



Glen. 171.^a.


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THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

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The * Glen 171⁰

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.

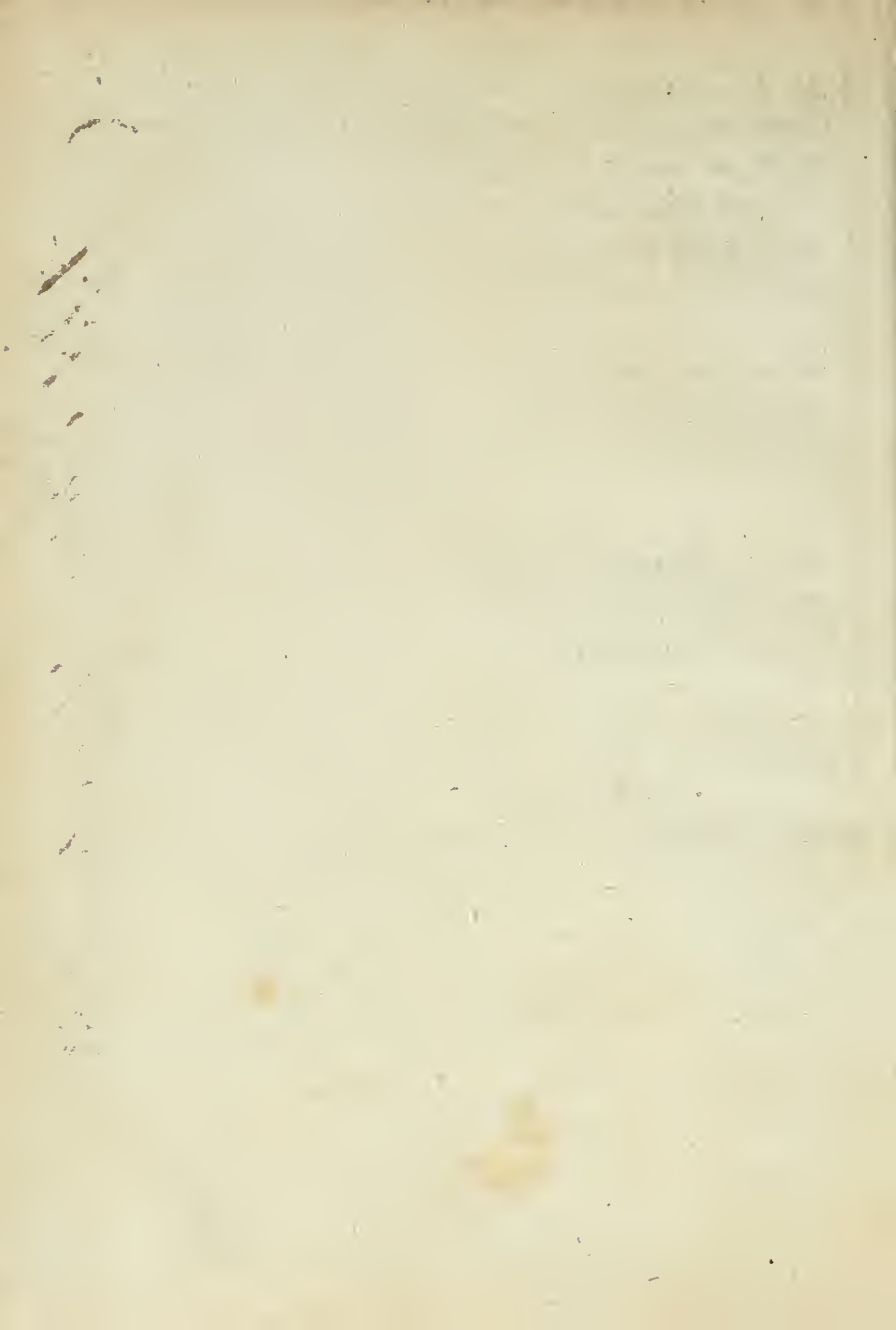
VOL. III.

Engraven in a fair Character, and
Carefully Corrected.

London. Printed for & Sold by I. Walsh, Musick Printer,
& Instrument maker to his Majesty, at the Harp & Hoboy,
in Catherine Street, in the Strand. N^o 542.
Where may be had just Publish'd, Apollo's Feast, contain-
ing 400 celebrated Songs for Voices and Instruments;
Collected from all M.^r Handel's Operas, in 4 Vol.

A. H. Robertson
Dunelm Dec 1853





A TABLE of the SONGS

A

Ah Syren charmer	29
<i>Apollo</i> . once finding fair <i>Daphne</i> alone	34
As <i>Sappho</i> crofs'd the dangrous Sea	61
As <i>Venus</i> lately left the Skies	79
As early I walk'd	113
Alas! it is by fate design'd	138

B

Beauteous Nymph	1
Behold the Skilfull Artist	136
Bles'd as th'immortal Gods	143

C

Crowds of Coxcombs	9
<i>Cloe</i> proves false	45
Come lassie lend me thy	76
<i>Cupid</i> . God of gay desires	77
Come all you Lads and Lasses	82
<i>Cloe</i> you're witty	112
Come to my arms	133

D

Dear <i>Cloe</i> while thus beyond measure	14
Divineft fair	33
Dear pretty Maid	119

E

Ev'ry man his Scepter take	99
------------------------------------	----

F

Farewell to <i>Lochaber</i>	18
From the age of fifteen	23
Farewell <i>Amelia</i>	37
Fly false man	118

Fill the Bowl 124

G

Go *Cupid* 30

God of *Mufick* 74

H

Hamstead delight of ev'ry sense 58

Harken and I will tell you how 126

How can I well describe 129

Hark! away 'tis the merry ton'd Horn 145

I

I'll court the fair Idol 21

Jockey and *Jenny* to Kirk went together 41

I dreamt I saw a pitious fight 46

In that dear hope 84

If bounteous nature 93

In antient times 130

K

Know *Madam* I never was born 111

L

Love's Goddess in a myrtle Grove 2

Lovely *Belinda* 54

Long from the assaults 65

Lovely ruler of my heart 94

Love is a pretty thing 117

Lamenting complaining 106

M

Myra no more beguile 5

Men born on earth 12

My maid *Mary* 43

Men are all Traytors 97

TABLE of the SONGS

My cares my dangers 125

N

No more my dear *Silvia* 6

Nassau prepares 8

Noble Stranger 53

Now as I live 69

No more shall meads 101

O

O sleepy body 36

O how you protest 50

O *Bell* thy looks 51

Observe yon tunefull 57

O cruel tyrant Love 91

O Jealousy thou raging pain 137

R

Return kind sleep 70

S

Sweet *Eltham* 13

See O see thou tender Creature 85

Should auld acquaintance be forgot 102

T

Tell me *Cloe* 4

Ten years like *Troy* 16

The night was still 60

'Tis not your Beauty 63

'Tis my glory 72

To fight in your Cups 86

Two Gods of great honour 89

Talk not so much to me 104

Thou rising Sun 108

TABLE of the SONGS

The Sun was sunk' beneath the Hill	110
Tho' Fate decrees that we must part	123

W

When absent from the Nymph I love	10
When charming <i>Cloe</i>	17
When first <i>Belinda</i>	20
When <i>Cloe</i> was by <i>Damon</i>	27
Why does my heart	42
What e'er I do, where e'er I go	47
Who to win a woman's favour	49
Where ever <i>Damon</i>	62
With broken words	66
Wanton gales that fondly play	68
When young <i>Melanda</i>	73
Within a solitary Grove	88
When morn appears	109
When severest fate	105
Why <i>Cloe</i> will you	140
Would you live	142
When mighty roast Beef	121

Y

Ye gentle gales	24
Ye Nymphs of <i>Bath</i>	25
Young <i>Strephon</i> , who thro ev'ry Grove	28
Ye Gods! was <i>Strephon's</i> Picture blest	81
Young <i>Thirsis</i>	98
Ye Powers that o'er mankind preſide	115
You little pleaſing	141

A Favourite AIRE by Mr. HANDEL in PASTOR FIDO.

BEAUTEOUS Nymph,

far hence be gone, and take those fatal Charms away; Too much

harm, e'en now they've done, and I am lost if you should

stay. That

tempting Eye, bewitching Air, my too unwary heart en-

snare. Oh! if you love me, then forbear; Oh! then forbear.

FLUTE.

BONNY JEAN.

LOVE's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove, Said, CUPID, bend thy Bow with speed, Nor

let the Shaft at random rove, For JEANY's haughty Heart must bleed.

The smiling Boy, with divine Art, From PAPHOS shot an Arrow keen, Which

flew, unerring, to the Heart. And kill'd the Pride of bonny JEAN.

No more the Nymph, with haughty Air,
 Refuses WILLY's kind Address;
 Her yielding Blushes shew no Care,
 But too much Fondness to suppress.
 No more the Youth is fullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the Green,
 Whilst every Day he spies some new
 Surprising Charms in bonny JEAN.

A thousand Transports croud his Breast,
 He moves as light as fleeting Wind,
 His former Sorrows seem a Jest,
 Now when his JEANY is turn'd kind:
 Riches he looks on with disdain,
 The glorious Fields of War look mean;
 The chearful Hound and Horn give Pain,
 If absent from his bonny JEAN.

The Day he spends in am'rous Gaze,
 Which ev'n in Summer shortned seems;
 When sunk in Downs, with glad Amaze,
 He wonders at her in his Dreams.
 All Charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
 Than TROY's Prize, the SPARTAN Queen,
 With breaking Day, he lifts his Sight,
 And pants to be with bonny JEAN.

F L U T E .



The EXPOSTULATION.

TELL me, CHLOE, why you fly me, Nature meant thee

ever kind: Form'd thee Fair as Love's own Mother,

Prithee, like her, form thy Mind.

Taste those joys, all joys surpassing,
 Which are found in Lover's Arms;
 Cease to scorn him who adores you,
 And surrender all your Charms.

Left the Boy, urg'd by his Mother,
 In great rage revenge my pain.
 And CHLOE made to love another,
 Who returns her cold disdain.

FLUTE.

Adagio e Piano.

Andante.

MYRA, MYRA, MYRA no more beguile, under that treach'rous smile,

Too long your scorn I've prov'd, your scorn I've prov'd, too long your scorn, your

scorn I've prov'd. MYRA no more beguile, under that treach'rous smile,

too long your scorn I've prov'd, under that treach'rous smile, too long, too long y

scorn I've prov'd. Sym.

Love with thy pow'ful sway, in some uncommon way, revenge that killing Pride,

Love, let her thy rage a-bide, and die like me unlov'd, Love with thy
 pow'ful sway, in some uncommon way, revenge her killing Pride,
 let her thy rage a-bide, and die like me unlov'd. Da Capo.

A LOVER'S EXCUSE for his INCONSTANCY.

NO more my dear SILVIA, tell me I rove, I'm constant you know to
 Great God of Love; To Love I am sworn, to Love I am true, and follow his

dictates as Lovers shou'd do, But if CUPID turns Rover, I must do so too, if

CUPID turns Rover, I must do so too. I must do so too, I must do so.

too, IF CUPID turns Rover, I must do so too.

From Beauty, to Beauty, the wanderer flies,
 And still with new Charms his Quiver supplies;
 When from a new Beauty, he takes a fresh Dart,
 The Eyes that supply him, soon pierce to my Heart.
 But if CUPID, &c.

From CHLOE, BELINDA, and AMORET's Charms,
 To PHILLIS, and DELIA, and CLORIS's Arms,
 I follow'd the God till he led me to you,
 And as he leads on, thus I still must pursue.
 But if CUPID, &c.

FLUTE.

A Song on the Prince & Princess of Orange.

NASSAU prepares for Martial Toils, Another Labour waits the Fair,

Oh! in their first Campaign ye Pow'rs, Assist the unexperienc'd Fair: Protect, while

Deaths around him fly, Her pangs with swift compassion view,

That he old Heroes may out vie, And she present a race of new.

FLUTE.

The Words and Musick by Mr. CAREY.

Crowds of

Coxcombs thus deluding Ogling Chattering Gringing

Flattering By Coquetting and by Pruding all are Victims

to my Art. While at will the fools I'm leading they be-

lieving I de-ceiving With fond hopes themselves they're feeding

ARLEQUIN has all my Heart - - - ARLEQUIN has all my Heart.

FLUTE.

A SONG Set by Mr. SMITH.

WHEN absent from the Nymph I love, I'd fain shake
off the Chains I wear; But whilst I strive these to re-
move, More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.

My Captiv'd fancy Day and Night,
Fairer, and fairer represents,
BELLINDA form'd for dear delight,
But cruel cause of my complaints.

All day I wander thro' the Groves,
 And sighing hear from ev'ry tree,
 The happy Birds chirping their loves,
 Happy, compar'd with lonely me.

When gentle sleep, with balmy wings,
 To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
 A thousand fears my fancy brings,
 That keep me watching all the night.

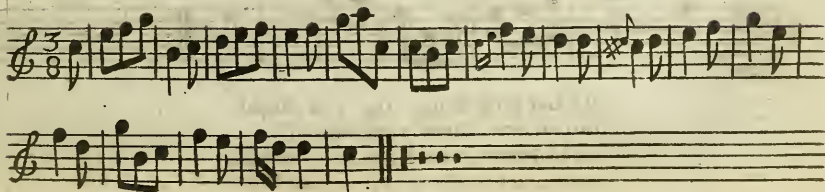
Sleep flies, while like the Goddess fair,
 And all the Graces in her train,
 With melting smiles, and killing air,
 Appears the cause of all my pain.

Awhile my mind delighted flies,
 O'er all her Sweets with thrilling joy,
 Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,
 That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
 I'm all o'er transport and desire;
 My pulse beats high, my cheeks appear
 All roses, and mine eyes all fire.

When to my self I turn my view,
 My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan:
 Thus whilst my fears my pains renew,
 I scarcely look or move a Man.

F L U T E .



Set by Mr. LAMPE.

MEN born on Earth like o-ther Brutes With scorn their creeping kind de-

ride But tho' they boast superior parts The odds is on-ly in their Pride. If

JOVE who temper'd first the Mass Inclines to mould it o'er again . The

Man degen'rates in- to Ass The Ass is polish'd in- to Man.

FLUTE.

Sweet ELTHAM let the Dryads of thy Groves, Forgive my

malice and restore my Joy: Impatient o'er thy lawns my

En...vy roves, Till rais'd Repentment wou'd thy Charms destroy.

Why dost thou still divide my Soul and Me,
Soft as the breath of Spring, that fans thy Bow'rs,
Tell her, the Kings, who once were Lords of Thee,
With far more mercy, held Inferior Pow'rs.

Tell her, that Summer's past and Autumn fades;
And weak'ning Suns, unwilling lustre shed:
Tell her, Her Absence saddens life with shades;
And leaves all Sense, but that of Anguish - Dead.

FLUTE.

ADVICE to CHLOE. A SONG.

Dear CHLOE, while thus, beyond Measure, You treat me with.

Doubts and Disdain, You rob all your Youth of its Pleasure, And

hoard up an old Age of Pain: Your Maxim, that Love is still founded

On Charms that will quickly de_cay; You'll find to be very ill

grou_nded, When once you its Dictates o--bey.

The Love that from Beauty is drawn,
 By kindness you ought to improve;
 Soft looks and gay Smiles are the Dawn,
 Fruition's the Sun-shine of Love:

And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes
 Shou'd be clouded, that now are so gay,
 And Darkneſs poſſeſs all the Skies.
 We ne'er can forget it was Day.

Old DARBY with JOAN by his Side,
 You've often regarded with Wonder
 He's Dropſical, She is fore-ey'd,
 Yet they're ever uneaſy aſunder;
 Together they totter about,
 Or ſit in the Sun at the Door,
 And at Night, when old DARBY's Pot's out,
 His JOAN will not ſmoke a Whiff more.

No Beauty nor Wit they poſſeſs,
 Their ſeveral Failings to ſmother;
 Then, what are the Charms, can you gueſs,
 That make them ſo fond of each other?
 'Tis the pleaſing Remembrance of Youth,
 The Endearments which Youth did beſtow;
 The Thoughts of paſt Pleaſure and Truth,
 The beſt of our Bleſſings below.

Thoſe Traces for ever will laſt,
 No Sickneſs, or Time can remove;
 For when Youth and Beauty are paſt,
 And Age brings the Winter of Love:
 A Friendſhip inſenſibly grows,
 By Reviews of ſuch Raptures as theſe,
 The Current of Fondneſs ſtill flows,
 Which decrepit old Age cannot freeze.

FLUTE.

A SONG Set by Mr. MARTIN SMITH.

TEN Years, like TROY, my stubborn Heart, Withstood th'af-

fault of fond Desire; But now a-las! I feel the smart, Poor

I. Like TROY, am fet on fire.

With Care we may a Pile secure,
 And from all common sparks defend;
 But oh! who can a House secure,
 When the Cœlestial flames descend.

Thus was I safe, 'till from your Eyes,
 Destructive fires are brightly given:
 Ah! who can shun the warm surprise,
 When lo! the Light'ning comes from Heav'n.

FLUTE.

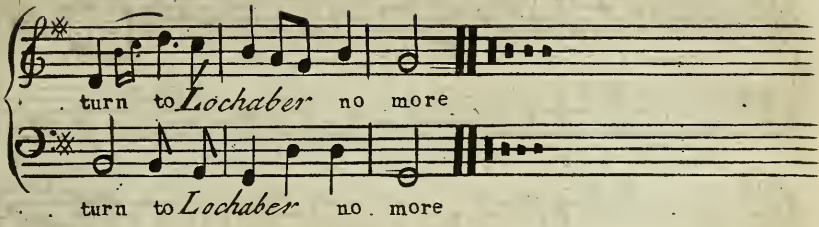
When charming Cloe gently Walk's or sweet-ly
 smiles or Gayly talks No Goddps can with her com-
 pare fo sweet's her look fo soft Her Air

In whom so many Charms are plac'd
 In with a mnd as Nobly Grac'd :||:
 With sparkling Wit with solid fence
 And soft Perfwasive Eloquence

In frameing her Divinely Fair
 Natures Employ'd her utmost care :||:
 That we in Cloe's form shou'd find
 A *Venus* with Minervas Mind

LOCHABER for 2 Voices

Farewell to *Lochaber* and farewell my *Iean* where heartsome with
 Farewell to *Lochaber* and farewell my *Iean* where heartsome with
 thee I have mogy Day been for *Lochaber* no more. *Lochaber* no
 thee I have mogy Day been for *Lochaber* no more no
 more we'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more These
 more we'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more These
 Tears that I shed they are a for my Dear and no for the
 Tears that I shed they are a for my Dear and no for the
 dangers attending on Weir Tho' bore on rough
 dangers attending on Weir Tho' bore on rough
 Seas to a far Bloody Shore may be to re...
 Seas to a far Bloody Shore may be to re...



Tho Hurricanes rife and rife ev'ry Wind
 They'll ne'er make a Tempest like that in my Mind
 Tho' loudest of Thunder on louder Waves roar
 That's nathing like leaveing my love on the shore
 To leave thee be hind me my Heart is fair pain'd
 By Ease thats inglorious no fame can be gain'd
 And Beauty and Love's the Reward of the Brave
 And I must deserve it before I can crave

Then Glory my *Jeany* maun plead my Excuse
 Since Honour commands me how can I refuse.
 Without it I ne'er can have Merit for thee
 And without thy Favour I'd better not be
 I gaethen my Lafs to win Honour and fame
 And if that I should luck to come Gloriously hame
 I'll bring a Heart to thee with Love running o'er
 And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more

A Civil Truth The Words by M^r MANLY

When first *Belinda* I survey'd your easy form and

Mien to my pleas'd view at once ap - pear'd A - - -

- nother Cyprian Queen

With Unaffected Air and Grace
 You shine the Queen of Love
 Compleat your Shape with Angels face
 A Mistress fit for Iove

Great Iove a God by all Confest
 Oe'er power'd by Danaes Charms
 A Tempting shower dropt on her Breast
 And Melted in her Arms

He swell'd his Pleasures thus Inspir'd
 Undoubtedly to Prove
 That Gods themselves with Passions fir'd
 Are Epicures in Love

If thus the God could change his shape In
 In Masquerade to Kifs
 Let us his Godship Imitate
 And take a leading blifs

A SONG Compos'd by MR LAMPE

I'll

Court the fair Idols no more to Comply if long on my knees I must.

plead nor from their refusals Conclude I must Die conclude I must

Die but think I shall sooner succeed succeed but think I shall sooner suc-

-ceed I'll Let th'insipid Lover his passion discover by his

fight and his Languishing Eyes to my Charmer I'll

go where a Whisper a Whisper or fo makes way to the

Fountain where pleasures Arife makes way to the fountain where

pleasures where pleaf

fures where pleasures Arife makes

way to the fountain the fountain where pleasure arife where

pleasures where pleasures arife.

Sung by MR CLIVE in TIMON in LOVE by MR LAMPE

: From the Age of fifteen we Women 'tis true have Husbands or

Lovers or both in our View If we dress and look Gay at the

Court or the Play 'tis as much as to say We went but for

Asking to give all a way

Ye Gentle Gales A SONG

Ye Gentle Gales that fan the Air and Wanton in the
 Flow'ry Grove Oh whisper to my Absent fair my secret
 pain my endle's love

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is common time (C). The first system includes lyrics: "Ye Gentle Gales that fan the Air and Wanton in the". The second system includes lyrics: "Flow'ry Grove Oh whisper to my Absent fair my secret". The third system includes lyrics: "pain my endle's love". There are various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and fingering numbers (1, 2) throughout the score.

And at the breezy clofe of Day
 When ſhe does ſeek foom cool retreat
 Throw Spicy odours in her way
 And ſctter Roſes at her feet

That when ſhe ſees their colour fade
 And all their pride neglected lye
 Let inſtruct the lovely maid
 That ſweets not gather'd timely Dye

An when ſhe lays her down to reſt
 Let ſome Ambitious Viſions ſhow
 Who'tis that loves *Camilla* beſt
 And what for her I undergo

The final musical score consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature has changed to two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is common time (C). The music features a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are slurs and accents throughout the piece.

YE Nymphs of BATH, prepare the Lay, Why, why are you so
 slow to Pay? A-ME-LIA claims the Song: But if you fear, to
 wrong your Cause, Go bor_ row from the Croud ap-
 plause, And rob the Publick Tongue.

Sweet as her softly-flowing Name,
 Sweet is AMELIA's rising Fame;
 And as her Virtue, Great:
 Attend, ye Nymphs, the fav'rite found,
 And what from Shore to Shore goes round,
 Let AVON's Banks repeat.

See, see, and sure you can no less,
 See how the thronging People press!
 Who, dwelling on her Face,
 Cry, is she then of BRUNSWICK's Line?
 Are, all like Her, are all Divine?
 And bless the Royal Race.

Encircled by our British Fair,
 The Boast of Nature and her Care!
 AMELIA charms alone;
 And will it not your Ear amaze,
 To hear ev'n vanquish'd Beauty praise,
 And Pride to be out-shone?

But chief, our Youthful Heroes trace,
 While humbly on that Form they gaze,
 And tell us their surprize:
 Yet how, ye Nymphs, can that be said?
 No, no; let's be content to read
 Their wonder in their Eyes.

FLUTE.

The DIFFIDENT LOVER.

WHEN CLOE was by DA-MON seen, What Heart cou'd be un-

mov'd? She look'd so like the Cyprian Queen, He gaz'd, ad-mir'd, &

lov'd: He lov'd, alas! but lov'd in vain, And full of grief and

Care. He knew he never cou'd obtain The lovely, charming

fair, the love-ly, charming fair.

CLOE deserv'd a better Swain;
 He, not so fair a Bride:
 Yet still he hugg'd the fatal Chain,
 He lov'd, despair'd, and dy'd;
 Take pity, then, thou charming Maid,
 For CLOE's case is thine;
 I dare not ask, so much I dread —
 Must DAMON's fate be mine?

FLUTE.

HYMEN in CHAINS.

YOUNG STREPHON, who, through ev'ry Grove, Had chas'd the
 fleeting God of Love; Met HYMEN, once, who crofs'd his
 Joy. And chain'd the am'rous cap-tive Boy.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system contains the first line of lyrics. The second system contains the second line of lyrics and includes a trill (tr) above a note. The third system contains the third line of lyrics and includes a triplet (3) above a group of notes. The score ends with a double bar line and a final cadence.

Happy the Swains, who only stray
 Where Love and Pleasure lead the way;
 Where HYMEN's Arts can never move.
 And Love receives no tie but Love.

FLUTE.

The flute score consists of three systems of a single staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system contains the first line of the melody. The second system contains the second line of the melody and includes a double bar line. The third system contains the third line of the melody and includes a triplet (3) above a group of notes. The score ends with a double bar line and a final cadence.

AH! SYREN charmer, turn a-gain, You hide your face, from.

me, in vain, Already, I've receiv'd my fate, And now, to save me,

'tis too late, And now, to save me, 'tis too late.

The love, that darted from your eyes,
 My heart has taken, by surprize:
 And, tho' you turn, and fly away,
 He'll revel here, both night and day.

Alas! nor stratagem, nor force,
 Can, from my breast, his pow'r divorce.
 No claim of yours, on him, can be
 So strong, as that he owns from me.

What is his shadow, in your sight,
 But like the scatter'd beams of light?
 His substance, in my bosom, dwells,
 Like fire, that scatter'd light excells.

FLUTE.

A Favourite AIRE by Mr. HANDEL.

Sym.

6 6 66 66 43 6 6 6

tr 3 tr

GO, CU-PID flatt'ring Chit,

go tell my once lov'd fool I'm turn'd a Rover, CUPID, go CU-PID

flatt'ring Chit, more tell her (and 'tis fit) she'll be the ri-dicule of

6 6 6

Sy.

ev'ry Lo-ver CU-PID,

6 6 6 6

Sy.

tell her, more tell her she'll be the ri-di-cule of ev'ry Lo-

Sy. Sy.

ver, CU-PID tell her, more tell her she'll be the ri-di-

Sy.

cule of ev'ry Lover.

Beauty, without discretion, when once it

palls the Passion, the Joke is o

---ver, Beauty without discretion, when once it

palls the Passion, the Joke is o --- ver. Da Capo.

FLUTE.

Sy.

So.

Sv.

So. Sy. So.

Sy. So. Sy. So.

Sy.

So.

f

Da Capo

DIVINEST Fair, Oh ease my Care, And charm, and

charm the fondest Swain; No longer fly, no more de-

ny, Give Love, give Love for Love a-gain, No lon-

ger fly no more de-ny give Love give Love, for

Love again.

Love's Conquering Dart,
Has pierc'd my Heart,
With all thy wondrous Charms;
Nor can I rest,
Untill possess'd,
Enfolded in thy Arms.

The ANSWER by Mr. MANLY.

Too easily
Believing, we
Are caught with fond Address,
Nor can we fly,
Altho' we try,
To shun all your fines.

Thus, Reason weak,
By Passions pow'r,
Incautiously we run,
Into the Net,
That's for us set,
Tho' sure to be undone.

APOLLO, once finding fair DAPHNE alone, Discover'd his flame

in a Passionate Tone: He told her, and bound it with many a Curse, He

meant for to take her for Better for Worse: Then he talk'd of the

Smart, and the hole in his Heart, So large one might drive thro' the

passage a Cart. But the silly coy Maid, to the God's great amazement,

Sprung away from his Arms, and leapt thro' the Casement.

He following, cry'd out, my Life, and my Dear,
Return to your Lover, and lay by your fear:
You think me, perhaps, some Scoundrel or Whorefon;
Alas! I've no wicked Design on your Person.

I'm a God by my Trade.

Young, plump, and well made;
Then let me careſs thee, and be not afraid.
But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the Wind,
While the poor purſy God came panting behind.

I'm the chief of Phyſicians, and none of the College.
Muſt be mention'd with me for Experience and Knowledge.
Each Herb, Flower, and Plant by its name I can call,
And do more than the beſt Seventh-Son of them all.

With my Powder and Pills,
I cure all the Ills.

That ſweep off ſuch numbers each week in the Bills;
But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the Wind,
While the poor purſy God came panting behind.

Befides, I'm a Poet, Child, into the Bargain,
And top all the Writers of fam'd COVENT-GARDEN;
I'm the Prop of the Stage, and the Patron of Wit;
I Set my own Sonnets, and ſing to my Kit:

I'm at WILL's all the Day,
And each Night at the Play;

And Verſes I make faſt as Hops, as they ſay;
When ſhe heard him talk thus, ſhe redoubled her ſpeed,
And flew like a Whore from a Conſtable freed.

Now had our wiſe Lover, (but Lovers are blind)
In the Language of LOMBARD-STREET, told her his mind;
Look, Lady, what here is, 'tis plenty of Money;
Odsbobs, I muſt Kiſs thee, my Joy and my Honey;

I fit next the Chair,
And ſhall ſhortly be Mayor.

Neither CLAYTON, nor DUNCOMB, with me can compare,
Tho' as wrinkled as PRIAM, as deform'd as the Devil,
The God had ſucceeded, the Nymph had been civil.

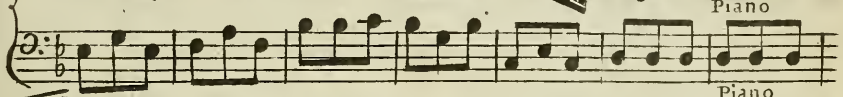
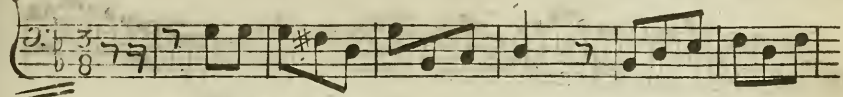
SLEEPY BODY.

O SLEEPY Body, drowsy Body, wiltuna waken and turn thee: To drivel and

draunt, while I sigh and gaunt, gives me good reason to scorn thee. When thou shouldst be

kind, thou turnst sleepy and blind, and snoters and snores far frae me, Wae.

light on thy face, the drowsy embrace is enough to gar me betray thee.



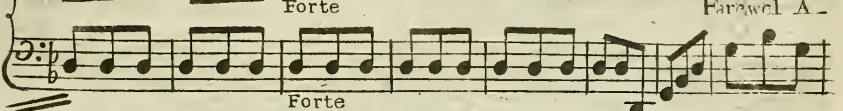
Piano

Piano



Forte

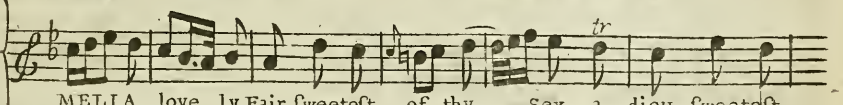
Farewel A.



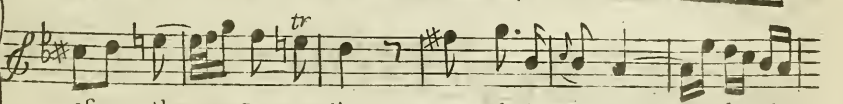
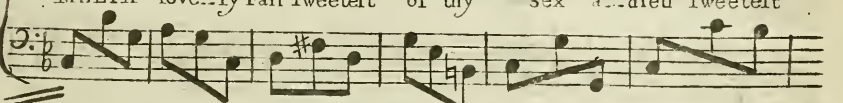
Forte



Piano



MELIA love..ly Fair sweetest of thy Sex a..dieu sweetest



of thy Sex a..dieu Farewel AMELIA lovely



Fair love

ly fair fwceteft fweeteft fweeteft

of thy Sex adieu a dieu a dieu fweet est

of thy Sex a dieu

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a prominent trill in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Fair love... ly fair fwceteft fweeteft fweeteft of thy Sex adieu a dieu a dieu fweet est of thy Sex a dieu".

tr tr

tr

Angels take her

tr

to your care since she most resem- bles you since she

tr

most resembles you Angels take her to - - - your

3

care since she most re- -embles you. Da Capo

FLUTE.

The musical score consists of ten staves of music. The key signature is G-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 3/8. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns, slurs, and trills. The first staff begins with a 3/8 time signature. The music is written in a single melodic line. The final staff concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign, followed by a *Da Capo* instruction.

Da Capo

The Wrangling LOVERS A Scotch Song

IOCKY and IENNY to Kirk went to gather, IOCKY took IENNY for the

term of her Life IOCKY and IENNY fell out for a Feather, IENNY blam'd

IOCKY and IOCKY his Wife IOCKY said this thing, and IENNY said

that and so they fell Arangling tho they knew not for What,

IOCKY said IENNY was grown a pert Hufley
 IENNY said IOCKY was a testy Old fool
 With rangling and Jangling they Kept their tongues moving
 IOCKY was Maister but IENNY would rule
 With Snarling and biting they both are grown Old
 IOCKY a Nifey and IENNY S a Scold

The Happy Lover

Why does my Heart thus restless prove, What would the

tedious trifler have. Alas I fear I'm sick of Love the

Fool is caught fair MYRA'S Slave. Great God of

Love to ease my Pains and cure those Ills too

late I find I beg not you would break my Chains

but in the same my fair one bind.

Three staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a 3/8 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef. The music consists of a continuous melody with various rhythmic patterns and ornaments.

The SPINNING LASS .

First system of piano accompaniment. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is in 3/8 time and features a steady accompaniment pattern.

My Maid Mary the minds her Dairy, While I go a howing and mowing each Morn round y^e little

Second system of piano accompaniment. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music continues the accompaniment pattern.

Spinning Wheel Merily runs the Reel, While I am singing a mongst y^e Corn, Cream and

Third system of piano accompaniment. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music continues the accompaniment pattern.

Kisses is all my Delight, She gives me then y^e dear Toys at Night, she is as soft as the Air

Fourth system of piano accompaniment. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music concludes the accompaniment.

in y^e Morning fair, I never saw Maiden more pleasing a sight .

Whilst I whistle, she from the Thistle,
 Does gather Roses to make our soft Bed,
 And then my little Love shall lye,
 All the Night long and Dye,
 In the dear Arms of her own dear Ned,
 There she shall taste of a delicate Spring,
 But I dare not tell you nor name the Thing,
 It will set you a wishing and think of kissing,
 For kissing cause fights when Young Men should sing:

Thacks of Rushes and tops of Bushes,
 Shall thatch thy Roof and strew thy Flowr,
 O'er the little Hills and Dales:
 The pretty Nightingirls,
 Shall fly to us and shall ne'er be Poor,
 Little Lambkins when e'er they dye,
 Shall bequeath new Blankits to thee and I
 Our Quilts shall be Roses while June exposes,
 So sweet and so soft my Dear Love shall lye.

Fountains pure shall be thy Ew'r
 To sprinkle Water upon thy fair Face:
 And the little Flock shall play,
 All the long summers Day
 Gently with Lambs to adorn that place,
 Then at Night we'll hie home to our Hive
 And like Bees enjoy all the sweets alive,
 We'll enjoy Loves Treasure And taste of Loves Pleasure,
 Whilst others for Fame and greatness strive,



The flighted Swain set by M^r HANDEL

Cloe proves false but still she is Charming, Nature like Beauty her

Temper has made, Subject to change, o're each Heart she will

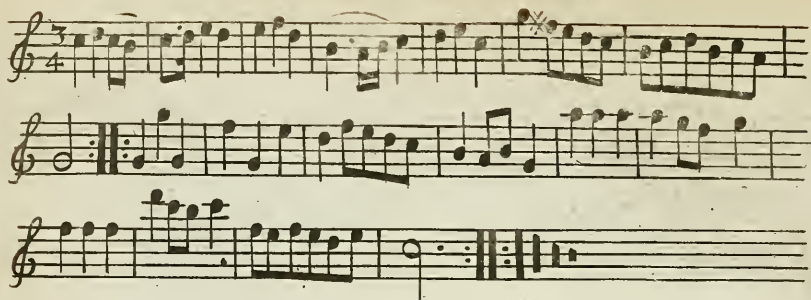
range, always alarming, ever difarming, never difmay'd.

Banish my fence or let her not flight me
Love ne'er was made to Inherit disdain

Love is' a Bubble
That gives Mankind trouble
Reflecting Extacy
Drops with the Simile
Airy and vain

Sure *Venus* gave her that Face to deceive me
And gave the Boy but one Arrow would fly

Haste to thiv Mother
And beg for another
Cloe the Mark must be
Make her to pittiy me
E're that I Dy:



The Lady's Dream sett to Musick by S.G.

I Dream't I saw a Piteous sight, young *Cupid* Weeping lay;

untill his Pretty Stars of light had Wept themselves a way.

Methought I ask'd him why he wept,
 Mere Pitty lead me on.
 He deeply sigh'd, and then reply'd
 Alas I am undone!

As I beneath yon Mertle lay,
 Close by *Dianas* Springs,
Amintor stole my Bow away,
 And pinnion'd both my Wings.

Alas say'd I, 'twas then thy Bow,
 Where with he Wounded me.
 Thou art a *God*, and such a Blow,
 Could come from none but thee.

But if thou wilt revenged be,
 On that ambitious Swain.
 I'll fet thy Wings at Liberty,
 And thou shalt fly a gain.

And all the service on my part,
 That I require of thee,
 Is that you'd wound *Amintor's* Heart,
 And make him die for me.

The Silken Fetters I unty'd,
 And the gay Wings Display'd,
 He Mounting gently Fann'd and cry'd,
 Adieu fond Foolish Maid!

At that I Blush'd and angry grew,
I should the *God* believe,
But waking found my Dream too true,
Alas I was a Slave.



Charming Cloe A New Song

What e'er I do, where e'er I go, my *Cloe's* all my darling

Theme; By Day no other thought I know, by Night no

o- ther, by Night no o- - - ther pleasing Dream.

The Flow'rs that paint the Fragrant Mead,
Are Emblems of my blooming Dear:
My *Cloe* there I faintly read,
For *Eloxa* smiles left Winning Fair.

3

The spicy Gales which fann the leaves,
 And gently curl the Crystal Flood,
 Describe my *Cloe* when she breaths
 Ten Thousand Sweets throughout the Wood

4

The Birds that hail the genial Spring,
 And warbling grace each vocal Spray,
 Surpass'd by *Cloe* hang the Wing,
 And cease their various trilling Lay.

5

The Lamb that Skips with bounding heels,
 Along the dewy verdant Plain,
 My *Cloe's* Innocence reveals,
 My *Cloe's* pleasant sprightly Vein.

6

Beauty and Sence in Ample grace,
 In full perfection gayly drest,
 Charm us in *Cloe's* mind and face,
 And sweetly rob us of our rest.

7

Minerva wife, and *Venus* fair,
 Have jointly form'd the dang'rous Maid;
 Fly then ye Swains, nor pry too near:
 To gaze alas! -- is to be dead.

Sung by Mr. SALWAY in COLOMBINE-COURTEZAN.

WHO, to win a Woman's Favour, Would solicit long in vain? Who, to gain a

Moment's Pleasure, Would endure an Age of Pain? Idle toying, ne'er enjoying, Pleas'd

with suing, Fond of Ruin, Made the Martyr of Disdain, Made the Martyr of Disdain.

Give me Love the beauteous Rover
 Whom a gen'ral Passion warms,
 Fondly Blessing ev'ry Lover,
 Frankly proff'ring all her Charms:
 Never flying,
 Still complying;
 Train'd to please you,
 Glad to ease you,
 Circl'd in her snowy Arms!

FLUTE.

The DETERMIN'D NYMPH.

OH how you Protest, and Solemnly lie, Look humble, and

fawn like an Ass! I'm pleas'd, I must own, whenever I see A

Lover that's brought to this pass. But keep farther off; you're

naughty I fear; I vow I will never yield to't. You ask me in

vain. for never. I swear, I never, no never will do't.

For when the Deed's done, how quickly you go.
 No more of the Lover remains;
 In haste you depart, whate'er we can do.
 And stubbornly throw off your Chains;
 Desist then in time; let's hear on't no more;
 -I vow I will never yield to't:
 You promise in vain, in vain you adore;
 I never, no never will do't.

Hap me with thy PETTICOAT.

O BELL, thy Looks have pierc'd my Heart, I pass the Day in

Pain, When Night returns I feel the Smart, And wish for thee in vain.

I'm starving cold, while thou art warm, Have Pity and in-cline, And

grant me for a Hap that charm-ing Pet-ti-coat of thine.

My ravish'd Fancy in Amaze
 Still wanders o'er thy Charms,
 Delusive Dreams ten thousand ways
 Present thee to my Arms.
 But, waking, think what I endure,
 While cruel you decline
 Those Pleasures, which can only cure
 This panting Breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
 Because you still deny
 The just Reward that's due to Love,
 And let true Passion die.
 Oh! turn, and let Compassion seize
 That lovely Breast of thine;
 Thy Petticoat cou'd give me Ease,
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure Heav'n has fitted for Delight
 That beauteous Form of thine,
 And thou'rt too good its Law to slight,
 By hind'ring the Design.
 May all the Pow'rs of Love agree,
 At length to make thee mine,
 Or loose my Chains, and set me free
 From ev'ry Charm of thine.

FLUTE.



A SONG in BRITANNIA Set by Mr. CAREY.

tr tr

NOBLE Stranger, I ap - prove thee, And a Heart sincere resign; For thy

virtues sake I love thee With a Passion most Di - vine. From a

Godlike race de - scended, I my darling He - ro chuse, With such

wond'rous worth attended, Who would such a Pri - ze re - fuse.

FLUTE.

A Favourite AIRE by MR. HANDEL.

Sym.

Andante Allegro

Lovely BELINDA, wonder of Nature, smile on a Passion

rais'd by those Eyes. Sym. Lovely BELINDA.

wonder of Nature, smile on a Passion rais'd by those Eyes.

won-der of Nature, won-

-der of Nature,

smile on a Passion rais'd by those Eyes. *Sym.*

6 6 5 4 * 6 6 7

All the soft Graces shine in each feature, daily giving

6 6 4 3 6 6

fresh surprize, day

* 6

ly

6 5 7

all the soft Graces shine in each feature, daily giving

6 8 7 * 6

fresh surprize, dai - - - ly giving fresh surprize.

4 * 6 6 * 6 6 5

Adg. 6 * 6

For.

Sym.

Pia.

VENUS cou'd not be compleater when descended.

tr

from the Skies, to comma

nd to command the

Golden Prize the Golden Prize to command the

Golden Prize. Da Capo al fegno

Obferve obferve yon tunefull Charmer that Wontonly Skips from

Tree to tree; how fweet she Sings now Nought does A larm her. and

she has ob-taind her Libert-ty So that my Dear now Dangers over

thy Ioy difcover gay-ly Sing now thou art free *D:Capo*

Flute

Hamstead) A Song set by M^r. Seedo

HAMPSTEAD Delight of ev'ry Sense and Blifs of every ravish'd Eye

at sight of the our Joys commence but absent from thee soon.

they Die O may thy Verdure ever Bloom and all thy sweets the

Air per-fume and all thy Sweets the Air per fume

Hail ev'ry Grove and flow'ry Plain
 Where Nature redolent of Charms
 Invites each happy Nymph and Swain
 To revel in each others Arms
 May Youth and Beauty ever smile
 And HAMPSTEAD'S ev'ry Care beguile

Around the Wells refreshing Place
 Fair youthful Beauties sweetly rove
 Rich in the Charms of ev'ry Grace
 T'inspire the Soul with softest Love
 Whil'ft fighting Youths their Hearts resign
 And pay their Vows at Beavty's Shrine

In the gay Movements of each Dance
 The Brave and fair fond Love impart
 And with each step such Joys advance
 As dye the Cheek and sooth the Heart
 Mufick and love without Controul
 Thus fix the Heart and fire the Soul ,

Flute

The musical score for the Flute part is written on four staves. It begins with a treble clef and a 2/4 time signature. The first staff contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, some with slurs. The second staff continues the melodic line with similar rhythmic patterns. The third and fourth staves show more complex rhythmic figures, including sixteenth-note runs and rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

06
Set by M^r. Smith

The Night was still the Air serene Fan'd by a Southern Breeze the

glimm'ring Moon might just be seen Re-lecting thro' the Trees.

The bubbling Water's constant Course
From off th' adjacent Hill
Was mournful Echo's last Resource
All Nature was so still

The constant Shepherd sought this Shade
By Sorrow sore oppress'd
Close by a Fountain's Margin laid
His pain he thus Express'd

Ah wretched Youth why did't thou love
Or hope to meet success
Or think the Fair would constant prove
Thy blooming Hopes to bless

Find me the Rose on Barren Sands
The Lilly midst the Rocks
The Grape in wide deserted Lands
A Wolf to guard the Flocks

Those you alas will sooner gain
And will more easy find
Than meet with ought but cold disdain
In faithless Womankind

Riches alone now win the Fair
Merit they quite despise
The constant Lover thro' Despair
Because not Wealthy dies

Set by MR W^m HAYES

As SAPPHO Crofs'd the Dang'rous sea in PHA...ONS.

Fond Pursuit too sad to sing to see to Play she

wept up - on her Lute but when she would her

woes re-hearfe how sweet-ly Flow'd her Tongue her

Lute in spired with tune and Verse un thought she

Play'd and Sung

The Remonition Set by Mr Lampe

Where ever DAMON thou shalt rove O Bear me with thee.

in thy Mind If Walk-ing in the Ver-dant Grove or on some

flow'ry Bank re-clipd Still let my faith full I - mage

be A-mong the shades retir'd with Thee

If perdid upon some pointed Thorn
 The Nightingale renews her strain
 Let it remind thee how forlorn
 While thou art Absent I complain
 And when ^u hear the Widdowd Dove
 Think I like her deplore my Love

Or should ^y wander where some Brook
 Does o'er ^f Pebbles murm'ring flow
 As on the silver stream you look
 Think how I weep opprest with Woe
 And should its Current want supplys
 I could recruit it from my Eyes

4
 When you behold the setting Ray
 Tremble beneath the lower skies
 The solemn Gloom of closing Day
 May represent me to thy Eyes
 For Lanquid as departing Light
 Am I when banish'd from thy sight

Think when beneath $\frac{3}{4}$ spreading Leaves
You listen to the wisp'ring Breeze
How with soft sighs my Bosom heaves

While I lament my ruind Peace
Calm is my Grief as silent show'rs
Or Dews which hang on Painted Flow'rs

Flute

The Peremptory Lover Tune John Anderson my Jo.

'Tis not your Beauty nor your Wit, That can my Heart ob-tain; for

they could never conquer yet Either my Breaft or Brain: For

if you'll not Prove kind to me And true as heretofore, Henceforth I'll

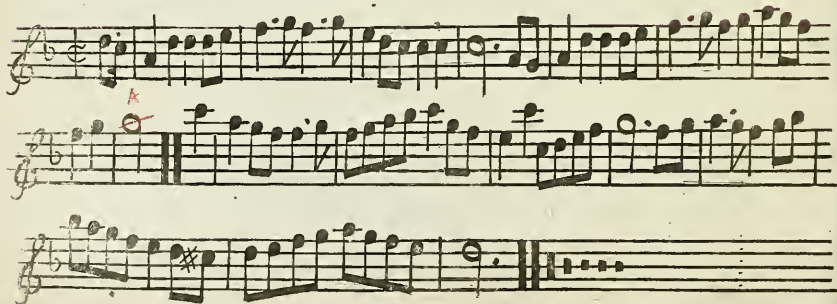
scorn your Slave to be, Or doat up on you more

Think not my Fancy to o'ercome,
 By proving thus unkind;
 No smoothed Sight, nor smiling Frown,
 Can satisfy my Mind.
 Pray let PLATONICKS play such Pranks;
 Such Follies I deride;
 For Love, at least, I will have Thanks,
 And something else beside.

Then open-hearted be with me,
 As I shall be with you,
 And let our Actions be as free
 As Virtue will allow,
 If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
 If true, I'll Constant be,
 If fortune chance to change your Mind,
 I'll turn as soon as ye.

Since our Affections, well be known,
 In equal Terms do stand,
 'Tis in your Power to Love, or no,
 Mine's likewise in my Hand.
 Dispense with your Austerity,
 Unconstancy abhor,
 Or, by great CUPID'S Deity,
 I'll never love you more.

Flute



A New Song by J. Nares

65

Andante

Long from th' assaults of CU-PIDS Arms long have I wander'd free
Nor felt the sweet torment- ing Charms of Pleasing Mife- ry nor felt
the sweet tormenting Charms of pleasing Mife...ry

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part includes various ornaments and fingerings, such as '6', '6 6 6 6 4 6 6 6 5 6 4', and '6 6 6 6 6 5 6 4 3'. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

For VENUS Charg'd her little Mate
My fall not to pursue
Reserv'd Ah for a Nobler Fate
Reserv'd to fall by you.

Since Charmer thou my Hearts recefs
Hast pow'r alone to move
Teach me the way to Happiness
As thou hast taught me love

Let me no longer feel this smart
But in your Bosom slide
O footh my Pain and where my Heart
Resides let me Reside

Enamour'd Vanquish'd and forlorn
Yet glory in my fall
Thou who hast took my heart and soul
O take me take me All.

Flute

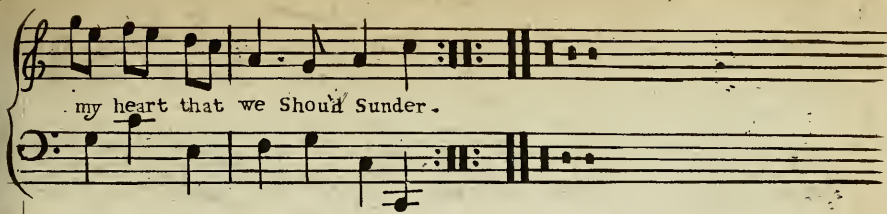
A Scotch Song

With broken words, and down Cast eyes, Poor COLLIN spoke his passion

tender, and parting with his GRISY cries, Ah woes my heart that we should

Sunder. to others I am cold as Snow, But kindle with thine

Eyes like tinder, From thee with Pain, I'm Forc'd to goe, It breaks

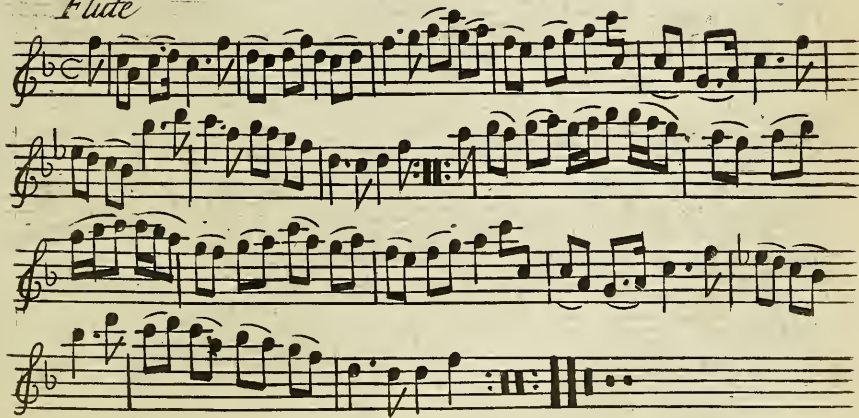


my heart that we Shou'd Sunder.

Chain'd to thy Charms, I cannot range,
No Beauty new, my Love Shall hinder,
Nor time, nor place, Shall ever change,
My Vows, tho' we're Oblig'd to Sunder.
The Image of thy gracefull Air,
And Beauty, that Invites our wonder,
Thy ready wit, and prudence rare,
Shall e'er be present, tho' we Sunder.

Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,
You ne'er can find a Heart that's kinder,
Then Seal a promise, with a kiss,
Always to love me, tho' we Sunder.
Ye Gods, take care of my dear Lads,
That as I leave her, I may find her,
When that blest time, shall come to pass,
We meet again, and never Sunder.

Flute



A Song by W.^m Richardson

Wanton gales that Fondly play round about my love sick.

Head Quickly waft my sigh's away to the Nymph for whom I Bleed.

Softly Whiffer in her Ear
 All the pains for her I feel
 All the torments that I Bear
 Tell her she alone can Heal.

Then with unsuspected Care
 Gently fan her lovely Breast
 Happy you may revel there
 Where each god Wou'd wish to rest

If one Spark of fond Desire
 Harbour'd there by chance you find
 Raife it to a lasting Fire
 Such as burns within my Mind

Flute

Now as I live I love thee much And Fain wou'd love thee
 more Did I but know thy Temper such That coud my Joy re-store.

But to ingage thy Virgin Heart
 Then leave it in Distrefs
 Were to betray thy true Defert
 And make thy Glory lefs

Were all the eastern Treasures mine
 I'd lay them at thy Feet
 But to invite a Princeto Dine
 On Air it is not meet

No let me rather pine alone
 Then if my Fate prove coy
 I can despenfe with Grief my own
 While thou haft Showers of Ioy

But if thro' my too niggard Fate
 Thou should'ft unhappy prove
 I should grow mad and desperate
 Thro' killing Grief and Love

Since then tho more I cannot love
Without thy Injury
As Saints that to an Altar move
My Thoughts to thee shall fly

And think not that the flame is left
For tis upon this Score
Wert not a Love beyond Express
My Dear it might be more

Flute



The DREAM A SONG by Samuel COOKE

Musical notation for 'The DREAM A SONG' by Samuel COOKE. It features two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef, both in G major and common time. The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: 'Return kind sleep a-gain Repeat the Vision o'er, and ev'ry sweet, I found in it, To me again restore, To me a-gain restore.'

Return kind sleep a-gain Repeat the Vision o'er, and ev'ry
sweet, I found in it, To me again restore, To me a-gain restore.

When I, me thought alone,
Was ranging in a Grove;
Where PHEABUS scarce, the shade could peirce,
So fitt it was for love.

But long I had not Been,
Before MERTILLA came:
With Open Arms, I met her charms,
Who welcomed me the same

Now, O my dear faid I
Thou charmer of my Soul!
Kind fate at last, has put us past
All Danger of Controul.

Then hand in hand we walk'd.
How happy did we seem!
We talk'd we kif'd, and all the rest,
But Ah, twas all a Dream.

Flute

The musical score is written for a flute. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff starts with a repeat sign (two vertical lines with dots) and continues with similar melodic lines. The third staff concludes the piece with a final cadence, including a double bar line and a few final notes.

A Favourite SONG by Sig.^r BONONCINI

'Tis my Glo-ry

to a dore you you're so Char-ming O my Dearest Why should

I of fate com-plain tho' I'm not the Happiest Swain still

still I'm the fin-cest Evermore I'll adore O my dearest

How tormenting is the Passion
 When our Wish es are in Vain
 But to gaze on one so fair
 Makes amends for all my care
 Why why should I of Fate complain
 Evermore I'll adore oh my dearest

Flute

The SYMPATHIZING HEART.
 Set by Sig^r GEMINIANI.

WHEN young MILANDA's Fin gers mo - ve The trembling
 Strings my Heart beats Love; My Soul the motion does o -
 bey, I tremble, too, as well as they.

But when with Heav'nly voice she sings,
 When vocal sounds their silence break,
 And, marry, with the trembling Strings,
 With Love and Rapture too I shake.

F L U T E .

A FAVOURITE AIRE by MR. HANDEL.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, treble clef, 3/8 time signature. The tempo marking "Largo" is written below the staff. The music begins with a treble clef, a 3/8 time signature, and a common key signature. The first measure contains a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The piece concludes with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final note.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, bass clef, 3/8 time signature. The music begins with a bass clef, a 3/8 time signature, and a common key signature. The first measure contains a quarter note G3, followed by eighth notes A3, B3, and C4. The piece concludes with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final note.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, treble clef, 3/8 time signature. The music begins with a treble clef, a 3/8 time signature, and a common key signature. The first measure contains a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The piece concludes with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final note.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, bass clef, 3/8 time signature. The music begins with a bass clef, a 3/8 time signature, and a common key signature. The first measure contains a quarter note G3, followed by eighth notes A3, B3, and C4. The piece concludes with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final note.

Charmer, softly sooth her Soul to Love, her Soul to Love,

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, treble clef, 3/8 time signature. The music begins with a treble clef, a 3/8 time signature, and a common key signature. The first measure contains a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The piece concludes with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final note.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, bass clef, 3/8 time signature. The music begins with a bass clef, a 3/8 time signature, and a common key signature. The first measure contains a quarter note G3, followed by eighth notes A3, B3, and C4. The piece concludes with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final note.

softly, softly, charm the Charmer, God of Musick, charm the Charmer,

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, treble clef, 3/8 time signature. The music begins with a treble clef, a 3/8 time signature, and a common key signature. The first measure contains a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5. The piece concludes with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final note.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, bass clef, 3/8 time signature. The music begins with a bass clef, a 3/8 time signature, and a common key signature. The first measure contains a quarter note G3, followed by eighth notes A3, B3, and C4. The piece concludes with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final note.

softly sooth her in . . . to Love, softly, softly sooth her Sou-

1 to Love. Of her

666 666 43

5

frozen looks disarm her, gentle sounds will surely warm her,

6 7 43 6 6 7 43

sounds Harmonious all approve, of her frozen looks dis-

b6 6 6 4 # 6 7

arm her, gentle sounds will surely warm her, sounds Harmonious all ap-

6 6 15 4 3 6 6

prove, sounds Harmonious all approve. Da Capo al segno

:s: :s:

The BOB of DUNBLANE.

COME Laffie, lend me your braw Hemp Heckle, And I'll lend
 you my Thrifling Kame; For Fainness, Deary, I'll gar ye
 heckle, If you'll go dance the Bob of Dunblane.

Haft ye, gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies,
 Busk ye braw, and dinna think Shame;
 Consider in Time, if leading of Monkies,
 Be better than dancing the Bob of Dunblane.

Be frank, my Laffie, lest I grow fickle,
 And tak my Word and Offer again,
 Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle
 Ye didna accept of the Bob of Dunblane.

The Dinner, the Piper, the Priest shall be ready,
 And I'm grown Dowie with lying alane;
 Away then, leave baith Minny and Dady,
 And try with me the Bob of Dunblane.

FLUTE.

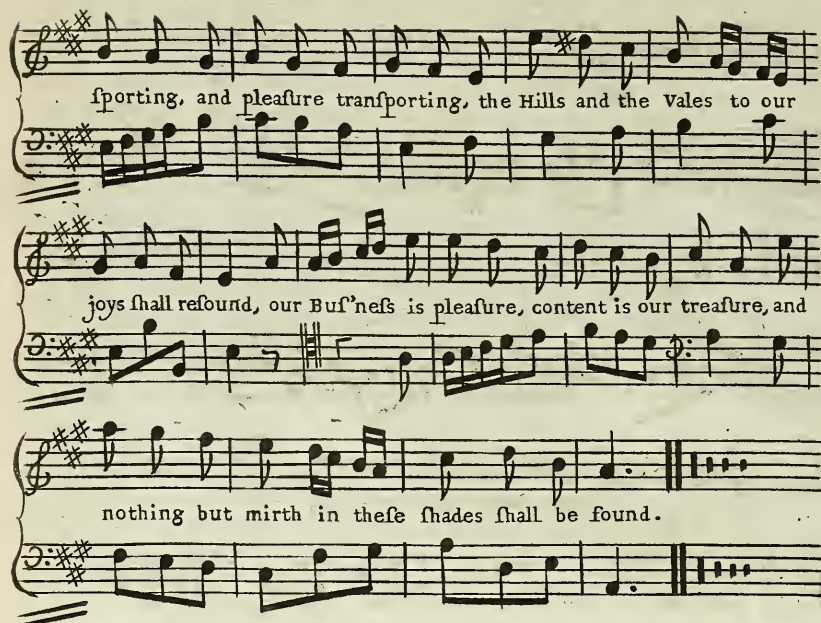
The HAPPY NUPTIALS.

The Words and Musick by Mr. CAREY.

CUPID God of gay desires, HYMEN with thy sacred fires,
 smiling Zephyrs haste away, Grace this happy, happy day, Grace this happy,
 happy day, this hap...py, happy day.

Loves and Graces all attend,
 All ye Nuptial Pow'rs befriend,
 Make them your peculiar Care,
 Bless the Hero, bless the Fair.

Let Dancing, and Singing, and piping, and springing, we'll
 trip it, and skip it, the Groves all a-round. With Courting, and



sporting, and pleasure transporting, the Hills and the Vales to our
joys shall rebound, our Buſ'neſs is pleasure, content is our treasure, and
nothing but mirth in these shades shall be found.

FLUTE. . .



The BEAUTIFUL AMANDA

79

Set by a GENTLEMAN.

AS VENUS late-ly left the Skies, To view BRITANNIA's
 Ifles; The Triumphs of AMAN--DA's Eyes, a-larm'd the
 Queen of Smiles.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system is in 3/8 time and includes a trill (tr) at the end. The second system also includes a trill. The third system is a shorter piece. Fingerings (5, 6, 7) and ornaments (*) are indicated throughout the piece.

CUPID, the cry'd, fly swift and see,
 Amidst fair ALBION's Dames,
 What Nymph, without imploring me,
 A thousand Hearts inflames.

The God, with quick obedience flew,
 Around each Toasted fair;
 And bright AMANDA soon he knew,
 By her superior Air.

In transport lost, the Archer gaz'd,
 Charm'd with the matchless Maid;
 This Nymph, said CUPID, all amaz'd,
 Can wound without our aid.

In haste, to VENUS, he returns,
 And own'd fame's praises true;
 For, dear mamma, each Lover burns,
 For one, who blooms like you.

To form the Charmer, ev'ry Grace
 In lovely union's joyn'd;
 So strong the Beauties of her face,
 So soft her Heavenly mind.

Then, dear mamma, he fondly said,
 Nor be my suit deny'd;
 Let her, who shines the brightest Maid,
 Be seen the fairest Bride.

Amidst the rival croud of Youth,
 Who wear AMANDA's chain;
 ALEXIS fights with purest Truth,
 And 'tis the gentlest Swain.

His flame is for AMANDA's Charms,
 By Love and Virtue fed;
 And ever woo'd her to his Arms,
 By purest motives led.

Such constancy in love before,
 Ne'er grac'd a Lover's pain;
 Would other Swains like him adore,
 No Nymph would e'er complain.

Oh VENUS, joyn the faithful Pair,
 In HYMEN's hallow'd bands.
 Then you'll behold, bright Goddess, there
 United Hearts and Hands.

The Queen of Beauty smiling cry'd,
 With joy I grant thy Pray'r:
 Such flames as are my Empire's Pride,
 Shall be my Empire's Care.

YE Gods! was STREPHON'S Picture blest, With the fair Heav'n of

CHLOE'S Breast? Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring Heart, Oh gently

throb, — too fierce thou art. Tell me, thou brightest of thy Kind, For

STREPHON was the Bliss design'd; For STREPHON'S sake, dear charming

Maid, Didst thou pre fer his wand'ring Shade?

And thou blest Shade, that sweetly art
 Lodg'd so near my CHLOE'S Heart,
 For me the tender Hour improve,
 And softly tell how dear I love.
 Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
 Its wretched Master's ardent Pray'r,
 Ingrossing all that beauteous Heaven,
 That CHLOE, lavish Maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: were I Lord
 Of all the Wealth those Breasts afford,
 I'd be a Miser too, nor give
 An Alms to keep a God alive.
 Oh smile not thus, my lovely Fair,
 On these cold Looks, that lifeless Air,
 Prize him whose Bosom glows with Fire,
 With eager Love and soft Desire.

'Tis true, thy Charms, O powerful Maid,
 To Life can bring the silent Shade:
 Thou can't surpass the Painter's Art;
 And real Warmth and Flames impart.
 But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
 I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
 Then, Charmer, grant my fond Request,
 Say thou can't love, and make me blest.

FLUTE.



FLORA'S HOLLIDAY:

COME all you Lads and Lasses, Put on your handsome Graces, For this the

Time and Place is, For us to sport and play; All brisk and jolly, Courting-sporting

Cares of folly, Dancing, Prancing, FLORA commands a Holly hollyday.

Shou'd e'er the Nymph deny you,
 She ne'er intends to fly you,
 A thousand tricks she'll try you,
 All but to hold you fast:
 She'll pout and vex you,
 Toying, Coying, then perplex you,
 Slighting, fighting, follow her close,
 She'll right, she'll right at last.

Shou'd e'er the Swain abjure you,
 Protest he can't endure you,
 It's all but to allure you
 And ease him of his Pain:
 If once you meet him,
 Kindly, friendly, you'll defeat him,
 Rarely, fairly, ply him but home,
 He'll right, he'll right again.

FLUTE.

A SONG Set by MR ARNE.

IN that dear hope how ma-ny live, I'm not the on-ly

one, I'm not the on-ly one; Oh! what wou'd some fine

Ladies give, To have their Husbands gone. All things new,

E-ver wanting Joys in view, More en-chanting, 'Tis

the mode e'er Husbands die, To have a-no-ther in-

ones Eye, To have a-no-ther in ones Eye.

The Words by I. A. Esq^r Set by a Scholar of MR CAREYS

See O see thou tender Creature Beauteous in Each
 Air and Feature See Unhappy STREPHON lye at your
 feet to Gaze and Dye

Pity then thou Charming Fair

Let me not live in this Despair

Raptur'd with your Matchless Charms

Let me Dye Within your Arms

flute

Vol III

Set by M^r. Smith

To fight in your Cups and abuse the good creature believe it my

friends is a sin of that Nature that were you all Damn'd for, a

tedious long year To nasty Mundungus and heath'nish small Beer

Such as after debauché your sparks of the Town for a penance next

Morning Devoutly pour down It would not atone for so vile a Transgress

- ion You're a scandal to all of the Drinking Profession

What a Pox do ye Bellow and make such a Pother
 And throw Candlesticks Bottles and Pipes at each other
 Come keep the Kings peace leave your damning and finking
 And gravely return to good Christian drinking
 He that flinches his Glafs and to drink is not Able
 Let him quarrel no more but knock under the Table
 He that flinches his Glafs and to drink is not Able
 Let him quarrel no more but knock under the table

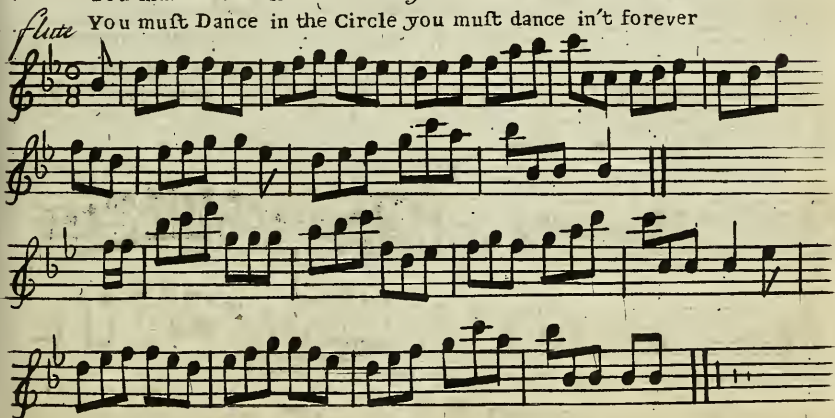
Well faith since you've rais'd my Ill Nature so High
 I'll drink on no other Condition not I

Unless my Old friend in the Corner declares

What Mistress he Courts and whose Colours he Wears.
 You may safely acquaint me for I'm none of those
 That use to divulge whats spoke under the Rose
 Come part with't — what she forbid it ye Powers
 What unfortunate Planet rul'd o'er thy Amours

Why Man she has lain (oh thy fate how I Pity
 With half the Blew Breeches and Wigs in the City
 Go thank M^r Parson give him thanks With a Curse
 Oh those Damnable words for Better for worse
 To regain your Old Freedom you vainly endeavour
 Your Doxy and you no Priest can desever

You must Dance in the Circle you must dance in't forever
 You must Dance in the Circle you must dance in't forever



Set by Mr. Samis

With in a foli - tary Grove desparing SAPPHO fate lamenting

of her Ill plac'd Love and cursing of her Fate in vain said she I would con -

cealy Conquest from his Eyes my looks alas too plain reveal what I would fain Disguise

A way my Eyes Would you betray
 The Weakness of my Heart
 To one \ddagger will not love repay
 Or e're regard my smart
 But yet how often hath he swore
 That he would Constant prove
 How oft with Tears did he implore
 My Pity and my Love

But he like a proud Conqueror
 Who in his way subdues.
 Some Towns with his Riffles Pow' r
 Fresh Conquests now Pursues
 Then SAPPHO give thy sorrow's o're
 And be thy self again
 And think on that vain Man no more
 That Could thy Love Contemn

flute

The Agreement of the Gods

89

Two Gods of great Honour BACCHUS and APOLLO one famous in Musick

other in Wine In Heaven were Raving Disputing and Braving whose Theme was

Noblest and Trade most Divine your MUSICK says BACCHUS wou'd stun us and

Rack us did Claret not soften the Discords you make Songs are not Inviting nor

verses delighting till Poets of my Great Influence Partake

I'm young Plump and Jolly free from Melancholly
Who ever grew Fatt by the sound of a string
Rogues doom'd to a Gibbet do often Contribute
To Purchase a Bottle before they dare sing
In Love I am Noted by Old and young Courted
A Girl when Inspir'd by me is soon won
So great are the Motions of one of my Portions
The Muses tho maids I could Whore e'ry one

When mortals are fretted perplex'd or Indebted
 To me as a Father for succor they cry
 In their sad Conditions I hear their Petitions
 A Bottle revives the Opprest Votary
 Then leave of your Tooting your Fiddling and Fluting
 A fidei throw your Harp and now bow to a flask
 My Ioyes they are Riper than songs from a Piper
 What Musick is Greater than Sounding a Cask

Says Phæbus this Fellow is Drunk sure or Mellow
 To prize Musick less than Wine and October
 When those who Love drinking are past thoughts of thinking
 And want so much Witt as to keep themselves sober
 As they were thus Wrangling a Scolding and Iangling
 Came Buxom bright VENUS to end the Dispute
 Says she now to ease the MARS best of all pleas'd me
 When Arm'd with a Bottle and Charm'd with a Flute

Your Musick has charm'd me your Wine has Alarm'd me
 When I have Shew'd Coynefs and hard to be Won
 When both have been moving I cou'd not help Loving
 And Wine has compleated what Musick begun
 The Gods struck with wonder vow'd both by Joves Thunder
 They'd mutually Ioyn in supplying Loves flame
 since each in their Function mov'd on in Conjunction
 To melt with soft pleasures the Amorous Dame



Strephon's Complaint Set by M. Handel. 91.

Oh cruel Tyrann LOVE Why artthou so unkind Wilt thou no
milder prove Nor ease my troubled Mind No Joy shall I e'er see But
still tormented be And from such dismal Grief Shall I ne'er find Relief

Since thou hast wounded me
Why dost thou not impart
Some of thy Cruelty
And make her feel some Smart
Tell her how I do burn
How I lament and mourn
When she the Truth doth know
She must some Pity show

Beauty enthron'd doth stand
Upon her smiling Brow
Her blushing Cheeks command
Me at her Feet to bow
Her golden Tresses wave
Her rising Breasts enslave
Lighting darts from her Eyes
And kills me by Surprise

Yettho she is most fair
Why should she me disdain
If Wealth furrounds my Dear
Why must I suffer Pain

Were She as poor as **JOB**
 I in a Royal Robe
 And Lord of all the Land
 I'd be at her Command

All Day I sigh and weep
 And vainly do lament
 All Night I cannot sleep
 I never rest content
 But still am fill'd with Pain
 Scorn Woe And sad Difdain
 These Racks I cannot bear
 And yet she will not hear

What Joys can **MYRA** take
 After she does behold
 Poor **STREPHON** for her sake
 Laid in the Dreary Mould
 O most unhappy Fate
 Then Pity comes to late
MYRA my Life preserve
 And thee I'll always serve

I'll wander for her Sake
 Or keep myself confin'd
 If she no Pity take
 On my distracted Mind
 O ease the burning Smart
 Of my poor suff'ring Heart
 Else 'twill my Ruin prove
 Farewell then Life and Love



If Bounteous Nature e'er had meant that Gold should

only buy content the Morning Dew had sprinkled

o'er the thinning Field with Liquid o'er like Air and

Water it had flow'd in Ev'ry Clime a Common good should

we then Judge of Reasons Rule Natures a Jilt and

Mans a Fool

74 A Song the Words & Musick by M^r Carey

Vivace

Lovely ru - ler

of my Heart Queen of all and e - ery part Ob - ject.

of my souls desire for whose sake I could ex - -

pire witness, all ye Gods above that I on - ly.

live to love that I love but you alone kindly

then my Pafion Crown Queen of my Heart and on - ly

Idol of my foul I blefs the pow'r that does my

ravish'd fence controul fo mild and Gen - - tle

is your reign I gladly wear the pleafing Chain

fuchpride I take your flave to be

I wou'd not if I could be free

Flute

Handwritten musical score for Flute, page 96. The score consists of 12 staves of music in G-flat major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The notation includes various rhythmic values, accidentals, and performance markings such as slurs, accents, and trills. A 3/8 time signature change is visible in the eighth staff.

The Words by Mr. LEVERIDGE. Set by Mr. HANDEL.

Wo.

MEN are all Traytors, compleat in their way, Always are ro-ving, and

Man

Wo.

seeking for Prey. - Women are fickle, and changeable found. Men are De-

Man

Both

ceit. Woman's a Cheat, So from the first this vile World did turn round.

W. Since we so frankly our frailties have shewn,

Let us, like others, in cunning jogg on,

M. For where contrivance and Plots do abound,

W. Mankind I'll cheat,

M. Woman I'll bite,

Both. So to the last this vile World will turn round.

FLUTE.

The INCONSTANT SWAIN.



YOUNG THIRISIS, once the Jolliest Swain, That ever charm'd the
list'ning Plain, Attentive to his Glee; While Nymphs around the
Rover throng. He tun'd his Pipe, and all his Song, was, *I'ame la liber-*
te'. was, I'ame la libertè.

Bright CHLOE, ev'ry Shepherd's Care,
And FLAVIA, fairest of the Fair,
Are now no longer free;
Coy DELIA felt unusual pain,
All grieve to hear the Shepherd's Strain,
Was, I'ame la libertè.

The Youth, by inclination sway'd,
A softer tune had often play'd,
To ev'ry charming She;
None fear delusion from his tongue,
For all he said, and all he sung,
Was, I'ame la libertè.

The treacherous Boy thus play'd his part,
 In triumph o'er each Female Heart;
 O! who so blest as he,
 Who had each Nymph a Mother made,
 While all he Sung, and all he said,
 Was, *Tame la liberta.*

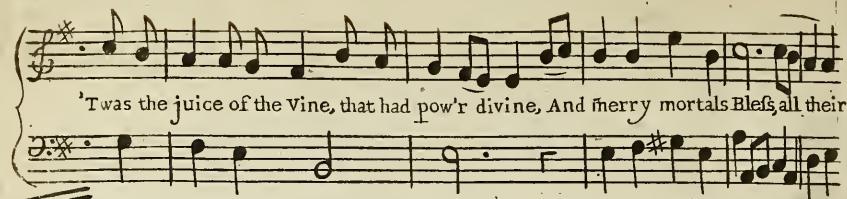
FLUTE.

A musical score for a flute, consisting of three staves. The music is written in a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second and third staves continue the melody, with the third staff ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

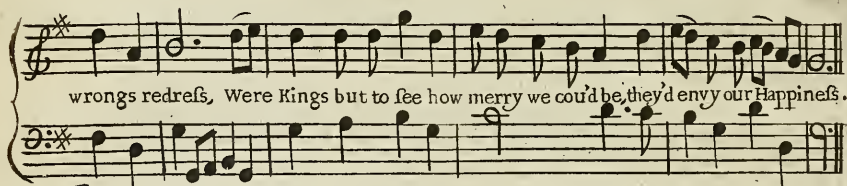
A DRINKING SONG.

A musical score for a drinking song, consisting of three systems. Each system has a vocal melody line (treble clef) and a bass accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

EV'RY Man his Scepter take, Let the Hoghead found, and the Glaffes
 ring, Let the envious Miser quake, each merry mortal is a King. Let the
 King do what he can, he's still no more than man, For since the World began.



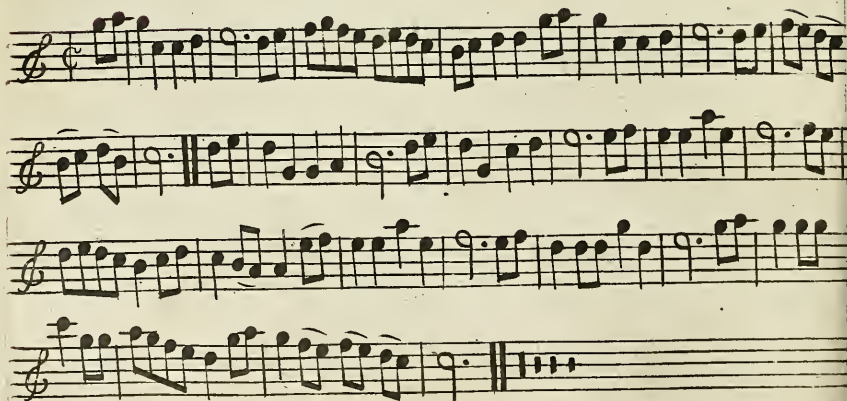
'Twas the juice of the Vine, that had pow'r divine, And merry mortals Bless, all their



wrongs redress, Were Kings but to see how merry we could be, they'd envy our Happiness.

Let the Glass keep moving round,
 We'll paint the night with red and white,
 Our selves with wreaths be Crown'd,
 To Celebrate the morning light;
 When the Sun begins his Race,
 With his drunken fiery face,
 And westward steers his pace,
 He'll cheerfully smile,
 On his favourite Isle,
 And gaze with vast delight,
 To see us shine so bright,
 Then away goes he, and drinks up the Sea,
 To pass away the gloomy Night.

FLUTE.



No more shall Meads bedeck'd with flowers nor Sweetnefs live in
 Rofey Bow'rs nor greeneft Buds on Branches fpring nor
 warbling Birds delight to Sing nor Aprill Violets paint the
 Grove When e're I leave my CELIA'S love

The fish fhall in the Ocean Burn
 And Fountains fweet fhall Bitter turn
 The humble Vale no Floods fhall know
 When Floods fhall higheft Hills o'reflow
 Black Lethe fhall Oblivion leave
 Before my CELIA I decieve

Love fhall his Bow and fhafte lay by
 And VENUS Doves Want Wings to fly
 The Sun refufe to fhew his light
 And Day fhall be turn'd to Night
 And in that Night no Star appear
 When e're I leave my CELIA dear



The Soldier's Welcome Home

Should auld Acquaintance be forgot Tho they're turn with Scars
 Those are the noble Hero's Lot Ob - tain'd in glorious Wars
 Welcome my VARO to my Breaſt Thy Arms about me twine And
 make me once again. as bleſt As I was Lang fyne

The musical score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Methinks around us on each Bough
 A Thouſand CUPID'S play
 Whiſt thro the Groves I Walk with you
 Each Obiect makes me gay
 Since your Return the Sun and Moon
 With Brighter Glory ſhine
 Streams murmur ſoft Notes while they run
 As they did lang fyne

Despise the Court and Din of state
 Let that to their share fall
 Who can esteem such Slav'ry great
 While bounded like a Ball
 But sunk in Love upon my Arms
 Let your brave Head recline
 We'll please our selves with mutual Charms
 As we did lang fyne

O'er Moor and Dale with your gay Friend
 You may pursue the Chase
 And after a Blyth Bottle end
 All Care in my Embrace
 And in a Vacant rainy Day
 You shall be wholly mine
 We'll make the Hours run smooth away
 And laugh at lang fyne

The Hero pleas'd with the sweet Air
 And Signs of Generous Love
 Which had been utter'd by the Fair.
 Bow'd to the Powers above
 Next Day with glad Consent and Hast
 They knelt before the Shrine
 Where the good Priest the Couple blest
 And put them out of Pine



Talk not so much to me of Love Your vain Pur

sult give o'er Your misplac'd Ardour can not move a

Heart engag'd be fore A Heart engag'd be fore

No more of Cruelty complain
Nor CLOE'S Breast accuse
For want of Pity to a Swain
When Honour bids Refuse

Let some more worthy Virgin Dame
Whose Charms all lovely are
Be Mistress of your gen'rous Flame
She may reward your care

Or some brisk sprightly Widow may
With Affluence supply'd
Your Suit with grateful Sense repay
Which CLOE has deny'd

If neither can your Thoughts employ
But still on me you gaze
CLOE'S Advice receive with Joy
And fly from CUPID'S Maze

Hast to some peaceful Dome retire
Such as you oft approve
Examine well your fond Desire
And discipline your Love

And if my wand ring Steps incline
To your sad lonely Cell
My Soul and every Thought shall Join
To wish poor STREPHON well

Vol III

Set by D.^r Pepusch in *Perfuis & Andromeda* 105.

2
4

2
4

When se - ve - rest woes Im - pend - ing seem to shew, def -

truction near Unexpect'd Joy attend - ing sooth the soul and

banish fear Tho to Fortunes frowns. sub - ject - ed

and attack'd by Anxious care servile spirits are de - ject - ed

..noble Minds shou'd ne'er depair

A Favourite Air by M^r Handel

Lamenting complaining of CELIAS disdaining no Comfort ob-

taining I Languish and dye lamenting complaining of CELIAS disdaining I

Languish I languish and dye lamenting complaining of

CELIAS dis-daining no comfort obtaining I languish and dye

no Comfort obtaining I Languish and dye

Yet cannot give over my grief to dif-

...cover sure never was lover fo wretched as I sure

never was lover fo wretched as I Da Capo

A Song by W. Richardson

Thou rising sun whose gladsome ray invites my fair to

ru - ral play Dispel the mist and clear the skies and

bring my orra to my Eyes

O where I fure my dear to View
 Id climb y pine trees topmoft Bough
 Aloft in Air that quivering play's
 And round and round for ever gaze

My orra Moor where art thou laid
 What wood conceals my sleeping Maid
 Fast by the roots enrag'd I'll tear
 The trees that hide my promi'd fair

O I could ride the clouds and skies
 Or on the Ravens pinnions rise
 Ye storks ye swans a moment stay
 And waft a lover on his way

My blifs to long my Bride denies
 Apace the Wasting summer flies
 Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear
 Not storms or night shall keep me here

What may for strength thw steel compare
 Oh love has Fetters stronger farr
 By bolts of steel are limbs confind
 But cruel love enchains the mind

No longer then perplex thy breast
 When thoughts torment y first are best
 Tis mad to go tis Death to stay
 Away to orra haste away

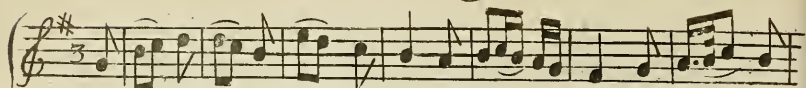
Flute

The Mournfull SHEPHERD

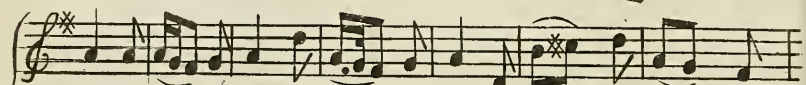
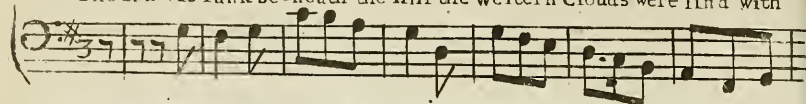
When Morn appears to sprightly Chace the Neighbouring fwains
 with Ioy repair I too fet forth but in my face no figns of sweet.con-
 tent appear Penfive I ride ore Hill thro' grove and Mourn alafs
 iny hopeles love Da Capo

The musical score consists of five systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the staves. The second system continues the melody and bass line. The third system includes repeat signs (double bar lines with dots) at the beginning of the treble staff. The fourth system also features repeat signs. The fifth system concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'Da Capo'.

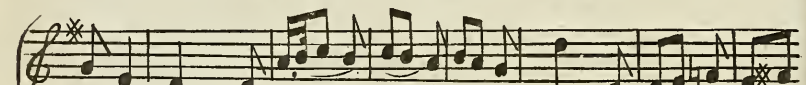
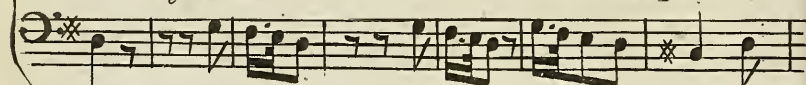
Nor Mindfull once of Horn or Hound
 Or of the Chearfull Huntsmans Cry
 Or of the sweet repeated found
 Of Wanton Echhos kind reply
 Nor all the Various ways they Move
 But Mourn alafs my hopeles Love

Set by Dr^s Green

The fun was funk be-neath the Hill the Western Clouds were lind with



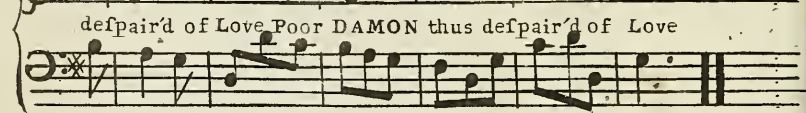
Gold the Sky was clear the winds were still the Flocks were pent with



in their Fold when from the filence of the Grove poor DAMON. thus



despair'd of Love Poor DAMON thus despair'd of Love



Who seeks to pluck the Fragrant Rose
 From the bare Rock or oozy Beach
 Who from each barren Weed that grows
 Expects the Grape and blushing Peach
 With equal Faith may hope to find
 The Truth of Love in Womankind. The truth &c.

I have no Flocks nor fleecy Care
 No Fields that shine with golden Grain
 Nor Meadows green nor Gardens fair
 Of Virgins venal Hearts to gain
 Then all in vain my Sighs must prove
 For I alas am nought but Lové

How wretched is the faithful Youth
 Since Womens Hearts are bought and sold
 They ask not Vows of Sacred Truth
 Whene'er they fight they fight for Gold
 Gold can the Frowns of Scorn remove
 But I alas am nought but Love
 But I &c.

To buy the Gems of INDIA'S Coast
 What Wealth what Riches can suffice
 But all their Fire can never boast
 The living Lustre of her Eyes
 For there the World too Cheap would prove
 But I alas am nought but Love
 But I &c.

Oh SYLVIA since nor Gems nor Oar
 Can with thy brighter Charms compare
 Consider that I proffer more
 More seldom found a Heart sincere
 Let Treasure meaner Beauties move
 Who pays thy Worth must pay with Love
 Who pays &c.

Flute

The Beauteous CLOE set by MR HANDEL

CLOE you're Witty CLOE you're Pretty Lovely Charmer of the

Plain Ever admiring ever desiring is your Faithfull Loveing

Swain No longer teaze me Dearest ease me be now consenting

no more tormenting let me dear CLOE your Favour gain

Flute

Through the Wood Liddie

113

As early I walkd on the first day of May befor a clear Fountain be -

neath a steep mountain I heard a sweet Flute soft melo-dy play whilst

eccho resounded the dole-rous lay I list'ned . and look'd and spy'd

a young swain with aspects distressed and spirits oppressed seem'd

clear and as fresh as the Sky after rain and thus he discover how he

strove with his pain

The CLORIS be coy why should I Repine,
 That a Nymph much above me,
 Vouchsafes not to love me,

I ne'er in her rank of merit can shine,
 Then why should I seek to debase her to mine,
 No henceforth esteem shall bridle desire,
 Nor in due subjection,
 Retain warm affection,
 No spark of self love shall blaze in my fire
 Then where is the swain can more humbly admire,

While passion shall cease to rage in my Breast,
 And quiet returning,
 Shall hush all my mourning,
 Then Lord of my self in Absolute rest,
 I'll hug the condition that Heaven thinks best,
 Thus Friendship unmixt and wholly refine,
 May yet be respected,

Tho love is rejected,
 And CLORIS must own tho she still proves unkind,
 Theres not such a Friend as a lover resign'd .

May the fortunate Swain that hereafter shall sue,
 With prosp'rous endeavour,
 To gain her dear favour,

Know as well as I what to CLORIS is due,
 Be still more deserving and never less true,
 While I disengaged from wishes and fears,
 Tranquillity tasting,
 On liberty feasting,

In hopes of sure bliss shall pass my few years,
 And long to escape from this Valley of tears, .

Ye powers that preside o'er the vertues of Love,
 Now Aid me with patience,
 To bear its vexations

Let noble designs my winged heart move
 With Sentiments purest my notions improve,
 If e'er my young heart be caught in its chain,
 May Prudence direct me,
 And courage protect me,

Prepar'd for all darts rememb'ring the swain,
 Grew happily wife after loving in vain .

Flute

A musical score for a flute, consisting of five staves. The music is written in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. It features a complex melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, often beamed together. There are several slurs and accents throughout the piece. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The Invocation Set by M^r Bononcini :

A musical score for 'The Invocation' by M^r Bononcini. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 12/8. The lyrics are: 'Ye Pow'rs that o'er Mankind prelide And pity humane Woes My steps to some Retirement guide That no Disturbance knows Ye Pow'rs that'. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with many sixteenth notes.

o'er Mankind preſide and pity human Woes my ſteps to ſome Retirement

guide that no Diſturbance knows there let my ſoul

forgether Pain Reſtor'd to bliſful Peace again Nor e'er re-ſign the calm Re

treat To feel the Sorrows of the Great To feel the Sorrows of the Great D.C.

Flute

D.C.

Love is a Pretty a pretty thing a litle God a

litle King soft and eafy are his Chains All all are

Blef't where Cupid Reigns All all are bleft

Where Cu-pid reigns All all are bleft where.

Cupid Reigns

The first system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/8 time signature. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a 3/8 time signature. The music is written in a single system.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/8 time signature. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a 3/8 time signature. The music is written in a single system.

Fly fly false Man de- ceiv-er go the cause of all my smart thou

The third system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/8 time signature. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a 3/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Author of my greif and Wo thou Author of my greif and

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/8 time signature. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a 3/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

wo thou Author of my greif and Woe hath rob'd me

The fifth system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/8 time signature. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a 3/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

of my Heart thou Author of my greif and Wo hath rob'd me rob'd me

The sixth system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/8 time signature. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a 3/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

79

of my heart

then can ^y see a Virgin Mourn and not one Glance of Pit-ty

Shew but for the truest love return Base scorn to a-gre-vate, my Woe

D C

A Favourite Aire by Mr BONONCINI

Dear PrittyMaid don't fly me so but once more turn this way Don't fly me

so turn once more PrittyMaid turn this way Don't fly me so turn once

more pritty Maid turn thisWay IntenderAmours we'll pass away time th

innocent sport and Joy With Innocent sport and Joy well sweetly love

and our days happily thus employ Remember my dearest Beauty will soon

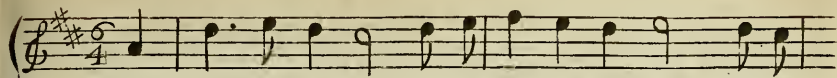
decay think oh my dear time goes on Beauty will soon decay *D.C.*

Flute

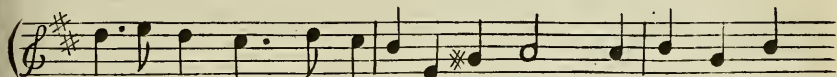
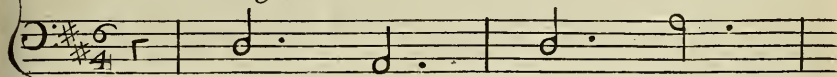
D.C.

A SONG in Praise of Old English ROAST BEEF. 121

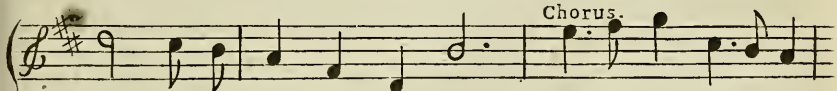
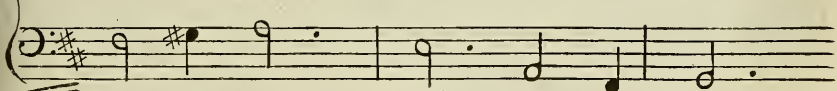
The Words and Musick by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



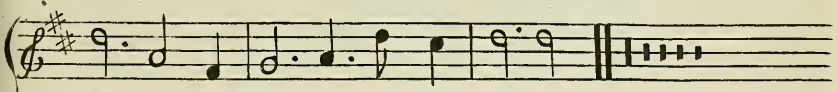
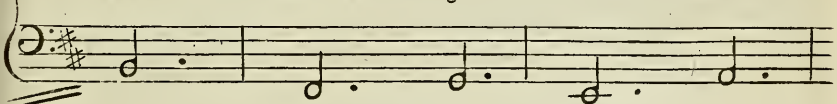
WHEN mighty Roast Beef was the Englishman's Food, It en-



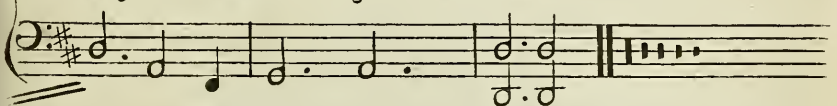
nobl'd our veins, and enriched our Blood; Our Soldiers were



Brave, and our Courtiers were good. Oh the Roast Beef of Old



England, and Old English Roast Beef.



But since we have learn'd from all Conquering France,
To eat their Ragouts, as well as to Dance,
We are fed up with nothing but vain complaisance.
Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

Our Fathers of Old, were Robust, stout and strong,
And kept Open-house with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in this Song.
Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled, to what shall I name,
 A sneaking poor Race, half Begotten — and tame,
 Who sully those Honours that once shone in Fame.
 Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

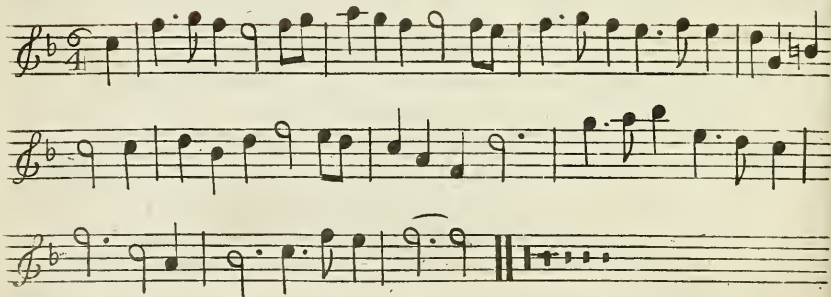
When good Queen ELIZABETH sat on the Throne,
 E'er Coffee, and Tea, and such flip-flops were known,
 The World was in terror if e'er she did frown.
 Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

In those Days, if Fleets did presume on the Main,
 They seldom, or never return'd back again,
 As witness, the vaunting ARMADA of Spain.
 Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

Oh then they had Stomachs to eat and to fight,
 And when wrongs were a Cooking, to do themselves right,
 But now we're a — I could, but good night.

Oh the Roast Beef of Old England,
 Old English Roast Beef.

FLUTE.



THO' Fate decrees that we must part, And I awhile shall
 pine; Yet ne'er suspect my faith and heart, To wander
 for 'tis thine.

Thy worth, thy sweetness, and thy Charms,
 Oh lovely Maid I trace;
 Your absence gives my Soul alarms,
 But Joy to see your Face.

The Swallow, when the Summer's past,
 And equally the Dove,
 In mourning thus, while storms do last,
 Will pine without their Love.

O! quickly, then, dear Maid return,
 The New-Year cheerfull make;
 For thee impatiently I burn,
 Can eat no Twelfth-day Cake.

To draw a Knave, a King, or Queen,
 Court Beauties of renown,
 Will little help to cure my Spleen,
 If you come not to Town.

A DRINKING SONG

FILL the Bowl with streams of Pleasure, Such as GALLIA's Vintage boast;

These are Tides that bring our Treasure, Love and Friendship be the Toast.

Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, fa la la la

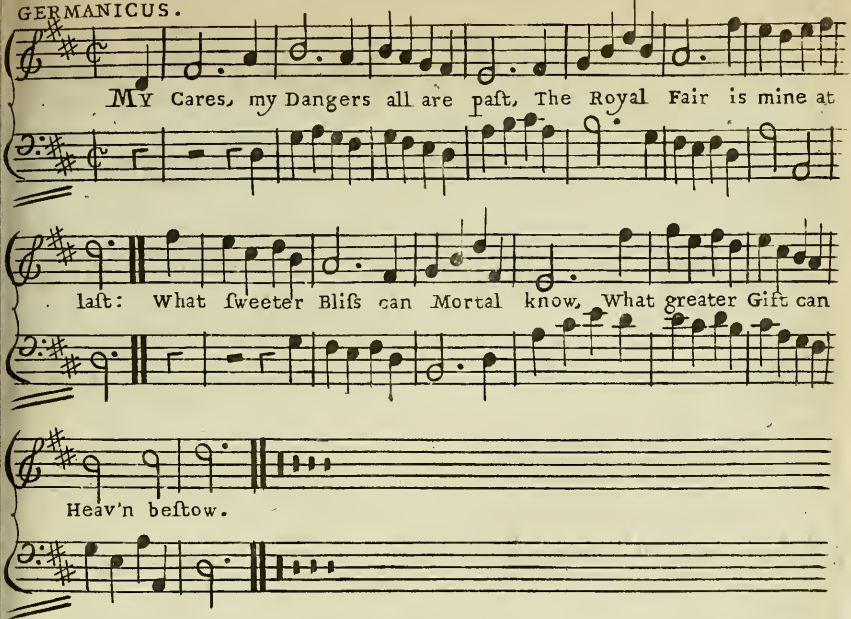
la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la.

First our Mistresses approving,
 With bright Beauty crown the Glass;
 He that is too dull for Loving,
 Must in Friendship be an Ass.
 Fa la la &c.

PYLADES, is with ORESTES,
 Said to have one common Soul,
 But the meaning of the Jest is
 In the bottom of the Bowl.
 Fa la la &c.

Thus, by means of honest drinking,
 Often is the truth found out,
 Which might cause a World of Thinking,
 Spare the pains and drink about.
 Fa la la &c.

GERMANICUS.



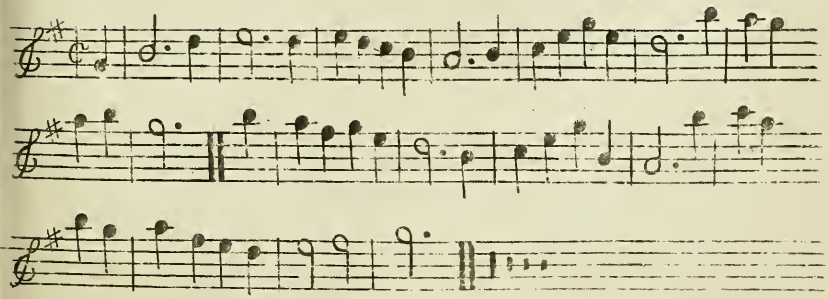
MY Cares, my Dangers all are past, The Royal Fair is mine at
 last: What sweeter Blifs can Mortal know, What greater Gift can
 Heav'n bestow.

BRITANNIA.

O Prince, by Heav'n preserv'd for me,
 No other Joy I seek but thee;
 From day to day, from year to year,
 O May we ever prove more Dear.

Both. From day to day, &c.

FLUTE.



MUIRLAND WILLIE.

HARKEN, and I will tell you how Young Muirland WILLIE came to

woo. Tho' he cou'd neither say nor do; The truth I tell to you. But ay he

cries, whate'er betide, MAGGY I'se ha'e her to be my Bride, With a

fal,de,dal,dal,dal,dal,de,ral,dal,lal,la,ral,lal,la,dal,dal,dal.

On his gray Yad as he did ride,
 With Durk and Pistol by his side,
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle Pride,
 Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.
 Out o'er yon Mofs, out o'er yon Muir,
 Till he came to her Dady's Door.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
 I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,
 I care no for making meikle Din;
 What Answer gi' ye me?
 Now, Woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
 I'll gie ye my Doghter's Love to win.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, Woer, fin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what Town;
I think my Doghter winna gloom

On sick a Lad as ye.

The Woer he step'd up the House,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
With a fal, &c.

I have three Owfen in a Plough,
Twa good ga'en Yads, and Gear enough,
The Place they ca' it CADENEUGH:

I scorn to tell a Lye:

Besides, I had frae the great Laird,
A Peat-pat and a lang Kail-yard.
With a fal, &c.

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the Town;
I wat on him she did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.

The Lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waiste,
With a fal, &c.

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' Gear;
And for my sell ye need na fear,

Troth try me whan ye like.

He took aff his Bonnet and spat in his Chew,
He dighted his Gab, and he pri'd her Mou:
With a fal, &c.

The Maiden blusht and bing'd fu' law,
She had na Will to say him na,
But to her Dady she left it a'

As they twa cou'd agree.

The Lover he ga'e her the tither Kifs,
Synne ran to her Dady, and tell'd him this.
With a fal, &c.

Your Doghter wad na say me na,
But to your sell she has left it a',
As we cou'd gree between us twa;

Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her?

Now, Woer, quo' he, I ha'e na Meikle,
But sick's I ha'e ye's get a Pickle.
With a fal, &c.

A Kilnfu' of Corn I'll gi'e to thee,
 Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky,
 Ye's ha'e the Wadding-dinner free;

Troth I dow do na maiv.
 Content, quo' he, a Bargain be't,
 I'm far frae hame, make hafte let's do't.
 With a fal, &c.

The bridal Day it came to pafs,
 Wi' mony a blythsome Lad and Lafs;
 But sicken a Day there never was,

Sic Mirth was never seen.
 This winsome couple straked Hands,
 Mefs JOHN ty'd up the Marriage Bands.
 With a fal, &c.

And our Bride's Maidens were na few,
 Wi' Tap-knots, Lug-knots, a' in blew,
 Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new,

And blinkit bonnillie.
 Their Toys and Mutches were fae clean,
 They glanced in our Ladfes Een,
 With a fal, &c.

Sick Hirdum, Dirdum, and sic Din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;
 The Minstrels they did never blin,

Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.
 And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
 And ay their Wames together met.
 With a fal, &c.

FLUTE.



How can I well describe the Joy when first I fet my Eyes on

one who only could employ my Thoughts in great surprize

Charming Face Love exciteing comely Grace all delighting who

can look on one so fair And not the force of Love declare

2

But when I labour'd to Address
The Tenour of my Suit.
Fear did my fault'ring speech opprefs
And I continu'd mute

But, my Smart
More abounded
Cupids Dart
Has me wounded

And I longer can't conceal
The Anguish for your sake I feel

3

Yet if you difregard my Pain
I bid this World Adieu
For all my Hopes of Life are vain
If not sustaind by you

With Diffdain
Do not grieve me
See my Pain
And relieve me

Sure you cant severely treat
A Lover dying at your Feet

Pity and Love should in the Fair
 Infeparably joyn
 To extricate from Deep Dispair
 Such Am'rous Hearts as mine
 Sweet Replys
 Kind Behaviour
 Pleasing Eyes
 Gentle Favour
 Are what Lovers must implore
 Or else they can exist no more

flute

A musical score for a flute, consisting of three staves of music. The music is in 6/8 time and has a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes various rhythmic values, slurs, and dynamic markings such as 'f'.

HENRY and KATHERINE Set by D. GREEN

In Antient times in Britons Isle, Lord HENRY well was known: No
 Knight in all his Days more fam'd, Nor more deser'v'd renew: His

6 6 6 6 7 5 6 4

A musical score for a song set by D. Green. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a basso continuo line with figured bass. The music is in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "In Antient times in Britons Isle, Lord HENRY well was known: No Knight in all his Days more fam'd, Nor more deser'v'd renew: His". The figured bass line includes numbers 6, 6, 6, 6, 7, 5, 6, 4.

thoughts on Honour always ran, He never bow'd to Love, No
 Lady in the Land had Charms, His frozen Heart to move.

Midst all the Nymphs where Katherine went,	But soon her Eyes their lustre lost,
The fairest face She shows;	Her Cheeks grew Pale and wan;
She was as Bright as Morning Sun,	For Pining seiz'd her Beauteous form,
And sweet as any Rose:	And cares were all in Vain:
Although she was of low Degree,	This sickness was to all unknown,
She daily conquest gain'd,	This did the fair one waste,
For scarce a Youth who her beheld,	Her time in Sighs and floods of tears,
Escapt her Pow'r full chain.	Or broken slumbers past.

4

Once in a Dream she call'd aloud,
 O HENRY I'm undone;
 O cruel Fate O helpless Maid,
 My Love can ne'er be known:
 But tis the Fate of Woman kind,
 The truth we must conceal,
 I'll die ten thousand thousand deaths,
 Ere I my Love reveal.

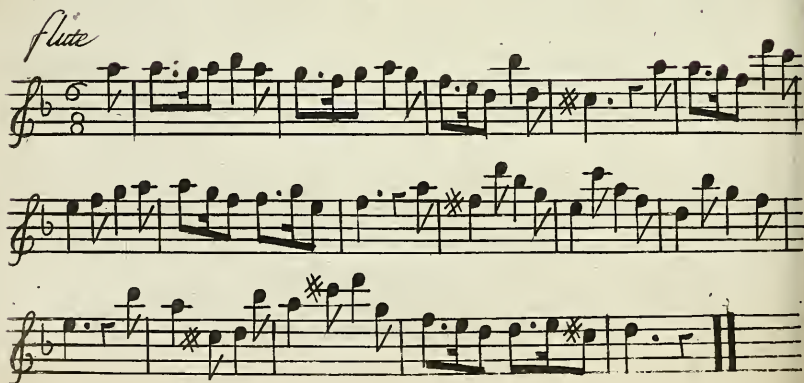
5

A tender Friend who watch'd the Fair,
 To HENRY hy'd away:
 My Lord the crye we've found the Cause,
 Of KATHERINES quick decay:
 She in a dream the secret told,
 Till now no Mortal knew:
 Alas! She now expiring lies,
 And dies for Love of you,

The gen'rous HENRY'S Soul was Struck
 His Heart began to flame
 O poor unhappy Maid he cry'd
 Yet I am not to blame
 O KATHERINE too too modest Nymph
 Thy Love I never knew
 I'll ease thy pain as swift as wind
 To her Bed side he flew

Awake he cry'd thou lovely Maid
 Awake awake my dear
 If I had only guest thy Love
 Thou ne'er hadst shed a tear
 Tis HENRY calls despair no more
 Renew thy wonted charms
 I'm come to call thee back from Death
 And take thee to my Arms

That word reviv'd the lifeless Maid
 She rais'd her Drooping head
 And Smiling on her long lov'd youth
 She started from the Bed
 Her Arms about his Neck she flung
 In Extasie she cry'd
 Will you be kind will you indeed
 Oh Love and fo she Dy'd



Come to my Arms my Treasure thou spring of all our Joy thou spring

of all our Joy without thy Aid without thy Aid without thy Aid. all plea-

-sure wou'd languish fade and Die Come come to my Arms Come to my

Arms my Treasure thou spring of all our Joy Come to my Arms

Come to my Arms come to my Arms my Treasure without thy Aid all

pleasure wou'd languish fade and Die wou'd languish fade and Die

when Arm'd with thy assistance in vain is all resistance what

Fair one can deny what Fa

ir one can Deny when Arm'd with thy assistance what Fair one

can deny Then Charge a round the Glasses and thus we'll drink

and Chaunt then thus we'll drink and Chaunt may all the dear

may all the dear may all the dear kind lasses have all they with

and want fill fill fill a-round fill fill a-round the

Glasses And thus we'll drink and Chaunt fill fill a

round fill fill Around fill fill a-round the Glasses

may all the dear kind lass- -ses have

all they wish and want have all they wish and

want

To a Young LADY Weeping by a Gentleman of OXFORD

Behold the skilful Ar-tists Hand Controul our Passions at Command

And with a single Note impart Or Pain, or Pleasure to the Heart

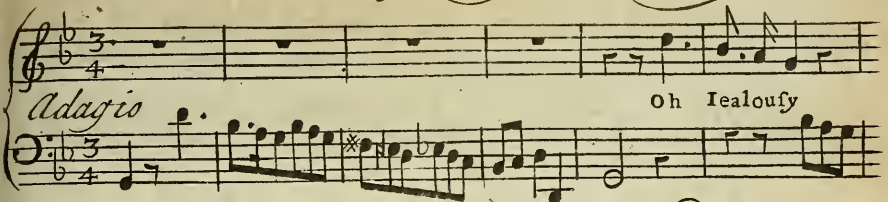
Or what e'en Contradictiton seems
 Blend and unite these two Extreems
 And by a sadly pleasing Strain
 Give us at once both Joy and Pain

Thus while with Tears o'erflow thine Eyes
 While that dear Bosom heaves with sighs
 Between two diff'rent Passions tost
 I know not which controuls me most

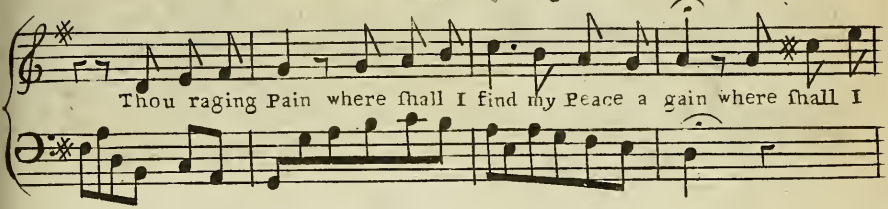
Who sees That Face in Grief appear
 Nor drops a Sympathetick Tear
 Yet still our Ioy's just Ballance keep
 Bless'd in Thy Prefence who can weep

Set to Musick by M^r Carey 137

Adagio Oh Jealousy



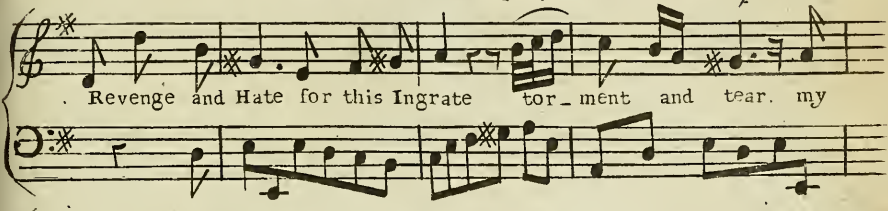
Thou raging Pain where shall I find my Peace a gain where shall I



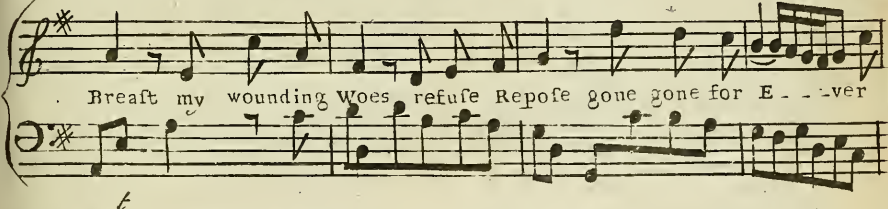
find where shall I find my Peace again



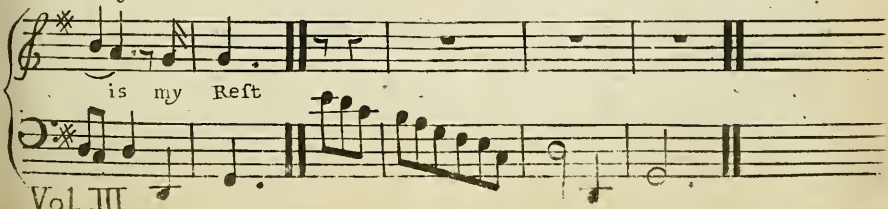
Revenge and Hate for this Ingrate tor-ment and tear, my



Breast my wounding Woes refuse Repose gone gone for E- - - ver



is my Rest



flute

The Faithfull LOVERS Farewell . Set by M^r. LAMPE

Alas it is by fate or daind that I must leave your Charms And
 what you wish'd you've now obtain'd you'll have no more Alarms of
 Am rous sighs of humble Bows which you oft thog to bold I

Vol III

go where Ice like Mountains grows And Summer's self is cold

6 5 # 4 6 5 6 4 5 #

Yet as your cold Diddain exceeds
 The hardest Winters Frost
 If my Heart freezes then or Bleeds
 No matter where I'm lost
 You mind not my despairing Cries
 And care not for my Rest
 The Fire you carry in your Eyes
 Does warm Another's Breast.

But no I will no more Complain
 Of what your Scorn has Done
 since Absence cannot cure my Pain
 Therefore when I am gone
 Pray think that none will be so true
 Or really loves you more
 And take this for my last Adieu
 I part but still adore

flute

Set by Mr. Ino. Hams

Why CLOE will you Au thor be of such un-

equal harm to blow my Heart in to a flame when yours

I cannot warm Give equal Pitty e-qual Love to

Iustice more in cline your own de-fires more ard-ent

make or quite Extinguish or quite Ex-tinguish mine Ex-

- - tinguish mine

The Complaint Set by D. Fox

141

Two staves of music in 3/4 time, key of D major. The first staff is the treble clef and the second is the bass clef. The lyrics are: "You little Pleasing Gods of Love that dwells with in this shady Grove".

When Left to her I did Complain
She only did My Love Disdain
For getting all the Vows she made
When My poor Heart was first Betray'd

The stars above my Witness was
When she did Make those Solemn Vows
That None but me her Love shou'd share
And now she's left me to despair

Since she's forsworn and perjur'd grown
And doth my Constant heart Disown
Away to some Desert I'll Fly
And there will Languish till I die

flute

Two staves of music in 3/4 time, key of D major. The first staff is the treble clef and the second is the bass clef. The music is a flute part.

A SONG the Words and Musick by M^r CAREY

Would you live a stale Virgin for ever sure you're out of your

enses or these are pretences can you part with a person so

Clever in troth you are highly to blame and you M^r

Lover to trifle I thought that a foldier was Wifer and

Bolder a Warriour should plunder and rifle a

Captain oh eye for shame Da Capo

Vol III

Flute

A Hymn to Venus

Blest as th'immortal Gods is he The Youth who

Fondly fits by thee who hears and Sees thee

all the while Softly Speak and Sweetly Smile .

Twas this deprived my Soul of rest and rais'd such tumults
 in my breast That when I gaz'd with Transports toft my
 breath was gone my voice was loft.

My bosom glow'd the subtle flame
 Run quickly thro' my Vital frame
 O're my dim Eyes a darknefs hung
 My Ears with hollow murmurs rung
 In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd
 My Blood with gentle horrors thrill'd
 My feeble pulse forgot to play
 I faint'd sunk and dy'd away .

Flute

HARK! away, 'tis the merry ton'd Horn, Calls the Hunters all up with the Morn:

To the Hills and the Woodlands we steer, To unharbour the out lying Deer.

Minuet

Chorus of
Huntmen

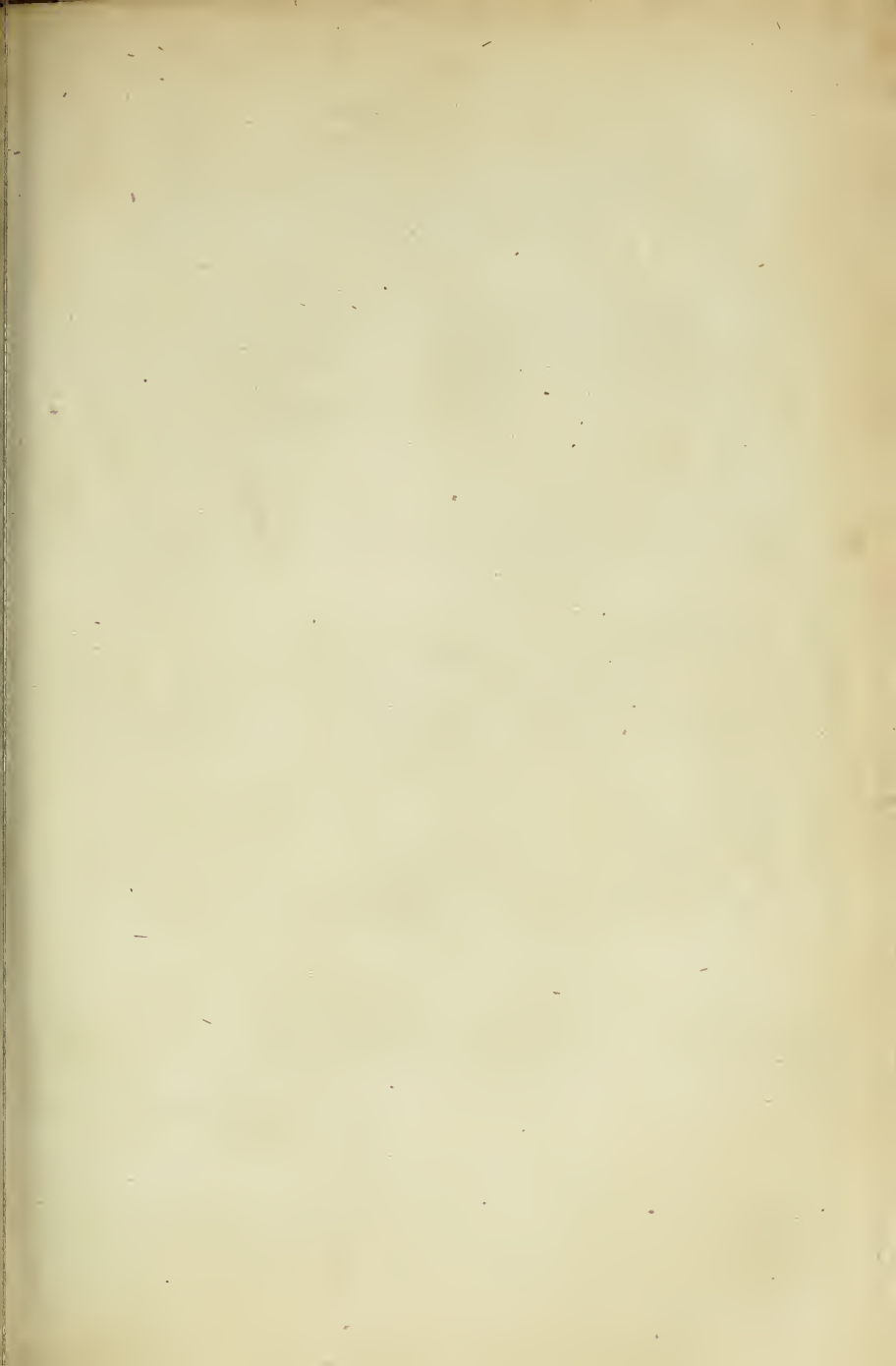
And all the Day long, this, this is our Song, Still hallowing and

following, to frolic and free: Our Joys know no bounds while we after y

Hounds, no mortals on earth are so jolly as we.

<p>Round y Woods when we beat, how we glow, While the Hills they all echo Hillo! With a bounce from his Cover when he flies, Then our shouts they resound to the Skies (Chorus) And all the day long &c.</p>	<p>When we sweep o'er the Valleys, or climb, Up the Heath breathing mountain sublime, What a joy from our labours we feel, Which alone they who taste can reveal (Chorus) And all the day long &c.</p>
--	--







x

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.*

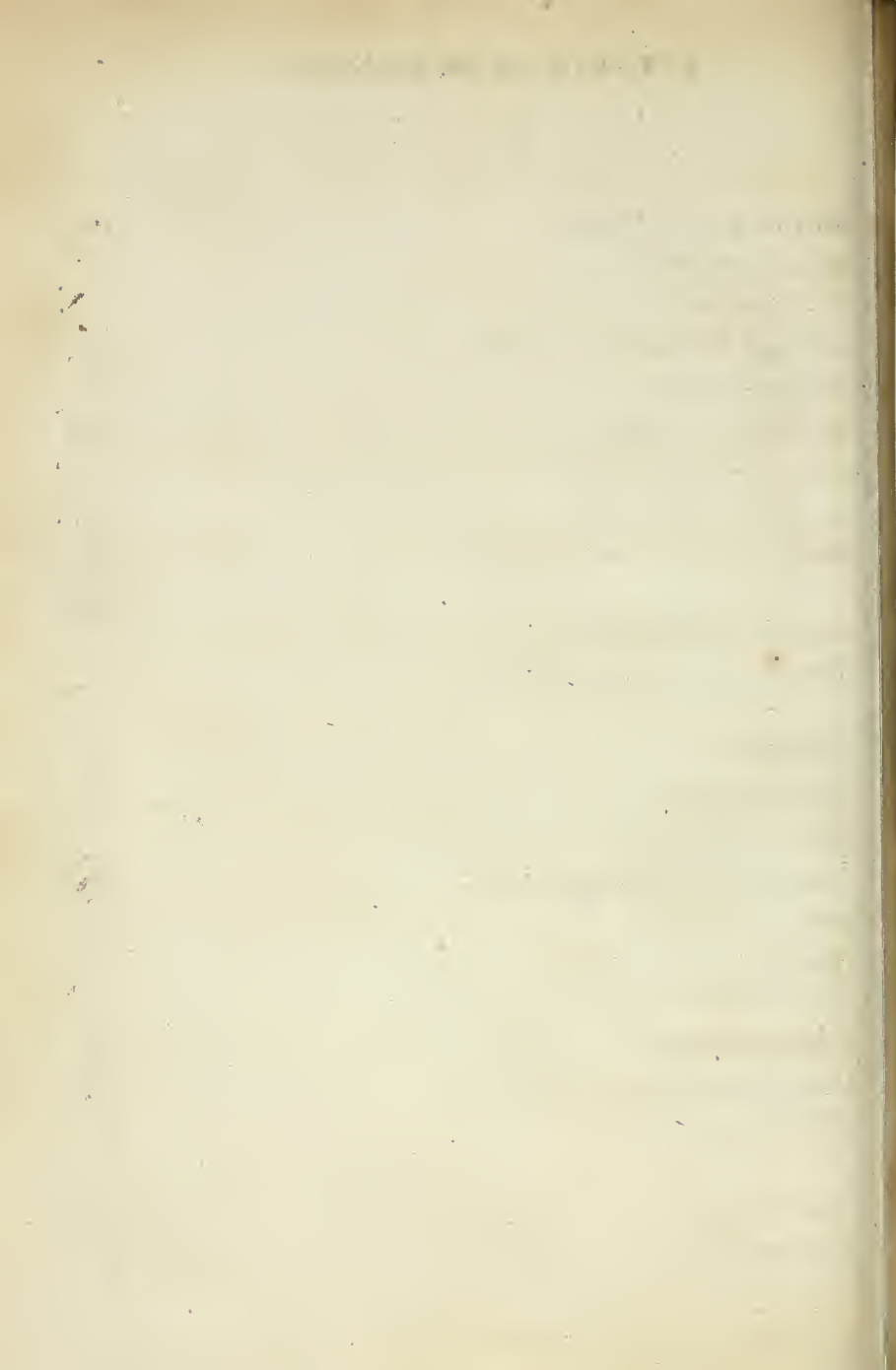
VOL. IV.

*Engraven in a fair Character, and
Carefully Corrected.*

*London. Printed for & Sold by I. Walsh, Musick Printer,
& Instrument maker to his Majesty, at the Harp & Hoboy,
in Catherine Street, in the Strand. N^o 571.*

*Where may be had just Publish'd, Twelve Duets for two
Voices, Collected from the late Operas, Compos'd by M. Handel.*

At Brighton Quinlan 1857.



A

Ah the poor Shepherd	18
Ah how sweet it is	29
As <i>Thomas</i> and <i>Harry</i>	93
And gin ye meet a bonny <i>Laffie</i>	110
A Country life	118
As lovefick <i>Coridon</i>	131
As the <i>Delian</i> Gods	134
A merry land	141
Away we've crown'd the day	145

B

Beneath a shady willow	35
<i>Bacchus</i> one day gayly striding	90

C

<i>Cloe</i> when I view thee smiling	14
<i>Cynthia</i> frowns	17
<i>Celia</i> with an artful	41
Come and listen to my ditty	49
Cease to persuade	62
<i>Cupid</i> since my heart	89
Come follow me all you that tipplers be	103
<i>Celia</i> has charms	109
Come hither my Country 'Squire	122
<i>Cloe</i> my dear	133

D

Dear <i>Sally</i> thy charms have undone me	73
Did ever Lover	126

F

Forgive me if your looks I thought	53
Farewel ye Hills and Valleys	108
Fie <i>Celia</i>	124

G

Gazing on my Idol	37
-------------------	----

H

How happy are they	6
How welcome my Shepherd	10
Haste ye little loves	15
Hark soft Lafs	34
Heaven's offspring	67
He's an Afs	83
Help me each harmonious Grove	91

I

I am in truth a Country youth	52
In Aprill when Primroses	78
I see she loves	100
In person so pretty	129

K

Kind <i>Cupid</i> now relieve me	42
----------------------------------	----

L

<i>Lucinda</i> close or veil those Eyes	2
---	---

M

My easy heart	80
My love was fickle	85
My days have been	95
My dearest <i>Cloe</i>	105

N

Nigh <i>Avon's</i> Banks	7
--------------------------	---

No. more complain 86

O

O loveliest fair 19

O joy abate thy tide 46

O the broom 55

Of all the torments 61

O Bartledom Fair 76

O fie *Brunetta* 113

O *Cupid* gentle *Cupid* 106

O ye Lads of *Edinbro'* 120

O my bonny Highland man 137

P

Phillis talk no more of *Paffion* 28

Put briskly round 65

Phillis I can ne'er forgive it 140

R

Revengeful thoughts 45

S

Stay Shepherd stay 1

See my Charmer 21

See the radiant Queen 69

She whom my fond heart 54

Strephon in vain 82

Strephon a young and am'rous Swain 117

T

The heavy hours 3

'Twas forth in a morning 12

Take advice my gallant Sailor 25

To you who live at home 26

The Italian Nymphs and Swains 32

The charms that blooming Beauty	33
The Gentry to the Kings head go	44
Thou only charmer	97
'There's <i>Nancy</i> to the Green wood gone	98
'Tis thee I love	101
The Sun now darts fainter	102
The Country Maid	111
To thee Oh gentle sleep	125
There was a Swain	143

W

When yielding first to <i>Damon</i>	9
Why cruel Creature	13
When lovers for favours petition	57
What ever I am	71
When our hearts are new kind'd	74
When did you see any falshood in me	77
When gazing on <i>Phillis</i> Eyes	81
Would we attain	88
When e'er for each other we feel	116
Why this talking	121
What is Power	127
Why will <i>Florella</i>	128
Would kind fate	130
When ever I'm absent	136
What is there in this foolish life	138

Y

Young <i>Roger</i> came tapping	5
Ye gales that gently	30
Ye happy Nymphs	51
You follow but in vain	114

A SONG to a FAVOURITE MINUET of Mr. HANDEL'S.

STAY, Shepherd, stay; I prithee stay; Did not you see her

go this way; Where can she be, can you not guess?

Alas! I've lost my Shepherd.....deffs!

I fear some Satyr has betray'd
 My wand'ring Nymph out of the Shade:
 Oh! woe is me, I am undone!
 For in the Shade she was my Sun.

The Pink, the Violet, and the Rose,
 Strive to salute her as she goes;
 Nay, be content to kiss her Shoe,
 The Primrose, and the Daisy too.

Oh! woe is me! what must I do?
 Or who must I complain unto?
 Methinks the Valleys cry, forbear,
 And sighing say, She is not here.

Oh! what shall I, unhappy, do?
 Or who must I complain unto?
 Where may she be, can you not guess?
 Where may I find my Shepherdess?

A SONG Set by MR. SAMS.

LUCINDA, close, or veil' those eyes, Where thousand Loves in

ambush lies; Where Darts are pointed with such skill, they're

sure to hurt, if not to kill: Let pity move thee

to seem blind. Left seeing, thou destroy Mankind.

LUCINDA, hide that swelling Breast,
 The PHOENIX, else will change her Nest;
 Yet do not, for when she expires,
 Her heat may light in the soft fires,
 Of love and pity; so that I,
 By this one way may thee enjoy.

FLUTE.

A SONG Set by Mr. SCRIMSHAW.

THE heavy hours are almost past, That part my Love and
 me: My longing Eyes may hope at last, Their only wish to
 see, Their on...ly wish to see.

* 5 b 4 *

But how, my CLOE, will you meet
 The Man you've lost so long;
 Will Love in all your Pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue.

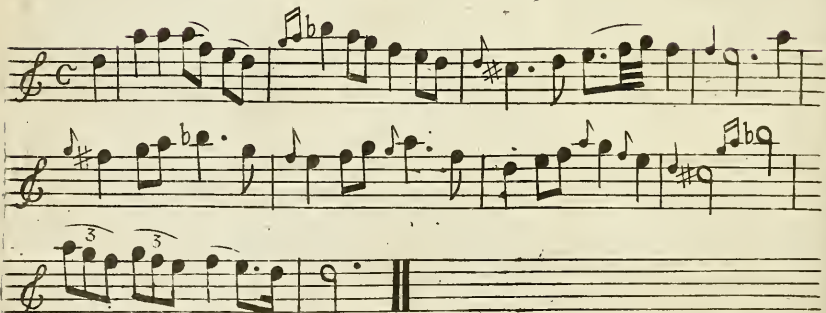
Will you, in ev'ry look declare,
 Your Heart is still the same;
 And heal each idle, anxious Care,
 Our fears in absence frame.

Thus, CLOE, thus I paint a Scene,
 When shortly we shall meet,
 And try what yet remains between,
 Of loit'ring Time to cheat.

But if the Dream that sooths my mind,
 Shall false, and groundless prove;
 If I am doom'd at last to find,
 You have forgot to Love.

All I implore of Heav'n, is this,
 No more to let us join;
 But grant me now the flatt'ring Blifs,
 To die, and think you mine.

FLUTE.



ROGER'S COURTSHIP.

5

Set by Mr. CAREY.

Young ROGER came tapping at DOLLY's Window. Tumpaty.

Tumpaty, Tump. He begg'd for admittance, She answer'd him no,

Glumpaty, Glumpaty, Glump. My DOLLY, my Dear, your true Love is

here. Dumpaty, Dumpaty, Dump. No, no, ROGER, no, as you

came you may go. Slumpaty, Slumpaty, Slump.

Oh! then she recall'd, and recall'd him again. Humpaty &c.
 whilst he, like a Mad-Man, ran over the Plain. Slumpaty &c.
 Oh! what is the reason, dear DOLLY, he cry'd. Humpaty &c.
 That thus I'm cast off, and unkindly deny'd. Trumpaty &c.

Some Rival more dear, I guess has been here. Crumpaty &c.
 Suppose there's been two Sir, pray what's that to you Sir. Numpaty &c.
 Oh! then with a Sigh; his sad farewell he took. Humpaty &c.
 And all Despair, he leap't into the Brook. Plumpaty &c.

His courage he cool'd, he found himself fool'd. Mumpaty &c.
 He swam to the shore, and saw DOLLY no more. Rumpaty &c.
 Determin'd to find a Damofell more kind. Plumpaty &c.
 While DOLLY's affraid, she must die an Old Maid. Mumpaty &c.

A SONG Set by Mr. SAMS.

How happy are they, are belov'd and o-bey the Laws of Love's.

sweet, tho' tyrannical sway. They're proud of their Bondage, and

smile on their Chains, a happy short Minute rewards all their Pains.

How wretched we seem,
 When the Bliss we esteem,
 Is so quickly pass'd o'er with a Thought or a Dream;
 There's not so desir'd, and there's nothing so cloy,
 As the sweetest of Meats, and the sweetest of Joys.

A SONG ON PRINCESS AMELIA.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are: "Nigh AVON's winding Stream, a Swain, for Numbers not un- known; No Hireling of the Muses train, but me-rits have a- lone. Thus lately Sung (nor Sung in vain) what no one cou'd difown." The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, accidentals, and ornaments (tr) and repeat signs (:s:).

Nigh AVON's winding Stream, a Swain, for Numbers not un-
 known; No Hireling of the Muses train, but me-rits have a-
 lone. Thus lately Sung (nor Sung in vain) what no one
 cou'd difown.

Aid me, ye Nymphs and Swains to sing,
 And every tuneful throng,
 The Daughter of great PAN, our King,
 AMELIA claims our Song:
 Let every Grove and Valley ring,
 And warble every Tongue.

But oh all accents must prove faint,
 To speak her charming Grace,
 What mortal fancy e'er cou'd paint,
 What artfull tongue express,
 Her comely Features lively teint,
 Or Cupids in her Face.

Nor fierce, nor languid are her Eyes,
 Her Lips the Rubies deck:
 From Beds of Lillies, Roses rise,
 To blush upon her Cheek:
 Her flowing Locks, the Chestnut dyes,
 To shade her snowy Neck.

Her Mind is solid, quick, and clear,
 Her Heart's of Grace a flame;
 And Innocence gives such an Air,
 To all her Beauteous frame:
 That Virtuous, Witty, easy, fair,
 In her seem all the same.

When she deigns with her rural Host,
 To Dance, or tune the Lyre,
 'Tis hard to say, whose move the most,
 They all so much admire:
 And yet her Air is so compos'd,
 She fans no fatal fire.

The Nymphs and Shepherds thro', the Plain.
 Her Will with joy obey,
 With guiltless ardour ev'ry Swain,
 Submits to her soft sway;
 She pleases all, they please again,
 She's blest, and happy they.

F L U T E .

The musical score for the Flute part consists of three staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff includes repeat signs (:s:) and ends with a double bar line.

When Yeilding first to DAMONS flame I sunk in

to his Arms he swore he'd ever be the same then Rifled

all my Charms But fond of what he'd long de-

sir'd Too Greedy of his Prey My Shepherds flame a

las Expir'd before the verge of Day

My Innocence in Lovers Wars
 Reproach'd his Quick Defeat
 Confus'd Asham'd and bath'd in Tears
 I mourn'd his cold Retreat
 At length Ah Shepherdes Cry'd he
 Would you my Fire Renew
 Alas you must Retreat like me
 I'm lost if you pursue

The fond SHEPHERDESS set by MR LAMPE

How welcome my Shepherd how welcome to me is

ev'ry Oc-casion of meeting with thee but when thou art absent how

Joyless am I methinks I contented could sit down and dye I

rail at the Hours that so slowly they move while I'm at a Distance from

all that I Love then weeping complain of my ill natur'd Fate Re

pine at my being and curse my sad State I

With trifling Amusements I sometime beguile
 My cares for a Moment and Cheerfully smile
 But quickly thy Image returns to my Soul
 And in my sad Bosom new Hurricanés roll
 No Joy can be lasting when thou art not here
 Thy Prefence alone can thy Shepherdés cheer
 Thy Looks like the sun chase all Vapours away
 And Blest with thy Sight I could always be Gay.

How happy am I while upon thee I gaze
 How pleas'd with the Beauty that shines in thy Face
 What Charms do I find in thy Person and air
 And if you converse I for ever could hear
 The oftner I see you the more I approve
 The Choice I have made and am fixd in my Love
 For Merit like yours still brighter is shewn
 And more must be vallu'd the more it is known.

To live in a Cottage with thee I would chuse
 And Crowns for thy sake I should gladly refuse
 Not all the vast Treasures of Wealthy Peru
 To me would seem Precious if ballanc'd with you
 For all my ambition to thee is confin'd
 And nothing could please me if thou wert unkind
 Then faithfully love me and Happier I'll be
 Than plac'd on a Throne if to reign without Thee

flute

The musical score is written for a flute in 3/8 time. It consists of four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/8 time signature. The music is characterized by rapid sixteenth-note passages and various ornaments. The second staff features a repeat sign and a fermata. The third and fourth staves continue the melodic line with similar rhythmic complexity and include additional ornaments. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a fermata on the final note.

My Apron Deary

Twas forth in a Morning a Morning of MAY A Soldier and his Mis

trefs were walking a stray And Low down by yon Meadow Brow. I

heard a Lafs cry MY A - PRON NOW

<p> O had I ta'en Counsel of Father or Mother Or had I taen Counsel of Sister or Brother But I was a young Thing and easy to wooe And my Belly bears up MY APRON NOW </p>	<p> Thy Apron DEARY I must confesse Is something ^e shorter tho naething ^e less I only was wi ye a Night or Two. And yet you cry out MY APRON NOW </p>
--	--

My Apron is made of lineum Twine
 Well set about wi pearling lync
 I think it Great pity my Babe should tync
 And I'll row it in my Apron fine

flute

Why Cruel Creature why so bent to Vex a tender Heart
To Gold and Title you Belent love Throws in Vain his Dart .

The image shows a musical score for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system also ends with a double bar line.

Yet Glittering Fools in Courts be great
For Pay let Armies Move
Beauty should have no other Bait
But Gentle Vows and Love

If on those Endless Charms you lay
The Value that's there Due
Kings are themselfe to poor to pay
A Thousand Worlds to Few

But if apassion with out Vice
Without Disguife or Art
Ah CELIA if True love's your Price
Behold it in my Heart

FLUTE

The image shows a musical score for flute. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a single line of music (treble clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/8. The music is written in a flowing, melodic style. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system also ends with a double bar line.

A SONG to a Favourite AIR of MR HANDELL'S

CLO - E when I view thee Smi - ling Toys Cælestial round

me Move Pleasing Vifions Care be - gui - ling gaurd my State and

crown my Love To behold thee gayly fhining is a Pleaf - - fure

paft defi - ning every Feature charms my Sight but O

Heav'ns when I'm carefs - - ing Thrilling Raptures ne - - ver

cea - - sing Fill my foul with foft Delight

Oh thou Lovely dearest Creature
 Sweetest Charmer Enflaver of my Heart
 Beautous Master piece of Nature
 Cause of all my Ioy and smart
 In thy Arms enfolde lay me

To dissolving Blifs convey me
 Softly Sooth my Soul to Rest
 Gentlv Kindlv Oh my Treasure
 Blefs me let me dye with Pleasure
 On thy Panting Snowy Breast

Flute

Set to Musick by Mr. Carey

Haste haste ye lit-tle Loves ye gentle

Zephyrs fly Bring with you ve-nus Doves & washim Throug Sky

To Fountains Grotts and Bows where Love is never coy

where Days shall seem but Hours and Time be kill'd with Ioy.

O teach me e'ery Art
 And lend me e'ery Grace
 Within his Frozen Heart
 To give my Pafsion place

Gay Goddeffs of Defire
 Or make Aurora blest
 Or quench at once Loves Fire
 And tear him from my Breaft.

flute

CYNTHIA frowns when ere I woe her Yet she's vex'd: If

I give over Yet she's vex'd: If I give over Much she fears I

should un-do her but much more to lose her Lover

thus in Doubting she Re-fuses and not Winning

thus she looses

Prythee CYNTHIA look behind you
 Age and Wrinkles will o're take you
 Then to late Desire will find you
 When the power muſt forfake you
 Think O think O the ſad Condition
 To be paſt yet wiſh Fruition

Galla Shields

slow

Ah the poor Shepherd's Mournful Fate When doom'd to Love

and doom'd to Languish to bear the scornful Fair ones Hate Nor

dare disclose his Anguish Yet ea-ger Looks and dying sighs

My secret Soul discover While Rapture trembling thro' my Eyes

Reveals how much I love her The Tender Glance the red ning

Cheek O'erspread with ri-sing Blush-es A Thousand various

40

Fears they speak A Thousand various Wishes

For oh that Form so heav'nly fair
 Those languid Eyes so sweetly smiling
 That Artless Blush and Modest Air
 So fatally beguiling
 Thy ev'ry Look and ev'ry Grace
 So charm when e'er I view thee
 Till Death o'ertake me in the Chace
 Still will my Hopes pursue thee
 Then when my tedious Hours are past
 Be this last Blessing giv'n
 Low at thy Feet to breathe my Last
 And die in Sight of Heav'n

The EXPOSTULATION .

O loveliest Fair to you my Song in Warbling Numbers flows For

you inspire my grateful Tongue And dissipate my Woes My Mind

when you with Rays divine Inspire — re does like you shine

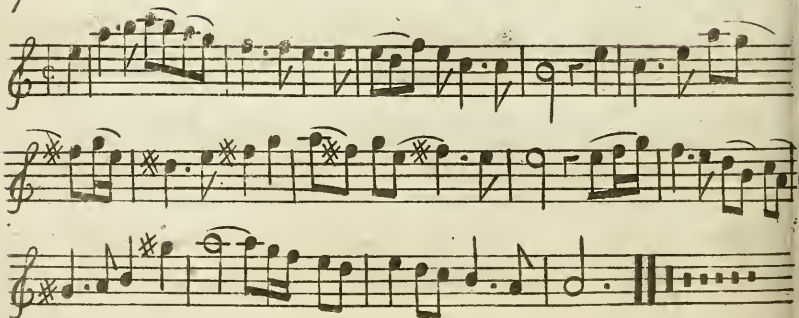
At once reveal my cruel Fate
 And let me know the Worst
 I'll arm my self against your Hate
 And bear to be Accurst
 If't must be so my Doom I'll bear
 These Doubts I cannot Bear.

Soon as my drooping Eyes I raise
 To view your charming Face
 O'erwhelm'd with Joy lost in Amaze
 I Bless each sparkling Grace
 My raptur'd Soul springs to my Eyes
 And tell my Fears and Joys

How long O loveliest Fair how long
 Shall I my suff'rings bear
 Why do you thus my Passion wrong
 And sink me in Despair
 Now lifted high now sunk as low
 You Plunge me still in Woe

Poor Mariners when storms run high
 Like Terrors undergo
 Sometimes they're Wafted to the Sky
 Then Plung'd in Sands below
 No more torment me but be kind
 And cure my Troubled Mind

flute



A Favourite Song by Mr. Handel

see my Charmer flies me unkindly she denies me and strives to give me

pain and strives to give me pain and strives to give me

pain see fee my Charmer fly's me see the flys me
 and strives to give me pain see fee my Charmer flys
 me fee
 see fee my Charmer flys me unkindly she denies me see fee my Charmer

fly's me and strives to give me pain to give me pain - - - - - fee

fee my Charmer flys me and strives to give me Pain

Shall I purfue my

ruin and court my own undoing and court my own undoing or

4 3 6 6 6 6 6 7 6

laugh at her disdain or laugh at her disdain shall I pursue my

6 4# 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 #

ruin and court my own undoing or laugh at her disdain or

6 6 6 6 6 6

laugh at her disdain or laugh at her Disdain Da Capo

6 4 3 6 6 #

Con spirito

TAKE advice, my Gallant Sailor, In attacking of the Fair; With addresses

never fail her, Stick to the Text and ne'er despair. Take advice, my Gallant

Sailor, In attacking of the Fair; With addresses never fail her, Stick to the

Text and ne'er despair, Stick to the Text and ne'er despair.

If your CLOE flights the Passion,
The Wind may change from cold to hot;
Women fickle, 'tis the fashion,
Champain soon makes that forgot.

In a Bumper Toast the Charmer,
Froth and sprinkle to the brim;
Sigh on her Breast till you disarm her,
For to Love, my Friend's no Sin.

If this Cruel frowns with rancour,
Most sullingly will not comply;
In her harbour don't drop Anchor,
To a gentler Climate fly.

Let all your Perturbations die,
 Your private Feuds allay;
 Let ev'ry Animosity
 For ever in Oblivion lye,
 Now we are gone to Sea.

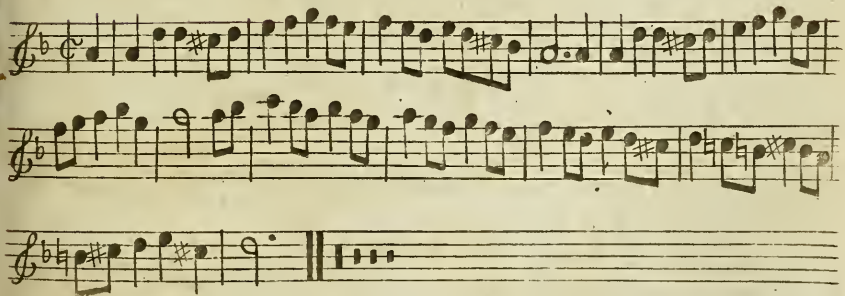
When forked Light'ning flies amain,
 And Thunder splits our Mast;
 Think then what Dangers we sustain,
 Compell'd by you to cross the Main,
 For Humane Fraillties past.

I hope to see my Dear once more,
 Tho' I my Voy'ge pursue;
 Tho' Winds unite, and Billows roar,
 To waft me from BRITANNIA'S Shore,
 I'll be for ever true.

I neither dread the War's Alarms,
 Nor poyson'd INDIAN Dart;
 But while engag'd in Hostile Arms,
 I'll be inspir'd by MOLLY'S Charms,
 With whom I leave my Heart.

When having suffer'd an Exile,
 And favour'd by the Wind;
 Enrich'd with CAROLINA'S spoyl,
 And coasting for my Native Isle,
 Perhaps she'll then prove kind.

FLUTE.



PHILLIS, talk no more of Passion, Words alone want Pow'r to move:

She that flies a fair Occasion, Never shou'd pretend to Love.

Honour, that so oft you boast on,
 Love possessing once the Mind,
 Only is a vain Pretension,
 Women-use that won't be kind.

See the winged Moments flying,
 Whereon Youth and Beauty ride;
 She, who long persists denying,
 Ne'er can hope to be a Bride.

She that now evades possessing,
 By her silly Doubts betray'd;
 When she'd yield to share the Blessing,
 May, neglected, dye a Maid.

FLUTE.

FLUTE.

The Bonny Scot.

YE Gales that gently wave the Sea, And please the can - ny

Boat-man, Bear me frae hence, or bring to me, My brave, my

bonny Scot-Man: In ha - ly Bands we join'd our Hands, Yet

may not this dif-co ver, While Parents rate a large Estate, Be-

fore a faithful Lover.

But I loor chuse in HIGHLAND Glens,
 To herd the Kid and Goat-Man,
 E'er I cou'd for sic little Ends,
 Refuse my bonny Scot-Man.
 Wae worth the Man,
 Wha first began,
 The base ungenerous Fashion,
 Frae greedy Views,
 Love's Art to use,
 While Strangers to its Passion.

From foreign Fields, my lovely Youth,
 Haste to thy longing Laffie,
 Wha pants to press thy bawmy Mouth,
 And in her Bosom hawse thee.
 Love gi'es the Word,
 Then haste on Board,
 Fair Winds and tenty Boat-Man,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er,
 Frae yonder Shore,
 My blyth, my bonny Scot Man.

FLUTE.

The Mock Song Sung by Mr. ROBERTS at the Theatre.

Royal in DRURY LANE.

THE Italian Nymphs and Swains, that adorn the Op'ra Stage, With their

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, So sweetly they Engage, that we die upon their

Strains, With a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Their ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, with-

out a grain of Sence, Has mollify'd our Brains, and we're fobb'd out of our

Pence, with their ha, ha, ha, &c. *Ad Libitum*

But I hope the time will come, when their Favourers will find.
 With a Ha, ha, ha, &c.
 They have paid too great a Sum to Italian Pipes for Wind,
 With a Ha, ha, ha, &c.
 When English Wit again, and Merit too shall thrive,
 And Men of Fortune to support that Wit and Merit strive,
 In spite of Ha, ha, ha, &c.

33

The Charms of Beauty Set by M^r. Whichillo

The Charms that blooming Beauty shows From Faces heav'nly fair

We to the Lilly and the Rose with Semblance Apt Compare.

With Semblance Apt for ah. how soon
How soon they all decay.
The Lilly droops the Rose is gone
And Beauty fades away.

But when bright virtue shines confests
With sweet Discretion joind
When Mildness calms the peaceful Breast
And Wisdom guides the Mind

When Charms like these dear Maid conspire
Thy Person to Approve
They kindle generous chaste Desire
And everlasting Love

Beyond the Reach of Time or Fate
These Graces shall endure
Still like the Passion they create
Eternal constant pure

flute

A Sea Song Set by D^r. Pepusch

Hark hark methink I hear the Sea men call The Bloift rous feamen

say Bright CASTABELLA come away The Wind fits fair y^e Veffel's stout &

tall Bright Castabella come away for Time and Tide can never stay

Our mighty Master NEPTUNE calls aloud
 The ZEPHYRS gently blow
 The TRITONS cry You are too flow
 For ev'ry Sea Nymph of the glittering Crow'd
 Has Garlands ready to throw down
 When you ascend your wat'ry Throne

See see she comes she comes and now adieu
 Let's bid adieu to shore
 And to whate'er we feard before
 O CASTABELLA we depend on you
 On you our better Fortunes lay
 Whom both the Winds and Seas obey

Flute

The Happy Meeting

35

Be-neath the shady Willow Trees Upon the Mossy

Green Where Zephyr fanns with gentle Breeze And

Jesmin Groves are seen Where circling Woodbines

rife and where Unplanted Myr-tle Grows And

where the whole re-voly-ing Year Each

gliding Riv-let flows

Where blushing Roses do abound
 And Lillies raise their Heads
 And Violets diffuse around
 Sweet Fragrance from their Beds
 There near a gentle purling Brook
 Was Mournful STREPHON laid
 Neglected was his Silver Crook
 He dying for a Maid

Adieu to all this verdant Grove
 And Chrystal Streams said he
 Adieu to my ungrateful Love
 Whom I shall never see
 But yet I'll Bless that Charming Face
 E'en with my parting Breath
 That shines with such Majestick Grace
 From whence proceeds my Death.

When SILVIA found his Love was true
 She quick flew to his Arms
 Said she no one on Earth but you
 Shall e'er possess my Charms
 Then did the Happy Couple stay
 In this Delightful Grove
 And pass'd the blissful Hours away
 In pleasing Acts of Love.

FLUTE

flute

A Favourite Air by M^r. Handel ³⁷

3/8

6 6 6 6 6 6 7

7 6 5 6 4 6

6 6

Gazing on my Idol Treasure all my Soul is loft in Ioy

6 6

all my Soul is loft in Ioy

all my soul is lost in Joy

Gaz - - ing

on my Idol Treasure all my soul is lost in

Joy all my Soul is lost in Joy all my Soul

all my Soul all all all my soul is lost in Joy

all my

Soul is lost in Joy

The af

--- fords eternal Pleasure eternal Plea ---

6 5 # 6

--- fure and can never never cloy ---

the af-fords eter-nal Pleasure

and can never no ne ver Cloy Da Capo

6 # 6 4 # 5

CÆLIA with an Artful Care treats her poor unhappy Lover

Fingerings: 6, 6, #, 6, 6, #, 4, 7, 6, #

She for bids me to dispair yet my sighs and Tears can't

Fingerings: 5, 6, 6, 4, 2, 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 5, 3

move her CÆLIA if you'd ease my pain grant the

Fingerings: 6, 6, 2, 6, 8

favour or de-ny it since I court your Smiles in

Fingerings: 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 5, 6, 6

Vain let a Frown re store my quiet

Fingerings: 6, 4, 5, #

Kind CUPID now relieve me with frowns no longer grieve me but

6 6 7 6

with Compassion move her to soften her Disdain Kind CUPID

6 6 6 6 6 # 4 6

Now relieve me with frowns no longer grieve me but with Com-

6 6 7 6 6 6

pasion move her but with Compassion move her to soften her dis-

6 6 6 6

dain to Soften her dis-

6 6 6 6 #6

dain to sof- - - - - ten to soften her dis-

6 6 #6 4 6 6

- dain to soften her Disdain

Figured bass: 6 6 6 6 6 6

Figured bass: 7 6 / 5 4

Hard fate I had to woe her condemn'd thus to pur

Figured bass: 6 #6 6 #6

sue her like TANTALUS for e - ver Striving but all in

Figured bass: 7 # 6 b # # 5 #

Vain like TANTALUS for e - - - - ver Striving but

Figured bass: # 6 #4 5 4#

all in Vain like TANTALUS for

Figured bass: 6 # 6

Ever Striving but all in vain Da Capo

The Gentry to the Kinghead go the Nobles to the Crown the
 Knight you'l att the Garter find and att the Plough the Clown but
 well beat Evry Bush Boys in Hunting of good Wine And Value
 not a Ruff Boys my Landlord or his Signe

The Bifhop to the Miter goes
 The Sailor to the Star
 The Parfon Topes beneath the Rose
 Att the Trumpett Men of War, But well

The Bankrupt to the World End roams
 No Fair the Feather Scorns
 The Lawyer to the Devil runs
 The Tradefman to the Horns

But well

Revengeful thoughts on CLOES Pride Her Affectations Spring fix'd
 . Resolution thus to Chide And leave the great gay Thing

2

Thou only truly self adord
 Nature Alafs in vain
 Does now her Master piece afford
 While you her Beauties stain

3

Big With Conceit of Cnquests great
 Falfe Graces you alarm
 But ah how treacherous they retreat
 And do their Chief difarm

4

Yet if Contentment CLOE can
 In fancy'd Triumphs find
 Despair not Conquest to obtain
 Flattery weak and Blind

5

Leave to Contend with truth and Sense
 Too Mighty to Oppose
 And smiling Ogling War Commence
 With Coxcombs Fools and Beaux

Flute

Vol IV

Set by M^r. Lampe

Oh Joy a -

- bate thy Tide in gentler currant glide or let thy Transport

Itay to bear my Soul away

Oh Joy a bate the

Tide in gentler curreant glide or let thy Tran-

ports stay to bear my soul a-way O Ioy a-bate thy

Tide in gentler curreant glide or let thy Transport stay to

bear my soul away - or

let thy Transport stay to bear my soul a-way O Ioy

a

a bate thy tide in gentler curreant glide in gentler

curreant glide O who would longer live if longer still to

live one Moment spent with you is Wor

th is worth an Age of woe D.C.

The SAILOR'S COMPLAINT.

COME and listen to my Ditty, All ye jolly Hearts of Gold; Lend a
 Brother Tarr your pity. Who was once so Stout and Bold! But the
 Arrows of CUPID, A-las! has made me rue; Sure true
 love was ne'er so treated, As I am by scornful SUE.

When I landed first at Dover,
 She appear'd a Goddess bright;
 From Foreign Parts I was just come over,
 And was struck with fond Sight:
 On the shore pretty SUE I call'd,
 Near to where our Frigate lay,
 And aitho' so near the landing,
 I, alas! was cast away.

When first I hal'd my pretty Creature,
 The delight of Land and Sea;
 No man ever saw a sweeter,
 I'd have kept her company:

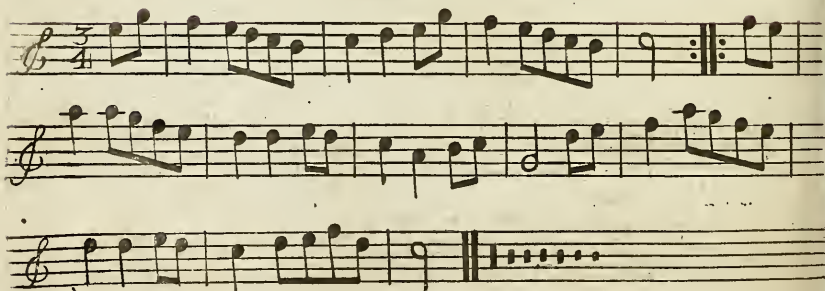
I'd have fain made her my True Love,
 For Better, or for Worse;
 But alas! I cou'd not compass her,
 For to steer the Marriage Course.

Once, no greater Joy and Pleasure,
 Cou'd have come into my mind,
 Than to see the bold DEFIANCE,
 Sailing right before the Wind:
 O'er the white waves as she danced,
 And her Colours gayly flew;
 But that was not half so charming,
 As the Trim of lovely SUE.

On a Rocky Coast I've driven,
 Where the stormy Winds do rise,
 Where the rowling mountain Billows,
 Lift a Vessel to the Skies:
 But from Land, or from the Ocean,
 Little dread I ever knew,
 When compared to the Dangers,
 In the frowns of scornful SUE.

Long I wonder'd why my Jewel,
 Had the heart to use me so;
 Till I found by often sounding,
 She'd another love in tow:
 So farewell hard hearted SUKEY,
 I'll my fortune seek at Sea,
 And try in a more friendly Latitude
 Since I in yours cannot be.

FLUTE.



A SONG The Words by Mr. MANLEY.

YE hap-py Nymphs, whose harmless Hearts, No fatal
Sorrows prove; Who ne-ver knew Men's faithless Arts, Or
felt the Pangs of Love.

If dear Contentment is a Prize,
Believe not what they say,
Their specious tales are all disguise,
Invented to betray.

Alas! how certain is our grief,
From Cares how can we fly,
When our fond Sex is all belief,
And Man is all a lye.

FLUTE.

A YORKSHIRE SONG by Mr. CAREY.

I am in Truth, a Country Youth, Unus'd to London Fashions;

Yet Virtue guides, and still presides, O'er all my Steps and Passions.

No courtly Leer, but all sincere, No Bribe shall ever blind me, If

you can like a Yorkshire Tike, An honest Man you'll find me.

Tho' Envy's Tongue,
 With slander hung,
 Does oft belye our County;
 No Men on Earth,
 Boast greater Worth,
 Or more extend their Bounty;
 Our Northern Breeze,
 With us agrees,
 And does for Bus'ness fit us;
 In publick Cares,
 In Love's affairs,
 With Honour we acquit us.

A noble Mind,
 Is ne'er confin'd,
 To any Shire or Nation;
 He gains most praise,
 Who best displays,
 A Gen'rous Education.
 While rancour rolls,
 In narrow Souls,
 By narrow Views discerning;
 The truly wise,
 Will only prize,
 Good Manners, Sense, and Learning.

FORGIVE me if your looks I thought, Did once some

change discover; To be too Jealous, is the fault, Of ev'ry

tender Lover: My Truth those kind Reproaches shew, Which

you blame so se-vere-ly; A Sign, alas! you lit-tle knew, What

'tis to love sincerely.

The torment of a long Despair,
 I did in silence smother;
 But 'tis a Pain I cannot bear,
 To think you love another.
 My Fate depends alone on you,
 I am but what you make me;
 Divinely blest, if you prove true,
 Undone, if you forsake me.

The Words by Mr. DILBURY. The Musick by Mr. D. FOX.

SHE who my fond Heart possesses, Is of late so
Fickle grown; That to ev'ry Fop who dresses, Will be
Prating with her Own.

And if any chance to name her,
I as ravish'd do appear,:S:
Now I blush, leaft they Defame her.
With some Truth I cannot hear.

While my Doubts are yet prevailing,
If she but my Words deny,:S:
Soon she makes me quit my Railing,
And I give my thoughts the lie.

You, whose Skill in Love is greater,
Say what Charm compels my Fate!:S:
Say what makes me love her better,
Whom, I fear, I ought to Hate.

O The Broom, the bon-ny Broom, The Broom of COWDENKNOWS;

I with I were at hame again, To milk my Dad-dy's Ews.

The image shows a musical score for two systems. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The first system has the lyrics 'O The Broom, the bon-ny Broom, The Broom of COWDENKNOWS;'. The second system has the lyrics 'I with I were at hame again, To milk my Dad-dy's Ews.'. The music is in common time (C) and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets and rests.

How blyth ilk Morn was I to see.
 The Swain come o'er the Hill!
 He skip'd the Burn, and flew to me:
 I met him with good Will.
 O the Broom, &c.

I neither wanted Ew nor Lamb
 While his Flock near me lay;
 He gather'd in my Sheep at E'en.
 And chear'd me a' the Day.
 O the Broom, &c.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed fae sweet.
 The Birds stood list'ning by:
 E'en the dull Cattle stood and gaz'd.
 Charm'd with his Melody.
 O the Broom, &c.

While thus we spent our Time by turns,
 Betwixt our Flocks and Play:
 I envy'd not the fairest Dame,
 Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.
 O the Broom, &c.

Hard Fate that I shou'd banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest Swain,
 That ever yet was born.

O the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be;
 He staw my Heart: cou'd I refuse,
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?

O the Broom, &c.

My Doggie, and my crook'd Stick,
 May now lie usefess by,
 My Plaidy, Broach and little Kitt,
 That held my Wee Soup Whey.

O the Broom, &c.

Adieu ye COWDENKNOWS, adieu;
 Farewell a' Pleasures there;
 Ye Gods restore to me my Swain,
 Is a' I crave or care.

O the Broom, the Bonny Broom,
 The Broom of COWDENKNOWS:
 I wish I were at hame again,
 To milk my Daddy's Ews.

F L U T E .



Set by Mr. SMITH.

Andante

WHEN Lover's for favour, for

fa-vour Petition, Oh then they approach with respect, But

when in our hearts they've admision they tre...

at, they treat us with sco...rn, with

scorn and neglect.

When Lover's for favour Petition, Oh

then they approach with respect, But when in our

hearts they've ad...mission, they

Con la Parte

treat us with they

treat us with sco...rn,

with scorn and neglect.

'Tis

Dangerous e'er to try 'em, so artfull are Men to deceive, 'tis safer, much

safer to fly 'em, 'tis safer, much safer to fly 'em, so easy are Maids to

believe, to believe, 'tis dangerous e'er to try 'em, so artfull are Men to de-

ceive, 'tis safer, much safer to fly 'em, so easy are Maids to believe.

Set by M^r. Boyce

61

OF all the Torments all the Care by which our Lives are

Croft of all the sorrows that we bear a Rival is the worst by

Partners in a nother kind of flictions easier grow in Love a

lone we hate to find Com parions in our woe

SILVIA for all the Storms you see
Arising in my Breast
I beg not that you'd Pity mee
But that you'd flight the rest
How'er severe your rigours are
Alone with them I'll Cope
I can endure my own Despair
But not another's hope

Set by Mr. Carey

Cease to perfwade nor fay you Love fin-cerely when you've be-

- trayd you'll treat me most severely and fly what once you

did pur-sue cease to perfwade nor fay you Love fin...

- cere - ly when you've be trayd you'l treat me fe - vere - ly

when you've be trayd you'l treat me fe - vere - ly And

fly

fly what once you

did pur...sue

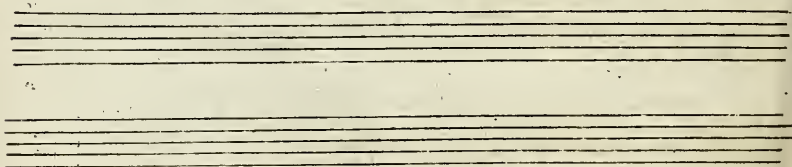
Happy the fair who ne'er be lieves you but gives def-

pair or elfe deceives you and Learns in-con- stan-

- - cy from you 'happy the fair who ne'er be lieves

you but gives def- pair or elfe de ceives you

and Learns in constan-cy from you Da Capo



A Two Part SONG the Words by M^r LEVERIDGE

Put Briskly round the Spa . . . rklng

Put Briskly round the Spa . . .

Gla's Put briskly round the Spa . . . rk

. . . rklng Gla's the Spar . . . rk

. . . ling Gla's the Stea - ling Hours move on a pace

. . . ling Gla's the Stea - ling Hours move on a pace

Life without drinking none e'er cou'd boast of it then let us pull away

Life without drinking none e'er cou'd boast of it then let us pull away

and make the most of it Brimfull of Claret Brimfull of
 and make the most of it Brimfull Brimfull

Claret Brimfull Brimfull Brimfull of Claret each Night let me
 Brimfull Brimfull of Claret Brimfull of Claret each Night let me

be then then I've my wish then then then then then then then
 be then I've my Wish then then then then then then

then then then I've my Wish in the Highest De - gree
 then then then I've my Wish in the Highest De - gree

Heaven's Offspring Beauty Rare VENUS her peculiar

Care CUPID ruffles ev'ry Grace to A-dorn

thy fairer Face To A - - - dorn thy

fair - - er Face

Earliest Bud was ever seen
 Thus to Blossom at Fifteen
 Thro whose Actions sweetly flows
 All experienc'd Women knows

On thee fits with Decent Pride
 Wisdom best and surest Guide
 Then how strong the Influence
 Of thy charming Wit and Sense

When to Harmony you move
 Each Spectator's tun'd to Love
 Ev'ry Step is CUPID'S Dart
 Softly stealing to my Heart

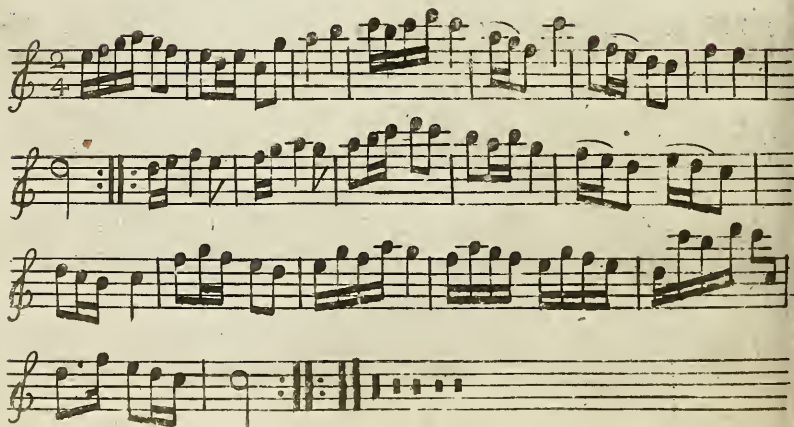
Strange that lively Sounds shou'd cure
 Yet give Pains which I endure
 Musick that can others Free
 Of Infection poison's me

Guardian SYLPHS that Flight in Air
 Tell my Sorrows to the Fair
 Let your murmring Pinions prove
 How I groan and how I Love

And if Deaf to all my Woe
 Her the Mute Creation Show
 How the Boughs of ev'ry Kind
 Hug and kifs in Friendship joyn'd

Show her Eyes how curling Vines
 Fold their Elmes in Am'rous Twines
 Touch'd by such Examples she
 May incline to Love and me

FLUTE



See the radiant Queen of Night sheds on all her

kindly beams gilds the plains with Chearful light and sparkles

in the Silver Streams see the radiant Queen of Night sheds

on all her kindly beams gilds the plains with chearful light and

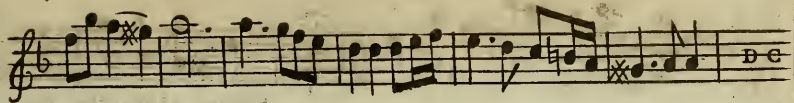
Sparkles in the Silver Streams

Smiles adorn the face

of Nature tasteless all things yet appear unto me a

hapless Creature in the Absence of my dear D C

FLUTE



The Thoughtfull Lover

Where ever I am and whatever I do my PHILLIS is

still in my Mind If angry mean not to PHILLIS to go my

Feet of themfelve the Way find Unknown to my felf I am. just at

her Door and when I would rail I can bring out no more than

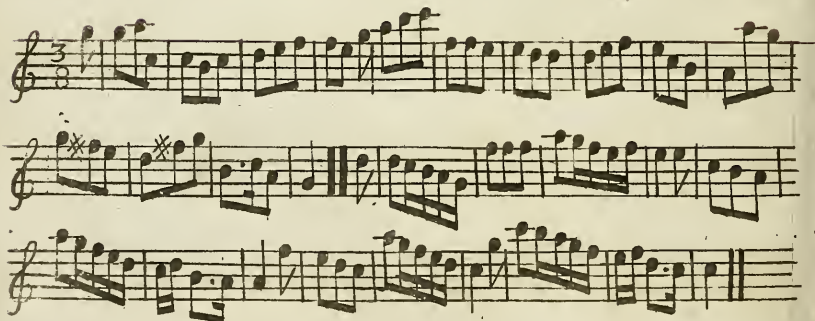
PHILLIS too fair and un kind than PHILLIS too fair and unkind.

When PHILLIS I see my Heart burns in my Breast .
 The Love I would stifle is shewn
 Asleep or awake I am never at Rest
 When from my Eyes PHILLIS is gone
 Sometimes a sweet Dream dos delude my sad Mind
 But when I awake and no PHILLIS can find
 I sigh to my self all alone
 I sigh to my self all alone

A King as my Rival in her I adore
 Would offer his Treasure in vain
 O let me alone to be happy and poor
 And give me my PHILLIS again
 Let PHILLIS be mine and for ever be Kind
 I would to a Defart with her be confind
 And envy no Monarch his Reign
 And envy no Monarch his Reign

Alas I Discover too much of my Love
 And she too well knows her own Power
 She makes me each Day a new Martyrdom prove
 And makes me grow jealous each Hour
 But let her each Minute torment my poor Mind
 I'd rather love PHILLIS though false and unkind
 Than ever be freed from her Power
 Than ever be freed from her Power

FLUTE



Not too fast.

Dear SALLY thy Charms have undone me. They've rob'd me of

Freedom and Joy: Then, dearest, my SALLY smile on me, For Death is my

Fate if thou'rt Coy. For Death is my Fate if thou'rt Coy. Be

cautious, dear Charmer, in slaying. Since Murders so heinous comply.

And torture me not with de-lay-ing, Since ev'ry cross Chit can de-

ny. Since ev'ry cross Chit can deny.

Consider, my Angel, why nature,
 In forming you, took such delight;
 Don't think you were made that fair Creature,
 For nought but to dazzle the Sight:
 No. JOVE, when he gave you those Graces,
 Intended you solely for Love,
 And gave you the fairest of Faces,
 The kindest of Females to prove.

Besides, pretty Maiden, remember,
 That the Flower that's blooming in May,
 Is wither'd and shrunk in December,
 And cast unregarded away:
 So it fares with each scornful young Charmer,
 Who takes at her Lover distaste,
 She trifles till Thirty disarms her,
 And then dies forsaken at last.

FLUTE.

Largo

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

WHEN our Hearts are new kind'd to jump at a Beauty, Our Onset will

surely come off with a Blast; We ought to have leaveure, 'tis civil & Duty, Let's

Love by degrees, and the longer 'twill last: But to jumble our Love and en-

joyment together, Makes two Months of Summer, and ten of cold Weather.

Gentle Love, like a tender and delicate Flower,
 Wants only improvement to make it endure,
 But so oft tis transplanted, which makes it each hour,
 So droop and decay, 'tis almost past a Cure.
 But to jumble, &c.

Yet if some kind Damsel the Creature wou'd nourish,
 By a secret inchantment her goodness might bring,
 At every touch it would rise up and flourish,
 And seems to enjoy a perpetual Spring.
 But to jumble, &c.

FLUTE.

Sung by Mr. ESTE in the HONEST YORKSHIRE-MAN.

O BARTLEDOM Fair, since thy Lord Mayor has cry'd thee down,

There's nought worth regarding. I wou'dnt give a Farthing, for

LONDON Town; Such Pork, such Pig, such Game, such Rig, such

Rattling there, But all's done, there's no Fun, At BARTLEDOM Fair.

Farewell ye Joys
 Of Prentice Boys,
 And pretty Maids,
 The Country and Court
 Have lost all their Sport,
 And the SHOW-FOLKS their Trades;
 Nay, Even the Cit,
 In a Generous Fit,
 Wou'd take SPOUSY there;
 But all's done,
 There's no Fun,
 At BARTLEDOM Fair.

Set by Mr. Carey

When did you see any falshood in me that thus you unkindly suf-

pect me Speak speak your mind for I fear you're inclin in

spite of my truth to reject ne. If't must be so to the Wars I will

go where danger my Pasion shall smother I'd rather perish there

linger in Despair or see you in the Arms of Another

linger in Despair or see you in the Arms of Another

The Yellow Hair'd LADDIE A Scotch SONG

In April when Prim-roses paint the sweet plain and

Summer approaching rejoyceth the Swain The yellow Haird

LADDIE wou'd often times go To wilds and Deep Glens where

the Hawthorn trees grow hawthorn trees grow

There under the shade of an old Sacred Thorn
 With freedom he sung his Loves ev'ning and Morn
 He sang with so soft and Inchanting a sound
 That Silvians and Faries unseen wand' around

The Shepherd thus sung tho' young MAYA be fair
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud Air
 But SUSIE was handfom and Sweetly could sing
 Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the Spring

That MADIE in all the gay Bloom of her youth
 Like the Moon was unconstant and never spoke truth
 But SUSIE was faithfull good Humour'd and free
 And fair as the Goddeffs that sprung from the Sea

That Mamma's fine Daughter with all her great dow'r
 Was Awkwardly Airy and frequently Sow'r
 Then fighting he wished would Parents agree
 The witty sweet SUSIE his Mistress might be

flute

The Power of Love A Song

My easy Heart with sin-gle Dart has no small Anguish found My found

But LOVE has now two strings to's Bow both wit and Beauty wound but wound

Such Guns or Spears
Who sees or hears
Of Deaths may take his Choice
For tho he flies
Her piercing Eyes
She'll reach him with her Voice

When Wit perswades
And Beauty leads
Our senses all to Joy
Not DIDO'S Guest
Coud guard his Breast
Against the CYPRIAN Boy

But if his Bow
And Arrows too
Were broken all and lost
None cou'd withstand
Her Naked Hand
They'll feel it to their Cost

Flute

When gazing on his PHILLIS Eyes young CORIDON did
 Iye such Transport did his soul surprize that fain the youth
 would dye his Life was presing to be gone call'd out by pow'r
 full Charms the swain yet Loath to dye alone catch d Phillis in his Arms

The Nymph that sick and longing lay
 For Death as well as He
 Cry'd now my Shepherd dye away
 And I will dye with thee :
 Thus by Consent the Lovers dye
 But with so little Pain
 That both reveive and Instantly
 Prepare to dye again .

A Song to a Favourit Minuet of M^r Handels

STREPHON in vain thou Courtest Oc-casion with tender Per-

- fwasion to Combat dif-dain rouze up thy Soul nor let the

Ungratefull tho Love-ly de ceitfull thy Reason Controll

While thy fond heart flows with soft art Pride hears with

Pleasure exalts a bove Measure new charms supplys false

smiles dif-guise the In-to-lent Triumph that giles her Eyes

Rouse up thy Soul nor let the ungratefull tho' Lovely de -
 ceitfull thy Reason Controul

Let bards abound
 With Flames darts and alters
 When ere their fence falters
 To flatter in sound
 Let the fair know
 As bright as her Face is
 She's made for Embraces
 With Creature's below

Smiles to respect
 Frowns to neglect
 Shews You'd Redeem her
 From Pride to Esteem her
 When kind Alarms
 A wake her Charms
 The fence Raptur'd Goddes
 Leaps into your Arms

Let the fair know
 As bright as her Face is
 She's made for Embraces
 With Creatures below

Advice from BACCHUS . The Words by MR BOWMAN .

He's an ASS that repines when his Mistrefs does Chide Let him

Laugh at her Frowns 'twill soon level her pride If she Vows $\frac{y}{}$ she hates him to
lengthen his pain Let him swear that a Bottle shall cure her disdain let him
Swear let him swear that a Bottle shall cure her Disdain

Who would Cringe to a Woman or bow for a Kiss
When brisk Wine has more Charms than are found in a Miss
If a Slave he would be and his Freedom resign
Let him shun a Coy Mistrefs and Worship his Wine

FLUTE

My Love was fickle once and Changing nor

e're would fet tie in my heart From Beauty still to

Beauty ranging In ev'ry face I found a Dart

'Twas first a Charming shape enslav'd me
 An Eye then gave the fatal stroke
 Till by her Wit CORINNA fav'd me
 And All my Former Fetters broke

But now along and lasting Anguish
 For BELVIDERA I endure
 Hourly I sigh and Hourly languish
 Nor hope to find the wonted Cure

For here the false unconstant lover
 After a Thousand _____ shown
 Does new surprizing Charms discover
 And finds Variety in one

A Favourite Air by Mr Handel

No no no more complain no no no more complain no no no

more complain no no no more complain I wear anothers Chain I

wear anothers chain in vain you Languish in vain in vain you Lan

guish you Languish no no no more complain no

no no more complain I wear anothers Chain in vain you Lan-guish no

no no more Complain no no no more Complain I wear anothers

Chain I wear anothers Chain

in vain you Languish in vain in

vain you Languish in vain you Languish

This is the fate of love this

is the fate of Love the Ioy of one shall prove shall prove shall

prove a nothers Anguish anothers An...guish No

Set by MR BOYCE

not too fast

Would we attain the Happiest State that is design'd us here no
 Joy a Rapture must create no Greif be-get def-parr No
 Injury feirce An-ger raise no Honour tempt to pride no
 vain Desires of Empty Praife must in the Soul a bide

No charms of Youth or Beauty move
 The Constant settled Breast
 Who leaves a Passage free to Love
 Shall let in all the rest
 In such a Breast soft peace will live
 Where none of these abound
 The greatest blest and heav'n can give
 Or can on Earth be found

Set by M^r D Fox

CUPID Since my Heart you've Wounded teach me
to Ex-prefs my Flame As my Pafsion is Un-
bounded make my Charmer Feel the fame

Tell dear CLOE how Uneasie
Ev ry Night in Thought I Spend
Rest forsaking Ever Buſie
Ask her when my Cares shall End

She who's of ſo Sweet a Nature
Cannot ſure the Love Deſpife
Which ſhe Raiſes in a Creature
By the Magick of her Eyes

A SONG to a favourite Minuet of MR HANDEL'S

BACCHUS one day gay-ly striding on his never failing

Tun Sneaking empty Pots deriding thus ad--

-drefs'd each Toaping Son Praise the jo-ys that.

.never vary and a dore the Liquid Shrine

All things noble gav and Airy are Perform'd by.

Generous Wine

Pristin Hero's Crown'd with Glory
 Owe their noble rife to me
 Poets wrote the flaming Story
 Fir'd by my Divinity
 If my Influence is wanting
 Muficks charms but flowly move
 Beauty too in vain lies panting
 Till I fill the Swains with Love

If you crave eternal Pleasure
 Mortals this way bend your eyes
 From my ever flowing Treasure
 Charming Scenes of blifs arife
 Here's the Soothing balmy blessing
 Sole dispeller of you pain
 Gloomy Souls from care releasing
 He who drinks not lives in Vain

FLUTE

The musical score for the Flute part consists of three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, including a trill. The second staff continues the melody with similar rhythmic patterns and includes a trill. The third staff concludes the piece with a final cadence and a repeat sign.

Colin's Request Set to a Scotch Air

The musical score for 'Colin's Request' is written for a single melodic line, likely a flute or violin. It features a treble clef, a common time signature (C), and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is characterized by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a rhythmic and melodic pattern. The lyrics are: "Help me Each Harmonious Grove gently Whisper all ye Trees". The score includes a bass staff with a common time signature and a key signature of one sharp, which appears to be a simplified accompaniment or a lower register of the same melody.

Tune Each warbling Throat to Love and cool each Mead with

Softest Breeze Breath sweet Odours e-ery Flow'r all your Various

Paintings show pleasing verdure grace each Bow'r a round let e'ery

Blesing flow

Glide ye Lympid Brooks along.
 PH EBUS glance thy Mildeft Ray
 Murm ring Floods repeat my song
 And, tell what COLIN dare not fay

CELIA comes whose charming Air
 Fires with Love the rural Swains.
 Tell a tell the Blooming. fair
 That COLIN dyes if she Disdains .

FLUTE

As Thomas and Harry one Midsummer Day were coming from

Mowing and turning of Hay Young Lucy and Agnes a milking had

been two cleverer Lasses you seldom have seen They both were fresh

coulourd and tidy and tall had wit and good Nature and Money with

all Smart Tommy first spy'd them and said to his friend to

talk with these Milkmaids a While I in tend They

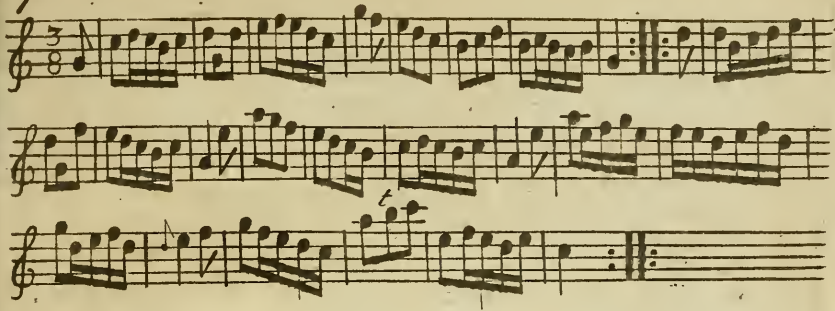
Poor Harry was Marry'd yet neverthelefs
 No diflike he'd to Tommy's propofal exprefs
 But walk'd with Spruce Lucy for more than a Mile
 And lent her his hand to get over the Stile
 While Lucy quite Charm'd with his Perfon and Talk
 Neer felt her full Milk Pail nor tir'd with the Walk
 But Tommy grew Spightfull and bid him forbear
 Since who for a Man that was Married woud care

Says Agnes why prithee now let him alone
 What need you Difpute when you each may have one
 Theres Lucy who ne'er had a Pleafure as yet
 In ought but meere Beauty I dote upon Wit
 Which you've in abundance but as for your Form
 'Tis fuch as can ne'er have for Lucy a Charm
 His Height and Complection his Feature and Hair
 Were made juft on purpofe her Heart to enfnare

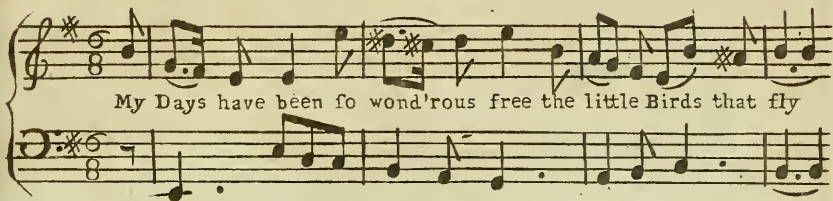
A Moment he Pau'd on what Agnes had faid
 And found there was Reason and Senfe in the Maid
 Then told her if Wedlock was what fhe approv'd
 She quickly fhould find that he really lov'd
 Tho before he for ever had made it his jeft
 He now was in Earnest in what he profest
 She Answer'd fhe thank'd him for what he defign'd
 And wou'd fee a Month hence if he held the fame mind

But Harry the while with Conduct and Art
 Had wound himfelf into poor Lucys foft Heart
 That fhe cry'd to go from him and faid that again
 She ne'er fhould be free from Affliction and Pain
 And that fhe had loft all the Ioy of her Life
 From the Moment fhe heard he was ty'd to a Wife
 While Thomas with Agnes Walk'd chearfully on
 And whifper'd that her Friend and his were undone

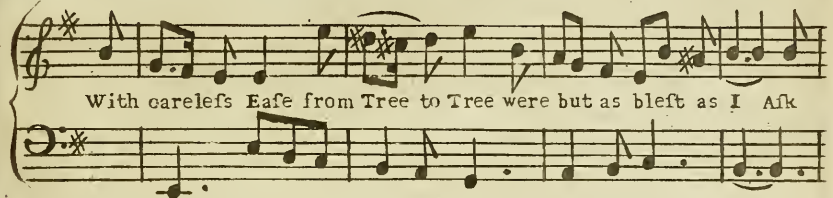
flute



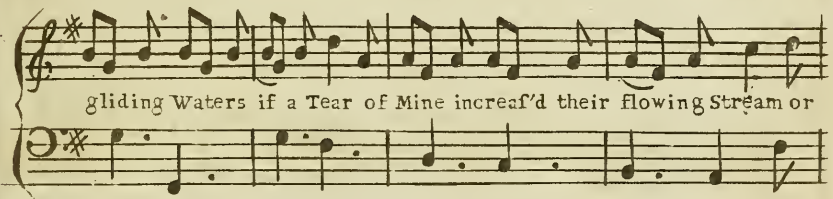
LOVE and INNOCENCE The Words by DR PARNELL



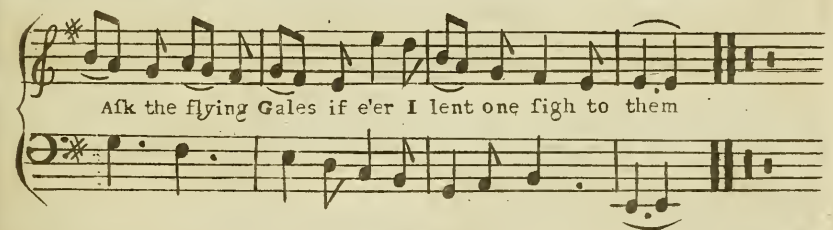
My Days have been so wond'rous free the little Birds that fly



With carelefs Ease from Tree to Tree were but as blest as I Ask



gliding Waters if a Tear of Mine increas'd their flowing Stream or



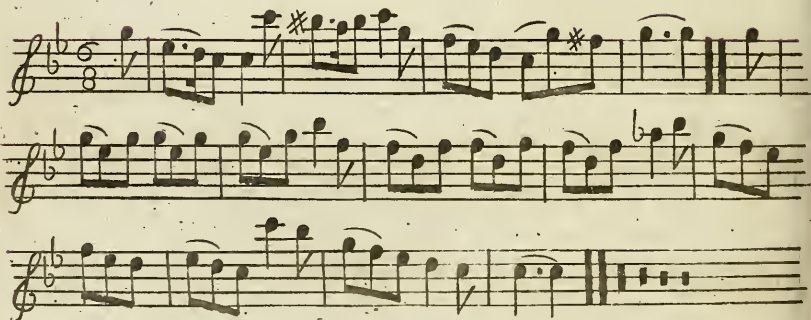
Ask the flying Gales if e'er I lent one sigh to them

But now my former Days retire,
 And I'm by Beauty caught;
 The tender Chains of sweet Desire,
 Are fix'd upon my Thought.
 An eager Hope within my Breast
 Does ev'ry anxious Doubt controul,
 And charming CELIA stands confest
 The Fav'rite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twisted Pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the Grove,
 Ye gentle Ecchoes, Breezy Winds
 Ye close Retreats of Love;
 With all of Nature, all of Art,
 Assist the soft and dear designs,
 O teach a young unpractis'd Heart
 To make fair Nancy mine

The very Thought of Change I hate,
 As much as of Despair,
 Nor ever covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.
 'Tis true, the Passion in my Mind
 Is mixt with a severe Distress,
 Yet While the Fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it Less

FLUTE



A SONG by an Eminent Master.

THOU only Charmer I ad-mire, My Hearts delight, my
Soul's desire: Possessing Thee, I've greater store, Than
were I Lord of In-dian Shore.

Were ev'ry other Woman free,
And in the World no Man but me;
I'd single Thee from all the rest,
To sweeten life, and make me blest.

FLUTE.

Scornfu' NANCY.

There's NANSY'S to the Green Wood gane, To hear the Gowdspink chat-

ring, And WILLY'S follow'd her a lane To gain her Love by flat'ring:

But a' that he cou'd say or do, She snufft and snarled at him; And

ay when he be-gan to woo, She bad him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my Dad, quoth he,
 My Minny or my Aunty?
 With Crowdy-Mowdy they fed me,
 Lang-kail and Ranty-tanty:
 With Bannocks of good Barley-Meal,
 Of thae there was right plenty,
 With chapped Stocks fou butter'd well;
 And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my Daddy was nae Laird,
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty.
 He keepit ay a good Kail-yard,
 A Ha' Houfe and a Pantry:
 A good blew Bonnet on his Head,
 An Owrlay 'bout his Cragy;
 And ay until the Day he died,
 He rade on good Shanks Nagy.

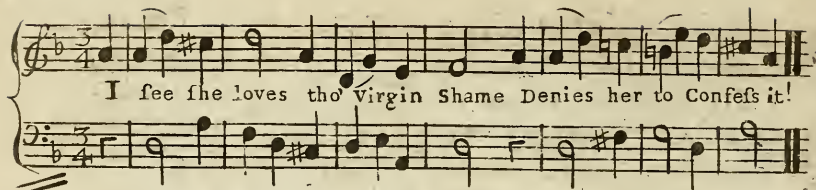
Now wae and wander on your Snout.
 Wad ye hae bonny NANSY?
 Wad ye compare ye'r fel' to me,
 A Docken till a Tanfie?
 I have a Wooer of my ain,
 They ca' him souple SANDY,
 And well I wat his bonny Mou
 Is sweet like Sugar-candy.

Wow NANSY, what needs a' this Din?
 Do I not ken this SANDY?
 I'm fure the chief of a' his Kin
 Was RAB the Beggar randy:
 His minny MEG upo' her Back
 Bare baith him and his BILLY:
 Will he compare a nasty Pack
 To me your winsome WILLY?

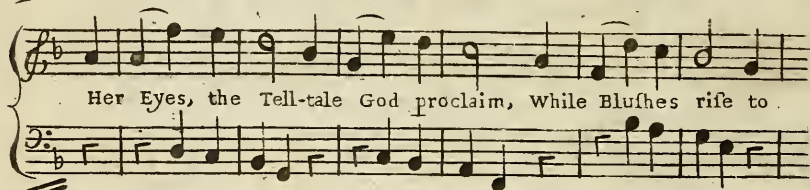
My Gutcher left a good braid Sword,
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may tak it on my Word.
 It is baith stout and trusty;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be right uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my Lugs in pawn,
 That he shall get a Heezy.

Then NANSY turn'd her round about,
 And said, did SANDY hear ye.
 Ye wadna miss to get a Clout,
 I ken he difna fear ye:
 Sae had ye'r Tongue and say nae mair,
 Set somewhere else your fancy:
 For as lang's SANDY'S to the Fore,
 You never shall get NANSY.

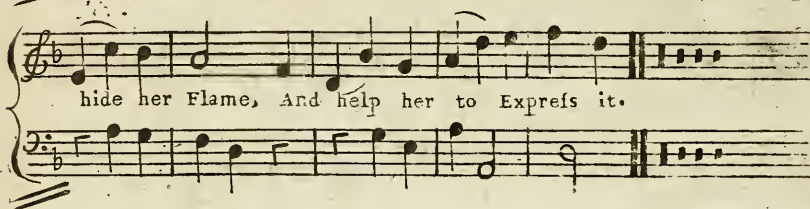
Set by MR. LEVERIDGE.



I see she Loves tho' Virgin Shame Denies her to Confess it!



Her Eyes, the Tell-tale God proclaim, While Blushes rise to



hide her Flame, And help her to Express it.

Her Heart obeys my guilty Pray'r,
 No Maiden Pride can aid her;
 She soon shall ease my wanton Care,
 And then shall Honour guard the Fair?
 When NATURE has betray'd her.

FLUTE.



The Adieu to the SPRING GARDENS at VAUX-HALL.

The Words by Mr. LOCKMAN^{tr}

THE Sun now darts fainter his Ray, The Meadows no

longer in-vite; The Wood-Nymphs are all tript a-way, No

Verdure cheers sweetly the Sight. Then adieu to the pastoral

Scene. Where HARMONY charm'd with her Call: Where PLEASURE

pre-fi-ded as Queen; In ^e ec-cho-ing Shades of VAUX-HALL.

Such Transports a Soul ne'er enjoy'd,
 When wafted to th' ELYSIAN Plains,
 As those which my Senses employ'd,
 Convey'd to VAUX HALL, by the THAMES.
 Such Splendors illumin'd the Grove:
 My Ears drank such rapturous Sound:
 I seem'd in Inchantment to rove,
 And Deities gliding around.

How sweet 'twas to sit in the Maze
 Amid the bright Choirs of the Fair!
 Their Glances diffus'd such a Blaze,

I thought BEAUTY's Goddess was there.
 Not VENUS, whose Smiles breed Allarms,
 And with vain Allurements destroy;
 But BEAUTY, whose Bashfulness charms,
 And which when possess'd gives true Joy.

The Maid to whom Honour is dear,
 Uncensur'd might take off her Glass;
 And stray among BEAUX without fear,
 No Snake lurking there in the Grass.
 In blisful ARCADIA of old,
 Where Mirth, Wit, and Innocence joynd,
 The Swains thus discreetly were bold,
 The Nymphs were thus prudently kind.

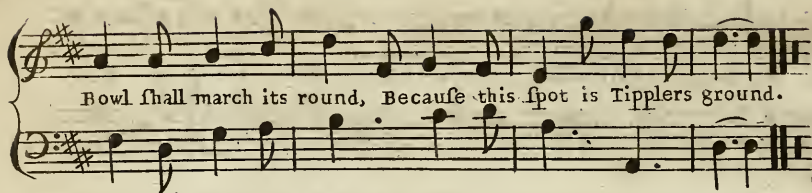
Old WINTER, with Isicles spread,
 Will soon all his Horrors resume;
 Those past, SPRING must lift her fair Head,
 And Nature exult in fresh Bloom.
 Thy Bowers, O VAUX-HALL, then shall rise,
 In all the gay pride of the Field:
 Thy Music shall sweetly Surprise;
 To Thee, fam'd ELYSIUM shall yield.

THE BACCHANALS.

The Words by Mr. IOHN LOCKMAN.

COME follow, follow me. All you that Tiplers be;

Come follow me your King, Then seated in a Ring, Swift the



When Mortals are at rest,
 And snoring in their Nest,
 Unheard and unespied,
 The Nectar down does glide,
 Till over Tables, Stools, and Shelves,
 We tumble as gay as Fairy Elves.

And if the Punch be good,
 Gives Spirits to the Blood,
 We call Jack honest Blade,
 And surely he is paid,
 For e'ry Morn before we go,
 Each tips him a Twelver, a Sice, or so.

But if the 'Rack be foul,
 And will not chear the Soul,
 Down Stairs we, clinging, creep,
 And catch the Slave asleep:
 There we bang his Arms and Thighs,
 Bang them till he cannot rise.

Upon a Tun's round head,
 Our Napkin fair is spread;
 Neat's tongues, and such like Meat,
 Is diet that we eat:
 Then rich Wines, we smiling, drink,
 In ebony Cups, fill'd to the brink.

All Westphalia-ham we spy,
 We bring our Sovereign high.
 Replete, we chaunt a-while,
 And so the hours beguile;
 Then when the Moon does hide her head,
 We Tipplers reel away to bed.

But if, as along we pass,
 Some sober grave-fac'd Afs,
 Throws out his canting Talk,
 We drub him — and on we walk.
 So in the morning may be seen,
 By our Exploits, where we have been.

The SUPPLIANT LOVER Set to Musick by Mr W^m HODSON.

My Dearest CLOE, whom my Heart adores, let tender Pity Fill ..

Your Breast, Think, tis Your Faithfull STREPHON that Implores;

Then kindly Smile and make me Bleft;

Detailed description: The image shows the first three stanzas of a musical score. Each stanza consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a lute line (bass clef). The music is in 3/4 time. The first stanza has lyrics: 'My Dearest CLOE, whom my Heart adores, let tender Pity Fill ..'. The second stanza has lyrics: 'Your Breast, Think, tis Your Faithfull STREPHON that Implores;'. The third stanza has lyrics: 'Then kindly Smile and make me Bleft;'. The lute line includes various ornaments like 'tr' (trills) and 'x' (grace notes), and some fingerings like '6', '4', '5', '6', '5', '4', '2'. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Your ev'ry Single Charm, my Soul Admires,
 " Your Eyes those dazzling, Beams of Light;
 Eclipse the Stars more Pale and Lambent Fires,
 Whose Lustre is not Half so Bright,

Your Heav'nly Features, gracefull Shape and mein,
 By far transcend the common Fair,
 And rather Seem to rival Beautyes Queen;
 Than with a Mortal's Charms Compare.

Of Lasting Happiness I cannot Miss,
 When in Possession of Such Charms,
 Then let my Soul taste that Exultick Bliss,
 That's to be found within your Arms,

FLUTE

Detailed description: The image shows the musical score for the Flute part. It consists of two staves of music in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music features various ornaments like 'tr' (trills) and 'x' (grace notes). The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Favourite Air by MR HANDEL

Adagio

O Cupid gentle Cupid in Pity ease my Pain and let a faithful

Lover a kind return obtain oh ease my Pain

Cupid gentle Cupid in Pity ease my Pain and let a faithful Lover

a kind return obtain a kind return obtain oh let a

faithful Lover a kind return obtain my

Grief's beyond enduring my Sorrow's past all curing my

Anguish but procuring more Hatred and Disdain my.

Anguish but procuring more Hatred and Disdain

DaCapo

For the FLUTE

The Country Girls Farewel,

The musical score is written in treble and bass clefs with a common time signature (C). It consists of four systems of two staves each. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff of each system. The music features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are several asterisks (*) and a double bar line with repeat dots at the end of the piece.

Farewel ye Hills and Valleys; farewel ye verdant Shades; I'll
 make more pleasant Sallies, To Plays and Masquerades with
 Joy, for Town I barter, those Banks where Flowers grow, what are
 Roses to a Garter? what Lillies to a Bear,

Farewel TOM, DICK, and HARRY,
 Farewel MOLL, NELL, and SUE;
 No longer must I tarry,
 But bid you all Adieu,
 For Time it will retire,
 When amidst the Quality,
 Where many a Knight and Squire,
 Will gladly wait on me,

Farewel ye shady Bowers,
 Where Lovers often meet,
 And pass the silent Hours,
 With melting Kisses Sweet,
 Of all th Country Pleasures,
 I'll take a long Adieu,
 For I have no more Leisure,
 To spend away with you,

Unfortunate CELIA by M^r W^m HODSON

2

Too often she Consults her Glas,
 An like Narcissus Loves her face,
 Pleas'd with a form, so fair so fine,
 She thinks, She must be all Divine,

3

Unfit for Man, She man Disdains,
 Thus Pride destroys what Beauty gains,
 O' may'st thou Live a maid, till Love
 Shall prise thy Charms, and teach thee Love,

For the FLUTE

Fi gar rub her o'er wi' Strae

And gin ye meet a bonny Lassie, Gie'er a Kiss, and let her gae, But

If ye meet a dirty Hussy, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae Be sure ye

dinna quat the Grip of ilka Joy, when ye are young, Before auld

Age your Vitals nip, And lay ye twa-fald o'er a Rung,

Sweet Youth's a blyth and hartsome Time,
 Then Lads and Lasses while tis may,
 Gae pu'the Gowan in its Prime,
 Before it wither and decay,
 Watch the saft Minutes of Delyte,
 When Ienny speaks beneath her Breath,
 And Kisses, laying a'the Wyte,
 On you, if she kepp ony Skaith.

Haith ye're ill bred, she'll smiling say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy Rook,
 Syne frae your Arms she'll rin away,
 And hide her self in some dark Nook.

Her Laugh will lead you to the Place,
 Where lies the Happiness ye want,
 And plainly till you to your Face
 Nineteen Na-fays are half a Grant

Now to her heaving Bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a Kiss,
 Frae her fair Finger whoop a Ring,
 As Taiken of a future Blifs,
 These Bennifons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the Gods indulgent Grant,
 Then furly Carles, whilst, forbear,
 To plague us with your whining Cant,

For the FLUTE

The NUT-BROWN MAID The Words by M^r GRIFFIN

The Country Maid, in Ruffet clad, Does many a time sur-pafs, in Shape and

Air, And Beauty rare. The Court or Town-bred Lafs.

And such, as proud
 Of Gentile Blood,
 He: humble Birth upbraid,
 Their richest veins,
 No Drop contains
 Like that of the Nut-brown Maid,

The City Lads,
 With Wainscot face,
 By Parents made a Fool;
 Is sent to Dance,
 To read Romance,
 And play the Romp at School;

Till careful Dad,
 Provides a Lad,
 By golden Hopes betray'd,
 For Better, for Worse,
 To take the Purse,
 Instead of the Nut-brown Maid,

The Courty She,
 Of High Degree,
 Adorns her Breast and Head,
 Perfumes and Paints,
 Because she wants,
 The natral White and Red.

But those that chuse,
 Such Arts to use,
 With all their costly Aid,
 Shall never shew
 A Cheek or Brow,
 Like that of the Nut-brown Maid.

Try all Mankind,
 And you shall find,
 Tho' ne'er so Rich or Great,
 The Gay the Grave,
 The Young the Brave,
 All love the soft Brunet,

Since none deny,
 This Truth, then why,
 Shou'd Love be disobey'd,
 Why should not she,
 A Countess be,
 Tho' born but a Nut-brown Maid;

The Friendly Advice to BRUNETTA set by M^r JAMES

OH Iye BRUNETTA cease those Sighs which hour by
 Break your Peace; and Scorn the Swain who From youe
 Flies, Or Comes to wound your Ease

Alas you now full Seven years,
 Have drag'd Loves Slavish Chain,
 yet no Redress Save briny teares,
 To keep the PAPHIAN pain,

With courage face your favour'd foe,
 And Set him at Defiance,
 He braves your grief, adds to your woe,
 And Laughs at kind Compliance,

But fair One was you unconfind;
 A happier fate you'd meet,
 New Lovers Soon would Speak their Mind,
 And fall Down at your feet,

FLUTE

Set by M^r GALLIARD .

Sym

Your

Follow but in vain my Love youll ne'r Obtain your whining and your

Pining does but raise my Iust disdain but raise my Iust disdain your

Follow but in vain my Love youl ne'r Obtain my Love youl ne'r Obtain

All your whining and y_pining does but raise my Iust disdain but raise my

Just disdain

From

Vain deceit full Man my haart shall still by free None e'er with pride shall

Reign and Lord it over me and Lord it over me none ere with pride

Shall Reign none ere with pride shall Reign shall Re-ign and

Lord it over me and Lord it over me D.C.

A Song by M^r JOHN ALLCOCK

When ere for each Other we feel Soft friendship our souls to possess

Love After doth easily steal but then where's y^e Cure or Redress pro-

-posing our Hearts to be leive indifference those passions re move Ah.

Phillis our selves we deceive Life must End in Hatred or Love

FLUTE

The CONQUEST

Strephon a young unthinking Swain Swore by all the Powers a...

...love Woman should strive and strive in vain to too, raise his

Conquering Soul to Love

CLOE came smiling on the green,
 In vain was all her heav'n of Charms,
 Her blooming air and gracefull miên,
 To gain admittance to his Arms,

But when Clorinda's Sparking Eyes,
 Flam'd on the youth, he to her flew,
 Stars shall as soon forsake the Skies,
 As STREPHON happy STREPHON you,

JOVE smild to see the Captive youth,
 Such Periuries the Gods allow,
 And cry'd didst think to keep thy oath,
 Twas more than JOVE himself cold do,

FLUTE

The COUNTRY DELIGHT

A Country life is Sweet in Moderate cold or heat to walk in ..

The Air so pleasant and fair is every Field of Wheat The Goddess

Of Flowers adorning her Bowers and every Maid a Beau there

fore I say no Courtier may, tho neer so gay Compare with

They that follow the painfull Plow that follow the painfull .

Plow

We rise with the morning Lark,
 And Labour till almost dark,
 In turning the Soil we whistle and toil,
 and often do stop to hark,
 While Flowers are Springing,
 To Birds who are Singing,
 In every bush or bough,
 With what Content and Merriment,
 His days are Spent thats fully bent,
 To follow the painfull plow To &c

The Country Lads repair,
 To every Wake or Fair.
 With SARAH and SUE KATE BRIDGET & PRU,
 Each Loving and constant pair,
 In seasons of Leisure,
 Thus taking the pleasure,
 Which Innocence allow,
 The rural Train gangs over the plain,
 Thro snow or Rain with Speed again,
 To follow the painfull plow To &c

To all the Country Wakes,
 The Shepherd his Shepherdess takes,
 No sorrow nor Care does there e'er appear,
 To sow'r their good Ale and Cakes,
 When home they're returning,
 With Garlands adorning,
 Each Nymph does repay her Swain
 With Mutual Love blest from above
 Then Leave the Groves Where CUPID roves
 To follow the painfull plow To &c

FLUTE

The musical notation is arranged in three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a 6/8 time signature, and a repeat sign. It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes with various ornaments (marked with asterisks). The second staff continues the melody with similar note values and ornaments. The third staff concludes the piece with a final cadence, including a double bar line and repeat signs.

The SCOTCH LASS A New Song by MR BOWMAN

O the Lads of EDINBRO They are Elyth and Jolly Fine as

LAIRDS frae Tap to Toe Free frae Melancholy Had I one wi' me to

Lig I Would be Contented I'd nae Langer care a Feg what my Kin resented

WILLIE hes a Bonny Lad,
 O, I wish he'd wed me,
 He shaud ken Ise nae affraid,
 When he gangs to bed me,
 All night Lang Ise neer complain,
 Tho he Jog'd me Sprightly,
 But wauld buckle too anain,
 When he meant to Slight me,

MITHER she a Wife has bin,
 Fourteen Bearn's she weaned,
 Time it is Ishaud begin,
 Nature she sae meanted,
 O Some Lad of EDINBRO,
 Tauke me fore I'm fading,
 If you Lag the faults on you,
 That I Lig a Maiden,

FLUTE

Words to a Favourite Minuet of Mr. HANDEL'S

WHY this talking still of dy - ing, Why this dismal look and groan;

Leave, fond Lover, leave your fighting; Let these fruitless arts a - lone.

Love's the child of joy and pleasure, Born of Beauty, nurs'd with Wit;

Much a - miss you take your measure, This dull whining way to

hit, This dull whining way to hit.

Tender Maids you fright from loving,
 By th'effect they see in you;
 If you would be truly moving,
 Eagerly the point pursue:
 Brisk and gay appear in wooing;
 Pleasant be, if you wou'd please;
 All this talking, and no doing,
 Will not love, but hate, increase.

The MODERN BEAU.

The Words & Musick by Mr. Carey

COME hither my Country 'Squire, Take friendly Instructions from

me: The Lords shall admire, Thy Taste in Attire, The Ladies shall

Languish for thee: Cho. Such Flaunting, Gallanting, and Jaun-

ting, Such frolicking thou shalt see, Thou ne'er like a Clown shalt quit

London's sweet Town To live in thine own Country.

A Skimming-Dish Hat provide,
 With little more brim than Lace;
 Nine Hairs on a Side,
 To a Pigs Tail ty'd,
 Will set off thy Jolly broad Face.
 Such Flaunting, &c.

Go get thee a Footman's Frock,
 A Cudgel quite up to thy Nose,
 Then frizz like a Shock,
 And Plaister thy Block,
 And Buckle thy Shoes at the Toes.
 Such Flaunting, &c.

A brace of Ladies fair,
 To pleasure thee shall strive,
 In a Chaise and Pair,
 They shall take the Air,
 And thou in the Box shalt drive.
 Such Flaunting, &c.

Convert thy Acres to Cash,
 And saw thy Timber down,
 Who'd keep such Trash,
 And not cut a Flash,
 Or enjoy the Delights of the Town.
 Such Flaunting, &c.

FLUTE.

The musical score for the Flute part consists of four staves of music in common time (C). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket at the end. The second staff continues the melody, also with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket, and includes a time signature change to 6/8. The third and fourth staves continue the melody with various note values and rests, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

ADVICE to CELIA. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

He! CELIA, scorn the little Arts Which meaner Beauties
 use, Who think they can't secure our Hearts, Unless they
 still re_fuse: Are coy, and shy, will seem to frown, To
 raise our Passions higher; But when the poor De-light is
 known, It quickly palls Desire.

Come, let's not trifle Time away,
 Or stop you know not why;
 Your Blushes and your Eyes betray
 What Death you mean to die.
 Let all your Maiden Fears be gone,
 And Love no more be crost;
 Ah, CELIA, when the Joys are known,
 You'll curse the Minutes lost.

Set by Mr. WILSON.

Andante

To thee, Oh gentle Sleep, alone, Is owing all our
Peace; By thee, our Joys are heighten'd shown, By
thee our Sorrows cease.

The Nymph, whose hand, by Fraud or Force,
Some Tyrant has possess'd;
By thee, obtaining a Divorce,
In her own Choice is blest.

Oh stay, ARPASIA bids thee stay,
The sadly weeping Fair,
Conjures thee not to lose in Day,
The Object of her Care.

To grasp whose pleasing form she sought;
That Motion chas'd her sleep:
Thus, by our selves are oftent wrought,
The Griefs for which we weep.

FLUTE.

Andante

Set by Mr. LAMPE.

DID ever Lover thus compel His Mistress to a-dore him, Was ever Lover

arm'd so well, With Pistols, cock'd before him; But you, perhaps, ne'er

thought of Love, and only meant to plunder, So judg'd^e surest way to move, Was

to declare in Thunder, in Thunder, Was to declare in Thunder.

FLUTE.

TO CLOE. Set by Mr. PURCELL.

WHAT is Power, what a Crown, If for them I quit thy

4 3
2 8

4 3
2 8

6

Charms, What is Honour, or Renown, What's a Kingdom

to thy Arms. Crowns, successive ills attending, Give e-

4. *

6

6 5
4 3

6

6 5
4 #

8

ternal Care and Pain, In thy Arms Joys never ending

6 6 5
5 4 #

There a lone let STREPHON Reign.

tr

3

4

FLUTE

2
4

tr

A Song by MR SAM'S

IN person so pretty in converse most witty, between Court and

Citty, her equals are few, Genteel in Addressing, good Nature Pos-

...fessing, and what's more a Blessing to honour is true

Grandeur dispising,
 By Philosophising,
 On the Evils arising,
 From such Splendid woe,
 In temper ever Easy,
 Her wit's not to teaze ye,
 But ever to Please ye,
 With Quelque chose Nouveaux.

FLUTE

The MAIDS Request Set by M^{rs} SAM'S.

Wou'd Kind fate bestow a Lover He alone my Vows Should gain

In whose Soul I might discover Nothing gaudy Nothing - Vain,

Virtue mix'd with constant Passion, in his honest breast should shine,

Free from Pride and Ostentation Noble blameless and Devine,

Flowing Sense and manly Graces,
 Shou'd enrich his Soaring mind,
 Still dispising what e'er base is,
 Ever faithfull ever kind,
 Wisdom by discretion guided,
 Joynd to Judgment sound and true,
 From his Noble heart divided,
 What's unworthy to pursue.

Always cheerfull pleasant Airy,
 Even temper'd soft and Gay,
 Never falsly prone to vary,
 Or from Reason's dictates stray,
 Nothing haughty base or Cruel,
 Shou'd his Spotless glory stain,
 Nought but honours Sacred fael,
 In my heroes breasts shou'd reign.

FLUTE

Three staves of musical notation for a flute part. The first staff is in treble clef with a common time signature. The second staff has a flat key signature and a common time signature. The third staff continues the melody with a common time signature.

CORYDON'S COMPLAINT to a SCOTCH Air,

As Love-sick Co-ry-don beside A murm-ring Riv'let lay, Thus plain'd
 He his Cof me lia's Pride, And, plaining, dy'd a...way, Fair
 Stream, said he, when e'er you pour Your Treasure in the Sea To
 Sea Nymphs tell what I endure Perhaps the'll pi...ty me,

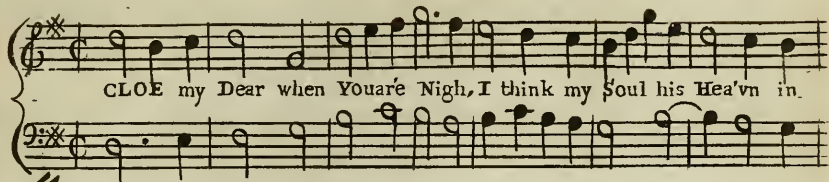
And, sitting on the cliffy Rocks,
 In melting Songs, express,
 While as they comb their golden Locks,
 To Trav'lers my Distress,
 Say, Corydon, an honest Swain,
 The fair Cosmelia lov'd,
 While she, with undeserv'd Disdain,
 His constant Torture prov'd,

Ne'er Shepherd lov'd a Shepherdess,
 More faithfully than he,
 Ne'er Shepherd yet regarded less,
 Of Shepherdess could be.
 How oft to Vallies, and to Hills,
 Did He, alas! complain!
 How oft re'echo'd they his Ills,
 And seem'd to share his Pain!

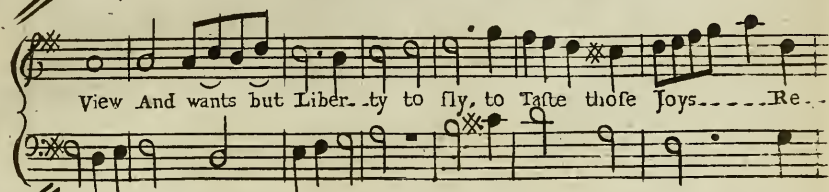
How oft, on Banks of stately Trees,
 And on the tufted Greens,
 Ingrav'd he Tales of his Disease,
 And what his Soul sustains;
 Yet fruitless all his Sorrows prov'd,
 And fruitless all his Art!
 She scorn'd the more, the more he lov'd,
 And broke, at last, his Heart.

For the FLUTE

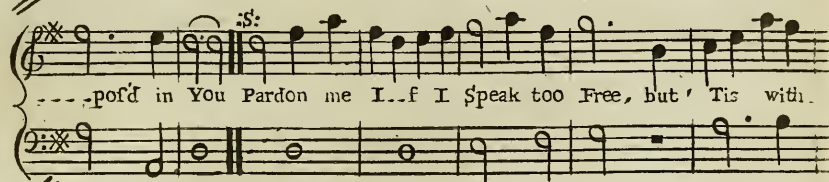


A Song, Set by M^r D-Fox,


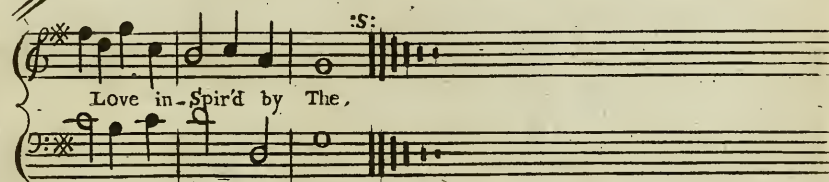
CLOE my Dear when Youare Nigh, I think my Soul his Hea'vn in.



View And wants but Liber. ty to fly, to Taste those Joys. . . . Re.



...pof'd in You Pardon me I. . . f I Speak too Free, but ' Tis with.



Love in- Spir'd by The.

Oh that I might for Ever Gaze ,
 On that Celestial form of Thine ,
 And on that Sweet Enchanting face
 Which has Enslav'd this Heart of mine
 :\$: But that's a Term Which I no more
 Must use Since Tis within Your Pow'r :\$:

Woud you but with Sincerely
 Repeat those words You'ye Spoke in Iest
 Then Might I without Vanyly
 Account my Self Compleatly Blest
 :\$: I ne'er woud Range but Rest each Night
 Within thy Arms in Sweet Delight :\$:

The British Muses an ODE,

As the Delian God, to fam'd Hêlicon, from Heaven's high
 Court Descended down, there the Tunefull Muses Playing be
 Found, a Sonata divinely rare, when Thalia touch't the
 Charming Flute, Erratô strook the warbling Lute, and
 CLIO'S trebble Joyning too't, made the Harmony Beyond
 Compare, then EUTERPE'S full Bass, the Sweet Confort did

The musical score consists of eight systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are printed below the treble staff of each system. The notation includes various note values, rests, and phrasing slurs.

Raise, and with Pleasure each Sense alarm'd, er'y

Note was enjoy'd, er'y hand was employ'd with Sounds

Of Joy the Flowry valleys rung, APOLLO gaz'd and

Silent was his tongue but when his dear CALLIOPE Sung,

Ah then the GOD was Charm'd

The EXTREAMS A Song Set by M^r SAM's,

Slow

WHEN e'er I'm absent from my fair, ye Gods what Torments,

rend my Breast, I pine, I Languish and despair, nor ought can

Faster
Sooth my woes to rest; But soon as Gentle Cupid brings our

Arms to Twine, our Lips to Kifs, My Soul, trans Ported,

Plumes her wings, and flys...and flys...and flys to Seats of

heavy nly Blifs,

The Highland Laddie ,

O My bonny bonny Highland Laddie, O my bonny bonny
 Highland Laddie, when I was Sick and Like to die, he
 Row'd me in his Highland Plaidy ,

The Lawland Lads think they are fine,
 But O they're vain and idly gawdy,
 How much unlike that gracefu' Mien,
 And manly Looks of my Highland Laddie,
 O my bonny, &c ,

If I were free at Will to chufe,
 To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady,
 I'd take young Donald without Trews,
 With Bonnet blew, and belted Plaidy,
 O my bonny, &c ,

The Brawest Beau in Borrows-town,
 In a' his Airts, with Art made ready,
 Compar'd to him, he's but a Clown,
 He's finer far in's tartan Plaidy,
 O my bonny, &c ,

O'er benty Hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland Kin and Dady,
 Frae Winter's Cauld, and Summers Sun,
 He'll screen me with his Highland Plaidy,
 O my bonny, &c ,

A painted Room, and filken Bed,
 May please a Lawland Laird and Lady,
 But I can kifs, and be as glad,
 Behind a Bush in's Highland Plaidy,
 O my bonny, &c,

Few Compliments between us pass,
 I'ca him my dear Highland Laddie,
 And he ca's me his Lawland Laffs,
 Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy,
 O my bonny, &c,

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his Love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heaven preserves my Highland Laddie,

O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,
 O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,
 When I was sick and like to die,
 He row'd me in his Highland Plaidy,

A Song Set by MR ABIEL WHICHELLO

WHAT is there in this foolish Life, for which we vainly hope,

That Mortal Wights can call their own, Riches are on a sudden flown,

And ev'n our Wives e'lope,

We cannot find that fought-for Stone,
 Nor yet Life's grand Elixir,
 Beauty is frail, and as for Fame,
 She's grown so slippery a Dame,
 No Soul on Earth can fix her,

Health is unwilling long to stay,
 And Quacks themselves grow sick;
 Honours but small Distinctions make,
 What Odds, when Footmen drink and rake,
 And Nobles run a-tick;

Some tell you, wise and virtuous Souls,
 Have th' only certain Good;
 But, spite of Philosopnick Rules,
 Old Age and Croffes make us Fools,
 Temptations make us lewd,

Nay when thou see'st the blushing Wine,
 Red sparkling in thy Hand,
 Thou'lt think, at least, this Liquor's mine,
 Though all the envious Powers combine,
 Yet this I dare command,

But all a thousand Things fall out,
 Betwixt the Lip and Cup,
 With Caution put the Glass about,
 The coming Pledge hangs still in doubt,
 Till you have drank it up.

But when delicious through the Throat,
 We feel the Stream run down,
 We've found the mighty Thing we sought,
 That's Ours indeed that that dear Draught,
 We iustly call Our own.

A Song Set by MR SAMS

PHILLIS I can ne're forgive it, nor, I think, Shall e're out live it,

Thus you treat me so Severly, who have always Lov'd Sincerely; Damon

You so fondly Cherish, whilst poor I alas, may perish; I that lov'd, which

He did never me you Slight and him you favour

For The FLUTE

A Touch on the Times . by M^r H . CAREY .

A Merry Land by this Light we laugh at our own undoing And

labour with all our Might for Slavery and Ruin new

Factions we daily raise new Maxims were ever instilling and

him that to Day we praise To Morrows a Rogue and a Villain

2

The cunning Politician
 Whose aim is to Gull the People
 Begins his Cant of Sedition
 With Folks have a Care of the Steeple
 The Populace this alarms
 They bluffer they Bounce and they Vapour
 The Nations up in Arms
 And the Devil begins to caper

The Statesmen rail at each other,
 And tickle the Mob with a Story,
 They make a most damnable Pother,
 Of National Int'rest and Glory,
 Their Hearts they are Bitter 'as Gall,
 Tho their Tongues are sweeter then Honey,
 They don't care a Figg for us all,
 But only to finger our Money,

If my Friend be an Honest Lad
 I never ask his Religion
 Distinctions make us all mad
 And ought to be had in Derision
 They christen us **TORIES** and **WHIGS**
 When the best of 'em both is an Evil
 But we'll be no Party Prigs
 Let such Godfathers go to the D-1

Too long have they had their Ends
 In setting us one against t'other
 And sowing such strife among Friends
 That Brother hated Brother
 But we'll for the future be wife
 Grow sociable honest and Hearty
 We'll all their Arts despise
 And laugh at the Name of a Party

Flute

The musical score is written for a flute and consists of four staves. The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is characterized by a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. There are several rests throughout the piece, particularly in the first and third staves. The score concludes with a double bar line on the fourth staff.

248

Sung in the Comedy call'd The WIFE, of BATH The Words, by
MR. GAY.

There was an a Swain full fair, was tripping it over the

Grafs, And there he spy'd, with her Nut-brown Hair A pretty tight

Country Lafs. Fair Damfel, says he, With an Air brisk and free, Come,

let us each o-ther know: She blush'd in his Face, And reply'd with

a Grace, Pray forbear, Sir, Pray forbear, Sir, No, no, no, no, no, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

The Lad being Bolder Grown
 Endeavour'd to Steal a Kifs
 She Cry'd Pish let me alone
 But held up her Nose for the Blifs
 And when he begun
 She wou'd never have done
 But unto his Lips she did grow
 Near smother'd to Death
 Afoon as shed Breath
 She Stammer'd out No, no, no, no, &c.

Come come fays he pretty Maid
 Lets Walk to yon private Grove
 CUPID always delights in the cooling Shade
 There I'll read thee a Lesson of Love:
 She mends her Pace
 And hastes to the Place
 But if her Lecture you'd Know
 Let a Bashful young Muse
 Plead the Maiden's Excuse
 And answer you No, no, no, no, &c.

FLUTE

A Hunting Song by Mr. CAREY.

AWAY, away, we've Crown'd the Day, we've Crown'd the Day, a-

way, away, we've Crown'd the Day, The Hounds are waiting for their Prey.

The Huntsman's call invites ye all, the Huntsman's call invites ye all, Come

in, come in Boys, while you may, come in, come in Boys, while you may.

The jolly Horn, the Rosie Morn, the Rosie Morn,
 The jolly Horn, the Rosie Morn, with Harmony of deep mouth'd Hounds,
 These, these my Boys, are Heavenly joys,
 These, these my Boys, are Heavenly joys,
 Come in, come in Boys, while you may, come in &c.

The Horn shall be the Husband's fee, the Husband's fee,
 The Horn shall be the Husband's fee, and let him take it not in scorn,
 The Brave and Sage, in ev'ry Age,
 The Brave and Sage, in ev'ry Age,
 Have not disdain'd to wear the Horn, have not &c.

