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A Favourite AIRE by Mr. HANDEL in PASTOR FIDO.

BEAUTEOUS Nymph,

far hence be gone, and take those fatal Charms away; Too much

harm, e'en now they've done, and I am lost if you should

stay. That

tempting Eye, bewitching Air, my too unwarily heart en-

snare. Oh! if you love me, then forbear; Oh! then forbear.

FLUTE.

BONNY JEAN.

LOVE'S Goddess in a Myrtle Grove, Said, CUPID, bend thy Bow with speed, Nor

let the Shaft at random rove, For JEANY'S haughty Heart must bleed.

The smiling Boy, with divine Art, From PAPHOS shot an Arrow keen, Which

flew, unerring, to the Heart. And kill'd the Pride of bonny JEAN.

No more the Nymph, with haughty Air,
 Refuses WILLY's kind Address;
 Her yielding Blushes shew no Care,
 But too much Fondness to suppress.
 No more the Youth is fullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the Green,
 Whilst every Day he spies some new
 Surprising Charms in bonny JEAN.

A thousand Transports croud his Breast,
 He moves as light as fleeting Wind,
 His former Sorrows seem a Jest,
 Now when his JEANY is turn'd kind:
 Riches he looks on with disdain,
 The glorious Fields of War look mean;
 The chearful Hound and Horn give Pain,
 If absent from his bonny JEAN.

The Day he spends in am'rous Gaze,
 Which ev'n in Summer shortned seems;
 When sunk in Downs, with glad Amaze,
 He wonders at her in his Dreams.
 All Charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
 Than TROY's Prize, the SPARTAN Queen,
 With breaking Day, he lifts his Sight,
 And pants to be with bonny JEAN.

F L U T E .



The EXPOSTULATION.

TELL me, CHLOE, why you fly me, Nature meant thee
 ever kind: Form'd thee Fair as Love's own Mother,
 Prithee, like her, form thy Mind.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. 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. Each system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Taste those joys, all joys surpassing,
 Which are found in Lover's Arms;
 Cease to scorn him who adores you,
 And surrender all your Charms.

Left the Boy, urg'd by his Mother,
 In great rage revenge my pain.
 And CHLOE made to love another,
 Who returns her cold disdain.

FLUTE.

The flute part consists of two staves of music. The first staff is in treble clef and the second staff is in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music features a melodic line in the treble clef and a supporting bass line in the bass clef, both ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Adagio e Piano.

Andante.

MYRA, MYRA, MYRA no more beguile, under that treach'rous smile,

Too long your scorn I've prov'd, your scorn I've prov'd, too long your scorn, your

scorn I've prov'd. MYRA no more beguile, under that treach'rous smile,

too long your scorn I've prov'd, under that treach'rous smile, too long, too long y

scorn I've prov'd. Sym.

Love with thy pow'ful sway, in some uncommon way, revenge that killing Pride,

Love, let her thy rage a-bide, and die like me unlov'd, Love with thy

powerful sway, in some uncommon way, revenge her killing Pride,

let her thy rage a-bide, and die like me unlov'd. Da Capo.

A LOVER'S EXCUSE for his INCONSTANCY.

No more my dear SILVIA, tell me I rove, I'm constant you know to

Great God of Love; To Love I am sworn, to Love I am true, and follow his

dictates as Lovers shou'd do, But if CUPID turns Rover, I must do so too, if

CUPID turns Rover, I must do so too. I must do so too, I must do so.

too, IF CUPID turns Rover, I must do so too.

From Beauty, to Beauty, the wanderer flies,
 And still with new Charms his Quiver supplies;
 When from a new Beauty, he takes a fresh Dart,
 The Eyes that supply him, soon pierce to my Heart.
 But if CUPID, &c.

From CHLOE, BELINDA, and AMORET's Charms,
 To PHILLIS, and DELIA, and CLORIS's Arms,
 I follow'd the God till he led me to you,
 And as he leads on, thus I still must pursue.
 But if CUPID, &c.

FLUTE.

A Song on the Prince & Princess of Orange.

NASSAU prepares for Martial Toils, Another Labour waits the Fair,

Oh! in their first Campaign ye Pow'rs, Assist the unexperienc'd Fair: Protect, while

Deaths around him fly, Her pangs with swift compassion view,

That he old Heroes may out vie, And she present a race of new.

FLUTE.

The Words and Musick by Mr. CAREY.

Crowds of

Coxcombs thus deluding Ogling Chattering Gringing

Flattering By Coquetting and by Pruding all are Victims

to my Art. While at will the fools I'm leading they be-

lieving I de-ceiving With fond hopes themselves they're feeding

ARLEQUIN has all my Heart - - - ARLEQUIN has all my Heart.

FLUTE.

A SONG Set by Mr. SMITH.

WHEN absent from the Nymph I love, I'd fain shake
off the Chains I wear; But whilst I strive these to re-
move, More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.

My Captiv'd fancy Day and Night,
Fairer, and fairer represents,
BELLINDA form'd for dear delight,
But cruel cause of my complaints.

All day I wander thro' the Groves,
 And sighing hear from ev'ry tree,
 The happy Birds chirping their loves,
 Happy, compar'd with lonely me.

When gentle sleep, with balmy wings,
 To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
 A thousand fears my fancy brings,
 That keep me watching all the night.

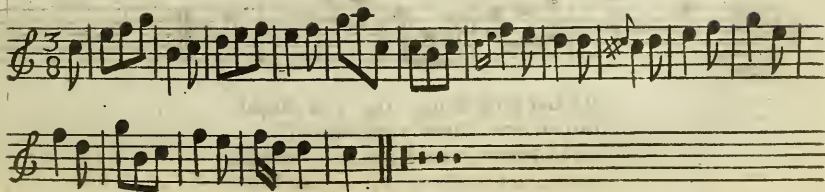
Sleep flies, while like the Goddess fair,
 And all the Graces in her train,
 With melting smiles, and killing air,
 Appears the cause of all my pain.

Awhile my mind delighted flies,
 O'er all her Sweets with thrilling joy,
 Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,
 That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
 I'm all o'er transport and desire;
 My pulse beats high, my cheeks appear
 All roses, and mine eyes all fire.

When to my self I turn my view,
 My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan:
 Thus whilst my fears my pains renew,
 I scarcely look or move a Man.

F L U T E .



Set by Mr. LAMPE.

MEN born on Earth like o-ther Brutes With scorn their creeping kind de-

ride But tho' they boast superior parts The odds is on-ly in their Pride. If

JOVE who temper'd first the Mass Inclines to mould it o'er again. The

Man degen'rates in- to Ass The Ass is polish'd in- to Man.

FLUTE.

Sweet ELTHAM let the Dryads of thy Groves, Forgive my

malice and restore my Joy: Impatient o'er thy lawns my

En...vy roves, Till rais'd Repentment wou'd thy Charms destroy.

Why dost thou still divide my Soul and Me,
Soft as the breath of Spring, that fans thy Bow'rs,
Tell her, the Kings, who once were Lords of Thee,
With far more mercy, held Inferior Pow'rs.

Tell her, that Summer's past and Autumn fades;
And weak'ning Suns, unwilling lustre shed:
Tell her, Her Absence saddens life with shades;
And leaves all Sense, but that of Anguish - Dead.

FLUTE.

ADVICE to CHLOE. A SONG.

Dear CHLOE, while thus, beyond Measure, You treat me with.

Doubts and Disdain, You rob all your Youth of its Pleasure, And

hoard up an old Age of Pain: Your Maxim, that Love is still founded

On Charms that will quickly de_cay; You'll find to be very ill

grou_nded, When once you its Dictates o_bey.

The Love that from Beauty is drawn,
 By kindness you ought to improve;
 Soft looks and gay Smiles are the Dawn,
 Fruition's the Sun-shine of Love:

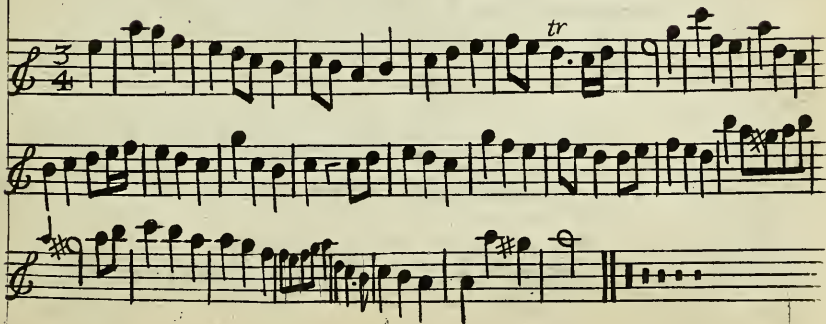
And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes
 Shou'd be clouded, that now are so gay,
 And Darkneſs poſſeſs all the Skies.
 We ne'er can forget it was Day.

Old DARBY with JOAN by his Side,
 You've often regarded with Wonder
 He's Dropſical, She is fore-ey'd,
 Yet they're ever uneaſy aſunder;
 Together they totter about,
 Or ſit in the Sun at the Door,
 And at Night, when old DARBY's Pot's out,
 His JOAN will not ſmoke a Whiff more.

No Beauty nor Wit they poſſeſs,
 Their ſeveral Failings to ſmother;
 Then, what are the Charms, can you gueſs,
 That make them ſo fond of each other?
 'Tis the pleaſing Remembrance of Youth,
 The Endearments which Youth did beſtow;
 The Thoughts of paſt Pleaſure and Truth,
 The beſt of our Bleſſings below.

Thoſe Traces for ever will laſt,
 No Sickneſs, or Time can remove;
 For when Youth and Beauty are paſt,
 And Age brings the Winter of Love:
 A Friendſhip inſenſibly grows,
 By Reviews of ſuch Raptures as theſe,
 The Current of Fondneſs ſtill flows,
 Which decrepit old Age cannot freeze.

FLUTE.



A SONG Set by Mr. MARTIN SMITH.

TEN Years, like TROY, my stubborn Heart, Withstood th'af-

fault of fond Desire; But now a-las! I feel the smart, Poor

I. Like TROY, am fet on fire.

With Care we may a Pile secure,
 And from all common sparks defend;
 But oh! who can a House secure,
 When the Cœlestial flames descend.

Thus was I safe, 'till from your Eyes,
 Destructive fires are brightly given:
 Ah! who can shun the warm surprise,
 When lo! the Light'ning comes from Heav'n.

FLUTE.

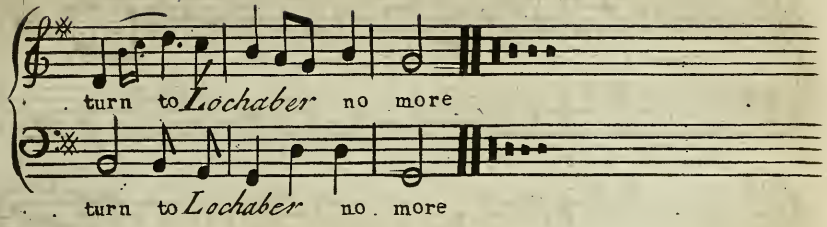
When charming Cloe gently Walk's or sweet-ly
 smiles or Gayly talks No Goddps can with her com-
 pare fo sweet's her look fo soft Her Air

In whom so many Charms are plac'd
 In with a mind as Nobly Grac'd :||:
 With sparkling Wit with solid sense
 And soft Perswasive Eloquence

In framing her Divinely Fair
 Natures Employ'd her utmost care :||:
 That we in Cloe's form shou'd find
 A *Venus* with Minervas Mind

LOCHABER for 2 Voices

Farewell to *Lochaber* and farewell my *Iean* where heartfome with
 Farewell to *Lochaber* and farewell my *Iean* where heartfome with
 thee I have mogy Day been for *Lochaber* no more. *Lochaber* no
 thee I have mogy Day been for *Lochaber* no more no
 more we'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more These
 more we'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more These
 Tears that I fhed they are a for my Dear and no for the
 Tears that I fhed they are a for my Dear and no for the
 dangers attending on Weir Tho' bore on rough
 dangers attending on Weir Tho' bore on rough
 Seas to a far Bloody Shore may be to re...
 Seas to a far Bloody Shore may be to re...



Tho Hurricanes rise and rise ev'ry Wind
 They'll ne'er make a Tempest like that in my Mind
 Tho' loudest of Thunder on louder Waves roar
 That's nathing like leaveing my love on the shore
 To leave thee be hind me my Heart is fair pain'd
 By Ease thats inglorious no fame can be gain'd
 And Beauty and Love's the Reward of the Brave
 And I must deserve it before I can crave

Then Glory my *Jeany* maun plead my Excuse
 Since Honour commands me how can I refuse.
 Without it I ne'er can have Merit for thee
 And without thy Favour I'd better not be
 I gaethen my Lafs to win Honour and fame
 And if that I should luck to come Gloriously hame
 I'll bring a Heart to thee with Love running o'er
 And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more

A Civil Truth The Words by M^r MANLY

When first *Belinda* I survey'd your easy form and
 Mien to my pleas'd view at once ap-pear'd A - - -
 - nother Cyprian Queen

With Unaffected Air and Grace
 You shine the Queen of Love
 Compleat your Shape with Angels face
 A Mistress fit for Iove

Great Iove a God by all Confest
 Oe'er power'd by Danaes Charms
 A Tempting shower dropt on her Breast
 And Melted in her Arms

He swell'd his Pleasures thus Inspir'd
 Undoubtedly to Prove
 That Gods themselves with Passions fir'd
 Are Epicures in Love

If thus the God could change his shape In
 In Masquerade to Kifs
 Let us his Godship Imitate
 And take a leading blifs

A SONG Compos'd by MR LAMPE

I'll

Court the fair Idols no more to Comply if long on my knees I must.

plead nor from their refusals Conclude I must Die conclude I must

Die but think I shall sooner succeed succeed but think I shall sooner suc-

-ceed I'll Let th'insipid Lover his passion discover by his

fight and his Languishing Eyes to my Charmer I'll

go where a Whisper a Whisper or fo makes way to the .

Fountain where pleasures Arife makes way to the fountain where

pleasures where pleaf

fures where pleasures Arife makes

way to the fountain the fountain where pleasure arife where

pleasures where pleasures arife.

Sung by MR CLIVE in TIMON in LOVE by MR LAMPE

: From the Age of fifteen we Women 'tis true have Husbands or

Lovers or both in our View If we dress and look Gay at the

Court or the Play 'tis as much as to say We went but for

Asking to give all a way

Ye Gentle Gales A SONG

Ye Gentle Gales that fan the Air and Wanton in the
 Flow'ry Grove Oh whisper to my Absent fair my secret
 pain my endle's love

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is common time (C). The first system includes lyrics: "Ye Gentle Gales that fan the Air and Wanton in the". The second system includes lyrics: "Flow'ry Grove Oh whisper to my Absent fair my secret". The third system includes lyrics: "pain my endle's love". There are various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and fingering numbers (1, 2) throughout the score.

And at the breezy clofe of Day
 When ſhe does ſeek foom cool retreat
 Throw Spicy odours in her way
 And ſctter Roſes at her feet

That when ſhe ſees their colour fade
 And all their pride neglected lye
 Let inſtruct the lovely maid
 That ſweets not gather'd timely Dye

An when ſhe lays her down to reſt
 Let ſome Ambitious Viſions ſhow
 Who'tis that loves *Camilla* beſt
 And what for her I undergo

The final musical score consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is common time (C). The music features a melodic line in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef, with various musical notations including slurs, accents, and fingering numbers (1, 2).

ON PRINCESS AMELIA. Set by Dr. GREENE.

YE Nymphs of BATH, prepare the Lay, Why, why are you so
 slow to Pay? A-ME-LIA claims the Song: But if you fear, to
 wrong your Cause, Go borrow from the Croud ap-
 plause, And rob the Publick Tongue.

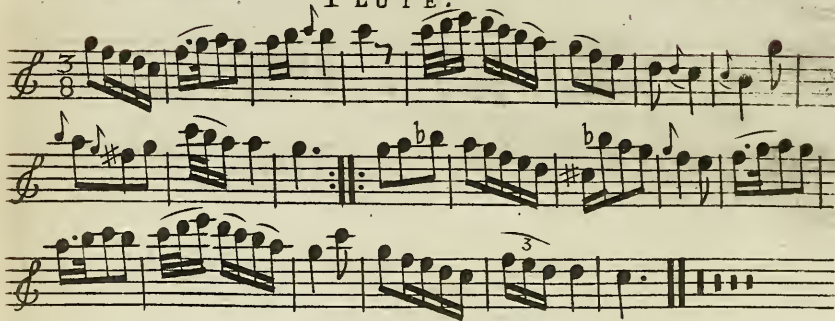
Sweet as her softly-flowing Name,
 Sweet is AMELIA's rising Fame;
 And as her Virtue, Great:
 Attend, ye Nymphs, the favorite found,
 And what from Shore to Shore goes round,
 Let AVON's Banks repeat.

See, see, and sure you can no less,
 See how the thronging People press!
 Who, dwelling on her Face,
 Cry, is she then of BRUNSWICK's Line?
 Are, all like Her, are all Divine?
 And bless the Royal Race.

Encircled by our British Fair,
 The Boast of Nature and her Care!
 AMELIA charms alone;
 And will it not your Ear amaze,
 To hear ev'n vanquish'd Beauty praise,
 And Pride to be out-shone?

But chief, our Youthful Heroes trace,
 While humbly on that Form they gaze,
 And tell us their surprize:
 Yet how, ye Nymphs, can that be said?
 No, no; let's be content to read
 Their wonder in their Eyes.

FLUTE.



The DIFFIDENT LOVER.

WHEN CLOE was by DA-MON seen, What Heart cou'd be un-

mov'd? She look'd so like the Cyprian Queen, He gaz'd, ad-mir'd, &

lov'd: He lov'd, alas! but lov'd in vain, And full of grief and

Care. He knew he never cou'd obtain The lovely, charming

fair, the love-ly, charming fair.

CLOE 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.

HYMEN in CHAINS.

YOUNG STREPHON, who, through ev'ry Grove, Had chas'd the
 fleeting God of Love; Met HYMEN, once, who crofs'd his
 Joy. And chain'd the am'rous cap-tive Boy.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system contains the first line of lyrics. The second system contains the second line of lyrics and includes a trill (tr) above a note. The third system contains the third line of lyrics and includes a triplet (3) above a group of notes. The score ends with a double bar line and a final cadence.

Happy the Swains, who only stray
 Where Love and Pleasure lead the way;
 Where HYMEN's Arts can never move.
 And Love receives no tie but Love.

FLUTE.

The flute score consists of three systems of a single staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system contains the first line of music. The second system contains the second line of music and includes a double bar line. The third system contains the third line of music and includes a triplet (3) above a group of notes. The score ends with a double bar line and a final cadence.

AH! SYREN charmer, turn a-gain, You hide your face, from.
me, in vain, Already, I've receiv'd my fate, And now, to save me,
'tis too late, And now, to save me, 'tis too late.

The love, that darted from your eyes,
My heart has taken, by surprize:
And, tho' you turn, and fly away,
He'll revel here, both night and day.

Alas! nor stratagem, nor force,
Can, from my breast, his pow'r divorce.
No claim of yours, on him, can be
So strong, as that he owns from me.

What is his shadow, in your sight,
But like the scatter'd beams of light?
His substance, in my bosom, dwells,
Like fire, that scatter'd light excells.

FLUTE.

A Favourite AIRE by Mr. HANDEL.

Sym.

GO, CU-PID flatt'ring Chit,

go tell my once lov'd fool I'm turn'd a Rover, CU-PID, go CU-PID

flatt'ring Chit, more tell her (and 'tis fit) she'll be the ri-dicule of

ev'ry Lo-ver CU-PID,

Sy.

tell her, more tell her she'll be the ri-di-cule of ev'ry Lo-

Sy. Sy.

ver, CU-PID tell her, more tell her she'll be the ri-di-

Sy.

cule of ev'ry Lover.

Beauty, without discretion, when once it

palls the Passion, the Joke is o

ver, Beauty without discretion, when once it

palls the Passion, the Joke is o ver. Da Capo.

DIVINEST Fair, Oh ease my Care, And charm, and

charm the fondest Swain; No longer fly, no more de-

ny, Give Love, give Love for Love a-gain, No lon-

ger fly no more de-ny give Love give Love, for

Love again.

Love's Conquering Dart,
Has pierc'd my Heart,
With all thy wondrous Charms;
Nor can I rest,
Untill possess'd,
Enfolded in thy Arms.

The ANSWER by Mr. MANLY.

Too easily
Believing, we
Are caught with fond Address,
Nor can we fly,
Altho' we try,
To shun all your fines.

Thus, Reason weak,
By Passions pow'r,
Incautiously we run,
Into the Net,
That's for us set,
Tho' sure to be undone.

APOLLO, once finding fair DAPHNE alone, Discover'd his flame

in a Passionate Tone: He told her, and bound it with many a Curse, He

meant for to take her for Better for Worse: Then he talk'd of the

Smart, and the hole in his Heart, So large one might drive thro' the

passage a Cart. But the silly coy Maid, to the God's great amazement,

Sprung away from his Arms, and leapt thro' the Casement.

He following, cry'd out, my Life, and my Dear,
Return to your Lover, and lay by your fear:
You think me, perhaps, some Scoundrel or Whorefon;
Alas! I've no wicked Design on your Person.

I'm a God by my Trade,

Young, plump, and well made;
Then let me careſs thee, and be not afraid.
But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the Wind,
While the poor purſy God came panting behind.

I'm the chief of Phyſicians, and none of the College,
Muſt be mention'd with me for Experience and Knowledge,
Each Herb, Flower, and Plant by its name I can call,
And do more than the beſt Seventh-Son of them all.

With my Powder and Pills,

I cure all the Ills,

That ſweep off ſuch numbers each week in the Bills;
But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the Wind,
While the poor purſy God came panting behind.

Befides, I'm a Poet, Child, into the Bargain,
And top all the Writers of fam'd COVENT-GARDEN;
I'm the Prop of the Stage, and the Patron of Wit;
I Set my own Sonnets, and ſing to my Kit:

I'm at WILL's all the Day,

And each Night at the Play;

And Verſes I make faſt as Hops, as they ſay;
When ſhe heard him talk thus, ſhe redoubled her ſpeed,
And flew like a Whore from a Conſtable freed.

Now had our wiſe Lover, (but Lovers are blind)
In the Language of LOMBARD-STREET, told her his mind;
Look, Lady, what here is, 'tis plenty of Money;
Odsbobs, I muſt Kiſs thee, my Joy and my Honey;

I fit next the Chair,

And ſhall ſhortly be Mayor,

Neither CLAYTON, nor DUNCOMB, with me can compare,
Tho' as wrinkled as PRIAM, as deform'd as the Devil,
The God had ſucceeded, the Nymph had been civil.

SLEEPY BODY.

O SLEEPY Body, drowsy Body, wiltuna waken and turn thee: To drivel and

draunt, while I sigh and gaunt, gives me good reason to scorn thee. When thou shouldst be

kind, thou turnst sleepy and blind, and snoters and snores far frae me, Wae.

light on thy face, the drowsy embrace is enough to gar me betray thee.

Piano

Piano

Forte

Farewel A.

Forte

Piano

MELIA love..ly Fair sweetest of thy Sex a..dieu sweetest

of thy Sex a..dieu Farewel AMELIA lovely

Fair love

- - - ly fair fwceteft fweeteft fweeteft

of thy Sex adieu a - - - dieu a - - - dieu fweet - - - est

of thy Sex a - - - dieu

tr tr

tr

Angels take her

tr

to your care since she most resem- bles you since she

tr

most resembles you Angels take her to - - - your

3

care since she most re- -embles you. Da Capo

FLUTE.

Musical score for flute, page 40. The score consists of ten staves of music in G-flat major (two flats) and 3/8 time. The music features a continuous eighth-note melody with various ornaments and techniques. The first staff has a '3' over a triplet. The second staff has a '4' over a group of notes. The third staff has a '4' over a group of notes. The fourth staff has a '7' over a group of notes. The fifth staff has a '7' over a group of notes. The sixth staff has a '7' over a group of notes. The seventh staff has a 'tr' (trill) over a group of notes. The eighth staff has a 'tr' (trill) over a group of notes. The ninth staff has a '3' over a triplet. The tenth staff ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Da Capo

Empty musical staves at the bottom of the page.

The Wrangling LOVERS A Scotch Song

IOCKY and IENNY to Kirk went to gather, IOCKY took IENNY for the

term of her Life IOCKY and IENNY fell out for a Feather, IENNY blam'd

IOCKY and IOCKY his Wife IOCKY said this thing, and IENNY said

that and so they fell Arangling tho they knew not for What,

IOCKY said IENNY was grown a pert Hufley
 IENNY said IOCKY was a testy Old fool
 With rangling and Jangling they Kept their tongues moving
 IOCKY was Maister but IENNY would rule
 With Snarling and biting they both are grown Old
 IOCKY a Nisey and IENNY S a Scold

The Happy Lover

Why does my Heart thus restless prove, What would the

tedious trifler have. A las I fear I'm sick of Love the

Fool is caught fair MYRA'S Slave. Great God of

Love to ease my Pains and cure those Ills too

late I find I beg not you would break my Chains

but in the same my fair one bind.

Three staves of musical notation in 3/8 time, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes and a bass line with eighth notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

The SPINNING LASS .

First system of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/8.

My Maid Mary the minds her Dairy, While I go a howing and mowing each Morn round y^e little

Second system of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/8.

Spinning Wheel Merily runs the Reel, While I am singing a mongst y^e Corn, Cream and

Third system of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/8.

Kisses is all my Delight, She gives me then y^e dear Toys at Night, she is as soft as the Air

Fourth system of the song, including vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/8.

in y^e Morning fair, I never saw Maiden more pleasing a sight .

Whilst I whistle, she from the Thistle,
 Does gather Roses to make our soft Bed,
 And then my little Love shall lye,
 All the Night long and Dye,
 In the dear Arms of her own dear Ned,
 There she shall taste of a delicate Spring,
 But I dare not tell you nor name the Thing,
 It will set you a wishing and think of kissing,
 For kissing cause fights when Young Men should sing:

Thacks of Rushes and tops of Bushes,
 Shall thatch thy Roof and strew thy Flowr,
 O'er the little Hills and Dales:
 The pretty Nightingirls,
 Shall fly to us and shall ne'er be Poor,
 Little Lambkins when e'er they dye,
 Shall bequeath new Blankits to thee and I
 Our Quilts shall be Roses while June exposes,
 So sweet and so soft my Dear Love shall lye.

Fountains pure shall be thy Ew'r
 To sprinkle Water upon thy fair Face:
 And the little Flock shall play,
 All the long summers Day
 Gently with Lambs to adorn that place,
 Then at Night we'll hie home to our Hive
 And like Bees enjoy all the sweets alive,
 We'll enjoy Loves Treasure And taste of Loves Pleasure,
 Whilst others for Fame and greatness strive,



The flighted Swain set by M^r HANDEL

Cloe proves false but still she is Charming, Nature like Beauty her

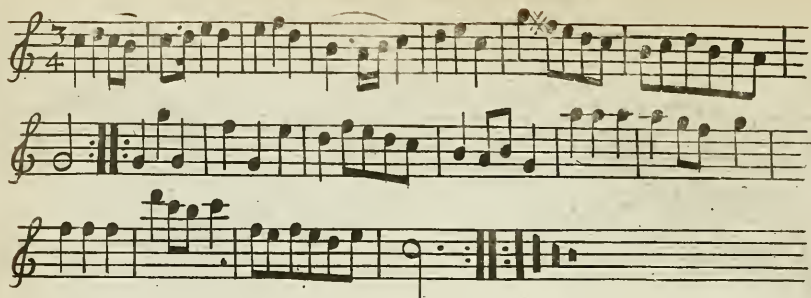
Temper has made, Subject to change, o're each Heart she will

range, always alarming, ever difarming, never difmay'd.

Banish my fence or let her not flight me
Love ne'er was made to Inherit disdain

Love is' a Bubble
That gives Mankind trouble
Reflecting Extacy
Drops with the Simile
Airy and vain

Sure *Venus* gave her that Face to deceive me
And gave the Boy but one Arrow would fly
Haste to thy Mother
And beg for another
Cloe the Mark must be
Make her to pittie me
E're that I Dy:



The Lady's Dream sett to Musick by S.G.

I Dream't I saw a Piteous sight, young *Cupid* Weeping lay;

untill his Pretty Stars of light had Wept themselves a way.

Methought I ask'd him why he wept,
 Mere Pitty lead me on.
 He deeply sigh'd, and then reply'd
 Alas I am undone!

As I beneath yon Mertle lay,
 Close by *Dianas* Springs,
Amintor stole my Bow away,
 And pinnion'd both my Wings.

Alas say'd I, 'twas then thy Bow,
 Where with he Wounded me.
 Thou art a *God*, and such a Blow,
 Could come from none but thee.

But if thou wilt revenged be,
 On that ambitious Swain.
 I'll fet thy Wings at Liberty,
 And thou shalt fly a gain.

And all the service on my part,
 That I require of thee,
 Is that you'd wound *Amintor's* Heart,
 And make him die for me.

The Silken Fetters I unty'd,
 And the gay Wings Display'd,
 He Mounting gently Fann'd and cry'd,
 Adieu fond Foolish Maid!

At that I Blush'd and angry grew,
I should the *God* believe,
But waking found my Dream too true,
Alas I was a Slave.



Charming Cloe A New Song

What e'er I do, where e'er I go, my *Cloe's* all my darling

Theme; By Day no other thought I know, by Night no

o- ther, by Night no o- - - ther pleasing Dream.

The Flow'rs that paint the Fragrant Mead,
Are Emblems of my blooming Dear:
My *Cloe* there I faintly read,
For *Eloxa* smiles left Winning Fair.

3

The spicy Gales which fann the leaves,
 And gently curl the Crystal Flood,
 Describe my *Cloe* when she breaths
 Ten Thousand Sweets throughout the Wood

4

The Birds that hail the genial Spring,
 And warbling grace each vocal Spray,
 Surpass'd by *Cloe* hang the Wing,
 And cease their various trilling Lay.

5

The Lamb that Skips with bounding heels,
 Along the dewy verdant Plain,
 My *Cloe's* Innocence reveals,
 My *Cloe's* pleasant sprightly Vein.

6

Beauty and Sence in Ample grace,
 In full perfection gayly drest,
 Charm us in *Cloe's* mind and face,
 And sweetly rob us of our rest.

7

Minerva wife, and *Venus* fair,
 Have jointly form'd the dang'rous Maid;
 Fly then ye Swains, nor pry too near:
 To gaze alas! -- is to be dead.

Sung by Mr. SALWAY in COLOMBINE-COURTEZAN.

WHO, to win a Woman's Favour, Would solicit long in vain? Who, to gain a

Moment's Pleasure, Would endure an Age of Pain? Idle toying, ne'er enjoying, Pleas'd

with suing, Fond of Ruin, Made the Martyr of Disdain, Made the Martyr of Disdain.

Give me Love the beauteous Rover
 Whom a gen'ral Passion warms,
 Fondly Blessing ev'ry Lover,
 Frankly proff'ring all her Charms:
 Never flying,
 Still complying;
 Train'd to please you,
 Glad to ease you,
 Circl'd in her snowy Arms!

FLUTE.

The DETERMIN'D NYMPH.

OH how you Protest, and Solemnly lie, Look humble, and

fawn like an Ass! I'm pleas'd, I must own, whenever I see A

Lover that's brought to this pass. But keep farther off; you're

naughty I fear; I vow I will never yield to't. You ask me in

vain. for never. I swear, I never, no never will do't.

For when the Deed's done, how quickly you go.
 No more of the Lover remains;
 In haste you depart, whate'er we can do.
 And stubbornly throw off your Chains;
 Desist then in time; let's hear on't no more;
 -I vow I will never yield to't:
 You promise in vain, in vain you adore;
 I never, no never will do't.

Hap me with thy PETTICOAT.

O BELL, thy Looks have pierc'd my Heart, I pass the Day in

Pain, When Night returns I feel the Smart, And wish for thee in vain.

I'm starving cold, while thou art warm, Have Pity and in-cline, And

grant me for a Hap that charm-ing Pet-ti-coat of thine.

My ravish'd Fancy in Amaze
 Still wanders o'er thy Charms,
 Delusive Dreams ten thousand ways
 Present thee to my Arms.
 But, waking, think what I endure,
 While cruel you decline
 Those Pleasures, which can only cure
 This panting Breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
 Because you still deny
 The just Reward that's due to Love,
 And let true Passion die.
 Oh! turn, and let Compassion seize
 That lovely Breast of thine;
 Thy Petticoat cou'd give me Ease,
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure Heav'n has fitted for Delight
 That beauteous Form of thine,
 And thou'rt too good its Law to slight,
 By hind'ring the Design.
 May all the Pow'rs of Love agree,
 At length to make thee mine,
 Or loose my Chains, and set me free
 From ev'ry Charm of thine.

FLUTE.



A SONG in BRITANNIA Set by Mr. CAREY.

tr tr

NOBLE Stranger, I ap - prove thee, And a Heart sincere resign; For thy

6 6 5 # 6 6 5 6 # #

virtues sake I love thee With a Passion most Di - vine. From a

4 3 6 6 4

Godlike race de - scended, I my darling He - ro chuse, With such

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

wond'rous worth attended, Who would such a Pri - ze re - fuse.

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 #

FLUTE.

tr tr

smile on a Passion rais'd by those Eyes. *Sym.*

6 6 5 4 * 6 6 7

All the soft Graces shine in each feature, daily giving

6 6 4 3 6 6

fresh surprize, day

* 6

ly

6 5 7

all the soft Graces shine in each feature, daily giving

6 8 7 * 6

fresh surprize, dai - - - ly giving fresh surprize.

4 * 6 6 * 6 6 5

Adg. 6 * 6

Obferve obferve yon tunefull Charmer that Wontonly Skips from

Tree to tree; how fweet she Sings now Nought does A larm her. and

she has ob-taind her Libert-ty So that my Dear now Dangers over

thy Ioy difcover gay-ly Sing now thou art free *D:Capo*

Flute

Hamstead) A Song set by M^r. Seedo

HAMPSTEAD Delight of ev'ry Sense and Blifs of every ravish'd Eye

at sight of the our Joys commence but absent from thee soon.

they Die O may thy Verdure ever Bloom and all thy sweets the

Air per-fume and all thy Sweets the Air per fume

Hail ev'ry Grove and flow'ry Plain
 Where Nature redolent of Charms
 Invites each happy Nymph and Swain
 To revel in each others Arms
 May Youth and Beauty ever smile
 And HAMPSTEAD'S ev'ry Care beguile

Around the Wells refreshing Place
 Fair youthful Beauties sweetly rove
 Rich in the Charms of ev'ry Grace
 T'inspire the Soul with softest Love
 Whil'ft fighting Youths their Hearts resign
 And pay their Vows at Beavty's Shrine

In the gay Movements of each Dance
 The Brave and fair fond Love impart
 And with each step such Joys advance
 As dye the Cheek and sooth the Heart
 Mufick and love without Controul
 Thus fix the Heart and fire the Soul ,

Flute

The musical score for the Flute part is written on four staves. The time signature is 2/4. The music is characterized by a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, often grouped in pairs or fours. The melody is lively and melodic, with some passages featuring triplets and slurs. The notation includes various ornaments and phrasing slurs, typical of 18th-century manuscript notation. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

06
Set by M^r. Smith

The Night was still the Air serene Fan'd by a Southern Breeze the

glimm'ring Moon might just be seen Re-lecting thro' the Trees.

The bubbling Water's constant Course
From off th' adjacent Hill
Was mournful Echo's last Resource
All Nature was so still

The constant Shepherd sought this Shade
By Sorrow sore oppress'd
Close by a Fountain's Margin laid
His pain he thus Express'd

Ah wretched Youth why did't thou love
Or hope to meet success
Or think the Fair would constant prove
Thy blooming Hopes to bless

Find me the Rose on Barren Sands
The Lilly midst the Rocks
The Grape in wide deserted Lands
A Wolf to guard the Flocks

Those you alas will sooner gain
And will more easy find
Than meet with ought but cold disdain
In faithless Womankind

Riches alone now win the Fair
Merit they quite despise
The constant Lover thro' Despair
Because not Wealthy dies

Set by MR W^m HAYES

As SAPPHO Crofs'd the Dang'rous fea in PHA...ONS.

Fond Purfuit too fad to fing to fan to Play .the

wept up - on her Lute but when she wou'd her

woes re-hearfe how sweet-ly Flow'd her Tongue .her

.Lute in fpired with tune and Verfe un thought the

. Play'd and Sung

The Remonition Set by Mr Lampe

Where ever DAMON thou shalt rove O Bear me with thee.

in thy Mind If Walk-ing in the Ver-dant Grove or on some

flow'ry Bank re-clind Still let my faith full I - mage

be A-mong the shades retir'd with Thee

If perdid upon some pointed Thorn
 The Nightingale renews her strain
 Let it remind thee how forlorn
 While thou art Absent I complain
 And when ^u hear the Widdowd Dove
 Think I like her deplore my Love

Or should ^y wander where some Brook
 Does o'er ^f Pebbles murm'ring flow
 As on the silver stream you look
 Think how I weep opprest with Woe
 And should its Current want supplys
 I could recruit it from my Eyes

4
 When you behold the setting Ray
 Tremble beneath the lower skies
 The solemn Gloom of closing Day
 May represent me to thy Eyes
 For Lanquid as departing Light
 Am I when banish'd from thy sight

Think when beneath $\frac{3}{4}$ spreading Leaves
You listen to the wisp'ring Breeze
How with soft sighs my Bosom heaves

While I lament my ruind Peace
Calm is my Grief as silent show'rs
Or Dews which hang on Painted Flow'rs

Flute

The Peremptory Lover Tune John Anderson my Jo.

'Tis not your Beauty nor your Wit, That can my Heart ob-tain; for

they could never conquer yet Either my Breaft or Brain: For

if you'll not Prove kind to me And true as heretofore, Henceforth I'll

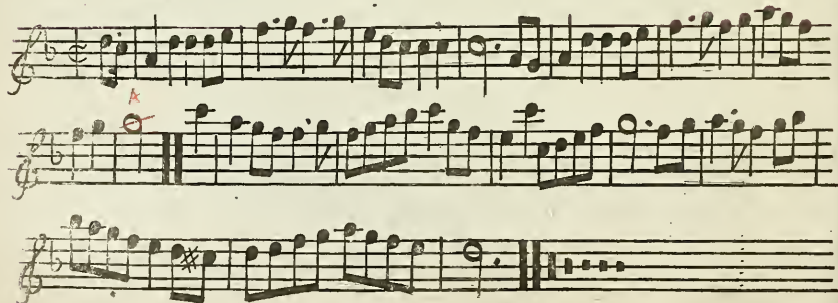
scorn your Slave to be, Or doat up on you more

Think not my Fancy to o'ercome,
 By proving thus unkind;
 No smoothed Sight, nor smiling Frown,
 Can satisfy my Mind.
 Pray let PLATONICKS play such Pranks;
 Such Follies I deride;
 For Love, at least, I will have Thanks,
 And something else beside.

Then open-hearted be with me,
 As I shall be with you,
 And let our Actions be as free
 As Virtue will allow,
 If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
 If true, I'll Constant be,
 If fortune chance to change your Mind,
 I'll turn as soon as ye.

Since our Affections, well be known,
 In equal Terms do stand,
 'Tis in your Power to Love, or no,
 Mine's likewise in my Hand,
 Dispense with your Austerity,
 Unconstancy abhor,
 Or, by great CUPID'S Deity,
 I'll never love you more.

Flute



A New Song by J. Nares

65

Andante

Long from th' assaults of CU-PIDS Arms long have I wander'd free
Nor felt the sweet torment- ing Charms of Pleasing Mife- ry nor felt
the sweet tormenting Charms of pleasing Mife...ry

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano accompaniment includes various rhythmic patterns and fingerings, such as sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and rests. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

For VENUS Charg'd her little Mate
My fall not to pursue
Reserv'd Ah for a Nobler Fate
Reserv'd to fall by you.

Since Charmer thou my Hearts recefs
Hast pow'r alone to move
Teach me the way to Happiness
As thou hast taught me love

Let me no longer feel this smart
But in your Bosom slide
O footh my Pain and where my Heart
Resides let me Reside

Enamour'd Vanquish'd and forlorn
Yet glory in my fall
Thou who hast took my heart and soul
O take me take me All.

Flute

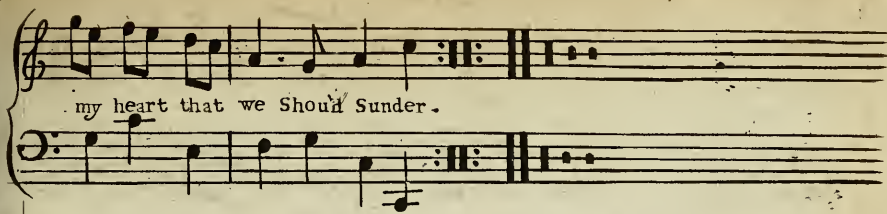
A Scotch Song

With broken words, and down Cast eyes, Poor COLLIN spoke his passion

tender, and parting with his GRISY cries, Ah woes my heart that we should

Sunder. to others I am cold as Snow, But kindle with thine

Eyes like tinder, From thee with Pain, I'm Forc'd to goe, It breaks

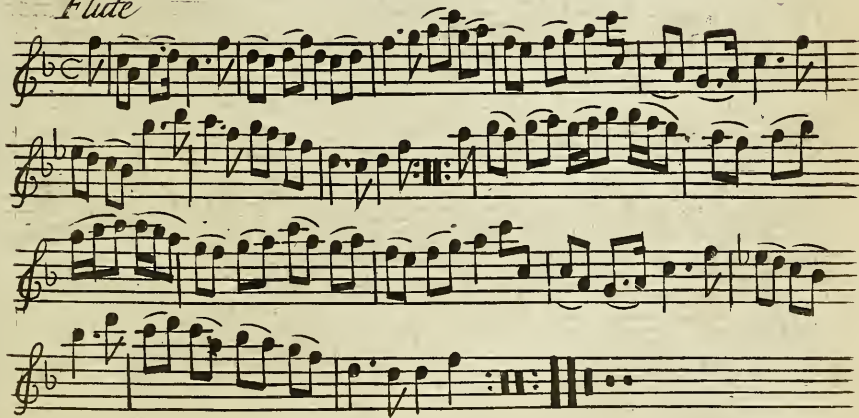


my heart that we Shou'd Sunder.

Chain'd to thy Charms, I cannot range,
No Beauty new, my Love Shall hinder,
Nor time, nor place, Shall ever change,
My Vows, tho' we're Oblig'd to Sunder.
The Image of thy gracefull Air,
And Beauty, that Invites our wonder,
Thy ready wit, and prudence rare,
Shall e'er be present, tho' we Sunder.

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

Flute



A Song by W.^m Richardson

Wanton gales that Fondly play round about my love sick.

Head Quickly waft my sigh's away to the Nymph for whom I Bleed.

Softly Whisper in her Ear
 All the pains for her I feel
 All the torments that I Bear
 Tell her she alone can Heal.

Then with unsuspected Care
 Gently fan her lovely Breast
 Happy you may revel there
 Where each god Wou'd wish to rest

If one Spark of fond Desire
 Harbour'd there by chance you find
 Raife it to a lasting Fire
 Such as burns within my Mind

Flute

Now as I live I love thee much And Fain wou'd love thee
 more Did I but know thy Temper such That coud my Joy re-store.

But to ingage thy Virgin Heart
 Then leave it in Distrefs
 Were to betray thy true Defert
 And make thy Glory lefs

Were all the eastern Treasures mine
 I'd lay them at thy Feet
 But to invite a Princeto Dine
 On Air it is not meet

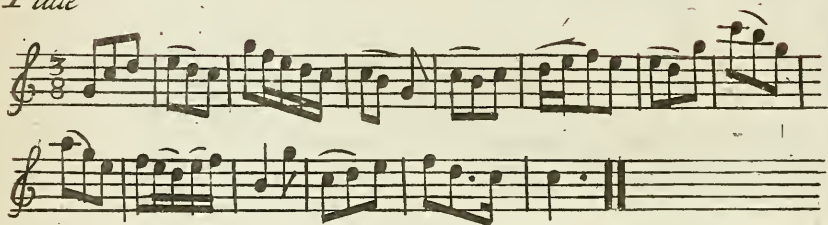
No let me rather pine alone
 Then if my Fate prove coy
 I can despenfe with Grief my own
 While thou haft Showers of Ioy

But if thro' my too niggard Fate
 Thou should'ft unhappy prove
 I should grow mad and desperate
 Thro' killing Grief and Love

Since then tho more I cannot love
Without thy Injury
As Saints that to an Altar move
My Thoughts to thee shall fly

And think not that the flame is left
For tis upon this Score
Wert not a Love beyond Express
My Dear it might be more

Flute



The DREAM A SONG by Samuel COOKE

Musical notation for 'The DREAM A SONG' by Samuel COOKE. It features two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef, both in G major and common time. The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: 'Return kind sleep a-gain Repeat the Vision o'er, and ev'ry sweet, I found in it, To me again restore, To me a-gain restore.'

Return kind sleep a-gain Repeat the Vision o'er, and ev'ry
sweet, I found in it, To me again restore, To me a-gain restore.

When I, me thought alone,
Was ranging in a Grove;
Where PHEABUS scarce, the shade could peirce,
So fitt it was for love.

But long I had not Been,
Before MERTILLA came:
With Open Arms, I met her charms,
Who welcomed me the same

Now, O my dear faid I
Thou charmer of my Soul!
Kind fate at last, has put us past
All Danger of Controul.

Then hand in hand we walk'd.
How happy did we seem!
We talk'd we kif'd, and all the rest,
But Ah, twas all a Dream.

Flute

The musical score is written for a Flute. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody starts on a G4 note and proceeds with eighth and quarter notes. The second staff begins with a repeat sign (two vertical lines with dots) and continues the melody with some variations in note values and phrasing. The third staff concludes the piece with a final cadence, ending on a G4 note.

A Favourite SONG by Sig.^r BONONCINI

'Tis my Glo-ry

to a dore you you're so Char-ming O my Dearest Why shou'd

I of fate com-plain tho' I'm not the Happiest Swain still

still I'm the fin-cest Evermore I'll adore O my dearest

How tormenting is the Passion
 When our Wish es are in Vain
 But to gaze on one so fair
 Makes amends for all my care
 Why why should I of Fate complain
 Evermore I'll adore oh my dearest

Flute

The SYMPATHIZING HEART.
 Set by Sig^r GEMINIANI.

WHEN young MILANDA's Fin gers mo - ve The trembling
 Strings my Heart beats Love; My Soul the motion does o -
 bey, I tremble, too, as well as they.

But when with Heav'nly voice she sings,
 When vocal sounds their silence break,
 And, marry, with the trembling Strings,
 With Love and Rapture too I shake.

F L U T E .

1 to Love. Of her

6 6 6 6 6 43

5

frozen looks disarm her, gentle sounds will surely warm her,

6 7 43 6 6 7 43

sounds Harmonious all approve, of her frozen looks dis-

b6 6 6 4 # 6 7

arm her, gentle sounds will surely warm her, sounds Harmonious all ap-

6 6 15 4 3 6 6

prove, sounds Harmonious all approve. Da Capo al segno

6 #

The BOB of DUNBLANE.

COME Laffie, lend me your braw Hemp Heckle, And I'll lend
 you my Thrifling Kame; For Fainness, Deary, I'll gar ye
 heckle, If you'll go dance the Bob of Dunblane.

Haft ye, gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies,
 Busk ye braw, and dinna think Shame;
 Consider in Time, if leading of Monkies,
 Be better than dancing the Bob of Dunblane.

Be frank, my Laffie, lest I grow fickle,
 And tak my Word and Offer again,
 Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle
 Ye didna accept of the Bob of Dunblane.

The Dinner, the Piper, the Priest shall be ready,
 And I'm grown Dowie with lying alane;
 Away then, leave baith Minny and Dady,
 And try with me the Bob of Dunblane.

FLUTE.

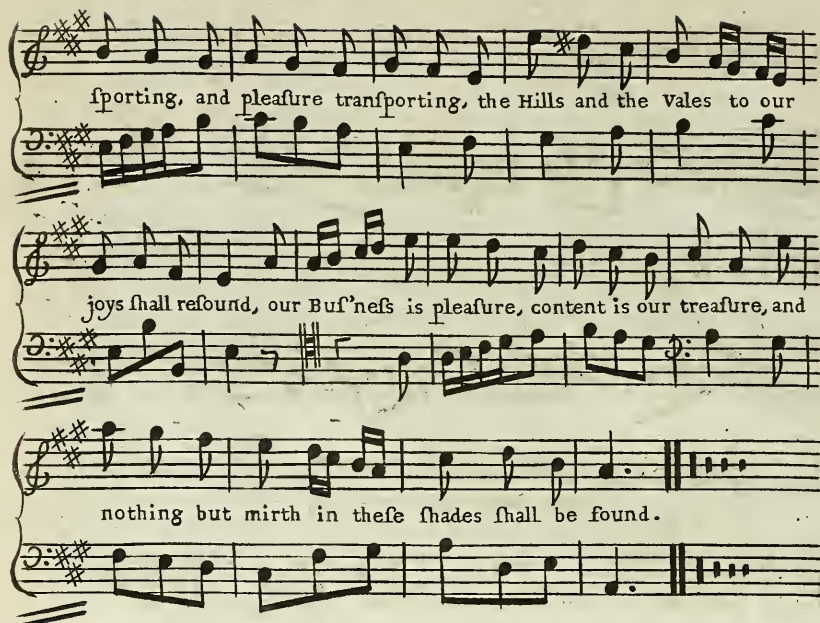
The HAPPY NUPTIALS.

The Words and Musick by Mr. CAREY.

CUPID God of gay desires, HYMEN with thy sacred fires,
 smiling Zephyrs haste away, Grace this happy, happy day, Grace this happy,
 happy day, this hap...py, happy day.

Loves and Graces all attend,
 All ye Nuptial Pow'rs befriend,
 Make them your peculiar Care,
 Bless the Hero, bless the Fair.

Let Dancing, and Singing, and piping, and springing, we'll
 trip it, and skip it, the Groves all a-round. With Courting, and



sporting, and pleasure transporting, the Hills and the Vales to our
joys shall rebound, our Buſ'neſs is pleasure, content is our treasure, and
nothing but mirth in these shades shall be found.

FLUTE. . .



The BEAUTIFUL AMANDA

79

Set by a GENTLEMAN.

AS VENUS late-ly left the Skies, To view BRITANNIA's
 Ifles; The Triumphs of AMAN--DA's Eyes, a-larm'd the
 Queen of Smiles.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system is in 3/8 time and includes a trill (tr) at the end. The second system contains repeat signs and various fingering and ornamentation markings (5, 6, 6, 5, #6). The third system also contains repeat signs.

CUPID, the cry'd, fly swift and see,
 Amidst fair ALBION's Dames,
 What Nymph, without imploring me,
 A thousand Hearts inflames.

The God, with quick obedience flew,
 Around each Toasted fair;
 And bright AMANDA soon he knew,
 By her superior Air.

In transport lost, the Archer gaz'd,
 Charm'd with the matchless Maid;
 This Nymph, said CUPID, all amaz'd,
 Can wound without our aid.

In haste, to VENUS, he returns,
 And own'd fame's praises true;
 For, dear mamma, each Lover burns,
 For one, who blooms like you.

To form the Charmer, ev'ry Grace
 In lovely union's joyn'd;
 So strong the Beauties of her face,
 So soft her Heavenly mind.

Then, dear mamma, he fondly said,
 Nor be my suit deny'd;
 Let her, who shines the brightest Maid,
 Be seen the fairest Bride.

Amidst the rival croud of Youth,
 Who wear AMANDA's chain;
 ALEXIS fights with purest Truth,
 And 'tis the gentlest Swain.

His flame is for AMANDA's Charms,
 By Love and Virtue fed;
 And ever woo'd her to his Arms,
 By purest motives led.

Such constancy in love before,
 Ne'er grac'd a Lover's pain;
 Would other Swains like him adore,
 No Nymph would e'er complain.

Oh VENUS, joyn the faithful Pair,
 In HYMEN's hallow'd bands.
 Then you'll behold, bright Goddess, there
 United Hearts and Hands.

The Queen of Beauty smiling cry'd,
 With joy I grant thy Pray'r:
 Such flames as are my Empire's Pride,
 Shall be my Empire's Care.

YE Gods! was STREPHON's Picture blest, With the fair Heav'n of

CHLOE's Breast? Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring Heart, Oh gently

throb, — too fierce thou art. Tell me, thou brightest of thy Kind, For

STREPHON was the Bliss design'd; For STREPHON's sake, dear charming

Maid, Didst thou pre fer his wand'ring Shade?

And thou blest Shade, that sweetly art
 Lodg'd so near my CHLOE's Heart,
 For me the tender Hour improve,
 And softly tell how dear I love.
 Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
 Its wretched Master's ardent Pray'r,
 Ingrossing all that beauteous Heaven,
 That CHLOE, lavish Maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: were I Lord
 Of all the Wealth those Breasts afford,
 I'd be a Miser too, nor give
 An Alms to keep a God alive.
 Oh smile not thus, my lovely Fair,
 On these cold Looks, that lifeless Air,
 Prize him whose Bosom glows with Fire,
 With eager Love and soft Desire.

'Tis true, thy Charms, O powerful Maid,
 To Life can bring the silent Shade:
 Thou can't surpass the Painter's Art;
 And real Warmth and Flames impart.
 But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
 I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
 Then, Charmer, grant my fond Request,
 Say thou can't love, and make me blest.

FLUTE.

FLORA'S HOLLIDAY:

COME all you Lads and Lasses, Put on your handsome Graces, For this the

Time and Place is, For us to sport and play; All brisk and jolly, Courting-sporting

Cares of folly, Dancing, Prancing, FLORA commands a Holly hollyday.

Shou'd e'er the Nymph deny you,
 She ne'er intends to fly you,
 A thousand tricks she'll try you,
 All but to hold you fast:
 She'll pout and vex you,
 Toying, Coying, then perplex you,
 Slighting, fighting, follow her close,
 She'll right, she'll right at last.

Shou'd e'er the Swain abjure you,
 Protest he can't endure you,
 It's all but to allure you
 And ease him of his Pain:
 If once you meet him,
 Kindly, friendly, you'll defeat him,
 Rarely, fairly, ply him but home,
 He'll right, he'll right again.

FLUTE.

A SONG Set by MR ARNE.

IN that dear hope how ma-ny live, I'm not the on-ly

one, I'm not the on-ly one; Oh! what wou'd some fine

Ladies give, To have their Husbands gone. All things new,

E-ver wanting Joys in view, More en-chanting, 'Tis

the mode e'er Husbands die, To have a-no-ther in-

ones Eye, To have a-no-ther in ones Eye.

The Words by I. A. Esq^r Set by a Scholar of MR CAREYS

See O see thou tender Creature Beauteous in Each
 Air and Feature See Unhappy STREPHON lye at your
 feet to Gaze and Dye

Pity then thou Charming Fair

Let me not live in this Despair

Raptur'd with your Matchless Charms

Let me Dye Within your Arms

flute

Vol III

Set by M^r. Smith

To fight in your Cups and abuse the good creature believe it my

friends is a sin of that Nature that were you all Damn'd for, a

tedious long year To nasty Mundungus and heath'nish small Beer

Such as after debauché your sparks of the Town for a penance next

Morning Devoutly pour down It would not atone for so vile a Transgress

- ion You're a scandal to all of the Drinking Profession

What a Pox do ye Bellow and make such a Pother
 And throw Candlesticks Bottles and Pipes at each other
 Come keep the Kings peace leave your damning and finking
 And gravely return to good Christian drinking
 He that flinches his Glafs and to drink is not Able
 Let him quarrel no more but knock under the Table
 He that flinches his Glafs and to drink is not Able
 Let him quarrel no more but knock under the table

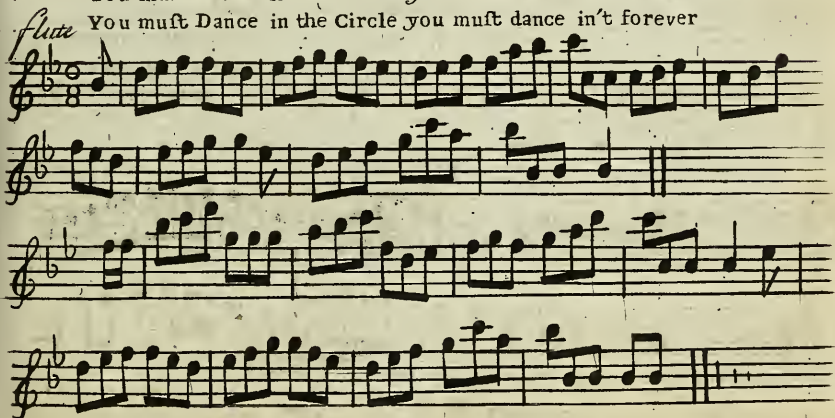
Well faith since you've rais'd my Ill Nature so High
 I'll drink on no other Condition not I

Unless my Old friend in the Corner declares

What Mistrefs he Courts and whose Colours he Wears.
 You may safely acquaint me for I'm none of those
 That use to divulge whats spoke under the Rose
 Come part with't — what she forbid it ye Powers
 What unfortunate Planet rul'd o'er thy Amours

Why Man she has lain (oh thy fate how I Pity
 With half the Blew Breeches and Wigs in the City
 Go thank M^r Parson give him thanks With a Curse
 Oh those Damnable words for Better for worse
 To regain your Old Freedom you vainly endeavour
 Your Doxy and you no Priest can desever

You must Dance in the Circle you must dance in't forever
 You must Dance in the Circle you must dance in't forever



Set by Mr. Samis

With in a foli - tary Grove desparing SAPPHO fate lamenting

of her ill plac'd Love and cursing of her Fate in vain said she I would con -

cealy Conquest from his Eyes my looks alas too plain reveal what I would fain Disguise

A way my Eyes Would you betray
 The Weakness of my Heart
 To one \ddagger will not love repay
 Or e're regard my smart
 But yet how often hath he swore
 That he would Constant prove
 How oft with Tears did he implore
 My Pity and my Love

But he like a proud Conqueror
 Who in his way subdues.
 Some Towns with his Riffles Pow' r
 Fresh Conquests now Pursues
 Then SAPPHO give thy sorrow's o're
 And be thy self again
 And think on that vain Man no more
 That Could thy Love Contemn

flute

The Agreement of the Gods

89

Two Gods of great Honour BACCHUS and APOLLO one famous in Musick y

other in Wine In Heaven were Raving Disputing and Braving whose Theme was y

Noblest and Trade most Divine your MUSICK says BACCHUS wou'd stun us and

Rack us did Claret not soften the Discords you make Songs are not Inviting nor

Verfes delighting till Poets of my Great Influence Partake

I'm young Plump and Iolly free from Melancholly
Who ever grew Fatt by the sound of a string
Rogues doom'd to a Gibbet do often Contribute
To Purchase a Bottle before they dare sing
In Love I am Noted by Old and young Courted
A Girl when Inspir'd by me is soon won
So great are the Motions of one of my Portions
I III The Muses tho maids I could Whore e'ry one

When mortals are fretted perplex'd or Indebted
 To me as a Father for succor they cry
 In their sad Conditions I hear their Petitions
 A Bottle revives the Opprest Votary
 Then leave of your Tooting your Fiddling and Fluting
 A fidei throw your Harp and now bow to a flask
 My Ioyes they are Riper than songs from a Piper
 What Musick is Greater than Sounding a Cask

Says Phæbus this Fellow is Drunk sure or Mellow
 To prize Musick less than Wine and October
 When those who Love drinking are past thoughts of thinking
 And want so much Witt as to keep themselves sober
 As they were thus Wrangling a Scolding and Iangling
 Came Buxom bright VENUS to end the Dispute
 Says she now to ease the MARS best of all pleas'd me
 When Arm'd with a Bottle and Charm'd with a Flute

Your Musick has charm'd me your Wine has Alarm'd me
 When I have Shew'd Coynefs and hard to be Won
 When both have been moving I cou'd not help Loving
 And Wine has compleated what Musick begun
 The Gods struck with wonder vow'd both by Joves Thunder
 They'd mutually Ioyn in supplying Loves flame
 since each in their Function mov'd on in Conjunction
 To melt with soft pleasures the Amorous Dame



Strephon's Complaint Set by M. Handel. 91.

Oh cruel Tyrann LOVE Why artthou so unkind Wilt thou no
milder prove Nor ease my troubled Mind No Joy shall I e'er see But
still tormented be And from such dismal Grief Shall I ne'er find Relief

Since thou hast wounded me
Why dost thou not impart
Some of thy Cruelty
And make her feel some Smart
Tell her how I do burn
How I lament and mourn
When she the Truth doth know
She must some Pity show

Beauty enthron'd doth stand
Upon her smiling Brow
Her blushing Cheeks command
Me at her Feet to bow
Her golden Tresses wave
Her rising Breasts enslave
Lighting darts from her Eyes
And kills me by Surprise

Yettho she is most fair
Why should she me disdain
If Wealth furrounds my Dear
Why must I suffer Pain

Were She as poor as **JOB**
 I in a Royal Robe
 And Lord of all the Land
 I'd be at her Command

All Day I sigh and weep
 And vainly do lament
 All Night I cannot sleep
 I never rest content
 But still am fill'd with Pain
 Scorn Woe And sad Diftain
 These Racks I cannot bear
 And yet she will not hear

What Joys can **MYRA** take
 After she does behold
 Poor **STREPHON** for her sake
 Laid in the Dreary Mould
 O most unhappy Fate
 Then Pity comes to late
MYRA my Life preserve
 And thee I'll always serve

I'll wander for her Sake
 Or keep myself confin'd
 If she no Pity take
 On my distracted Mind
 O ease the burning Smart
 Of my poor suff'ring Heart
 Else 'twill my Ruin prove
 Farewell then Life and Love



If Bounteous Nature e'er had meant that Gold should

only buy content the Morning Dew had sprinkled

o'er the thinning Field with Liquid o'er like Air and

Water it had flow'd in Ev'ry Clime a Common good should

we then Judge of Reasons Rule Natures a Jilt and

Mans a Fool -

74 A Song the Words & Musick by M^r Carey

Vivace

Lovely ru - ler

of my Heart Queen of all and e - ery part Ob - ject.

of my souls desire for whose sake I could ex - -

pire witness, all ye Gods above that I on - ly.

live to love that I love but you alone kindly

Flute

Handwritten musical score for Flute, page 96. The score consists of 12 staves of music in G-flat major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The notation includes various rhythmic values, accidentals, and performance markings such as slurs, accents, and asterisks. A 3/8 time signature change is visible in the eighth staff.

The Words by Mr. LEVERIDGE. Set by Mr. HANDEL.

Wo.

MEN are all Traytors, compleat in their way, Always are ro-ving, and

Man

Wo.

seeking for Prey. - Women are fickle, and changeable found. Men are De-

Man

Both

ceit. Woman's a Cheat. So from the first this vile World did turn round.

W. Since we so frankly our frailties have shewn,

Let us, like others, in cunning jogg on,

M. For where contrivance and Plots do abound,

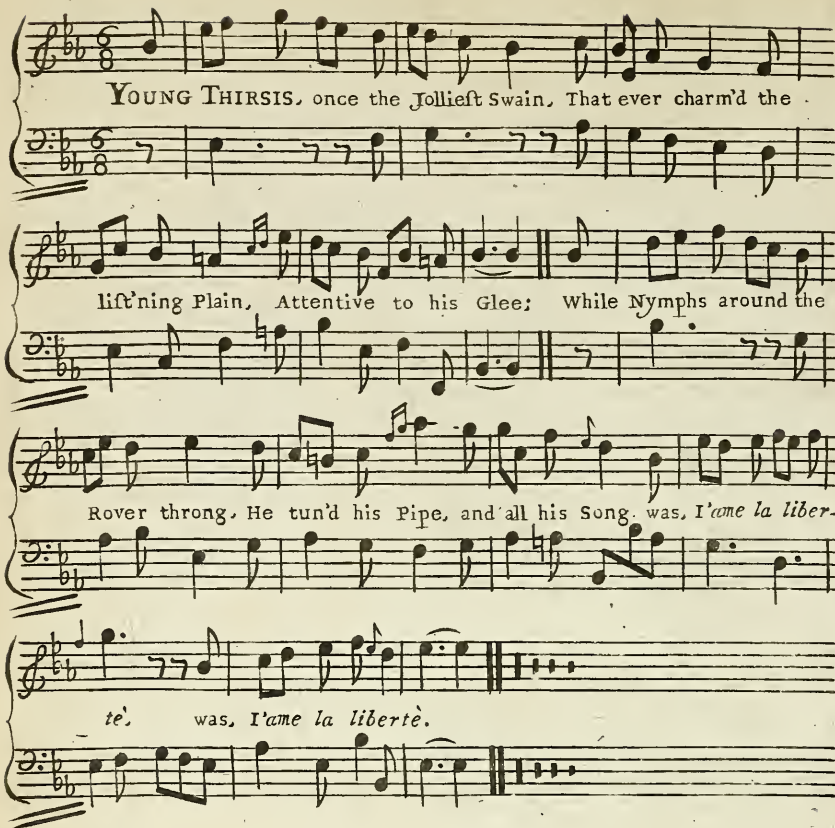
W. Mankind I'll cheat,

M. Woman I'll bite,

Both. So to the last this vile World will turn round.

FLUTE.

The INCONSTANT SWAIN.



YOUNG THIRISIS, once the Jolliest Swain, That ever charm'd the
list'ning Plain, Attentive to his Glee; While Nymphs around the
Rover throng. He tun'd his Pipe, and all his Song, was, *I'ame la liber-*
te'. was, I'ame la libertè.

Bright CHLOE, ev'ry Shepherd's Care,
And FLAVIA, fairest of the Fair,
Are now no longer free;
Coy DELIA felt unusual pain,
All grieve to hear the Shepherd's Strain,
Was, I'ame la libertè.

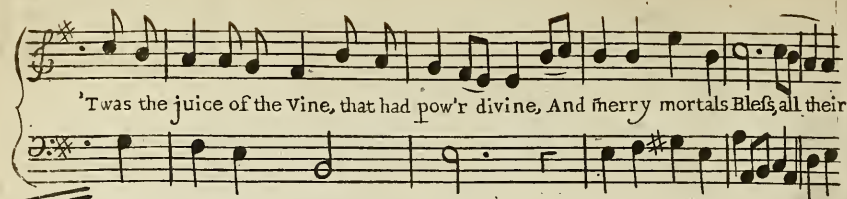
The Youth, by inclination sway'd,
A softer tune had often play'd,
To ev'ry charming She;
None fear delusion from his tongue,
For all he said, and all he sung,
Was, I'ame la libertè.

The treacherous Boy thus play'd his part,
 In triumph o'er each Female Heart;
 O! who so blest as he,
 Who had each Nymph a Mother made,
 While all he Sung, and all he said,
 Was, *Tame la liberta.*

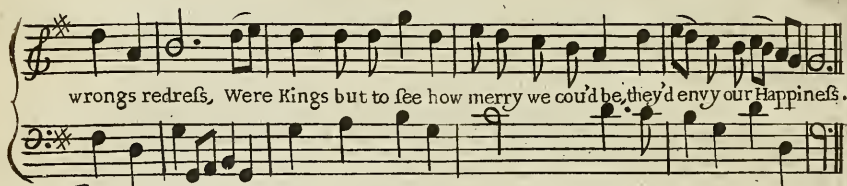
FLUTE.

A DRINKING SONG.

Ev'RY Man his Scepter take, Let the Hoghead found, and the Glaffes
 ring, Let the envious Miser quake, each merry mortal is a King. Let the
 King do what he can, he's still no more than man, For since the World began.



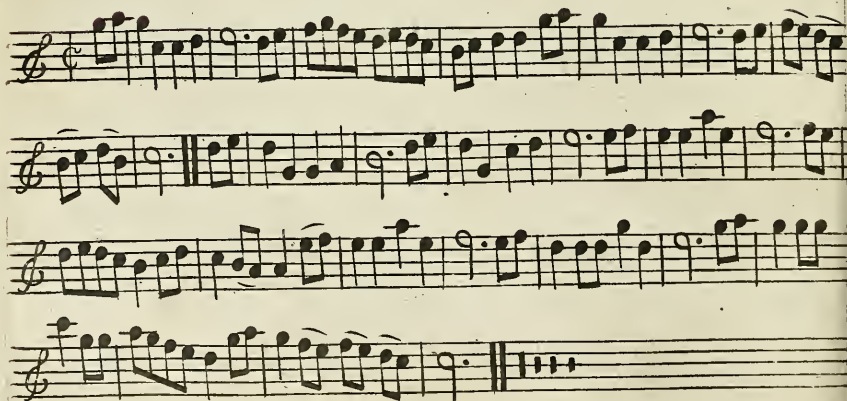
'Twas the juice of the Vine, that had pow'r divine, And merry mortals Bless, all their



wrongs redress, Were Kings but to see how merry we could be, they'd envy our Happiness.

Let the Glass keep moving round,
 We'll paint the night with red and white,
 Our selves with wreaths be Crown'd,
 To Celebrate the morning light;
 When the Sun begins his Race,
 With his drunken fiery face,
 And westward steers his pace,
 He'll cheerfully smile,
 On his favourite Isle,
 And gaze with vast delight,
 To see us shine so bright,
 Then away goes he, and drinks up the Sea,
 To pass away the gloomy Night.

FLUTE.



No more shall Meads bedeck'd with flowers nor Sweetnefs live in
 Rofey Bow'rs nor greeneft Buds on Branches fpring nor
 warbling Birds delight to Sing nor Aprill Violets paint the
 Grove When e're I leave my CELIA'S love

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'reflow
 Black Lethe shall Oblivion leave
 Before my CELIA I decieve

Love shall his Bow and shafts lay by
 And VENUS Doves Want Wings to fly
 The Sun refuse to shew his light
 And Day shall be turn'd to Night
 And in that Night no Star appear
 When e re I leave my CELIA dear



The Soldier's Welcome Home

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

Should auld Acquaintance be forgot Tho they're turn with Scars
 Those are the noble Hero's Lot Ob-tain'd in glorious Wars
 Welcome my VARO to my Breast Thy Arms about me twine And
 make me once again. as blest As I was Lang fyne

Methinks around us on each Bough
 A Thousand CUPID'S play
 Whilft thro the Groves I Walk with you
 Each Obiect makes me gay
 Since your Return the Sun and Moon
 With Brighter Glory shine
 Streams murmur soft Notes while they run
 As they did lang fyne

Despise the Court and Din of state
 Let that to their share fall
 Who can esteem such Slav'ry great
 While bounded like a Ball
 But sunk in Love upon my Arms
 Let your brave Head recline
 We'll please our selves with mutual Charms
 As we did lang fyne

O'er Moor and Dale with your gay Friend
 You may pursue the Chase
 And after a Blyth Bottle end
 All Care in my Embrace
 And in a Vacant rainy Day
 You shall be wholly mine
 We'll make the Hours run smooth away
 And laugh at lang fyne

The Hero pleas'd with the sweet Air
 And Signs of Generous Love
 Which had been utter'd by the Fair.
 Bow'd to the Powers above
 Next Day with glad Consent and Hast
 They knelt before the Shrine
 Where the good Priest the Couple blest
 And put them out of Pine



Talk not so much to me of Love Your vain Pur

sult give o'er Your misplac'd Ardour can not move a

Heart engag'd be fore A Heart engag'd be fore

No more of Cruelty complain
Nor CLOE'S Breast accuse
For want of Pity to a Swain
When Honour bids Refuse

Let some more worthy Virgin Dame
Whose Charms all lovely are
Be Mistress of your gen'rous Flame
She may reward your care

Or some brisk sprightly Widow may
With Affluence supply'd
Your Suit with grateful Sense repay
Which CLOE has deny'd

If neither can your Thoughts employ
But still on me you gaze
CLOE'S Advice receive with Joy
And fly from CUPID'S Maze

Hast to some peaceful Dome retire
Such as you oft approve
Examine well your fond Desire
And discipline your Love

And if my wand ring Steps incline
To your sad lonely Cell
My Soul and every Thought shall Join
To wish poor STREPHON well

Vol III

Set by D.^r Pepusch in *Perseus & Andromeda* 105.

Musical notation for the first system, consisting of a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat.

When se-ve-rest woes Im-pend-ing seem to shew, def-

truction near Unexpect'd Joy attend-ing sooth the soul and

banish fear Tho to Fortunes frowns. sub-ject-ed

and attack'd by Anxious care servile spirits are de-jected

noble Minds shou'd ne'er depair

A Favourite Air by M^r Handel

Lamenting complaining of CELIAS disdaining no Comfort ob-

taining I Languish and dye lamenting complaining of CELIAS disdaining I

Languish I languish and dye lamenting complaining of

CELIAS dis-daining no comfort obtaining I languish and dye

no Comfort obtaining I Languish and dye

Yet cannot give over my grief to dif-

-cover sure never was lover fo wretched as I sure

never was lover fo wretched as I Da Capo

A Song by W. Richardson

Thou rising sun whose gladsome ray invites my fair to

ru - ral play Dispel the mist and clear the skies and

bring my orra to my Eyes

O where I fure my dear to View
 Id climb y pine trees topmoft Bough
 Aloft in Air that quivering play's
 And round and round for ever gaze

My orra Moor where art thou laid
 What wood conceals my sleeping Maid
 Fast by the roots enrag'd I'll tear
 The trees that hide my promi'd fair

O I could ride the clouds and skies
 Or on the Ravens pinnions rise
 Ye storks ye swans a moment stay
 And waft a lover on his way

My blifs to long my Bride denies
 Apace the Wasting summer flies
 Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear
 Not storms or night shall keep me here

What may for strength thw steel compare
 Oh love has Fetters stronger farr
 By bolts of steel are limbs confind
 But cruel love enchains the mind

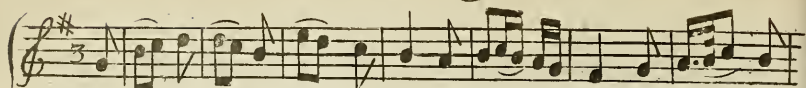
No longer then perplex thy breast
 When thoughts torment y first are best
 Tis mad to go tis Death to stay
 Away to orra haste away

Flute

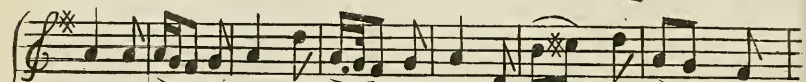
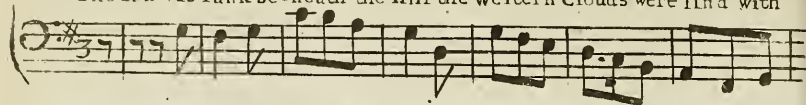
The Mournfull SHEPHERD

When Morn appears to sprightly Chace the Neighbouring fwains
 with Ioy repair I too fet forth but in my face no figns of fweet.con-
 tent appear Penfive I ride ore Hill thro' grove and Mourn alafs
 iny hopeles love Da Capo

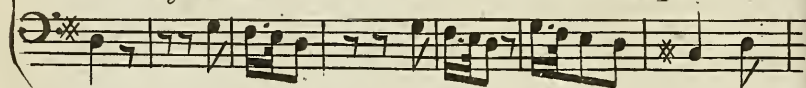
Nor Mindfull once of Horn or Hound
 Or of the Chearfull Huntsmans Cry
 Or of the fweet repeated found
 Of Wanton Echhos kind reply
 Nor all the Various ways they Move
 But Mourn alafs my hopeles Love

Set by Dr^o Green

The fun was funk be-neath the Hill the Western Clouds were lind with



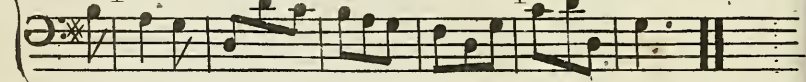
Gold the Sky was clear the winds were still the Flocks were pent with



in their Fold when from the filence of the Grove poor DAMON. thus



despair'd of Love Poor DAMON thus despair'd of Love



Who seeks to pluck the Fragrant Rose
 From the bare Rock or oozy Beach
 Who from each barren Weed that grows
 Expects the Grape and blushing Peach
 With equal Faith may hope to find
 The Truth of Love in Womankind. The truth &c.

I have no Flocks nor fleecy Care
 No Fields that shine with golden Grain
 Nor Meadows green nor Gardens fair
 Of Virgins venal Hearts to gain
 Then all in vain my Sighs must prove
 For I alas am nought but Lové

How wretched is the faithful Youth
 Since Womens Hearts are bought and sold
 They ask not Vows of Sacred Truth
 Whene'er they fight they fight for Gold
 Gold can the Frowns of Scorn remove
 But I alas am nought but Love
 But I &c.

To buy the Gems of INDIA'S Coast
 What Wealth what Riches can suffice
 But all their Fire can never boast
 The living Lustre of her Eyes
 For there the World too Cheap would prove
 But I alas am nought but Love
 But I &c.

Oh SYLVIA since nor Gems nor Oar
 Can with thy brighter Charms compare
 Consider that I proffer more
 More seldom found a Heart sincere
 Let Treasure meaner Beauties move
 Who pays thy Worth must pay with Love
 Who pays &c.

Flute



The Beauteous CLOE set by MR HANDEL

CLOE you're Witty CLOE you're Pretty Lovely Charmer of the

Plain Ever admiring ever desiring is your Faithfull Loveing

Swain No longer teaze me Dearest ease me be now consenting

no more tormenting let me dear CLOE your Favour gain

Flute

Through the Wood Liddie

113

As early I walkd on the first day of May befor a clear Fountain be -

neath a steep mountain I heard a sweet Flute soft melo-dy play whilst

eccho resounded the dole-rous lay I list'ned . and look'd and spy'd

a young swain with aspects distressed and spirits opprested seem'd

clear and as fresh as the Sky after rain and thus he discover' how he

strove with his pain

The CLORIS be coy why should I Repine,
 That a Nymph much above me,
 Vouchsafes not to love me,

I ne'er in her rank of merit can shine,
 Then why should I seek to debase her to mine,
 No henceforth esteem shall bridle desire,
 Nor in due subjection,
 Retain warm affection,
 No spark of self love shall blaze in my fire
 Then where is the swain can more humbly admire,

While passion shall cease to rage in my Breast,
 And quiet returning,
 Shall hush all my mourning,
 Then Lord of my self in Absolute rest,
 I'll hug the condition that Heaven thinks best,
 Thus Friendship unmixt and wholly refine,
 May yet be respected,

Tho love is rejected,
 And CLORIS must own tho she still proves unkind,
 There's not such a Friend as a lover resign'd.

May the fortunate Swain that hereafter shall sue,
 With prosp'rous endeavour,
 To gain her dear favour,

Know as well as I what to CLORIS is due,
 Be still more deserving and never less true,
 While I disengaged from wishes and fears,
 Tranquillity tasting,
 On liberty feasting,

In hopes of sure bliss shall pass my few years,
 And long to escape from this Valley of tears,

Ye powers that preside o'er the vertues of Love,
 Now Aid me with patience,
 To bear its vexations

Let noble designs my winged heart move
 With Sentiments purest my notions improve,
 If e'er my young heart be caught in its chain,
 May Prudence direct me,
 And courage protect me,

Prepar'd for all darts rememb'ring the swain,
 Grew happily wife after loving in vain.

Flute

A musical score for a flute, consisting of five staves. The music is written in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. It features a complex melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, often beamed together. There are several slurs and accents throughout the piece. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The Invocation Set by M^r Bononcini

A musical score for a vocal and instrumental setting. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line in treble clef and a bass line in bass clef. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 12/8. The lyrics are: "Ye Pow'rs that o'er Mankind preside And pity humane Woes My steps to some Retirement guide That no Disturbance knows Ye Pow'rs that". The music is written in a style characteristic of the Baroque era, with a focus on rhythmic patterns and melodic ornamentation.

o'er Mankind preſide and pity human Woes my ſteps to ſome Retirement

guide that no Diſturbance knows there let my ſoul

forgether Pain Reſtor'd to bliſſful Peace again Nor e'er re-ſign the calm Re

treat To feel the Sorrows of the Great To feel the Sorrows of the Great D.C.

Flute

D.C.

Love is a Pretty a pretty thing a litle God a

litle King soft and eafy are his Chains All all are

Blef't where Cupid Reigns All all are bleft

Where Cu-pid reigns All all are bleft where.

Cupid Reigns

First system of musical notation, consisting of a treble staff and a bass staff. The time signature is 3/8. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation, consisting of a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation, consisting of a treble staff and a bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Fly fly false Man de- ceiv-er go the cause of all my smart thou

Fourth system of musical notation, consisting of a treble staff and a bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Author of my greif and Wo thou Author of my greif and

Fifth system of musical notation, consisting of a treble staff and a bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

wo thou Author of my greif and Woe hath rob'd me

Sixth system of musical notation, consisting of a treble staff and a bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

of my Heart thou Author of my greif and Wo hath rob'd me rob'd me

79

of my heart

then can ^y see a Virgin Mourn and not one Glance of Pit-ty

Shew but for the truest love return Base scorn to a-gre-vate, my Woe

D C

A Favourite Aire by Mr BONONCINI

Dear PrittyMaid don't fly me so but once more turn this way Don't fly me

so turn once more PrittyMaid turn this way Don't fly me so turn once

more pritty Maid turn thisWay IntenderAmours we'll pass away time th

innocent sport and Joy With Innocent sport and Joy well sweetly love

and our days happily thus employ Remember my dearest Beauty will soon

decay think oh my dear time goes on Beauty will soon decay *D.C.*

Flute

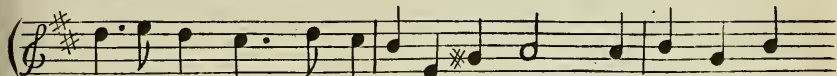
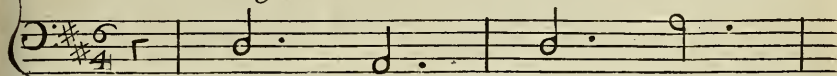
D.C.

A SONG in Praise of Old English ROAST BEEF. 121

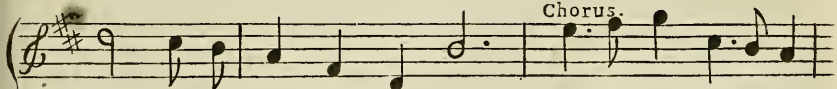
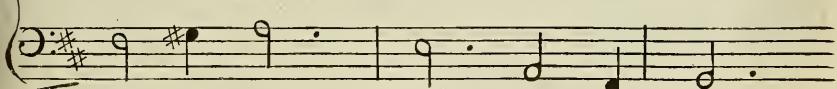
The Words and Musick by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



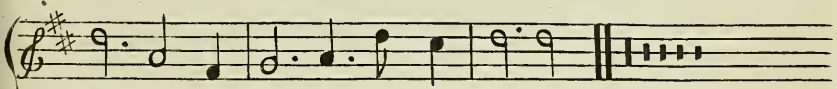
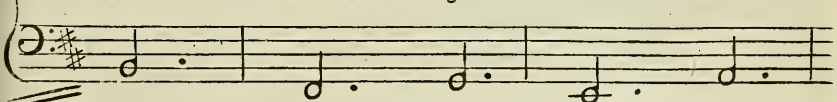
WHEN mighty Roast Beef was the Englishman's Food, It en-



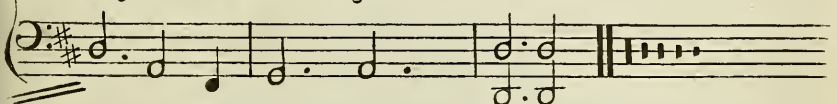
nobl'd our veins, and enriched our Blood; Our Soldiers were



Brave, and our Courtiers were good. Oh the Roast Beef of Old



England, and Old English Roast Beef.



But since we have learn'd from all Conquering France,
To eat their Ragouts, as well as to Dance,
We are fed up with nothing but vain complaisance.
Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

Our Fathers of Old, were Robust, stout and strong,
And kept Open-house with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in this Song.
Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled, to what shall I name,
 A sneaking poor Race, half Begotten — and tame,
 Who sully those Honours that once shone in Fame.
 Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

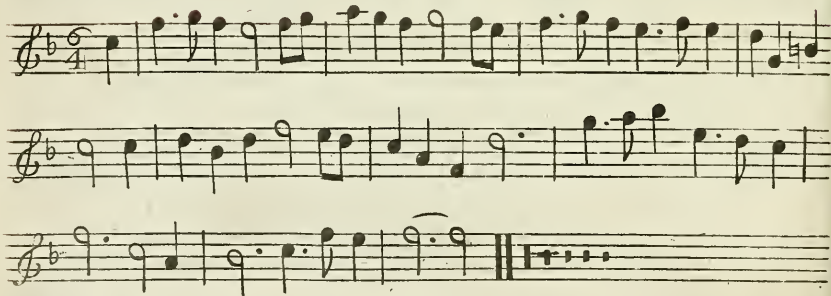
When good Queen ELIZABETH sat on the Throne,
 E'er Coffee, and Tea, and such flip-flops were known,
 The World was in terror if e'er she did frown.
 Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

In those Days, if Fleets did presume on the Main,
 They seldom, or never return'd back again,
 As witness, the vaunting ARMADA of Spain.
 Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

Oh then they had Stomachs to eat and to fight,
 And when wrongs were a Cooking, to do themselves right,
 But now we're a — I could, but good night.

Oh the Roast Beef of Old England,
 Old English Roast Beef.

FLUTE.



THO' Fate decrees that we must part, And I awhile shall
 pine; Yet ne'er suspect my faith and heart, To wander
 for 'tis thine.

Thy worth, thy sweetness, and thy Charms,
 Oh lovely Maid I trace;
 Your absence gives my Soul alarms,
 But Joy to see your Face.

The Swallow, when the Summer's past,
 And equally the Dove,
 In mourning thus, while storms do last,
 Will pine without their Love.

O! quickly, then, dear Maid return,
 The New-Year cheerfull make;
 For thee impatiently I burn,
 Can eat no Twelfth-day Cake.

To draw a Knave, a King, or Queen,
 Court Beauties of renown,
 Will little help to cure my Spleen,
 If you come not to Town.

A DRINKING SONG

FILL the Bowl with streams of Pleasure, Such as GALLIA's Vintage boast;

These are Tides that bring our Treasure, Love and Friendship be the Toast.

Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, fa la la la

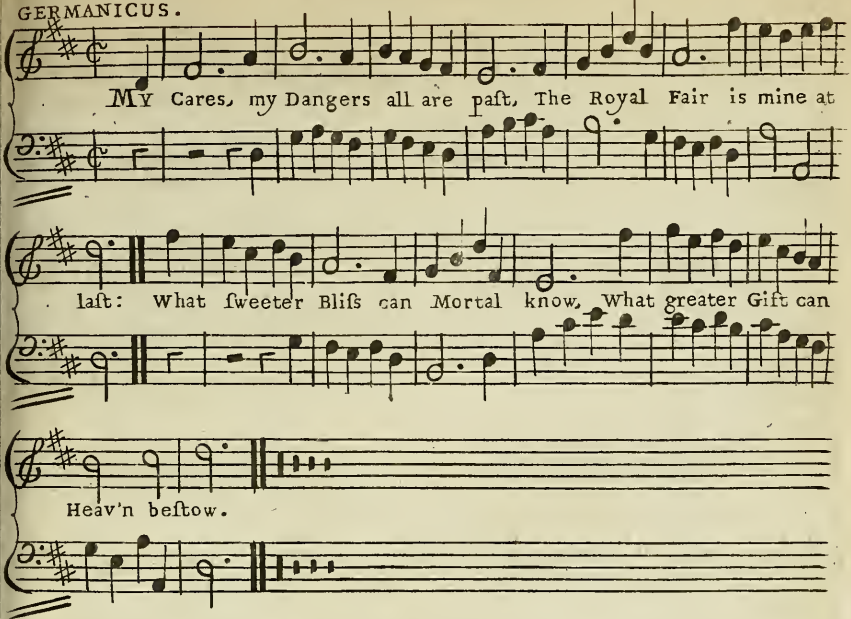
la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la.

First our Mistresses approving,
 With bright Beauty crown the Glass;
 He that is too dull for Loving,
 Must in Friendship be an Ass.
 Fa la la &c.

PYLADES, is with ORESTES,
 Said to have one common Soul,
 But the meaning of the Jest is
 In the bottom of the Bowl.
 Fa la la &c.

Thus, by means of honest drinking,
 Often is the truth found out,
 Which might cause a World of Thinking,
 Spare the pains and drink about.
 Fa la la &c.

GERMANICUS.



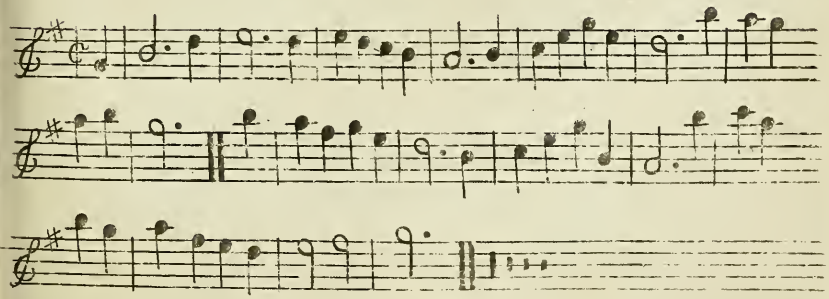
MY Cares, my Dangers all are past, The Royal Fair is mine at
 last: What sweeter Blifs can Mortal know, What greater Gift can
 Heav'n bestow.

BRITANNIA.

O Prince, by Heav'n preserv'd for me,
 No other Joy I seek but thee;
 From day to day, from year to year,
 O May we ever prove more Dear.

Both. From day to day, &c.

FLUTE.



MUIRLAND WILLIE.

HARKEN, and I will tell you how Young Muirland WILLIE came to

woo. Tho' he cou'd neither say nor do; The truth I tell to you. But ay he

cries, whate'er betide, MAGGY I'se ha'e her to be my Bride, With a

fal,de,dal,dal,dal,dal,de,ral,dal,lal,la,ral,lal,la,dal,dal,dal.

On his gray Yad as he did ride,
 With Durk and Pistol by his side,
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle Pride,
 Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.
 Out o'er yon Mofs, out o'er yon Muir,
 Till he came to her Dady's Door.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
 I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,
 I care no for making meikle Din;
 What Answer gi' ye me?
 Now, Woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
 I'll gie ye my Doghter's Love to win.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, Woer, fin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what Town;
I think my Doghter winna gloom

On sick a Lad as ye.

The Woer he step'd up the House,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
With a fal, &c.

I have three Owfen in a Plough,
Twa good ga'en Yads, and Gear enough,
The Place they ca' it CADENEUGH:

I scorn to tell a Lye:

Besides, I had frae the great Laird,
A Peat-pat and a lang Kail-yard.
With a fal, &c.

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the Town;
I wat on him she did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.

The Lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waiste,
With a fal, &c.

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' Gear;
And for my sell ye need na fear,

Troth try me whan ye like.

He took aff his Bonnet and spat in his Chew,
He dighted his Gab, and he pri'd her Mou:
With a fal, &c.

The Maiden blusht and bing'd fu' law,
She had na Will to say him na,
But to her Dady she left it a'

As they twa cou'd agree.

The Lover he ga'e her the tither Kifs,
Synne ran to her Dady, and tell'd him this.
With a fal, &c.

Your Doghter wad na say me na,
But to your sell she has left it a',
As we cou'd gree between us twa;

Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her?

Now, Woer, quo' he, I ha'e na Meikle,
But sick's I ha'e ye's get a Pickle.
With a fal, &c.

A Kilnfu' of Corn I'll gi'e to thee,
 Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky,
 Ye's ha'e the Wadding-dinner free;

Troth I dow do na maiv.
 Content, quo' he, a Bargain be't,
 I'm far frae hame, make hafte let's do't.
 With a fal, &c.

The bridal Day it came to pafs,
 Wi' mony a blythsome Lad and Lafs;
 But sicken a Day there never was,

Sic Mirth was never seen.
 This winsome couple straked Hands,
 Mefs JOHN ty'd up the Marriage Bands.
 With a fal, &c.

And our Bride's Maidens were na few,
 Wi' Tap-knots, Lug-knots, a' in blew,
 Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new,

And blinkit bonnillie.
 Their Toys and Mutches were fae clean,
 They glanced in our Ladfes Een,
 With a fal, &c.

Sick Hirdum, Dirdum, and sic Din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;
 The Minstrels they did never blin,

Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.
 And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
 And ay their Wames together met.
 With a fal, &c.

FLUTE.



How can I well describe the Joy when first I fet my Eyes on

one who only could employ my Thoughts in great surprize

Charming Face Love exciteing comely Grace all delighting who

can look on one so fair And not the force of Love declare

2

But when I labour'd to Address
The Tenour of my Suit.
Fear did my fault'ring speech opprefs
And I continu'd mute

But, my Smart
More abounded
Cupids Dart
Has me wounded

And I longer can't conceal
The Anguish for your sake I feel

3

Yet if you difregard my Pain
I bid this World Adieu
For all my Hopes of Life are vain
If not sustaind by you

With Diffdain
Do not grieve me
See my Pain
And relieve me

Sure you cant severely treat
A Lover dying at your Feet

Pity and Love should in the Fair
 Inseparably joyn
 To extricate from Deep Dispair
 Such Am'rous Hearts as mine
 Sweet Replys
 Kind Behaviour
 Pleasing Eyes
 Gentle Favour
 Are what Lovers must implore
 Or else they can exist no more

flute

HENRY and KATHERINE Set by D. GREEN

In Antient times in Britons Isle, Lord HENRY well was known: No
 Knight in all his Days more fam'd, Nor more deser'v'd renow: His

6 6 6 6 7 5 6 4

thoughts on Honour always ran, He never bow'd to Love, No
 Lady in the Land had Charms, His frozen Heart to move.

Midst all the Nymphs where Katherine went,	But soon her Eyes their lustre lost,
The fairest face She shows;	Her Cheeks grew Pale and wan;
She was as Bright as Morning Sun,	For Pining seiz'd her Beauteous form,
And sweet as any Rose:	And cares were all in Vain:
Although she was of low Degree,	This sickness was to all unknown,
She daily conquest gain'd,	This did the fair one waste,
For scarce a Youth who her beheld,	Her time in Sighs and floods of tears,
Escapt her Pow'rfull chain.	Or broken slumbers past.

4

Once in a Dream she call'd aloud,
 O HENRY I'm undone;
 O cruel Fate O helpless Maid,
 My Love can ne'er be known:
 But tis the Fate of Woman kind,
 The truth we must conceal,
 I'll die ten thousand thousand deaths,
 Ere I my Love reveal.

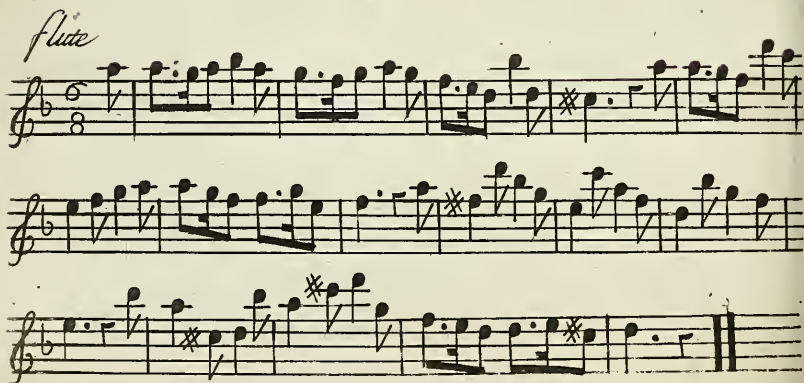
5

A tender Friend who watch'd the Fair,
 To HENRY hy'd away:
 My Lord the crye we've found the Cause,
 Of KATHERINES quick decay:
 She in a dream the secret told,
 Till now no Mortal knew:
 Alas She now expiring lies,
 And dies for Love of you,

The gen'rous HENRY'S Soul was Struck
 His Heart began to flame
 O poor unhappy Maid he cry'd
 Yet I am not to blame
 O KATHERINE too too modest Nymph
 Thy Love I never knew
 I'll ease thy pain as swift as wind
 To her Bed side he flew

Awake he cry'd thou lovely Maid
 Awake awake my dear
 If I had only guest thy Love
 Thou ne'er hadst shed a tear
 Tis HENRY calls despair no more
 Renew thy wonted charms
 I'm come to call thee back from Death
 And take thee to my Arms

That word reviv'd the lifeless Maid
 She rais'd her Drooping head
 And Smiling on her long lov'd youth
 She started from the Bed
 Her Arms about his Neck she flung
 In Extasie she cry'd
 Will you be kind will you indeed
 Oh Love and so she Dy'd



Come to my Arms my Treasure thou spring of all our Joy thou spring

of all our Joy without thy Aid without thy Aid without thy Aid. all plea-

-sure wou'd languish fade and Die Come come to my Arms Come to my

Arms my Treasure thou spring of all our Joy Come to my Arms

Come to my Arms come to my Arms my Treasure without thy Aid all

pleasure wou'd languish fade and Die wou'd languish fade and Die

when Arm'd with thy assistance in vain is all resistance what

Fair one can deny what Fa

ir one can Deny when Arm'd with thy assistance what Fair one

can deny Then Charge a round the Glasses and thus we'll drink

and Chaunt then thus we'll drink and Chaunt may all the dear

may all the dear may all the dear kind lasses have all they with

and want fill fill fill a-round fill fill a-round the

Glasses And thus we'll drink and Chaunt fill fill a

round fill fill Around fill fill a-round the Glasses

may all the dear kind lass- -ses have

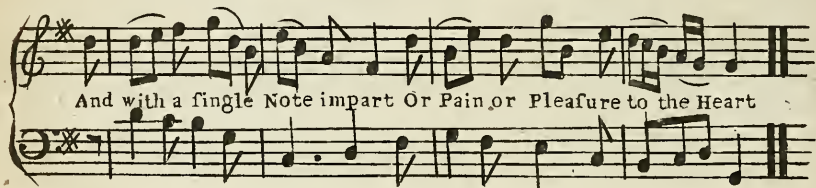
all they wish and want have all they wish and

want

To a Young LADY Weeping by a Gentleman of OXFORD



Behold the skilful Ar-tists Hand Controul our Passions at Command



And with a single Note impart Or Pain, or Pleasure to the Heart

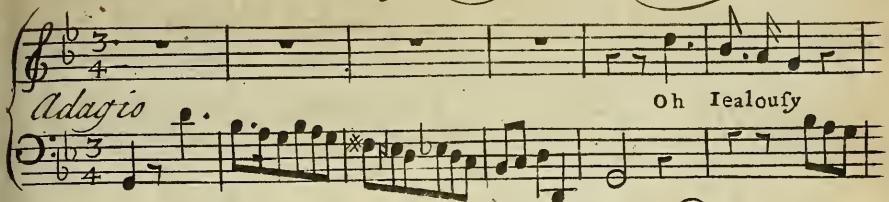
Or what e'en Contradictiton seems
 Blend and unite these two Extreems
 And by a sadly pleasing Strain
 Give us at once both Joy and Pain

Thus while with Tears o'erflow thine Eyes
 While that dear Bosom heaves with sighs
 Between two diff'rent Passions tost
 I know not which controuls me most

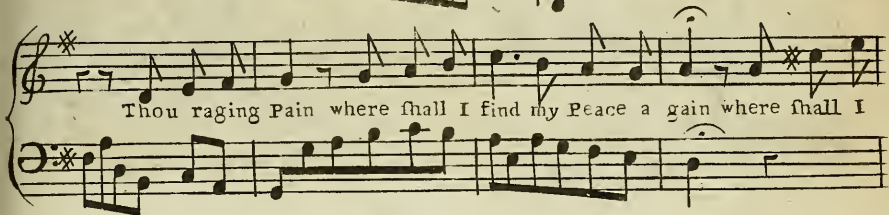
Who sees That Face in Grief appear
 Nor drops a Sympathetick Tear
 Yet still our Ioy's just Ballance keep
 Bless'd in Thy Prefence who can weep

Set to Musick by M^r Carey 137

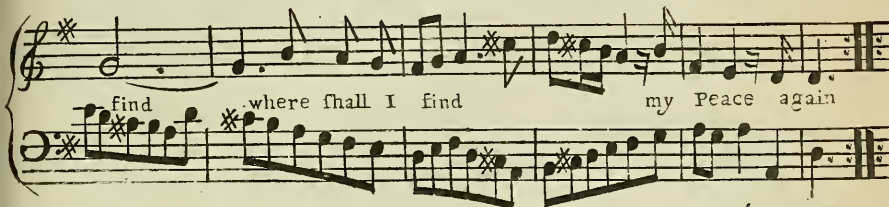
Adagio Oh Jealousy



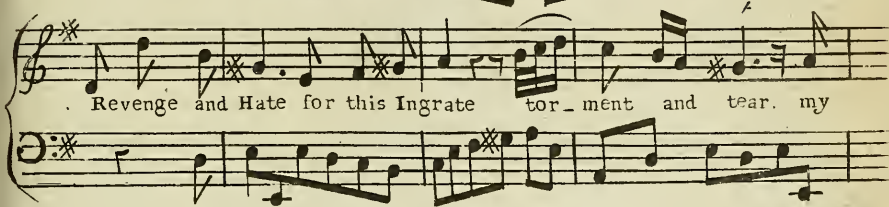
Thou raging Pain where shall I find my Peace a gain where shall I




find where shall I find my Peace again



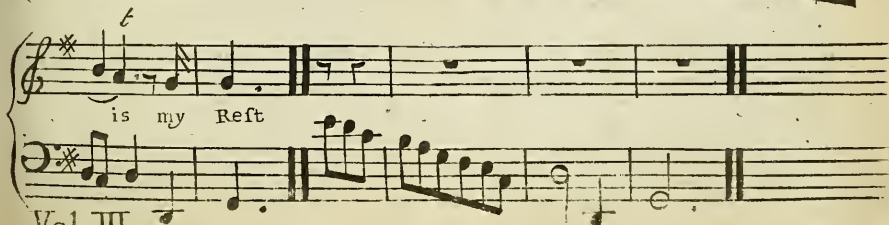
Revenge and Hate for this Ingrate tor-ment and tear, my



Breat my wounding Woes refuse Repose gone gone for E - - - ver



is my Rest



flute

The Faithfull LOVERS Farewell . Set by M^r. LAMPE

Alas it is by fate or daind that I must leave your Charms And

what you wish'd you've now obtain'd you'll have no more Alarms of

Am rous sighs of humble Bows which you oft thoug to bold I

Vol III

go where Ice like Mountains grows And Summer's self is cold

Yet as your cold Diddain exceeds
 The hardest Winters Frost
 If my Heart freezes then or Bleeds
 No matter where I'm lost
 You mind not my despairing Cries
 And care not for my Rest
 The Fire you carry in your Eyes
 Does warm Another's Breast.

But no I will no more Complain
 Of what your Scorn has Done
 since Absence cannot cure my Pain
 Therefore when I am gone
 Pray think that none will be so true
 Or really loves you more
 And take this for my last Adieu
 I part but still adore

flute

Set by Mr. Ino. Hams

Why CLOE will you Au thor be of such un-

equal harm to blow my Heart in to a flame when yours

I cannot warm Give equal Pitty e-qual Love to

Iustice more in cline your own de-fires more ard-ent

make or quite Extinguish or quite Ex-tinguish mine Ex-

- - tinguish mine

The Complaint Set by D. Fox

141

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

You little Pleasing Gods of Love that dwells with in this shady Grove

Why did you bind my Faithfull Heart to one ^ty cares not for my Smart

When Left to her I did Complain
She only did My Love Disdain
For getting all the Vows she made
When My poor Heart was first Betray'd

The stars above my Witness was
When she did Make those Solemn Vows
That None but me her Love shou'd share
And now she's left me to despair

Since she's forsworn and perjur'd grown
And doth my Constant heart Disown
Away to some Desert I'll Fly
And there will Languish till I die

flute

Two staves of music for a flute. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The music consists of a single melodic line.

A SONG the Words and Musick by M^r CAREY

Would you live a stale Virgin for ever sure you're out of your

defenses or these are pretences can you part with a person so

Clever in troth you are highly to blame and you M^r

Lover to trifle I thought that a foldier was Wifer and

Bolder a Warriour should plunder and rifle a

Captain oh eye for shame Da Capo

Vol III

Flute

A Hymn to Venus

Blest as th'immortal Gods is he The Youth who

Fondly fits by thee who hears and Sees thee

all the while Softly Speak and Sweetly Smile .

Twas this deprived my Soul of rest and rais'd such tumults
 in my breast That when I gaz'd with Transports toft my
 breath was gone my voice was loft.

My bosom glow'd the subtle flame
 Run quickly thro' my Vital frame
 O're my dim Eyes a darknefs hung
 My Ears with hollow murmurs rung
 In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd
 My Blood with gentle horrors thrill'd
 My feeble pulse forgot to play
 I faint'd sunk and dy'd away.

Flute

HARK! away, 'tis the merry ton'd Horn, Calls the Hunters all up with the Morn:

To the Hills and the Woodlands we steer, To unharbour the out lying Deer.

Minuet

Chorus of
Huntmen

And all the Day long, this, this is our Song, Still hallowing and

following, to frolic and free: Our Joys know no bounds while we after y

Hounds, no mortals on earth are so jolly as we.

<p>Round y Woods when we beat, how we glow, While the Hills they all echo Hillo! With a bounce from his Cover when he flies, Then our shouts they resound to the Skies (Chorus) And all the day long &c.</p>	<p>When we sweep o'er the Valleys, or climb, Up the Heath breathing mountain sublime, What a joy from our labours we feel, Which alone they who taste can reveal (Chorus) And all the day long &c.</p>
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