1558745

TWELVE

Songs

Set to Muſic by

William Jackson

OF EXETER

Philips Sculp:

LONDON

Printed for I. Johnson at the Harp and Crown in Cheapside; and for the Author at Exeter

PHL

SONG I.

Largo Andante

Violo 1.mo e 2do

Viola

Voce

Baſso

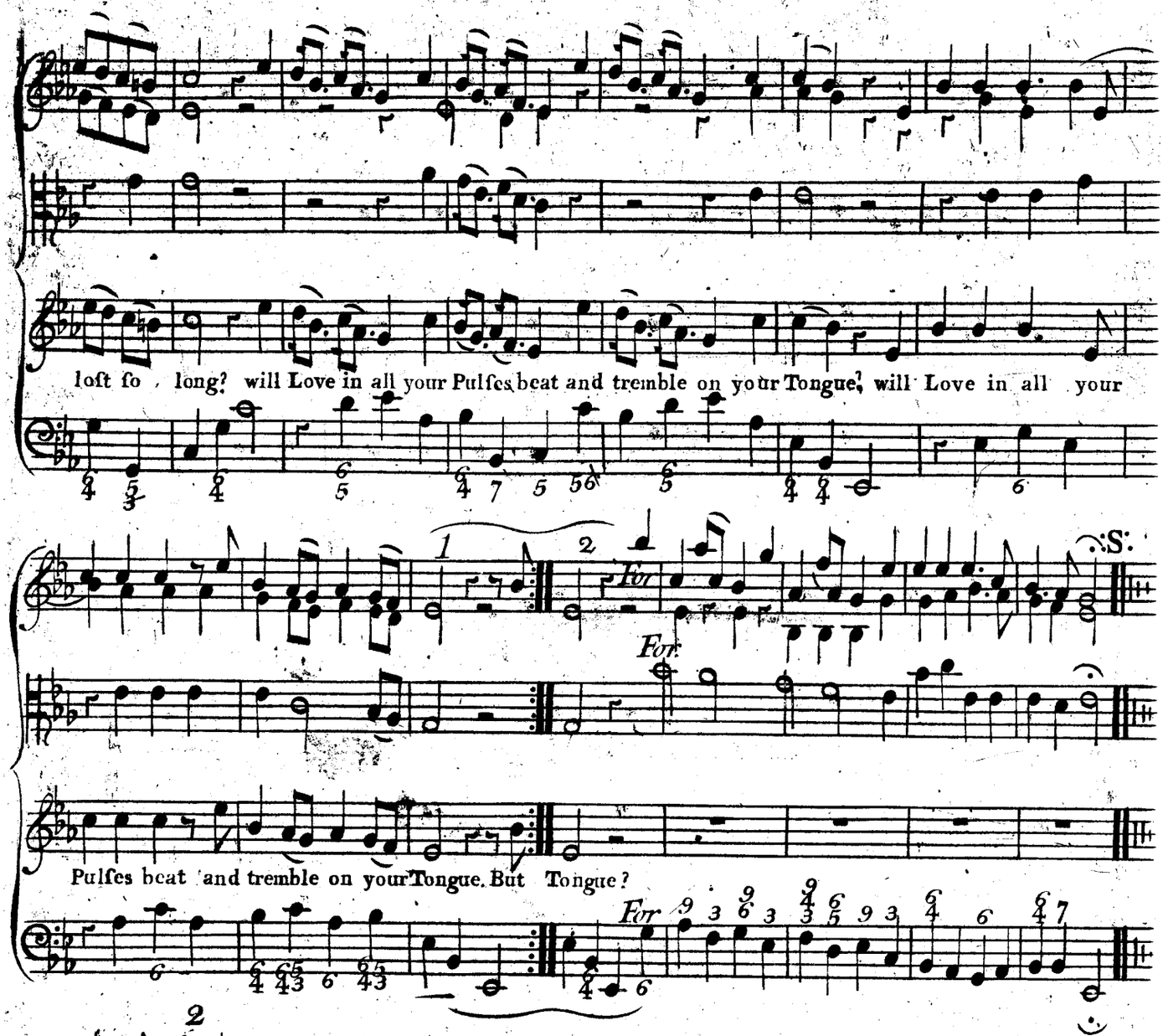
Pianiſſo

The heavy Hours are almoſt paſt, that part my Love and me, my longing Eyes may hope at

1ſt 2d

laſt their only Wiſh to ſee. The ſee. But how my *Delia* will you meet the Man you've

Vault
M
1613.3
.S12
op.1
1775



2

Will you in ev'ry Look declare
Your Heart is ſtill the ſame;
And heal each idly anxious Care
Our Fears in abſence frame?

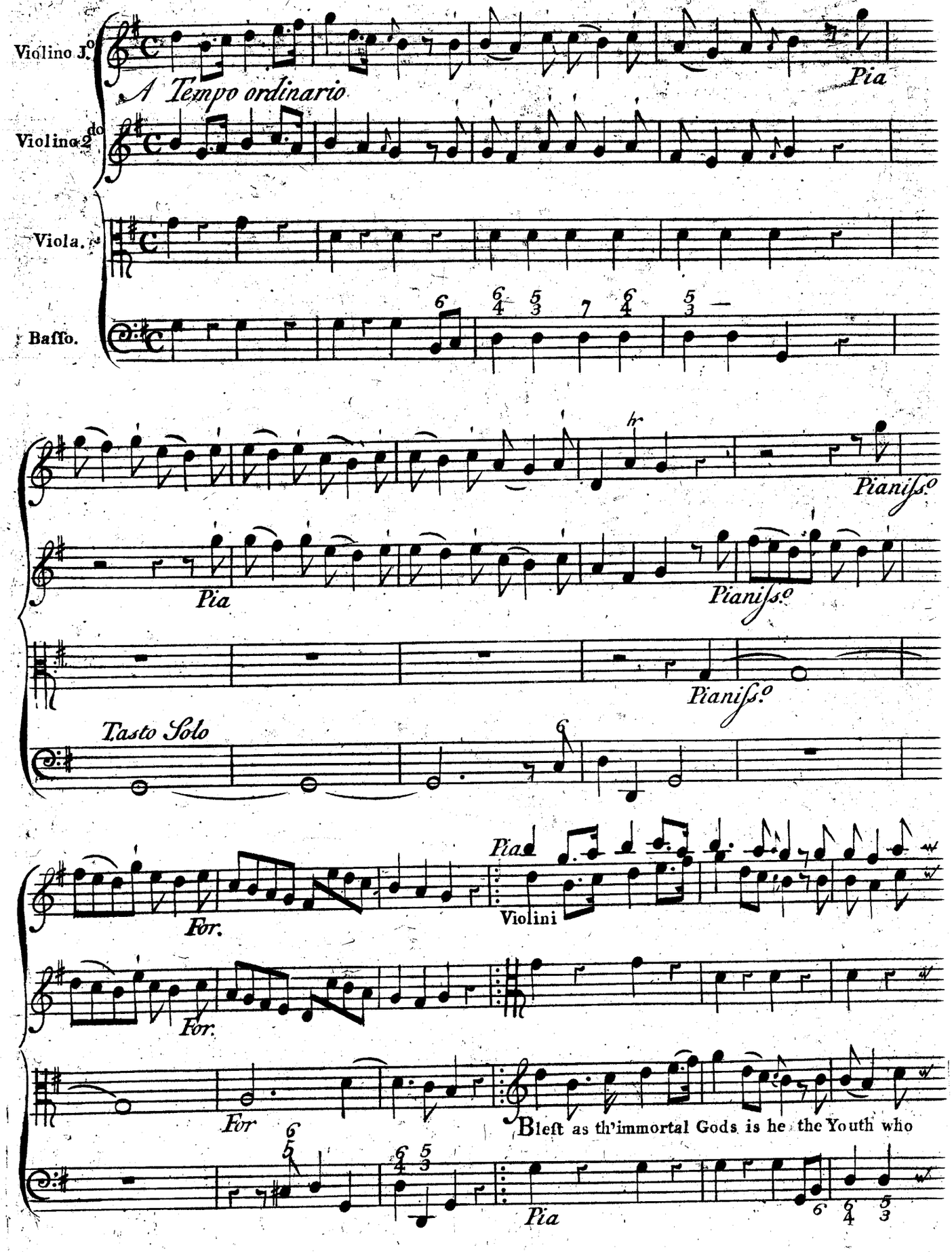
Thus *Delia* thus I paint the Scene
When we ſhall ſhortly meet;
And try what yet remains between,
Of loit'ring Time to cheat.

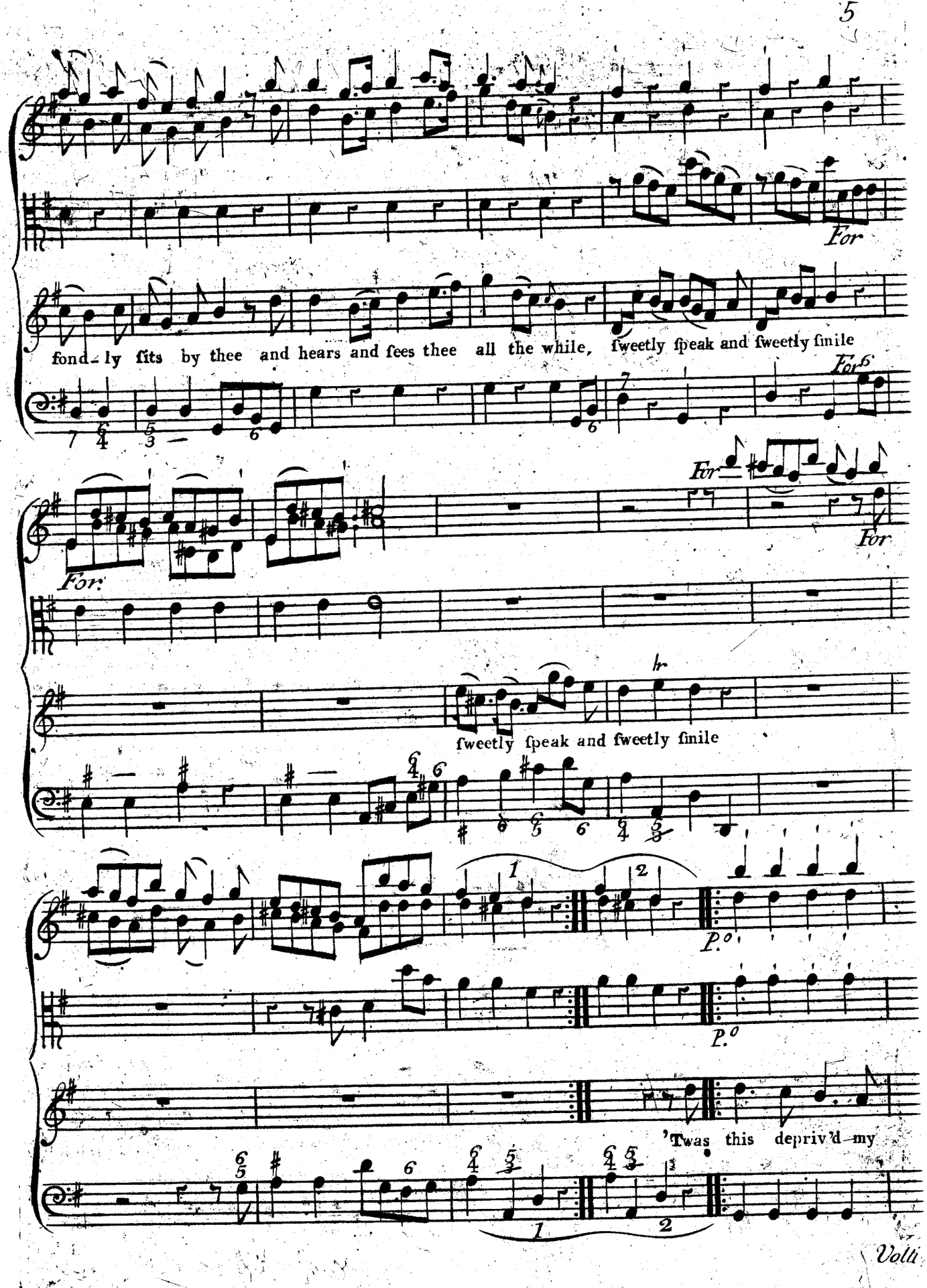
But if the Dream that ſooths my Mind
Shall falſe and groundleſs prove;

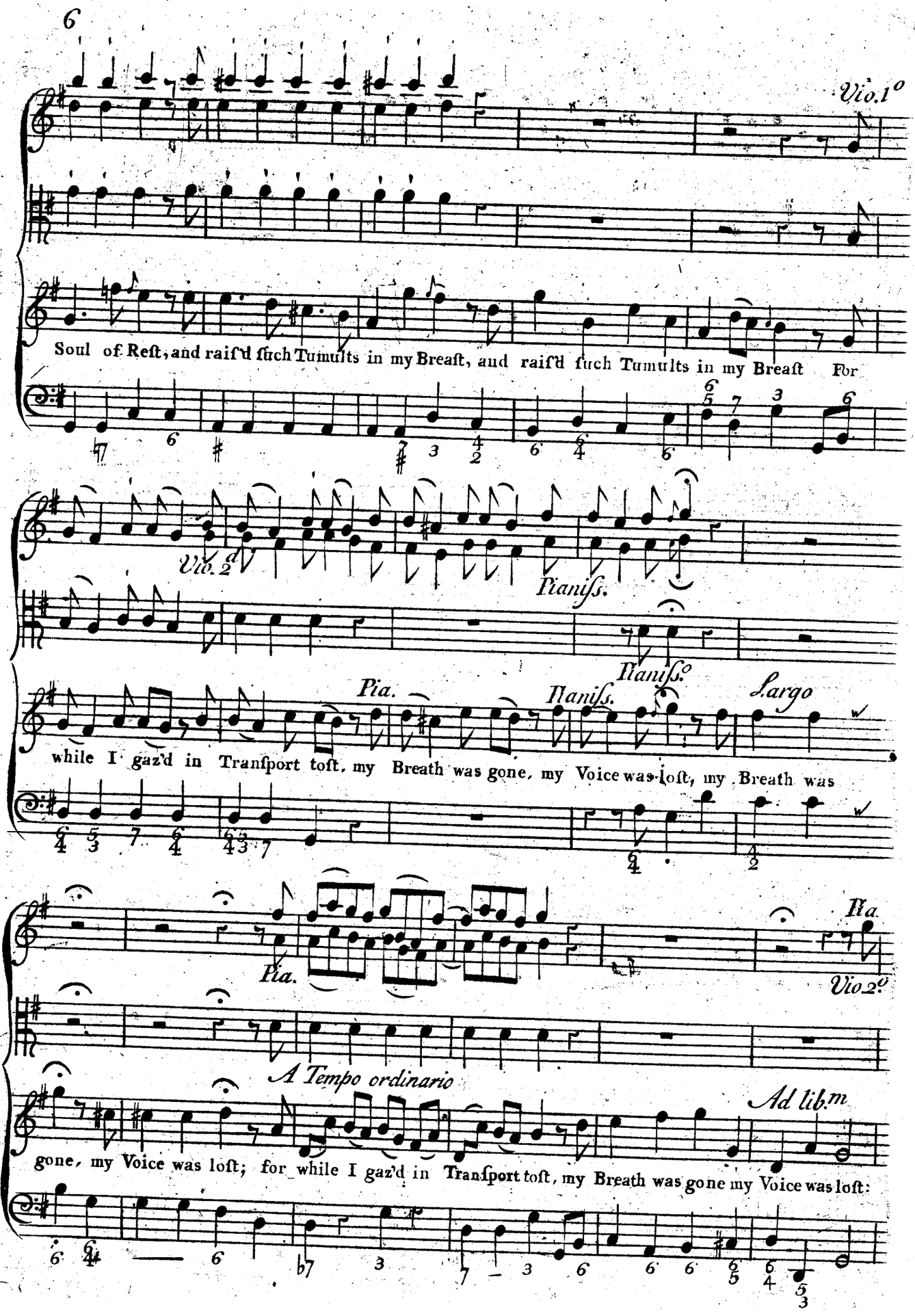
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;

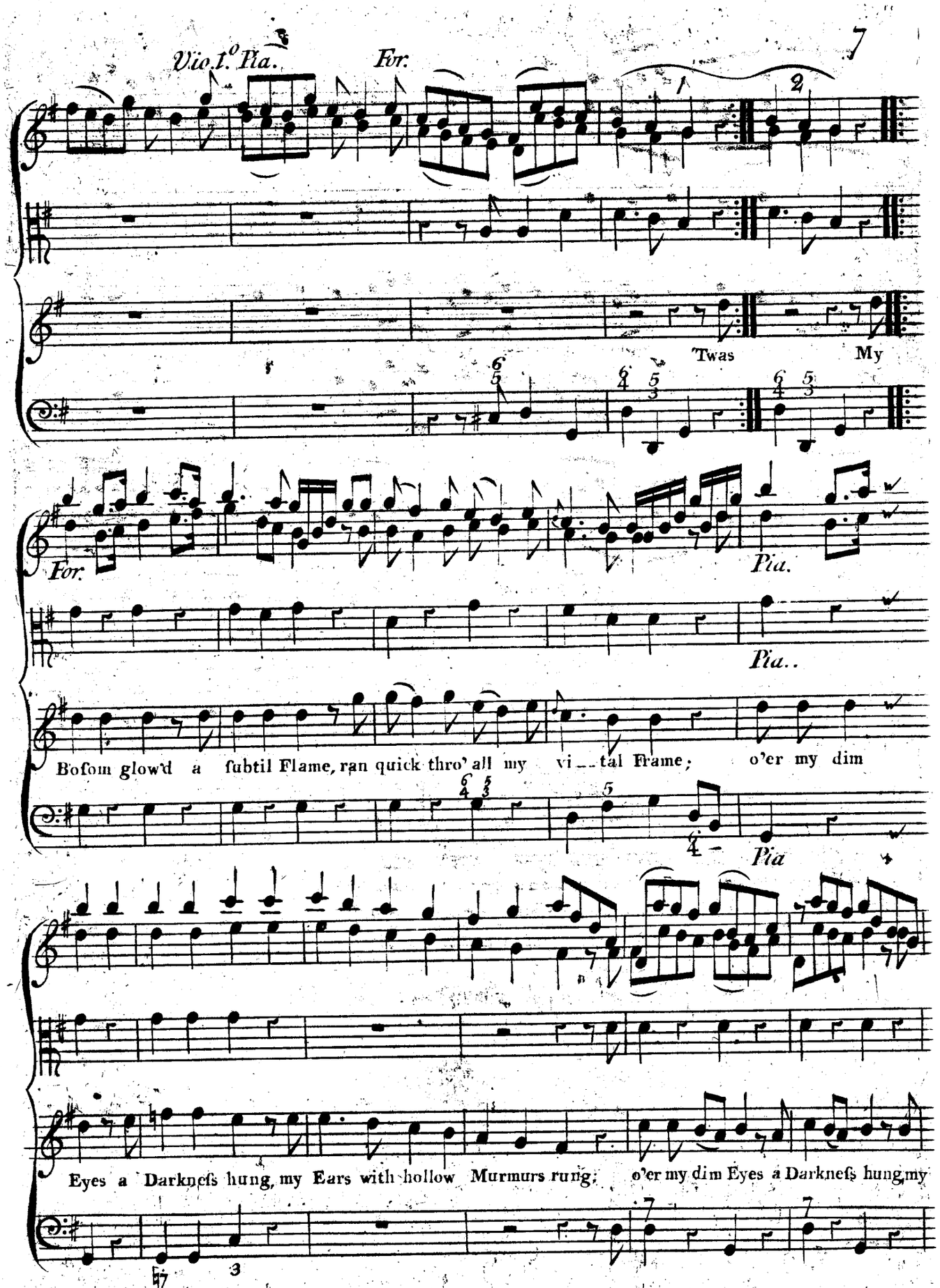
All I of *Venus* aſk is this,
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring Bliſs,
To die and think you mine.

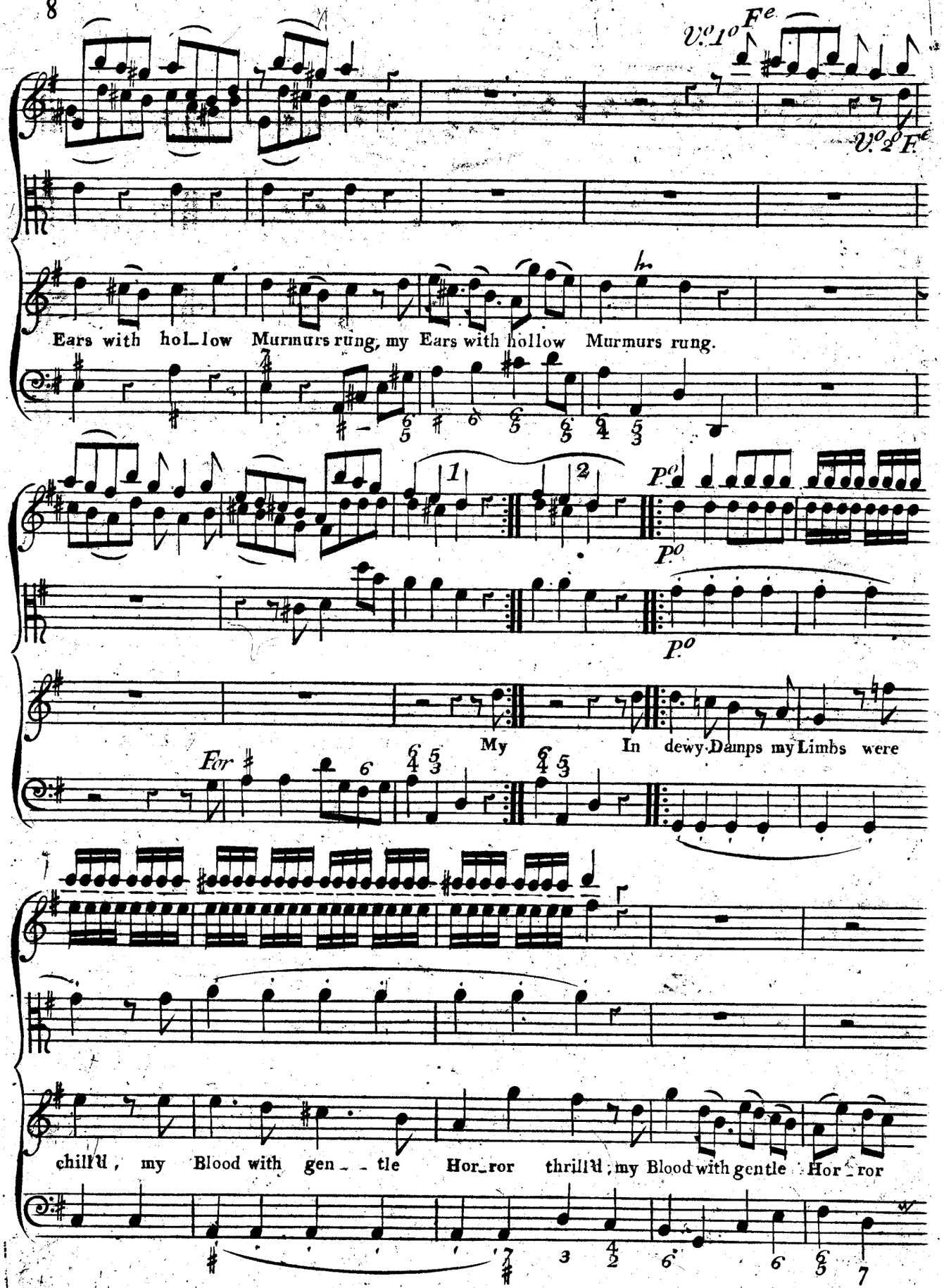
SONG II.

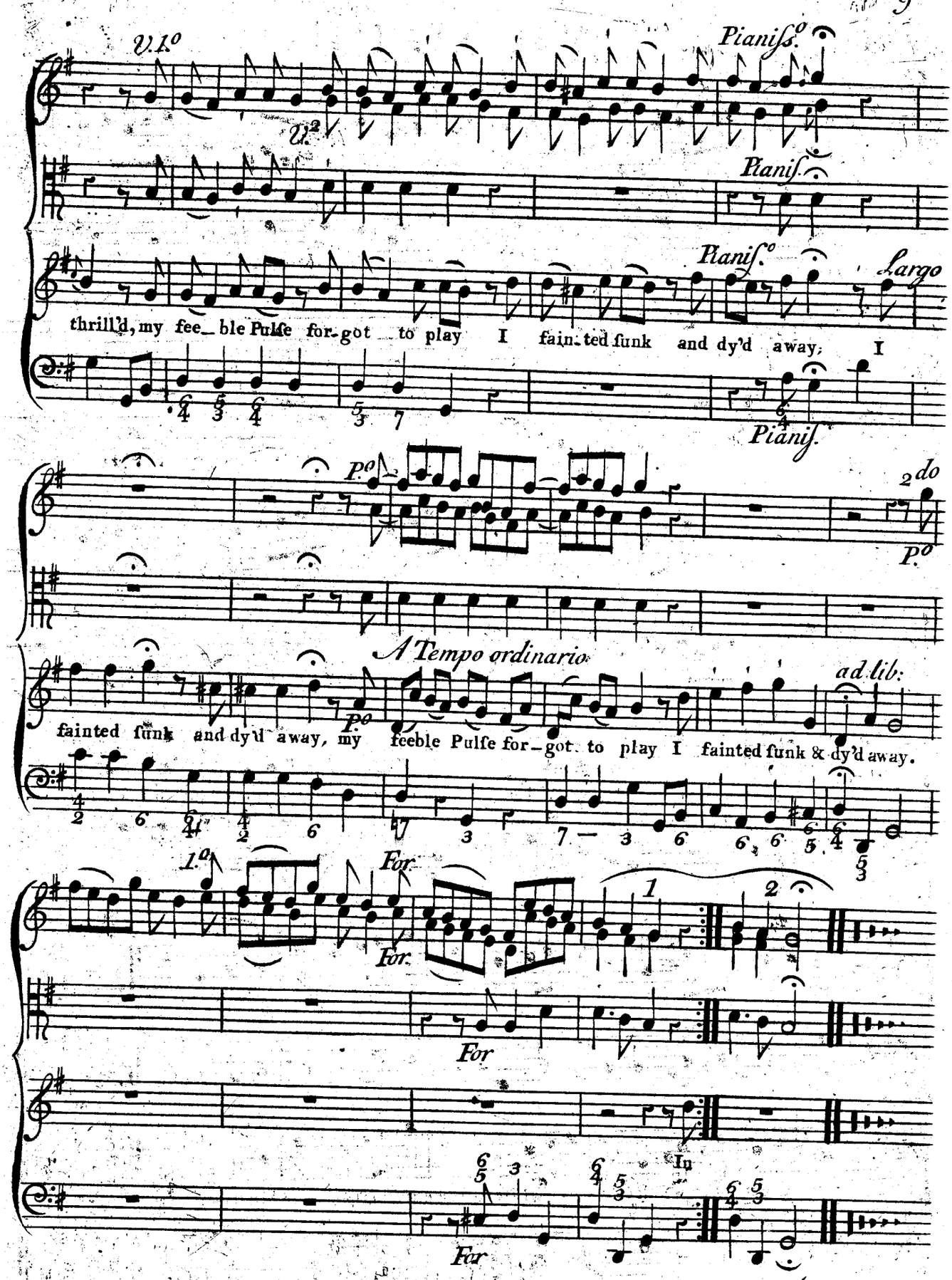

Violino J.mo
A Tempo ordinario
Pia
Violino 2do
Viola.
Basso.
Pianiss.o
Pia
Pianiss.o
Pianiss.o
Tasto Solo
For.
Pia
Violini
For.
For
Bleſt as th'immortal Gods is he the Youth who
Pia


For
fond-ly ſits by thee and hears and ſees thee all the while, ſweetly ſpeak and ſweetly ſmile
For
For:
For
For
ſweetly ſpeak and ſweetly ſmile
P.o
P.o
'Twas this depriv'd my
Volti

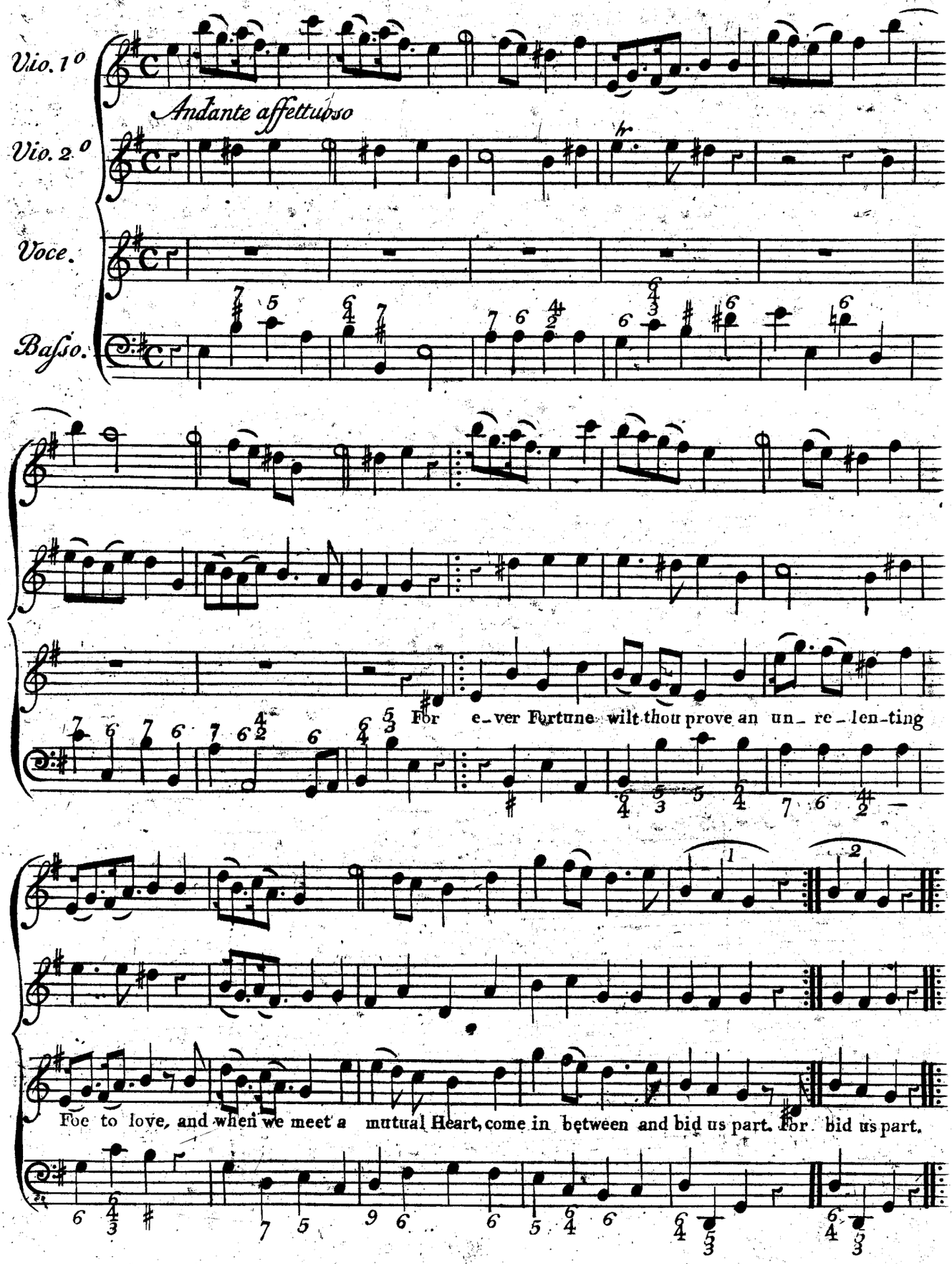

6
Vio.1o
Soul of Reſt, and raiſ'd ſuch Tumults in my Breaſt, and raiſ'd ſuch Tumults in my Breaſt For
Vio.2d
Pianiſs.
Pianiſs.o
Pia.
Pianiſs.
Largo
while I gaz'd in Tranſport toſt, my Breath was gone, my Voice was loſt, my Breath was
Pia.
Pia.
Vio.2o
A Tempo ordinario
Ad lib.m
gone, my Voice was loſt; for while I gaz'd in Tranſport toſt, my Breath was gone my Voice was loſt:

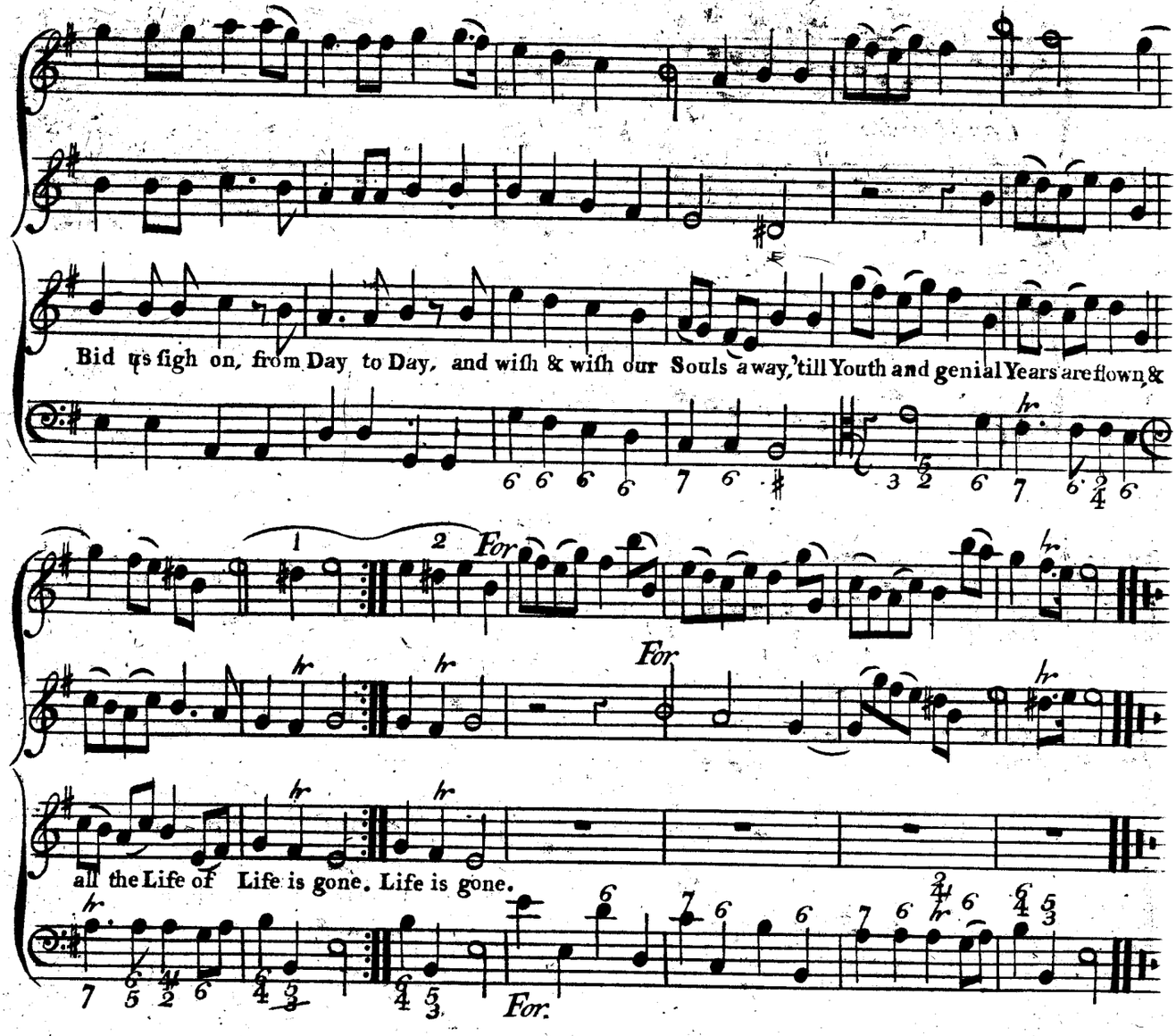

Vio 1.o Pia.
For.
1
2
Twas
My
For.
Pia.
Pia..
Bofom glow'd a ſubtil Flame, ran quick thro' all my vi__tal Frame; o'er my dim
Pia
Eyes a Darkneſs hung, my Ears with hollow Murmurs rung; o'er my dim Eyes a Darkneſs hung my


Vo 1o Fe
Vo 2o Fe
Ears with hol_low Murmurs rung, my Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.
1
2
Po
Po
Po
My In dewy Damps my Limbs were
For
chill'd, my Blood with gen_ _ tle Hor_ror thrill'd, my Blood with gentle Hor_ror

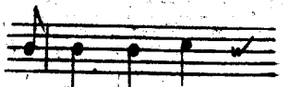

V.1o
V.2
Pianiss.o
Piani.
Piani.o
Largo
thrill'd, my fee_ble Pulse for-got to play I fain-ted funk and dy'd away, I
Piani.
Po
2do
Po
A Tempo ordinario
ad lib:
fainted funk and dy'd away, my feeble Pulse for-got to play I fainted funk & dy'd away.
1.o
For.
For.
1
2
For
In
For

SONG III.

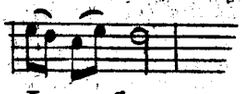

Vio. 1°
Andante affettuoso
Vio. 2°
Voce.
Basso.
For e-ver Fortune wilt thou prove an un-re-len-ting
Foe to love, and when we meet a mutual Heart, come in between and bid us part. For bid us part.



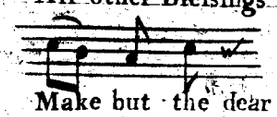
But buſy buſy, ſtill art thou,
To bind the loveleſs joyleſs Vow,
The Heart from Pleaſure to delude,
To bind the gentle, with the rude.



For once O Fortune hear my Pray'r,
And I abſolve thy future Care;

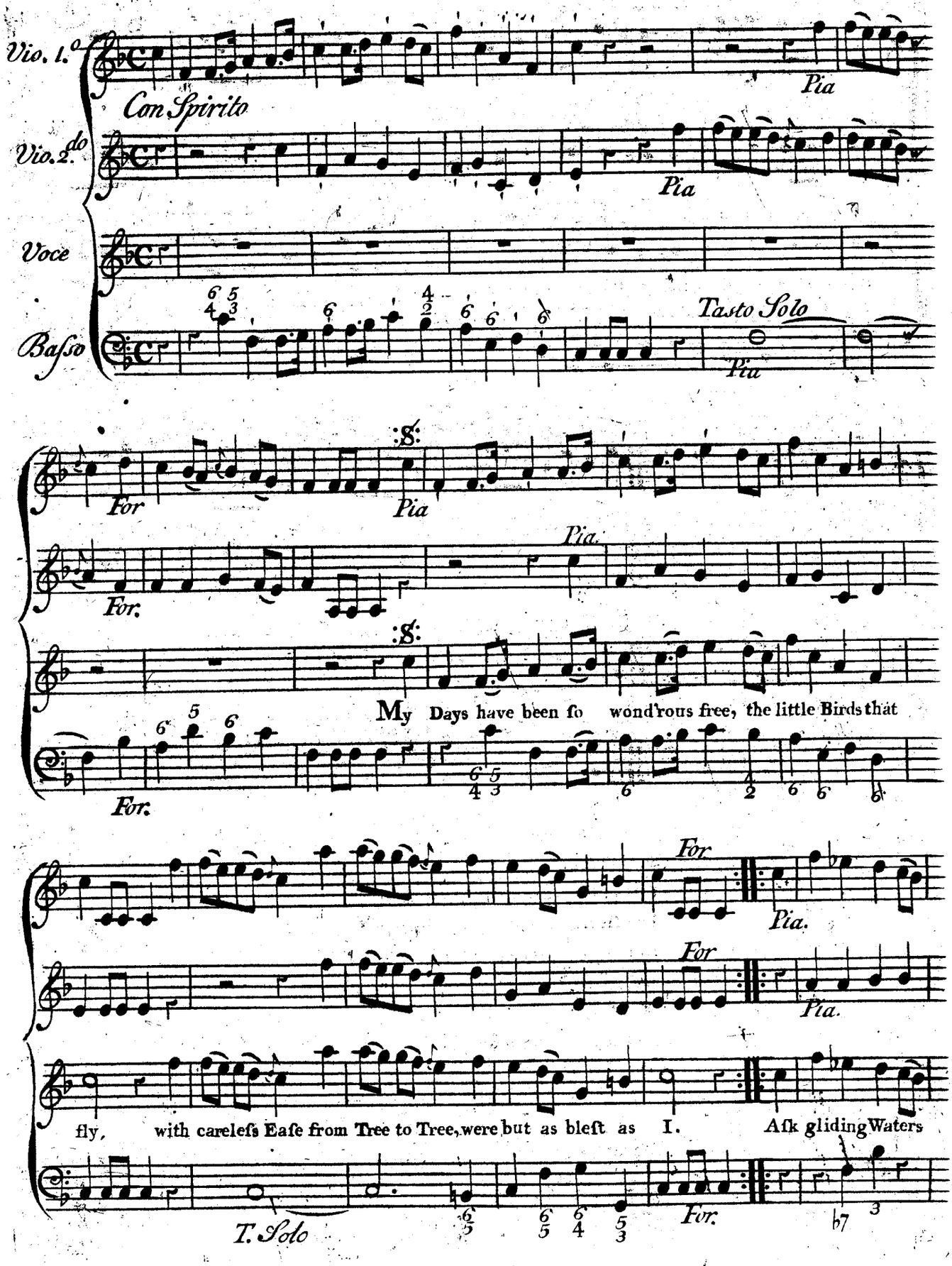


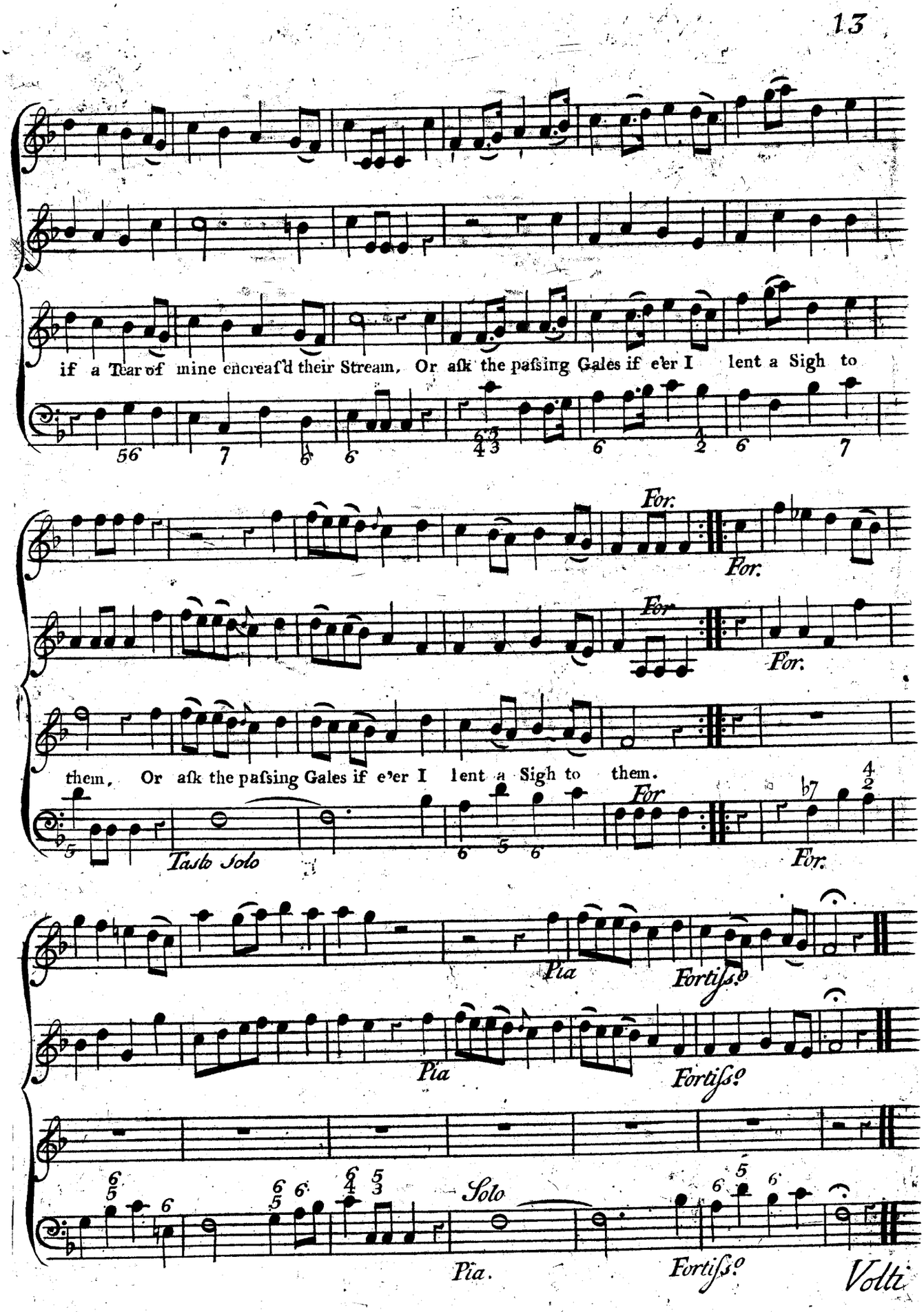
All other Bleſsings I re-ſign,

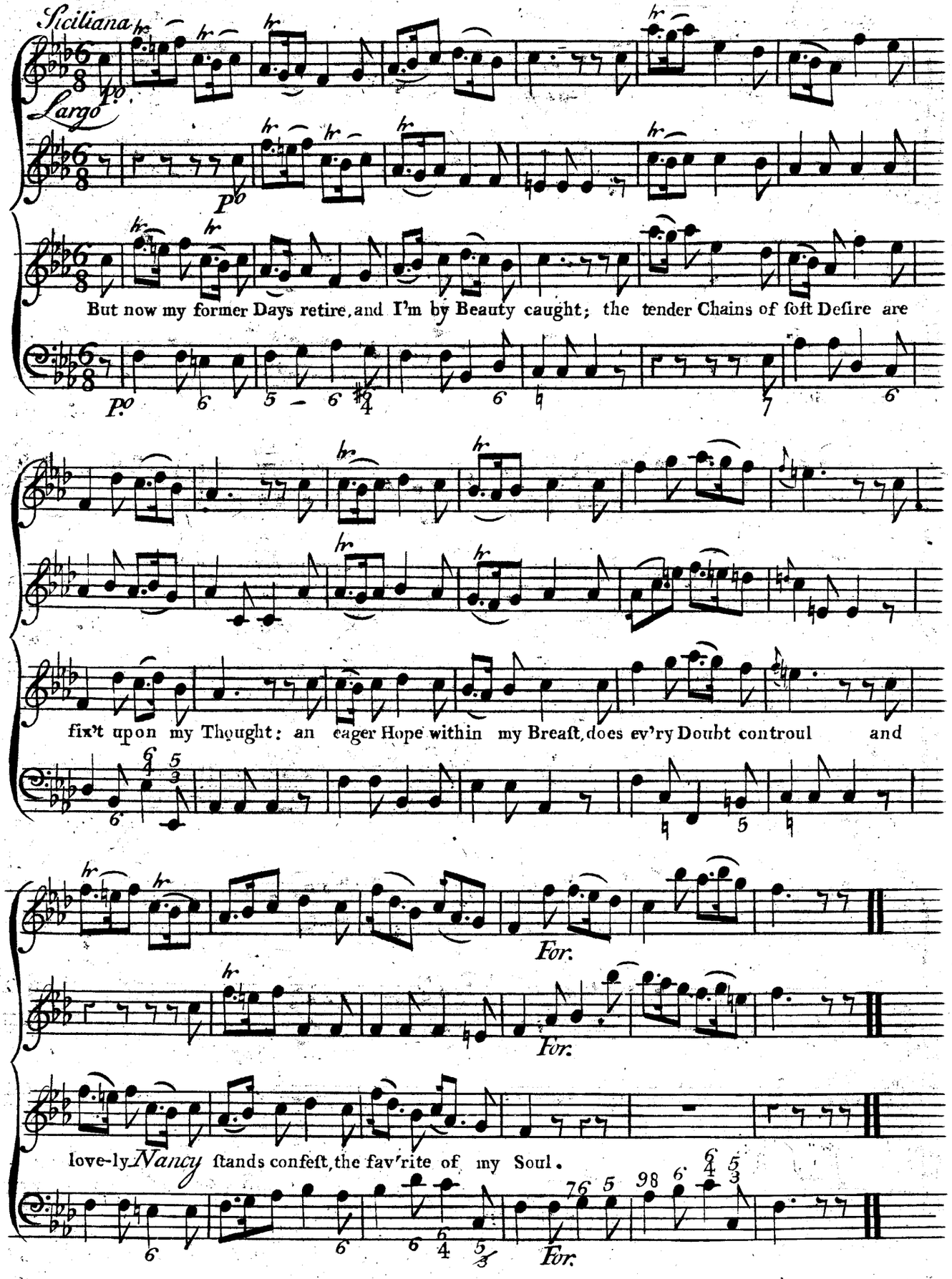


Make but the dear *Amanda* mine.

SONG IV


Vio. 1.o
Con Spirito
Pia
Vio. 2.do
Pia
Voce
Basso
Tasto Solo
Pia
For
Pia
For.
Pia.
My Days have been so wond'rous free, the little Birds that
For.
For
Pia.
For
Pia.
fly, with careless Ease from Tree to Tree, were but as blest as I. Ask gliding Waters
T. Solo
For.


if a Tear of mine encreaſ'd their Stream, Or aſk the paſsing Gales if e'er I lent a Sigh to
For.
them, Or aſk the paſsing Gales if e'er I lent a Sigh to them.
Taſto Solo
Pia
Fortiſs.o
Solo
Pia.
Fortiſs.o
Volti


Siciliana
Largo
P.o
But now my former Days retire, and I'm by Beauty caught; the tender Chains of ſoft Deſire are
fix't upon my Thought: an eager Hope within my Breaſt, does ev'ry Doubt controul and
For.
For.
love-ly Nancy ſtands confeſt, the fav'rite of my Soul.
For.

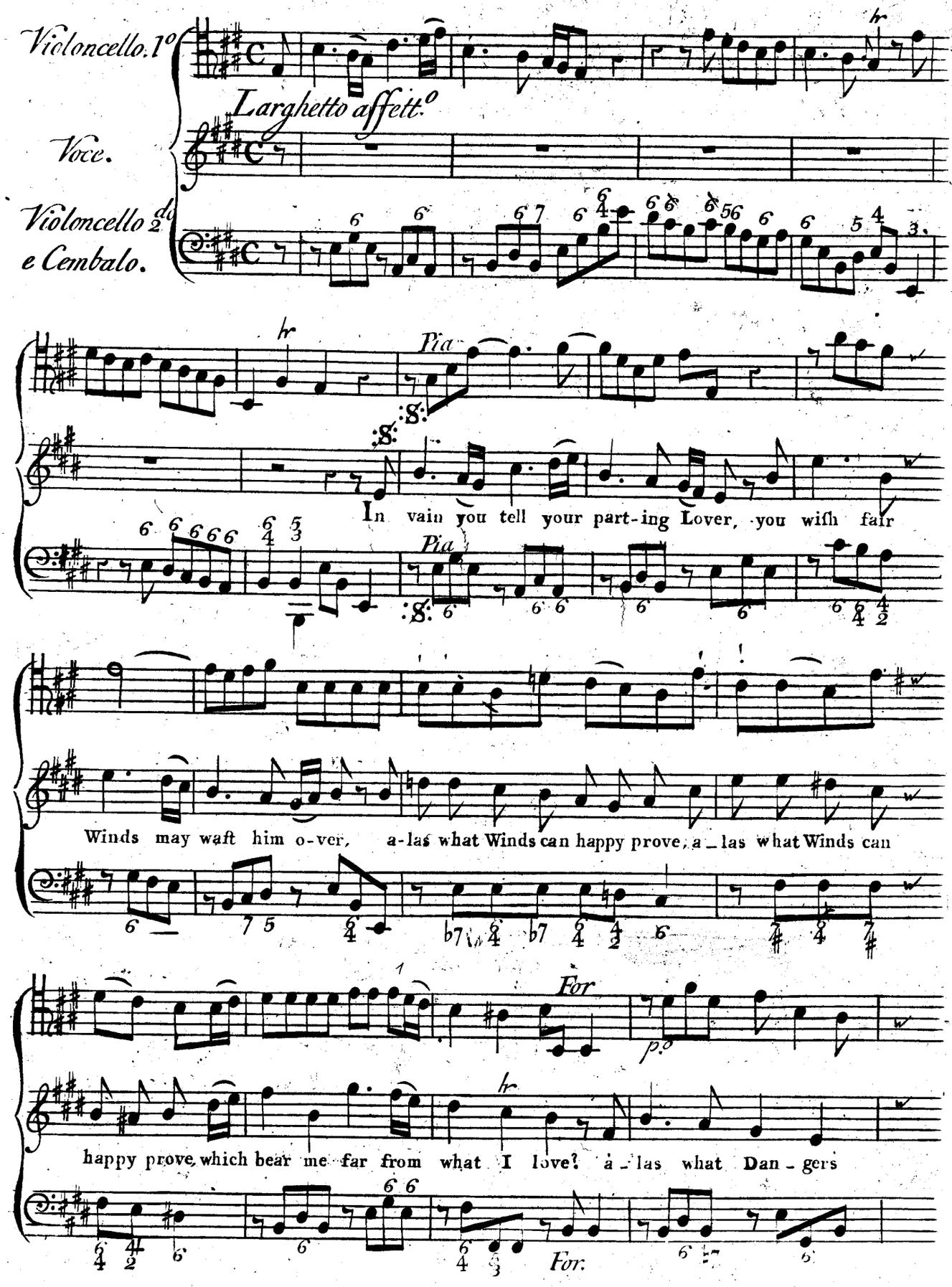
Ye Nightingales, ye twifting Pines,
Ye Swains that haunt the Grove;
Ye gentle Ecchoes, breezy Winds,
Ye clofe Retreats of Love;
With all of Nature, all of Art,
Aſſiſt the dear Deſign;
O teach a young unpractiſ'd Heart
To make her ever mine!

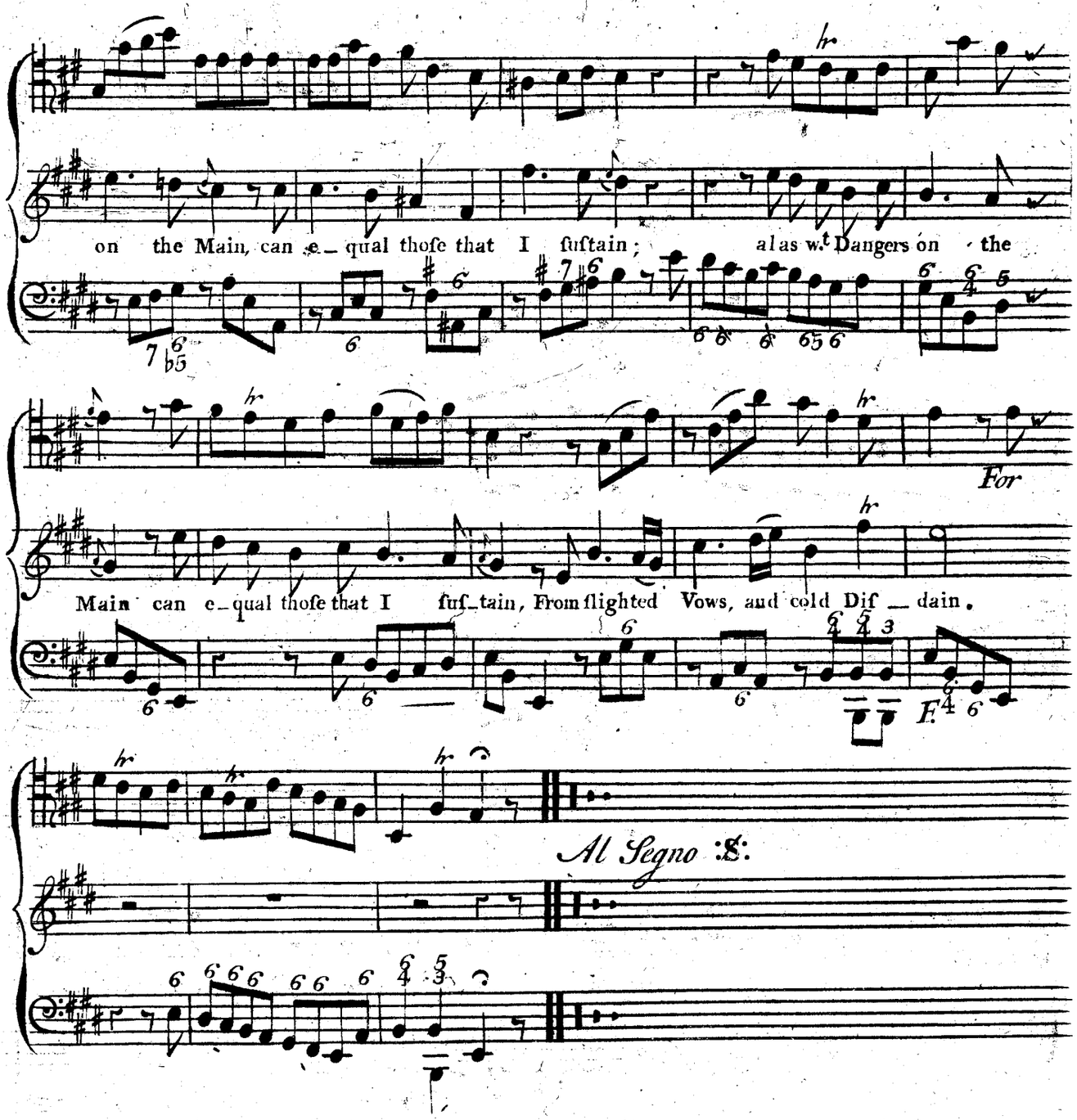
The very Thought of change I hate,
As much as of Deſpair;
And hardly covet to be great,
Unleſs it be for her:
'Tis true the Paſsion in my Mind
Is mixt with ſoft Diſtreſs;
Yet while the Fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it leſs.

N.B. The above Stanza's must be sung to the last Air; and the following Stanza to the former, omitting the first Symphony.

But if ſhe treats me with Diſdain
And ſlights my well meant Love;
Or looks with Pleaſure on my Pain,
A Pain ſhe wont remove;
Farewel ye Birds and lonely Pines,
Adieu to Groans and Sighs,
I'll leave my Paſſion to the Winds,
Love unreturn'd ſoon dies.

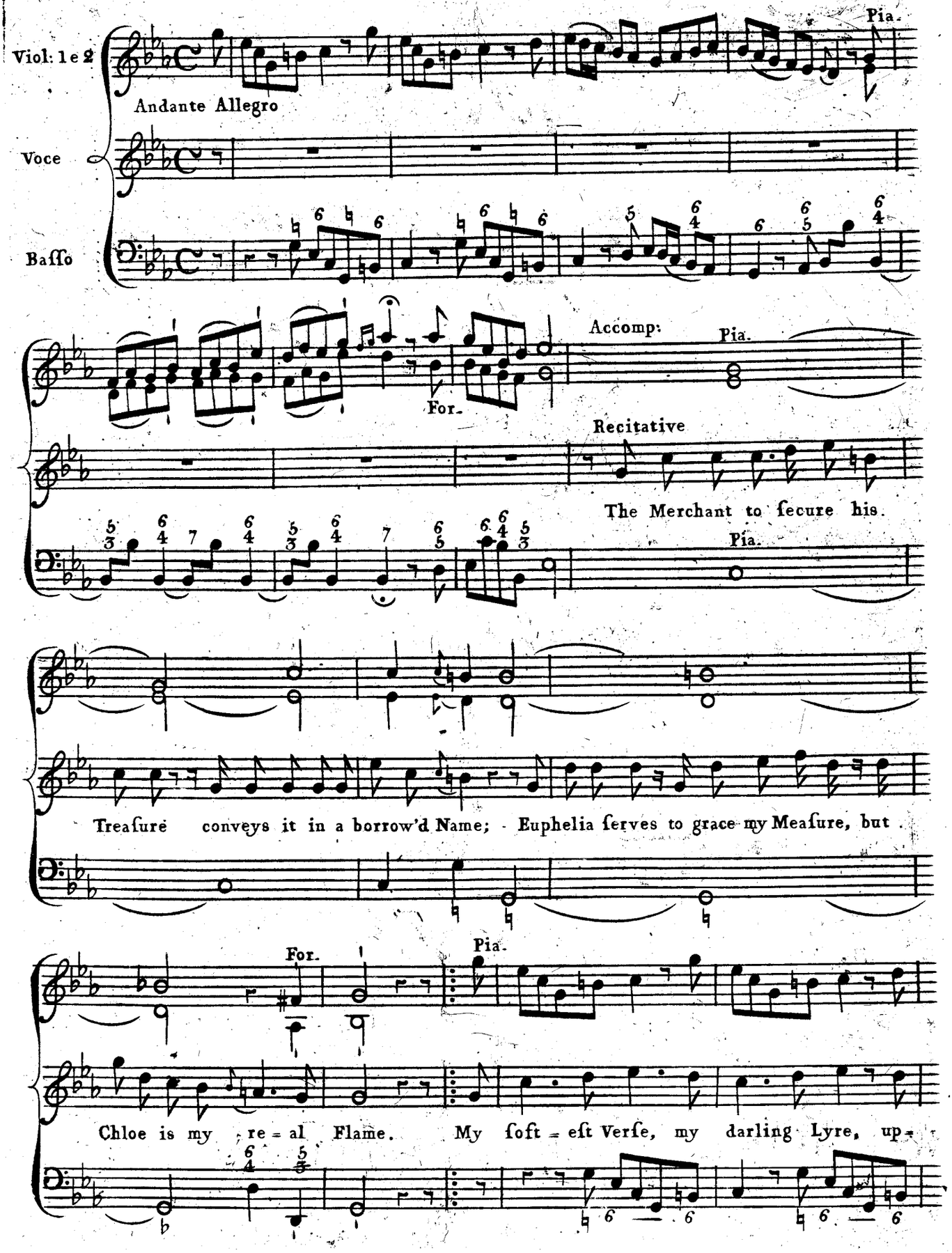
SONG V.

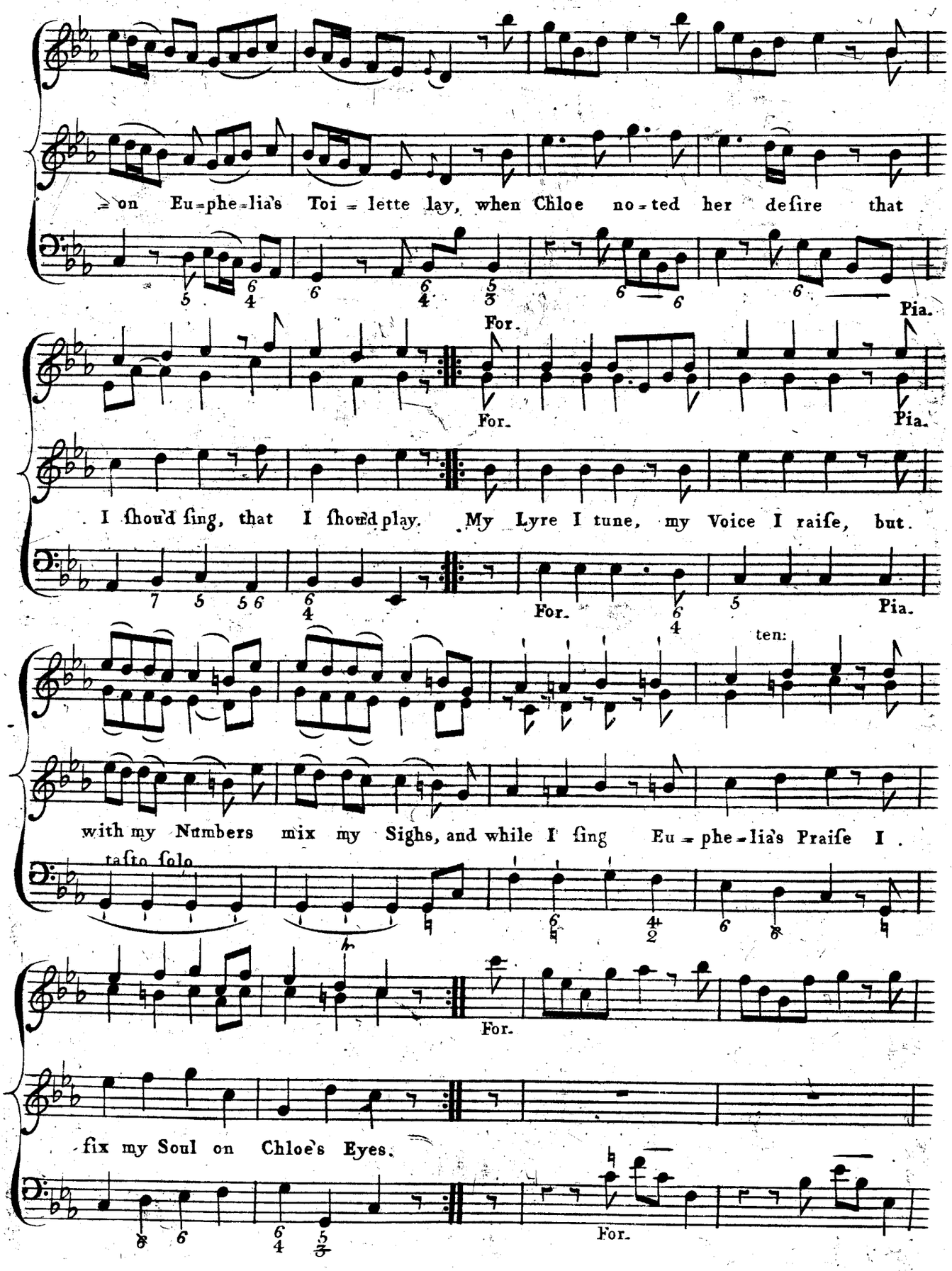

Violoncello. 1°
Larghetto affett.°
Voce.
Violoncello 2do
e Cembalo.
Pia
In vain you tell your part-ing Lover, you wish fair
Winds may waft him o-ver, a-las what Winds can happy prove, a-las what Winds can
For
happy prove which bear me far from what I love? a-las what Dan-gers
For.

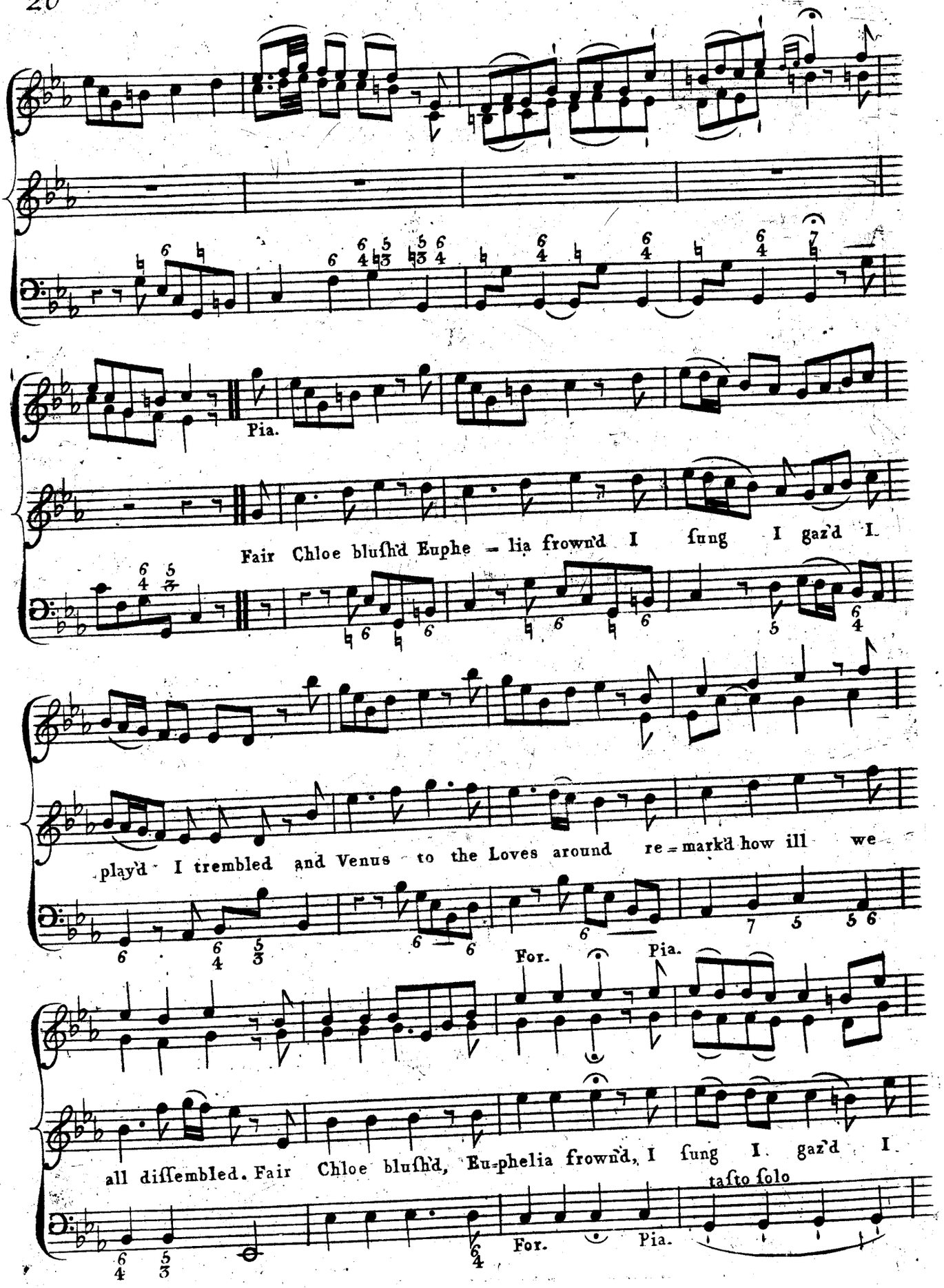


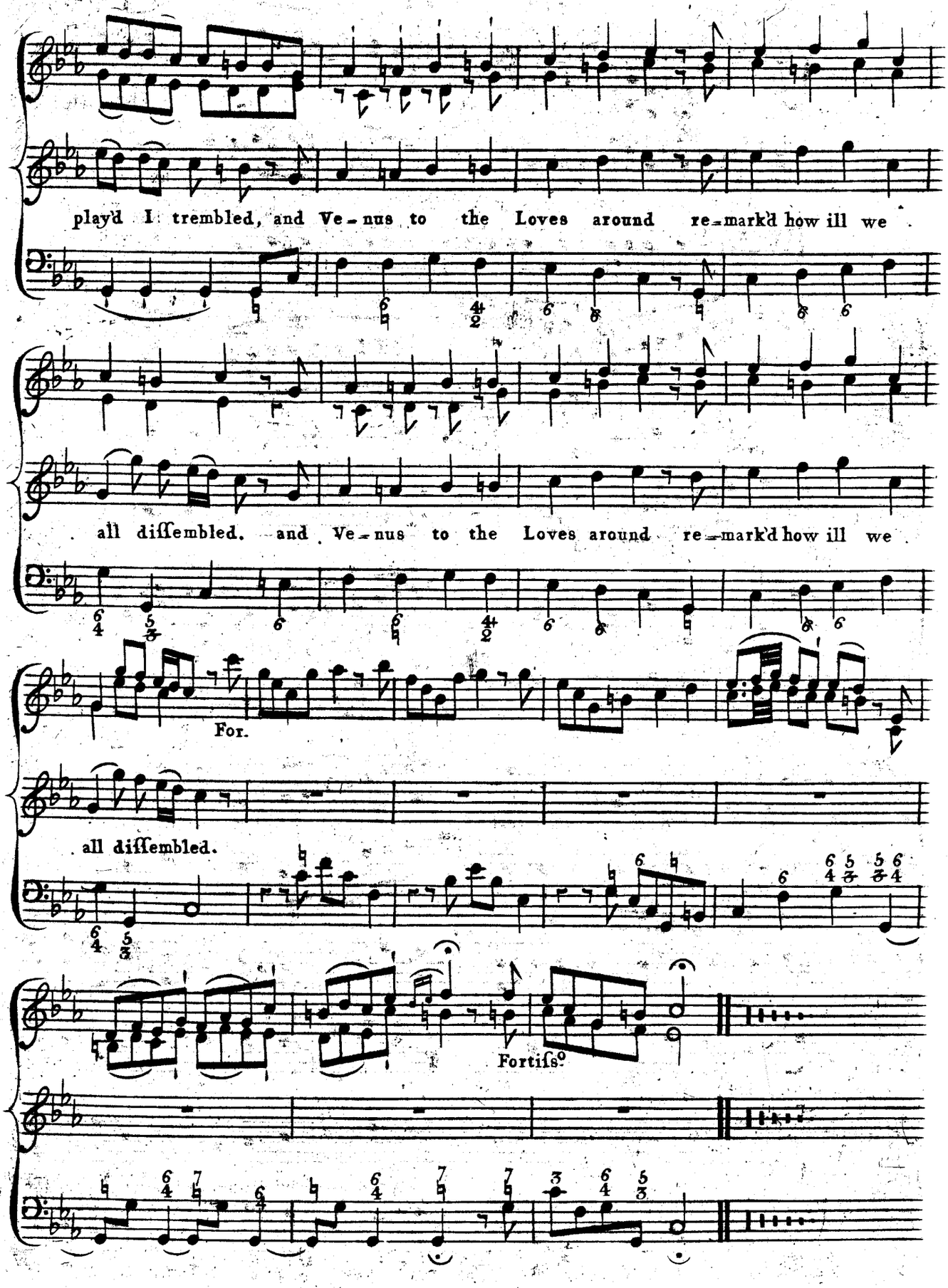
Be gentle and in Pity chooſe
To wiſh the wildeſt Tempeſt looſe;
That thrown again upon the Coaſt,
Where firſt my ſhipwreck'd Heart was loſt,
I may once more repeat my Pain,
Once more in dying Notes complain;
Of ſlighted Vows, and cold Diſdain.

Song VI

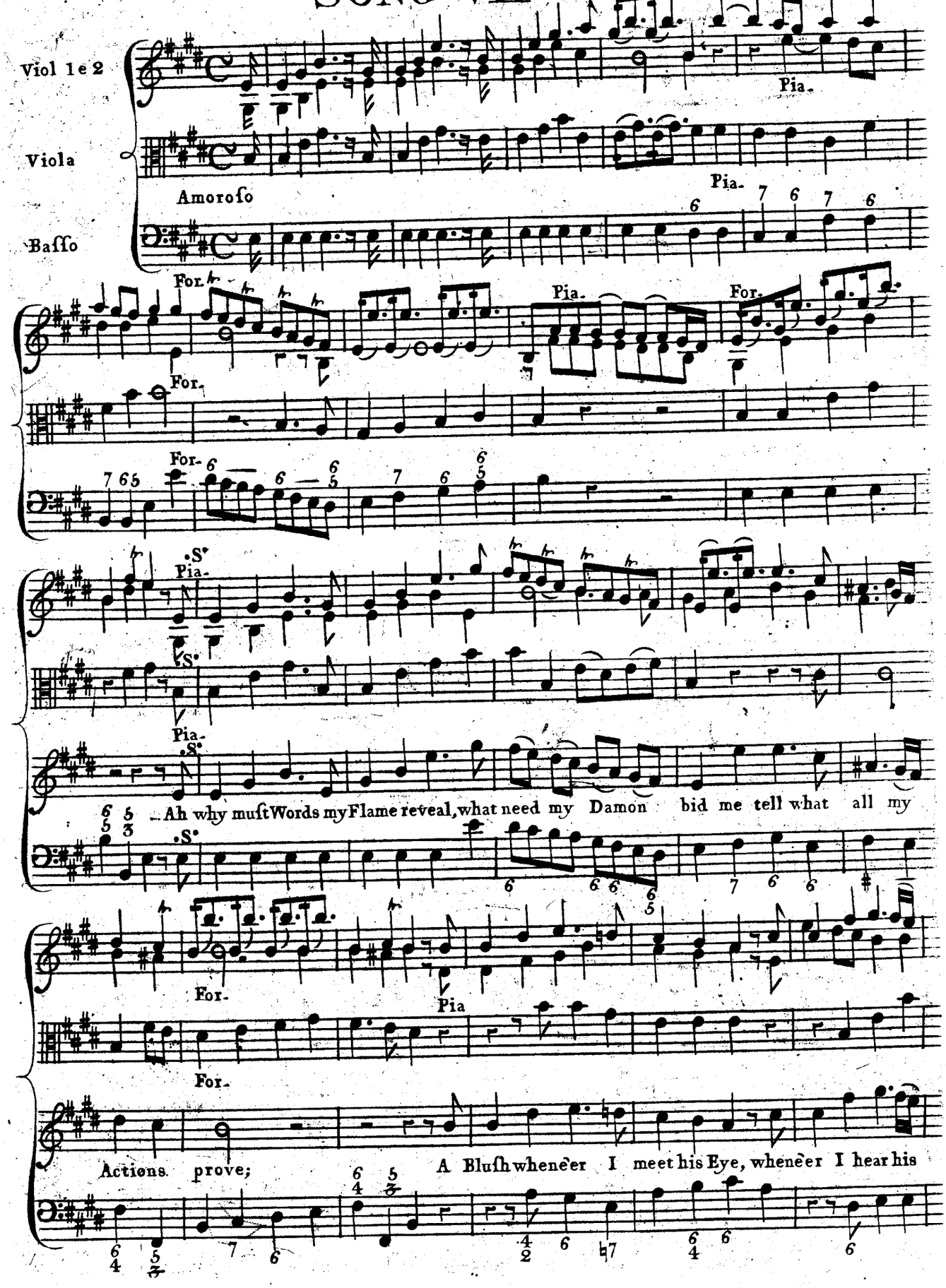

Viol: 1 e 2
Voce
Baſſo
Andante Allegro
Pia.
Accomp:
Pia.
For.
Recitative
The Merchant to ſecure his
Pia.
Treaſure conveys it in a borrow'd Name; Euphelia ſerves to grace my Meaſure, but
For.
Pia.
Chloe is my re = al Flame. My ſoft = eſt Verſe, my darling Lyre, up =

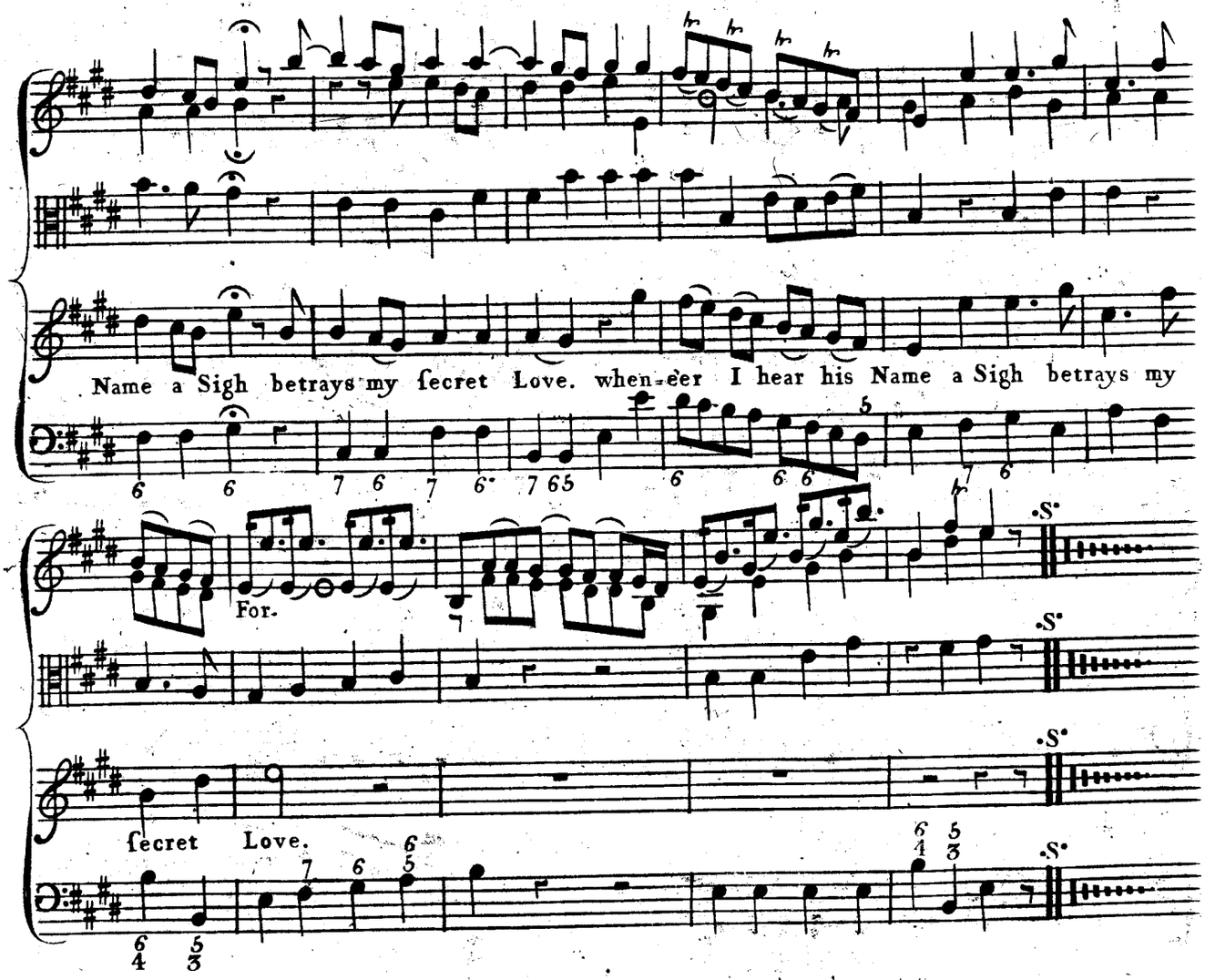

on Eu-phe-lia's Toi-lette lay, when Chloe no-ted her deſire that
For.
Pia.
I ſhou'd ſing, that I ſhou'd play. My Lyre I tune, my Voice I raiſe, but
ten:
with my Numbers mix my Sighs, and while I ſing Eu-phe-lia's Praiſe I
taſto ſolo
fix my Soul on Chloe's Eyes.


Pia.
Fair Chloe bluſh'd Euphe - lia frown'd I ſung I gaz'd I
play'd I trembled and Venus to the Loves around re - mark'd how ill we
For. Pia.
all diſſembled. Fair Chloe bluſh'd, Eu-phelia frown'd, I ſung I gaz'd I
taſto ſolo
For. Pia.


play'd I trembled, and Ve-nus to the Loves around re-mark'd how ill we
all diſſembled, and Ve-nus to the Loves around re-mark'd how ill we
For.
all diſſembled.
Fortiſs.

SONG VII


Viol 1 e 2
Viola
Basso
Amoroso
Pia.
For.
Ah why must Words my Flame reveal, what need my Damon bid me tell what all my
Actions prove; A Blush whene'er I meet his Eye, whene'er I hear his



2

In all their ſports upon the Plain,
My Eyes ſtill fixd on him remain,
And him alone approve;
The reſt unheeded dance or play,
From all he ſteals my Praiſe away.
And can he doubt my Love?

3

Whene'er we meet my looks confeſs
The Joys which all my Soul poſſeſs,
And ev'ry Care remove;
Still ſtill too ſhort appears his ſtay,
The Moments fly too faſt away
Too faſt for my fond Love!

4

Does any ſpeak in Damons praiſe!
So pleaſ'd am I with all he ſays
I ev'ry Word approve;
But is he blam'd, altho in Jeſt,
I feel reſentment fire my Breaſt,
Alaſs, becauſe I love!

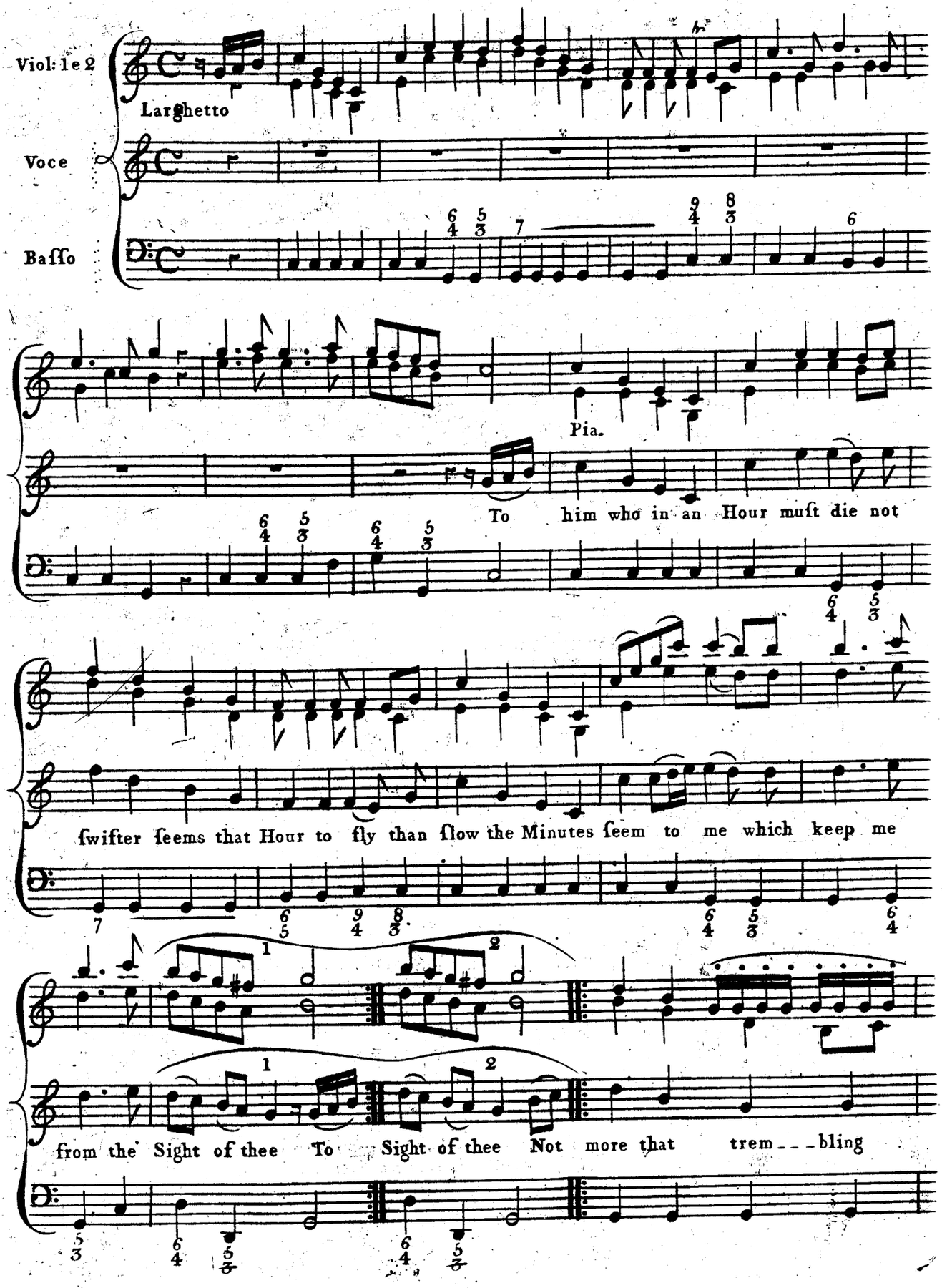
5

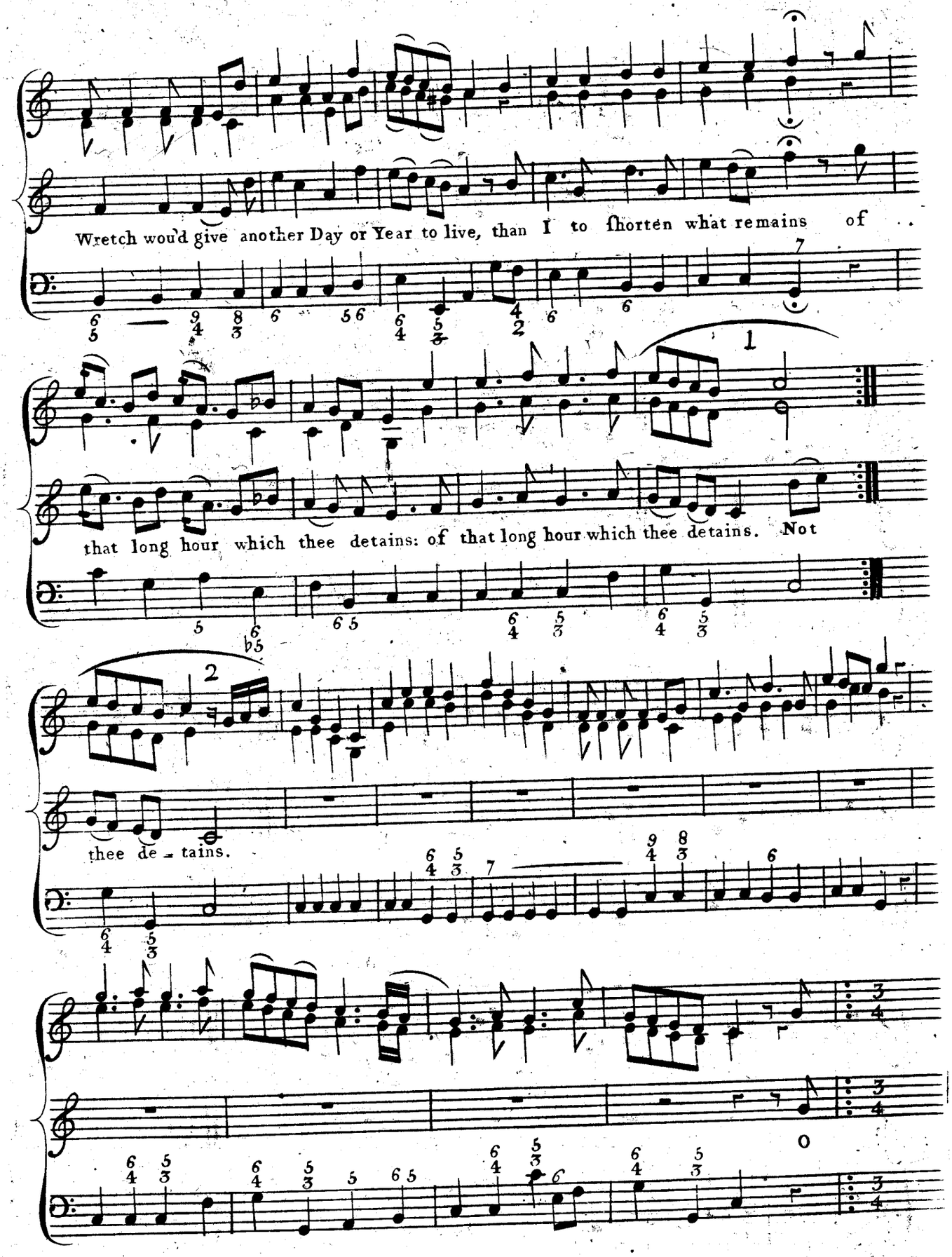
But Oh! what Tortures tear my Heart,
When I ſuſpect his looks impart
The leaſt deſire to rove;
I hate the Maid that gives me pain,
Yet him to hate I ſtrive in vain;
For, ah! that Hate is Love.

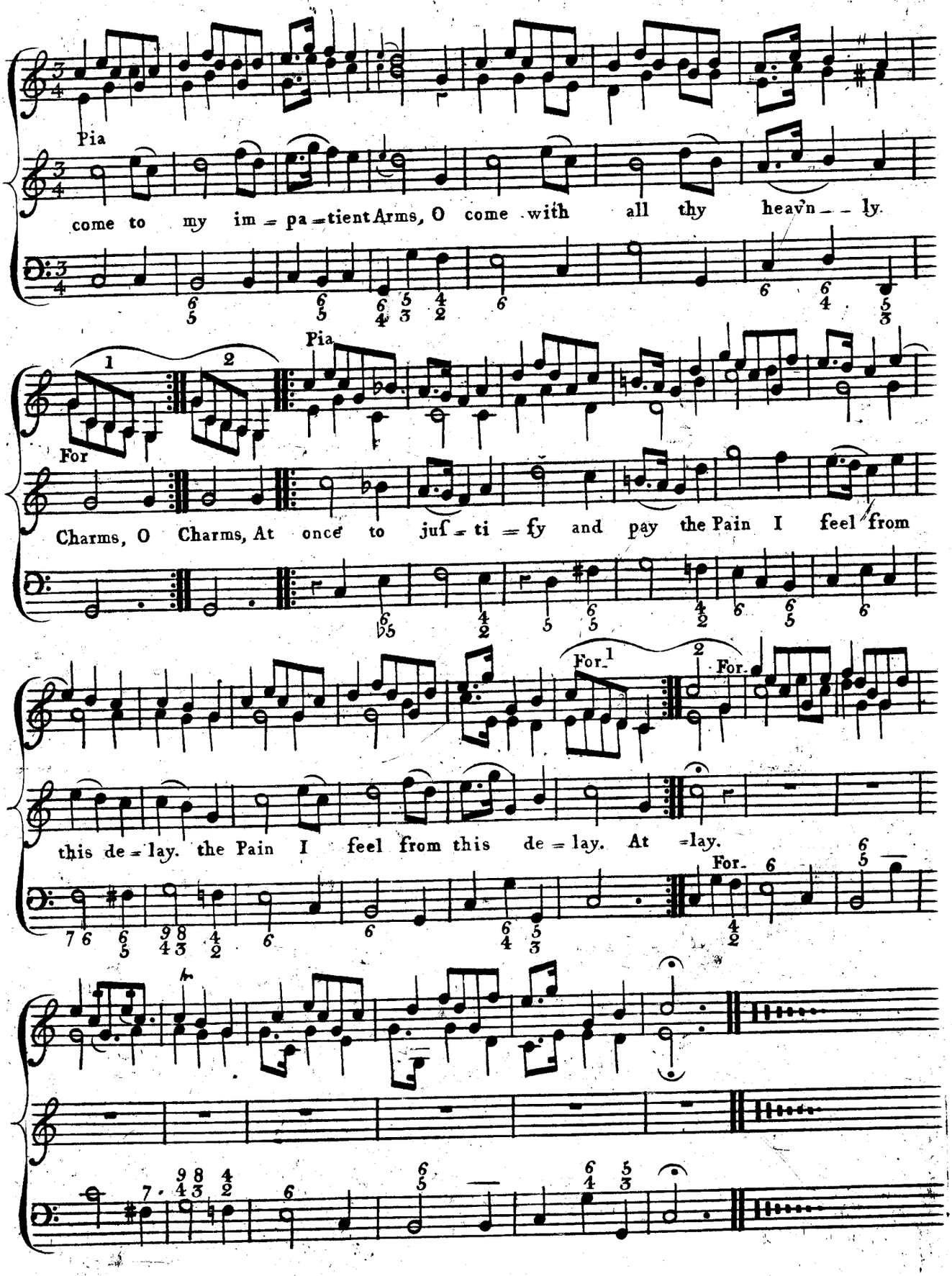
6

Then aſk not Words, but read my Eyes,
Believe my Bluſhes, truſt my Sighs,
My Paſſion theſe will prove;
Words oft deceive and ſpring from Art,
The true Expreſſion of my Heart
To Damon, muſt be Love.

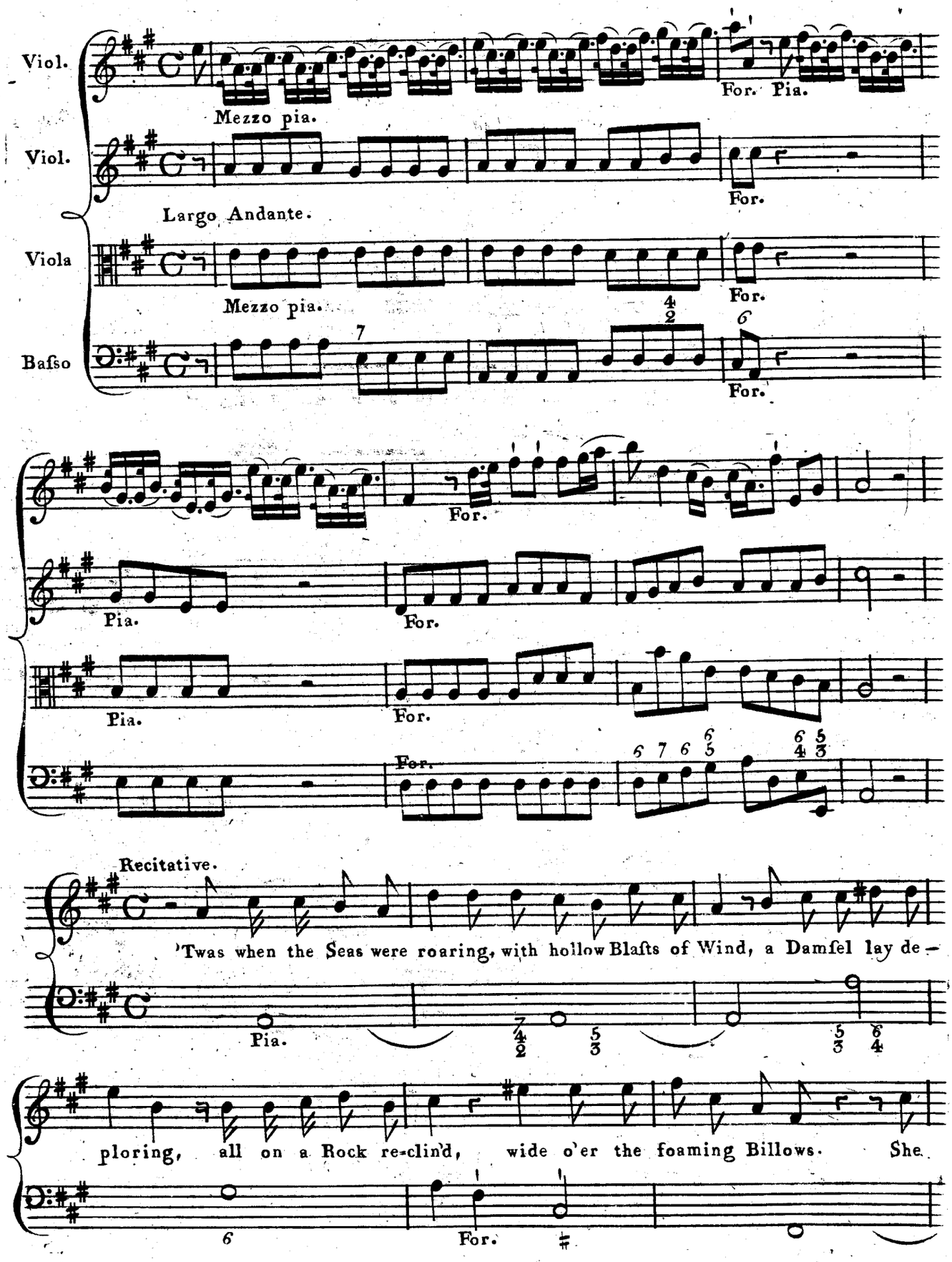
Song VIII

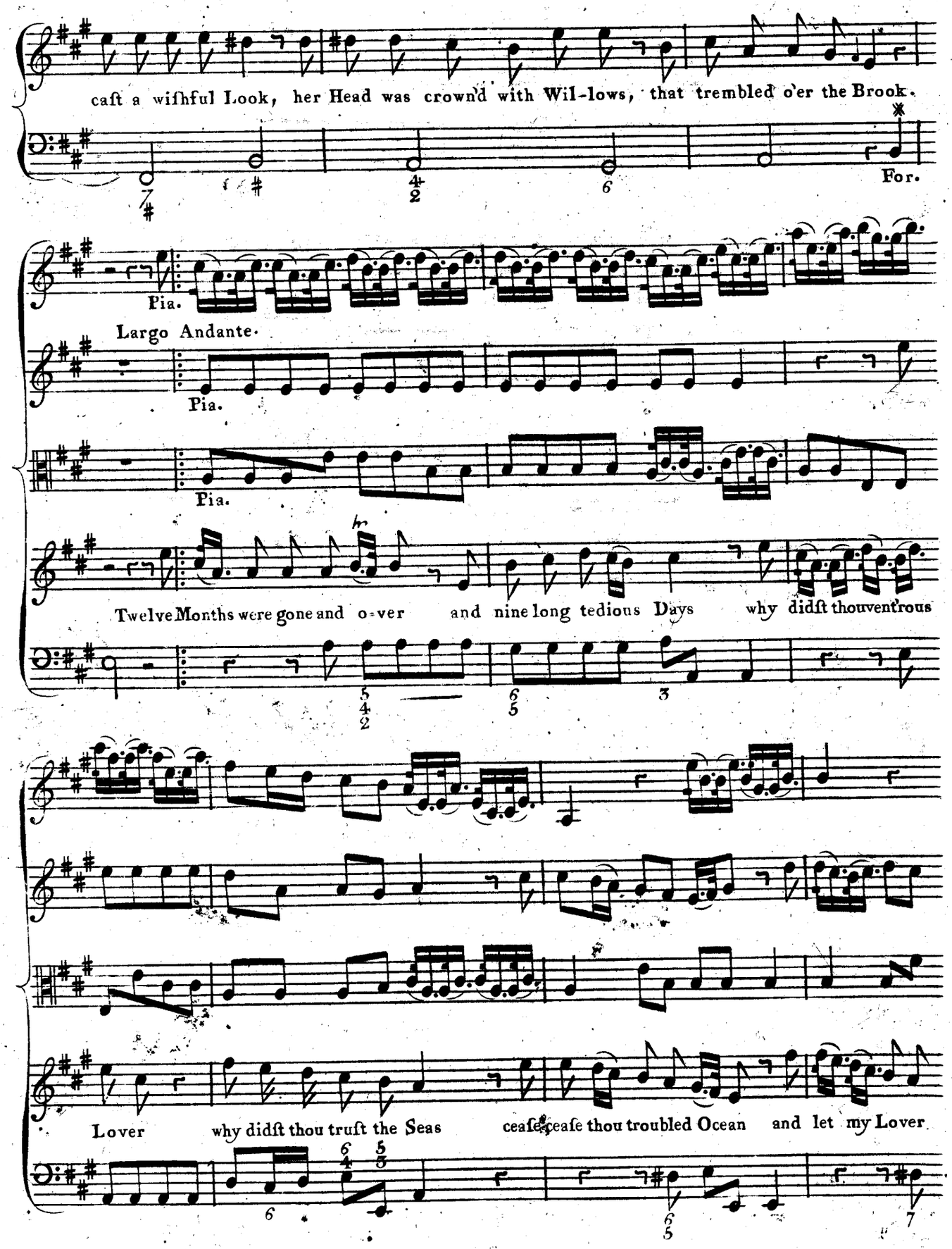

Viol: 1e 2
Larghetto
Voce
Baſſo
Pia.
To him who in an Hour muſt die not
ſwifter ſeems that Hour to fly than ſlow the Minutes ſeem to me which keep me
from the Sight of thee To Sight of thee Not more that trem___bling

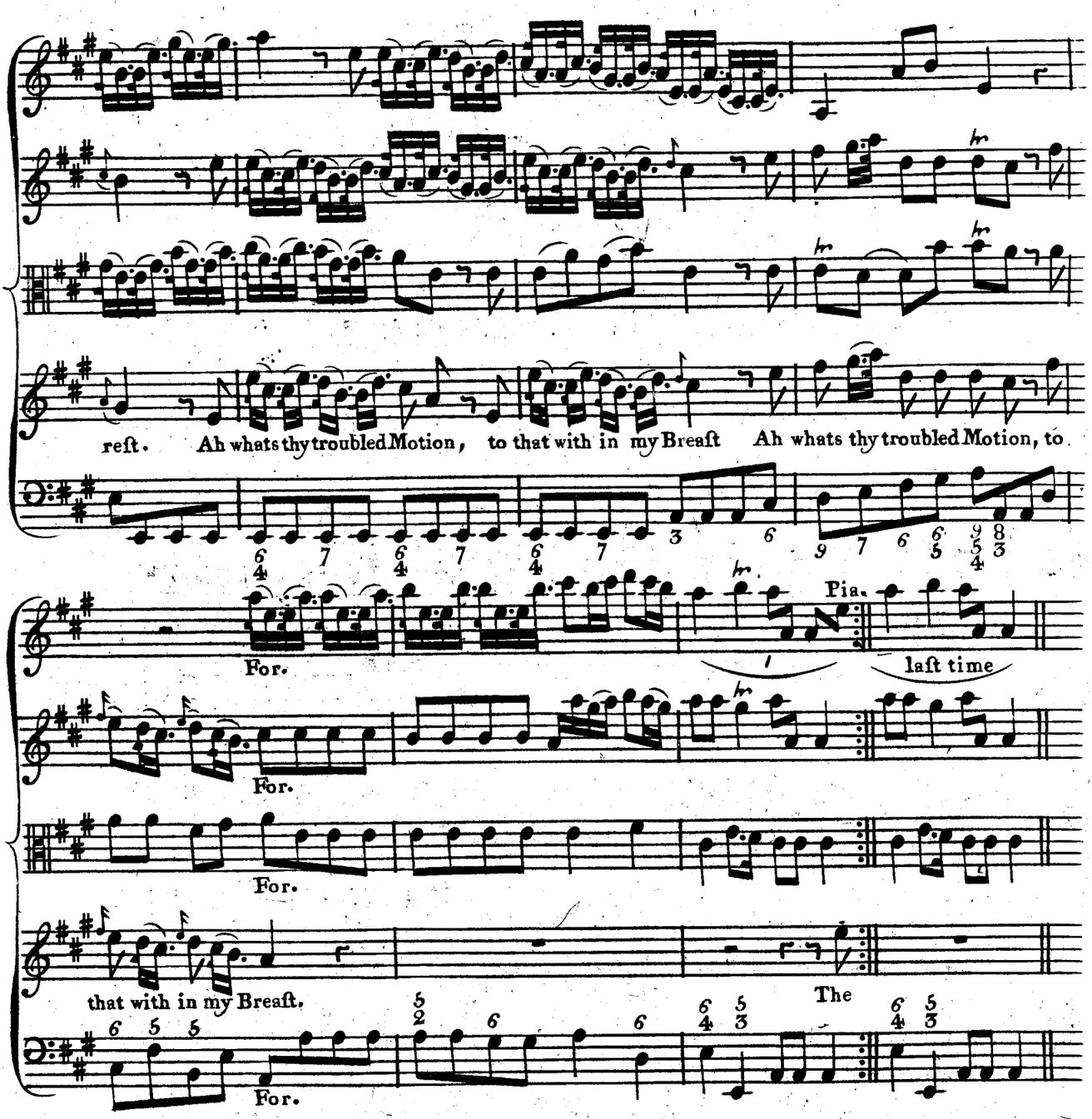

Wretch would give another Day or Year to live, than I to ſhorten what remains of . .
that long hour which thee detains: of that long hour which thee detains. Not
thee de - tains.


Pia
come to my im = pa = tient Arms, O come with all thy heav'n = ly
Pia
For
Charms, O Charms, At once to juſ = ti = fy and pay the Pain I feel from
For.
For.
this de = lay. the Pain I feel from this de = lay. At = lay.
For.

Song IX

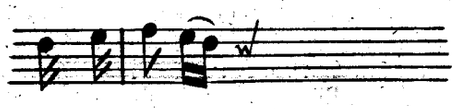

Viol.
Mezzo pia.
For. Pia.
Viol.
For.
Largo Andante.
Viola
Mezzo pia.
For.
Baſso
For.
For.
Pia.
For.
Pia.
For.
For.
Recitative.
'Twas when the Seas were roaring, with hollow Blaſts of Wind, a Damſel lay de-
Pia.
ploring, all on a Rock re-clin'd, wide o'er the foaming Billows. She
For.


cast a wishful Look, her Head was crown'd with Wil-lows, that trembled o'er the Brook.
For.
Pia.
Largo Andante.
Pia.
Pia.
Twelve Months were gone and o-ver and nine long tedious Days why didst thouventrous
Lover why didst thou trust the Seas cease, cease thou troubled Ocean and let my Lover



2

The Merchant robb'd of Pleaſure
Views Tempeſts with Deſpair
But what's the Loſs of Treaſure



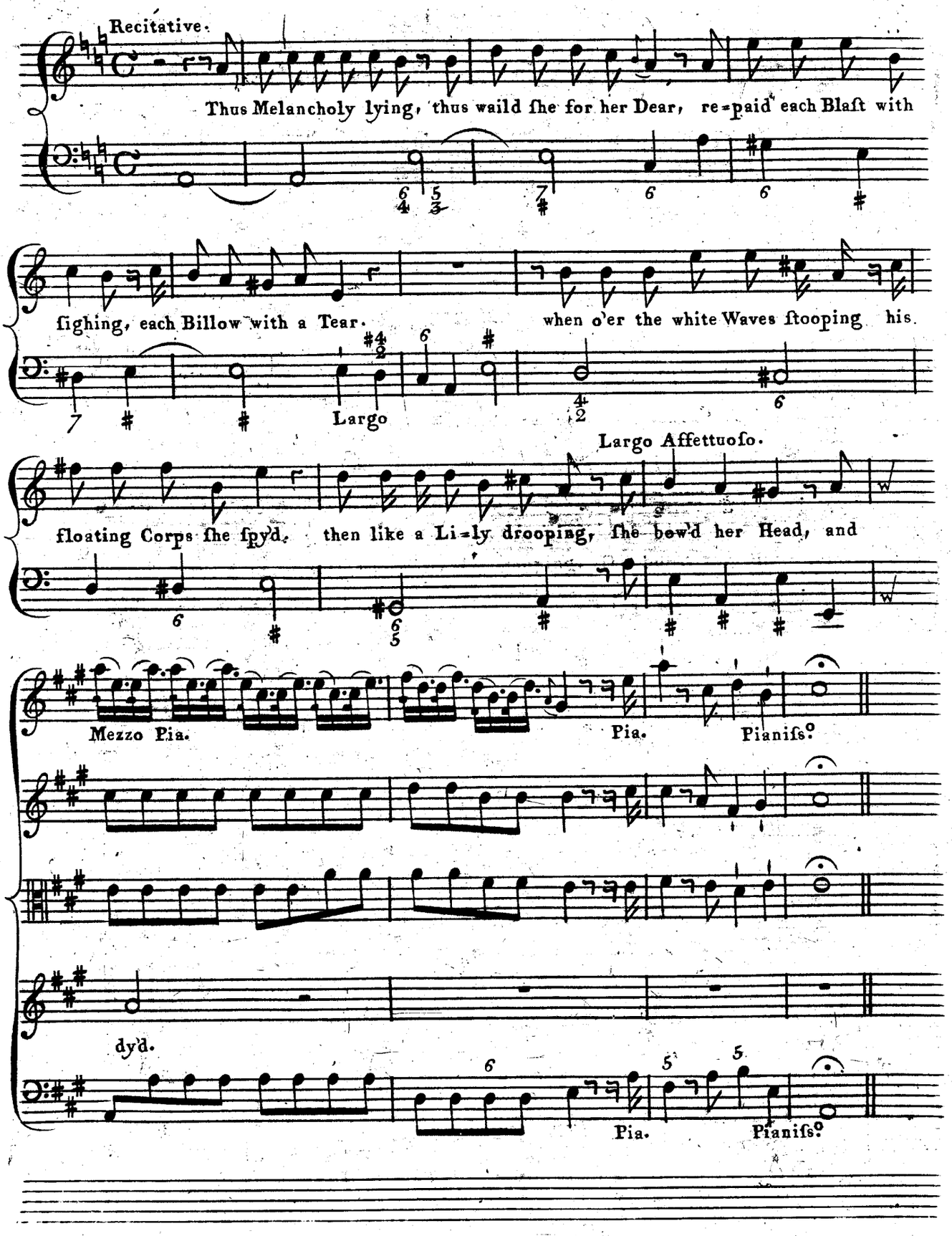
To the loſing of my Dear
Shou'd you ſome Coaſt be laid on
Where Gold and Di'monds grow
You'd find a richer Maiden
But none that loves you ſo.

3

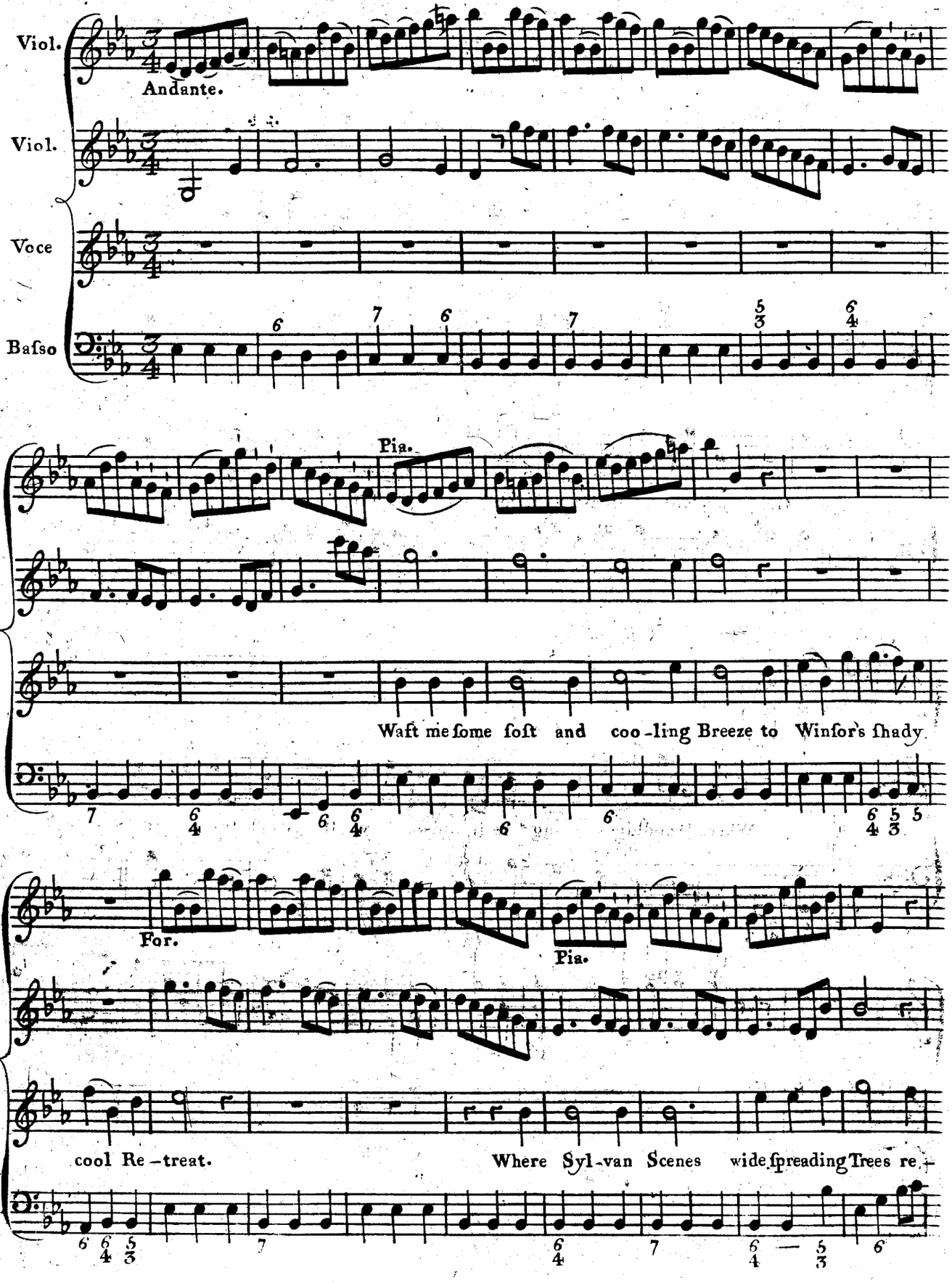
How can they ſay that Nature
Has nothing made in vain
Why then beneath the Water

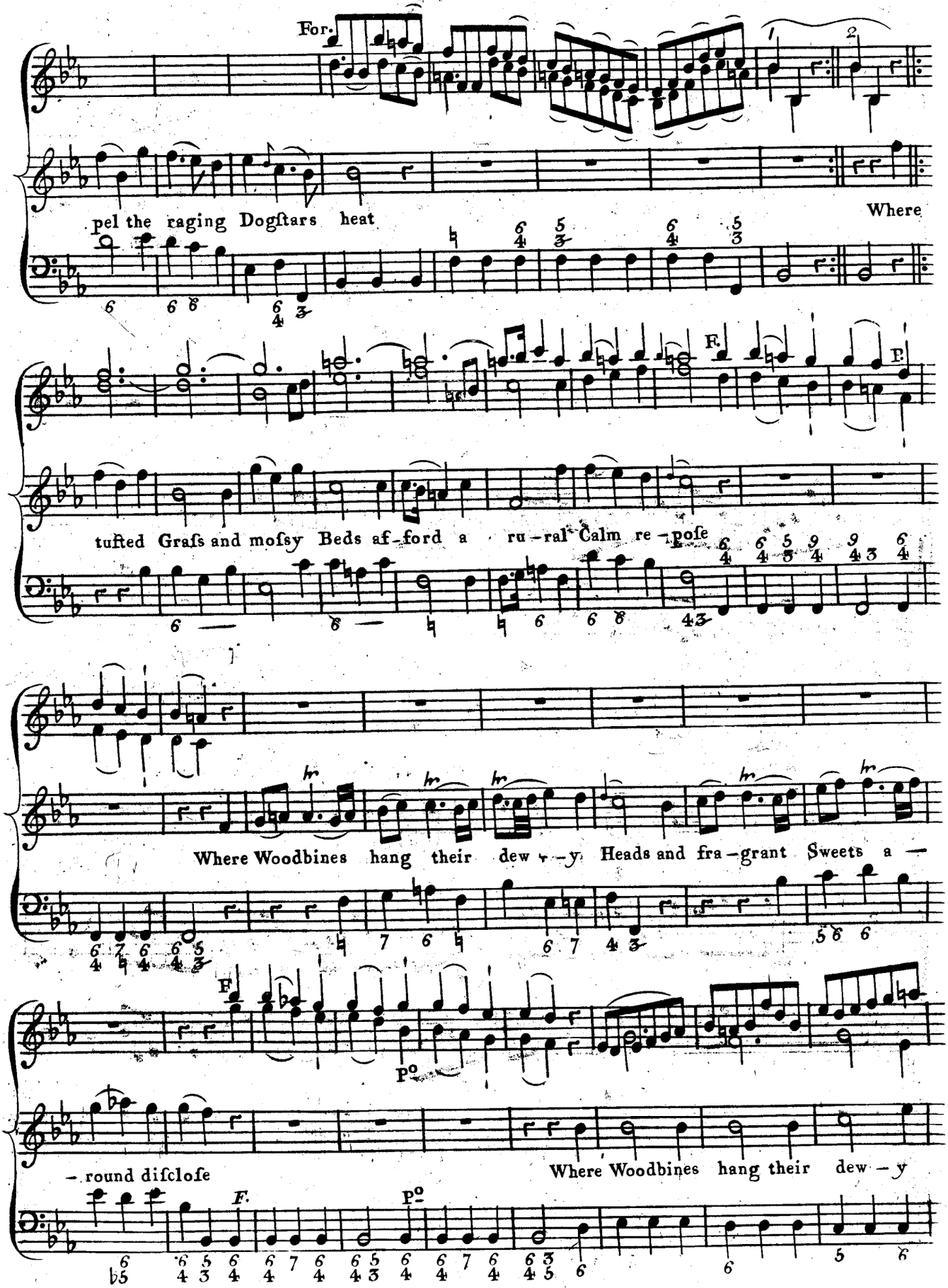
Do hideous Rocks remain
No Eyes the Rocks diſcover
That lurk beneath the Deep
To wreck the wand'ring Lover
And leave the Maid to weep.

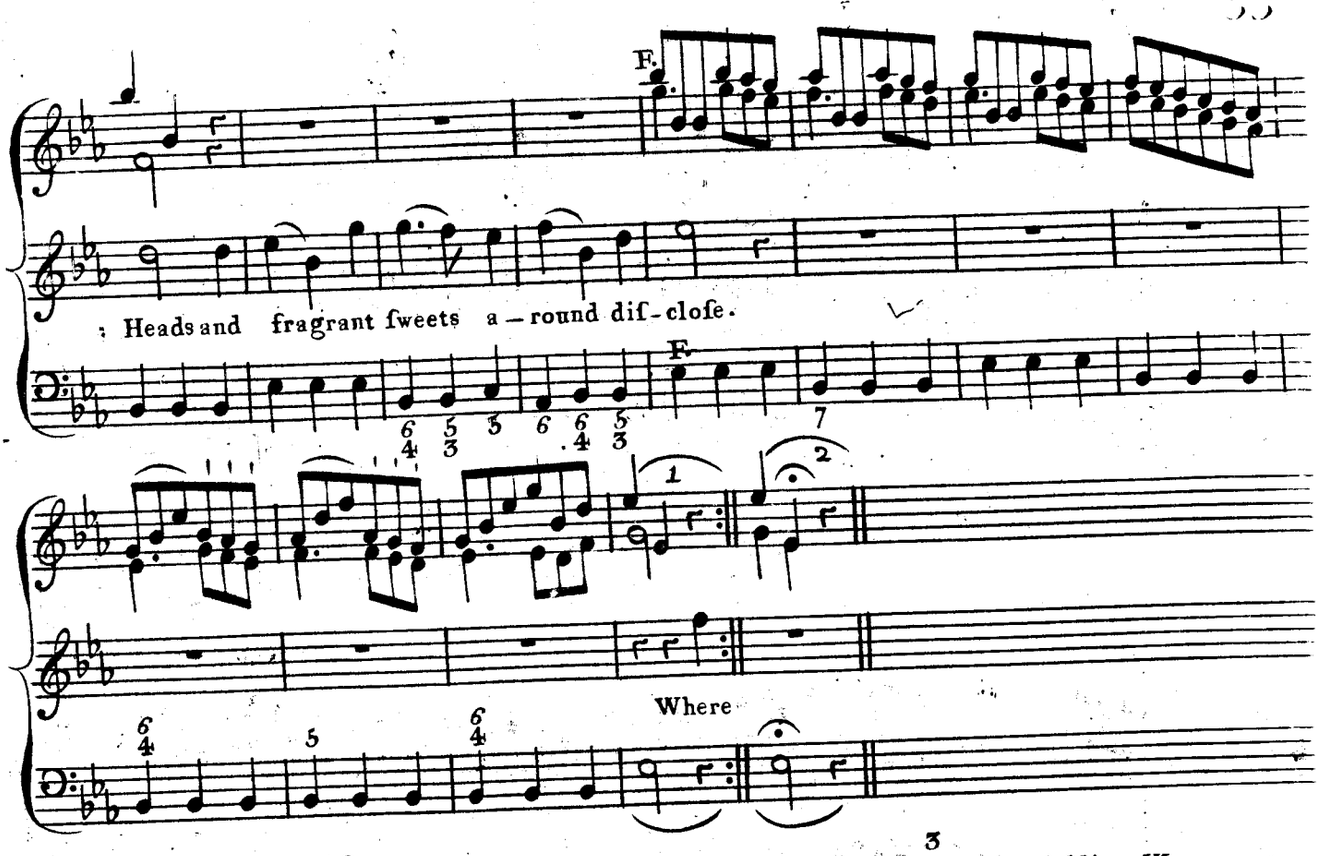
N B. Theſe two Stanza's muſt be ſung to the above Air.


Recitative.
Thus Melancholy lying, thus waild ſhe for her Dear, re=paid each Blaſt with
ſighing, each Billow with a Tear.
when o'er the white Waves ſtooping his.
Largo
Largo Affettuoſo.
floating Corps ſhe ſpy'd, then like a Li=ly drooping, ſhe bow'd her Head, and
Mezzo Pia.
Pia.
Pianiſs.o
dy'd.
Pia.
Pianiſs.o

Song X


Viol.
Andante.
Viol.
Voce
Baſso
Pia.
Waft me ſome ſoft and coo-ling Breeze to Winſor's ſhady
For.
Pia.
cool Re-treat.
Where Syl-van Scenes wide ſpreading Trees re-


For.
1
2
pel the raging Dogſtars heat
Where
F.
P.
tufted Graſs and moſsy Beds af-ford a ru-ral Calm re-poſe
Where Woodbines hang their dew-y Heads and fra-grant Sweets a-
F
P.
-round diſcloſe
Where Woodbines hang their dew-y
F.
P.



2

Old oozy Thames that flows faſt by,
Along the ſmiling Valley plays;
His glaſsy Surface chears the Eye,
While thro' the flow'ry Mead he ſtrays:
His fertile Banks with Herbage green,
His Vales with golden Plenty ſwell;
Where e'er his purer Stream is ſeen,
The Gods of Health and Pleaſure dwell.

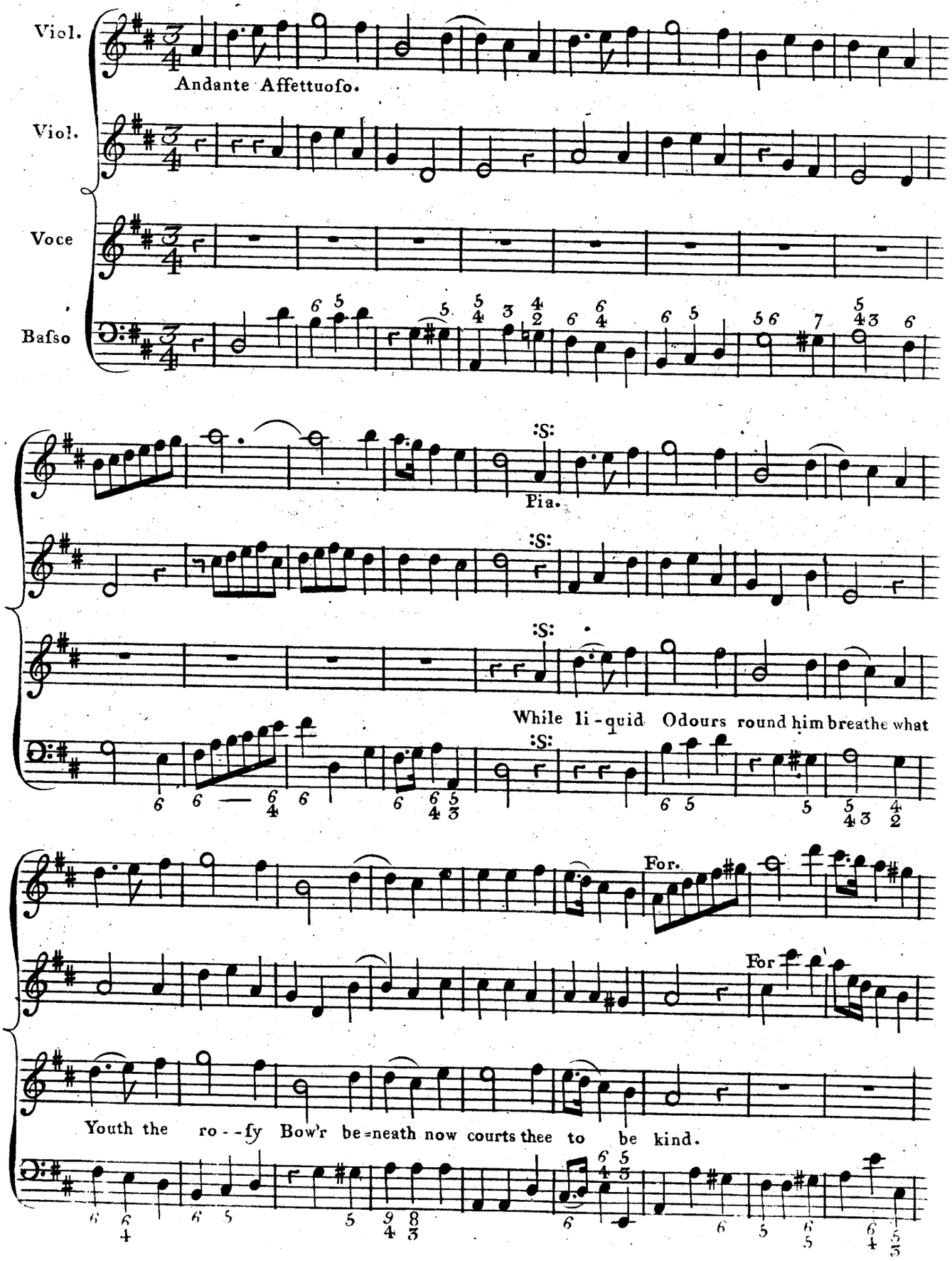
3

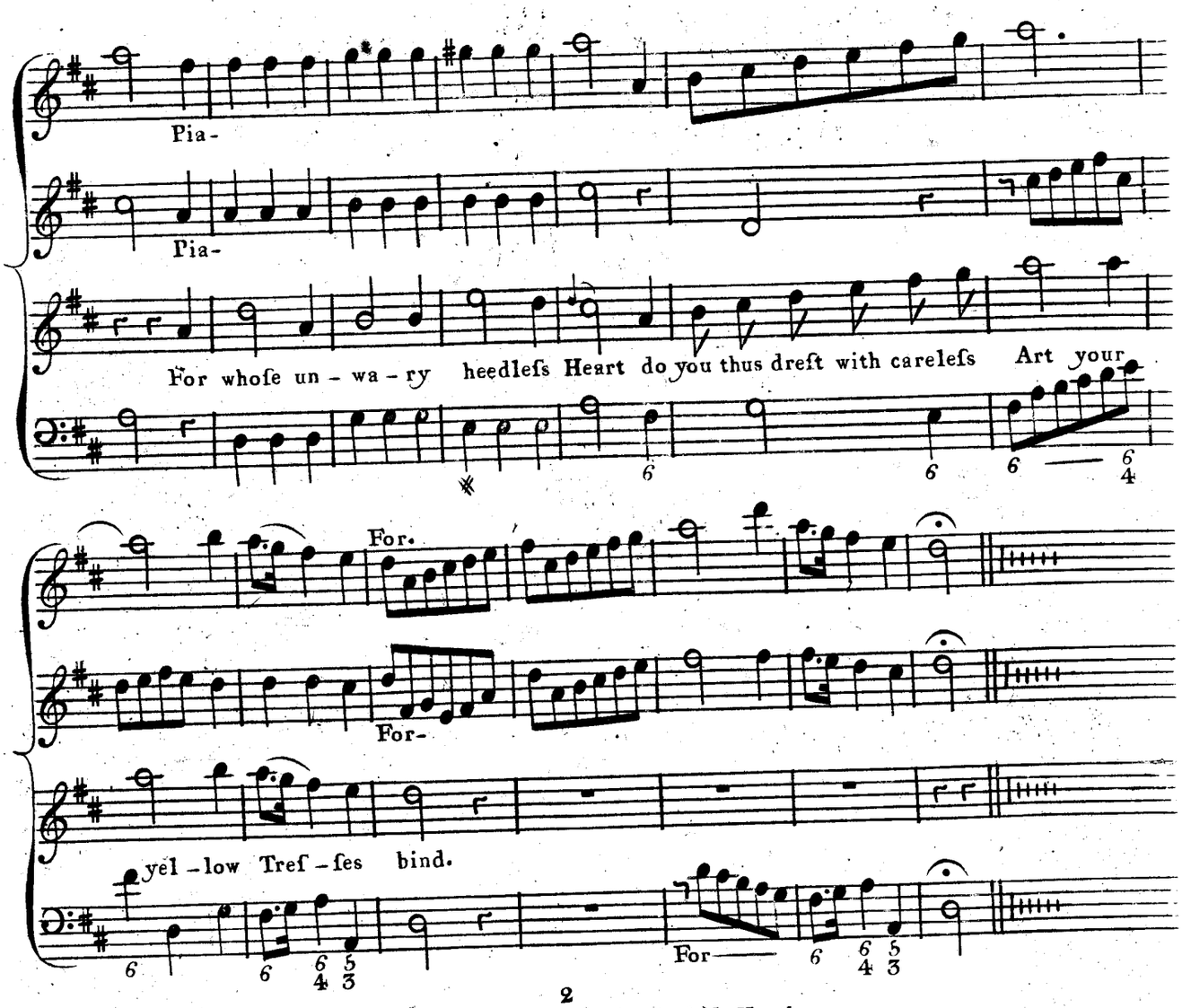
Let me thy clear thy yielding Wave,
With naked Arm once more divide;
In thee my glowing Boſom lave,
And ſtem thy gently rolling Tide.
Lay me, with Damaſk roſes crown'd,
Beneath ſome Oſiers duſky Shade;
Where Water-lilies paint the Ground
And bubling Springs refreſh the Glade.

4

Let chaſte Clarinda too be there,
In azure Mantle lightly dreſt;
Ye Nymphs bind up her ſilken Hair,
Ye Zephirs fan her panting Breaſt,
Oh haſte away fair Maid, and bring
The Muſe, the kindly Friend to Love;
To thee alone the Muſe ſhall ſing,
And warble thro' the vocal Grove.

Song XI


Viol.
Andante Affettuoso.
Viol.
Voce
Basso
:S:
Pia.
:S:
:S:
While li-quid Odours round him breathe what
:S:
For.
For
Youth the ro--fy Bow'r be=neath now courts thee to be kind.



2

How often ſhall th'unpractis'd Youth
Of alter'd Gods, and injur'd Truth,
With Tears alas complain!
How ſoon behold with wond'ring Eyes
The black'ning Winds tempeſtuous riſe,
And ſcowl along the Main.

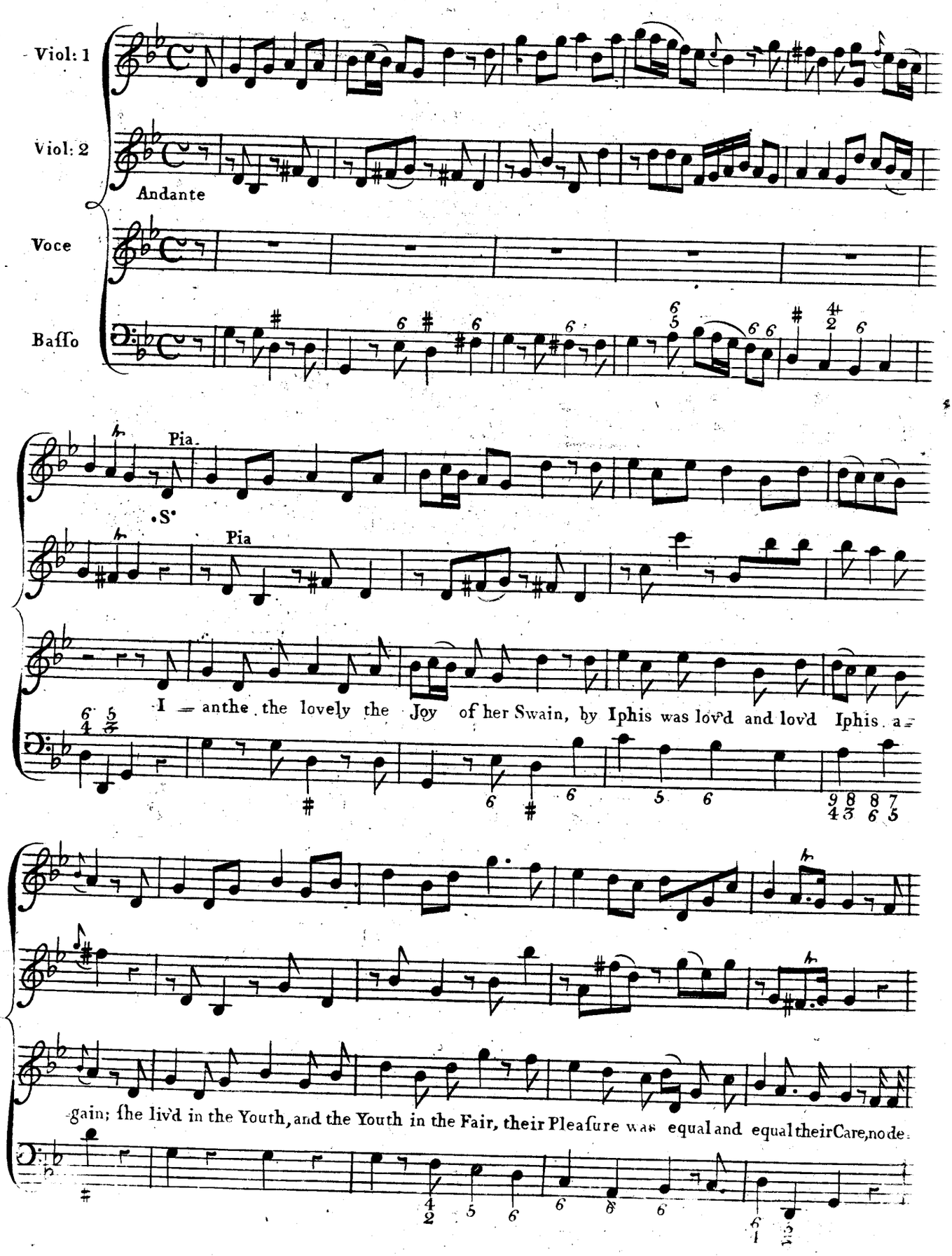
3

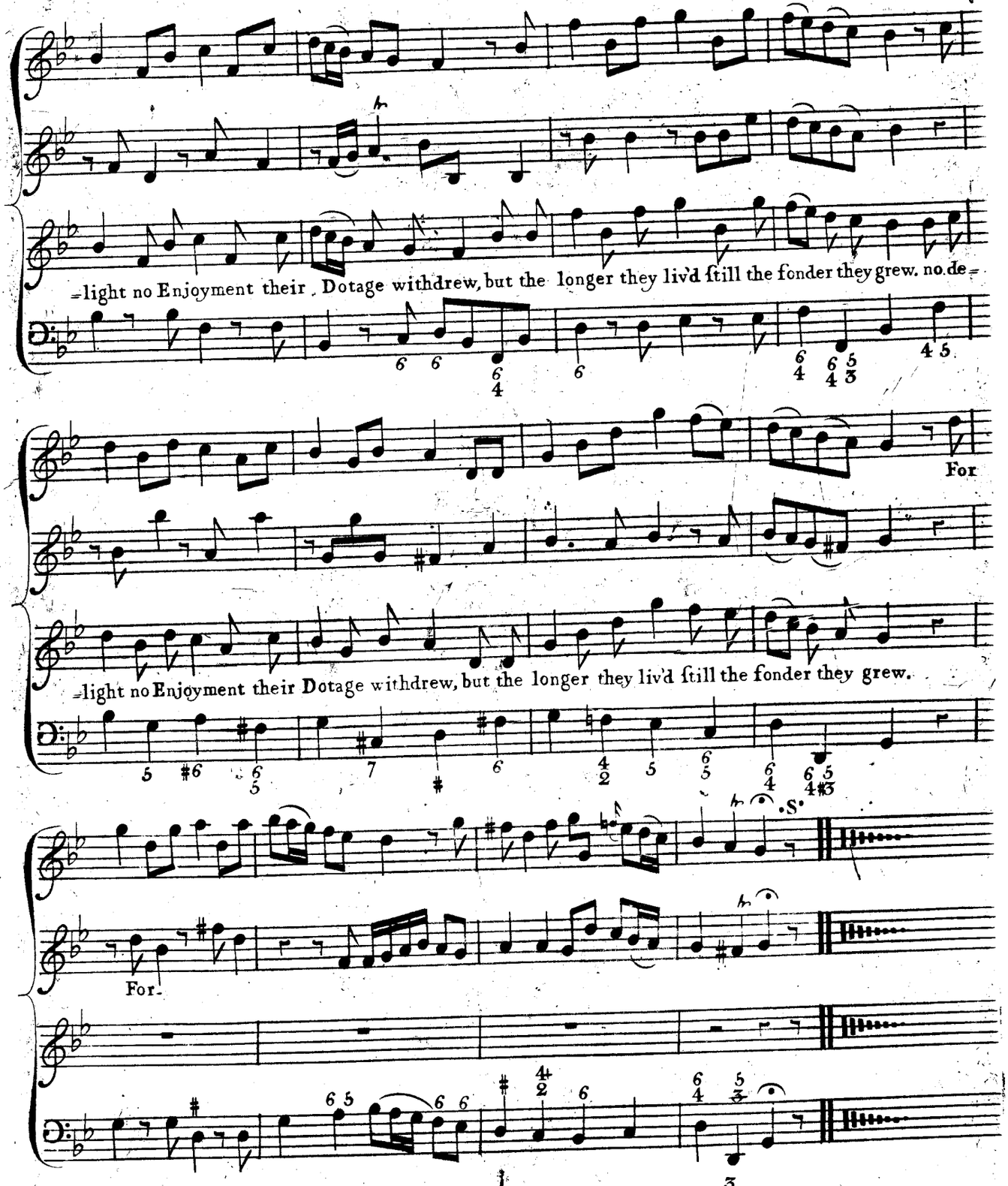
While by his eaſy Faith betray'd,
He now enjoys thee, golden Maid,
All amiable and kind;
He fondly hopes that you ſhall prove
Thus ever vacant to his Love,
Nor heeds the faithleſs Wind.

4

Unhappy they, to whom untry'd
You ſhine, alas! in Beautys pride;
While I, now ſafe on Shore,
Will conſecrate the pictur'd Storm,
And all my grateful Vows perform
To Neptune's ſaving Pow'r.

Song XII


Viol: 1
Viol: 2
Andante
Voce
Baſſo
Pia.
•S•
Pia
I = anthe the lovely the Joy of her Swain, by Iphis was lov'd and lov'd Iphis a=
gain; ſhe liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair, their Pleaſure was equal and equal their Care, no de-



2

A Paſſion ſo happy alarm'd all the Plain,
Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain;
Some ſwore 'twou'd be Pity their Loves to invade,
That the Lovers alone for each other were made;
But all all conſented that none ever knew
A Nymph be more kind, or a Shepherd ſo true.

3

Love ſaw them with Pleaſure and vow'd to take Care
Of the faithfull, the tender, the innocent Pair;
What either might want he bid either to move,
But they wanted nothing but ever to love;
He ſaid all to bleſs them his Godhead cou'd do,
That they ſtill ſhou'd be kind & they ſtill ſhou'd be true.