



1483

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A Table of the Songs in this Volume

As pleasing as shades.....	31
Attend ye Nymphs.....	46. 47
As Nell sat underneath.....	50
Ah Strephon what can mean.....	56
As Cloe ply'd.....	73
Avarus sent for me.....	81
As fond Phillander.....	108. 109
Ask why the Miser.....	119
Ask if yon damask Rose.....	120
Ah luckless Cupid.....	127
As tother Day Milking.....	132. 133
At the foot of a Hill.....	169
As Cloe sat shelter'd.....	62. 63
Beneath a fragrant Myrtle.....	51
Be still ye Winds.....	134
Beneath a Beach.....	153. 154. 155. 156
Brittannias sons rejoice.....	200
Come Roger and Nell.....	6. 7
Come come my good Shepherds.....	10. 11
Cast my Love thine Eyes.....	12. 13
Cloe one Summers Evening.....	7. 4
Come Britannia.....	116. 117
Can lovely Delia.....	121
Chloris tis not.....	136
Come Damon come.....	138. 139
Come listen and laugh.....	194. 195
Dearest Daphne.....	45
Did you see e'er a Shepherd.....	18. 19
Dear Tom this brown Jug.....	41
Daphne on her Arm.....	118
Dear Cloe come give me.....	145
Ev'ry Nymph & Shepherd.....	64
Forbear fond God.....	137
Good S ^r do not start.....	113
How blyth was I.....	26. 27
Hark the Birds.....	78. 79
Had Neptune when first.....	94. 95
Hail England.....	167
I seek not at once.....	20. 21

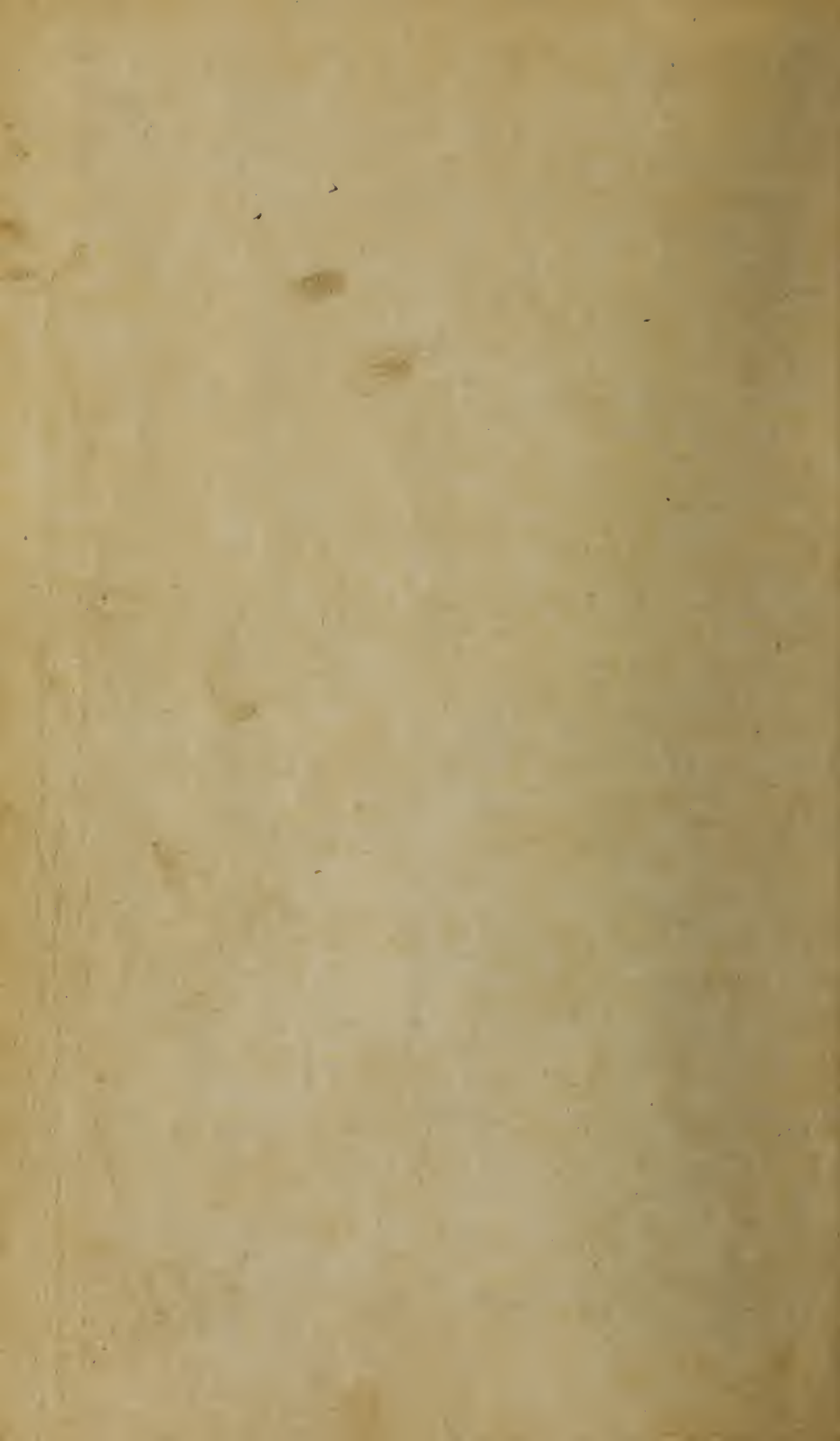
<i>In Chloas frowns</i>	59
<i>I search'd the fields</i>	97
<i>If Beautys power</i>	103
<i>If Loves a sweet Passion</i>	148.149.150
<i>I've when He saw</i>	176
<i>Lovers who waste your thoughts</i>	8
<i>Love never more</i>	17
<i>Loves a Dream</i>	168
<i>Let others in fantastick Lays</i>	170
<i>Life how vain</i>	184
<i>Let the Tempest</i>	188.189
<i>My fond Shepherds</i>	52.53
<i>My Banks they are furnish'd</i>	186.187
<i>No more the mounting Lark</i>	14. 15
<i>No Glory I Covet</i>	55
<i>Near a thick Grove</i>	66.67.68.69.70.71.72
<i>No Lass on fam'd Hibernias</i>	129
<i>O shame light on this Worlds self</i>	25
<i>Oh how blissfull tis to languish</i>	80
<i>On Tree top'd Hill</i>	114.115
<i>O lovely Fanny</i>	128
<i>Of all the Nymphs</i>	146.147
<i>Oft have I</i>	158
<i>O Joy of Joys</i>	9
<i>Palæmon lov'd Pastora</i>	112
<i>Phillis we dont grieve</i>	151
<i>Sylvia wilt thou waste</i>	42.43
<i>See see that Insect</i>	49
<i>Some cry up Gunnersbury</i>	54
<i>Silly I'rain no longer dwell</i>	58
<i>Say lovely Peace</i>	82.83
<i>Since Maggy I'm un</i>	89
<i>See see where my D'Flamilla</i>	122.123
<i>Since life is a Bubble</i>	161
<i>Saw ye John a coming</i>	171
<i>Soft pleasing pains</i>	174.175
<i>Sure Sally is</i>	180.181
<i>Sure Damon is</i>	198.199
<i>To Handells pleasing Notes</i>	2. 3
<i>To make the Wife kind</i>	22.23
<i>To keep my gentle Jessey</i>	28.29.30
<i>The festive Board</i>	34.35.36.37.38.39

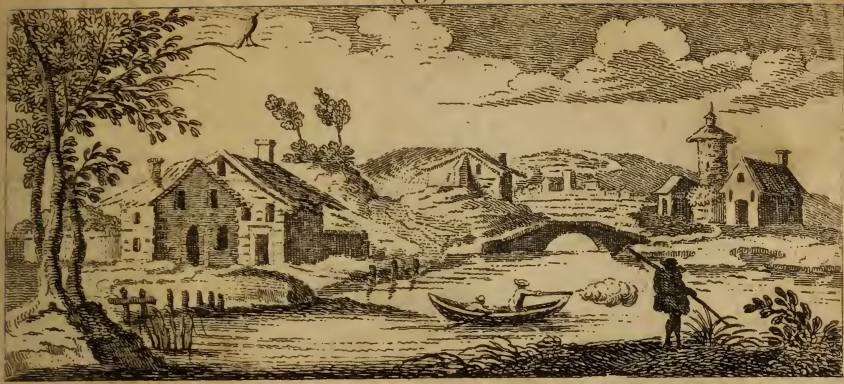
<i>The Wood Lark whistles</i>	75. 76. 77
<i>The Peggys Charms</i>	88
<i>To fair Siddlees</i>	92. 93
<i>To Convent streams</i>	96
<i>The Lark her lonely nest</i>	100. 101. 102
<i>The polly & the peggys Charms</i>	104
<i>There lives a Lute</i>	105
<i>To what my Eyes admir'd</i>	110. 111
<i>To Celia thus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

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

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

<i>Young I am and yet unskill'd</i>	32
<i>Ye gentle Winds</i>	40
<i>Ye Prigs who are troubled</i>	44. 45
<i>Ye Mortals whom Troubles</i>	63
<i>Young Collin fishing</i>	84. 85
<i>Ye true Honest Brittons</i>	162. 163
<i>You may talk</i>	164. 165
<i>You tell me I'm handsome</i>	178. 179
<i>Ye Shepherds give Ear</i>	182. 183





Set to a Musick by M^r Oswald

dwelt then in my cold warmer cell Forgive me

Mistress since by thee I first was taught sweet

Liberty dear liberty forgive me Mistress since by Thee I

first was taught sweet Liberty

Soonas yndcome spring shall hear	Waste not on me an useless care
With genial Warmth & drooping year	That kind concern let strephon share
I'll tell upon the topmost spray	Slight are my sorrows slight my pain
Thy sweeter Notes Improvd my lay	To those that he poor Captive feels
Whilst in my Prison taught by thee	Who kept in hopeless bonds by thee
To warble forth sweet liberty	Yet strives not for his Liberty



New Dialogue in Harlequin Sorcerer

Moderately brisk

He

Dearest Daphne turn thine Eyes Toond Day be gins to

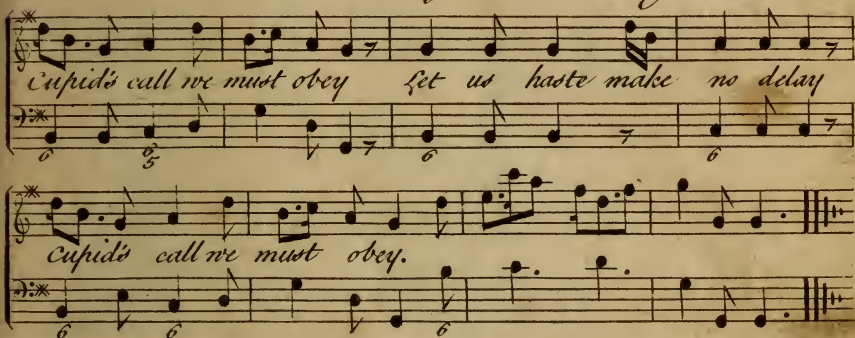
rise See the Morn with Roses crown'd Sprinkling Dew drops

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

Lovers dare to rove Let us haste make no delay



Set to Musick by M^r. Arne Jun^r.



She

Ah Philander I'm Afraid,
There poor Laura was betray'd,
By young Strephon's subtle wiles,
Soothing words, & artfull smiles,
Simplet Maids are soon undone,
When there simple Hearts are won
Press me not I must away,
And Conour strict commands obey.

He

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

She

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

He

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

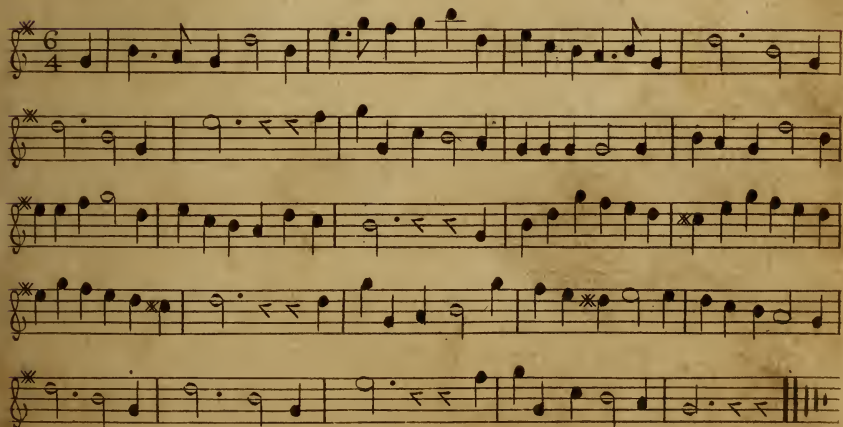


Sung by M^r Lowe in the Sorcerer

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

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

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE

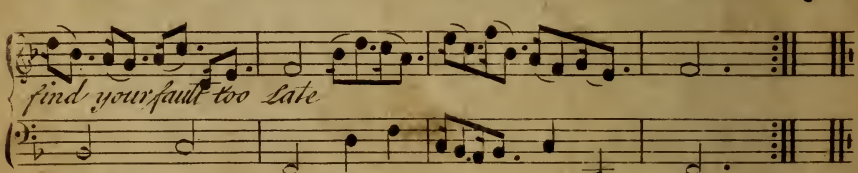
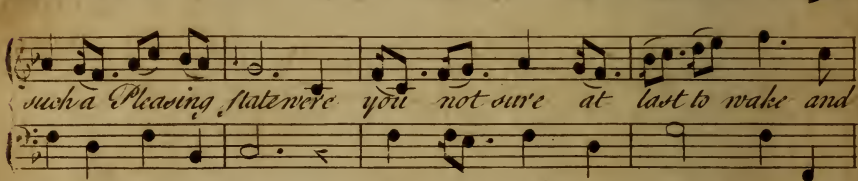
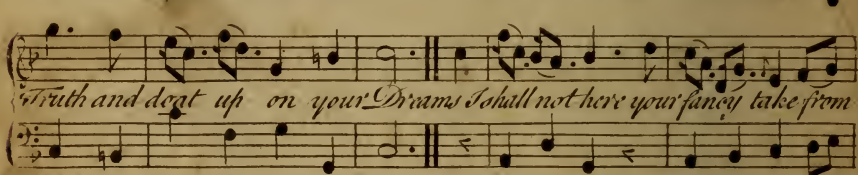
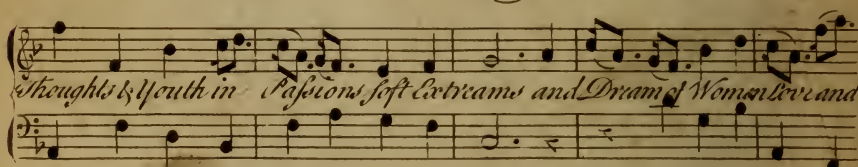
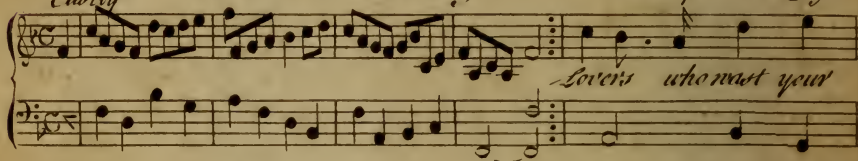




The Warning

Set by W^r Long

easy



Then learn betimes if Love which crowns,
Our Cares is all but Wiles,
Compos'd of false & tawdrick Frowns,
And soft descending smiles,
With Anger which sometimes they pain,
They cruel Tyrants prove,
And then turn Platters to again,
With an affected Love?

As if some Injury were meant,
To those they kindly Us'd,
Those Lovers are the most content,
That have been still refus'd,
Since each has in his bosom nurs'd,
A false and fawning Sec,
Too Just & wise by striking first,
To scape the fatal Blow.



A Favourite Air in Alfred set by M^r Osvald

with Spirit

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

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

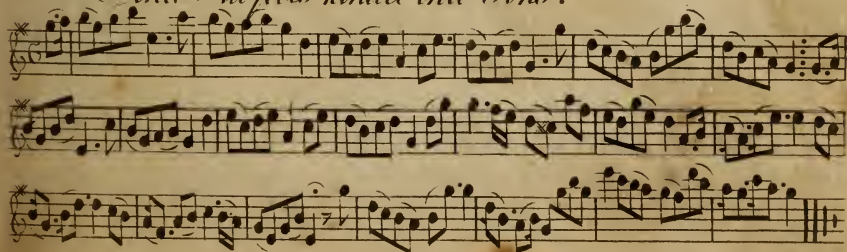
grateful Land who lives to bless a grateful Land.

For him ten Thousand bosoms beat

His name consenting crowds repeat,

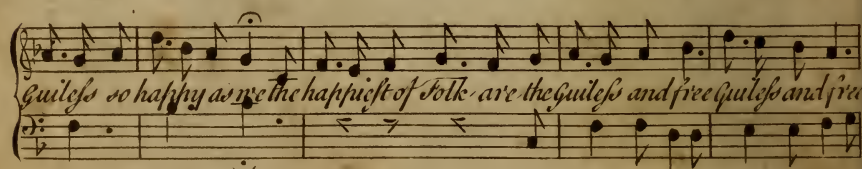
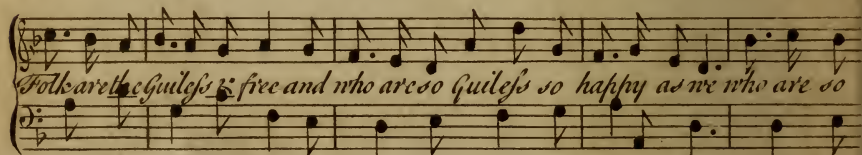
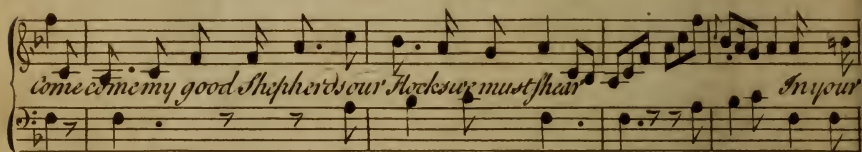
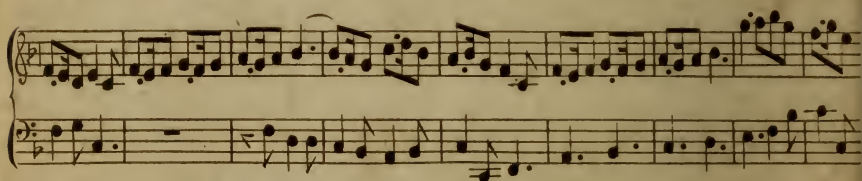
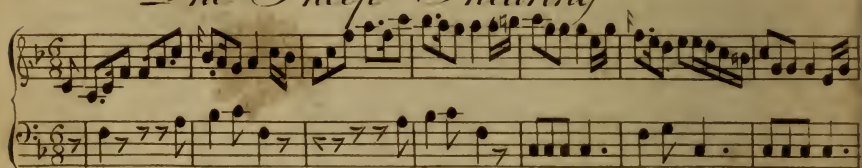
From Soul to Soul the Passion runs,

And Subjects kindle into Songs.



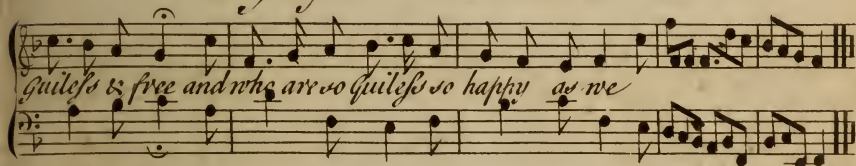


The Sheep Shearing





Sung by M^{rs} Cibber

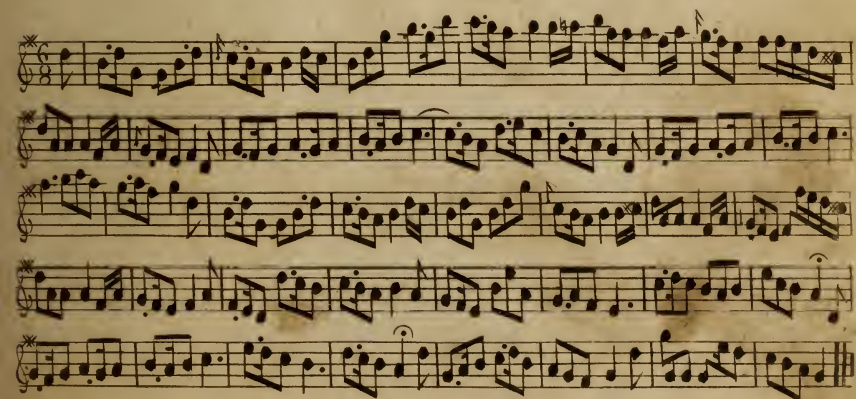


*We harbour no Passions, by Luxury taught,
We practice no Arts, with Hypocrisy fraught.
What we think in our Hearts, you may read in our Eyes,
For knowing no Falshood, we need no Disguise.*

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

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

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





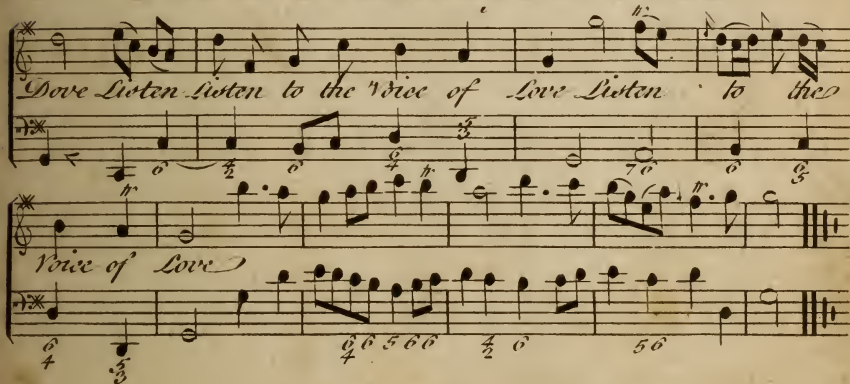
Damon and Florella

Moderately

Cast my Love thine Eyes around See the Sportive Lambskins play Nature
 gayly decks the Ground all in Honour of the May. Nature gayly
 decks the Ground all in Honour of the May
 Like the Sparrow and the Dove Listen
 to the Voice of Love Like the Sparrow and the



Set to Musick by M^r. Arne



Florella

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

Florella

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

Damon

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

Duett

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



On an Absent Friend by M^r Pope

Slow

No more the

Mourning lark retires; Daphne sings; shall listening in mid air suspend their Sings No

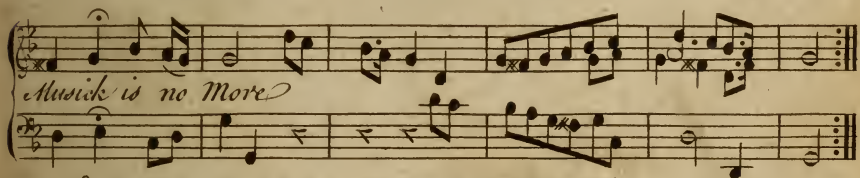
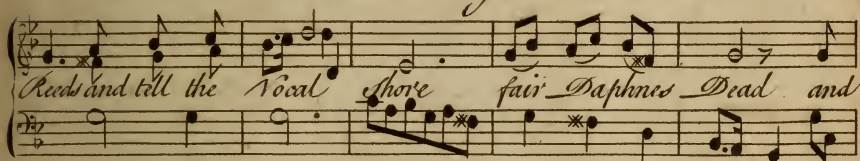
more the nightingale repeat her lays or hush with wonder

hearken from the spray No more the streams their Murmurs shall

Forbear; 'a sweeter music than their own to hear But tell the



Set to Musick by M^r Buswell



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





Sung by M^r Lowe at Naux Hall

Moderately *Via* *For* *Via*

For *Via*

When your beauty ap...

hearts in its grace and Air all bright as an Angel new drop'd from Skyes At

Distance I gaze & am awilly my heart so strangely so strangely you dazzle my Eye so

strangely so strangely you dazzle my Eye.

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

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



My Peggy Sung by M^r Lowe.

Moderately Slow

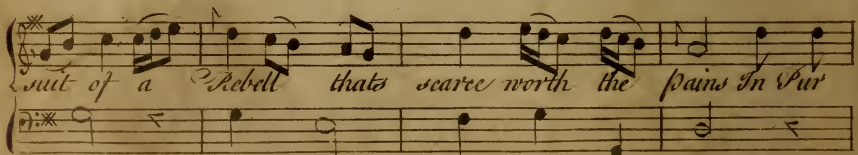
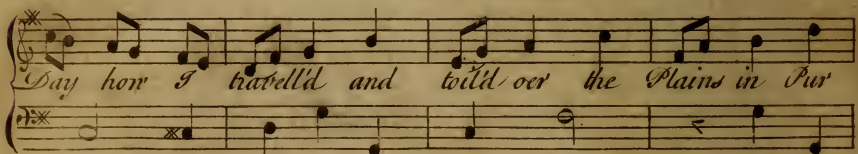
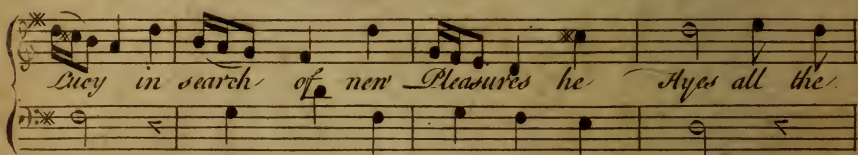
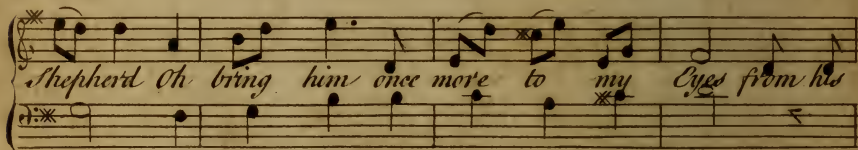
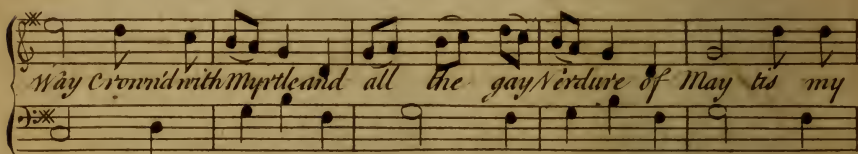
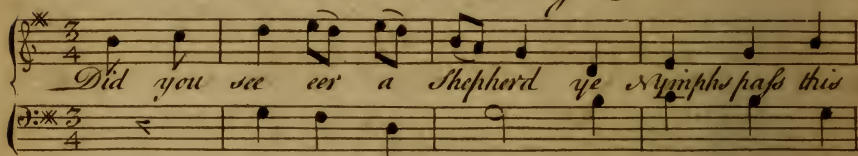
Love never more shall give me pain my Fanoy's feet on Thee nor ever Maid my
Heart shall gain my Peggy if thou dye Thy Beauties did such Pleasure give thy
Love so true to me Without Thee I shall never love My Peggy if thou dye

If Fate shall tear y from my breast	No new blown Beauty fires my heart,
How lonely shall I stray;	With Cupid's raving Rage,
In dreary Dreams the Night All waste	But thine which can such Sweet Impart
In sighs the silent Day;	Must all the World engage;
I neer can so much Virtue find,	As was those that like the Morning Sun,
Nor such Perfection see;	Gave Joy and Life to me;
Then I'll renounce all Womankind,	And when its destined Day is done,
My Peggy after Thee.	With Peggy let me dye.

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

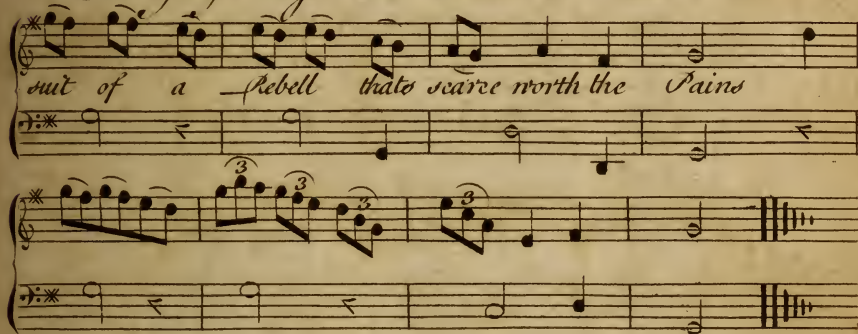


A Favourite Song





Sung by Miss Stevenson at Vaux Hall



*Take Care Maids take Care when he flatters & swears,
Now you trust your own Eyes, or believe your own Ears,
Like the Rose-bud in June, ev'ry Hand hell invite,
But wound the kind Heart, like the Thorn out of Sight,
And trust me who e'er my false Shepherd detains,
Shell find him a Conquest thats scarce worth her Pains.*

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

*The Trifle once gain'd, like a Boy at his Play,
Soon the Wanton grew weary, & flung it away,
No'v cloy'd with my Love, from my Arms he does fly,
In Search of another as Silly as I,
But trust me who e'er my false Shepherd detains,
Shell find him a Conquest thats scarce worth her pains.*

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



The Reasonable Lover

Easily

I seek not at

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

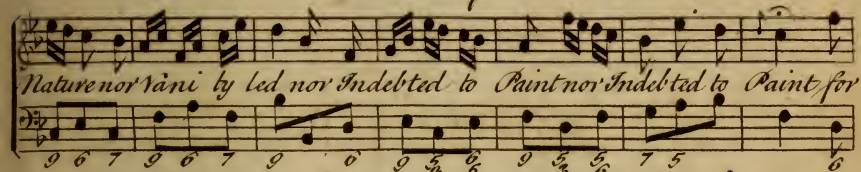
Girl that I Love have but Prudence in View That tho' she deceive I may still think her

True *be her Person not beautiful but*

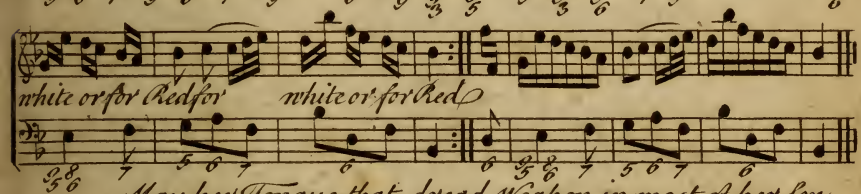
pleasing & clean let her Temper be cloudless & open her Mind by Sol by All



Set to Music by M^r Arne



Nature nor vainly led nor Indebted to Paint nor Indebted to Paint for



white or for Red for white or for Red

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





The Happy He

Moderate

To make the Wife kind & to

Keep y^e House still you must be of her mind let her say what she will in all that she

does you must give her her way but tell her shes wrong y^e you lead her astray but

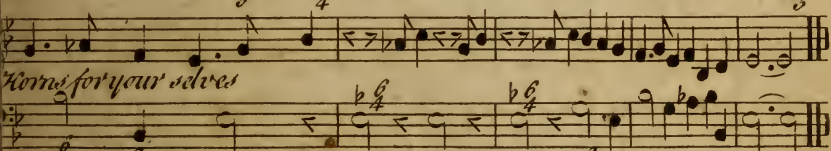
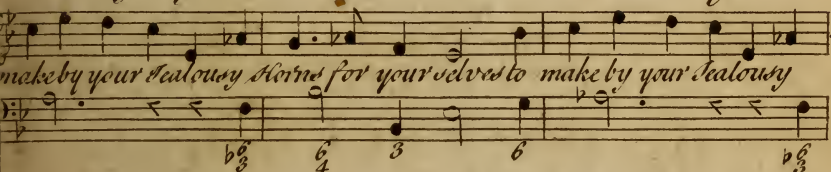
tell her shes wrong y^e you lead her astray

Then Husbands take care of Suspicion beware your Wives may be true if you

fancy they are with confidence trust them and be not such Elves to

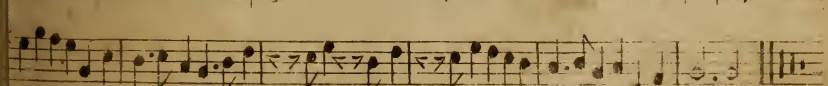
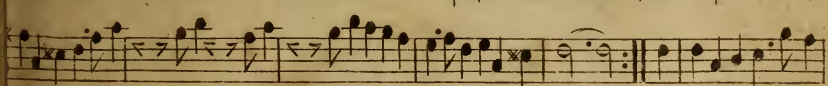
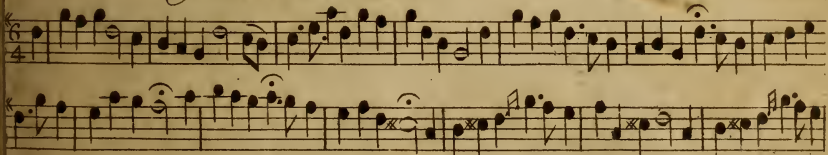


Sung by M^r Beard at Ranelagh



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

*What Vertues she has you may safely oppose
What e'er are her Follies commend her for those
Approve all the Schemes that she lays for a Man
For name but a Vice by shall err if she can.
Then Husbands be.*





The Modern Rake

Sprightly

When e'er a beautiful Nymph I spy my fancies all on Fire I long to her Om
 brice to fly & revel in desire my
 faith I swear & sigh my pain too much for both too wise for conquest ne'er attends the
 Swain who can't himself disguise for conquest ne'er attends if Swain who can't himself dis-
 guise who can't himself disguise

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



The Gear and The Bragrie ot

Brisk

O shame light on this Worlds Pelf when I see how

little ot I've got to my self I'm wae when I look on my tread bare Coat

O shame fa' the Gear & the Bragrie ot

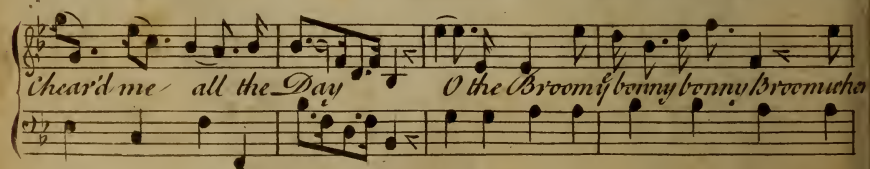
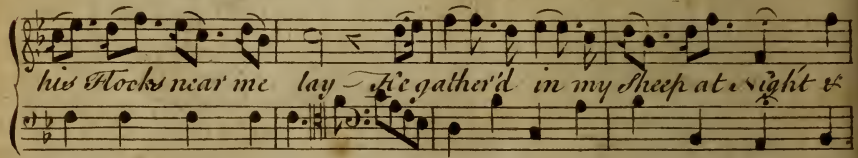
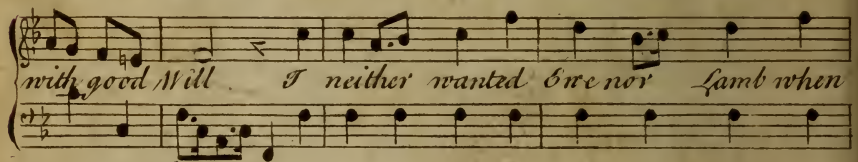
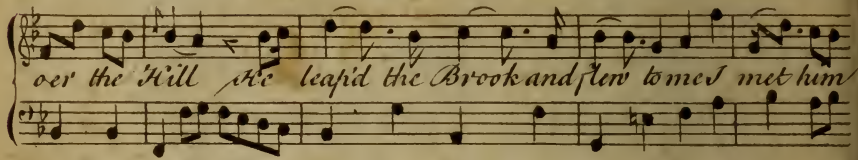
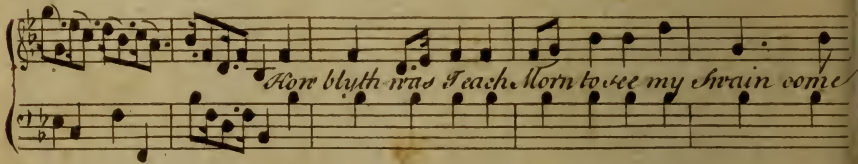
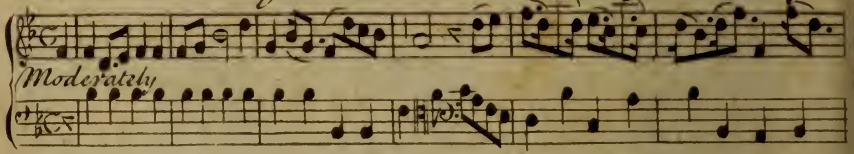
*For Jenny was the Lass that muck'd y' Byre,
But now she is clad in her Silken attire,
And Jenny was y' Lass that wore the plaiden Coat,
O shame fa' the Gear and the Bragrie ot.*

*And Jockey was y' Ladie that gade at y' Plough,
Tho' now he's gotten Gow'd & gear enough,
But I have seen y' Day when he was not worth a groat,
O shame fa' the Gear and y' Bragrie ot.*

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

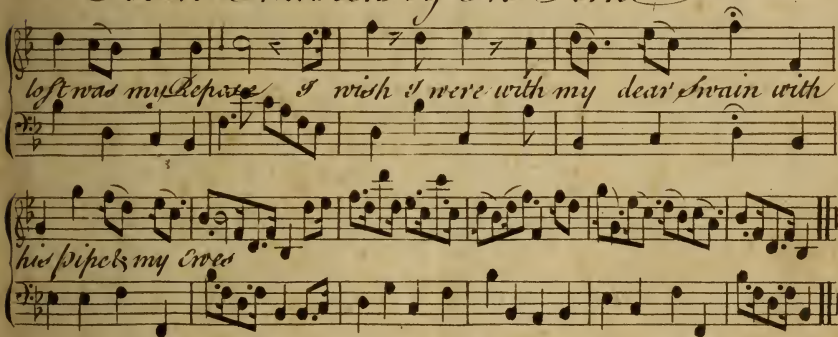


The Bonny Broom, a Favourite Song



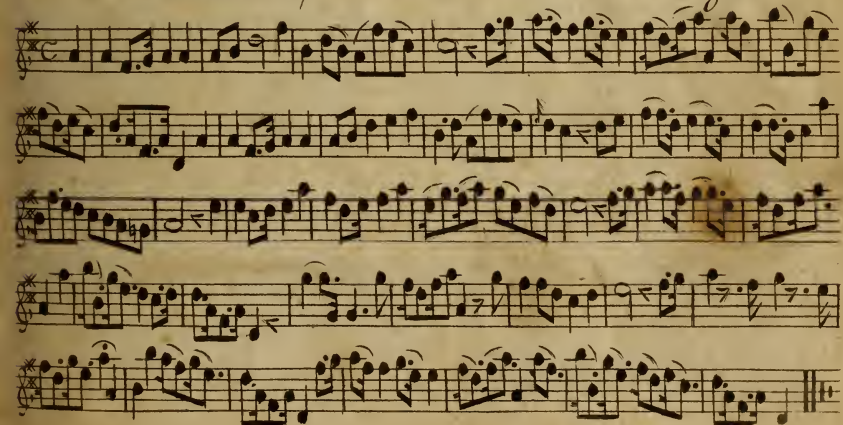


Set to Musick by M^r Arne



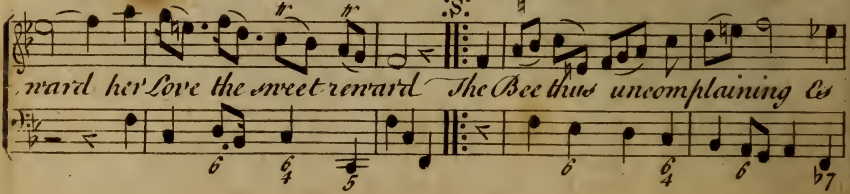
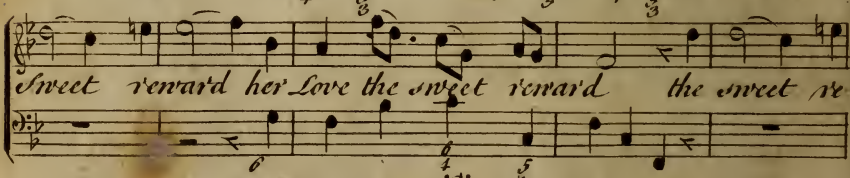
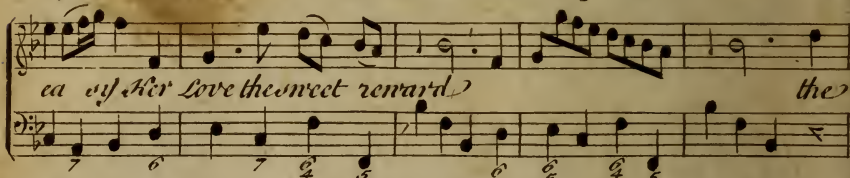
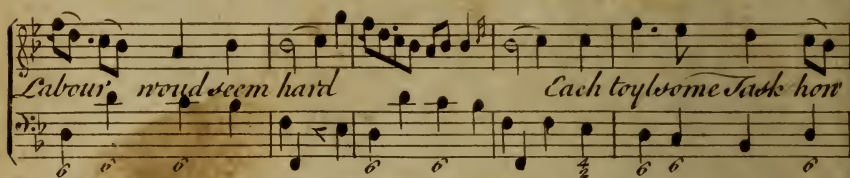
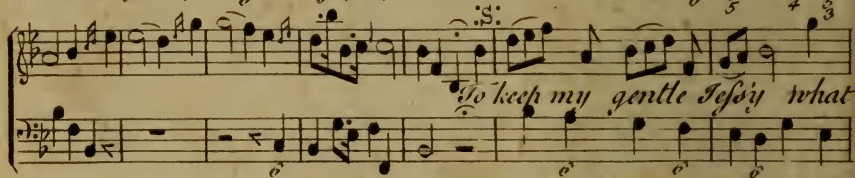
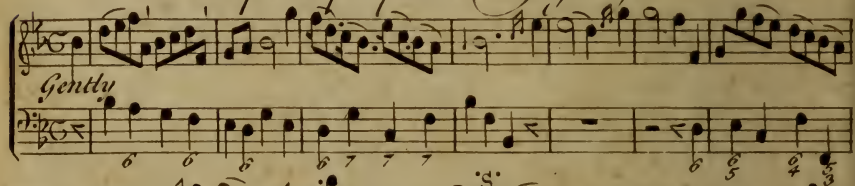
He land his pipe & Reed see sweet
The Birds stood listning by
The fleecy sheep stood still & gaz'd
Charm'd with his Melody
While thus we spent our time by turn
Betwixt our flocks & Play
I enviyd not y^e fairest Dame
Tho' e'er so rich and Gay
O the Broom &c

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





To keep my Gentle Jessy



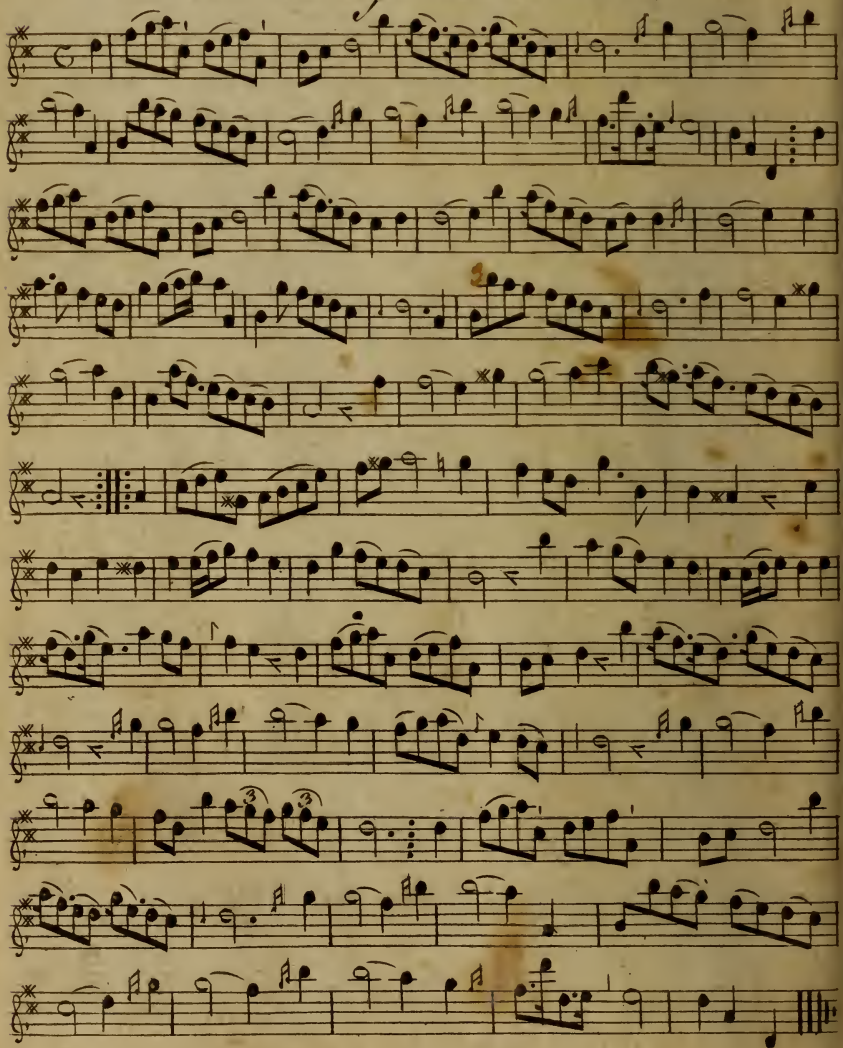


A Favourite Song Set by M^r Arne

seems no Toil severe She Bee thus uncomplaining Let seems no
Toil severe the sweet reward obtaining of Honey all the
Year the sweet reward obtaining of Honey all the Year the
sweet reward of Honey all the Year the sweet re
ward of Honey all the Year



For the German Flute





Friendship United set by Mr Bell

Moderately *As pleasing as*

Shades to away faring strain when the Ardour of Phœbus has

Leav'd the shorehd Plain as Groves to the Linnet or Thyme to the

Bee so welcome my fair one so welcome to me

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

Musical notation for the final section of the song, consisting of three staves of music.



Gently *The Innocent Fair.* Set by Mr Bell

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

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



The Virgins Wish Set by Mr Bell

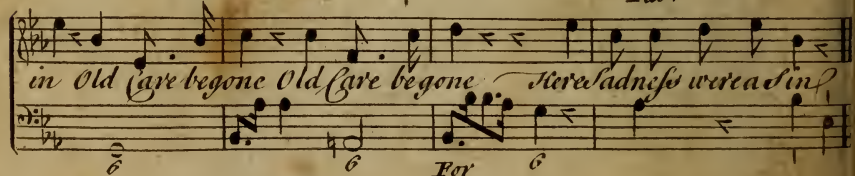
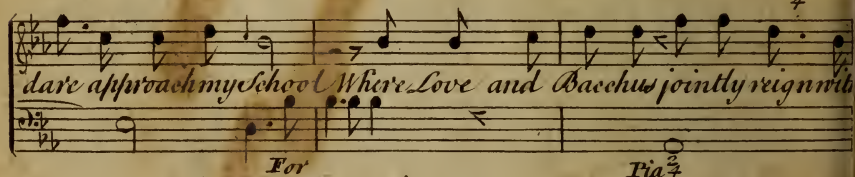
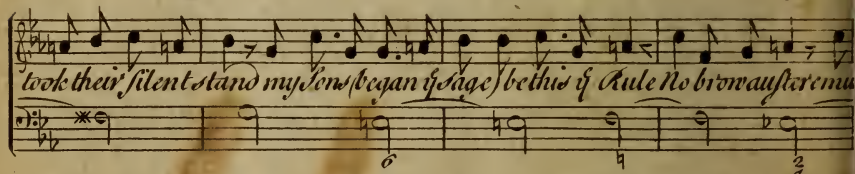
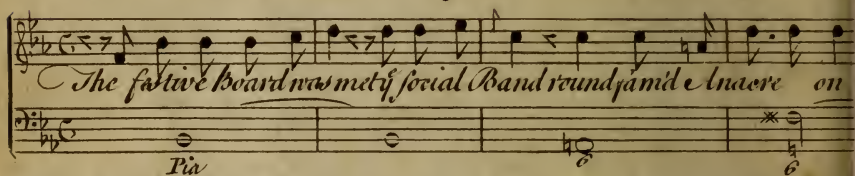
Virgins if e'er at length it prove my Des...ti...ny to be in
Love pray wish me such a Fate May Wit and
Prudence be my Guide and may a little decent pride my
Actions re...gu...late

Such stateliness I mean as may When at a lover I commence
Keep nauseous fools & fops away May I be with a Man of Sense
But still oblige the wise And learn Education
That may secure my Modesty May all his Courtship carry be
And guardian to my honour be as either formal nor too free
When passion does arise? But wisely shew his passion

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



The School of Anacreon



A favourite Cantata

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

Pia *For*

Tell not

For

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

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

Wealth and Wisdom I des

pise cares surround the rich and wise Cares surround

7 6 6 4 6 9

Cares sur

round the rich and wise The Queen that

7 4 6 6 7

For *Ita*

Set to Music

Gives soft wishes Birth to Bacchus god of Wine and Mirth
for. *Pia*

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

own and I was born for them alone

I was born
Pia

for them a lone I was born for them a

lone, *1st* The Queen that lone, *2^d*
For.

Pia

by M^r. Arne

For.

very Gently

Business Title Title pomp and state

Title pomp and state give them to the fools I hate

Business Title Title pomp and state

give them to the Fools give them to the fools to the

Fools to the fools I hate give them to the fools

give them to the fools to the fools to the fools I

hate

Sung by M^r Lowe

Sprightly

Handwritten musical score for a song, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The music is written in G major (one sharp) and common time. The tempo is marked 'Sprightly'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'Pia' and 'For'.

But let Love let Life be mine bring me Women bring me Mine

Speed the Dancing hours away and

mind not what the Grave ones say

Speed if dan...

ing hours away

mind not what the Grave ones say

Gaily let the Minutes fly in Love and Freedom Wit and

Joy in Love & Freedom Wit and Joy

Gayly

at Naur Hall

let the Minutes fly in Love and Freedom With Joy

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

For $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$

Speed & dancing hours away mind not what the Grave ones say *For*

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

Speed & dan...

$\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ *For* $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{4}$

ing

For 2

Speed & dancing hours away mind not what if Grave ones

$\frac{6}{4}$ *For* *For* $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{6}{4}$

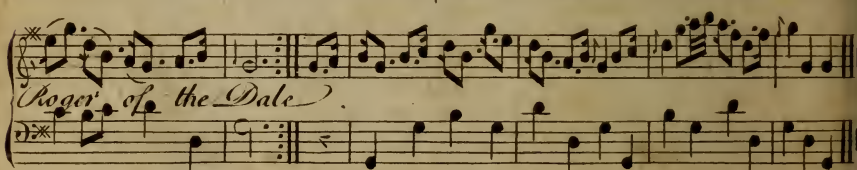
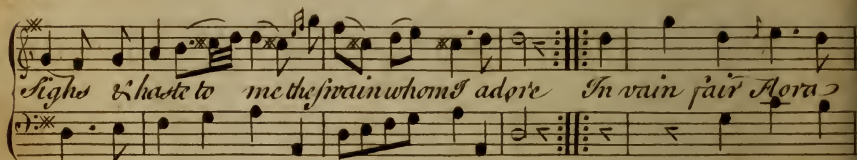
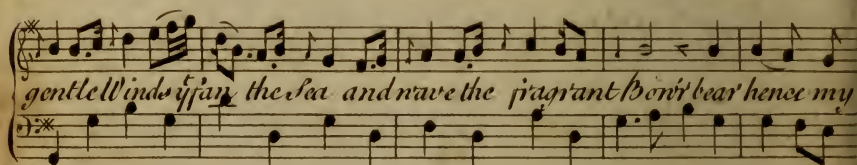
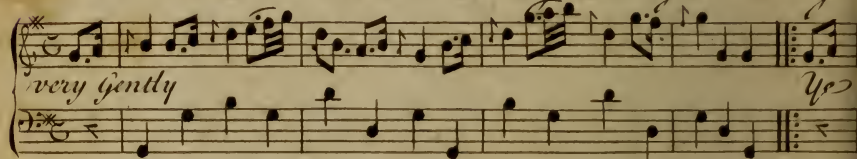
say mind not mind not what the Grave ones say

$\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{2}{4}$

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



A Favourite Song set by M^r Riley

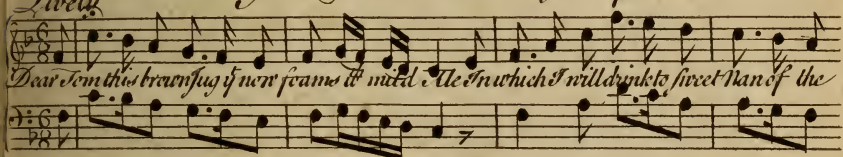


*Let wanton Nymphs & Swains employ,
In ſensual Love their Days;
While I my Darling Youth enjoy,
In Virtues Smiling Rays,
Take all the falſe delights of Courts
Each glittering Beau & Belle,
Give me with harmleſs rural Sports,
My Roger of the Dale.*

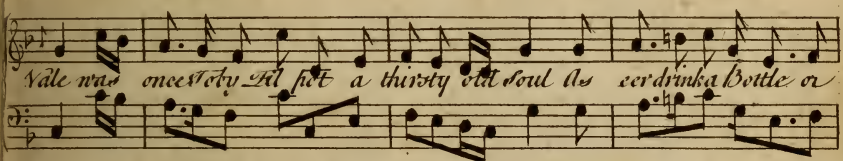


Toby Reduc'd set by M^r Hodson

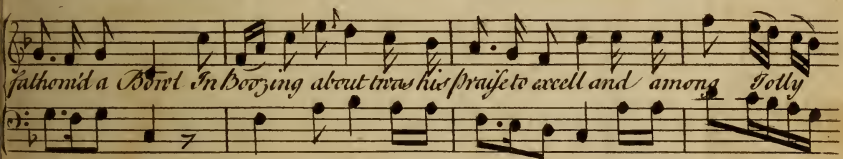
Lively



Dear Tom this brown Jug of new foam'd Ale In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the



Vale was once Toby. Altho' a thirsty old Soul As ever drinks a Bottle or



fathom'd a Bowl In boozing about town his sprags to excel and among Tolly



To per he bore of the Bell Before of the bell

It chanc'd in dog Days as he sat at his ease
In his Ale'n's woven arbour as gay as you please
With a friend & a pipe puffing Sorrow away
& And with honest old Stingo was soaking his Clay
His breath Doors of Life on a sudden were shut
& And he died full as big as a Dorchester Butt

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



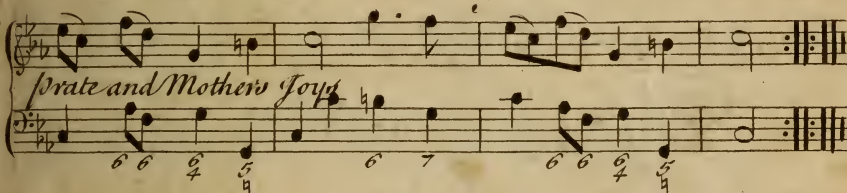
Sylvia

Moderate

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

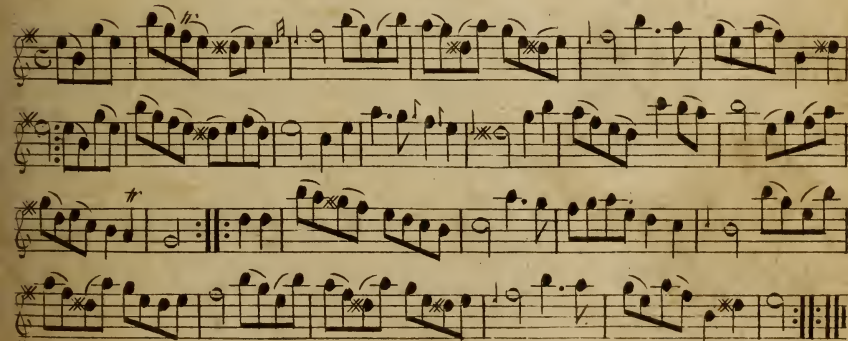


Set to Music by M^r Arne



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

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





A Humorous Song

Moderately quick

Ye Prigs who are troubled in Conscience Quailms who ever are praying or

chanting of psalms come listen a while & I'll sing you a Song shall open your Eyes

open your Eyes shall open y^e Eyes & you'll see right from wrong

In Claret alone you should place all your hope there is more Absolution in

this then if Pope be the famous Elizer Saluti^s of Life with this you may face either



Sung by M^r Beard

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

Chorus

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

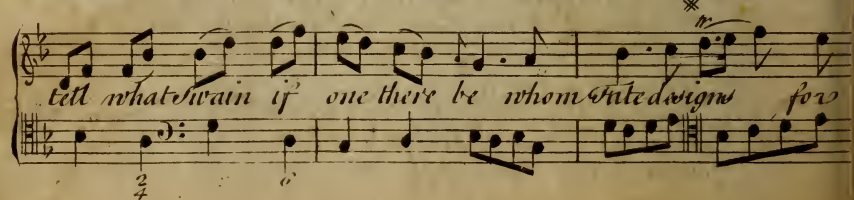
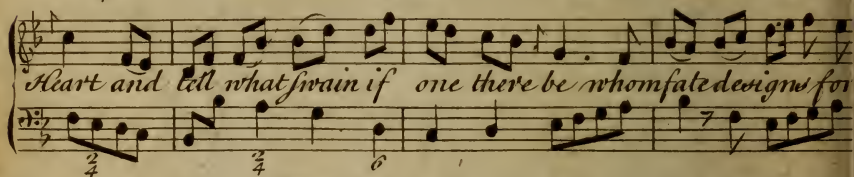
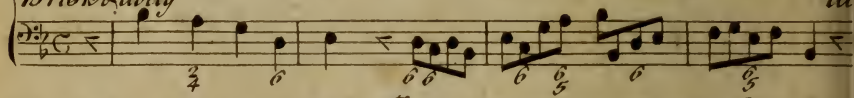
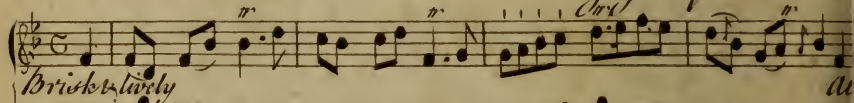
this you may face either Devil or Wife

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

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

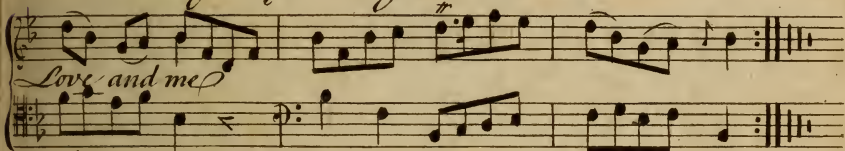


Favorite Song set by Mr. Baildon





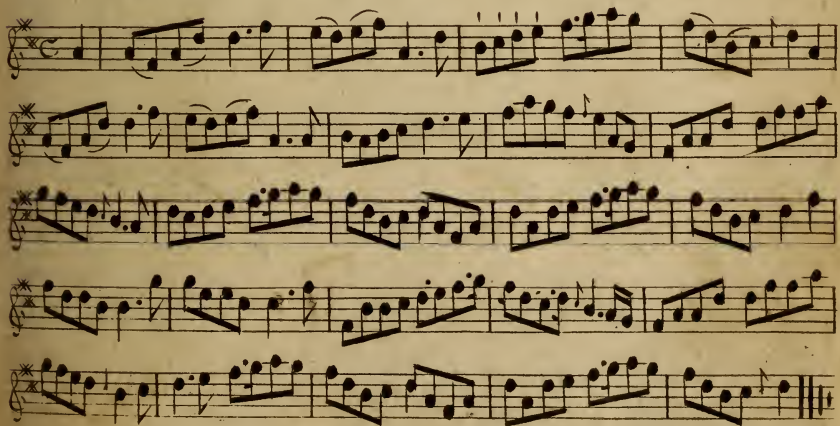
Sung by Miss Stevenson



Love and me

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

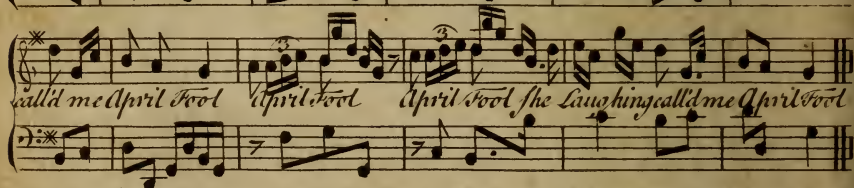
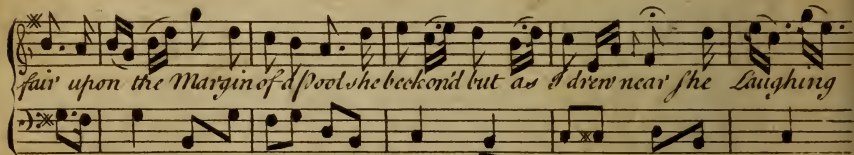
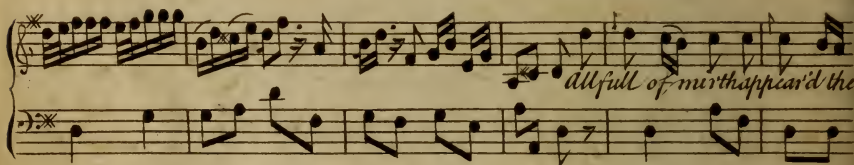
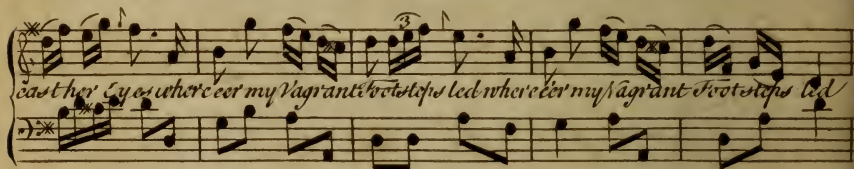
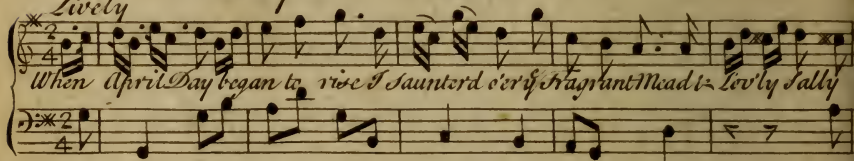
<i>Let solid Sence inform his mind</i>	<i>Let sordid avarice claim no part</i>
<i>With pure good nature sweetly join'd</i>	<i>Within his tender gen'rous Heart</i>
<i>Sure friend to modest merit be</i>	<i>Oh be that Heart from falsehood free</i>
<i>The strain design'd for Love & me.</i>	<i>Devoted all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



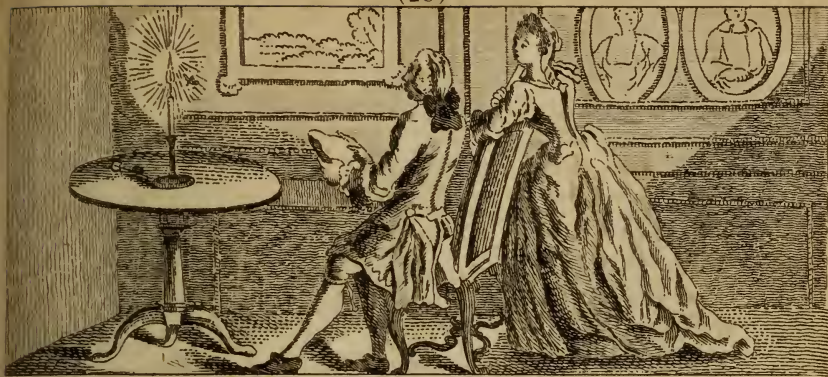


April Fool

Lively



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



The Fly • A Simile

See See that Insect *pry'd and vain* around the Ta per

But in *painschord'd* by the Dazl ing Are

Pleas'd with the Candles Glittering light too near approaching

kills him quite and in the flame aspires

6 7 6 6 6 7 6

6 6 * -6 6 6 4 * 3 - 6 5 4 6 4 5

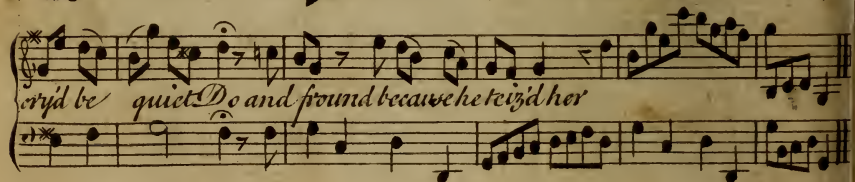
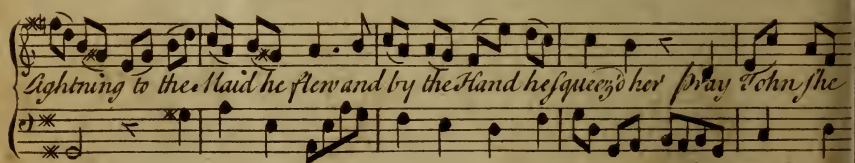
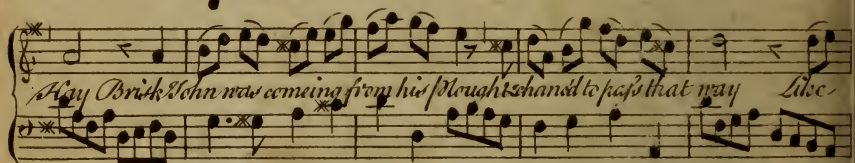
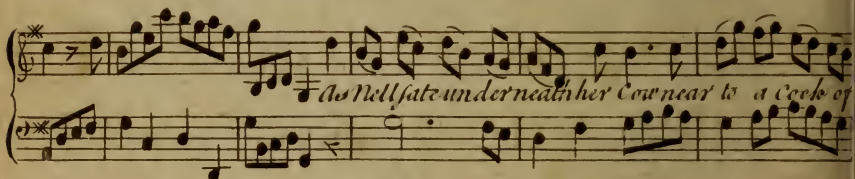
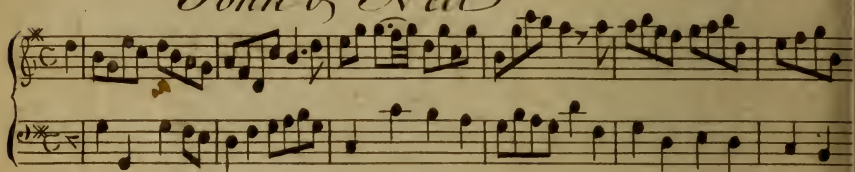
6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

6 5 4 6 6 5 4 6 5 4 6 6 5

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



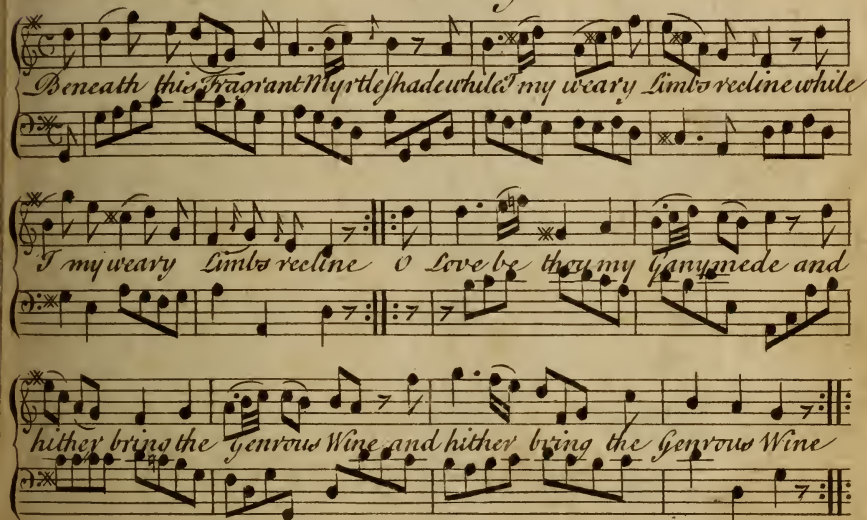
John & Nell



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



A New Song



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

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

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

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



A Favourite Song

Tenderly

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



in the Opera of Eliza

pear must the Sweet rural Pastimes be o'er shall the
 Tabor the Tabor no more strike the Ear shall the
 Dance on the Green be no More.

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



Strawberry Hill

Moderately

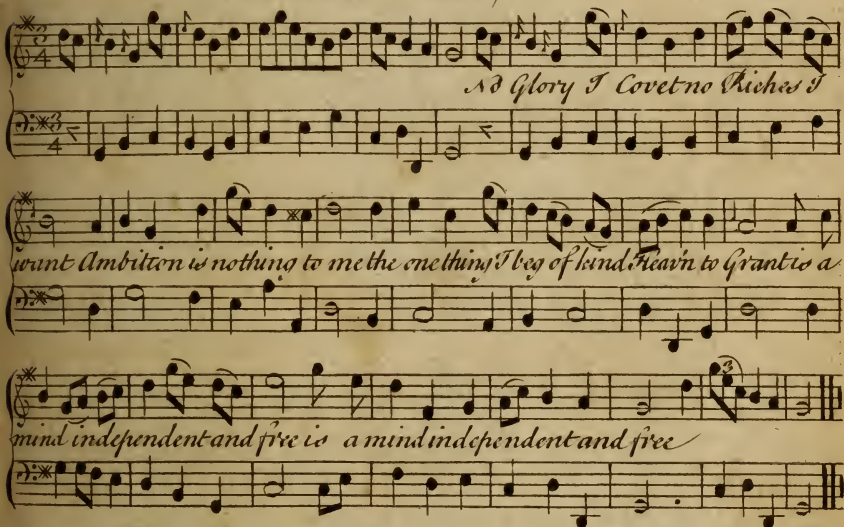
Someory up Gunners bury for
 Sion some declare some say with Chiwick House No Villa can com
 pare But ask y Beaux of Middlesax Who know the Country well of Strawberry
 Hill y Strawberry Hill dont bear away the Belle

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

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



Contentment



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

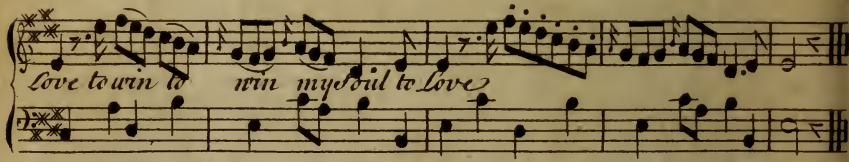
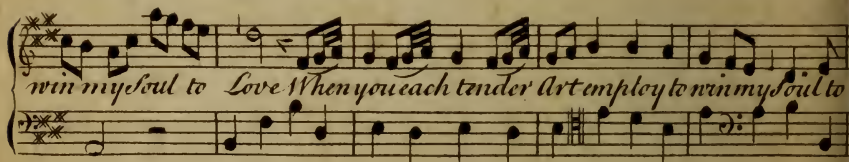
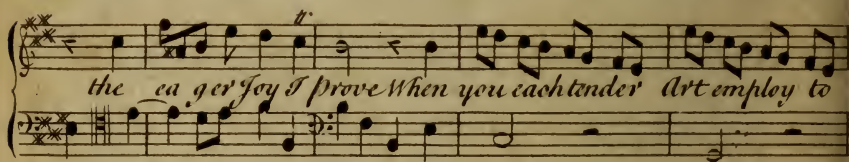
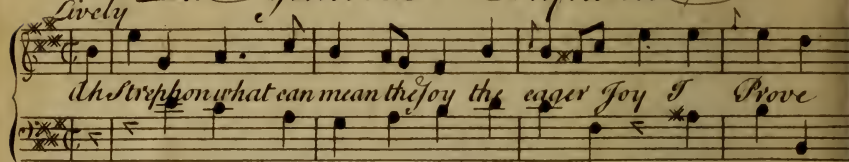
The Blessings which Providence freely has lent
I'll Twelvly and gratefully prize
Whilst sweet Meditation & chearfull content
Shall make me both healthy and wise

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

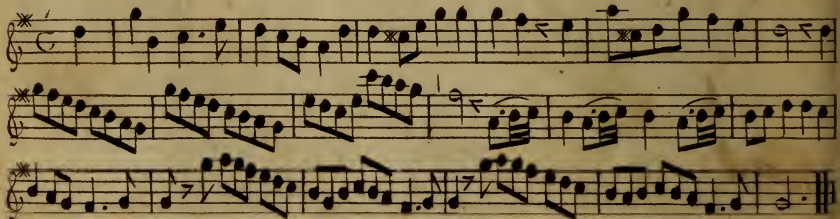
How vainly through infinite trouble and care
The many their Labours employ
Since all that is truly delightfull in life
Is what all if they will may enjoy



Lively The Generous Confidence



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



Recit

Briton. fails the popish Voraigner Prevally

A musical score for a song, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics "You must teach her to dance as if" are written below the treble staff.

And is in vain, if she strains into feet with your rattling a general, be brave and true and

The softest affectate nest and driestest and driestest and driestest affectate nest

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

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



A New Song -

Not too fast

Silly Swain no longer

dwell on the Charms of Nilly Nell nor with Riots Enraptur'd Run to the Grate to

Court the vain *But to Rosalind Impart all the*

Motions of thy Heart But to Rosalind Impart all the Emotions of thy Heart

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

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



The Despairing Lover

The Chorus

Froms I read my Fate Her Eyes do bid despair

Each action shows her root ed hate Oh pain too great to

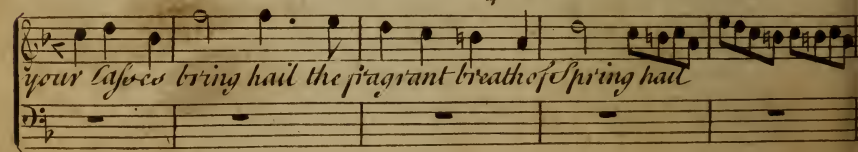
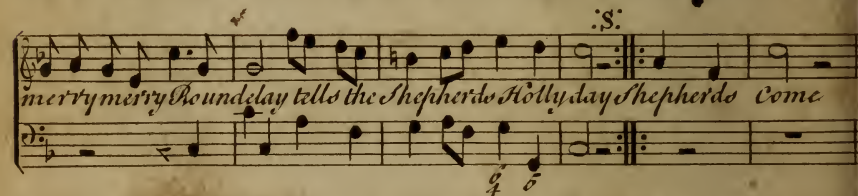
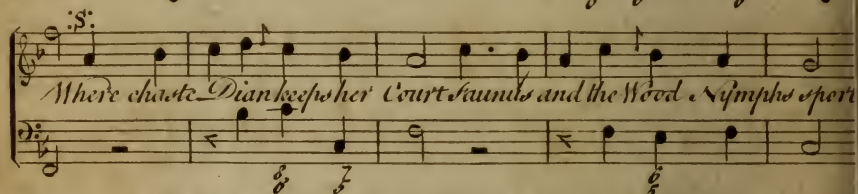
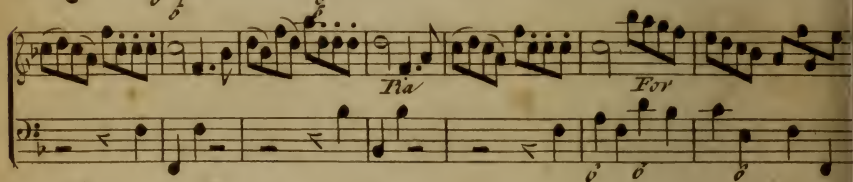
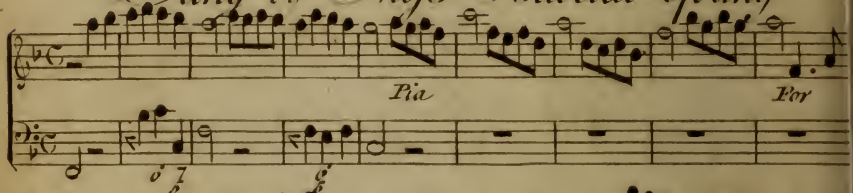
bear Oh pain to great to bear

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

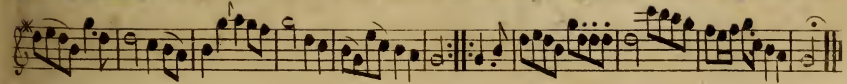
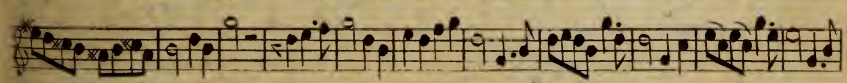
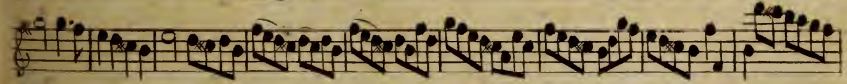
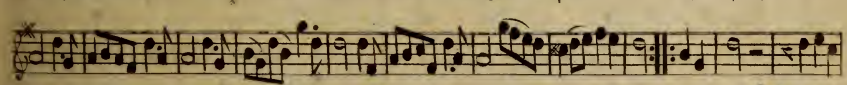
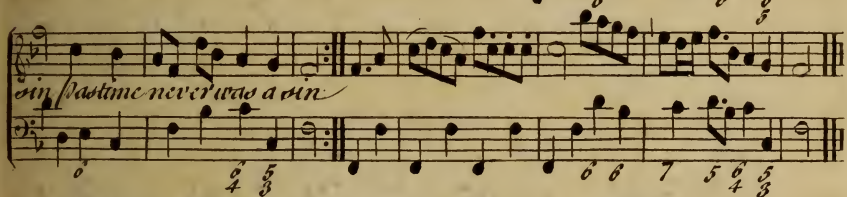
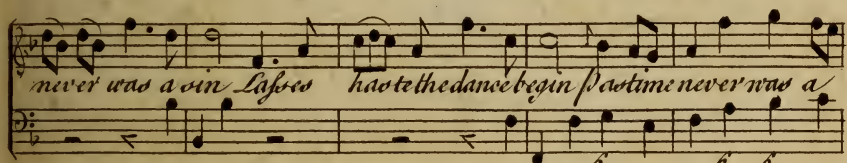
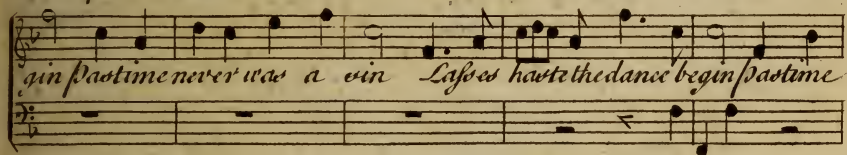
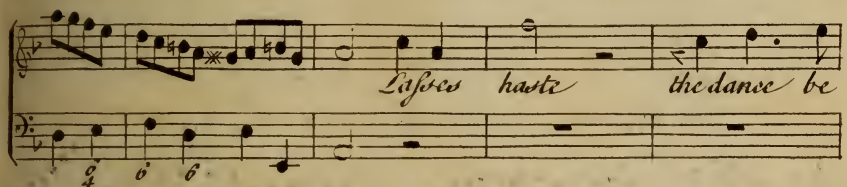
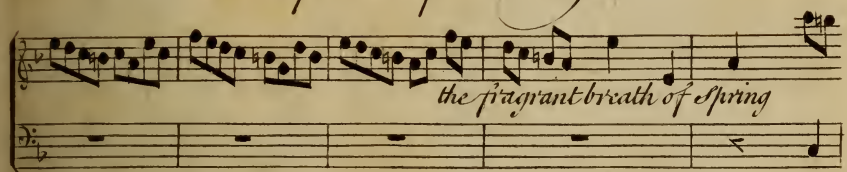
*O ye lovers happy with the Fair,
 Oh teach me all your art,
 That I to Joy may change my care,
 And gain my Cloes Heart.*



Sung by Miss Isabella Young

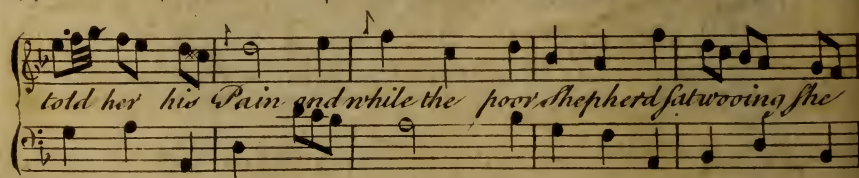
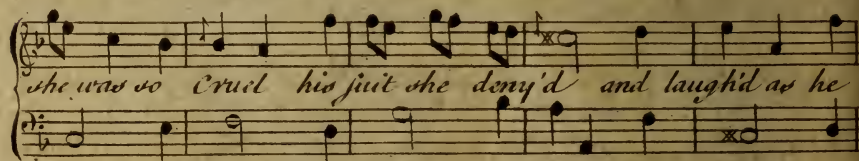
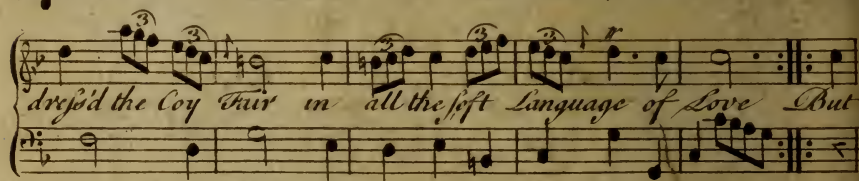
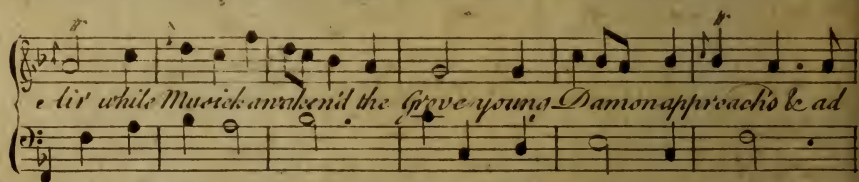
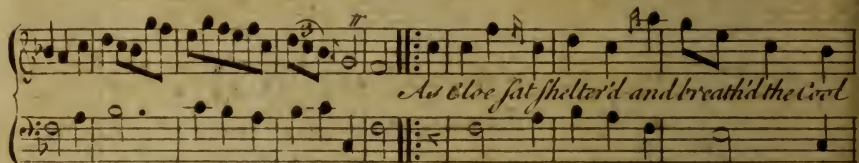
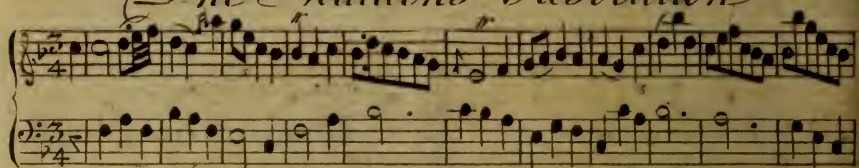


in the Opera of Bliza





The Maidens Resolution





Set by M^r Desjèsch

cry'd I will dye a Maid I will dye a Maid my dear

Sir ruin

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

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

cry'd I will dye a Maid I will dye a Maid my dear

Sir ruin



Moderate *A Ven' Song* *set by M^r Oswald*

Every Nymph & Shepherd bring

Tributes to the Queen of May, Kisse for her beauty & Spring make her as the Season gay,

Teach her then from every flower how to use the fleeting Hour—

Teach her then from every Flower how to use the fleeting hour

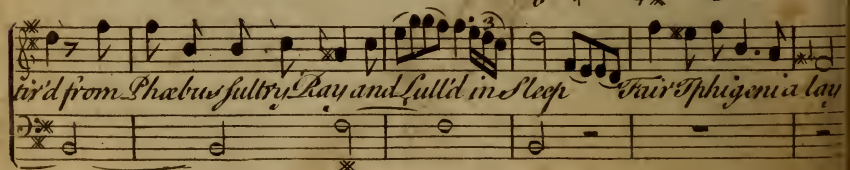
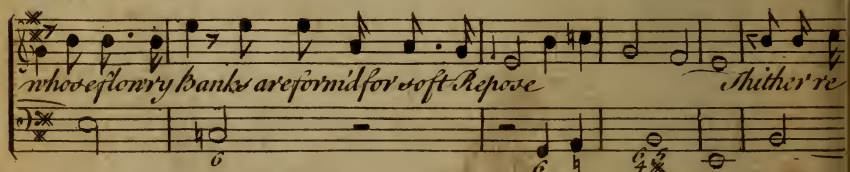
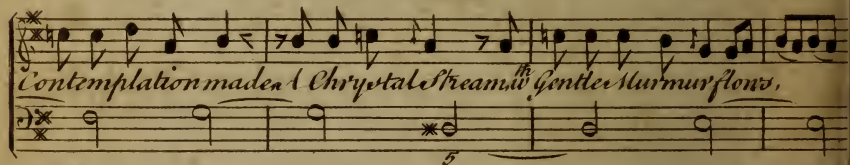
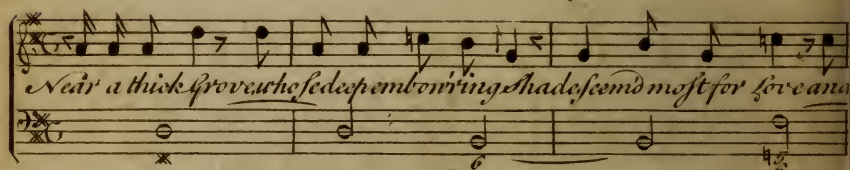
Now the fair Narcissus blows, Soon the fair Narcissus dies,
 With his sweetness now delights, Soon he droops his languid knees,
 By his side the Maiden Rose, From the Rose her purple flies,
 With her artless blush invites, None inviting to her Bed,
 Such so fragrant, and so gay, Such, tho' now so sweet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

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



James Roberts fecit

Cymon and Tphigenia



A Favourite Cantata

Ria Cymon a clown who never dreamt of love by chance was

brisk Stamping to the neighbouring grove

He huddl'd along unknowing what he sought & whistled as he went for want of thought

alone But when he first beheld the sleeping maid

Gently he gaz'd he star'd her lovely form survey'd & while with artless voice he softly

Gently sung beauty & nature thus inform'd his tongue

The Maid that

glides in murmurs by whose glassy bosom flows the sky's complicated & rural

Set to Musick

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

For
Pia
Rec
Pia

by M^r. Anne Sont²

with gentle decent thereplys O Cymon if its you I need not rise

Thy Honest Heart no wrong can entertain pursue thy way and

Transp^o
let me sleep again The Clown transported was no silent

Moderately
long But thus with Ecstasy pursu'd his Song

Thy

Letty

Locks that careless break in wanton Ringlets down thy cheek thy

Love inspiring Mi..... on thy Love inspiring Men

Sung by M^r Beard

Thy swelling Bosom skin of snow and taper Shape on
chant me so I dye for Iphi ge nia I dye for
Iphigenia
Amaz she listens nor can trace from
whence the former cloud is thus inspir'd with snow he gazes finds him
comely tall and strait and thinks he might improve his awkward gait
Bid him be secret and next day attend at the same hour to

at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane

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

plead and Nature's Language sure will succeed

Love's a pure a

Sacred Fire Kindling gentle chaotic Desire

Love can Rage it self controul and elevate and elevate the

Human Soul and e levate the human Soul

and at Ranelagh Gardens

for

Depriv'd of

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

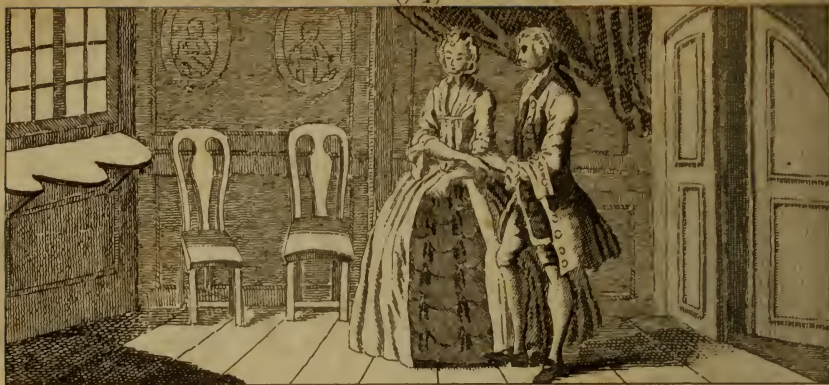
But blest with Beauty and with Love Most with

pia. Beauty and with Love we taste what Angels do above what

An.....gels do above, for.

pia





The Injur'd Fair

Tenderly

Alas one Summers Evening stray'd her Tender Lambkins gently

View'd *Damon she found but quite a*

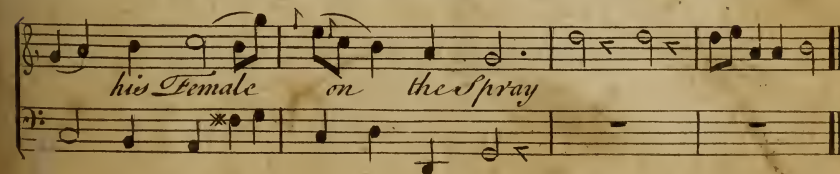
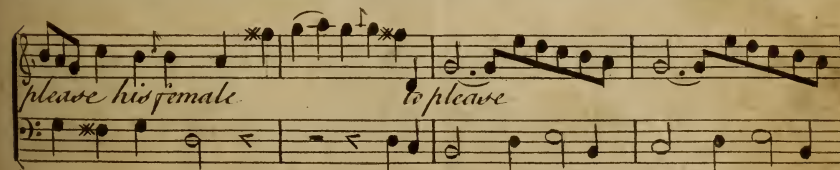
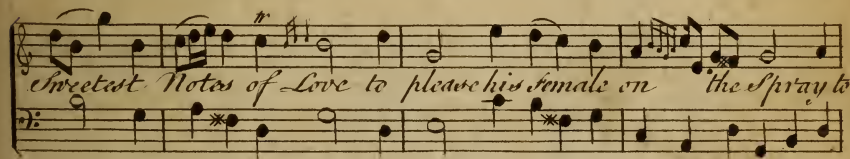
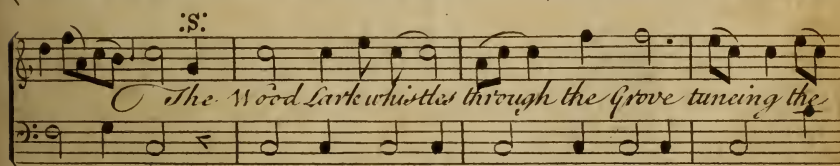
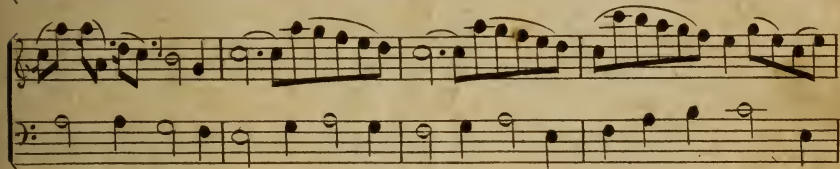
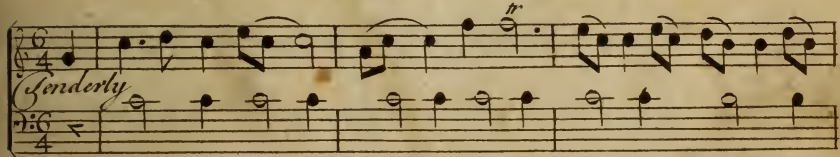
fraild He to some distant Plains remov'd

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

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

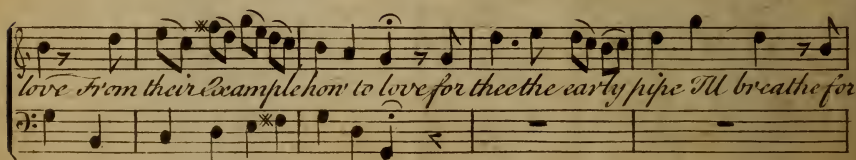
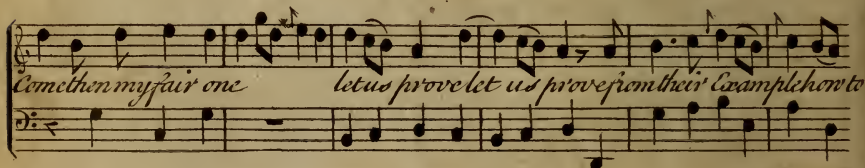
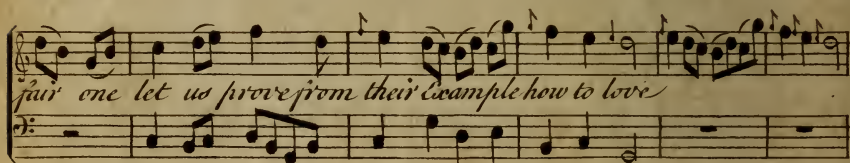
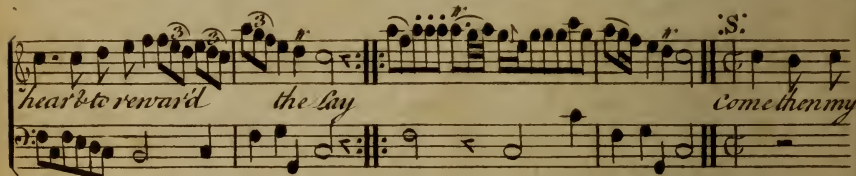
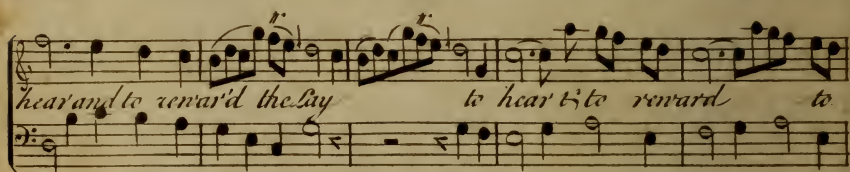
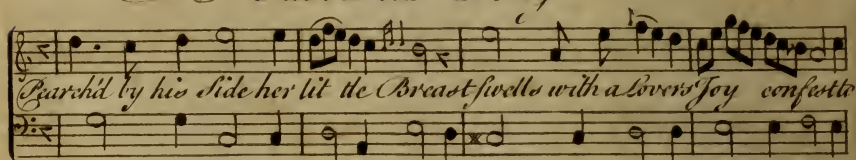


The Wood Lark



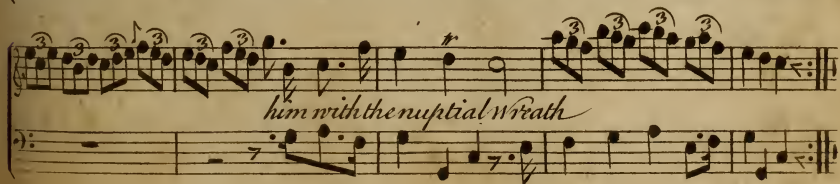
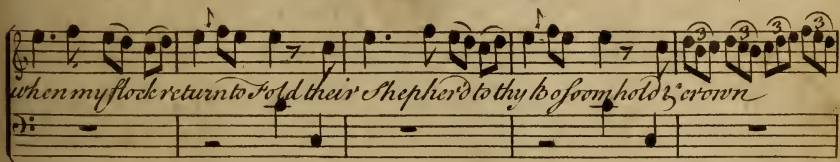
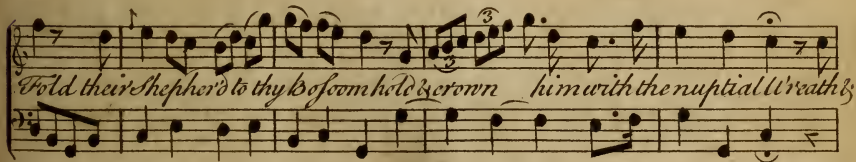
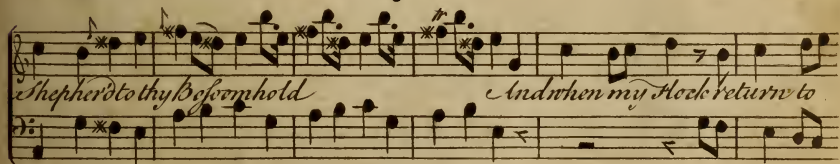
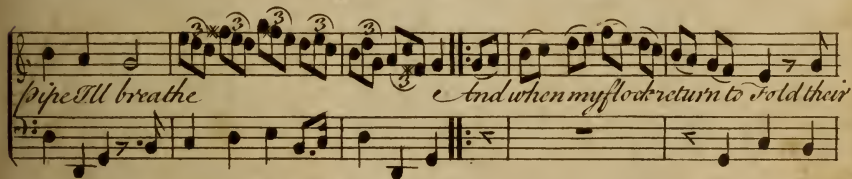
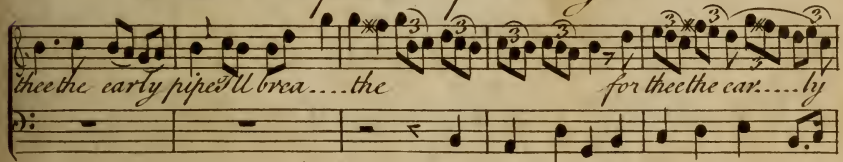


O Favourite Song



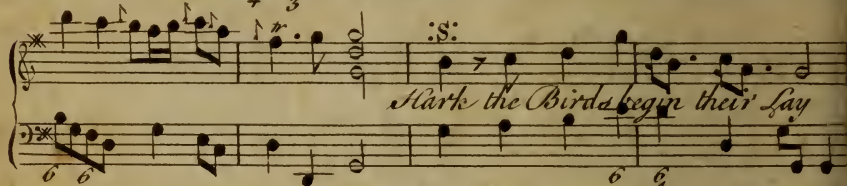
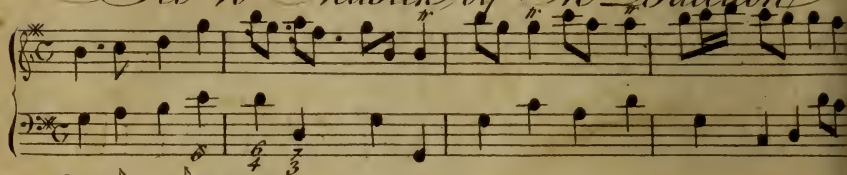


in the Opera of Eliza

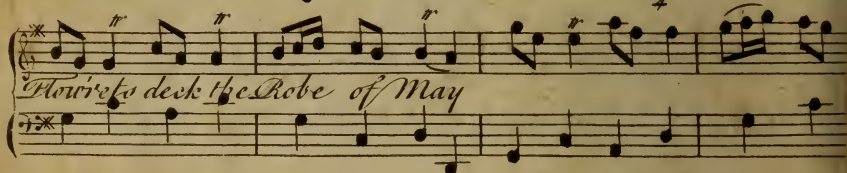




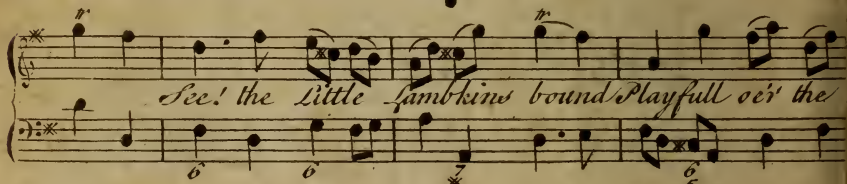
Set to Music by M^r Baildon



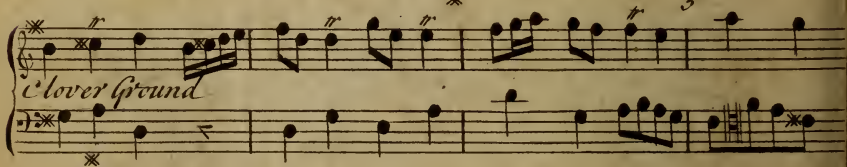
Mark the Birds begin their Lay



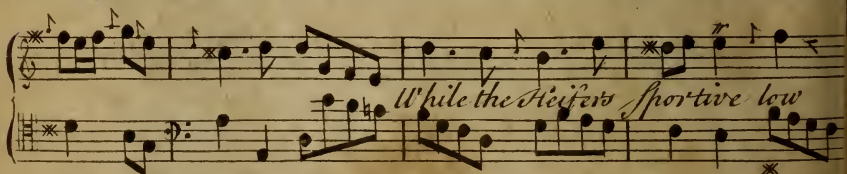
Flowers deck the Robe of May



See! the Little Lambskins bound Playfull o'er the



Clover Ground



While the Reivers Sportive low



Sung by M^{rs} Lowe

where the yel....low Cowslips blow

While the Piesers sportive low

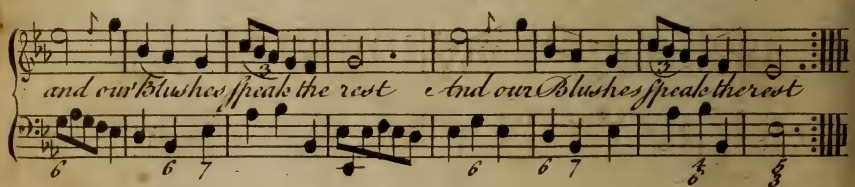
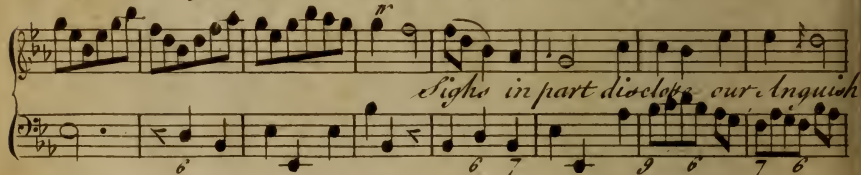
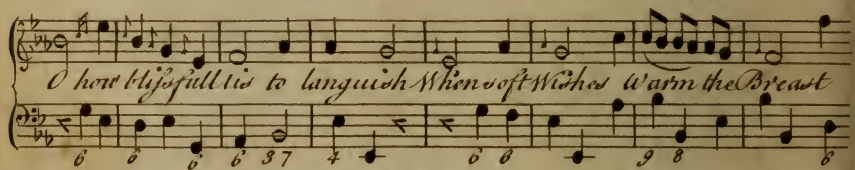
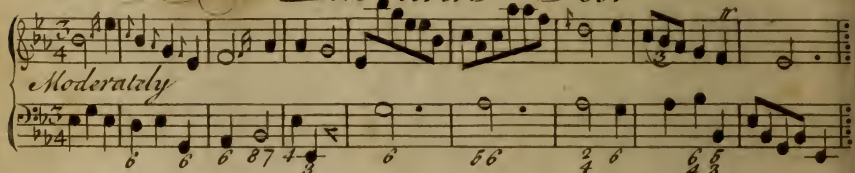
where the yel....low Cowslips blow.

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

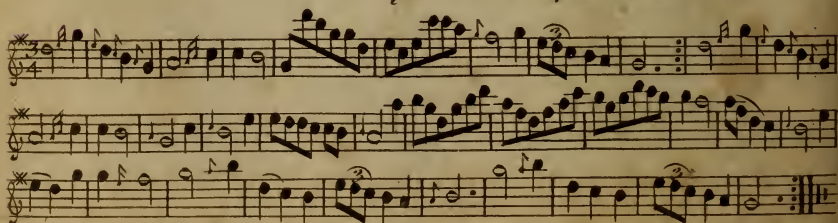
*Oh! what pleasures Shepherds know:
 Monarchs cannot such bestow,
 Love improves each happy Hour,
 Grandeur has not such in store,
 Learn, Ambition learn from hence,
 Happiness is Innocence.*



O D Favourite Air



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





The Miser's Feast

Avarus sent for

me to dine the Day and Gustave spoke The Day's Gustave

spoke the gilded Plate on Cupboard shine & Chimney hardly smoke

smo... ke the Chimney hardly smoke

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

*Avarus it is my Desire
And with me join the rest
In Winter you'd Improve your Fire
Or not till Summer feast.*



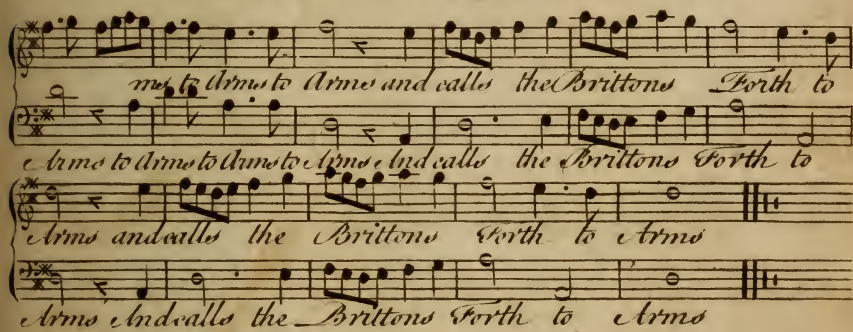
A Loyal Song

Gently

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



For two Voices



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

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

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

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



The Spinning Wheel

Moderately Brisk

Young Collin fish

ing near the Mill saw Sally underneath the Mill whose heart loves

tender pon'r would feel whose heart lov's tender pon'r would feel

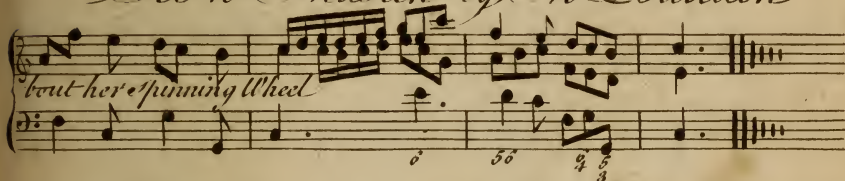
The Mill was stop't no Miller there she mild to see the Youth appear she mild to

see the Youth appear but turn'd about her Spinning Wheel but turn'd a

Slow



Set to Music by Mr Baildon

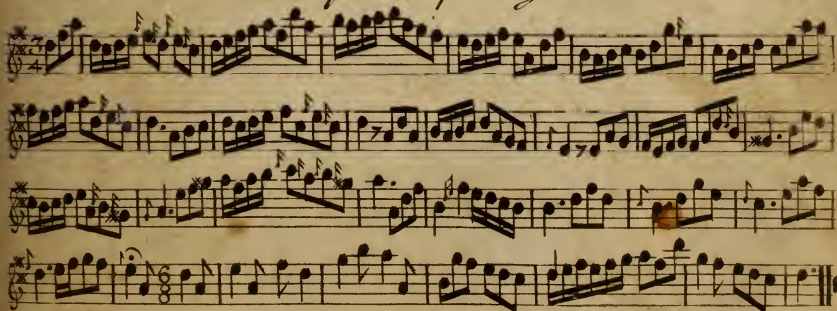


Thy Cheeks, says he, like Peaches bloom,
Thy breath is like the spring's Perfume;
On thy sweet lips my Love I'll seal,
Yon stately Swans, so white and sleek,
Are like to Sally's Breast, and neck,
But still she turns her Spinning Wheel.

She's fair, one Beauty's transient Power,
Fades like the new blown gaudy Flower;
Yet so where Virtue loves to dwell,
For where sweet Modesty appears,
We never see the vale of Years,
She smiles and stops her Spinning Wheel.

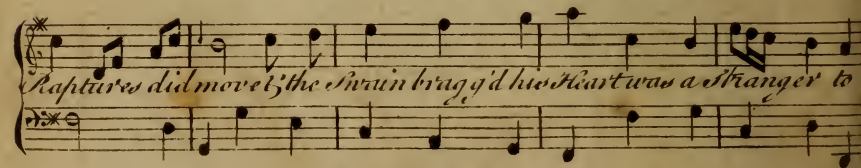
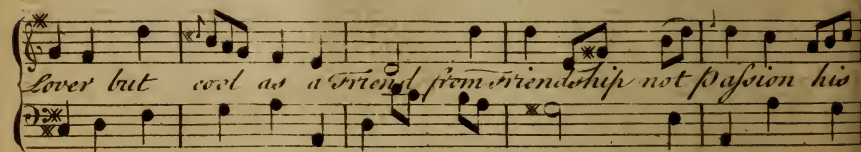
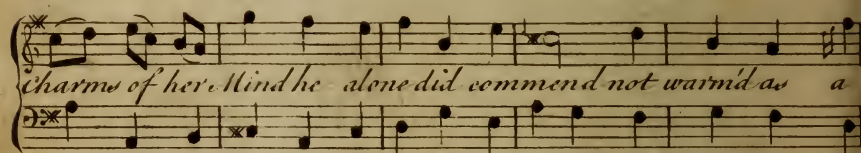
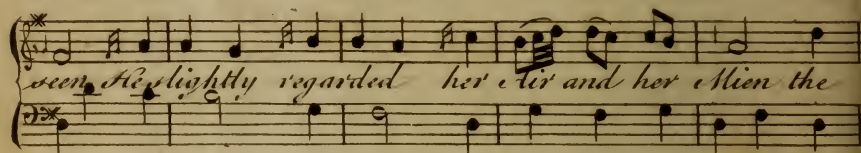
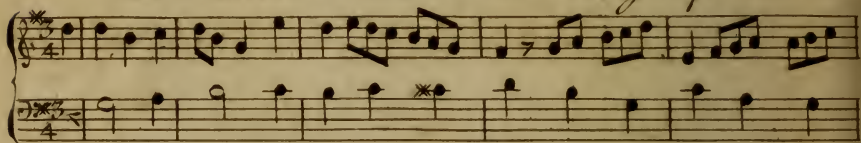
The Pomp of State, the pride of Wealth,
Says she, I scorn, for peace and health,
Where honest Labour earns her Meal;
Who tells the flatterers common tale,
Can never, o'er my Heart prevail,
And make me leave my Spinning Wheel.

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



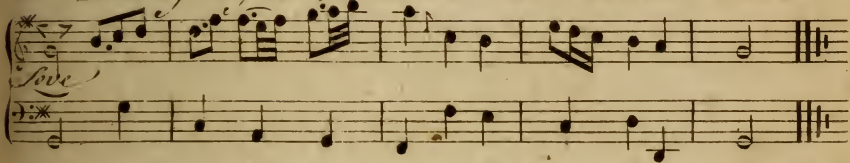


Damon and Flavella set by Mr Wademan





Sung by M^r Lowe at Naunc Hall



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

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

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



Peggy Set by M^r. Arne

Moderately

The Peggy's charms have oft bewitch'd my darling, Thence of ev'ry

Tongue New Praises still remain, & ev'ry Praise still remains such heavenly Beauty can in

new light nor fancy is like a muse and brighten ev'ry strain and brighten ev'ry strain

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

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



The Adieu

Since Peggy I must bid adieu, how can it help despairing, let
 fate its Rigour still pursue; there's no thought more worth my caring, I've
 she alone could calm my Soul when racking thoughts did grieve me. Her
 Eyes my Troubles could controul, and in to Joys deceive me.

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



A Favourite Air in the Opera of Eliza

Moderately

Pia For

With swords on their thighs the bold Yeomen are

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

Country they Arm their Religion and Queen

how glorious their Ardour to lay down their



Sung by Sig^{ra} Frasi

lives in defence of their freedom their

children and Wives how glorious their

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

children and Wives in defence of their freedom their children and

Wives

*We Tyrants we know not what Liberty yields
How she guards all our shores & protects all our fields How she
As Hebe shes fair and as Hercules strong
Shes the Queen of our mirth & the Joy of our song She's the*

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

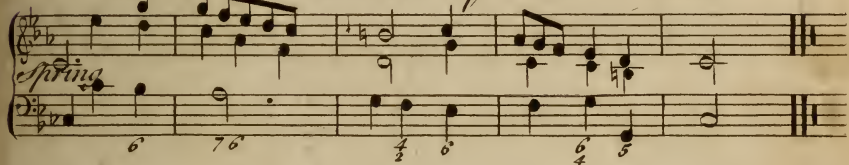


A Favourite Song from Shakespeares Cimbeline

fair Fidet.....es grasoy Tomb soft Maids and
 Village Kinds shall bring Each op ning Sweet of
 earliest Bloom and rife all the breathing



Set to Musick by M^r Arne

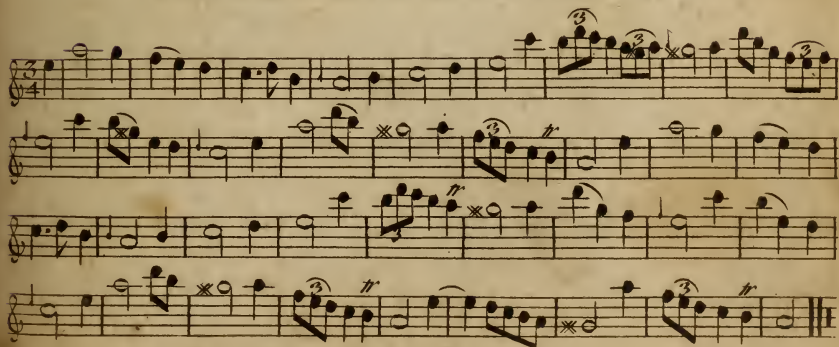


No wailing Ghosts shall dare appear The Redbreast oft at Evening Hours
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove Shall kindly lend his little aid
But Shepherds Lads assemble here With hoary Hops & gather'd Flowers
And melting Virgins own their Love To deck y^e Ground were thou art laid

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

Each lonely Scene shall Thee restore
For Thee the Tear be duly shed
Belov'd till Live could Charm no more
And mournd till Pity's self be Dead

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



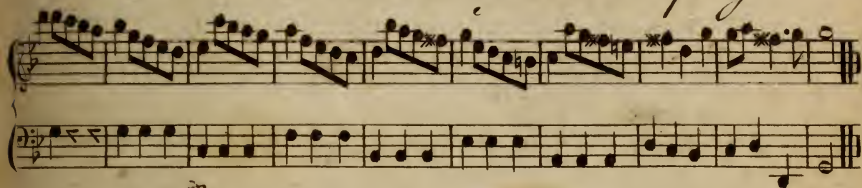


A Favourite Drinking Song

Had'st thou when first he took charge of the Sea Been as wise or at
 least been as merry as we sh^d have thought better out ^{is} instead of his
 brine would have fill'd the vast Ocean with generous Wi
 ne would have fill'd y^e vast Ocean with generous Wine



Set to Music by M^r Pope



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



O A Favourite Air

content streams or shady Groves may Celia be confin'd and from the
 quola far remove the happy ones unkind let her not range nor
 Pleasure take in Town nothing will give us thy shade we room for Beauty make which
 will not let us live

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



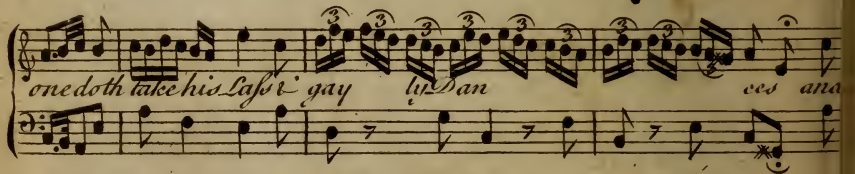
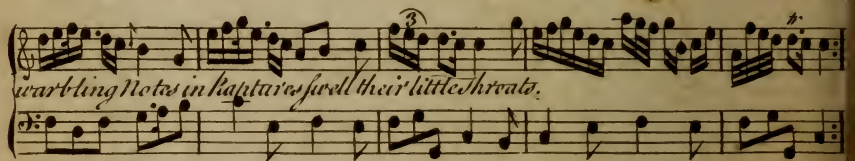
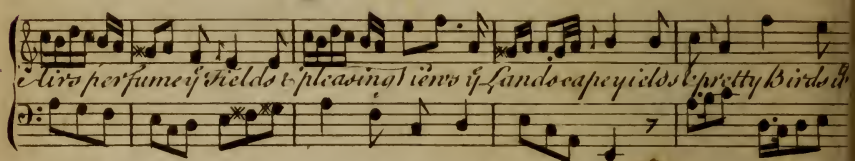
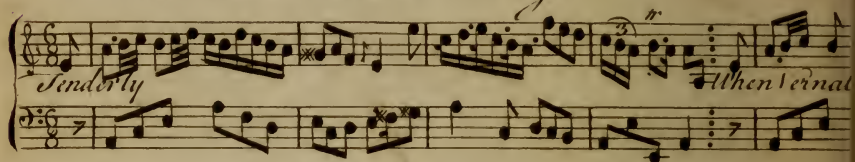
A Favourite Air

*I search'd the fields of ev'ry kind the fairest flowers I chose & sent them in a
 wreath to bind my Rode Adieu Adieu My Rode Adieu Adieu where
 the acanthus ting'd the blood in purple beauty glows there bursting from the
 swelling bud appears the blushing Rose there burst ing from the swelling
 bud ap pears the blushing Rose ap pears the blushing Rose!*

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



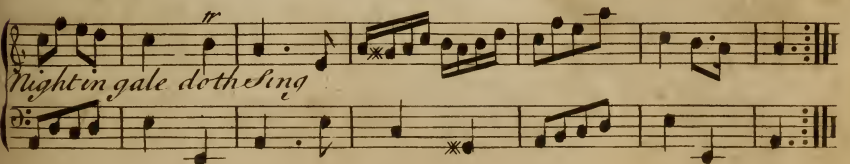
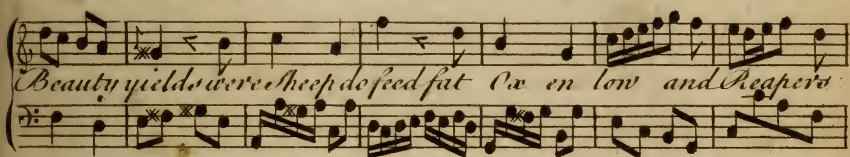
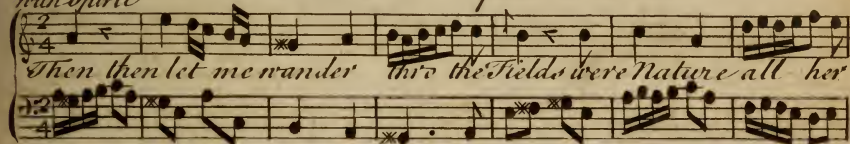
A Favourite Song





Set to e Music by e W^r Travers

with spirit





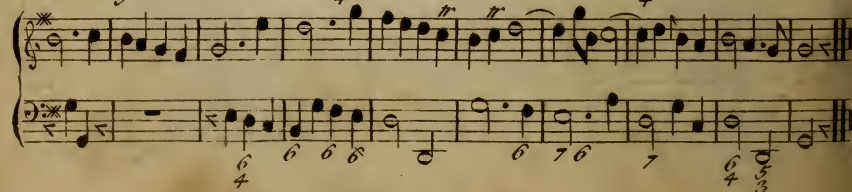
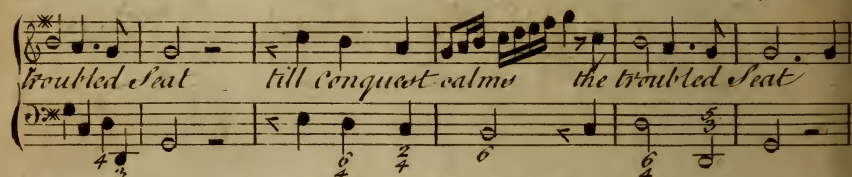
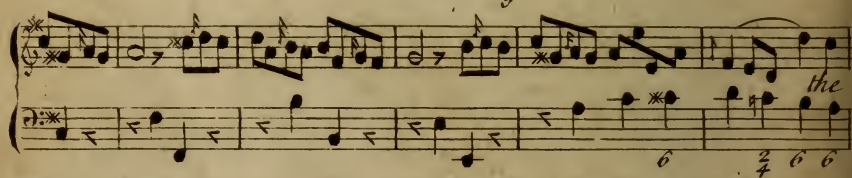
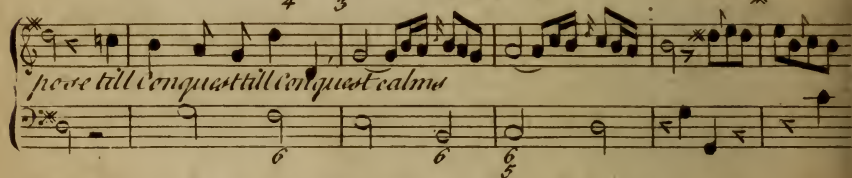
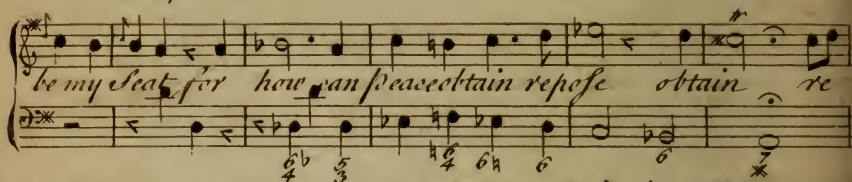
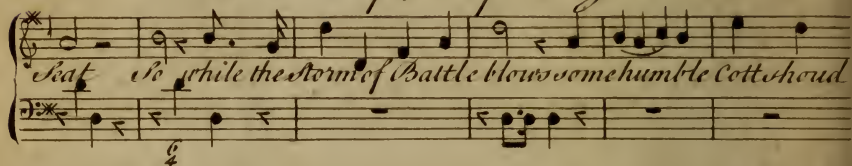
Sung by Signora Frasi

But when if rising Sun displays his
 glories on the Mountains brow
 Aloft she wars Aloft she fears Aloft she scorns Boreally pays her
 Anthem to the World below So while the
 Storm of Battle blows some humble Cott should be my Seat for
 how can peace obtain repose till Conquest till Conquest aalmoy troubled

7



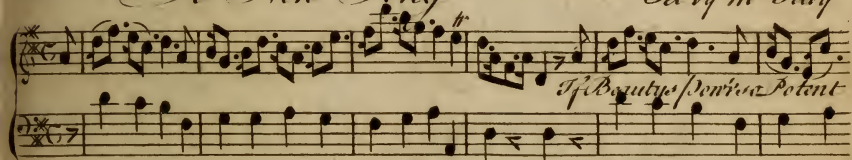
in the Opera of Eliza



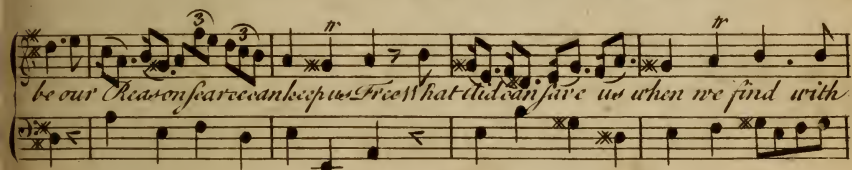


A New Song

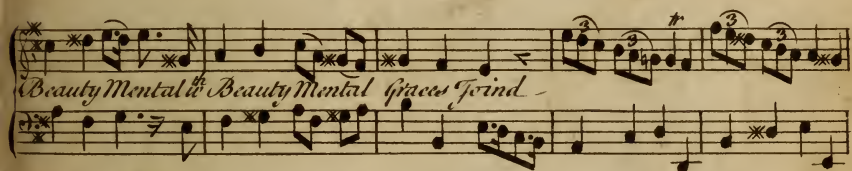
Set by Mr Selby



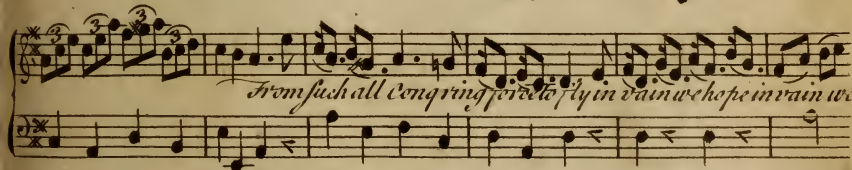
If Beauty's Power is Potent



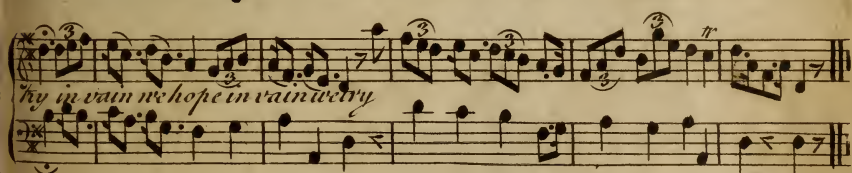
be our Reason's fear can keep us Free What did can give us when we find with



Beauty Mental to Beauty Mental Graces Joind



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

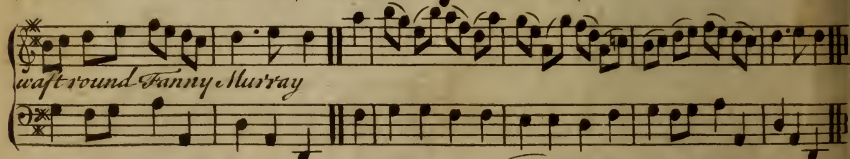
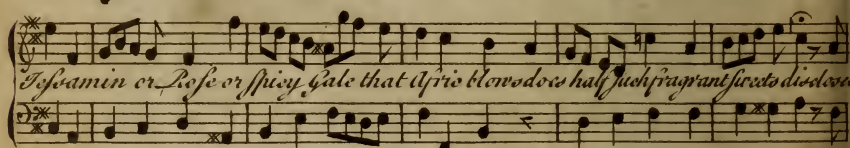
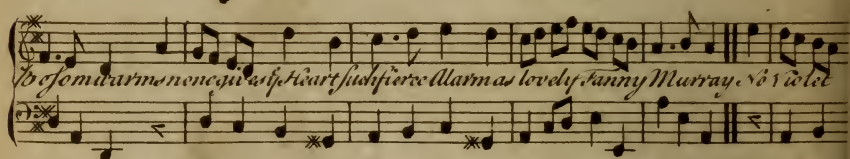
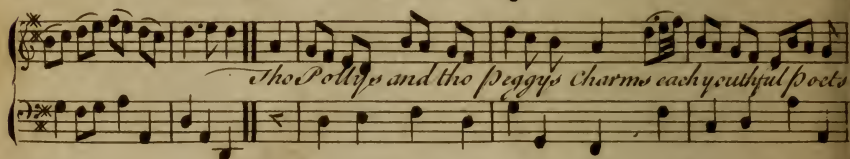
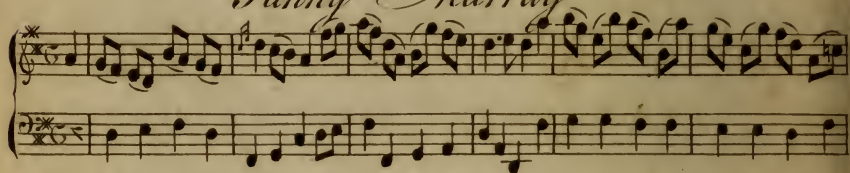


try in vain we hope in vain we try

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



Fanny Murray



Let other Swains to Court repair Give others Titles Honours Power
And vie each glittering Beauty there The Riches of Potosio's Shore
Tis & tis alone makes them so fair I ask not Bawbles I implore
But Nature Fanny Murray The Heart of Fanny Murray

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



The Lass of the Green

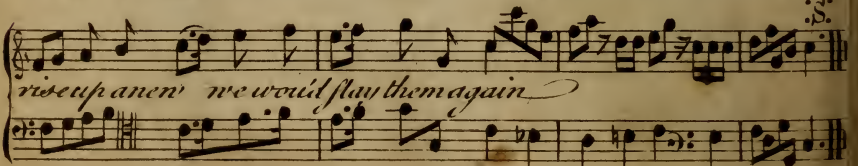
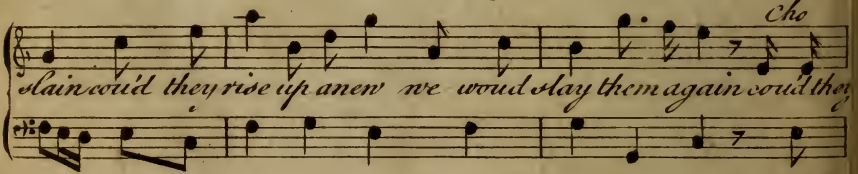
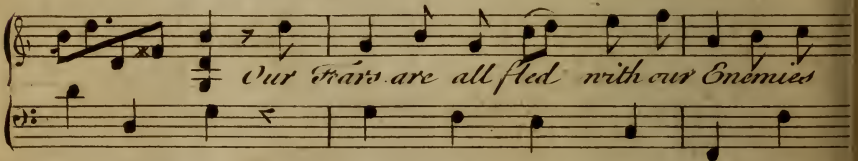
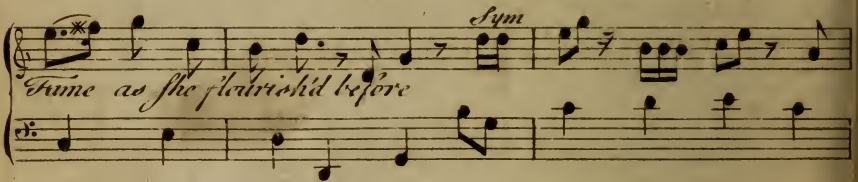
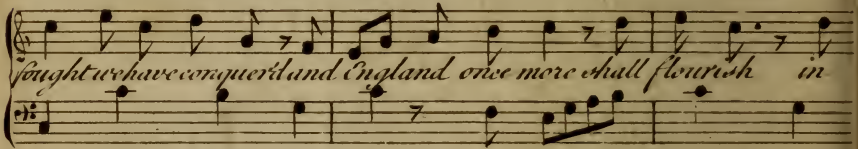
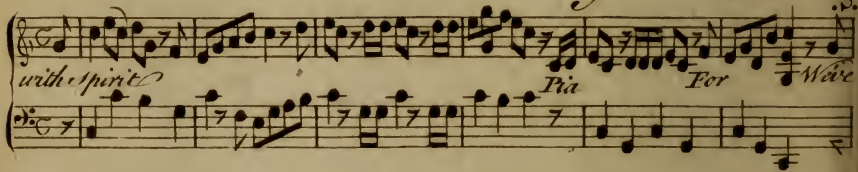
There lives a lass upon the green could her picture draw could
 Her picture draw a brighter nymph was never seen none never yet was seen that
 Looks & reigns that reigns a little Queen & keeps y^e swain in
 awe & keeps y^e swain in awe and keeps y^e swain in awe

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

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



A Favourite Song





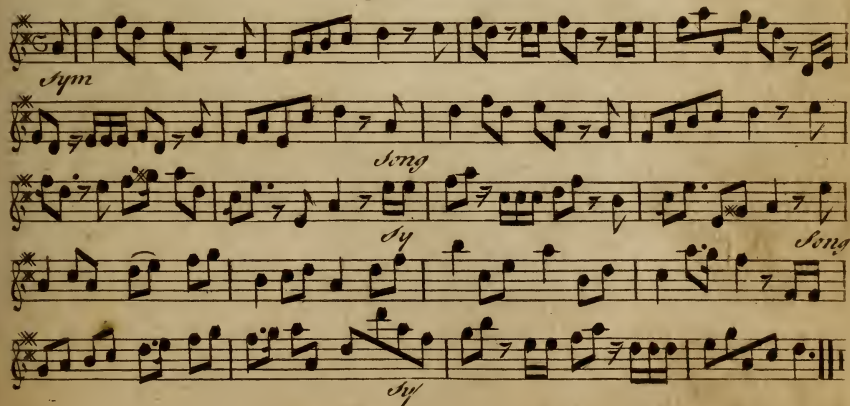
Sung by Mr. Beard

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

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

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

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





Fond Philander

Moderately Brisk *As fond Philander*

in the Pit by Fair Ophelia sat, a card by some sly gallery 'twas dropt up

on his hat was dropt upon his hat

The Nymphs observing spied it thence but blushing at the

Sight confess'd it had explain'd her secrets brought her Love to

confess'd it had explain'd her secrets brought her Love to

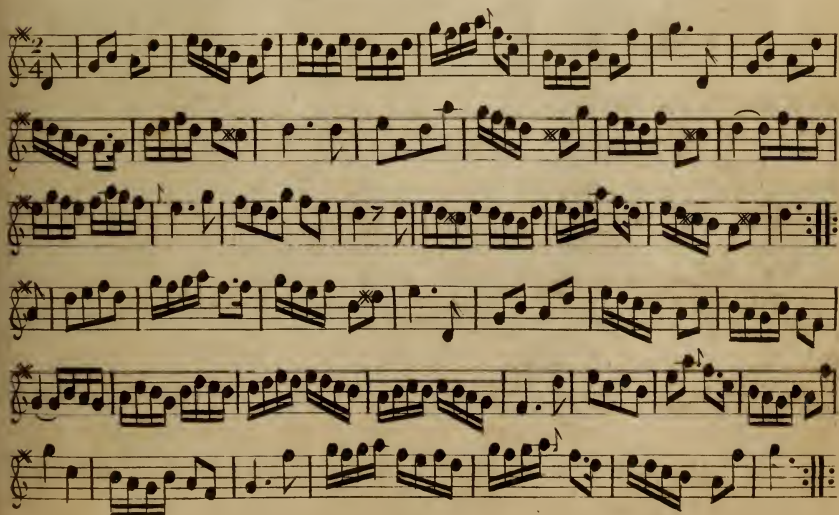


Set to Music by D^r Green



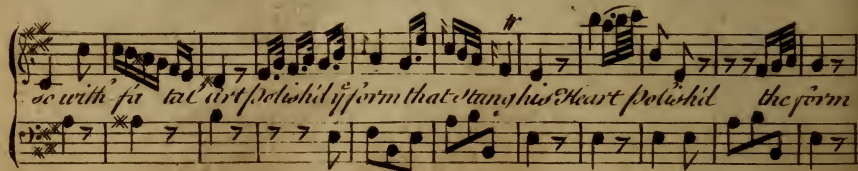
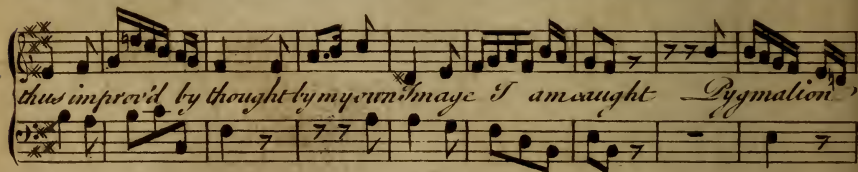
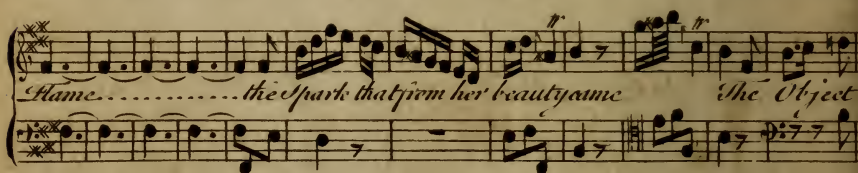
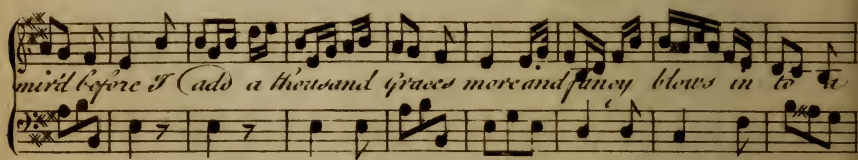
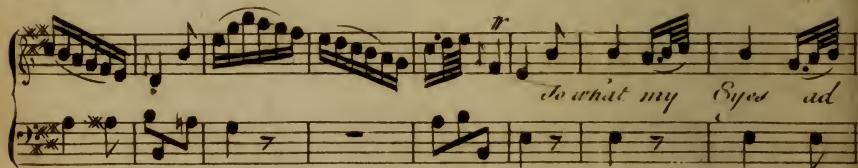
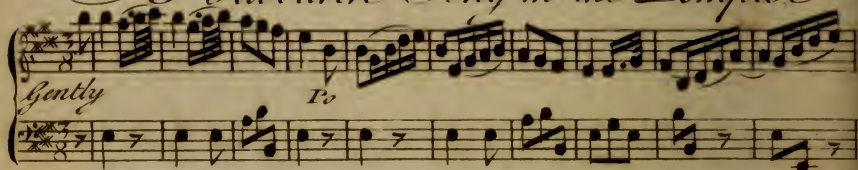
*The Swain perceiving her chang'd Look
With sudden Rapture Starts
The Card with Sweet Compulsion took
& And found it King of Hearts
The King of Hearts! O Fortune blest
Were I but such he cry'd
You reign already in my Breast
She lovingly reply'd.*

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE





A Favourite Song in the Tempest





Set to Music by M^r Smith



For the German Flute





A New Song *Set by M^r Bailldon*

Damon lov'd Pastora Pastora sigh'd for Damon but Damon lov'd Aurora du ro ra du
ro ra young Palamon Palamon lov'd Pastora Pastora sigh'd
Damon but Damon lov'd Aurora Aurora young Palamon

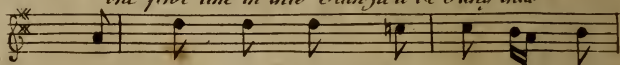
*Palamon gave Pastora
 A Wreath & Shepherd's Crook:
 And Damon gave Aurora
 A Knot and Reaping hook*

*Pastora gave to Damon
 A Cap with Chaplets crown'd:
 Aurora gave Palamon,
 A pipe with Hazel bound*

*The Cap with Chaplets crown'd
 Young Damon gave Aurora
 The pipe with Hazel bound
 Palamon gave Pastora*

*The Wreath & Shepherd's Crook
 Pastora gave to Damon,
 The Knot and Reaping hook,
 Aurora gave Palamon*

The first line in this stanza to be sung thus



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



The Gamester's Song Set by M^r Oswald

Lively

Good Sir do not start I'll teach you a trick by which you will neerer my joy

Be not squeamish or nice to cut cards or cog Dice all y^e World plays the best of the

Game the game all the World plays y^e best of the game

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

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

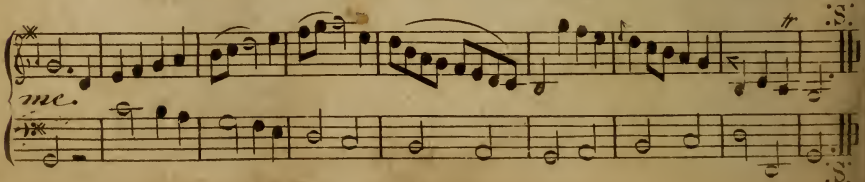
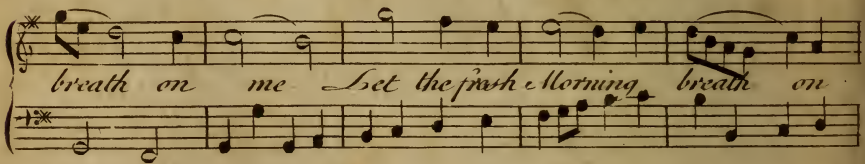
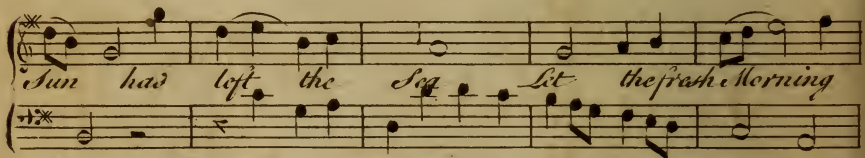
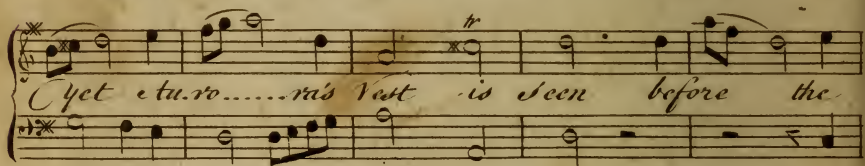
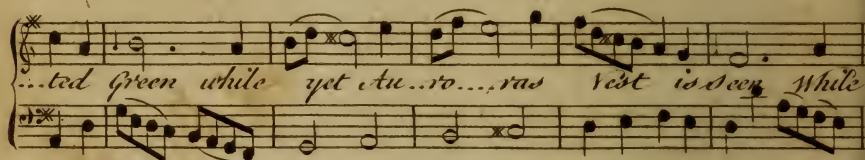
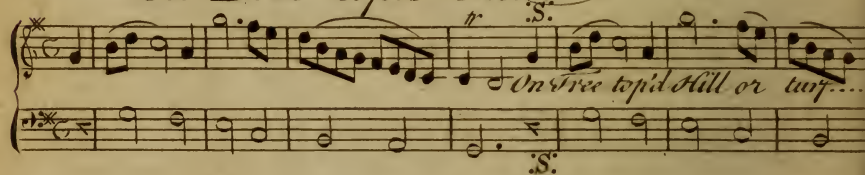
To gain his base ends each Lover pretends
 To talk of his Darts & his flame
 By which he draws in the poor Maiden to Sin
 Who is left with the worst of the Game.

And so the coy Maid with modesty's Aid
 To foolish fond Man does the same
 When she's in the Net the prude turns Coquette
 And her Spouse has the Worst of the Game.

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



On Tree topid Hill





Set to Music by M^r Smith

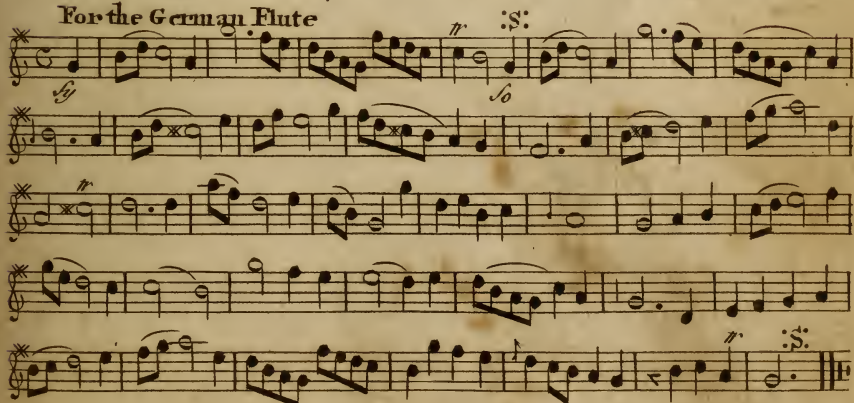
*To surge blown Heath on pasture Mead
Do thou my happy footsteps lead
Then show me to the pleasing Stream
Of which so oft at night I dream*

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

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

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

For the German Flute





A Favourite Song Sung by M^{rs} Vernon

Lively

6 0' 6 6 4 3 6 6 9 0' 4 *

Come Britannia

Pia

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

6 0' 0' 0' 2' 2' 0' 4 3 6

vance take again thy gallant stride haste

6 6 6 9 0' 1 *

take again thy gallant stride

0' 0' *

6 4' 6 6

For



in the Opera of Eliza

think oh

think on all thy noble story, howe'er rouse thee to thy Ancient glory!

Ra $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ *For*

rouse thee

think oh think on all thy noble story, howe'er rouse thee to thy

Ancient glory!

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

*Hasten, hasten, hence away,
 All thy martial Ardour show,
 Clad in terrible Array,
 Thou shalt vanquish every Foe,
 Think, oh think, on all thy noble story,
 Rouse thee rouse thee to thy Ancient glory.*



A favourite Song Set by M^r Desfach.

Daphne on her limb redin'd thus asprej'd her angry Mind see the couples how they
run pressing all to be undone
Lifted now in endless strife forth they sue Man and Wife seas un-
ruffled often flow are those calms in Marriage no

<i>Visionary Scene and vain</i>	<i>Thus the Fair in anger spake</i>
<i>Fancied Joy but real pain</i>	<i>Gainst poor Nymens rugged yoke</i>
<i>'Tis to sight a goodly Flower</i>	<i>Cupid in the form of Youth</i>
<i>But it changes in an hour</i>	<i>Sworched proves Virgins troth</i>
<i>Dian take me to thy Shade</i>	<i>Every human art he try'd</i>
<i>Twit'hee will dwell a Maid</i>	<i>Knelt & woud wept & sigh'd</i>
<i>Deaf to Courtour Wit or beauty</i>	<i>Must I say Expire in wood</i>
<i>When they sue I'll thunder No</i>	<i>Daphne sigh'd & wisper'd</i>



Natural Love

Lively

Ask why the Miser hoards his self or why the Bee ex-
tracts the sweets what makes his sick Man wish for Health Or change of seasons Cold and
Heats then willing by all try to prove my Charming Delia why I
Love

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



A favourite Song Set by W. Handell

Ask if yon damask Rose be
sweet that scents y^e Ambient Air then ask each Shepherd if you meet y^e dear Susanna
fair if dear dear Susanna's fair if dear Susanna's fair Ask if yon damask
Rose be sweet that scents y^e Ambient Air then ask each Shepherd if you meet y^e dear Sus-
anna's fair if dear Susanna's fair.

For

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

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



Corydon and Delia

Moderate *Can*

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

Can she my passion still resist & always scornful prove

And always scornful prove

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

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



Hamilla or the Raptur'd Lover

Lively but not too fast

See See See where my Dear Hamilla stands Hamilla Ha-

millah! Rav'ishly charmer See See See how with all her Arts and wiles the

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

Loves & Graces arm her the Love's & Graces ar- m

hor the Loves & Graces Arm her



Set to Music by D^r Green

A Blush a

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

of Youthfull pleasure

there love in smiling smiling smiling language speaks

There's a sweet boy's treasure there

Love in smiling smile language speaks

there's a sweet boy's treasure there

do there's a sweet boy's treasure there

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



When all the ATTIC FIRE

Gently *Pa* *For*

When all the Attic Fire was flad, all the

Roman Virtue dead, Poor Freedom lost her Seat, Poor Freedom lost her

Seat, *Sym* The Gothic Mantle spread a Night that

For *Pa*

damp'd fair Virtue's fading Light The Muses lost their Mate the

Muses lost their Mate *4*



in the OPERA of ELIZA

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



Sung by M^{rs} Vernon

Sy
lary Monk has lost his Call Religion rings her Hallow'd bell
7 7

she calls thee now by me she calls thee now by
6 7 7 4 7 6 6 4

Sy me 'Hark' hark hark her sweet
7 6 4 6 4 4 6 4

Voice all plaintive sounds See See See she receives a
6 6 6 6

thousand Wounds if shielded not by thee if shielded not by
7 6 4 6 7 7 7 6 7 6 4 3

Sy thee For
6 6 6 4 6 4 3



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

Ah Luckless Cupid art thou blind cannot thy Bow and Arrows find Thy
 Nother cure the Wanton plays and lays them up for Hollydays But
 Cupid mark how kind I'll be Because you once were so to me I'll
 arm you with such powerful Darts shall make you once more God of Hearts

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



JENNY A new Song

Moderately brisk

No less on fairs and
 Merry in Plains where Beauty all triumphant reigns
 O' Jenny can out vie
 Her Artless Charmers / Muscant all nor can
 King Sun Excel - The radiance of her Eyes

Unnumber'd Graces round her move
 At once Inspiring awe and Love
 How Heavenly is her smile
 With what a sweet bewitching main
 As to be told or safely seen
 She can the hours beguile

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

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

But woud you fix the constant
 Of charms who worth is once chaste
 Pursue my Jennys plan
 As e^r other way you can succeed
 For tho you may the Toying kind
 You'll neer secure the Man



Jockey and Mary & Favourite Song

Moderately

When Treas did bud & Fields were gre^{en}

How is very fair to see When Mary was a compleat fifteen & love laugh'd in her Eye

laugh'd in

When Mary was com

pleat fifteen & love laugh'd in her Eye blith Jockeys took her heart did move to speak he.



Chloes Power Set by M^r Arne Jun^r

Slow

Forbear fond

God forbear woe! Dart seek not to wound a dying Heart

At Chloes faint swooping lies attending Vice tins to her conquering Eyes

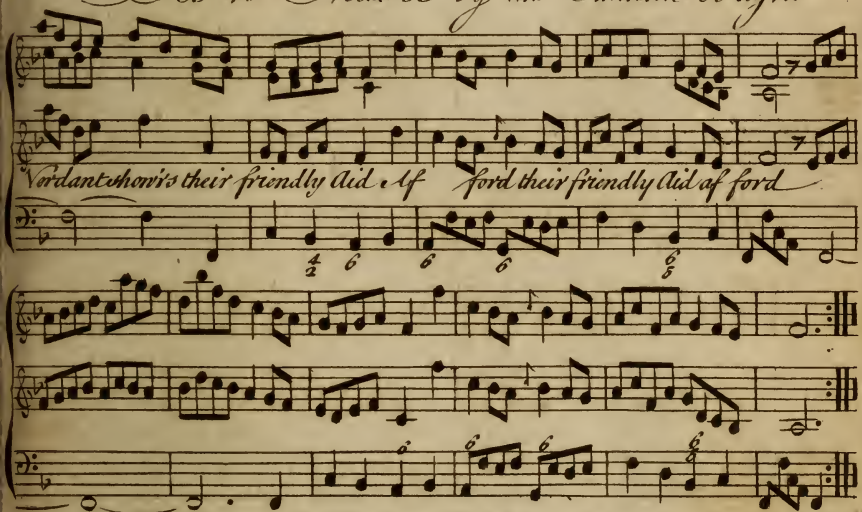
From her Deaths such a pleasing pain | You and the little Loves all fly
 I wish to live to dye again | To light their Torches at her Eye
 With Joy to him the Blow is given | By her alone lovers Empire thrive
 That has so near a prospect of his Heart | This Vestal keeps loves sacred fire alive

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

Andante



Set to Music by an Eminent Master



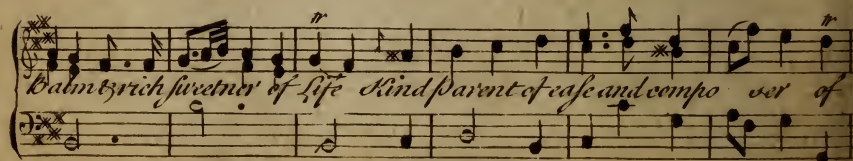
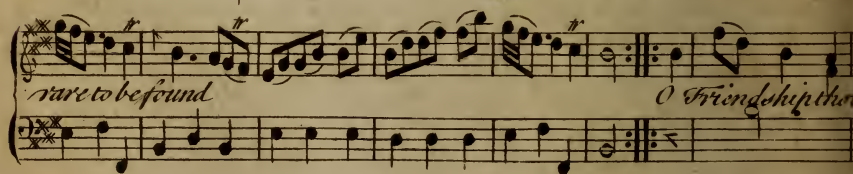
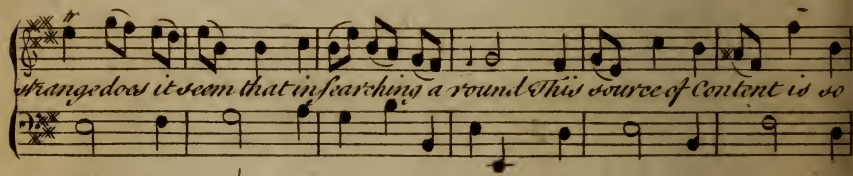
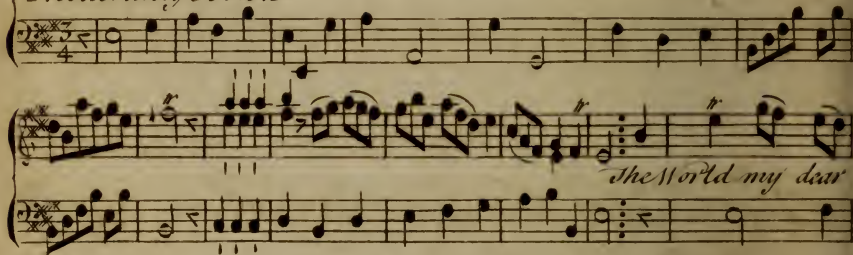
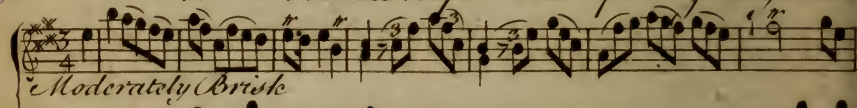
As when worn down with toils & cares, The whistling Thrush with pleasing Note
We gentle sleep require, And welcomes in the Morn,
Indulgent sleep our wants repairs, And gaily swells his tuneful throat
And does new life inspire, This season to adorn
So Winters frosts are chas'd away, Soon as the sun begins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

The Primrose sweet & Cowslip too, Midst lonely Woods & silent bowrs
Bedeck the lovely green, When Sol in West retreats,
Where ere we turn & take a view, In plaintive notes poor Philomel,
Kind natures smiles are seen, Ah! Evening tale repeats,
In wanton play sportive lambs, Then well together every day
On meadows fresh & clear, O'er flow'ry meadows rove,
Or feeding with their bleating dams, Or whilst soft gentle Zephyrus play
There choicest grass explore, Frequent the shady grove.

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



On Friendship Set by Wth John Gerrard



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

The joys of an Hour But empty de

lusion the Toys of an Hour

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

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



The Wit and Beau

Moderately Brisk *With*

every Grace Young Stephen chose his per son to adorn

his Person to adorn

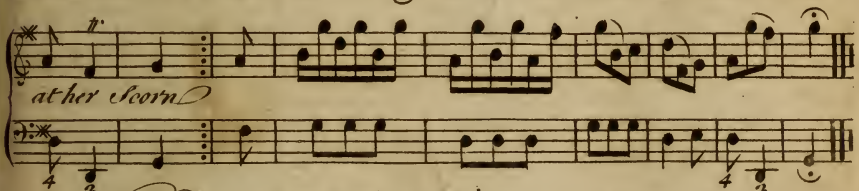
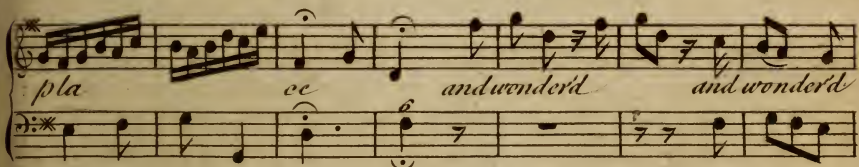
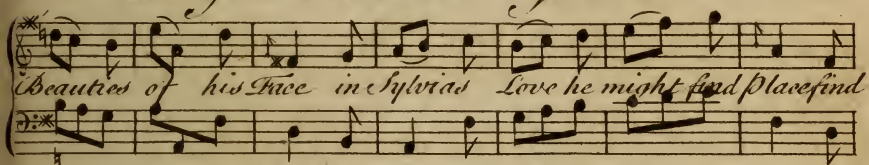
That by the Beauties of his Face in Sylvias

Love he might find Place and wonder'd

and wonder'd at her scorn That by the



Sung at the Publick Gardens



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

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

*This found his Courtship Strephon ends
Or makes it to his glass
There in himself now seeks Amends
Convinc'd that were a Wit Pretends
A Beau is but an Ass.*



AN ODE & Address'd to a Lady set by M^r Abington

Epick

The Bird that

From my Lined wing flies with Caution shuns the School Boys Tricks but we who would be

Thought more useful than shunning Line swigs for our Sex

The

Formal Kind our Hearts on Nature's gramma Science to repay the Study'd Look the

fashion'd by Oh shame can longer God like Man

To sooth the feeling social Breast,	When Nature kind, exerts her Skill
And calm the noisy Worlds alarms,	And frames a heavenly Race & Mien
To welcome Raptures peace's Rest,	How vain to contradict her Will,
With Beauty soft endearing Charms,	That let the Angel still be seen,
By native power of Face and Mind,	Such Beauty needs no mortal Aid,
To be at once both blest and bless'd,	But ever brightens in the Good,
For this y ^e Gods the Fair design'd!	Believe me Nature never made,
And not to patch, to paint, & dye.	A gay Coquette or formal Prude.

*The Glare of tinsel Vanity,
The mental Eye may change approve;
But sense & heav'n-born Modesty,
Must win the Soul, the Seat of Love
The blooming Maiden whom these adorn,
With pity views her Sex's Folly,
And radiant as the Rays of Morn,
These Virtues shine in the Cello!*



The Fond Lover • Sung by • M^r Lowe at Vaux Hall

Briak

Dear Cloe come give me sweet Kisses for aye, for no Girl ever gave but
why in the midst of my Bliss, do you ask me how many I'd have
I am not to be stinted in pleasure then prithee (dear Cloe) be Kind, for
since I love thee beyond measure to number I'll ne'er be Confund

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

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



Lucy,

Written by M^r Green

Lively

Of all the nymphs that
tript the Green fair Lucy bore the Sway
Joy in each Shepherd
look was seen her presence made them gay
gay
to among the admiring rest her rising Charms survey'd

Sym



If Love's a sweet Passion

Andertly *pia* *for*

If Love's a sweet passion how can it torment if bitter *0*

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

should I complain Or grieve at my Fate since I know tis in

vain sym *Song* *Yet so pleasing the*

Pain is so soft is the Dart *That at*

for *pia*

Set to Music by M^r Baidon

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

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

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

Sung by M^r Lowe at the Theatre Royal

Love tis taught us on Earth and by all things above

And to Beautys bright Standard all

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

Field And to Beautys bright Standard all Heroes must

yield tis Beauty that conquers that

con-

quers tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair

Field



A Favourite Air

Moderately brisk Phillis we dont grieve that Nature
forming you has done her part and in ev'ry single feature shew'd hutmost of her
Art shew'd the utmost of her Art
But in this it is pretended all the cruel grievance lies that your heart shoud be de
fended while you wound us with your Eyes That your heart shoud be de
fended while you wound us with your Eyes

Loves a senseless Inclination	Perzians paying solemn Duty
Where no Mercy to be found	To the rising Sun inclin'd
But is just where kind compassion	ever would adore his Beauty
Gives us balm to heal the Wound	But in hopes to make him kind



Sing by • Miss Young in the Opera of Eliza

Slow *for*

Where the primrose decks the well where the moon ey'd fairies dwell near the

Solita ry thorn there I hail the gray ey'd morn where the brook slow windin

glides round of mountains steril sides there my Vagrant foot steps stray till the

servant noon of day *Imp* *very soft*

O'er the spreading Lawn and Vale,
Through the Copse I chant my tale;
Not the shady thicket leave,
Till bright Vesper brings the Eve,
While the village Milk-maid sings,
While the solemn Curfew rings,
While the plowman whistles home,
Ah! how pensive do I roam.



Stephen & Chloe

Beneath a beech as Stephen laid reclind on Chloes Breast she blisht &

thus & gentle haud her tender fear her tender fear confest

Wanton shepherd prithee

leave me you but Court me to deceive me you but court me to deceive me

you but court me to deceive me Prithce leave me wanton

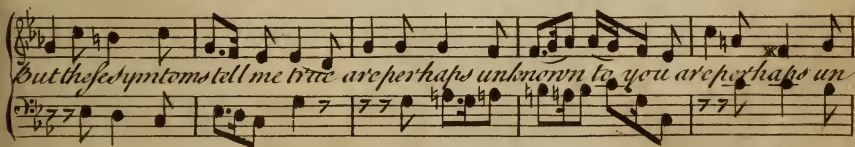
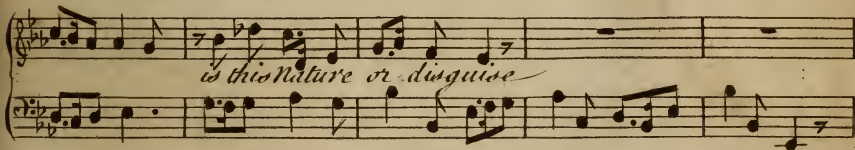
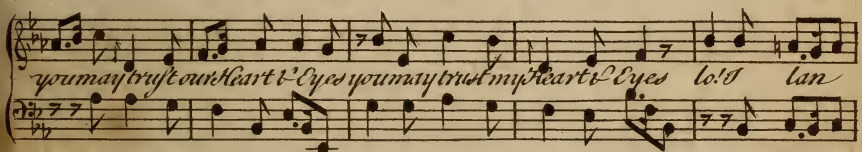
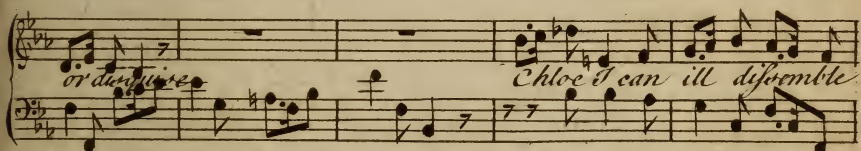
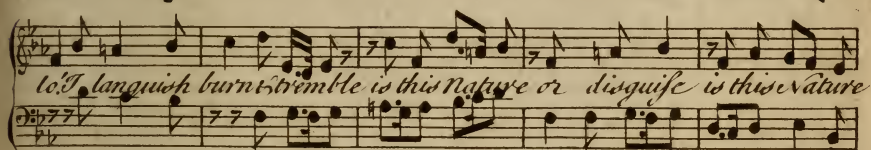
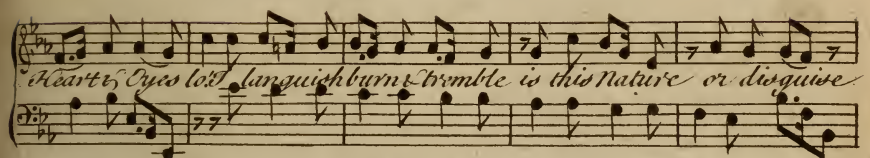
Shepherd you but court me to deceive me you but court

me to deceive me you but court me to deceive me

A favourite Cantata

Non alaso are still pur sing poor un
 hap py Womans ruin Non alaso are still pur
 sing poor unhappy Womans ruin poor unhappy Wo
 mans ruin Thee wain hung o'er yspanling ruin'd rapture viewing
 evry Feature Fondly he sooth'd each rising Care and thus ad
 drest the pretty pretty Creature
 Chloe I can ill dissemble you may trust me

Set to Musick by D^r Green





Sung by M^r Beard and Miss Young

Oh we neither can dissemble, we may trust our Hearts & Eyes,

Oh we neither can dissemble,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



A New Song,

The

other Day to grief betray'd by Jockeys cold Disdain, I sought a cooling conscious shade to

sooth my amorous Pains *and on a limpid*

Rivers brink beneath a spreading tree, where Cods & flocks resort to drink, I joy'd the

fanning Breeze where Birds & flocks resort to drink, I joy'd the fanning Breeze

The Birds to tell their little loves *Soon was my wry Sence suppress'd*
All strand their warbling throats *In laden slumbers stole*
And look'd answer'd through & grove *Each Care was lull'd within my breast*
The modulated Notes *And sleep Inform'd the whole*
The meads & Lanes in motly Dyes *I nethought while thus I lay reclind*
Diffus'd their sweets around *The horror of the plain*
And various beauties met my Eyes *Cryd Phillis calm thy tortur'd mind*
Along the enameld ground. *For Jockeys thine again.*

Then starting at so sweet a Sound
With rapturous Joys in view
To soon my self awake I found
And ere my Shepherd flew
Think fair ones how surpris'd was I
How shocking it must seem
To find no Jockeys had been by
And all my Bliss a Dream



Stephon & Cara A Dialogue

Cara

Oft I have with Wonder seen Blooming Nymphs & Jolly Swains
Sing and trip it o'er the Green then bewail thier inward Pains

Stephon say for I am told you the Secret can impart
Whence the Changes I behold, Cold and motionless my Heart

Stephon
Have you, Cara, never read,
Of a blind, Mischievous Elf;
God and Men his power dread;
Nay, sometimes he wounds himself

Cara
Of the Urchin I have heard,
Of his sharp, envenom'd Dart,
Then, how I may alway guard,
Cold & motionless my Heart?

Stephon
Vain are precepts to dissuade,
Or to raise an am'rous Flame,
Wait with patience, lovely Maid,
Nature, is in all, the same,
Artless Darts you thro' around,
Darts sink deepest without art;
But beware the fatal wound,
Farcer flames the unpractic'd Heart

Cara
Darts, & Pains, & Flames, & Wounds
Whence do all these Mischiefs spring
These are strange Mysterious sounds
I've heard Farrinelli sing,
At Quadrill seen Mamma play,
Karlquin exert his Art;
Some faint pleasure these convey,
Cold & motionless my Heart.

Stephon
Cara in thy tender Breast,
Fervell, treasur'd, up remains;
Once if fir'd adieu to Rest,
Stiffed, greater are the pains,
Damon view, if you would learn
Whence proceeds the am'rous Dart.

Both
(Too, too well) I can discern,
(my) (you) (ah)
(Ah, how) frail your fluttering Heart



The Comparison Set by Mr Travers

Moderately slow

When first we see the ruddy Sun rise
from an Eastern Hill we look upon him
with delight and safe by gaze our fitt

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

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

Thus when in wrapping Gown you rise
To fence thee Mornings Cold
Too perfect Rapture to approach
Your Heav'n to behold.

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

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



The Maiden's Advice Set by W. Holmes

Moderately Quick

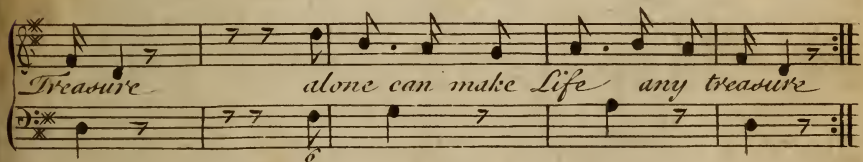
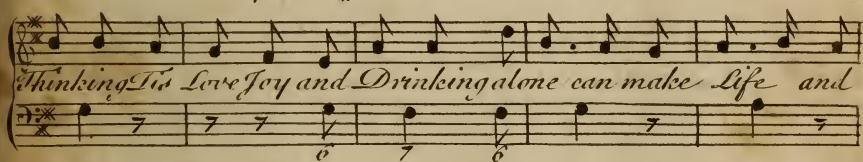
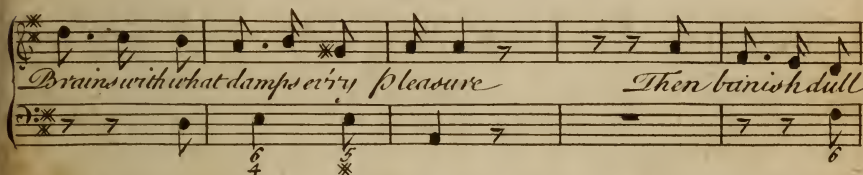
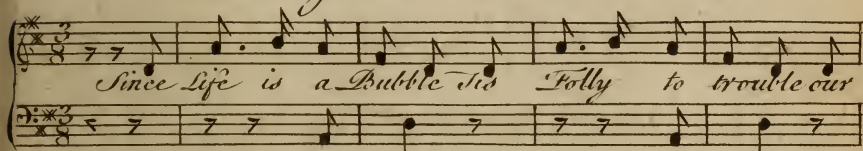
Vain Youth thy flat te
ry give o'er thy latent Arts & now explore Detest your lawless Flame
Detest your lawless Flame hence from my sight & Virtue learn of Chaste from Provo
luta discern the Chaste from Proviluta discern & or use them as the same
or use them as the same

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

The Precept learn which I impart,
Ne'er strive to gain a Virgin's Heart,
Only to please your will;
Have nobler thoughts of the fair Sex,
(Your Actions let them ne'er perplex),
(For chaste are Women still).



The Jovial Fellow



Since our time is so Short —
 We'll grasp ev'ry Sport —
 And still let's be frolick & gay
 Why shoud we incumber —
 With cares our vain & lumber
 Tis wisdom to live whilst we may

Here's Gold & Misers Stiffle
 And hoard the gay Trifle
 But we'll make if slave do tis due
 It only Dispeneces —
 True bliss to our Sences —
 When it purchases Nectar & Beauty

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



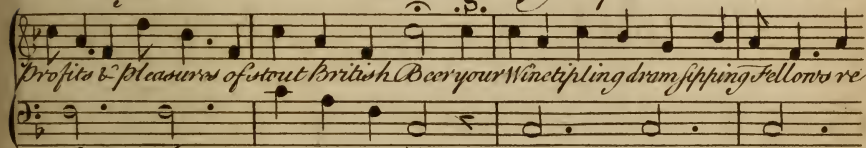
The Beer-drinking Britton

Moderate

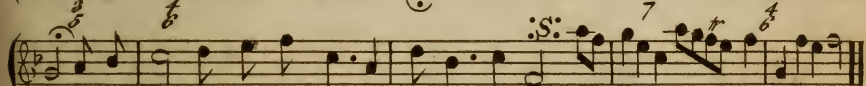
Ye true honest Brittons who love your own Land Whose
 Sires were so brave so Victorious and free who always beat France when they took her in
 hand Come join honest Brittons in Chorus with me join in Chorus in
 Chorus with me come join honest Brittons in Chorus with me
 Let us sing our own Treasures Old England's good Cheer the



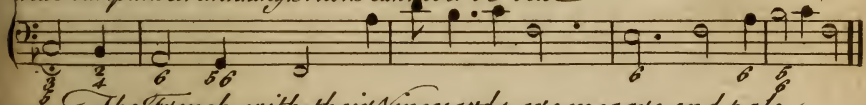
Set by M^r Arne & Sung by M^r Beard



Profits & pleasures of stout British Beer your Wine drinking drowsy fellows re

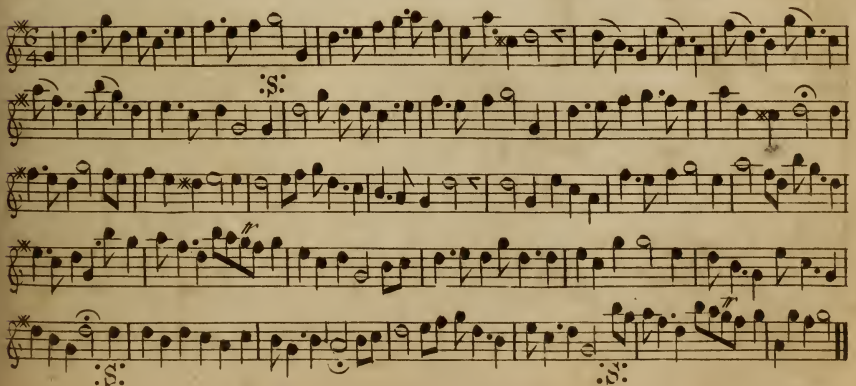


beat but pun beer drinking Britons can never be beat



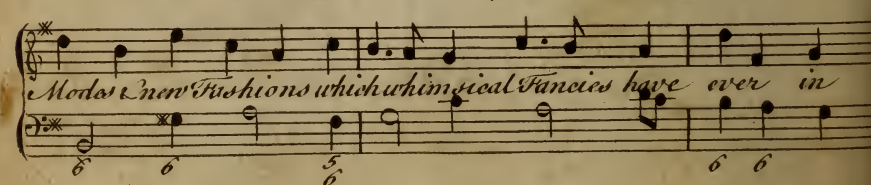
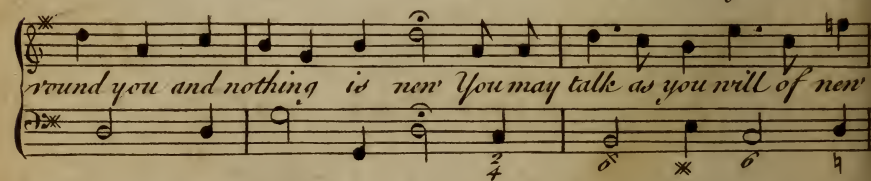
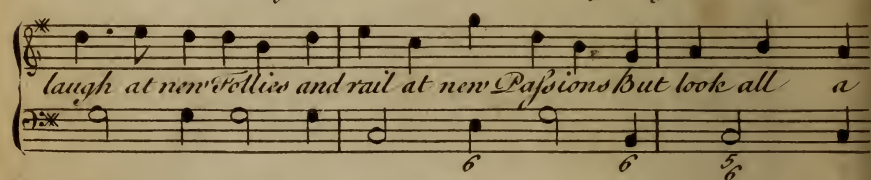
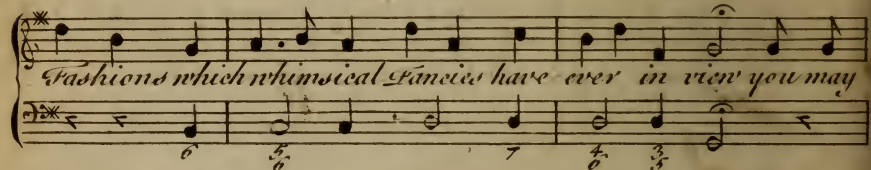
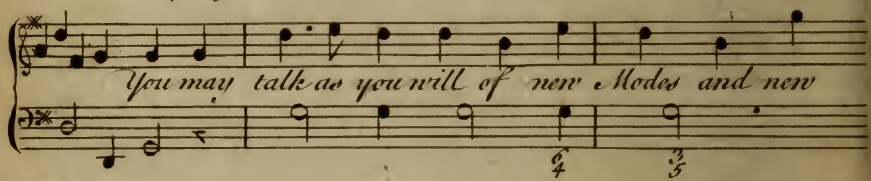
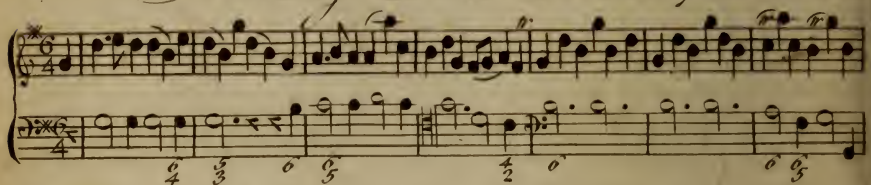
The French, with their Vineyards, are meagre and pale,
They Drink of the Squeezing of half ripin'd Fruit;
But we who have Hop Grounds to Mellow our Ale
Are Roay & Plump, and have Freedom to Boot,
Let us Sing our own Treasure &c.

Should the French dare invade us, thus arm'd with our poles,
Well bang their bare Ribs, make their santhorn Jaws ring,
For your Beef eating, Beer-drinking Britons are Souls,
Who will shed their last Drop for their Country & King,
Let us Sing our own Treasure &c.





Nothing New the Words by M^r Worsdale



Set to Musick by Mr. Arne

view you may laugh at new Follies and rail at new

Passions But look all around you and nothing is new

nothing nothing nothing is new

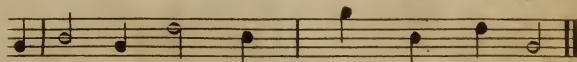
That Virgins are whimsical, fickle & coy,
Affecting to shun what they fondly pursue,
Coquetting, yet sighing for conjugal joy;
Confess, O ye Lovers, To this folly new.

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

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

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

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



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



Brevitas Vitæ Set by M^r Holmes

ask me dearest Friend for leave To ask me dearest Friend for leave What France means by her threats of
 War Her thund'ring fleets preparing Their preparations next we
 pound their preparations next we pound Bold British Fire will soon confound their schemes however daring

Our blooming Youth with all its flights Let us my Friend in some cool shade
 Its jovial Days & blissful nights For secrecy and Friendship made
 What various Joys attend The fleeting hours improve
 When Time has powdered o'er with hair 'Tis Wine alone dispels our Care
 Our looks what have we more to do The Glass will drink to morrow's fear
 With Father Brother Friend And make us fit for Love.

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



An Occasional Ode on the Success of our Arms

Hail England! Old England! for glory renowned! In Arms as in Art so transcendently renowned!

Thine strict to Honour no Treaties to break! Thine strict to Hon' no Treaties to break! Thine

Thine to revenge when Honour at stake! Thine on rise ye brave draw ye sword point of lance! And

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

Huzza Oh ye glorious to Conquest pursue! Sh' Trumpet of Victory puff'd for you!

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

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



Credulity in Love recommended set by M^r Arne

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

Happy only is the Lover Whom his Mistress well deceives Seeking nothing to discover He contented lives at Ease	But y ^e Wretch who would be knowing What the Fair one would disguise Only seeks his own undoing (Changing happy to be wise)
---	---



The Maidens Case Sung by Miss Thomas

At the foot of a Hill in a neat lonely Cott to die and old Maids afraid is my lot

Not a Man but my Father or son in y^e place think how hard my Condition & pity my

Cafe I think how hard my Condition & pity my Cafe

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

My Mother once caught us alone in the Dark,
She shut me and forc'd me away from my spark,
Then sulk'd much of Sorrow, of Shame, & Disgrace,
I think how hard my Condition, and pity my Cafe.

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

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

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



Kitty Fisher - Set by M^r. Baker -

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

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

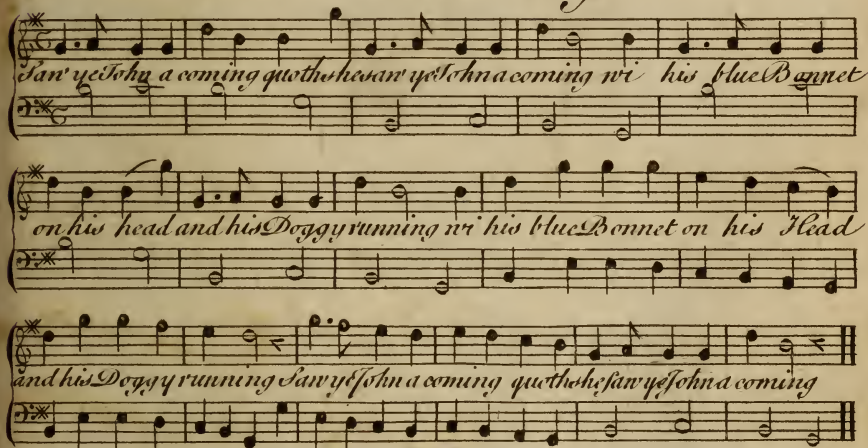
All must her Wit & Sense admire
They give to every breast desire
For Swarms of little loves are hung
On every word that tips the Tongue
Of lovely Kitty.

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

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



A new Scotch Song



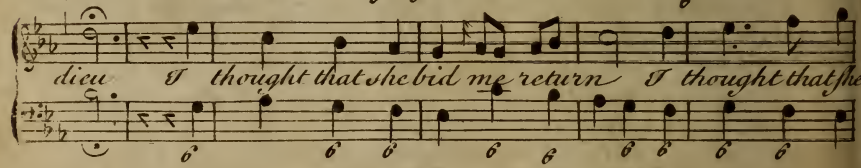
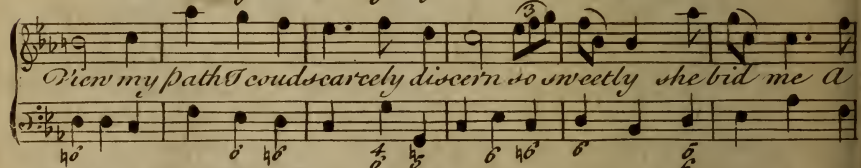
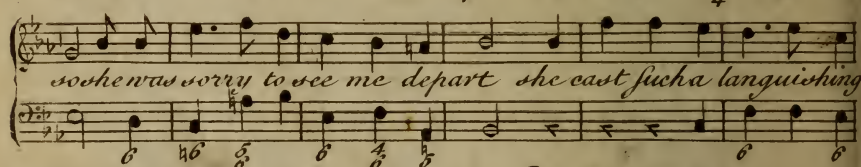
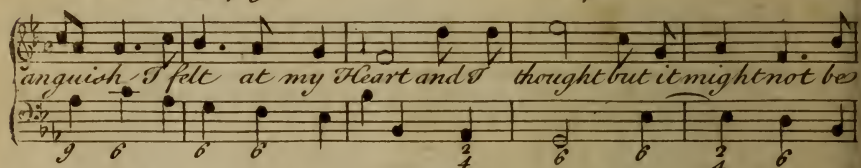
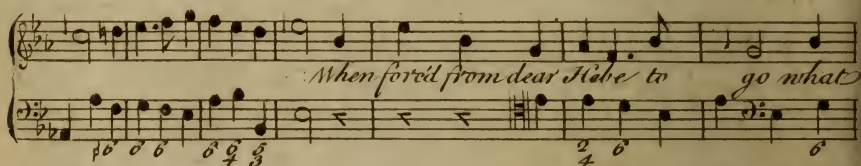
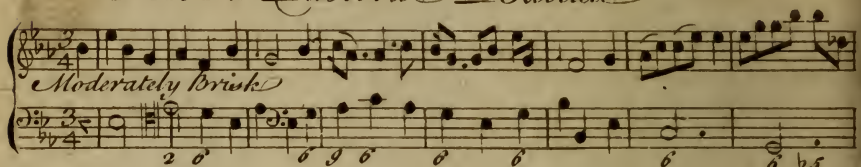
Oh! how weel I Loo him quoth she	If ye donna fee him Fãther,
Oh! how weel I Loo him,	If ye donna fee him,
For he is a bonny Lad,	I se gird my Coat about my waist
An' a weel doing,	And I se gang wi him,
For he is a bonny Lad	I se gird my Coat about my waist
And a weel doing,	And I se gang wi him,
Oh!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

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

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

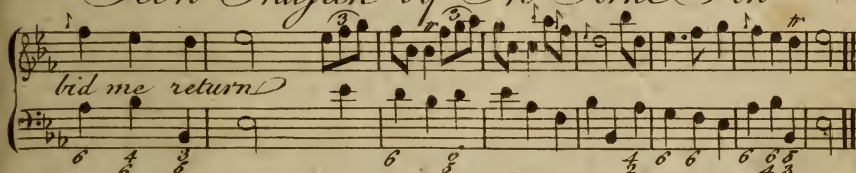


Hebe a Pastoral Ballad





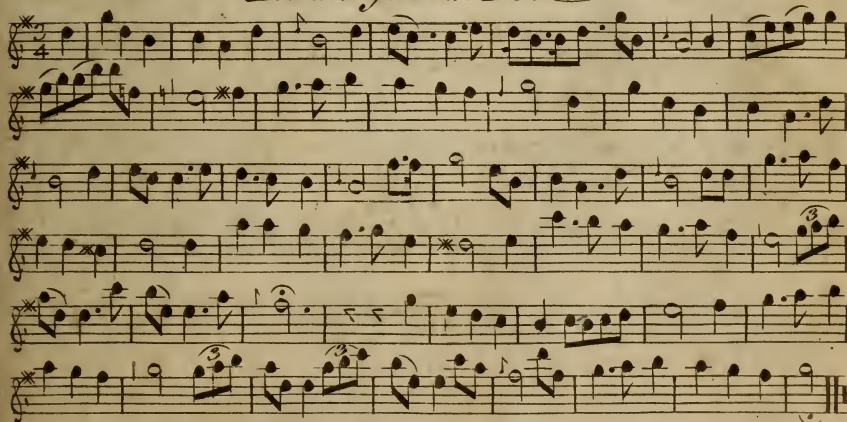
Set to Musick by M^r Arnce Pen^r



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

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

For the German Flute





Delia A favourite Song

Soft pleasing pains unknown before my
 beating Bosom feels When I behold the bliss....full
 Bow'r where dearest Delia dwells that way I daily
 drive my Flock & h!hap py hap...py Vale There

Set to Musick by M^r Arne

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

Sometimes at Midnight do I stray
Beneath inclement Skies
And there my true Devotion pay
To Delia's Sleep-seal'd Eyes
So pious Pilgrims nightly roam
With tedious Travel faint
So kiss alone the Clay-cold Tomb
Of some lov'd fav'rit Saint.

O tell ye Shades that fold my Fair
And all my Bliss contain
Wholly should ye those blessings share
For which I sigh in vain
But let me not at Fate repine
And thus my Griefs impart
She's not your Tenant she is mine
Here Mansion is my Heart.

For the German Flute



Cupid's Refuge

*Love when he
saw my Fanny's face hisond'rous passion mov'd forgot the ease of human life: 'till at last he
lov'd and felt at last he lov'd then to the god of soft Desire his suit he thus ad-
dress'd I Fanny love with mutual Fire O touch her tender Breast
st. I Fanny love with mutual Fire O touch her tender Breast O
touch her tender Breast*

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



Sung by Miss Bricklayer in the Opera of Eliza

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



The Judicious Fair

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



Set by M^r Bryan & Sung by Miss Young

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

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

flatter me more

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

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

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

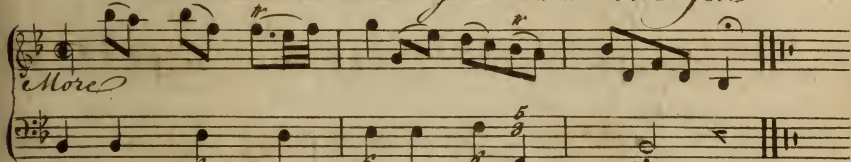


Sally a favourite Song

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



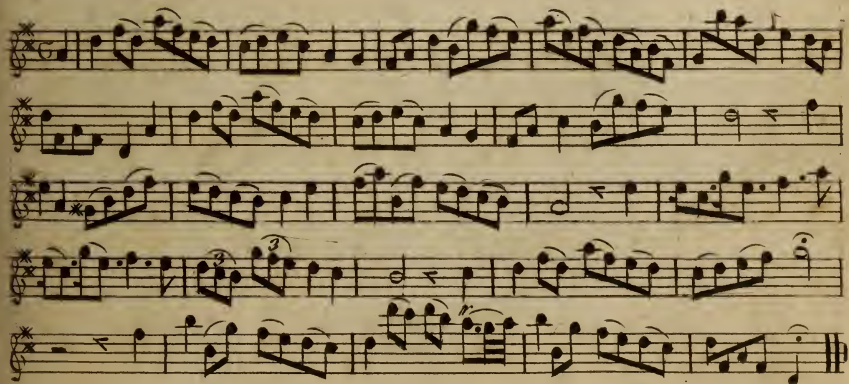
Set to Musick by M^r Anne Sells



No more ye'd prate of Hyllas bill, Where Bees their Honey sip, Did ye but know y ^e sweets y ^e dwell, On Sallys Love fraught lip; But ah! take heed ye timoful swains The ripe temptation shun Or else like me ye'll wear her Chains Ye'll be like me undone	But now the Gloomy Grove I seek Where Love torn Shepherds stray, There to y ^e Winds my Griefs I speak And sigh my Soul away Nought but Dispair my fancy paints No dawn of Hope I see For Sallys pleas'd at my Complaints And laughs at Love & me
--	--

Once in my Cott secure I slept, Then Larklike hail'd the Morn, More sportive then y ^e Kids I kept, I wand'rd o'er the Lavn To ev'ry Maid Loves Tale I told, And did my Truth avow, Yet e'er y ^e parting Kiss was Cold I laugh'd at Love & her.	Since this my poor neglected Lamb Is late my only Care, Have left there fonsd thier sleepy Dams And strayd I know not where Alas! my Curs in vain you beat, My Lambskins lost adieu No more ne on y ^e plain shall meet For losts your Shepherd too.
---	---

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE





Set to Musick by M^r Arne

love she was faithless and I am undone

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

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



Vanity of Life

Life how vain esteem'd a blessing worthy

Mortal's hope to share pursues to every man possessing full of sorrow full of care full of sorrow

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

busy kind prevails *Or should adverse Fate attend ye ever with it*

Sorrow dwells *ever Sorrow with it dwells*

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



A New Song

To Fanny

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

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

out design she charms How can the sparkling Eye be blind which ev'ry

Bosom Warms which ev'ry Bosom Warms

<i>She knows her power 'tis all deceit</i>	<i>So when I first beheld the Fair,</i>
<i>Her conscious Blushing shews,</i>	<i>With Raptures I was blest,</i>
<i>That Blushing to my Eyes more sweet</i>	<i>But when I would approach to near</i>
<i>Than opening budding Rose?</i>	<i>At once I lost all Rest,</i>
<i>But the delicious fragrant Rose,</i>	<i>Th'enchanting sight of sweet surprize</i>
<i>That charms the Senses so much,</i>	<i>Prepar'd me for my Doom,</i>
<i>Upon a Thorny Briar grows,</i>	<i>And one cold look from those bright Eyes</i>
<i>And Wounds when e'er you touch</i>	<i>Would lay me in my Tomb,</i>
<i>(And Wounds &c.)</i>	<i>Would lay me i' the</i>



Hope A Pastoral

My Banks they are furnish'd with Bees whose
 murmur invites one to sleep My Grottos are shaded with
 Trees and my hills are white over with Sheep I
 seldom have met with a Loss such health do my Mountains be



Set to Musick by M^r Arne

grow My Fountains all borderd with Mops where the Harebells and

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

grow

*I've found out a Gift for my Fair,
I've found where the Wood-pidgeons breed;
But let me that Plunder forbear,
Shëll say 'twas a barbarous deed,
He neër could be true, she averd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young,
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such Tenderneß fall from her Tongue.*

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



The Tempest of War

with Spirit

Let the Tempest of War be heard from afar while the

trumpets shrill Clanger alarms Let the Valleys a

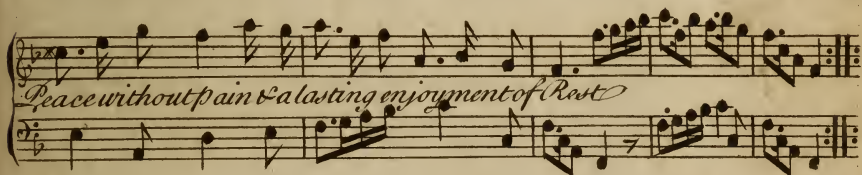
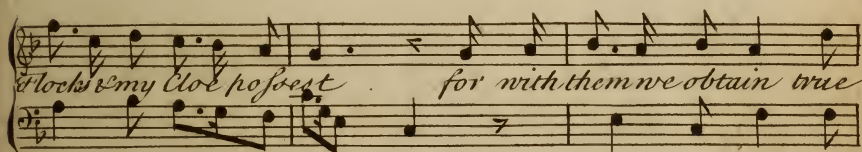
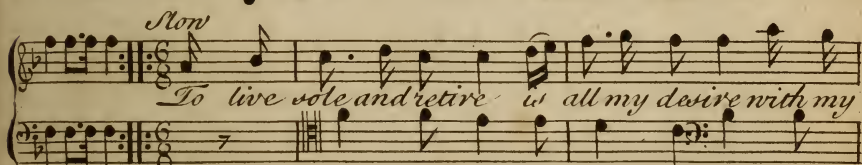
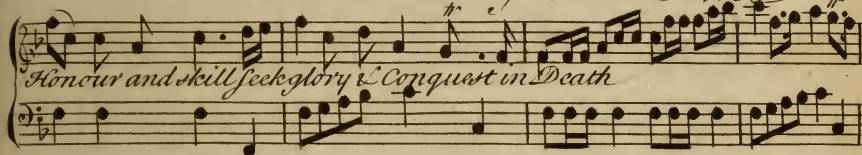
round with echo resound and a terrible clashing of

Arms Let Rivers of Blood run

down in a Flood while Mortals are Gasping for Breath let th' brave if they will by



Set to Musick by M^r Orme



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



Sollicitude A Pastoral

Tenderly

Why wilt thou my passion reprove why
term it a folly to grieve Or if tell you the Charms of my Love she is
fairer than you can believe she is fair er than you can believe with her
When she enamours if brave with her let she engages the free With her



Set to Musick by M^r Arne

Modesty pleases the grave she is ev'ry way pleasing to me she is

ev'ry way pleasing to me

6 6 # 7 $\frac{5}{3}$ 6

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

$\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{5}{3}$ 6 $\frac{6}{5}$ $\frac{7}{4}$ $\frac{6}{5}$ $\frac{5}{3}$

When Paridel tries in the Dance,
 Some Favour with Phillis to find,
 Ohem, with one trivial Glance,
 Might she ruin the Peace of my Mind, might she be
 In Ringlets he dresses his hair,
 And his Crook is be-studded around,
 And his Pipe—Oh may Phillis beware
 Of a Magic there is in the Sound, Of a Magic
 Let his Crook be with Hyacinths bound,
 So Phillis the trophy despise,
 Let his forehead with Laurels be crown'd,
 So they shine not in Phillis's Eyes, So they be
 The Language that flows from the heart,
 Is a stranger to Paridel's Tongue?
 Yet may she beware of his Art,
 Or sure I must envy the Song, Or sure I will



Recit *The Toast* *Sung by M^r Beard*

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

round the with Burgundian Inferno around No charms his Wine without the Laps

Air
tis Love gives relish to the Glass *Allegro*

While all around with joyous glee in Brimmed Toast their fate to the

tho ev'ryymph my Lips proclaim my heart still whispers does same

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

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



Sung by M^r Lowe in Tamerlane

Gently

thee Oh! gentle sleep a lone is owing all our peace by thee our
 Joys are heighten'd shonn by thee our Sorrows cease

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

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

For the German Flute



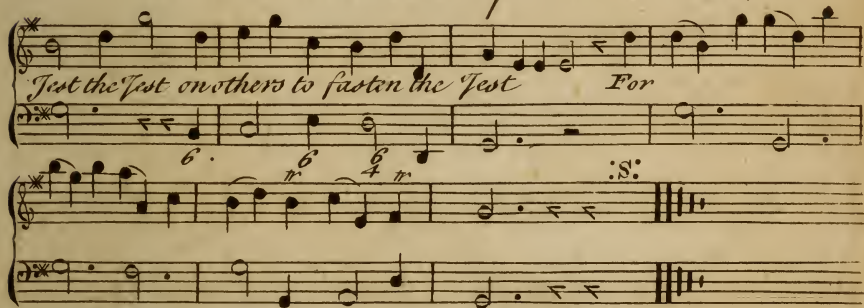
O Touch on the Times

Musical score for the song "O Touch on the Times". The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of a melody line and a bass line. The lyrics are written below the melody line.

Come listen and laugh at the Times Since Folly was never so
ripe For ev'ry Man laughs at those times that gives his own Follies a
We live in a kind of Disguise we flatter we lye and pro
test While each of us craftily tries on others to fasten the



Set to Musick by M^r Arne



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

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

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



The kind Inconstant

Tenderly

Why doe still these Jealous Heats and

why that falling Tear the Heart that to a

thousand beats to one may be sincere to one may be sin

cere to sweeten Autumns milder Reign The sad try Summers

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



Damon Sung by Miss Thomas

Lively

Sure Damon

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

gave me pain it ever dwells with me For

When'er I wander in the

For Pia

Grove His always in my mind I think on all our

For Pia

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in common time. It includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments. The lyrics are written below the staves, and the tempo is marked 'Lively'. The piece is titled 'Damon' and is sung by Miss Thomas. The score is divided into sections by the tempo and dynamics markings 'Lively', 'Pia', and 'For'.



Set to Musick by M^r Bryan

former Love Damon the dear the kind Damon the dear the
kind
For 6 6 - 6 6 - 7 6 6 5

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



A Song for three Voices

Britannia show rejoice to George and all your Voice God save the King In whose auspicious reign
Britannia show rejoice to George and all your Voice God save the King In whose auspicious reign
Cape Breton we regain and in recording Strain Victory Sing In whose au
Cape Breton we regain and in recording Strain Victory Sing In whose au
spicious reign Cape Breton we regain and in recording Strain Victory Sing
spicious reign Cape Breton we regain and in recording Strain Victory Sing

Amherst, and Boscawen
 And all their British Men,
 Like Hero's shone,
 Thanks be to patriot Pitt,
 Whose penetrating wit,
 And wisdom judg'd it fit,
 To set them on.

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



