



Clio and Euterpe
OR
British Harmony
A
Collection of Celebrated
Songs and Cantatas
By the most approv'd. Masters

Curiously Engrav'd

With the Thorough-Bass for the Harpsicord
and Transposition for the German Flute

Embellish'd with Designs adapted to each Song

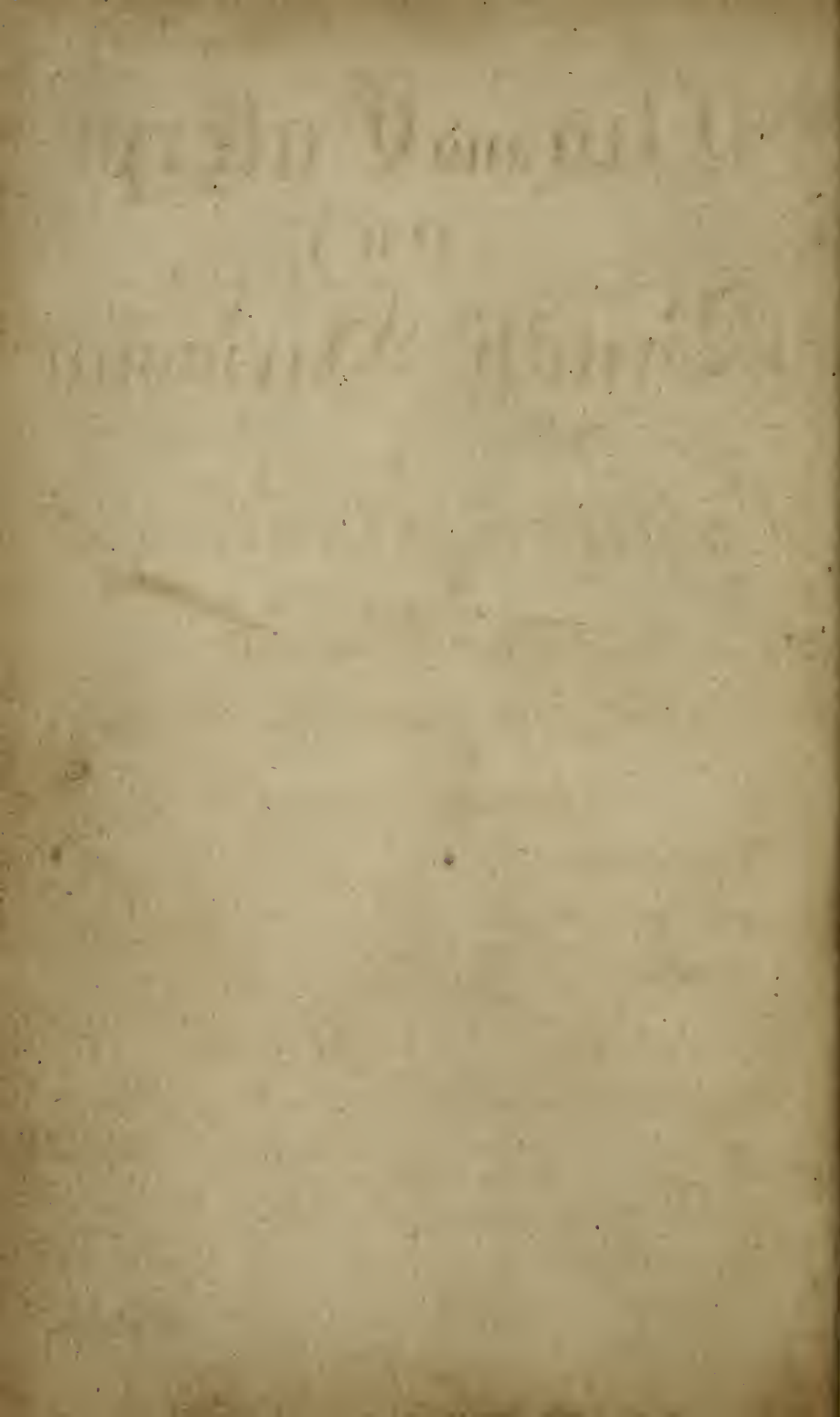
IN III VOLUMES

Volume the Second containing near two Hundred. Airs

L O N D O N

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near Hand Alley almost opposite Great Turnstile HOLBORN

MDCCCLXII.



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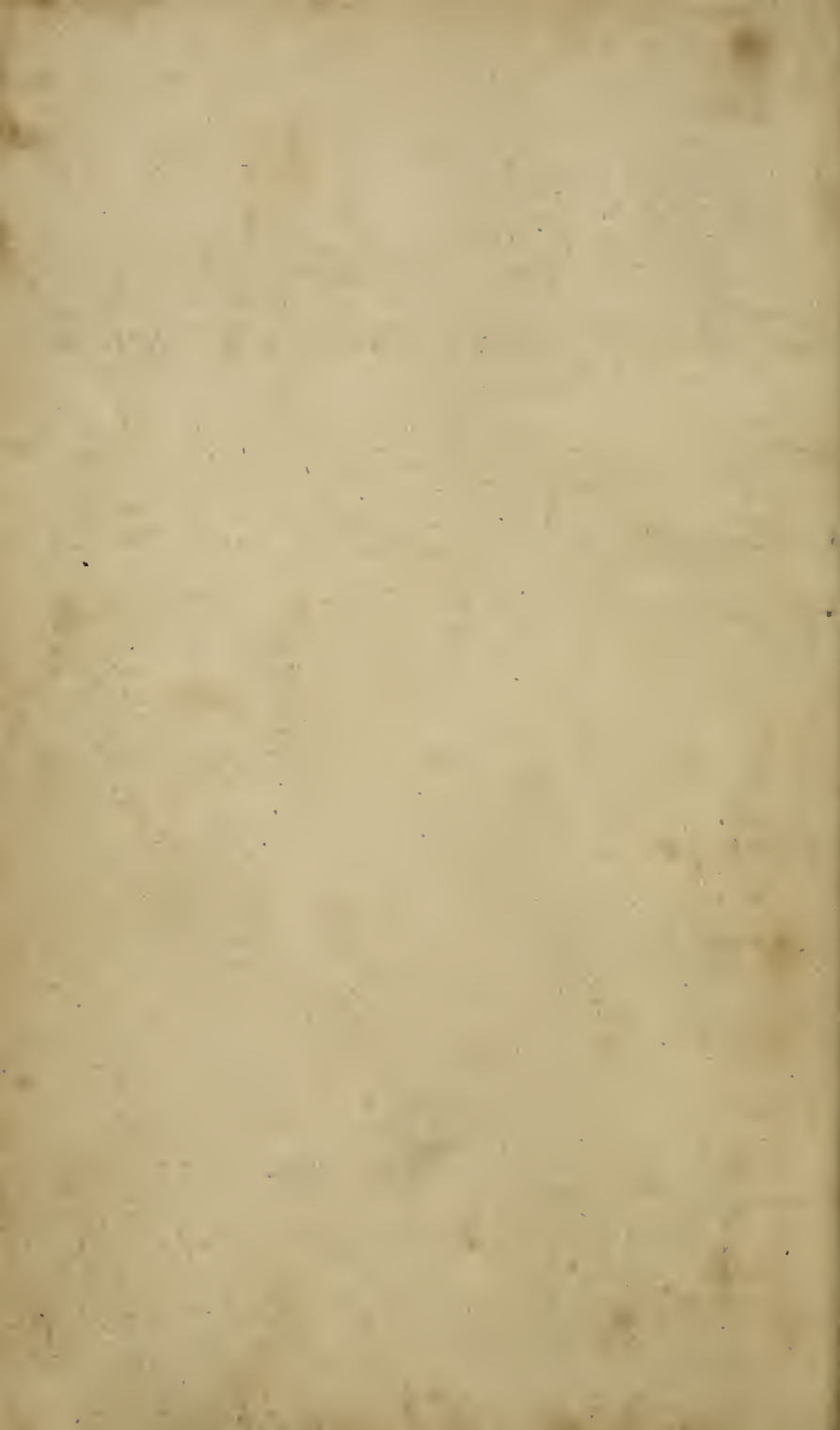
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Smile Britannia A Favourite Song

Moderately

Smile smile Britannia smile thy Gen'ls comes again to Guard thy fruitful Isles: thunder o'er the
main thy Gallant sons disdain the Case Now Crown thee Mistress of the seas Now Crown
thee Mistress of the seas Now Crown thee Mistress of the seas

While dauntless they advance, And bid the cannons roar, They'll scourge the pride of France And shake the Imperial Thoar, Detiding Trumpets o'er the Waves, With Courage never known to slaves With Courage &c	The Deck all stained with Blood The Bullets wing'd with Fate, The wide and restless Flood, Cannot the Rage abate, In How and in Open eyes wake, The souls of Russell & of Blake The souls &c
--	--

Brittons pursue the Blow,
Like Sons of Freedom fight,
Convince the haughty foe
That you'll maintain your Right,
Defiance bid to France and Spain,
Assert your Empire o'er the Main
Assert &c

Gⁿ. FLUTE.



A Favorite Song *New Set by Mr. Miller*

I prithee send me back my Heart for I am not have thing for if from yours you will not

Part why then shouldst thou have mine if thou shouldst thou have mine yet now I

think ont let it lye to keep it were in vain For thoust a Thief in ei...ther eye wth steal it back a...

...ga...in woud steal it back a gain.

Why should two Hearts in one Breast lye
And yet not lodge together
Oh Love where is thy sympathy
If thus our Breasts thou'st sever
But Love is such a mystery
I cannot find it out
For when I think I'm best resolv'd
I then am in most doubt

Then farewell care and farewell woe
I will no longer pine
For I'll believe I have her Heart
As much as she has mine

(V 3 The last Verse to be repeated
To the Second part of the Tune



Gently The Disappointed Lover

When Daw drops gild the weeping Thorn and hoarse pupil looks Salute the Morn
 Fair Cynthia charm'd the Grove her Voice like *Phyll.* o... mell.... a
 rung But still the Burthen of her Song was false and
 Perjur'd Love?

Young Collin who had Stray'd that way
 When Larks the Heralds of the Day
 Their Dewey Nests forsake
 Impatient lurk'd behind a Bush
 To hear and View the beautiful Blush
 That painted Cynthia's Cheek

Against the sweet enchanting Strain
 No longer able to Contain
 He thus himself address'd
 My Rigors cry'd he shall all belchinc
 My Dog my Crook be you but mine
 And bliss as Shepherds Bawl

In Vain cry'd she fond Youth you sue
 To Church with me you first must go
 Of which the Swain approv'd
 Then to the Grove again he led
 The riping panting melting Maid
 Where both dissolv'd in Love

When bliss was past young Collin cry'd
 Had you at first thus far comply'd
 I neer had seen the More
 Be hush'd cry'd she I knew this well
 For Sledge that lives at yonder Hill
 Once serv'd me so before



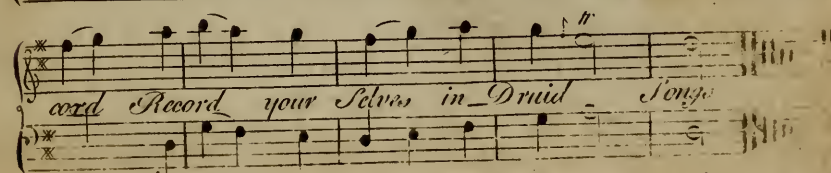
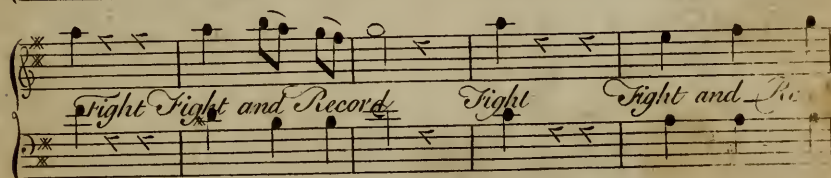
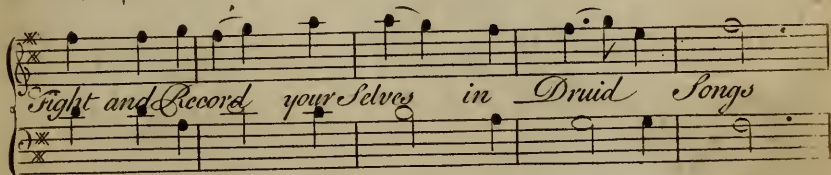
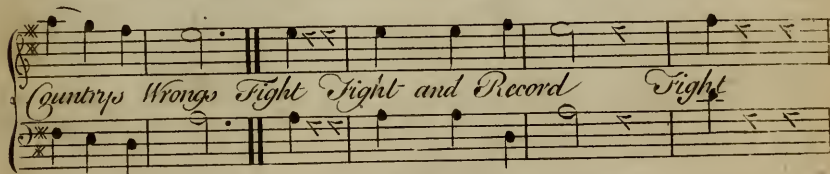
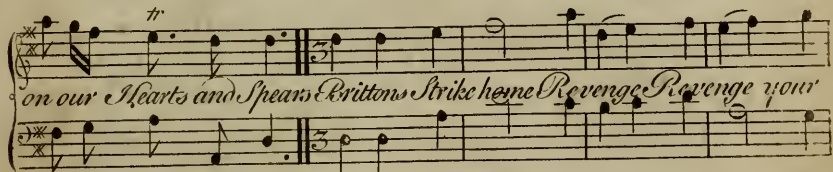
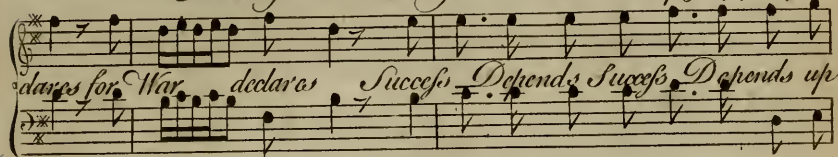
To Arms & Britons strike home

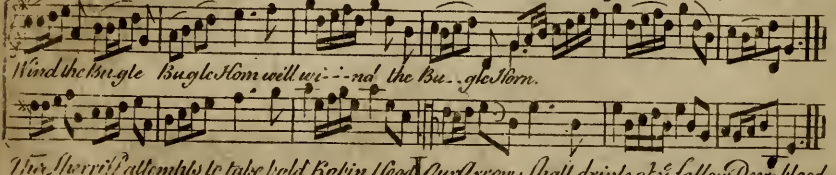
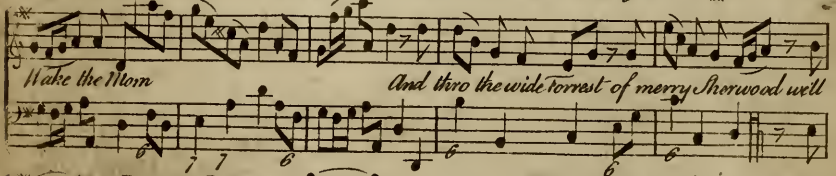
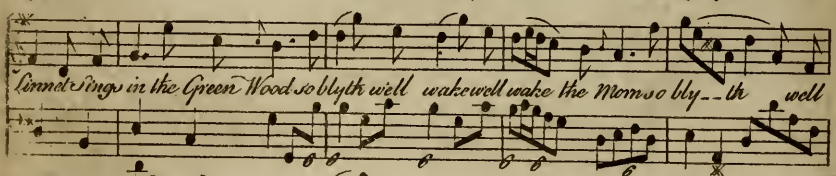
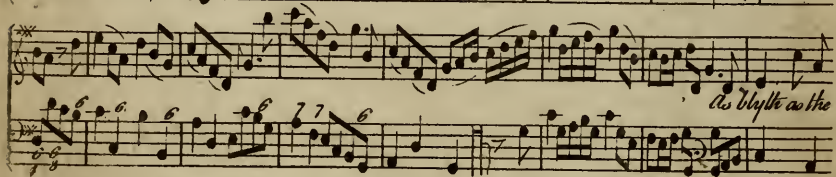
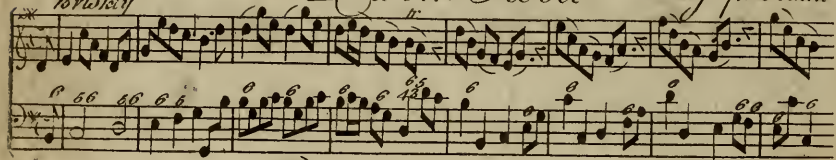
To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms *To Arms to Arms to Arms to*
To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to
Arms *To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to* *to*
Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms *To Arms to Arms to Arms to*
Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms your Ensigns strait display
Arms *To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms your Ensigns strait display*
now now now now now now now now now now *Set the Battle in array*

The Oracle for War *declares for War* *declares Success* *Depends Suc*
cess *Depends upon our Hearts and Spears* *Oracle for War* *de*



Set by Mr Henry Purcell in Compas of 4 Ger. flute



*briskly**Robin Hood**Sung by Mr Beard*

<i>This Sheriff attempts to take bold Robin Hood Bold Robin disdains to fly Let him come when he will in merry Sherwood well I anguish boys or die Our Hunts they are shout to our Bows they are good and well their Master know They're cut in the Forest of merry Sherwood and neer will spare a toe</i>	<i>Our Arrows shall drink of y fallow Deers blood Well hunt them all over the Plain And thro the wide Forrest of merry Sherwood No shaft shall fly in vain Brave Scarlet & John who ner wore Subduid Gave each his Hand so bold Well range thro the Forest of merry Sherwood What say my Harke of Gold</i>
--	--



Lively

The Incurious

Give me but a Wife I expect not to find such Virtue and I am in love

Female combined No Goddels for me tis a Woman I prize and he that seeks more is more curious than wise

No Goddels for me tis a Woman I prize and he that seeks more is more curious than wise

Be she young shes not Stubborn but easy to mould
 Or she claims my respect like a Mother if old
 Thus either can please me since Woman I prize. And he that *&c*
 Like Venus she ogles if wanton her Eye
 If blind shes the roving of mine cannot shy
 Thus either is lovely for Woman I prize. And he that *&c*

If rich be my Bride she brings tokens of Love
 If poor the further from Brides my remove
 Thus either contents me for Woman I prize. And he that *&c*

I neer shall want converse if Tongue she keeps
 And if mute still the rarity pleases me less
 I'm suited to either for Woman I prize. And he that *&c*

Then cease ye profane on the Sex to discant
 If you're wit to discern no Perfection they want
 Each fair can make happy if Woman we prize
 And he that seeks more is more Curious than Wise



Gently.

Under the Greenwood Shade Sung by M^r Beard

To an Arbor of Woodbine ye both shall be led Soft Leaves for your Pillow the
Grass for your Bed Soft Leaves for your Pillow the Grass for your Bed.

While wanton youltz Sparrows chirp over your Head all under the Greenwood
Shade all under the Green wood Shade.

When the Moon with pale Lustre Just thro the Grove
And Nightingales answer the chaste Turtle Dove
The Maid without blushing shall clasp her true Love
All under the Greenwood Shade

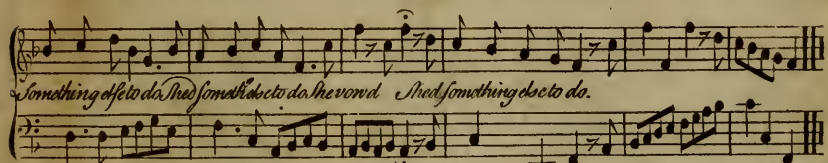
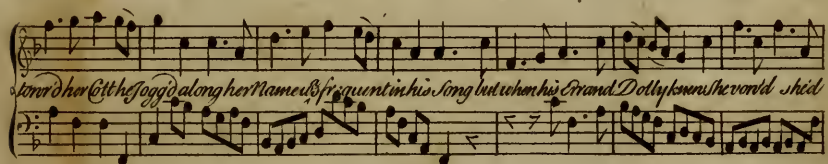
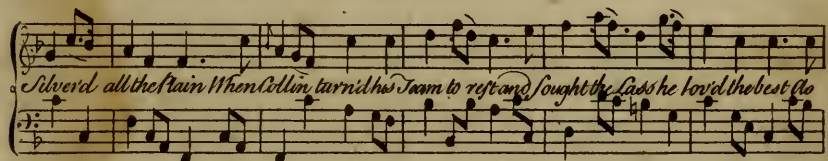
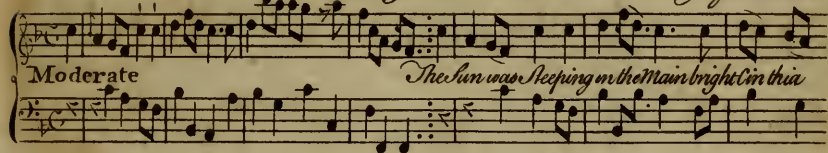
Our Pleasure quite harmless begin with the Day
We ever are buxom we ever are Gay
No Virgins dissemble no Shepherd betray
All under the Greenwood Shade

The Frowns for a while arm the Face of the Fair
Yet soon our young Lover forgets all his Care
For Phillis eyes do not oh do not despair
All under the Greenwood Shade



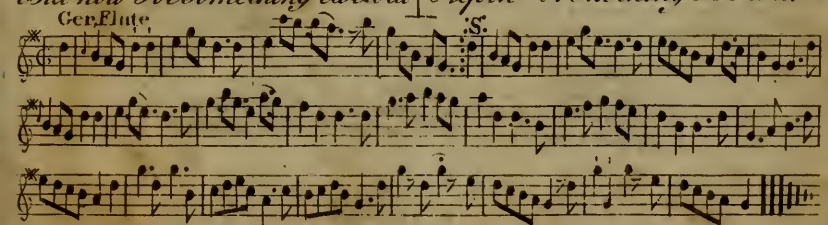
Something else to do

Sung by M^r Beard



He swore he did esteem her more
Than any Maid he'd seen before
In tender sighs protesting He
Would constant as the Turtle be
Talk'd much of Death should she refuse
And used such Arts as Lovers use
His gine says Doll it's but true
But now I've something else to do

Her Pride then Collin thus address'd
Forgive me Doll I did but, just
To her that's kind I'll constant prove
But trust me I'll ne'er dye for Love
Who first she did his Courtship scorn
Now doll began to court in turn
Dear collin I was jesting too
Stay in I've nothing else to do





Jocky & Jenny Sung by W. Lowe & Miss Falkner

*Now Winter has left us the Trees are in bloom and Cowslips & Violets the Meadows per
fume While kids are disporting & Birds fill the spray I wait for my Jocky to hail the new
May I wait for my Jocky to hail the new May.*

Jocky

*Among the young lilies my Jenny I've strayed
Pink Daisies & Woodbine I bring to my Maid
Flowers sweet & smelling & lavender gay
A posy to form for my Queen of the May*

Jenny

*Oh Jocky I fear you intend to banish
When seated with Molly last Night on a stile
You swore that you'd love her for ever & aye
Forgetting poor Jenny your Queen of the May*

Jocky

*You may willy or nelly come in the shepherd's green dress
He gave you those ribbons that hung at his waist
Besides three sweet kisses upon the new May
Was that done like Janny my Queen of the May*

Jocky

*Of e'er you do see young lovers draw near
Beware all suspicion what e'er may appear
Believe not now, yes if your place they'd betray
Then come my dear Jenny and hail the new May*

Jenny

*This Garland of Roses no longer I prize
Since Jocky false hearted his Paction denies
No flowers so blooming this Instant decay
For Jenny's no longer the Queen of the May*

Jocky

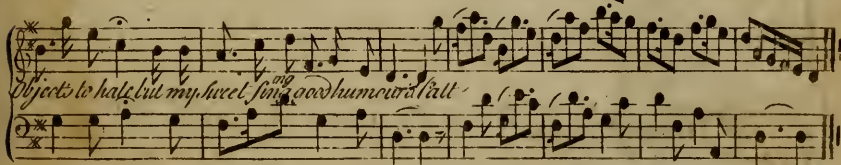
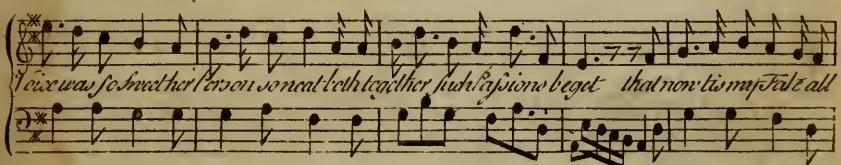
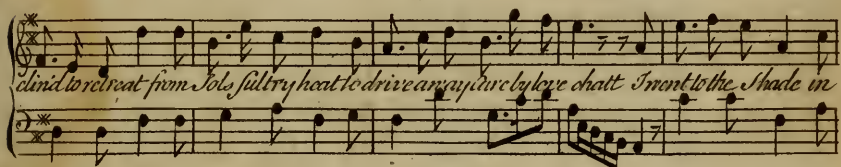
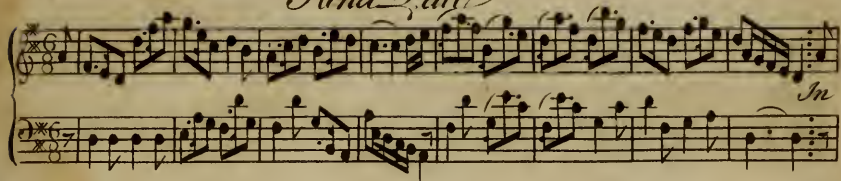
*Believe me dear Maiden your love you bring
Your name is for ever the theme of my Song
From the dews of pale Eve to the morning of Day
I sing but of Jenny my Queen of the May*

Jenny

*I gain calm comfort with transport I view
My fears are all vanish since Jocky is true
Then to our little shepherd's green I'll convey
I had Jenny alone you've crown'd Queen of the May*



Kind Patt

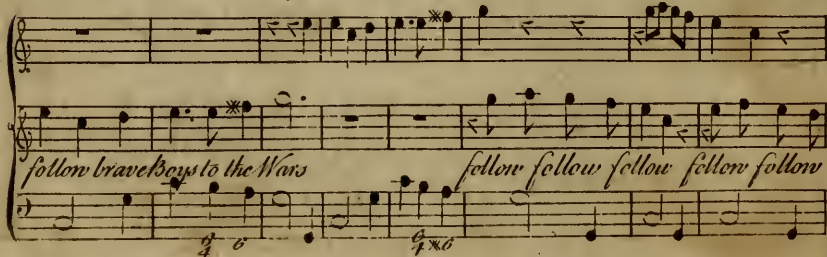
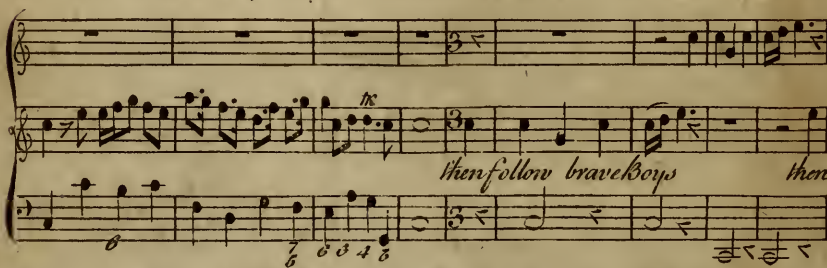
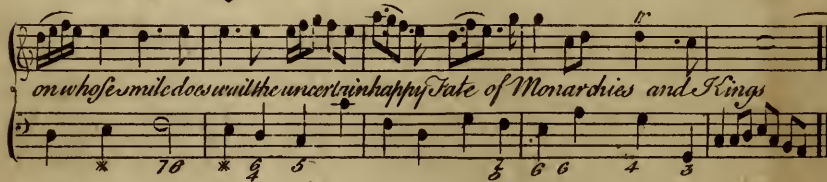
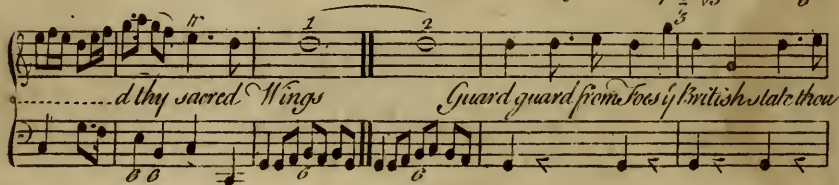
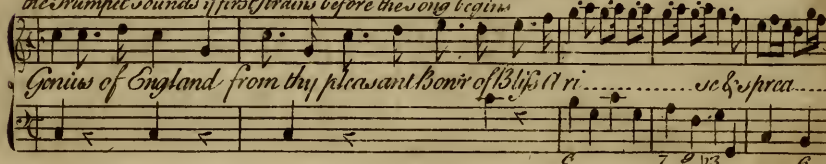


Why do I complain or suffer such pain,
 When she knows what I fall would be all;
 My Chamber is kind to love well inclined,
 And was ever call'd kind little Patt;
 Then all the Day long with Chit & with Song,
 Enjoy the dear girl and all that;
 At Night wish to steal to her Bed & reveal
 What more I would have of sweet Patt.



GENIUS

the Trumpet sounds its first strains before the song begins





A Favourite Song

brings home the noblest the na..... blest the na.....
 Most scars lookst not in Ce..... lia
 Eyes then sha.....
 ke off the Northpoll Baze sit

6 7 6 6 7 6 3 6 7 6 6
 4 6 4 6 6 5 4 3
 6 7 6 4 6 6 6

5 4 6 1 6 6 7 6



Set to Musick

Glory let Glory let Glory inspire your Hearts

Remember a Soldier in War and in Peace

Remember a Soldier in War in War & in Peace is the no.

The musical score consists of ten staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff contains the lyrics "Glory let Glory let Glory inspire your Hearts" and features various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff has the lyrics "Remember a Soldier in" and includes a key signature change to two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The fifth staff continues the melody. The sixth staff has the lyrics "War and in Peace" and includes a key signature change to one flat (B-flat). The seventh staff continues the melody. The eighth staff has the lyrics "Remember a Soldier in War in" and includes a key signature change to one flat (B-flat). The ninth staff continues the melody. The tenth staff has the lyrics "War & in Peace is the no." and includes a key signature change to one flat (B-flat). The score is written in a style typical of 18th-century musical notation, with a focus on the melody and lyrics.



by M^r Henry Purcell

Musical score for a song, featuring ten staves of music. The lyrics are written below the staves, and the music includes various notes, rests, and ornaments. The lyrics are:

best of all other Arts Re...
 member a Soldier in War and in Peace Remember a Soldier in
 War in War and in Peace is the No...
 best of all other Arts

The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, notes, rests, and ornaments. The lyrics are written below the staves, and the music includes various notes, rests, and ornaments. The lyrics are:

best of all other Arts Re...
 member a Soldier in War and in Peace Remember a Soldier in
 War in War and in Peace is the No...
 best of all other Arts



Young Collin

Young Collin was a sprightly swain & sweetly tun'd his rural lay,
 for me he oft with fragrant pains has cull'd the fragrant Hods of May. Flowers of
 May has cull'd the fragrant Hods of May. Those Hods he lo my Bosom try'd then smiling
 asid a tender Kiss, I thought it rude and yet comply'd but for gins say now that a miss but
 Virgins say was that a miss.

The warbling Birds in ev'ry Grove
 He said the Voice of Nature meant.
 That all their Songs were tun'd to love,
 And Love was all their kind intent;
 The Lark with his melodious strain
 strove but to give his Lover Bliss;
 Then ask'd me to relieve his pain.
 He kiss'd, I blush'd was that a miss.

But one fair Morn we chanc'd to stray
 Where Flora all her fragrance spread.
 He deck'd my Bosom sweet and gay,
 With the Flow'rets of the Mead.
 He press'd my Hand & said if I lov'd,
 I blush'd and faintly answer'd Yes
 Soon my yielding Heart was mov'd
 Nor blame me if I did a miss.



The Dawn of Hope
in Compass of the German Flute.

A Dawn of Hope my soul revives and banishes Despair If yet my dearest Damon lives If

yet my dearest Damon lives ma him ye Gods your la - - - - - If yet my dearest

Damon liv's ma him ye Gods your love Make him ye Gods your love.

*Dispell those gloomy Shades of Night,
My tender Grief remove;
O send some chearing Ray of Light,
And Guide me to my Love.*

*Thus in a secret friendly Shade,
The pensive Celia mourn'd,
While courteous Echo lent her Aid,
And Sigh for Sigh return'd.*

*When sudden Damon's well known Face,
Each rising Tear disarm'd;
He eager springs to her Embrace,
She sinks into his Arms.*



Cock & a Bull

Sung by M^r Beard.

To take in good part if squere of if I stand the language of Love who dare not demand

& then with another a dose & as dare you're such him believe his happiness near you're that him I dare his happiness

near then to tell him then to tell him then to tell him a tale of a

Cock and a Bull That you meant no such thing but was playing if fool that you meant no such thing but was playing if fool.

The woad on the Toe to admit & be Free,
 And Strait to reply with the Toe Repartee,
 To express with your Eyes your inward Desires,
 And thus with full hopes to kindle his Fires. *Then to tell him*
 When he wants to disclose what he dare not reveal,
 When he looks very Silly and means a great deal,
 When he thinks (if ever thinkinge should enter his Brain)
 You'd now grant his wish the Case of his Pain, *Then to tell him*
 Told him in raptur'd proceed on to Bliss,
 To suffer the Snatch or the Theft of a Kiss,
 When Coyne's retreating unwillingly flies,
 When sighs answers murmurs & Eyes talk to Eyes. *Then to tell him*



Female Friendship *Set by Mr. Devisch.*

Moderately

I love tis true but in my Breast another passion reigns, sweet friend, ^{tho} mine my Mind tortures,

soothes my ^{own} am' pains. *Two cautious Nymphs with*

secret Art my ^{own} mind through controul gay Betsey wins my heart, dear Nancy fires my Soul, dear

Nancy fires my Soul.

When on her Face my sight I feast,
And breathe the speaking sigh,
If chance the cloud of fate be cast,
My Heaven that's in her Eye,
To Betsey, I my doubts relate,
The meaning to define,
Be wise she cries, with patience wait,
And Nancy will be thine.

Can Love make patience then its choice,
I hear some Captive say,
Oh Yes when urg'd by Beauty's Voice,
The basom must obey,
Ye lovers, hence this maxim take,
And on its truth depend,
The am'rous Heart can never break,
That boasts a Female Friend.



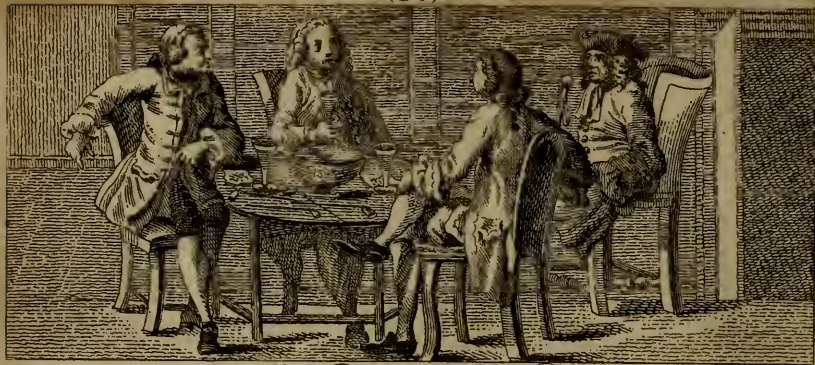
A Loyal Song *for two Voices*

Same let thy trumpet sound, tell all the World around, Great George is King.
Same let thy trumpet sound, tell all the World around, Great George is King.
Tell Rome and France and Spain, Britannia Scorns their Chain.
Tell Rome and France and Spain, Britannia Scorns their Chain.
Britannia Scorns their Chain, Great George is King, Great George is King.
Britannia Scorns their Chain, Great George is King, Great George is King.

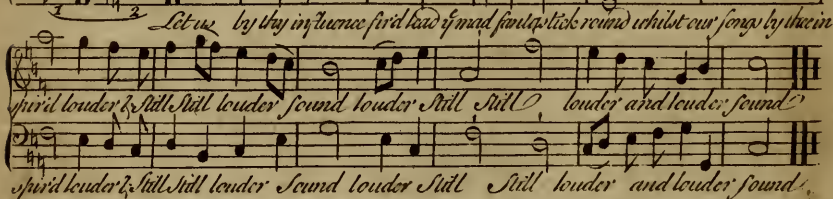
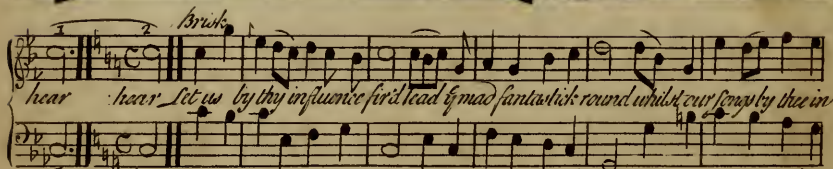
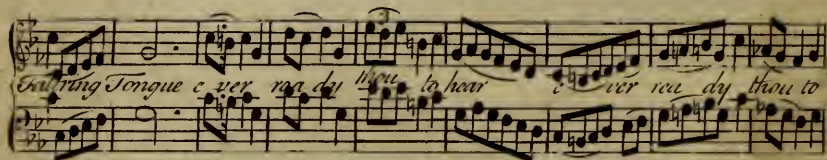
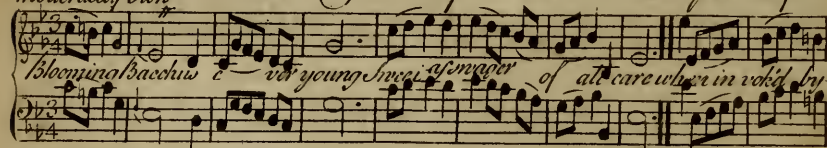
May Heaven his life defend,
 And make his Race extend,
 Wise as his Name;
 Thy choicest blessings shed,
 On his Anointed Head,
 And teach his Sons to dread,
 Great Georges Name.

He Peace and Plenty brings,
 While Roms deluded Kings,
 Waste and destroy;
 Then let his People sing,
 Long live our gracious King,
 From whom such blessings spring,
 Freedom & Joy;

Chorus *God save our Noble King,*
Long live our gracious King,
God Save the King!
Hark how the Valleys ring,
Long live our gracious King,
From whom such blessings spring,
God save the King



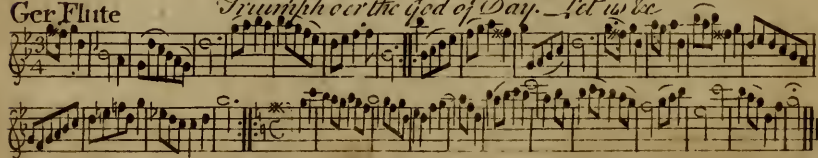
Moderately Slow — *The Power of Wine* Set by Mr Corfe



Thou dost make the Coward brave. Thou dost in the Fair ones Brawls,
Thou dost freeze Dolage warm. Let despair kind wishes raise,
Thou dost Freedom give the Slave; When the Amorous Swain is blast,
And thy Sons protect from Harm. Shine the Conquest thine the Praise.
Let us be. Let us be.

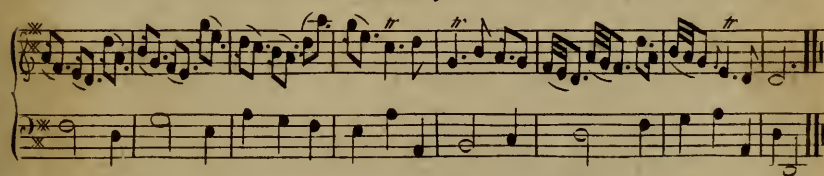
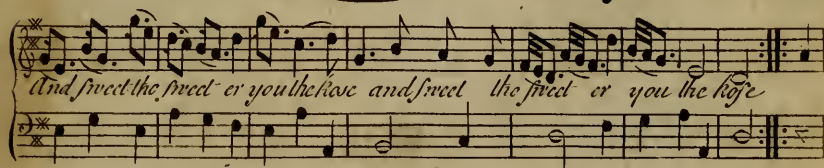
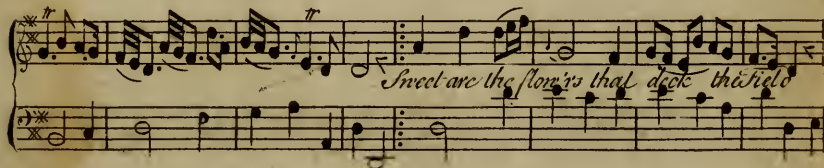
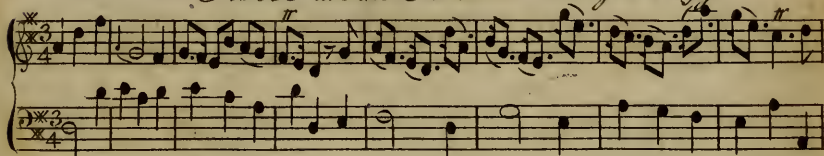
To our Loves profitious prove,
We by thy assistance may,
Triumph o'er the God of Love,
Triumph o'er the God of Day. — Let us be.

Ger Flute





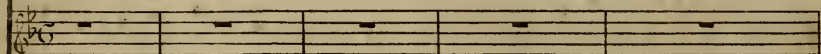
Sweet are the Flowers Set by m^r Burgess



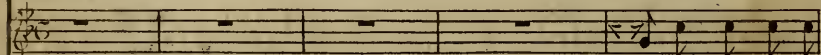
*Survey the gardens, fields, and bowers.
The buds, the blossoms, and the flowers.
Then tell me where the woodbine grows.
That vies in sweetness with the rose?*



A three Part

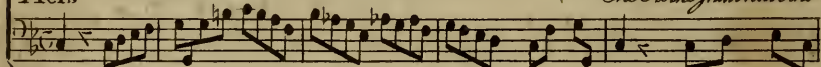


Galatea



Acis

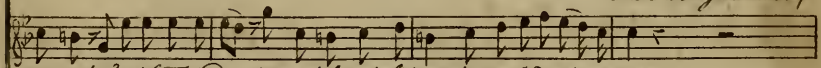
The Hocks shall leave the



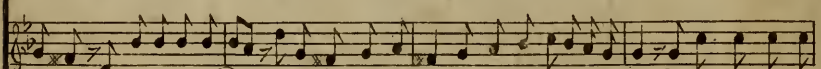
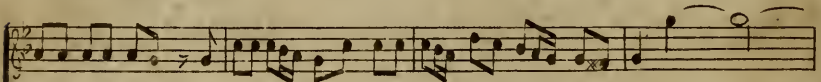
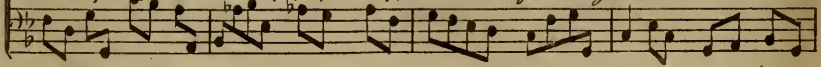
Poly-



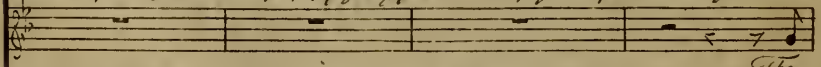
The Hocks shall leave the



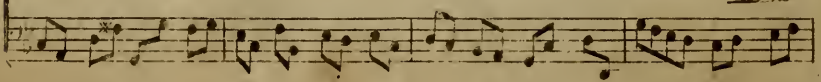
mountain in the flock of the Dove of the Nymphs forsake of fountains ere I forsake my love



Mountains of flocks of the Dove of the Nymphs forsake of fountains ere I forsake my love the Hocks shall leave the

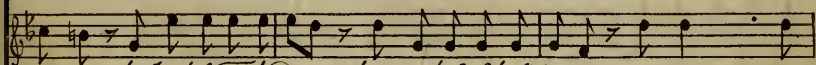
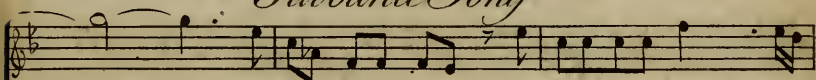


The

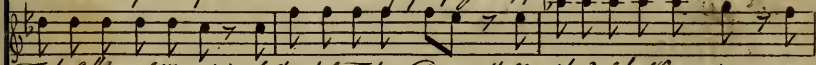




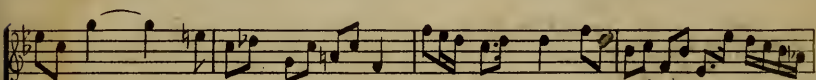
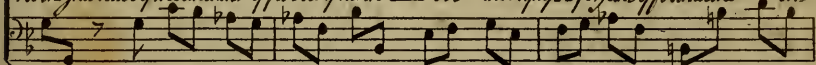
Favourite Song



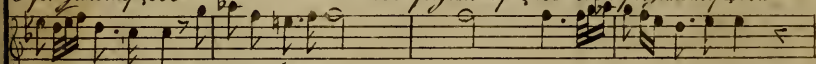
Mountains the floods & Turtle Dove the Nymphs for sake of fountains ere I ere



Flocks full leave of Mountains of floods & Turtle Dove the Nymphs for sake of fountains ere



I for sake my Dove ere I for sake my Dove ere I for sake my Dove



I for sake my Dove ere I for sake my Dove

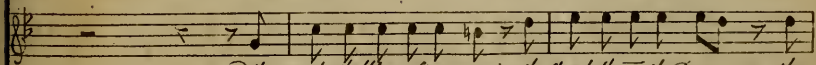
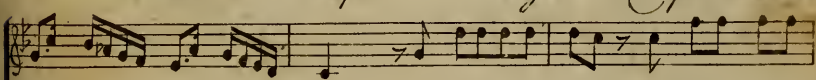


Torture

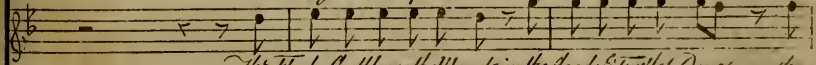
Fury

Rage

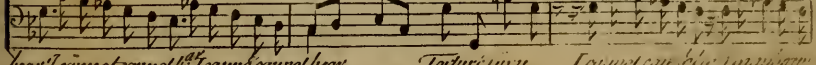
Despair I cannot annie



The Flocks shall leave of Mountains the floods the Turtle Dove the



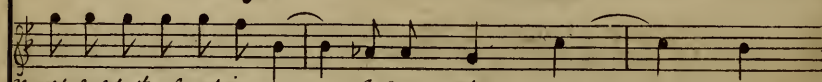
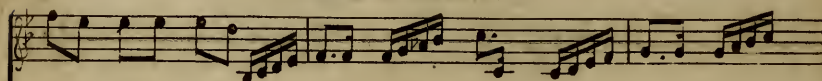
The Flocks shall leave the Mountains the floods & Turtle Dove the



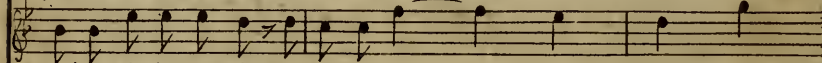
bear I cannot annie I cannot annie bear Torture fury I cannot annie I cannot annie



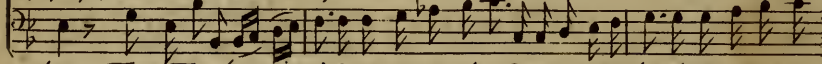
Set to Musick



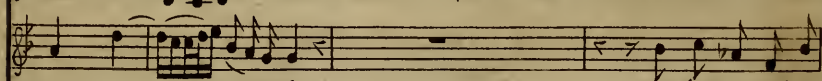
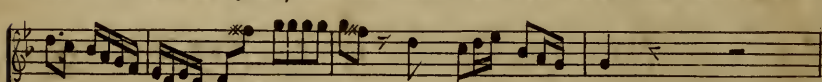
Nymphs forsake the fountains ere I for sake



Nymphs forsake the Fountains ere I forsake

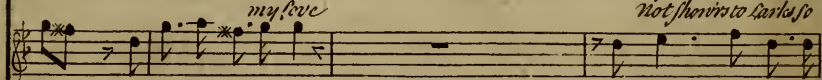


bear Torture & my rage despair I cannot cannot bear I cannot cannot bear I cannot cannot



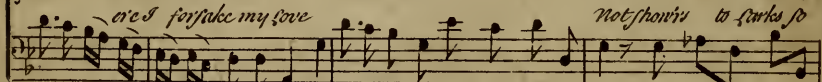
my love

Not show'r to Larks so

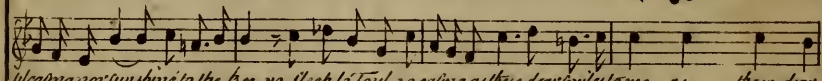
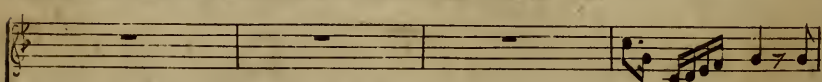


ere I forsake my love

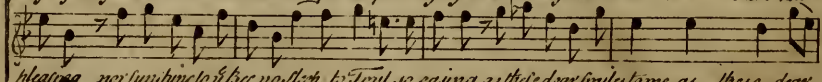
Not show'r to Larks so



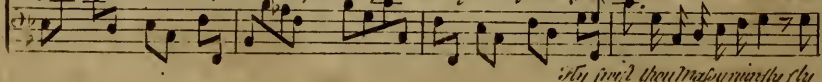
bear I cannot cannot cannot bear no no I cannot cannot cannot bear



pleasing nor sunshine to the bee no Sleep to Toyl: & crying as these dear smiles to me as these dear



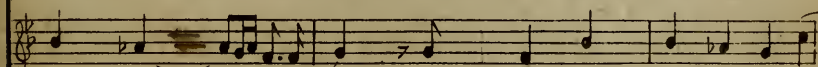
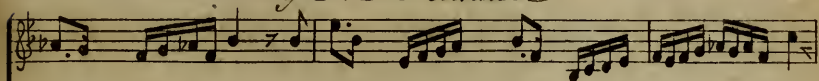
pleasing nor sunshine to the bee no Sleep to Toyl: & crying as these dear smiles to me as these dear



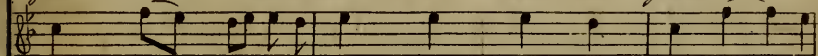
thy joy? thou may'st fly fly



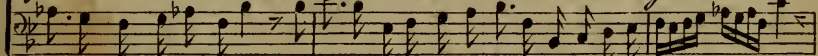
by M. Hindell



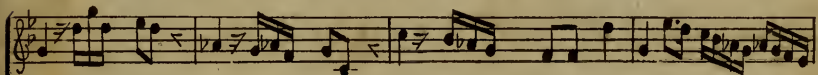
fmi... les to me as these dear *fmi*...



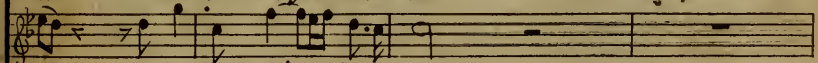
fmi... les to me as these dear *fmi*...



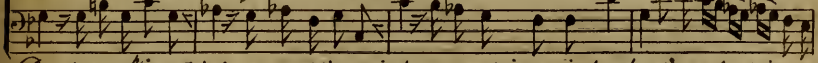
flye thou maffy ruin *flye* flye thou maffy ruin *flye* thou maffy ruin *flye*



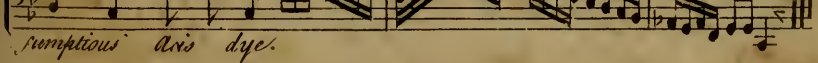
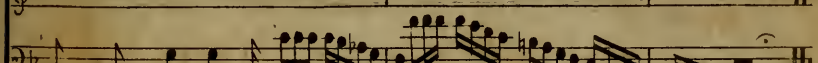
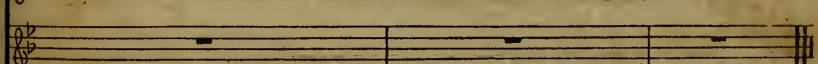
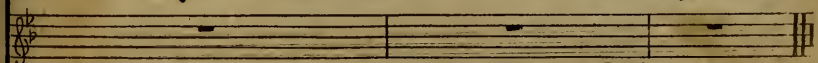
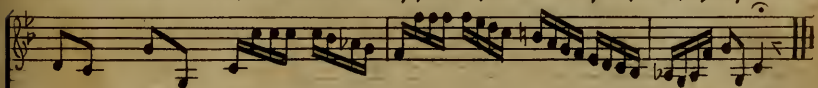
...les as these dear *fmi*:les to me



...les as these dear *fmi*... les to me



Dye presumptuous *Acis* *dye* presumptuous *Acis* *dye* presumptuous *Acis* *dye* *dye* *dye* presumptuous *Acis* *per*

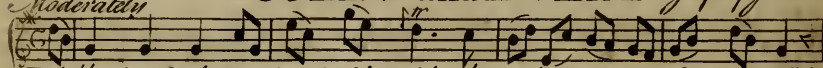


sumptuous *Acis* *dye*.

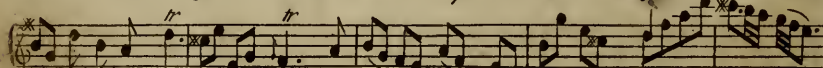
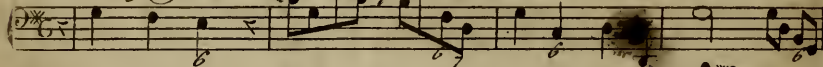


COLIN and DOLLY *Set for 4th Flute*

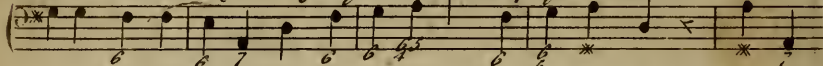
Moderately



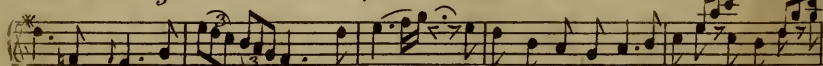
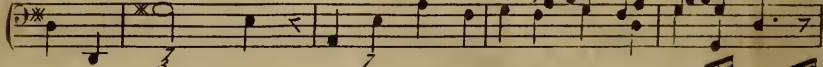
The Morning (sund) was ting'd with Gold, when Colin went to view his Gold.



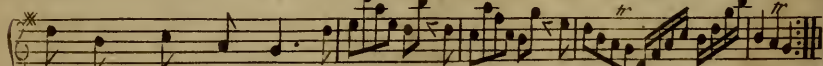
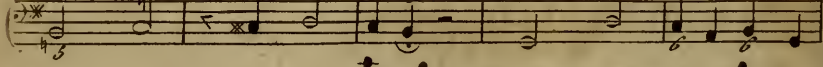
And as he whistled o'er his Plain, young Dolly met the perjur'd Swain:



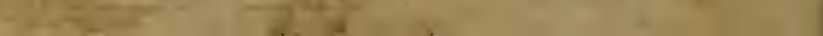
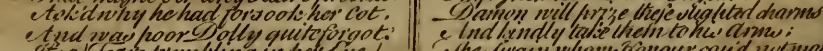
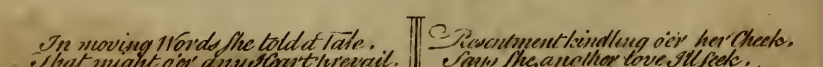
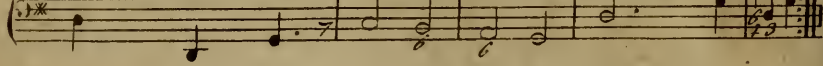
Anger and Love were in her Eye, her tender Breast heav'd with a Sigh, but



When her Grief she came to shew, He cry'd I cannot hear thee now, I cannot, I cannot



cannot hear thee now.

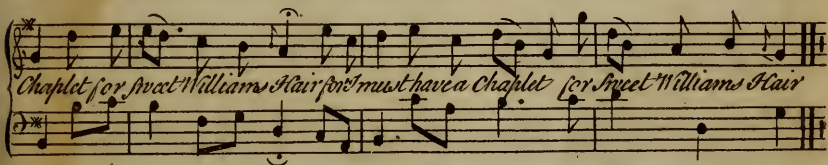
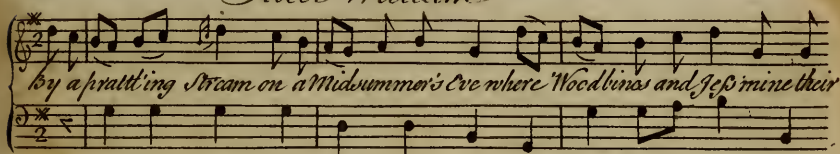


*In moving Words she told it tale,
That night o'er dry start prevail,
Told why he had forsok her lot,
And was poor Dolly quite forgot;
(Too soon's trembling in her eye)
She said, shed sit her down & dye;
Dolly says Collins and I vow,
My Dear I cannot hear thee now,
I cannot be.*

*Resentment kindling o'er her Cheek,
Says she, another love I'll seek,
Damon will prize thee slighted charms,
And kindly take thee to his arms;
She swears whom Honour could not move
By jealousy was wak'd to love,
Says he, forgive me yonder Mow,
Nip there, I'll stay to hear thee now,
I'll stay &c.*



Sweet William



*She brought me the Violet that grows on the Hill
The Vale dwelling Lilly and gilded Junquill
But such languid Odours how could I approve
Just warm from the Lips of the Lad that I love*

*She brought me his Faith and his Truth to display
The undying Myrtle and ever green Bay
But why these to me whose his Constancy known
And Billy has Laurels enough of his own*

*The next was a Gift that I could not condemn
For she brought me two Roses that grew on a stem
Of the dear Nuptial Tyte they stood Emblems confest
So I kiss'd them and press'd them quite close to my Breast*

*She brought me a Sun Shovr This Fair one's your due
For it once was a Maiden and Lovewick like you
O Give it me quick to my Shepherd All run
As true to his Name as this Flower to her Sun*



The Sex in Compass of the Serenade

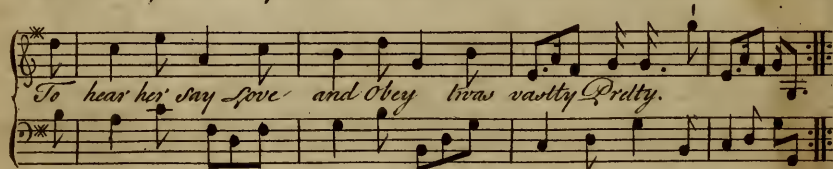
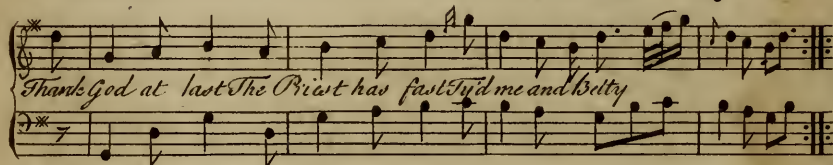
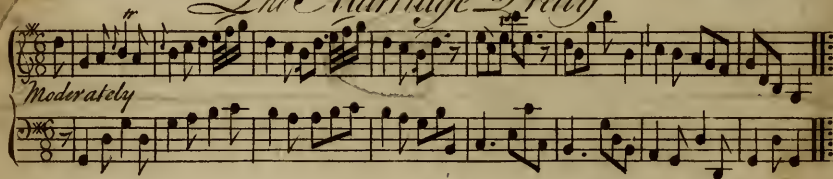
As Jocky was walking one Midsommer morn he sat him down under a green thorn he
 had not sat long till a Devil came by to whom Jocky sent forth a languishing Eye a languish
 a languish a languishing Eye Did you see says the Fair one a fleec'd brindled Ram with
 two little lambskins got each by their Dam if you did gentle shepherd pray tell me which way the
 Innocent flowers neglectfully stray the Innocent flowers neglectfully stray.

He told her how and them pass hastily by,
 And make to the left the in faith was a eye.
 The Devil she noticed & thanked with a blush
 But Jocky stole after and lurked in a bush
 She searched for her o'er the no sheep could she find
 And heartily cur'd if young person in her mind
 She found she was tricked but alas silly Maid
 She knew not the prize was so longfully laid.

The Shepherd appeared & says he pretty Maid,
 Thy Cries & thy lambskins have happily stray'd
 Now spring to her closely & say what ails
 But if Maids or second cry Jocky's eyes was amiss
 Now o'er as her friends little liberty gave
 She left her old Gaffer to trust a young man
 And now the her Shepherds are all safe in the Pen
 She visits the Cows o'er again & again.



The Marriage Pretty

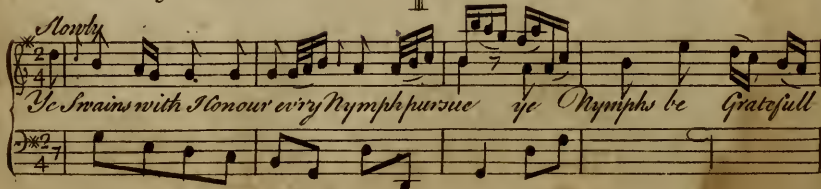


The Marrying done,
We every one
Saluted Betty;
She look'd so neat,
And kiss'd so sweet,
I was vastly-Pretty.

Birds (as we went
Along thro' Kent)
Joy'd me and Betty;
Thee charms of that
And I know what
I was vastly Pretty.

The Jokes of Wed
And going to bed,
From all where Wilty
But I know best,
And do protest
I was vastly Pretty.

Now Night & Day,
My time away,
Glides sweet with Betty;
In her I find,
What Heav'n design'd,
Thes good and Pretty.





between John and Betty

to your Swains be true such where the Steps I took and Betty too

such where the Steps I took and Betty too Ye Swains with Honour

every Nymph pursue Ye Nymphs be gratefull to your Swains be true such

where the Steps I took and Betty too such where the Steps I took and

Betty too such where the Steps I took and Betty too.



Stephon's Request *Sung by M^r Lowe*

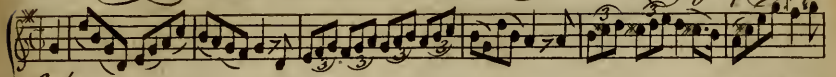
Dearest Kitty kind and fair tell me when and tell me where
tell thy fond thy faith full swain when we thus shall meet again when shall Stephon
fondly see Beautyes only found in thee *kiss thee press thee*
toy and play all the happy live long Day Dearest Kitty! kind and fair tell me
when and tell me where tell me when and tell me where.

All the happy Day tis true
Blast but only then with you
Nights till Stephen sighs alone
Tell me then and ease my pain
Tell thy fond and faithfull swain
When the Birds shall kindly join
Kitty's trembling hand to mine
Dearest Kitty kind and fair
Tell me when I care not where

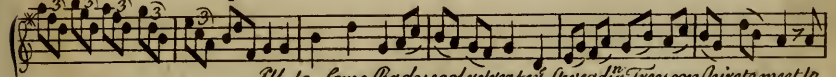
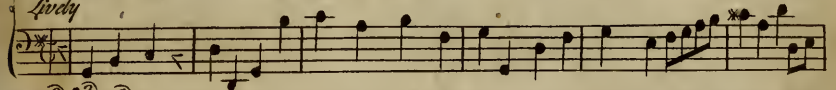


The Constant Fair

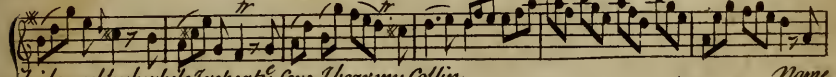
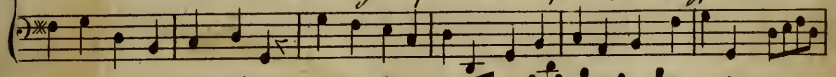
in Compass of the Perfume



Lively

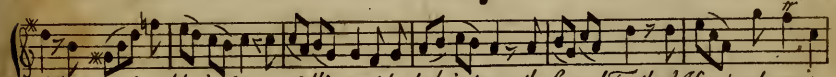
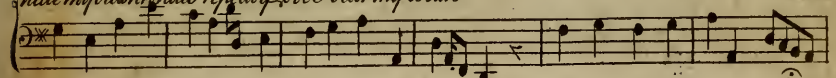


I'll to some shady cool retreat wth spreading Trees conspire to meet to

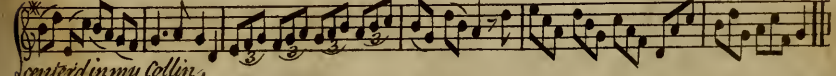
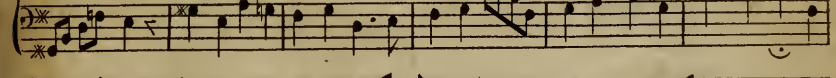


hide my blush whilst I repeat I love I bear my Collin

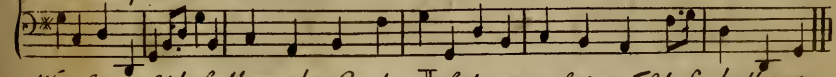
Name



all that's amiable in Love my Collin amply doth improve the sacred Truth of Heaven above is

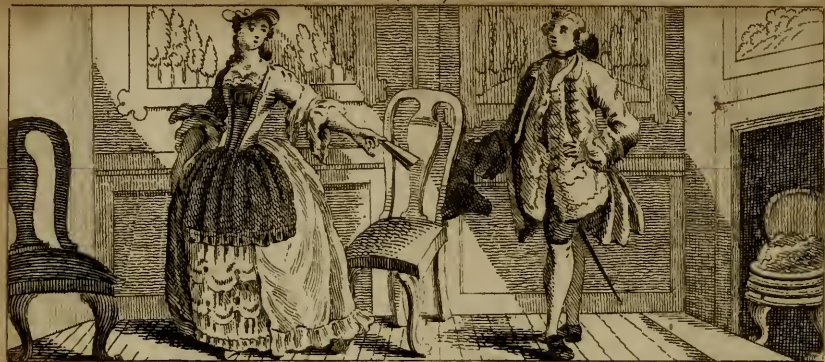


center'd in my Collin.



Was I pass'd of Monarchs Lands.
Of eastern Shores or golden Sands;
No one should share in humours bands
With me but lovely Collin;
With him beneath a Myrtle Seat.
I'll sing & bleb my happier fate,
Than seated on a Throne of State.
With any one but Collin.

So long as Saturns Glass shall run,
Or Persians hail the rising Sun,
Or till my thread of Life is spun,
So long shall I love Collin;
And when I take the parting Glass,
In Death I'll cheer my Heart with this.
That I shall meet in future Bliss.
Again with thee my Collin.



Carry the Jost to far

Moderately

When Young my first love bad Ambitions

pulse move I sigh'd for a Garter & star But my Mother soon told me if

Such should behold me had Carry the Jost to far *had*

Carry the Jost to far.

A Gentleman than
Who was fam'd for his pen
Soft vers'd as to make or to mar
But I fear'd from that quarter
He'd play with my garter
And carry the Jost to far

But I'm the Queen
Of Young Ralph of the Green
Who jays in his plough & his Car
Let him do what he will
And try his best Skill
I'll cant Carry the Jost to far



Sally a new Song for the German Flute

Quickly

No Nymph that trips the verdant Plains with Sally can compare. She wins the Hearts of
all the Swains & rivals all of Fair. She wins the Hearts of all the Swains & rivals all of Fair
The beams of Sol delight & clear white Summers Season roll but Sallys Smiles can all the
Year give Pleasure to the Soul but Sallys Smiles can all the Year give Pleasure to the Soul.

When from the East the Morning Ray,
Shrugs the Northd. Colon,
Her Presence bids the God of Day;
With Emulation glow;
Fresh Beauties deck the painted Ground
Birds sweeten Notes & chirp;
The playful gamboling skip around;
And hail the Sister Pair.

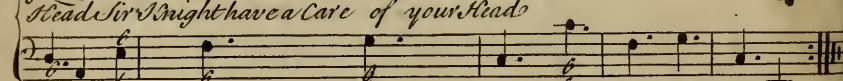
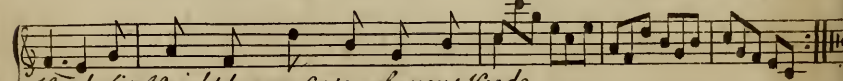
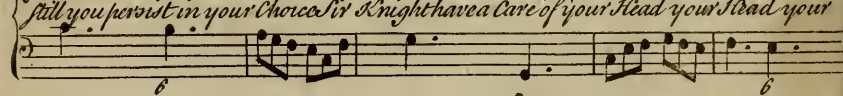
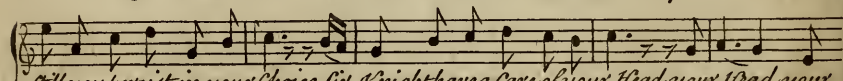
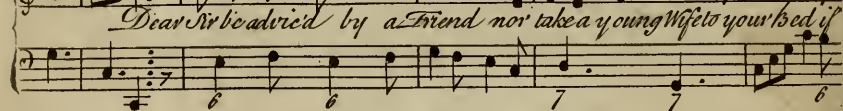
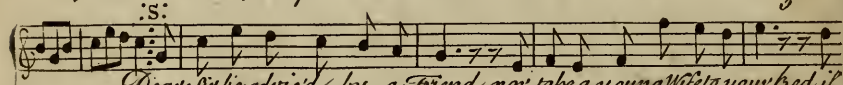
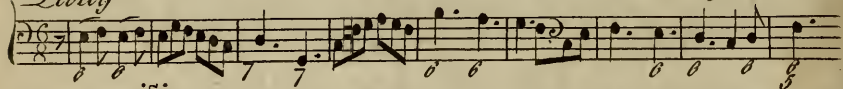
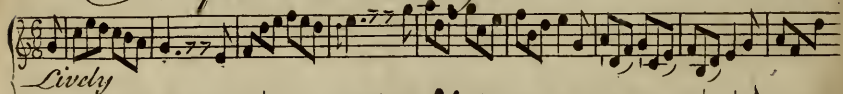
The Park but strains his livid throat,
To bid the illud rejoice,
And mimicks while he swells his Note;
The sweetness of her Voice,
The tinkling & lightness round her play,
While Flora shed Perfume,
& every Flower seems to say;
I but for Sally bloom.

The Amorous Youths her Charms proclaim,
From Morn to Eve their Vale,
Her beauty and unsotted frame
Make local every Vale
The stream meand'ring thro the grove,
Her cask'd Placid converse,
And every tree and every heed
Is turn'd to Sallys praise.

A more shall fly, some fads & swains
To myrthyll Wake resort,
Her airy May Meins on the plain;
Advance in rural sport,
A more shall quail the sporting kill,
Nor Mynck wake the grove,
Nor Woods look their like on the hills,
When I forget to love.

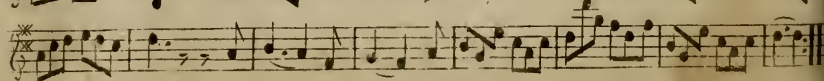
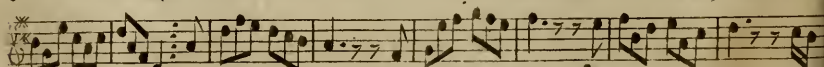
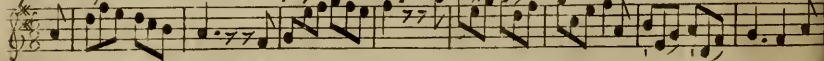


A favourite Song in Robin Hood



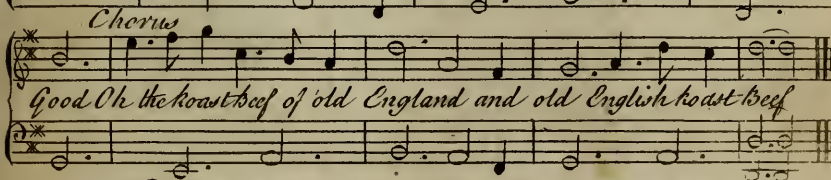
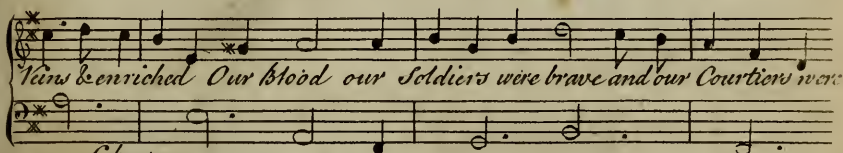
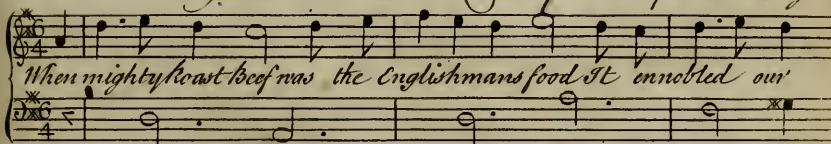
Brisk Youth may at all times attempt,
Tho' oft they repent of being wred,
Their Hearts, but to often do ache;
With you I will be pain in the Head,
A Knight should be arm'd cap a pie;
In battle to strike us with Dread,
Go seek for your Spear & your Shield,
Your Wife will take Care of your Head.

Then ne'er be dismay'd in the Field,
Tho' hummers around you fall dead,
And bullets should fly thick as hail,
There is nothing can damage y^e Head,
Few people such Treatment resent,
Who to the strict Fashions are bred,
Provided their Pockets be full;
They take little Care of the Head.





English Roast Beef Set by M^r Diveridge



But since we have learnt from all conquering France
To eat their Ragouts, as well as to dance;
We are sed up with nothing but vain Complaisance, oh the

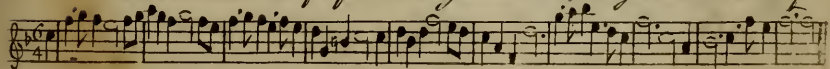
Our Fathers of Old where robust stout & strong,
And kept Open House with good Cheer all Day long,
Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in this Song. oh the

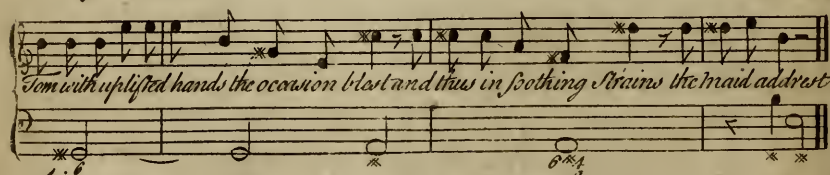
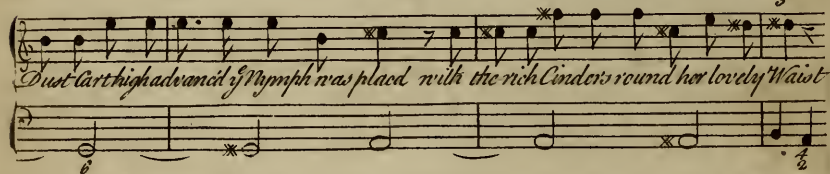
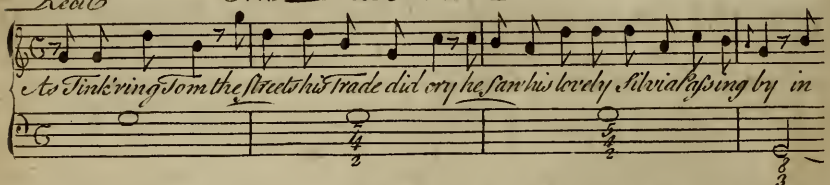
But now we are dwindled to what shall I name,
A making poor Race half begotten & lame,
Who jully those Honours that once shone in Fame. oh the

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the Throne,
For Coffee and Tea & such flip slops were known;
The world was in Terror if ere she did frown. oh the

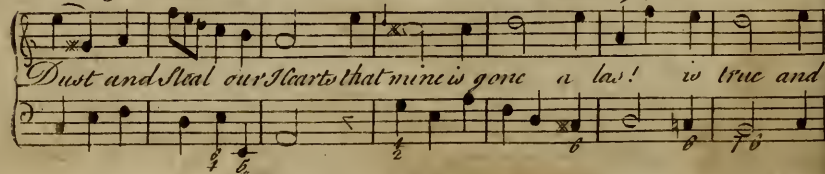
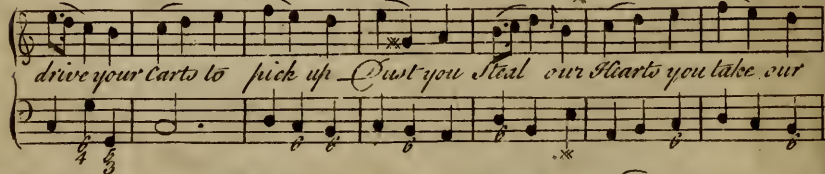
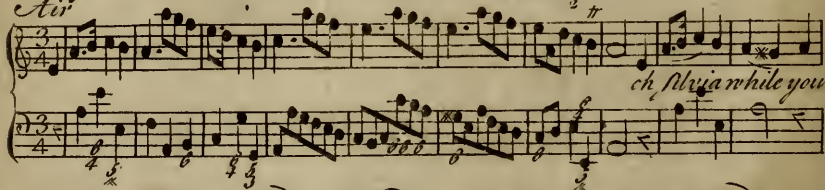
In those days if Fleets did presume on the Main,
They seldom or never returned back again,
As Witness the vaunting Arma da of Spain. oh the

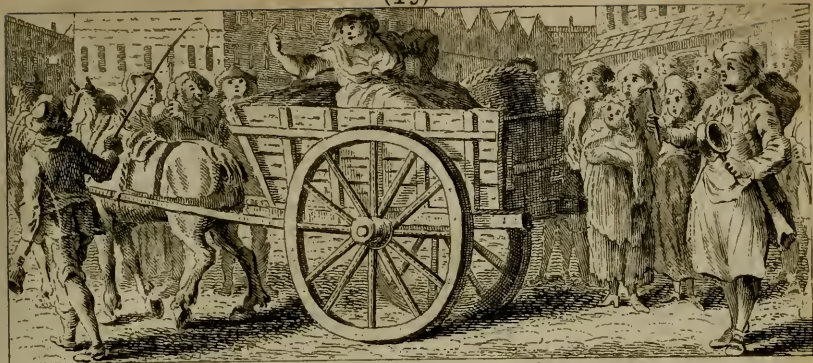
Oh then they had Stomachs to eat and to Fight,
And when Wines were a cooking to do themselves right;
But now we're a good but good Night
Oh the Roast beef of Old England, Cold English Roast beef.



Recit^l*The Dust Cart*

Air





a favourite Cantata

dwells a mong the Dust with you dwells a mong the Dust with

you oh lovely Silvia ease my pain Give me the Heart you stole a

gain Give me my Heart out of your Cart Give me the Heart you stole a

gain *Recit* *Silvia advanced above the habblehout Co*

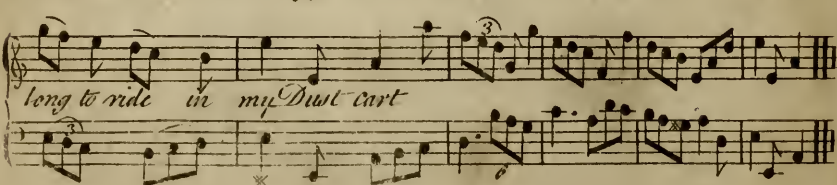
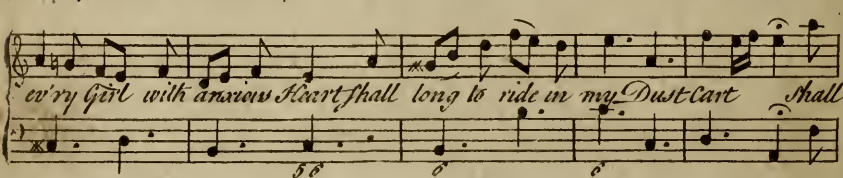
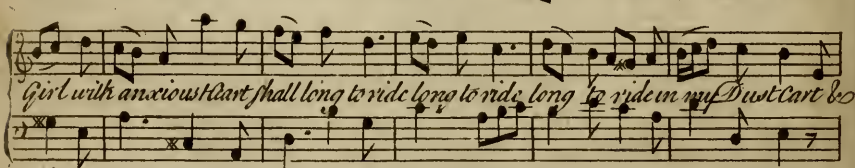
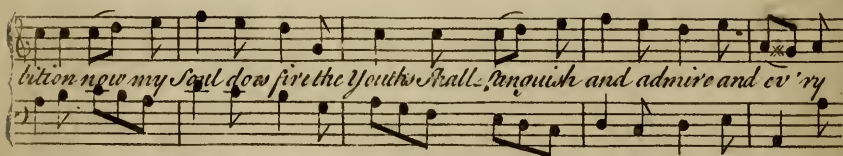
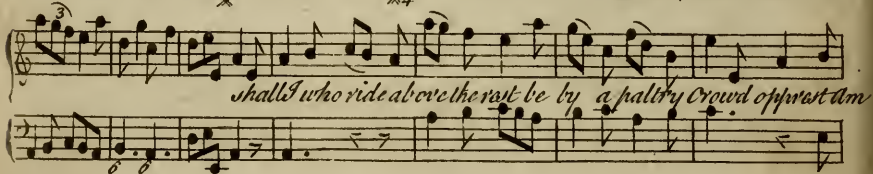
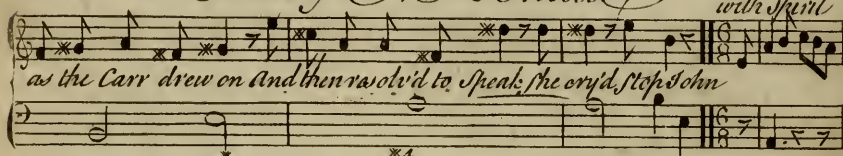
ulling wold her sparkling Eyes about she heav'd her Swelling breast as black as

Not and lock'd disdain on little Folks below to Tom she nodd



Set by M^o Oswald

with Spirit





Gentle *Willy* *Sung by Miss Stevenson*

Long long I despair'd a young Shepherd to find not proud of his merit nor false as the Wind but at
last I have got a dear Sad to my mind Oh I never can part with my Willy

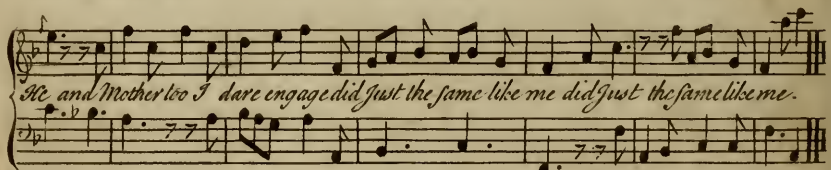
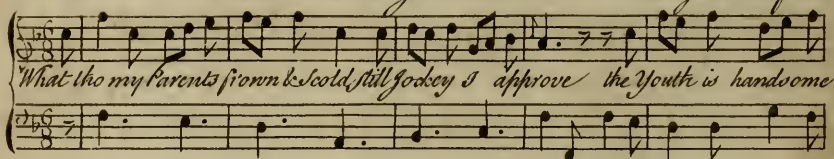
We hid to the Altar last Midsummer day I blush'd all the while & scarce
knew what to say but I vow'd I remember to love: O'er, can I do any less by my Willy

His breath is as fragrant as fresh Morning Air;
His face than the rose is more ruddy I swear;
And his kisses as sweet Ah beyond all compare:
There's not such a Lad as my Willy,
With him none pretends to dispute or to pry;
But what tender soft things does the Shepherd not say,
With ease I am sure he might steal Hearts away,
But I'll never distrust of dear Willy.

When I droop'd all in pain and I hung down my head,
How kindly he watch'd me what tears has he shed;
He ne'er left me a moment till I was well,
Can I ever forget thee dear Willy,
Should Death from my sight tear the Shepherd so true,
Let him take (if he chooses) then me a pray too,
For why should I tarry or what could I do;
Should I lose such a lad as my Willy.



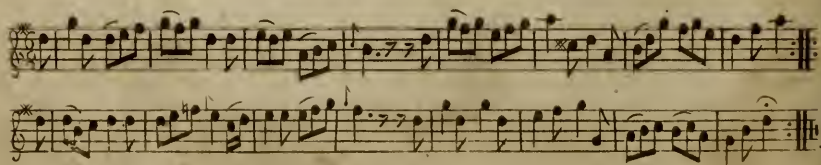
The Willing Maid Set by Mr. De Jasch



When first the swain his suit address'd,
 I flutter'd, and look'd pale;
 He sigh'd & vow'd he kiss'd and press'd;
 And told the fondest tale,
 Then out he pull'd his oaten Reed,
 And play'd so sweet a strain;
 That all he ask'd I gave, indeed,
 And wish'd he'd ask'd again.

How blis't am I when Jockeys by;
 How happy in his arms,
 Tho' other Nymphs cry pish & fyce,
 Yet hang me up I do,
 As to the Flocks the cooling Stream;
 Or Sparrow to the Bee,
 As dear as I'm compar'd to him,
 So dear the Youth to me.

Th' fraught with all his Sex's Art,
 Should Jockey faultless prove,
 Where'er shall my poor wandering heart;
 Again bestow it's love,
 But tis an hundred unto Ten;
 He'll wed me to secure;
 And when he asks me why what then,
 I'll have him to be sure.





Delia Sung by M^r Lowe

When first I saw my Delia's Face, adorn'd with ev'ry bloom & Grace that Love and
Youth could bring: Such Sweetness too in all her form, I thought her
one ce...les...tial born, and took her for the Spring.

Each Day a Charm was added more: Admiring Crowds around her press,
Music and Language, fire'd y^e store; But none the happy he could guess;
With all the force of Reason, Unwish'd her Beauty's caught em,
And yet so free and so gay, I urg'd my Passion in her Ear;
Deck'd with the opening flocks of May, Of Love she said she could not hear;
She look'd the Summer Season. And yet seem'd ripe as Autumn.

The Rose not gather'd in its prime,
Will fade and fall in little time,
So I began to hunt her;
Her Checks conceal'd a Summer's glow,
But ah! her Breast of driven snow;
Conceals a Heart of Winter.

For Flute



Natures Holiday

Moderately *The Sun in Virgin lustre shone May morning*

put its beauties on the Warblers sung in livelier strain & sweeter flow'ets deck'd & plain

When Love a soft intruding Guest that long had dwelt in Damsons

breast now whisper'd to y^e Nymph away, for this is Natures Holiday

The tender impulse wing'd his haste,
The painted mead he instant sawt,
And soon the happy lot he gain'd,
Where beauty's sight & silence reign'd;
Awake my Fair the Shepherd cries,
To new-born pleasures open thine eyes
Arise my Silvia! hail the May,
For this is Natures Holiday.

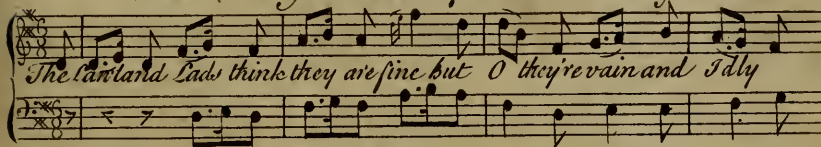
Forth came y^e Maid in beauty bright
As Phœbus in meridian light;
Entranc'd in rapture all confess'd,
The Shepherd clasp'd her to his breast,
Then gazing with a speaking eye,
He snatch'd a kiss & heav'd a sigh,
A melting sigh that seem'd to say,
Consider Youth thy own Holiday.

Th^e Soft she said for pity's sake,
What kiss one ere I'm well awake,
For thus so early came you here;
And hail you thus y^e rising Year,
Sweet Innocence Oh cease to chide,
Well haste to joy y^e again right yd.
In pleasures flow'ry fields well stray
And this shall be Love's Holiday.

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her cheek,
She look'd y^e thing she dur'd not speak,
Consent o'ru'd Natures soft command,
And Damsel seiz'd her trembling hand,
His dancing heart in transport play'd;
To Church he led y^e blushing maid,
Then blest the happy morn'g of May,
And now their Lyes all Holiday.



The Highland Laddie Set by M^r Arne



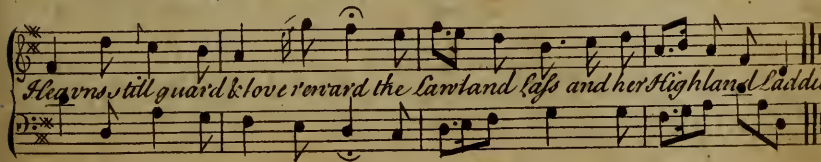
The Lowland Lads think they are fine but O they're vain and Tolly



garvdy how much unlike that gracefull Mien and manly looks of my Highland



Laddie O my bonny Highland Laddie my handsome smiling Highland Laddie may



Hearns still guard & love reward the Lowland Lads and her Highland Laddie

If I were free at Will to chuse,
To be the wealthiest Lowland Lady,
I'd take young Donald without Treue,
With Bonnet blue & belted Plaidy.
O my bonny be.

The bravest Beau in Borrows Town,
In a his Ains with the Arts made ready:
Compaird to him he's but a Clown,
His finer far in tartan Plaidie.
O my bonny be.

O'er benty Hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lowland kin & Dady,
Frae Winters cauld & Summers Sun,
Hell screen me with his Highland Plaidie
O my bonny be.

A painted Room and Silken Bed;
May please a Lowland Laird & Lady,
But I can kiss and be as glad;
Behind a Bush in Highland Plaidy.
Oh my bonny be.

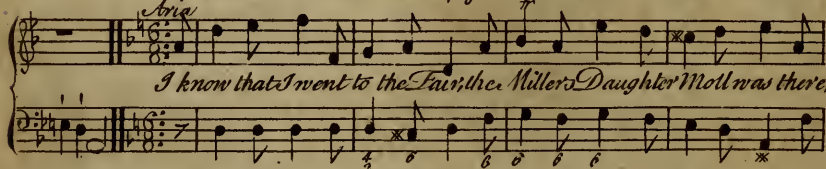
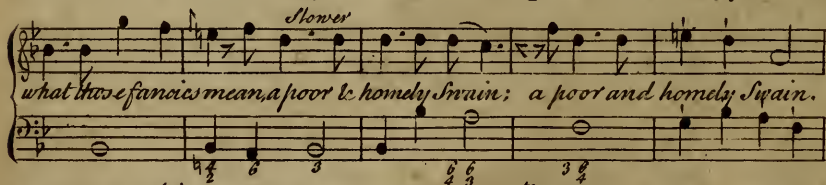
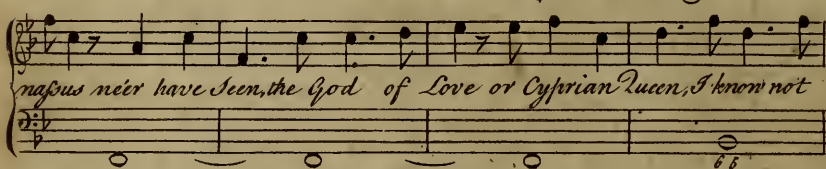
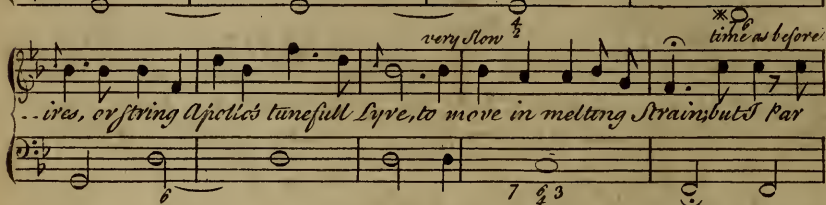
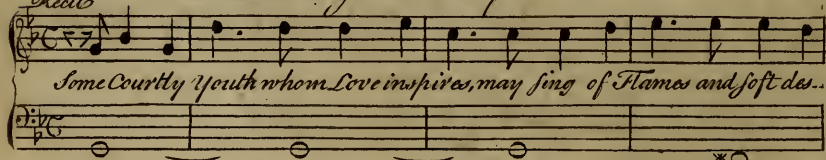
Few Compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear Highland Laddie;
And he ca' me his Lowland Lads,
Sinc' rous me in beneath his Plaidy.
Oh my bonny be.

Nae greater Joy I'll ever find,
Than that his love prove true & steady,
Like mine to him which cheer shall end,
While heav'n preserves my Highland Laddie,
O my bonny be.



The Country Courtship

Recit.





A Humorous Cantata

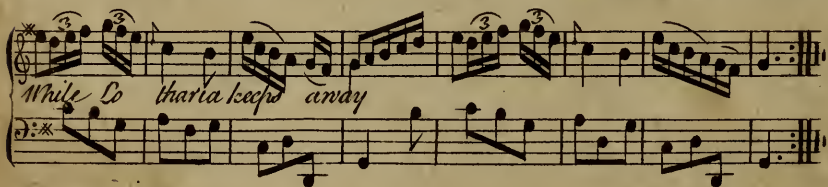
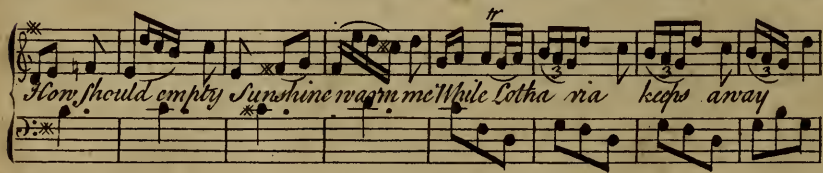
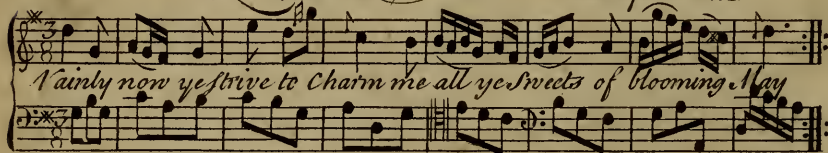
Woeful sight for John, a woeful sight for John.
 I fell in Love up---on the place, I told her
 my unhappy Case, yet still she turn'd away her Face, and bid me get me
 gone, get me gone, and bid me get me
 gone.

My Heart went bumping in my breast,
 It broke a score of ribs at least;
 The live long Day I took no rest;
 Nor could the Eyes at Night rest.
 I am so bad at times that I,
 For ought I know, may come to die
 If she keeps on her Cruelty:
 I am in delectful flight.

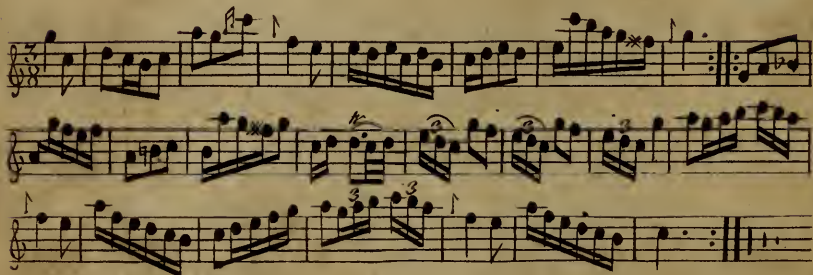


Lotharia

Set by M^r Arne



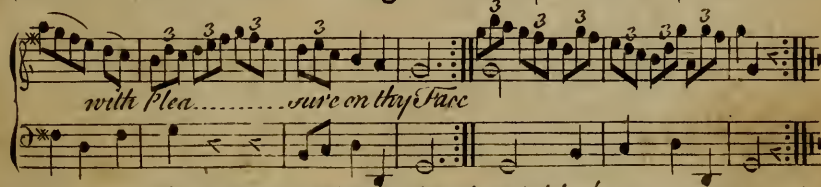
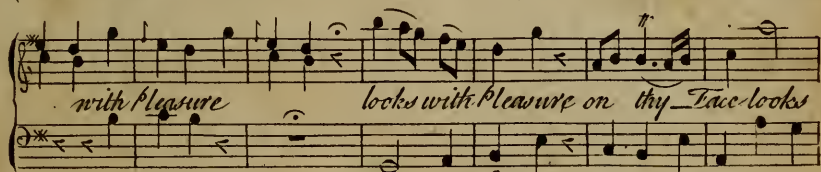
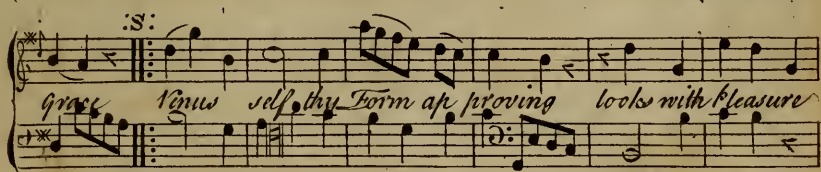
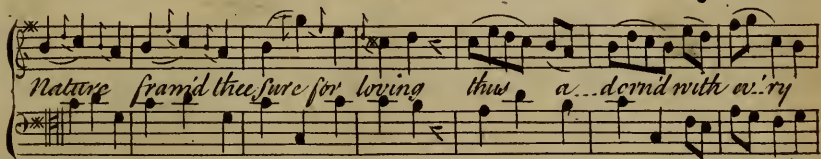
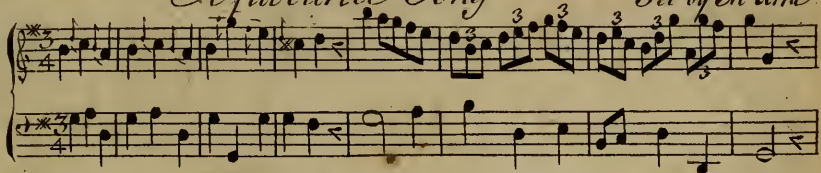
Go ye warbling Birds go leave me,
Shade ye Clouds the smiling Sky;
Sweeter Notes her Voice can give me,
Softer Sunshine fills her Eye.





A favourite Song

Set by M^r Arne

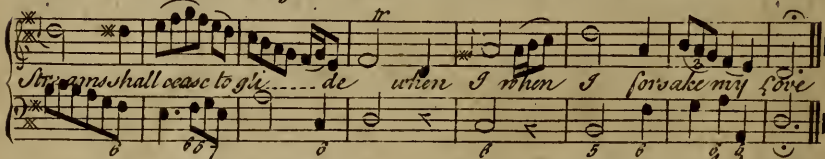
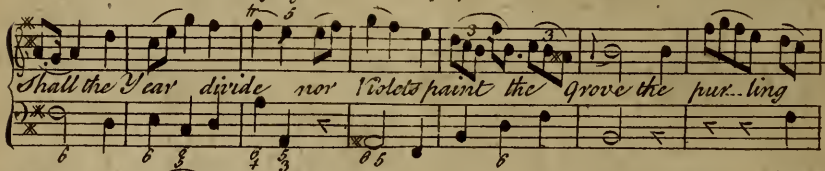
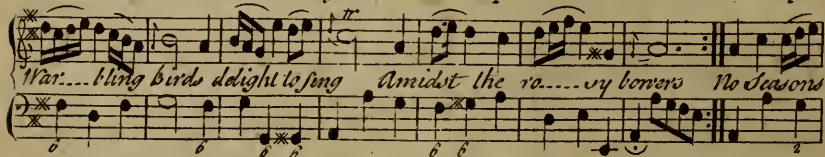
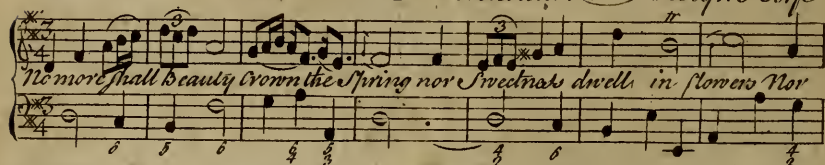


*Happy Nymph who shall ensold thee,
Circled in her yielding Arms;
Should bright Helen once behold thee,
She'd surrender all her Charms.*

*Gentle Shepherd if my pleading
Can from thee thy Prize obtain.
Love himself thy Conquest aiding,
Thou that matchless Fair shall gain.*

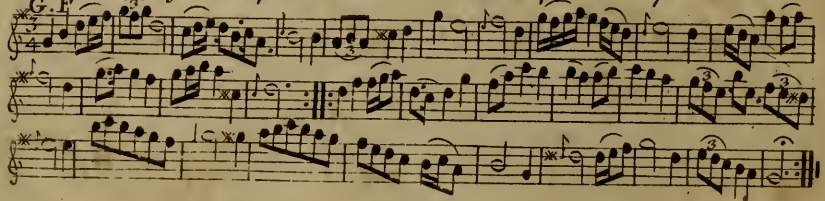


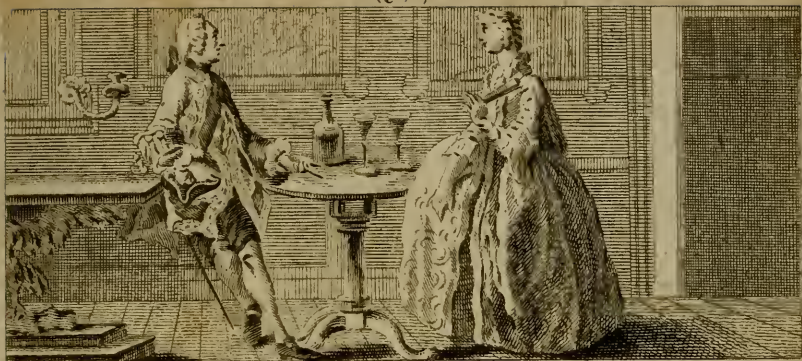
The Lovers Declaration Set by M^r Corfe



Cupid, shall all his shafts lay by,
The Sun reserve his light;
And I enu^d Doves forget to fly,
And day be turn'd to Night;
The fish, shall in the Ocean burn,
And Earth contrary move;
The fountains sweet shall bitter turn,
When I forsake my Love.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
Nor you in Heaven dwell;
Nor lovers more shall love for worth,
Nor pains torment in hell;
Life shall no more desir'd be,
Nor death shall horrid prove;
The world, shall vanish instantly,
When I forsake my Love.





A Favourite Song

ye little

Loves that round her wait pray bring me Tidings of the

fair as Celia on her Pillow lies ah gently whisper

Stephon Dies if this will not her pity move

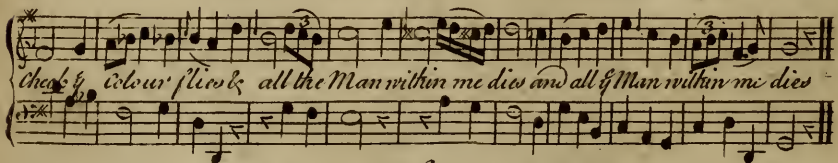
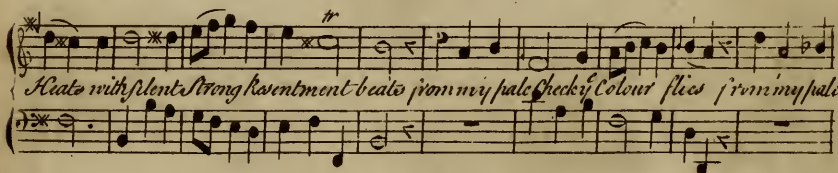
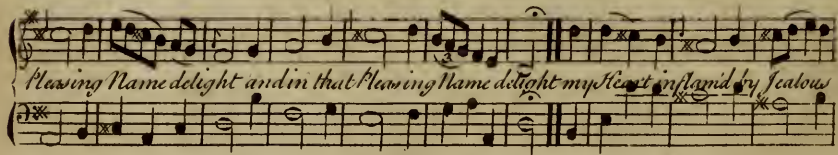
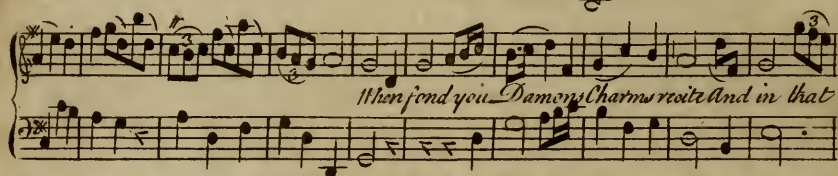
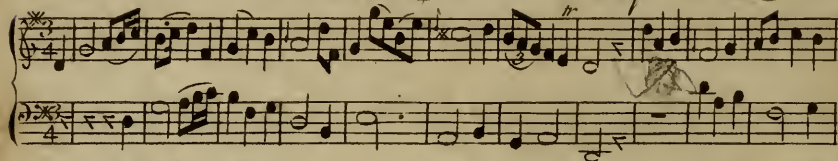
and the proud fair Disdains to Love Smile and Say

Tis all a Lye for haughty Stephon Scorns to Die



To Chloe

Set by M^r Arnes



*By turns my hidden Grief appears
In rising Sighs, and falling Tears,
That shew too well the warm Desires,
The Silent Slow consuming Fires,
Which on my inmost Vitals prey,
And melt my very Soul away.*



A New Song Sung by Mr Beard

Give us Glasse my Wench give us Wine I will cherish remembrance of him and of grief to the
 Winds with our Care for will never Despair while a Bottle can give us the life while a
 Bottle can give us the life in our Revels and Joy we'll forget the proud Boy let the
 Let the its Miracle work for us Follow I find as the Bottle her blind & her
 Heart is as light as the Cork and her Heart is as light as the Cork

*Ariadne the Gay in despair as they say,
 For the Bully that left her behind;
 Would have hang'd or have Drown'd.
 But in Bacchus She found
 A New Lover as constant as kind;
 These are tales my Dear but the Moral is clear:
 It was Wine that her peace did Restore,
 When he left the poor Lass.
 Why she took to her Glass
 And she never Remembred him more:*



Love & Wine in Alliance

While Phillis is drinking Love & Wine in Alliance with

Forces united bid resistless Defiance Each

Touch of her Lips makes Wine sparkle higher And her Eyes by her

drinking redouble their Fire and her Eyes by her drinking redouble their

Fire Her Cheeks grow the



Set to Musick by M^r Arne

brighter recruiting their Colour As Flowers with sprinkling revive with fresh
O dour his Dart dip'd in Wine Love
wounds beyond curing and the Liguor like Oyl makes it
Flame more enduring the Liguor like Oyl makes the Flame more en-
-during.

*By Cordials of Wine Love is kept from expiring,
 And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love's Desiring;
 Believing each other, the Measure is lasting,
 And we never are cloy'd yet are ever a tasting,
 Then Phillis begin, let our Raptures abound,
 And a Glass and a glass be still going round;
 Our Joys are immortal, while thus we remove,
 From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to Love.*



A Two Part Song

The Sol...ly Bowl does glad my Soul the flow ing

The Sol.....ly Bowl does glad my Soul the flow ing

Liquor cheers my Heart I re vel free from all Con

Liquor cheers my Heart I re vel free from all Con

troul tis this that does improve all Art

troul tis this that does improve all Art

The Miser may be pleas'd with Gold
 The sporting Beau with pretty Laps
 But I'm best pleas'd when I behold
 The Nectar sparkling in the Glass

The Miser may be pleas'd with Gold
 The sporting Beau with pretty Laps
 But I'm best pleas'd when I behold
 The Nectar sparkling in the Glass



Nature beyond Art Set by Mr Arne

Still to be neat Still to be dress as you were going to a Feast
 Still to be Powder'd Still persum'd Ah Lady Time to
 be presum'd the Arts hid Causes are not known by Nature all is not your
 own by Nature all is not your own.

Give me a Look Give me a Face
 That makes Simplicity a Grace,
 Robes lovely flowing, Hair as free,
 Such sweet neglect more takes with me
 Than all the glaring Modes of Art,
 That strike my Eyes, but not my Heart.



Young Patty Set by Mr Desch

Young Patty was wanton young Patty was gay shed dance shed singulit of nymphs all if
 Day yet she was a'raid tho' for why she knew not a'raid of a
 Man but no matter for that.

Priest Collin who long had y^e Maid in his Eye
 And saw how detemind she was to be Shy
 Approachd her resolv'd her sweet lips to be at
 But from him she flew — tho' no matter for that
 With all the wing'd speed that a Lover could make
 The Shepherd pursu'd her his heart was at stake
 He caught her b^e sigh'd thou'rt an Angel dear Patt
 The Nymph stop't him short — with no matter for that
 He press'd her soft hand while he kneeld at her feet
 He spokt such kind things in a manner so sweet
 That Patty consented to sit down and chat
 No longer a'raid but no matter for that
 Let fancy paint next what I must not declare
 But take with my Song these instructions ye fair
 Fear onwards you from all that y^e men would be at
 Till wedded fear man — then no matter for that



Cælia

Set by Mr. Arne

Gently

For

Yes I'm in love I feel it now and Cælia has upon me and Cælia has un-
done me & yet I'll swear I can't tell how if pleasing plague stole on me & yet I'll swear I
can't tell how the pleasing plague stole on me the pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her Face that love creates
For there no Graces revel,
'Tis not her shape, for there if Fate
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her Air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common,
And all her Sense is only Chat,
Like any other Woman.

Her Voice, her Touch might give the Alarm;
'Tis both perhaps, or neither;
In short 'tis that provoking Charm,
Of Cælia all together.

Gen. Flute

Gen. Flute



Brisk *A Favourite Song*

Gazing on my Idol Treasure

All my soul is lost in joy she affords Eternal Pleasure & can Never Never

Nor Gazing on my Idol Treasure all my soul is lost in Joy in Joy...

She affords Eternal

Pleasure & can never never do Every Motion Every Feature finely & some

lastial Grace Never sure was Human Creature blot with such an Angels Face

9



The Lass of the Brook

Slowly *In a brook's grasp*

brink in y^e Willows cool shade the Primroses pressing reclind a fair Maid she
 porid o'er y^e stream that limps idly along well pleas'd saw her self and thus tund her soft
 song will please saw her self and thus tand her soft song

Tho the Squire's fine Sweet heart shoud look in y^e stream
 If the Chrystal tels truly more comely I seem
 Whats y^e Daisy the Peach or the Strawberry Dye
 With white & red blooming more Comely am I
 As oft thro the Church Yard on Sunday I tread
 While gaping Couts grinning o'er Tombstones are spread
 With Raptures they praise me I keep on my way
 And down looking seem not to hear n^o what they say
 Each kneeling Swain loudly protests I am fair
 Yet none can delight me till Strephon I hear
 Speed your Search ye Shrill Songsters till Strephon ye see
 Then tell him he's Stay'd for he's Stay'd for by me



The Judgment of Paris

Gently

fort.

Distracted I turn but I

Cannot I cannot decide so equal a little Sure

ne... ver was try'd so equal a little sure ne... ver was

try'd sure ne... ver was try'd U...nited your Beauties so

daz zle my Sight that lost in a maze I gid... di. ly



Set to Musick by M^r Arne

Gaze confus'd and overwhelm'd with a torrent of Light con-
fus'd and overwhelm'd with a torrent of Light with a tor... rent of
Light *A part let me View then each*
Heav'n by Fair for three at a time there's no Mortal can
bear... for three at a
time there's no Mortal can bear there's no Mortal can bear



Sung by M^r Beards

And since a gay robe an ill Shape may disguise

when each is undrest I'll judge of the best I'll

Judge of the best for tis not a Face that must carry the

Prize for tis not a

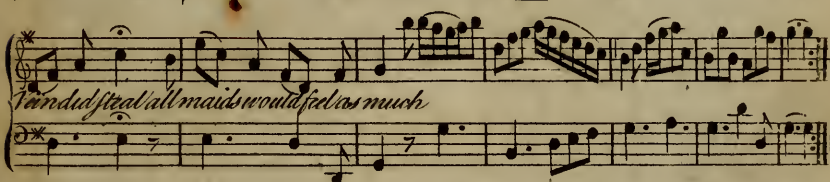
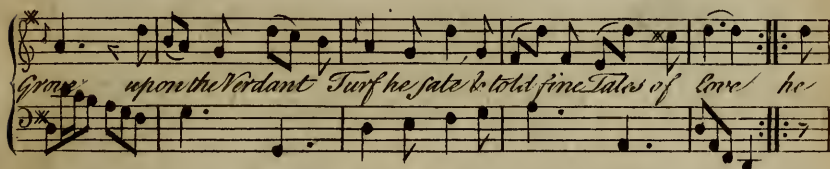
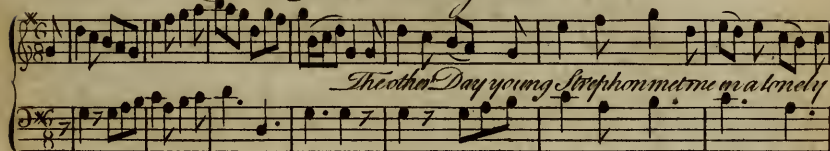
Face that must carry the Prize that must carry the Prize

for

for



A New Song



Of every Flower then he stole
A pleasing wreath to bring
Compos'd of all that May unfolds
The gayest Charms of Spring
Compare the snow drop to my skin
The rose to my blush
If this is flattery, 'tis kind
All Maids would wish as much

From all he cull'd a branch of May
Then on my Breast reclin'd
He wore this Emblem of that prize
Which beam'd from my blind
For there he cry'd in haste
Few Maids can boast of such
Then kiss'd my Cheeks & stole his fate
What Maid wou'd wish as much

Thy Shepherd 'tis too much I vow
I durst not yet consent
Cry he what can prevent us now
And wonder'd what I meant
So sweet his suit, so gay his air
I yielded to his touch
Nor could I longer cry forbear
What Maid wou'd do as much



The Slighted Nymph Set by M^r Granom

To sooth my Chloes

Pensive grief I study'd ev'ry Art till quite despairing of relief I offer'd

her my Heart I offer'd her my Heart she took it prize with rapturous joy &

gave her heart in change No sooner I possess'd the Toy then mine began to

range then mine began to range, range.

*No more does Chloes beauteous face
Pleace her false Strephons Eyes
Belinda fraught with ev'ry Grace
Does Chloes Charms supply.
The slighted Nymph thus soon perceiv'd
With looks of cold disdain,
Too soon she found herself deceiv'd,
Too late to ease her pain.*



Gay Polly set by M^{rs} Dofasch

To make me

Feel a Virgin's Charms whose joys had deny'd gay Pol came tempting to my arms & made me

have deny'd *I kiss'd her lips and straightway*

found such Sweetness there in Store that tho I had receiv'd one wound I wish'd for twenty

More that tho I had receiv'd one wound I wish'd for twenty more

My new born flame now Stranger grown:
 I thought to cool my Rage;
 But oh! the fair Avenger stuns,
 Nor woud my pain as wages
 Then boast not man! thou fluttering fool,
 Boast not of thy own will
 For know when Woman thinks to rule
 Her Charms have Pow'r to kill.



moderately — *Russell's Triumph or*

Thursday in the Morn the Nineteenth of May recorded for o'er the

famous Ninety two brave Russel did discern by break of Day the

Lifty Sails of France advancing too all Hands aloft they cry let

English Courage shine let fly a Culverine the Signal of the Line let

every Man supply his Gun follow me you shall see that y^e Battle it will

Soon be won follow me you shall see that the Battle it will soon be won



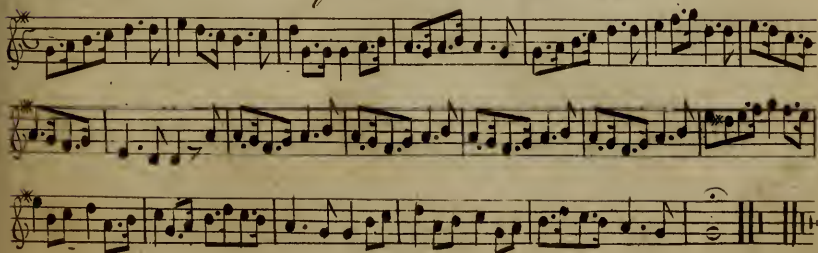
the Memorable Ninety two

*Tourville on the main triumphant rould,
To meet the gallant Ruffet in combat o'er the deep.
He led his noble troops of heroes bold,
To sink the English admiral and his Fleet.
Now every gallant mind to victory does aspire,
The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire;
And mighty fate stood looking on,
Whilst the flood, all with blood,
Fill the scuppers of the rising Sun.*

*Sulphur smoke and fire disturbing the air,
With thunder & wonder, affright the Gallic Shore.
Their regulated bands, stood trembling near,
To see their lofty streamers now no more.
At six o'clock the red, the smiling victors led
To give the second blow, the total overthrow,
Now death and horror equal reigns;
Now they cry, Run or die,
Brittish colours ride the vanquish'd main.*

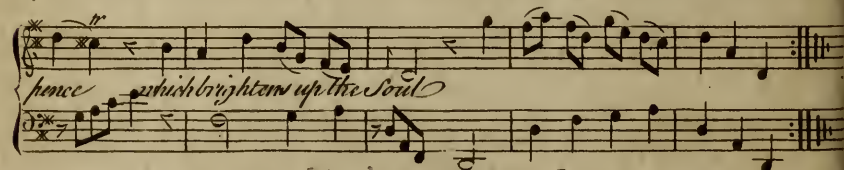
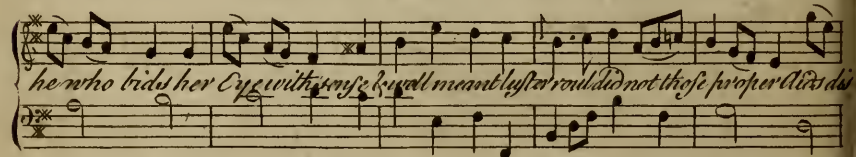
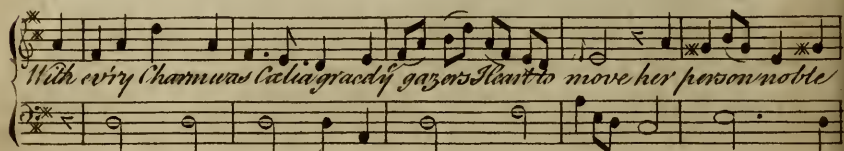
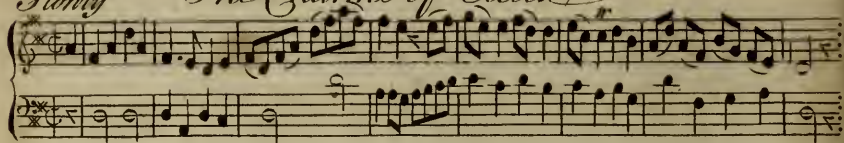
*So they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and sands;
One danger they grasp, to shun a greater fate;
In vain they cry'd for aid, to sleeping lands,
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.
For evermore adieu, thou ever dazzling sun,
From thy untimely end thy Master's fate begun.
Enough thou mighty god of war,
Now we sing, blest be the king,
Let us drink to ev'ry English tar.*

For the German Flute





Slowly *The Charms of Celia*



*In vain she daily went to Mass,
Religion, so confin'd
(Tho Church secure about the case)
Had ne'er Inform'd her mind.
Celia in all her Charms array'd,
And Riches made a Boon
And is, in spite of Marriage made
(By Incest worse than Whore.)*



The Snares Resolutions Set by M^r Dunn

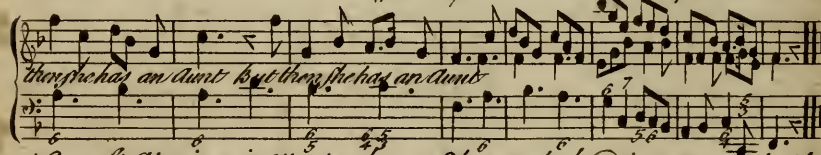
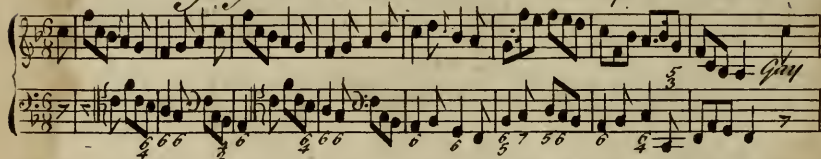
formid by the tenderest war of young Love a wonderfull Master of Chances you appear so
 sweet no May morning so gentle no Dove the Rose not so blooming the Lilly so fair
 yet nothing should make me submit to your Chain for free I was born as
 free will remain for free I was born as free remain

*Tho Diamonds were sullied when match'd with y^e Eyes.
 Tho' Imine and Snow were disgrac'd by your' Shon,
 Your Soul too was lovely enchanting & wise,
 All Lustre without & all Sweetness within. Yet nothing b^y.
 Tho' black as y^e Jet with a beautifull Turne,
 Your delicate Tresses all wantonly flouds
 Your Shape was Perfection your Air was divine,
 You spokelike an Angel & mov'd like a God. yet nothing b^y.*



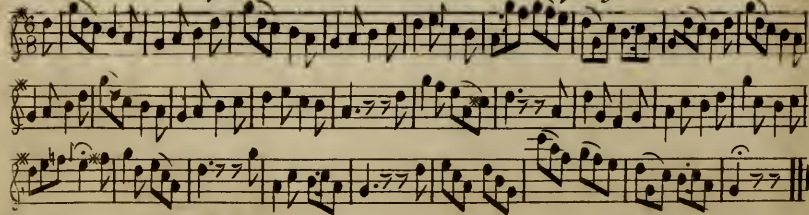
Gay Florimell

Set by M^r Arne



How oft, Alas in vain I've tried
To tempt her from her Guardian's side,
And trapper on Love's Hook,
She's like a little wanton Lamb,
That frisks about the careful Dam,
But turns the Shepherd's Crook.

Like a wretched Diva am I placid
To see the joys I ne'er must taste,
Of all my hopes bereaven,
Her Aunt is of dreadful Guilt betwixt
By all the powers of Malice fixt,
To cheat me of my Heaven.





The Honey Moon

Moderate

As May in all her youthfull Drigs so gay my Love did once appear A Spring of
 Charms adorn'd her face the rose and lilly flourish'd there Thus while th' Enjoyment was but
 young each Night new Pleasures did Create Ambrosial Words dropt from her Tongue;
 am'rous Cupids round did wait

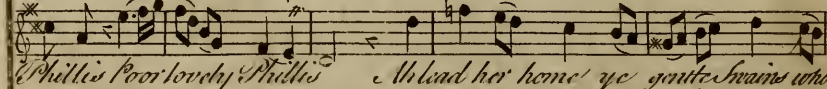
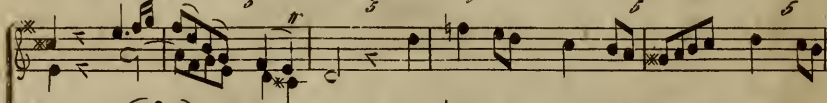
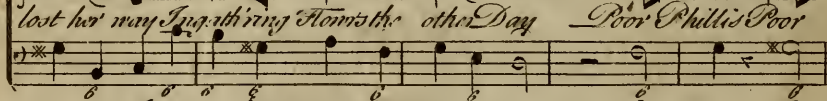
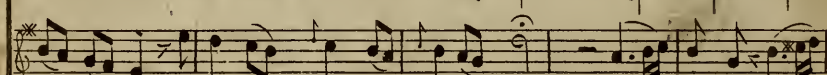
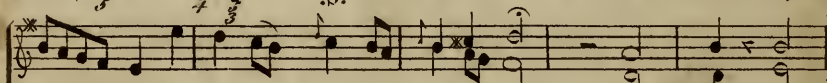
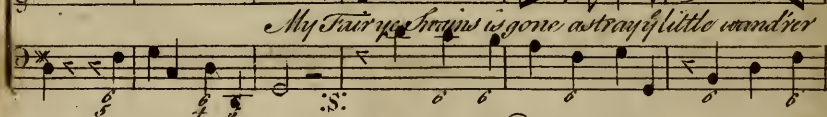
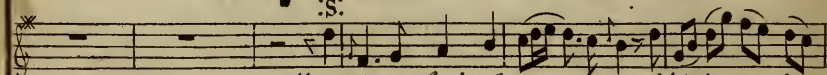
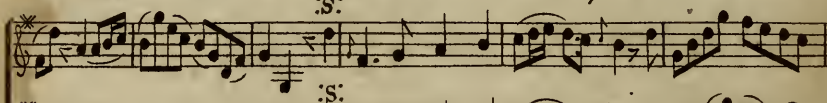
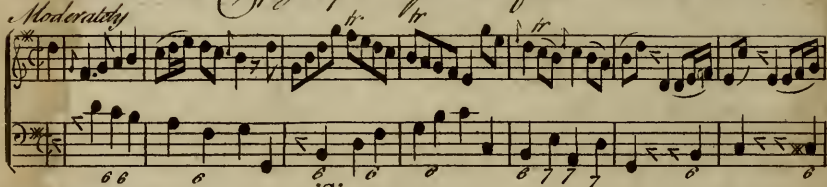
But as y^e Sun to West declines To Love while in her blooming hours
 The Eastern sky does colder grow My Chlor was all kind and gay;
 And all its radiant looks resigns But when by season mist that flow'ry
 Joy pale Moon that rules below: Her Charms like Autumn dropt away



A Favourite Song

in Compass of the German flute

Moderately



My Fair ye Swains is gone astray & little wonder

lost her way In gathering Flowers the other Day Poor Phillis Poor

Phillis Poor lovely Phillis Ah lead her home ye gentle Swains who



Phillis

Set by M^r Arne

know an absent Lovers Pains and bring me safely o'er the plains
my Phillis my Phillis my lovely Phillis.

Conceive what Tortures rack my mind,
And if you'll be so just and kind,
I'll give you certain marks to find
My Phillis.

When'er a Charming form you see
Serenely Grave, sedately Free,
And mildly gay, it must be she,
Is Phillis.

Not boldly bare, or half undress'd,
But under cover'd lightly press'd,
In secret Plays the little Breast
Of Phillis.

When such a heav'nly Voice you hear,
As makes you think a Dryad near,
She seizes her, & bring home my Dear,
Is Phillis.

The Nymph whose Person void of art,
Has every Grace in every part,
With murdering Eyes yet harmless heart,
Is Phillis.

Whose Teeth are like an Ivory Row,
Whose Skin is like of fairest snow,
Whose Face like nothing that I know,
Is Phillis.

But rest my Soul, bless your fate,
The Gods who form'd a piece so neat
So just, exact, and so complete,
Is Phillis.

Proud of their Habit in such a Flow'r
Which so exemplifies their Power,
Will guard in every dangerous Hour
My Phillis.



Moderato *Why so Pale* *Set by W^m Arne*

Why so pale and wan fond lover prithee prithee why so pale if thy looking well can't

move her will thy looking ill prevail will thy looking ill prevail prithee prithee why so

Pale why so pale and wan fond lover prithee prithee why so

Pale why prithee why so pale if thy looking well can't move her will thy looking ill pre

vail prithee prithee why so pale

<i>Why so dull & mute young Sinner</i>	<i>Quit for Shame this will not gain her</i>
<i>Why so dull so dull & mute</i>	<i>This will never never do</i>
<i>If thy speaking well can't win her</i>	<i>If thy whining can't obtain her</i>
<i>Will thy jarring nothing do</i>	<i>Then no more no more pursue</i>
<i>Why so dull so dull & mute</i>	<i>Fly from her as she flies you</i>



Pitty-Patty *Set by Mrs Arne*

Slowly *The Murderer's*

Peggy arose from her bed, & stole to the Chamber where lay her maid, and opening the Curtain said

My fill'd my eye & my heart told a tale that went Pitty-Patty

*But finding she slept, O how great was my bliss,
When on her sweet Lips, I imprinted a Kiss,
The Sight of her Bosom so fill'd me with Glee,
My Heart play'd a tune that went Pitty-Patty.*

*Grown bold with success, I ventur'd to take,
A Second Salute, and sweet Peggy did wake,
Surpriz'd at my presence, she blush'd & cry'd sly,
Tho her Heart play'd a tune that went Pitty-Patty.*



Plain Truth

Moderately brisk

The Man who seeks to win the fair so Custom says must
Truth forbear - Must fawn & flatter orange and lye and raise the Goddess
to the Sky.

For Truth is hateful to her Ear;
A Rudeness which she cannot bear;
A Rudeness yes I speak my Thoughts,
For Truth upbraids her with her faults.
How wretched Chloë then am I,
Who love you & yet cannot lye;
And still to make you less my Friend,
I strive your Errors to amend.



Tenderly *Oh Lovely Maid* Set by Mr. Lane

Oh lovely Maid hear

Dear's thy pow'r at once I Love at once adore with wonder are my

thoughts possess while softest love Inspires my breast while softest, Love In

spires my breast

*Yps charming I adore I am thine
 Poor as it is this heart of mine
 Was never in another's power
 Was never pierc'd by Love before
 Was never be.*

*Oh should I ever possess thy charms
 Thier meet my comfort in thy arms
 Where hopes of dear Enjoyment gone
 Still would I Love Love thee alone
 Still would I be.*

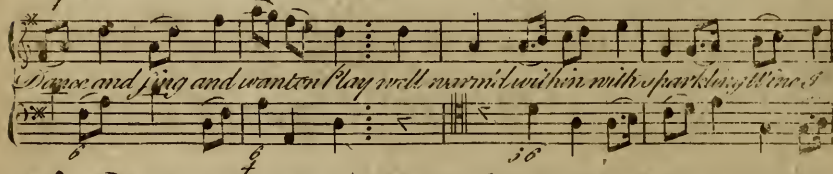
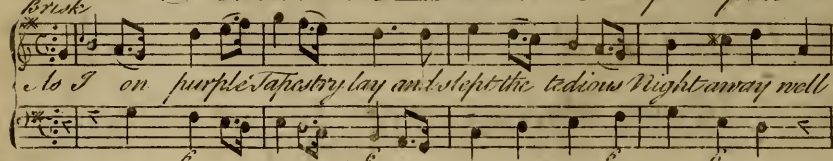
*In thee I've treasur'd up my Joy,
 Thou canst gaine it or it destroy,
 And thus I've bound myself to Love,
 While Bliss or Misery can move,
 While Bliss be.*

*But like some discontented shade
 That'll anders were its body laid
 Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare
 For ever exiled from the fair
 For ever be.*



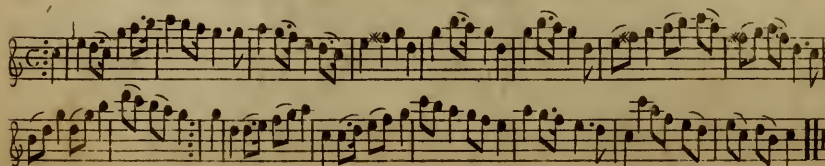
Anacreon's Dream. Set by D^r Green

brisk



The Shepherds all together flew,
And envious glanc'd & look'd askew:
And cry'd Swain upon the Plain!
Both envied and reproach'd me too
That I with Virgins had to do.

An am'rous kiss I wou'd have ta'en,
But waking found my hopes were vain
Then curs'd the day whose fatal ring I lay
Bereav'd me of so sweet a pain,
Then strove to sleep & dream again.



it may not

my Dear m



Cross Purposes Sung by Mr Beard

Tom loves Mary passing well but

Mary she loves Harry whilst Harry sighs for bonny Bell and finds his love mis

carry for bonny Bell for Thomas burns the Mary slight his passion so

strangely freaky fear of turns of human Indination

As much as Mary Thomas grieves	Moll gave Mella a wreath of flowers.
Proud shall despise Mary.	Which he in am'rous folly
And all his faults that Bell receives	Consigned to Bell in ten hours
From Tom, she vents on Harry.	It came again to Molly.
Thus all by turns are woo'd & wooe	If one of all if four has favour'd,
Nor scurries can be truer.	You never saw people grimmer.
Each loves of Objects they pursue.	If one has smil'd at catches round.
But hates the kind Pursuer.	And all are in good Humour.

Then lovers hence this lesson learn,
 Throughout the British Nation!
 How much tis every one's concern,
 To smile a Reformation;
 And still thro' life this rule pursue,
 Whatever Objects strike ye
 Be kind to them that fancy you,
 That these you love may like ye.



Set to Musick by Mr. Arne

Sing let Merrily Merrily after Sun set Merrily

Merrily Merrily shall I live now under the blossom

hang on the bough Merrily Merrily shall I live now under the blossom / hang on the bough

under the blossom / hang on the bough

The musical score is written on ten staves, featuring a variety of note values, rests, and bar lines. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some lines of music being instrumental or featuring specific musical markings like '1', '2', '3', '4', '5', '6', '7', '8', '9', '10', '11', '12', '13', '14', '15', '16', '17', '18', '19', '20', '21', '22', '23', '24', '25', '26', '27', '28', '29', '30', '31', '32', '33', '34', '35', '36', '37', '38', '39', '40', '41', '42', '43', '44', '45', '46', '47', '48', '49', '50', '51', '52', '53', '54', '55', '56', '57', '58', '59', '60', '61', '62', '63', '64', '65', '66', '67', '68', '69', '70', '71', '72', '73', '74', '75', '76', '77', '78', '79', '80', '81', '82', '83', '84', '85', '86', '87', '88', '89', '90', '91', '92', '93', '94', '95', '96', '97', '98', '99', '100'.



6 Favourite Song - Set by W. O'neal

Moderate

From the Man whom I love tho' my

Heart's disguis'd I will freely describe the Wretch's despair and if he has sense but to

ballance a straw he will sure take the Hint from the Picture I draw and if he has sense but to

ballance a straw he will sure take the Hint from the Picture I draw

*A Wit without Sense, without fancy a Beau.
 Like a Parrot he chatters, and struts like a Crow.
 A Peacock in Pride, in Grimace a Balloon,
 In Courage a Hind in Conceit a Gascon.
 As a Vulture rapacious, in Tatschood a Fox,
 Inconstant as Waves and unfeeling as Rocks,
 As a Tiger ferocious prewise as a Hog,
 In Mischief an Ape, and in flunning a Dog.
 In a Word to sum up all his Talents together;
 His Heart is of Lead, & his brain is of Feather;
 Yet if he has sense but to ballance a Straw,
 He will sure take the Hint from the Picture I draw.*



The Maidens Choice

Moderate

If ever Oh Sighmen I add to thy

True let such be my Partner my Muse shall describe not in Party to high nor in Statue to

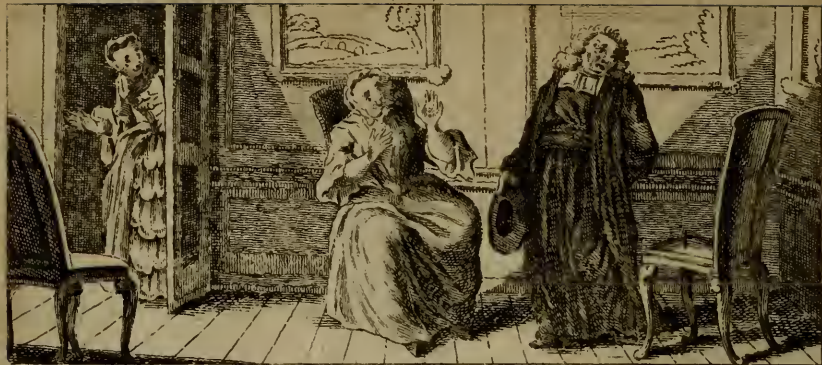
long not the least of a Storm nor to Much of a Broom

Behis Person Gentle and Engaging his Air
His Temper still yielding his soul too Sincere
Not a Dupe to his Passion gainst Reason to move
But kind to the sweetest in the Passion of Love.

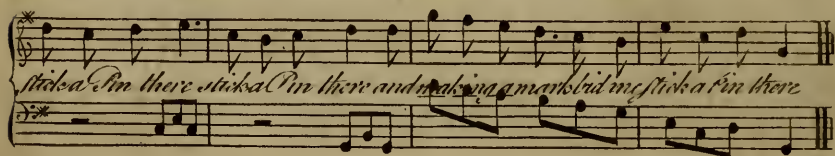
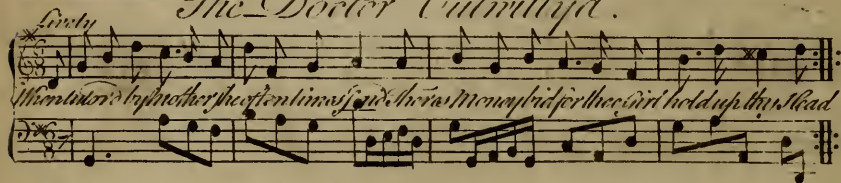
Let honour Commandable Pride in the Sex
His Actions Direct & his Principles see
No Groundless Suspicion must he Ever surmise
Nor Jealously head every look in my Eyes.

If Such a blast Youth should approve of my Charms,
And no thought of Interest his Bosom Alarms,
Then in Wedlock I'll join with a Mutual desire,
And Prudence shall Cherish the W'aving fire.

Time shall glide on unperceiv'd in Decay,
Each Night shall be Blissfull & happy each Day.
Such a Partner grant Heaven with my Pray'r O comply
O a Maid let me live & a Maid let me Dy.



The Doctor Cutwitty'd.



*The humour so pleas'd me how ever absurd
 That in spite of my teeth it became a cant word
 And once when the Parson had ended his Prayer
 I could not help calling out stick a pin there Stick a pin &c
 He came to my Mother & loudly complain'd
 His Parson I asked but my Torment was feign'd
 And before he could clasp his fat Bum in a Chair
 I stily stoop'd down & did stick a pin there Stick a pin &c
 I met my dear Jack in a field of new Hay
 He kiss'd me & teaz'd me with amorous Play
 A green Gown he gave me & swore it was fair
 He said Sarah said I woud you stick a pin there Stick a pin &c
 We often attempted to ruffle my Charms
 & often I push'd the dear Youth from my Arms
 But sooner or later he'll ruffle my Cur
 For Jack is y^e hind that shall stick a pin there stick a pin &c*



A New Song Sing by Mr beard

Sprightly *All*

Sing you a song that shall suit you all round the Tale may be Old but the Moral

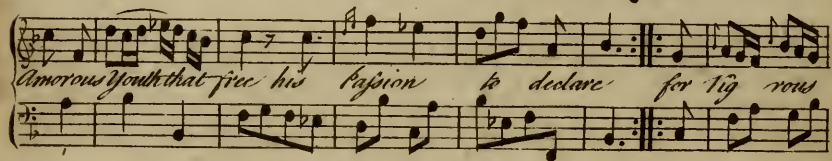
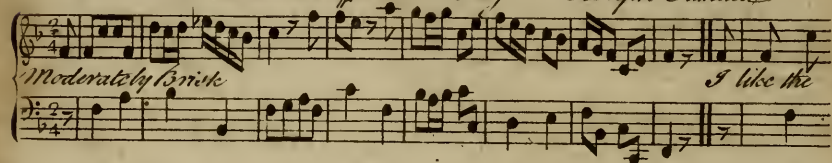
round a Virgin as sweet as a Morning in May once lov'd a young shephord of

Merrit they say Once lov'd a young shephord of merrit they say

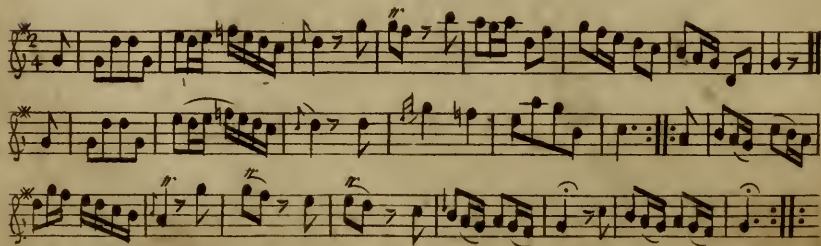
Her Father refus'd him for he had not Gold,
 As Advice too often will cleave to the Old;
 And gave her too a Carrownt well furnish'd with Pence,
 Who had ev'ry Endowment save Honour & sense.
 But bold Robin Hood in a lucky Disguise,
 Impos'd on the Witch tho' he saw with his eyes,
 And you Master Port one take this for a rule,
 No Woman of Spirit will stoop to a fool.
 And thus then not having detain'd you too long,
 I hope I may merit your Thanks for my Song,
 If you do not like it on others I'll call,
 One trip it o'er if Greenwood my merry Men all.



A Favorite Song Set by Mr. Handell

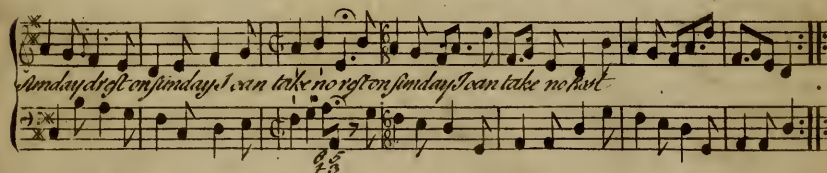
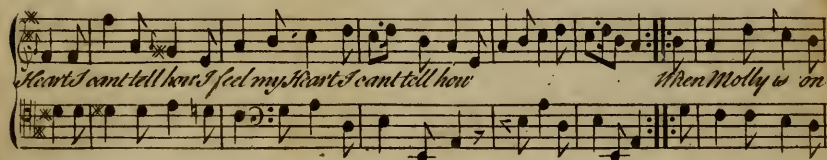
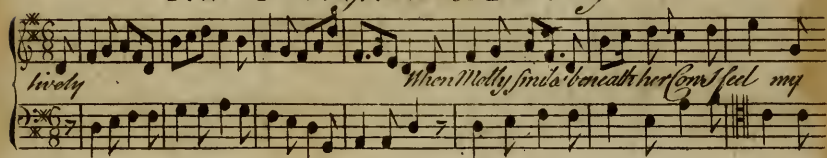


None Cupid fear but fools the Boy
 Hunts none who's radiant prove
 O'ersweetness all & gentle Joy
 To those who are Skill'd in Love?
 Then Love my Dear and since life's prime
 So swiftly flies away
 Let's by the Forelock seize old Time
 And Revel whilst we May.

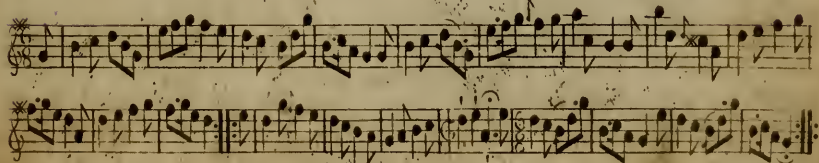




The Ploughman's Dittie



What can I do on Working Days
 I leave my Work on her to gaze
 What shall I say at Sermon I
 Forget the Text when Mollys by
 Good Master Curate teach me how
 To Mind your Preaching & my Plough
 And if for this you'll raise a Spell
 A Good fat Goose shall thank you well





Moderately slow *Go Rose*

Go kiss my Chloe's bosom give my Chloe's bosom grace, how

happy should I prove, how happy should I prove, might I supply that envied place to

never fading love, with never fading love. There Phoenix like, be

neath her eye involv'd in fragrance burn and Die..... be

neath her eye involv'd in fragrance burn and Die.....

lively

burn and Die. Now hapless Now hapless flower



Set by D^r Green

That thou shall find shall find more fragrant Koses there more fragrant
 Koses there I see thy Withering head redind with Envy and Dis-
 pair with Envy and Despair One common fate we both must prove
 you Die with Envy I with Love one common fate we both must
 prove you Die with Envy I Die with Love
 you Die with Envy I with Love you with Envy I with Love



Dione

Set by M^r Arne

Moderately slow

Upon a summers Evening dear Dione hapless maid all worn with love and pining
 Care sought out a secret shade hum wretched ah! charming dam! unhappy maid said she no
 one is pleasing to my Eye no Florin is sweet to me no Florin is sweet to me

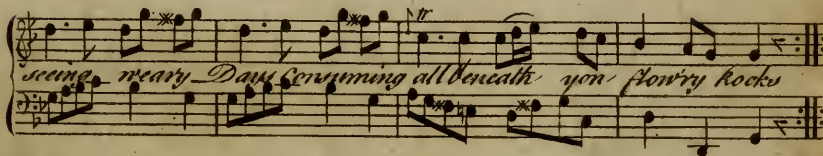
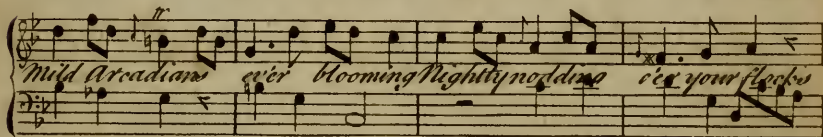
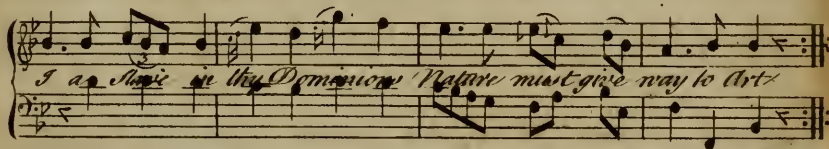
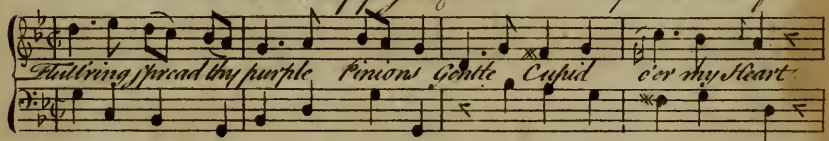
To many Tons could Collin make,
 To me, ah! faithful's I claim;
 And yet these plighted Tons would make
 but leave me to complain.
 Why did I rashly seek his arms,
 And fond his fate believe?
 Alas I yielded all my Charms
 Nor thought he could deceive!

Yet why art thou such a Store,
 And lilies in my face,
 Since I can now can please you more
 And claim your fond Embrace.
 My brightest Charms I'd willingly give,
 For my my rosy Stace,
 Content with Lucy's Charms I'd live,
 A rural Maid for you.

But Collin deaf while I uprinds
 A or hears the I complain
 Think not that I the envious Maid,
 And to the scorned I join.
 Not know, how Mart Dione's shade
 To night you shall appear,
 And when you drink the Marriage bed,
 Dione will be there.



The Unhappy Lover by Dean Swift

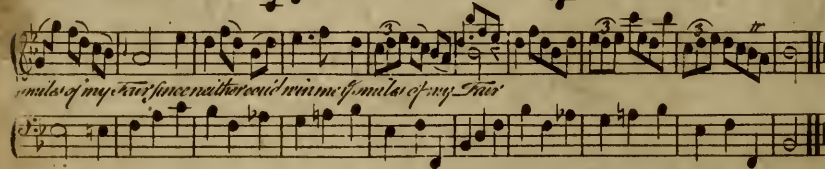
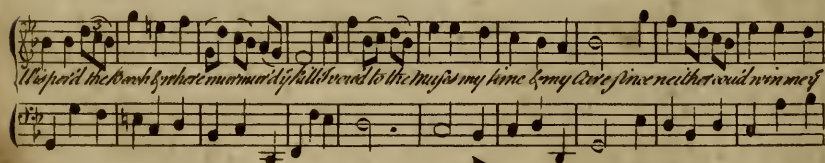
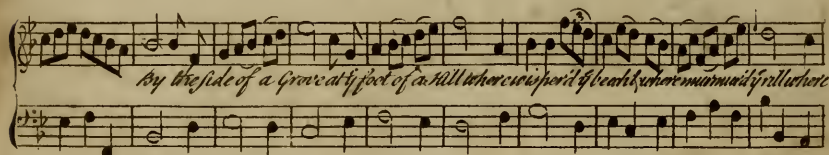
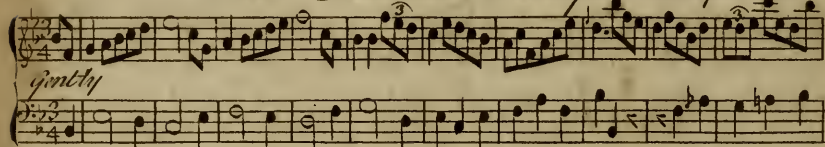


Thus the Cyprian Goddess weeping	Gloomy Pluto, King of Terrors,
Mourn'd Alceus darling Youth,	Arm'd in Adamantine Chains
From the Pyre in Silence creeping,	Lead me to the Crystal Mirrors,
God with unrelenting Tooth,	Wat'ring soft Elysian Plains,
Cynthia's tunc harmonious Numbers	Mourning soft Cyprian's verdant Willows,
True Discretion string thy Lyre,	gilding my Curlew's brow,
I goth my ever waking Members,	Morphew's hor'ring o'er my Pillow,
Bright Spell to lend thy Choir,	Steal me paying my dying Love.

*Melancholly sooth Meander;
Sistly purling in a Round,
On thy Margin Lovers wander:
With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd
Thus when Phillomela drooping,
Softly seeks some silent Mate,
For the Bird of Time drooping,
Melody reigns to late.*



The Scholar's Relapse set by Mr. Arne



*Free, I rang'd, like the birds, like y^e birds free I sung,
And Daphne's dear name ne'er escap'd from my Tongue
When e'er a smooth Accent delighted my Ear,
I wish'd unawares, that my Daphne might hear.*

*With fairest Ideas my bosom I stor'd,
Allusions to none but the Nymphs I ador'd,
And the more I writ, & study my fancy refin'd,
The deeper Impression she made on my Mind.*

*So long as of Nature the Charms I pursue,
I still must pay Daphne's dear Image reverence,
The Graces have yielded with Daphne to rove,
And the Muses are all in Alliance with Love.*



The Inconstant

Set by M^r Jos^h Jackson

Brisk

as late as yesterday I was on tender am^t N. lar. as say A. lar. as evening boy A. lar. is wan ton boy

The gay been dishearted by Pastora

breathed the tender sigh Pastora breathed the tender sigh but the raptur'd was coy but

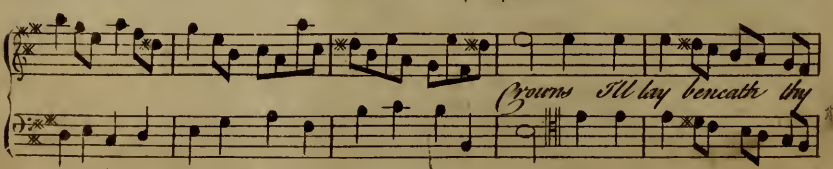
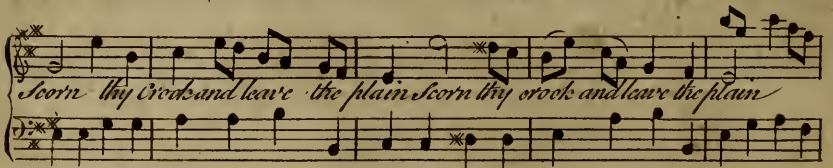
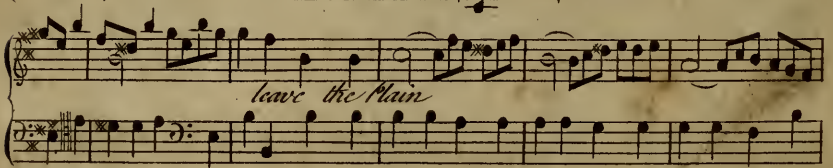
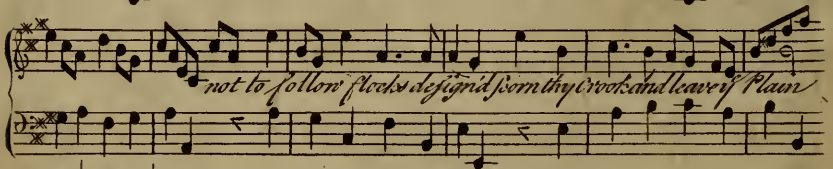
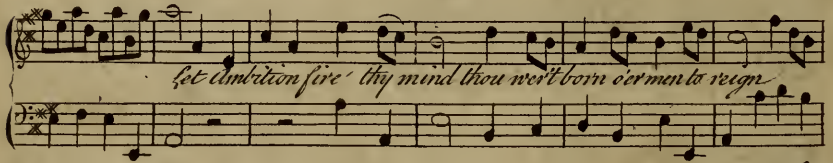
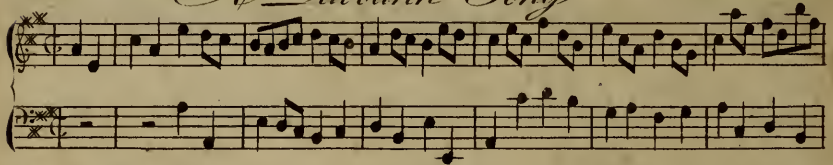
Mira still was coy

The laughing Delia stole his book, And glanc'd the wanton look, A hint she would be kind; Bright Daphne in glondy grove A signal gave a call to love, But still the swain was blind.	Nor Pastorella's mien could charm, Nor Celias apple, Providence warm, Nor Stellas hyren Tongue? But Miras Eyes let Much controul, And gazing, all his raptur'd soul, Stood listening as she sung.
---	--

But Ah when Mira learn'd to sigh
To glance, to role the wanton eye
To blest th^e Inconstant coy,
As soon the faithless parting swain
Forsook the nymph forsook the plain
To find the maid that's coy.



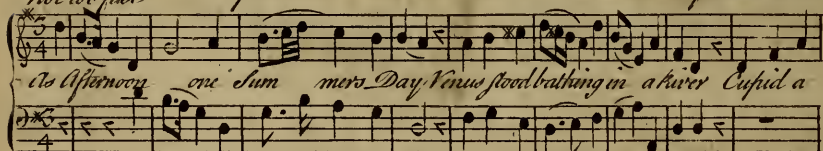
A Favourite Song





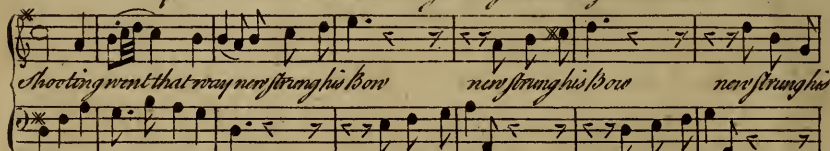
Cupid's Mistake the words by Matt^r Prior

Not too fast

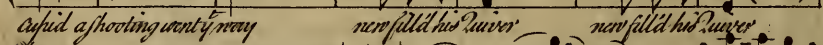


As Afternoon one Sum mers Day Venus stood bathing in a River Cupid a

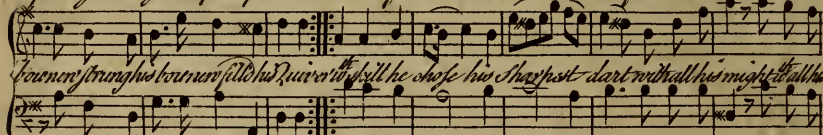
As Af ter noon one Sum mers Day Venus stood bathing in a River



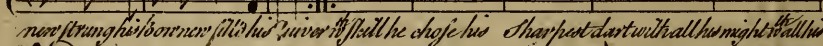
Shooting went that way new string his bow new string his bow new string his



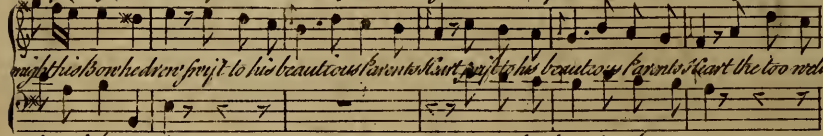
Cupid a shooting went y new new fill'd his River new fill'd his River



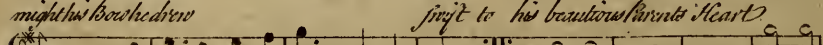
bow new string his bow new fill'd his River to spill he chose his Sharpest dart with all his might shall his



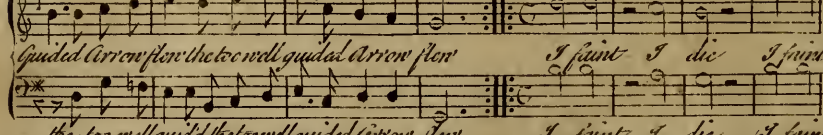
new string his bow new fill'd his River to spill he chose his Sharpest dart with all his might shall his



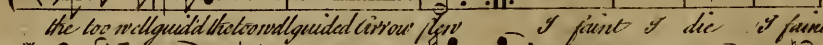
night his bow he drew first to his beautiful Parents Heart I die the Gods cryd oh Cruel couldst thou find couldst thou find none other oh



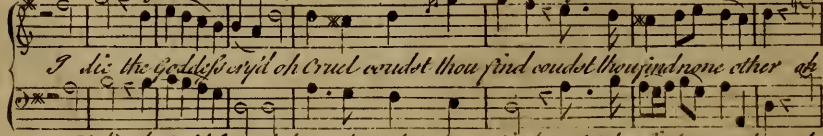
might his bow he drew first to his beautiful Parents Heart I die the Gods cryd oh Cruel couldst thou find couldst thou find none other oh



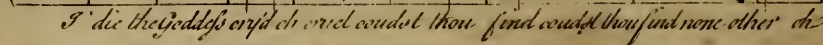
Guided Arrow flew the too well guided Arrow flew I faint I die I faint



the too well guided the too well guided Arrow flew I faint I die I faint



I die the Gods cryd oh Cruel couldst thou find couldst thou find none other oh

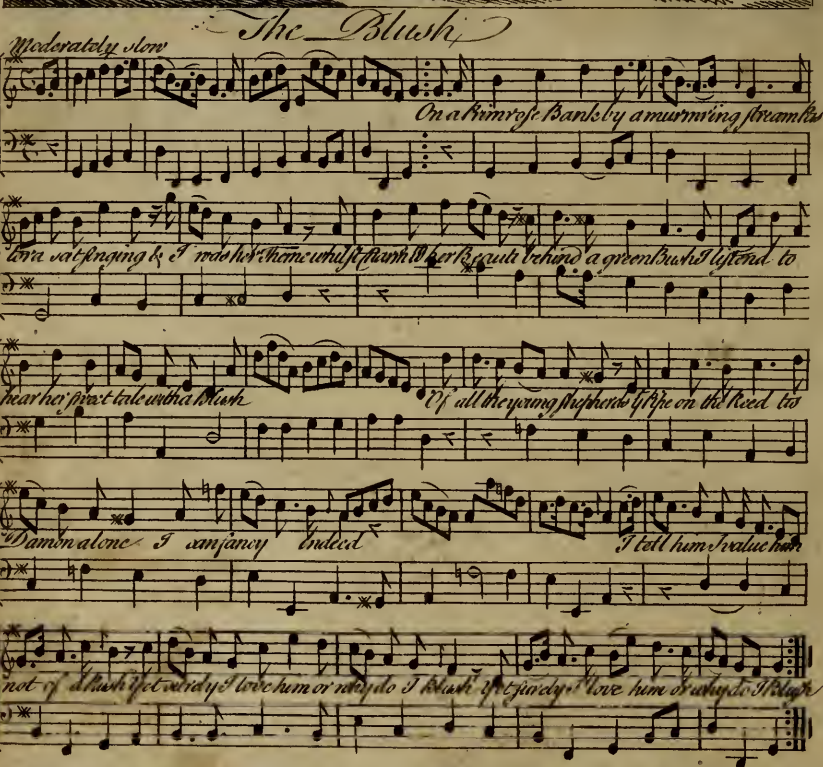


I die the Gods cryd oh Cruel couldst thou find couldst thou find none other oh



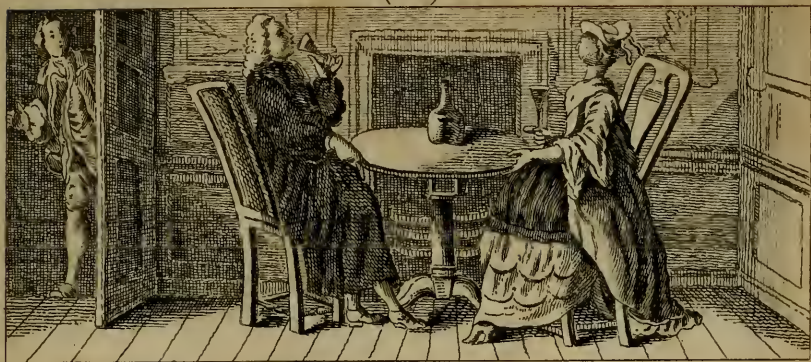
Set to Musick by Will^m Riley

cruel oh cruel oh cruel couldst thou find none other to make thy spleen on farrivide to make thy
 cruel oh cruel oh cruel couldst thou find none other to make thy spleen on farrivide to make thy
 spleen on farrivide like Nero thou hast slain like Nero thou hast slain hast slain thy Mother
 spleen on farrivide like Nero thou hast slain like Nero thou hast slain hast slain thy Mother
 like Nero thou hast slain hast slain thy Mother Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could
 like Nero thou hast slain hast slain thy Mother Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could
 Speak indeed Mamma I did not know ye indeed indeed I did not
 Speak in deed Mamma I did not know ye indeed indeed I did not
 know ye Alas how easy how easy my Mistake I took you for your
 know ye Alas how easy how easy my Mistake I took you for your
 Liken's Chloë I took you for your Liken's Chloë
 Liken's Chloë I took you for your Liken's Chloë



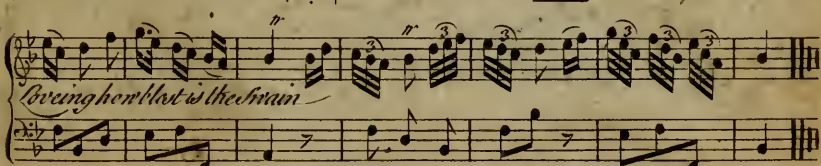
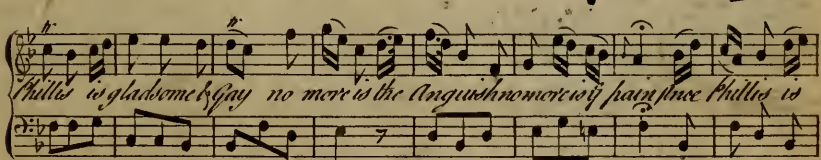
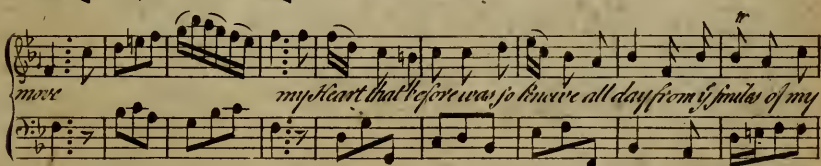
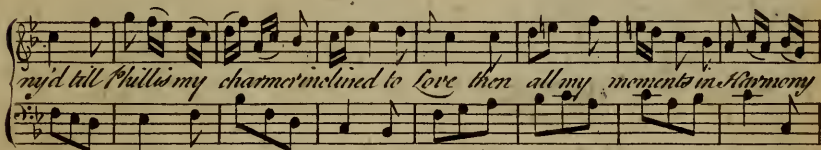
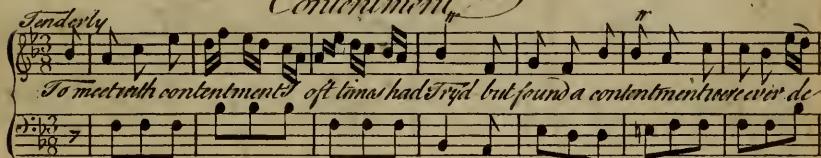
On Sunday he came to intreat me to walk.
 And down in a Meadow of Love was our talk,
 He told me his dearest pray'Damon be hush,
 There some day coming I cry'd with a blush
 My Mother she cries when I mention'd pain,
 Forbids me to go to the Meadow again,
 But sure for his sake I'll venture a blush,
 For love him I do I confesse with a blush.
 For love him I do.

Thus warbled the fair and my heart leapt for joy,
 No little she thought that her Damon was nigh,
 But changing to fly me, fishing a green bush,
 She ended her song and arose with a blush,
 The last I owe to be sung thrice over.



Contentment

Tenderly



*If Friendship affords any Bleking in life,
How rich be that Bleking when met in a Wife,
Imparting her thoughts when my Phillis incline,
Her converse improves and her kindnes refine.
How raze the ambitious or Murtherer's pursuit,
The Libertines repell to last of that fruit,
Two only secur'd when two hearts can agree,
And meet with affection like Phillis & me.*



Tenderly *The Complaint* *set by M^r Arne*

Pia For Pia For

Behold thy sweet flowers around with all the fragrant smells they wear yet none on the plain can be.

Found so lovely so lovely so lovely and here is fair so lovely and here is fair

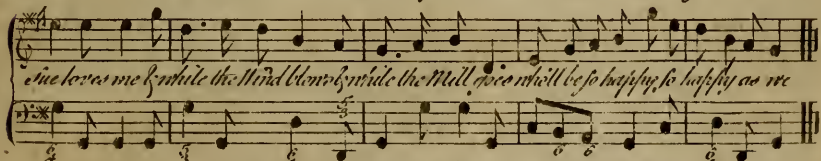
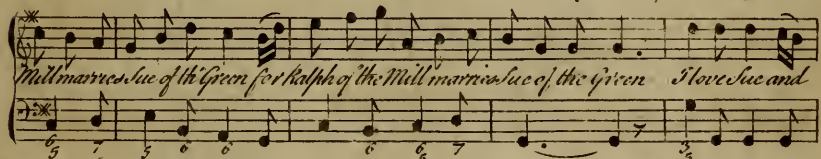
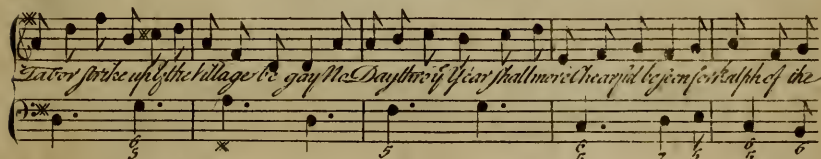
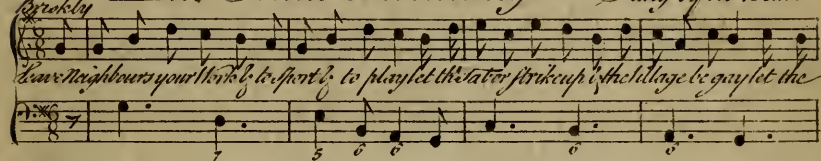
Search for some ray of sweet light no longer in silence remain, long in silence I shall stand a poor solitary Note to

Listen to listen to listen my Celia's disdain to listen my tedious doleful strain.

*Oft Times in yon Flow'ry Vale,
I breathe my Complaints in a Song,
Fair Flora attends the soft Tale;
And sweetens the Borders along.
But Celia whose Breath might perfume
The Bosom of Flora in May;
Still frowning pronounces my Doom;
Regardless of all I can say.*



Quickly The Miller's Wedding *Sung by Mr. Beard*



Let Lords & fine Folks who for Wealth take a Bride,
Be married to Day & to morrow be cloy'd,
My body is stout & my Heart is as sound,
And my love like my Courage will never give Ground I love &c.

Let Ladies of Fashion the best Joiners need,
And prudently take the best Bidders for Wed,
Such signing & sealing's no part of our Bliss,
We settle our Hearts & give seal with a Kiss, I love &c.

The Ralph is not worthy nor none of your Beaus,
Nor coxcombs, nor flatterers nor wags your Jugs cleaths,
In nothing I'll borrow the soft of high Life,
Nor e'er turn his Back on his Friend or his Wife, I love &c.

While thus I am able to work at my Mill,
While thus thou art kind & thy Lending but lye still,
Our joys shall continue and ever be new,
And none be so happy as Ralph & his Sue: I love &c.



To Sylvia

brisk *Why shine those*

Charming eyes so bright & flatter us with joy of all their fierce malignant light serve

only to destroy *A Damon in an*

Angels dress may in false hairs surprise yet Mischiefs still the kind confess in

spight of the disguise

But Beauties of Celestial kind
 The heavenly nature share,
 And when they wound the Eye & mind,
 Are still as kind as fair.
 With pleasure then I would adore
 And bless the wounds you gave,
 A willing Victim to your power,
 That would not hurt but save.



The Disconsolate Set by M^r Hudson

Tenderly

No more attempt in softest strains, to give my Tortur'd
 breast relief: to give my Tortur'd breast relief: each softer
 Note my loss complains, each tender Grace renews my Grief.

Since doom'd to Misery, my Love
 In distant Climes a Prisoner's Eyes,
 No Joys my piercing Woes shall move:
 Can I rejoice while Straphon dyes.
 Hence, then each flattering gay Delight,
 My Bosom shall no pleasure know;
 Since Straphon's ravish'd from my Sight,
 These briny Streams shall ever flow.

For the German Flute



Jesus for the Happy Pair

Lively *Slow*

blest has my Time been what Days have I known since Wedlocks soft

Bondage made Jesus my Own so Joyfull my Heart is so

easy my Chain that Freedom is tasteless and Roving a

Pain that Freedom is tasteless and Roving a Pain



Set to Musick by M^r Arne

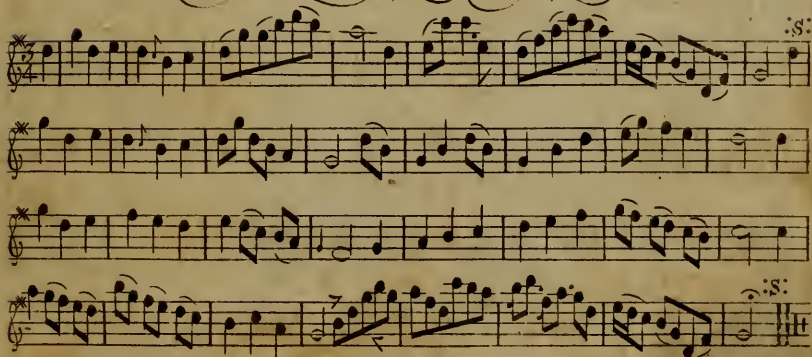
*Thro' Walks grown with Woodbines as often we stray,
Around us our Girls and Boys frolick and play;
How pleasing their Sport is the Wanton ones See,
And borrow their Looks from my Jeſay and me.*

*To try her Sweet Temper oft Times am I seen,
In revels all Day with the Nymphs of the Green;
Tho' ſainfull my Abſence my doubts She beguiles,
And meets me at Night with Compliance and ſmiles.*

*What tho' on her Cheek the Roſe loſes its Hue?
Her Eaſe and Good humour bloom all the Year thro';
Time ſtill as ſhe flies brings Increase to her Truth,
And gives to her Mind what he ſteals from her youth.*

*O ye Shepherds ſo gay who make Love to enſnare,
And cheat with falſe Vow the too credulous Fair;
In ſearch of true Pleaſure how vainly you roam,
To hold it for Life, you muſt find it at home.*

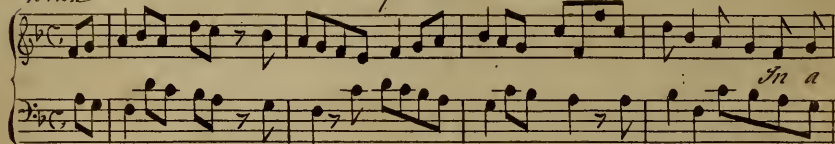
FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



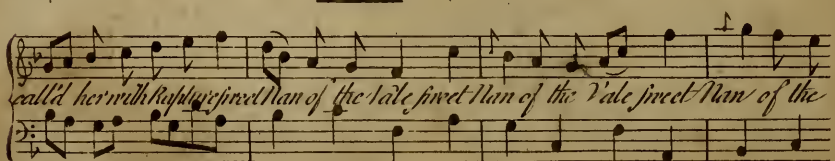
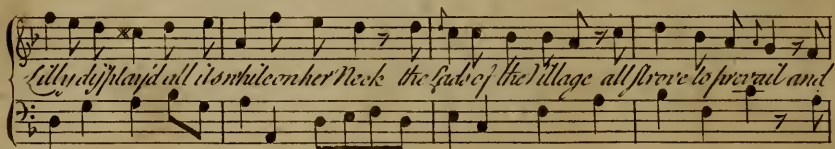
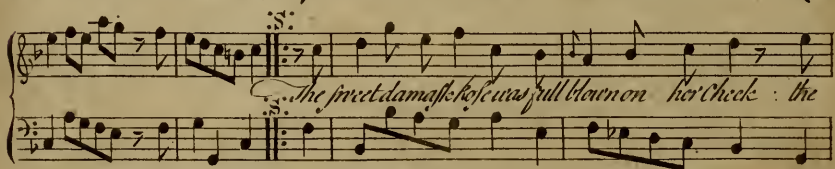


Nan of the Vale

Brisk

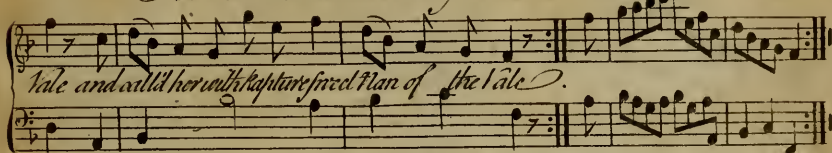


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Set to Musick by W. Arne

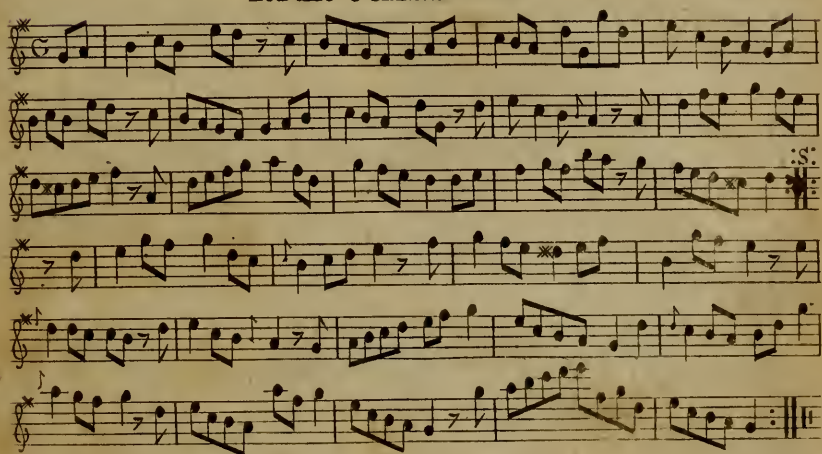


Vale and call'd her withapture sweet Man of the Vale.

*First poor Hodge spoke his Passion till quite out of breath,
Crying you'd as he could hug her & kiss her to Death.
And Dick with her Beauty was so much possess'd,
That he loath'd his food and abandon'd his Rest;
But she could find nothing in them for Endear-
So sent each away with a Flea in his Ear,
And said no such Boobies could tell a love tale
Or bring to compliance sweet Man of the Vale.*

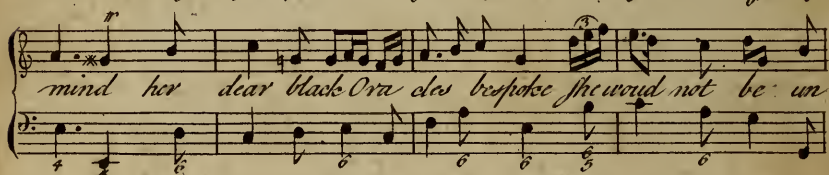
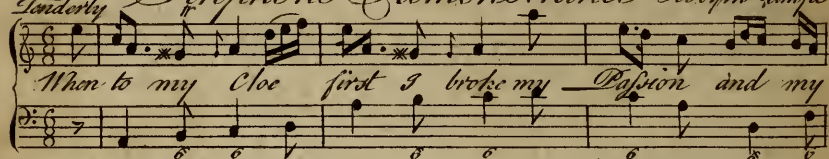
*Till young Roger the smartest of all the gay Green
Who late on a frolic to London had been,
Came back much improv'd in his Air & Address,
And boldly attack'd her not fearing Success,
He said Heaven form'd such ripe Lips to be kiss'd
And press'd her so close that she could not resist
He shew'd the dull Clowns the right way to assail,
And brought to his Wishes sweet Man of the Vale.*

For the German Flute

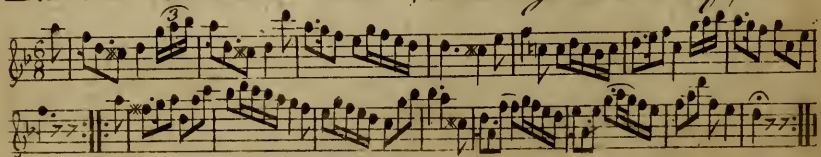




Tenderly *Stephon's Remonstrance* set by Mr. Lampe



How frail her word how short my bliss,	See, Cloe Suppliant on my Heart,
How swift if Scene removes,	A Train of Smiling Boys;
Thyrs is pass'd by without a kiss,	Cupid produced them with his Dart
At once dissolv'd our Loves,	But your disdain destroys;
What luckless Planet rudd my birth	Behold their little pleading Hands,
She shuns me ev'ry where,	To pass to you to life,
Ye Secret Wanderers on Earth	Obeys what Nature then demands,
These Dictates to her bear.	And bless me in a Wife.





A well a day

Set by D^r Green

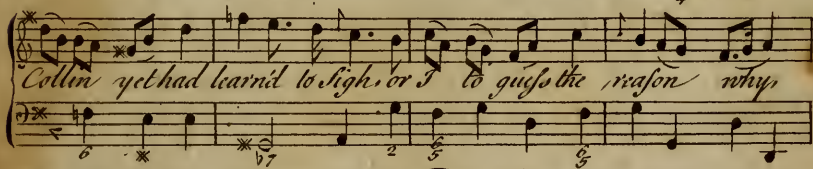
Tenderly



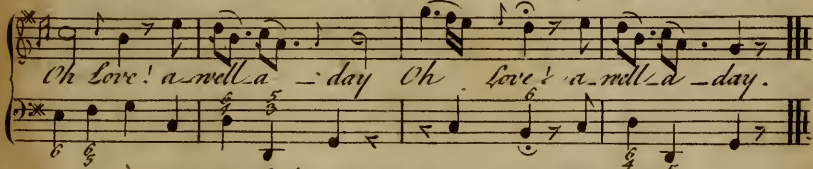
The blithest bird that sings in May, was ne'er more blith, was ne'er more



Gay, than I a-well-a-day, than I a-well-a-day, Or



Collin yet had learn'd to sigh, or I to guess the reason why,



Oh Love! a-well-a-day Oh Love! a-well-a-day.

We Kiss'd, we Toy'd, but neither knew
From whence these fond Endearments grew,
Till he-a-well-a-day,
By Time, and other means made wise,
Began to talk of Hearts & Eyes,
And Love-a-well-a-day.

Kind nature now took Collins part, Can Love, alas by words be shewn,
My Eyes inform'd against my heart, He asked a proof, a tender one,
My heart-a-well-a-day, While I-a-well-a-day,
Strut glow'd a thrilling sympathy, In silence flush'd a fond reply,
And echo'd back each gentle sigh, Can she, that truly loves deny?
Each sigh-a-well-a-day, Ah no-a-well-a-day.



Colin's Success

Brisk

To woo me and win me and kiss and all that young Colin tript
 over the Plain He saw me he blush'd & he play'd with his Flatt
 so I bid him return back again
 Ah Phillis he cry'd from the Cottage Resolv'd in hopes you'd be
 kind to your swain Oh grant me a Kiss you may take it I said



A Favourite Song. Sung by M^{rs} Chambers

but pray never attempt it again but pray never at

tempt it again

*Embolden'd by this he sat down at my side,
 The favour so small to obtain;
 I know not how 'twas but he soften'd my Bride,
 So I pray'd you may kiss me again;
 My bosom grew warm, my heart beat in haste,
 While Rapture inspir'd the fond Swain,
 And trust me ye fair for I held him so fast,
 That he could not return back again.*

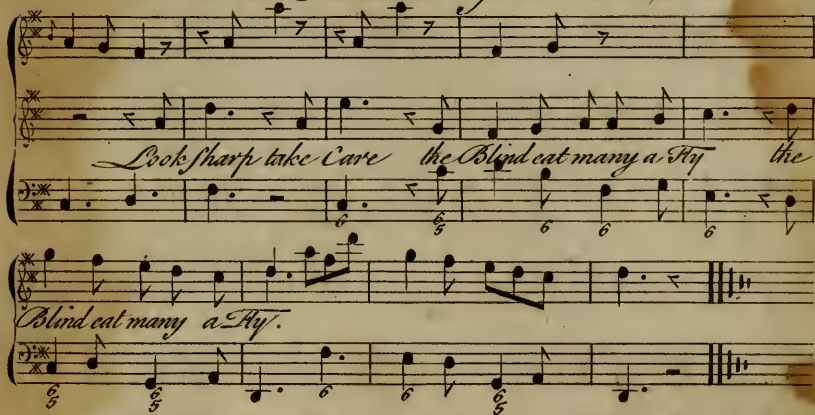
For the German Slute

*Brisk.**The Caution*

from sweet bewitching
Brides of Love young Men your Hearts secure, lest from the Paths of
Sense you rove In Dotage premature In Dotage prema'
ture look at each Lads thro'
Wisdome Glafs nor trust the Naked Eye Gallants beware



Set to Musick by M^r. Arne



Not only on their Hands & Necks
The borrow'd White you'll find,
Some Bells, when Interest directs,
Can even paint the mind;
Joy in Distress
They can express,
Their very Tears can lye,
Gallants, beware,
Look Sharp, take Care,
The blind eat many a Fly.

There's not a Spinster in y^e Realm
But all Mankind can Cheat,
Down to the Cottage from y^e Helm,
The Learned, the Brave, & Great,
With lovely Looks
And golden Hooks,
To intangle us they try;
Gallants, beware,
Look sharp, take Care,
The Blind eat many a Fly.

Could we with Ink the Ocean fill,
Was Earth of Parchment made,
Was ev'ry single Stick a Quill,
Each Man a Scribe by Trade,
To write the Tricks
Of half the Sex,
'Woud suck that Ocean dry,
Gallants, beware,
Look sharp, take Care,
The Blind eat many a Fly.



Moderately *The Reasonable Request* set by D^r Houghton

When I survey that matchless
Face sure ne'er implor'd lov' or did in one Nymph's such beauty's Grace as
I in thee discover ver' Celestial Charms in
you appear bright as the Morning Sun Why gaze I Simple Shepherd
here and see..... do to be undone Why gaze I done.

But Nature ne'er design'd to Vow,
When she such skill employ'd:
These beauties are not to perplex,
But gave to be enjoy'd.
Then let your dimpled smiles confess
Complacency of mind,
And ev'ry soft desire express,
And as your fair be kind.

Then you replete with ev'ry Grace
Will show how you dispose.
The little Arts Coquets embrace
To catch unguarded Eyes;
So may you with justice claim,
The loss they must deplore,
Unblemish'd manners gentlest fame
When Beauty is no more.



The Morning Air set by Mr. Granom.

Tenderly

Would you taste the Morning

Air to you Verdant Fields repair Where Converse sweet by Violets blue with

Grateful scents shall welcome you Hear hear the

Soft and Cooling Breeze Fanning thrilling thro' the Trees Whilst the Dew be

Sprinkling round Cools the thro' parching Ground Ground.

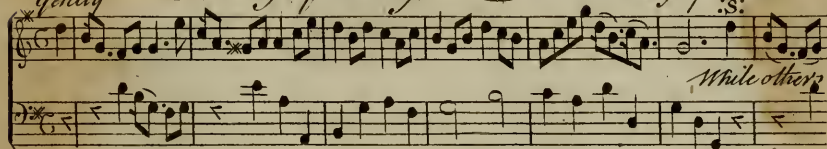
Mark the Lark now Soaring high.
 With her Echo fills the Sky;
 The Nightingale & Thrush
 Are warbling notes on every Bush
 Haste Fair Nymph, then hast away.
 Taste these Joys without Delay,
 Prove and proving you will tell
 The Morning Joys do all excell.



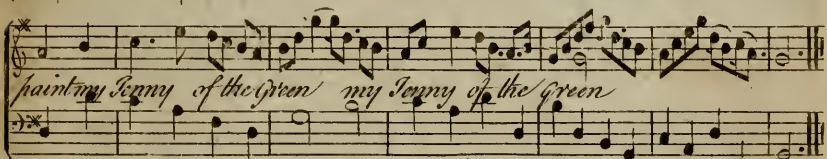
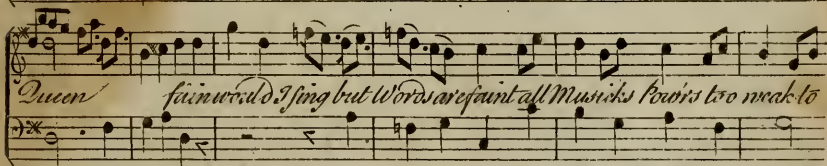
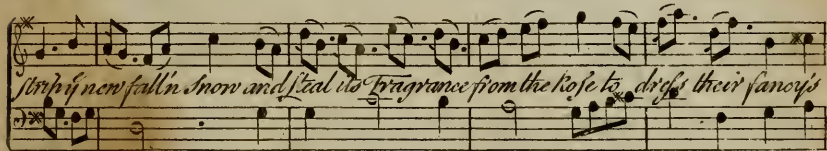
Jenny of the Green

Gently

Sung by Mrs. Lowe



While others



*Beneath this Embow'd this stream,
 How oft I've laid myself to sleep,
 And told my tale unseen;
 While faithful in the Lovers cause,
 The Winds would murmur soft applaud
 To Jenny of the Green.
 With joy my soul rejoins the Day,
 When deck'd in all the ruds of May,
 She hail'd the Sylvan scene,
 Then cry'd, Oymph that hop'd to please,
 How I love to catch the crick & ease,
 Of Jenny of the Green.*

*Then deaf to every rivals sigh,
 On me she cast her partial eye,
 Nor scorn'd my humble Mien;
 The fragrant Myrtle wreath I wear,
 That Day adorn'd the lovely Hair,
 Of Jenny of the Green.
 Through all the fairy land of Love,
 I'll seek my pretty wandering Dove
 The pride of day fifteen,
 Though now she trace some distant plain,
 Tho' far apart I'll meet again,
 My Jenny of the Green.*

*But thou old Time till that blest Night,
 That brings her back with speedy flight,
 Melt down the hours between;
 And when we meet the joys repay
 On loutring wing prolong my stay,
 With Jenny of the Green?*



A Favourite Air by Signior Palma

Moderately

When first I saw thee graceful move ah me what meant my throbbing breast

When first I saw ah me what meant my throbbing breast

Say soft confusi on art thou love If love thou art then farewell Rest

Say soft confusi on art thou love If love thou art then farewell Rest

With gentle Smiles aswage the Pain,
 Those gentle Smiles did first Create;
 And though you cannot Love again,
 In Pity ah forbear to hate.

For two German Flutes

For two German Flutes



Brisk *Matrimonial Bondage*

The Man who for life is plaug'd wth a Wife is
 Fair in a wretched Condition *Go things how they will shall stick by him still &c.*

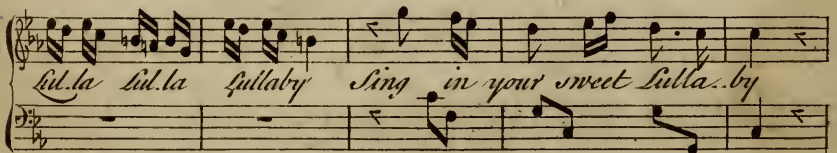
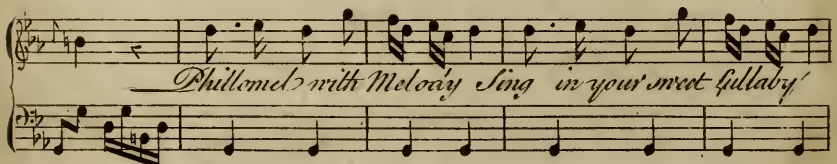
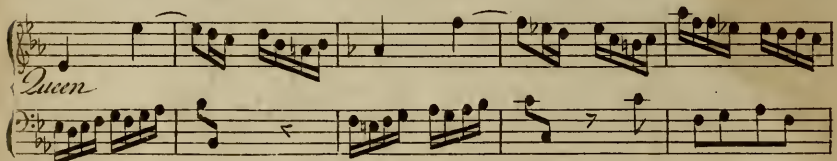
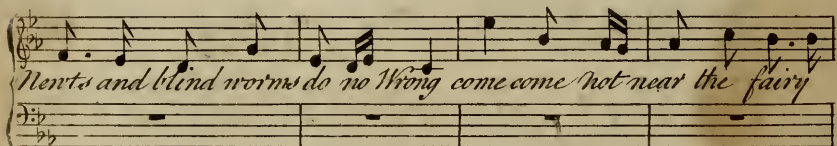
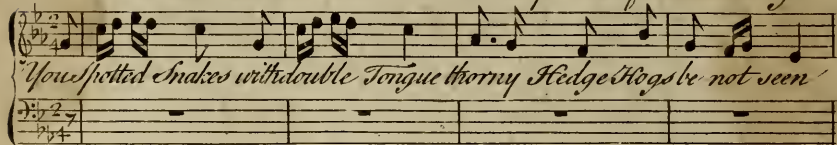
very slow *brisk*
 Death is his only Physician poor Man, poor man Death Death is his only Physician

To Trifle and toy, may give a Man Joy,
 When Passion is prompted by Beauty,
 But where is the Bliss, of a Conjugal Kiss,
 When Passion is prompted by Duty.
 Poor Man, poor Man, when Passion lye.

For the German Flute

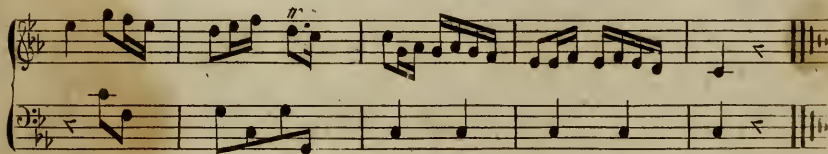
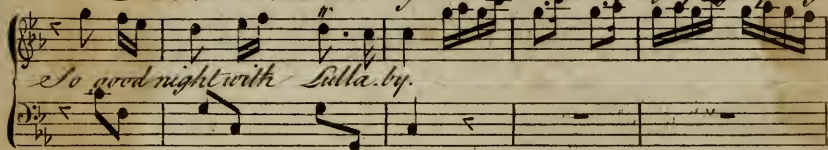


A Favourite Air in the Opera of the Fairies



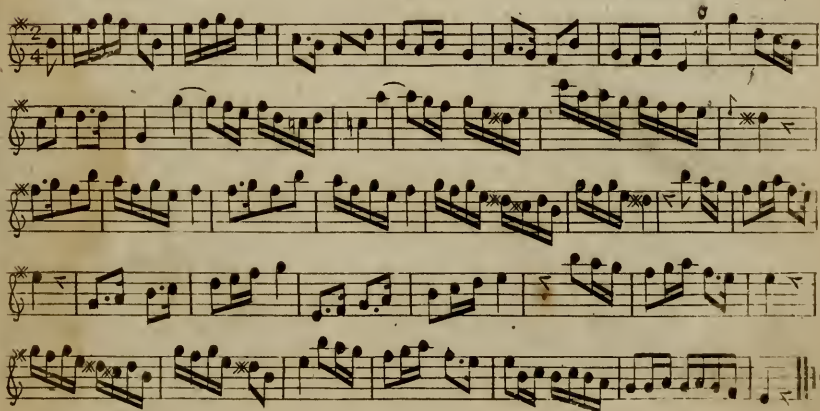


Set to Musick by Mr. Smith sung by Miss Young



*Weaving Spiders, come not here,
Hence, ye long leggd, spinners hence?
Beetles black, Approach not near,
Worm, nor snail, do no Offence,
Philomel with melody, sing in your sweet Lullaby,
Never harm, nor Spell, nor Charm,
Come the Fairies, hallow nigh,
So good night with Lullaby.*

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE





Brisk *Daffodil* *Sung by Mrs. Smith*

Spring returns if Swains ad-

vance Leading on the Sprightly Dance leading on the Sprightly Dance

O'er the daffodil o'er the glade Thro' the sunshine thro' the shade Whilst I for

lorn and pensive still sit sighing for my Daffodil

See the wanton Nymphs appear, Smiling all as smiles the Year, Sporting print where e'er thy tread, Daisie ground or Primrose bed, Whilst I be.	Gentle Nymphs for sake the Mead: To my Love for pity Plead, Gorge Swains and seek if fair, This my last Relation bear, Whilst I be.
--	---

Now if Swain with waltzy Shoe, Brushes by the Morning Dew; With officious Love to bear, Fresh blown Cowslips to his fair, Whilst I be.	Sweetest Maid that e'er was seen: Dance at Wake, or trip of Green; See a lovesick sighing Swain, Hear my Tows, relieve my pain, Or with your 'Trows for pity kill, To Charming Cruel Daffodil.
--	---



Moggys Complaint

Tenderly

On the lops Verdant banks a fair maid lay reclind she wept to the Zephyrs that wail'd to the Wind while

Echo to sorrow so faithful and kind repeated her plaints for her Jockey her Jockey repeated her

plaints for her Jockey Not y^e Nightingale's Voice was more mournful be

lieve when thus she began to the loss of my Deary from my once so sparkling Enforces the woe the

tear which I drop'd for young Jockey young Jockey & tear which I drop'd for young Jockey

The Sinner hid Matz chuses out of y^e Throng,
 And when he has won her sits all the day long,
 Still Proud of his conquest repeating his Song,
 & Not so did Inconstant young Jockey:
 He swore 'twas my Beauty his Heart that had won,
 And his Flame was as pure as the light of y^e Sun,
 But the Maid that believes is as surely undone,
 For false and deceitfull's young Jockey.



A New Song

lively

The

poor y^e is Wealthy is sure of a bridle for riches like sig^{ts} leave their Nakedness hide

The Slave that is poor must starve all his life in a

bachelors bed without Mistris or Wif^e..... *fe* In a

bachelors bed without Mistris or Wif^e

In the good Days of Your,
They neer trouble'd their Heads,
In settling of Joyners
Or making of Deeds,
But Adam, and Eve,
When first enter'd Course,
Een look one another
For better for worse

Then sit thee dear Cloc,
Neer aim to be great
Let love be thy Joyners,
Neer mind an Estate,
You neer can be poor
Who have all those Charms,
And I shall be rich
When I've you, in my Arms



The Fair Thief Set by Mr Worgan & sung by Mr Lowe

Gently

for the Urchin well could go she stole if whiteness of the snow and more if whiteness

to adorn she stole the blushes of the Morn stole all if sweetness others shed on

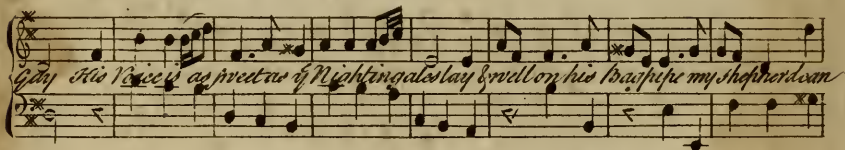
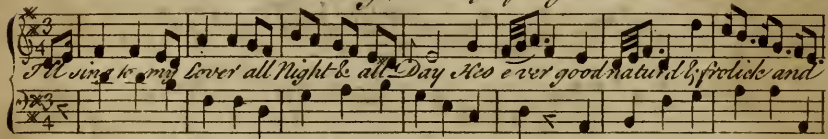
Primrose buds & Violet buds on primrose buds & Violet buds

Still to reveal her artfull wiles, She stole the Graces silken spiles, She stole Aurora's balmy breath, And pilfer'd Orient pearl for teeth, The Cherry dipt in Morning dew, Gave moisture to her Lips & hue.	These were her Infant spoils a store, And she in time still pilfer'd more. At twelve she stole from Cyprus Queen, Her Air & love commanding mien, Stole Juno's Dignity and stole, From Pallas's sense to charm of soul.
---	---

Great Jove approv'd her Crimes and Art,
 And loth'er Day she stole my heart
 If Lovers Cupid are your care,
 Swert your vengeance on this Fair,
 To trial bring her stolen Charms,
 And let her Prison be my Arms.



Jockey. Sung by Miss Stevenson at Vauxhall



He says that he loves me, I'm witty & fair,
And praises my Eyes, my lips and my Hair;
Rose, Violet, nor Lilly, with me can compare.
If this be to flatter; tis pretty I swear. And a bonny be?

He kneeld at my Feet & with many a Sigh,
He crid! 'my dear will you never comply;
If you mean to destroy me, why do it I'll dye.
I trembled all over and answer'd not I. And a bonny be?

Around the tall May-Pole he dances so neat,
And Sonnets of Love the dear Boy can repeat;
He's constant, his valiant, he's wise and discreet,
His looks are so kind, and his Kisses so sweet. And a bonny be?

At Eve when the Sunbeams repose in the West,
And May's tuneful Chorists all swim to their Nostrs
When I meet on the Green y dear Boy I love best
My Heart is just ready to burst from my Brest. And a bonny be?

But see how y Meadows, are moist'nd with Dew,
Come, come my dear Shepherd I wait but for you?
We live for each other, both constant & true,
And kate y soft Captains no Menarch e'er knew. And a bonny be?



Moderately *Cloe Sleeping* Set by Mr. Arne

One of her hands one rosy cheek lay under coyning the pillow of a lambs full
 Kiss which therefore swell'd and seem'd to part a pender as angry to be rob'd of such a
 bliss the one look'd pale and for revenge did long while tother blush'd caus'd it had done
 wrong while tother blush'd while tother blush'd caus'd it had done the wrong the wrong

Out of the Bed the Other fair Hand was,
 On a green Satten Quilt, whose perfect white
 Look'd like a Daisie in a field of Grass,
 And appear'd like unmelt Snow unto y^e Sight
 So lay this pretty fair-one, safe to keep
 Her lovely Form, that there lay fast a sleep.



Sweet Echo

German Flute

Violin very Slow & Gracefully

1 Violin accompany'd wth the Voice

Sweet Echo

Sweetest Nymph

that liv'st unseen with

very flow

pia

4

3

pianiss

pia

6

6

4

3

in thy airy Cell

by slow Meanders Mar

gin green

pianiss

pia

And in the Violet embroider'd Vale

where the love torn

pianiss

pia

pianiss

pia



A Favourite Song in Comus

Nightingale nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well

Canst thou not tell me not tell me of a gentle Pair that liest thy War

oissus Nareissus are? Oh if thou have hid them in some flowery



Set to Music by M^r. Arne

Come Tell me but where Tell me but where sweet Queen of Parly Daughter

Briskly

of the Spheres so mayst thou be translated to the Skies

So mayst thou be translated to the Skies and give wounding Grace

*Moderately**The Darling Swain*

My love was once a Boy my Lad he was the Flor' of all his Kin the
 Abience of his b'ny Day my tender Heart has rent in twain by
 Day or Night find no Delight in Silent Tears I still complain And
 rail at those my rival Trees that took from me my Darling Swain

Dispair & Anguish fills my breast.	Kind Neptune let me you Intreat.
Since I have lost my blooming Rose.	To send a fair & pleasant gale;
Sigh and mourn while others rest.	Your Dolphins sweet upon me wait;
His absence yields me no Repose.	For to convey me on your Tail;
To seek my love All range and rove.	May Heavens bless me with success.
Thro' every grove & distant Plain.	While crossing on the raging Main;
I neer will cease but spend my Days.	And send me o'er to the same Shore;
Till I hear from my darling Swain.	To meet my lovely darling Swain.

I need not strange at Nature's Change	All Joy & mirth at our Return;
Since Parents shew'd such Cruelty,	Shall then abound from Trees & Hay.
Therefore my love from me do range;	The bells shall ring & birds shall sing.
And know not what Destiny	To grace & crown our Nuptial day
The pretty Kids & tender Fawns	Thus blest to Charmain my loves arms.
Shall cease to sport upon the Plain.	Once more my Heart I will obtain;
But they lament in Discontent.	All range no more to a distant Shore.
For th' absence of my darling Swain	But will enjoy my darling Swain.



Beauty and Musick, set by Mr. Rameau

Gracefully

Yes when whom radiant Beauty moves or Musicks Art with

Sounds Divine Think how the haptous Charm Improves where two such

Gifts Celestial Join Think how the haptous Charm Improves where

two such Gifts Celestial Join

*Where Cupid's Bow and Phoebus Lyre
In the same powerfull hand are found,
Where lovely Eyes inflame Desire,
While trembling Notes are taught to wound?
Enquire not who's the matchless pair,
That can this double Death bestow—
If young Harmonias Strains you hear,
Or view her Eyes too well you'll know.*

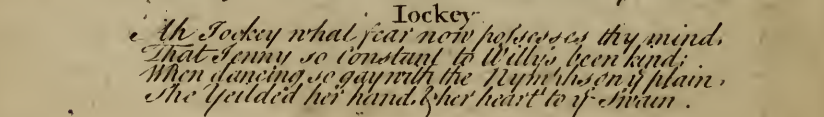
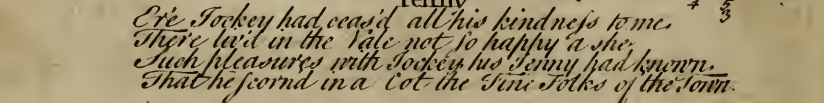
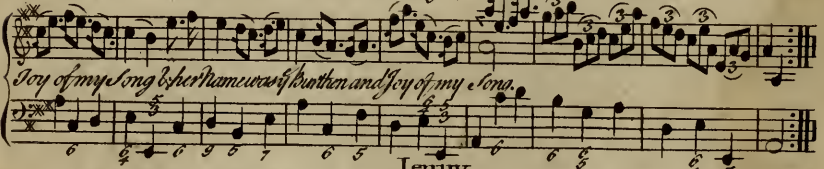
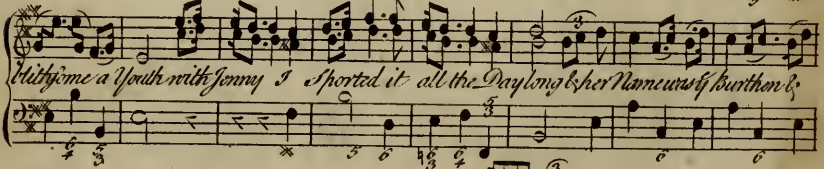
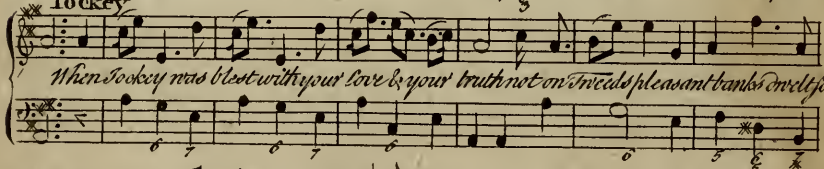
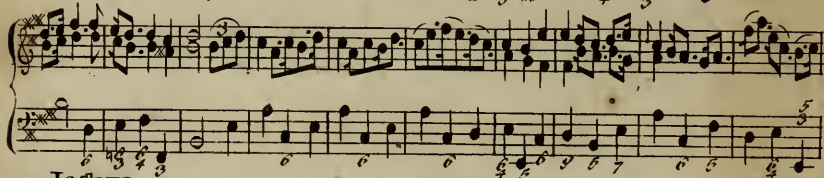
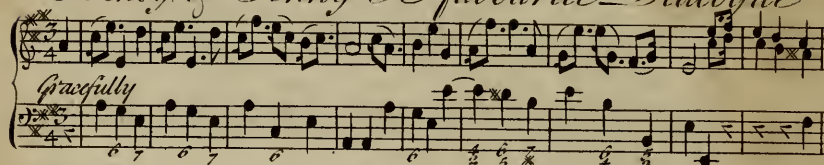


Set to Musick by M^{rs} Arne

main but Damon there I seek in vain the Hills the groves the streams re
 main but Damon there I seek in vain From
 still from Dale each Charm is fled groves Rocks & Fountains please no more
 Each fount in pity droops its Head all Nature does my loss deplore all all reproach
 Truthless Swain yet Damon still I seek in vain all all reproach the
 faithful Swain yet Damon still I seek in vain



Tockey & Jenny A favourite Dialogue





Set by M. Morgan & Sung at Vaux Hall

Jenny

You falsly upbraid but remember the Day,
With Lucy you layd it beneath y^e new Hay;
When, alone with your Lucy the Shepherds have said,
You forgot all the Tows that to Jenny were made.

Jockey

Believe not sweet Jenny, my heart stray'd from thee;
For Lucy is wantons a Maid still for me,
From a kiss that's so true your fond Jockey ne'er void,
Nor once could forsake the kind Jenny he lov'd.

Jenny

My heart, for young Willy neer parted & sigh'd,
For you of that heart where the Joy & the Pride,
While sweet's natures glide shall your Jenny be true;
Nor love my dear Jockey a Shepherd like you?

Duett

Jenny

Jockey

For kindness no Youth can with Jockey com

No Shepherd e'er met with so faithfull a fair

pure will love then & live from jealously free & none on the plains shall be happy as

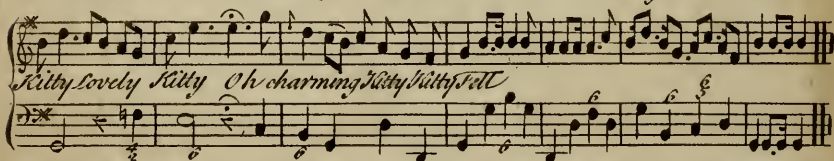
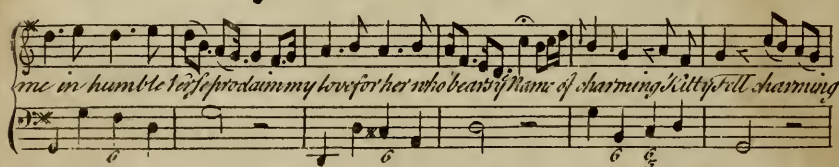
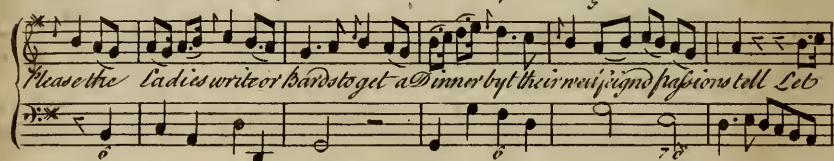
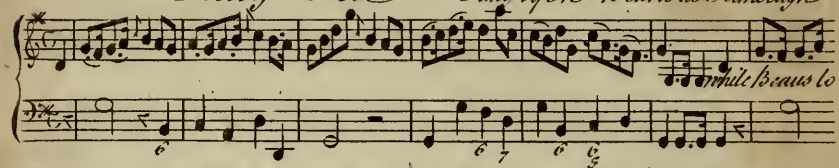
We'll live then and live from jealously free and none on the plains shall be happy as

we and none on the plains shall be happy as we

we and none on the plains shall be happy as we



Kitty Fell Sung by Wth Beard at Ranelagh



That Kitty's beautifull & young,
That she has Danc'd, that she has sung
Alas! I know full well;
I feel, and I shall ever feel,
The dart more sharp than pointed steel,
That came from Kitty Fell.
Charming Kitty, Lovely Kitty,
Oh charming Kitty, Kitty Fell.

Of late, I hop'd by Reason's aid,
To cure y^e wounds that Luv had made,
And bid along farewell;
But better Day she cross'd y^e Green,
To see, I wish I had not seen,
My charming Kitty Fell.
Charming Kitty, Lovely Kitty,
Oh charming Kitty, Kitty Fell.

I ask'd her why she pass'd that way,
To Church, she cry'd, I cannot stay;
Why don't you hear the bell,
To Church, I take me with y^e there,
I pray'd she wou'd not hear my pray;
Oh cruel Kitty Fell,
Cruel Kitty, charming Kitty,
Oh cruel Kitty, Kitty Fell.

And now I find tis all in vain,
I live to love, & to complain,
Condemnd in chains to dwell
For tho she casts a scornful eye
In Death my faultings I conquer'd lye
Adieu dear Kitty Fell.
Charming Kitty, Cruel Kitty,
Adieu sweet Kitty, Kitty Fell.



Gently *Sally of y^e Dale* *Set by M^o Jof Jackson*

Leave

your Parnafus fared Nine may I with you prevail. Leave your Parnafus I a ord

Nine may I with you prevail In Harmony to Chaunt with me Dear Sally of the

Dale Dear Sally sweet Sally Dear Sally of the Dale

Her lovely Form & pleasing mair
 Her matchless Charms unveil;
 Majestick Grace adorns y^e face
 Of Sally of the Dale &c.

Next view her gently rising breast
 Which does new sweets exhale;
 Each courts y^e bliss to gain a kiss
 From Sally of the Dale &c.

By Reason's Force and Energy
 She can Mankind assail;
 True Eloquence attracts the Sence
 In Sally of the Dale &c.

She reigns the Mirror of her Age,
 Whose Power neer will fall;
 None can express the Happiness
 Of Sally of the Dale &c.



The Poets Picture of his Love

Allegretto

My Cloes Eyes an heavenly Blue a brighter Heaven dis close to View a
Brighter Heaven dis close to view For in them is her Temper seen where all is
Cloudless all Serene where all is Cloudless all Serene

My Cloes Checks, where Flowers mix
With Roses, and Peas, my Love perplex,
For in those Leav's her Soul's express'd,
The Doubts and Wishes of her Breast.

My Cloes Breast than Snow more fair
Than Snow more cold inspires Despair
For that its little Guest conceals
Yet all that's pure and chaste reveals.

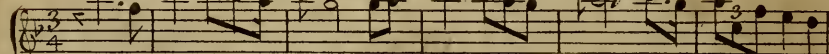
My Cloes Lips as Cherries red
Have oft with Ropes my Fancy fed
For here in hoped words dispence
Good Humour heightn'd with good Sense.

My Cloes Breaths as Roses sweet
Where pains & Pleasures gratefull meet
For Wit does with her Spice conspire
At once the Flower and the Briar.

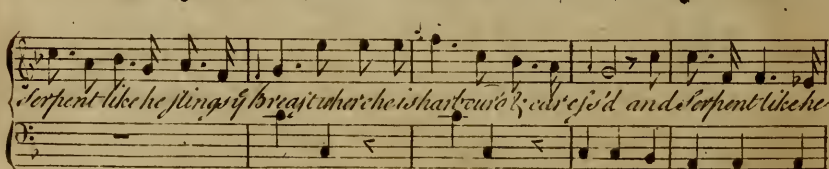
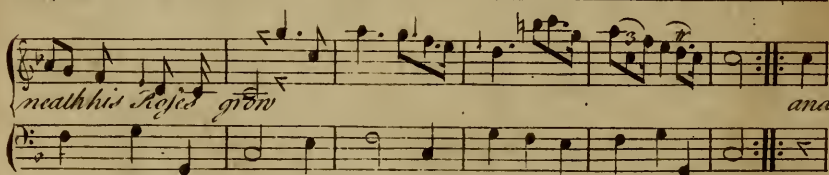
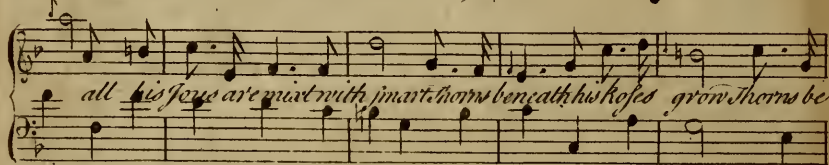
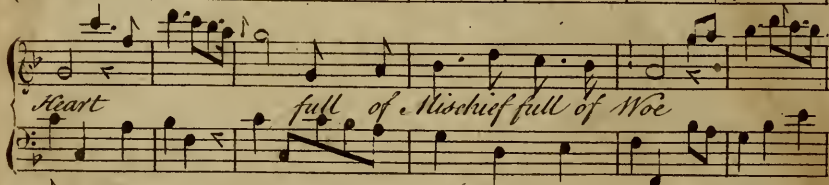
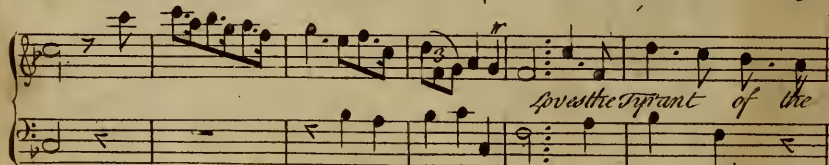
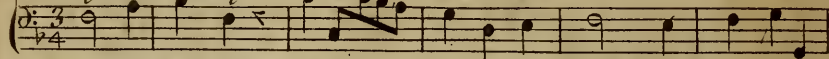
My Cloes Hair with Art entwined
Calls all her beauties to my mind
For forming Fancy paints her there
Of various parts one perfect Fair.



1. Favourite Air in Alfred

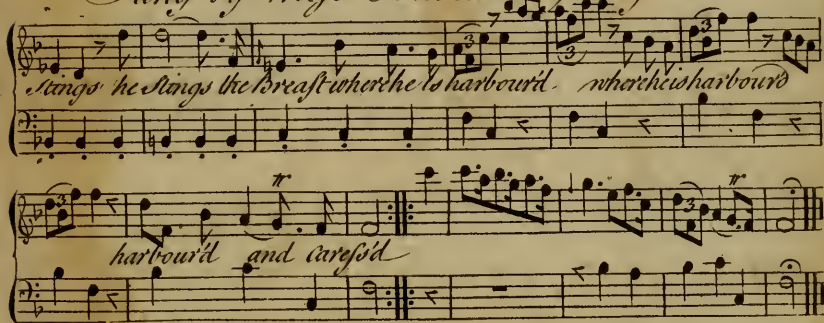


Gently & Gracefully

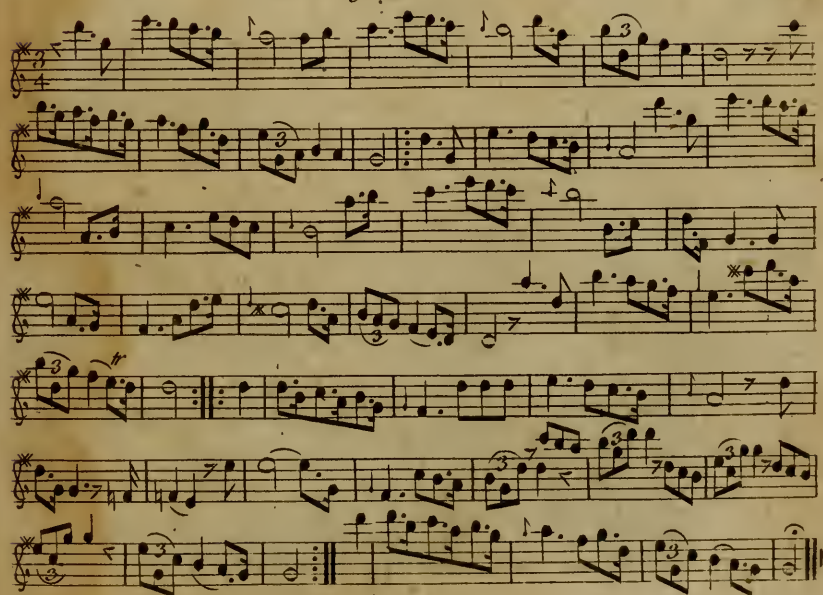




Sung by Miss Isabella Young



For the German Flute





Gively *To Favourite Song sung by m^r (Beard)*

That Jenny my friend my delight & my Bride I always have lov'd & seek not to hide I

I dwell on her kiss & where ever I go they say I'm in Love but I answer'd No No o No

No No no No No No no No No they say I'm in Love but I answer'd No No

*At Evening oft times with what Pleasure I see,
 A Note from her Hand I'll be with you at Sea,
 My Heart how it bounds when I hear her below,
 But say not its Love for I answer No No.*

*She sings me a Song and I Echo its Strain;
 Again I cry Jenny sweet Jenny again;
 I kiss her sweet Lips as if there I could grow,
 But say not its Love for I answer No No.*

*She tells me her Faults as she sits on my Knees,
 I chide her and swear she's an Angel to me,
 My Shoulder she taps and still bids me think so,
 Who knows but she Loves tho' she answer No No.*

*But such is my Temper so dull am I grown,
 I ask not her Heart, but would conquer my own,
 Her Bosom's soft peace should I seek to overthrow,
 And try to persuade tho' I answer No No.*

*From Beauty and Wit and good humour how I
 Should prudence advise & compel me to fly,
 Thy bounty O Fortune make haste to bestow,
 And let me deserve her or still I'll say No*



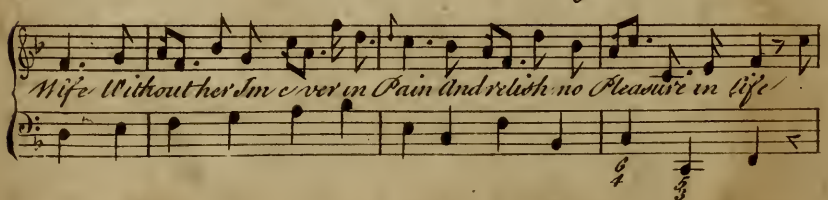
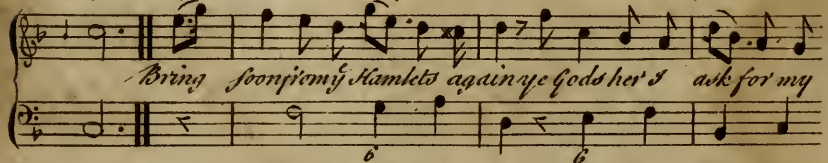
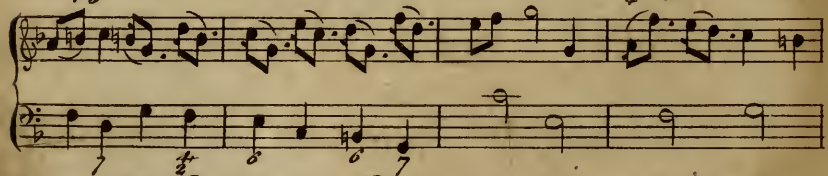
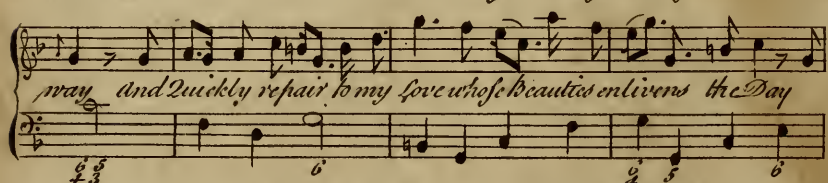
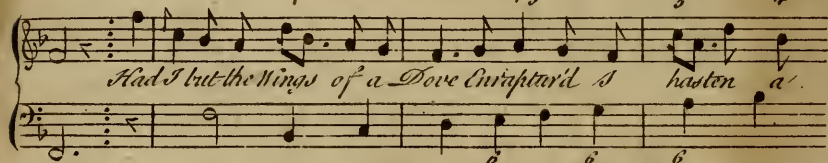
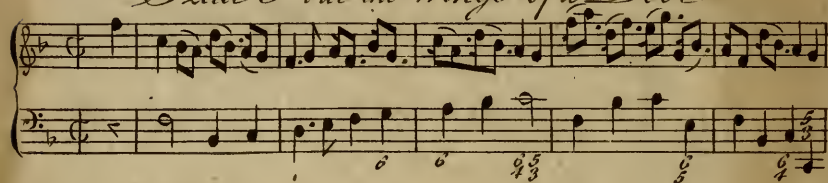
A Favourite Air Set by Mr Hurdon

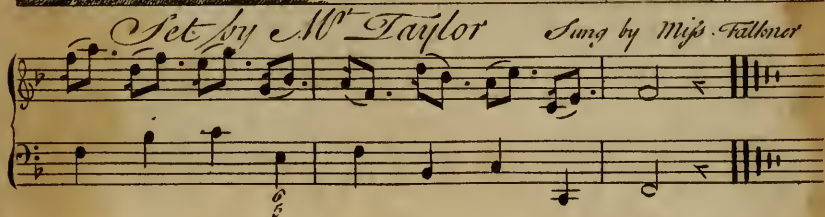
So brightly feed fair Nannys Eyes their rising beams do play that
 Like the Sons of India we can dread the coming Day
 For if her morning Rays with such an
 usual Vigour stream Now will the wondring world withstand her
 full meridian beam

Know She Innocently kill,
 With an unaiming Dart,
 Who shall resist her when with skill
 She levels at the Heart,
 Since with each smile, the pretty Nymph,
 Your captivates the sense,
 What when her Beautys at the height,
 Will be its Influence.



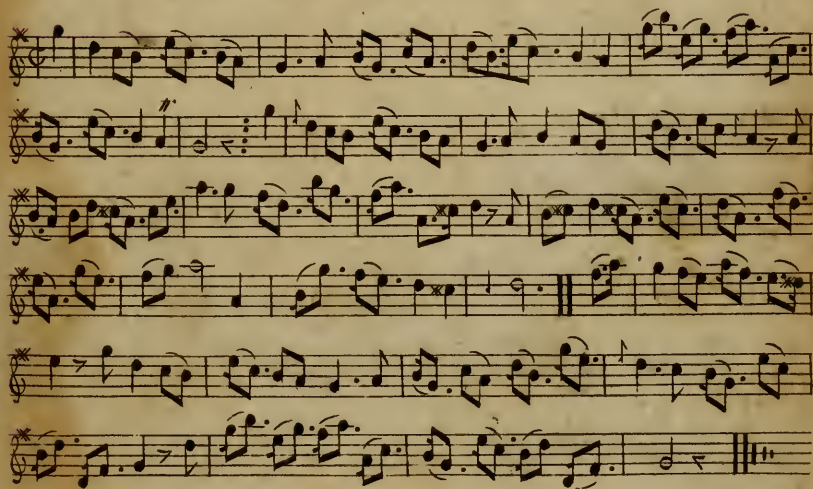
Had I but the Wings of a Dove





*Ukronel Decree of hard Fate,
To keep me so long from my fair;
Come pity my desolate State,
And banish all thoughts of despair,
With her oh! What Scenes I enjoy,
Of mirth, and good Humour all Day,
Such blessings as never will cloy,
Nor cease till our Souls leave the Play.*

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE.





A Favourite Song

Gently

When that gay

Season did us lead to the tann'd Maycock in the Mead

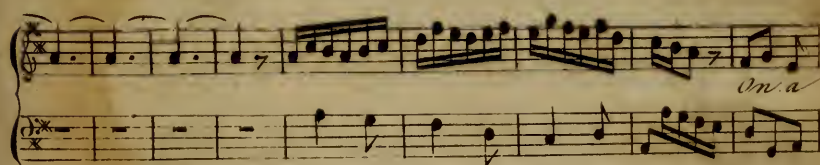
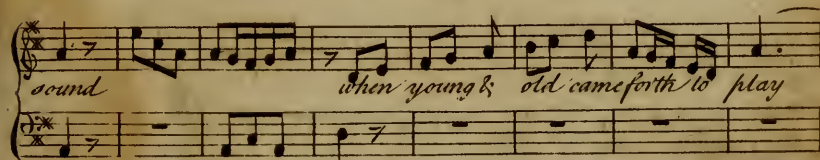
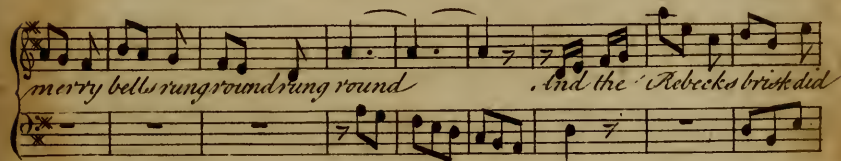
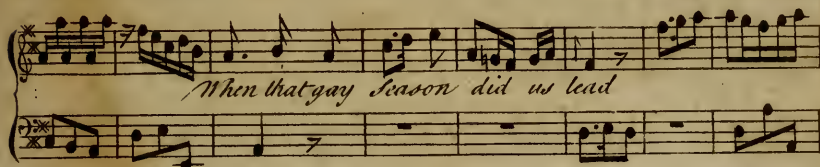
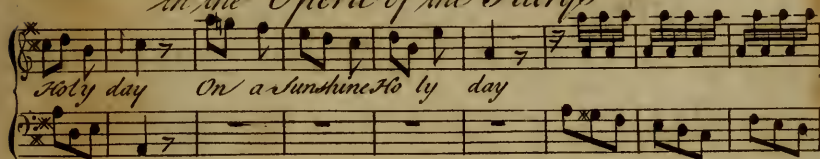
When the merry bells rung round

And the Pebecks brist did sound when young & old came forth to play

On a Sunshine



in the 'Opera of the Fairies





Composed by W^r Smith

Sunshine Ho! day On a Sunshine Ho! day

Let us wander far away

Where the nibbling flocks do stray o'er the Mountains barren Breasts where Labring

Cowds do Often rest o'er the Heads with Daisies py'd Shallow Brooks &

Rivers wide Meadows trim with Daisies py'd Shallow Brooks & Rivers

wide D.C.



The Choice Spirits

Ye Sons of the Bottle ye choice Spirits all rise O make haste & attend to my
 call tis Bacchus invites you then Bacchus obey O come come come come come
 come come Come come come come come come come come come come come away

Let Mortals of Business, & Sons of dull care,
 Who live in suspense, both in Hope & in Fear,
 Ask me for advice, & I'll give them a Bowl
 Of Cordial, as Gods drink to rouse up y^e Soul.

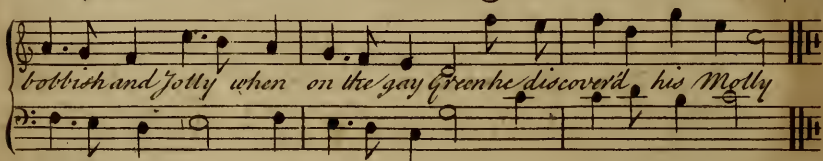
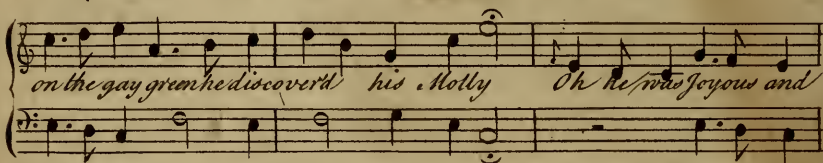
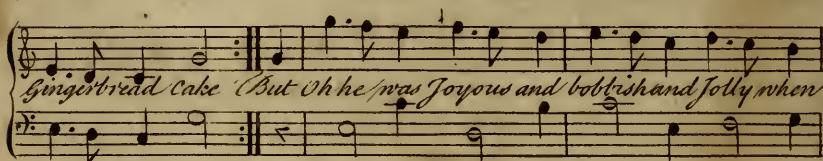
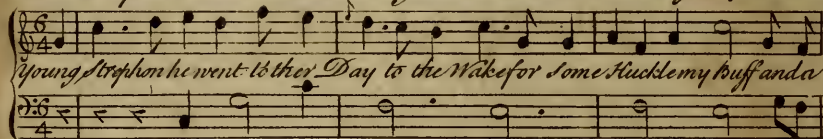
'Tis the Juice of the Grape that gives heat to y^e Cold,
 Good nature to Misers, & Youth to the Old,
 Without its Assistance soft Pleasure would cloy,
 Wine prompts us & fires us to Love & to Joy.

Wine makes the Maid kinder & willing to kiss,
 Till at length she consents & consummates your bliss.
 Sweet Venus is right e'er she leaps into Bed,
 To take a full Glass to enliven her Head.

Then y^e good Fellows all to my Table repair,
 And empty y^e Bottles that stand for you there;
 Who flung his bumper, or puts by his Glass,
 Is not fit for a Wench to pronounce him an Ass.



Stephon and Molly a new Ballad set by M^r Arne



*Brist Molly came tripping along the gay Green,
As fine as a Horse, or a Gingerbread Queen,
Young Stephon went to her, & made a low bow,
And he look'd it, if so be, as he cou'dn't tell how.*

*With that they began without any Pother,
Of talking of this, and of that, and of tother,
And though she wou'd pish, & wou'd cry let me go,
Yet he persw'd her likewise, & he seiz'd her also.*

*Come all ye young Youths of Saint Laurence's Parish,
Who love ev'ry thing that is finish and rarish—
Be Joyous and bobbish, and buxom and jolly,
Sing Molly & Stephon & Stephon and Molly.*



The Nymphs & Swains set by Mr. Baidon

The Nymphs & Swains & sweetly play on Sweds & banks or minding say ah

say what happy Spot detains my Peggy since she left these plains

say in what Bow's Beneath what Shade

soft slumbers lull the gentle Maid for Love shall lend me Wings to fly and poise full

Fancy place me nigh

Alas! the blissfull scene how chang'd! Yet rather may the Sates deny,
 Where once we both with pleasure ran'd, The Beauties to my longing Eye;
 Not half so fair & Billy springs, I stime a cruel change has wrought,
 Not half so sweet the Linnet sings; On Twiced a sweeter Lesson taught;
 None then thou lovely fair once more, But should thy faithful Shepherd find,
 Chastele bless the Southern Shore; The lovely Peggy still so kind;
 And Aprils Clouds shall smile as gay; Then Absence shall thy Charms improve,
 As all y sunny pride of May; And I with double Rapture love.



26 Favourite Song for two Voices

When Phœbus the tops of the Hills does adorn How sweet is the
 Sound of the echoing Horn When the anteloping Stag is
 round with the Sound & receding his Cars nimbly sweeps o'er the
 Ground and thinks he has left us behind on the Plain but
 still we pursue and now come in view of the glorious game.
 O see how a gain he rears up his Head and wing'd with



Set to Musick by M^r Handell

6

Fear he re doubles his speed, But ah tis in vain tis in
 Fear he re doubles his speed but ah tis in vain tis in
 vain that he flies that his Eyes lose the Huntsman his Ears lose the
 vain that he flies that his Eyes lose the Huntsman his Ears lose the
 cries for now his Strength fails him he heavi ly flies and he
 cries for now his Strength fails him he heavi ly flies and he
 pants pants pants pants pants till with well sented
 pants till with well sented
 Hounds surrounded he dies dies dies
 Hounds surrounded he dies dies dies
 dies Ton ta ron ton ta ron he dies he dies dies
 dies ton ta ron ton ta ron he dies he dies dies

9

10



Collin and Chloe

When Col lin met Chloe first on the gay green he

kiss'd her and call'd her his hearts little Queen such Audeness staid I your

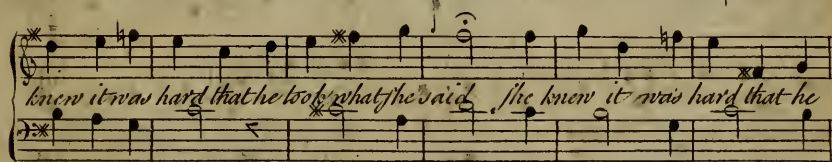
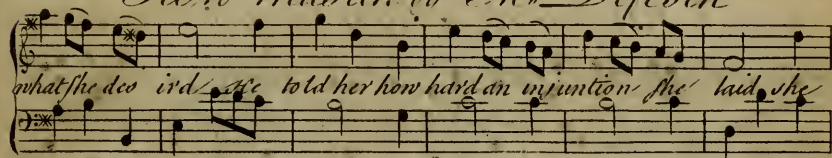
little did dain and pray never offer to kiss me again

who little skill in the Sex had acquir'd Believ'd simple Youth she spoke

who little skill in the Sex had acquir'd Believ'd simple Youth she spoke



Set to Musick by M^r Delesch



*Her Jancy now wisper'd more kindnejs to show,
 One kiss had instructed her Bosome to glow,
 Her Heart thus of Shepherd enam'd by a whim,
 She thought he lov'd her, she was sure she lov'd him,
 He'd let his flocks rove for her sake all of Day,
 And say such soft things as all true Lovers say,
 But as she'd forbid him her Lips where for got,
 Could this be call'd Courtship I really think not.
 At length by good luck he took courage & cry'd,
 Will Chloe consent to be Collins's sweet Bride,
 She grew in a Passion, but cool'd by degrees,
 Yet made him no answer but yes if you please,
 And now she's a Wife, she's no longer a Prude,
 The station has booth'd her to what she thought rude,
 For now when a Kiss she receives from her swain,
 Her Heart beats with Rapture to Kiss him again.*



A Favourite Song. the Words by Shakespear

Orpheus with his lute made trees & the Mountain tops that freeze bow down to him
 When he did sing when he did sing When he did sing
 So his Music Plants and Flowers ever rose ev er rose as
 Sun and Showers their had made a last ing Spring as Sun and
 Showers their had made a last ing Spring Every Thing that
 heard him play Evn the Billows of the Sea



Set to Musick by D^r Green

hung their heads and then lay by hung their heads and

then lay by In sweet Musick is such Art killing

Care and grief of Heart fall a Sleep or hearing dye

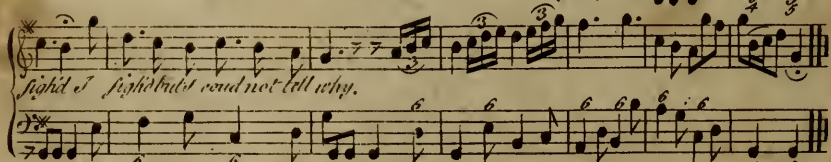
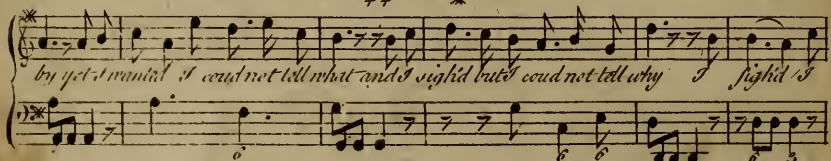
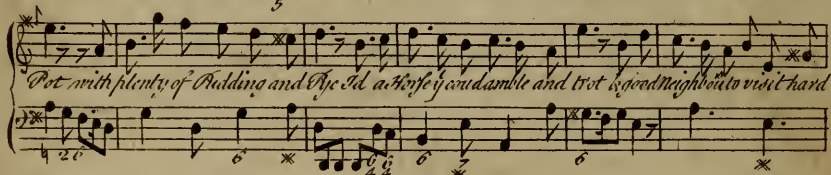
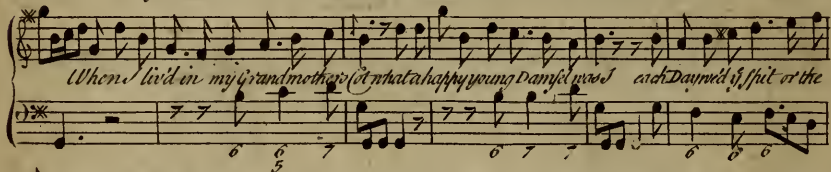
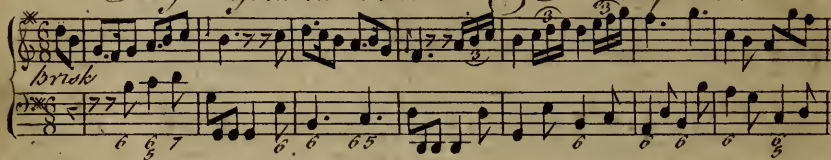
In sweet Musick is such Art killing Care and grief of

Heart fall a Sleep or hearing dye fall a Sleep or

hearing dye or hearing dye



My Grandmother's (Gt set by Mr. Arne



*My Daddy he bought me a Knot,
 With a Kan, is a new-fashioned Ky,
 A pair of Silk Shoes too I got:
 To wear when if Weather was dry,
 Yet to pine all if Day was my lot,
 And in Bed ever restles to lye,
 For I woud I could not tell what,
 And I sigh'd but I could not tell why,
 For I woud I could not tell what,
 And I sigh'd but I could not tell why,
 For I woud I could not tell what,
 And I sigh'd but I could not tell why,*

*For I woud I could not tell what,
 And I sigh'd but I could not tell why,
 For I woud I could not tell what,
 And I sigh'd but I could not tell why,
 For I woud I could not tell what,
 And I sigh'd but I could not tell why,*



A Favourite Air in an Organ Concerto

The Meads and the

Groves in fresh verdure shone gay & Philomel chaunted her love labour'd song when the Nymphs & the

Swains in their brightest array to chuse a May Lady mov'd sportive along each Youth burnt with

ardour his Nymphs to create each Nymph's soft glances fast caught her fond Mate and each one im-

patiently mated his fate

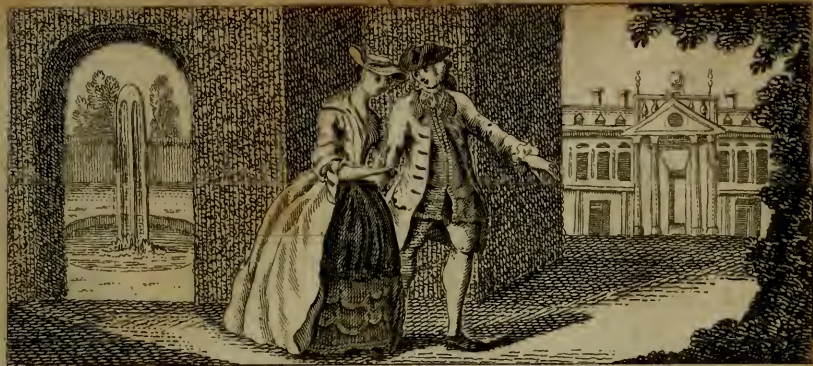
How vain were their wishes! Maria appear'd,
 Like Beauty's fair Goddess encircled with Love,
 With Graces attractive each heart she endeard,
 In Majesty passing the Consort of Love.
 The Swains round her moving glad homage did pay,
 The Nymphs with wreath'd Garlands no longer delay,
 To Crown Beauty's paragon Queen of the May.



The Charms of Isabel

Gently

There is the Swan the
 Ermin white and fair the lilly the Lil ly of the Vale the
 Moon replen dent Du cen of Night and Snows that



Set to Musick by M^r. Arne

drive before the gale In Fairness these the
rest arell But fairer is my Isa bel In
Fairness these the rest arell But fairer is my
Isa bel

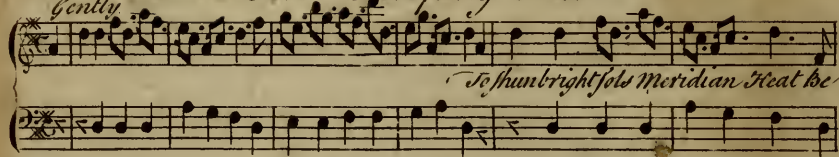
*Sweet is the Violet, sweet the Rose,
And sweet the Morning breath of May,
Carnations rich their sweets disclose,
And sweet the winding Woodbine strays;
In sweetness these the rest arell,
But sweeter is my Isabel.*

*Constant the Poets call the Dove,
And amorous they the Sparrow call,
Fond is the Sky Lark of his Love,
And fond the feather'd lovers all
In fondness these the rest arell,
But fonder I of Isabel.*

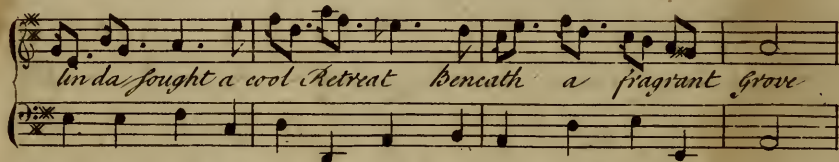


The Sleeping Fair

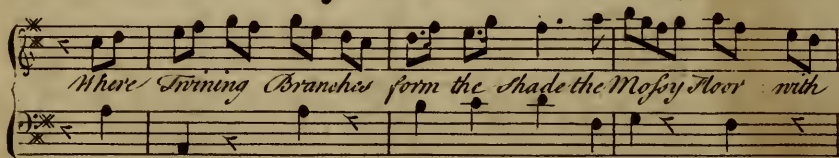
Gently



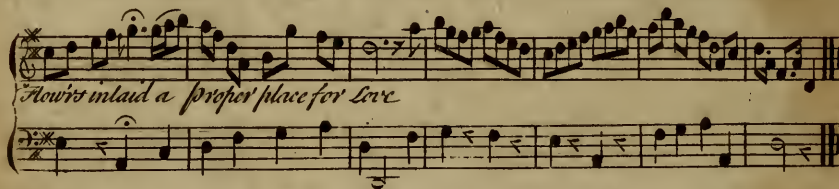
To shun bright sole Meridian Heat be



inda sought a cool Retreat beneath a fragrant Grove



Where Twining Branches form the Shade the Mosby Floor with



Flowers inlaid a proper place for Love

Beneath the thicket of the Grove,
A Silent Stream does gently move,
Gives freshness to the glade;
Upon the flow'ry bank reclind,
In careless Indolence of Mind,
The Blooming Fair was laid.

She manton Zephyrs round her play'd,
Refreshing breezes cool the Maid,
Opprest with balmy Sleeps
The beauties of her snowy breast
Like clusters court'ing to be prest,
Set Love a secret keep.

A blush o'er spread her lovely Face,
Whilst Boys like Cupids guard'd the place
And fan her with their Wings,
Her fragrant breath perfum'd the air,
All Nature then did gay appear,
Each feather'd Warbler sings.

Let's fair y Paphian Queen appear'd
When from y Watry bed she reard
With Majesty divine,
Resplendent beauty dazzling bright,
With wonder seiz'd my aching sight
I gaz'd & wish'd her mine.

*Collin**Set by Mr Defesch*

Oh

pitty Collin cruel Fair think on his sighs & Tears his sighs regardless as the air & without hope his

Tears Oh Collin was once thy happyst man that e'er in Albion

dwell'd He laugh'd at Love and mock'd at pain lov's pangshence he had felt

*The Neighbouring Nymphs had oftentime
With Love to live the Swain,
But heas oft their suit deny'd,
For Love return'd Swadain,
But ah how chang'd his former state
With folded Arms he walks,
Upbraids y^e God, and curses fate,
And like a Madman talks.*

*Nor can soft Musicks flatt'ring Charm
Give now the least delight,
No more the bowels his bosom warm,
Or Rural sports invite,
Relent fair Maid, e'er Collin dies,
Let him not mourn in vain,
His hopeless Love, regardless pangs,
And unrewarded pain.*

*Oh think Myrtillo, on his grief,
And on your cruel hate;
Reward his Love, and bring relief
Before it is too late.*



brisk *The Man to my Mind* Set by Mr Burney

Since M'edlocks in vogue & stale virgins despis'd to all batch'lors greeting these
 Lines are premis'd I ma Maid I noud marry aheoud I but find I care not for
 Fortune a Man to my Mind a Man to my Mind a Man to my Mind I
 care not for Fortune a Man to my Mind

Not the fair weather'd Top, send of Fashion and Dress,
 Nor the Equire, that can felish no Joys but the Chase,
 Nor the sly thinking Rake, whom no Morals can bind;
 A rather thus that nor tothers the Man to my Mind.

Not the ruby fac'd Sot, who tosea world without end,
 Nor the drone that wnt relish his Bettle and friend,
 Nor the Fool that's too fond nor the Churl that's unkind,
 A either thus that nor tothers the Man to my Mind.

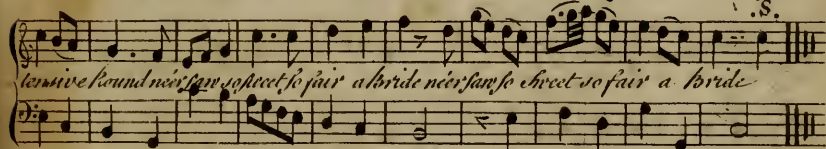
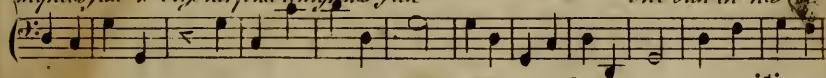
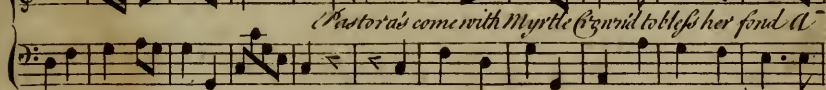
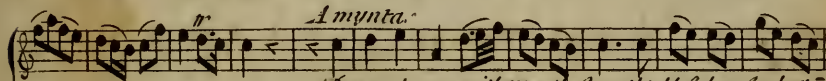
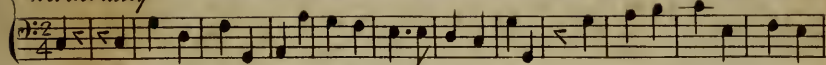
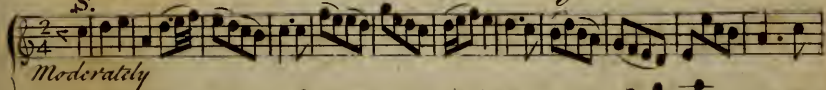
Not the Rich with full bags, without Breeding or Merit,
 Nor the Flash that's all fiery without any Spirit,
 Nor the fine Master Fright to the scorn of Mankind,
 A either thus that nor tothers the Man to my Mind.

But the Youth whom good Sense & good nature inspire,
 Whom the Brave most esteem, & the Fair should admire,
 In whose Heart Love & Truth art with Honour conjoyn'd
 Thus thousand no others the Man to my Mind.



A Favourite Dialogue

:S:



:S:

Pastora

If to be true is sweet and fair,
Pastora with Lucinda were,
And sweeter she then is the Air,
That fleets beneath Arabian skies

Pastora

Without a blush I here repeat,
What to the Nymphs I told before,
For thy my tender heart does beat,
Possess'd of thee I ask no more.

Amynta

The fields, & Groves, each Hill & Dale,
Have witness'd to my faithful Idol,
Long had I sigh'd my Amorous tale,
But every care's requited now.

Amynta

Thus with this Wreath I crown thy brows
And with this Kiss my Love I seal,
And may I when I break my Vows,
The pangs of Tortur'd Lovers feel.

Pastora

Should I be grateful to my Swain,
Afflict him with Domestic Strife,
May I be driven from the plain
By every Virtue's Maud & Wife.



Plato's Advice

moderately

Says Plato why should Man be vain since bounteous Heav'n has made him great
 why looketh he with Insolent disdain On those undeck'd with wealth or State
 can softly hobbs or beds of down; all the gems that deck the Fair can all the Glo...
 ...ries of a crown give health or ease the brow of care

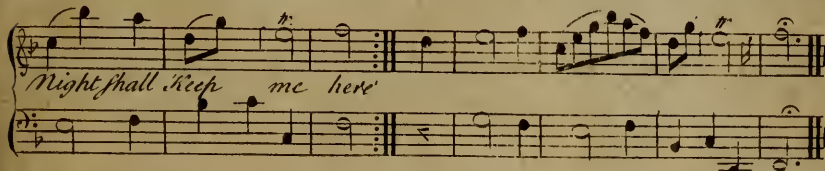
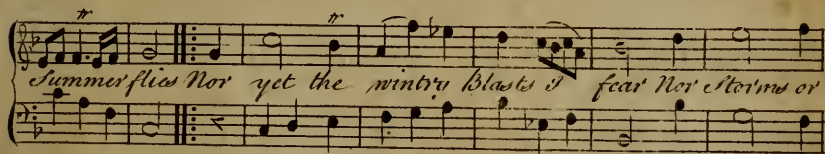
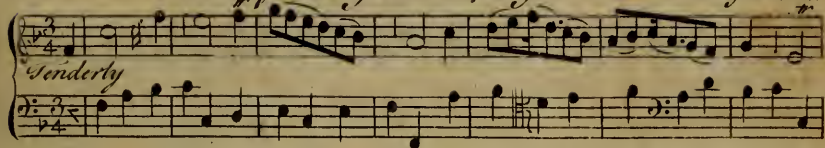
The Scepter'd King the Burthen'd Slave,
 The humble and the haughty dye,
 The Rich, the Poor, the base, the brave,
 In Dust without distinction lie;
 Go search the Tombs where Monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest Titles wore,
 Their wealth and glory is bereft,
 And all their honours are no more.

So flies the Meteor thro' the Skies,
 And spreads along a gilded train,
 When 't is his gon' its beauty dies,
 Dissolv'd to common Air again
 So live with us my jovial souls
 Let friendship reign while here we stay,
 Let's crown our joys with flowing Bowls,
 When Jove he calls we must away.



My Bliss too long

Set by Mr. Arne



What may for strength with steel compare,
Oh Love has fetters stronger far;
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel Love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast,
When thoughts torment if first are best;
Tis mad to grieve, tis Death to stay,
Away my false heart away.

German Flute





Janthe and Iphis

Gently

pia. for.

Janthe the Lovely the Joy of the Plain by Iphis was

lov'd and lov'd Iphis again

she liv'd in the Youth and the youth in the Fair their pleasure was

equal and equal their Care



Set to Musick by M^r. Arne

No Time nor Enjoyment their Dotage with drew but the longer they
livid still the fonder they grew *No Time nor Enjoy*
ment their Dotage with drew. But the longer they livid still the
fonder they grew

*A Passion so happy allarm'd all the plain,
 Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd of Swain,
 Some swore 'twoud 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 yet so kind or a Shepherd so true.*

*Love saw them with pleasure, and wou'd to take care,
 Of the faithfull, the tender, the innocent pair:
 What either did want he, bid either to move:
 But they wanted nothing but ever to love,
 Said all that to please them his Godhead cou'd do,
 That they still might be kind, & they still might be true.*



Set to Musick by M^r Arne

The Joyfull Birds in ev'ry grove now warble out their
Songs of Love now warble out their Songs of Love for Thee they
sing and Roses bloom and Colin Thee invites to come in
rites... to
come Thy Colin Thee invites to come

*Come Rosalind, & Colin Join,
 My tender Flocks & all are thine,
 If Love and Rosalind be here,
 'Tis May & pleasure all the Year,
 Come see a Cottage and a Graine,
 Thou canst my Love nor Gifts disdain,
 Leave all behind nor longer Stay,
 For Colin calls then haste away.*



Blooming Valley

Tenderly *Not*

Semele's attracting Love, In th' Dry shower embrac'd by Jove could yield more favour

of Delight than to my heart did the first sight of Dear Auspicious Blooming Valley

sweet as lilies of the Valley Dear Auspicious blooming valley sweet as lilies of the Valley

Joves guilty passion him may lead, From Semele to Ganymede, Long as the Solar Rays endure, My constant flame shall blaze most pure For dear be.	Her life is form'd on Wisdom's plan, With Caution true to her Heart to Man, The Lover that with her Succeeds, Must be the swain whose merrit pleads dear be.
I live but when the Fair is near, And breathe but in that Atmosphere Where every Grace & every Sweet Concenter'd in my Sally meet. dear be.	Her Person or her Vertues move, Might tempt an Angel to adore, Those Vertues prompt her to approve The softer Dialect of love. dear be.

My Guardian Genius teach me now,
My Passions lead, & tell me how,
To her arms approv'd may fly,
Or agonizing I shall die. for dear be.



A New Song Set by M^o Oswald

gently *let the*

Triumph! still avoid & be deaf to the Swain who in transports of passion of seeks to com-

plain for his rage & his Love in that frenzy is shewn and the blast that blows loudest is

soon over blown & the blast y^e blows loudest is soon over blown for his rage & his Love in that

frenzy is shewn the blast that blows loudest is soon over blown

*But the Shepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to y^e Heart,
Will Submissive adore, and rejoice at the Smart,
Or in plaintive soft Murmurs his Bosom felt woes
Like the smooth gliding current of Rivers will flow.*

*Tho' silent his Tongue he will plead with his Eyes,
And his Heart own your sway in a Tribute of Sighs,
But when he accosts you in Meadow or Grove,
His Tale is so tender—he cooes like a Dove.*



A Favourite Hymn of Eve in the Oratorio of Abel

Set by M^r Oswald

How Cheerfull a

long the gay Mead The Daisies & Cowslips appear The Flocks as they carelessly

Feed Rejoice in the Spring of the Year The Myrtles that shade the gay

Bow to the Herb that springs from God's Tree's plants cooling fruits and sweet

Now is all rise to the praise of my God

*Shall Man the great Master of all,
The only Invisible prove,
Forbid it fair — Gratitude's call,
Forbid it devotion and Love?
Thou Lord who such Wonders could raise,
And still can destroy with a Rod,
My Lips shall incessantly Praise,
My Soul shall be writ in my God.*

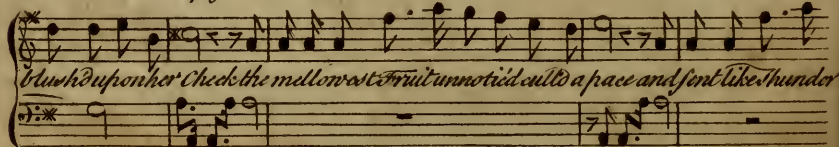
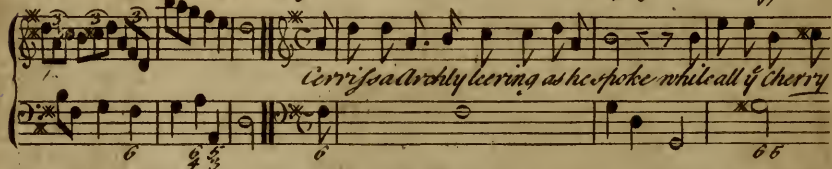
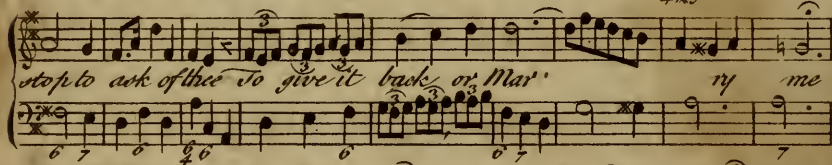
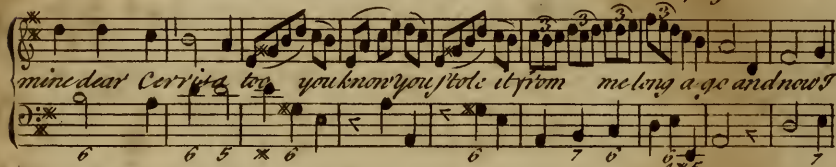
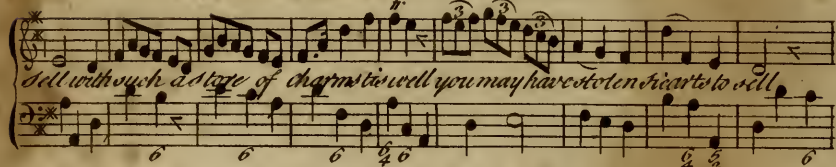


The 'Wheel Barrow'

Recit°
As Porter Will along St Pauls did move I prest by weighty load but more by
Love by chance & fair Cerusa there he found Crying her fine heart
Cherries round and sound Will for yous instant pushd then snail carryd her And
tenderly
learning o'er her barrow thus address'd her
My lips are cherries sweeter far Then those which in the
Barrow are with such a store of charms tis will you may have to open hearts to

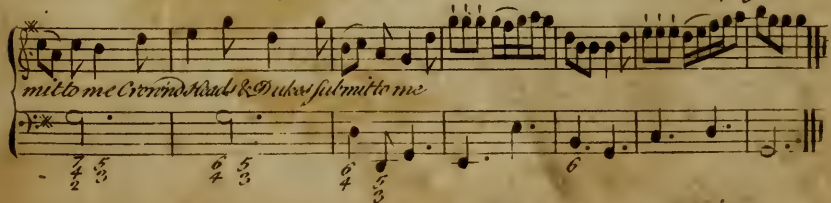
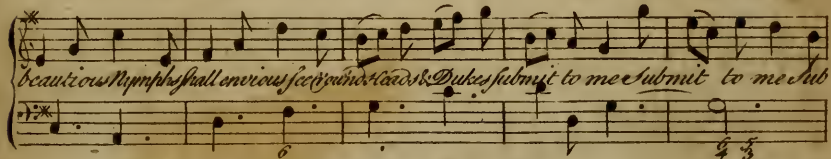
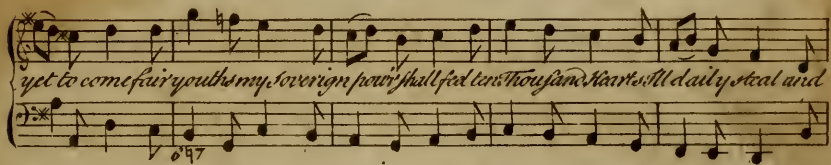
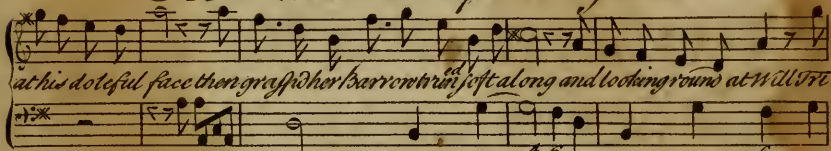


A Favourite Cantata





Set to Musick by M^r Oswald

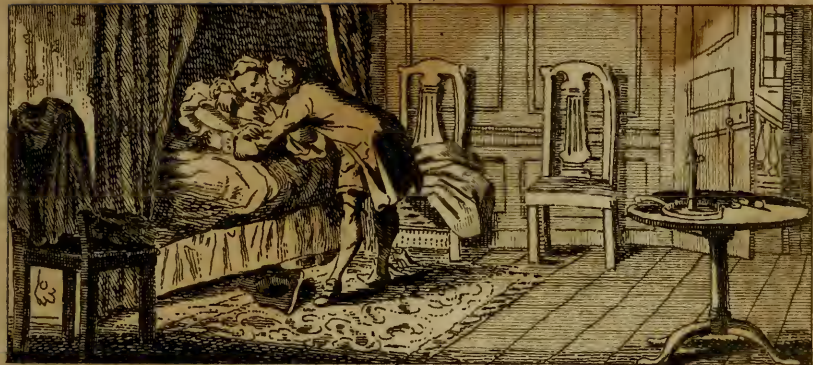




Valentine's Day a Favourite Song

Moderately

When blushes dy'd the cheek of Normand
 Dew drops glistend on the Thorn When
 Sky Larks tunc their Carrols sweet to haul the God of Light and heat
 Philander from his downy Bed to



Set to Music by M^r Arne

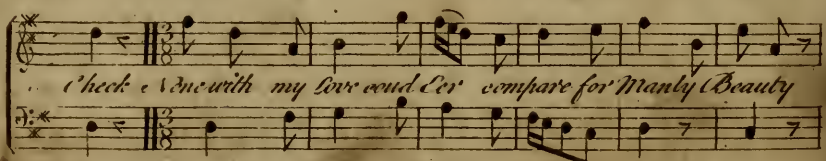
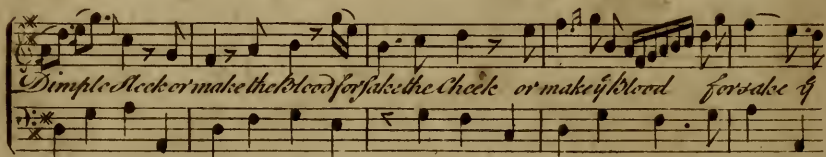
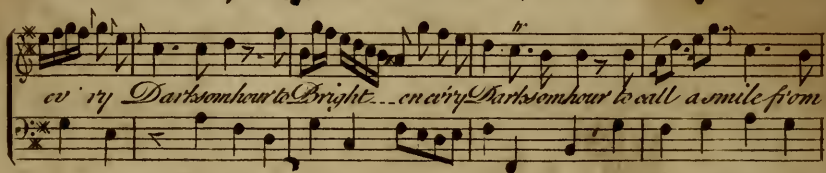
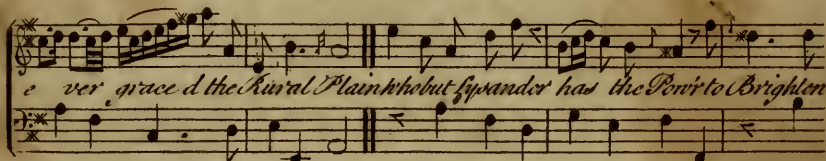
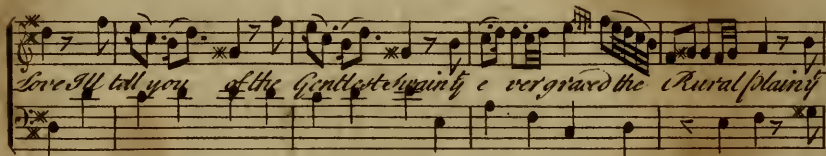
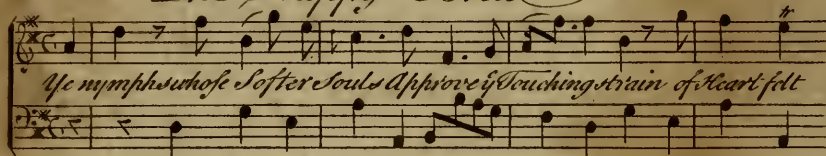
fair Lisetta's Chamber Sped Crying awakes sweet Love of
mine I'm come to be thy Valen' tine awake awake sweet
Love of mine I'm come to be thy Valen' tine

<i>Soft Love, that balmy sleep denies, Had long unvail'd her brilliant Eyes, Which that a kiss she might Obtain, She Artfully had clos'd again; He sunk thus caught in Beauty's trap, Like Phabus in to Thetis' Laps, And near forgot that his design, Was but to be her Valentine.</i>	<i>The starting cry'd, I am undone, Philander's charming youth begun, For this time to your's own sincere, Make Virtue not your self appear, No sleep has clos'd these wat'ry Eyes, Forgive the simple fond Disguise, To generous Thought, your Heart incline And be my faithfull Valentine.</i>
---	--

*The brutal Passion sudden fled,
 Fair Honour govern'd in its stead,
 And both agreed, e'er Settling Sun
 To join two virtuous Hearts in One,
 Their beauteous Offspring soon did prove,
 The sweet effects of mutual Love,
 And from that Hour to Lifes decline,
 She bless'd the Day of Valentine.*

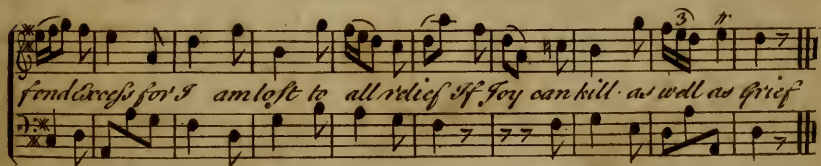
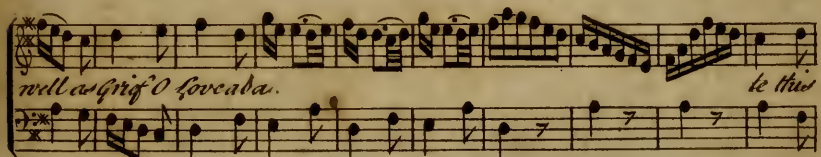
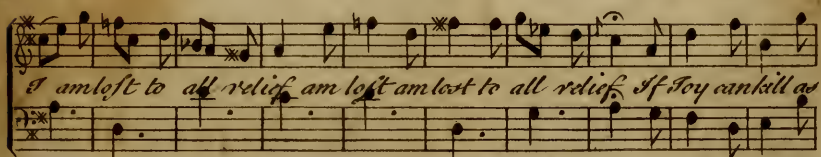
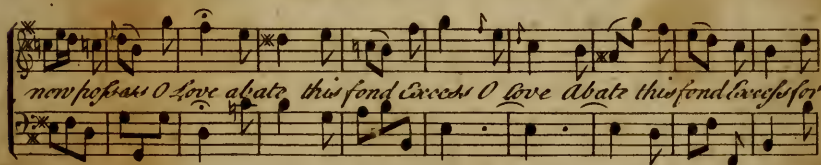
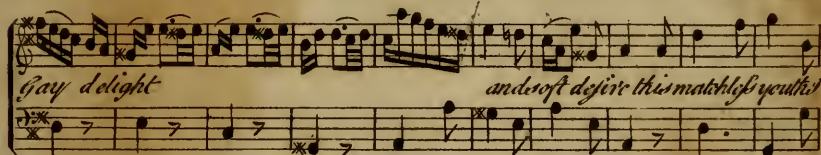
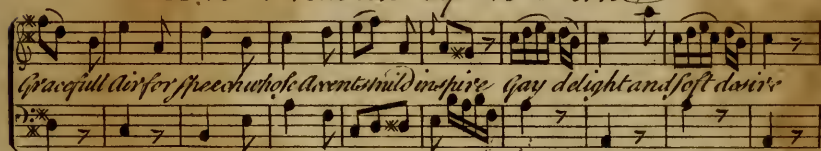


The Happy Bride





Set to Musick by M^r Arne





It. Song for two Voices Set by Mr Wynne

Slowly

Happily is a Country Life blest with Content good health and Ease

Happily is a Country Life blest with Content good health and Ease

Free from Faction's Noise and Strife we only Plot our selves to Please

Free from Faction's Noise and Strife we only Plot our selves to Please

Peace of mind the Days Delight and Love our welcome Dream at Night

Peace of mind the Days Delight and Love our welcome Dream at Night

*Hail green Fields and Shady Woods,
Hail Springs and Streams that still run pure;
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
Where Virtue only is secure;
Free from Vice, here free from Care,
Age is no pain, and youth no snare.*

The End of the First Volume.