



Glen 187 a

CALLIOPE

Or

ENGLISH HARMONY

A Collection

of the most Celebrated English, and Scots Songs, Neatly Engrav'd, and Embelish'd with Designs adapted to the Subject of each Song taken from the Compositions of the Best Masters, in the most Correct Manner with the thorough Bass and Transpositions for the Flute (proper for all Teachers, Scholars, and Lovers of Musick: Printed, on a fine Paper, on each Side which renders the Undertaking more compleat than any thing of the kind ever Publish'd.

VOL. the second.

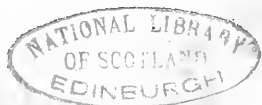
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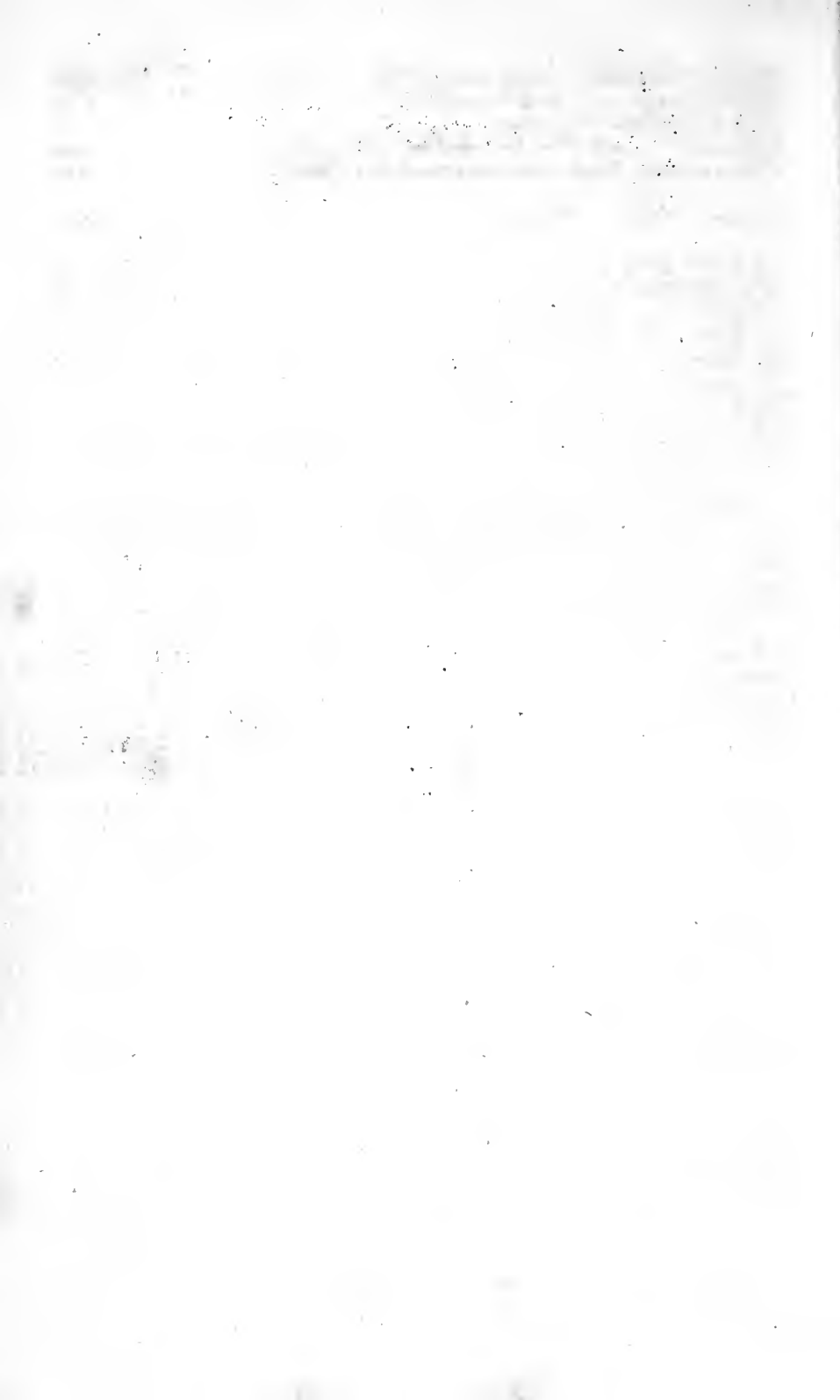
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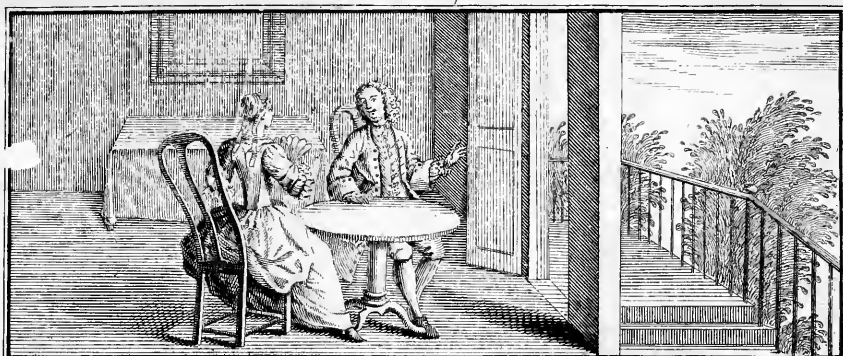
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Hen. Roberts fecit 1732.

A New Song, the Music by M^r John Hudson

Love once was my joy and my Pleasure, but ne'er shall be so a--gain If the
 fair one had been constant I had ever faithful prov'd; Thus cheerfully
 with my darling liv'd Innocent and lov'd. When I call to mind her
 Charms so Endearing ever pleasing they prompt a fresh to love's alarms.

Love once was my joy & my pleasure, but ne'er shall be, so a--gain

Flute

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a flute line. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The flute line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/8 time signature. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments. There are also some performance markings like 'S:' and 'H'.



The Diffident Lover See by M. Howard.

When Clo-e was by Damon seen what heart could be unmorid She

6 6 6 5 6 4 3 6 6 5

lookid so like the Cyprian Queen he gazid admirid and lov'd he lov'd alas but

6 6 6 5 6 4 3 6

lov'd in vain, & full of Grief and Care He knew he never could obtain the

5 6 5 4 3 6 6 6 5 6 3 4 3 6 6 6 6 6 5

lov'ly charming fair, the lov'----ly Charming fair.

6 6 6 6 7 5 6 6 4 3

*Clo-e deserv'd a better Swain,
 He not so fair a Bride;
 Yet still he hugg'd the fatal Chain,
 He lov'd despair'd and dy'd;
 Take pity then thou charming Maid,
 For Cloe's case is thine,
 I dare not ask, so much I dread,
 Must Damon's fate be mine.*

Flute



The Departure set to Musick by D.^r Green

She. tender.

Hence thou Deceiver never Ah! never wilt thou return to thy Chloe a--gain

Grown in your leisure fond of new Pleasure some fairer Rival will laugh at my Pain

He

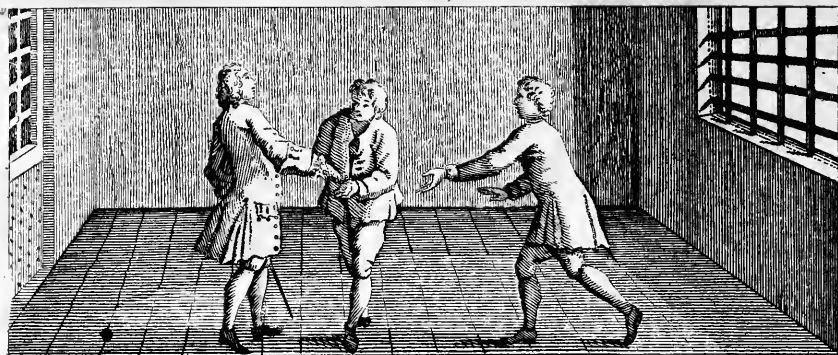
Dry up those Showers sweeter than Showers; looks in y^e fountain & see thy self there

Where is the Creature, throughout all Nature half so engaging so sweet & so fair.

She. Go -- you'll deceive me --
 No -- I'll believe thee --
 Lean on my Breast, & thy Constancy swear
 Should you deceive me,
 Or ever leave me,
 Chloe would languish & die with Despair.

He. My sweetest Treasure,
 Every Pleasure,
 Every Charm in my Chloe I find
 And all the Graces
 Of newest Faces
 Call but my Chloe back into my Mind

Flute



The Debtors welcome to their Brother *J. Roberts fecit 1738*

Welcome welcome Brother debtor to this poor but merry place where no Bayliff dur or

Settor dare to show their frightful face But kind Sir as you'r a stranger down y^e Ganish you must

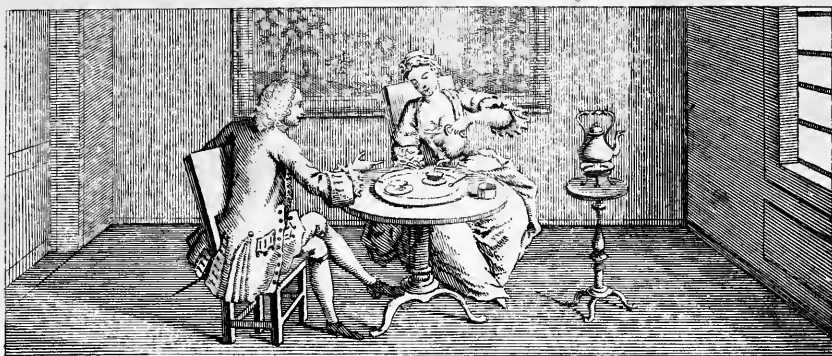
lay or your Coat will be in danger you must either Strip or pay.

*Near Repine at your Confinement
From your Children or your Wife.
Wisdom lies in true Resinement
Through the kairous seen 's of life
Scorn to shew the least Resentment
Though beneath the frowns of fate
Knives & Beggars find Contentment
Fears and cares attend the Great.*

*Though our Creditor's are spiteful
And restrain our Body's here
Use will make a Goal delightful
Since there's nothing E^r to fear
Ev'ry Islands but a Prison
Strongly guarded by the Sea
Kings and Princes for that Reason
Prisoners are as well as we.*

*What was it made Alexander
Weep at his unfriendly site
Tis as because he cou'd not Wander
Beyond the World's strong Prison gate
For the world is also bounded
By the Heavens and Stars above
Why should we then be confounded
Since there's nothing free but Love*

FLUTE



H. Roberts fecit 1738

The Advice

set by Galliard

The Lass that would know how to manage a Man let her listen and learn it from

me: His Courage to quail or his Heart to trepan As the time and Oc-

casions a-gree a-gree as the Time and Occasions a---gree.

*The Girl that has Beauty, tho'small be her Wit,
 May wheedle the Clown, or the Beau;
 The Rake may repel, or may draw in the Cit
 By the use of that pretty Word--No.
 When the Powder'd Toupies in crowds round her Chat,
 Each striving his Passion to show;
 With-kiss, me & love me my dear, and all that,
 Let her answer be still no, no, no.
 When a dose is contriv'd to lay Virtue a Sleep,
 A Present a Treat or a Ball;
 She still must refuse, if her empire she'd keep,
 And no, be her answer to all.
 But when master Dapperwit offers his hand,
 Her Partner in Wedlock to go;
 A house, and a coach and a jointure in Land
 She's an Idiot, if then she says no.
 Whenever she's attractid by a Youth full of Charms,
 Whose Courtship proclaims him a Man;
 When press'd to his Bosom & claspid in his Arms,
 Then let her say No, if she can.*

Flute



Going out in the Morning

Stark away 'tis the merry horn calls the hunters all up with y^e morn; to y^e hull & y^e Woodlands we

steer to unharbour y^e out-lying Deer. And all the day long this this is our song, still

hollowing & following so frolic and free. Our Joye know no bounds whilene're

after the Flounds no mortals on Earth are so Jolly as we —

| | |
|--|---|
| Round the Woods when we beat how we glen | When we Sweep o'er y ^e Valleys or climb, |
| While the hill they all Echo Floto; | Up y ^e health breathing Mountain Sub-lime, |
| With a bound from his cover when he flies, | What a Joy from our Labours we feel, |
| Then our Shouts they resound to the Skies: | Which alone they who tast can reveal |
| (Chorus) And all the Day long & c. | (Chorus) And all the Day long & c. |

Flute



Chloe set by D^r. Green

Tender

In vain the force of Female Arms, In vain their offer'd Love: Their
 Smile, their Air nor all their Charms, my passion can remove For all that's fair &
 Good I find in Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind, In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.
 Fair Flavia, shines in Gems and Gold,
 And uses all her Arts;
 Not richest Chains my heart can hold,
 Unpierc'd by Diamond darts:
 For all that's rich, and fair I find
 In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

Let Celia all her Wit display,
 That glitters while it kills:
 My heart disdains the feeble ray,
 Nor light, nor heat it feels;
 For all that's bright and gay, I find
 In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

Those Notes, sweet Myra, now give o'er,
 That once had Pow'r to wound;
 When Chloe speaks they are no more,
 But mix with common sound:
 All grace, all harmony I find
 In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

FLUTE



Bessy Bell

J.C. Roberts fecit 1739.

O Bessy Bell & Mary Gray they are twa bonny lasses they Biggid a Bow'r on
 yon burn & me & thee kild it o'er wi' Rashes. Fair Bessy Bell I lo'ed yes treen & thought I
 ne'er cou'd altar but Mary Grays twa parvky Gen they gar my fancy falter .

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-top;
 She smiles like a May Morning
 When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with Rays adorning;
 White is her Neck, soft is her hand,
 Her waste and Feet's su' geny;
 With ilka Grace she can command
 Her lips, O'row! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the Crown
 Her Gen' like Diamonds glances;
 She's ay sae clean, redd up & bran,
 She kills whenever she dances;
 Blyth as a kid, with Wit at will,
 She's blooming tight and tall is;
 And Guides her Ains sae gracefu' still,
 O'row! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco' sair oppre's us,
 Our fancies see betw'een you twa
 Ye are sic bonny lasses;
 Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented;
 Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
 And be with ane contented.

FLUTE



H. Roberts fecit
Allegro.

A Hymn to Venus set by *M. Stubbley*

Blest as th'immortal Gods is he, The Youth who fondly

sits by thee and hears and sees thee all the

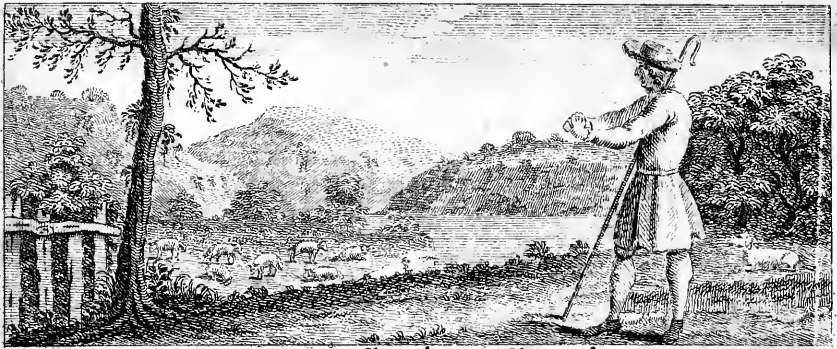
while so soft-by speak and sweetly Smile.

*'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest
And rais'd such Tumults in my breast
But while I gaz'd in Transports to st
My breath was gone my voice was lost*

*My bosom glow'd the subtle Flame
Ran quick thro' all my Vital Frame
O'er my dim Eyes a darkness hung
My Ears with hollow murmurs rung*

*In denvy damps my limbs were chill'd
My blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd
My feeble Pulse forgot to play
I fainted sunk and died away.*

FLUTE



The two Curious Swain. set by M. Lampe

On thy fair Banks Oh Medway long A Youth his Sheep had fed

On thy fair Banks his future Care The tender Lambskins stray'd

Happy had fate detain'd at home The simple Youth too fond to roam.

Happy alas till curious love
He listen'd to the Tale
Near Sunbridge salutary Springs
What beautys grace the Vale,
Beautys that make the barren Soil
Under rugged Rocks of Sunbridge smile.

He came and Celia's dangerous Charms
Beheld with eager gaze
So round & torches glimmering light
Th' admiring Insect plays
Like that he gaz'd, & in his turn
He saw it shine and felt it burn.

Th' unhappy Youth by Love undone
By late experience found
That Celia's scorn deny'd the Cure
Whose Eyes had giv'n the wound
Helpless & hopeless pin'd away
In tears by Night & Sighs by Day

By Collins's fate be warn'd to view
The fair with cautious Eyes
This Place is Cupid's Empire seat
And who can shun surprize
Since few can hope & all must fear
Where Kings sleep Mead & Byer appear

Flute



Ye Gods ye gave to me a Wife

see by M^r. Seado

Ye Gods ye gave to me a Wife out of your wonted Favour,

To be the comfort of my life to be the comfort of my life & I was

glad to have her But if your Providence divine for something else de-

sign her. To 'bey your will at any time to 'bey your will at any

time I'm ready, sym I'm rady to re--sign her.

Flute



H. Roberts fecit

Pub. accord. to Act of Parliament: 1739

Sym.

A Favourite Song in *Comus*

Song.

Allegro

Wanton God who pierces hearts dips in Gall his pointed darts but the

Nymph disdains to pine who bathes & wound with rosy wine rosy wine

rosy wine who bathes & wound wth. rosy wine Sym.

Farewel Sym. Farewel Lovers when they're cloy'd

if I am scorn'd because enjoy'd sure the squeamish fops are free too rid me



N. Roberts fecit

set to Musick by M.^r Arne

Published according to Act of Parliament, 1739

of dull Company sure they're free sure they're free to rid me of dull
 Company. *Sym*

FLUTE

Sym.

Song

Sym



The Request

set by D^r. Green

Can there be ye Pow'rs above Perfect Happiness tis Love

Can Man know a greater bliss than the sweet & balmy Kiss. Soothing looks each

grateful smile all that can the heart beguile all that can the heart beguile

Why so often do I sigh
Pine alone yet know not why
Love has surely vanquish'd me
And makes me own his Deity
Mild as Queen of fond desires
Is the fair my Soul Inspires
To the fair my Soul Inspires

God of love and pleasing Charms
Give the fairest to my arms
You who sighing lovers aid
Warm with love the lovely maid
Only this Task of thee
Conquer her as thou hast me
Conquer her as thou hast me

Wanton Cupids search around
All roads as verdant Ground
Tell the fair for her I sigh
Tell the fair for her I die
Venus Queen of fondest Love
To my wish propitious prove
To my wish propitious prove

Flute

*Andante**The Forsaken Lady*Set by M^r. Lampe

Not this blooming A--pril season can relieve my aching heart

spight of all the force of reason still I act a frantick Part As the

Canker eats the Roses And the springing green destroys, To de

spair my Rest op---po---ses, and con-sumes my rising Joys

Every Valley, field and Mountain
Flourishy Plain and verdant Grove
Warbling Bird & sparkling fountain
Minds me of my luckless love:
When the Cowslip discover
Springing o'er the Primrose fair;
Thee (Sigh) my gentle lover!
Would have ever to deck my Hair.

If I sadly sit reflecting,
By some bloomy Hawthorn Tree;
All my sorrow's recollecting,
Love's Jery resembles Thee;
He all flowery can appear
To conceal his poison'd dart,
But the Wretch that trusts him near
Grasps a Thorn, & wounds the heart.

Flute



M. Roberts fecit

The Carle came o'er the Croft

The Carle he came o'er the Croft and his beard new Shaven glou'rd at me as

he'd been daft the Carle trows t' I'll hae him Flou't an' a I winna hae him no for sooth I'll

no hae him New hose and new Shoon & his beard new Shaven.

He gae to me a Pair of Shoon,
And his Beard new Shaven,
He bad me dance till they ware done,
The Carle trows that I'll hae him.
Flou't an' a, &c.

He gae to me a Pair of Gloves,
And his Beard new Shaven,
He bad me stretch them on my soofs,
The Carle trows that I'll hae him
Flou't an' a, &c.

He gae to me an Ell of Lacc,
And his Beard new Shaven,
He bad me wear the High land dress,
The Carle trows that I'll hae him.
Flou't an' a
He gae to me a Harn Sark,
And his Beard new Shaven,
He said he'd ky's me in the dark
For that he trows I'll have him.

Flou't an' a I maun hae him,
I forsooth I'll e'en hae him,
New hose and his new Shoon
And his Beard new Shaven

Flute



Despairing Silvia set by M. Gestränge

Hard Fate to Sigh to sig---h in vain Des-pair--ing

Si---l-via Cries. De---bard the Free-dom

to Com-plain but through a Spr---ers Eyes

And those unguarded over-speak
 Betrayers of my Heart
 For Ah! our wiles are all to weak
 These to Disguise by Art.

Thus hopeless must I e'er Remain
 Like Ghost about their Treasure
 Till spoke to first ne'er speak again
 Still waiting Strephons leisure.

Dear thoughtless man a stranger to
 The secrets of this Breast
 That's his from Inclination true
 More Constant than his Bless.

There could he see & Conscious know
 The Torments of Neglect
 They soon would teach him how to show
 More love & less Neglect.

Flute



A Song

set by M^r Harris

Since Celia's un-kind and my Passion disdains, A Bottle a
 Bottle and friend shall ease all my Pains thus thus remove from my
 Heart that absolute that absolute Fair and with Bumpers of Claret & with
 Bumpers of Claret I'll dri ----- ve I'll
 dri ----- ve I'll drive away Care.

Flute



The Provident Damsel set by M^r Clarke

As Fiddlers and Archers who cunningly know the way to procure themselves

Merit, Will always provide them two strings to their Bow and manage their

Business with spirit----- it and manage their business wth spirit

So likewise the Provident damsel should do
 Who would make the best use of her Beauty
 If the mark she would hit, or her Lesson play through
 Two lovers must still be on Duty
 Two lovers &c.

Thus arm'd against Chance & secure of supply
 Thus far our revenge we may carry:
 One's park for our sport we may fill & set by
 And to the poor Soul we may Marry
 And to the &c.

Flute



Sym *The Noon tide Air*

Andante

Would you taste of noon tide Air to you fragrant boniv repair where

no von w. the poplar bough of mantling vine will shelter you the mantling vine will

Sym

Shelter you Down each side a fountain flows twinkling

musmring as it goes lightly oer the Mofey ground

lightly oer the Mofey ground subly Phœbus sonching round subly Phœbus sonching round

The musical score consists of ten staves. The first two staves are instrumental, with the first staff marked 'Sym' and 'The Noon tide Air', and the second staff marked 'Andante'. The remaining eight staves contain vocal lines with lyrics. The lyrics are written in a cursive script. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, time signatures (e.g., 6/8, 3/4, 4/4), and dynamic markings like 'Sym' and 'Andante'. There are also some numerical figures (e.g., 6 5, 6 6, 4 2, 6 6) placed below the notes, likely indicating fingerings or specific musical instructions.



Set to Musick by M.^r Arne

Round of languid herbs & Sheep stretch'd o'er sunny hillscks sleep

while on the hiacinth and rose the fair does all alone repose the fair does all

lone repose *Round the* *all alone yet in her*

Arms your breast may beat to love's alarms *till blest & blessing*

you shall orn blest & blessing you shall own of Joys of love are Joys alone the

Joys of Love are Joys alone *ad^o Da Capo*

The musical score consists of eight systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef) and a lute line (bass clef). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music is in 3/4 time and includes various ornaments and performance directions. The first system is marked "Round of languid herbs & Sheep stretch'd o'er sunny hillscks sleep". The second system is marked "while on the hiacinth and rose the fair does all alone repose the fair does all". The third system is marked "lone repose" and "Round the", with a tempo marking "Ad^o Andante". The fourth system is marked "all alone yet in her". The fifth system is marked "Arms your breast may beat to love's alarms" and "till blest & blessing". The sixth system is marked "you shall orn blest & blessing you shall own of Joys of love are Joys alone the". The seventh system is marked "Joys of Love are Joys alone" and "ad^o Da Capo". The eighth system continues the "Joys of Love are Joys alone" melody. Fingering numbers are provided for the lute line throughout the piece.



Gently **The Nightingale** set by M. Carey

While in a Bow'r wth Beauty blast the lov'd & lov'd Amintor lies

while sinking on Lucinda's Breast he fondly fondly kiss'd her Eyes

a wakeful Nightingale who long had mourn'd had mourn'd within the shade

sweetly remem'd her plaintive Song, & warbled through the Glade.

Melodious Songstress cry'd the Swain
 To shades to shades thy happy go
 Or if thou wilt nth us remain
 Forbear forbear thy tuneful Woe
 While in Lucinda's Arms I lie
 To song to song I am not free
 On her soft bosom while I die
 I die --- and find in thee

Flute



A Favourite Song in Coriolanus

Charm^{er} hear your faith^{ful} Lov^{er} nor dis⁻dain to admit his Flame

Cease to slight your scorn give over constant e⁻ver

I'll remain Charms surround those lovely features

tender pit⁻ty grant your slave turn and be so

kind a Creature haste and heal the wounds you gave

Flute



The Bob of Dunblane

Come lassie lend me your bonny Hemp Fiddle, And

I'll lend you my Tripling Klame; For Fainness dearie I'll

gar ye kackle if you'll go dance the Bob of Dunblane.

*Fast ye gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies
Bask ye bonny and dinna think Shame;
Consider in Time of leading of Monks;
Be better than dancing the Bob of Dunblane.*

*Be frank my Lassie lest I grow sickle
And tak my Word & offer again,
Syne ye may chance to repent it Mickle,
Ye did na accept of the Bob of Dunblane.*

*The Dinner the Piper & Priest shall be ready
And I'm grov'n donye with bying my lane
Anray then leave baith Mimmy & Dady
And try with me the Bob of Dunblane*

Flute



Orpheus and Euridice

Sic by M^r Bayce

When Orpheus went down to the Regions below which Men are forbidden to See He
 laid up his Lyre as old Histories shew to set his Euridice free to set his Euridice

free All Hell was astonish'd a Person so wise should rashly endanger his Life and
 venture so far but how vast their surprize when they heard that he came for his

Wife how vast their surprize when they heard that he came for his Wife.

To find out a Punishment due to the Fault,
 Old Pluto had puzzl'd his Brain;
 But Hell had not Torments sufficient, he thought,
 So he gave him his Wife back again, he gave him &c.
 But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his Heart,
 And pleas'd with his playing so well;
 He took her again in Reward of his Art,
 Such Power has Musick in Hell, In Reward &c.

To find out a Punishment due to the Fault,
 Old Pluto had puzzl'd his Brain;
 But Hell had not Torments sufficient, he thought,
 So he gave him his Wife back again, he gave him &c.
 But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his Heart,
 And pleas'd with his playing so well;
 He took her again in Reward of his Art,
 Such Power has Musick in Hell, In Reward &c.



The Protestation

Set by Mr Boyce

No more shall Meads be deck'd with Flowers nor Sweetest dwell in Rose-y Bowers nor greenest

Buds in Branches spring nor Warbling Birds delight to sing nor April Violets paint the

Grove if I forsake my Celia's Love if I forsake my Celia's Love

| | |
|--|---|
| <p>The fish shall in the Ocean burn And Fountains Sweet shall bitter turn The Humble Vale no Floods shall know When Floods shall Highest Hills o'er flow Black Lethe shall Oblivion leave If ever my Celia I deceive If ever &c.</p> | <p>Love shall his Bow and Shafts lay by And Venus Doves want Wings to fly. The Sun refuse to Shew his light And Day be turned into Night And in that Night no Star appear If ever I leave my Celia Dear If ever &c.</p> |
|--|---|

FLUTE



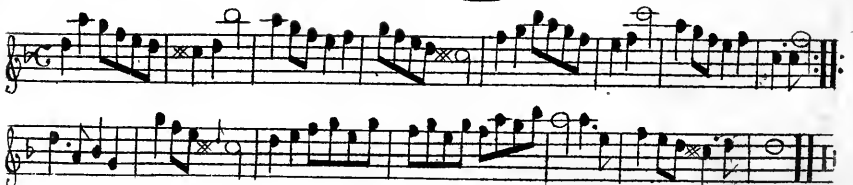
The Advice



*Stella's fairer Shape and Eyes
Charms too lovely to Behold
Let us seek to crown our Joys
Where the Best Champaign is sold
Love's a foe &c.*

*Leave the Silly gaudy train
And believe me when I say
All the Joys they give are vain
Leave them then and come away
Love's a foe &c.*

For the Flute.





The Toper's Request.

Set by Mr Galliard

Kind God of Sleep since it must be, that we re-sign Some hours to thee

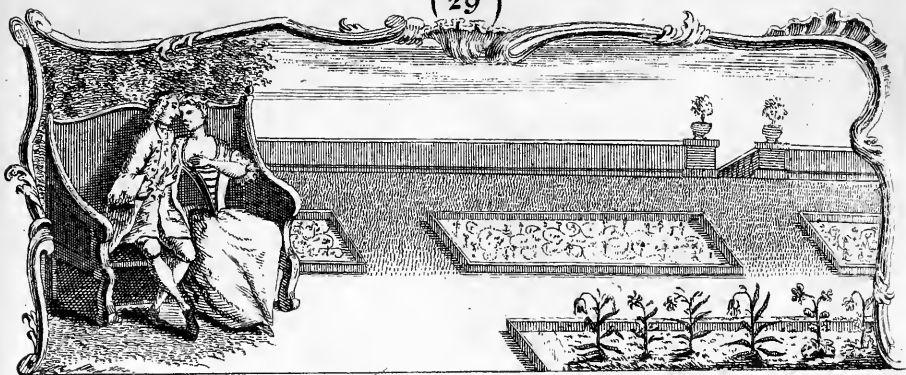
Invaide me not when y^e full Bowd'glows in my Cheeks & warms my Soul

Then only I thy Aid impl-ore When I can laugh and drink no more

Short very short be then thy Reign I haste to laugh and drink again

*But Oh if melting in my Arms, Then prithee gentle Slumber say
the Nymph adorn'd with all her Charms, And slow and slowly bring the day
In pleasing Dreams should me surprize. If Fancy can such Bliss bestow
And grant what winking she denies; Who would not be deluded, so.*

Flute



Allegro.

The Snow Drop.

Set by Dr Green

With Head reclin'd the Snow Drop see the first of Flora's Pro---ge-

nie In Virgin Modest---ty appear to hail and welcome in the Year

Fearless of Winter it defies the Rigour of indement. Kites, &

early hastens forth to bring Tidings of the approaching Spring

The humble in its dress and plain
 It offers in a beautiful Train
 And claims how gaudy e'er they be
 The Merit of Precedency

All that or gay or sweet disclose
 The Pink, the Tulip or the Rose
 In fair Succession as they blow
 Their Glories to the Snow Drop owe

Flute



The Rose

Go Rose my loes bosom grace; how Happy shou^d I prove this I supply that

Envi'd place with ne...ver fading Love there I thanx Like beneath her Eye in-

-volv'd in Raptures burn and die Involv'd in Raptures burn & die

Know happy'st Flower that thou shall find
 More fragrant Roses there
 I see thy With'ring head reclind
 With Envy and despair
 One common fate we both must Prove
 You die with Envy, I with Love

FLUTE



The Lovers Lesson

Set by M^r Preluer

Damon if thou wilt believe me 'Tis not sighing tis not sighing

o'er the Plain. Tears and Sonnets Can't relieve thee Faint At-

-tempts in Love are vain, faint Attempts in Love are vain

*Urge but home the fair Occasion,
And be Master of the Field;
To a resolute Invasion,
'Tis a Madnes not to yield.*

*Love gives out a Large Commission
Still indulgent to the brave
But one Sin of base Omission
Love nor Woman yet forgave*

Flute



Jockey and Jenny A Scots Dialogue

Al music!—kle Jemmy while there was not any in au the North had pov'r to

win ye but Jockey only to his Arms Nere a Laird in au the Nation was

in so happy a Nation as Jockey then in pofelkion of Jemmy in her early Charms

Jenny) ²Had you still adrest me,
As eance you carst me,
Nean other had had e're possast me,
But thine alean I now had been:
Had I only been in vogue w' ye,
And had you let noie else colloque ye,
Nor rumbled after Kathern Oggie,
I'd sped as w'el as any Queen.

Jockey) ³Moggy of Dumferling,
Is now my on ly Darling,
Who sings as sweet as any Starling,
And dances with a bonny Air;
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 w'ad Moggy spare.

Jenny) ⁴Sanny me Caresses,
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) ⁵Come let's leavethis fooling,
My Heart ne've was cooling,
Nean ere but Jemmy there was ruling
But thus our Hearts we fondly try
Jenny) To thy Arms if thou restore me,
Shou'd au the Spairds ith lond adore me,
May our Gued King himsel send for me
With thee alean I'd live and Dye.

Flute



An Address to Vulcan,

Set by M^r. Fisher Tench

Vulcan contrive me such a Cup, As Nestor us'd of Old

try all thy skill to trim it up, Try all thy skill to trim it up, And

damask it round with Go--ld, And damask it round with Gold.

Make it so large, when fill'd with Punch,
Up to the swelling Brim;
Vast toasts on the Delicious Lake, vast &c.
(Like Ships at Sea) may swim. like &c.

Carve me thereon a Curling Fire,
And add two lovely Boys;
Whose Limbs in am'rous folds entwine, &c.
The Types of future Joys &c.

Cupid and Bacchus my Gods are,
May Love & Wine still reign;
With wine I wash away my Care
And then to my Love again

Flute



By Dimpled Brook

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves. The lyrics below the treble staff are: *By dimpled brook & fountain from the wood nymphs deck'd with daisies trim (A merry Wives &*

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves. The lyrics below the treble staff are: *Pastimes keep w^{ch}. has night to do with sleep it has night to do with sleep*

Musical notation for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves. The lyrics below the treble staff are: *Night has better sweets to prove Venus now wakes & wakens love*

Musical notation for the fifth system, including treble and bass staves. The lyrics below the treble staff are: *Come let us our rights begin tis on---by daylight that makes*

Musical notation for the sixth system, including treble and bass staves. The lyrics below the treble staff are: *sin tis on-by daylight that makes sin*. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



The Circling Glass

Tempo di Gavotta *piu*

By the gayly

cir-cling Glass we can see how minutes pass by the hollow Cast are told

how the waining night grows old. how the waining Night grows old

Soon too soon the busy day drives us from our

sports away What have we with day to do sons of care 'twas made for

you sons of care 'twas made for you.

:S: :S: :S: :S: :S: :S: :S: :S: :S: :S:



Lovely Nancy

There never was nor e'er will be another such a Charming She so

fermid to please the Fancy another with such tempting grace such

sparkling eyes & blooming face as has the lovely Nancy.

Her shape so rare & breast so white
 Give admiration and Delight,
 And at first sight entrance ye,
 Her taper leg & tempting thigh,
 Do all comparison doste,
 For such alone has Nancy.

No borrow'd charms the fair one needs,
 In vain for her the Ruby bleeds,
 Or diamond stars you can see,
 Those jewels give but glim'ring ray,
 Compared to the resplendant day,
 Shines all around of Nancy

Flute



The Jolly Bachanalian.

set by Mr. Galliard.

Jolly Mortals fill your Glasses no---ble deeds are done by Wine

Scorn the Nymph, scorn the Nymph & all her Graces, who'd for love or beauty

pi-----ne who'd for Love or beauty pine.

²
*Look within the Bowl that's flowing
 And a thousand Charms you'll find
 More than Phillis e'er just going
 In the Moment to be kind
 In the &c.*

³
*Alexander hated drinking,
 Drank about at Council board;
 He subdu'd the World by drinking,
 More than by his conqu'ring sword,
 More &c.*

Flute



The Cuckoo, a Favourite Song.

sym
Allegro non troppo
 When daisies
 When shepherds

and *Walters* blue and *Ladies* smocks all *fibers* white & *Cuckoo* buds of *yellow* hue do
 pipe on *Oaten* straws & merry *lads* are *Ploughmen* & *locks* & *Turks* tread & *Rooks* & *Dans* &

paint the *Meadows* wth delight
Maidens bleach their *sum* smocks
 The Cuckoo then on every *Tree*

Mocks *marri'd* Men Mocks *marri'd* men Mocks *marri'd* men for thus sings he *Cuckoo* *Cuckoo* *Cuckoo* *Cuckoo*

Cuckoo *Cuckoo* O word of fear O word of fear unpleasing to a *marri'd* ear unpleasing to a

marri'd ear.
sym



The Inamour'd Swain

Set by M. Howard

Till me dear charmer tell me why all other joys so quickly do decay all but the joys of loving

thee & they alone immortal be they neither dull the mind or sense nor loose their pleasing

influence, they neither dull the mind or sense nor loose their pleasing Influence

For ever I with fierce desire,
 Could gaze on thee & never tire;
 My ravish'd ears could all day long,
 Feast on the Musick of thy tongue;
 And when that fails yet still in you
 I something find that's always new.

Flute



The Lass of S^t Osyth,

set by M^r. Howard.

At S^t Osyth by the Mill, there lives a lovely Lass; Oh had I her good

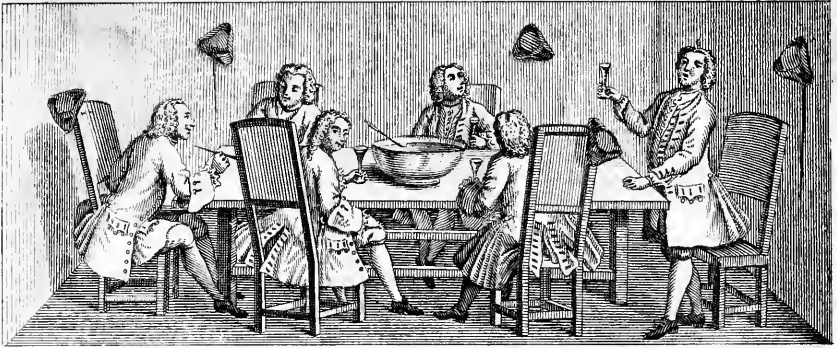
Will! how gayly life would pass. No bold intruding Care my

Bliss should e'er destroy; her Smiles would gild despair, & brighten ev'ry Joy.

Like Nature's rural Scene,
Her artless beauties Charm,
Like them with Joy serene,
Our wishing hearts they warm.
Her wit with sweetness Crown'd
Steals ev'ry Sence away;
The listning Swains around,
Forget the shortning Day.

Health, Freedom, Wealth & Ease,
Without her tattle's are,
She gives them pow'r to please
And makes them worth our Care.
Is there ye Fates a Bliss
Reserv'd my future care,
Indulgent hear my wish,
And grant it all in her.

Flute



The Power of Drinking.

Fly Care to the Winds thus I blow the a way I'll drown thee in
 Fly, Care to the Winds thus I blow the a way I'll drown thee in
 Wine if thou dar'st for to stay With bumpers of Claret my spirits I'll
 Wine if thou dar'st for to stay with bumpers of Claret my Spirits I'll
 raise I'll laugh & I'll sing all the rest of my Days
 raise I'll laugh & I'll sing all the rest of my days

God Bacchus This moment adopts me his Son
 And inspir'd, my breast glows with transports unknown
 The sparkling liquor a new vigour supplies,
 And makes the Nymph kind, who before was too wise

Then dull sober Mortals! be happy as me,
 Two bottles of Claret will make us agree
 Will open your Eyes to see Phillis's Charms,
 And her coynefs wash'd down shall fly to your Arms

Flute



The Bee,

Set by M^r. Duncafe

To suck the flowers—sweet a little wanton Bee; The liquid Air did

beat and flew from tree to tree Deceiv'd by flow'ry scent and

cke by flow'ry hue, On Rosy sweets intent, to Delia's Check it flew

Surpris'd the tim'rous Fair,
It's fluttering Pinions prest,
Death arm'd him with despair,
He stung and sunk to rest.
Be still young Thirs's cry'd,
Some Magick words I'll say;
There's nought so sure beside,
Can Charme the Pain away.

This said, his lips he laid,
Close to the jair one's face;
Just where the wound was made,
And kiss'd th' envenom'd Place,
He suck'd the fatal Mound,
And drev' forth all the smart;
But soon, alas! he found,
The sting had pierc'd his heart

Flute.



Chloe Weeping

Set by M^r. Lampe

What mean fair Cloe's mournful eyes, those sighs $\dot{\jmath}$ heave her breast, oh speak dear
 Sure some worst fate in en- $\dot{\jmath}$ vy tries invade my fair one's Rest

Nymph declare $\dot{\jmath}$ cause of so much anxious Pain; methinks those tears pronounce $\dot{\jmath}$ loss of
 some dear lovely Swain; methinks those tears pronounce $\dot{\jmath}$ loss of some dear lovely Swain

Those blooming Cheeks like Roses dy'd,
 Thro' sorrow seem to fade;
 Those Eyes the radiant Sun outvid
 O'ercast a gloomy Shade.
 Sooner than they shall close with Grief,
 Or Cloe near the Willow,
 Kind Cupid send us both Relief,
 And bleſs me on her Pillow.

Flute



A Favourite Song in Acis and Gallethea

Sym

Would you gain the tender Creature softly gently kindly treat her ^{Sym} Suffering

is the Lovers part softly ^{Sym} gently ^{Sym} softly gently kindly treat her suffering is the

lovers part ^{Sym} would you gain the tender Creature ^{Sym} the

tender creature softly gently kindly treat her softly ^{Sym} gently ^{Sym} softly gently kindly

treat her suffering is the lovers part ^{Sym} softly ^{Sym} gently ^{Sym} kindly treat her



Compos'd by M.^r Handel

suffring is the lovers part *symp*

Beauty by constraint po-

ssessing you enjoy but half the blessing lifeless charms without *h*. heart lifeless char without *h*. heart

Beauty by constraint possessing you enjoy but half *h*. blessing lifeless Charms without *h*. heart

D:C

Flute

8

Some

D:C



A Favourite Song

The Charms th. blooming beauty shews, In fancy's heavenly fair, We
 lo the lily & the Rose, With semblance apt compare, th. semblance apt for Ah! how
 soon how so-on they a---ll decay, the lily droops, the Rose is
 gone and beauty fades awa-----y and Beauty fades a way

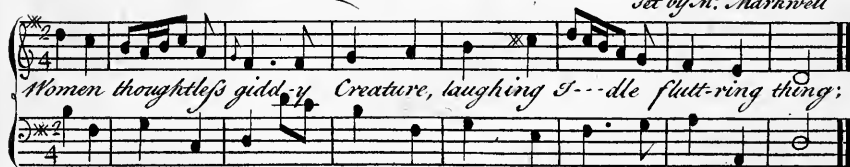
But when bright Virtue stands confest, When Charms like these conspire,
 With sweet discretion join'd; Thy person to approve,
 With mildness calms the peaceful breast; They kindle generous chaste desire,
 And wisdom guides the mind And everlasting Love

Flute



The Whining Lover,

set by M^r. Markwell



²
Slaves to ev'ry changing Passion,
Loving hating in extrem;
Fond of ev'ry foolish fashion,
And at best a pleasing dream.

³
Lovely trife! dear Illusion!
Conqu'ring weakness, wish'd for pain;
Man's chief glory and Confusion,
Of all Vanities most vain.

⁴
Thus deriding beauty's power,
We will call it all a Cheat;
But in less than half an hour,
Kneeld and whin'd at Celia's feet.

FLUTE





The Advice,
set by M.^r Handel

Mortals wisely learn to measure life by the extent of Joy; life is

short and fleeting Pleasure then be gay,

whilst you may, and your hours in Mirth employ

²
Never let a mistress pain you,
Tho' she meets you with a frown;
Fly to Wine, 'twill soon unchain you,
Chear thy Heart,
And all smart,
In a sweet oblivion drown.

³
If loves fiercer flames shou'd sieze thee
To some gentle Maid repair;
She'll with soft Endearments ease thee
On her Breast,
Lull'd to Rest,
Cas'd of Love and free from Care

Friendship, Wine and Love united,
From all Ills defend the Mind;
By them guarded and delighted,
Happy State,
Smile at Fate,
And leave sorrow to the Wind.

Flute



The Amazon set by M. S. Howard

Swains I scorn who nice and fair, Shiver at the morning Air;

rough and hardy bold and free, be the Man that's made for me

rough and hardy bold and free, be the Man that's made for me.

Slaves to fashion slaves to dress,
Fops alone them selves care's;
Let them without Rival be,
They are not the Men for me

He whose nervous Arm can dart,
The Jav'lin to the Tygers heart;
From all sense of danger free,
He's the Man that's made for me.

While his speed outstrips the wind
Loosly wave his locks behind;
From fantastick Popp'ry free,
He's the Man that's made for me.

Nor simpering smile, nor dimpl'd cheek,
Spoil his manly sun burnt cheek;
By weather let him painted be
He's the Man that's made for me

If false he proves my Jav'lin can
Revenge the Perjury of Man,
And soon another brave as he
Shall be found the Man for me.

Flute



The force of Love

Ah! cruel Blood, if fate will what canst thou now do more ah tis now to late Phi-
 lander to restore Why should the heavenly powers persuade poor mortals to be
 lieve they guard us here & reward us there yet all our Joys deceive.

Her Ponyard then she took and held it in her hand
 And with a dying look cry'd thus I fate command
 Philander ah my Love I come to meet thy shade below
 Ah I come she cry'd with a wound so wide there needs no second blow

In purple waves her blood ran streaming down the floor
 Unmov'd she saw the Flood and blest her dying hour
 Philander ah Philander still the bleeding Phillis cry'd
 She wept a while then forc'd a smile then clos'd her Eyes & dy'd

Flute

Two staves of musical notation for the flute part, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings.



The Friendly Adviser

set by M^r. Carey

Trust not Man for he'll deceive you Treachery is his sole intent

first he'll court you then he'll leave you Poor de-lu-ded to Lament :

Listen to a kind ad-vised Men pur-sue but to perplex,

would you happy be grow wiser and a-void the faithless swain

Form'd by nature to undo us,
 They escape our utmost heed
 Oh! how humble when they woo us
 Oh! how vain when they succeed.

So the Bird when once deluded
 By the artful Fowler's Snare,
 Mourns out life in Cage secluded;
 Virgins then in time beware.

Flute



A Favourite Song

As Cupid rogishtly one day had all alone stole out to play & Muses caught if

little little little knave & captive love to beauty gave the Muses caught if, little little

knave & captive love to beauty gave The Song ----- ing deme soon

mist her son & here & there & here & there & there & there & there distracted ru ----- n dis

trac ----- ted run & here & there & here & there & here & there distracted run and still his

liberty to gain his liberty to gain offers his Ransom but in vain in vain in vain the



Compos'd by M^r. Eccles

willing willing Prisoner still hugs his Chain & vows he'll neer be free and vows he'll neer be

free no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no he'll neer be free a gain no

no no no no no no no no no no no no no he'll neer be free a gain

Flute.



The Lark

Set by M. Lampe

*An pretty tuneful, flutt'ring thing, raise raise thy gently thrilling Note, Oh, mount & cut thy
 Lark: the fond echo's roundly sing & steal their Music from thy throat*

giddyling Air, with sprouting wing & downy breast see Phoebus waits to meet thee

there & greet thee now a welcome guest & greet thee now a welcome guest.

6 6 4 3 6 6 7 6 6 4 3 6 6 6 4 3 6 6 6 4 3 6

6 6 3 7 8 4 6 6 6 4 3 6 6 7

6 6 4 6 6 6 4 6 5 7 6 4 6 6 7

1
 These soon the piping Shepherd hears,
 And imitates thy warbling strain;
 With sweeter sounds you charm our Cars,
 And silence the presuming Swain.

2
 Aid with thy Harmony my Muse!
 And to thy Music tune my Song,
 May all the Nine their Warmth infuse
 But soft as thine, as sweet and strong.

3
 Glad thro' the bending Corn I stray
 While you aloft at pleasure rove
 And hoving hail the new born day
 With songs of Mirth & Notes of Love.

4
 My Fanny then thy Voice shall charm
 With me thro' flow'ry fields to rove
 Whilst taught by thee, my lays shall warm
 Her tender breast to glow with Love

Flute



Bacchus & Venus United,

Claudio to manly sports & generous wine twelve circling y^e his spo- rful
 A Sol. by Son of Bacchus unavert would stranger to care his hou- ris un

Swart inclin'd; The God of wine so much engro- s'd his heart Venus with
 heed'd roll'd.

all her charms possess'd no pa- rt Venus th^o. all her char^ms possess'd no part.

Cupid enrag'd drew his unerring dart, | Love triumph's now o're Claudio's manly,
 And in revenge shot quite thro' Claudio's hea^r. | But still allows the life-reviving bowl
 The joy and snare still loath to leave his glass, | When love & Wine in mutual converse meet
 Or to confess fair Delia's Charms surpass, | Mortals like Gods are render'd then compleat
 Now pensive strives in vain to avoid love's snare | Bacchus & Venus should be hand in Glove
 Wine but his second, Delia, his first Care. | He that would Life enjoy must drink & lo^v.

Flute



The
TELL TALE

Blab not what you ought to smother honours lars should sacred be boasting favours

from another neer will favour gain with me neer will favour gain wth me.

But in spirit with indignation sooner I'd lead Apes in Hell, e'er I'd trust my

Repu-tation, with such fools as kiss and tell wth such fools as kiss & tell

He who finds a hidden Treasure,
Never should the same reveal,
He whom beauty crowns with pleasure
Cautious should his joy conceal.

Him with whom my heart I'll venture,
Shall my fame from censure save,
One where truth and prudence center,
And as sacred as the Grave;
And as sacred as the Grave.

Flute



The Amorous Lad.

Violino Unisoni

Set by M. Allard

Symphony

Give me give me a Bottle & a Glass that

hates a lucky hour his pass from amorous sport & free from Amorous sporting free.

Piano

who moves by no hieby Deards dare whisper

tom into my Sars & surge of Ecstasy and urge of Ecstasy



The Sweet Rosy Morn.

Set by M^r. Lovelidge.

The sweet rosy Morn peeps over y^e Hills With Blushes adorning The

Meadows & fields The merry merry merry Horn call come come come a

way A wake from your Slumbers and hail y^e new Day The

2
The Stag rouz'd before us,
Away seems to fly,
And pants to y^e Chorus
Of Hounds in full cry.
Then follow, follow, follow;
The Musical Chace,
Where Pleasure & Nigrous
Health you embrace.

3
The Day Sport when over,
Makes blood circle right,
And gives the brisk Lover
Fresh Charms for y^e Night.
Then let us, let us now enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let Love crown the Night,
As our Sports crown y^e Day.

FLUTE.



The faithful Courtship.

Set by Mr. Lamp.

My Lobia let us live, & love, — Let crabb'd Age talk what it will; Kifs me a
The Sun tho' down returns a-love, — But we once dead must be so still. Kifs me a

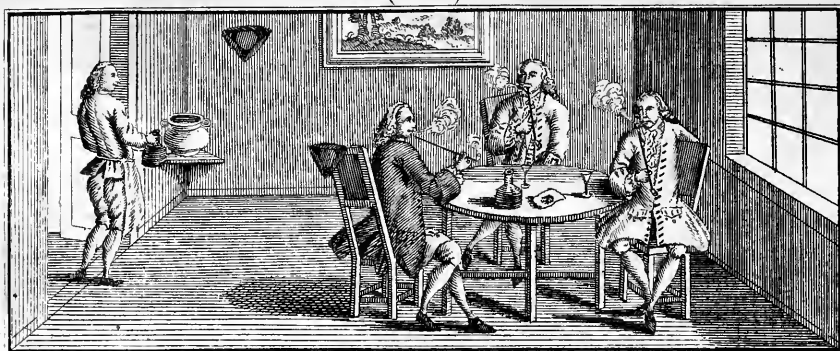
thousand time & then, give me a hundred Kisses more, now kifs a thousand

times a gain, then th'other hun dred as be

fore, then th'other hun dred as be fore.

| | |
|--|---|
| And y ^e , when we have done all this, — | Thus we will love, & thus we'll live, — |
| That our sweet Pleasures may remain, | While all our passing Minutes fly, |
| We will continue on our Blifs, — | We'll have no Time to vex, or grieve, |
| Unkissing of them all again. — | But kifs, & unkifs till we die. — |

Flute.



A Favourite Song

Musical notation for the first line of the song, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a single staff.

Symphony

Musical notation for the first line of the symphony, featuring a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The accompaniment is written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the second line of the symphony, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the third line of the symphony, featuring a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The accompaniment is written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the fourth line of the symphony, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the fifth line of the symphony, featuring a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The accompaniment is written on a single staff.

Song:

Musical notation for the first line of the song, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a single staff.

Ye Mortals that love drinking apply yourselves to me tis I destroy dull

Musical notation for the second line of the song, featuring a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The accompaniment is written on a single staff.

Sym;

Song;

Musical notation for the third line of the song, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a single staff.

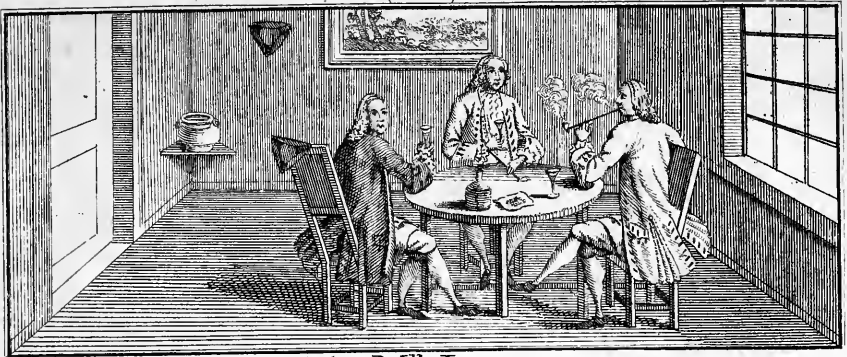
thinking I'm nought but let it go

Let Whining puny flows con-

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song, featuring a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The accompaniment is written on a single staff.

-tern the Quaffing Lad Well freely take our glasses and never once be ;

Musical notation for the fifth line of the song, featuring a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a single staff.



Compos'd by M^r James

Sym;

sa.....d and never once be sad

Two staves of musical notation for the first section.

Song;
Our Joys must all be lasting whilst

Bacchus n^o pursue of Pleasure still we^r tasting Each Bottle makes it new Our

future blifs we^r think on when all the Claret's gone but now we^r bravely drink on and

Allegro.
Quite Exhaust the F..... unand Quite Exhaust the Fun. D:C:



The Ladies Passion Fixt.

Set by M^r. Stanley.

To little or no Purpose I spent many Days, In ranging y^e Park th^e Exc

change & the Plays, for n^er in my Ramble till now did I prove, so lucky to

meet with the Man I could love, Oh! how am I pleas^d wth. I think on this Man, y^e I

find I must love let me do wth I can, that I find I must love let me do wth I can.

How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
 Than had I a Fever when I should be well;
 My Passion shall kill me, before I will shew it,
 And yet I would give all y^e World he did know it,
 But Oh! how I sigh, wth I think, should he woo me,
 I cannot deny, what I know would undo me.

Flute.



The Faithful Shepherdes.

Lively but not to fast

Set by M. Howard

At setting Day, & rising Morn, With Soul that still shall Love thee; I'll

ask of Heav'n thy safe Re-turn, With all that can improve thee; I'll

visit oft the Birken Bush, Where first thou kindly told me, sweet

Tales of Love and hid my Blush, Whilst round thou didst ev' fold me.

To all our Haunts I will repair;
By Greenwood shaw or Fountain;
Or where y^e Sommer Day I'd share,
With thee upon yon Mountain.

There will I tell y^e Trees & Flow'rs,
From Thoughts unfeign'd & tender;
By Yons you're mine; by Love is yours,
A Heart which cannot wander.

Flute.



Sylvia Wounded



But melancholy now and sad,
The tedious minutes pass,
All wonder at the fatal Cause,
But oh! the Cause is Glafs.

When Sprightly Musick us'd to play,
I tripp'd it on the Glafs;
No Dance or Musick now can please
Like Voice of M^r Glafs.

My parents with Industrious care,
Did mighty sums amass;
No one deserves those sums to share,
So well as M^r Glafs.

Let other nymphs try every art,
To wed a Wealthy Ass;
But had I millions to bestow,
I'd give it all to Glafs.

I us'd to be devout at Church,
As any Nun at Mass;
But all my adoration now,
Is plac'd on M^r Glafs.

Then cease your plaints ye am'rous Swains
Vain are your Sighs alas,
My Pity: all you can obtaine,
My Love: for M^r Glafs.

FLUTE





W. Rowley

scit

Advice to Celia.
a New Song.

Shun not Celia Loves soft Pleasures, Cause they will not
always last, Thus the Miser loast his Treasure Eer should
end Dares never Tast, Eer should end Dares never Tast.

2

Beauty's but a fading Flow'r -
Would you therefore Love refuse -
Or because there's one last Hour
Would you all the others lose.
Would you & c.

3

Wisely Seize y' present Blessing
What tho' soon y' Blessing ends -
Oft repeated Toys possessing -
Bid the Number make amends.
Bid the &c.

Flute.



The Modest Question.

Can Love be con-trould by Ad-vice, Can Madnefs and Reafon. a-

grec: O Molly who'd ever be wife, If Madnefs is loving of Thee.

Let Sages pre-tend to des pife, the Joys they want fpirits to Tafe, let

me feize Old Time as He flies And y^e Blesfings of Life while they laft.

| | |
|---|--|
| <i>Dull Wisdom but adds to our Cares</i> | <i>Then Molly for what fhould we ftay,</i> |
| <i>Brisk Love will improve evry Joy;</i> | <i>Till our beft Blood beging to run Cold;</i> |
| <i>Too foon we may meet w.th grey Hairs,</i> | <i>Our Youth we can have but to Day,</i> |
| <i>Too late may repent being Coy;</i> | <i>We may always find Time to grow Old.</i> |



The Invitation

Andante

Come dear Amanda quit the Town, And to the rural Hamlets

fly; Behold y^e wintry storms are gone, a gentle Radiance gladd^s Sky.

The Birds awake, y^e Flowers appear; Earth spreads a verdant Couch for

thee, tis Joy & Musick all we hear; tis Love & Beauty all we see.

| | |
|---|---|
| <p>Come, let us mark y^e gradual Spring, How peeps y^e Bud, y^e Blossom blows, Till Philomel begins to sing, And perfect May to spread y^e Rose</p> | <p>Let us secure the short delight, And wisely crop y^e blooming Day, For soon, too soon it will be Night, Arise my Love & come away.</p> |
|---|---|



Cantata.

ALEXIS.

Se! from y^e silent Grove Allices flies and seeks wth ev'ry pleasing Art to ease the

Recit.

pain wth lovely Eyes created in his Heart, To shining theaters he now repairs to learn Ca-

Slow

millas moving Ours wth thus to Musicks pow'r y^e Swain address his Pray'rs **ARIA**

Charming sounds y^e sweetly languish Musick O Compose my anguish every

passion yields to thee every passion yields to thee Charm^{ing} sounds y^e sweetly languish Musick

O Compose my anguish every passion yield to thee every pas- - - sion yields to



ALEXIS.

Recit. Phœbus quickly then relieve me, Cupid shall no more deceive me, I'll to

Recit. sprightlier joys be free, to spright^{lir} joys I'll be free, I'll to spright^{lir} joys be free. Apollo heard y^e foolish

DC

In vain; he knew n^t Daphne once he lov'd, how weak t^o fawn^{an}ge, Am'rous pain his own harmeni^{ous} art had

prov'd & all his healing herbs, how vain, then y^e he strikes y^e speaking strings Precluding to his voice

Aria

Sings. Cimbalo

Violoncello

Violoncello accompaniment for the Aria.



ALEXIS.

Sounds tho' charming can't relieve thee *Sounds tho' charming can't re*

lieve thee do not Shepherd then de ceive thee. Musick is the Voice of Love

Musick is the Voice of Love. *Sounds tho' charming can't re lieve thee*

do not Shepherd then de ceive thee. Musick is the Voice of Love Musick



ALEXIS.

is the Voice of Love Musick is the Voice of Love

If the tender maid be

live thee soft re-lenting kind con-senting will a lone thy pain re move will a

lone thy pain re move soft re-lenting kind con-senting will a lone thy pain re move



Sit by M. Howard *The Lover.*

If Love be a Fault, & in me thought a Crime, how great my offence, bear you witness O Time, The Days & y^e Nights, & y^e hours as they roll'd, y^e know may be felt, but are neerer to be told. One Day past away, & saw nothing but love, Another came on, & y^e something did prove. The Sun it grew tired still to look on the same, but I grew more pleas'd as y^e next moment came.

*I saw you all Day, & all Day with new gust,
 And yet ev'ry Day was to me as the first:
 Thus fleeting Time passes n^o down on its wings,
 And whilst this remains, rest unenvy'd ye Kings,
 If this be a Crime, be my Judges ye Fair;
 And if I must suffer for what is so rare,
 True Lovers hereafter this wonder shall tell,
 The Cause of my Death, was for loving too well.*



Allegretto **The Lass of the Hill.** Set by M. Lampe!

At the Brow of a Hill a fair Shepherdess dwelt, Who 'y' Rays of Ambition Or Love had neer felt;

A few sober Marrows still run in her Head, that was left for to earn e'er she eather brown Bread, y' to

rise with y' Lark was con-dusive to Health, (And to Tolls in a Cottage Con-tinentment was Wealth.

Young Roger that liv'd in y' Valley below,
Who at Church & at Market was reckon'd a Beau,
Would often times try o'er her Heart to prevail,
And Rest on his Pitchfork to tell her his Tale,
That wth ease his Addresses soon gain'd on her heart
Bring artless herself, She suspected no Art.

But no sooner had melted y' Ice in her Breast,
The heat of his Passion y' Moment decreas'd,
And now he goes flaunting all over y' Vale:
And boasts of his Conquest to Richard & Hall,
Tho he sees her but seldom, he's always in haste,
And n^o e'er he mentions her makes her his Jest

He flatter'd, protest'd he kneel'd & implor'd,
And his lies he wth Oaths wou'd still grace like a Lord,
Her Eyes he commended wth Language well dress'd,
And enlarg'd on y' Tortures he felt in his Breast,
With sighs & wth Tears he so softend her Mind,
That in downright Compassion to love she inclin'd.

Take heed therefore Maidens of Briton's gay Isle,
Now you venture your Hearts for a look or a smile,
For young Cupid is artful & Virgins are frail,
And you'll find a false Roger in every Vale.
Who to Court you & tempt you will try all his skill,
But remember y' Lass at the Brow of y' Hill.

Another Tune to the same Words.



The Amorous Protector

set by M^r. Lampe

Of e'ery sweet that glads the Spring, a tribute
 to thy Charms I'll bring; I'll i-mi-tate the bu-sy
 Bee, to make a gra-grant Crown for thee.

6 6 6 6 7 6 6
 6 4 6 6 7 6 6 6
 6 2 6 6 6 4 3 6

When from y^e plains we'r chas'd away, And when to rest her Eyes incline,
 By the fierc'd God that rules the Day; And light nor they no longer shine;
 I'll lead thee to y^e shades and Streams, The fairest fleece of e'ery Sheep,
 To shield thee from his scorching Beams, My love shall press in peaceful Sleep.

From all the Ills that Night invade,
 I'll guard the dear, the beautiful Maid;
 My tender faithful Care shall prove,
 None watch so well as those that love.

Flute



The Maids Repentance

set by M. Graces

Ye Gods! I fool-ishly---by de--nial my Strephon's last Address,
Pro--vok'd he now no more re-ply'd, but left me in distress,

Oh Cupid! send your surest dart, & straight Command his stay let
him once more but ask my heart, I'll ne-ver more say, nay.

Thus happy moments oft we lose,
By some ill fate inspir'd,
At once Capriciously refuse,
The thing we most admir'd;

No more I'll blame loves ruling Pow'r
Or Curse his just Decree;
Twas I that fix'd th' unlucky hour,
And 'twas confirm'd by me.

Flute



Advice to Britain. By M. Sparrow.

Sym.
Allegro

Rouse Britons, Drive the *Foe* would *Styly* work thy
Woe, Set haughty *Bourbon* know we will be
Dreaded, *Still*; Assert thee on the *Main* make all
 their *Efforts* vain, whose *wiles* makes *Discord* reign and
 fill the world with *pain*, *Am-bitions* vilest *All*;



Compos'd by M. Henry Burgess junior:



Should Bourbons Force appear
Against this Isle in War —
Cease we th' intestine jarr —
And in one Mind unite —
Then vainly what's design'd —
We'd give up to the Wind —
And to their cost they'd find
With an unconquer'd Mind
A Briton still can Fight.

The Bloody Front of War —
O Britons! never fear —
But let us bravely dare —
And make our Annals shine —
And let 'em once more see —
We can set Europe Free —
And plough each distant Sea
With lawless Liberty —
In sight of Bourbons line.

For the German Flute.





Address to Celia

set by M. Postum

If beauty's lure alone invite, Absence may heal our

pain, But prudence vainly quits her sight, whose sense & worth re-

main. But prudence vainly quits her sight, whose sense & worth remain.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| The fairest Face we may Despise, | Caught by thy Person & thy sense, |
| Which hides a Foolish Mind, | 'Tis both alike I fear, |
| But Reason guides y. Lovers Eyes, | For if the Eye could make defence, |
| When charms & Wit are join'd, | You'd conquer by the Ear. |

Flute



The Moderate Lover

set by M. Lampe

Tell me not of a face that's fair, nor lip & Cheek that's red, Nor of a rare se-
Nor of the tresses of her hair, nor curls in order spread;

raphical voice, if like an Angel sings; Tho' if I were to take my Choices

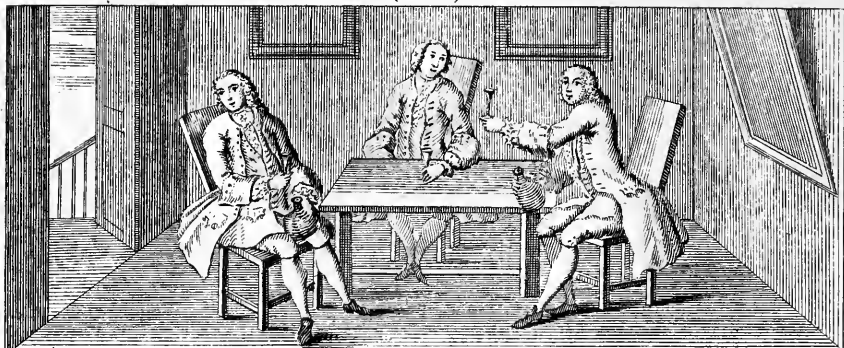
would hav all these things; But if thou wilt have me love; it must be a she; The

only Argument can move is if she will love me, Is that she will love me

The glories of your lady, be,
But Metaphors of things,
And but resembles what we see,
Each common object brings,
Roses out red their lips, and Cheeks,
Lilies their Whiteness stain.

What fool is he that shadows seeks
And may the substance gain?
Then if thou'll have me love a Lass,
Let it be one that's kind,
Else I'm a servant to the Glass,
That's with good Claret and.

Flute -



Love's Bacchanal. Set by M^r Vincent.

Symphon why that Clou-dy Torch-head thus so vain by cross'd those Arms silly In vain thy Aspect

horrid rather frightens her y^e Charms Rouse each dull & drooping spirit sling away thy

Myrtle Wreath Bumpers large of gen'rous Clarit makes thee love & raptures Breath.

| | |
|---|---|
| <p>Sacrifice this Juice prolificke — To each letter of her Name — Gods they deem'd it a Specificke Why not Mortals do y^e same</p> | <p>See y^e high charg'd Goblet smiling — Bids thee Symphon drink & prove Wine's the Liquor most bequiling Wine's y^e Weapon conquers Love.</p> |
|---|---|

Flute



Polly Willis

Set by. W. Cox

Attend ye ever tuneful Swains that in melodious lulling strains of

Clo sing or Phillis, Tho' weak my skill tho' rude my verse &

braid me not whilst I rehearse, the Charms of Polly Willis.

Tho' languid, I and poor in thought,
No simile shall here be brought
From Roses Pinks and Lillies
Some meaner Beauties they may hit
But sure no simile can fit
The charms of Polly Willis.

She's not like Venus on the Flood,
Nor as she once on Ida stood,
Nor mortal Amarillis;
From all that's lovely bright and fair
Of pleasing Shape & killing Air,
And that is Polly Willis.

A Simile to match her hair
Her lovely forehead high and fair
Beyond my greatest skill is,
How then ye Gods can be exprest,
The Eyes, the Lips the heavenly Breast,
Of charming Polly Willis.

'Tho' time her charms may wear away
All beauty must in time decay
Yet in her pow'r there still is
A charm which shall for life endure
I mean the spotless mind and pure
Of charming Polly Willis.

(Flute)



Stella and Flavia

Set by M^r. Howard

Stella and Flavia ev'ry hour do various hearts surprize in Stella's Soul is
 all her pow'r & Flavia in her Eyes in Stella's soul is all her pow'r &
 Flavia's in her Eyes. more boundless Flavia's conquests are and Stella's
 more confind All can discern a face that's fair but few a heart'nly Mind.

Stella, like Britain's Monarch, reigns
 O'er cultivated Lands;
 Like Eastern tyrants Flavia deigns,
 To rule o'er barren Sands
 Then boast fair Flavia boast thy face
 Thy Beautie's only store
 Each day that makes thy Charms decrease
 Will give to Stella more.



slow **THE COQUETS** *set by M. Worgan*

Sym *Pia* *F*

*At the close of the day when the beav' flow'r and hay breath'd Odours, in
ev'ry Wind, Love enliven'd the veins of the damsels and swains, each
glance & each action was kind each glance & each action was kind*

*Molly wanton and free,
Kiss'd and sat on each knee
Fond extasie swam in her eyes
See thy Mother is near,
Hark! she calls the to hear,
What Age and experience advice*

*Hast thou seen the Blithe dove
Stretch her neck to her love,
All glossy with Purple and Gold
If a kiss he Obtain,
She repeats it again
What follows you need not be told.*

*Look ye mother she cry'd
You instruct me in pride
And men by good manners are won
She who trifles with all,
Is less likely to fall
Than she who but trifles with one*

*Prithee, Molly be wise
Lest by sudden surprize
Love should tingle in ev'ry vein
Take a shepherd for life
And when once you're a Wife,
You safely may trifle again*

*Molly smiling reply'd
Then, I'll soon be a bride
Old Koger has Gold in his Chest,
But I thought all you Wives
Chose a Man for your lives
And trifled no more with the rest*



Bacchus Defeated

the Words & Musick by W. Philips

Bacchus must now his power resign I am the only God of Wine I am the only

God of Wine It is not fit a wretch should be in Competition set with me

who can drink ten times more who &c. ten times more who &c. ten times more than he ten times

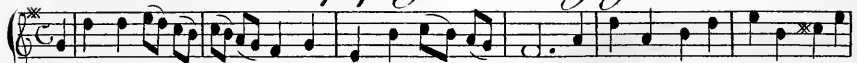
more ten times more ten times more ----- re who can drink ten times more than he

Let other Mortals vainly wear
 A tedious life with Anxious Care
 A tedious life &c.
 Let the ambitious toil and think
 Let states and Empires swim or sink
 My sole ambition is
 My sole &c.
 My sole ambition is to drink

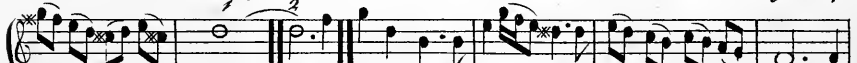
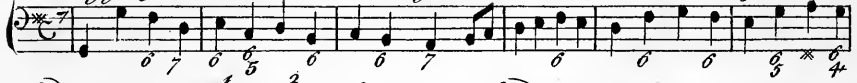
Make a new world ye powers divine
 Stock it with nothing else but Wine
 Stock it with &c.
 Let Wine its only product be
 Let wine be Earth be Air and Sea
 And let that wine be all
 And let that &c.
 And let that wine be all for me.



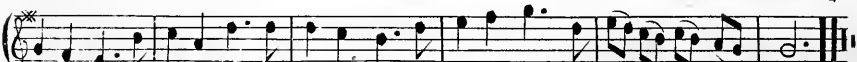
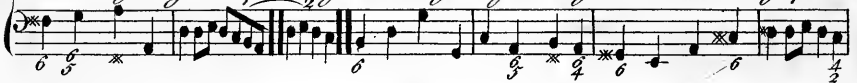
The happy Beggars



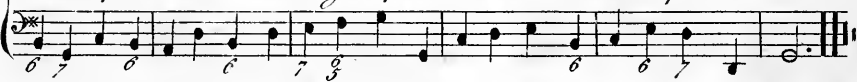
Tho' Beggining is an honest trade it's wealthy knaves despise yet rich men may be beg'made &



we that beg may rise, The greatest kings may be betray'd & lose their sovereign pow'r but



he that sleeps to ask his-meat but he that sleeps to ask his bread can never fall much lower.

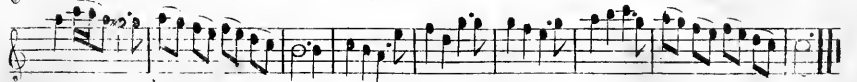
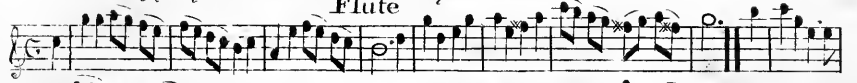


*The Foreigners have swarm'd of late and spoil'd our begging trade,
Yet still we live and drink good beer, tho' they our rights invade
Some say they for Religion fled, but Wiser People tell us,
They were forc'd here to seek their bread, for being too rebellious*

*Let heavy taxes greater grow, to make our Army fight,
Where 'as not to be had you know, the king must lose his right.
Let one side laugh the other mourn we nothing have to fear,
But that great Lords will beggars be to be as great as we are*

*What tho' we make the World believe, that we are sick or lame
It's now a virtue to deceive, our teachers do the same,
In trade disguising is no Crime and we may live to see,
That begging in a little time the only Trade will be.*

Flute





The Sleepy Fair

Set by M. Howard

One Summers Eve as Strophon rovd wrapt up in thought profound, Sur-

priz'd he saw his best belov'd lye sleeping on the Ground

Awake my pretty sleeper wake: awake to Strophons call Be

careful for your Lovers sake 'Tis Night the dew-drops fall.

Then to her Cheek his lips he laid
 And gently stole a kiss
 She still slept on he not dismay'd
 Repeats the transient bliss
 She wakes and thus with angry tone,
 Away away she cries
 Then fault ring bids the Swain be gone
 Then sight and clos'd her Eyes.

Tho' cruel are your words sweet maid
 Can sighs proceed from hate?
 My doubts are gone then down he laid
 Resolv'd to share her fate,
 Defended from the noxious Air
 Within his Arms she lay
 And tho' the Swain oft wak'd the fair,
 She said no more till day.

Flute



The Jealous Swain

Set by H. Russell

Sweet were once the Joys I tasted all was Gollie-ty and love time me thought too

nimbly hasted n^o on pleasures wings did move Chloe's heart was all my treasure never

was a richer Swain Chloe doubled ev'ry pleasure Chloe bannish'd ev'ry Pain

But the envious Gods repining,
So much Bliss on Earth to see,
All their bite'rat Curses joining,
Dash'd my Cup with jealousy;
Now where erst my Pipe resounded,
Steals the sigh and heart felt Gwan;
Love by doubts and fears surrounded,
I'll dispute a tott'ring Throne.

Fool that ever art pursuing
What conceal'd is always best,
Jealousy loves Child and ruin,
Leave oh leave my tortur'd breast;
With the slave thy pow'r confessing
Thou to Venus mildly deal,
They who shun or slight thy blessing
Shoud' alone thy torments feel.

Flute



A Cure for Love

set by Mr. Stanley

Long by an Idle Passion tost by love undone my reason left how many fruitless

tears it cost to free me from the smart to free me from my smart

I ravid I sigh'd but all in vain could not my liberty regain or break the little

tyrants chain alas how weak my Art Alas how weak my Art

At length I flew to Pride for Aid
But equally by that betray'd
To every Power in vain I spy'd
But none would pity show.

Flute

I'll reason to my breast once more
Did all my former peace restore
And brought Content not in the pow'r
Of Stripton to restore.



The Inconstant

Set by M.^r Lampe.

When fading Beauty does de-cay, *tr* Alas! dost think that love will stay;

To love elsewhere I'm not to blame, *tr* Phillis is no more of same, A

change in all we dai-ly see, *tr* Constant in In-constan-cy.

Chloe triumphant rules the Day,
Then for Celia must give way,
But when Clarissa comes in sight,
Cecilia is forgotten quite —
No fair one long can pleasure me,
Constant in Inconstancy.

Almighty Love disdain restraint,
Ever will for Freedom pant, —
Nor can you me Inconstant call,
Who by turns love always all,
Then blest'd be dear Variety,
Constant in Inconstancy.

Flute



Philander's Vow.

Set by Mr. Boyce.

Tender

In vain Phi-lan-der at my Feet you urge your Guilty

Flame With well dis-sembled Tears entreat New Oaths

impious Vows repeat and wrong Loves sacred Name

Ah! cease to call that passion Love
 Whose end is to betray
 Too soon should I comply you'd prove
 What sensual views your Ardour move
 And your Affection Sway.

And when to all my fondness blind
 You'd chase me from your Breast
 I duded Wretch! when could I find
 That calm Content that peace of Mind
 Which I before possess'd



Arno's Vale

Set by W. Holcombe.

When here Lu-cinda first we came Where Arno rolls his Sil-ver Streams

How brisk y^e Nymphs y^e Swains how gay Content in spirit each ru-ral Lay The

Birds in livelier Concert Sung the Grapes in thicker Clusters hung

all look'd as Joy could never fail Among y^e Sweets of Arno's Vale.

But now since good Palemon dy'd
The chief of Shepherds & the Pride
Now Arnos Sons must all give place
To Northern Swains an Iron race

The Taste of Pleasure now is o'er
Thy Notes Lucinda please no more
The Muses droop the Goths prevail
Aduce the sweets of Arnos Vale.



HAPPY PAIR

Invias at the Royal Feast for Persia Won by Philip's Warlike Son Utopt in an full State the

godlike Hero sate On his Imperial Throne his valiant Peers were plac'd arround their Browns

hopes and with Myrtles bound so Should Desert in Arms be Crown'd The lovely Thais by his

sate like a blooming eastern Bride in flower of Youth and Beauty's Pride

Happy happy happy Pair

Nonet a' brave nonet buty nonet

Slow

Allegro

Staccato

Pia

Fo

Happy happy happy Pair

Nonet a' brave nonet buty nonet



A FAVOURITE Song.

None but thy brave deserves to be thy Fair

None but thy brave deserves to be thy Fair

None but thy brave deserves to be thy Fair

None but thy brave deserves to be thy Fair

happy happy happy Fair happy ha

ppu happy happy happy Fair

None but thy brave deserves to be thy Fair

None but thy brave de-

serve thy Fair

None but thy brave

None but thy brave deserves to be thy Fair

None but thy brave deserves to be thy Fair

None but thy brave deserves to be thy Fair



The Lover's Complaint

Amoroso. *tr* *tr* *See by M^{rs} W. M. Hodson.*

Sym

I Love I doat I'm all De-sire No Tongue can

tell my Pain My Breasts in Agonies my Hearts on fire In murmurs

I complain in murmurs I complain.

- 2 Thro' ev'ry Feature reigns a Charm
Immortals own her Sway
Her Frowns tenthousand Breasts alarm
To rob their Souls of Day.
- 3 Her Smiles extatic Pleasures give
Dispell my gloomy Woe
Make drooping Nature learn to live
No anxious Cares I know.
- 4 Some Soul enchanting pow'r oh! move
This too divinely Fair
Tell her how I'm distress'd by Love
How Tortur'd by despair.



The Mutual Lovers.

Set by M.^{rs} W. Godson.

Amoroso

Soprano Say mighty Love &

teach my Song to whom if sweetest joys be long & who the Happy Happy

Pair All soft yielding hearts & Joining hands find Blessings twisted

with their Bands to soften a - - - - - All their Care to soften all their Care

Not if wild Herds of Nymphs & Swains
Who thoughtless fly into the Chains
As Custom leads the way
If there be Bliss without Design
Ivy and Oaks may grow & twine
And be as blest as they.

Nor minds of melancholly Strain
Still Silent or that still complain
Can the dear bondage bless
As well may Heavenly concerts spring
From two old Lutes with never a string
Or none besides the Base.

Two kindest Souls alone must meet
Tis Friendship makes if bondage sweet
And feeds their mutual Loves
Bright Venus on her rolling Throne
Is drawn by gentlest Birds alone
And Cupids Yoke if Loves.



H Roberts fecit

The Constant Lover.

Set by Miss Morgan.

Toss'd in doubts & fears I rove, On the Stormy Seas of Love; Far from

comfort far from Port, Beautys Prize & Fortunes Sport, Yet my Heart disclaims dis-

pair; While I trace my leading Star; While I trace my leading Star:

*But reservidness like a Cloud,
Does too oft her Glories Shroud,
Pierce y^e Gloom reviving Sight,
Be auspicious as your Bright;
As you hide or dart your beams,
Your Ardorer Sinks or Swims.*

Flute



Ben. Roberts sculp.

Love and Honour.

Set by M^r Lampe.

I wish & long for that which I by custom forc'd must needs deny by custom

forc'd must needs deny how hard a Virgins Fate To srown Alaxis I am bid & if I

smile am frowl & chid and if I smile am frowl & chid who'd live at such a Rate.

In vain alas is all disguise /
 My words but contradict my Eyes
 my words &c
 He reads my passion there
 O love! what is there to be done?
 Must I what most I covet shun
 must I &c
 And bid if Youth despair.

Forbid it all ye powers above!
 Cupid prevailing God of Love
 Cupid &c
 Decreed us for each other
 Let Hymen light his Torch & dare
 Be his without a blush or fear
 Be his &c
 To immitate my Mother.

Flute.



Hail Windsor.

Set by M. J. Taverner.

Larghetto

Hail Windsor crown'd
 of thy Sours in Nature wantons at her Will docks ev'ry Vale with fruits & flowers
 wa ving Trees adorns each Hill Like
 Mars in Venus in his Arms like his thy Strength like hers thy
 Charms like his thy Strength like hers thy Charms.

When o'er thy Plains I stretch mine Eyes
 Pleased wth thy Prospects unconfid,
 A thousand Scenes before me rise,
 A thousand Beauties charm my Mind,
 Tho' different each, yet each agrees,
 Nor this, nor that, but all things please.

Thus Strephon Views his lovely Fair;
 From charm to charm in raptures tost,
 Yet not her face, nor Shape, nor Air;
 Nor yet her Eyes transport him most,
 But tis the Heavenly Finish'd whole,
 With matchless Grace delights his Soul.



A Preservative against Love. set by M.^o Lampe

tritta

How frail alas! we Mortals are how lost to sense how vain! In vain we would his
 When once wth fervid love we dare a fancy'd war maintain.

Power withstands fa..... ree by force re pell He has more

Absolute Comand of me..... re we would, re bell.

*This only flight can make us blest -
 And free us from Loves Dart
 One Moments stay destroys our Rest
 But this preserves the Heart
 So shall our lives in peace be Free -
 Each day new pleasures prove
 He that's possess'd of Liberty -
 Defies the shafts of Love.*

FLUTE



Bright Author of

Con Spirito

Bright Author of my present flame art thou an Angel if I see come down from heav'n to comfort me

or do I dream late thy made escape from hell to cheat me to chat me in a fairer shape Or shape

Affettuoso

Thou like a Comet dost ap... pear

in this our left fre quen, ted Sphere Sphere At once to dar'zel



my present Flame.

Set by Wm. Travers.

and sur prize th Love our Hearts th light our Eyes with Love our Hearts with

light our Eyes At Eyes But if thou come por-

tending fu ture Pain en like a Blazing Star retire again But if thou come por-

tending fu ture Pain en like a bla...

zing Star retire ugain en like a Bla...

zing Star retire a gain.





The Relief.

Now if busy day is o'er, To if Bottle let us fly, if our Spirits will restore, & delight the
 heart in Joy..... & delight if heart in Joy. Banish
 sorrow & care, Every anxious thought remove, raise if mind above despair, fill if soul with nought but love.
 Fill the soul with nought but love.

FLUTE



Barberini's Minuet.

Set by Sig. Hofse!

Think'n to Pleasure & sports do invite you times on y^e wing & is fleeting away and as y^e bright
Season of youth does exalt you Crown'd dear moments wth mirth whilst you may As time approached by
Kindly Advances With truly graceful and free open fancies of Song & brisk dances intreat him to
Stay His golden Treasure if prudently measure let innocent pastime & Virtue delight you
Virtue & innocence alway are gay those who inherit such sweetness of Spirit Live live
live live those who inherit such sweetness of spirit live & enjoy true delight evry Day.



Myra

Set by M. Howard.

Say Myra why is gentle Love A stranger to y^e Mind that Pity and Esteem can

move w^{ch} can be just y^e Kind Is it because you feare to know y^e Man^{ch} love molest the

ten der care y^e anxious Fear w^{ch} racks y^e amrous Breast A loss by some degree of

woe we ev^{ry} bliss obtain y^e heart can never taste know, w^{ch} never felt a Pain

Flute.



The Happy Man.

Arietta.

I envy not Sir Courtly Nice secure from Pomp and free from Vice I pass my day wth
ease I pass my Days wth ease The Man who cannot be a Knave seems to be a
fawning slave has but him^{self} to please has but himself to plea... se
has but himself to please the man who cannot be a knave; seem to be a fawning
slave has but himself to please has but himself to please has but himself to please

Pia.

*The World's all its glittering Toys —
 Consist in Hurry Show and Noise
 Whilst in a Croud we live
 Thank Heav'n! To share a better Fate
 And blest enjoy in humble State
 The sweets that Quiet give —*

*My Book my Garden Field & Fair
 Are all my Pleasures all my Care —
 Nor wish I greater Bliss —
 Each Day to me fresh beauties rise —
 From those and Isabella's Eyes —
 Still sweetned by a Kiss.*



The Truth.

Set by M. Ruybel.

To curb our Will with vain pre-tence Phy..lo...so...phy her force em-

phes And tells us in dis pight of Sense that life of fords us real joys

Such I dle whims my Heart ab-jures Envy me not Im mortal

love? If I pre-fer my Blis to Yours clas'd in the Arms of her I Love

Since you have given desires to Men
 Leave us at least th' enjoyment free
 Must I be happy only then
 When Talass shall cease to be
 Such Idle whims my heart abjures
 Envy me not immortal love
 If I prefer my Blis to yours
 Clas'd in ij Arms of her I love

For the German Flute.



Paternal Love.

Set by M^r Lampe

The parent Bird whose little Nest is by its tender young possess'd with

Spreading Wings & downy Breast does cherish them with Love. But soon as Nature

plumes their Wings & guides their flight to Groves and Springs quite unconcern'd the

parent Sings re gardless where they rove re gardless where they rove

*Whilst hapless we of human Race
The lasting Cares of Life embrace
And still our best affection place
On what procures us pain
Tho Children as their years increase
Increase our fear & spoil our peace
Paternal love can never cease
But ever will remain.*

Flute.



A Song in Praise of

Of good English Beer our Songs lets raise We've right by our freeborn

Charter And follow our brave fore fathers ways Who lived in a time of King Arthur

Of these gallant days loud fame has told Beer gave us stout Britons Spirit In

Love they spoke truth & in War they were bold And flourished by dint of Merit

Chorus

Then like them crown our Bowls our plentiful brown Bowls & take em off clever to all



old English Beer By Mr. Leveridge.

Musical notation for the first two systems of the song, consisting of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff.

true English souls to all true English souls & old England old England for ever

hurrah old England for e ver.

hurrah old England for e ver

old England old England hurrah old England for e ver.

*The glory in Love or War they won —
 By fighting retreats and sallies —
 Was from if production of their own —
 Good Beer & roast Beef in their bellies —
 All foreign attempts they did disdain —
 To find with Resolution —
 For Liberty if they woud bleed every vein —
 To keep their old Constitution. —*

Chorus

*Like them let us fill & drink & Sing —
 To all who our state are aiding —
 To Commerce if all our wealth does bring —
 And every branch of our Trading —
 By Commerce all grandure we sustain —
 That makes us a powerful Nation —
 Then let us agree & with vigour maintain —
 Our Trade and our Navigation. —*

Chorus

FLUTE.

Musical notation for the flute part, consisting of two staves in treble clef.



Allegretto *The Power of Beauty.*

Is there a Charm ye Powers a love To ease a wounded Breast thro'
Reason's Glass to look at love to wish and yet to rest Let Wisdom
boast tis all in vain An Empire o'er the Mind tis Beauty Beauty holds the
Chain And triumphs o'er Man kind And triumphs o'er Mankind

Thrice happy Birds who on the Spray
Unartful Notes prolong
Your feather'd Notes reward the Lay
And yield to powerful Song
By Nature fierce without Controul
The human Savage ran
Still Verse refine his Stobborn Soul
And civiliz'd the Man
And civiliz'd the Man

Verses turns aside the Tyrants Rage
And cheers the drooping Slave
It wins a Knite from hoary Age
And disappoints the Grave
The force of Numbers must succeed
And sooth each other Ear
Tho' my fond Cause should Phœbus plead
He'd find a Daphne here
He'd find a Daphne here

Did Heav'n such wondrous Gifts produce
To curse our wretched Race
Say must we all the Heart accuse
And yet approve of Face
Thus in the Sun bedrop'd with Gold
The basking Adder lies
The Inrain admires each shining Fold
Then grasps the Snake & dies
Then grasps the Snake & dies



The Nut-brown Maid. Set by M.^r Howard. S.

I was

in the Bloom of May when odours breathe around when Nymphs are blithes gay &

all with mirth abound That happily I stray'd to view my sweet Care where I beheld a Maid no

Mortal e'er so fair no mortal e'er so fair.

*The wreath upon her Head —
A Bonnet made of Straw —
Which such a Face did shade
As Phoebus never saw —
Her looks of Nut brown hue
A round eard Coife conceal'd
Which to my pleasing view
A sporting Breeze reveal'd —*

*Around her slender Waiste —
A Lute embroider'd hung —
The Lute her Fingers grac'd
Accompani'd with a song —
With such a pleasing Note
Cuzzoni might regale —
Or Philomelas Throat —
That warbles thro' the Vale —*

*Not long I stood to View —
Struck with her Heavenly Air
I to the Charmor flew —
And caught the yielding Fair —
Hear this ye scornful Belles
And milder ways pursue
She that in Charms excels
Excels in kindness too —*



The Happy Couple.

By Roberts Sculp.

Staccato.

Sym.

*All Upon the Hill there lives a happy Pair The
Swain his Name is Will And Molly is the Fair Ten Years are gone & more Since
When join'd the two their Hearts were one be fore The sacred rites they Knew*

*Since which, auspicious Day —
Sweet harmony does Reign —
Both love and both obey —
Hear this each, Nymph & Swain —
If haply Cares invade —
Is who is free from Care —
Th' impious lighter made —
By taking each a Share.*

*Pleas'd with a Calm retreat —
They've no ambitious View —
In Plenty live not State —
Nor Envy those that do —
Sure Pomp is empty Noise —
And Cares Increase with Wealth —
They Aim at truer Joys —
Tranquillity and Health.*

*With safety and with Ease —
Their present life does flow —
They fear no raging Seas —
Nor rocks that lurk below —
• May still a steady Gale —
• Their little Bark attend —
• And gently fill each sail —
• Till life it self shall end.*



The Power of Gold

as by M^{rs} M^orrau

The Bloom of Beauty quickly fades an age dis-posed as

Soon suc-ceeds, loathing the Lover flies a face dis-

-posed of Youthfull Charms and Grace Yet Gold what we do

thee Envy we need no other Charms Employ Medea's drks to

thee belong when old thou makst us fair and young.

thee belong when old thou makst us fair and young.

thee belong when old thou makst us fair and young.

thee belong when old thou makst us fair and young.



AMYMONE

Cantata.

Rec: Upon the Coast of Argos Rocky Shoar where the Impetuous Billows Foam and

Roar Amymone the Young the Fairest of the wood was by a Satyr eagerly persued

weary in Flight by fears Opprest She thus th'immortall powrs th'immor..... tall powrs addrest

Air

Largo

Neptune God of

all the Ocean

Neptune god of



AMYMONE

all the Ocean hear a tender Maid's devotion Ease myll..... anguish set me free

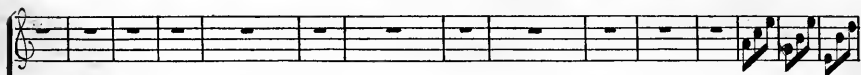
Ease my A..... anguish set me free from Furious love de...liver

me from furious love deliver me *al*

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines. The first system contains the first line of lyrics. The second system contains the second line of lyrics. The third system contains the third line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features various rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and rests.



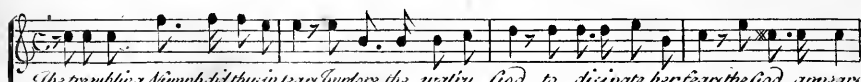
AMYTONE



Asi all'st my lucke I prayr shall it be lost shall it be lost shall it be lost in Heav'ly Air



no refuge they remaine forme rema... ins for me but if De... ep Abyss of the Sea



The trembling Nymph had thus in teares Suppl'd the watty God to dissipate her fears the God appears



the Satyr flies while Neptune view'd the fair his trembling eyes confest his flame and own'd his



but surpris'd sent his Gratitude he her fear'n while thus in sweetest sounds he Charm'd her Ear.



AMYMONE

Vivace

Triumph triumph

Triumph triumph Charm's creature over your profane... mephitous Vanph' lov'ri...

...umphinly conquest of your Charms While Neptune Courts you to his Arms

The musical score consists of ten systems of staves. The first system includes the tempo marking 'Vivace'. The second system features the instruction 'Triumph triumph'. The third system contains the lyrics 'Triumph triumph Charm's creature over your profane... mephitous Vanph' lov'ri...'. The fourth system continues the lyrics with '...umphinly conquest of your Charms While Neptune Courts you to his Arms'. The score is written in a style typical of 19th-century sheet music, with treble and bass clefs and various musical notations.



Solo *AMYMONE*

Musical score for the solo part of Amymone. The score consists of 12 staves, arranged in four systems of three staves each. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, various note values, rests, and dynamic markings. The lyrics are written below the bass staff of each system.

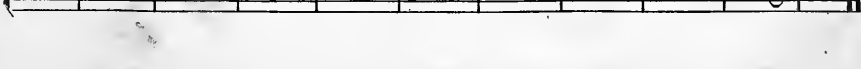
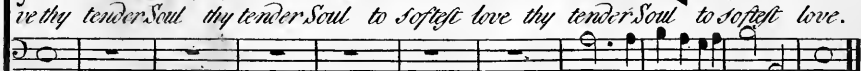
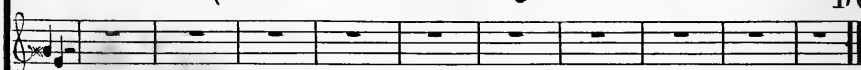
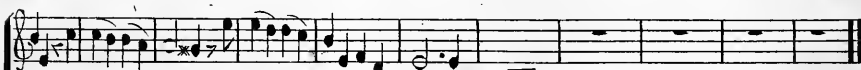
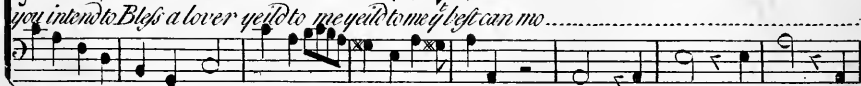
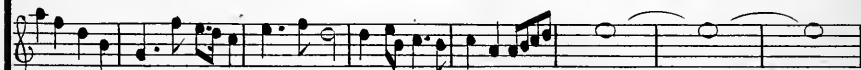
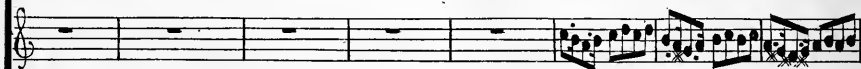
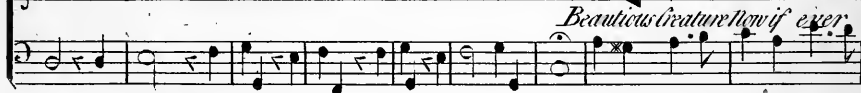
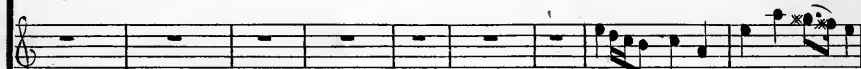
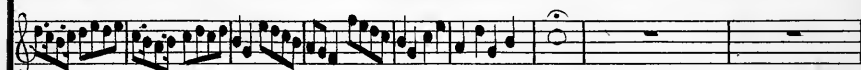
Tri.....umph Tri: umph in the conquest the

conquest of your charms.....

Tri - umph in the conquest the conquest of your charms,



AMYTONE .





A Favourite Song

Set by M^r Handel.

Siciliana *Let me wander not unseñ by Hedgegrove*

Ims on Hillslocks green. *There the Plowman near at*

hand whistles over the furrew'd Land there y^e Plowman near at hand whistles over the furrew'd

Land *and the Milkmaid smooeth blithel^y & Mever whets his scythe and every*

shepherd tells his tale under the Hawthorn in the Dale *and every*

shepherd tells his tale under the Hawthorn in the Dale.



Love revealed.

Set by M.^r W. Hodson

Affettuoso

Why should I my Passions smoothe Or the Man I love torment
 my Iron may drive him to a nother then too late I ma
 y re pent then too late I may re pent

How often he has fondly woo'd me
 Yet I always seem'd Coy
 Tho' in melting Strains he sued me
 Against my Will I did deny
 Thus we force our Selves to suffer
 And slight w^e we so much prize
 Yet tis easy to discover
 Our own Thoughts within our Eyes

I cannot resist no longer
 Hes y' on ly Man I love
 And my Passion grows y' stronger
 Since he does so constant prove
 All Endeavour to regain him
 And his constant Love requite
 Tho' so long I did disdain him
 In him alone I take delight

Sweet Endearments may allure him
 Never can I be at rest
 Till for ever I secure him
 Its he alone can make me blast

Flute



A Favourite Song

Set by Mr. Boyce

Swift of the Virgin Throng dost thou seek thy Swain's Mode

See you fertile Vale along the new worn Path of Flocks have trod Perch'd Print their

Feet have made & they shall guide thee to the Shade and they shall guide thee to the Shade Fairest of the

Virgin Throng dost thou seek thy Swain's Mode see you fertile Vale along your worn Path of Flocks have trod Per-

ch'd the Print their Feet have made & they shall guide thee to the Shade & they shall guide thee to the Shade

Flute.



Rural Life.

Set by M^r Howard

How happy is the Maid who

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

lives a rural life By no false viens be trayd to know domestick strife No Pashion sways her

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

mind or wishes to be Great So humble hopes confind she shuns y^e flattering Bait To

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

humble hopes confind she shuns y^e flattering Bait

Musical notation for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.

Her Soul with calm disdain,
Above the Pomp of Pride;
Behold y^e Rich and Vain,
In gilded fetters tyd;
While Hills Wealth & Pow'r,
The gaudy Scene display;
And Rugeants of an Hour,
In darkness glide away.

But if some gentle Boy,
Her faithful Bosom share;
He doubles all her Joy,
And listens all her Care;
Their moments on the wing,
The mutual Bliss improve,
And give perpetual Spring,
To Virtue Truth and Love.

Flute

Musical notation for the flute part, including treble and bass staves with notes and rests.



A Favourite Song

Sym:

Andante

Tell me lovely Shepherd where where tell me

where thou feedst at Noon thy fleecy Care *Sym:* *Direct me to y^e sweet Re*

treat y^e guards thee from y^e Midday Heat *Sym. F:*

Left by the Flocks To lonely stray Without a

Guide & lose my Way *Sy. F.* *where rest at Noon thy bleating*

F: *F:* *F:* *F:* *F:* *F:* *F:* *F:*



The Doubtfull Lover.

Set by Mr. Howard

Tell me my Delia tell me why my kindest fondest looks you fly

What means if frown up on thy Brow have I of fend ed tell me how

What means if frown up on thy Brow have I of fend ed tell me how

*Some change has happen'd in thy Heart,
 Some Rival there has stol'n a part;
 Reason, these fears might disapprove,
 But Oh I fear; because I Love.*

Flute.



The Secret Kijs.

Set by Mr. Gould

At the Silent Evening Hour Two fond Lovers in a

Bower Sought sought their mutual Bliss Tho her Heart was

just re lenting Tho her Eyes seem'd just Con senting Yet

yet she fear'd to Kijs

Since this secret Shade he cry'd —
Will those rosy Blushes hide —
Why why will you resist —
When no tell-tale Spy is near us
Eye not sees nor Ear can hear us
Who, who would not be kijs'd.

Galina hearing what he said —
Blushing lifted up her Head —
Her Breast soft Waves fill —
Since she cry'd no Spy is near us
Eye not sees nor Ear can hear us
Kijs, kijs or what you will.

Flute



The Despairing Shepherd

Large. *Set by M. Lampe.*

Cl-- on whose Heart Fore-told I despair thus mourn'd his hap-les Fate
 Long have I tast-- ed pining Care which Cru-- el Feas Cre-ate

How did y' pleasing Minuets wast whilst Silvia blast the Grove but Minuets

te dious A ges last now torn from her I love now torn from her I love.

See how the Village Blithly gay —
 Is all a Joyous Scene
 The rural Nymphs all hail y', May
 Like them I've happy been
 But now no Pleasures sooths my Care
 Their happy Sports I shun
 And fond my Sylvias griefs to share
 Am Gloriously undone.

Flute



Advice to Cloe:

Set by M. Howard.

See Cloe how the newblown Rose, blooms like thy' beautiful Face, Youth does its rip'ning
 Charms disclose, and perfects ev'ry Grace; Its Virgin sweets perfume the Air, and
 then its Pride decays; So will it be with thee my fair, n^o past thy youthful Days

No April can revive thy Charms,
 No Sun can light thine Eyes;
 Soft Love will leave thy snowy Arms,
 When Age begins to rise:
 Then Cloe let my Passion move
 Thy Pity for my Pain;
 Obey the Voice of gentle Love,
 Love, and be lov'd again.

For $\text{\$}$ German Flute.



A. Favourite Song

Allegro

ma for

Zeno Plato Aristotle all were lovers of the Bottle Sye Poets Painters & Musicians

Churchmen Lawyers & Physicians all admire a pretty Lads all require a chearful Glass Zeno

Plato Aristotle all were lovers of the Bottle Poets Painters & Musicians Churchmen Lawyers & Physicians

all admire a pretty Lads all require a chearful Glass Poets Painters & Musicians Churchmen Lawyers & Phy

icians all admire a pretty Lads all require a chearful Glass Sye



Set by M^r Lampe!

Musical notation for the first system, consisting of a treble and bass staff.

Musical notation for the second system, including the lyrics: *Ev'ry Pleasure has its Lesson Love and Drinking are no Treason*

Musical notation for the third system, including the lyrics: *Ev'ry Pleasure has its Lesson Love and* and *Drinking are no Treason Love and Drink.....king Love and Drinking are no Treason.* The word *Ad:* is written above the staff.

Continuation of musical notation for the piece, including various instrumental parts and a final section with a 7-measure rest.



Allegro

A Favourite Song,

On his Face the Ver-nal Rose Blended with the Lil-ly Grows

Sym: His Locks are as the Ra-ven black in Ringlets wa-ving

down his Back Sym: His Eyes with milder Beauties

beam than billing Doves beside y stream His youthfull Cheeks are Beds of

Flowers En-ri-pend by refreshing showers 34

His Lips are of the Rose's Hue dropping with a fra grant



Set by M.^r Boyce.

Oye Tall as y Cedar he appears & as Erect his form he bears

 Musical notation for the first system of the vocal line, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 7/8. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Tall as y Cedar he appears And as Erect his form he bears

 Musical notation for the second system of the vocal line, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The melody continues from the first system.

Largo *rit.* This this Oye Virgins this is y Swain whose fence causes all my pain.

 Musical notation for the third system of the vocal line, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The tempo is marked 'Largo' and the dynamics 'rit.'. The lyrics are written below the notes.

FLUTE.

Musical notation for the flute part, consisting of six systems of a single staff. The music is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 7/8. The piece includes various dynamics such as 'p.' and 'f.' and articulation marks like 'stacc.' and 'acc.'.



A Favourite Song.

Set by M^r Perleour:

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with dynamic markings *p:* and *f:*.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves.

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves with the lyrics: *Women formid by Nature's loy, blissh to give or take the joy.*

Musical notation for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves.

Musical notation for the fifth system, including treble and bass staves with the lyrics: *Man by Nature warm & brave must to win them be a Slave.*

Musical notation for the sixth system, including treble and bass staves.

Musical notation for the seventh system, including treble and bass staves with the lyrics: *flatter sigh and wine call their Mortal Char.....ms call their Mortal*

Musical notation for the eighth system, including treble and bass staves.

Musical notation for the ninth system, including treble and bass staves with the lyrics: *Charmes divine. When the Godd thus we please Female first*

Musical notation for the tenth system, including treble and bass staves.

Musical notation for the eleventh system, including treble and bass staves with the lyrics: *deceiv'd Female, Bride deceiv'd obeys.*

Musical notation for the twelfth system, including treble and bass staves.



A Favourite Song

Moderato

Set by Mr Oswald.

Jolly when your Lips you join Lovely Pointing Lips to mine To the Bee the

flow'ry Field Such a Banquet does not yield Not the dewy morning Rose

So much sweetnefs does inclufe Not the Gods such Nectar Lip As Collin from thy

balmey Lip As Collin from thy balmey lip Kiss me then with

rapture Kifs, Well surpass the Gods in Bliss Well surpass Well surpass

Well surpass the Gods in Bliss Well surpass the Gods in Bliss.



False Damon.

Set by M. H. Carey

If you would keep your Damon true, & constant as before; Let him perceive no change in

you, & he'll be false no more. 'Tis not that Celia is more fair; or has more charms if

you; But that she's less disturb'd with Care *If he be false or true.*

Why then should you disgrace with Tears,
That Face which once was gay;
Or why should you distract with Fears,
That Heart which once was May.
Let Smiles again adorn your Face,
Again be gay and glad,
And he'll again resume his Place,
Or else by Jove he's mad.

Flute



Delia.

Set to M. Howard's favorite *Musette*.

Delia in whose form we trace All that can a Virgin Grace Hark where Pleasure

blithe as May Bids us to Vaux-Hall away. Tantal' Wists melting Sounds

Magic Echoes Fai-ry Rouds Beauties ev'ry where surprise Sure y' Spot dropt

from y' Skies Delia in whose form we trace All that can a Virgin grace

hark where Pleasure blithe as May Bids us to Vaux-hall away.

For the German Flute.



Soft God of Sleep?

Set by M.^r. Kuffel

Soft God of Sleep when thou dost seal the gay The gay Clarin-das Eyes

In gentle dreams to her reveal how Damon Damon for her dies

But if the fair one be displeas'd at the un wel come un wel come

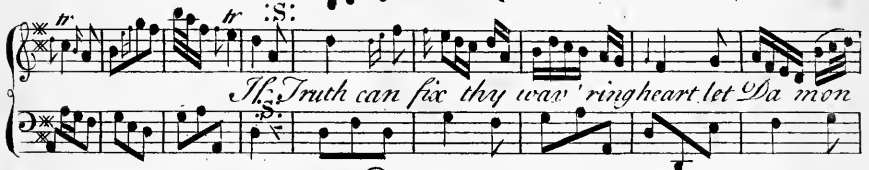
Theme Sly her and let her Soul be eas'd in finding it a Dream

Flute



To Silvia. *tr*

Set by M^r Howard



Possession cures the wounded Heart,
 Destroys the transient Fire,
 But when of mind receives of Dart,
 Enjoyment whets Desire.
 Your charms each slavish sense controul,
 A Tyrants short liv'd Reign,
 But milder Reason rules the Soul,
 Nor time can break the Chain.

By Age your Beauties will decay,
 Your mind improves with Years,
 As when the Blossoms fade away,
 The ripning Fruit appears.
 May Heaven & Sylvia grant my Suit,
 And bless each future Hour,
 That Damon, who can taste of Fruit,
 May gather every Flower.



Cloe's Resolves. *Set By D.^r Greene.*

1.

As Cloe on Flowers reclind o'er the Stream she sight to the

Breeze & made Colin her Theme, tho' Pleasant the Stream & tho' Cooling the

Breeze & the Flowers tho' fragrant she panted for Ease, and the Flowers tho'

fragrant she panted for Ease

*The Stream it was fickle and hasted away,
It kiss'd its sweet Banks but no longer would stay,
The Beauteous Inconstant & Faithless tho' Fair,
Oh! Colin look in and behold thyself there!*



*The Breeze that so Sweet on her Bosom did play,
Now rose to a Tempest and darkned the Day,
As soft as the Breeze and as loud as the Wind,
Such Colin when Angry and Colin when kind.*

*The Flowers when gatherd so Beautous & sweet,
Now fade on her Bosom and Dye at her Feet,
As fair in their Bloom and as foul in Decay,
Such Colin when Present and Colin away. —*

*In Rage and despair from the Ground she arose,
And from her the Flowers so faded she throws, —
She weeps in the Stream and she sighs to y^e Wind,
And resolves to Drive Colin quite out of her mind.*

*But what her resolves when her Colin apparit,
The Stream it stood still & no Tempest was heard,
The Flowers recoverd their beautiful Hue,
The found he was kind and believd he was True.*

For the German Flute.





Ye Virgin Powers.

Set by M^r Howard.

Ye Virgin Powers de

send my heart from am'rous looks & smiles from saucy Love and nicer Art which

oft our Sex beguiles From sighs & Vows & saulsfull fears wth most to

Pity move from speaking silence & from tearful eyes springs wth water love.

But if thro' Passion I grow Blind
Let Honour be my Guide
And where frail Nature seem inclin'd
There place a Guard of Pride,

The maid whose Charms are seen tho' Pure
Needs ev'ry Virtue's Aid
And she who thinks herself secure
The soonest is betray'd.



A Song

See by M. Howard.

Good

Mother if you please you may place others to observe my ways: Or be yourself a

watchful spy & keep me ever in your eye keep me ever in your eye.

Unless I will if self restrain if care of others is in vain And if myself I

do not keep instead of watching you may sleep instead of watching you may sleep.

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>When you forbid what Love inspires Forbidding you but fan its fires; Restraint does appetite enrage, And Youth may prove too strong for force.</p> | <p>There leave me unconfin'd and free, With Prudence for my Lock & Key, For if myself I do not keep, Instead of watching all may sleep.</p> |
|--|--|



Florellio and Daphne. Set by M. Howard

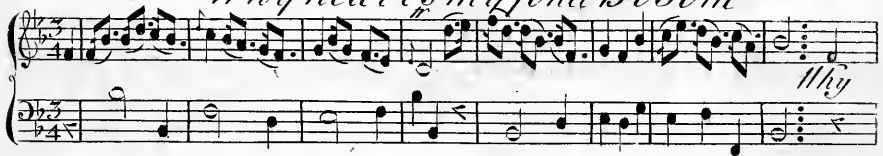
See Daphne see Florellio cry'd and learn y^e sad effects of Pride: Upon shelter'd Rose how
close conceal'd show quickly blasted when reveal'd The Sun wth warm at-
tractive Rays tempt it to wanton in y^e blaze A Gale succeeds from
eastern Skies & all its Blushing radiance die; & all its Blushing radiance dies

So you, my Fair, of charms Divine,
Will quit the Plain, too fond to shine:
Where Flames transporting Rays allure,
Tho' here more happy, more secure:
The Breath of some neglected Maid,
Shall make you sigh, you left the Shade,
A Breath, to Beauties Bloom, unkind;
As to the Rose, the eastern Wind.

The Nymph reply'd, you first my Swain,
Confine your Sonnets to the Plain;
One envious Tongue, alike disarms
You of your Wit, Me of my Charms;
What is unheard, the tuneful Thrill,
Or what, unknown, the Poets Skill,
What, unadmir'd, a charming Mein,
Or what the Roses Blush, unseen.



Why heave's my fond Bosom



*For ever, methinks, I with wonder could trace
The Thousand soft Charms that embellish thy Face
Each moment I view thee new Beauties I find
With thy Face I am charmd, but enslaved by thy mind
Untainted with Folly, unsullied by Pride
There native good Humour, and Virtue reside
Pray Heaven that Virtue thy Soul may supply
With compassion for him, who without thee must die.*





The New flown Birds Set by M. Lampe

The new flown Birds the Shepherds sing & welcome in y^e May come list to the

now the Spring makes e vry Landkip Gay Hide Spreading Trees their leafy shade o'er

half the Plain ex tend, or in reflecting fountains playd their quivering Branches Bend their

quivering Branches Bend or in reflecting fountains playd their quivering Branches Bend

*Come taste the Season in its Prime
And blest the Rising Year
Oh how my Soul grows Sick of Time
All thou my Love appear
Then shall I pass the Gladsem Day
Warm in thy Beauty's Shine
When thy dear Flock shall feed & play
And intermix with mine*

*For thee of Doves a milk white Pair
In Silken Bands I hold
For the a Firstling Lambken fair
I keep within the Fold
If milkwhite Loves acceptance meet
Or tender Lambken please
My Spotless Heart without Deceit
Be offerd up with thee*

Musical notation for the second part of the song, including a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The notation consists of a single melodic line with various ornaments and trills.



A Favorite Song Set by M.^r Wideman

Joy Enlightens all my Senses when I View the

Charming Fair Every Pleasure she Dispenses

Every wish I find in Her I unlike a wandering Lover

who to ease his roving mind thinks in thousands

to discover what in her alone I find

Whilst Mankind their Flows are wasting
 Every Fair by turns to move
 My Delights are true and lasting
 Bles'd with Innocence and Love
 In one Charmer place your Treasure
 Happiness is only there
 Constancy's the greatest pleasure
 When two Hearts united are



The Charms of Lovely Peggy Set by N^o 1^o Opéra

Once more I'll tune the Vocal Shell to Hills & Dalos my Lásien tell. A

None w^h time can never quell that burn for thee my Peggy Ye greater Bard by

Lyre should his for say what Subject is more fit, than to record the Sparkling

Wit and bloom of lovely Peggy and bloom of lovely Peggy.

*The Sun first rising on the Morn
That paints the Dew bespangled Thorn
Does not so much the Day adorn
As does my lovely Peggy
And when to Thicket's Lap to rest
He streaks with Gold the ruddy West
He's not so beautiful as undrest
Appears my lovely Peggy*



When Zephyr on the Violet blows
 Or breath's upon the Damask Rose
 He does not half the Sweet disclose
 As does my lovely Peggy
 I stole a Kiss the other Day
 And trust me, nought but truth I say
 The fragrant Breath of blooming May
 Was not so sweet as Peggy

When she's arrayed in rustick Weed
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed
 And Pipe upon my Oaten Reed
 To please my lovely Peggy
 With her a Cottage would delight
 All's happy when she's in my sight
 And when shes gone tis endless Night
 All's dark without my Peggy

While Bees from Flower to Flower rove
 And Linnets wander thro' the Grove
 Or Stately Swans the Water love
 So long shall I love Peggy
 When Death with his Sharp pointed Dart
 Shall strike the Blow that iives my heart
 My Words shall be as I depart
 Adieu my lovely Peggy

Flute





The Contented Man Set by M^r Loveridge

Give me Health, give me Wine that's the Top of my De sign if those joys may be

mine I am quite con ten ted Some there are that have got whims of

this and whims of that and at last know not what at way Discon ten ted give me

Health give me Wine that the Top of my De sign if those joys may be mine I am quite con ten ted

Some again do adore,
 Restle's State to give em Pow'r
 Craving Still more and more
 But if once Prevented

He who gives up his Reign
 To put on the Lovers Chain
 What by that can he gain
 But to be Lamented

Then they Frett and are seen
 Full of vapours greif and Spleen
 Yet woud saign Seem Sereen
 Tho the Heart's Tormented

'Tis the cool eary Man
 Lives in quiet thro his span
 This the Wise have made plain
 And what must be granted



Musick and Beauty *Set by Mr. Stanley*

Musick has power to melt the Soul By Beauty, Nature:

Swayd Each can the Universe controul, without the others Aid

Each can the Universe controul: without the others Aid

But here together both appear.
 And force united try
 Musick enchants the listening Ear.
 And Beauty charms the Eye.
 What onely, these Pow'rs to join,
 These transports, who can bear
 O let the Sound be less Divine
 Or look the Nymphs less fair.



The Rapture.

Set by, M. Oswald

Whilst on thy dear Bosom lying Cælia who can speak my Bliss
 Who the Rapture I'm enjoying When thy Balmey Lips I Kiss

Every Sigh will Love inspire me Every Touch my Bo-som Warms

Every Melting Murmur fires me Every joy is in thy Arms.

Those dear Eyes how soft they languish
 Feel my Heart with Rapture beat
 Pleasure turns almost to Anguish
 When the Transport is so sweet
 Look not so divinely on me
 Cælia I shall die with Bliss
 Yet, yet turn those Eyes upon me
 Who'd not die a death like this

Flute



H. Roberts, Sculp

Sacharisa

Set by M. W. Hayes of Oxford

Andante

Dear un-re-lent-ing cry, el Fair bow could you first my Heart en

snare? Then leave that Heart to bre ak Then leave that Heart to break

How could you first ob-tain a Prize By those dear, sweet delu-ding Eyes And

then that Prize for sake And then that Prize for sake.

Like the close everlasting Flame —
 My Heart is doom'd to burn of same
 Whilst you the Heart inspire —
 You like the Vestal void of Sleep —
 Within eternal Vigils keep
 And feed the fainting Fire: —

Dear cruel Nymph these Flames suppress
 O Love me more or plague me less
 Too much you know I've bore —
 For shame throw off that haughty Air —
 And shew the soft complying Fair —
 Or let me love no more: —

Flute



The Power of Wine

tr
Blaoming Bacchus *e ver young sweet afina ger of all care*

When invol'd by full ring Tongue e ver ready they to hear

e ver ready thou to hear hear *Let us by thy influch first lead y mad faint affect*

Let us by thy influence first lead y mad faint affect
round thid ear song by y inspired louder & still still louder sound lower still still lower & lower sound
round thid ear song by y inspired louder & still still louder sound lower still still lower & lower sound

Thou dost make the Coward brave
 Thou dost frozen Stage warm
 Thou dost freedom give the Slave
 And thy Lens protect from Harm
 Let us & c

Thou dost in y Fair ones Breast
 Soft desires kind wishes raise
 When y Amorous Swain is blest
 Shine y Conquest thine the Praise
 Let us & c

To our love propitious prove
 He by thy assistance may
 Triumph oer the God of Love
 Triumph oer the God of Day
 Let us & c



A Loyal Song, Sung by M. Beard

From *Barren Caledonian Lands* ^{hery} *in* *Timone*, *uncertain* *and* *Comin* ^{and} *The* *Rebell* *Clans* *in*

Search *of* *they* *come* *over* *the* *Hills* *and* *far* *away* *O'er* *the* *Hills* *and* *far* *away*, *O'er* *the*

Hills *&* *far* *away* *The* *Rebell* *Clans*, *in* *their* *raid* *of* *they* *come* *over* *the* *Hills* *&* *far* *away*

| | |
|--|---|
| <i>Regardless, wether wronger Right,</i> | <i>The Popish Priests among us, Rule</i> |
| <i>For Beety, not for same they fight</i> | <i>Each weak, deceiv'd, believing, fool</i> |
| <i>Bandits like, they storm the y. Story</i> | <i>When Justice does her sword display</i> |
| <i>They flunder Rob & run away</i> | <i>She'll drive these Locust far away</i> |
| | <i>O'er the Hills &c.</i> |
| <i>With those, a vain Pretenders come,</i> | <i>Let Britons firm, in Freedom's Cause</i> |
| <i>And for yurd Traitor Dupes to Rome</i> | <i>Upret our rights, support our Law</i> |
| <i>I command all, without delay</i> | <i>Defend our faith our King, obey</i> |
| <i>To Conquer Dye, or run away</i> | <i>And Treason, soon shall cease to wry</i> |
| | <i>O'er the Hills &c.</i> |

Our sons of War with Martial Flame
Shall bravely merit lasting Fame
Great George shall Britons Scepter sway
And chace Rebellion far away
O'er the Hills &c.

Flute



A Favourite Hunting Song

The Chase is over, & only Plain of Hounds & Lusty Hag has slain Let of Horn: n^o. Sprightly

Tone all our sportive Pleasures Given

Of Britons thus of Ancient Race wth merivous Toil pursued of Chase.

By no ungenerous Tho' controu'd their Hearts wth honest Free & Bold their Hearts wth honest free and

Bold Free & Bold Free & Bold

Bold Free & Bold Free & Bold



Sung by M.^r Beard.

Of Britons thus of Ancient Race *with nervous Toil pur*

sued of Chace *Of Britons thus of Ancient Race* *with nervous Toil pursued of Chace*

with nervous Toil pursued of Chace *pursued of*

Chace *By no ungenerous*

Thought contrould th. Hearts wth Honors free & Bold *their Hearts wth Honors*

free & Bold their Hearts wth Honors free & Bold their Hearts wth Honors



Set by M.^r Howard

Free & Bold their hearts were thought Free and Bold

Like them a gain no

Slaves to Courts let Britons still pursue their sports like them a

gain shall Britons be as Brave as Honest and as Free like them a

gain shall Britons be as Brave as Honest and as Free D.C

The musical score consists of ten systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music is in a common time signature (C) and features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the initials 'D.C'.



The Constant Lover. Set by Mr. Boyce

tr *tr* *tr* *tr* *tr* *tr*

If you my wand'ring Heart would find, if Heart you say is like of Wind that varies here, that
wanders thro' to every Nymph of kind & fair I say if you this Heart would find turn to of own an
set told mind if e'er wanders tis to be, in wand'ring constancy^{tho'} thee

How can it settle when you fly
And shun this faithful votary
It oft a Nymph that's fair doth find
But never yet the Nymph that's kind
If you would fix this wand'ring Heart
Joy nil with yours twill never depart
But in the Pangs of Death will prove
It wander'd but to fix your Love

Flute



H. Roberts Sculp.

Cloe Pursu'd.

Sally M^{rs} Ryfel.

When Cloe by your Slave pursu'd Why should you fly so fast? So

the straggling Fawn 'ith' path less Wood To her lost Dam makes hast

Each noise a-larms and all things add new Ter rors to her Fear She

starts at ev-ry dan-cing Shade each Breath of singing Air

With evry Leaf each Bush that shakes
Throughout the murm'ring Grove
Her Sympathetick Heart partakes
She trembles as they move
Fond Maid unlike the Wolf and Boar
I hunt not to destroy
My utmost Prey would be no more
Than you might give with Joy.

Urg'd on by soft and gentle Love
I harmlessly pursue
Your flight to me may cruel prove
But not my Chace to you
Cease idle Dreams of fancy'd Harm
So Childish fears I banish
Leave running to thy Mothers Arms
Who now art fit for Arms.

Flute



A Song to a favourite Air Set by M. Worgan

The Meadows & the groves in fresh

verdure shone gay & Philomel chanted her love labour'd song When the Nymphs & the

Sirens in their brightest array to chuse a May-Lady mov'd sportive a long, each Youth turn'd with

ardour his Nymph to create, each Nymph n^o soft glances fast caught her fond Mate and each one in

patiently wait'd her fate

*How vain were their wishes, Maria appear'd
like Beauty's fair Goddess incircled with Love
With Graces attractive each heart. She endar'd
In Majesty passing the Consort of Jove
The Sirens round her moving glad homage did pay
The Nymphs with wreath'd Garlande no longer delay
To Crown Beauty's paragon Queen of the May*



Baucis and Philemon

The Baucis and I are both

a ncient & poor we never yet drove dyſtreſs from our door but ſtill of our little a

little can ſpare to thoſe who like wiſh Infirmities bear

2
Come come my good Friends let us go in together
A Cup of good Liquor will keep out the Weather
Our Hearts they are great tho' our Means are but Small
You're hearty welcome and that's beſt of all

3
You're welcome at our humble Board to partake
Of a fugg of good Ale and a good Barley Cake
A good roaring fire as high as your Noſe
And cleanly warm Bed your old Limbs to reſoſe

4
We know no Ambition we have no Eſtate
Nor Porter to worry the Poor from our Gate
We earn what we Spend and we pay as we go
It were not a miſs if the Rich wou'd do So.

Flute



Happy Paper Set by N. Holcomb

Go happy Paper gently steal and in her neat her Pillow

S:
Lye there in soft Dreams my love reveal that love which I must

still conceal and wrap in awful Silence dye

2

4

| | |
|---|---|
| <p>Should flames be doom'd thy hapless fair To Atoms thou wouldst quickly turn My Pains may bear a longer Date For should I live & should the State In endless Torments I should burn</p> | <p>Of all I pleas'd my ravish'd Eye Her Beauty should supply & place Bold Raphaels Strokes & Titians Dye Should but in vain presume to vie With her inimitable face</p> |
|---|---|

3

5

| | |
|---|---|
| <p>See fair Aurelia she has Charm Might in a Hermit's Cell Desire To attain & leave'n that in her Arms I'd quit the Worlds alluring Charms And to a Cell content retire</p> | <p>No more I'd wish for Phoebus Rays To gild the Object of my sight Much less of Japers fainter Blaze Her Eyes should measure out my days And when she slept it should be light</p> |
|---|---|

Flute



A Favourite Song *Set by M^r Oswald*



2

But *Plutus*, *Foie* to gen'rous Love,
 His Ruin Curse and Bane,
 Resolv'd that Gold should only move
 The youthful Nymph & Swain:
 Thus Riches joins unequal Pair
 Neglecting care and Rule
 The Ugly with the blooming Fair
 The witty with the Fool
 The witty with &c.

3

Let Senses & Merit fix if Choice
 Good Nature too should aid
 Attend to Truths unerring Voice
 And let not wealth persuade
 A Partner thus by reason chose
 Your tender ruse repay
 No Chains no fetters will impose
 But soothe your Nights & Days
 But soothe &c.



Love and Reason.

Set by Mr. Oswald

Ye heavenly Powers who guard the

Fair, let Celia's charms employ if care may each sed hour to her be blest & may no fears her mind invest

Direct her to receive if Love which Heaven's she must needs ask for all loves shines in as the dear father my

ten der Heart should bleed for her my tender Heart should bleed.

| | | | |
|---|--|---|---|
| 2 | <p>Check not my Fair, what Heaven inspires That Flame which burns with chaste desires Where Joy in here Love alone preside O'er Life's dull Scenes to be our guide Where Honour Truth & Virtue join'd At once improve & cheer the mind There Social Pleasures ever last And mutual gladness from Breast to Breast And mutual &c.</p> | 3 | <p>Hav'then my beautiful Fair to Crown My Bliss & make my Joy your own Shun what obstructs kind Heaven's desire In making lovely Celia mine; Let Love each rising Fear controul Disstech Care & fill your Soul Then mutual Bliss shall well each treat Till press'd with Age we sink to rest Till press'd &c.</p> |
|---|--|---|---|



Walley's Complaint

Oh Who is me poor Walley Cryd. See how I'm Wasted to a Span. My

Heart I left when first I spyd. That Lovely Smirking Munk. Man. I'm

Green so weak the Gentlest Brew of Dusty Rogers Whining fann can

Wast me ore you Beachey Tires and all for the sake of my Smirking Man

The Ale Wife misse me of late There's Dick of y^e Green y^e Dirty loon
 I us'd to tope in a Hearty Cann last Sunday to my Mistress Ran
 But I can neither Eat nor Drink He stole a Kiss I Knocked him doon
 But what is Bakid & Brewd y^e Man Which Dugely pleas'd my Smirk? Man
 The Baker Bakes the finest Bread But Oh the Roaring Soldier Comes
 Holl'es y^e flower & leaves y^e Bran With his Ran tan tara ra ra ran
 Like Bran to me is erry other Maid Her loce is she quits for y^e Neys Drum
 And when come paird to my Smirk Man Oh Woe is me I've lost poor Nan

FLUTE



A Royal Song

♯ G4
 ♯ G4
 ♯ G4
 ♯ G4
 ♯ G4
 ♯ G4

God save great George our King long live our noble King God save the
 God save great George our King long live our noble King God save the
 King send him vic to ri ous happy and glo ri ous
 King send him vic to ri ous happy and glo ri ous
 long to reign o-ver us God save the King
 long to reign e-ver us God save the King

O Lord our God arise
 Scatter his Enemies
 And make them fall
 Confound their Politicks
 Frustrate their Knavish tricks
 On the our Hopes we fix
 God save us all

Thy choicest Gifts in Store
 On him be pleas'd to pour
 Long may he reign
 May he defend our Laws
 And ever give us Cause
 With Hearts Voice to sing
 God save the King

Flute

♯ G4
 ♯ G4
 ♯ G4
 ♯ G4



Mutual Love Set by M^r Sarken

How few amongst the Thousands Pair, By Wedlock doom'd to constant cares, Are fit the Yoke to

bear. Are fit the Yoke to bear. The Husband claims his lov'ly right, The Wife runs counter

out of sight, And does her Vows forswear. And does her Vows for I swear

2

3

But some there are whom mutual Love
Does prompt with free Consent to move
Submissive to their Fate, Submissive &c.
Thrice happy is that prudent He
Thrice happy is that prudent She
Blest with a kind a Mate; Blest &c.

Should I & CELIA ever join,
I would be hers and she'd be mine
For we two would be one. For &c.
Complying with each others Will
Of generous Love would take our Fill
Our Joys should ne'er be done; Ours

Flute



A Song Sung by M^{rs} Lowe *Set by M^r Morgan*

Sym.

When mighty Sol at noon of
 day with silvery beams began to play I wander'd thro' verdant Glade seeking y^e most ob-
 liging Shade seeking y^e most obliging Shade where on an easy Moss reclind I
 Chose sleeping chance to find.

The Trees Ambitious, see midtobe
 With meeting Arms her Canopy
 A Brook hardly did softly creep
 As if it fear'd to break her Sleeps
 Whose Streams transparent smooth & Clear
 Of her Chast mind the Emblems were

The Sight so Charming could y^e Sun
 Have seen had stoppt to gaze upon
 Down by the Nymph's softely layd
 And did at length my self persuade, And did
 To steal a Kiss & win the Stores
 And who my boldness's disp'poves

Flute



Colin's Description of Vauxhall

Set by M^r Glavin

*O Mary, soft in Feature, I've been at dear Vauxhall no Paradise is
Sweeter not that they Eden call. At Night such new Aganies, such gay &
harmless sport. All look'd like Giant Fairies. And this their Monarchs Court*

As thought when first I enter'd
Such Splendors round me shone
Into a World I ventur'd
Where rose another Sun
Whilst Music never cloying,
As Sky Larks sweet I hear
The Sounds I'm still enjoying
They'll always sooth my Ear
Hear Paintings, sweetly glowing
Where'er our Glances fall
Here Colours life bestowing
Bedeck this Green wood Hall
The King there dubs a Farmer
There John his Coxey loves
But my Delights the Charmer
Who steals a Pair of Gloves

As still amazed I'm straying
O'er this enchanted Grove
I spy a Harpist playing
All in his proud Belove
I doff my Hat adoring
I led him up Buxom Jean
But what was I admiring
O'er looks a man of Stone
But now the Tables spreading
They all fall too with Glee
Not a word of Squires fine Wedding
Such Dainties did I see
A long & poor, sparkling Rover
But not heed Country Elves
These Folk with face dawl'd over
Love only dear themselves

Thus whilst mid joys abounding
As grass hoppers they're gay
At distance crowds surrounding
The lady of the May
The Man with Moon twer'd stily
Soft twinkling thro' the Trees
As tho' twould please him highly
To mystic Delights like these



The Mutual Kiss

Set by M^r Oswald

Affetto

Cælia by those smiling Graces Which my panting Bosom warm By the

Heaven of thy Em-braces By thy wondrous power to Charm By those

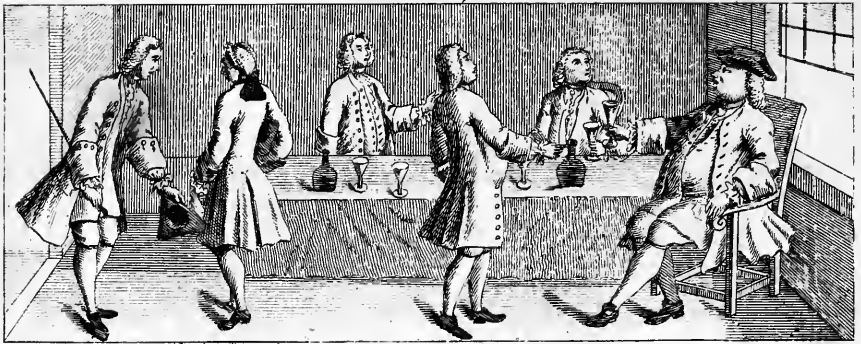
Soft be-witching Glances Which my i-nmost be-sens move, By those

Whose Kiss en-trances She and She a-lone I love

By thy Godlike Art of loving
Cælia with a Blush replies
 By thy heavenly power of moving
 All my Soul to sympathize
 By those eager soft Caresses
 By those Arms around me thrown
 By that Look which Truth exp' reveals
 My fond Heart is all thy own

Shew with glowing Inclination
 They indulge thy tender Bliss
 And to bind the lasting Kission
 Seal it with a mutual Kiss
 Close in fond Embraces lying
 They together seem to grow
 Such Supreme Delight enjoying
 Is true Lovers only know

Flute



Bumper Esquire Jones.

Ye good fellows all who love to be told whereethers Claret good store Attend to the call of
 ones who never frighted but greatly Delighted with six Bottles more Be sure you dont
 pass y good house Money stays in the Jolly Red gods so peculiarly owns In will well suit your
 Humour for pray what woud you more then Month n^o good Claret & Bumper Esq. Jones.

Ye Lovers who pine
 For sakes y oft prove as cruel as fair;
 Who whimpers and whine,
 For silies and Poeses,
 With Eyes, Lips and Noses,
 Or Dip of an Ear;
 Come hither I'll shew ye
 How Phillis and Chloe
 No more shall occasions such sights & such groans
 For what Mortal so stupid,
 Is not to quit Cupid
 When call'd by good Claret's Bumper Esq. Jones

Ye Poets who write,
 And brag of y' drink y' find Helicon's Brook
 Tho' all you get byt,
 As a Dinner of times
 In Reward for your Rhymes
 With Humphry the Duke
 Learn Bacchus to follow
 And quit your Apollo
 For sake all y' Muses those senseless & the'rencs
 Our jingling of Glasses,
 If our Rhyming surpasses,
 When crown'd wth good Claret's Bumper Esq. Jones



Ye Soldiers So Stout,
 With Plenty of Oaths & Home Plenty of Coin,
 Who make such a Rout,
 Of all your Commanders
 Who serv'd us in Flanders,
 And eke at the Boyne,
 Come leave off your Scatting
 Of Singing and Battling
 And know ye mind better to sleep in whole Bones
 Were you sent to Gibraltar,
 Your Note you'd soon alter,
 And wish for good Ollard's Bumper Esq. Jones.

Ye Clergy So wise
 Who Myst'ryes profound can demonstrate dear
 How worthy to rise
 You preach once a Week
 But your Sythes never seek
 Above once in a Year,
 Come here without fasting
 And leave off your railing
 Gave by the way invidious for dull Hypocrites Drones
 Says the Text so divine
 What is Life without Wine
 The new way with y^e Claret a Bumper Esq. Jones

Ye Fox Hunters who
 That follow y^e Call of y^e Horns & y^e Hound
 Who your Ladies for sake
 Before they're aware
 To eat up the Break
 When it's the Terminus found

Flute

Ye Lawyers so just
 Because what it will who is pleas'd to plead
 How worthy of Trust
 Youk now black from White
 Yet prefer Wrong to Right
 As you're chanc'd to be see'd
 Leave musty Reports
 And forsake the Kigger Courts
 Where dullness & Discord have set up their Thrones
 Burn Salthead & Venbro
 With all your damn'd Entries
 And annu with y^e Claret a Bumper Esq. Jones

Ye Physical Tribe
 Whose knowledge consists in hard Words & Opium
 Whence ever you prescribe
 Have at your Devotion
 Pills Bolus or Potion
 Be what will the Case
 Pray where is the Need
 To purge, Blist'ers and Bleed
 When calling your selves y^e whole Faculty Owners
 That the Forms of Old Galen
 Are not so prevailing
 As mine with good Claret a Bumper Esq. Jones

Leave Piper and Bluetman
 Thrill Dutchess and Pinman
 No Musick is found in such d'ysonant Tones
 Would you ravish your Ears
 With the Songs of the Spheres
 Hark away to y^e Claret a Bumper Esq. Jones





Reason for Ranging

Set by M^r Carey

Andante

View my Eyes my lovely Chamer: Con-stancy has now the Day Tell me not my
Heart was warmer when it us'd to go --- a Stray Love in youth does fiercely blaze, But so
Strong it never Stays, Love in Youth does fiercely blaze, But so Strong it never Stays

If I follow'd ev'ry Creature
Sure the fault may be forgiven
Tis the frailty of our nature
Who can change the will of Heaven
Tho' the Object might be new
Yet Love I still was true

Cupid Guardian of my heart,
Let it loose to range a while,
In each Eye it found a Dart.
And engaged by every Smile,
Thus it was for you design'd,
Form'd by practice to his mind.

Cupid to me ever kind
Kept the purest of the fire
Dropt consumed my heart refine
Made it flame with soft desire
Such a Flame as will be true
Such the God reserved for you

Flute



A Favourite Song

Set by M^r Boyce

Venus to Sooth my Heart to Love gave thee y^e mildness of the Dove
 With ten der looks of soft distress to rob me of my Quietness

*Appollo with Her does conspire
 And lends thee both his Skill & Syre
 Compell'd to Serve by joint decree
 In vain I struggle to get free*

*I call on Reason to resist
 But she refuses to assist.
 Nor dares oppose the mighty odds
 Since she is Human They are Gods*

FLUTE



The Indifferent Lover

Set by M^r. Corvold

What means this nice nefs now of late, since time if Truth does prove, Such distance may con-
 sist wth State But never will wth Love; 'Tis neither cunning or disdain if does such ways alon'. The
 first is false if last is vain, may neither happen you may neither happen you

For if it be to draw me on
 You over act your Part
 And if it be to have me gone
 You need not half that Art
 For if you chance a Look to cast
 That seems to be a Frown
 I'll give you all if Love that's past
 The Rest shall be my own
 The Rest shall be my own

Flute



Advice to Sylvia Set by Sig. J. Torroni

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody is written on a single staff.

Musical notation for the second system, including a bass clef and a common time signature. The lyrics are: *wilt thou wast thy Prime stranger to thy Joys of Love thou hast youth that is Time Every Minute*

Musical notation for the third system, including a treble clef and a common time signature. The lyrics are: *to improve None other wilt thou never hear little wanton Girls & Boys Sweetly Sounding*

Musical notation for the fourth system, including a bass clef and a common time signature. The lyrics are: *in thy Can Sweetly winding in thy Can thyself & Mother's Joys*

Only view that little Dove,
Softly cooing to its Mate;
Is a further Proof of Love,
See her for his Piques wait;
Hark the charming Nightingale
Sings from spray to spray
Sweetly tunes an amorous Tale Sweetly &c
I love I love it Strives to say

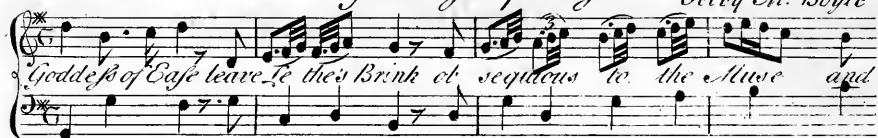
Could I to thy Soul reveal,
But at least a Show and thy Part.
Of those pleasures Lovers feel,
In a Mutual change of Heart
Then repenting wouldst thou say
Forgive Tears from hence remove
All thy Time is thrown away, All &c.
That we cannot spend in Love.

Musical notation for the fifth system, including a treble clef and a common time signature. The melody continues across two staves.



Goddeß of Ease

Set by M^r. Boyce

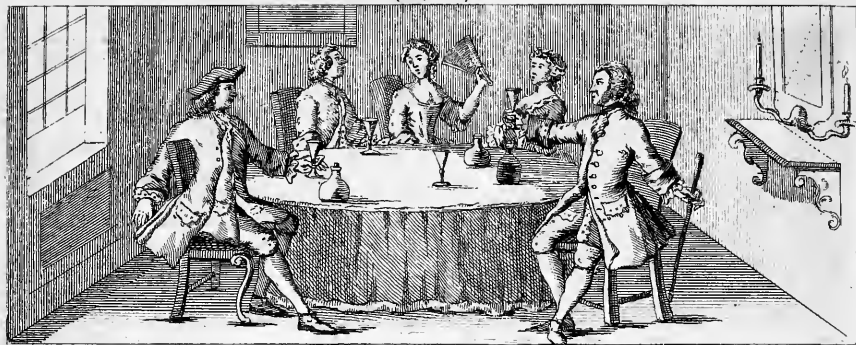


2

3

Near to some Confluy's painted Mead,
There let me Dore away dull hours
And under me let Flora spread
A Sopha of her softest Flowers
Wherethu mel, your notes you breath
Forth from behind y' neighbouring Pine
Whilst murmers of the Stream beneath
Shall flow in unison with thine

For Thee, O Idleness the woes
Of life we patiently endure
Thou art y' Source, whence labour flows
We shun Thee but to make thee sure
Forn-ho'd endure Wais toil & waste
Or who th'hoarse thundering of y' Sea
But to be Idle at the last
And find a pleasing End in Thee



Fill each Bowl Set by M^r Galliard

Fill each Bowl with flowing measure Till it sparkles o'er y^e Brim: The Grave of

Cape & Spring of pleasure, Is when y^e Brains in Nectar swim. Fill your

veins with generous Wine; That y^e woman a lone refine & raise mor:..... tale

and raise morals to Divin. Crown th^e Beauty all our Glasse Beauty best our pleasures

quidiv: Give us but wine & blooming Lasses, Take back ye Gods, all y^e gifts th^e Side

Flute



Till me a Bowl

Sfz. *tr* *tr* *tr*

Spiritoso

tr *tr* *Sfz.*

Till me a Bowl a mighty Bowl, large as my Capacious Soul

Till me a Bowl a mighty Bowl, large as my Capacious

Soul vast as my thirst is let it have depth enough to be my grave

tr *tr* *Sfz.*

I mean the Grave of all my Care for I design to tarry there

tr *tr*

Let it of Silver fashion'd be worthy of



Set to Music by M^r Corfee

Wine worthy of the Spheres Worthy to adorn the

Spheres worthy to adorn the Spheres as that bright Cup as that bright Cup a

mongst Stars Fill me a Bowl a mighty Bowl large as my Capacious Soul

Flute

Flute musical notation with various trills and ornaments.



Largo

*The Lukewarm Lover*Set by M^r. Oswald

Whilst I

gaze on Chloe trembling, straight her Eyes my Fate declare, when She

Smiles I fear dissembling, when she frowns I then despair jealous of some

rival Lover if a wandering Look, she give, I vain I would resolve to

leave her but can sooner cease to live

Why should I conceal my Passion,
Or the Torments I endure
I'll disclose my Inclination
Anful distance yields no Cure
Sure it is not in her Nature
To be cruel to her Slave
She is too divine a Creature
To destroy what She can Save

Happy's he whose Inclination,
Warms but with a gentle heat
Never flies up to a Passion
Loves a Serment, if so great
When the Storm is once blown over
Soon the Ocean quiet grows
But a constant faithful Lover
Seldom meets with true Repose



Sportive Zephyrus Set by M^r. Howard

Sportive Zephyrus fondly blow ing; Spreading Odours, through the Air

Blooming Life on Groves be stow ing; to have hall my Delia bear.

Flora cant more sweetly bliss Thee Play ing, Surving, round her Charms

Then when Delia's Smiles add res's me Sigh ing dy ing in her Arms

Sportive Zephyrus fondly blow ing; Spreading Odours through the Air

Blooming Life on Groves be stow ing; To have hall my Delia bear



The Lady of the May set by M^r Corfe

Moderato

Pretty Wanton come away Love is month is always May long have I so long to say And if Wanton thing to play

But alas & well o' day when I see you cry me nay when I see you cry me nay To requite my lining stay

Pay me never never pay I have smokes all is ga - - - All is deck'd in a best array

Pretty Wanton come away let us love the Month of May

*Little Wanton let us rove
Thro' the fragrant Myrtle Grove,
There to hear the Turtle Dove
Cooing Sonnets to its Love;
Every Turtle equals Love,
Tho' the God for Beauty strove
Let us then our time improve,
Sonnets may your Scorn remove
Coyne's doth not thee behove
Wear the Wealth a Shepherd wove
Little Wanton: let us rove,
Thro' the fragrant Myrtle Grove*

*Oh! that Wanton come away
I might not love with cold Delay,
Every field is green and gay
Every Hawthorn's crown'd with May
Ye and Birds on every spray
Warble out the live-long Day
Every Inn in thepherds Grey
Tunes her fair rite Roundelay
Tender Lambskins Sports & May
Blossom buds their Sweet Lute play
Come my Wanton come away
Let us love the Month of May*



To Celia, *piu Set by M^r Crome*

Slow

Why Celia this M^rving & doubting of
 mind Why one minute cruel & one Minute kind; The season for Love is too short for delay, O! no
 Beauty a Flower if I con fade away And Beauty a flower if soon fades away

Gaiety & warm Flours are too fleeting to lose;
 And they are the Blossoms each Lover must use
 Unsettled by Nature they quickly take Wing
 They die in the Autumn & bloom but in Spring. They die &c

That Air, and that Hope so adapted for Love,
 Those Eyes & those Features delusive will prove,
 My Feelings so tender with Time will expire,
 And if Age of Age extinguish my Fire. And the &c.

Oh! think then dear Fair one, resolve me in haste
 The moments so precious to ere I reason to waste,
 To Fears bid adieu from these Whimsies be free
 And let, as design'd Love & Beauty agree. And let &c

Flute

Slow



Florella and Chloe set by M^r. Morgan

Florella lovely Nymph forbear to cloud a face like thine with frowns if nought but

Smiles should wear, to please & bless mankind *sym.*

With envious *haste* old Time and Care will tear it, the liveliest Blossom, then do not by ill judgment

marry What will be lost too Soon. What will be lost too Soon. *sym.*

See with what pleasure ev'ry Swain
The cheerfull Chloe views
See with what joy they wear the Chain,
All pleas'd whom she subdues
Tho' fair her Face, divinely fair
Yet she more Conquest owes,
To that good Nature that appears,
In ev'ry thing she does.

And that will please when every joy
That Beauty gave is Dead,
And friendly smooth y' wrinked Brow
Of Ages Hoary Head,
Then give to Smiles & Mirth y' Hour
Enjoy the present Store;
De fraud not Beauty of y' Power
That soon will be no more



A New Song

Set by M^r. Oswald

Sym. How long O Liza
 must I languish and waste my Soul in tender Anguish How long thus drag out
 Life in vain *Sym.* Consider Time is Swift... by
 flying Consider: ev' ry Day is dying And never will re... turn a
 gain And never will re... turn a gain. *ff*

O let not Pride and foolish Fashion,
 And too much Prudence starve my Passion,
 Consult some times the generous Breast:
 There is the Seat of real Pleasure,
 There Love creates the noblest Treasure
 'Tis Solid Wisdom to be best: 'Tis Solid &c



A Favourite Cantata. Sung by

*Ye tender lovers how shall I move, A
careless maid that laughs at Love
how shall I move Ye tender lovers a careless Maid that
laughs at love Cupid to my Succour fly Cupid to my
Succour fly Ye tender lovers how shall I move A careless Maidly laughs at Love Ye
tender lovers how shall I move a careless Maidly laughs at Love Cupid to my Succour fly
Cupid to my Succour fly*

tr. Ad?

y Cupid to my Succour fly

The musical score consists of seven systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The music is in a 7/8 time signature. The lyrics are written in italics and are interspersed between the staves. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ornaments, and dynamic markings like 'tr. Ad?'. The piano part features complex rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth-note runs.



M^r Lowe at Vauxhall

Come with all thy thrilling darts thy melting flames to soften Hearts Thy

melting flames to soften Hearts Thy melting flames to soften Hearts Conquer for me or I die. Ye

Recit

Thus in a melancholy Shade A pensive Lover to his aid Invok'd the God of warm desire

Allegro qua non troppo

Love heard him and to gain the Maid did this successful thought in pure

Take her Humour, wit, legacy, In her

fav'ric Fellow, join That's the Charm will make her thine That's the Charm will make her thine

fav'ric Fellow, join That's the Charm will make her thine That's the Charm will make her thine



Set to Musick by M^r. Worgan

That's of Charm will make her thine *Take her Humour.*

Smile be gay In her fav'rite follies join That's of Cha..... m will make her thine Take her Humour

Smile be gay Take her Humour; Smile be gay, In her fa..... v'rite follies join That's of

Charm will make her thine That's of Charm will make her thine That's of Charm will make her thine

Cast thy serious looks away Freely courting, Toying, Sporting, sooth her Hours with

Amorous Play, busly courting, Toying, Sporting, See..... th her Hours with Amorous Play.



On a Lady being Drown'd

John St. Neighbour

Slow *Fast by the*

Margin of the Sea and on the damp & Shell by Shore *Sym.* *A*

In vain in pensive Posture lay and thus his hard mishap de plore

his hard mishap de plore. *Sym.*

*O cruel Fate, Ah! hapless How
When I and Celia sail'd the Deep
When hush'd by some deluding Power
The Winds & Waves were laid a Sleep
The Winds were laid a Sleep*

*Too soon alas! the peaceful Scene
Chang'd to a Storm the Tempest roar
The Sky look'd black in smoking main,
Dash'd its fierce Waves against my ear,
Fierce Waves against my ear.*

*Twice than my Heart wept drops of Blood
And like the Ship was rent in twain
When Celia founderd in the Flood
Sunk, Struggl'd, rose, & Sunk again,
Sunk, rose, and Sunk again,*

*Thrice did I plunge beneath y^e Waves
To catch the sinking panting Fair
Thrice made a vain attempt to save,
Ah rich'd I trav'd in mad Despair
I trav'd in mad Despair*

*I low faint wou'd Tum, on then have dy'd
And hurry'd to the World beneath,
To kiss his Love, and by her side
Lament her too untimely Death
her too untimely Death*



The happy Swain *Set by H^r Worgan*

As Damon in Summers day Beneath a shade, began his Lay, The Waters murmuring
 pass'd along, Well pleas'd to hear their Damon's Song His theme was love for
 Delia's Charm that none y^e Shepherd to her arms, Had none y^e Shepherd to her Arms

How't left am I who only know,
 The Joys of Love that ever flow
 Dear Scenes of Pleasures now appear
 And Love is all a Damons Care
 Hear then ye n^r arbling Birds & Groves,
 That Delia's kind & Damon Loves.

Delia as Morn is true and Fair,
 Sweet as the Rose and Violet are:
 Our Hearts in mutual bliss shall live,
 No more can bounteous Nature give:
 And every Tree our Passion tell
 That shepherds live & lov'd so well

FLUTE



A new Song

Set by Mr Crookeden

Sym.

All.

When with good Wine
Tables crown'd, Cup & full Bumpers move around

How briskly does the Spinks
flow the Countenance how lovely glow

How briskly
does the Spinks flow, the Countenance how lovely glow.

in the Countenance how lovely glow.

The musical score consists of six systems of two staves each. The first system is marked 'Sym.' and 'All.'. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing above the notes. The music is in a common time signature and features various rhythmic patterns and ornaments.

Beauties may boast the Charms of faint
These Graces to the Eyes are faint
Neight but the Bottle Charms Supplies
and gives a Lustre that neer dies



Roger and Sue a Ballad

Andante

One morn'g sweet Sue, a pail or ten of water down^{on} slipshod shoe, when Ice was nenty fro^{on}, when
 falling from the Pump's lap^{dash} upon her Pump a great & mighty bump, fell down her Butt, & 'twas
 smart, it burns it akes by turns, all over I'm sure she loud did roar, I neer shall more my ware restore to
 Chammas it was woube fore; alas, oh cruel cursed distri^{ny} would if Devil had the Pump for
 me Young lledge who n'br'kd hard by her, from pig stye chanced to Spy her, which
 may'd the Clovns de. ure. Soon as he heard her war, yelp he ran & offer'd her his help; he



To a Favourite Air by Sig.^r Kasse.

gone she cry'd you saw my whelp, & leave me: but for this sad disaster, I sure must have a plaster, then

if you can relieve me: Oh straight if cure begin, Oh Roger, Roger, quick, Oh Roger, Rog, quick, Oh quick, y'

Salve apply, Suckys con will faint & die, Oh quick your salve apply or suckys soon will faint and die

For the German Flute

For the German Flute



Female Fortitude

Opus

Set by M^r Rabel

Andante

Young Saphire brightest Creature that ever did Heart enslave Was bless'd wth all that Nature could lavish

on the Fair: could lavish on the Fair: For her each Youth did languish & told their am'rous smart, What

tho' she mock'd their anguish, yet Stephen won her heart, yet Stephen won her heart

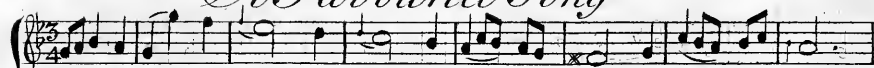
The Stripling Swore, for ever
 He'd true and constant prove
 He was a youth so clever,
 That she repaid his Love
 But Death their joys rescuing
 Of Stephen made a Prize
 Of Pains unrelenting
 To close the Shepherds Eyes

Now, sobbing, pining, crying,
 The Beautif'ul Widow ran;
 And rovd in endless sighing,
 To weep her constant Man:
 But Corydon the Rover
 To Court her did prepare
 And thought his wether Lover
 Might not displease if Fair

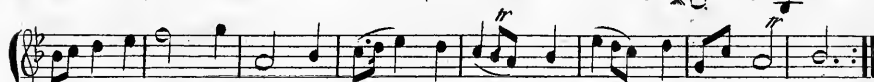
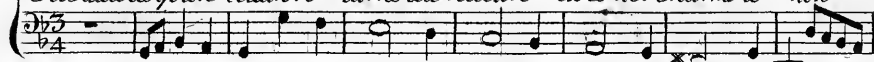
With Boldness he advances,
 She Fair his Love demes,
 Still irresistible Glances,
 That flash'd from his Eyes
 With Caths & Tears assailing
 He wipes each Tear on his cheek
 Untill his Love prevailing
 He Habs her in a neck.



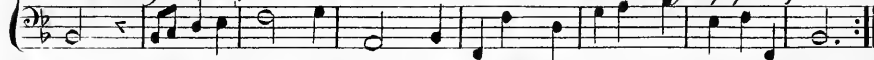
A Favourite Song



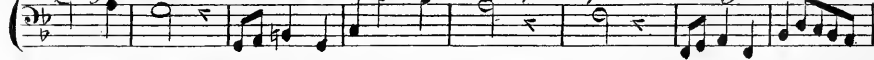
See Stella as your Health re turns all Nature does her Charm re new



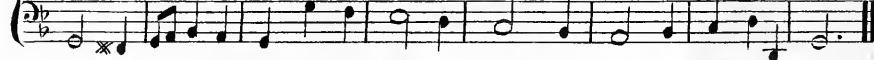
Shew with greater Lustre Burns who leils his Face in Snes for you



No longer I ris Sheds her Tear the Zephyrs Softer Breezes Blow



Flora in all her Pride ap pears h Streams in Dimpling gladness Flow



*Wonder not then too charming Maid
To see your Shyis Sympathize
Excess of joy has Love betray'd
And I no longer can disguise
Not Adam when in Eden blest
Did a more rapturous transport prove
Whon the fair Partner of his Breast
First met his Eyes & taught them Love*

Flute





The Fickle Swain

Set by M^r Hodson

Sy.
Affettuoso

From Clime to Clime my Heart does rove Smells ev'ry Sweet yet
 dars not love Smells ev'ry Sweet yet dars not love With wanton
 Beauty of ten find But ah! how vain when he'er admird

*I sing I Joy with ev'ry Art,
 I invade the tender Virgins Heart.
 In gentle murmurs tell my pain,
 But Tears are Idle, Tows are vain.*

*With strict Scorn I'll treat the Sex
 And ne'er with Love my Heart perplex
 Till Cupid sends some generous Fair
 To ease my Grief & end my Care*

*Ye Gods! am I the man along
 Of Love & Beauty doom'd the Scorn.
 Must sold Gold the mind controul
 Enslave the will, & bribe the Soul.*

*As thus the pensiv'rs sup'ran stood
 And sighing view'd y^e refluent Flood
 The Tritons gaz'd to hear him mourn
 And thus reply'd from vocal Horn*

*To bear Dear Youth the plaintive Song
 Nor fondly censure Fate with wrong
 Thy fickle Trophon coldly lies
 And constant Amaryllis dies*

Flute

Musical notation for the Flute part, consisting of two staves of music.



Celia

Set by Mr Crookenden^{tr}

As Celia in her Garden stray'd, Secure nor Dreamt of harm A

Bee approach'd y^e Lovely Maid & rested on her Arm.

The Curious insect thither flew To taste the tempting bloom; But

with a thousand sweet invict' it soug'd a sudden doom.

*Her nimble hand of life bereav'd
The darling little Thing
But felt the snowy Arm receiv'd
And felt the painfull Sting
Oh would y^e short liv'd burning smart
The Nymph to pity move
And teach her to regard the heart
The fires with endless Love*

Flute



The Dream on Anacreon Set to D^o Houghton

Balletto. When gentle Sleep ^{light} charmd my Breast &

lull'd my Senses all to rest: my deluded Eyes I seem'd to view Anacreon whilst I

dream'd A Garland on his Head he wore & in his Hand a Pipe he bore

Harmonious Sounds around him broken in melting strains ere he spoke

And as he touch'd the dancing Strings
The Loves that wait'd clapt their Wings
As he appear'd but Silver Hair
That made if made him old had made him fair
His Beauties like the Roses hung
His Smiles were chearful as the Wine
A Wind led the reeling Band
At once his Conduct and his Guard

His Wealth he took his Wealth that I guard
Dish'd becoming Glories round his Head
And with a smile said he receive receive
The noblest Present I can give
With joy I paid my homage paid
Heads of the Present which he made
The fragrant Flow'r breath'd sweets divine
That smelt of him and he of Mine

Then unadvised with heedless haste
The Chapplet on my Brows I plac'd.
The Chapplet warm'd with gay desire
Breath'd gentle gentle Flames if love inspire
Now in my Blood Anacreon Reigns
Love and Anacreon fill my Veins
Soft soft Strains my Passion move
Untill I'm wholly lost in Love

FINIS

