Bickham's Musical Entertainer.

Vol. II.

Printed for C. Corbett at Addisons head, Fleet Street.
Publish'd, According to Act of Parliament.

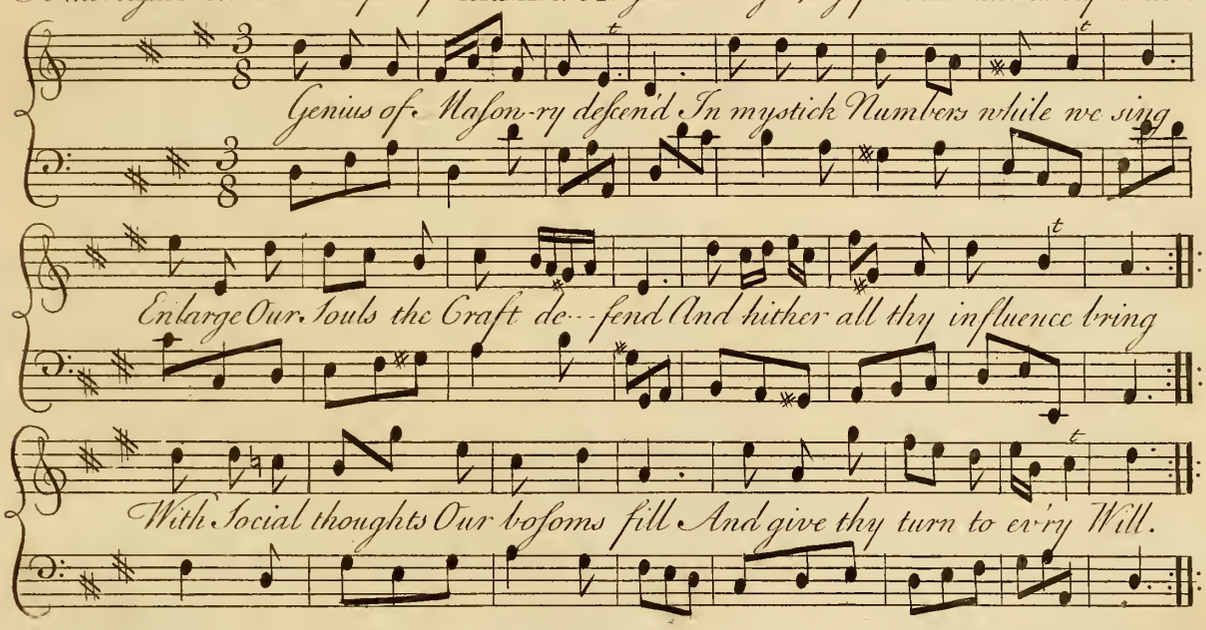
G. Bickham jun. del.

H. Gravelot Inv.

A Table of the Songs in the Musical Entertainer. Vol. 2d

THE True Mason.

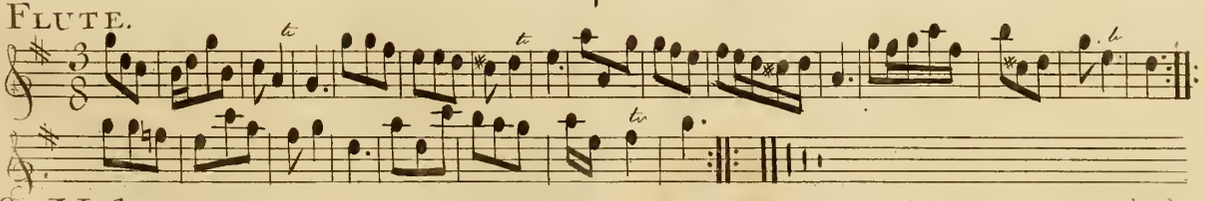
To the Right Hon.ble the Marquis of CARNARVON *Grand Master, these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.*



Immortal Science too, be near!
(We own thy Empire o'er the Mind)
Dress'd in thy radient Robes appear;
With all thy beauteous Train behind:
Invention young, and blooming, there;
Here Geometry, with Rule and Square.

United thus, and for these Ends,
Let Scorn deride, & Envy rail;
From Age to Age the Craft descends;
And what We Build shall never fail;
Nor shall the World Our Works survey;
But ev'ry Brother keeps the Key.

FLUTE.



The Musick by Mr. C[illegible]

Gravelot inv. G. Bickham sc.

THE Earth's Motion Prov'd.

Set by Mr. Leveridge. The Words by Mr. Lockman.

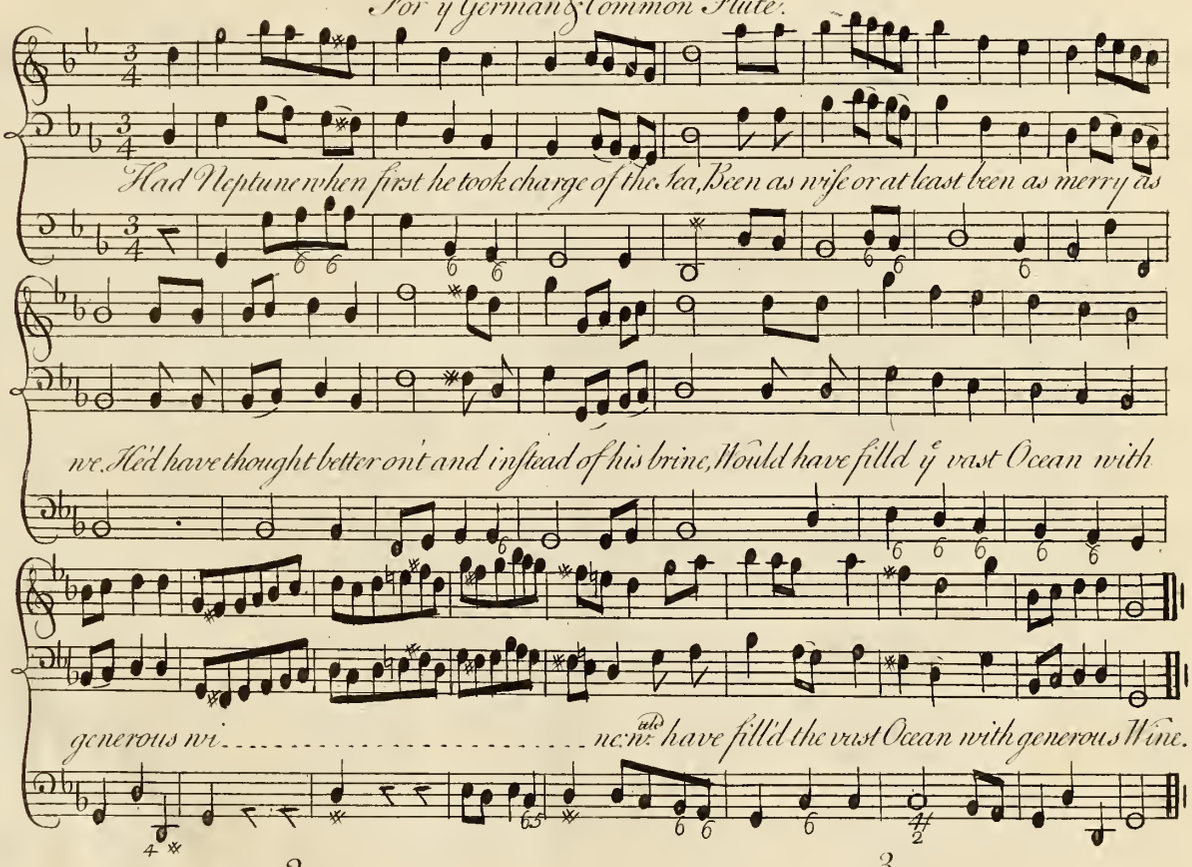
My joyous Blades, wth Roses crown'd, Who quaff bright Nector at its Spring; Dispute not if ye Earth goes round, But hear a thirsty Poet sing. Dispute not if ye Earth goes round, But hear a thirsty Poet sing. All take your Glasses, charge them high; Let Bumpers, swift ... ly, Bumpers chars, chars: Each man drink fifty, soon they'll Spy, The Earth wheel ro ... und wth rap ... id Pace. Each man drink fifty, soon they'll Spy, The Earth wheel ro ... und wth rapid Pace.

FLUTE.

The Bacchanalian's Wish.

Set by Mr. Popely.

For ye German & Common Flute.



2

What trafficking then would have been on ye Main,
For ye sake of good liquor as well as for gain.
No fear then of Tempest or danger of sinking,
The Fishes ne're drown, they are always a drinking.

3

Had this been the Case what had we enjoyd,
Our spirits still rising our fancy ne're cloyd.
A Pox then on Neptune when 'twas in his pow'r,
To slip like a fool such a fortunate Hour.

G. Bickham jun.r sc.

Moor Circulating the Cheerful Glass.

Zeno, Plato, A-ri-stotle all were Lovers of the Bottle; Poets, Painters & Musicians, Churchmen, Lawyers & Physicians all ad=

= mire a pretty Lass, all require a cheerful Glass. Zeno, Plato, Ari-stotle all were Lovers of the Bottle; Poets, Painters & Musi-

cians, Churchmen, Lawyers & Physicians all admire a pretty Lass, all require a cheerful Glass. Poets, Painters and Mu-

sicians, Churchmen, Lawyers & Physicians all admire a pretty Lass, all require a cheerful Glass. Evry Pleasure has its Season, love &

drinking are no Treason, Evry Pleasure has its Season, Love & Drinking are no Treason, Love & Drin - - - king, Love & Drinking are no Treason. DC

FLUTE.

DC

The Invitation to Mira,

REQUESTING

Her Company to Vaux Hall Garden.

To the Right Honble. the Lady FRANCES SEYMOUR, *These four Plates are humbly Inscribd.*

Affettuoso.

Come, Mira, Idol of ye Swains (So green ye Sprays, the Sky so fine) To Bowers where heavn-born Flora reigns, & Handel warbles Airs divine: & Handel warbles Airs divine.

Come, every sprightlier Joy to taste,
That rural Art & Nature boast:
Fly thither with ye Lightning's haste,
And be ye universal Toast.

A Scene so beauteous can't be shown,
Tho' thou shoudst every Realm survey,
As all, where'er thou com'st must own;
Thy Graces claim the highest Sway.

For the Flute.

According to ye Late Act, 6 June, 1738.

The Forsaken Pastoralla.

Glide gently on, thou murm'ring Brook, & sooth my tender Grief, 'Twas here the fatal

Wound I took, 'tis here I seek Relief. With Silvio on this Verdant Shore, I fondly sat re-clind, Be-

liev'd ye charming things he swore too credu--lous--ly kind, too cre--dulously kind.

While thus he said, this purling Stream
Back to its Spring shall flow,
O Pastorella! e'er my Flame
The least decay shall know.
Ye conscious Waves roll back again,
Back too your Crystal Head,
The false ungrateful perjur'd Swain,
Has broke the Vows he made.
Has broke &c.

Perhaps some fairer Shepherdess
His faithless Breast has warm'd,
And those kind Vows & soft Address
Her guiltless Heart has charm'd.
But tell ye Nymph thou gentle Stream,
If e'er she Visits Thee,
The trechrous Youth has vow'd ye same
Yet broke his Faith with me.
Yet broke &c.

FLUTE.

G. Bickham deline, sculp.

Love Relapsd.

Set by Mr. Arne. G. Bickham sculp.

Amoroso.

If all yt I love is her 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 retird, Nor knew I till then how I lovd: What present my Passion admird, In absence my Reason approvd.

Ah! why should I hope for relief,
Where all yt I see is disdain,
No pitty in her for my grief,
No merit in me to complain.

Nor yet do I fortune upbraid,
Tho' robd of my freedom & ease
Still proud of the choice I have made,
Tho' hopeless it ever can please.

For the Flute.

Moores Engagement to Margery.

If that's all you ask my sweetest my featest compleatest & neatest my sweetest my featest compleatest & neatest I'm proud of ye Task

If that's all you ask my sweetest my featest compleatest & neatest my sweetest my featest compleatest & neatest I'm proud of ye Task I'm proud of ye

Task If that's all you ask my sweetest my featest compleatest & neatest my sweetest my featest compleatest & neatest I'm proud of ye Task I'm

proud of ye Task If that's all you ask my sweetest my featest compleatest & neatest I'm proud of ye Task I'm proud of ye Task I'm pro-

adag

-ud of ye Task I'm proud of ye Task I'm proud of ye Task Of love take your fill Past measure my treasure sole spring of my pleasure as

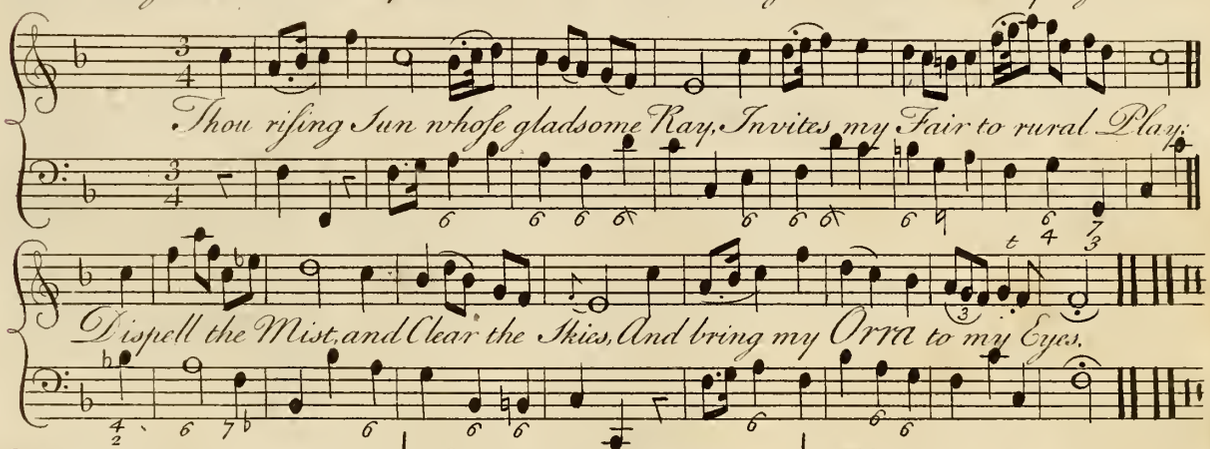
long as you will Past measure my treasure sole spring of my pleasure as long as you will as long long long as long as you will. CD.

An Ode from ye Spectator, Set by Mr. C. Smith jun.r

Gravelot inv, Bickham jun.r sculp.

THE Layland Lover.

To the Right Hon the Lady CHARLOTTE SEYMOUR *these 4 Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.*



1 Oh! were I sure my Dear to view,—
I'd climb ye Pine Trees topmost Bough
Aloft in Air that quivering plays,—
And round & round for ever gaze.—

2 My Orra Moor where art thou laid,
What Wood conceals my Sleeping Maid.
Fast by the Root enrag'd I'll tear,—
The Trees ye hide my promis'd Fair.

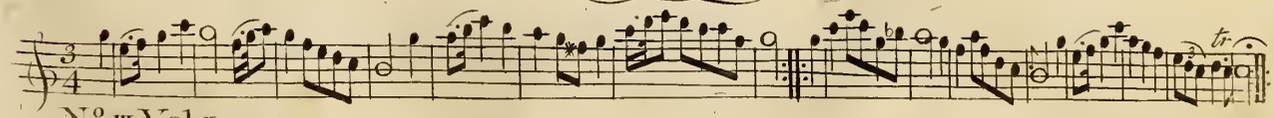
3 Oh! I could ride ye Clouds & Skies,—
Or on ye Ravens Pinions rise,—
Ye Storks, ye Swains, a Moment stay,
And waft a Lover on his Way.—

4 My Bliss too long my Bride denies,
A pace ye wasting Summer flies,—
Nor yet ye wintry Blasts I fear,—
Nor Storms nor Night, shall keep me here.

5 What may for Strength wth Steel compare,
Oh! Love has Fetters stronger far,—
By Bolts of Steel are Limbs confind,—
But cruel Love enchants ye Mind.—

6 No longer yn perplex thy Breast,—
When Thought torments ye first are best,
Tis mad to go, tis Death to stay,—
Away to Orra hast away.—

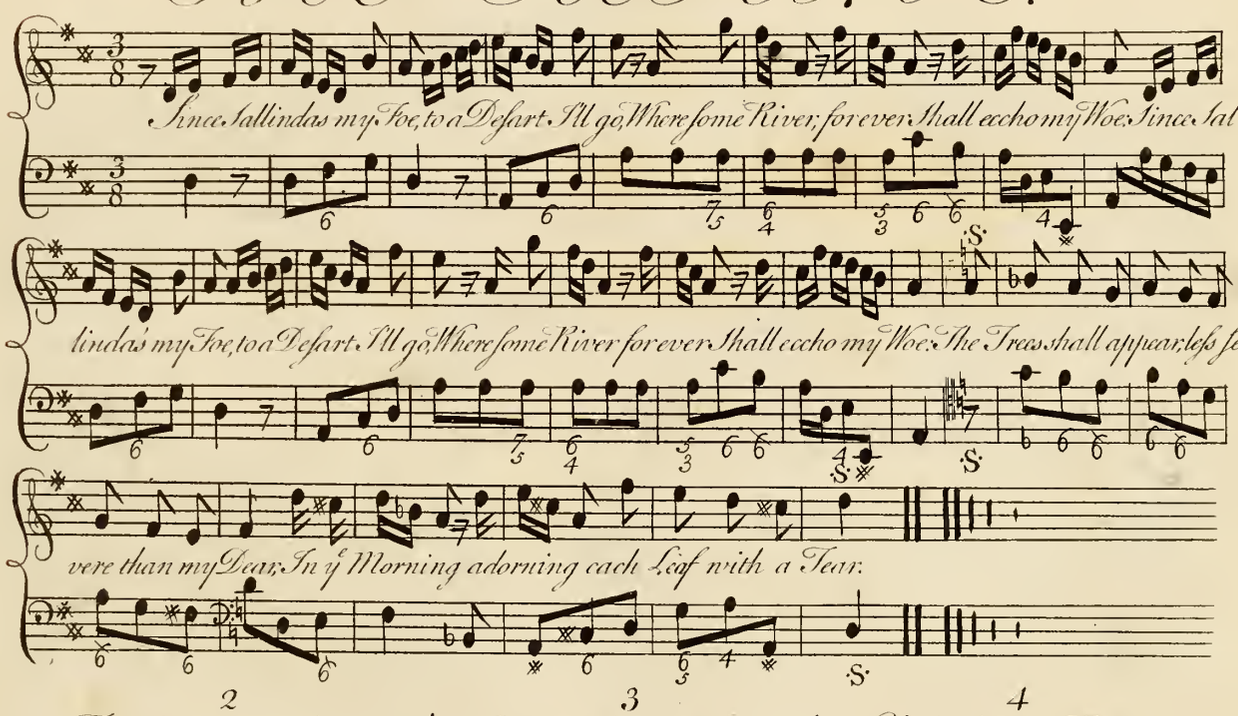
For the Flute.



B

Set by Mr. Carey. G. Bickham, inv. sc.

THE RESOLVE.



2

To the Rocks all alone,
When I make my sad Moan,
From each hollow Will follow,
Some pitiful Groan;
With silent Disdain,
She requites all my Pain,
To my Mourning, Returning,
No answer again.

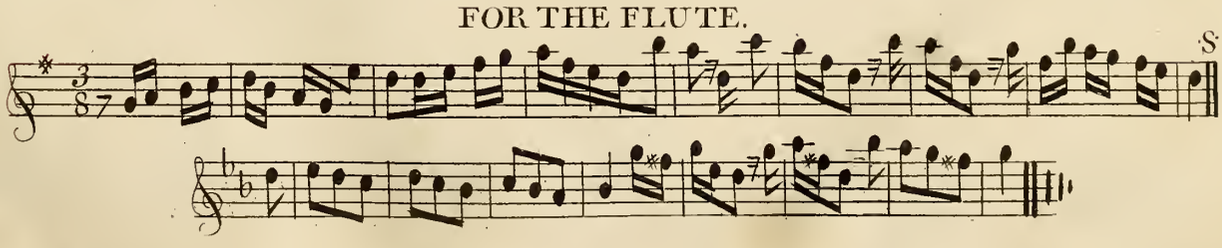
3

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

4

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

FOR THE FLUTE.



Love and Music.

When ye bright God of day, Drove to west-ward each ray, And ye Evening was Charming & Clear,
The Swallows a main, Nimbly skim o'er ye Plain, And our Shadows like Giants appear, The
Swallows a-main Nimbly skim o'er ye Plain, And our Shadows like Giants appear.

2 In a Jassamin Bower,
When ye Bean was in Flower,
And Zephyr breath'd Odours around,
Lovely Sylvia was set,
With a Song and Spinnet;
To charm all ye Grove with the Sound.

3 Rosy Bowers she Sung,
While the Harmony rung,
And ye Birds all fluttering arrive,
The industrious Bees,
From ye Flowers & Trees,
Gently hum with ye Sweets to their Hives.

4 The gay God of Love,
As he rang'd o'er ye Grove,
By Zephyr conducted along,
As she touch'd o'er ye Strings,
He beat time with his Wings,
And echo repeated the Song.

5 Oh ye Rovers beware,
How you venture to near,
Love is doubly arm'd for to Wound,
Your fate you cant shun,
And your surely undone,
If you rashly approach near ye Sound.

For the Flute.

Moore Coaxing Mauxalinda.

By ye Beer, as brown as Berry; By ye Cyder & the Perry, Which so oft has made us merry wth. a

Hy-down, Ho-down der ..... ry, With a Hy-down, Ho-down der = ...

= ..ry. Sym: . Mauxalinda's Ill re-main, True Blue will never Stain, Mauxa-

linda's Ill re-mai .....

..... n True Blue will never Stain True Blue will never Stain.

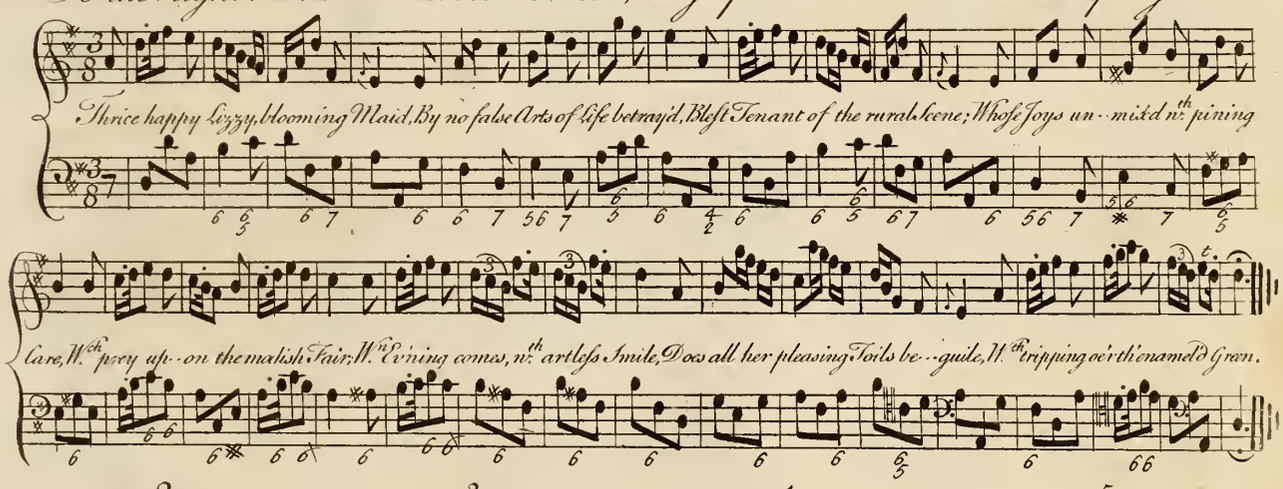
For the Flute.

Gravelot inv.t
Bickham jun.r sc.

The Words by Mr. Lockman.
Set by Mr. John C. Smith.

Lizzy.

To the Right Hon.r the Earl POULET, *These four Plates are humbly Inscribd.*



2

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

3

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 sickning 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.

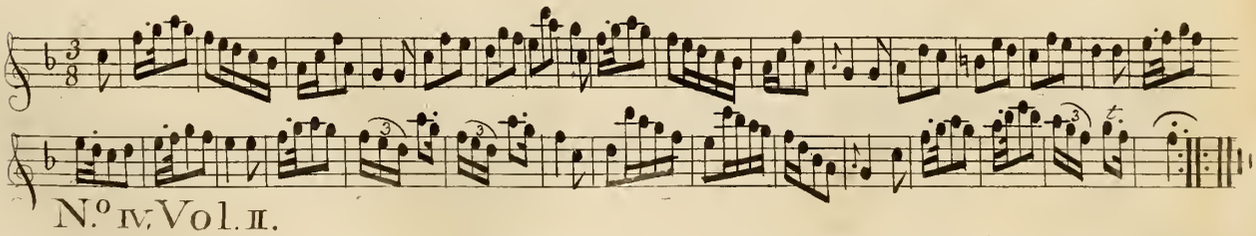
4

When Coquettilla Cards invite,
To while away ye social Night,
And banish far corroding Spleen;
Tho' Chance indulgent to her will,
Conveys each circling Deal, Spadille,
The sweets of Gain are less refind,
And softer Transports soth ye Mind,
Of Lizzy when she trips ye Green.

5

Hail blissful life which Lizzy leads!
Midst bubbling Springs & painted Meads,
Just Emblem of the golden Mean:
A Life, wr. fairest Virtues graced,
Whose ebbing Moments sweetly waste;
Made doubly joyous, chearful, gay,
When Lizzy crowns th'indulgent Day
With tripping o'er th'enamel'd Green.

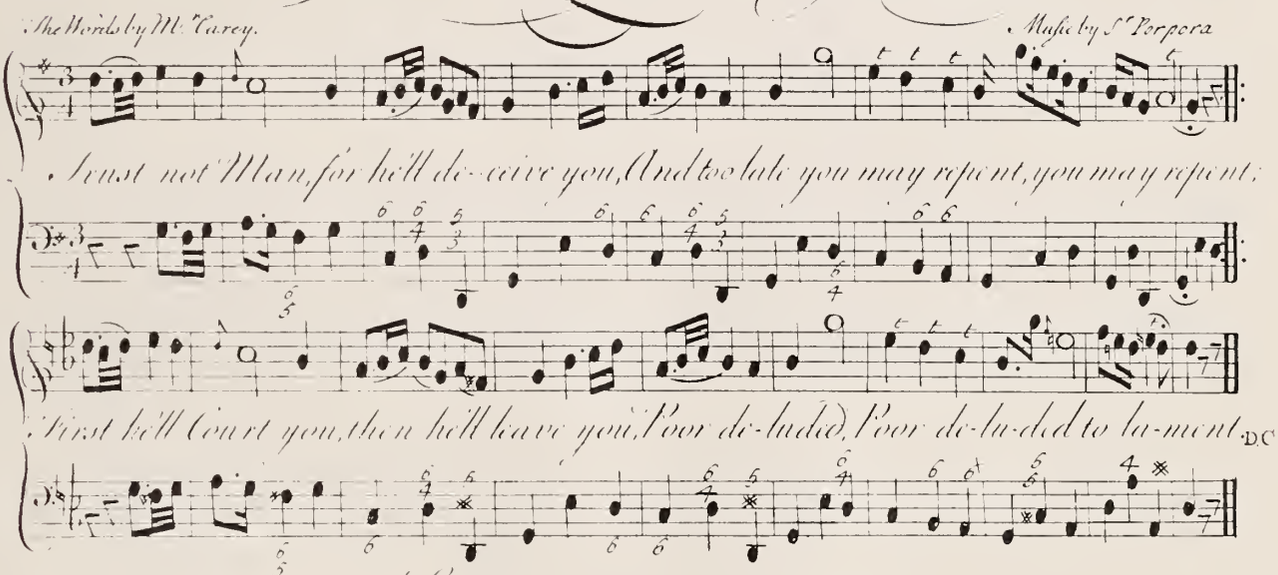
FOR THE FLUTE.



G. Bickham jun.r sculp.

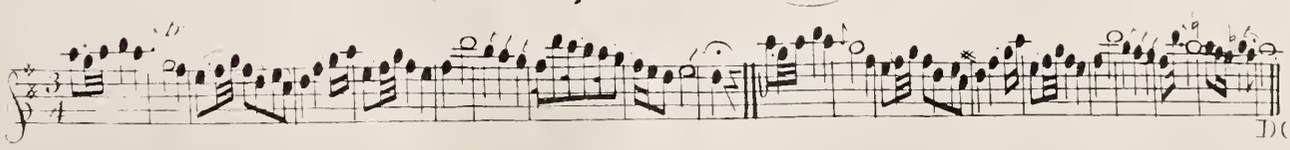
THE Prudent Adviser.

The Words by Mr. Carey. Music by Sig.r Porpora



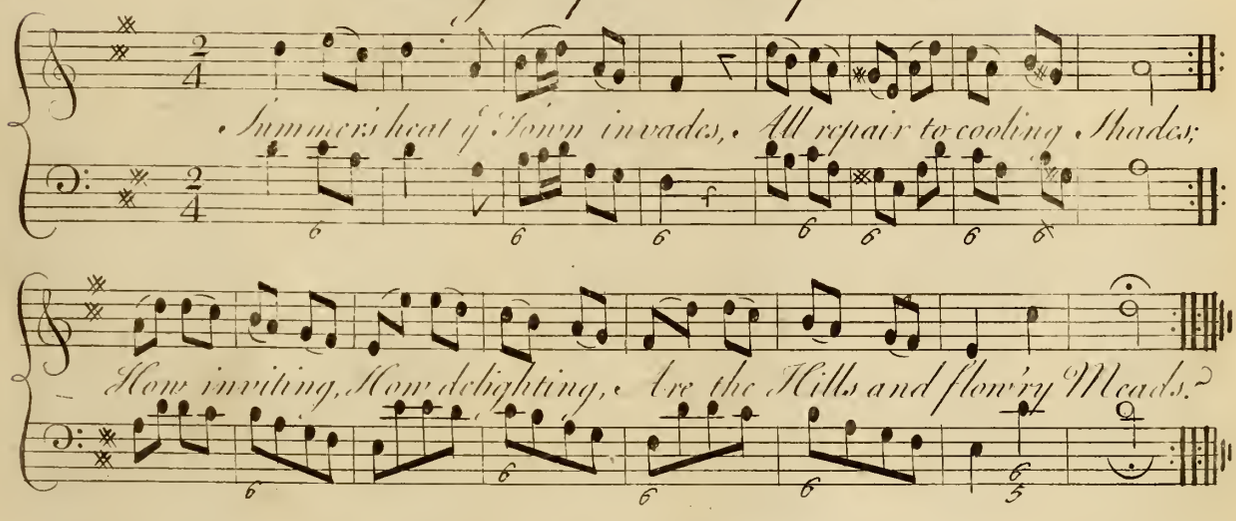
Listen to a kind adviser;
Men but conquer to perplex;
Would you happy be, grow wiser,
And despise the faithless sex.

FLUTE.



Sc. by Mr. Nicholls. G. Bickham jun. Sc.

THE Beauty's of Hampstead.



Here, where lovely Hampstead stands,
And ye Neighbring Vale commands;
What surprising Prospects rising,
All around adorn the Lands.

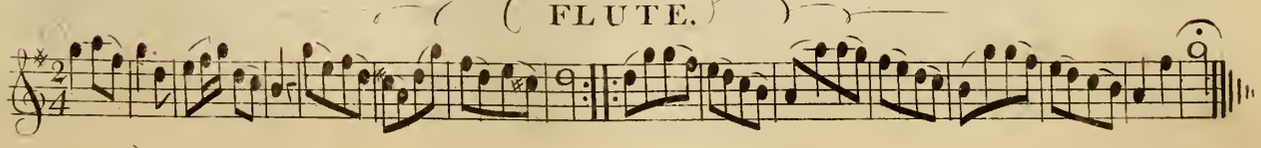
Here, over woody Mounts arise;
There, verdant Lawns delight our Eyes,
Where Thames wanders, In Meanders,
Lofty Domes approach the Skies.

Here are Grottos, purling Streams,
Shades defying Titans beams,
Rosy Bowers, Fragrant Flowers,
Lover's Wishes Poets Themes.

Of the Chrystal bubling Well,
Life & Strength the Current Swell
Health & Pleasure, (Heavenly Treasure)
Smiling here united dwell.

Here Nymphs & Swains indulge their Hearts,
Share the Joys our Scenes imparts;
Here be strangers, To all dangers;
All – but those of Cupid's darts.

FLUTE.



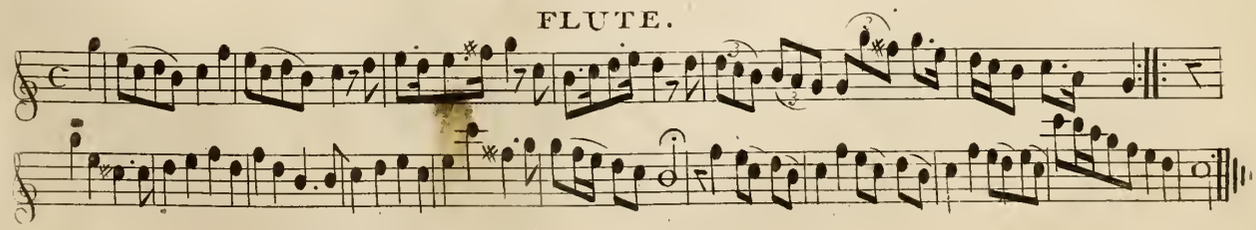
Love Return'd.

The Words by Mr. Abra.m Langford. G. Bickham junr. sculp.

By Men beloved, How soon we're moved! How easily they perswade! How easily they perswade, They please us so, Who can say no? Or who wouldd'ye a Maid? Males for Females Heav'n intended, So y'Heav'n may'nt be Offended, He y' first makes Love to me, Shall find I'll be, As fond as he, Shall find I'll be, As fond as he.

A Tender Maid At first tho' Staid
When once she thinks of Love,
When once she thinks of Love,
Will freely own That Lying alone,
Is what she can't approve,
Fruit when young Eats then the sweetest,
Looks the Gayest and the Neatest,
Women too by all confest,
When they're young kist, Kiss then y' best,
When they're young kist, Kiss then y' best.

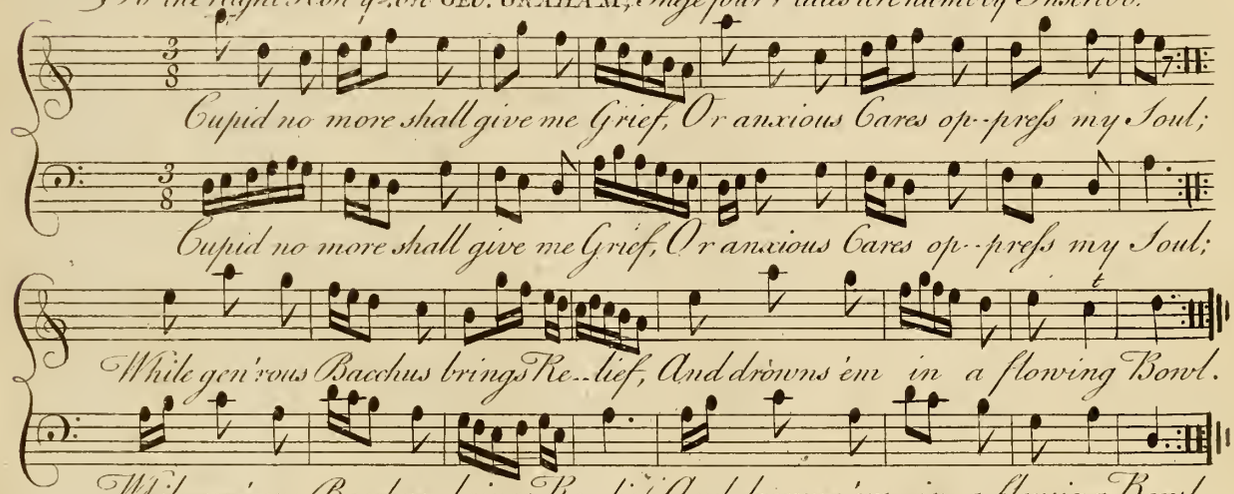
FLUTE.



A Dithyrambick for two Voices &c. G. Bickham junr sc.

The Relief.

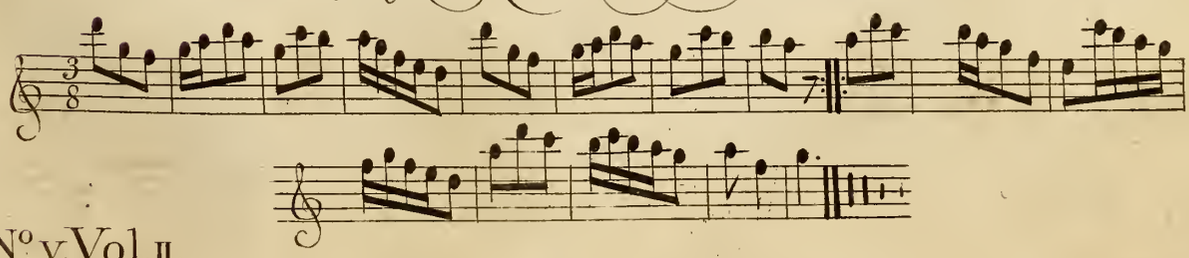
To the Right Honble Lord GEO: GRAHAM, These four Plates are humbly Inscribd.



2.

Celia thy Scorn I now dispise,
Thy boasted Empire I disown;
This takes the Brightness from thy Eyes
And makes it sparkle in my own.

FLUTE.



Cato's Advice.

Or the

JOVIAL COMPANIONS.

Allegro — *Bickham jn. sc.*

What Cato advises, Most certainly wise is, Not always to Labour but sometimes to Play, To mingle sweet Pleasure, With search after Treasure, Indulging at Night for the Toils of ye Day. And while the dull Miser, Esteems himself wiser, His Bags to encrease, he his Health will decay, Our Souls we enlighten, Our Fancies we brighten, And pass ye long Evnings in Pleasure away.

All chearful & harty,
We set aside Party,
With some tender fair each bright Bumper is crown'd,
Thus Bacchus invites us,
Thus Venus delights us,
While Care in an Ocean of Claret is drown'd.

See here's our Physician,
We know no Ambition,
For where there's good Wine & good Company found;
Thus happy together,
In Spight of all Weather,
Tis Sunshine & Summer with us ye Year round.

FLUTE.

:S: :S:

G. Bickham jun.r sculp.

In spite of Love, at length I find, A Mistress y'd will ease me, Her humour free &

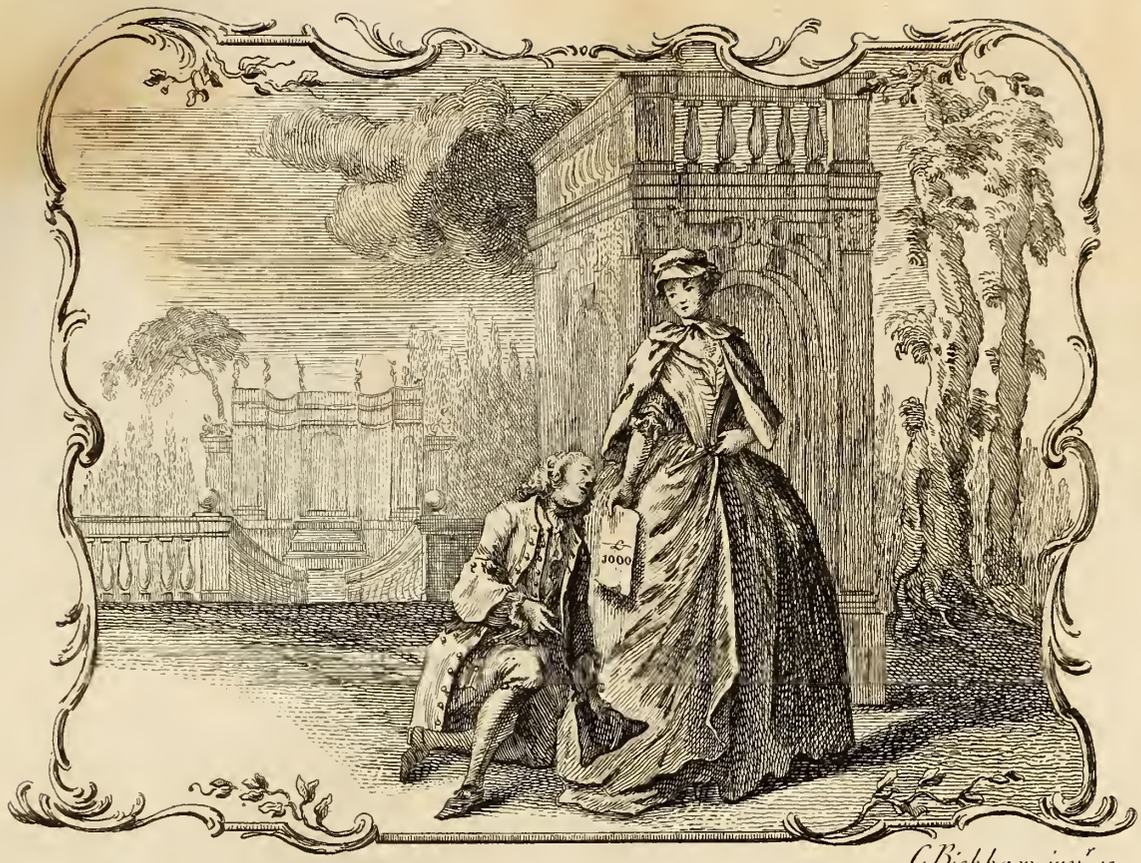
unconfin'd, By night or day shell please me, No jealous cares attend my mind, Tho' she's enjoy'd by

all mankind, Then drink & never spare it, 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret, 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

If you thro' all her naked charms,
A little hole discover;
Then take her blushing to your arms,
And use her like a Lover;
Such liquour shell distill from thence,
As will transform your ravisht Sence.
Then drink &c.

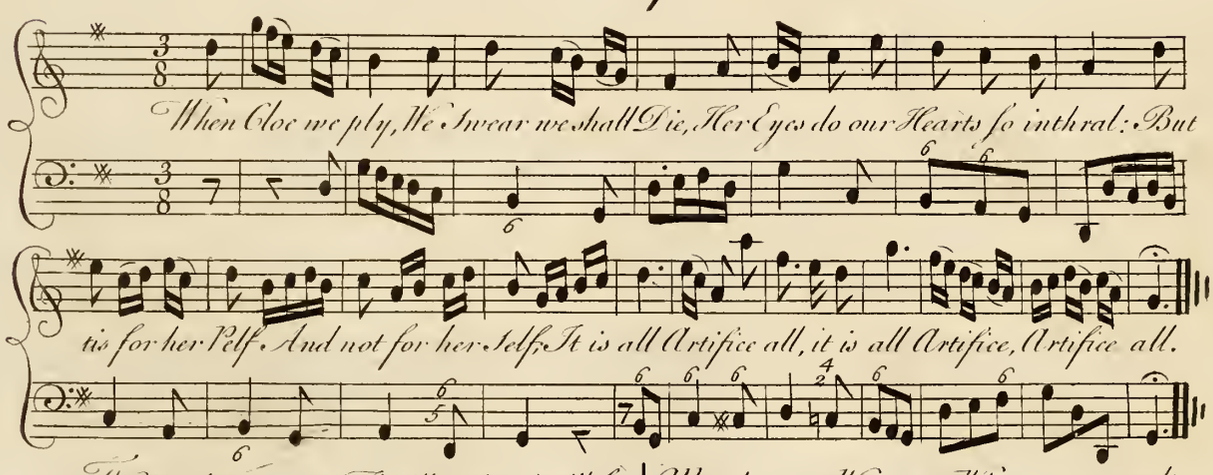
If you her excellence wou'd taste,
Be sure you use her kind S.r
And clap your hand below her waste,
To raise her up behind S.r
As for her bottom never doubt,
Push but home & you'll find it out.
Then drink &c.

Flute.



G. Bickham junr. sc.

The Artifice.



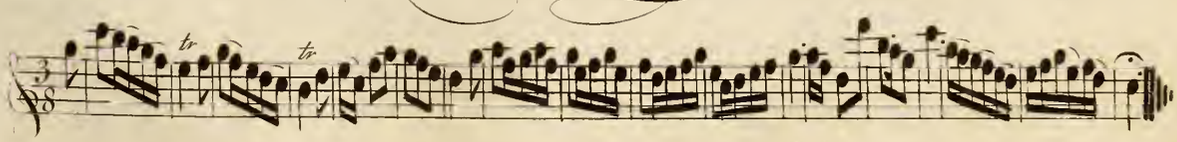
The Maidens are coy, They'll pish & they'll fie,
And vow if your rude they will call:
But wisper so low, That they let us know,
It is all Artifice all, it is all Artifice &c.

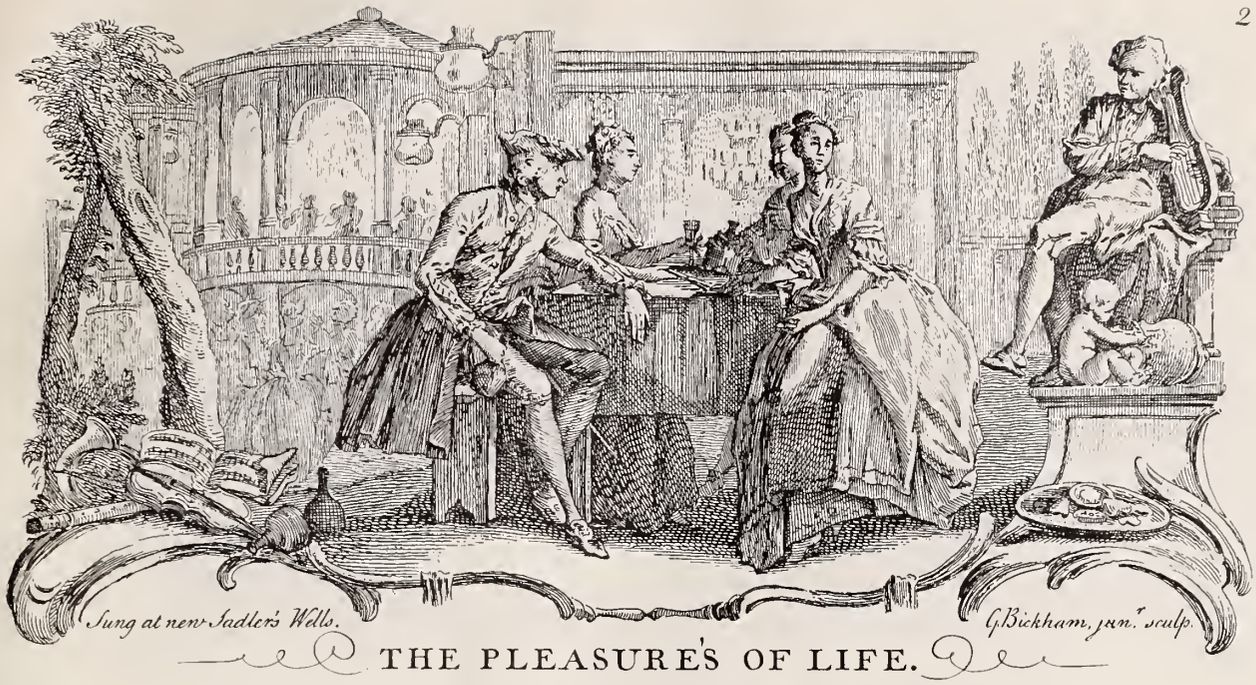
My dear our Wives cry, When ever you die,
Oh Marry again we nèer shall,
But in less than a Year, They make it appear,
It is all Artifice all, it is all Artifice &c.

In matters of State And Party Debate,
For Church & for Justice we Bawll:
But if you attend, You'll find in the end,
It is all Artifice all, it is all Artifice &c.

FOR

the Flute.





THE PLEASURE'S OF LIFE.

To the Right Hon.ble y.e Earl of SCARBOROUGH *These four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.*

Save Women & Wine, there is nothing in Life, that can Bribe honest Souls to endure it, Save Women & Wine, there's nothing in Life that can Bribe honest Souls to endure it.

When y.e Heart is perplext, & Surrounded with care, dear Women & Wine only cure it, When y.e Heart is perplext, & Surrounded w.th care, dear Women & Wine, dear Women & Wine, dear Wo.n & Wine only cure it.

Come on then my Boys well have Women & Wine,
And wisely to purpose employ them,
Come on then &c.
He's a Fool that refuses such Blessings Divine,
Whilst Vigour & Health can enjoy them,
He's a Fool &c.
As Women & Wine, dear Women & Wine,
Whilst Vigour & Health can enjoy them.

Our Wine shall be Old bright & Sound my dear Jack,
To heighten our Amorous Fires,
Our Wine &c.
Our Girls young & Sound, & shall kiss with a smack,
And shall gratify all our Desires,
Our Girls &c.
The Bottles well Crack, & the Girls we will Smack,
And Gratify all our Desires.

FLUTE.

The Darling Topers.

For two Voices by Mr Carey. G. Bickham jun^r. sculp.

Here's to thee my Boy, My darling my Joy, For a Toper I love as my Life, I love as my Life; Who

Here's to the my Boy, My darling my Joy, for a Toper I love as my Life; Who

ne'er Baulks his Glass, Nor Cries like an Ass, To go home to his Mistress or Wife, To go ho---me to his Mistress or Wife.

ne'er Baulks his Glass, Nor Cries like an Ass, To go home to his Mistress or Wife, To go ho---me to his Mistress or Wife.

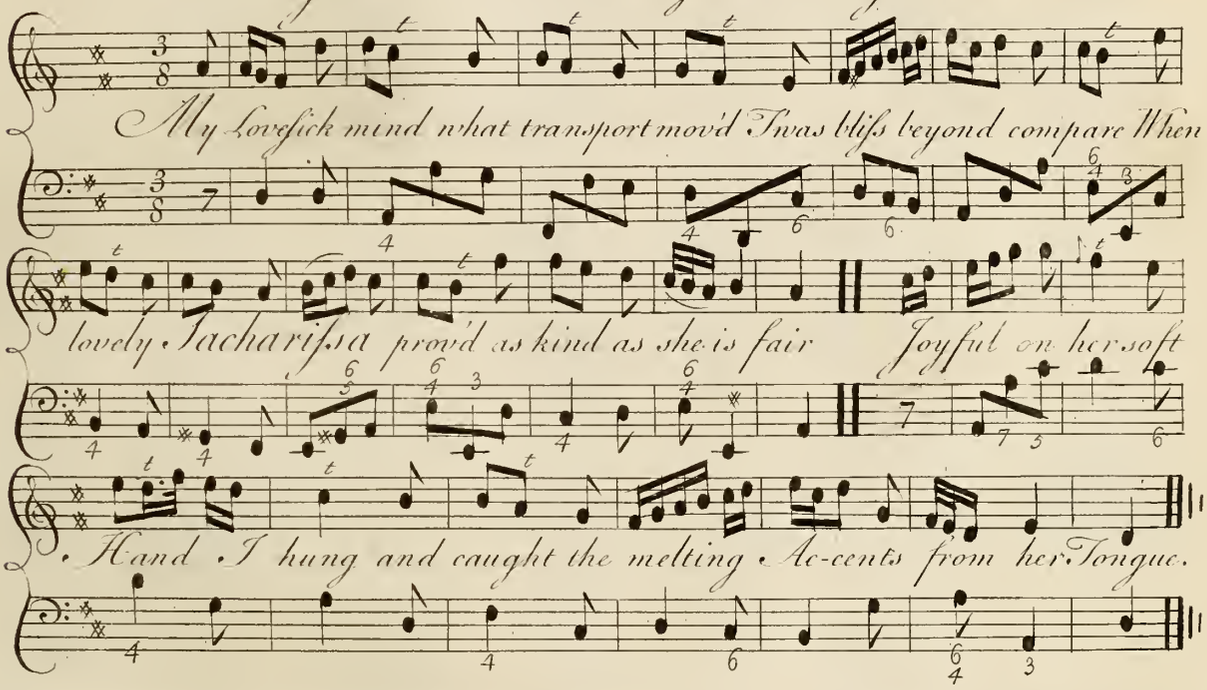
But heartily Quaffs,
Sings Catches & Laughs,
All the Night he looks Jovial & Gay,
Looks Jovial & Gay;
When Morning appears,
Then homeward he Steers,
To Snore out the rest of the Day,
To Sno---re out ye rest of the Day.

He feels not y^e Cares,
The Griefs or y^e Fears,
That the Sober too often attend,
To often attend;
Nor knows he a Loss,
Disturbance or Cross,
Save the want of his Bottle & Friend,
Save y^e wa---nt of his Bottle & Friend.

FLUTE.

G. Bickham jun.r sculp. Set by Sig.r Bliondoracellini.

On Sacharissa. Adress'd to Miss A—H

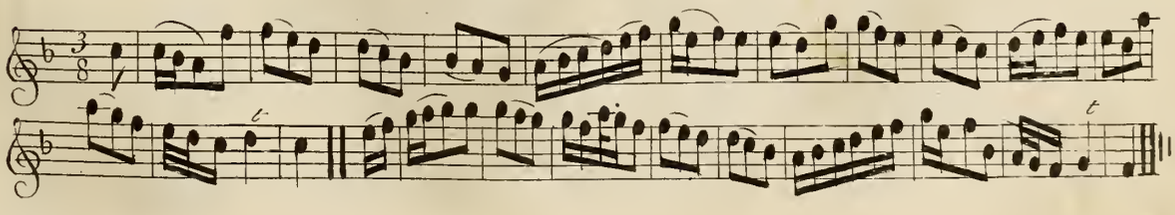


The more I gaz'd on that fair Face
I more & more admir'd,
For still some new discover'd grace
My rapturd bosom fird,
Happy we sat & talk'd and Lov'd
I sigh'd & woo'd & kist & she-approv'd.

Whilst Sacharissa true remain'd
Each former Love was flown
I all the Sex but her disdain'd
And liv'd for her alone
True as the Needle to the Pole
I turn'd to her y.e Magnet of my Soul.

But since no more y.e once fond heart
With equal Ardour burns
Like mine no longer dreads to part
Nor Love for her returns
Grant me ye Gods if such there be —
A Nymph more constant not less fair y.n she.

For the Flute.



Poor Children Three. As Sung by Mr. Leguar.

Poor Children three, Poor... Chil..dren three, devour did he, devour..... did he, y^t could not

with him grapple, grap..... ple but at one sup he

eat them up he..... eat them up as one would eat an Apple.....

.....ple but at one sup he eat 'em up as one would eat an Apple an Ap.....

.....ple.

For the Flute.

G. Bickham jun.r sculp. Sung by Mrs Vincent in ye Northern Lass.

THE Northern Lad's Complaint.

To his Grace ye Duke of ATHOE These four Plates are humbly Inscribd.

A bonny Northern Lad, as ever walkt ye streets of Edin-borough Town, Or wore a silken Plad or daughty

Daggar by his side, forlorn and wretched made by Moggs Lawd disdain and killing frown, upon a bank was

laid close by the pleasant River Tweed. Oh cruel Love, poor Jockey cryd of Joy — thou robst my Life, whilst

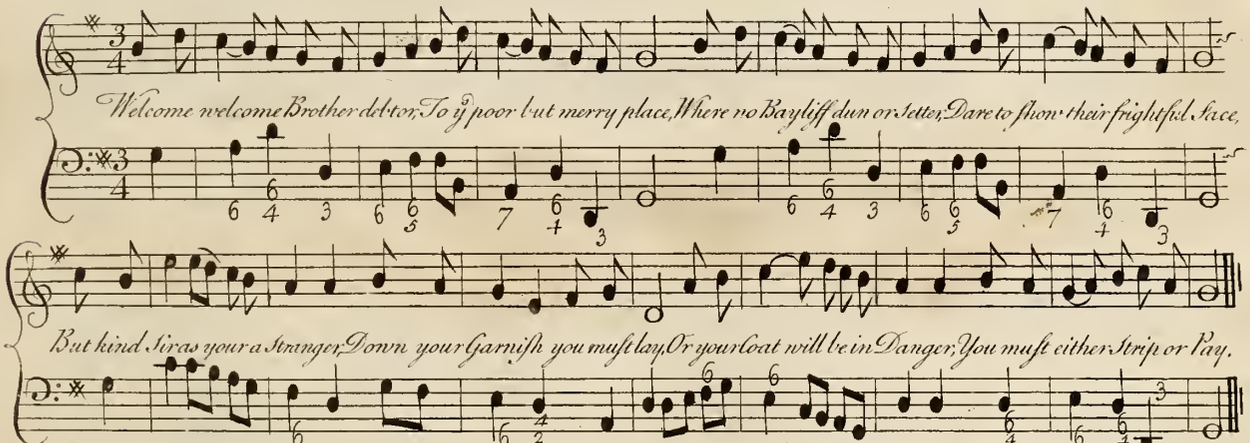
Moggy runs away and frowns, & will not be — my wife, in vain the Shepherds pipe and Sing, in

vain to smiles the flow — ry spring, since love can now no comfort bring, come come sweet death & end ye strife.

For the Flute.

D

Debtor's welcome to their Brother.

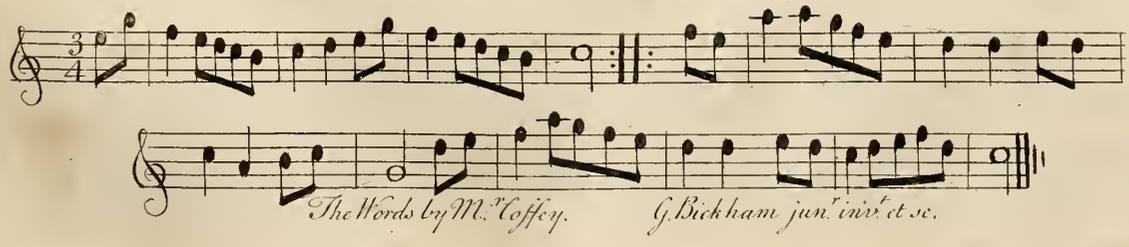


Neer Repine at your Confinement, —
From your Children or your Wife, —
Wisdom lyes in true Refinement, —
Thro' ye various scenes of Life, —
Scorn to show the least Resentment,
Tho' beneath ye frowns of fate, —
Knaves & Beggers find Contentment,
Fears and Cares attend the Great. —

Tho' our Creditto's are spightful, —
And restrain our Body's here, —
Use will make a Goal delightful,
Since there's nothing else to fear,
Every Island's but a Prison, —
Strongly Gaurded by the Sea,
Kings & Princes for that Reason,
Prisoners are as well as we. —

What was it made great Alexander,
Weep at his unfriendly fate, —
'Twas because he could not Wander, —
Beyond ye World's strong Prison gate, —
For the World is also bounded, —
By the Heavens and Stars above, —
Why should we then be confounded, —
Since there's nothing free but Love.

For the Flute.



The Words by Mr. Coffey. G. Bickham jun.r inv.t et sc.

Tho' beauty like the Rose, That smiles on polworth Green, In various Colours

shows As 'tis by Fancy seen; Yet all it's different glories lie, Uni--ted in thy

Face, And Virtue like the Sun on high, Gives ray to ev'ry Grace.

So Charming is her air,
So smooth so calm her Mind,
That to some Angel's care,
Each motion seems assigned;
But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay,
The joyful moments fly,
As if for Wings they Stole ye ray,
She darteth from her Eyes.

Kind am'rous Cupids, while
With tuneful Voice she sings,
Perfume her breath and smile,
And wave their balmy Wing,
But as the tender blushes rise,
Soft innocence doth warm,
The Soul in blissful extasies,
Dissolveth in the Charm.

Flute.

Moore in Armour, to fight y^e Dragon.

Oh I woud not for any Money, this vile Beast should kill my honey,

better kiſs me gentle Knight, than n^th Dragons fierce, to fight.

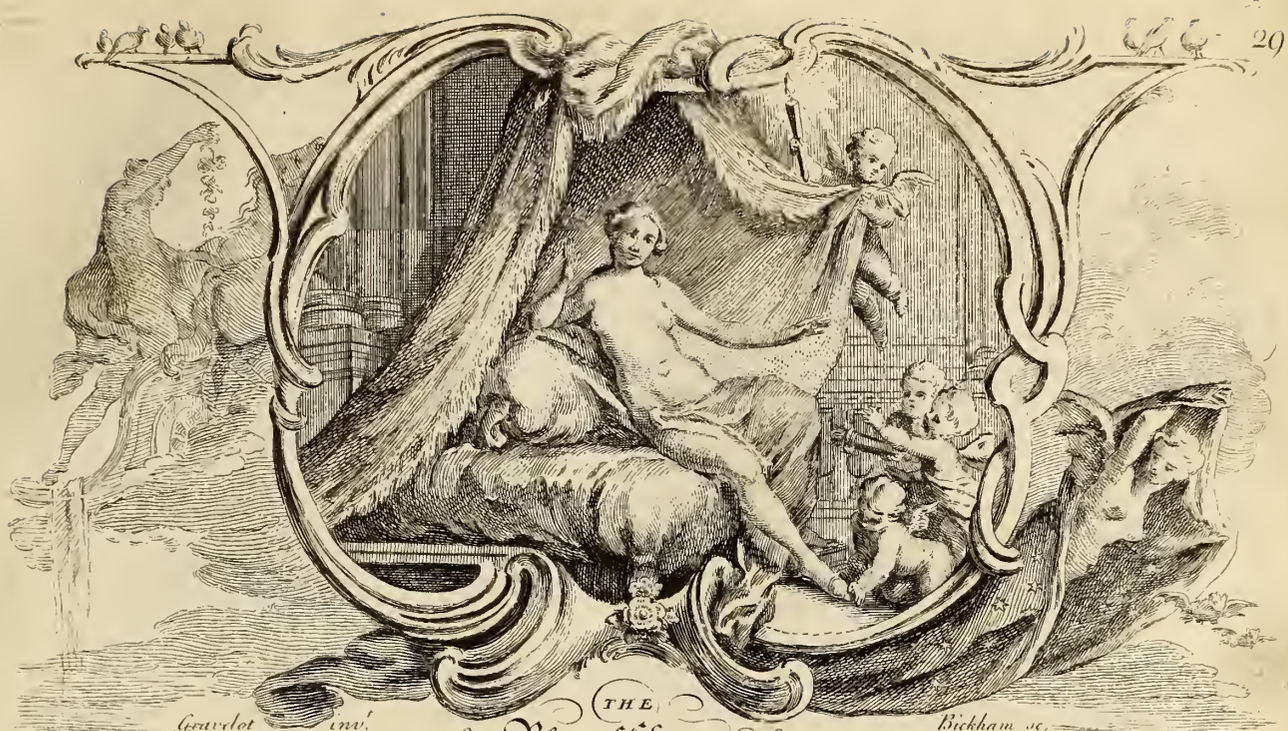
Oh I woud not for a-----ny Money this vile Beast should kill my honey

better kiſs me gentle Knight, better kiſs me gentle Knight, than n^th Dragons fierce to

fight, than with Dragons fierce to fight. D.C.

For the Flute.

40



Gravelot inv. Bickham sc.

THE Blaze of Charms.

To y^e R^t Honble y^e Lord ABERGAVENNY. These four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.

Affettuoso.

The deep'ning Shadows were with-drawn, from Slumbers nature seem'd to rise,

And Sol slow mounting from the Dawn, Diffus'd his radiance o'er ye Skies. When lo! Clarinda's

blaze of charms, breaks pow'rful round my wond'ring Eye, Swift beats my heart, I'm all alarms in

sweet a-maze I faint I die. O Pheebus boast no more thy Pow'r e-clips'd by Beauty's brighter

ray, But hide thee in y^e realms of night, Cla-rin-da will bring on the Day.

FLUTE.

Pub. Mr. Vincent.

Collin's farewell to Grisy.

With broken words, & down cast eyes, Poor Collin spoke his passion tender, And parting with his

Grisy cries, Ah! woe's my Heart that we shou'd sunder. To others I am cold as Snow; But kindle wth thine

Eyes like tender, From thee with pain, I'm forc'd to goe; It breaks my Heart that we shou'd sunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I can not range,
No beauty new, my Love shall hinder;
Nor time, nor place, shall ever change
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder:
The image of thy graceful Air, —
And beauty, that invites our wonder;
Thy ready wit, and prudence rare, —
Shall e'er be present, tho we sunder.

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

FLUTE.

Jenney the Pedler, & Amorous Jockey.

When Jockey first I saw, my Soul was charm'd, To see ye bonney Lad so blith, so bli-

....th & gay, My Heart did beat, it being alarm'd, That I to Jockey nought, nought could Say.

At last, I courage took, & Passion quite forsook, And told ye bonney Lad his charms I felt, He

then did smile, with a Pleasing look And told me Jenney in his Arms, his Arms could melt.

For the Flute.

Moore fighting with ye Dragon.

Oh hoh Master Moore you Son of a whore I wish I had known your tricks before. I wish I had known your tricks before; Oh hoh Master Moore you Son of a whore, I wish I had known your tricks before, you Son of a whore..... ---I wish I had known your tricks before, before I..... wish I had known your tricks before.

For the Flute.

Set by Mr Vincent. G. Bickham. delin. sc.

Beauties Decay.

To ye Right Hon^r ye Countess of SUNDERLAND *these 4 Plates are humbly Inscribd.*

As the Snow in Vallies lying Phœbus his warm beams ap-

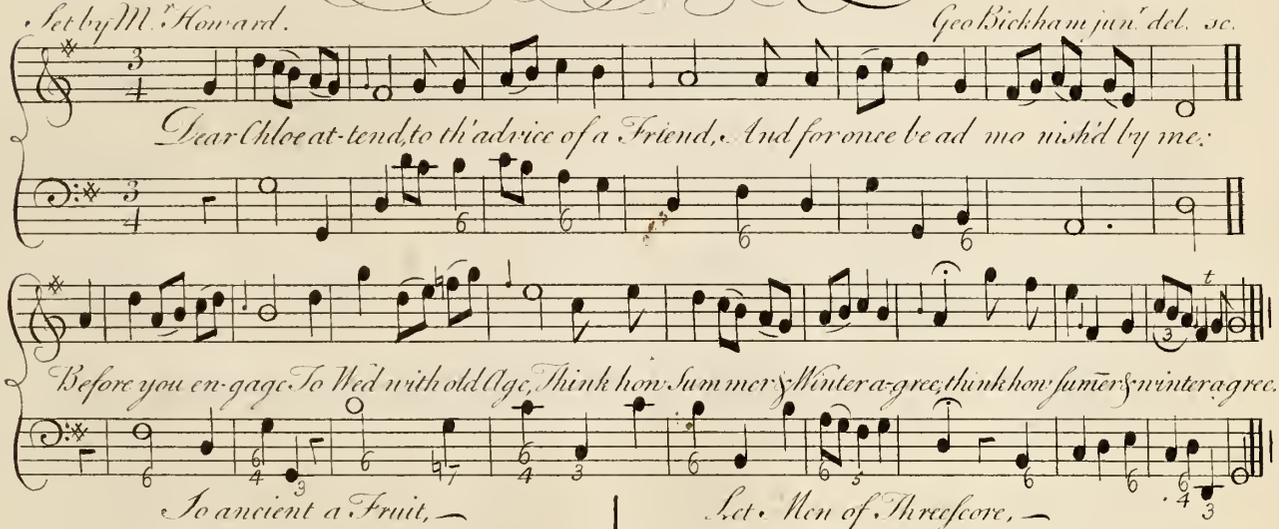
plying Soon dissolves and runs a-way So the beauties so the Graces

Of the most bewitching Faces At aproaching Age decay.

FOR THE FLUTE.

Chloe Admonished.

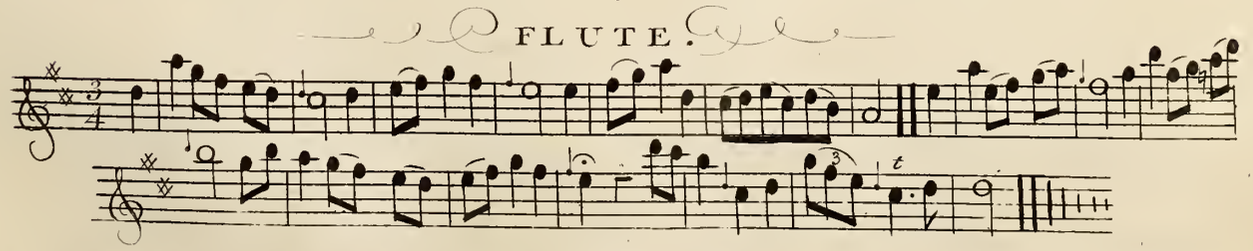
Set by Mr. Howard. Geo Bickham jun. del. sc.



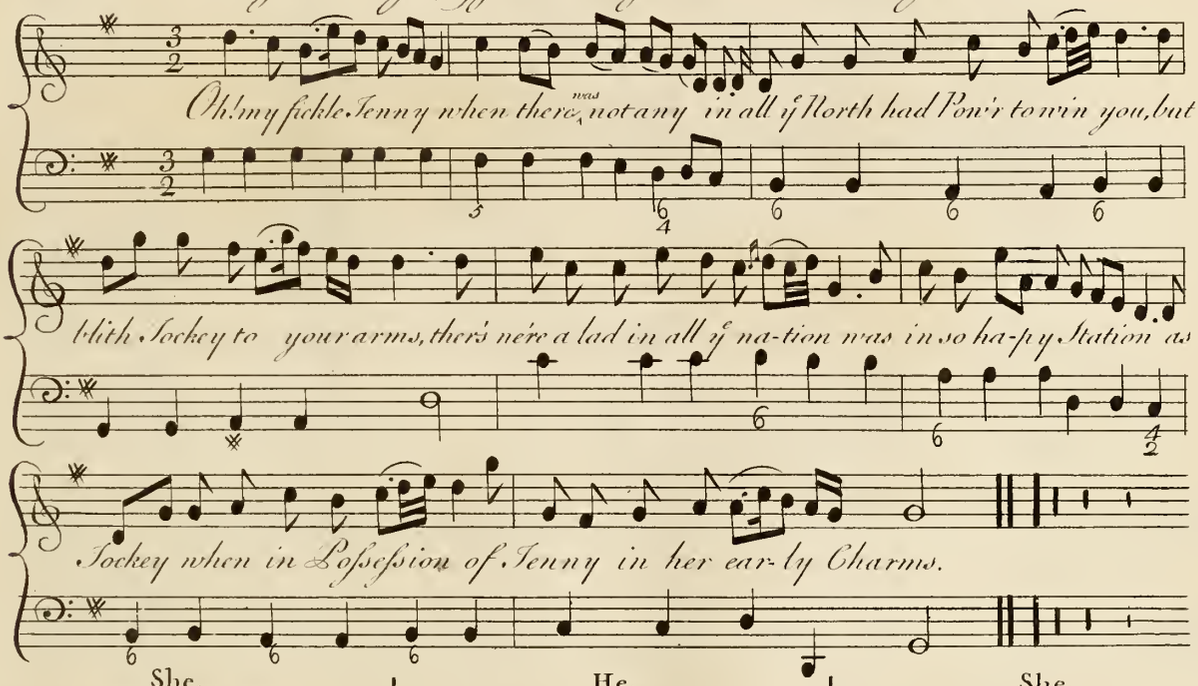
So ancient a Fruit,
For want of a Root,
Is doom'd to a speedy decay;
Youth might ripen your charms,
But old Age in young Arms,
Is like Frosty Weather in May.
Believe me dear Maid,
When ye best Cards are play'd,
You seldom can meet with a Trump;
And to help the Jest on,
When the Sucker is gone,
What a Plague would you do w.th a Pump!

Let Men of Threescore,
Think of Wedlock no more,
They need not be fond of that Noose;
The Cripple that begs,
Without any Legs,
Can have no occasion for Shoes.
A Clock out of repair,
Does but badly declare,
The Hour of ye Day or the Night;
For unless my dear Love,
The Pendulum move,
'Twou'd be strange if the Clock shou'd go right.

FLUTE.



Fickle Jenny & Jockey, a Dialogue.



She.

Had you still Carress'd me
As when first you press'd me
No other Lad had e'er possess'd me
But I still your own had been
Had none ever been in Logue w' ye
Had you let none else Collogue ye
Nor wandred after Katherine Ogie
I had speed as well as any Queen.

He.

Moggy of Dumferling
Is my only Darling
She sing as sweet as any Starling
And Dances with a Bonny Air
Moggy is so kind and tender
Was fate ready now to end her
And from y stroke I could defend her
I'd die but I would Moggy spare.

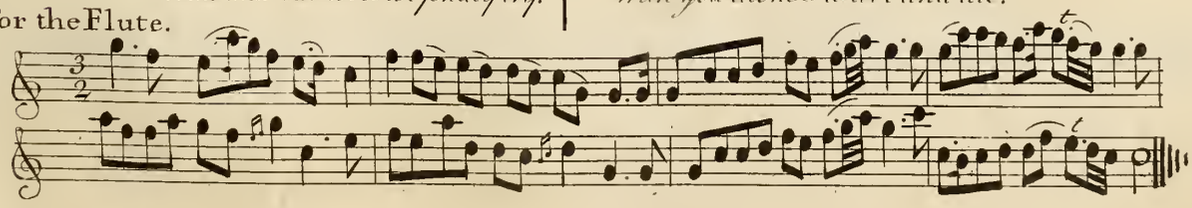
She.

Sawny me Carresses
Whose Bagpipe so pleases
That my poor heart nere at ease is
Unless we are together blith
O! I so heartily befriend him
Was fate really now to end him
And from y stroke I could defend him
Ten thousand time I'd suffer death.

He. Come lets leave this fooling
My hearts never cooling
But Jennys charms are ever ruling
And thus our loves we fondly try.

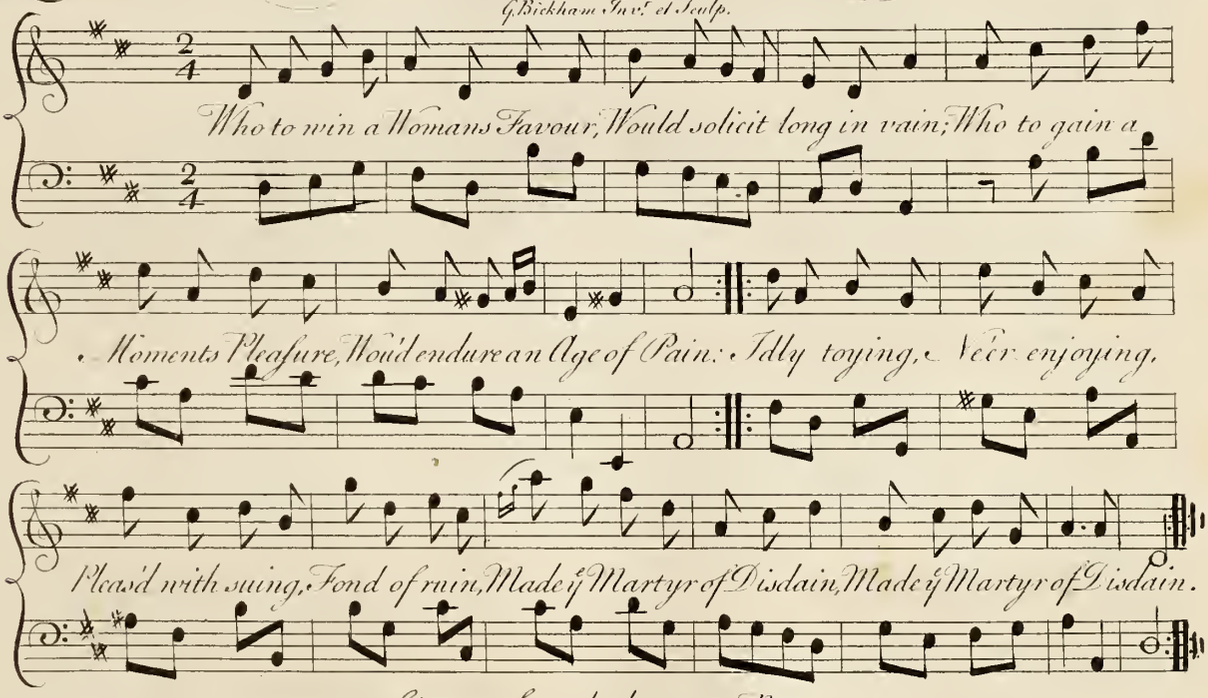
She. Would you to your Arms restore me
Should all y Lords of th' Land adore me
Ney our good King himself for me
With you alone I'd live and die.

For the Flute.



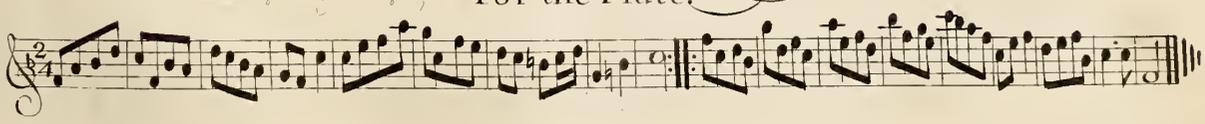
The Rover.

G. Bickham Inv.t et Sculp.



Give me Love the beauteous Rover,
Whom a gen'ral Passion warms;
Fondly blessing evry Lover,
Frankly proffring all her charms:
Never flying,
Still complying,
Train'd to please you,
Glad to ease you,
Circled in her Snowy Arms.

For the Flute.



Recitative.

See from ye silent Grove Alexis flyes & seeks, with evry pleasing Art, to ease ye pain wch lovely Eyes cre-ated in his Heart; To shining theatres he now repairs, to learn Camella's moving Airs, where thus to Musicks powr ye Swain addressd his Prayrs.

Slow.

Aria.

Charming sounds ye sweetly languish, Musick O con-pose my anguish, evry passion yields to thee, evry pas-sion yields to thee, Charming sounds ye sweetly languish, Musick O compose my Anguish, evry passion yields to thee, evry pas - - - - - - - - - si-on yields to thee.

Phaebus quickly y: relieve me Cupid shall no more deceive me I'll to Sprightlyer Joys be

Recit

free to Sprightlyer Joys I'll be free, I'll to Sprightlyer Joys be free, Apollo heard y: foolish swain; he

S:

DC

knew n: Daphne once he lov'd how weak t'assuage an Am'rous pain his own harmonious art had

provid & all his healing herbs how vain y: thus he strikes y: speaking strings Preluding to his Voice = = & sings

Aria.

Cimbalo.

Violoncello.

Sounds tho' charming can't relieve thee sounds tho'

charming can't relieve thee do not Shephard then de-ceive thee Musick is the voice of

Love Musick is the Voice of Love; Sounds tho' charming can't re leive thee

do not Shephard then de-ceive thee Musick is the Voice of Love, Musick is thee

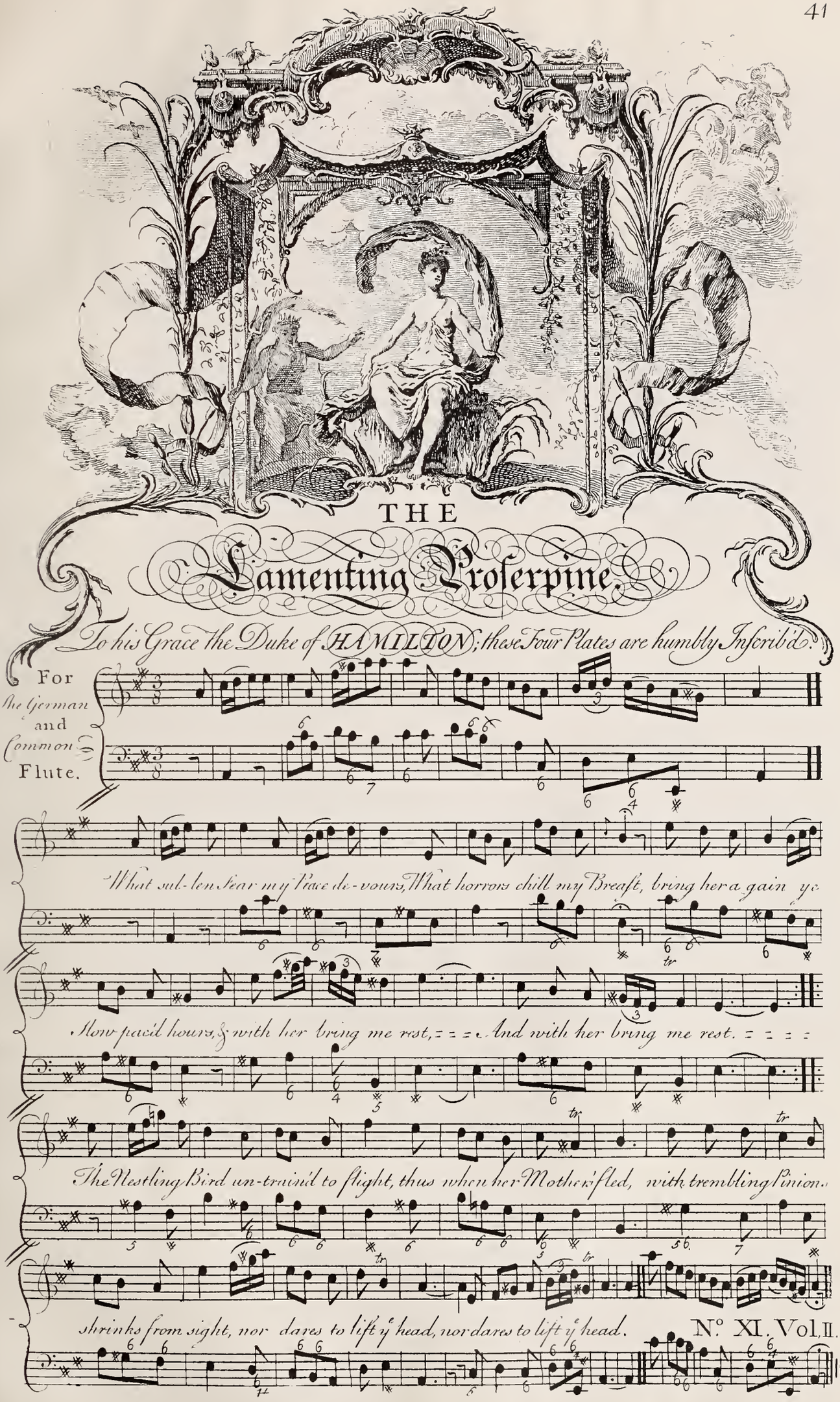
Voice of Love . Musick is the Voice of Love

If y tender Maid believe thee

Soft re-lent-ing kind con-sent-ing will a...lone thy pain re...move will a...lone the

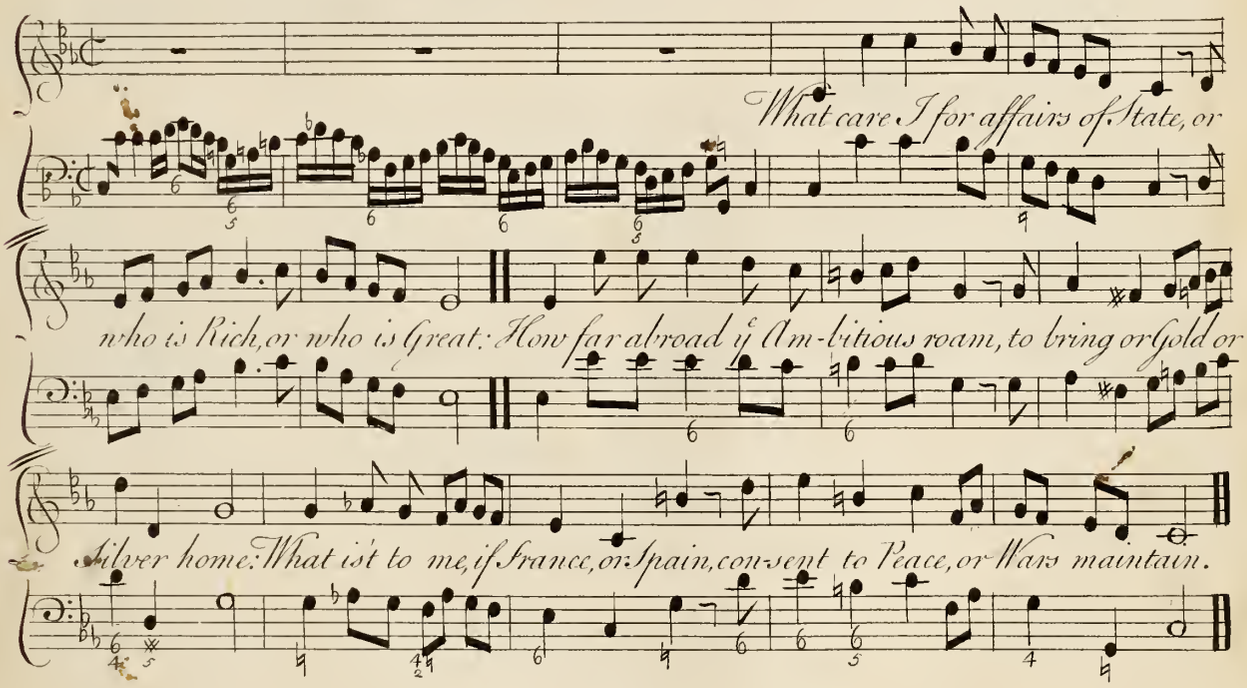
pain re...move . Soft re-lent-ing kind con-sent-ing will a...lone thy pain re...move.

DsC ꝑo


THE
Lamenting Proserpine.
To his Grace the Duke of HAMILTON; these Four Plates are humbly Inscribd.
For the German and Common Flute.
What sul-len fear my Peace de-vours, What horrors chill my Breast, bring her a gain ye
Slow pacid hours, & with her bring me rest, = = = = And with her bring me rest. = = = =
The Nestling Bird un-trainid to flight, thus when her Mother fled, with trembling Pinions
shrinks from sight, nor dares to lift ye head, nor dares to lift ye head.
N°. XI. Vol. II.

Set by Mr. Carey. G. Bickham In. Sc.

THE Contented Farmer.



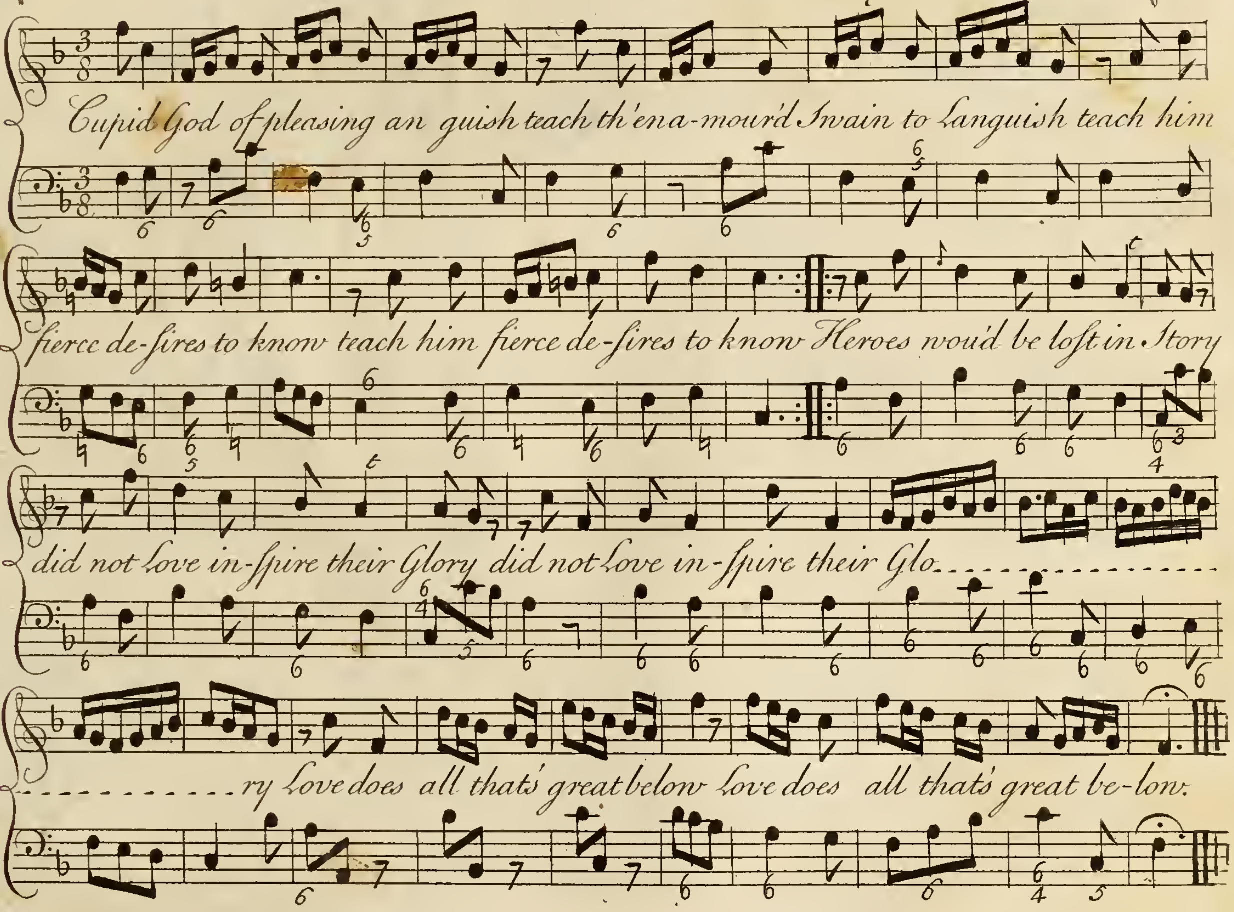
I pay my Taxes, Peace or War;
And wish all well at Gibralter;
But mind a Cardinal no more
Than any other Scarlet Whore;
Grant me ye Pow'rs but health & rest,
And let who will the World contest.

Near some smooth Stream, oh let me keep, my li-ber-ty & feed my Sheep; A shady walk well lin'd w.th Trees, a Garden with a range of Bees; an Orchard which good Apples bears, where Spring a long green Mantle wears.

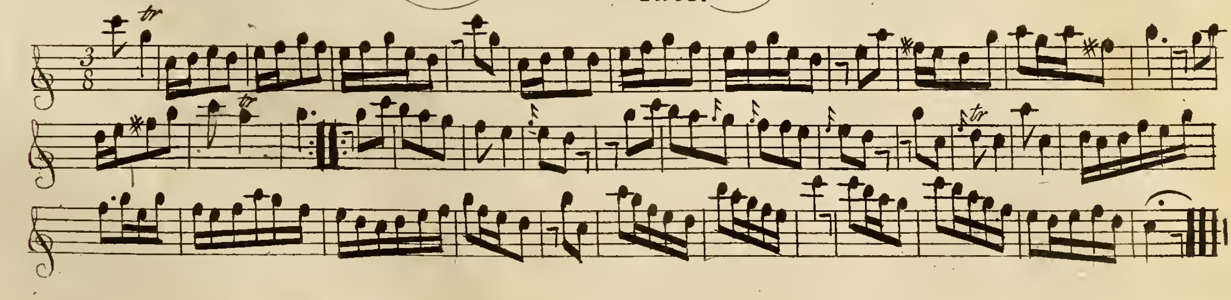
Where Winters never are severe,
Good Barly Land, to make good Beer,
With Entertainment for a Friend,
To spend in peace my latter end,
In honest ease, & home spun gray,
And let ye Evening Crown ye Day.

For the Flute.

Helen Charms D.r Fauſtus.



For the Flute.



The Banquet.

To the Right Hon.ble the Lord WALPOLE these Four Plates are humbly Inscribd.

Fill ye Bowl w.th flowing measure Till it Sparkles o'er ye brim The Grave of care ye Spring of

Fill ye Bowl w.th flowing measure Till it Sparkles o'er ye brim The Grave of care ye Spring of

pleasure's When the brain in Nector swim Fill ye bowl w.th Gen'rous Wine ye & Woman alone refine & raise

pleasure's When the brain in Nector swim Fill ye bowl w.th Gen'rous Wine ye & Woman alone refine & raise

Mor--tals and raise Mor--tals to Divine Crown with beauty all your Glasses Beauty

Mor--tals and raise Mor--tals to Divine Crown with beauty all your Glasses Beauty

best our pleasure's guides Give us but Wine & blooming Lasses Take back ye Gods all Gifts besides.

best our pleasure's guides Give us but Wine & blooming Lasses Take back ye Gods all Gifts besides.

G Bickham jun.r sculp. The Musick by Mr. W.m Fisher at Hereford.

THE

Northern Lass.

Come take your Glass ye Northern Lass so prettily advised, I drank her

Health, & realy was A-gree-a-bly Surprizd, Her Shape so neat, her Voice so sweet, her

Air and Mein so free, The Syren charm'd me from my Meat, but take your Drink said she.

If from the North such Beauty comes,
How is it that I feel;
Within my Breast ye glowing Flame,
No Tongue can e'er reveal;
Tho cold & raw ye North Wind blows,
All Summer's on her Breast,
Her Skin was like the driven Snow;
But Sun-shine all ye rest.

Her Heart may southern Climates melt,
Tho Frozen now it seems;
That Joy with Pain be equal felt,
And ballanc'd in Extreams;
Then like our genial Wine shall charm,
With Love my panting Breast;
Me, like our Sun her Heart shall warm,
Be Ice to all the rest.

FLUTE.

The Pensive Swain.

From ye Spectator. G. Bickham junr. sc.

My time O ye Muses was Hap-pily Spent, when Phebe went with me where e-ver I went;
Ten thousand sweet Pleasures I felt in my Breast, sure never fond Shepherd like Collin was bleft:

But now she is gone & has left me be hind, what a marvellous change on a Sudden I find, when
things were as fine as could possibly be, I thought 'twas the Spring but a-las! it was She.

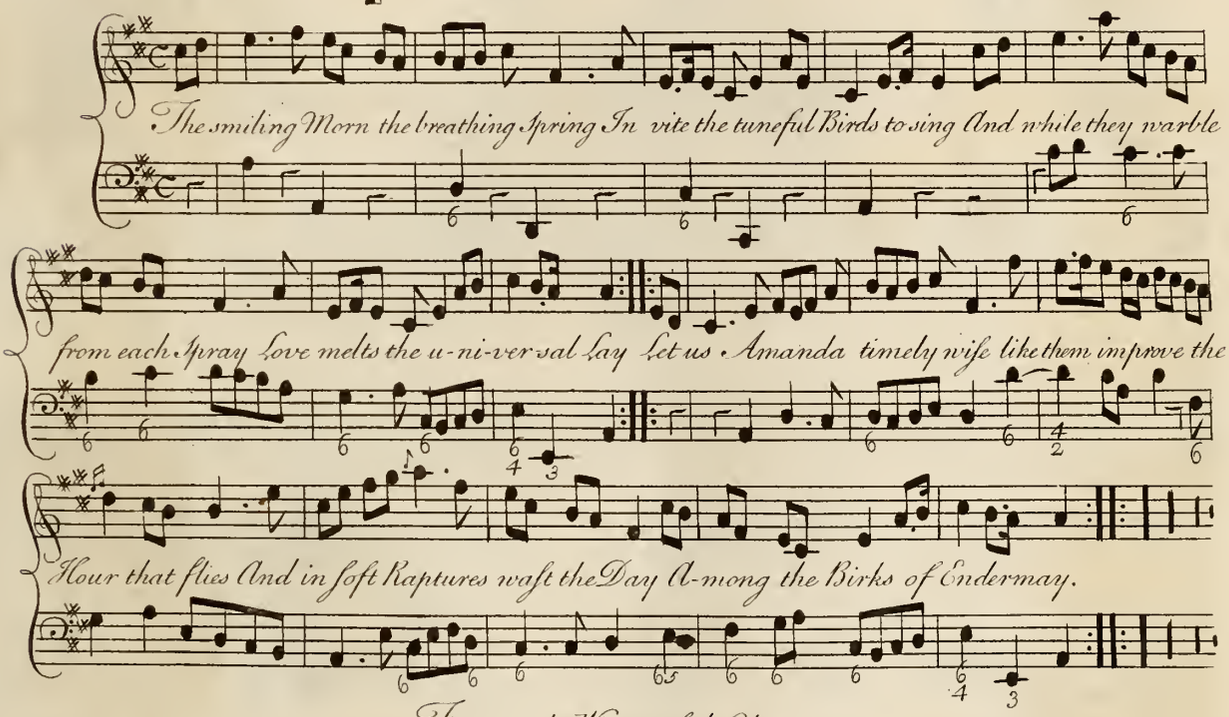
With such a Companion to tend a few Sheep,—
To rise up and Play, or to lye down and Sleep,—
I was so good humoured so chearful and gay,—
My Heart was as light as a Feather all day,—
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,—
So strangely uneasy as never was known,—
My fair one is gone & my Joys are all drownd,—
And my Heart - I am sure it weighs more ye a Pound.

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

FLUTE.

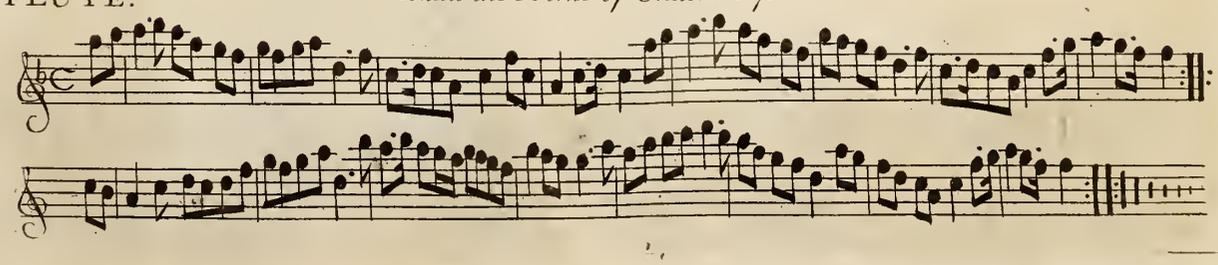
THE

Perſwaſive Lover.



For ſoon the Winter of the Year
And Age Lifes Winter will appear
At this thy living Bloom will fade
As that will ſtrip the Verdant Shade
Our Taſt of Pleaſure then is o'er
The feathered Songſtres love no more
And when they droop and we decay
Adieu the Birks of Endermay.

FLUTE.



Strephon Inflamed.

To the Rt. Hon.ble the Lord CASTLEMAIN these four Plates are humbly Inscribed.

Whilst Wanton Cupids round me Fly, & Charm my Soul with new de-sire.

In Vain to Bacchus I ap-ply, for Wine still makes ye Flame grow higher;

To Struggle farther twere in vain, Or of my Fate complain, None ye true

Joys of Love can taste; But those who meet with Pain.

For the Flute.

What Lives are so Empty as those of the Fair
Who scarcely one Moment from pleasure can spare
Just Leave to their husbands Reflexion and Care
Such then is the life of a Belle &c

The Rites at Noon are just slipt on a Gown
Takes a Chair to the Door and away round the Town
Two meets about two in the park is set down
Such &c

The Bribe up the Hall & soon joins with the rest
Of each mistakes great pr. the meals makes her Jest
Then too or more hound & a song to be great
Such &c

The Dinner & dropping Embroidery her bill for
Whilst Troublesome Tradesmen for Admittance Beg Place
But a rap at the Door soon procures a Reprieve
Such &c

The Dawn attends either High Church or Low
Or Dorset is Absent when other Belles go
Or Scruples to Drag if the Fashion be so
Such &c

All Morning the Visits Drains Tea Plays Lapt Dog
Meets all the Beaus and what Scandal the Town
Into Wonders Curiosity Calls to Find, of a Man
Such &c

Plays Balls & Masquerades every night in Alleys
Sometimes Travelling with a few female Friends
Sometimes in Secret — Bad Cards my Long Lines.
Such Such is the life you Lead a Belle
Such Such is the life of a Belle

G. Bickham sc.

THE BEAU.

Sung by Mr. Clive.

How brimful of Nothings ye Life of a Beau, they've Nothing to think of they've Nothing to do, Nor they've Nothing to talk of for Nothing they know; Such such is the Life of a Beau, a Beau a Beau, Such such is the Life of a Beau.

For Nothing they rise but to draw ye fresh Air,
Spend ye Morning in Nothing but curling their Hair;
And do Nothing all Day but sing santer & stare,
Such, such is ye Life of a Beau.

For Nothing at Night to ye Playhouse they croud,
For to mind Nothing done there they always are proud,
But to bow, & to grin, & talk – Nothing aloud,
Such, such is ye Life of a Beau.

For Nothing they run to th' Assembly & Ball,
And for Nothing at Cards a fair Partner call;
For they still must be beasted who've Nothing at all
Such, such is ye Life of a Beau.

For Nothing on Sundays at Church they appear,
For they've Nothing to hope nor they've Nothing to fear;
They can be Nothing no where who-Nothing are here:
Such, such is ye Life of a Beau.

FLUTE. Symp. Song.

The Maids Request.

G. Bickham jun.r sculp. Set by J. F. Lampe.

Glide swiftly on thou Silver Stream, Pur-sue the Lad I love;

In gentle Murmers tell my Flame, And try his Heart to move,

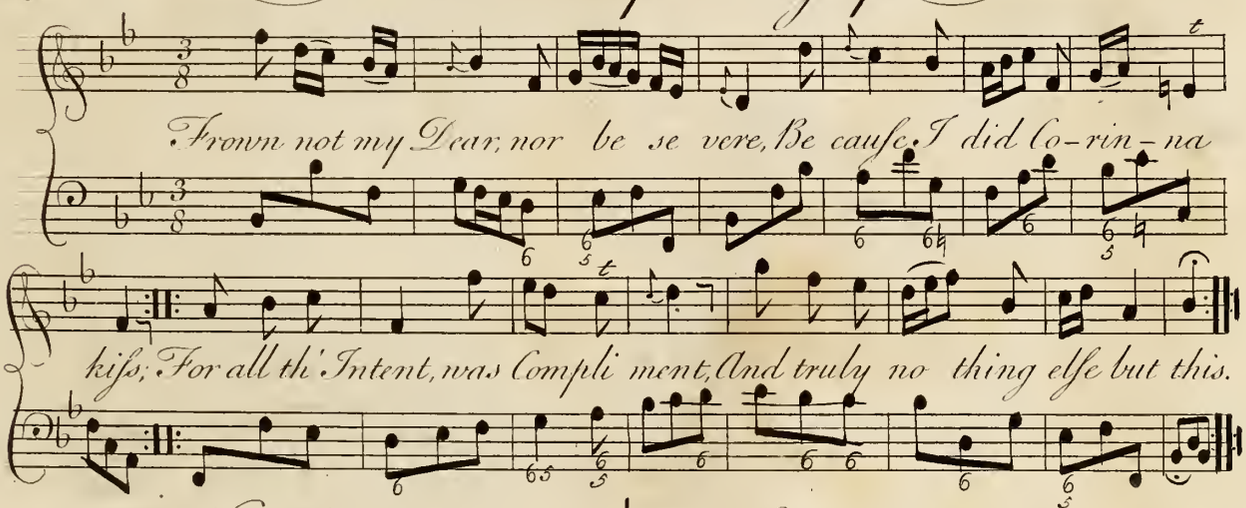
And try his Heart to move.

So may thy Banks be always Green,
Thy Chanel never Dry; —
If e'er thy Spring be failing Seen, —
My Tears shall that spply.

May guilded Carps thy surface skim,
In place of uselfs Weeds; —
May painted Flowers adorn thy Brim,
And Knots of bending Reeds.

FLUTE.

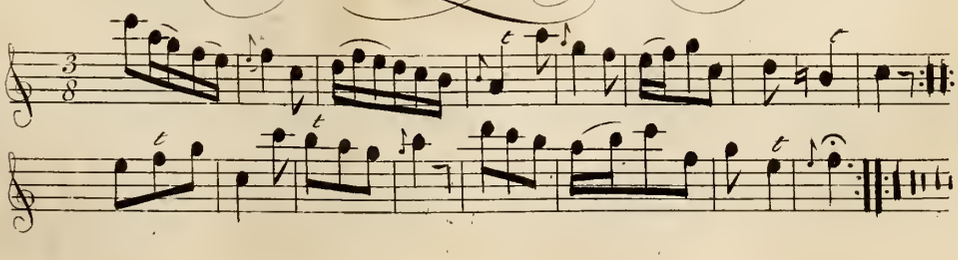
The Apology.



No single Charm,
Of hers can warm,
Like yours my whole devoted Heart;
She can't subdue,
My Soul like you,
Nor such Celestial Joy impart.

Call me not base,
In such a Case,
Nor misinterpert my Design;
For I aver,
I Love not her,
But am with Resignation thine.

For the Flute.



The Words by Capt. Morrice — Set by Mr. Leveridge.

Let Wine to Social Joys give Birth, Let Reason still be Crownd; With free yet, not Ungracious Mirth, Still let the Glass go round: Let's put (to purify our Joys) Indecency away; And shuning strife Dispute and Noise, Let's be discreetly Ga.....y, Let's be discreetly Gay.

Let's call to mind our cheif Affairs,
Nor make our Mirth a Crime;
Let's not defying usefull Cares,
Abolish Wealth and Time:

The Future only some pursue,
Some the Instant only prize;
But He, who gives to both their due,
Is only truly wi.....se.

For the Flute.

Gold a Receipt for Love.

When Love & Youth can-not make way, Nor with the Fair a-vail, To bend to

Cupids gen-tle Sway, What Ar . . . . . t,

What Art can then pre-vai - - l, What Art can then pre-vail.

Set by Mr. Monro.

2

I'll tell you Strephon a Receipt,
Of a most sovreign Pow'r,
If you the Stubborn would defeat,
Let drop a Golden Show'r.
Let drop &c.

3

This method tryd enamour'd Jove,
Before he could obtain,
The cold regardless Danae's Love,
Or conquer her Disdain.
Or conquer &c.

4

By Cupids self I have been told,
He never wounds a Heart;
So deep as when he tips with Gold,
The fatal piercing Dart.
The fatal &c.

Flute.

The True Lover.

Music by Mr Festing

Sent by an unknown hand.

Thy op'ning Bloom and so-----ftend Charms, None,

Clo--e, can more just-ly prize; But oh! thy gen--tle Good-nefs

warms Be-yond the Force of Brightest Eyes.

Like Flowrs y crown y youthful Spring
The liveliest Features soonest dye
And fickle Love on Invallon wing
Shall to new Suns in Winter fly.

But me thy Wit and Humour please
Thy Heav'nly Mind tis I adore
Whoever doats on Charms like thefe
Can never love Thee lefs nor more.

FLUTE.

857

THE

Young Lovers first Address.

Set by Mr Lampe.

Adagio.

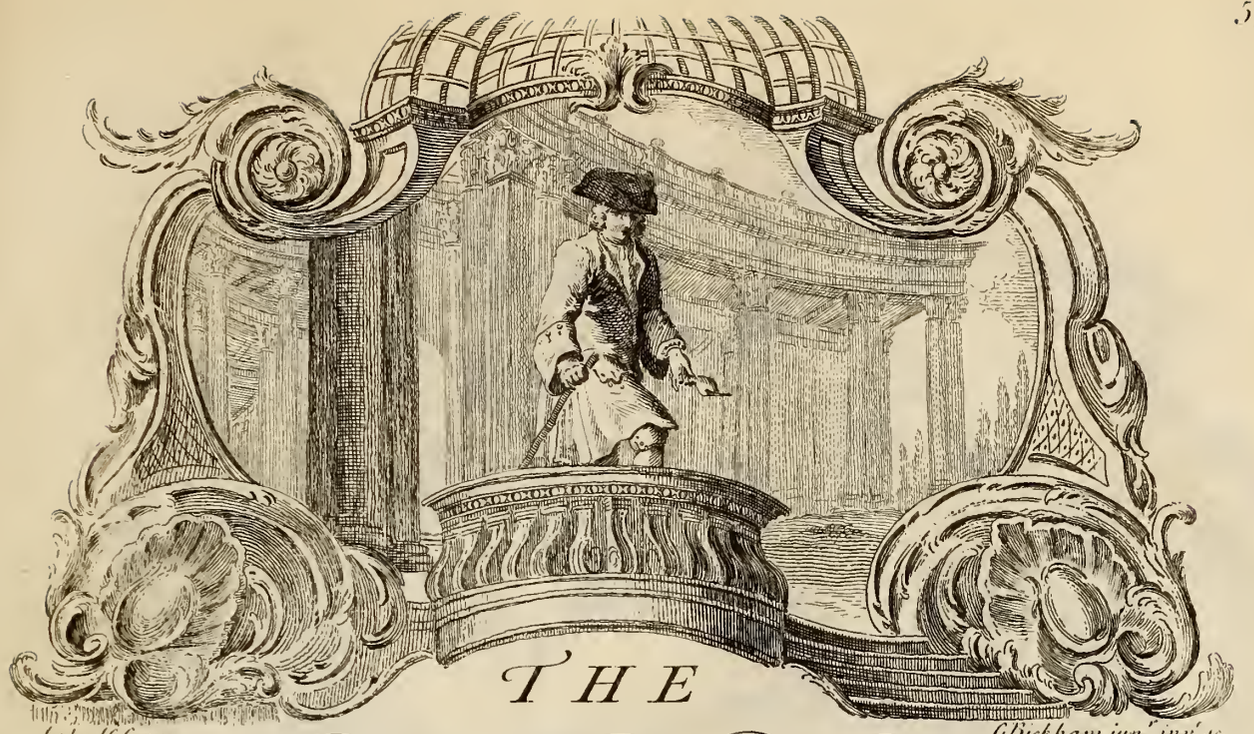
Charmer per--mit me to make a Sur--render, Of an un

artful and innocent Heart: Slight not my Pas--sion be cause it is

tender, Think on your Charms & you'l pit--ty my Smart.

You are the first that e'er made me to Languish,
And to the last I shall Love you alone;
As you occasion'd O pitty my Anguish,
And let your Smiles for your Rigour attone.

For the Flute.



THE LOVER.

To the Rt. Hon.ble Sackville Earl of Thanet, this Cantata is humbly Inscrib'd.

Recit.

I go to the Elisian Shade where sorrow ne'er shall wound me'r nothing

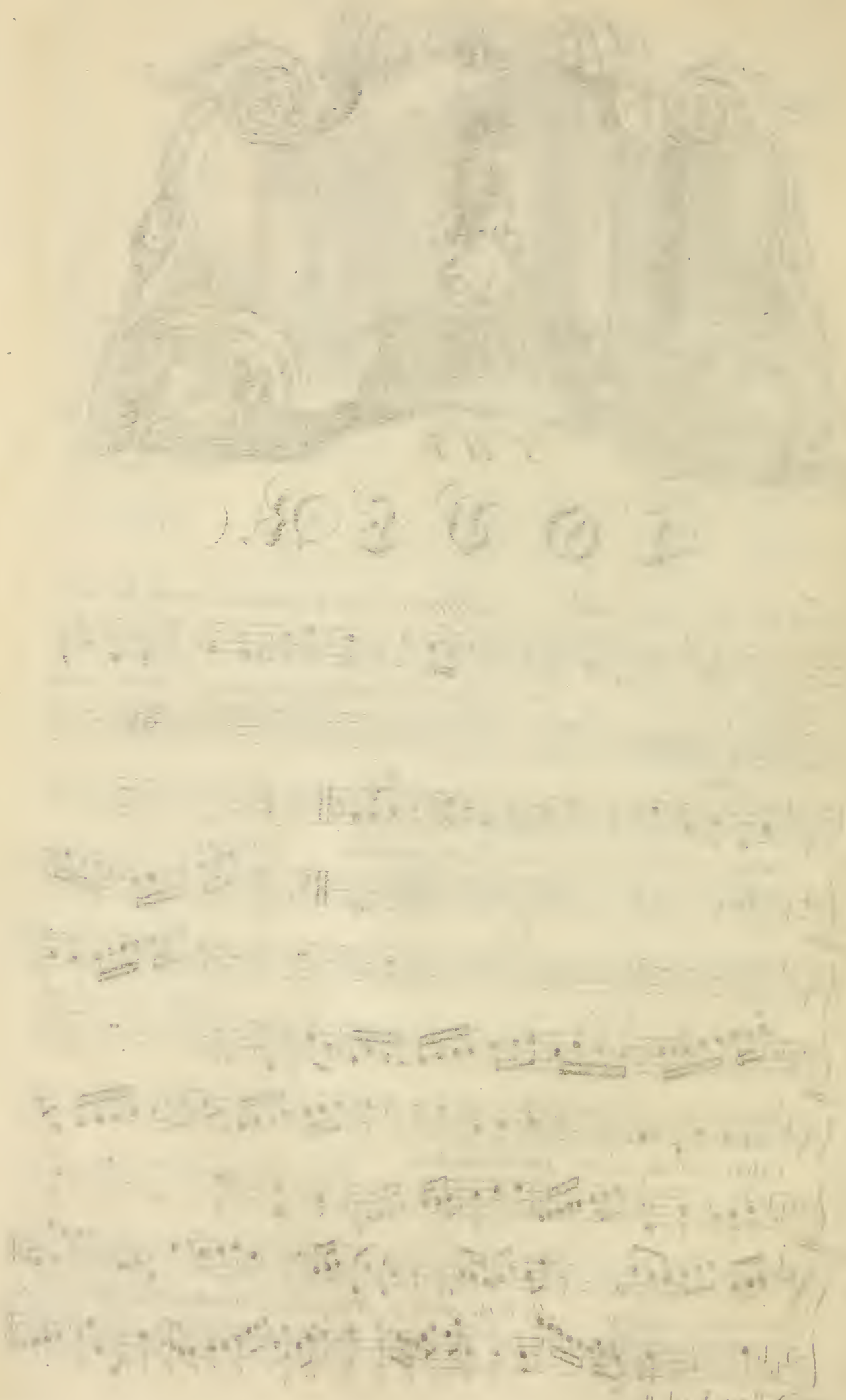
shall my rest invade but Joy shall still surround me

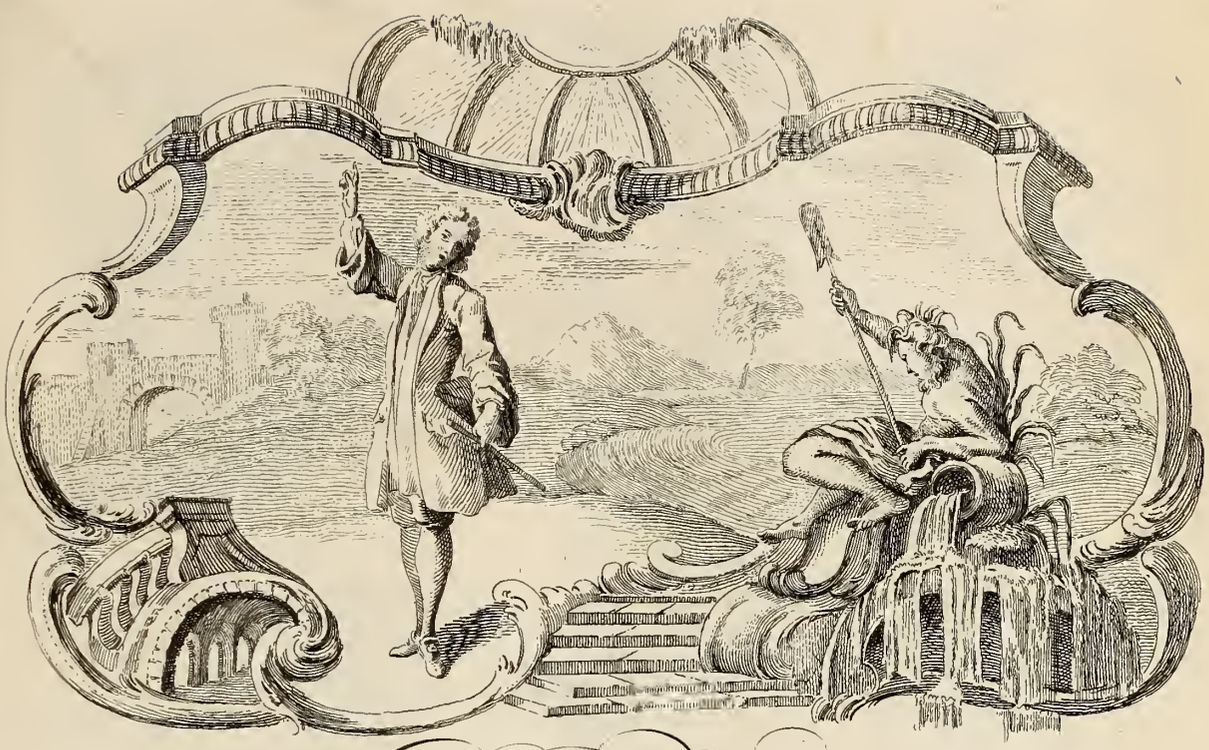
Allegro.

I fly ..... from

Celia's cold disdain from her disdain I fl .....

..... y She is the cause of all my Pain for her alone I die I die I die I die





Recitative.

Her Eyes are brighter than the Mid day Sun w he but half his radiant course has

run When his Maridian Glories gay..... ly Shine glad all nature w a wormth divine

See yonder Rivers flowing Tide w th now so full so full ap-pears which

now so full so full ap-pears, Those streams that do so sweetly glide those

Streams y do so sweetly glide are no..... thing no nothing but my Tears;

Recit.

There have I wept till I could weep no more & curs'd mine Eyes, & curs'd mine Eyes, when

they have shed their store, then like ye Clouds ye rob ye Azure Main I've drai . . . . . .

. . . . . nd the flood to weep it back a gain

Pitty my pains ye gentle Swains gentle Swains

pitty my pains pitty my pains pitty my pains ye gentle Swains Cover me wth Ice & snow

cover me wth Ice and Snow cover me wth Ice and Snow. I burn I

burn . . . . . I scorch I scorch I glow

Prestissimo.

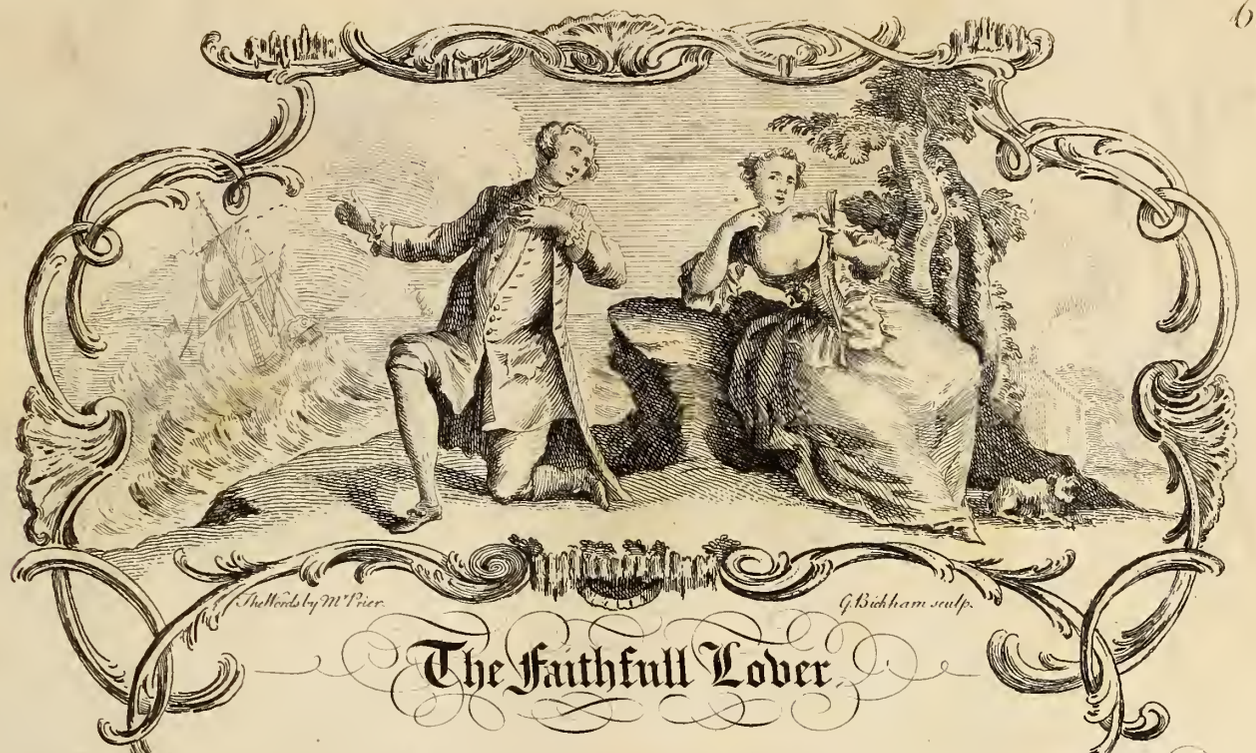
Furies tear me quickly bear me to ye dismal dismal

Shades below Where yeling & howling & grombling & growling strike our Ears w horrid woe horrid woe

Hising Snakes fiery lakes were a pleasure & a Cure Not all ye Hells w Pluto dwells can give such pain

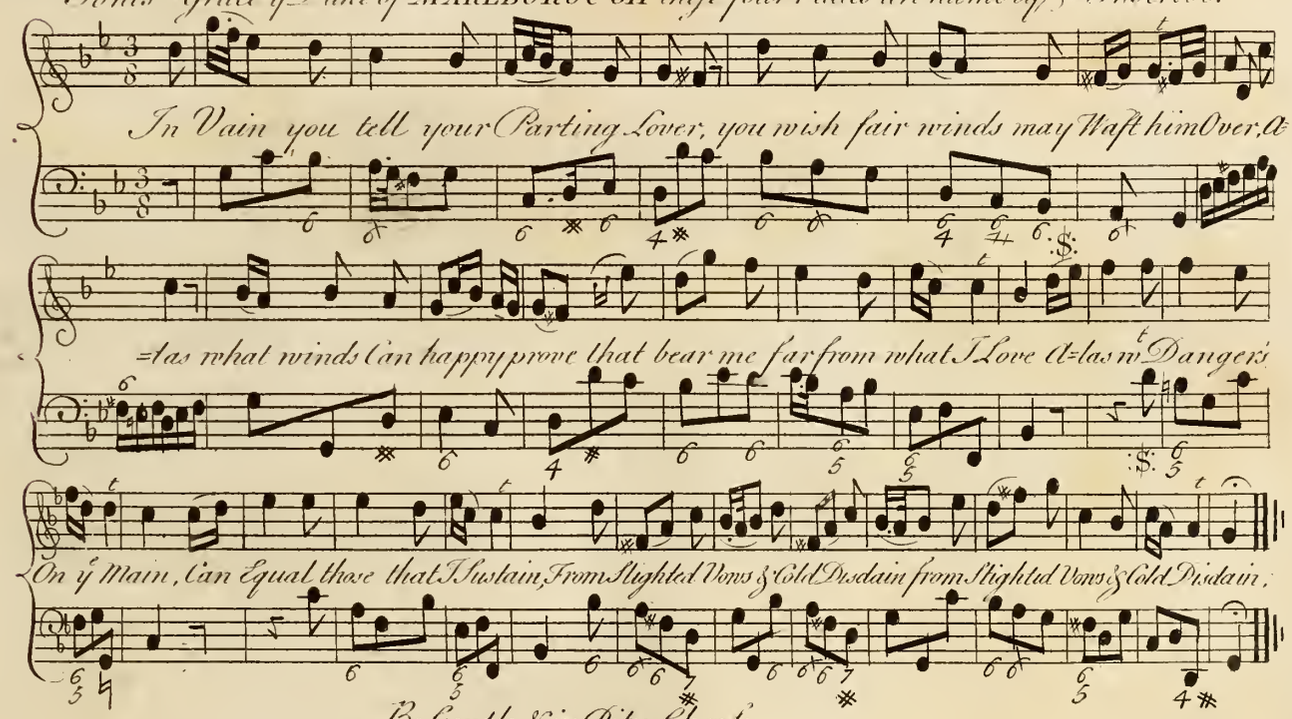
as I endure. To some peaceful Plain convey me on a mossy Carpet lay me Fan me with Am-

brosial breeze let me die let me die die die and so have Ease.



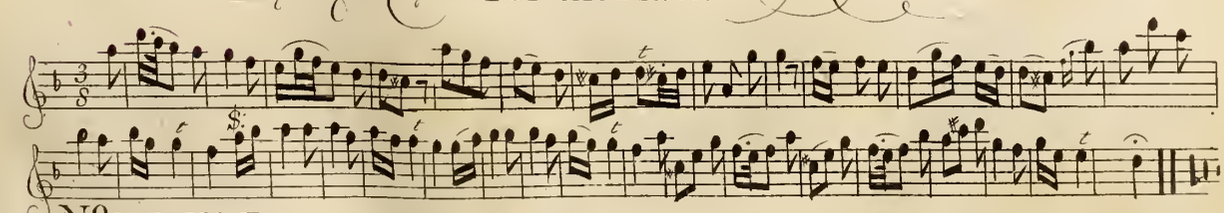
The Faithfull Lover.

To his Grace ye Duke of MARLBOROUGH these four Plates are humbly Inscribd.



Be Gentle & in Pity Choose,
To wish the Wildest Tempests Loose,
That thrown Again upon ye Coast,
Where first my Shipwreckt heart was Lost,
I may Once More Repeat My Pain,
Once More in Dying words Complain
Of Slighted Vows & Cold Disdain; &c.

For the Flute.



Advice to the Unwary.

G. Bickham jun.r sc.

Set by Mr. Lampe

The wounded Deer flyes swift away, The bearded Arrow in his Side; still vainly hoping that he may Mix'd with y.e Herd escape unspy'd, mixed with y.e Herd escape unspy'd

2

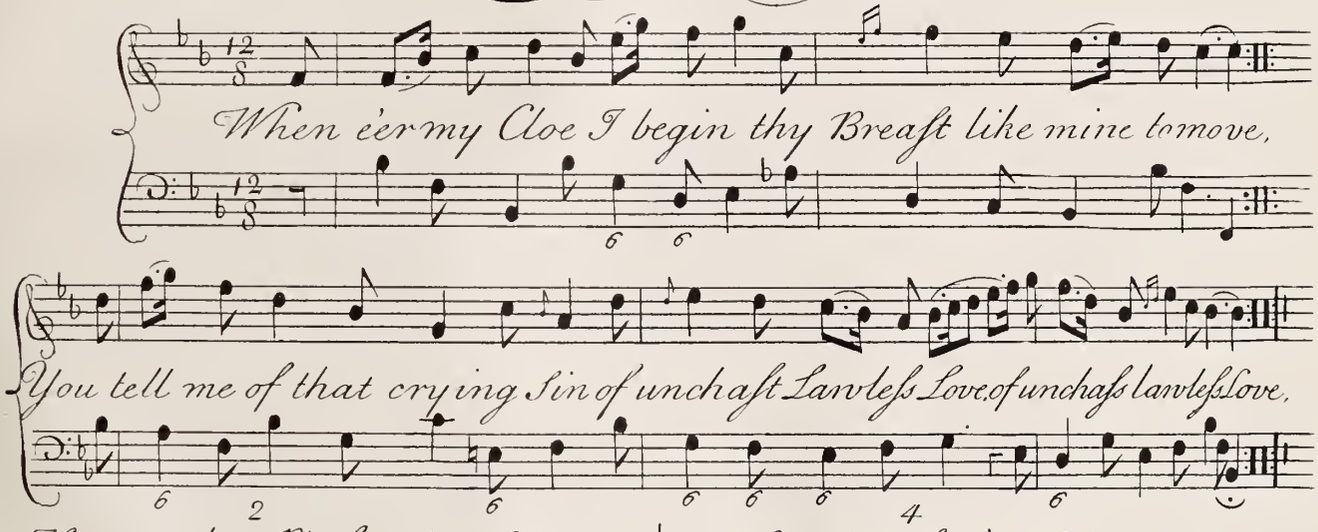
But oh y.e Moment that they See,
The Streaming Blood flow from his Wound,
They shun him in his Misery,
And leave him dying on y.e Ground.

3

Thus the poor Nymph who Sore distrest,
Has gaz'd her Liberty away;
To all y.e World becomes a Jest,
And falls of Sland'rous Tongues y.e Prey.

For the Flute.

To Chloe.



How can that Pleasure be a Crime,
That gave to Cloe Birth,
How can those Joys but be Divine,
That make a Heav'n on Earth,

3

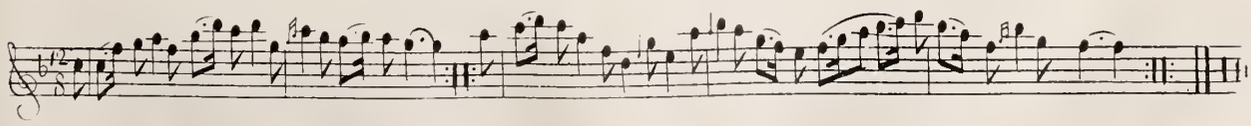
To wed Mankind ye Priest trapann'd,
By some sly Fallacy;
And disobey'd God's great Command,
Increase & Multiply.

You say that Love's a Crime, content,
Yet this allow you must,
More Joy's in Heav'n when one repent,
Than over Ninety Just.

5

Sin then dear Girl for Heaven's sake,
Repent and be forgiven;
Bless me & by Repentance make:
A Holiday in Heav'n.

FOR THE FLUTE.



THE Merry Gregs.

Let Poets & Historians Record ye brave Gregorians In long & lasting Lays:

Let Poets & Historians Record ye brave Gregorians In long & lasting Lays:

While Hearts & Voices joyning in gladsome Songs combining, Sing

While Hearts & Voices joyning in gladsome Songs combining Sing

forth their deathless Praise, Sing forth their deathless Praise.

forth their deathless Praise Sing forth their deathless Praise.

If innocent variety,
Content & Sweet Society,
Can make us Mortals bleft,
In social Love united
With Harmony delighted,
We Emulate the beft
We &c:

Our Friendship & Affinity,
Surpafses Confanguinity;
As Gold furpafses Ore,
Success to Ev'ry Brother
Lets ftand by one another,
'Till Time fhall be no more.
Till &c:

For the Flute.

The Words by Prior

G. Bickham jun. inv. sc.

THE Jovial Lover.

To her Grace the Dutchess of NEWCASTLE these 4 Plates are humbly Inscribd.

If Wine & Musick have ye Pow'r, To ease ye Sickness Of ye Soul, Let Phœbus Ev'ry
String explore, And Bacchus fill ye Sprightly Bowl, Let them their friendly Aid employ, To
make My Clo's Absence light, And seek with Pleasure to Destroy ye Sorrows of this live long Night;

But She to Morrow will return
Venus, be thou to Morrow Great,
Thy Myrtles Strew thy Odours burn,
And Meet thy favrite Nymph in State.

Kind Goddess to No Other Pow'r,
Let us to Morrow's blessings own
Thy Darling love's shall guide ye Hours
And all ye Day be Thine Alone.

For the Flute

THE Taste a Dialogue.

The Music by Mr Handel

G Bickham junr sculp.

Col.

O my pretty Punchi-nello O my little Dapper Fellow have you heard of Fari-

Punch.

nelli is coming over. no..... my Colom-bino I hear.....

.....that Cares-tino of famous Cares-tino who has pleas'd both King and Queen O both King and

Queen O..... Sets out for Do-ver. But I hope my Sene-

The Masque at the Old House.

P

sino is no such Ro-ver O no your Sene sino has lick'd himself quite clean O has Thousands got fif

teen O ..... and lives in clo-ver;

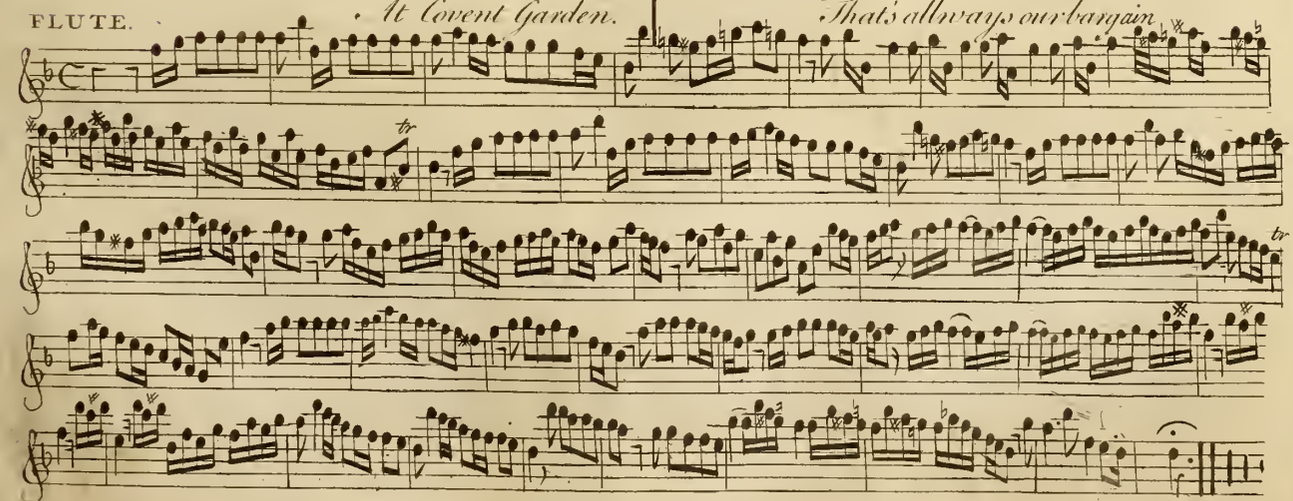
C

I'm glad my Sene sino has Thousands got fifteen O ..... & lives in clo-ver.

C After Porpora or Handel
Where d'ye think y'Town will dandle
Or which must hold the Candle
P I dont care a Farthing
But Harlequin O Lun O
Has Cook'd a deal of Fun O
Of Pantomine and Pun O
And expects a mighty Run O
At Covent Garden.

C Shall we go and see the Fun O
At Covent Garden
P In Play-houses full Six O
One knows not where to fix O
Till they let us in for Nix O
That's Punches bargain
B We'll see 'em round all Six O
If they'll let us in for Nix O
That's allways our bargain

FLUTE.



The Resolved Lass.

Set by Mr Carey. G Bickham jun.r inv.t sc

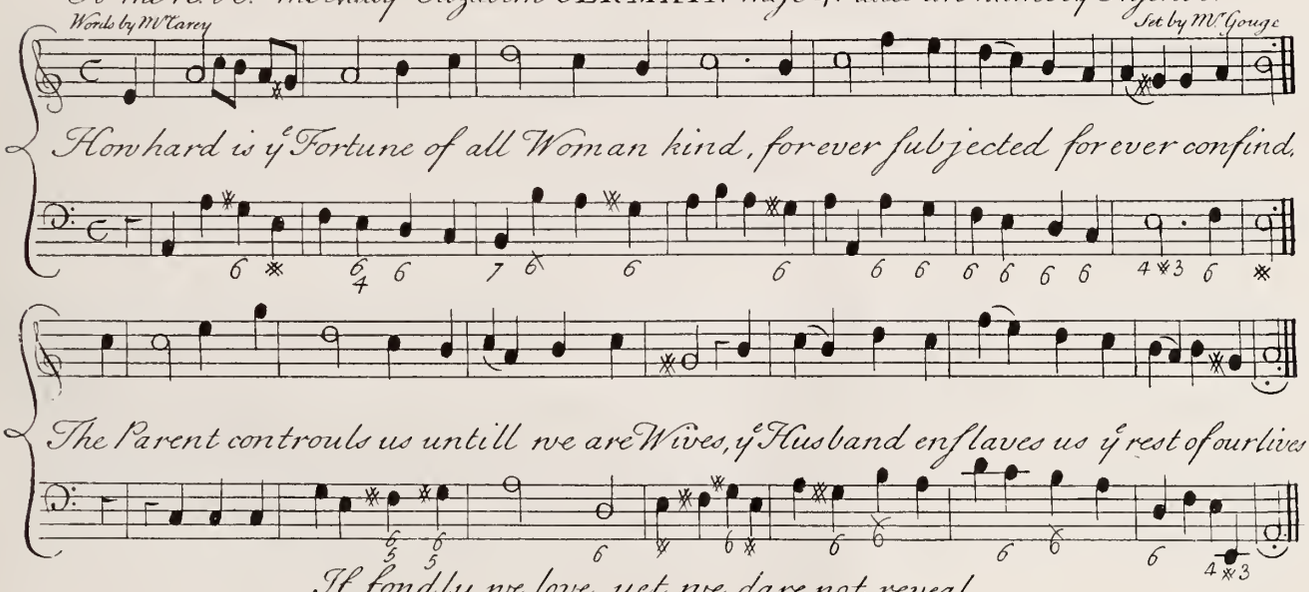
When Parents obstinate & cruel prove, & force us to a Man we cannot love: 'tis fit we disappoint ye Sordid elves, & wisely get us Husbands for our Selves; & wisely get us husbands for our Selves.

For the Flute.

THE Ladies Case.

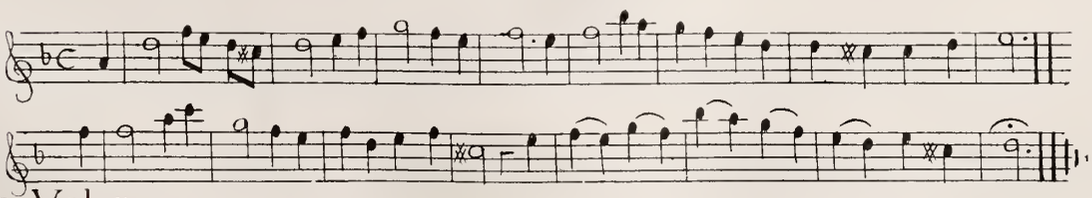
To the R.t H.ble the Lady Elizabeth GERMAIN these 4 Plates are humbly Inscribd.

Words by Mr Carey — Set by Mr Gouge



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

For the Flute.



The Batchelors Wife.

Without affectation gay, youthful & pretty, without pride or meanness familiar & Witty;

Without forms obliging, good natur'd & free, without art as lovely, as lovely can be,

She acts what she thinks, & She thinks what she Says,
Regardless alike both of censure and praise,
But her thoughts, & her words, & her Actions are Such,
That none can admire em, or praise her too much.

Song & Symphony for ye German & Common Flute.

The Present State of Little Britain.

Set by Mr Carey.

Britons where is your great Magnanimity, where's your boasted Courage flown,

Britons where is your great Magnanimity; where's your boasted Courage flown;

Quite perverted to Pu si-la-ni-mi-ly, Scarce to call your Souls your own,

Quite perverted to Pusilanimity, Scarce to call your Souls your own.

What your Ancestors won so Victoriously,
Crown'd with Conquest in ye Field;
'You'd relinquish &c.' most Ingloriously,
To oppression tamely yield,

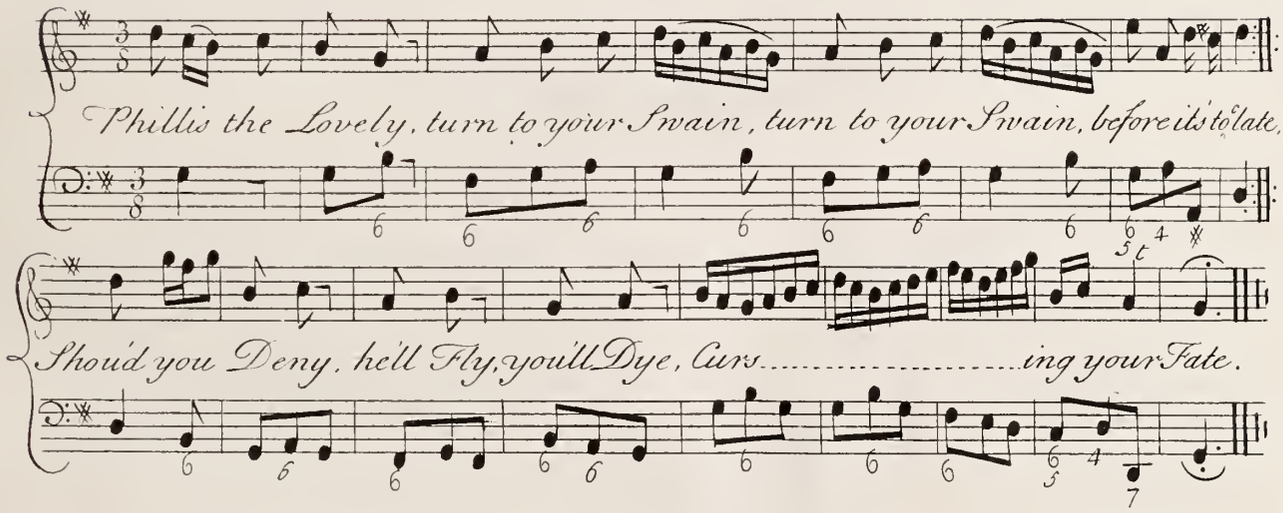
Freedom now for her Flight makes preparative,
See her weeping quit ye Shore,
Britain's Loss will be then past Comparative;
Never to behold Her more.

Gracious Gods to assist exurgitate,
Stretch forth thy Vindictive Hand;
Make oppressors their Plunder regurgitate,
And preserve a Sinking Land.

FLUTE.

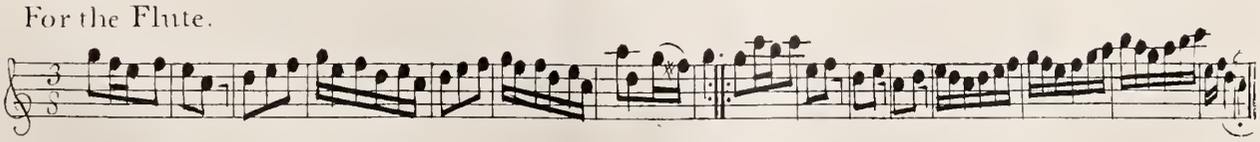
Minuet by Mr. Handel. G. Bickham jun.r sculp.

Phillis Advised.



He's young and Airy,
Soon he may va....ry,
Soon he may va....ry,
And think you a Toy.
Then you'll Despair,
Beware, Dear Fair,
You.....be not Coy.

For the Flute.



The Words & Music by Mr. Philips. G. Bickham junr. inv.t sculp.

Coquetry.

To the Right Hon.ble the Earl STANHOPE this Cantata is humbly Inscribd.

Recit:

Whilst Strephon on fair Chloe hung & gently woo'd & Sweetly Sung, The

Nymph in a disdainful air thus Smi.....ling mock'd the Shepherds care

Aria Andante.

Swain I know that you dis-cover In my Form a thousand charms,

Can you point me out a Lo-ver worthy my En-cir-cling arms;

J

:S:

Boy no more ap-proach my Beauty till you e-qual

:S:

Merit boast to.....a....do....re-me..i...s....a.....

Duty Thousands witness to their Cost

:S:

Recit:

Stung to the heart.....the redning Swain

on the vain Maid re-tor.....ts again

Foolish creature, did each feature, bloom, beyond y^e

pride of Nature, artfull feigning, Coy disdaining,

vain Coquet, destroys them all; go o'er bearing, Proud en-

Snaring, lay a thousand Fops despairing, then complying,

Sighing, dying, To Some fool a Victim fall;

:S:

Nymphs like you, whilst they're deceiving Angels

:S:

all in front appear. But the So.....

t their A.....rts believing but the So t their

:S:

arts beleiving finds the Devil in the rear

:S:

Aria Andante for the Flute

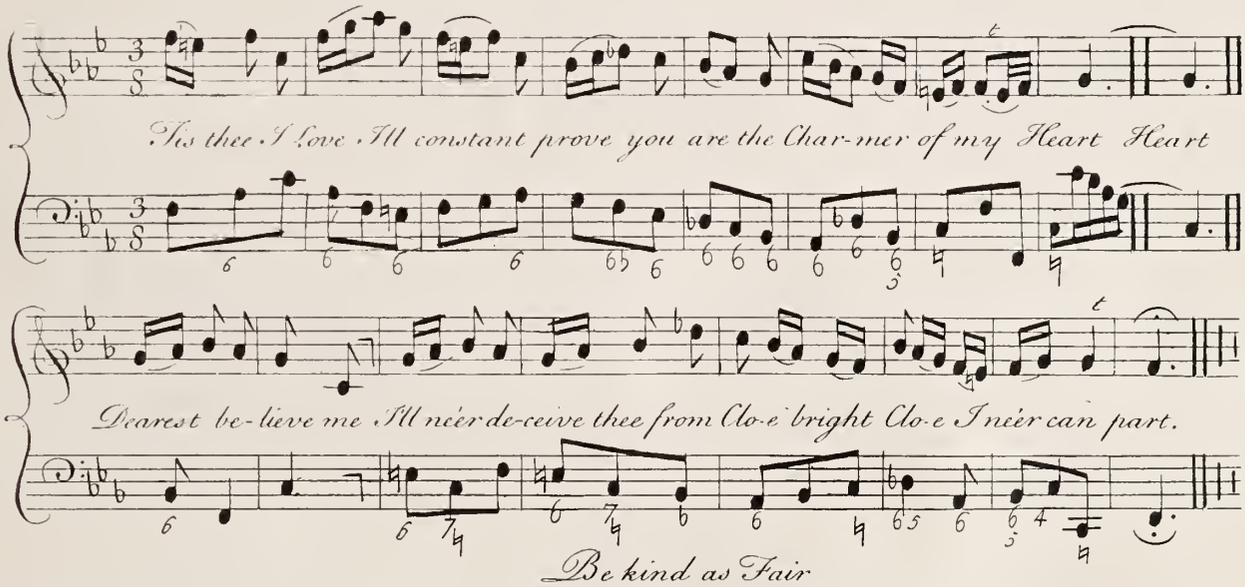
Aria Allegro.

G Bickham jun.r inv.t et Sculp.

THE

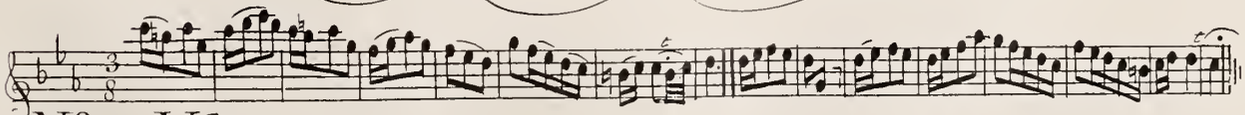
Sincere Swain.

To the Right Hon.ble y Earl of DERBY, these four Plates are humbly Inscribd.



Be kind as Fair
Oh be not severe
But shew Compassion on your Swain
You'll néer repent it
No néer relent it
Dear Creature dear Creature now ease my Pain.

For the Flute.



Love for Love is a charming trade, Love on ly can, Love on-ly

Love for Love is a charming trade, a charming trade. Love on-ly

can, on-ly can by Love be paid; who e'er by en treſt gain....s

can on-ly can by Love be paid; who e'er by en treſt who e'er by en treſt gain...s

gain.....s y fair, muſt think her fa.....vours unſin-cere: But who in ſerving perſevers

gain.....s y fair, muſt think her fa....vours unſin cere But who in ſerving perſeveres

and late prevails by Prayers & Tears his Joys beyond his wishes move he only

late and late prevails by Prayers & Tears his joys be yond be yond his wishes move he only

knows ye bliss of Love for Love he knows ye bliss of Love for Love

knows ye bliss of Love for Love he knows ye bliss he knows ye bliss of Love for Love Love for

Love for Love he knows ye bliss of Love for Love Love for Love he knows ye bliss of Love for Love

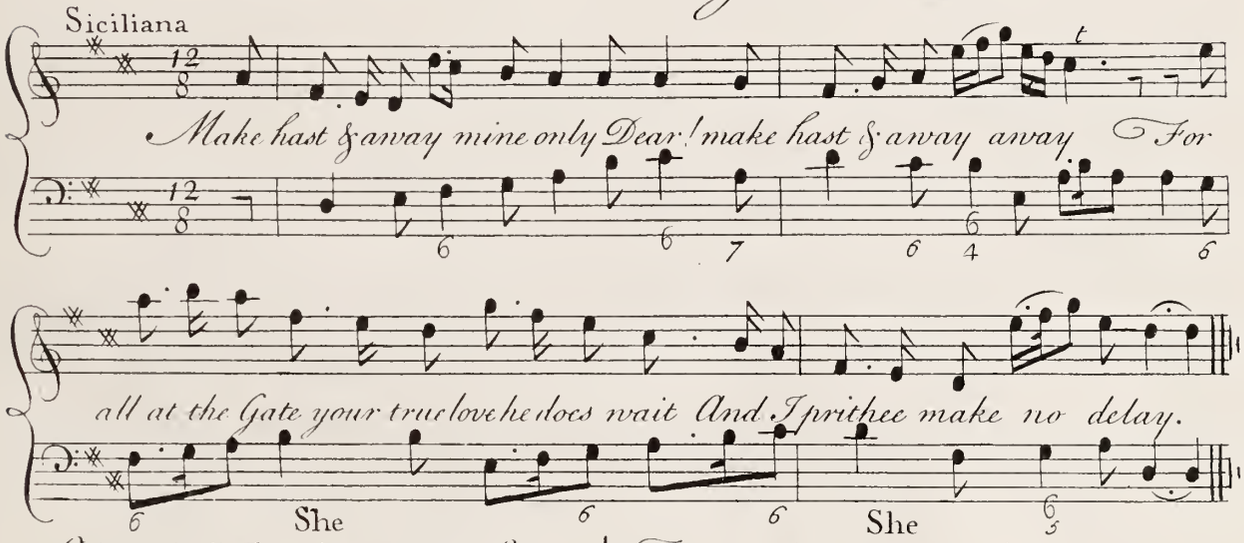
Love Love for Love he knows ye bliss of Love for Love Love for Love he knows ye bliss of Love for Love.

Love for Love is a Sacred tye
Preserves on earth Society
Tis Harmony of Love for Love
To which ye dancing Planets move

And if we may presume to guess
What Angels in their Songs express
However ye Music is above
The Chorus still is Love for Love.

The Intrigue.

Siciliana



O how shall I steal away my Love
O how shall I steal away
My Daddy is near & I dare not for fear
Pray come then another Day.

He

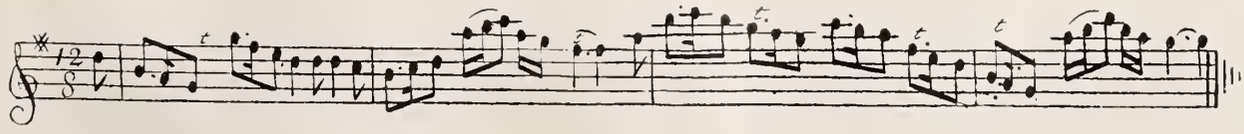
O this is the only Day my Life
O this is the only Day!
I'll draw him aside while you throw ye Gate wide
And then you may steal away.

Then prithee make no delay my dear
Then prithee make no delay
We'll serve him a Trick for I'll slip in ye Nick
And to my true Love away.

Chorus.

O Cupid befriend a Loving Pair
O Cupid befriend us we pray.
May our Stratagem take for thine own sweet sake
And Amen! let all true Lovers say.

For the Flute.



A

Peaceful Life.

To the Right Hon. the Lord CARPENTER these four Plates are humbly Inscribd.

In these Groves, with Con-tent and Tran-quility, Free from envy, care & Strife:

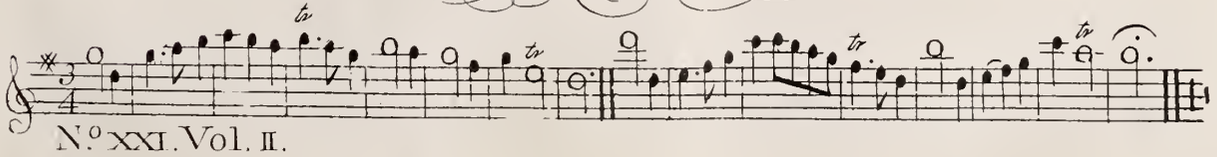
In these Groves, with Con-tent and Tran-quility, Free from envy, care & Strife:

Bless'd with Vigour, with Health, and a-gility, We enjoy a Peaceful Life.

Bless'd with Vigour, with Health, and a-gility, We enjoy a Peaceful Life.

Endless Circles of Pleasure surrounding us
Ever chearful ever gay
No Perplexities ever confounding us;
Life in comfort slides away.

For the Flute.



K

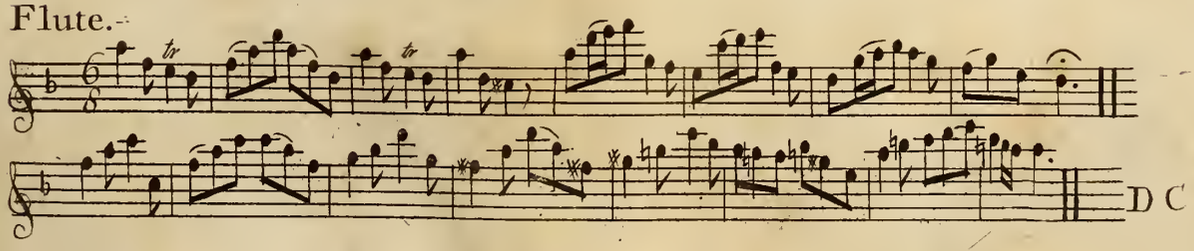
The Thirsty Toper.

If the Glasses they are empty, Fill again my Souls a Dry, Sure such Wine as this will tempt ye to Carouse in Sympathy: Thirsty Souls like Plants expiring, Moisture ever are desiring, Thus caressing, Natures Blessing, We'll the Sober World defie. DC

See the Bottle how its beauty —
Smiles in ev'ry Ruby Face. —
We to Bacchus owe a Duty —
Drink brave Heroes drink apace

Could the Globe be fill'd with Claret —
Souls like mine woud never spare it
Ever drinking Void of thinking —
We'd the happy Hours embrace. —

Flute.



The Ballad Singer's Summons to her Lover.

Sweetest of the Nightly Choir Vocal partner Roger rise Gingling Halfpence

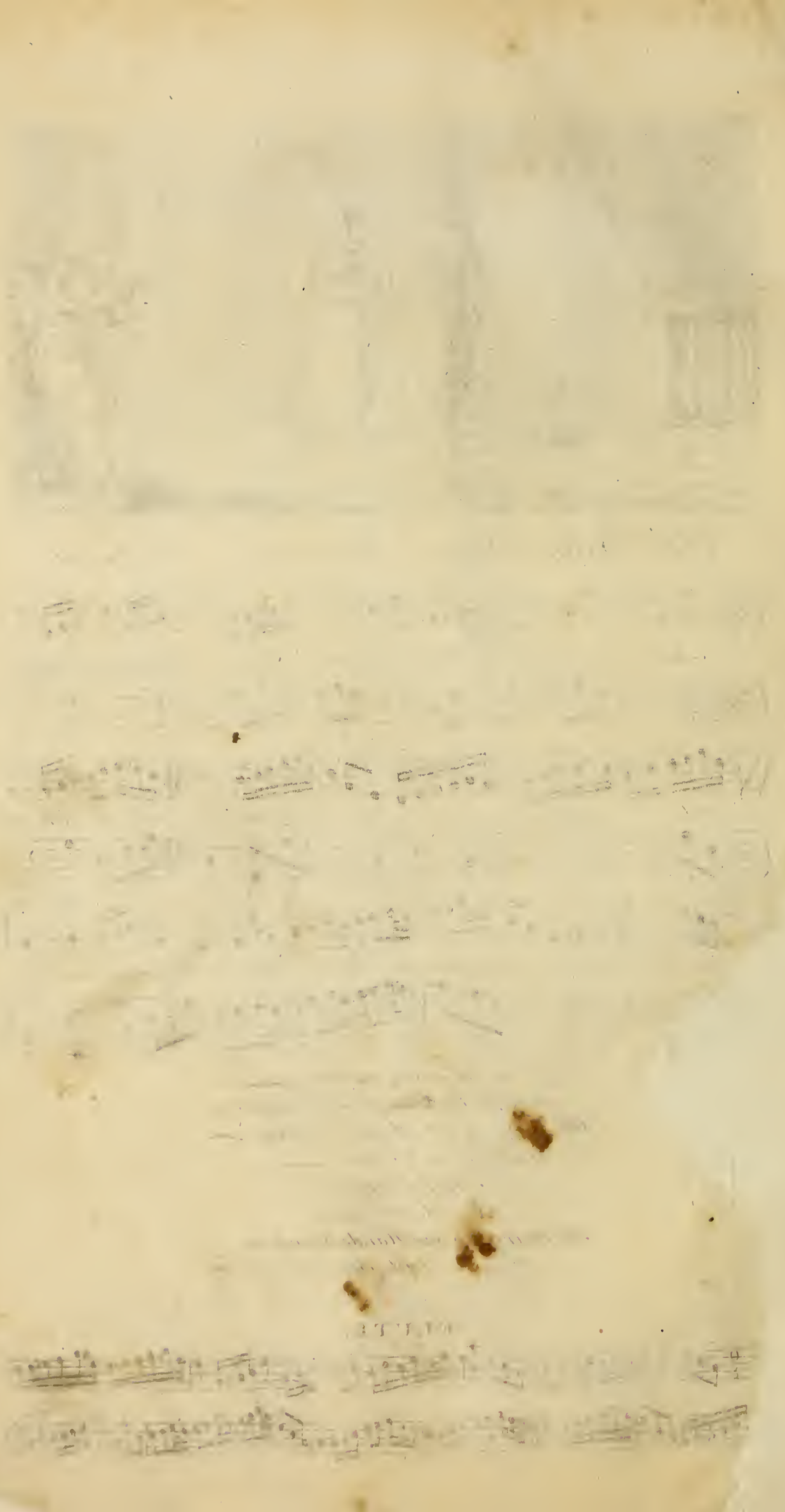
loud requi re to bung our Eyes Then to-geth-er

in all Weather As true Turtles of a Feather Alleys shall resound our Song.

Soft Duetto's gently trilling
Shall fix those wandring Damsels Feet
Who in quest of Cull and Shilling
Hunt o'er each Street

Musick sending
Crouds attending
In their Fobs our Hands decending
Mingles Profit with our Praise

FLUTE.



The Nightingale.

Gently

While in a Bow'r with Beauty blest The lov'd & lov'd Amintor lies while sinking

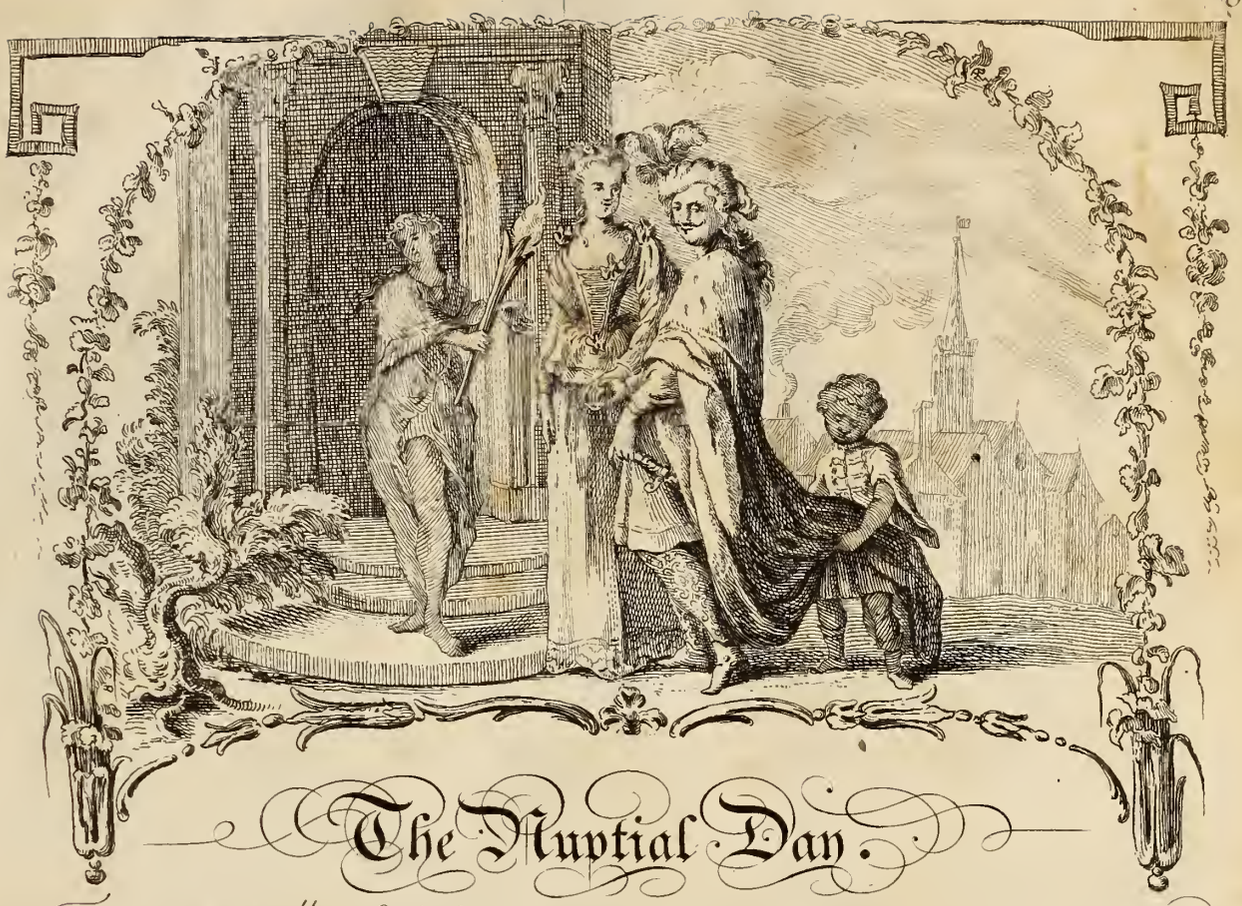
on Lucinda's breast he fondly fondly kiss'd her Eyes A wakeful Nightingale who long had

mourn'd had mourn'd within ye Shade sweetly renew'd her plantive Song & war.....bled thro' ye Glade.

Melodious Songstress! cry'd the Swain
To Shades to Shades less happy go
Or if thou wilt with us remain
Forbear forbear thy tuneful woe.

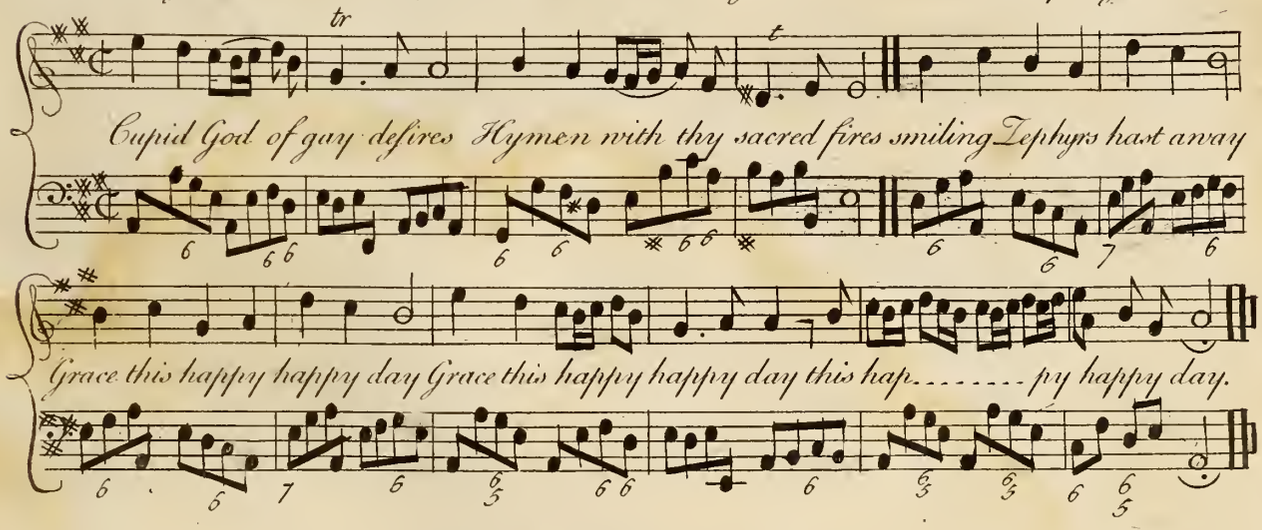
While in Lucinda's Arms I lie
To Song to Song I am not free
On her soft bosome while I die
I dis — cord find in thee.

FLUTE.



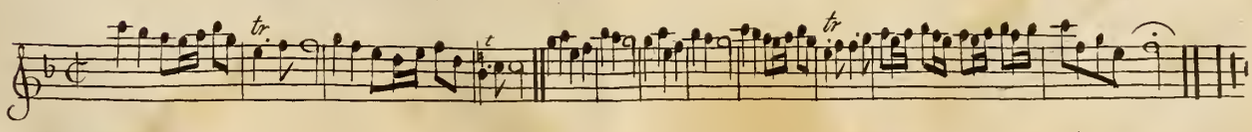
The Nuptial Day.

To the Right Hon.ble the Earl of EFFINGHAM *these 4 Plates are humbly Inscribd.*



Love and Graces all attend
All ye Nuptial Powrs befriend
Make them your peculiar Care
Bless the Hero bless the Fair.

F I N E



G. Bickham junr. inv.t sculp.

THE

Solitary Relief.

Set by Mr Lampe

Blow on ye Winds, de-scend soft Rains, To sooth my ten-der Grief,

Your so-lemn Musick lulls my Pains, And gives me short Re-lief.

2

In some lone Corner would I sit —
Retir'd from human kind —
Since Mirth nor Shew nor sparkling Wit
Can Sooth my anxious Mind. —

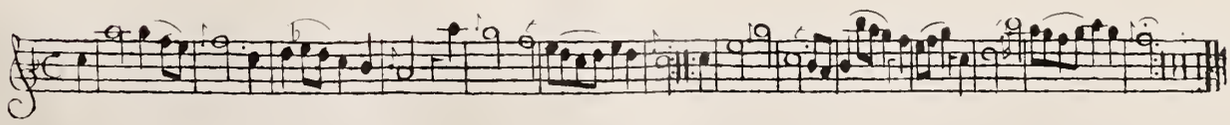
3

The Sun which makes all Nature gay
Torments my weary Eyes —
And in dark Shades I spend ye Day
Where Eccho sleeping lies. —

4

The sparkling Stars which gayly shine
And glittering deck ye Night
Are all such cruel Foes of mine —
I sicken at their Sight.

FLUTE.



Good Advice

Set & Sung by Mr. Leveridge.

Leave off this foolish prating talk no more of Whig & Tory But fill your Glass round

let it pass the Bottle stands be fore you Fill it up to the Top Let this Night wth

Mirth be crown'd drink about see it out Love & Friendship still go round.

If Claret be a Blessing
This Night devote to Pleasure
Let Worldly cares
And State affairs
Be thought on at more Leasure
Fill it up &c.

If any is so Zealous
To be a party Minion
Let him drink like me
We'll soon agree
And be of one Opinion
Fill it up &c.

Flute.

The Topers Sentence on a Sneaker.

To ye God of Wine My Song & my design With a grateful Spirit will I raise 'Tis my
Hearts delight to give him every Night & to Carrol merrily his Praise Monarch Bacchus gay &
young Free to save us and relieve us when the World goes wrong Sound his Name
raise it high Sing his Fame to the Sky till the wise World join in our Song.

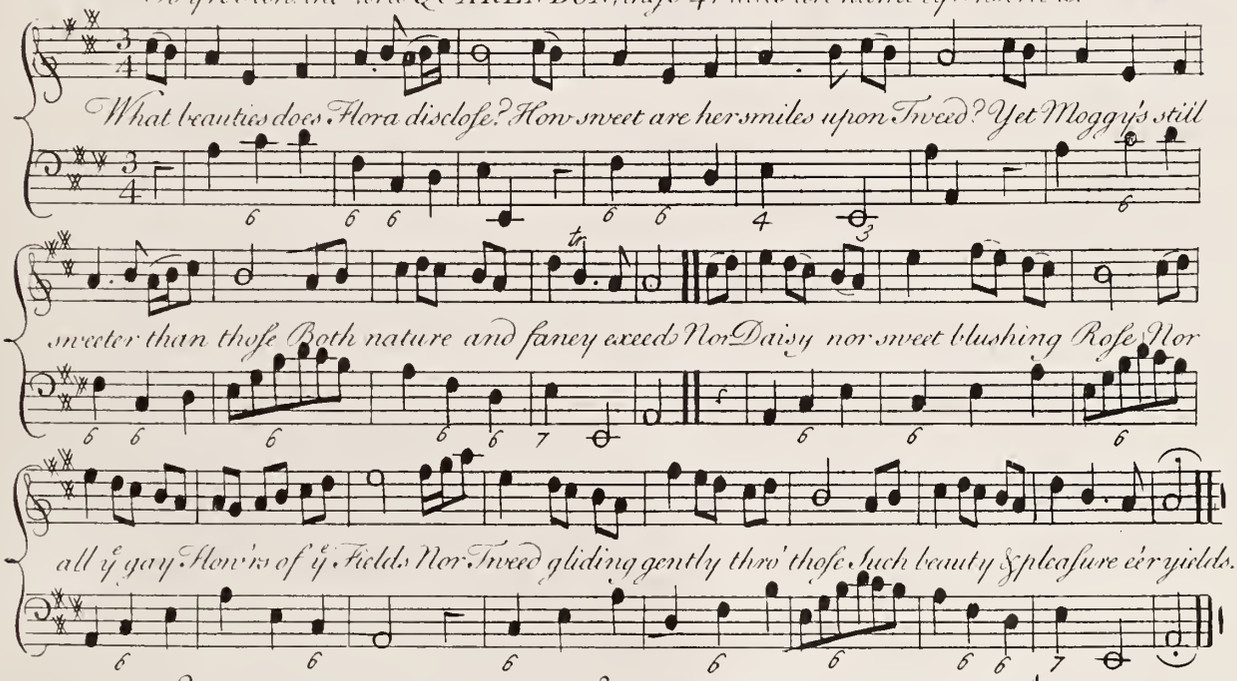
Should a Mortal dare
His merry Subjects sneer
Let him dread ye Fate decreed
A new Law well weigh'd
The drinking Court has made
And to Justice thus they'l proceed.

Set the Rebel to the Bar,
That ye Traytor's Bound in Fetter
May his Sentence hear:
Let the Rogue in a String
Like a Dog take a Swing
Or be drown'd in rot gut small Beer.

Flute.

Moggy.

To ye Rt. Hon.ble the Lord QUARENDON, these 4 Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.



2

The warblers are heard in ye Grove
The Linnet ye lark & ye Thrush
The Black bird & sweet cooing Dove
With Musick enchant e'ry Bush
Come let us go forth to the Mead
Let us see how ye Primroses spring
We'll lodge in some Village on Tweed
And love while ye feather'd folks sing

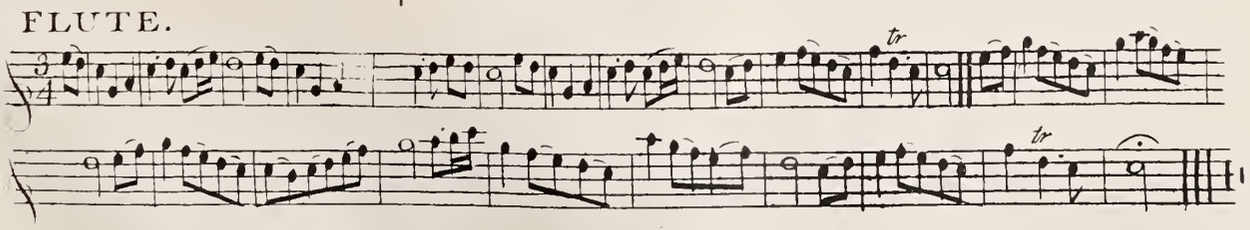
3

How does my love pass ye long Day
Does Mary not tend a few Sheep
Do they never carelessly stray
While happily she lies a Sleep
Tweeds murmurs should lull her to rest
Kind Nature indulging my bliss
To relieve ye soft pains of my breast
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

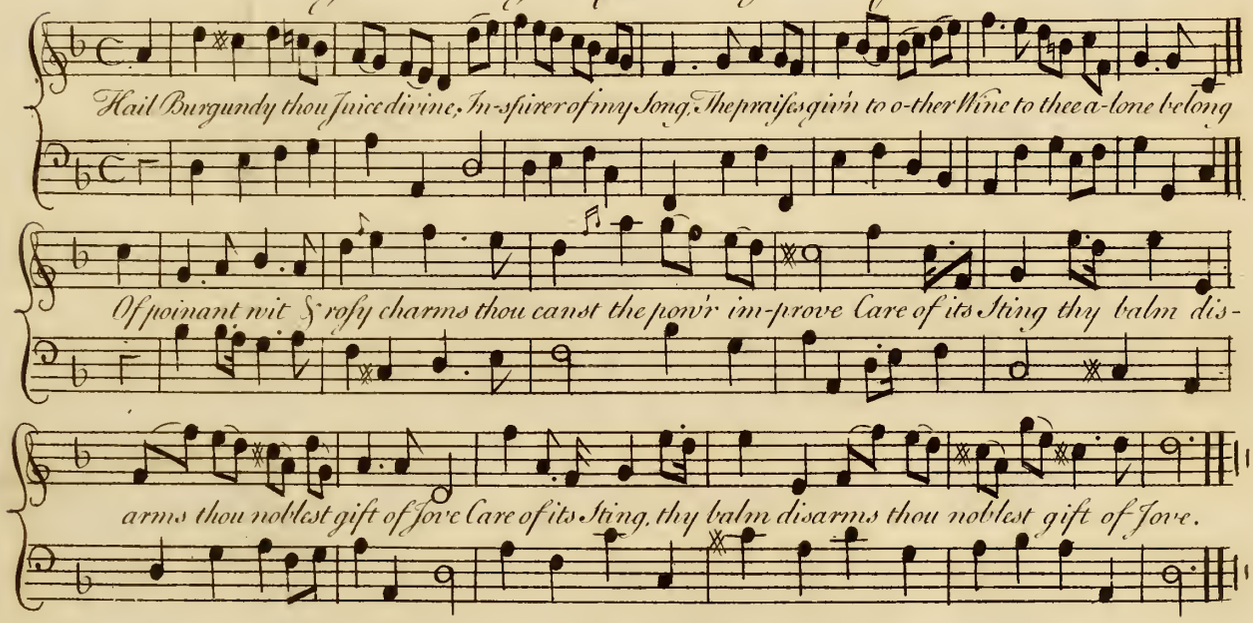
4

'Tis she does the Virgins excel
No beauty wth her can compare
Loves graces all round her do dwell
She's fairest where thousands are fair
Say charmer where do thy flocks stray
Oh tell me at noon where they feed
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Jay
Or ye pleasanter banks of ye Tweed.

FLUTE.



In Praise of Burgundy.



2

Bright Phœbus on the parent vines
From whence thy Current streams
Sweet smiling through the Tendrels shines
And lavish darts his beams
The pregnant Grape receives his fires
And all his force retains
With that same warmth our brains inspires
And animates our Strains.

3

From thee my Chloe's radient Eye
New sparkling Beams receives
Her Cheeks imbibe a Rosier dye
Her beauteous Bosom heaves
Summon'd to Love by thy alarms
Oh with what nervous heat
Worthy the Fair; we fill their Arms
And oft our bliss repeat.

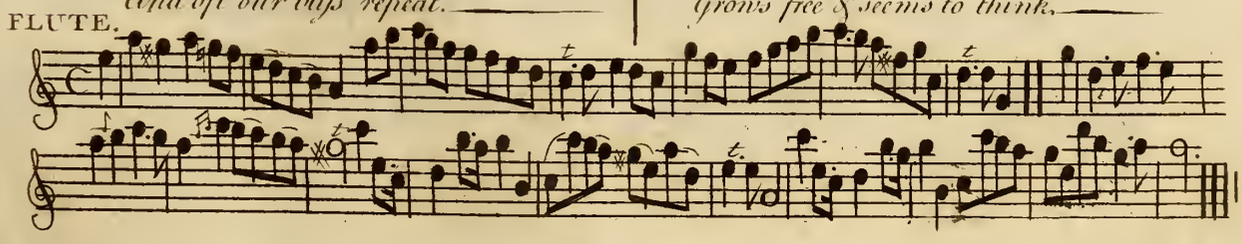
4

The Stoick prone to thought intense
Thy softness can unbind
A Chearful gaiety dispence
And make him taste a Friend
His Brow grows clear he feels Content
Forgets his pensive Strife
And then concludes his time well spent
In honest Social Life.

5

E'en Beaux those soft amphibious things
Wrapt up in self and dress
Quite lost to the delight that springs
From Sense thy pow'r confess
The Fop with chitty maudlin Face
That dares but deeply drink
Forgets his Cue and stiff grimace
Grows free & seems to think.

FLUTE.



THE Lass of Patties Mill

The Lass of Patties Mill So bony blith and gay In spight of any my skill She stole my Heart away When tedding of the Hay Bare Headed on the Green Love midst her Locks did play And wantonid in her Eyn.

(2)

Her Arms white round & smooth
Breasts rising in y dawn —
So age it would gi youth —
To press them w̄ his Hand
Thro' all my Spirits ran —
An extasie of bliss —
When Ise such sweetness found
Wrapt in a balmy kiss. —

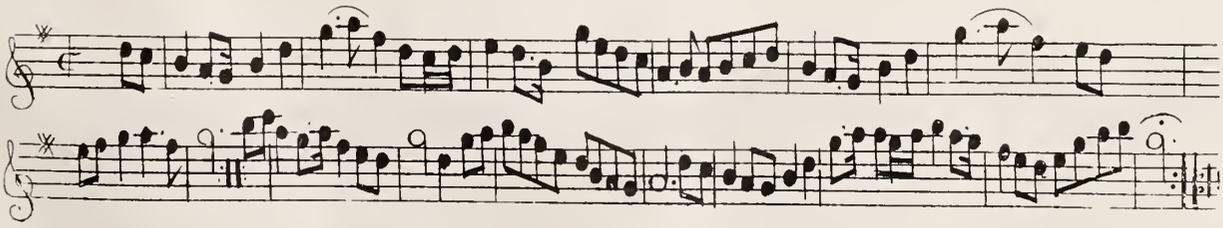
(3)

Without the help of Art —
Like Flowrs y grace of Wild
She did her sweets impart —
When e'er she spoke or smild
Her looks they were so mild
Free from affected pride —
She me to Love beguild —
Ise wishd her for my bride.

(4)

Oh! had Ise any the Wealth —
Hopton's high mountains fill
Insurd long Life & Health —
And pleasure at my will —
Id promise and fulfill —
That none but bony she —
The Lass of Patties Mill —
Shoud share y same wi me.

For the Flute.



The Dying Swan.

Set by Mr. Monro.

'Twas on a Rivers verdant Side Just at the Close of Day. A dying Swan with Musick tryd To chase her Cares away.

2

And tho' she ner had stretch'd her Throat
Nor tun'd her Voice before
Death ravish'd with so sweet a Note
A while the Stroke forbore.

3

Farewell she cry'd you silver Streams
Ye purling Streams adieu
Where Phœbus us'd to dart his beams
And blest both me & you.

4

Farewell ye tender whistling Reeds
Soft scenes of happy Love
Farewell ye bright enamel'd Meads
Where I was us'd to rove.

5

No more with you may I converse
See yonder setting Sun
Attends whilst I my last rehearse
And then I must be gone.

6

Weep not my tender constant Mate
We'll meet again below
It is the kind decree of Fate —
And I with pleasure go.

Mr Cary's Tune.

Mon:

Fair Clora.

To her Grace the Dutchess of NEWCASTLE,
These four Plates are humbly Inscribd.

Set by Mr. Hayden. G. Bickham jun. inv. et sc.

As I saw fair Clo ra walk a lone y fea therd

As I saw fair Clora walk a lone y fea therd

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

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

As Jove de-scending de-scending from his Tow'r to Court her in a Silver Show'r As Jove de-

As Jove de-scending from his Tow'r to Court her in a Silver Show'r as Jove de-

scending from his Tow'r to Court her to Co urt her in a Silver Show'r

scending from his Tow'r to Court her to Co urt her in a Silver Show'r

The wan-ton Snow flew to her Breast as little little Birds in to their Nests.

The wanton Snow flew to her Breast as little Birds in to their Nests.

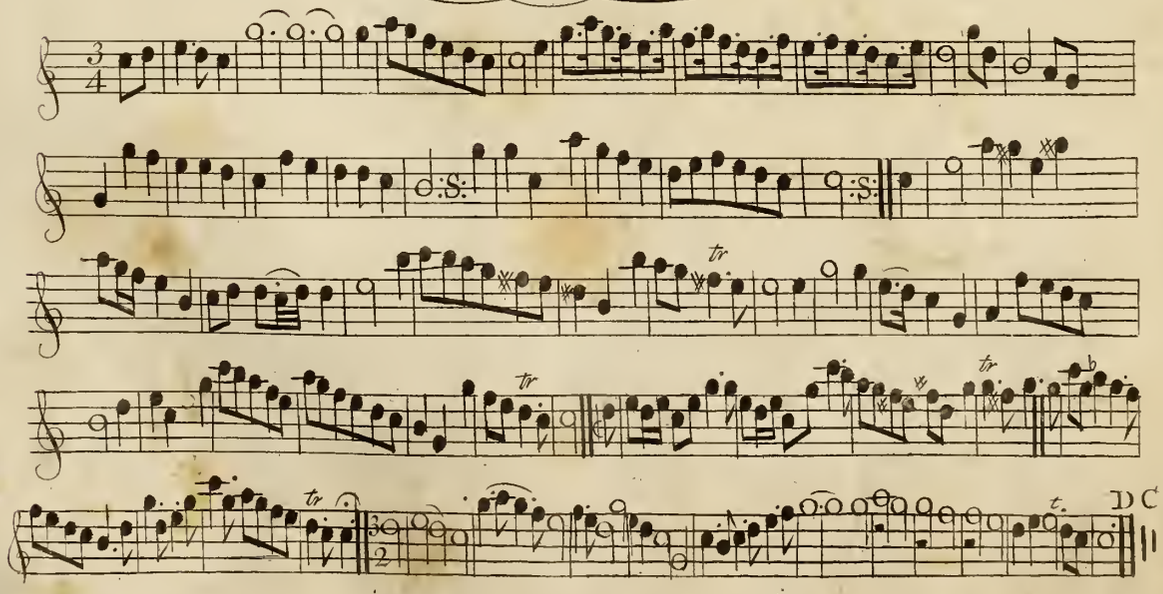
But being o'er come with Whiteneſs there for Grief diſsolvd for Grief diſsolvd in-to a Tear

But being o'er come with Whiteneſs there for Grief diſsolvd for Grief diſsolvd in-to a Tear

Thence fall-ing on her Gar-ments Hem to de..... ck her froze froze froze into a Gem.

Thence fall-ing on her Gar-ments Hem..... to de..... ck her froze froze froze into a Gem.

For the Flute.



Florella.

Why will Florella when I gaze my ravish'd Eyes reprove And chide them from ye on-ly Face they can behold with love To shun your scorn & ease my care I seek a Nymph more kind & while I range from Fair to Fair still gentle u-sage find.

But Oh! how faint is ev'ry Joy —
Where Nature has no part
New beauties may my Eyes employ
But you engage my Heart
So restless exiles doom'd to roam —
Meet pitty ev'ry where
But languish for their native home
Tho' Death attends them there.

Flute.

The Proud Fair.

By Mr. Thos. Phillips. — Within ye Compass of ye Flute.

Slow

Too lovely fair one I confess ye Swain whom you will deign to bless might sigh an Age a-way

In ex-pec-ta-ti-on of ye Joy when you no longer cold or coy shall all his Pains allay.

Indulgent Heaven has made thy form
So Soft so Perfect and so Warm
Who Gazes must adore
But I so long in vain have try'd
To move thy heart that seat of Pride
That here I give it o're.

And now proud fair a cure I've found I'll be no longer tamely bound in hopeless flames to Bu.....

.....rn in hopeless flames to burn Vain maid I've shaken off my chain by Wine a conquest I obtain

triumph in my turn tri.....umph tri-umph in my turn.

Britons strike Home.

To ye Right Hon.ble the Earl of CHESTERFIELD these 4 Plates are humbly Inscribd.

To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to

To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to

Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to

Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms, Your En-signs

Arms, to Arms, to Arms, &c.

strait display, Now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, Set ye Battle in array.

Set by Mr. H. Purcell. Within ye compass of ye Flute.

G. Bickham sculp.

The Oracle for War de clares for War de clares Success depends Suc-

cess depends up on our hearts & spears the Oracle for War declares for

War declares Suc-cess depends Success depends up-on our hearts & Spears

Britains strike home re venge re venge your Countrys wrongs Fight

fight & re cord fight fight & re-cord your Selves in Druid Songs fight

fight and re-cord fight fight & re cord re-cord your Selves in Druid Songs.

Love Return'd.

Happy's the Love y^e meets re-turn When in soft Flames souls equal burn But Words are wanting to dis-co-ver The tor-ments of a hopeless Lover Ye registers of Heav'n re-late If looking o'er ye rolls of Fate Did you ye see me markd as mar-row To Ma-ry Scot ye Flowr of yarrow

Ah no her forms too heav'nly fair
Her love ye Gods above must share
While Mortals wth despair explore her
And at a distance due adore her
O lovely Maid my doubts beguile
Revive and bless me with a Smile
Alass if not you'l soon debar a
Sighing Swain ye banks of yarrow.

Be hush ye fears I'll not despair
My Mary's tender as she's fair
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish
She is too good to let me Languish
With success Crown'd I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the Sky
When Mary Scot's become my marrow
We'll make a Paradice on Yarrow.

Flute.

Traquair.

Hear me ye Nymphs & ev-ry Swain I'll tell how Peg-gy Grieves me Tho' thus I Languish

and complain alas she ne-'er believes me My Vows and Sighs like si-lent Air un-heeded ne-ver

mo-ve her At the bonny Bush a boon Traquair 'Twas there I first did loe her.

(2)

That Day she smild & made me glad
No Maid seem'd ever kinder
I thought my self ye luckiest Lad
So sweetly there to find her
I tryd to sooth my am'rous Flame
In Words ye I thought tender
If more there passd I'm not to blame
I meant not to offend her.

(3)

Yet now she Scornful flies ye Plain
The Fields we then frequented
If ée'r we meet she shews disdain
She looks as ne'er acquainted
The bonny Bush bloom'd fair in May
Its sweets I'll ay remember
But now her Frowns make it decay
It fades as in December.

(4)

Ye rural Powers who hear my strains
Why thus should Peggy grieve me
Oh make her Partner in my Pains
Then let her Smiles relieve me
If not my Love will turn Despair
My Passion no more tender
I'll leave ye Bush aboon Traquair
To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

FLUTE.