

A Table of the Songs in this Volume

As pleasing as Shades.....	31
Attend ye Nymphs.....	46. 47
As well sat underneath.....	50
Ah Strephon what can mean.....	50
As Cloe plyd.....	73
Avarus sent for me.....	81
As fond Phillander.....	108. 109
Ask why the Miser.....	119
Ask if yon damask Rose.....	120
Ah luckless Cupid.....	127
As tother Day Milking.....	132. 133
At the foot of a Hill.....	169
As Cloe sat shelterd.....	62. 63
 Beneath a fragrant Myrtle.....	51
Be still ye Winds.....	134
Beneath a Beach.....	153. 154. 155. 156
Brittannias sons rejoice.....	200
 Come Roger and Nell.....	6. 7
Come come my good Shepherds.....	10. 11
Cast my Love thine Eyes.....	12. 13
Cloe one Summers Evening.....	74
Come Britannia.....	116. 117
Can lovely Delia.....	121
Chloris tis not.....	136
Come Damon come.....	138. 139
Come listen and laugh.....	194. 195
 Dearest Daphne.....	15
Did you see e'er a shepherd.....	18. 19
Dear Tom this brown Jug.....	41
Daphne on her Arm.....	118
Dear Cloe come give me.....	145
 Ev'ry Nymph & Shepherd.....	64
Forbear fond God.....	137
Good S ^r do not start.....	113
 How blyth was I.....	26. 27
Hark the Birds.....	78. 79
Had Neptune when first.....	94. 95
Hail England.....	167
 I seek not at once.....	20. 21

<i>In Chloes frowns</i>	59
<i>I search'd the fields</i>	97
<i>If Beautys power</i>	103
<i>If Loves a sweet passion</i>	148.149.150
<i>I ove when He saw</i>	176
<i>Lovers who waste your thoughts</i>	8
<i>Love never more</i>	17
<i>Loves a Dream</i>	168
<i>Let others in fantastick Lays</i>	170
<i>Life how vain</i>	184
<i>Let the Tempest</i>	188.189
<i>My fond Shepherds</i>	52.53
<i>My Banks they are furnish'd</i>	186.187
<i>No more the mounting Lark</i>	14.15
<i>No Glory I Covet</i>	55
<i>Near a thick Grove</i>	66.67.68.69.70.71.72
<i>No Lass on fam'd Hibernias</i>	129
<i>O shame light on this Worlds self</i>	25
<i>Oh how blissfull tis to languish</i>	80
<i>On Tree top'd Hill</i>	114.115
<i>O lovely Fanny</i>	128
<i>Of all the Nymphs</i>	146.147
<i>Oft have I</i>	158
<i>O Joy of Joys</i>	9
<i>Palamon lov'd pastora</i>	112
<i>Phillis we dont grieve</i>	151
<i>Sylvia wilt thou waste</i>	42.43
<i>See see that Insect</i>	49
<i>Some cry up Gunnersbury</i>	54
<i>Silly Swain no longer dwell</i>	58
<i>Say lovely Peace</i>	82.83
<i>Since Mopsy I mun</i>	89
<i>See see where my D'Hamilla</i>	122.123
<i>Since life is a Bubble</i>	161
<i>Saw ye John a coming</i>	171
<i>Soft pleasing pains</i>	174.175
<i>Sure Sally is</i>	180.181
<i>Sure Damon is</i>	198.199
<i>To Handells pleasing Notes</i>	2.3
<i>To make the Wife kind</i>	22.23
<i>To keep my gentle Jesty</i>	28.29.30
<i>The festive Board</i>	34.35.36.37.38.39

<i>The Wood Lark whistles</i>	75. 76. 77
<i>The peggys Charms</i>	88
<i>To fair Riddlees</i>	92. 93
<i>To Convent streams</i>	96
<i>The Lark her lowly nest</i>	100. 101. 102
<i>The potty & tho peggys Charms</i>	104
<i>There lives a Lass</i>	105
<i>To what my Eyes admir'd</i>	110. 111
<i>To Celia thus fond Damon</i>	135
<i>The World my D^r Myra</i>	140. 141
<i>The Bird that from</i>	144
<i>The other Day</i>	157
<i>To ask me dearest Friend</i>	166
<i>To the oh gentle Sleep</i>	193
<i>To fanny Fair</i>	185

<i>Virgins if e'er it prove</i>	33
<i>Vain Youth thy flattery</i>	160

<i>Whose are been at Baldock</i>	1
<i>When your Beauty appears</i>	16
<i>When e'er a beautiful Nymph</i>	24
<i>When April Day</i>	48
<i>Would you obtain</i>	57
<i>Where chaste Dian</i>	60. 61
<i>When first by fond Damon</i>	86. 87
<i>With Swords on their thighs</i>	90. 91
<i>When vernal Airs perfume</i>	98. 99
<i>We've fought we've Conquer'd</i>	106. 107
<i>When all the Attic Fire</i>	124. 125. 126
<i>When Trees did bud</i>	130. 131
<i>With ev'ry Grace</i>	142. 143
<i>Where the Primrose</i>	152
<i>When first we see</i>	159
<i>When forc'd from D^r Hebe</i>	172. 173
<i>When you gave me</i>	177
<i>When Bacchus Jolly God</i>	192
<i>Why will you my passion</i>	190. 191
<i>Why Chloe still</i>	196. 197

<i>Young I am and yet unskill'd</i>	32
<i>Ye gentle Winds</i>	40
<i>Ye Prigs who are troubled</i>	44. 45
<i>Ye Mortals whom Troubles</i>	65
<i>Young Collin fishing</i>	84. 85
<i>Ye true Honest Brittons</i>	162. 163
<i>You may talk</i>	164. 165
<i>You tell me I'm handsome</i>	178. 179
<i>Ye Shepherds give Ear</i>	182. 183





The Lass of the Mill Sung by Mr Beard

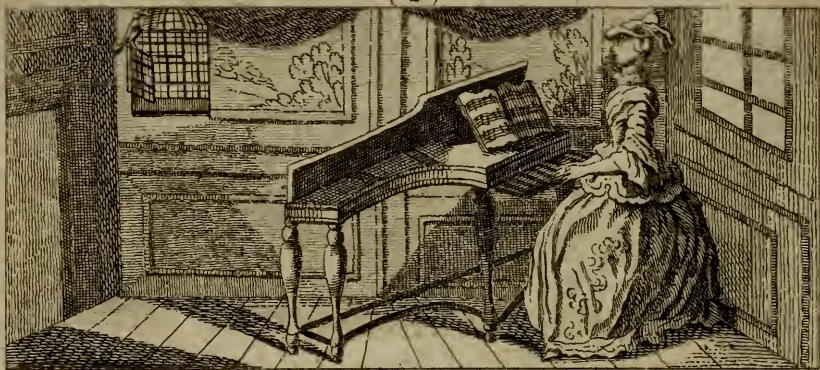
Who has ever been at Baldock must
needs know of Millat's, sign of the Horse at the foot of the Mill. Where the Grave & the Gay the
Norman and if Beaum without all distinction from us we may go. *Tia* Where the Grave and the
Gay the Clown is; the Beaum without all distinction from us we may go

The Man of the Mill has a Daughter so Fair
With so pleasing a shape & so winning an Air
That once on the ever green bank as I stood
I'd swore she was Venus just sprung from the Flood.

But looking again I perceiv'd my mistake
For Venus tho Fair has the Look of a Rake
While nothings but Virtue and Modesty fill
The more beautiful looks of the Lass of the Mill.

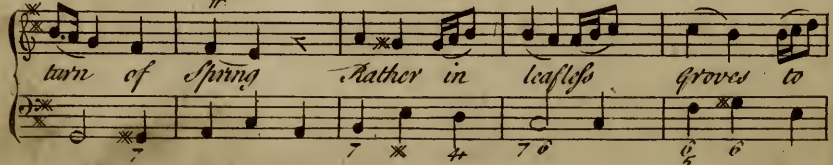
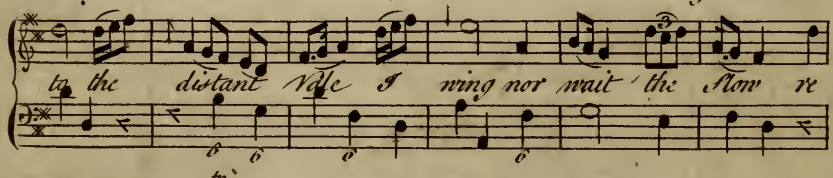
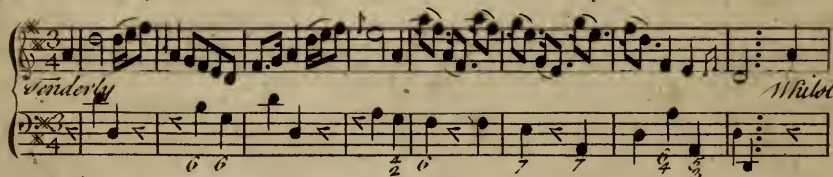
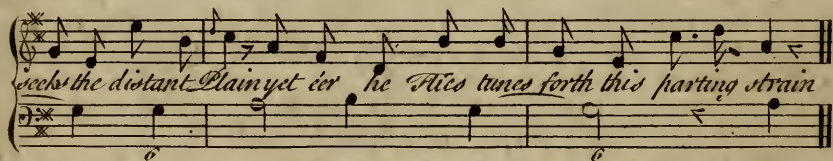
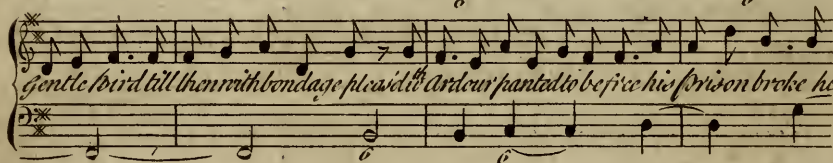
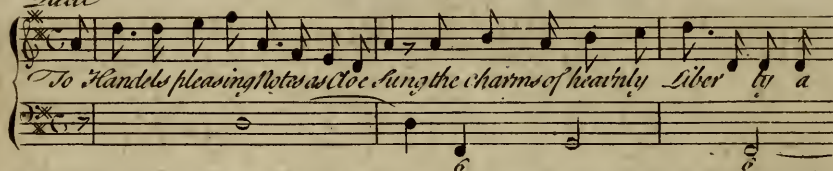
Prometheus stole Fire as the Poets all say
To enliven that Mass which he modell'd of clay
Had Polly been with him the Beams of her Eyes
Had sav'd him the trouble of robbing the Skies.

Since first I beheld this dear Lass of the Mill
I can ne'er be at quiet but do what I will
All the Day and all Night I sigh & think still
I shall die if I have not this Lass of the Mill?



A Favourite Cantata

Recit





Set to Music by Mr Oswald

dwelt then in my cold warmer cell Forgive me

Mistress since by thee I first was taught sweet

Liberty dear liberty forgive me Mistress since by thee I

first was taught sweet Liberty

Soonas you come spring shall hear
With genial warmth & drooping yew
I'll tell upon the topmost spray
Thy sweeter Notes I improv'd my lay
Whilst in my Prison taught by thee
So warble forth sweet liberty

Waste not on me an useless care
That kind concern let Stripling share
Nought are my sorrows slight my pain
To those that the poor captive feel
Who kept in helpless bonds by thee
Yet strives not for his liberty



Even Dialogue in Harlequin Sorcerer

Moderately brisk.

He

Dearest Daphne turn thine Eyes To und Day be gins to

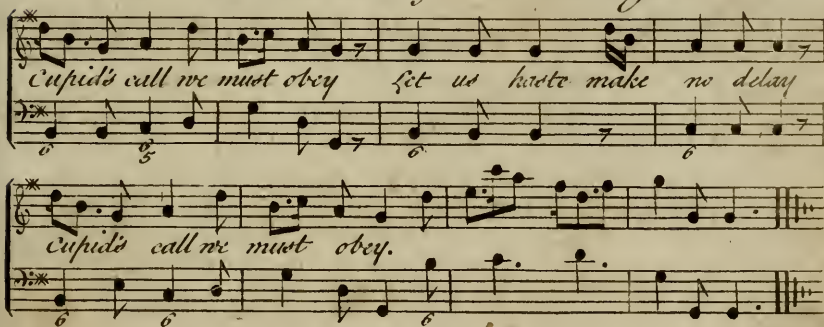
rise See the Morn with Roses around Sprinkling Dew drops

on the ground Love In vites to yonder grove where on by

Lovem dare to rove Let us haste make no delay



Set to Music by M^{rs} Anne Jun^r



She

Ah Philander I'm afraid,
There poor Laura was betray'd,
By young Strephon's subtle wiles
Soothing words & artfull smiles,
Simple Maids are soon undone,
When their simple hearts are won
Press me not I must away,
And to honour strict commands obey.

He

Gentle Daphne fear not you
I'll be ever kind and true
Think no more on Laura's fate,
View yon Turtle & its Mate
See how freely they impart
The Impulse of each others Heart
Like them my Fair lets sport & play
Nature prompts us to obey.

She

Shepherd I perceive your aim,
You and Strephon are the same,
You like him woud me betray,
Should I trust what e'er you say,

He

If Daphne doubts let Hymens bands,
This Instant join our willing hands,
The Invitation I obey
And Love with Honour will repay.



Harvest Home

Musical score for "Harvest Home". The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a melody line and a bass line. The lyrics are:

Come Roger and
 Well come smokin' Bell each lad with his luff hither come with
 Singing & dancing in pleasure & merriment to celebrate Harvest Home Sis
 Ceres bids play & keep Hollyday to celebrate Harvest Home Harvest
 Home Harvest Home to celebrate Harvest Home

The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The lyrics are written below the melody line.

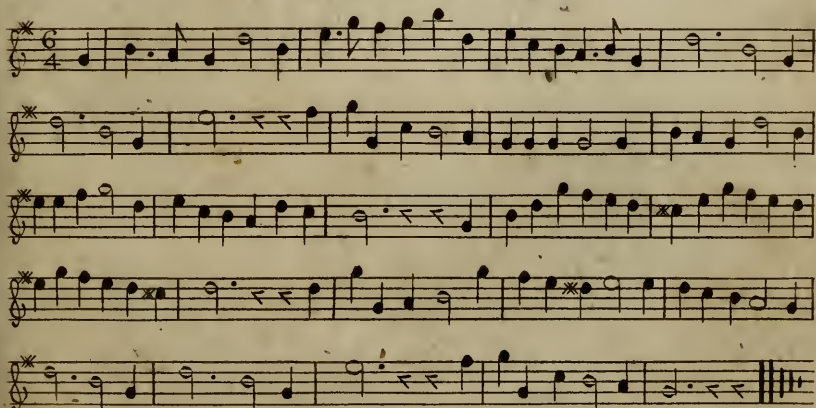


Prong by M' Lowe in the Sorcerer

*Our Labour is o'er, & our Barns in full store,
Now swell with rich Gifts of the Land,
Let each Man then take, for the Prong & the Rake,
His Can and his Lays in his hand,
Chorus. For Ceres bids Play. &c.*

*No Courtiers can be so happy as we,
In Innocence Pastime & Mirth,
While thus we carouse with our sweet-heart or spouse,
And rejoice o'er the Fruits of the Earth,
Chorus. When Ceres bids Play. &c.*

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE





Easily *The Warning* *Set by M^r Long*

Lovers who meet your

Thoughts & Youth in Captious soft Extraneous and Dream of Women Love and

Truth and doct up on your Dreams I shall not here your fancy take from

such a Pleasing State were you not sure at last to wake and

find your fault too Late

<i>Then learn betimes if Love which crowns Our Carer is all but Wiles, Compos'd of false & fantastick Frowns And soft descending smiles, With danger which sometimes they saw They cruel Tyrants prove, And then turn Platters to again, With as affected Love?</i>	<i>As if some injury were meant, To those they kindly Us'd, Whose Lovers are the most content, That have been still refus'd. Since each has in his bosom nurs'd A false and fawning foe, The Just & wise by striking first, To shape the fatal Blow.</i>
--	---



A Favourite Air in Alfred, set by M^r Oswald

with Spirit

O Joy of Joys to lighten Woe best Pleasure Pleasure to bestow best Pleasure

Pleasure to bestow what Raptures then his Heart expand who lives to bless a

grateful Land who lives to bless a grateful Land.

For him ten Thousand bosoms beat

His name consenting Crowds repeat,

From Soul to Soul the Passion runs,

And Subjects kindle into Sons.

For him ten Thousand bosoms beat

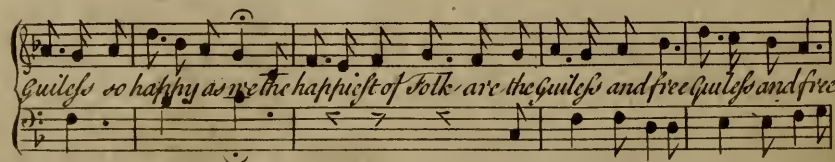
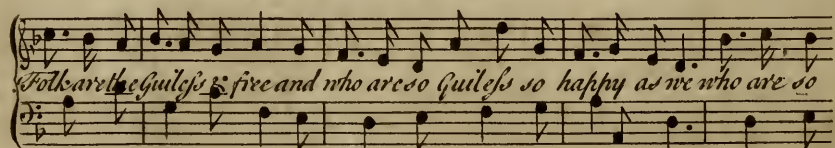
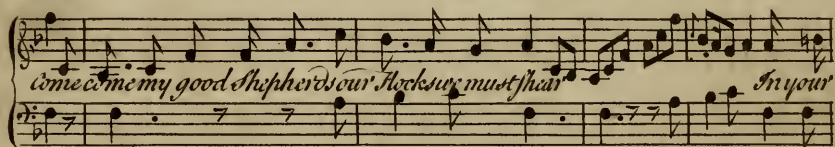
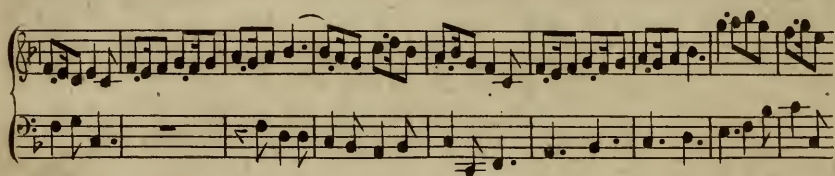
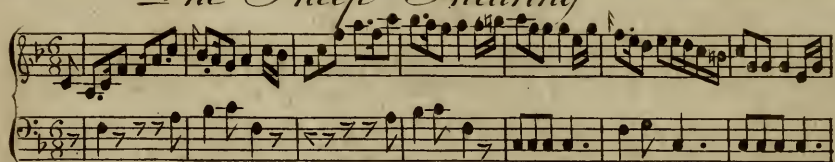
His name consenting Crowds repeat,

From Soul to Soul the Passion runs,

And Subjects kindle into Sons.

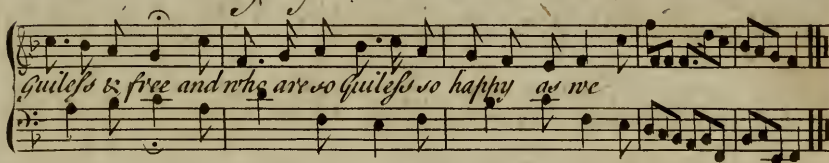


The Sheep Shearing





Sung by M^{rs} Cibber

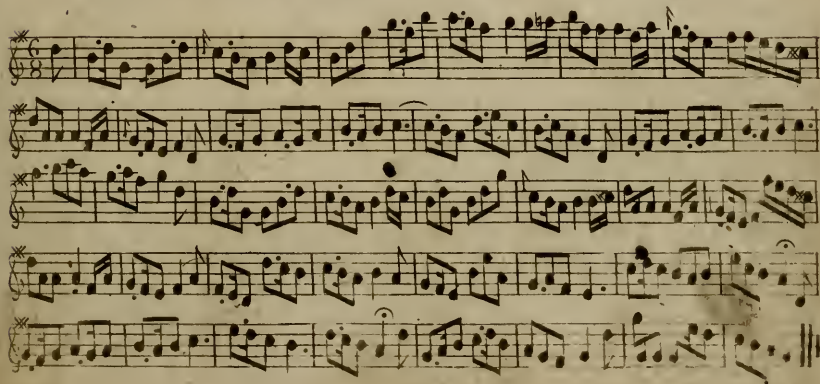


*We harbour no Passions, by Luxury taught,
We practice no Arts, with Hypocrisy fraught,
What we think in our Hearts, you may read in our Eyes,
For knowing no Falsehood, we need no Disguise.*

*By mode & Caprice are the City Dames led
But we as the Children of nature are bred;
By her Hands alone, we are painted and dressed,
For the Roses will bloom when there's peace in y^e breast.*

*That Giant Ambition, we never can dread,
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a Head,
Content & sweet Cheapfulness, open our Door,
They smile with the simple, & feed with the Poor.*

*When Love has possess'd us, that Love we reveal,
Like the Stocks that we seed, are the passions we feel,
So harmless & simple, we sport, & we play,
And leave to fine Folk, to deceive and betray.*





Damon and Florella

Moderately

Cast my Lovethine Eyes around See the Sportive Lambskins play Nature

gayly decks the Ground all in Honour of the May Nature gayly

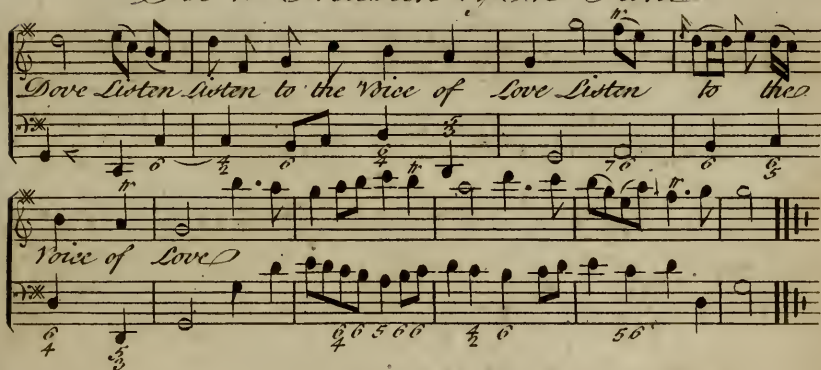
decks the Ground all in Honour of the May

Like the Sparrow and the Dove Listen

to the Voice of Love *Like the Sparrow and the*



Set to Musick by W^m Arne



Florella

*Damon thou hast found me long,
Listening to thy soothing Tale,
And thy soft persuasive Song,
Often held me in the Dale;
Take O Damon while I live,
All which Virtue ought to give?*

Florella

*Not the Waters gentle fall,
By the Bank with poplars crowd;
Nor the Feather'd Songsters all,
Nor the Flutes melodious sound,
Can Delight Florella's Ear,
If her Damon is not near.*

Damon

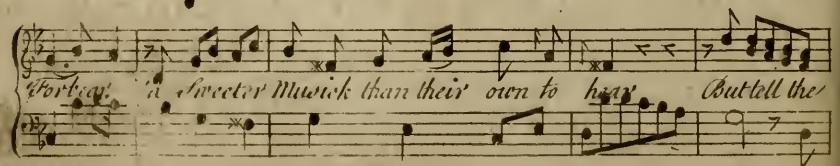
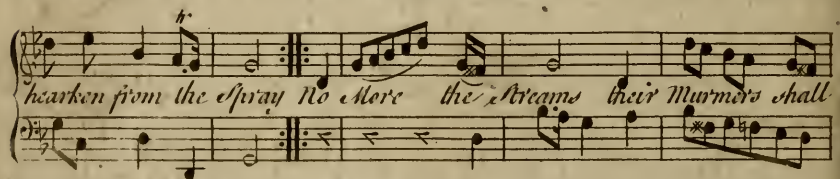
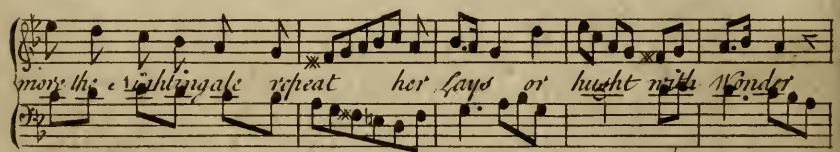
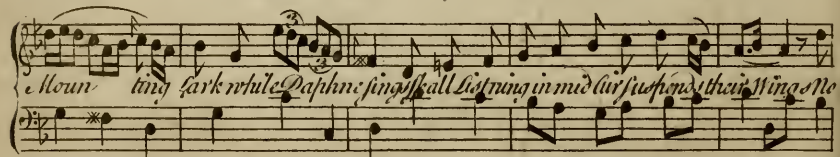
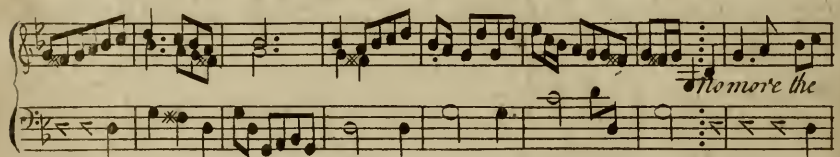
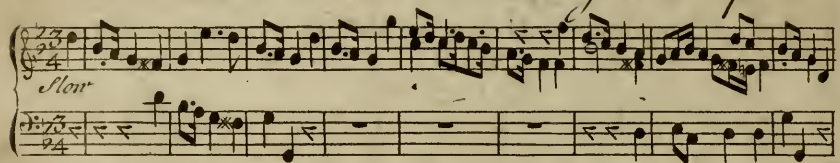
*Not the Verdure of the Grove
Nor the Garden's fairest Flowers
Nor the Meads where Lovers rove
Tempted by the Vernal Hours
Can Delight thy Damons Eye
If Florella is not by.*

Duett

*Let us Love and Let us Live,
Like the cheerful Seasons gay,
Banish Care and Let us give
Tribute to the fragrant May:
Like the Sparrow & the Dove,
Listen to the Voice of Love.*

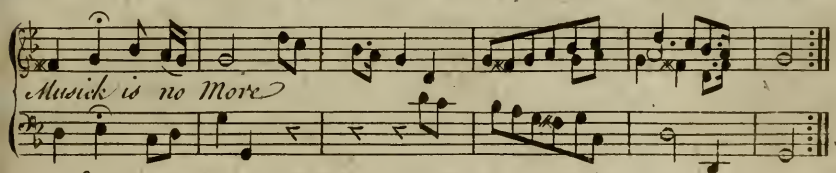
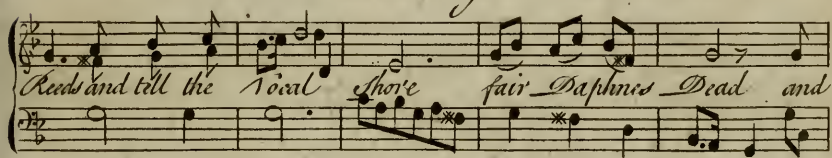


On an Absent Friend by M^r Pope





Set to Musick by M^r Buswell



*Her Fate is whisper'd by the Gentle Breeze
And told in sighs to all the Trembling Trees
The Trembling Trees in every Plain & Wood
Her Fate remurmur to the Silver Flood
The Silver Flood so lately Calm appears
Swell'd with new Passion and overflows with Tears
The Minds and Trees and Floods her Death Deplore
Daphne our Grief our Glory is no More*





Sung by M^r Lowe at Nunn Hall

Moderately *Pia* *For* *Pia*

For *S. 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. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921. 922. 923. 924. 925. 926. 927. 928. 929. 930. 931. 932. 933. 934. 935. 936. 937. 938. 939. 940. 941. 942. 943. 944. 945. 946. 947. 948. 949. 950. 951. 952. 953. 954. 955. 956. 957. 958. 959. 960. 961. 962. 963. 964. 965. 966. 967. 968. 969. 970. 971. 972. 973. 974. 975. 976. 977. 978. 979. 980. 981. 982. 983. 984. 985. 986. 987. 988. 989. 990. 991. 992. 993. 994. 995. 996. 997. 998. 999. 1000.*

When your beauty ap...

pears in its Graces and Ains all bright as an Angel new drop'd from skyes At

Distance I gaze & am awill my mifkari so strangelys so strangelys you dazzle my Eye so

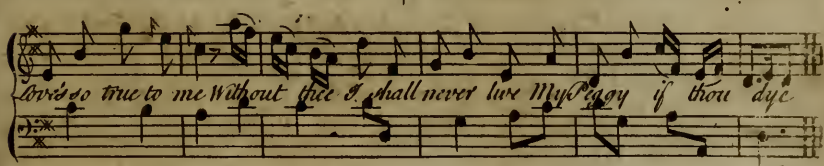
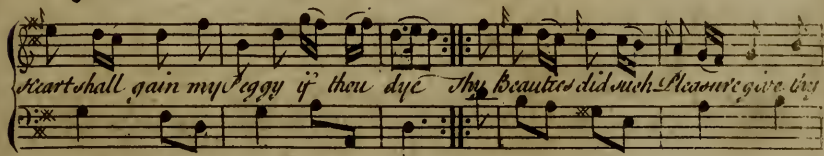
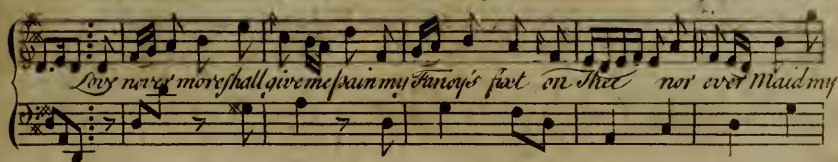
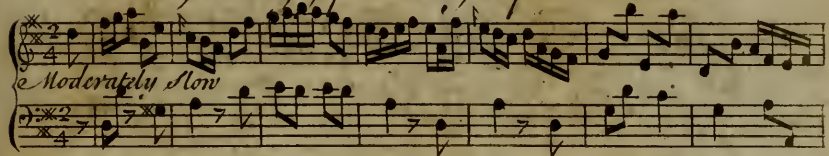
Arangelys so Arangelys you dazzle my Eye.

*But when without Art, your kind Thoughts you impart,
When your Love runs in Blushes through ev'ry Vein,
When it darts from your Eyes, when it pants in your Heart;
Then I know you're a Woman, a Woman again.*

*There's a Passion & pride, in our Sex she reply'd,
& thus might I gratify both, I woud do,
An Angel appear to each Lover beside,
But still be a Woman, a Woman to you.*



My Peggy Sung by M^r Lowe

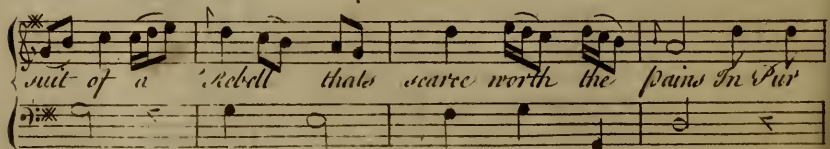
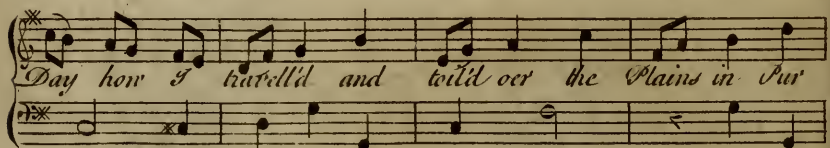
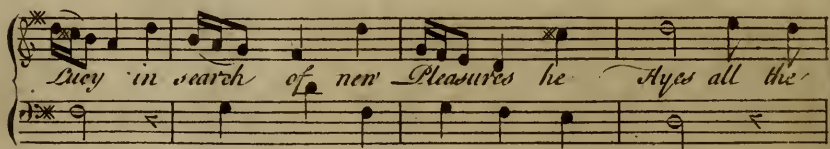
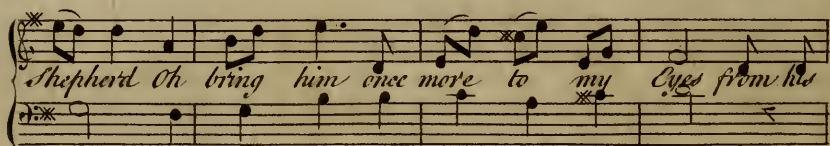
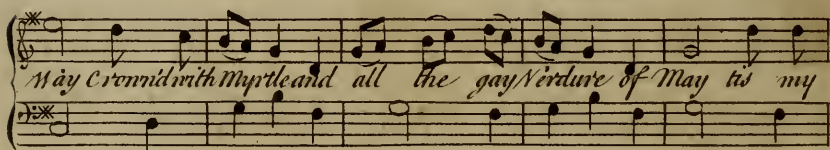
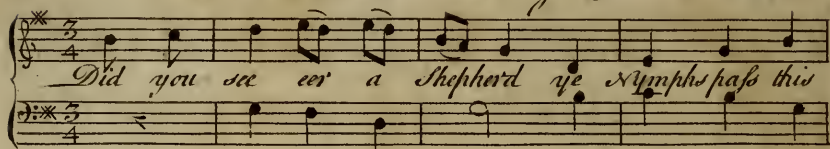


If Fate shall tear <i>g</i> from my breast How lonely shall I stray; Indivary Wraps the Night All in shade In sighs the silent Day; I neer can so much Virtue find; For such Perfection see; Then, All renounce all Woman-kind, My Peggy after Thee:	No new blown Beauty fires my heart, With Cupid's varying Rage, But thine which can such Sweet Impart Must all the World engage; 'Twas those that like the Morning Sun, Gave Joy and Life to me; And when its destined Day is done, With Peggy let me dye.
--	---

Ye Gods that smile on Virtue's Love,
 And in such Pleasure share;
 You who its faithful Flames approve,
 With Pity view the Fair,
 Restore my Peggy's wanted charms,
 Those Charms so dear to me,
 Oh never rob them from those Arms
 I'm lost if Peggy dye.

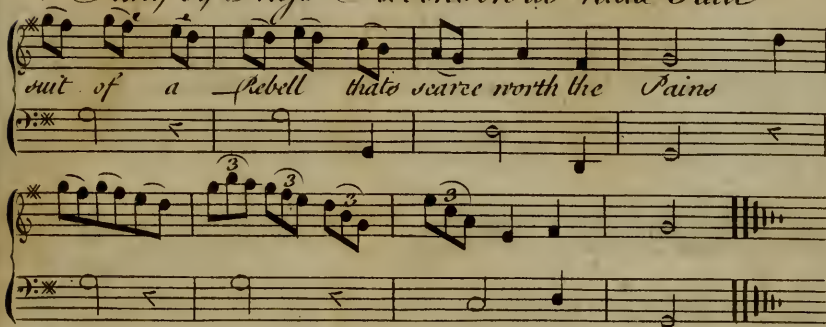


A Favourite Song





Sung by Miss Stevenson at Saund Hall



*Take Care Maids take Care, when he flatters & swears,
How you trust your own Eyes, or believe your own Cars,
Like the Rose-bud in June, every Hand hell invite,
But wound the kind Heart, like the Thorn out of Sight,
And trust me who'er my false Shepherd detains,
Shall find him a Conqueror, that's scarce worth her Pains.*

*Three Months at my Feet did he languish & sigh,
For he gain'd a kind Word or a tender Reply,
Love, Honour & Truth, were the Themes that he sung,
And he vow'd that his Soul was a kin to his Tongue,
Too soon I believ'd & replaid to his Strains,
And gave him too frankly my Heart for his Pains.*

*The Trifle once gain'd, like a Boy at his Play,
Soon the Wanton grew weary, & flung it away,
A drow cloy'd with my Love from my Arms he does fly,
In Search of another as Silly as I,
But trust me who'er my false Shepherd detains,
Shall find him a Conqueror that's Scarce worth her Pains.*

*Beware all ye Nymphs, how ye sooth the fond Flame,
And believe in good Time all the Sex are the same,
Like Stephen from Beauty to Beauty they range,
Like him they will flatter, dissemble & change,
And do all we can still this Maxim remains,
That a Man when we've got him is scarce worthy Pains.*



The Reasonable Lover

Easily

I seek not at

once in a Female to find The form of a Venus with Pallas's Mind Let the

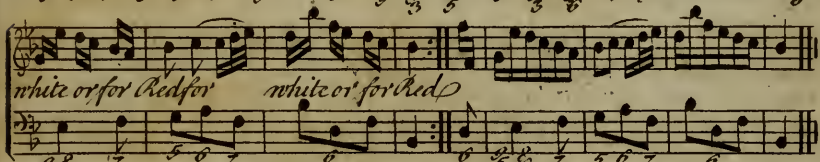
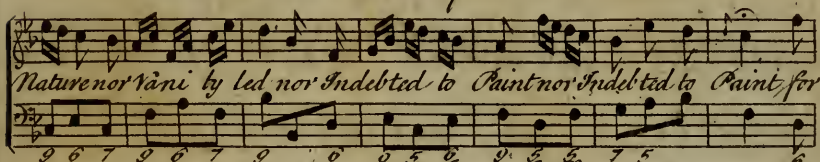
Girl that I Love have but Prudence in View That tho' she deceive I may still think her

True *be her Person not beautiful but*

pleasing & clean let her Temper be cloudless & open her Mind by Sol by Ill



Set to Musick by M^r. Arne



May her Tongue that dread Weapon in most of her sex,
Be employ'd to delight us, & not to perplex,
Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest,
For Prudes I despise, and Coquets I detest,
May her Humour the Taste of the Company hit,
Not affectedly wise, or too pert with her Wit,
Go find out the Fair, that is formid on my Plan,
And I'll love her for ever I mean if I Can.

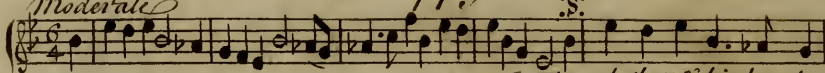




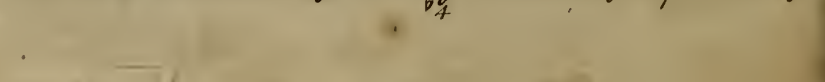
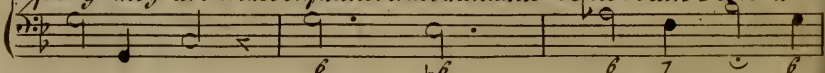
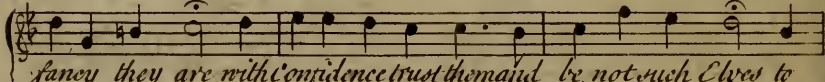
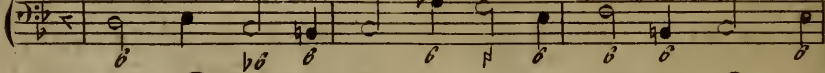
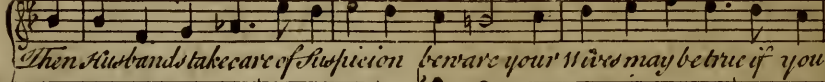
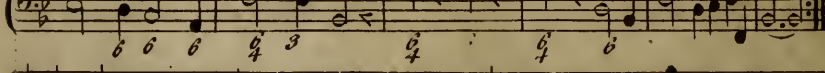
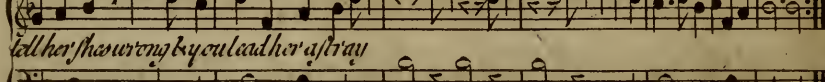
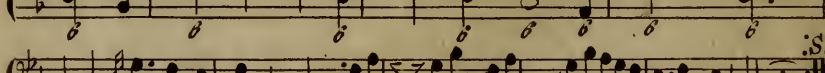
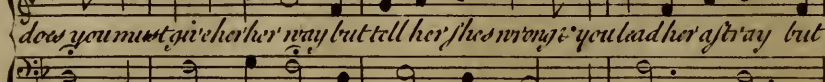
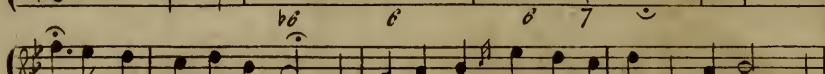
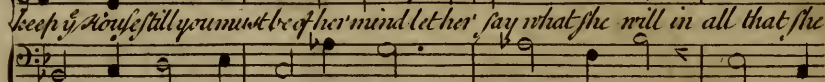
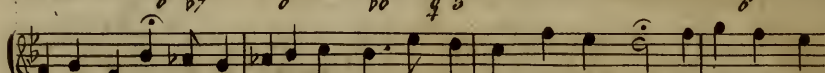
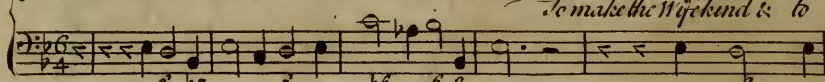
The Happy He

moderate

S:

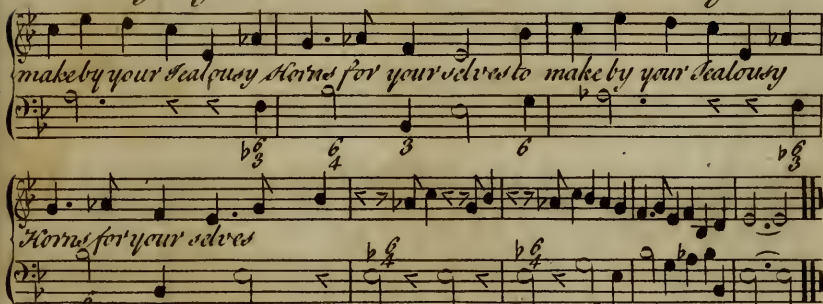


To make the Wife kind & to



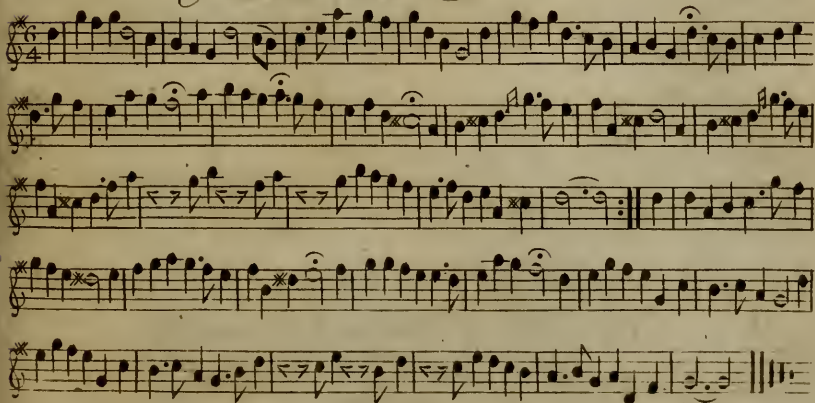


Sung by M^r Beard at Ranelagh



*Abroad all the Day if she Chuses to ram,
Seem pleas'd with her absence, shall sigh to come home,
The man she likes best and wants most to be at,
Be sure to commend & she'll hate him for that.
Then Husbands &c.*

*What Vertues she has you may safely oppose
What e'er are her follies commend her for those
Approve all the schemes that she lays for a Man
For name but a Vice & she'll err if she can.
Then Husbands &c.*





The Modern Rance

Sprightly

When e'er a cautious Nymph I spy my fancies all on fire I long to hear her
 grace to fly & revel in desire my
 faith I swear & sigh my pain too much for both to rise for conquest ne'er attends the
 Avain who cant himself disguise for conquest ne'er attends if Avain who cant himself dis-
 guise who cant himself disguise

Then should if fair one, Haughty prove,
 And my fond suit disdain;
 When arts, nor bold, nor tender move,
 She's seen for aot again;
 But if to crown me with Success,
 She kindly does comply,
 I of the Nymph require but this;
 To love as long as I.



The Gear and The Bragrie ot

Bricks

O shame light on this Worlds Delf when I see how
little ot I've got to my self I'm wae when I look on my trad bare coat O

Shame fa' the gear & the Bragrie ot

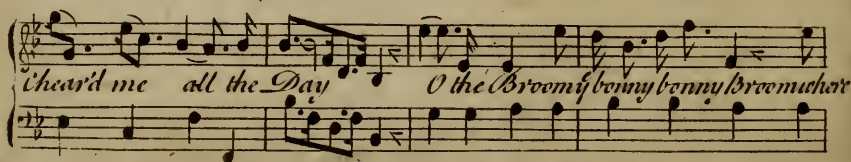
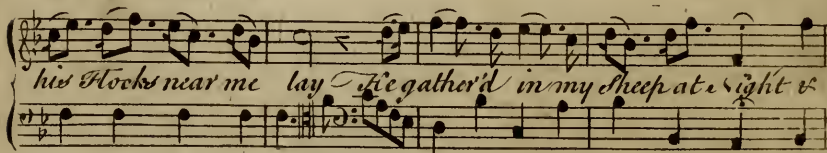
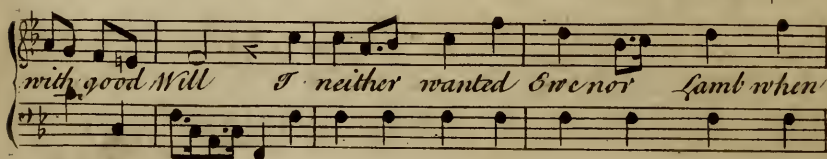
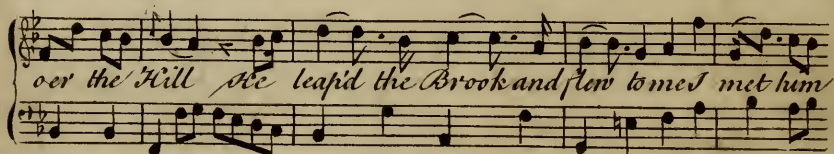
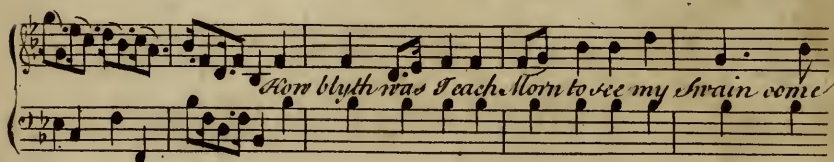
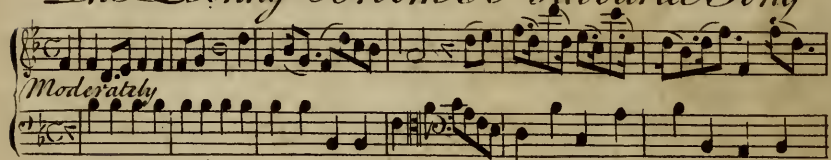
For Jenny was the Lass that muck'd y' Byre,
But now she is clad in her Silken attire,
And Jenny was y' Lass that wore the plaiden coat,
O shame fa' the gear and the Bragrie ot.

And Fockey was y' Ladie that gade at y' Plough,
Tho' now he's gotten hord & gear enough,
But I have seen y' Day when he was not worth a great,
O shame fa' the gear and y' Bragrie ot.

But all this shall never Dauntin me,
As long as I keep my penny free,
As long as I have a penny to pay for my pot,
May y' Dirl take y' Gear & y' Bragrie ot.

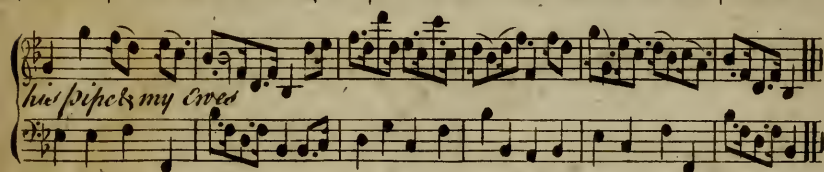
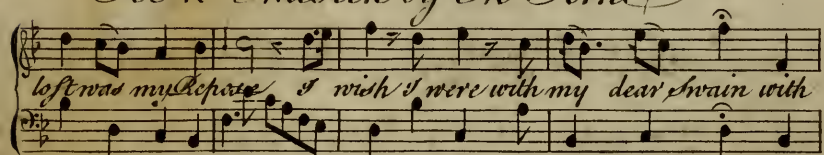


The Bonny Broom & Favourite Song



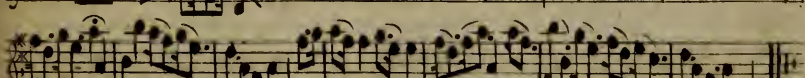
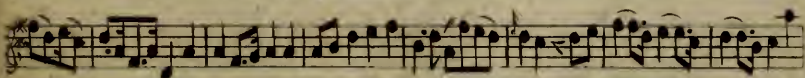
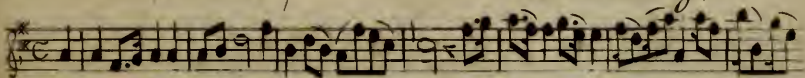


Set to Music by M^r Arne



*He laid his pipe & Reed as sweet
The Birds stood listning by
The fleecy sheep stood still & gaz'd
Charm'd with his Melody
While thus we spent our time by turn
Pastur'd our flocks & Play
I enviyd not y^e fairest Dame
Tho' ever so rich and Gay
O the Broom &c*

*He did oblige me ev'ry Hour
Coud I but faithfull be
He stole my Heart coud I refuse
What e'er he ask'd of me
Hard fate that I must banish'd be
Gang heavily & mourn
Because I lov'd y^e kindest Swain
That ever yet was born
O the Broom &c*





To keep my Gentle Jessey

Gently

To keep my gentle Jessey what

Labour, woud seem hard Each toylsome Task how

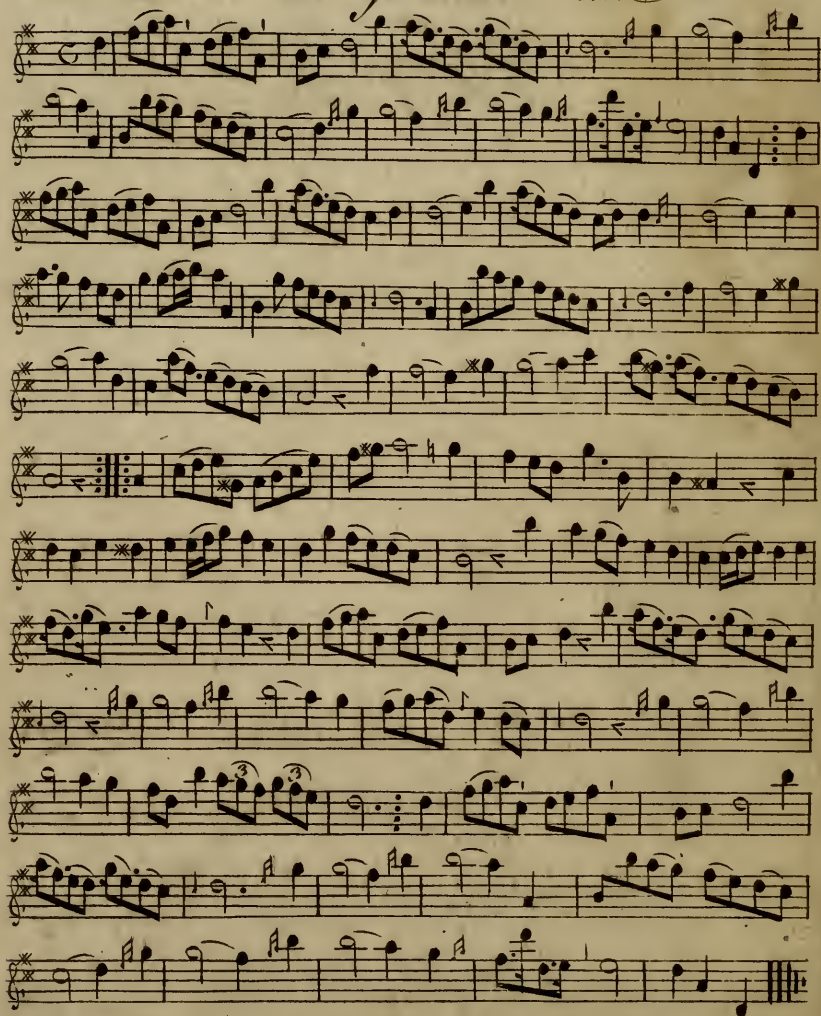
ea of Her Love the sweet reward the

Sweet reward her Love the sweet reward the sweet re

ward her Love the sweet reward The Bee thus uncomplaining as

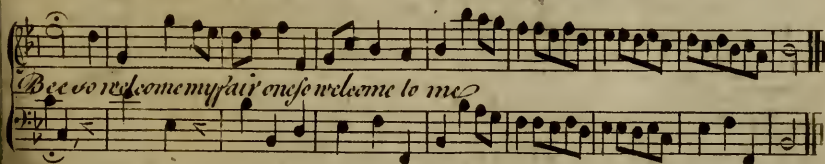
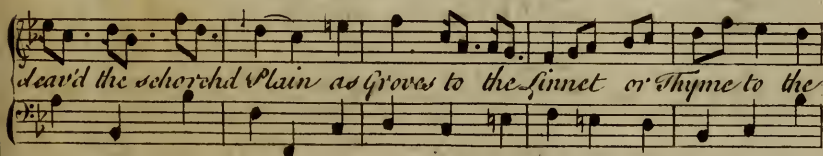
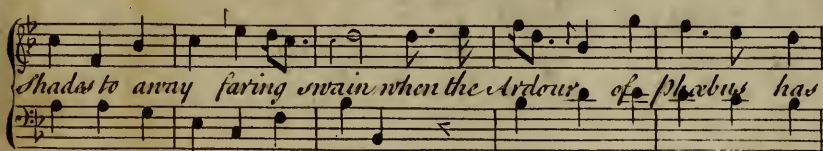
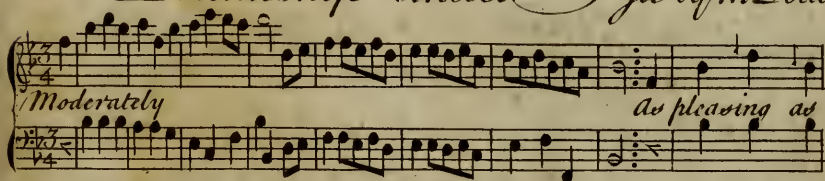


For the German Flute

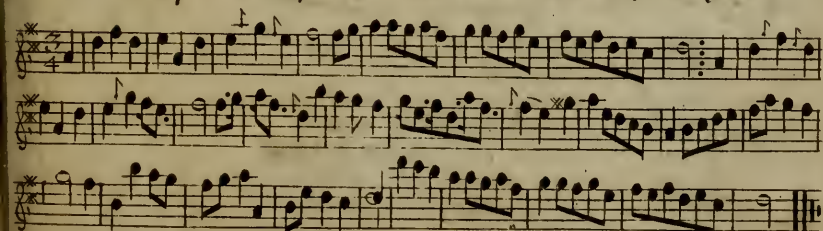




Friendship United set by Mr Bell



*Whom Love has united no Tyrants can part,
Nor can time e'er efface what's Engraved in y^e Heart;
Remembrance survives when all Rapture is past,
And friendship's a Flame that burns bright to y^e last.*





Gently *The Innocent Fair.* Set by Mr Bell

Young I am, yet unskill'd how to make, a Lov... or yield how to
 keep or how to gain when to love and when to Feign
 Take me take me Some of You While I yet am young and
 true Cér I can my Soul disguise leave my Breasts &
 roll my Eyes

Stay, not till I learn the Way,
 How to lye and to betray;
 He that takes me first is best,
 For I may deceive the rest,
 Could I meet a blooming Youth,
 Full of Love and full of Truth,
 Brisk, and of a gentle Mien,
 I should long to be fifteen.



The Virgins Wish Set by Mr. Bell

Virgins if e'er at length it prove my Des...ti...ny to be in
Love pray wish me such a Fate May Wit and
Prudence be my Guide and may a little decent Pride my
Actions re...qu...late

Such stateliness I mean as may When first a Lover I commence
Keep nausious fools & fops away May it be with a Man of sense
But still oblige the wise And learned Education
That may secure my Modesty May all his Courtship eavy be
And guardian to my honour be As either to formal nor too free
When passion does arise? But wisely when his passion

May his Estate agree with mine
That nothing look like a Daugh
To bring us into Sorrow
Grant me all this that I have said
And willingly I'd live a Maid
No longer than to a Morrow.



The School of Anacreon

The festive board was met by social Band around famill Anacre on

took their silent stand my sons began to sage) betwixt of Rule No brow austere must

dare approach my School Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign with

in Old Care begone Old Care begone Here sadness were a sin

For *Pia* *For*

A favourite Cantata

5 6 6 $\frac{6}{2}$ 6 6 6 6 6

Pia *For*

Pia *Tell not*

For

me the Joy that wait on him that's learn'd or him that's great

Wealth and Wisdom I des

pise cares surround the rich and wise Cares surround

Cares sur

round the rich and wise The Queen that

For *Na*

Set to Musick

Gives soft wishes Birth: Bacchus God of Wine and Mirth

for. *Pia*

me their Friend and Sav'rite own me their Friend and Sav'rite

Pia

own and I was born for them alone

Pia

I was born

Pia

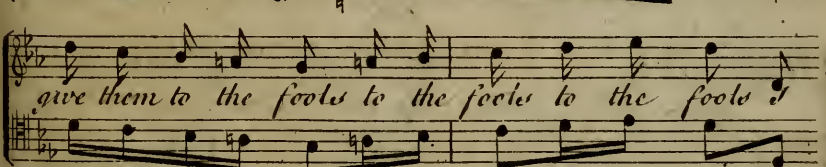
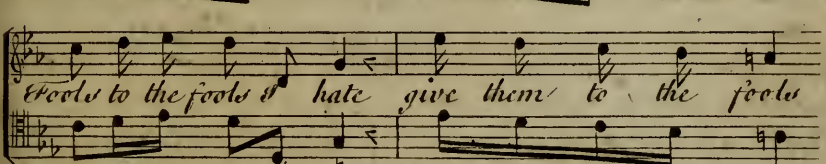
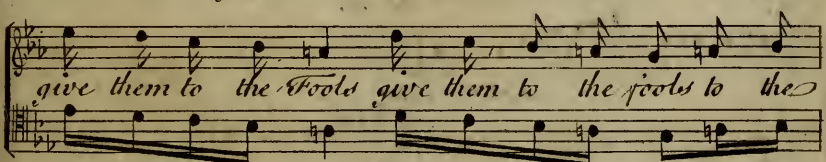
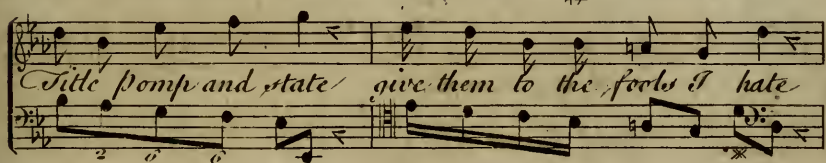
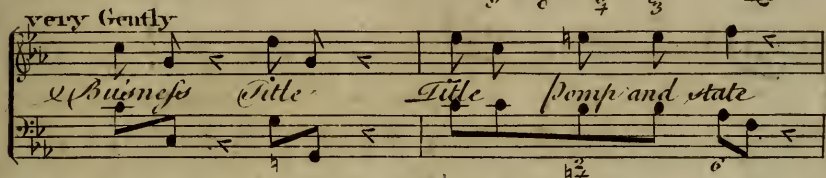
for them a lone I was born for them a

lone

The Queen that lone

For.

by M^r. Arne



§ brightly

But let Love let Life be mine bring me women bring me Wine

Pla

Speed the Dancing hours away and

Pia

mind not what the Grave ones say

$$I_o^4$$

Speed of dan.

Pia

For

ing hours away

mind not

Tria

mind not what the Grave once say

For

Gaily let the Minutes fly in Love and Freedom Wit and

Joy in Love & Freedom Wit and Joy

Gayly

For

at Naur Hall

let the Minutes fly in Love and Freedom With Joy

So shall Love & Life be mine bring me Women bring me Wine

Pa $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{3}{2}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{3}{2}$

Speedy dancing hours away mind not what the Grave ones say For

$b7$ o o 6 6 6

Speedy dan...

$\frac{3}{2}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{3}{2}$ *Pa* 9 6 $\frac{6}{6}$ 9 $\frac{5}{6}$

For

2

speedy dancing hours away mind not what if Grave ones

6 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ 6 6

For *Pa*

say mind not mind not what the Grave ones say

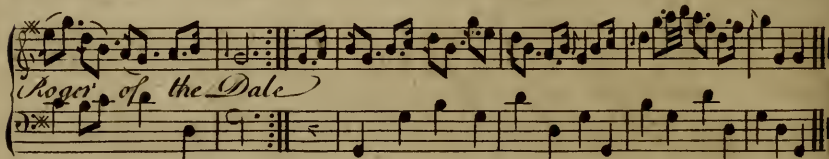
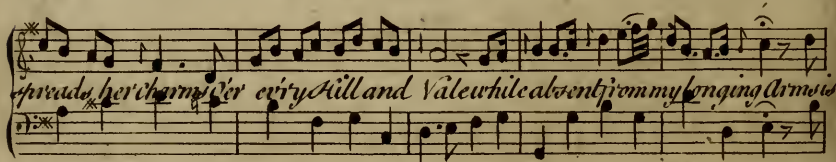
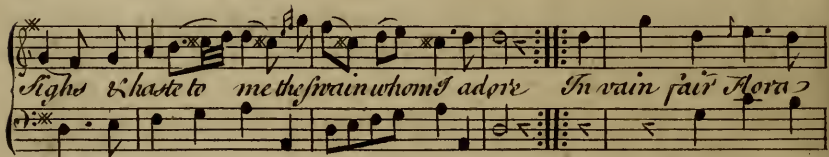
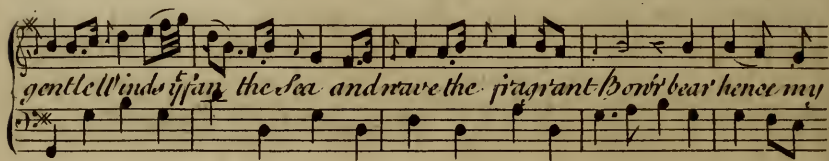
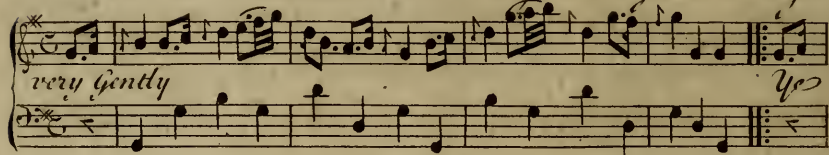
6 4 $\frac{3}{2}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{7}{4}$

For

$\frac{3}{2}$ 6 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ 5



A Favourite Song Set by W. Riley

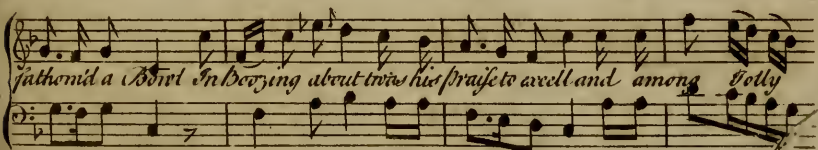
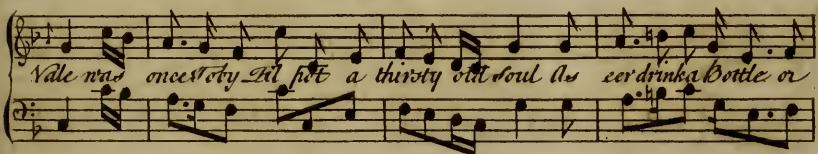
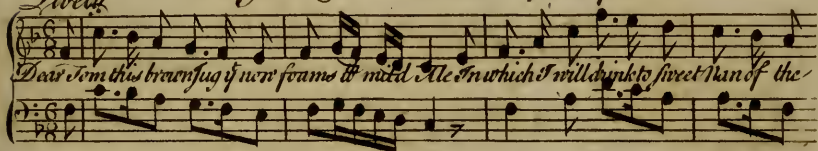


Let wanton Nymphs & Swains employ,
In sensual Love their Days;
While I my Darling Youth enjoy,
In Virtues Smiling Rays,
Take all the false delights of Courts
Each glittering Beau & Belle,
Give me with harmless rural Sports,
My Roger of the Dale.



Toby Reduced set by M^r Hodson

Lively



It chanced in dog Days as he sat at his ease
 In his Men's worn drab as gay as you please
 With a friend & pipe puffing Sorrow away
 And with honest old Tingo was soaking his clay
 His breath Doors of Life on a sudden were shut
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester Butt

His Body when long in y^e ground it had lain
 And time into clay had dissolv'd it again
 A Potter found out in its covert so snug
 And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug
 Now sacred to Friendship & mirth & mild Ale
 So here to my lovely sweet Nan of the Vale



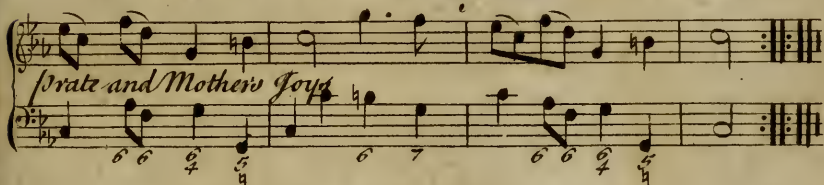
Sylvia

Moderate

Sylvia wilt thou waste thy Prime
 Stranger to the Joys of Love thou haste Youth & that's thy
 Time every Minute to improve Round thee wilt thou
 nev er hear Little wanton Girls & Boys sweetly
 Sounding in thy Ear Sweetly sounding in thy Ear Infant

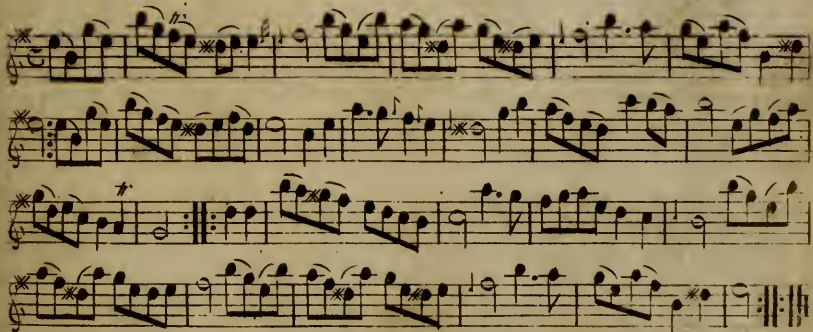


Set to Musick by M^r Arne



Only view that little Dove
 Softly cooing to its Mate
 As a further proof of Love
 See her for his kisses wait
 Hark! that charming Nightingale
 As it flies from Spray to Spray
 Sweetly tunes an Amorous Tale Sweetly
 Love I love it strives to say

Could I to thy Soul reveal
 But the least the Thousandth Part
 Of those Pleasures Lovers feel
 In a mutual change of Heart
 Then repenting wouldst thou say
 Virgins Fears from hence remove
 All the Time is thrown away All the
 That we cannot spend in Love





A Humorous Song

Moderately quick

Ye Priests who are troubled wth Conscience Qualms who ever are praying or
 chanting off Psalms w^{ill} listen a while & I'll sing you a Song shall open your Eyes
 open your Eyes shall open y^r Eyes & you'll see right from morning
 In Claret alone you should place all your hope there's more Absolution in
 this then y^e Pope's or the famous Clergy's Salutation of life with this you may face either



Sung by M^r Beard

Devil or Wife face the Devil Devil or Wife with this you may

Chorus

face either Devil or Wife face the Devil Devil or Wife with

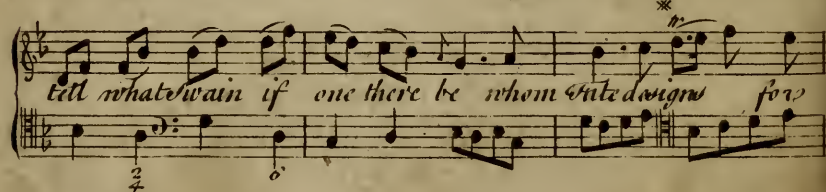
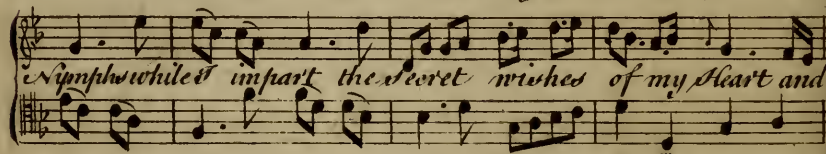
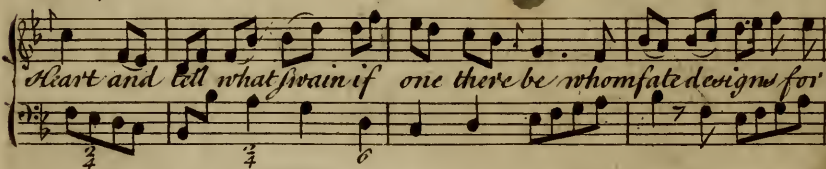
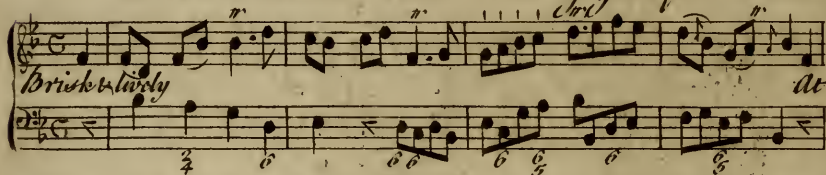
this you may face either Devil or Wife

Your Mars, & Apollo, in Spite of the Schools,
 And Jupiter eke to our Bacchus are Fools,
 When his blessed Spirit enlivens our Clods,
 Each Mortal's inspir'd with y^e Pow'r of the Gods,
 Not Mars is so Valiant, when Watchmen provoke,
 Not Phaulusso wise, when y^e Justice we smoke,
 Nor Jove half so Rampant in all his Amours,
 When we thunder away from our Claret to Whores.

My Morals are Sound—for they lye in my Glass,
 My Religion and Faith are my Bottle & Pass,
 My Church is the Tavern, a Vintner & Priest,
 And thus I go on till the Saint is deceas'd,
 And when I no longer can revel & roar;
 But must part with my Bottle, my friends, & my Whore,
 Embalm me in Claret; pay Rites at my Shrine,
 Thus living I'm happy, when dead I'm divine.

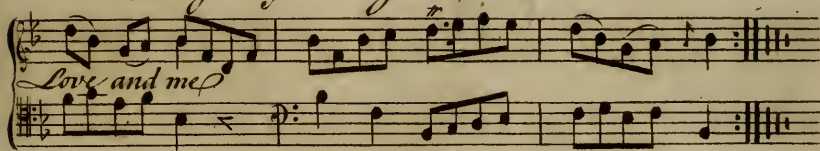


Favorite Song set by Mr Baidon



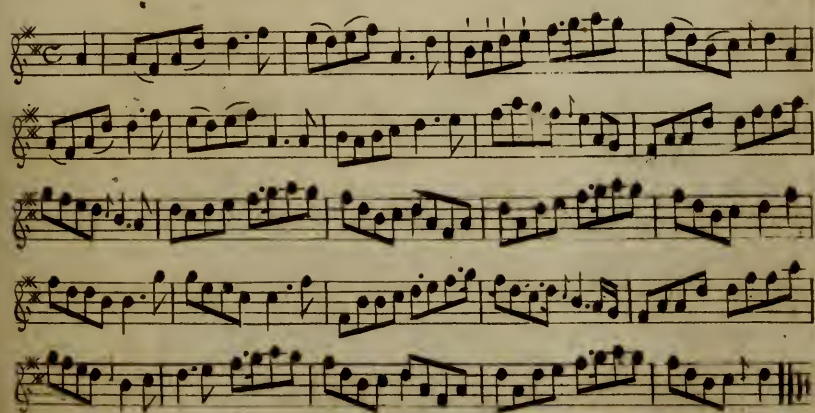


Sung by Miss Stevenson



<i>Let Reason o'er his thoughts preside</i>	<i>Where Sorrow prompts y^e pensive sigh</i>
<i>Let Honour all his Actions guide</i>	<i>Where Griefs bedew y^e drooping eye</i>
<i>Stedfast in Vertue let him be</i>	<i>Melting in Sympathy I see</i>
<i>The swain design'd for Love & me.</i>	<i>The swain design'd for Love & me.</i>

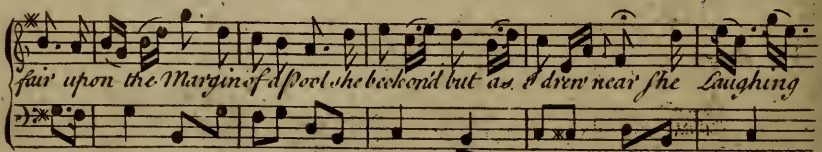
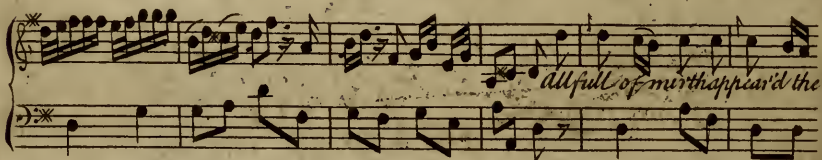
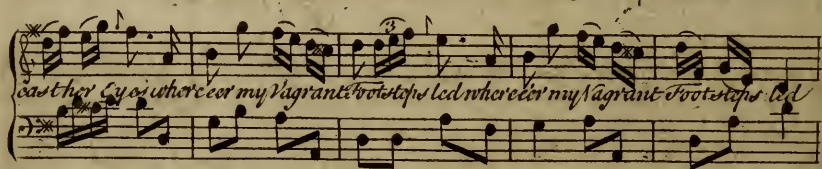
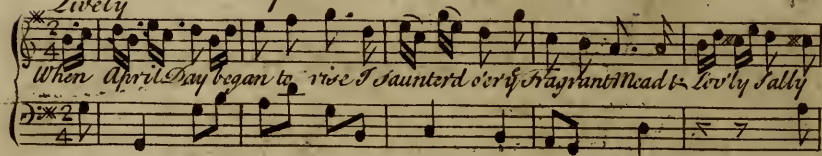
<i>Let solid Sense inform his mind</i>	<i>Let sordid avarice claim no part</i>
<i>With pure good nature sweetly join'd</i>	<i>Within his tender gen'rous Heart</i>
<i>Sure friend to modest merit be</i>	<i>Oh be that Heart from falshood free</i>
<i>The swain design'd for Love & me</i>	<i>Devoted all to Love & me.</i>



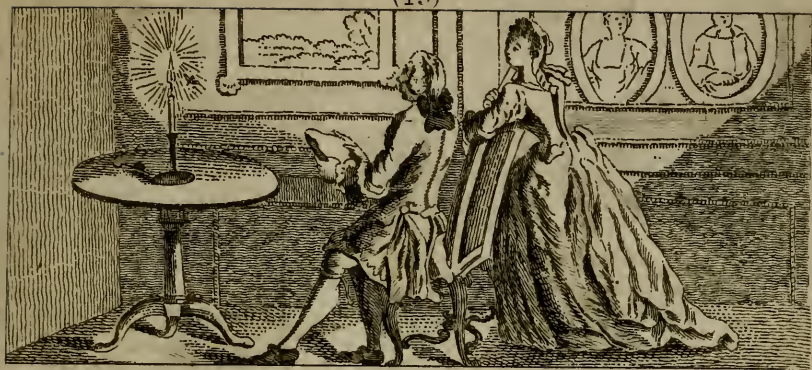


April Fool

Lively



I shook my poor untinking Head That never dreamt on April Day However to my self I said Young Maid Ill soon this trick repay She ask'd me why I stupid stood Like some poor frighted boy at school Because I gadde'd of the Wood Says I makes me an April Fool	Oh! say'd she fine Words indeed Enough to win a Maidens Heart Come Collinsound thy Oaten Reed And play a Love Tune ere we part I drew my Pipe which pleas'd her well Nor would I let her fondness cool I laid her down but must not tell Now she was made an April Fool
---	--



The Fly • A Simile

See See that Insect proud and vain around the Va per
 Buzz in pains chord'd by the Dayl ing Fire
 Pleas'd with the Candles Glittering light too near approaching
 kills him quit and in the Flame expire

Attracted thus, by Beautys Charms,
 Each Youthful Heart is in alarms,
 And hovers round the Fair,
 Till by the Lightning from her Eyes,
 The hapless Swains like silly flies,
 Are kill'd and disappear.



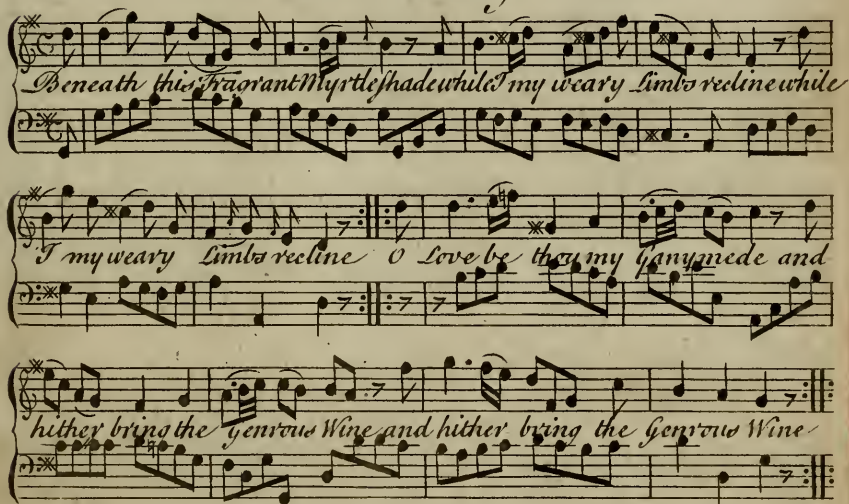
John & Nell

As Nell sat underneath her Cow near to a Creek of
 Hay Brick John was coming from his plough & hand to pass that way Like
 Lightning to the Maid he flew and by the Hand he seiz'd her pray John she
 cry'd be quiet Do and found because he seiz'd her

Young Cupid from his Mothers knee	John laid himself down by her side
Observ'd her female Pride	And stole a Kiss or two
Go on to prosper John (says he)	And Flattery's Charm he also try'd
And I will be your guide	Till she the kinder grew
Then aim'd at Nelly's Breast a dart	The Poison soon began to spread
From pride it soon releas'd her	And in the Nick he seiz'd her
She faintly cry'd I feel love's smart	She trembled bluish & hung her Head
And sigh'd because it eas'd her	Then smild because he pleas'd her



A New Song



How Swift the wheel of Life revolves
 How soon lifes little race is oer
 But Oh when Death this frame dissolves
 Mirth Joy and Frolic is no more

Why then ah! Fool profusely vain
 With Incence shall thy Pavements shine
 Why dost thou pour O wretch profane
 On senseless Earth the Nectar'd Wine

To me thy breathing Odours bring
 On me the mantling Bowls bestow
 Go Cloerob the Roseate Spring
 For Wreaths to grace my honour'd Brew

Yes e'er the airy dance I Join
 Of fleeting Shadows light and vain
 All wisely drown in floods of Wine
 Each busy Care and Fdle pain



A Favourite Song

Tenderly

My fond Shepherds of late were so
 blest their fair Nymphs were so happy and gay that each
 Night they went safely to Rest and they Merrily
 sung through the Day But ah! what a scene must Ap.



in the Opera of Eliza

pear must the sweet rural Pastimes be over shall the
 Tabor the Tabor no more strike the Ear shall the
 Dance on the Green be no More.

Will the Flocks from their Pastures be led
 Must if Herds go wild straying abroad
 Shall the Looms be as stopt in each Shed
 And if Ships be all moord in each Road
 Must the Virts be all scatterd around
 And shall Commerce grow sick of her Tide
 Must Religion expire on the Ground
 And shall Virtue sink down by her side



Moderately **Strawberry Hill**

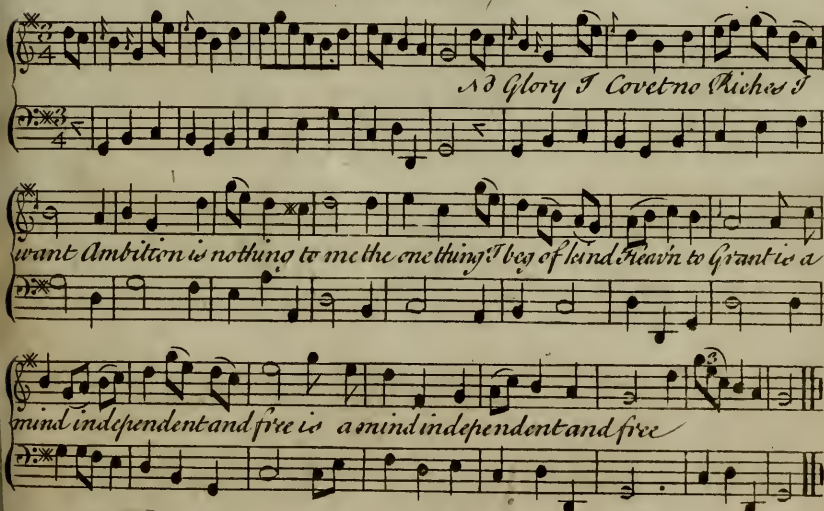
Some cry up Gunnersbury for
 Lion some declare some say with Chiswick House No Villa can com
 pare But ask of Beaux of Middlesex Who know the Country well of Strawberry
 Hill if Strawberry Hill dont bear away the Belle

Some love to holl down Greenwich Hill	Since Denham sung of Coopers
For this thing and for that	Theres scarce a Hill around
And some prefer sweet Marble Hill	But what in Song or Ditty
Tho sure tis somewhat Flat	Is turnd to Fairy Ground
Yet Marble Hill is Greenwich Hill	Oh peace be with their Memory
If Sk-ty Cl-e can tell	I wish them wondrous well
From Strawberry Hill from h	But Strawberry Hill But h
Cant bear away the Belle	Will bear away the Belle

The Surry boasts its Oak lands	Great William dwells at Windsor
And Claremont kept so firm	As Edward did of Old
And some prefer sweet Southcott	And many a haul & many a scot
Tis but a Dainty Whim	Have found him full as bold
But ask the Gallant Bristol	On lofty Hills like Windsor
Who doth in Taste excel	Such Hero's ought to dwell
If Strawberry Hill If h	Yet if little folks on Strawberry Hill
Dont bear away the Belle	Like Strawberry Hill so well



Contentment



With passion unruffled untainted with Pride
By Reason my Life let me square
The wants of my Nature are cheaply supply'd
And the rest is but folly and Care

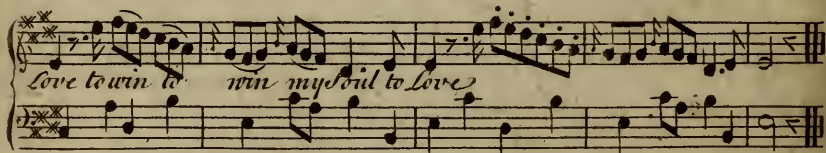
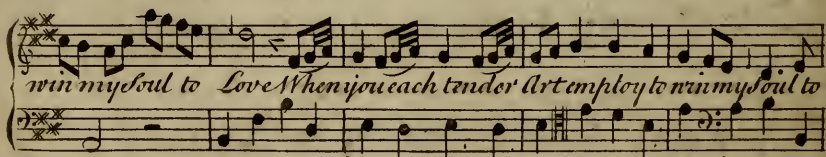
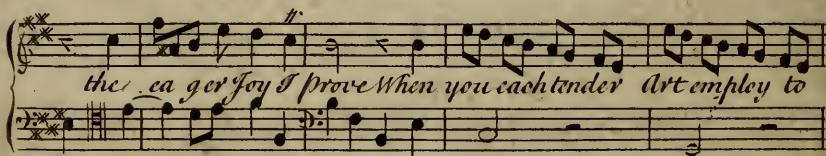
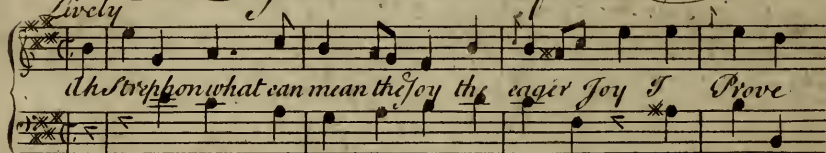
The Blessings which Providence freely has lent
I'll justly and gratefully prize
While sweet Meditation & chearfull content
Shall make me both healthy and wise

In the Pleasures the great Mans possessions display
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part
For ev'ry fair object my Eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my Heart

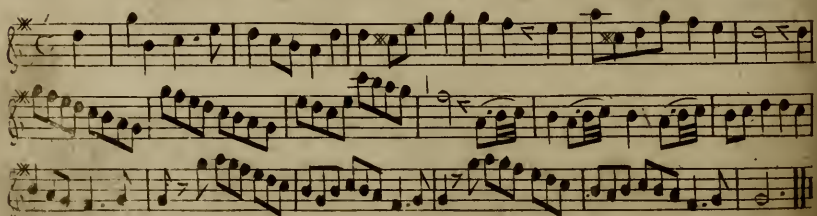
How vainly through infinite trouble and care
The many their Labours employ
Since all that is truly delightfull in life
Is what all if they will may enjoy



Lively The Generous Confidence



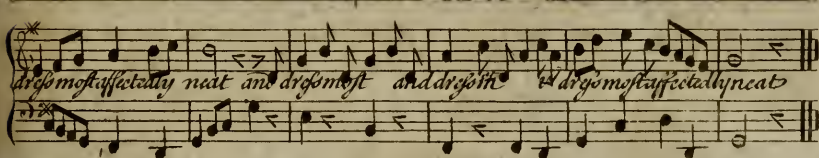
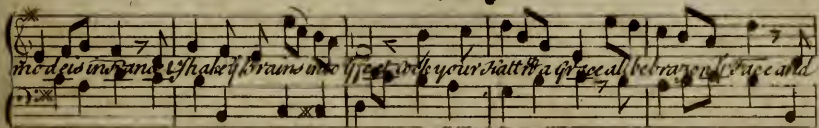
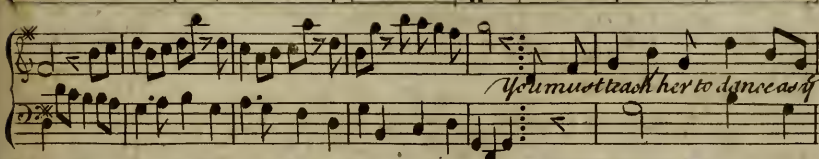
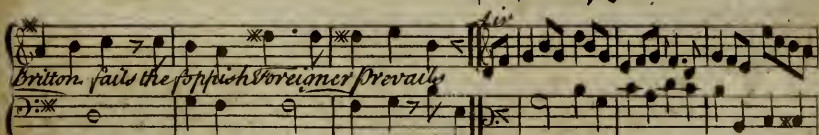
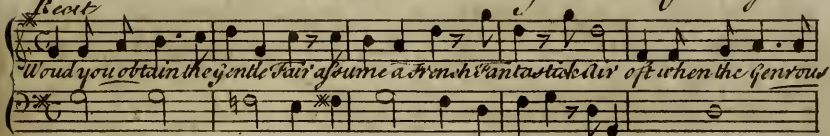
So well your Passion you reveal When take y^e Heart that pines to go,
 So top the Lover's part, (But see it kindly us'd;
 That if with blushes own'd I feel For who such presents will bestow
 A Rebel in my Heart. If this should be abus'd.





A Favourite Song Set by M^r Oswald

Recit



Then bow down like a Beau	Walk y ^e Figure of Eight
Hop and turn out your Toes	With your Rump stiff & straight
Lead Miss by y ^e Hand & clear a throat	Then turn her with delicate Ease
Draw your Glove with an Air	Bow again very low
At your white Stockings stare	Your good Breeding to show
And simper & Ogle and flatter	And Missy you'll perfectly please

*If these Steps you pursue
You will soon bring her too
And rattle the Child of her Charms
Her poor Heart will heave high
And she'll languish and sigh
And Capen' quite into your Arms*



Not too fast

A New Song -

Silly Swain no longer

dwell on the Charms of witty Bell nor with Priests Enraptur'd Run to the Grate to

Court the Nun *But to Rosalind Impart all the*

Motions of thy Heart but to Rosalind Impart all the Motions of thy Heart

Tell her alls that's good and Fair,
 In her Person centred are,
 Tell her too howe'er inclin'd;
 To be good is to be kind,
 While she deigns to hear the Tale,
 Truth and Virtue may prevail.

But Oh if some happier Swain,
 All her fond Attention gain,
 Seated in the Silent Bow'r;
 At the melting Midnight Hour,
 She may listen while shee won't
 Thee so fair to dye a Un.



The Despairing Lover

The Chorus

Heavens I read my Fate *Her Eyes do bid despair*

Each act on shows her root ed hate Oh pain too great to

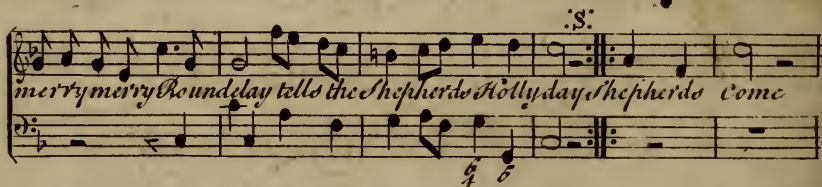
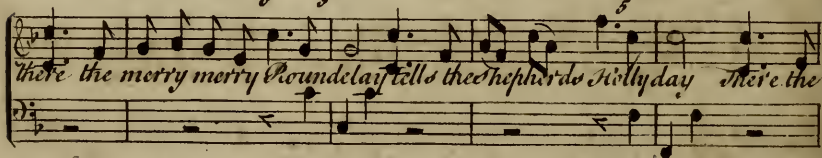
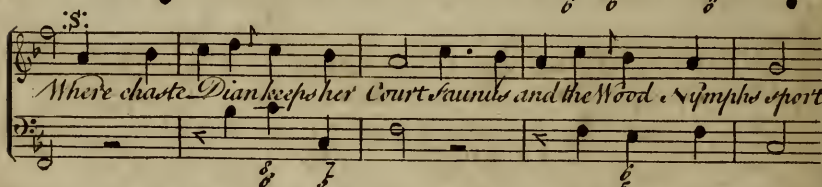
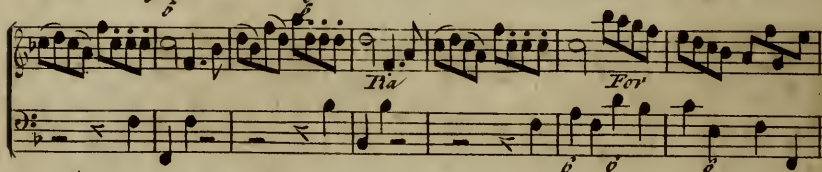
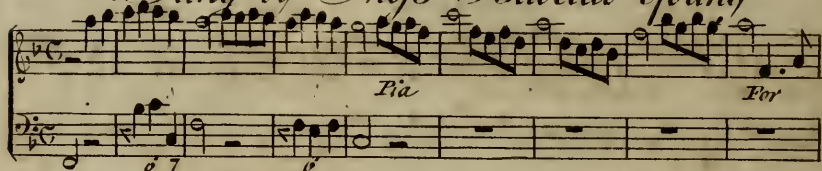
bear Oh pain to great to bear

When I in tears fall at her feet Since Clo's love alas I know
 Shall not one look afford, It is in vain to Crave,
 Nor all the torments I repeat, Her pity may one word bestow
 Can gain one tender word. And dying-Damon save:

O ye lovers happy with the Fair,
 Oh teach me all your art,
 That I to Joy may change my care,
 And gain my Cloes Heart.

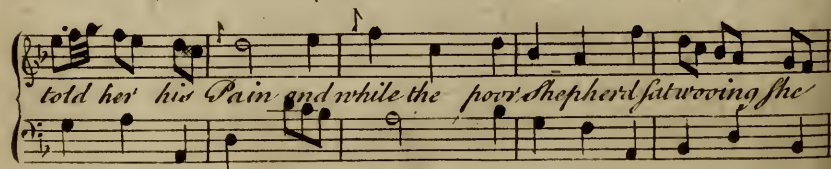
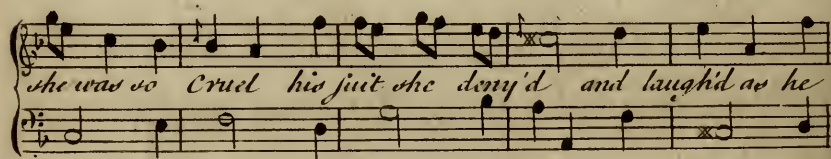
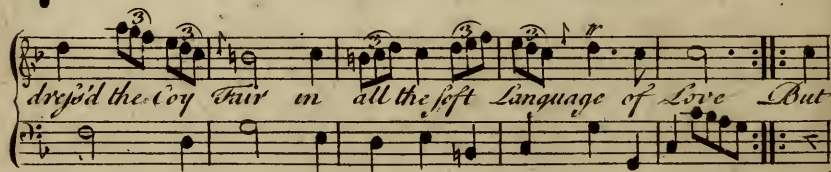
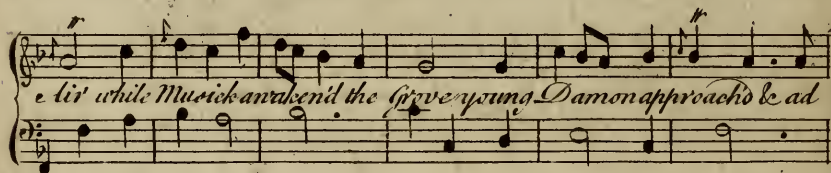
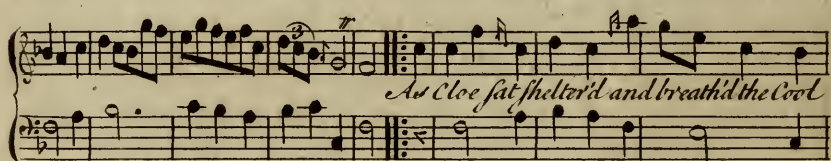
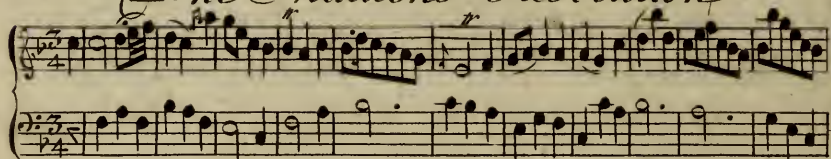


Sung by Miss Isabella Young



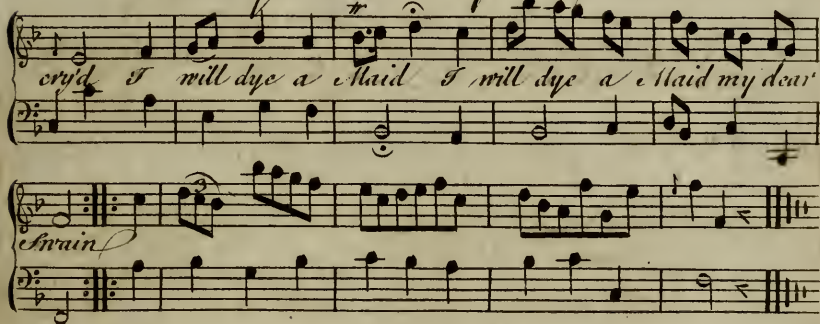


The Maidens Resolution



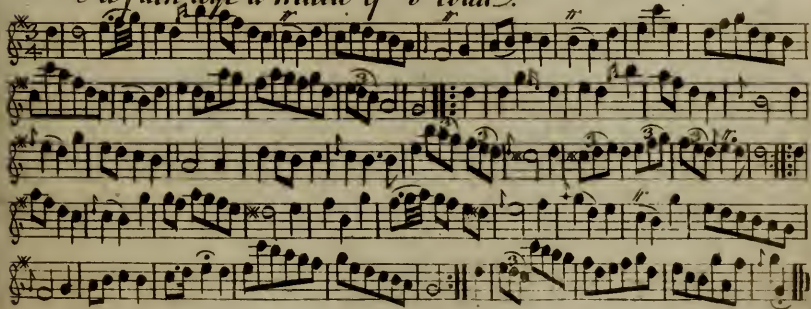


Set by M^r Desesoch



Oh what says the Youth must thy Beauty so gay,
Perplex us at once and invite,
Embrace every Rapture lest Time make a Prey,
Of that which was meant for delight,
When Age has crept round and thy Charms wrinkled oer,
Then all will my Chloe disdain;
But still all her Answer was seize me no more,
I will dye a Maid my dear Swain.

Young Damon protested no other hed prize,
His Name was so strong and sincere,
Then watch'd the Emotions that play'd in her Eyes;
And banish'd his Torture and Fear,
My Joye shall be secret enraptur'd he cry'd
As Chloe be gentle and good,
The Fair one grew softer, and sighing reply'd,
I'd faine dye a Maid if I could.





Moderate *An Veni Song* *set by M^r Oswald*

Virg Nymph & shepherd bring

Tri butas to the Queen of May kisse for her beauty & Spring make her as the Season gay

Teach her then from ev'ry flower how to use & fleeting Hour

Teach her then from ev'ry flower how to use the fleeting hour

Now the fair Narcissus blows, Soon the fair Narcissus dies,
 With his sweetness now delights, Soon he droops his languid Head,
 By his side the Maiden rose, From the Rose her purple flies,
 With her artless blush invites, None inviting to her Bed,
 Such, so fragrant, and so gay, Such, tho' Now so sweet and gay,
 Is the blooming Queen of May, Soon shall be the Queen of May.

Thou thou art a Rural Queen,
 By the suffrage of the Swains;
 Beautifull like the Vernal Green
 In thy Shrine not long Remains
 Bless, then quickly bless the Youth,
 Who deserves thy Love & Truth.



A Favourite Song in Lethe Sung by M^r Beard

* 12
 8 *Ye Mortals whom Fanciers & Troubles perplex whom folly misguides & In*
 * 12
 8 *firmities Vain whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest Who*
 * *rise without Joy and lye down without Rest*
 * *Obeey the glad Summons to Lethe repair Drunk deep of the Stream and for*
 * *get all your Care drink deep of the Stream & forget all your Care.*

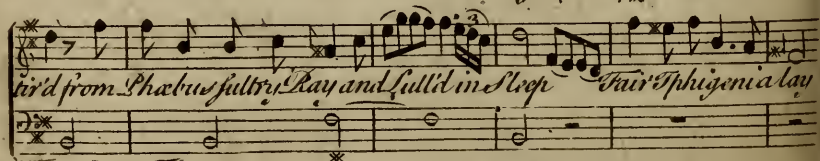
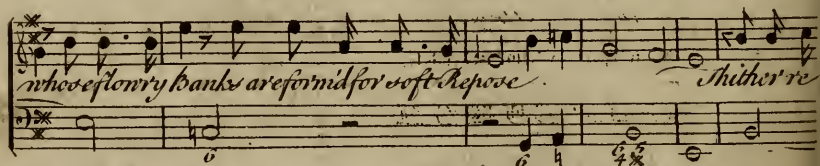
*Old Maids shall forget what they wish'd for in vain,
 And Young Ones the Plover they cannot regain
 The Drake shall forget how last Night he was cloy'd,
 And Eloe again be with Passion enjoy'd,
 Obeey then the Summons, to Lethe repair,
 And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.*

*The Wife at one Draught may forget all her Wants,
 Or drench her fond Heart to forget her Gallants,
 The troubled in Mind shall go cheerful away,
 And Yesterday's Wretch be quite happy to Day,
 Obeey then the Summons, to Lethe repair,
 And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.*



James Roberts fecit

Cymon and Tphigenia



A Favourite Cantata

Ria *Cynthia* a Clown who never dreamt of Love by chance was

brisk
stamping to the neighbouring Grove

stole
 huddled along unknowing what he sought & whistled as he went for want of thought

alone
But when he first beheld the sleeping Maid

he gaped he star'd her lovely form survey'd & while with artless Voice he softly

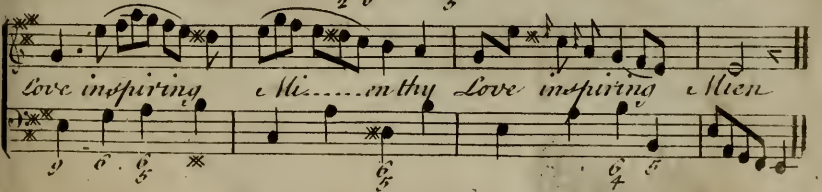
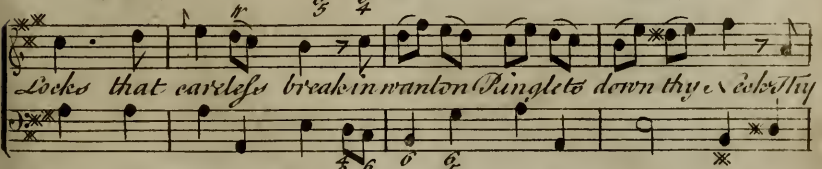
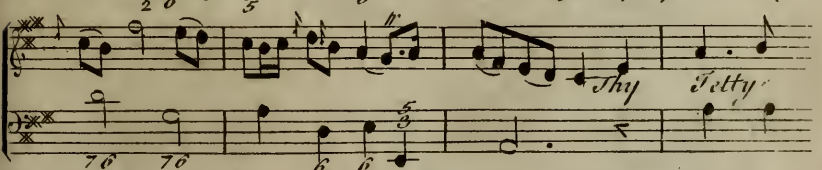
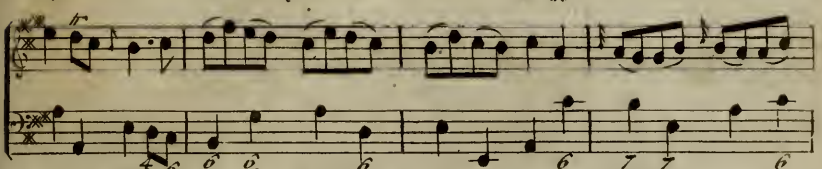
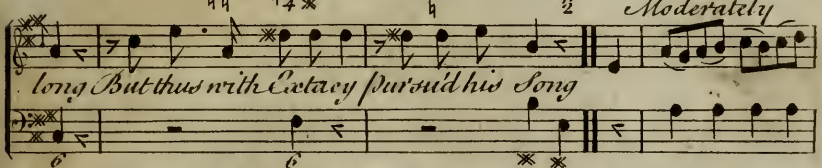
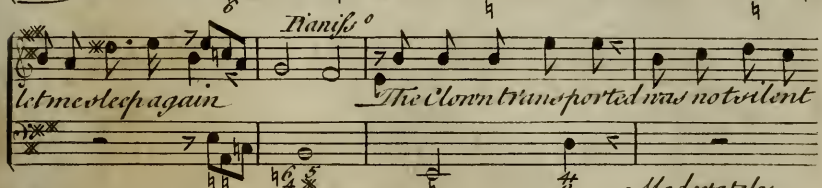
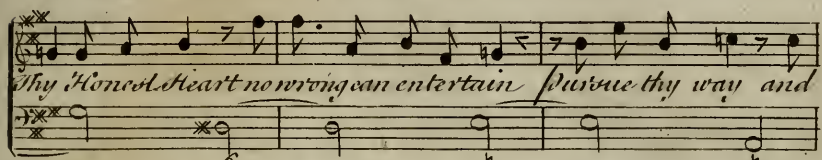
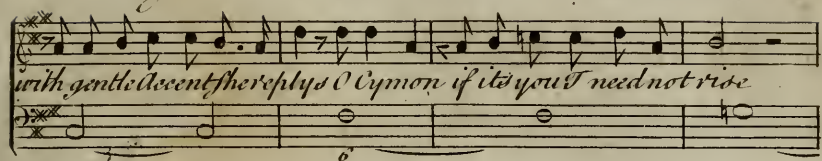
Gently
 sung to beauty's features thus inform'd his Tongue

The stream that
 glides in Murmurs by whose gladsome Bosom flows the sky compleats y rural

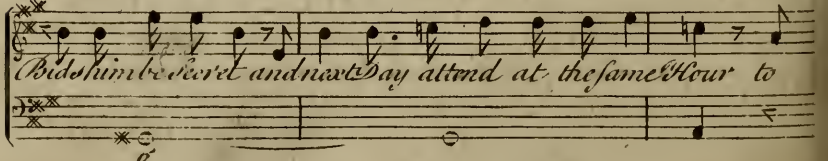
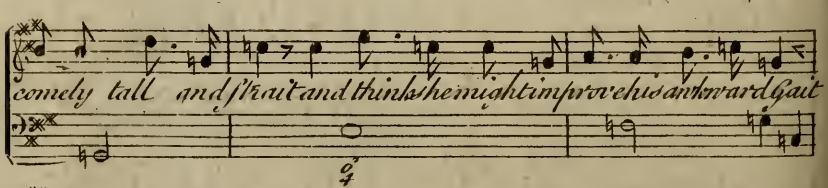
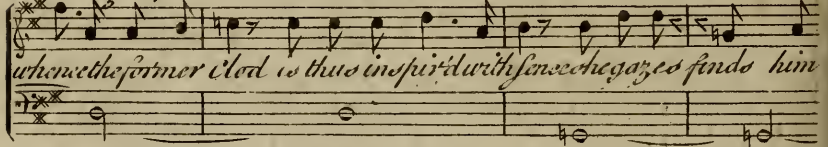
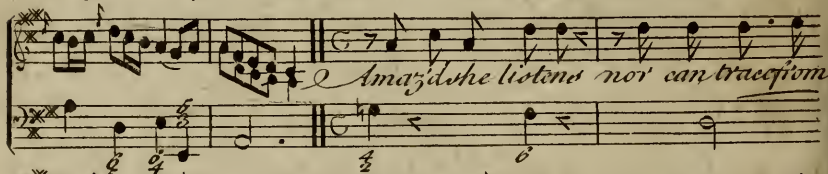
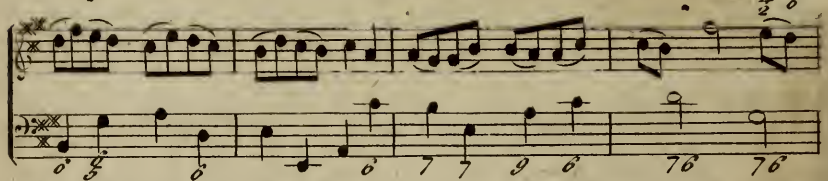
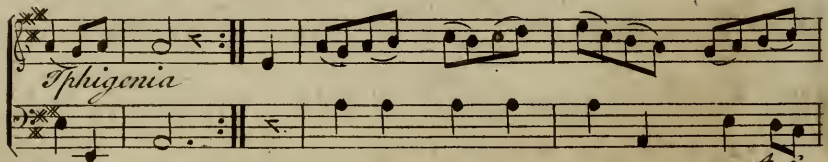
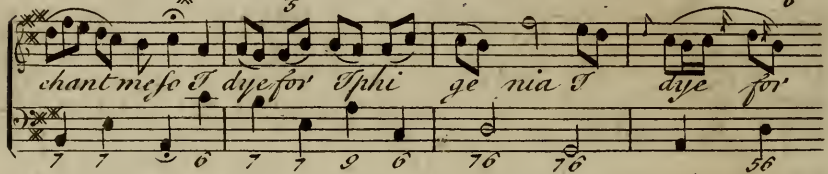
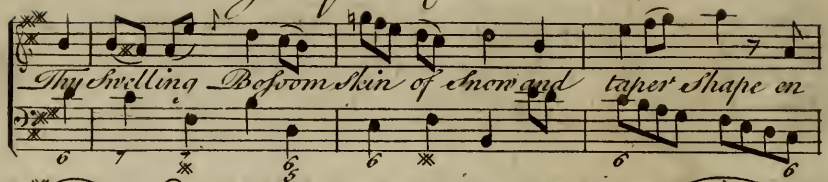
Set to Musick

Scene compleats the rural Scene But in thy Bosom
 Charming Maid all Heav'n itself is sure display'd too lovely Sphi
 genia too lovely Iphigenia
 Pia
 Ret She wakes and starts Poor Cymon trembling
 Pia Stands Down falls the Staff from his unnerv'd Hands
 Bright Excellence said he Dispel all fear Where Honour
 Present sure no Dangers near Half rais'd

by M^r Arne Sent^r



Sung by M^r. Beard



at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane

meet his faithful friend thus mighty Love could teach a clown to

plead and Nature's Language surest will succeed

Love's a pure a

Sacred Fire kindling gentle chaos Desire

Love can Rage it self controul and elevate and elevate the

Human soul and e levate the human soul

and at Ranelagh Gardens

for

Depriv'd of

that our wretched State had made our lives of too long Date

But blest with Beauty and with Love blest with

Beauty and with Love we taste what Angels do above what

Angels do above, *for.*

pia





A New Song

Set by W^r Baildon

Tenderly

As

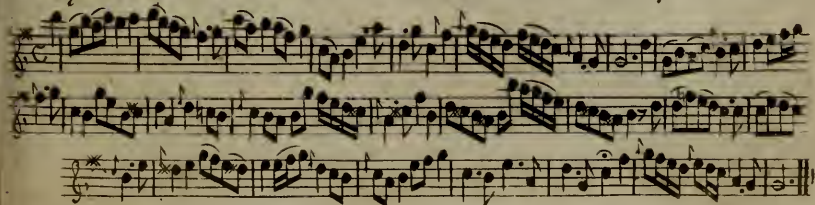
Cloe ply'd her Needles Art & purple drop the spear made from her hand & sin get Start and

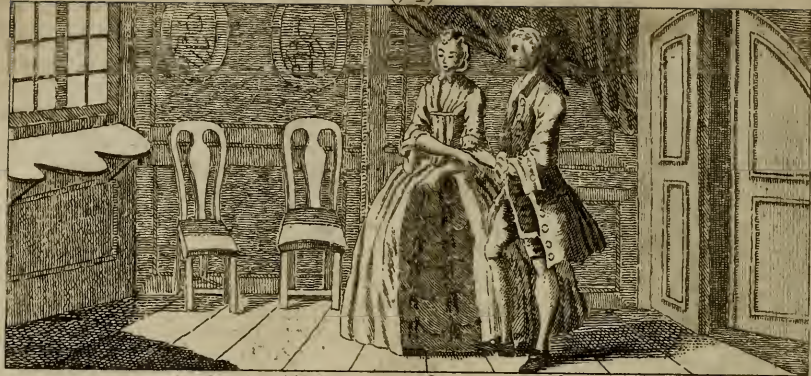
from her Eyes a Tear

As Cloe ply'd her Needles Art & purple drop the

spear made from her hand & finger Start and from her Eyes a Tear and from her Eyes a Tear

At night but Cloe by her smart, Then I her Needle would adore,
Be taught for mine to feel, Loves Arrow it should be,
Mine caus'd by Cupids piercing Dart Indued with such a subtle Pow'r,
More sharp to me than Steel. To reach her Heart for me.





The Injur'd Fair

Tenderly

Noe one Summers Evening stray'd her Tender Lambskins gently

View'd *Damon she found but quite a*

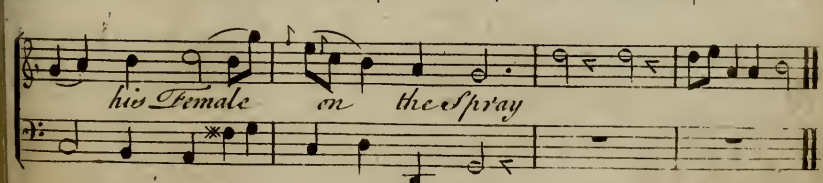
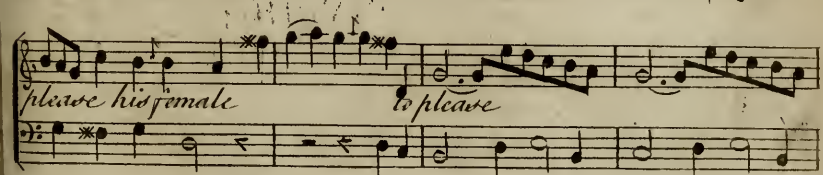
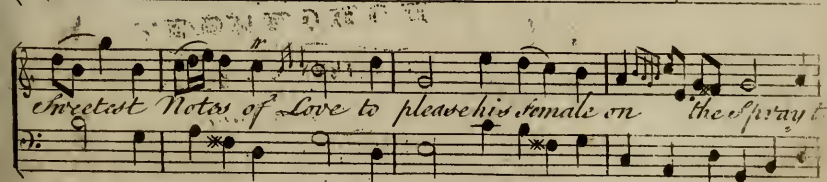
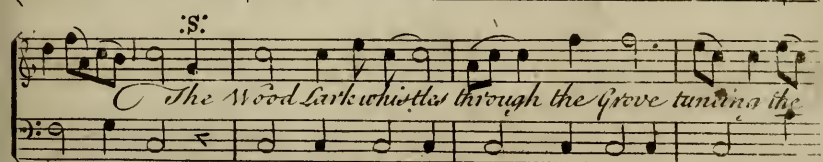
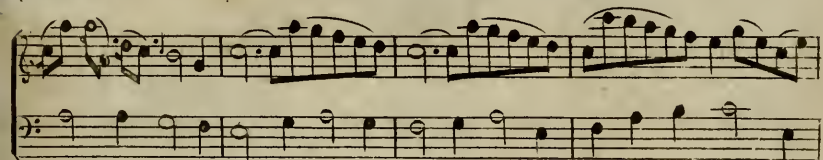
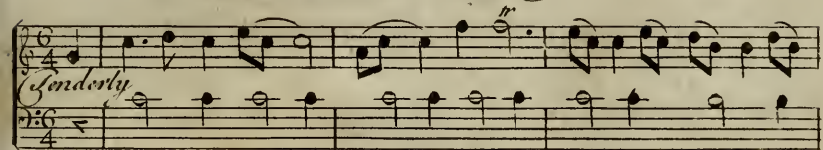
prais'd her, to some distant Plains removed

The Swain who, at a distance flew,
 She sought alas, but all in vain
 The fickle Youth, too well he knew
 The Injur'd Noes dreadfull Pain.

Under a Shady Willow Green
 On his pipe he Tun'd his Tale
 Calisto's Name was all his Theme,
 But she Lov'd Stephen of the Dale.

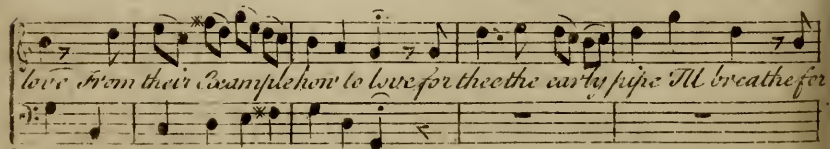
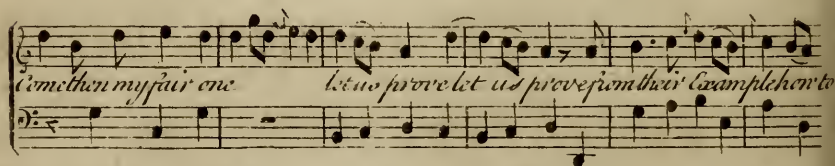
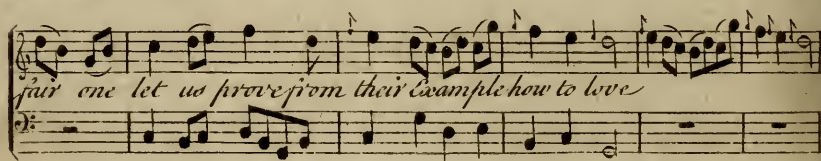
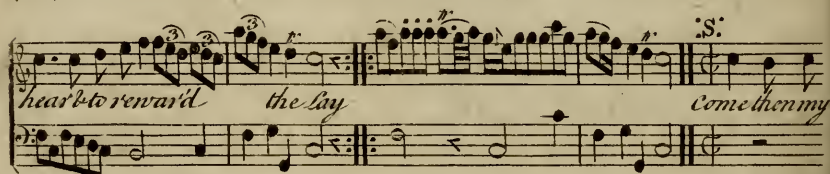
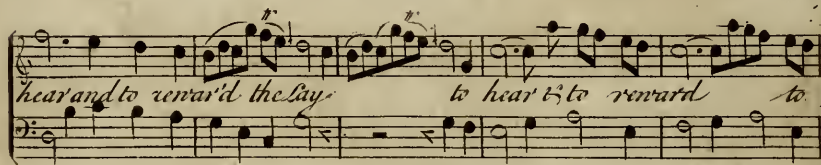
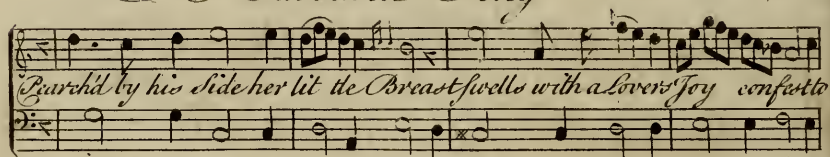


The Wood Lark





A Favourite Song





in the Opera of Eliza

thee the early pipes I'll breathe... the for thee the ear... ly

pipe I'll breathe And when my flock return to fold their

Shepherd to thy bosom hold And when my flock return to

fold their Shepherd to thy bosom hold & crown him with the nuptial wreath;

when my flock return to fold their Shepherd to thy bosom hold & crown

him with the nuptial wreath



Set to Musick by M^r Baildon

Mark the Birds begin their Lay
Flowers deck the Robe of May
See! the Little Lamkins bound Playfull o'er the
Clover Ground
While the Heifers sportive low



Sung by M^o Lowe

where the yel....low Cowslips blow

While the Kiefers Sportive low

where the yel....low Cowslips blow.

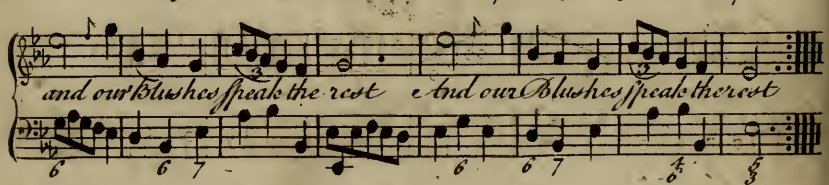
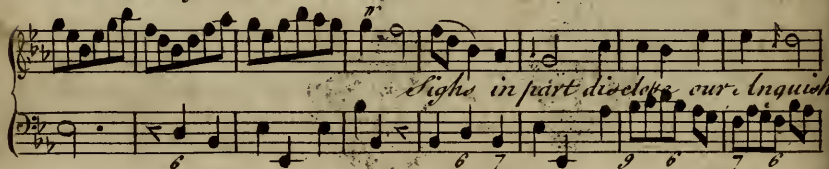
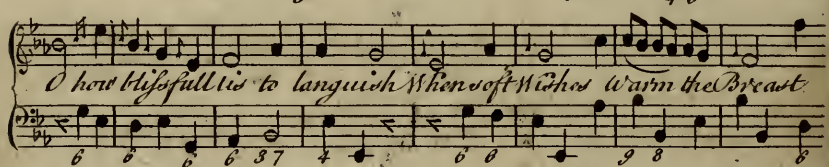
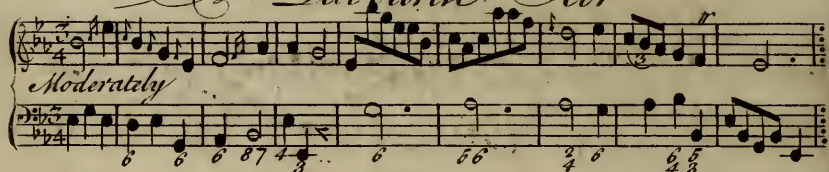
:S:

Now the Nymphs & Swains advance Innocence, Content, and Love,
 O'er the Lawn, in festive Dance: Fill the Meadows, and the Grove,
 Garland, from y^e Hawthorn Bough, Mirth, that never wears a frown,
 Grace the happy Shepherd's Broom, Health with Sweetness all her own,
 While the Lasses, in array, Labour puts on pleasure's smile,
 Wait upon the Queen of May. And pale Care forgets his Toyl.

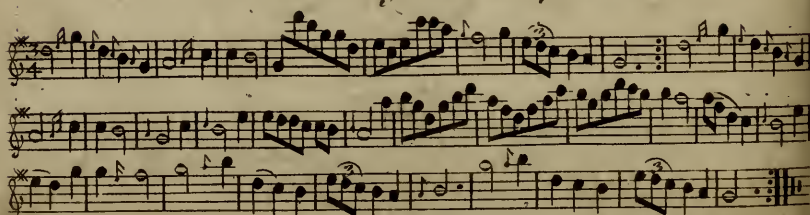
What Pleasures Shepherds know:
 No Rarities cannot such bestow,
 Love improves each happy Hour,
 Grandeur has not such in Store,
 Learn, Ambition learn from hence,
 Happiness is Innocence.



Favorite Air



*Gay Desires which fondly please us,
Prove by Night our loveliest Themes;
But when Midnight slumbers seize us,
O the Charming, Charming Dreams.*





The Misers Feast

Arurus sent for
me to dine the Day and guests bespoke *The Day & guests to be*
spoke the gilded Plate on Cupboard shine & Chimney hardly smoke
smoke... like the Chimney hardly smoke

The various Dishes I behold
 Pollo and Olio Sweet
 But Teeth so Chatter with the Cold
 I know not how to eat.

Arurus it is my Desire
And with me Join the rest
In Winter youd Improve your Fire
Or not till Summer feast.



A Loyal Song

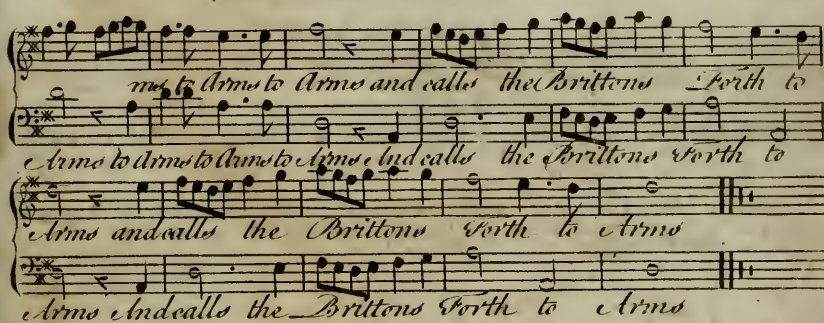
Gently

Say Lovely Peace that grac'd our Isle why you with
 Say Lovely Peace that grac'd our Isle why you with
 draw the Indulgent Smile why you with draw the Indulgent
 draw the Indulgent Smile why you with draw the Indulgent
 Smile To it you fly the Sons of Fame That
 Smile To it you fly the Sons of Fame That
 they the Pride of France may tame That they the Pride of
 they the Pride of France may tame that they the Pride of
 France may tame For Wars is Rous'd is Rous'd by Wars a
 France may tame For Wars is Rous'd by Wars a
 larms and calls the Brittons Forth to Arms to Arms to Arms
 larms and calls the Brittons the Brittons forth to Arms to Arms to Arms to

Chorus



For two Voices.

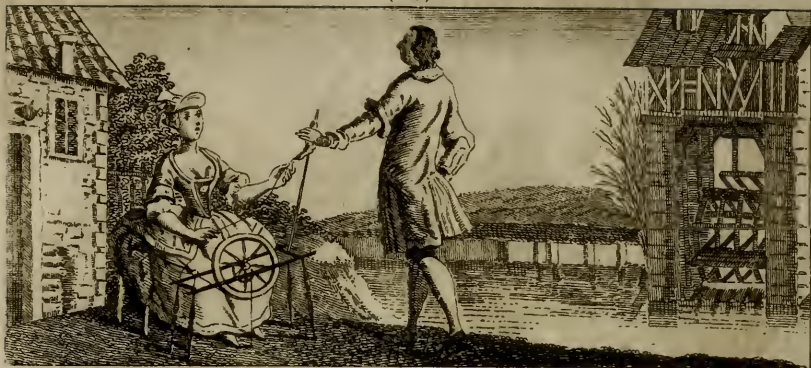


*Our Chiefs renown'd upon the Main,
 Once more in Arms shine forth again.
 Whose steady Courage dares Oppose
 And stem the power of Gallick Foës. For Mars &c*

*What State but does its fate deplore,
 Where ere the British Thunders roar,
 All all must in Subjection bow,
 And to Britannia's Sons 'tis due. For Mars &c*

*As Rome of Old her Terrors stor'd,
 And prov'd the Mistress of the World,
 The Globe it self must subject be,
 To Albion's Sons who Rule the Sea. For Mars &c*

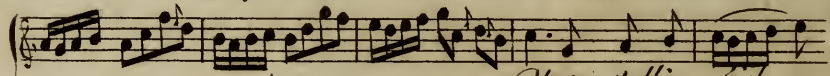
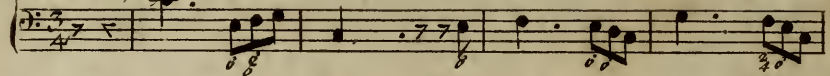
*Arise arise to War's great call,
 Prepare to meet the Audacious Gaul,
 And in return for all your toils,
 Return with Victory and Spoils. For Mars &c*



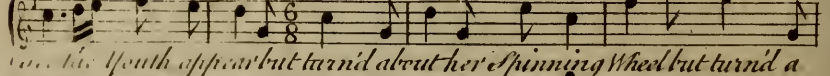
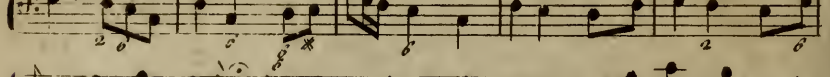
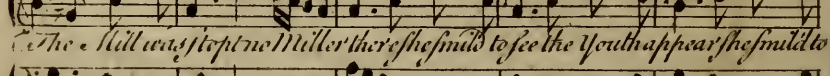
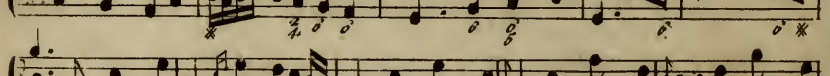
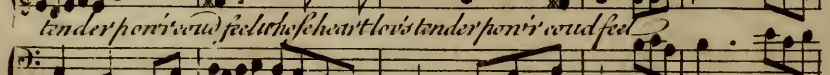
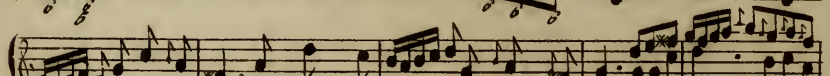
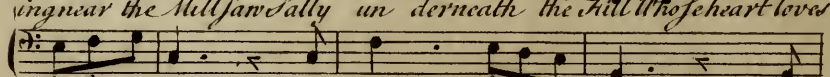
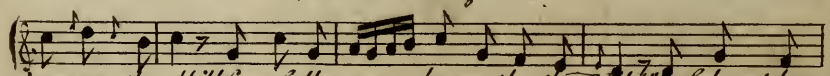
The Spinning Wheel



Moderately Brisk

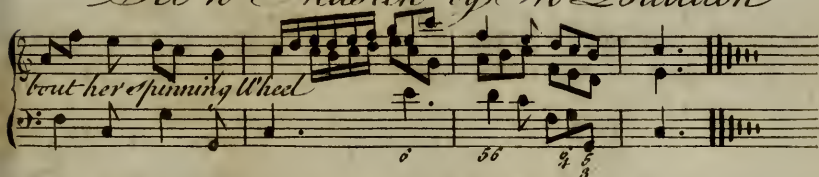


Young Collin fish





Set to Music by M^r Baildon

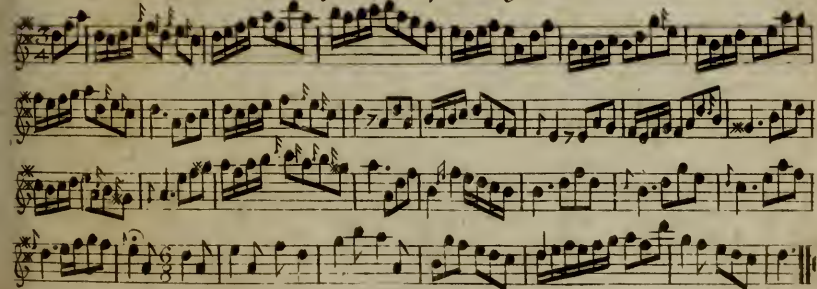


Thy Cheeks, says he, like Peaches bloom,
Thy breath is like the spring's Perfume;
On thy sweet lips my Love I'll seal,
You're stately Swans, so white and sleek,
Are like to Sally's Breast, and Neck,
But still she turns her Spinning Wheel.

The fair, the Beauty's transient Power,
Fades like the new blown gaudy Flower;
Not so where Virtue loves to dwell;
For where sweet Modesty appears,
We never see the vale of Years,
She smiles and stops her Spinning Wheel.

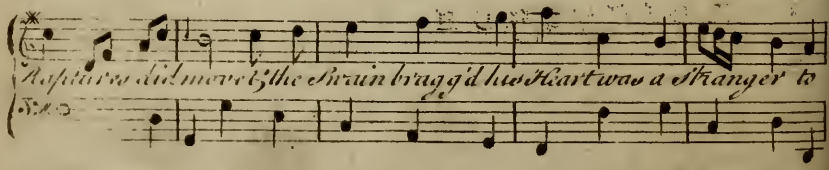
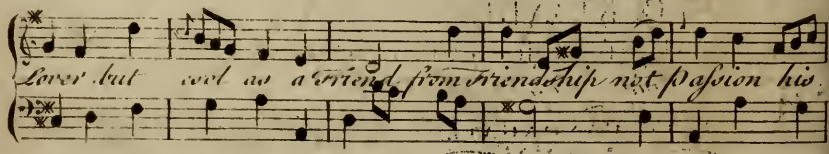
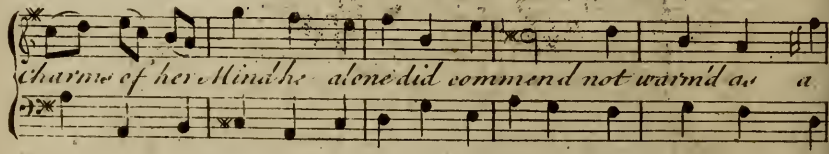
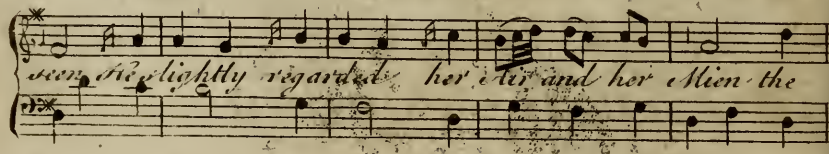
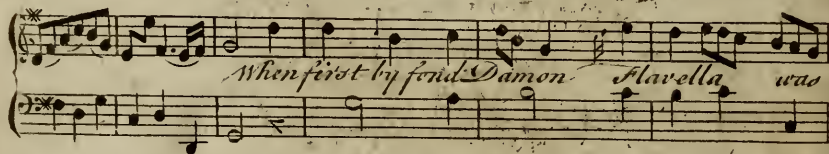
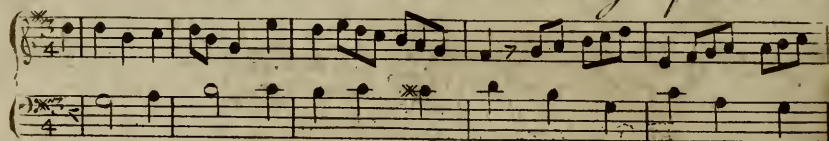
The Pomp of State, the pride of Wealth,
Jays show, & vain, for peace and health,
Where honest Labour earns her Mead;
Who tells the flatterers common tale,
Can never, e'er my Heart prevail,
And make me leave my Spinning Wheel.

The Swain who loves the virtuous Mind,
Alone can make young Sally kind,
For him I'll toil, I'll spin and reel,
It is the Voice, says he, of Love,
Come hither to yon Church above,
She blush'd, and left her Spinning Wheel.



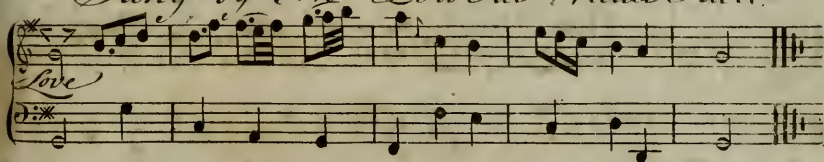


Damon and Flavella set by Mr. W. Adami





Sung by M^r Lowe at Nance Hall



*New Charms he discover'd as more she was known
 Her Face grew a Wonder her Taste was his own
 Her Manners were gentle her Sense was refin'd
 And oh what dear Virtues beam'd forth in her Mind
 Yet still for the Sanction of Friendship he shov'd
 Till a Sigh gave the Omen & shew'd it was Love?*

*Now proud to be conquer'd he sighs for the Fair
 Grows dull to all Pleasure but being with her
 His mute while his Heart strings are ready to break
 For the Fear of Offending forbids him to speak
 And wanders a willing Example to prove
 That Friendship with Woman is Sister to Love?*

*A Lover thus Conquer'd can neer give Offence
 Not a Dupe to her Smiles but a Slave to her Sense
 His Passion nor Wrinkles nor Age can allay
 Since founded on that which can never decay
 And Time that will Beautys short Empire remove
 Increasing her Reason Increases his Love.*



Peggy Set by W^c Arne

Moderately

The Peggy's charm have oft bewitch'd my darling home of ev'ry

Tongue New praises still remain . . . in praises still remain in such heavenly beauty can in

have none flight nor fancy like a muse and brighten ev'ry strain and brighten ev'ry strain

Is not her Form alone I prize, Which ev'ry fool that has but eyes As well as I can see, To say she's fair, is but to say, When Phoebus shines at Noon in Day What none need learn of me.	But I'm in love with Peggy's mind Where ev'ry virtue is combin'd, That can adorn the Fair, Excepting one, you scarce can miss, So trifling, that I would not wish That virtue had been there.
---	--

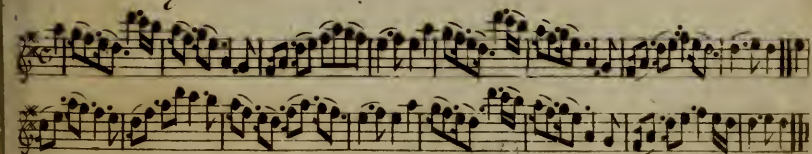
She who possess all the rest,
Must cure well the Prude, whose Breast
That virtue shares alone
To seek perfection is a jest,
They who have fewest faults are best,
And Peggy has but one.



The Adieu

*Since Peggy I must bid adieu, how can I help despairing, let
 Fate its Rigour still pursue; there's no light more worth my caring; 'twas
 She alone could calm my Soul when racking thoughts did grieve me, 'tis
 Eyes my Troubles could controul, and in to Joys deceive me,*

*Farewell the Brooks, no more along,
 Your Banks must I be walking,
 No more you'll hear my Pipe or Song,
 Or Betty Peggy's talking,
 But thy Death an End will give,
 To Grief since we must sever,
 For who can after parting, live
 Ought to be wretched Ever.*





A Favourite Air in the Opera of Eliza

Moderately

Pia For

With swords on their thighs the bold Yeomen are

seen for their Country they Arm their Religion and Queen for their

Country they Arm their Religion and Queen

how glorious their labour to lay down their



Sung by Sig^{ra} Frasi

lives in defence of their freedom *their*

56 6 b7

children and Wives *how glorious their*

6 5 6

Ardour to lay down their lives in defence of their freedom their

2 6 6 6

children and Wives in defence of their freedom their children and

6 6 7 6 6 5

Wives

7 7

*O ye Tyrants ye know not what Liberty yields
How she guards all our shores & protects all our fields
As Hecbe shes fair and a Hercules strong
Shes the Queen of our mirth & the joy of our song* *She's the*

*To Liberty raise up the high cheerfull strain
Fill y^e Goblets around to the Lords of y^e Main Fill the
Eliza is Queen and her brave loyal band
Shall drive each Invader far out of the Land Shall be*



• Favourite Song from • Shakespeares Cimbeline

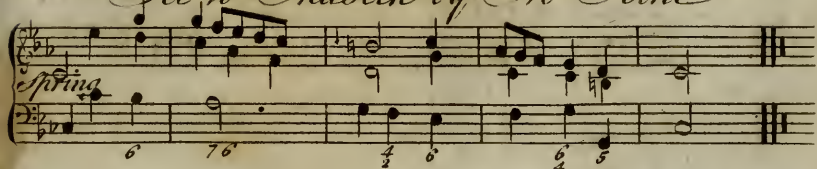
Musical score for a song from Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*. The score is written for voice and piano (lute) in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are:

pair Fidel.....eo grayson Tomb soft Maids and
Village Maids shall bring Each opening Sweet of
earliest Bloom and rife all the breathing

The score consists of 12 staves, with the piano part (lute) on the right and the vocal part on the left. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments.



Set to Musick by M^r Arne

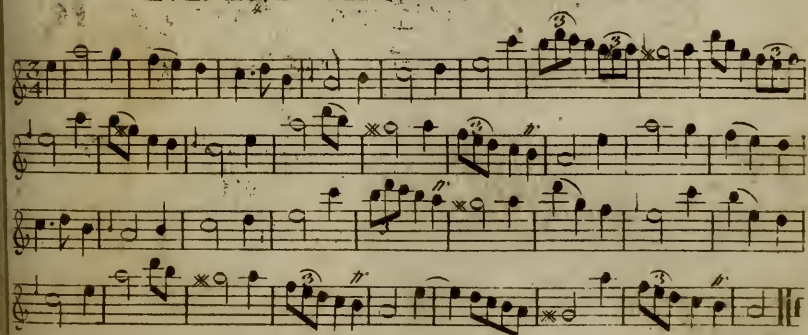


No wailing Ghosts shall dare appear The Redbreast erst at Evening Hours
Forever with shrieks this quiet Grove shall kindly lend his little aid
But Shepherds Lads of sweet chor' With hourly Hops & gather'd Flowers
And melting Virgins own their Love To deck y^e Ground were thou art laid

No wether'd Witch shall here be seen When howling winds & beating rain
No Goblins lead their nightly crew In Tempest shake the Cyprian Cell
The female Faies shall haunt y^e Green Or midst the Chace on every plain
And dress thy Grave with early Dew The tender thought on y^e shall dwell

Each lonely Scene shall Thee restore
For Thee the Tear be duly shed
Belov'd till live could charm no more
& And mournd till pity's self be Dead

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE





A Favourite Drinking Song

Had a septim when first he took charge of the Sea been as wise or at

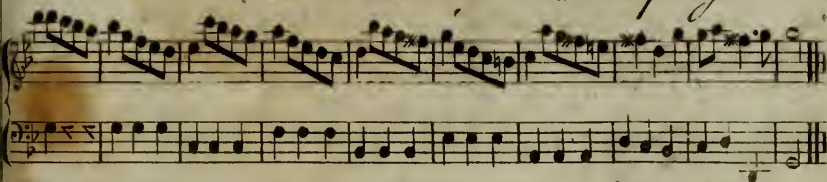
least been as merry as we shall have thought better out & instead of his

brine would have fill'd the vast Ocean with generous Wine

ne would have fill'd y^e vast Ocean with generous Wine



Set to Music by M^r. Popely



What trafficking then would have been on the Main,
For the sake of good Liquor, as well as for Gain,
No Fear then of Tempest or Danger of Sinking,
The Fishes neer drown that are allways a drinking.

The hot thirsty Sun would drive with more haste,
Secure in the Evening of such a Repast;
And when he'd got tipsy, would have taken his Nap,
With double the pleasure in Thetis's Lap.

By the Force of his Rays, and thus heated with Wine,
Consider how gloriously Phæbus would shine,
What vast Exhalations, he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor Earth, as it wanted Supply.

How happy us Mortals, when blest with such a Rain,
To fill all our Vessels, and fill em again,
And even the Beggar, that has neer a Dish,
Might jump in the River, and drink like a Fish.

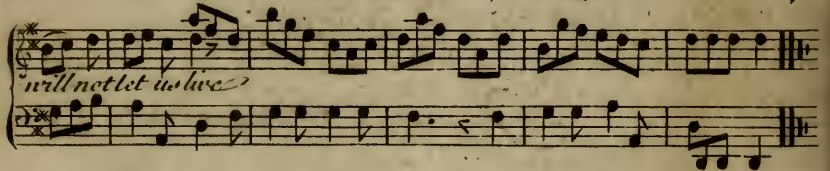
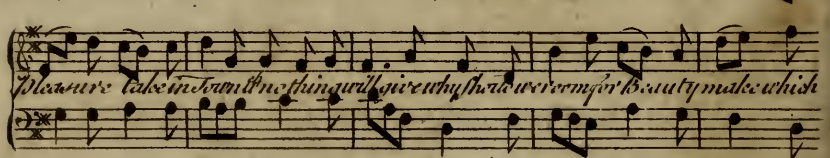
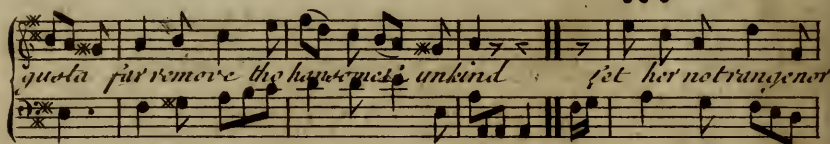
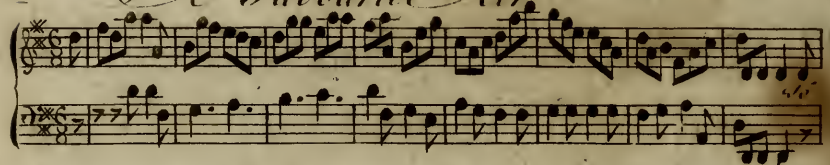
What Mirth, and Contentment, on every ones brow,
Hob as great as a Prince, dancing after his Plough;
The Birds in the Air, as they play on the Wing,
Altho' they but sip, would eternally sing.

The Stars who I think, don't to drinking incline
Would frisk and rejoyce, at the Fume of the Wine,
And merrily twinkling would soon let us know,
That they were as happy, as Mortals below.

Had this been the Case, what had we enjoy'd,
Our Spirits still rising, our fancies neer stoy'd,
A Fox then on Neptune, when traw in his Power,
To slip like a Fool such a fortunate Hour.



O T Favourite Air



*Eternal Pains like those of Hell
 Who her admire endure
 She always knows to wound too well
 Yet never works a Cure
 How woud the State the Burden bear
 If in the Throne where seen
 As in Loves Empire we do fear
 A Tyrant for a Queen?*



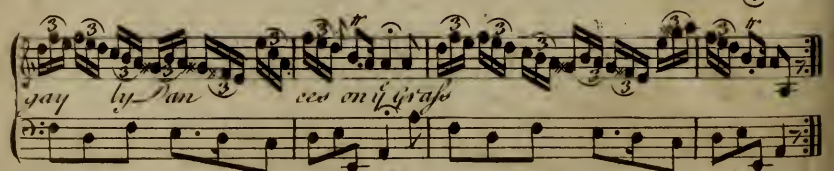
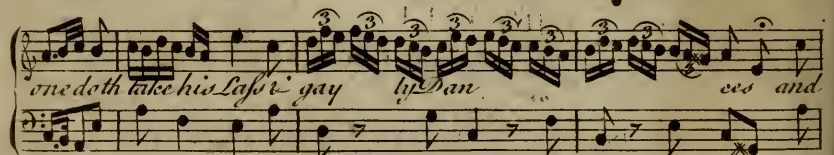
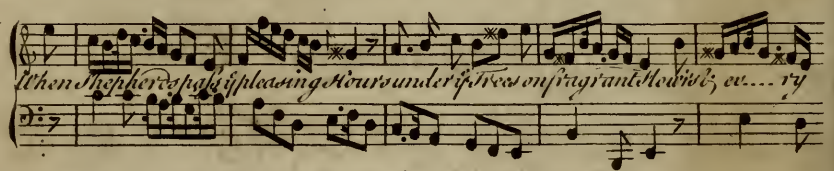
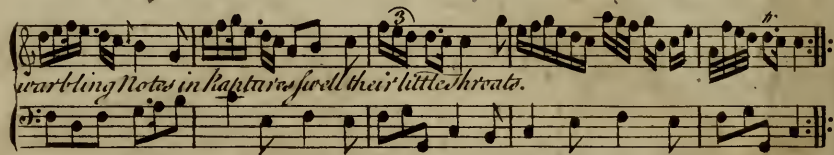
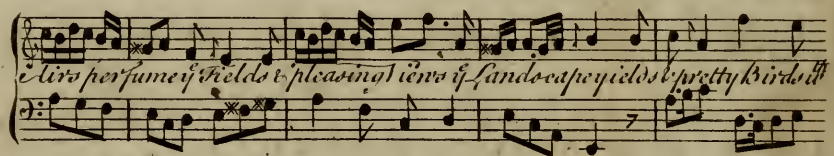
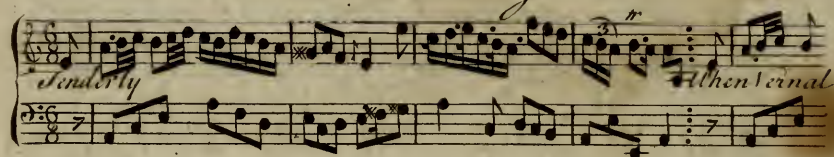
A Favourite Air

*I search'd the fields of ev'ry kind the fairest flow'rs I chose & sent them in a
wreath to bind my Rodeo cleas Brew My Rodeo cleas Brew where
Hyacinthus ting'd wth Blood in Purple beauty glows there bursting from the
swelling Bud appears a blushing Rose there burst'ing from the swelling
Bud appears the blushing Rose appears the blushing Rose.*

*Here Violets of Purple Hue
Chaste Lillies white as Snow
& Narcissus that drink the Dew
And near the Fountain blow
To boast thy Charms when crown'd with those
Cease cease O beautiful Maid
Thy Face that Blooms so like the Rose
Like that alas! will fade.*



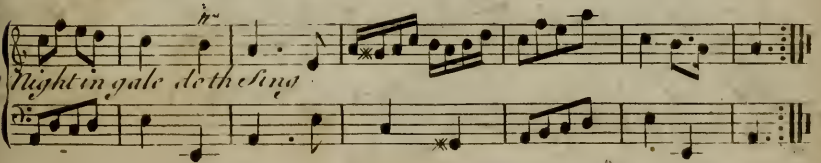
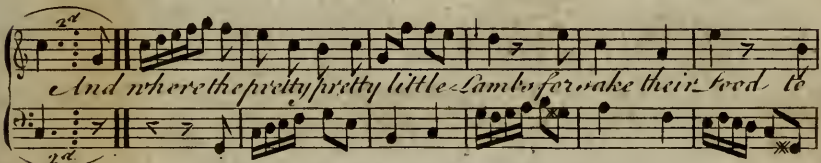
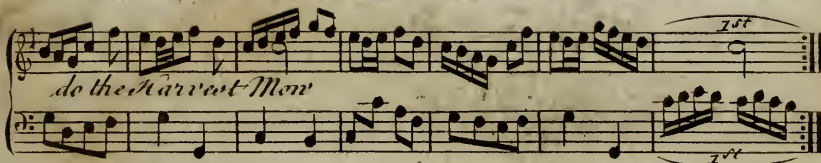
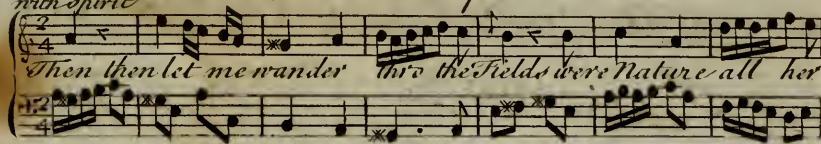
A Favourite Song





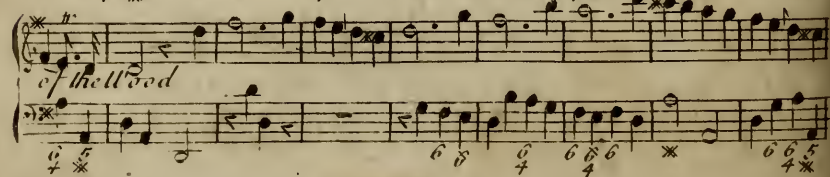
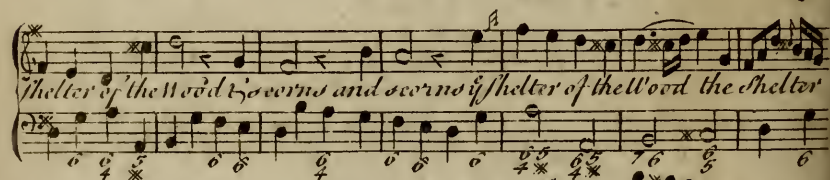
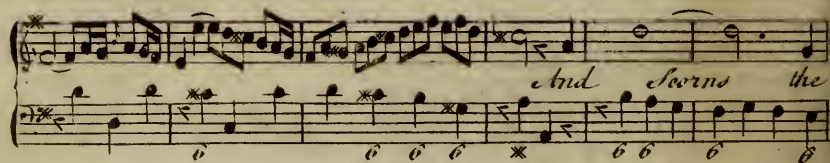
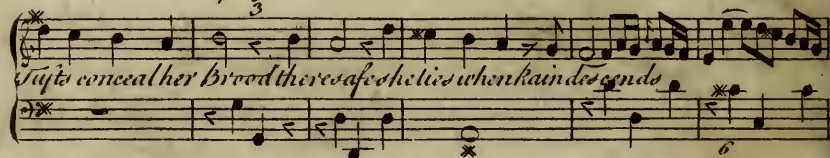
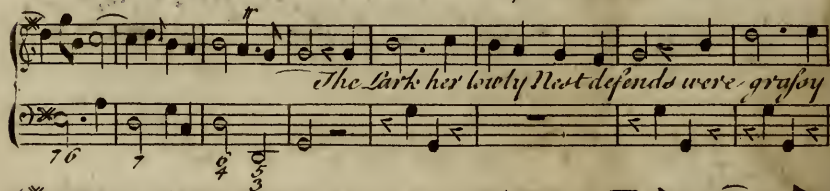
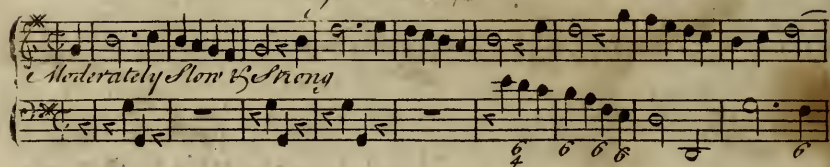
Set to Music by W^r Travers

with spirit





The Sky Lark.





Sung by Signora Frasi

But when if rising Sun displays his
glories on the Mountains brow
Aloft she wars Aloft she fears Aloft she scars sweetly pays her
Anthem to the World below So while the
Storm of Battle blows some humble Cot should be my seat for
how can Peace obtain repose till Conquest till Conquest calm my troubles



in the Opera of Eliza

Seal So while the storm of Battle blows some humble cott should

be my Seal for how can peace obtain repose obtain re

pose till conquest till conquest calms

the

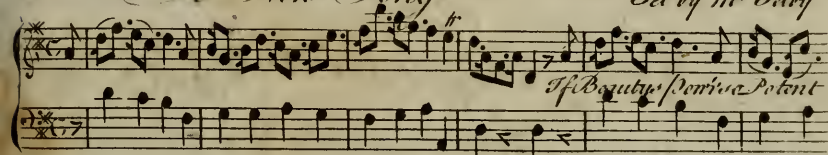
troubled Seal till conquest calms the troubled Seal

the

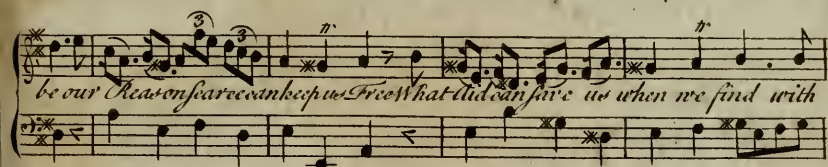


A. New Song

Set by Mr. Salty



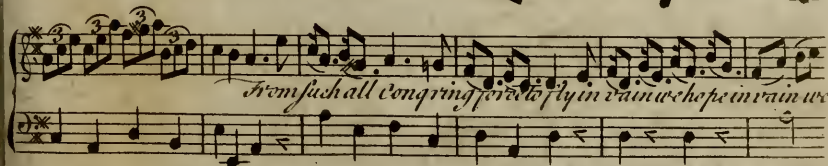
If Beauty's Power's Potent



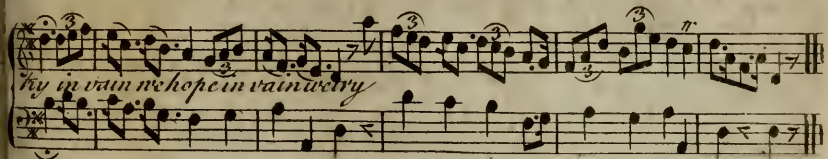
be our Reason scarce can keep us Free What Aid can save us when we find with



Beauty Mental & Beauty Mental Graces Find



From such all Congring force to fly in vain we hope in vain we

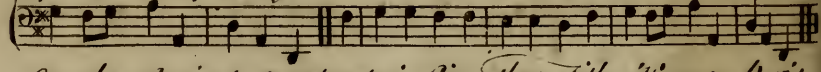
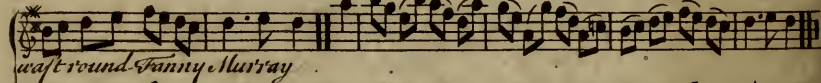
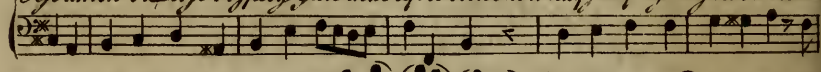
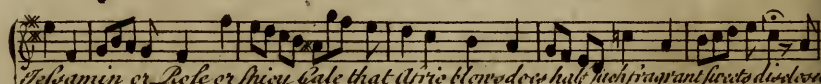
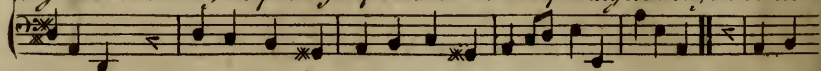
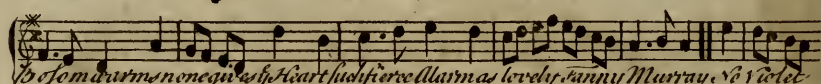
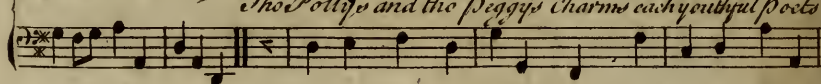
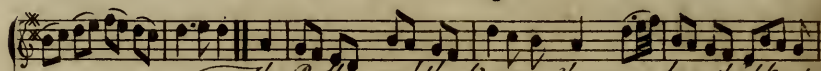
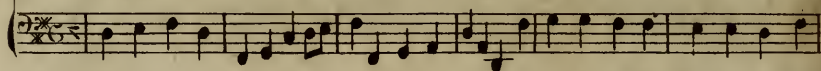
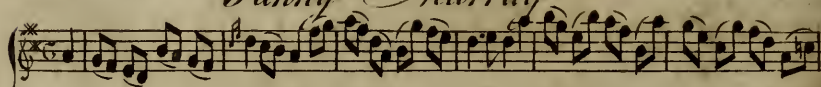


hy in vain we hope in vain we try

*Since then Dear Maid that free is thine
An Heart your Captive I resign
So you afford a kind retreat
For higher Bliss it ne'er will beat
But dedicate it's future Hours
To guard those Virtues it adores.*



Fanny Murray



Let other Swains to Courts repair Give others Titles Honours power
And view each glittering Beauty there The Riches of Potosi's Shore
Tis but alone makes them so fair I ask not Bawbles I implore
But Nature Fanny Murray The Heart of Fanny Murray

What paint with her Complacence vie Post of that of that alone
What Jewels sparkle like her Eyes On Indias Monarch I'd lock down
What Hills of Snow so white as kiss I Cot my Palace & my Throne
The Breast of Fanny Murray The Lap of Fanny Murray



The Lass of the Green

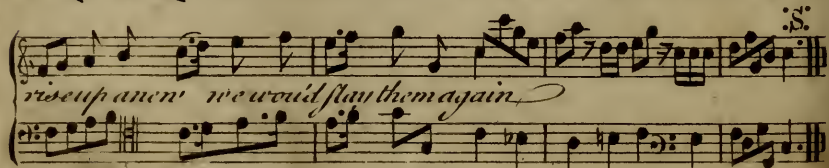
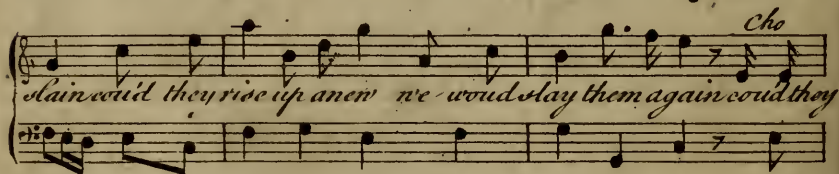
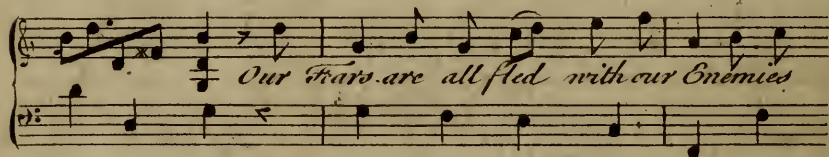
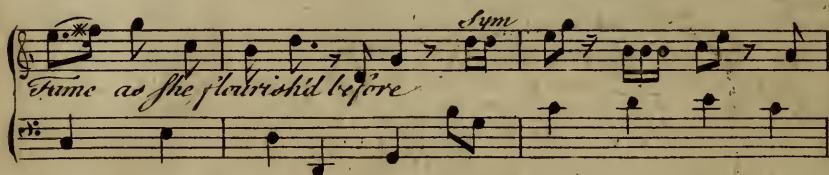
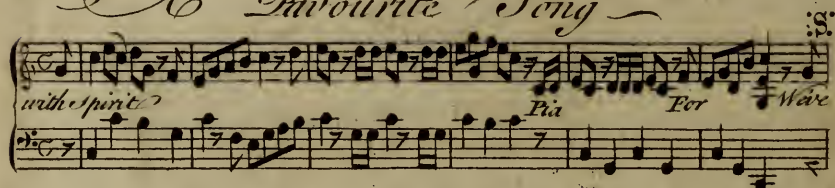
There lives a lass upon the Green could her Picture draw could
 If her picture draw A brighter nymph has never seen never yet was seen that
 looks & reigns that reigns & looks and reigns a little Queen & keeps y^e Swain in
 awe & keeps y^e Swain in awe and keeps y^e Swain in awe

Her Eyes are Cupids Darts and Wings
 Her Eyebrows are his Bow
 Her Silken Hair the Silver Strings
 Which sure and swift Destruction brings
 To all the Vale below.

If Pastorellas dawning Light
 Can warm and wound us so
 Her eⁿoon will shine as piercing Bright
 Each glancing beam will kill outright
 And ev'ry Swain subdue.



A Favourite Song





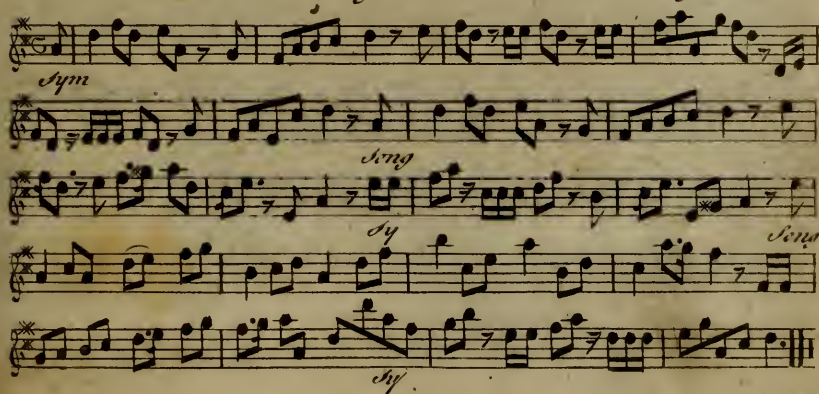
Sung by Mr. Beard

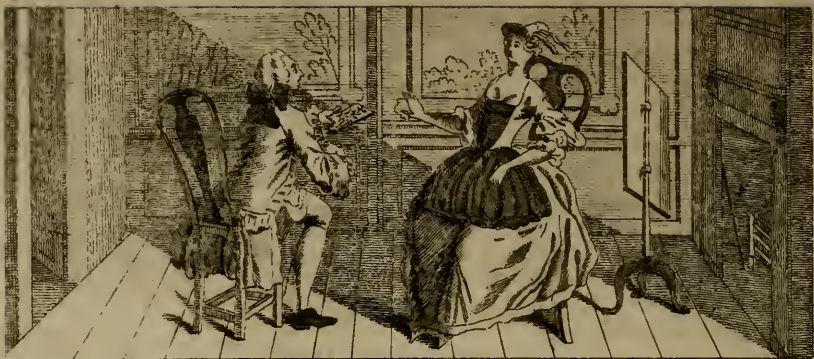
*His Monarch to serve or to do himself right
No Englishman ever yet flinch'd from the sight
For why Neighbours all we are free as the King
Tis that makes us brave & that makes us sing.*

*Our Prince too for this may be thankful to fate
It is in our freedom he finds himself great
No force can be wanting nor meaner Court Arts
He is Master of all who will reign in our Hearts.*

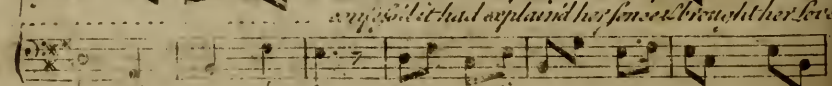
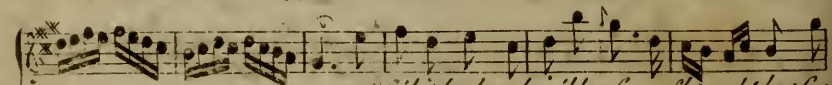
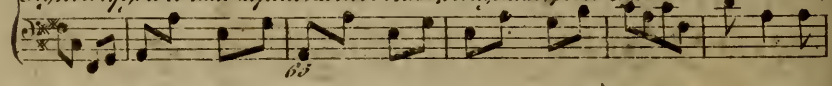
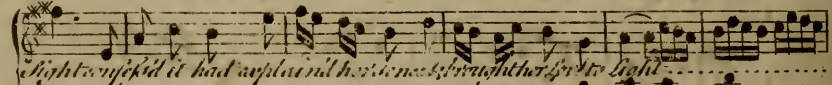
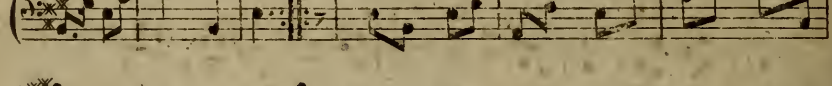
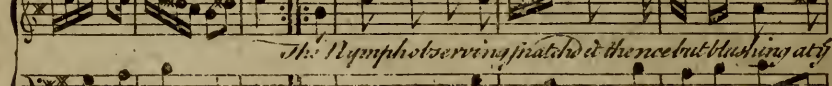
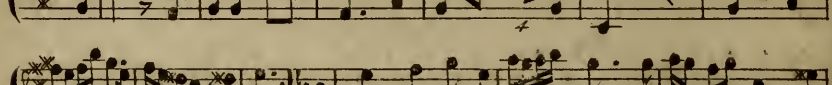
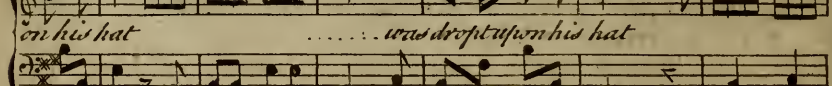
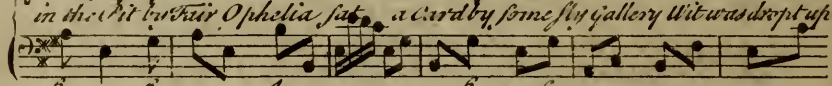
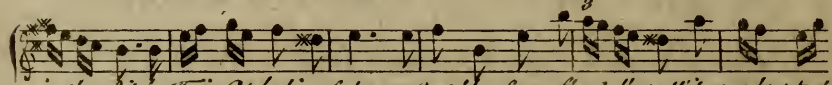
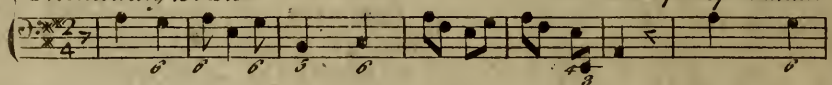
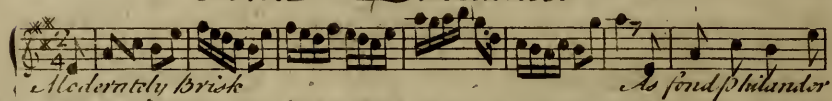
*Should Rebels within or should Foes from without
Bring the Crown on his Head or his Honour in doubt
We are ready still ready & boldly foretell
That Conquest shall ever with Liberty dwell.*

*And now bring us forth as the Crown of our labour
Much Wine & good Cheer with the Pipe & the Tabor
Let our Nymphs all be kind & our Shepherds be gay
For England Old England is happy to Day.*



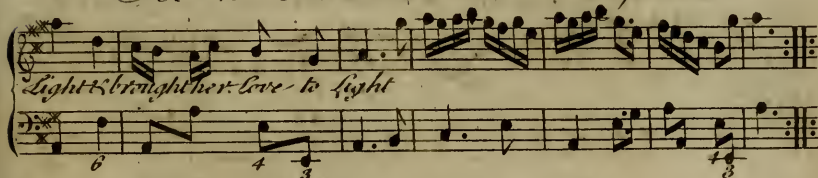


Fond Philander





Set to Music by D^r Green



Light & bright her Love to fight

*The Swain perceiving her chang'd Look
With sudden Rapture Starts
The Card with Sweet Compulsion took
And found it King of Hearts
The King of Hearts! O Fortune blest
Were I but such he cry'd
You reign already in my Breast
She lovingly reply'd*

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE





A Favourite Song in the Tempest

Gently *To*

To what my Eyes ad

mir'd before I (add a thousand graces more and fancy blows in to a

Flame.....the spark that from her beauty came *The Object*

thus improv'd by thought by my own image I am caught Pygmalion

so with fa tal art polish'd y^e form that stanch'd his Heart polish'd the form



Set to Music by M^r Smith

that's tunc that's tunc his heart Belov'd the form that tunc his heart

For the German Flute

Sym *Tra* *For* *Sim* *Sy* *Song* *Sy* *so* *r*



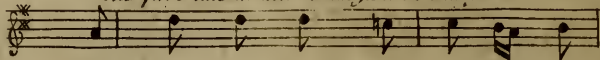
A New Song Set by M^r Buildon

1^a
 Damon lov'd Pastora Pastora sigh'd for Damon but Damon lov'd du rora du
 rora young Palamon Palamon lov'd Pastora Pastora sigh'd for
 Damon but Damon lov'd Aurora Aurora young Palamon

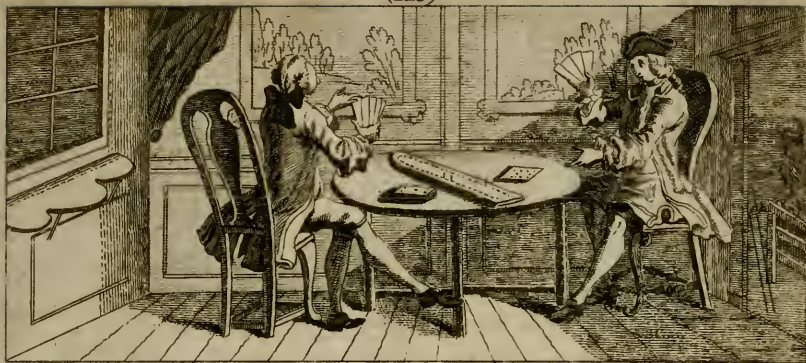
Palamon gave Pastora,
 A Wreath by the Shepherd's Crook;
 And Damon gave Aurora
 A Knot and Reaping hook
 Pastora gave to Damon
 A Cap with Chaplets crown'd;
 Aurora gave Palamon,
 A pipe with Hazel bound

The Cap with Chaplets crown'd
 Young Damon gave Aurora
 The pipe with Hazel bound
 Palamon gave Pastora
 The Wreath by the Shepherd's Crook
 Pastora gave to Damon,
 The Knot and Reaping hook;
 Aurora gave Palamon

The first line in this stanza to be sung thus



So Crossly turn'd their presents went,
 Their Loves so oddly vary'd
 That ev'ry Token which was sent,
 Its true Design miscarry'd



The Gamester's Song Set by M^r Oswald

Lively

Good Sir do not start I'll teach you a short try which you will deem mighty

Alas! Be not squeamish or nice to cut cards or ope Dice all the World plays the best of the

Game the game all the World plays the best of the game

See how each Profession & trade through y^e Nation
 Will dupe all they can without shame
 Then why should not we in our turn be as free
 All the World plays the best of the Game.

The Lawyers of Note who squabble and quote
 Are expecting both riches & fame
 And all is but trick the poor client to nick
 For the Law plays the best of the Game.

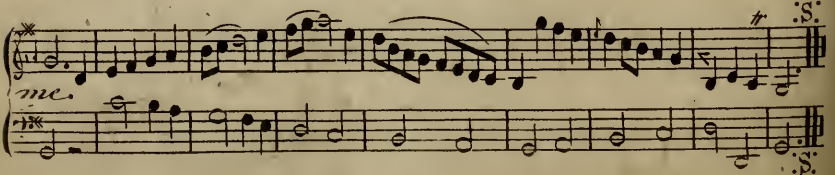
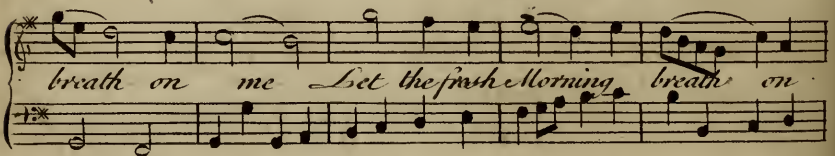
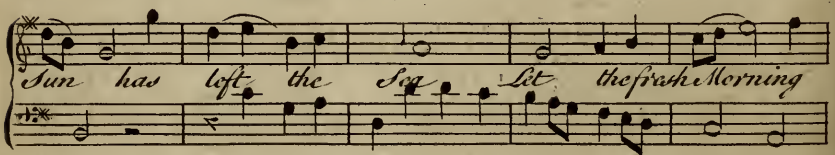
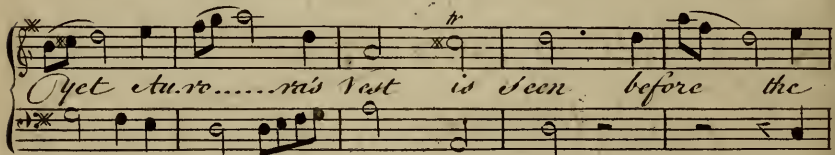
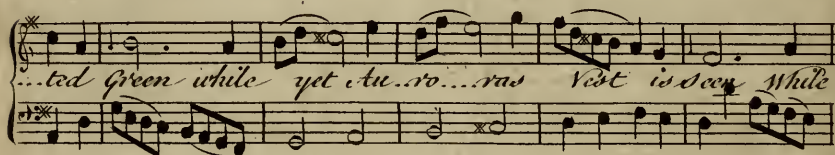
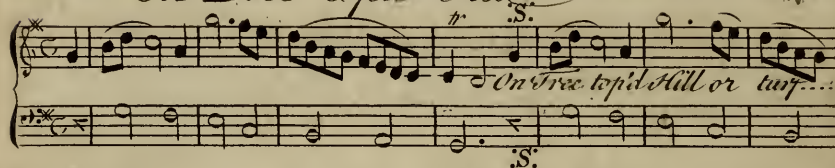
To gain his base ends each Lover pretends
 To talk of his Darts & his flame
 By which he draws in the poor Maiden to Sin
 Who is left with the worst of the Game.

And so the cov^d Maid with modesty's Aid
 To foolish fond Man does the same
 When the spool in the Net the pride turns Coquette
 And her spouse has the worst of the Game.

Then since the great Plan is Cheat who cheat can
 Pray think not my Notions to blame
 For Lawyers & Proctors Maids Lovers & Doctors
 All the World plays the best of the Game.



On Tree top'd Hill





Set to Music by M^r Smith

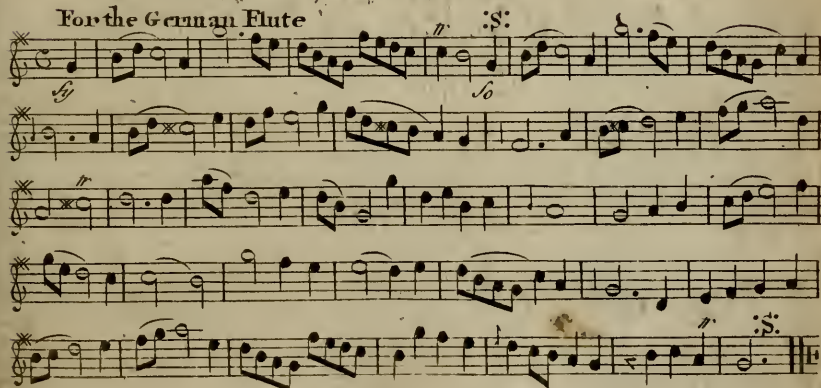
*To furze blown Heath on pasture Mead
Do thou my happy footsteps lead
Then show me to the pleaving Stream
Of which so oft at Night I dream*

*At Noon the mazy Wood I'll tread
With Autumn Leaves and dry Moss spread
And cooling fruits for thee prepare
For sure I think thou wilt be there*

*Till Birds begin their Evening Song
With thee the time seems never long
O let us speak our Love that's past
And count how long it has to Last*

*I'll say eternally and thou
Shall only look as kind as now
I ask no more for that affords
What is not in the force of Words*

For the German Flute





A Favourite Song Sung by M.th Vernon

Lively

Come Britannia

Pia

Shake thy lance plume thyself in martial Pride Haste thy glorious shield ad

vance take again thy gallant stride haste

take again thy gallant stride

For



in the Opera of Eliza

think oh

think on all thy noble story / howe thee rouze thee to thy Antient glory!

Pia $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ *For* $\frac{9}{8}$

rouze thee

think oh think on all thy noble story / howe thee rouze thee to thy

Antient glory!

$\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$

- . Hasten hasten hence away,
 All thy martial Ardour show.
 Clad in terrible Array,
 Thou shalt vanquish ev'ry foe
 Think, oh think on all thy noble story,
 Rouze thee rouze thee to thy Antient glory.



A favourite Song

Set by M^r Desfach.

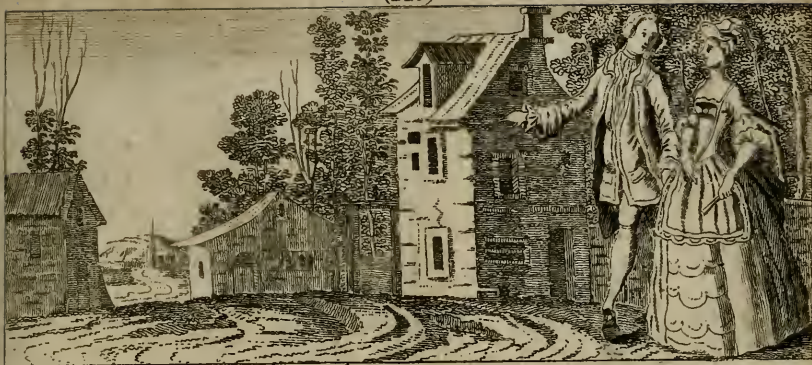
Daphne on her clam'ring said thus as press'd her angry Mind see the Couplings how they

run pressing all to be undone

Lifted now in endless strife forth they Issue Man and Wife & eas' un-

ruffled often flow are these calms in Marriage No

<i>Visionary Scene and vain</i>	<i>Thus the Pair in anger spoke</i>
<i>Fancied Joy but real Pain</i>	<i>Gainst poor Sijmens rugged yoke</i>
<i>Tis to fight a goodly Flow'r</i>	<i>Cupid in the form of Youth</i>
<i>But it changes in an hour</i>	<i>Sworched prove y' Virgins truth</i>
<i>Dian take me to thy Shade</i>	<i>Ev'ry human art he try'd</i>
<i>I with thee will dwell a Maid</i>	<i>Knelt & vow'd & wept & sigh'd</i>
<i>Deas' to courteous Wit or beam</i>	<i>Must I say Captive in woe</i>
<i>When they see All thunder No</i>	<i>Daphne sigh'd & whisper'd So</i>



Natural Love

Lively

*Ask why the Miver hoards his Self or why the Bee do
tracts the sweets what makes his sick Man wish for Health Or chance of seasons Colds and
Heats then willing I'll try to prove my Charming Delia why I
Love*

Why upwards does y^e Flame aspire Coud I but hope Loves keen est Dart
Why to the North the Needle tend Woud ever make your Bosom burn
Why Nature Courage does inspire And move that Toy frozen Heart
Or why the good & bad does blend To mutual Passion in return
Then willingly I'll try to Prove It once you'd see at once you'd prove
My charming Delia why I Love My charming Delia why I Love



A favourite Song Set bye W. Handell

Ask if yon damask rose be

sweet that scents y^e Ambient Air; then ask each Shepherd if you meet if dear Susanna's

fair if dear dear Susanna's fair; if dear Susanna's fair, Ask if yon damask

Rose be sweet that scents y^e Ambient Air then ask each Shepherd if you meet if dear Sus

anna's fair if dear Susanna's fair.

For

*Say will the Vulture leave his Prey,
And warble thro' the Grove?
Bid wanton Linnet's quit the Spray,
Then doubt thy Shepherds Love.*

*The Spoils of War, let Heroes share
Let pride in Splendor shine
Ye Bards unenvy'd Laurels wear,
Be fair Susanna mine.*



Corydon and Delia

Moderate *Can*

Love! Delia still persist to fly pursuing Love To fly pursuing Love

Can she my passion still resist & always scornful prove

And always scornful prove

With Sighs and Tears I told my Tale,
 And did it oft repeat,
 But Sighs and Tears will not avail,
 She all my hopes defeat.

Pitty my Fate ye Powers above,
 Relax the Fair One's Heart,
 And grant that Delia may in Love,
 With Corydon bear part.



Hamilla or the Raptur'd Lover

lively but not too fast

See See See where my Dear Hamilla smiles *Hamilla Ha.*

millas heavenly charmer *See See See how with all her Arts and wiles the*

Loves & Graces arm her *See how with all their arts and wiles the*

Loves & Graces arm her the Loves & Graces ar... *m*

her the Loves & Graces arm her

4 *



Set to Music by D^r Green

A Blush a

Blush dwells glow on her cheek fair seat of Youth's pleasure of Youthfull pleasure

there love in smiling smiling smiling language speaks there spruce grows brave there

love in smiling smile language speaks there spruce there spruce there spruce there spruce

do there spruce there spruce there spruce

*O fairest Maid I own thy power
 I gaze I sigh I languish
 Yet ever, ever will adore
 And triumph in my Anguish
 But ease O Charmer ease my care
 And let my torments move thee
 As thou art fairest of the fair
 So I the Darrest Love thee*



in the OPERA of *ELIZA*

Where should they wander where should they wander what new shore had
Pia yet a Laurel left in store to this blest Isle they steer to
 this blest Isle they steer by
 Soon the Parnassian choir was heard soon Virtues sacred form appear'd
 And Freedom soon was here and Freedom
 soon was here The



Sung by M^{rs} Vernon

Lays Monk has lost his old Religion rings her Hallow'd bell

She calls thee now by me she calls thee now by

me Hark hark hark her sweet

Voice all plaintive sounds See, see See she receives a

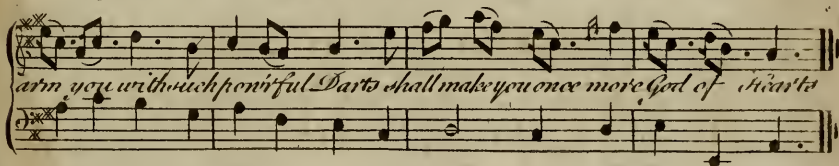
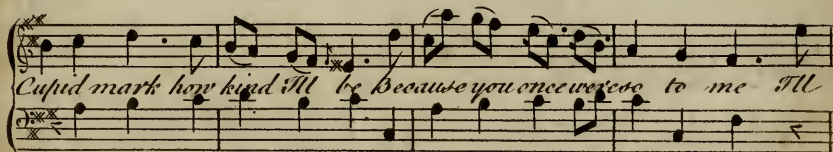
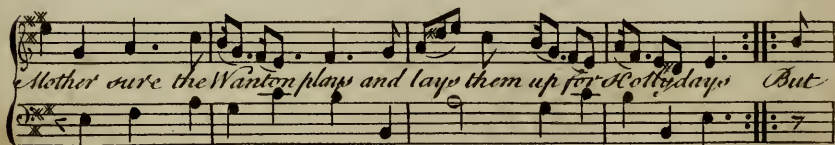
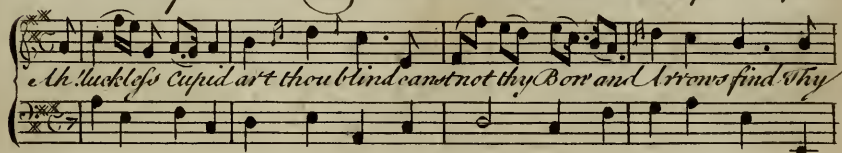
thousand Wounds If shielded not by thee If shielded not by

thee

For



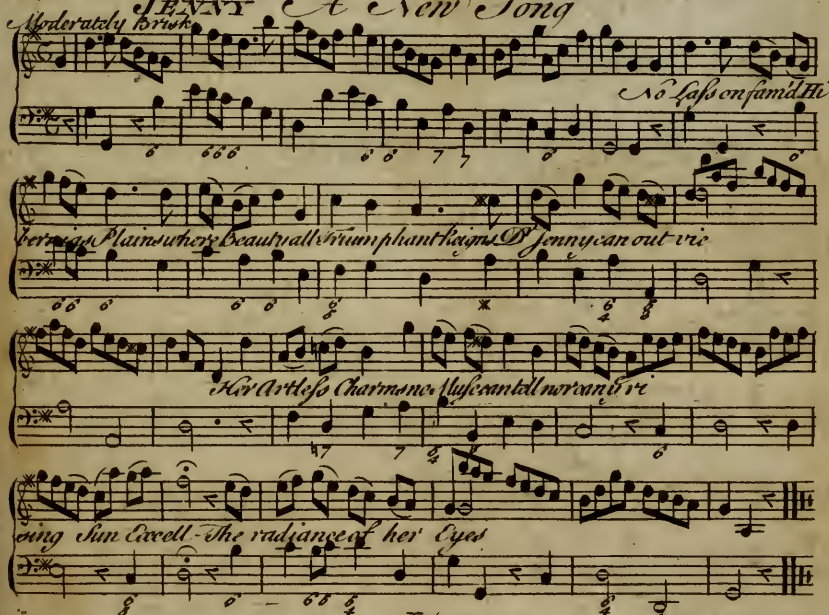
Cupid's Power restor'd Set by Mr. Atfield



*My Clo's Breast shall be the court,
Where little Loves shall play and sport;
Her snowy Arms shall be thy Bow,
Which none but Love can bend you know;
And of the Ringlets in her Neck,
You shall your trembling Bow-strings make.
Then taking Arrows from her Eyes,
Who'er you shoot at surely dies.*



JENNY A new Song



Unnumber'd Graces round her move
At once Inspiring awe and love
How Heavenly is her smile
With what a sweet bewitching main
Not to be told or safely seen
She can the hours beguile

Behold my Muse and tell y^e fair
How kind charms can ever enare
A heart that's worth the pains
A short liv'd flame indeed may raise
Which rapid as it grows decays
And scarce a day remains

Good nature cheerfulne's & ease
Improve y^e fair ones pow'r to please
Which no vain pride destroys
While meaner beauties gain by Arts
Of vulgar growth y^e Cowards Heart
She scorns the worthless Toys

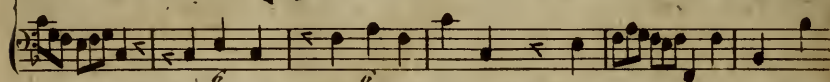
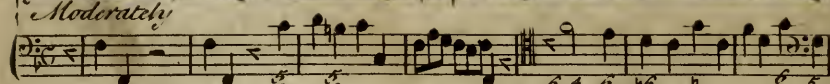
But would you fix the constant love
Of heaven who worth her eyes approve
Pursue my Jennys plan
A c^other way you can succeed
For the you may the topling lead
You'll never secure the Man



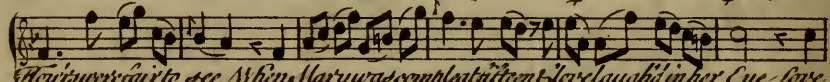
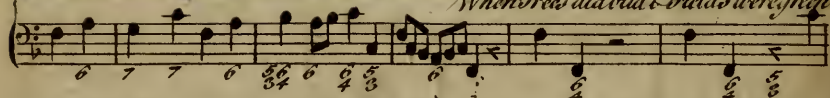
Jockey and Mary • A Favourite Song



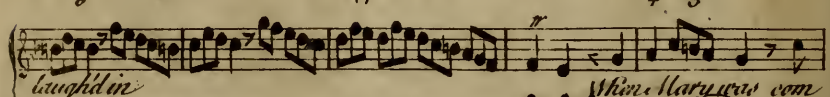
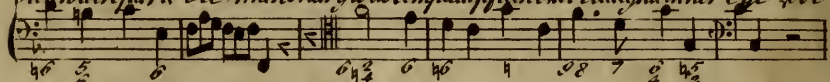
Moderately



When I was did bud & fields were green

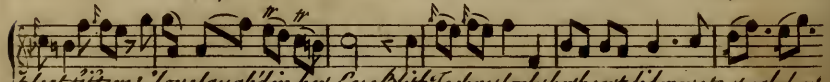
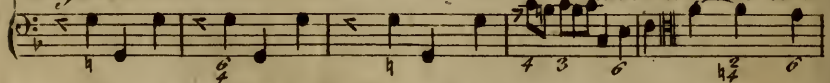


How I was fair to see When Mary was complaisant & love laugh'd in her eye

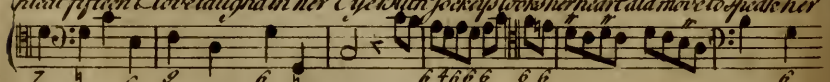


laugh'd in

When Mary was com



about fifteen & love laugh'd in her eye & Jockey took her hand did move to speak her



Set to Music by M^r Arne

Mind thus free Gang down the Burn my gentle Lover soon I'll fol low Thee I'll

low Gang down the Burn my gentle lover

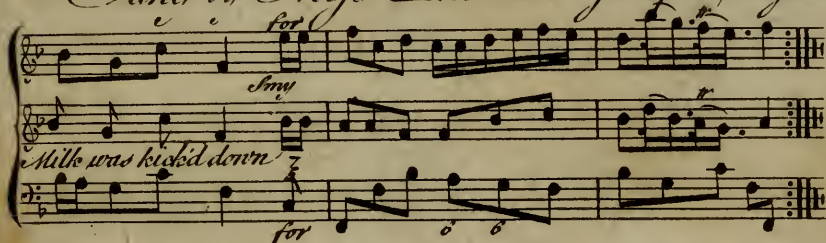
For the German Flute -

Now Tooken did each Lad surpass
That dwell on this Burn side
And Mary was a bonny Lass
Just meet to be a Bride
Her Cheeks were rosy red & white
Her Eyes were azure blue
Her Looks were like Aurora bright
Her Lips like dropping Dew

What passed I guess was harmless play
And nothing sure unmeet
For ganging home I heard them say
They lik'd a walk so sweet
His Cheek to hers he fondly laid
She cry'd sweet Love be true
And when a Wife as now a Maid
To Death I'll follow you



Sung by Miss Thomas set by Mr. Bryan

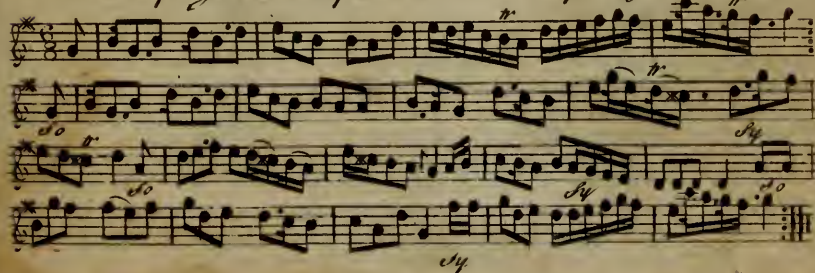


*Lord bless me! says I what the Duce can you mean,
To come thus upon one, unthought of unseen,
I ne'er will approve of the Love you pretend,
For as Mischief begins—perhaps Mischief may end.*

*I little thought now he'd his passion advance
But pretty Excuses made up the Mischance;
He begged a kind Kiss which I granted I vow,
And I laid my own self the whole fault on the Cow.*

*Now many ways Love can the Bosom invade,
His, but provid too strong for an innocent Maid,
He hinted that Wedlock was what he'd be at,
But I thought it was best—to say nothing to that.*

*I flutter all over when e'er he comes nigh,
For if he should press I shall surely comply;
And ne'er shall be angry my heart itself tells,
Tho he flings down my Milk—or does any thing else.*





Chloe Sleeping Set by M^r Abington

Slowly

Be still ye Winds Chloes asleep ye murmuring Waters gentle
Glide ye mos sy Banks your Verdure keep ye Flowers aspear in
all your pride ye mos sy Banks your Verdure keep ye Flowers aspear
in all your pride

Raise, raise ye songsters of the grove, Morpheus strew the poppies round,
To harmony your little throats, In laden sleep confine her fast,
Each wish, each latent passion move, Her Mantles loose her loins unbound
With all your thrilling amorous notes, Ye Graces revel round her waist.
Your leafy Armes, ye Branches spread, Inspicious Cupid guide me there,
And with ye Clove & Oaks entwine, O lay me gently on her breast,
Whilst fragrant dews drop on her cheek, No dore & thee all charming fair,
From Rose buds & the Eglantine, I sleep unknowing is possess.

High revelling in vast delight,
Panting, sighing, dead I seem'd,
Stript on the cryd, wak'd in a fright,
Not you O Lord, I thought I dream'd.



Damon and Celia Sung by M^{rs} Lowe

Moderate *To Celia*

thus find Damon said: where all my Carpet spread & then her Hand he prest and

then her Hand he prest

Shew from the World: enquiring Eye here

looks my P^rince by *asp* He look'd He look'd He look'd & sigh'd & rest

She started with a faint surprise While pleasure sparkling in her Eyes Sure Damon does not mean The shepherd stopt her with a kiss And elapt her panting Breast to his My Dear we are not seen	Then by a thousand Kisses more A thousand tender Oaths he swore His Love should never end He call'd on ev'ry Pow'r above None heard her but the God of Love And he was Damon's Friend
--	---

And is this then no help she said
 By Damon thus to be betray'd
 Then hung her Head and bluish'd
 Oh Damon Damon yet be awed
 The shepherd smild and swore he would
 She sigh'd and all was hush'd



Advice to Cloris

Moderately brisk

Cloris it is in our power to say how long our
 Love will last it may be within the hour may lose those joys we now must taste
 the blessed Immortal be from change in love are on ly free

And tho' you now Immortal seem Such is the exactness of your frame Those that your Beauty so esteem Will find it cannot last the same Love from your Eyes has stolen my fire As apt to waste and to expire	Then since we Mortal Lovers are Let's question not how long it will last But while we Love let us take care Each Minute be with pleasure past It were a Madness to deny To live because we're sure to dye
--	---

Fear not tho' Love and Beauty fail
 My Reason shall my heart direct
 Your kindness now will then prevail
 And Passion turn into respect
 Chloris at worst you'll in the End
 But change your lover for a friend



Chloes Power *Set by M^r Arne Jun^r*

Slow

Forbear fond

God forbear your Dart seek not to wound my heart

At Chloes sad aspiring look attracts us to her answering eye

From her Deaths such a pleasing pain
Twixt to live to dye again
With Joy to him the Blow is given
That has so near a prospect of his Heaven

You and the little Loves all fly
To light their Torches at her eye
By her alone loves Emperors thrive
Thisortal keeps us sacred fire alive

Then Chloë tis not strange that you
Weak Mortals yielding Hearts subdue
Since you another Venus prove
And give new being to the God of Love



A Favourite Song in Compass of the Ger Flute

Moderately

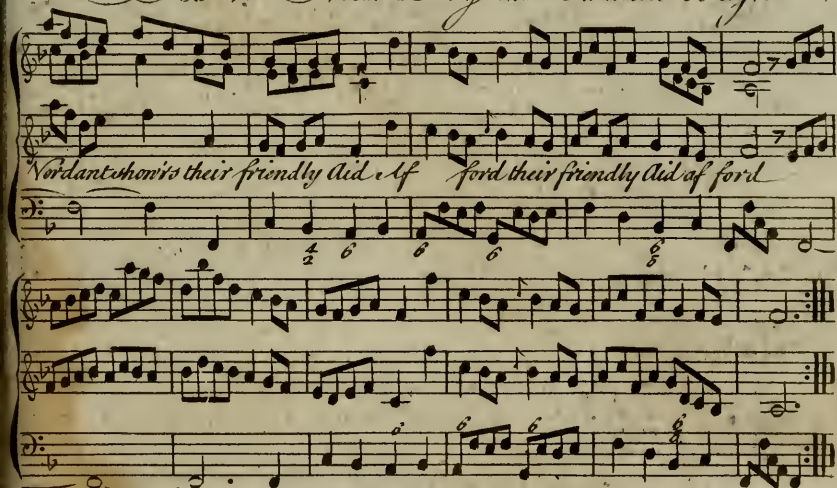
Come Damon come Oh! haste away now Youthful Spring up

pears And Phœbus with refulgent Ray relenting Nature Cheers See

Verdant Lanes & Fiddle Bowies by genial Warmth restor'd whilst soft refreshing



Set to Music by an Eminent Master



Nor dant shew's their friendly Aid, If Ford their friendly Aid of ford

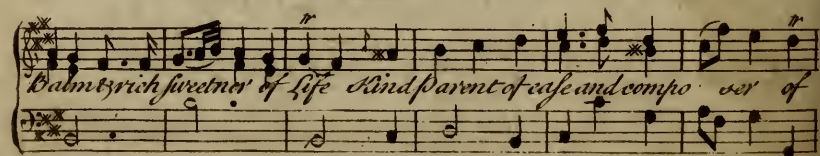
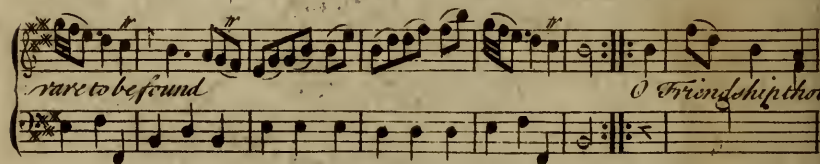
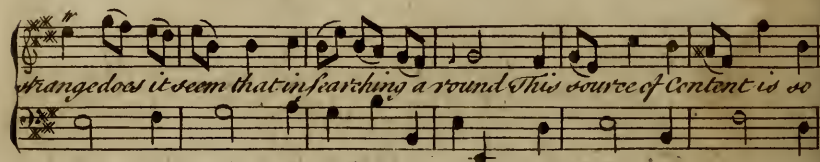
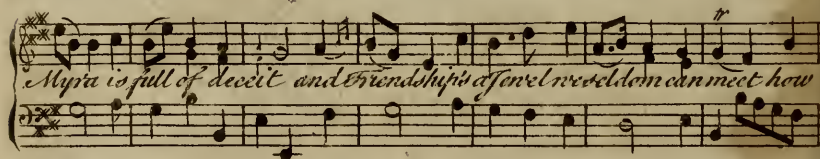
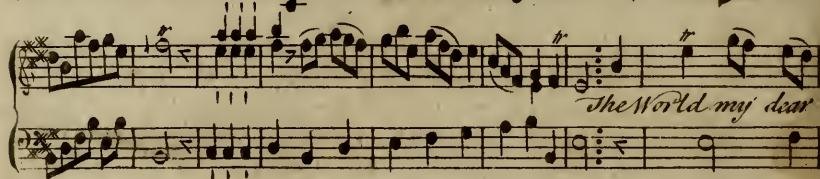
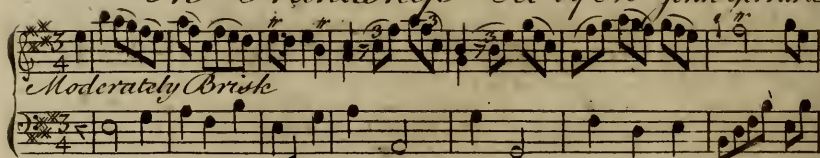
As when worn down with toils & cares, The whistling Thrush with pleasing Note
We gentle Sleep require, Soon welcome in the Morn,
Indulgent sleep our wants repairs, And daily swells his tuneful thread
And does new life inspire, This season to adorn,
So Winter's frosts are chas'd away, Soon as the sun begins to rise,
By soft, enlivening power, The warbling Larks repair,
Which kindly o'er all Nature strays, And soaring mount to distant skies,
Revives each plant & flower, And sport in fields of life.

The Primrose sweet & Cowslip too, Midst lonely Woods & silent bowers
Bedeck the lovely green, When sol in West retreats,
Where ere we turn & take a view, In plaintive notes poor Philomel,
Kind nature's smiles are seen, Her Evening tale repeats,
In wanton play sportive Larks, Then well together every Day
On meadows frisk it o'er, O'er flow'ry Meadows rove,
Or feeding with their bleating Dams, Or whilst soft gentle Zephyrus play
Thore choicest grass explore, & frequent the shady Grove.

There we will tell sweet tales of love
There Cupids force I'll own,
Invoke each gentle power above,
My Bliss with thee to crown,
As from each harm, the careful strains,
Secure their happy care,
So will kind heav'n while life remains,
Preserve a faithful pair.



On Friendship Set by M^r John Gerrard



Strife without thee a lad, what are riches and pow'r But empty delusi... on

The joys of an Hour But empty de

lusion on the Joys of an Hour

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a Friend
 On whom we may always with safety depend;
 Our Joys, when extended, will always increase,
 And Griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace,
 When Fortune is smiling, what Crowds will appear,
 Their kindness to offer and Friendship sincere;
 Yet change but the Prospect, and paint out Distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



The Wit and Beau

Moderately Brisk *With*

every Grace Young Stephen chose his per son to adorn

his Person to adorn

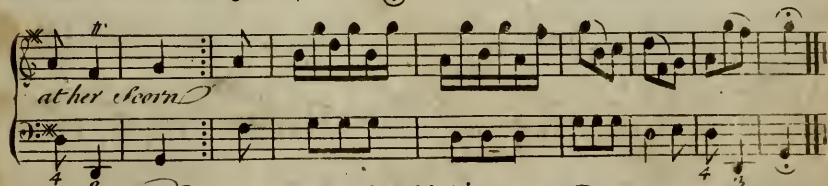
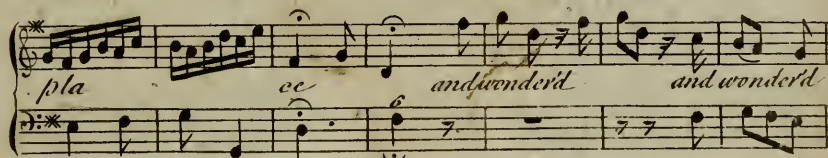
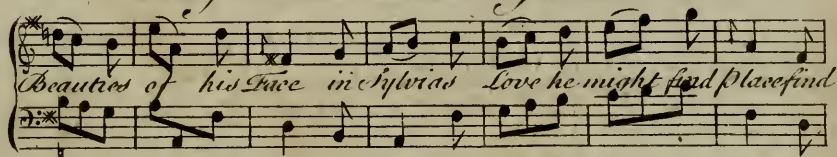
That by the Beauties of his Face in Sylvia's

Love he might find Place and wonder'd

and wonder'd at her scorn That by the



Sung at the Publick Gardens



*With Doves & Smiles he did his part
But sk't was all in vain
A Youth less Fine a Youth of Art
Had talk'd himself into her Heart
And woud not out again.*

*With Change of Habits Strephon propos'd
And urg'd her to admire
His Love alone the other Drest
As verse or prose became it best
And mov'd her soft Desire.*

*This found his Courtship Strephon ends
Or makes it to his glass
There in himself now seeks Amends
Convined that were a Wit Betends
A Beau is but an If.*



AN ODE Address'd to a Lady set by W. Abington

Brick

The Bird that

From Lime twigs flies with Caution shuns the School Boys Tricks but we who would be

Thought more wise can't shun Lime twigs for our Sex

Female Kind our Hearts to men are tis grinn'd science to wean the Study'd look the

fashion'd us Oh Shame can never God like Man

To sooth the feeling social Breast,	When Nature kind exports her Skill,
And calm the noisy Worlds alarm,	And frames a heavenly Face & Mien
To welcome Raptures Power & Rest,	How vain to contradict her Will,
With Beauty soft endearing Charms,	Whet the Angel still be seen,
By native power of Face and Mind,	Such Beauty needs no mortal Aid,
To be at once both blest and bless'd,	But ever brightens in the Good,
For this is Gods thickur design'd,	Believe me it dures never made,
And not to patch, to paint & dress,	A gay Coquette or formal Prude.

The Glare of tinzel Vanity,
The mental Eye may chance approve;
But sense & heav'n-born Modesty,
Must win the Soul, the Seat of Love.
The blooming Maid, whom those adorn,
With pitty views her Sex's Tolly,
And radiant as the Rays of Morn,
There Virtue shines in the World's Molly!



The Fond Lover Sung by W. Lowe at Vaux Hall

brisk

Dear Cloe come give me sweet Kisses for aye, for no girl ever gave but

why in the midst of my Blistoes do you ask me how many I'd have

I am not to be stinted in pleasure then prithee (dear Cloe) be kind for

since I love thee beyond measure to numbers I'll neer be Confind

Count the Bees that on Hybla are playing,
 Count the Flow'rs that enamil the Fields,
 Count the Flocks that on Tempe are straying,
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields;
 Count how many Stars are in Heav'n,
 Go number the Sands on the shore,
 And when so many Kisses you've given;
 I still shall be asking for more.

To a Heart full of Love let me hold Thee,
 A Heart which (dear Cloe) is thine
 In my Arms I'd for ever enfold Thee,
 And twist round thy Neck like a vine,
 What Joy can be greater than this is,
 My life on thy lips shall be spent,
 But the Wretch who can number his Kisses,
 Will allways with few be content.



Lucy,

Written by M^r Green

Lively

Of all the nymphs that

tript the Green fair Lucy bore the Sway

Joy in each Shepherd's

look was seen her presence made them gay

gay

to among the admiring rest Her rising Charms survey'd

T



Set to Musick by M^r Bryan

gaz'd but little thought my Breast by gazing was be tray'd I

gaz'd but little thought my Breast by gazing was be tray'd

*But since I've heard with sweet surprise
Her pleasing Voice & Strain,
Resolv'd my Rebel Heart denies,
With me more to remain,
Farewell my Heart since then you'll go,
Farewell too late you'll find,
Fair Lucy's Charms don't stoop so low,
As your fond Tale to mind.*

Sym

Sym



If Love's a sweet Passion

Tenderly *ma* *for*

If love's a sweet passion how can it torment if bitter

tell me *whence comes my content since I suffer with pleasure why*

should I complain Or grieve at my fate since I know too in

vain sym *Song* *Yet so pleasing the*

Pain is so soft is the Dart *That at*

for *ma*

Set to Music by M^r Baildon

once it both wounds me & tickles my Heart at once it both
wounds me and tickles my Heart

*I grasp her Hand gently look languishing down
And by passionate silence I make my Love known
But oh how I'm blest when so kind she does prove
By some willing Mistake to discover her Love
When in striving to hide she reveals all her Flame
And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare name.*

Not too fast piao
f
How pleasing is Beauty how sweet are the Charms how delightful
Embrace how peaceful her Arms for there is nothing so easy as Learning to

Sung by M^r Lowe at the Theatre Royal

Love tis taught us on Earth and by all things above

And to Beautys bright Standard all

Heroes must Yield for tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair

Field And to Beautys bright Standard all Heroes must

yield tis Beauty that conquers that

con.

quers tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair

Sym

Fields



A Favourite Air

Moderately Brisk *Thill's we dont grieve that nature*

forming you has done her part and in ev'ry single feature shew'd it utmost of her

Art *shen'd the utmost of her Art*

But in this it is pretended all the cruel grievance lies that your heart shoud be de-

fended while you wound us th' your Eyes *That your heart shoud be de-*

fended while you wound us with your Eyes

Loves a senseless Inclination
 Where no Mercy's to be found
 But is just where kind compassion
 Gives us balm to heal the wound.

Persians paying solemn Duty
 To the rising Sun inclin'd
 Ever would adore his Beauty
 But in hopes to make him kind.



Sung by Miss Young in the Opera of Eliza

Slow. *for*

Where the primrose decks the well where the moon and fairies dwell near the

Solitary thorn there I hail the gray eyed morn where the brook slow winding

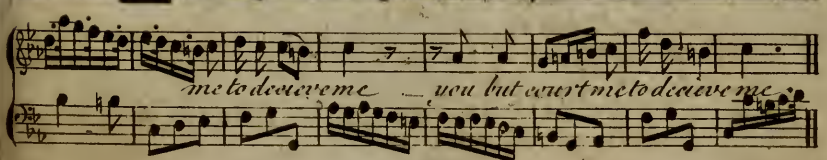
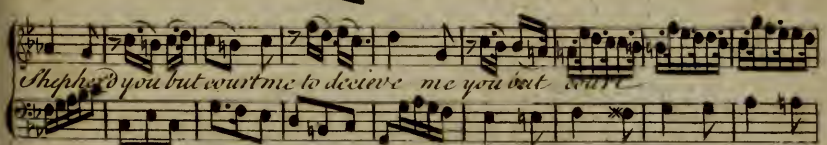
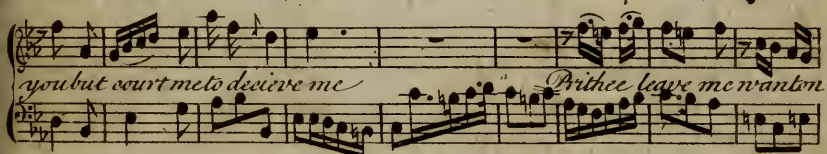
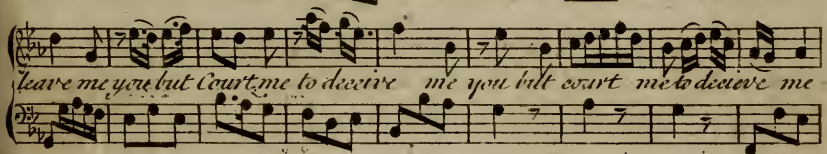
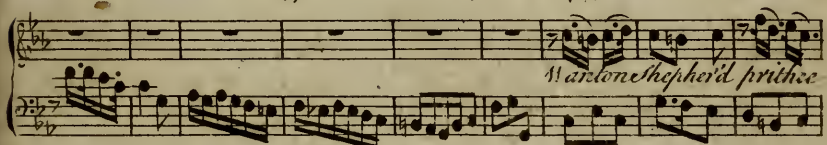
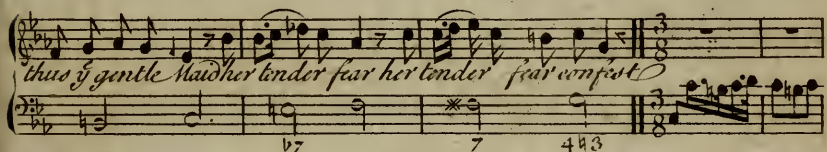
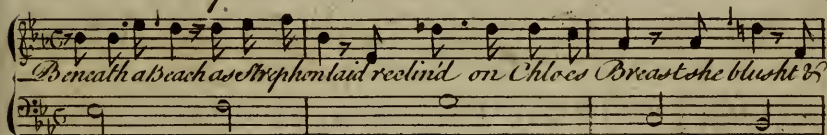
glides round its mountain's sterile sides there my vagrant footsteps stray till the

servant noon of day *Adm* *very soft*

*O'er the spreading lawn and vale,
Through the copse I chant my tale;
Nor the shady thicket leave,
Till bright vespers bring the eve,
While the village milk-maid sings,
While the solemn curfew rings,
While the plowman whistles home,
Ah! how pensive do I roam.*



Stephon & Chloe



A favourite Cantata

Men alafs are still pur suing poor un
 hap py Womans ruin Men alafs are still pur
 suing poor unhappy Womans ruin poor unhappy Wo
 mans ruin Shee wain hung over spanning fair the rapture viewing
 every Feature Fondly he sooth'd each rising Care and thus ad
 drest the pretty pretty Creature
 Chloe I can ill dissemble you may try me

Set to Musick by D^r Green

Heart & Eyes lost languish burn & tremble is this Nature or disguise

lo! I languish burn & tremble is this Nature or disguise is this Nature

or disguise. Chloe I can ill deformble

you may trust our Heart & Eyes you may trust my Heart & Eyes lo! I lan

guish I languish burn & tremble is this Nature or disguise

is this Nature or disguise

But these symptoms tell me true are perhaps unknown to you are perhaps un

known to you these symptoms tell me true are perhaps unknown to you



Sung by M^r Beard and Miss Young

Ah we neither can dissemble, we may trust our Hearts & Eyes.

Ah we neither can dissemble,

Lo! I languish burn & tremble, lo! I languish burn & tremble,

we may trust our Hearts & Eyes, lo! I languish burn & tremble, lo! I languish

Nature triumphs o'er disguise Nature tri *umphs o'er disguise Nature*

Nature triumphs o'er disguise, Nature tri *umphs o'er disguise, Nature*

triumphs o'er disguise, I tremble I languish burn & tremble, lo! I languish burn &

triumphs o'er disguise I languish *I languish burn & tremble, lo! I languish burn &*

tremble Nature tri *umphs o'er disguise Nature triumphs o'er disguise*

tremble Nature tri *umphs o'er disguise Nature triumphs o'er disguise*



A New Song,

other Day to grief betrayed by Jockeys cold Disdain I sought a cooling conscious shade to
sooth my am'rous Pains and on a limpid
Rivers brink beneath spreading Trees where Birds & flocks resort to drink I found the
fanning Breeze where Birds & flocks resort to drink I found the running Breeze

The Birds to tell their little loves
All around their warbling throats
And Cooing answered through & grove
The modulated Notes
The meads & Lawns in motthy Dyes
Diffus'd their quivets around
And various Beauties met my Eyes
Along the enamell'd Ground.

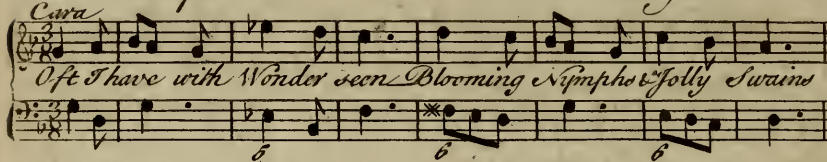
Soon was my ev'ry Sense suppress'd
In laden Numbers stole
Each Care was lull'd within my Breast
And sleep Inform'd the whole
Nether thought while thus I lay reclin'd
The Rapt' of the Plain
O'ry'd Phillis calm thy tortur'd mind
For Jockeys thine again

Then starting at so sweet a Sound
With rapturous Joys in view
So soon my self awake I found
And on my Shepherd's frown
I think say' once how surpris'd was I
How shocking it must seem
To find no Jockey had been by
And all my Bliss a Dream.

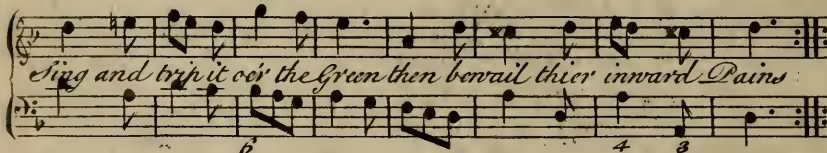


Strophon & Cara's Dialogue

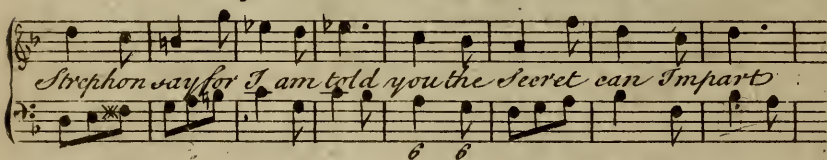
Cara



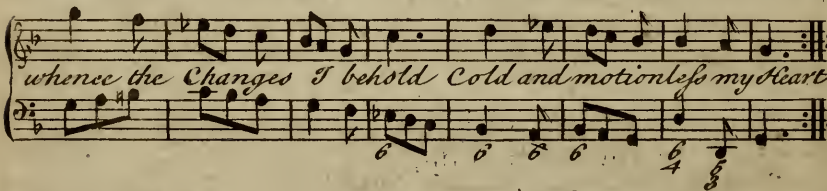
Oft I have with Wonder seen Blooming Nymphs & Jolly Swains



Sing and trip it o'er the Green then bewail thier inward Pains



Strophon say for I am told you the Secret can Impart



whence the Changes I behold Cold and motionless my Heart

Strophon

*Have you, Cara never read,
Of a blind, Mischievous Elf:
Gods and Men his power dread:
Nay, sometimes he wounds himself*

Cara

*Of the Urchin I have heard,
Of his sharp, envenom'd Dart,
Shew how I may always guard,
Cold & motionless my Heart.*

Strophon

*Nain are precepts to disuade,
Or to raise an am'rous Flame,
Wait with patience, lovely Maid,
Nature, is in all the same,
Artless Darts you thro' around,
Darts sink deepest without Art:
But beware the fatal wound,
Fiercer flames the unpractis'd Heart*

Cara

*Darts, & Pains, & Flames, & Wounds
Whence do all these Mischiefs spring
These are strange Mysterious sounds
I've heard Fanninelli sing,
& Quadrill seen Mamma play,
Harlequin wvert his Art:
Some faint pleasure these convey,
Cold & motionless my Heart.*

Strophon

*Cara in thy tender Breast,
Farewell, treasur'd up remains:
Once if find adieu to Rest,
Stuffed, greater are the pains,
Damon vienn, if you would learn
Whence proceeds the am'rous Dart*

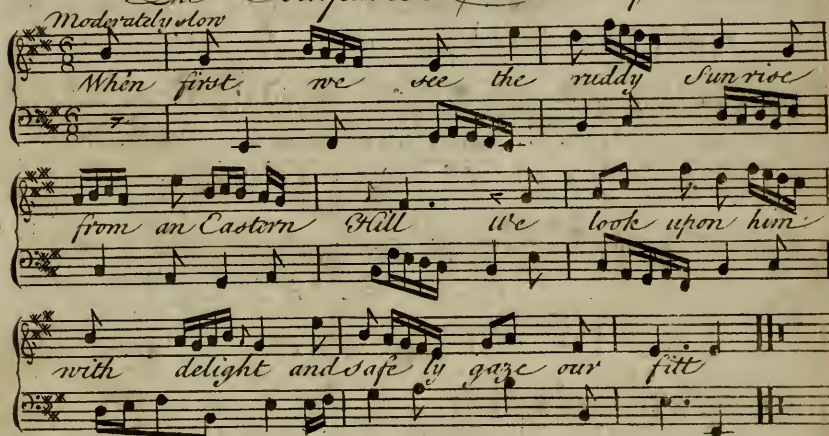
Both

*{ Too, too well } I can discern:
{ my } { you } { ah }
{ Ah } { how } { frail } { your } { fluttering heart }*



The Comparison Set by Mr Travers

Moderately slow



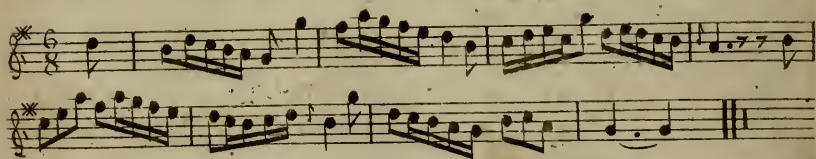
But when with noontide rays he shines
The glaring Light we shun,
It hurts our feeble Eyes to view
The Sun's Meridians.

But when at midday gayly dress'd
In Gold & Gems you shine,
The splendor of y^e Sun is far;
Less dangerous than thine.

Thus when in wrapping down you rise
To fence the Mornings Cold
Tis perfect Rapture to approach
Your Heav'n to behold.

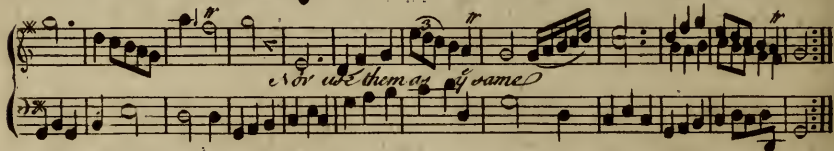
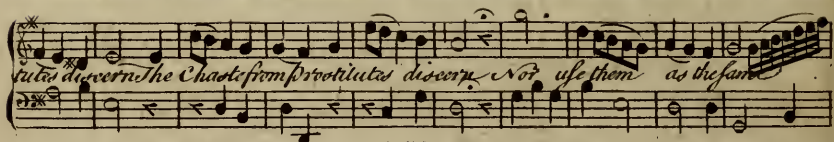
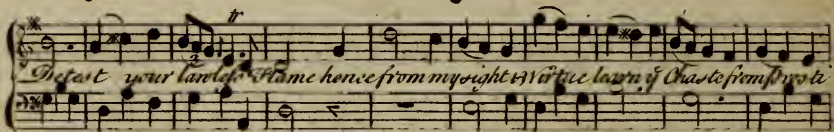
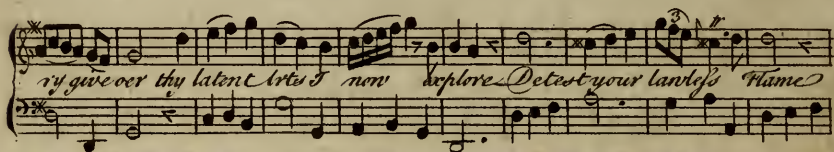
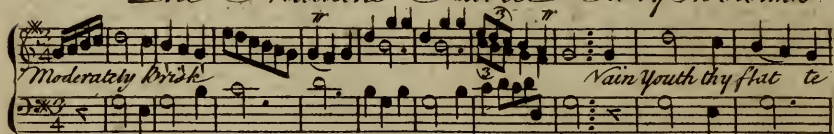
He must be more than Man that dare
To view a face so Bright,
For he will loose both Eyes & Heart
With the too Glorious Sight.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE





The Maiden's Advice Set by M^r Holmes.

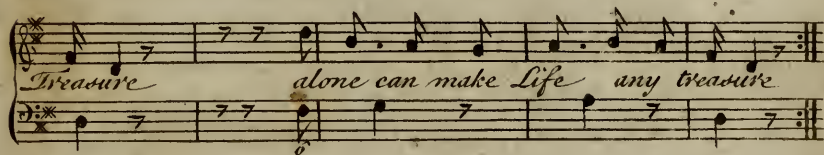
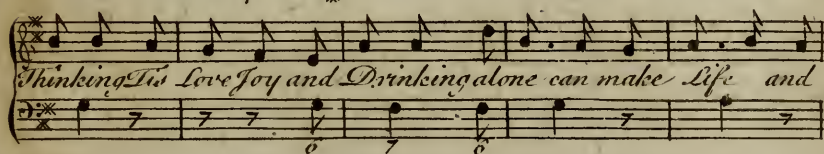
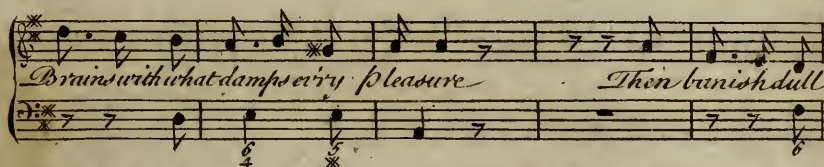
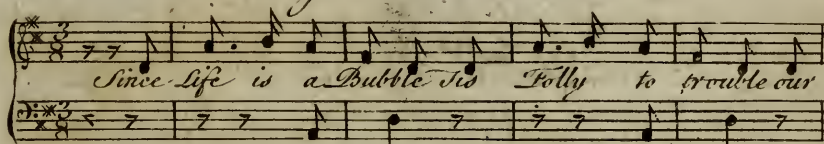


You say an Angel I appear, As one why do you not revere, Seek not my ruin thus Brittons their females should respect From Foreign Injults them protect And they'd be bless'd by us.	You wou'd you lov'd me more than life But yet refus'd me for your Wife, When I seem'd to comply Love is a pure and sacred Fire, Yours but a sensual desire, Which you wou'd gratify.
--	---

The Precept learn which I impart,
Your strife to gain a Virgins Heart,
Only to please your will,
Have nobler thoughts of the fair Sex,
Your dotions let them ne'er perplear,
'For chaste are Women still.'



The Jovial Fellow

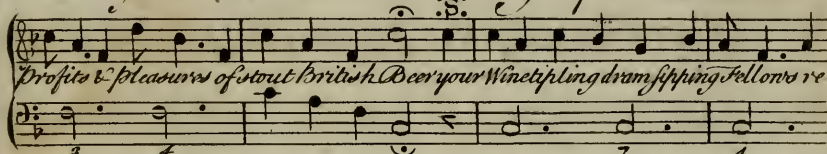


Since our time is so Short	Flies Gold & Misers Stifle
We'll grasp ev'ry Sport	And hoard the gay Trifle
And still lets be frolick & Gay	But we'll make if Slave do its Duty
Why should we incumber	It only Dispenoes
With cares our vain Slumber	True Bliss to our Seneces
Tis wisdom to live whilst we may	When it purchases Ectar Beauty

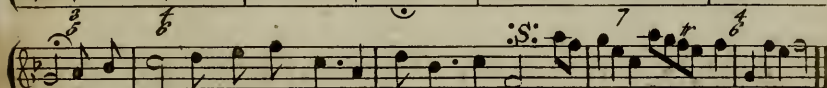
Then push round the Glass
 The soft melting Life
 Succeeds it to make you more blest
 Our Joys shall be common
 In wealth Wine and Woman
 Each pleasure of Life is possess



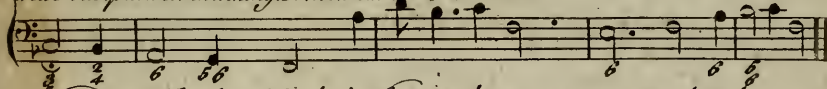
Set by W^{re} Arne & Sung by W^{re} Beard



Profits & pleasures of stout British Beer your Wint'ling dram sipping Fellows re

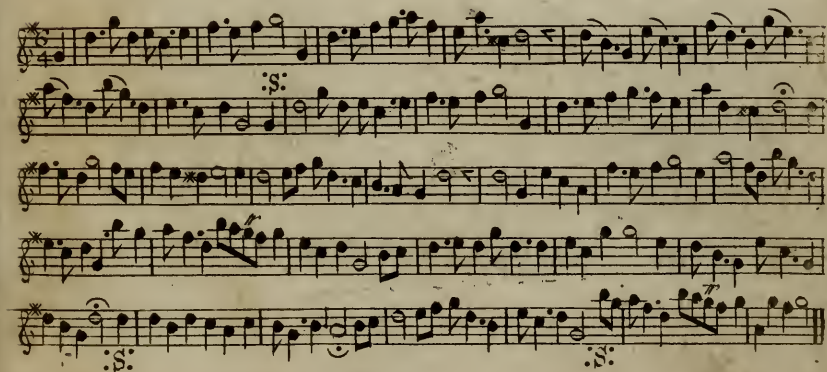


reat but your beer drinking Britons can never be beat



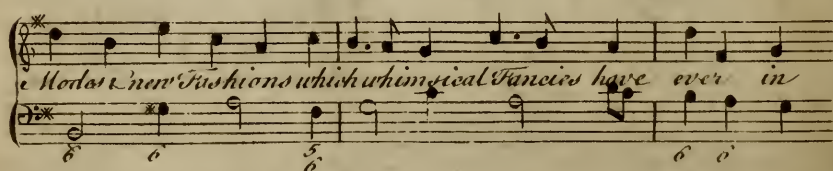
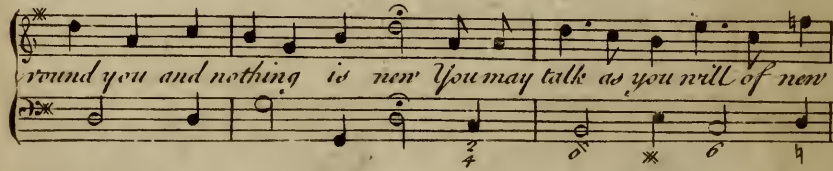
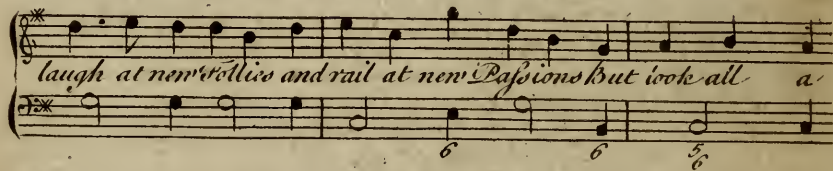
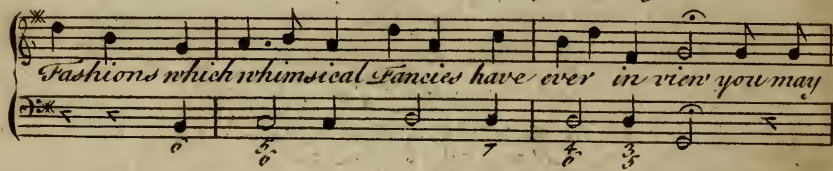
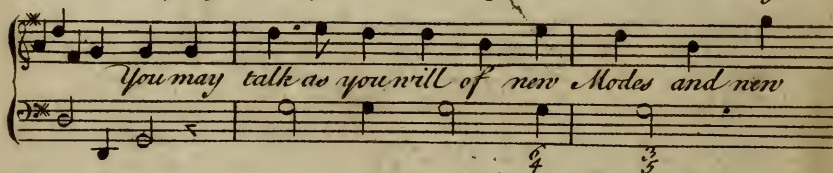
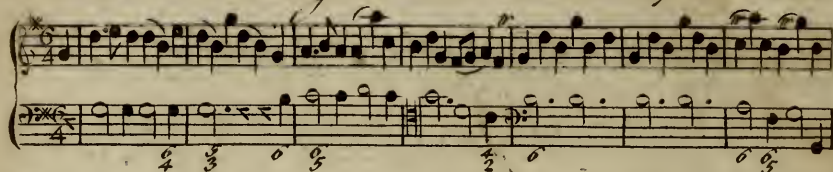
The French, with their Vineyards, are meagre and pale,
They Drink of the Squeazing of half-ripen'd Fruit;
But we who have Hop-grounds to Mellow our Ale
Are Rozy & Plump, and have Freedom to Boot,
Let us sing our own Treasure &c.

Should the French dare invade us, thus Arm'd with our poles,
We'll bang their bare Ribs, make their lanthorn Jan's Ring,
For your Beef-eating, Beer-drinking Britons are Souls,
Who will shed their last Drop for their Country & King,
Let us sing our own Treasure &c.





Nothing New the Words by M^{rs} Worsdale



Set to Musick by Mr. Arne

view you may laugh at new Follies and rail at new
 Passions But look all around you and nothing is new
 nothing nothing nothing is new

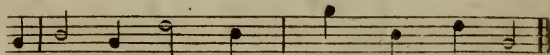
That Virgins are whimsical, fickle & coy,
 Affecting to shun what they fondly pursue,
 Coquetting, yet sighing for conjugal joy;
 Confess, O ye Lovers, To this folly new.

That Ladies are Rakes, & turn Gamesters, that's worse,
 And have nought but Intrigue, and Diversion in View,
 With Loss of their Virtue redeeming their purse,
 Is a Nations disgrace, and I wish it were new.

That Frenchmen are Robbers and Bravos in War,
 But drub'd into Manners, their Insolence rue,
 That they sulk into Holes from the brave English Tar,
 And lower their Topwails, is not at all new.

That the Hero of Prussia victoriously flies,
 From Conquest, to Conquest, o'er thousands with fer,
 That Vienna is faithless to all her Allies,
 Let England proclaim, who has provid it not new.

Let Britons unite and be wise as they're brave,
 And bid to Contention & Faction adieu;
 Then Glory shall crown them as Lords of the Wave,
 And their Conquests of old, be surpass'd by the new.

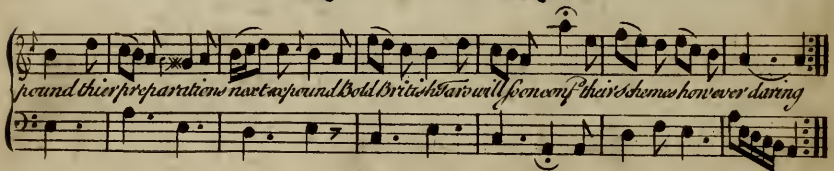
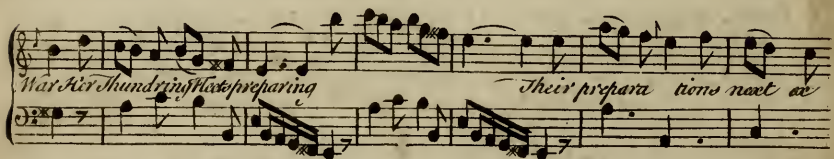
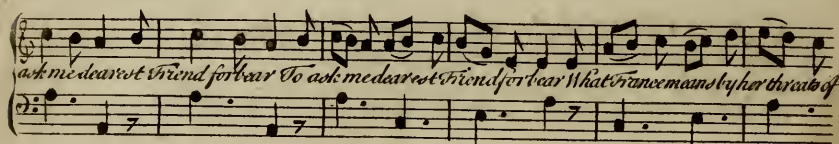
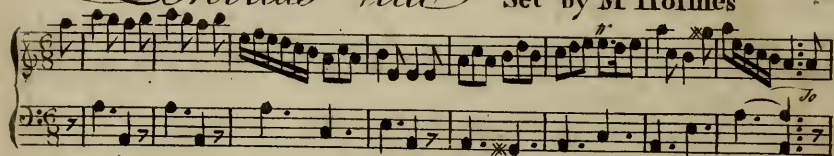


End of 2^d Verse..... Confess confess is this Folly new
 End of 3^d Verse..... I wish I wish I wish it werenew
 End of 4th Verse..... A ot new not new is not at all new
 End of 5th Verse..... A ot new not new who has provid it not new
 End of 6th Verse..... Surpass'd surpass'd surpass'd by the new



Brevitas Vita

Set by M^r Holmes



Our blooming Youth with all its flights Let us my Friend in some cool shade
 The jovial Days & Blissfull Nights For secrecy and Friendship made
 What various Joys attend The fleeting hours improve
 When Time has powder'd o'er with hair To Wine alone dispels our Care
 Our locks what have we more to do The Glass will drown to morrows fear
 With Father Brother Friend And make us fit for Love.

The flowers that yearly gladly sight Here you Sir Waiter in a trice
 And Lunas variable Light Till up the Bowl and here entice
 Will fade & be no more Cloe my Hearts Desire
 Then why this anxious care & strife Tell her her hair she must prepare
 This trouble for so short a life Bid her not stay to braid her hair
 That's dying ev'ry Hour. For I am all Desire.



An Occasional Ode on the Success of our Arms

Hail England! Hail England for glory won in Arms as in Arts so transcendently around us

thine strict to Honour no Treaties to break thine strict to Hon' no treaties to break

thine to revenge when Honour at stake Thine non-riſe ye brave draw ye sword point of lance and

bid the bold Cannon roll Thunder to France bid the bold Cannon roll Thunder to France

Huzza Oh ye Britons to Conquest pursue the Trumpet of Victory uplifted for you

*Hark! Truth speaks already our Heroes prevail,
The valiant English Lyon makes Gallia turn pale!
Thy Cunning, oh France, its own Fate will decree,
Success, lend arms on us by Land & by Sea!
And wide o'er the Main shall the British Flag fly,
To force that Submission which pride would deny. Huzza &c*

*Britannia rejoices your Ardour to see,
My Sons, fight she cries, tis for Freedom & me
Tho' Gallia's Ambitious Alliance explore
You'll conquer them now, whom you've conquer'd before,
And triumph, these Truths, to all Nations shall sing,
The Ocean is Georges, & George is your King Huzza &c*



Credulity in Love recommended Set by W. Arnes

Loves a Dream of mighty Treasures
which in Fancy we possess In the Folly lyes the pleasure Wisdom
allways makes it less When in Love by Passion heated we a Goddess
have in Chace Like her on we are cheated and an empty Cloud em
brace

Happy only is the Lover
 Whom his Mistress well deceives
 Seeking nothing to discover
 He contented lives at Ease

But y^e Wretch who would be knowing
 What the Fair one would disguise
 Only seeks his own undoing
 (Thinking happy to be wise)



The Maidens Case Sung by Miss Thomas

At the foot of a Hill in a neat lonely Cott to die an old Maid I'm afraid is my lot
 'Tis a Man but my Father or son in his place think how hard my Condition & pity my
 Case think how hard my Conditions, pity my Case

Young Willey the pride of the Plains I adore,
 He's handsome, good humour'd, has Riches in store,
 But I'm a poor Damsel of Parentage base,
 Think how hard my Condition, & pity my Case.

My Mother once caught us alone in the Dark,
 She chid me and forc'd me away from my Spark
 Then talk'd much of Sorrow, of Shame, & Disgrace,
 Think how hard my Condition, and pity my Case.

Such a strange Alteration has seiz'd me of late,
 Like a Turtle I mourn all the day for my Mate
 At night in my Dreams his best Image I trace
 Think how hard my Condition & pity my Case.

When'er I think of him I sigh, and look pale
 My Mother she asks me what is it I tell,
 My rural Companions, all look in my face,
 And in friendly compassion they pity my Case.

O Hymen! be kind, & give par to my sighs,
 Restore my young Shepherd once more to my Eyes
 The dear nuptial moment with you I'll embrace
 And Maidens shall envy, not pity my Case.



Kitty Fisher - Set by M^{rs} Baker -

Let others in fantas...tic phrase the Mistress
of their fan...cy praise the Mistress of their fancy praise
with Borrow'd Charms the fair adorn such poor Spoils...tan...
...ces I own My Shame is Kitty Lovely Kitty My
theme is lovely Kitty Fisher

Let Sol his light enjoy in peace
The shows their wonted beams in vase
I borrow neither flame nor ray
When thy beauties would display
Of lovely Kitty &c.

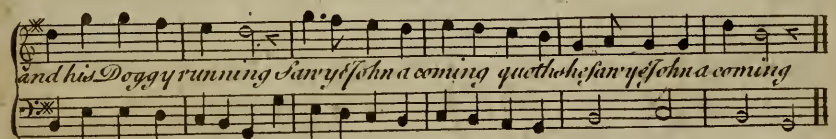
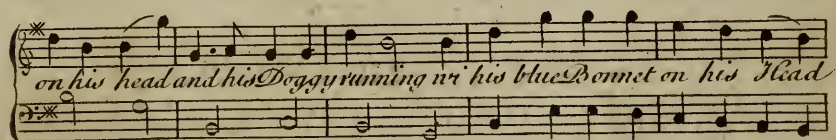
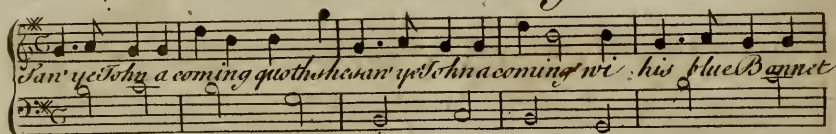
All must her Wit & Sense admire
They give to every breast desire
For Swarms of little loves are hung
On every word that tips the Tongue
Of lovely Kitty.

The roses bloom upon her Cheek
Less white the lily than her cheek
Her Eyes are brighter than the Day
And sweeter breath as new Morn'g dews
Of lovely Kitty &c.

Blest is the Man who in her Arms
Possesses her unbounded Charms
I'll envy not Joves bliss divine
If but the happy fate be Mine
To clasp sweet.



A new Scotch Song



Oh! how weel I Loo him quoth she	If ye donna fee him Father,
Oh! how weel I Loo him,	If ye donna fee him,
For he is a bonny Lad,	I se gird my Coat about my waist
An' a weel doing,	And I se gang wi' him,
For he is a bonny Lad	I se gird my Coat about my waist
And a weel doing,	And I se gang wi' him,
Oh! &c	If ye &c

Fee him Father, fee him quoth she	What man I do wi' him quoth he
Fee him Father, fee him,	What man I do wi' him,
For a the Work about the House	He's neer a Sark untel his back,
Gangs forward when I see him,	Nor ha I can to gi' him,
For a the work about the House	He's neer a Sark untel his back,
Gangs forward when I see him,	Nor ha I can to gi' him,
Fee him &c	What man &c

Hell muck the Byer thrash ith barn,
 And Lig wi' me at E'en,
 I ha twa Sarks within my kist,
 The best o them I se gi' him,
 I ha twa Sarks within my kist,
 The best o them I se gi' him
 And I will make his Bed at E'en
 And Lig down wi' him,



Hebe a Pastoral Ballad

Moderately Brisk

When forc'd from dear Hebe to go what

anguish I felt at my Heart and I thought but it might not be

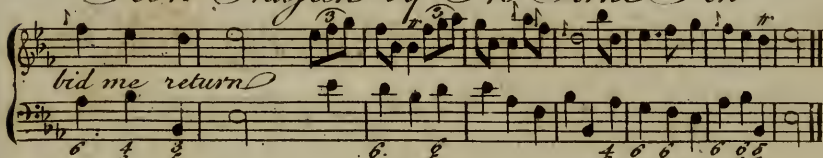
so she was sorry to see me depart she cast such a languishing

view my path I could scarcely discern so sweetly she bid me A

dieu I thought that she bid me return I thought that she



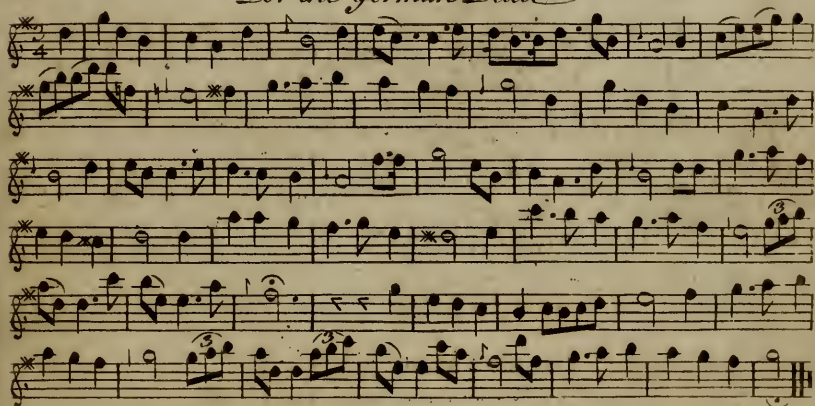
Set to Musick by Mr Arnee Pen^r



bid me return
Methinks she might like to retire, To see when my Charmer goes by
To the Grove I had labour'd to rear, Some Hermit peep out of his Cell
For what ever I heard her admire, How he thinks on his Youth it a sigh
I haoted and planted it there; How fondly he wishes her well;
Her Voice such a pleasure conveys On him she may smile if she please
So much I her accents adore, It will warm the cool bosom of age
Let her speak & what ever she says, Yet cease, gentle Hebe, O cease
I'm sure still to love her the more, Such softness will ruin the sage.

And now ere I haste to y^e Plain, I've stole from no Flowrets y^e grow
Come Shepherds & talk of her ways, To paint y^e dear Charms I approve
I could lay down my life for y^e swain, For n^o what can a blossom bestow
That will sing me a song in her praise, So sweet so delightful as Love,
While he sings may y^e Maids of y^e Town, I sing in a rustical way,
Come flocking & listen the while, At Shepherd & one of the throng
Nor on him let Hebe once frown, Yet Hebe approves of my Lay
But I cannot allon' her to smile, No poets and envy my song

For the German Flute





Delia's favourite Song

Soft pleasing pains unknown before my
 beating bosom feels When I behold the bliss... full
 Bon' where dearest Delia dwells that way I daily
 drive my flock Ah! hap py hap...py vale There

Set to Music by W^o. Arne

look and wish and while I loof my Sighs Increase the
Gale my Sighs increase the Gale

Sometimes at Midnight do I stray	O tell ye Shades that fold my Fair
Beneath inclement Skies	And all my Bliss contain
And there my true Devotion pay	Why should ye those blessings share
To Delia's Sleep-wald Eyes	For which I sigh in vain
So pious Pilgrims nightly roam	But let me not at Fate repine
With tedious Travel faint	And thus my Griefs impart
To kiss alone the Clay cold Tomb	She's not your Tenant she is mine
Of some lov'd fav'rit Saint.	Here Mansion is my Heart.

For the German Flute



Cupid's Refuge

Love when he
saw my Fanny's face, his wondrous passion mov'd, forgot the cares of human kind, felt at last he
lov'd and felt at last he lov'd then to the God of soft Desire his suit he thus ad-
dress'd I Fanny love with mutual Fire O touch her tender Breast
st. I Fanny love with mutual Fire O touch her tender Breast O
touch her tender Breast

Your sighs are hopeless, Cupid crys, I lov'd the Maid before, What rival me, the poor re-lys, Whom Gods and Men adore, He grasp'd y bolt he shook y string Of his imperial Throne, While Cupid ward his rosen Wing, 'And in a breath was gone.	Yer Earth & Seas the Godhead flew But still no shelter found, For as he fled, his dangers grew, And lightning flash'd around, At last his trembling fears impels His flight to Fanny's Eyes, Where happy safe & pleas'd he dwells Nor minds his native Skies.
---	--



Sung by Miss Bricklayer in the Opera of Eliza

When you gave me y^e garland & call'd me your dear when you saw me your May lady
crown'd for the Year I flung it away nor woud hear what you said While
Pan & fair Ceres were banish'd the mead while Pan & fair Ceres were banish'd y^e
mead For with them the soft graces the sweet loves are fled and with them all our
pastimes & pleasures are dead for why little Cupid has broken his bow and
who the dear blessings of love can bestow and who the dear blessings of
love can bestow



The Judicious Fair

*You tell me I'm handsome I know not how
 true and Easy and Chatty and Good humour'd too and
 Easy and Chatty and Good humour'd too
 That my lips are as red as a
 Rosebud in June and my Voice like the Nightingales*



Set by M^r Bryan & Sung by Miss Young

sweetly in tune all this has been told me by twenty be

fore But he that would win me must flat *ter must*

flatter me more

5 6 6 5 3 5 6 6 6 5 3 6 6 6 5 3

If Beauty from Virtue receive no supply,
 Or Prattle from Prudence, how wanting am I;
 My Ease and Good humour short raptures will bring
 And my Voice like the Nightingale's know but a spring
 For Charms such as these then your praises give o'er
 To Love me for Life you must yet Love me more.

Then talk to me not of a Shape or an Air,
 For Chloe the wanton can rival me there;
 'Tis Virtue alone that makes Beauty look gay,
 And brightens Good humour as Sunshine the Day;
 For that if you love me your flame shall be true,
 And I in my turn may be taught to Love too.

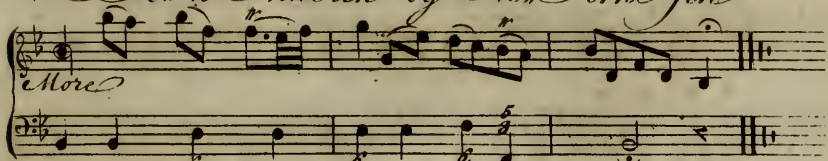


Sally a favourite Song

Sure Sally is the Loveliest Lass that
ever gave Shepherd Glee. Not May day in its Morning.
Dress is half so fair as she Let Poets paint the
Saphian Queen and fancy'd Forms adore Ye Bards had
ye my Sally seen Ye'd think of those no.



Set to Musick by M^r Anne Sells



No more ye'd prate of Hyllas pill, But now the Gloomny Grove I seek
Where Bees their Honey sip, Where Love torn Shepherds weep
Did ye but know y^e sweets y^e dwell, There to y^e Winds my griefs I sell
On Sallys Love fraught Lip, And with my Soul away
But ah! take heed ye tuneful swain, No doubt but I despair my fancy pain
The ripe temptation shun, No dawn of Hope I see
Or else like me ye'll wear her Chains, For Sallys pleas'd at my Complaint
Ye'll be like me undone, And laughs at Love & me.

Once in my Cott secure I slept, Since this my poor neglected Lark
Then Lark like hail'd the Morn, So late my only Care
More sportive then y^e Flocks I kept, Have left these fond thir flocks far
In rantond o'er the Lark, And strayd I know not where
To ev'ry Maid Loves Tale I told, Alas! my Cries in vain you beat
And did my Truth aver, My Lambskins lost adieu
Yet eer y^e parting Kiss was Cold, No more we on y^e plain shall meet
I laugh'd at Love & her, For loots your Shepherd too.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



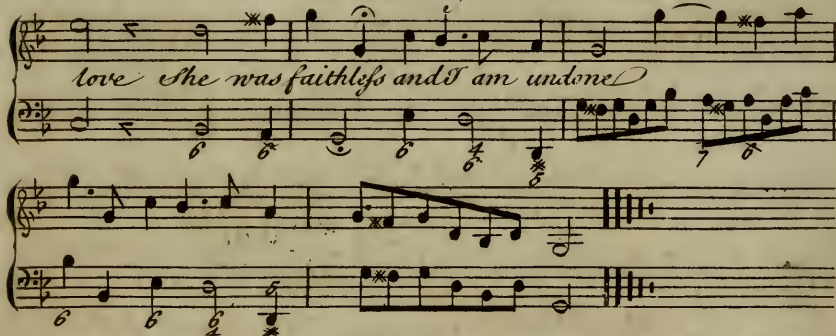


Disappointment A Pastoral

Ye Shepherds give Ear to my
Lay and take no more heed of my Sheep They have
nothing to do but to stray I have nothing to do but to
weep Yet do not my Folly reprove She was
fair and my passion beguyn Shes mild and I could not but

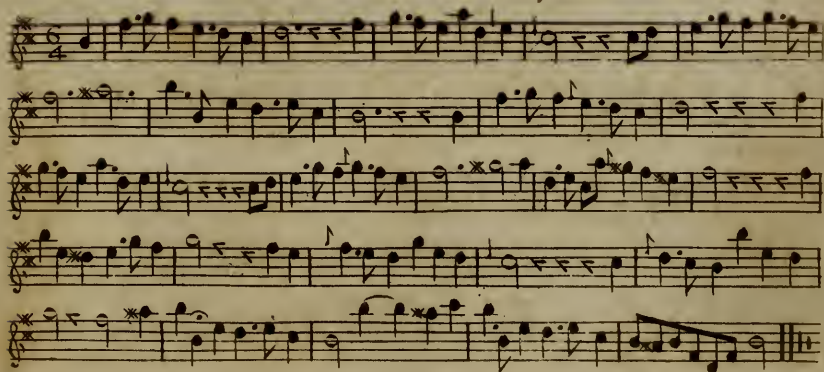


Set to Musick by M^r Arne



*The sweets of a dew sprinkled Rose Ye Woods spread your branches apace
The sound of a murmuring Stream To your deepest recesses I fly
The peace which from solitude flows I woud hide with y^e beasts of y^e chase
Henceforth shall be Coridon's Theme I woud vanish from ev'ry Eye
High Transports are shewn to y^e sight Yet my keed shall revound thro' y^e grove
But we are not to find them our own With y^e same sad Complaint it begun
Tate never bestow'd such delight How she smild I could not but love
As I with my phillis had known. Was faithless and I am undone.*

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE





Vanity of Life

Life how vain esteem'd a bigging worthy

Mortals hope to share proves to every Man possessing full of sorrow full of care full of sorrow

full of care *What if Fortune e'er befriend ye still the*

busy hind prevails *Or should Adversity attend ye ever with it*

Sorrow dwells *over Sorrow with it dwells*

See the Beau in Chariot lolling,	Fill the Misers Bags with Treasure
All without a Gaudy Scene;	Spread the Heroes Glory round,
Take him on his pillow rolling,	Fear outweighs the Scale of pleasure
Slave to Tyrant Thought within,	Envy tramples Honour down,
Grant the fawning Courtier favour,	Places, Titles, Pomp & Riches,
Give him all his hopes pursue;	Sweets, imbitter'd are by Pain,
Still you hear him craving ever,	Thus Experience daily teaches,
Still he pines for something new,	Life and all its Joys are vain.



A New Song

To Fanny

Fair I would impart the Cause of all my woe — that Beauty which has

won my Heart she scarcely seems to know unskill'd in Arts of Woman-kind with

out design she charms How can the sparkling Eye be blind which every

Bosom Warms which every Bosom Warms

She knows her power 'tis all deceit, So when I first beheld the Fair,
Her conscious Blushing shews, With Raptures I was blest,
That blushing to thy Eye more free But when I woud approach to near
Than opening budding Rose? At once I lost all Rest?
But the delicious fragrant Rose, Th'enchanting sight yon sweet surprize
That charms the senses so much, Prepard me for my Down,
Upon a Thorny Brier grows, And now cold look from the se bright Eyes
And Wounds when ever you touch Would lay me in my Tomb,
(And Wounds &c? Would lay me &c.



Hope A Pastoral

My Banks they are furnishid with Bees whose
 murmur invites one to sleep My Grottos are shaded with
 Trees and my hills are white over with Sheep I
 Seldom have met with a Loaf such health do my Mountains be



Set. to Musick by M^r Arne

Let my Fountains all border'd with Moss where the Harebells and

Vi o.....lets grow where the Harebells and Vi o.....lets

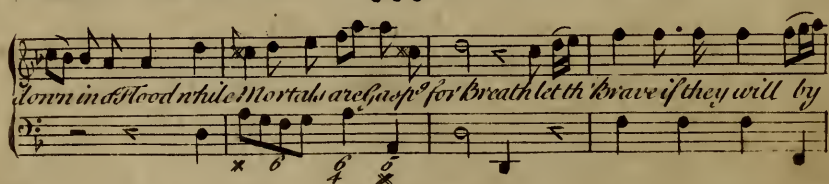
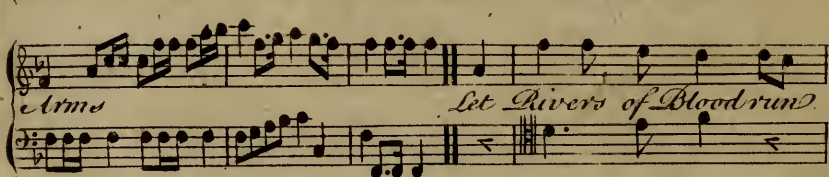
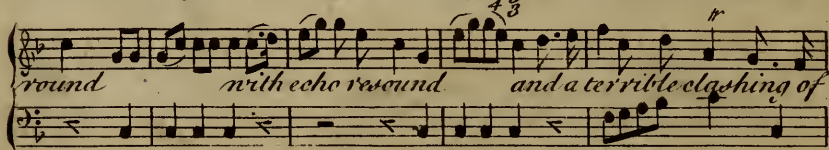
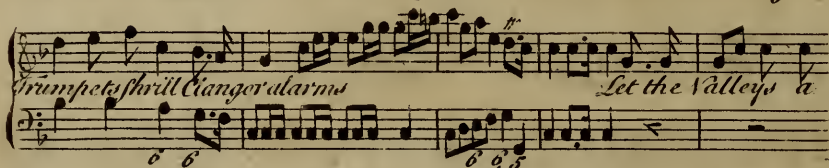
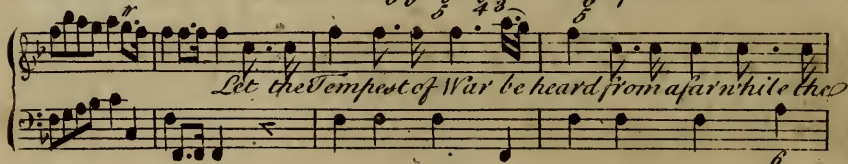
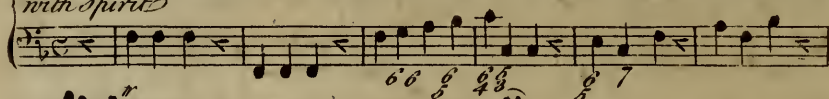
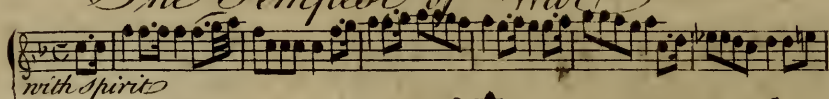
grow

*I've found out a gift for my Fair,
I've found where the Wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that Plunder forbear,
I'll say 'twas a barbarous deed,
He ne'er could be true, she averd,
Who could rob a poor Bird of its young,
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such Tenderneſs fall from her Tongue.*

*But where does my phillida stray,
And where are her Grotts and her Bow'rs
Are the Groves and the Vallies as gay,
And the Shepherds as gentle as ours:
The Groves may perhaps be as fair,
The Face of the Vallies as fine,
The Swains may in Manners compare,
But their Love is not equal to mine.*

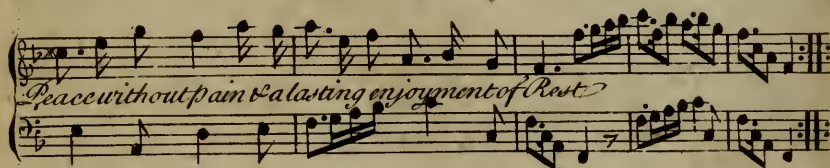
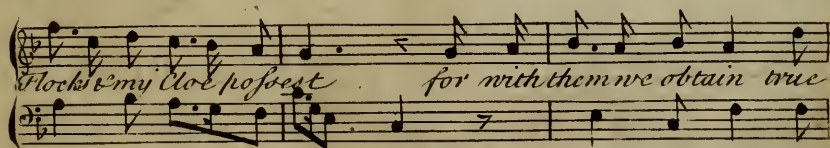
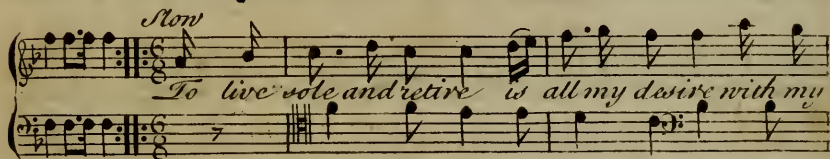
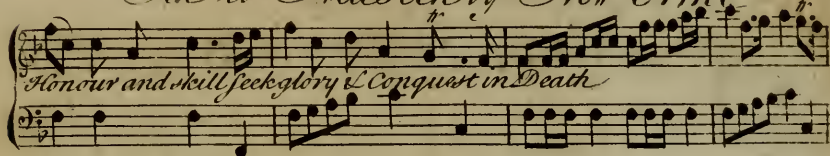


The Tempest of War





Set to Musick by M^r Orme



*In a Cottage or Cell where Shepherds do dwell
 In Innocence Freedom & Ease
 We lead peaceable Lives who are bless'd with good Wives
 That study their Husbands to please
 What blessings below can Heav'n bestow
 Excelling such quiet as this
 No affliction come here no grief interfere
 To lessen our measure of bliss*



Sollicitude & Pastoral

Tenderly

Why will you my passion reprove why
term it a folly to grieve O'er I tell you the Charms of my Love she is
fairer than you can believe she is fair er than you can believe with her
Mien she enamours if brave with her Wit she engages the free With her



Recit

The Toast

Sung by M^r Beard

When Bacchus jolly God invites to revel in the Evening Kites In vain his Altar I fear

round the with Burgundian Infence crown'd No charms his Wine without the Laps

his Love gives relish to the Glass

Allegro

While all around with joyous glee in brimmed Toast their favorites he

the ev'ry nymph my Lips proclaim my heart still whispers thee, Name

And thus with me by Am'rous stealth still ev'ry Glass is

Chloe's Health still ev'ry Glass is Chloe's Health



Sung by M^r Lowe in Tamerlane

Gently

thee Oh! gentle Sleep a lone is owing all our peace by thee our

Joys are heighten'd shonn by thee our Sorrows cease

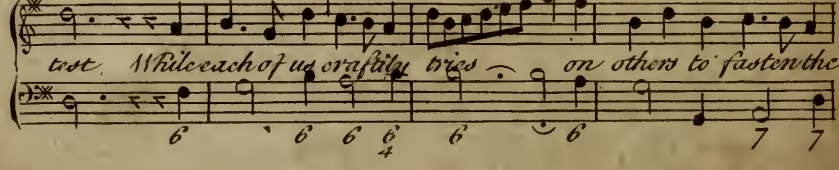
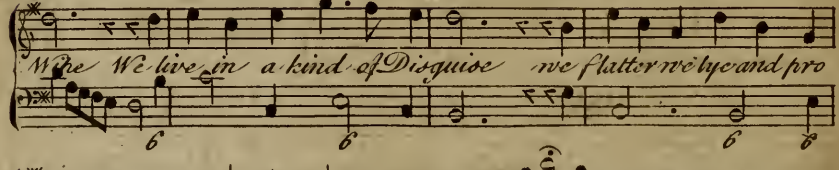
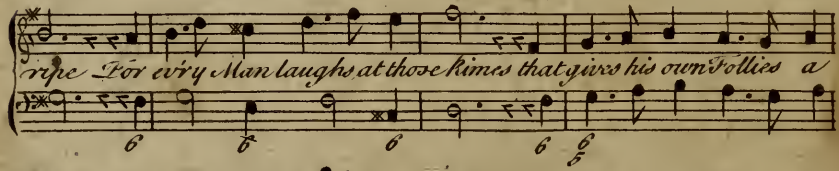
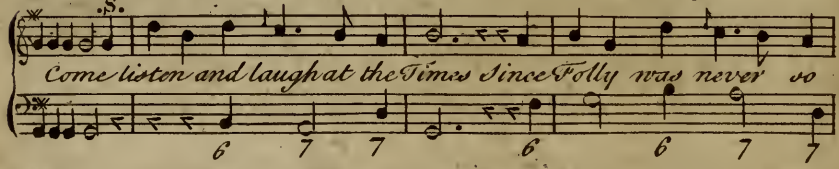
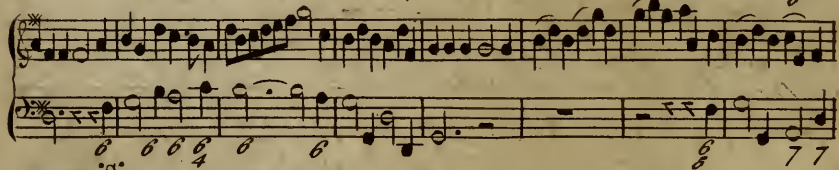
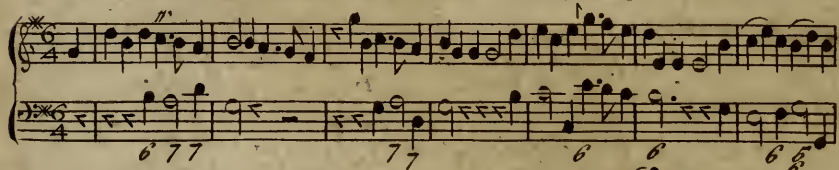
<i>The Nymph whose hand by fraud or force</i>	<i>Oh! stay Arpasia bids thee stay</i>
<i>Some Tyrant has possess'd</i>	<i>The sadly weeping Fair</i>
<i>By thee obtaining a Divorce</i>	<i>Conjures thee not to loose in Day</i>
<i>In her own choice is blest</i>	<i>The object of her Care</i>

To Grasp whose pleasing Form she sought
That motion chas'd her Sleep
Thus by our selves are oftneast wrought
The Griefs for which we weep

For the German Flute



To Touch on the Times



Come listen and laugh at the Times Since Folly was never so

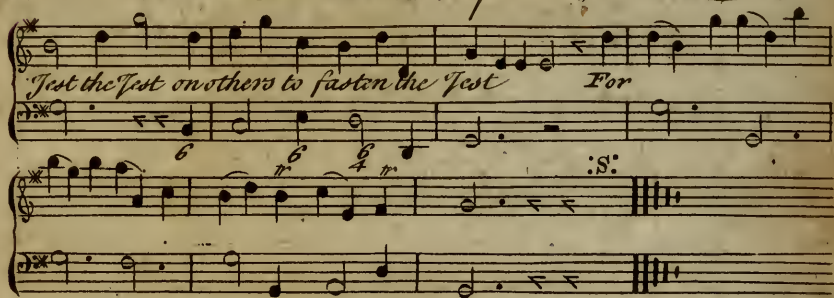
ripe For every Man laughs at those times that gives his own Follies a

We live in a kind of Disguise we flatter we lyce and pro

test While each of us craftily tries on others to fasten the



Set to Musick by M^r. Arne



The Virgin, when first she is woo'd,
Returns ev'ry Sigh with disdain,
And while by her Lover pursu'd,
Can laugh at his Folly and pain;
But when from her Innocence won,
And doom'd for her Virtue to mourn,
When she feels herself lost and undone,
She laughs at the Fool in his turn.

The fools who at Law do contend,
Can laugh at each others distress,
And while the dire Suit does depend,
Neer think how their Substance grows less,
Till hamper'd by tedious Expence,
Altho' to Compound they are loath,
They'll find when restor'd to their Senses,
The Lawyers sit laughing at both.

But while we perceive it the Fashion,
For each Fool to laugh at each other,
Let us strive with a Generous Compassion,
To Correct not condemn one another;
We all have some Follies to hide,
Which known, woud dishonour the best,
And Life, when 'tis thoroughly try'd,
Like Friendship, will seem but a jest.



The kind Inconstant

Tenderly

Why doe still those Jealous Heats and
 why that falling Tear the Heart that to a
 thousand beats to one may be sincere to one may be sin
 cere to sweeten autumn milder Reign The soft try Summers

4 6 7 5 4 6 6 5 6 2 6 6 2 6



Damone Sung by Miss Thomas

Lively

Sure Damon

is the blithest swain that ever trod the Lea His honest heart ne'er

gave me pain it ever dwells with me For

Whene'er I wander in the

Fra For *Pia*

Grove His always in my mind I think on all our

For *Pia*



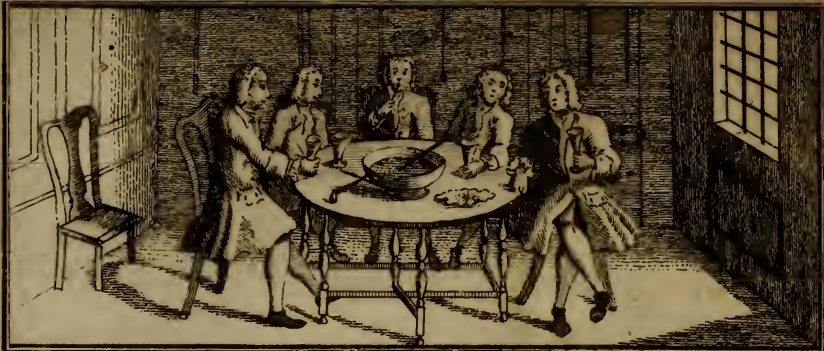
Set to Musick by M^r Bryan

former Love Damon the dear the kind Damon the dear the

kind

For

When Evening comes we two repair
 To some cool, peacefull Shade,
 There breath in private all our Care,
 And Joy upon the Glade,
 If For my share of happyness
 Kind Heaven would him bestow,
 With other Blessings, great or less,
 Let all Mankind overflow.



A Song for three Voices

Britannia! we rejoice to George and to your Voice God save the King In whose auspicious reign
Britannia! we rejoice to George and to your Voice God save the King In whose auspicious reign
Cape Breton we regain and in recording Strain Vict'ry Sing In whose au
Cape Breton we regain and in recording Strain Vict'ry Sing In whose au
spicious reign Cape Breton we regain and in recording Strain Vict'ry Sing
spicious reign Cape Breton we regain and in recording Strain Vict'ry Sing
Amherst, and Boscawon
And all their British Men,
Like Heron's shone,
Thanks be to Patriot Pitt,
Whose penetrating wit,
And wisdom judg'd it fit,
To set them on.

O grant thus nobly won,
That never Cape Breton,
e regain may fall,
May British Bands protect,
While British Hearts direct,
And Gallie Schemes detect,
God save us all.