



Wrighton Dundee 1853
The x *Glen 1716*

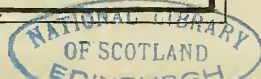
British Musical Miscellany ;
or, the
Delightful Grove:

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

VOL. V.

*Engraven in a fair Character. and
Carefully Corrected.*

*London. Printed for & Sold by I. Walsh, Musick Prin-
ter & Instrument maker to his Majesty, at the Harp & Hoboy
in Catherine Street in the Strand. N^o 579
Where may be had, a Compleat Set of all M^r Handel's
Operas.*



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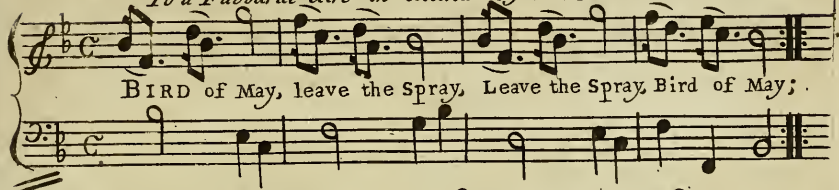
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The Words by the Author of
The Adieu to the Spring Gardens at VAUX HALL.
To a Favourite Air in Alcina by M.^r Handel.



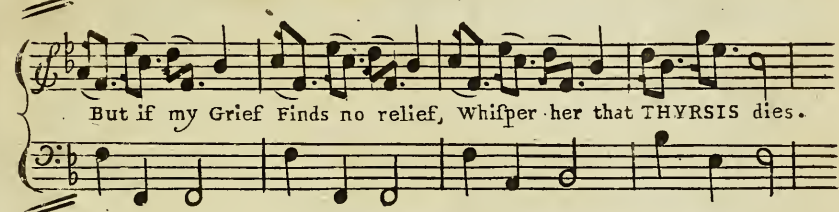
BIRD of May, leave the Spray, Leave the Spray, Bird of May;



Fly to yon Grove, And wake my Love, O there the Dove slumbring



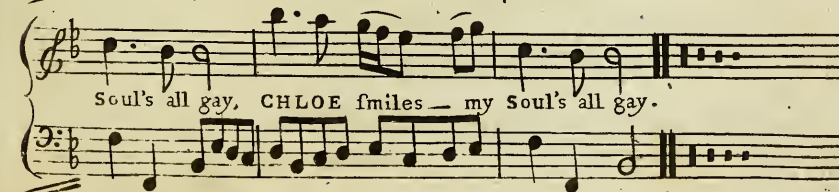
lies, Warble an Air, Till the Fair Speaks a Passion with her Eyes.



But if my Grief Finds no relief, Whisper her that THYRSIS dies.

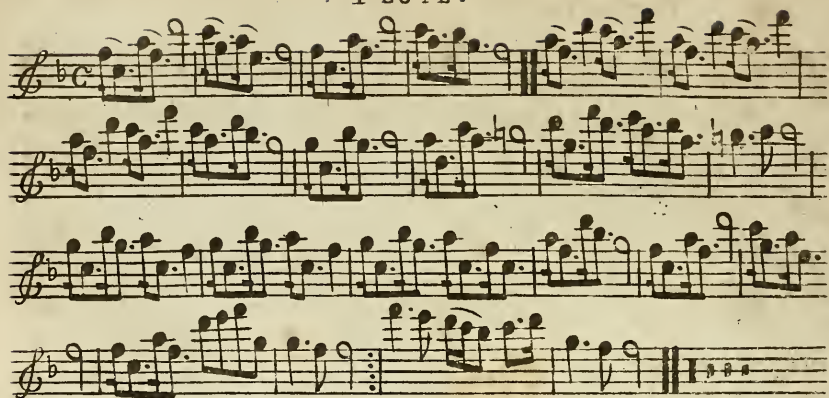


Bird of May, keep the Spray, Keep the Spray, Bird of May, CHLOE smiles, my



Soul's all gay, CHLOE smiles — my Soul's all gay.

FLUTE.



Charming MONIMIA. (By the same Hand)

Made to the Celebrated Air in the Overture of ARIADNE.

already inserted in this Collection Vol. 2d. Page 121.

On MONIMIA'S snowy Breast.
 Soft reclin'd. O let me rest!
 There, in Dreams, tho' now so coy,
 All her Beauties I'll enjoy.
 In sweet Pleasure
 Know no measure.
 My bright Treasure,
 Possessing whole;
 The dear Thought transports my Soul.
 The dear Thought transports my Soul.
 On MONIMIA'S snowy Breast &c.
 Da Capo

The City Ladies, and Country Lass. The Words by MR. LOCKMAN.

To the Tune of the WHITE JOAK.

THRICE happy LIZZY, blooming Maid, By no false Arts of Life be-
tray'd, Blest Tenant of the Rural Scene; Whose Joys unmix'd with
pining Care, Which prey upon the Modish Fair; When Ev'ning
comes with artless Smile, Does all her pleasing Toils beguile, With
tripping o'er th'enamell'd Green.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line and a basso continuo line. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the basso continuo is written on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are placed between the staves, with some words appearing below the basso continuo line. The score consists of six systems of music, each with a melodic line and a basso continuo line. The lyrics are: "THRICE happy LIZZY, blooming Maid, By no false Arts of Life be-tray'd, Blest Tenant of the Rural Scene; Whose Joys unmix'd with pining Care, Which prey upon the Modish Fair; When Ev'ning comes with artless Smile, Does all her pleasing Toils beguile, With tripping o'er th'enamell'd Green."

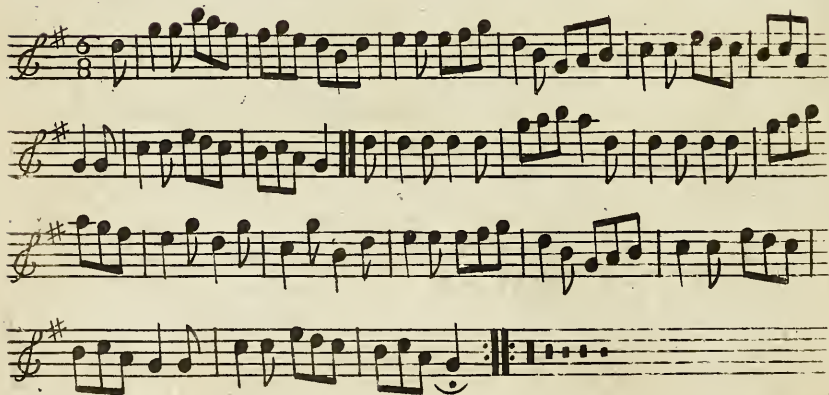
CLARINDA, Fair, in Jewels drest,
The Pride of Theatres confest,
Still shines with irresistible mein;
Tho' Musick, Action, Words conspire,
To wake her Soul to soft desire;
Delight like this, will quickly cloy,
And LIZZY tastes more perfect Joy,
In tripping o'er th'enamell'd Green.

When LINDAMIRA, in the Dance,
 To sprightly Airs does swift advance,
 And graceful moves like Beauty's Queen:
 Tho' crouds of Beaux admiring gaze,
 Nor sick'ning Prudes refuse her Praise,
 The flatter'd Belle's not half so blest,
 And LIZZY's of more Joys possest,
 In tripping o'er th' enamel'd Green.

When COQUETILLA Cards invite,
 To while away the Social Night,
 And banish far corroding Spleen;
 Tho' Chance, indulgent to her will,
 Conveys each circling Deal, Spadille:
 The sweets of gain are less refin'd,
 And softer Transports sooth the Mind,
 Of LIZZY when she trips the Green.

Hail blissful Life which LIZZY leads!
 Midst bub'ling Springs, and painted Meads,
 Just Emblem of the golden mean;
 A Life, with fairest Virtue grac'd,
 Whose ebbing Moments sweetly waste:
 Made doubly joyous, chearful, gay,
 When LIZZY crowns th' indulgent Day,
 With tripping o'er th' enamel'd Green.

FLUTE.



A SONG in the ORATORIO of ESTHER Set by Mr. HANDEL.

Sym. 6 3 6 5 6 6 6 4 3 6

4 3 4 3 6 6 4 3 6

5b 5b 5b 6 6

6 6 6 6 4 3 0 Beauteous Queen, un-

close those Eyes, my fairest shall not bleed, no, my fairest

shall not bleed: O Beauteous Queen unclosethose Eyes, no, my

fairest shall not bleed, Hear Love's soft voice .

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that bids thee rise, and bids thy suit succeed, hear Love's soft

voice that bids thy suit succeed, O Beau- teous

Queen unclofe those Eyes, unclofe those Eyes, my fair- est shall not bleed,

my fairest, my fairest, my fairest shall not bleed,

shall not bleed, Hear Love's soft voice,

hear Love's soft voice that bids thee rise, and bids thy suit succeed, hear Love's soft

voice that bids thee rise, and bids thy fruit succeed. Sym.

Ask, and tis granted from this

hour, who shares our heart shall share our Pow'r, ask, and tis granted

from this hour, who shares our heart, shall share our Pow'r.

who shares our heart, shall share our Pow'r. Da Capo

SYLVIA to ALEXIS.

Set by Mr LAMPE.

ALEXIS, how artless a Lover. How bashful and fil-ly you
grow; In my Eyes can you never discover. I mean yes, when I often say
no, say no, I mean yes, when I often say no.

When you pine and you whine out your Passion,
And only entreat for a Kiss;
To be coy and deny is the fashion,
ALEXIS should ravish the Bliss.

In Love, as in War, its but reason.
To make some defence for the Town;
To surrender without it were Treason,
Before that the outworks were won.

If I frown, its my blushes to cover,
Its for Honour, and Modesty's sake;
He is but a pitifull Lover,
Who is foild by a single attack.

But when we by force are o'er power'd,
The best, and the bravest must yeild;
I am not to be won by a Coward,
Who hardly dares enter the Field.

While I fair DELIA view thy Face and ev'ry Charm Ad -

- mire Thy Eyes a thousand Raptures raise and Burn

me with De - - fire

Transported thus thou lovely Maid
 With Pleasure I gaze on
 Till by my Heedless looks betray'd
 I'm unawares undone

Thus the poor wretch whose luckless fight
 The fatal Serpent spies
 Looks on and gazes with Delight
 But as he Gazes Dies

Flute

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How sweetly smells the summer green sweet tastes the Peach and
 Cherry Painting and order please our Eyn and Clarret makes us
 Mer - ry but finest colours fruits and flow'rs or Wine tho I be thirsty
 loose all their charms and weaker pow'rs compar'd with those of Chrifty

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry Park
 No nat'ral beauty wanting
 How pleasant 'tis to hear the Lark
 And Birds in Confort Chanting
 But if my CHRISTY tunes her Voice
 I'm wrapt in Admiration
 My Thoughts with extasies rejoyce
 And drap the whole Creation

When e'er She gives a kindly glance
I blefs the happy Omen
And often think for to advance
Hoping ſhe'l prove a woman
But dubious of my own deſert
My Sentiments I ſmother
With ſecret fighs I vex my Heart
For fear ſhe loves another

Thus fung poor Edie by a burn
And CHRISTY did o'erhear him
She wou'd not let her lover mourn
But e'er he wiſt drew near him
She ſpoke her Favours with alook
Which left no room to doubt her
He wiſely the nice Minute took
And flung his arms about her

My CHRISTY witneſs gentle Stream
Such Joys from tears ariſing
I wiſh this may not be a Dream
O love thou moſt ſurpriſing
Time was too precious now for talk
This point of all his wiſhes
He wou'd not with Set ſpeeches balk
But ſpent it all on kiſſes

Flute



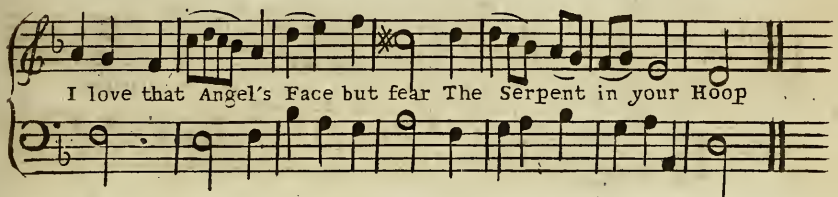
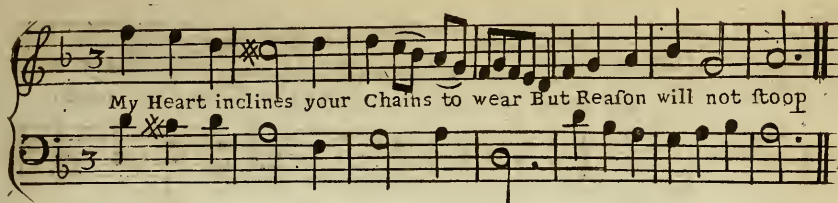
When we drink my Charming PHILLIS lovetakes Courage
 from our Wine - Cold and chill is Love till BACCHUS
 Love till BACCHUS warm does make us and kind
 CERES feeds the Vine

Tho I could for ever sip it
 With that pouting lip of Wine
 Yet to dip it
 In good Claret
 Who can bear it
 Who can bear it
 Taste and Colour so Divine

Foolish man for ever thinking
 Temperance will Love improve
 Give me drinking
 Drinking freely
 Charming PHILLIS
 Charming PHILLIS
 Only he that drinks can Love

flute

The SNAKE in the GRASS To a LADY of Pleasure

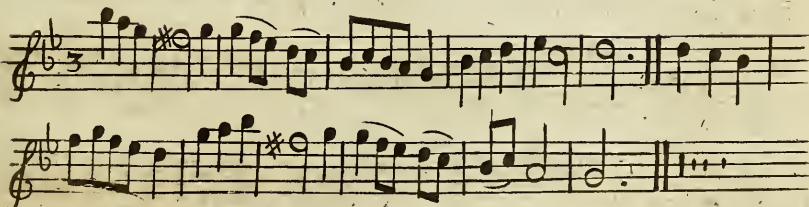


Your Eyes discharge the Darts of Love
 But oh what Pains succeed
 When Darts shall Pins and Needles prove
 And Love a Fire indeed

The Fly about the Candle gay
 Dances with thoughtless Hum
 But short alas his giddy Play
 His Pleasure proves his Doom

The Child in such Simplicity
 About the Bee hive clings
 And with one Drop of Honey he
 Receives a Hundred Stings

flute



John Hay's bonny Lassie

By smooth winding TAY a Swain was reclining Ait

cry'd he oh hey Maun I still live pining My fell thus a -

- way and darna discover To my bonny HAY that I am her Lover Nae

mair it will hide the flame waxes stranger If shes not my Bride

my Days are nae langer Then I'll take a Heart and try at a

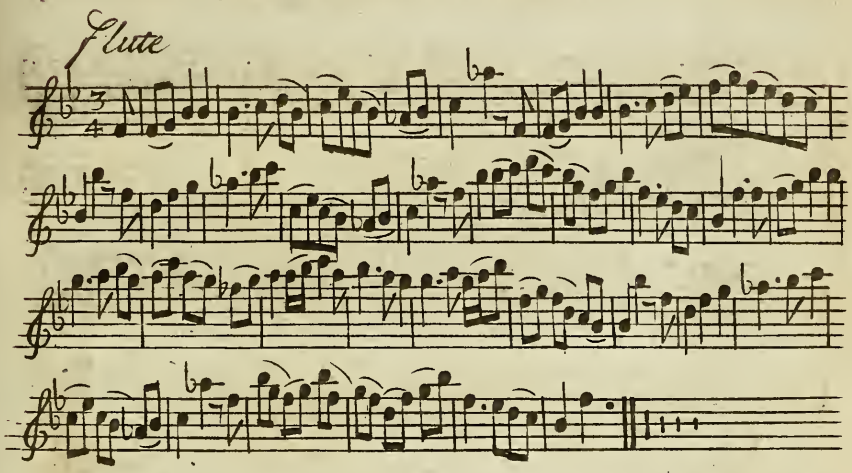
venture May be ere we part my Vows may content her

Shes fresh as the Spring and sweet as AURORA
When Birds mount and sing bidding Day agood Morrow
The Sward of the Mead enamell'd with Daifies
Looks witherd and Dead when twind of her Graces

But if she appear where Verdures invite her
The Fountains run clear and Flow'rs smell the sweeter
Tis Heav'n to be by when her Wit is a flowing.
Her Smiles And bright Eyes fet my Spirits a glowing

The mair that I gaze the deeper I'm Wounded .
Struck dumb with Amaze my Mind is confounded
I'm all in a Fire dear Maid to carefs ye
For am y Desire is HAY'S bonny Laffie

Flute

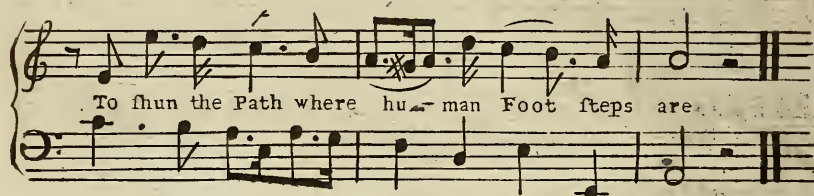
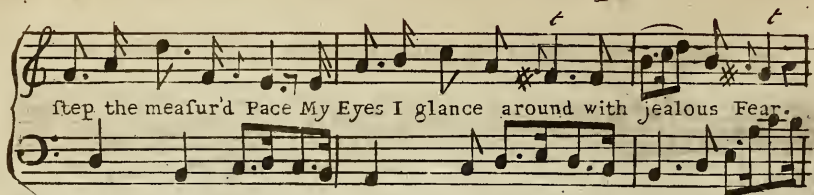


Set by Mr. Lampe

LOVE is not to be Conceal'd



Pensive alone the Defart Plains I trace And flow and Ling ring

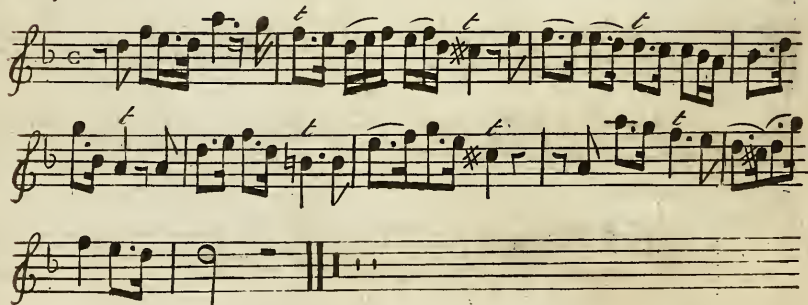


In vain I strive in Coverts to conceal
 And hide from Man the Anguish that I Feel
 Because my Lifeless Form and careless Mein
 Betray the Flames which smother'd burn within

Ye Rocks ye Hills ye streams that weeping flow
 Ye Groves and Valleys Ah too well ye know
 What with my Life I would a secret hold
 In Vain for such a Passion must be told

Long have I try'd but should I always stray
 In Worlds remote through every pathless way
 From all Mankind o'er Hill or Dale or Grove
 I cannot fly from the Pursuit of Love

flute



A Song in the OPERA of ROSAMOND Set by MR ALLCOCK

Was ev-er Passion cross'd

like mine was ev-er Passion cross'd like mine to rend my

Breast and break my rest to rend my Breast and break my rest to rend my

Breast and break my rest a thousand a thousand

I'll combine was ever Passion

Cross'd like mine was ever Passion cross'd like mine

To rend my Breast and break my rest to rend my Breast and break my

Rest a thousand thousand ills come_bine a thousand thousand

Ills Com_bine absant wounds me

Fear Sur_ounds me Guilt Con_founds me was ev_er

Passion cro'd like mine . Absance wounds me

Fear Surrounds me Guilt Confound me Guilt Confound
 me was ever Passion Cross'd like mine

The ARTIFICE Sung by M^{rs} READING.

When CLOE we ply, we swear we shall Die, Her Eyes do our
Hearts to enthral: But, tis for Her Self and not for her Self it tis
All Artifice all it is all Artifice, Artifice all .

The maidens are coy they'll pish and they'll fie,
And vow if you're rude they will Call;
But whisper so low that they let us know, it is all,
Artifice all, it is all Artifice, Artifice all.

My Dear the Wives cry, when ever you die,
Oh marry again we ne'er shall,
But in less then a year they make it appear, it is all,
Artifice all it is all Artifice Artifice all.

In matters of State and Party Debate,
For CHURCH and for Justice we Bawl;
But if you attend you'll find in the end, it is all,
Artifice all it is all Artifice Artifice all.

FLUTE

A Song to a Favourite Air by Mr HANDEL.

The Words by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Wine's a Mistress Gay and easy, ever free to give delight, let what

may perplex and teize ye; tis the Bottle, tis the Bottle, tis the Bottle

Sets all Right. Wine's a Mistress Gay and easy, ever free to give de-

light, let what may perplex and teize ye; tis the Bot---tle, tis the

Bottle Sets all Right. Wine's a Mistress Gay and easy, ever

free to give delight, let what may perplex and teize ye tis the

Bot-----He tis the Bottle Sets all Right ths the Bottle

Sets all right who woud leave a lasting treasure to embrace.a

Childish pleasure Soon as tasted takes its flight-----

-----Soon as tasted takes its flight. Da Capo

Pierce the Cask of generous Claret,
 Rouse your Hearts e're 'tis too late;
 Fill the Goblet never spare it,
 That's your Armour, that's your Armours &c.
 Gainst all fate.

This verse must be repeated 3 times with the first part

A Song Set to Musick by MR WILFORD.

WOULD Fate to me BELLIN DA give, with her alone I'd Chuse to

Live. nor with her could I more Require nor a great-er

nor a great-er nor a great-er Blifs de-fire.

My Charming Nymph if you can find,
 Amongst the Race of Human kind,
 A Man that Loves you more than I,
 I'll Refigne you I'll Refigne you I'll Refigne you tho I die.

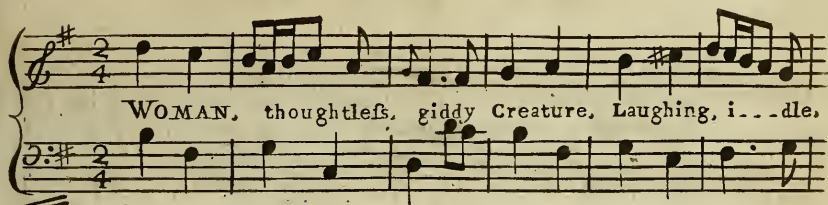
Let my BELLINDA fill my Arms,
 With all her Beautys all her Charms,
 With scorn and pittty I'd look down,
 On the Glories on the Glories on the Glories of a Crown.

FLUTE

WOULD Fate to me BELLIN DA give, with her alone I'd Chuse to

Live. nor with her could I more Require nor a great-er

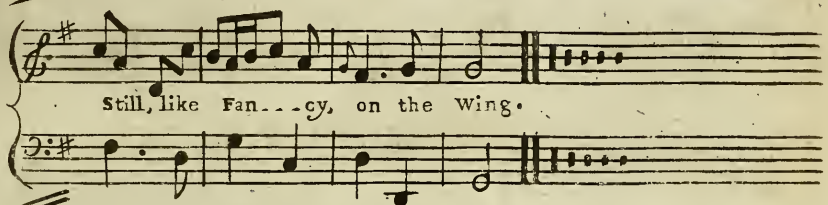
nor a great-er nor a great-er Blifs de-fire.



WOMAN, thoughtless, giddy Creature, Laughing, i---dle,



flutt'ring Thing; Most fantastick work of Na-ture,



Still, like Fan---cy, on the Wing.

Slave to ev'ry changing Passion,
Loving, hating, in extream:
Fond of ev'ry foolish Fashion,
And, at best, a pleasing Dream.

Lovely Trifle! dear Illusion!
Conq'ring Weakness! wish'd for Pain!
Man's chief Glory, and Confusion,
Of all Vanities, most vain!

Thus, deriding Beauty's Pow'r,
BEVILL call'd it all a cheat;
But in less than half an Hour,
Kneel'd, and whin'd at CELIA'S Feet.

FLUTE.



A SONG Set by Mr. HENRY BURGES.

Vivace

LOVE, thou
 dear, but cru...el Tyrant, Love, thou dear, but cru...el
 Tyrant, can nothing move thee to be kind;
 Hear my Sighs, and see my Torment, for on-ly
 thou canst ease my mind, O hear my Sighs, and
 see my Torment, for on-ly thou canst ease my mind, O hear my.

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Sighs, 6 4 and see my Torment, for on-ly thou canst.

ease my mind. 6 Since all are doom'd to

feel thy Darts, at least, suspe-----nd our pains, with tender

pi-ty, with tender pi-ty bless those Hearts, that lan-----

-----guish in thy Chains, that lan-----guish

in thy Chains. Da Capo.

IT is not being Six Foot high, That proves the Warrior good: Cou-

rage does not in Stature lye, But warmness of the Blood.

What signifies with all his Inches, If he's devoid of Spirit, The

pigmy He-ro that not flinches, By far, has greater Me-rit.

FLUTE.

Sym.

An..cient PHILLIS has young Gra...ces,

has young Graces, 'tis a strange thing, but a true one, Sym.

Shall I tell you how, shall I, shall I tell you how, She herself makes.

her own Faces, and each morning wears a new one, where's the wonder

now, where, where's the wonder now. Da Capo

Sym.

Wou'd you

gain the tender Creature, soft-ly, gent-ly, kind ly treat her,

Sym.

suff'ring is the Lover's part, soft-ly, Sym.

gent-ly, Sym. softly, gently, kindly treat her, suff'ring

is the Lover's part, Sym.

Sym.

Would you gain the tender Creature, the tender

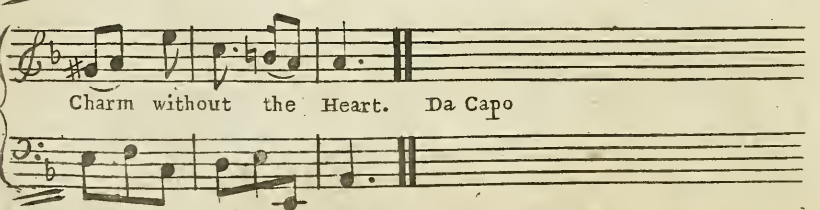
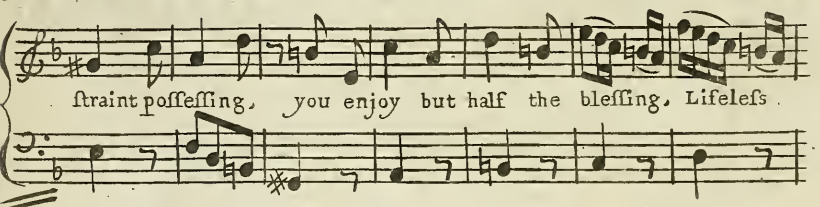
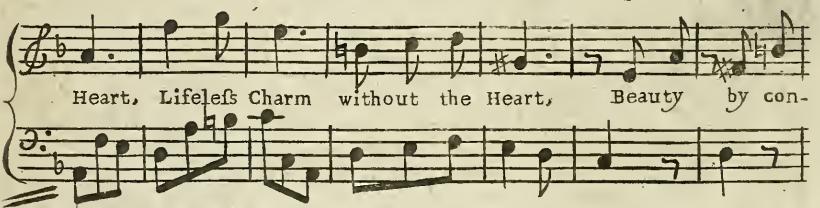
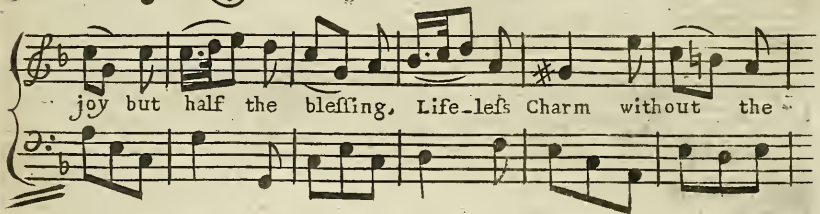
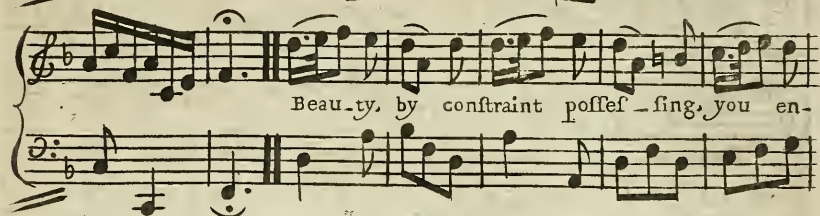
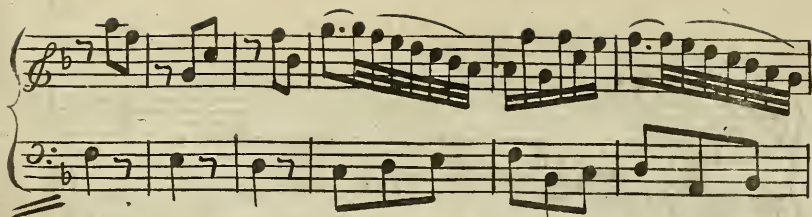
Creature, softly, gently, kindly treat her, soft-ly, Sym.

gent-ly, Sym. softly, gently, kindly treat her, suff'ring

is the Lover's part, Sym. soft-ly, Sym. gent-ly,

Sym. kindly treat her, suff'ring is the Lover's part,

Sym. tr



Andante

HELP me, each harmonious Grove, Gently whisper all ye Trees,

Gently whif- per all ye Trees; Tune each warb'ling Throat to Love, Cool

each Mead with softest Breeze, Cool each Mead with softest Breeze.

Breath sweet Odours ev'ry Flow'r,

All your various Paintings show: All &c.

Pleaving Verdure grace each Bow'r,

Around let ev'ry Blessing flow. Around &c.

Glide ye lympid Brooks along:

PHŒBUS, glance thy mildest Ray; PHŒBUS &c.

Murm'ring Floods, repeat my Song,

And tell what COLIN dare not say. And tell &c.

CELIA comes! whose charming Air,

Fires with Love the rural Swains; Fires &c.

Tell, ah! tell the blooming Fair,

That COLIN dies, if she disdains. That &c.

The SURRENDER.

CLORINDA, since all I can offer's in vain, Your

fullen and obstinate temper to move; Since you smile at my,

Woe, and in-sult o'er my Pain. You shall find I can

throw off the Shackles of Love: Your frowns, or your

favours from hence I despise, There are o. thers as Youthfull, Ma-

jestick and Fair, For instance, MIRANDA has as sparkling

Eyes, And CLOE, as Gracefull, and Gen..teel an Air.

6 6 6 6 6 4 *

Would you answer my Love, without all this to do,
 My Heart, you of all the fair kind shou'd possess;
 But when there's such labour, and trouble to Woo,
 It makes the enjoyment, then relish the less.
 Once more, e'er I leave you, and seek love elsewhere,
 Can you conquer this rage and aversness to Man.
 The Nymph she perceiv'd she had gone then too far,
 Cry'd, stay awhile, STREPHON — I'll do what I can.

FLUTE.

WILLY's Rare.



WILLY's rare, and WILLY's fair, And WILLY's wond'rous
bo-ny: And WILLY hegt to marry me, Gin e'er he marry'd
ony. Oh! gin e'er he marry'd ony.

Yestreen I made my Bed fu' brade,
The Night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live-long Winter's Night,
I lie twin'd of my Marrow.

O came you by yon Water-side,
Pu'd you the Rose or Lilly;
Or came you by yon Meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet WILLY?

She sought him East, she sought him West,
She sought him brade and narrow;
Sine in the clifing of a Craig,
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

FLUTE.



A Favourite Air by Mr. Handel

This is a handwritten musical score for a piece titled "A Favourite Air by Mr. Handel". The score is written on ten staves, organized into five systems of two staves each. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 3/8. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and fingerings. The lyrics are written below the bottom staff of each system.

The lyrics are as follows:

While I prefs my Idol Goddes all
loves Treasure I enioy I enioy

While I prefs my Idol Goddes all loves

treasure I enjoy

all Loves treasures

all Loves treasures I enjoy all Loves

treasures I enjoy

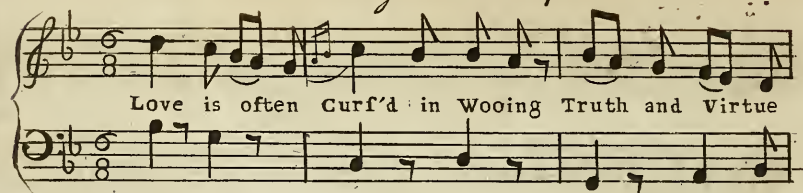
Pleasure now exceed my Wishes Pleasures

that can never cloy Pleasures that can

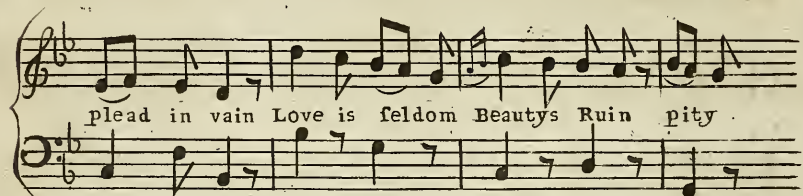
never cloy no never cloy pleasures

now exceed my wishes pleasure that

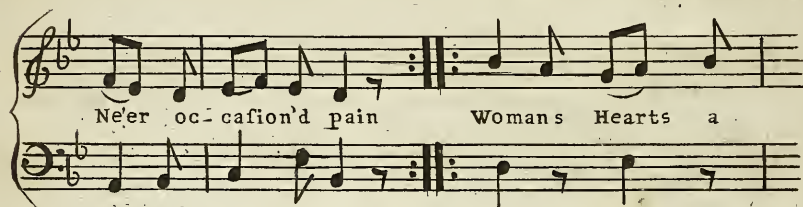
can never Cloy DA CAPO

Set by Mr Lampe


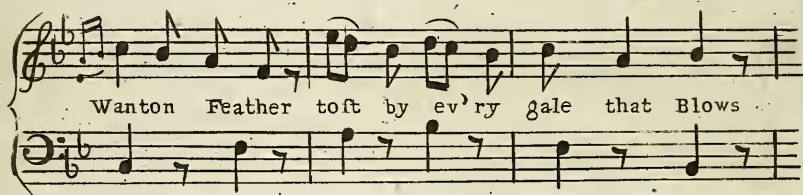
Love is often Curf'd in Wooing Truth and Virtue



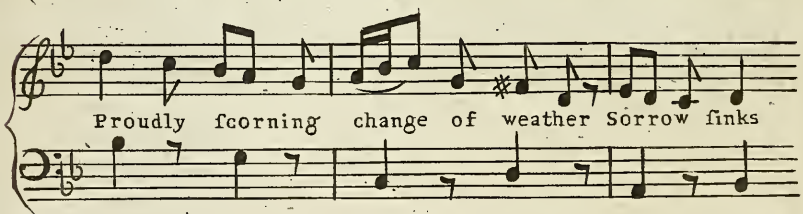
plead in vain Love is feldom Beautys Ruin pity



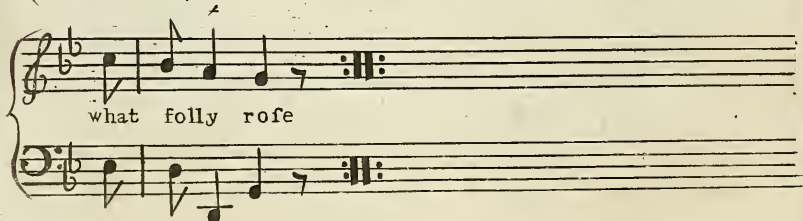
Ne'er oc-casion'd pain Womans Hearts a



Wanton Feather tost by ev'ry gale that Blows



Proudly scorning change of weather Sorrow sinks



what folly rose

A Song Set by MR GALLIARD

tr

Vain were.

Graces - Blooming Faces beauties Charms or CUPIDIS Dartbeauties

Charm - Beauties charms or CUPIDIS Dart

If a Lover Could re-cover or at pleasure guard his Heart Vain were

Graces Blooming faces Beauties Charms or CUPIDIS Dart

Vain were Graces Blooming faces beauties charms or CUPIDIS Dart

The BATCHELORS WIFE Set by Mr CAREY.

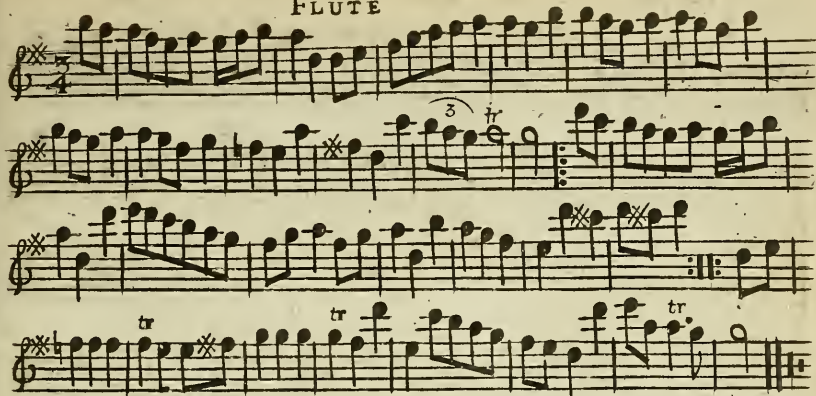
Without affectation, gay, Youthful and pretty, without pride or meanness

familiar and witty; without forms obliging, good natur'd and free, with-

out are as Lovely, as Lovely can be .

She acts what she thinks and she thinks what she says,
 Regardless alike both of censure and praise:
 But her thoughts and her words and her actions are such;
 That none can admire 'em or praise her 'too much.

FLUTE



APOLLOS Advice Set by Mr LAMPE

Philander roving void of Care, Chanc'd by Design to Stray; Where

certain beautious Nymphs were met. Where certain beautious Nymphs were

met. To pass Some Hours away to pass Some Hours a way.

When having Sate and talk'd a while,
 What Nymphs each Swain admir'd;
 Told how fond STREPHON lov'd in vain,
 And CLOES Beauties fir'd,

A general Silence then Succeeds,
Nor was the Silence long;
When all the Fair agree'd to ask
The Favour of a Song,

The Youth who knew himself unfit,
Was fearfull to comply;
And yet when Beauty ask'd the Boon,
Unwilling to deny,

The conscious Shepherd then in haste
The God of Musick pray'd;
Hear me he cried, harmonious God,
And Send thy timely Aid,

Amaz'd the God his Rashness saw,
And said; mad Youth forbear!
When heav'nly Judges hear the Song,
APOLLO'S self must dare,

Be wife nor with Such Rashness court
The Danger you would run;
Soar not with bold Icarian Wings,
If you his Fate would shun,

FLUTE.



HAPPY DICK

A Song Set by M^r MONRO

Whence comes it Neighbour DICK, That you with Taste uncommon, have
 Plaid the Girls this Tri-ck, and Wedded an old Woman,
 Ha ppy DICK.

Each Bell Condemns the Choice,
 Of a Youth so Gay and Sprightly;
 But we your friends rejoyce,
 That you have Judg'd so rightly.

HAPPY DICK.

The odd to some it Sounds,
 That on Threescore you've ventur'd;
 Yet in Ten Thousand Pounds,
 Ten Thousand charms are centr'd: &c.

Beauty you know will fade,
 As does the short liv'd Flower;
 Nor can the fairest Maid,
 Insure her Bloom an Hour, &c

But wisely you resign,
 For Sixty Charms so transient,
 As the curious yalue Co-in,
 The more for being antient &c.

With Ioy your Spouse shall see,
 The fading Beauties round her,
 And she her self Still be--
 The Same that first you found her. &c.

Oft is the Marriage State
 With Jealousie attended;
 And hence thro' foul debate,
 Are Nuptial ioyes Suspended. &c.

But you with such a Wife,
 No Jealous fears are under;
 She's yours alone for Li-fe,
 Or much we all Shou'd wonder &c.

Her death wou'd grieve you Sore,
 But let it not torment you,
 My life She'll see fourscore,
 If that will but content you &c.

On this you may rely
 For the Pains you took to win her
 Shall ne'er in Childbed dye
 Unless the Devil's in her &c.

Some have the name of Hell
 To Matrimony Given;
 How falsely you can tell
 Who have found it such a Heaven &c.

With Spouse long Share the Bliss,
 You had Mist in any other;
 And when you've bury'd this,
 May you have such another, &c.

Observing hence from you,
 In Marriage such decorum;
 Our wiser youths shall do
 As you have done before'em.

FLUTE. HAPPY DICK.



A Song 'Set by MR. GALLIARD.

Tho Envious old Age seem in.

s.

Part to impair me and make me the Sport of the Wanton and Gay. Brisk

Wine shall recruit, as Life's winter shall wear me, and I still have a

Heart to do what I may!

Tho

s.

Then VENUS bestow me, some DAMSEL of Beauty, here's

BACCHUS will Give me the Cherishing Glass, SILENUS tho

Grey, shall to both do his duty, and now clasp the BOTTLE, and

Then clasp the Lafs, the BOTTLE the lafs, the lafs and the BOTTLE,

And now Clasp the BOTTLE and then Clasp the Lafs

For the F L U T E

Sym.

S.

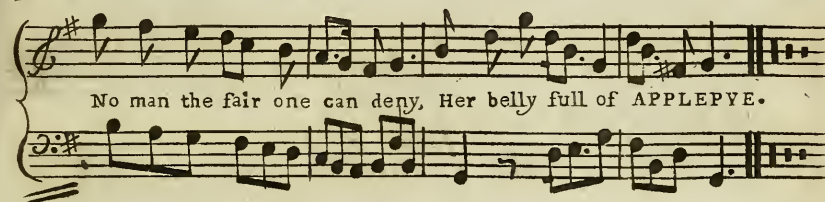
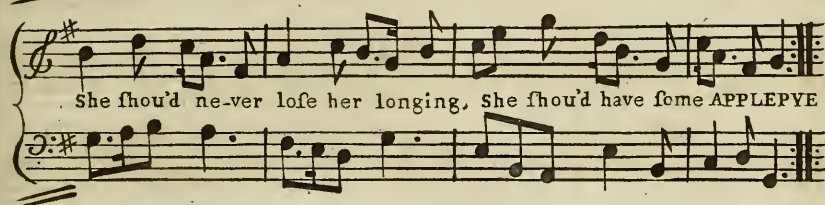
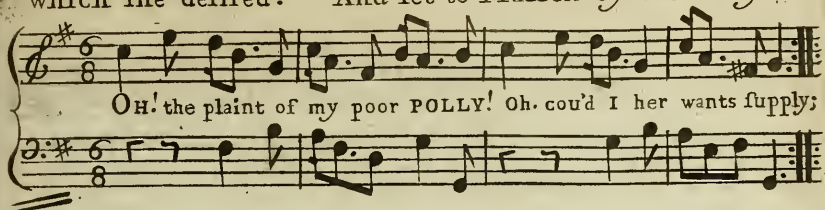
Long

S.

Sym.

Sym.

A SONG by a Gentleman sent to a Lady with some APPLEPYE which she desired. And set to Musick by the Lady.



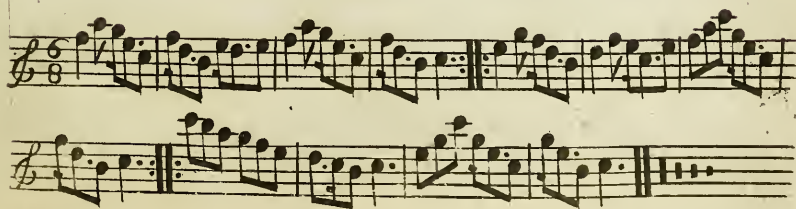
Who wou'd not think this a favour,
And to oblige my POLLY try:
Who wou'd not — out of his own belly
Spare her a bit of APPLEPYE.
No man, &c.

When she asks — it must be granted,
On Beauty's power she may rely:
She might have — O! were she willing,
A better thing — than APPLEPYE.

CHORUS.

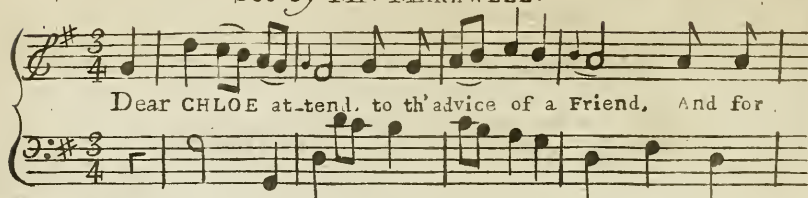
No man the fair one cou'd deny,
A better thing — than APPLEPYE.

FLUTE.

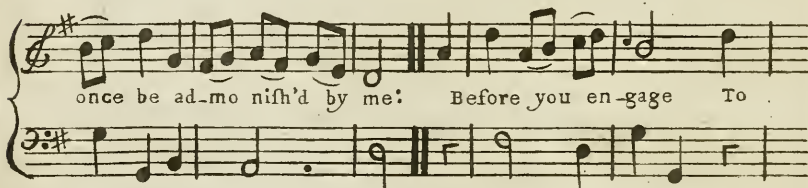


To a young Lady of Eighteen Court'd by a Man of Threescore

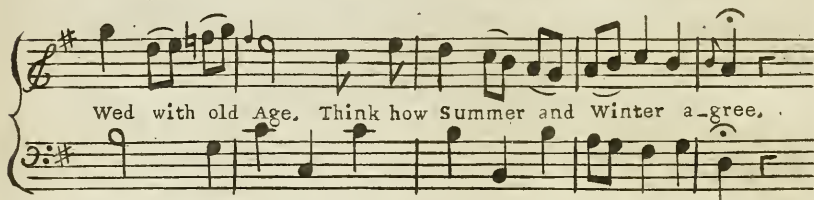
Set by Mr. MARKWELL.



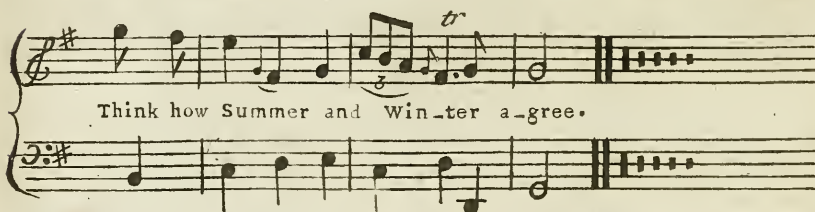
Dear CHLOE at-tend. to th'advice of a Friend, And for



once be ad-mo nish'd by me: Before you en-gage To



Wed with old Age. Think how Summer and Winter a-gree.



Think how Summer and Win-ter a-gree.

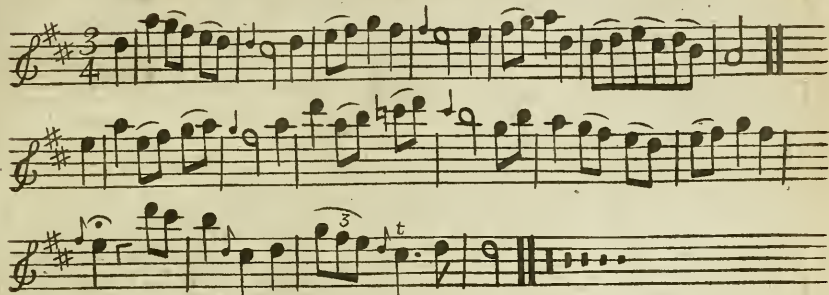
So ancient a Fruit,
 For want of a Root,
 Is doom'd to a speedy decay;
 Youth might ripen your Charms,
 But Old Age in young Arms,
 Is like Frosty Weather in May.

Let Men of Threescore
 Think of Wedlock no more,
 They need not be fond of that Noose;
 The Cripple that begs,
 Without any Legs,
 Can have no great occasion for Shoes.

Believe me, dear Maid,
 When the best Cards are play'd,
 You seldom can meet with a Trump;
 And to help the Jest on,
 When the Sucker is gone,
 What a Plague would you do with a Pump.

A Clock out of repair,
 Doth but badly declare,
 The Hour of the Day or the Night;
 For, unless my dear Love,
 The Pendulum move,
 'Twould be strange if the Clock shou'd go right.

FLUTE.



TO MIRTILLA.

Set by Mr. SAMS. The Words by Mr. MANLY.

Slow.

THOU all that I shall e'er admire! My Love, my Life, my

Soul's Desire! Thou ev'ry Joy my Fate can give!



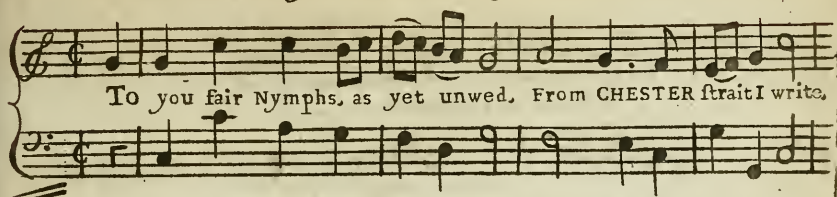
I thought, and blest my fond belief,
 You were too good to urge my Grief,
 To rack my faithfull heart;
 But Oh! what Agonies I prove,
 Since you neglect my tender Love.
 And play the Tyrant's part.

If coldness and unkind disdain,
 Malicious Prudence bids you feign,
 Your fatal Pow'r to try;
 Beware, rash Nymph, betimes beware,
 The needless cruel art forbear,
 Or instant see me die!

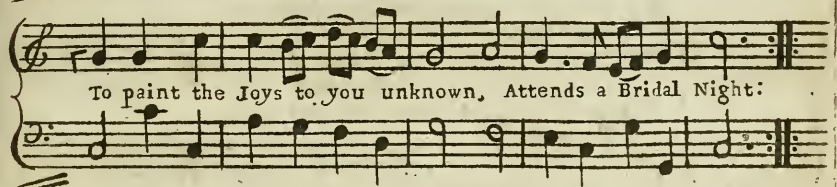
To vulgar Hearts, impure, and vain,
 Wife were thy Scorn, and just the Pain,
 For such deserve their Woe;
 But gen'rous Charmer, let not mine,
 Where Love and Truth for ever join,
 The worst of Torments know.

The Gods, who made you heav'nly fair,
 That you their Pow'r divine might share,
 Their Votries save from ill;
 Ah then, let neither Pride nor Art,
 Say that fair form belies thy Heart,
 And you delight to kill.

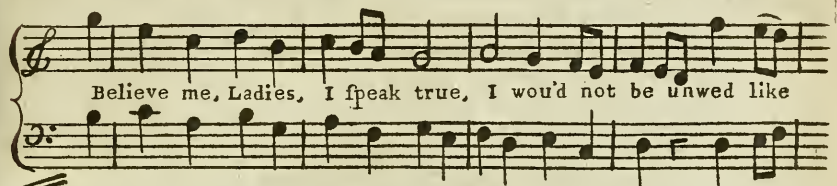
The Morning Song of a Spinster of Sixty who marry'd a ⁵³
Beardless Boy. The Words by Mr. MANLY.



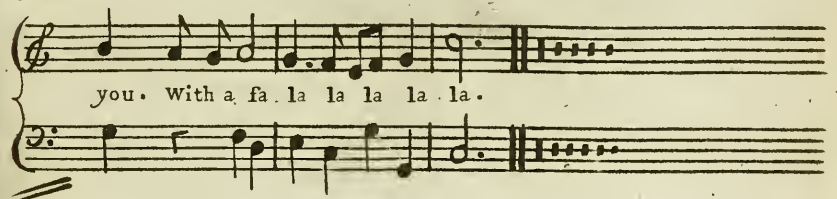
To you fair Nymphs, as yet unwed, From CHESTER strait I write,



To paint the Joys to you unknown, Attends a Bridal Night:



Believe me, Ladies, I speak true, I wou'd not be unwed like



you. With a fa la la la la la.

My self a Virgin long I kept,
Love struggling in my Breast,
Nor cou'd I form the reason why,
It rob'd me of my rest.
But now convinc'd, the case is plain,
I feel the Joy, despite the Pain.
with &c.

'Tis true when Priest was joining hands,
I trembled and look'd pale,
Nor cou'd I judge the real cause,
My Voice began to fail:
But now reliev'd from trifling pain,
I wou'd not be a Maid again.
With &c.

Then after Meal and chearfull Glafs,
 And by all friends careft,
 My Spirits rais'd, I felt a flame,
 Too strong to be exprest.
 Believe me, Ladies, I fpeak true,
 I'd fain have you fee what you can do.
 With &c.

But now the time was drawing near,
 We're both to be undrest;
 The Stocking thrown, the Poffet drank,
 And each had crackt their Jeft.
 A fudden Paffion feiz'd my heart,
 I felt a Pulse in e'ry part.
 With &c.

Then guefs what Transports I enjoy'd,
 When in my STREPHON's Arms,
 And he in mine, with Paffion strong,
 Poffefft of all my Charms.
 I faintly fpoke, I trembling lay,
 I softly languish'd, dy'd away.
 With &c.

But when the time fhall come, that I
 I'th' ftraw muft be laid down,
 And brought to bed of Son and Heir,
 Admir'd by half the Town.
 O! pleafing thoughts, when Babe fhall cry,
 For dear Mamma to Lullaby.
 With &c.

Then to conclude, I here invite,
 You Ladies foon to Wed,
 And tafte thofe pleafing Doucœurs which
 Abound in Marriage Bed.
 Ah! Ladies, you'd reffign Chit chat,
 To be like me, and know what's what
 With &c.

The Spinfter's Evening Song.

GOD prosper long from being Wed,
 Each Spinfter, Young and Old,
 And liften to the ruefull Tale,
 Which to you I'll unfold.

Tho' very late I chang'd my Name,
 By being Wed to One,
 Tho' artless seem'd his simple looks,
 Yet artful was his Tongue.

Disparity in years, I own,
 By Friends was disapprov'd;
 Yet had you seen the pretty Youth,
 Like me you must have lov'd.

And now the Subject being Love,
 I cou'd pursue the Tale;
 Recount to you those Pleasures which
 Does with our Sex prevail.

But tears prevents the sweet detail,
 Which to you I wou'd give,
 For now a more unhappy Nymph,
 Can scarce be said to live.

For know, two Moons are hardly past,
 E'er Spouse began to vary,
 And all the pleasures I possess,
 To younger Nymphs did carry.

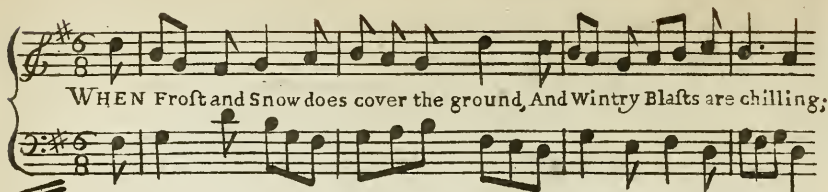
Then guess what pains must be endur'd,
 By one who thinks like me,
 And try if I am to be cur'd,
 By friendly Sympathy.

What tho' the envious part of life,
 Has call'd my Age threescore,
 Yet I possessing Passions strong,
 Am Twenty and no more.

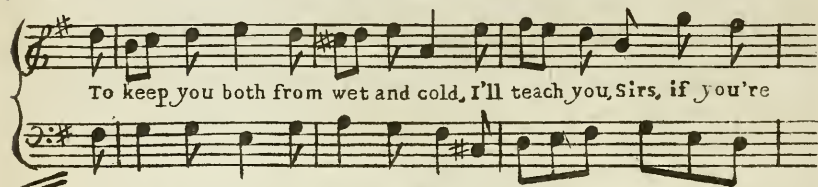
But Oh! the Pledge of our dear Love,
 For which I long did tarry,
 By usage rough, and words unkind,
 Will cause me to Miscarry.

Then pity one in such distress,
 And let my Grief have vent;
 For tho' I marry'd was in haste,
 I've leasure to repent.

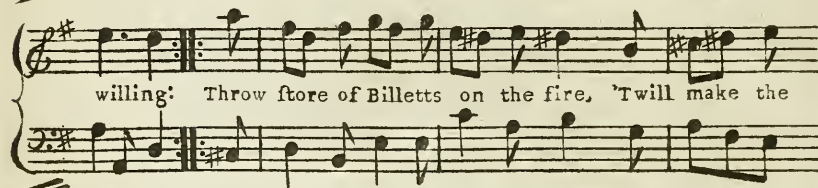
Set by Mr. SAMS. The Words by Mr. MANLY.



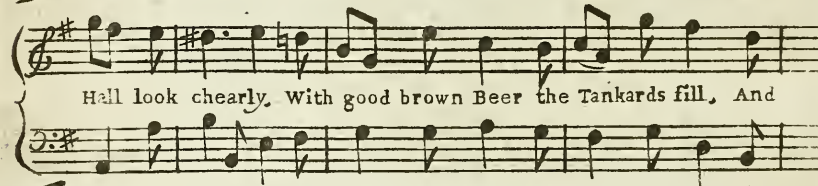
WHEN Frost and Snow does cover the ground, And Wintry Blasts are chilling;



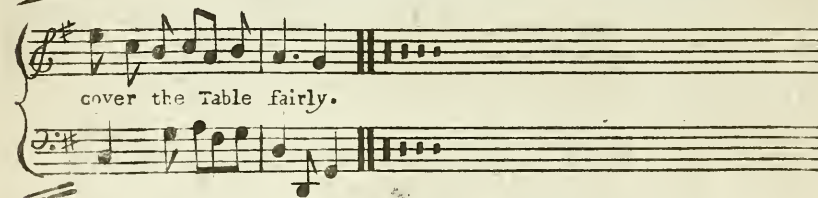
To keep you both from wet and cold, I'll teach you, Sirs, if you're



willing: Throw store of Billets on the fire, 'Twill make the



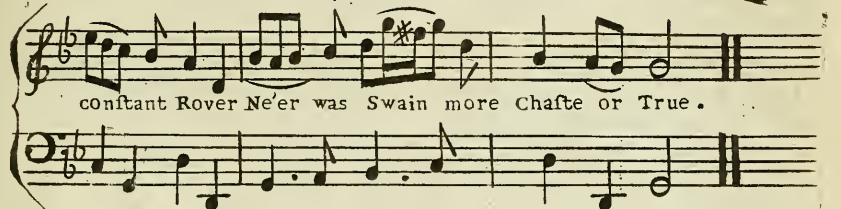
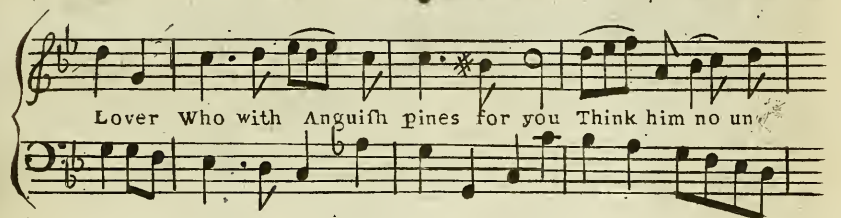
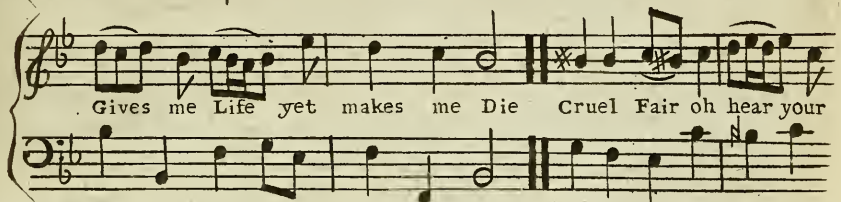
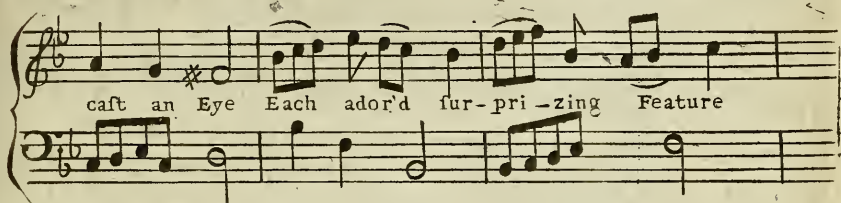
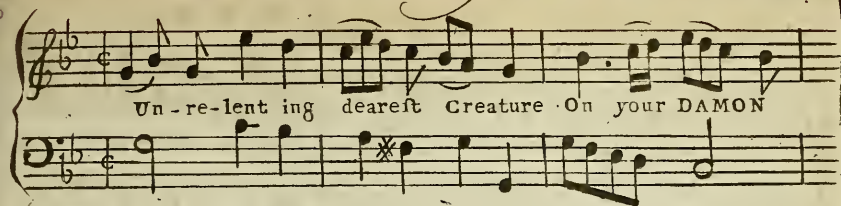
Hall look chearly. With good brown Beer the Tankards fill, And



cover the Table fairly.

Let no vain Cynick be so rude,
 To trouble us with Thinking;
 When the ways are bad, and the weather's cold,
 There's nought to be done but Drinking:
 Your Table fill with wholesome Viands,
 And store of generous liquor;
 My life for yours, 'twill keep you warm,
 And make your blood move quicker.

The Words by Mr. H. C. 51



Answer'd by another Hand

Cease Tormenting vain Deceiver

CLOE all your Arts defies

Cares not if you will believe her

Whether DAMON lives or Dies :

Trifling Swain your suit give over
 And implore CORINNA'S Charms
 Know young CLOE'S doom'd a Lover
 But to blefs her STREPHON'S Arms

Since nor Faith nor Truth can move you
 In behalf of DAMON'S Suit
 CLOE know altho I lov'd you
 Scorn produces other Fruit
 Take your faithlefs canting Rover
 Clasp him in deluded Arms
 DAMON I oys' who was your Lover
 That his Rival loaths your Charms.

Flute



Set by Mr. Lampe

Tho Times no longer look serene and fortune ceases to

be kind let not the un-ex-pected Scene Make dear

VOL IV

PHILANDER change his Mind Thy Prefence gives me

Strength to bear the Troubles of this Gloomy Day.

But Life must vanish in Despair if you re lentless

turn a way .

O think (nor of the Thought repent)
Of prior meetings in yon Grove
Where we the fleeting Minutes spent
In soft alternate Vows of Love
If this can Pity now create
And still engage you to be true
I Slight the most Oppressive Fate
That wretched Mortals ever knew.

Let not such dubious Thoughts my Dear
 Increase the Measure of your Grief
 You still shall own my Heart sincere
 And ready to dispense Relief:
 The Flame of long contracted Love
 Is unextinguish'd in my Breast
 And Mountains may as well remove
 As I desert the fair distressed.

Love undissembled does not turn
 With ev'ry various change of Fate
 But still does for the Object Burn
 In Happy or unhappy State
 Firm as a Sturdy Oak it lasts
 Which deeply rooted in the Ground
 Withstands the fierce Æolian Blasts
 That Blow indignant all around

So shall my constant Heart cement
 To thee its Principal Delight
 Nor shall the sudden ill event
 Our mutual Passion disunite
 Let this convince my Charmer now
 PHILANDER only sighs for you
 And that I Don't recant my Vow
 But still more Strongly it renew.

flute



The Meal was dear thort Syne we buckl'd us a the gither and

MAGGIE was in her Prime when WILLIE made Court - ship

till her twa Pistals charg'd beguefs to gie the Courting shot and

syne came ben the Lafs wi Swats drawn frae the Butt he

first speer'd at the Guidman and syne at GILES the Mither an

ye wad gis a bitt land we'd buckle us een the gither IO

My Daughter ye shall hae,
 I'll gi' you her by the Hand;
 But I'll part wi' my wife by my fae,
 Or I part wi' my Land.
 Your Tocher it fall be good,
 There's nane fall hae its maik,
 The Lafs bound in her snood,
 And CRUMMIE who kens her stake:
 With an auld bedden o' claiaths,
 Was left me by my Mither,
 They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
 Ye may cudle in them the gither.

4

Your Tocher's be good enough,
 For that ye need na fear,
 Twa good stilts to the Pleugh,
 And ye your fell maun steer:
 Ye shall hae twa good Pocks
 That anes were o' the Tweel,
 The tane to had the Meal
 The ither to had the Meal:
 With ane auld kist made of Wands,
 And that fall be your Coffer,
 Wi' aiken Woody-bands,
 And that may had your Tocher.

Ye speak right well, Guidman,
 But ye maun mend your Hand,
 And think o' modesty,
 Gin ye'll not quat your Land:
 We are but young ye ken,
 And now we're gawn the gither:
 A House is Butt and Benn,
 And CRUMMIE will want her Fother.
 The Bairns are coming on,
 And they'll cry O their Mither!
 We have nouthier Pot nor Pan,
 But four bare Legs the gither.

5

Confider well, Guidman,
 We hae but borrowed Gear,
 The Horfe that I ride on
 Is SANDY WILSON'S Mare,
 The Saddle's nane of my Ain,
 And thae's but borrowed Boots,
 And when that I gae hame,
 I maun take to my COOTS;
 The Cloak is GEORDY WATT'S,
 That gars me look fae croufe
 Come fill us a Cogoe of Swats:
 We'll make nae mair toom rufe,

6

I like you well, young Lad,
 For telling me fae plain,
 I Married When little I had
 O' Gear that was my ain.
 But in that things are fae,
 The Bride she maun come furth,
 Tho' a the Gear she'll ha'e,

It'll be but little worth,
 A Bargain it maun be,
 Fy cry on GILES the Mither:
 Content am I, quo' the,
 E'en gar the Hiffie come hither,
 The Bride she gade till her Bed,
 The Bridegroom he came till her,
 The Fidler crap in at the Fit,
 An they cudl'd it a' the gither

Sung by Mrs CLIVE in TIMON in Love Set by Mr. LAMPE

Loves a Fond de ludeing Passion seeking Pleasures sure

of pain Ever Idle Toys, persuing Ever cheated as he

flies painfull pleasure pleasing Ruin made to Blefs and

Tyranize

Sung by M^{rs} CLIVE in TIMON in Love set by M^r LAMPE.

Once Beast and Gods alone had Right t'intreague

at discretion and Man was stinted in delight as

Love were a Transgression but this ripe Age to

Shun the Rock on which their Fathers Blundered have

Learn'd of Beasts to slip the Yoke over it

with a Hundred

A Two Part Song by JOHN ALLCOCK

How Faint a Joy the Maid Imparts, Reluctant who resigns

How faint a Joy y maid impar ts, Reluctant who resigns

her Charms She Damps the Transport of our

her Charms She Damps the Transport of our

Hearts and Beauty of her force Dis-arms,

Hearts and Beauty of her force Dis-arms,

How great the Pleasure how rebin'd,
And even in relection Sweet,
When Lovers are but one in Mind,
And Souls together seem to meet.

FLUTE

The UNHAPPY LOVERS Set by Mr. HANDEL.

As Ce-lia's fatal Arrows flew amongst the Youthful Train; A

Glance ill level'd miss'd the Cr  w, And Pierc'd an humble Swain. The

Nymph was Sor'ry for his Smart, And blam'd her erring Charm Alas

She said poor bleeding Heart To thee I meant no harm To thee I

Meant no harm

But whilst her Pity she suppress'd,
 And feign'd a cold disdain;
 Her rigour chill'd his aking Breast,
 And still increas'd his Pain.
 By absence next his Cure she tries,
 And fled his am'rous moan,
 The Swain was Banish'd from her Eyes,
 And left to sigh alone,

But now she longs again to hear,
His soft complaining tale;
What harm, she thought, to please her Ear,
With what could ne'er prevail.
The Swain, Bless'd with a second view,
Was with a frown dismiss'd;
He humbly beg'd a soft adieu,
He wept ador'd and kiss'd.

How sweet was ev'n the parting kiss,
To the poor hapless Swain,
No hopes had he of further Bliss,
But thus to part again.
She saw him twice, she saw him thrice,
And try'd her utmost Skill;
He mended not by her advice
But she her self grew ill.

Yet Cœlia's Heart was chill'd with Pride,
Tho' melting with Desire:
On Heclas Summit thus abide,
At once, the Snow and Fire.
Her Love and Honour Rules by turns
By Minutes, not by Days;
And now she Freezes, now she Burns,
And both alike obeys.

But Flame, too fierce to be confin'd
Within her tender Breast;
Burst forth, and thus to sooth his Mind,
Her Passion she confess'd.
Avenge thy Love on my Proud Heart,
For so the Fates decree;
Act in thy turn the Scornful Part,
And kindly fly from me.

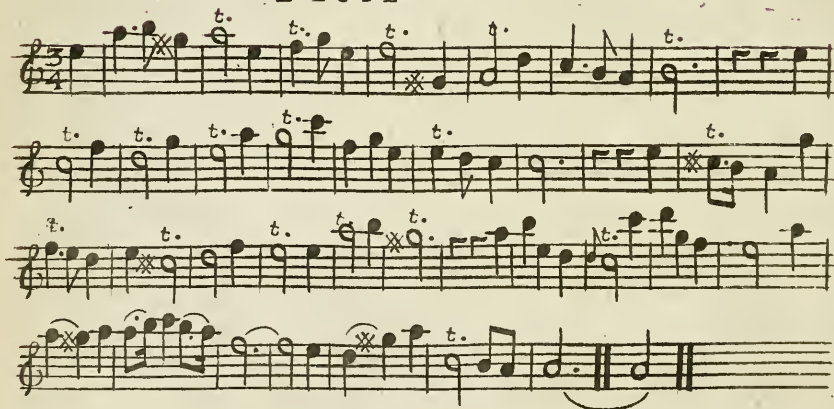
Yet gentle, still, forgive a wrong,
Attended with its Curse,
If ill I treated thee so long,
My self I treated worse.
Veil'd with feign'd scorn, I strove to hide,
The Love I durst not own,
Whilst Cupid ev'ry look belov'd
And Peep'd thro ev'ry frown.

See this fair flow'r that long has strove,
 Against the Winters Frost;
 It Peeps, is crompt, so fares our Love,
 Still fated to be lost.
 E'er yon full Moon that shines so bright,
 Shall end its Monthly wain,
 Cælia shall vanish from thy sight,
 Ne'er to return again.

Hymen, no longer time allows,
 Then, then my Nuptial Day;
 Another claims my Plighted Vows
 I cannot Dare not stay.
 This Crystal Stream shall backwards glide,
 And leave this Craggy Shore;
 But I the fatal knot once ty'd,
 Shall never see thee more.

Too true, next circling Month, the same
 That saw her first a wife;
 A quicker and less cruel Flame
 Cut short her thread of Life.
 Him too, the Feaver did invade
 Ah Feaver too unkind;
 Twas meant to waft him to her shade
 But left him lost behind.

FLUTE



Hark Hark soft Lads, the Trumpet sounds, And Honour calls to

War : Now I must Change Love for Revenge, And Beauty for a Scar.

From Smiles, and Kisses, I must part, the Enemy to Face : With Fire

and Sword, And Arms of Blood, In Battle to Embrace .

Great Mars Commands, and Hero like
I must Disdain to Fear :

Young Cupids Bow and Dart must now
Give Place to Ball and Spear .

The Conquest he, within has made,
I must A While forget :

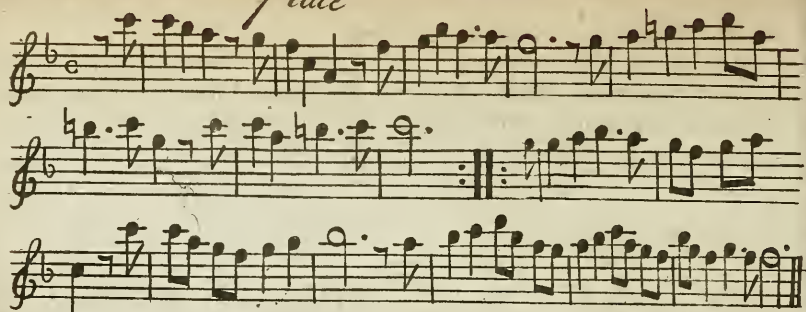
The wounds of Hearts, and Am'rous Smarts
Must now be out of Date .

Yet neer suspect your Constant Man,
I mean not to be false :

I lease to Woo, but not in View
Of Loving any Else .

I Talk of War, and hast to Arms
But am at Peace with you :

With all success, and hope no Less
My Charming Girl Adieu .



Set to Musick by MR GEORGE MONRO

My God - defs CELIA Heavenly Fair as

Lillies sweet as soft as Air Let Loose thy

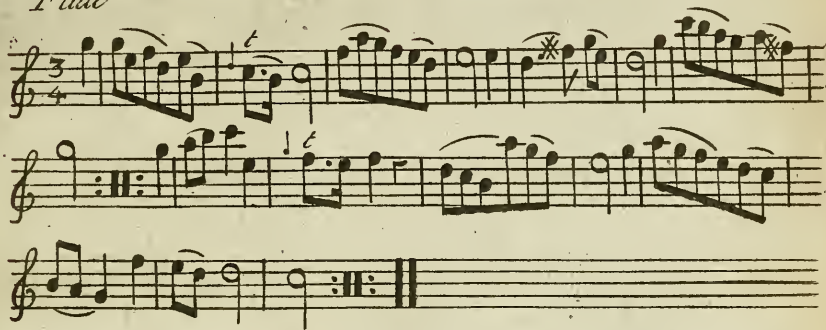
tresses spread thy Charms And to my Love

give fresh Allarms

Give me Ambrosia in a kiss
That I may rival **JOVE** in Bliss
That I may mix my soul with thine
And make the pleasure all Divine.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
Of my kind heart the vital blood
Thou art all over endless Charms
Oh take me dying to thy Arms

Flute



A SONG to MR HENDEL'S Trumpet Minuet

THYRSIS afflicted with Love and Despair Re - clin'd on the
bank of a Murmuring Stream Found in soft Slumbers release
from his Care and Fancy presented a flattering Dream

Blooming and blushing consenting and gay
 CHLORIS in vision appear'd to his Sight
 Down by the side of her Shepherd she lay
 And Languishing Looks his Embrace did invite

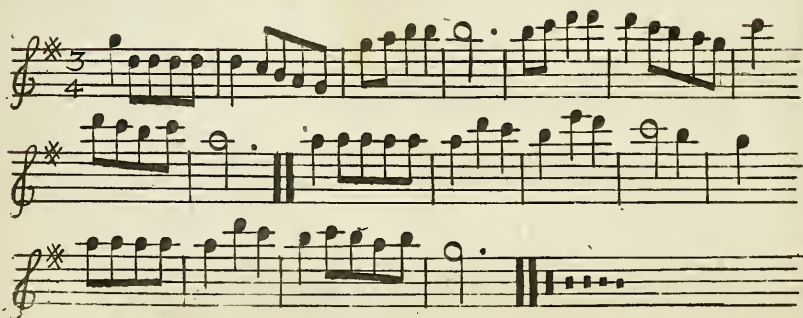
Raptur'd with Joy he extends his vain Arms
 Eager to clasp the kind pitying Fair
 But waking finds 'em devoid of her Charms
 And all his fond Hopes but Delusion and Air

O why do I wake to new Torment he cry'd
 Sleep only brings Ease to my Amorous Mind
 Still in its Bands let my Senses be ty'd
 Since only in Dreams my Fair CHLORIS is kind

Among the thick Rushes and Willows conceal'd
 CHLORIS who heard the Complaint of her Swain
 At once both her self and her Passion reveal'd
 And vow'd he no longer should languish in vain

Then down by the Side of her Shepherd she lay
 All on the gay bank of the murmuring Stream
 Swift Flew the Moments in Transport away
 And something was done that was more than a Dream

FLUTE



TWA Bonny Lads were SAWNEY and JOCKEY, SAWNEY was

lew'd, but JOCKEY unlucky; SAWNEY was tall, well favour'd and

Witty, But JOCKEY was all, because he was pretty. For when he

Woo'd me, veiw'd me, fu'd me, Never was Lad fo like to un-

do me; Fye I cry'd, almost dy'd, leaft it should rue me, If

JOCKEY should gang and come no more to me.

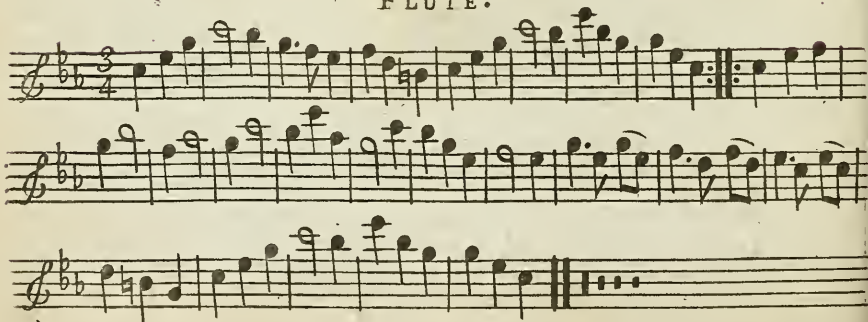
JOCKEY could love, but he would not marry,
 And I was afraid leaft I fhould mifcarry;
 His cunning tongue with Wit was fo gilded,
 That I was afraid, leaft I might have ill did:
 For when he Blefs'd me, prefs'd me, kiss'd me,
 Loft was the Hour I thought when he mifs'd me,
 Crying, denying, and fighting, I woo'd him,
 And mickle adoo I had to get from him.

But cruel fate rob'd me of my Jewel,
 For SAWNEY would make him to fight in a Duell,
 Down in a Dale with Cyprefs furrounded,
 Oh! there to his Death poor JOCKEY was wounded:
 For when he fell'd him, thrill'd him, kill'd him,
 Who can exprefs my Greif, that beheld him,
 Sighing, I tore my hair all for to bind him,
 And vow'd and fwore I would not ftay behind him.

Thus JENNY for JOCKEY lays fighting and weeping,
 For the lofs of her Dear, whilst others are fleeping;
 And SAWNEY to fee her thus forely diftressed,
 For the lofs of her Dear; in his heart was oppreffed:
 But when this Deluder, woo'd her, fu'd her,
 She bid him be gone, and call'd him Intruder;
 And faid fhould you die for my love, I would mock ye
 You have been the Caufe of the Death of my JOCKEY.

Oh! JOCKEY, there's none that is left to inherit
 The Tythe of thy Virtue, thy wondrous Merit;
 Thy Goodnefs, by me, fhall ne'er be forgotten,
 I'll fing out thy Praise when thy Carcafs lays rotten,
 For thou wert the faireft, rareft and deareft,
 And now thou art gone, like a Saint thou appeareft:
 I'll have on thy Grave-Stone, this Motto inferted,
 Here lies lifelefs JOCKEY, who Dy'd broken hearted.

FLUTE.



Set by Mr. I. ALLCOCK.

GENTLY, ye Winds, your Pinions move On the soft Bo - som
of the Air; Be all fe - rene and calm a - bove, Let
not e'en Ze - phyr's whisper there.

And oh! ye active Springs of Life,
Whose chearful Course the Blood conveys,
Compose awhile your wonted Strife,
Attend — 'tis matchless HANDEL plays.

Hush'd by such Strains, the soft Delight
Recalls each absent Wish and Thought;
Our Senses, from their airy Flight,
Are all to this sweet Period brought:

And here they fix, and here they rest,
As if twas now consistent grown,
To sacrifice the pleasing Taste
Of ev'ry Blessing to this one.

And who wou'd not with Transport seek
All other Objects to remove;
And when an Angel deigns to speak,
By Silence Admiration prove.

When lo! the mighty Man assay'd
The Organ's heav'nly breathing Sound,
Things that inanimate were made,
Strait mov'd, and as inform'd were found.

Thus ORPHEUS when the Numbers flow'd
 Sweetly descanting from his Lyre,
 Mountains and Hills confess'd the God,
 Nature look'd up and did admire.

HANDEL, to wax the Charm as strong,
 Temper'd ALCINA's with his own;
 And now assert'd by their Song,
 They rule the tuneful World alone.

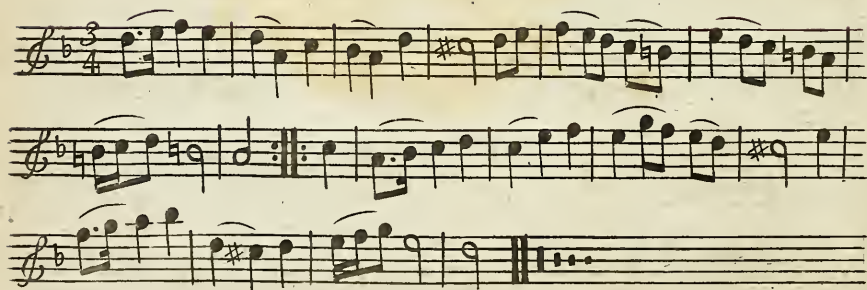
Or she improves his wondrous Lay,
 Or he, by a superior Spell,
 Does greater Melody convey,
 That she may her bright Self excel.

Then cease your fruitless Flights, forbear,
 Ye Infants in great HANDEL's Art,
 To imitate you must not dare,
 Much less such Excellence impart.

When HANDEL deigns to strike the Sense,
 'Tis as when Heav'n with Hands divine,
 Struck out the Globe, (a Work immense!)
 Where Harmony meets with Design.

When you attempt the mighty Strain,
 Consistency is quite destroy'd,
 Great Order is dissolv'd again,
 Chaos returns, and all is void.

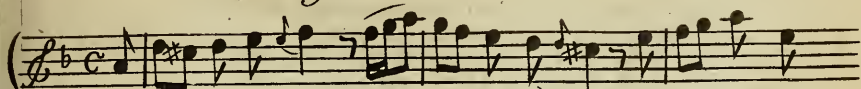
FLUTE.



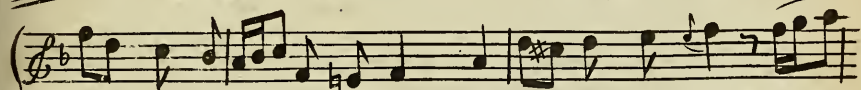
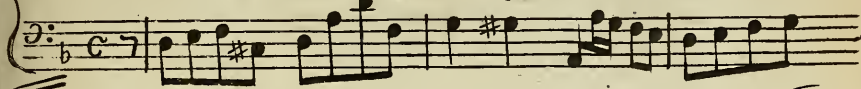
CUPID Defeated by CLOE at BATH.

77

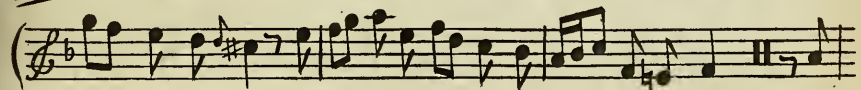
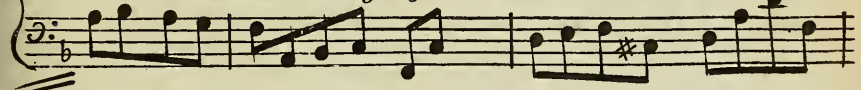
Set by Mr. LAMPE.



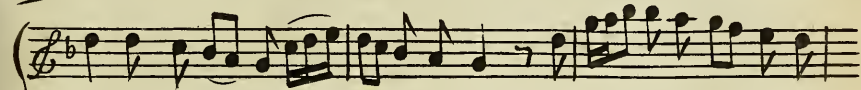
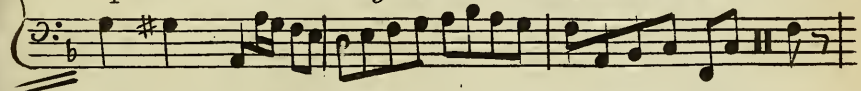
AS CLOE at BATH was Bathing one Day, Sly CUPID, who



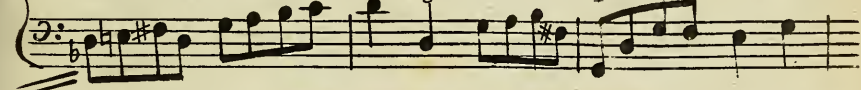
ne'er miss'd a Sea-son they say. In an in-stant came there, And in



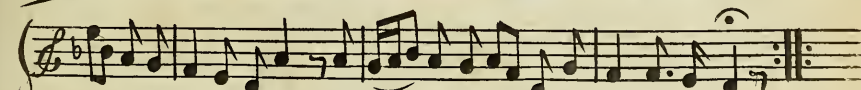
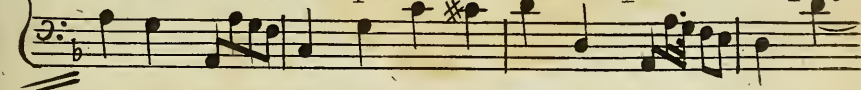
raptures confest, How lucky he was to find CLOE undrest. The



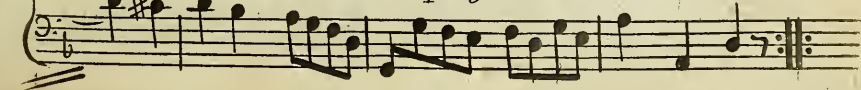
Archer drew nearer to take a good aim, In spite of the Water to



set her on flame, He drew up his Bow to the Arrows sharp head, And now pretty



CLOE, have at you he said, And now pretty CLOE, have at you he said.



His Arrow lights full on her lilly white Breast,
 But blunted, recoild, which its hardneß confess'd;
 Surpriz'd, and in anger he took out another,
 The very same dart that had wounded his Mother:
 Now CLOE, says CUPID, I'm sure of the stroak,
 Then straining his Bow, the string snapt and broke,
 Twice foild, the God whimpers with tears in his Eyes,
 Said, here all my Power and Majesty lies.

To be brav'd by a Mortal, who conquer'd a JOVE,
 And taught Gods to own the great Power of Love;
 I soon shall be flighted, for what can I do,
 Since now I have broken the string of my Bow:
 My Quiver is useleß, and men will despise,
 Any darts that are thrown, but from CLOE's bright Eyes,
 To my mother I'll haste and see what's to be done,
 For she loses her Power as well as her Son.

Then upwards he flew to the Goddeß of Beauty,
 Crying Mamma for ever farewel, and adieu t'ye,
 To CLOE on Earth I obedience must shew,
 She only can give me a string to my Bow;
 All your Charms in Perfection fair CLOE enjoys,
 But that which for ever my Empire destroys,
 Is, her Breast is so cold that I can't enter there,
 For ah! she's as terribly Vertuous as fair.

VENUS heard his complaint, and confess'd that she knew,
 Most part that he said of fair CLOE was true;
 But that he had barely met with his desert,
 To dare make attempt on her likeness's heart:
 But for to ease the young urchin of Pain,
 And in order to give him some comfort again,
 She told him that Time wou'd diminish each Grace,
 And at length quite destroy CLOE's beautifull Face.

That her heaving fair Bosom, and taper fine waste,
 Would decay in the touching and perish at last:
 In short she was mortal, and that Time wou'd shew,
 And Death soon wou'd give him revenge for his Bow.
 But Mother, says CUPID, how fatal the blow is,
 Shou'd she ever consent to make some more CLOES,
 To which, with a frown, said the CYPRIAN Queen,
 That not such another thou'd ever be seen.

This news chear'd the Chitt, and his loss to repair,
 Flew to CLOE again and stole some of her Hair,
 He mended his Bow, which was then good as ever,
 New sharpen'd his Arrows, replenish'd his Quiver;

Then up in an instant to Heaven he flew,
 Saying, CLOE without my assistance can do,
 All Places, like BATH, due submission shall shew ye,
 And the World be subjected to beautiful CLOE.

Sae merry as we have been. A Scotch Song.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff of each system.

System 1:
 NOW PHŒBUS advances on high, Nae Footsteps of Winter are

System 2:
 feen; The Birds carrol sweet in the Sky, And Lambkins dance

System 3:
 Reels on the Green. Thro' Plantings, by Burnies sae clear, We

System 4:
 wander for Pleasure and Health, Where Buddings and Bloffoms ap-

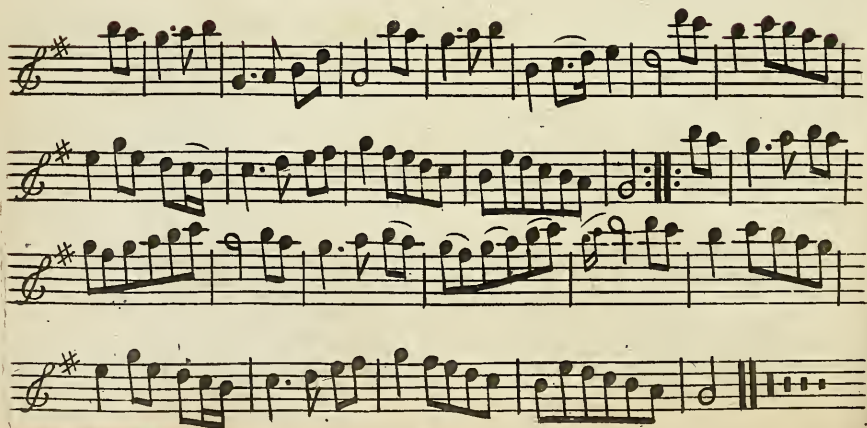
System 5:
 pear, Giving Prospects of Joy and Wealth.

View ilka gay Scene all around,
 That are, and that promise to be;
 Yet in them a nathing is found,
 Sae perfect ELIZA as thee:
 Thy Een the clear Fountains excel,
 Thy Locks they out-rival the Grove;
 When Zephyrs those pleasingly swell,
 Ilk Wave makes a Captive to Love.

The Roses and Lillies combin'd,
 And Flowers of maist delicate Hue,
 By thy Cheek and dear Breasts are out shin'd,
 Their Tinctures are naithing sae true.
 What can we compare with thy Voice?
 And what with thy Humour sae sweet?
 Nae Music can blefs with sic Joys;
 Sure Angels are just sae complete.

Fair Bloffom of ilka Delight,
 Whose Beauties ten thousand out-shine;
 Thy Sweets shall be lasting and bright,
 Being mixt with sae many divine.
 Ye Powers, who have given sic Charms
 To ELIZA, your Image below,
 O save her frae all human Harms!
 And make her Hours happily flow.

FLUTE.



The HAPPY PAIR by Mr LEVERIDGE

HAPPY Phill. ander in a Wife, From whose Em-bra-ces spring

All Joys of Life, Happy Phill-an-der in a wife, From

Whole Em-bra-ces Spring - all Joys of Life. Such Graces.

On her Mind a-tend as Fitly Qualifie her for a Friend

None of that Senseless wretched Pride,
Which in her Sex is too often Decry'd;
Gaming she hates and outward Show
Which often Familys throughly undoe.

No int'rest now but his she knows,
She is the Comfort and balm of his woes.
The Joys and greifs of each, both own
And they in all things are ever but one.

And thus they Live in calm and peace,
And know no other strife but that to please;
Of such a pair this may be told
Love can't be Sated or ever be cold.

FLUTE

The SATYR'S ADVICE to a STOCK-JOBBER.

The Musick by Mr. HANDEL.

On the Shore of a low ebbing Sea, A fighting young Jobber was

Seen, Staring wishfully at an old Tree which grew on the neighbouring

Green: There's a Tree that can finish the Strife, and Disorder that wars in my Breast,

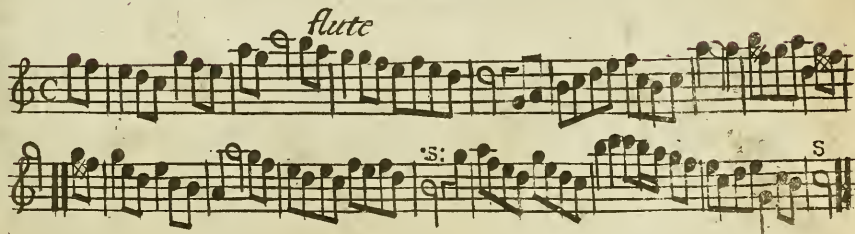
What need one be pain'd with his Life, When a Halter can purchase his Rest!

Sometimes he would stamp, and look wild,
 Then roar out a terrible Curse
 On Bubbles that had him beguil'd,
 And left ne'er a Doit in his Purse.
 A Satyr that wander'd along,
 With a Laugh to his Raving reply'd:
 The Savage maliciously sung,
 And iok'd while the Stock-Jobber cry'd

To Mountains and Rocks he complain'd,
 His Cravat was bath'd with his Tears;
 The Satyr drew near like a Friend,
 And bid him abandon his Fears.
 Said he, Have you been at the Sea,
 And met with a contrary Wind,
 That you rail at fair Fortune so free?
 Don't blame the poor Goddesses blind.

Come hold up thy Head, foolish Wight,
 Ill teach thee thy Loss to retrieve;
 Observe me this Project aright,
 And think not of Hanging but live.
 HECATISSA concerted and old,
 Affects in her Airs to seem young,
 Her Jointure yields plenty of Gold,
 And plenty of Nonsense her Tongue:

Lay Siege to her for a short Space,
 Ne'er mind that she's wrinkled or gray;
 Extol her for Beauty and Grace,
 And doubt not of gaining the Day.
 In Wedlock ye fairly may join,
 And when of her Wealth you are sure,
 Make free of the old Woman's Coin,
 And purchase a sprightly young Whore.



A Song by MR JOHN ALLECOCK

Slow

MIS taken Fair lay Sherlock by his Doctrine is Deceiving.

For whilst he teaches us to Die, he Cheats us of our Living,

He Cheats us of our Living.

To Die's a Lesson we shall Know,
 Too Soon Without a Master,
 Then let us only study now
 How we shall Live the Faster.

To Live's to Love to Blest be Blest,
 With Mutual Inclination,
 Share then my ardour in thy Breast,
 And Kindly meet my Passion.

But if thus Blest I may not live,
 And Pity you Deny,
 To me at least your SHERLOCK give,
 'Tis I must learn to Die.

FLUTE

A Song Set by Mr LEVERIDGE

Tempo

CLOE'S a Goddeſs in the Groves, a Naiad in the

Streams, an ANGEL in the Church ſhe moves, a Wo-man

in my Dreams.

Love ſteals ARTILLERY from her Eyes,
 The Graces point her Charms,
 ORPHEUS is rivall'd in her voice,
 And VENUS in her Arms.

Never ſo Perfectly in one,
 Did Heav'n and Earth combine,
 And yett tis fleſh and blood alone,
 Make her this thing Divine.

SHE appears like other mortal Dames, till I unlace her Boddice, But

When with fire ſhe meets my flames, the Wench turn's up a Goddeſs.

A Song Set by Mr. JOHN ALLCOCK.

As CHLOE o-er the Mea-dow Past, I view'd the lovely maid.

She turn'd and Blush'd, re-new'd her hast, and fear'd by me to

Be Em-brac'd, my Eyes my wish be-tray'd.

I trembling felt the rising flame,
 The Charming Nymph Pursu'd,
 DAPHNE was not so Bright a Game,
 Tho Great APOLLO'S Darling Dame,
 Nor with such Charms endu'd.

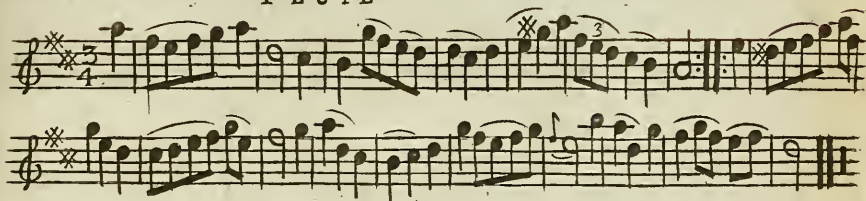
I follow'd Close, the Fair-still flew,
 Along the Grassy Plain,
 The Grass at Length my Rival grew,
 And Catch'd my CHLOE by the shoe,
 Her speed was then in vain.

But oh! as tott'ring Down she fell,
 What Did the Fall reveal,
 Such Limbs Description Cannot tell,
 Such Charms were never in the mall,
 Nor smock did e'er Conceal.

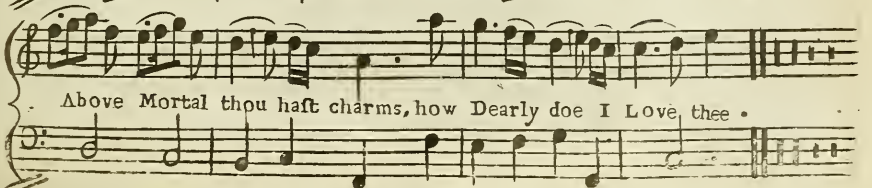
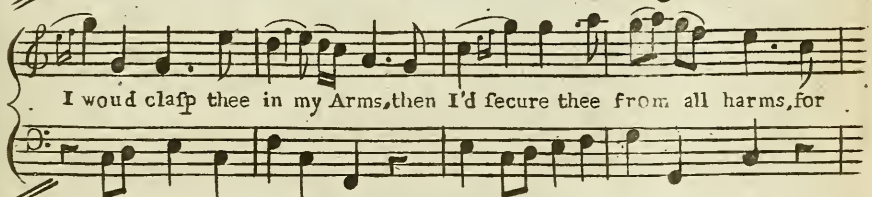
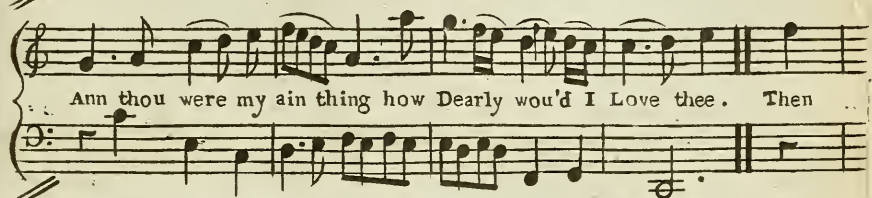
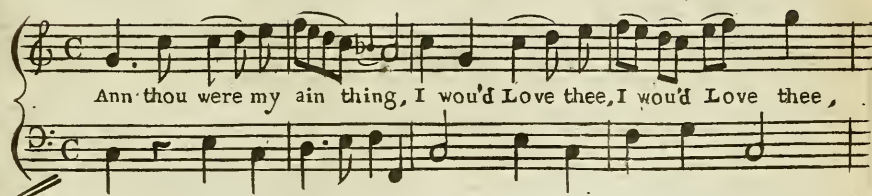
The Shreik'd I turn'd my ravish'd eyes,
 And Burning with Desire
 I help'd the Queen of love to rise,
 She Cheek'd her anger and surprize,
 And said rash Youth retire.

Be Gone and Boast what you have seen,
It shan't avail you much.
I know you like my Form and mien,
Yet since so Insolent they have been,
Those Parts you ne'er shall touch.

FLUTE



Ann thou were my Ain thing.



Of Race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee;
 So I must still presumptuous be,
 To show how much I lo'e thee,
 Ann thou were, & c.

The Gods one Thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save;
 O! for their sake support a Slave,
 Who only lives to lo'e thee,
 Ann thou were, & c.

To Merit I no Claim can make,
 But that I lo'e, and for your sake,
 What Man can name, I'll undertake;
 So Dearly do I lo'e thee,
 Ann thou were, & c.

My Passion, constant as the sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
 Till Fates my Thread of Life have spun,
 Which breathing out, I'll lo'e thee.
 Ann thou were, & c.

FLUTE.



Sung in KING ARTHUR Set by Mr. H. PURCELL

Fairest Isle, all Isles ex-cel-ling, Seat of Pleasures, and of

Loves, Venus here will Chuse her Dwelling, And forsake her

Cyprian Groves, Cupid from his fav rite Nation. Care and

Envy. will remove, Jealousy, that Poy-sons Passion, And

Despair that dies for Love.

Gentle Murmurs, sweet Complainig;
 Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;
 Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,
 Shall be all the Pains you prove.
 Ev'ry Swain shall pay his Duty,
 Grateful ev'ry Nymph shall prove;
 And as these excell in Beauty,
 Those shall be renown'd for Love.

The RETIREMENT. Set by Mr. MONROE.

tr

SILVIA, in these Sequester'd Scenes, This wil-derness of

tr

Fra grant Greens, Let us de-solv'd in rapt'rous Joy, This.

tr

Gai-ly smi-ling Day employ: No prying

Eve can pierce this Shade, Nor view us in the Sacred

Glade; The Birds a-lone behold us here; The faithful

Birds we need not fear.

6 6 6 7 6 4 2 6

5 6 6 6 5 6 5 4 2

6 2 6 6 6

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

6 7 6 5

Lo! yon fair Stream with wanton arms,
 The Meadow folds fond of her Charms;
 And glides in mazy circles round,
 As loth to leave th'enchantèd Ground.
 FLORA by ZEPHIR is caress'd.
 The Balmy Breeze inflames my Breast;
 A thousand spicy Odours rise,
 And all around perfume the Skies.

Here conquering Love in Triumph reigns,
 Ador'd by happy Nymphs and Swains:
 This Carpet ground is trod by none,
 That do not his Dominion own.
 In this retreat where all conspire,
 To fan the genial amorous fire,
 Will you alone my SILVIA prove,
 A Rebell to the Pow'r of Love.

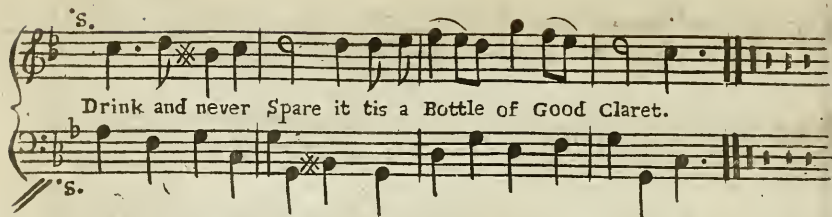
The Free MISTRESS.

IN Spite of Love at length I find A Mistress that can please me her

Humour free and unconfin'd Both Night and Day Shall ease me No

Jealous thoughts disturb my Mind Tho she's enjoy'd by all Mankind Then

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the notes.

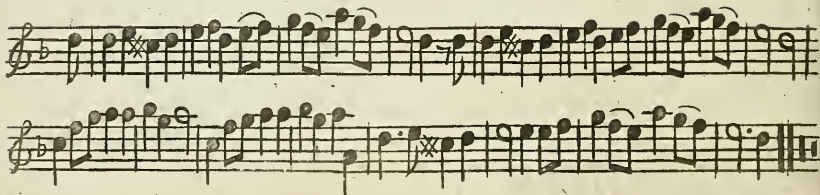


If you thro all her naked Charms
 Her little Mouth Discover
 Then take her blushing to your Arms
 And use her lik a Lover
 Such Liquor She'll distill from thence
 As will transport your ravish'd Sence:
 Then kifs and never Spare it
 Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

But best of all she has no Tongue
 Submissive she obeys me
 She's full better Old than young
 And Still to Smiling Sways me
 Her Skin is smooth Complexion black
 And has a most delicious Smack
 Then kifs never Spare it
 Tis a Bottle of Good Claret.

If you her Excellence would tast
 Be sure you use her kind Sir
 Clap your Hand about her Waste
 And raise her up behind Sir
 And for her Bottom never doubt
 Push but home and you'll find it out
 Then drink and never Spare it
 Tis a Bottle of Good Claret

FLUTE



A Favourite Air by M^r. Handel 93

This is a handwritten musical score for a piece titled "A Favourite Air by M. Handel". The score is written on ten staves, organized into five systems of two staves each. The top staff of each system is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 12/8. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The lyrics are written below the staves, corresponding to the melody in the treble clef. The lyrics are: "Since thus you flight my Pain re- turn my Heart again false ungrateful Swain or meet my Pafsion fince thus you flight my Pain return my Heart again false ungrateful". There are some corrections and markings in the score, such as "Pafsion" being crossed out and "fince" being written above it, and "Swain" being written above "false". There are also some markings in the bass clef staves, such as "6 4 3 4 6 4 6 6" and "4 5 6 6 5 4 #".

Since thus you flight my Pain re-
turn my Heart again false ungrateful Swain or meet my Pafsion fince
thus you flight my Pain return my Heart again false ungrateful

swain or meet my Pafſion O falſe ungrateful ſwain ungrateful ſwain re -

turn my Heart again return my heart again ſince thus you flight my

Pain return my Heart again falſe ungrateful Swain return my Heart a -

- gain O falſe ungrateful Swain ungrateful ſwain or meet my Pafſion

if my Heart you prize O do not Tyrannize O do not Tyrannize but

shew Compassion but if my Heart you prize O do not Tyrannize O do not

Tyrannize but shew Compa...sion but shew Com - pa...sion

flute

al segno

This system contains three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line for a flute, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature. The middle staff is a grand staff for piano accompaniment, consisting of a treble and bass clef. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. The music is characterized by rapid sixteenth-note passages and rests. The system concludes with a double bar line and the instruction *al segno*.

This system continues the musical piece with ten staves. The top staff is the flute part, and the remaining nine staves are the piano accompaniment, written in a grand staff format. The notation includes various musical symbols such as clefs, key signatures, time signatures, and note values. The piano part features complex rhythmic patterns, including many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

Oh how cou'd I venture to love one like thee, Or thou not de-

spise a poor Conquest like me; On Lords thy ad-mirers cou'dst

look with disdain, And know I was no thing, yet pi-ty my Pain:

You said while they teaz'd you with nonsense and drefs, When real the

Passion, the Vanity's less, You saw thro' that silence which others de-

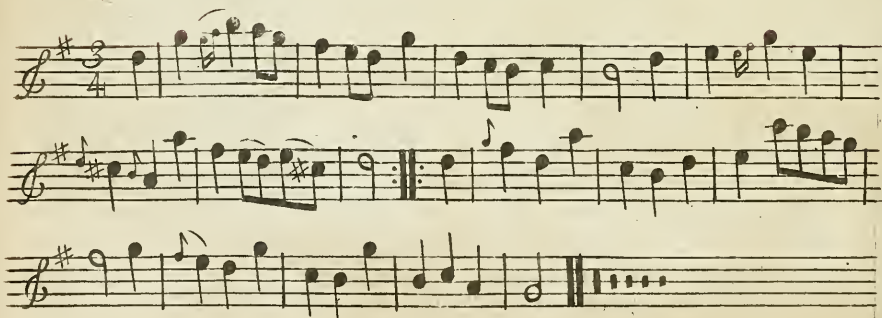
spise, And while Beaux were talking, read love in my Eyes.

Oh when shall I fold you, and kiss all your Charms,
 Till fainting with Pleasure, I die in your Arms;
 Thro' all the wild raptures of extacy toft,
 Till sinking together, together we're lost:
 Oh where is the Maid that like thee ne'er can cloy,
 Whose Wit can enliven the dull pause of Joy:
 And when the short Transports are all at an end,
 From Beautiful Mistress, turn sensible Friend.

In vain cou'd I praise you, or strive to reveal,
 Too nice for expression what only we feel;
 In all that you do, in each look, and each mien,
 The Graces in waiting adorn you unseen:
 When I see you, I love you, but hearing adore,
 I wonder, and think you a woman no more,
 Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
 And kissing those Lips, you grow woman again.

With thee in my Bosom, how can I despair,
 I'll gaze on thy Beauty, and look away Care:
 I'll ask thy advice, when with trouble oppress'd,
 Which never displeases, yet always is best:
 In all that I write, I'll thy Judgment require,
 Thy Taste shall correct what thy Love did inspire:
 I'll kiss thee, and press thee, till youth is all o'er,
 And then live on Friendship, when Passion's no more.

FLUTE.



Dame JANE, or the PENITENT NUN.

Imitated from LA FONTAINE by Mr. I. LOCKMAN.

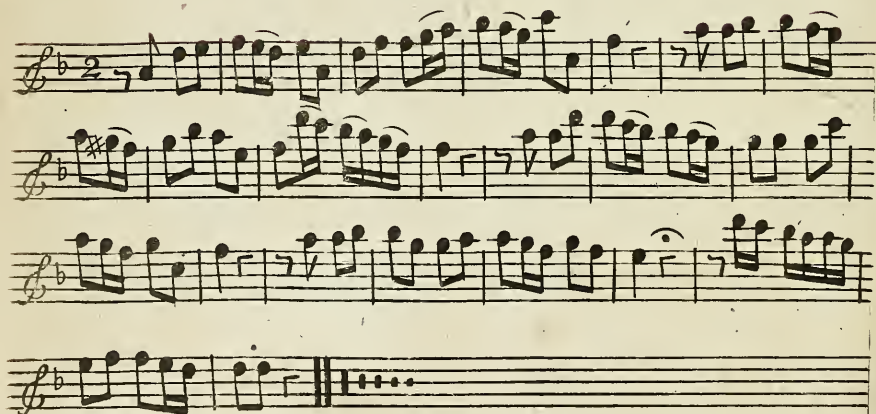
A Nun there was, as Primrose gay, And form'd of very
yielding Clay: Who long had re-so-lute-ly strove, To guard a-
gainst the Shafts of Love: Till CUPID whispering soft the Fair, Her
Pious Vow dissolves in Air, The stolen sweets she now would smother.
In vain, In vain, poor JENNY's made a Mother.

These youthfull Pranks are quite giv'n o'er,
Sighing, she cries, I'll sin no more,
No more become Man's sensual Prey,
But spend in Prayer each fleeting Day.

Lo! in her Cell she weeping lies,
 Nor from the Cross once moves her Eyes;
 Whilst Sisters, tittering at the Gate,
 Pass all their Hours in wanton Prate.

The Abbess overjoy'd to find,
 This blissful Change in JENNY's Mind,
 With Face demure, the Girls addressing,
 Ah Daughters! if you hope — a Blessing;
 From righteous JANE Example take;
 The World, its Poms, and Joys forsake!
 Ay — so we will — cries ev'ry Nun,
 When we, — as righteous JANE have done.

FLUTE.



Slow.

LEANDER on the Bay of HELLESPONT, all naked stood;
 Impatient of Delay. He leapt into the fatal Flood: The
 raging Seas (Whom none can please) 'Gainst him their Malice
 threw: The Heavens lour'd, The Rain down pour'd, And
 loud the Winds did blow.

Then casting round his Eyes,
 Thus of his Fate he did complain:
 Ye cruel Rocks and Skies!
 Ye stormy Winds and angry Main!

What 'tis to miss,
 The Lover's Bliss;
 Alas! — ye do not know;
 Make me your Wreck,
 As I come back,
 But spare me — as I go.

Lo! — yonder stands the Tow'r!
 Where my beloved HERO lies;
 And this th'appointed Hour,
 Which sets to watch her longing Eyes:
 To his fond Suit,
 The Gods were mute.
 The Billows answer'd — No.
 Up to the Skies
 The Surges rise;
 But sunk the Youth as low.

Mean while the wishing Maid,
 Divided 'twixt her Care and Love;
 Now does his Stay upbraid,
 Now dreads he shou'd the Passage prove.
 O Fate! — said she,
 Nor Heav'n, nor thee,
 Our Vows shall e'er divide:
 I'd leap this Wall,
 Cou'd I but fall,
 By my LEANDER's Side.

At length the rising Sun
 Did to her Sight reveal too late,
 That HERO was undone,
 Not by LEANDER's Fault, but Fate:
 Said she, I'll shew,
 Tho' we are two,
 Our Loves were ever one;
 This Proof I'll give,
 I will not live,
 Nor shall he die — alone.

Down from the Wall she leapt
 Into the raging Seas to him,
 Courting each Wave she met,
 To teach her wearied Arms to swim:

The Sea Gods wept,
 Nor longer kept
 Her from her Lovers Side;
 When join'd at last,
 She grasp'd him fast,
 Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and dy'd.

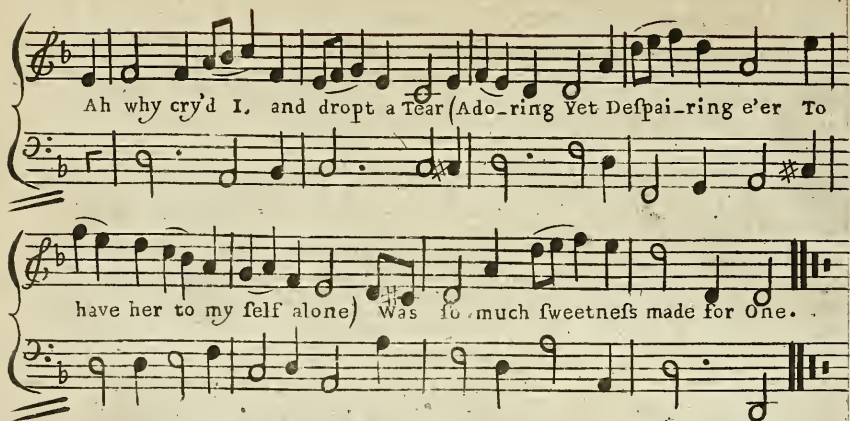
FLUTE.



The INCONSTANT.

FAIR, and soft, and gay, and young, All Charms she play'd, she danc'd, she

Sung: There was no way to 'scape the Dart, No care cou'd guard a Lover's Heart.

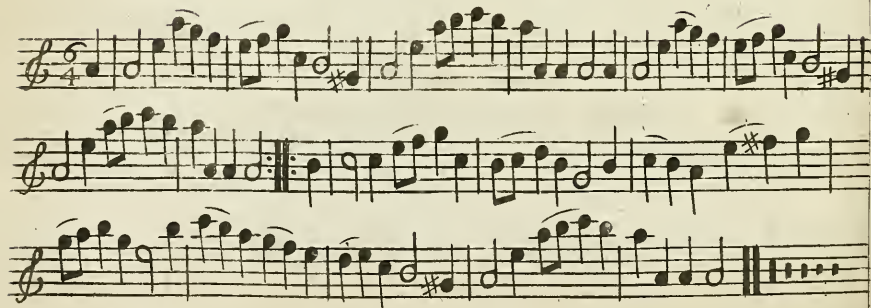


Ah why cry'd I, and dropt a Tear (Ado-ring Yet Despai-ring e'er To
have her to my self alone) Was so much sweetness made for One.

But growing bolder, in her Ear,
I in soft Numbers told my Care.
She heard, and rais'd me from her Feet,
And seem'd to glow with equal heat.
Like Heav'n's, too mighty to express,
My Joys could be but known by guess:
Ah fool, said I, what have I done,
To wish her made for more than One.

But long I had not been in view,
Before her Eyes their Beams withdrew:
E'er I had reckon'd half her Charms,
She sunk into another's Arms.
But she that once could faithless be,
Will favour him no more than me,
He too will find himself undone,
And that she was not made for One.

FLUTE.



The CARLE Came O'er, the Croft

The Carle he came o'er the Croft and his Beard new Shaven glow'd at
me as he'd been daft the Carle trows that I'll hae him Howt awa I
winna hae him Na for sooth I'll no hae him New hofe and
new Shoon and his Beard new Shaven

He gae to me a Pair of Shoon
And his Beard new Shav'n
He bad me dance till they ware done
The Carle trows that I'll hae him. Howt awa

He gae to me a Pair of Gloves
And his Beard new fhav'n
He bad me stretch them on my Loofs
The Carle trows that I'll hae him. Howt awa

He gae to me an Ell of Lace
And his Beard new fhav'n
He bad me wear the Highland Drefs
The Carle trows that I'll hae him. Howt awa

Hegæ, to me a Harn Spark
 And his Beard new shav'n
 He said he'd kifs me in the dark
 For that he trows that I'll hae him

Howt awa I maun ha'e him
 I forsooth I'll e'en hae him
 New Hofe and his new Shoon.
 And his Beard new shavn

The Imporunate Swain

Set by M^r Lampe

Patience is vanish'd far a way I cannot bear with this. De

lay my Pafion unre-sist-ed Rage And none but you can

them af swage can you be hold your dying Swain And

not coun pas-sionate his Pain O hear me love ly

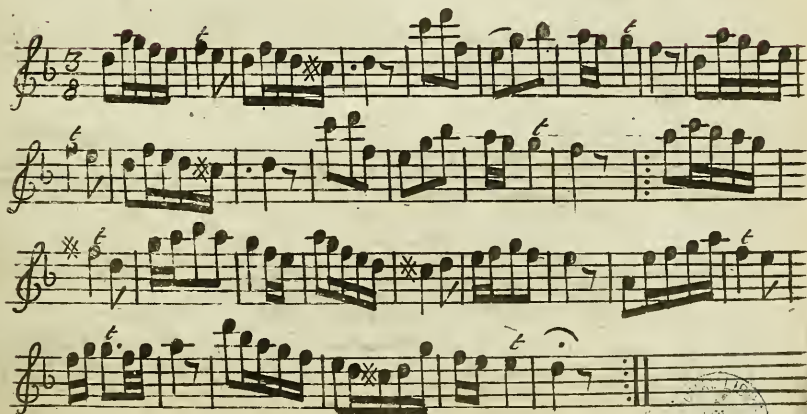
Charmer hear And be no longer so Severe

Consider Heav'n did not bestow
 Such Blessings to be hoarded so
 But gave them that you might impart
 Their Charms to e'ery bleeding Heart
 Then why should you reject the Address
 Of him that loves to such Excess
 Since what I ask the Gods approve
 And should your kind Compliance move

Can you so strenuously flight
 That Joy that rayishing Delight
 Which from extatick Love does flow
 And ev'ry one is glad to know
 Oh be not so relentless still
 Nor me with strong Denyals kill
 For on you only must depend
 My future Life or instant End

You are the happy Port my Dear
 To which I only hope to steer
 And if I fail of coming there
 I'm lost for ever in despair
 Do not o'erwhelm me then with Grief
 When you so soon may give Relief
 But condescend to my Request
 And I shall be for ever Blest

FLUTE



As swift as Time put round the Glafs And husband well Lives

little Space Perhaps your Sun which shines fo Bright May

fet in e' ver - laft ing Night .

Or if the Sun again shou'd rise
Death ere the Morn may close our Eves
The drink before it be too late
And snatch the Present Hour from Fate

Come fill a Bumper fill it round.
Let Mirth and Wit and Wine abound
In these alone True Wisdome lies
For to be Merry's to be Wife

FLUTE

A Favourite air by M^r. Handel

109

Hopes be guiling Pleasures smiling still endearing ever

chearing Crown my Ioy ever chearing crown my Ioy ever chearing

Crown my Ioy Hopes beguiling Pleasures

smiling still endearing ever chearing Crown my Ioy

ever chearing Crown my Ioy Hopes be

guiling Pleasure smiling still endearing ever chearing ever chearing

Crown my Ioy

still endearing ever

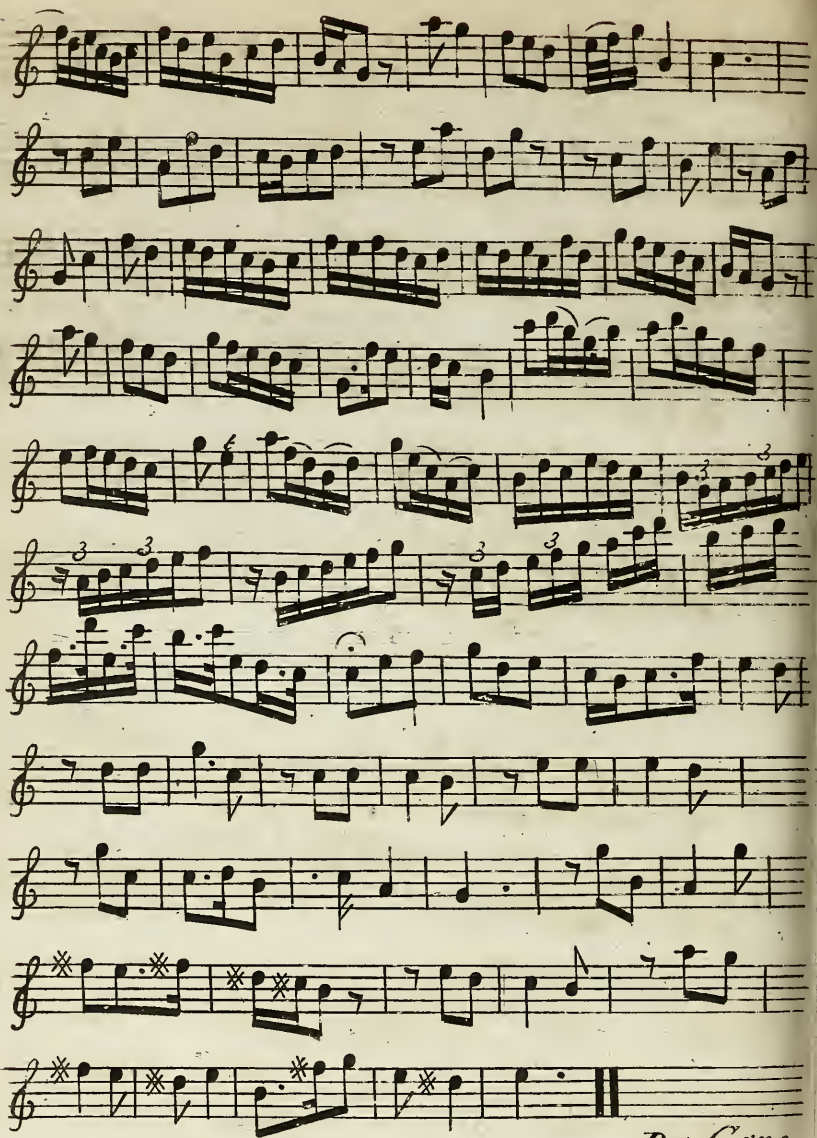
chearing Crown my Ioy

But the fear of not succeding sets my tender Heart a Bleeding

all my pleasing all my pleasing Hopes Destroy but the fear of
not succeeding sets my tender Heart a bleeding all my
pleasing Hopes Destroy Da Capo

FLUTE

3/8 time signature. The flute part consists of five staves of music. The first two staves contain many triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over the notes). The third staff has a 7/8 time signature change. The fourth and fifth staves contain various accidentals (sharps, flats, naturals) and continue the melodic line.



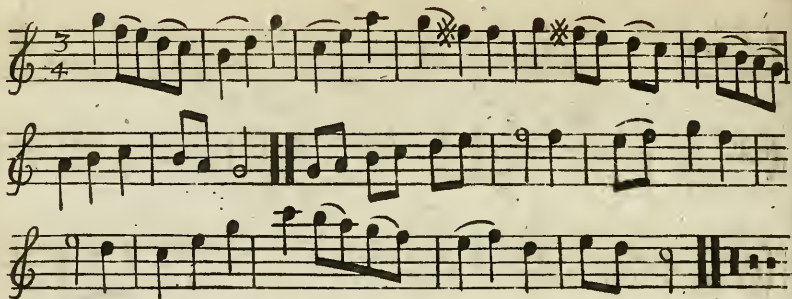
Da Capo

As DAMON fat by CLOES Side at-tempting at-tempting
to Debauch her The Cautious Nymph his fuit denied and
Vow'd and Vow'd he shou'd not Touch her

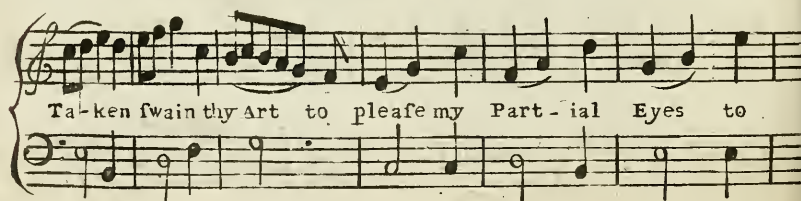
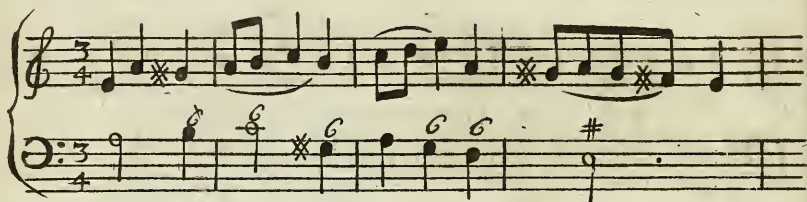
Marry me first was all her Cry
If you if you intend to Bed me
For I protest I'll Sooner Dye
Than Yeild than Yeild Unless you Wed me

My Dear says he I'm one of those
That Love that Love to Rake and Ramble
And scorn to turn fo sweet a Rose
Into into a Married Bramble

Say's CLOE follow me no more.
But give but give your Courtship Over
You hate a Wife and I Abhor
So loof fo loofe a Wandering Love



A SONG Compos'd by MR HEMMING



please my Eyes to please my par... tial Eyes

The Charms that have subdu'd my

Heart a... no... ther may despise the Cha

rms the charms that have subdu'd my heart a-

- no... ther may despise

Thy face is

to my humour made

Thy Face is to my hu - - - mour made a - no - - ther

it may fright a no ther it may fright

perhaps by some fond whim betrayd perhaps by

some fond whim betray'd in od-ness I de - light D. C.

A Sang Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Shou'd I once chan-ge my

Heart, Shou'd I once chan-ge my Heart: as I hope as I ho-pe I nere Shall: Oh

oh! oh! oh. yee Gods gra-nt that I loo-

-Se not my reason and

All. But may Sumons all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all, my Dis

cretion to proue, that defert was the motive, the mo
brisk
 Tive, induc'd me to Love. May my
 Spark be endow'd with the Cha
 rmes of the mind; for to out ward perfectio to
 outward, to outward to outward perfection I nere
 I nere was inclind, with

out affectation Id have him well bred! Genteel but not

Apish, wise enough to be Head: Sincere, chaste and

Sober, whose Affections wont va-ry: Such a

one woud I have, if e-

-ver, if e-ver I Marry

May he have wealth enough, may he have wealth enough.

from want to pre-serve us; and that with Con-

-tent, and that with Content will suf- ficiently

serve us and that with Con- tent, and

that with Con-

tent, will suf-

ficiently Serve us.

Set by Mr. HANDEL.

Not CLOE, that I bet-ter am, Or tru-er than the rest:

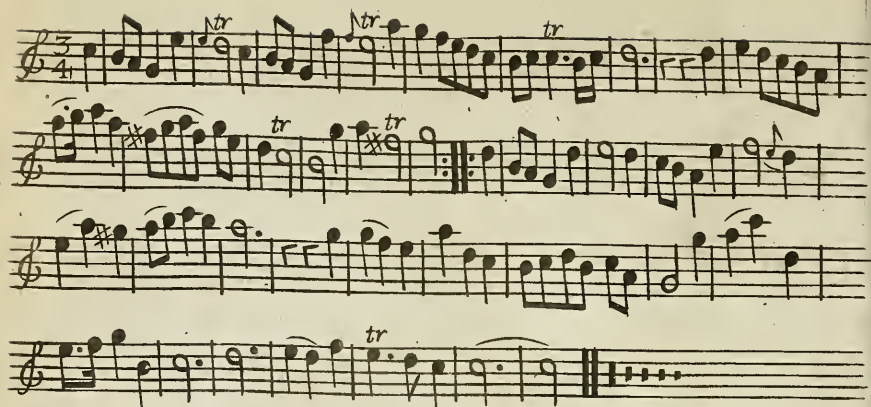
For I would change each hour like them, Were it my Interest.

But I am bound to va-lue thee, By ev'ry thought I

have: Could you my Heart but once set free, 'Twould ne'er be

more a Slave, 'twould ne'er be more a Slave.

All that in Woman is ador'd,
 In thy dear Self we find;
 For the whole Sex can but afford,
 The Charming and the Kind:
 Why shou'd I wish for further store,
 Or seek to Love a new;
 When change it self can give no more,
 'Tis easy to be true.



Sung by Mr. BEARD in the ROYAL CHACE.

WITH early Horn salute the Morn that gilds this charming Place With

chearful cries bids eccho rise and join the jovial Cha- - - - - ce.

and join the jovial Cha... ce and join the

jovial Chace With early Horn salute Morn that

gilds this charming Place. With chearful cries bids eccho rise bids

eccho rise and join the jovial Cha...

ce With chearful cries bids eccho rise and join the jovial

ce With chearful cries bids eccho rise and join the jovial

Chace, and join the jovial Chace.

The Vo-cal Hills around, the

waving Woods, the Chrystal floods, all, all return their

livening sound, the vo--cal Hills around, the waving

Woods, the Chrystal floods, all, all return their

livening sounds. Da Capo

SYL-VIA thou Pattern of thy Age In whom a
Thousand Virtues shine Let me my wondering
Thoughts en-gage On The Trans-cen-dant-ly
di-vine

Hadn't thou adorn'd the Age when Men
Ador'd imaginary Powers
They would have call'd thee Goddess then
And in thy service spent their Hours

They would have thought thee beautiful Maid
Descended only from above
And unto thee, more Honours pay'd
Than to the Cyprian Queen of Love

How blest how infinitely blest
Must he in all respects appear
Who of a Treasure is possess'd
That's so superlatively Dear

Hard is my Fate I must confess
All thy Perfections to Admire
And ne'er to hope the Happiness
Which humble souls must not desire

Flute

Set by Mr. Carey

leave me to complain my loss of liberty I never more shall

see my swain or ever more be free I never more shall see my swain

or ever more be free

O cruel cruel fate what

joy can I receive when in the Arms of one I hate I doomd alas to

live Ye pitying powrs above that fee my souls dif-

may O bring me back the man I love or take my life away O

bring me back the man I love or take my life a way

A Song set by Mr. Lampe.

Dearest Ever lasting Blessing how can I my claim resign without

thee all the world possessing worlds are nothing nothing nothing worlds

are nothing to be thine, dearest Ever lasting blessing how can I my claim

re. sign without thee all the world possessing, worlds are nothing nothing

nothing worlds are no thing worlds are nothing nothing

to be thine worlds are no thing to be thine

The Words by AARON HILL Esq

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

Vainly now ye strive to charm me, All ye Sweets of bloom-ing May;

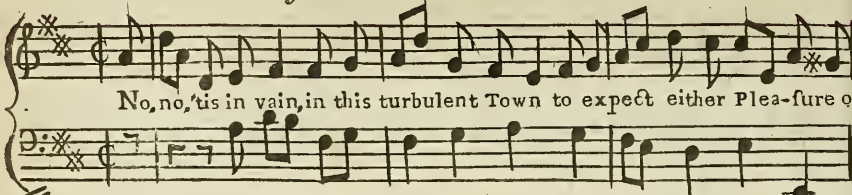
How shou'd empty Sunshine warm me, While LOTHARIA keeps a-way; How shou'd

Empty Sun-shine warm me, While LOTHARIA keeps a-way,

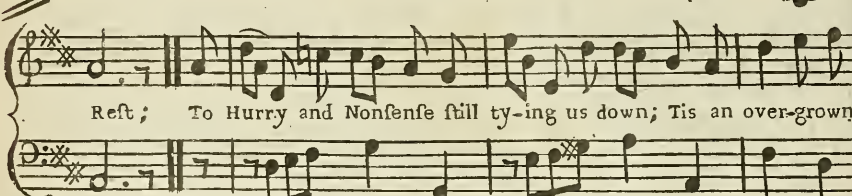
Go^v warbling Birds, go leave me;
 Shade, ye Clouds, the smiling Sky:
 Sweeter Notes her Voice can give me,
 Softer Sunshine fills her Eye.
 Sweeter Notes, &c.

FLUTE.

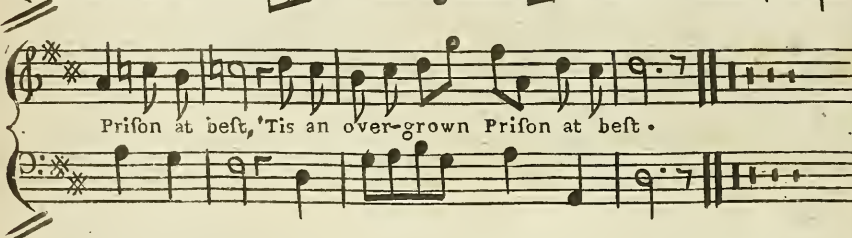
Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.



No, no, 'tis in vain, in this turbulent Town to expect either Plea-
sure or



Rest; To Hurry and Nonsense still ty-ing us down; 'Tis an over-grown



Prison at best, 'Tis an over-grown Prison at best.

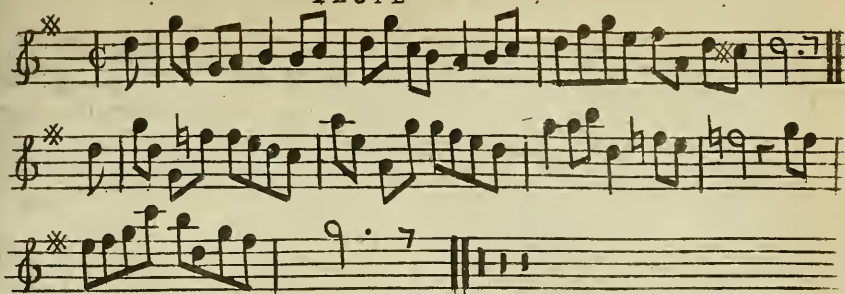
From hence to the Country escaping away,
Leave the Crowd and the Bustle behind;
And then you'll see liberal Nature display
A thousand Delights to Mankind.

The Change of the Seasons, the Sports of the Fields,
The sweetly diversify'd Scene;
The Groves, and the Gardens! and every thing yields
A Chearfullness ever serene.

Here, here, from Ambition and Avarice free,
My Days may I quietly spend!
Whilst the Cits and the Courtiers, unenvy'd for me,
May gather up Wealth without end.

No I thank'em, I would not, to add to my Store,
My Peace and my Freedom resign:
For who, for the sake of possessing the Ore
Would be sentenc'd to dig in the Mine?

FLUTE



The CONSTANT SWAIN And VIRTUOUS MAID.

Set by Mr. I SHEELES.

Soon as the Day begins to waste, Straight to the well-known

Door I haste, And rapping there, am forc'd to stay; While MOLLY

Hides her work with Care, Adjusts her Tucker and her Hair, And

Nimble BECKY scowers a-way.

N. B. The Second Part of this tune is Bass to the first,
And the First Part is Bass to the Second.

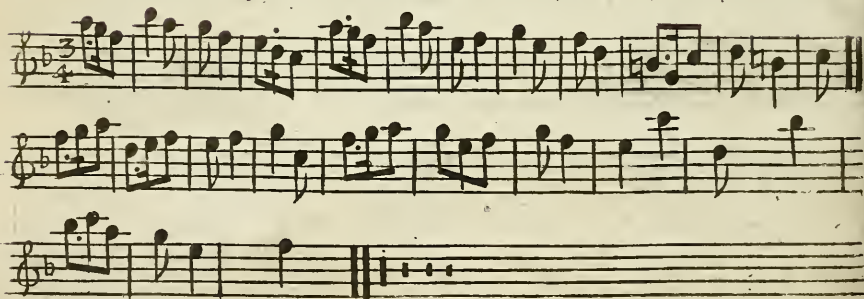
Ent'ring, I see in MOLLY'S Eyes
A sudden smiling Joy arise,
As quickly check'd by Virgin Shame:
She drops a Curt'sey, steals a Glance,
Receives a Kiss, one step advance;
If such I Love, am I to blame?

I sit and talk of twenty Things,
Of South-Sea Stock, or Deaths of Kings,
While only YES, or No cries MOLLY:
As cautious she conceals her Thoughts,
As others do their private Faults,
Is this her Prudence or her Folly?

Parting, I Kiss her Lip and Cheek,
I hang about her showy Neck,
And say, Farewel, my dearest MOLLY:
Yet still I hang and still I Kiss;
Ye learned Sages, say, Is this
In me th'Effect of Love, or Folly?

No: Both by sober Reason move,
She Prudence shews, and I true Love:
No Charge of Folly can be laid:
Then, 'till the Marriage-Rites proclaim'd
Shall joyn our Hands, let us be nam'd,
The Constant Swain, and Virtuous Maid.

FLUTE



Allegro

I feel new Paf

fions rise a chilling

Damp or rapid flame By turns possels my Vi

tal. frame and Grief succed to Toys

I fear tis Love whose mighty

sway with Pleasure mortals all Obey I fear tis love whose

mighty sway with Pleasure with Pleasure with

Pleasure with Pleasure with Pleasure mortals all O.

Handwritten musical score on page 135. The page contains multiple staves of music, primarily in treble and bass clefs, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes various note values, rests, and ornaments (marked with an asterisk *). A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' in the first system. The lyrics 'yes tis Love tis Love a lone and Cælia' are written below the bottom staves. The word 'Yes' appears above the bottom staff in the middle section. The word 'bey' is written below the second staff. The score is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

3

- bey

Yes

yes tis Love tis Love a lone and Cælia

you the flame inspire Oppose not then the Gentle

fire but bow but bow before Loves throne Let

us be happy whilst we may for youth and Beauty

youth and Beauty youth and Beauty Beauty

Steal a-way for Youth and Beauty Seal

a way Da Capo

Twas at the silent Midnight Hour when all were fast asleep In Glided

MARGARET S grimly Ghost and stood at WILLIAM'S Feet Her

Face was like and April Morn clad in a wintry Cloud and clay cold

was her Lilly hand that held her Sable Shroud .

Her Face was like An April Morn
Clad in a Wintry Cloud
And clay cold was her lilly Hand
That held her fable Shroud .

So shall the fairest Face appear
When Youth and Years are flown:
Such is the Robe ^y Kings must wear
When Death has reft their Crown .

Her Bloom was like the springing Flow^{er}
That tips the silver Dew
The Rose was Budded in her Cheek
Just opening to the View .

But love had like the Canker Worm
Consum'd her early Prime
The Rose grew pale and left her Cheek
She dy'd before her Time .

Awake . she cry'd thy true Love calls
Come from her midnight Grave
Now let thy Pity hear the Maid
Thy Love refus'd to save .

This is the dumb and dreary Hour,
 When injur'd Ghosts complain,
 When yawning Graves give up their Dead,
 To Haunt the faithless Man.

Bethink thee, WILLIAM, of thy Fault,
 Thy Pledge, and broken Oath:
 And give me back my Maiden Vow,
 And give me back my Troth.

Why did you promise Love to me,
 And not that Promise keep.
 Why did you swear my Eyes were Bright,
 Yet leave those Eyes to weep.

How could you say my Face was fair,
 And yet that Face forsake,
 How could you win my Virgin Heart,
 Yet leave that Heart to Break

Why did you say my Lip was sweet,
 And made the Scarlet pale
 And why did I, young witlefs Maid,
 Believe the flattering Tale.

That Face, alas! no more is fair,
 Those Lips no longer red:
 Dark are my Eyes, now clos'd in Death
 And every Charm is fled.

The hungry Worm my Sister is
 This Winding-Sheet I wear:
 And cold and weary lasts our Night,
 'Till that last Morn appear.

But hark! - the Cock has warn'd me hence:
 A long and last Adieu!
 Come, see, false Man, how low she lies,
 Who dy'd for love of you.

Undaunted he goes amongst Bullys and Whores
 Demolishes Windows and breaks open Doors
 He strols all the Night and in Fear of no Evil
 He boldly defies either Procter or Devil

Come place me you DEITIES under the Line
 Were there never a Tree nor ought but a Vine
 Yet there would I choofe to swelter and fweat
 Without e'er a Rag on to fence off the Heat

Or place me where sunshine is ne'er to be found
 Where the Earth is with Winter eternally bound
 Yet there would I nought but my Bottle require
 My Bottle alone will fill me with Fire.

My TUTOR he jobs me and lays me down Rules
 Who minds them but dull Philosofhical Fools
 For when we are grown old and can do more drink
 Tis Time enough for us to set down and think.

Twas thus ALEXANDER was tutor'd in Vain
 And call'd ARISTOTLE a fool for his Pains
 By drinking alone he got his Renown
 And when he was drunk the World was his own.

This World is a Tavern with Liquor well stor'd
 And in it I came to be drunk as a Lord
 My Life is the Reckoning which I'll freely pay
 Then dead Drunk at last I'll be carry'd away.

FLUTE



A SONG by MR CAREY

Sooner than I'll my Love forego and lose the Man I prize.

and lose the Man I prize I'll bravely combat every woe I'll

bravely combat every woe or fall a sacrifice or

fall a sacri-fice .

NB. the lines that have this Mark 'S'. are Sung twice over

Nor bolts nor bars shall me controul

I Death and danger dare 'S'.

Restraint but fires the Active Soul 'S'.

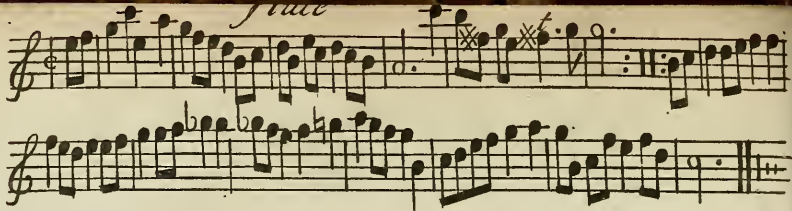
And urges fierce despair 'S'

The window now shall be my gate

I'll either fall or fly 'S'.

Before I'll live with him I hate 'S'.

VOL.V. For him I Love I'll die 'S'.



The Spring With

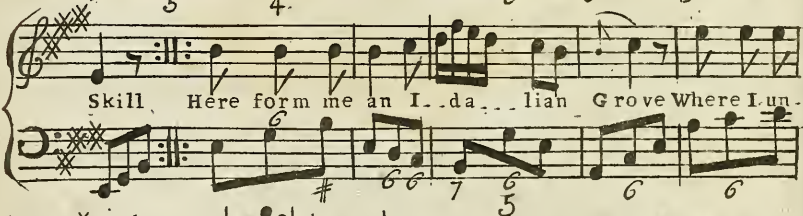
Set by Mr LAMPE



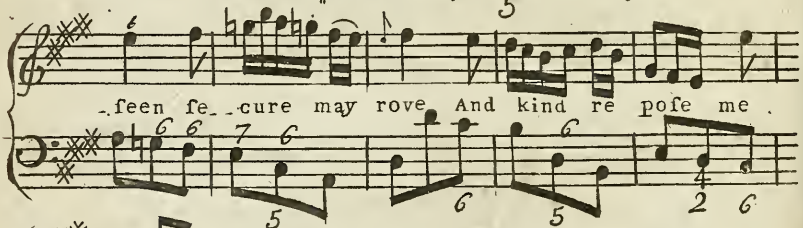
Come Flora sweet my Garden Grace Therein each



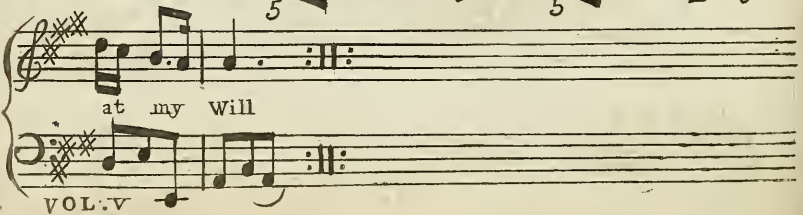
Flow'r in Or der place For me ex ert your utmost



Skill Here form me an I da lian Grove Where I un



seen se cure may rove And kind re pose me



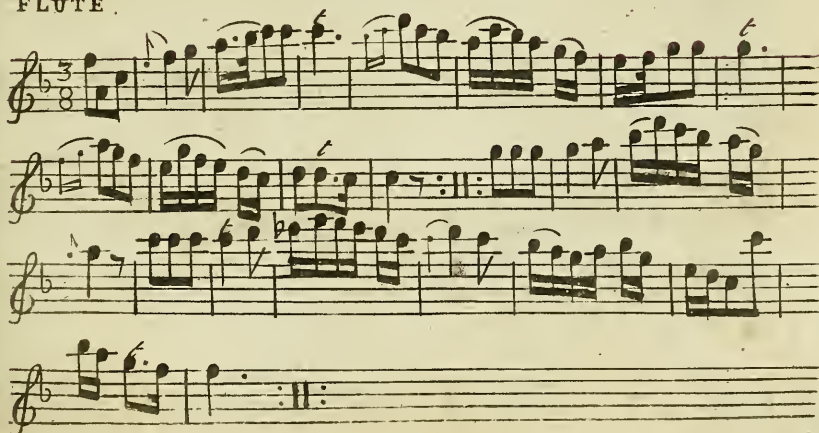
at my Will

In midst of it a Fountain place
And with Iunquills the Margin grace
Whose Golden hue denote the Spring
And let a Wood this Bank furround
Winding in Mazy Circles round
Where Chorifters do sweetly sing

Without the Wood let there be seen
Gay Tulips streak'd with Verdant Green
Iris and silver Daffodils
And let the fine Hungarian Rose
And Williams sweet a Bed compose
Which oft the Lawn with Odour fills

And let all these for Beauty fam'd
And many more as yet unnam'd
For me delicious Walks desclose
With Pleasure there my Mind I'll fill
And sweetly then my self I will
Upon the Fountain Bank repose.

FLUTE.



The OXFORDSHIRE MATCH .

From Fifteen Years fair CLO - E with'd She dreamt and fight

in vain And hardly knew her Virgin Thoughts were hank'ring

af - ter Man

Tw'as long before the harmless Maid
 Guess'd whence her Passion grew
 But when she had her self survey'd
 The Secret Cause she knew .

To love she thus her self address'd
 And humbly Begg'd his Aid
 He kindly lent a list'ning Ear
 While thus the Prostrate said :

Grant me great IOVE a Husband Rich
 Gay Vigours Kind and Young
 A Churchman not a Tory true
 And to his Party strong .

No Grudge the God Bore to the Maid
 He therefore thus did grant
 Be match'd for Life to an old Whigg
 Of Merit and of Want .

Enrag'd the Nymph to VENUS fled
 Who eas'd the Devotee
 And yoa'k'd her to a jolly Swain
 From Want and Party free .

The Hunting Song in APOLLO and DAPHNE.

The musical score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in 6/8 time. It features a melody with various ornaments, including trills (tr) and slurs (s). The lyrics are written below the staves.

HARK, hark the Huntsman sounds his Horn, A call so Musical chides the

tr Drone. Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton. The Clangor wakes y

drowfy Morn, The Woods re-eccho the sprightly Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton

tr tr Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton Ton. s:

The loud tongu'd cry the Concert fill,
Our Steeds with neighing salute y Dawn,
We mount, and now we climb the Hill,
Then swift descending we sweep y Lawn.

The distant Stag our accents hears,
Our accents fatal to him alone,
He rousing starts, and wing'd with fears,
Forakes the Thicket to seek the Down.

Alltho' DIANA claims the Field,
The Woods and Forests tho' all her own,
The Groves to VENUS let her yield,
Where we may follow her sportive Son.

What Joy to trace the blooming Lass,
Thro' darksome Grotto's with Moss o'ergrown,
What Harmony can ours surpass,
When joining Chorus with Dove like moan.

In various sports the Day thus spent,
Fatigu'd with Pleasures, when Night comes on,
Our Limbs tho' tir'd, our hearts content,
With Wine regaling all Cares we drown.