

Glen. 171. b.

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THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

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The x *Glen 1716*

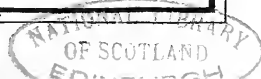
British Musical Miscellany ;
or, the
Delightful Grove:

*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.

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

*London. Printed for & Sold by I. Walsh, Musick Printer
& Instrument maker to his Majesty, at the Harp & Hoboy
in Catherine Street in the Strand. N^o 579.
Where may be had, a Compleat Set of all M^r Handel's
Operas.*





A TABLE of the SONGS

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The Words by the Author of
 The Adieu to the Spring Gardens at VAUX HALL.
To a Favourite Air in Alcina by M.^r 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 slumbring

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

But if my Grief Finds no relief, Whispher 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

ping 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'enamell'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'enamell'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, cheerful, gay,
 When LIZZY crowns th' indulgent Day,
 With tripping o'er th' enamel'd Green.

F L U T E .



A SONG in the ORATORIO of ESTHER Set by Mr. HANDEL.

Sym. 6 3 6 5 6 6 6 4 3 6

4 3 4 3 6 6 4 3 6

5b 5b 5b 6 6

6 6 6 6 4 3 0

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

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

voice that bids thy fruit succeed, O Beau- teous

Queen unclofe those Eyes, unclofe 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 fruit succeed, hear Love's soft

voice that bids thee rise, and bids thy fruit succeed. *Sym.* $\frac{4}{2}$ $\frac{5}{3}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{4}{2}$ $\frac{6}{6}$

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.

who shares our heart, shall share our Pow'r. *Adg.* *Da Capo*

SYLVIA to ALEXIS.

Set by Mr LAMPE.

ALEXIS, how artless a Lover. How bashful and fil-ly you
 grow; In my Eyes can you never discover, I mean yes, when I often say
 no, say no, I mean yes, when I often say no.

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

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 foild 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 - - fire

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 fight
 The fatal Serpent spies
 Looks on and gazes with Delight
 But as he Gazes Dies

Flute

BONNY CHRISTY A Scotch Air

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Bonny Christy'. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

How sweetly smels the summer green sweet taste 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
 loofe all their charms and weaker pow'rs compar'd with those of Chrifty

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

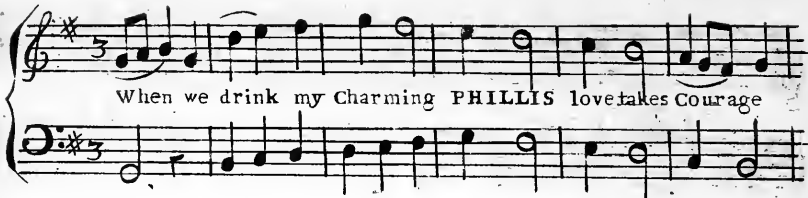
When e'er She gives a kindly glance
 I blefs the happy Omen
 And often think for to advance.
 Hoping shel prove a woman
 But dubious of my own defert
 My Sentiments I smother
 With fecret fighs I vex my Heart
 For fear she loves another

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

My CHRISTY witnefs gentle Stream
 Such Ioys from tears arifing
 I wifh this may not be a Dream
 O love thou moft furprifing
 Time was too precious now for talk
 This point of all his wifhes
 He wou'd not with Set fpeeches balk
 But fpent it all on kifses

Flute

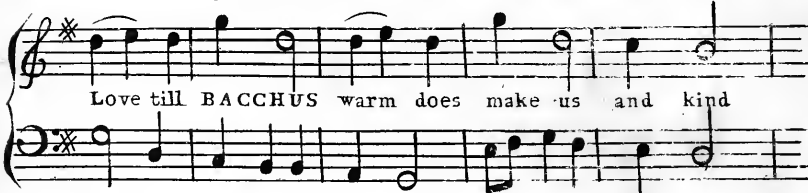
The musical score is written for a flute and consists of four staves. It begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The melody is characterized by frequent sixteenth-note runs and various ornaments, including grace notes and mordents. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.



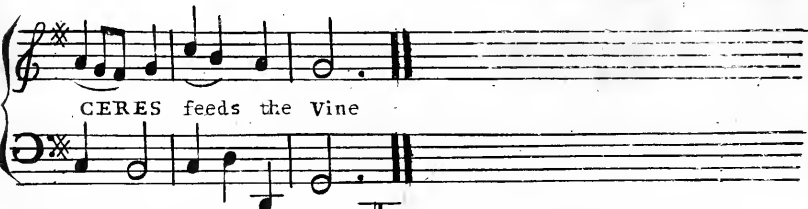
When we drink my Charming PHILLIS lovetakes Courage



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



My Heart inclines your Chains to wear But Reason will not stoop

I love that Angel's Face but fear The Serpent in your Hoop

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

John Hay's bonny Lassie

By smooth winding TAY a Swain was reclining Ait

cry'd he oh hey Maun I still live pining My fell 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 shes not my Bride

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

bventure May be ere we part my Vows may content her

Shes 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 Daifies
 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 fet my Spirits a glowing

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

Flute

Set by Mr. Lampe

LOVE is not to be Conceal'd

Pensive alone the Defart Plains I trace And flow and Ling ring

step the measur'd Pace My Eyes I glance around with jealous Fear.

To find the Path where hu-man Foot steps are.

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 every pathless way
 From all Mankind o'er Hill, or Dale or Grove
 I cannot fly from the Pursuit of Love

flute

A Song in the OPERA of ROSAMOND Set by MR ALLCOCK

Was ev-er Pafion crofs'd

like mine was ev-er Pafion crofs'd like mine to rend my

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

Breast and break my rest a thousand a thousand

I'll combine was ever Passion

Cross'd like mine was ever Passion cross'd like mine

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

Rest a thousand thousand ills come_bine a thousand thousand

Ills Com_bine absant wounds me

Fear Sur_ounds me Guilt Con_founds me was ev_er

Passion cro'd like mine Absance wounds me

Fear Sur-rounds me Guilt Con-found's me Guilt Con-found's

me was ever Pa'sion Cro's'd like mine

6 6 6 6 4

6 8 6 6 6 7 7

6 5 6 *

The ARTIFICE Sung by M^{rs} READING.

When CLOE we ply, we swear we shall Die, Her Eyes do our
 Hearts to intral: But, tis for Her Pelf 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 whisper so low that they let us know, it is all,
 Artifice all, it is all Artifice, Artifice all.

My Dear the Wives cry, 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 Bawl;
 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 Favourite Air by MR HANDEL.

The Words by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Wine's a Mistrefs Gay and easy, ever free to give delight, let what
 may perplex and teize ye; tis the Bottle, tis the Bottle, tis the Bottle
 Sets all Right. Wine's a Mistrefs Gay and easy, ever free to give de
 light, let what may perplex and teize ye; tis the Bot---tle, tis the
 Bottle Sets all Right. Wine's a Mistrefs Gay and easy, ever
 free to give delight, let what may perplex and teize ye tis the

Bot---he 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 Armours &c.
 Gainst all fate.

This verse must be repeated 3 times with the first part

A Song Set to Musick by MR WILFORD.

WOULD Fate to me BELLIN-DA give, with her alone I'd Chuse to
 Live. nor with her cou'd I more Require nor a great-er
 nor a great-er nor a great-er Blifs de-fire.

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

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

FLUTE

WOMAN, thoughtless, giddy Creature, Laughing, i...dle.

fluttering Thing; Most fantastick work of Nature,

still, like Fan...cy, on the Wing.

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

Lovely Trifle! dear Illusion!
 Conq'ring Weakness! wish'd for Pain!
 Men's chief Glory, and Confusion,
 Of all Vanities, 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 fee my Torment, for on...ly
 thou cant ease my mind, O hear my Sighs, and
 fee my Torment, for on...ly thou cant ease my mind, O hear my.

VOL.V.

Sighs, 6 4 and see my Torment, for on-ly thou canst.

7 4 2 6 6 7 6

eafe my mind. 6 Since all are doom'd to

6 4 3 6 4 2

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

6 4 3 6 7 2 5 6 7

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

6 6 6 6 6 6

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

7 4 5 7 7 6 6

in thy Chains. Da Capo.

6 4 6 6

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 signifies with all his Inches, If he's devoid of Spirit, The

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

FLUTE.

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

Sym. *tr* *tr*

Wou'd you

gain the tender Creature, foft-ly, gent-ly, kindly treat her,

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

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

is the Lover's part, Sym.

Sym.

Would you gain the tender Creature, the tender

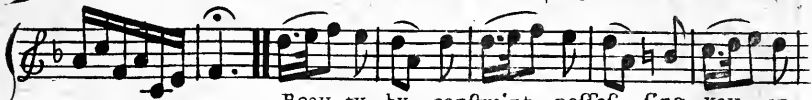
Creature, softly, gently, kindly treat her, soft-ly, Sym.

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

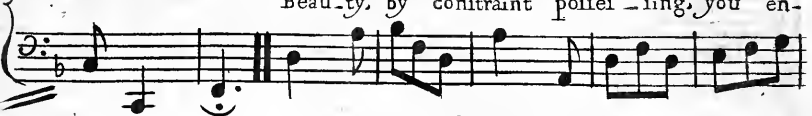
is the Lover's part, Sym. soft-ly, Sym. gent-ly,

Sym. kindly treat her, suff'ring is the Lover's part,

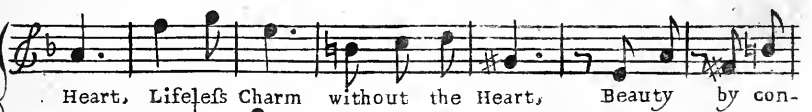
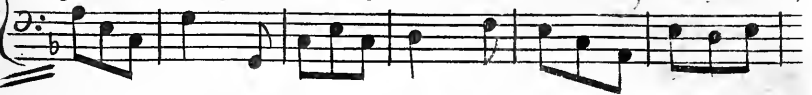
Sym. tr



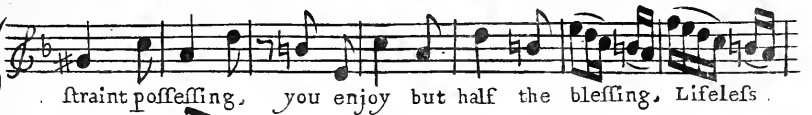
Beau-ty, by con-straint pos-ses-sing, you en-



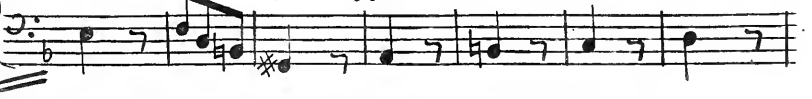
joy but half the blef-sing, Life-les's Charm without the



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



straint pos-ses-sing, you enjoy but half the blef-sing, Lifeless



Charm without the Heart. Da Capo



COLIN'S REQUEST.

33

Andante

HELP me, each harmonious Grove, Gently whisper all ye Trees,

Gently whif. -per all ye Trees; Tune each warb'ling Throat to Love, Cool

each Mead with softest Breeze, Cool each Mead with softest Breeze.

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;
 PHOEBUS, glance thy mildest Ray; PHOEBUS &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 disdain. That &c.

The SURRENDER.

GLORINDA, since all I can offer's in vain, Your

fullen and obstinate temper to move; Since you smile at my

Woe, and in-fult o'er my Pain. You shall find I can

throw off the Shackles of Love: Your frowns, or your

favours from hence I despise, There are o. thers as Youthfull, Ma-

jestick and Fair, For instance, MIRANDA has as sparkling.

Eyes, And CLOE, as Gracefull, and Gen..teel an Air.

6 6 6 6 6 4 *

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 averness 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.



WILLY's rare, and WILLY's fair, And WILLY's wond'rous
bo-ny: And WILLY hegt to marry me, Gin e'er he marry'd
ony. Oh! gin e'er he marry'd ony.

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

FLUTE.



A Favourite Air by Mr. Handel

This is a handwritten musical score for a piece titled "A Favourite Air by Mr. Handel". The score is written on ten staves, organized into five systems of two staves each. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 3/8. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, various note values, rests, and ornaments. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. The lyrics are written below the bottom staff of each system.

While I prefs my Idol Goddes all
loves Treasure I enjoy I enjoy

While I pres my Idol Goddes all loves

treasure I enjoy

all Loves treasures

all Loves treasures I enjoy all Loves

treasures I enjoy

Pleasure now exceed my Wishes Pleasures

that can never cloy Pleasures that can

never cloy no never cloy pleasures

now exceed my wishes pleasure that

can never cloy DA CAPO

Set by Mr Lampe

Love is often Curf'd in Wooing Truth and Virtue

plead in vain Love is feldom Beautys Ruin pity

Ne'er oc-casion'd pain Womans Hearts a

Wanton Feather tost by ev'ry gale that Blows

Proudly scorning change of weather Sorrow finks

what folly rose

A Song Set by MR GALLIARD

tr

Vain were.

Graces - Blooming Faces beauties Charms or Cupids Dart beauties.

Charm - Beauties charms or CUPIDIS Dart

If a Lover Cou'd re-cover or at pleasure guard his Heart Vain were

Graces Blooming faces Beauties Charms or CUPIDIS Dart

Vain were Graces Blooming faces beauties charms or CUPIDIS Dart

The BATCHELORS WIFE Set by M^r 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

Musical score for Flute, consisting of four staves of music in G major and 2/4 time. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, trills (tr), and triplets (3).

APOLLOS Advice Set. by MR LAMPE

Musical score for Apollo's Advice, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The score includes lyrics and musical notations such as trills (tr), sixths (6), and fifths (5).

Philander roving void of Care, Chanc'd by Design to Stray; Where
 certain beautiful Nymphs were met. Where certain beautiful Nymphs were
 met. To pass Some Hours away to pass Some Hours a-way.

When having Sat and talk'd a while,
 What Nymphs each Swain admir'd;
 Told how fond STREPHON lov'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 haſt
 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 M^r MONRO

Whence comes it Neighbour DICK, That you with Taste uncommon, have
 Plaid the Girls this Tri-ck, and wedded an old Woman,
 Ha ppy DICK.

The musical score is written for voice and guitar. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line in the upper staff and a guitar line in the lower staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The guitar line includes fret numbers (6, 5, 4, 2) and a capo sign (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system ends with a repeat sign (:S:). The second system ends with a repeat sign (:S:). The third system ends with a double bar line and repeat sign (:S:).

Each Bell Condemns the Choice,
 Of a Youth so Gay and Sprightly;
 But we your friends rejoice,
 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 Pounds,
 Ten Thousand charms are centr'd. &c.

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

But wifely you resign,
 For Sixty Charms so transient,
 As the curious value Coin,
 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 debate,
Are Nuptial ioy's 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 dye
Unless the Devil's in her &c.

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

With Spouse long Share the Blifs,
You had Mist in any other;
And when you ve bury'd this,
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 M^r GALLIARD .

Tho Envious old Age seem in.

Part to impair me and make me the Sport of the Wanton and Gay. Brisk

Wine shall recruit, as Lifes winter shall wear me, and I still have a

Heart to do what I may! Tho

Then VENUS bestow me, some DAMSEL of Beauty, here's

BACCHUS will Give me the Cherishing Glafs, SILENUS tho

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

Then clasp the Lafs, the BOTTLE the lafs, the lafs and the BOTTLE,

And now Clasp the BOTTLE and then Clasp the Lafs

For the F L U T E

Sym. *S.* *Long* *S.* *Sym.* *Sym.*

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

Oh! the plaint of my poor POLLY! Oh. cou'd I her wants supply;

She shou'd ne-ver lose her longing, She shou'd have some APPLEPYE

No man the fair one can deny, Her belly full of APPLEPYE.

Who wou'd not think this a favour,
 And to oblige 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 Threescore

Set by Mr. MARKWELL.

Dear CHLOE at-tend. to th'advice of a Friend, And for

once be ad-mo nish'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 speedy decay:
 Youth might ripen your Charms,
 But Old Age in young Arms,
 Is like Frofty Weather in May.

Let Men of Threescore
 Think of Wedlock no more,
 They need not be fond of that Noofe;
 The Cripple that begs,
 Without any Legs,
 Can have no great occassion 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,
 'Twould 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!

In pi-ty to the Pains I bear, Let me not languish
and Despair. Oh! let me die or live.

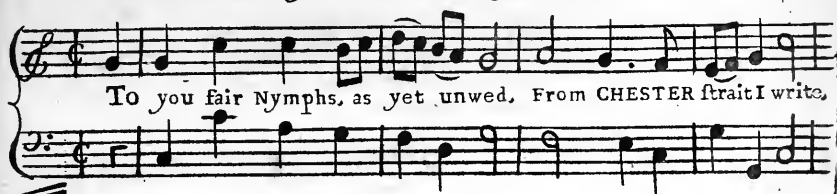
I thought, and blest my fond belief,
 You were too good to urge my Grief,
 To rack my faithfull heart;
 But Oh! what Agonies I prove,
 Since you neglect my tender Love,
 And play the Tyrant's part.

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!

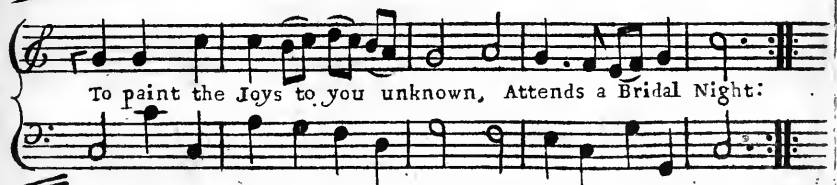
To vulgar Hearts, impure, and vain,
 Wife were thy Scorn, and just the Pain,
 For such deserve their Woe;
 But gen'rous Charmer, let not mine,
 Where Love and Truth for ever join,
 The worst of Torments know.

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.

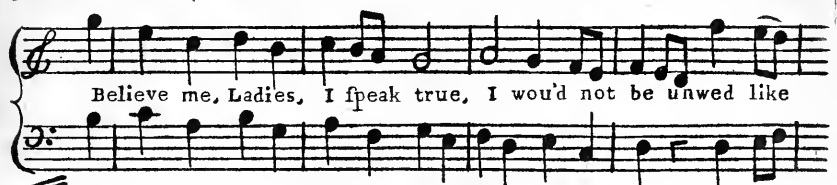
The Morning Song of a Spinster of Sixty who marry'd a⁵³
Beardless Boy. The Words by Mr. MANLY.



To you fair Nymphs, as yet unwed, From CHESTER strait I write,



To paint the Joys to you unknown, Attends a Bridal Night:



Believe me, Ladies, I speak true, I wou'd not be unwed like



you. With a fa la la la la la.

My self a Virgin long I kept,
Love struggling 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, despite 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 reliev'd from trifling pain,
I wou'd not be a Maid again.
With &c.

Then after Meal and chearfull Glafs,
 And by all friends careft,
 My Spirits rais'd, I felt a flame,
 Too ftrong to be exprest.
 Believe me, Ladies, I fpeak true,
 I'd fain have you fee what you can do,
 With &c.

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

Then guefs what Transports I enjoy'd,
 When in my STREPHON's Arms,
 And he in mine, with Paffion ftrong,
 Poffest of all my Charms.
 I faintly fpoke, I trembling lay,
 I foftly languish'd, dy'd away.
 With &c.

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

Then to conclude, I here invite,
 You Ladies foon to Wed,
 And tafte thofe pleafing Doucœurs which
 Abound in Marriage Bed.
 Ah! Ladies, you'd reffign Chit chat,
 To be like me, and know what's what
 With &c.

The Spinfter's Evening Song.

GOD prosper long from being Wed,
 Each Spinfter, Young and Old,
 And liften 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 possess,
 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 Billets 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 W. H. C. 51

Un-re-lent-ing dearest Creature On your DAMON

cast an Eye Each ador'd fur-pri-zing Feature

Gives me Life yet makes me Die Cruel Fair oh hear your

Lover Who with Anguish pines for you Think him no un-

constant Rover Ne'er was Swain more Chaste or True.

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 suit 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
 Clasp him in deluded Arms
 DAMON Joys' who was your Lover
 That his Rival loaths your Charms.

Flute

Set by Mr. Lampe

Tho' Times no longer look serene and fortune ceases to

be kind let not the un-ex-pected Scene Make dear

PHILANDER change his Mind Thy Prefrence 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.

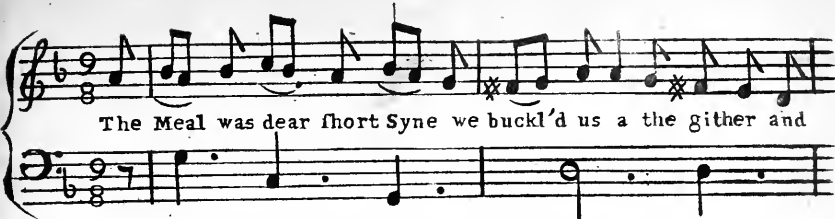
Let not such dubious Thoughts my Dear
 Increase the Measure of your Grief
 You still shall own my Heart sincere
 And ready to dispense Relief:
 The Flame of long contracted Love
 Is unextinguish'd in my Breast
 And Mountains may as well remove
 As I desert the fair distressed.

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

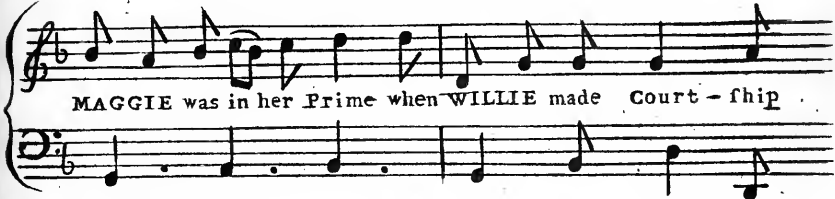
So shall my constant Heart cement
 To thee its Principal Delight
 Nor shall the sudden ill event
 Our mutual Passion disunite
 Let this convince my Charmer now
 PHILANDER only sighs for you
 And that I Don't recant my Vow
 But still more Strongly it renew.

flute

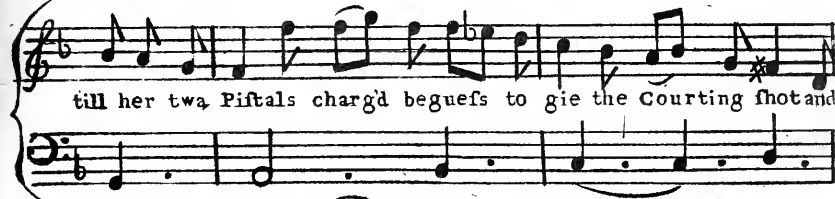
The musical score is written for a flute in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature (C), and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is characterized by eighth-note patterns, often beamed together in groups of four or six. There are several slurs and accents throughout. The second staff contains a repeat sign (double bar line with two dots) in the middle. The third and fourth staves continue the melodic line, with the fourth staff ending with a final double bar line and repeat dots.



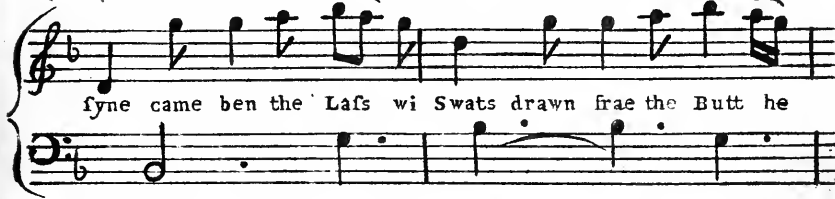
The Meal was dear fhort Syne we buckl'd us a the gither and



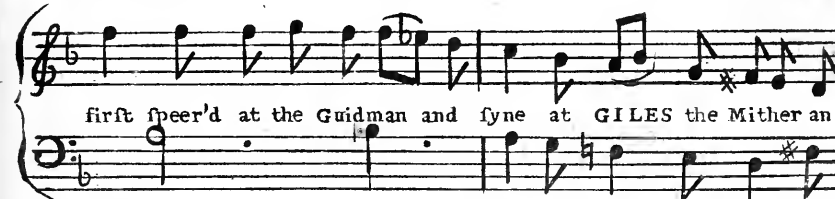
MAGGIE was in her Prime when WILLIE made Court - ship



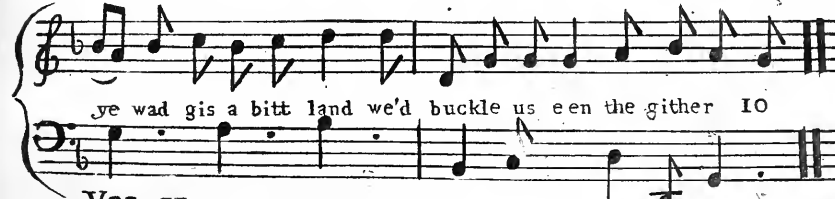
till her twa Pistals charg'd beguets to gie the Courting shot and



syne came ben the Lafs 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

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 fall be good,
 There's nane fall hae its maik,
 The Lafs bound in her snood,
 And CRUMMIE who kens her stake:
 With an auld bedden o' claihs,
 Was left me by my Mither,
 They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
 Ye may cudle in them the gither.

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 tane to had the Meal
 The ither to had the Meal:
 With ane auld kift made of Wands,
 And that fall be your Coffe,
 Wi' aiken Woody-bands,
 And that may had your Tocher.

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 Houfe is Butt and Benn,
 And CRUMMIE will want her Fother.
 The Bairns are coming on,
 And they'll cry O their Mither!
 We have nouthur Pot nor Pan,
 But four bare Legs the gither.

Confider well, Guidman,
 We hae but borrowed Gear,
 The Horfe 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 fae croufe
 Come fill us a Cogoe of Swats:
 We'll make nae mair toom rufe,

I like you well, young Lad,
 For telling me fae plain,
 I Married When little I had
 O' Gear that was my ain.
 But in that things are fae,
 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 Hiffie 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

Loves a Fond de ludeing Passion seeking Pleasures sure

of pain Ever Idle Ioy's, perfuing Ever cheated as he

flies painfull pleasure pleasing Ruin made to Bles and

Tyranize

Sung by MR^S CLIVE in TIMON in Love set by MR LAMPE.

Once Beast and Gods alone had Right t'intreague

at difcretion and Man was stinted in delight as

Love were a Transfgretion but this ripe Age to

shun the Rock on which their Fathers Blundred have

Learn'd of Beasts to slip the Yoke over it

with a Hundred

A Two Part Song by JOHN ALLCOCK

How Faint a Joy the Maid Imparts, Reluctant who resigns

How faint a Joy maid imparts, 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 rein'd,
 And even in relection 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 Sor'ry 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 tries,
 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 kifs'd.

How sweet was ev'n the parting kifs,
To the poor hapless Swain,
No hopes had he of further Blifs,
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,
 Cælia 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 Fever did invade
 Ah Fever too unkind;
 Twas meant to waft him to her shade
 But left him lost behind.

F L U T E

The musical score for the Flute part consists of four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is written in a melodic style with various note values, including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. There are several trills marked with 't.' and some notes marked with an asterisk (*). The second and third staves continue the melodic line with similar notation. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Hark Hark soft Lufs, the Trumpet founds, And Honour calls to

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

From Smiles, and Kiffes, I muft part, the Enemy to Face : With Fire

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

Great Mars Commands, and Hero like
 I muft Difdain to Fear;
 Young Cupids Bow and Dart muft now
 Give Place to Ball and Spear .
 The Conqueft he, within has made,
 I muft A While forget :
 The wounds of Hearts, and Am'rous Smarts,
 Muft now be out of Date .

Yet neer fufpect your Constant Man,
 I mean not to be falfe ;
 I leafe to Woo, but not in View
 Of Lov'ing any Elfe .
 I Talk of War, and haft to Arms
 But am at Peace with you ;
 With all fuccefs, and hope no Lefs
 My Charming Girl Adieu .

Flute

Set to Mufick by MR GEORGE MONRO

My God - defs CELIA Heavenly Fair as

Lillies sweet as foft as Air Let Loofe thy

tréfes fpread thy Charms And to my Love

give fresh Allarms

Give me Ambrosia in a kiss
That I may rival *JOVE* in Bliss
That I may mix my soul with thine
And make the pleasure all Divine.

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

Flute

A SONG to MR HENDEL'S Trumpet Minuet

THYRSIS afflicted with Love and Despair Re - clin'd on the
bank of a Murmuring Stream Found in soft Slumbers release
from his Care and Fancy presented a flattering Dream

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
 Still 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, because he was pretty. For when he

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

do me; Eye I cry'd, almost dy'd, leaft it should rue me, If

JOCKEY should gang and come no more to me.

JOCKEY could love, but he would not marry,
 And I was afraid leaft I fhould mifcarry;
 His cunning tongue with Wit was fo gilded,
 That I was afraid, leaft I might have ill did:
 For when he Blefs'd me, prefs'd me, kiss'd me,
 Loft was the Hour I thought when he mis'd me,
 Crying, denying, and fighting, 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 Cyprefs furrounded,
 Oh! there to his Death poor JOCKEY was wounded:
 For when he fell'd him, thrill'd him, kill'd him,
 Who can exprefs my Greif, that beheld him,
 Sighing, I tore my hair all for to bind him,
 And vow'd and fwore I would not ftay behind him.

Thus JENNY for JOCKEY lays fighting and weeping,
 For the lofs of her Dear, whilst others are fleeping;
 And SAWNEY to fee her thus forely diftressed,
 For the lofs of her Dear; in his heart was oppreffed:
 But when this Deluder, woo'd her, fu'd her,
 She bid him be gone, and call'd him Intruder;
 And faid fhould you die for my love, I would mock ye
 You have been the Caufe of the Death of my JOCKEY.

Oh! JOCKEY, there's none that is left to inherit
 The Tythe of thy Virtue, thy wondrous Merit;
 Thy Goodnefs, by me, fhall ne'er be forgotten,
 I'll fing out thy Praise when thy Carcafs lays rotten,
 For thou wert the faireft, rareft and deareft,
 And now thou art gone, like a Saint thou appeareft:
 I'll have on thy Grave-Stone, this Motto inferted,
 Here lies lifelefs JOCKEY, who Dy'd broken hearted.

FLUTE.



Set by Mr. I. ALLCOCK.

GENTLY, ye Winds, your Pinions move On the soft Bo- -fom
of the Air; Be all fe-rene and calm a-bove, Let
not e'en Ze- -phyr's whisper there.

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.

F L U T E .



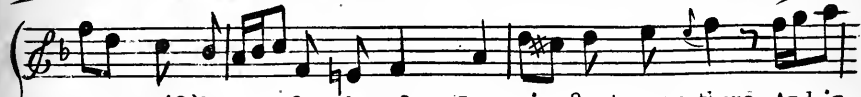
CUPID Defeated by CLOE at BATH.

77

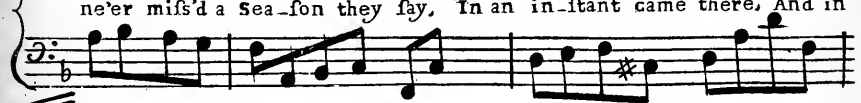
Set by Mr. LAMPE.



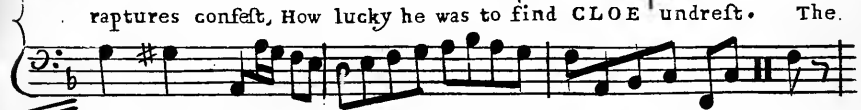
AS CLOE at BATH was Bathing one Day, Sly CUPID, who



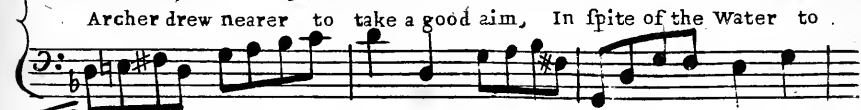
ne'er miss'd a Sea-son they say. In an in-stant came there, And in



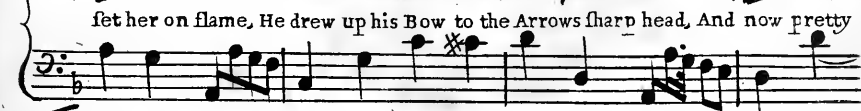
raptures confest, How lucky he was to find CLOE undrest. The.



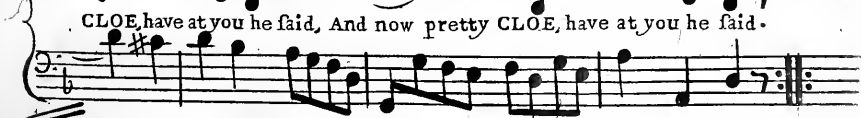
Archer drew nearer to take a good aim, In spite of the Water to



set her on flame, He drew up his Bow to the Arrows sharp head, And now pretty



CLOE, have at you he said, And now pretty CLOE, have at you he said.



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 ſtroake,
 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 flighted, for what can I do,
 Since now I have broken the ſtring of my Bow:
 My Quiver is ufeleſs, 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 diminifh each Grace,
 And at length quite deſtroy CLOE's beautifull Face.

That her heaving fair Boſom, and taper fine waſte,
 Wou'd 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, replenifh'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.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

NOW PHOEBUS advances on high, Nae Footsteps of Winter are
 feen; The Birds carrol sweet in the Sky, And Lambkins dance
 Reels on the Green. Thro' Plantings, by Burnies sae clear, We
 wander for Pleasure and Health, Where Buddings and Bloffoms ap-
 pear, Giving Prospects of Joy and Wealth.

View ilka gay Scene all around,
 That are, and that promise to be;
 Yet in them a 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 blefs with sic Joys;
 Sure Angels are just sae complete.

Fair Bloffom 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 Senseless 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 be told
Love can't be Sated or ever be cold.

FLUTE

The SATYR'S ADVICE to a STOCK-JOBBER.

The Musick by Mr. HANDEL.

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

Seen, Staring wiffully 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 Goddesses shes blind.

Come hold up thy Head, foolish Wight,
 Ill teach thee thy Loss to retrieve;
 Observe me this Projectaright,
 And think not of Hanging but Live,
 HECATISSA concerted and old,
 Affects in her Airs to seem young,
 Her Jointure yields plenty of Gold,
 And plenty of Nonense 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 ALLECOCK

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 Blest 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 atleast your SHERLOCK give,
 'Tis I must learn to Die.

FLUTE

A Song Set by Mr LEVERIDGE

Tempo

CLOE'S a Goddeſs in the Groves, a Naiad in the

Streams, an ANGEL in the Church the moves, a Wo-man

in my Dreams.

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 Divinite.

SHE appears like other mortal Dames, till I unlace her Boddice. But

When with fire ſhe meets my flames, the Wench turn's up a Goddeſs.

A Song Set by Mr. JOHN 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 Nymph 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.

The 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,
 If 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.

Ann thou were my ain thing, I wou'd Love thee, I wou'd Love thee,

Ann thou were my ain thing how Dearly wou'd I Love thee. Then

I wou'd clasp thee in my Arms, then I'd secure thee from all harms, for

Above Mortal thou hast charms, how Dearly doe I Love, thee.

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

Fairest Isle, all Isles ex-cel-ling, Seat of Pleasures, and of

Loves, Venus here will Chuse her Dwelling, And forsake her

Cyprian Groves, Cupid from his fav rite Nation. Care and

Envy. will remove, Jealousy, that Poy-sons Paffion, And

Despair that dies for Love.

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.

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

6 6 6 7 6 4 2 6

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

5 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 2

Gai- - - - ly smi- - - - ling Day employ: No prying

6 4 2 6 6 4

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

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

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

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

Birds we need not fear .

5 7 6 5

Lo! you fair Stream with wanton arms,
 The Meadow folds fond of her Charms;
 And glides in mazy circles round,
 As loth to leave th'enchantèd Ground.
 FLORA by ZEPHIR is caref's'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 Rebel to the Powr of Love .

The Free MISTRESS .

IN Spite of Love at length I find A Mistres that can please me her

Humour free and unconfin'd Both Night and Day Shell ease me No

Jealous thoughts disturb my Mind Tho she's enjoy'd by all Mankind Then

Drink and never Spare it tis a Bottle of Good Claret.

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

a Favourite Air by M^r. Handel 93

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

swain or meet my Pafſion O falſe ungrateful ſwain ungrateful ſwain re-

turn my Heart again return my heart again ſince thus you flight my

Pain return my Heart again falſe ungrateful Swain return my Heart a-

-gain O falſe ungrateful Swain ungrateful ſwain or meet my Pafſion

if my Heart you prize O do not Tyrannize O do not Tyrannize but

shew Compafion but if my Heart you prize O do not Tyrannize O do not

Tyrannize but shew Compafion but shew Com-pafion

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef staff containing a melodic line with various ornaments and slurs. The middle staff is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a piano accompaniment. The bottom staff is a single bass clef staff, also with a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/8. The word "flute" is written below the bottom staff. The word "al fegno" is written to the right of the bottom staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

The second system of the musical score consists of ten staves of music. The top staff is a single treble clef staff with a melodic line. The remaining nine staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 2/8. The system ends with a double bar line.

Oh how cou'd I venture to love one like thee, Or thou not de-

spise a poor Conquest like me; On Lords thy ad-mirers cou'dst

look with disdain, And know I was no thing, yet pi-ty my Pain:

You said while they teaz'd you with nonsense and drefs, When real the

Passion, the Vanity's less, You saw thro' that silence which others de-

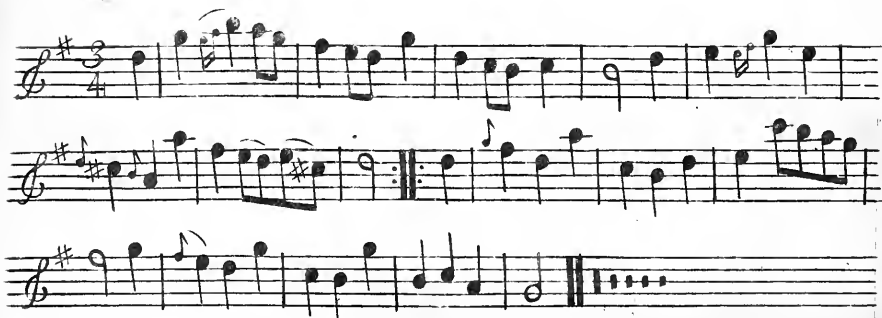
spise, And while Beaux were talking, read love in my Eyes.

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 oppress'd,
 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.

F L U T E .



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 whispering 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.

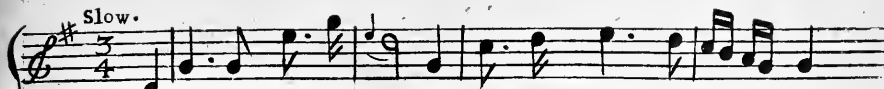
These youthfull Pranks are quite giv'n o'er,
 Sighing, she cries, I'll Sin no more,
 No more become Man's sensual Prey,
 But spend in Prayer each fleeting Day.

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

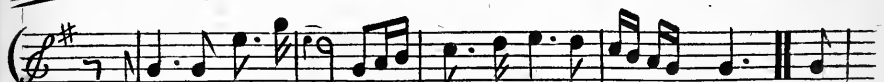
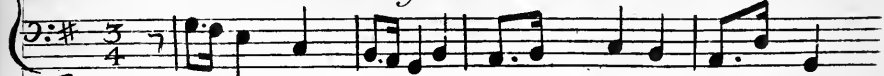
The Abbess overjoy'd to find,
 This blissful Change in JENNY's Mind,
 With Face demure, the Girls addressing,
 Ah Daughters! if you hope — a Blessing;
 From righteous JANE Example take;
 The World, its Poms, and Joys forsake!
 Ay — so we will, — cries ev'ry Nun,
 When we, — as righteous JANE have done.

FLUTE.

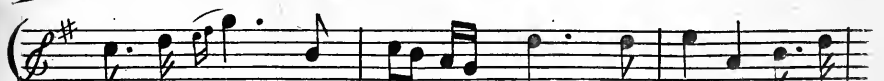
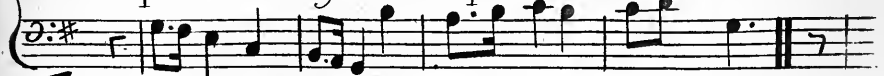
Slow.



LEANDER on the Bay of HELLESPONT, all naked stood;



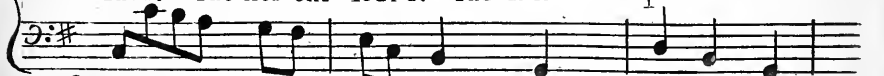
Impatient of Delay. He leapt into the fatal Flood: The



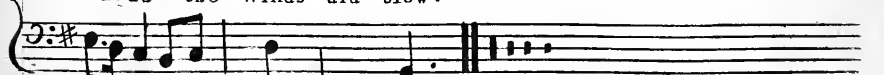
raging Seas (Whom none can please) 'Gainst him their Malice



flew: The Heavens lour'd, The Rain down pour'd, And



loud the Winds did blow.



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 Blifs;
 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 rife;
 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.

FAIR, and soft, and gay, and young, All Charms she play'd, she danc'd, she.

Sung: There was no way to 'scape the Dart, No care cou'd guard a Lover's Heart.

Ah why cry'd I, and dropt a Tear (Ado-ring Yet Despai-ring e'er To
 have her to my self alone) Was fo much sweetness made for One.

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'n's, 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 could 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

The Carle he came o'er the Croft and his Beard new Shaven glowr'd at
me as he'd been daft the Carle trows that I'll hae him Howt awa I
winna hae him Na for sooth I'll no hae him New hofe and
new Shoon and his Beard new Shaven

The musical score consists of five systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is in 6/8 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the treble staff of each system.

He gae 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 hae him. Howt awa

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

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

He ga'e, to me a Harn Spark
 And his Beard new shav'n
 He said he'd kifs 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 Hofe and his new Shoon.
 And his Beard new shavn

The Imporunate Swain
 Set by M^r. Lampe

Patience is vanish'd far a way I cannot bear with this. De
 lay my Pafsion unre-sist-ed Rage And none but you can
 them af swage can you be hold your dying Swain And
 not com pas-sionate his Pain O hear me love-ly
 Charmer hear And be no longer so Severe

The musical score consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/8. The piano part includes various ornaments and fingering numbers (6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1) and accidentals (sharps and naturals). The lyrics are written below the vocal line of each system.

Confider Heav'n did not bestow
Such Blessings to be hoarded so
But gave them that you might impart
Their Charms to e'ery bleeding Heart
Then why should you reject the Address
Of him that loves to such Excess
Since what I ask the Gods approve
And should your kind Compliance move

Can you so strenuously flight
That Joy that rayishing Delight
Which from extatick Love does flow
And ev'ry one is glad to know
Oh be not so relentless still
Nor me with strong Denyals kill
For on you only must depend
My future Life or instant End.

You are the happy Port my Dear
To which I only hope to steer
And if I fail of coming there
I'm lost for ever in despair
Do not o'erwhelm me then with Grief
When you so soon may give Relief
But condescend to my Request
And I shall be for ever Blest

FLUTE



Set by DR PEPUSCH

As swift as Time put round the Glass And husband well Lives

little Space Perhaps your Sun which shines so Bright May

set in e' ver- last ing Night .

Or if the Sun again should 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 Wife

FLUTE

A Favourite air by Mr. Handel

Musical notation for the first system, treble and bass clefs, 3/8 time signature, key of G major.

Musical notation for the second system, treble and bass clefs, 3/8 time signature, key of G major.

Musical notation for the third system, treble and bass clefs, 3/8 time signature, key of G major.

Musical notation for the fourth system, treble and bass clefs, 3/8 time signature, key of G major.

Musical notation for the fifth system, treble and bass clefs, 3/8 time signature, key of G major.

Hopes be guiling Pleasures smiling still endearing ever

Musical notation for the sixth system, treble and bass clefs, 3/8 time signature, key of G major.

Musical notation for the seventh system, treble and bass clefs, 3/8 time signature, key of G major.

chearing Crown my Ioy ever chearing crown my Ioy ever chearing

Musical notation for the eighth system, treble and bass clefs, 3/8 time signature, key of G major.

Musical notation for the ninth system, treble and bass clefs, 3/8 time signature, key of G major.

Crown my Ioy Hopes beguiling Pleasures

Musical notation for the tenth system, treble and bass clefs, 3/8 time signature, key of G major.

Musical notation for the eleventh system, treble and bass clefs, 3/8 time signature, key of G major.

smiling still endearing ever chearing Crown my Ioy

Musical notation for the twelfth system, treble and bass clefs, 3/8 time signature, key of G major.

Musical notation for the thirteenth system, treble and bass clefs, 3/8 time signature, key of G major.

ever chearing Crown my Ioy Hopes be

guiling Pleafure fmiling ftill endearing ever chearing ever chearing

Crown my Ioy ftill endearing ever

chearing Crown my Ioy

But the fear of not fucceding lets my tender Heart a Bleeding

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

not succeeding sets my tender Heart a bleeding all my

pleasing Hopes Destroy Da Capo

FLUTE

The image shows a page of musical notation consisting of 12 staves. The notation is written in a single system, likely for a single melodic line. It features a variety of rhythmic values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are several slurs and accents throughout the piece. Notably, there are three triplet markings (indicated by a '3' above the notes) on the sixth and seventh staves. The piece concludes on the twelfth staff with a double bar line and a repeat sign (two vertical lines).

Da Capo

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

to Debauch her The Cautious Nymph his fuit 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 Wandering Love .

FLUTE

A SONG Compos'd by MR HEMMING

Boast not mista-ken swain thy Art

Boast not mis-

Ta-ken swain thy Art to please my Part-ial Eyes to

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 betray'd in od-nefs I de - light D. C.

A Song Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Shou'd I once chan- ge my

Heart, Shou'd I once chan-

ge my Heart: as I hope as I ho-pe I nere Shall:Oh

oh! oh! oh. yee Gods gra- nt that I loo

Se not my reason and

All. But may Sumons all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, my Dis

cretion to proue, that defert 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 here

76 *76*

I nere was inclind, with

out affectation Id have him well bred! Genteel but not

Apish, wise enough to be Head: Sincere, chast and

Sober, whose Affections wont va-ry: Such a

one woud I have, if e-

ver, if e- ver I Marry

May he have wealth enough, may he have wealth enough.

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

-tent, and that with Content will Suf - ficiently

serve us and that with Con - tent, and

that with Con -

tent, will Suf -

- ficiently 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 fet free, 'Twould ne'er be

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

4 3

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 eafy to be true.

FLUTE.

Sung by Mr. BEARD in the ROYAL CHACE.

WITH early Horn salute the Morn that gilds this charming Place With

chearful cries bids echo rise and join the jovial Cha... ce

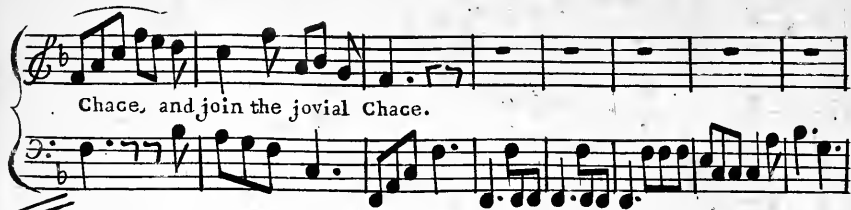
and join the jovial Chace... ce and join the

jovial Chace With early Horn salute y Morn that

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

echo rise and join the jovial Chace

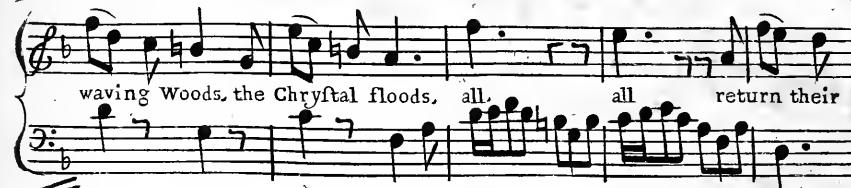
ce With chearful cries bids echo rise and join the jovial



Chace, and join the jovial Chace.



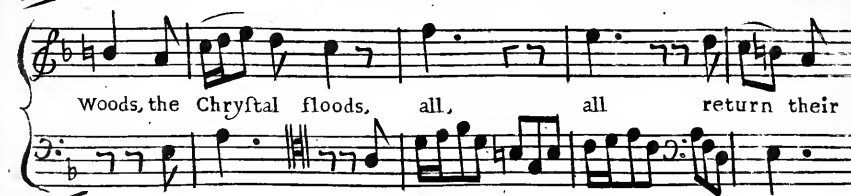
The Vo-cal Hills around, the



waving Woods, the Chrystal floods, all, all return their



livening found, the vo-cal Hills around, the waving



Woods, the Chrystal floods, all, all return their



livening founds. Da Capo

SYL - VIA thou Pattern of thy Age In whom a
 Thousand Virtues shine Let me my wondering
 Thoughts en - gage On The Tranf - - cen - - dant - - ly
 di - - vine

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

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

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

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 doomd alas to

live Ye pitying powrs above that see my souls dif-

may Obring me back the man I love or take my life away O

bring me back the man I love or take my life a way

A Song set by Mr. Lampe.

Dearest Ever lasting Blessing how can I my claim resign without

thee all the world possessing worlds are nothing nothing nothing worlds

are nothing to be thine, dearest Ever, lasting blessing how can I my claim

re. sign without thee all the world possessing, worlds are nothing nothing

nothing worlds are no thing worlds are nothing nothing

to be thine worlds are no thing to be thine

The Words by AARON HILL Esq

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

vainly now ye strive to charm me, All ye Sweets of bloom-ing May;

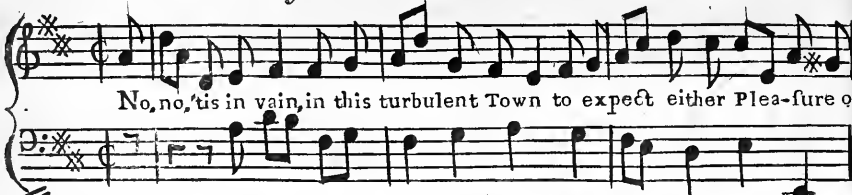
How shou'd empty Sunshine warm me, While LOTHARIA keeps a-way; How shou'd

Empty Sun-shine warm me, While LOTHARIA keeps a-way,


Go^v 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.


Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.



No, no, 'tis in vain, in this turbulent Town to expect either Plea-
sure or



Rest; To Hurry and Nonsense still ty-ing us down; 'Tis an over-grown



Prison at best, 'Tis an over-grown Prison at best.

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 Cheerfulness 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.

Soon as the Day begins to wate, Straight to the well-known

Door I haste, And rapping there, am forc'd to stay; While MOLLY

Hides her work with Care, Adjufts her Tucker and her Hair, And

Nimble BECKY scowers a-way.

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?

If fit 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 Paf- fions rise a chilling

Damp or rapid flame By turns possess my Vi-

tal frame and Grief succeed to Joys

I fear tis Love whose mighty

fway withPleasure mon... tals all Obey I fear tis love whose

migh... ty fway withPleasure withPleasure with

Pleasure withPleasure with Plea... sure mortals all O.

-bey

Yes

yes tis Love tis Love a lone and Cælia

you the flame inspire Oppose not then the Gentle

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

The musical score consists of five systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

Tw as at the filent Midnight Hour when all were fast asleep In Glided

MARG RET S grimly Ghofst and stood at WILLIAM'S Feet Her

Face was like and April Morn clad in a wintry Cloud and clay cold

was her Lilly hand that held her Sable Shroud .

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

So fhall the faireft Face appear
When Youth and Years are flown:
Such is the Robe ^y Kings muft wear
When Death has reft their Crown .

Her Bloom was like the ^{er} fpringing Flow
That fips the filver Dew
The Rofe was Budded in her Cheek
Juft opening to the View .

But love had like the Canker Worm
Confum'd her early Prime
The Rofe 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 witlefs Maid,
 Believe the flattering Tale.

That Face, alas! 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 fung loud, the Morning smild,
 And rais'd her Glistering Head ;
 Pale WILLIAM quak'd in every Limb,
 And raving left his Bed .

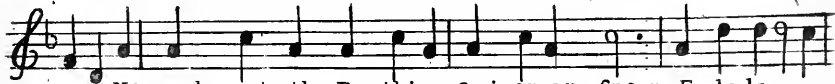
He hy'd him to the fatal Place
 Where MARGARET'S Body lay
 And stretch'd him on the grafs-green Turf,
 That wrapt her Breathless Clay .

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



The Man that is Drunk is void of all Care, Fa, la, la,



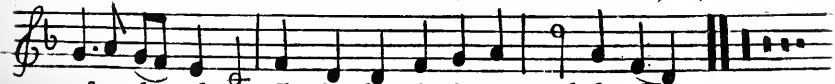
He needs not the Parthian Quiver or spear, Fa, la, la,



The worst poison'd Lance he scorns for to weild,



His Bottle alone is his sword and his shield. Fa, la, la,



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

Undaunted he goes amongst Bullys and Whores
Demolishes Windows and breaks open Doors
He strols all the Night and in Fear of no Evil
He holdly 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 choofe to swelter and sweate
Without e'er 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 Philofophical Fools
For when we are grown old and can do 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

Sooner than I'll my Love forego and lose the Man I prize.

and lose the Man I prize I'll bravely combat every woe I'll

bravely combat every woe or fall a sacrifice or

fall a sacri-fice .

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.

VOI.V. For him I Love I'll die *S.

Flute

The Spring With 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 I un

-seen fe -cure may rove And kind re pose me

at my Will

In midst of it a Fountain place
 And with Junquills the Margin grace
 Whose Golden hue denote the Spring
 And let a Wood this Bank furround
 Winding in Mazy Circles round
 Where Chorifters 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 musical score for the Flute part is written on four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 3/8. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together in groups. There are several slurs over the notes, and some notes have accents. The second staff continues the melodic line with similar rhythmic patterns. The third staff shows a continuation of the piece, with some notes marked with slurs and accents. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line and repeat dots.

The OXFORDSHIRE MATCH .

From Fifteen Years fair CLO - E with'd She dreamt and fight

in vain And hardly knew her Virgin Thoughts were hank'ring

af - ter Man

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 list'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 eas'd the Devotee
 And yolk'd her to a jolly Swain
 From Want and Party free .

The Hunting SONG in APOLLO and DAPHNE.

The musical score consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are as follows:

HARK, hark the Huntsman sounds his Horn, A call so Musical chides the

tr Drone. Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton. The Clangor wakes y

drowly Morn, The Woods re-eccho the sprightly Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton

tr Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton. s:

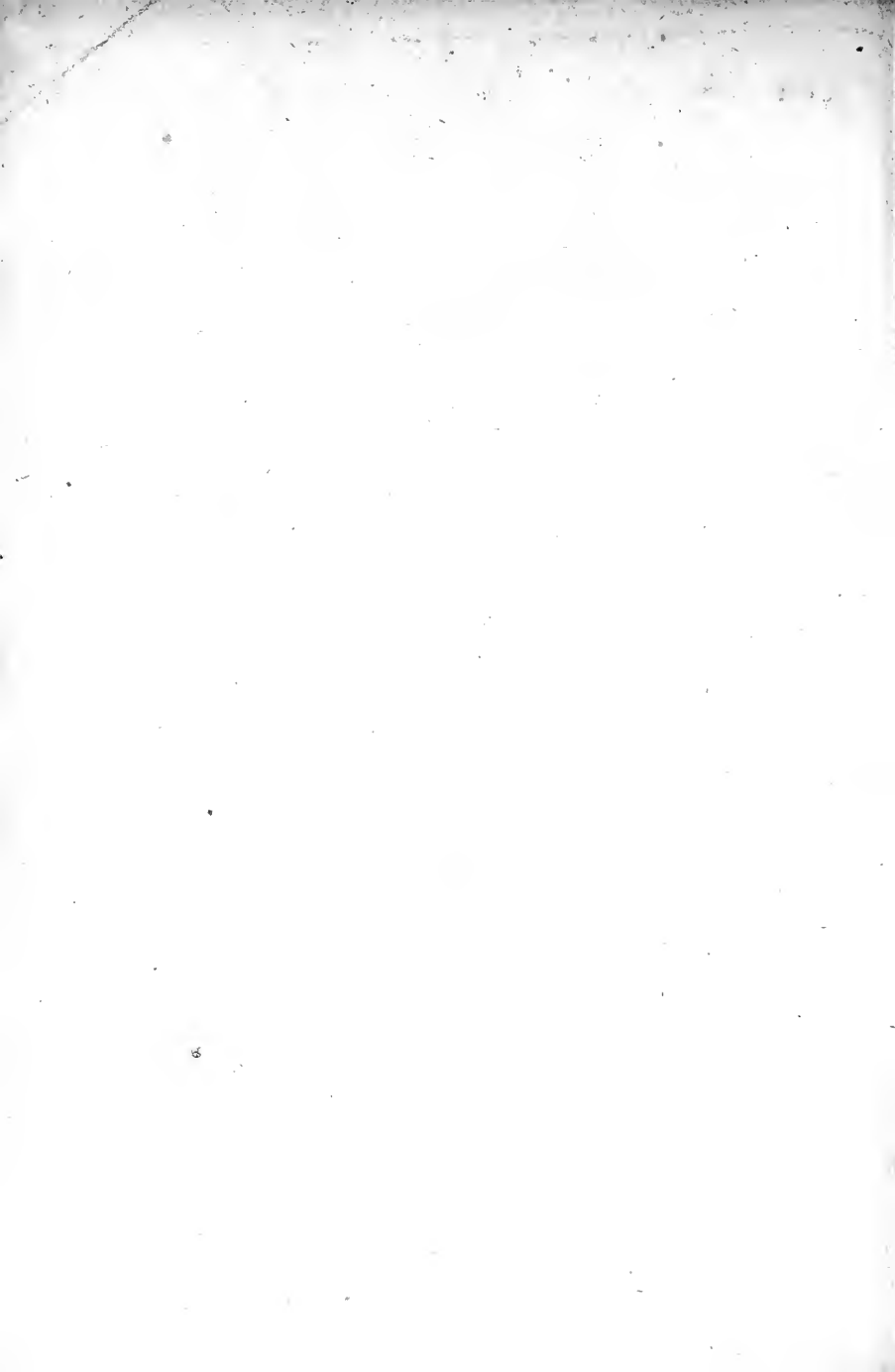
The loud tongu'd cry the Concert fill,
Our Steeds with neighing salute y Dawn,
We mount, and now we climb the Hill,
Then swift descending we sweep y Lawn.

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

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

What Joy to trace the blooming Lads,
Thro' darksome Grotto's with Moss o'ergrown,
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 tho' tir'd, our hearts content,
With Wine regaling all Cares we drown.



1875

1875



The
British Musical Miscellany:
or, the
Delightful Grove:

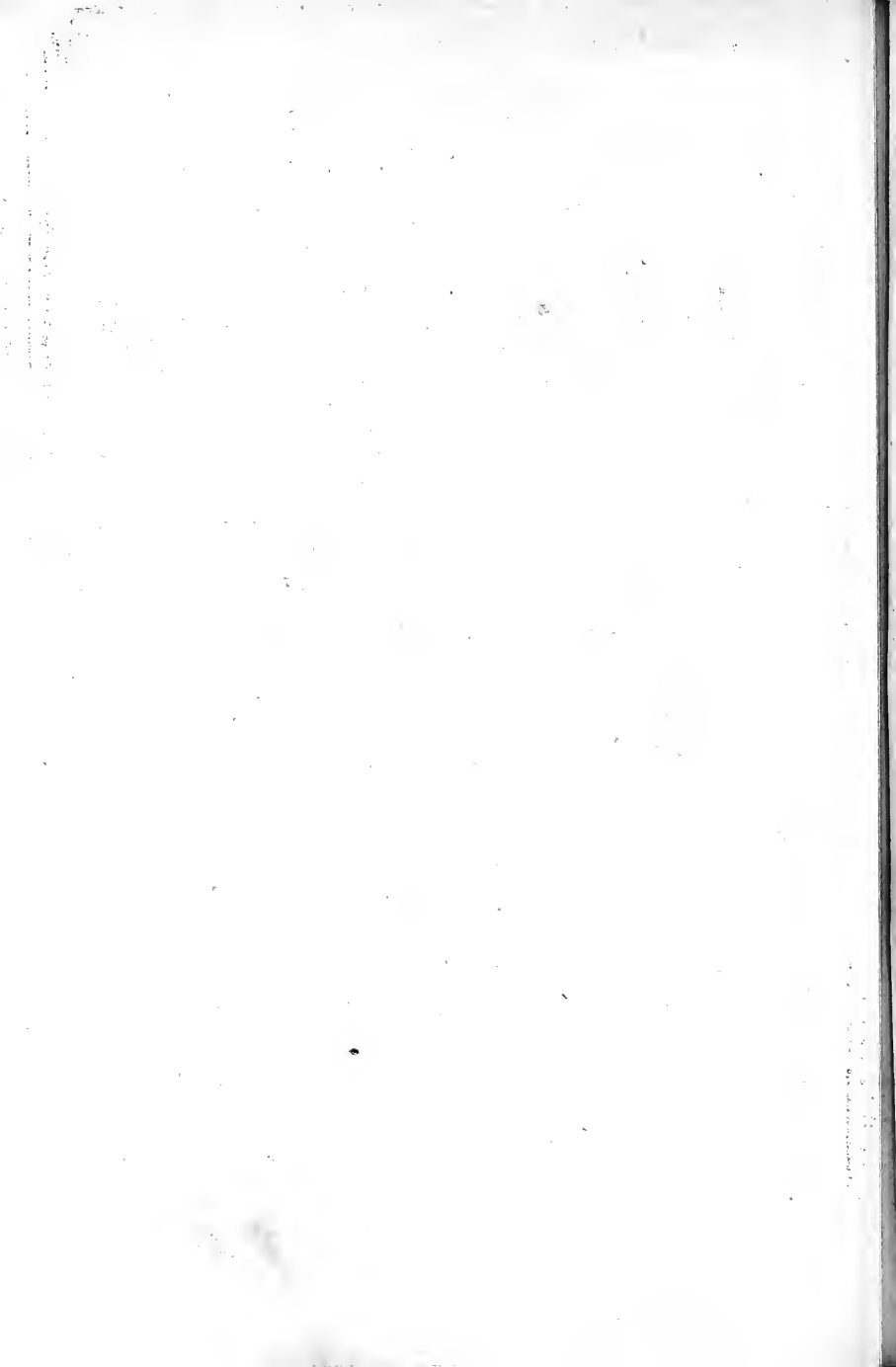
Being a Collection of Celebrated
English, and Scotch Songs,
By the best Masters.
Set for the Violin, German-
Flute, the Common Flute,
and Harpsicord

VOL. VI.

Engraven in a fair Character, &
Carefully Corrected.

A. A. Wrighton 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.



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A Favourite Air by MR. HANDEL in ATALANTA

Sym.
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Larghetto

Pia.
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Pia. If

Love my dearest treasure, you by my death will measure, soon may it

end your Slave, soon may it end your Slave, my dearest,

my fairest, soon may it end, soon may it end your

Slave, soon may it end your Slave. for If Love my dearest

for.

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.

soon may it end your Slave. *Sym.* 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 rigour, your rigour was y

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

* 7 4# 6 6 5 4*

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.

Mild Ar-ca-dians ever blooming, Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,

Seeing we-ry days con-suming, All beneath yon flow'ry Rocks.

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 flumbers,
 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 footh 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 fight, 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 still-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.

WHY hangs that Cloud up-on thy Brow? That beauteous

Heav'n e'er while serene? Whence do these Storms and Tempests

flow, Or what this Gust of Passion mean? And must then Mankind

lose that light, Which in thine Eyes was wont to shine, And lye obf-

cur'd in endless Night, For each poor fil-ly Speech of mine?

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 unufual Care,
 Bids Wifdom 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

THE Pleasures that I now possess, For Empire I wou'd
 not for- sake; SALINDA's Eyes my Jo-ys encrease,
 From ev'-ry look, from ev'-ry look new life they take.

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 BOMBAY 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.

Why all this Whining why all this Pining Love is a Folly and

Beauty is vain Nothing so common as Wealth and Woman

To raise the Vapours and so dull the Brain To him that's

Merry that's Frolick and Airy Nothing is Grievous, nor

nothing is Sad Then rouse thy Spirit and take off thy

Claret In one smiling 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 flight your Pafsion
 Then seem most eafy and deny her thine.

Yet filly wooe her and clofely Purfue 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 ſhed make you her Tool
 Ne'er let it vex you or once perplex you
 Shell ſoon repent it and find who's the Fool.

Then to requite her deſpiſe her and flight 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 M^r DIEUPART..

To Hug your ſelf in perfect Eaſe What would you
 wiſh for more than theſe A healthy clean Pa...

ter - nal Seat Well shaded from the Summer's Heat .

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 Sabbath 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 Leaf .

Flute

On a LADY ftung by a Bee . Set by MR VINCENT .

As CÆLIA in her Ganden strayd Secure nor Dream of Harm

A Bee approach'd the lovely Maid And rest ed on her Arm

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

MA-RI-A when my Sight you Bles Each Morn beneath your
 Cow How can the Swain his Joy Express to see thee in thy rural
 Drefs And hear thee Singing too

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the treble clef staves.

Thy Milk white Waiftcoat free from Stain
 Denotes thy purer Thought
 As clear from falshood as Diftain
 And in thy foft 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 Bofom worn
 Or Clover Grafs or green eard Corn
 Or Cows more fweet than they

Thy modest Cheeks out blufh the Rofe
 Whilst I thy Charms recite
 Thy Lips are Cherries Eyes are Sloes
 And thy engaging Smiles difclofe
 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 Vilet thus that in the Mead

Regal'd our Smell alas

No more must rear its bloomy Head

Stamp'd in by some black Ox's Tread

Or chew'd with common Grafs.

The chearful Mornings once so blest

Soft Ev'nings too are o'er

Ye Cow's whose Teats MARIA preft

Farewel my Pipe has done its best

MARIA smiles no more.

FLUTE .



The VANITY of RICHES

Could Gold Im-mor-talize a Man or stretch his Days be - yond

their Span. Could it retain our parting Breath Or blunt the point-

- ed Sting of Death I'd cringe I'd write I'd fawn I'd pray all Parties
fa - vour all o - bey to raise vast Treasures of the precious Clay

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.

Eye pretty Doris weep no more Doubtless your Love is safe on

Shore Despight of Wave and Wind The Tears which y^e fo freely the'd

Are much too precious for y^e dead and for y^e Quick too kind

Eye pretty DORIS figh no more
 The Gods your DAMON will restore
 From Rocks and Quick sands free
 Your Wishe 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 disafter is above
 And needs no Pity that does love
 And is belov'd by you .

As Walking forth to view the Plain upon a Morning

Ear-ly while MAY'S sweet scent did cheer my Brain from

Flow'rs which grow so rarely I chanced to meet a Pret-ty

Maid the thind tho it was Fogie I ask'd her Name sweet Sir she

said my Name is 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

Thou Flower of Females Beautys Queen
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee
 Thou 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 OIGIE

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 OIGIE

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 carefs and still possess
 This Lafs of whom I'm Vogie
 For these are Toys and still look less
 Compar'd with KATHERINE OIGIE

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 OIGIE

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

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

Wonder to hear No offers could move her she lov'd him so

dear no Offers could move her she lov'd him so 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 she flighted his Love and refus'd his gay things

3

He told her he'd make her as fine as a Queen
 Her Gown shou'd be Silk and her Cap Colberteen
 But she said Linsley Woolsey and Bone Lace wou'd serve
 And rather than please him she'd venture to Starve

4

He told her he'd give her a Pad to ride out
 Or a Coach if she Lik'd it to Visit about
 She thank'd him but said she could very well walk
 And shou'd she 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 shoud 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 shoud neer Bribe her Consent
 Her Heart was anothers, and so Should remain
 And the Scornd to be false for the Lucre of Gain.

Set by M^r Edward Purcell.

Tis not y^e Outward charms alone can Captivate our Hearts

Sweetness of Temper more invites, more Solid Blifs imparts

your easy shape and sparkling Eyes tis true may raise desire but tis

good Nature Mixt with Witt that keeps a live the Fire

The Charms of Bright Beauty A SONG Set by MR COURTIVILL

The Charms of bright Beauty fo Pow

er full are for

that we make peace and for that we make War then tell

me no more no more then tell me no more no more of Re

ligion and Laws your Cant of Injustice your good and bad Cause

Con - - - quest' Con

quest your Conquest and Tri

umphs your Captives and Spoils could never incite me no

never could never incite me could never in cite me to hazardous

toils Could never in cite me to hazardous toils

To be great Wife and Wealthy I never would choose Should the

Nymph I a dore should 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 Envey not the Proud there wealth

there E-quepage and state give me but In - no -

-cence and Health I ask not to be great

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

Amoroso

If all that I love is but

Face, From looking I sure can refrain; In others her likeness may trace, Or absence

may cure all my pain. This said, from her charms I retir'd, Nor knew I till now I

lov'd, What present my Passion admir'd, In absence my Reason ap- prov'd.

Ritornel.

Ah! why shou'd I hope for relief,
 Where all that I see is disdain,
 No pity in her for my grief,
 No merit in me to complain.
 Nor yet do I Fortune upbraid,
 Tho' rob'd of my freedom and ease,
 Still proud of the choice I have made,
 Tho' hopeless it ever can glide.

FLUTE.

Amoroso

Ritornel

LOVE Preferable to LIBERTY. The Words by R. COURTIVIL Esq.^r
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?

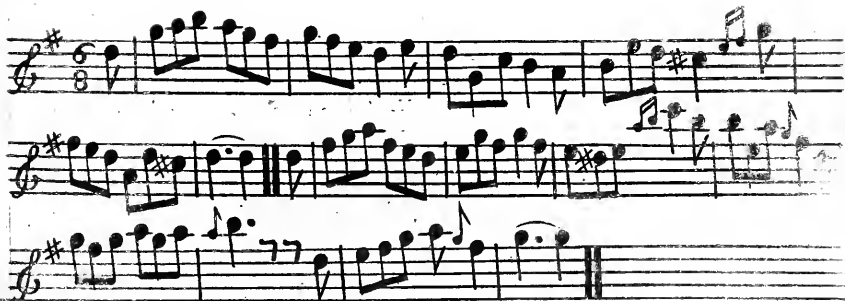
No more, the Youth, with jocund Song,
 Attracts the merry laughing throng,
 With all his wanton Glee:
 But, pensive sits beneath the shade,
 While thus resounds th'echoing Glade
adieu ma Liberte?

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?

F L U T E .



A LAPLAND SONG. Taken out of the SPECTATOR.

Slow.

Musical score for 'A Lapland Song'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: 'THOU ri...sing Sun, whose gladfome Ray Invites my Fair to ru...ral Play. Dispel the Milt and clear the Skies, And bring my OR...RA to my Eyes.'

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.

<p>Alas! my strength with Steel compare For Love's Fetters stronger far: Irons of Steel are Limbs confin'd, But cruel Love enchains the Mind</p>	<p>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.</p>
---	---

A Favourite Minuet by M^r Leveridge. 23

Celia mistake not my def- - - sign when I endeavour your
worth to pro - claim, By Off'ring up a Verse off mine,
to your Dis - tinguish'd good Nature and Name

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 M^r. 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. fay .

One Day I heard MARY fay, How shall I Leave thee, thy dearest

A - DONIS, stay why wilt thou grieve me. Alas! my fond heart

will break, if thou should leave me, I'll live and Dye for thy

Sake yet never leave thee .

Say, lovely ADONIS, fay,
 Has MARY deceiv'd thee ?
 Did e'er her Young Heart betray
 New Love, that has griev'd thee;
 My constant Mind ne'er shall ftray,
 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 Paffion 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 Thoughts 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 .

Flute

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 bonnie 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.

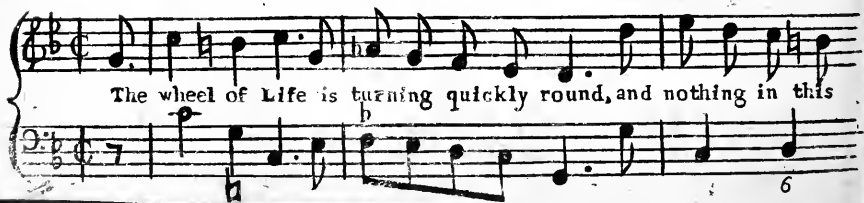
What pass'd, I guess, was harmless Play,
 And naithing sure unmeet;
 For ganging hame, I heard him say,
 They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet;
 And that they aften shou'd return,
 Sic Pleasures to renew.
 Quoth MARY, Love, I like the Burn,
 And ay shall follow you.

FLUTE



The Wheel of FORTUNE

The wheel of Life is turning quickly round, and nothing in this



World, of certainty is found, The Midwife wheels us in, and Death
 wheels us out, good lack; good lack; how things are wheel'd about,

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 wheel'd about in Lifes Short Farce,
 Till we at last are wheel'd 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.

Jolly Mortals, fill your Glaffes; Noble Deeds are done by Wine;

Scorn the Nymph, scorn the Nymph, and all her Graces: Who'd

For Love, or Beauty, pi-----ne! Who'd for

Love or Beau ty pine!

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 sudd'd the World by drinking
 More than by his conqu'ring Sword.
 More than by his conqu'ring Sword.

At POLWART on the Green if you'l meet me the Morn where
 La'ses doe Conve - ne to dance about the Thorn A kindly
 welcome you shall meet frae her wha likes to view A Lover
 and a Lad compleat the Lad and Lover you .

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

At Polwart on the Green
 Among the new mawn Hay
 With Sangs and Dancing keen
 We'll pafs 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

O Let us swim in Blood of Grapes the Richest of the Citty and
Solemnize up on our Knees A health to noble BETTY

The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system is in 6/8 time, with a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The second system is also in 6/8 time, with a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

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 relected had been
Tho clad with Gold of Ophir
O let us &c .

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

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

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

Her Eyes 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 Topper.

A Curfe on all Care we'll Never difpair Whilft our Bottle is
full of good Claret Let Effeminate Afkes ftill follow wild Lafses we'll
ftick to our friends who have Merit Let Effeminate Afkes ftill follow wild
Lafses we'll ftick 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 pleafure
Gives Ioy out of Meafure
And thus we fupport our own Power

flute

A Song Set by Mr JOHN 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.

F L U T E



To a YOUNG LADY Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.

If you, by fordid Views mis-led, Pre-fer old GRIPUS to your
 Bed, You'll bit-ter-ly la-ment it; For Twenty ne'er Did
 Fifty wed, But both did soon re--pent it

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 Affignation.

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 tease 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.

Oh, forbear to bid me slight her; Soul, and Senses,
 Take her Part: Cou'd my Death it self delight her,

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 applying,
 Through my Ear, my Soul surprize.
 DEAF, I SEE the Fate I shun!
 BLIND, I HEAR—and am undone!

FLUTE

A Favourite Air by M^r. Handel. 45

The image shows a page of a musical score for a piece titled "A Favourite Air by M. Handel." The page is numbered 45. The score is written in treble and bass clefs, with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked "Allegro". The score consists of several staves. The first staff is the treble clef, followed by the bass clef. The piece begins with a series of sixteenth notes in the treble clef. The bass clef part features a prominent sixteenth-note accompaniment. The lyrics "O what a fool o what a fool was I at Celia's Feet to lye and languish for her Char" are written below the bass clef staff. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The page number "VOL. VI." is printed at the bottom left, and the number "4" is at the bottom right.

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

VOL. VI.

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

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

Harms and keep me from all harms my Bottle and

my friend have pleasure without end and keep me from all harms

Figured bass notation: 5 6, 2 4 6 2 6 6 6 4 # 6 6

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-

O Love inspire my Soul, that I from

Pole to Pole, may sound MIRANDA'S praise, in gayest mea-

... sure in gayest mea

6 6

sure O Love, O Love, O Love inspire my

6

Soul, O Love inspire my Soul, that I from Pole to Pole, may found MIRANDA's

6 6 6

praise, in gayest mea

6 6 6 6 6 6

sure, in gayest mea

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

In her bright Eyes the Graces keep their Court, Graces keep their

6

Court, whilst CUPID'S round her sport, dispersing Plea

6 6 6 4 6 6

sure, whilst CUPID'S round her sport, dispersing Plea- sure, the Graces keep their

6 5 5 6 5

Court, whilst CUPID'S round her sport, dispersing Plea

6 5 6 5 4 6

sure dis-

6 6

persing Plea- sure. for. Sym.

6 6 6 6

Da Capo

6 6 6

YE Virgin Pow'rs defend my Heart, from am'rous looks and smiles;

From fawcy Love, and nicer Art, which moſt our Sex be-guiles.

6 6 * 7 6 5 4 3

6 * 6

6 4 5 6 5 * 6 6 6 5 6 4 5 4 *

b3

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.

F L U T E .

tr

tr

tr

The FOND MEETING. The Words by Mr. LOCKMAN.

CAN a ny Transports equal those Which two fond

Lovers feel, Who meet, that thought to meet no more, And

their past Woes reveal. Their Joys, too great to

be ex...prefs'd, So croud the fault ring Tongue, Fain wou'd they

breathe their Soul in Words, But Passion strikes them dumb.

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 a bo...ny Boy, When he came to the

Glen, With filken Stockings on his Legs, And Roses in his Shoon:

He was a comely Sight to see, My Dear, and on-ly Joy; But

now he hangs high on a Tree, My poor, pale 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 durit 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 Uisquebaugh,
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 Horfe 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 Last that would know how to manage a Man, Let her
 listen and learn it from me: His Courage to quail, or his
 Heart to trepan, As the Time and Occasions agree, agree;
 As the Time and Occasions a-gree.

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.

MY Patie is a Lo-ver gay, his mind is never muddy, his

Breath is sweeter then new Hay, his Face is fair and ruddy. His

Shape is handfom, middle size; he's stately in his wawking; the

Shining of his Een surprife; tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

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 kifs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
 O Corn Riggs are bonny.

Let Maidens of a filly Maid,
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chafly should be granting:
 Then I'll comply, and marry PATE,
 And fyne 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 fe-
cure with with ULYSSES I must fail or with his Friends endure
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 flower flame,
 Mines too intense to die,
 Return then CELIA ease the smart
 Your presence lately gave,
 The same fair Hand that skill'd to wound,
 The same fair Hand can save.

FLUTE

The AULD GOODMAN.

LATE in an Ev'ning forth I went, a little before the
 Sun gade down, and there I chanc'd by Accident, to light on
 A Battle new begun. A man and his Wife were fawn in
 Strife, I canna well tell ye how it began, but ay She wail'd her
 Wretched Life, and cry'd ever, alake My 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 dofend Drone.
 His roffie 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 doft thou pleen; I thee maintain,
 For Meal and Mawt thou difna want;
 But thy wild Bees I canna please,
 Now when our Gear gins to grow scant,
 Of Houehold Stuff thou haft 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 fell,
 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 fad,
 Thy Courage is cauld, thy Colour wan,
 Thou falds thy Feet, and fa s' aleep
 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 mis 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

foul with soft surprize 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

3

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 Cafe
 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

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 Jest
 And must lead Apes in Hell

62 • *On Vaux Hall.*

The crouded Mall that u'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 enchanting thing
 Has drawn them all away
 Each Night they flock both great and small
 To hear the Musick at Vauxhall

The Comfort 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 a private walk
 Sequester'd 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 Quality
 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've nought to do withall
 For that's excluded at Vauxhall

These shades for gallantry design'd
 Yield 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

Here's Musick Wine and Jellies rare
 To raise your spirits high
 An Arbour snug is always near
 For more Convenience
 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

Ye Surgeons of England who Puzzle your Pates to ride in your
Coaches and Purchase Estates give over for shame for y^e pride has a fall the
Doctrefs of Epfom has outdone you all .Derry down down down derry down

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 Confort twixt CLUTTON and WARD
Shes all the Town talk and her Fame's on Record .
Derry down &c .

4

The Devil has sure giⁿ 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 saw fair CLO... RA walk a lone the

As I saw fair CLORA walk a lone the

fea... ther'd snow came softly down softly

fea... ther'd snow came softly down

down softly down softly down softly down came softly soft - ly

softly down softly down came softly soft - ly

soft - ly down As IOVE descending descend - ing from his

soft - ly down As IOVE de - scen - ding from her

Tow'r to Court her in a silver show'r as IOVE de -

Tow'r to Court her in a sil - ver show'r as IOVE de -

- - - - -scen - ding, from his Tow'r to courther to Court

- - - - -scen - - - -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

Whitenefs their for grief difolv'd for greif di -

Whitenefs their for greif difolv'd for grief di -

fold'd in to a tear Thence fal - ling

fold'd in to a tear Thence fal - ling

on her Gar - - - ments Hem to

on her Gar - - - ments Hem

deck
to deck
her froze her froze
froze in to a Gem

froze in to a Gem D C, al signo ad libitum

A Song by In^o Allcock

Re strain d from the light of my Dear no Object with
Pleasure I see Tho thousands all round me ap
pear the Worlds but a de - fart to me

Evry morning her charms to fur-vey fol's absence I'd Gladly ex-
 -cuse tis her eyes y^t restore me y^e Day tis right when their lustre I lose

In vain are the verdures of spring
 The fields drefs'd so bloomingly gay
 The Birds that delightfully sing
 Delight not when CEALIA'S away
 Oh give the dear Nymph to my Arms²
 And the seasons unheeded may roll
 Her prefence like Midsummer Warms
 Her absence out freezes the pole

Reclin'd by soft murmuring streams
 I weeding disburden my Care
 I tell to the rocks my fond themes
 Whose echo's but footh 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

A Favourite Air by M^r. Handel 69

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled "A Favourite Air by M. Handel 69". The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a complex rhythmic pattern with frequent sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and includes several measures with a 6/4 time signature. The vocal line includes the following lyrics: "While Celia is flying poor Damon is dying re- gardless of his Anguish she leaves him to lan- guish while". The lyrics are placed between the vocal and piano staves. The score is divided into several systems, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The key signature is G major, and the time signature is 6/8, with some changes to 6/4 in the piano accompaniment.

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 languish While Celia is

dying poor Damon is dying regardless of his Anguish regardless of his

4 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

Anguish she leaves him to languish

-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 consent

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

Tell me dear Charmer tell me why all other Ioy's fo

Quickly Cloy all but the Ioy's of Loving thee and they a -

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

loofe their pleasing In fluence they neither dull the Mind

or fence nor loofe 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

TO AMANDA set by MR HOWARD

Not to fast

For ever Fortune wilt then Prove an un-relianting

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

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

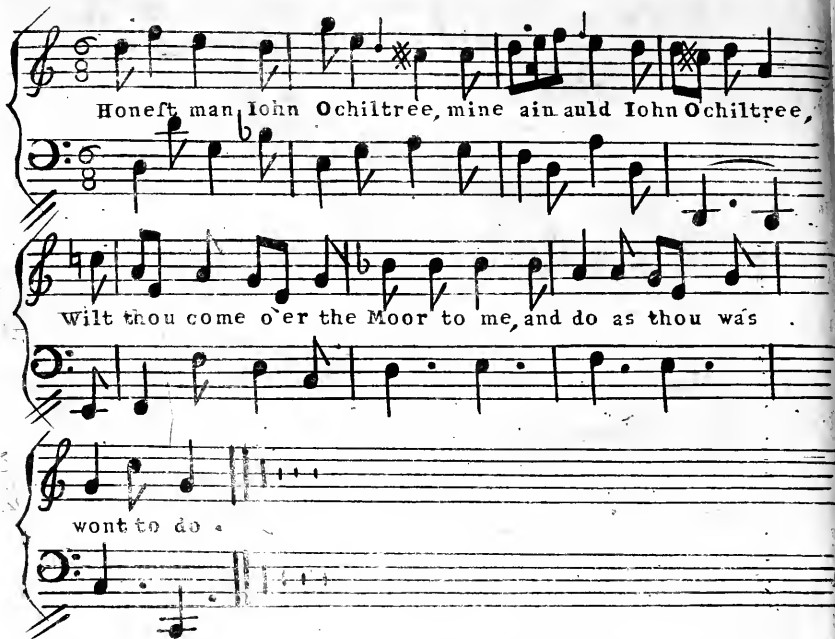
Day to Day and with and with the foul a way till

youth and Genial years are Flown and all the Life of

Life is gone

But Busy Busy still art thou
 To bind the Loveles Ioyles Vow
 The Heart from Pleasure to delude
 To bind the Gentle with the rude
 For once O Fortune hear my Pray'r
 And I absolve thy Future Care
 All other Blessings I resign
 Make but the dear Amanda mine

FLUTE



Honest man, John Ochiltree, mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
Wilt thou come o'er the Moor to me, and do as thou was
wont to do.

Alake, alake! I want to do!
Ohon, Ohon! I want to do!
Now want to do's away frae me,
Frae filly auld John Ochiltree.

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

for the German flute

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

Walaways John Ochiltree,
For mony a time I tell'd to thee,
Thou'd tine the speed thy fell waddi
Peer, filly, auld John Ochiltree.



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

O VENUS Beauty of the
 Skies to whom a-Thousand Temples rise gay - - - ly false in gentle
 Smiles full of Love perplexing wiles wiles O Goddess from my
 Heart remove the Wa - - - - - fting
 Cares and Pa - - - - - ins of Love O Love

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 thv wonton Sparrows drew
 How'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 difmiff while you remain
 Bore back their empty Carr again
 Then you with Looks divinely mild
 In ev'ry heav'nly Feature fmild
 And ask'd what new Complaints I made
 And why I call'd you to my Aid

5

What Phrenzy in my Bofom raged
 And by what Cure to be affwaged
 What gentle Youth I would allure
 Whom in my Artful Toils fecure
 Who does thy tender Heart fubdue
 Tell me my SAPPHO tell me who

6

The now he fhuns thy longing Arms
 He foon fhall court thy flighted Charms
 Tho now thy Offerings he defpife
 He foon to thee fhall facrifice
 Tho now he freeze he foon fhall Burn
 And be thy Victim in his Turn

7

Celestial Vifitant once more
 Thy needful Prefence I implore
 In Pity come and eafe my Grief
 Bring my diftemper'd Soul Relief
 Favour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires
 And give me All my Heart defires

FLUTE

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 $\frac{f}{y}$ 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 fort Good Gods deliver me
---	---	---	---

4

In Drefs 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 affore
 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 Marriage mixt with strife
 Good Gods deliver me .

11

If then a Man to blefs 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^e

Flow'rs lefts blooming then her Face $\frac{y}{s}$ cent lefts 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 could 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: pry'thee 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 Kifs'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



The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff of each system. The first system has a common time signature 'C'. The second system has a common time signature 'C'. The third system has a common time signature 'C'. The fourth system has a common time signature 'C'. The lyrics are: 'I will awa' wi' my Love, I will awa' wi' her, tho' a my Kin had Sworn and said, I Will awa' wi' her I'll O'er Bogie, O'er Scrogie, O'er Bogie wi' her, Tho' a my Kin had Sworn, and said, I will awa' wi' her ..'

I will awa' wi' my Love, I will awa' wi' her, tho' a my Kin had
Sworn and said, I Will awa' wi' her I'll O'er Bogie, O'er Scrogie, O'er Bogie
wi' her, Tho' a my Kin had Sworn, and said, I will awa' wi' her ..

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 Mistrefs 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 wad 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 Kifs of BETTY, and a Smile,
 A bet ye wad lay down,
 The Right ye ha'e to BRITAN'S ILE,
 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



A Cock-Laird fu' Caigie, with JENNY did meet, he hawf'd her, he
 kifs'd her, and ca'd her his sweet, Gin thou'll gae along wi' me,
 IENNY, Quo' he, thouse be mine am Lemmané Jo, IENNY, JENNY.

Gin I gae along 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 along with you I man' ha'e a filk Hood,
 A Kirtle Sark wylie Coat, and a filk 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 fhine 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' f'ham; .
 I'll rift at the Rump 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 fick'na filly Hurtcheon shall ne'er skelp my Doup,
 Hout' away, gae be hang'd loufie Laidie, quo' fhe:
 Deel fcoup o' your Company, JENNY,

FLUTE



PEGGY I muft LOVE thee .

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

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

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

Life springs up, he lifts his Eyes with Ioy, 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've hit,
 I'll have no more delaving,
 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 fight, 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.

Mither.

There's Auld ROB MORRIS wins in yon Glen, he's the King of good

Fellows, and wale of auld Men, has Four score of black Sheep, and

Fourscore too, and Auld ROB MORRIS is the Man ye maun Loo .

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 he's be the Bridegroom, and ye's be the Bride;
 He shall ly by your side, and kifs 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 shind 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 Brafs it will buy a new Pan;
 Then, Doughter, ye shoud na be fae 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 fae stiffe, 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 God shall woo thee, and languish in thy arms, -

- gain, again, a-gain the God shall woo thee, and languish in thy arms, -

and languish in thy arms, again, a-

gain, again the God shall woo thee, again shall languish in thy

Arms again the God shall woove thee and Languish in thy Arms shall

Lan--guish shall Lan--guish a gain the God shall woove 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.

Come let's ha'e mair Wine in BACCHUS hates repining Venus Loos nae

dwining Lets be blith and free. Away with dull, Here t'ye, Sir; ye're

Mifstrefs, ROBIE, gies her, we'll drink her health wi' Pleasure,

Wha's beloy'd by thee.

Then let PEGGY warm ye,
 That's a Lafs can charm ye,
 And to Joys alarm ye,
 Sweet is she to me.
 Some Angel ye wad ca' her,
 And never with ane brawer,
 If ye bare-headed saw her
 Kiltet to the Knee.

PEGGY a dainty Lafs is,
 Come let's join our Glaffes,
 And refresh our Haufes
 With a Health to thee.
 Let Coofs their Cash be clinking,
 Be Statefmen tint in thinking,
 While we with Love and Drinking,
 Give our Cares the Lie.

Young Philander wo'd me lang, But I was peevish, and for

bad him, I wad-na tent his loving Sang, But now I wish I

wish I had him : ilk Morning when I view my Glaifs, then

I perceive my Beauty going, when the wrinkles feize 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 unshaken,
 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.
 Just 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 JOHN 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 fighting blind
 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 alafs undone.

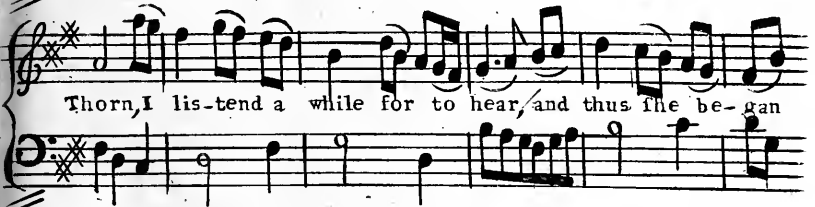
To Cupid now no Lover's Pray'r
 Shall be address'd in suppliant Sighs
 My Darts are gone but Oh. beware
 Fond Mortals of Dorinda's Eyes .

FLUTE


A LASS that was LOADEN with CARE. A Scotch SONG 39



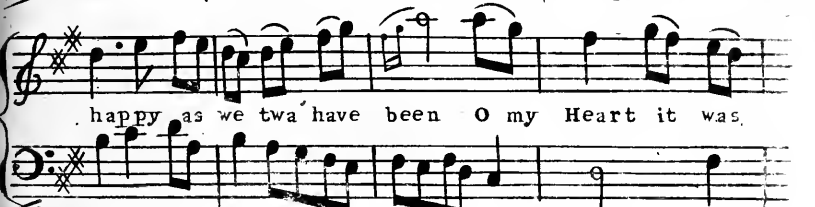
A LASS that was loaden with care, Sat heavily under a



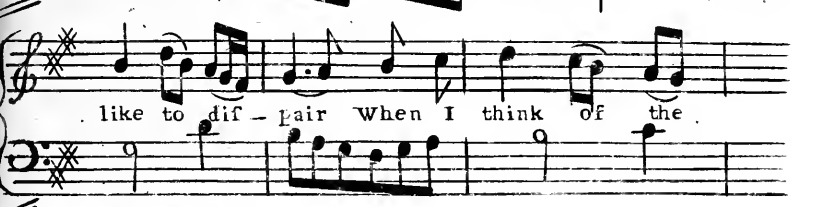
Thorn, I lis-tend a while for to hear, and thus she be-gan



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 Melodioufly Sing.
 And the Cold nipping Winter did wear,
 A Face that Resembled the spring,
 So merry et 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 et 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 et c .

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

FLUTE

The musical score for the Flute part consists of four staves of music. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music is a single melodic line with various ornaments and dynamics. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a time signature of 3/4. The music is written in a single line with various ornaments and dynamics. The second staff continues the melody with similar ornaments and dynamics. The third staff continues the melody with similar ornaments and dynamics. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line and repeat signs.

My Deary if thou Die

The image shows a musical score for the song "My Deary if thou Die". It consists of six systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the notes. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Love never more shall give me pain, my fancy's fix'd on
thee; Nor e-ver Maid my heart shall, gain my Peg-gy if
thou Die. Thy Beauties did such Pleasure give, thy
Love's so true to me: without thee I shall never Live,
my Peg-gy, 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 destined 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

Since all thy Vows, false Maid, are blown to Air, and my Poor Heart
 betray'd to sad despair; In-to some Wilderness, my grief I
 will express, and thy hard heartedness O cruel Fair .

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 faithlessly.

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-fes among Lillies fet And her Hair off shin-ing

Jet Hearts surprize in Cupids Net

Bleft with ev'ry pleasing Grace
Ev'ry Charm of Mind and Face
Doubly bleft 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

Bleft with ev'ry pleasing Grace

The Lafs of BROMHALL GREEN .

The Lafs of Bromhall Green when coming from her Cow drest
 like the Cyprian Queen Love triumph'd on her Brow Her
 Pail surpass'd a Crown the rising sun her Eyes Ma-jestick
 Robes her Gown a Goddess in Disguise

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system has a treble staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The second system has a treble staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The third system has a treble staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The fourth system has a treble staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat and a common time signature.

2
 Her Breath perfum'd the Air
 Not Paradise so sweet,
 Like shining Pearls her Hair,
 As Indian Silks her Feet
 And when she sung my Ears
 Were ravish'd with her Voice
 The Musick of the Spheres
 To hers was jarring noise .

3
 I left her with regret.
 So gracefull was her mein
 That I shall ne'er forget
 The Lafs of Bromhall Green
 Nor dare th admiring Fops
 Presume to court, for she
 Must when the next life drops
 The Landlords Heriot be .

I cannot change as o - thers do tho you un - justly un - iustly

scorn since that poor I wain t sighs for you for you alone a

- lone was Born No Phillis no y Heart to move a furer furer

way I'll try and to re - venge my flighted Love will still love

on will still love on and die will still love on and die

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 .

The first section of the musical score consists of five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/8 time signature. The music is written in a single melodic line. The second staff continues the melody and includes a section marked with a '5' and a repeat sign. The third and fourth staves continue the melodic line with various ornaments and dynamics. The fifth staff concludes the section with a final cadence marked with a '5' and a repeat sign.

The COUNTRY WIFES Complaint . Set for the
GERMAN FLUTE .

The second section of the musical score is a setting for the German flute. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The music is in 3/8 time with a key signature of one flat. The vocal line is written in a soprano clef, and the piano accompaniment is written in a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

You Nymph [†] wood true pleafure learn there is no Mufick in . a
churn the milkmaids fetts beneath her Cow where fheep does bleat Oxendo
Low if this be [‡] pleafurs for a wife fate defend me from a Country Life

The Team comes home the Plow boy whifels
The great Dog Barks and the Turkey Cock Brifels
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 ct c .

All Mallancholly crows the Cock
Dull is ^e found of a Village Clock
Whilft Maudling hours pafs flowly away
And Yawning Mortals loofe the day
If this be the Pleasures for a Wife

Fate ct 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 Pleasures for a Wife

Fate ct c .

The Hoggs they grunt for Wash and swill
Incomes the Dairey Maid calls for Will
To give them some meet to keep from Bawling
The Gees and the Peacocks they make such a squalling
So if this be the Pleasures for a Wife

Fate ct c .



The Widow can bake, the widow can brew, the widow can shape, and y^e

widow can sew, and many braw things the widow can doe, then

wap at the Widow my Ladie. With Courage attack her baith early

and late, to Kifs her and clap her ye mauna be blate speak, will and doe better

for that is the Gate, to win a young widow my Ladie

The Widow shes youthfu, and never ah 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 could ye Wifh better your Pleasure to Crown
 Than a Widow, the bonniest Toast in the Town,
 With naithing, but draw in your Stool and fit 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 is a young thing, Just enterd in her Teens, fair as the
 Day, and sweet as May, fair as the Day and always gay, My Peggy is a
 young thing and I'm not very auld, yet will I like to meet her, at the
 wawking of the Fauld. My Peggy speaks fae sweetly, when e'er we

The musical score consists of eight staves of music. The first four staves are grouped together with a brace on the left. The first two staves are a treble and bass clef pair, and the next two are another treble and bass clef pair. The last four staves are also a treble and bass clef pair. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a clear melody and accompaniment.

meet along, I wish nae mair, to lay my Care, I wish nae mair, of
 a' that's rare, my Peggy speaks fae sweetly, to a' the lave I'm cauld,
 but she gars a' my Spirits glow, at wawking of the Fauld

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 fae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld,
 And naithing gives me sic Delight,
 As Wawking of the Faul ,
 My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 When on my Pipe I play,
 By a' the rest it is Confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best .
 My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 And in her Sangs are tald,
 With Innocence the Wale of Sense,
 At Wawking of the Fauld .

COSMELIA By James MOORE Esq.

COSMELIA'S Charms inspire my Lays Who fair in
 Nature's Scorn Blooms in the Winter of her
 Days Like GLASSEN BURY THORN

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'er impatient for the Blifs
 Within her Arms I fall
 The plaister'd Fair returns the Kifs
 Like This thro the Wall

FLUTE

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove, an unrelenting foe to Love? and

when we meet a mutual heart, come in between, and bid us part.

Bid us fight on from day to day, and with, and with the Soul a -

- way, till Youth and genial Years are flown, and all the

Life of Life is gone.

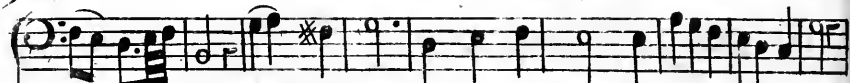
But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless Vow,
The Heart from Pleasure to delude,
And join the Gentle to the Rude.

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

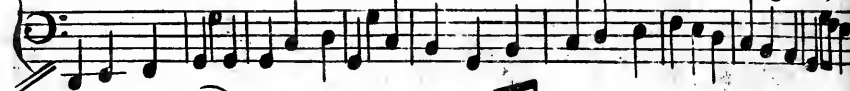
OLD AGE. The Words from ANACREON. Set by
M^r. LEVERIDGE.



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



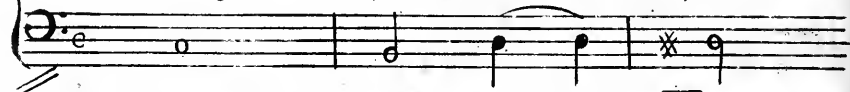
thou grow'st old, thou grow'st old: See how thy Hairs are fal - ing all,



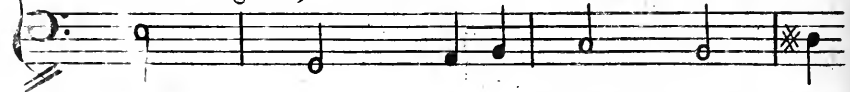
See, fee, poor ANACREON, poor ANACREON thou grow'st old.



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 $\frac{f}{y}$ best to make, and manage wi - - -

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

little Life $\frac{e}{y}$ best to make, and manage wi - - -

fely the last Stake .

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song, likely a lullaby or a gentle tune. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system contains the first two lines of lyrics. The second system contains the next two lines. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. There are dynamic markings like 'f' and 'e' (for 'e' or 'e' notes). The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

My Soger Laddie

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

Detailed description: This is the beginning of a musical score for the song 'My Soger Laddie'. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music starts with a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is simple and catchy, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment provides a steady rhythm.

and when he comes Home, he'll make me a Lady, my Blessing gang wi'

my Soger Laddie my doughty Laddie is handsome and Brave, and

can as a Soger and Lover behave True to his Country to Love he his

steady there's few to compare wi' my Soger Laddie .

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 .

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 .

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

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

IOCKY fay'd to IEANY

The musical score is written in 3/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff of each system.

Lyrics for the first system:
Iocky said to Ieany, Ieany, wilt thou do't, ne'er a fit, quo Ieany, for

Lyrics for the second system:
my Tocher good; for my Tocher good, I winna marry thee .

Lyrics for the third system:
E'ens ye like, quo Ionny, ye may let me be .

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

I ha' a good Ha' Houfe 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 fell:
Ye're a bonny Lad, and I'm a Laffie free,
Ye're welcomer to take me, than to let me be .

CHARMING CLORIS . fet by M^r HANDEL .



Ask not the Cause why full len spring so long delays her Flow'rs
to bear Why warbling Birds forget to sing and Winter storms invert 5 Year
Cloris is gone and fate provides To make it Spring where she reside Cloris is
gone and Fate provides To make it spring where she re fides .

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 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 hadst plac'd such Pow'r before
Thou shouldst have made her Mercy more.
Where thou &c 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 c .

WILLY Was a Wonton WAG .

Willy was a wanton Wag, the Blitheft Lad [†] e'er I saw At Bridalsittill he

bore the Brag and carried ay the Gree awa His Doublet was of

etland Shag and wow but Willy he was braw and at his Shoulder

hang a Tag that pleal'd the Laseses best off a

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

And was not Willy worth Gowd?
 He wan the Love of great and sma',
 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 bestow'd,
 By virtue of a standing Law .

And was na Willy a great Lown,
 As fhyre a Lick as e'er was seen?
 When he danc'd with the Laffes round,
 The Bridegroom speer'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 rest 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 fraight 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, she says, you'll spoil the Dance,
 And at the Ring you'll ay be lag,
 Unless like Willy ye advance
 (O! Willy has a wanton Leg)
 For we't he learns us a to steer,
 And for me't ay bears up the Ring,
 We will find nae fic Dancing here,
 If we Want Willy's wanton Fling .

My Daddy left me Gear enough, a Counter, and an auld Beam Plough, a

nebbed staff, a nutting Tyne, a Fishing wand with Hook and Line, with

two auld stools and a Dirt House, a Jerkinet scarce worth a

Loufe, an auld Patt & wants the Lug, a Spritle and a Sowen Mug.

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 Branksyca and a Saddle,
 With our auld brunt and broken Ladle;
 A Whang-bit 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 Whifle and a Toup horn Spoon,
 With an auld Pair of clouted Shoon
 A Timmer Spade, and a Gleg Shear,
 A Bonnet for my Fairns to wear.

A Timmer Tong a broken Cradle
 The Pillion of an auld Car Saddle
 A Gullie knife and a Horfe wand
 A Mitten for the Left hand
 With an auld broken Pan of Brafs
 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 Meis Johns gray Mar
 But now my Bairns what ails ye now
 For ye hae Naigs enough to plough
 And Hofs and Shoon fit for y^r Feet
 Chear up my Bairns and dinna greet.

Then with my fel 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
 Comprifing of my Daddy's Gear
 And when they had gi'en a their Votes
 Twas scarcely a worth four Pounds Scots.

ETRICK BANKS

On Etrick Banks in a Summers night at Gloming when the
 Sheep drove hame I met my Lafsie bra and tight came wading

barefoot a her lane . My heart grew light I ran I flang my
 Arms about her lilly neck and Kist and clapt her there fu
 lang My words they were nae mony feck .

I said my Laffy 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 Lafs
 There's Gear to win we never faw .

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 pleafant 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 prevail? What Art can then prevail.

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the notes.

I'll tell you, Strephon, a Receipt
Of a most Sovereign Pow'r,
If you the stubborn would defeat
Let drop a Golden Show'r
Let drop a Golden show'r,

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

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 et c.

flute

The flute score consists of two systems of a single staff in treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music is a melodic line with various rhythmic patterns.

The deceiv'd SHEPHERD Set by Mr LAMPE

In you ye fo...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 former Peace

And wretched do my self detest

Tell me ye shades whether my Fair
 Is here alas my search is vain
 The lovely Object 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
 Alas how swiftly are ye fled

Say Verdant Trees if once again
 I of her sight the Joy shall know
 The Eccho answers to my Pain
 And seems methinks to tell me No
 Yet hark I hear a murm'ring Noife
 Perhaps the Voice of her I Love
 Who says she will restore my Toys
 And with her Prefencé blefs 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 Difsdain

FLUTE

Musical score for Flute, consisting of four staves of music in 3/8 time. The music is written in treble clef and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings like 'f' and 'cresc.'

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

gang the world as it will dearest be-lievé me

gang the world as it will dearest be - liev é me

O IOHNNY, I'm jealous when'er ye discover
 My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loofe Rover,
 And nought i' the World 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 opprefs ye,
 For, while my Blood's warm, I'll kindly carefs ye:
 Your blooming fast 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 World as it will, Dearest, believe me.

NELLY

Then, IOHNNY, I frankly this minute allow ye,
 To think me your Mistrefs, 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 Icehoggles 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 Stars shall gang witherflins e'er I deceiv thee.

FLUTE



First system of musical notation, featuring a treble staff with a whole rest and a bass staff with a complex rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Second system of musical notation with lyrics: **CEASE** to demand the Cause why I, Am

Third system of musical notation with lyrics: late so penfive grown; 'Twere fitter, **IRIS**, I shou'd dye, Than

Fourth system of musical notation with lyrics: make the Reason, known. And yet, my Tongue can scarce for-

Fifth system of musical notation with lyrics: ..bear To ut...ter my complaint, while ev'ry silent

Sixth system of musical notation with lyrics: drop: -ping Tear, Still adds to the Restraint.

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 Syntoms 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.



THE Night her filent sable wore, And gloomy were the

Skies; Of glitt'ring Stars appear'd no more Than those in

NELLY'S Eyes. When at her Father's Yate I knock'd, Where

I had of...ten been, She, shrowded ea'sly, with her

Smock, Arose and loot me in.

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

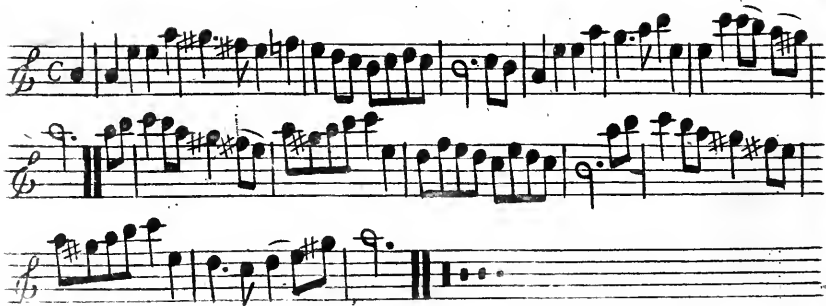
My eager Passion I obey'd,
 Resolv'd the Fort to win;
 And her fond Heart was soon betray'd,
 To yield and let me in.

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

But ah! at last she prov'd with Bairn,
 And sighing fat and dull,
 And I that was as much concern'd,
 Look'd e'en juft 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 fuch Beauty part:
 I lov'd her fo, 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 fatter

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

shining wavy Brown, in straightness none surpass her.

Life glow'd upon her Lip and Cheek,
 Her clear Een were surprizing,
 And beautifully turn'd her Neck
 Her little Breasts just rising;
 Nae silken Hose, with Gossnets fine,
 Or Shoon with glancing Laces,
 On her fair Leg, forbad 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 givenced wi' naithing.
 She leand upon a flowry Brae
 By which a Burny trotted :
 On her I glow'd my Saul away
 While on her Sweets I doated.

A thousand Beauties of Desert,
 Before had scarce alarm'd me,
 Till this dear Artlefs struck my heart
 And bot defigning, charm'd me.
 Hurry'd by Love close to my Breast,
 I graspd the Fund of Bliss'es :
 Wha smil'd, and said, without a Priest,
 Sir, hope for nought but Kifs'es .

I had nae Heart to do her Harm,
 And yet I couldna 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

Zephir who with spring re- turning Wasted soft o'er opening

Flow'rs Breathing in the Face of Morning Wakes Au- ro- ra from her

Bowers While with Love's fierce Flame I languish in these dry and

desart Plains Gently breathe and sooth my An- - guish

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 Laffie that as well as I you're

made for Love and why and why should I de-ny But ken ye

Lad when we confes o'er soon ye think us cheap and

lyne y' wooings done the Maiden that o'er quickly tines, her



Pow'r like unripe Fruit will taste will taste but hard and Sow'r

PEGGY. But ken ye, Lad, gin we confes 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 along 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 Armsfu'! hence, ye Cares, away,
I'll kifs my Treasure a' the live-lang Day:
A Night I'll Dream my Kiffes o'er again,
Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

For the German Flute



In January laft, on Munoday at Morn, as through the Fields

I paf, to view the winterCorn, I looked me behind, and

faw came o'er the Know, ane Glancing in her Apron, with a

bonny brent Brow .

I faid, good morrow, fair Maid;
 And the right courteoufly
 Return'd a Beck, and kindly faid,
 Good Day, sweet fir, to you .
 I fpear'd, my dear, how far awa'
 Doye intend to gae .
 Quoth fhe, I mean a Mile or twa,
 Out o'er yon broomy Brae .

She

Kind Sir, ye are a wi' miftane,
 For I am nane of thefe,
 I hope ye fome mair breeding ken,
 Than to ruffle Woman's Claife;


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

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


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 kifs her bonny Mou .

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 WOUL'D and the WOUL'D not. Set by MR RAMONDON .




AS I beneath a Myrtle Shade lay musing SYLVIA the



Fair in Mournful Sounds venting her Grief the Air thus.



Wounds O God of Love, cease to torment me send to my Aid some



gentle Swain Whose Balm apply'd may ease my Pain .

Aloud I cry'd and all the Grove refounded
 Heavenly Nymph complain no more
 Love does thy wish'd for Peace restore
 And sends a gentle Swain to ease thee
 In whom a longing Maid may find
 A Balm to cure her love sick Mind.

She blush'd and sigh'd and push'd the Medicine from her
 Which still the more encreas'd her Pain
 Finding at length she strove in vain
 O Love . she cry'd I must obey thee
 Who can the raging smart endure
 She suck'd the Balm and found the Cure .

FLUTE



Had away frae me DONALD .

Ohad a way, had a way, had a way frae me, Donald, your heart is
 made o'er large for ane, it is not meet for me, Donald:

Some fickle Miftrefs you may find, will jilt as faft as thee,
 Donald, to Ilka Swain ſhe will prove kind, and nae lefs kind to
 the, Donald .

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

Fiſt 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 .

See whilst thou weep'st fair CLOE See the World
 in Sym-pa-thy with thee Thee the Cheerful Birds no
 Longer sing but Drop the Head and Hang the
 wing.

2	Lower	3
The Clouds have Bent their Bosom		The nymphs and swains adopt thy Cares
And shed their sorrows in a shower.		They heave thy sighs and weep thy Tears
The Brooks beyond their limits flow		Strange Tears whose Power can soften ^{all}
And lower Murmurs speak ^f Woe.		But ^t Dear Breast on which they fall.

The LADIES Lamentation for the Lofs of SENESINO Sung by

Mr. ROBERTS. Set for the GERMAN FLUTE &c.

As mufing I rang'd in Meadows all alone . A beautifull Creature was

makeing her Moan . Oh the Tears they did trikle full fast from her Eyes .

And the peirc'd both the Air and my heart with her Cries . Oh the Tears they

did trickle full fast from her Eyes . and she peirc'd both the Air And my

Heart with her Cries .

I gently requested the Cause of her Moan
 She told me her sweet SENISINO was flown
 And in that sad Posture shed ever remain
 Unless the dear Charmer would 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 tunefully 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.

The musical score is written in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: "A young fair Maid with her soft Hand a Snow-Ball at me threw, But as it went was strange-ly chang'd and in-to Fi- re grew." The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, time signatures, and dynamic markings like '6' and '#3'. There are also asterisks and slurs indicating phrasing and articulation.

Who could have thought it Possible
That snow should ever Warm
Yet found it Heat to fire my Breast
When thrown by her fair Arm

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.

Say Virgin wouldst thou quench this flame
Do thou the like return
Ice Hail and snow are uselefs all
With Equal Ardour Burn

The musical score consists of five systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff of each system.

Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands, Oh! where ha'e ye been,
 they have slain the Earle of MURRAY, And they
 lay'd him on the Green, they have slain the Earle of MURRAY,
 and they lay'd him on the Green .

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 brow 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 among them a .

He was a brow 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 sounding through the Town .

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 Goddeffs from my Heart remove The Wasting cares
 and Pains of Love The waffing 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 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 wanton Sparrows drew
 How'ring in Air they lightly flew.
 As to my Bowr they wing'd their way
 I saw their quiv'ring Pinions play.

The Birds dismift 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 affwag'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 bidding here

slow

When we came to LONDON Towne, we dream'd of

Gowd in Gowpings here, and rantinly ran up and down, in

rifing Stocks to Buy a Skair .

We daftly thought to row in Rowth,
 But for our Daffine pay'd right dear,
 The Lave will fare the War in trowth,
 For our lang bidding 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 House,
 The Whilly-Whids will grip ye'r gear,
 Syne a' the Lave will fare the War,
 For our lang bidding here .



