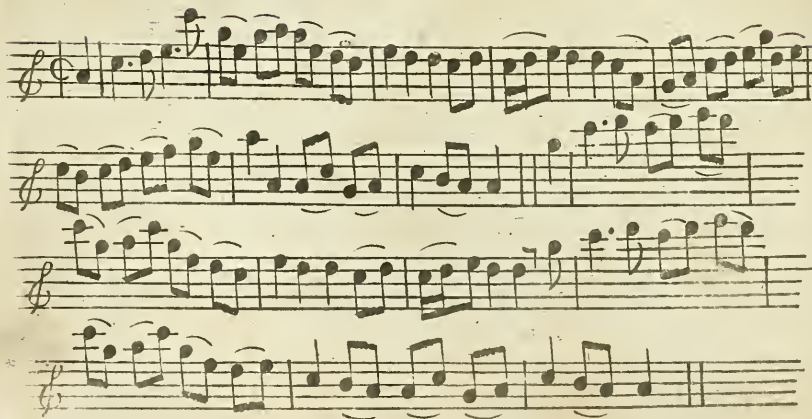
Why

Why lov'd I the deserving Swain,
 Yet still thought Shame, Yet still thought Shame,
 When he my yielding Heart did gain,
 To own my Flame, To own my Flame!
 Why took I Pleasure to torment,
 And seem too coy, And seem too coy,
 Which makes me now, alas! lament
 My flighted Joy, My flighted Joy.

Ye Fair, while Beauty's in its Spring,
 Own your Desire, Own your Desire,
 While Love's young Power, with his soft Wing,
 Fans up the Fire, Fans up the Fire.
 O do not with a silly Pride,
 Or low Design, Or low Design,
 Refuse to be a happy Bride,
 But answer plain, But answer plain.

Thus the fair Mourner wail'd her Crime,
 With flowing Eyes, With flowing Eyes;
 Glad Jamie heard her all the Time,
 With sweet Surprise, With sweet Surprise.
 Some God had led him to the Grove,
 His Mind unchang'd His Mind unchang'd;
 Flew to her Arms, and cry'd my Love,
 I am reveng'd, I am reveng'd!

FLUTE .



A SONG. The Words and Musick by MR. LEVERIDGE.

Slow.

If Love be a Fault, and in me thought a Crime, How
much I have Lov'd, bear me witness O Time; Your
Days, and your Nights, and your Hours as they mov'd, All
seem'd to ob-serve, and to count how I Lov'd.

2

One Day pass'd away, and saw nothing but Love,
Another came on, and the same thing did prove;
The Suns grew all tir'd, still to look on the same,
But I grew more pleas'd as the next moment came.

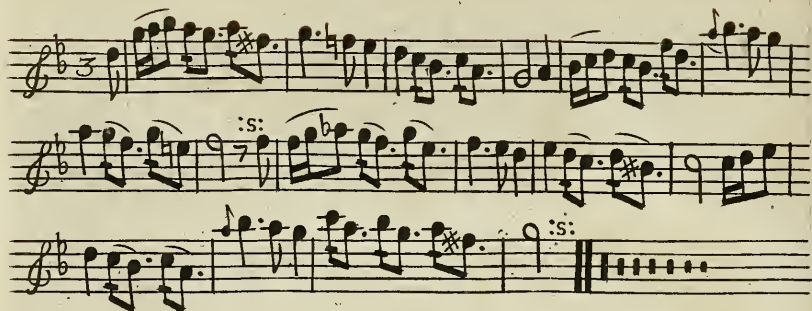
3

I saw you all day, and all day with new gust,
And yet ev'ry day was to me as the first;
My Passion still grows, with fresh Zeal I adore,
So eager am I, to love you, more and more.

4

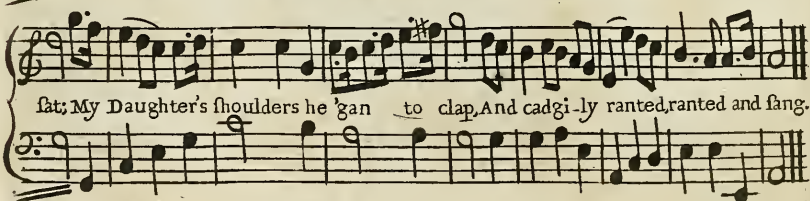
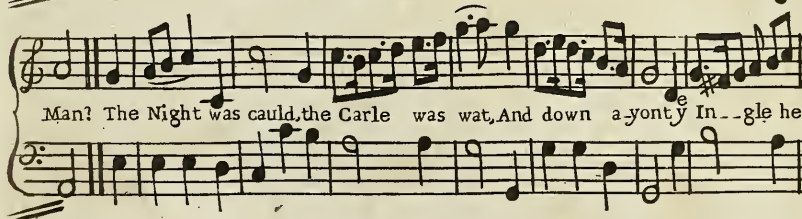
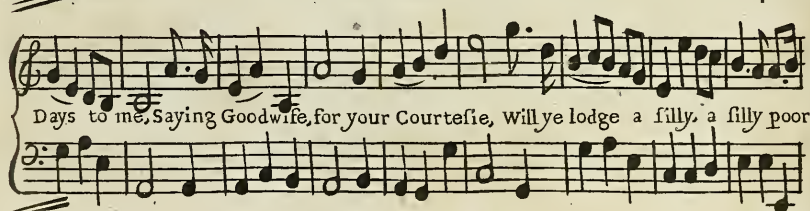
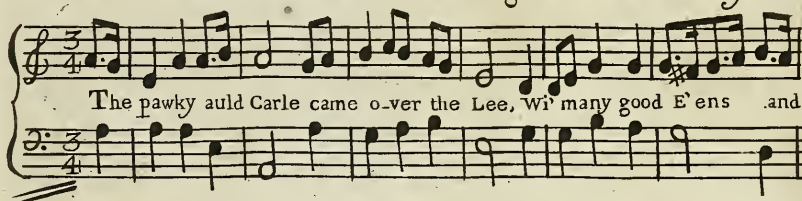
Since this is my Crime, be my witness ye Fair,
And if I must suffer for what is so rare;
True Lovers hereafter, this wonder will tell,
The cause of my Death, was for Loving too well.

FLUTE.



The GABERLUNZIE-MAN.

The Words and Tune compos'd by King JAMES V. of Scotland,
on occasion of an Adventure of his in Disguise after a Country Girl.



O Wow! quo' he, were I as free,
As first when I saw this Country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!

And I wad never, never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld Minny ken
What thir flee twa together were say'n,
When wooing, wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black
As e'er the Crown of my Dady's Hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my Back,

And awa' awa' wi' me thou shoud' gang.
And O! quoth she, ann I were as white
As e'er the snaw lay on the Dike,
I'd clead me braw, and Lady like,
And awa' awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a Plot;
They raise a Wee before the Cock,
And wylily they shot the Lock,

And fast, and fast to the Bent are they gane.
Up the Morn the auld Wife raise,
And at her Leisure pat on her Claife;
Syn to the Servants Bed she gaes,
To speer, to speer for the silly poor Man.

She gaed to the Bed where the Beggar lay,
The Strae was cauld, he was away.
She clapt her Hands, cry'd, Waladay,

For some, for some of our Gear will be gane.
Some ran to Coffers, and some to Kists,
But nought was stown that could be mist,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,
I have lodg'd, I've lodg'd a leal poor Man.

Since nathing's awa' as we can learn,
The Kirn's to Kirn, and Milk to earn,
Gae butt the House, Lafs, and waken my Bairn,

And bid her, bid her come quickly ben.
The Servant gade where the Daughter lay,
The Sheets were cauld, she was away,
And fast to her Goodwife can say,

She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find these Traitors again;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-Man.

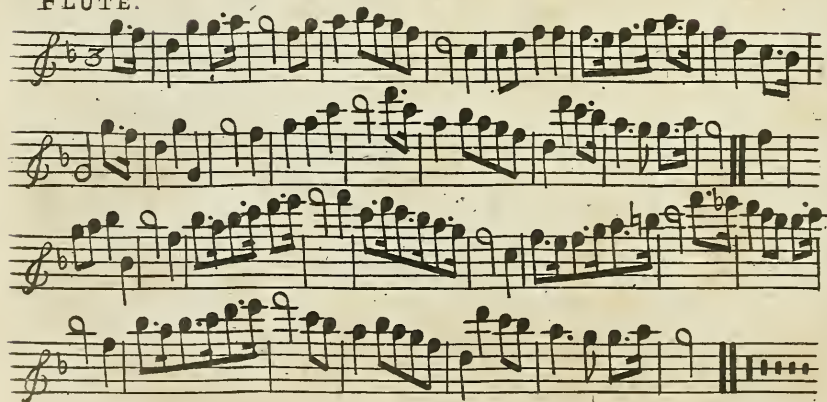
Some rade upo' Horfe, some ran a fit,
 The Wife was wood, and out o' her Wit;
 She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
 But ay, but ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the Lee,
 'Fu' snug in a Glen, where nane cou'd see,
 The twa, with kindly Sport and Glee,
 Cut frae, cut frae a new Chese a Whang:
 The Priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he ga'e her his Aith.
 Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my Minny I were wi' you,
 Illfardly wad she crook her Mou,
 Sic a poor Man she'd never trow,
 After the Gaberlunzie-man.
 My Dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And ha' na learn'd the Beggar's Tongue,
 To follow me fra Town to Town,
 And cary the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' Cauk and Keel I'll win your Bread,
 And Spindles and Whorles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentle Trade indeed,
 To carry the Gaberlunzie...O.
 I'll bow my Leg, and crook my Knee,
 And draw a black Clout o'er my Eye,
 A Cripple, or Blind they will ca' me.
 While we, while we shall be merry and sing.

FLUTE.



The 3 following SONGS in the Entertainment of the FESTIVAL⁵³
on the Approaching Nuptials of the PRINCE of ORANGE.

Venus, now leaves her Paphian Dwel...ling, Rosy Bower, and
Myrtle Grove; For Britains Isle, and Isles excel...ling,
In Beauty, Li...ber...ty, and Love: There in ev'...ry
Grove, and Plain, Tender Sighing, melting, Dy.....ing,
own my Power, and Cu...pid's Reign.

FLUTE.

Sung in the FESTIVAL.

Ah, how inviting, ah, how delighting, those happy Scenes appear.

Where, Joy and Pleasure,
The moments measure,
And Banish gloomy Fear.

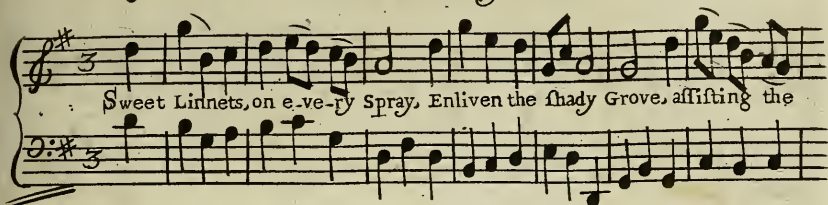
Where, Piping, Courting, and Airs transporting, Resounding, Re-

bounding, throughout the Scene, Hails this Auspicious Day.

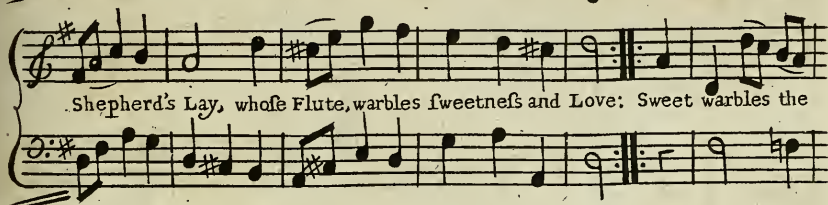
Each Pair appearing,
With Air Endearing,
So loving,
Improving,
The Blissful Scene,
Hails this Auspicious Day.

FLUTE.

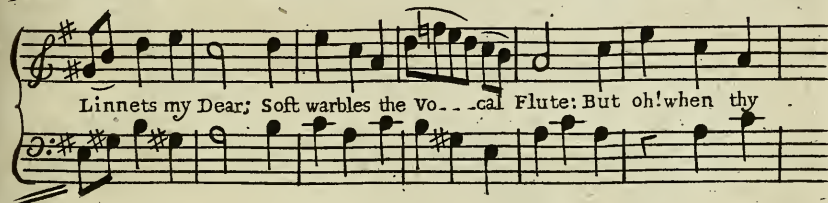
Sung in the FESTIVAL. Set by Mr. CHARKE.



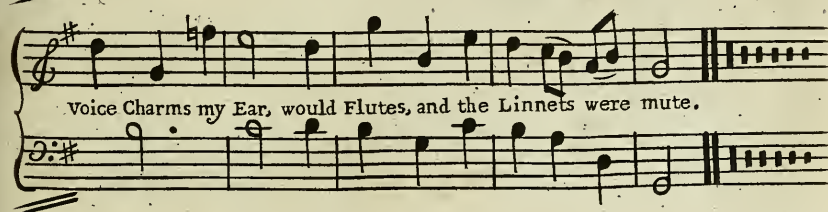
Sweet Linnets, on e-ve-ry Spray, Enliven the shady Grove, affixing the



Shepherd's Lay, whose Flute, warbles sweetness and Love: Sweet warbles the

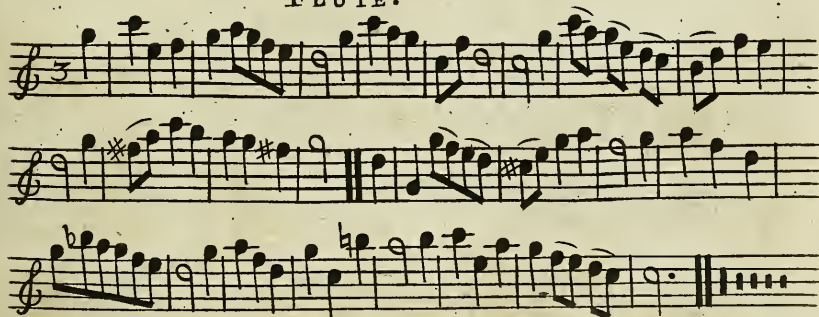


Linnets my Dear; Soft warbles the Vo- cal Flute: But oh! when thy



Voice Charms my Ear, would Flutes, and the Linnets were mute.

FLUTE.



56. A SONG Set to the PRINCE of ORANGE's Minuet.

By Mr. W^m BARTON.

By Mr. W. BARTON.

Ma-ri-a-na's Charms, wound my Heart, And kin-dle

fresh De-sires: The gentle Nymph has caus'd my

Smart, And set my Soul on Fire.

Blind little God, to ease my Pain,
And set thy Captive free,
Restore me back my Heart again,
Or let her love like me.

FLUTE.

A handwritten musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves. The top staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a repeat sign at the end. The bottom staff also begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. It contains a similar melody, ending with a double bar line and a series of six vertical lines, likely representing a tremolo or a final cadence. The handwriting is in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper.

THE TOO CURIOUS SWAIN.

57

On thy fair Banks, Oh Medway long, A Youth his

Sheep had fed. On thy fair Banks his future Care, The

tender Lambkins strayed: Happy, had Fate detain'd at home,

The simple Youth too fond to roam .

Happy alafs till curious late,
He listend to the Tale ;
Near Tunbridge salutary Springs,
What Beautys grace the Vale ;
Beautys that make the barren soil,
And craggy Rocks of Tunbridge smile.

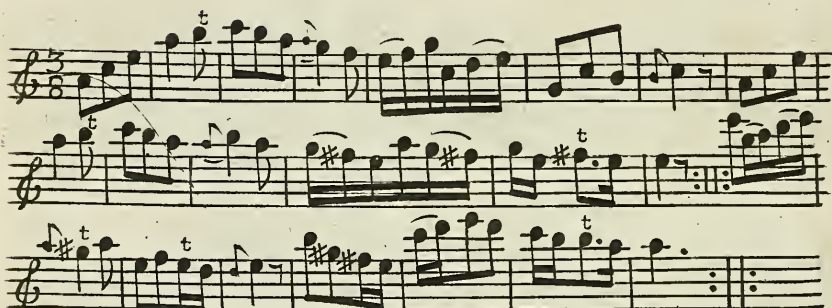
He tame, and Celia's dangerous Charms,
Beheld with eager Gaze.
So round a Torches glimmering Light,
Th'admiring Infect plays,
Like that he gaz'd and in his turn,
He saw it shine and felt it burn . . .

Th' unhappy Youth by Love undone,
 By late Experience found;
 That Celia's scorn deny'd the Cure,
 Whose Eyes had giv'n the Wound.
 Helpless and Hopeless pin'd away
 In Tears by Night and sighs by Day.

By Collins Fate be warn'd to view
 The fair with cautious Eyes;
 This Place is Cupid's Empire Seat,
 And who can shun surprize.

Since few can hope and all must fear,
 Where Kingfley, Mead, and Ryer appear.

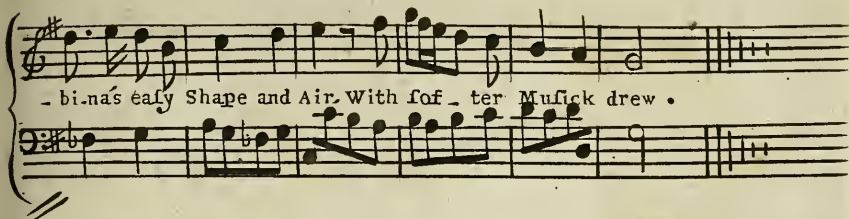
FLUTE .



The Words by D^r. PARNELL. Set by D^r. PEPUSCH.

Thirfis a young and am'rous Swain, Saw two the Beauties of the Plain,

Who both his Heart subdue: Gay Celia's Eyes were daz'ling fair, Sa-

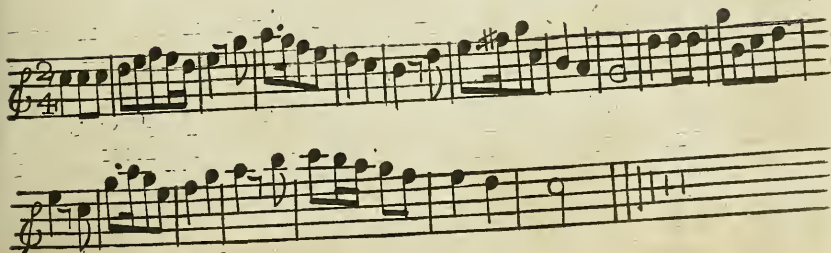


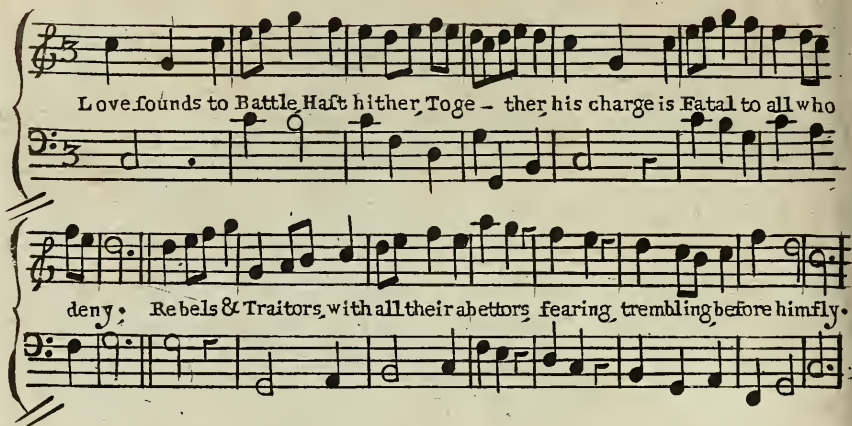
He haunts the Stream, he haunts the Grove,
 Lives in a fond Romance of Love,
 And ſeems for each to die ;
 'Till each a little ſpiteful grown,
 Sabina Celia's Shape ran down,
 And She Sabina's Eye .

Their Envy made the Shepherd find
 Thoſe Eyes, which Love could only blind .
 So ſet the Lover free:
 No more he haunts the Grove or Stream,
 Or with a True-love Knot or Name
 Engraves a wounded Tree .

Ah Celia! (fly Sabina cry'd)
 Tho' neither Love, we're both deny'd:
 Let either fix the Dart.
 Poor Girl! (ſays Celia) ſay no more;
 That Spite which broke his Chains before,
 Would break the other's Heart .

FLUTE .



LOVE'S REWARD . BY M^r. LEVERIDGE .

Vain are the Forces
 Of Rangers and Changers,
 All their Recourse is
 To arm with a Quart.
 But when they're boozing,
 And freely carouzing,
 Laughing, Quaffing,
 He wounds the Heart.

To all Deferters,
 Annoying, destroying,
 He ne'er gives Quarters,
 But sets them on fire .
 The Flame past curing,
 With Rage they're enduring,
 Scorching, burning,
 Till they expire .

But the true Lover,
 That fallies and rallies,
 Nor turns a Rover,
 But stands to his Arms,
 Under Love's Banner,
 Shall be crown'd with Honour,
 Kissing, Preffing,
 And melt in Charms .

A BURLESQUE TO GEMINIANI'S Minuet .

61

Gently stir and blow the fire Lay the Mutton down to roast,

Dress it quickly I desire, in the dripping put a Toast, that I

Hunger may remove Mutton is the meat I Love .

On the Dresser see it lies,

Oh the Charming white and red !

Finer meat ne'er met my Eyes,

On the sweetest Grass it fed ,

Let the Jack go swiftly round,

Let me have it nicely Brown'd.

On the Table spread the Cloath,

Let the Knives be sharp and clean:

Pickles Get, and sallad both,

Let them each be fresh and Green;

With small beer, good Ale and Wine,

Oh! ye Gods! how I shall Dine .

MELINDA'S COMPLAINT.

By the side of a Glimmering Fire, Melinda sat pensively down, Im-
 - patient of Rural Esquire, and vex'd to be absent from Town. The
 Cricket from under the Grate, with a Chirp to her sighs did reply, and
 kitten as grave as a Cat, sat mournfully purring hard by.

Alas! Silly Maid that I was,
 Thus sadly complaining the Cry'd;
 When first I forsook that dear Place,
 'Twere better by far I had Dy'd:
 How gayly I Pass'd the long Day,
 In a round of continued Delight,
 Park, Visits, Assemblies, and Play,
 And Quadrille to enliven the Night.

How simple was I to believe,
 Delusive Poetical Dreams,
 The flattering landskips they Give,
 Of Groves, Meads, and Murmuring streams.

Bleak Mountains and wild staring Rocks,
 Are the wretched Result of my Pains;
 The swains greater Brutes than their flocks,
 And the Nymphs as Polite as the swains.

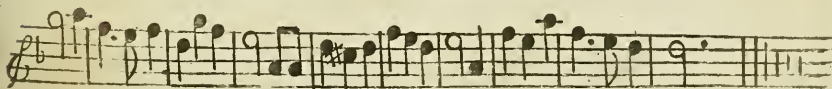
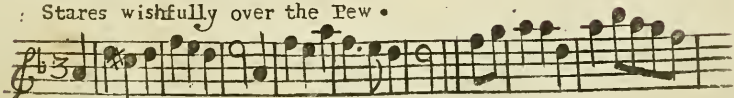
What tho I have skill to ensnare,
 Where smarts in Bright Circles abound,
 What tho at St James's at Prayers,
 Beans ogle Devoutly around;
 Fond Virgin, thy Power is lost,
 On a race of Rude Hottentot Brutes;
 What Glory in being the Toast,
 Of noisy dull squires in Boots.

And thou my Companion so Dear,
 My all that is left of Relief,
 What ever I suffer forbear,
 Forbear to Dissuade me from Grief,
 'Tis in Vain then, you'll say, to repine,
 At Ills which Cannot be redress'd,
 But in sorrows so pungent as mine,
 To be Patient, alas, is a Test.

If farther to sooth my Distress,
 Thy tender Compassion is led,
 Call Jenny to help to Undress,
 And Decently Put me to Bed,
 The last Humble solace I wait,
 Would Heaven indulge me the Boon,
 Some dream less unkind than my fate,
 In a Vision transport me to Town.

Clarissa mean time weds a Beau,
 Who Decks her in Golden array,
 The finest at ev'ry fine show
 And flaunts it at Park and at Play;
 Whilst here we are left in the Lurch,
 Forgot and Secluded from View,
 Unless when some Bumkin at Church,
 Stares wishfully over the Pew.

Flute



Set By MR SCRIMSHAW .

Adagio

When first I saw thee gracefull move, Ah me, what ment my
throbbing breast say soft confusion, art thou love, If
love thou art then farewell rest .

Since doom'd I am to love thee fair,
Though hopeless of a warm return:
Yet kill me not with cold despair .
But let me live, and let me burn .

With gentle smiles aswage the pain,
Those gentle smiles did first create ;
And though you cannot love again
In pity oh! forbear to hate .

FLUTE .

vain subtle man no longer boast, how many Hearts you've
won. Mankind were form'd not to deceive, nor Ma-
ids to be un- done .

Vertue and Truth are Ornaments,
Which grace a female mind;
When those are lost what can retrieve
The Fame of Woman kind!

With Vanity you tax the sex,
Their Weakness you reveal,
But men have more when they dare boast
Those Joys they should conceal.

Strive then no more with artful Wiles,
Our Vertue to Trapan;
If we mistake bright Honours Path,
'Tis owing all to Man.

FLUTE .

66 A TWO PART SONG by M^r. MORGAN.

By shady Woods & purling streams, and purling streams, I pass my Hours in pleasing Dreams, and would not for the World be brought, to change my false delightful Thoughts, delightful

By shady Woods and purling streams and purling streams, I pass I pass my Hours in pleasing pleasing Dreams, and would not for the World be brought, to change my false delightful Thoughts, delightful

ful Thoughts de-lightful Thoughts, :S:

- light ful light-ful de-lightful lightful Thoughts for :S:

for who alafs can happy be, that does the

who for who alafs can happy be, that does the

Truth of all things see, that does the Truth of

Truth of all things see, that does the Truth of

all things see .

all things see .

A SONG in the OPERA of ROSAMOND.

Affettuoso

Beneath some hoary Mountain I lay me down and weep. or
near some warbling Fountain bewail my self a sleep. Where
feather d Quires Combi- - ning with gentle murm'ring streams, and
Winds in Concert joyning raise sadly pleasing Dreams.

FLUTE.

Affettuoso

Andante THE HAPPY SWAIN.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time. The melody is in G major (one sharp). The lyrics are: "No morning in May is more bright than my Dearest, Her Bosom's ^ey".

Second system of musical notation. The lyrics are: "softest her Love's the sincerest. No Pride sways her Beauty to make her re-".

Third system of musical notation. The lyrics are: "ject me if e'er I offend, she with smiles doth correct me, her chains are so easy ^ty".

Fourth system of musical notation. The lyrics are: "they're entertaining her Frowns are so mild I've no Cause for complaining •".

If Nymphs enjoy Beauty hers is past extolling.
 Or Love be a Blessing how happy is Colin!
 All Day with feint Blushes the Fair One receives me,
 At night with a smile and a Kiss she does leave me:
 The Gods ne'er Created a Pair more inviting.
 A Swain found so constant, a Nymph so delighting •

Flute.

First system of musical notation for the flute part, in 3/4 time, G major. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The melody is marked with a 't' (trill) on the final note.

Second system of musical notation for the flute part, continuing the melody.

Third system of musical notation for the flute part, concluding the piece with a trill on the final note.

O'ER THE MOOR TO MAGGIE.

And I'll o'er the Moor to Maggie her Wit and sweetne's call me Then

to my Fair I'll show my mind What e- ver may be fall me. If

the love mirth I'll learn to sing or likes the Nine to follow I'll

lay my Lugs in Pindus spring and in - vo - cate Apollo.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of six systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The piano part features various musical ornaments, including sixteenth-note runs and triplets, indicated by the number '6' below the notes. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

If she admire a Martial Mind,
 I'll sheath my Limbs in Armour,
 If to the softer Dance inclin'd
 With gawest Airs I'll charm her.
 If she love Grandeur Day and Night,
 I'll plot my Nation's Glory;
 Find Favour in my Prince's fight,
 And shine in future story.

Beauty can Wonders work with Ease,
 Where Wit is corresponding,
 And bravest Men know best to please,
 With Complaisance abounding.

My bony Maggie's Love can turn,
 Me to what shape she pleases,
 If in her Breast that Flame shall burn,
 Which in my Bosom blazes.

THE UNSKILFUL LOVER. A DIALOGUE.

She

What means this filly whining Clown thus to compla... in, think'it thou with

fights, and Tears & fobs my Love to gain. No no you have not took the

Courte that will prevail for I mind not fights nor Tears nor fobs nor

He

yet your Tale. Finis Ah Pity take, for Goodness sake, my lovely

Fair... drive not a Swain by your Disdain to black Despair.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. The first system is for the female character, 'She', and the second system is for the male character, 'He'. The third system is for 'She' again, and the fourth system is for 'He'. The fifth system is for 'She' again. The music is in 2/4 time and features a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the vocal lines, and the piano accompaniment is written on the lower staves. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments (marked with 't'). The lyrics are: 'My bony Maggie's Love can turn, Me to what shape she pleases, If in her Breast that Flame shall burn, Which in my Bosom blazes.' The dialogue is: 'She: What means this filly whining Clown thus to compla... in, think'it thou with fights, and Tears & fobs my Love to gain. No no you have not took the Courte that will prevail for I mind not fights nor Tears nor fobs nor He: yet your Tale. Finis Ah Pity take, for Goodness sake, my lovely Fair... drive not a Swain by your Disdain to black Despair.'

Ah Pity take and let not Fate thus crop my blooming Youth for

without you I cannot live and that's the Truth . Da Capo

Another might the Favour win that you can't gain,
 She. Unpractic'd in Love's diff'rent Arts poor empty swain,
 We oft refuse what we would give out of meer shame,
 And think that when it's took by Force we're less to blame .

FLUTE .

A Two Part SONG. The Words and Musick by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Cupid, my Pleasure, soft Love I thee implore, soft Love,
 Bacchus my Treasure, Brisk Wine I will a-dore, brisk Wine, brisk
 soft Love I thee implore, soft Love, Wine, brisk Wine I will a-dore Brisk Wine, brisk
 Love I thee implore; Give me a Beautiful, Beautiful Maid, To Bless my
 Wine I will a-dore; Fill me a Bumper of Red, in that I
 longing Arms, with-out thy Joy, Life soon would cloy, Life
 view all Charms, The noble juice, will Mirth produce, will

foo...n' would cloy, and grow a meer defeafe: The dru...nken Sot, that
 Mirth pro.....duce, and give us ease: The snea-king

swi...lls his Gutt, may Court and hug his Glafs, Lo...
 Fool, Proud Wo...mans Tool, is but an Afs, Wi...

...ve grant me but the Fair, no o...ther Blifs I ask, Lo...
 ...ne frees us from all .Ca.....re, Then bring a...no...ther Flask.

...ve grant me but the Fair, no...
 Wi...ne frees us from all .Ca.....re, Then

o...ther blifs I ask.

bring a...no...ther Flask.

Scandit æratas vitiosa naves

Cura; nec turmas equitum relinquit,

Ocior cervis, et agente nimbos

Ocior Euro — HOR.

Poscentisævi pauca — HOR.

A S O N G.

The Words by MR. PARRATT. Set to Musick by MR. LEVERIDGE.

Vain Man — to think of Jo...y on Earth, Or fleeting Happi-

nefs to share: Nature, when first she gave you Birth, De-

sign'd you for a World of Care.

2

When Thought and Sense are yet obscure,
 And Childish Days awhile we wear,
 Unutter'd Pains we then endure,
 The Ills, Man's Offspring all must bear.

3

See the poor Boy, almost a Man,
 Begins his Race with Temper gay;
 Just as the Sun, when Night is gone,
 Hails with a smile, the new born Day.

4

But soon loud storms conceal his Rays,
 And hide his chearful Beams from Earth,
 So glide away poor Mortals Days,
 Whole Years with Care, but Hours with Mirth.

5

Toyl'ing, we live for sordid Wealth,
 Enrich'd with much, we covet more,
 Yet all can't gain one moments Health,
 Nor save us in a Dying hour.

6

Yet then, what wou'd the Miser give
 For one poor Year — a little space,
 For Man's lost moments to retrieve,
 And 'scape the Sinner's dreadful Place.

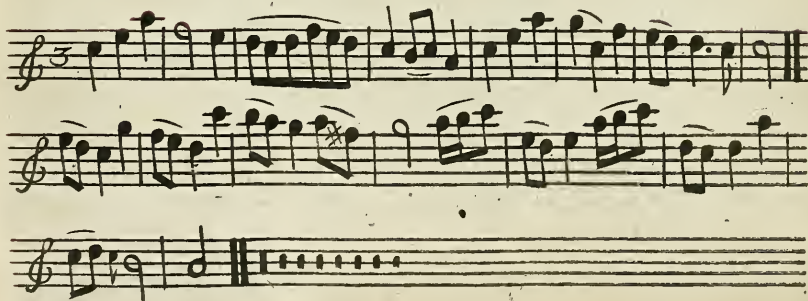
7

The Rich, ensnar'd by gilded joys,
 Ne'er mind how swift the Minutes pass;
 Old age creeps on, their Bliss destroys,
 And Death presents his empty glass.

8

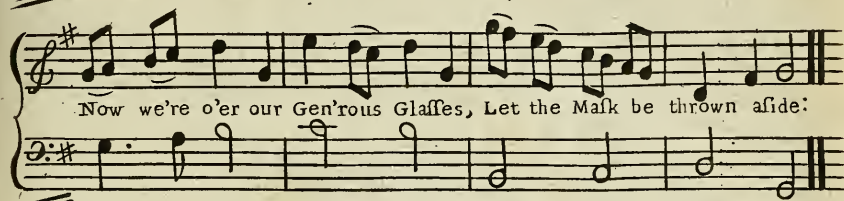
Happy the Man, when he appears,
 That views him with his thoughts resign'd,
 Well has he us'd his short liv'd Years,
 And's sure a happier State to find.

FLUTE.

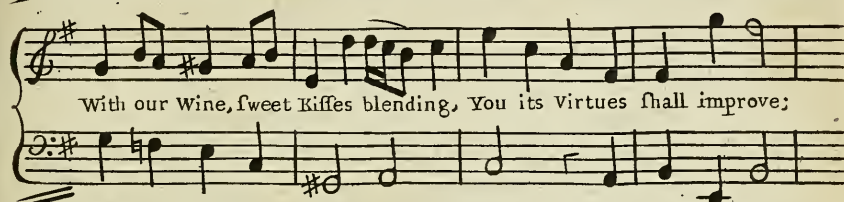




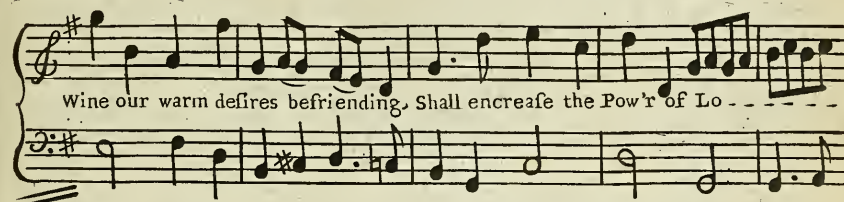
Come, be free, my lovely Lass, Banish dull reſtraintive Pride.



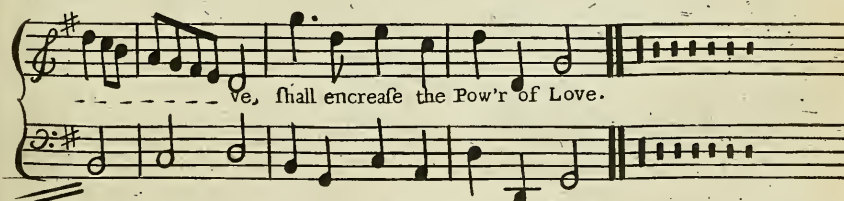
Now we're o'er our Gen'rous Glaſſes, Let the Maſk be thrown aſide:



With our Wine, ſweet Kiſſes blending, You its Virtues ſhall improve;



Wine our warm deſires befriending, Shall encreaſe the Pow'r of Lo -



ve, ſhall encreaſe the Pow'r of Love.

Squeamiſh Prudes may take Occaſion,
 (Tho' they burn with inward Fire.)
 To Condemn a Gen'rous Paſſion,
 Which they never cou'd inſpire:
 But how Curſt is their condition,
 Whiſt in uſ they Freedom blame,
 Ev'ry Night pant for Fruition,
 Yet find none to meet their Flame.

FLUTE.



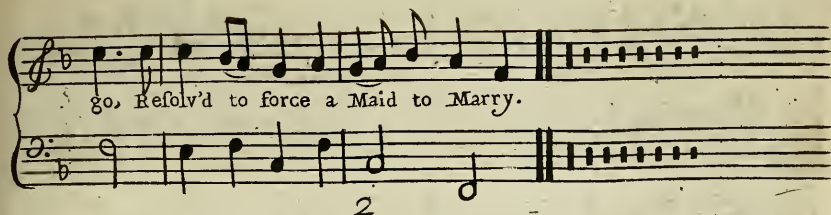
DUET, Sung in the LIVERY RAKE.

Duet musical score for the second section. It consists of six staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble clef. The first staff contains the first line of music. The second staff contains the second line, ending with a repeat sign. The third staff contains the third line. The fourth staff contains the fourth line, ending with a repeat sign and a series of sixteenth notes. The fifth staff contains the fifth line. The sixth staff contains the sixth line, ending with a repeat sign and a series of sixteenth notes.

Don't you teize me, let me go, let me go, let me go, Do pray now,

dear now, let me go: So close you press, so warm you glow, what'tis you

mean, I do not know, But fear you are resolv'd to — let me go, let me



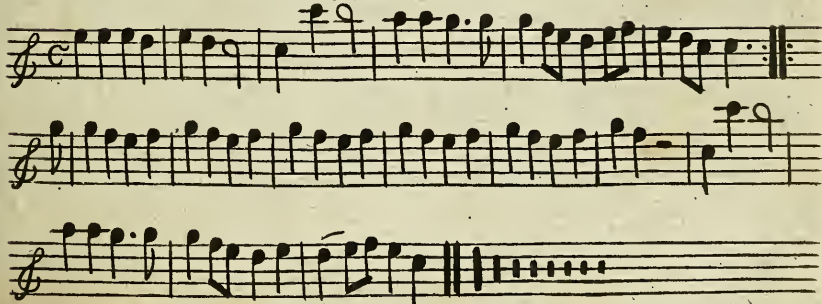
2

Sweet, if you love me, let me go,
 Let me go, let me go,
 Sweet, if you love me, let me go;
 If longer, thus, you Ogling stand,
 Hang on my waste, and squeeze my Hand,
 I fear I shall consent to — let me go, let me go;
 I fear I shall consent to Marry.

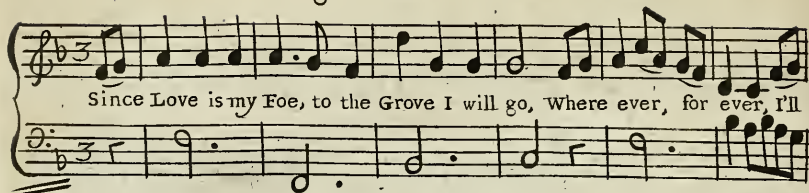
3

He. Sweet, if you love me, come away.
 She. Let me go, let me go;
 He. Sweet, if you love me, come away;
 She. If longer, thus, you Ogling stand—
 He. I cou'd for ever, Ogling stand,
 She. Hang on my waste, and squeeze my Hand,
 He. Hang on thy waste, and squeeze thy Hand,
 She. I fear I shall consent to —
 He. I hope you will consent to
 Come away,
 She. Let me go,
 Both. { I hope you will consent to Marry,
 { I fear I shall consent to Marry.

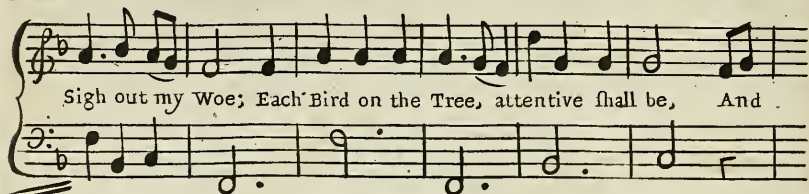
FLUTE.



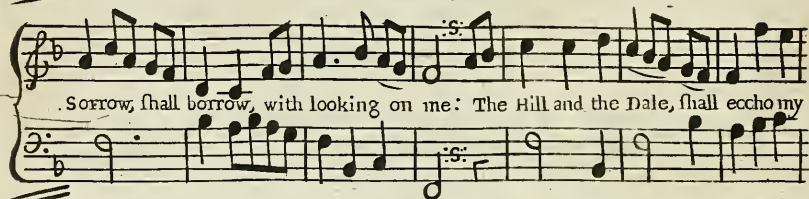
Sung in the LOVER'S OPERA



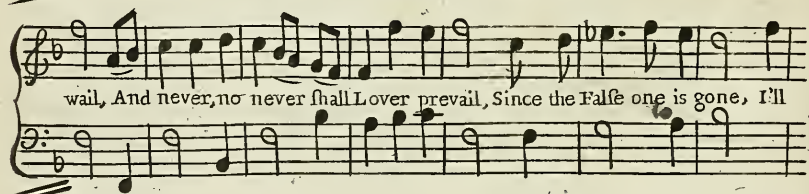
Since Love is my Foe, to the Grove I will go, Where ever, for ever, I'll



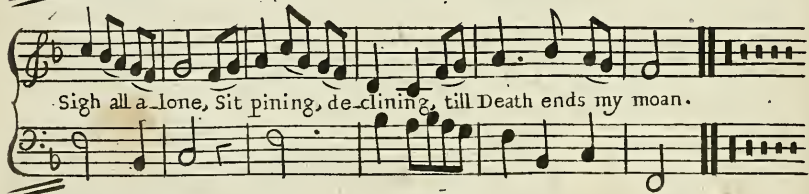
Sigh out my Woe; Each Bird on the Tree, attentive shall be, And



Sorrow, shall borrow, with looking on me: The Hill and the Dale, shall echo my



wail, And never, no never shall Lover prevail, Since the False one is gone, I'll



Sigh all a lone, Sit pining, declining, till Death ends my moan.

FLUTE.



CELADON'S JUGG. Set by Dr. GREENE.

When Celadon first from his Cottage did stray, To court his dear.

The first system of musical notation is in 3/8 time. The treble clef staff contains a melody starting on a G4, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass clef staff contains a bass line starting on a G3. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Jugg on a Hillock of Hay; What aukward Confusion opprest the poor

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Swain, When thus he de-li-ver'd his Passion in Pain.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the staves.

O Joy of my Heart, and Delight of my Eyes,
Sweet Jugg, 'tis for thee faithful Celadon dies;
My Pipe I've forsaken, tho' reckon'd so sweet,
And sleeping, and waking, thy Name I repeat.

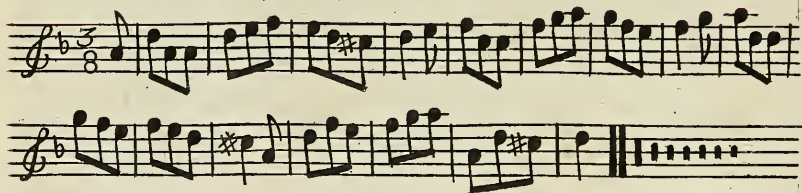
When Swains to an Alehouse by Force do me lug,
Instead of a Pitcher, I call for a Jugg;
And sure you can't chide at repeating your Name,
When the Nightingale every Night does the same.

Sweet Jugg he a hundred times o'er does repeat,
Which makes People say that his Voice is so sweet:
Oh why can you laugh at my sorrowful Tale,
Too well I'm assur'd that my Words won't prevail.

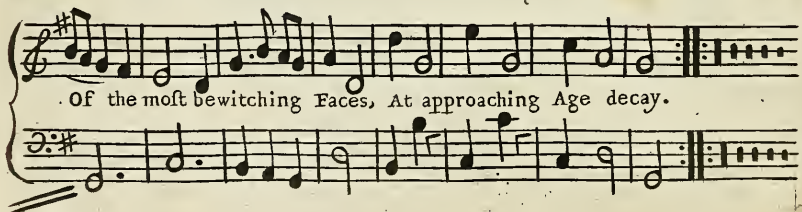
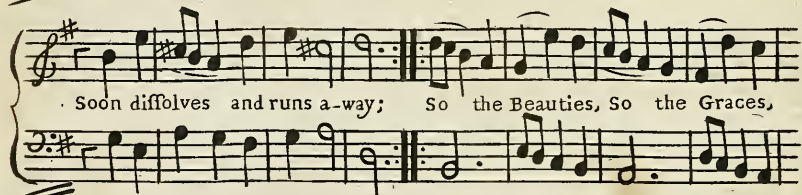
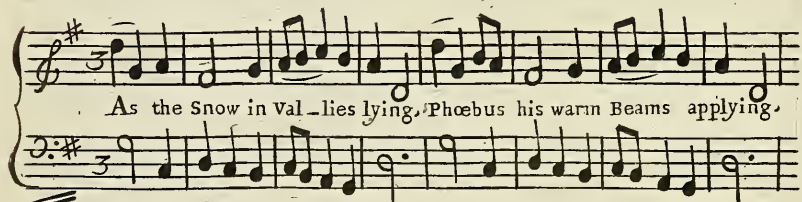
For Roger the Thatcher possesses thy Breast,
As he at the last Harvest Supper confess'd;
I own it, says Jugg, he has gotten my Heart,
His long curling Hair is so pretty and smart.

His Eyes are so black, and his Cheeks are so red,
 They prevail more with me, than all you have said;
 Tho' you court me, and kiss me, and do what you can,
 'Twill signify nothing, for Roger's the Man.

FLUTE.



ADVICE to the LADIES.

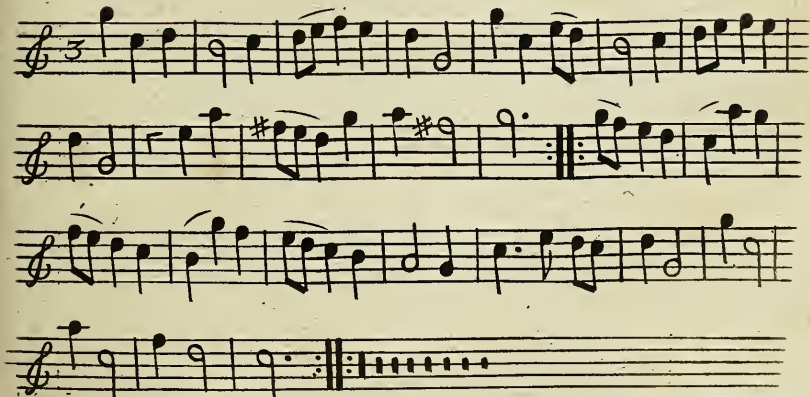


As a Tyrant, when degraded,
 Is despis'd, and is upbraided,
 By the Slaves he once controul'd;
 So the Nymph, if none could move her,
 Is contemn'd by ev'ry Lover,
 When her Charms are growing old.

Melancholick Looks, and Whining,
 Grieving, Quarrelling, and Pining,
 Are th' Effects your Rigours move;
 Soft Caresses, amorous Glances,
 Melting Sighs, transporting Trances,
 Are the blest Effects of Love.

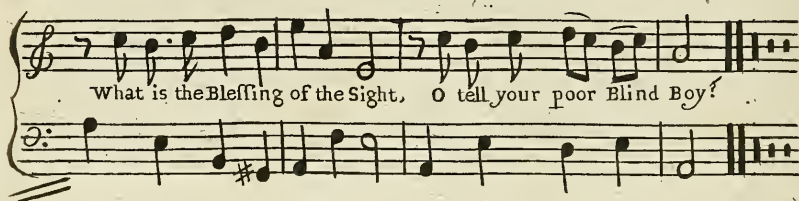
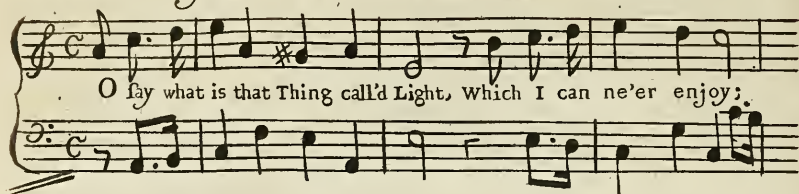
Fair Ones, while your Beauty's blooming,
 Use your Time; lest Age refusing,
 What your Youth profusely lends,
 You are robb'd of all your Glories,
 And condemn'd to tell old Stories,
 To your unbelieving Friends.

FLUTE.



The BLIND BOY.

The Words by Mr. CIBBER Poet Laureat to their MAJESTIES.



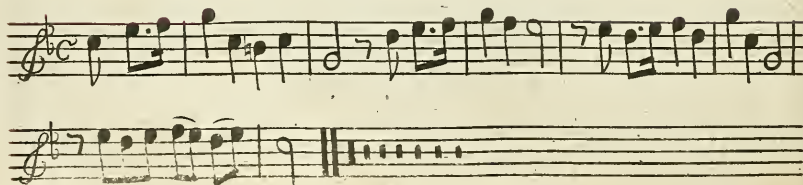
You talk of wond'rous things you see,
 You say the Sun shines bright:
 I feel him warm, but how can he,
 Then make it Day, or Night.

My Day, or Night, my self I make,
 When e'er I wake, or play;
 And cou'd I ever keep awake,
 It wou'd be always Day.

With heavy sighs, I often hear,
 You mourn my hopeless woe;
 But sure with patience I may bear,
 A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have,
 My cheer of mind destroy,
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a King,
 Altho' a poor Blind Boy!

FLUTE.



DUMBARTON'S DRUMS .

85

Dumbarton's Drums beat bonny - O, when they mind me of my dear

Jonny - O, How happy am I, when my Soldier is by, while he

kisses and blesses his Annie - O. 'Tis a Soldier a lone can delight me -

- O, For his graceful Looks do invite me - O: While guarded in his

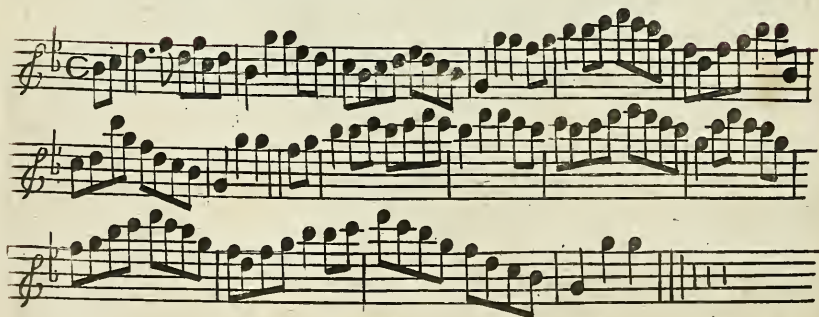
Arms I'll fear no Wars Alarms, neither Danger nor Death shall e'er

fright me - O.

My Love is a Handsome Laddie-O,
 Genteel but neer foppish nor gaudy-O:
 Tho' Commitions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this Year;
 For he shall serve no longer a Cadie-O.
 A Soldier has Honour and Bravery-O.
 Unacquainted with Rogues and their Knavery-O,
 He minds no other thing,
 But the Ladies or the King,
 For every other Care is but slavery-O.

Then I'll be the Captain's Lady-O,
 Farewell to my Friends and my Daddy-O:
 I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the Drum,
 And when e'er that beats I'll be ready-O,
 Dumbarton's Drums sound bonny-O-
 They are sprightly like my dear Jonny-O:
 How happy shall I be
 When on my Soldier's Knee,
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie-O.

FLUTE.



A PASTORAL by M^r. CAREY .

87

Leave leave your folded Flocks in Peace to fleep.

Leave leave your folded

Flocks in Peace to fleep, All Night upon the Green your Revels keep

Pia.

All Night upon the Green your Revels keep

While on the verdant Plain we spo-rt & play well never

think of sleep or wish for Day.

This block contains the first eight measures of a piano accompaniment. It is written for four staves: two for the right hand (treble and alto clefs) and two for the left hand (bass and tenor clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody in the right hand features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with eighth notes. The lyrics 'think of sleep or wish for Day.' are written below the first two staves.

FLUTE .

Sym .

Song

Sym .

Soft

Sym .

Song

This block contains the flute part, consisting of twelve measures. It is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation includes various musical markings: 'Sym .' (Symphony) appears at the beginning and in the middle; 'Song' appears twice; and 'Soft' indicates a dynamic change. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures featuring slurs and ties. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Shepher - dices

pretty Lasses come let's trip it upon the Green, come let's trip it up -

- on the Green. Birds are sing - ing. Flow'rs are spring - ing Nature in

all her Beau - ty seen .

Meadows blowing springs o'erflowing
 Flora smiling all around :S:
 Lovely Flowers, pleasant Bowers,
 Pleasure in every Place is found .

Lillies Roses sweets disclose,
 Nature smiling every where :S:
 Nymphs complying, Cares are flying,
 Every fence of Pleasure here .

FLUTE.

Sym

CUPID and CHARLOTTE.

As Cupid one day Roveing saw, Charlotte with her Charms ap-

- pear, surpriz'd the Godhead bent his Bow, but was disa- bled by the

Fair; Then thus disarm'd he sighing said, now Love himself must

fall a Prize, I am undone I, am betray'd by Charlotte's

e - ver Conqu'ring Eyes, by Cha -

rlet's e - ver conqu'ring

Eyes • Da Capo

NB. This Verse goes to the first Part of the Tune •

Then thus his Bow he from him hurl'd,
 His Quiver and his pointed Arms •
 And left his Empire of the World,
 To be commanded by her Charms •

FLUTE •

D C

Let's tope and be merry, be Jolly and Cherry, since here is good

Wine good Wine Let's laugh at the Fools, that live by dull

Rules and at us good Fellows repine.

Chorus

And at us good Fellows repine.

Here here are Delights to amuse the dull Nights,
 And equal a Man with a God;
 To enliven the Clay, drive all Care away,
 Without it a Man's but a Clod.

Then let's be willing to spend t'other philling,
 Since Money we know is but Dirt;
 It suits no Design like paying for Wine,
 T'other Bottle will do us no Hurt.

FLUTE

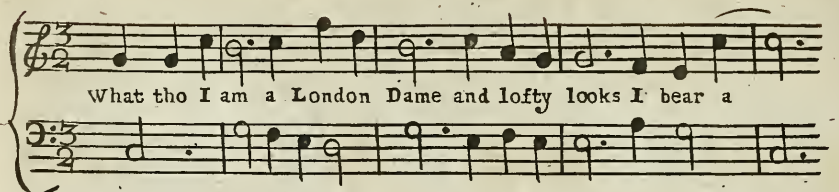
A SONG Sung by Miss RAFTOR.
in the SCOTCH HUMOUR.

93

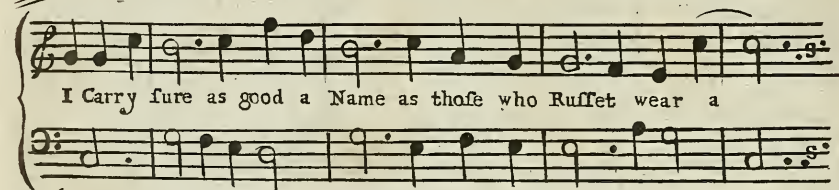
When Parents Obstinate and cruel prove, and force us
to a Man we cannot love. tis fit we disappoint the
Sordid elves, and wisely get us Husbands for our
felves, and wisely get us husbands for our
felves.

FLUTE .

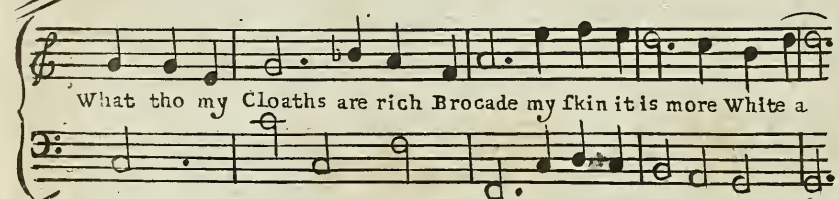
THE LONDON LASS.



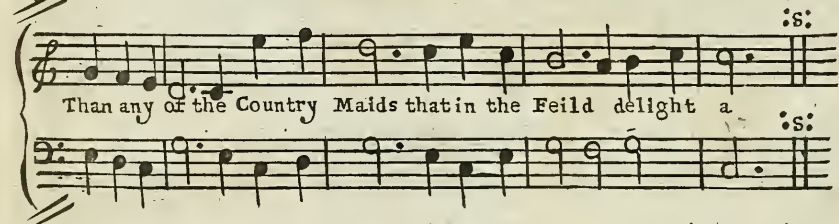
What tho I am a London Dame and lofty looks I bear a



I Carry sure as good a Name as those who Ruffet wear a



What tho my Cloaths are rich Brocade my skin it is more White a



Than any of the Country Maids that in the Feild delight a

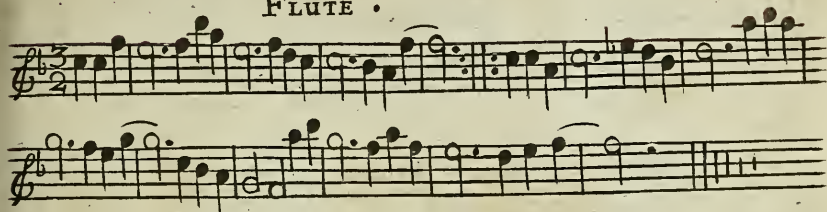
What, though I to assemblies go,
 And at the Opera shine a
 It is a thing all Girls must do
 That will be Ladies fine a
 And while I hear Faustina sing,
 Before the King and Queen a
 My Eyes they are Upon the Wing,
 To see if I am seen a

My Pekoe and Imperial Tea.
 Are Brought me in the Morn a
 At noon Champaign and rich Tokay
 My Tables do adorn a

The Evening then does me invite
 To Play at dear Quadrille a,
 And sure in this there's more Delight,
 Than in a Purling Rill a.

Then since my fortune does allow
 Me to live as I please a
 I'll never milk my father's Cow
 Nor Press his Coming Cheefe a,
 But take my swing both night and day,
 I'm sure it is no sin a;
 And as for what the Grave ones say,
 I value not a Pin a.

FLUTE .



THE COY LASS .

Prithee Cloe give O'er and perplex me no more, for my Charmer it

looks Very queerly. That in blooming Fifteen Thou'rt afraid to be

seen, By a Shepherd who Loves thee most dearly .

When with speed I Pursue,

Intending to Woo.

And tell thee how much I'm thy Lover,

Like a fearfull young Lamb

Runs after its Dam,

So thou fly'st away to thy Mother

I know't has been told

That the Patriarchs of Old,

Spent Threescore Years in their Wooing.

'Twas no wonder then

That a Nymph of fifteen,

Should be Coy when a Swain was Pursuing.

But, my Charmer, I Vow,

'Tis a Miracle now,

That a Nymph in her Teens should fly any

When I Dare now engage,

Not a man in the Age

But thinks Threescore Days are too many

Then Prithee, my Joy,

No Longer be Coy,

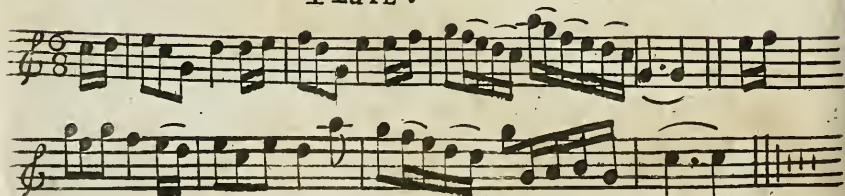
But let am'rous Desires inflame ye;

Surrender thy Charms

And take me to thy arms,

And thoult soon love me better than Mammy.

FLUTE.



The PRINCE of ORANGE's welcome. The Words & Musick by Mr. CAREY. 97

Sung by a Youth (His Scholar) at the Theatre in Goodman's Fields.

Thrice Welcome Royal Stranger, To greet thee, see all Na...ture

smile, Whom Nep-tune free from Danger, Has wafted to our Isle:

By An...na's Charms in-vi-ted, Naf-sau defies the Stor...my Sea, In

An...nas Arms delighted, What God so Blefs'd as He.

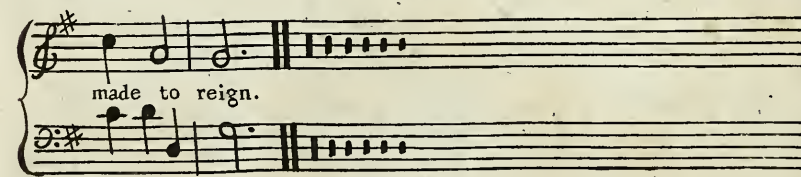
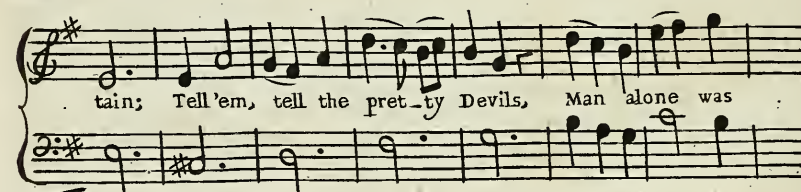
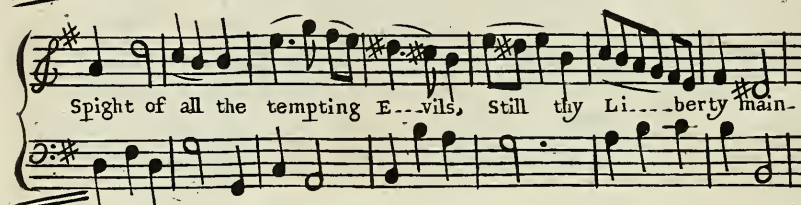
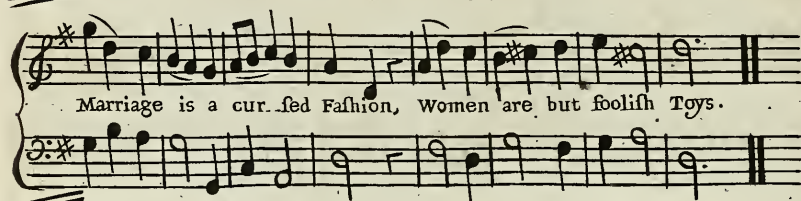
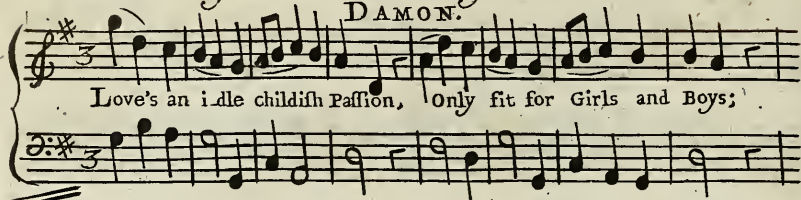
Sing these Words to the first part of the Tune.

May ev'ry joy attend them, And Bounteous Heav'n befriend 'em,
No end their sweet endearments know, With all it can bestow.

FLUTE.

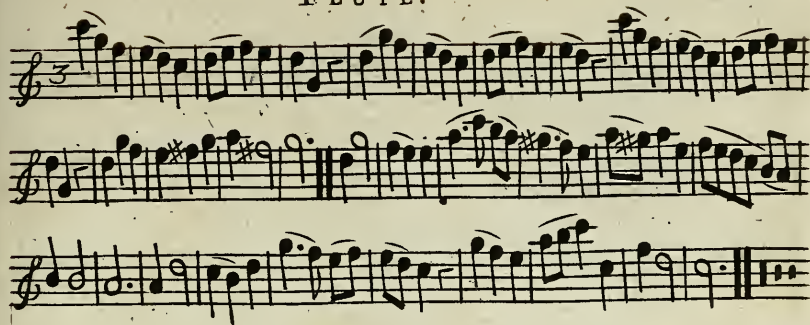
The Words by Mr. BAKER. Set by Mr. BURGESS.

DAMON.

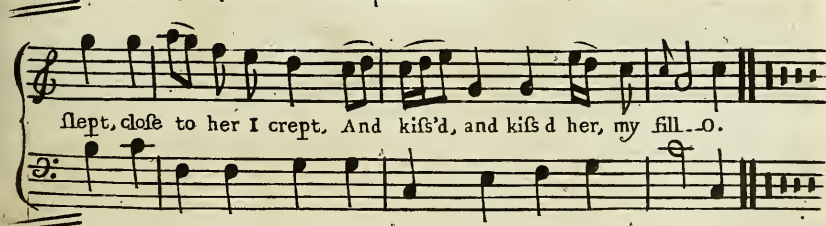
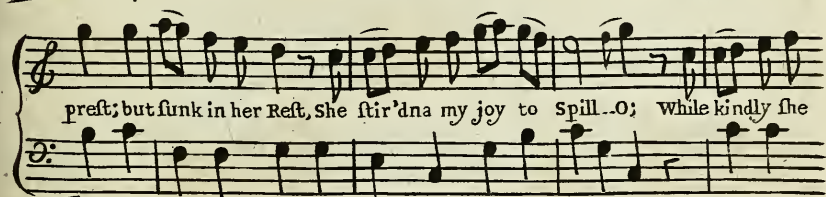
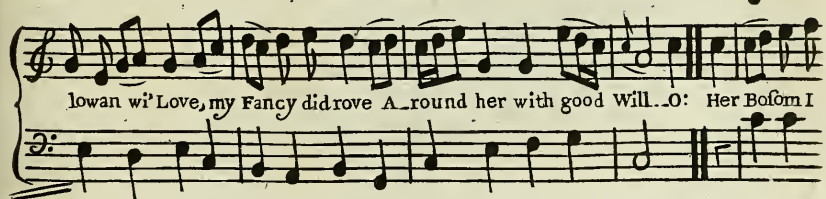
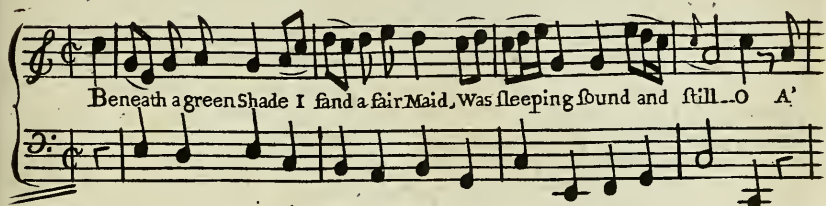


CLOE. Empty Boaster! know thy Duty,
 Thou, who dar'st my Pow'r defie;
 Feel the Force of Love and Beauty;
 Tremble at my Feet, and die.
 Wherefore does thy Colour leave Thee?
 Why these Cares upon thy Brow?
 Did the Rebel Pride deceive Thee?
 Ask him, who's the Monarch now.

FLUTE.



Peggy's Mill.

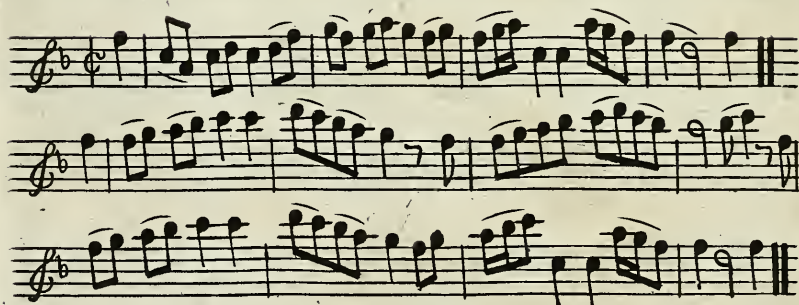


Oblig'd by Command in Flanders to land,
 T'employ my Courage and Skill...O,
 Frae'er quietly I staw, hoist Sails and awa,
 For Wind blew fair on the Bill...O.
 Twa Years brought me hame, where loud fraising Fame
 Tald me with a Voice right shrill...O,
 My Laff, like a Fool, had mounted the Stool,
 Nor kend wha had done her the Ill...O.

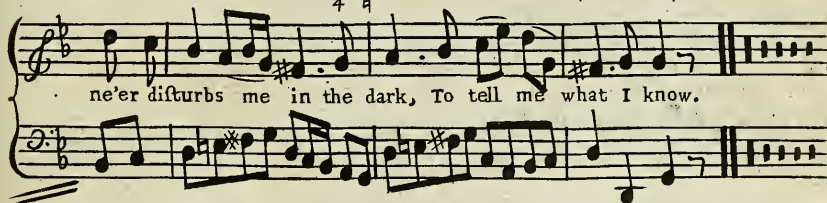
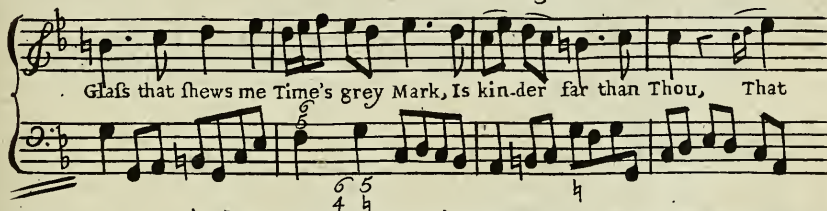
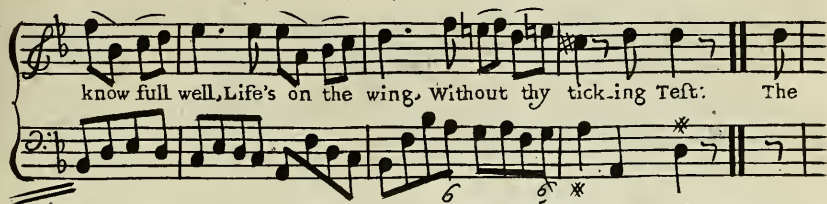
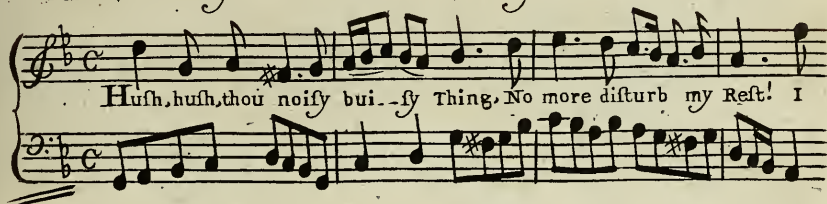
Mair fond of her Charms, with my Son in her Arms,
 I ferlying speer'd how she fell...O.
 Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth she, Let me die,
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell...O.
 Love gave the Command, I took her by the Hand,
 And bad her a' Fears expell...O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the Man
 Wha had done her the Deed my fell...O.

My bonny sweet Laff on the gowany Grafs,
 Beneath the Shilling-hill...O,
 If I did Offence, I'll make ye amends
 Before I leave Peggy's Mill...O.
 O the Mill, Mill...O, and the Kill, Kill...O,
 And the cogging of the Wheel...O;
 The Sack and the Sieve, a' thae ye maun leave,
 And round with a Sodger reel...O.

F L U T E .



The Words by Mr. PARRATT. Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



Loudly recount Time's hurrying pace,

When nigh the Courtier's Ear,

Wake him to think on that disgrace,

Which guilty wretches fear!

Perhaps he'll leave his tricks and lies,

And mind thee as his Friend;

Well wou'dst thou move, and with surprize,

Cou'dst thou his Life amend.

Or if thou must, with noisy Strain,

Obeys thy circling wheels,

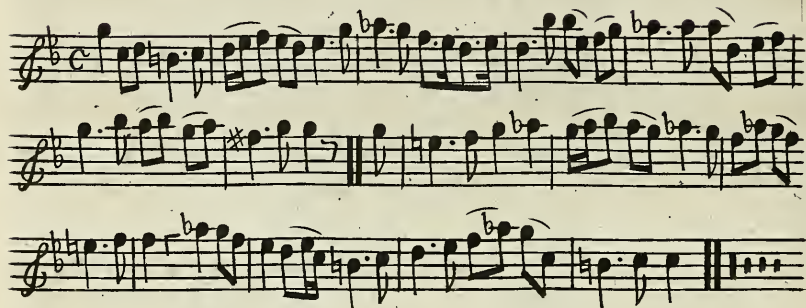
Disturb the Lawyer, raise the Pain,

That he unmindful feels:

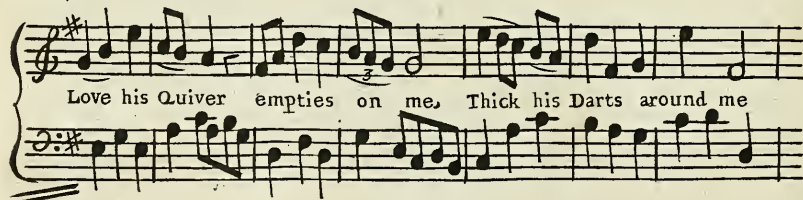
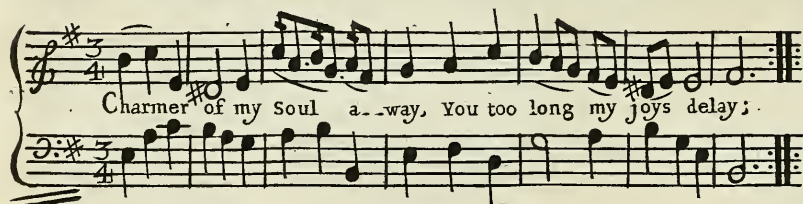


If then — struck with the Sense of Sin,
 By thy Incessant sound,
 He scorns the dress he wears within,
 Thy Noise shall be renown'd.

FLUTE.



Sung by Miss ARNE in DIDO and ÆNEAS.



undone me, With excess of Love I die, with excess of Love I die.

FLUTE.

A SONG Set by Mr. BOYCE.

What tho' you cannot move her with all your art and Pressing? Vex

not fond fil-ly Lover, Nor Curse the vain Addressing.

Why should you lament, when she should Repent, what help if a fool will de-

ny thee; 'Tis all but a miss of a Face and a Kiss, and there's a good

Sex to supply thee, and there's a good Sex to supply thee.

Who knows, would you but leave her,
 What change she may discover.
 Perhaps may grant the Favour,
 Rather than lose the Lover.
 If nothing avail,
 Yet 'tis odds if she fail,
 To give thee full Right to disdain her,
 When after thy Love,
 And thy worth could not move,
 A Fool that has neither, shall gain her.

Make Love an easy Fashion,
 And thy success, thy measure.
 Discarding still the Passion,
 That will not bring the Pleasure;
 Examine not why
 The Lady is shy.
 If Nature, or Honour, advise her,
 But thy Part fairly done,
 If she'll not be won,
 Take leave, and look out for a wiser.

The Lofty Beggars

105

We beg, but in a higher Strain, Than fordid slaves who-beg for

gain; No paltry Gold, nor Gems, we want, We beg what you a-

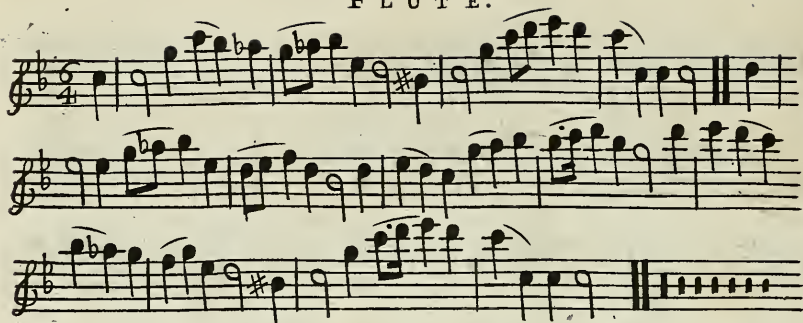
lone can grant: No lofty Titles, no Renown, But something

greater than a Crown; We beg not Wealth, nor Liberty, We

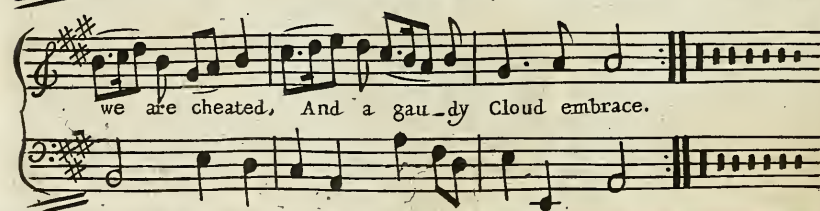
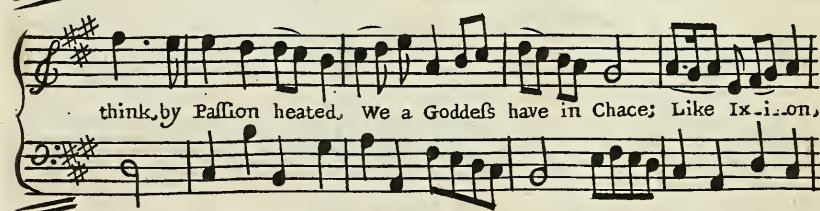
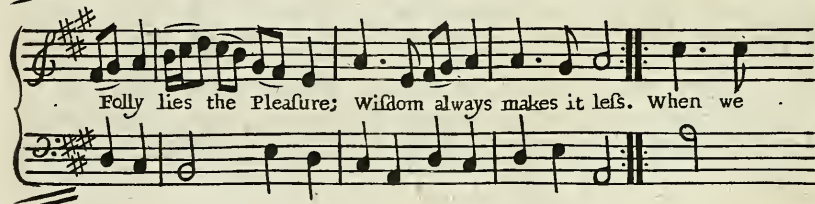
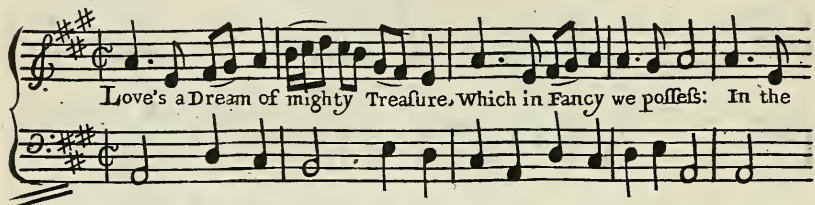
beg your humble Slaves to be.

We beg your snowy hands to kiss,
 Or Lips, if you'll vouchsafe the bliss;
 Or if our faithful vows can move,
 What Gods might envy us your Love:
 The boon we beg, if you deny,
 Our Fate's decreed; we pine and die;
 For life we beg, for life implore,
 The poorest wretch can ne'er beg more.

FLUTE.

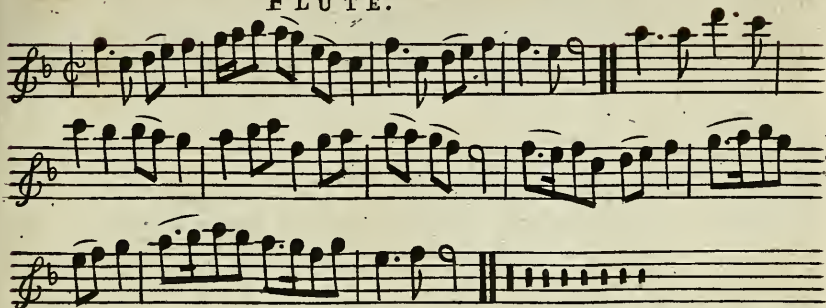


The ILLUSION.



Happy only is the Lover,
 Whom his Mistress well deceives;
 Seeking nothing to discover,
 He contented lives at Ease.
 But the Wretch that would be knowing
 What the Fair One would disguise,
 Labours for his own Undoing;
 Changing Happy, to be Wife.

FLUTE.



The CRITICAL MINUTE. Set by MR. LEVERIDGE.

Oh the Time that is past, When she held me so fast, And declar'd
 that her Honour no long-er could last! last! No Light, but her
 languishing Eyes did appear, To prevent all Ex-cu-ses of Blushing and Fear.

How she sigh'd, and unlac'd,
 With such Trembling and Haste,
 As if she had long'd to be closer embrac'd!
 My Lips the sweet Pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd,
 While my Hands were in search of hid Treasure employ'd.

With my Heart all on fire
 In the Flames of Desire,
 When I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require;
 She cry'd, Oh! for Pity's sake, change your ill Mind!
 Pray, Amintas, be civil, or I'll be unkind.

All your Blifs you destroy,
 Like a naked young Boy,
 Who fears the kind River he came to enjoy:
 Let's in, my dear Chloris, I'll save thee from Harm,
 And make the cold Element pleasant and warm.

Dear Amintas! she cries;
 Then she cast down her Eyes,
 And with Kisses confess what she faintly denies.
 Too sure of my Conquest, I purpos'd to stay
 'Till her freer Consent did more sweeten the Prey.

But too late I begun;
 For her Passion was done:
 Now, Amintas, she cry'd, I will never be won;
 Thy Tears and thy Courtship no Pity can move,
 Thou hast slighted the Critical Minute of Love.

FLUTE.



What pleasant scenes a round this Place appear, Here universal

spring remains. Diurnal Beautys flourish all the Year, And here the

Goddess Flora reigns, Here have I with my lovely Charmer spent In soft Em

- bra - ces many Hours, sooth and delighted with the genial scent, that

came from O.do_rifick Flowers .

Unhappy me! that must so shortly go,
 From these Ambrosial happy shades;
 Where no ungrateful Northern Tempests blow,
 Nor inharmonious sound invades;
 O cruel Fate! to intercept my Peace,
 And stop the Current of my Joys;
 In forcing me from unmolested Ease,
 To hateful and incessant Noise .

But while I thus lament with weeping Eyes,
 The cause that bids me hence depart;
 Still worse Reflections in my mind arise,
 That deeply wound my bleeding Heart;
 Perhaps my soft Controuler will infer,
 I seek a more engaging Fair;
 And think my oft repeated Love to her
 Mere empty and delusive Air.

O speak ye Christial streams! that gently flow,
 When e'er my Cloe shoud complain;
 And ye refreshing Zephyrs! let her know
 The Words of her departing swain;
 Tell her no Object shall the Vow remove,
 That has my Lips already past.
 And that I'm hers and so shall ever prove,
 While spirits and Existance last.

FLUTE.



THE FAREWELL.

Affettuoso

Chloe farewell my on - ly Love, Thou charming beauteous cruel

Fair. I swear by great Almigh - ty Jove that Life it self is not so dear, To

me you al ways was un kind no smiles of Love would e ver give To

Pity never was in clind Nor would my am'rous Pain relieve .

To you I did present my Heart,
 My Person Life nay all was thine;
 You like Narcissus fly each Part,
 While unrelented I repine .
 But know that this Severity
 Is too distracting to be born;
 So instant Death shall set me free,
 From your insufferable scorn .

Then come thou gloomy shade so dear,
 And extricate me from my Grief ;
 With Joy I will receive thee here
 Impatient for my last Relief .
 Her Cruelty and cold Disdain,
 Will both in thee compleatly end ;
 Adieu my Chloe and my Pain .
 To Death I go my only Friend .

FLUTE .

The wounded Deer flies swift a-way, The bearded Arrow
in his side; still vainly hoping that he may, Mix'd with the
Herd escape un - spy'd, mix'd with the Herd escape unspy'd .

But oh the Moment that they see,
The streaming Blood flow from his Wound;
They shun him in his Misery,
And leave him dying on the Ground .

Thus the poor Nymph who sore distress,
Has gaz'd her Liberty away;
To all the World becomes a Jest,
And falls of fland'rous Tongues the Prey .

FLUTE .

But oh the Moment that they see,
The streaming Blood flow from his Wound;
They shun him in his Misery,
And leave him dying on the Ground .

HAPPY MYRTILLO .

113

On a Grassy Pillow, the Youthfull Myrtillo, the Youthfull Myrtillo

Transported was laid, in his Arms a Creature whose E'ery Feature, whose

E'ery Feature for Conquest was made.

to his Side he

Clas'd her and Fondly Gras'd her and fondly Gras'd her while she Cry'd Oh

Dear, Oh Dear Myrtillo, had I known your will Oh, had I known your

will Oh, I'd never come here .

Streams gently flowing,
 And Zephyr blowing, &c. Zephyr &c.
 Ambrosial Breeze;
 A Swain admiring,
 And all Conspiring, &c. all &c.
 The Charmer to please.
 The dear Nymph Complying,
 No more denying, no more &c.
 A Silent Grove;
 Oh blest Myrtillo!
 You may if you will O, you &c.
 Be happy as Jove.

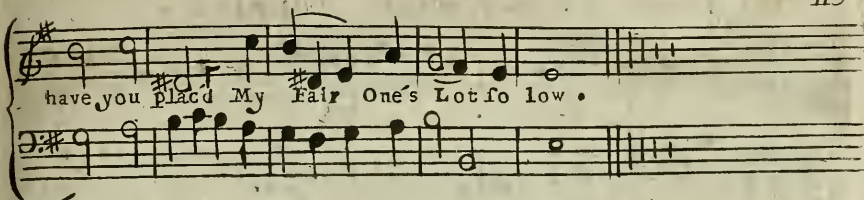
Now the Devills in it
 If such a Minute, if such &c.
 The Shepherd could lose;
 No, no, no Myrtillo
 Has better skill O, has &c.
 His Moments to Chuse:
 The delightfull Treasure,
 Of Love & Pleasure, of Love &c.
 He boldly seiz'd!
 And like Myrtillo,
 He had his fill O, he had &c.
 Of what he pleas'd.

The **DIVINE RIGHT OF BEAUTY.** The Words by **MR. BAKER.**
 Set by **MR. ABIEL WHICHELLO.**

O had I been by Fate decreed Some humble Cottage Swain! In Ro-sa-

-lin-da's Sight to feed my sheep up on the Plain, How happy would those

Days have past Which now are fill'd with Woe! You envious Pow'rs! why

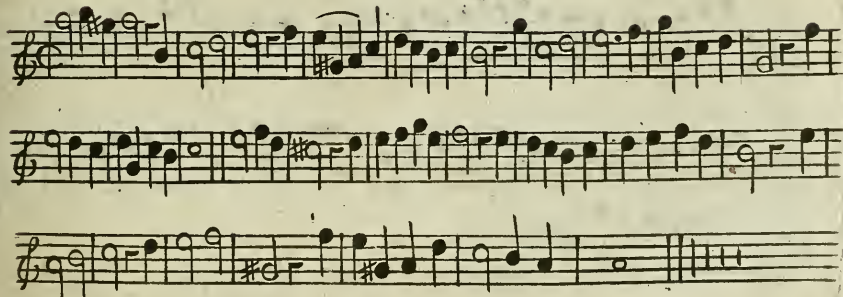


How sottish Custom over-rules
 The Force of Nature's Law!
 Begun, and carry'd on by Fools,
 It keeps Mankind in Awe .
 Nature to rule the World design'd
 The Generous and the Fair,
 But Custom has the Sway confin'd
 To such as Wealthy are .

Each Charm in Rosalinda's Face
 Convincingly declares,
 None can, but for the second Place,
 Contend, when she appears .
 Then 'cause blind Fortune has not thrown
 Her Favours in her way,
 Shall I her Sov'reignty disown
 And scruple to obey !

Ah! No!...Dominion is her Due,
 The Right which Nature gave ;
 Let him who dares dispute but view
 Her Eyes--and be her Slave ;
 And may the World, convinc'd by me
 Before the Charmer fall,
 Whose Beauty makes her fit to be
 Acknowledg'd Queen of all .

FLUTE .



THE YOUNG LOVERS FIRST ADDRESS .

ad^o

Charmer permit me to make a sur-render of an unartfull

and innocent Heart . flight not my Passion because it is

tender Think on your Charms and you'll pi - ty my smart .

You are the first that e'er made me to Languish,
 And to the last I shall love you alone .
 As you occasion'd O Pity my Anguish,
 And let your smiles for your Rigour atone

FLUTE .

A Two Part SONG by MR. MORGAN.

117

Great Love Great Love thou universal King - - thou u - -

Great Love thou universal King thou u - - ni -

ni - ver - fal u - - ni - verfal King - - from whom our

ver - - fal u - - niverfal King from whom - - our

Joy - - - and for rows spring take Pity on my

Joy - - - and for rows spring take Pity on my

Pain take Pity on my Pain on my Pain • Command - - E -

Pain on my Paintake Pity on my Pain • Com -

li - za in whose Eyes the Force of

mand E - li - za in whose Eyes the Force of

migh - ty ma - gick lyes of mighty Magick

mighty Magick the Force of migh - - - ty Magick

lyes to ease a Lovefick Swain to ease a Lovefick

lyes to ease a Lovefick Swain to ease a Lovefick

Swain .

Swain .

Adagio

Here gentle Cloe let me rest for e- - - ver on thy

snow-y Breaſt Oh here unburden all my Cares and for - a while for.

- get my Fears While thus on Cloe's Breaſt I lye no Mon - - - archs

half ſo bleſt as I

But ſhorts the Time that Cloe gives

the bids me rise & Damon grieves • Poor Damon grieves & waits his years in

fighs fighs & most unmanly Tears till the kind Fates once more ordain Fair

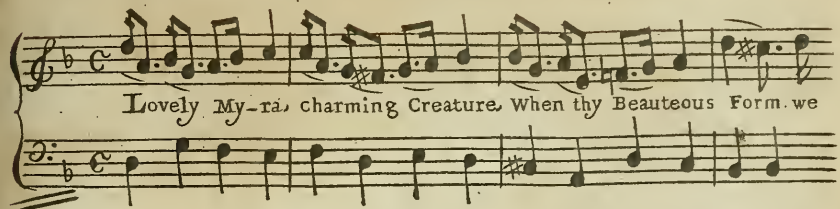
Cloes smiles to ease his Pain •

FLUTE
Adagio

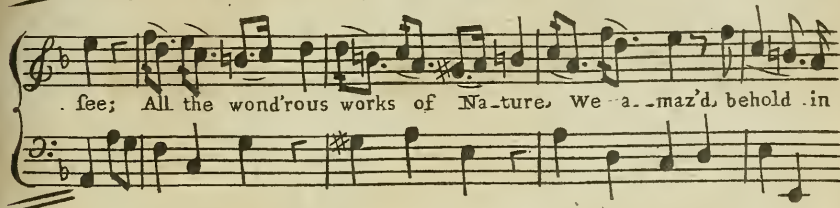
Charming MYRA.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

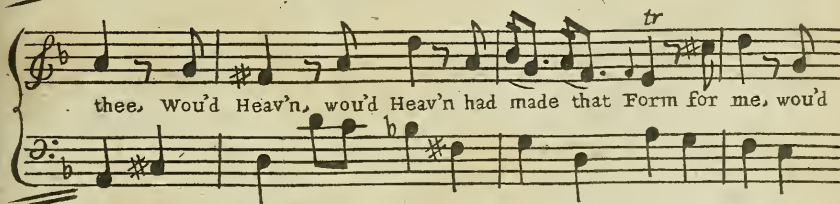
121



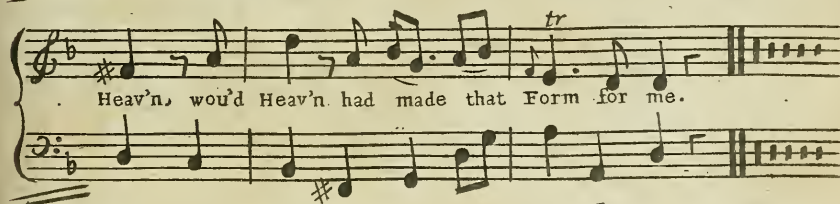
Lovely My-ra, charming Creature, When thy Beauteous Form we



see; All the wond'rous works of Na-ture, We a-maz'd, behold in



thee, Wou'd Heav'n, wou'd Heav'n had made that Form for me, wou'd



Heav'n, wou'd Heav'n. had made that Form for me.

2 Without art, you shine a Goddess.

Others drefs in Gayity,

But pure Nature in its undrefs,

Charms in plain Simplicity;

Wou'd Heav'n had made those Charms for me

Wou'd Heav'n, &c.

3 All the Loves, and Graces round you,

Wait, as on their Deity,

Venus, and her Son have crown'd you,

Beauties reigning Majesty;

Wou'd Heav'n had made that Queen for me.

Wou'd Heav'n, &c.

4

Happy mortal, past expressing,

Who with Myra shall be free,

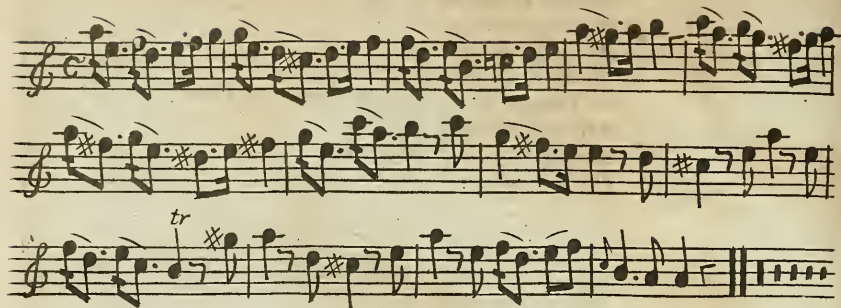
He can boast no greater Blessing,

Than a prize of such degree;

Wou'd Heav'n had made that prize for me.

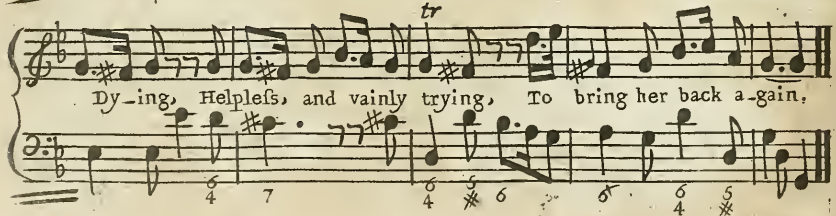
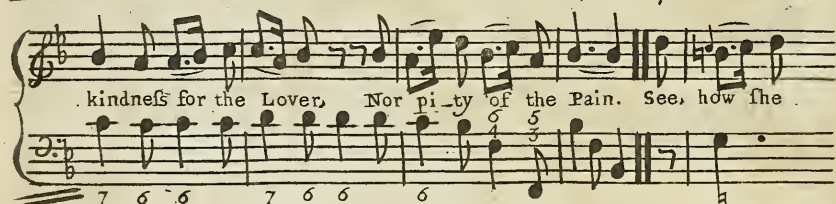
Wou'd Heav'n, &c.

FLUTE.



The HOPELESS SWAIN. Set by Mr. BOYCE.

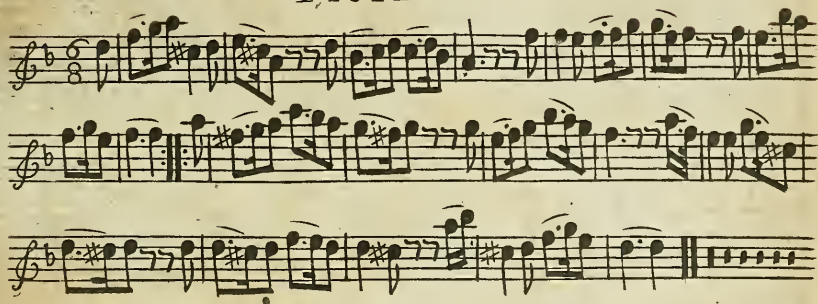
Siciliana.



Let nothing, nothing move her,
 To save a hapless Swain,
 Nor kindness for the Lover,
 Nor pity of the Pain,
 Yet seeking no restoring,
 No change his faith shall stain,
 Nor will he cease adoring,
 Nor sighing, nor imploring,
 Tho' all shall be in vain.

But hopeless, thus to languish,
 When he no more shall bear,
 But pin'd with ceaseless anguish,
 Shall sink beneath his Care.
 Then she that did bereave him,
 Of Life, shall mourn his Fate,
 Then wish she could retrieve him,
 Then willing to relieve him,
 But then 'twill be in vain.

FLUTE.



Sung by Master ARNE in DIDO and ÆNEAS.

The musical score for the voice and piano accompaniment consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#), indicating G major. The time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Soft Desires, glowing fires, in her heaving.

Bosom move, in her glowing Bo- som move.

Still surrounding, e--ver wounding, fix the Fair a slave to

Love. Soft desires, glowing fires, in her heaving Bosom move, still

surrounding, e--ver wounding, fix the Fair a slave to Love.

FLUTE.

The Ladys Complaint for the Departure of her Lover.

Largo

Cold Winter, Ah why art thou gone, With the Frost, and soft.

Snow in thy train; The return of gay Spring, with the Sun, To me can bring

nothing but Pain: Since Honour still fatal to Love, Commands my kind

He-ro away, In far distant Climates to ro-...ve, And

trust the false Winds and the Sea.

How cruel, alafs, is the Fate,

Which unkind does our Fortune divide;

How cheerless and wretched the State,

Where every Hope is deny'd.

How vainly the Morning will rise,
 All rosy, and bright in the East;
 The Ev'ning won't charm my sad Eyes,
 Or Night, to my Sorrows give rest.

Tho' the Bushes all gaudily Bloom,
 And the Birds warble happy and gay;
 My Heart will be nothing but gloom,
 As soon as my Lover's away:
 Not Musick will soften my Cares,
 Nor Pleasures my senses delight;
 When his Voice sounds no more in my Ears,
 And his Person's no longer in sight.

No Joy I shall find in the Fields,
 The Plains, or the trembling Grove;
 Since Solitude, sorrow but yields,
 To a Heart that's sincerely in Love:
 But when the Moon rises so bright,
 And shews her full Orb in the Stream;
 Some relief it will be to my sight,
 That I view the same Object with him.

FLUTE.

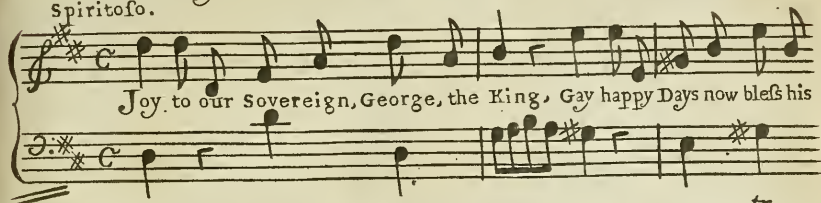
Largo



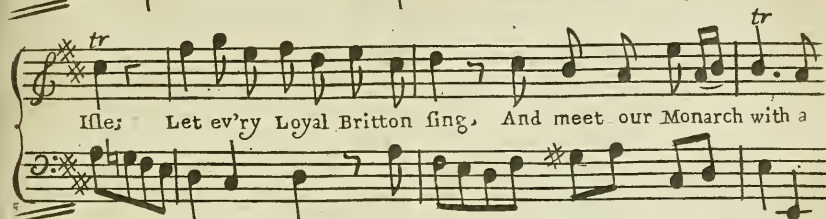
Custode rerum Georgio, non furor
 Civilis aut vis exigit otium;
 Non ira, quæ procudit enses
 Et miseras inimicat urbes.

A SONG.

The Musick by Mr. LEVERIDGE. The Words by Mr. PARRATT.
 Spiritoso.



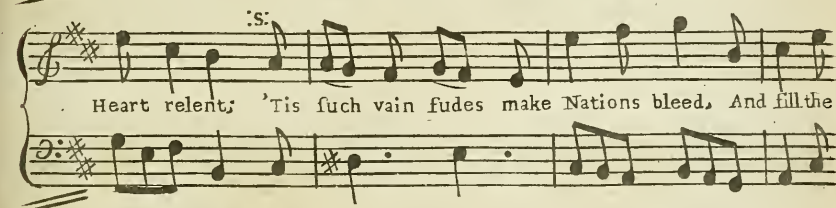
Joy to our Sovereign, George, the King, Gay happy Days now bless his



Ills: Let ev'ry Loyal Britton sing, And meet our Monarch with a



smile: Let faction cease, and Love succeed, And each disloyal



Heart relent: 'Tis such vain fumes make Nations bleed, And fill the



Land with discontent.

2

No more, then mind the Madmens rage,
Such fury dy'd old Rome in Blood,
Those fools remain in ev'ry Age,
Sworn foes to all that's great or good.

Malice, and strife, with all their train,
(The worst of Ills) dwell in their breast,
Nought can destroy those Tyrant's reign,
Or lull they busy Fiends to rest.

3

* What rapid streams of Brittons blood,
Have flow'd, by base Intestine broyls!
'Twas faction caus'd the purple flood,
And Man to Triumph in his spoils.

How blest, were this our little Isle,
If discord once wou'd quit her rage,
True to our King, and free from guile,
Where shou'd we find a happier Age.

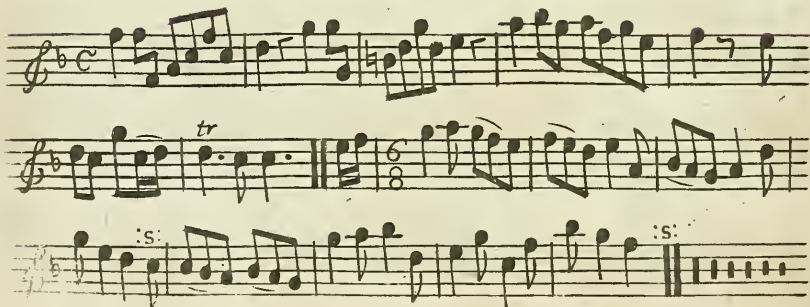
4

Happy are they, who love their King,
And ne'er repine for Fame, or Wealth,
But thus their wishes boldly sing,
Whilst Knaves by Plotting waste their Health.

Each Man then sing in loyal sound,
Long live great George, and Englands Queen,
Let Love and Joy each day abound,
And God prolong our Monarch's reign.

* Alluding to Oliver Cromwell.

FLUTE.



A SONG in the new Tragedy of FATAL FALSHOOD.

Set by Mr. I. F. LAMPE and Sung by Mrs. CLIVE.

Slow.

Whilst end...leis Tears and Sighs declare, Thy slighted Love, and
brea...king Heart; The little warblers of the Air, In thy soft
sorrow seem to share, And plain-tive notes like Sighs impart.

2 The Rose, that late adorn'd thy Brow, And near thee glow'd with brighter Grace, And ev'ry Flow'r that bloom'd but now, Their fragrant Beauties pensive bow, Sweet drooping Copies of thy Face.	3 The God of Love, ev'n he, thy Foe, Unstrings his Bow, neglects his Dart, And soften'd with Louisa's woe, Does all his cruel wiles forego, And silent, weeps his Fatal Art.
---	---

FLUTE.

Flute musical notation.

T W E E D - S I D E .

What Beauties does Flora disclose? How sweet are her Smiles upon Tweed?

Yet Mary's still sweeter than those; Both nature and fancy exceed. Nor

Daisy, nor sweet blushing Rose, Nor all the gay Flow'rs of the Field, Not

Tweed gliding gently thro' those, Such Beauty and Pleasure does yield.

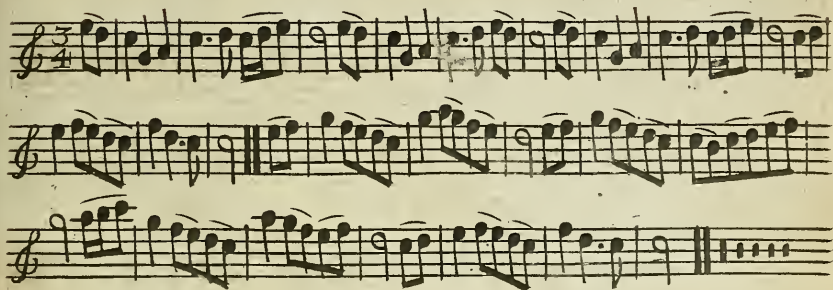
The Warblers are heard in the Grove,
 The Linnet, the Lark, and the Thrush,
 The Black-bird, and sweet cooing Dove,
 With Musick enchant ev'ry Bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the Mead,
 Let us see how the Primroses spring,
 We'll lodge in some Village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd Folks sing.

How does my Love pass the long Day?
 Does Mary not 'tend a few Sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep.

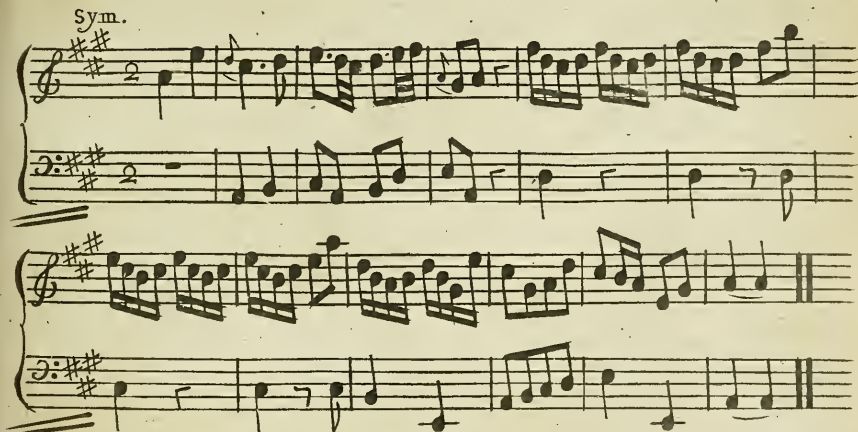
Tweed's Murmurs should lull her to rest;
 Kind Nature indulging my Bliss,
 To relieve the soft Pains of my Breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial Kiss.

'Tis she does the Virgins excell,
 No Beauty with her may compare;
 Love's Graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at Noon where they feed;
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter Banks of the Tweed?

FLUTE.



A SONG Set by Mr. W^m WHEELER Organist of NEWBURY.



Tell me, my Charmer, prithee do, why, why so Coy,

why, why, why, why, why so Coy, when e'er I

woo. If Strephon's by, I plainly see, Your Charms are

loose, your Airs all free; Then, say, my Charmer, prithee

do, Why, why so Coy, wh. . . . y so Coy, why so

Coy, when e'er I woo.

viol: Unis

Affettuoso

Andante

A Swain of Love despairing, thus

wail'd his cruel Fate; his grief the Shepherds sharing, in cir_cles round him

fate: The Nymphs in kind compassion, the luckless Lover mourn'd: all

who had heard the Passion, A sigh for sigh return'd .

O Friends your plants give over,

Your kind concern forbear;

Should Cloe but discover,

For me you'd shed a tear .

Her Eyes shéd'arm with vengeance

Your friendship soon subdue .

Too late you'd ask forgiveness,

And for her mercy sue .

Her charms such force discover ;

Resistance is in vain ;

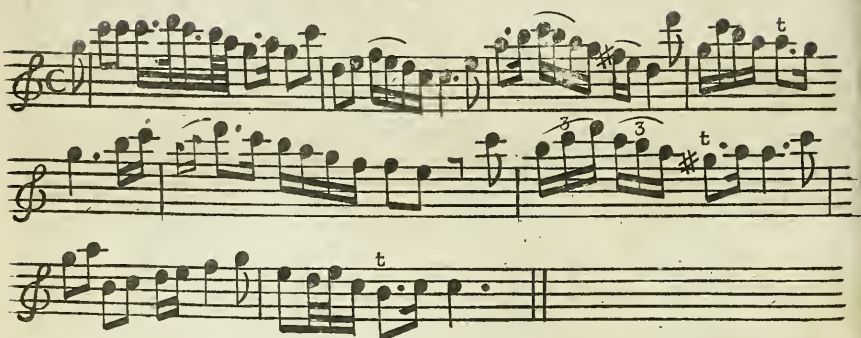
Spight of your self you'll love her

And hug the galling chain .

Her wit the Flame increases,
 And rivets fast the Dart;
 She has ten thousand Graces,
 And each could gain a Heart.

But oh! one more deserving,
 Has thaw'd her frozen Breast;
 Her heart to him devoting,
 She's cold to all the rest:
 Their love with joy abounding,
 The thought distracts my brain;
 O cruel Maid! then sounding—
 He fell upon the Plain.

FLUTE .



THE NIGHTINGALE . Set by M^r. CAREY .

Gently

While in a Bow with beauty blest, the lov'd the lov'd Amintor

lies, while sinking on Lucinda's breast, he fondly fondly

kiss'd her Eyes: A wakeful Nightin - gale who long had mourn'd, had

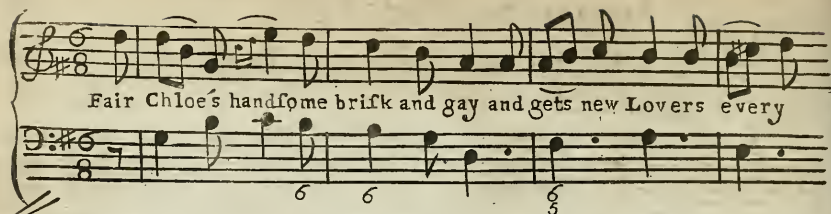
mourn'd within the shade, sweetly renew'd her plaintive Song, and

war - - - bled through the Glade .

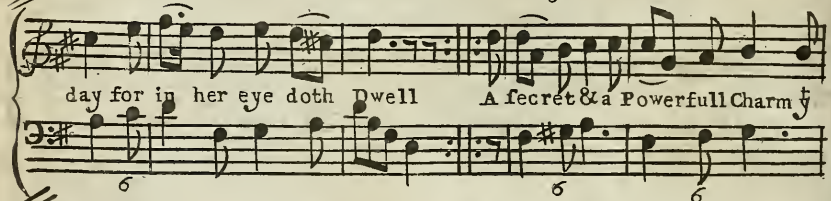
Melodious Songstresses! cry'd the Swain,
To Shades, to Shades lets happy go;
Or if thou wilt with us remain,
Forbear, forbear thy tuneful woe,
While in Lucinda's arms I lie.
To Song, to Song, I am not free,
On her soft bosome, while I die
I dis-cord find in thee.

FLUTE.

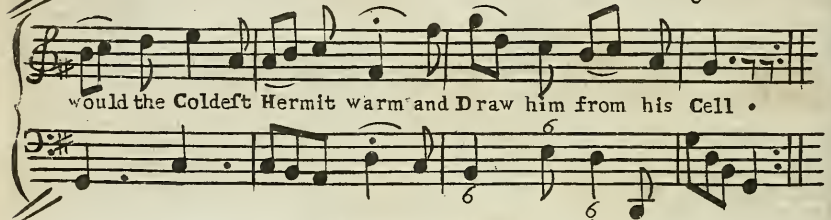
A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on four staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 3/8. The melody is written on the first staff, and the accompaniment is written on the second, third, and fourth staves. The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a trill (tr) and a grace note (t) in the final measure. The accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the second staff, and a more complex pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the third and fourth staves. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.



Fair Chloe's handsome brisk and gay and gets new Lovers every



day for in her eye doth dwell A secret & a Powerfull Charm

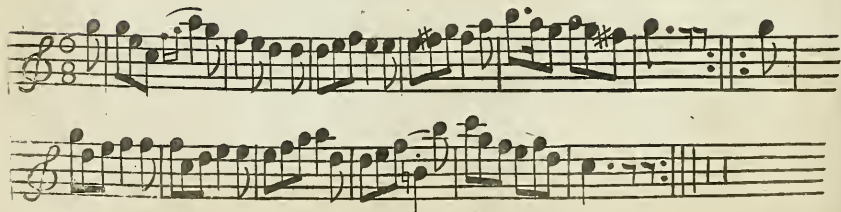


would the Coldest Hermit warm and Draw him from his Cell .

When first I saw her I believ'd,
 An Angels Form my sight Deceiv'd,
 So Gracefull was her mein,
 And surely Angels cannot be,
 More bright than is this lovely she,
 Who is of Beauty Queen .

How happy will the Youth be then
 Who do's with matchless truth Obtain,
 Possession of her Heart,
 To meet with such a Powerfull Cure,
 The worst of Fortunes I'd endure,
 And laugh at all the smart .

FLUTE .



The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. The lyrics 'Twas in the Charming Month of May, when all the Flowers were' are written below the first staff. The second system continues the melody with the lyrics 'fresh and gay, Celia smiling looks so beguiling, then stole my'. The third system concludes the piece with the lyrics 'Heart away, then stole my Heart away.' The piano accompaniment includes various fingerings and articulations such as slurs, trills (marked 't'), and triplets (marked '3').

Beware ye gentle Youths beware,

In Mornings when you take the Air ;
When you are walking, merrily talking,
Oh ! shun this fatal Fair . : S :

She as the Morning East is fair,
Like Threads of silk her flowing Hair,
Charming Creature in every Feature,
She wounds us with Dispair . : S :

Yet gentle Swains do not dispise,
 The Glances of her Conqu'ring Eyes;
 She'll disarm ye, certainly charm ye,
 He surely that sees her dyes . : S:

FLUTE .



THE COY LADY .

Why does fair A manda frown, and disturb her Lovers Rest .

when a single smile alone, wou'd securely make me blest :

Darkest Clouds hang o'er her Brow, While she ought ap-

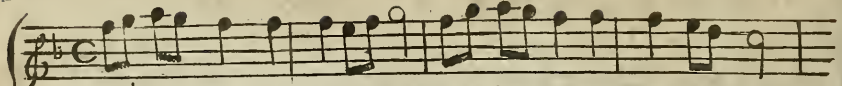
- pear serene, Then she'll swear, protest and vow, that she
knows not what I mean .

If I once but mention Love,
 She upbraids me, flaps her Fan,
 And her Eyes to Heaven move,
 Yet her Airs of scorn trepan .
 When I offer but a Kiss,
 Her alluring Lips she'll bite,
 Then will spit and at me hiss,
 Tho' tis all but Female spite .

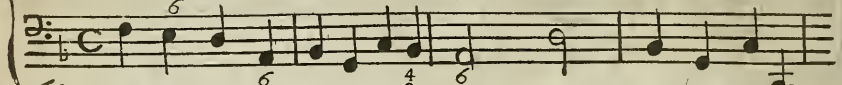
Dear Amanda, cease your scorn,
 And to my Request be kind,
 Do not leave me thus forlorn,
 But O! let me Comfort find .
 Else at once you Death will give,
 With your keen destroying Charms,
 O! my fair One, let me live,
 To expire within your Arms .

FLUTE .

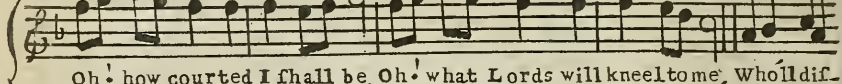
A SONG taken out of a Farce call'd the LOTTERY.



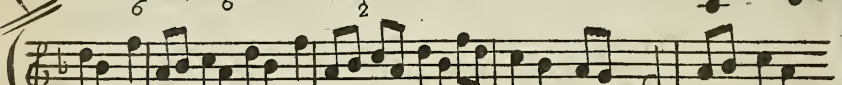
Oh! what Pleasure will abound when I've got Ten Thousand Pound.



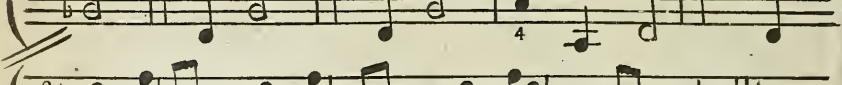
Oh! how courted I shall be, Oh! what Lords will kneel to me, Who'll dif-



-pute my Wit and Beauty, when my golden Charms are found, Oh! what



Flatt'ry in the Lott'ry, when I've got ten Thousand Pound.



What tho' my Birth and Breedings poor,

Gold will add Arms and scutcheons store;

Then for a Dutches I might pass,

Tho' I am but a Country Lass.

Who'll dispute my,

Wit and Beauty,

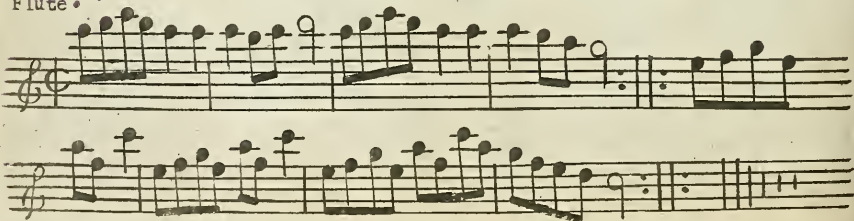
When my golden Charms are found,

Oh! what Flatt'ry,

In the Lott'ry,

When I've got ten Thousand Pound.

Flute.



Allegro

Fia.

In vain a Thousand slaves have tryd have

tryd to overcome Clarindas pride pity pleading Love perfwading to

For.

overcome Clarinda's pride pity pleading Love per-suading,

Pia.

When her

Icy heart is Thaw'd is Thaw'd honour Chides and trait'shes awd Foolish

For.

Pia.

Creature Follow Nature, Foolish Creature Follow Nature, Follow.

Pia •

Waste not thus your prime

waste not thus your prime youth's a Treasure loves a pleasure both destroyd by

Pia

Ti me Both destroyd by time Both

destroyd by time by *Ti* me by *Ti* me both destroyd by time

Da Capo

A. Hunting Song by Mr. CAREY.

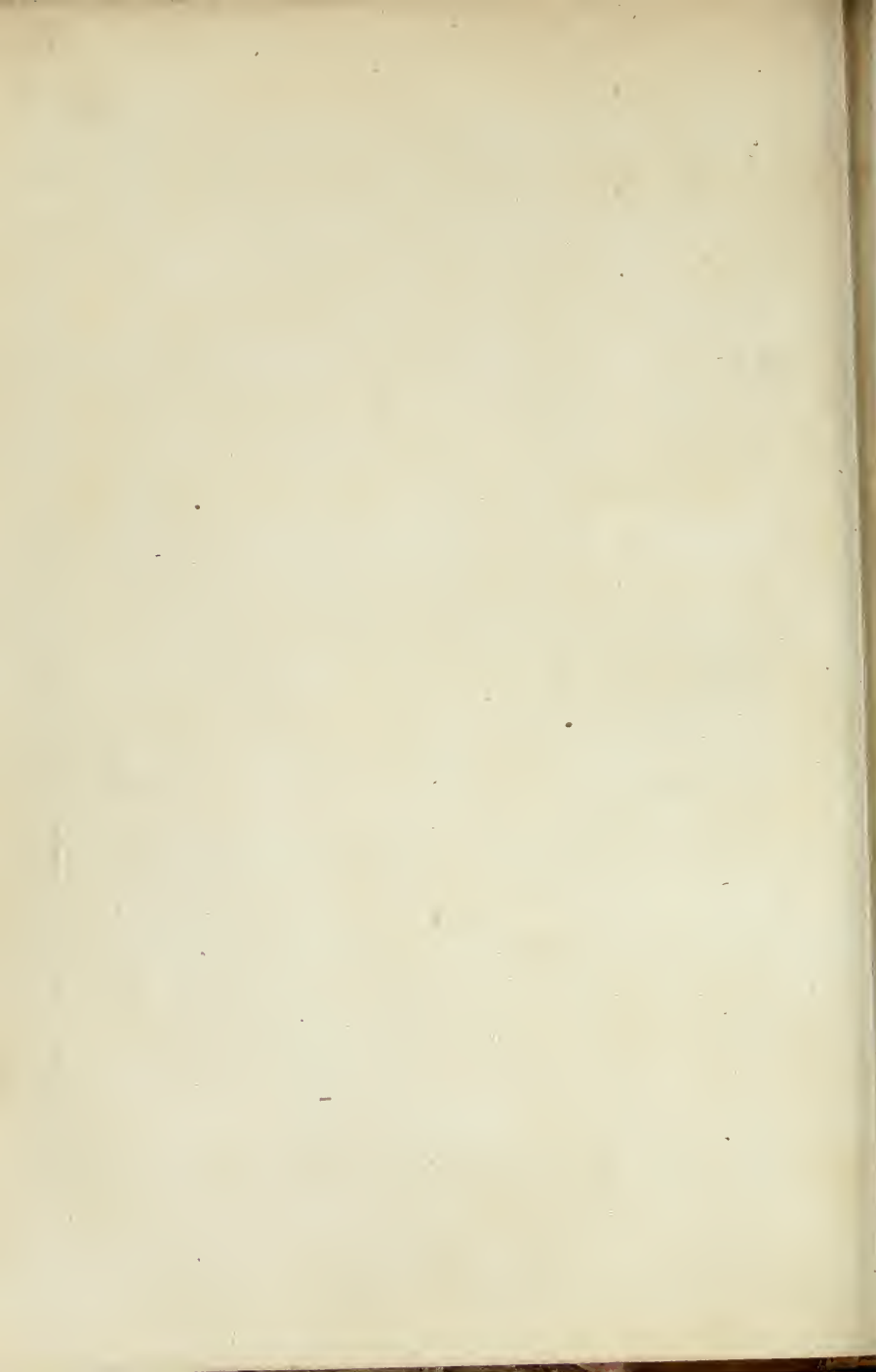
The Hounds are all out, and the Morning does peep: Why, how now, you
 sluggardly Sot. How can you, how can you lie shoring asleep, while we all a
 Horseback have got, brave Boys, while we all a Horseback have got.

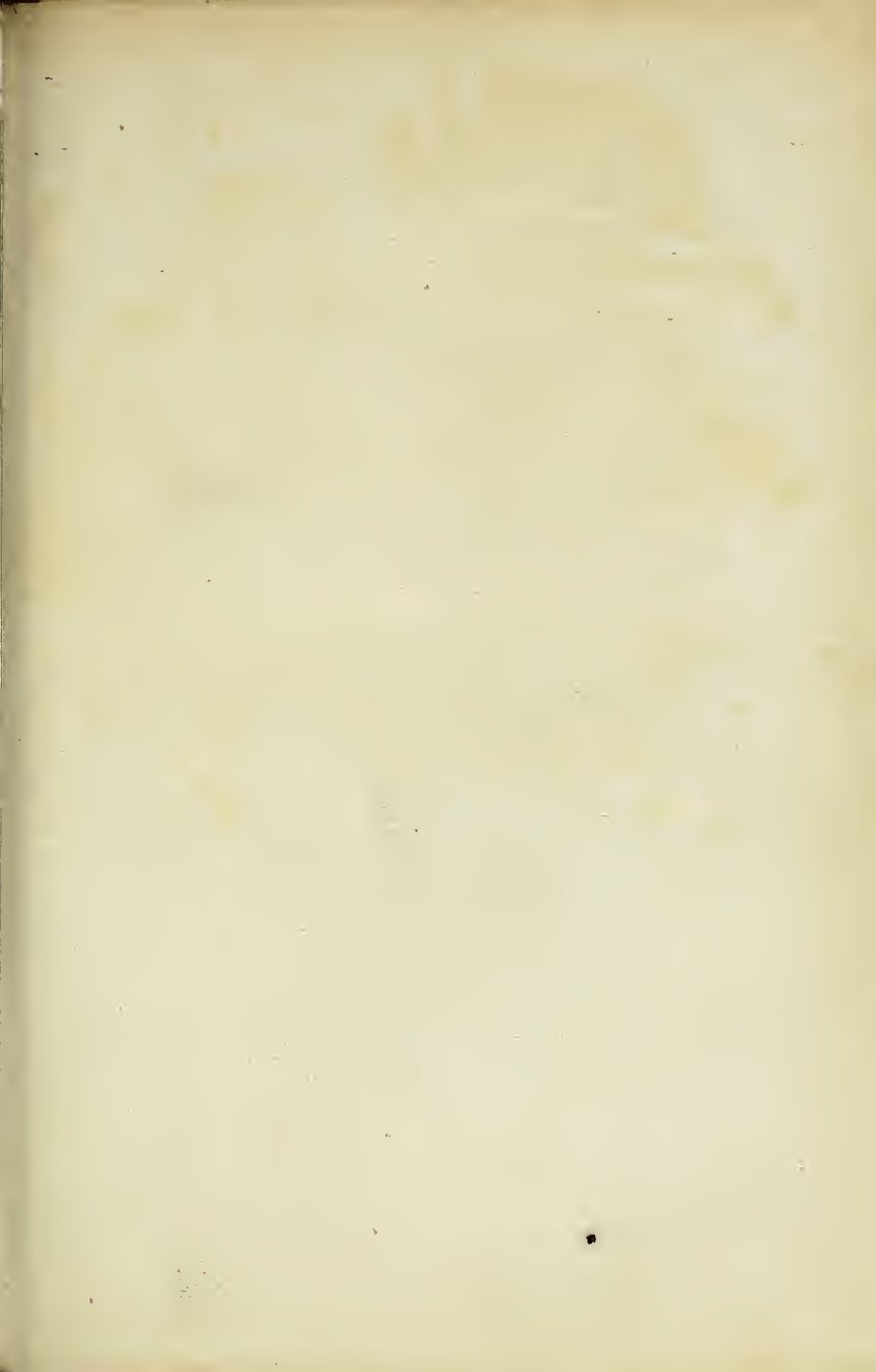
I cannot get up, for the over-nights Cup,
 So terribly lies in my Head;
 Beside, my Wife cries; My Dear, do not rise,
 But cuddle me longer a-bed.
 Dear Boy, But cuddle, &c.

Come, on with your Boots, and Saddle your Mare,
 Nor tire us with longer Delay:
 The Cry of the Hounds, and the sight of the Hare,
 Will chase all our Vapours away.
 Brave Boys, Will chase, &c.

FLUTE.

the end of the first Volume.







The
British Musical Miscellany
or, the
Delightful Grove:

*Being a Collection of Celebrated
English, and Scotch Songs,
By the best Masters.
Set for the Violin, German
Flute, the Common Flute,
and Harpsicord.*

VOL. II.

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Carefully Corrected.*

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& Hoboy, in Catherine Street, in the Strand. 525.
where may be had just Publish'd, A Collection of
all the Ballad Operas.*

At Highgate Church 1853.

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GENEROUS LOVE.

Set by MR. CAREY.

Love's a gentle, gen'rous

Passion, Source of all sublime delights; Which with mutual incli-

nation, Two fond Hearts in One unites. Two fond Hearts in One unites.

What are Titles, Pomp, or Riches,
 If compar'd with true content;
 That false joy which now bewitches,
 When obtain'd we may repent.

When, &c.

Lawless Passions bring vexation,
 But a chaste and constant Love,
 Is a glorious Emulation,
 Of the Blissful State above.

Of the, &c.

FLUTE.

NECTOR chang'd by the GODS into PUNCH:

The Gods, and the Goddeffes lately did Feast, Where Am-

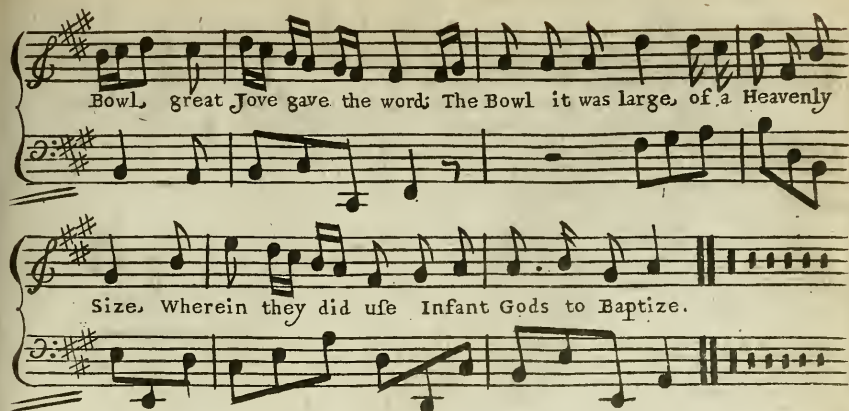
brofia with exquisite fauces were drest; Their Ea-ta-bles.

did with their De-i-ties suit, But what they shou'd drink did oc-

casion dispute; 'Twas time that old Nector was grown out of

fashion, B'ing what they did drink long before the Creation; When the

Skie colour'd Cloth was mov'd from the Board, For making the



Quoth Jove, I'm inform'd, they drink Punch upon Earth,
Whereby the Mortals wits far exceeds us in mirth;
Therefore our wise Godheads together let's lay,
And endeavour to make it much stronger than they;
'Twas spoke like a God, fill the Bowl up to the top,
He is Cashier'd from the Heavens, that leaves the last drop;
Then Apollo sent away two of his Lasses,
With Pitchers, to fill at the Well of Parnassus;
To Poets new born, this Liqueur it was brought
And they suckt it in for their first mornings draught.

Juno, for Lemons, stept into her Closet,
Which, when she was sick, she infus'd into Posset;
For Goddesses may be as squeamish as Gipsies,
The Sun and the Moon, you know, have their Eclipses;
These Lemons were called the Hisperian Fruit,
Where a Vigilant Dragon was said to look to it;
Twelve dozen of these were well squeez'd in water,
The rest of Ingredients in order came after;
Venus, admirer of all things that were sweet,
Without her infusion, there had been no treat.

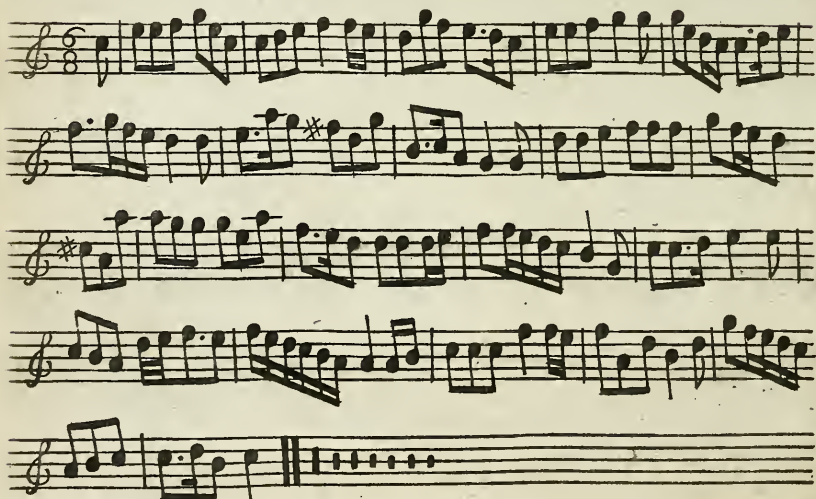
Commanded her Sugar loaves, white as her Doves,
To be brought to the Table by a pair of young Loves;
So wonderful curious these Deities were,
The Sugar it was strain'd thro' a piece of fine Aire;
Jolly Bacchus gave notice by dangling his bunch,
That without his assistance, there cou'd be no good Punch;

What he meant by the Sequel, was very well known,
 They threw in ten Gallons of trusty Langoon;
 Mars, tho'a blunt God, and cheif of the Biskers,
 Was fat at Table a curling his whiskers.

Quoth he, fellow Gods, and Celestial Gallants,
 I wou'd not give a Fig for your Punch without Nantz;
 Therefore my Ganamade, I do command ye,
 To throw in ten Gallons of the best Nantz Brandy;
 Saturn, of all the Gods there, he was the oldest,
 And we may imagine his Stomack was the coldest;
 He out of his Pouch did some Nutmegs produce,
 Which being well grated, were put in the juice;
 Neptune, this Ocean of good Liquor did Crown,
 With a Sea Biscake bak'd hard in the Sun.

The Bowl being finish'd, A health then began,
 Quoth Jove, let it be to that Creature, call'd Man;
 'Tis to him alone, our great Pleasure we owe,
 For Heaven, it was never true Heaven till now;
 The Gods being pleas'd, the health it went about,
 Till gorrel belly'd Bacchus's great guts nigh burst out;
 The other brave Gods did immense of Punch swallow,
 Acteon, with Hounds, and with Huntsman did hollow;
 The Punch was delightful, they plenty did bring,
 And all the World over their Fame it did ring.

FLUTE.



PHILLIS, the Toast. A SONG.

Phillis the gay, Phillis the gay, Phillis the ga

y has been counted the best, And happy's the Swain that has

Phillis posselt: What tho' Father Time, the worst of all

harms, has ruf... fl'd her features, she still has her Charms,

And whilst a ny moisture remains in her clay, her wit, her

wit, her wit and good Humour will never, will ne-ver de-cay.

Then each take a Glas, and fill to the Laſt, that pleaſes his.

fan- cy moſt. For me, I declare, for no other.

Fair, but Phillis who ſtill is my Toaſt.

Detailed description: This block contains the first three systems of a musical score. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system has two measures. The second system has two measures, with the word 'fan- cy' under the first measure and 'moſt.' under the second. The third system has two measures, with 'For me, I declare, for no other.' under the first measure. The fourth system has two measures, with 'Fair, but Phillis who ſtill is my Toaſt.' under the first measure. The piano part includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests.

FLUTE.

Detailed description: This block contains the flute part of the musical score, consisting of five systems of music. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The notation includes various musical symbols such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests. The first system has two measures. The second system has two measures. The third system has two measures. The fourth system has two measures. The fifth system has two measures. The flute part is written on a single staff with a treble clef.

A SONG. The Words and Musick by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Rec:

Tempo

Cloe my breast did fire, I flew to Wine for aid, But Bacchus

Tempo

did confpi- re, with Cupid and the Maid

Maid. I found 'em all a-greed, to wou-nd my ro-

ving Heart, But thus my self I freed. I

kiss'd the Puncck, made Bacchus Dru-

nk and sto-

le a-way his Dart and

FLUTE.

Tempo

1 2

A SONG The Words by Mr PARRATT. Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE. 9

Dum loquimur fugerit invida
Ætas HOR.

Slow.

Small is the Spot of Earth, Poor Man, When Death shall cease thy
Pains; And Time shall measure out life's span, That must con-
tain, What Heaven ordains, Thy Breathless clod and la-
ft remains. That

Nothing can stop thy Soul's quick flight
Or lengthen out Time's space;
Death will Eclipse thy Day with Night,
And Worms embrace
Thy shriveld face,
And feast upon the lifeless Mass.

Unenvy'd in the Grave thou'lt lie
No Pains will find thee there!
Such thoughts make good men wish to die,
So free from fear,
They rest, and share
The Bliss alone that's void of care.

The wife enjoy the present Day,
 And live prepar'd for Fate;
 They know, that Death knows no delay,
 But soon or late,
 Another State,
 Must give Eternity its Date.

FLUTE.



A SONG Set by Mr. HANDEL.

The Words by Mr. PARRATT.

Phillis be kind, and hear my Love, And throw of a _ll your

cold disdain; Such frowns my Passion will remove, And

make me Proud, when you complain. Alas! what pleasure

can you find, In looks, or Airs that are unkind, Vain
wiles that give us pain.

Cowards, that never dare to fight,
Use many Arts to gain their Ends;
Nor dare not push for the delight,
Which makes the bold a large amends:
Maids' love the Man that ne'er will flie
Who boldly push, when we deny,
And scorn our well feign'd spight.

FLUTE.

can you find, In looks, or Airs that are unkind, Vain
wiles that give us pain.

By Mr. HENRY CAREY.

With an honest old Friend, and a merry old Song, And a

Flask of old Port, let me sit the night long. And laugh at the malice of

those who repine, That they must drink Porter, while I can drink Wine.

I envy no mortal, tho' ever so Great,
Nor scorn I a wretch, for his lowly Estate;
But what I abhor, and esteem as a Curse,
Is poorness of Spirit, not poorness in Purse.

Then, dare to be Generous, dauntless, and gay.
Let us merrily pass life's remainder away:
Upheld by our Friends, we our Foes may despise.
For the more we are envy'd, the higher we rise.

FLUTE.

I envy no mortal, tho' ever so Great,
Nor scorn I a wretch, for his lowly Estate;
But what I abhor, and esteem as a Curse,
Is poorness of Spirit, not poorness in Purse.

Why beats my Heart when Floras nigh As it would from my Bosom .

fly; Whence does this melting softness rise When her my raptur'd soul es-

-pies. Why gazing do I speechless stand And tremble when I touch her

Hand. Why does a Smile a Glance a Word Inutterable Joys afford.

Teach me ye learn'd in Natures Laws!
 You who have search'd and found the Cause;
 Why Planets roll and Tempests blow
 And seasons change and Oceans flow:
 Whence comes my Floras boundless sway?
 Why must she rule and I obey?
 What's Love declare its wondrous Rise,
 Shew how the soul speaks thro' the Eyes .

Tell why together in Excess,
 Love's Pains torment, its Pleasures blefs,
 Vain Dotards! should you Flora view,
 To all your boasted Arts adieu:

One Look from her would more than prove,
 No science can account for Love:
 A Pow'r fupream o'er all it reigns,
 And binds the Universe in Chains.

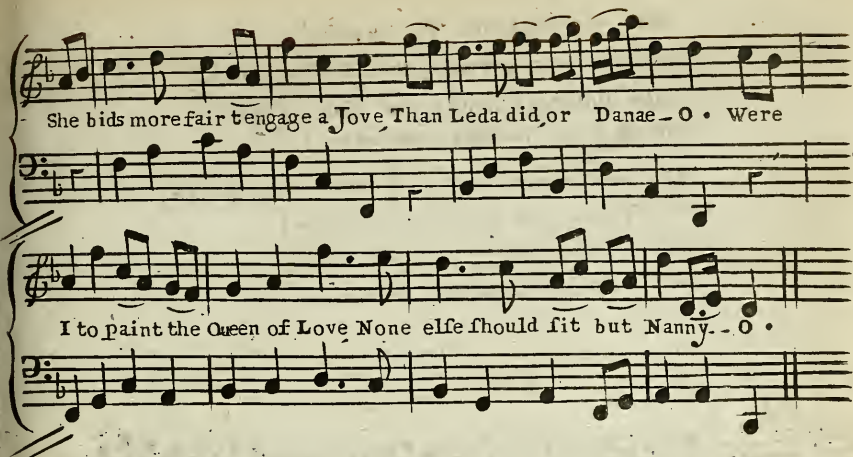
FLUTE .



NANNY O .

While some for Pleasure pawn their Health, Twixt Lais and the

Bagnio, I'll save my self, and without Stealth, Kifs and carefs my Nanny O .



She bids more fair to engage a Jove Than Leda did, or Danae - O - Were

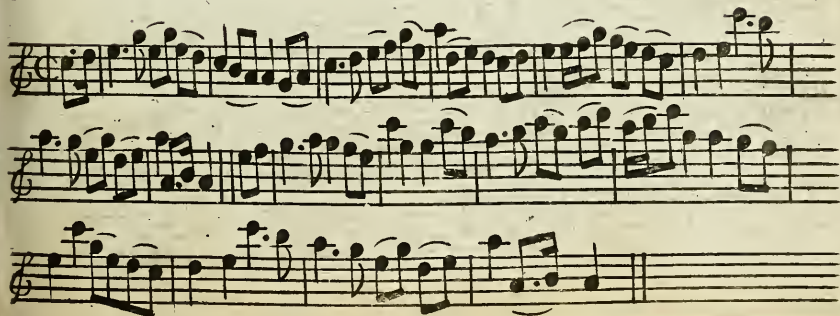
I to paint the Queen of Love None else should fit but Nanny - O -

How joyfully my Spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely---O:
 I guess what Heaven is by her Eyes
 Which sparkle so divinely---O.
 Attend my Vow, ye Gods while I
 Breathe in the blest Britannia,
 No human Bliss I shall envy,
 While thus ye grant me Nanny---O.

CHORUS .

My bonny, bonny Nanny--O,
 My lovely charming Nanny--O,
 I care not tho' the World should know
 How dearly I love Nanny--O.

FLUTE .



A SIGH . set by M^r. J . SHEELES .

Gentle Air, thou Breath of Lovers, Vapour from a secret Fire,

Which by thee it self disco- vers, Ere yet da- ring to a spire .

Softest Note of Whisper'd Anguish,
 Harmony's refined Part,
 Striking, while thou seem'st to languish,
 Full upon the Listner's Heart .

Safest Messenger of Passion,
 Stealing thro' a Croud of Spies;
 Who constrain the outward Fashion,
 Close the Lips, and guard the Eyes .

Shapeless Sigh, we ne'er can show thee .
 Form'd but to assault the Ear ;
 Yet, ere to their Cost they know thee,
 Ev'ry Nymph may read thee — here .

THE SHEPHERDS COMPLAINT .

17

Largo

A forrowful Shepherd whom love taught to sing, Be-waild his hard fate by
 side of a spring, at-tentive the Birds seem'd their songs to foregoe And the
 Flocks all a-round him com-pas-sion did show, com-pas-sion did show .

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The third system has a treble and bass staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings. The tempo is marked 'Largo'. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 6/8. The score is for a single instrument, likely a piano.

Ye Groves cry'd he fighting, re-sound my sad Lay,
 Oh bear my Complaints, ye soft Zephirs away;
 But to whom shall I bear them or where can I run
 I've trusted a Bankrupt, and I am undone .

The seasons fair changes can give no delight,
 Their Beautys no more can cheer my faded fight,
 Fair Cynthia, and Phæbus, your Light I deplore,
 For Chloe disdains me, and Beautys no more .

The swains from their Reaping, quit the teeming Field,
 Their loves and their Labours blest gratefull thanks yeild.
 The Fields, Woods, and Gardens their lib'ral Gifts pour,
 To me Loves a Miser, and Bounty's no more .

In vain Philomela renews her sweet song,
 Or the streams o'er the Pebbles soft murmurs prolong,
 Ye Black-Birds and Linnets, your warbling give o'er
 For Love is deny'd me and Musick's no more .

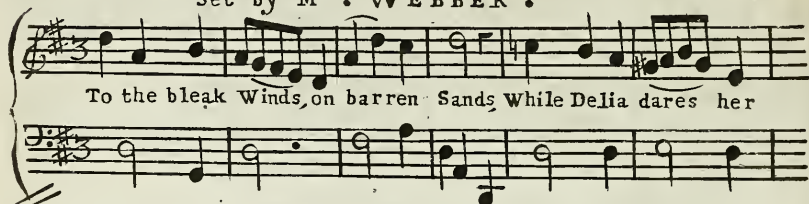
Then adieu ye gay Meadows, ye streams, and ye Groves
 Adieu all ye Shepherds your Lays and your Loves
 Adieu ev'ry Beauty that Nature e'er wore
 With Chloe you fly me and Pleasure's no more . .

FLUTE .

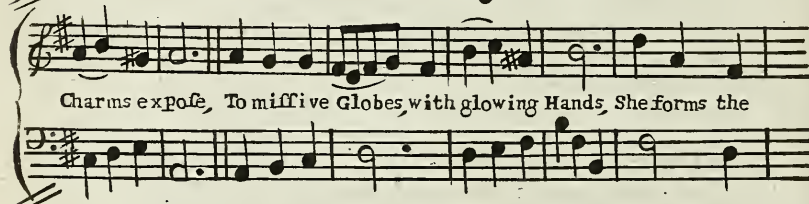


ON A LADY throwing SNOW BALLS .

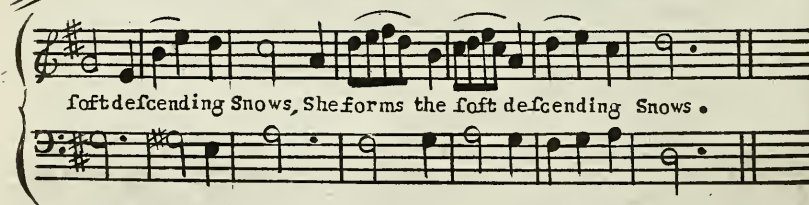
Set by M^r. WEBBER .



To the bleak Winds, on barren Sands While Delia dares her



Charms expose, To missive Globes, with glowing Hands, She forms the



soft descending Snows, She forms the soft descending Snows .

The lovely Maid from ev'ry Part
 Collecting moulds with nicest Care
 The Flakes, less frozen than her Heart,
 Less than her downy Bosom fair .

On my poor Breast her Arms she tries,
 Levell'd at me, like darted Flame
 From Jove's red Hand the Pellet flies,
 As swift its Course, as sure its Aim.

Cold as I thought the fleecy Rain,
 Unhock'd I stood nor fear'd a Smart.
 While latent Fires, with pointed Pain
 Shot thro' my Veins and pierc'd my Heart.

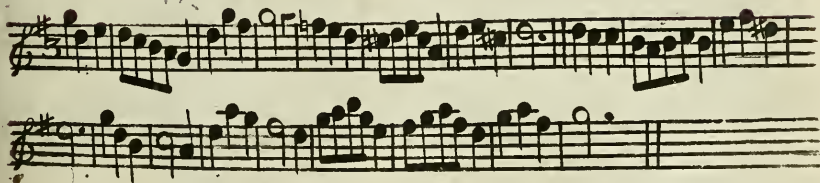
Or with her Eyes she warm'd the Snow,
 (What Coldness can their Beams withstand?)
 Or else, (who would not kindle so)
 It caught th' Infection from her Hand.

So glowing Seeds to Flints confin'd
 The Sun's enlivening Heat conveys;
 Thus Iron to the Loadstone join'd
 Usurps its Power and wins its Praise.

So strongly influent shine her Charms,
 While Heav'n's own Light can scarce appear;
 While Winter's Rage his Rays disarms,
 And blasts the Beauties of the Year.

To ev'ry Hope of Safety lost,
 In vain we fly the lovely Foe;
 Since Flames invade, disguis'd in Frost,
 And Cupid tips his Dart with Snow.

FLUTE.



THE APOLOGY .

Frown not my Dear, nor be se-vere Because I

did Co-rin-na kifs; For all th-Intent, was Compli-

- ment, And truly no = thing else but this

No fingle Charm,
 Of hers can warm,
 Like yours my whole devoted Heart,
 She can't subdue,
 My soul like you,
 Nor such Cælestial Joy impart.

Call me not base,
 In such a Case,
 Nor misinterpret my Design,
 For I averr,
 I love not her,
 But am with Resignation thine .

FLUTE .

HOPELESS LOVE . Set by M^r. GOUGE .

21

Thy vain Pursuit fond Youth give o'er, what more alafs-- can
Flavia do. Thy worth I own, thy Fate deplore, all are not
hap-py that are true Thy worth I own, thy Fate-- deplore,
all are not hap--- py that are true .

Suppres thy Sighs, and weep no more ;
Should Heaven and Earth with thee combine,
'Twere all in vain, since any Power,
To crown thy Love, must alter mine :
Twere all &c .

But if Revenge can ease thy Pain,
I'll sooth those Ills I cannot cure,
Tell thee I drag a hopeless Chain,
And more than I inflict, endure .
Tell thee &c .



The Words by MR. BENI. GRIFFIN .

TO a MINUET .

As on a sunshiny summer's Day, I to the Greenwood bent my way, the
lonely Path my Fancy took was guided by a silver Brook and trust me,
trust me all I meant, was to be pleas'd and innocent

Upon it's flow'ry Bank I sat
Regardless of or Love or Hate
So took my Pipe, and gan to play
The Jolly Shepherd's Rounde lay.
And trust me trust me, all I meant,
Was to be pleas'd and Innocent .

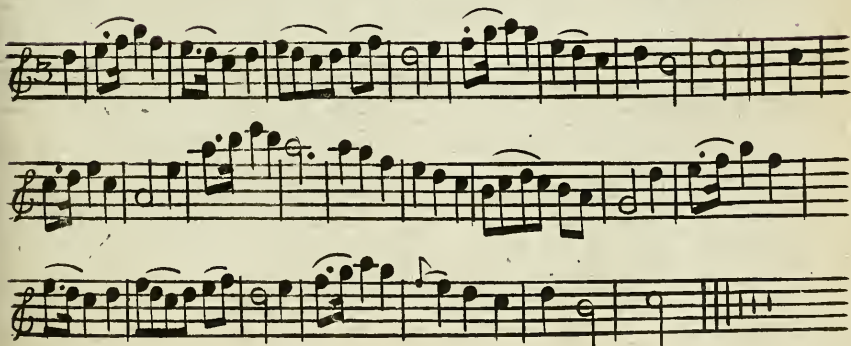
All in the self-same shady Grove
 Youthful Silvia chanc'd to rove.
 And by its Echo led, drew near
 My rural Oaten Reed to hear.
 But surely, surely, all she meant
 Was to be pleas'd and innocent.

I held her by the glowing Hand,
 And something she did understand.
 Her swelling Sighs, her melting Look,
 That something too, too plainly spoke:
 But trust me, trust me, all I meant,
 Was to be pleas'd and Innocent.

When I beheld her slender Waste,
 Her Ivory Neck, her panting Breast,
 Her blooming Cheek, her sparkling Eye,
 Gods! was there ought I could deny!
 But sure till then all, all I meant,
 Was to be pleas'd and Innocent.

When I her Charms had wander'd o'er,
 My Heart was then my own no more.
 Into her circling Arms I fell:
 What follow'd then I dare not tell.
 We only both were in th'Event
 Well pleas'd if not so Innocent.

FLUTE.



THE LOVER'S REQUEST .

Tell me, tell me charming Creature, will you never ease my Pain?

Must I dye for ev'ry Feature, must I al-ways Love in vain .

The Desire of Admiration,
 Is the Pleasure you pursue ;
 Pr'ythee try a lasting Passion ;
 Such a Love as mine for you .

Tears and Sighing cou'd not move you ;
 For a Lover ought to dare :
 When I plainly told I lov'd you
 Then you said I went too far .

Are such giddy Ways befeeming ?
 Will my Dear be fickle still ?
 Conquest is the Joy of Women .
 Let their Slaves be what they will .

Your Neglect with Torment fills me,
 And my desperate Thoughts increase ;
 Pray consider, if you kill me,
 You will have a Lover less .

If your wand'ring Heart is beating
 For new Lovers, let it be :
 But, when you have done Coquetting,
 Name a Day, and fix on me .

FLUTE .

Set by MR. LEVERIDGE.

Damon ask'd me but once, and I faintly deny'd, In-
tending to snap him the next time he try'd; But a-
lafs! he's determin'd to ask me no more, And now he makes
Love to the fair Leonore.

Howe'er I'll not grieve, for I'm fully assur'd,
He ne'er wou'd have taken a Maid at her word;
Tho' he's fawning and cringing, I'll venture to say,
That Lover's a fool, who will take the first nay.

Had his Love been sincere, and he realy in pain,
He then wou'd have ask'd me again and again;
Let him go, if he will, for I never will vex,
The Swain that's in earnest allows for the Sex.

FLUTE.

A SONG in the OPERA of AMELIA by MR. LAMPE.

Ah Traître, wicked, and im-
 pure, how can I possibly endure, to see that odious Face. Ah Trai-
 tre, wicked and impure, how can I possibly endure, to see that odious

Face that o- dious

odious Face, to see that odious Face. Ah Traiteurs, wicked and impure, how can I possi-

bly endure, to see that o-dious Face to see that o-

di-ous, o- dious Face, to see that odious Face, that odious Face.

that my heart had not been set, on one who could her truth forget, to suffer this disgrace, Oh

to suffer this disgrace - to suffer this disgrace.

A SONG Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Sure ne'er was a Dog so wretched as I, whose rest is for

e-ver pre-ven-ted; I'm neither at peace, when Cloe looks

coy. Nor when she looks kind, am contented.

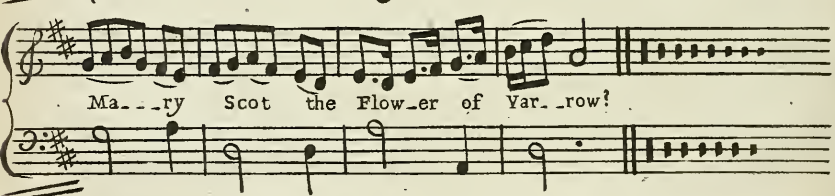
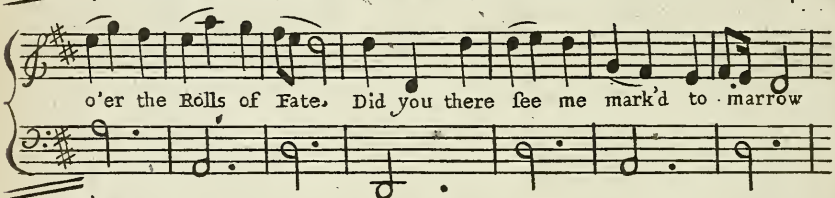
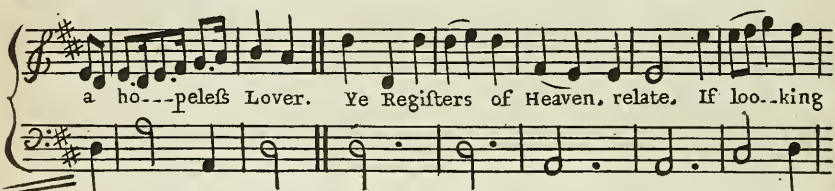
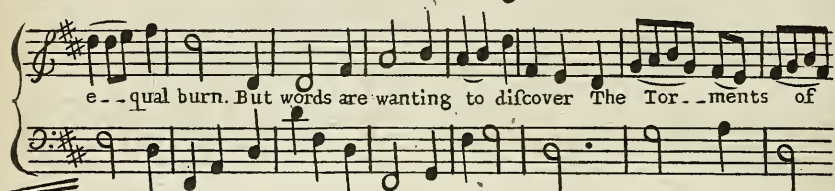
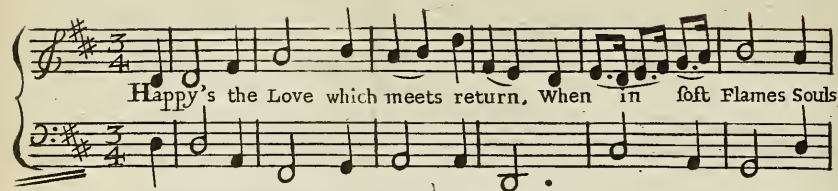
Her frowns give a pain, my life cannot bear,
 The thoughts of them set me a trembling;
 Her smiles give no joy, and plainly I fear,
 They can be no more then dissembling.

Then prethee my dear, consent and be kind,
 And soon make an end of this wooing;
 For I find I shall ne'er be at peace in my mind
 Till once you and I have been doing.

Then let your poor Dog no longer complain,
 Of usage, that's hard above measure;
 And since he has tasted so much of the pain,
 Prethee fling him a bit of the pleasure.

FLUTE.

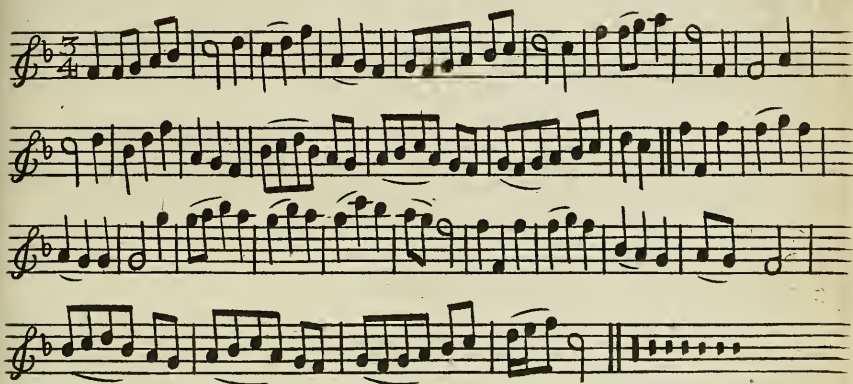
MARY SCOT.



Ah no! her Form's too heavenly fair,
 Her Love the Gods above must share;
 While Mortals with Despair explore her,
 And at a distance due adore her.
 O lovely Maid! my Doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a Smile:
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing Swain the Banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye Fears, I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine Anguish.
 She is too good to let me languish:
 With Success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The Folks who dwell above the Sky;
 When Mary Scot's become my Marrow,
 We'll make a Paradise on Yarrow.

FLUTE.



MARIAN'S COMPLAINT.

The image shows two systems of musical notation for a vocal part. Each system consists of a treble staff and a bass staff, both with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written between the staves.

One April Ev'ning, when the Sun Had journey'd down the Sky,

Poor Marian with joyless Chear, Walk'd out most hea-vi-ly.

Tears trickled down her faded Cheeks,
Soft Sighs her Bosom heav'd;
Soft Sighs confest her inward Woe:
Alas! sh'ad been deceiv'd.

Ah! what a Wretch am I become,
Poor luckless Lass! said she;
The Cowslip, and the Violet's Bloom,
Have now no Charms for me.

The setting Sun, which decks each Cloud
With Streaks of purple Dye,
Brings no Relief to my Disease,
Nor Pleasure to my Eye.

This little River, when I dress'd,
Once serv'd me for a Glass;
And now it serves to shew how Love
Has ruin'd this poor Face.

How often, Collin, have you sworn,
That none you lov'd but me;
Yet Perjur'd now, those Oaths you scorn,
And flight my Misery.

What Charms can happy Mopsa boast,
To change thy faithless Mind?
What Beauty more in Her, than Me,
Ungrateful! can'st thou find?

All other Shepherds think me fair;
But what is that to me,
The Praise of all the Neighb'ring Youth?
I, hopeless, dye for thee!

Yet I would change my rosie Cheeks,
For Mopsa's fallow Hue;
And be content with blubber Lips,
Since they have Charms for you.

Have I not told you twenty times,
I could not bear Deceit?
And who'd have guess'd those harmless Looks
Were form'd to hide a Cheat?

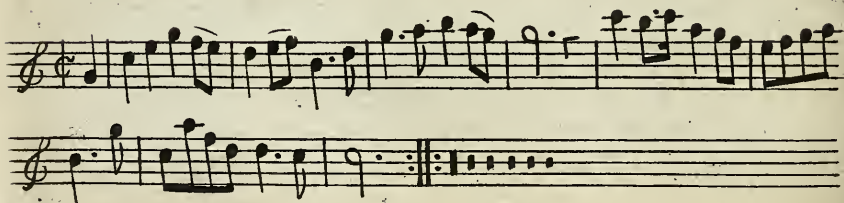
But now, alas! too late I find
Those Looks have me betray'd;
Yet I'll not spend my Dying Hours
Thy Falshood to upbraid.

But what remaining Breath I have
Shall intercede with Heav'n,
That all thy broken Vows to me
At last may be forgiv'n.

And one small Boon, of thee Unkind,
I, ere I dye, require;
Ah! do not thou refuse to grant
A Wretch her last Desire.

When thou with Mopsa shall have fixt
Thy fatal Marriage-Day,
Oh! do not o'er my Green-Grass Grave,
Inhumane, track thy Way.

FLUTE.



A SONG Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.
The Words from the Weekly Miscellany.

When Jealous Cupid first survey'd, How artfully o-

rinda play'd, How she perform'd Love's Deity, Much more success-ful-

ly than He; While with each movement of her Fan, She ravish'd, and she

kill'd her Man, She ravish'd and she kill'd her Man.

His

Bow and Darts away he flings, His Bow and Darts, ah useless, useless things,

With haste he to his Mother flies, And interrupts his words with sighs, And

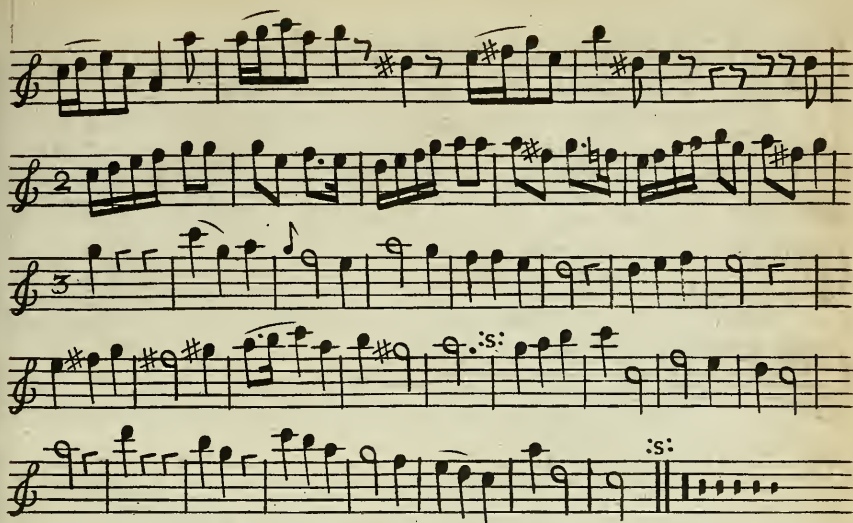
speaks the rest out with his Eyes. Hail! Goddess, Mother, hear thy

Suppliant Son, I shall loose all, I shall loose all the Con quests

I have won, If thou would'st have me still reign over Men, Take,

Goddess, take hence thy Shafts and give thy Son thy Fan.

FLUTE.



A Dialogue between Death and a Dying Person, Suppos'd to have
been spared by Death in his Younger Years.

The Words by MR. PARRATT. The Musick by MR. LEVERIDGE.

Slow Oh Death! think on the Words you gave, When last I fear'd your

Dart! You told me I shou'd scape the Grave Till warning

reach'd my Heart.

No warning have you gave me yet,
 Nor bid me once prepare,
 To pay that final heavy Debt,
 Which frees us from all Care.

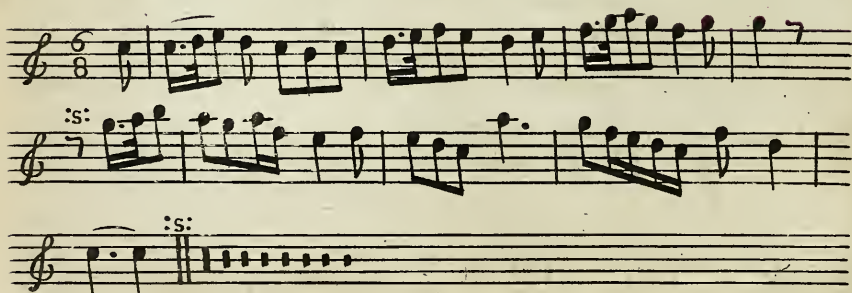
Spare me but now, and give me Time
 To think on all my Sin;
 Soon I'll repent of ev'ry Crime,
 And strive sweet Heav'n to win.

DEATH. Thou thoughtless Wretch! how dare you say,
 No warning you have heard;
 Your hairs, which now are chang'd to grey,
 Shews Death can't be defer'd.

Those pains you've known, with want of rest,
 Dulness of Sense and Sight,
 Are signs I send to give the Test
 Of dark approaching Night.

I Summons now — You must obey,
 If unprepar'd, the worse;
 Had you done well without delay,
 You'd know no future Curse.

FLUTE.



LOVE and PRUDENCE. The Words by a LADY. 37

Set by M^r. CAREY.

flow

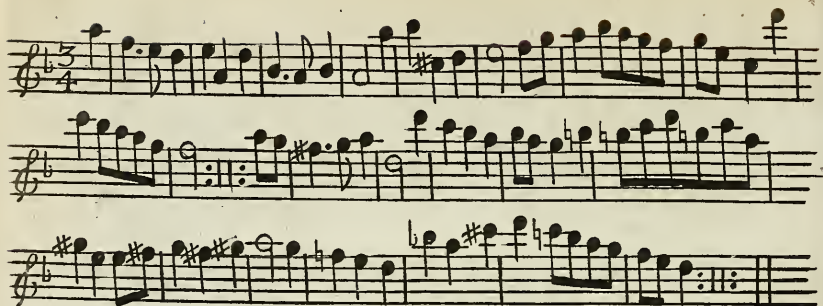
Alone by a Fountain I prefs the cold Ground I prefs the cold Ground

lest the Rocks and the Mountain my grief should refund. For the

Man thats so dear I'll never discover no never discover lest the Eccho

should hear the Eccho should hear and repeat to my Lover.

The pains that invade me
I never will tell,
No never will tell;
Lest the World should Upbraid me
With Loving too well:
If my truth cannot move
No fondness I'll shew
No fondness I'll shew;
'Tis enough that I Love
Enough that I Love,
And too much he should know.



THE RESOLVE .

Set to Musick by M.^r. CAREY .

Since Sallinda's my Foe, to a Defart I'll go where some River for ever

Thall eccho my woe: since sallinda's my Foe, to a defart I'll go where some

River for ever shall eccho my woe. The Trees shall appear less severe than my

Dear in the Morning adorning each Leaf with a Tear .

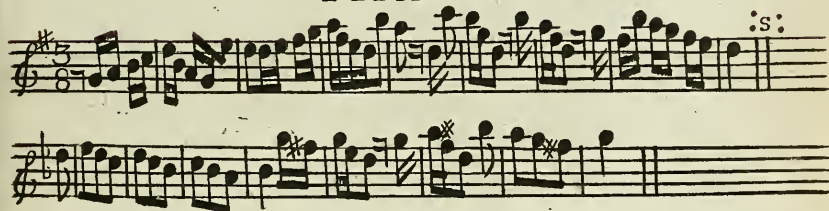
To the Rocks all alone,
When I make my sad moan,
From each hollow
Will follow,
Some pitifull Groan:
But with silent disdain,
She requites all my pain
To my Mourning,
Returning
No answer again.



Ah! Sallinda adieu;
When I cease to pursue,
You'll discover
No Lover
Was ever so true:
Your sad Shepherd flies
From those dear cruel Eyes,
Which not seeing,
His Being
Decays, and he dies.

Yet 'tis better to Run,
To the Fate we can't shun,
Than for ever
Endeavour
What cannot be won:
Gods! what have I done,
That poor Billy alone,
Thus requited,
Is flighted
For Loving but one.

FLUTE.



THE SLIGHTED LOVER.

flow

Beleive my sighs my Tears my Dear, Releive the Heart you've

won: Beleive my Vows to you Sincere or Moggy I'm undone:

You Say Im Fickle and apt to change at ev'ry Face that's new; but of
all the Girls I Ever saw, I ne'er Lov'd one but you .

My Heart was but a Lump of Ice
Till warm'd by your Bright Eyes;
But Ah! it Kindled in a Trice
A Flame which never Dies:
Come take me try me and you'll find
Tho' you say that I'm not true:
Of all the Girls I ever saw
I ne'er Lov'd one but you .

FLUTE .

flow

ADVICE to CLARINDA. The Words by M^r. T. BOWMAN.

No more Clarinda waste your Time in decking of that Face ;

Since Age and Wrinkles will com_ bine to rob each finifh'd Grace.

Since Age and Wrinkles will com bine to ro ---

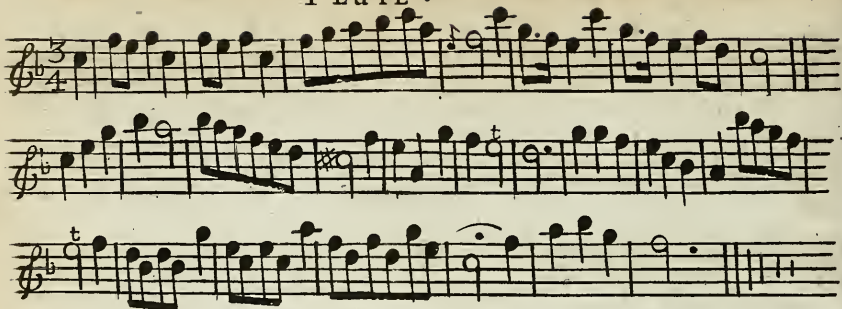
--- b each finifh'd Grace .

Like spring your Beauties gay appear,
 I feel their Influence;
 But think when Autumns drawing near,
 How they will chill the fence .

View Natures Works around her Frame,
 And then you'll justly say,
 Beauty can but a season claim
 Then feel a sure Decay .

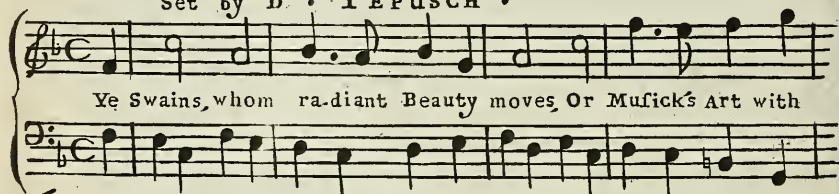
Think then on Time it flyes apace,
 Accept my Heart whilst warm.
 Left Age shoud come and leave that Face
 Without a Pow'r to charm .

FLUTE .

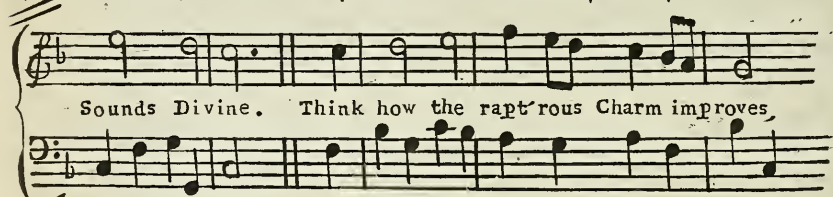


BEAUTY and MUSICK . By JOHN HUGHES Esq .

Set by D^r . PEPUSCH .



Ye Swains, whom radiant Beauty moves, Or Musick's Art with



Sounds Divine. Think how the rapt'rous Charm improves,



Where two such Gifts Ce-lestial joyn .

Where Cupid's Bow, and Phæbus' Lyre,

In the same pow'ful Hand are found ;

Where lovely Eyes inflame Desire,

While trembling Notes are taught to Wound.

Enquire not who's the matchless Fair,

That can this double Death bestow .

If young Harmonia's Strains you hear,

Or view her Eyes, too well you'll know .

THE JOLLY TOPERS.

Of all the Occupations a Toper is the best, For when the

Worlds Affairs run cross, good Liquor gives him Rest, And a toping

And a -
we will go we'll go we'll go and a to - ping
topping we will go we'll go we'll go and a toping

we will go.
we will go.

2

Here's to thee honest toping Jack,
Here's Wine will cheer thy Heart,
And if the Bottle's almost out,
We'll have the other Quart.
And a toping, &c.

3

What tho' your sober sneakers
Call Jolly Topers swine,
Because they wallow in the Dirt,
And we do swim in Wine.
Yet a toping &c.

4

The Mufick that delights us moft
 Is when the Bar Bell rings.
 For when the Wines got in our Heads
 We fancy that we're Kings.
 And a toping &c.

5

Good Liquor drives away all Cares
 Which fo perplex Mens Lives.
 For when we've drank our Courage up
 We fear no fcollding Wives.
 And a toping &c.

6

We'll drink at Morn at Noon and Night
 The Glaſs ftill going round.
 And when we cannot fit up right
 We'll drink upon the Ground.
 And a toping &c.

7

See how the ſhining ſparkles riſe
 Then fill your Glaſſes high.
 Tho' gouty Pains attack our Limbs
 We'll drink untill we dye.
 And a toping &c.

8

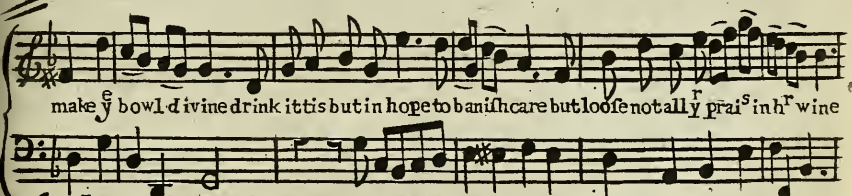
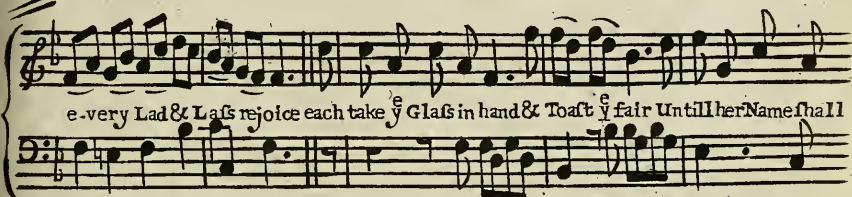
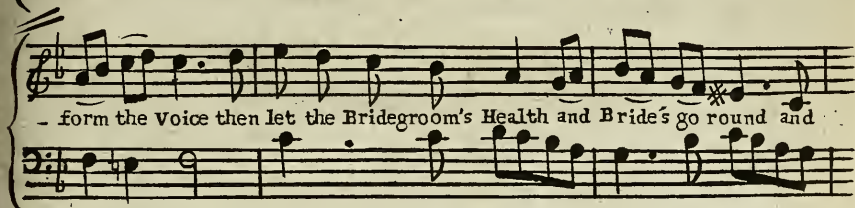
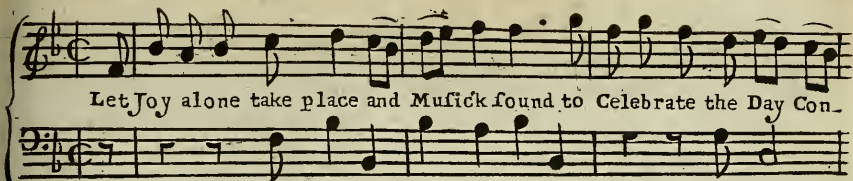
The Lover lives on Celia's ſmiles
 And if ſhe frowns he dies.
 But what are female ſmiles or Frowns
 To jollydrinking Boys.
 And a toping &c.

9

Let Miſers heap up ſtore of Gold
 To pleaſe their greedy ſouls.
 The greateſt Blifs we Topers find
 Is in full flowing Bowls.
 And a toping &c.

10

Let Whigs and Torys plague their Heads
 To ſettle ſtate Affairs.
 We'll drink and all our Time carrouſe
 If we live a Thouſand Years.
 And a toping &c.



Let Jolly Bacchus round the Table go,
 For he the Prologue is to Cupids flame,
 Where Claret and Good Sherry freely flow,
 Youth fires, and it warms the frozen dame
 Let no man think to flinch but fill each Glas,
 For Drinking only can augment Delight.
 Nor shall the fair Bride nor Bridegroom Pass
 For Bacchus now Prepares them for the Night

Let Health and Wealth Indulgent Happyness,
 For ever on this Newmade Pair attend.
 Let each in Mutual love the other Bless
 So may their Joys Transporting never End.
 Let something be the Issue of their Love,
 And Pour upon them ev'ry Day a Joy.
 Each Happy finding that for which they strove
 At ev'ry Nine Months end a Thumping Boy.

FLUTE .



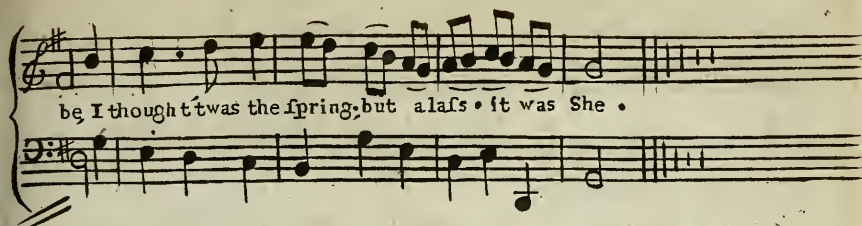
PHEBE Set by MR. GOUGE .

My Time oh ye Muses! was happily spent, when Phebe went with me where

- e ver I went, Ten thousand Soft Pleasures I felt in my Breast, sure never fond

Shepherd like Collin was blest, but now she is gone, & has left me behind, whata

marvelous change on a sudden I find, when things were as fine as could possibly



With such a Companion to tend a few Sheep,
 To rise up and play, or to lye down and sleep,
 I was so good-humour'd so chearful and gay,
 My Heart was as light as a Feather all day.
 But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
 So strangely uneasy as never was known.
 My Fair one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd
 And my Heart - I am sure it weighs more than a Pound.

The Fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
 And dance to soft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
 Thou know'st little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
 'Twas Pleasure to look at 'twas Musick to hear:
 But now she is absent, I walk by its Side,
 And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide.
 Must you be so chearful while I go in Pain,
 Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my Lambkins around me would oftentime play,
 And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
 How pleasant their Sporting, how happy the Time,
 When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all in their Prime,
 But now in their Frolicks when by me they pass,
 I fling at their Fleeces an handful of Grasse,
 Be still then I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
 To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My Dog I was ever well pleas'd to see
 Come wagging his Tail to my Fair One, and Me,
 And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my Dog said,
 Come hither, poor fellow, and patted his Head.
 But now, when he's fawning, I with a frow Look
 Cry, Sirrah, and give him a Blow with my Crook:
 And Ill give him another, for why should not Tray
 Be as dull as his Master, when Phebe's away.

When walking with Phebe, what Sights have I seen!
 How fair was the Flower, how fresh was the Green!
 What a lovely appearance the Trees and the Shade,
 The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry thing made:
 But since she has left me, tho' all are still there,
 They none of 'em now so delightful appear:
 'Twas nought but the Magick, I find of her Eyes
 Made so many beautiful Prospects arise.

Sweet Musick went with us Both all the Wood thro'
 The Lark, Linnet, Thro'ble, and Nightingale too;
 Winds over us whisper'd Flocks by us did bleat,
 And chirp when the Grasshopper under our Feet.
 But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
 The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone:
 Her Voice in the Consort, as now I have found,
 Gave every thing else its agreeable Sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
 And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
 Does ought of its Sweetness the Blossom beguile?
 That Meadow, those Daisies, why do they not smile?
 Ah! Rivals, I see what it was that you drest,
 And made yourselves fine for, a Place in her Breast:
 You put on your Colours to pleasure her Eye,
 To be pluck'd by her Hand, on her Bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps, till my Phebe return!
 While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool Breezes I burn.
 Methinks if I knew where about he would tread,
 I could breathe on his Wings, and twould melt down the Lead
 Fly swifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
 And rest so much longer fort when she is here.
 Ah Colin! old Time is full of Delay,
 Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying Power that hears me complain,
 Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my Pain?
 To be cur'd thou must, Colin thy Passion remove;
 But what Swain is so silly to live without Love.
 No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
 For ne'er was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorn,
 Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with Despair;
 Take heed all ye Swains, how you love one so fair.

A Favourite Aire in ARIADNE.

49

The Words by Mr. CAREY.

Trust not Man, for he'll de-ceive you, And too late you

may repent, you may repent; First he'll Court you, then he'll

leave you, Poor deluded, Poor de-lu-ded to la-ment. D.C.

Listen to a kind adviser,

Men but conquer to perplex;

Would you happy be, grow wiser.

And despise the faithless Sex.

FLUTE.

t. t. t.

t.

t. t. t. D.C.

LINCO'S Advice to DAMON.

The musical score is written for a piano in G major (two sharps) and common time (C). It consists of four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system ends with a repeat sign. The third system ends with a repeat sign. The fourth system ends with a repeat sign.

LINCO, found DAMON ly...ing, In Tears, upon the Plain;

And laughing at his crying, Encreas'd poor DAMON's Pain:

Crys DAMON, Mortal, fly me, Or by the Pow'r Divine! Crys

LINCO, don't defie me, And shews a Flask of Wine.

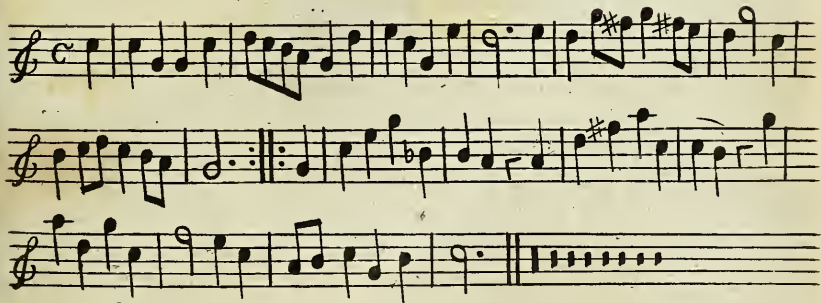
This — foolish, pining Lover,
 Will teach thee how to Storm;
 Thy gait recovery,
 And make the Maid grow warm:
 Come, prethee DAMON, try it,
 'Tis Sov'reign, prethee do;
 DAMON cou'd not deny it,
 He drank full Bumpers too.

Soon, DAMON felt the Liquor,
 His Cheeks grew roſſie red;
 Then LINCO fill'd out quicker,
 'Twas out, they went to Bed:
 Next Morning, DAMON ſtraying,
 To Breath the fragrant Air;
 He heard poor DELIA praying,
 A laſt, and fervent Pray'r.

Yes, yes, I muſt implore him,
 DAMON, the kind, the true;
 Ye Gods! ſhe cry'd, reſtore him,
 Elſe, Love, and Life, adieu.
 On LINCO's humour thinking,
 He ſprung into her Arms,
 And fir'd with laſt Nights Drinking,
 Wou'd revel in her Charms.

The Maid, deep Crimſon bluſhing,
 Reclin'd her head, and ſigh'd;
 Whiſt eager DAMON fluſhing,
 Love's ſtrongeſt efforts try'd.
 Ah! whither am I flying,
 Her fault'ring tongue expreſs'd;
 Then claſping, panting, Sighing,
 They murmur'd all the reſt.

FLUTE.



A New SONG Set by MR. JOHN SMITH.

When fair O-phelia tunes her Voice, The feather'd Choir at-

tends her Song; And as they catch the melting Notes, Which

She Melodious Sung; Repeats them as they fly a-long.

Not the soft Musick of the Nine,
 Or of the sweet harmonious Spheres,
 Not the soft Notes of Dying Swans,
 Were half so sweet as her's,
 Were half so heav'nly sweet as her's.

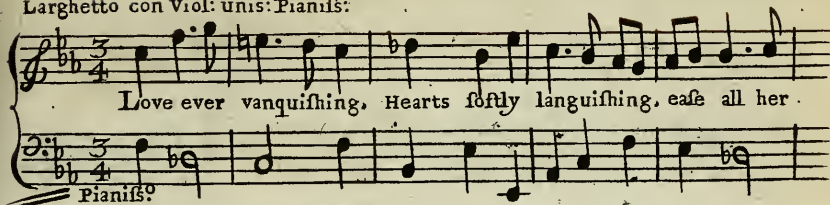
Sure 'twas fair Venus in Disguise,
 With sweet Apollo's charming Tongue;
 So much she like the Goddess look'd,
 So like the God she Sung,
 So like the God of Love she Sung.

FLUTE.

A SONG Set by Mr. HANDEL.

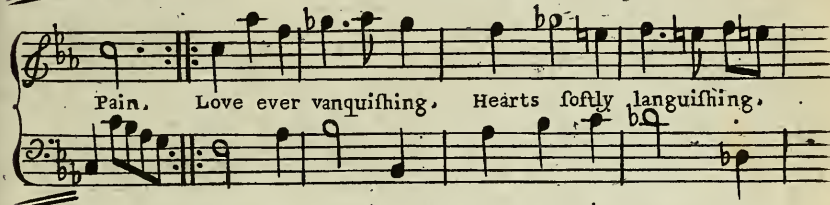
53

Larghetto con Viol: unis: Pianiss:^o

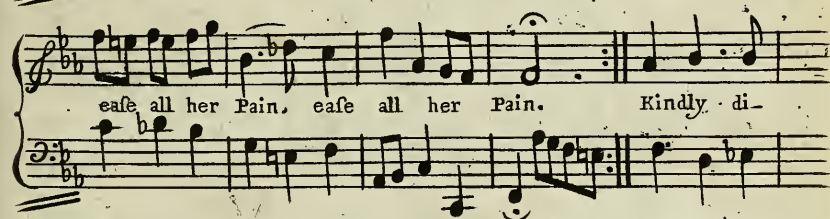


Love ever vanquishing, Hearts softly languishing, ease all her

Pianiss:^o



Pain. Love ever vanquishing, Hearts softly languishing,



ease all her Pain, ease all her Pain. Kindly di-



recting her, and still protecting her from Fate's disdain.



from Fate's dis- dain. kindly pro- tecting her, kindly pro-



tecting her from Fate's disdain. Da Capo.

GOOD NATURE Preferable to WIT or BEAUTY.

The Words by Mr. PARRATT. The Musick by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Phillis with all her Airts can't please my Eye, I view her

Fair, but yet her Charms defy; Were she from

Pride, and sad Ill nature free, Pleas'd, I'd o-

be- y, and Love the happy She.

Cloe, tho' not posselt with every Grace,
 Has Charms that far exceed a Beauteous Face;
 Good Nature, Wit, and ev'ry pleasing Art,
 To Captivate the Sense, and steal the heart:

Beauty must fade, her charms will soon decay,
 Old envious Time bears ev'ry Grace away;
 Good Nature lasts, and has its charms till Death,
 And proves its Beauties with its Dying Breath.

JOCKEY and JENNY. Set by Mr. GOUGE.

Jockey and Jenny together were laid, Jockey was happy,

And so was the Maid; He often did sigh, and cry'd Jenny with

Thee, My Life tho' in Bondage, wou'd seem to be free. Jenny who

greatly for Jockey did burn, Wou'd Sigh to his Sigh, and kind

Language return; There's no Pair so happy, so much of one

Mind. As Jockey to Jenny, so Jenny's inclin'd.

Content with each other in humble Retreat,
 They court not new Beauties, nor envy the Great;
 He'll not quit his Nymph, nor the Nymph quit her Swain,
 For Pleasures yet thought of, or Riches to gain.
 Come, all you gay Courtiers, who Greatness admire,
 And shine in gilt Coaches, with pompous Attire,
 Regard the true Pleasure this Couple enjoy,
 For Pleasures with Jockey and Jenny ne'er cloy.

While you quit your Silvia for Cloe's bright Eyes,
 Aminta pursue, you fair Cloe despise,
 When one Nymph's undone, you another undoe,
 And rambling, the Fair does the same thing by you:
 'Till Nature grows weary, decrepit, and poor,
 Not aged, but quite has exhausted her Store;
 'Tis Jockey and Jenny enjoy the true Taste:
 Be constant like them, and your Pleasures will last.

FLUTE.

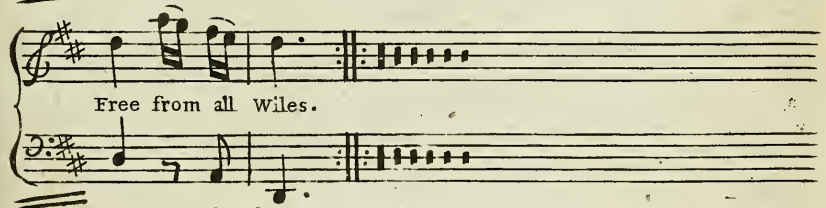
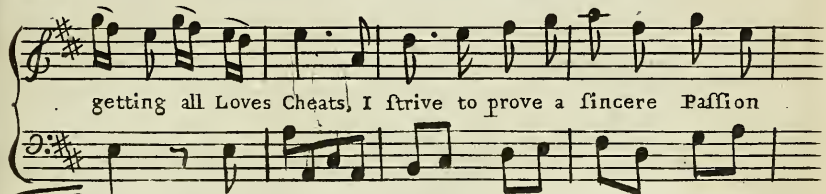
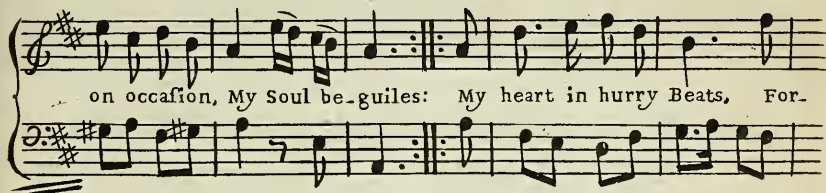
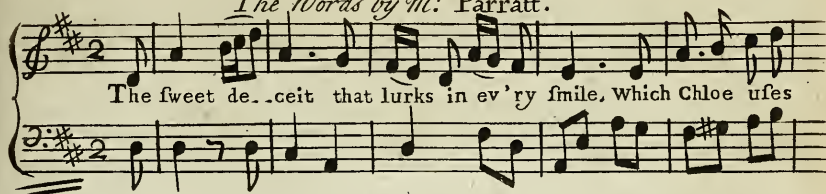


The FOOLISH PRUDE.

57

Or DRINKING the best Cure for Slighted LOVE.

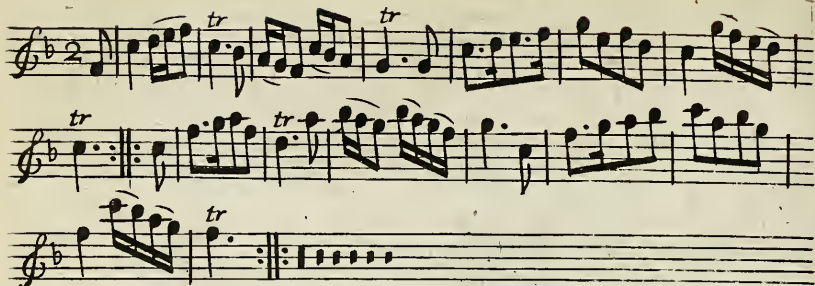
The Words by M.^r Parratt.



The sudden change
That I alas! then find,
Does fill my Mind with admiration!
Poor Woman kind,
Thus foolish to affect
A dull constrain'd neglect,
An outside Air of Indignation,
All for a Blind.

Vex'd with such scorn,
I drag'd my Chain away,
And flew to Bacchus, the Physitian,
Without delay.
She storm'd, and curs'd her Fate,
Then smil'd, but smil'd too late,
For I obey'd the God's Direction,
And won the Day.

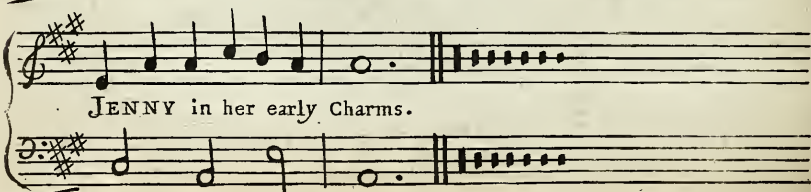
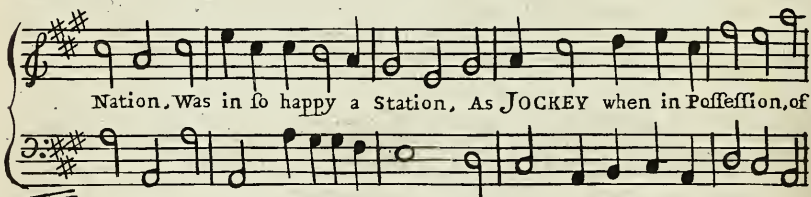
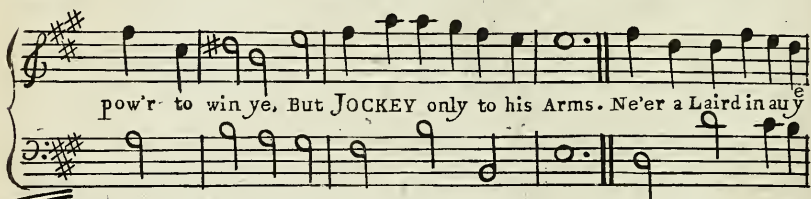
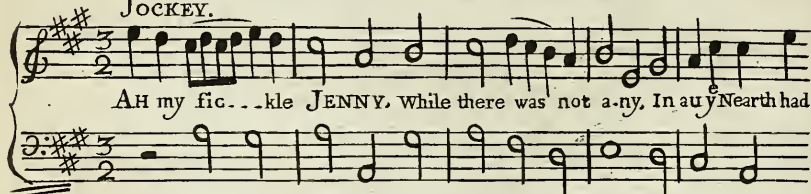
FLUTE.



A SCOTCH Dialogue in Imitation of an Ode in HORACE

Beginning, DONEC GRATUS ERAM TIBI.

JOCKEY.



JENNY. Had you still addrest me,
 As eance you carest me,
 Nean other Lad had e'er possast me,
 But thine alean I now had been:
 Had I only been in vogue w'ye.
 And had you let nean else colloque ye,
 Nor rambled after KATHERN OGGIE,
 I'd sped as weel as any Queen.

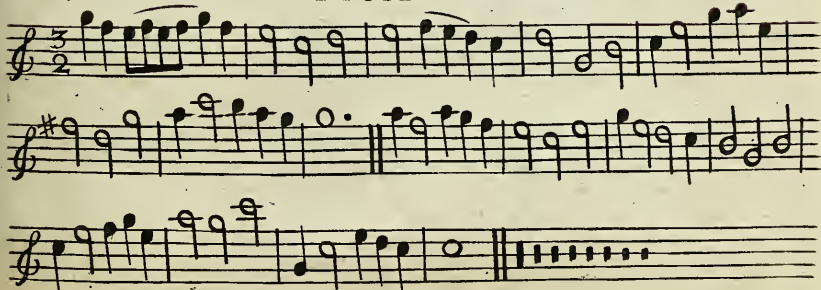
JOCKEY. MOGGY, of DUMFERLING,
 Is now my only Darling,
 Who sings as sweet as any Starling,
 And dances with a bonny Aire.
 MOGGY is so kind and tender,
 If Fate was ready now to end her,
 Cou'd I but from the stroke defend her,
 I'd dye if he wad MOGGY spare.

JENNY. SAWNY me careffes,
 Whose Bagpipe so pleases,
 That never my poor Heart at ease is,
 But when we are together beath.
 I'd so heartily befriend him,
 If Fate was ready now to end him,
 Cou'd I but from the stroke defend him,
 A thousand times I'd suffer Death.

JOCKEY. Come, let's leave this fooling,
 My Heart ne'er was cooling,
 Nean e'er but JENNY there was ruling,
 But thus our Hearts we fondly try.

JENNY. To thy Arms, if thou restore me,
 Shou'd au the Lairds i'th' Lond adore me,
 Nay, our Gued King himsel fend for me,
 With thee alean I'd live and dye.

FLUTE.



A SONG by M^r HAYWARD.

From cen'sring the State, and what passes above, From a Surfeit of Cabbage,

From Law-Suits and Love; From medd'ling with Swords, and such dangerous

Things; From hand'ling of Guns in de-fil'ance of Kings, O Bacchus, great

Bacchus, for ever defend us, And plen-ti-ful store, plen-ti-ful

store, plen-ti-ful store of good Burgundy send us.

FLUTE.

A SONG in the OPERA of AMELIA by MR. LAMPE.

My Charmer's very Name does all my Soul en-
flame and fills my heart with Joy does all my Soul en-

flame, and fills my heart with joy.

My Charmer's very Name, does all my Soul enflame, and

fills my heart with joy. and fills my heart with joy.

and fills my heart with joy.

My Charmer's very

Name, does all my Soul enflame, does all my Soul enflame, and fills my heart with

joy, and fills my heart with joy, and fills my heart, my heart wth

joy.

May both your troubles cease and everlasting Peace our

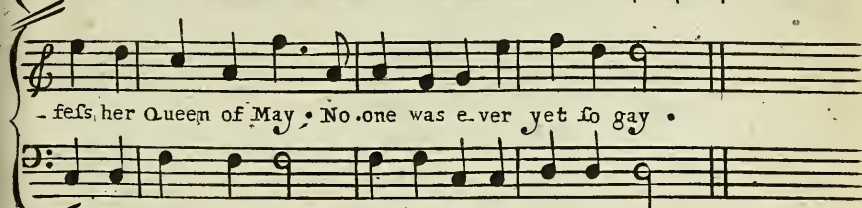
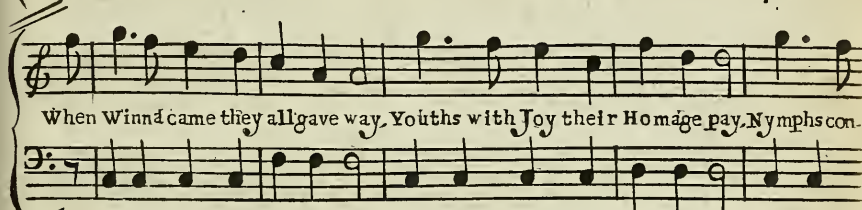
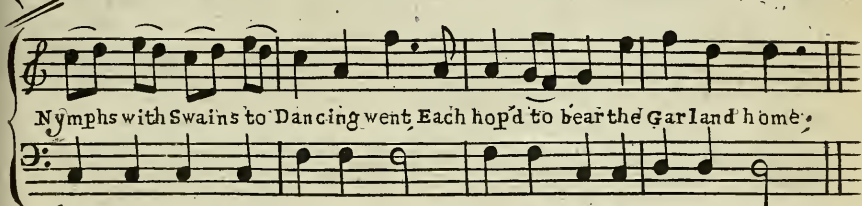
future time employ and everlasting Peace our

future time employ may both our troubles cease and everlasting

Peace our future time employ our future time employ. D.C.

The QUEEN of MAY. To the Tune of Over the Hills and far away.

By MR. W. BEDINGFIELD.



As her Skin, the Lilly fair,

New-budding Rose her Mouth imparts,

New-strung Cupid's Bow her Hair,

Eyes, his keenest Ebon Darts.

When you do her Temper view,

Young, but Wise, admir'd yet true,

Never charm'd with empty Shew,

Ne'er indiscreet, yet easy too.

All around your Steps advance,

Now Foot it in a Fairy Ring,

Nimble Trip, and as you Dance,

Ever live, bright Winna sing.

With Boughs their Hearts of Oak beset,

Your brave Sires their Conqueror met,

No Crown, but her Locks of Jet,

Now does your free Allegiance get.

Blink over the Burn Sweet BETTY.

As gentle Turtle Doves, By Cooling - thew De-fire, As I - vvs Oaks do
 love and twi-ning round a fire: So I my Bet-ty love, So I my Bet - ty
 wooe I wooe as wooes a Dove, And twine as I - vvs do.

The musical score is written for a piano, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together in groups. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words like 'I - vvs' and 'BETTY' in all caps.

Her Kiffes sweet as Spring ;

Like June her Bosom's warm ;

The Autumn ne'er did bring

By half so sweet a Charm .

As living Fountains do

Their Favours ne'er repent,

So Betty's Bleffings grow

The more, the more they're lent .

Leave Kindred and Friends, sweet Betty

Leave Kindred and Friends for me ;

Affur'd thy Servant is steady

To Love, to Honour, and Thee .

The Gifts of Nature and Fortune .

May fly by Chance, as they came ;

These Grounds the Destinies sport on,

But Virtue is ever the same .

Altho' my Fancy were roving,
 Thy Charms so heav'nly appear,
 That other Beauties disproving,
 I'd worship thine only, my Dear.
 And shou'd Life's Sorrows embitter
 The Pleasure we promis'd our Loves,
 To share them together is fitter,
 Than moan asunder, like Doves.

Oh! were I but once so blessed,
 To grasp my Love in my Arms!
 By thee to be grasp'd and kiss'd,
 And live on thy Heaven of Charms:
 I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,
 Shou'd Fourtune capricious prove,
 Tho' Death shou'd tear me to Pieces
 I'd dye a Martyr to Love.

FLUTE .



CELIA SIGHING .

By Mr. ARTHUR BRADLEY .

Sigh no more, my Love... ly Celia, Why, ah, Why, tho' mourn-ful

Sighs! Where, ah! Where's that Beau-teous Lustre once adorn'd tho' brilliant Eyes

See how briny Flood's o'erwhelm them,

Breaking on the blushing Shore,

And, like Summer's Dew on Lillies,

Deck the Bosom I adore .

Flowers form'd by Nature drooping,

Yet their fragrant Odours rise ;

And my Celia, tho' she's weeping,

Hath those Charms she can't disguise .

FLUTE .

THE WHEEDLER .

69

The Words by an unknown hand Set by M^r. CAREY .

brisk

In vain dear Chloe you suggest, that I Inconstant have possest, or

Lov'd a fairer She; But if at once you would be cur'd of all the

ills you have endur'd look in your Glafs and see .

And if perchance you there should find
 A Nymph more Lovely or more kind,
 You've reason for your tears .
 But if impartial you will prove,
 Both to your Beauty and my Love,
 How needless are those fears .

If in my way I should by chance,
 Give or receive a wanton glance,
 I like but whilst I view,
 How faint the glance how flight the kifs,
 Compar'd to that substantial blifs,
 I still receive from you .

With wanton flight the curious Bee,
 From Flower to Flower still wanders free,
 And where each Blofsom blows:
 Extracts the Juice of all he meets,
 And for his Quintessence of sweets,
 He Ravishes the Rose .

So I my leifure to employ,
 In each variety of Joy,
 From Nymph to Nymph do roame,
 Perhaps see Fifty in a Day,
 They are but visits which I pay,
 For Chloe's still my home.

THE ANSWER .

With artfull verse young Thirsis you,
 In vain perswade me you are true,
 Since that can never be:
 For he's no Profelyte of mine,
 Who offers at anothers shrine,
 Those Vows he made to me .

The faithless, fickle, wav'ring Loon,
 That changes oftner than the Moon,
 Courts each new Face he meets,
 Smells e'ry fragrant Flow'r that blows,
 Yet flyly calls the blushing Rose,
 The Quintessence of sweets .

So Thirsis when in wanton Play,
 From Fair to Fair you fondly stray,
 And steal from each a Kifs .
 It shews if what you say is true,
 A sickly Appetite in you,
 And no substantial Blifs .

For you inconstant roving swain,
 Tho seemingly you hug your Chain,
 Would fain I know get free .
 You long to search each shady Grove,
 To sip fresh balmy sweets of Love,
 And imitate your Bee .

Then calm that fluttering thing your Heart,
 And guard it well from Love's keen Dart,
 Then let it rest at home .
 For whilst dear Bee you rove and sing,
 Should you return without your sting,
 I'll not protect a Drone .

I have been in Love and in debt and in drink, this many and many a

Year. And those are three plagues enough any should think for one poor Mortal to

bear. Twas Love made me fall into drink, and drink made me run into debt and

tho' I have struggl'd and struggl'd and stro-ve I cannot I cannot get out of e'm

yet, There's nothing but Money can cure me, and rid me of all my pain Twill

pay all my debts and remove all my lets and my Mistress that cannot endure me, will

Love me, and Love me again, Then, Then, Then I'll fall to my

Loving and drinking a ma ----- in,

Then, Then, Then I'll fall to my Loving and drinking a main .

FLUTE .

I'm still at RISBROUGH, but alas! can't view Those sweet de-

lights, I once beheld in you; No purling Streams cut thro' the

shady Bow'rs, 'Tis from our Eyes the Stream comes forth in

Show'rs, 'Tis from our Eyes the Stream comes forth in Show'rs.

Here, ev'ry Breeze, that thro' the Arbour flies,
First sadly murmurs, and then turns to Sighs;
On dropping Boughs, sad Nightingales complain,
Join in my Song, but sing like me in vain.

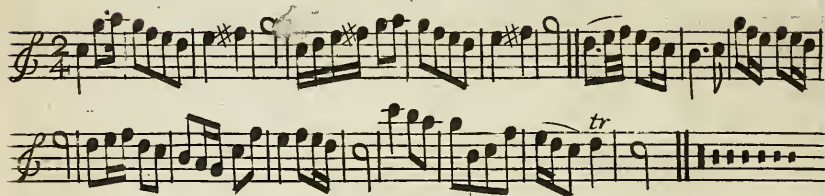
In dolefull Notes, the murm'ring Turtles Coo;
Each of them seems t'have lost SALINDA too.
Our REV'REND VICAR at the loss repines,
Forfeakes his Study, and neglects his Vines.

From WHITE-LEAF HILL, dull Eccho still repeats,
SALINDA's gone, and left these cool retreats.
How many tedious days and nights are past,
Since I, (Ah cruel Fate!) beheld you last?

You haunt me still, where ever I remove;
 There's no retreat secure from You and Love;
 My Soul is yours, no distance can divide,
 No Woods, no Hills can your sweet Person hide.

You only are the sleeping Poet's Dream,
 And, when awake, You only are his Theme.
 All that remains behind, that's dear of Thee,
 Is thy blest'd Name, carv'd on a weeping Tree.

FLUTE.



The WISH. By Mr. I. LOCKMAN.

not too fast.

Ambition ne-ver me seduc'd, To soar on For-tune's painted

wing; Far humbler mo-tives, me induc'd To haunt, unvex'd, the

Muses Spring. Some rural Cott, where Angel Peace, Mild o'er the

Soul her Influence sheds; Where Pleasures flow with gay in-

crease, And sport at ease on rosy Beds.

Where Sylvan Scenes the Fancy raise,
 Exalt the Soul, improve the Lay;
 Where fanning Zephyrs sooth the Blaze,
 Of Summer's fiercely darting Day.
 The dimpled Stream, the winding Shade,
 The Lawn in chearing Verdure drest;
 Th'aspiring Hill, the tufted Glade.
 Soft Themes, shoud pleasing Thoughts suggest.

Then rais'd to Extasy, I'd hail
 The sweetly awful rural Pow'rs;
 Invite, if artless sounds prevail,
 Gay Wood-Nymphs from their Jemine Bow'rs.
 Rich in my self, I'd frown on Gold,
 And far the treacherous Gugaw throw;
 With Pity's melting Eye behold,
 The idly bustling Croud below.

Ah me! in what romantic Seats,
 Does my deluded Fancy stray;
 Too transient, visionary sweets,
 That sudden gleam, then fade away.
 Thus, sportive, to the Mind, in Sleep,
 Cascades, Rocks, Coaches, Guineas rise;
 Break but the Charm, the glittering Heap,
 And all the wild Creation dies.

Beneath a shady Wil-low, Hard by a purling Stream, A mossy Bank my
Pillow, I fancy'd in a Dream, That I the charming PHILLIS did eagerly em-
brace; Her Breast as white as Lil-lies, And ROSAMONDA'S Face.

What ecstasies of Pleasure,
She gave, to tell's in vain,
When with the hidden Treasure,
She blest her am'rous Swain:
Could nought our Joys discover,
And I my Dream believe,
I so cou'd sleep for ever,
And still be so deceiv'd.

But, when I wak'd, deluded,
And found all but a Dream,
I fain wou'd have eluded,
The melancholly Theme.
Ye Gods! there's no enduring,
So exquisite a Pain;
The Wound is past all curing,
That CUPID gave the Swain.

FLUTE:

The Words and Musick by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

To wed, says the Fop I agree, And like in this good modern

way; For such is the Marriage for me, That holds but a

Year and a Day. But bound to drag on with a Wife, 'Till

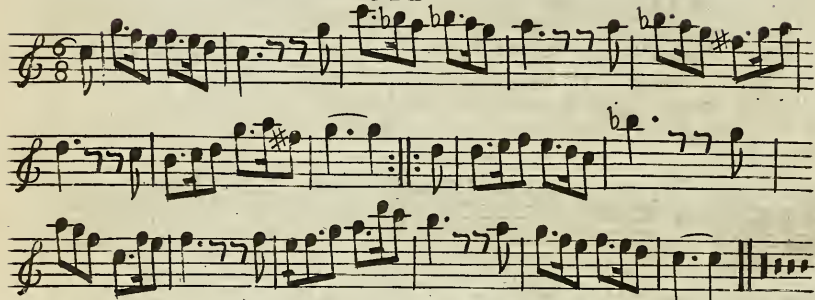
old, and as grey as a Cat; I cannot agree for my life, So.

Parson I thank you for That.

'Tis ods in this Age, but you find,
 Most Rakes, whilst they're foolish and young,
 To be of this Fop's silly mind,
 And vainly to pride in this Song.
 To always drag on with a Wife
 'Till old, and as grey as a Cat,
 I cannot agree for my life
 So Parson I thank you for That.

But if a kind Girl I cou'd see,
That's wealthy — I don't mean with Pence,
But rich in her Passion for me,
Wound up with dear Friendship, and Sense.
To such an Angelical Wife,
Wou'd Heaven but grant me that Fate,
With her I wou'd wish a long life
So Parson I'd thank you for THAT.

FLUTE.

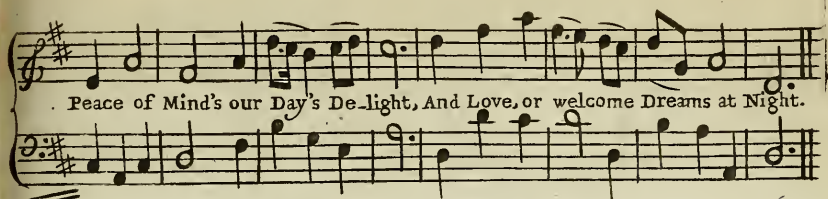


The COUNTRY LIFE.

Happy is a Country Life! Happy is a Country Life! Blest with Content, good

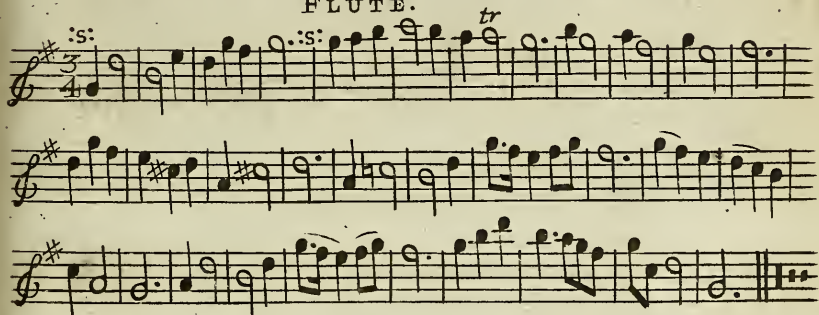
Health, and Ease, Free from factious Noise and Strife, We only Plot our selves to

please. Peace of Mind's our Day's De-light, And Love, or welcome Dreams at Night.

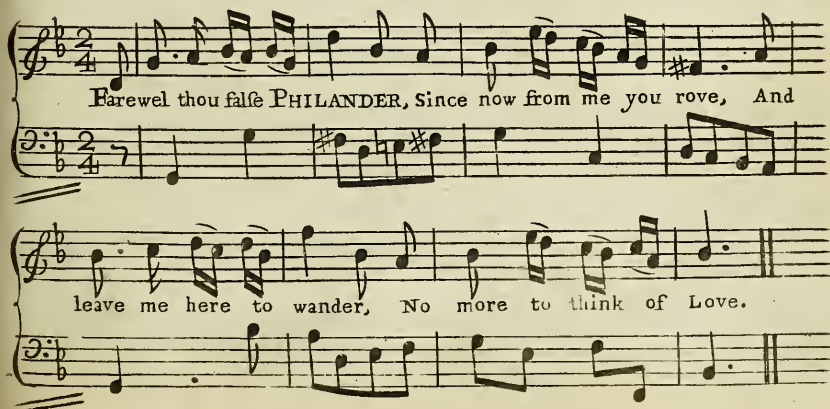


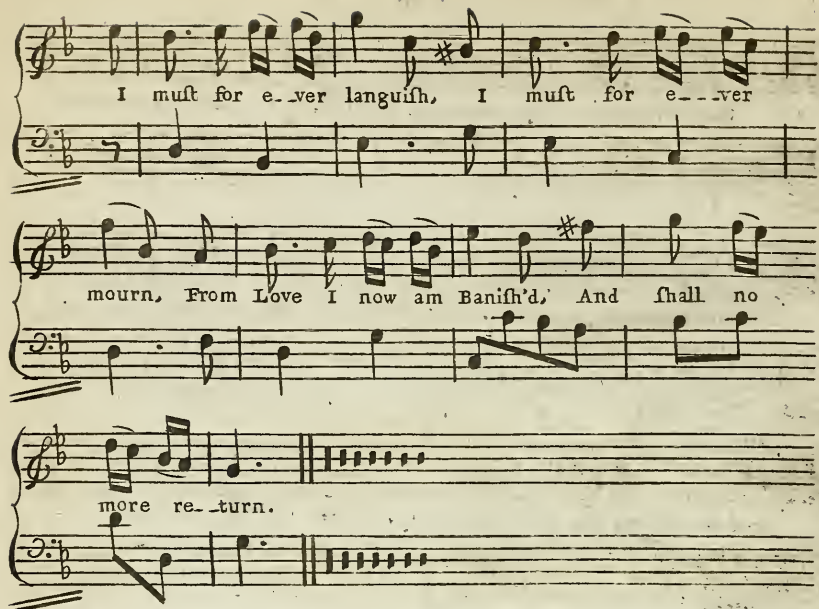
Hail! green Fields, and shady Woods!
 Hail! Chrystal Streams that still run pure,
 Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
 Where Virtue only dwells secure;
 Free from Vice, and free from Care,
 Age has no Pain, nor Youth a Snare.

FLUTE.



False PHILANDER. Set by Mr. GOUGE.





I must for e-ver languish, I must for e-ver
mourn, From Love I now am Banish'd, And shall no
more re-turn.

Farewel, deceitful Traytor.
Farewel, thou perjur'd Swain;
Let never injur'd Creature,
Believe your Vows again:
The Passion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;
For now the Charm is ended,
The Charmer you disdain.

FLUTE.



A SONG by Cap^t. C.

Fair EMELIA, lovely Creature, Brightest Star in Beauteous Nature,

Bid thy Shepherd's Joy return: With thy tender soft de-fires, Fan, and

feed the sacred Fires, That within my Bo-som Burn.

Since I'm sworn a Slave to Beauty,

Never let me quit my Duty,

Crowns and Scepters to obtain:

Be but kind and constant ever,

And my wishes shall be never,

Roving Liberty to gain.

FLUTE.

yond expressing, with thee is ev'ry Pleasure beyond expressing, be-

yond expref... sing, expressing. Sym.

The Spring, when flow'rs are blowing w.

all their Graces, and ev'ry sweet be..stowing, and ev'ry sweet be-

stowing, your bloom surpasses, your bloom sur..paffes. I

come my fairest, Da Capo al Segno :S:

The PLAIN DEALER.
The Words by Mr. MANLY.

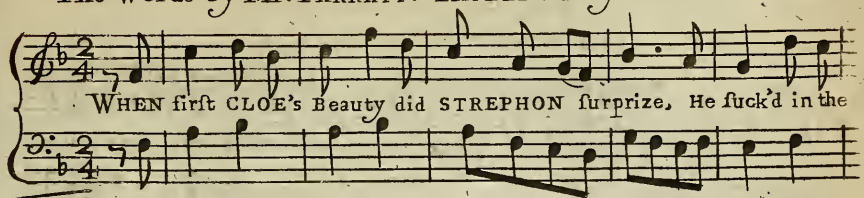
In vain mis-ta-ken Nymph do you, The Pow'r you once ob-
tain'd pursue, To make your Conquest more secure; For
know, that Heart that has been free, And tast'ed dear va-
ri-e-ty, No Slavery can e'er endure.

When to you first I made Address,
Believing Truth you did possess,

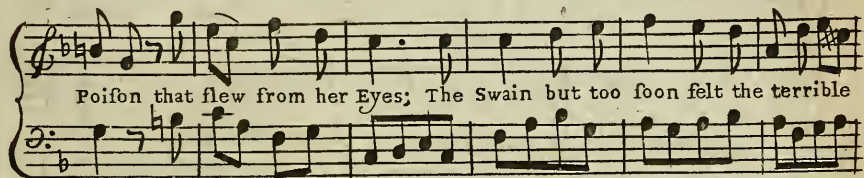
My freedom I too much resign'd:
But being convinc'd by proofs too plain,
The Passion then urg'd you did but feign,
Allow me once to change my Mind.

And if I still shou'd ever prove,
So great a Dupee to offer Love
In Justice let this be my Fate:
May you continue to despise,
Such abject Thing, and Tyrannize,
With more than common hate.

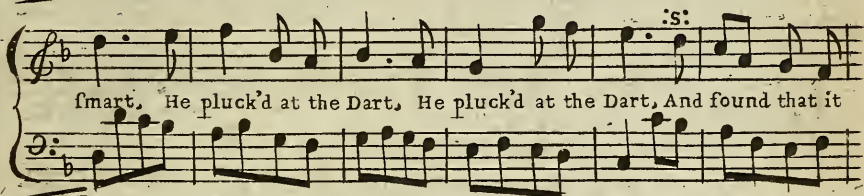
The Words by Mr. PARRATT. The Musick by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



WHEN first CLOE's Beauty did STREPHON surprize, He suck'd in the



Poison that flew from her Eyes; The Swain but too soon felt the terrible



smart. He pluck'd at the Dart. He pluck'd at the Dart, And found that it



fester'd and stuck in his Heart.

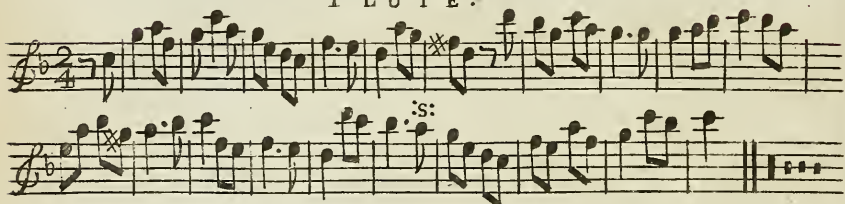
Then, Business, and Pleasure, both came into play,
Yet neither cou'd drive the sad Mischief away;
For CHLOE cou'd daily fresh Mischief impart,
And now the keen Dart,
And now the keen Dart,
Struck deeper, and deeper, and still in his Heart.

And next, a new Poison must t'other expell;
If PHILLIS prove kind, his CHLOE can't kill;
But too late the poor Swain had attempted the Part,
For now the keen Dart,
For now the keen Dart,
Was by angry CHLOE struck quite thro' his Heart.

Then, almost Despairing, he next flew to ask
 Some aid of the smiling gay God of the Flask.
 CHAMPAIGN did the Feat, did new Vigour impart;
 So eas'd of the Smart,
 He pluck'd out the Dart.
 Love triumph'd no more in his Fortify'd Heart.

The Nymph, when she found the young Swain free from Love,
 And knew that gay Bacchus his Pain did remove;
 With a sad sounding Sigh fetch'd sure from her Heart.
 She struck in the Dart.
 That caus'd STREPHON's Smart.
 So she dy'd by the wound her Scorn did impart.

F L U T E .



A N A P O L O G Y .

The Words by Mr. G. L. Set to Musick by Mr. S. H.

Andante

STRIVE not my Friend to hide thy Flame, Blush not the Charming

Fair to own: Thy Passion why dost thou misname, Since Beauty

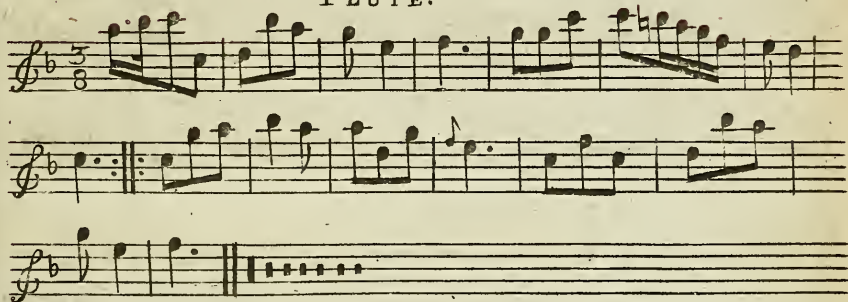
doth for Birth atone.

A Slave alone had Pow'r to move,
 And kindle by her tender Charms.
 ACHILLES stubborn Heart to Love,
 And force the Heroe to her Arms.

Behold, my Friend, the charming Fair,
 How Commanding is her Eye;
 See how Majestick is her Air,
 Behold her Beauteous Majesty.

Why dost thou think a Maid so bright,
 Did ever come of Vulgar Race;
 She's ev'ry Charm that yields delight,
 I read her Lineage in her Face.

FLUTE.



The Birks of ENDERMAY.

THE smiling Morn, the breathing Spring, Invite the tuneful Birds to sing: And

while they warble from each Spray, Love melts the u-ni-ver-sal Lay.

Let us, AMANDA, timely wife, Like them improve the Hour that

flies; And in soft Raptures waste the Day, A-mong the Birks of

ENDERMAY.

For soon the Winter of the Year,
And Age, Life's Winter will appear:
At this, thy living Bloom will fade;
As that will strip the verdant Shade.
Our Taste of Pleasure then is o'er;
The feather'd Songsters love no more:
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the Birks of ENDERMAY.

FLUTE.

Fair SILVIA. Set by Mr. BOYCE.

SILVIA, the Fair, in the bloom of Fifteen, Felt an innocent warmth as

she lay on the Green, She had heard of a pleasure, and something she.

guest, By their touzing, and tumbling, and touching her Breaſt, She ſaw y^e Men

eager, but was at a loſs, What they meant by their ſighing, and kif-ſing ſo

cloſe, By their praying, and whining, and claſping, and twining and panting, and

wiſhing, and ſighing, and kiſſing, and ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

Ah! she cry'd, Ah! for a languishing Maid,
 In a Country of Christians, to die without aid;
 Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,
 Or a Protestant Parson, or Catholick Priest,
 To instruct a young Virgin, who is at a loss,
 What they mean by their sighing, and kissing so close.
 By their praying, &c.

CUPID in shape of a Swain did appear,
 He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near,
 Then shew'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,
 For the Pain was no more than a Maiden may bare;
 When the Balm was infus'd, she was not at a loss,
 What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close.
 By their praying &c.

FLUTE.



A SONG Set by MR. JOHN HARRIS.

Oft have I Swore I'd Love no more, Yet when I think on

Thee, Alas I cannot give it o'er, But must thy Captive be.

So many sweets and Graces dwell about thy Lips and Eyes, That

who - so - ever once is caught, must ever be thy Prize, that

who - so - ever once is caught, must ever ever be thy Prize.

FLUTE.

A Favourite MINUET in PORUS.

The Words by MR. THO: BREREWOOD JUN.^r

Re-turn fair Maid to Fields and Farms, Where Swains are often blind,

To all those many fatal charms, We here too Pow'rfull find.

Your looks are soft and kind we see, But then we fear you coy, The

In-dian Snake thus all agree, al-lures but to destroy.

FLUTE.

How fervile is the state of Man, How restless and un-

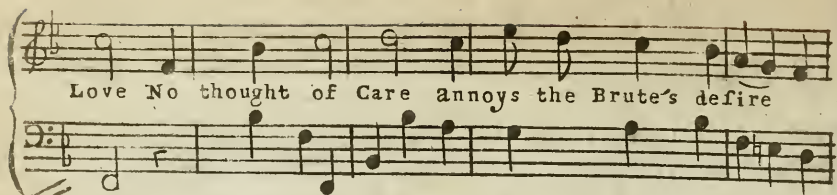
-fix'd, Een Days which revelling began, with Grief are intermix'd,

Love's fatal Dart attacks the Breast when quiet and se-

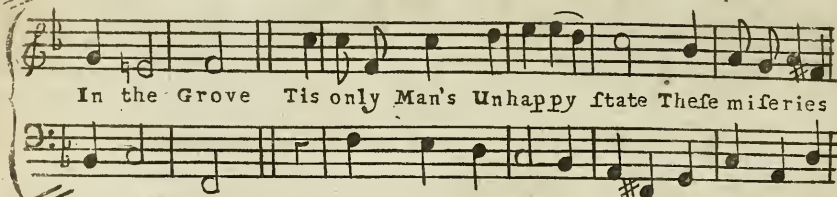
-rene and when harsh Care has dispossest, The de-

-lighting Monarchs Rest, Tis Anarches within

Unhurt by Fear The airy warbling Choir, Taft of



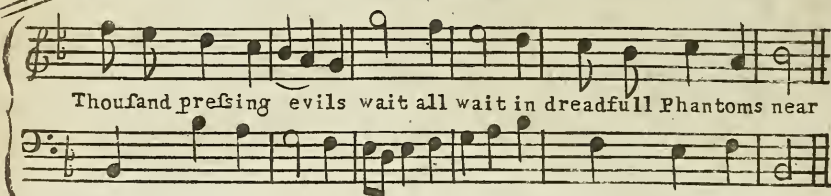
Love No thought of Care annoys the Brute's desire



In the Grove 'Tis only Man's Unhappy state These miseries



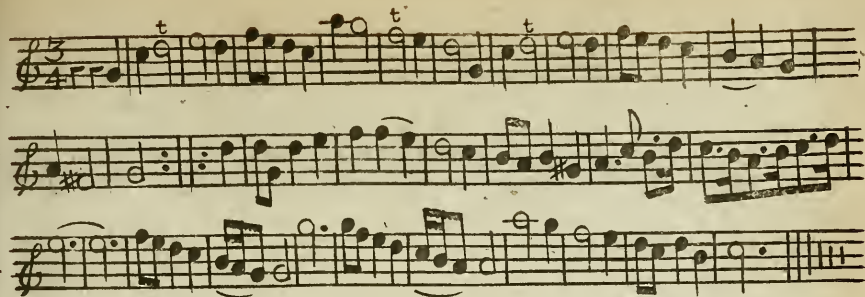
to bear ----- Conspired with some Rivals Hate



Thousand pressing evils wait all wait in dreadful Phantoms near

FLUTE .





Tune The bonniest Lafs in all the World .

By DAVID RIZZIO .

Beneath a Beech's grateful Shade, Young Colin lay complaining; He
 fight and seem'd to love a Maid Without Hopes of obtaining. For thus the
 Swain indulg'd his Grief, Tho' Pity cannot move thee, Tho' thy hard
 Heart gives no Relief, Yet Peggy I must love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,
That thus you cruelly use him?
If Love's a Fault 'tis that alone,
For which you should excuse him:
'Twas thy dear Self first rais'd this Flame,
This Fire by which I languish;
'Tis thou alone canst quench the flame,
And cool its scorching Anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive Plain,
Where ev'ry Maid invites me;
For thee sole Cause of all my Pain,
For thee that only flights me:
This Love that fires my faithful Heart
By all but thee's commended.
Oh! wouldst thou act so good a Part,
My Grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous Breast, so soft to feel,
Seem'd Tendernefs all over,
Yet it defends thy Heart like Steel,
Gainst thy despairing Lover.
Alas! tho' it should ne'er relent,
Nor Colin's Care e'er move thee,
Yet 'till Life's latest Breath is spent,
My Peggy, I must love thee.

FLUTE .



FLORIMEL.

Set by Dr. GREENE.

Andante.

THE Charms of FLORIMEL, No Force of Time or Art Shall sever from my

Heart; But ever to the World I'll tell, The Charms of Beauteous FLORIMEL.

Each Rock, and Sunny Hill,
 The flow'ry Meads and Groves,
 Shall say MIRTILLO Loves;
 And Eccho shall be taught to tell,
 The Charms, &c.

Each Tree within the Vale,
 That on its Bark doth wear,
 The Triumphs of my Fair;
 To future Times, in Verse shall tell,
 The Charms, &c.

Each Brook and purling Rill,
 Shall on its bubbling Stream,
 Convey the Virgin's Name;
 And as it rolls in murmurs tell,
 The Charms, &c.

The Silvan Gods that dwell,
 Amidst this Sacred Grove,
 Shall wonder at my Love;
 Whilst ev'ry sound conspires to tell,
 The Charms of Beauteous FLORIMEL.

FLUTE.

The Words by P. W. Esq.^r Set by Mr. JOHN HUDSON.

Largo

AS GRANVILLE's soft Numbers, tune MY-RA's praise, And

CHLOE shines love-ly in PRIOR's sweet Lays; So wou'd DAPHNE but

smile. their Ex-am-ple I'd fol-low, And as she looks like VE-NUS, I'd

Sing like APOLLO. But a-las! while no smiles from the fair One inf-

pire. How languid my Strains, and how tuneless my Lyre.

Go, Zephyrs, salute in soft accents her Ear,
 And tell how I languish, sigh, pine, and despair
 In gentlest murmurs my Passion commend,
 But whisper it softly, for fear you offend:
 For sure, O ye Winds, you may tell her my pain,
 'Tis STREPHON's to suffer, but not to complain.

Wherever I go, or whatever I do,
 Still something presents the fair Nymph to my view.
 If I traverse the Garden, the Garden still shews
 Me, her Neck in the Lilly, her Lip in the Rose;
 But with her, neither Lilly, nor Rose can compare.
 Far sweeter's her Lip, and her Bosom more fair.

If to vent my fond anguish, I steal to the Grove,
 The Spring, there presents the fresh Bloom of my Love,
 The Nightingale too, with impertinent noise,
 Pours forth her sweet strains in my Syren's voice.
 Thus the Grove, and its Musick, her Image still brings.
 For, like Spring, she looks fair, like the Nightingale sings.

If forsaking the Groves, I fly to the Court,
 Where Beauty and Splendour united, resort;
 Some glimpse of my Fair in each Charmer I spy,
 In RICHMOND's fair Form, or in BRUDENEL's bright Eye;
 But alas! what wou'd BRUDENEL, or RICHMOND appear,
 Unheeded they'd pass, were my DAPHNE but There.

If to Books I retire to drown my fond pain,
 And dwell o'er a HORACE, or OVID's sweet strain;
 In LYDIA, or CHLOE, my DAPHNE I find,
 But CHLOE was courteous, and LYDIA was kind:
 Like LYDIA, or CHLOE, wou'd DAPHNE but prove,
 Like HORACE, or OVID, I'd sing, and I'd Love.

F L U T E .



The SILENT CONFESSION. The Words by Mr. LAMB.

not too fast.

Dear MOLLY. but hear my fond sighing. Ah! hear but thy

Lover's complaint. Be kinder, my Love, and complying. And throw off this

rigid restraint. Ah didst thou consider my anguish! And didst thou but

feel of my Pain! Didst thou know but with Love how I languish! No

longer you'd let me complain.

Cou'd you tell but how silly you cover,
 Thy Womanish Pride, and thine Art:
 This Coyness, ah then you'd give over
 And sett forth the truth of thy Heart:
 Thy Eyes do discover thy longing,
 Thy Heart, doth it beat? doth it pant?
 Thy Mind tho' thy Tongue is still wronging,
 Thou hast two kind Eyes that do grant.

Set by Mr. M. C. FESTING.

LOVE, imag'd blind by ly-ing Bards, Is Eagle-ey'd in me; I

see in you a thousand Charms, And love because I see. I

see in you a thousand Charms, And love because I see.

When Nature form'd that Angel-Face,
 She lavish'd all her Pow'r:
 Be this, she cry'd, my Master Piece,
 Kneel, Mortals, and adore!

Like her own FLORA's vernal Blush,
 Your blooming Cheek she dyes,
 And from the Morning dew-drops takes
 The Lustre of your Eyes.

Like equal rows of Orient Pearl,
 She sets your even Teeth;
 With live Vermillion stains your Lip,
 With Nectar dews your Breath.

Fond Love, and open Truth appear,
 The Features of your Mind;
 And Pleasure speaks in ev'ry glance,
 The Wish of all Mankind.

Where all the Graces thus unite,
 'Tis Merit to approve;
 And Reason, which at first admir'd,
 Is forc'd to end in Love.

FLUTE.

A Favourite Air by Mr. HANDEL.

thee I a-dore For since with Joy I find dear LE-O--NORE
 To my a-dress is kind I ask no mo--re.
 I ask no more. Love thou great
 ru-ler thee I adore For since with Joy I find dear LE-O--NORE

To my a-dress is kind I ask no mo-

re I ask I a-ask no

Tho' long rejected my Faith suspected after strickt Tryal when

Truth is found no more de-nial But Pleasures abound no more de-

nial but Pleasures a-bou-

no more de-nial but Pleasures abound.

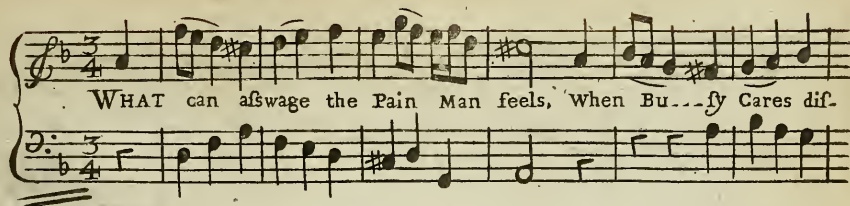
Da Capo

the Words by Mr. Leveridge.

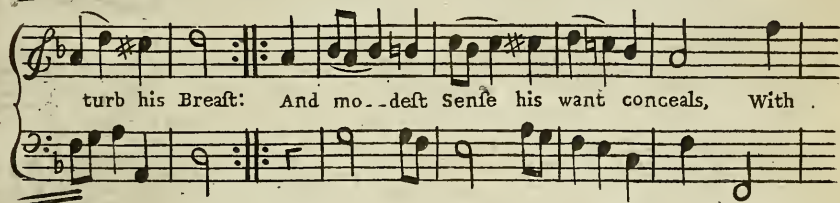
A SONG Set by MR. JOHN HARRIS.

tr
 SINCE CELIA's unkind, and my Passion disdains, A Bottle, a
 Bot-tle and Friend shall ease all my Pains; Thus, thus re
 move from my Heart that absolute, that absolute Fair, and with
 Bumpers of Clarret, and with Bumpers of Clarret I'll dri
 ve I'll dri
 ve, I'll drive away Care.

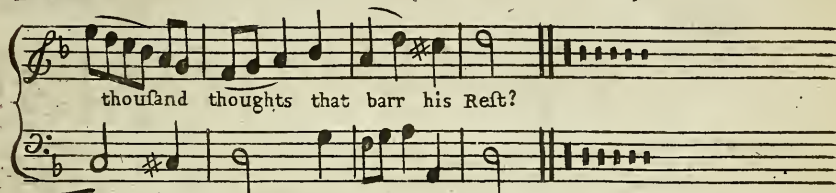
Musical score for a song set by Mr. John Harris. The score is written in treble and bass staves, featuring a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody includes various ornaments (trills) and fingerings (e.g., 6, 5, 7, 4, 6, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3). The lyrics are: "SINCE CELIA's unkind, and my Passion disdains, A Bottle, a Bot-tle and Friend shall ease all my Pains; Thus, thus remove from my Heart that absolute, that absolute Fair, and with Bumpers of Clarret, and with Bumpers of Clarret I'll drive I'll drive away Care."



WHAT can assuage the Pain Man feels, When Bu...ry Cares dif-



turb his Breast: And mo...dest Sense his want conceals, With



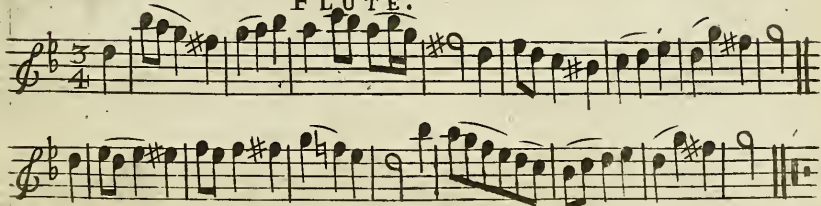
thousand thoughts that barr his Rest?

Can Wine, one gloomy thought remove?
Can Titles, Wealth, or Mirth give ease?
Can Woman's Charms, or thoughts of Love?
Recall his Soul, or Mind, to Peace.

No, no, they're trifling Pleasures all!
The Rich enjoy them but a Day,
Within their Breast they deign to call,
Ne'er Rest, but vanish soon away.

Content, alone can make us Sing.
When wanton Fortune is unkind,
That sets a Wretch above a King,
And quiets ev'ry ruffled Mind.

FLUTE.



Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

BY a murmuring Stream a fair Shepherdess lay, Be so kind, O ye.

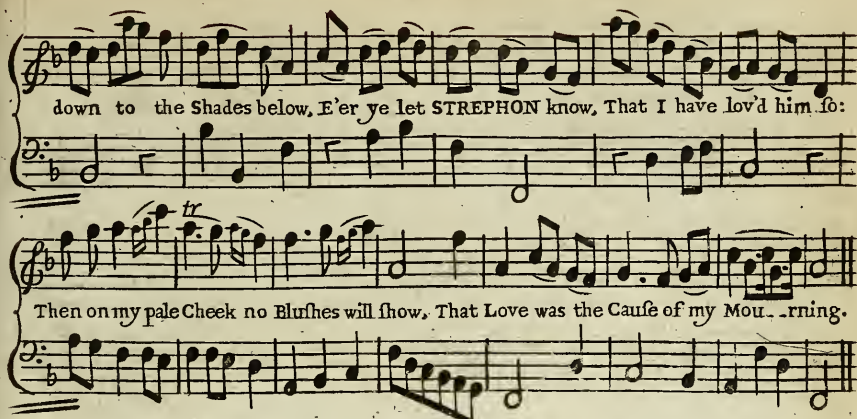
Nymphs, I oft times heard her say, Tell STREPHON I die, if he passes this

way, And that Love is the Cause of my Mourning. False Shepherds, that

tell me of Beauty and Charms, You deceive me, for STREPHON's cold.

Heart never warms: Yet bring me this STREPHON, let me die, in his Arms, Oh

STREPHON! the Cause of my Mourning. But first, said she, let me go



down to the Shades below, E'er ye let STREPHON know, That I have lov'd him so:

Then on my pale Cheek no Blushes will show, That Love was the Cause of my Mourning.

Her Eyes were scarce closed when STREPHON came by,
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh;
 But finding her breathless, oh Heavens! did he cry,
 Ah CHLORIS! the Cause of my Mourning.
 Restore me my CHLORIS, ye Nymphs use your Art;
 They sighing, reply'd, 'twas yourself shot the Dart,
 That wounded the tender young Shepherdess' Heart,
 And kill'd the poor CHLORIS with Mourning.

Ah then is CHLORIS dead,
 Wounded by me! he said;
 I'll follow thee, chaste Maid,
 Down to the silent Shade.
 Then on her cold snowy Breast leaning his Head,
 Expir'd the poor STREPHON with Mourning.

FLUTE.



A SONG Set by Mr. HOWARD.

not too fast.

WHILE from our Looks, fair Nymph, you guess The se...cret Passions

of our Mind; My heavy Eyes, you say, confess, A Heart to

Love, and Grief inclin'd. There needs alas! but lit...tle Art, To

have this fa_tal Secret found: With the same ease you threw the

Dart, 'Tis certain you may shew the Wound.

How can I see you, and not Love;
 While you as op'ning East are fair?
 While cold as Northern Blasts you prove;
 How can I Love, and not despair?
 The Wretch in double Fetters bound,
 Your Potent Mercy may release:
 Soon, if my Love but once were crown'd,
 Fair Prophetess, my Grief would cease.

I Love! I doat! I rave with Pain, No quiet in my Mind, Tho'
 ne'er could be a happier Swain, Were SILVIA less unkind: For
 when (as long her Chain I've worn) I ask releif from smart, She on-ly
 gives me looks of scorn, Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

My Rival's rich in Worldly store,
 May offer heaps of Gold!
 But surely I a Heav'n adore,
 Too precious to be sold.
 Can SILVIA, such a Coxcomb prize,
 For Wealth, and not Desert,
 And my poor Sighs, and tears despise,
 Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

When, like some panting, hov'ring Dove,
 I for my blifs contend;
 And plead the Cause of eager Love,
 She coldly calls me Friend.

Ah SILVIA, thus in vain you strive
 To act a healing part,
 'Twill keep but ling'ring pain alive.
 Alas! and break my Heart.

When, to my lonely, pensive Bed,
 I lay me down to rest
 In hopes to calm my raging head,
 And cool my burning breast.
 Her cruelty all ease denies.
 With some sad dream I start;
 All drown'd in tears I find my Eyes.
 And breaking feel my Heart.

Then rising, thro' the path I rove,
 That leads me where she dwells.
 Where, to the Senseless waves, my Love,
 Its mournful story tells.
 With Sighs, I dew, and kiss the door,
 Till morning bids depart.
 Then vent ten thousand sighs, and more.
 Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

But SILVIA, when this Conquest's won,
 And I am gone, and cold;
 Renounce the cruel deed you've done.
 Nor Glory when 'tis told:
 For ev'ry lovely, Gen'rous Maid,
 Will take my injur'd part.
 And Curse thee, SILVIA, I'm afraid,
 For breaking my poor Heart.

FLUTE.



A Favourite MINUET by Mr. GEMINIANI.

iii

The Words by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Know, Madam I never was born to wear your Sex...es Pride and

Scorn: all, all, all, all your grand Airs, your soft smiles, and false

Tears are but Jears. Kno...w, Madam I never was born to

wear your Sex...es Pride and Scorn. Freedom shall still, attend on my

Will, whilst vengeance shall take my pa...

rt, and Rack your Proud foo...lish Heart.

Know, Madam, I never was born, to wear your Sex...es.

Pride and Scorn.

Fingerings: 6 5 5 6 6, # 7 6 5 6, # 4 #, 6, 6 5 4 #.

F L U T E .

Flute score in G-flat major, 3/8 time. The score includes trills (tr), triplets (3), and slurs.

Old Poets have told us, when they were grown mellow, That Jupiter
 was a fan-ta-si-cal Fellow, He wou'd chatter, and thunder, and wheedle, and
 bellow, Which no body can deny, deny, Which no body can de_ny.

He was charm'd with a Damsel, but cou'd not tell how
 To humour his liquorish Fancy, and so
 He clap'd up his Nymph in the shape of a Cow,
 Which no body, &c.

But here let us make up our Poetry full;
 For the Man must have got no Brains in his Skull,
 who does not conclude that Jove turn'd a Bull,
 Which no body, &c.

His Method of Wooing was loud and sonorous,
 At the time of the Year when the Sun enters Taurus,
 Then Taurus did enter fair to the Porous,
 Which no body, &c.

He gave her two Horns for a Screen to his Love,
 As Juno gave him, as plainly does prove,
 There's a Strumpet below, for a Cuckold above,
 Which no body, &c.

The Lovers by Instinct together were moving,
 When he had a Fancy on Earth to be roving,
 Then she ran a Bulling, or else ran a Joving,
 Which no body, &c.

They may pass for as clever a cornuted Pair,
 As you e'er saw at Smithfield (where the Sight is not rare)
 Or at Brentford, or Rumbold, or any Horn-Fair
 Which no body, &c.

Tho' I take it for granted, that nothing more odd is,
 Instead of a Shepherdes lac'd in her Boddice,
 That a swag-belly'd Cow shou'd go for a Goddes,
 Which no body, &c.

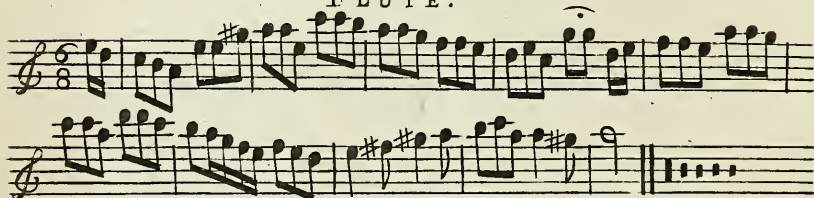
Alexander, who conquer'd full many a Foe,
 Mars, Hercules, Neptune, and more than we know,
 Were Sons of this Jove, tho' not by Juno,
 Which no body, &c.

But as the Prolifical Virtue wore off,
 His amorous Feats made all the World laugh,
 He cou'd get no more Heroes, and so got a Calf,
 Which no body, &c.

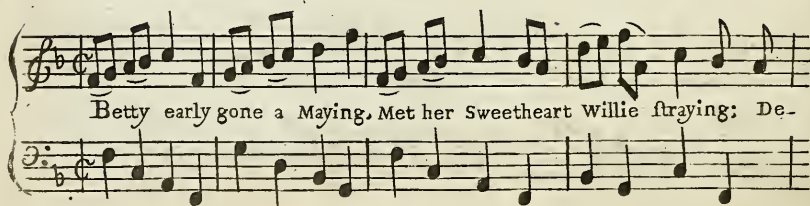
Diogenes grave was the Fruit of this Rub,
 For his Name does pronounce him a Jupiter's Cub,
 He was born in a Cow-house, and liv'd in a Tub,
 Which no body, &c.

Let a Consort of Butchers remember the thing,
 Let Clevers and Marrow-bones merrily ring,
 Such a Jovial Choir Io-Pean's may sing,
 Which no body can deny, deny, which no body can deny.

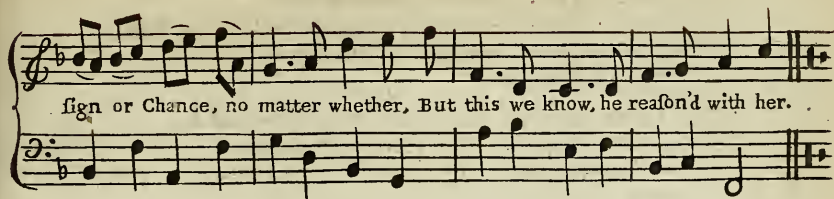
FLUTE.



There's my Thumb. I'll ne'er beguile thee.



Betty early gone a Maying, Met her Sweetheart Willie straying: De-



Mark, dear Maid, the Turtles Cooing,
Fondly Billing, kindly Wooing;
See how ev'ry Bush discovers
Happy Pairs of feather'd Lovers.

Or in Singing, or in Loving,
Ev'ry Moment still improving;
Love and Nature wisely leads 'em:
Love and Nature ne'er misguides 'em.

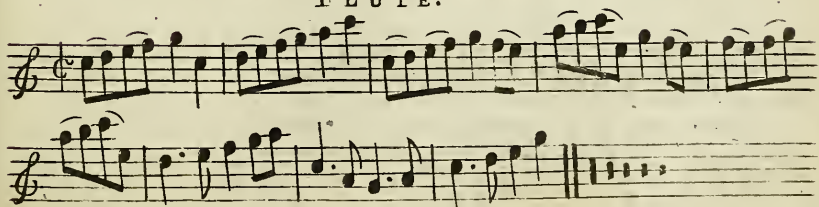
See how the opening blushing Rose,
Does all her secret Charms disclose;
Sweet's the Time, ah! short's the Measure
Of our fleeting, hasty Pleasure.

Quickly we must snatch the Blisses
Of their soft and fragrant Kisses;
To-day they bloom, they fade To-morrow,
Droop their Heads, and die in Sorrow.

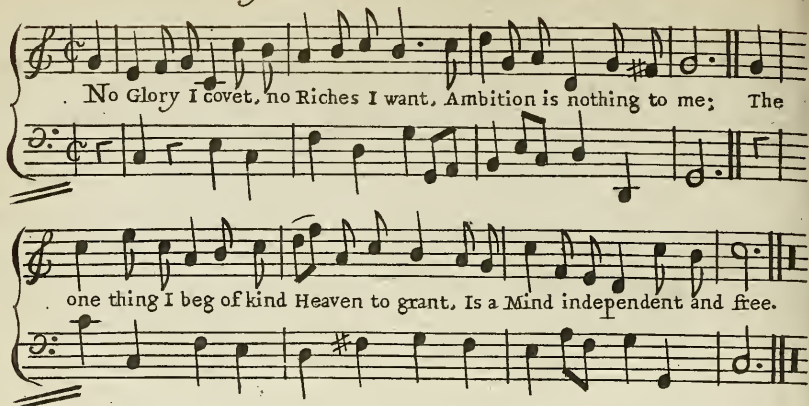
Time, my Bess, will leave no Traces
Of those Beauties, of those Graces;
Youth and Love forbid our staying:
Love and Youth abhor delaying.

Dearest Maid! nay, do not fly me,
Let your Pride no more deny me;
Never doubt your faithful Willie,
There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

FLUTE.



Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.



No Glory I covet, no Riches I want, Ambition is nothing to me; The
one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant, Is a Mind independent and free.

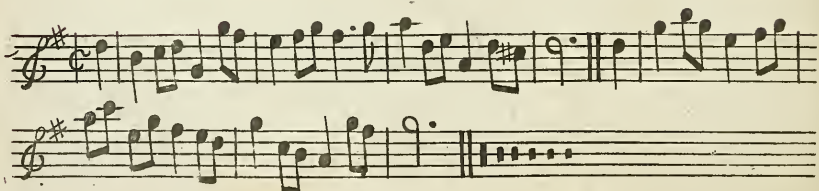
With Passion unruffled, untainted with Pride,
By Reason my Life let me square;
The Wants of my Nature are cheaply supply'd,
And the rest is but Folly and Care.

The Blessings, which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize;
Whilst sweet Meditation and chearful Content
Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the Pleasures, the great Man's Possessions display,
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my Part;
For ev'ry fair Object my Eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my Heart.

How vainly, through infinite Trouble and Strife,
The Many their Labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in Life
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

FLUTE.



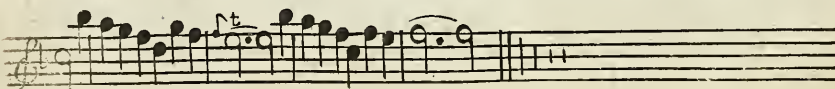
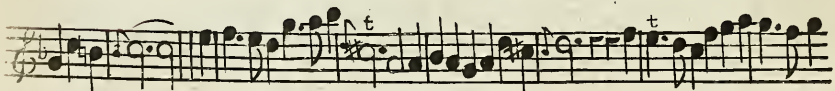
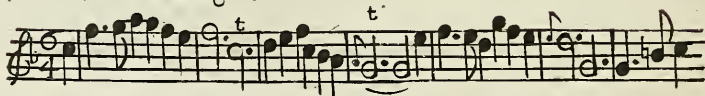
But hold, what has Love to do here,
With his Troops of vain Cares in Array?
Advant idle penfive Intruder,
He triumphs, he will not away.
I'll drown him, come give me a Bumper,
Young Cupid, here's to thy Confusion,
Now, now he's departing, he's vanquish'd
Adieu to his anxious Delusion.
Adieu. &c.

Come Jolly God Bacchus heres to the
Huzza Boys huzza Boys huzza;
Sing Io sing Io to Bacchus,
Hence all ye dull Thinkers away,
Come what should we do but be Jovial,
Come tune up your Voices and sing,
What soul is so dull to be heavy,
When Wine sets our Fancies on Wing.
When Wine . &c .

Come Pegafus lies in this Bottle,
He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,
Each of us a gallant young Perfeus,
Sublime we'll afcend to the fky.
Come mount, or adieu, I arife,
In fea of wide AEther I'm drownd.
The Clouds far beneath me are failing,
I fee the fpheres whirling around.
I fee. &c.

What Darkknefs, what Rattling is this,
Thro' Chao's dark Regions I'm hurl'd,
And now - Oh my Head it is knockt,
Upon some confounded new World.
Now, now these dark shades are retiring,
See yonder bright blazes a star;
Where am I! behold the Empyrceum,
With flaming Light streaming from far.
With flaming. &c.

Flute



A BACCHANALIAN SONG The Words by M^r. CAREY .

Set by Mr. HANDEL.

Let's be merry and banish thinking, with good drinking never stand

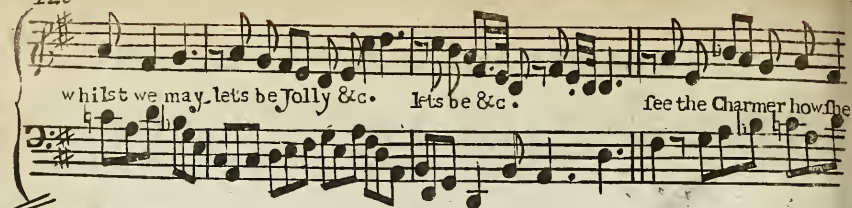
still fill fill, melancholly is but folly, let's be jolly while we may: banish

sorrow till to morrow let the miser hoard his treasure, we'll devote the night to

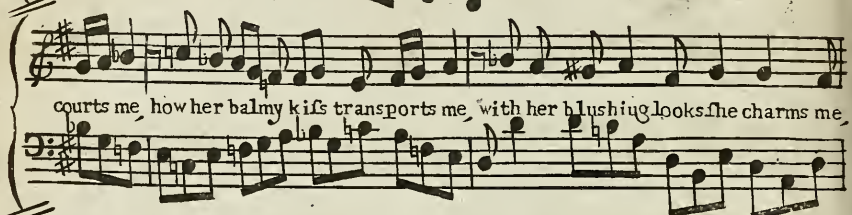
pleasure and with mirth our moments measure, business we postpone to leisure bumpers

moving joys improving will convert the night to day: let's be merry and banish thinking

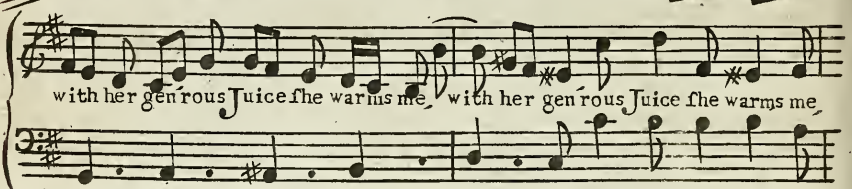
with good drinking never stand still fill fill, melancholly is but folly, let's be jolly



whilst we may, lets be Jolly &c. Lets be &c. see the Charmer how she




courts me, how her balmy kifs transports me, with her blushing looks she charms me,



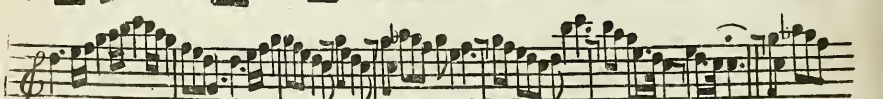
with her generous Juice she warms me, with her generous Juice she warms me,



moistning sweet my Vital Clay. Da Capo

Flute. 






A Favourite AIRE by Mr. HANDEL in ARIADNE.

How is it possible, how can I for-bear? So many Charms all a-

round you wear, Thy ev'ry part hath such power to move,

who fees admires, and who knows you doth Love, and who

knows you doth Love. In vain you do command a-way, Me-

thinks to thee I'd e-ver grow; While you remain, then

must I stay, when you depart, then I must go. D.C.

FLUTE.

Andante

tr

tr

tr

pianissimo

tr

tr

D.C.

A Two Part SONG. Set by Mr. CAREY.

IN these Groves with Content and Tranquility, Free from envy, Care and

IN these Groves with Content and Tranquility, Free from envy, Care and

Strife: Blest with Vigour, with Health and a -gility, We enjoy a Peaceful Life.

Strife: Blest with Vigour, with Health and a -gility, We enjoy a Peaceful Life.

Endless Circles of Pleasure furrounding us,

Ever chearful, ever gay;

No Perplexities ever confounding us.

Life in comfort slides away.

THE FORCE OF FRIENDSHIP. Set by MR. HOWARD.

BENEATH a spreading Willow, CLIMENE weeping fat. A.

Turf was all her Pillow, Her Cheeks with Tears were wet;

With grief her Bosom rising, Express'd her tender Care. Her

Life no longer prizing, She yielded to Despair.

Oh most unhappy Creature,
 All mournfully she said:
 Is there no Pow'r in Nature,
 To help a wretched Maid:
 Must I with silent sorrow,
 My Torments ever bear;
 Will no succeeding Morrow,
 Relieve and sooth my Care.

What horrid scenes affright me,
 Where e'er I turn my Eye;
 EVANDER if you slight me,
 I must too surely die.

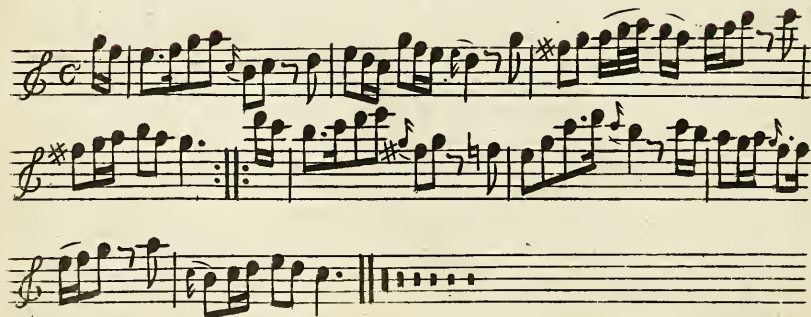
No Tongue can tell the Anguish,
 I for thy sake endure:
 Condemn'd by Love to languish,
 And hopeless of a Cure.

Which STELLA overhearing,
 Straight hasted to her Friend;
 With language most endearing,
 Yet fearing to offend:
 She begg'd her to recover
 Her wonted Peace of Mind.
 With'd all her suffering over,
 And ev'ry Planet kind.

Said she, while you are mourning,
 My former grief I feel;
 And all my Pains returning,
 Seem to afflict me still:
 Not ev'n my Love rewarded,
 Can give me balmy Rest:
 Your Woes are all recorded,
 So deeply in my Breast.

Tho' lovely as the Morning
 My gentle Swain appears;
 And ev'ry Beauty scorning,
 To me alone he Swears:
 Yet while you thus are weeping,
 All Joy before me flies:
 My Heart sad Measures keeping,
 And Tears bedew my Eyes.

FLUTE.



CASTALIO'S COMPLAINT. Set by Mr. BOYCE.

Not too fast.

COME all ye Youths whose hearts e'er bled, By cruel
Beautys Pride; Bring each a Garland on your head, Let none his
Sorrows hide: But hand in hand a-round me move,
Singing the saddest Tales of Love, And see when your complaints ye
join, If all your wrongs, If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest Mortal once was I,

My Heart no sorrow knew;

Pity the pain of which I die,

But ask not whence it grew:

Yet if a tempting fair you find,

That's very lovely, very kind,

Tho' bright as Heav'n whose stamp she bears,

Think on my fate, and shun her snares.

A SONG in BRITANNIA Set by Mr. CAREY.

Affettuoso

Fair BRITANNIA, Pride of Na- ture, I- dol Goddeſs of my

Heart; Soul of Beauty, Heav'n-born Creature, Faſe a tender Lover's linart.

How I doat, adore, and languish, Witneſs all the Gods a- bove.

Nothing can affwage my anguiſh. But a ſmile from her I love.

FLUTE.

Chaste LUCRETIA, when you left me, You of all things

Dear be- rest me, Though I shew'd no dis- con- tent.

Grief is strongest, and the longest, When too great to find a vent.

How much feircer is the anguish,
 When we most in secret languish.
 Silent waters deep are found:
 Noisy greiving,
 And deceiving,
 Empty vessels yeild most sound.

Had I words which could reveal it,
 Yet I wisely would conceal it,
 Hide my Passion, and my Care:
 Lover's merit,
 Doth like Spirit,
 Lose its worth by taking air.

Guardian Angels still defend you,
 And incessant joys attend you,
 Whilst I'm like the Winter's Sun,
 Faintly shining,
 And declining,
 'Till Thou charming Spring return.

For the GERMAN FLUTE.

ON MR. DUCK'S PREFERMENT.

OLD HOMER, tho' a Bard Divine, (If not by Fame bely'd)
Stroll'd about GREECE, old Bal-lads Sung; A Beg-gar liv'd and dy'd.

Fam'd MILTON too, our British Bard,
Who as Divinely wrote,
Sung like an Angel, but in vain;
And dy'd not worth a Groat.

Thrice happy DUCK! a milder fate,
Thy Genius does attend;
Well hast thou Thresh'd thy Barns and Brains,
To make a QUEEN thy Friend.

O! may she still new favours grant,
And make the Laurel Thine!
Then shall we see next New-Years-Ode,
By far the last Outshine.

FLUTE.

Charming NEÆRA.

Set by Mr. HOLCOMBE.

How can they taste of joys or grief, Who Beauty's pow-er did

ne ver prove? Love's all our torment, our relief, Our fate de-

pends a-alone on love, love. Our fate depends a-alone on

love.

Were I in heavy chains confin'd,

NEÆRA's smiles wou'd ease that state;

Nor wealth, nor pow'r, cou'd bless my mind.

Curs'd by her absence, or her hate.

Of all the plants which shade the field,

The fragrant myrtle does surpass;

No flow'r so gay, that does not yield

To blooming roses gaudy dress.

No star so bright, that can be seen,

When PHŒBUS' glories gild the skies;

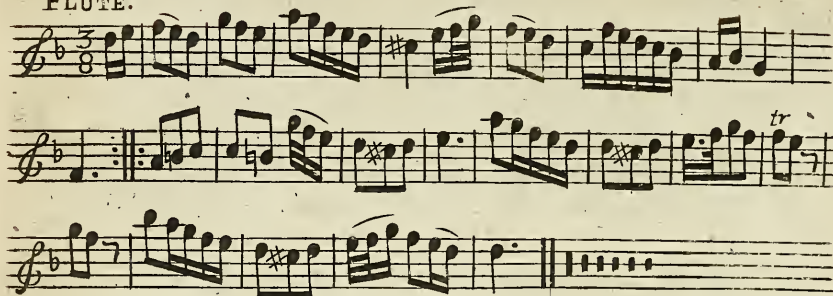
No nymph so proud adorns the green,

But yields to fair NEÆRA's eyes.

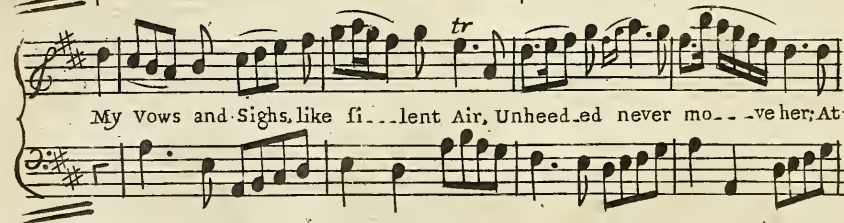
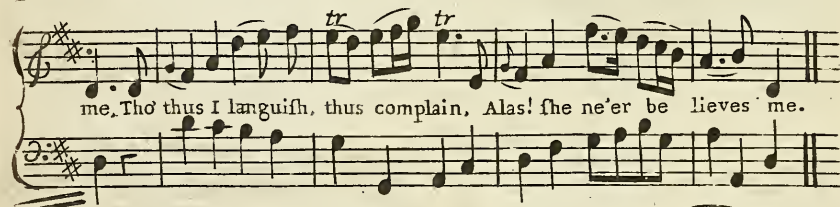
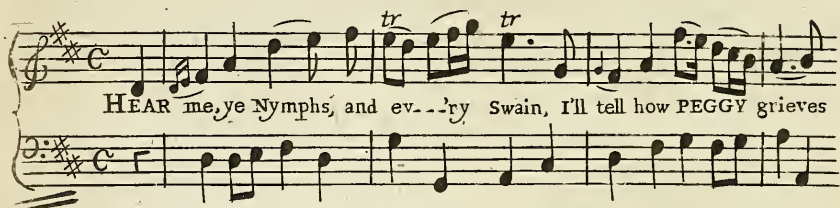
The am'rous fwains no off'ings bring
 To CUPID's altar, as before;
 To her they play, to her they sing,
 And own in love no other pow'r.

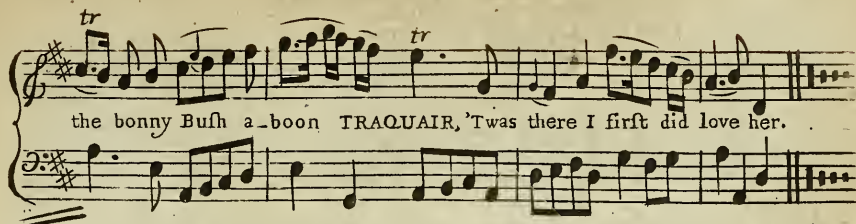
If thou thy empire wilt regain,
 On thy conqueror try thy dart:
 Touch, with pity for my pain,
 NEÆRA's cold disdainful heart.

FLUTE.



The Bush aboon TRAQUAIR.





That Day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No Maid seem'd ever kinder;
 I thought my self the luckiest Lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous Flame,
 In Words that I thought tender;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the Plain,
 The Fields we then frequented;
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny Bush bloom'd fair in May,
 Its Sweets I'll ay remember;
 But now her Frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural Powers, who hear my Strains,
 Why thus should PEGGY grieve me?
 Oh! make her Partner in my Pains,
 Then let her Smiles relieve me.
 If not, my Love will turn Despair,
 My Passion no more tender,
 I'll leave the Bush aboon TRAQUAIR,
 To lonely Wilds I'll wander.



A SONG to a new DANCE.

The Words by Mr. LAMB.

WHY can't You and I be free. Tell me, tell me charming Creature,

Now we've opportunity. Let's employ the gifts of nature,

Youth, when spent, returns no more, Age will come, and strength de-

cay. Then we must these joys give o'er. Time admits of no delay.

Tell me, then, my charming Fair, Why shou'd you and I be Coy. Banish

foolish thought and Care. Let us while we can — Enjoy.

Allegro

Unison

The Youngling ravish'd from its Nest, expos'd to danger

stands, But joy soon warms its panting Breast, when fal'n in gentle Hands, when .

fal'n in gentle hands. The Youngling ravish'd from its Nest, ex-
 pos'd to danger stands, But joy soon warms its panting Breast, when
 fal'n in gentle hands, when fal'n in gentle hands, but joy soon
 warms its panting Breast, when fal'n

in gentle hands, when fal'n in gentle hands.

Little, alas! did

I believe my Life wou'd be restor'd, by that dread Pow'r, which most con-

ceive, is not to be implor'd, is not to be implor'd, by that dread Pow'r which.

most conceive, is not to be implor'd, is not to be implor'd. D. C.

Flute.

Allegro

Da Capo

Affettuoso

Let longing Lovers fit and pine, And the for-fa-ken.

Willow wear, Love shall not blast, Love shall not blast this

Heart, this Heart of mine, Love shall not blast, Love shall not

blast this Heart, this Heart of mine: With ling'ring hope, or kil-ling

fear. I'll never Love, till I enjoy, Or lose my

time, or lose my time on her that's Coy. Da Capo

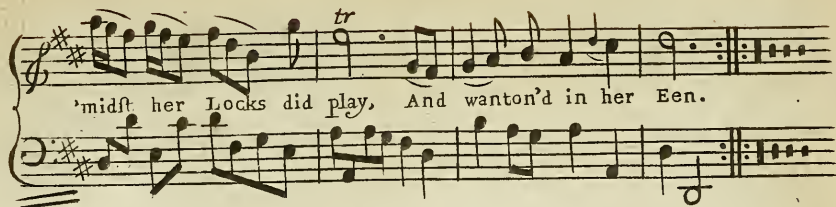
FLUTE.

Affettuoso

Four staves of musical notation for a flute part. The first staff is in 6/8 time and includes a trill (tr) over a sharp note. The second staff continues the melody with more trills. The third staff features a trill over a flat note. The fourth staff concludes with a trill and a double bar line, followed by the instruction "Da Capo".

The Lass of PEATY'S Mill.

Three systems of musical notation for a song. Each system consists of a vocal melody line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). Trills (tr) are marked above several notes in the vocal line. The lyrics are: "The Lass of PEATY'S Mill, So bon-n-y, blyth and gay, In spight of all my skill, Hath stole my Heart a-way. When treading of the Hay, Bare-head-ed on the Green, Love".



Her Arms, white, round and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their Dawn,
 To Age it would give youth,
 To press 'em with his Hand.
 Thro' all my Spirits ran
 An Extasy of Bliss,
 When I such Sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy Kifs.

Without the help of Art,
 Like Flowers which grace the Wild,
 She did her Sweets impart,
 When e'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her Looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected Pride,
 She me to Love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my Bride

O had I all that Wealth
 HOPTOUN's high Mountains fill,
 Insur'd long Life and Health,
 And Pleasures at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfill,
 That none but bonny she,
 The Lass of PEATY'S Mill,
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.

FLUTE.



The COQUET.

CHLOE, a Coquet in her Prime, Is the vain est, ficklest

thing a live, live: Be hold, the sad ef fects of Time,

Marrys, marrys and doats at Forty five: Like a Weather-Cock, that

for a while, worn out with ev'ry blast, Grows old, and destitute of

Oil. Rufts to a Point, rufts to a Point, and's fix'd at last.

Maidens, then take care in your Youth,
 To beware how you mispend your Time;
 Lest you repent, and (in good truth)
 Backwards, backwards ne'er fall, whilst in your Prime:
 Then, for Weather-Cocks you'll never pass.
 Nor, like CHLOE, be such Fools,
 When old, to put your selves to Grass,
 And like to her, and like to her, transgress good Rules.

The FEMALE PHAETON. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

Thus KITTY, beautiful and young, And wild as Colt untam'd, Be-

spoke the Fair from whom she sprung, With little Rage in-flam'd. flam'd. In-

flam'd with Rage at sad Restraint In-flam'd, with Rage at sad Restraint,

which wise Mamma ordain'd, And forely vex'd to play the Saint,

Whilst Wit and Beauty reign'd, and Beauty reign'd. reign'd.

Shall I thumb holy Books, confin'd
 With ABIGAILS forsaken?
 KITTY'S for other things design'd,
 Or I am much mistaken.
 Must Lady JENNY frisk about,
 And Visit with her Cousins?
 At Balls must she make all the Rout,
 And bring home Hearts by Dozens?

I'll soon with JENNY'S Pride quit score,
Make all her Lovers fall;
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
She, I was loos'd at all.
Fondness prevail'd; Mamma gave way;
KITTY, at Heart's Desire,
Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
And set the World on Fire.

A LIFE without Trouble, a Series of Joy, Would never content us, no,
 never content us, but certainly cloy. Thus the much wi...ser Fates, a
 mixture of Care, To relish our Pleasures, to relish our Pleasures, ordain'd us to
 bear. When the best part of Life does to Troubles incline, They've giv'n us a

Handwritten musical score for "The Bummers". The score is written on three systems of staves, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

System 1:

tr
Med'cine, giv'n us a Med'cine in a Bumper of Wine. Prithee Drink; try the

System 2:

means the Fates do bestow, Thy Cares will all va-nish, thy Cares will all

System 3:

va-nish, and Wit and Mirth flow, and Wit and Mirth flow.

The score includes various musical notations such as trills (tr), slurs, and dynamic markings like *tr* and *va-nish*. The bass line features many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, often beamed together. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final chord in the bass staff.

FLUTE.

A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on five staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written on a five-line staff. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff continues the melody. The fifth staff continues the melody and ends with a double bar line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and trills (tr).

AIRE by ATTILIO
The PASSIONATE LOVER.

So much I love thee, Oh! my Treasure, That my flame no
Bounds does know, Oh look up - on your Swain with pleasure,
for his Pain some pity shew. Da Capo.

Oh my Charmer, tho' I leave you,
Yet my Heart with you remains;
Let not then my absence grieve you,
Since with Pride I wear your Chain.

F L U T E .

Da Capo

A HUNTING SONG by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

THE sweet Rosie Morn peeps o-ver the Hills, With blufhes a-

dorning the Meadows and Fields. The merry, merry, merry Horns calls come,

come, come away. Awake from your slumber and hail the new Day. The

The STAG rouz'd before us,
 Away seems to fly,
 And pants to the Chorus,
 Of Hounds in full Cry.

CHO. Then follow, follow, follow, follow
 The Musical Chace,
 While pleasure and vigorous
 Health you embrace.

The Days sport, when over,
 Makes blood circle right,
 And gives the brisk Lover
 Fresh Charms for the Night.

CHO. Then let us, let us now enjoy,
 All we can, while we may,
 Let Love Crown the Night,
 As our sports Crown the Day.

FLUTE.

The end of the 2^d Volume.



