

1770 p 551 [c. 1770] 9 only  
[c. 1770]  
[c. 1770] (c. 1770)

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Twelve

S O N G S

Set to Music by

William Jackson

of

EXETER

Properly disposed for

THE VOICE HARPSICORD

GERMAN FLUTE

or

VIOLIN.

Price 2, 6.

[c. 1770]

LONDON

Printed for C and S THOMPSON

No. 75

St Pauls Church Yard





# THE HEAVY HOURS

I

Set by MR JACKSON of Exon

*Largo Andante*

The heavy Hours are almost past that part my Love and me My longing Eyes may

hope at last their only wish to see But how my DELIA will you meet the Man you've

lost so long Will Love in all your Pulses beat and tremble on your Tongue will

Love in all your Pulses beat and tremble on your Tongue.

(2)

Will you in ev'ry Look declare,  
Your Heart is still the same,  
And heal each idly anxious Care,  
Our Fears in absence frame,  
Thus DELIA, thus I paint the Scene,  
When we shall shortly meet,  
And try what yet remains between,  
Of loitering Time to Cheat.

(3)

But if the Dream that soothes my Mind,  
Shall false and groundless prove,  
If I am doom'd at length to find,  
You have forgot to love,  
All I of Venus ask is this,  
No more to let us join;  
But grant me here the flattering Bliss,  
To die and think you mine.

For the GERMAN FLUTE

So



# 2 BLEST AS TH' IMMORTAL GODS

Set by M<sup>r</sup> JACKSON of Exon

Sy A Tempo ordinario Pia Tasto Solo

Pianiss<sup>o</sup> For Blest as th' immortal

Gods is he, the Youth who fondly sits by thee, And hears and sees thee all the while, sweetly

speak and sweetly smile, sweetly speak and sweetly smile

For 'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of rest, and

rais'd such tumults in my Breast, and rais'd such tumults in my Breast, for while I gaz'd in

Pia Pianiss<sup>o</sup> Largo

Transport lost, my Breath was gone, my Voice was lost, my Breath was gone, my Voice was

A Tempo Ordinario Ad Libitum

lost, for while I gaz'd in Transport lost, my Breath was gone, my Voice was lost,



My Bosom glow'd a subtil Flame, ran quick thro all my

vital Frame, O'er my dim Eyes, a Darknefs hung, my Ears with hollow Murmurs rung,

o'er my dim Eyes a darknefs hung, my Ears with hollow Murmurs rung, my Ears with hol-low

Murmurs rung, In

dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd, my Blood with gen-tle Hor-ror thrill'd, my Blood with gen-tle

Hor-ror thrill'd, my fee-ble Pulse for-got to play, I fainted funk, and dy'd a way, I fainted

funk and dy'd a way, my fee-ble Pulse for-got to play, I fainted funk and dy'd, a way.

*Pia*

*Pianiss<sup>o</sup>*

*Largo*

*Ad Lib<sup>m</sup>*







soft De-fire are fix'd up on my Thought, An ea-ger hope with in my Breast does

ev-ry Doubt con-troul, And love-ly NANCY stands con-fest the fav-rite of my

Soul. For

(2)

Ye Nightingales ye twisting Pines,  
 Ye Swains that haunt the Grove;  
 Ye gentle Echoes, breezy Winds,  
 Ye close retreats of Love,  
 With all of Nature all of Art,  
 Afsist the dear Design,  
 O teach a young unpractis'd Heart,  
 To make her ever mine.

(3)

The very Thought of change I hate,  
 As much as of Despair!  
 And hardly covet to be great,  
 Unless it be for her;  
 'Tis true the Passion in my Mind,  
 Is mixt with soft Distress,  
 Yet, while the Fair I love is kind,  
 I cannot wish it less.

NB. The above Stanzas must be sung to the last Air, and the following to the former;  
 omitting the first Symphony.

(4)

But if she treats me with disdain,  
 And flights my well meant Love,  
 Or looks with pleasure on my Pain,  
 A pain she wont remove,  
 Farewell ye Birds and lonely Pines,  
 Adieu to Groans and Sighs,  
 I'll leave my Passion to the Winds,  
 Love unreturn'd soon dies.

For the German Flute

So

Sy

So

So



# FOR EVER FORTUNE

Set by M<sup>r</sup> JACKSON of Exon—

*Andante affettuoso*

For e-ver Fortune wilt thou prove an un-re-lenting Foe to Love, and when we  
 meet a mutual Heart, come in be-tween and bid us part, Bid us fight on, from  
 Day to Day, and with and with our Souls a way, till Youth and genial Years are flown, and  
 all the Life of Life is gone.

2

But busy, busy still art thou,  
 To bind the loveless joyless 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,

For the Guittar

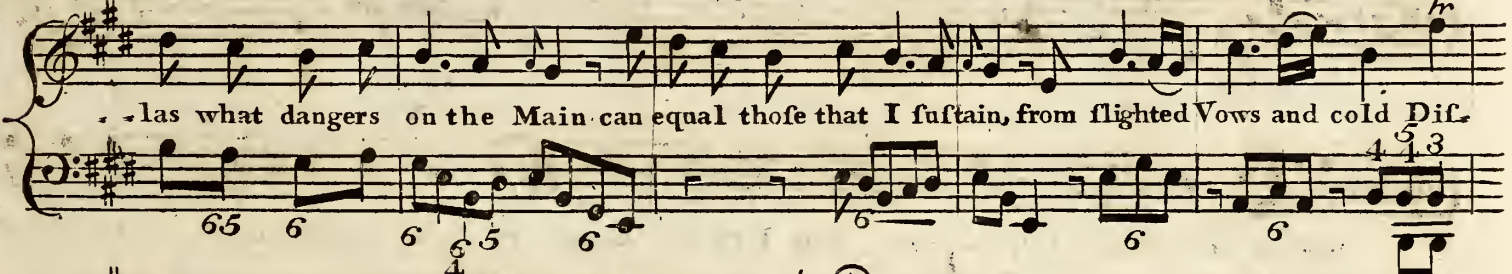
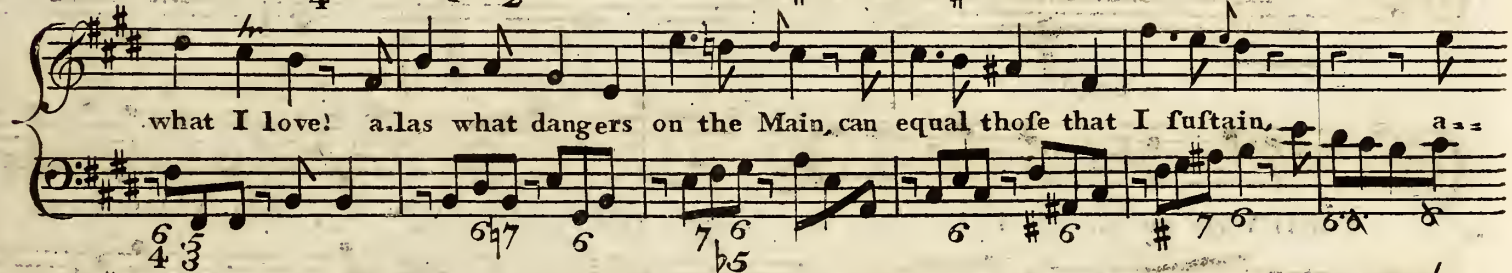
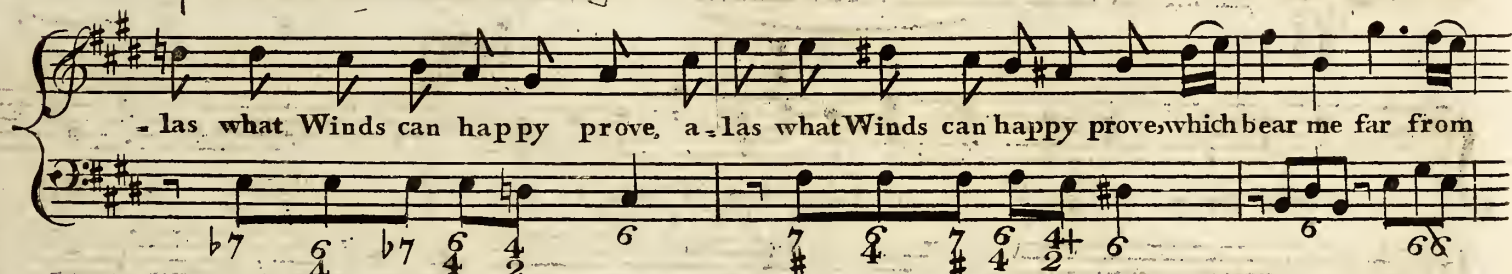
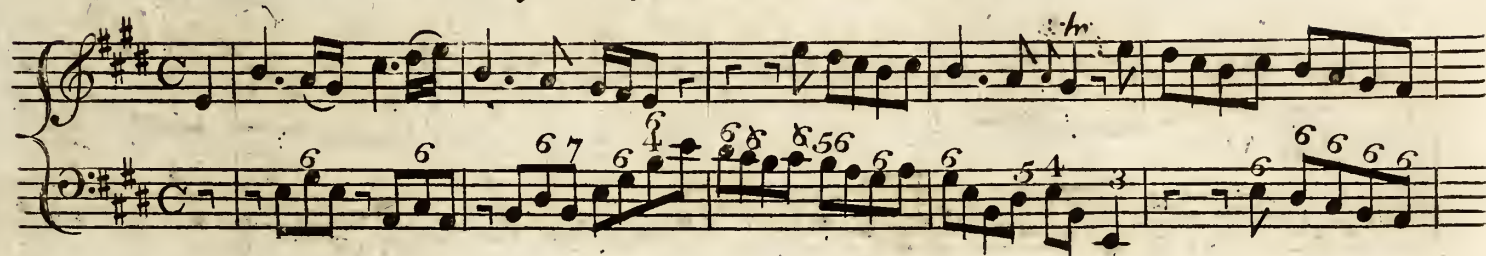
*So*



# IN VAIN YOU TELL

Set by M<sup>r</sup> JACKSON of Exon

7



Be gentle and in Pity chose,  
To with the wildest Tempest loose,  
That thrown again upon the Coast,  
Where first my Ship-wreck'd Heart was lost,

I may once more repeat my Pain,  
Once more in dying Notes complain,  
Of flighted Vows and cold Disdain.

For the Ger: Flute





Pia

Andante Allegro

For

## Recitative

The Merchant to secure his Treasure, conveys it in a borrow'd Name,

Eu =

Pia

—phelia serves, to grace my Measure, but Chloe is my real Flame.

My

softest Verse my darling Lyre, Up - - on Euphe - - lia's Toi - - lette lay, when Chloe noted

her de-fire, That I should sing, that I should play. My Lyre I tune, my Voice I raise, but

with my Numbers mix my Sighs, and while I Sing Eu=phe=li=as Praise, I fix my Soul on

### Chloe's Eyes:

For



Fair

Chloe blush'd, Eu-phelia frown'd, I sung, I gaz'd, I play'd I trembled, and

Venus to the Loves a-round, re-mark'd how ill we all difembled, Fair-Chloe

blush'd, Eu-phelia frownd, I sung I gaz'd, I play'd, I trembled, and Venus to the

Loves a-round, re-mark'd how ill we all difembled, and Venus to the Loves a-round, re

mark'd how ill we all difembled, For



# TO HIM

Set by M<sup>r</sup> JACKSON of Exon

*Larghetto*

To him who in an Hour must die, not swif-ter seems that

Hour to fly, than flow the Minutes seem to me, which keep me from the

fight of thee; Not more the trembling Wretch wou'd give, another Day or Year to live, than

I to shorten what re-mains, of that long Hour which thee detains, of that long Hour which

thee de-tains.

O — come to



my im-pa-tient Arms, O come with all thy heav'n-ly Charms, At once to

justi-fy and pay the Pain I feel from this de-lay. The

Pain I feel from this de-lay.

## For the Ger Flute

So



# SUSANNA

Set by Mr Jackson of Exeter

*Mezzo pia.*

*Largo Andante*

*For. Pia.*

*For.*

*For.*

*For.*

*Recitative*

*Pia.*

'Twas when y<sup>e</sup> Seas were roaring, with hollow Blasts of Wind, a Damsel lay deploring, all on a Rock reclind,

wide o'er y<sup>e</sup> foaming Billows, she cast a wishful Look, her Head was crown'd with Willows, that trembl'd o'er the

*Brook.* Twelve Months were gone and o-ver, and nine long tedious Days, why didst thou ventrous

*Lover,* why didst thou trust the Seas? Cease, cease thou troubled Ocean, and let my Lover



rest Ah! what's thy troubled Motion to that within my Breaft. Ah! what's thy troubled

Motion to that with in my Breaft.

2  
The Merchant robb'd of Pleasure,  
Veivs Tempests with Despair,  
But what's the Loss of Treasure,  
To losing of my Dear.  
Should you some Coast be laid on,  
Where Gold and Diamonds grow,  
You'd find a richer Maiden,  
But none that loves you so.

3  
How can they say that Nature,  
Has nothing made in vain,  
Why then beneath the Water,  
Do hideous Rocks remain?  
No Eyes the Rocks discover,  
That lurk beneath the Deep,  
To wreck the wand'ring Lover,  
And leave the Maid to weep.

Recitative

Thus Melancholy lying, thus wail'd she for her Dear, repaid each Blast with sighing, each Billow w<sup>th</sup> a  
Tear. When o'er the White Waves frooping, his floating Corps she spy'd, then like a Lilly drooping, she  
bow'd her Head and dy'd!

Pia. Pianis.



# WAF T ME SOME SOFT

Set by MR JACKSON of Exon

Waft me some soft and cooling Breeze to Windfor's sha-dy

cool Retreat. Where Syl-van Scenes wide spreading

Trees repel the raging Dogstars heat

Where tufted Grass, and mos-sy Beds, af-ford a ru-ral calm Re-

pose. Where Wood-bines hang their

dew-zy Heads, and fra-grant sweets a-round dis-close.



Where Wood-bines hang their dew-y Heads and  
 fra-grant sweets a-round dis-clofe.

2

3

Old oozy Thames that flows fast by,  
 A long the smiling Valley plays,  
 His glassy Surface cheers the Eye,  
 While thro' the flow'ry Mead he strays,  
 His fertile Banks with Herbage green,  
 His Vales with golden Plenty swell,  
 Where e'er his purer stream is seen,  
 The Gods of Health and pleasure dwell.

4

Let me thy clear thy yealding Wave,  
 With naked Arm once more divide,  
 In thee my glowing Bosom lave,  
 And stem thy gently rolling Tide,  
 Lay me with Damask roses crown'd,  
 Beneath some Ofiers dusky shade,  
 Where Water-lilies paint the Ground,  
 And bubbling Springs refresh the Glade.

Let chaste Clarinda too be their,  
 In asure Mantle lightly drest,  
 Ye Nymphs bind up her filkin Hair,  
 Ye Zephirs fan her panting Breaft,  
 O haste away fair Maid and bring  
 The Muse the Kindly Friend to love,  
 To thee alone the Muse shall sing,  
 And warble thro' the vocal Grove.

For the Ger Flute



# AH WHY MUST WORDS

Set by JACKSON of Exon—

*Amoroso*

*Pia*

Ah! why must words my Flame reveal, what need my Damon

bid me tell, what all my Actions prove? A Blush whene'er I meet his Eye when-

-e'er I hear his Name a Sigh, betrays my secret Love, whene'er I hear his Name a

Sigh, betrays my secret Love.

2  
In all their sports upon the Plain,  
My Eyes still fix'd on him remain.  
And him alone approve,  
The rest unheeded dance or play,  
From all he steals my Praise away,  
And can he doubt my love

3  
Whene'er we meet my looks confess,  
The Joys which all my soul possess,  
And ev'ry Care remove,  
Still still too short appears his stay,  
The Moments fly too fast away,  
Too fast for my fond Love;

4  
Does any speak in Damon's praise?  
So pleas'd am I with all he says,  
I ev'ry Word approve,  
But is he blam'd altho in jest,  
I feel resentment fire my Breast,  
Alas! because I love

5  
But Oh! what Tortures teas my Heart,  
When I suspect his looks impart,  
The least desire to rove,  
I hate the Maid that gives me pain,  
Yet him to hate I strive in vain,  
For Ah! that hate is Love.

6  
Then ask not words, but read my Eyes,  
Believe my Blushes trust my Sighs,  
My Passion there will prove,  
Words oft deceive and spring from Art,  
The true Expression of my Heart,  
To Damon must be love.



# WHILE LIQUID ODOURS

17

Set by M<sup>r</sup> JACKSON of Exon—

Andante affettuoso

While li- quid O- dours round him breathe, what Youth the

ro- sey Bow'r be- neath, now courts thee to be kind.

For whose un- wa- ry heed- less Heart, do you thus drest with care- less Art, your

yel- low Tref- ses bind.

2

How often shall th'unpractis'd Youth,  
Of alter'd Gods, and injur'd Truth,  
With Tears alas complain,  
How soon behold with wond'ring Eyes  
The blak'ning Winds tempestuous rise,  
And scowl along the Main

3

While by his easy Faith betray'd,  
He now enjoys the golden Maid,  
All amiable and kind,  
He fondly hopes that you shall prove,  
Thus ever vacant to his Love,  
Nor heeds the faithless Wind.

4

Unhappy they, to whom untry'd,  
You shine, alas! in Beauty's pride,  
While I, now safe on Shore,  
Will consecrate the pictur'd Storm,  
And all my grateful Vows perform,  
To Neptune's faying Pow'r



# LANTHE

Set by M<sup>r</sup> JACKSON of Exon.

Andante

I--an-the the lovely the joy of her swain, by Iphis was lov'd and lov'd.

Iphis a-gain, She liv'd in the Youth and the Youth in the Fair, their Pleasure was

equal and equal their Care, no de-light no enjoyment their Dotage withdrew, but the

longer they liv'd still the fonder they grew, no delight no enjoyment their Dotage with

drew, but y longer they liv'd still y fonder they grew.

2

A Passion so happy alarm'd all the Plain,  
Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain,  
Some swore 'twould be pity their Loves to invade,  
That the Lovers alone for each other was made,  
But all, all consented that none ever knew,  
A Nymph be more kind, or a Shepherd so true,

3

Love saw them with Pleasure & vow'd to take Care,  
Of the faithful, the tender, the Innocent Pair,  
What either might want he bid either to move,  
But they wanted Nothing but ever to love,  
He said all to bless them his God-head could do,  
That they still should be kind & they still should be true.

For the Ger: Flute