A J Wighton Dundee 1853

Glen 1716

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. V.

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Where may be had, a Compleat Set of all Mr. Handel's *Operas.*

A TABLE of the SONGS

A

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F

TABLE of the SONGS

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N

TABLE of the SONGS

TABLE of the SONGS

To a Nightingale.

The Words by the Author of
The Adieu to the Spring Gardens at Vaux Hall.

To a Favourite Aire in Alcina by Mr. Handel.

Bird of May, leave the Spray, Leave the Spray, Bird of May;

Fly to yon Grove, And wake my Love, O there the Dove slumb'ring

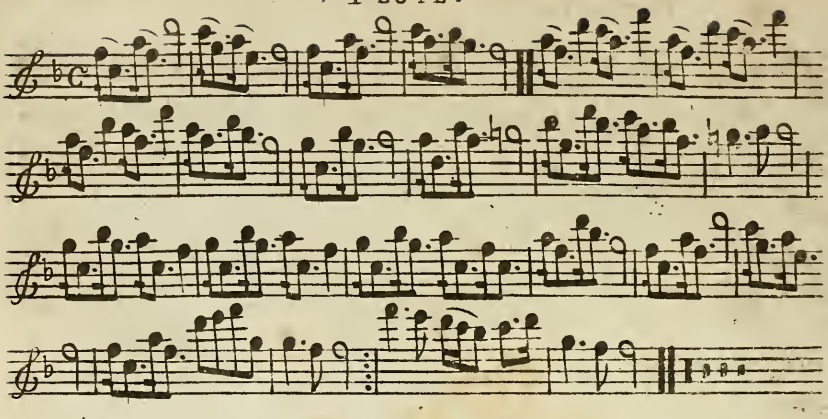
lies, Warble an Air, Till the Fair Speaks a Passion with her Eyes.

But if my Grief Finds no relief, Whisper her that THYRSIS dies.

Bird of May, keep the Spray, Keep the Spray, Bird of May, CHLOE smiles, my

Soul's all gay, CHLOE smiles — my Soul's all gay.

FLUTE.



Charming MONIMIA. (By the ſame Hand)

Made to the Celebrated Air in the Overture of ARIADNE,

already inſerted in this Collection Vol. 2d. Page 121.

On MONIMIA'S ſnowy Breaſt.
Soft reclin'd, O let me reſt!
There, in Dreams, tho' now ſo coy,
All her Beauties I'll enjoy.
In ſweet Pleaſure
Know no meaſure,
My bright Treaſure,
Poſſeſſing whole;
The dear Thought tranſports my Soul,
The dear Thought tranſports my Soul.
On MONIMIA'S ſnowy Breaſt &c.
Da Capo

The City Ladies, and Country Lasſ. The Words by Mr. LOCKMAN.

To the Tune of the WHITE JOAK.

THRICE happy LIZZY, blooming Maid, By no falſe Arts of Life be-
tray'd, Bleſt Tenant of the Rural Scene; Whoſe Joys unmix'd with
pining Care, Which prey upon the Modiſh Fair; When Ev'ning
comes with artleſs Smile, Does all her pleaſing Toils beguile, With
tripping o'er th'enamel'd Green.

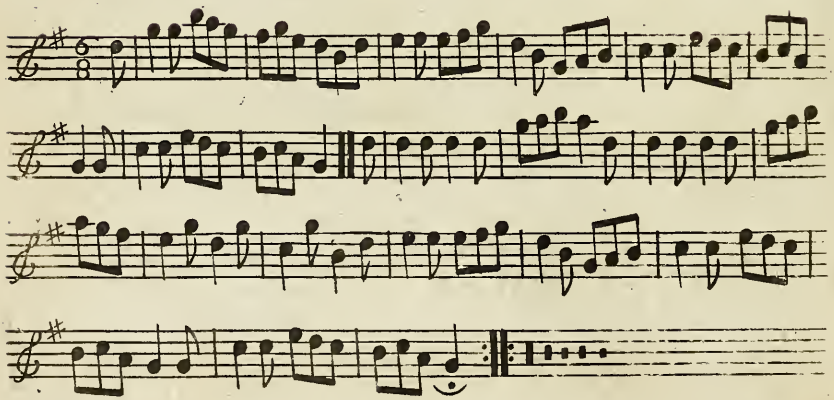
CLARINDA, Fair, in Jewels dreſt,
The Pride of Theatres confeſt,
Still ſhines with irreſiſtleſs mein:
Tho' Muſick, Action, Words conſpire,
To wake her Soul to ſoft deſire;
Delight like this, will quickly cloy,
And LIZZY taſtes more perfect Joy,
In tripping o'er th'enamel'd Green.

When LINDAMIRA, in the Dance,
To ſprightly Airs does ſwift advance,
And graceful moves like Beauty's Queen:
Tho' crouds of Beaux admiring gaze,
Nor ſick'ning Prudes refuſe her Praiſe,
The flatter'd Belle's not half ſo bleſt,
And LIZZY's of more Joys poſſeſt,
In tripping o'er th'enamel'd Green.

When COQUETILLA Cards invite,
To while away the Social Night,
And baniſh far corroding Spleen;
Tho' Chance, indulgent to her will,
Conveys each circling Deal, Spadille:
The ſweets of gain are leſs refin'd,
And ſofter Tranſports ſooth the Mind,
Of LIZZY when ſhe trips the Green.

Hail bliſsful Life which LIZZY leads!
Midſt bub'ling Springs, and painted Meads,
Juſt Emblem of the golden mean;
A Life, with faireſt Virtue grac'd,
Whoſe ebbing Moments ſweetly waſte;
Made doubly joyous, chearful, gay,
When LIZZY crowns th'indulgent Day,
With tripping o'er th'enamel'd Green.

FLUTE.



A Song in the Oratorio of Esther Set by Mr. Handel.

Sym.

O Beauteous Queen, un-

close those Eyes, my fairest shall not bleed, no, my fairest

shall not bleed. O Beauteous Queen unclose those Eyes, no, my

fairest shall not bleed, Hear Love's soft voice

that bids thee rise, and bids thy suit succeed, hear Love's soft

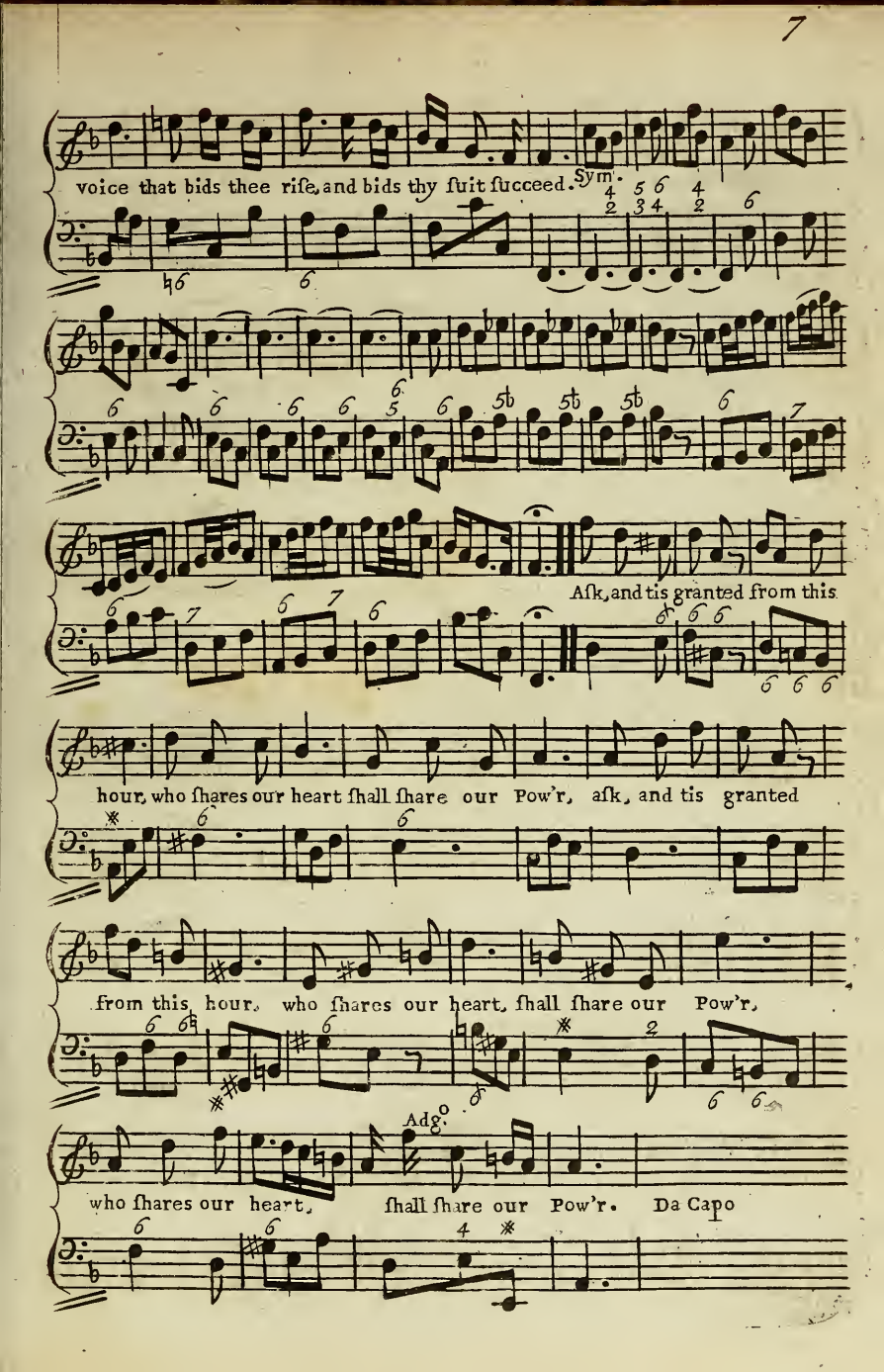
voice that bids thy suit succeed. O Beau - - teous

Queen unclose those Eyes, unclose those Eyes, my fair - est shall not bleed,

my fairest, my fairest, my fairest shall not bleed,

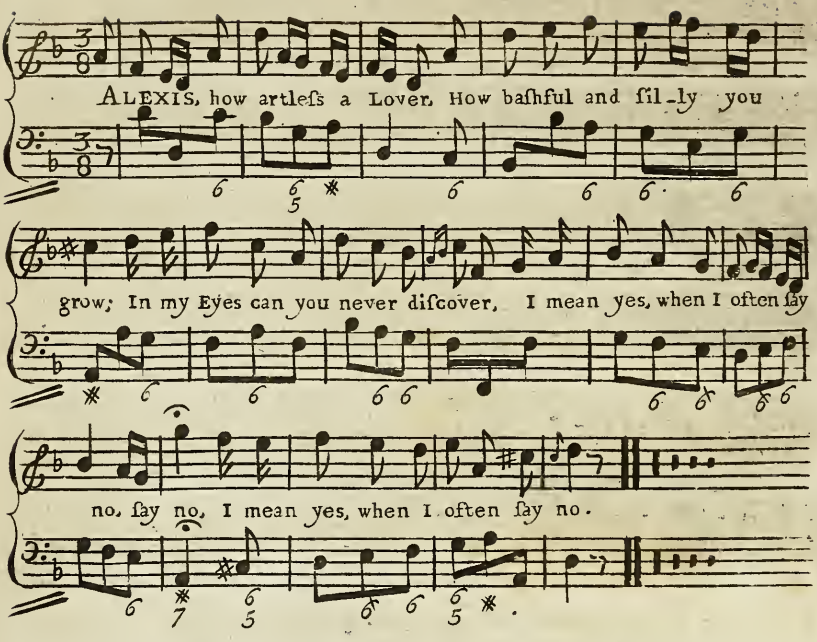
shall not bleed, Hear Love's soft voice,

hear Love's soft voice that bids thee rise, and bids thy suit succeed, hear Love's soft


voice that bids thee rise, and bids thy suit succeed.
Sym.
Ask, and tis granted from this
hour, who shares our heart shall share our Pow'r, ask, and tis granted
from this hour, who shares our heart, shall share our Pow'r,
Adg.o
who shares our heart, shall share our Pow'r. Da Capo

SYLVIA to ALEXIS.

Set by Mr LAMPE.



When you pine and you whine out your Paſſion,
And only entreat for a Kiſs;
To be coy and deny is the faſhion,
ALEXIS ſhould raviſh the Bliſs.

In Love, as in War, its but reaſon,
To make ſome defence for the Town;
To ſurrender without it were Treaſon,
Before that the outworks were won.

If I frown, its my bluſhes to cover,
Its for Honour, and Modeſty's ſake;
He is but a pitifull Lover,
Who is foil'd by a ſingle attack.

But when we by force are o'er power'd,
The beſt, and the braveſt muſt yeild;
I am not to be won by a Coward,
Who hardly dares enter the Field.

While I fair DELIA view thy Face and ev'ry Charm Ad-

-mire Thy Eyes a thouſand Raptures raiſe and Burn

me with De--ſire

Tranſported thus thou lovely Maid
With Pleaſure I gaze on
Till by my Heedleſs looks betray'd
I'm unawares undone

Thus the poor wretch whoſe luckleſs ſight
The fatal Serpent ſpies
Looks on and gazes with Delight
But as he Gazes Dies

flute

BONNY CHRISTY A Scotch Air

How ſweetly ſmels the ſummer green ſweet taſts the Peach and

Cherry Painting and order pleaſe our Eyn and Clarret makes us

Mer – ry but fineſt colours fruits and flow'rs or Wine tho I be thirſty

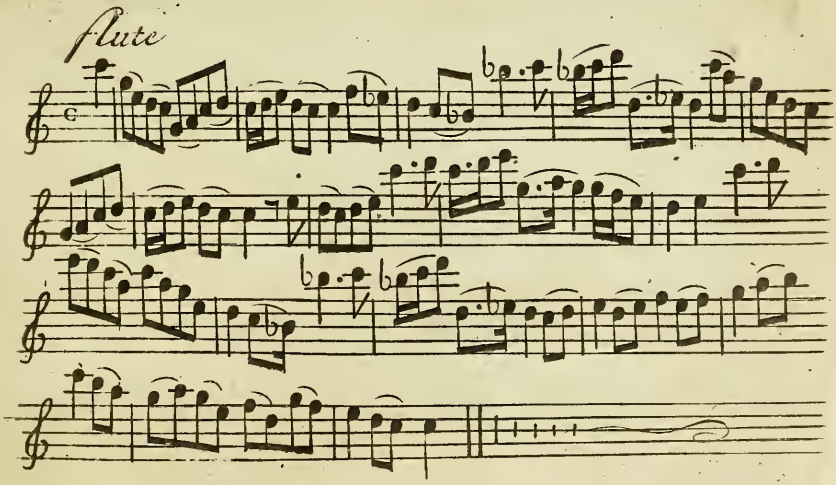
looſe all their charms and weaker pow'rs compard with thoſe of Chriſty

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry Park
No nat'ral beauty wanting
How pleaſant 'tis to hear the Lark
And Birds in Confort Chanting
But if my CHRISTY tunes her Voice
I'm wrapt in Admiration
My Thoughts with extaſies rejoyce
And drap the whole Creation

When e'er She gives a kindly glance
I bless the happy Omen
And often think for to advance
Hoping shel prove a woman
But dubious of my own desert
My Sentiments I smother
With secret sighs I vex my Heart
For fear she loves another

Thus sung poor Edie by a burn
And CHRISTY did o'erhear him
She wou'd not let her lover mourn
But e'er he wist drew near him
She spoke her Favours with alook
Which left no room to doubt her
He wisely the nice Minute took
And flung his arms about her

My CHRISTY witness gentle Stream
Such Joys from tears arising
I wish this may not be a Dream
O love thou most surprising
Time was too precious now for talk
This point of all his wishes
He wou'd not with Set speeches balk
But spent it all on kisses



LOVE and WINE United.

When we drink my Charming PHILLIS love takes Courage

from our Wine Cold and chill is Love till BACCHUS

Love till BACCHUS warm does make us and kind

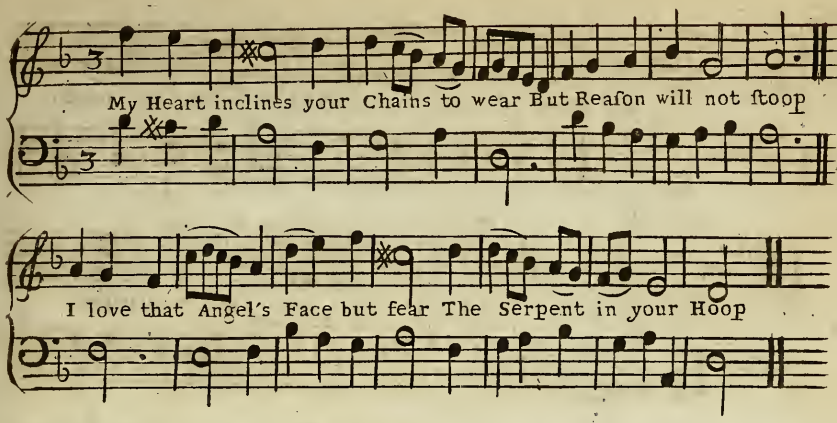
CERES feeds the Vine

Tho I could for ever ſip it
With that pouting ſip of Wine
Yet to dip it
In good Claret
Who can bear it
Who can bear it
Taſte and Colour ſo Divine

Fooliſh man for ever thinking
Temperanc will Love improve
Give me drinking
Drinking freely
Charming PHILLIS
Charming PHILLIS
Only he that drinks can Love

Flute

The SNAKE in the GRASS To a LADY of Pleaſure

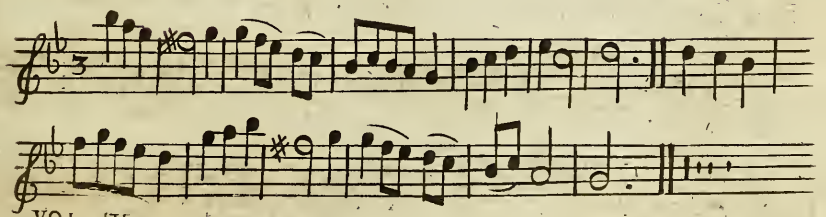


Your Eyes diſcharge the Darts of Love
But oh what Pains ſucceed
When Darts ſhall Pins and Needles prove
And Love a Fire indeed

The Fly about the Candle gay
Dances with thoughtleſs Hum
But ſhort alas his giddy Play
His Pleaſure proves his Doom

The Child in ſuch Simplicity
About the Bee hive clings
And with one Drop of Honey he
Receives a Hundred Stings

flute



Iohn Hay's bonny Lasse

By ſmooth winding TAY a Swain was reclining Alt

cry'd he oh hey Maun I ſtill live pining My ſell thus a-

-way and darna diſcover To my bonny HAY that I am her Lover Nae

mair it will hide the flame waxes ſtranger If ſhe's not my Bride

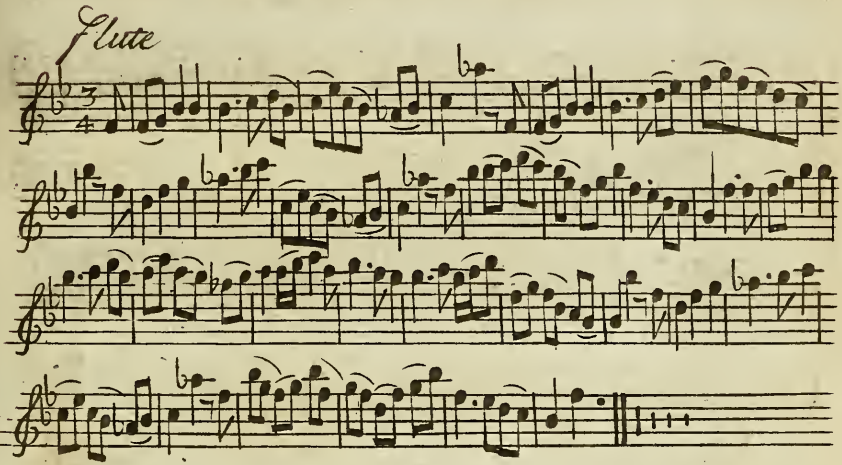
my Days are nae langer Then I'll take a Heart and try at a

venture May be ere we part my Vows may content her

She's freſh as the Spring and ſweet as AURORA
When Birds mount and ſing bidding Day agood Morrow
The Sward of the Mead enamell'd with Daiſies
Looks witherd and Dead when twind of her Graces

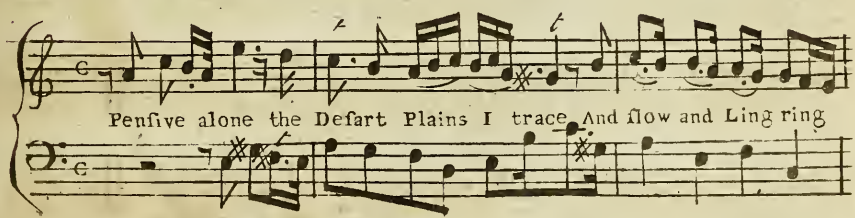
But if ſhe appear where verdures invite her
The Fountains run clear and Flow'rs ſmell the ſweeter
Tis Heav'n to be by when her Wit is a flowing.
Her Smiles And bright Eyes ſet my Spirits a glowing

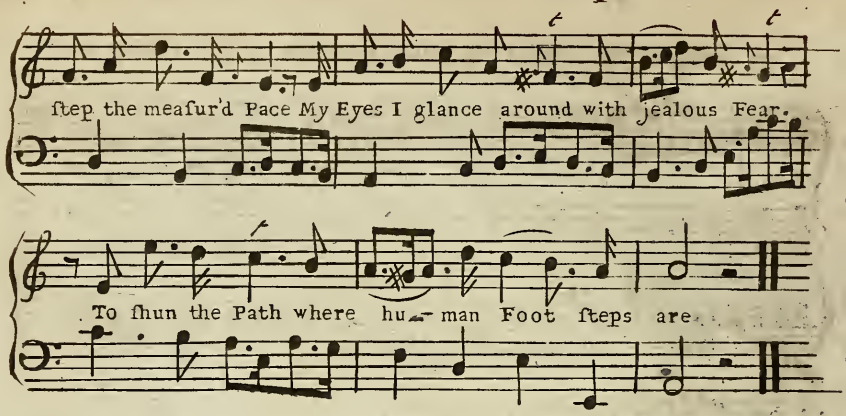
The mair that I gaze the deeper I'm Wounded
Struck dumb with Amaze my Mind is confounded
I'm all in a Fire dear Maid to careſs ye
For a my Deſire is HAY'S bonny Laſſie



Set by Mr. Lampe

LOVE is not to be Conceal'd



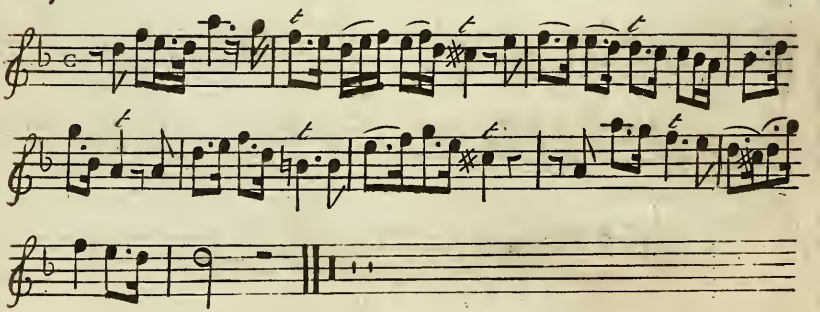


In vain I ſtrive in Coverts to conceal
And hide from Man the Anguiſh that I Feel
Becauſe my Lifeleſs Form and careleſs Mein
Betray the Flames which ſmother'd burn within

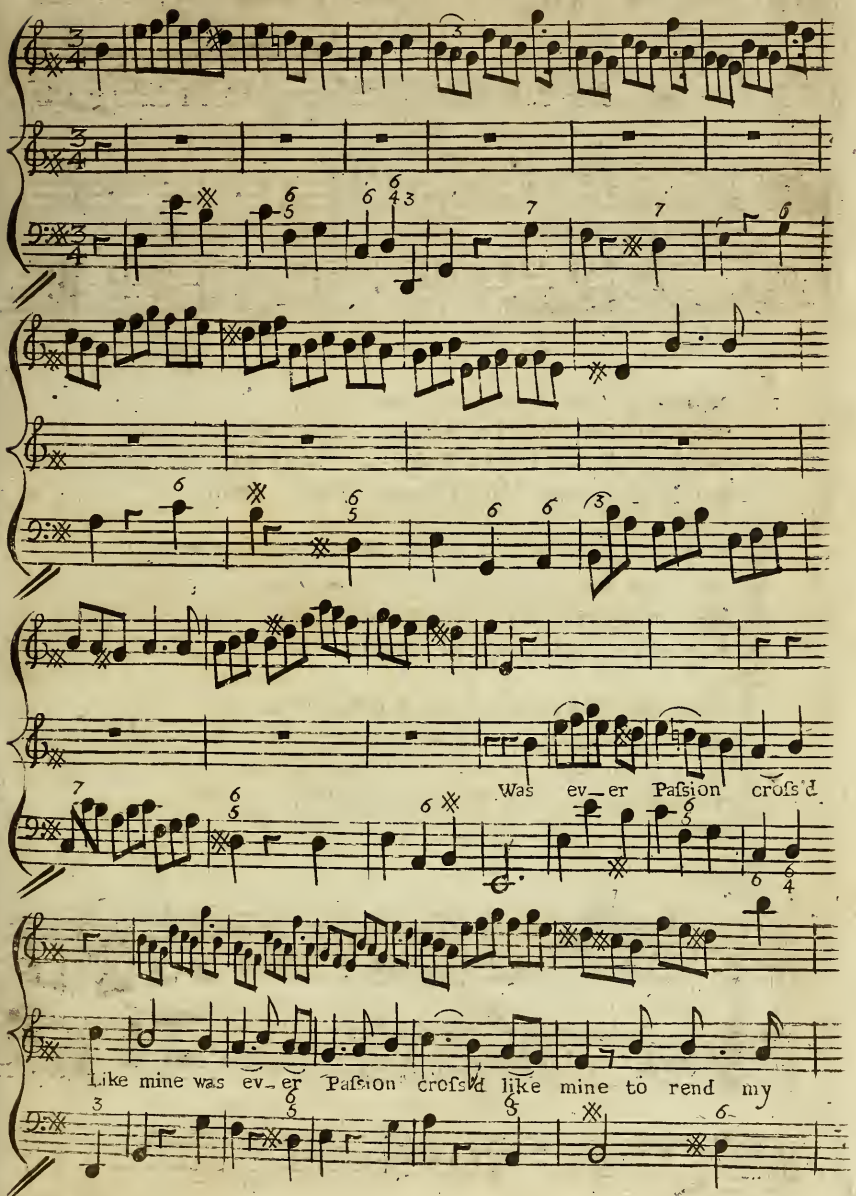
Ye Rocks ye Hills ye ſtreams that weeping flow
Ye Groves and Valleys Ah too well ye know
What with my Life I would a ſecret hold
In Vain for ſuch a Paſsion muſt be told

Long have I try'd but ſhould I always ſtray
In Worlds remote through evry pathleſs way
From all Mankind o'er Hill, or Dale or Grove
I cannot fly from the Perſuit of Love

flute



A Song in the Opera of Rosamond Set by Mr Allcock



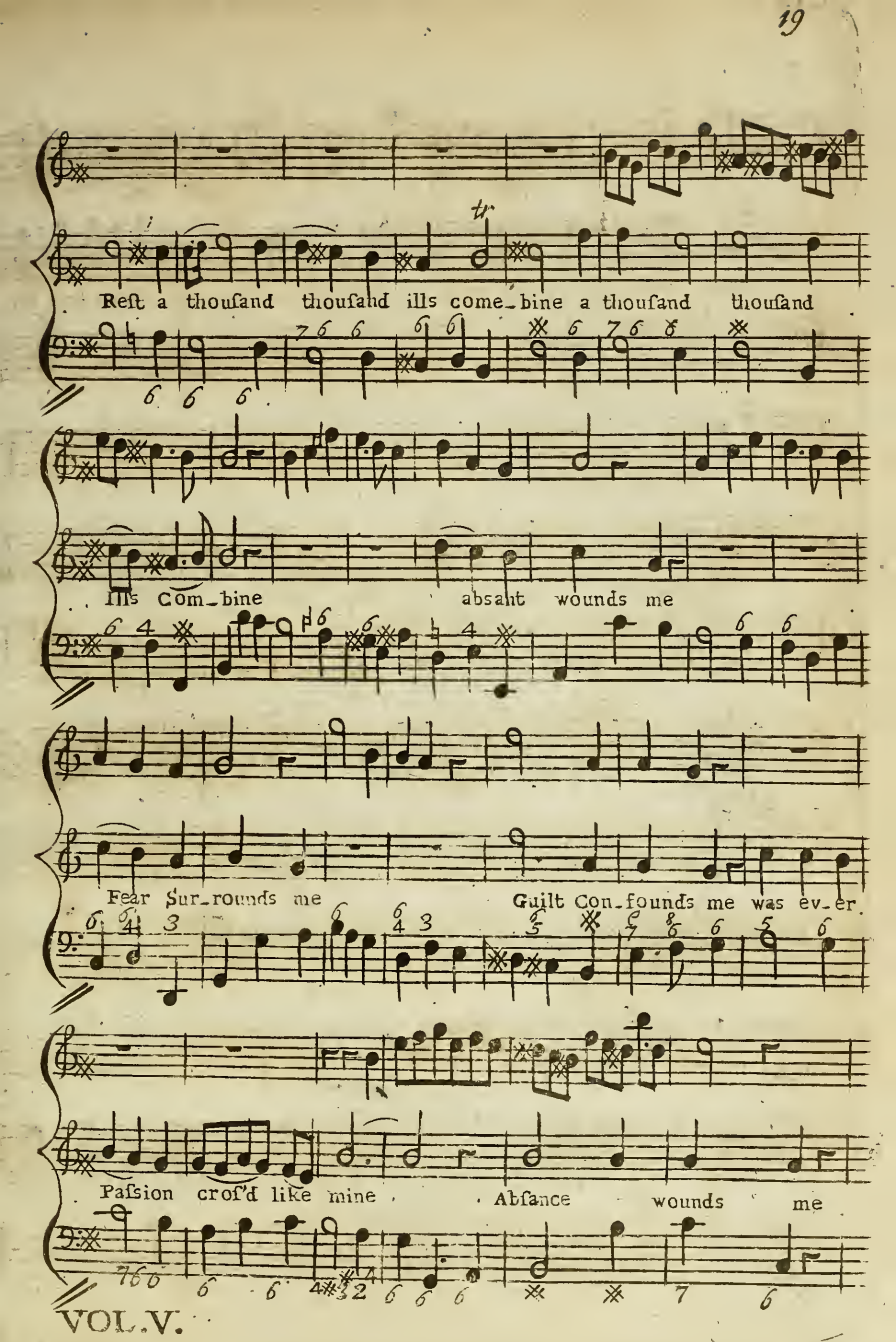
Breaſt and break my reſt to rend my Breaſt and break my reſt to rend my

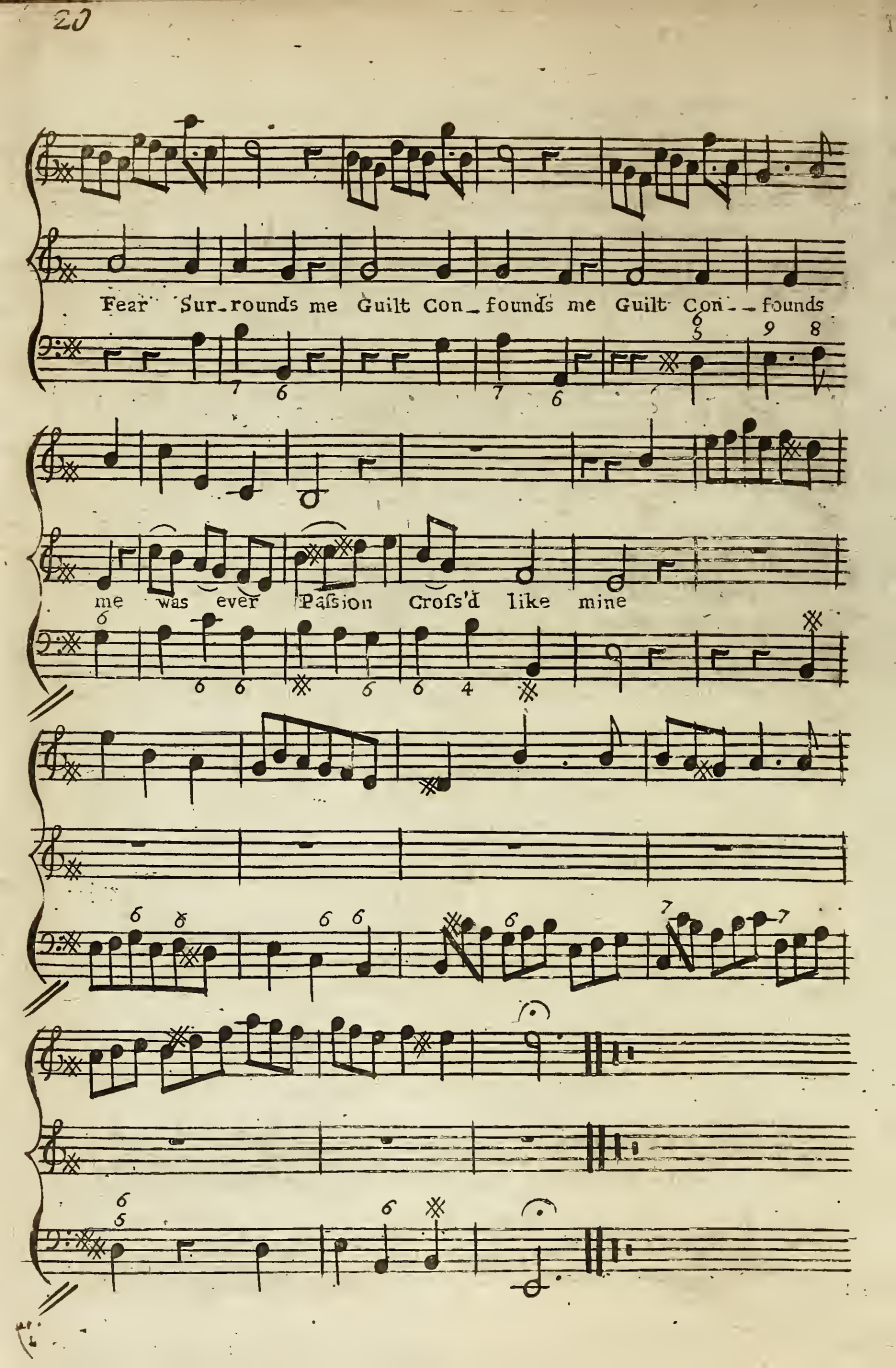
Breaſt and break my reſt a thouſand thouſand

Ills Com bine was ev er Paſsion

Croſs'd like mine was ev er Paſsion croſs'd like mine

To rand my Breaſt and break my reſt to rand my Breaſt and break my


Reſt a thouſand thouſand ills come_bine a thouſand thouſand
Ills Com_bine absant wounds me
Fear Sur_rounds me Guilt Con_founds me was ev_er
Paſsion crof'd like mine Abſance wounds me


Fear Sur_rounds me Guilt Con_founds me Guilt Con__founds
me was ever Paſſion Croſs'd like mine

The ARTIFICE Sung by Mrs READING.

When CLOE we ply, we Swear we ſhall Die, Her Eyes do our

Hearts ſo inthral: But, tis for Her Self and not for her Self it tis

All Artifice all it is all Artifice, Artifice all.

The maidens are coy they'll piſh and they'll fie,
And vow if you're rude they will Call:
But whſper ſo low that they let us know, it is all,
Artifice all, it is all Artifice, Artifice all.

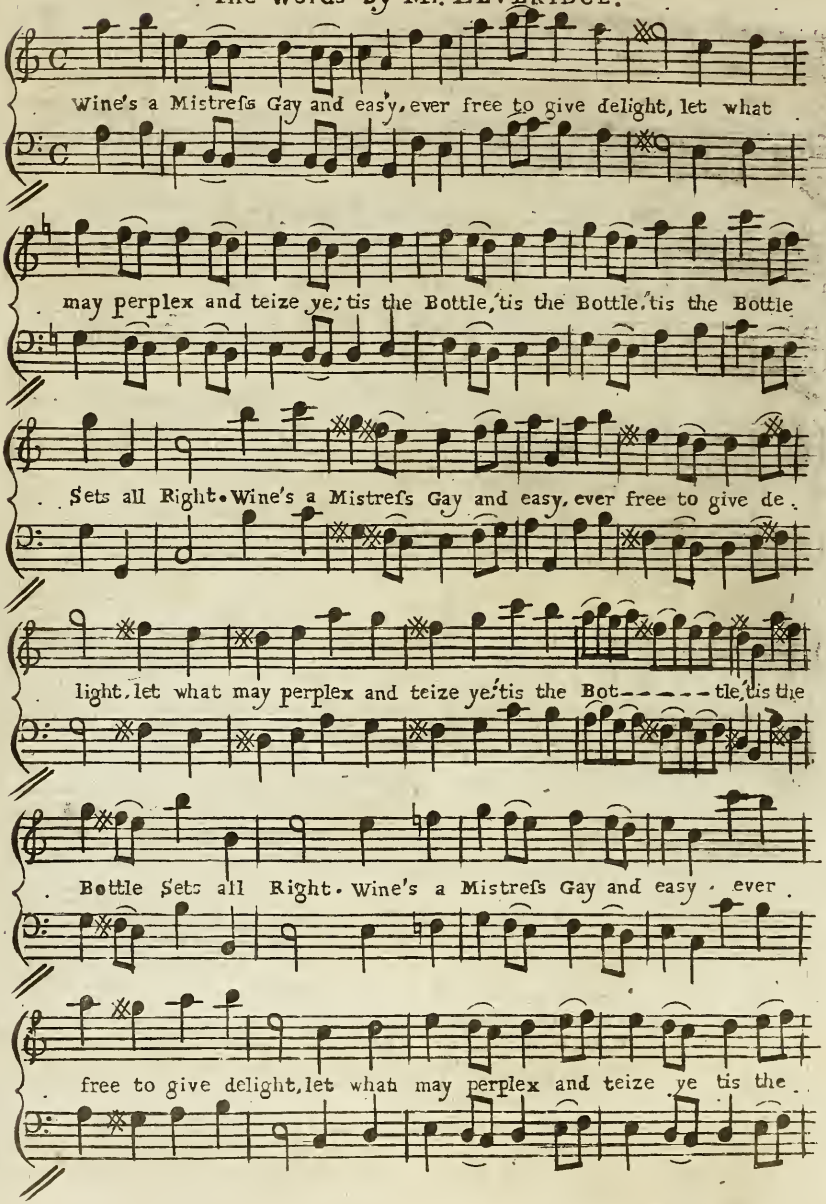
My Dear the Wives coy when ever you die,
Oh marry again we ne'er ſhall,
But in leſs then a year they make it appear, it is all,
Artifice all it is all Artifice Artifice all.

In matters of State and Party Debate,
For CHURCH and for Iuſtice we Bawll;
But if you attend you'll find in the end, it is all,
Artifice all it is all Artifice Artifice all.

FLUTE

A Song to a Favourte Air by Mr Handel.

The Words by Mr. Leveridge.



Bot---------tle tis the Bottle Sets all Right ths the Bottle

Sets all right who woud leave a lasting treasure to embrace a

Childish pleasure Soon as tasted takes its flight----------

---------Soon as tasted takes its flight. Da Capo

Pierce the Cask of generous Claret,
Rouse your Hearts e're 'tis too late;
Fill the Goblet never Spare it,
That's your Armour, that's your Armous &c.
Gainst all fate.

This verse must be repeated 3 times with the first part

A Song Set to Musick by Mr WILFORD.

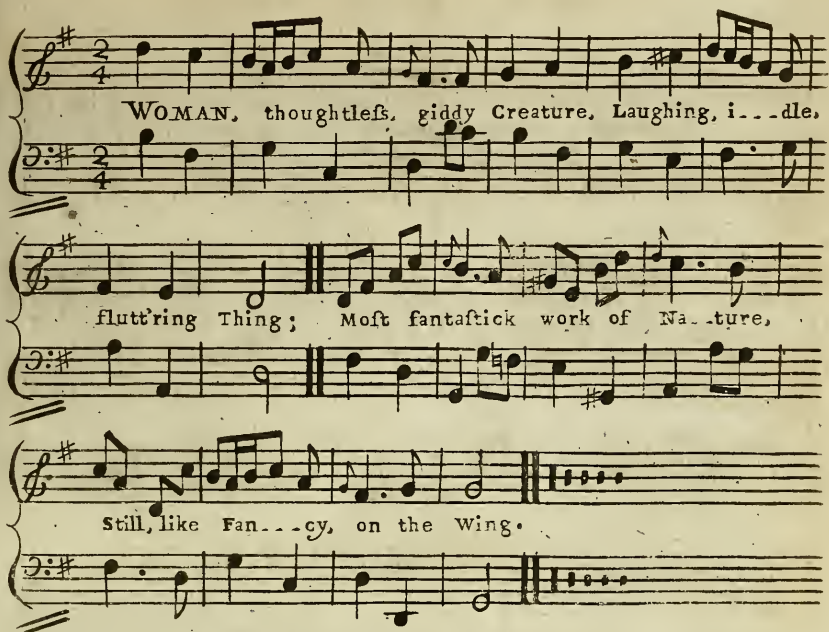
WOUD Fate to me BELLIN_DA give, with her alone Id Chuse to Live. nor with her could I more Require nor a great_er nor a great_er nor a great_er Bliss de_sire.

My Charming Nymph if you can find,
Amongst the Race of Human kind,
A Man that Loves you more than I,
I'le Resigne you I'le Resigne you I'le Resigne you tho I die.

Let my BELLINDA fill my Arms,
With all her Beautys all her Charms,
With scorn and pitty I'd look down,
On the Glorys on the Glorys on the Glorys of a Crown.

FLUTE

The DECLAIMER. Set by Mr. MARKWELL.

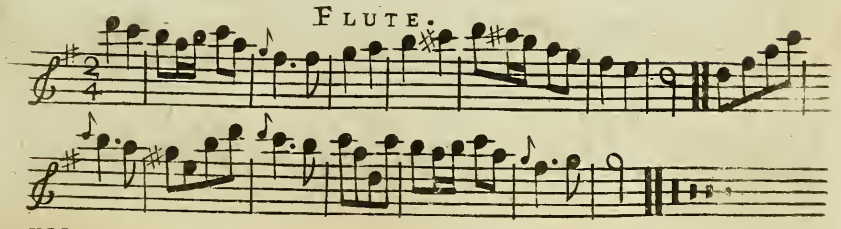


Slave to ev'ry changing Paſſion,
  Loving, hating, in extream:
Fond of ev'ry fooliſh Faſhion,
  And, at beſt, a pleaſing Dream.

Lovely Trifle! dear Illuſion!
  Conq'ring Weakneſs! wiſh'd for Pain!
Man's chief Glory, and Confuſion,
  Of all Vanitys, moſt vain!

Thus, deriding Beauty's Pow'r,
  BEVILL call'd it all a cheat;
But in leſs than half an Hour,
  Kneel'd, and whin'd at CELIA'S Feet.

FLUTE.



A Song Set by Mr. Henry Burges.

Vivace

Love, thou dear, but cru--el Tyrant, Love, thou dear, but cru--el Tyrant, can nothing move thee to be kind;

Hear my Sighs, and see my Torment, for on--ly thou canst ease my mind, O hear my Sighs, and see my Torment, for on-ly thou canst ease my mind, O hear my.

Sighs, and ſee my Torment, for on-ly thou canſt

eaſe my mind. Since all are doom'd to

feel thy Darts, at leaſt ſuſpe-----nd our pains, with tender

pi-ty, with tender pi--ty bleſs thoſe Hearts, that lan----

-----guiſh in thy Chains, that lan----------guiſh

in thy Chains. Da Capo.

Set by Mr. Lampe.

It is not being Six Foot high, That proves the Warrior good: Cou-

rage does not in Stature lye, But warmneſs of the Blood.

What ſigni-fies with all his Inches, If he's devoid of Spi-rit, The

pigmy He-ro that not flinches, By far, has greater Me-rit.

Flute.

Sung by Mrs. CLIVE in the DOUBLE DEALER.

Sym.

An..cient PHILLIS has young Gra...ces,

has young Graces, 'tis a ſtrange thing, but a true one, Sym.

Shall I tell you how, ſhall I, ſhall I tell you how, She herſelf makes

her own Faces, and each morning wears a new one, where's the wonder

now, where, where's the wonder now. Da Capo

A Favourite Aire by Mr. HANDEL.

tr tr

Sym.

WOU'D you

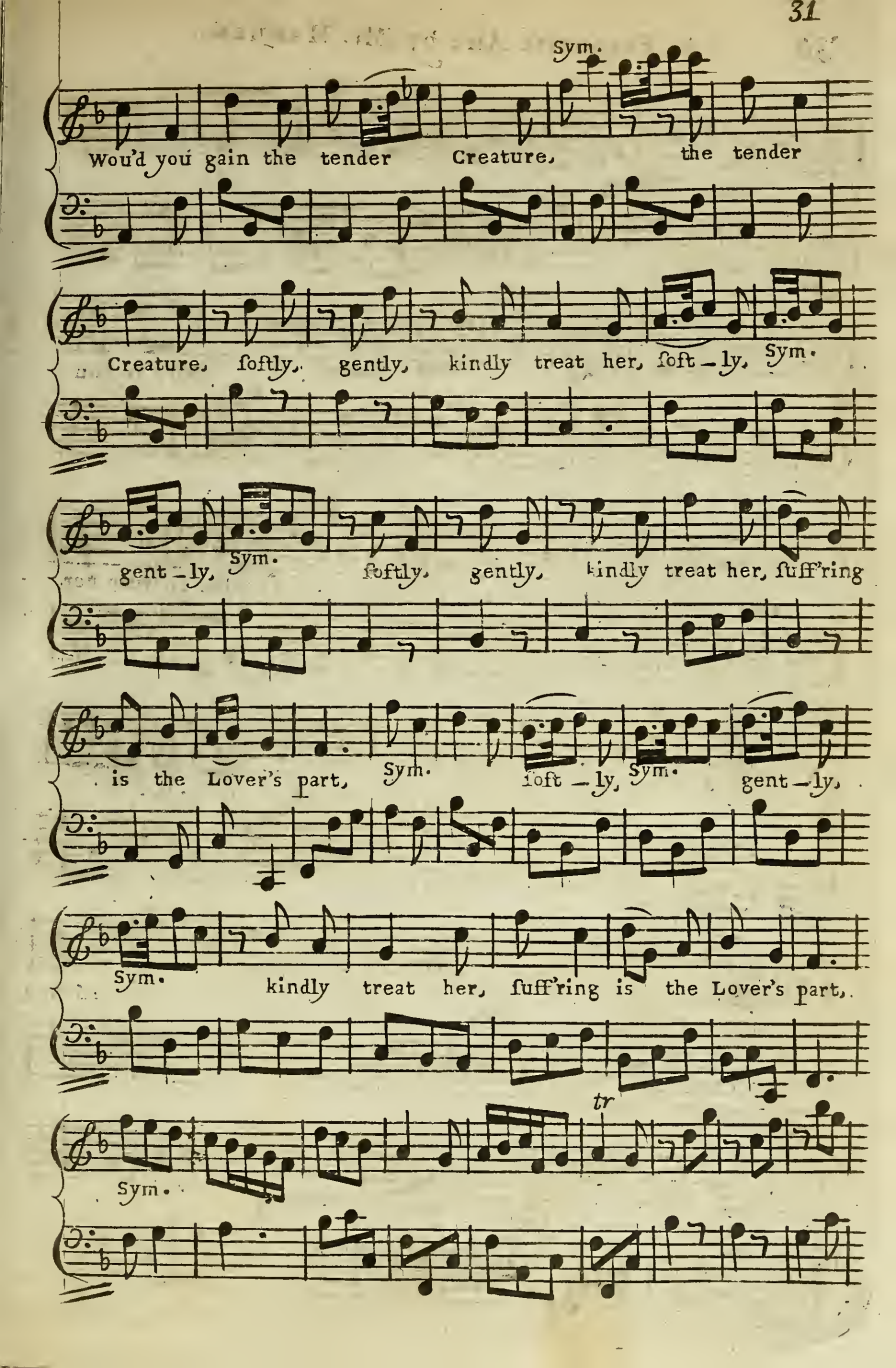
gain the tender Creature, ſoft-ly, gent-ly, kind ly treat her,

tr

Sym. ſuff'ring is the Lover's part, ſoft-ly, Sym.

gent-ly, Sym. ſoftly, gently, kindly treat her, ſuff'ring

is the Lover's part, Sym.


Sym.
Wou'd you gain the tender Creature, the tender
Creature, ſoftly, gently, kindly treat her, ſoft – ly, Sym.
gent – ly, Sym. ſoftly, gently, kindly treat her, ſuff'ring
is the Lover's part, Sym. ſoft – ly, Sym. gent – ly,
Sym. kindly treat her, ſuff'ring is the Lover's part,
tr
Sym.

Beau_ty, by conſtraint poſſeſ_ſing, you en-

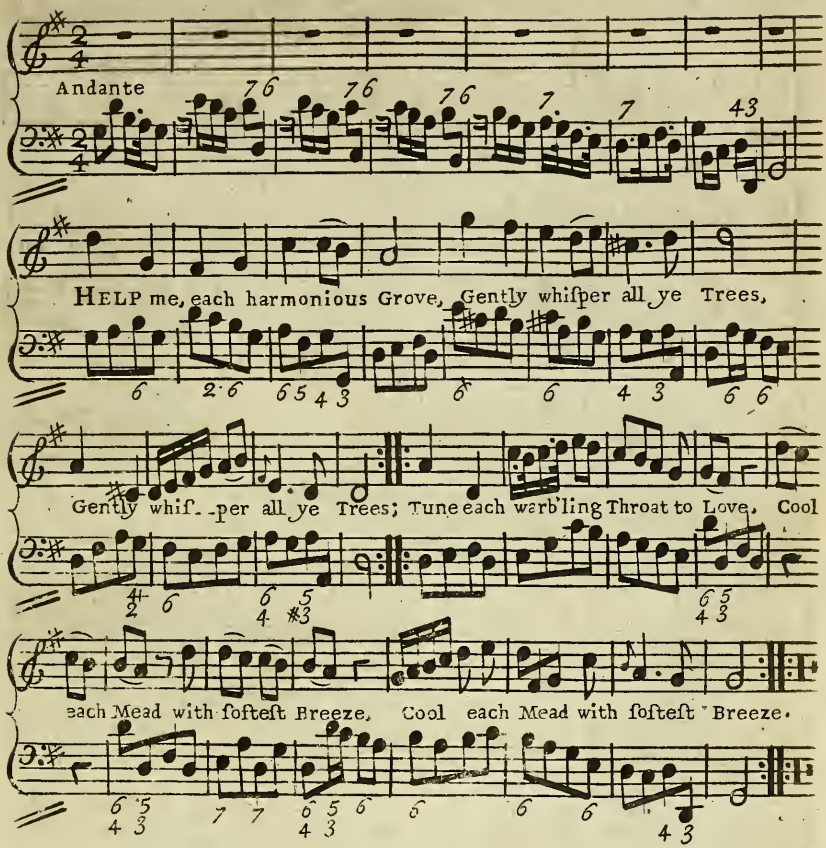
joy but half the bleſſing, Life_leſs Charm without the

Heart, Lifeleſs Charm without the Heart, Beauty by con-

ſtraint poſſeſſing, you enjoy but half the bleſſing, Lifeleſs

Charm without the Heart. Da Capo

Colin's Request.

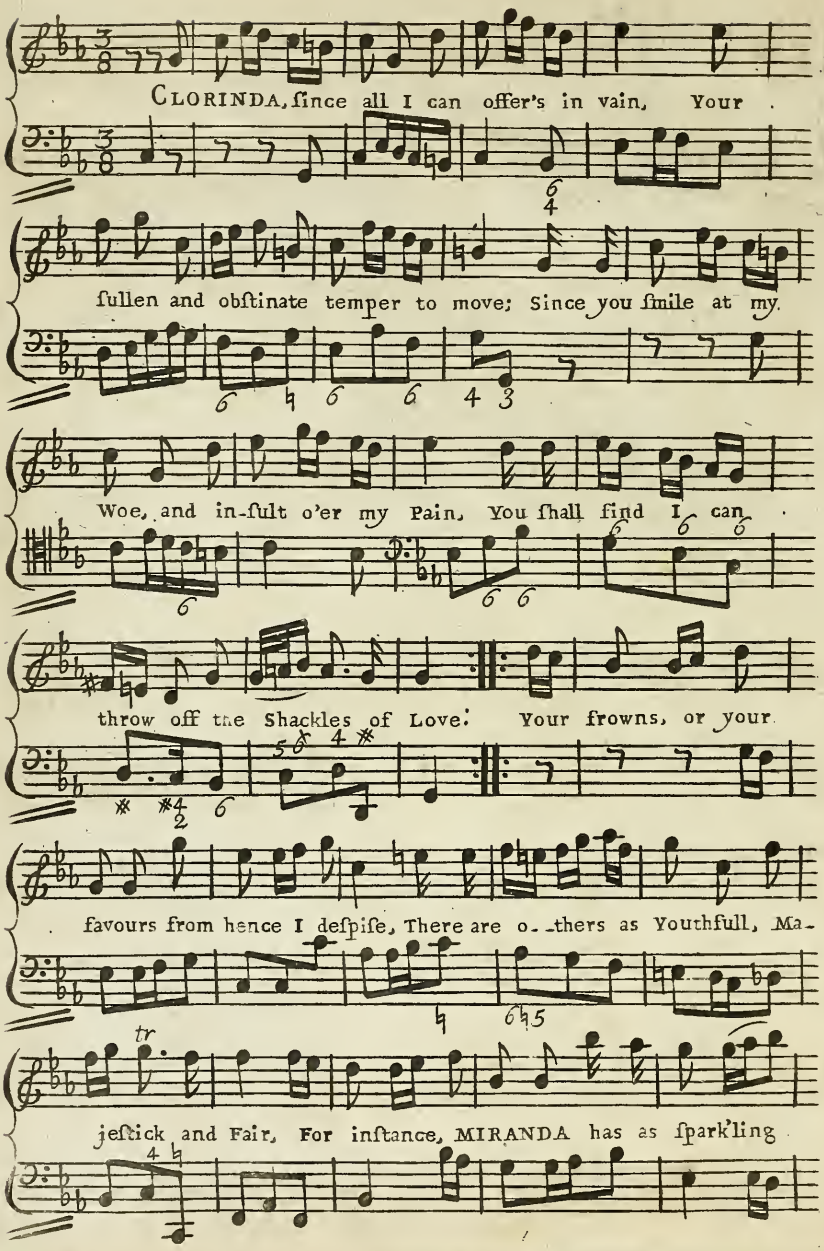


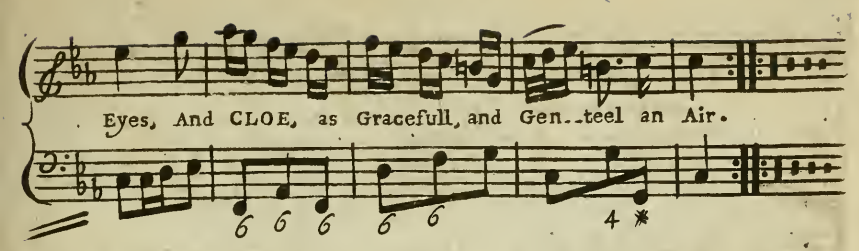
Breath ſweet Odours ev'ry Flow'r,
All your various Paintings ſhow; All &c.
Pleaſing Verdure grace each Bow'r,
Around let ev'ry Bleſſing flow. Around &c.

Glide ye lympid Brooks along:
PHŒBUS, glance thy mildeſt Ray; PHŒBUS &c.
Murm'ring Floods, repeat my Song,
And tell what COLIN dare not ſay. And tell &c.

CELIA comes! whoſe charming Air,
Fires with Love the rural Swains; Fires &c.
Tell, ah! tell the blooming Fair,
That COLIN dies, if ſhe diſdains. That &c.

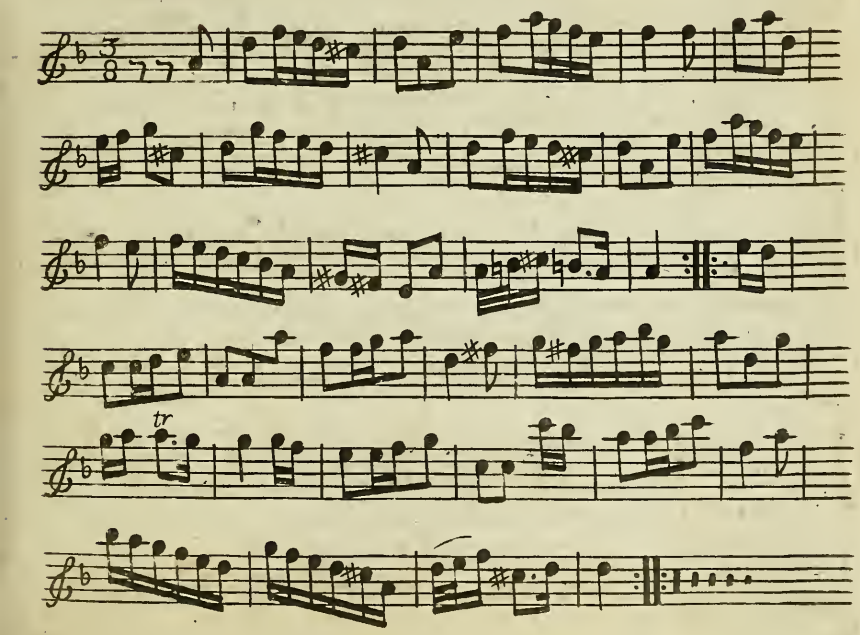
The Surrender.



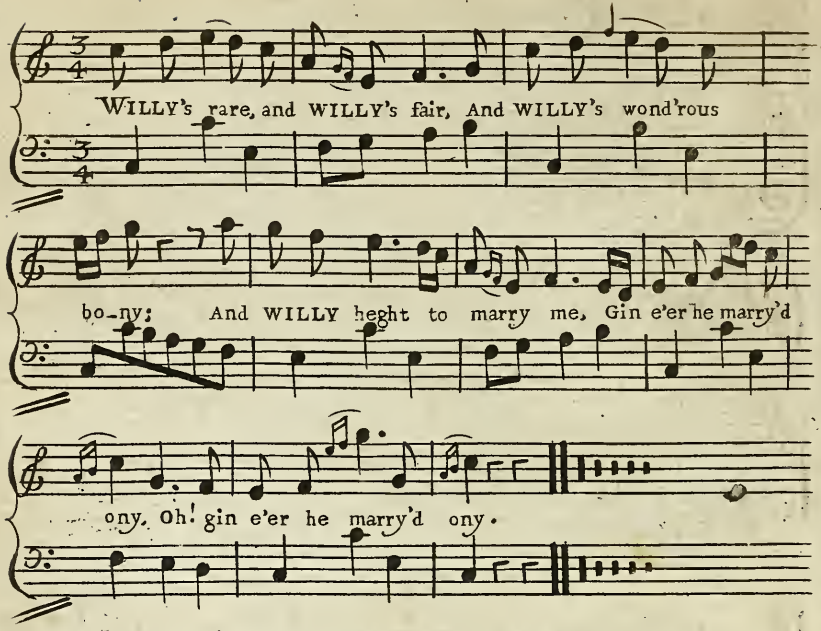


Wou'd you anſwer my Love, without all this to do,
My Heart, you of all the fair kind ſhou'd poſſeſs;
But when there's ſuch labour, and trouble to Woo,
It makes the enjoyment, then reliſh the leſs.
Once more, e'er I leave you, and ſeek love elſewhere,
Can you conquer this rage and averſneſs to Man.
The Nymph ſhe perceiv'd ſhe had gone then too far,
Cry'd, ſtay awhile, STREPHON — I'll do what I can.

FLUTE.



WILLY'S Rare.

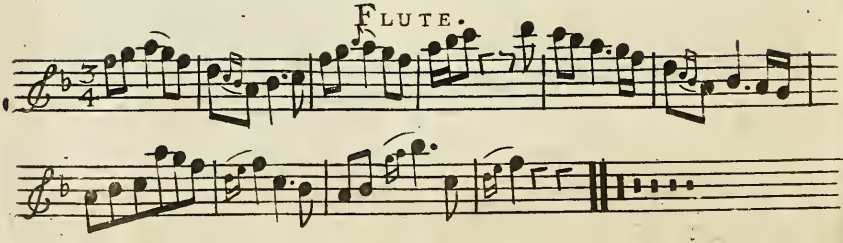


Yeſtreen I made my Bed fu' brade,
The Night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live-long Winter's Night,
I lie twin'd of my Marrow.

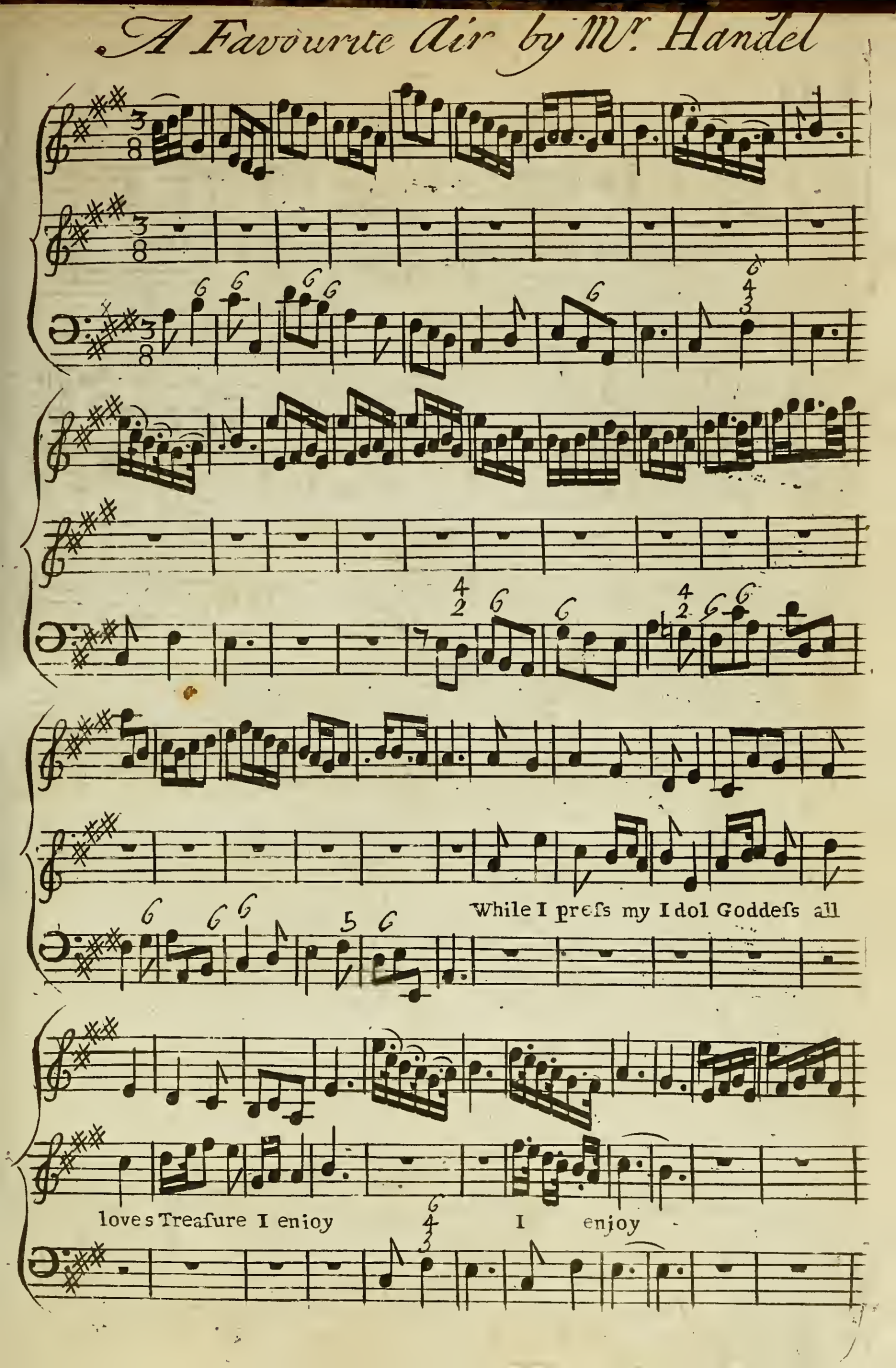
O came you by yon Water-ſide,
Pu'd you the Roſe or Lilly;
Or came you by yon Meadow green,
Or ſaw you my ſweet WILLY?

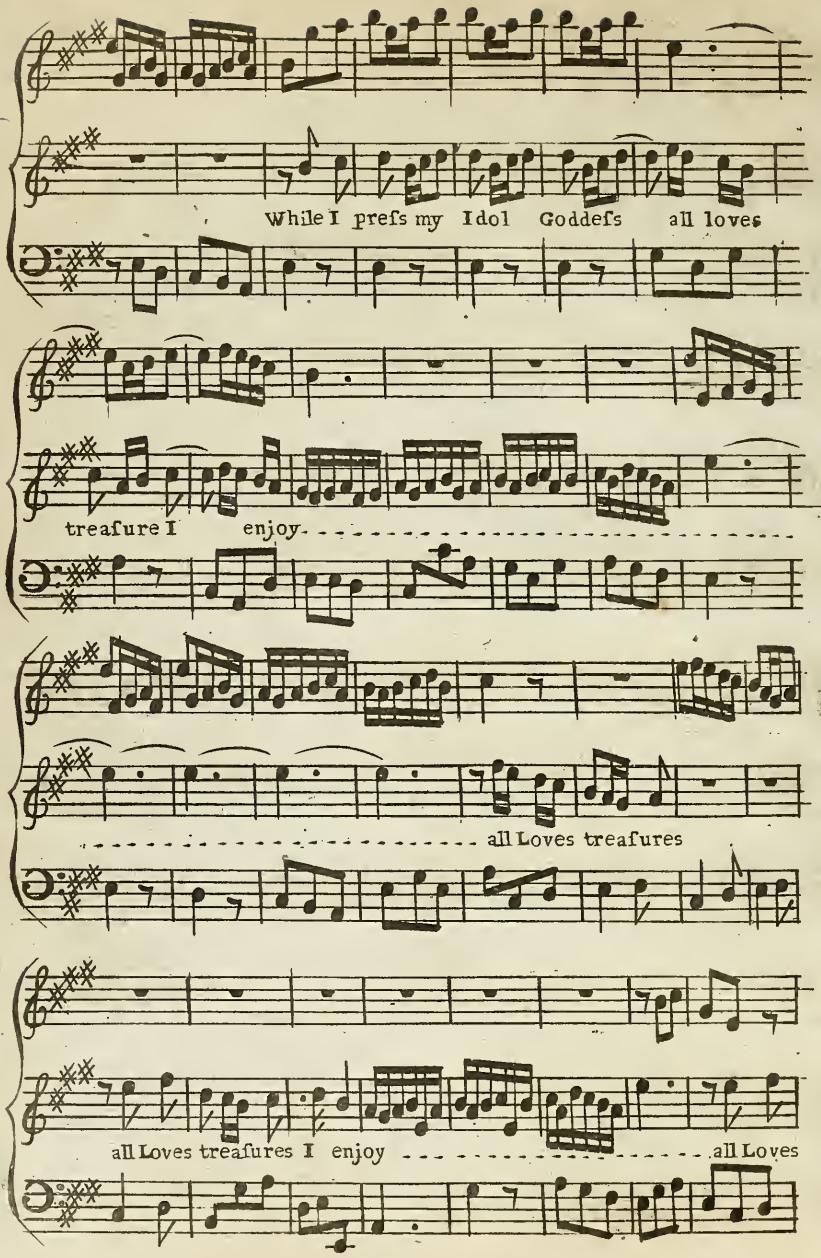
She ſought him Eaſt, ſhe ſought him Weſt,
She ſought him brade and narrow;
Sine in the clifting of a Craig,
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

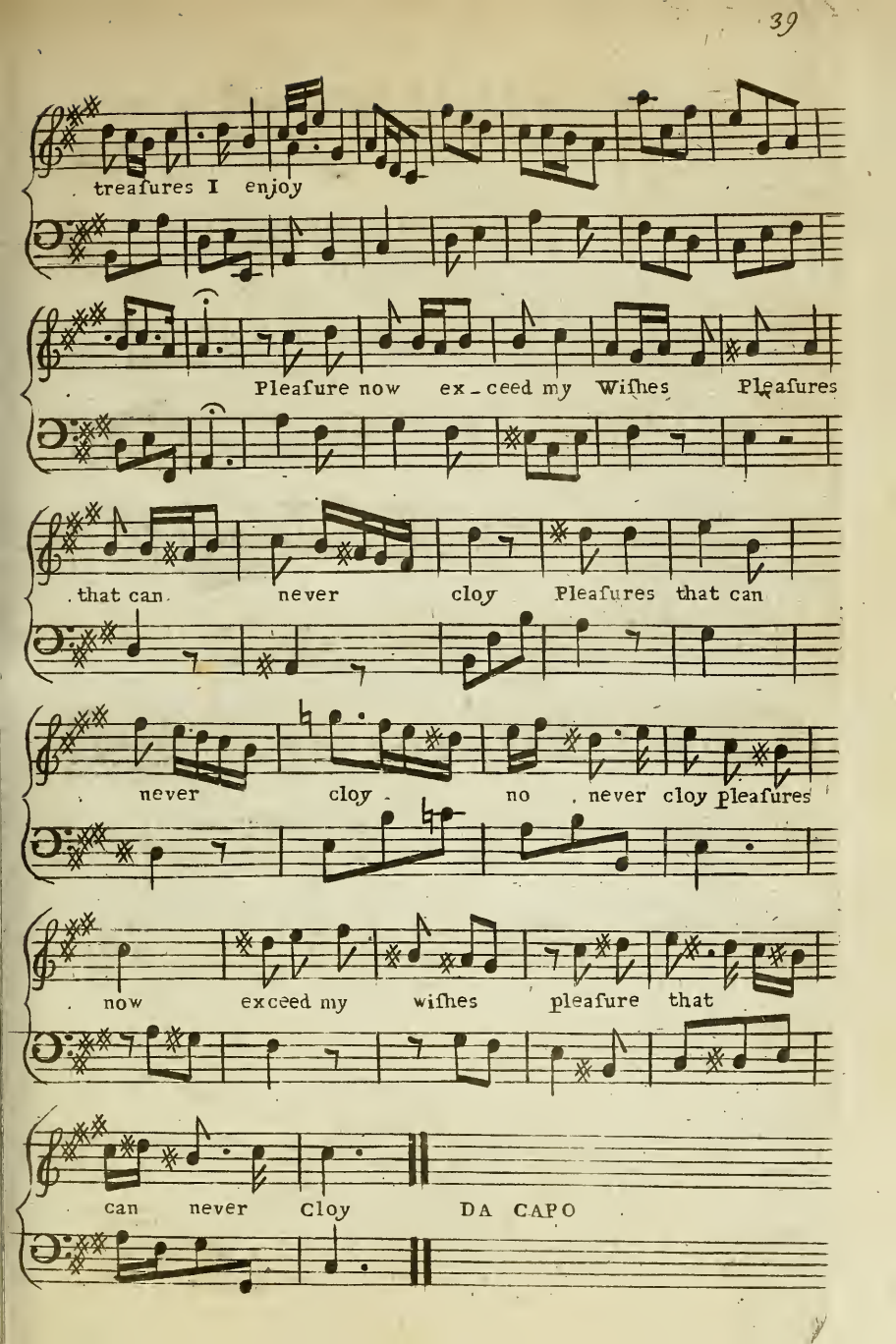
FLUTE.



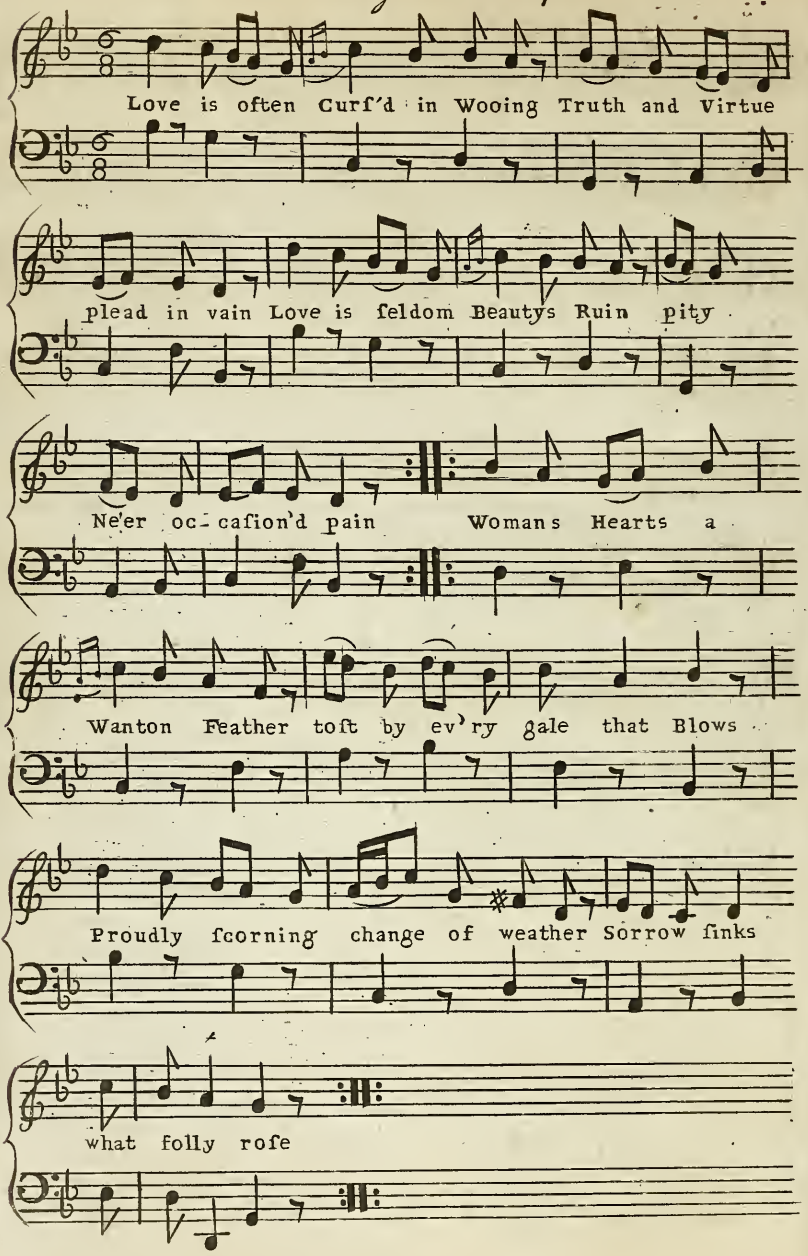
A Favourite Air by Mr. Handel



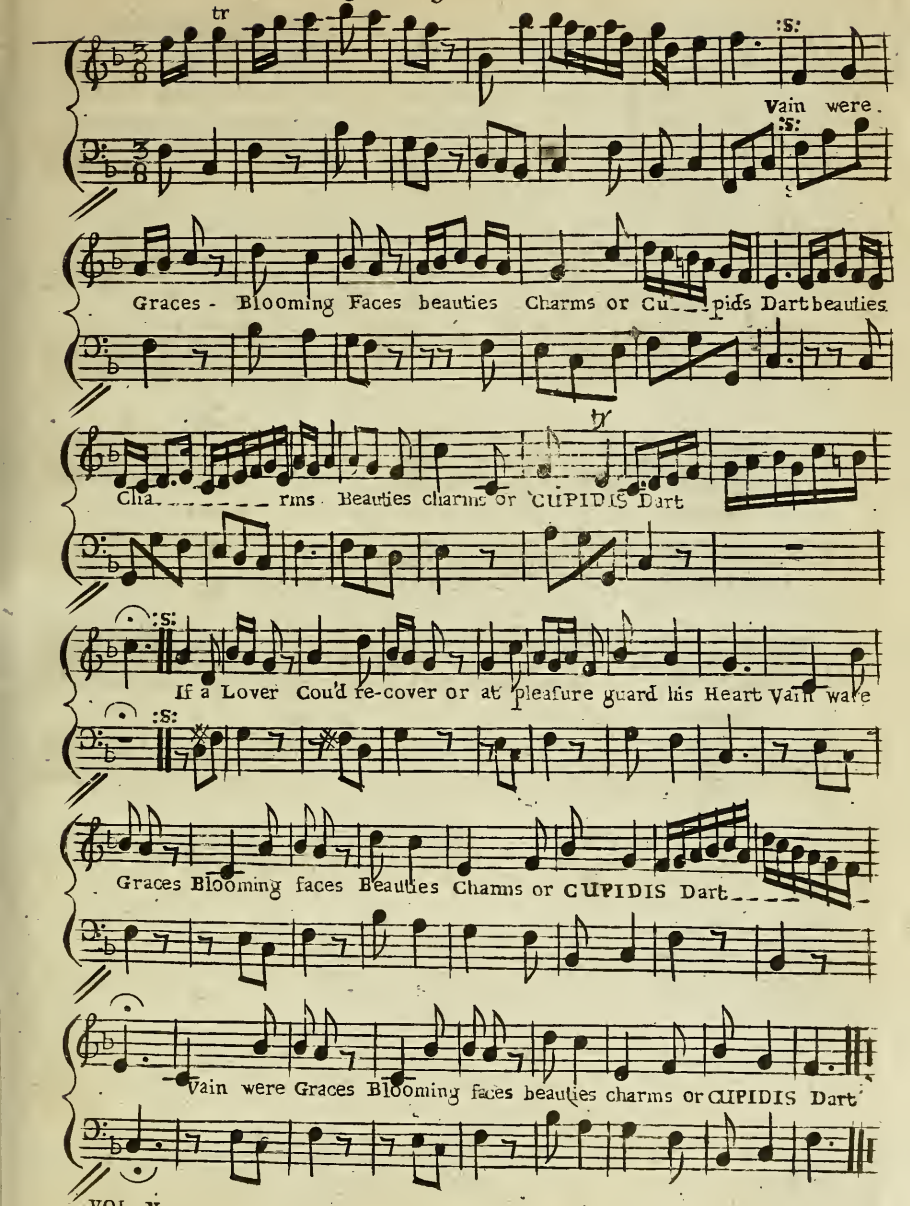

While I prefs my Idol Goddefs all loves
treafure I enjoy
all Loves treafures
all Loves treafures I enjoy
all Loves


treafures I enjoy
Pleafure now ex-ceed my Wifhes Pleafures
that can never cloy Pleafures that can
never cloy no never cloy pleafures
now exceed my wifhes pleafure that
can never Cloy DA CAPO

Set by Mr Lampe



A Song Set by Mr Galliard



The Batchelors Wife Set by Mr Carey.

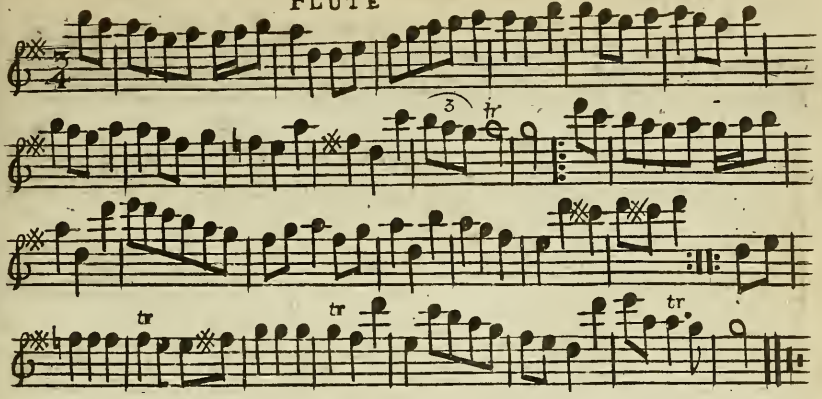
Without affectation, gay, Youthful and pretty, without pride or meanneſs

familiar and witty; without forms obliging, good natur'd and free, with-

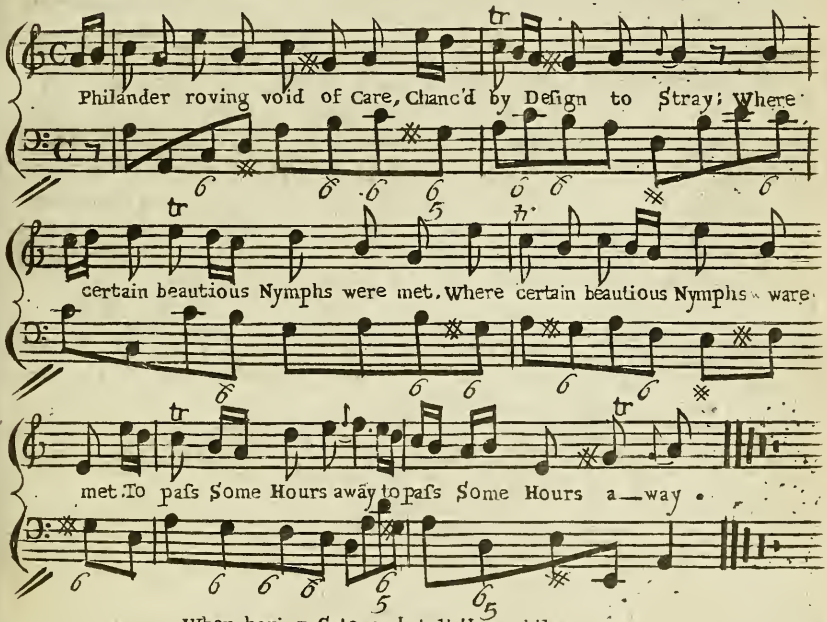
--out are as Lovely, as Lovely can be.

She acts what ſhe thinks and ſhe thinks what ſhe says,
Regardleſs alike both of cenſure and praiſe:
But her thoughts and her words and her actions are ſuch;
That none can admire'em or praiſe her too much.

FLUTE



APOLLOS Advice Set by Mr LAMPE



When having Sate and talk'd a while,
What Nymphs each Swain admir'd;
Told how fond STREPHON loy'd in vain,
And CLOES Beauties fir'd,

A general Silence then Succeeds,
Nor was the Silence long;
When all the Fair agree'd to ask
The Favour of a Song,

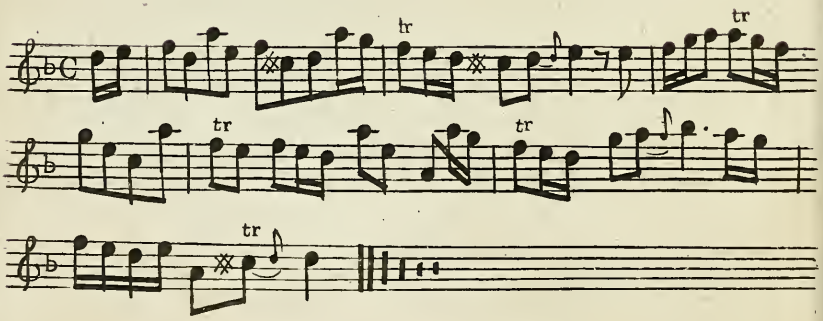
The Youth who knew himself unfit,
Was fearfull to comply;
And yet when Beauty ask'd the Boon,
Unwilling to deny,

The conscious Shepherd then in haste
The God of Musick pray'd;
Hear me he cried, harmonious God!
And Send thy timely Aid,

Amaz'd the God his Rashness Saw,
And Said; mad Youth forbear!
When heav'nly Judges hear the Song,
APOLLO'S self must dare,

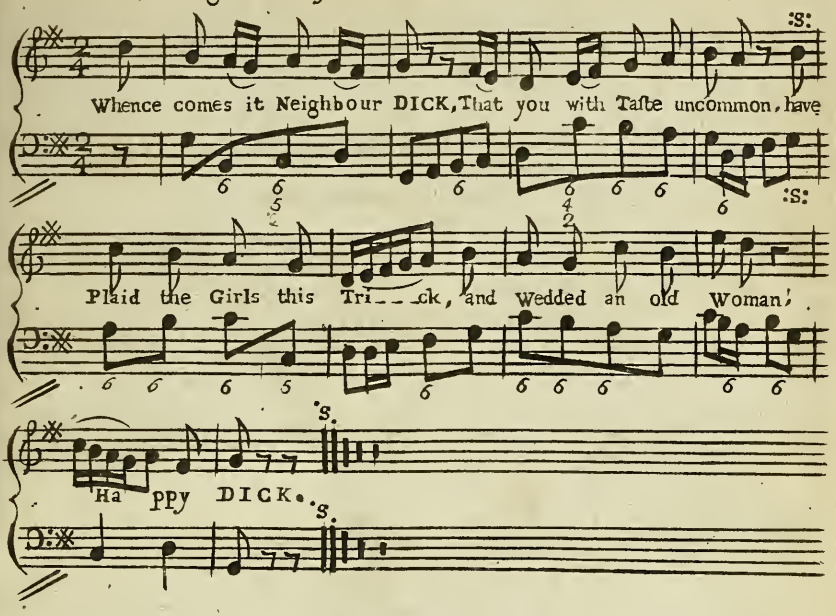
Be wise nor with Such Rashness court
The Danger you would run;
Soar not with bold Icarian Wings,
If you his Fate would shun,

FLUTE.



Happy Dick

A Song Set by Mr Monro



Each Bell Condemns the Choice,
Of a Youth so Gay and Sprightly;
But we your friends rejoyce,
That you have Judg'd so rightly.
HAPPY DICK.

Tho odd to some it Sounds,
That on Threescore you've ventur'd;
Yet in Ten Thousand Pou_nds,
Ten Thousand charms are centr'd: &c.

Beauty you know will fade,
As does the short liv'd Flower;
Nor can the fairest Ma_id,
Insure her Bloom an Hour, &c

But wisely you resign,
For Sixty Charms so transient,
As the curious value Co_in,
The more for being antient &c.

With Ioy your Spouse ſhall ſee,
The fading Beauties round her,
And ſhe her ſelf Still be--
The Same that firſt you found her. &c.

Oft is the Marriage State
With Iealousie attended,
And hence thro' foul deba-te,
Are Nuptial ioys Suſpended. &c.

But you with ſuch a Wife,
No Jealous fears are under;
She's yours alone for Li-fe,
Or much we all Shou'd wonder &c.

Her death wou'd grieve you Sore,
But let it not torment you;
My life ſhe'll ſee fourscore,
If that will but content you &c.

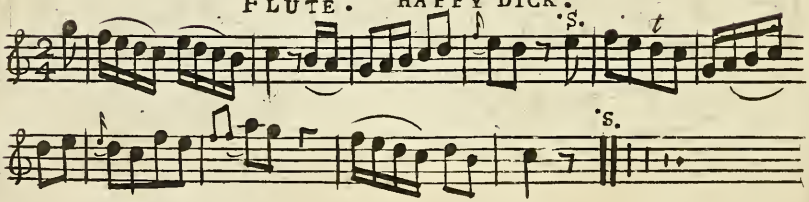
On this you may rely
For the Pains you took to win her
Shell ne'er in Childbed dv-e
Unleſs the Devil's in her &c.

Some have the name of Hell
To Matrimony Given;
How falſely you can te-ll
Who have found it ſuch a Heaven &c.

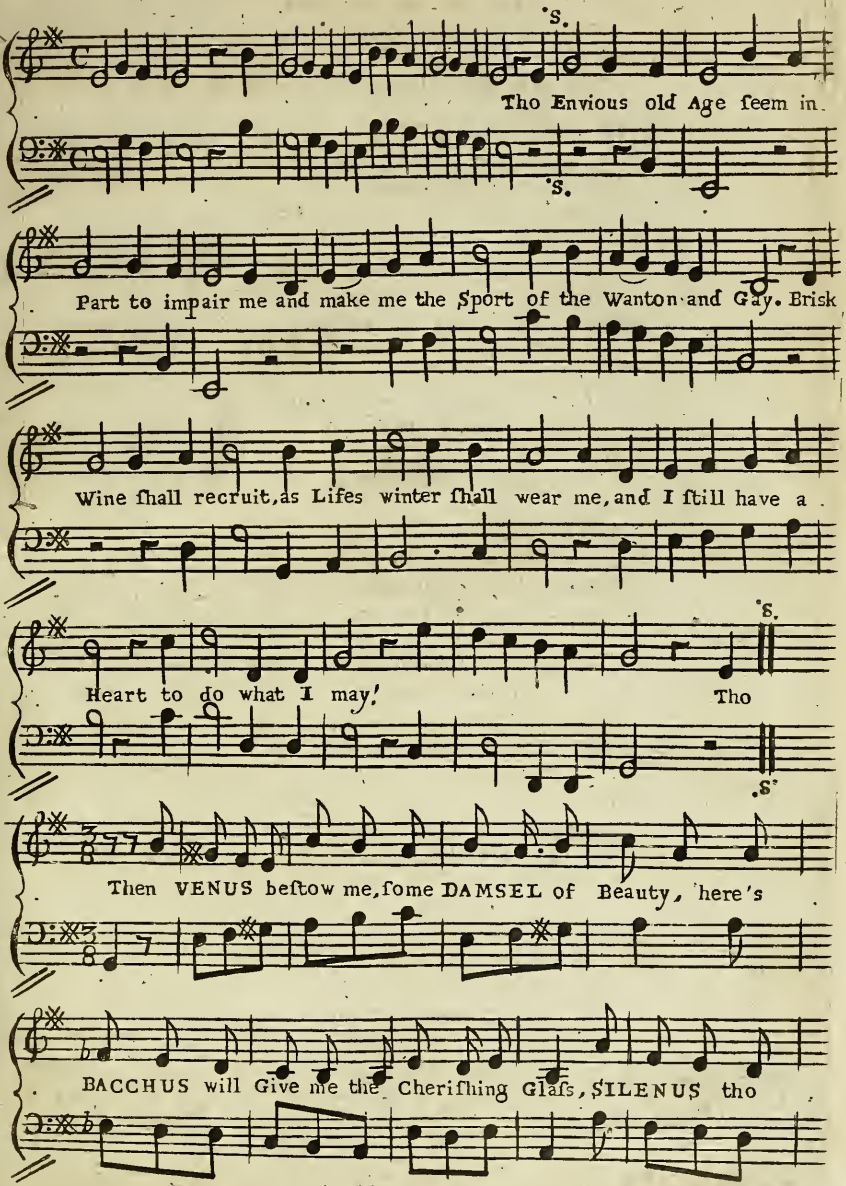
With Spouse long Share the Bliſs,
You had Mist in any other:
And when you ve bury'd th-is,
May you have ſuch another, &c.

Obſerving hence from you,
In Marriage ſuch decorum;
Our wiser youths ſhall do
As you have done before 'em,

FLUTE. HAPPY DICK.



A Song Set by Mr. GALLIARD.



Grey, ſhall to both do his duty, and now claſp the BOTTLE, and

Then claſp the Laſs, the BOTTLE the laſs, the laſs and the BOTTLE,

And now Claſp the BOTTLE and then Claſp the Laſs

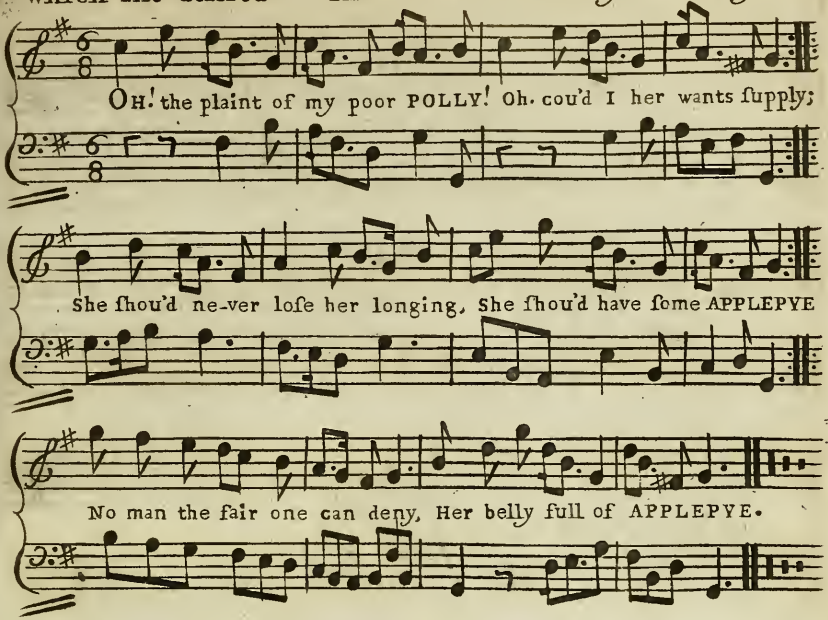
For the FLUTE

Tym. S. Tong

S. Tym.

Tym.

A SONG by a Gentleman ſent to a Lady with ſome APPLEPYE which ſhe deſired. And ſet to Muſick by the Lady.



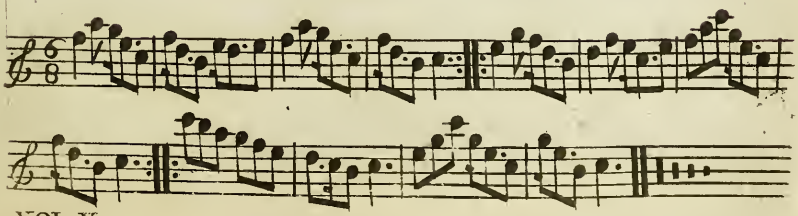
Who wou'd not think this a favour,
And to oblidge my POLLY try;
Who wou'd not — out of his own belly
Spare her a bit of APPLEPYE.
No man, &c.

When ſhe aſks — it muſt be granted,
On Beauty's power ſhe may rely:
She might have — O! were ſhe willing,
A better thing — than APPLEPYE.

CHORUS.

No man the fair one cou'd deny,
A better thing — than APPLEPYE.

FLUTE.



To a young Lady of Eighteen Courted by a Man of Threefcore

Set by Mr. MARKWELL.

Dear CHLOE at-tend, to th'advice of a Friend, And for once be ad-mo nifh'd by me: Before you en-gage To Wed with old Age, Think how Summer and Winter a-gree, Think how Summer and Win-ter a-gree.

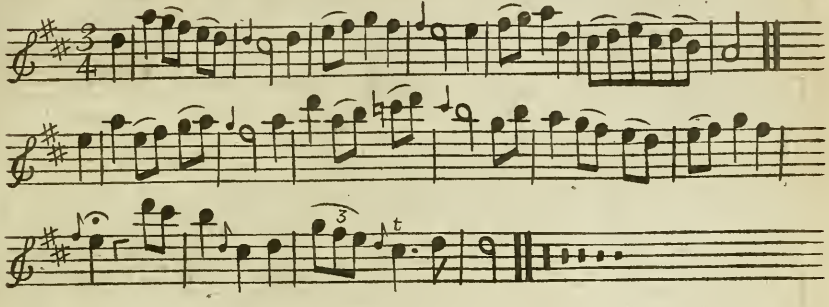
So ancient a Fruit,
For want of a Root,
Is doom'd to a fpeedy decay;
Youth might ripen your Charms,
But Old Age in young Arms,
Is like Frofty Weather in May.

Let Men of Threefcore
Think of Wedlock no more,
They need not be fond of that Noofe;
The Cripple that begs,
Without any Legs,
Can have no great occafion for Shoes.

Believe me, dear Maid,
When the beſt Cards are play'd,
You ſeldom can meet with a Trump;
And to help the Jeſt on,
When the Sucker is gone,
What a Plague would you do with a Pump.

A Clock out of repair,
Doth but badly declare,
The Hour of the Day or the Night;
For, unleſs my dear Love,
The Pendulum move,
'Twou'd be ſtrange if the Clock ſhou'd go right.

FLUTE.

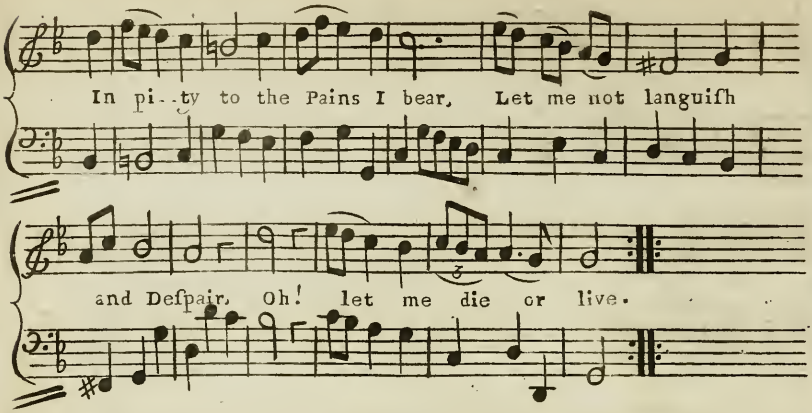


TO MIRTILLA.

Set by Mr. SAMS. The Words by Mr. MANLY.

Slow.

THOU all that I ſhall e'er admire! My Love, my Life, my Soul's Deſire! Thou ev'ry Joy my Fate can give!



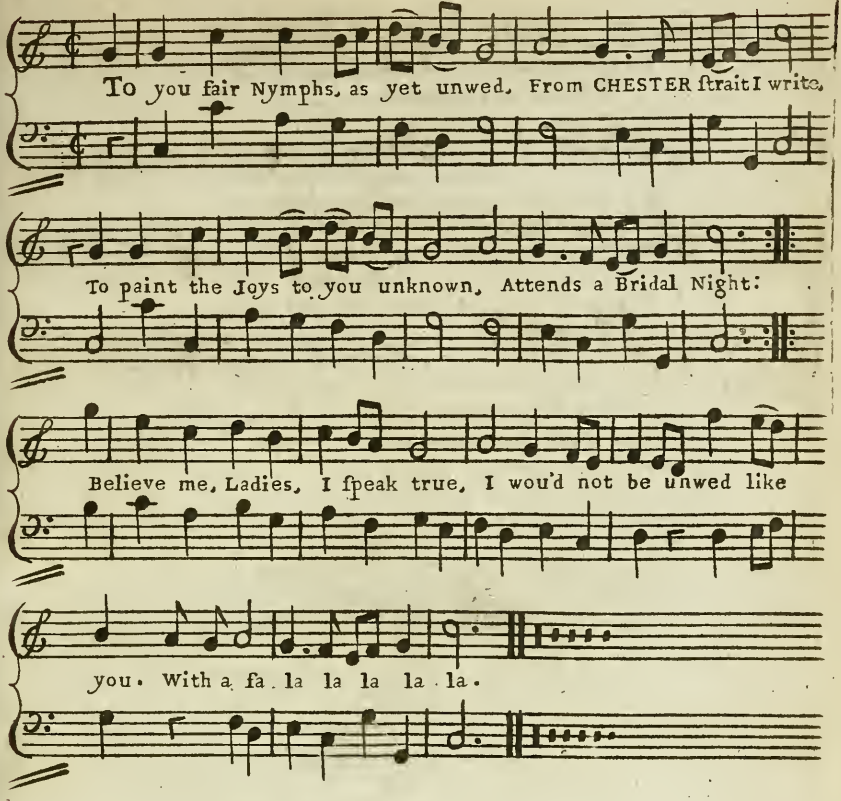
I thought, and bleſt my fond belief,
You were too good to urge my Grief,
To rack my faithfull heart;
But Oh! what Agonies I prove,
Since you neglect my tender Love,
And play the Tyrant's part.

If coldneſs and unkind diſdain,
Malicious Prudence bids you feign,
Your fatal Pow'r to try;
Beware, raſh Nymph, betimes beware,
The needleſs cruel art forbear,
Or inſtant ſee me die!

To vulgar Hearts, impure, and vain,
Wiſe were thy Scorn, and juſt the Pain,
For ſuch deſerve their Woe;
But gen'rous Charmer, let not mine,
Where Love and Truth for ever join,
The worſt of Torments know.

The Gods, who made you heav'nly fair,
That you their Pow'r divine might ſhare,
Their Votries ſave from ill;
Ah then, let neither Pride nor Art,
Say that fair form belies thy Heart,
And you delight to kill.

The Morning Song of a Spinster of Sixty who marry'd a Beardless Boy. The Words by Mr. MANLY.



My self a Virgin long I kept,
Love strugling in my Breast,
Nor cou'd I form the reason why,
It rob'd me of my rest.
But now convinc'd, the case is plain,
I feel the Joy, despise the Pain.
With &c.

'Tis true when Priest was joining hands,
I trembled and look'd pale,
Nor cou'd I judge the real cause,
My Voice began to fail:
But now relieve'd from trifling pain,
I wou'd not be a Maid again.
With &c.

Then after Meal and chearfull Glaſs,
And by all friends careſt,
My Spirits rais'd, I felt a flame,
Too ſtrong to be expreſt.
Believe me, Ladies, I ſpeak true,
I'd fain have you ſee what you can do.
With &c.

But now the time was drawing near,
We're both to be undreſt;
The Stocking thrown, the Poſſet drank,
And each had crackt their Jeſt.
A ſudden Paſſion ſeiz'd my heart,
I felt a Pulſe in e'ry part.
With &c.

Then gueſs what Tranſports I enjoy'd,
When in my STREPHON's Arms,
And he in mine, with Paſſion ſtrong,
Poſſeſt of all my Charms.
I faintly ſpoke, I trembling lay,
I ſoftly languiſh'd, dy'd away.
With &c.

But when the time ſhall come, that I
I'th' ſtraw muſt be laid down,
And brought to bed of Son and Heir,
Admir'd by half the Town.
O! pleaſing thoughts, when Babe ſhall cry,
For dear Mamma to Lullaby.
With &c.

Then to conclude, I here invite,
You Ladies ſoon to Wed,
And taſte thoſe pleaſing Douceurs which
Abound in Marriage Bed.
Ah! Ladies, you'd reſign Chit chat,
To be like me, and know what's what
With &c.

The Spinſter's Evening Song.

GOD proſper long from being Wed,
Each Spinſter, Young and Old,
And liſten to the ruefull Tale,
Which to you I'll unfold.

Tho' very late I chang'd my Name,
By being Wed to One,
Tho' artleſs ſeem'd his ſimple looks,
Yet artful was his Tongue.

Diſparity in years, I own,
By Friends was diſapprov'd;
Yet had you ſeen the pretty Youth,
Like me you muſt have lov'd.

And now the Subject being Love,
I cou'd purſue the Tale;
Recount to you thoſe Pleaſures which
Does with our Sex prevail.

But tears prevents the ſweet detail,
Which to you I wou'd give,
For now a more unhappy Nymph,
Can ſcarce be ſaid to live.

For know, two Moons are hardly paſt,
E'er Spouſe began to vary,
And all the pleaſures I poſſeſt,
To younger Nymphs did carry.

Then gueſs what pains muſt be endur'd,
By one who thinks like me,
And try if I am to be cur'd,
By friendly Sympathy.

What tho' the envious part of life,
Has call'd my Age threeſcore,
Yet I poſſeſſing Paſſions ſtrong,
Am Twenty and no more.

But Oh! the Pledge of our dear Love,
For which I long did tarry,
By uſage rough, and words unkind,
Will cauſe me to Miſcarry.

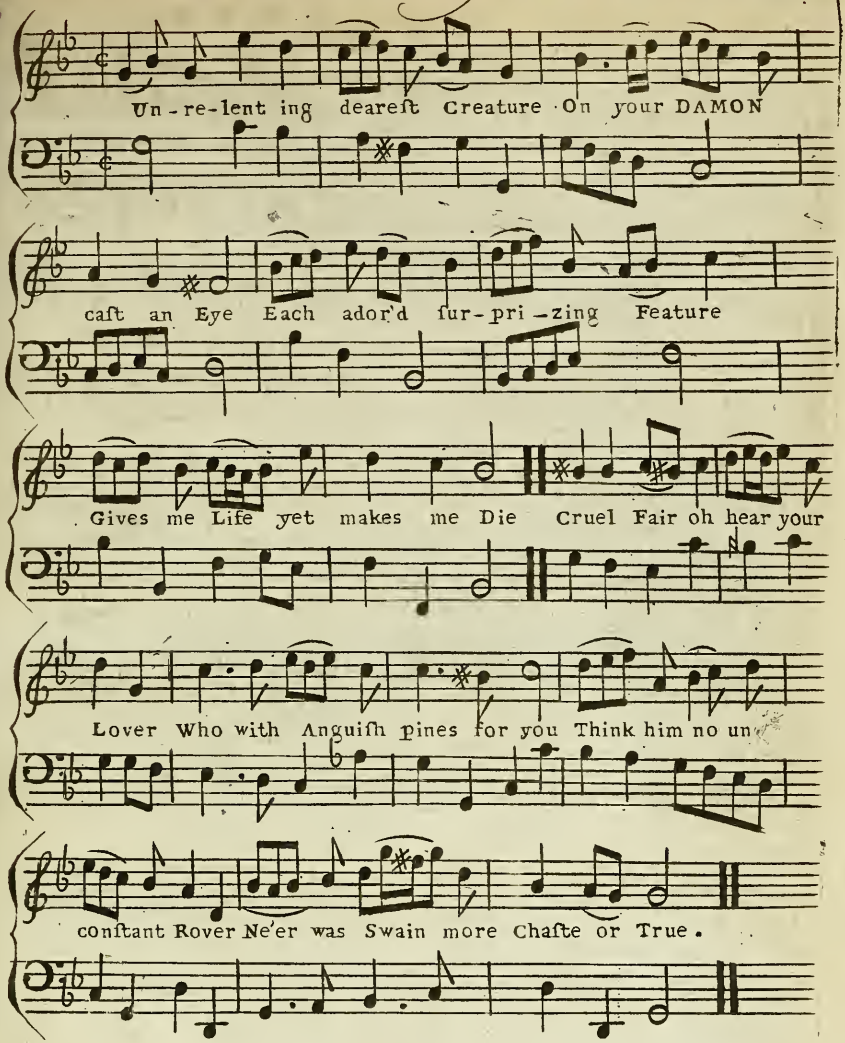
Then pity one in ſuch diſtreſs,
And let my Grief have vent;
For tho' I marry'd was in haſte,
I've leaſure to repent.

Set by Mr. SAMS. The Words by Mr. MANLY.

WHEN Frost and Snow does cover the ground, And Wintry Blasts are chilling;
To keep you both from wet and cold, I'll teach you, Sirs, if you're
willing: Throw store of Billetts on the fire, 'Twill make the
Hall look chearly, With good brown Beer the Tankards fill, And
cover the Table fairly.

Let no vain Cynick be so rude,
To trouble us with Thinking;
When the ways are bad, and the weather's cold,
There's nought to be done but Drinking:
Your Table fill with wholesome Viands,
And store of generous liquor;
My life for yours, 'twill keep you warm,
And make your blood move quicker.

The Words by Mr. H.C.

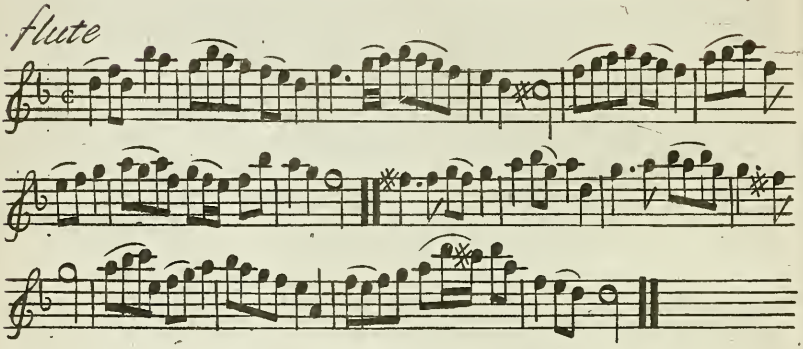


Answer'd by another Hand

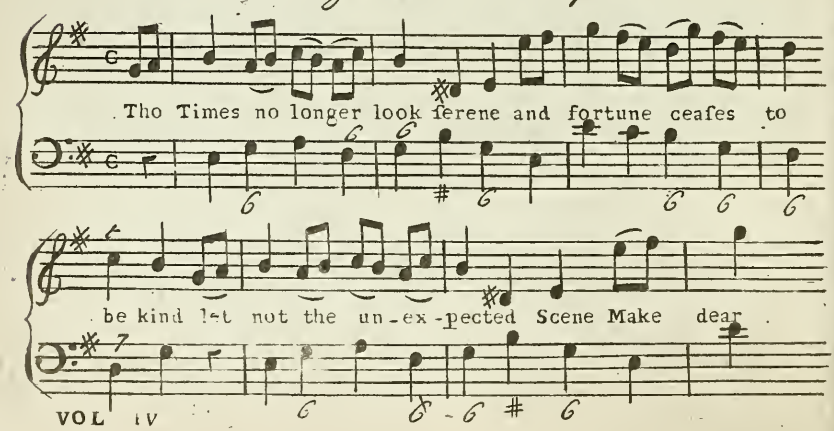
Cease Tormenting vain Deceiver
CLOE all your Arts defies
Cares not if you will believe her
Whether DAMON lives or Dies:

Trifling Swain your fuit give over
And implore CORINNA'S Charms
Know young CLOE'S doom'd a Lover
But to blefs her STREPHON'S Arms

Since nor Faith nor Truth can move you
In behalf of DAMON'S Suit
CLOE know altho I lov'd you
Scorn produces other Fruit
Take your faithlefs canting Rover
Clafp him in deluded Arms
DAMON Ioys who was your Lover
That his Rival loaths your Charms.



Set by Mr. Lampe



PHILANDER change his Mind Thy Preſence gives me

Strength to bear the Troubles of this Gloomy Day.

But Life muſt vaniſh in Deſpair if you re lentleſs

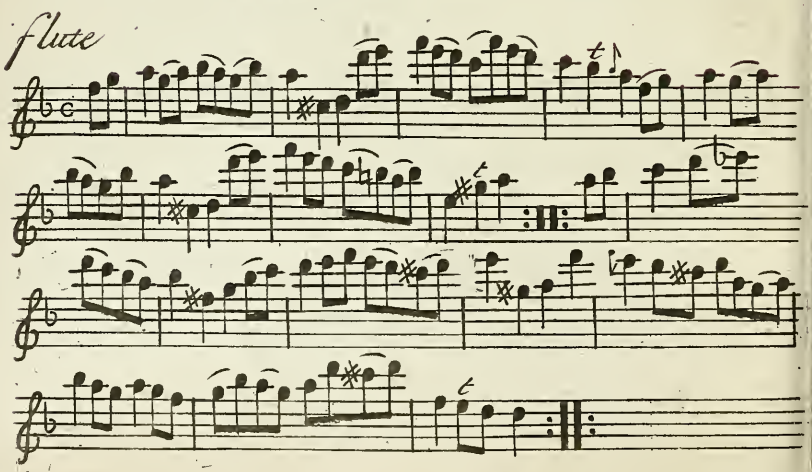
turn a way.

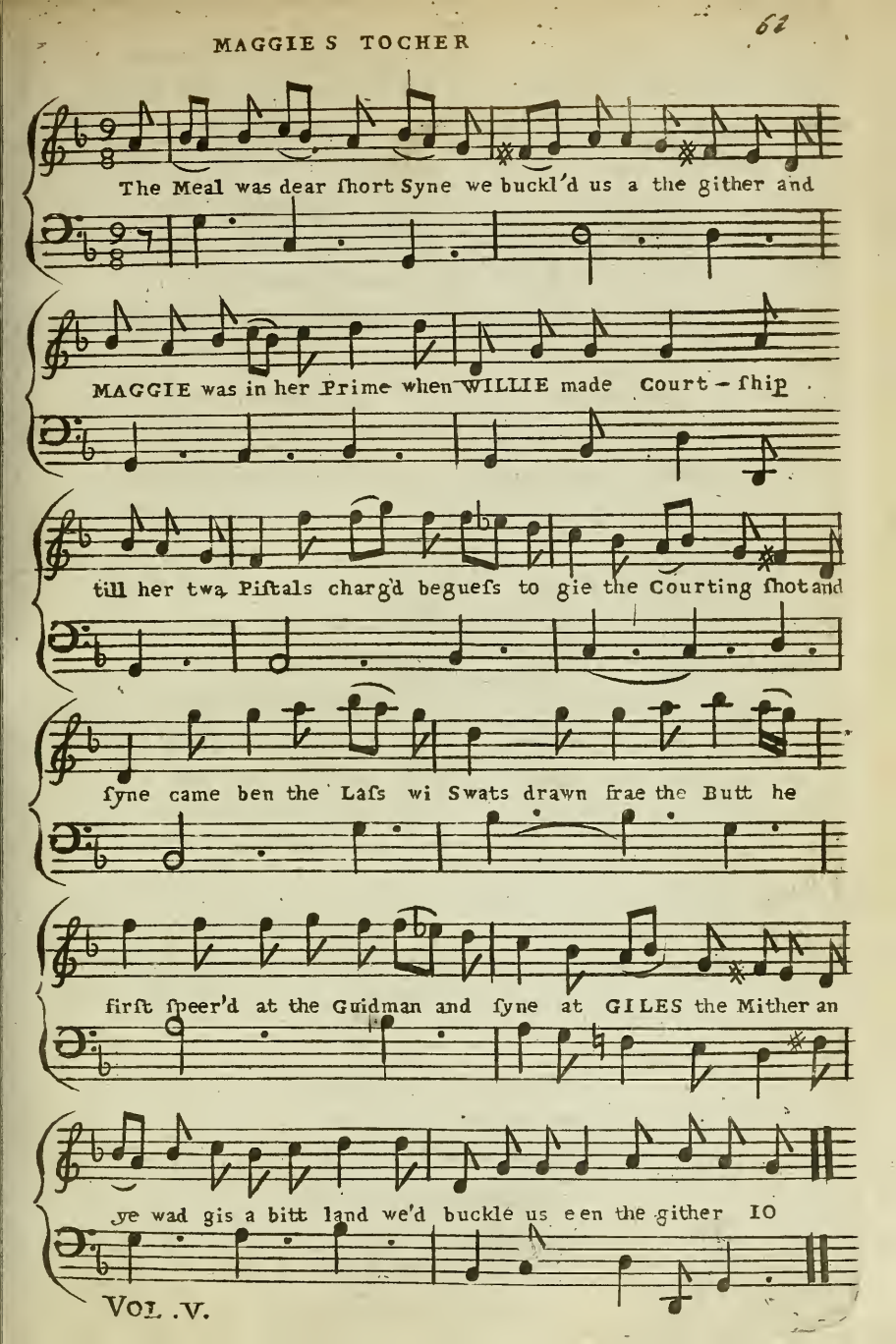
O think (nor of the Thought repent)
Of prior meetings in yon Grove
Where we the fleeting Minutes ſpent
In ſoft alternate Vows of Love
If this can Pity now create
And ſtill engage you to be true
I Slight the moſt Oppreſsive Fate
That wretched Mortals ever knew.

Let not ſuch dubious Thoughts my Dear
Increaſe the Meaſure of your Grief
You ſtill ſhall own my Heart ſincere
And ready to diſpenſe Relief:
The Flame of long contracted Love
Is unextinguiſh'd in my Breaſt
And Mountains may as well remove
As I deſert the fair diſtreſt.

Love undiſsembled does not turn
With ev'ry various change of Fate
But ſtill does for the Object Burn
In Happy or unhappy ſtate
Firm as a Sturdy Oak it laſts
Which deeply rooted in the Ground
Withſtands the fierce Æolian Blaſts
That Blow indignant all around

So ſhall my conſtant Heart cement
To thee its Principal Delight
Nor ſhall the ſudden ill event
Our mutual Paſsion diſunite
Let this convince my Charmer now
PHILANDER only ſighs for you
And that I Don't recant my Vow
But ſtill more Strongly it renew.




The Meal was dear ſhort Syne we buckl'd us a the gither and
MAGGIE was in her Prime when WILLIE made Court - ſhip
till her twa Piſtals charg'd beguefs to gie the Courting ſhot and
ſyne came ben the Laſs wi Swats drawn frae the Butt he
firſt ſpeer'd at the Guidman and ſyne at GILES the Mither an
ye wad gis a bitt land we'd buckle us een the gither IO

2

My Daughter ye ſhall hae,
I'll gi' you her by the Hand;
But I'll part wi' my wife by my fae,
Or I part wi' my Land.
Your Tocher it ſall be good,
There's nane ſall hae its maik,
The Laſs bound in her ſnood,
And CRUMMIE who kens her ſtake:
With an auld bedden o' claiths,
Was left me by my Mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
Ye may cudle in them the gither.

3

Ye ſpeak right well, Guidman,
But ye maun mend your Hand,
And think o' modeſty,
Gin ye'll not quat your Land:
We are but young, ye ken,
And now we're gawn the gither:
A Houſe is Butt and Benn,
And CRUMMIE will want her Fother.
The Bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry O their Mither!
We have nouther Pot nor Pan,
But four bare Legs the gither.

4

Your Tocher's be good enough,
For that ye need na fear,
Twa good ſtilts to the Pleugh,
And ye your ſell maun ſteer:
Ye ſhall hae twa good Pocks
That anes were o' the Tweel,
The t'ane to had the Meal
The ither to had the Meal:
With ane auld kiſt made of Wands,
And that ſall be your Coffer,
Wi' aiken Woody-bands,
And that may had your Tocher.

5

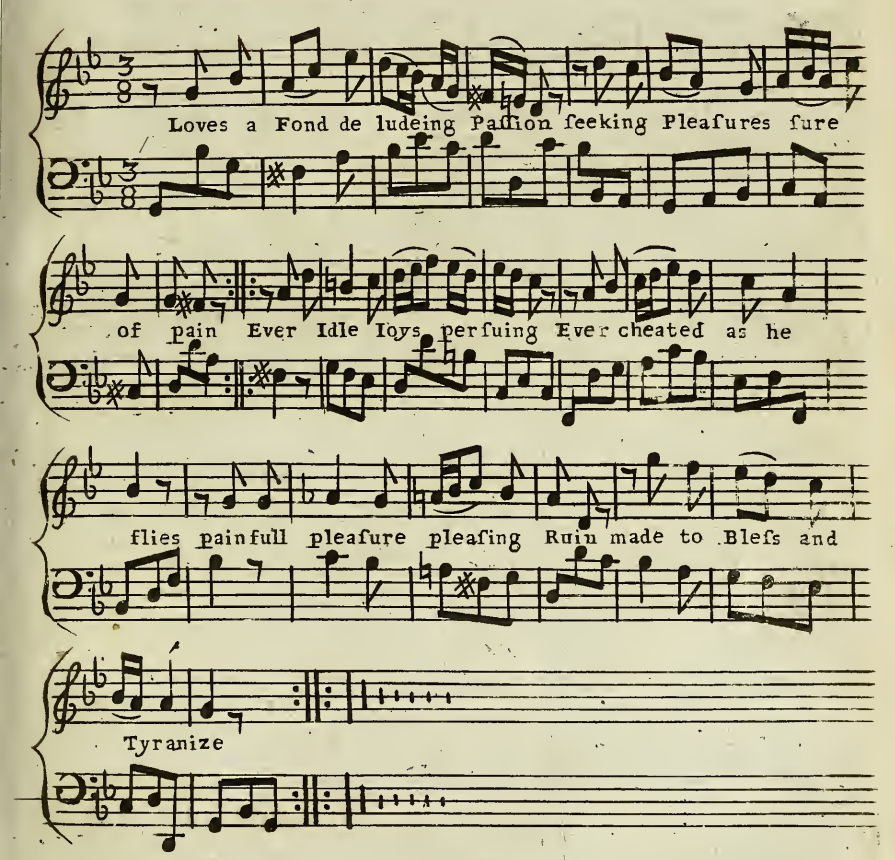
Conſider well, Guidman,
We hae but borrowed Gear,
The Horſe that I ride on
Is SANDY WILSON'S Mare,
The Saddle's nane of my Ain,
And thae's but borrowed Boots,
And when that I gae hame,
I maun take to my Coots;
The Cloak is GEORDY WATT'S,
That gars me look ſae crouſe
Come fill us a Cogue of Swats:
We'll make nae mair toom ruſe,

6

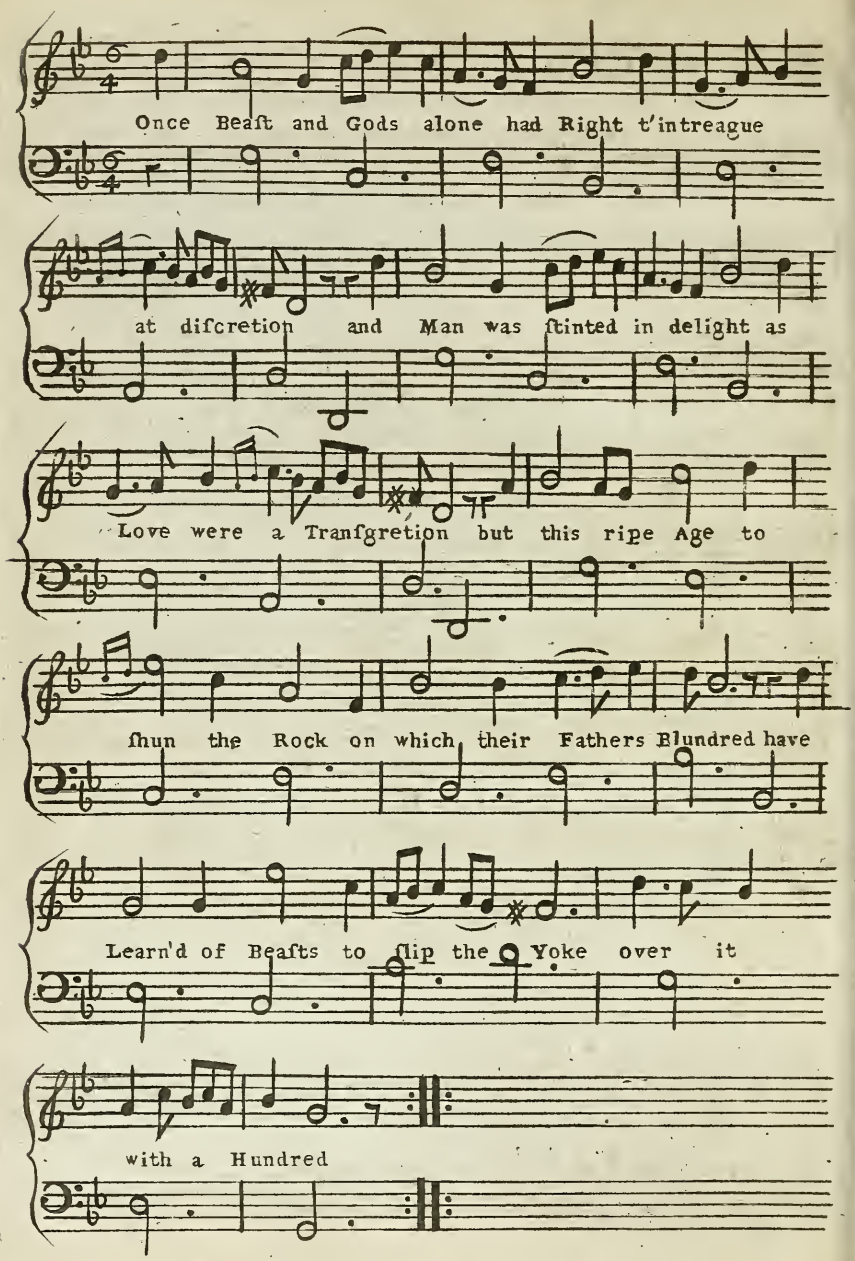
I like you well, young Lad,
For telling me ſae plain,
I Married When little I had
O' Gear that was my ain.
But gin that things are ſae,
The Bride ſhe maun come furth,
Tho' a' the Gear ſhe'll ha'e,

It'll be but little worth,
A Bargain it maun be,
Fy cry on GILES the Mither:
Content am I, quo' ſhe,
E'en gar the Hiſſie come hither,
The Bride ſhe gade till her Bed,
The Bridegroom he came till her,
The Fidler crap in at the Fit,
An they cudl'd it a' the gither

Sung by Mrs CLIVE in TIMON in Love Set by Mr. LAMPE



Sung by Mrs CLIVE in TIMON in Love ſet by Mr LAMPE.



A Two Part Song by Iohn Allcock

How Faint a Joy the Maid Imparts to, Reluctant who resigns

How faint a Joy y maid impart ts Reluctant who resigns

her Charms She Damps the Transport of our

her Charms She Damps the Transport of our

Hearts and Beauty of her force Dis-arms,

Hearts and Beauty of her force Dis-arms,

How great the Pleasure how rebin'd,
And even in reblection Sweet,
When Lovers are but one in Mind,
And Souls together seem to meet.

FLUTE

The UNHAPPY LOVERS Set by Mr. HANDEL.

As Ce-lia's fatal Arrows flew Amongst the Youthful Train; A

Glance ill level'd miss'd the Crew, And Pierc'd an humble Swain. The

Nymph was Sorry for his Smart, And blam'd her erring Charm Alas

She said poor bleeding Heart To thee I meant no harm To thee I

Meant no harm

But whilst her Pity she suppress'd,
And feign'd a cold disdain;
Her rigour chill'd his aking Breast,
And still increas'd his Pain.
By absence next his Cure she trys,
And fled his am'rous moan,
The Swain was Banish'd from her Eyes,
And left to sigh alone.

But now ſhe longs again to hear.
His ſoft complaining tale;
What harm, ſhe thought, to pleaſe her Ear,
With what cou'd ne'er prevail.
The Swain, Bleſs'd with a ſecond view,
Was with a frown diſmiſs'd;
He humbly beg'd a ſoft adieu,
He wept ador'd and kiſs'd.

How ſweet was ev'n the parting kiſs,
To the poor hapleſs Swain,
No hopes had he of further Bliſs,
But thus to part again.
She ſaw him twice, ſhe ſaw him thrice,
And try'd her utmoſt Skill;
He mended not by her advice
But ſhe her ſelf grew ill.

Yet Cœlia's Heart was chill'd with Pride,
Tho' melting with Deſire:
On Heclas Summit thus abide,
At once, the Snow and Fire.
Her Love and Honour Rules by turns
By Minutes, not by Days;
And now ſhe Freezes, now ſhe Burns,
And both alike obeys.

But Flame, too fierce to be confin'd
Within her tender Breaſt;
Burſt forth, and thus to ſooth his Mind,
Her Paſſion ſhe confeſs'd.
Avenge thy Love on my Proud Heart,
For ſo the Fates decree;
Act in thy turn the Scornful Part,
And kindly fly from me.

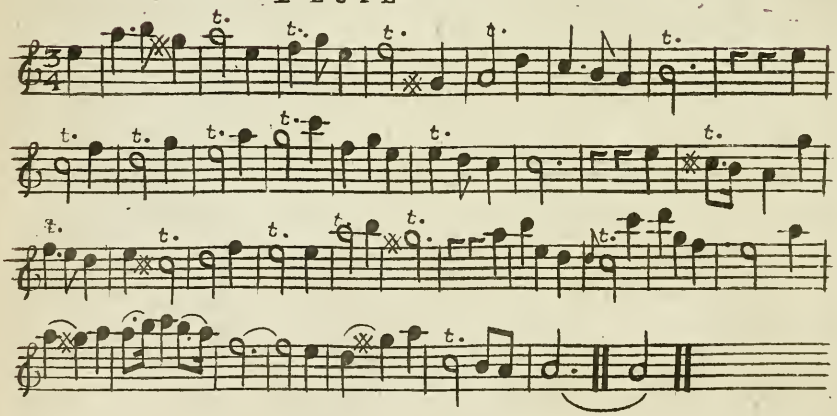
Yet gentle, ſtill, forgive a wrong,
Attended with its Curſe,
If ill I treated thee ſo long,
My ſelf I treated worſe.
Veil'd with feign'd ſcorn, I ſtrove to hide,
The Love I durſt not own,
Whilſt Cupid ev'ry look belv'd
And Peep'd thro ev'ry frown.

See this fair flow'r that long has strove,
Againſt the Winters Froſt;
It Peeps, is cropt, ſo fares our Love.
Still fated to be loſt.
E'er yon full Moon that ſhines ſo bright,
Shall end its Monthly wain,
Cœlia ſhall vaniſh from thy ſight.
Ne'er to return again.

Hymen, no longer time allows,
Then, then my Nuptial Day;
Another claims my Plighted Vows
I cannot Dare not ſtay.
This Cryſtal Stream ſhall backwards glide,
And leave this Craggy Shore;
But I the fatal knot once ty'd,
Shall never ſee thee more.

Too true, next circling Month, the ſame
That ſaw her firſt a wife;
A quicker and leſs cruel Flame
Cut ſhort her thread of Life.
Him too, the Feaver did invade
Ah Feaver too unkind;
Twas meant to waft him to her ſhade
But left him loſt behind.

FLUTE



The SOLDIERS Farewell. A SONG by SAMUEL COOKE

Hark Hark ſoft Laſs, the Trumpet ſounds, And Honour calls to

War: Now I muſt Change Love for Revenge, And Beauty for a Scar.

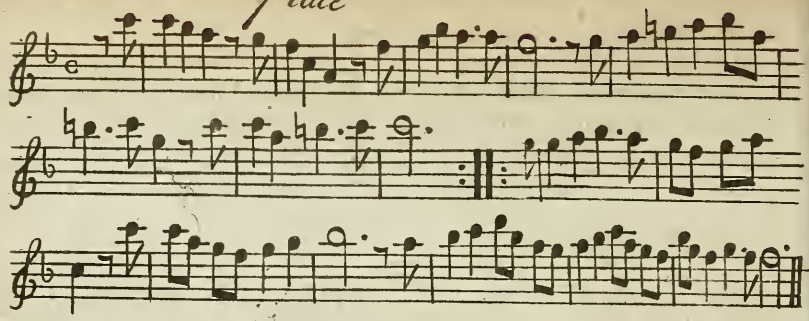
From Smiles and Kiſses, I muſt part, the Enemy to Face: With Fire

and Sword, And Arms of Blood, In Battle to Embrace.

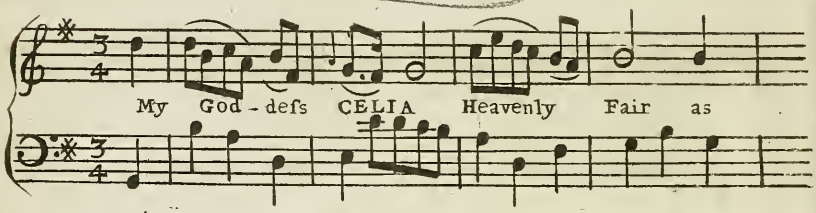
Great Mars Commands, and Hero like
I muſt Diſdain to Fear:
Young Cupid's Bow and Dart muſt now
Give Place to Ball and Spear.
The Conqueſt he within has made,
I muſt A While forget:
The wounds of Hearts, and Am'rous Smarts,
Muſt now be out of Date.

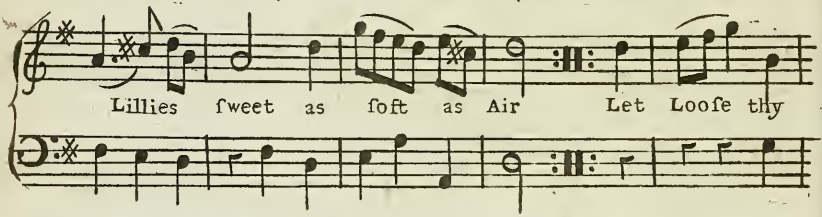
Yet ne'er ſuſpect your Conſtant Man,
I mean not to be falſe:
I leaſe to Woo, but not in View
Of Lov'ing any Elſe.
I Talk of War, and haſt to Arms
But am at Peace with you:
Wiſh all ſucceſs, and hope no Leſs
My Charming Girl Adieu.

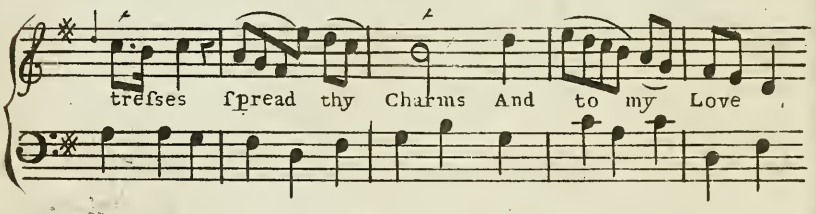
Flute

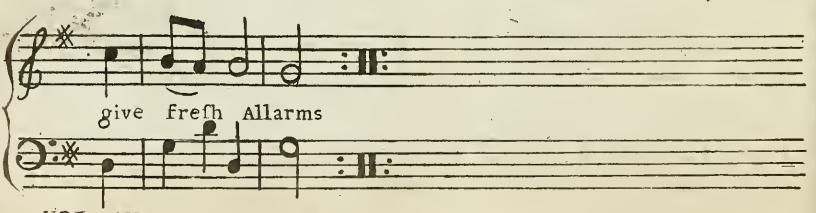


Set to Muſick by Mr GEORGE MONRO





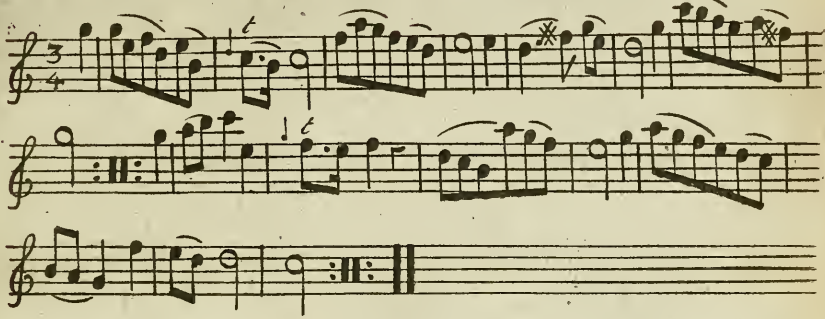




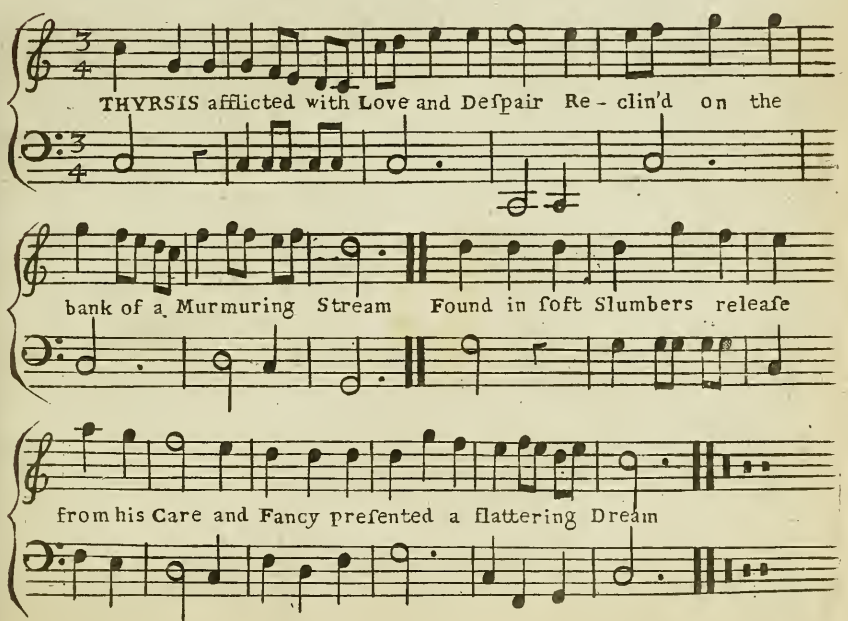
Give me Ambrofia in a kifs
That I may rival JOVE in Blifs
That I may mix my foul with thine
And make the pleafure all Divine.

Why draw'ft thou from the purple flood
Of my kind heart the vital blood
Thou art all over endlefs Charms
Oh take me dying to thy Arms

Flute



A SONG to Mr HENDEL'S Trumpet Minuet



Blooming and blushing consenting and gay
CHLORIS in Vision appear'd to his Sight
Down by the side of her Shepherd she lay
And Languishing Looks his Embrace did invite

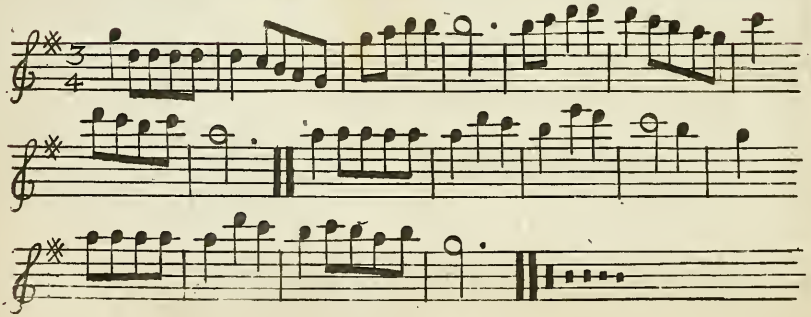
Raptur'd with Joy he extends his vain Arms
Eager to clasp the kind pitying Fair
But waking finds 'em devoid of her Charms
And all his fond Hopes but Delusion and Air

O why do I wake to new Torment he cry'd
Sleep only brings Ease to my Amorous Mind
Stil in its Bands let my Senses be ty'd
Since only in Dreams my Fair CHLORIS is kind

Among the thick Rushes and Willows conceal'd
CHLORIS who heard the Complaint of her Swain
At once both her self and her Passion reveal'd
And vow'd he no longer shou'd languish in vain

Then down by the Side of her Shepherd she lay
All on the gay bank of the murmuring Stream
Swift Flew the Moments in Transport away
And something was done that was more than a Dream

FLUTE



TWA Bonny Lads were SAWNEY and JOCKEY, SAWNEY was

lew'd, but JOCKEY unlucky; SAWNEY was tall, well favour'd and

Witty, But JOCKEY was all, becaufe he was pretty. For when he

Woo'd me, veiw'd me, fu'd me, Never was Lad fo like to un-

do me; Fye I cry'd, almoft dy'd, leaft it fhould rue me, If

JOCKEY fhould gang and come no more to me.

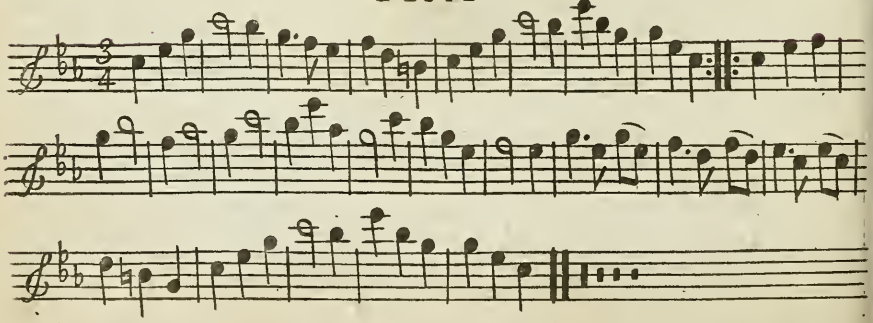
JOCKEY could love, but he would not marry,
And I was afraid leaſt I ſhould miſcarry;
His cunning tongue with Wit was ſo gilded,
That I was afraid, leaſt I might have ill did:
For when he Bleſs'd me, preſs'd me, kiſs'd me,
Loſt was the Hour I thought when he miſs'd me,
Crying, denying, and ſighing, I woo'd him,
And mickle adoo I had to get from him.

But cruel fate rob'd me of my Jewel,
For SAWNEY would make him to fight in a Duell,
Down in a Dale with Cypreſs ſurrounded,
Oh! there to his Death poor JOCKEY was wounded:
For when he fell'd him, thrill'd him, kill'd him,
Who can expreſs my Greif, that beheld him,
Sighing, I tore my hair all for to bind him,
And vow'd and ſwore I would not ſtay behind him.

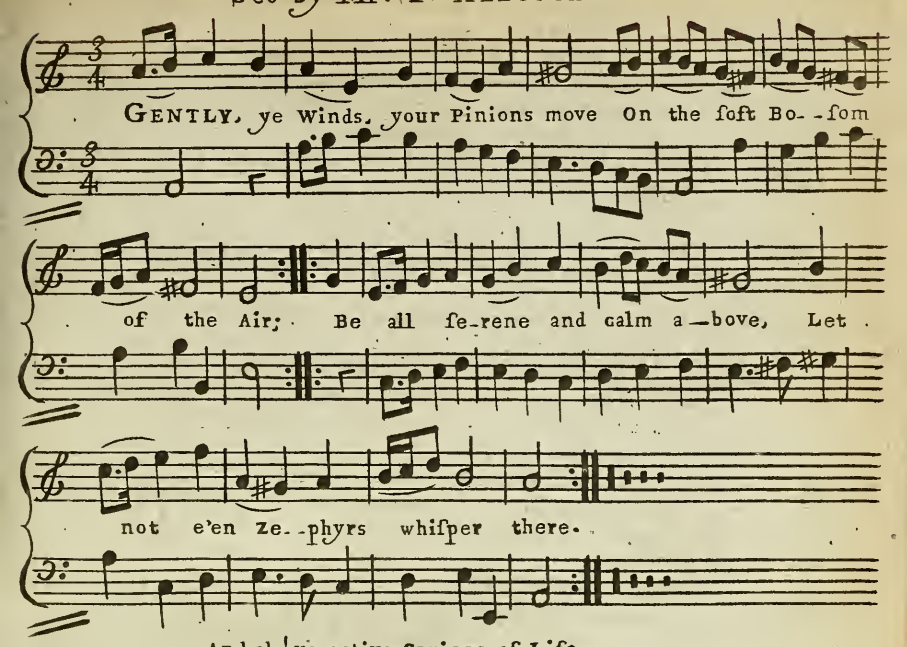
Thus JENNY for JOCKEY lays ſighing and weeping,
For the loſs of her Dear, whilſt others are ſleeping;
And SAWNEY to ſee her thus ſorely diſtreſſed,
For the loſs of her Dear; in his heart was oppreſſed:
But when this Deluder, woo'd her, ſu'd her,
She bid him be gone, and call'd him Intruder;
And ſaid ſhould you die for my love, I would mock ye
You have been the Cauſe of the Death of my JOCKEY.

Oh! JOCKEY, there's none that is left to inherit
The Tythe of thy Virtue, thy wond'rous Merit;
Thy Goodneſs, by me, ſhall ne'er be forgotten,
I'll ſing out thy Praiſe when thy Carcaſs lays rotten,
For thou wert the faireſt, rareſt and deareſt,
And now thou art gone, like a Saint thou appeareſt:
I'll have on thy Grave-Stone, this Motto inſerted,
Here lies lifeleſs JOCKEY, who Dy'd broken hearted.

FLUTE.



Set by Mr. I. ALLCOCK.



And oh! ye active Springs of Life,
Whoſe chearful Courſe the Blood conveys,
Compoſe awhile your wonted Strife,
Attend — 'tis matchleſs HANDEL plays.

Huſh'd by ſuch Strains, the ſoft Delight
Recalls each abſent Wiſh and Thought;
Our Senſes, from their airy Flight,
Are all to this ſweet Period brought:

And here they fix, and here they reſt,
As if twas now conſiſtent grown,
To ſacrifice the pleaſing Taſte
Of ev'ry Bleſſing to this one.

And who wou'd not with Tranſport ſeek
All other Objects to remove;
And when an Angel deigns to ſpeak,
By Silence Admiration prove.

When lo! the mighty Man aſſay'd
The Organ's heav'nly breathing Sound,
Things that inanimate were made,
Strait mov'd, and as inform'd were found.

Thus ORPHEUS when the Numbers flow'd
Sweetly descanting from his Lyre,
Mountains and Hills confess'd the God,
Nature look'd up and did admire.

HANDEL, to wax the Charm as strong,
Temper'd ALCINA's with his own;
And now asserted by their Song,
They rule the tuneful World alone.

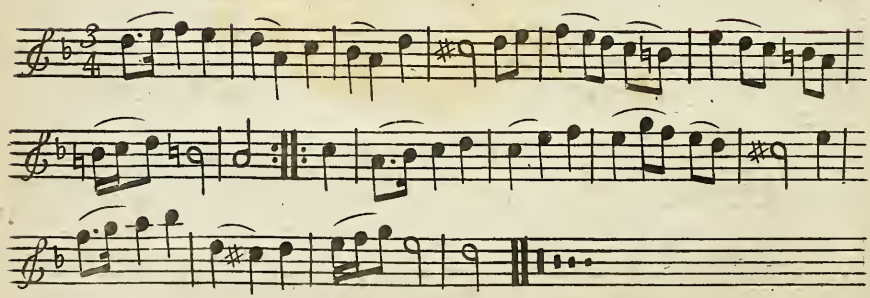
Or she improves his wondrous Lay,
Or he, by a superior Spell,
Does greater Melody convey,
That she may her bright Self excel.

Then cease your fruitless Flights, forbear,
Ye Infants in great HANDEL's Art,
To imitate you must not dare,
Much less such Excellence impart.

When HANDEL deigns to strike the Sense,
'Tis as when Heav'n with Hands divine,
Struck out the Globe, (a Work immense!)
Where Harmony meets with Design.

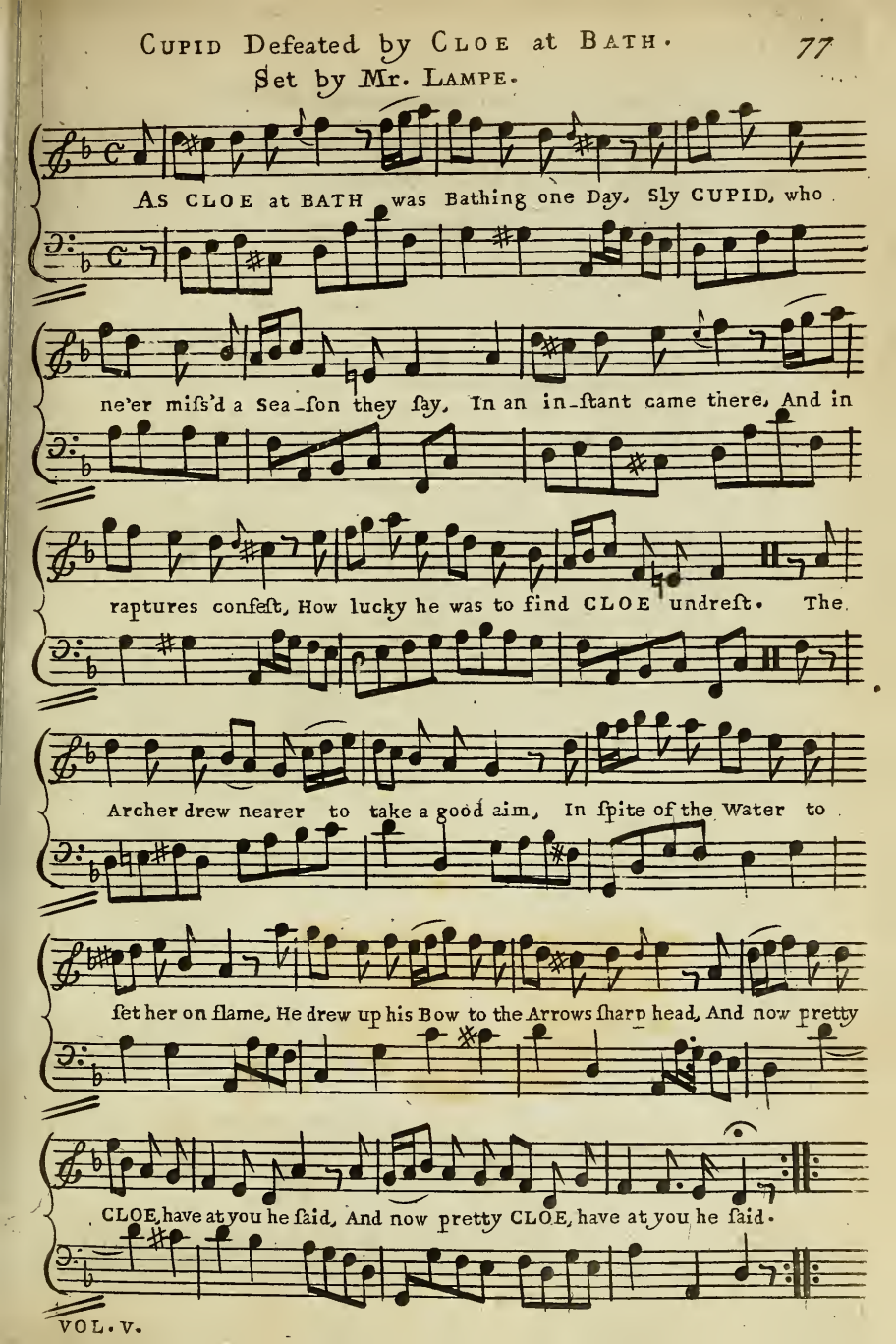
When you attempt the mighty Strain,
Consistency is quite destroy'd,
Great Order is dissolv'd again,
Chaos returns, and all is void.

FLUTE.



CUPID Defeated by CLOE at BATH.

Set by Mr. LAMPE.



His Arrow lights full on her lilly white Breaſt,
  But blunted, recoil'd, which its hardneſs confeſs'd;
Surpriz'd, and in anger he took out another,
  The very ſame dart that had wounded his Mother:
Now CLOE, ſays CUPID, I'm ſure of the ſtroak,
  Then ſtraining his Bow, the ſtring ſnapt and broke,
Twice foil'd, the God whimpers with tears in his Eyes,
  Said, here all my Power and Majeſty lies.

To be brav'd by a Mortal, who conquer'd a JOVE,
  And taught Gods to own the great Power of Love;
I ſoon ſhall be ſlighted, for what can I do,
  Since now I have broken the ſtring of my Bow:
My Quiver is uſeleſs, and men will deſpiſe,
  Any darts that are thrown, but from CLOE's bright Eyes,
To my mother I'll haſte and ſee what's to be done,
  For ſhe loſes her Power as well as her Son.

Then upwards he flew to the Goddeſs of Beauty,
  Crying Mamma for ever farewel, and adieu t'ye,
To CLOE on Earth I obedience muſt ſhew,
  She only can give me a ſtring to my Bow;
All your Charms in Perfection fair CLOE enjoys,
  But that which for ever my Empire deſtroys,
Is her Breaſt is ſo cold that I can't enter there,
  For ah! ſhe's as terribly Vertuous as fair.

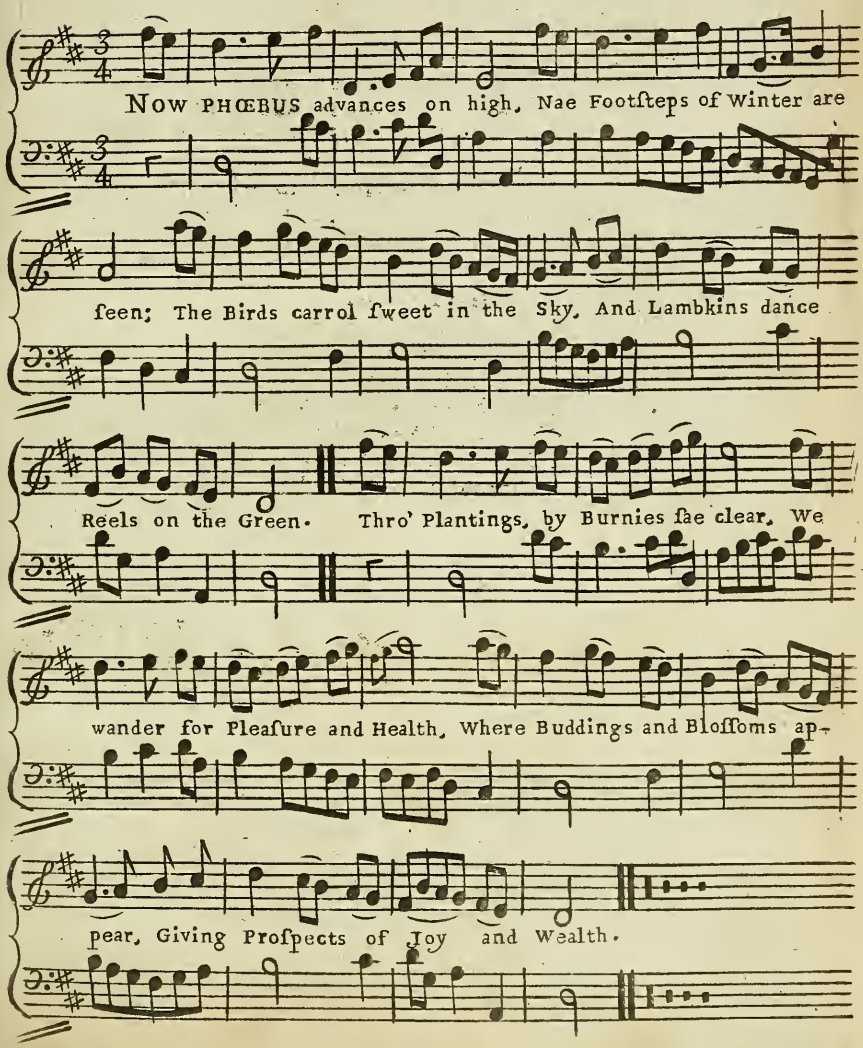
VENUS heard his complaint, and confeſs'd that ſhe knew,
  Moſt part that he ſaid of fair CLOE was true;
But that he had barely met with his deſert,
  To dare make attempt on her likeneſs's heart:
But for to eaſe the young urchin of Pain,
  And in order to give him ſome comfort again,
She told him that Time wou'd diminiſh each Grace,
  And at length quite deſtroy CLOE's beautifull Face.

That her heaving fair Boſom, and taper fine waſte,
  Would decay in the touching and periſh at laſt:
In ſhort ſhe was mortal, and that Time wou'd ſhow,
  And Death ſoon wou'd give him revenge for his Bow.
But Mother, ſays CUPID, how fatal the blow is,
  Shou'd ſhe ever conſent to make ſome more CLOES,
To which, with a frown, ſaid the CYPRIAN Queen,
  That not ſuch another ſhou'd ever be ſeen.

This news chear'd the Chitt, and his loſs to repair,
  Flew to CLOE again and ſtole ſome of her Hair,
He mended his Bow, which was then good as ever,
  New ſharpen'd his Arrows, repleniſh'd his Quiver;

Then up in an inſtant to Heaven he flew,
Saying, CLOE without my aſſiſtance can do,
All Places, like BATH, due ſubmiſſion ſhall ſhew ye,
And the World be ſubjected to beautiful CLOE.

Sae merry as we have been. A Scotch Song.

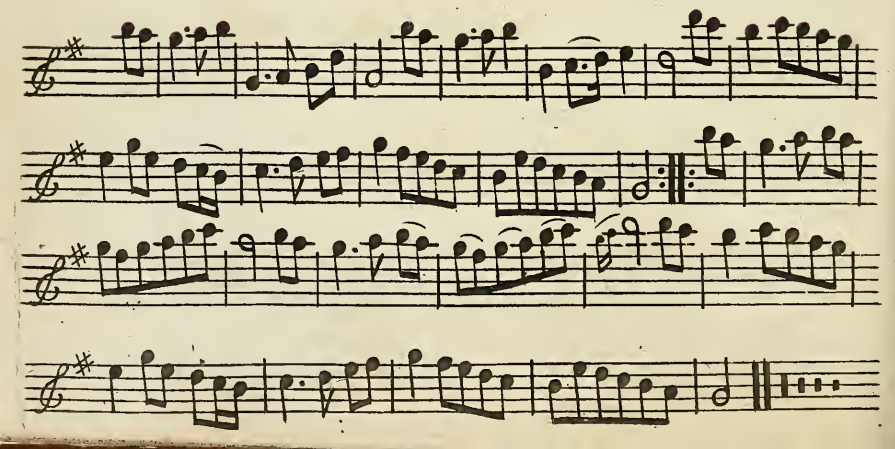


View ilka gay Scene all around,
  That are, and that promiſe to be;
Yet in them à nathing is found,
  Sae perfect ELIZA as thee:
Thy Een the clear Fountains excel,
  Thy Locks they out-rival the Grove;
When Zephyrs thoſe pleaſingly ſwell,
  Ilk Wave makes a Captive to Love.

The Roſes and Lillies combin'd,
  And Flowers of maiſt delicate Hue,
By thy Cheek and dear Breaſts are out ſhin'd,
  Their Tinctures are naithing ſae true.
What can we compare with thy Voice?
  And what with thy Humour ſae ſweet?
Nae Muſic can bleſs with ſic Joys:
  Sure Angels are juſt ſae complete.

Fair Bloſſom of ilka Delight,
  Whoſe Beauties ten thouſand out-ſhine;
Thy Sweets ſhall be laſting and bright,
  Being mixt with ſae many divine.
Ye Powers, who have given ſic Charms
  To ELIZA, your Image below,
O ſave her frae all human Harms!
  And make her Hours happily flow.

FLUTE.



The Happy Pair by Mr Leveridge

HAPPY Phill- ander in a, Wife, From whose Em-bra-ces ſpring

All Joys of Life, Happy Phill-an-der in a wife, From

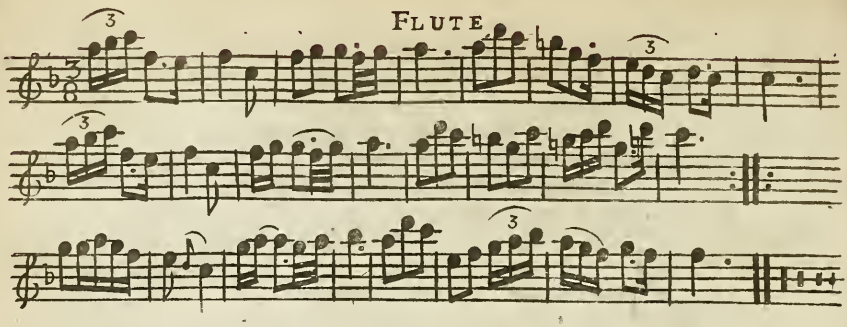
Whoſe Em-bra-ces Spring all Joys of Life. Such Graces

On her Mind a-tend as Fitly Qualifie her for a Friend

None of that Senſleſs wretched Pride,
  Which in her Sex is too often Decry'd;
Gaming ſhe hates and outward Show
  Which often Familys throughly undoe.

No int'reſt now but his ſhe knows,
  She is the Comfort and balm of his woes,
The Joys and greifs of each, both own
  And they in all things are ever but one.

And thus they Live in calm and peace,
  And know no other ſtrife but that to please;
Of ſuch a pair this may by told
  Love can't be Sated or ever be cold.



The SATYR's ADVICE to a STOCK-JOBBER.

The Musick by Mr. HANDEL.

On the Shore of a low ebbing Sea, A sighing young Jobber was

Seen, Staring wishfully at an old Tree which grew on the neighbouring

Green: There's a Tree that can finish the Strife, and Disorder that wars in my Breast,

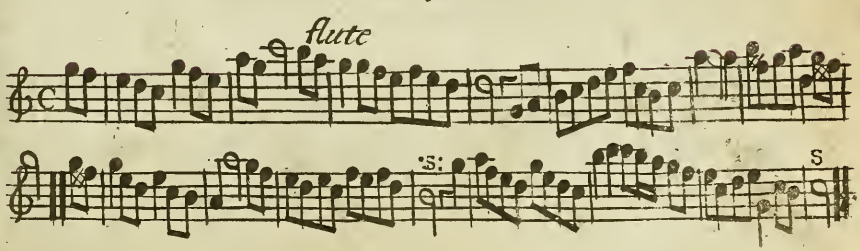
What need one be pain'd with his Life, When a Halter can purchase his Rest!

Sometimes he would ſtamp, and look wild,
Then roar out a terrible Curſe
On Bubbles that had him beguil'd,
And left ne'er a Doit in his Purſe.
A Satyr that wander'd along,
With a Laugh to his Raving reply'd:
The Savage maliciouſly ſung,
And iok'd while the Stock-Jobber cry'd

To Mountains and Rocks he complain'd,
His Cravat was bath'd with his Tears;
The Satyr drew near like a Friend,
And bid him abandon his Fears.
Said he. Have you been at the Sea,
And met with a contrary Wind,
That you rail at fair Fortune ſo free:
Don't blame the poor Goddeſs ſhes blind.

Come hold up thy Head, fooliſh Wight,
I'll teach thee thy Loſs to retrieve;
Obſerve me this Project aright,
And think not of Hanging but live.
HECATISSA conceted and old,
Affects in her Airs to ſeem young,
Her Jointure yields plenty of Gold,
And plenty of Nonſenſe her Tongue:

Lay Siege to her for a ſhort Space,
Ne'er mind that ſhe's wrinkled or gray;
Extol her for Beauty and Grace,
And doubt not of gaining the Day.
In Wedlock ye fairly may join,
And when of her Wealth you are ſure,
Make free of the old Woman's Coin,
And purchaſe a ſprightly young Whore.



A Song by Mr John Alecock

Slow

MIS taken Fair lay Sherlock by his Doctrine is Deceiving.

For whilst he teaches us to Die, he Cheats us of our Living,

He Cheats us of our Living.

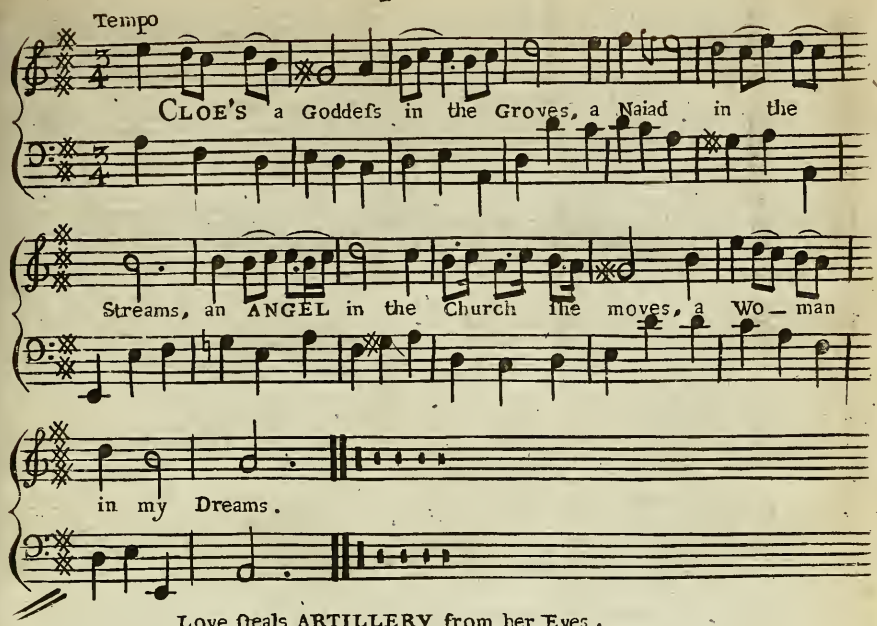
To Die's a Lesson we shall Know,
  Too Soon Without a Master,
Then let us only study now
  How we shall Live the Faster.

To Live's to Love to Bless be Blest,
  With Mutual Inclination,
Share then my ardour in thy Breast,
  And Kindly meet my Passion.

But if thus Blest I may not live,
  And Pity you Deny,
To me at least your SHERLOCK give,
  Tis I must learn to Die.

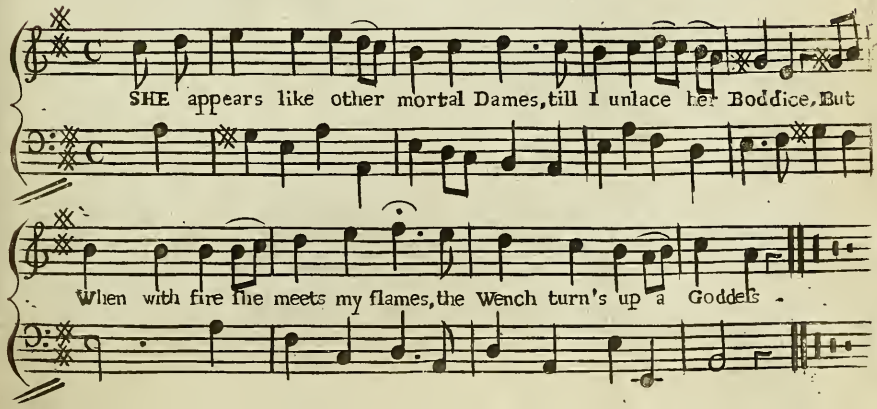
Flute

A Song Set by Mr Leveridge



Love ſteals ARTILLERY from her Eyes,
The Graces point her Charms,
ORPHEUS is rivall'd in her voice,
And VENUS in her Arms.

Never ſo Perfectly in one,
Did Heav'n and Earth combine,
And yett tis fleſh and blood alone,
Make her this thing Divine.



A Song Set by Mr. Iohn Allcock

As CHLOE o-er the Mea-dow Past, I view'd the lovely maid.

She turn'd and Blush'd, re-new'd her hast, and fear'd by me to

Be Em-brac'd, my Eyes my wish be-tray'd.

I trembling felt the rising flame,
The Charming Nympth Pursu'd,
DAPHNE was not so Bright a Game,
Tho Great APOLLO'S Darling Dame,
Nor with such Charms endu'd.

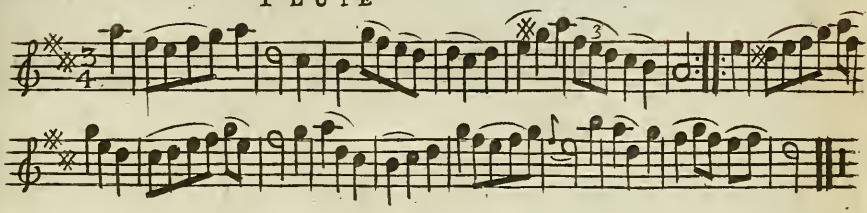
I follow'd Close, the Fair-still flew,
Along the Grassy Plain,
The Grass at Length my Rival grew,
And Catch'd my CHLOE by the shoe,
Her speed was then in vain.

But oh! as tott'ring Down she fell,
What Did the Fall reveal,
Such Limbs Description Cannot tell,
Such Charms were never in the mall,
Nor smock did e'er Conceal.

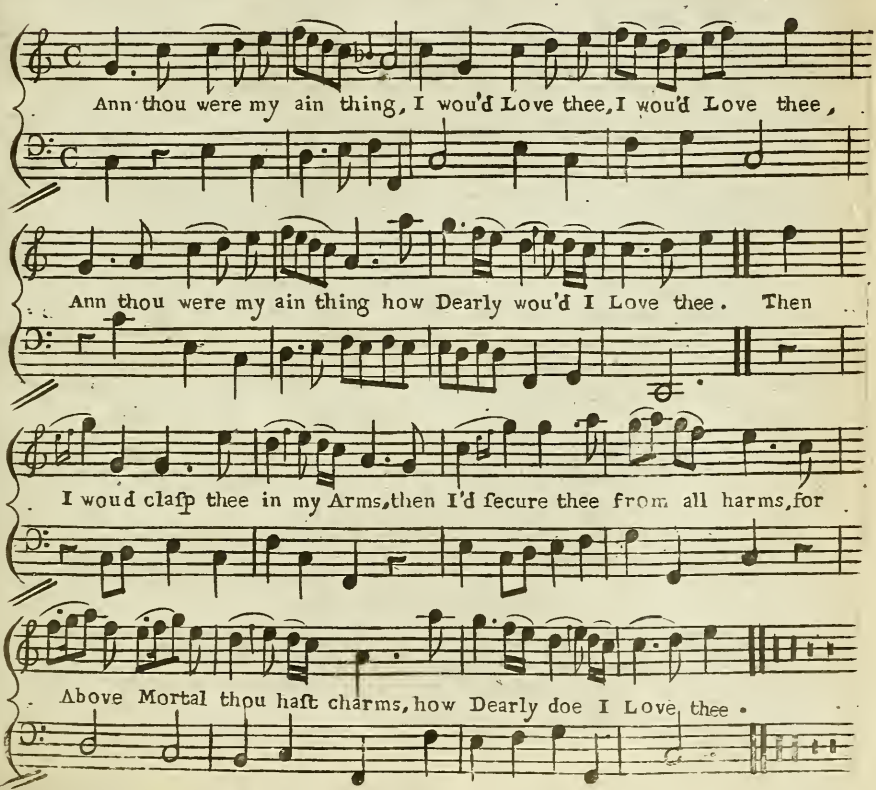
She shreik'd I turn'd my ravish'd eyes,
And Burning with Desire
I help'd the Queen of love to rise,
She Cheek'd her anger and surprize,
And said rash Youth retire.

Be Gone and Boaſt what you have ſeen,
It ſhan't avail you much.
I Know you like my Form and mien,
Yet ſince ſo Inſolent they have been,
Thoſe Parts you ne'er ſhall touch.

FLUTE



Ann thou were my Ain thing.



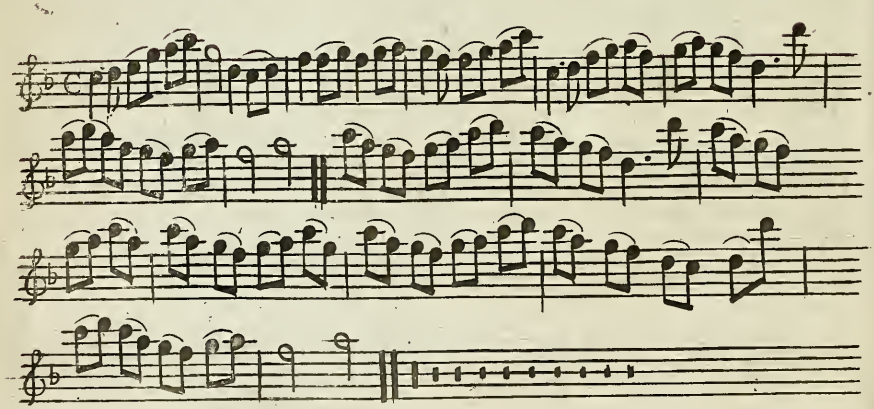
Of Race divine thou needs muſt be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
So I muſt ſtill preſumptuous be,
To ſhow how much I lo'e thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

The Gods one Thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can ſave;
O! for their ſake ſupport a Slave,
Who only lives to lo'e thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

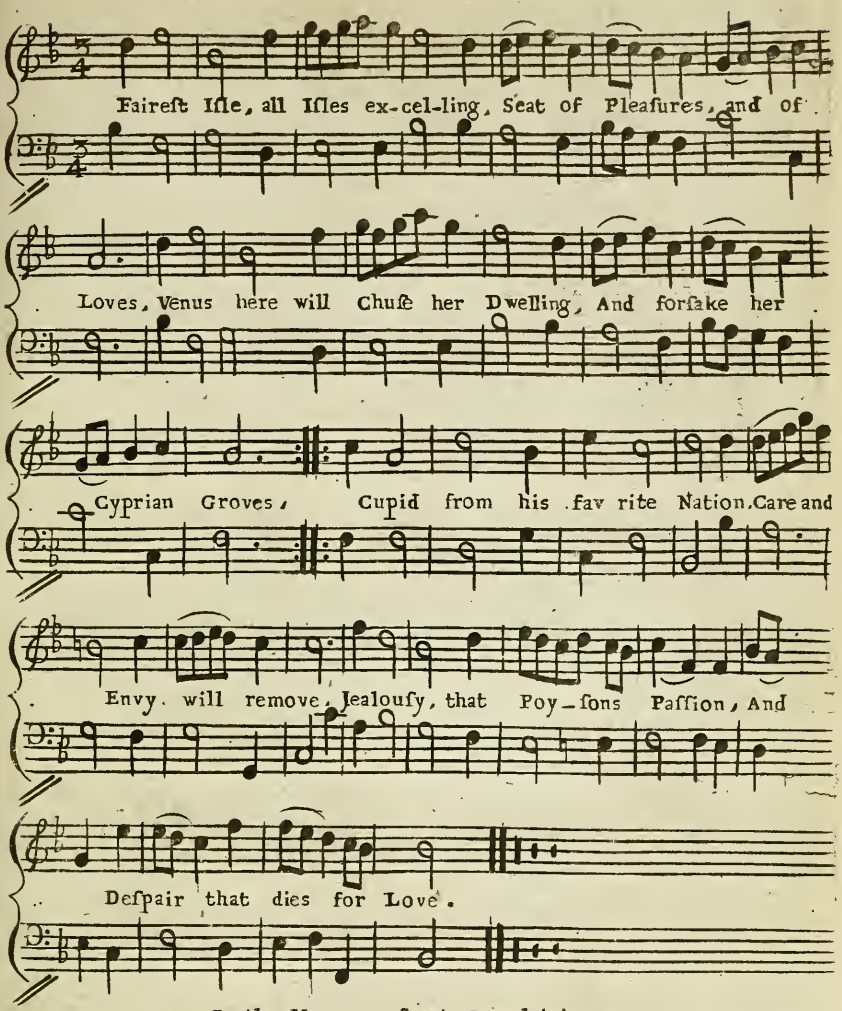
To Merit I no Claim can make,
But that I lo'e, and for your ſake,
What Man can name, I'll undertake;
So Dearly do I lo'e thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

My Paſſion, conſtant as the ſun,
Flames ſtronger ſtill, will ne'er have done,
Till Fates my Thread of Life have ſpun,
Which breathing out, I'll lo'e thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

FLUTE.



Sung in KING ARTHUR Set by Mr. H. PURCELL



Gentle Murmurs, ſweet Complainig;
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;
Soft Repulſes, kind Diſdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove.
Ev'ry Swain ſhall pay his Duty,
Grateful ev'ry Nymph ſhall prove;
And as theſe excell in Beauty,
Thoſe ſhall be renown'd for Love.

The RETIREMENT. Set by Mr. MONROE.

SILVIA, in these Sequester'd Scenes, This wil-derness of

Fra grant Greens, Let us de-solv'd in rapt'rous Joy, This

Gai-ly smi-ling Day employ: No prying

Eye can pierce this Shade, Nor view us in the Sacred

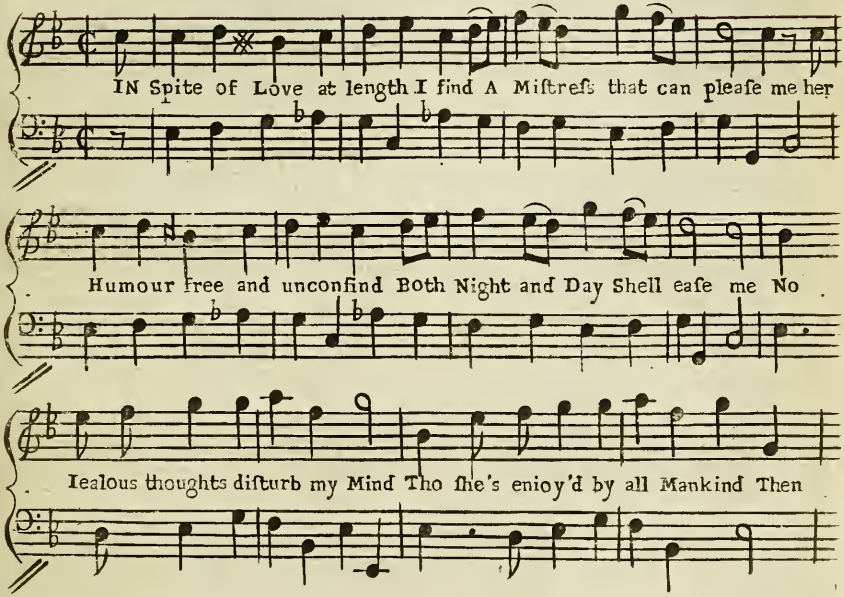
Glade: The Birds a-lone behold us here; The faithful

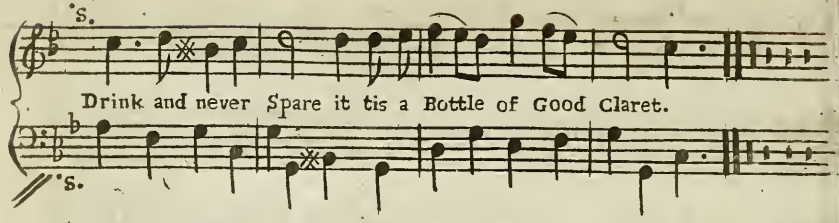
Birds we need not fear.

Lo! yon fair Stream with wanton arms,
The Meadow folds fond of her Charms;
And glides in mazy circles round,
As loth to leave th'enchanted Ground.
FLORA by ZEPHIR is careſs'd.
The Balmy Breeze inflames my Breaſt;
A thouſand ſpicy Odours riſe,
And all around perfume the Skies.

Here conquering Love in Triumph reigns,
Ador'd by happy Nymphs and Swains:
This Carpet ground is trode by none,
That do not his Dominion own.
In this retreat where all conſpire,
To fan the genial amorous fire,
Will you alone my SILVIA prove,
A Rebell to the Powr of Love.

The Free MISTRESS.



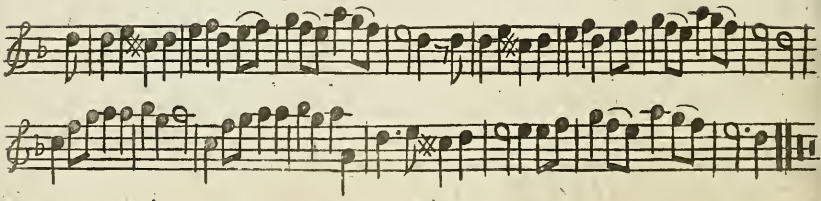


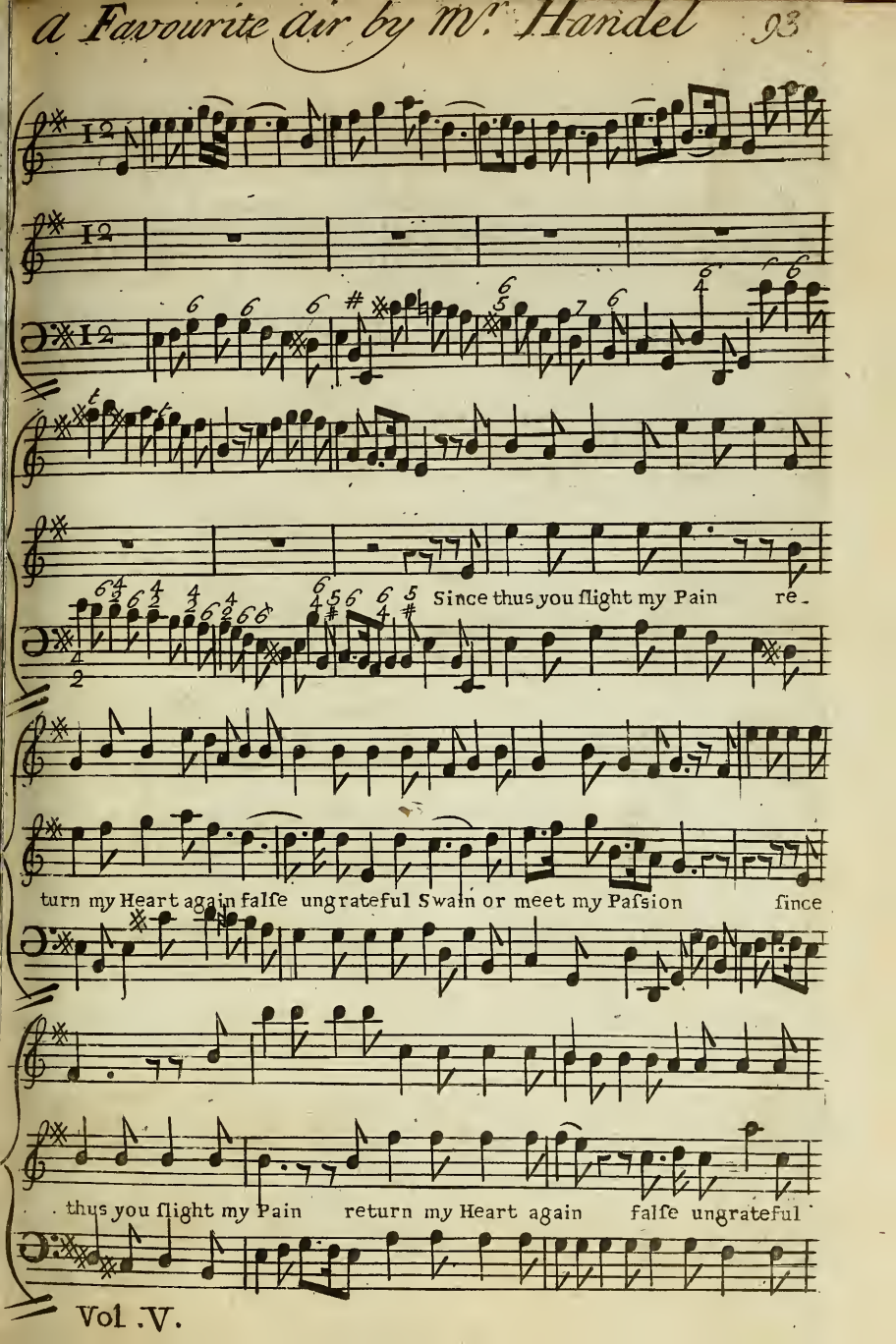
If you thro all her naked Charms
  Her little Mouth Diſcover
Then take her bluſhing to your Arms
  And uſe her lik a Lover
Such Liquor She'll diſtill from thence
  As will tranſport your raviſh'd Sence:
Then kiſs and never Spare it
  Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

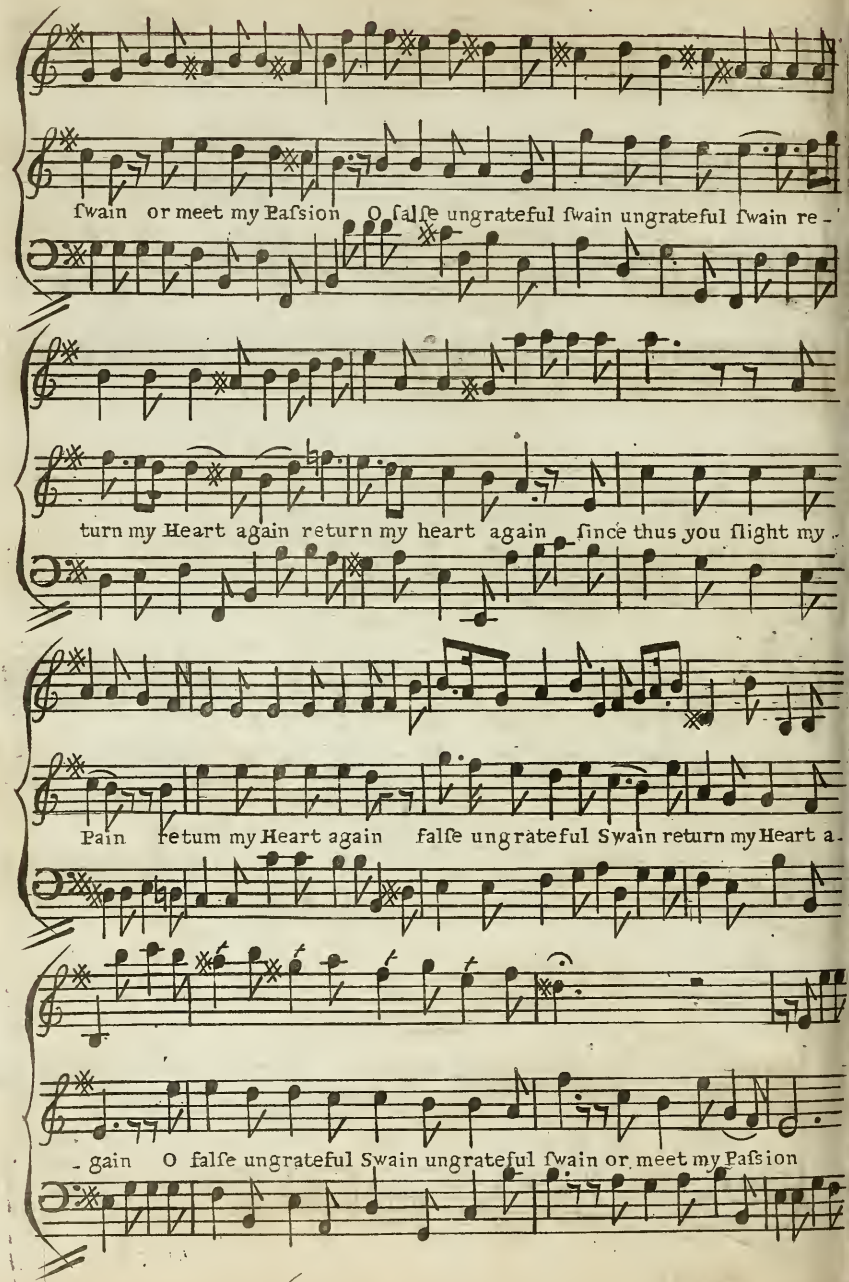
But beſt of all ſhe has no Tongue
  Submiſsive ſhe obeys me
She's full better Old than young
  And Still to Smiling Sways me
Her Skin is ſmooth Complexion black
  And has a moſt delicious Smack
Then kiſs never Spare it
  Tis a Bottle of Good Claret.

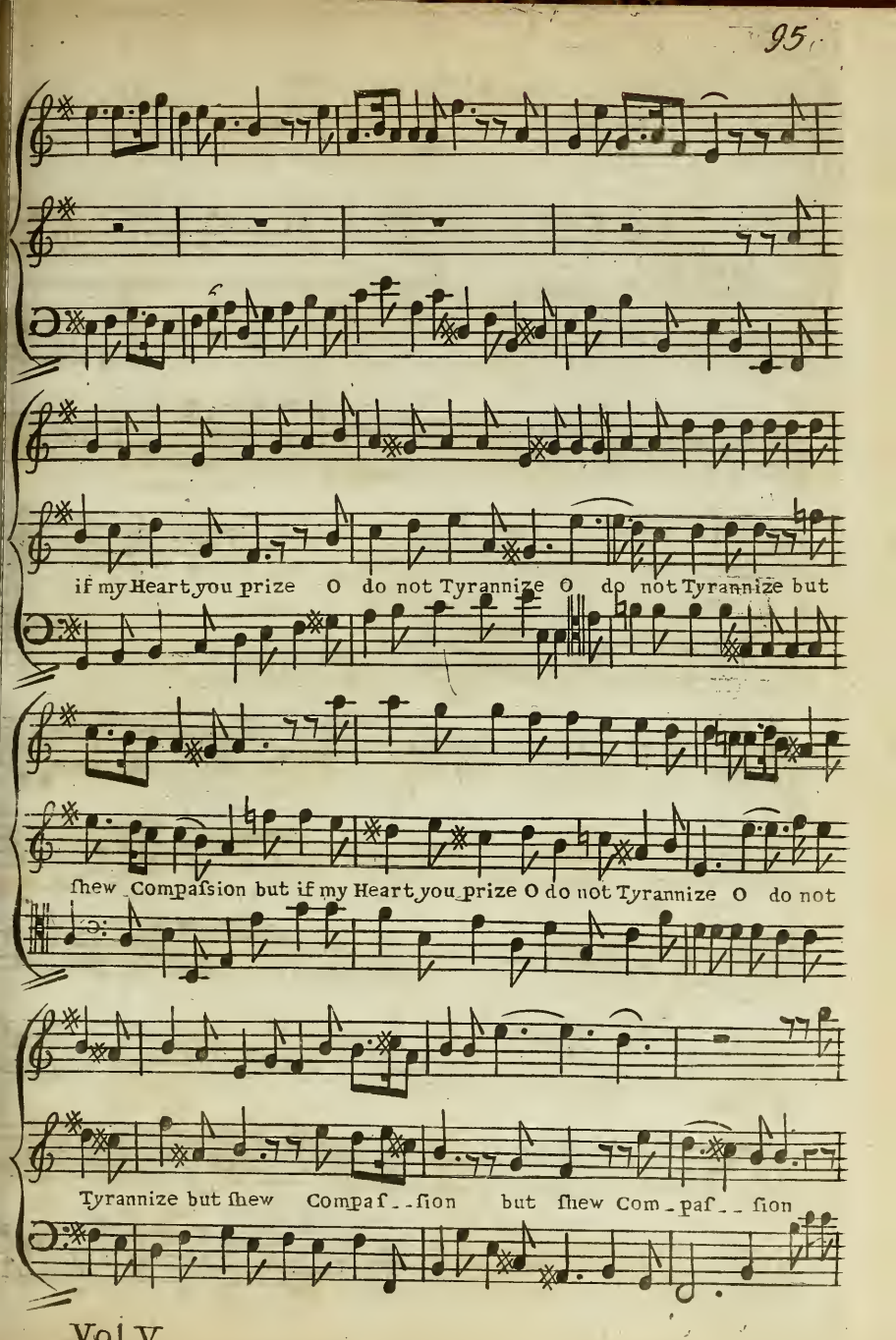
If you her Excellence would taſt
  Be ſure you uſe her kind Sir
Clap your Hand about her Waſte
  And raiſe her up behind Sir
And for her Bottom never doubt
  Puſh but home and you'll find it out
Then drink and never Spare it
  Tis a Bottle of Good Claret

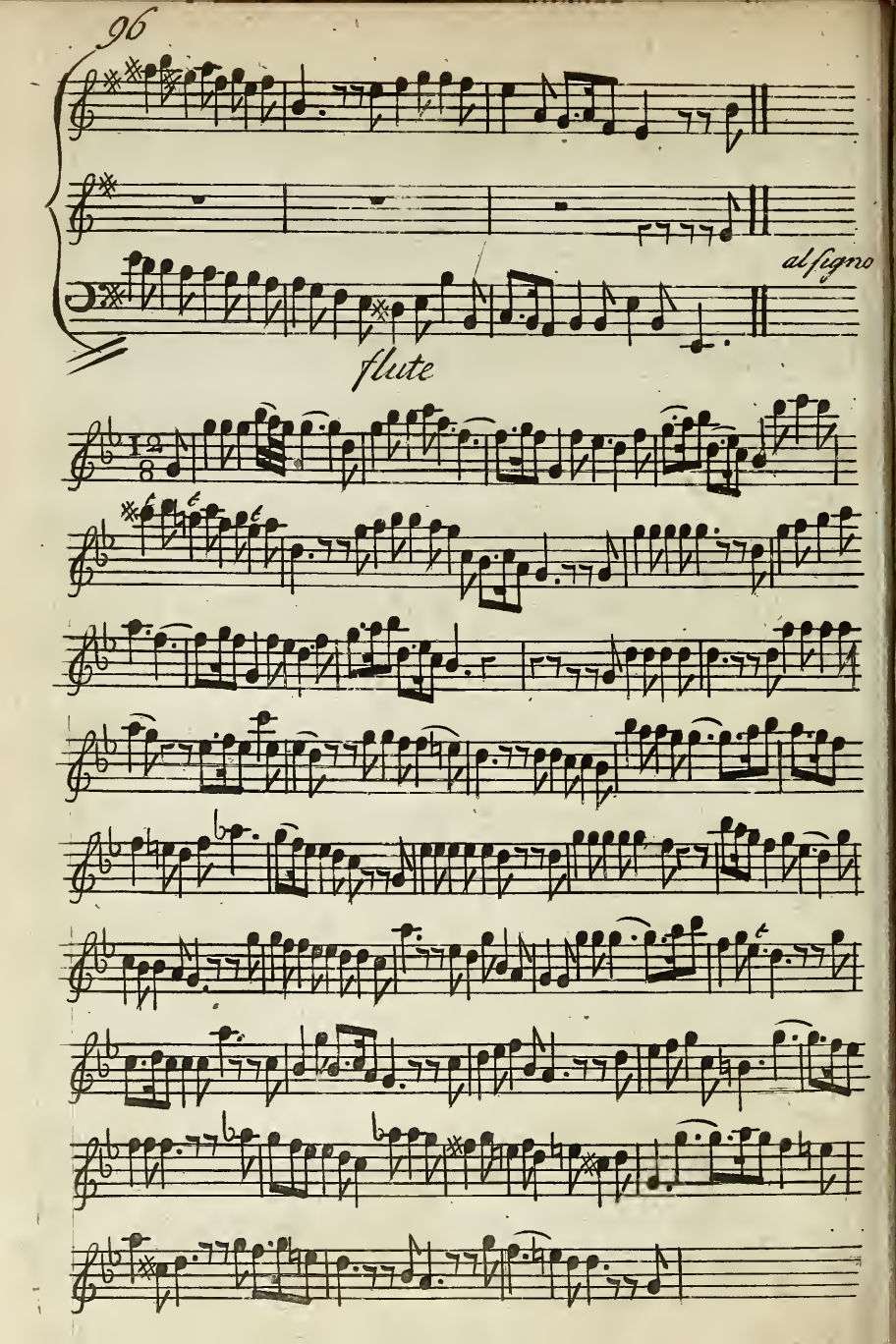
FLUTE



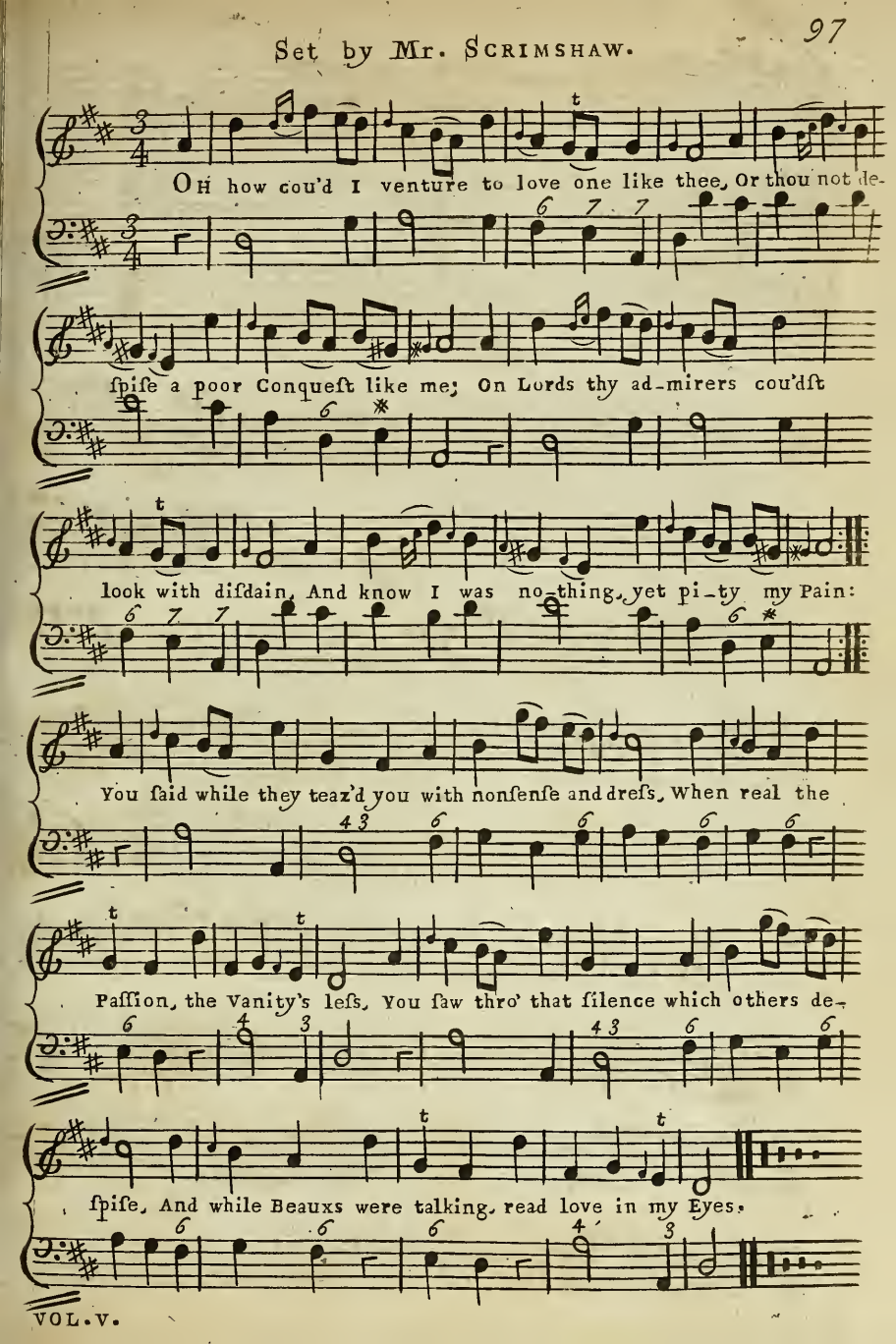

Since thus you flight my Pain re-
turn my Heart again falſe ungrateful Swain or meet my Paſsion ſince
thus you flight my Pain return my Heart again falſe ungrateful


ſwain or meet my Paſsion O falſe ungrateful ſwain ungrateful ſwain re-
turn my Heart again return my heart again ſince thus you ſlight my
Pain return my Heart again falſe ungrateful Swain return my Heart a-
-gain O falſe ungrateful Swain ungrateful ſwain or meet my Paſsion


if my Heart you prize O do not Tyrannize O do not Tyrannize but
ſhew Compaſsion but if my Heart you prize O do not Tyrannize O do not
Tyrannize but ſhew Compaſ - - ſion but ſhew Com - paſ - - ſion


al signo
flute

Set by Mr. SCRIMSHAW.

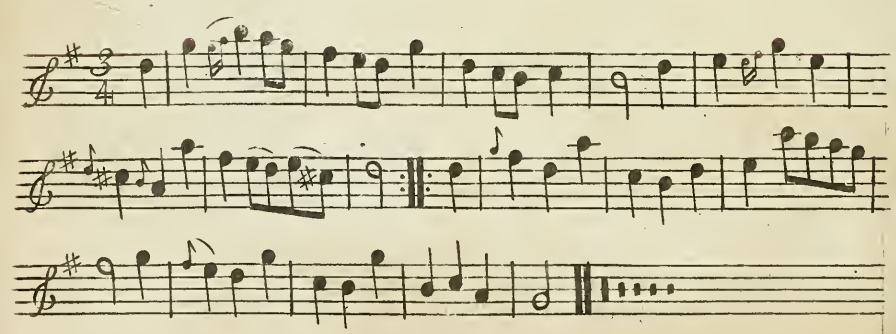


Oh when ſhall I fold you, and kiſs all your Charms,
Till fainting with Pleaſure, I die in your Arms;
Thro' all the wild raptures of extacy toſt,
Till ſinking together, together we're loſt:
Oh where is the Maid that like thee ne'er can cloy,
Whoſe Wit can enliven the dull pauſe of Joy;
And when the ſhort Tranſports are all at an end,
From Beautiful Miſtreſs, turn ſenſible Friend.

In vain cou'd I praiſe you, or ſtrive to reveal,
Too nice for expreſſion what only we feel;
In all that you do, in each look, and each mien,
The Graces in waiting adorn you unſeen:
When I ſee you, I love you, but hearing adore,
I wonder, and think you a woman no more,
Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
And kiſſing thoſe Lips, you grow woman again.

With thee in my Boſom, how can I deſpair,
I'll gaze on thy Beauty, and look away Care:
I'll aſk thy advice, when with trouble oppreſt,
Which never diſpleaſes, yet always is beſt:
In all that I write, I'll thy Judgment require,
Thy Taſte ſhall correct what thy Love did inſpire:
I'll kiſs thee, and preſs thee, till youth is all o'er,
And then live on Friendſhip, when Paſſion's no more.

FLUTE.



Dame JANE, or the PENITENT NUN.

Imitated from LA FONTAINE by Mr. I. LOCKMAN.

A Nun there was, as Primrose gay, And form'd of very

yielding Clay: Who long had re-so-lute-ly strove, To guard a-

gainst the Shafts of Love: Till CUPID whisp'ring soft the Fair, Her

Pious Vow dissolves in Air, The stolen sweets she now would smother,

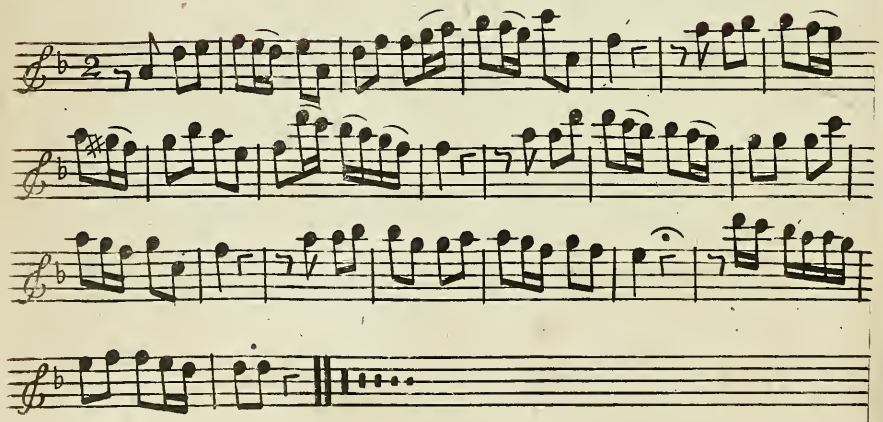
In vain, In vain, poor JENNY's made a Mother.

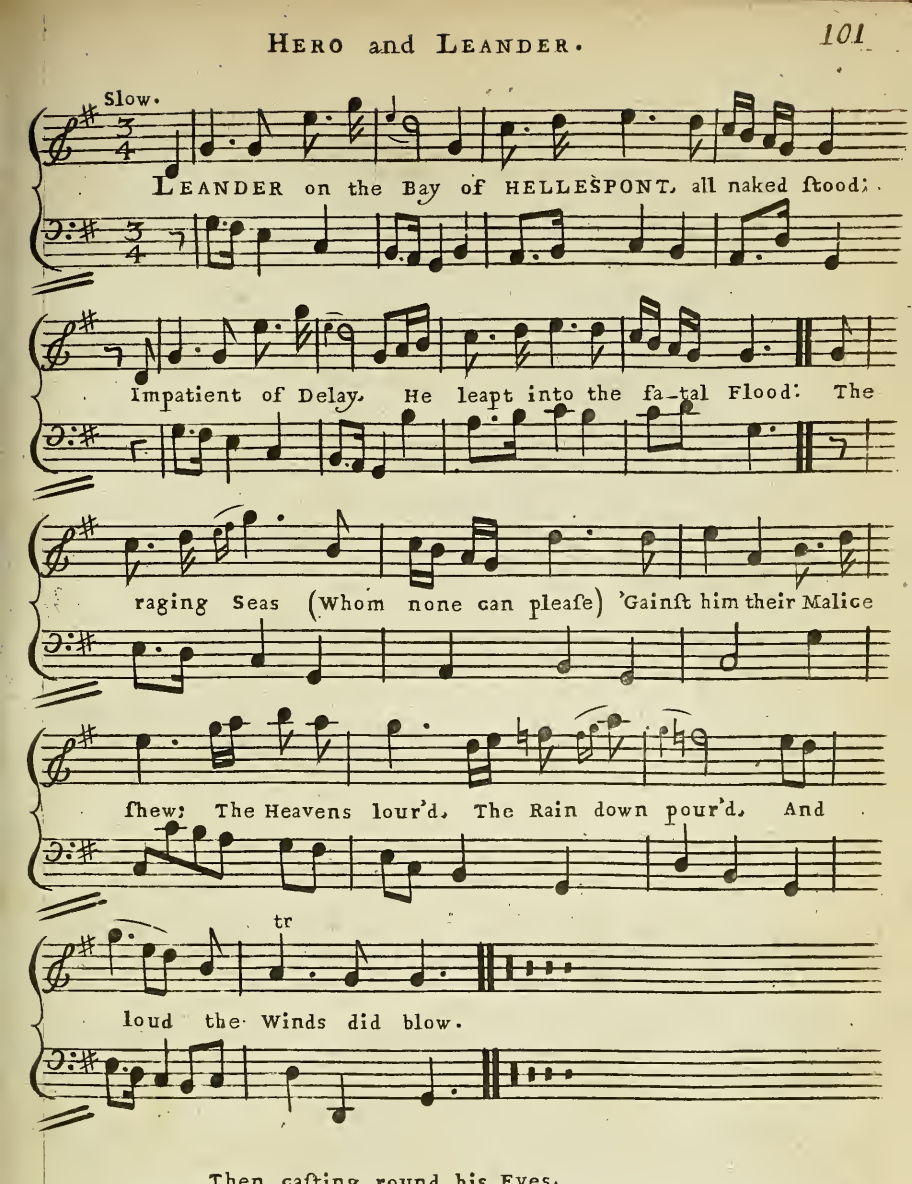
These youthfull Pranks are quite giv'n o'er,
Sighing, she cries, I'll Sin no more,
No more become Man's sensual Prey,
But spend in Prayer each fleeting Day.

Lo! in her Cell ſhe weeping lies,
Nor from the Croſs once moves her Eyes;
Whilſt Siſters, tittering at the Grate,
Paſs all their Hours in wanton Prate.

The Abbeſs overjoy'd to find,
This bliſsful Change in JENNY's Mind,
With Face demure, the Girls addreſſing,
Ah Daughters! if you hope — a Bleſſing,
From righteous JANE Example take;
The World, its Pomps, and Joys forſake!
Ay — ſo we will — cries ev'ry Nun,
When we — as righteous JANE have done.

FLUTE.





Then caſting round his Eyes,
Thus of his Fate he did complain:
Ye cruel Rocks and Skies!
Ye ſtormy Winds and angry Main!

What 'tis to miſs,
The Lover's Bliſs;
Alas! — ye do not know;
Make me your Wreck,
As I come back,
But ſpare me — as I go.

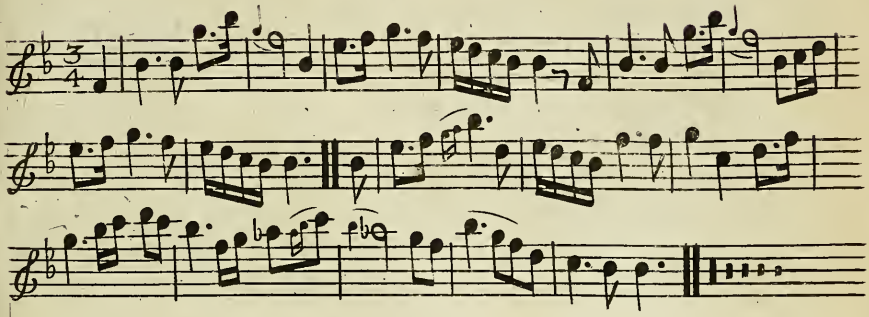
Lo! — yonder ſtands the Tow'r!
Where my beloved HERO lies;
And this th'appointed Hour,
Which ſets to watch her longing Eyes:
To his fond Suit,
The Gods were mute,
The Billows anſwer'd — No.
Up to the Skies
The Surges riſe;
But ſunk the Youth as low.

Mean while the wiſhing Maid,
Divided 'twixt her Care and Love;
Now does his Stay upbraid,
Now dreads he ſhou'd the Paſſage prove.
O Fate! — ſaid ſhe,
Nor Heav'n, nor thee,
Our Vows ſhall e'er divide:
I'd leap this Wall,
Cou'd I but fall,
By my LEANDER's Side.

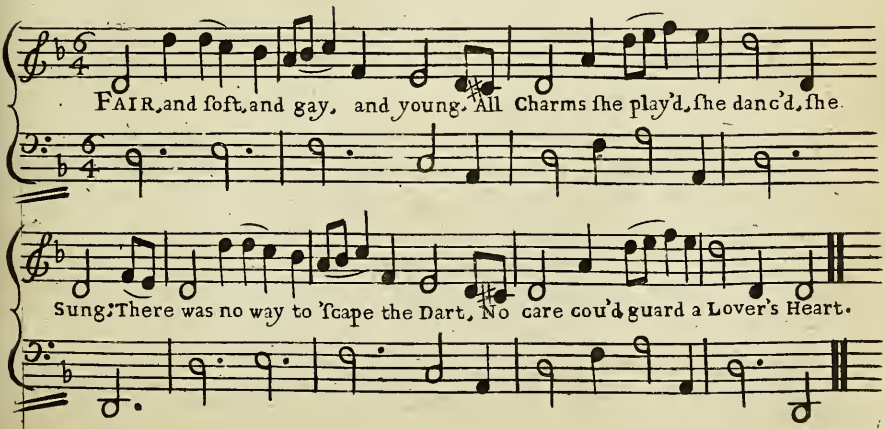
At length the riſing Sun
Did to her Sight reveal too late,
That HERO was undone,
Not by LEANDER's Fault, but Fate:
Said ſhe, I'll ſhew,
Tho' we are two,
Our Loves were ever one;
This Proof I'll give,
I will not live,
Nor ſhall he die — alone.

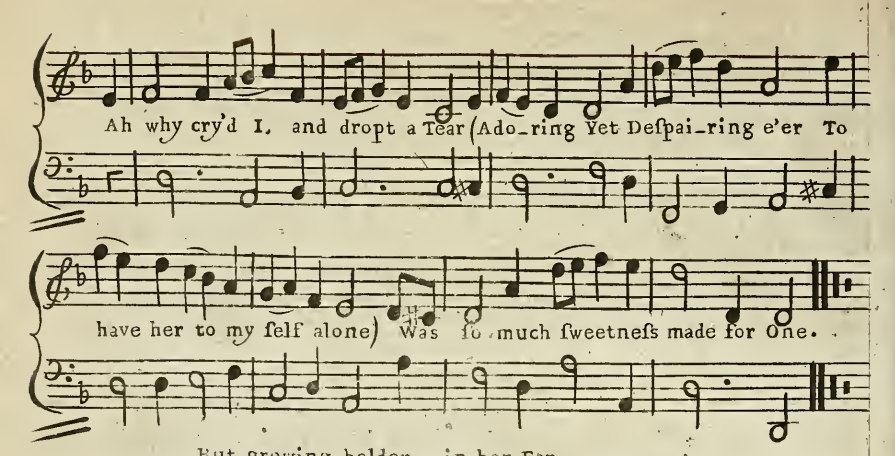
Down from the Wall ſhe leapt
Into the raging Seas to him,
Courting each Wave ſhe met,
To teach her wearied Arms to ſwim:
The Sea Gods wept,
Nor longer kept
Her from her Lovers Side:
When join'd at laſt,
She graſp'd him faſt,
Then ſigh'd, embrac'd, and dy'd.

FLUTE.



The INCONSTANT.

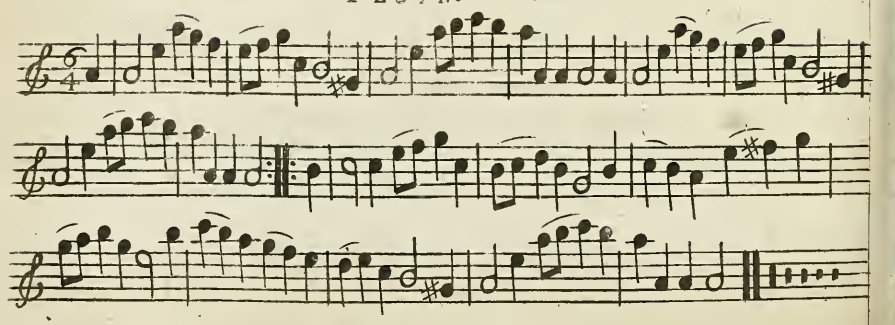




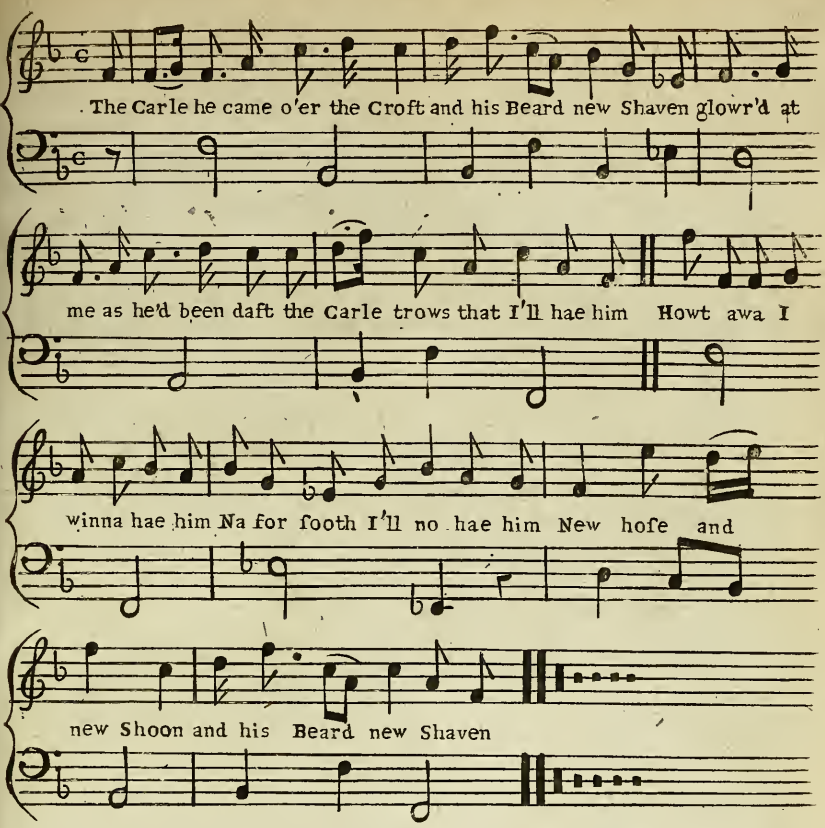
But growing bolder, in her Ear,
I in ſoft Numbers told my Care.
She heard, and rais'd me from her Feet,
And ſeem'd to glow with equal heat.
Like Heav'ns, too mighty to expreſs,
My Joys could be but known by gueſs:
Ah fool, ſaid I, what have I done,
To wiſh her made for more than One.

But long I had not been in view,
Before her Eyes their Beams withdrew;
E'er I had reckon'd half her Charms,
She ſunk into another's Arms.
But ſhe that once cou'd faithleſs be,
Will favour him no more than me,
He too will find himſelf undone,
And that ſhe was not made for One.

FLUTE.



The CARLE Came O'er, the Croft



He ga'e to me a Pair of Shoon
And his Beard new Shav'n
He bad me dance till they ware done
The Carle trows that I'll ha e him. Howt awa

He ga e to me a Pair of Gloves
And his Beard new ſhav'n
He bad me ſtretch them on my Looſs
The Carle trows that I ll ha'e him. Howt awa

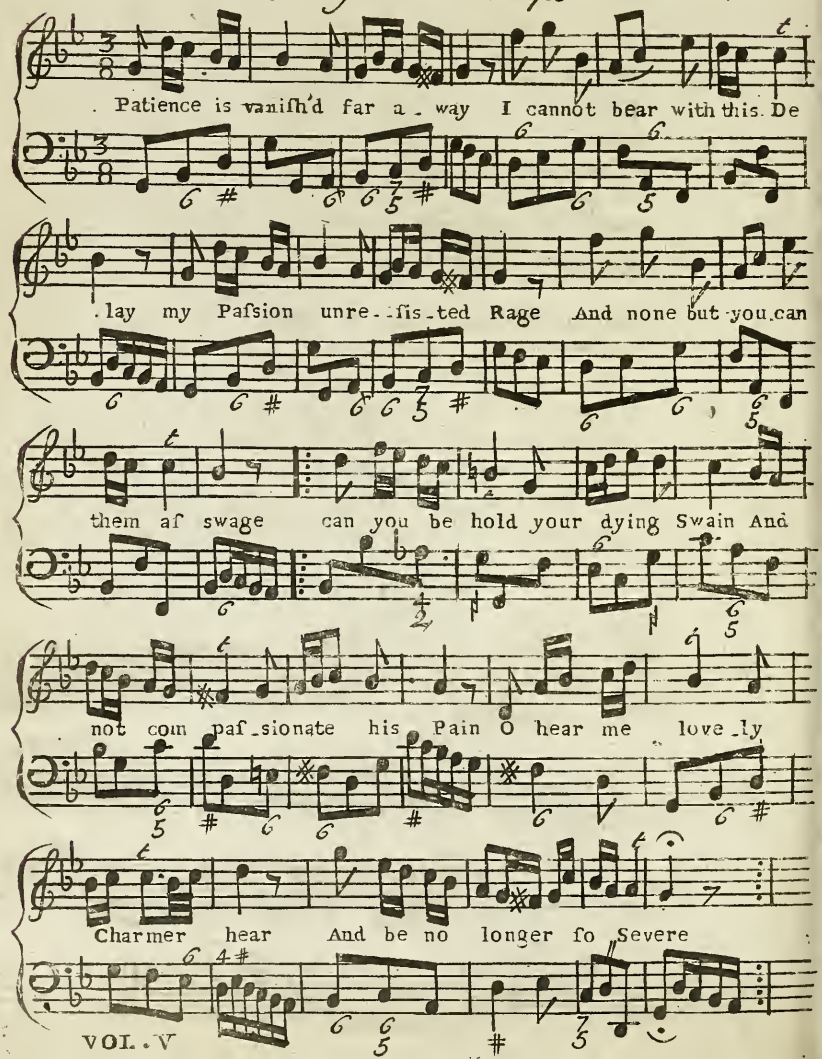
He gae to me an Ell of Lace
And his Beard new ſhav'n
He bad me wear the Highland Dreſs
The Carle trows that I'll ha'e him. Howt awa

He ga'e to me a Harn Spark
And his Beard new ſhav'n
He ſaid he'd kiſs me in the dark
For that he trows that I'll hae him

Howt awa I maun ha'e him
I forſooth I'll e'en hae him
New Hoſe and his new Shoon
And his Beard new ſhavn

The Importunate Swain

Set by Mr. Lampe

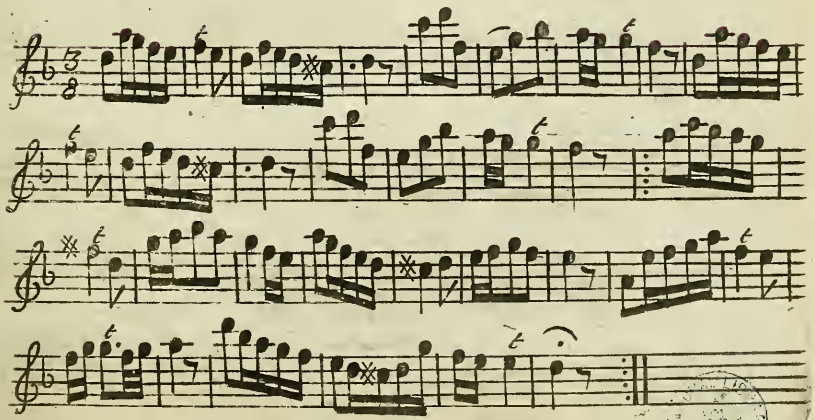


Confider Heav'n did not beftow
Such Blefsings to be hoarded fo
But gave them that you might impart
Their Charms to e'ery bleeding Heart
Then why fhould you reject th Addrefs
Of him that loves to fuch Excefs
Since what I afk the Gods approve
And fhould your kind Compliance move

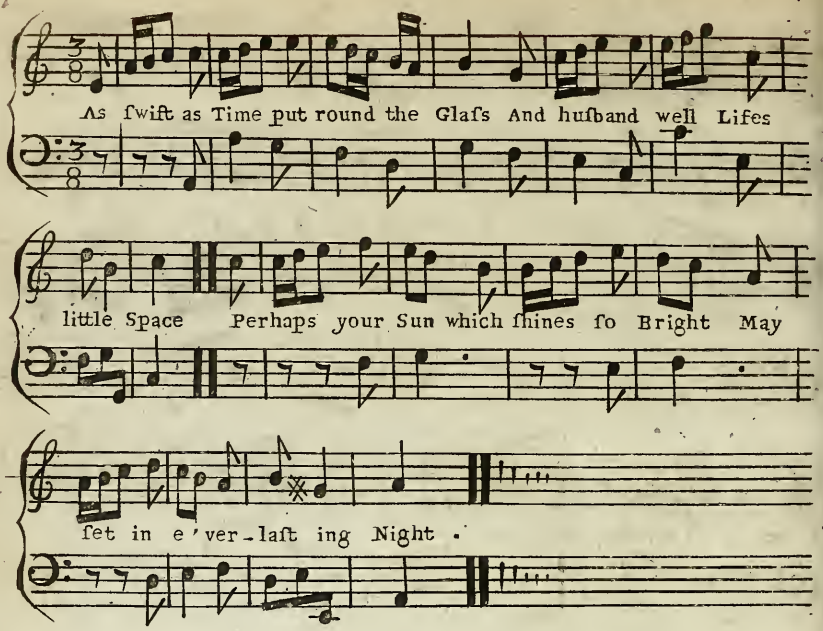
Can you fo ftrenuoufly flight
That Joy that rayifhing Delight
Which from extatick Love does flow
And ev'ry one is glad to know
Oh be not so relentlefs ftill
Nor me with ftrong Denyals kill
For on you only muft depend
My future Life or inftant End

You are the happy Port my Dear
To which I only hope to fteer
And if I fail of coming there
I'm loft for ever in defpair
Do not o'er whelm me then with Grief
When you fo foon may give Relief
But condefcend to my Requeft
And I fhall be for ever Bleft

FLUTE



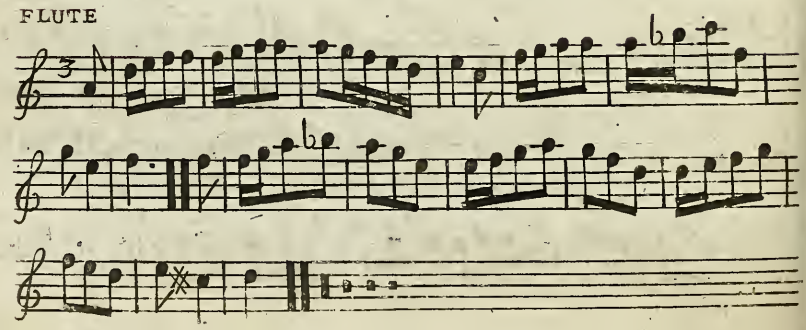
Set by Dr PEPUSCH



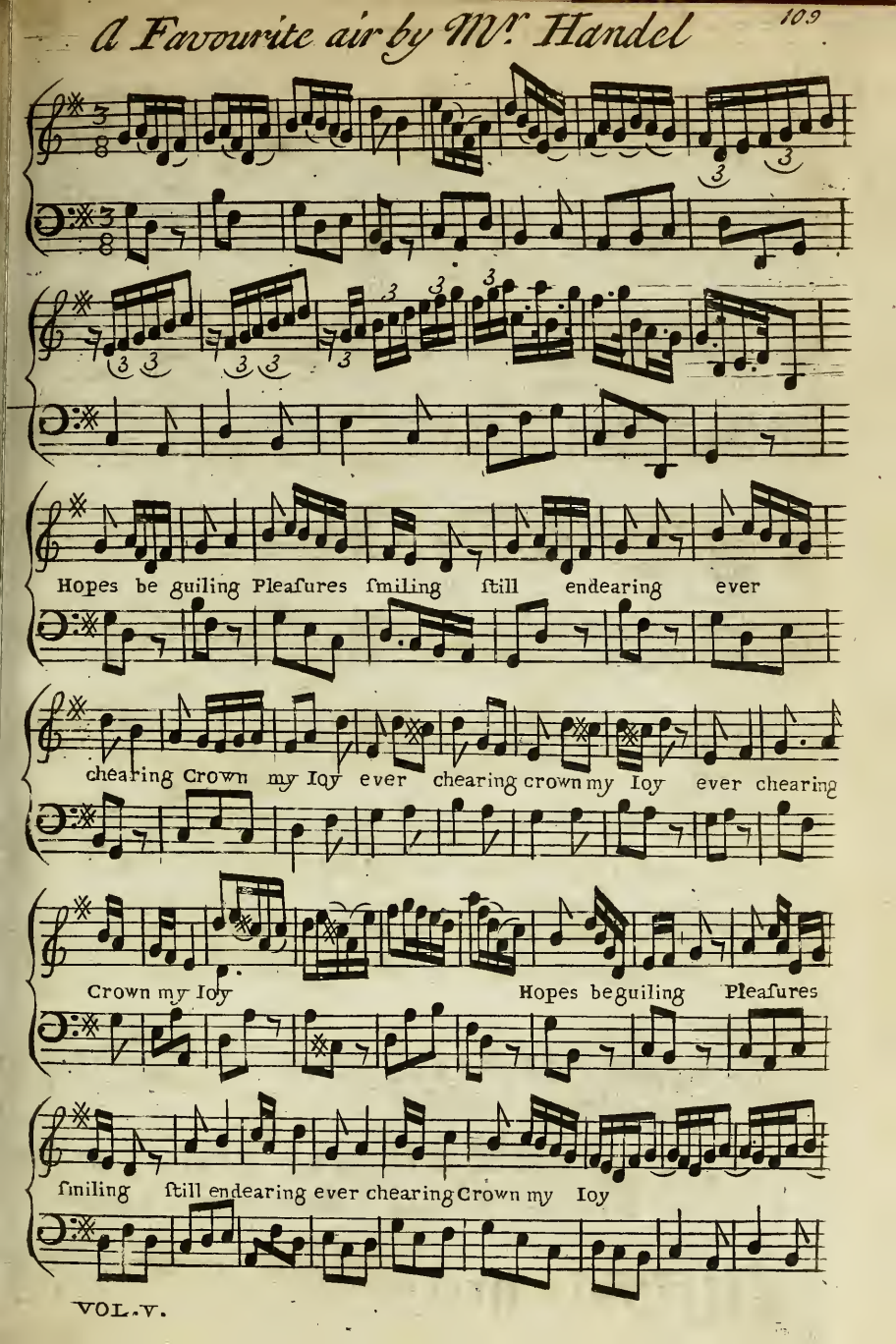
Or if the Sun again ſhou'd riſe
Death ere the Morn may cloſe our Eyes
The drink before it be too late
And ſnatch the Preſent Hour from Fate

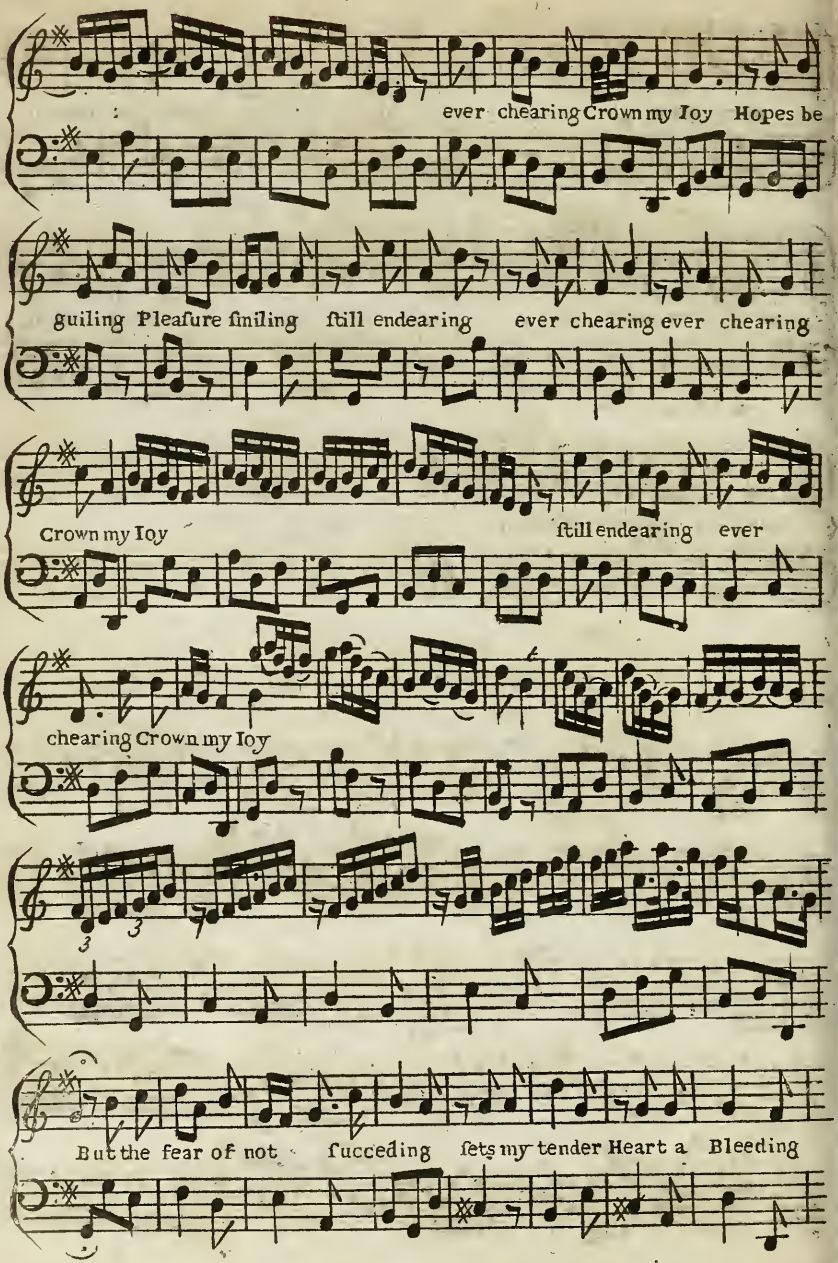
Come fill a Bumper fill it round
Let Mirth and Wit and Wine abound
In theſe alone True Wiſdom lies
For to be Merry's to be Wiſe

FLUTE



A Favourite air by Mr. Handel



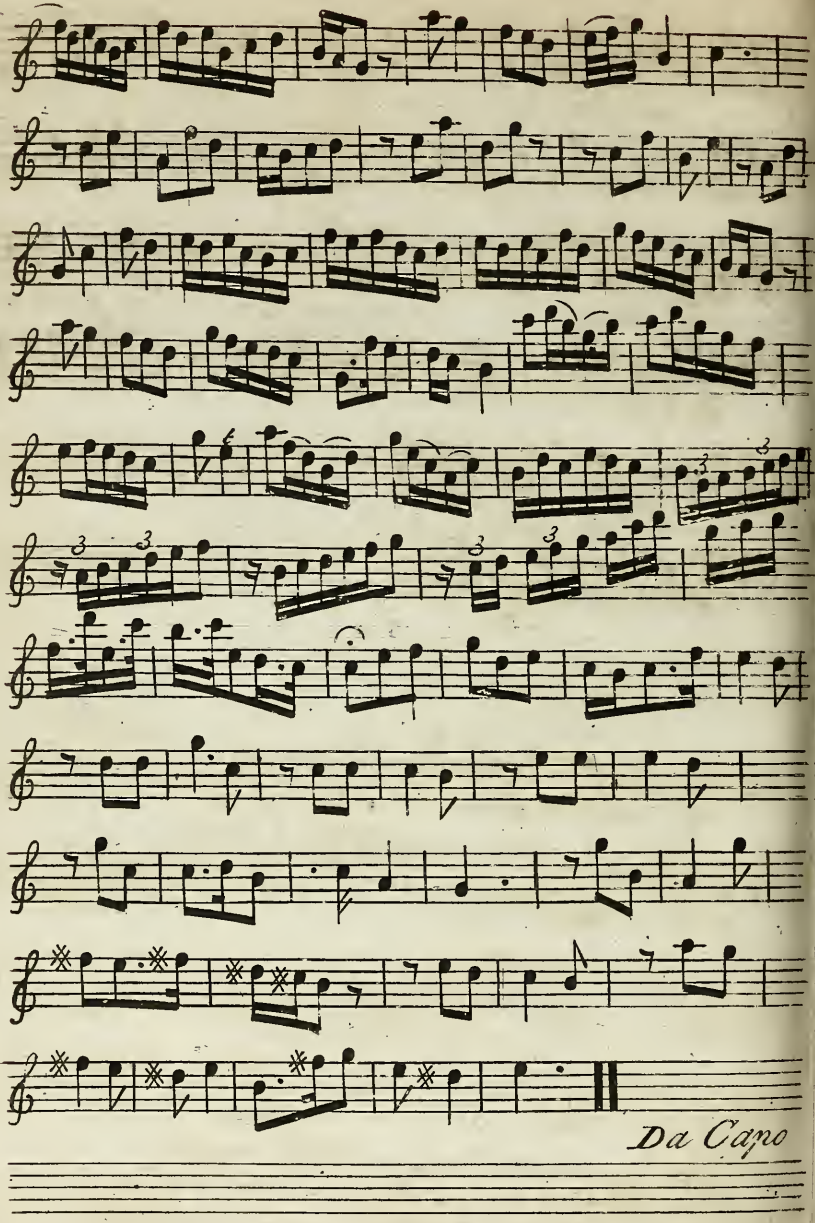

ever chearing Crown my Joy Hopes be
guiling Pleaſure ſmiling ſtill endearing ever chearing ever chearing
Crown my Joy
ſtill endearing ever
chearing Crown my Joy
But the fear of not ſucceding ſets my tender Heart a Bleeding

all my pleaſing all my pleaſing Hopes Deſtroy but the fear of

not ſuc ceed ing ſets my tender Heart a bleeding all my

pleaſing Hopes Deſtroy Da Capo

FLUTE


Da Capo

DAMONS REPULSE Set by Mr Edward PURCELL

As DAMON ſat by CLOES Side at-tempting at-tempting

to Debauch her The Cautious Nymph his ſuit denied and

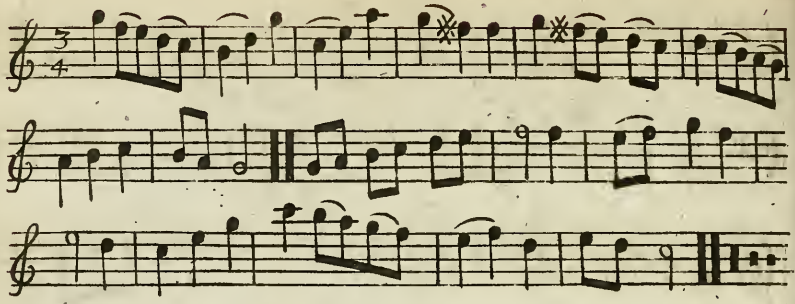
Vow'd and Vow'd he ſhou'd not Touch her

Marry me firſt was all her Cry
If you if you intend to Bed me
For I proteſt I'll Sooner Dye
Than Yeild than Yeild Unleſs you Wed me

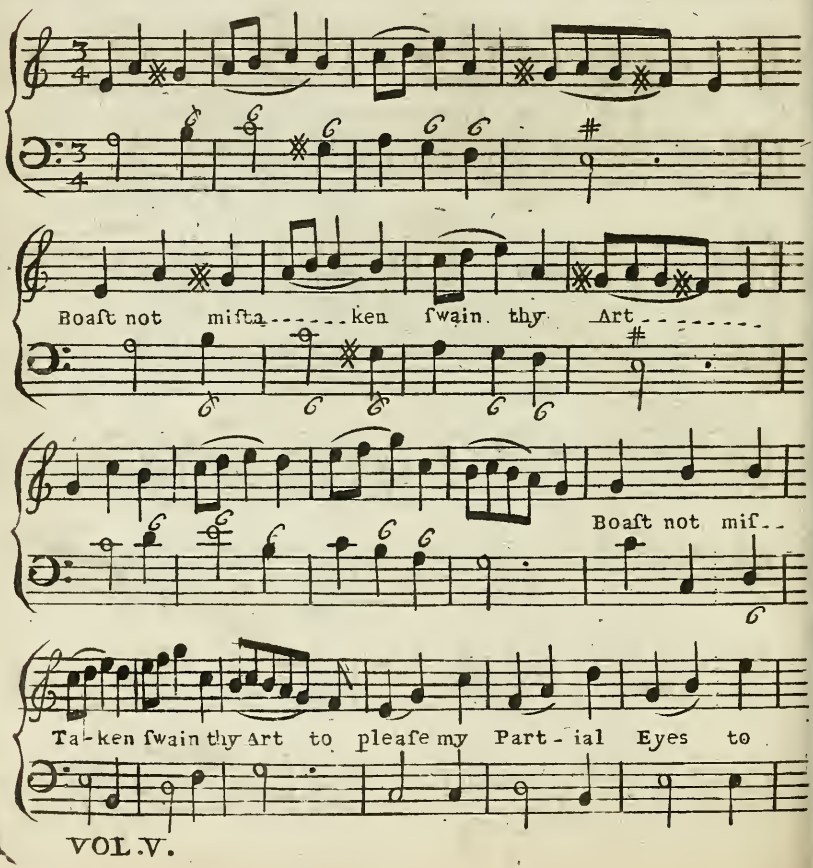
My Dear ſays he I m one of thoſe
That Love that Love to Rake and Ramble
And ſcorn to turn ſo ſweet a Roſe
Into into a Married Bramble

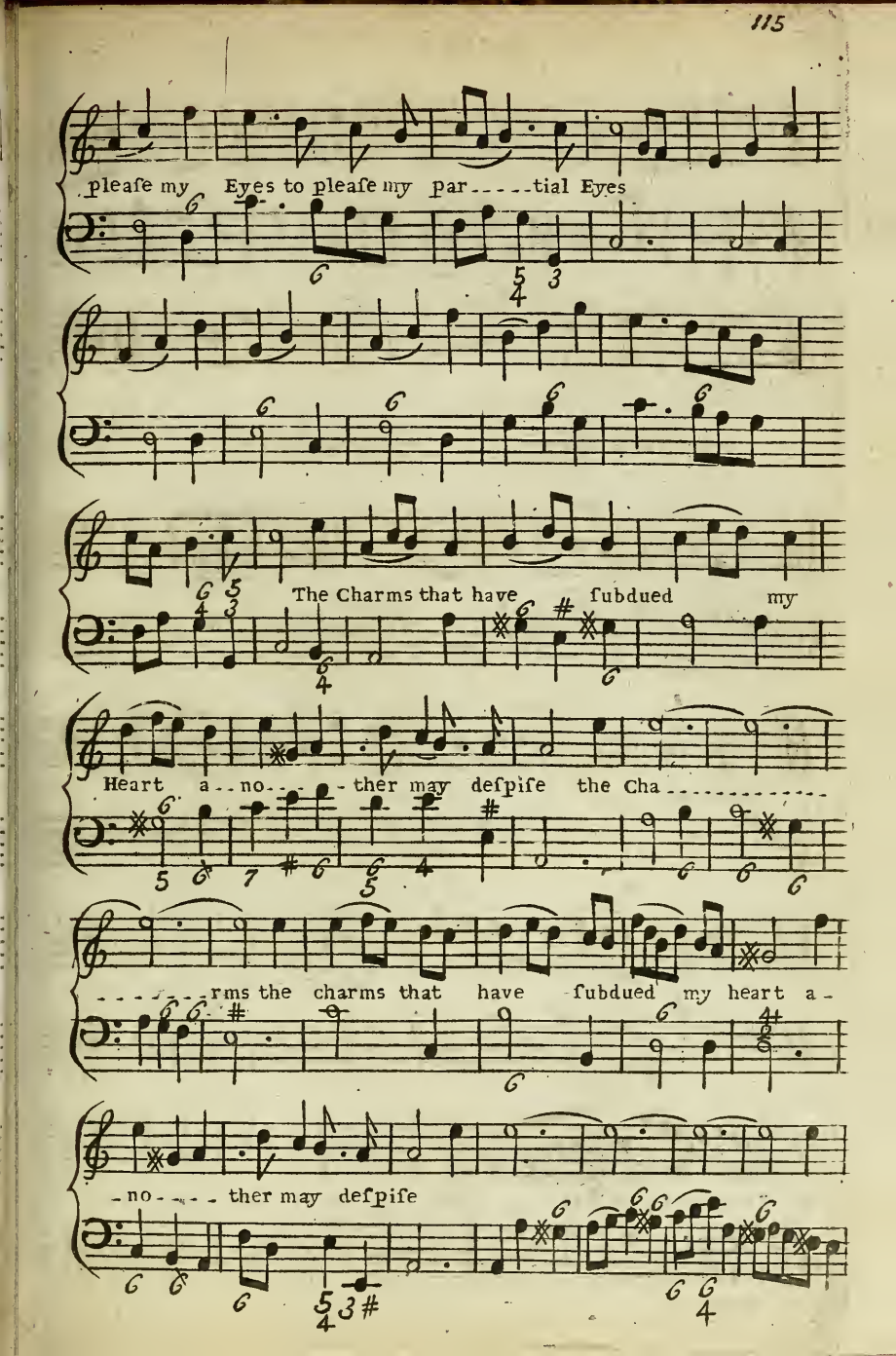
Say's CLOE follow me no more
But give but give your Courtſhip Over
You hate a Wife and I Abhor
So loof ſo looſe a Wandring Love

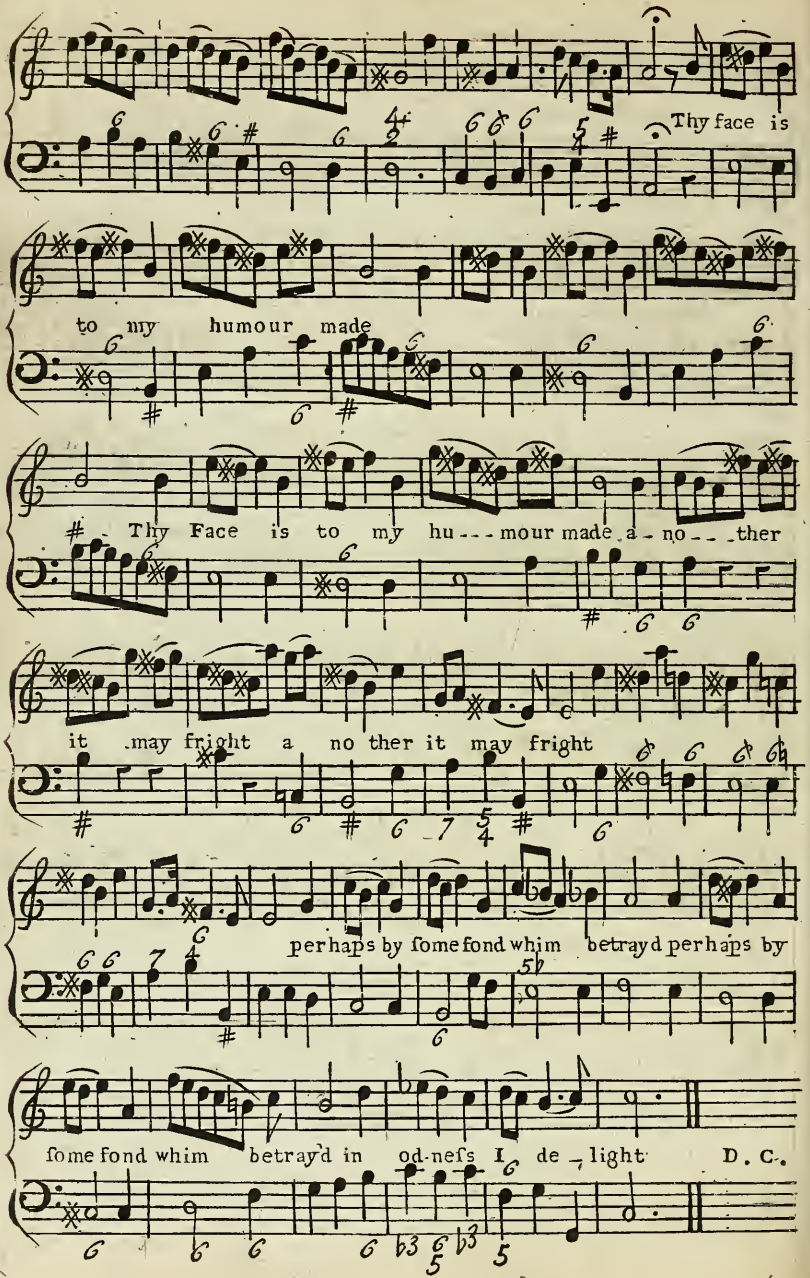
FLUTE



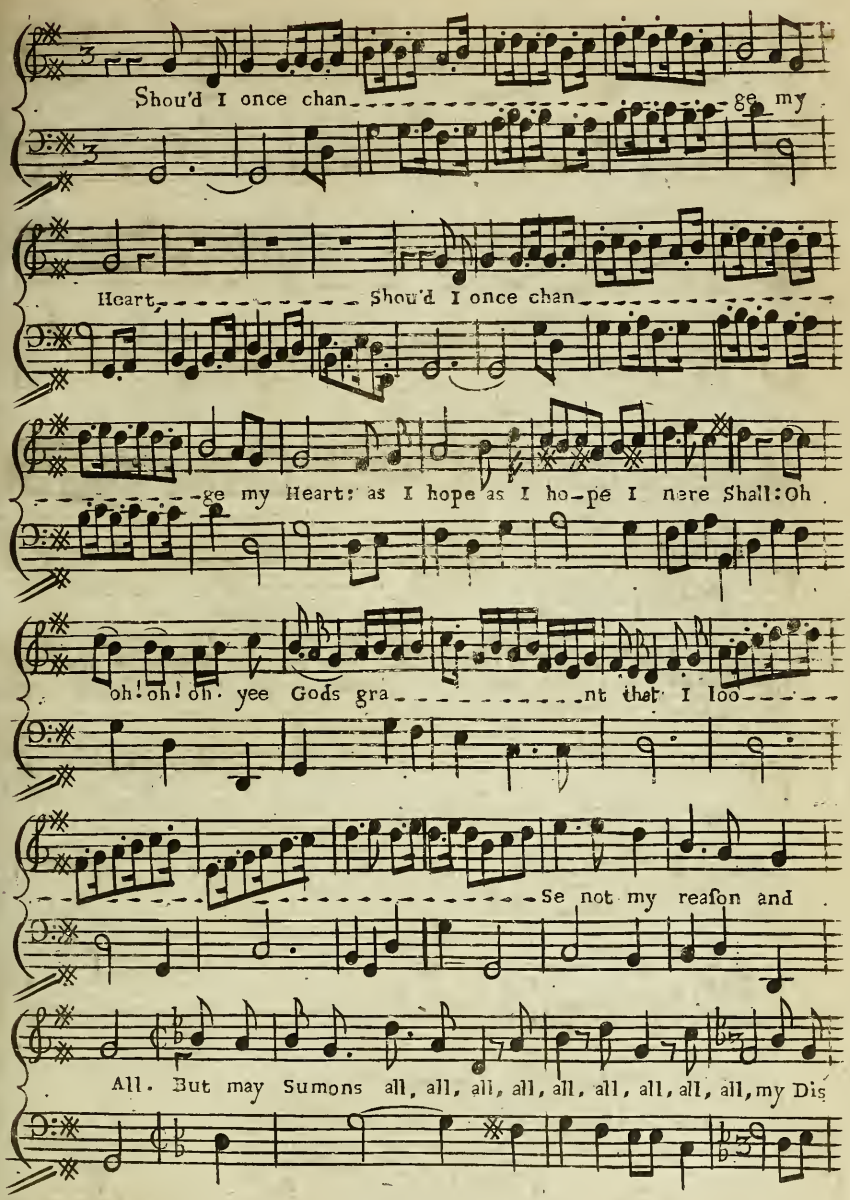
A SONG Compos'd by Mr HEMMING

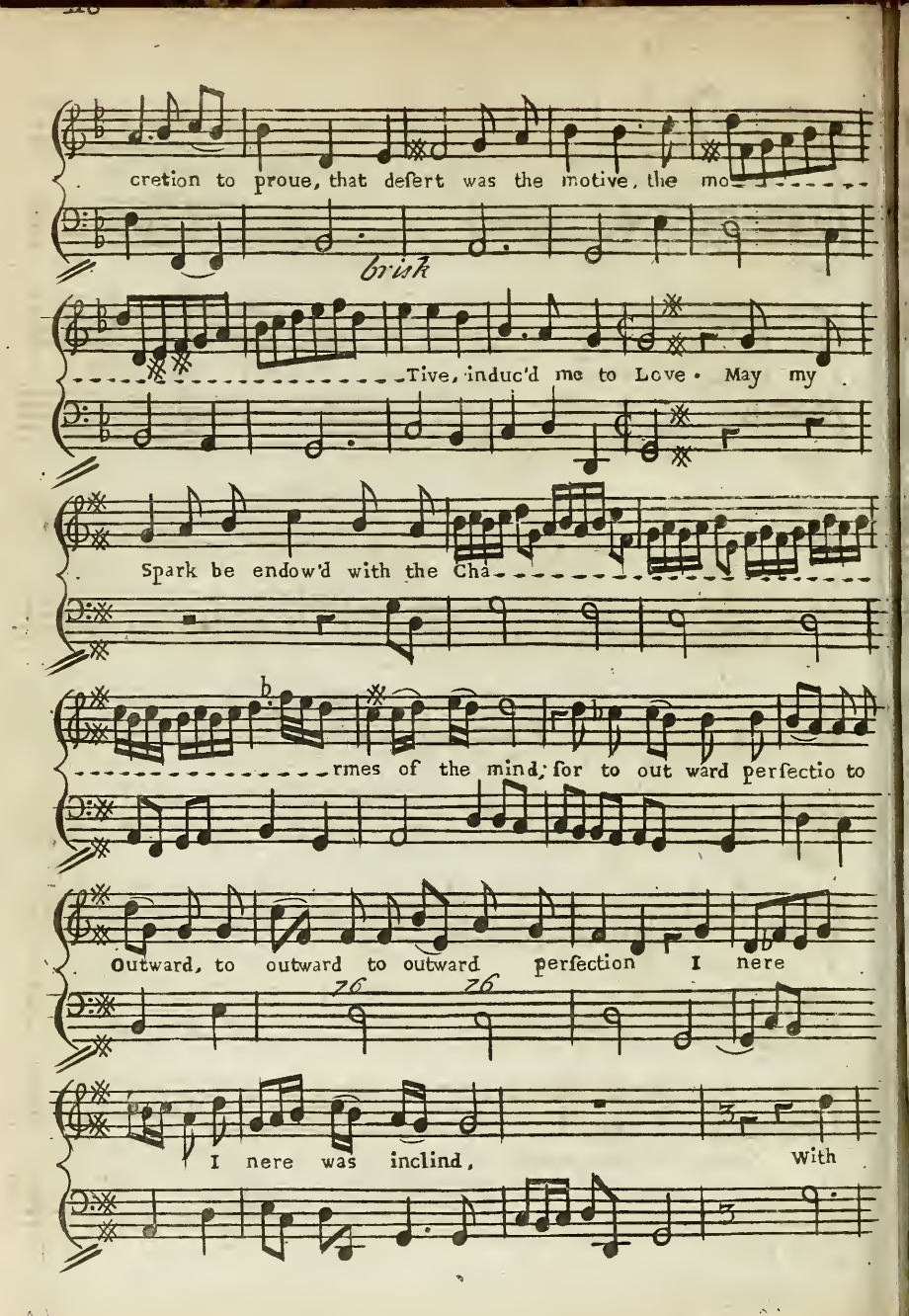


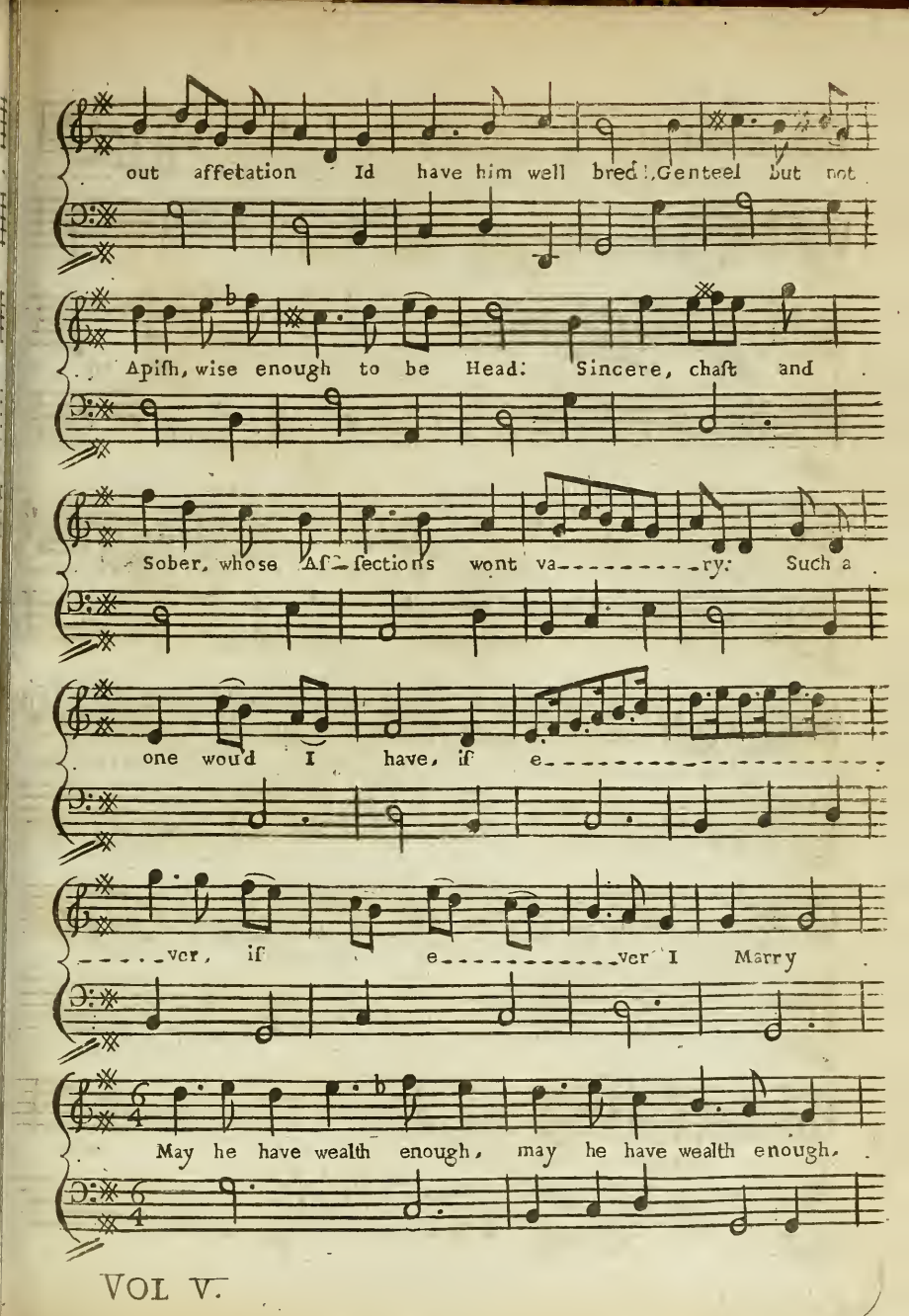

pleaſe my Eyes to pleaſe my par - - - - - tial Eyes
The Charms that have ſubdued my
Heart a - - no - - - - ther may deſpiſe the Cha - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - rms the charms that have ſubdued my heart a -
- no - - - - ther may deſpiſe


Thy face is
to my humour made
Thy Face is to my hu---mour made a-no--ther
it may fright a no ther it may fright
perhaps by some fond whim betrayd perhaps by
some fond whim betrayd in od-ness I de-light
D. C.

A Song Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.




cretion to proue, that desert was the motive, the mo-
brisk
-tive, induc'd me to Love. May my
Spark be endow'd with the Cha-
-rmes of the mind; for to out ward perfectio to
Outward, to outward to outward perfection I nere
I nere was inclind, with


out affetation Id have him well bred: Genteel but not
Apish, wise enough to be Head: Sincere, chaſt and
Sober, whose Af-fections wont va----------ry: Such a
one would I have, if e----------
----ver, if e----------ver I Marry
May he have wealth enough, may he have wealth enough.

VOL V.

from want to pre — ſerve us; and that with Con —

— tent, and that with Content will Suf — ficiantly

ſerve us and that with Con-tent, and

that with Con- -

- tent, will Suf-

- - - - fitiantly Serve us.

Set by Mr. HANDEL.

Not CLOE, that I bet_ter am, Or tru_er than the reſt:

For I would change each hour like them, Were it my Intereſt.

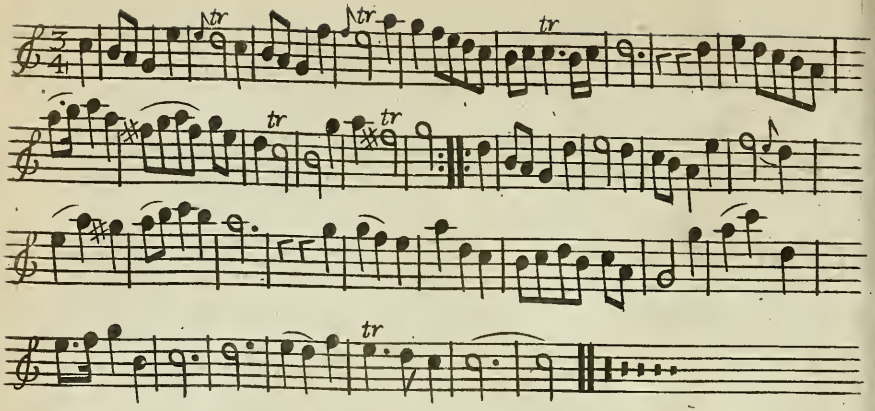
But I am bound to va__lue thee, By ev'ry thought I

have: Could you my Heart but once ſet free, 'Twould ne'er be

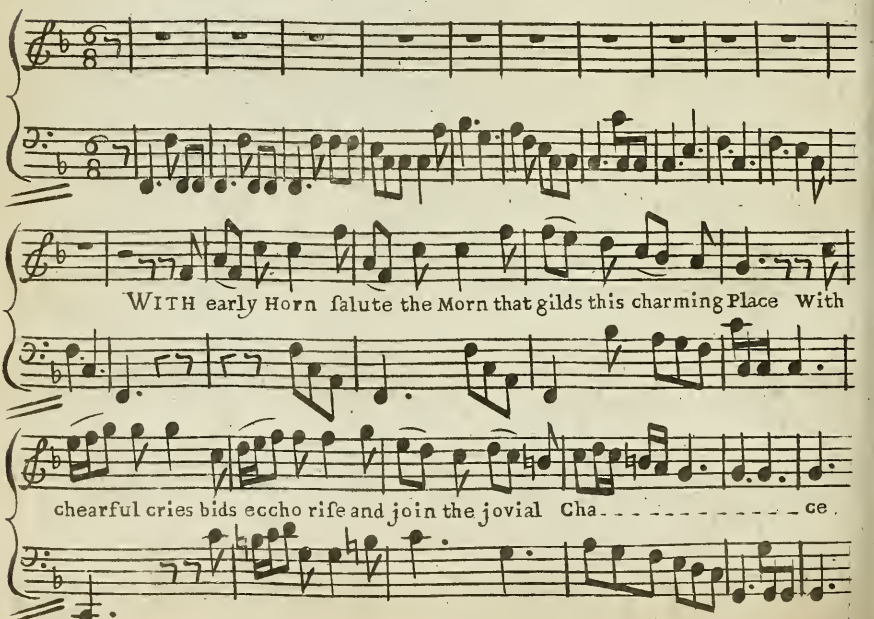
more a Slave, 'twould ne'er be more a Slave.

All that in Woman is ador'd,
In thy dear Self we find;
For the whole Sex can but afford,
The Charming and the Kind.
Why ſhou'd I wiſh for further ſtore,
Or ſeek to Love a new;
When change it ſelf can give no more,
'Tis eaſy to be true.

FLUTE.



Sung by Mr. BEARD in the ROYAL CHACE.



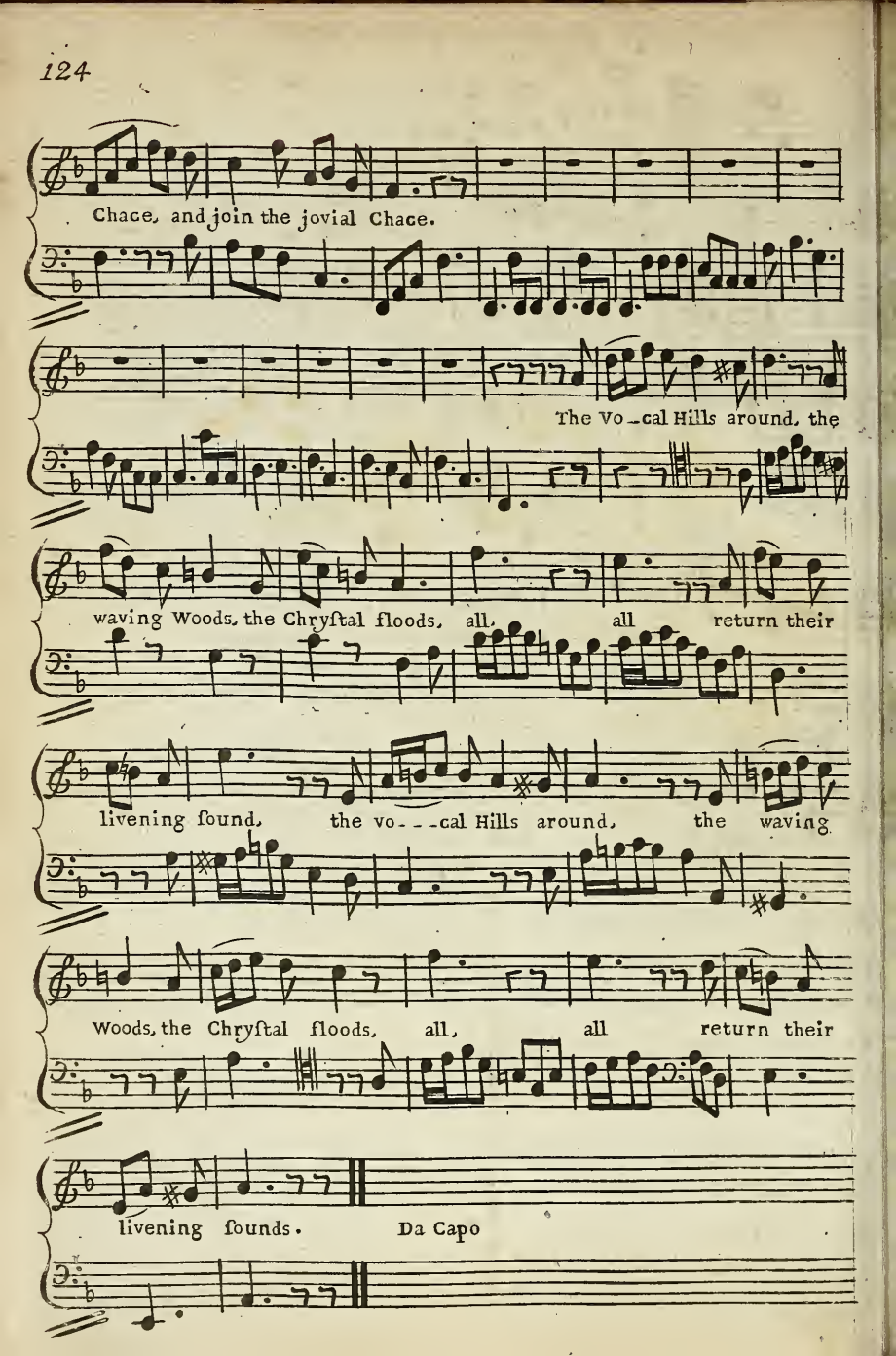
and join the jovial Cha ce and join the

jovial Chace With early Horn salute ye Morn that

gilds this charming Place. With chearful cries bids eccho rise bids

eccho rise and join the jovial Cha

ce With chearful cries bids eccho rise and join the jovial


Chace, and join the jovial Chace.
The Vo-cal Hills around, the
waving Woods, the Chryſtal floods, all, all return their
livening ſound, the vo---cal Hills around, the waving
Woods, the Chryſtal floods, all, all return their
livening ſounds. Da Capo

The humble Admirer Set by Mr LAMPE

SYL-VIA thou Pattern of thy Age In whom a

Thouſand Virtues ſhine Let me my wondering

Thoughts en-gage On The Tranſ---cen--dant--ly

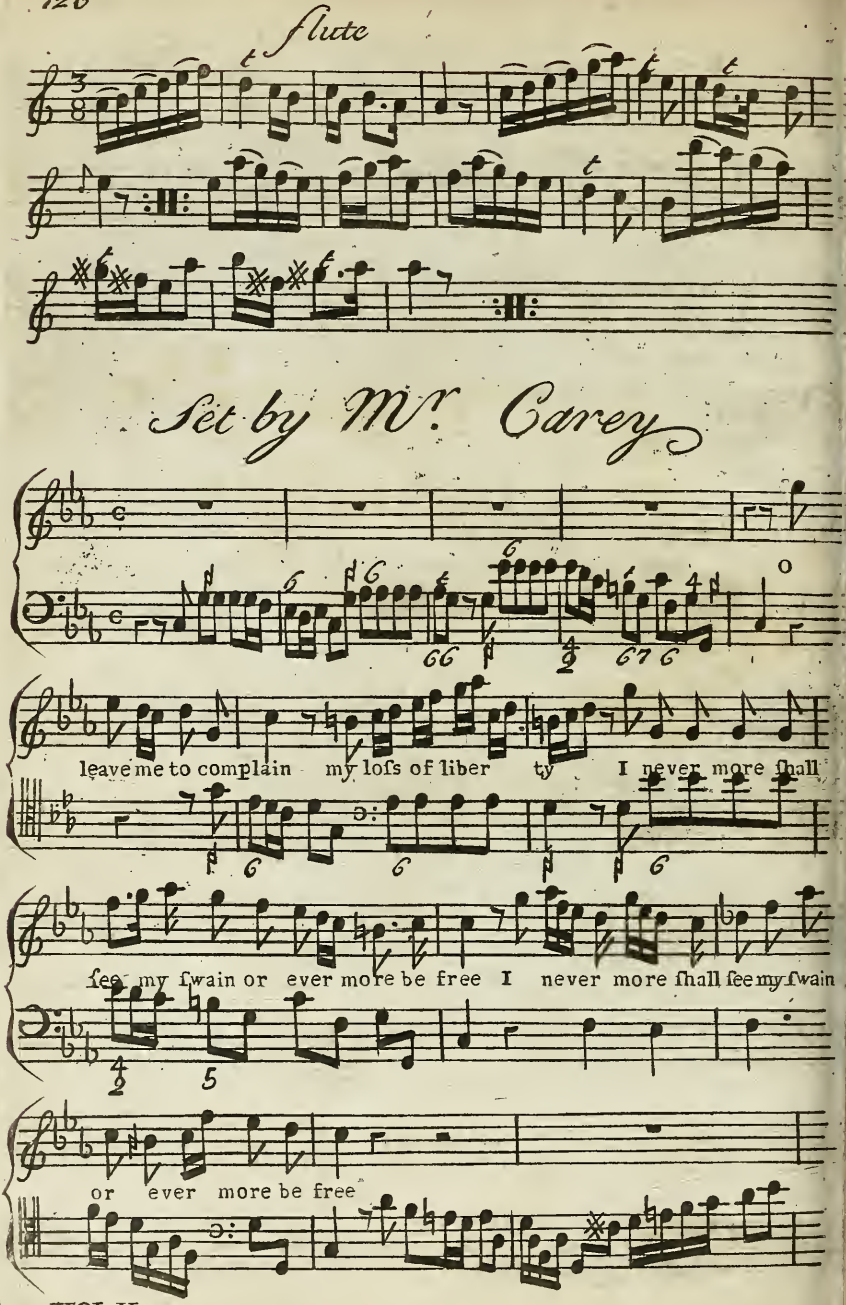
di--vine

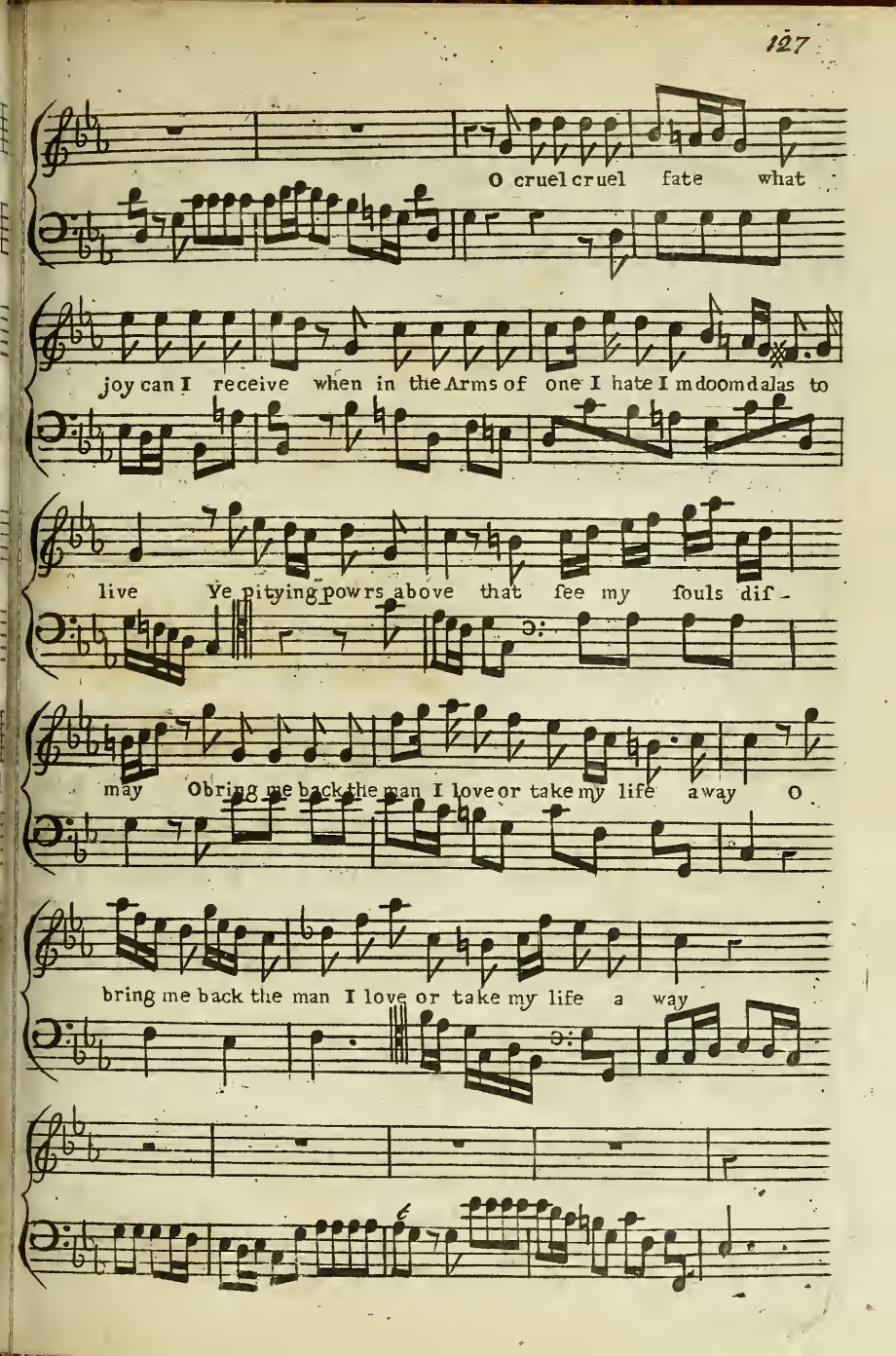
Hadſ't thou adorn'd the Age when Men
Ador'd imaginary Powers
They would have call'd thee Goddeſs then
And in thy ſervice ſpent their Hours

They wou'd have thought thee beautious Maid
Deſcended only from above
And unto thee more Honours pay'd
Than to the Cyprian Queen of Love

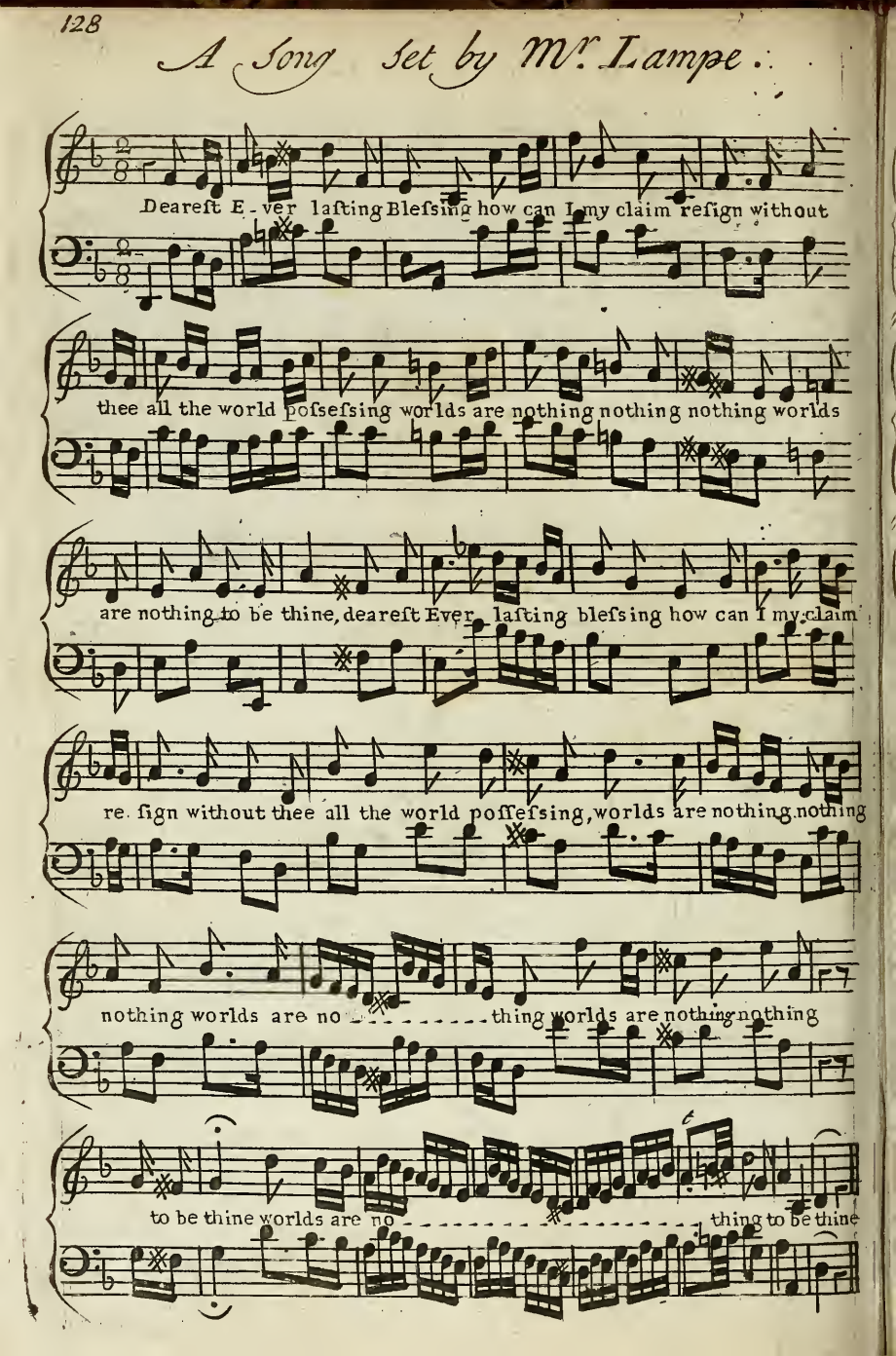
How bleſt how infinitely bleſt
Muſt he in all reſpects appear
Who of a Treaſure is poſses'd
That's ſo ſuperlatively Dear

Hard is my Fate I muſt confeſs
All thy Perfections to Admire
And ne'er to hope the Happineſs
Which humble ſouls muſt not deſire

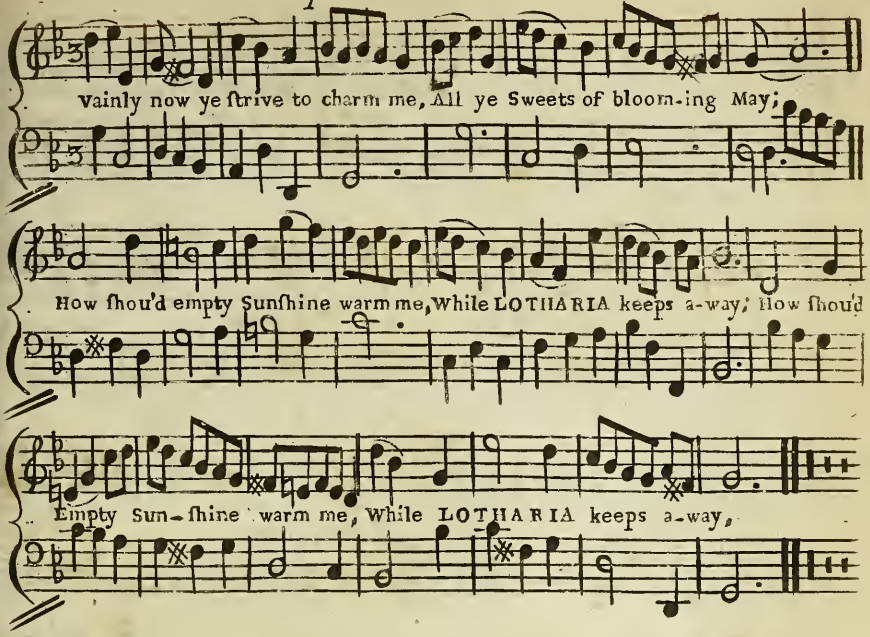

flute
Set by Mr. Carey
leave me to complain my loſs of liber ty I never more ſhall
ſee my ſwain or ever more be free I never more ſhall ſee my ſwain
or ever more be free


O cruel cruel fate what
joy can I receive when in the Arms of one I hate I m doom d alas to
live Ye pitying powrs above that fee my fouls dif -
may O bring me back the man I love or take my life a way O
bring me back the man I love or take my life a way

A Song set by Mr. Lampe.

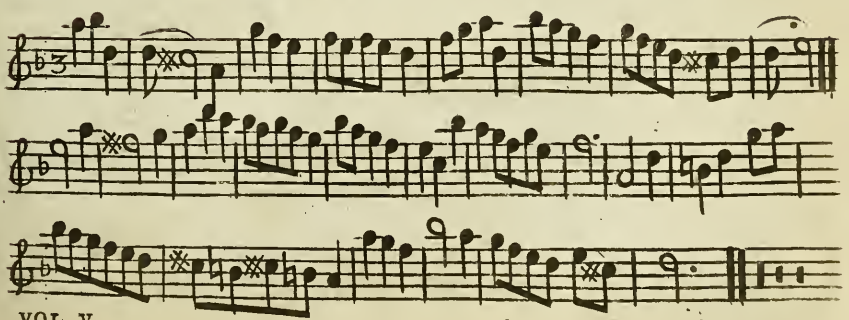


The Words by AARON HILL Esq
Set by Mr. DIEUPART.



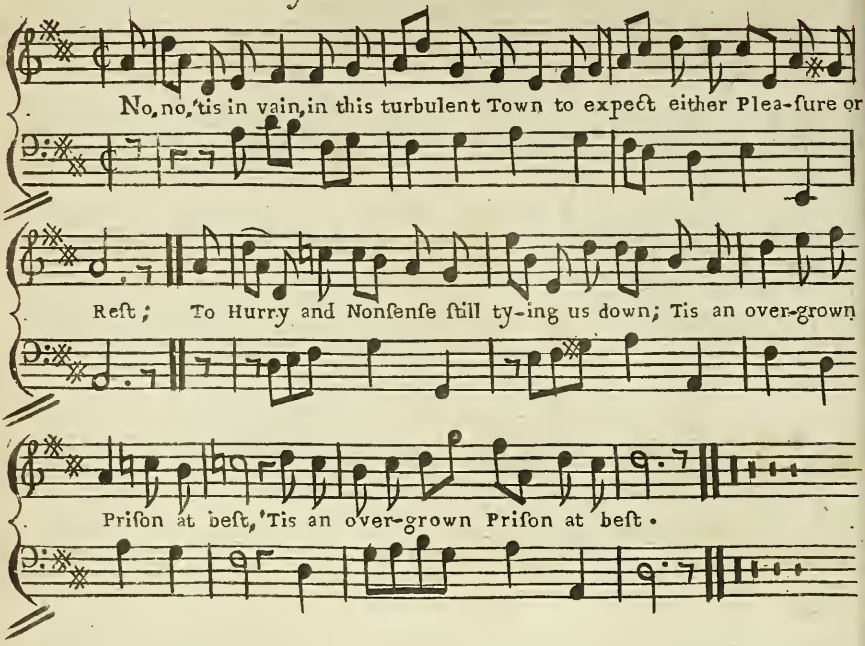
Go warbling Birds, go leave me;
Shade, ye Clouds, the ſmiling Sky:
Sweeter Notes her Voice can give me;
Softer Sunſhine fills her Eye.
Sweeter Notes, &c.

FLUTE.



An Ode.

Set by Mr. Abiel Whichello.



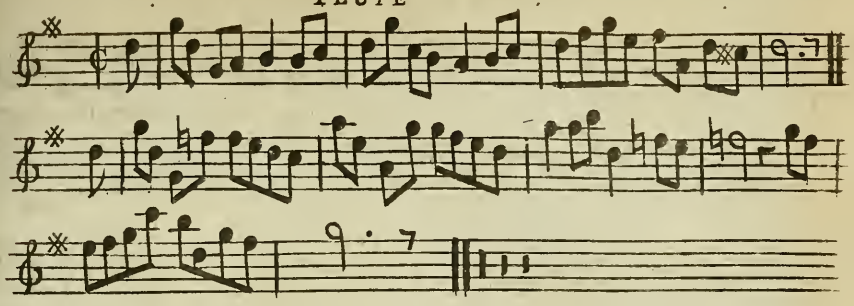
From hence to the Country eſcaping away,
  Leave the Crowd and the Buſtle behind;
And then you'll ſee liberal Nature diſplay
  A thouſand Delights to Mankind.

The Change of the Seaſons, the Sports of the Fields,
  The ſweetly diverſify'd Scene;
The Groves, and the Gardens! and every thing yields
  A Chearfullneſs ever ſerene.

Here, here, from Ambition and Avarice free,
  My Days may I quietly ſpend!
Whilſt the Cits and the Courtiers, unenvy'd for me,
  May gather up Wealth without end.

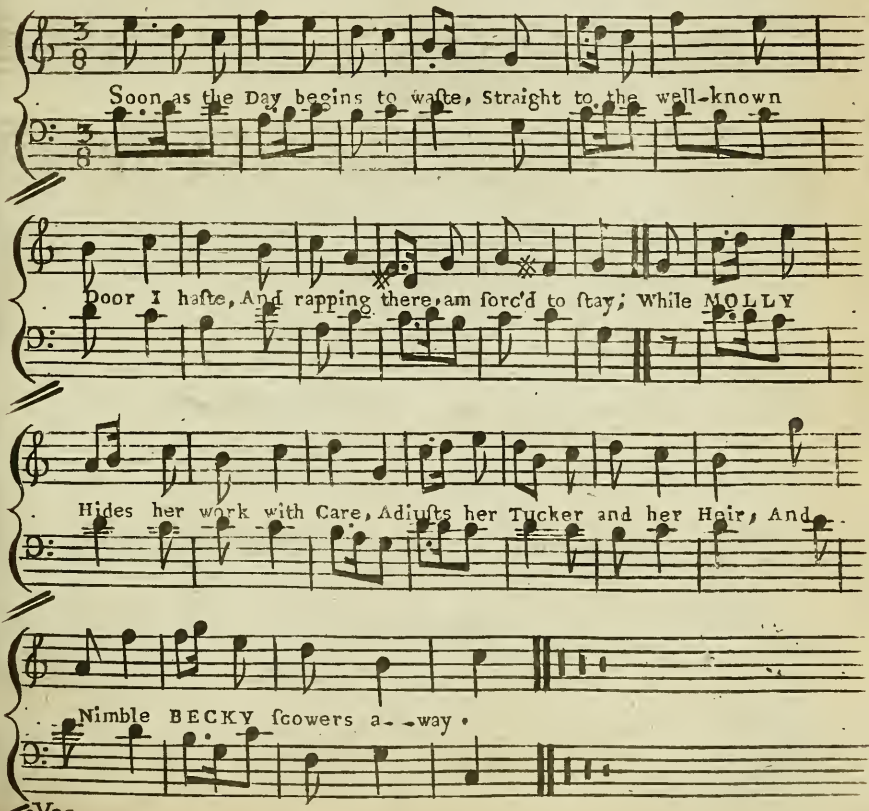
No I thank'em, I would not, to add to my Store,
  My Peace and my Freedom reſign:
For who, for the ſake of poſſeſſing the Ore
  Would be ſentenc'd to dig in the Mine?

FLUTE



The CONSTANT SWAIN And VIRTUOUS MAID.

Set by Mr. I SHEELES.



N. B. The Second Part of this tune is Baſs to the firſt,
And the Firſt Part is Baſs to the Second.

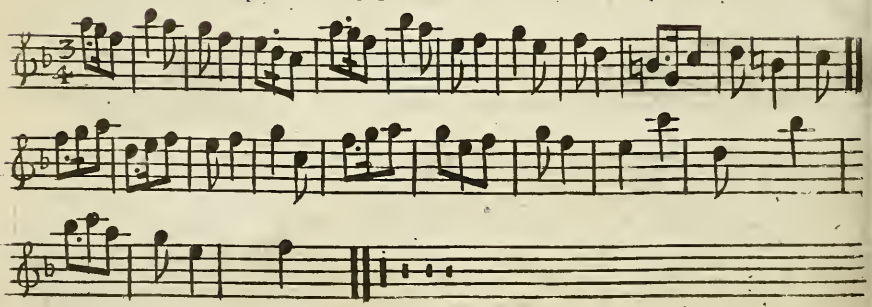
Ent'ring, I ſee in MOLLY'S Eyes
A ſudden ſmiling Joy ariſe,
As quickly check'd by Virgin Shame:
She drops a Curt'ſey, ſteals a Glance,
Receives a Kiſs, one ſtep advance;
If ſuch I Love, am I to blame?

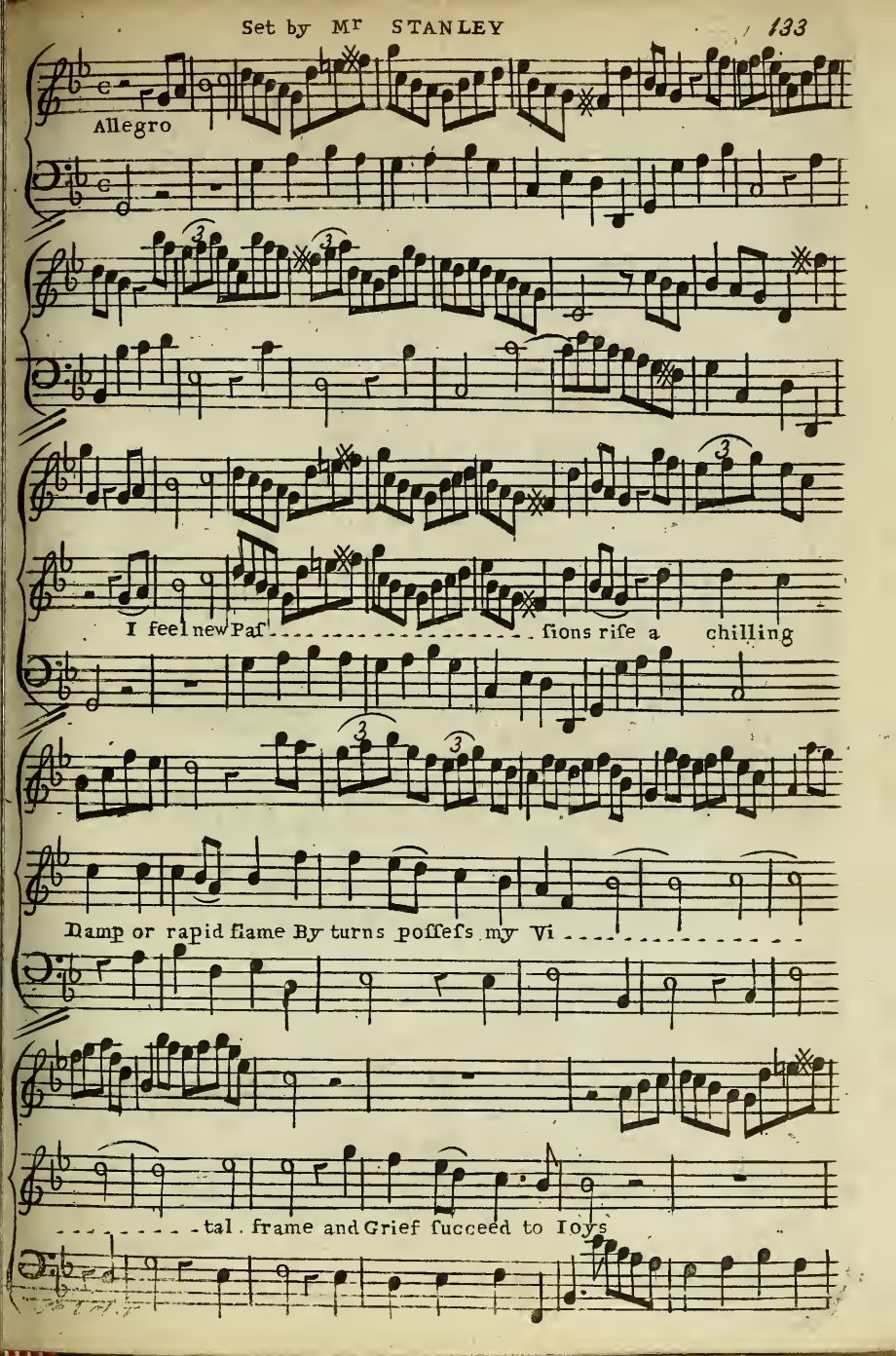
I ſit and talk of twenty Things,
Of South-Sea Stock, or Deaths of Kings,
While only YES, or No crys MOLLY:
As cautious ſhe conceals her Thoughts,
As others do their private Faults,
Is this her Prudence or her Folly?

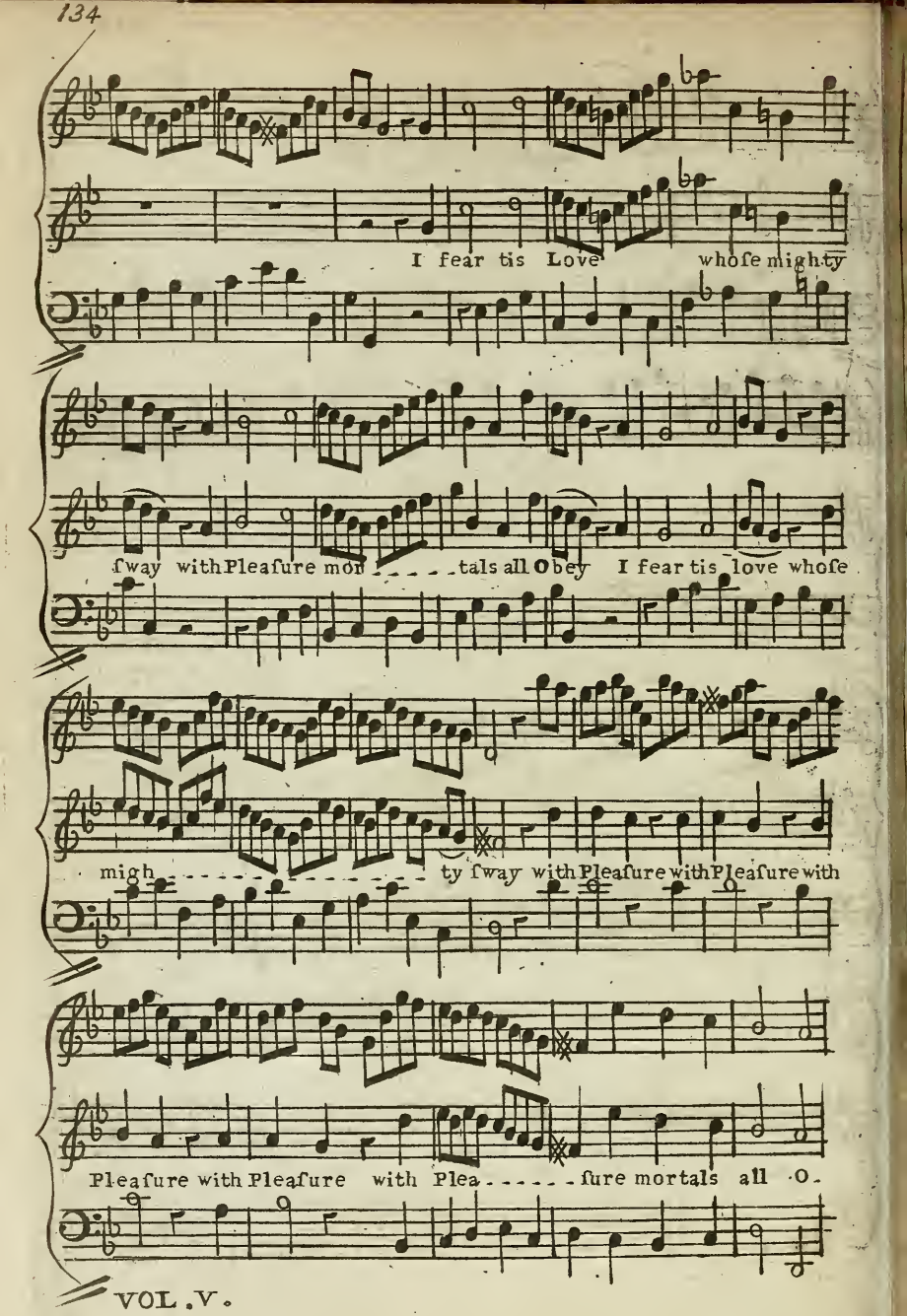
Parting, I Kiſs her Lip and Cheek,
I hang about her ſhowy Neck,
And ſay, Farewel, my deareſt MOLLY:
Yet ſtill I hang and ſtill I Kiſs;
Ye learned Sages, ſay, Is this
In me th'Effect of Love, or Folly?

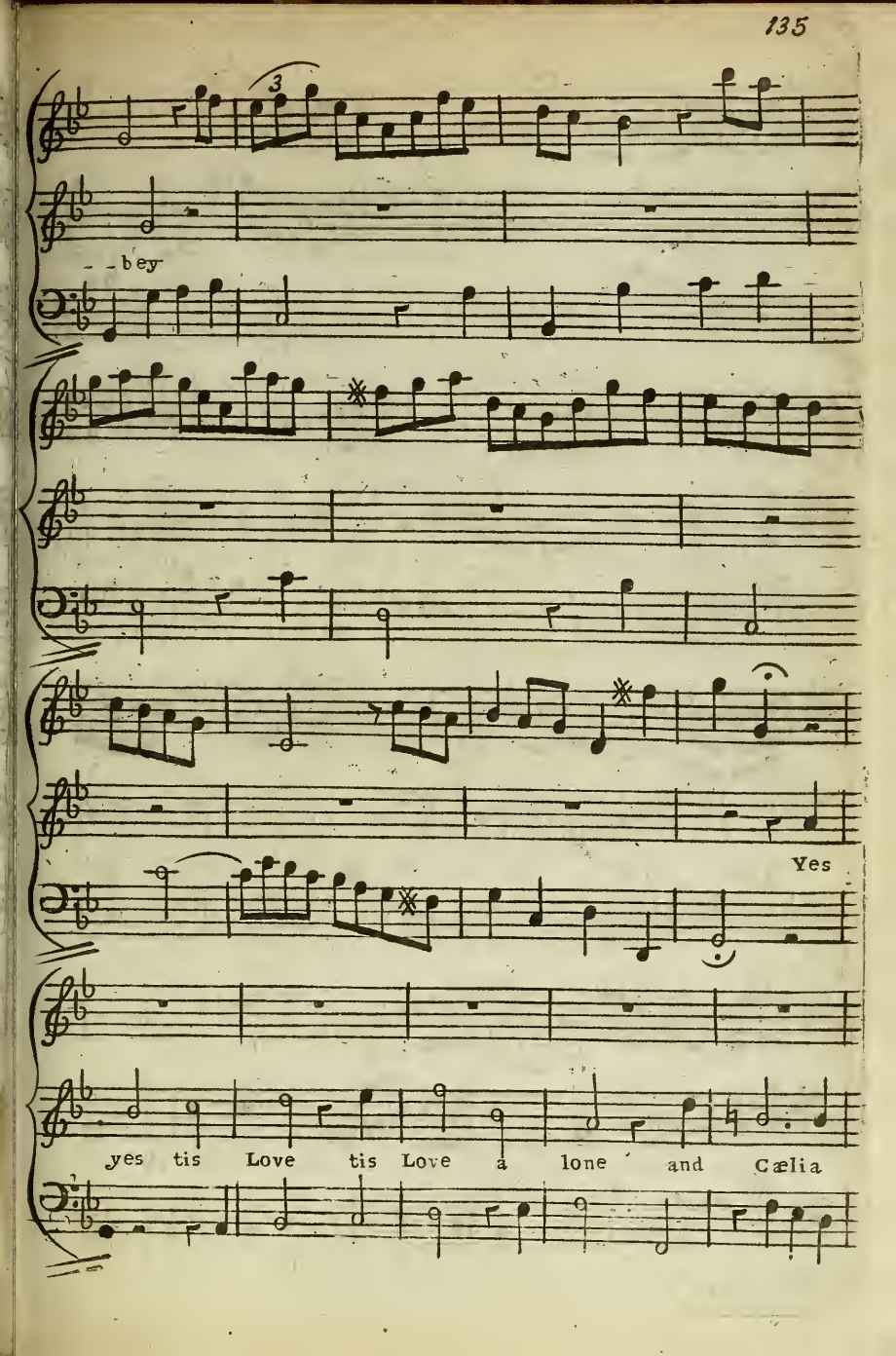
No: Both by ſober Reaſon move,
She Prudence ſhews, and I true Love:
No Charge of Folly can be laid:
Then, 'till the Marriage-Rites proclaim'd
Shall joyn our Hands, let us be nam'd,
The Conſtant Swain, and Virtuous Maid.

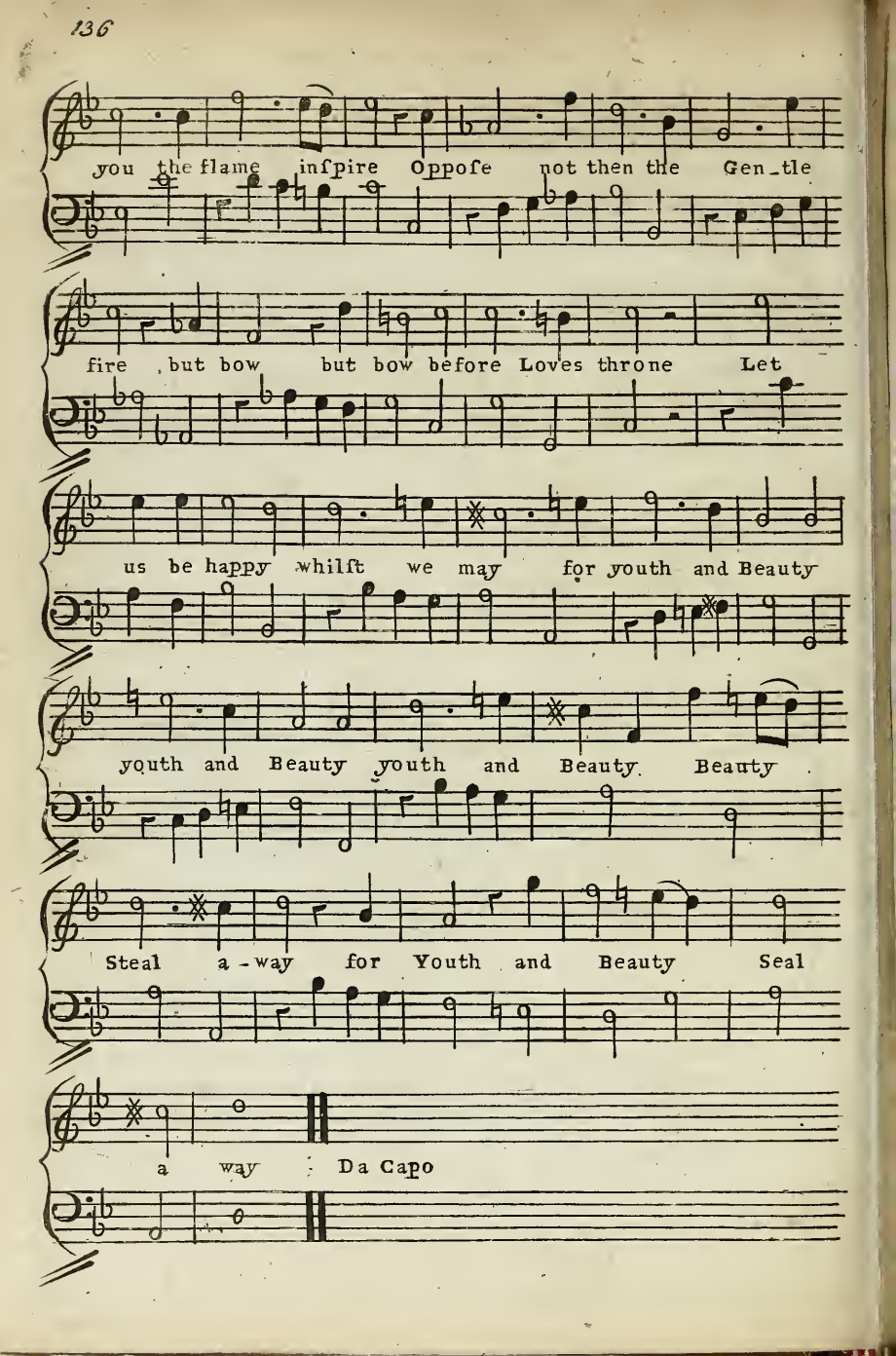
FLUTE

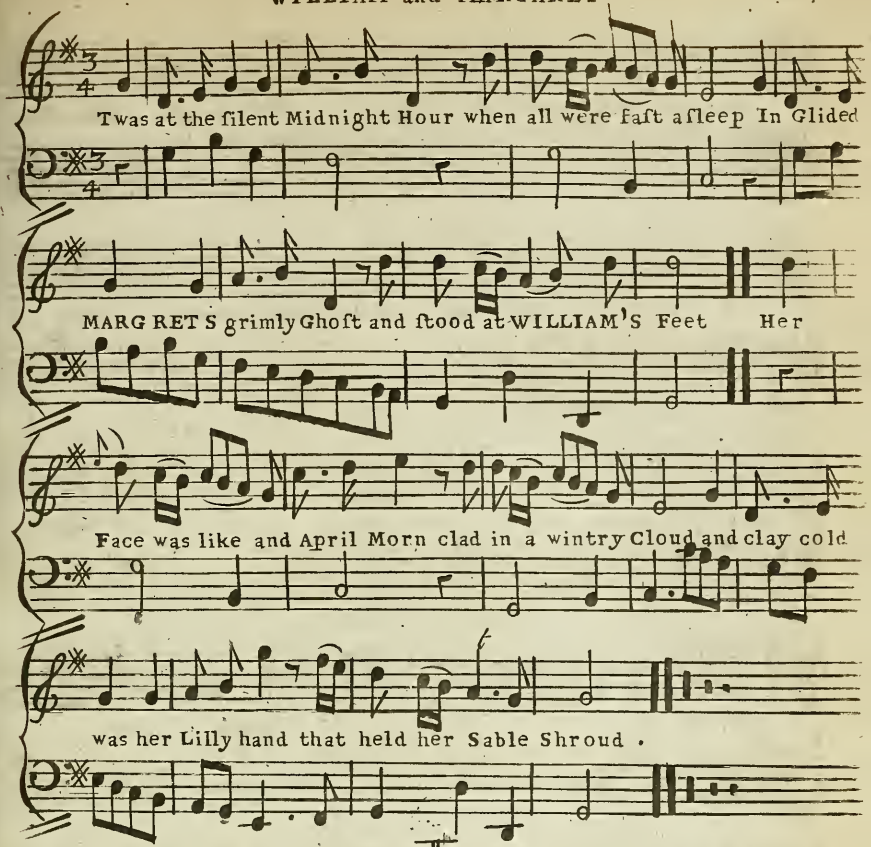



Allegro
I feel new Paſ . . . . . fions riſe a chilling
Damp or rapid flame By turns poſſeſs my Vi . . . . . .
. . . . . tal . frame and Grief ſucceed to Ioys


I fear tis Love whose mighty
ſway with Pleaſure mon - - - - - tals all O bey I fear tis love whose
migh - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ty ſway with Pleaſure with Pleaſure with
Pleaſure with Pleaſure with Plea - - - - - - ſure mortals all O.


3
bey
Yes
yes tis Love tis Love a lone and Cælia


you the flame inſpire Oppoſe not then the Gen_tle
fire but bow but bow before Loves throne Let
us be happy whilſt we may for youth and Beauty
youth and Beauty youth and Beauty Beauty
Steal a-way for Youth and Beauty Seal
a way Da Capo



Her Face was like An April Morn
Clad in a Wintry Cloud
And clay cold was her lilly Hand
That held her ſable Shroud.

So ſhall the faireſt Face appear
When Youth and Years are flown:
Such is the Robe ye Kings muſt wear
When Death has reft their Crown.

Her Bloom was like the ſpringing Flower
That ſips the ſilver Dew
The Roſe was Budded in her Cheek
Juſt opening to the View.

But love had like the Canker Worm
Conſum'd her early Prime
The Roſe grew pale and left her Cheek
She dy'd before her Time.

Awake. ſhe cry'd thy true Love calls
Come from her midnight Grave
Now let thy Pity hear the Maid
Thy Love refuſ'd to ſave.

This is the dumb and dreary Hour,
When injur'd Ghosts complain,
When yawning Graves give up their Dead,
To Haunt the faithless Man.

Bethink thee, WILLIAM, of thy Fault,
Thy Pledge, and broken Oath:
And give me back my Maiden Vow,
And give me back my Troth.

Why did you promise Love to me,
And not that Promise keep.
Why did you swear my Eyes were Bright,
Yet leave those Eyes to weep.

How could you say my Face was fair,
And yet that Face forsake,
How could you win my Virgin Heart,
Yet leave that Heart to Break

Why did you say my Lip was sweet,
And made the Scarlet pale
And why did I, young witless Maid,
Belive the flattering Tale.

That Face, alass! no more is fair,
Those Lips no longer red:
Dark are my Eyes, now clos'd in Death
And every Charm is fled.

The hungry Worm my Sister is
This Winding-Sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our Night,
'Till that last Morn appear.

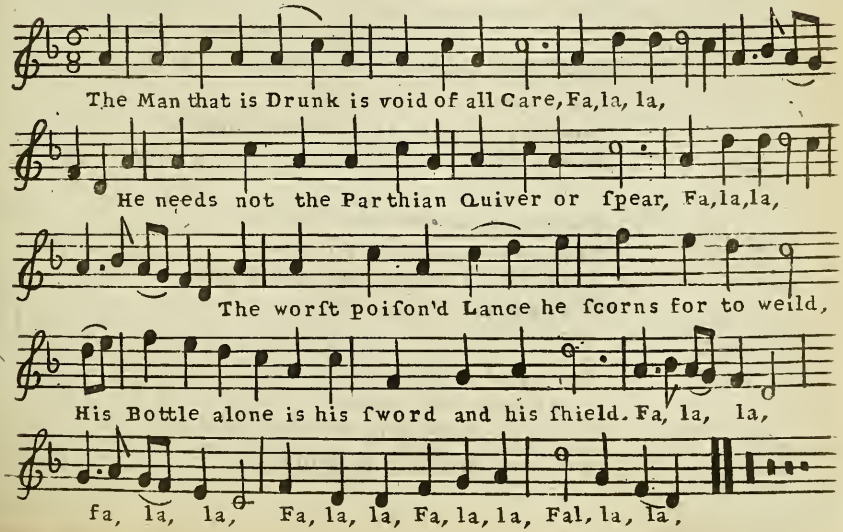
But hark! - the Cock has warn'd me hence:
A long and last Adieu!
Come, see, false Man, how low she lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

The Lark ſung loud, the Morning ſmild,
And raiſ'd her Gliſtering Head:
Pale WILLIAM quak'd in every Limb,
And raving left his Bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place
Where MARGARET'S Body lay
And ſtretch'd him on the graſs-green Turf,
That wrapt her Breathleſs Clay.

And thrice he call'd on MARGARET'S Name,
And thrice he wept full ſore,
Then laid his Cheek to her cold Grave,
And Word ſpoke never more.

The Delighted Toper



Undaunted he goes amongſt Bullys and Whores
Demoliſhes Windows and breaks open Doors
He ſtroles all the Night and in Fear of no Evil
He boldly defies either Procter or Devil

Come place me you DEITIES under the Line
Ware there never a Tree nor ought but a Vine
Yet there would I chooſe to ſwelter and ſweat
Without eer a Rag on to fence off the Heat

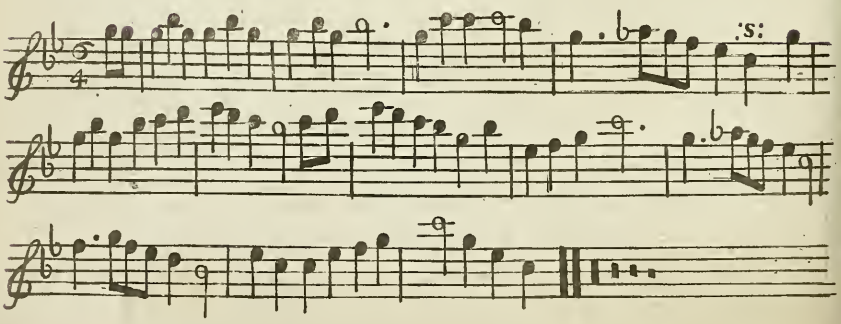
Or place me where ſunſhine is ne'er to be found
Where the Earth is with Winter eternally bound
Yet there would I nought but my Bottle require
My Bottle alone will fill me with Fire.

My TUTOR he jobs me and lays me down Rules
Who minds them but dull Philoſophical Fools
For when we are grown old and can no more drink
Tis Time enough for us to ſet down and think.

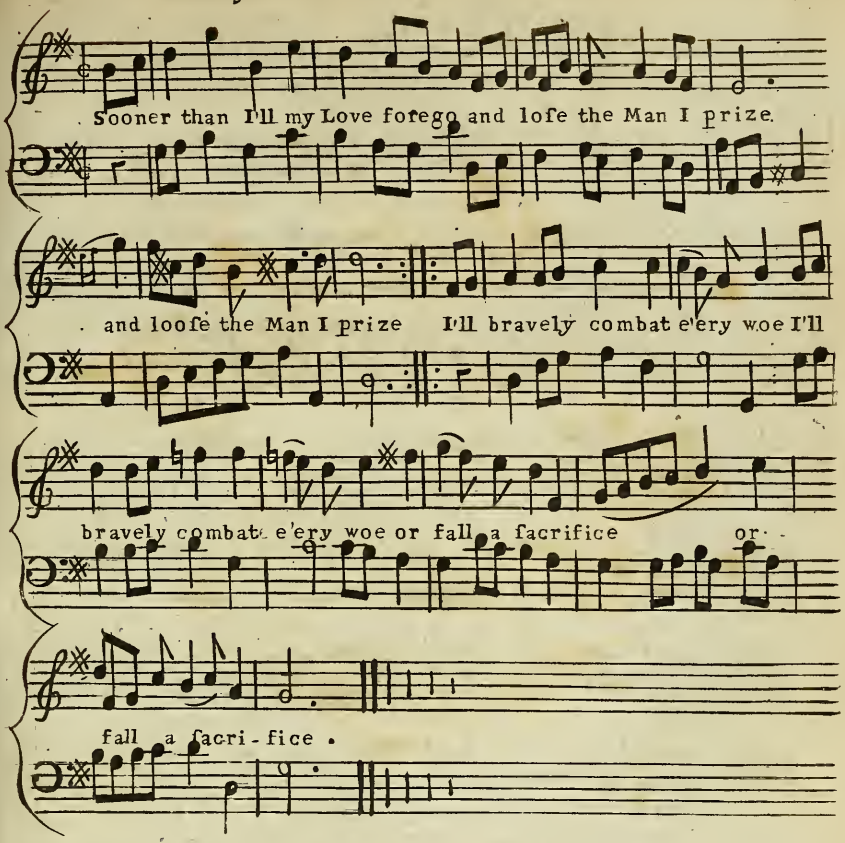
Twas thus ALEXANDER was tutor'd in Vain
And call'd ARISTOTLE a fool for his Pains
By drinking alone he got his Renown
And when he was drunk the World was his own.

This World is a Tavern with Liquor well ſtor'd
And in it I came to be drunk as a Lord
My Life is the Reckoning which I'll freely pay
Then dead Drunk at laſt I'll be carry'd away.

FLUTE



A SONG by Mr CAREY

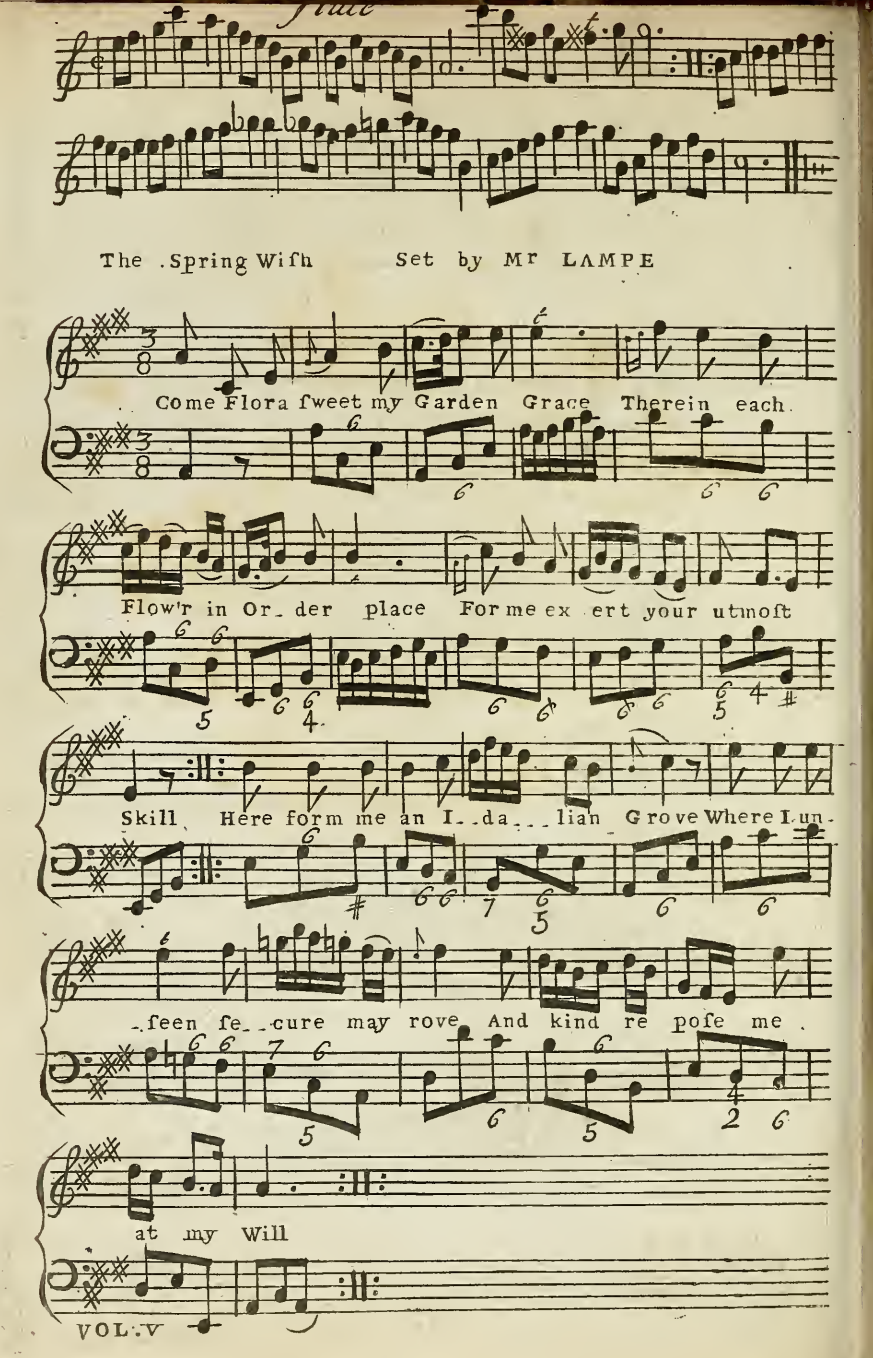


NB. the lines that have this Mark ·S. are Sung twice over

Nor bolts nor bars ſhall me controul
I Death and danger dare ·S.
Reſtraint but fires the Active Soul ·S.
And urges fierce deſpair S

The window now ſhall be my gate
I'll either fall or fly ·S.
Before I'll live with him I hate ·S.

VOL.V. For him I Love I'll die ·S.

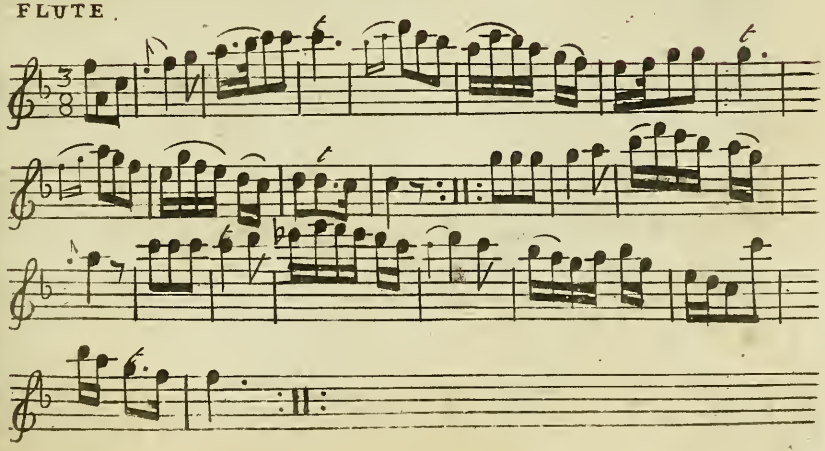

Flute
The Spring Wish Set by Mr LAMPE
Come Flora sweet my Garden Grace Therein each
Flow'r in Or_der place For me ex ert your utmost
Skill Here form me an I_da_lian Grove Where Lun-
_feen se_cure may rove And kind re pose me
at my Will
VOL. V

In midſt of it a Fountain place
And with Iunquills the Margin grace
Whoſe Golden hue denote the Spring
And let aWood this Bank ſurround
Winding in Mazy Circles round
Where Choriſters do ſweetly ſing

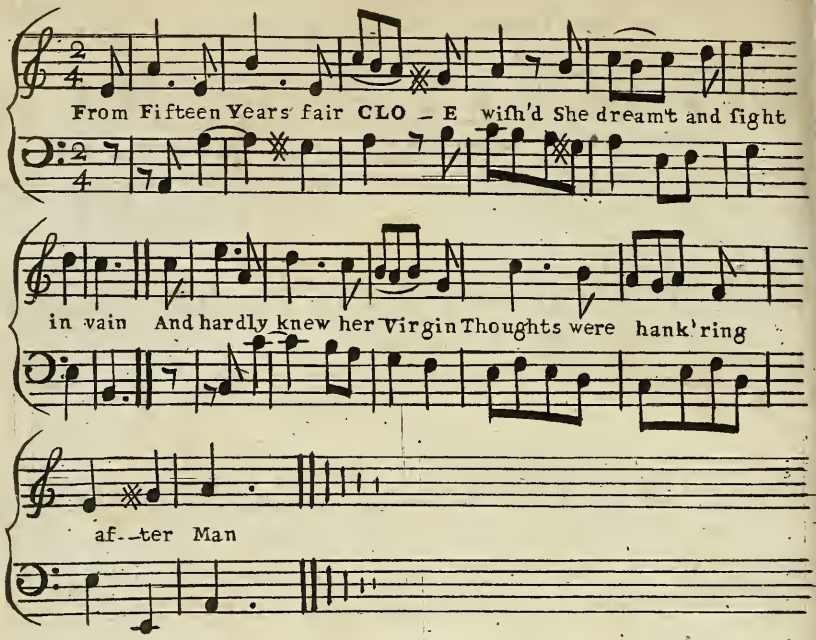
Without the Wood let there be ſeen
Gay Tulips ſtreak'd with Verdant Green
Iris and ſilver Daffodils
And let the fine Hungarian Roſe
And Williams ſweet a Bed compoſe
Which oft the Lawn with Odour fills

And let all theſe for Beauty fam'd
And many more as yet unnam'd
For me delicious Walks deſcloſe
With Pleaſure there my Mind I'll fill
And ſweetly then my ſelf I will
Upon the Fountain Bank repoſe.

FLUTE



The OXFORDSHIRE MATCH.



Twas long before the harmless Maid
Guess'd whence her Passion grew
But when she had her self survey'd
The Secret Cause she knew.

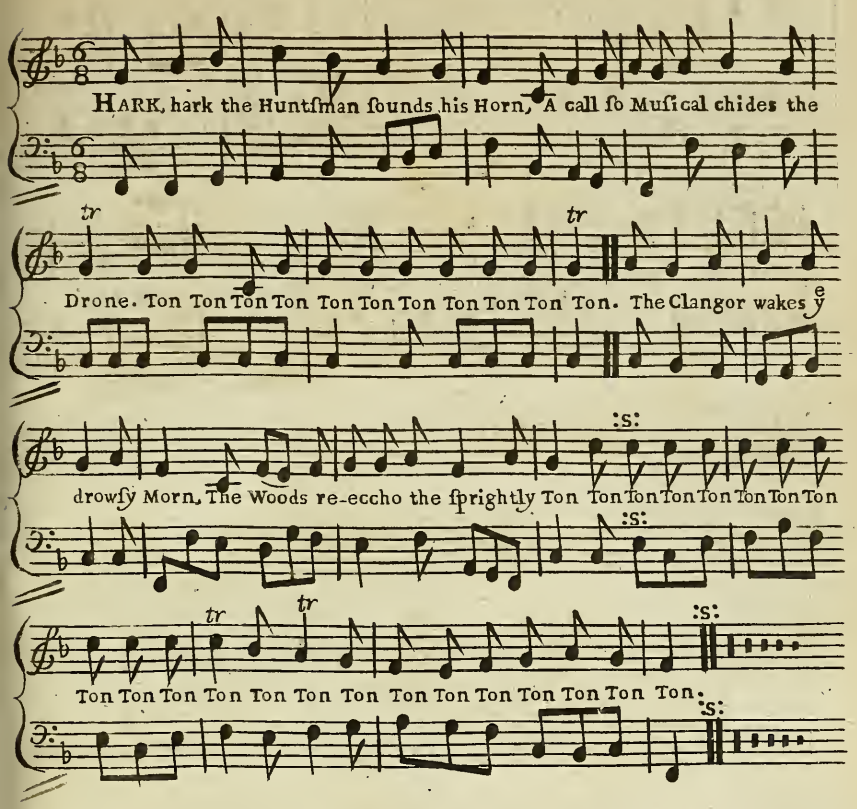
To Love she thus her self address'd
And humbly Begg'd his Aid
He Kindly lent a lift'ning Ear
While thus the Prostrate said:

Grant me great IOVE a Husband Rich
Gay Vigours Kind and Young
A Churchman hot-a Tory true
And to his Party strong.

No Grudge the God Bore to the Maid
He therefore thus did grant
Be match'd for Life to an old Whigg
Of Merit and of Want.

Enrag'd the Nymph to VENUS fled
Who ear'd the Devotee
And yoak'd her to a jolly Swain
From Want and Party free.

The Hunting Song in Apollo and Daphne.



The loud tongu'd cry the Concert fill,
Our Steeds with neighing ſalute ye Dawn,
We mount, and now we climb the Hill,
Then ſwift deſcending we ſweep ye Lawn.

The diſtant Stagg our accents hears,
Our accents fatal to him alone,
He rouzing ſtarts, and wing'd with fears,
Forſakes the Thicket to ſeek the Down.

Allthoʼ DIANA claims the Field,
The Woods and Foreſts thoʼ all her own,
The Groves to VENUS let her yield,
Where we may follow her ſportive Son.

What Joy to trace the blooming Laſs,
Throʼ darkſome Grotto's with Moſs oʼergrown,
What Harmony can ours ſurpaſs,
When joining Chorus with Dove like moan.

In various ſports the Day thus ſpent,
Fatigu'd with Pleaſures, when Night comes on,
Our Limbs thoʼ tir'd, our hearts content,
With Wine regaling all Cares we drown.

The end of the Fifth Volume.

The British Musical Miscellany: or the Delightful Grove:

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

VOL. VI.

Engraven in a fair Character & Carefully Corrected.

A. Wright Dundee 1853

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

A

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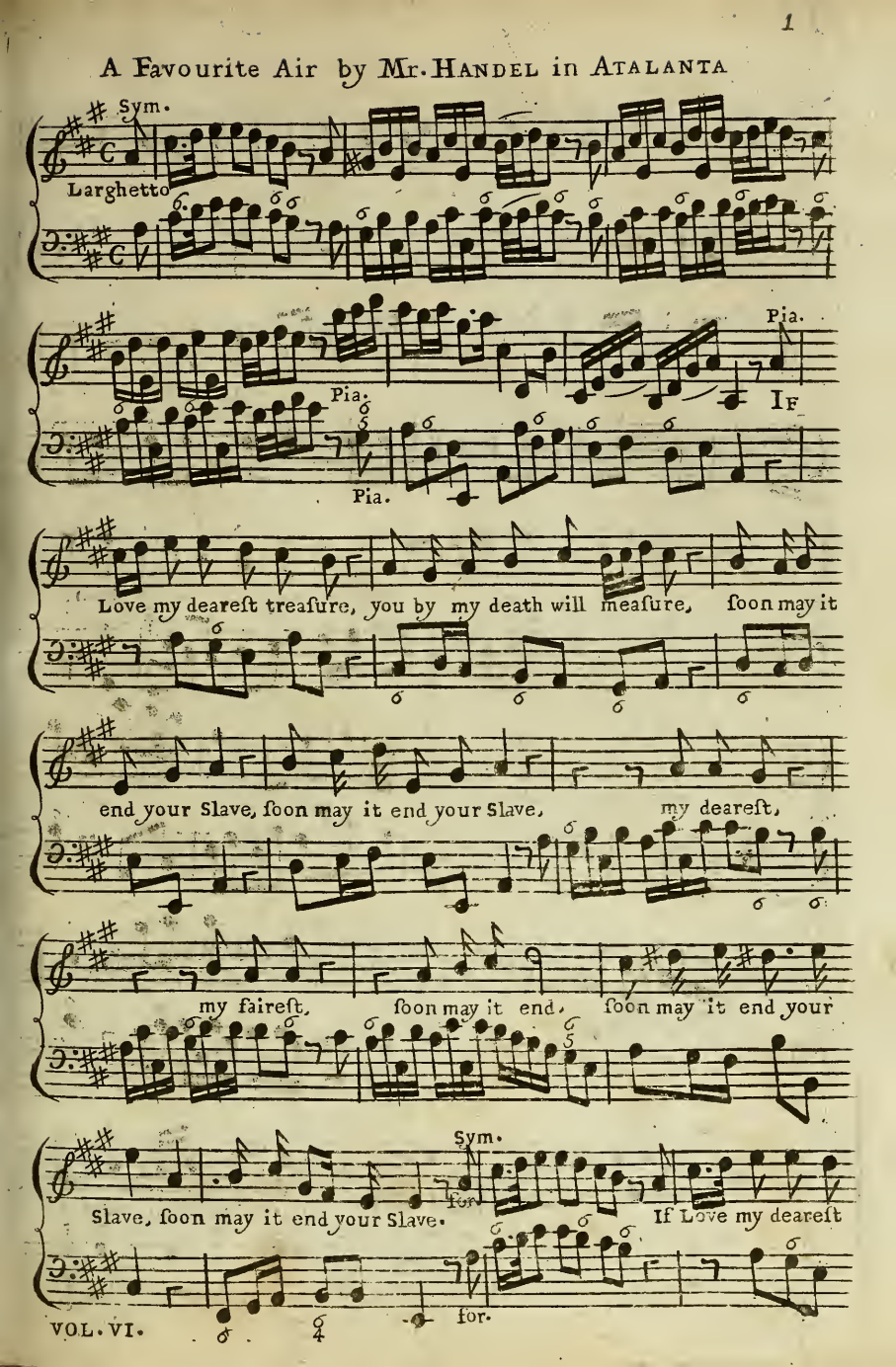
A Favourite Air by Mr. Handel in Atalanta



treasure, you by my death will measure, soon may it end your Slave. If

Love my dearest treasure, you by my death will measure, you

by my death will measure, soon may it end your Slave. soon,

Sym.

soon may it end your Slave. for.

for.

But think when we're a-

part, your rigour was the Dart, that pierc'd my faithful heart, and sent

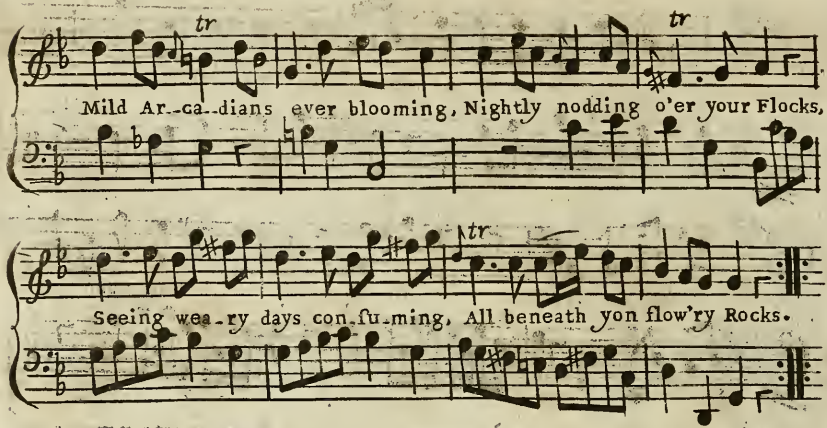
it to the Grave, your ri--gour, your rigour was y

Dart, that pierc'd my faithful heart, and sent it to the Grave.

The Unhappy Lover

FLUTT'RING, spread thy purple Pinions, Gentle CUPID, o'er my Heart:

I, a Slave in thy Dominions, Nature must give way to Art.



Thus, the Cyprian Goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd ADONIS Darling Youth;
Him, the Boar, in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.
CYNTHIA, tune harmonious Numbers,
Fair Diſcretion ſtring thy Lyre,
Sooth my ever waking ſlumbers,
Bright APOLLO lend thy Choir.

Gloomy PLUTO, King of terrors,
Arm'd in Adamantine Chains;
Lead me to the Chryſtal Mirrors,
Watring ſoft Elyſian Plains.
Mournful Cypreſs, verdant willow,
Gilding my AURELIA's brow:
MORPHEUS hov'ring o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying Vow.

Melancholly ſooth MEANDER,
Swiftly purling in a Round,
On thy Margin, Lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry Chapletts Crown'd.
Thus, when PHILLOMELLA drooping,
Softly ſeeks ſome ſilent Mate;
See the Bird of JUNO hooping,
Melody reſigns to Fate.

The Bonny Seaman

Andante.

Fair SALLY lov'd a Bonny Seaman, With tears ſhe ſent him out to Roam: Young THOMAS lov'd no other Woman, But left his Heart with her at home. She view'd the Sea from off the Hill, And as ſhe turn'd the Spinning Wheel, Sung of her Bonny Seaman.

The Winds blew loud and ſhe grew paler,
To ſee the Weather cock turn round:
When lo! ſhe ſpy'd her bonny Sailor,
Come whiſtling o'er the fallow Ground;
With nimble haſte he leapt the Stile,
And SALLY met him with a ſmile,
And hugg'd her bonny Sailor.

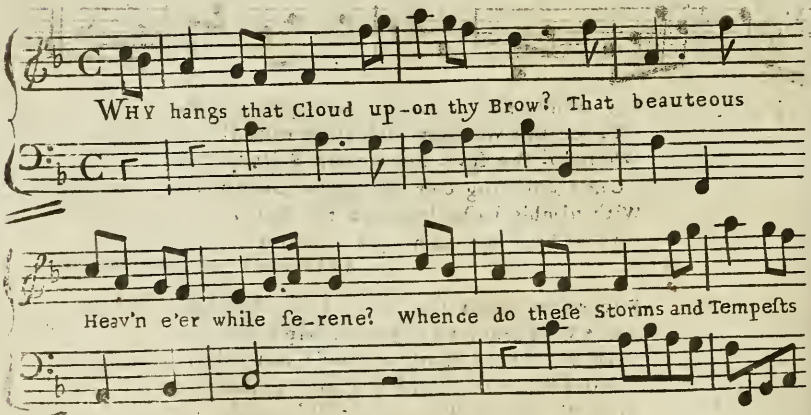
Faſt round the waſte he took his SALLY,
But firſt around his mouth wip'd he.
Like home bred ſpark he cou'd not dally,
But preſs'd and kiſs'd her with a Glee.
Thro' Winds and Waves and daſhing rain,
Cry'd he, thy TOM's return'd again,
And brings a Heart for SALLY.

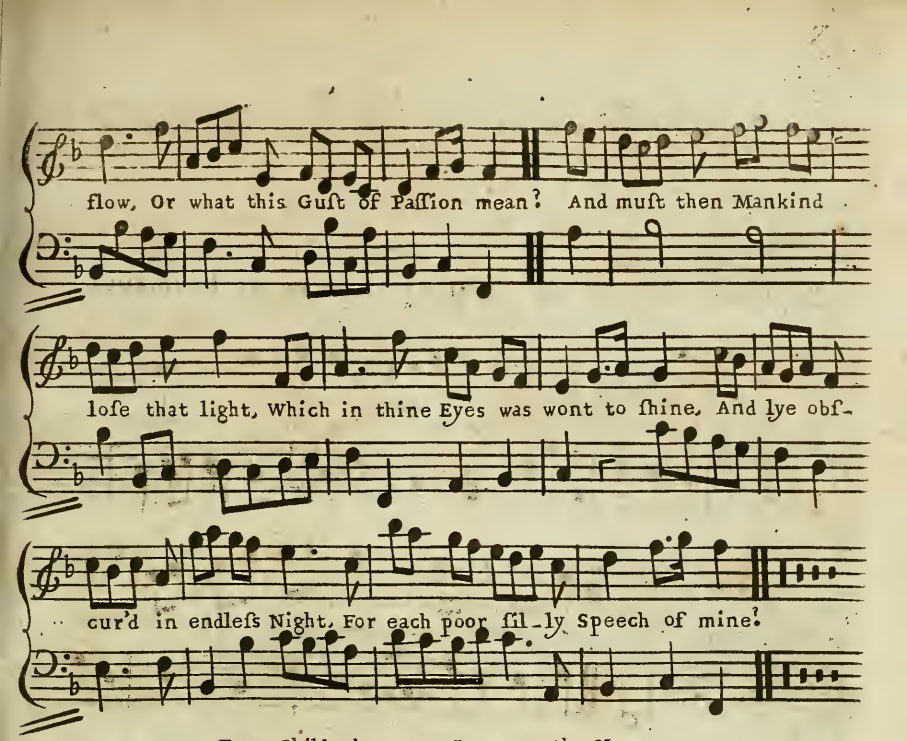
Welcome, ſhe cry'd, my conſtant THOMAS,
Tho' out of ſight, ne'er out of mind:
Our hearts, tho' Seas have parted from us,
Yet they my thoughts did leave behind:
So much my thoughts took TOMMY's part,
That Time nor Abſence from my heart
Cou'd drive my Bonny THOMAS.

This Knife, the Gift of lovely SALLY,
I ſtill have kept for her dear ſake;
A thouſand times in am'rous folly,
Thy Name I've carv'd upon the Deck.
Again this happy pledge returns,
To tell how truly THOMAS burns,
How truly burns for SALLY.

This Thimble didſt thou give to SALLY,
Whilſt this I ſee, I think of you;
Then why does TOM ſtand ſhill-I-ſhall-I,
While yonder Steeple is in view.
TOM never to occaſion blind,
Now took her in the coming Mind,
And went to Church with SALLY

Hallow E'en.





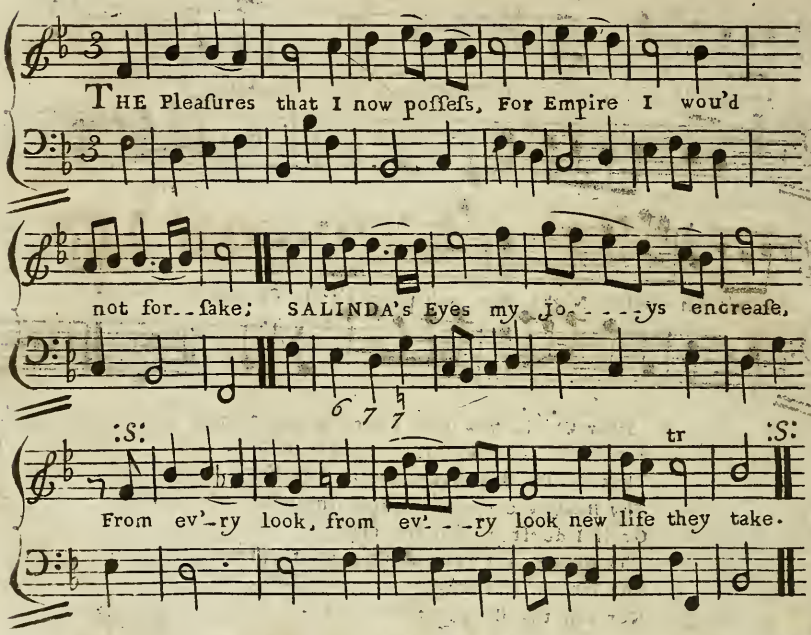
Dear Child, how can I wrong thy Name,
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,
That could ill Tongues abuſe thy Fame,
Thy Beauty can make large Amends:
Or if I durſt profanely try,
Thy Beauty's powerful Charms t'upbraid,
Thy Virtue well might give the Lye,
Nor call thy Beauty to its Aid.

For VENUS every Heart t'enſnare,
With all her Charms has deckt thy Face;
And PALLAS with unuſual Care,
Bids Wiſdom heighten every Grace.
Who can the double pain endure?
Or who muſt not reſign the Field
To thee, celeſtial Maid, ſecure
With CUPID's Bow and PALLAS' Shield?

If then to thee ſuch Power is given,
Let not a Wretch in Torment live,
But ſmile, and learn to copy Heaven,
Since we muſt ſin e er it forgive.

Yet pitying Heaven not only does
Forgive th'Offender and th'Offence,
But ev'n itſelf appeas'd beſtows,
As the Reward of Penitence.

The Constant Lover A Ballad Set by Mr Leveridge

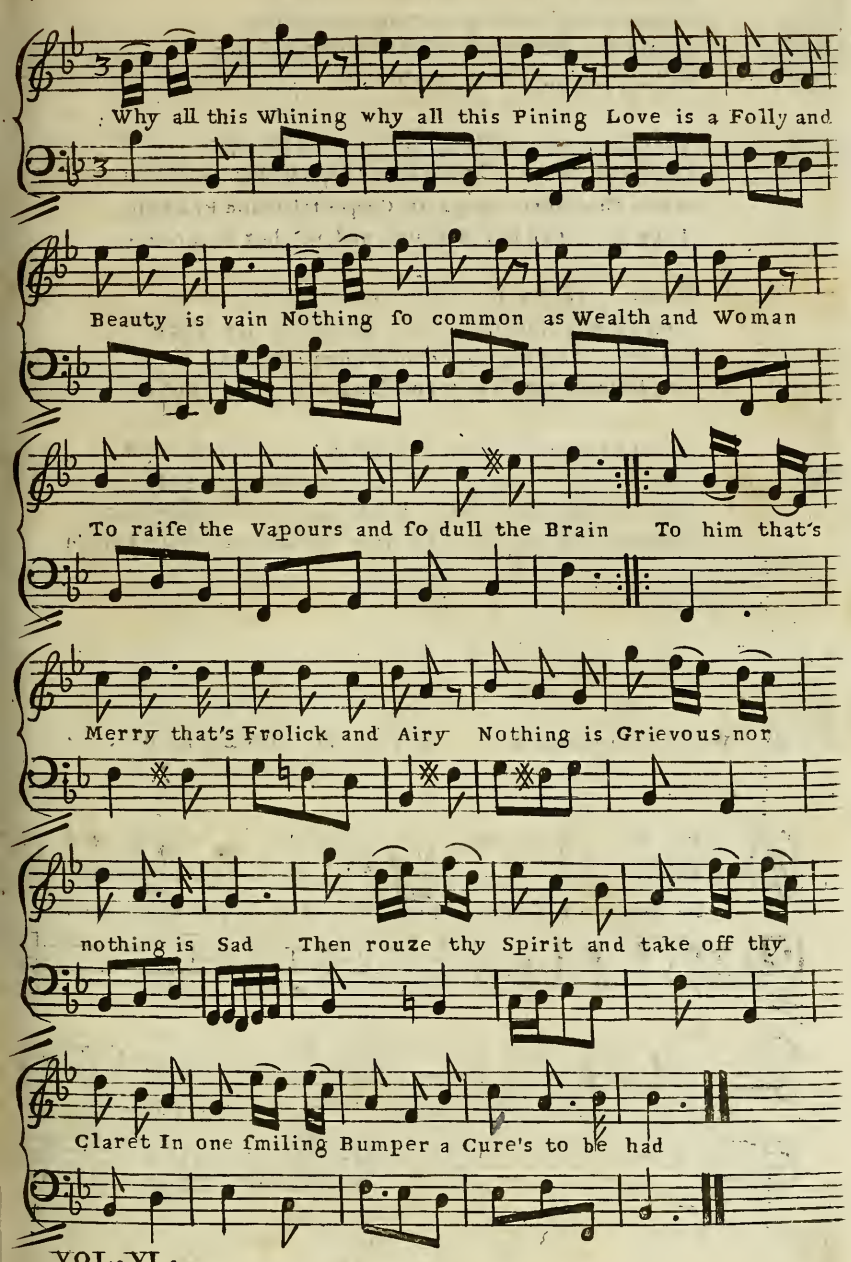


Her Beauty, like an April Sun,
Makes Love ſpring up in ev'ry part:
The Conqueſt that her Charms begun,
Her Wit has rooted in my Heart.

While her ſoft ſmiles forbid deſpair,
No reſtleſs thoughts torment my mind,
For INDIA nor BOMBEY repair,
But how to make her yet more kind.

The greateſt Hero owes that Name
To Slaves, who have his Laurel's won;
I chuſe yet a nobler Fame,
To live or dye for her alone.

GOOD ADVICE.


Why all this Whining why all this Pining Love is a Folly and
Beauty is vain Nothing fo common as Wealth and Woman
To raife the Vapours and fo dull the Brain To him that's
Merry that's Frolick and Airy Nothing is Grievous nor
nothing is Sad Then rouze thy Spirit and take off thy
Claret In one fmiling Bumper a Cure's to be had

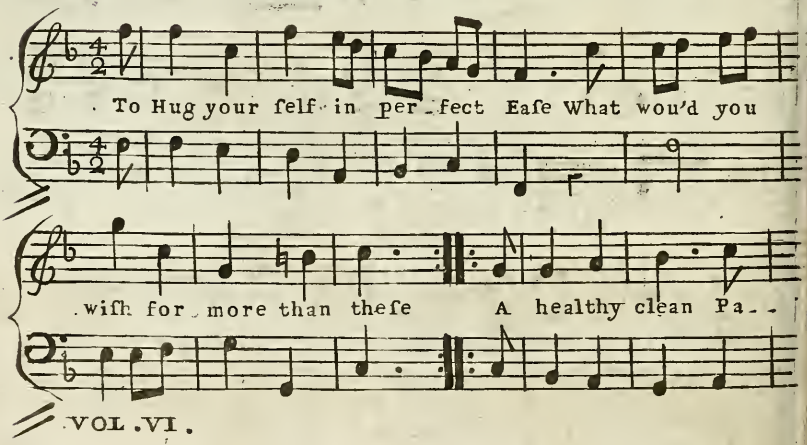
If CLOE fly thee and ſtill deny thee
Never look ſneaking nor never repine:
If tis her Faſhion to ſlight your Paſsion
Then ſeem moſt eaſy and deny her thine.

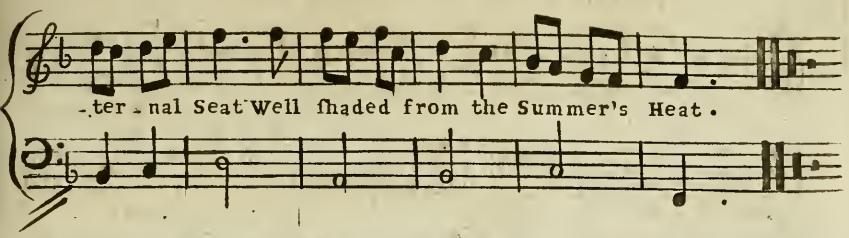
Yet ſlily wooe her and cloſely Purſue her
Or ſhe ll prove a Tyrant and laugh thee to ſcorn
When ſhe ſeems Waggiſh Coquettiſh and Prudiſh
Then give her her Humour and let her be gone.

When next you meet her again intreat her
And if you find ſtill ſhe d make you her Tool
Ne'er let it vex you or once perplex you
She ll ſoon repent it and find who's the Fool.

Then to requite her deſpiſe her and ſlight her
And what you commended as much Diſcommend:
But if Love grive thee and ſtill will not leave thee
Then e'en love thy Self firſt and next love thy Friend

The Way to Content. Set by Mr DIEUPART.





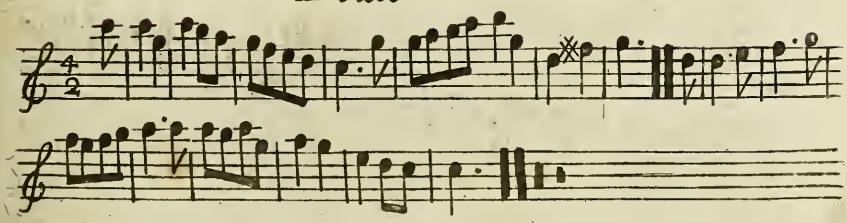
A little Parlour Stove to hold
A Conſtant Fire from Winter's Cold
Where you may Sit and Think and Sing
Far off from Court God Bleſs the King

Safe from the Harpies of the Law
From Party Rage and Great Man's Paw
Have choice few Friends of your own Taſte
A Wife Agreeable and Chaſte.

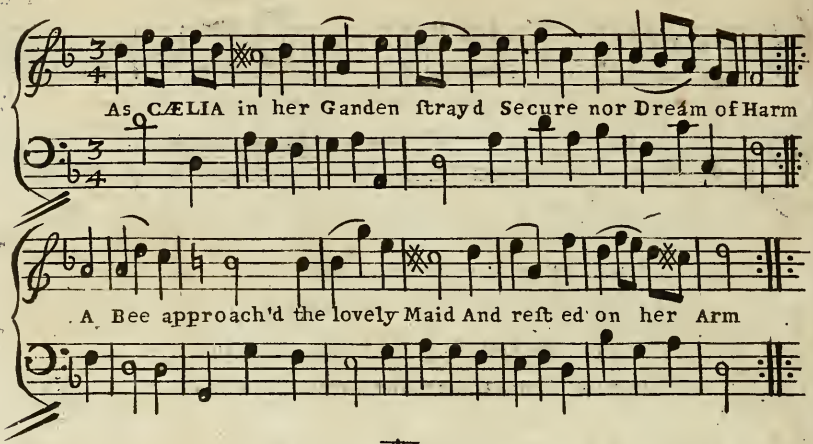
An open but yet cautious Mind
Where guilty Cares no Entrance find
Nor Miſers Fears nor Envy s Spight
To break the Sabbaoth of the Night

Plain Equipage and temp rate Meals
Few Taylor's and no Doctor's Bills
Content to take as Heav'n ſhall pleaſe
A longer or a ſhorter Leaſe.

Flute



On a LADY ſtung by a Bee . Set by Mr VINCENT .



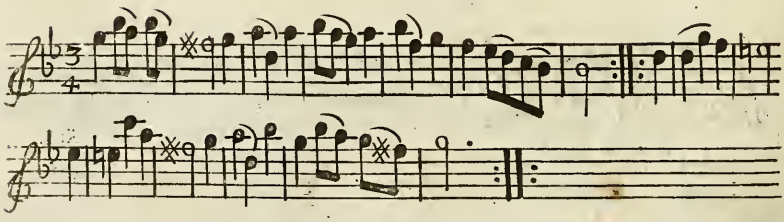
The Curious Infect thither flew
To taſte the tempting Bloom
But with a Thouſand Sweets in view
In found a ſudden Doom .

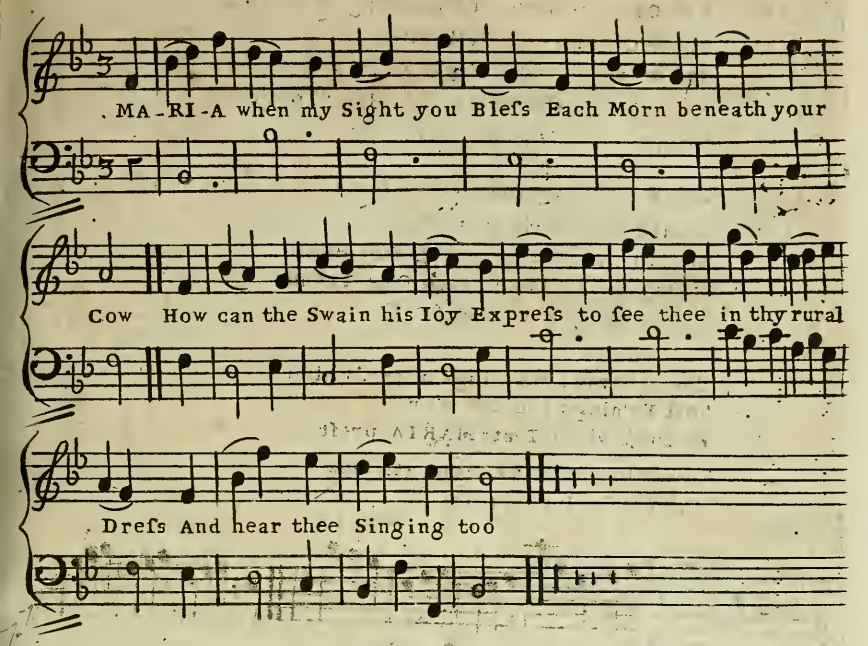
Her nimble Hand of Life bereay'd
The daring little Thing
But firſt the ſnowy Arm receiy'd
And felt the painful Sting .

Once only cou'd that Sting ſurprize
Once be iniurious found:
Not ſo the Darts of CÆLIA'S Eyes
They never ceaſe to Wound .

Oh . woud the ſhort liv'd burning Smart
The Nymph to pity move
And teach her to regard the Heart
She fires with endleſs Love.

FLUTE





Thy Milk white Waistcoat free from Stain
Denotes thy purer Thought
As clear from falshood as Disdain
And in thy soft and chearful Strain
My Cares are all forgot.

Thy Breath excels the Breath of Morn
More fragrant than the Hay
Or Flow'rs tho in thy Bosom worn
Or Clover Grass or green ear d Corn
Or Cows more sweet than they

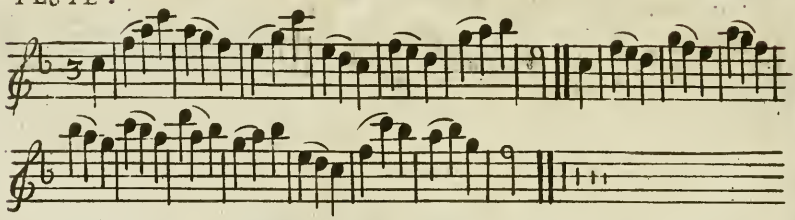
Thy modest Cheeks out blush the Rose
Whilst I thy Charms recite
Thy Lips are Cherries Eyes are Sloes
And thy engaging Smiles disclose
Two Rows of Ivory white

But Oh the Burden of my Song
Thoſe Charms may fall a Prey
And be commanded right or wrong
By ſome dull Clown whoſe vulgar Tongue
Can neither Sing nor ſay.

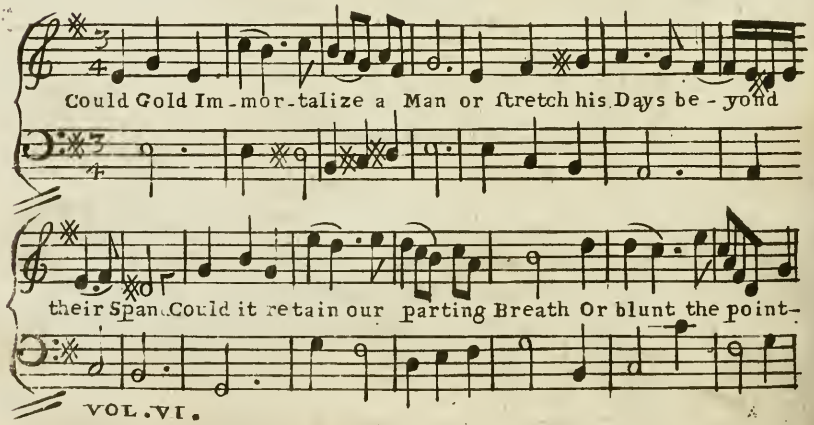
The Vi let thus that in the Mead
Regal'd our Smell alas
No more muſt rear its bloomy Head
Stamp'd in by ſome black Oxs Tread
Or chew'd with common Graſs.

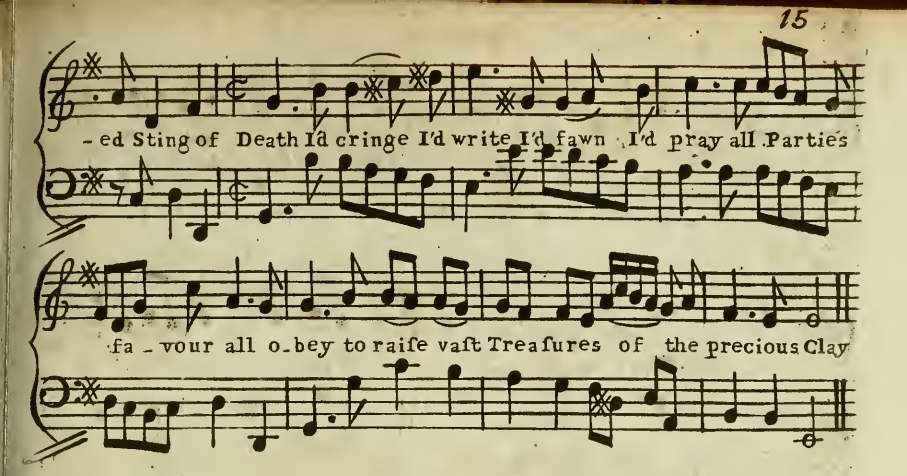
The chearful Mornings once ſo bleſt
Soft Ev'nings too are o'er
Ye Cow's whoſe Teats MARIA preſt
Farewel my Pipe has done its beſt
MARIA ſmiles no more.

FLUTE.



The VANITY of RICHES

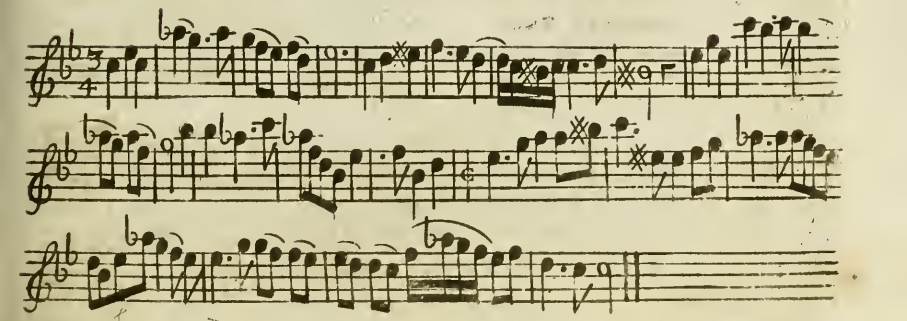




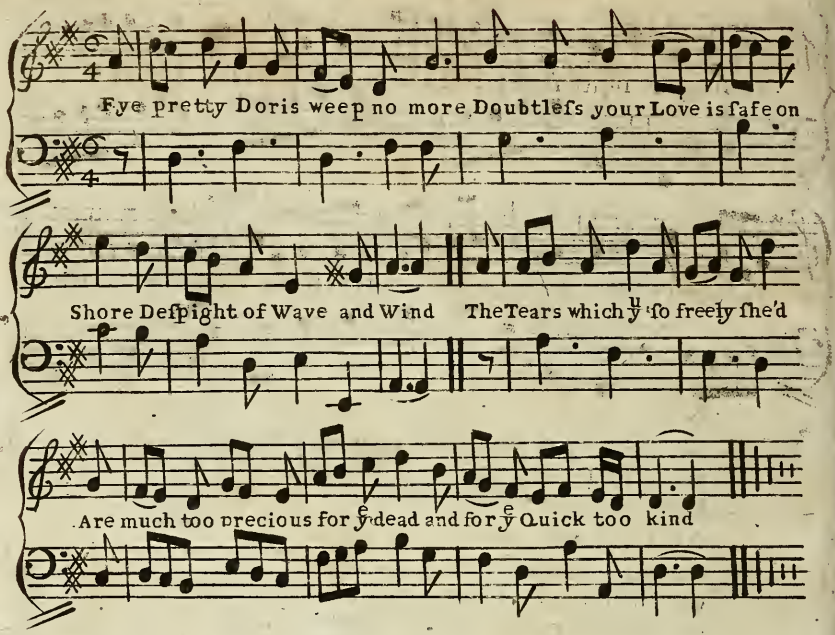
But ſince theſe Toys theſe glitt'ring Baits
Theſe little Arts theſe hateful Cheats
Since all their Stores will nought avail
When drooping Nature once does fail
Why all this Clutter why this Pain
Why all this Sweating ſtill in vain
For great Preferments and a gaudy Train

Death makes the Bays the Robes the Gown
To lay their fading Honours down
Nor can their Bribes make him relent
Or their impending Fate prevent:
Then ſince theſe mighty Men and I
The Rich the Poor and all muſt die
Why ſhould I heap up Wealth O tell me Why

FLUTE



To the Diſconſolate DORIS.

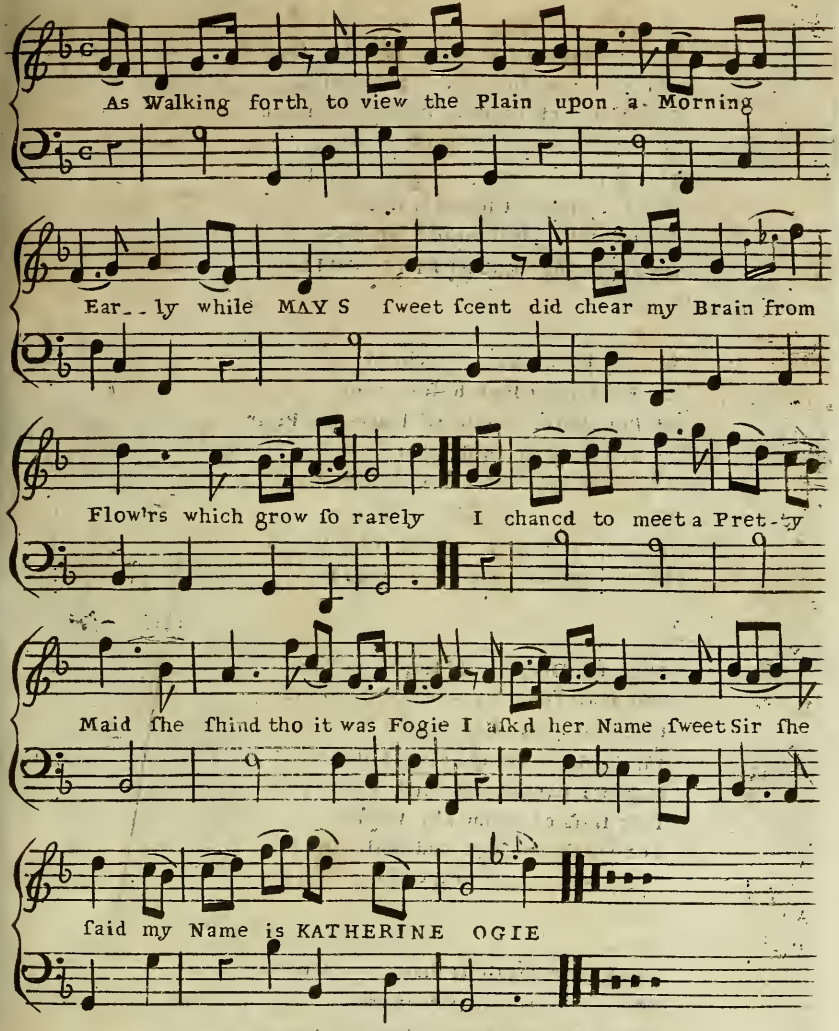


Fye pretty DORIS ſigh no more
The Gods your DAMON will reſtore
From Rocks and Quick ſands free
Your Wiſhes will ſecure his Way
And doubtleſs he for whom you pray
May laugh at Diſtiny

Still then Thoſe Tempeſts of your Breaſt
And ſet that pretty Heart at reſt
The Man will ſoon return
Thoſe Sighs for Heav'n are only fit
ARABIAN Gums are not ſo ſweet
Nor Off rings when they burn.

On him you laviſh'd Grief in vain
Can't be lamented nor Complain
Whilſt you continue true
That Man diſaſter is above
And needs no Pity that does love
And is belov'd by you.

KATHERINE OGIE



I ſtood a while and did Admire
To ſee a Nymph ſo ſtately
So briſk an Air there did appear
In a Country Maid ſo neatly
Such natural Sweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd
Like a Lillie in a Bogie
DIANA'S ſelf was ne'er array'd
Like this ſame KATHERINE OGIE

Thou Flower of Females Beautys Queen
Who ſees thee ſure muſt prize thee
Tho thou art dreſt in Robes but mean
Yet theſe cannot diſguiſe thee
Thy handſome Air and graceful Look
Far Excels any Clowniſh Rogie
Thou art Match for Lord or Duke
My charming KATHERINE OGIE

O were I but ſome Shepherd Swain
To Feed my Flock beſide thee
At Boughting time to leave the Plain
In Milking to abide thee
I'd think my ſelf a happier Man
With KATE my Club and Dogie
Than he that hugs his Thouſands ten
Had I but KATHERINE OGIE

Then I'd Deſpiſe th' Imperial Throne
And Stateſman dangerous Stations
I'd be no King I'd wear no Crown
I'd ſmile at conquering Nations
Might I careſs and ſtill poſſeſs
This Laſs of whom I'm Vogie
For theſe are Toys and ſtill look leſs
Compar'd with KATHERINE OGIE

But I fear the Gods have not decreed
For me ſo fine a Creature
Whoſe Beauty rare makes her Exceed
All other Works in Nature
Clouds of deſpair ſurround my Love
That are both dark and Fogie
Pity my Caſe ye powers above
Elſe I die for KATHERINE OGIE

There liv'd long ago in a Country Place A clever young

Lad that lov'd a young Lafs She lov'd him again and O

Wonder to hear No offers could move her fhe lov'd him fo

dear no Offers cou'd move her fhe lov'd him fo Dear

2

The Lord of the Village took it in his Head
To Tempt her to leave him and come to his Bed
He offer'd her Jewells and Baubles and Rings.
But fhe flighted his Love and refuf'd his gay things

3

He told her he'd make her as fine as a Queen
Her Gown fhou'd be Silk and her Cap Colberteen
But fhe faid Linfey Woolfey and Bone Lace wou'd ferve
And rather than pleafe him fhe'd venture to Starve

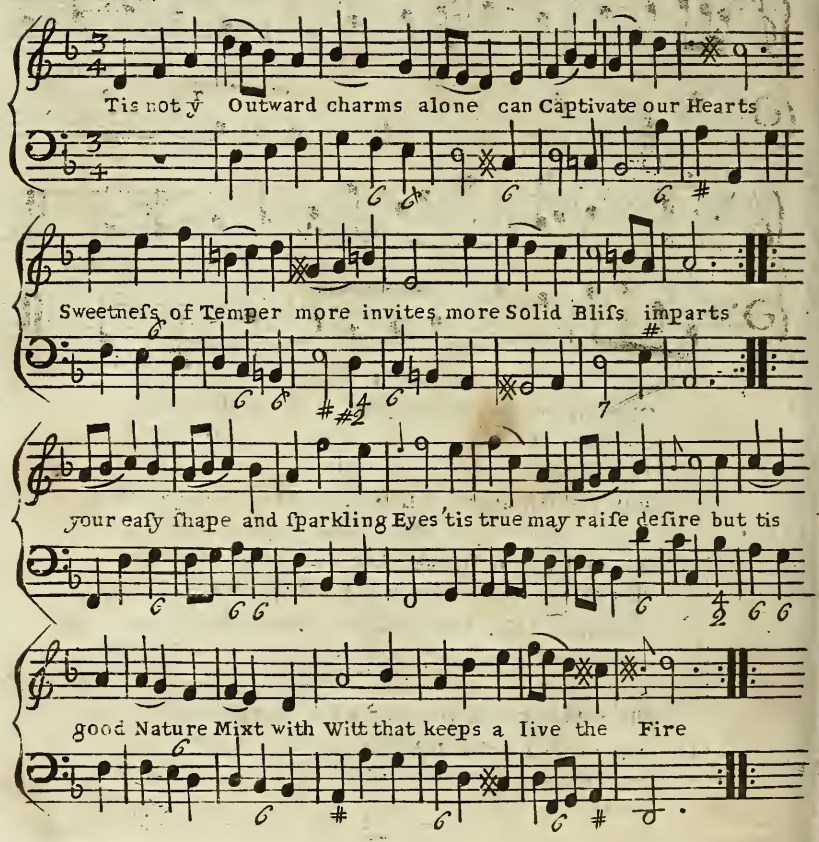
4

He told her he'd give her a Pad to ride out
Or a Coach if fhe Lik'd it to Vifit about
She thank'd him but faid fhe could very well walk
And fhou'd fhe have a Coach how the Neighbours wou'd talk

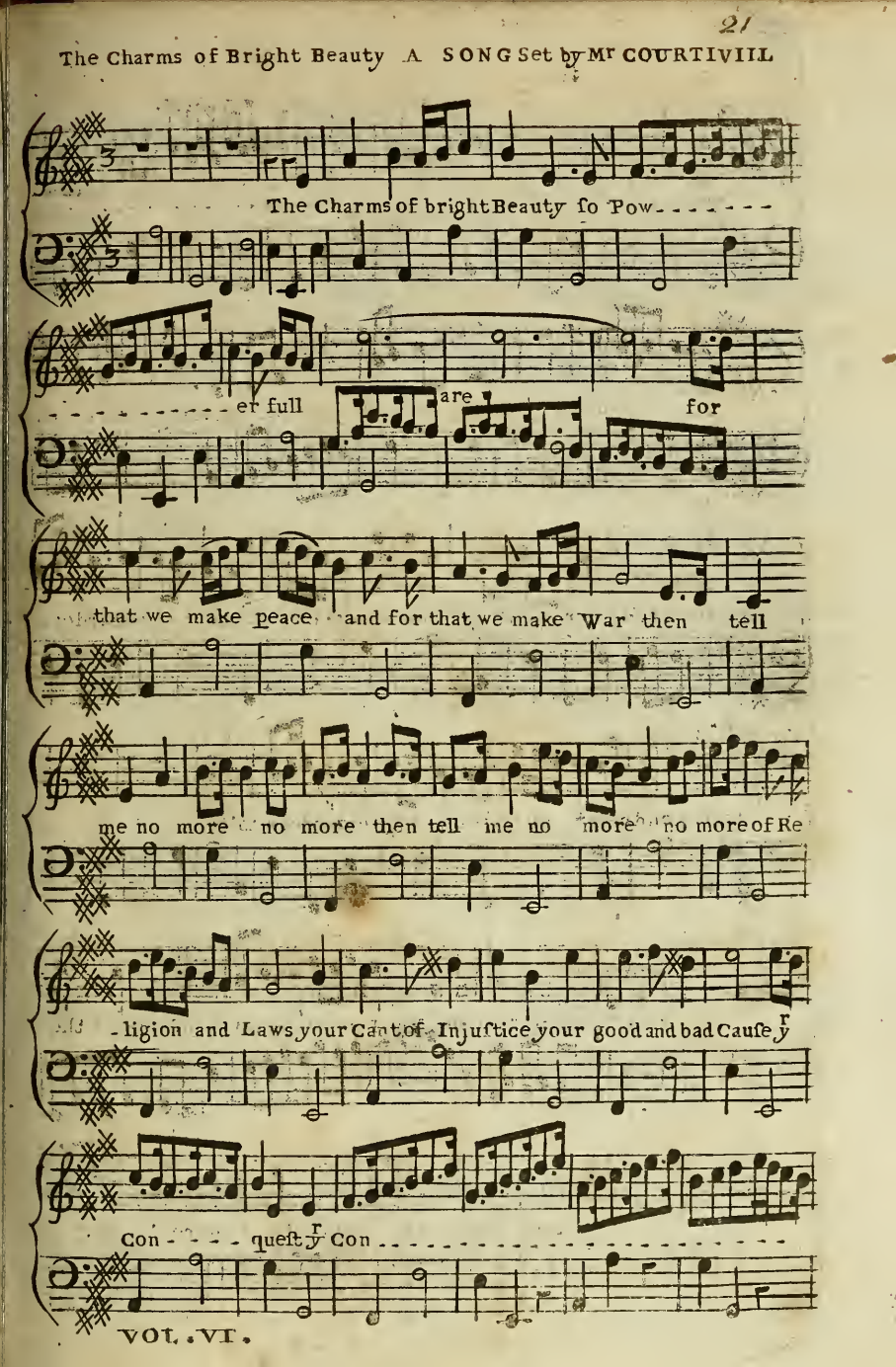
He ſaid for the Neighbours he'd make it is Care
That not even the Parſon on Sundays ſhou'd dare
To find fault with her Conduct or offer to blame
Her Manner of Living or Blaſt her good Name

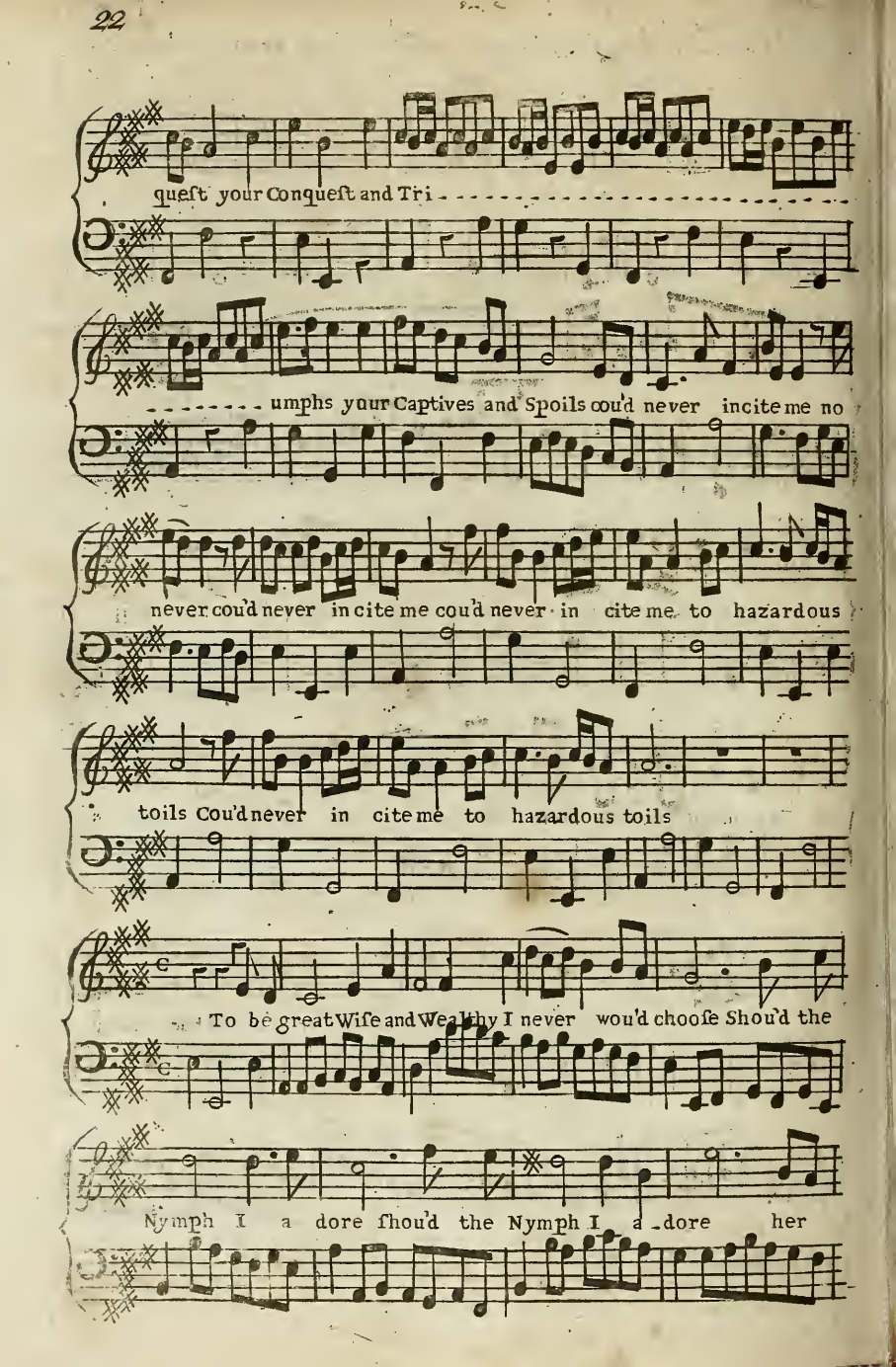
She told him in Short he muſt een be content
For Jewells or Gold ſhou'd neer Bribe her Conſent
Her Heart was anothers and ſo Should remain
And ſhe Scornd to be falſe for the Lucre of Gain.

Set by Mr. Edward Purcell.



The Charms of Bright Beauty A SONG Set by Mr COURTIVILL




queſt your Conqueſt and Tri -
- - - - - - - - umphs your Captives and Spoils cou'd never incite me no
never cou'd never in cite me cou'd never in cite me to hazardous
toils Cou'd never in cite me to hazardous toils
To be great Wiſe and Wealthy I never wou'd chooſe Shou'd the
Nymph I a dore ſhou'd the Nymph I a dore her

Favours refuſe But let my Eugenia be

Faithful and kind I'll weather the Winter and Wea-

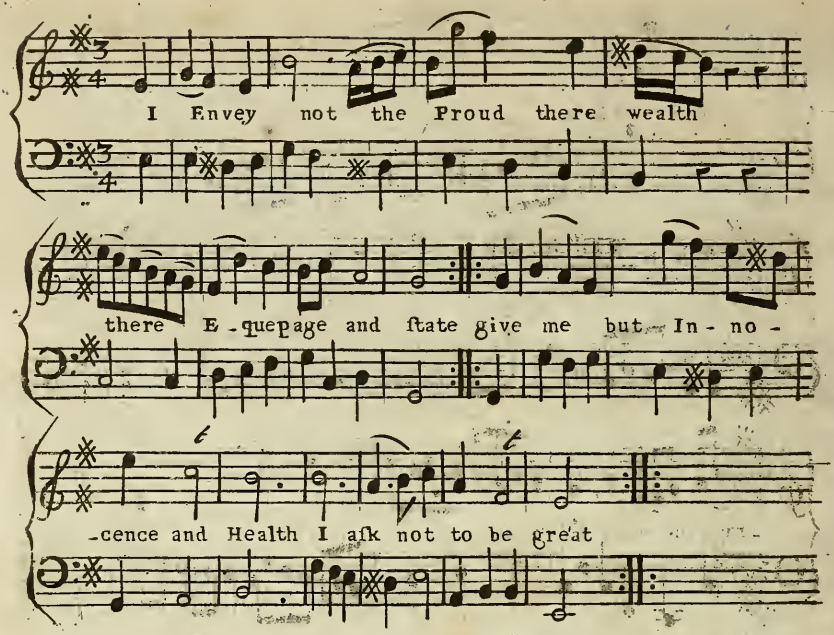
-ry the wind I'll ra - - - - - - - - - - vage Seas I'll ra-

- - - - - - - - - - vage the Seas the Earth and the Air and

com - bate for

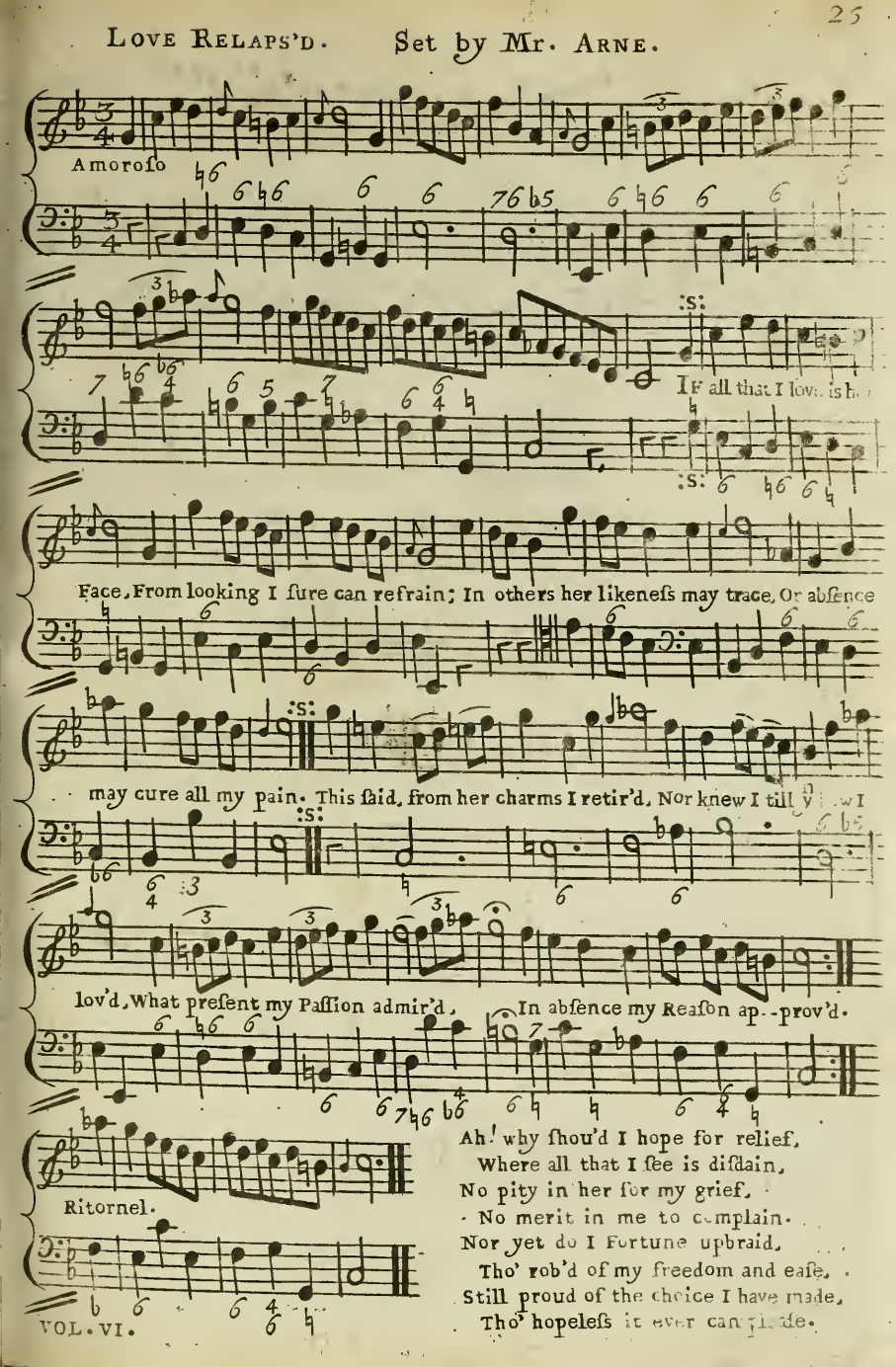
her even Death even Death Death and Deſpair

Set by Mr VINCENT . The Words by a LADY .



I in this ſweet Retirement find
A Ioy Unknown to Kings
For Sceptors to a Vertious Mind
Seems Vain and Empty things

Love Relaps'd. Set by Mr. Arne.



FLUTE.

Amorofo

Ritornel.

LOVE Preferable to LIBERTY. The Words by R. COURTIVIL Esqr.

Set by Mr. MARKWELL.

Bright CHLOE, Innocent and fair, Of Wit divine and Heav'nly

Air; Chaſte, ſprightly, gay, and free. Upon young THIRSIS caſt an

Eye, Which made the Loveſick Shepherd cry, *adieu ma Liberte?*

adieu ma Liberte?

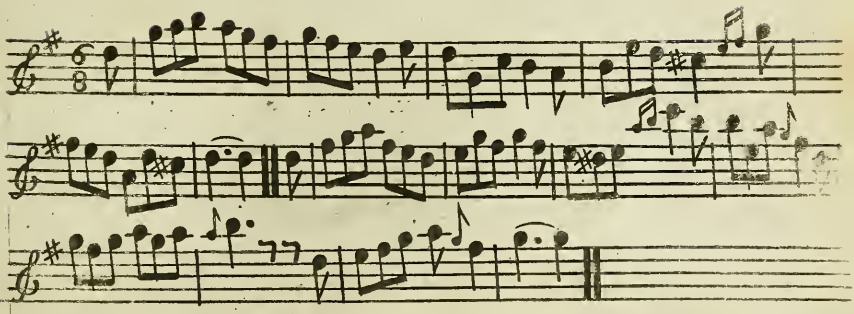
No more, the Youth, with jocund Song,
Attracts the merry laughing throng,
With all his wanton Glee:
But, penſive ſits beneath the ſhade,
While thus reſounds th'ecchoing Glade
adieu ma Liberte?

No more from Fair to Fair he roves,
No longer with a Looſe he Loves,
But full of Conſtancy:
He for bright CHLOE only ſighs
By her o'ercome, poor THIRSIS cries
adieu ma Liberte?

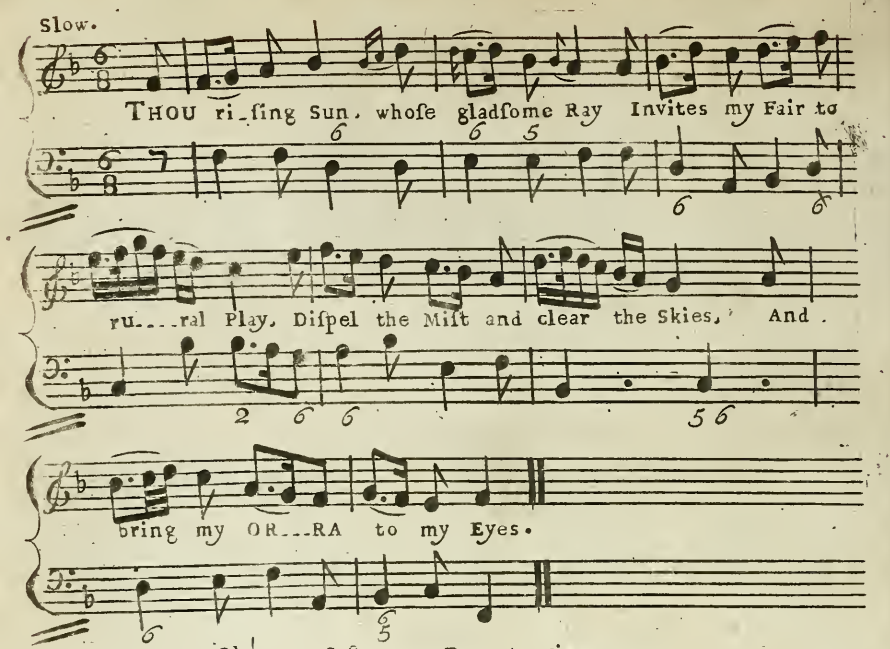
The Nymphs, who now his Paſſion know
With pity mix'd, with envy glow,
While unattentive He
Thinks only of his CHLOE's Charms,
And muſing, cries, with folded Arms,
adieu ma Liberte?

Yet would the ſmiling Maid approve,
My firſt Deſire, my conſtant Love,
Still would I faithful be:
With joyful Heart I'd marriage try,
With joyful Heart would THIRSIS cry,
adieu ma Liberte?

FLUTE.



A Lapland Song. Taken out of the Spectator.



Oh! were I sure my Dear to view,
I'd climb that Pine-Tree's topmost Bough,
Aloft in Air that quivering plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

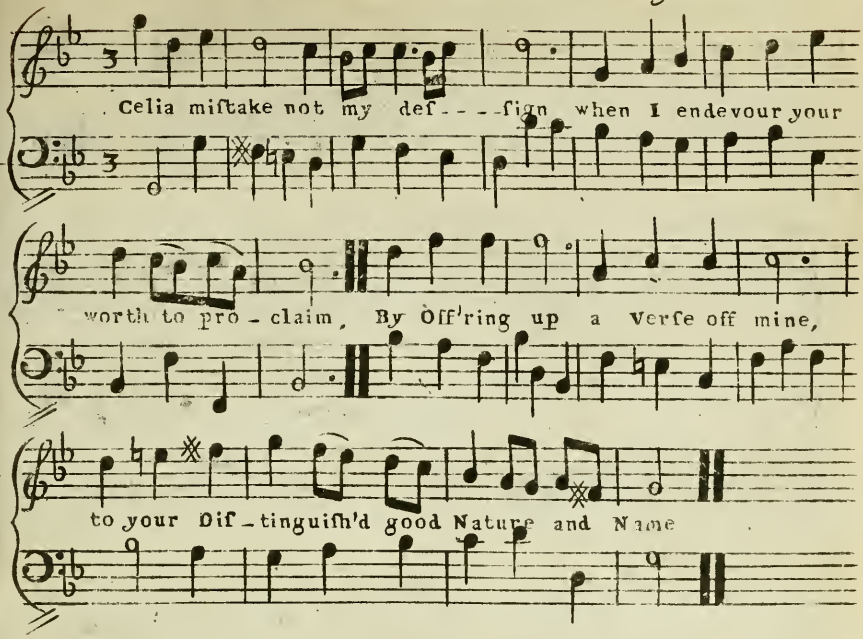
My ORRA MOOR, where art thou laid?
What Wood conceals my sleeping Maid?
Fast by the Roots enrag'd I'll tear
The Trees that hide my promis'd fair.

Oh! I cou'd ride the Clouds and Skies,
Or on the Raven's Pinions rise:
Ye Storks, ye Swans, a moment stay,
And waft a Lover on his way.

My Bliss too long my Bride denies,
Apace the wafting Summer flies:
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Not Storms or Night shall keep me here.

Alas! they for strength with Steel compare,
Or Love has Fetters stronger far:
For Fetters of Steel are Limbs confin'd,
But cruel Love enchains the Mind.

No longer then perplex thy Breast,
When thoughts torment, the first are best:
'Tis mad to go, 'tis Death to stay,
Away to ORRA, haste away.



The Muſes were Ordain'd to ſhew,
The Shining graces, and worth of your ſex,
If ſo, why ſhou'd what's ſung of you,
Your modeſt ſweetneſs, and Vertue perplex.

At thoughts of you my Muſe takes wing,
And with a fierce deſire my Boſom Warms,
Indulge me than, with leave to Sing,
Or lay aſide thoſe all inſpiring charms

No Gratefull anſwer I deſire,
No ſingle favour from you I implore,
All that I want, or can require,
Is that you'd give me ſtill leave to adore.

FLUTE

HAPPINESS. in CONTENT. *by Mr. Leveridge*

Like those in favour with their Stars of Honour and Proud

Titles Boast, Whilest I, whom Fate such Triumph Bars,

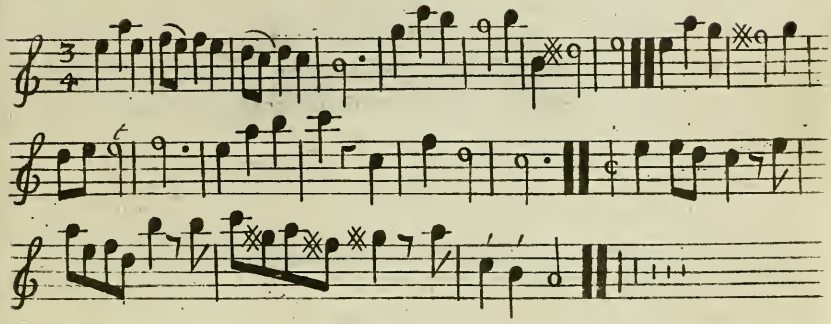
do Joy in that, I Honour most, Thrice happy I, that

Love, and am belov'd where I may not remove or be re - move.

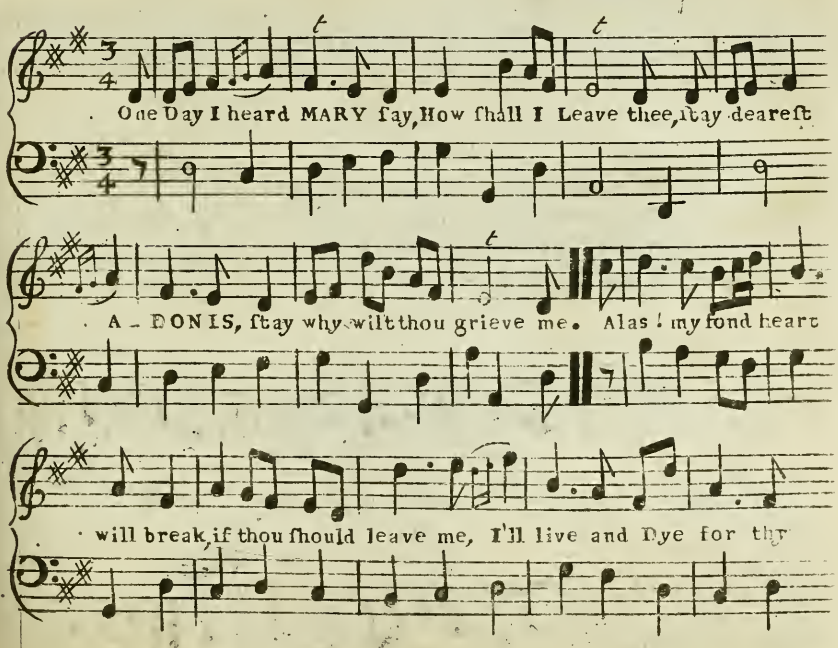
Fav'rites to Kings their fair leaves spread,
As Marigold at the Suns Eye,
Yet in themselves their Pride lies Dead
For at one frown their Glories Die.
Thrice happy. &c.

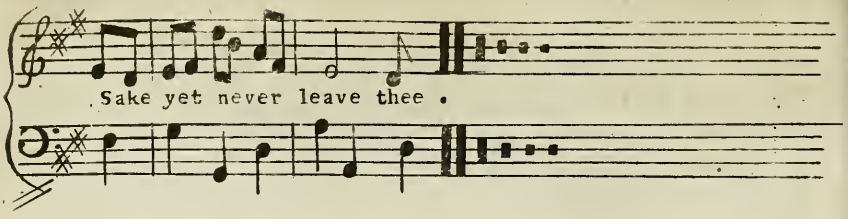
The Painfull Soldier fam'd in fight,
By Chance, or Victory once Foild,
From Honours Book is Blotted quite
And all's forgot, for which he Toil'd.
Thrice. &c.

FLUTE



On DAY. I Hear'd. MARY. say.

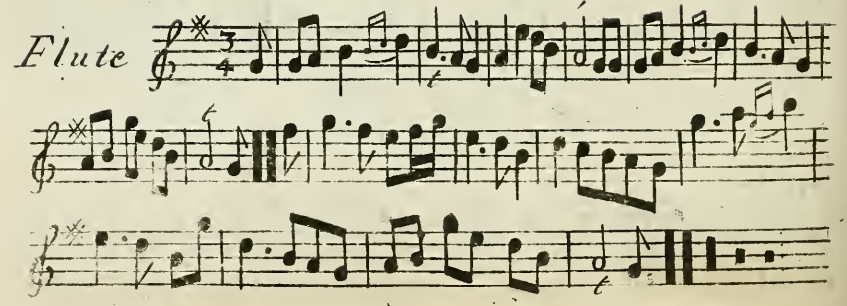




Say, lovely ADONIS, ſay,
Has MARY deceivd thee?
Did e'er her Young Heart betray
New Love, that has griev'd thee;
My conſtant Mind ne'er ſhall ſtray,
Thou may believe me:
I'll love thee, Lad, Night and Day,
And never leave thee.

ADONIS, my charming Youth,
What can relieve thee?
Can MARY thy Anguiſh ſooth?
This Breaſt ſhall receive thee.
My Paſſion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee:
Delight ſhall drive Pain away,
Pleaſure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, Lad,
How ſhall I leave thee?
O! that Thoughs makes me ſad
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my ADONIS fly?
Why does he grieve me?
Alas. my poor Heart will die,
If I ſhould leave thee.



Down the Burn DAVIE

When Trees did bud and Fields were green, and Broom bloom'd.

Fair to See, when MARY was complete Fifteen, and Love laugh'd

In her Eye; Blith DAVY'S Blinks her heart did

Move, to ſpeak her mind thus free Gang down the Burn,

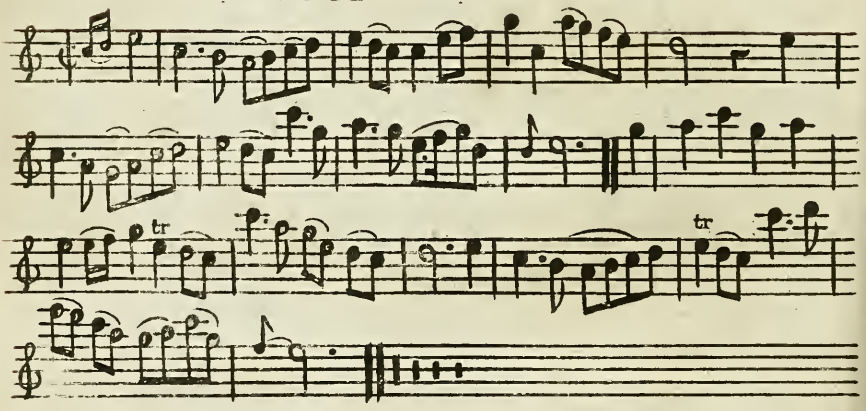
Davie, Love, and I ſhall follow thee.

Now DAVIE did each Lad ſurpaſs,
That dwelt on this Burn-ſide,
And MARY was the bonnieſt Laſs,
Juſt meet to be a Bride;
Her Cheeks were roſy, red and white,
Her Een were bonny blue;
Her Looks were like AURORA bright,
Her Lips like dropping Dew.

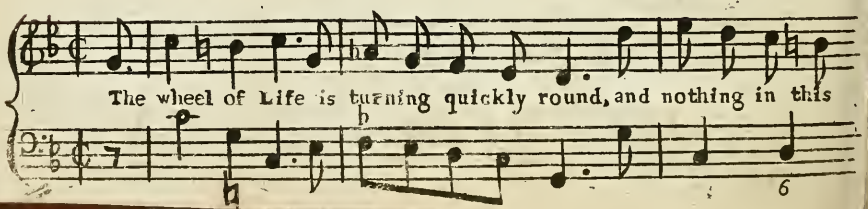
As down the Burn they took their way,
  What tender Tales they ſaid!
His Cheek to hers he aft did lay,
  And with her Boſom play'd;
Till baith at length impatient grown,
  To be mair fully bleſt,
In yonder Vale they lean'd them down;
  Love only ſaw the reſt.

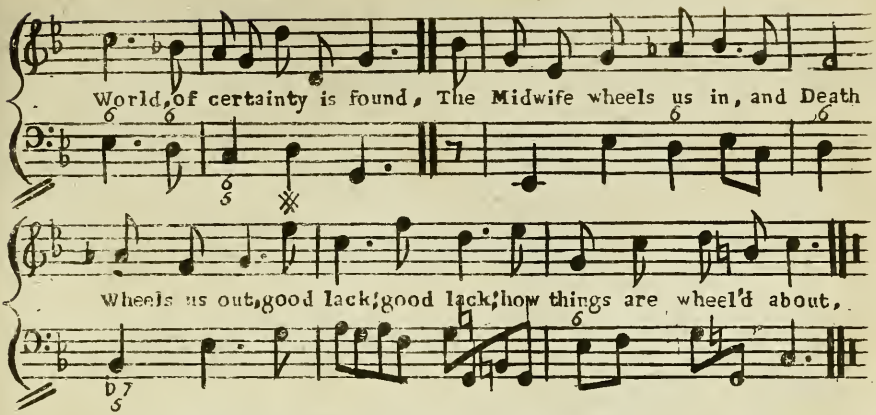
What paſs'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs Play,
  And naithing ſure unmeet;
For ganging hame, I heard him ſay,
  They lik'd a wa'k ſae ſweet;
And that they aften ſhou'd return,
  Sic Pleaſure to renew.
Quoth MARY, Love, I like the Burn,
  And ay ſhall follow you.

FLUTE



The Wheel of Fortune





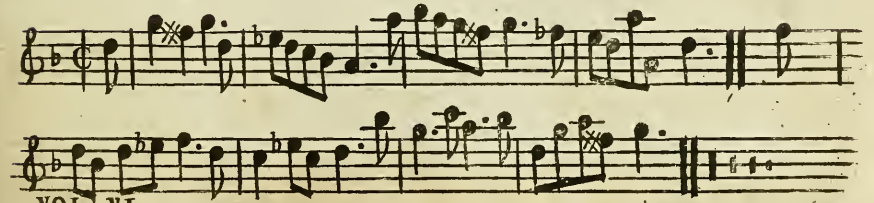
Some few aloft on Fortunes wheel do go,
  And us they mount up high the others tumble low,
For this we all agree, that fate at first did will,
  That this great wheel, should never once stand still,

The Courtier turns to gain his private ends,
  Till he's so giddy grown he quite forgets his friends,
Prosperity oft times deceives the Proud and vain,
  And wheels about, so fast, it turn them out again,

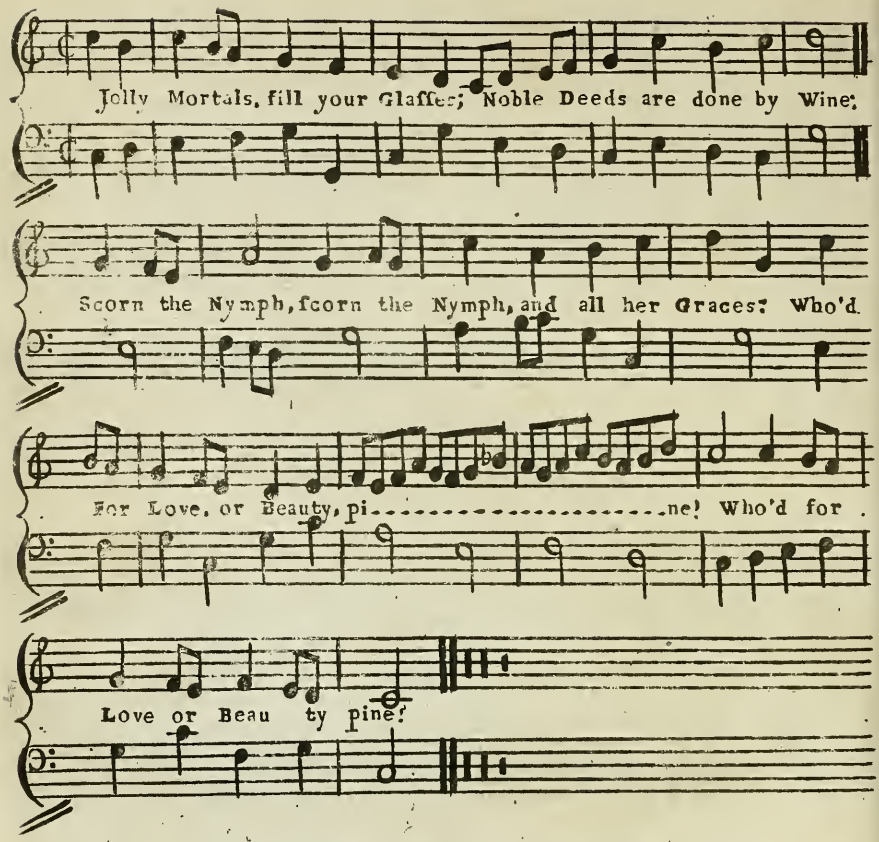
Some turn to this, to that, and every way,
  And cheat and Scrape for what can't purchase one poor day,
But this is far below the generous hearted man,
  Who lives, and makes, the most of Life he can,

And thus we're wheeld about in Lifes Short Farce,
  Till we at last are wheeld of in a rumbling Hearse,
The Midwife wheels us in, and death wheels us out
  Good lack! good lack! how things are wheel'd about,

FLUTE

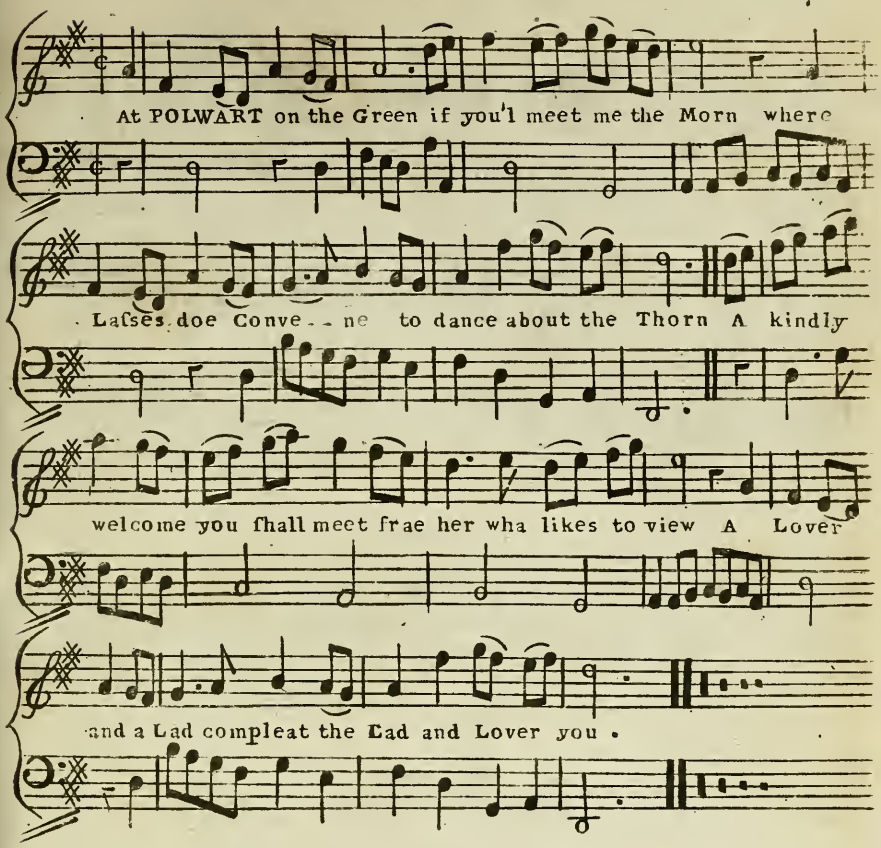


A Song Set by Mr GALLIARD.



Look within the Bowl that's flowing,
And a thousand Charms you'll find;
More than PHYLLIS, tho' Just going
In the Moment to be kind.
In the Moment to be kind.

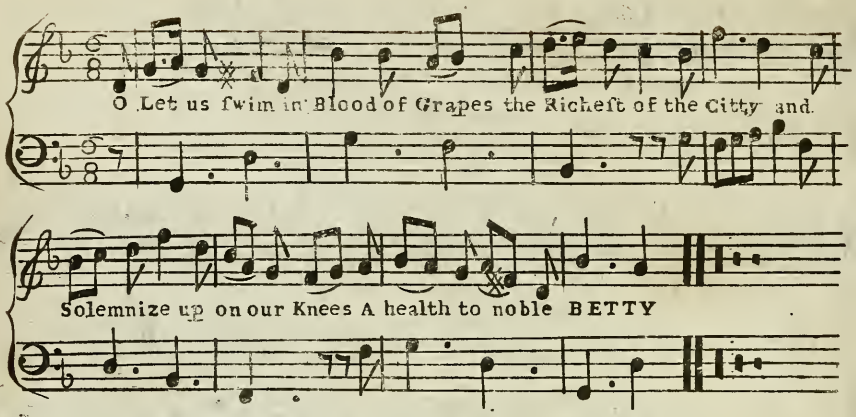
ALEXANDER hated Thinking,
Drank about at Council-board;
He fudd'd the World by drinking
More than by his conqu'ring Sword.
More than by his conqu'ring Sword.



Let dorty Dames ſay na
As lang as e'er they pleaſe
Seem caulder than the Sna
While inwardly they bleez
But I will frankly ſhaw my Mind
And Yield my Heart to thee
Be ever to the Captive kind
That langs na to be free

At Polwart on the Green
Amang the new mawn Hay
With Sangs and Dancing keen
We'll paſs the heartſome Day.
At Night if Beds be o'erthrang laid
And thou betwin'd of thine
Thou ſhalt be welcome my dear Lad
To take a Part of mine

A Health to BETTY



The Muſes with the Milk of Queens
Have fed this comely Creature
That ſhe's become a princely Dame
A Maracle of Nature.
O let us &c.

The Graces all both great and ſmall
Were not by half ſo pretty
The Queen of Love that reigns above
Cou'd not compare with BETTY.
O let us &c.

Had DAVID ſeen this lovely one,
No Sin he had committed
He had not lain with BATH SHEBA
Nor ſlain the valiant HITTITE.
O let us &c.

Had SOLOMON Heav'ns Minion
View'd her Perfections over
Then SHEBAS Queen reiected had been
Tho clad with Gold of Ophir
O let us &c.

The Dons of SPAIN coud they obtain
This Magazine of Pleasure
They'd never go to MEXICO
For all its INDIAN Treasure
O let us &c.

The Christian King wou'd dance sing
To have her at his Pleasure
And wou'd confine great MAZARINE
Within the Banks of TIBER
O let us &c.

The TURK for all his great Empire
Wou'd Prostrate him before her
And Wou'd Lay down his Golden Crown
A Goddess like adore her
O let us &c.

Her Eves are full of Majesty
None but a Prince can own her
She's fitted for an Emperor
A Diadem must Crown her.

O let us swim in Blood of Grapes
The richest of the City
And solemnize upon our Knees
A Health to noble BETTY.

The Toper.

A Curſe on all Care we'll Never diſpair Whilſt our Bottle is

full of good Claret Let Effeminate Aſses ſtill follow wild Laſses we'll

ſtick to our friends who have Merit Let Effeminate Aſses ſtill follow wild

Laſses we'll ſtick to our friend who have Merit

Then here my Brave boys
This never will Cloy
But ripen our time Each Hour
This this is true pleaſure
Gives Joy out of Meaſure
And thus we ſupport our own Power

flute

A Song Set by Mr IOHN SHEELES

Kind ARIADNE drown'd in Tears, Upbraids the faithleſs

GRECIAN Chief, 'Till BACCHUS, Jol_____ly

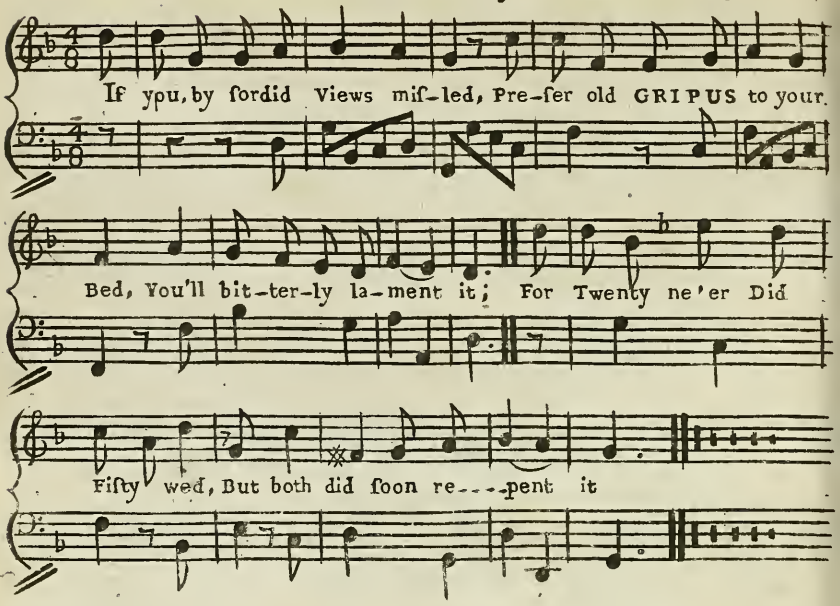
God, appears, And heals her Woe, and lulls her Grief.

The Moral of this Tale implies,
When Woman yields her Virgin Store,
Away the ſated Lover flies,
New Mines of Pleaſure to explore.

A while ſhe tries each Female Snare,
The loud Reproach, the ſullen Grief;
But tired at length with fruitleſs Care,
Flies to the Bottle for Relief.

FLUTE

To a YOUNG LADY Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.



His Peeviſhneſs, and Thirſt of Gain,
Wou'd of each CHINA Cup complain;
Each Ribbou, Patch, and Pinner;
And TIT, and BRISK, muſt ne'er again
Eat from your Plate at Dinner.

Alarm'd by groundleſs Jealouſy,
He'd to each random Word apply
Some baſe Interpretation;
Each meanleſs Smile, or caſual Sigh,
Wou'd be an Aſſignation.

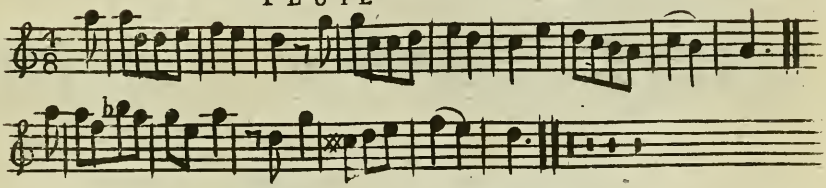
Or tho' you're from theſe Torments free,
Indulg'd all Day in Viſits, Tea,
And all that you petition;
Ev'n then, alas! all Night you'd be
But in a poor Condition.

For then he'd all Endearments ſhun,
And vainly boaſt what Feats were done,
When he was Young and Mighty;
But now, alas! thoſe Days are gone,
And ſo, my Dear, Good-Night t've.

But if by Inclination led,
A Youth of equal Bloom you wed,
No Cares by Day will teaze ye;
At Night ſuch Joys will bleſs your Bed,
As cannot fail to pleaſe ye.

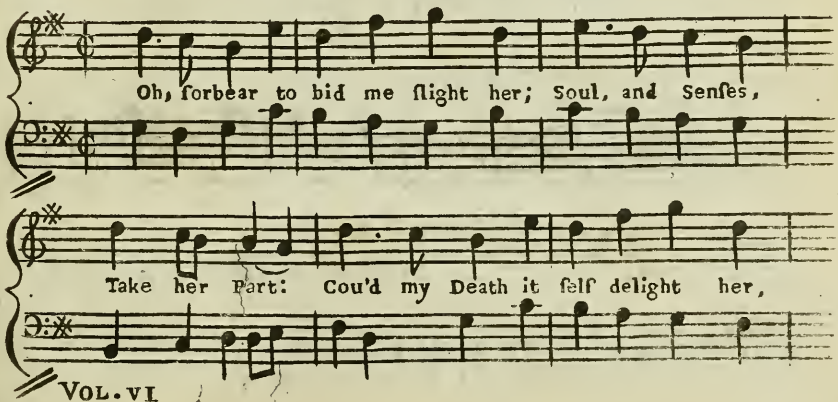
While therefore you to chuſe are free,
Chuſe One whoſe Years with yours agree,
By Love alone directed;
Aſſur'd that happy Days may be
From happy Nights expected.

FLUTE



The Words by AARONHILL Eſq

Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.



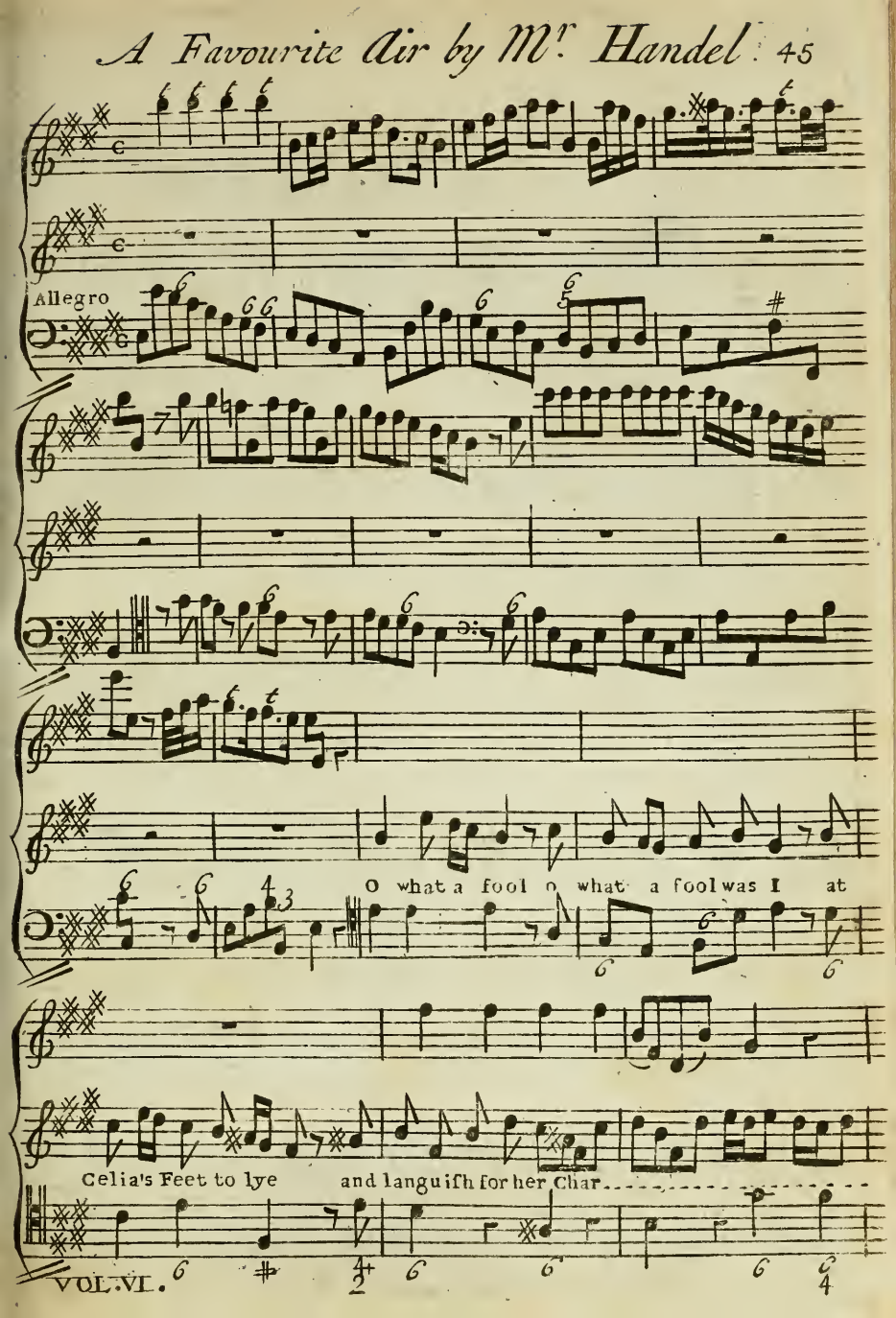
Life wou'd leap to leave my Heart, Strong, tho' ſoft, a

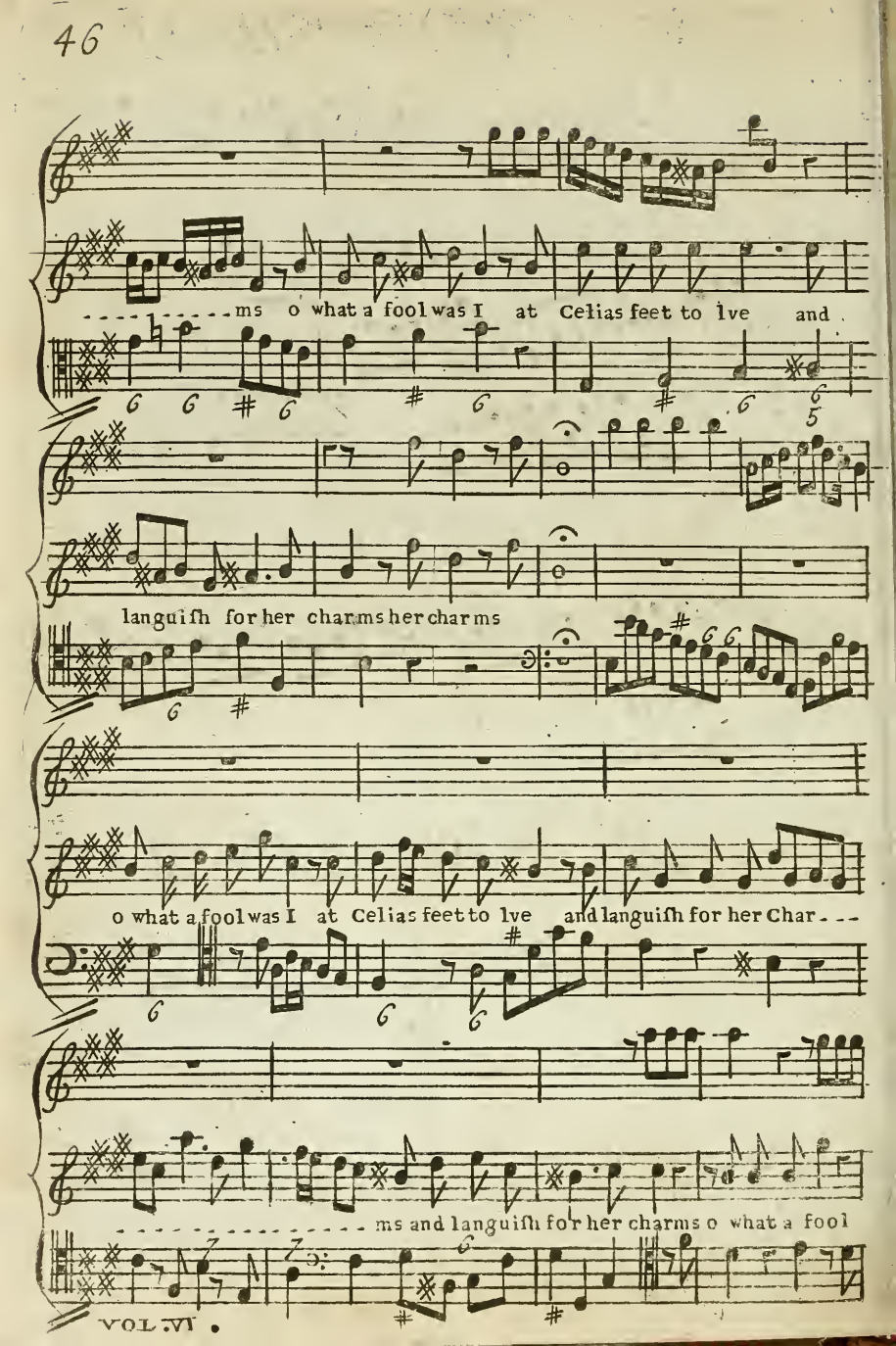
Lover's Chain! Charm'd with woe, and pleas'd with Pain. Strong, tho' ſoft, a

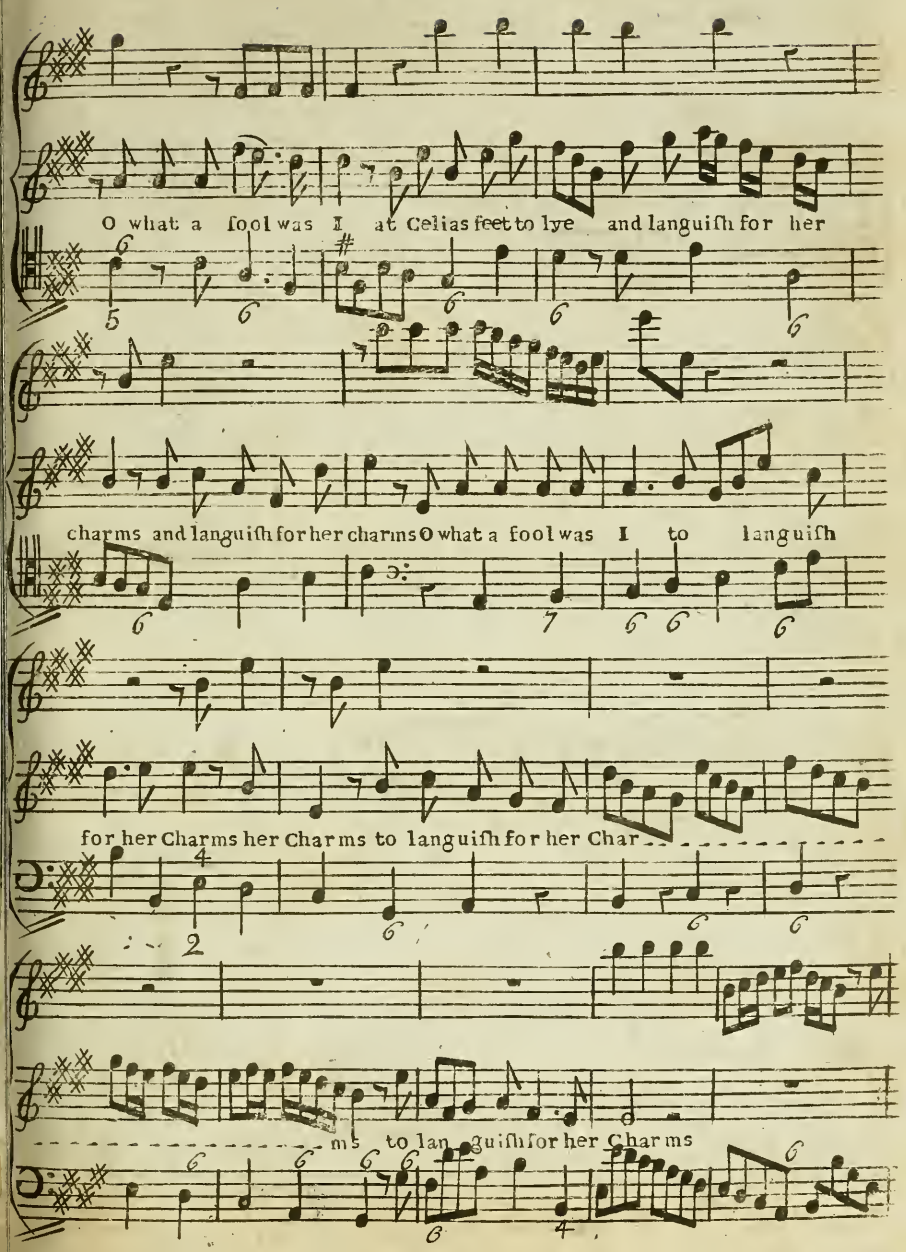
Lover's Chain! Charm'd with Woe, and pleas'd with Pain.

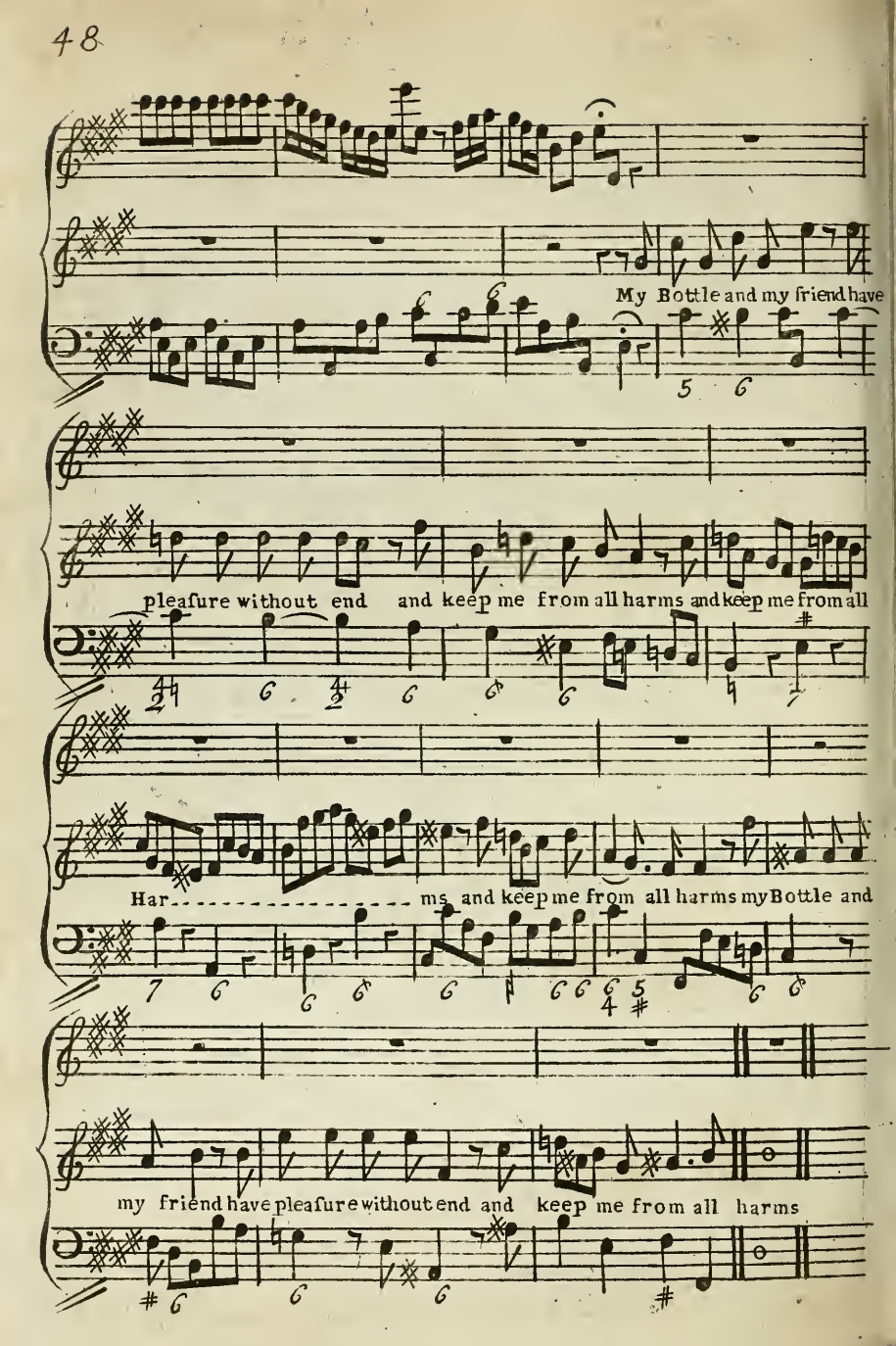
Tho' the tender Flame were dying,
Love wou'd light it at her Eyes;
Or, her tuneful Voice appliying,
Through my Ear, my Soul ſurprize.
DEAF, I SEE the Fate I ſhun!
BLIND, I HEAR—and am undone!

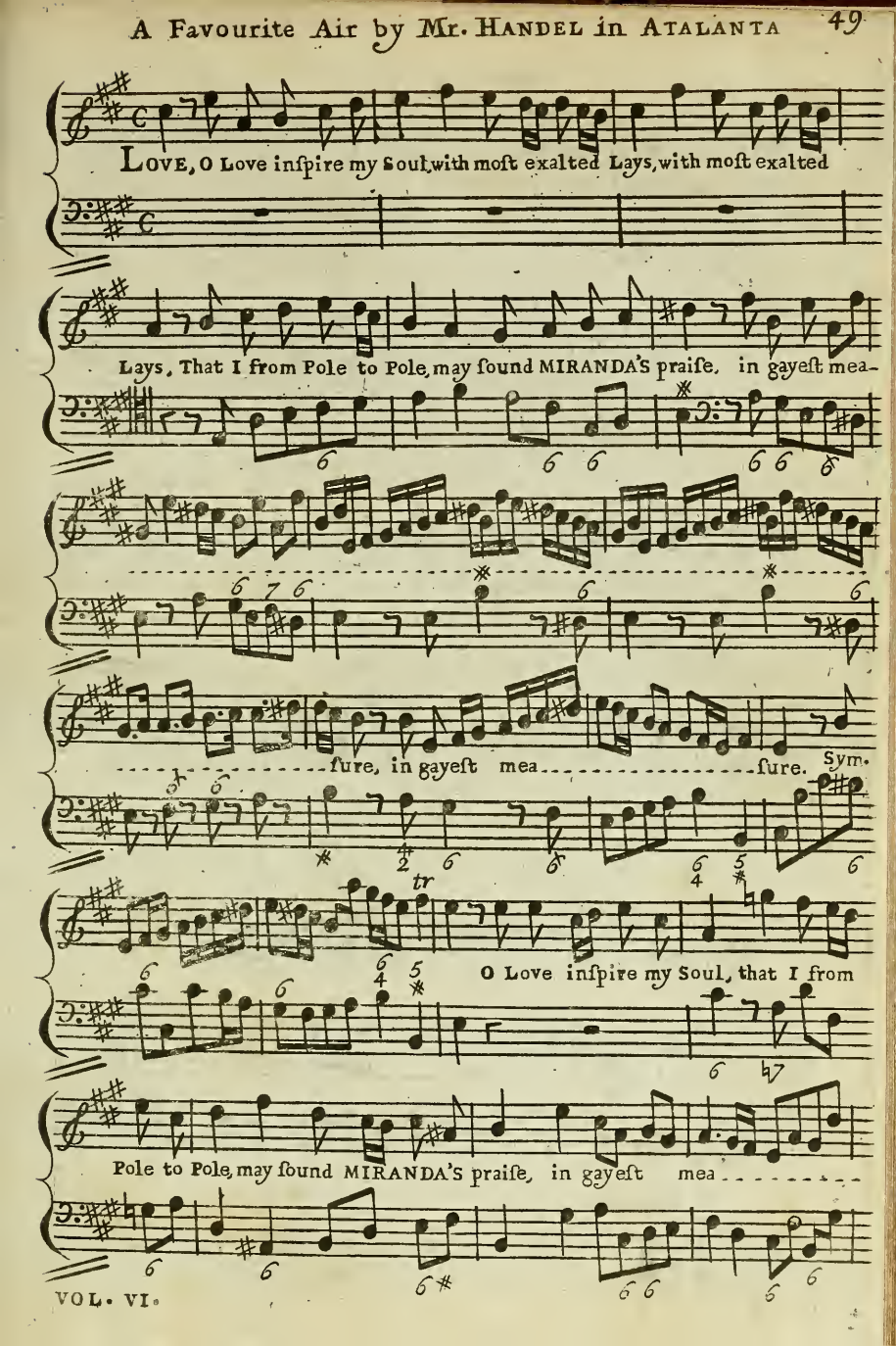
FLUTE

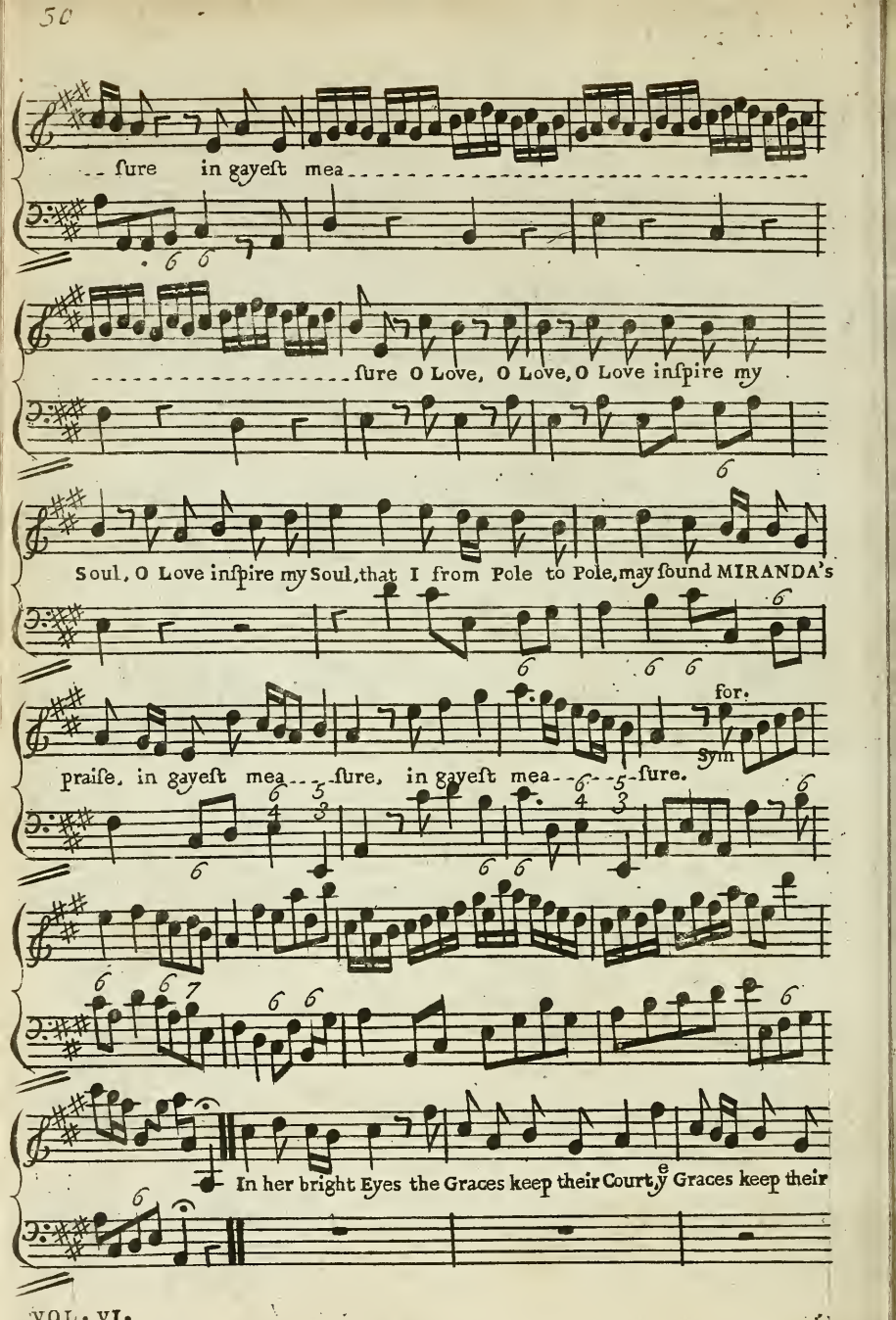

Allegro
O what a fool o what a fool was I at
Celia's Feet to lye and languish for her Char

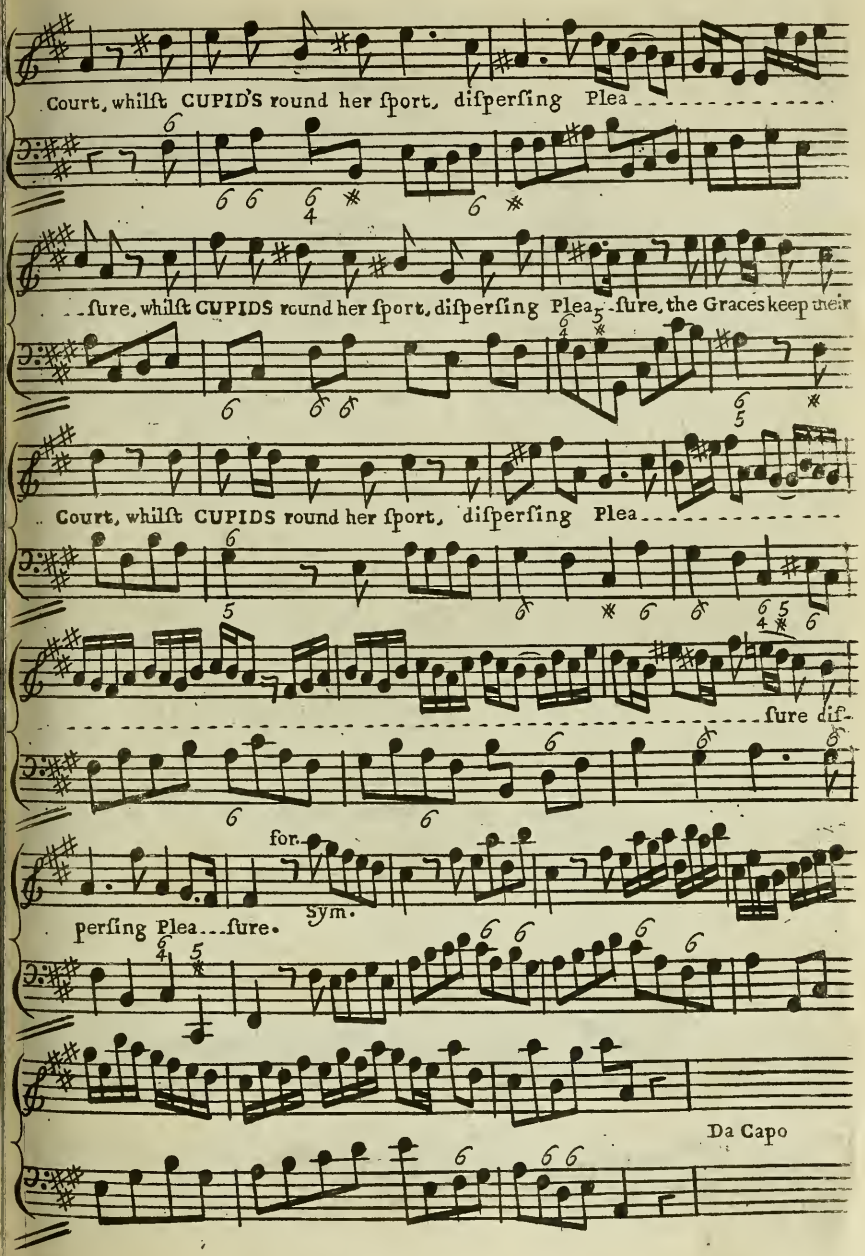

ms o what a fool was I at Celias feet to lve and
languish for her charms her charms
o what a fool was I at Celias feet to lve and languish for her Char - - -
ms and languish for her charms o what a fool

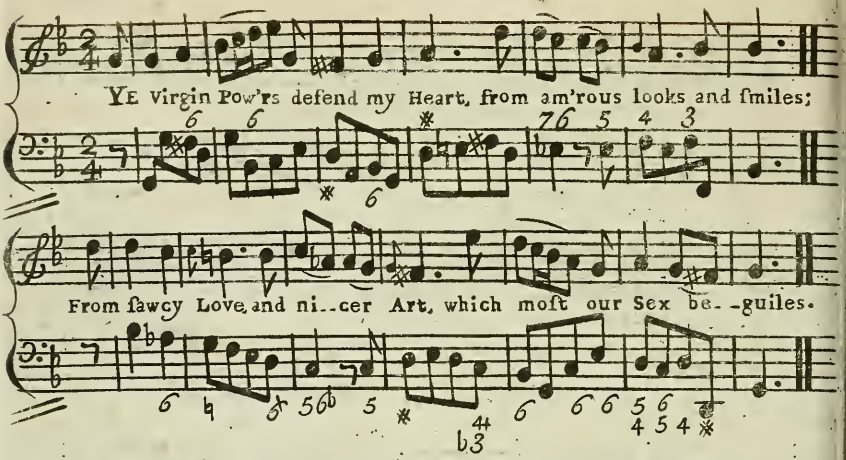

O what a fool was I at Celias feet to lye and languiſh for her
charms and languiſh for her charms O what a fool was I to languiſh
for her Charms her Charms to languiſh for her Char
ms to lan guiſh for her Charms


My Bottle and my friend have
pleasure without end and keep me from all harms and keep me from all
Har - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ms and keep me from all harms my Bottle and
my friend have pleasure without end and keep me from all harms


LOVE, O Love inſpire my Soul, with moſt exalted Lays, with moſt exalted
Lays, That I from Pole to Pole, may ſound MIRANDA'S praiſe, in gayeſt mea-
ſure, in gayeſt mea ſure.
Sym.
tr
O Love inſpire my Soul, that I from
Pole to Pole, may ſound MIRANDA'S praiſe, in gayeſt mea


ſure in gayeſt mea
ſure O Love, O Love, O Love inſpire my
Soul, O Love inſpire my Soul, that I from Pole to Pole, may ſound MIRANDA's
praiſe, in gayeſt mea ſure, in gayeſt mea ſure.
for.
Sym
In her bright Eyes the Graces keep their Court, Graces keep their


Court, whilst CUPID'S round her sport, dispersing Plea
sure, whilst CUPIDS round her sport, dispersing Plea
sure, the Graces keep their
Court, whilst CUPIDS round her sport, dispersing Plea
sure dis-
for-
persing Plea...sure.
Sym.
Da Capo

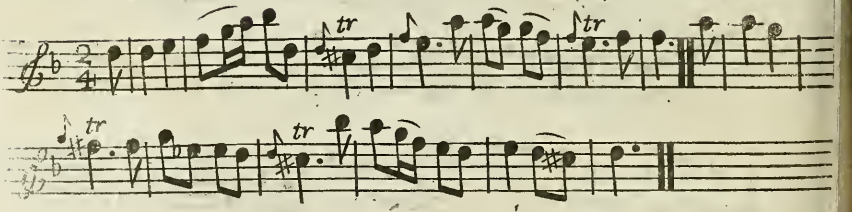


From Sighs and Vows and awfull fears
That do to pity move.
From ſpeaking Silence and from Tears
Thoſe Springs that water Love.

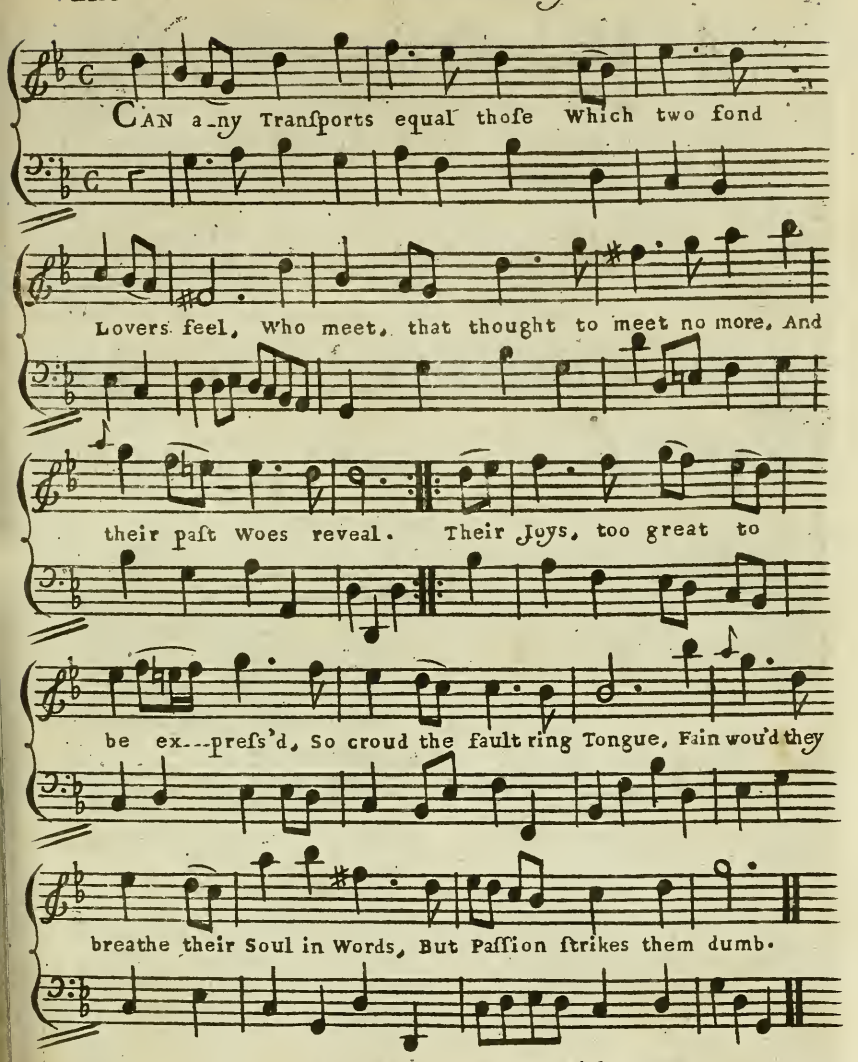
But if thro' Paſſion I grow blind
Let Honour be my guide.
And where frail nature ſeems inclin'd
There place a guard of Pride.

The Heart whoſe flames are ſeen tho' pure
Needs ev'ry Virtues aid.
And She who thinks herſelf ſecure
The ſooneſt is betray'd.

FLUTE.

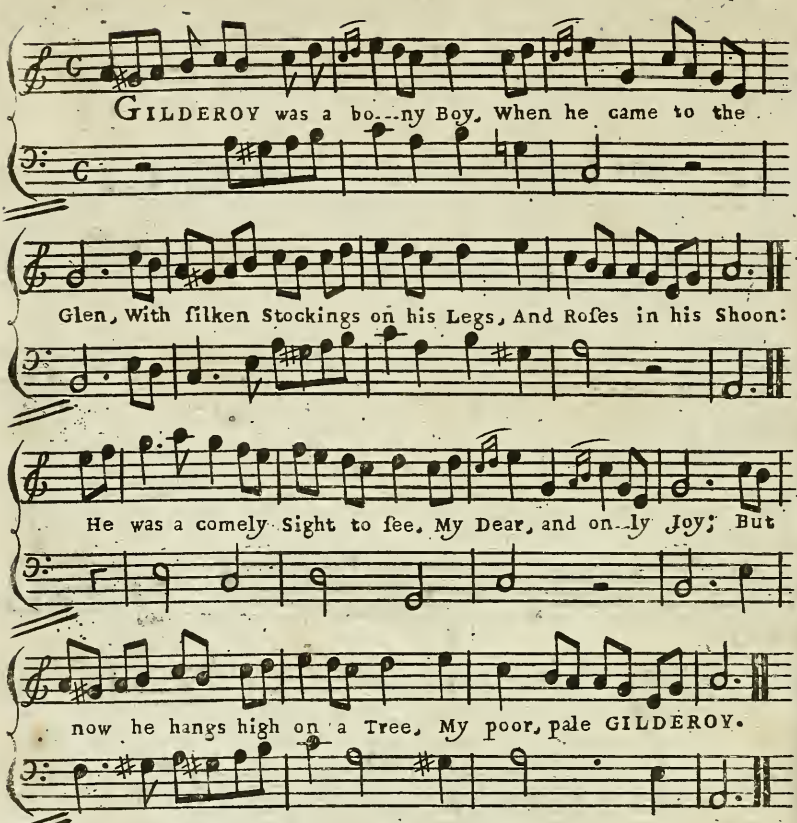


The Fond Meeting. The Words by Mr. Lockman.



Yet do their Eyes, at the blest Sight,
Enraptur'd Glances dart;
By these, and Sighs, their wishes paint,
That flutter round the Heart.
Like Statues fix'd, amaz'd they stand,
Survey their mutual Charms:
Then, when the Extasy gives leave,
Fly to each others Arms.

GILDEROY.



GILDEROY was as brave a Man,
As ever SCOTLAND bred;
Deſcended from a HIGHLAND Clan,
But a Caper till his Trade.
Our Fathers and our Mothers baith
Of us they had great Joy;
Expecting ſtill the Wedding-Day,
'Tween me and GILDEROY.

When GILDEROY went to the Glen,
He always choos'd the Fat;
And in theſe Days there were not ten,
With him durſt bell the Cat:
For had he been as WALACE ſtout,
And tall as DALMAHOY,
He never miſt to get a Clout,
Frae my Love GILDEROY.

The Queen of SCOTS poſſeſſed nought,
That my Love let me want;
For Cow and Ew he brought to me,
And e'en when they were ſcant:
All theſe did honeſtly poſſeſs,
He never did annoy,
Who never fail'd to pay their Ceſs
To my Love GILDEROY.

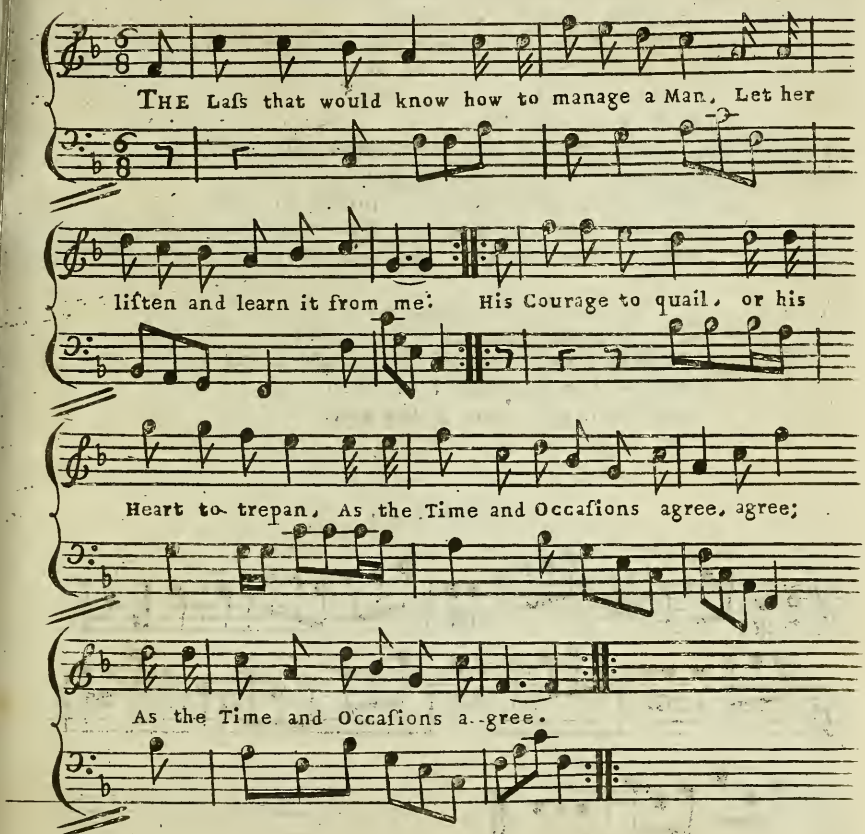
But ah! they catch'd him on a Hill,
And baith his hands they tied;
Alledging he had done much ill;
But Sons of Whores they lyed:
Three Gallons large of Uſquebaugh,
We drank to his laſt Foy,
Before he went for EDINBURGH,
My Deareſt GILDEROY.

To EDINBURGH I followed faſt;
But long e'er I came there,
They had him mounted on a Maſt,
And wagging in the Air.
His Relicks there were mair eſteem'd,
Than SCANDERBEG and CROY;
And ev'ry Man was happy deem'd,
That gaz'd on GILDEROY.

Alas! that e'er ſuch Laws were made,
To hang a Man for Gear;
Either for ſtealing Cow or Sheep,
Or yet for Horſe or Mare:
Had not the Laws then been ſo ſtrict,
I had never loſt my Joy;
But now he lodges with auld NICK,
That hang'd my GILDEROY.

The ADVICE. By Mr. CONCANEN.

Set by Mr. GALLIARD.



The Girl that has Beauty, tho' ſmall be her Wit,
May wheedle the Clown, or the Beau;
The Rake may repel, or may draw in the Cit,
By the Uſe of that pretty Word.....No:
By the Uſe of that pretty Word.....No.

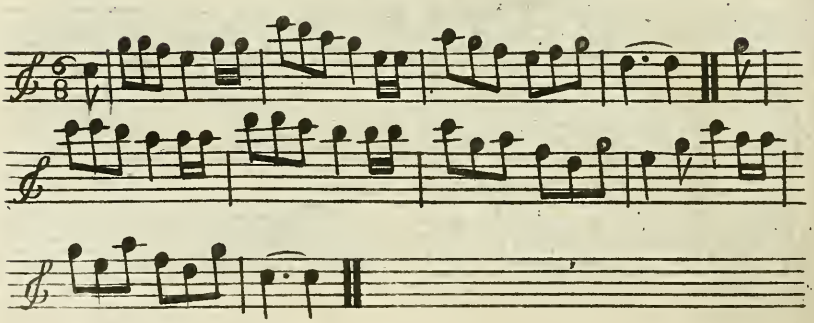
When the powder'd Toupées in Crowds round her chat,
Each ſtriving his Paſſion to ſhow;
With...Kiſs me, and love me, my Dear, and all that,
Let her Anſwer be ſtill, No, no, no:
Let her Anſwer be ſtill, No, no, no.

When a Doſe is contriv'd to lay Virtue aſleep,
A Preſent, a Treat, or a Ball;
She ſtill muſt refuſe, if her Empire ſhe'd keep,
And, No, be her Anſwer to all:
And, No, be her Anſwer to all.

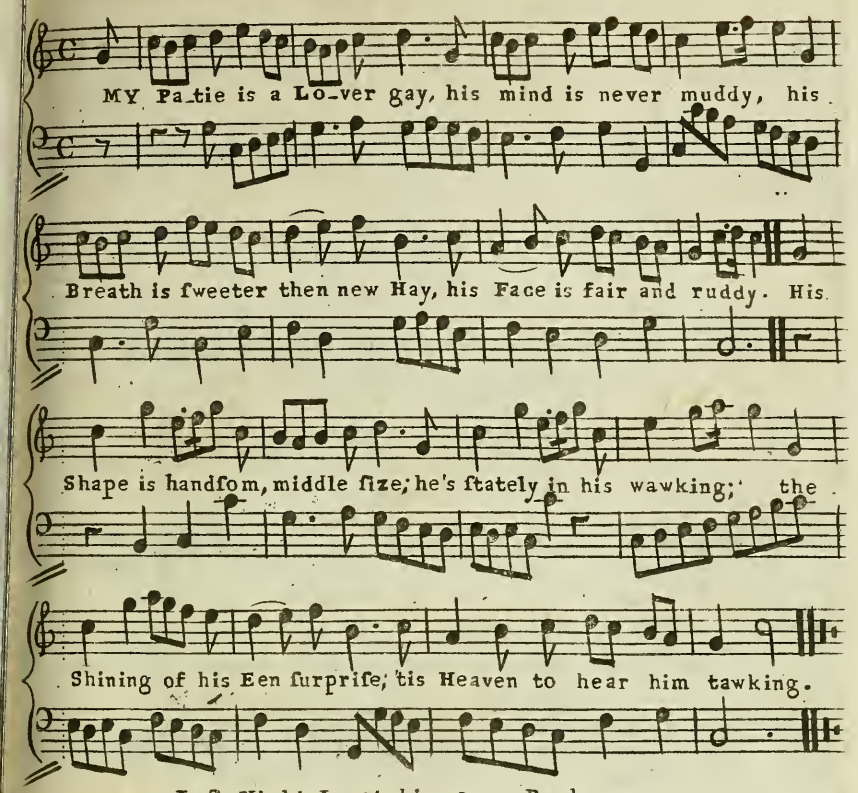
But when Maſter DAPPERWIT offers his hand,
Her Partner in Wedlock to go;
A Houſe, and a Coach, and a Jointure in Land...
She's an Ideot, If then ſhe ſays No:
She's an Ideot, If then ſhe ſays No.

Whene'er ſhe's attack'd by a Youth, full of Charms,
Whoſe Courtſhip proclaims him a Man;
When preſs'd to his Boſom, and claſp'd in his Arms,
Then let her ſay No, if ſhe can:
Then let her ſay No, if ſhe can.

FLUTE.



Corn Riggs are Bonny.



Laſt Night I met him on a Bawk,
  Where yellow Corn was growing,
There mony a kindly Word he ſpake,
  That ſet my Heart a glowing.
He kiſs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
  And loo'd me beſt of ony;
That gars me like to ſing ſinſyne,
  O Corn Riggs are bonny.

Let Maidens of a ſilly Maid,
  Refuſe what maiſt they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are deſign'd,
  We chaſtly ſhould be granting:
Then I'll comply, and marry PATE,
  And ſyne my Cockernony,
He's free to touzle air or late,
  Where Corn Riggs are bonny.

On A Lady Playing upon the Harpsicord

If Musick be the voice of Love what Mortal Ear's ſe-

cure with with ULYSSES I muſt fail or with his Friends endur

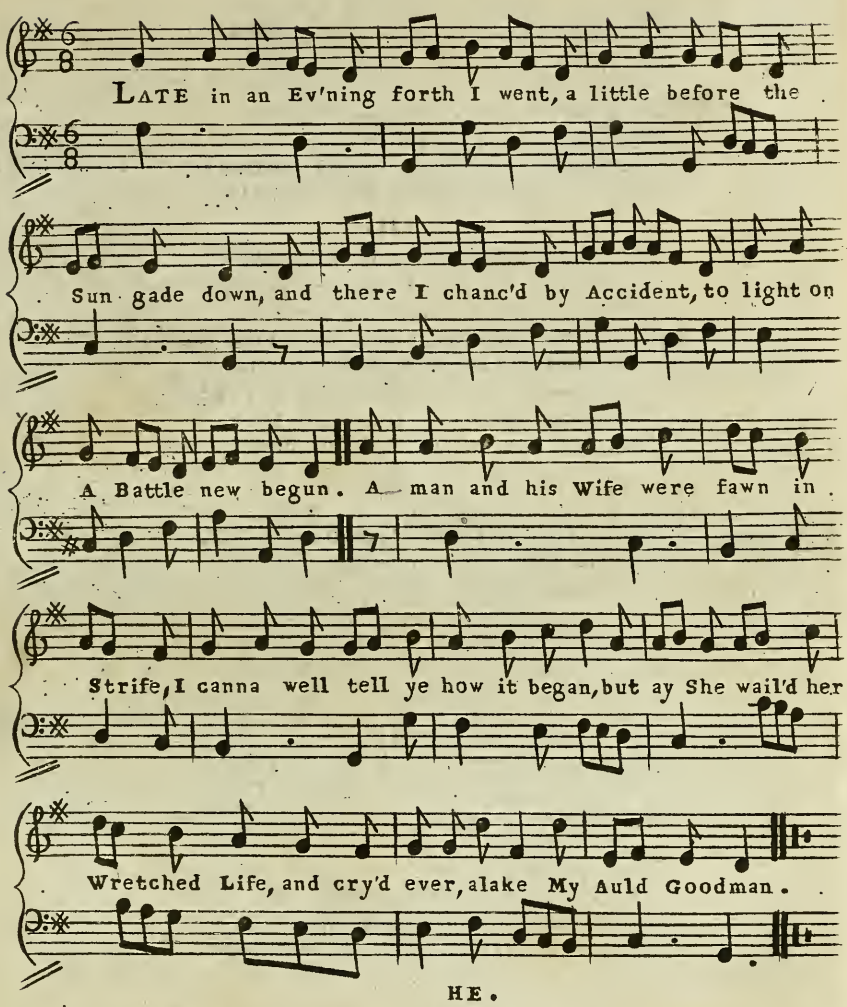
Ah! poor evaſion of my fate I court her to be dumb whoſe

Guilty Eyes have thouſands ſlain as thouſands hath her Tongue.

Abſence the vulgar cure of Love
(A fruitleſs Balm) I try,
Abſence may cure a ſlower flame,
Mines too intenſe to die,
Return then CELIA eaſe the ſmart
Your preſence lately gave,
The ſame fair Hand thats ſkill'd to wound,
The ſame fair Hand can ſave.

Flute

The Auld Goodman.



HE.

Thy auld Goodman, that thou tells of,
The Country kens where he was born,
Was but a ſilly poor Vagabond,
And ilka ane leugh him to ſcorn:
For he did ſpend, and make an end
Of Gear, that his Forefathers wan,
He gart the Poor ſtand frae the Door,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

SHE.

My Heart alake, is liken to break,
When I think on my winſome Iohn,
His blinkan Eye and Gate ſae free,
Was naithing like thee, thou doſend Drone.
His roſie Face and flaxen Hair,
And a Skin as white as ony Swan,
Was large and tall, and comely withal,
And thou'lt never be like my auld Goodman.

HE.

Why doſt thou pleen; I thee maintain,
For Meal and Mawt thou diſna want;
But thy wild Bees I canna pleaſe,
Now when our Gear gins to grow ſcant,
Of Houſhold Stuff thou haſt enough,
Thou wants for neither Pot nor Pan;
Of ſicklike Ware he left thee bare,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

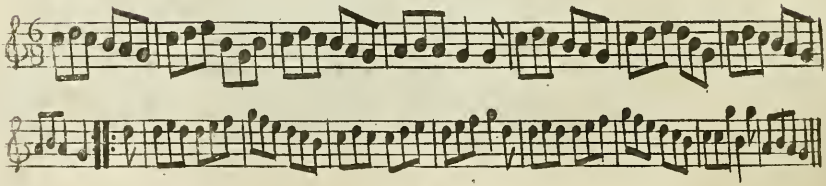
SHE.

Yes I may tell, and fret my ſell,
To think on theſe blyth Days I had,
When he and I together lay
In Arms, into a well-made Bed.
But now I ſigh, and may be ſad,
Thy Courage is cauld, thy Colour wan,
Thou falds thy Feet, and fa s aſleep
And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld Goodman.

HE.

Then coming was the Night ſae dark,
And gane was a' the Light of Day;
The Carle was fear'd to miſs his Mark,
And therefore wad nae langer ſtay:
Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
I trow the Wife the Day ſhe wan,
And ay the o'erword of the Fray
Was ever, Alake my auld Goodman.

FLUTE



MR. HOWARD

Young Cupid thought from Cloe's Eyes to ſend a fatal Dart to fill my

ſoul with ſoft ſurpriſe and ſteal away my Heart this Dart I'm ſure

ſays he will do then ſmiling took his Aim with Wondrous force the

Bow he drew let fly but miſt his Game

2

Surpris'd to ſee his Arrow Miſs
He gaz'd on Cloe's Face
When Juſt where Strephon ſtole a Kiſs
He found out Cloe's Caſe
No Wonder Cry'd the ſubtle Boy
My Power prov'd ſo faint
The fooliſh Girl has ſpoild my Toy
With Various ſorts of Paint

3

Enrag'd to Venus ſtraight he fly's
And humbly thus He pray'd
Beſtow a Curſe on Cloe's Eyes
And make her Dye a Maid
The Goddeſs granted his Requeſt
Her Charms no more excell
To all ſhes now become a Ieſt
And muſt lead Apes in Hell

On Vauxe Hall.

The crouded Mall that uſ'd to ſhine with Beaux and Belles ſo Bright its
gaudy train muſt now reſign ſad fortune: Ev'ry night muſt
yeild its Toaſts and ſparklers all to hear the Muſick at Vaux
Hall with a fa la la la la la la..

Not only from the Mall, but ring
From Opera, and Play
This new, this dear inchanting thing
Has drawn them all away
Each Night they flock both great and ſmall
To hear the Muſick at Vauxhall

The Conſort fine the Ev'ning clear
The Company ſo good
Tho ſome no doubt you think there are
No better than they ſhou'd
A few may trip a few may fall
Yet no diſcredit to Vauxhall

You chuſe perhaps aprivate walk
Sequeſterd from the reſt
There with your Nymph you chat and talk
And do what you like beſt
Do what you will the Crime is ſmall
And not uncommon at Vauxhall

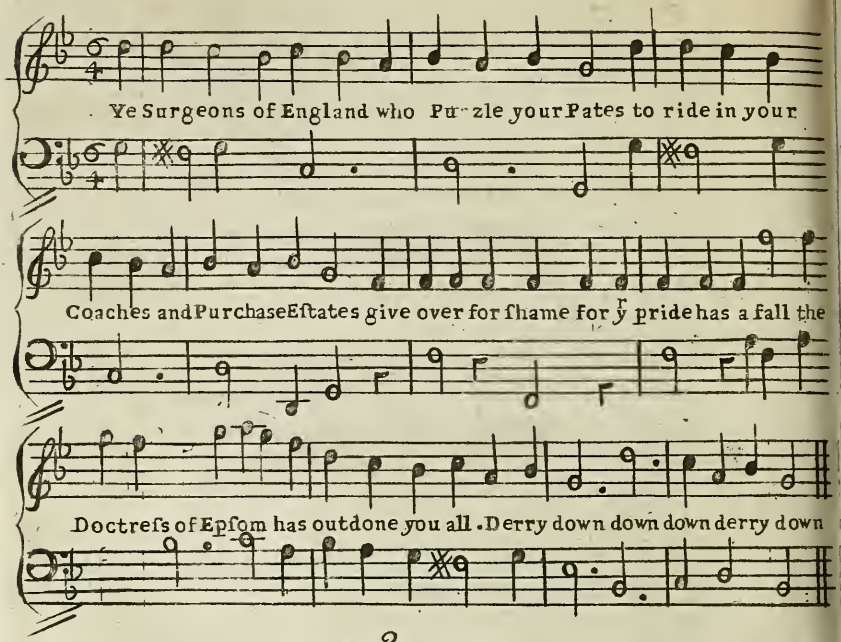
Fond of Intrigue ſome Dame of Qual
Or City Wife you meet
Some fooliſh ripe unthinking Girl
So compaſs with a treat
There's whores enough within your call
To cool your Courage at Vauxhall

Perpetual here they ſtream along
And draw their humid train
Ev'n Maids of Honour in the Throng
Tho few without a ſtain
Honour they ye nought to do withall
For thats excluded at Vauxhall

Theſe ſhades for gallantry deſign'd
Yeild all you can deſire
To make the cruel Virgins kind
And ſet their blood on fire
What is a Maſquerade or Ball
Compar'd to more Polite Vauxhall

Heres Muſick Wine and Jellies rare
To raiſe your ſpirits high
An Arbour ſnug is always near
For more Conveniency
See ſuch a gain you never ſhall
Theſe things are only at Vauxhall

The FEMALE BONE Setter. to the Tune of a Cobler there was



2

What ſignifies Learning or going to ſchool
When a Woman can do without reaſon or Rule
What Poſes our ſtudy and Baffles our Art
For Petticoat Practice has now got the ſtart.
Derry down &c.

3

In Phyſic as well as in Faſhions we find
The neweſt has always its run with Mankind
Forgot is the Conſort twixt CLUTTON and WARD
Shes all the Town talk and her Fame's on Record.
Derry down &c.

4

The Devil has ſure gi'n her Doctor's Degrees
For ſhe gets all the Patients and Pockets the fees
So if we dont Blow her and Prove her a Cheat
She'll roll in her Chariot while we walk the ſtreet.
Derry down.

As I faw fair CLO - - - - - - - - - - - RA walk a lone the

As I faw fair CLORA walk a lone the

fea - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ther'd fnow came foftly down foftly

fea - therd fnow came foftly down

down fofly down foftly down foftly down came foftly foft - ly

foftly down foftly down came foftly foft - ly

foft - - ly down As IOVE defcending defcend - ing from his

foft - ly down As IOVE de - fcen - ding from her

Tow'r to Court her in a filver fhow'r as IOVE de -

Tow'r to Court her in a fil - - - ver fhow'r ar IOVE de -

- - fcen - ding from his Tow'r to court her to - Court - - - -

- - fcen - - ding from his Tow'r to Court - - - - -

her in a ſilver ſhower The Wan - ton

her in a ſilver ſhow'r The

Snow flew to her Breaſts as lit - tle little Birds in

Wanton Snow flew to her Breaſts as little Birds in

to their neſts But being o'recome with

to their neſts But being o'recome with

Whiteneſs their for grief diſolv'd for greif di -

Whiteneſs their for greif diſolv'd for grief di -

ſolv'd in to a tear Thence fal - ling

ſolv'd in to a tear Thence fal - ling

on her Gar - - - ments Hem to

on her Gar - - - ments Hem

deck to deck

her froze froze

her froze froze

froze in to a Gem

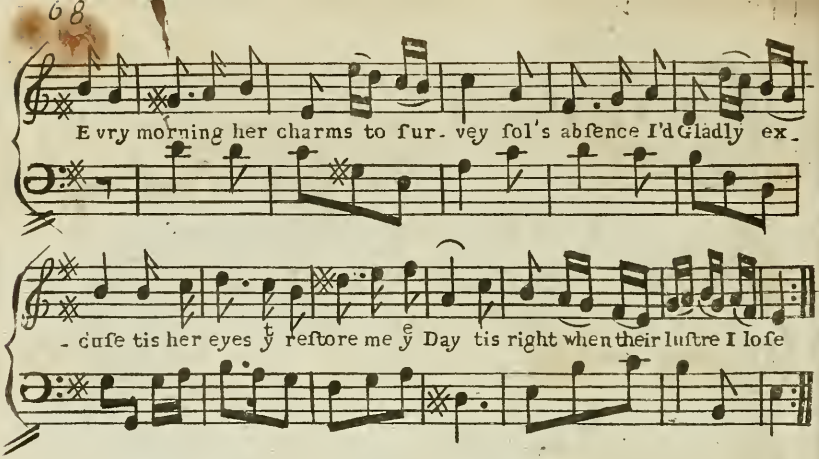
froze in to a Gem D C al ſigno ad libitum

A Song by In° Allcock

Re ſtraind from the ſight of my Dear no Object with-

Pleaſure I ſee Tho thouſands all round me ap - - -

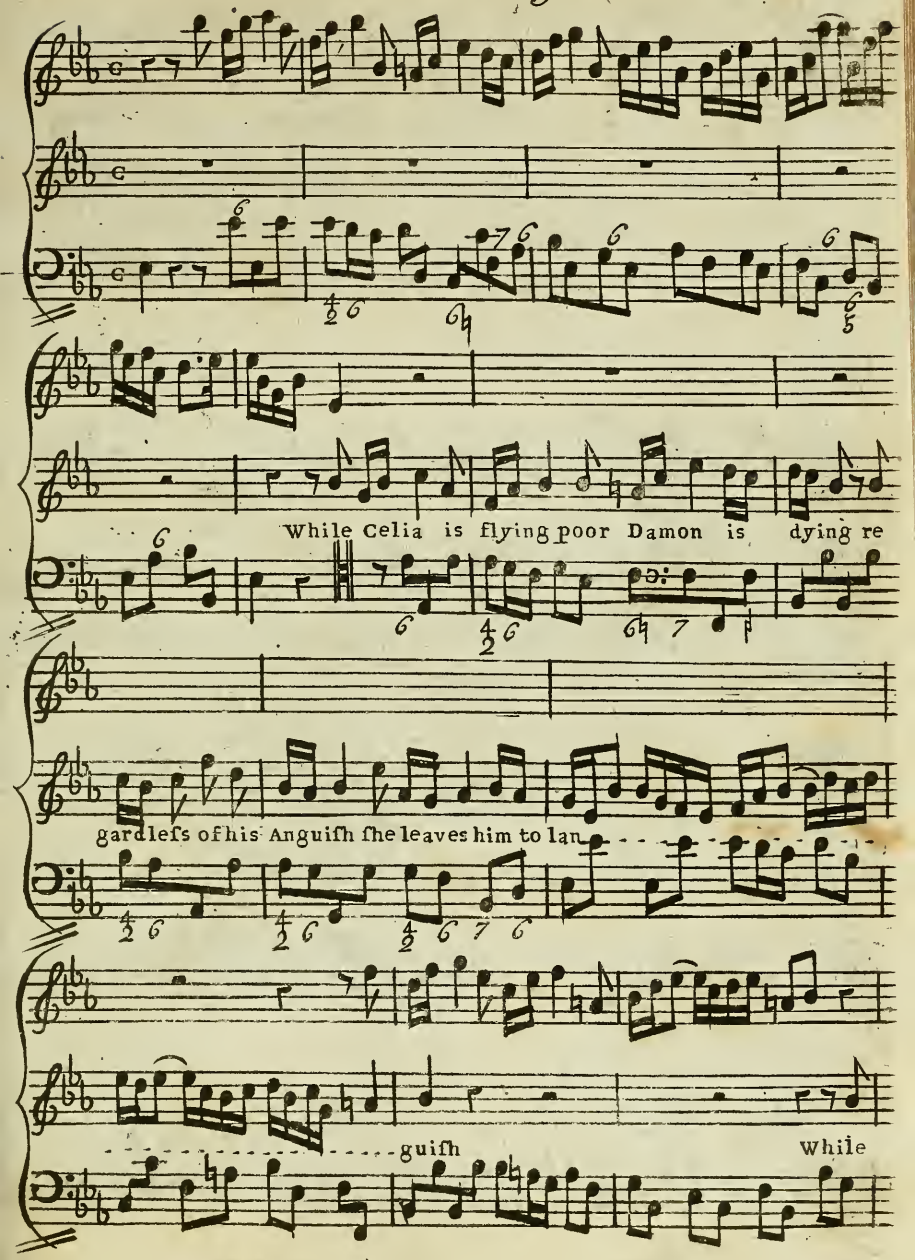
pear the World s but a de - ſart to me

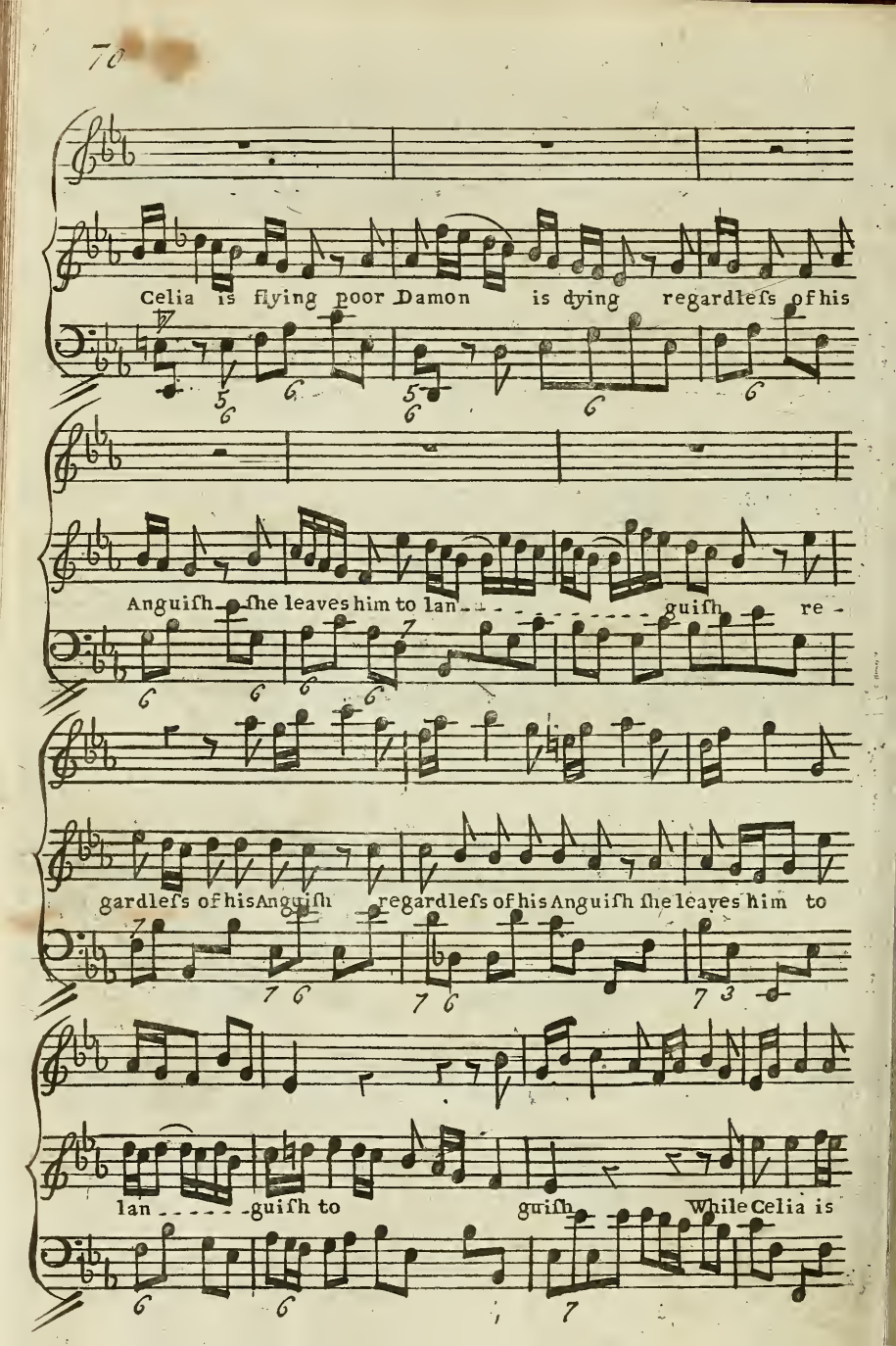


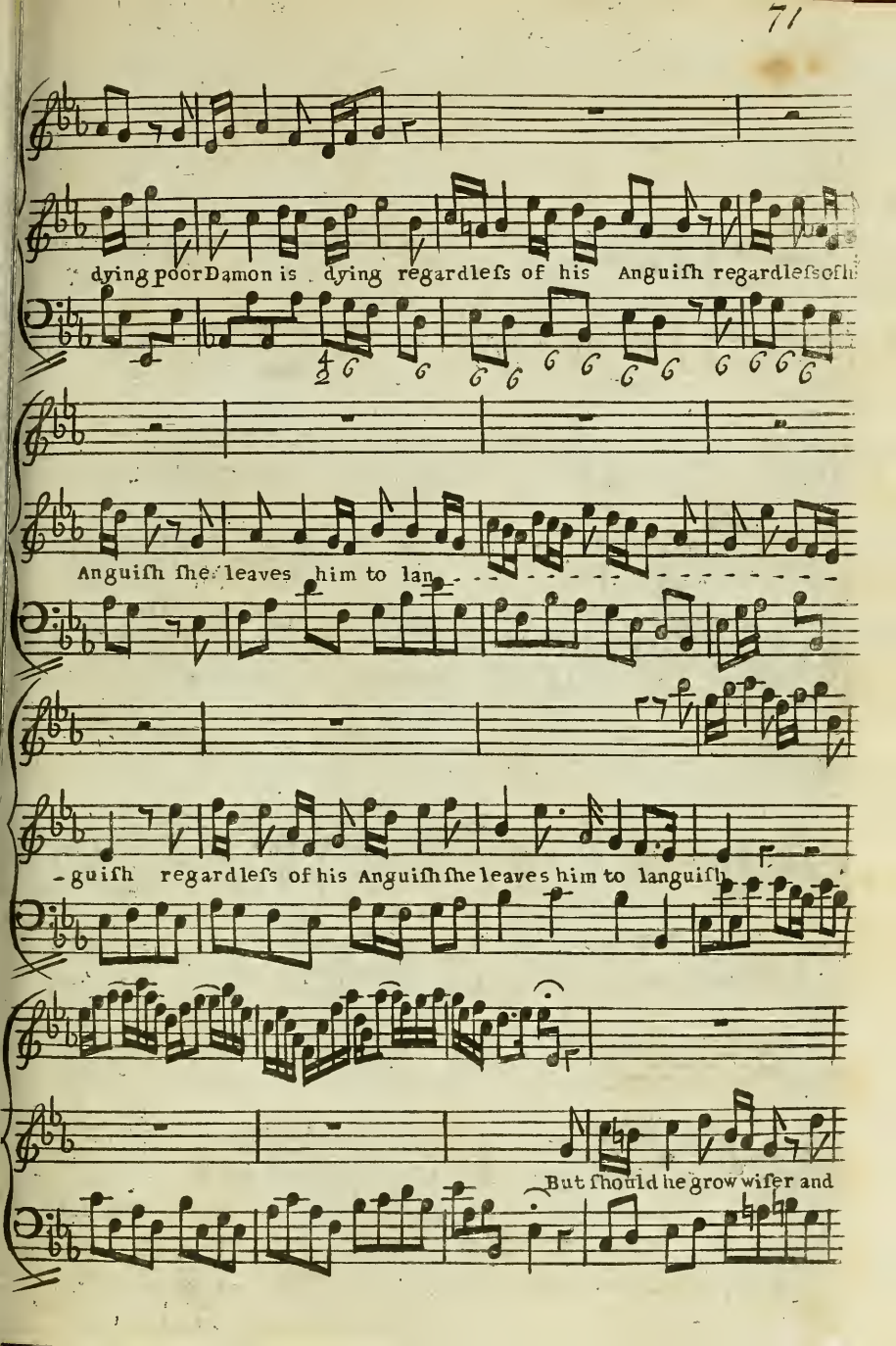
In vain are the verdures of ſpring
The fields dreſs'd ſo bloomingly gay
The Birds that delightfully ſing
Delight not when CEALIA'S away
Oh give the dear Nymph to my Arms
And the ſeaſons unheeded may roll
Her preſence like Midſummer Warms
Her abſence out freezes the pole

Reclin'd by ſoft murmuring ſtreams
I weeping diſburden my Care
I tell to the rocks my fond themes
Whoſe echo's but ſooth my deſpair
Ye ſtreams that ſoft murmuring flow
Convey to my love e'ery tear
Ye rocks that reſound with my Woe
Repeat my complaints in her ear

O tell her I languiſhing lie
In the midſt of life's vigorous bloom
That tis only herſelf can ſupply
The cure that retrieves from the Tomb
And if the dear charmer ſhall deign
To equal my amorous fire
That moment will eaſe all my pain
New life and new pleaſure inſpire


While Celia is flying poor Damon is dying re
gardless of his Anguish she leaves him to lan
guish
While


Celia is flying poor Damon is dying regardless of his
Anguish she leaves him to lan guish re-
gardless of his Anguish regardless of his Anguish she leaves him to
lan guish to guish While Celia is


dying poor Damon is dying regardless of his Anguish regardless of h
Anguish she leaves him to lan-
-guish regardless of his Anguish she leaves him to languish
But should he grow wiser and

learn to deſpiſe her ſhe'll ſoon grow relenting complying conſen - - - - -

- - - - - - - - - ting ſoon relenting but ſhould he grow wiſer and learn to de -

ſpiſe her ſhe'll ſoon grow relenting complying conſent - - -

- - - - - - - - - - - ing complying conſent - - - ing Da Capo

The Doubtful SWAIN Set by Mr HOWARD

Tell me dear Charmer tell me why all other Ioys ſo

Quickly Cloy all but the Ioys of Loving thee and they a-

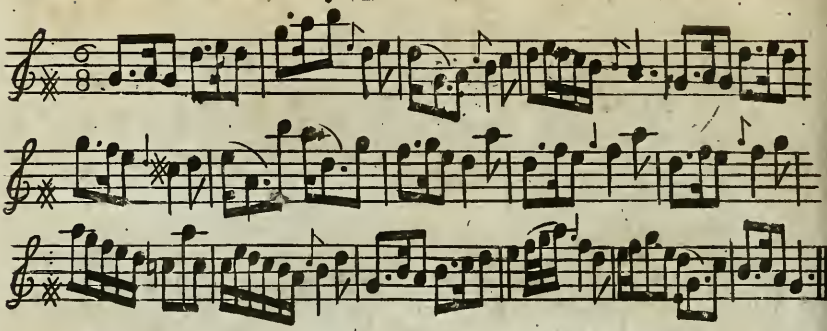
-lone Immortal be they neither dull the Mind or ſence nor

looſe their pleaſing In fluence they neither dull the Mind

or ſence nor looſe their pleaſing In fluence

For ever I with fierce deſire
Cou'd gaze on thee and never fire
My raviſh'd Ears cou'd all Day long
Feaſt on the Muſick of thy Tongue
And when that fails yet ſtill in you
I ſomething find that's always new

FLUTE



To AMANDA set by Mr HOWARD

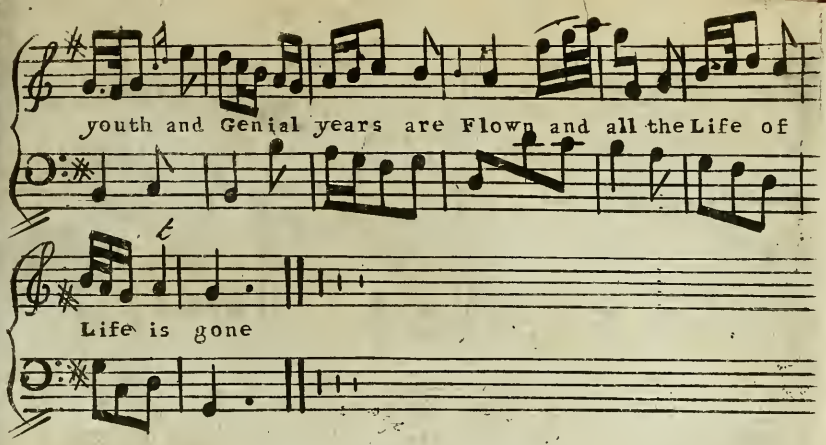
Not to fast

For ever Fortune wilt then Prove an un-relenting

Foe to Love and when we meet a mu--tual Heart come

in be tween and bid us part bid us Sigh on from

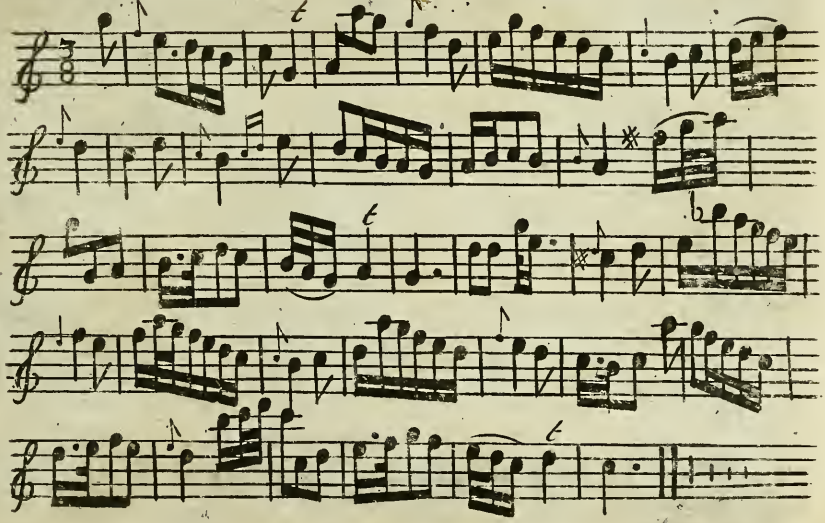
Day to Day and wish and wish the soul a way till

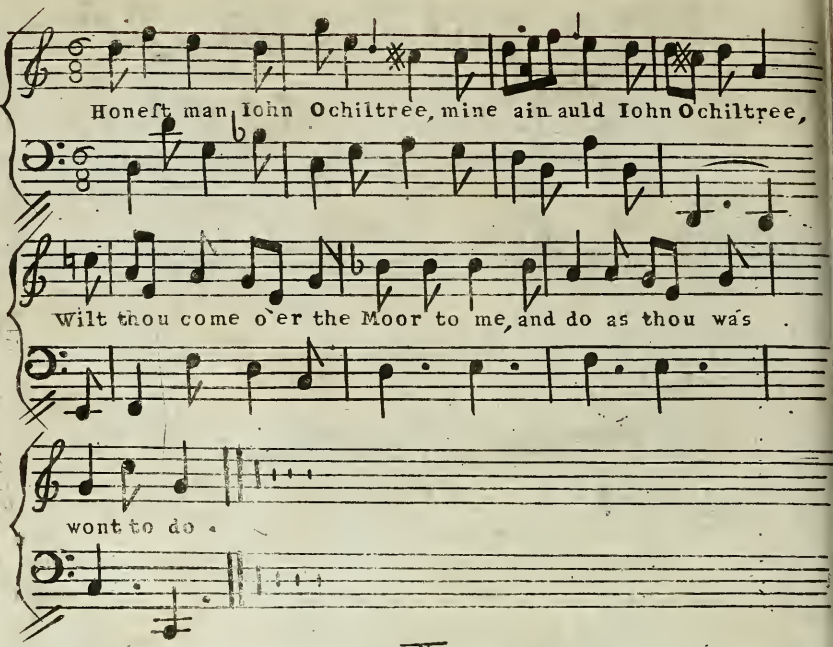


But Bufy Bufy ftill art thou
To bind the Lovelefs Ioylefs Vow
The Heart from Pleafure to delude

To bind the Gentle with the rude
For once O Fortune hear my Pray'r
And I abfolve thy Future Care
All other Blefsings I refign
Make but the dear Amanda mine

FLUTE





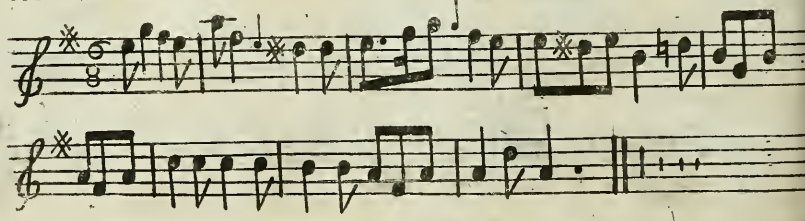
Alake, alake! I wont to do!
Ohon, Ohon! I wont to do!
Now wont to do's away frae me,
Frae ſilly auld Iohn Ochiltree.

Honeſt Man Iohn Ochiltree,
Mine ain auld Iohn Ochiltree,
Come anes out o'er the Moor to me,
And do but what thou dew to do.

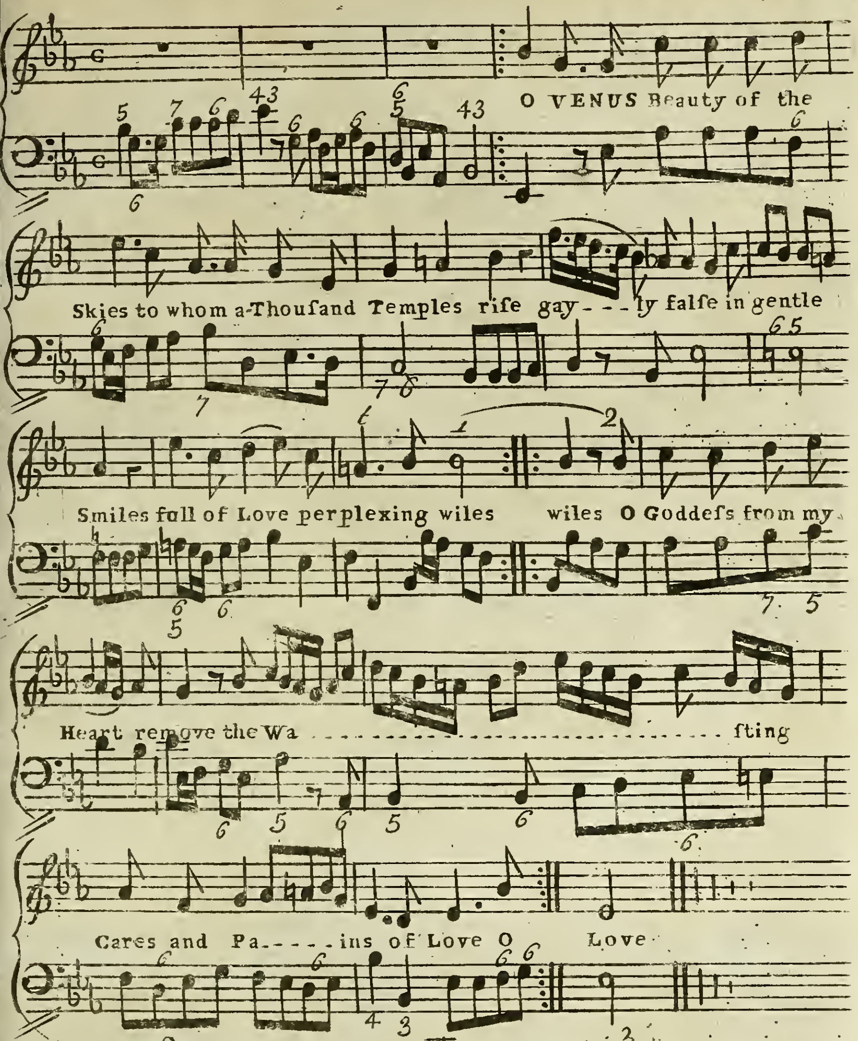
Alake, alake! I dow to do
Walaways, I dow to do.
To whoſt and hirple o'er my Tree,
If a that I dow do to do

Walaways Iohn Ochiltree,
For mony a time I tell'd to thee,
Thou'd tine the ſpeed thy ſell wad di
Poor, ſilly, auld Iohn Ochiltree.

for the German flute



HYMN to VENUS. The Words taken out of the SPECTATOR.



If ever thou haſt kindly heard
A Song in ſoft Diſtreſs preferr'd
Propitious to my Tuneful Vow
O Gentle Goddeſs. hear me now
Deſcend, thou bright immortal Gueſt
In all thy radiant Charms confeſt.

Thou once didſt leave Almighty Jove
And all the Golden Roofs above.
The Carr thy wonton Sparrows drew
Hov'ring in Air they lightly flew.
As to my Bower they wing'd their Way
I ſaw their quiv'ring Pinions play

4

The Birds dismist while you remain
Bore back their empty Carr again
Then you with Looks divinely mild
In ev'ry heav'nly Feature smil'd
And ask'd what new Complaints I made
And why I call'd you to my Aid

5

What Phrenzy in my Bosom raged
And by what Cure to be asswaged
What gentle Youth I would allure
Whom in my Artful Toils secure
Who does thy tender Heart subdue
Tell me my SAPPHO tell me who

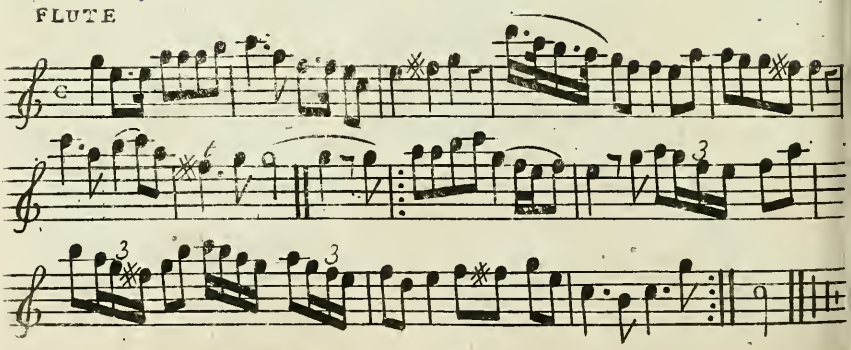
6

Tho now he shuns thy longing Arms
He soon shall court thy slighted Charms
Tho now thy Off'rings he despise
He soon to thee shall sacrifice
Tho now he freeze he soon shall Burn
And be thy Victim in his Turn

7

Celestial Visitant once more
Thy needful Presence I implore
In Pity come and ease my Grief
Bring my distemper'd Soul Relief
Favour thy Suppliants hidden Fires
And give me All my Heart desires

FLUTE



The LADYS Petition in Choice of a HUSBAND.

A New Song by Mr BOWMAN.

Ye Gods if e'er it' Prove My Lot In Wedlock to a-

-gree From One that's falſe in Deed or Thought

Good Gods de-li-ver me

2

Let him have Youth to know Charms
In Loves ſweet Extaſie
But from the Aged Lovers Arms
Good Gods deliver me

3

His Perſon whether tall or ſhort
I leave to Deſtiny
But from the dull ill featur'd ſort
Good Gods deliver me

4

In Dreſs let him ſo far advance
As Maids term Decency
But from a Beau AL MODE DE FRANCE
Good Gods deliver me

5

In Learning let him know himſelf
Neither too frank nor free
But from the Bookiſh Pedant Elf
Good Gods deliver me

6

In Faith let all his Actions ſhew
His firm Integrity
But from the POPE and all his CREW
Good Gods deliver me.

7

His MIND and TEMPER let it ſuit
With Chaſt ſobriety
But from a SOT and ſenſeleſs Brute
Good Gods deliver me.

8

In WEALTH let him have juſt aſſtore
To ſave from Poverty
But from the Miſer's ſcanty Door
Good Gods deliver me.

9

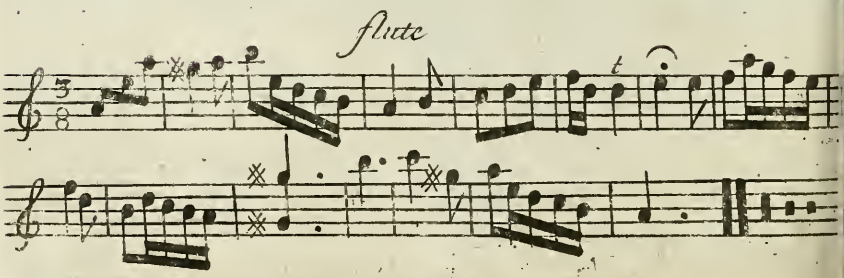
His Paſsion let it be ſincere
Free from Impurity
But from the Jealous Lover's ſnare
Good Gods deliver me.

10

In ev'ry ſcene of painful Life
Contentment let me ſee
But from a Marr'age mixt with ſtrife
Good Gods deliver me.

11

If then a Man to bleſs theſe Arms
In Love can thus agree
To let him reap my youthful Charms
Good Gods ſend him to me.



The pride of ev'ry Grove I chose, the Violet sweet, and Lilly fair, the

Da-pled Pink, and blushing Rose, to deck my charming Cloe's Hair. At

Morn the Nymph Vouch-saf'd to place up-on her Brow the Various Wreathe

Flow'rs less blooming then her Face; scent less Fragrant than her Breath.

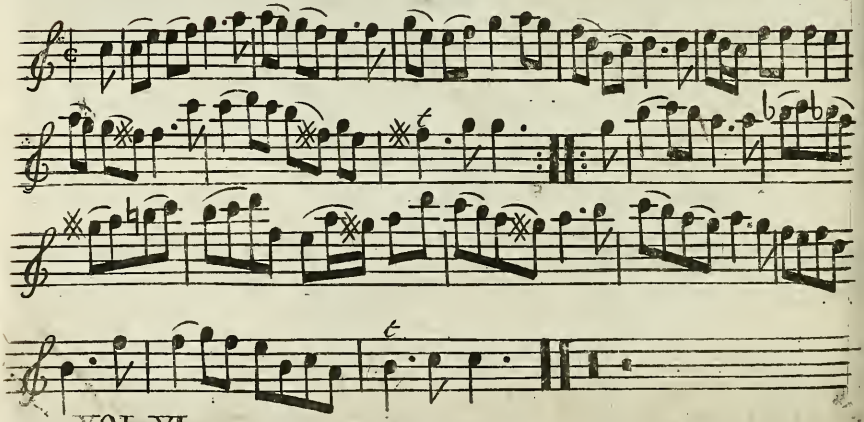
The Flow'rs she wore along the Day
And ev'ry Nymph and Shepherd said
That in her Hair they lookt more gay
Than glowing in their Native Bed
Undrest at Evening when she found
Their Odours lost their Colours past
She chang'd her look and on the Ground
Her Garland and her Eye she cast .

That Eye dropt ſence diſtinct and Clear,
As any Muſe's Tongue coud ſpeak,
When from its lid a pearly Tear
Ran trickling down her Beauteous Cheek.
Diſsembling what I knew too well,
My Love, my Life, ſaid I, explain
This change of Humour: pr'ythee tell:
That falling Tear—what does it mean

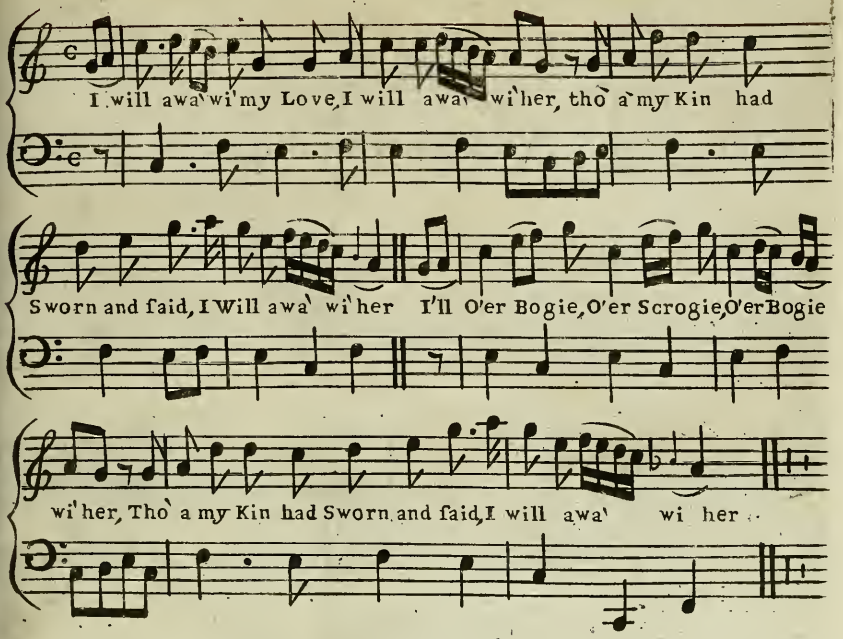
She ſigh'd, ſhe ſmild, and to the Flow'rs
Pointing, the Lovely Moraliſt ſaid:
See! Friend, in ſome few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made,
Ah me! the Blooming Pride of MAY,
And that of Beauty are but one:
At Morn both flouriſh bright and gay,
Both fade at Evening, pale, and gone,

At Dawn poor Stella danc'd and ſung;
The Am'rous Youth around her Bow'd,
At Night her fatal Knel was rung,
I ſaw and Kiſs'd her in her Shrowd.
Such as She is, who dy'd to Day,
Such I alas! may be to Morrow,
Go DAMON, bid thy Muſe diſplay
The juſtice of thy CLOE'S ſorrow.

FLUTE



O'er BOGIE



If I can get but her Conſent,
I dinna care a Strae,
Tho ilka ane be diſcontent,
Awa' wi'her I'll gae.
I'll o'er Boggie, &c.

For now ſhe's Miſtreſs of my Heart,
And wordy of my Hand,
And well I wat we ſhanna part,
For Siller or for Land.
I'll o'er Boggie, &c.

Let Rakes delvte to ſwear and drink,
And Beaus admire fine Lace,
But my chief Pleaſure is to blink,
On BETTY'S bonny Face.
I'll o'er Boggie, &c.

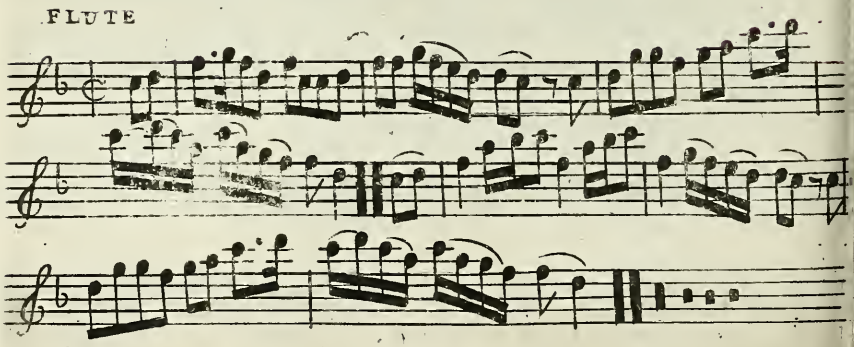
There a' the Beauties do combine,
Of Colour, Treats, and Air,
The Saul that ſparkles in her Een,
Makes her a Jewel rare.
I'll o'er Boggie, &c.

Her flowing wit gives ſhining Life
To a' her other Charms
How bleſt I'll be when ſhe's my Wife,
And lockt up in my Arms.
I'll o'er Boggie &c.

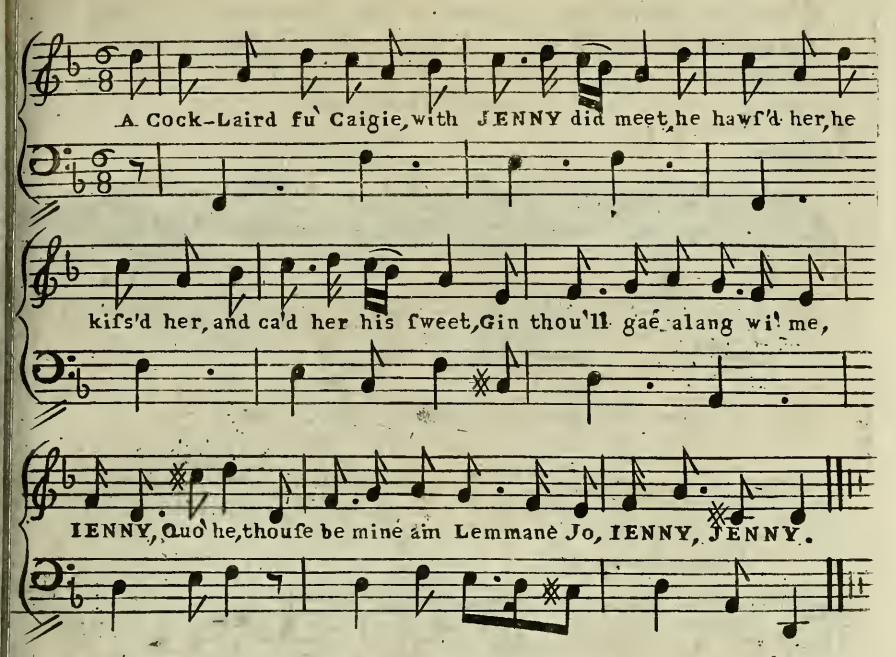
There blythly will I rant and ſing,
While o'er her Sweets I range,
I'll cry, Your humble Servant, King
Shamefa' them that wa'd change.
I'll o'er Boggie, & c.

A Kiſs of BETTY, and a Smile,
Abeet ye wad lay down,
The Right ye ha'e to BRITAN'S Iſle,
And offer me ye'r Crown.
I'll o'er Boggie, o'er Scroggie,
O'er Boggie wi' her,
Tho' a my Kin had ſworn, and ſaid,
I will awa' wi her.

FLUTE



VOL.



Gin I gae alang with you ye ma' na fail,
To feed me with Croudie and good hakit Kail;
What needs a' this Vanity, IENNY, quo' he,
Is not Banocks and dribly Berds good Meat for thee?

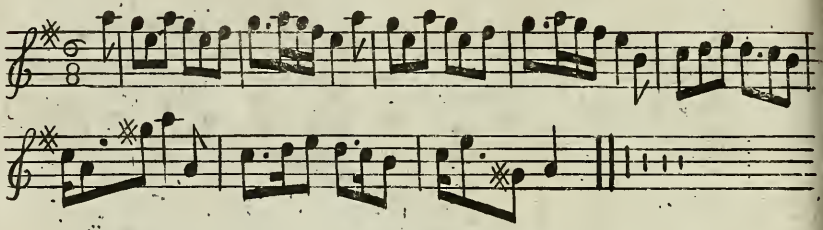
Gin I gae alang with you I man' ha'e a ſilk Hood,
A Kirtle Sark wylie Coat, and a ſilk Snood,
To tye up my Hair in a Cockernonie.
Hout away thou's gane wood I trow, IENNY, quo' he.

Gin you wa'd ha'e me look bonny, and ſhine like the Moon,
I man' ha'e Katlets and Patlets, and Camerel-heel'd Shoon,
And Craig-cloths, and Lugg-babs, and Rings twa or three,
Hout the Deel's in your Vanity, IENNY, quo' he.

Sometimes I am troubled with Gripes in my Wemb,
Gin I get nae Stouries, I ſhall my fel'ſhame;
I'll rift at the Rumple and gar the Wind flee.
Deel ſtap a Cork in your Doup, IENNY, quo' he.

Gin that be the Care you take, ye may gae loup,
For ſick'na ſilly Hurtcheon ſhall ne'er ſkelp my Doup,
Hout away, gae be hang'd louſie Laidie, quo' ſhe:
Deel ſcoup o' your Company, JENNY,

FLUTE



PEGGY I muſt LOVE thee.

As from a Rock paſt all relief, the ſhipwrackt COLIN Spying, his

Native ſoil, o'ercome with Grief, half ſunk in Waves, and dying: With

the next Morning Sun he ſpys, a ſhip which gives unhop'd ſurpriſe, new

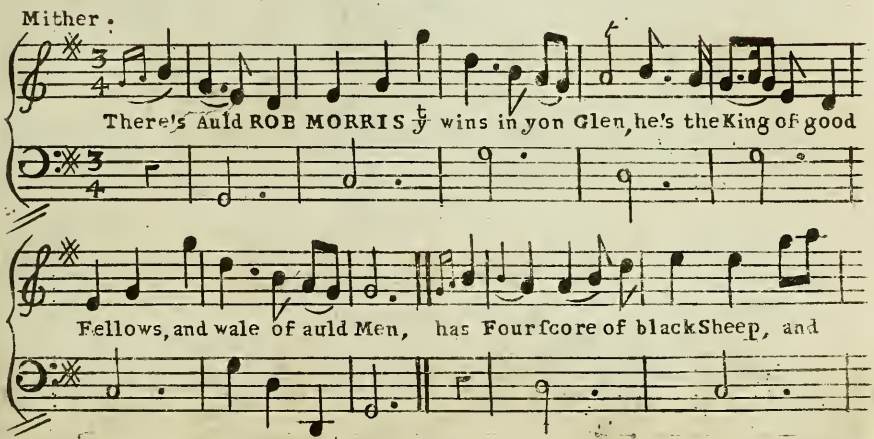
Life ſprings up, he lifts his Eyes with Joy, and waits her Motion.

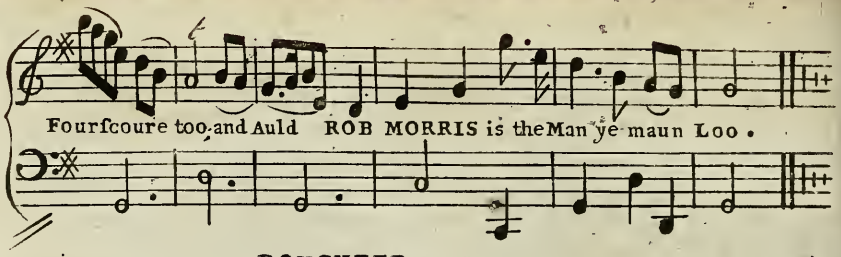
So when by her whom long I Lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was, and deſerted,
Low with Deſpair my Spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droopt I, till diviner Grace
I found in PEGGY'S mind and Face,
Ingratitude appear'd then Baſe,
But Vertue more engaging.

Then now ſince happily I'ye hit,
I'll have no more delaying,
Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,
We loſe ourſelves in ſtaying:
I'll haſte dull Courtſhip to a Cloſe,
Since Marriage can my Fears oppoſe,
Why ſhould we happy Minutes loſe,
Since, PEGGY, I muſt love thee.

Men may be fooliſh, if they pleaſe,
And deem't a Lover's Duty,
To ſigh, and ſacrifice their Eaſe,
Doating on a proud Beauty:
Such was my Caſe for many a Year,
Still Hope ſucceeding to my Fear,
Falſe BETTY'S Charms now diſappear,
Since PEGGY'S far outſhine them.

Auld ROB. MORRIS.





DOUGHTER.

Ha'd your tongue, Mither, and let that abee,
For his Eild and my Eild can never agree:
They'll never agree, and that will be ſeen!
For he is fourſcore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER.

Ha'd your tongue, Doughter, and lay by your Pride,
For hes be the Bridegroom, and ye's be the Bride;
He ſhall ly by your ſide, and kiſs ye too,
Auld ROB MORRIS is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER

Auld ROB MORRIS I ken him fou weel,
His A — it ſticks out like ony Peet-creel,
He's out ſhin'd in kneed and ringle ey'd too
Auld ROB MORRIS is the Man I'll ne'er loo.

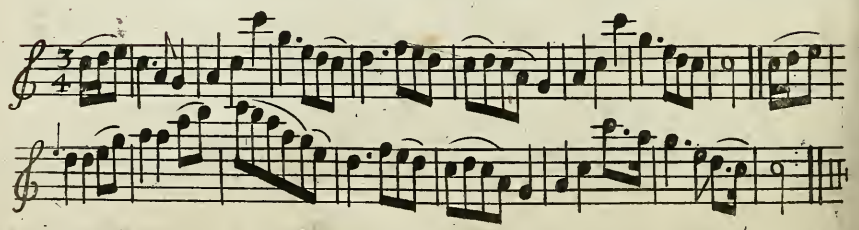
MITHER

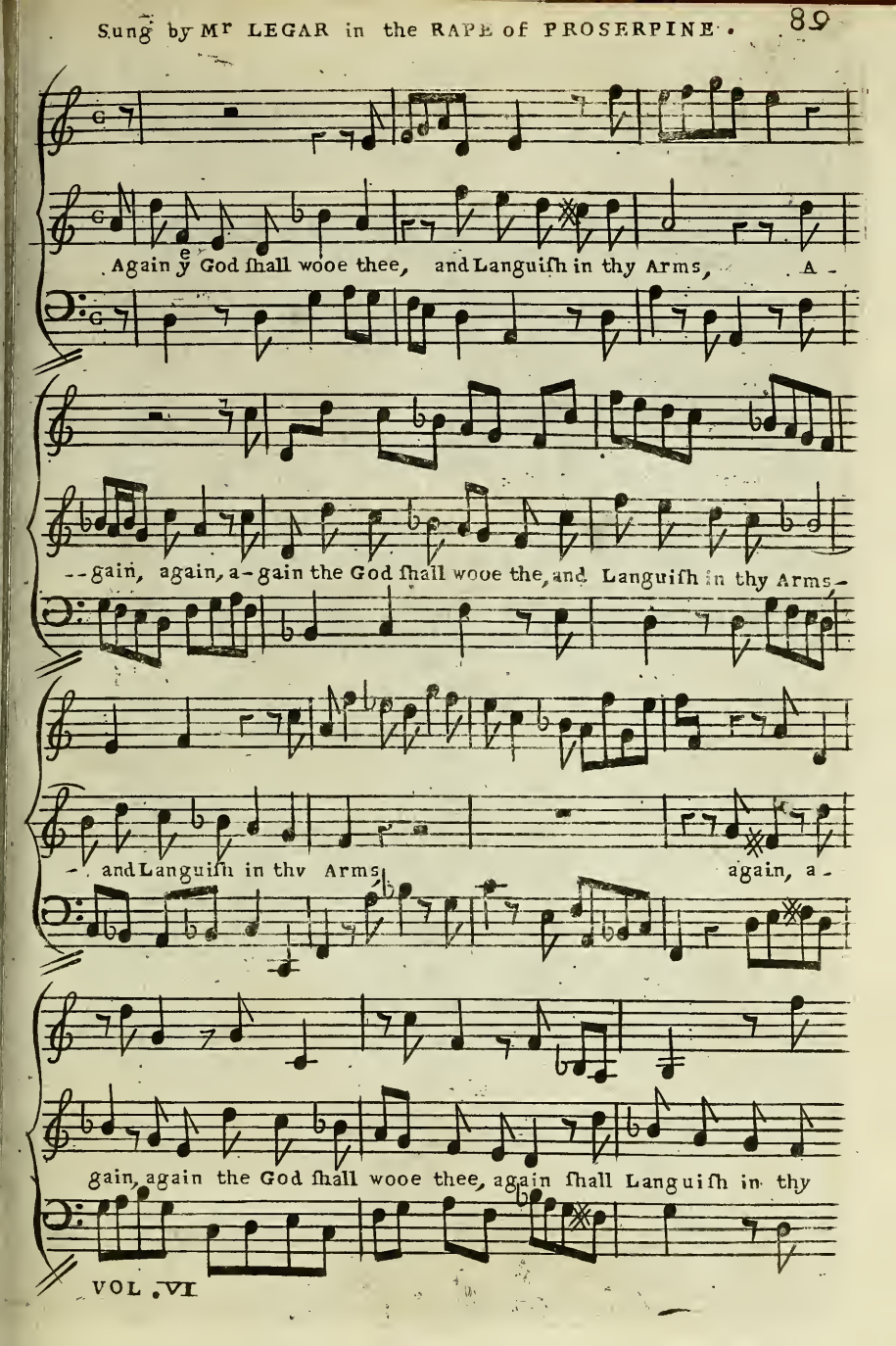
Tho' auld ROB MORRIS be an elderly Man,
Yet his auld Braſs it will buy a new Pan;
Then, Doughter, ye ſhoud na be ſae ill to ſhoo,
For auld ROB MORRIS is the Man ye maun loo.

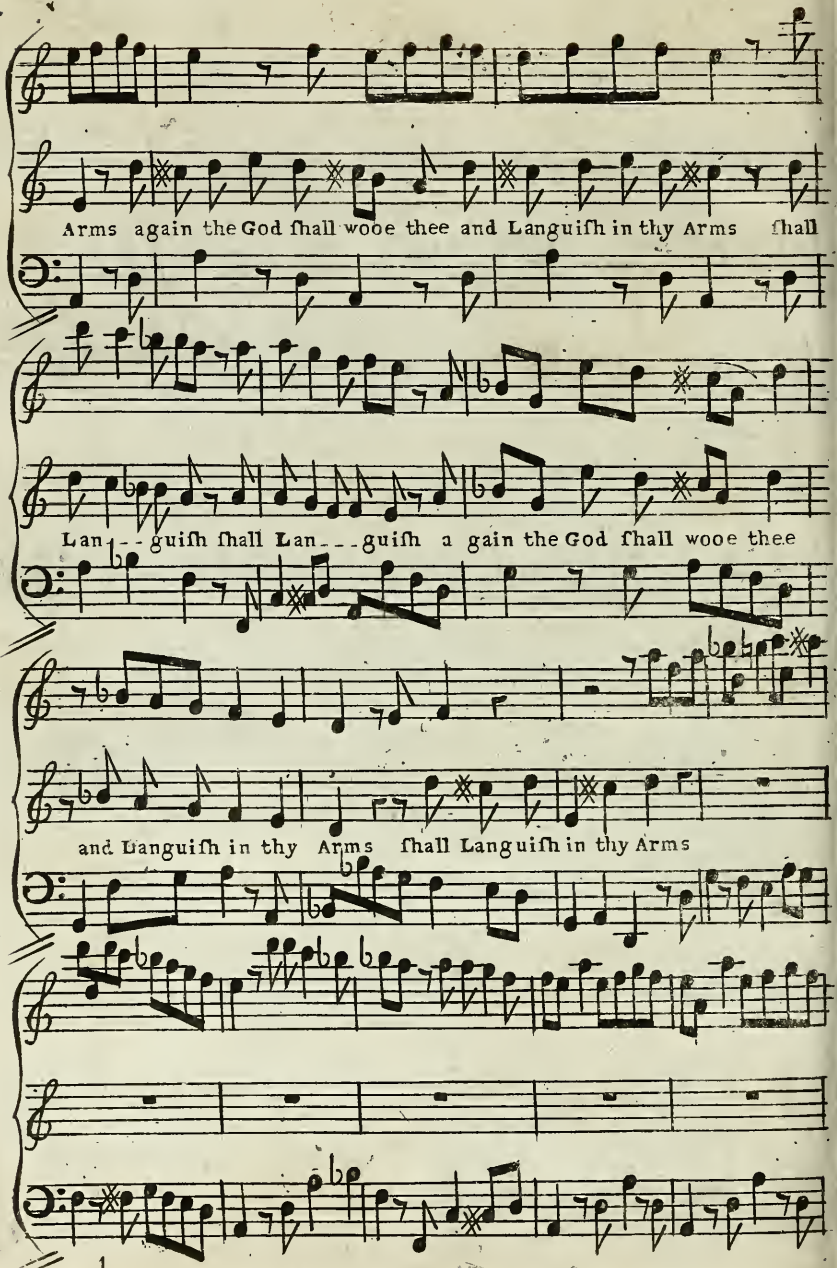
DOUGHTER

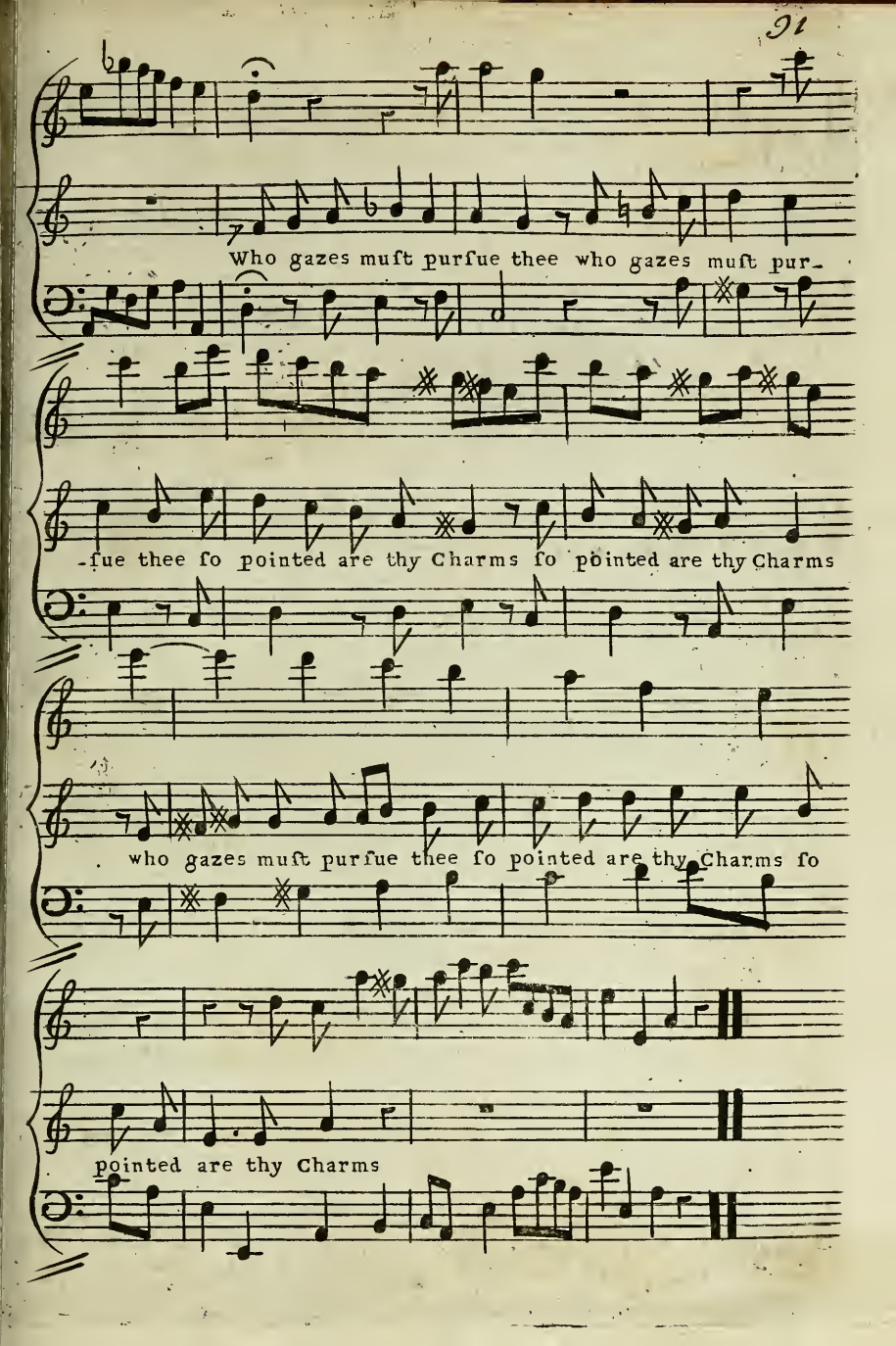
But auld ROB MORRIS I never will hae,
His Back is ſae ſtiff, and his Beard is grown gray:
I had titter die than live with him a Year,
Sae mair of ROB MORRIS I never will hear.

Flute

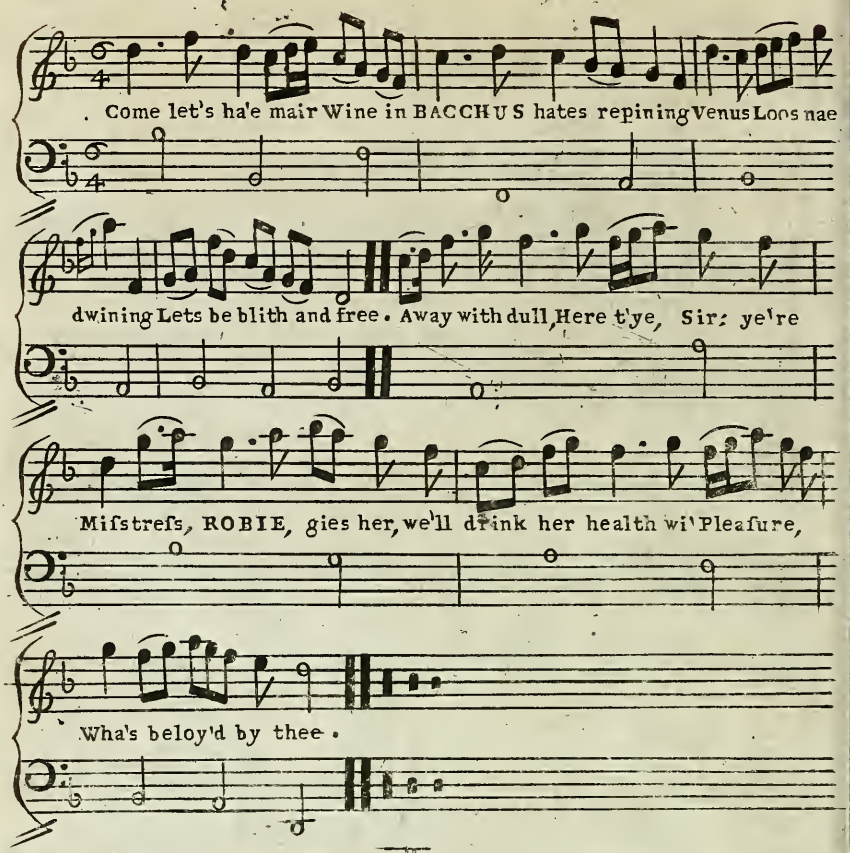



Again ye God ſhall wooe thee, and Languiſh in thy Arms, A-
--gain, again, a-gain the God ſhall wooe the, and Languiſh in thy Arms-
-and Languiſh in thy Arms, again, a-
gain, again the God ſhall wooe thee, again ſhall Languiſh in thy


Arms again the God ſhall wooe thee and Languiſh in thy Arms ſhall
Lan - - guiſh ſhall Lan - - - guiſh a gain the God ſhall wooe thee
and Languiſh in thy Arms ſhall Languiſh in thy Arms


Who gazes muſt purſue thee who gazes muſt pur-
-ſue thee ſo pointed are thy Charms ſo pointed are thy Charms
who gazes muſt purſue thee ſo pointed are thy Charms ſo
pointed are thy Charms

The TOAST. To the Tune of Saw ye my PEGGY.



Then let PEGGY warm ye,
That's a Lafs can charm ye,
And to Joys alarm ye,
Sweet is fhe to me.

Some Angel ye wad ca'her,
And never wifh ane brawer,
If ye bare-headed faw her
Kiltet to the Knee.

PEGGY a dainty Lafs is,
Come let's join our Glaffes,
And refrefh our Haufes
With a Health to thee.

Let Coofs their Cafh be clinking,
Be Statefmen tint in thinking,
While we with Love and Drinking,
Give our Cares the Lie.

Young Philander woo'd me lang, But I was peevish, and for bad him, I wadna tent his loving Sang, But now I wish I wish I had him: ilk Morning when I view my Glass, then I perceive my Beauty going, when the wrinkles seize the face, then Maids may bid a-dieu to wooing.

My Beauty, anes so much admir'd,
I find it fading, fast and flying,
My Cheeks, which Coral like appear'd,
Grow pale, the broken Blood decaying:
Ah! we may see our selves to be,
Like Summer Fruit that is mishaken,
When ripe, they soon fall down and die,
And by Corruption quickly taken.

Use then your Time, ye Virgins fair,
Employ your Day before 'tis evil,
Fifteen is a Season rare,
But five and twenty is the Devil.
Iust when ripe, consent unto't,
Hug nae mair your lanely Pillow:
Women are like other Fruit,
They lose their Relish when too Mellow

DORINDA By IOHN HUGHES Esq Set by Dr PEPUSCH

Fame of Dorinda's Conquests brought The God of Love her

Charms to view To wound th'un wary Maid he Thought But

soon became her Conquest too

He dropt half drawn his feeble Bow
He look'd he ray'd and sighing pin'd.
And wish'd in vain he had been now
As Painters falsely draw him blind.

Disarm'd he to his Mother flies
Help Venus help thy Wretched Son
Who now will pay Us Sacrifice.
For Love Himself's alas. undone.

To Cupid now no Lover's Pray'r
Shall be address'd in suppliant Sighs.
My Darts are gone but Oh. beware
Fond Mortals of Dorinda's Eyes.

FLUTE

A LASS that was loaden with care, Sat heavily under a

Thorn, I lis-tend a while for to hear, and thus she be-gan

for to Mourn • So merry as we have been, So

happy as we twa have been O my Heart it was

like to dif-pair When I think of the

Days we have Seen •

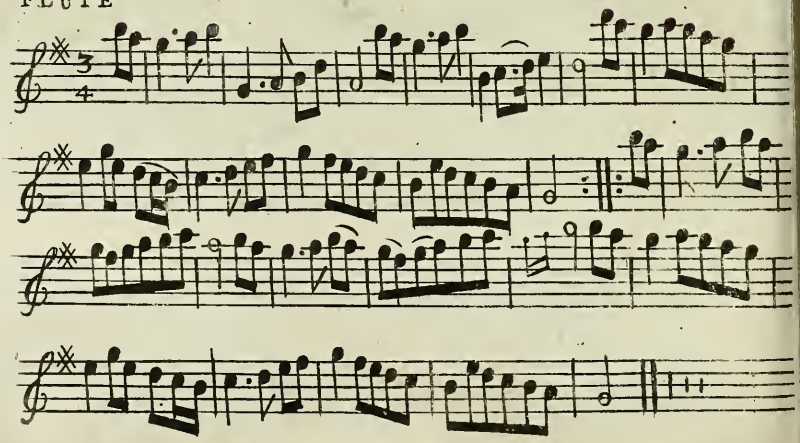
When you my dear Shepherd was there,
The Birds did Melodiouſly Sing.
And the Cold nipping Winter did wear,
A Face that Reſembled the ſpring,
So merry &c.

My dear he would oft to me ſay,
What makes you hard hearted to me,
Or why do you thus turn away,
From him that's a Dying for thee,
So merry &c.

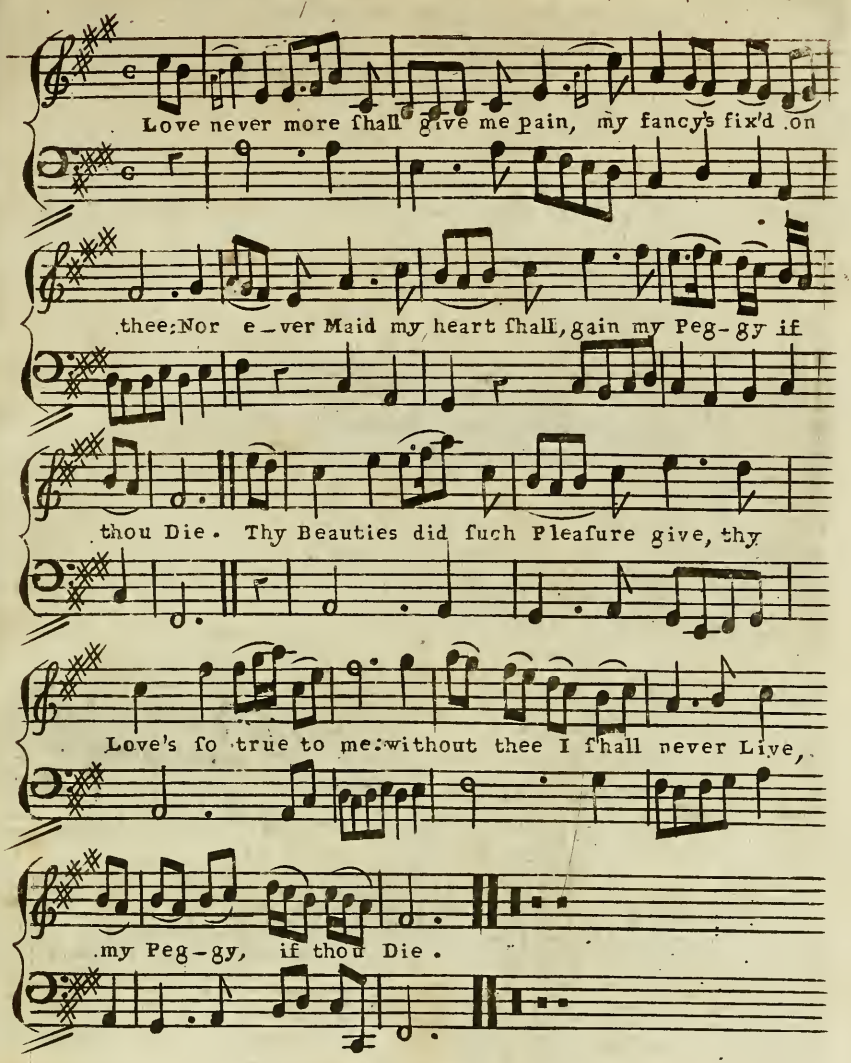
But now he is far from my Sight,
Perhaps ſome advices may Prove,
Which makes me lament Day and Night,
That ever I granted him Love.
So merry &c.

At the Eve when the reſt of the Flock,
Were ſett on their Crouches to ſpin,
I ſett on myſelf under his oak,
And I heavily Sighed for him,
So merry &c.

FLUTE



My Deary if thou Die

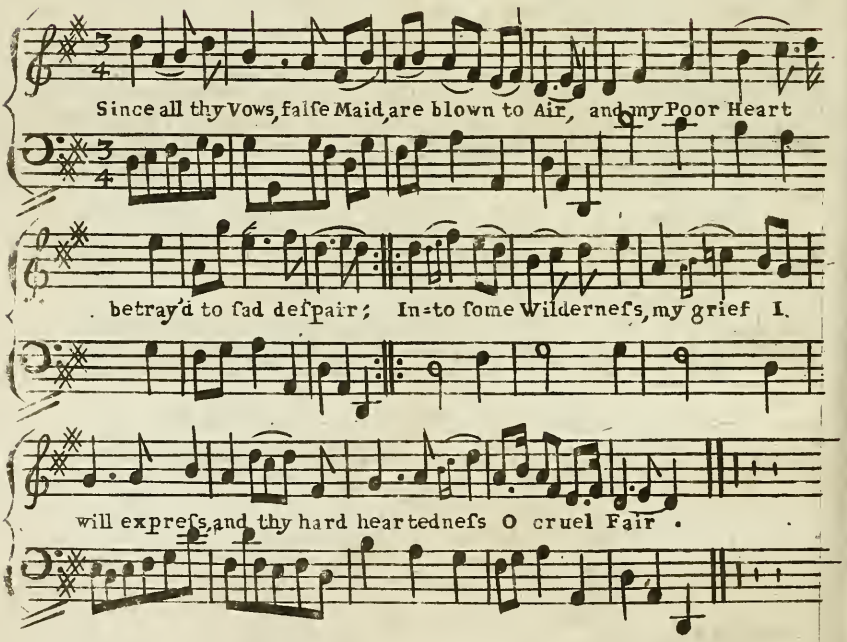


If fate ſhall tear thee from my Breaſt,
How ſhall I lonely ſtray?
In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waſte,
In Sighs the ſilent Day.
I ne'er can ſo much Virtue find,
Nor ſuch Perfection ſee:
Then I'll renounce all Women-kind,
My Peg-gy, after thee.

No new blown Beauty fires my Heart
With Cupids raving Rage
But thine which can ſuch Sweets impart
Muſt all the World engage.
Twas this that like the Morning Sun
Gave Joy and Life to me
And when it's deſtind Day is done
With Peggy let me Die

Ye Powers that ſmile on virtuous Love
And in ſuch Pleaſure ſhare
You who it's faithful Flames approve
With pity view the Fair.
Reſtore my Peggy's wonted Charms
Thoſe Charms ſo dear to me
Oh. never rob them from theſe Arms:
I'm loſt if Peggy die.

CROMLET'S LILT



Have I not graven our Loves
On every Tree:
In yonder ſpreading Groves,
Tho' falſe thou be:
Was not a ſolemn Oath
Plighted betwixt us both,
Thou thy Faith, I my Troth,
Conſtant to be.

Some gloomy Place I'll find,
Some doleful Shade,
Where neither Sun nor Wind
E'er Entrance had:
Into that hollow Cave,
There will I ſigh and rave,
Becauſe thou do'ſt behave
So faithleſs-ly.

Wild Fruit ſhall be my Meat,
I'll Drink the Spring,
Cold Earth ſhall be my Seat:
For Covering
I'll have the ſtarry Sky
My Head to Canopy,
Untill my Soul on high
Shall ſpread its Wing.

I'll have no funeral Fire,
Nor Tears for me
No Grave do I deſire,
Nor Obſequies:
The Courteous RED BREAST he
With Leaves will cover me,
And ſing my Elegy,
With doleful Voice.

And when a Ghoſt I am,
I'll viſit thee:
O thou deceitful Dame,
Whoſe Cruelty
Has kill'd the kindeſt Heart,
That e'er felt Cupid's Dart
And never can deſert
From loving thee.

LOVE'S OCULIST. By Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD Set by Mr. DIEVPART.

Soft engaging mild and fair As the Gentle Morning.

Air Ro_ses among Lillies ſett And her Hair off ſhin_ing

Jet Hearts ſurprize in Cupids Net

Bleſt with ev'ry pleaſing Grace
Ev'ry Charm of Mind and Face
Doubly bleſt the happy Swain
In ſo fair a Breaſt to reign
Nothing could encreaſe his Gain

Gaining her who'd more deſire
Farewel then each wandring Fire
Ev'ry Vanity Good night
Love at laſt reſtord to Sight
Deals his Arrows by her Light

FLUTE

The Lafs of Bromhall Green when coming from her Cow dreft
like the Cyprian Queen Love triumph'd on her Brow Her
Pail furpafs'd a Crown the rifing fun her Eyes Ma-jeftick
Robes her Gown a Goddefs in Difguife

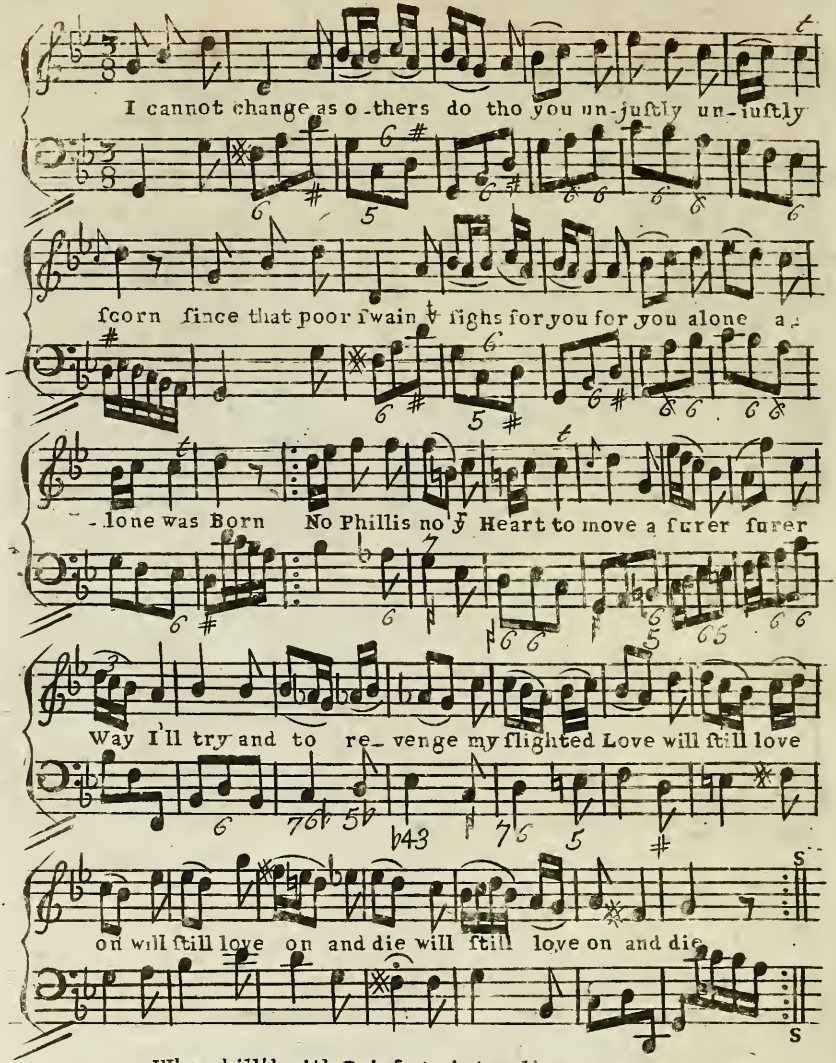
2

Her Breath perfum'd the Air
Not Paradife fo fweet,
Like fhining Pearls her Hair,
As Indian Silks her Feet
And when fhe fung my Ears
Were ravifh'd with her Voice
The Mufick of the Spheres
To hers was jarring noife.

3

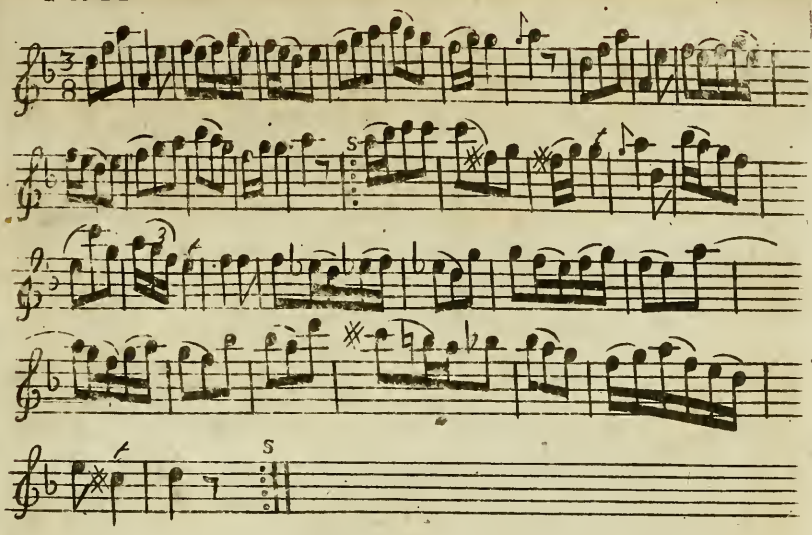
I left her with regret.
So gracefull was her mein
That I fhall ne'er forget
The Lafs of Bromhall Green
Nor dare th admiring Fops
Prefume to court, for fhe
Muft when the next life drops
The Landlords Heriot be.

CONSTANCY. A Song. Set to Musick by Mr. SANDFORD.

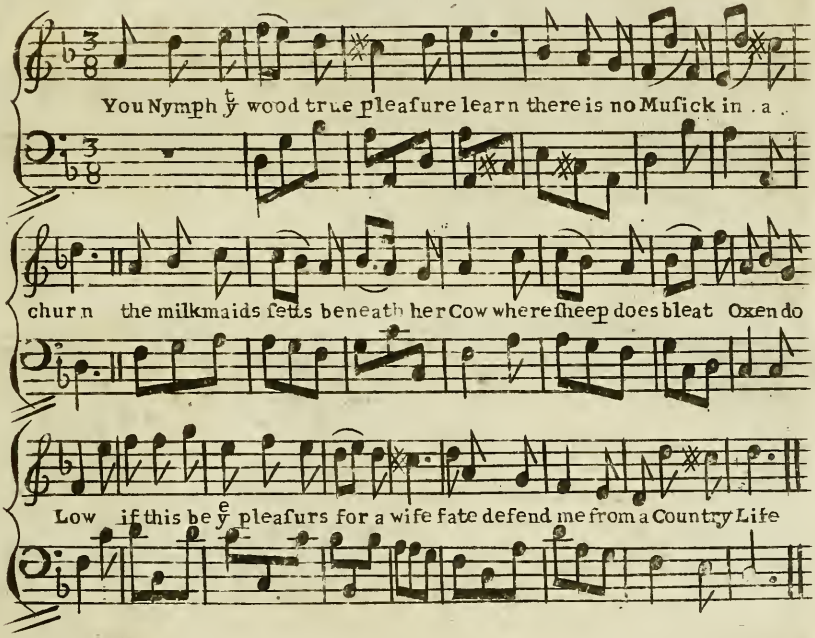


When kill'd with Grief Amintas lies
And you to Mind shall call.
The sighs that now unpity'd rise
The Tears that vainly fall:
That welcome Hour that ends this smart
Will then begin your Pain:
For such a faithfull tender Heart
Can never break can never break in vain.

FLUTE



The COUNTRY WIFES Complaint. Set for the GERMAN FLUTE.

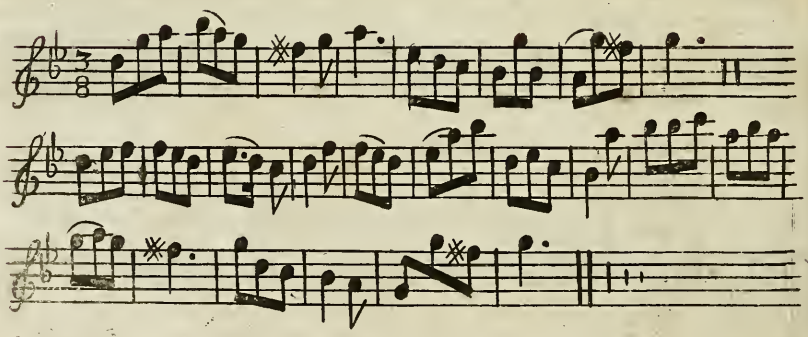


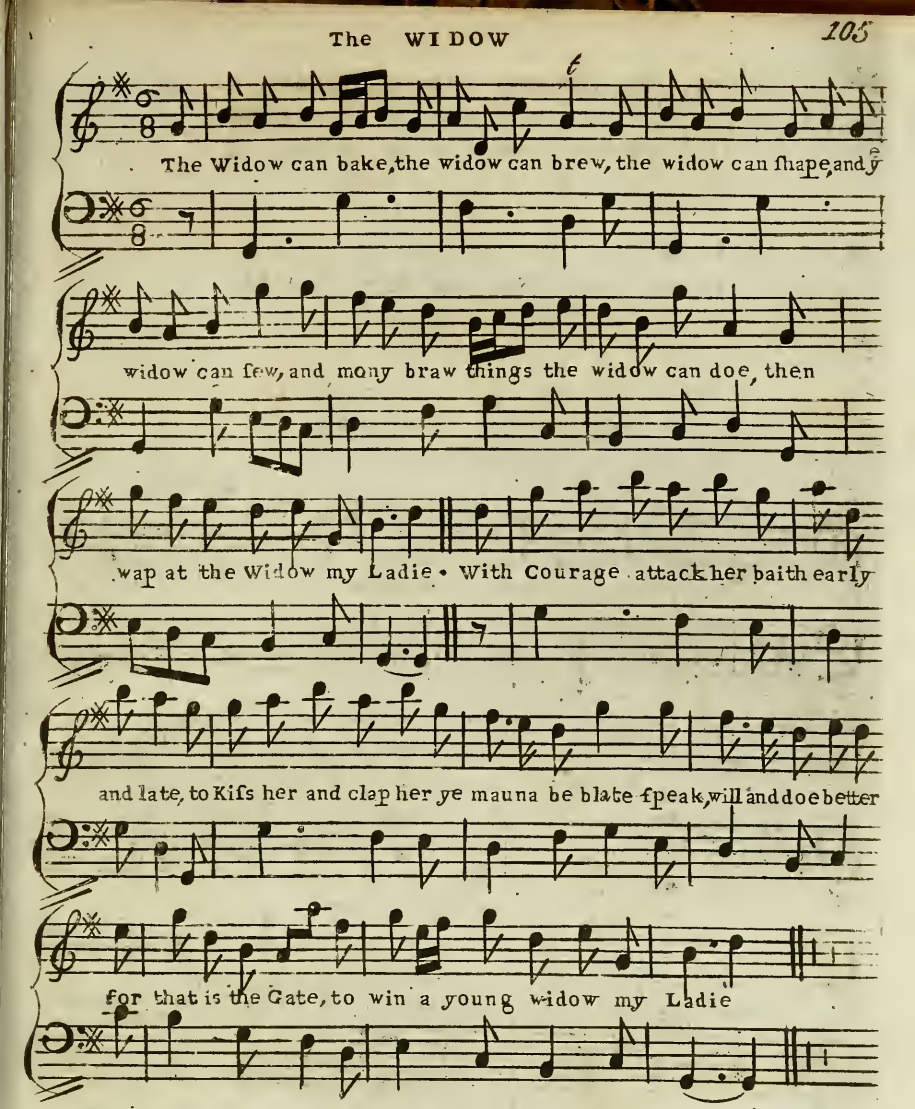
The Team comes home the Plow boy whifels
The great Dog Barks and the Turkey Cock Brifsels
The Raven does croak the Magpy does Chatter
Ducks they cry quak quak in the Watter
And if this be the Pleafurs for a Wife ..
Fate &c.

All Mallancholly crows the Cock
Dull is ~~y~~ e found of a Village Clock
Whilft Mardling hours pafs flowly away
And Yawning Mortals loofe the day
If this be the Pleafures for a Wife
Fate &c.

To live upon Buttermilk Curds and Whey
Deliver me from it I Heartily pray
Lean Beef and fat Pork for to mend the Matter
And flovenly Broth in great Wooden Platter
If this be the Pleafures for a Wife
Fate &c.

The Hoggs they grunt for Wafh and fwill
In comes the Dairey Maid calls for Will
To give them fome meet to keep from Bawling
The Gees and the Peacocks they make fuch a fqualling
So if this be the Pleafures for a Wife
Fate &c.

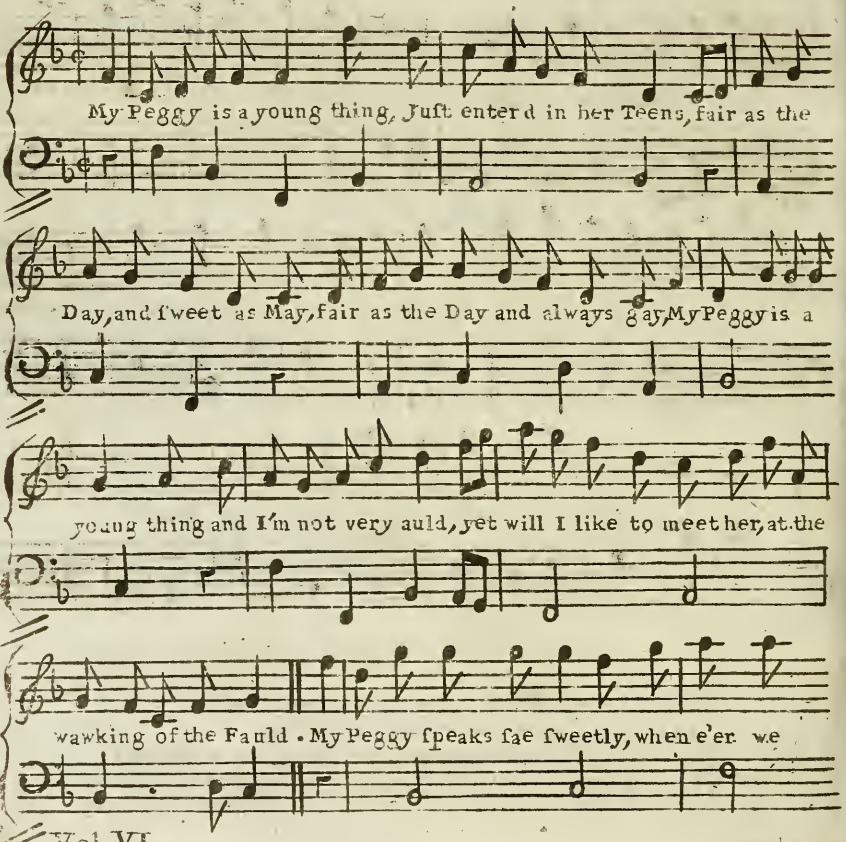


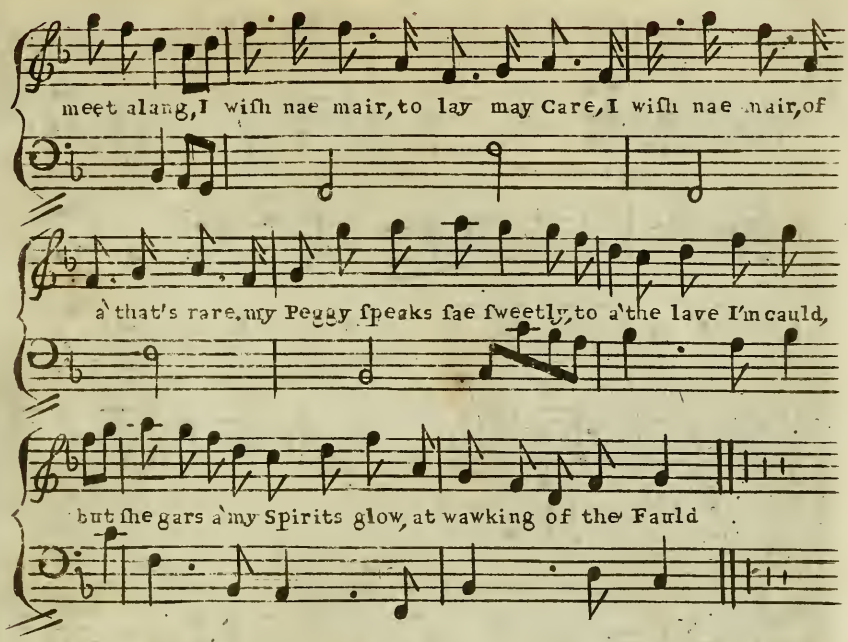


The Widow ſhe's youthful, and never a Hair
The War of the Wearing, and has a good Skair
Of every thing lovely, ſhe's witty and fair,
And has a rich Jointure, my Laddie.
What cou'd ye Wiſh better your Pleaſure to Crown
Than a Widow, the bonnieſt Toaſt in the Town,
With naithing, but draw in your Stool and ſit down,
And ſport with the Widow my Laddie.

Then till'er and kill'er with courtesie dead,
The stark Love and Kindness be all ye can plead,
Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed,
With a bonny gay Widow, my Laddie.
Strike Iron while 'tis hot, if ye'd have it to wald,
For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the Woer that's thowless, and cauld,
Unfit for the Widow, my Laddie.

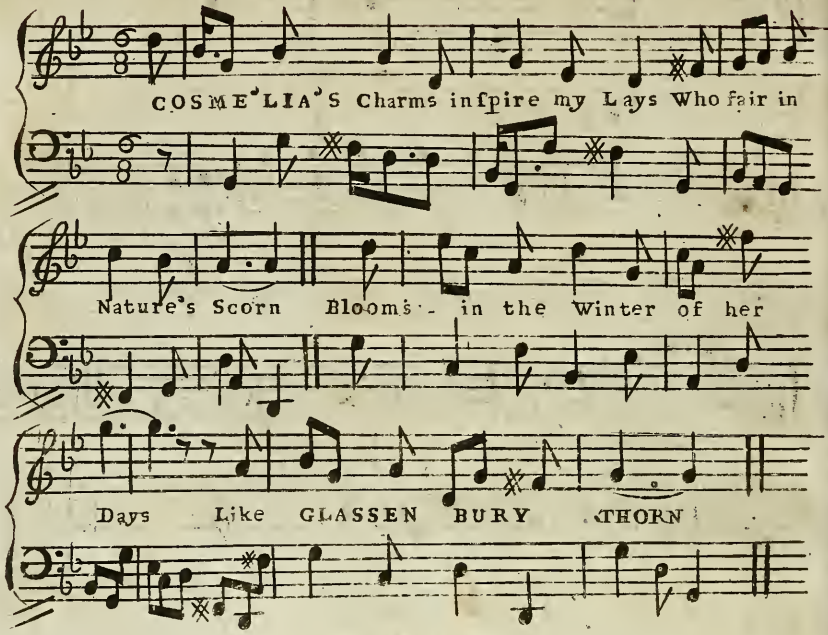
The Wawking of the FAULDS





My Peggy smiles so kindly,
Whene'er I whisper Love,
That I look down on a' the Town
That I look down upon a Crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naithing gives me sic Delight,
As Wawking of the Faul,
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my Pipe I play,
By a' the rest it is Confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her Sangs are tald,
With Innocence the Wale of Sense,
At Wawking of the Fauld.

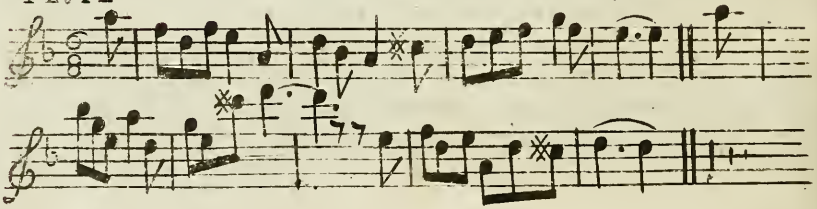
COSME'LIA By James MOORE Esqr.

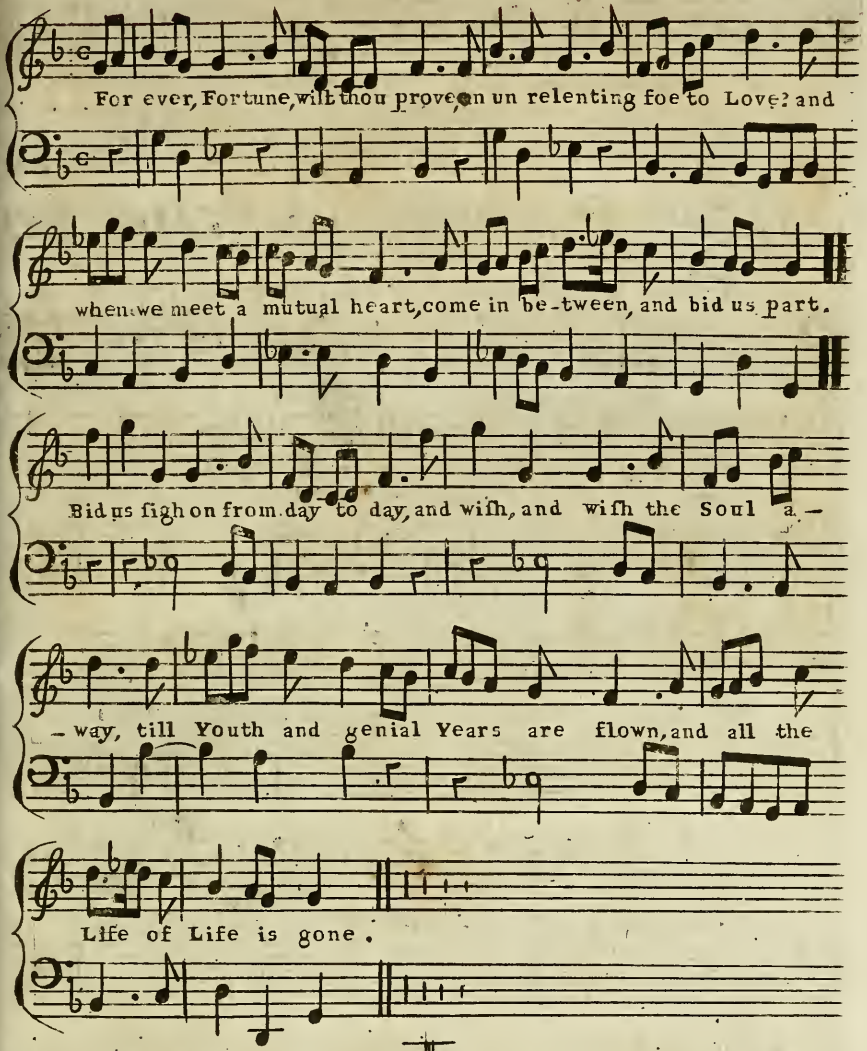


COSMELIA'S cruel at Four ſcore
As Bards in Tragick Plays
Four Acts of Life paſs'd guiltleſs o'er
But in the Fifth ſhe flay's

If o'er impatient for the Bliſs
Within her Arms I fall
The plaiſter'd Fair returns the Kiſs
Like Thisbe thro the Wall

FLUTE





But buſy, buſy ſtill art thou,
To bind the loveleſs, joyleſs Vow,
The Heart from Pleaſure to delude,
And join the Gentle to the Rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my Prayer,
And I abſolve thy future Care,
All other Bleſsings I reſign,
Make but the dear Almanda mine.

OLD AGE. The Words from ANACREON. Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Oft I'm by the Women told, Poor ANACREON, poor ANACREON,

thou grow'st old, thou grow'st old: See how thy Hairs are fal — ing all,

See, see, poor ANACREON, poor ANACREON thou grow'st old.

Whether I grow old or no, By th' Effects I do not know, This I

know, without b'ing told, Tis time to live, tis ti ---------- me to

live, tis time to live, if I grow old. Tis time short

Pleasures now to take, of little Life e y best to make, and manage wi - - - - - -

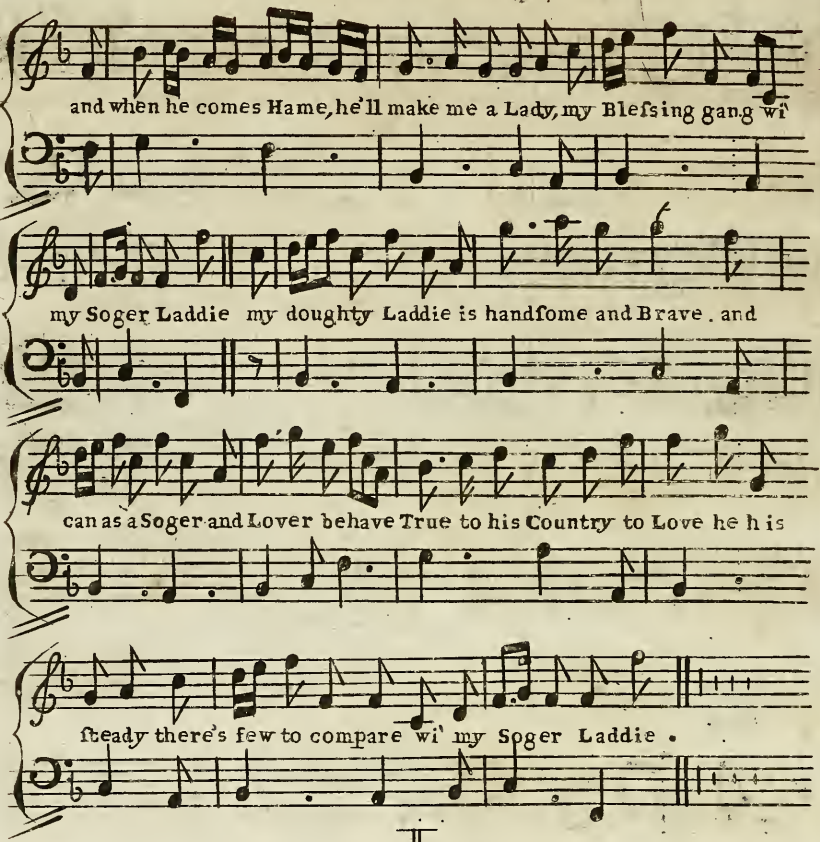
- - - - - - - - fely the last Stake, Tis time short Pleasures now to take, of

little Life e y best to make, and manage wi - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

- - - - - - - fely the last Stake.

My Soger Laddie

My Soger Laddie is over the Sea and he will bring Gold and Money to me



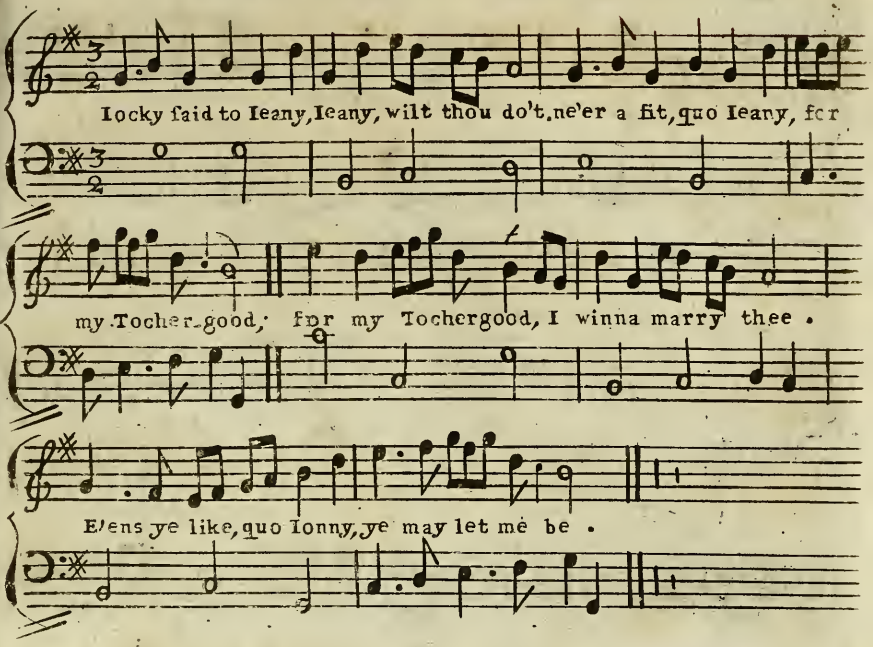
My doughty Laddie
Is handſome and Brave,
And can as a Soger
And Lover behave,
True to his Country,
To Love he is ſteady,
There's few to Compare
With my Soger Laddie.

O ſoon may his Honours
Bloom fair on his Brow,
As quickly they muſt,
If he get his Due:

Shield him, ye Angels,
Frae Death in Alarms,
Return him with Lawrels
To my langing Arms.
Syne frae all my Care
Ye ll pleaſantly free me,
When back to my Wiſhes
My Soger ye gie me.

For in noble Actions,
His Courage is ready,
Which makes me delight
In my Soger Laddie.

IOCKY ſay'd to IEANY

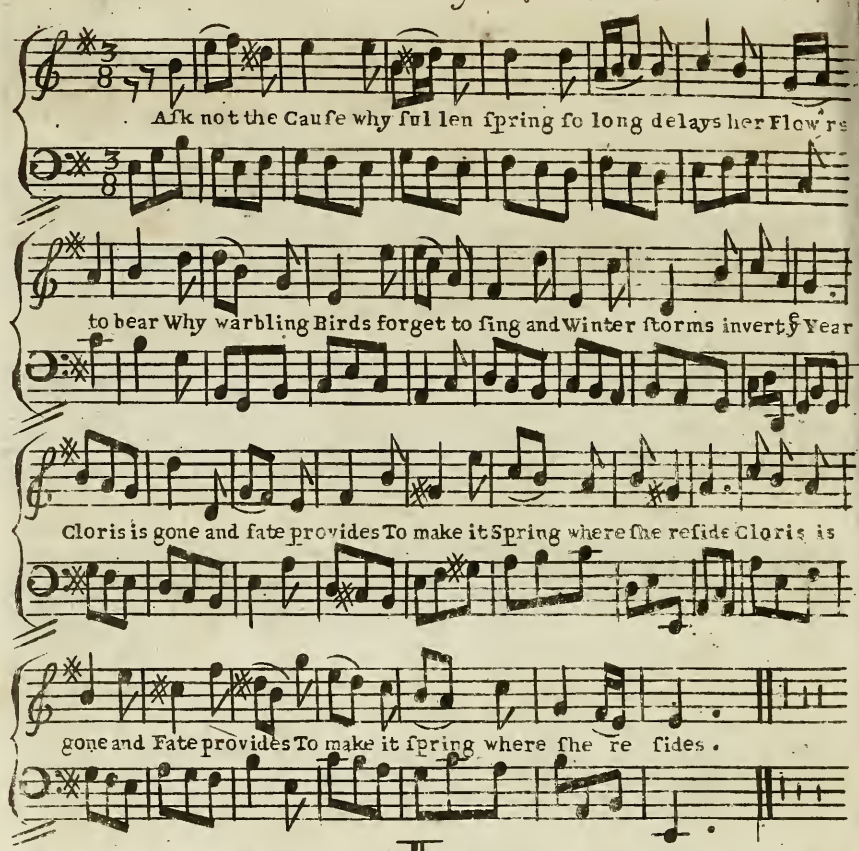


I ha' Gowd and Gear, I ha' Land eneugh,
I ha' ſeven good Owſen ganging in a Pleugh;
Ganging in a Pleugh, and lingking o'er the Lee,
And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

I ha' a good Ha' Houſe a Barn, and a Byer,
A Stack afore the Door, I'll make a rantin Fire,
I'll make a rantin Fire, and merry ſhall we be,
And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

Ieany ſaid to Iocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye ſhall be the Lad, I'll be the Laſs my ſell:
Ye're a bonny Lad, and I'm a Laſſie free,
Ye're welcomer to take me, than to let me be.

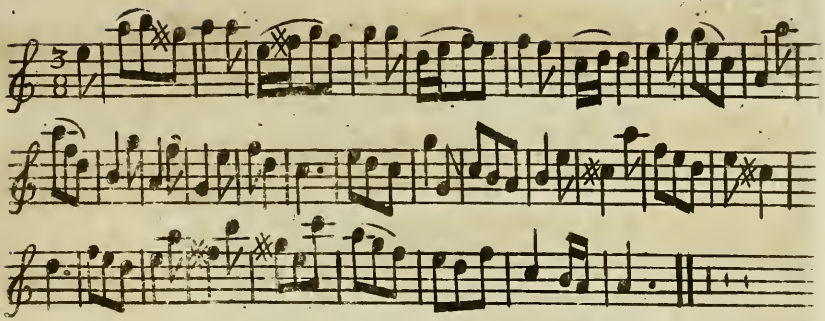
CHARMING CLORIS. set by Mr. HANDEL.



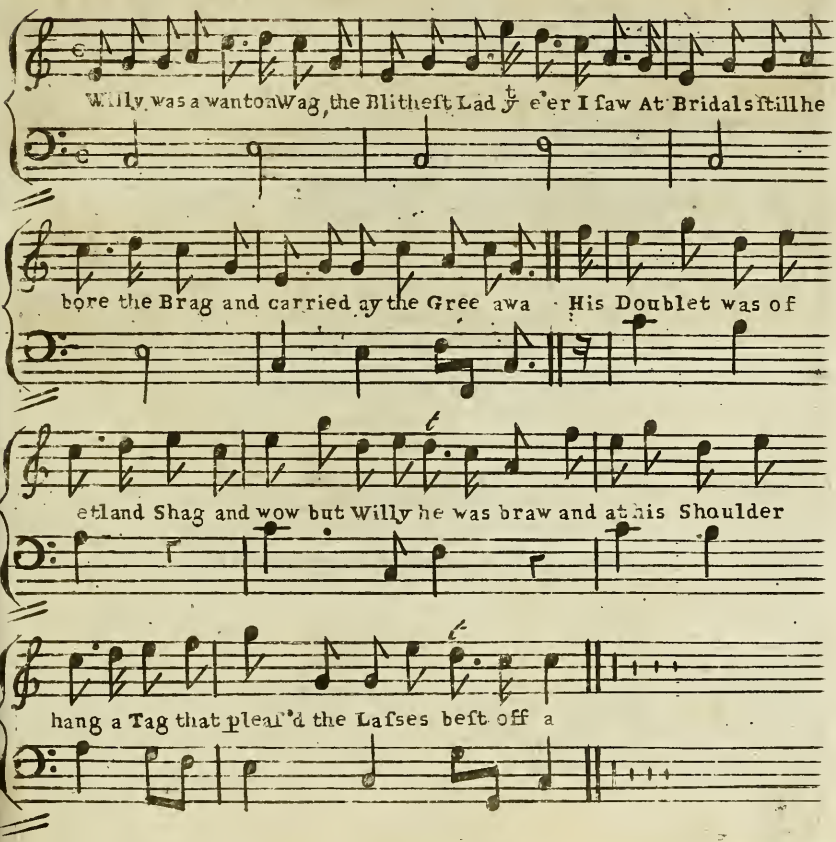
Cloris is gone the cruel Fair
She cast not back a pitying Eye:
But left her Lover in Despair
To sigh to languish and to die
Ah how can those fair Eyes endure
To give the Wounds they will not cure.
Ah. how &c.

Great God of Love why hast thou made
A Face that can all Hearts command
That all Religions can invade
And change the Laws of ev'ry Land.
Where thou had'st plac'd such Pow'r before
Thou shou'dst have made her Mercy more.
Where thou &c.

When Cloris to the Temple comes
Adoring Crouds before her fall.
She can restore the Dead from Tombs
And ev'ry Life but mine recall
I only am by Love design'd
To be the Victim for Mankind
I only &c.



WILLY Was a Wonton WAG.



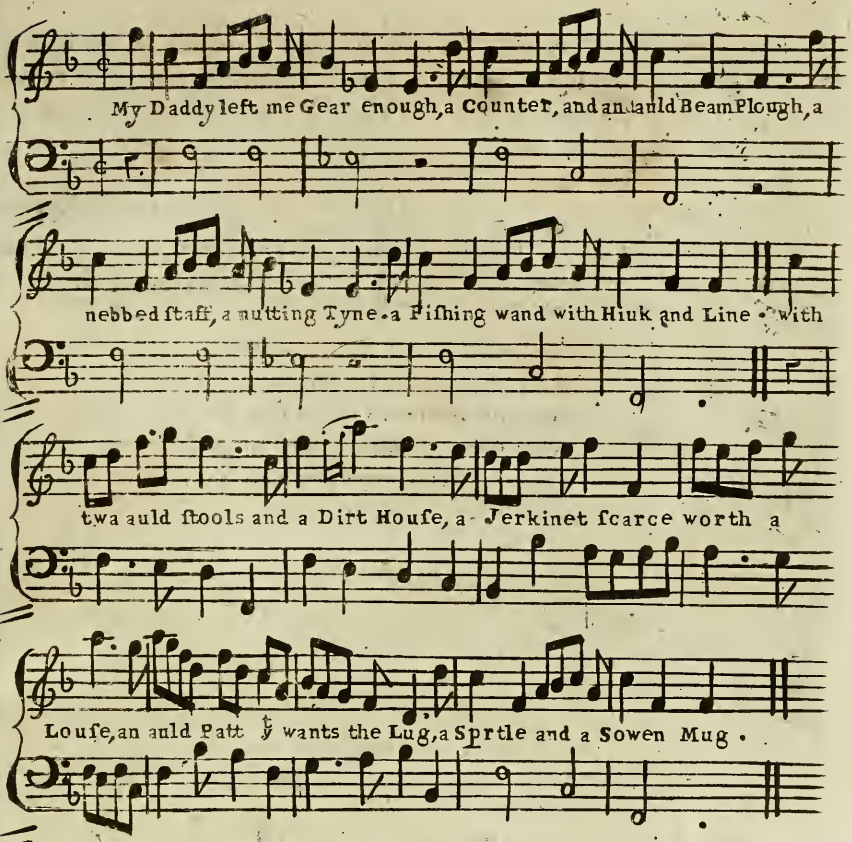
He was a Man without a Clag,
His Heart was frank without a Flaw,
And ay whatever Willy faid,
It was ftill hadden as a Law.
His Boots they were made of the Iag,
When he went to the Weapon-fhaw,
Upon the green nane durft him brag,
The feind a ane amang them a.

And was not Willy worth Gow'd?
He wan the Love of great and fma',
For after he the Bride had kifs'd
He kifs'd the Laffes hale fale a'.
Sae merrily round the Ring they row'd,
When be the Hand he led them a'
And Smack on Smack on them beftow'd,
By virtue of a ftanding Law.

And was na Willy a great Lown,
As fhyre a Lick as e'er was feen?
When he danc'd with the Laffes round,
The Bridegroom fpeer'd where he had been.
Quoth Willy I've been at the Ring
With bobbing, faith, my Shanks are fair
Gae ca' your Bride and Maidens in,
For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then reft ye, Willy I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the Ring,
But, Shame light on his fouple Snout,
He wanted Willy's wanton Fling.
Then ftraight he to the Bride did fare,
Says, well's me on your bonny Face,
With bobbing Willy's Shanks are fair,
And I am come to fiff his Place.

Bridegroom, fhe fays, you'll fpoil the Dance,
And at the Ring you'll ay be lag,
Unlefs like Willy ye advance
(O! Willy has a wanton Leg)
For we't he learns us a to fteer,
And formeft ay bears up the Ring,
We will find nae fic Dancing here,
If we Want Willy's wanton Fling.



A Hempen Heckle, and a Mell,
A Tarr-horn, and a Weather's Bell,
A Muck-fork and an auld Beet creel
The Spairks of our auld Spinning wheel,
A Pair of Branks, yea and a Sadle,
With our auld brunt and broken Ladle,
A Whang-bitt and a Sniffle-bit
Chear up, my Bairns, and dance a fit.

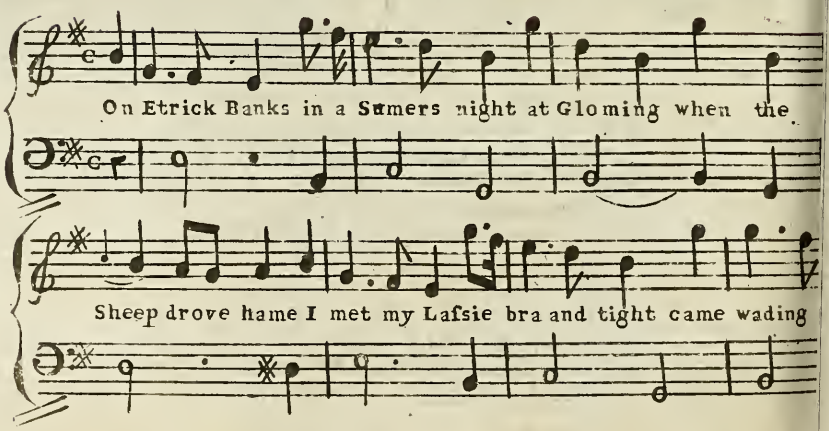
A Flailing-ſtaff a Timmer Speet,
An auld Kirn and a Hole in it,
Yearn winnles, and a Reel,
A Fetter lock a Trump of Strel,
A Whiſle and a Toup horn Spoon,
With an auld Pair of clouted Shoon
A Timmer Spade, and a Gleg Shear,
A Bonnet for my Bairns to wear.

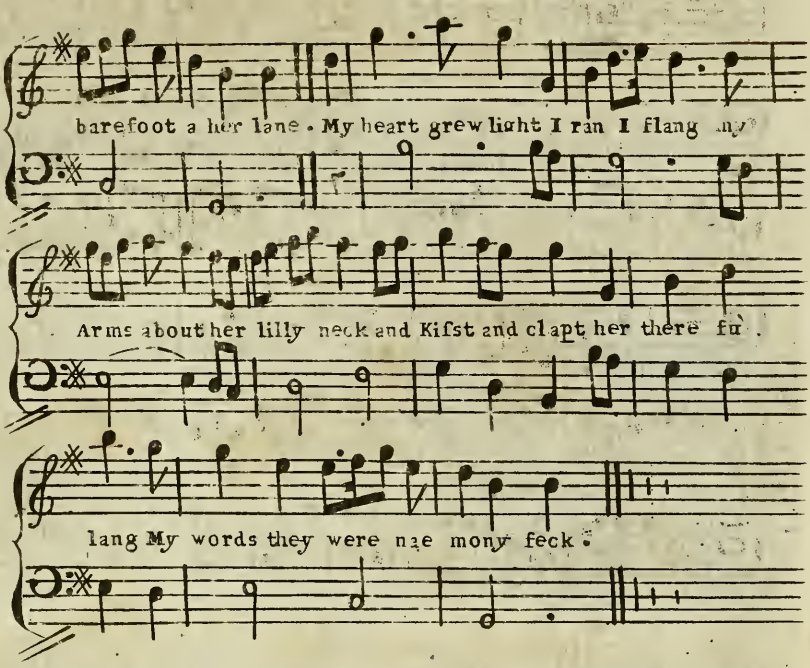
A Timmer Tong a broken Cradle
The Pillion of an auld Car Sadle
A Gullie knife and a Horse wand
A Mitten for the Left hand
With an auld broken Pan of Brass
With an auld Sark that wants the arse
An auld Band and a Hooding How
I hope my Bairns ye re a well now.

Oft have I born ye on my Back
With a this Riff raff in my Pack
And it was a for want of Gear
That gart me steal Mess Johns gray Mar
But now my Bairns what ails ye now
For ye hae Naigs enough to plough
And Hose and Shoon fit for ye Feet
Chear up my Bairns and dinna greet.

Then with my sel I did advise
My Daddy's Gear for to comprize.
Some Neighbours I ca'd in to see
What Gear my Daddy left to me.
They sat three quarters of a Year
Comprising of my Daddy's Gear
And when they had gi'en a their Votes
Twas scarcely a worth four Pounds Scots.

ETRICK BANKS





I ſaid my Laſſy will you go
To the Highland Hills the Erſh to learn
I'll beath gi thee a Cow and Yew
When you come to the Brigg of Earn
At Leith auld Meal comes in ne'er faſh
And Herring at the broomy Law
Chear up your Heart my bonny Laſs
There's Gear to win we never ſaw.

All Day when we ha wrought enough
When Winter's Froſt and Snow begin
And when the Sun goes Weſt the Loch
At Night when you fa faſt to ſpin
I'll ſcrew my Drons and play a Spring
And thus the weary Night we'll end
Till the tender Kids and Lamb time bring
Our pleaſant Summer back again.

GOLD'S Superiority in LOVE set by Mr MONRO.

When Love and Youth cannot make way, Nor with the fair a vail,

To bend to Cupid's gentle Sway, What Ar - - - - - - - - - - -

- - - - - - t what Art can ny prevail? What Art can then prevail.

I'll tell you, Strephon, a Receipt
Of a most Sov'reign Pow'r,
If you the stubborn wou'd defeat
Let drop a Golden Show'r
Let drop a Golden show'r,

This Method try'd enamour'd Love
Before he cou'd obtain
The cold regardless Danae's Love
Or conquer her Disdain
Or conquer her Disdin

By Cupid's Self I have been told
He never wounds a Heart
So deep as when he tips with Gold
The fatal piercing Dart
The fatal &c.

Flute

The deceiv'd SHEPHERD Set by Mr LAMPE

In you ye ſo - - li - - ta - - ry Shades My aching

Heart ſeek for Re poſe Hoping a - mong your ſilent

Glades To loſe the Mem'ry of my Woes

Thoſe Objects which might others pleaſe can bring no Comfort

to my Breaſt ſince I have loſt my for - mer Peace

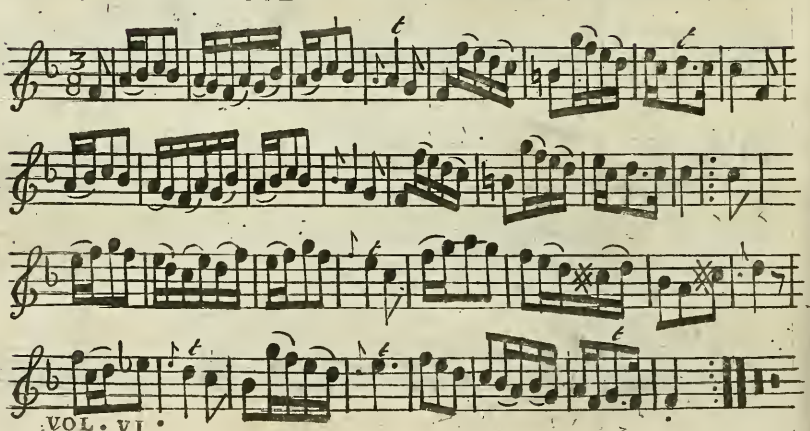
And wretched do my ſelf deteſt

Tell me ye ſhades whether my Fair
Is here alaſs my ſearch is vain
The lovely Obiect of my Care
Phillis has Left the flow'ry Plain
How often have you Friendly Trees
Shelter'd from Heat the Beautious Maid
How ſwift you happy Hours of Peace
Alaſs how ſwiftly are ye fled

Say Verdant Trees if once again
I of her ſight the Ioy ſhall know
The Eccho anſwers to my Pain
And ſeems methinks to tell me No
Yet hark I hear a murm'ring Noiſe
Perhaps the Voice of her I Love
Who ſays ſhe will reſtore my Ioys
And with her Preſencé bleſs the Grove

Ah no it is the bubbling Flood
Which thro the Rocks in Windings flows
Nor does it murmur by the Wood
And weeps in Pity to my Woes
If Phillis does not ſoon return
Her Pity then will come in vain
Vainly ſhe'll weep upon my Urn
When I am dead thro her Diſdain

FLUTE



Tho for Seven Years and mair honour ſhou'd

reave me to Fields where Cannons rair thou need na

Grieve thee for deep in my Spirit thy ſweets are in - -

- dented and Love ſhall pre - ſerve ay what Love has Im -

- printed Leave thee leave thee I'll never leave thee

Leave thee leave thee I'll never leave thee

gang the world as it will dereſt be - lieve me

gang the world as it will dereſt be - lieve me

O IOHNNY, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose Rover,
And nought i'the Warld wad vex my Heart fairer,
If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
Grieve me, grieve me, Oh it wad grieve me!
A'the lang Night and Day, if you deceive me.

IOHNNY

My NELLY, let never sic Fancies oppress ye,
For, while my Blood's warm, I'll kindly caress ye.
Your blooming sast Beauties first beeted Loves Fire,
Your Vertue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the Warld as it will, Dearest, believe me.

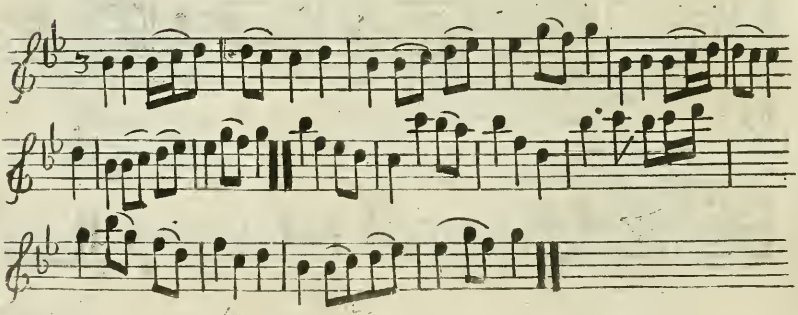
NELLY

Then, IOHNNY, I frankly this minute allow ye,
To think me your Mistress, for Love gars me trow ye,
And gin ye prove fause to ye'r sell be it said then
Ye'll win but sma' Honour to wrang a kind Maiden.
Reave me, reave me, Heavens! it wad reave me
Of my Rest Night and Day, if ye deceive me.

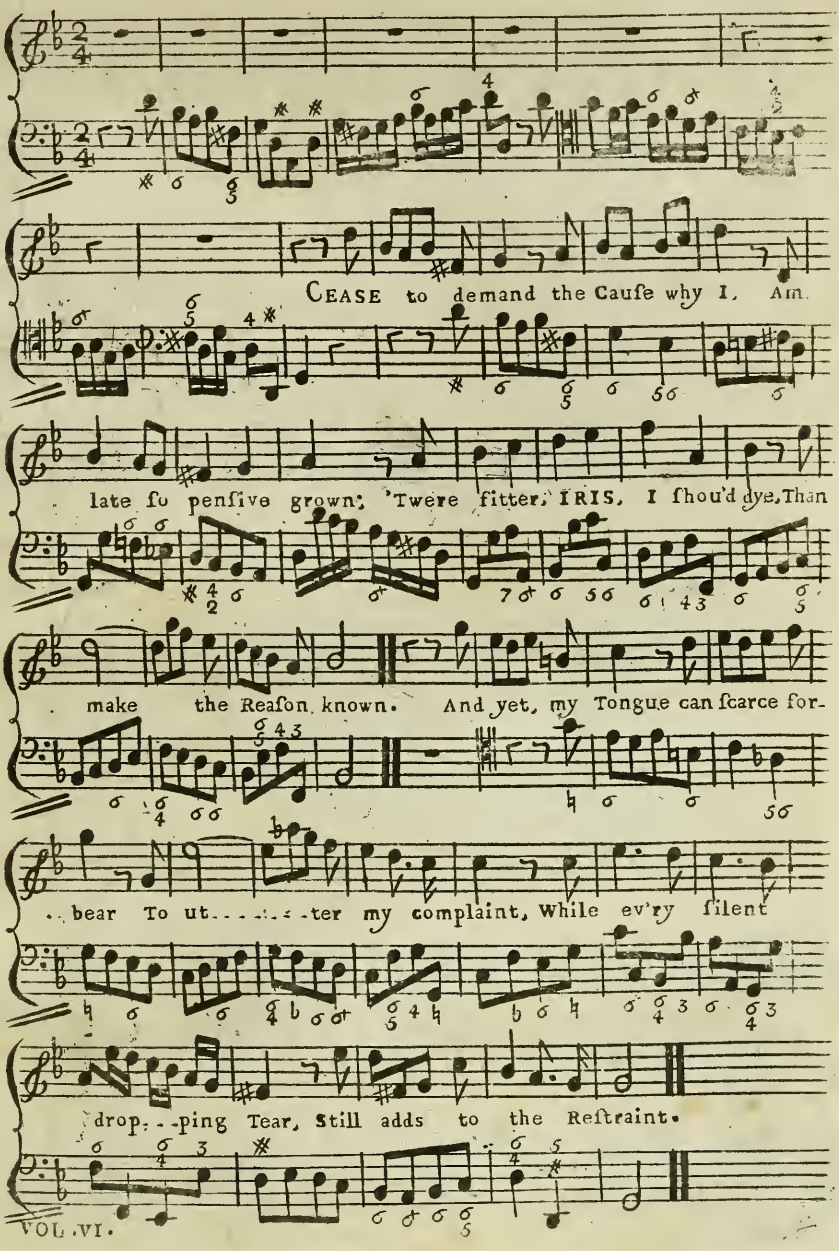
IOHNNY

Bid Icesbogles hammer red Gauds on the Studdy,
And fair Simmer Mornings nae mair appear ruddy:
Bid BRITIONS think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
The Starns shall gang wither shins e'er I decive thee.

FLUTE



An Ode to Iris. Set by Mr. Rich.D Osborne.



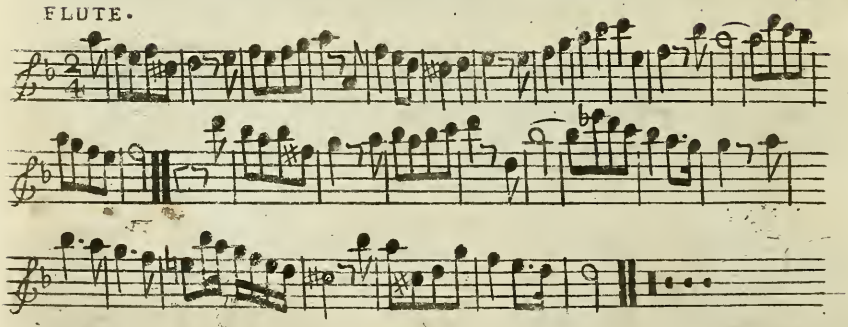
So, in a Fever's painful Throws,
  The wretch ſcarce draws his breath;
He feign wou'd drink, but drink he knows
  Wou'd bring immediate Death.
With dying Eyes his friends he ſees,
  Lamenting by his ſide,
Yet dares not beg the dang'rous Eaſe,
  For fear to be deny'd.

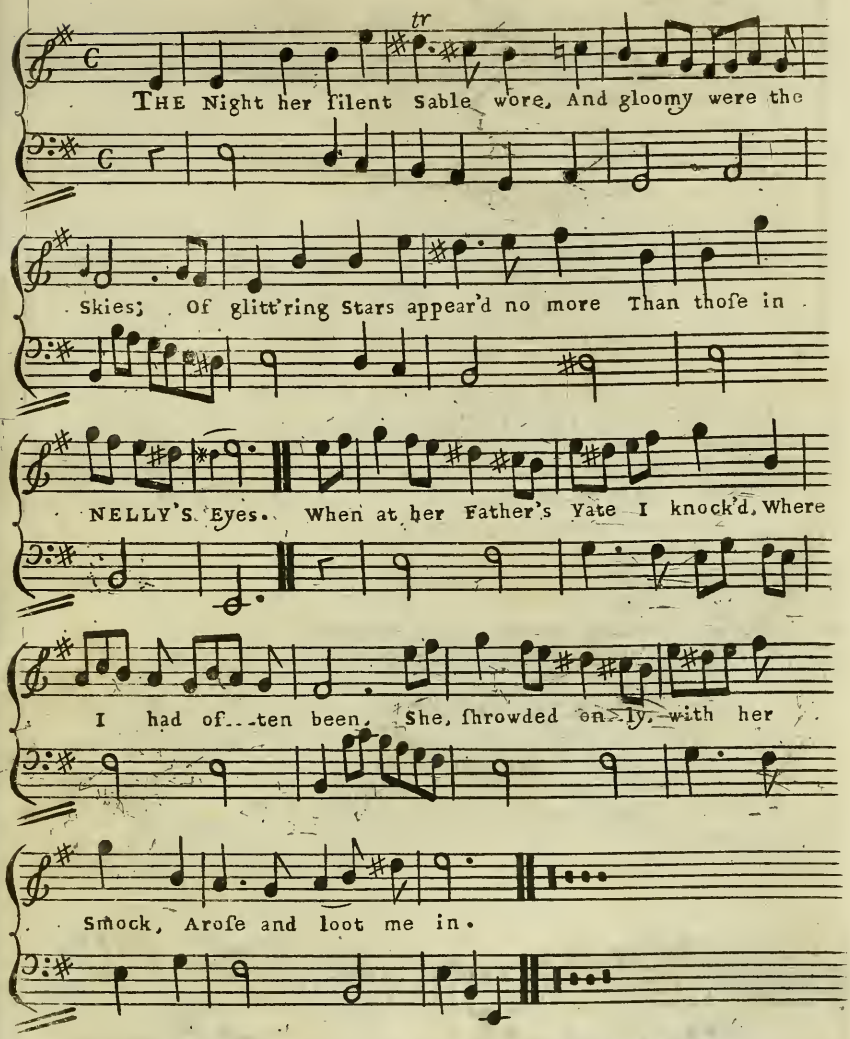
In a worſe Fever, more diſtreſs,
  Do I tormented lye;
Yet dare I not my Pains expreſs,
  For who wou'd eaſe apply.
My Friends perhaps might wiſh me well,
  And each exert his Art;
But who a remedy can tell,
  For an afflicted Heart.

The dang'rous Symtoms I will give,
  Of what I now endure;
Then judge, in what a ſtate I live,
  How difficult the Cure.
My only Muſick is my Sighs,
  Which conſtant Concert keep;
Two Torrents guſh from my ſwoln Eyes,
  My Eyes which know no ſleep.

And may I dare, I then declare
  The cauſe of this my Pain,
And wou'd my IRIS, wou'd my Fair,
  Reſtore my health again.
One only Medicine I can ſee,
  That to my eaſe can prove;
Let IRIS my Phyſician be
  The Application, Love.

FLUTE.





Faſt lock'd within her cloſe Embrace,
She trembling ſtood aſham'd;
Her ſwelling Breaſt and glowing Face,
And ev'ry Touch enflam'd.

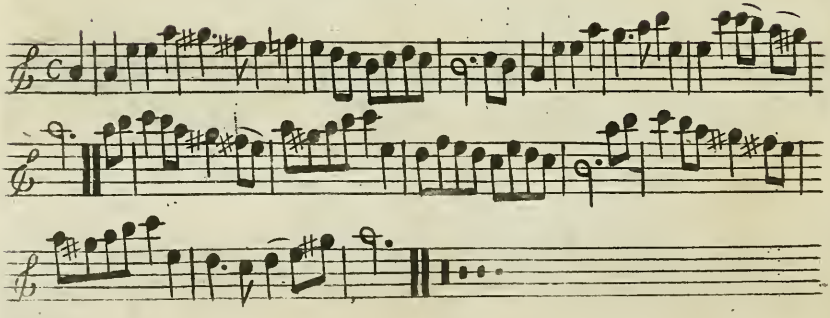
My eager Paſſion I obey'd,
Reſolv'd the Fort to win;
And her fond Heart was ſoon betray'd,
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expreſſing,
Tranſporting was the Joy;
I knew no greater Bleſſing,
So bleſt a Man was I.
And ſhe, all raviſh'd with Delight,
Bid me oft come again;
And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry Night,
She'd riſe and let me in.

But ah! at laſt ſhe prov'd with Bairn,
And ſighing ſat and dull,
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd e'en juſt like a Fool.
Her lovely Eyes with Tears ran o'er,
Repenting her raſh Sin:
She ſigh'd, and curs'd the fatal Hour,
That e'er ſhe loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from ſuch Beauty part:
I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
The Charmer of my Heart:
But wedded, and conceal'd our Crime:
Thus all was well again;
And now ſhe thanks the happy Time
That e'er ſhe loot me in.

FLUTE.



As I came in by TIVIOT ſide, and by the Braes of

Brankſome, there firſt I ſaw my Bon-ny Bride young,

Smiling ſweet and handſome; her ſkin was ſafter

than the Down, and white as A-la-bla-ſter her hair a

ſhining wavy Brown, in ſtraightneſs nane ſurpaſt her.

Life glow'd upon her Lip and Cheek,
Her clear Een were ſurpriſing,
And beautifully turn'd her Neck
Her little Breaſts juſt riſing;
Nae ſilken Hoſe, with Gooſhets fine,
Or Shoon with glancing Laces,
On her fair Leg, for bad to ſhine,
Well ſhapen native Graces:

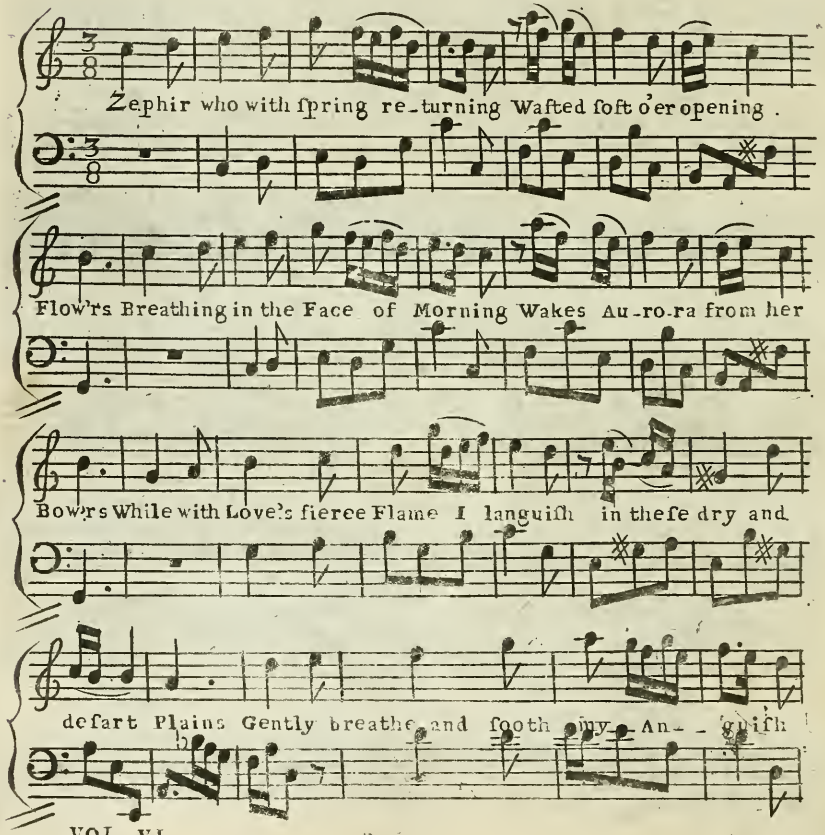
Ae little Coat, and Bodice white,
Was ſum of a her Claithing;
Even theſe o'er mickle mair Delyte
She'd given cled wi naithing.
She lean'd upon a flowry Brae
By which a Burny trotted:
On her I glowr'd my Saul away
While on her Sweets I doated.

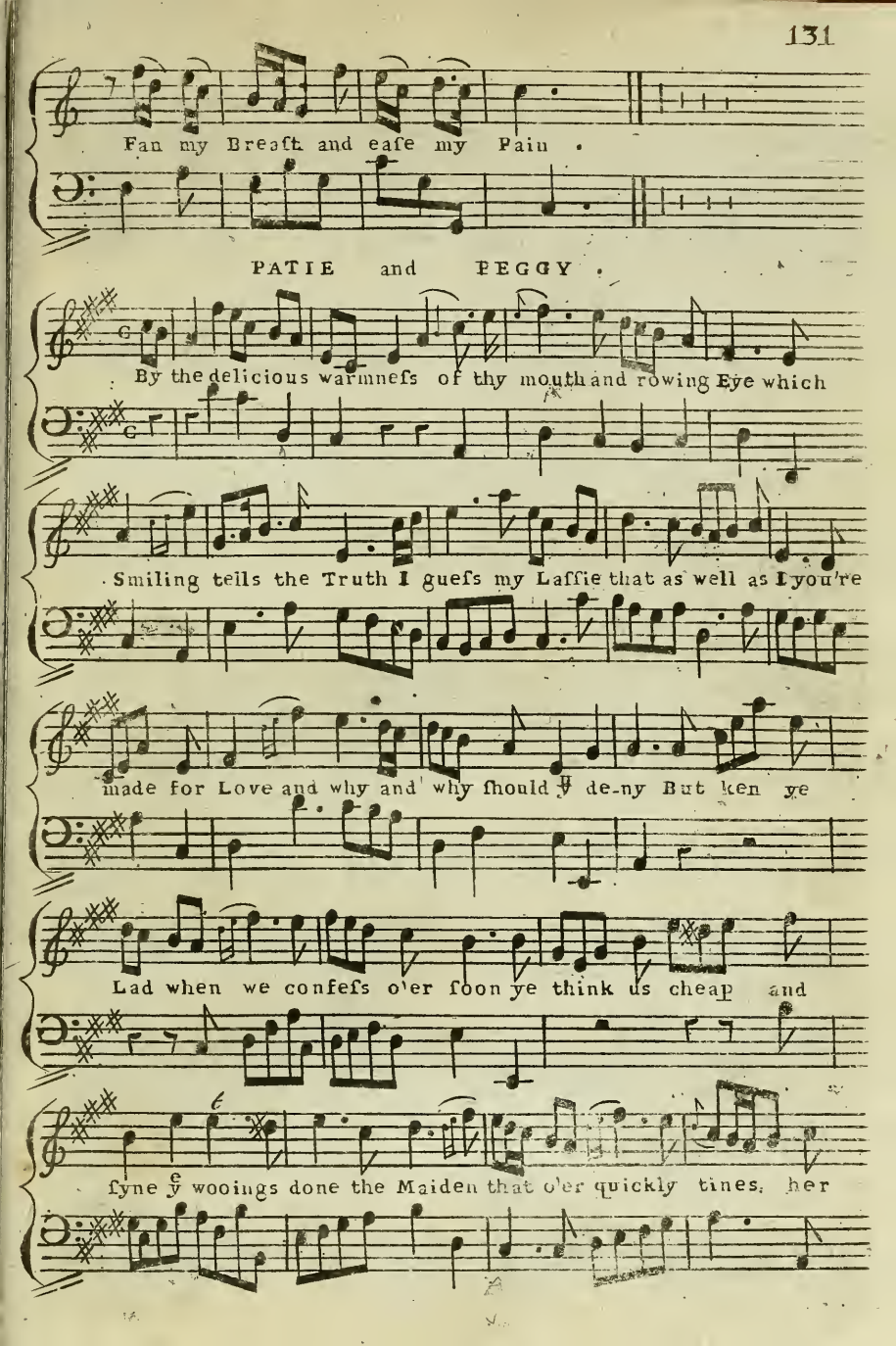
A thousand Beauties of Desert,
Before had scarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear Artless struck my heart
And bot designing, charm'd me.
Hurry'd by Love close to my Breast,
I grasp'd the Fund of Blisses;
Wha smil'd, and said, without a Priest,
Sir, hope for nought but Kisses.

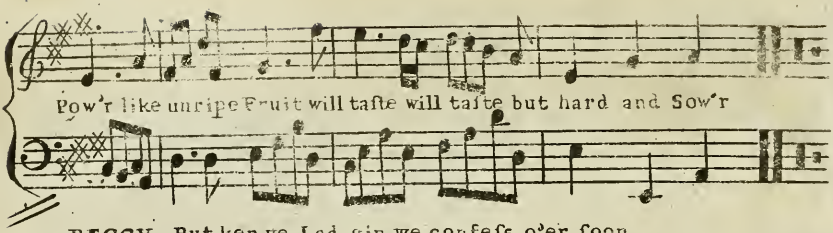
I had nae Heart to do her Harm,
And yet I coudna want her,
What she demanded, ilka Charm.
Of hers pled, I should grant her,
Since Heaven had dealt to me a routh,
Straight to the Kirk I led her,
There plighted her my Faith and Trowth,
And a young Lady made her.

The Words Translated from the Italian Opera of PHARNACES.

Set by Mr. I. SHEELES




Fan my Breaſt and eaſe my Pain .
PATIE and PEGGY .
By the delicious warmneſs of thy mouth and rowing Eye which
Smiling tells the Truth I gueſs my Laſſie that as well as I you're
made for Love and why and why ſhould ye de-ny But ken ye
Lad when we confeſs o'er ſoon ye think us cheap and
ſyne ye wooings done the Maiden that o'er quickly tines her



PEGGY. But ken ye, Lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the Wooing's done:
The Maiden that o'er quickly tines her Pow'r,
Like unripe Fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,
Their Sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye:
Red-cheeked you compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd alang haff Year.

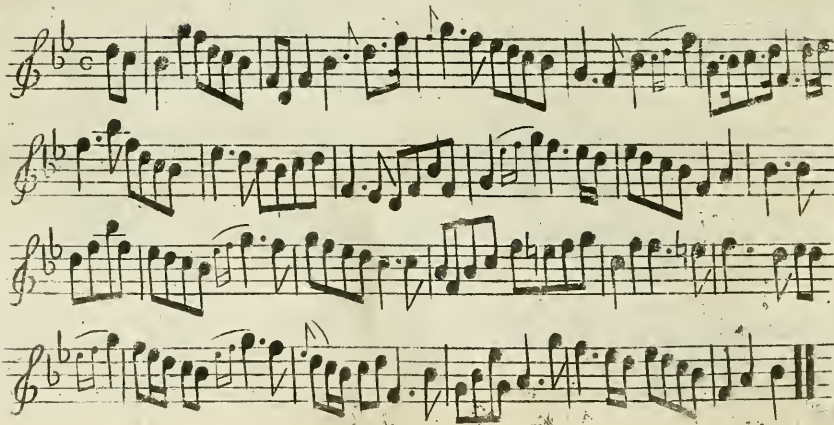
PEGGY

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my PATIE'S Arms for good and a'
But flint your Wishes to this frank Embrace,
And mint nae farther till we ye got the Grace.

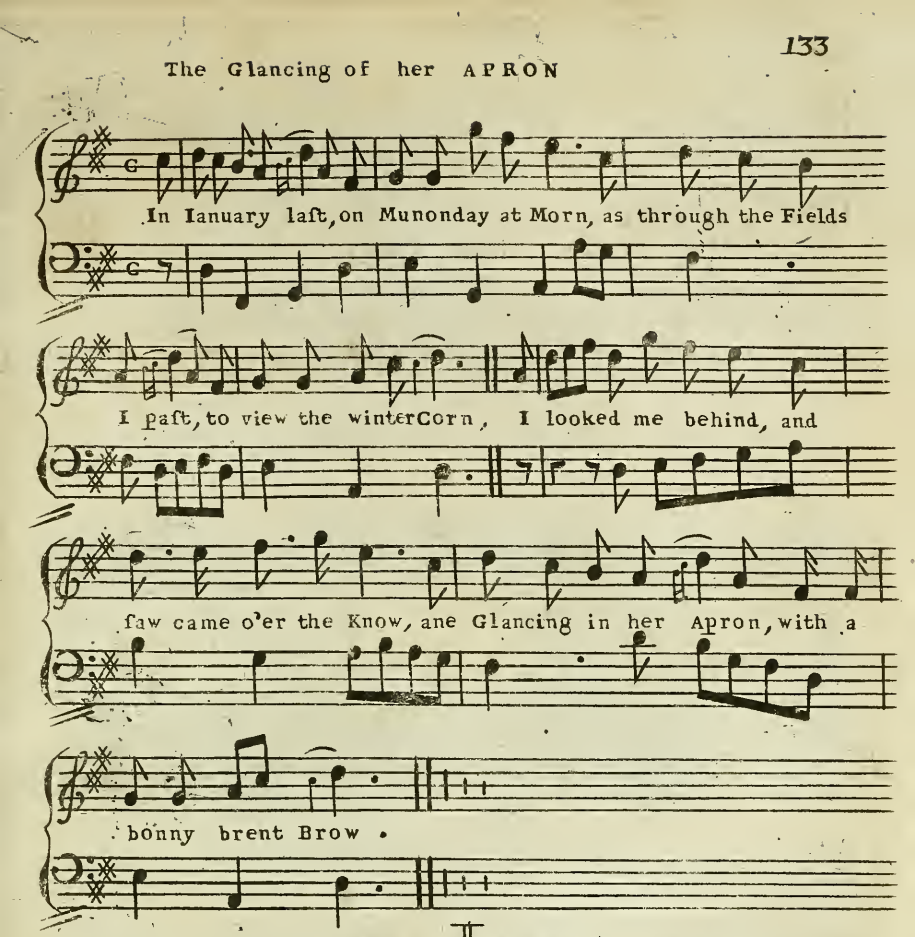
PATIE.

O charming Arms fu'! hence, ye Cares, away,
I'll kiss my Treasure a' the live-lang Day:
A' Night I'll Dream my Kisses o'er again,
Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

For the German Flute



The Glancing of her APRON



I ſaid, good morrow, fair Maid;
And ſhe right courteouſly
Return'd a Beck, and kindly ſaid,
Good Day, ſweet ſir, to you.
I ſpear'd, my dear, how far awa'
Do ye intend to gae.
Quoth ſhe, I mean a Mile or twa,
Out o'er yon broomy Brae.

She

Kind Sir, ye are a wi' miſtane,
For I am nane of theſe,
I hope ye ſome mair breeding ken,
Than to ruffle Woman's Claiſe;

Fair Maid, I'm thankfu' to my Fate,
To have ſic Company,
For I am ganging ſtraight that Gate,
Where ye intend to be.
When we had gane a Mile or twain,
I ſaid to her, my Dow,
May we not lean us on this Plain
And kiſs your bonny Mou.

For may be I have choſen ane,
And plighted him my Vow,
Wha may do wi' me what he likes,
And kiſs my Bonny Mou.

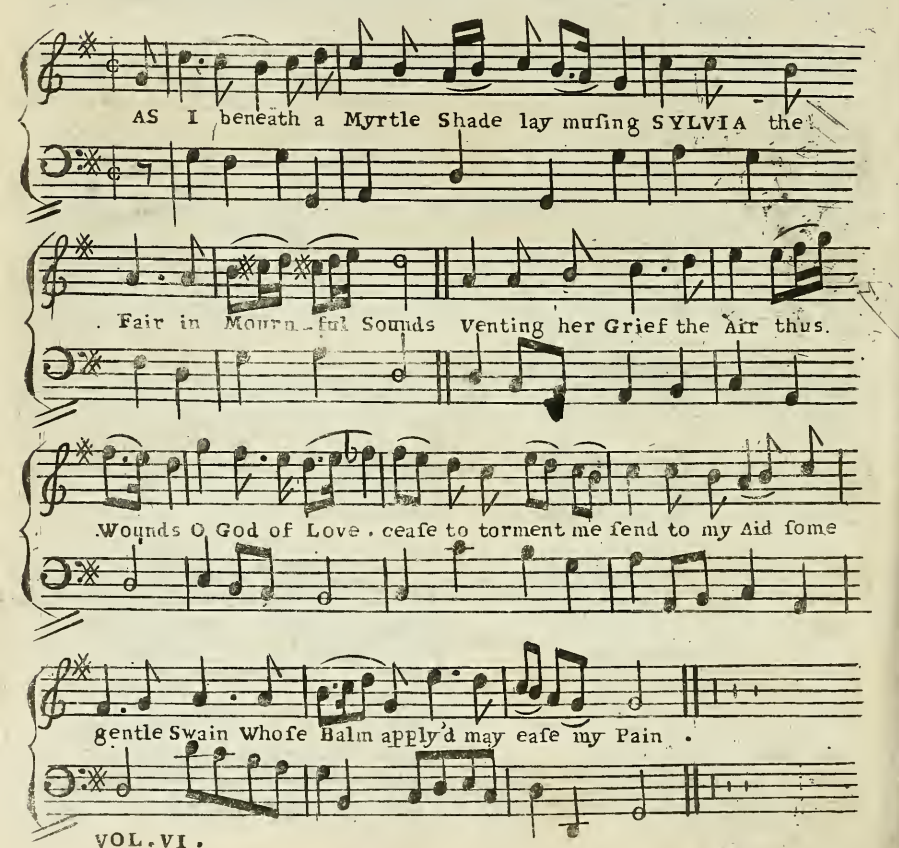
He

Na, if ye are contracted,
I hae nae mair to say:
Rather than be rejected,
I will gie o'er the Play;
And chuse anither will respect
My Love, and on me rew;
And let me clasp her round the Neck,
And kiss her bonny Mou.

She

O Sir, ye are proud-hearted,
And laith to be said nay,
Else ye wad ne'er a started
For ought that I did say:
For Women in their Modesty
At first they winna bow;
But if we like your Company,
We'll prove as kind as you.

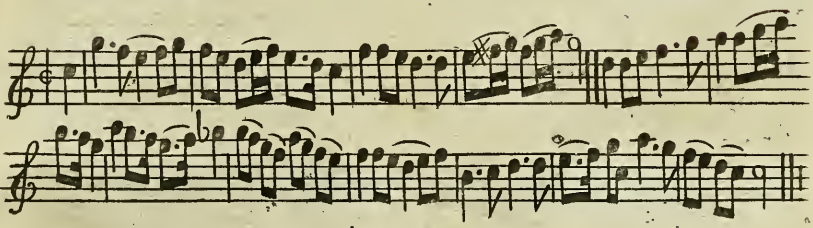
She WOU'D and she WOU'D not. Set by Mr RAMONDON.



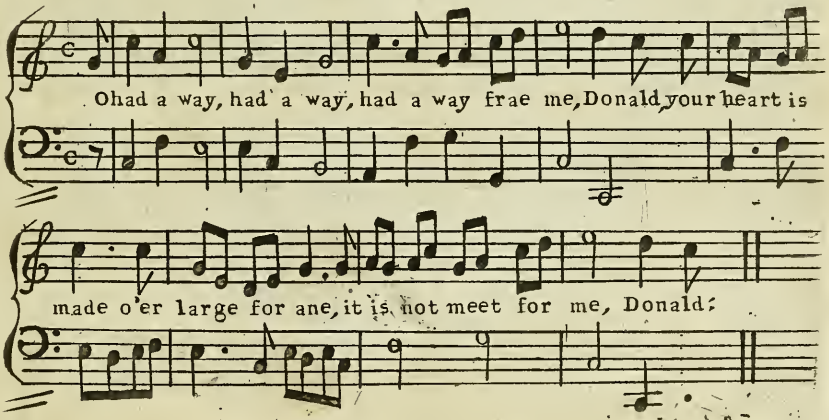
Aloud I cry'd and all the Grove refounded
Heavenly Nymph complain no more
Love does thy wifh'd for Peace reftore
And fends a gentle Swain to eafe thee
In whom a longing Maid may find
A Balm to cure her love fick Mind.

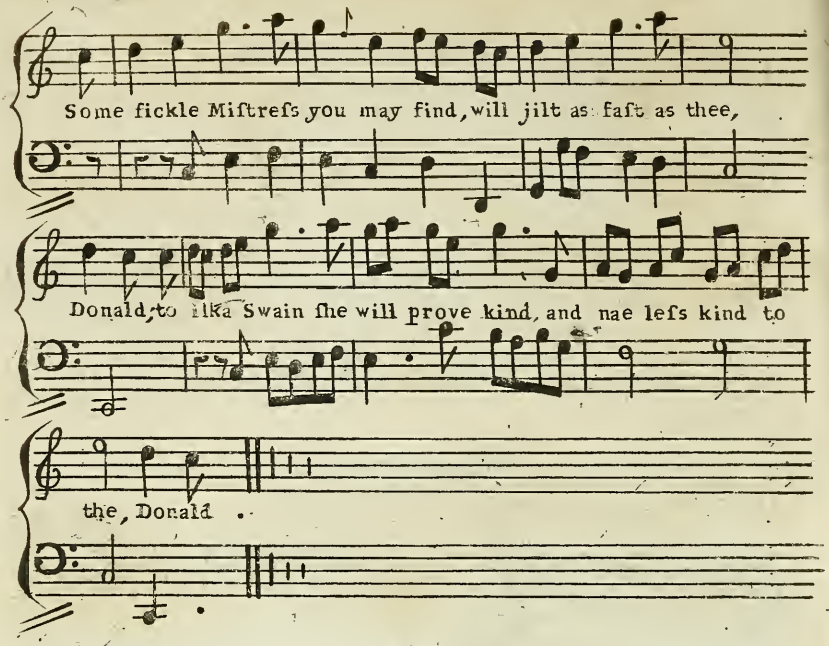
She blufh'd and figh'd and pufh'd the Medcine from her
Which ftill the more encreaf'd her Pain
Finding at length fhe ftrove in vain
O Love . fhe cry'd I muft obey thee
Who can the raging fmart endure
She fuck'd the Balm and found the Cure.

FLUTE



Had away frae me DONALD.





But I've a Heart that's nae thing ſuch,
'Tis fill'd with Honeſt, Donald
I'll ne'er love mony, I'll love much,
I'll hate all Levite, Donald.
Therefore nae mair, th. Art, pretend,
Your Heart is chain'd to mine, Donald
For Words of Falſhood I'll defend,
A roving Love like thine, Donald.

Firſt when you courted, I muſt own,
I frankly favour'd you, Donald
Apparent Worth and fair renown,
Made me believe you true, Donald
Ilk Virtue then ſeem'd to adorn
The Man eſteem'd by me, Donald
But now, the Maſk fallen aff, I ſcorn
To ware a Thought on thee, Donald.

And now, for ever, had away,
Had away from me, Donald
Gae ſeek a heart that's like your ain,
And come nae mair to me, Donald:
For I'll reſerve my ſell for ane,
For ane that's liker me, Donald.
If ſic a ane I canna find
I'll ne'er loo Man nor thee, Donald.

Fair CLOE Weeping Set by Mr E: BETTS

See whilst thou Weep'st fair CLOE See the World

in Sym-pa-thy with thee Thee the Chearful Birds no

Longer sing but Drop the Head and Hang the

wing.

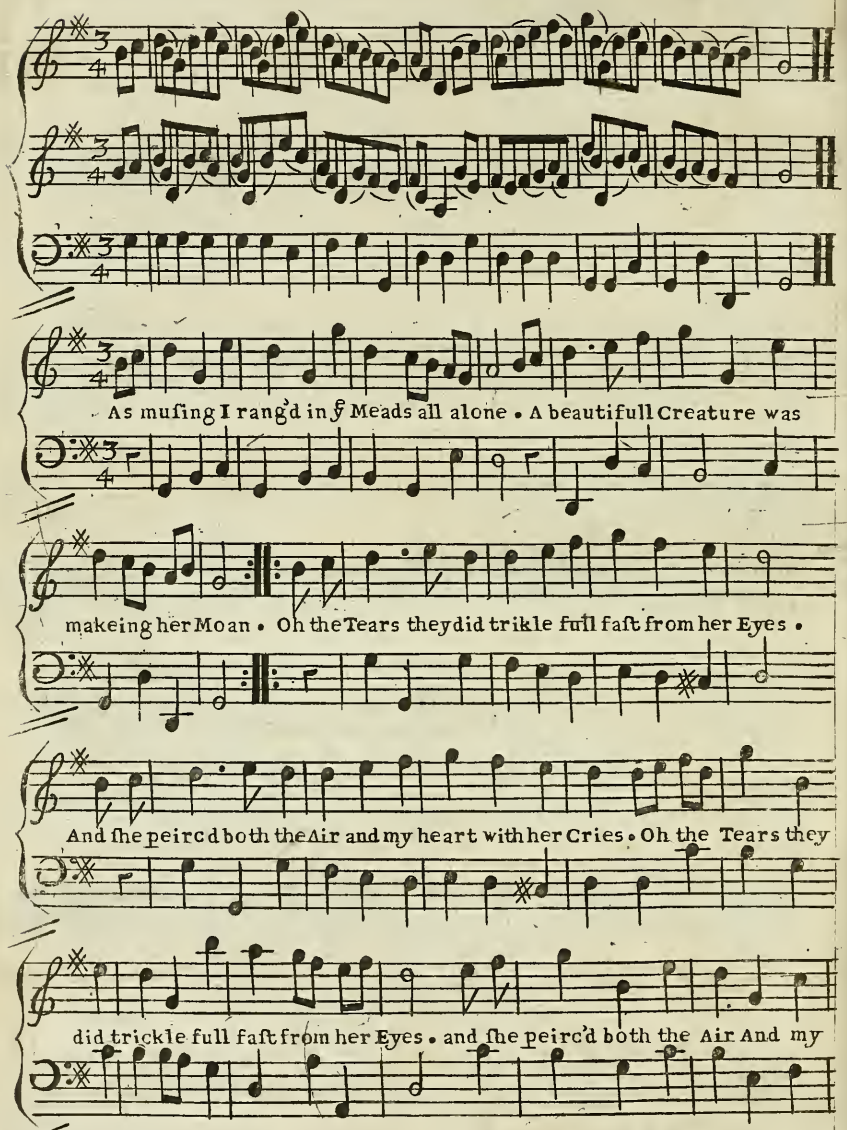
2

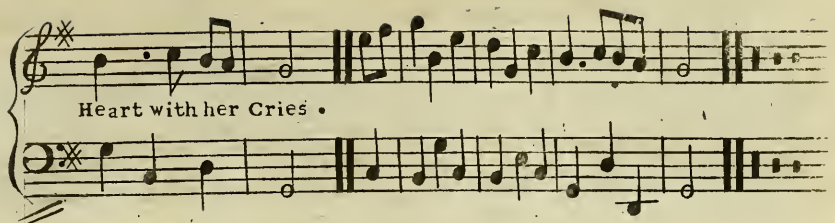
The Clouds have Bent their Bosom
And shed their sorrows in a shower.
The Brooks beyond their limits flow
And lower Murmurs speak Lower Woe.

3

The nymphs and swains adopt thy Cares
They heave thy sighs and weep thy Tears
Strange Tears whose Power can soften all
But Dear Breast on which they fall.

The LADIES Lamentation for the Loſs of SENESINO Sung by Mr. ROBERTS. Set for the GERMAN FLUTE &c.





I gently requeſted the Cauſe of her Moan
She told me her ſweet SENISINO was flown
And in that ſad Poſture ſhe'd ever remain
Unleſs the dear Charmer wou'd come back again •

Why who is this Mortal ſo Cruel ſaid I
That draws ſuch a ſtream from ſo Lovely an Eye
To Beauty ſo blooming what Man can be Blind
To Paſſion ſo tender what Monſter unkind •

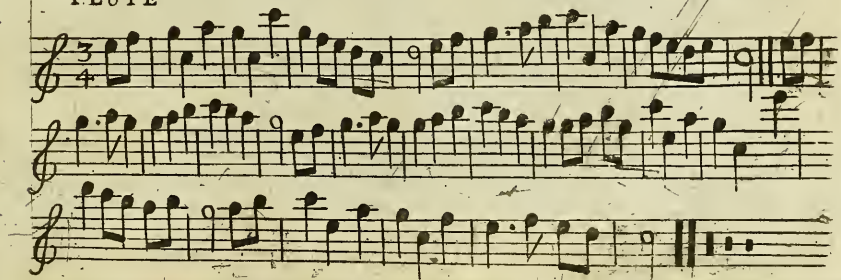
Tis neither for Man nor for Woman ſaid ſhe
That thus in Lamenting I water the lee
My warbler Cæleſtial ſweet Darling of fame
Is a Shadow of ſomething a Sex without Name •

Perhaps 'tis ſome Linnet ſome Blackbird ſaid I
Perhaps 'tis your Lark that has ſoar'd to the ſky •
Come dry up your Tears and abandon your grief
I'll bring you another to give you relief

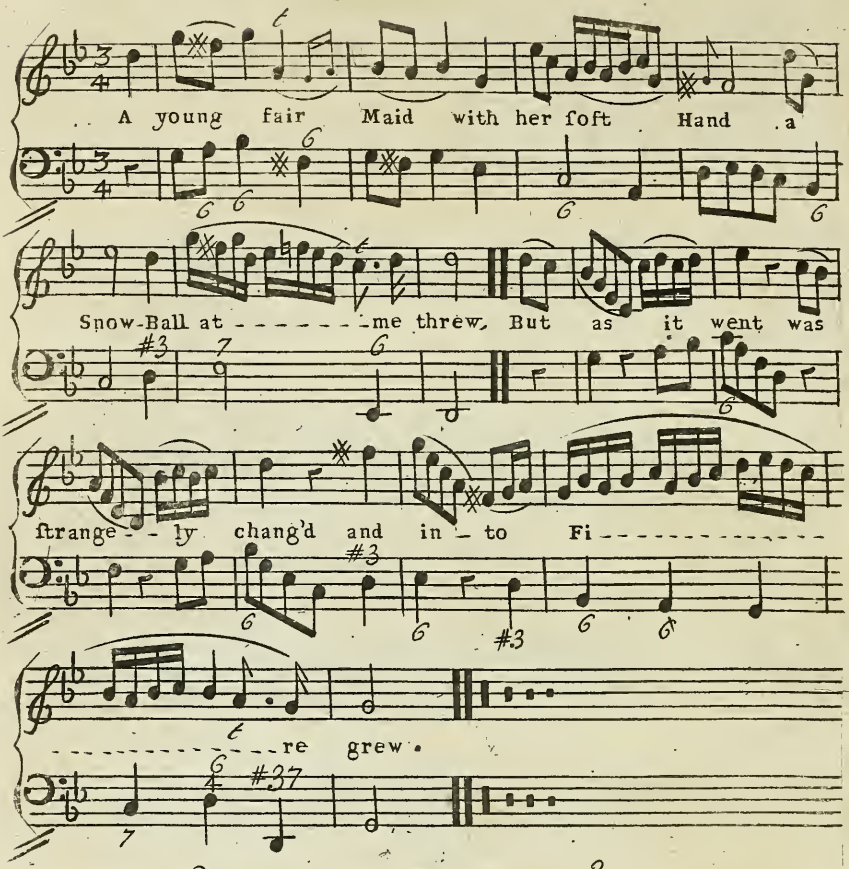
No Linnet no Blackbird no Skylark ſaid ſhe
But one much more tunefull by far than all three
My ſweet SENISINO for whom thus I Cry
Is ſweeter than all the wing'd Songſters that Fly •

Adieu FARINELLI CUZZONI Likewiſe
Whom ſtars and whom Garters extol to the ſkies
Adieu to the Opera adieu to the Ball
My darling is gone and a fig for them all •

FLUTE



A Fair MAID Throwing a SNOW BALL. Set by Mr E. BETTS.



2

Who cou'd have thought it Poſſible
That ſnow ſhou'd ever Warm
Yet found it Heat to fire my Breaſt
When thrown by her fair Arm

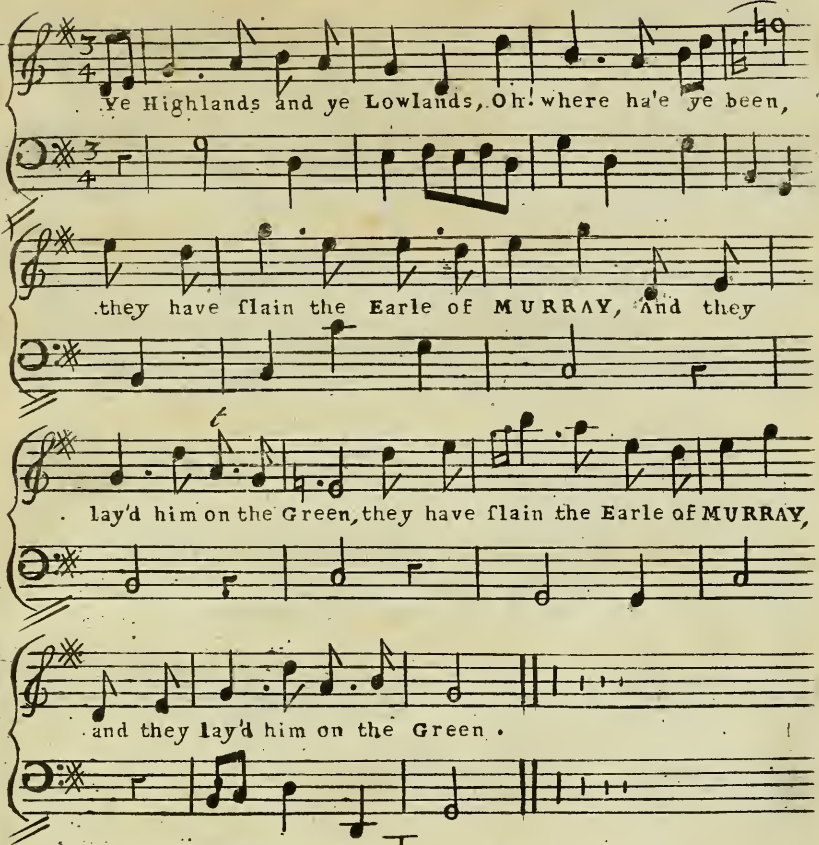
3

In Vain we think our ſelves ſecure
In Vain is ev'ry Art
When Water froze to Ice has Power
T'inflame the Coldeſt Heart.

4

Say Virgin wou'dſt thou quench this flame
Do thou the like return
Ice Hail and ſnow are uſeleſs all
With Equal Ardour Burn

The Bonny Earle of MURRAY.



Now wae be to thee HUNTLY,
And wherefore did ye fae,
I bad you bring him wi' you,
But forbad you him to flae.

He was a braw Gallant,
And he rid at the Ring,
And the bonny Earl of MURRAY,
Oh! he might have been a King.

He was a Braw Gallant,
And he play'd at the Ba',
And the bonny Earl of MURRAY,
Was the Flower amang them a'.

He was a braw Gallant,
And he play'd at the Glove,
And the bonny Earl of MURRAY,
Oh! he was the Queen's Love.

Oh! lang will his Lady,
Look o'er the Castle-DOWN,
E'er she see the Earl of MURRAY,
Come founding through the Town.

SAPPHO'S HYMN to VENUS.

O VENUS Beauty of the Skies To whom a thouſand Tem-
ples riſe Gay-ly falſe in gentle Smiles full of Love perplex-
-ing Wiles O Goddeſs from my Heart remove The Waſting cares
and Pains of Love The waſting Cares and Pains of Love

If ever thou haſt kindly heard
A Song in ſoft Diſtreſs preferr'd
Propitious to my tuneful Vow
O gentle Goddſs. hear me now
Deſcend thou brigh immortal Gueſt
In all thy radiant Charms Confeſt.

Thou once didſt leave Almighty JOVE
And all the Golden Roofs above:
The Carr thy wanton Sparrows drew
Hov'ring in Air they lightly flew.
As to my Bowr they wing'd their way
I ſaw their quiv'ring Pinions play.

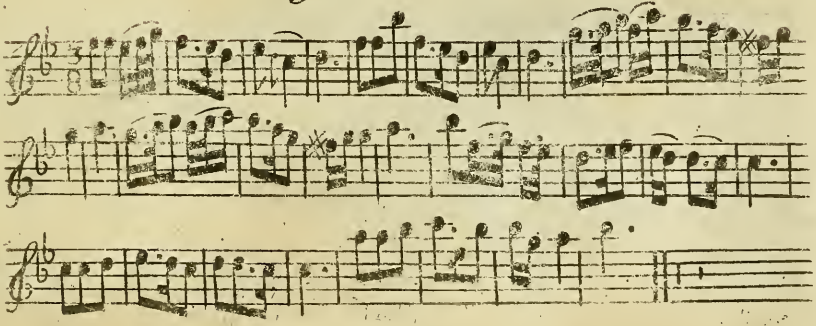
The Birds dismist While you remain
Bore back their empty Carr again :
Then you with Looks divinely mild
In ev'ry heav'nly Feature smil'd
And ask what new Complaints I made
And why I call'd you to my Aid .

What Frenzy in my Bosom rag'd
And by what Cure to be assuag'd
What gentle Youth I would allure
Whom in my artful Toils secure
Who does thy tender Heart Subdue
Tell me my SAPPHO tell me who .

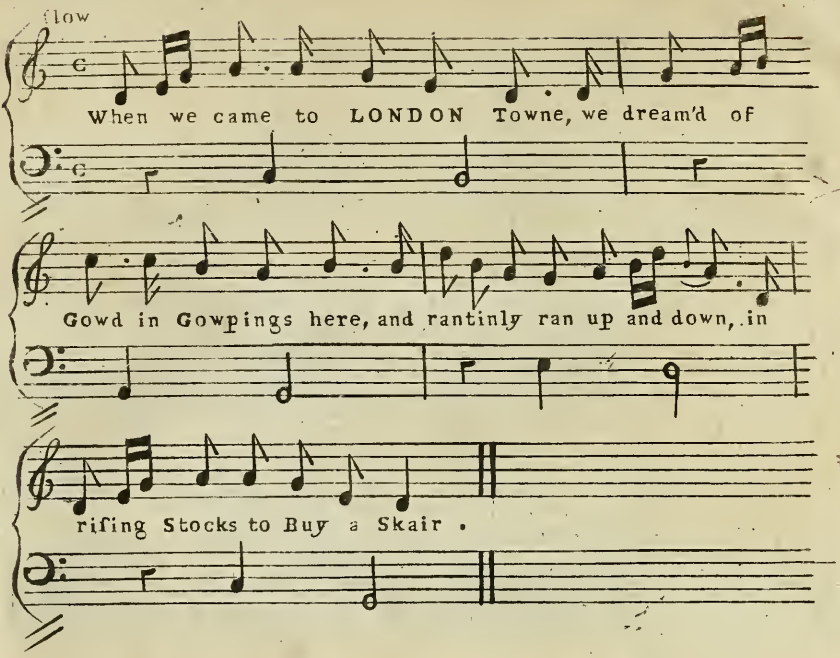
Tho now he shuns thy longing Arms
He soon shall court thy slighted Charms
Tho now thy Off'rings he despise
He soon to thee shall Sacrifice
Tho now he freeze he soon shall burn
And be thy Victim in his Turn .

Celestial Visitant once more
Thy needful Presence I implore
In Pity come and ease my Grief
Bring my distemper'd Soul Relief
Favour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires
And give me all my Hearts desires .

Flute



For our lang biding here



We daftly thought to row in Rowth,
But for our Daffine pay'd right dear,
The Lave will fare the War in trouth,
For our lang biding here .

But when we fand our Purfes toom,
And dainty Stocks began to fa',
We hang our Lugs, and wi' a Gloom,
Girn'd at Stock-jobbing ane and a' .

If we gang near the SOUTH—SEA Houfe,
The Whilly—Wha's will grip ye'r gear,
Syne a' the Lave will fare the War,
For our lang biding here .