



Complete











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

Curiously Engrav'd  
With the Thorough Bass for the Harpsicord  
and Transposition for the German Flute

Embellish'd with Designs adapted to each Song

IN III VOLUMES

Volume the first containing near two Hundred Airs.

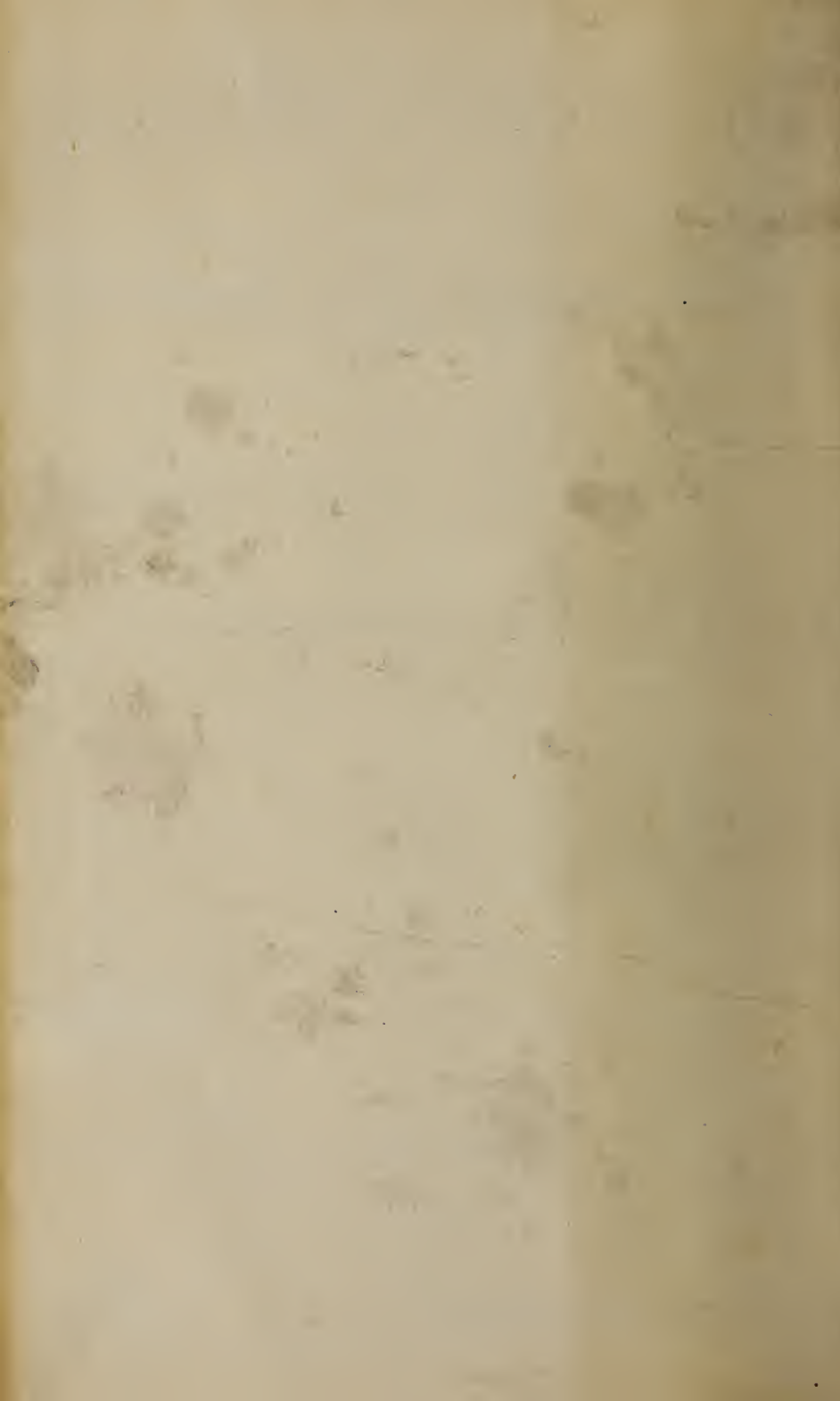
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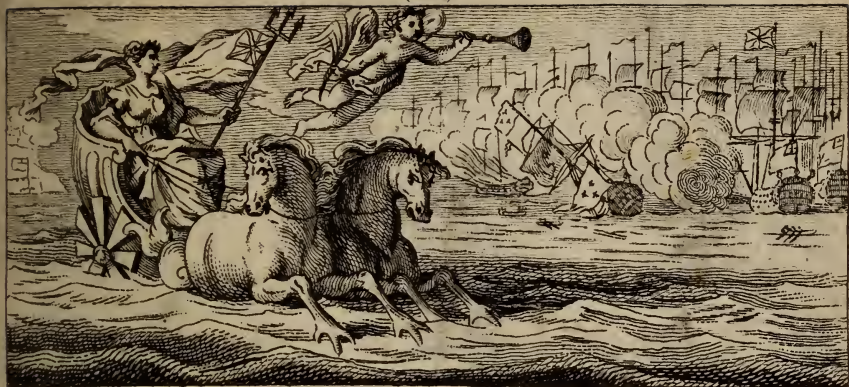
L O N D O N.

Sold by the Proprietor Henry Roberts Engraver & Printseller  
near Hand Alley almost opposite Great Turn-stile HOLBORN.

MDCCLXII.







# Smile Britannia A Favourite Song

*Moderately*

Smile smile Britannia smile thy Gen'ls comes again to guard thy fruitful Iles - thunder o'er the  
main thy Gallant sons disdain the *Cape Now Crown thee Mistricks of the seas Now Crown*  
*thee Mistricks of the seas Now Crown thee Mistricks of the seas*

While dauntless they advance,  
And bid the cannons roar,  
They'll scourge the pride of France  
And shake the Imperial Thoar,  
Detiding Trumpets o'er the Waves,  
With Courage never known to Slaves  
With Courage &c.

The Deck all stain'd with Blood  
The Bullets wing'd with Fate,  
The wide and restless Flood,  
Cannot the Rage abate,  
In How and in Ocean wake,  
The Souls of Rufel, & of Blake  
The Souls &c.

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

G<sup>n</sup>. FLUTE.





# A Favorite Song *new set by Mr. Miller*

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

*Part why then shouldst thou have mine? then shouldst thou have mine yet now I*

*think out let it lye to keep it were in vain For thoust a Thief in a...ther eye wou'ld steal it back a...*

*ga... in wou'ld steal it back a gain.*

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

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

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



Gently *The Disappointed Lover*

When Day drops gild the weeping Thorn and hoarse purling brooks Salute the Morn  
 Fair Cynthia charm'd the Grove her Voice like Phyllis...a  
 rung But still the Burthen of her Song was false and  
 Perjur'd Love?

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

Against the sweet enchanting Strain  
 No longer able to contain  
 He thus himself address'd  
 My Hooks cry'd he shall all be thine  
 My Dog my Crook be you but mine  
 And blest a Shepherd's Brest

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

When bliss was past young Collin cry'd  
 Had you at first thus far comply'd  
 I neer had seen the More  
 He hush'd cry'd she I know thy will  
 For Hodge that lives at yonder Mill  
 Once serv'd me so before





*To Arms & Britons strike home*

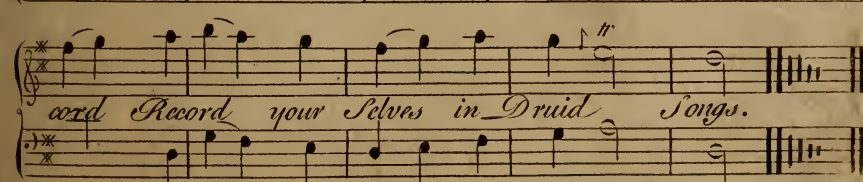
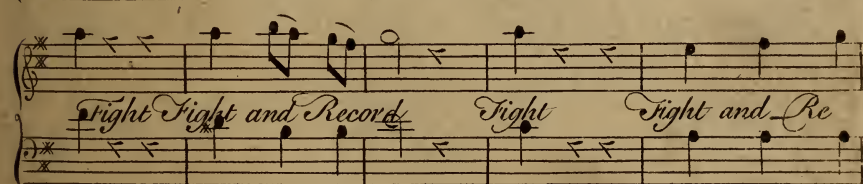
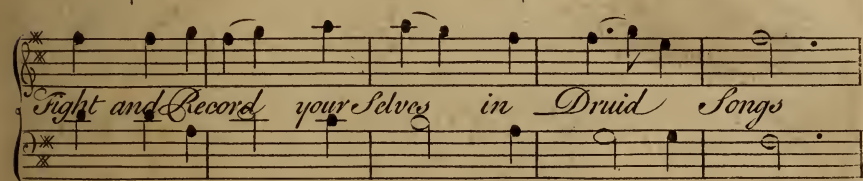
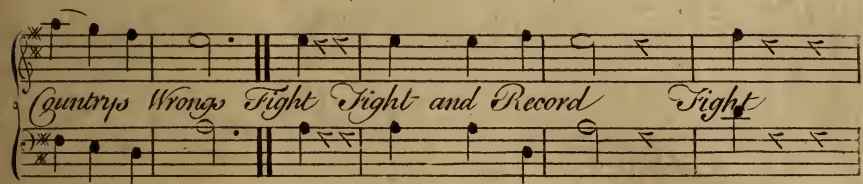
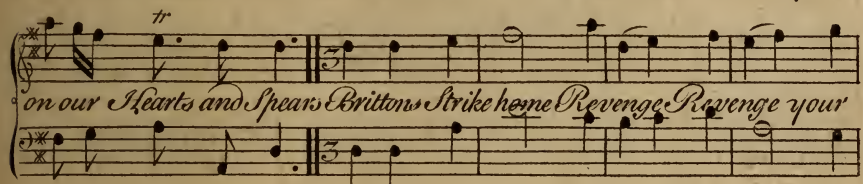
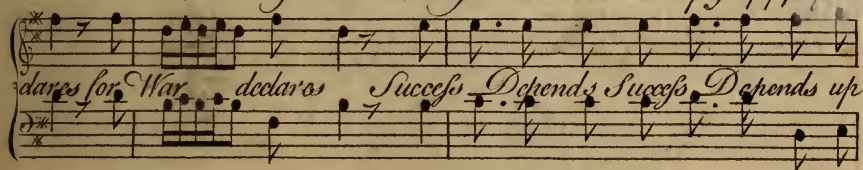
*To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms To Arms to Arms to Arms to*  
*To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to*  
*Arms To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to*  
*Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms your Ensigns strait display*  
*Arms To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms your Ensigns strait display*  
*now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

*The Oracle for War declares for War declares Success Depends Suc*

*cess Depends upon our Hearts and Spears if Oracle for War de*



*Set by M<sup>r</sup> Henry Purcell in Compas of 4 Quarter Note*



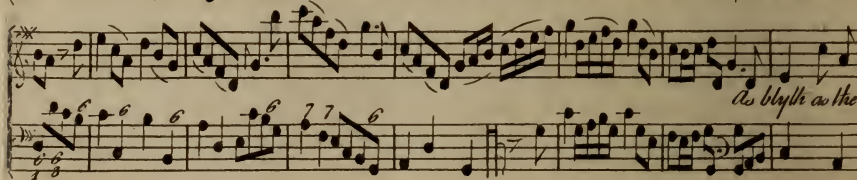
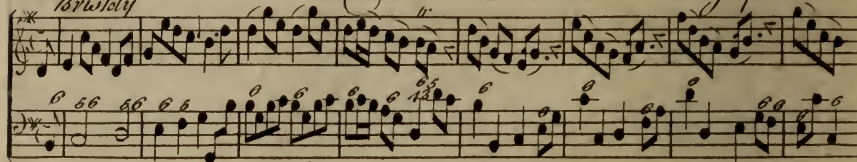




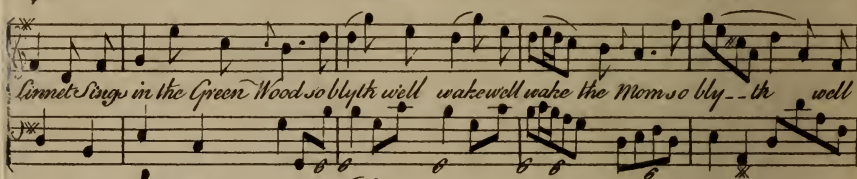
*Briefly*

Robin Hood

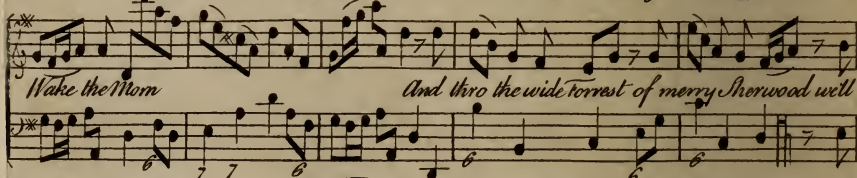
*Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Beard*



as blyth as the

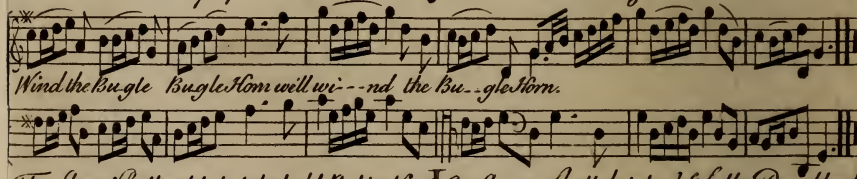


Linnet Sings in the Green Wood so blyth well wakewell wake the Mom so bly--th well

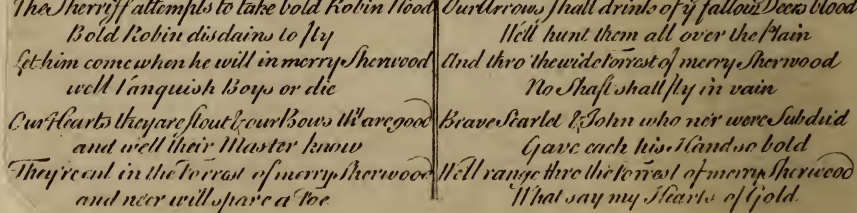


Wake the Morn

And thro the wide forrest of merry Sherwood we'll



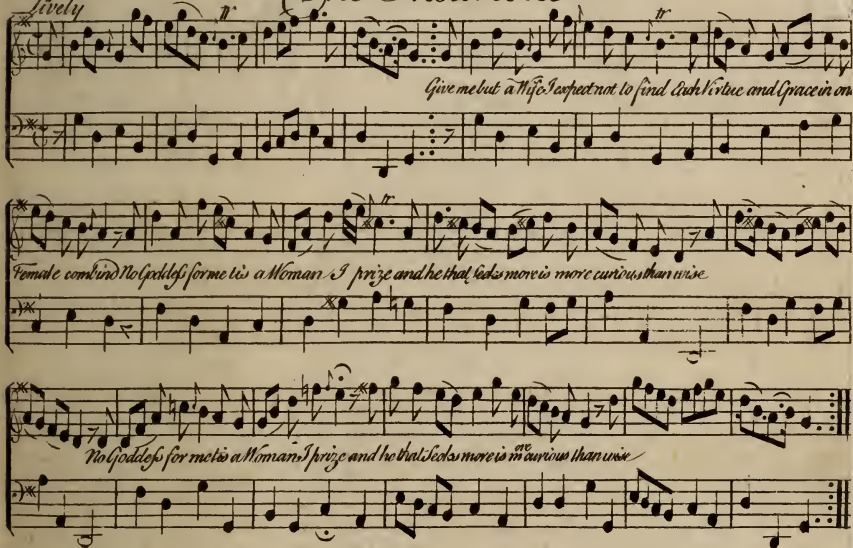
Wind the Bugle Bugle Horn will wi--nd the Bu--gle Horn.





## The Incurious

*Lively*



Be she young shes not Stubborn but easy to mould  
Or she claims my respect like a Mother if old  
Thus either can please me since Woman I prize. And he that *&c*

Like Venus she ogles if wanton her Eye  
If blind she the roving of mine cannot spy  
Thus either is lovely for Woman I prize. And he that *&c*

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

I neer shall want converse if Tongues she possess  
And if mute still the rarity pleases me less  
Im suited to either for Woman I prize And he that *&c*

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





*Under the Greenwood Shade Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Beard*

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

*Grass for your Bed Soft Leaves for your Pillow the Grass for your Bed.*

*While wanton you the Sparrows chirp over your Head all under the Greenwood*

*Shade all under the Greenwood Shade*

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

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

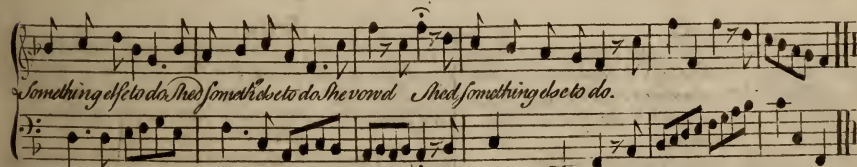
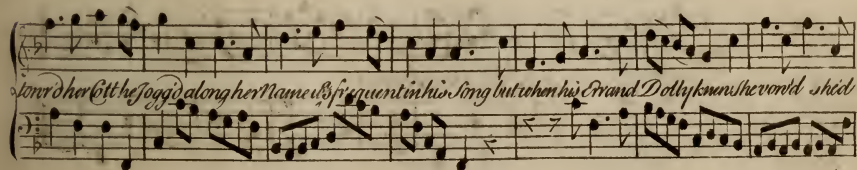
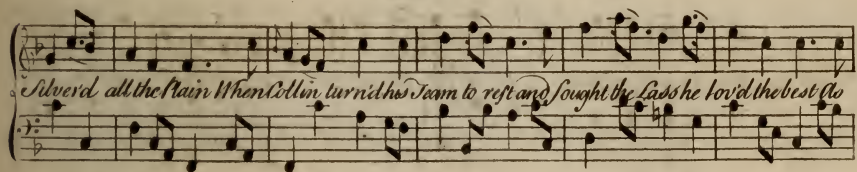
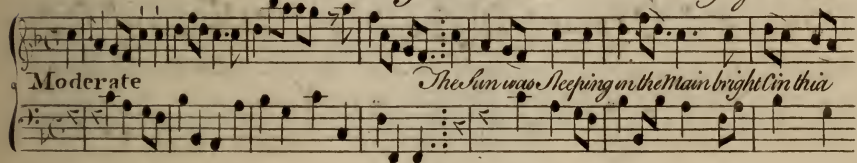
*The Frowns for a while arm the Face of the Fair  
Yet soon our young Lover forgets all his Care  
For Phillis cries do not oh do not despair  
All under the Greenwood Shade*





# Something else to do

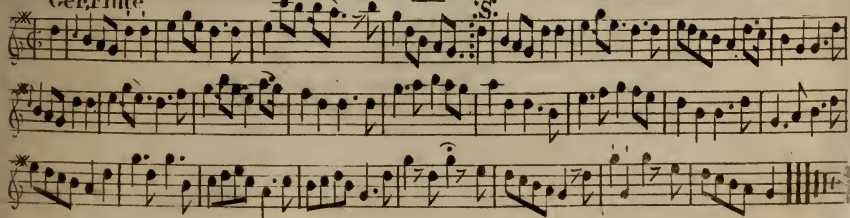
Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Beard



He swore he did esteem her more  
Than any Maid he'd seen before  
In tender sighs protesting He  
Would constant as the Turtle be  
Till'd much of Death should they part  
And us'd such words as lovers use  
To fine says Doll 'Tis but true  
But now I've something else to do

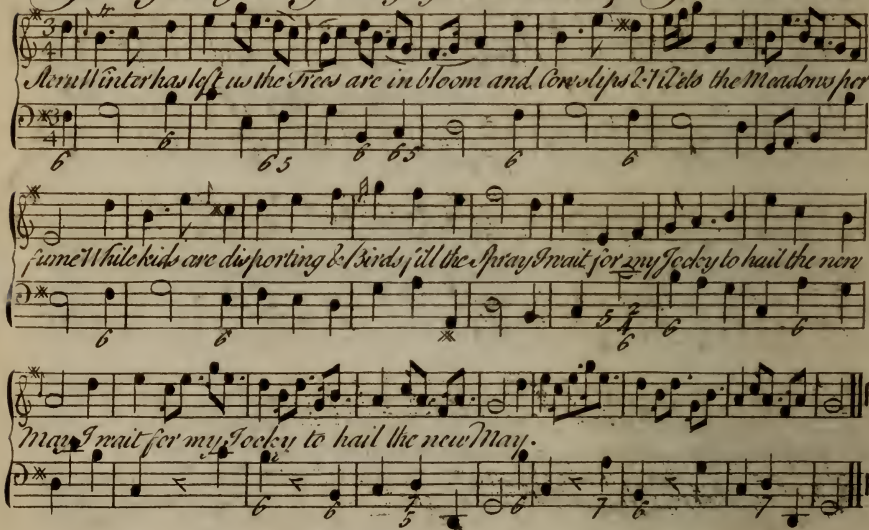
Her Pate then Collin thus adressed  
Forgive me Doll I did but rest  
To her that's kind I'll constant prove  
But trust me I'll ne'er dye for Love  
The first she did his courtship scorn  
Now Doll began to Court in turn  
Dear Collin I was jesting too  
Step in I've nothing else to do

Gen. Flute





*Jocky & Jenny Sung by W. Lowe & Miss Falkner*



**Jocky**

*Among the young lilies my Jenny I've strayed  
Under Daisies & Woodvines I bring to my Maid  
Here's time sweetly smelling & lavender gay  
A joy to join for my Queen of the May*

**Jenny**

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

**Jocky**

*Woe it is hands come in the pharos green dress  
I gave you those fair hands that hang at yesternest  
Beside three sweet kisses upon the new May  
Now that dear like Jenny my Queen of the May*

**Jocky**

*Of ev'ry desire ye young lovers draw near  
I would all suspicion what e'er may appear  
Believe not your eyes if your peace should betray  
Then come my dear Jenny and hail the new May*

**Jenny**

*This Garland of Roses no longer I prize  
Since Jocky false hearted has forsaken me  
The flowers so blooming this Instant decay  
For Jenny's no longer the Queen of the May*

**Jocky**

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

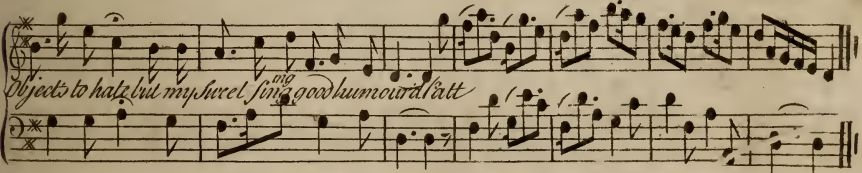
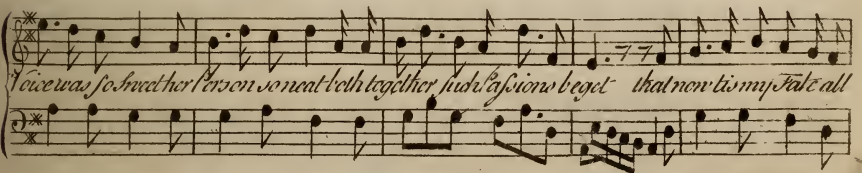
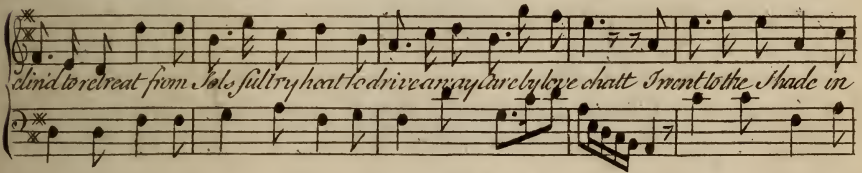
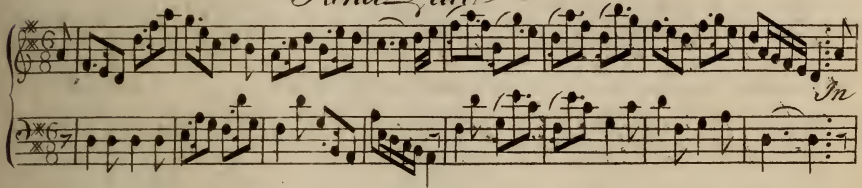
**Jenny**

*Again let us comfort with transport & mien  
My fears are all expell'd since Jocky is true  
Then to our little shepherd's house I'll convey  
That Jenny alone you've crown'd Queen of the May*





## Kind Palt



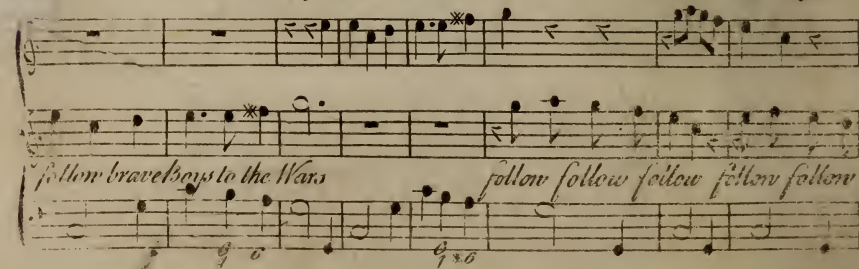
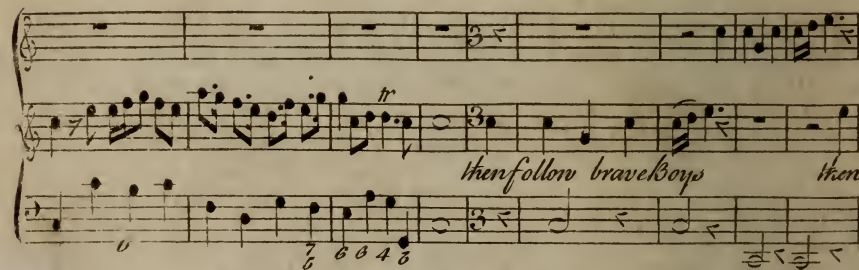
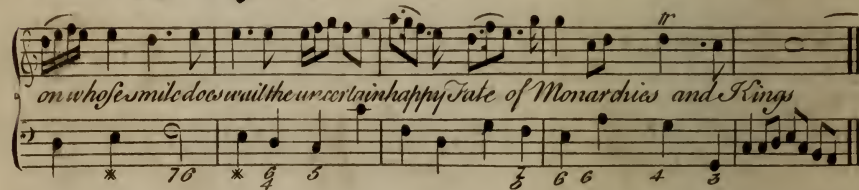
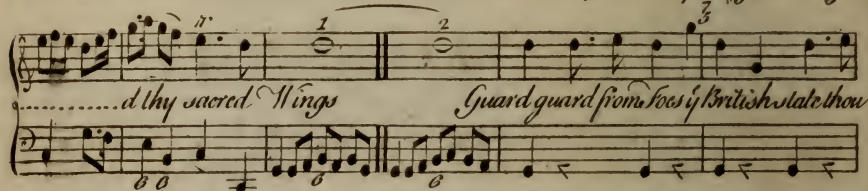
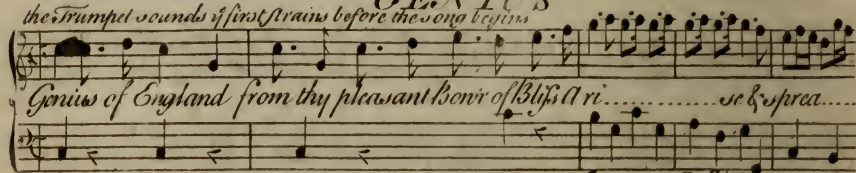
Why do I complain, or suffer such pain,  
 When she knows what I wish would be all;  
 My Charmer is kind to love well inclin'd,  
 And was ever call'd kind little Palt;  
 Then all the Day long with Chant & mirth Song,  
 Enjoy the dear girl and all that,  
 At Night wish to steal to her Bed, & reveal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





# GENIUS

*the Trumpet sounds its first strains before the Song begins*





*of ENGLAND*

follow follow follow follow brave Boys to the Wa...

follow follow follow brave Boys to the

Wa... as the Laurel you know is the Prize

the Laurel you know is the Prize Who





# *A Favourite Song*

Brings home the noblest the no... blest the no...

blast scars looks p... nest in Ce... lia's

Eyes then sha...

ke off the Slothfull Case

Set

6 7 6 6 7 6 3 6 7 6 6

4 6 3 6 6 6 5 4 3

6 7 6 4 6 6 6

5 4 6 7 6 6 2 7 6





*Set to Musick*

Glory let Glory let Glory inspire your Hearts

Remember a Soldier in

War and in Peace

Remember a Soldier in War in

War & in Peace is the no.



by M<sup>r</sup> Henry Purcell

Handwritten musical score for a song titled "Remember a Soldier in War and in Peace". The score is written on ten staves, with lyrics interspersed between the staves. The lyrics are: "blest of all other Arts", "Remember a Soldier in War and in Peace", "War in War and in Peace is the Na...", and "blest of all other Arts". The music is written in a style that appears to be from the 18th or 19th century, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and accidentals. There are also some handwritten annotations and corrections, such as "76" and "89" written above the notes, and "7" and "8" written below the notes. The score is written in ink on aged, slightly discolored paper.





## Young Collin

Young Collin was a sprightly swain & sweetly tun'd his Rural Lay  
 for me he oft with fragrant pain has cull'd the fragrant Hods of May  
 Flowers of  
 May has cull'd the fragrant Flowers of May Those Flowers to my Bosom ty'd then smiling  
 ask'd a tender Kiss I thought it rude and yet comply'd but for girls say was that a kiss but  
 Virgins say was that a kiss.

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

But one fair Morn we chanc'd to stray  
 Where Flora all her fragrance spread  
 He dec'd my Bosom sweet and gay  
 With the Flow'r ets of the Mead  
 He press'd my kind as I did  
 I blush'd and faintly answer'd yes  
 To my yielding Heart was mov'd  
 Nor blame me if I did a miss.



*The Dawn of Hope*  
in (compass of the German State

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

*Yet my dearest Damon lives not, him ye Gods your Care* ----- *rest yet my dearest*

*Damon lives not him ye Gods your Care Make him ye Gods your Care.*

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

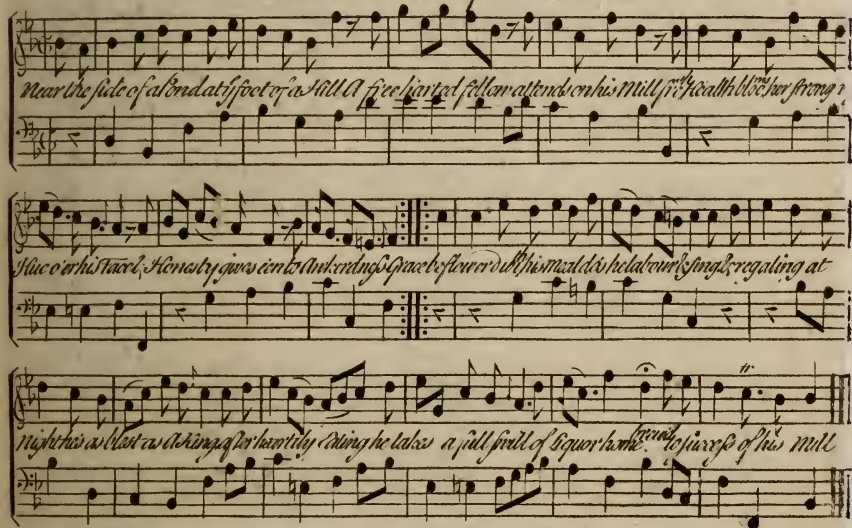
*Thus in a secret friendly Shade,  
The pensive Celia mourn'd,  
While courteous Echo lent her Aid,  
And Sigh for Sigh return'd.*

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





## The Stanch Man of the Mill



He makes no nice scruple of Tole for his Trade,  
For that's an Exercise to his Industry paid;  
His Conscience is free and his Income is clear,  
And he values not them of ten Thousands a Year,  
He's a freehold, sufficient to give him a Vote,  
At Elections he sooths to accept of a Groat;  
He hates your proud Place Men & do what they will,  
They ne'er can seduce the Stanch Man of the Mill.

On Sunday he talks with the Barber and Priest,  
And hopes that our Statesmen do all for the best;  
That the Spaniards shall ne'er interfere our free Trade,  
Nor good British Coin be in Subsidies paid;  
He fears the French Navy and Commerce increase,  
And he wishes poor Germany still may have Peace;  
The old England he knows may have Strength & Skill,  
To protect all her Manors and save his own Mill.

With this honest hope he goes home to his Work,  
And if Water is scanty he takes up his Fork;  
And over the Meadows he scatters his Hay,  
Or with the stiff Plough turns up furrows of Clay,  
His Harvest is crown'd with a good English Glee,  
That his Country may ever be happy and free,  
With his Hand and his Heart, to King George does he fill,  
And may all loyal Souls act the Man of the Mill.



# Rule Britannia

When Britain first at Heav'n's Command,  
 a rose from out the Azure Main;  
 Main, arose arose from out the Azure Main;  
 This was the Charter the Charter of the





*Set by Mr. Arne*

*Land, and Guardian An...gels Sung this Strain*

*Rule Britannia, Britannia Rule the Waves.*

*Britons ne ver will be Slaves.*

*The Nations (not so blast as thee)  
Must in their turns to Tyrants fall;  
While thou shalt flourish great & free,  
The dread and envy of them all.  
Rule &c.*

*Thee haughty Tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
All their attempts to bond thee down,  
Will but arouse thy generous flame;  
But work thier vice and thy renown.  
Rule &c.*

*Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke  
As the loud blast that tears the skies,  
Serves but to root thy native Oak.  
Rule &c.*

*To thee belongs the rural reign,  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;  
All thine shall be the subject Main,  
And ev'ry shore it circles thine.  
Rule &c.*

*The Muses still with Freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coasts repair;  
Blast Isle with matchless Beauty crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
Rule &c.*



# Fair Hebe

Sung by. W<sup>th</sup> Beard

*Andante*

*fair Hebe I left with a*

*cautious design to watch for her charms & to drown in Wine I try'd it but found ney<sup>r</sup> I came to depart the Wine on my*

*Head & still love in my head I repair'd to my Reason untreat<sup>d</sup> her Aid who pass'd on my case & each Circumstance weigh<sup>d</sup> it*

*gravely pronounc'd unto my Pray'r that Hebe was fair<sup>est</sup> of all that was fair.*

That's a truth reply'd I've no need to be taught.  
 I came for your Counsell to find out a fault.  
 If that's all you'll Reason return as you came;  
 To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my Name.  
 What's I hope then alas of relief from my Pain,  
 While like lightning she darts thro' each throbbing Vein;  
 My Senses surpris'd in her favour took Arms,  
 And Reason confirms me a Slave to her Charms.





## A Cock & a Bull

Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Board

To take in good part & square of life and the language of lovers who dare not demand

& then with another as close & as dear you're that him believe his happiness near you're that him to love his slappings

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

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

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



## Female Friendship

Set by Mr. Dofsch

*Moderately*

Love is true but in my breast another passion reigns sweet friend, tame my mind long it

soothe my <sup>rough</sup> am' Pains

secret Art my <sup>will</sup> though controul gay Betsy wins my open Heart dear Nancy fires my soul dear

Nancy fires my soul.

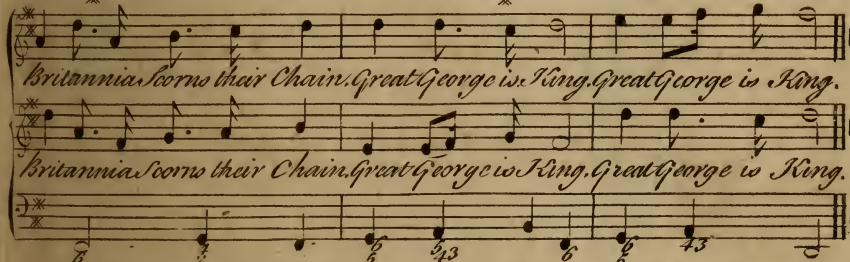
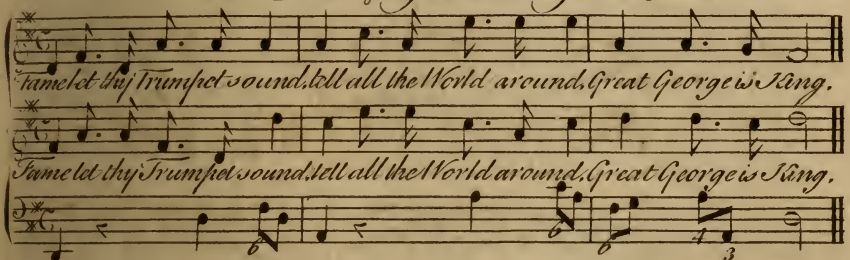
When on her Face my sight I feast,  
And breathe the sparkling Sigh,  
If chance the cloud of fate o'ercast,  
My Heaven that's in her Eye,  
To Betsy I my doubt's relate,  
The meaning to define,  
Be wise she cries, with patience wait,  
And Nancy will be thine.

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





# A Loyal Song for two Voices



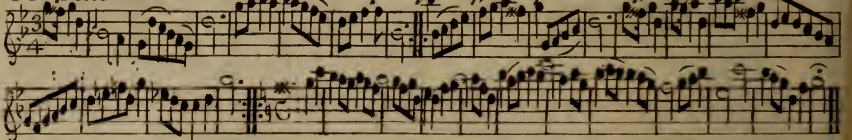
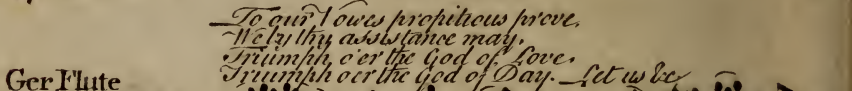
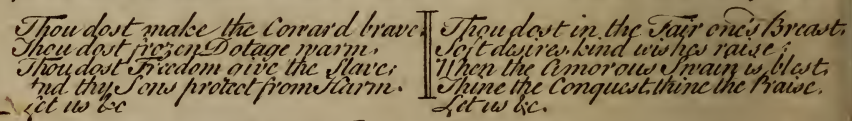
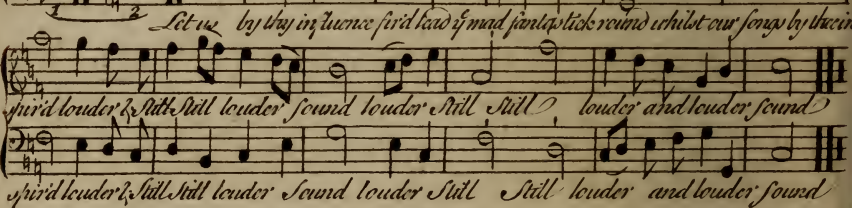
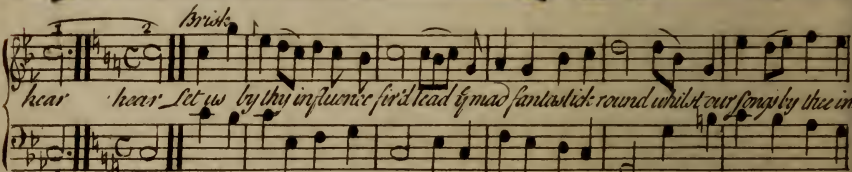
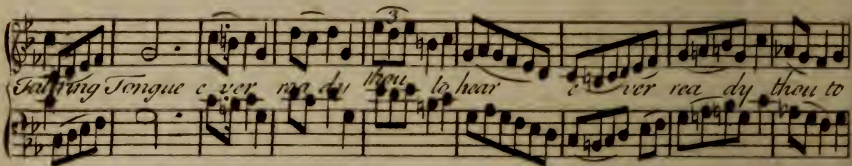
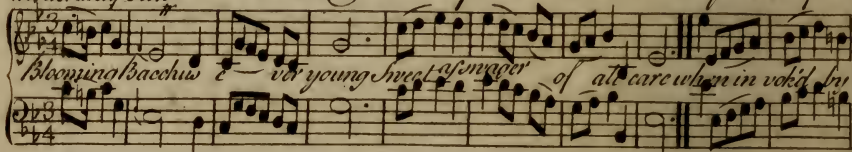
May Heaven his Life defend,  
 And make his Race extend,  
 Wide as his Fame:  
 Thy Choicest Blessings, shal,  
 On his appointed Head,  
 And teach his Sons to dread,  
 Great Georges Name.

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

Chorus  
 God save our Noble King,  
 Long live our gracious King,  
 God save the King:  
 Mark how the Valley ring,  
 Long live our gracious King,  
 From whom such Blessings spring,  
 God save the King.



*Moderately Slow* *The Power of Wine* Set by Mr Corse



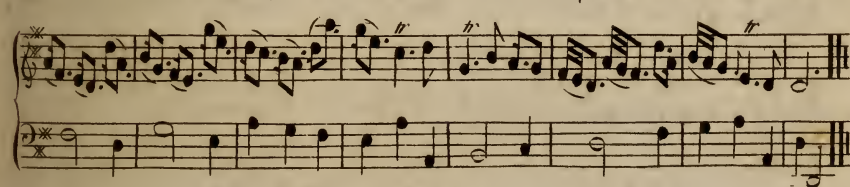
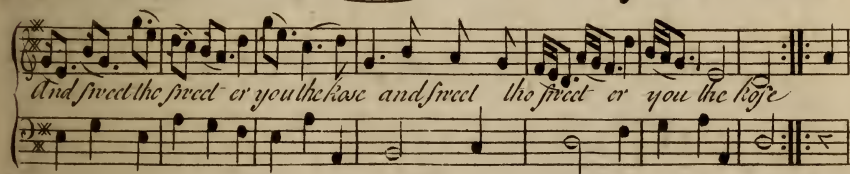
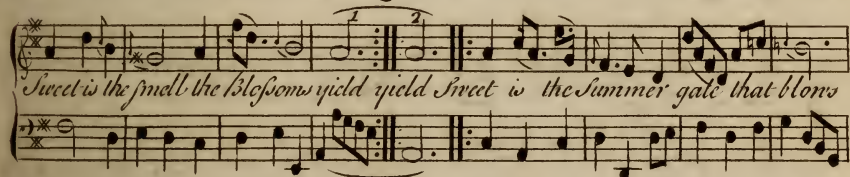
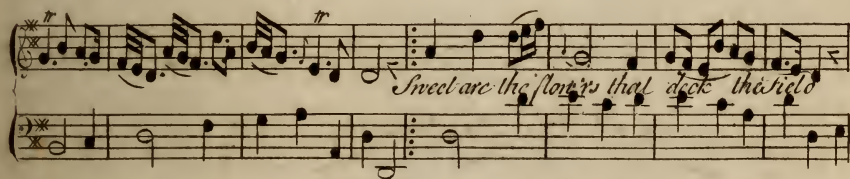
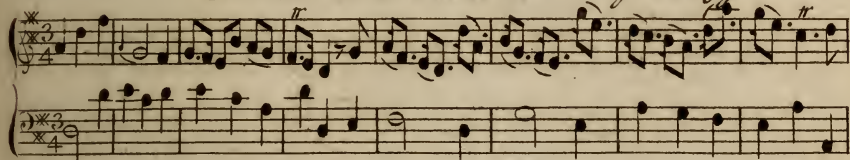
Ger Flute

*To our Vows propitious prove,  
We by thy assistance may,  
Triumph o'er the God of Love,  
Triumph o'er the God of Day. Let us be*





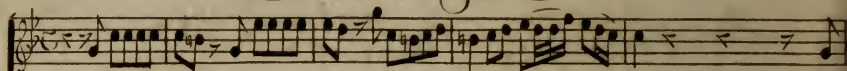
*Sweet are the Flowers* Set by Mr Burgess



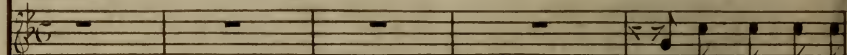
*Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs,  
The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs;  
Then tell me where the Woodbine grows,  
That vies in sweetness with the Rose?*



# A three Part

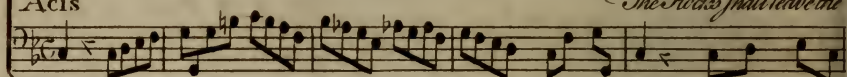


Galatea

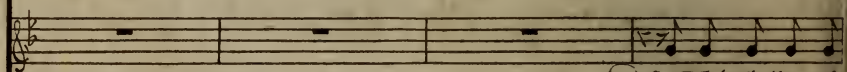
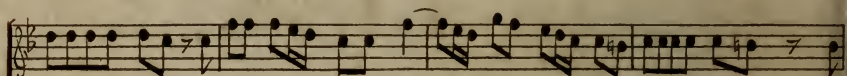


Acis

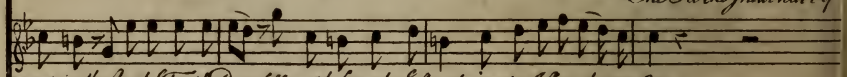
*The Rocks shall leave the*



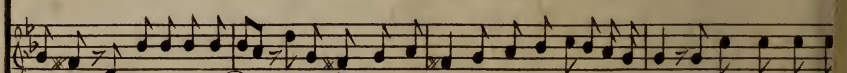
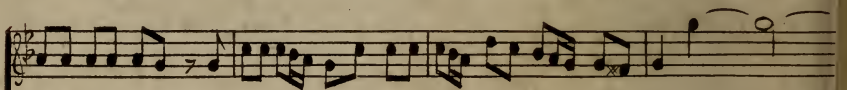
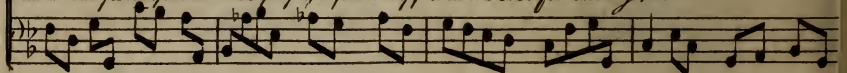
Poly



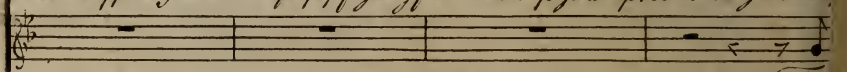
*The Rocks shall leave the*



*mountains the flocks the Turtle Dove the Nymphs for sake the fountains ere I for sake my Love*



*Mountains the flocks the Turtle Dove the Nymphs for sake the fountains ere I for sake my Love the Rocks shall leave*



*The*



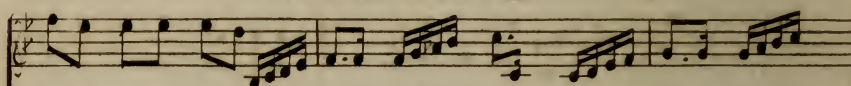


## Favourite Song

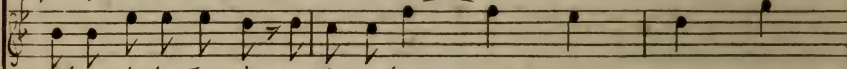
Mountains the floods & Turtle Dove the Nymphs forsake & fountains ere I ere  
 flocks shall leave & Mountains & floods & Turtle Dove the Nymphs forsake & fountains ere  
 I for sake my love ere I forsake my love ere I forsake my love  
 I forsake my love ere I forsake my love  
 Torture Fury Rage Despair I cannot amble  
 The flocks shall leave & Mountains the floods the Turtle Dove the  
 The flocks shall leave the Mountains the floods & Turtle Dove the  
 bear I cannot amble I cannot amble bear Torture fury I cannot amble I cannot amble



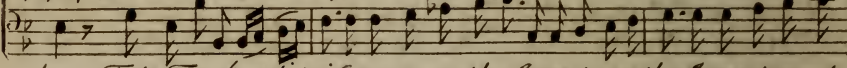
*Set to Musick*



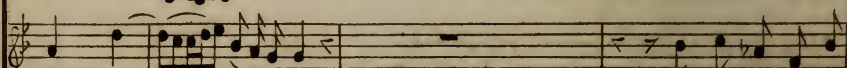
*Nymphs forsake the fountains ere I for sake*



*Nymphs forsake the fountains ere I forsake*

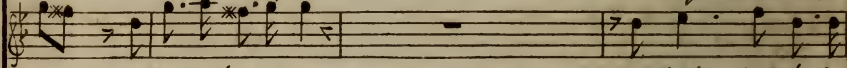


*bear Torture fury rage despair I cannot cannot bear I cannot cannot bear I cannot cannot*



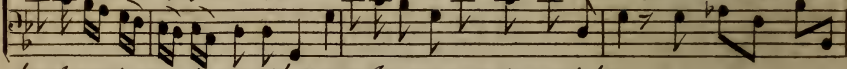
*my love*

*Not shew to Larks so*

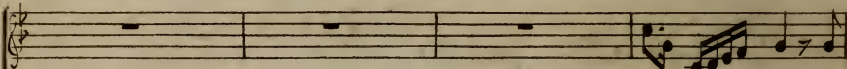


*ere I forsake my love*

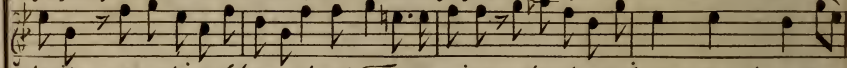
*Not shew to Larks so*



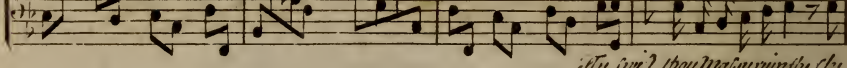
*bear I cannot cannot cannot bear no I cannot cannot cannot bear*



*pleasing nor sunshine to the bee no sleep to Toyl so easing as these dear smiles to me as these dear*



*pleasing nor sunshine to the bee no sleep to Toyl so easing as these dear smiles to me as these dear*



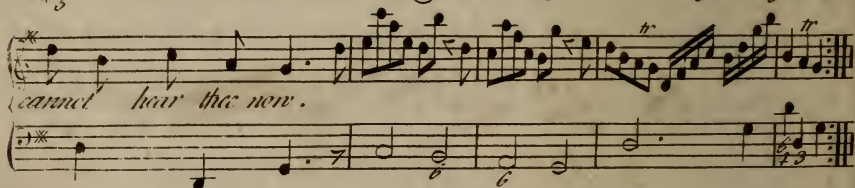
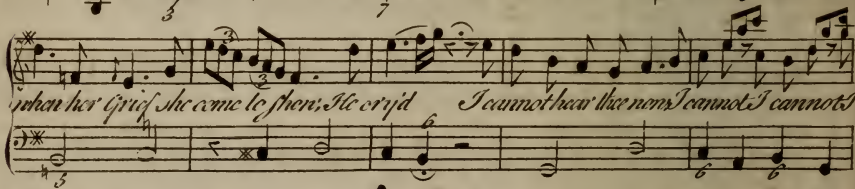
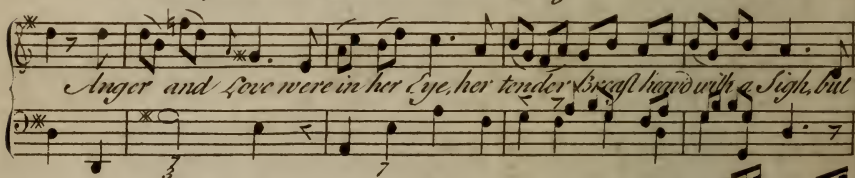
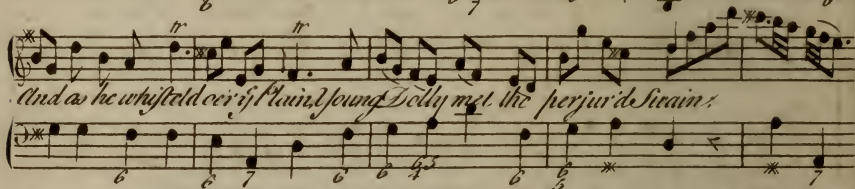
*My joy? thou may'st surely fly*







*Moderately* COLIN and DOLLY *Set for G. Flute*



In moving Words, she told it tale,  
That might o'er dry Heart prevail,  
Told him by he had forsok her lot,  
And was poor Dolly quite forgot;  
Spos'd ears trembling in her Eye,  
She push'd him down & dy'd:  
Diss, says Collin and I vow,  
My ears cannot hear the now,  
I cannot be.

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





### *Sweet William*

By a prattling Stream on a Midsummer's Eve where Woodbines and Jessamine their  
 Boughs interweave fair Flora I cry'd to my Arbour repair for I must have a  
 Chaplet for Sweet Williams Hair for I must have a Chaplet for Sweet Williams Hair

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

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

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

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



*The Sex* in Compass of the Serenade

As Iocky was walking one Midsummer morn he sat him down under a green thorn he  
 had not sat long till Danyel came by to whom Jocky sent forth a languishing Eye a languish a  
 languish a languishing Eye. Did you see says the Fair one a fleec'd brindled Lam with  
 two little Lamkins trot each by their Dam & you did gentle Shepherd pray tell me which way the  
 Innocent hovers neglectfully Stray the Innocent hovers neglectfully Stray.

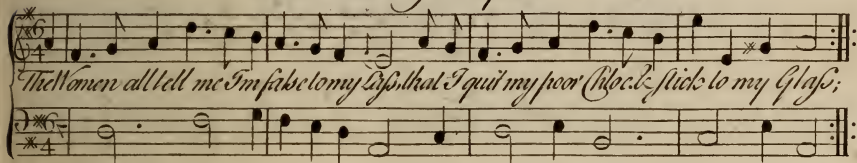
He told her he saw them pass hastily by.  
 And made to the copse tho in faith 'twas a Eye.  
 The Damsel she laugh'd & thank'd with a blush  
 But Jocky stole off and lurk'd in a bush;  
 The search'd the copse & tho no sheep could she find  
 And heartily curs'd if young Danyel in her mind  
 She found she was trick'd but alas silly Maid.  
 She knew not the snare was so artfully laid.

The Shepherd appear'd & says he pritty Maid.  
 Thy Cows & thy Lamkins have haply stray'd.  
 Then prying to her closely & ravish'd as he.  
 Say if Maadon's secondary Ronyd yet was amiss;  
 Ronyd as her friends little liberty gave;  
 She left her old Gaffer to trust a young, brave.  
 And now tho her Sheep are all safe in the Pen.  
 She visits the Copse o'er again & again.

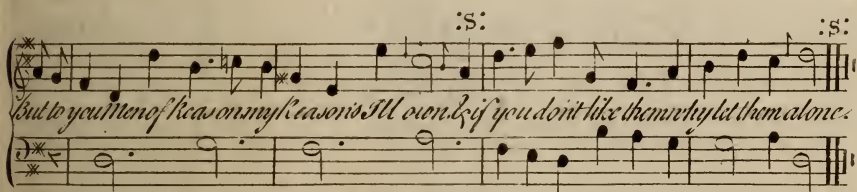




## The Tolly Toper



*The Women all tell me I'm false to my Wife, that I quit my poor Chloe & slide to my Glass;*



*But to you Men of Reason my Reasons I'll own, & if you don't like them why let them alone.*

*Altho' I have left her the Truth I'll Declare,  
I believe she was good & am sure she was fair;  
But goodnefs & Charms in a Bumper I see,  
That makes it as good & as charming as She.*

*My Chloe had dimples & smiles I must own,  
But she could smile, if in truth she could frown;  
But tell me ye Lovers of Liquor divine,  
Did you ever see a frown in a Bumper of Wine.*

*Her lilies and roses were just in their prime,  
Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time,  
But in Wine from its Age such a benefit flows,  
That we like it & better the older it grows.*

*They tell me my Love would in time chafe & be frowny,  
And that Beduty's insipid when onsets of joy;  
But in Wine both time and enjoyment do fly,  
For the longer I drink the more thirsty am I.*

*Let Murders and Battles and slawery prove,  
The mischief that wait upon Rivals in love;  
But ye drink up drunk hearts in no Rival contend,  
For if more we love Liquor if more we care Friends.*

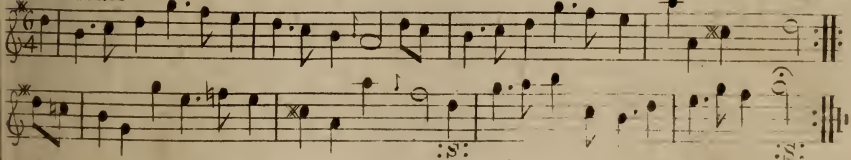
*She to night have poison'd if Joy of my life,  
With Nurses and Babies and squalling strifes;  
But my Wine whether Nurses or Babies can bring,  
And a big bellied Bottle's a mighty good thing.*

*We shorten our Days when with love we engage,  
It brings on diseases and hastens old Age;  
But Wine from grim Death can its Victory share,  
And keep out tother Leg when there's one in of care.*

*Perhaps like her I've ever false to their Word,  
She had left me to get an Estate or a Lord;  
But my Bumper's regarding no such nor self,  
Will stand by me whiles I can't stand by my self.*

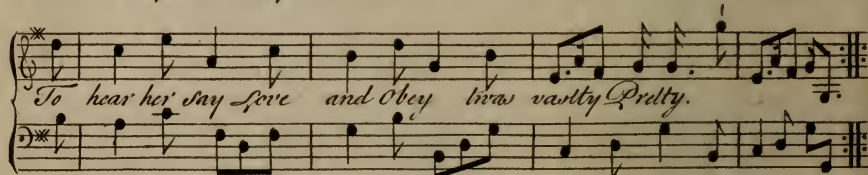
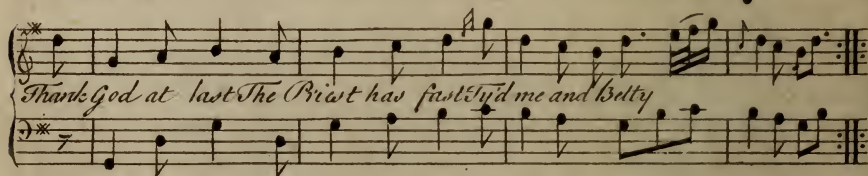
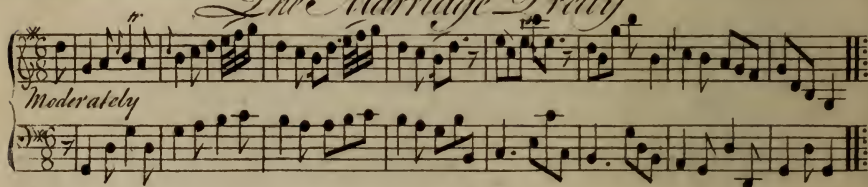
*Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain,  
She's rid of her Lover and of my Pain;  
For in Wine mighty Wine, many comforts I spy,  
I should you doubt what I say, take a Bumper & try.*

Ger Flute





## The Marriage-Prety

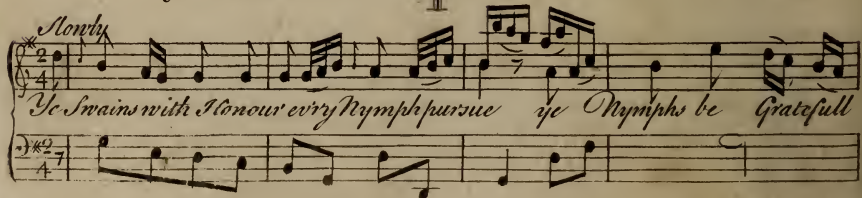


*The Marrying done,  
We ev'ry one  
Saluted Betty;  
She look'd so neat,  
And kiss'd so sweet,  
I was vastly-Prety.*

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

*The Jokes of Wed  
And going to Bed,  
From all where Witty  
But I know best,  
And do protest  
I was vastly Prety.*

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







*between John and Betty*

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

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

*Every Nymph pursue Ye Nymphs be Gratefull to your Swains be true Such*

*where the Steps I took and Betty too Such where the Steps I took and*

*Betty too Such where the Steps I took and Betty too.*



# *Stephen's Request* Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Lowe

Dearest Kitty kind and fair tell me when and tell me where  
tell thy fond thy faith full swain when we thus shall meet again where shall Stephen  
fondly see beautyes only found in thee kiss thee press thee  
joy and lay all the happy live long Day Dearest Kitty! kind and fair tell me  
when and tell me where tell me when and tell me where.

All the happy Day tis true  
Blest but only then with you  
Nightly Stephen sighs alone  
Sighs till Heaven shakes us one  
Tell me then and ease my pain  
Tell thy fond and faithfull swain  
When the Priest shall kindly joyn  
Kitty's trembling hand to mine  
Dearest Kitty kind and fair  
Tell me when I care not where





# The Constant Fair

*in Compass of the Gerflute*

*Lively*

*All to some shady cool retreat ne spreading Trees conspire to meet to*

*hide my blush while I repeat Love I hear my Collin* *Name*

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

*center'd in my Collin.*

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

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



*Carry the Jest to far*

*Moderately*

*When Young my first love bad Ambitions*

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

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

*Carry the Jest to far.*

*A Gentleman than  
 Whom was fam'd for his pen  
 Soft verses to make or to mar  
 But I fear'd from that quarter  
 He'd play with my garter  
 And Carry the Jest to far*

*But I'm the Queen  
 Of Young Ralph of the Green  
 Who joys in his plough & his Car  
 Let him do what he will  
 And try his best Skill  
 He can't Carry the Jest to far*





*Sally a new Song for the German flute*

*Quickly*

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

When from the East the Morning Ray,  
Shines the World below,  
Her Presence bids the God of Day,  
With Emulation glow;  
Her Beauties deck the painted Ground  
Birds sweetest Notes prepare,  
The playful Lambskins skip around;  
And hail the Sister Fair.

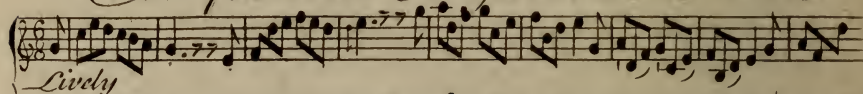
The Sock but strains his livid throat,  
To bid the liquid voice,  
And mimicks what he smells his Note;  
The sweetness of her Voice,  
The humming Linnets round her play,  
While Flora shed Perfume,  
And every Rhyer seems to say;  
A but for Sally Bloom.

The Amorous Vouths her Charms proclaim,  
From Morn to Eve their Tale,  
Her Beauty and unspotted Name  
Make local every Vale  
The Straggs and wandering thro the Grove,  
Her cooing Name convey,  
And every Voice and cry, fixed;  
To turn to Sallys Praise.

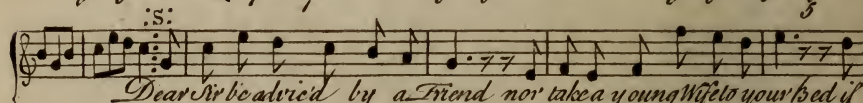
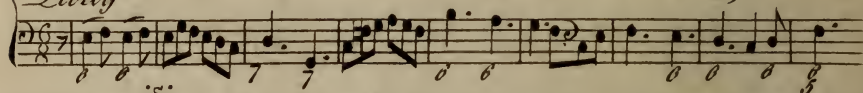
No more shall fly some Sops & Swain,  
To mynishing Wake resort;  
Nor cry May Morn on the Plain;  
Advance in Rural Sport,  
No more shall quack the purling kill,  
Nor Mewick wake the Grove;  
Nor Hocks look down like on the Hill;  
When I forget to Love.



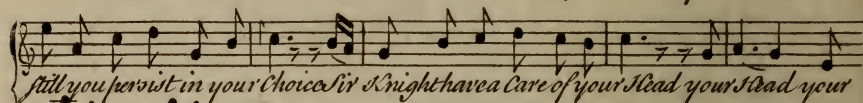
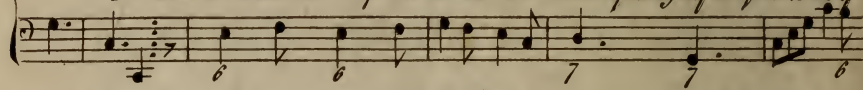
## A favourite Song in Robin Hood



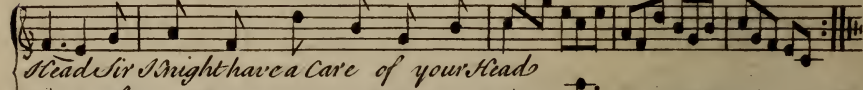
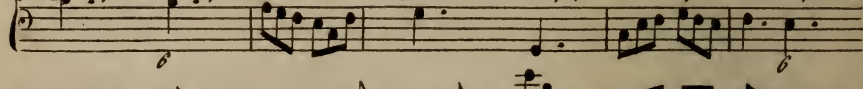
*Lively*



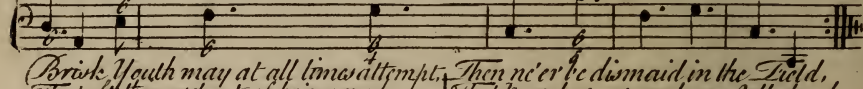
*Dear Sir be advis'd by a Friend nor take a young Wife to your bed if*



*still you persist in your Choice Sir Knight have a Care of your Head your Head your*

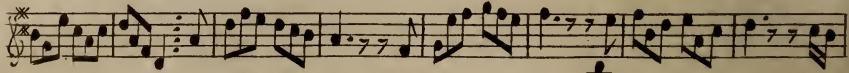
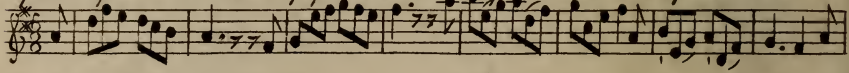


*Head Sir Knight have a Care of your Heads*

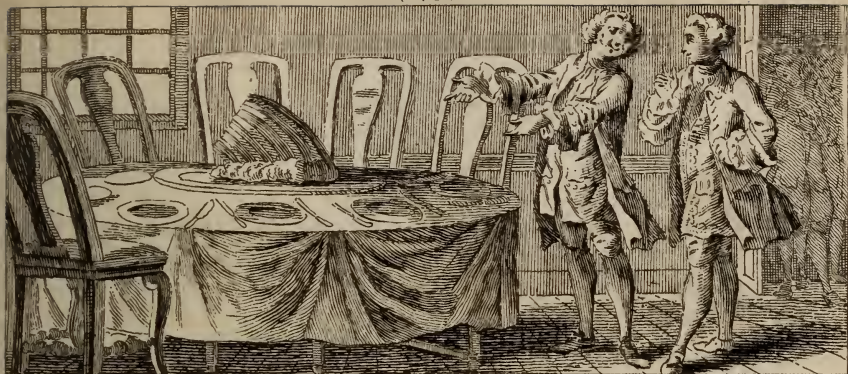


*Brisk Youth may at all times attempt,  
Tho' oft they regret of being wed,  
Their Hearts, but often do ache;  
With you I will be pain in the Field,  
A Knight should be arm'd with a peer;  
In battle to strike us with dread,  
Go seek for your spear & your shield,  
Your Wife will take Care of your Head.*

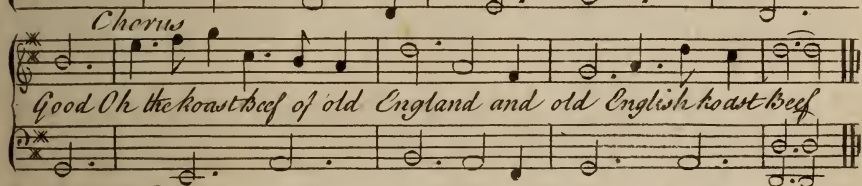
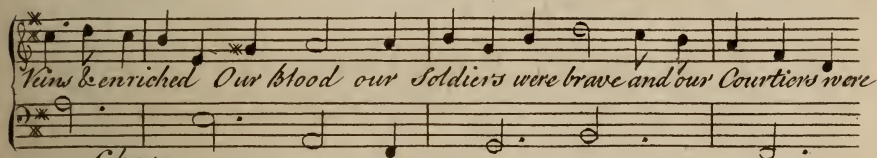
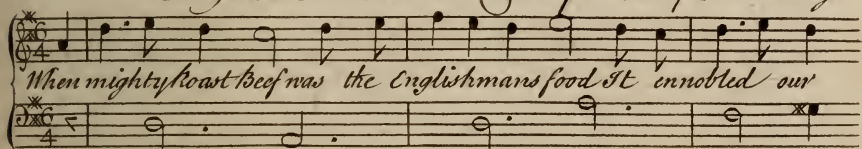
*Then ne'er be dismay'd in the Field,  
Tho' numbers around you fall dead,  
Lind bullets should fly thick as hail,  
There's nothing can damage a Head;  
Few people such Treatment resent,  
Who to the strict fashions are bred,  
Provided their pockets be full;  
They take little Care of the Head.*







# English Roast Beef Set by M<sup>r</sup> Davidge



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

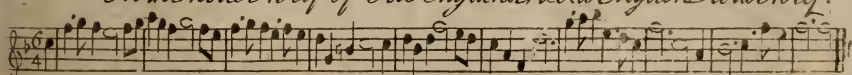
Our Fathers of Old where Robust stout & strong,  
And kept Open House with good Cheer all Day long,  
Which made their plump Tonarts rejoyce in this Song. oh the

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

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

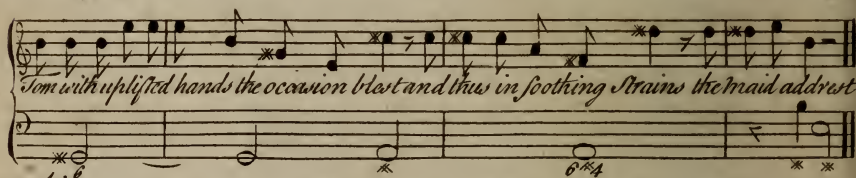
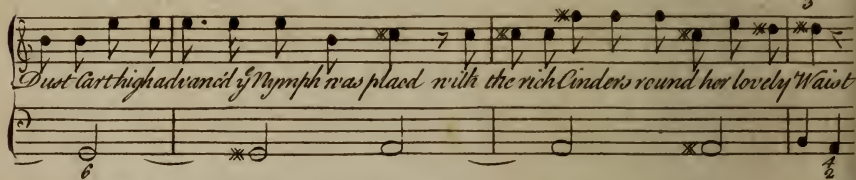
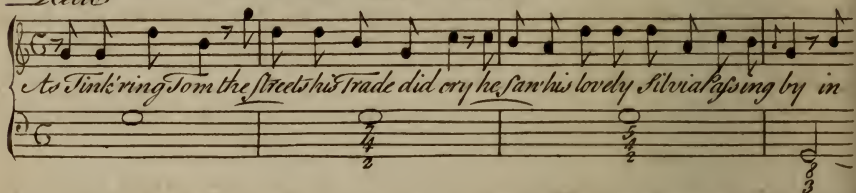
In those days if Fleets did presume on the Main,  
They seldom or never return'd back again.  
As Witness the vaunting Arma da of Spain. oh the

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

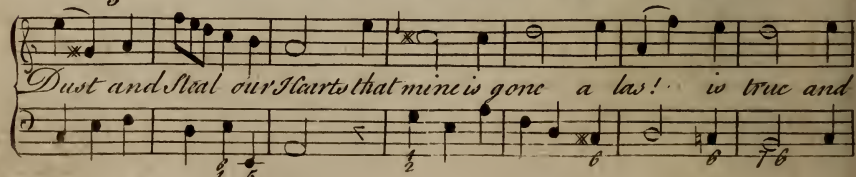
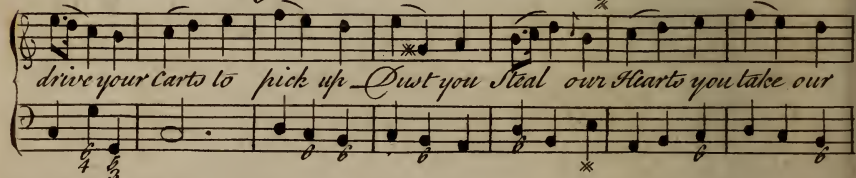


Recit<sup>o</sup>

## The Dust Cart



Air







*a favourite Cantata*

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

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

*gain Give me my Heart cut of your Cart give me the Heart you stole a*

*gain*

*Recit*

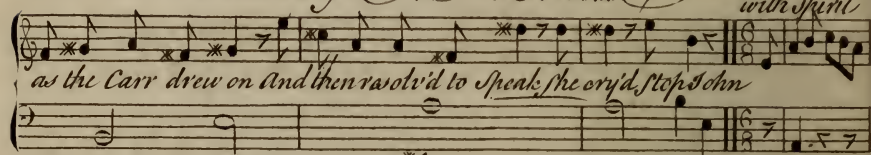
*Silvia advanced above the Rattlehout*

*elling wold her sparkling Eyes about she heard her Swelling breast as black as*

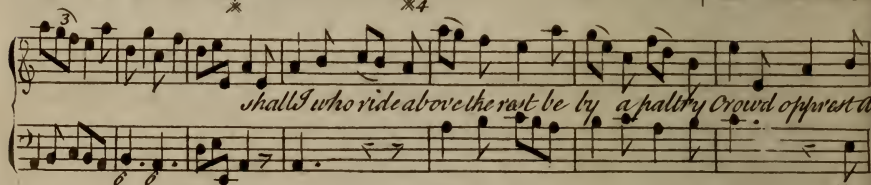
*Noe and look'd disdain on little Folks below to Tom she nodded*



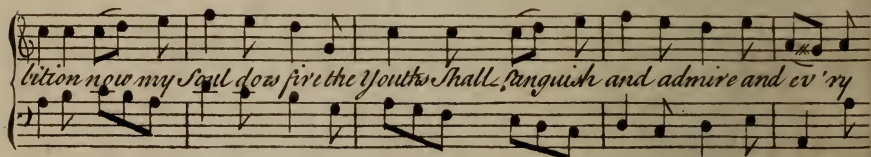
Set by M<sup>o</sup> Oswald *with Spirit*



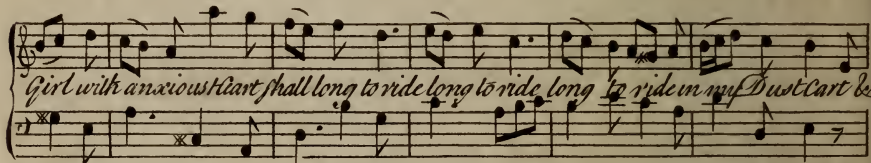
as the Carr drew on And then resolv'd to speak the cry'd stop John



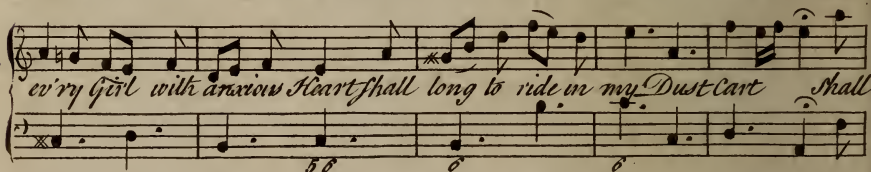
shall I who ride above the rest be by a paltry Crowd oppress'd am



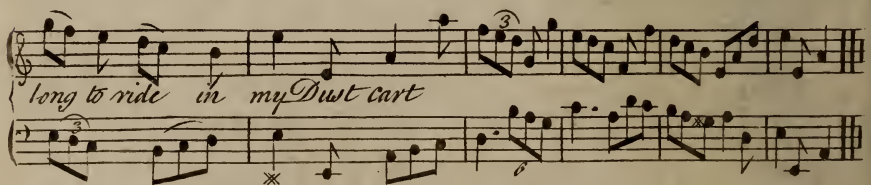
bition now my Soul doth fire the Youths shall languish and admire and ev'ry



Girl with anxious Heart shall long to ride long to ride long to ride in my Dust Cart &



ev'ry Girl with anxious Heart shall long to ride in my Dust Cart Shall



long to ride in my Dust cart





# Willy

Sung by Miss Stevenson

Gentle

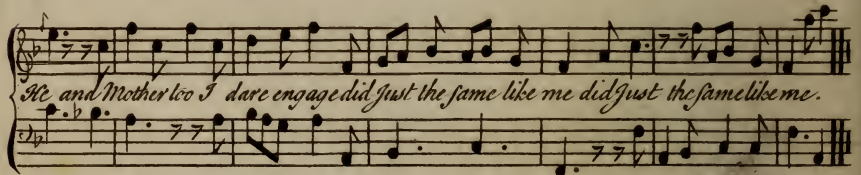
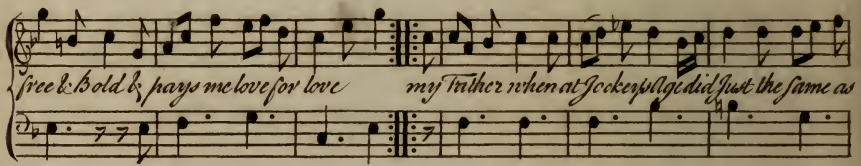
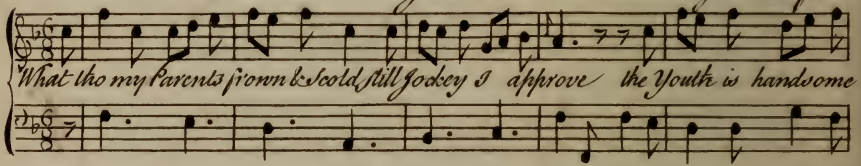
Long long I despair'd a young Shepherd to find not proud of his merit nor false as the Wind but at  
last I have got a dear - sad to my mind Oh I never can part with my Willy  
We hid to the Altar last Midsummer day I blush'd all the while & scarce  
know what to say but I vow'd I remember to love: O bey, can I do any less by my Willy

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

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



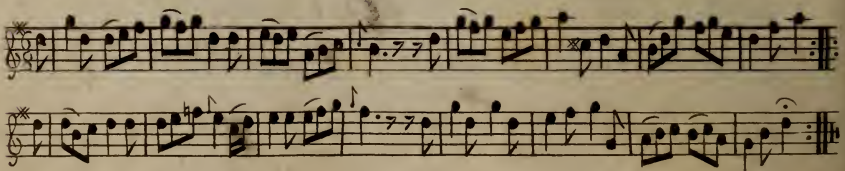
*The Willing Maid* Set by M<sup>r</sup> DeFesch



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

How blest am I when Jockeys by;  
 How happy in his power,  
 Tho other Nymphs cry pish & fye,  
 Yet hang me up I do,  
 As to the Flocks the cooling Stream;  
 Or Florrel to the Bee,  
 As dear as I'm conjur'd to him,  
 So dear the Youth to me.

Th' frayght with all his Sex's Art,  
 Should Jockeys faithless prove,  
 Where where shall my poor wandering heart,  
 Again bestow its love,  
 But tis an Hundred unto Ten,  
 He'll wed me to secure;  
 And when he asks me why what then,  
 I'll have him to be sure.







*Delia* Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Lowe

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

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

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

Ger Flute



## Natures Holiday

*Moderately*      *The Sun in Virgin Roubre shone May morning*

*put it beauties on the Warblers sung in livelier strain & sweeter flayrets deck'd & plain*

*When Love a soft intruding Guest that long had dwelt in Damos*

*breast now whisper'd to y<sup>e</sup> Nymph away for this is Natures Holiday*

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

Forth came y<sup>e</sup> Maid in beauty bright  
As Phoebus in meridian light,  
Enranced in rapture all confess'd,  
The Shepherd clasp'd her to his breast,  
Then gaz'ing with a speaking Eye,  
He seiz'd a kiss & heard a sigh,  
A melting sigh that seem'd to say,  
Consider! Youths our Holiday.

Al! Soft she said for pitys sake,  
What kisse one ere I'm w<sup>ill</sup> awake,  
For this so early came you here;  
And hail you thus y<sup>e</sup> rising Year,  
Sweet Innocence Oh cease to chide,  
Well haste to joy y<sup>e</sup> Swan reply'd,  
In pleasures flow'ry fields will stray  
And thou shalt be Loves Holiday.

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her cheek,  
She look'd y<sup>e</sup> thing she dard not speak,  
Consent & natures soft command,  
And Damos seiz'd her trembling hand,  
His dancing heart in transport play'd;  
To Church he led y<sup>e</sup> blushing maid,  
Then bless'd the happy Morn'g of May,  
And now their Lyes all Holiday.





*The Highland Laddie Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Arne*

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

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

*Laddie O my bonny Highland Laddie my hands are smiling Highland Laddie may*

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

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

*The bravest Beau in Borrow's Town,  
In a his Arms with the Arts made ready,  
Compared to him he's but a Clown,  
His finer far in the Lowland Plaidie.  
O my bonny be.*

*O'er benty Hill with him I'll run,  
And leave my Lowland kin & Dady,  
No Hell Inters could be Summers Sun,  
Nell screen me with his Highland Plaidie  
O my bonny be.*

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

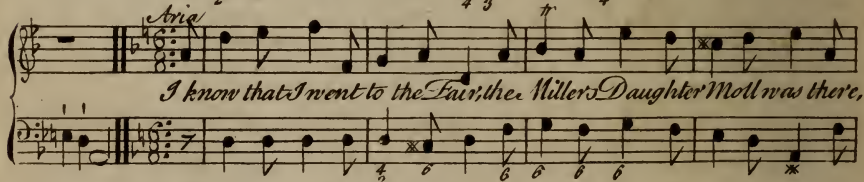
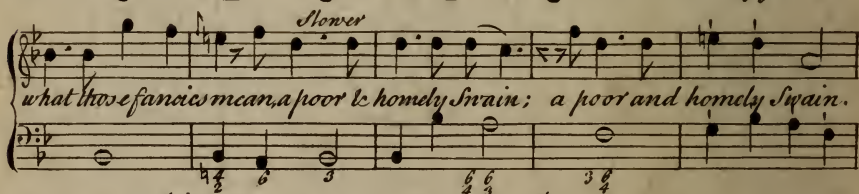
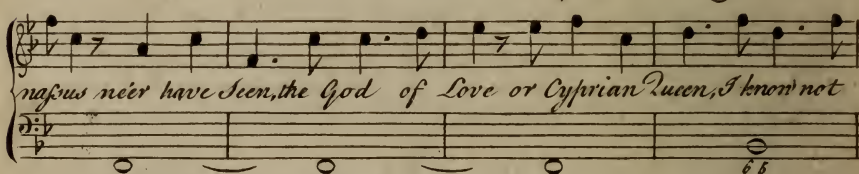
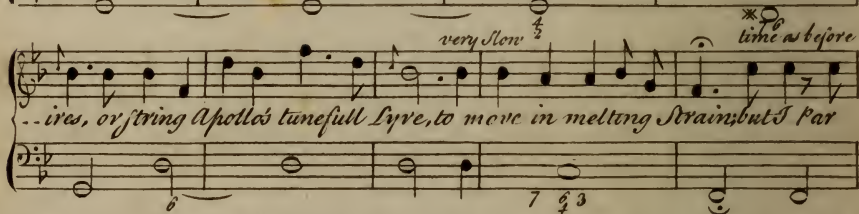
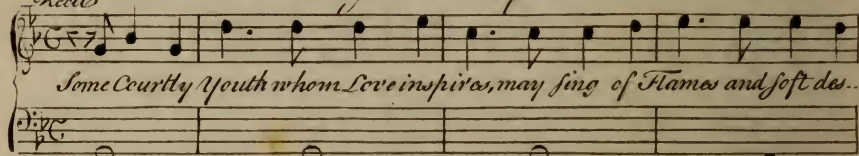
*For Compliments to between us pass,  
I call him my dear Highland Laddie;  
And he call me his Lowland Lads,  
Since you're in beneath his Plaidy.  
Oh my bonny be.*

*No greater Joy I'll ever pretend  
Than that his Love prove true & steady,  
Like mine to him which never shall end,  
While heav'n protects my Highland Laddie,  
O my bonny be.*



## *The Country Courtship*

*Rec'd*







*A Humorous Cantata*

Woefull sight for John, a woefull sight for John.

I fell in Love up---on the place. I told her

my unhappy Case, yet still she turn'd away her Face, and bid me get me

gone, get me gone, and bid me get me

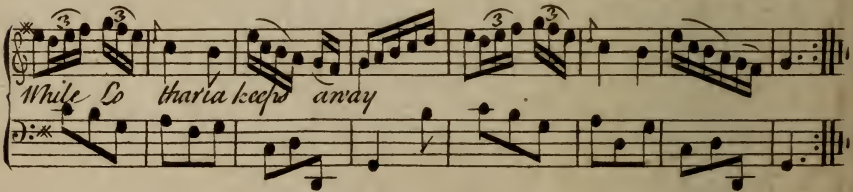
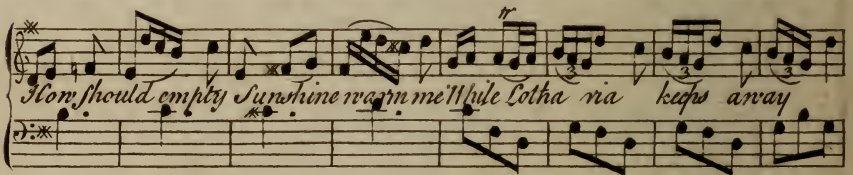
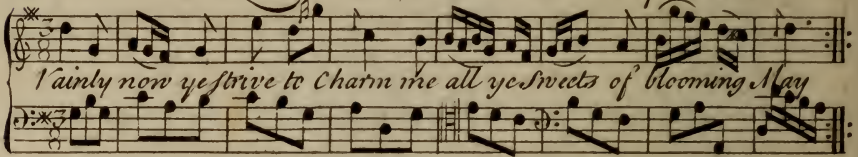
gone.

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

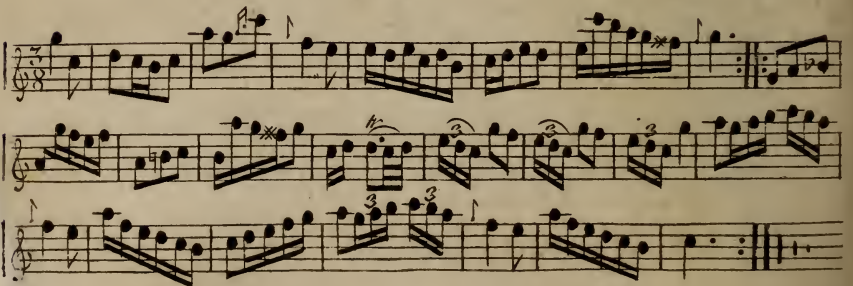


# Lotharia

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Arne



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







# A favourite Song

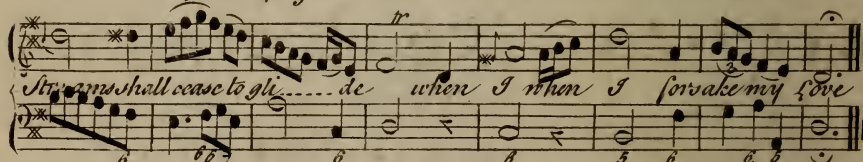
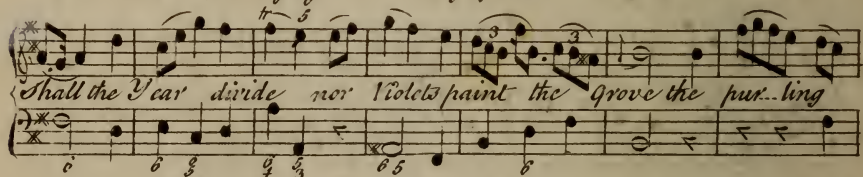
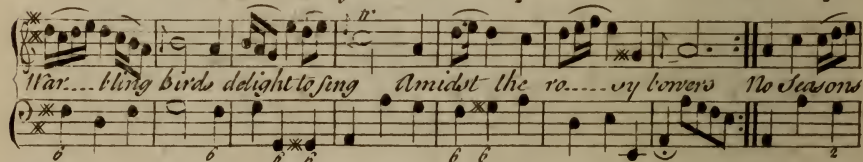
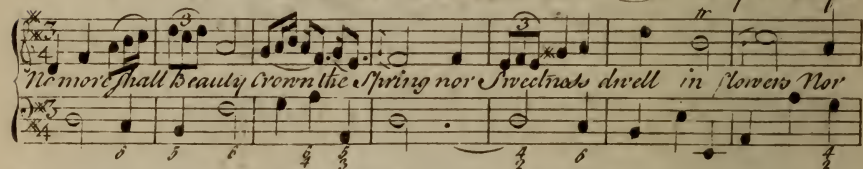
Set by M<sup>r</sup> Arne

*Nature* fram'd thee sure for loving thus a... dorn'd with ev'ry  
*Grace* Venus self thy Form as proving looks with pleasure  
 with pleasure looks with pleasure on thy Face looks  
 with Plea... sure on thy Face

Happy Nymph who shall enfold thee,  
 Circled in her yielding Arms;  
 Should bright Helen once behold thee,  
 She'd surrender all her Charms.  
 Gentle Shepherd if my pleading,  
 Can from thee thy Prize obtain.  
 Love himself thy conquest aiding,  
 Thou that matchless Fair shall gain.

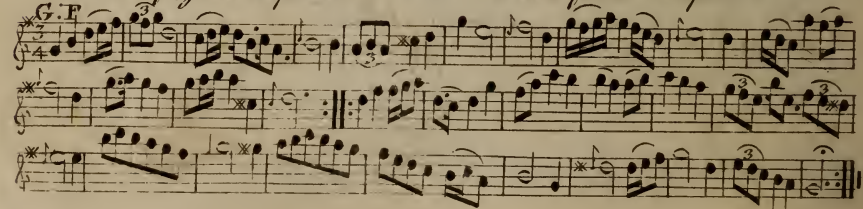


*The Lovers Declaration Set by M<sup>r</sup> Corse*

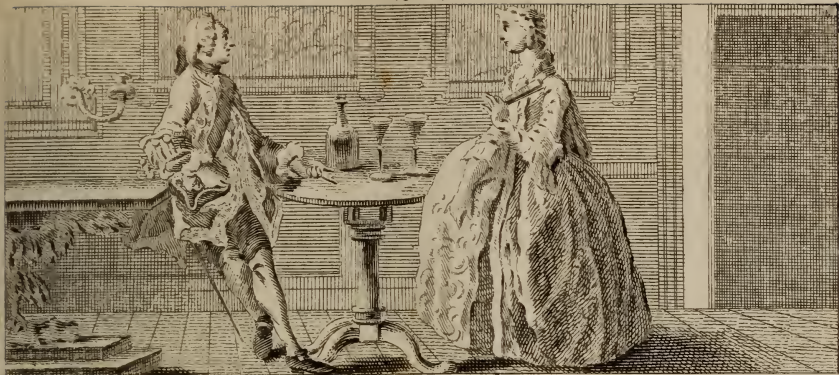


Cupid shall all his shafts lay by,  
The Sun refuse his light;  
And Venus Doves forget to fly,  
And day be turn'd to Night:  
The fish shall in the Ocean burn,  
And Earth contrary move;  
The fountains sweet shall bitter turn,  
When I forsake my Love.

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







## A Favourite Song

*ye little*

*Loves that round her wait pray bring me Tidings of the*

*fair as Celia on her Pillow lies ah gently whisper*

*Strephon Dies if this will not her pity move*

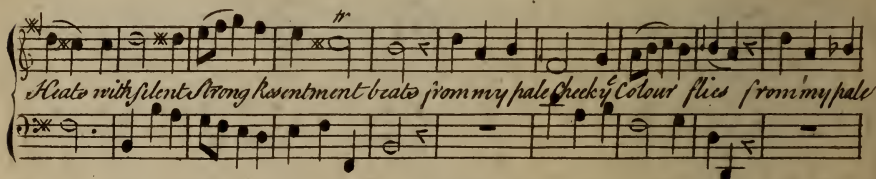
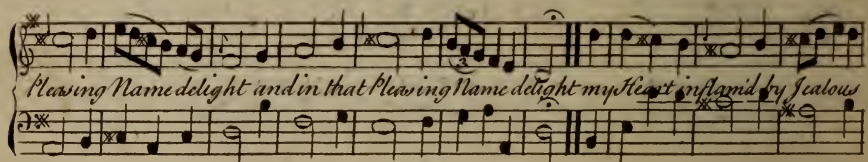
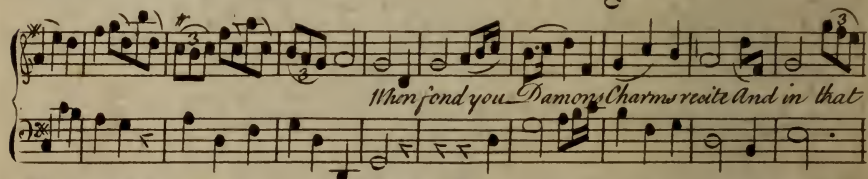
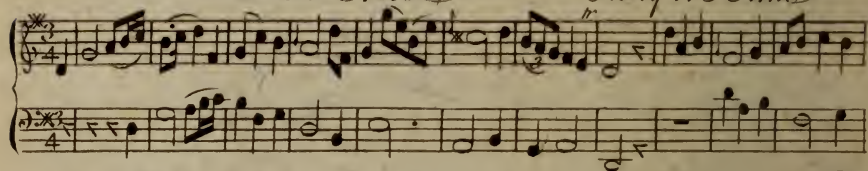
*and the proud fair Disdains to Love Smile and Say*

*Tis all a Lye for Naughty Strephon Scorns to Die*



*To Chloe*

*Set by W<sup>m</sup> Arnes*



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





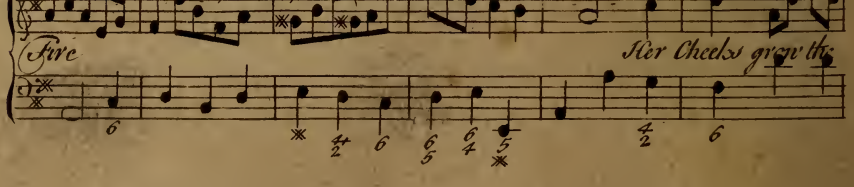
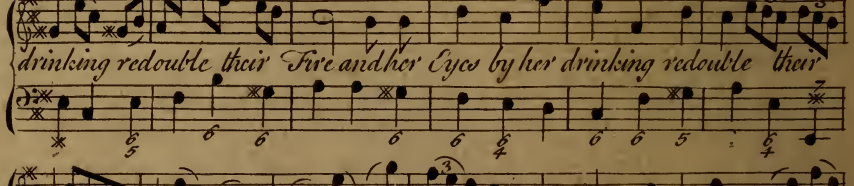
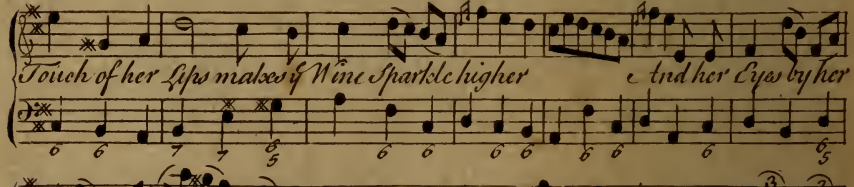
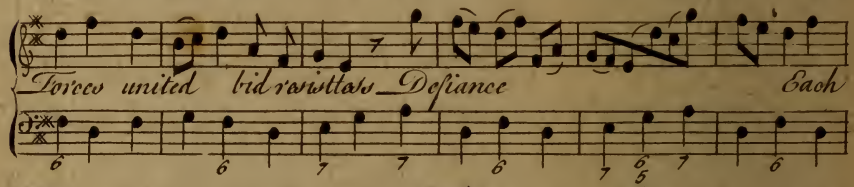
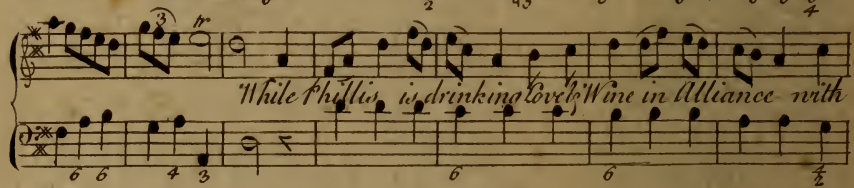
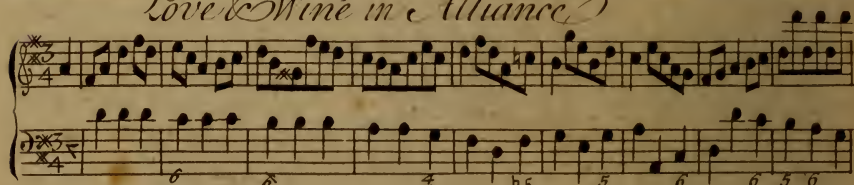
*A New Song*      *Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Beard*

Give us Glasses my Mind give us Wine & well Quench & Remembrance of Fear and of Grief to the  
Winds with our Care for will never Despair while a Bottle can give us the Lief while a  
Bottle can give us the Lief in our Revels and Joy we'll forget the Proud Boy let the  
Glee its Miracle work for as hollow I find as the Bottle her Mind & her  
Heart is as light as the Cork and her Heart is as light as the Cork

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



*Love & Wine in Alliance*







*Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup> Arne*

*brightly recruiting their Colour As Flowers with sprinkling revive with fresh*

*O dour his Dart dip'd in Wine Love*

*wounds beyond curing and the Liquor like Oyl makes it*

*flame more enduring the Liquor like Oyl makes the flame more en-*

*-during.*

*By Cordials of Wine Love is kept from expiring,  
 And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love & Daring;  
 Relieving each other the Pleasure is lasting,  
 And we never are cloy'd yet are ever a tasting,  
 Then Phillis begin, let our Raptures abound,  
 And a Kiss and a Glass be still going round;  
 Our Joys are immortal, while thus we remove,  
 From Love to the Bottle from y<sup>e</sup> Bottle to Love.*



### A two Part Song

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

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

Liquor cheers my Heart I re vel free from all Con

Liquor cheers my Heart I re vel free from all Con

troul tis this that does improve all Art

troul tis this that does improve all Art

*The Miser may be pleas'd with Gold  
 The Sporting Beau with pretty Lase  
 But I'm best pleas'd when I behold  
 The Nectar Sparkling in the Glass*

Musical notation for the final part of the song, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature.





*Nature beyond Art Set by Mr Arne*

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



# Young Patty *Set by Mr Deescho*

Young Patty was a merron young Patty was gay shed dance & shed song with if Nymphs all if  
 Day yet she was afraid tho for nhy she knew not afraid of a  
 Man but no matter for that.

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



Set by Mr. Arne

Gentry

nia

For

Yes I'm in love I feel it now and Calia has undone me and Calia has un.

done me & yet I'll swear I cant tell how if pleasing plague stole on me & yet I'll swear I

cant tell how the pleasing plague stole on me the pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her Face that love creates  
 For there no graces reveal.  
 'Tis not her shape, for there if Tales  
 Have rather been uncivil.

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

*Her Voice, her Touch, might give th' Alarm.  
Tis both perhaps, or neither:  
In Short tis that provoking Charm,  
Of Cælia all together.*

*Ger. Flute.*

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented on three staves. The first staff is the vocal line, featuring a melody with various ornaments and a final cadence. The second and third staves are for the piano accompaniment, with the right hand playing a melody and the left hand providing harmonic support. The score includes a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.



*Allegro* *A Favourite Song*

*Gazing on my Idol Treasure*

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

*Proy Gazing on my Idol Treasure all my soul is lost in joy in joy...*

*she affords Eternal*

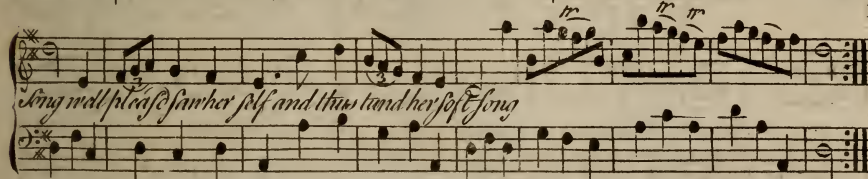
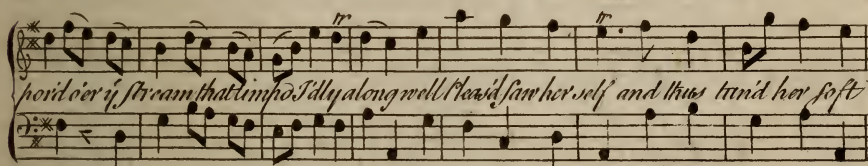
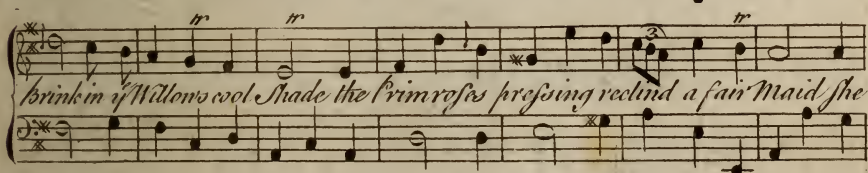
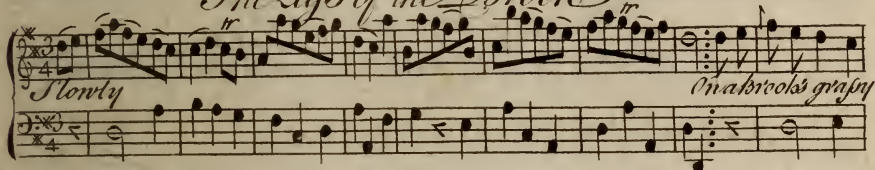
*Pleasure & can never never Proy Every Motion Every Feature shines to some*

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





# The Lass of the Brook



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



# The Judgment of Paris

*Gently*

*fort.* *Distracted* I turn but I  
 Cannot I cannot decide so equal a title Sure  
 ne.... ver was try'd so equal a little sure ne.... ver was  
 try'd sure ne.... ver was try'd U... nited your Beauties so  
 daz zle my Sight that lost in a maze I gid.... di. ly





*Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup> Arne*

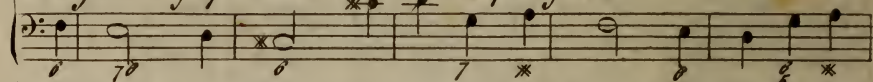
Gaze confus'd and overwhelm'd with a torrent of Light con  
 fus'd and overwhelm'd with a torrent of Light with a tor... rent of  
 Light A part let me view then each  
 Heav'n by Fair for three at a time there's no Mortal can  
 bear for three at a  
 time there's no Mortal can bear there's no Mortal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



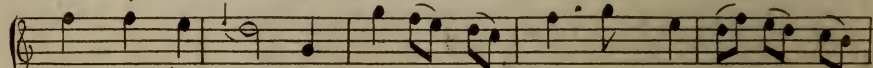
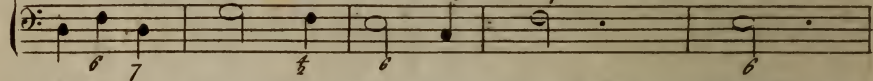
*Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Beard*



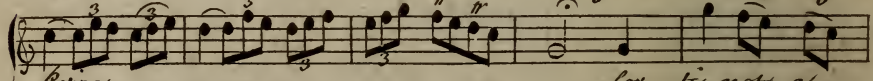
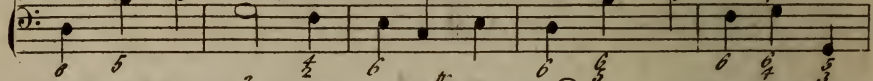
*And since a gay robe an ill Shapemay disguise*



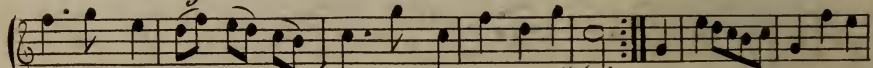
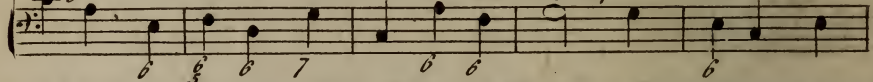
*when each is undrest I'll judge of the best I'll*



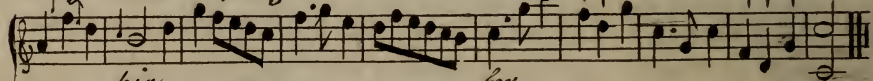
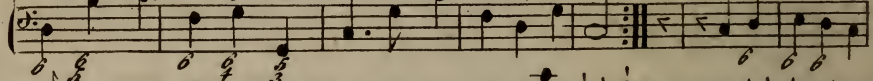
*Judge of the best for tis not a Face that must carry the*



*Prize for tis not a*

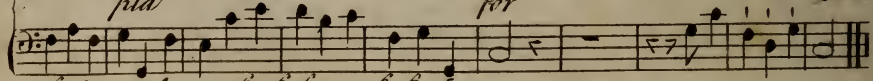


*Face that must carry the Prize that must carry of Prize*



*pia*

*for*

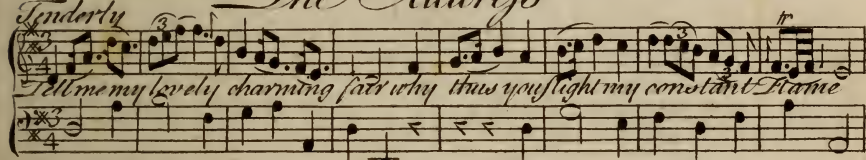




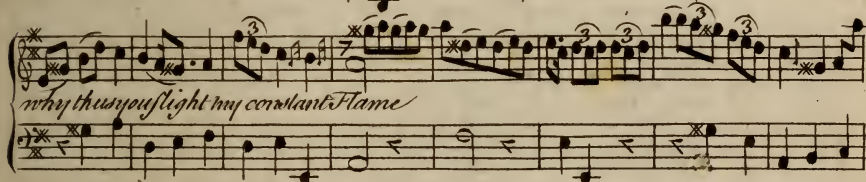


## The Address

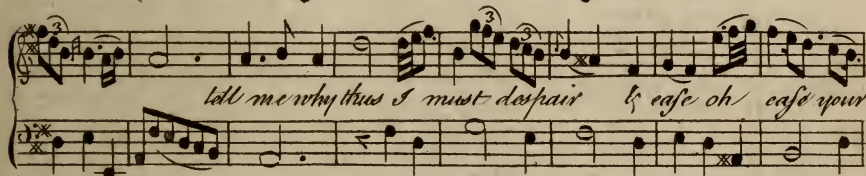
*Tenderly*



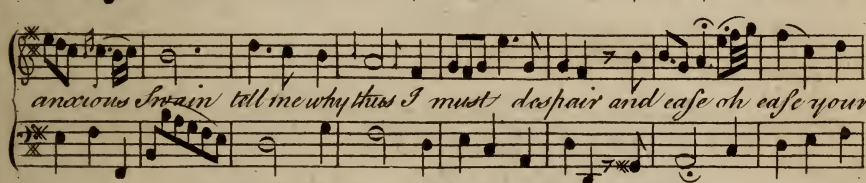
*Tell me my lovely charming fair why thus you slight my constant Flame*



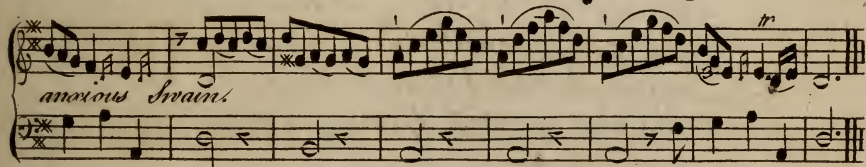
*why thus you slight my constant Flame*



*tell me why thus I must despair & ease oh ease your*



*anxious Swain tell me why thus I must despair and ease oh ease your*



*anxious Swain.*

*Lost in a Maze of sweet delight Why then my Caria this disdain  
I wander o'er thy beautiful charms To one who loves beyond compare  
Yet still thy beautiful mind more bright You rather Pity to the Swain  
Inspires my Soul with fresh alarms Should give than add to his despair*

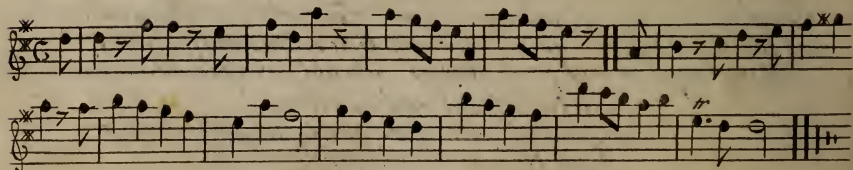
*Try to be kind and in return  
Reward with love your faithful Swain  
And in a mutual passion burn  
That so we ever blest remain*



## A two part Song

*He Comes he Comes the Hero comes Sound Sound your Trumpets beat beat*  
*He Comes the Hero comes Sound Sound your Trumpets beat beat*  
*Your Drums from Port to Port let Cannons roar he's Welcome to the*  
*Your Drums from Port to Port let Cannons roar he's Welcome to the*  
*British Shore Welcome Welcome Welcome Welcome to the British Shore*  
*British Shore Welcome Welcome Welcome to the British Shore*

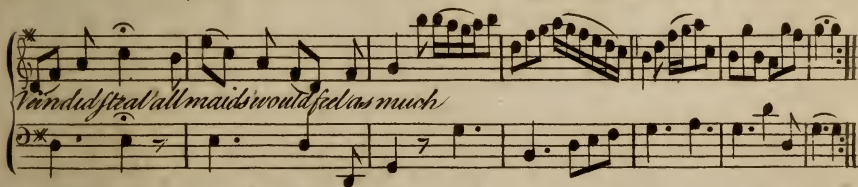
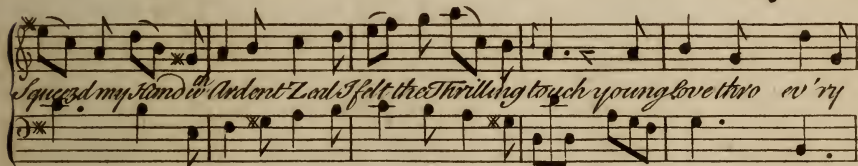
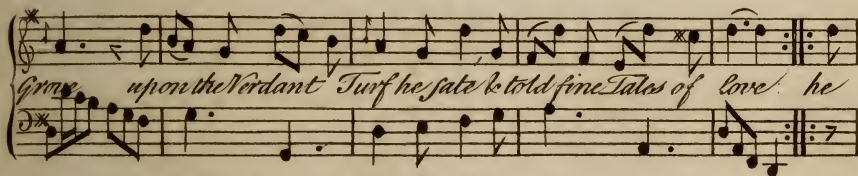
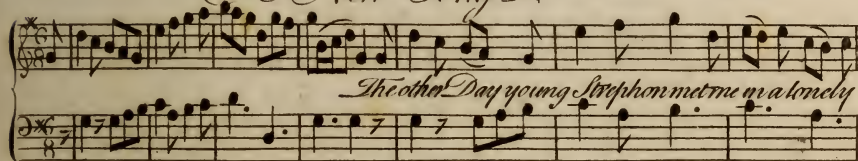
*Prepare prepare your Songs prepare,*  
*Loud loudly rend the Echoing Air.*  
*From Pole to Pole your Joys re sound.*  
*For Virtue is with Glory crown'd.*  
*Virtue. Virtue. Virtue. Virtue.*  
*Virtue is with Glory crown'd.*







# A New Song



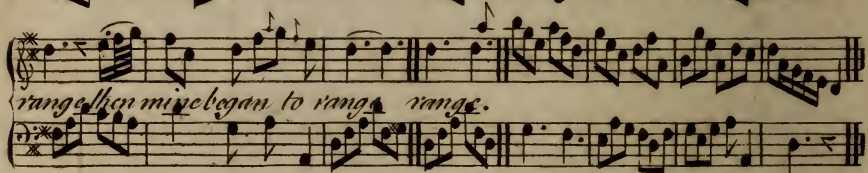
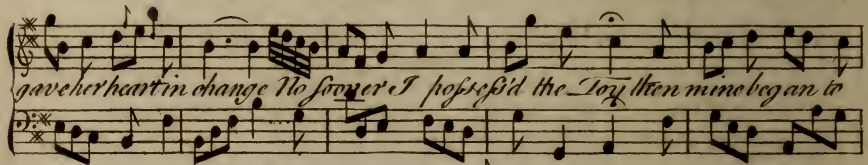
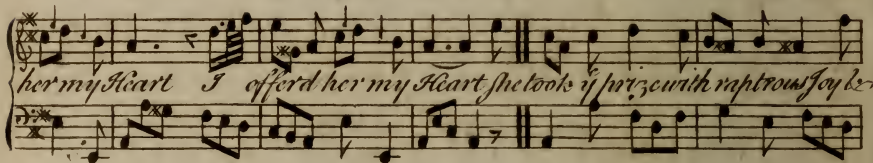
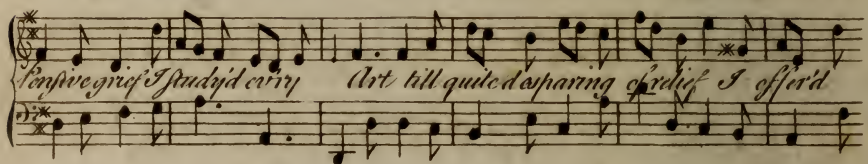
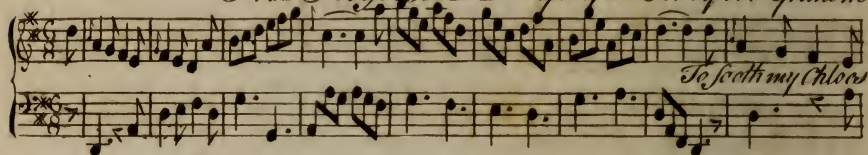
Of ev'ry Flower then he stole  
A pleasing wreath to bring  
Compos'd of all that May unfolds  
The gayest Charms of Spring  
Compar'd the morn' drop to my skin  
The roses to my blush  
If this is flattery, sure tis kind  
All Maids would wish as much

From all he Gull'd a branch of bays  
Then on my breast he laid  
He swore 'twas Emblem of that praise  
Which beam'd from my Mind  
For 'twas there he cry'd in haste  
For Maids can boast of such  
Then kiss'd my cheeks & kiss'd my fate  
What Maid wou'd wish as much

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



*The Slighted Nymph Set by Mr Granom*



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





# *Gay Polly* set by M<sup>rs</sup> Dofsch

*To make me*

*feel a Virgin's Charms whose price had deny'd gay Poll came tempting to my arms to manly*

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

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

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

My new born flame now Stranger grew:  
 I thought to cool my Rages  
 But oh the fair Avenger stem,  
 Nor woud my pain assuage  
 Then boast not man thou fluttering fool  
 Boast not of thy own will  
 For know when Woman thinks to rule  
 Her Charms have Power to kill.



*Moderately* — *Russell's Triumph or*

*Thursday in the Morn the Nineteenth of May recorded for ever the*

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

*Lofty Sails of France advancing too all Hands aloft they cry let*

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

*every Man supply his Gun follow me you shall see that y<sup>e</sup> Battle it will*

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





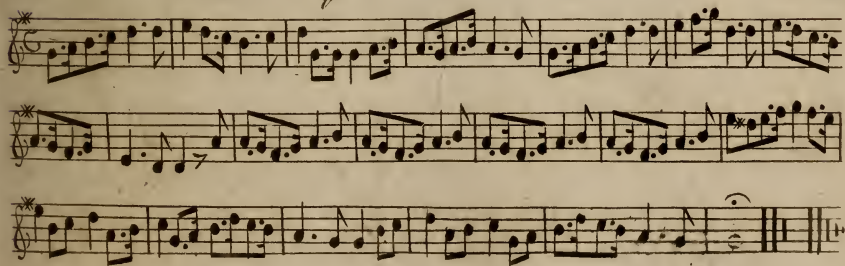
## *the Memorable Ninety two*

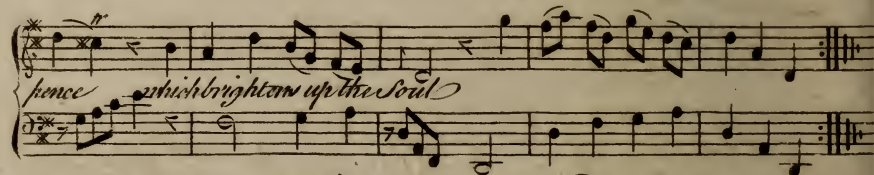
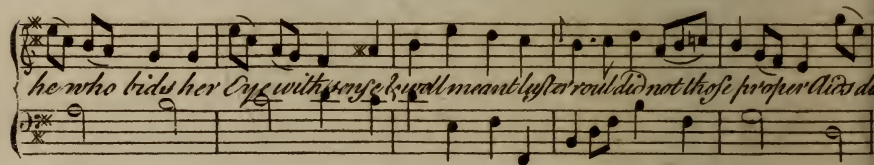
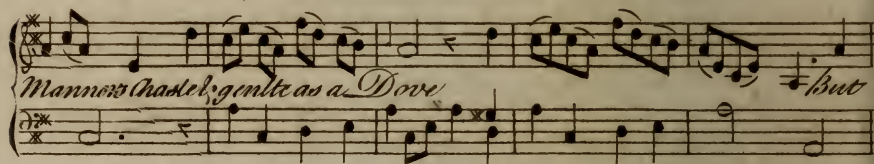
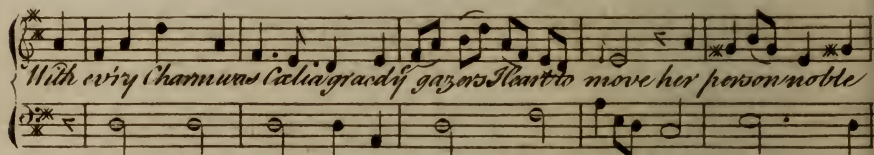
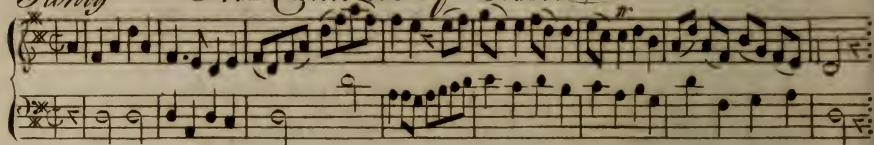
*Townville on the main triumphant would,  
To meet the gallant Kussel in combat o'er the deep.  
He led his noble troops of heroes bold,  
To sink the English Admiral and his Fleet.  
Now every gallant mind to victory does aspire.  
The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire.  
And mighty fate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

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

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

## *For the German Duet*



*Slowly**The Charms of Celia*

*In vain she daily went to Mass,  
 Religion so Confind  
 Tho Church-secure about the case  
 Had ne'er Inform'd her mind:  
 Celia in all her Charms array'd,  
 And Riches wed a Boor  
 And is, in Spite of Marriage made  
 By Sweet worse than Whore.*





*A Favourite Song* Set by Count St. Germain

*O wouldst thou know what sacred Charms this destined Heart of  
mine alarms this destined Heart of mine alarms  
What kind of Nymph thy Claims deserve if maid that's made for love to me  
The Maid that's made for Love to me.*

Who Joys to hear the Sigh sincere  
Who melts to see the tender Tear  
From each ungente Passion free  
O be the Maid that's made for me

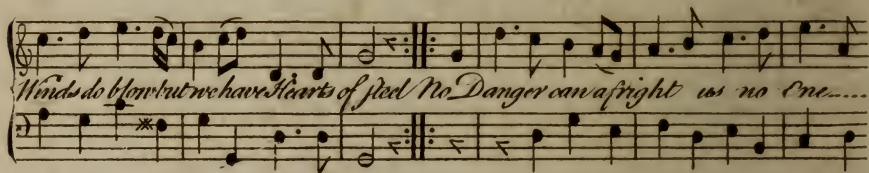
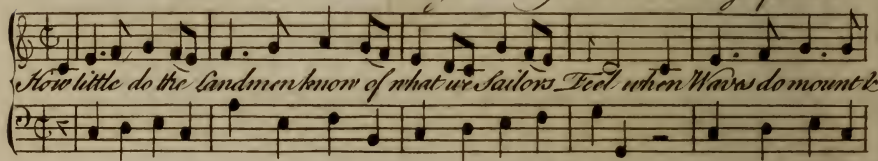
Whose Heart with generous friendship glows  
Who feels the blessings she bestows  
Gentle to all but kind to me  
Be such the Maid that's made for me

Whose simple thoughts devoid of Art  
Are all the Natives of her Heart  
A gentle train from falshood free  
Be such if Maid that's made for me

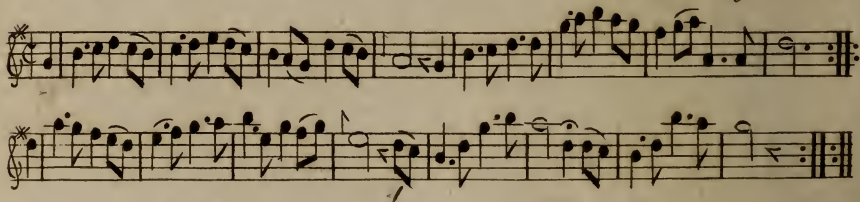
Awaunt ye light Coquets retire  
Where flattering Pops around admire  
Unmoved your true Charms I see  
More genuine Beauties are for me



*The Words by W<sup>g</sup> Garrick Sung by W<sup>g</sup> Beard*



|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p><i>Side stout to Order Messmates,<br/>We'll plunder Burn and sink;<br/>Then France have at your first Kicks<br/>For Britons never shrink<br/>We'll rummage all we fancy,<br/>We'll bring them in by scores:<br/>And Moll, &amp; Kate, and Nancy,<br/>Shall roll in Louis Dors.</i></p> | <p><i>While here at Deal we're lying,<br/>With our noble Commodore:<br/>We'll spend our Wages freely Boys,<br/>And then to Sea for more;<br/>In Peace we'll drink &amp; sing Boys,<br/>In War we'll never fly,<br/>Here's health unto our King/Boys,<br/>And the Royal Family.</i></p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|







*The Swains Resolutions Set by Mr. Dunn*

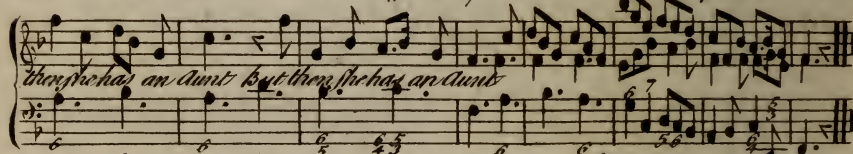
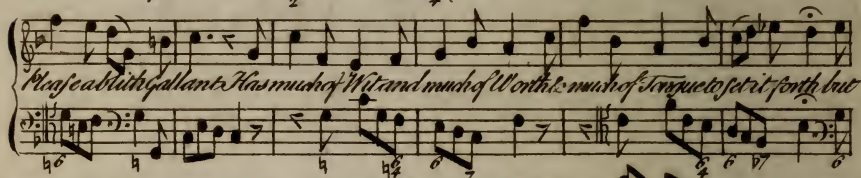
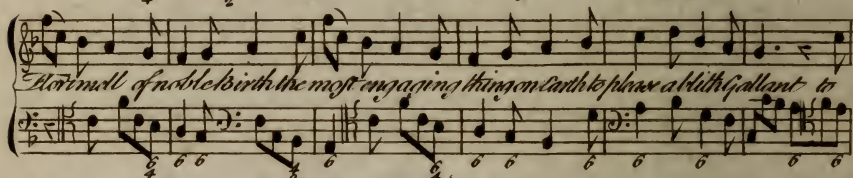
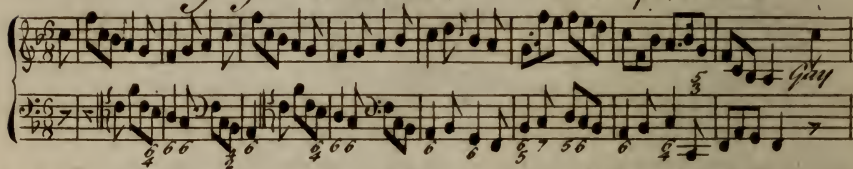
formidly the tenderst care of young Love a wonderfull Cluster of Charms you appear so  
 sweet no May morning so gentle no Dove the Rose not so blooming the Lilly so fair  
 yet nothing shoud make me submit to your Chain for free I was command  
 free will remain for free I was born, as free remain,

*The Diamonds were sullid when matchd with y<sup>e</sup> Eyes,  
 The Amine and Snow were disgrac'd by your skin;  
 Your Soul too was lovely enchanting & wise,  
 All Lustre without & all Sweetness within. Yet nothing be.  
 Tho' black as y<sup>e</sup> Jet with a beautifull Tunne,  
 Your delicate Tresses all wantonly flow'd;  
 Your Shape was Perfection your Air was divine,  
 You spoke like an Angel & mov'd like a God. yet nothing be.*



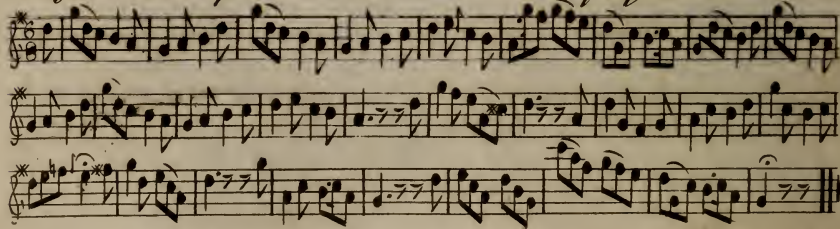
# Gay Florimell

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Arne



How oft, alas in vain I've try'd  
To tempt her from her Guardians' side,  
And trap her on Lov's Hook,  
She's like a little wanton Lamb  
That frisks about the careful Dam  
But shuns the Shepherd's Crook.

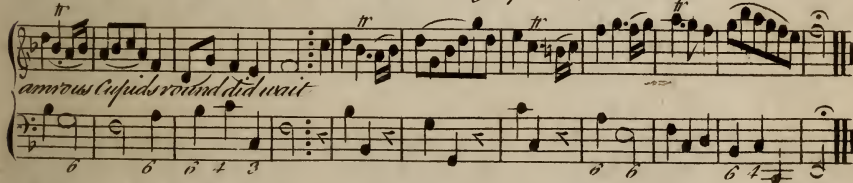
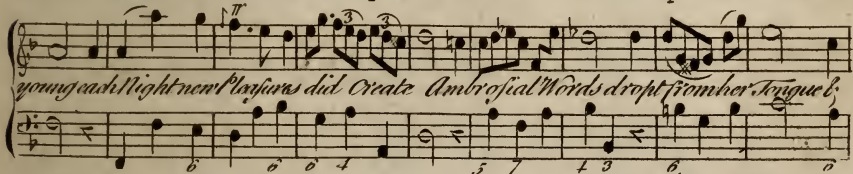
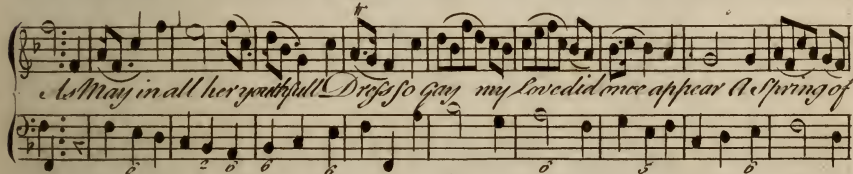
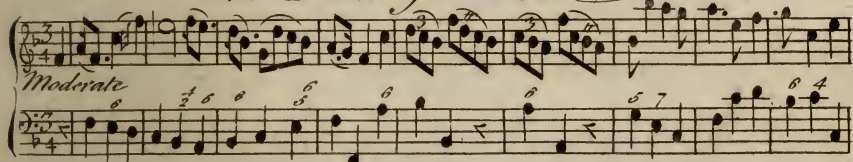
like uncatch'd Dives am I plac'd  
To see the joys I neer must taste,  
Of all my hopes bereav'd,  
Her Aunt's a dreadful Guilt betwixt  
By all the powers of Malice fixt,  
To cheat me of my Heaven.







## The Honey Moon



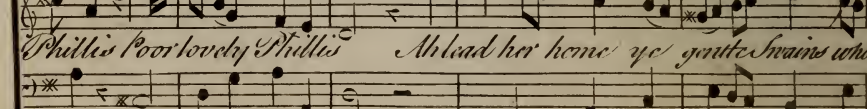
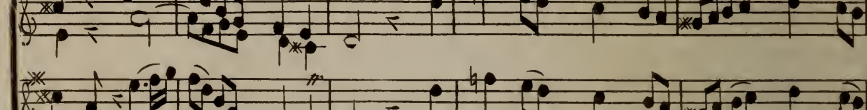
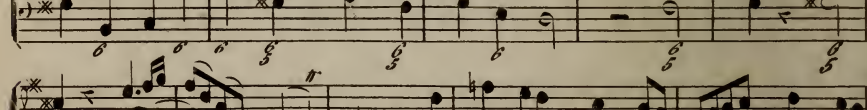
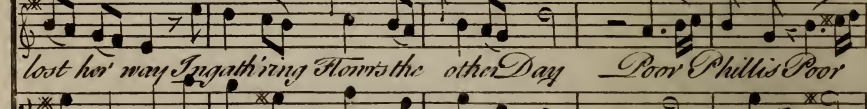
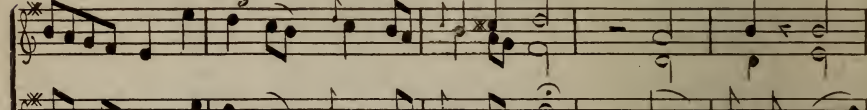
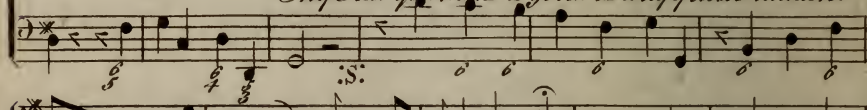
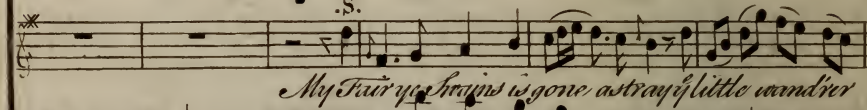
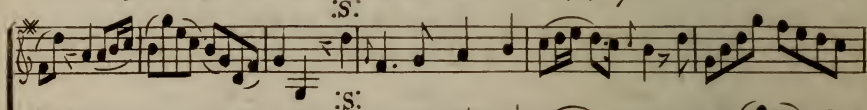
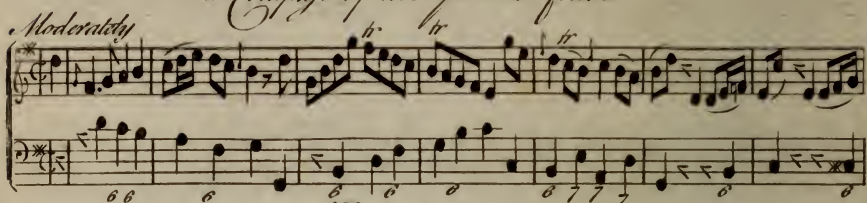
But as if Sun to West declines To Love while in her blooming hour:  
 The Eastern Sky does colder grow My Chloë was all kind and gay;  
 And all its radiant look resigns But when Possession nipt that flower  
 To y<sup>e</sup> pale Moon that rules below: her Charms like Autumn dropt away



# A Favourite Song

*in Compass of the German flute*

*Moderately*



*My Fair ye Swains is gone astray & little wand'ring*

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

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





# Phillis

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Corne

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

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

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

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

When such a heav'nly Voice you hear,  
As makes you think a Dryad near,  
Myself shall bring home my Dear,  
Is Phillis.

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

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

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

Proud of their Hill in such a Flow'r  
Which so exemplifies their Pow'r,  
Will Guard in every dangerous Hour  
My Phillis.



*Moderato* *Why so Pale* *Set by Mr. Arne*

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

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

*pale* *why, so pale and wan fond lover prithee prithee why so*

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

*vail prithee prithee why so pale*

|                                             |                                              |
|---------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| <i>Why so dull &amp; mute young sinner;</i> | <i>Quit for shame this will not gain her</i> |
| <i>Why so dull so dull &amp; mute;</i>      | <i>This will never, never do;</i>            |
| <i>If thy speaking well can't win her;</i>  | <i>If thy whining can't attain her;</i>      |
| <i>Will thy saying nothing do;</i>          | <i>Then no more no more pursue;</i>          |
| <i>Why so dull so dull &amp; mute.</i>      | <i>Fly from her, as she flies you.</i>       |





*Pitty Patty* Set by Mr Arne

*Slowly* The Morning's sweet

Peggy arose from her Bed, I stole to the Chamber where lay my sweet maid and opening the Curtains such

My fill'd my Cup my Heart felt a touch that went *Pitty Patty*

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

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



*Moderately brisk* *Plain Truth*

*The Man who seeks to win the fair, so Custom says, must*

*Truth forbear* *Must joinly flatter, cringe and lye and raise the Gods legs*

*to the Sky.*

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





*Oh Lovely Maid Set by Mr. Arne*

*Tenderly*

*Oh lovely Maid how*

*Does thy power at once I Love at once adore with wonder are my*

*Thoughts possess while softest love Inspires my breast while softest Love In*

*spires my breast*

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

Oh should I ne'er possess thy charms  
 Ne'er meet my Comfort in thy arms  
 Where hopes of dear Enjoyment gone  
 Still would I Love, Love thee alone  
 Still would I be.

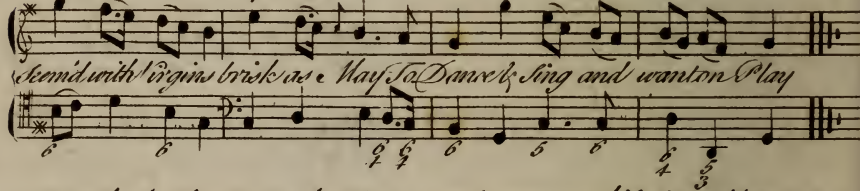
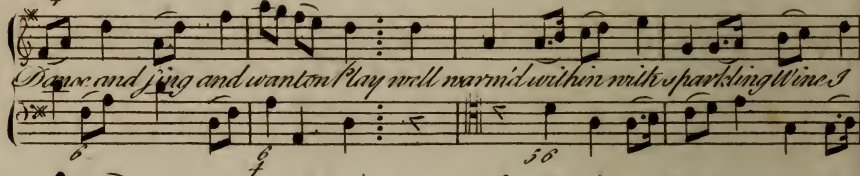
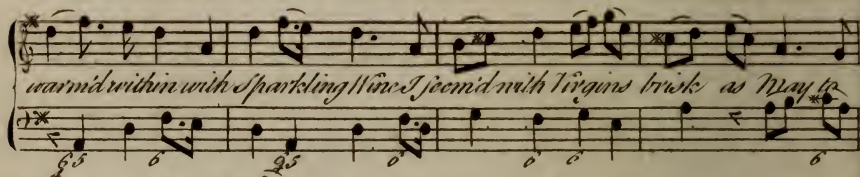
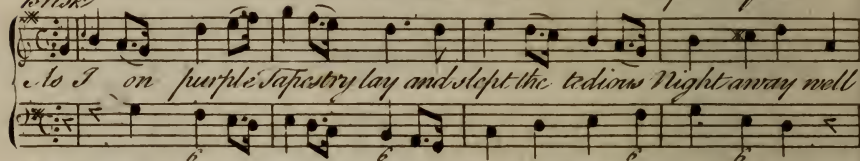
But thee I've treasur'd up my Joy,  
 Thou canst give bliss or it destroy,  
 And thus I've bound myself to Love  
 While bliss or Misery can move  
 While I live be.

But like some discontent'd shade  
 That'll wander where its body laid  
 Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare  
 For ever wail'd from the fair  
 For ever be.



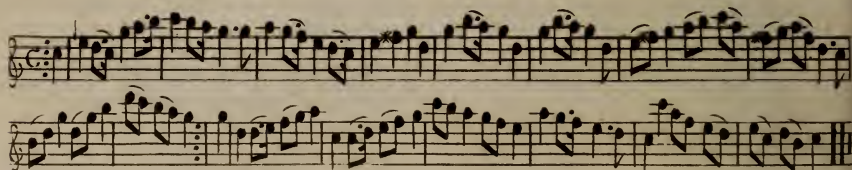
# Anacreon's Dream Set by D<sup>r</sup> Green

*Brisk*



The Shepherds all together stem,  
And envious glanc'd & look'd askew:  
And ev'ry Swain upon the Plains  
Both enviy'd and reproach'd me too  
That I with Virgins had to do.

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







*Cross Purposes Sung by Mr Beard*

Tom loves Mary passing will but  
 Mary she loves Harry whilst Harry sighs for bonny Bell and finds his Love mis-  
 carry for bonny Bell for Thomas turns the Mary slight his Passion so  
 Strangely freakyfe are y<sup>e</sup> turns of human Indolentation

As much as Mary Thomas Griefes  
 Proud Hall despiseth Mary.  
 And all y<sup>e</sup> Flouts that Bell receives  
 From Tom she vents on Harry.  
 Thus all by Turns are wood & wooe  
 Nor Juries can be truer,  
 Each loves y<sup>e</sup> Objects they pursue,  
 But hates the kind Pursuer.

Moll gave Hall a Wreath of Flowers,  
 Which he in amorous Tolly;  
 Consign'd to Bell & in few Hours  
 It came again to Molly.  
 If one of all y<sup>e</sup> four has frown'd,  
 You neer saw People grummers;  
 If one has smil'd but catches round,  
 And all are in good Humour.

Then lovers hence this Lesson learn,  
 Throughout the British Nation,  
 How much tis ev'ry one's Concern,  
 To smile a Reformation,  
 And still thro' Life this Rule pursue,  
 What ever Objects strike y<sup>e</sup>  
 Be kind to them that fancy you,  
 That those you love may like y<sup>e</sup>.



*Ariels Song in the Tempest*

*Moderately* *fia* *for* *fia*

*for* *fia*

*When the bee sucks there look I In a*

*comely bed I lie there I couch when Owls do cry when Cuck do cry when Cuck do*

*cry On the bawls back do I fly after*





*Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Arne*

*Hum fite Merrily Merrily after Sun fite Merrily*

*Merrily Merrily shall I live now under the blooming of*

*hump on the bough Merrily Merrily shall I live now under the blooming of hump on the bough*

*under the blooming of hump on the bough*



*A Favourite Song - Set by W. Oswald*

*Moderate*

*From the Marudoms I love the my*

*Heart I disguise I will fairly describe the Wretches desire and if he has sense but to*

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

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

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





## The Maidens Choice

*Moderate*

If Ever Th' Rhymer I add to thy  
 Tribe let push be my Partner my Muse shall describe not in party to high nor in statue to  
 long not the least of a Clown nor to Much of a Beau

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

Let honour Commendable Pude in the Sex,  
 His Actions Direct & his Principles free,  
 No Groundless Suspicion must he Err surmise,  
 Nor Jealously Read ev'ry look in my Eyes.

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

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



## The Doctor Outwitted.

*Andly*

When I saw by my Mother she went into a fit, I was much surpris'd for the Girl held up the Head  
 She laid out my Neck with a very pretty Car and making a mark bid me stick a Pin there  
 Stick a Pin there stick a Pin there and making a mark bid me stick a Pin there

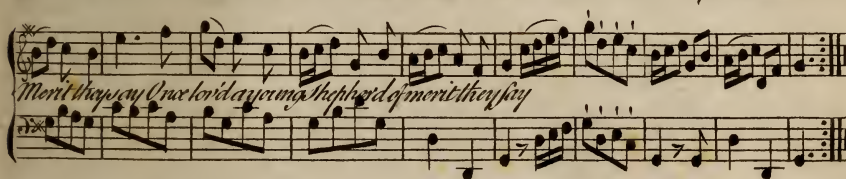
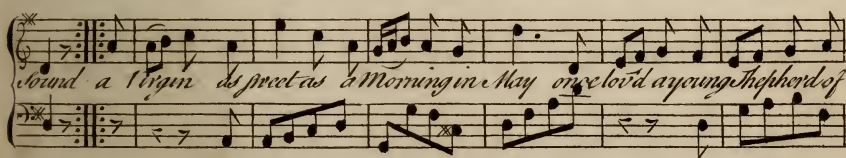
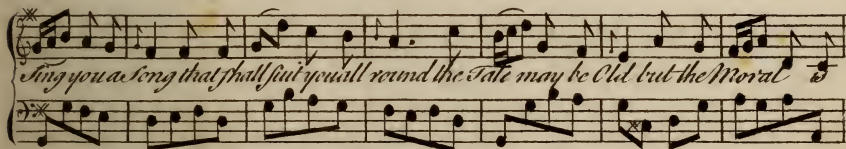
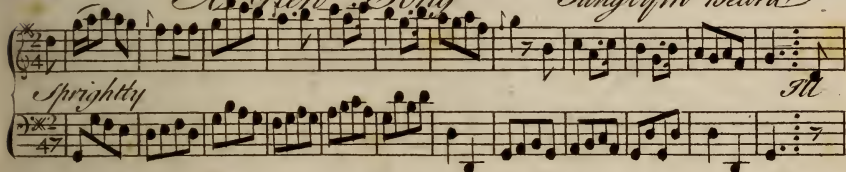
The humour, if pleas'd me how ever absurd  
 That in spite of my Teeth it became a cant Word  
 And once when the Parson had ended his Prayer  
 I could not help calling out stick a Pin there Stick a Pin be  
 He came to my Mother & loudly complain'd  
 His Parson I ask'd but my Torment was feign'd  
 And before he could clasp his fat Bum in a Chair  
 I slyly stoop'd down & did stick a Pin there. Stick a Pin be  
 I met my dear Jack in a Field of new Hay  
 He kiss'd me & seiz'd me with amorous Play  
 A green Gown he gave me & swore it was fair  
 Hold, swarrah said I woud you stick a Pin there. Stick a Pin be  
 We often attempted to ruffle my Charms  
 To often I push'd the dear Youth from my Arms  
 But sooner or later he'll baffle my Care  
 For Jack is y<sup>e</sup> said that shall stick a Pin there stick a Pin be





*A New Song*

*Sung by Mr. Beard*



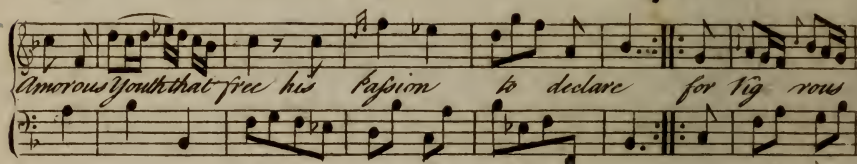
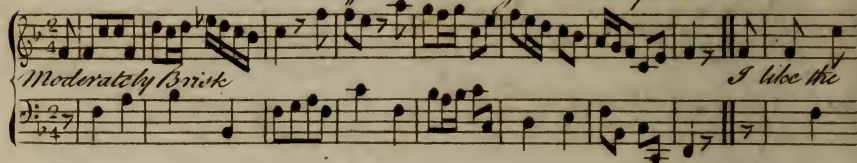
*Her Father refus'd him for he had not Gold,  
As Advice too often will cleave to the Old;  
And gave her too a Coxcomb well furnished with fence,  
Who had every Endowment, save Honour & Sense.*

*But bold Robin Hood in a lucky Disguise,  
Impost on the Wretch tho' he saw with four Eyes,  
And you Master Pert one take this for a Rule,  
No Woman of Spirit will stoop to a Fool.*

*And thus then not having detain'd you too long,  
I hope I may merit your Thanks for my Song,  
If you do not like it, on others I'll call,  
Come trip it o'er y<sup>e</sup> Greenwood my merry Men all.*

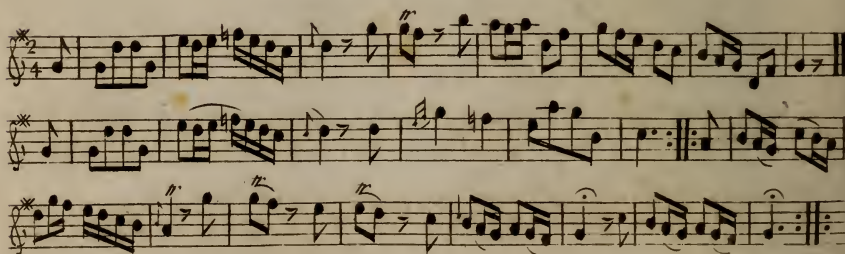


*A Favourite Song Set by Mr. Hindell*



*None Cupid fear but fools the boy  
Hurt none who valiant prove  
Was sweetness all & gentle joy  
To those who are skill'd in love?*

*Then Love my Dear and since life's prime  
So swiftly flies away  
Let by the forelock seize old Time  
And Revel whilst we may.*







## The Ploughman's Ditty

*lively* When Molly sits beneath her Cows I feel my  
Heart I cant tell how I feel my Heart I cant tell how When Molly is on  
Sunday, I rest on Sunday I can take no rest on Sunday I can take no rest

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



*Moderately slow* *Go Rose*

*Go Rose, my Chloe's Bosom grace my Chloe's Bosom grace, how*

*happy should I prove, how happy should I prove, might I supply that envious place*

*never fading Love, with never fading Love. There Phoenix like, be*

*neath her Eye involv'd in fragrant burn and Die.....*

*neath her Eye involv'd in fragrant burn and Die.....*

*live*

*burn and Die* *Know hapless flower hapless flower*





*Set by D<sup>r</sup> Green*

*What thou shall find shall find more fragrant Roses there more fragrant*

*Roses there I see thy Withering head redind with Envy and Dis*

*pair with Envy and Despair One common fate we both must prove*

*you Die with Envy I with Love one common fate we both must*

*prove you Die with Envy I Die with Love*

*you Die with Envy I with Love you with Envy I with Love*



## Dione?

Set by W<sup>th</sup> Anne

*Moderately slow*

Upon a Summers Evening late Dione hapless maid all wan with love and pining  
 Care sought out a secret Shade how wretched! ah! & changed am I unhappy maid said she no  
 more is pleasing to my Cypris Flow'rs is sweet to me no more is sweet to me

So many Foes could Collin make,  
 To me ah! faithless Swain!  
 And yet these slighted Lovers now traitors  
 And lap me to complaine,  
 Why did I rashly seek his arms,  
 And fond his tale believe?  
 Alas I yielded all my Charms  
 Nor thought he woud deceive!

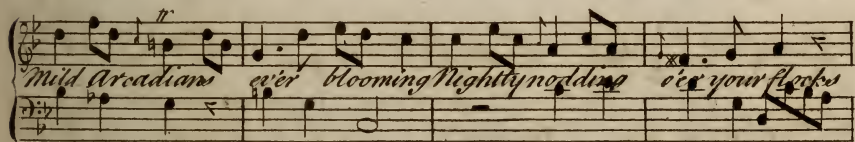
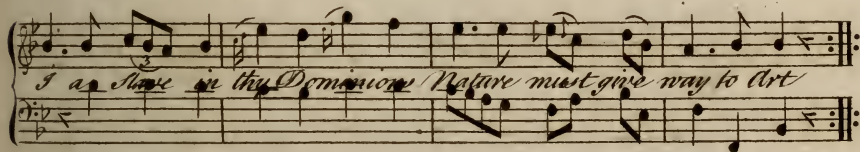
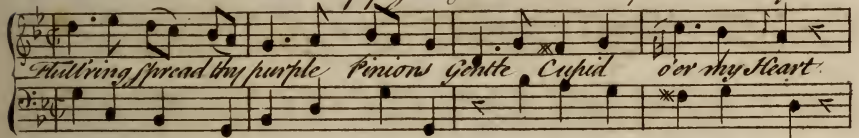
Yet why art thou so such a Store,  
 And Lilies in my face,  
 Since they now can please you more,  
 (And claim your fond Embrace,  
 My bright Charms I'd willingly give,  
 Resign my rosy Race,  
 Content with Lucys Charms I'd live,  
 A rural Maid for you.

But Collin deaf while I upraid,  
 Nor heeds tho' I complain,  
 Thinks not that I'm the injur'd Maid,  
 And he the perjured Swain.  
 Yet know false Mair Dione's Shade  
 To night you shall appear,  
 And when you climb the Marriage Bed,  
 Dione will be there.





*The Unhappy Lover* by Dean Swift

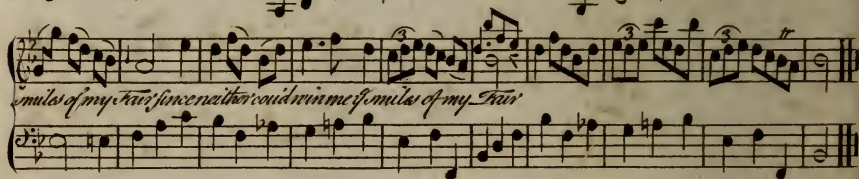
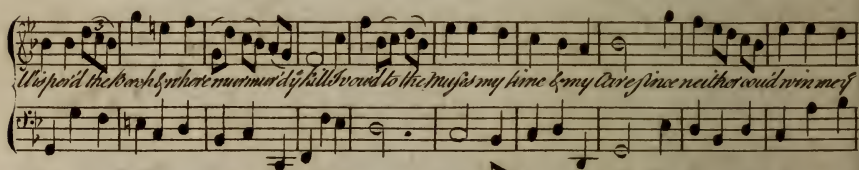
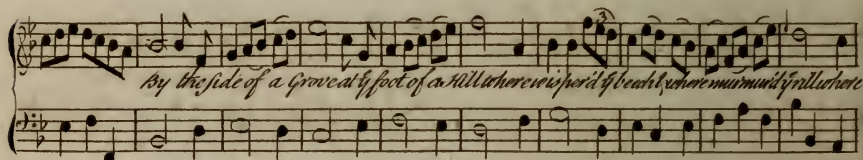
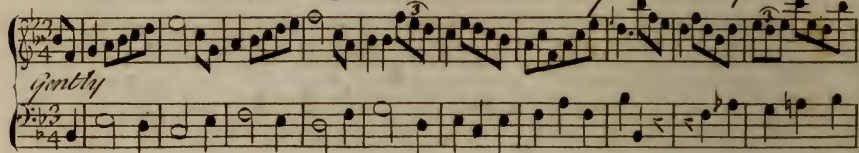


|                                            |                                           |
|--------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| <i>Thus the Cyprian Goddess weeping,</i>   | <i>Gloomy Pluto, King of Terrors,</i>     |
| <i>Mourn'd Adonis' darling Youth;</i>      | <i>Armed in Adamantine Chains</i>         |
| <i>Keen the Spear in Silence creeping,</i> | <i>Lead me to the Crystal Mirrors,</i>    |
| <i>Goddess with unrelenting Tooth,</i>     | <i>Watering soft Elysian Plains,</i>      |
| <i>Cynthia, leave harmonious Numbers</i>   | <i>Mournful Cyprian's verdant Willow,</i> |
| <i>True! Discretion string thy Lyre,</i>   | <i>Spelling my Quince's brow,</i>         |
| <i>Tooth my ever waking Numbers,</i>       | <i>Morbid shivering o'er my Pillow,</i>   |
| <i>Bright! Apollo lend thy Choir,</i>      | <i>To alarm my dying Sorrow.</i>          |

*Melancholly sooth Meander;  
Swiftly purling in a Round,  
On thy Margin Lovers wander;  
With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd  
Thou, when Phillis mela drooping,  
Softly seeks some silent Male,  
See the Bird of Juno swooping,  
Melody waights to take.*



*The Scholar's Relapse set by Mr. Arne*



*Free I rang'd, like the Birds, like of Birds free I song,  
And Daphne's dear name ne'er escap'd from my Tongue.  
When e'er a smooth Accent delighted my Ear,  
I wish'd unwares, that my Daphne might hear.*

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

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







*No Favourite Song*

Let ambition fire thy mind thou wilt born o'er men to reign  
 not to follow flocks designed from thy crook shall leave if Plain  
 leave the Plain  
 Scorn thy crook and leave the plain Scorn thy crook and leave the plain  
 (Quens I'll lay beneath thy





*Set to Music by M<sup>r</sup> Arne*

*Set thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread*

*for*

*Joys encircling Joys shall meet which way e'er thy fancy*

*for*

*lead Joys encircling Joys shall meet which way e'er thy fancy lead*

*for*

*Joys encircling Joys shall meet which way e'er thy fancy lead which way*

*for*

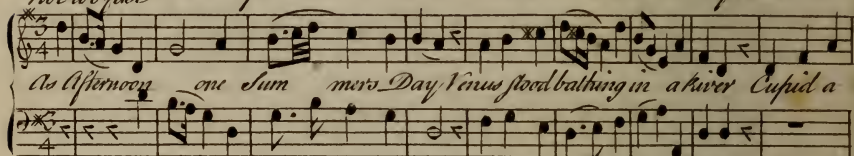
*e'er thy fancy lead*

*Let not Joys of Empire fright,  
 Joys of Empire Measured are;  
 Thou shalt only know Delight,  
 All the Joy, but not the Care,  
 Shepherd if thou yieldst the Prize,  
 For the Blessings I bestow,  
 Joyful, 'll attend the Skyes,  
 Happy thou shalt reign below.*

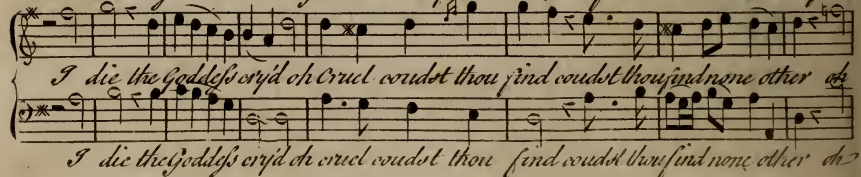
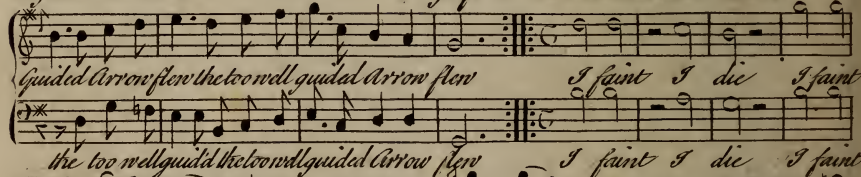
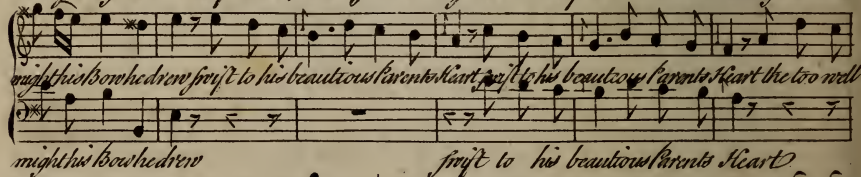
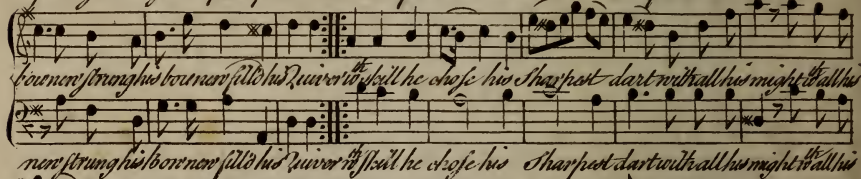
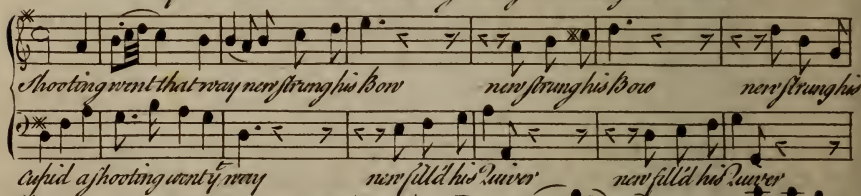


# Cupid's Mistake *the words by Matt<sup>r</sup> Prior*

Not too fast



As Af ter noon one Summers Day Venus stood bathing in a river



I die the Goddess cry'd oh Cruel couldst thou find couldst thou find none other oh





*Sel to Musick by Will<sup>m</sup> Riley*

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



## The Blush

*Moderately slow*

On a Primrose Bank by a murmuring streamlet  
 I was sitting & I was her theme whilst I heard her sing  
 Behind a green bush I listened to  
 Hear her first tale with a blush  
 Of all the young shepherds of the flock on the Reed bed  
 Damon alone I am fancy bred  
 I tell him I value him  
 Not of a blush yet surely I love him or why do I blush  
 Yet surely I love him or why do I blush

When I went to the Grove at the top of a hill  
 It was the last May I remember it still  
 He brought me a nest of young linnets quite fresh  
 And I the kind present receiv'd with a blush  
 Whenever he meets me he'll sing for & smile  
 I fear as I did not observe him the while  
 He offer'd to kiss me I gave him a push  
 Why can't you be easy I cry'd with a blush  
 Why can't you be

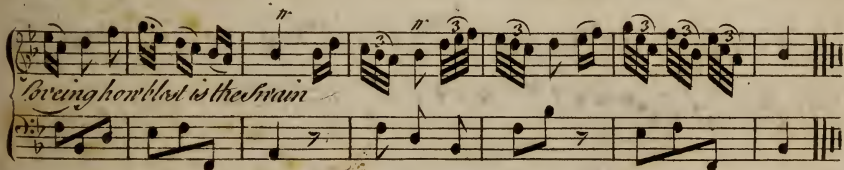
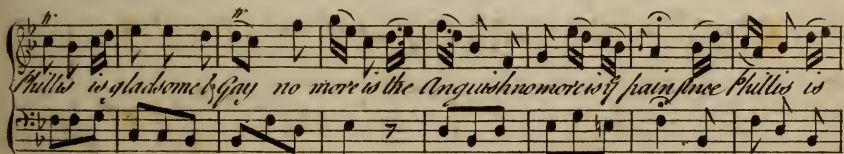
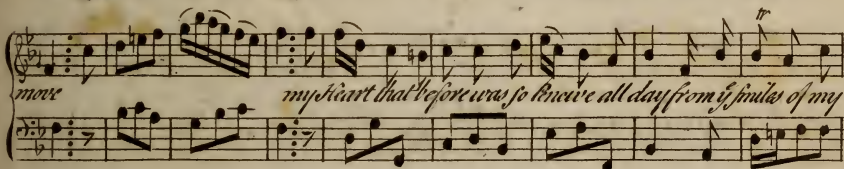
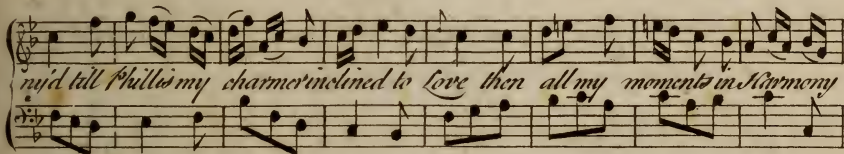
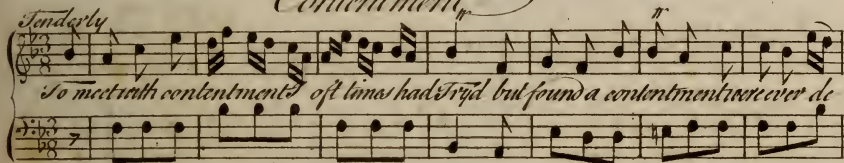
One Sunday he came to intreat me to walk  
 Into a downy meadow of love was our talk  
 He call'd me his dearest pray Damon be hush  
 There's somebody coming I cry'd with a blush  
 My Mother she shutes whom I mention I fear  
 Forbids me to go to the Meadow again  
 But sure for his sake I'll venture a blush  
 For love him I do I confess with a blush  
 For love him be

Thus warbled the fair and my heart kept for joy  
 Tho' little she thought that for Damon was nigh  
 But chancing to spy me behind a green bush  
 She ended her song and arose with a blush  
 The last Verse to be sung twice over.





# Contentment.



A friendship affords any Blessing in life,  
 How rich be that blessing when met in a Wife;  
 Imparting her thoughts when my Phillis incline,  
 Her converse improves and her kindness refine.  
 Not vain the ambitious or Misers pursuit,  
 The Libertines revell to last of that fruit,  
 Two only secur'd when two hearts can agree,  
 And meet with affection like Phillis & me.



*Tenderly* *The Complaint* *set by Mr Arne*

*Pia For Pia For*

*Behold if fired flowers around with all the fire, yet if they were yet run on the plain can be*

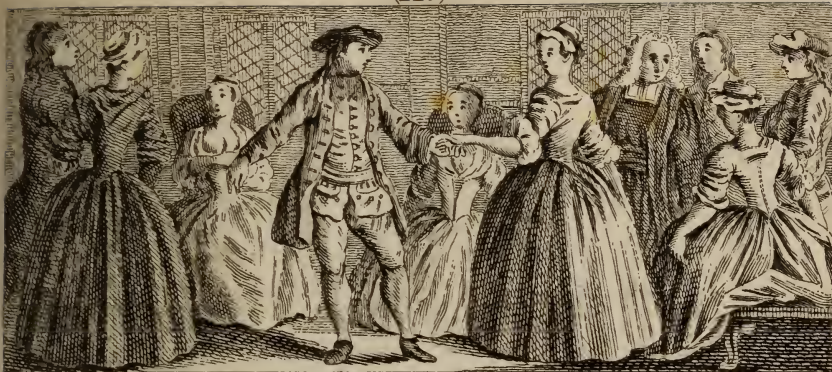
*found so lovely so lovely so lovely as Calia fair so lovely as Calia is fair* *ye*

*warblers come nigh if fired then no longer in silence remain no longer in silence no loud a fond love's Notes to*

*often to often to often my Calia's dear to often my Calia's dear*

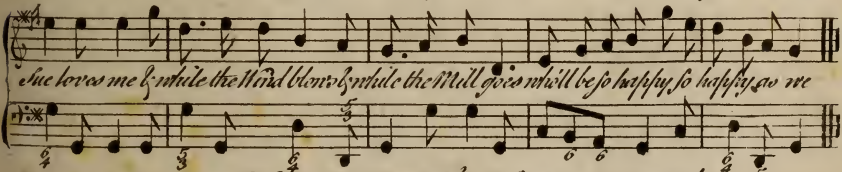
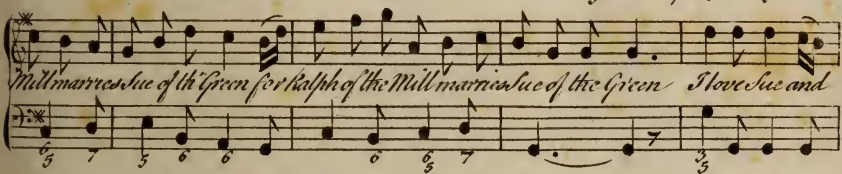
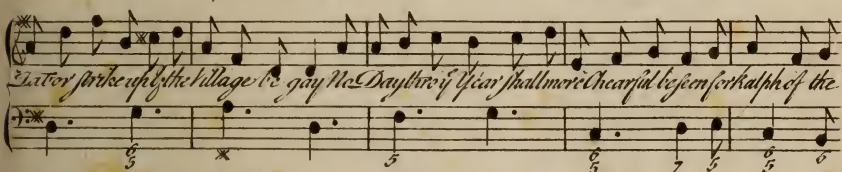
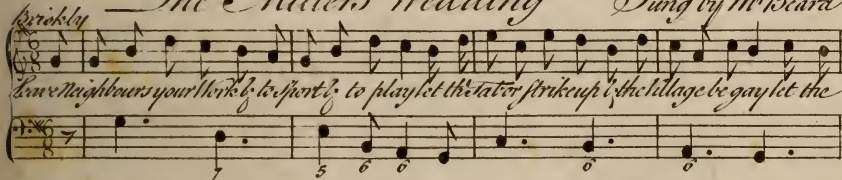
*Oft Times in yon Flowery Vale,  
I breath my Complaints in a Song,  
Fair Flora attends the Soft Tale;  
And sweetens the Borders along.  
But Calia whose Breath might perfume,  
The posom of Flora in May;  
Still pronouncing Pronounces my Doom;  
Regardless of all I can say.*





# The Miller's Wedding

Sung by Mr. Beard



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

Let Ladies of Fashion the best Scintors wed,  
And prudently take the best bidders to bed,  
Such signing & sealings no part of our Bliss,  
We settle our Hearts, & we seal with a Kiss, I love &c.

Tho' Ralph is not courtly nor none of your Beaus,  
A nor boppies nor flattery nor greas, your fine Cloaths,  
In nothing Ill borrow the robes of high Life,  
Nor e'er turn his Back on his Friend or his Wife, I love &c.

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



*Go Sylvia*

*brisk* *Why shine those*

*Charming eyes so bright & flatter us with joy if all their fierce malignant light prove*

*only to destroy* *A Damon in an*

*Angels drop may to false kays surprize yet Mischief still the kind conceals in*

*sight of the disguise*

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





*The Disconsolate* Set by M<sup>r</sup> Hudson

*Tenderly*

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

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

*For the German Flute*



# *Telesoy for the Happy Pair*

*Lively* *Slow*

Blest has my Time been what Days have I known since Wedlocks soft  
 Bondage. Telesoy my Own so Joyfull my Heart is so  
 easy my Chain that Freedom is Tasteless and Roving a  
 Pain that Freedom is tasteless and Roving a Pain





*Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup> Arne*

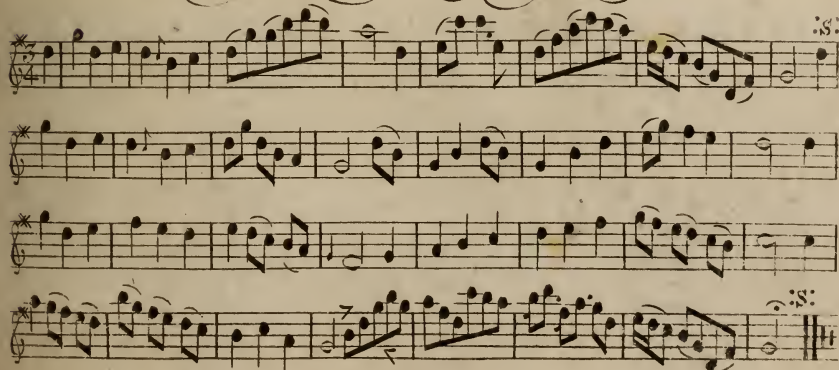
*Thro' Walkes grown with Woodbines as often we stray,  
Around us our Girls and Boys frolick and play:  
How pleasing their Sport is the Wanton ones See,  
And borrow their Looks from my Jessy and me.*

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

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

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

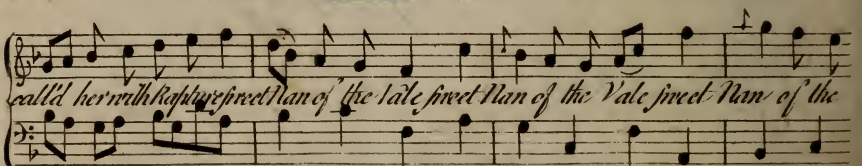
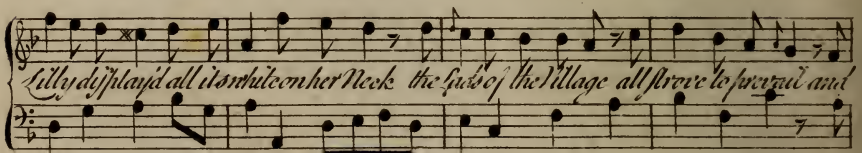
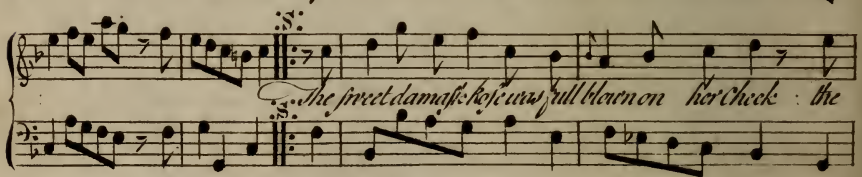
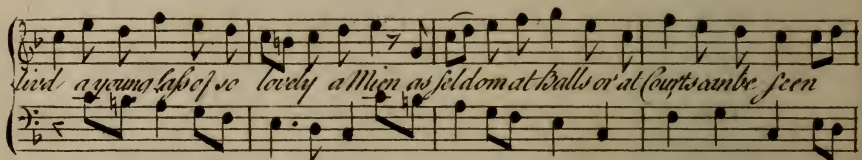
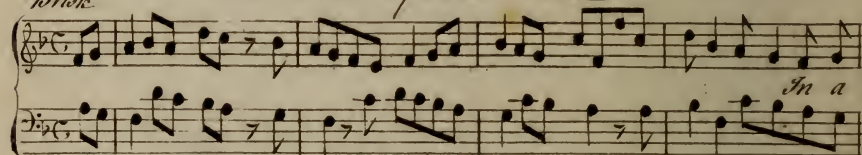
*FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE*





# *Nan of the Vale*

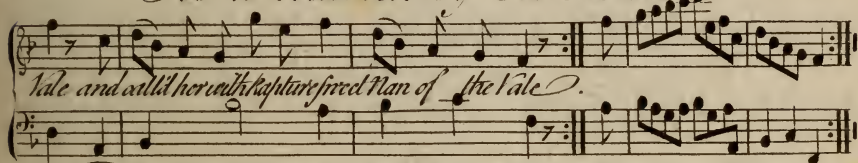
*Brick*







*Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup> Arne*

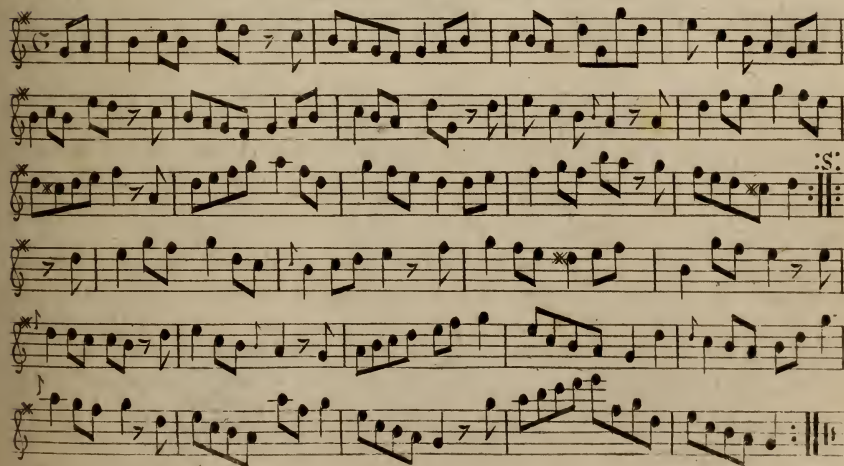


*Vale and could her worth capture find Nan of the Vale.*

*First poor Hodge spoke his Passion till quite out of breath,  
Craving rewards he could hug her & kiss her to Death,  
And Dick with her beauty was so much possess'd,  
That he loathed his food and abandon'd his Rest;  
But she could find nothing in them to Endeavour  
To sent each away with a flea in his ear,  
And said no such boobies could tell a love tale,  
Or bring to compliance sweet Nan of the Vale.*

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

**For the German Flute**





*Tenderly* *Stephon's Remonstrance* set by M<sup>r</sup> Lampe

When to my Cloc first I broke my Passion and my  
mind her dear black Ora des bespoke she would not be un-  
kind her charming Tongue confess'd her Eyes in Accents near divine I  
love I love she blushing cries with you alone I'll Join

|                                         |                                     |
|-----------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| How frail her word how short my bliss,  | See Chloë suppliant on my Heart,    |
| How swift y <sup>e</sup> scene removes, | A Train of Smiling Boys;            |
| Thyrsis pass'd by without a kiss,       | Cupid produced them with his Dart   |
| At once disclov'd our Loves,            | But your disdain destroys;          |
| What luckless Planet ruld my birth      | Behold their little pleading Hands, |
| She shuns me ev'ry where,               | To pass to you to life,             |
| Ye Secret Wanderers on Earth            | Obeys what Nature then demands,     |
| These Dictates to her bear.             | And bless me in a Wife?             |





# *A well a day*

*Set by D<sup>r</sup> Green*

*Tenderly*

*The blithest bird that sings in May, was ne'er more blith, was ne'er more  
Gay, than I a-well-a-day, than I a-well-a-day. Or  
Collin yet had learn'd to sigh, or I to guess the reason why,  
Oh Love! a-well-a-day Oh Love! a-well-a-day.*

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

*Kind nature now look Collins part, Can Love, alas by words be shewn,  
My Eyes inform'd against my heart, He asked a proof, a tender one,  
My Heart a-well-a-day, While I a-well-a-day,  
Strait glov'd & thrilling sympathy, In silence blush'd a fond reply,  
And choic'd back each gentle sigh, Can she, that truly loves deny?  
Each Sigh a-well-a-day. Ah no a-well-a-day.*



*brisk.* *Colin's Success*

To woo me and win me and kifs and all that young Colin tript  
 over the plain He saw me he blush'd & he play'd with his flatt  
 so I bid him return back again

Oh Phillis he cry'd from the cottage I've staid in hopes you'd be  
 kind to your swain Oh grant me a Kiss you may take it I said





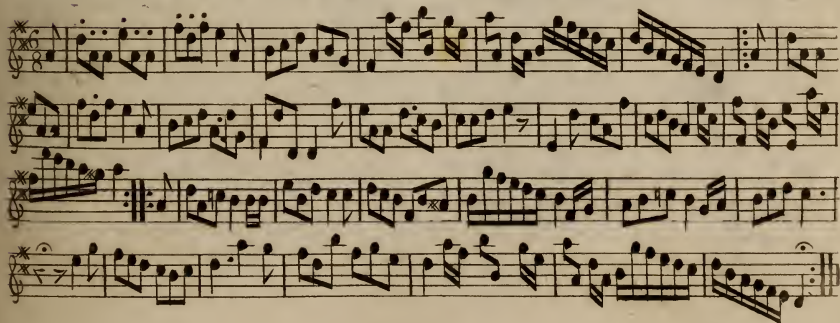
*A Favourite Song Sung by Mrs Chambers*

*but pray never attempt it again but pray never at*

*tempt it again*

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

*For the German State*





Brisk.

## The Caution

From sweet bewitching  
 Tricks of Love young Men your Hearts secure, Lest from the Paths of  
 Since you rove In Dotage premature In Dotage prema-  
 ture look at each Lass thro'  
 Wisdome Glas nor trust the Naked Eye Gallants beware





*Set to Musick by Mr Arne*

Look sharp take Care the Blind eat many a Fly the  
Blind eat many a Fly.

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

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

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



*Moderately* *The Reasonable Request* set by D<sup>o</sup> Houghton

When I Survey that matchless  
 Treasures ne'er over-mplund Lov' or did in one Nymph's high beauty's trace as  
 I in thee discover ver Celestial Charms in  
 you appear bright as the Morning Sun Why gaze I simple Shepherd  
 here and fix..... to be undone Why gaze I done.

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

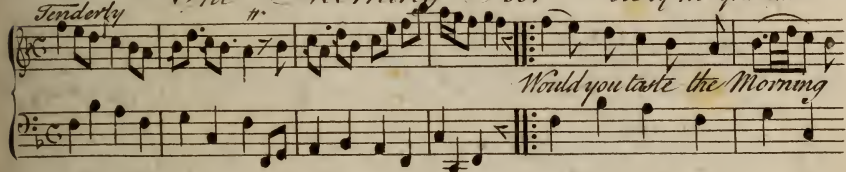
Then you replete with ev'ry Grace  
 Will show how you despise:  
 The little Arts Coquets embrace  
 To catch ungarded Eyes;  
 To may you with Justice claim,  
 The loss they must deplore,  
 Unblemish'd manners gentlest fame  
 When Beauty is no more.



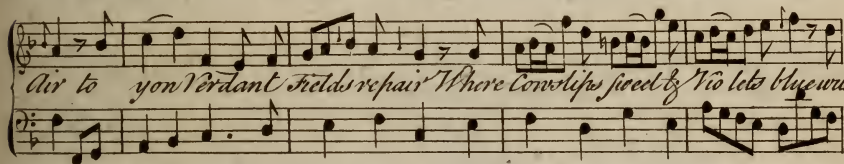


*The Morning Air* set by Mr. Granam

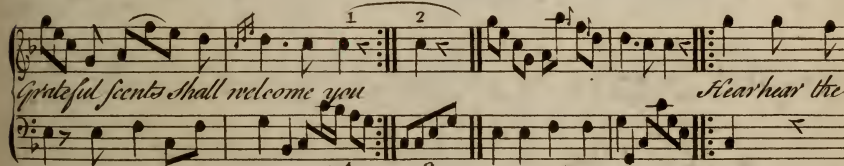
*Tenderly*



*Would you taste the Morning*

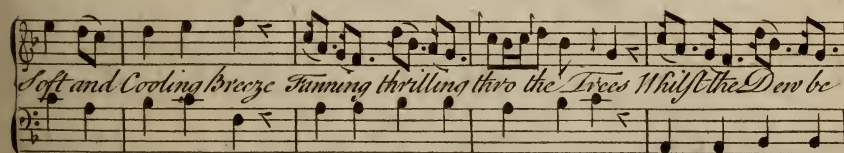


*Air to you Verdant Fields repair Where Cowslips feed by Nolets blue with*

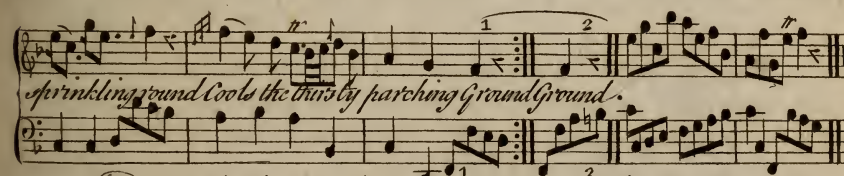


*grateful scents shall welcome you*

*Hear hear the*



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

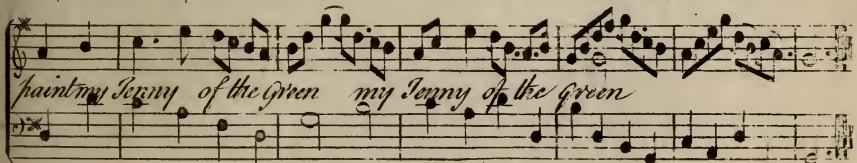
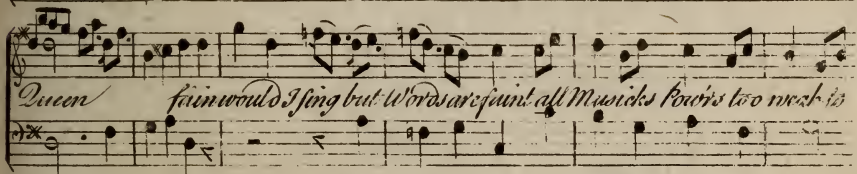
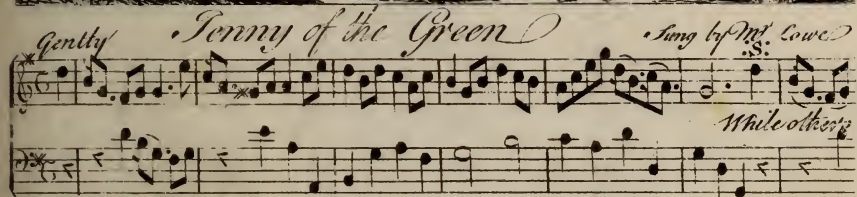


*Sprinkling round Cools the thro' parching Ground Ground.*

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







*Beneath this Elm, beside this stream,  
How oft I've laid my favorite theme,  
And told my tale unseen;  
While faithful in the Lovers' cause,  
The Winds would murmur soft applauses  
To Jenny of the Green.*

*With joy my Soul reviews the Day,  
When deck'd in all the pride of May,  
She hail'd the Sylvan Scene,  
Then every Nymph, that hospitable  
First strove to catch the Grace & ease  
Of Jenny of the Green.*

*Then deaf to every rivals sigh,  
On me she cast her partial eye,  
Nor scorn'd my humble Mirth;  
She gave a Myrtle wreath to me,  
That Day adored the lovely pair,  
Of Jenny of the Green.*

*Through all the airy land of love  
I'll seek my pretty wandering Dove  
The pride of May fifteen,  
Though now she tread some distant plain,  
Tho' far a part I'll meet again,  
My Jenny of the Green.*

*But thou old Time till that blessed Night,  
That wraps her back with speedy flight,  
Melt down the Sighs between;  
And when we meet the loss repay  
On waiting Wing prolong my stay  
With Jenny of the Green?*



*Moderately* *A Favourite Air* by Signior Palma

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

When first I saw ah me what meant my throbbing breast

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

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

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

*For two German Flutes*





*brisk*

## Matrimonial — Bondage

*The Man who for life is plaugd w<sup>th</sup> a Wife is*

*Just in a wretched Condition*

*Go thin as hee they will, shall stick by him still &c*

*very slow*      *brisk*

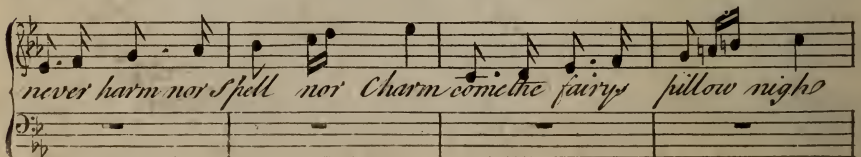
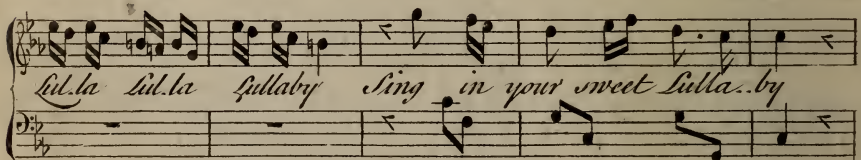
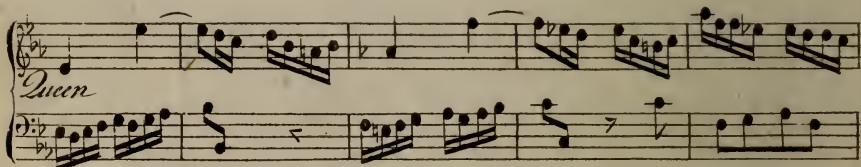
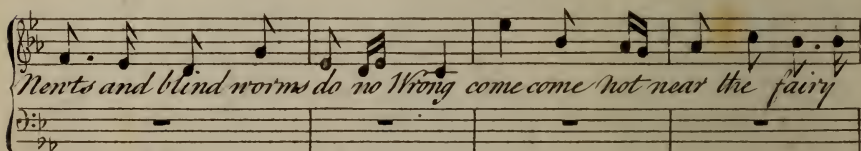
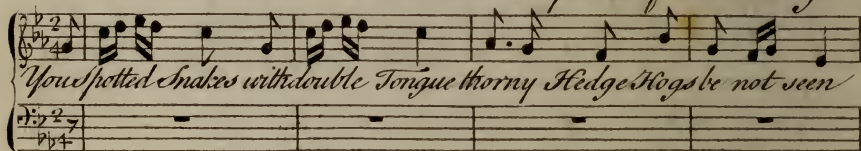
*Death is his only Physician poor Man poor man Death is his only Physician*

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

*For the German Flute*



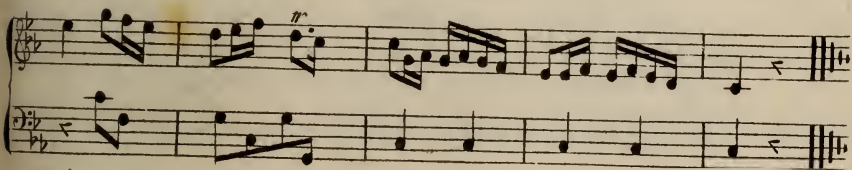
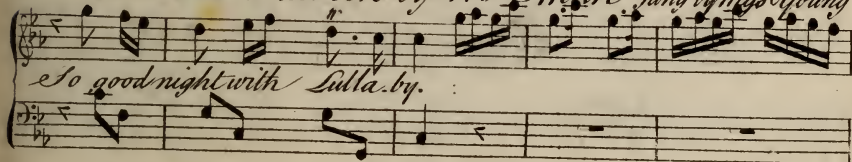
*A Favourite Air in the Opera of the Fairies*





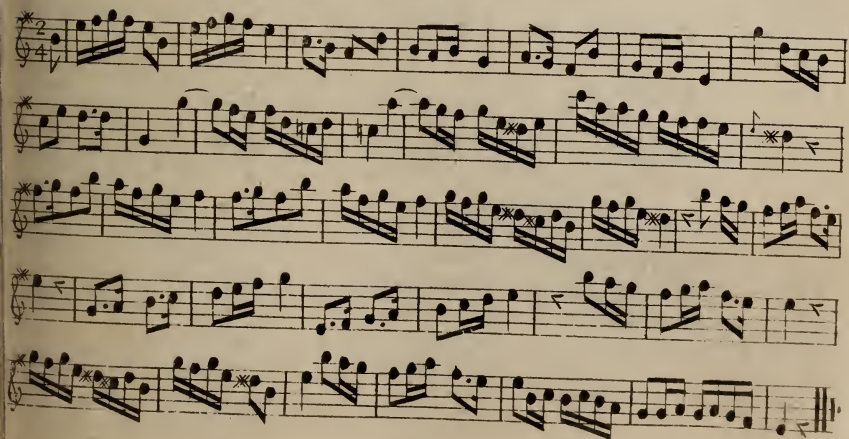


*Set to Musick by Mr. Smith sung by Miss Young*



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

*FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE*





# Daffodil

Sung by Mrs. Smith

*Brisk*

*Spring returns if Larks ad*

*vance Leading on the Sprightly Dance leading on the Sprightly Dance*

*O'er the Fallow o'er the Glade Thro' the Sunshine thro' the Shade Whilst I for*

*lorn and pensive still sit sighing for my Daffodil*

|                                    |                                 |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| See the wanton Nymphs appear,      | Gentle Nymphs forsake the Mead, |
| Smiling all as smiles the Year,    | To my Love for pity Plead,      |
| Sporting print where'er thy bread, | Gorge Swains and seek thy fair, |
| Daisy Ground or Primrose bed,      | This my last Petition bear,     |
| Whilst I live.                     | Whilst I live.                  |

|                                   |                                   |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| A dainty Swain with wat'ry Shoe,  | Sweetest Maid that e'er was seen, |
| Brushes by the Morning Dew;       | Dance at Wake or trip of Green,   |
| With officious Love to bear,      | See a Lovesick sighing Swain,     |
| Fresh blown Cowslips to his fair, | Hear my Nods, relieve my pain,    |
| Whilst I live.                    | Or with your Frowns for pity kill |
|                                   | To Charming Cruel Daffodil.       |





## Moggys Complaint

*Andrly*

On the lays Verdant banks a fair maid lay reclind / she wept to the joys that wail to the Wind while

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

plaints for her Jockey

Not y<sup>e</sup> Nightingale's Voice was more mournful to

dear when thus she began to the lobs of my Dear y<sup>e</sup> from y<sup>e</sup> once so sparkling in for as the heat the

tear which drop'd for young Jockey young Jockey if tear which drop'd for young Jockey

The sinnet his Mate chuses out of y<sup>e</sup> Throng,  
And when he has won her sits all the day long,  
Still proud of his conquest repeating his Song,  
Not so did Inconstant young Jockey;

He swore 'twas my Beauty his Heart that had won,  
And his Flame was as pure as the light of y<sup>e</sup> Sun,  
But the Maid that believes is as surely undone,  
For false and deceitfull's young Jockey.

The sinnet his Mate chuses out of y<sup>e</sup> Throng,  
And when he has won her sits all the day long,  
Still proud of his conquest repeating his Song,  
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He swore 'twas my Beauty his Heart that had won,  
And his Flame was as pure as the light of y<sup>e</sup> Sun,  
But the Maid that believes is as surely undone,  
For false and deceitfull's young Jockey.



# *A New Song*

*Lively*

*The*

*fool y is Wealthy is sure of a Bride for Rich as like Fig Leaf their Nakedness hide*

*The Slave that is poor must starve all his Life in a*

*batchelors bed without Mistress or Wi...* *fe In a*

*batchelors bed without Mistress or Wife*

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

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





*The Fair Thief Set by Mr Worgan & Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Love*

*Gently* *Re*

For the Urchin well could go the stole of whiteness of the snow and more of whiteness

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

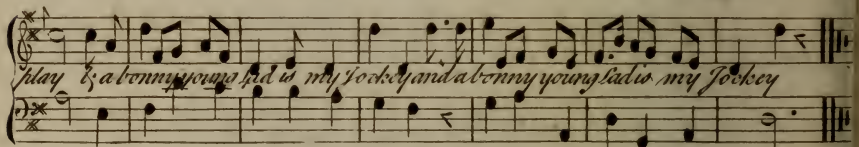
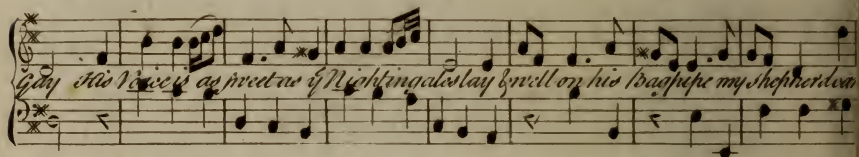
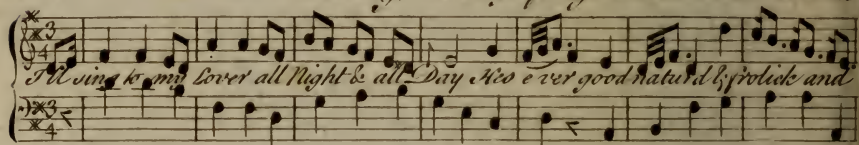
*Primrose buds & Violet beds on primrose buds & Violet beds*

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>Still to reveal her artfull wiles,<br/>         She stole the Graces silken smiles,<br/>         She stole Aurora's balmy breath,<br/>         And pilfer'd Orient pearl for teeth.<br/>         The Cherry dipt in Morning dew<br/>         Gave moisture to her Lips &amp; hue.</p> | <p>These were her Infant spoils a store<br/>         And she in time still pilfer'd more,<br/>         At twelve she stole from Cyprus Queen,<br/>         Her Air &amp; Love commanding me in,<br/>         Stole Juno's Dignity and stole<br/>         From Pallas's service to charm my Soul.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

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



*Jockey* sung by Miss Stevensen at Newhall

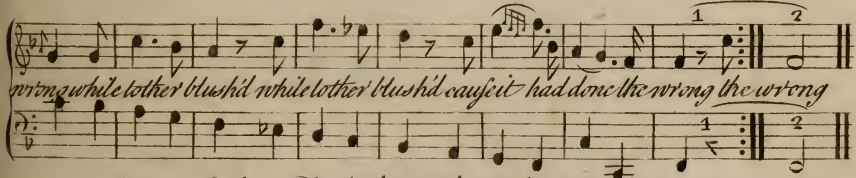
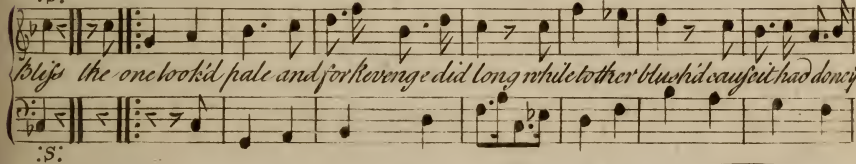
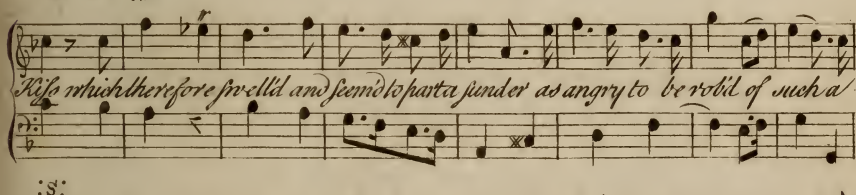
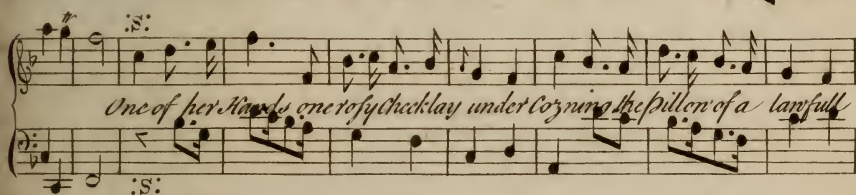
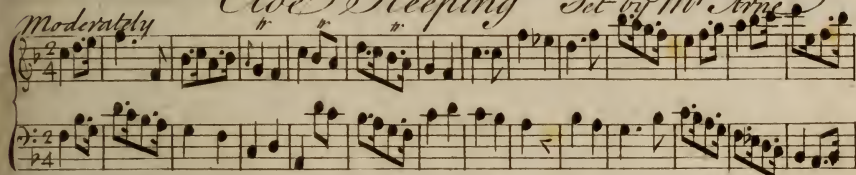


He says that he loves me, I'm witty & fair,  
 And praises my Eyes, my lips and my Hair;  
 Rose, Violet, nor Lilly, with me can compare,  
 If this be to flatter, tis pretty I swear. And a bonny be.  
 He kneeld at my Feet & with many a Sigh,  
 He crid, O my dear will you never comply;  
 If you mean to destroy me, why do it I'll dye,  
 I trembled all over and answer'd not I. And a bonny be.  
 Around the tall May-Pole he dances so neat,  
 And Sonnets of Love, the dear Boy can repeat;  
 His constant, his valiant, his wise and discreet,  
 His looks are so kind, and his Kisses so sweet. And a bonny be.  
 At Eve when the Sun seeks repose in the West,  
 And May's tuneful Chorists all seem to their Nest  
 When I meet on the Green o' dear Boy I love best  
 My Heart is just ready to burst from my breast. And a bonny be.  
 But see how if Meadows, are moistn'd with Dew,  
 Come, come my dear Shepherd I wait but for you,  
 We live for each other, both constant & true,  
 And taste if soft Captures ne Monarch e'er knew. And a bonny be.





*Cloe Sleeping* Set by Mr. Arne



*Out of the Bed the Other fair Hand was,  
On a green Satin Quilt, whose perfect white  
Look'd like a Daisy in a field of Grass,  
And appear'd like unmelt Snow unto y<sup>e</sup> sight;  
To lay this pretty fair-one, safe to keep  
Her lovely Form, that there lay fast a sleep.*



# Sweet Echo

German Flute

2 Violin very Slow & Gracefully

1 Violin accompany'd w<sup>th</sup> the Voice

*Sweet Echo*

*Sweetest Nymph*

*that liv'st unseen with*

very slow pia

4

3

pianiss

pia

6

6

4 3

*in thy airy Cell*

*By slow Meanders Nari*

*give green*

pianiss

pia

*And in the Violet embroider'd Vale*

*where the Dove lorn*

pianiss

pia

pianiss

pia







*Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Arne*

*Cave Tell me but where sell me but where sweet Queen of Parly Daughter*

*Briskly*

*of the Spheres so mayst thou be translated to the Skies*

*So mayst thou be translated to the Skies and give resounding Grace*





*Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> Arne*

1<sup>st</sup> Violin

*Give resounding grace to all Heav'n's Harmonias; give resounding grace*

Flute

2<sup>nd</sup> Violin

*resounding grace resounding grace resounding grace to all Heav'n's Harmo*

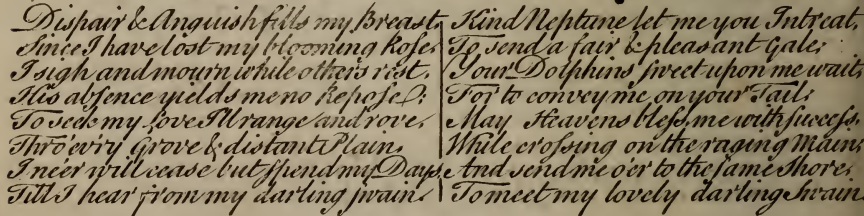
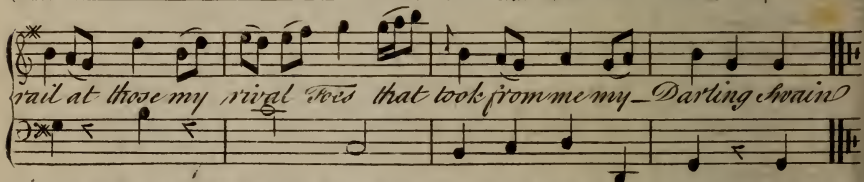
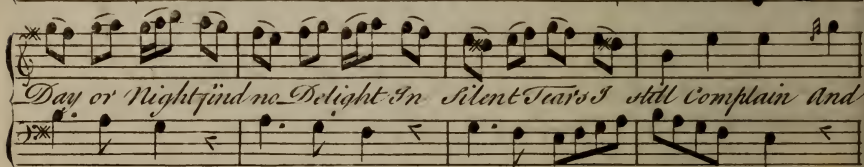
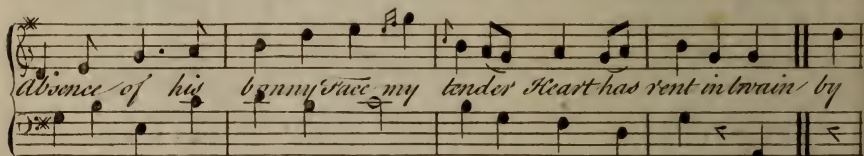
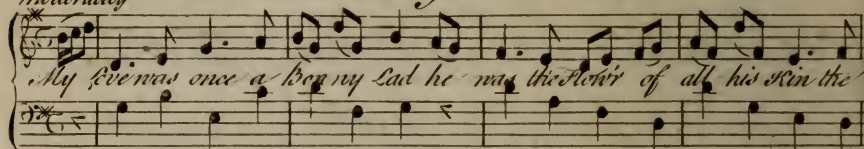
*nia.*

4 3 9 8 4 3 9 8 4 3 4 3 6 5



## The Darling Swain

*Moderately*



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

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





*Beauty and Musick* set by Mr Rameau

*Gracefully*

*Yes swains whom radiant Beauty moves or Musicks Art with*

*Sounds Divine Think how the kaptious Charm improves where two such*

*Gifts Celestial Join Think how the kaptious Charm improves where*

*two such Gifts Celestial Join*

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



# *A Favourite Cantata*

*Slow*

*Now gentle was my Damon*

*Air like sunny beam his golden Hair his Voice was like a Nightingales more sweet his*

*Breathless plover's fallow how hard such beauties to resign and yet that Cruel Task is*

*Tenderly*

*mine* *On ev'ry*

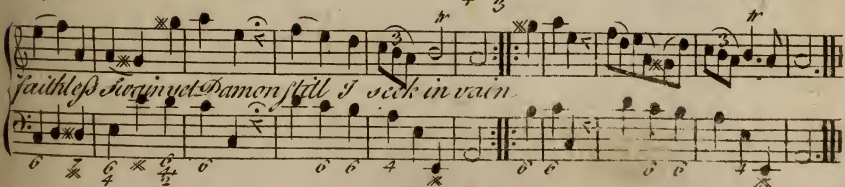
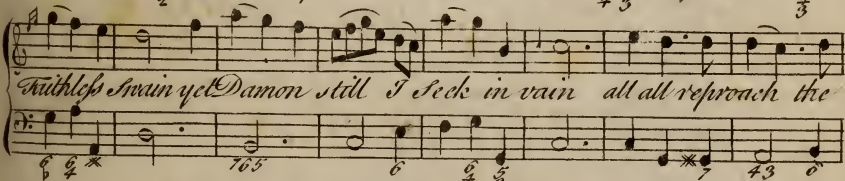
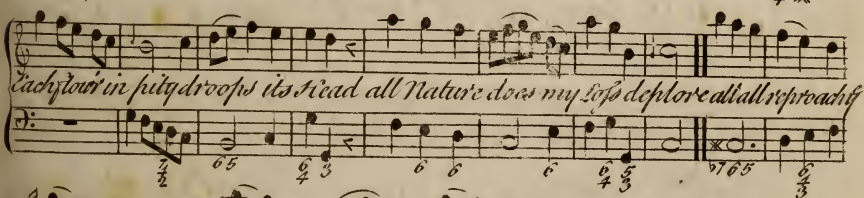
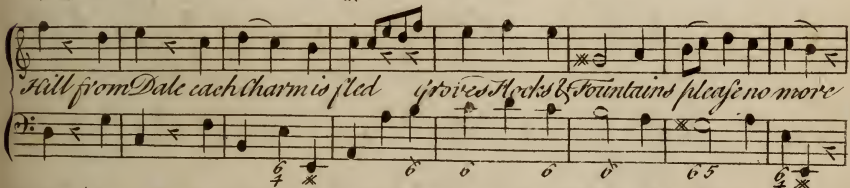
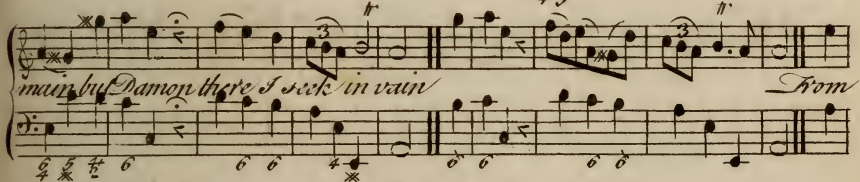
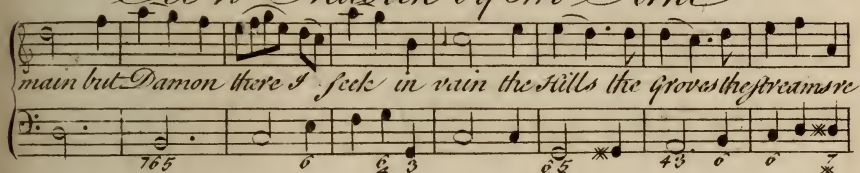
*Still in ev'ry Grove along the Margin of each Stream Dear Conscious Senses of*

*Former Love I mourn and Damon is my Theme The Hills the Groves the Stream*



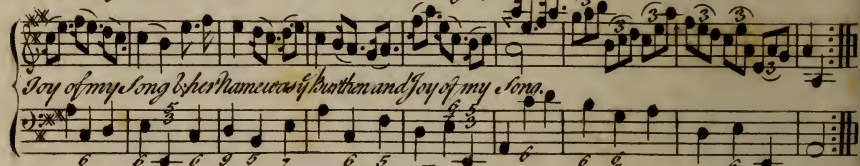
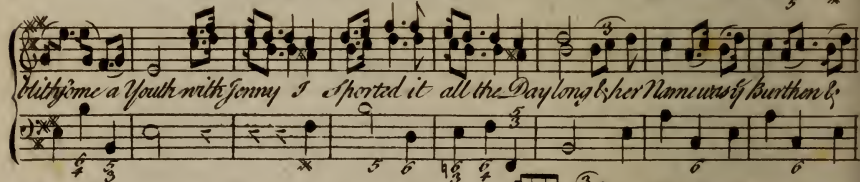
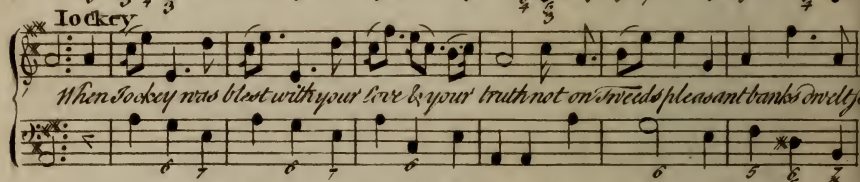
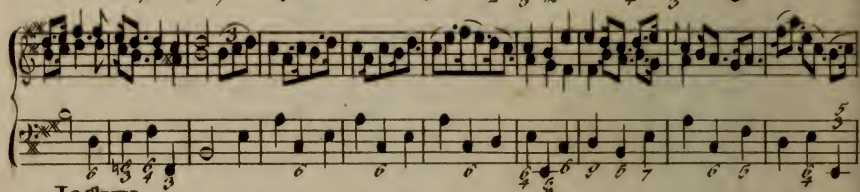
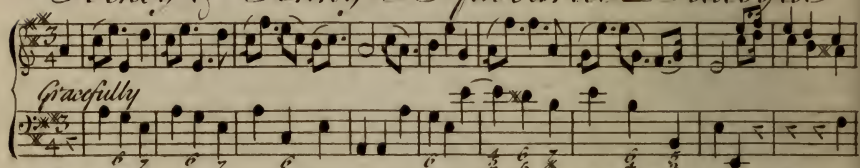


*Set to Musick by Mr Arne*





*Jockey & Jenny. A favourite Dialogue*



*Jenny*  
 Ere Jockey had ceas'd all his kindness to me,  
 There liv'd in the Vale not so happy a she,  
 Such pleasures with Jockey his Jenny had known,  
 That he scorn'd in a cot the Fine Folks of the Town.

*Jockey*  
 Ah Jockey what year now possesses thy mind,  
 That Jenny so constant to Willy's been kind;  
 When dancing so gay with the Nymphs on y<sup>e</sup> plain,  
 She yeild'd her hand & her heart to y<sup>e</sup> Swain.





*Set by M<sup>o</sup> Worgan & Sung at Vaux Hall*

**Tenny**

*You falsly upbraid but remember the Day,  
With Lucy you found it beneath y<sup>e</sup> new Hay,  
When alone with your Lucy the Shepherds have said,  
You forgot all the loves that to Tenny were made.*

**Jockey**

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

**Tenny**

*My heart for young Willy neer panted & sigh'd,  
For you of that heart inspire the Joy & the Pride,  
While sweet waters glide shall your Tenny be true;  
Nor love my dear Jockey a Shepherd like you?*

**Duett**

**Tenny**

**Jockey**

*For kindness no Youth can with Jockey com*

*No Shepherd e'er met with so faithfull a fair*

*For we'll love then & live from fierce jealousy free & none on the plains shall be happy as*

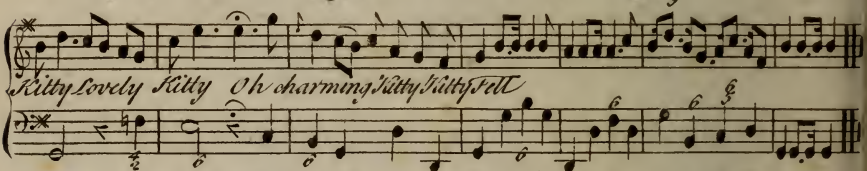
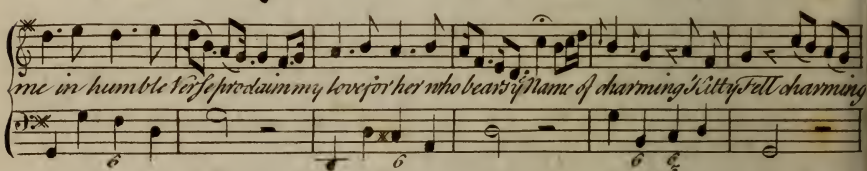
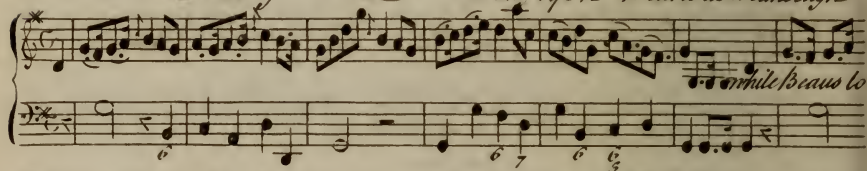
*We'll love then and live from fierce jealousy free and none on the plains shall be happy as*

*we and none on the plains shall be happy as we*

*we and none on the plains shall be happy as we*



*Kitty Fell* Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Beard at Ranelagh



That Kitty's beautifull young,  
That she has Danc'd, that she has sung,  
Alas! I know full well;

I feel, and I shall ever feel,  
The dart more sharp than pointed steel,  
That came from Kitty Fell.

Charming Kitty, lovely Kitty,  
Oh charming Kitty, Kitty Fell.

Of late, I hop'd by reason's aid,  
To cure y<sup>e</sup> wounds that Birch had made,  
And bad along farewell:

But loth'er Day she crop'd y<sup>e</sup> Green,  
I saw, I wish I had not seen,

My charming Kitty Fell,  
Charming Kitty, lovely Kitty,  
Oh charming Kitty, Kitty Fell.

I ask'd her why she pass'd that way,  
To Church, she cry'd, I cannot stay,  
Why don't you hear the bell,

To Church, Oh take me with y<sup>e</sup> there,  
I pray'd she would not hear my pray,  
Oh cruel Kitty Fell.

Cruel Kitty, charming Kitty,  
Oh cruel Kitty, Kitty Fell.

And now I find tis all in vain,  
I live to love, & to Complain,  
Condemnd in chains to dwell

For the she casts a scornful eye,  
In Death my faulting Tongue will

I decydear Kitty Fell,  
Charming Kitty, cruel Kitty,  
Adieu sweet Kitty, Kitty Fell.





*Gently* *Sally of y<sup>e</sup> Dale* *Set by M<sup>r</sup> Jos Jackson*

*Leave*

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

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

*Dale Dear Sally sweet Sally Dear Sally of the Dale*

Her lovely Form & pleasing mien  
Her matchless Charms unveil;  
Majestick Grace adorns y<sup>e</sup> face,  
Of Sally of the Dale &c.

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

Next view her gently rising breast  
Which does new Sweets exhale;  
Each courts y<sup>e</sup> bliss to gain a Kiss,  
From Sally of the Dale &c.

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



## The Poets Picture of his Love

*Sprightly*

My Cloes Eyes an heavenly blue a brighter Heaven disdost to view a  
 Brighter Heaven disdost to view For in them is her Temper seen where all is  
 Cloudless all serene where all is cloudless all serene

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

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

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

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

My Cloes Hair with Art entwined  
 Calls all her Beauties to my mind  
 For forming Fancy paints her there  
 Of various harms one perfect fair.





*The Rover* *Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Lowe*

*brisk*

*In all y<sup>e</sup> sax some Charms I find I love to try all W<sup>m</sup>ankind the fair the smart the*

*witty the fair the smart y<sup>e</sup> witty In Cupid's fetters*

*most severe I languish'd out y<sup>e</sup> long long year y<sup>e</sup> slave of wanton Kitty the slave of wanton*

*Kitty*

|                                              |                                        |
|----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| <i>At length I broke the garbling Chain,</i> | <i>With Tresses next of Axen Hue,</i>  |
| <i>And swore that Love was endless pain</i>  | <i>Young Jenny did my Soul subdue,</i> |
| <i>One Constant Scene of Folly,</i>          | <i>That lives in yonder Alley,</i>     |
| <i>One Constant &amp;c.</i>                  | <i>That lives &amp;c.</i>              |

|                                                     |                                          |
|-----------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| <i>I vow'd no more to wear the Yoke,</i>            | <i>Then Cupid threw another Snare,</i>   |
| <i>But soon I felt y<sup>e</sup> Second Stroke,</i> | <i>And caught me in the curling Hair</i> |
| <i>And sigh'd for blue Ey'd Molly,</i>              | <i>Of little tempting Sally</i>          |
| <i>And sigh'd &amp;c.</i>                           | <i>Of little &amp;c.</i>                 |

*Adorn'd with Charms tho' plith & young,  
My roving Heart from Bondage sprung,  
This Heart of yielding Metal;*

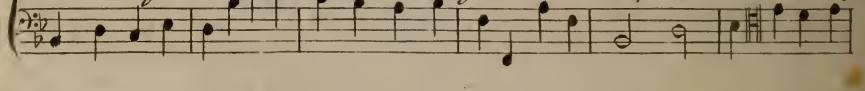
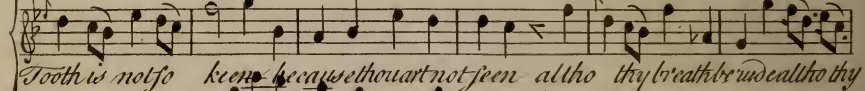
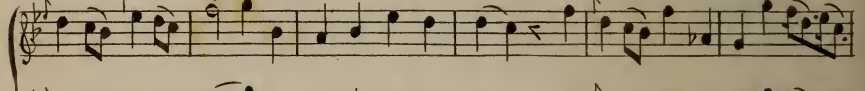
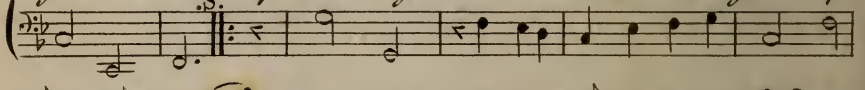
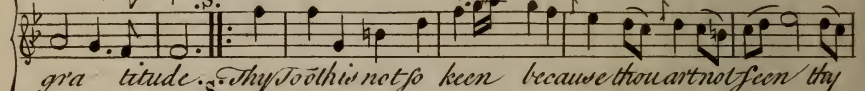
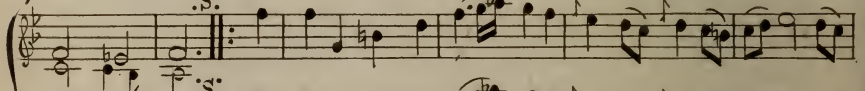
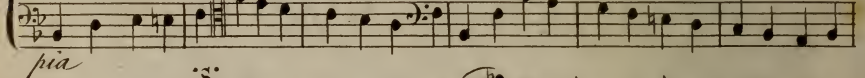
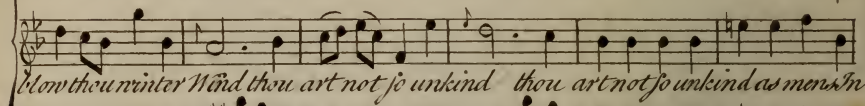
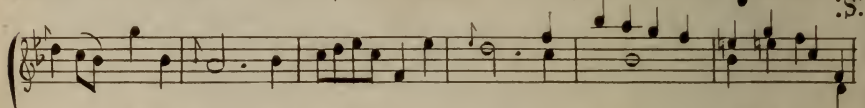
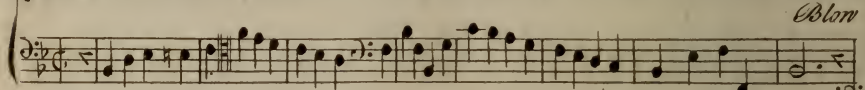
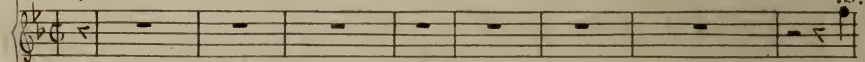
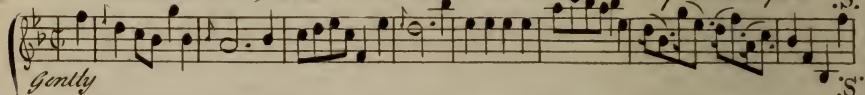
*This Heart &c.*

*And now it wanders here & there,  
By turns the Prize of brown & fair,  
But never more will settle;*

*But never &c.*



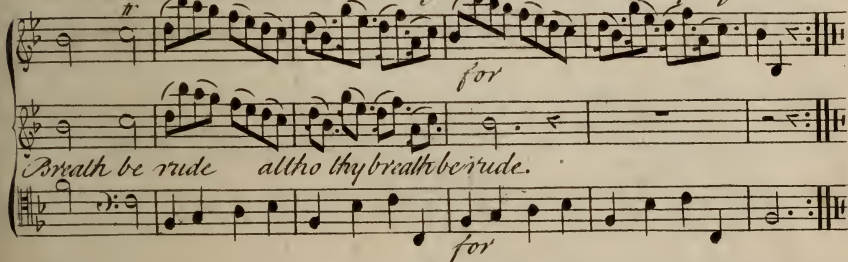
*Blow thou winter's Wind* by Shakespear :S:







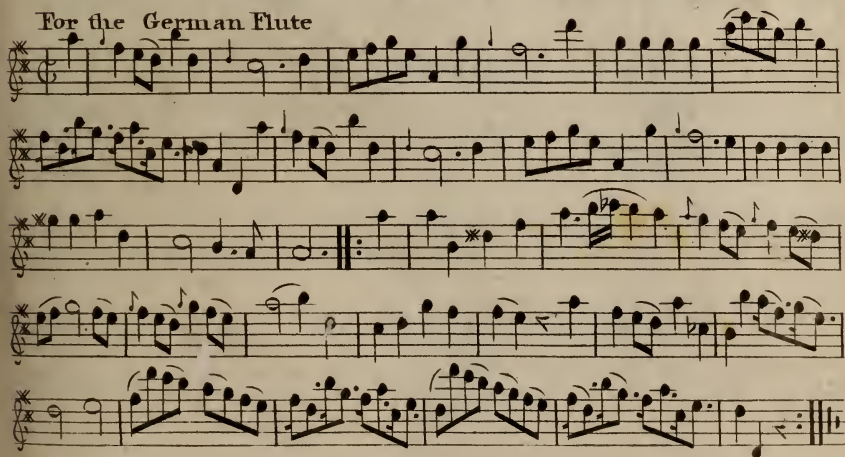
*Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Arne sung by M<sup>r</sup>. Lowe*



*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter Sky,  
Thou dost not bite so nigh;  
Thou dost not bite so nigh,  
As Benefits forgot:  
Tho' thou, the Waters warp*

*Thy Sting is not so sharp,  
Thy Sting is not so sharp,  
As Friend remember'd not,  
Thy Sting is not so sharp,  
As Friend remember'd not,  
As Friend remember'd not.*

*For the German Flute*





*The Female Chacon* The Words by Mr Prior -

*moderately brisk*

*And Sings beautifully & young*

*Wild as colt untam'd bespoke the fair from whom she sprung with little sage Inylamid*

*Inylamid with rage at sad restraint which wise Mamma ordain'd And sorely vex'd to*





*Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup> Arne*

for *fig.*

play the saint while Wit and Beauty reign'd while Wit & Beauty reign'd.....

And forlornly wail to play the

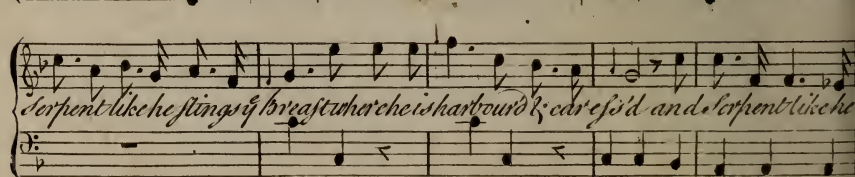
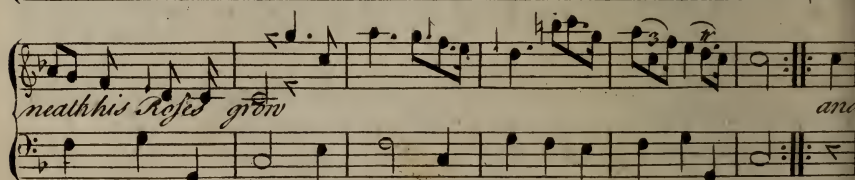
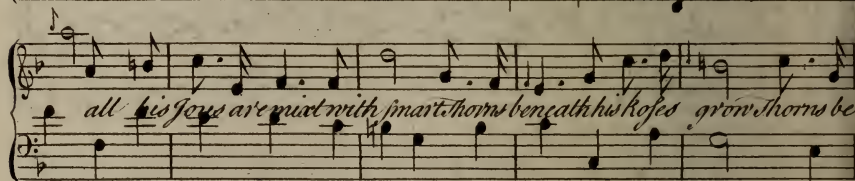
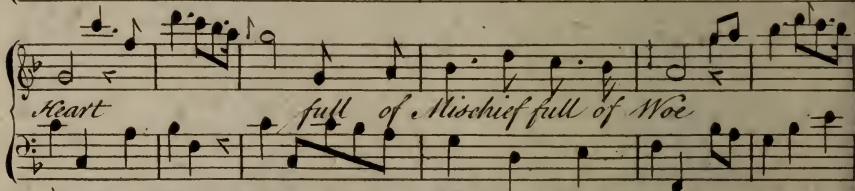
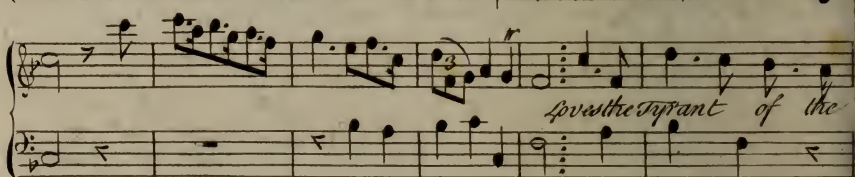
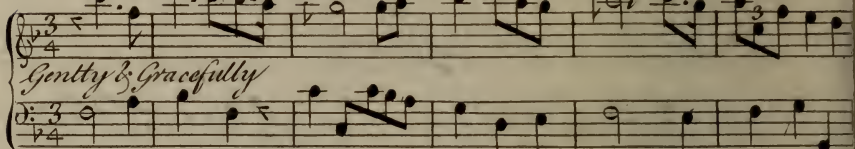
for

saint while Wit & Beauty reign'd.

|                                                 |                                    |
|-------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Must Lady Jenny prink about,                    | Dear, dear Mamma for once let me,  |
| And visit with her Cousins,                     | Unchain'd my Fortune try,          |
| At Balls must she make all y <sup>r</sup> round | I'll have my Earl as well as she,  |
| And bring home Hearts by dozens                 | Or know the Reason why,            |
| What has she better, pray than I,               | Tend Love prevail'd Mamma gave way |
| What hidden charms to boast,                    | And Kiddy at heart's Desire,       |
| That all Mankind for her should die,            | Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,    |
| While I am scarce a Toast.                      | And set the World on Fire.         |
| I am scarce ----- a Toast                       | On Fire -----                      |
| That all Mankind for her should die,            | Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,    |
| While I am scarce a Toast.                      | And set the World on Fire.         |



*4. Favourite Air in Alfred*







*Sung by Miss Isabella Young*

*Sings he sings the breast where he is harbour'd where he is harbour'd*

*harbour'd and caref'd*

*For the German Flute*



*Gively* *A Favourite Song sung by Mr Beard*

That Jenny my friend my delight & my Bride I always have loved & seek to hide I  
 dwell on her kiss where ever I go they say I'm in Love but I answer No No . . . . . No  
 No No No No No No No No they say I'm in Love but I answer No No

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

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

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

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

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





*C 1 Favourite Air* Set by Mr. Hawdon

*So brightly sweet fair Nannys Eyes their rising beams do play that*

*Like the Sons of India we can dread the coming Day*

*For if her morning Rays with such un-*

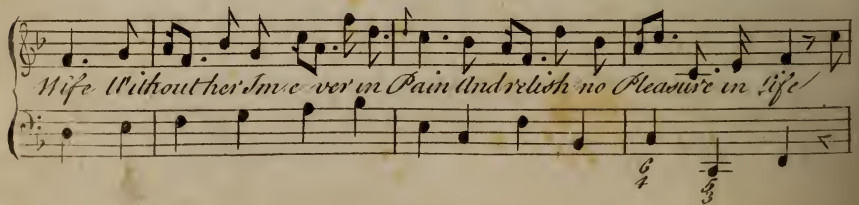
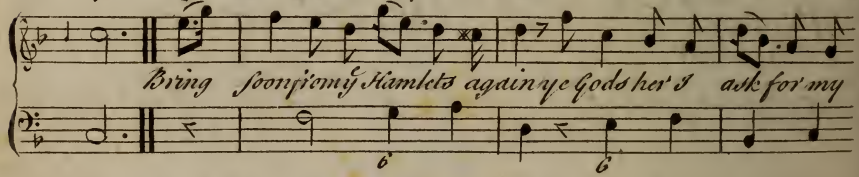
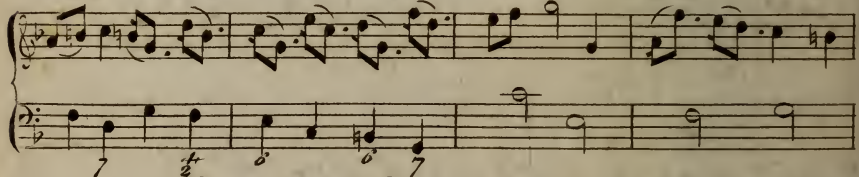
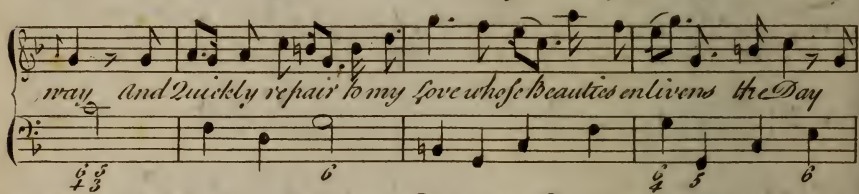
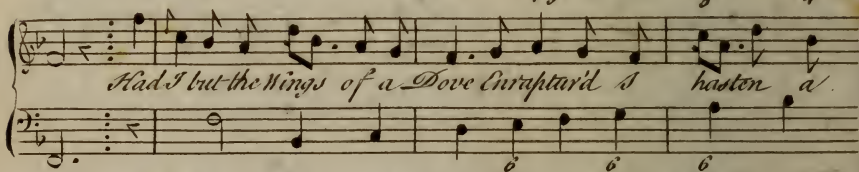
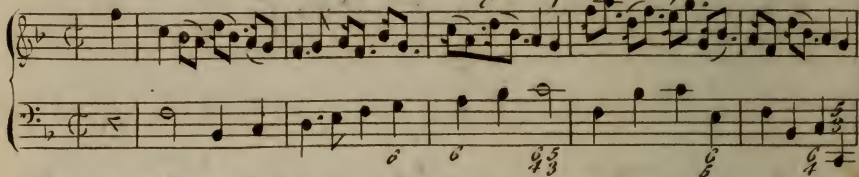
*usual Vigour stream Now will the wondring world withstand her*

*full meridian Beam*

*If now She Innocently kill,  
With an unaiming Dart,  
Who shall resist her, when with skill  
She levels at the Heart,  
Since with each smile, the pretty Nymphs  
Now captivates the sense,  
What when her Beauty, at the height,  
Will be it's Influence.*



*Glad I but the Wings of a Dove*

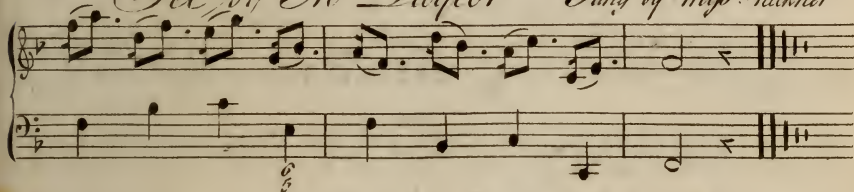






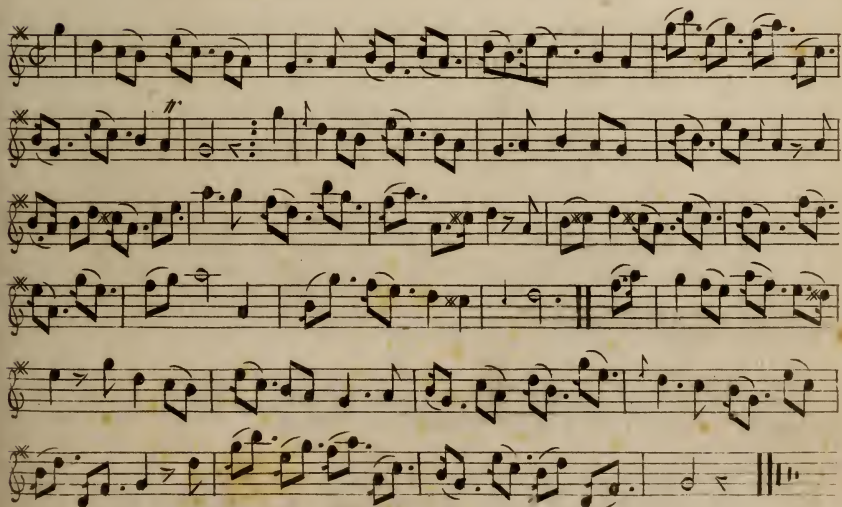
*Set by M<sup>r</sup> Taylor*

*Sung by Miss Fulkner*



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

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE.





# A Favourite Song

*Gently*

*When that gay*

*Season did us lead to the tann'd Haycock in the Mead*

*When the merry bells ring round*

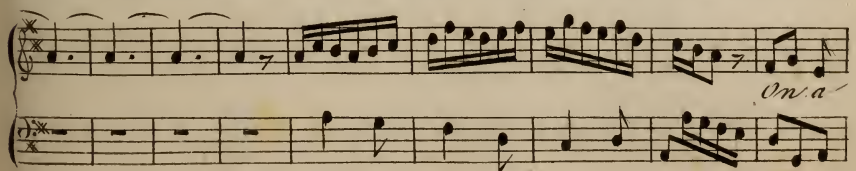
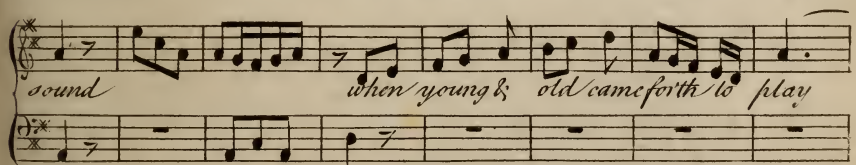
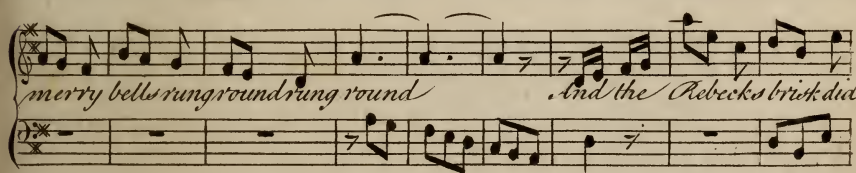
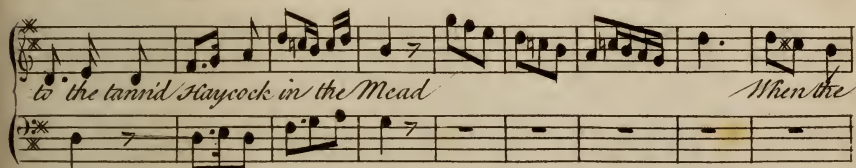
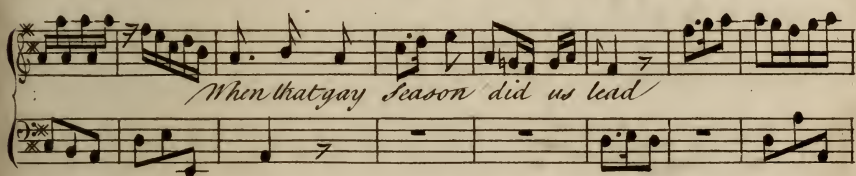
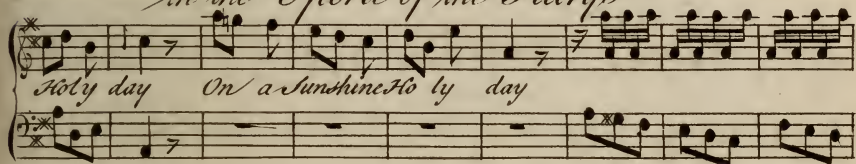
*And the Pebecks brisk did sound when young & old came forth to play*

*On a Sunshine*





*in the Opera of the Fairies*





Composed by W<sup>th</sup> Smith

Sunshine Holy day On a Sunshine Holy day

Let us wander far a way

where the nibbling flocks do stray o'er the Mountains barren Or where the Sabbin

Clouds do Often rest o'er the Meadows with Daisies Byd Shallow Brooks &

Rivers wide Meadows trim with Daisies Byd Shallow Brooks & Rivers

wide

D:C.





### *The Choice Spirits*

Yes sons of the bottle ye choice spirits all rise & make haste & attend to my  
call tis Bacchus invites you then Bacchus obey O come come come come come  
come come O come come come come come come come come come come come

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

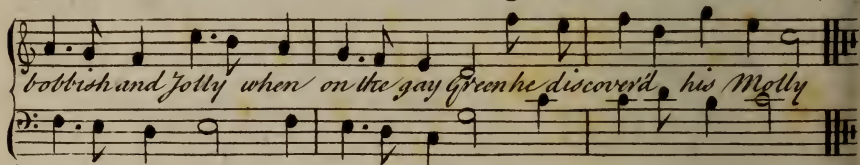
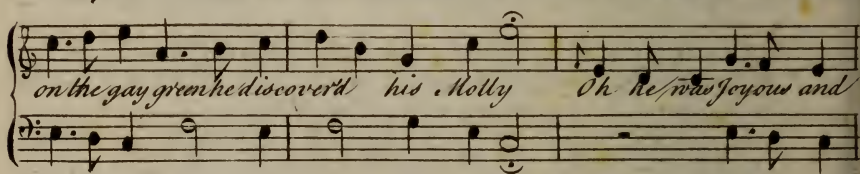
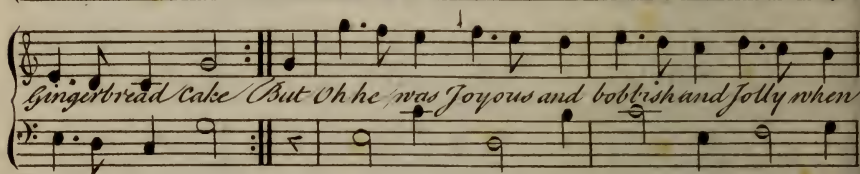
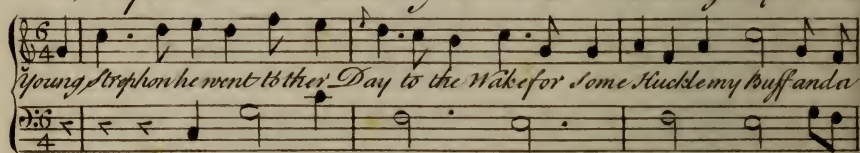
'Tis the Juice of the Grape that gives heat to y<sup>e</sup> Cold,  
Good nature to Misers, & Youth to the Old,  
Without its Assistance soft Pleasure would cloy,  
Wine prompts us & fires us to Love & to Joy.

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

Then y<sup>e</sup> good fellows all to my Table repair,  
And empty y<sup>e</sup> Bottles that stand for you there;  
Who fling his bumper, or puts by his Glas,  
Is not fit for a Wench I pronounce him an Ass.



*Stephon and Molly a new Ballad set by M<sup>r</sup> Arne*



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

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

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





*Ye Nymphs & Swains set by Mr. Baildon*

*Ye Nymphs & Swains & sweetly play on sweetsmell'd banks or minding say ah*

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

*say in what bow'r beneath what shade*

*soft slumbers lull the gentle Maid for Love shall lend me wings to fly and powerfull*

*Pancy place me nigh:*

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p><i>Alas! the blissfull scene how chang'd!</i><br/> <i>Where once we both with Pleasure rang'd,</i><br/> <i>Not half so fair &amp; Lilly springs,</i><br/> <i>Not half so sweet the Linnet sings;</i><br/> <i>Haste then thou lovely fair once more</i><br/> <i>Chaste to bless the Southern Shore,</i><br/> <i>And April's Clouds shall smile as gay,</i><br/> <i>As all of sunny pride of May.</i></p> | <p><i>Yet rather may the Scales deny,</i><br/> <i>The Beauties to my longing Eye;</i><br/> <i>If time a cruel change has wrought,</i><br/> <i>On Tweed a sweeter Lesson taught;</i><br/> <i>But should thy faithful Shepherd find</i><br/> <i>His lovely Peggy still so kind;</i><br/> <i>Then Absence shall thy charms improve,</i><br/> <i>And I with double Rapture love.</i></p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|



## 26 Favourite Song for two Voices

When Phabus the tops of the Hills does adorn How sweet is the  
 Sound of the echoing Horn when the antlering Stag is  
 Sound of the echoing Horn when the antlering Stag is  
 row'd with the Sound ere long his Cars nimbly sweeps o'er the  
 row'd with the Sound ere long his Cars nimbly sweeps o'er the  
 Ground and thinks he has left us behind on the Plain but  
 Ground and thinks he has left us behind on the Plain but  
 Still we pursue and now come in View of the glorious Game  
 Still we pursue and now come in View of the glorious Game  
 O see how a gain he rears up his Head and wing'd with  
 O see how a gain he rears up his Head and wing'd with





*Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup> Handell*

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



*Collin and Chloe*

*When Col lin met Chloe first on the gay Green he*

*kiss'd her and call'd her his hearts little Queen such Audenese she said I your*

*little dis dain and pray never offer to kiss me again*

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

*little dis dain and pray never offer to kiss me again*

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

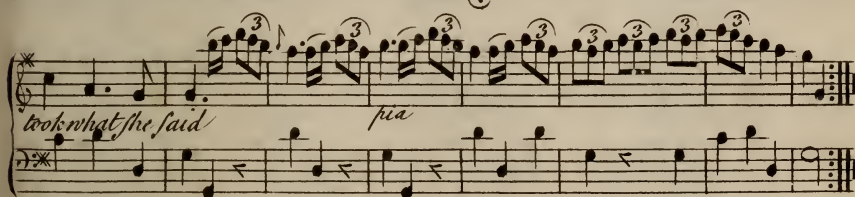
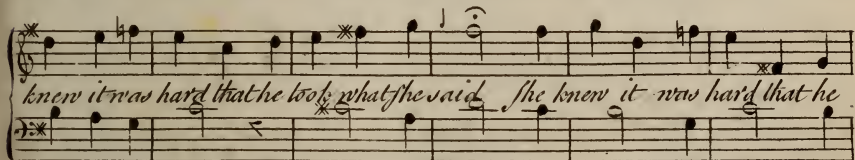
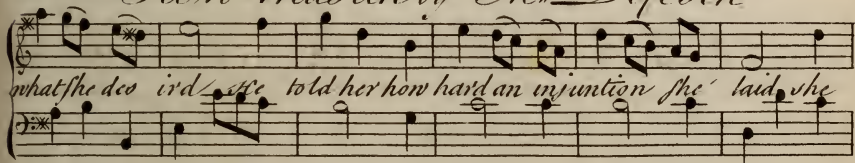
*who little skill in the Sex had acquir'd Believ'd simple Youth she spoke*

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





*Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup> Desfesch*



*Her Juncy now wisher'd more kindness to show,  
 One kiss had Instructed her Bosom to glow,  
 Her Heart thus if Shepherd enamour'd by a rhyme,  
 She thought he lov'd her, she was sure she lov'd him,  
 And let his flocks rove for her sake all if Day,  
 And say such soft things as all true Lovers say,  
 But as she'd forbid him her Lips where forgot,  
 Could this be call'd Courtship I really think not.  
 At length by good luck he took courage & cry'd,  
 Will chloe consent to be Collins sweet Bride,  
 She own'd in a Passion, but cool'd by degrees,  
 Yet made him no answer but yes if you please.  
 And now she's a Wife she's no longer a Pride,  
 The station has teach'd her to what she thought right,  
 For now when a Kiss she receives from her main,  
 Her Heart beats with Rapture to Kiss him again.*



*A Favourite Song. the Words by Shakespear*

*Orpheus with his lute made trees & the Mountain tops that freeze bow bow them*

*Self as when he did sing when he did sing When he did sing*

*To his Musick Plants and Flowers ever rose ev er rose as*

*Sun and Showers their had made a last ing Spring as Sun and*

*Show is there had made a last ing Spring Evry thing that*

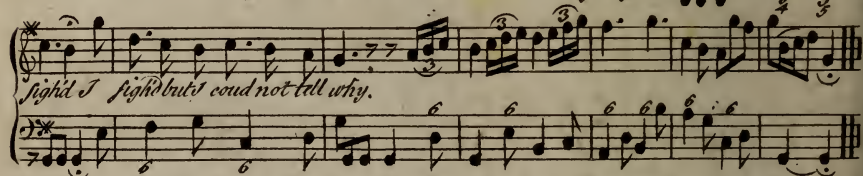
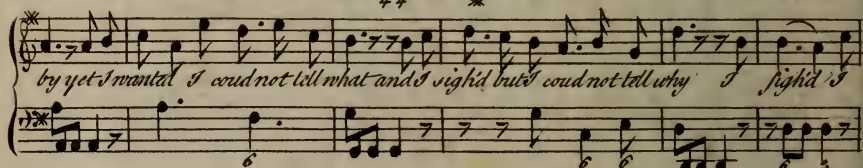
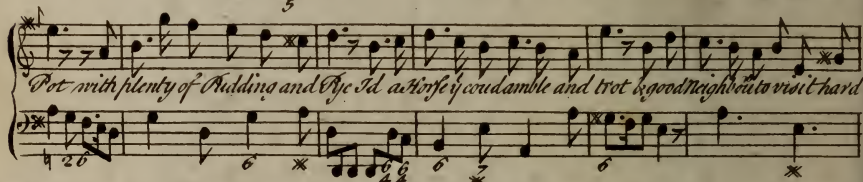
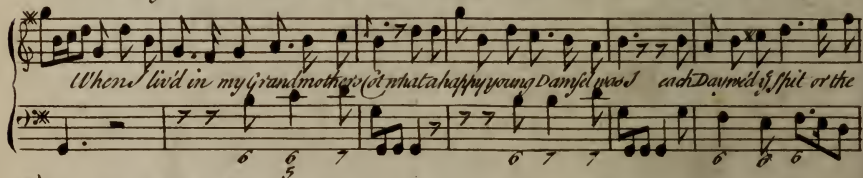
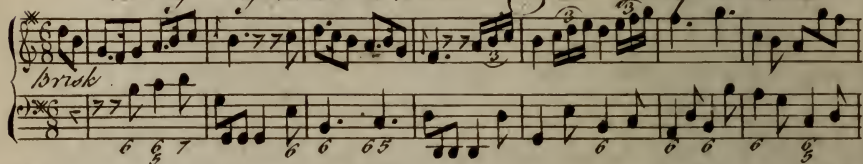
*heard him play Evn the bill lery o' the sea*







*My Grandmother's (Gt set by Mr. Lane*



*My Daddy he bought me a Knot, For Counsell I fear'd not a Dot,  
 With a Hank & a new-fashioned Skirt, Resolv'd some new Project to try,  
 A pair of Silk Shoes too I got, And I thought I should die on a Spot,  
 To wear when if Weather was dry, If a pretty young fellow pass'd by,  
 Yet to pine all if Day was my lot, At last a brisk Husband I got,  
 And in bed ever restless to lye, As any Man I had long in my eye,  
 For I want'd I could not tell what, He gave me I wou'd not tell what,  
 And I sigh'd but I could not tell why, And I lov'd him but need not tell why*





*A Favourite Air in an Organ Concerto*

The Meads and the  
Groves in fresh verdure shone gay & Philomel chaunted her love labour'd song when the Nymphs & the  
Fawns in their brightest array to chuse a May Lady mov'd sportive a long each Youth burnt with  
ardour his Nymph to create each Nymph's soft glances fast caught her fond Mate and each one im-  
patiently milled her fate

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



## The Charms of Isabel

*Gently*

Swan the

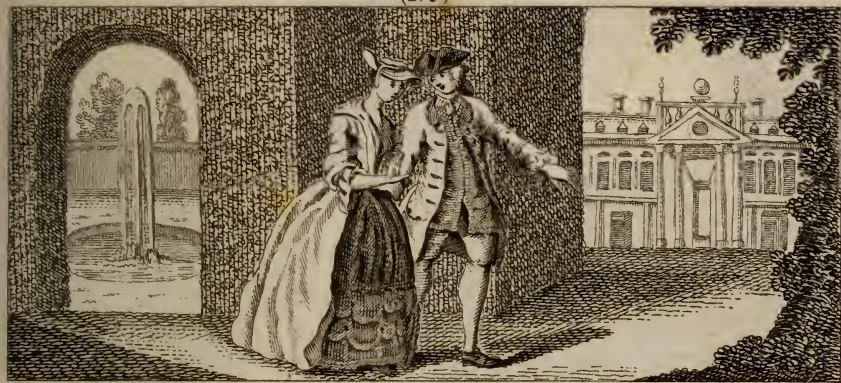
fair is the Swan the

Ermin white and fair the lilly the Lil by of the Vale the

Moon replen dent Du cen of Night and Snows that

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice, and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments. The lyrics are written below the voice staff, with some words appearing on the piano staff as well. The score is divided into several systems, each with a key signature change indicated by a double bar line and a new key signature.





*Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup>. Arne*

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

*Sweet is the Vilet, sweet the Roses  
And sweet the Morning breath of May,  
Carnations rich their sweets disclose,  
And sweet the winding Woodbines stray;  
In sweetness these the rest excell,  
But sweeter is my Isabel.*

*Constant the Poets call the Dove,  
And amirous they the Sparrow call,  
Fond is the sky Lark of his Love,  
And fond the feather'd lovers all  
In fondness these the rest excell,  
(But fonder I of Isabel.)*



# *The Sleeping Fair*

*Gently*

*To shun bright sol's meridian heat he*

*inda sought a cool Retreat beneath a fragrant Grove*

*Where Twining Branches form the Shade the Mossy Floor with*

*Flowers inlaid a proper place for Love*

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

*The wanton Zephers round her play'd,  
Refreshing breezes cool the Maid,  
Opprest with balmy Sleeps  
The Beauties of her Snowy Breast  
Like Clusters courting to be prest,  
Let Love a secret keep.*

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

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





## Collin

Set by Mr Defesch

Oh

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

Tears Oh Collin was once thy flippant strain that e'er in Albion

dwelt & laugh'd at love and mock'd at pain lov's pang he e'er had felt

The Neighbouring Nymphs had often try'd  
With Love to live the Swain,  
But he as oft their suit deny'd,  
For Love return'd no gain,  
But ah how chang'd his former state  
With folded Arms he walks,  
Upbraids y<sup>e</sup> God, and curses fate,  
And like a Madman talks.

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

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



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

Since Medlocks in vogue & stale Virgins despis'd to all bachelors greeting these

Lines are premised Ma Maid if youd marry ah could I but find I care not for

Fortune a Man to my Mind a Man to my Mind a Man to my Mind I

care not for Fortune a Man to my Mind

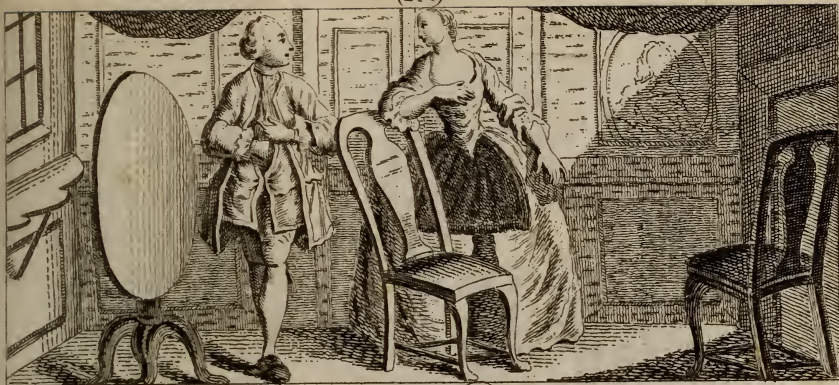
*Not the fair weather'd Top, fond of Fashion and Dress,  
Nor the Equire, that can relish no joys but the Chace,  
Nor the fine thinking Rake, whom no Morals can bind;  
Neither thus that, nor tothers the Man to my Mind.*

*Not the ruby fac'd Sot, who, to see a world without end,  
Nor the drone that can't relish his Bottle and friend,  
Nor the Fool that's too fond nor the Churl that's unkind,  
Neither thus that nor tothers the Man to my Mind.*

*Not the Rich with full bags without Breeding or Merit,  
Nor the Flash that's all, airy without any Spirit,  
Nor the fine Master Fribble, the scorn of Mankind,  
Neither thus that, nor tothers the Man to my Mind.*

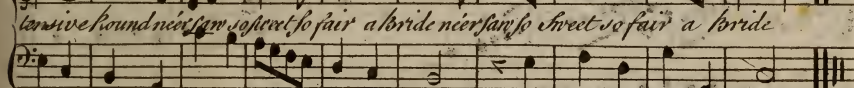
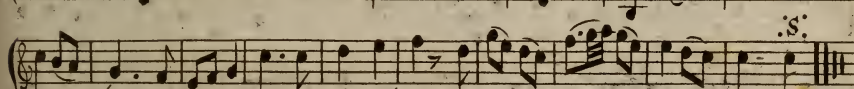
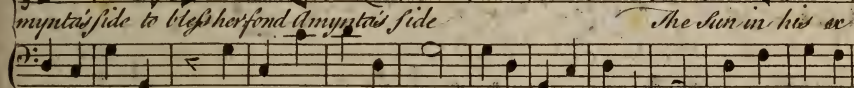
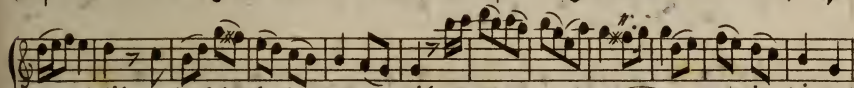
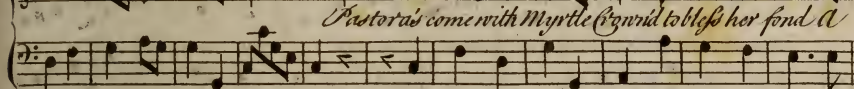
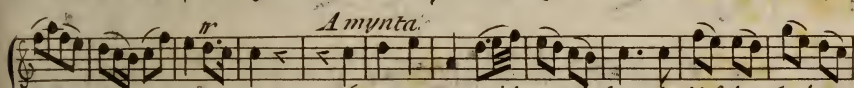
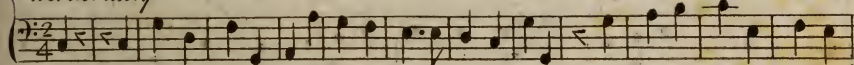
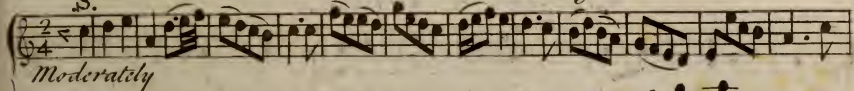
*But the Youth whom good Sense & good nature inspire,  
Whom the brave most esteem, & the fair should admire,  
In whose Heart love & truth are with Honour conjoyn'd  
Then thus and no others the Man to my Mind.*





## A Favourite Dialogue

S:



Pastora

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

Pastora

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

Amynta

The Fields & Groves each Hill & Dale,  
Have witness'd to my faithful vow,  
Long had I sigh'd my Amorous tale,  
But ev'ry care's requited now.

Amynta

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

Pastora

Should I ungatesfull to my Swain,  
Afflict him with Domestic Strife  
May I be driven from the plain  
By ev'ry virtuous Maid & Wife.



## Plato's Advice

*moderately*

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

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

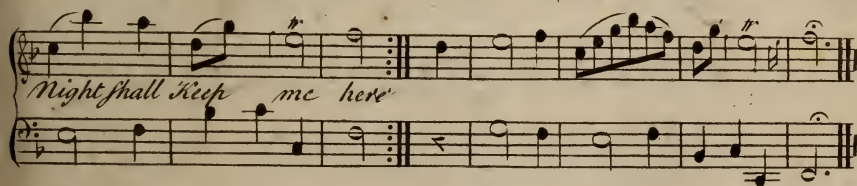
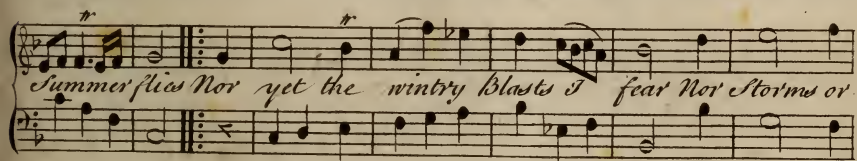
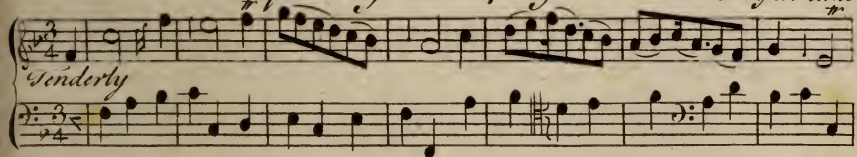
So flies the Meteor thro' the skies,  
 And spreads along a gilded train,  
 When shot tis gon' its beauty dies,  
 Dissolves to common Air again  
 So tis with us my jovial Soul!  
 Let friendship reign while here we stay,  
 Let Crown our Joys with flowing Bowls,  
 When Jove he calls we must away.





# My Bliss too Long

Set by M<sup>r</sup> Arne



What may for Strength with steel compare,  
Oh Love has fetters Stronger far,  
by bolts of Steel are Limbs confin'd,  
But cruel Love enchains the Mind,

No longer then perplex thy Breast;  
When Thoughts Serment's first are lost,  
Tis mad to go tis Death to stay,  
Away my Jeſſe haſt away.

## German Flute





# *Tanthe and Sphus*

*gently*

*pia.* *for:*

*Tanthe the Lovely the Joy of the Plain by Sphus was*

*lovd and lovd Sphus again*

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

*equal and equal their Care*





*Set to Musick by Mr. Arne*

*No Time nor Enjoyment their Dotage with drew but the longer they*  
*liv'd still the fonder they grew* *No Time nor Enjoy*  
*ment their Dotage with drew But the longer they liv'd still the*  
*fonder they grew*

*A Passion so happy allarm'd all the plain,  
 Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd of Swain,  
 Some more 'troud be pity their Loves to invade;  
 That the Lovers, alone for each other were made,  
 But all all contented that none ever knew,  
 A Nymph yet so kind or a Shepherd so true.*

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







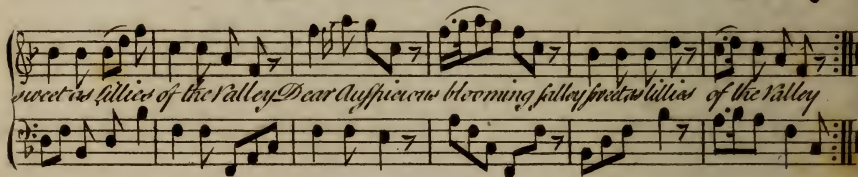
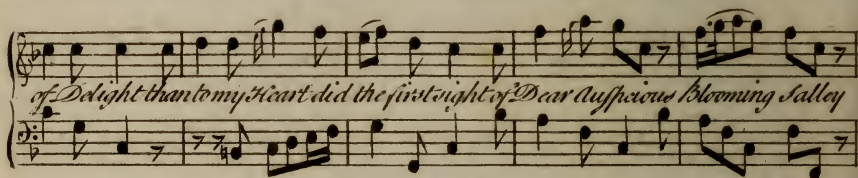
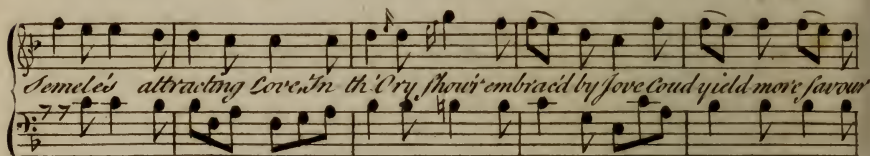
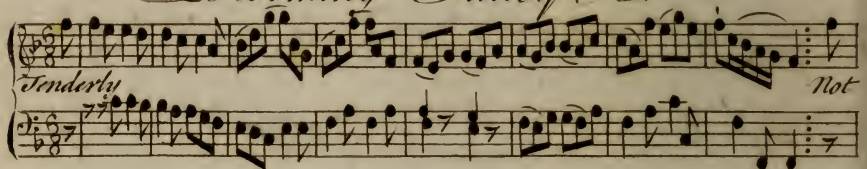
*Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup> Arne*

*The joyfull Birds in ev'ry Grove now warble out their*  
*Songs of Love now warble out their Songs of Love For Thee they*  
*sing and Roses bloom and Colin Thee invites to come in*  
*rites.*  
*come Thy Colin Thee invites to come*

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



## Blooming Valley



Joves guilty Passion him may lead,  
From Semele to Ganymede.

Long as the Solar Rays endure,  
My constant flame shall blaze most pure

For dear &c.

I live but when the Fair is near,  
And breathe but in that Atmosphere  
Where ev'ry Grace & ev'ry Sweet  
Concenter'd in my Sally meet.

dear &c.

My Guardian Genius teach me now,

My Passions lead, & tell me how,

To her Arms approv'd may fly,

Or agonizing I shall die.

Her life is form'd on Wisdoms plan,  
With Caution trusts to her Heart to man.

The Lover that with her Succeeds,  
Must be the swain whose merrit pleads

dear &c.

Her Person or her Vertues more,  
Might tempt an Angel to adore.

Those Vertues prompt her to approve

The softer Dialect of Love.

dear &c.

for dear &c.





*A New Song Set by M<sup>o</sup> Oswald*

*Gently* *Let the*

*Nymphs still avoid & be deaf to the Sman who in transports of passion af fets to com*

*plain for his hags & his love in that frenzy is shewn and the blast that blows loud est is*

*soon over blown & the blast of blows loud est is soon over blown for his hags & his love in that*

*frenzy is shewn the blast that blows loud est is soon over blown*

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

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



*A Favourite Hymn of Eve in the Oratorio of Abel*

— Set by M<sup>r</sup> Ofwald

*Now Cheerfull a*

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

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

*Bow're the Herbage that springs from of Sod Trees Plants cooling fruits and forest*

*All rise to the praise of my God*

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





## The Wheel Barrow

*Recit<sup>o</sup>*

As Porter Will along St Pauls did move Deprest by weighty load but more by  
 Love by chance of fair Cerisea there he found Crying her fine Heart  
 Cherries round and sound Will joyous instant pitchd then strait caried her And  
 leaning o'er her barrow thus addrest her  
 Thy lips are cherries sweeter far Then those which in the  
 Barrow are with such a store of charms tis well you may have stowen Hearts to

*Gentler*



## A Favourite Cantata

*Sell with such a store of charms as will you may have stolen hearts to sell*

*mine dear Cerrisa too you know you stole it from me long ago and now I*

*stop to ask of thee To give it back or Marry me*

*to give it back or Marry me to give it back or Marry me*

*Cerrisa archly leering as he spoke while all y<sup>e</sup> cherry*

*blush'd upon her cheek the mellowest fruit unnotic'd cut to a piece and sent like thunder*







*Valentine's Day a Favourite Song*

*Moderately*

When blushes dy'd the cheek of Morn and  
 Dew drops glist'ning on the Thorn When  
 Sky Larks tune their Carols sweet to hail the God of Light and heat  
 Philander from his downy Bed to





*Set to Musick by Mr Arnes*

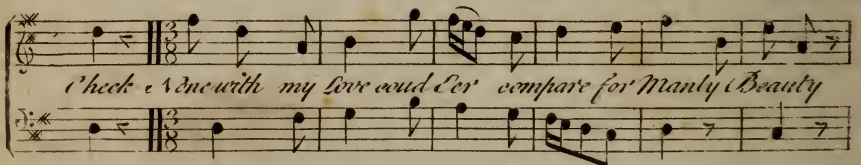
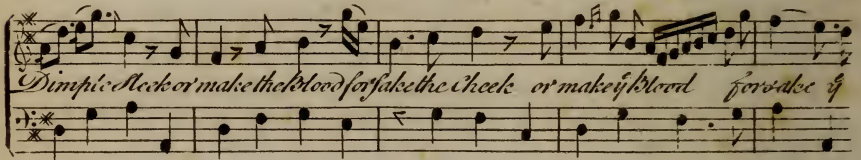
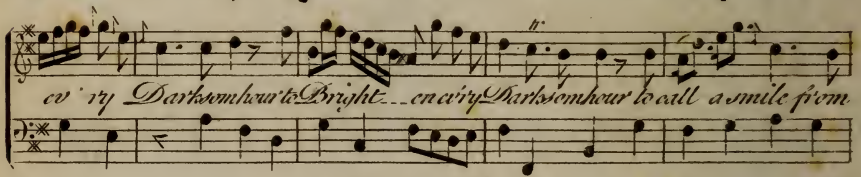
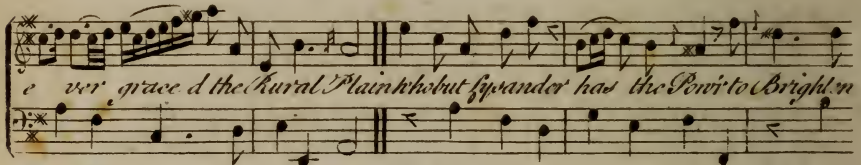
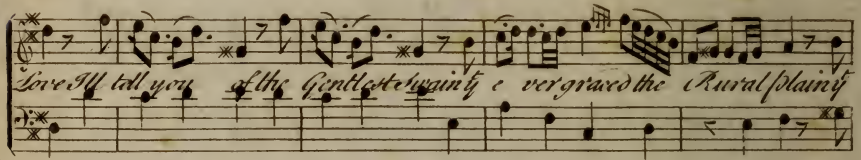
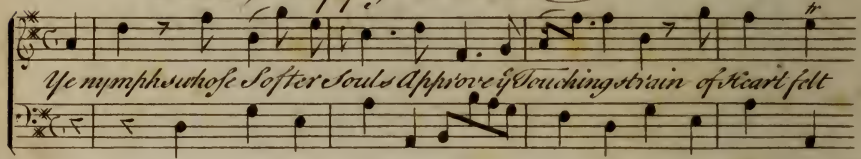
*fair Lisetta's Chamber Sped Crying awake sweet Love of*  
*mine I'm come to be thy Valen' time awake awake sweet*  
*Love of mine I'm come to be thy Valen' time*

|                                              |                                                 |
|----------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Soft Love, that balmy sleep denies,</i>   | <i>I, starting, cry'd, I am undone,</i>         |
| <i>Had long unweild her brilliant Eyes,</i>  | <i>Philander, charming youth began,</i>         |
| <i>Which that a kiss, she might Obtain,</i>  | <i>For this time to your Love sincere,</i>      |
| <i>She Argu'dly had clos'd again,</i>        | <i>Make Vertue, not your self appear,</i>       |
| <i>He sunk thus caught in Beauty's trap,</i> | <i>No sleep has clos'd these wat'ry Eyes,</i>   |
| <i>Like Phœbus in to Thetis' Lap,</i>        | <i>Forgive the simple soul, Disguise</i>        |
| <i>And near forgot that his design,</i>      | <i>To generous Thoughts, your Heart incline</i> |
| <i>Was but to be her Valentine.</i>          | <i>And be my faithfull Valentine.</i>           |

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



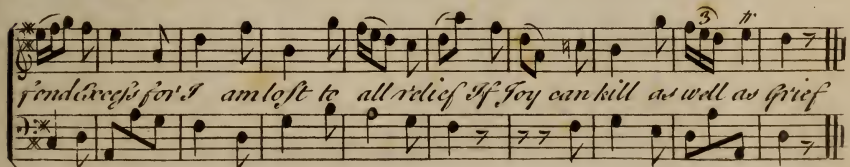
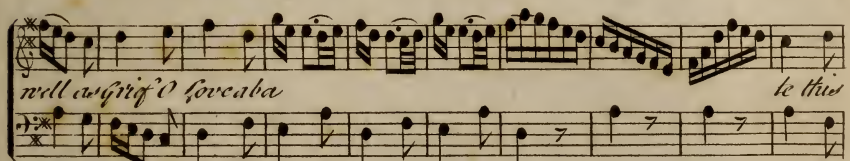
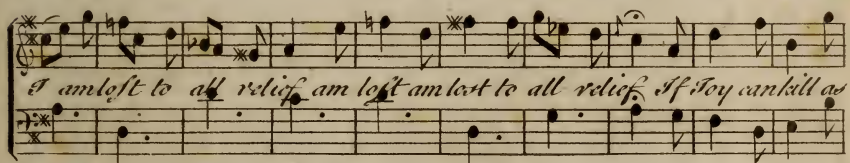
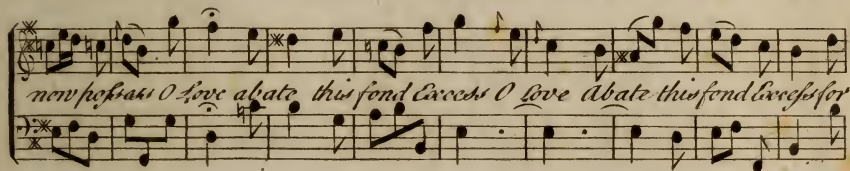
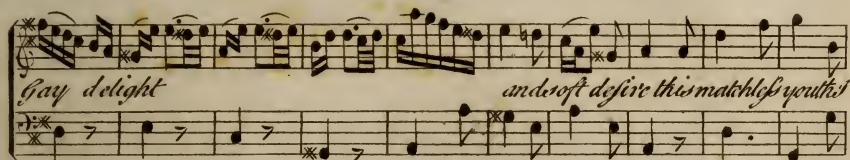
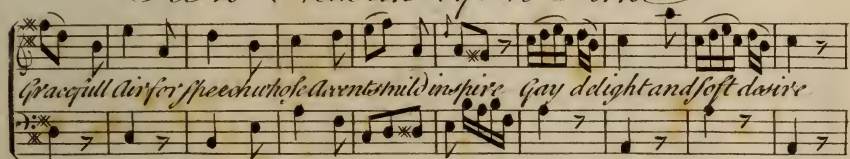
## The Happy Bride







*Set to Musick by. W<sup>d</sup> Arne*





*A Song for two Voices* Set by Mr Wynn

*Slowly*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The End of the First Volume.

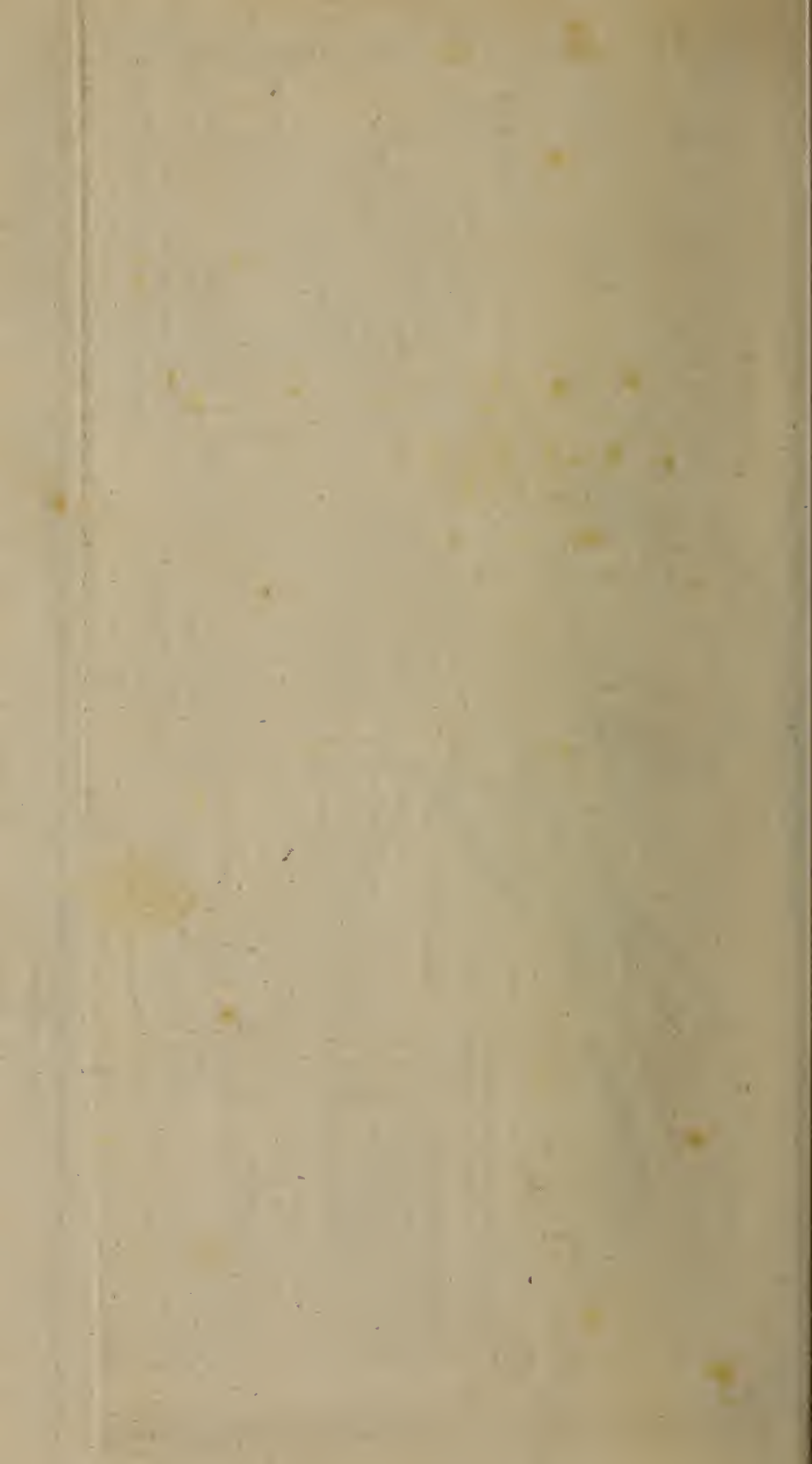


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the school of the young House of  
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