

THE

L A U R E L,

*A COLLECTION OF ENGLISH SONGS,*

COMPOSED BY

*Mr Joseph Bailldon,*

For the

VOICE, HARPSICHORD, AND VIOLIN.

---

L O N D O N:

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Sung by Mr. Lowe.

3

Andante  
Allegro.

Sy. What numbers shall the Muse repeat, What  
Verse be found to praise my Annie, On her ten thousand Graces wait, Each Swain admires and owns she's bonny. Sy. Since  
first she trode the happy Plain, she set each youthful heart on fire, Each Nymph does to her Swain complain That Annie kindles new desire, Each  
Nymph does to her Swain complain That Annie kindles new desire. Sy.

2

This lovely darling, dearest care,  
This new delight, this charming Annie,  
Like Summers dawn she's fresh and fair,  
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye:  
All day the am'rous Youths conven,  
Joyous they sport and play before her,  
All night when she no more is seen,  
In blissfull dreams they still adore her.

3

Among the crowd Anyntor came,  
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie,  
His rising sighs express his flame,  
His words were few, his wishes many:  
With smiles the lovely Maid reply'd.  
Kind Shepherd why should I deceive ye,  
Alas! your love must be deny'd,  
This destin'd Breast can ne'er relieve you.

4

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,  
His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,  
He stole away my Virgin heart,  
Cease poor Amyntor, cease bewailing:  
Some brighter Beauty you may find,  
On yonder plain the Nymphs are many,  
Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,  
And leave to Damon his own Annie.

## CANTATA.

Sung by Mr. Lowe.

Amoroso.

If Love's a sweet Pafion, how can it tor - ment! If bit - ter, O tell me whence comes my con - tent, Since I  
 suffer with pleasure, why should I com - plain, Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain.  
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart, That at once it both wounds me, and  
 tickles my heart, at once it both wounds me, and tic - - - kles my heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,  
 And by Passionate Silence I make my love known;  
 But Oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,  
 By some willing mistake to discover her Love,  
 When in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,  
 And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

Allegro ma  
non Troppo.

How pleasing is Beauty, how sweet are the charms, How delight-ful em-  
braces, how peaceful her Arms, Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to Lie, 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things a - bove. Sy.  
And to Beauty's bright standard all Heroes must yield, For 'tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair Field,  
T. S.  
And to Beautys bright standard all Heroes must yield, 'Tis Beauty Sy. that conquers Sy. that con-  
quers, 'Tis Beau-ty that conuers and keeps the fair Field.

(92)



# JOCKY and JENNY. DIALOGUE. Sung by Mr. Lowe and Miss Falkner.

And? All?

Stern Winter has left us, the trees are in bloom, And Cowslips and Vi' - lets the meadows perfume, While Kids are disporting and Birds fill the spray, I wait my Jocky to hail the new May, I wait for my Jocky to hail the new May.

## JOCKY.

1 Among the young Lillies, my Jenny I've stray'd,  
Pinks, Daizies, and Woodbine I bring to my Maid,  
Here's Thyme sweetly smelling, and Lavender gay,  
A Pofy to form for my Queen of the May.

## JENNY.

2 Ah Jocky I fear you intend to beguile,  
When seated with Molly last Night on a Stile,  
You swore that you'd love her for ever and aye,  
Forgetting poor Jenny your Queen of the May.

## JOCKY.

3 Young Wy is handsome, in Shepherds green drest,  
He gave u those Ribbands that hang at your Breast,  
Besides the sweet Kisses upon the new Hay,  
Was that one like Jenny, my Queen of the May.

## JENNY.

4 This garid of Roses no longer I prize,  
Since Joe false hearted, his Passion denies,  
Ye flower so blooming this instant decay  
For Jenn no longer the Queen of the May.

## JENNY.

7 Of ev'ry egree ye young Lovers draw near,  
Avoid all suspcion; what e'er may appear,  
Believe it your Eyes, if your peace they'd betray,  
Then cor my dear Jenny and hail the new May.

## JOCKY.

5 Believe me dear Maiden, your Lover you wrong,  
Your Name is for ever the Theme of my Song,  
From the dew of pale Eve to the dawning of day,  
I sing but of Jenny, my Queen of the May.

## JENNY.

6 Again balmy comfort with transport I view,  
My fears are all vanishd since Jocky is true,  
Then to our blithe Shepherds the news I'll convey,  
That Jenny alone you've crown'd Queen of the May.

## Duett.

JENNY. JOCKY.

Of ev'ry degree ye young Lovers draw near, Avoid all sus - pic - ion what e'er may appear, Believe not your Eyes, if your peace they'd be -

Of ev'ry degree ye young Lovers draw near, Avoid all sus - pic - ion what e'er may appear, Believe not your Eyes, if your peace they'd be -



## Sung by Mr. Lowe.

Andante.

Sy. *p* *f* Ye Nymphs and Swains that  
 sweet - ly play, On Tweeds fam'd banks, or winding Tay, Ah say what hap - py spot de - tains, My Peggy since she left these Plains, Sy.  
 Say in what bowr beneath what shade, Soft slumbers lull the gen - tle maid, For love shall  
 lend me wings to fly, And powerfull fan - cy place me nigh. Sy.

Alas! the blissful Scene how chang'd,  
 Where once we both with pleasure rang'd,  
 Not half so fair the lilly springs,  
 Not half so sweet the Linnet sings;  
 Haste then thou lovely fair once more,  
 O haste to bless the Southern Shore,  
 And Aprils Clouds shall smile as gay  
 As all the Sunny pride of May.

Yet rather may the Fates deny,  
 The Beauties to my longing eye,  
 If Time a cruel change has wrought,  
 On Tweed a sweeter Lesson taught;  
 But should thy faithful Shepherd find,  
 His lovely Peggy still is kind,  
 Then absence shall thy Charms improve  
 And I with double Rapture Love.

## The Words by Sir Charles Sedley.

Affett<sup>o</sup>

Sy. Not Celia that I just - er am, Or bet - ter than the best For I would change  
 (92)



hour like them Were not my heart at rest. Sy. But I am ty'd to only thee, By ev'-ry thought I have, Thy face I  
on-ly care to see Thy heart I on-ly crave.

All that in Woman is ador'd,  
In thy dear self I find  
For the whole Sex can but afford  
The handsome and the kind.  
Why then should I seek farther  
And still make Love anew  
When change itself can give no  
'Tis easy to be true, more,

Sung by Mr. Lowe.

ConSpi-  
tofo And<sup>e</sup>

Sy. Love never more shall give me pain, My  
fancy's fix'd on thee, Nor ever Maid my heart shall gain, My Peggy if thou die. Thy Beauties did such Pleasure give, Thy loves so true to  
me, Without thee I can never live My dea-ry if thou die.

If fate should tear thee from my breast,  
How lonely shall I 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 Woman kind  
My Peggy 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 its destin'd day is come  
With Peggy let me die.

Ye Pow'rs that smile on Virtuous Love,  
And in such Pleasure share,  
You who its 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 those arms,  
I'm lost if Peggy die.

## Sung by Mr. Lowe.

Andante.

Should fate in some kind hour decree, To crown this

once my wish and me, Nor pow'r, nor state, would make me blest, Nor Wealth would come a well-come Guest.

O Love, I bend before thy Shrine, Let, let thy Joys a-lone be mine. Sy.

O Love, I bend before thy

Shrine, Let, let thy Joys - a-lone be mine.

Love bids the circling Year go round,  
 With blissful ease, and plenty crown'd,  
 'Tis Love bestows the pow'r to taste,  
 The present moment, and the past,  
 And still let Fortune smile or frown,  
 Life's cordial drop is Love alone.

And<sup>c</sup>. All<sup>o</sup> ma non troppo.

Then gild ye pow'rs with Beauty's ray, My rising Morn and setting Day, Sy.

My rising Morn and let-ting Day, While round her neck my Arms I

twine, While round her neck my Arms I twine, Sy.

Let Delia's bosom beat to mine, Let Delia's bosom beat to mine.

With these delights but make me blest, On those ye hate bestow the rest, Sy.

With these delights With these delights - but make me blest On those ye hate bestow rest.

Sung by Mr. Lowe.

And: Sy. Believe not Youth, with Wit or Sense, To All:

gain the heart of Woman, While they to ev'ry Fop dispense Kind Words & looks in common Kind Words & looks in common. Sy. Tho' Panny's fair, she's

false as air True merit ne'er can win her, To all but me too kind too free, I think the Devil's in her. Sy.

T.S.

I calmly did her Foibles shew,  
Still urg'd with soft Perswasion,  
In vain I talk'd, nought but a Beau  
Engros'd her Inclination;  
My old Advice I did repeat,  
Consult the heart within her,  
She turn'd to Chat, of this and that  
I think the Devil's in her.

Perplex'd and vex'd, new Schemes I try'd,  
And in the task succeeded,  
Rigg'd out in all a Coxcomb's Pride,  
My passion warmly pleaded:  
Ye Gods! how fond how far beyond  
My wish or expectation,  
So mean a Taste her Sex disgrac'd,  
The Slave of fickle fashion.



Allegro ma

non troppo

Sy.

Ha-te Lo-ren-zo hi-ther fly, To-my long-ing Arms re-pair, With im-pa-tience I-shall die,

Come and footh thy Jef-fy's care; Let me then in wanton play, Sigh and gaze my

Soul away, Sigh and gaze my Soul away. Sy. Sigh and gaze - - - my Soul a-way.

Ad Lib. Let me then in wan-ton play, Sigh and gaze - - - Sigh and

Ad Lib. gaze my Soul away, Sigh and gaze my Soul away.

(92)



Andante

Allegro.

Gen - de

Youth, ah! why this pressing. Sy. Why these Sighs, fond Shepherd why? Sy. Should I yield you'd slight the blessing, Should I fol - low

you would fly: Sy. If de - ny - ing, or com - ply - ing, Still we meet re - proach from you If de -

- ny - ing, Or com - ply - ing, Still we meet reproach from you, What can we poor Women do? What can we poor

Wo - men do. Sy.

2  
Better far each wish to smother,  
That to Love would lead astray;  
If by pleading for another,  
We, poor Maids, ourselves betray:  
Ever changing,  
Roving, ranging,  
If you're cold when we pursue  
What can we poor Women do?

3  
Oft we credit, to our ruin,  
Tender vows, and broken sighs;  
Since by kneeling thus, and suing,  
Oft our Slaves our Tyrants rise:  
Pity fwaying,  
Love obeying,  
When you swear you'll still be true,  
What can we poor Women do?

4  
Prithee then dear Youth, give over,  
Left too fondly I submit;  
Shou'd the bold, persisting Lover  
On the lucky Minute hit:  
When relenting,  
And consenting,  
In our turn we languish too,  
What can we poor Women do?

On Pleasure's smooth wings, how old Time steals a-way, Ere Loves fatal flame leads the Shepherd astray; My days, O ye swains, were a round of de-

-light, From the cool of the Morn to the fullness of Night, No Care found a place in my Cottage or Breast, But Health & Content all the Year was my Guest. No

Care found a place in my Cottage or Breast, But Health and Content all the Year was my Guest. Sy.

2

'Twas then no fair Phillis my Heart could ensnare  
 With Voice, or with Feature, with drefs, or with air,  
 So kindly young Cupid had pointed the Dart,  
 That I gather'd the sweets, but I miss'd of the smart,  
 I toy'd for a while, then I royl'd like the Bee,  
 But still all my Song was I'll ever be free.

3

'Twas then ev'ry object fresh raptures did yield,  
 If I stray'd thro' the Garden, or travell'd the Field,  
 Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my sight,  
 If the Nightingale sung I could listen all Night,  
 With my Reed I could Pipe to the tune of the Stream,  
 And wake to new Life from a rapt'rous Dream.

4

But now since for Hebe in secret I sigh,  
 Alas! what a change! and how wretched am I,  
 Adieu to the charms of the Valley and Glade,  
 Their sweets now all sicken, their colours all fade,  
 No Music I find in soft Philomell's strain,  
 And the Brook o'er the Pebbles now murmurs in vain.

5

They say that she's kind, but no kindness I see,  
 On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me,  
 Then teach me, bright Venus, persuasions soft Art,  
 Or aid me by reason to ransom my Heart,  
 To crown my desire, or to banish my pain,  
 Give Love to the Nymph, or give ease to the Swain.

Allegro

Andante.

In Cupid's fam'd School would ye  
 take a de-gree, Young Maids you must learn a short Les-son from me: Scarce blows on your Cheek the fair Rose of fif-teen, E'er Love, the false Traitor, at-  
 -tacks you un-seen; To ru-in, and please, ev'ry method he tries, A Friend in pretence, but a Foe in disguise. To ru-in and please, ev'ry  
 method he tries, A Friend in pretence, but a Foe in disguise.

2

Does your fancy incline to Wealth, Title, or Drefs,  
 Does your Pulse beat to Pleasure, or sink at Distress;  
 To your humour and taste still he varies his Art,  
 And steals through your Eyes and your Ears to your Heart:  
 Beware then, and learn, from the fair ones of old,  
 To harden like Trees, and like Rivers grow cold.

4

3

From the formal grave dunce, who goes moping all Day,  
 From the Fop who still prates, but has nothing to say;  
 From the Soldier so fierce, just arriv'd from the Wars,  
 Whose Tongue runs on Battles, on Dangers, on Scars;  
 From the Rake, who insults the poor Nymph he betray'd,  
 From all these, kind Cupid, deliver each Maid.

But find out the Lover whose Passion can tend  
 To the bliss of your life, from beginning to end;  
 If the stamp of true Merit, and honour he wears,  
 Away Girls, away with your doubts and your fears;  
 Think why you were made, and resolve to be kind,  
 For the blessings you'll give, and the blessings you'll find.



## Sung by Mr. Lowe.

Mod<sup>o</sup>

Sy. Bid me to live, and I will  
live Thy constant Swain to be; Or bid me love, and I will give A lo-ving Heart to thee: A Heart as soft, a Heart as  
kind, A Heart as sound and free, As in the whole World thou canst find, That Heart I'll give to thee.

2  
Bid that Heart stay, and it will stay,  
To honour thy decree;  
Or bid it languish quite away,  
All this 'twill do for thee:  
Bid me to weep, and I will weep  
While I have Eyes to see,  
And having none, yet I will keep  
A Heart to weep for thee.

3  
Bid me despair, and I'll despair,  
Beneath yon Cypress tree,  
Or bid me die, and I will dare  
E'en death itself for thee:  
Thou art my Life, my Love, my Heart,  
The very Eyes of me;  
And hast command in ev'ry part  
To live and die for thee.

## CANTATA.

Sung by Mr. Lowe.

Recit.

Accomp.

The Sun was sunk beneath the Hill, The Western Clouds were lind with Gold, The Sky was clear, the winds were full, The  
flocks were pent within the Fold, When from the silence of the Grove, Poor Damon thus despair'd of Love.



Ande

Modo

Sy.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant Rose, Sy.

Who seeks to

pluck the fragrant Rose From the bare Rock or oozy Beach,

Who from each barren Weed that grows, Expects the Grape, or blushing Peach, Sy.

With equal faith may hope to find, The truth of Love in Woman-kind, With equal faith may hope to find, The truth of Love in Woman-kind.

Ande

I have no Herds, no fleecy care, No Fields that wave with golden Grain, No Pastures green, nor Gardens fair, A Maiden's vernal

Heart to gain, Then all in vain my sighs must prove, For I alas! have nought but Love, Then all in vain my sighs must prove, For I alas! have nought but Love.

How wretched is the faithfull Youth,  
 Since Women's Hearts are bought and sold,  
 They ask not vows of sacred truth,  
 Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for Gold;  
 Gold can the frowns of scorn remove,  
 But I alas! have nought hut Love.

To buy the Gems of India's coast,  
 What wealth, what treasure can suffice,  
 Not all their shine can ever boast,  
 The living lustre of her Eyes;  
 For these the world too cheap would prove,  
 But I alas! have nought but Love.

Allegro  
Andante.

Sil-via, since nor Gems, nor Ore, Can with thy bright-er  
Charms com-pare, Con-sider that I of-fer more, More seldom found a Soul sincere  
Let rich-es mean-er Beau-ties prove, Who pays thy worth, must pay-in Love. Let rich-es  
meaner Beau-ties prove, Who pays thy worth, must pay in Love, must pay in Love  
Who pays thy worth, must pay in Love.

FINIS.