



The
British Musical Miscellany
or, the
Delightful Grove:

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

VOL. II.

Engraven in a fair Character, &
Carefully Corrected.

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Printer & Instrument-maker to his Majesty, at y^e Harp
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where may be had just Publish'd, A Collection of
all the Ballad Operas.



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Love's a gentle, gen'rous
 Passion, Source of all --- sublime delights; Which with mutual incli-
 nation, Two fond Hearts in One unites. Two fond Hearts in One unites.

What are Titles, Pomp, or Riches,
 If compar'd with true content;
 That false joy which now bewitches,
 When obtain'd we may repent.
 When, &c.

Lawless Passions bring vexation,
 But a chaste and constant Love,
 Is a glorious Emulation,
 Of the Blissful state above.
 Of the, &c.

FLUTE.

NECTOR chang'd by the GODS into PUNCH.

The Gods, and the Goddeffes lately did Feaft, Where Am-

brofia with exquisite fauces were drest; Their Ea-ta-bles

did with their De-i_ties fuit, But what they shou'd drink did oc-

cafion difpute; 'Twas time that old Nector was grown out of

fafhion, B'ing what they did drink long before the Creation; When the

Skie colour'd Cloth was mov'd from the Board, For making the

Bowl, great Jove gave the word; The Bowl it was large, of a Heavenly

Size, Wherein they did use Infant Gods to Baptize.

Quoth Jove, I'm inform'd, they drink Punch upon Earth,
 Whereby the Mortals wits far exceeds us in mirth;
 Therefore our wife Godheads together let's lay,
 And endeavour to make it much stronger than they;
 'Twas spoke like a God, fill the Bowl up to the top,
 He is Cashier'd from the Heavens, that leaves the last drop;
 Then Apollo sent away two of his Lasses,
 With Pitchers, to fill at the Well of Parnassus;
 To Poets new born, this Liqueur it was brought
 And they suckt it in for their first mornings draught.

Juno, for Lemons, stept into her Closet,
 Which, when she was sick, she infus'd into Possets;
 For Goddeses may be as squeamish as Gipseys,
 The Sun and the Moon, you know, have their Eclipses;
 These Lemons were called the Hisperian Fruit,
 Where a Vigilent Dragon was said to look to it;
 Twelve dozen of these were well squeas'd in water,
 The rest of Ingredients in order came after;
 Venus, admirer of all things that were sweet,
 Without her infusion, there had been no treat.

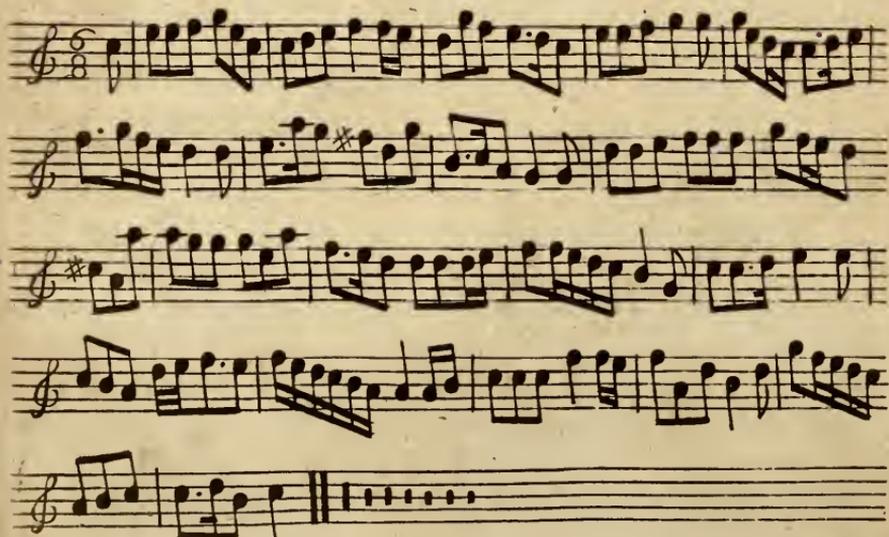
Commanded her Sugar loaves, white as her Doves,
 To be brought to the Table by a pair of young Loves;
 So wonderful curious these Deities were,
 The Sugar it was strain'd thro' a piece of fine Aire;
 Jolly Bacchus gave notice by langling his bunch,
 That without his assistance, there cou'd be no good Punch;

What he meant by the Sequel, was very well known,
 They threw in ten Gallons of trusty Langoon;
 Mars, tho' a blunt God, and cheif of the Biskers,
 Was fat at Table a curling his whiskers.

Quoth he, fellow Gods, and Celestial Gallants,
 I wou'd not give a Fig for your Punch without Nantz;
 Therefore my Ganamade, I do command ye,
 To throw in ten Gallons of the best Nantz Brandy;
 Saturn, of all the Gods there, he was the oldest,
 And we may imagine his stomach was the coldest;
 He out of his Pouch did some Nutmegs produce,
 Which being well grated, were put in the juice;
 Neptune, this Ocean of good Liquor did Crown,
 With a Sea Biscake bak'd hard in the Sun.

The Bowl being finish'd, A health then began,
 Quoth Jove, let it be to that Creature, call'd Man;
 'Tis to him alone, our great Pleasure we owe,
 For Heaven, it was never true Heaven till now;
 The Gods being pleas'd, the health it went about,
 Till gorrel belly'd Bacchus's great guts nigh burst out;
 The other brave Gods did immense of Punch swallow,
 Acteon, with Hounds, and with Huntsman did hollow;
 The Punch was delightful, they plenty did bring,
 And all the World over their Fame it did ring.

FLUTE.



PHILLIS, the Toast. A SONG.

Phillis the gay, Phillis the gay, Phillis the ga-----

y₆ has been counted the best, And happy's the Swain that has₆

Phillis possest: what tho' Father Time, the worst of all

harms, has ruf... d her features, she still has her Charms,

And whilst a ny moisture remains in her clay, her wit, her

wit, her wit and good Humour will never, will never de...cay.

Then each take a Glass, and fill to the Laps, that pleases his.

fan-cy most. For me, I declare, for no other

Fair, but Phillis who still is my Toast.

FLUTE.

A SONG. The Words and Musick by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Rec:

Tempo

Cloe my breast did fire, I flew to Wine for aid, But Bacchus

did confi- re, with Cupid and the Maid

Maid. I found 'em all a-greed, to wou-nd my ro-

ving Heart, But thus my self I freed. I

kiss'd the Punk, made Bacchus Dru-

and flo-

le a way his Dart. and

This system contains the first two staves of a piano accompaniment. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics "le a way his Dart. and" are written below the lower staff, with a fermata over the word "Dart." and a repeat sign at the end of the system.

FLUTE.

Tempo

1 2

This system contains the first seven staves of a flute part. The upper staff is in treble clef with a common time signature. The key signature changes from one flat to one sharp (F#) in the second measure. The music is characterized by rapid sixteenth-note passages. There are first and second endings marked "1" and "2" in the second measure. A fermata is placed over the first ending. The system concludes with a repeat sign and a trill.

A SONG. The Words by Mr PARRATT. Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE. 9

Dum loquimur fugerit invida
 Etas HOR.

slow.

Small is the Spot of Earth, Poor Man, When Death shall cease thy
 Pains; And Time shall measure out life's span, That must con-
 tain, What Heaven ordains, Thy Breathless clod and la
 st remains. That

Nothing can stop thy Soul's quick flight
 Or lengthen out Time's space;
 Death will Eclipse thy Day with Night,
 And Worms embrace
 Thy shriveld face,
 And feast upon the lifeless Mass.

Unenvy'd in the Grave thou'lt lie
 No Pains will find thee there!
 Such thoughts make good men wish to die,
 So free from fear,
 They rest, and share
 The Bliss alone that's void of care.

The wife enjoy the present Day,
 And live prepar'd for Fate;
 They know that Death knows no delay,
 But soon or late,
 Another State,
 Must give Eternity its Date.

FLUTE.

A SONG Set by MR. HANDEL.

The Words by MR. PARRATT.

Phillis be kind, and hear my Love, And throw of a ll your

cold disdain; Such frowns my Passion will remove, And

make me Proud, when you complain. Alas! what pleasure

can you find, In looks, or Airs that are unkind, Vain
wiles that give us pain.

Cowards, that never dare to fight,
Use many Arts to gain their Ends;
Nor dare not push for the delight,
Which makes the bold a large amends:
Maids love the Man that ne'er will flie
Who boldly push, when we deny,
And scorn our well feign'd spight.

F L U T E .

Once for all.

By Mr. HENRY CAREY.

With an honest old Friend, and a merry old Song, And a

Flask of old Port, let me sit the night long, And laugh at the malice of

those who repine, That they must drink Porter, while I can drink Wine.

I envy no mortal, tho' ever so Great,
 Nor scorn I a wretch, for his lowly Estate;
 But what I abhor, and esteem as a Curse,
 Is poorness of Spirit, not poorness in Purse.

Then, dare to be Generous, dauntless, and gay,
 Let us merrily pass life's remainder away:
 Upheld by our Friends, we our Foes may despise,
 For the more we are envy'd, the higher we rise.

FLUTE.

Why beats my Heart when Floras night As it would from my Bosom .

Figured bass: t 6 6 6 6 4 # 6 5

fly. Whence does this melting softness rise? When her my raptur'd soul es -

Figured bass: # 4 6 6 6 6 6

-pies. Why gazing do I speechless stand And tremble when I touch her -

Figured bass: 4 # 6 6 6 5

Hand. Why does a Smile a Glance a Word Inutterable Joys afford.

Figured bass: # 4 6 # 4 7 # 4 6 7 6 5 #

Teach me ye learn'd in Natures Laws!
 You who have search'd and found the Cause;
 Why Planets roll and Tempests blow
 And seasons change and Oceans flow:
 Whence comes my Floras boundless sway?
 Why must she rule and I obey?
 What's Love! declare its wondrous Rife,
 Shew how the soul speaks thro' the Eyes .

Tell why together in Excess,
 Love's Pains torment, its Pleasures blefs,
 Vain Detards! should you Flora view,
 To all your boasted Arts adieu:
 One Look from her would more than prove,
 No science can account for Love:
 A Pow'r supream o'er all it reigns,
 And binds the Universe in Chains •

FLUTE . .

NANNY O .

While some for Pleasure pawn their Health, Twixt Lais and the

Bagnio, Ill save my self and without Stealth Kifs and carefs my Nanny O •

She bids more fair to engage a Jove, Than Leda did, or Danae - O - Were

I to paint the Queen of Love, None else should fit but Nanny - O -

How joyfully my Spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely---O:
 I guess what Heav'n is by her Eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely---O.
 Attend my Vow, ye Gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest Britannia,
 No human Bliss I shall envy,
 While thus ye grant me Nanny---O.

CHORUS .

My bonny, bonny Nanny--O,
 My lovely charming Nanny--O,
 I care not tho' the World should know
 How dearly I love Nanny--O .

FLUTE .

Gentle Air, thou Breath of Lovers, Vapour from a secret Fire .
Which by thee it self discovers, Ere yet daring to a spire .

Softest Note of Whisper'd Anguish,
Harmony's refined Part,
Striking, while thou seem'st to languish,
Full upon the Listener's Heart .

Safest Messenger of Passion,
Stealing thro' a Croud of Spies,
Who constrain the outward Fashion,
Close the Lips, and guard the Eyes .

Shapeless Sigh, we ne'er can show thee,
Form'd but to assault the Ear ;
Yet, ere to their Cost they know thee,
Ev'ry Nymph may read thee — here .

Largo

A sorrowful Shepherd whom love taught to sing, Be-wail'd his hard fate by
 side of a spring, at-tentive the Birds seem'd their songs to foregoe, And the
 Flocks all a-round him com-pas-sion did show, com-pas-sion did show .

Piano

The musical score is written in G major and 6/8 time. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system includes a trill (t) and a fermata (f) over the final note. The second system includes a trill (t) and a fermata (f) over the final note. The third system includes a fermata (f) over the final note. The fourth system includes a fermata (f) over the final note. The piano accompaniment features various rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and rests.

Ye Groves cry'd he sighing, re-sound my sad Lay,
 Oh bear my Complaints, ye soft Zephirs away ;
 But to whom shall I bear them or where can I run
 I've trusted a Bankrupt and I am undone .

The seasons fair changes can give no delight,
 Their Beautys no more can cheer my faded sight,
 Fair Cynthia, and Phæbus your Light I deplore,
 For Chloe disdains me, and Beautys no more .

The Swains from their Reaping, quit the teeming Field,
 Their loves and their Labours blest gratefull thanks yeild,
 The Fields, Woods, and Gardens their lib'ral Gifts pour,
 To me Loves a Miser, and Bounty's no more .

In vain Philomela renews her sweet song,
 Or the streams o'er the Pebbles soft murmurs prolong,
 Ye Black-Birds and Linnets your warbling give o'er,
 For Love is deny'd me and Musick's no more .

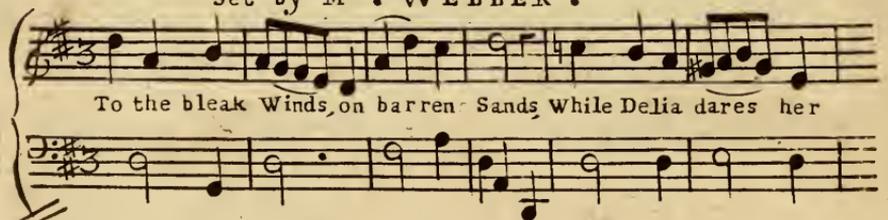
Then adieu ye gay Meadows, ye streams, and ye Groves,
 Adieu all ye Shepherds your Lays and your Loves;
 Adieu ev'ry Beauty that Nature e'er wore
 With Chloe you fly me and Pleasure's no more . .

FLUTE .



ON A LADY throwing *Pia.* SNOW BALLS .

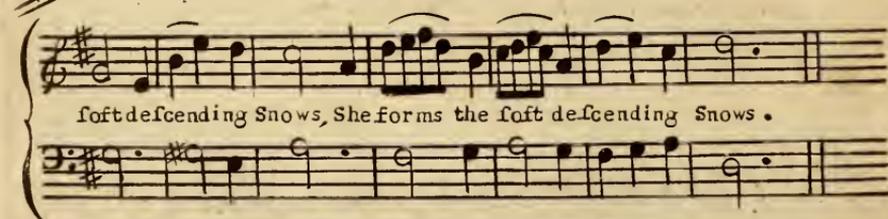
Set by M^r. WEBBER .



To the bleak Winds, on barren Sands, While Delia dares her



Charms expose, To missive Globes, with glowing Hands, She forms the



soft descending Snows, She forms the soft descending Snows .

The lovely Maid, from ev'ry Part
 Collecting, moulds with nicest Care
 The Flakes, less frozen than her Heart,
 Less than her downy Bosom fair .

On my poor Breast her Arms she tries,
 Levell'd at me, like darted Flame
 From Jove's red Hand, the Pellet flies,
 As swift its Course, as sure its Aim.

Cold as I thought the fleecy Rain,
 Unshock'd I stood nor fear'd a Smart.
 While latent Fires, with pointed Pain
 Shot thro' my Veins and pierc'd my Heart.

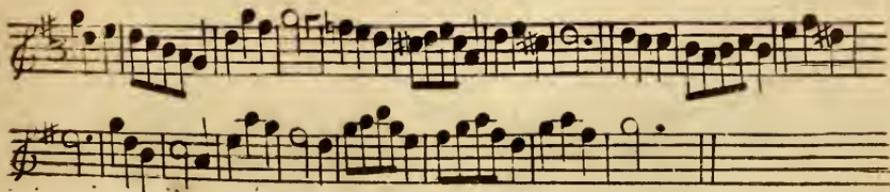
Or with her Eyes she warm'd the Snow,
 (What Coldness can their Beams withstand!)
 Or else, (who would not kindle so.)
 It caught th' Infection from her Hand.

So glowing Seeds to Flints confin'd
 The Sun's enlivening Heat conveys,
 Thus Iron to the Loadstone join'd
 Usurps its Power and wins its Praise.

So strongly influent shine her Charms,
 While Heav'n's own Light can scarce appear,
 While Winter's Rage his Rays disarms,
 And blasts the Beauties of the Year.

To ev'ry Hope of Safety lost,
 In vain we fly the lovely Foe;
 Since Flames invade, disguis'd in Frost,
 And Cupid tips his Dart with Snow.

FLUTE.



From not my Dear, nor be se-v're Be-cause I
 did Co-rin-na kifs; For all th-Intent, was Compli-
 -ment, And truly no = thing else but this

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

Call me not base,
 In such a Case,
 Nor misinterpret my Design,
 For I averr,
 I love not her,
 But am with Resignation thine .

FLUTE .

Thy vain Pursuit fond Youth give o'er, what more alafs-- can

Flavia do. Thy worth I own, thy Fate deplore, all are not

hap-py that are true Thy worth I own, thy Fate-- deplore.

all are not hap---- py that are true .

Suppress thy Sighs, and weep no more ;
 Should Heaven and Earth with thee combine
 'Twere all in vain, since any Power
 To crown thy Love, must alter mine :
 Twere all &c .

But if Revenge can ease thy Pain,
 I'll sooth those Ills I cannot cure,
 Tell thee I drag a hopeless Chain,
 And more than I inflict, endure .
 Tell thee &c .

The Words by Mr. BENI. GRIFFIN .

To a MINUET .

As on a sunshiny summer's Day I to the Greenwood bent my way, the

lonely Path my Fancy took was guided by a silver Brook and trust me,

trust me all I meant, was to be pleas'd and innocent

Upon it's flow'ry Bank I fate
 Regardless of or Love or Hate
 So took my Pipe, and gan to play
 The Jolly Shepherd's Rounde lay,
 And trust me trust me, all I meant,
 Was to be pleas'd and Innocent .

All in the self-same shady Grove
 Youthful Silvia chanc'd to rove
 And by its Echo led, drew near
 My rural Oaten Reed to hear
 But surely, surely, all she meant
 Was to be pleas'd and innocent.

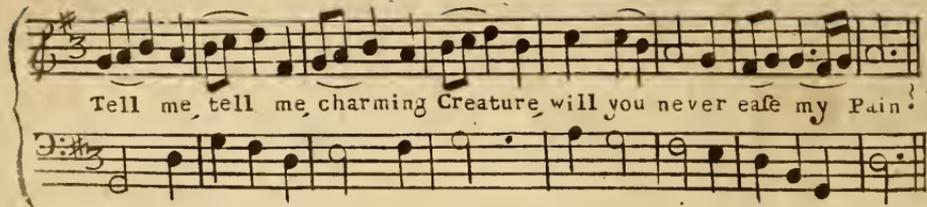
I held her by the glowing Hand,
 And something she did understand.
 Her swelling Sighs, her melting Look,
 That something too, too plainly spoke:
 But trust me, trust me, all I meant,
 Was to be pleas'd and Innocent.

When I beheld her slender Wafte,
 Her Iv'ry Neck her panting Breast,
 Her blooming Cheek, her sparkling Eye,
 Gods! was there ought I could deny!
 But sure till then all, all I meant,
 Was to be pleas'd and Innocent

When I her Charms had wander'd o'er,
 My Heart was then my own no more.
 Into her circling Arms I fell:
 What follow'd then I dare not tell.
 We only both were in th'Event
 Well pleas'd if not so Innocent.

FLUTE.





Tell me, tell me, charming Creature, will you never ease my Pain?



Must I dye for ev'ry Feature, must I al-ways Love in vain .

The Desire of Admiration,
 Is the Pleasure you pursue ;
 Pr'ythee try a lasting Passion ;
 Such a Love as mine for you .

Tears and Sighing could not move you ;
 For a Lover ought to dare :
 When I plainly told I lov'd you
 Then you said I went too far .

Are such giddy Ways befeeming ?
 Will my Dear be fickle still ?
 Conquest is the Joy of Women ;
 Let their Slaves be what they will .

Your Neglect with Torment fills me,
 And my desperate Thoughts, increase ;
 Pray consider, if you kill me,
 You will have a Lover less .

If your wand'ring Heart is beating
 For new Lovers, let it be :
 But, when you have done Coquetting,
 Name a Day, and fix on me .

FLUTE .



Set by MR. LEVERIDGE.

Damon ask'd me but once, and I faintly deny'd, In-

tending to snap him the next time he try'd; But a-

lafs! he's determin'd to ask me no more, And now he makes

Love to the fair, Leonore.

How'er I'll not grieve, for I'm fully assur'd,
 He ne'er wou'd have taken a Maid at her word;
 Tho' he's fawning and cringing, I'll venture to say,
 That Lover's a fool, who will take the first nay.

Had his Love been sincere, and he really in pain,
 He then wou'd have ask'd me again and again;
 Let him go, if he will, for I never will vex,
 The Swain that's in earnest allows for the Sex.

FLUTE.

A SONG in the OPERA of AMELIA by Mr. LAMPE.

Ah Traiteurs, wicked, and im-

pure, how can I possibly endure, to see that odious Face. Ah Trai-

treis, wicked and impure, how can I possibly endure, to see that o-dious

Face that o- - - - - dious

odious Face, to see that odious Face. Ah Traiteurs, wicked and impure, how can I possi-

bly endure, to see that o-dious Face to see that o-

- - - dious, o. dious Face, to see that odious Face, that odious Face.

that my heart had not been set, on one who could her truth forget, to suffer this disgrace, Oh

that my heart had not been set, on one who could her truth forget, to suffer this disgrace,

to suffer this disgrace to suffer this disgrace.

A SONG Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Sure ne'er was a Dog so wretched as I, whose rest is for
e-ver pre-ven-ted; I'm neither at peace, when Cloe looks
coy. Nor when she looks kind, am contented.

Her frowns give a pain, my life cannot bear,
The thoughts of them set me a trembling;
Her smiles give no joy, and plainly I fear,
They can be no more then dissembling.

Then prethee my dear, consent and be kind,
And soon make an end of this wooing;
For I find I shall ne'er be at peace in my mind
Till once you and I have been doing.

Then let your poor Dog no longer complain,
Of usage, that's hard above measure;
And since he has tasted so much of the pain,
Prethee fling him a bit of the pleasure.

F L U T E .

Her frowns give a pain, my life cannot bear,
The thoughts of them set me a trembling;
Her smiles give no joy, and plainly I fear,
They can be no more then dissembling.

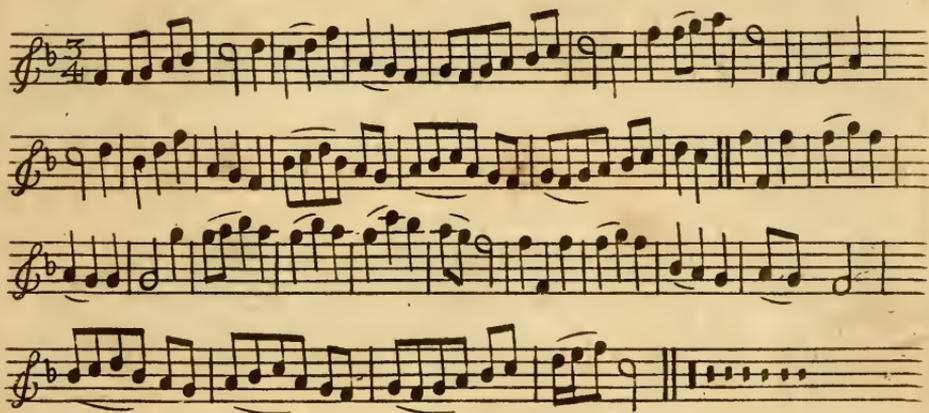
MARY SCOT.

Happy's the Love which meets return, When in soft Flames Souls
 e--qual burn. But words are wanting to discover The Tor-ments of
 a ho--peless Lover. Ye Registers of Heaven, relate, If loo-king
 o'er the Rolls of Fate. Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
 Ma--ry Scot the Flow-er of Yar-row?

Ah no! her Form's too heavenly fair,
 Her Love the Gods above must share;
 While Mortals with Despair explore her,
 And at a distance due adore her.
 O lovely Maid! my Doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a Smile:
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing Swain the 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 Paradife on Yarrow.

FLUTE.



MARIAN'S COMPLAINT.

The musical score for "Marian's Complaint" is presented in two systems. Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is common time (C).
 The first system contains the lyrics: "One April Ev'ning, when the Sun Had journey'd down the Sky,"
 The second system contains the lyrics: "Poor Marian with joyless Chear, Walk'd out most hea-vi-ly."

Tears trickled down her faded Cheeks,
Soft Sighs her Bosom heav'd;
Soft Sighs confess her inward Woe:
Alas! sh'ad been deceiv'd.

Ah! what a Wretch am I become,
Poor luckless Lass! said she;
The Cowslip, and the Violet's Bloom,
Have now no Charms for me.

The setting Sun, which decks each Cloud
With Streaks of purple Dye,
Brings no Relief to my Disease,
Nor Pleasure to my Eye.

This little River, when I dress'd,
Once serv'd me for a Glass;
And now it serves to shew how Love
Has ruin'd this poor Face.

How often, Collin, have you sworn,
That none you lov'd but me;
Yet Perjur'd now, those Oaths you scorn,
And flight my Misery.

What Charms can happy Mopsa boast,
To change thy faithless Mind?
What Beauty more in Her, than Me,
Ungrateful! can'st thou find?

All other Shepherds think me fair;
But what is that, to me,
The Praise of all the Neighb'ring Youth?
I, hopeless, dye for thee!

Yet I would change my rosie Cheeks,
For Mopsa's fallow Hue;
And be content with blubber Lips,
Since they have Charms for you.

Have I not told you twenty times,
I could not bear Deceit?
And who'd have guess'd those harmless Looks
Were form'd to hide a Cheat?

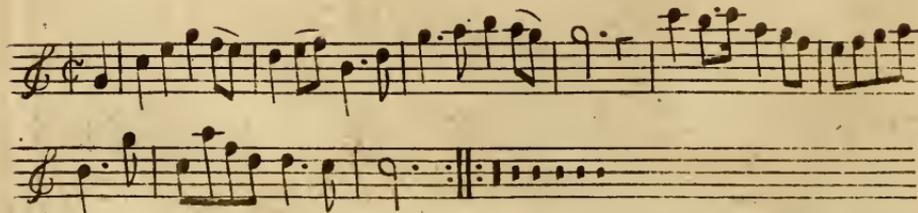
But now, alas! too late I find
These Looks have me betray'd;
Yet I'll not spend my Dying Hours
Thy Falshood to upbraid.

But what remaining Breath I have
Shall intercede with Heav'n,
That all thy broken Vows to me
At last may be forgiv'n.

And one small Boon, of thee Unkind,
I, ere I dye, require;
Ah! do not thou refuse to grant
A Wretch her last Desire.

When thou with Mopsa shall have fixt
Thy fatal Marriage-Day,
Oh! do not o'er my Green-Grass Grave,
Inhumane, track thy Way.

FLUTE.



A SONG Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.
The Words from the Weekly Miscellany.

When Jealous Cupid first survey'd, How artfully O -

rinda play'd, How she perform'd Love's Deity, Much more success-ful-

ly than He; While with each movement of her Fan, She ravish'd, and she

kill'd her Man, She ravish'd and she kill'd her Man. His

Bow and Darts away he flings, His Bow and Darts, ah useless, useless things

With haste he to his Mother flies, And interrupts his words with sighs, And

speaks the rest out with his Eyes. Hail! Goddeſs, Mother, hear thy

Suppliant Son, I ſhall looſe all, I ſhall looſe all the Con queſts

I have won, If thou wou'd'ſt have me ſtill reign over Men, Take,

Goddeſs, take hence thy Shafts and give thy Son thy Fan.

FLUTE.

A Dialogue between Death and a Dying Person, Suppos'd to have
been spared by Death in his Younger Years.

The Words by Mr. PARRATT. The Musick by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

slow Oh Death! think on the Words you gave, When last I fear'd your
Dart! You told me I shou'd scape the Grave Till warning
reach'd my Heart.

No warning have you gave me yet,
 Nor bid me once prepare,
 To pay that final heavy Debt,
 Which frees us from all Care.

Spare me but now, and give me Time
 To think on all my Sin;
 Soon I'll repent of ev'ry Crime,
 And strive sweet Heav'n to win.

DEATH. Thou thoughtless Wretch! how dare you say,
 No warning you have heard;
 Your hairs, which now are chang'd to grey,
 Shews Death can't be defer'd.

Those pains you've known, with want of rest,
 Dulness of Sense and Sight,
 Are signs I send to give the Test
 Of dark approaching Night.

I Summons now — You must obey,
 If unprepar'd, the worse;
 Had you done well without delay,
 You'd know no future Curse.

FLUTE.

LOVE and PRUDENCE. The Words by a LADY. 37

Set by M^r. CAREY.

flow

Alone by a Fountain I prefs the cold Ground, I prefs the cold Ground,

lest the Rocks and the Mountain, my grief should resound. For the

Man that's so dear, I'll never discover, no never discover lest the Eccho

should hear, the Eccho should hear and repeat to my Lover.

The pains that invade me
 I never will tell,
 No never will tell,
 Lest the World should upbraid me
 With Loving too well:
 If my truth cannot move,
 No fondness I'll show,
 No fondness I'll show;
 'Tis enough that I Love,
 Enough that I Love,
 And too much he should know.

THE RESOLVE .

Set to Musick by M^r. CAREY .

Since Sallindas my Foe to a Defart Ill go where some River for ever

shall eccho my woe: since sallindas my Foe to a defart Ill go where some

River for ever shall eccho my woe. The Trees shall appear less severe than my

Dear in the Morning adorning each Leaf with a Tear .

To the Rocks all alone,
When I make my sad moan,
From each hollow
Will follow,
Some pitifull Groan:
But with filent disdain,
She requites all my pain
To my Mourning,
Returning
No answer again.

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.

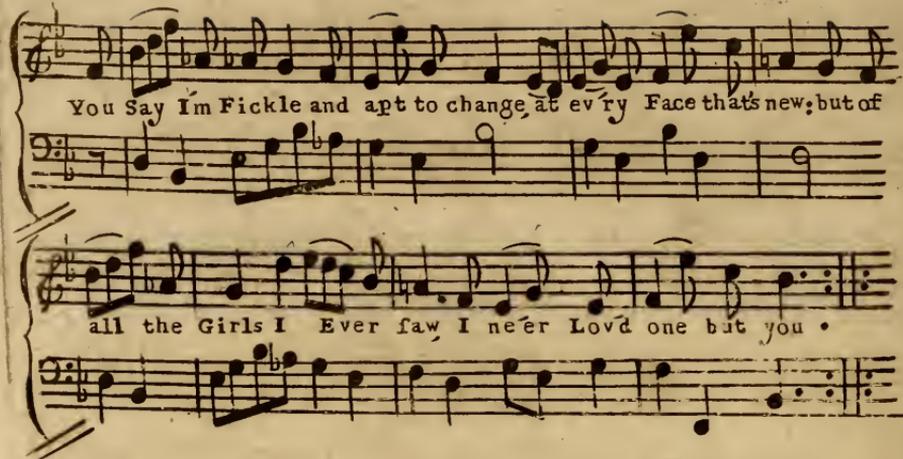
Yet 'tis better to Run,
To the Fate we can't shun,
Than for ever
Endeavour
What cannot be won:
Gods! what have I done,
That poor Billy alone,
Thus requited
Is flighted
For Loving but one.

FLUTE .

THE SLIGHTED LOVER .

flow

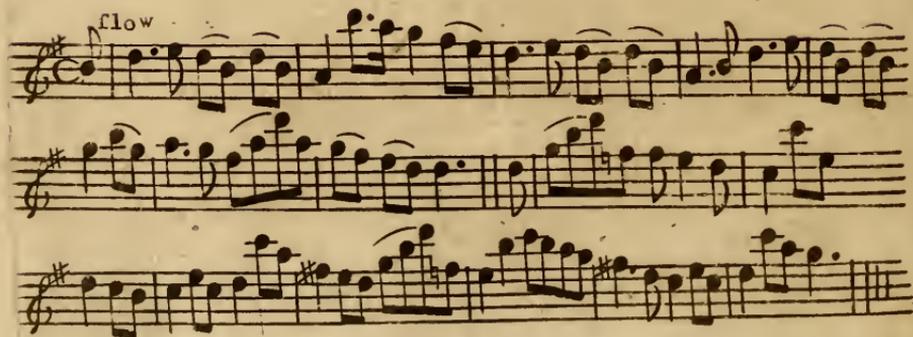
Beleive my sighs my Tears my Dear, Relieve the Heart you've
won: Beleive my Vows to you Sincere, of Moggy I'm undone:



You Say Im Fickle and apt to change at ev ry Face that's new; but of
all the Girls I Ever saw I ne'er Lov'd one but you .

My Heart was but a Lump of Ice
 Till warm'd by your Bright Eyes;
 But Ah! it Kindled in a Trice
 A Flame which never Dies:
 Come take me try me and you'll find
 Tho' you say that Im not true:
 Of all the Girls I ever saw
 I ne'er Lov'd one but you .

FLUTE .



flow

ADVICE to CLARINDA • The Words by M^r. T. BOWMAN •

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system is in 3/4 time and features a treble clef for the voice and a bass clef for the piano. The lyrics are: "No more Clarinda waste your Time in decking of that Face,". The second system continues the melody and includes the lyrics: "since Age and Wrinkles will combine to rob each finish'd Grace,". The third system repeats the lyrics: "since Age and Wrinkles will combine to ro...". The fourth system concludes with the lyrics: "...b each finish'd Grace." and ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment includes various musical notations such as chords, accidentals, and fingerings.

Like Spring your Beauties gay appear,
I feel their Influence;

But think when Autumns drawing near,
How they will chill the fence •

View Natures Works around her Frame,
And then you'll justly say,
Beauty can but a season claim
Then feel a sure Decay •

Think then on Time it flyes apace,
Accept my Heart whilst warm,
Lest Age should come and leave that Face
Without a Pow'r to charm •

FLUTE .

BEAUTY and MUSICK . By JOHN HUGHES Esq .

Set by D^r. PEPUSCH .

Ye Swains, whom ra-diant Beauty moves, Or Musick's Art with

Sounds Divine. Think how the rapt'rous Charm improves,

Where two such Gifts Ce-le-stial joyn .

Where Cupid's Bow, and Phæbus Lyre,
 In the same pow'ful Hand are found ;
 Where lovely Eyes inflame Desire,
 While trembling Notes are taught to Wound.

Enquire not who's the matchless Fair,
 That can this double Death bestow .
 If young Harmonia's Strains you hear,
 Or view her Eyes too well you'll know .

THE JOLLY TOPERS.

43

Of all the Occupations a Toper is the best, For when the

Worlds Affairs run cross, good Liquor gives him Rest, And a toping

And a
we will go we'll go we'll go and a to - ping
toping we will go we'll go we'll go and a toping

we will go.

we will go.

2

Here's to thee honest toping Jack,
Here's Wine will cheer thy Heart,
And if the Bottle's almost out,
We'll have the other Quart.
And a toping. &c.

3

What tho' your foter Sneakers
Call Jolly Toppers Swine,
Because they wallow in the Dirt,
And we do swim in Wine.
Yet a toping &c.

The Musick that delights us most
 Is when the Bar Bell rings.
 For when the Wines got in our Heads
 We fancy that we're Kings.
 And a toping &c.

5

Good Liquor drives away all Cares
 Which so perplex Mens Lives.
 For when we've drank our Courage up
 We fear no scolding Wives.
 And a toping &c.

6

We'll drink at Morn at Noon and Night
 The Glafs still going round.
 And when we cannot sit up right
 We'll drink upon the Ground.
 And a toping &c.

7

See how the shining sparkles rise
 Then fill your Glases high.
 Tho' gouty Pains attack our Limbs
 We'll drink untill we dye.
 And a toping &c.

8

The Lover lives on Celia's smiles
 And if she frowns he dies.
 But what are female smiles or Frowns
 To jollydrinking Boys.
 And a toping &c.

9

Let Misers heap up store of Gold
 To please their greedy souls.
 The greatest Bliss we Topers find
 Is in full flowing Bowls.
 And a toping &c.

10

Let Whigs and Torys plague their Heads
 To settle state Affairs.
 We'll drink and all our Time carrouse
 If we live a Thousand Years.
 And a toping &c.

Let Joy alone take place and Musick sound to Celebrate the Day Con-

- form the Voice then let the Bridegroom's Health and Bride's go round and

e-very Lad & Lass rejoice each take y^e Glas in hand & Toast y^e fair Untill her Name shall

make y^e bowl divine drink itt is but in hope to banish care but loose not ally^r prais^s in h^r wine

Let Jolly Bacchus round the Table go,
 For he the Prologue is to Cupids flame,
 Where Claret and Good Sherry freely flow,
 Youth fires, and it warms the frozen dame
 Let no man think to flinch but fill each Glas,
 For Drinking only can augment Delight.
 Nor shall the fair Bride nor Bridegroom Pass
 For Bacchus now Prepares them for the Night

Let Health and Wealth Indulgent Happyness,
 For ever on this Newmade Pair attend.
 Let each in Mutual love the other Bless
 So may their Joys Transporting never End.
 Let something be the Issue of their Love,
 And Pour upon them ev'ry Day a Joy.
 Each Happy finding that for which they strove
 At ev'ry Nine Months end a Thumping Boy

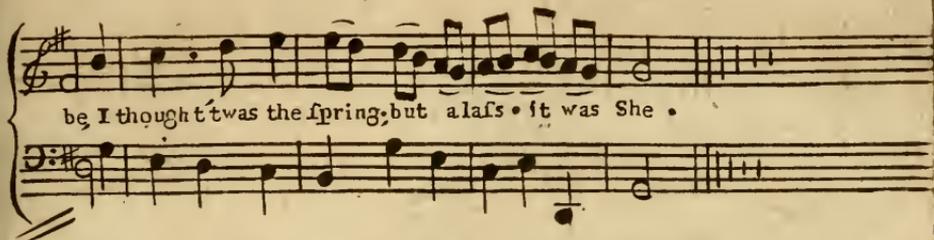
PHEBE Set by MR. GOUGE.

My Time oh ye Muses! was happily spent, when Phebe went with me where

- e ver I went, Ten thousand soft Pleasures I felt in my Breast, sure never fond

Shepherd like Collin was blest, but now she is gone & has left me behind, what a

marvelous change on a sudden I find, when things were as fine as could possibly



With such a Companion to tend a few Sheep,
 To rise up and play, or to lye down and sleep,
 I was so good-humour'd 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, and my Joys are all drown'd
 And my Heart - I am sure it weighs more than a Pound.

The Fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
 And dance to soft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
 Thou know'st little Cupid if Phebe was there,
 'Twas Pleasure to look at 'twas Musick to hear:
 But now she is absent I walk by its Side,
 And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide,
 Must you be so chearful while I go in Pain,
 Peace there with your Bubbling and hear me complain.

When my Lambkins around me would oftentime play,
 And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
 How pleasant their Sporting - how happy the Time,
 When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all in their Prime,
 But now in their Frolicks when by me they pass,
 I fling at their Fleeces an handful of Grass,
 Be still then I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
 To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My Dog I was ever well pleas'd to see
 Come wagging his Tail to my Fair One, and Me,
 And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my Dog said,
 Come hither, poor fellow, and patted his Head.
 But now, when he's fawning, I with a frow Look
 Cry, Sirrah, and give him a Blow with my Crook:
 And Ill give him another, for why should not Tray
 Be as dull as his Master, when Phebe's away;

When walking with Phebe, what Sights have I seen!
 How fair was the Flower, how fresh was the Green!
 What a lovely appearance the Trees and the Shade,
 The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry thing made:
 But since she has left me, tho' all are still there,
 They none of 'em now so delightful appear:
 'Twas nought but the Magick, I find of her Eyes
 Made so many beautiful Prospects arise •

Sweet Musick went with us Both all the Wood thro'
 The Lark, Linnet, Thro'ble, and Nightingale too;
 Winds over us whisper'd Flocks by us did bleat,
 And chirp when the Grasshopper under our Feet •
 But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
 The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone:
 Her Voice in the Consort, as now I have found,
 Gave every thing else its agreeable Sound •

O Rose, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
 And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
 Does ought of its Sweetness the Blossom beguile?
 That Meadow, those Daisies, why do they not smile?
 Ah! Rivals, I see what it was that you dress,
 And made yourselves fine for a Place in her Breast:
 You put on your Colours to pleasure her Eye,
 To be pluck'd by her Hand, on her Bosom to die •

How slowly Time creeps, till my Phebe return!
 While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool Breezes I burn,
 Methinks if I knew where about he would tread,
 I could breathe on his Wings, and twould melt down the Lead
 Fly swifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
 And rest so much longer fort when she is here •
 Ah Colin! old Time is full of Delay,
 Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say •

Will no pitying Power that hears me complain,
 Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my Pain?
 To be cur'd thou must, Colin 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 poor 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 •

The Words by Mr. CAREY.

Trust not Man, for he'll de- - ceive you, And too late you
 may repent, you may repent; First he'll Court you, then he'll
 leave you, Poor deluded, Poor de-lu- ded to la- - ment. D.C.

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

FLUTE.

D.C.

LINCO'S Advice to DAMON.

The musical score consists of five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are as follows:

LINCO, found DAMON lying, In Tears, upon the Plain;
 And laughing at his crying, Encreas'd poor DAMON's Pain:
 Crys DAMON, Mortal, fly me, Or by the Pow'r Divine! Crys
 LINCO, don't defie me. And shews a Flask of Wine.

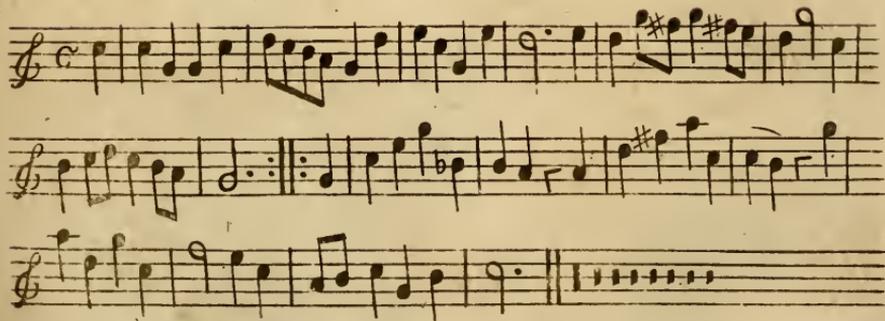
This — foolish, pining Lover,
 Will teach thee how to Storm:
 Thy gaity recover,
 And make the Maid grow warm:
 Come, prethee DAMON, try it,
 'Tis Sov'reign, prethee do;
 DAMON cou'd not deny it,
 He drank full Bumpers too.

Soon, DAMON felt the Liquor,
 His Cheeks grew roſie red;
 Then LINCO fill'd out quicker,
 'Twas out, they went to Bed:
 Next Morning, DAMON ſtraying,
 To Breath the fragrant Air;
 He heard poor DELIA praying.
 A laſt, and fervent Pray'r.

Yes, yes, I muſt implore him,
 DAMON, the kind, the true;
 Ye Gods! ſhe cry'd, reſtore him,
 Elſe, Love, and Life, adieu.
 On LINCO's humour thinking,
 He ſprung into her Arms,
 And fir'd with laſt Nights Drinking,
 Wou'd revel in her Charms.

The Maid, deep Crimſon bluſhing,
 Reclin'd her head, and ſigh'd;
 Whilſt eager DAMON bluſhing,
 Love's ſtrongeſt efforts try'd.
 Ah! whither am I flying,
 Her fault'ring tongue expreſs'd;
 Then claſſing, panting, ſighing,
 They murmur'd all the reſt.

FLUTE.



A New SONG Set by MR. JOHN SMITH.

When fair O-phelia tunes her Voice, The feather'd Choir at-

tends her Song; And as they catch the melting Notes, Which

She Melodious Sung; Repeats them as they fly a-long.

Not the soft Musick of the Nine,
 Or of the sweet harmonious Spheres,
 Not the soft Notes of Dying Swans,
 Were half so sweet as her's,
 Were half so heav'nly sweet as her's.

Sure 'twas fair Venus in Disguise,
 With sweet Apollo's charming Tongue;
 So much she like the Goddess look'd,
 So like the God she Sung,
 So like the God of Love she Sung.

FLUTE.

Larghetto con Viol: unis: Pianiss^o:

Love ever vanquishing, Hearts softly languishing, ease all her
Pain. Love ever vanquishing, Hearts softly languishing.
ease all her Pain. ease all her Pain. Kindly di-
recting her, and still protecting her from Fates disdain.
from Fate's dis-dain. kindly pro-protecting her, kindly pro-
tecting her from Fate's disdain. *Da Capo.*

The Words by MR. PARRATT. The Musick by MR. LEVERIDGE.

Phillis with all her Airs can't please my Eye. I view her

Fair, but yet her Charms defy; Were she from

Pride, and sad Ill nature free, Pleas'd, I'd o-

be-y, and Love the happy She.

Cloe, tho' not possess'd with every Grace,
 Has Charms that far exceed a Beauteous Face;
 Good Nature, Wit, and ev'ry pleasing Art,
 To Captivate the Sense, and steal the heart.

Beauty must fade, her charms will soon decay,
 Old envious Time bears ev'ry Grace away;
 Good Nature lasts, and has its charms till Death,
 And proves its Beauties with its Dying Breath.

JOCKEY and JENNY. Set by Mr. GOUGE.

Jockey and Jenny together were laid, Jockey was happy,

And so was the Maid; He often did sigh, and cry'd Jenny with

Thee, My Life tho' in Bondage, wou'd seem to be free. Jenny who

greatly for Jockey did burn, Wou'd Sigh to his Sigh, and kind

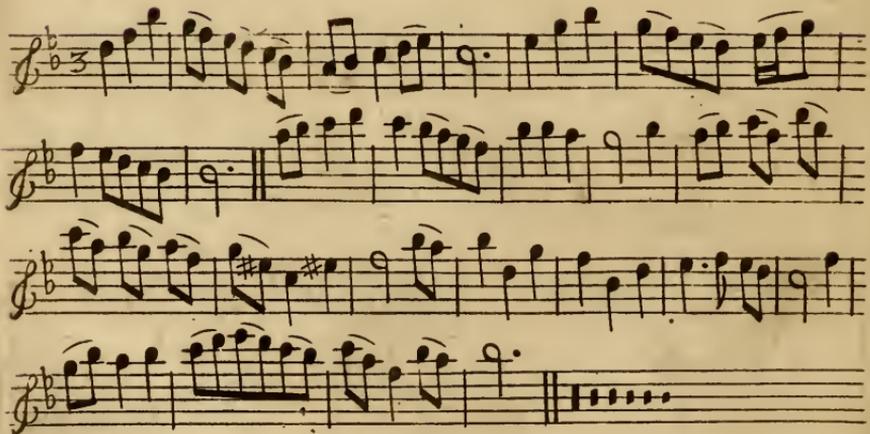
Language return; There's no Pair so happy, so much of one.

Mind. As Jockey to Jenny, so Jenny's endin'd.

Content with each other in humble Retreat.
 They court not new Beauties, nor envy the Great;
 He'll not quit his Nymph, nor the Nymph quit her Swain,
 For Pleasures yet thought of, or Riches to gain.
 Come, all you gay Courtiers, who Greatness admire,
 And shine in gilt Coaches, with pompous Attire,
 Regard the true Pleasure this Couple enjoy,
 For Pleasures with Jockey and Jenny ne'er cloy.

While you quit your Silvia for Cloe's bright Eyes,
 Aminta pursue, you fair Cloe despise,
 When one Nymph's undone, you another undoe,
 And rambling, the Fair does the same thing by you:
 'Till Nature grows weary, decrepit, and poor,
 Not aged, but quite has exhausted her Store;
 'Tis Jockey and Jenny enjoy the true Taste:
 Be constant like them, and your Pleasures will last.

F L U T E .



OR DRINKING the best Cure for Slighted LOVE.

The Words by M^r. Parratt.

The sweet de- .ceit that lurks in ev'ry smile, which Chloe uses

on occasion, My Soul be-guiles: My heart in hurry Beats, For-

getting all Loves Cheats, I strive to prove a sincere Passion

Free from all Wiles.

The' sudden change
That I alas! then find,
Does fill my Mind with admiration!
Poor Woman kind,
Thus foolish to affect
A dull constrain'd neglect,
An outside Air of Indignation,
All for a Blind.

Vex'd with such scorn,
I drag'd my Chain away,
And flew to Bacchus, the Physitian,
Without delay.
She storm'd, and curs'd her Fate,
Then smil'd, but smil'd too late,
For I obey'd the God's Direction,
And won the Day.

FLUTE.

A SCOTCH Dialogue in Imitation of an ODE in HORACE

Beginning, DONEC GRATUS ERAM TIBI.

JOCKEY.

AH my fic...kle JENNY. While there was not a-ny, In au^y Nearth had

pow'r to win ye, But JOCKEY only to his Arms. Ne'er a Laird in au^y

Nation, Was in so happy a Station, As JOCKEY when in Possession, of

JENNY in her early Charms.

JENNY. Had you still adrest me,
 As eance you carest me,
 Nean other Lad had e'er posselt me,
 But thine alean I now had been:
 Had I only been in vogue w'ye,
 And had you let nean else collogue ye,
 Nor rambled after KATHERN OGGIE,
 I'd sped as weel as any Queen.

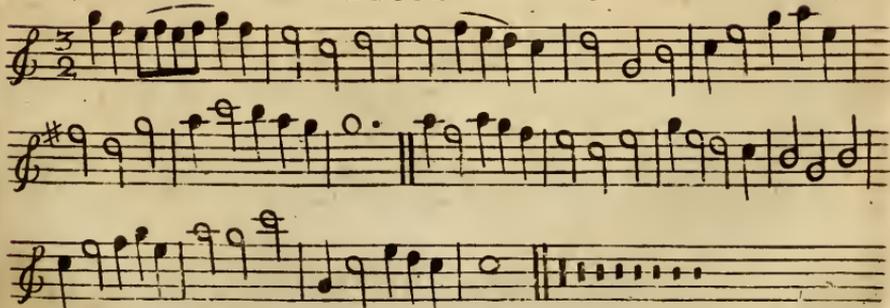
JOCKEY. MOGGY, of DUMFERLING,
 Is now my only Darling,
 Who sings as sweet as any Starling,
 And dances with a bonny Aire.
 MOGGY is so kind and tender,
 If Fate was ready now to end her,
 Cou'd I but from the stroke defend her,
 I'd dye if he wad MOGGY spare.

JENNY. SAWNY me careffes,
 Whose Bagpipe so pleases,
 That never my poor Heart at ease is,
 But when we are together beath.
 I'd so heartily befriend him,
 If Fate was ready now to end him,
 Cou'd I but from the stroke defend him,
 A thousand times I'd suffer Death.

JOCKEY. Come, let's leave this fooling,
 My Heart ne'er was cooling,
 Nean e'er but JENNY there was ruling,
 But thus our Hearts we fondly try.

JENNY. To thy Arms, if thou restore me,
 Shou'd au the Lairds i'th' Lond adore me,
 Nay, our Gued King himsel fend for me,
 With thee alean I'd live and dye.

FLUTE.



A SONG by M.^r HAYWARD.

From cens'ring the State, and what passes above, From a Surfeit of Cabbage,

From Law-Suits and Love; From medd'ling with Swords, and such dangerous

Things; From hand'ling of Guns in de-fi..ance of Kings, O Bacchus, great

Bacchus, for ever defend us, And plen-ti-ful store, plen-ti-ful

store, plen-ti-ful store of good. Burgundy send us.

FLUTE.

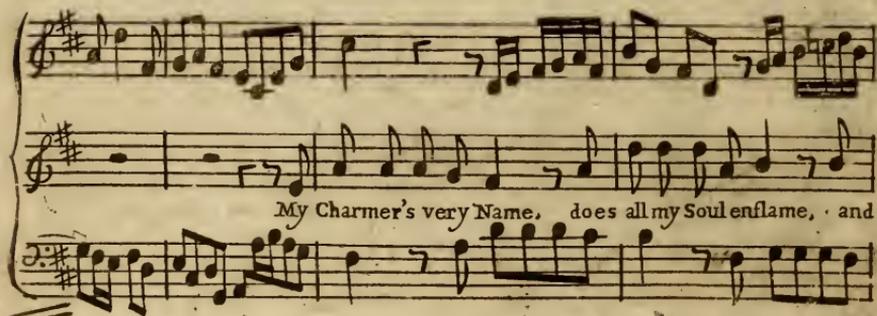
A SONG in the OPERA of AMELIA by Mr. LAMPE.

My Charmer's very Name does all my Soul en-

flame and fills my heart with Joy does all my Soul en-



flame, and fills my heart with joy.



My Charmer's very Name, does all my Soul enflame, and



fills my heart with joy, and fills my heart with joy.



and fills my heart with joy. My Charmer's very

Name, does all my Soul enflame, does all my Soul enflame, and fills my heart with

joy. and fills my heart with joy. and fills my heart, my heartth

joy.

May both your troubles cease and everlasting Peace our

future time employ and everlasting Peace our

future time employ may both our troubles cease and everlasting

Peace our future time employ our future time employ. D.C.

The QUEEN of MAY. To the Tune of Over the Hills and far away.

By M^r. W. BEDINGFIELD.

At a May-Pole down in Kent Now Spring with flow'ry Sweets was come,

Nymphs with Swains to Dancing went, Each hop'd to bear the Garland home;

When Wind came they all gave way, Youths with Joy their Homage pay, Nymphs con-

-fess her Queen of May, No one was e- ver yet so gay.

As her Skin, the Lilly fair,
New-budding Rose her Mouth imparts,
New-strung Cupid's Bow her Hair,
Eyes, his keenest Ebon Darts.

When you do her Temper view,
Young, but Wise, admir'd yet true,
Never charm'd with empty Shew,
Ne'er indiscreet, yet easy too.

All around your Steps advance,
Now Foot it in a Fairy Ring,
Nimble Trip, and as you Dance,
Ever live, bright Winna, ling.
With Boughs their Hearts of Oak beset,
Your brave Sires their Conqueror met,
No Crown, but her Locks of Jet,
Now does your free Allegiance get.

Blink over the Burn Sweet BETTY .

As gentle Tur-tle Doves, By Cooling shew De-fire, As I-vys Oaks do
 love and twi-ning round a spire: So I my Bet-ty love, So I my Bet-ty
 wooe, I wooe as wooes a Dove, And twine as I-vys do .

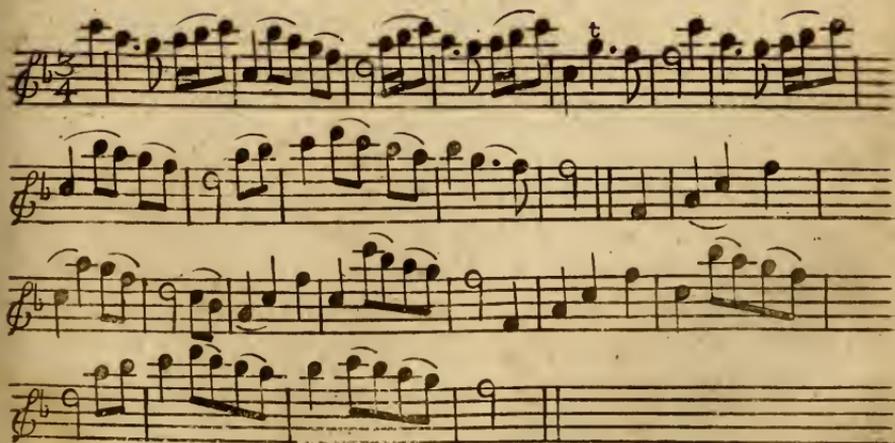
Her Kiffes sweet as Spring ;
 Like June, her Bosom's warm,
 The Autumn ne'er did bring
 By half so sweet a Charm .
 As living Fountains do
 Their Favours ne'er repent,
 So Betty's Blessings grow
 The more, the more they're lent .

Leave Kindred and Friends, sweet Betty
 Leave Kindred and Friends for me ;
 Assur'd thy Servant is steady,
 To Love, to Honour, and Thee .
 The Gifts of Nature and Fortune .
 May fly by Chance, as they came ;
 These Grounds the Destinies sport on,
 But Virtue is ever the same .

Altho' my Fancy were roving,
 Thy Charms so heav'nly appear,
 That other Beauties disproving,
 I'd worship thine only, my Dear.
 And shou'd Life's Sorrows embitter
 The Pleasure we promis'd our Loves,
 To share them together is fitter,
 Than moan asunder, like Doves.

Oh! were I but once so blessed,
 To grasp my Love in my Arms!
 By thee to be grasp'd and kissed,
 And live on thy Heaven of Charms:
 I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,
 Shou'd Fortune capricious prove,
 Tho' Death shou'd tear me to Pieces
 I'd dye a Martyr to Love.

FLUTE .



CELIA SIGHING .

By MR. ARTHUR BRADLEY .

Sigh no more, my Love... ly Celia, Why, ah! Why thoe mourn-ful

Sighs! Where, ah! Where's that Beau-teous Luitre, once a dornd thoe brilliant Eyes

See how briny Flood's o'erwhelm them,
 Breaking on the blushing Shore,
 And like Summer's Dew on Lillies
 Deck the Bosom I adore .

Flowers form'd by Nature drooping,
 Yet their fragrant Odours rise ;
 And my Celia, tho she's weeping,
 Hath thoe Charms she can't disguise . .

FLUTE .

So I my leisure to employ,
 In each variety of Joy,
 From Nymph to Nymph do roame,
 Perhaps see Fifty in a Day,
 They are but visits which I pay,
 For Chloe's still my home .

THE ANSWER .

With artfull verse young Thirfis you,
 In vain perswade me you are true,
 Since that can never be:
 For he's no Profelyte of mine,
 Who offers at anothers shrine,
 Those Vows he made to me .

The faithless fickle wavring Loon,
 That changes oftner than the Moon,
 Courts each new Face he meets,
 Smells e'ry fragrant Flow'r that blows,
 Yet flyly calls the blushing Rose,
 The Quintessence of sweets .

So Thirfis when in wanton Play,
 From Fair to Fair you fondly stray,
 And steal from each a Kiss,
 It shews if what you say is true,
 A sickly Appetite in you,
 And no substantial Blis .

For you inconstant roving swain,
 Tho seemingly you hug your Chain,
 Would fain I know get free,
 You long to search each Shady Grove
 To sip fresh balmy sweets of Love,
 And imitate your Bee .

Then calm that fluttering thing your Heart,
 And guard it well from Lovés keen Dart,
 Then let it rest at home;
 For whilst dear Bee you rove and sing,
 Should you return without your sting,
 I'll not protect a Drone .

I have been in Love and in debt and in drink this many and many a

Year. And those are three plagues enough any should think for one poor Mortal to

bear. Twas Love made me fall into drink and drink made me run into debt and

tho I have struggl'd and struggl'd and stro-ve I cannot I cannot get out of e'm

yet. Ther's nothing but Mony can cure me and rid me of all my pain Twill

pay all my debts and remove all my lets and my Mistress that cannot endure me will

Love me, and Love me again, Then, Then, Then I'll fall to my

Loving and drinking a ma----- in,

Then, Then, Then I'll fall to my Loving and drinking a main .

FLUTE .

To
SALINDA.

73

I'm still at RISBROUGH, but alas! can't view Those sweet de-
lights, I once beheld in you; No purling Streams cut thro' the
shady Bow'rs. 'Tis from our Eyes the Stream comes forth in
Show'rs. 'Tis from our Eyes the Stream comes forth in Show'rs.

Here, ev'ry Breeze, that thro' the Arbour flies,
First sadly murmurs, and then turns to Sighs;
On dropping Boughs, sad Nightingales complain,
Join in my Song, but sing like me in vain.

In dolefull Notes, the murm'ring Turtles Coo;
Each of them seems t'have lost SALINDA too.
Our REV'REND VICAR at the loss repines,
Forsakes his Study, and neglects his Vines.

From WHITE-LEAF HILL, dull Eccho still repeats,
SALINDA'S gone, and left these cool retreats.
How many tedious days and nights are past,
Since I. (Ah cruel Fate!) beheld you last!

You haunt me still, where ever I remove;
 There's no retreat secure from You and Love;
 My Soul is yours, no distance can divide,
 No Woods, no Hills can your sweet Person hide.

You only are the sleeping Poet's Dream,
 And, when awake, You only are his Theme.
 All that remains behind, that's dear of Thee,
 Is thy blest'd Name, carv'd on a weeping Tree.

F L U T E .

The WISH. By Mr. I. LOCKMAN.

not too fast.

Ambition ne...ver me seduc'd. To soar on For...tune's painted

Wing; Far humbler mo...tives, me induc'd To haunt, unvex'd, the

Muses Spring. Some rural Cott. where Angel Peace, Mild o'er the

Soul her Influence sheds; Where Pleasures flow with gay in-

crease, And sport at ease on ro-sy Beds.

Where Sylvan Scenes the Fancy raise,
 Exalt the Soul, improve the Lay;
 Where fanning Zephyrs sooth the Blaze,
 Of Summer's fiercely darting Day.
 The dimpled Stream, the winding Shade,
 The Lawn in chearing Verdure drest;
 Th'aspiring Hill, the tufted Glade,
 Soft Themes. shou'd pleasing Thoughts suggest.

Then rais'd to Extasy, I'd hail
 The sweetly awful rural Pow'rs;
 Invite, if artless sounds prevail,
 Gay Wood-Nymphs from their Jes'mine Bow'rs.
 Rich in my self, I'd frown on Gold,
 And far the treacherous Gugaw throw;
 With Pity's melting Eye behold,
 The idly bustling Croud below.

Ah me! in what romantic Seats,
 Does my deluded Fancy stray;
 Too transient, visionary sweets,
 That sudden gleam, then fade away.
 Thus, sportive, to the Mind, in Sleep,
 Cascades, Rocks, Coaches, Guineas rise;
 Break but the Charm, the glittering Heap,
 And all the wild Creation dies.

Beneath a shady Wil-low, Hard by a purling Stream, A mossy Bank my

Pillow, I fancy'd in a Dream, That I the charming PHILLIS did eagerly em-

brace; Her Breast as white as Lil-lies, And ROSAMONDA'S Face.

What ecstasies of Pleasure,
 She gave, to tell's in vain,
 When with the hidden Treasure,
 She blest her am'rous Swain:
 Cou'd nought our Joys discover,
 And I my Dream believe,
 I so cou'd sleep for ever,
 And still be so deceiv'd.

But, when I wak'd, deluded,
 And found all but a Dream,
 I fain wou'd have eluded,
 The melancholly Theme.
 Ye Gods! there's no enduring,
 So exquisite a Pain;
 The Wound is past all curing,
 That CUPID gave the Swain.

FLUTE.

The Words and Musick by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

To wed, says the Fop I agree, And like in this good modern

way; For such is the Marriage for me, That holds but a

Year and a Day. But bound to drag on with a Wife, 'Till

old, and as grey as a Cat; I cannot agree for my life, So,

Parson I thank you for That.

'Tis ods in this Age, but you find,
 Most Rakes, whilst they're foolish and young,
 To be of this Fop's silly mind,
 And vainly to pride in this Song.
 To always drag on with a Wife
 'Till old, and as grey as a Cat,
 I cannot agree for my life
 So Parson I thank you for That.

But if a kind Girl I cou'd see,
 That's wealthy — I don't mean with Pence,
 But rich in her Passion for me,
 Wound up with dear Friendship, and Sense.
 To such an Angelical Wife,
 Wou'd Heaven but grant me that Fate,
 With her I wou'd wish a long life
 So Parson I'd thank you for THAT.

FLUTE.

The COUNTRY LIFE.

Happy is a Country Life! Happy is a Country Life! Bleft with Content, good

Health, and Ease, Free from factious Noise and Strife, We only Plot our selves to

please. Peace of Mind's our Day's De-light, And Love, or welcome Dreams at Night.

Peace of Mind's our Day's De-light, And Love, or welcome Dreams at Night:

Hail! green Fields, and shady Woods!
 Hail! Chrystal Streams that still run pure,
 Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
 Where Virtue only dwells secure;
 Free from Vice, and free from Care,
 Age has no Pain, nor Youth a Snare.

FLUTE.

Falſe PHILANDER. Set by Mr. GOUGE.

Harewel thou falſe PHILANDER, Since now from me you rove, And

leave me here to wander, No more to think of Love.

I must for e-ver languish, I must for e-ver
 mourn, From Love I now am Banish'd, And shall no
 more re-turn.

Farewel, deceitful Traytor,
 Farewel, thou perjurd Swain;
 Let never injurd Creature,
 Believe your vows again:
 The Passion you pretended,
 Was only to obtain;
 For now the Charm is ended,
 The Charmer you disdain.

FLUTE.

A SONG by Cap^t. C.

Fair EMELIA, lovely Creature, Brightest Star in Beauteous Nature,

Bid thy Shepherd's Joy return: With thy tender soft de-sires, Fan, and

feed the sacred Fires, That within my Bo-som Burn.

Since I'm sworn a Slave to Beauty,
Never let me quit my Duty.

Crowns and Scepters to obtain:
Be but kind and constant ever,
And my wishes shall be never,
Roving Liberty to gain.

FLUTE.

yond expressing, with thee is ev'ry Pleasure beyond expressing, be-

yond expres- sing, expressing. Sym.

The Spring, when flow'rs are blowing, w.

all their Graces, and ev'ry sweet be- stowing, and ev'ry sweet be-

stowing, your bloom surpasse, your bloom sur- passe. I

come my fairest, Da Capo al Segno :S:

The Words by Mr. MANLY.

In vain mis-taken Nymph do you, The Pow'r you once ob-
tain'd pursue, To make your Conquest more secure; For
know, that Heart that has been free, And tast-ed dear va-
ri-e-ty. No Slavery can e'er endure.

When to you first I made Address,
Believing Truth you did possess,
My freedom I too much resign'd:
But being convinc'd by proofs too plain,
The Passion then urg'd you did but feign,
Allow me once to change my Mind.

And if I still shou'd ever prove,
So great a Dupee to offer Love
In Justice let this be my Fate:
May you continue to despise,
Such abject Thing, and Tyrannize,
With more than common hate.

The Words by Mr. PARRATT. The Musick by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

WHEN first CLOE's Beauty did STREPHON surprize, He suck'd in the

Poison that flew from her Eyes; The Swain but too soon felt the terrible

smart, He pluck'd at the Dart, He pluck'd at the Dart, And found that it

fester'd and stuck in his Heart.

Then, Business, and Pleasure, both came into play,
 Yet neither cou'd drive the sad Mischief away;
 For CHLOE cou'd daily fresh Mischief impart.
 And now the keen Dart,
 And now the keen Dart,
 Struck deeper, and deeper, and still in his Heart.

And next, a new Poison must t'other expell;
 If PHILLIS prove kind, his CHLOE can't kill;
 But too late the poor Swain had attempted the Part.
 For now the keen Dart,
 For now the keen Dart,
 Was by angry CHLOE struck quite thro' his Heart.

Then, almost Despairing, he next flew to ask
 Some aid of the smiling gay God of the Flask.
 CHAMPAIGN did the Feat, did new Vigour impart;
 So eas'd of the Smart,
 He pluck'd out the Dart.
 Love triumph'd no more in his Fortify'd Heart.

The Nymph, when she found the young Swain free from Love,
 And knew that gay Bacchus his Pain did remove;
 With a sad founding Sigh fetch'd sure from her Heart.
 She struck in the Dart.
 That caus'd STREPHON's Smart.
 So she dy'd by the wound her Scorn did impart.

F L U T E .

A N A P O L O G Y .

The Words by Mr. G. L. Set to Musick by Mr. S. H.

Andante

STRIVE not my Friend to hide thy Flame, Blush not the Charming
 Fair to own: Thy Passion why dost thou misname, Since Beauty
 doth for Birth atone.

A Slave alone had Pow'r to move,
 And kindle by her tender Charms,
 ACHILLES stubborn Heart to Love,
 And force the Heroe to her Arms.

Behold, my Friend, the charming Fair,
 How Commanding is her Eye;
 See how Majestick is her Air,
 Behold her Beauteous Majesty.

Why do'st thou think a Maid so bright,
 Did ever come of Vulgar Race;
 She's ev'ry Charm that yields delight,
 I read her Lineage in her Face.

FLUTE.

Musical score for Flute, consisting of three staves. The first two staves contain the main melody, and the third staff contains a shorter, concluding phrase. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/8.

The Birks of ENDERMAY.

Musical score for "The Birks of Endermay", consisting of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the last two staves are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is two sharps (D major) and the time signature is common time (C).

THE smiling Morn, the breathing Spring, Invite the tuneful Birds to sing: And

while they warble from each Spray, Love melts the u-ni-ver-sal Lay.

Let us, AMANDA, timely wise, Like them improve the Hour that

flies; And in soft Raptures waste the Day, A-mong the Birks of

ENDERMAY.

For soon the Winter of the Year,
 And Age, Life's Winter will appear:
 At this, thy living Bloom will fade;
 As that will strip the verdant Shade.
 Our Taste of Pleasure then is o'er;
 The feather'd Songsters love no more:
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the Birks of ENDERMAY.

FLUTE.

SILVIA, the Fair, in the bloom of Fifteen, Felt an innocent warmth as

she lay on the Green, She had heard of a pleasure, and something she

guest, By their touzing, and tumbling, and touching her Breast, She saw $\frac{3}{7}$ Men

eager, but was at a loss, What they meant by their fighting, and kif_sing so

close, By their praying, and whining, and clasping, and twining, and parting, and

wishing, and fighting, and kissing, and fighting, and kissing so close.

Ah! the cry'd, Ah! for a languishing Maid,
 In a Country of Christians, to die without aid;
 Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,
 Or a Protestant Parson, or Catholick Preist,
 To instruct a young Virgin, who is at a loss,
 What they mean by their sighing, and kissing so close.
 By their praying, &c.

CUPID in shape of a Swain did appear,
 He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near,
 Then shew'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,
 For the Pain was no more than a Maiden may bare;
 When the Balm was infus'd, she was not at a loss,
 What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close.
 By their praying &c.

FLUTE.

The musical score for the Flute part consists of four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is characterized by frequent grace notes and slurs. The second and third staves continue the melodic development with similar ornamentation. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A SONG Set by Mr. JOHN HARRIS.

The musical score for the song set by Mr. John Harris consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice, written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "Oft have I Swore I'd Love no more, Yet when I think on". The bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment, written in a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The piano part features a steady bass line with some rhythmic variation, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes. There are some markings below the piano staff, including the number '6' and '7'.

Thee, Alas I cannot give it o'er, But must thy Captive be.

4 3 6 6 6 4 4 3

7 7 5 6 5

So many sweets and Graces dwell about thy Lips and Eyes, That

6 * 6

* 4 2 6 7 4 *

who - - so - - ever once is caught, must ever be thy Prize, that

6 4 6 6 5

2 4 3

who - - so - - ever once is caught, must ever ever be thy Prize.

6 6 6 * 3

5 7 7 6 6 5 3

FLUTE.

s:

A Favourite MINUET in PORUS.

The Words by Mr. THO: BREREWOOD Jun.^r

Re-turn fair Maid to Fields and Farms, Where Swains are often blind.

To all those many fatal charms. We here too Pow'rfull find.

Your looks are soft and kind we see. But then we fear you coy. The

In-dian Snake thus all agree, al-lures but to destroy.

FLUTE.

How fervid is the State of Man, How restless and un-

- fix'd, Even Days which revelling began, with Grief are intermix'd.

Love's fatal Dart attacks the Breast, when quiet and se-

- rene, and when harsh Care has dispossest, The de-

- lighting Monarchs Rest, 'Tis Anarches within

Unhurt by Fear The airy warbling Choir, Taft of

Love No thought of Care annoys the Brute's desire

In the Grove 'Tis only Man's Unhappy state These miseries

to bear ----- Conspir'd with some Rivals Hate

Thousand pressing evils wait all wait in dreadful Phantoms near

FLUTE .

7/5

Tune The bonniest Lafs in all the World .

By DAVID RIZZIO .

Beneath a Beech's grateful Shade, Young Colin lay complaing. He

fight and seemd to love a Maid Without Hopes of obtaining. For thus the

Swain indulgd his Grief, Tho' Pity cannot move thee, Tho' thy hard

Heart gives no Relief, Yet Peggy I must love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,
 That thus you cruelly use him.
 If Love's a Fault 'tis that alone,
 For which you should excuse him:
 'Twas thy dear Self first rais'd this Flame,
 This Fire by which I languish;
 'Tis thou alone canst quench the same,
 And cool its scorching Anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive Plain,
 Where ev'ry Maid invites me;
 For thee sole Cause of all my Pain,
 For thee, that only flights me:
 This Love, that fires my faithful Heart
 By all but thee's commended.
 Oh! would'st thou act so good a Part,
 My Grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous Breast, so soft to feel,
 Seem'd Tendernefs all over,
 Yet it defends thy Heart like Steel,
 Gainst thy despairing Lover.
 Alas! tho' it should ne'er relent,
 Nor Colin's Care e'er move thee,
 Yet 'till Life's latest Breath is spent,
 My Peggy, I must love thee.

FLUTE .



FLORIMEL. Set by Dr. GREENE.

Andante.

THE Charms of FLORIMEL. No Force of Time or Art Shall sever from my

Heart; But ever to the World I'll tell, The Charms of Beauteous FLORIMEL.

Each Rock, and Sunny Hill,
The flow'ry Meads and Groves,
Shall say MIRTILLO Loves;
And Eccho shall be taught to tell,
The Charms, &c.

Each Tree within the Vale,
That on its Bark doth wear,
The Triumphs of my Fair;
To future Times, in Verse shall tell,
The Charms, &c.

Each Brook and purling Rill,
Shall on its bubbling Stream,
Convey the Virgin's Name;
And as it rolls in murmurs tell,
The Charms, &c.

The Silvan Gods that dwell,
Amidst this Sacred Grove,
Shall wonder at my Love;
Whilst ev'ry sound conspires to tell,
The Charms of Beauteous FLORIMEL.

FLUTE.

The Words by P. W. Elq^r Set by Mr. JOHN HUDSON.

Largo

AS GRANVILLE's soft Numbers, tune MY-RA's praise, And
 CHLOE shines love-ly in PRIOR's sweet Lays; So wou'd LAPHNE but
 smile, their Ex-am-ple I'd fol-low, And as she looks like VE-NUS, I'd
 Sing like APOLLO, But a-las! while no smiles from the fair One inf-
 pire, How languid my Strains, and how tuneless my Lyre.

Go, Zephyrs, salute in soft accents her Ear,
 And tell how I languish, sigh, pine, and despair
 In gentlest murmurs my Passion commend,
 But whisper it softly, for fear you offend:
 For sure, O ye Winds, you may tell her my pain,
 'Tis STREPHON's to suffer, but not to complain.

Wherever I go, or whatever I do,
 Still something presents the fair Nymph to my view,
 If I traverse the Garden, the Garden still shews
 Me, her Neck in the Lilly, her Lip in the Rose:
 But with her, neither Lilly, nor Rose can compare.
 Far sweeter's her Lip, and her Bosom more fair.

If to vent my fond anguish, I steal to the Grove.
 The Spring, there presents the fresh Bloom of my Love,
 The Nightingale too, with impertinent noise,
 Pours forth her sweet strains in my Syren's voice.
 Thus the Grove, and its Musick, her Image still brings,
 For, like Spring, she looks fair, like the Nightingale sings.

If forsaking the Groves, I fly to the Court,
 Where Beauty and Splendour united, resort;
 Some glimpse of my Fair in each Charmer I spy,
 In RICHMOND's fair Form, or in BRUDENEL's bright Eye;
 But alas! what wou'd BRUDENEL, or RICHMOND appear,
 Unheeded they'd pass, were my DAPHNE but There.

If to Books I retire to drown my fond pain,
 And dwell o'er a HORACE, or OVID's sweet strain;
 In LYDIA, or CHLOE, my DAPHNE I find,
 But CHLOE was courteous, and LYDIA was kind:
 Like LYDIA, or CHLOE, wou'd DAPHNE but prove,
 Like HORACE, or OVID, I'd sing, and I'd Love.

F L U T E .

The musical score is for a Flute part, consisting of three staves. The time signature is 3/8 and the key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music is characterized by frequent triplet patterns, indicated by a '3' over groups of notes. Trills are marked with a 't' above notes. The piece concludes with a final cadence on a whole note.

The SILENT CONFESSION. The Words by Mr. LAMB.

not too fast.

The musical score consists of six systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/8. The lyrics are written below the treble staff of each system. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final cadence in both staves of the sixth system.

Dear MOLLY, but hear my fond sighing. Ah! hear but thy
 Lover's complaint. Be kinder, my Love, and complying. And throw off this
 rigid restraint. Ah didst thou consider my anguish! And didst thou but
 feel of my Pain! Didst thou know but with Love how I languish! No
 longer you'd let me complain.

Cou'd you tell but how silly you cover,
 Thy Womanish Pride, and thine Art:
 This Coyness, ah then you'd give over
 And sett forth the truth of thy Heart:
 Thy Eyes do discover thy longing,
 Thy Heart, doth it beat? doth it pant?
 Thy Mind tho' thy Tongue is still wronging,
 Thou hast two kind Eyes that do grant.

Set by Mr. M. C. FESTING.

LOVE, imag'd blind by ly-ing Bards, Is Eagle-ey'd in me; I
 see in you a thousand Charms, And love becaufe I see. I
 see in you a thousand Charms, And love becaufe I see.

When Nature form'd that Angel-Face,
 She lavish'd all her Pow'r:
 Be this, she cry'd, my Master Piece,
 Kneel, Mortals, and adore!

Like her own FLORA's vernal Blush,
 Your blooming Cheek she dyes,
 And from the Morning dew-drops takes
 The Lustre of your Eyes.

Like equal rows of Orient Pearl,
 She sets your even Teeth;
 With live Vermillion stains your Lip,
 With Nectar dews your Breath.

Fond Love, and open Truth appear,
 The Features of your Mind;
 And Pleasure speaks in ev'ry glance,
 The Wish of all Mankind.

Where all the Graces thus unite,
 'Tis Merit to approve;
 And Reason, which at first admir'd,
 Is forc'd to end in Love.

FLUTE.

A Favourite Air by Mr. HANDEL.

LOVE thou great ru...ler

thee I a..dore For since with Joy I find dear LE-O..NORE

To my a..drefs is kind I ask no mo...re

I ask no more. Love thou great

ru...ler thee I adore For since with Joy I find dear LE-O..NORE

To my a-dress is kind I ask no mo- re I ask I a-ask no

more.

Tho' long rejected my Faith suspected after strickt Tryal when

Truth is found no more de.ni.al But Pleasures abound no more de-

nial but Pleasures a .bou- nd

no more de.ni .al but Pleasures abound. Da Capo

A SONG Set by Mr. JOHN HARRIS.

tr

SINCE CELIA's unkind, and my Paffion difdains, A Bottle, a

Bot-tle and Friend fhall ease all my Pains; Thus, thus re

move from my Heart that abfolute, that abfolute Fair, and with

Bumpers of Clarret, and with Bumpers of Clarret I'll dri-----

ve I'll dri

ve. I'll drive away Care.

6 6 6 6 6 7 4 3

WHAT can assuage the Pain Man feels, When Bu...fy Cares dis-

turb his Breast: And mo...deft Sense his want conceals, With

thousand thoughts that barr his Rest?

Can Wine, one gloomy thought remove?
 Can Titles, Wealth, or Mirth give ease?
 Can Woman's Charms, or thoughts of Love?
 Recall his Soul, or Mind, to Peace.

No, no, they're trifling Pleasures all!
 The Rich enjoy them but a Day,
 Within their Breast they deign to call,
 Ne'er Rest, but vanish soon away.

Content, alone can make us Sing.
 When wanton Fortune is unkind,
 That sets a Wretch above a King,
 And quiets ev'ry ruffled Mind.

FLUTE.

Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

By a murmuring Stream a fair Shepherdeſs lay, Be ſo kind, O ye

Nymphs, I oft times heard her ſay, Tell STREPHON I die, if he paſſes this

way, And that Love is the Cauſe of my Mou - rning, Falſe Shepherds, that

tell me of Beauty and Charms, You deceive me, for STREPHON's cold

Heart never warms: Yet bring me this STREPHON, let me die in his Arms, Oh

STREPHON! the Cauſe of my Mou - rning. But firſt, ſaid ſhe, let me go

down to the Shades below, E'er ye let STREPHON know, That I have lov'd him so:

Then on my pale Cheek no Blushes will show, That Love was the Cause of my Mourning.

Her Eyes were scarce closed when STREPHON came by,
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh;
 But finding her breathless, oh Heavens! did he cry,
 Ah CHLORIS! the Cause of my Mourning.
 Restore me my CHLORIS, ye Nymphs use your Art;
 They sighing, reply'd, 'twas yourself 'shot the Dart,
 That wounded the tender young Shepherdess' Heart,
 And kill'd the poor CHLORIS with Mourning.

Ah then is CHLORIS dead,

Wounded by me! he said;
 I'll follow thee, chaste Maid,

Down to the silent Shade.

Then on her cold snowy Breast leaning his Head,
 Expir'd the poor STREPHON with Mourning.

FLUTE.

A SONG Set by MR. HOWARD.

not too fast.

WHILE from our Looks, fair Nymph, you gueſs The ſe...cret Paſſions

of our Mind; My heavy Eyes, you ſay, confeſs, A Heart to

Love, and Grief inclin'd. There needs alas! but lit...tle Art, To

have this fa-tal Secret found: With the ſame eaſe you threw the

Dart. 'Tis certain you may ſhew the Wound.

How can I ſee you, and not Love;
 While you as op'ning Eaſt are fair;
 While cold as Northern Blaſts you prove;
 How can I Love, and not deſpair?
 The Wretch in double Fetters bound.
 Your Potent Mercy may releaſe:
 Soon, if my Love but once were crown'd,
 Fair Prophet'eſs, my Grief would ceaſe.

I Love! I doat! I rave with Pain, No quiet in my Mind, Tho'

ne'er could be a happier Swain, Were SILVIA less unkind: For

when (as long her Chain I've worn) I ask releif from smart, She on-ly

gives me looks of scorn, Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

My Rival's rich in Worldly store,
 May offer heaps of Gold!
 But surely I a Heav'n adore,
 Too precious to be sold.
 Can SILVIA, such a Coxcomb prize,
 For Wealth, and not Desert.
 And my poor Sighs, and tears despise,
 Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

When, like some panting, hov'ring Dove,
 I for my bliss contend;
 And plead the Cause of eager Love,
 She coldly calls me Friend.

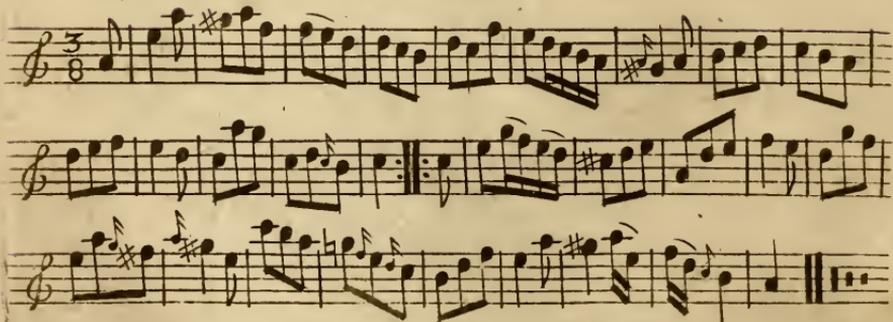
Ah SILVIA, thus in vain you strive
 To act a healing part,
 'Twill keep but ling'ring pain alive.
 Alas! and break my Heart.

When, to my lonely, pensive Bed,
 I lay me down to rest
 In hopes to calm my raging head,
 And cool my burning breast.
 Her cruelty all ease denies,
 With some sad dream I start;
 All drown'd in tears I find my Eyes,
 And breaking feel my Heart.

Then rising, thro' the path I rove,
 That leads me where she dwells,
 Where, to the Senseless waves, my Love,
 Its mournful story tells.
 With Sighs, I dew, and kiss the door,
 Till morning bids depart.
 Then vent ten thousand sighs, and more,
 Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

But SILVIA, when this Conquest's won,
 And I am gone, and cold;
 Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
 Nor Glory, when 'tis told:
 For ev'ry lovely, Gen'rous Maid,
 Will take my injur'd part,
 And Curse thee, SILVIA, I'm afraid,
 For breaking my poor Heart.

FLUTE.



A Favourite MINUET by Mr. GEMINIANI.

The Words by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Know, Madam I never was born to wear your Sex...es Pride and

Scorn: all, all, all, all your grand Airs, your soft smiles, and false

Tears are but Jears, Kno...w, Madam I never was born to

wear your Sex...es' Pride and Scorn. Freedom shall still, attend on my

Will, whilst vengeance shall take my pa...

rt, and Rack your Proud foo...lish Heart.

Know, Madam, I never was born, to wear your Sex... es.

Pride and Scorn.

6 3 5 6 8 * 7 6 5 6
+ 3

6 4 *

FLUTE.

tr tr

tr tr

tr tr

tr tr tr tr

tr tr

tr

Old Poets have told us, when they were grown mellow, That Jupiter
 was a fan-ta-sti-cal Fellow, He wou'd chatter, and thunder, and wheedle, and
 bellow, Which no body can deny, deny, Which no body can de-ny.

He was charm'd with a Damsel, but cou'd not tell how
 To humour his liquorish Fancy, and so
 He clap'd up his Nymph in the shape of a Cow,
 Which no body, &c.

But here let us make up our Poetry full;
 For the Man must have got no Brains in his Skull,
 Who does not conclude that Jove turn'd a Bull,
 Which no body, &c.

His Method of Wooing was loud and sonorous,
 At the time of the Year when the Sun enters Taurus,
 Then Taurus did enter fair I'o the Porous,
 Which no body, &c.

He gave her two Horns for a Screen to his Love,
 As Juno gave him, as plainly does prove,
 There's a Strumpet below, for a Cuckold above,
 Which no body, &c.

The Lovers by Instinct together were moving,
 When he had a Fancy on Earth to be roving,
 Then she ran a Bulling, or else ran a Joving,
 Which no body, &c.

They may pass for as clever a cornuted Pair,
 As you e'er saw at Smithfield (where the Sight is not rare)
 Or at Brentford, or Rumford, or any Horn-Fair
 Which no body, &c.

Tho' I take it for granted, that nothing more odd is,
 Instead of a Shepherdess lac'd in her Boddice,
 That a swag-belly'd Cow shou'd go for a Goddess,
 Which no body, &c.

Alexander, who conquer'd full many a Foe,
 Mars, Hercules, Neptune, and more than we know,
 Were Sons of this Jove, tho' not by Juno,
 Which no body, &c.

But as the Prolifical Virtue wore off,
 His amorous Feats made all the World laugh,
 He cou'd get no more Heroes; and so got a Calf,
 Which no body, &c.

Diogenes grave was the Fruit of this Rub,
 For his Name does pronounce him a Jupiter's Cub,
 He was born in a Cow-house, and liv'd in a Tub,
 Which no body, &c.

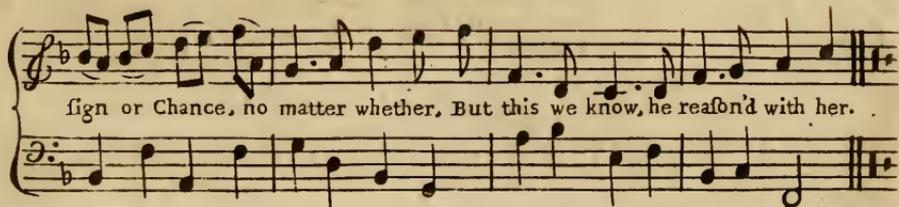
Let a Consort of Butchers remember the thing,
 Let Clevers and Marrow-bones merrily ring,
 Such a Jovial Choir Io-Pean's may sing,
 Which no body can deny, deny, which no body can deny.

FLUTE.



There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Betty early gone a Maying, Met her Sweetheart Willie straying; De-



Mark, dear Maid, the Turtles Cooing,
Fondly Billing, kindly Wooing;
See how ev'ry Bush discovers
Happy Pairs of feather'd Lovers.

Or in Singing, or in Loving,
Ev'ry Moment still improving;
Love and Nature wisely leads 'em:
Love and Nature ne'er misguides 'em.

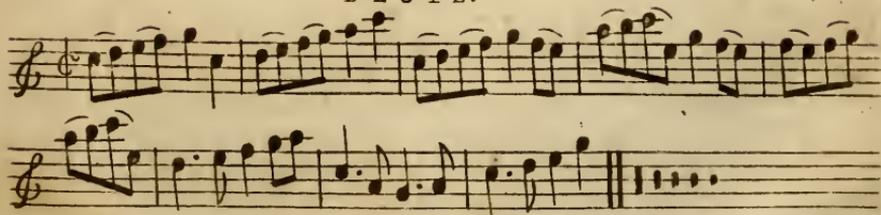
See how the opening blushing Rose,
Does all her secret Charms disclose;
Sweet's the Time, ah! short's the Measure
Of our fleeting, hasty Pleasure.

Quickly we must snatch the Bliss
Of their soft and fragrant Kisses;
To-day they bloom, they fade To-morrow,
Droop their Heads, and die in Sorrow.

Time, my Bess, will leave no Traces
Of those Beauties, of those Graces;
Youth and Love forbid our staying:
Love and Youth abhor delaying.

Dearest Maid! nay, do not fly me,
Let your Pride no more deny me;
Never doubt your faithful Willie,
There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

FLUTE.



Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.

No Glory I covet, no Riches I want, Ambition is nothing to me; The

one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant, Is a Mind independent and free.

With Passion unruffled, untainted with Pride,
 By Reason my Life let me square;
 The Wants of my Nature are cheaply supply'd,
 And the rest is but Folly and Care.

The Blessings, which Providence freely has lent,
 I'll justly and gratefully prize;
 Whilst sweet Meditation and cheerful Content
 Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the Pleasures, the great Man's Possessions display,
 Unenvy'd I'll challenge my Part;
 For ev'ry fair Object my Eyes can survey
 Contributes to gladden my Heart.

How vainly, through infinite Trouble and Strife,
 The Many their Labours employ!
 Since all that is truly delightful in Life
 Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

FLUTE.

Come here's to the Nymph that I love A - way ye vain forrows a -

6 6 6 6 6 6

- way, far far from my Bosom be gone, all there shall be pleasant and

6 6 5 # 6 7 4 #

Gay. Far hence be the sad and the penfive, come fill up the Glasses a round,

6 6 6 6 6 6 # 7

We'll drink till our Faces be rud - dy, and all our vain forrows are

6 6 6 6 7 6

drown'd And all our vain forrows are drown'd .

6 7 6 4 3

Tis done, and my Fancy's exalting,
 With e'ery gay blooming Desire,
 My Blood with brisk Ardour is glowing,
 Soft Pleasure my Bosom inspire,
 My soul now in Love is dissolving
 Oh Fate! had I here my dear Charmer,
 I'd clasp her I'd clasp her so eager,
 Of all her Disdain I'd disarm her .
 Of all. &c .

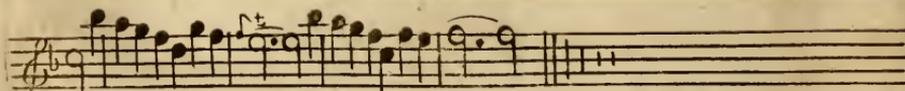
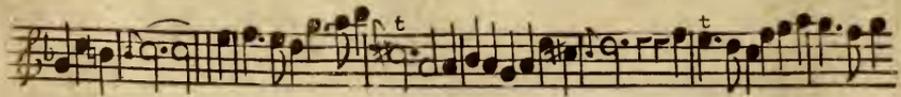
But hold, what has Love to do here,
 With his Troops of vain Cares in Array?
 Advault idle penfive Intruder,
 He triumphs, he will not away,
 I'll drown him, come give me a Bumper,
 Young Cupid, here's to thy Confusion,
 Now, now he's departing, he's vanquish'd
 Adieu to his anxious Delusion.
 Adieu. &c.

Come Jolly God Bacchus, heres to the -
 Huzza, Boys, huzza, Boys, huzza,
 Sing Io, sing Io to Bacchus,
 Hence all ye dull Thinkers away,
 Come what should we do but be Jovial,
 Come tune up your Voices and sing,
 What soul is so dull to be heavy,
 When Wine sets our Fancies on Wing.
 When Wine. &c.

Come Pegasus lies in this Bottle,
 He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,
 Each of us a gallant young Perseus,
 Sublime we'll ascend to the sky.
 Come mount, or adieu, I arise,
 In seas of wide Aether I'm drown'd,
 The Clouds far beneath me are failing,
 I see the spheres whirling around.
 I see. &c.

What Darknefs, what Rattling is this,
 Thro' Chaos dark Regions I'm hurl'd.
 And now - Oh my Head it is knockt,
 Upon some confounded new World.
 Now, now these dark Shades are retiring,
 See yonder bright blazes a star,
 Where am I, behold the Empyreum,
 With flaming Light streaming from far,
 With flaming. &c.

Flute



A BACCHANALIAN SONG The Words by M^r. CAREY .
Set by Mr. HANDEL.

Let's be merry and banish thinking, with good drinking, never stand

still fill fill, melancholly is but folly, let's be jolly while we may; banish

sorrow till to morrow, let the miser hoard his treasure, we'll devote the night to

pleasure and with mirth our moments measure, business we postpone to leisure, bumpers

moving joys improving will convert the night to day; let's be merry and banish thinking

with good drinking never stand still fill fill, melancholly is but folly, let's be jolly

whilst we may, lets be Jolly &c. lets be &c. see the Charmer how she

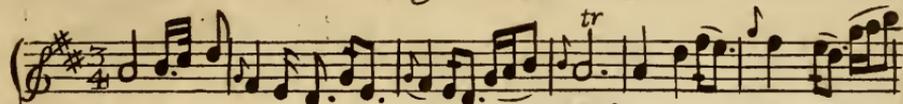
courts me, how her balmy kifs transports me, with her blushing looks she charms me,

with her generous Juice she warms me, with her generous Juice she warms me,

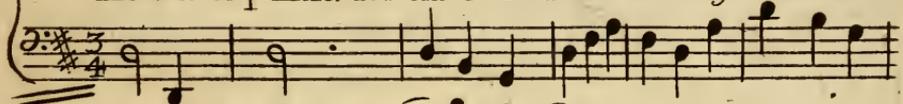
moistning sweet my Vital Clay. Da Capo

Flute.

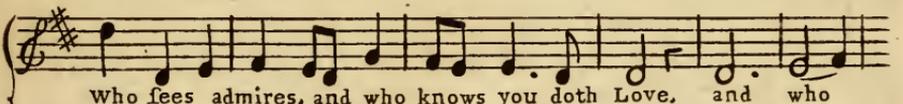
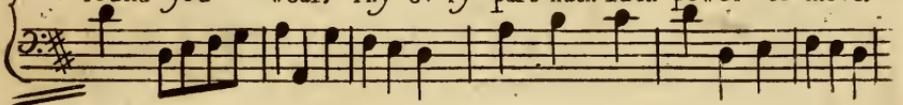
A Favourite AIRE by Mr. HANDEL in ARIADNE.



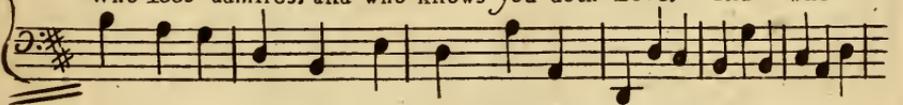
How is it possible, how can I for_bear? So many Charms all a-



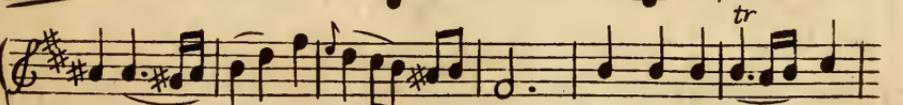
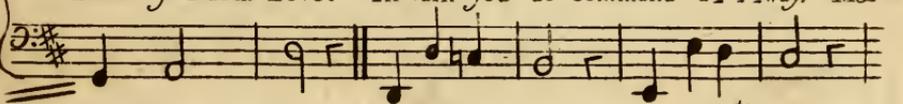
round you wear, Thy ev'ry part hath such power to move,



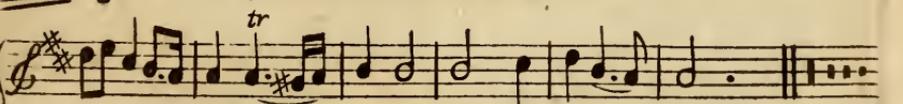
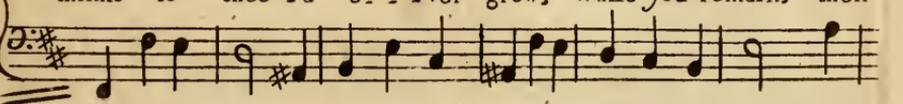
Who sees admires, and who knows you doth Love, and who



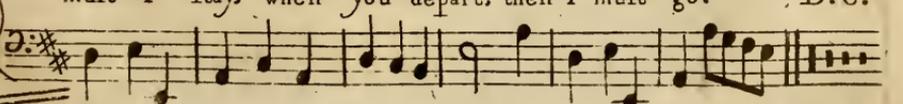
knows you doth Love. In vain you do command a _ _ _ way, Me-



thinks to thee I'd e _ _ _ ver grow; While you remain, then



must I stay, when you depart, then I must go. D.C.



FLUTE.

Andante

D.C.

A Two Part SONG. Set by Mr. CAREY.

IN these Groves with Content and Tranquility, Free from envy, Care and Strife: Blest with Vigour, with Health and a-gility, We enjoy a Peaceful Life.

IN these Groves with Content and Tranquility, Free from envy, Care and Strife: Blest 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.

THE FORCE OF FRIENDSHIP. Set by MR. HOWARD.

BENEATH a spreading Willow, CLIMENE weeping fat, A

Turf was all her Pillow, Her Cheeks with Tears were wet:

With grief her Bosom rising, Express'd her tender Care. Her

Life no longer prizing, She yielded to Despair.

Oh most unhappy Creature,
 All mournfully she said:
 Is there no Pow'r in Nature,
 To help a wretched Maid:
 Must I with silent sorrow,
 My Torments ever bear;
 Will no succeeding-Morrow,
 Relieve and sooth my Care.

What horrid scenes affright me,
 Where e'er I turn my Eye;
 EVANDER if you flight me,
 I must too surely die.

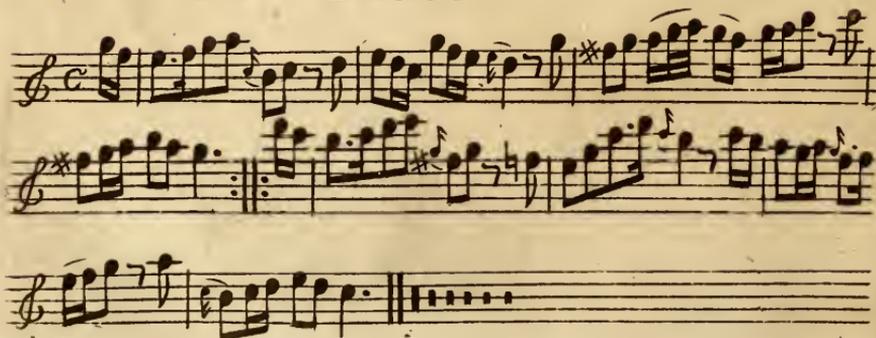
No Tongue can tell the Anguish,
 I for thy sake endure;
 Condemn'd by Love to languish,
 And hopeless of a Cure.

Which STELLA overhearing,
 Straight hasted to her Friend:
 With language most endearing,
 Yet fearing to offend:
 She begg'd her to recover
 Her wonted Peace of Mind.
 With'd all her suff'ring over,
 And ev'ry Planet kind.

Said she, while you are mourning,
 My former grief I feel:
 And all my Pains returning,
 Seem to afflict me still:
 Not ev'n my Love rewarded,
 Can give me balmy Rest:
 Your Woes are all recorded,
 So deeply in my Breast.

Tho' lovely as the Morning
 My gentle Swain appears;
 And ev'ry Beauty scorning,
 To me alone he Swears:
 Yet while you thus are weeping,
 All Joy before me flies:
 My Heart sad Measures keeping,
 And Tears bedew my Eyes.

F L U T E .



CASTALIO'S COMPLAINT. Set by Mr. BOYCE.

Not too fast.

Musical notation for the first system, treble clef, 3/8 time signature, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#).

COME all ye Youths whose hearts e'er bled, By cruel

Musical notation for the second system, bass clef, 3/8 time signature, key signature of two sharps.

Musical notation for the third system, treble clef, 3/8 time signature, key signature of two sharps.

Beauty's Pride; Bring each a Garland on your head. Let none his

Musical notation for the fourth system, bass clef, 3/8 time signature, key signature of two sharps.

Musical notation for the fifth system, treble clef, 3/8 time signature, key signature of two sharps, including a trill (tr) and a fermata.

Sorrows hide: But hand in hand a round me move,

Musical notation for the sixth system, bass clef, 3/8 time signature, key signature of two sharps, including a trill (tr) and a fermata.

Musical notation for the seventh system, treble clef, 3/8 time signature, key signature of two sharps.

Singing the saddest Tales of Love. And see when your complaints ye

Musical notation for the eighth system, bass clef, 3/8 time signature, key signature of two sharps.

Musical notation for the ninth system, treble clef, 3/8 time signature, key signature of two sharps, including a trill (tr).

join. If all your wrongs. If all your wrongs can equal mine.

Musical notation for the tenth system, bass clef, 3/8 time signature, key signature of two sharps.

The happiest Mortal once was I.
My Heart no sorrow knew;
Pity the pain of which I die,
But ask not whence it grew:
Yet if a tempting fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Tho' bright as Heav'n whose stamp she bears,
Think on my fate, and shun her snares.

A SONG in BRITANNIA Set by MR. CAREY.

Affettuoso

Fair BRITANNIA, Pride of Na- -ture, I- -dol Goddess of my
Heart: Soul of Beauty, Heav'n-born Creature, Ease: a tender Lover's imart.
How I doat, adore, and languish, Witness all the Gods a- -bove,
Nothing can allwage my anguish, But a finite from her I love.

FLUTE.

Chaste LUCRETIA, when you left me, You of all things
 Dear be-rest me, Though I shew'd no dis-con-ent.
 Grief is strongest, and the longest, When too great to find a vent.

How much feircer is the anguish,
 When we most in secret languish.
 Silent waters deep are found:
 Noisy greivings,
 And deceiving,
 Empty Vessels yeild most found.

Had I words which could reveal it,
 Yet I wisely would conceal it,
 Hide my Passion, and my Care:
 Lover's merit,
 Doth like Spirit,
 Lose its worth by taking air.

Guardian Angels still defend you,
 And incessant joys attend you,
 Whilst I'm like the Winter's Sun,
 Faintly shining,
 And declining,
 'Till Thou charming Spring return.

For the GERMAN FLUTE.

OLD HOMER, tho' a Bard Divine, (If not by Fame bely'd)

Stroll'd about GREECE, old Bal.lads Sung; A Beg.-gar liv'd and dy'd.

Fam'd MILTON too, our British Bard,
 Who as Divinely wrote,
 Sung like an Angel, but in vain;
 And dy'd not worth a Groat.

Thrice happy DUCK! a milder fate,
 Thy Genius does attend;
 Well hast thou Thresh'd thy Barns and Brains,
 To make a QUEEN thy Friend.

O! may she still new favours grant,
 And make the Laurel Thine!
 Then shall we see next New-Years-Ode,
 By far the last Outshine.

FLUTE.

Charming NEERA.

Set by Mr. HOLCOMBE.

How can they taste of joys or grief, Who Beauty's pow-er did
 ne ver prove? Love's all our torment, our relief. Our fate de-
 pends a-lone on love, love. Our fate depends a-lone on
 love.

Were I in heavy chains confin'd.
 NEERA's smiles wou'd ease that state;
 Nor wealth, nor pow'r, cou'd bless my mind.
 Curs'd by her absence, or her hate.

Of all the plants which shade the field,
 The fragrant myrtle does surpass;
 No flow'r so gay, that does not yield
 To blooming roses gaudy dress.

No star so bright, that can be seen,
 When PHOEBUS' glories gild the skies;
 No nymph so proud adorns the green,
 But yields to fair NEERA's eyes.

The an'rous swains no off'rings bring
 To CUPID's altar, as before;
 To her they play, to her they sing,
 And own in love no other pow'r.

If thou thy empire wilt regain,
 On thy conqueror try thy dart:
 Touch, with pity for my pain,
 NEÆRA's cold disdainful heart.

FLUTE.

The Bush aboon TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye Nymphs, and ev'ry Swain, I'll tell how PEGGY grieves

me, Tho' thus I languish, thus complain, Alas! she ne'er believ'es me.

My Vows and Sighs, like si...lent Air, Unheed.ed never mo...ve her; At

the bonny Bush a-boon TRAQUAIR, 'Twas there I first did love her.

That Day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No Maid seem'd ever kinder;
 I thought my self the luckiest Lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous Flame,
 In Words that I thought tender;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the Plain,
 The Fields we then frequented;
 If e'er 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.

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 the Bush aboon TRAQUAIR,
 To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

FLUTE.

152
A SONG to a new DANCE.

The Words by Mr. LAMB.

WHY can't You and I be free. Tell me, tell me charming Creature,

Now we've opportunity. Let's employ the gifts of nature,

Youth, when spent, returns no more, Age will come, and strength de-

cay. Then we must these joys give o'er. Time admits of no delay.

Tell me, then, my charming Fair, Why shou'd you and I be Coy. Banish

foolish thought and Care. Let us while we can - Enjoy.

Allegro

Unison

Unison

The Youngling ravish'd from its Nest, expos'd to danger

Unison

stands, But joy soon warms its panting Breast, when fal'n in gentle Hands, when

fal'n in gentle hands. The Youngling ravish'd from its Nest, ex-
 pos'd to danger stands, But joy soon warms its panting Breast, when
 fal'n in gentle hands, when fal'n in gentle hands, but joy soon
 warms its panting Breast, when fal'n

in gentle hands, when fal'n in gentle hands.

Little, alas! did

I believe my Life would be restor'd, by that dread Pow'r, which most con-

ceive, is not to be implor'd, is not to be implor'd, by that dread Pow'r which

most conceive, is not to be implor'd, is not to be implor'd. D. C.

Flute.

Allegro

Da Capo

Affettuoso

tr

Let longing Lovers sit and pine, And the for-sa-ken

Willow wear. Love shall not blast. Love shall not blast this

Heart, this Heart of mine. Love shall not blast. Love shall not

blast this Heart, this Heart of mine: With ling'ring hope, or ki-ling

fear. I'll never Love, till I enjoy, Or lose my

time, or lose my time on her that's Coy. Da Capo

FLUTE.

Affettuoso

Da Capo

The La's of PEATY'S Mill.

The La's of PEATY'S Mill, So bon-ny, blyth and gay, In
 spight of all my skill, Hath stole my Heart a-way. When
 treading of the Hay, Bare-head-ed on the Green, Love

'midst her Locks did play, And wanton'd in her Een.

Her Arms, white, round and smooth,
Breasts rising in their Dawn,
To Age it would give youth,
To press 'em with his Hand.
Thro' all my Spirits ran
An Extasy of Blifs,
When I such Sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy Kifs.

Without the help of Art,
Like Flowers which grace the Wild,
She did her Sweets impart,
When e'er she spoke or smil'd,
Her Looks they were so mild,
Free from affected Pride,
She me to Love beguil'd,
I wish'd her for my Bride

O had I all that Wealth
HOPTOUN'S high Mountains fill,
Insur'd long Life and Health,
And Pleasures at my will;
I'd promise and fulfill,
That none but bonny she,
The Lafs of PEATY'S Mill,
Shou'd share the fame wi' me.

FLUTE.

The COQUET.

CHLOE, a Coquet in her Prime, Is the vain est, ficklest

thing a-live, live: Be-hold, the sad effects of Time,

Marrys, marrys and doats at Forty five; Like a Weather-Cock, that

for a while, worn out with ev'ry blast, Grows old, and destitute of

Oil, Rufts to a Point, rufts to a Point, and's fix'd at last.

Maidens, then take care in your Youth,
 To beware how you mispend your Time;
 Left you repent, and (in good truth)
 Backwards, backwards ne'er fall, whilst in your Prime:
 Then, for Weather-Cocks you'll never pass,
 Nor, like CHLOE, be such Fools,
 When old, to put your selves to Grass,
 And like to her, and like to her, transgress good Rules.

The FEMALE PHAETON. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

Thus KITTY, beautiful and young, And wild as Colt untam'd, Be-

spoke the Fair from whom she sprung, With little Rage in-flam'd. flam'd. In-

flam'd with Rage at sad Restraint Inflam'd, with Rage at sad Restraint,

Which wise Mamma ordain'd, And sorely vex'd to play the Saint,

Whilst Wit and Beauty reign . . . 'd, and Beauty reign'd. . . reign'd.

Shall I thumb holy Books, confin'd
 With ABIGAIL'S forsaken?
 KITTY'S for other things design'd,
 Or I am much mistaken.
 Must Lady JENNY frisk about,
 And Visit with her Cousins?
 At Balls must she make all the Rout,
 And bring home Hearts by Dozens?

What has she better, pray, than I?
 What hidden Charms to boast;
 That all Mankind for her shou'd die,
 Whilst I am scarce a Toast?
 Dearest Mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my Fortune try;
 I'll have my Earl as well as she,
 Or know the Reason why.

I'll soon with JENNY'S Pride quit score,
 Make all her Lovers fall;
 They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
 She, I was loos'd at all.
 Fondness prevail'd; Mamma gave way;
 KITTY, at Heart's Desire,
 Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
 And set the World on Fire.

A SONG Set by Mr. JOHN HARRIS.

A LIFE without Trouble, a Series of Joy, Would never content us, no,

never content us, but certainly cloy. Thus the much wi--ser Fates, a

mixture of Care, To relish our Pleasures, to relish our Pleasures, ordain'd us to

bear. When the best part of Life does to Troubles incline, They've giv'n us a

The musical score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a guitar line (bass clef). The guitar line includes tablature with numbers 1-5 and symbols like #, b, and tr. The lyrics are written between the staves.

Med'cine, giv'n us a Med'cine in a Bumper of Wine. Prithee Drink; try the
 means the Fates do bestow, Thy Cares will all va-nish, thy Cares will all
 va-nish, and Wit and Mirth flow, and Wit and Mirth flow.

FLUTE.

AIRE by ATTILIO

The PASSIONATE LOVER.

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SO much I love thee, Oh! my Treasure, That my flame no

Bounds does know, Oh look up - on your Swain with pleasure,

for his Pain some pity shew. Da Capo.

Oh my Charmer, tho' I leave you,
 Yet my Heart with you remains;
 Let not then my absence grieve you.
 Since with Pride I wear your Chain.

FLUTE.

Da Capo

A Hunting Song by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

THE sweet Rosie Morn peeps o-ver the Hills, with blushes a-

dorning the Meadows and Fields. The merry, merry, merry Horns calls come,

come, come away. Awake from your slumber and hail the new Day. The

The STAG rouz'd before us,
 Away seems to fly,
 And pants to the Chorus,
 Of Hounds in full Cry.

CHO. Then follow, follow, follow, follow
 The Musical Chace.
 While pleasure and vigorous
 Health you embrace.

The Days sport, when over,
 Makes blood circle right,
 And gives the brisk Lover
 Fresh Charms for the Night.

CHO. Then let us, let us now enjoy,
 All we can, while we may,
 Let Love Crown the Night,
 As our sports Crown the Day.

FLUTE.

The end of the 2.^d Volume.