



Lack

1-2

25-28

48-9

73-4

91-4

137-8

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169-76



to

each





Robert

Colwill's Book

# Clio and Euterpe

OR

## British Harmony

A

### Collection of Celebrated

Songs and Cantatas  
By the most approv'd. Masters

Curiously Engrav'd

With the Thorough-Bass for the Harpsicord  
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IN *III* VOLUMES  
Volume the Third containing near two Hundred. Airs

---

L O N D O N

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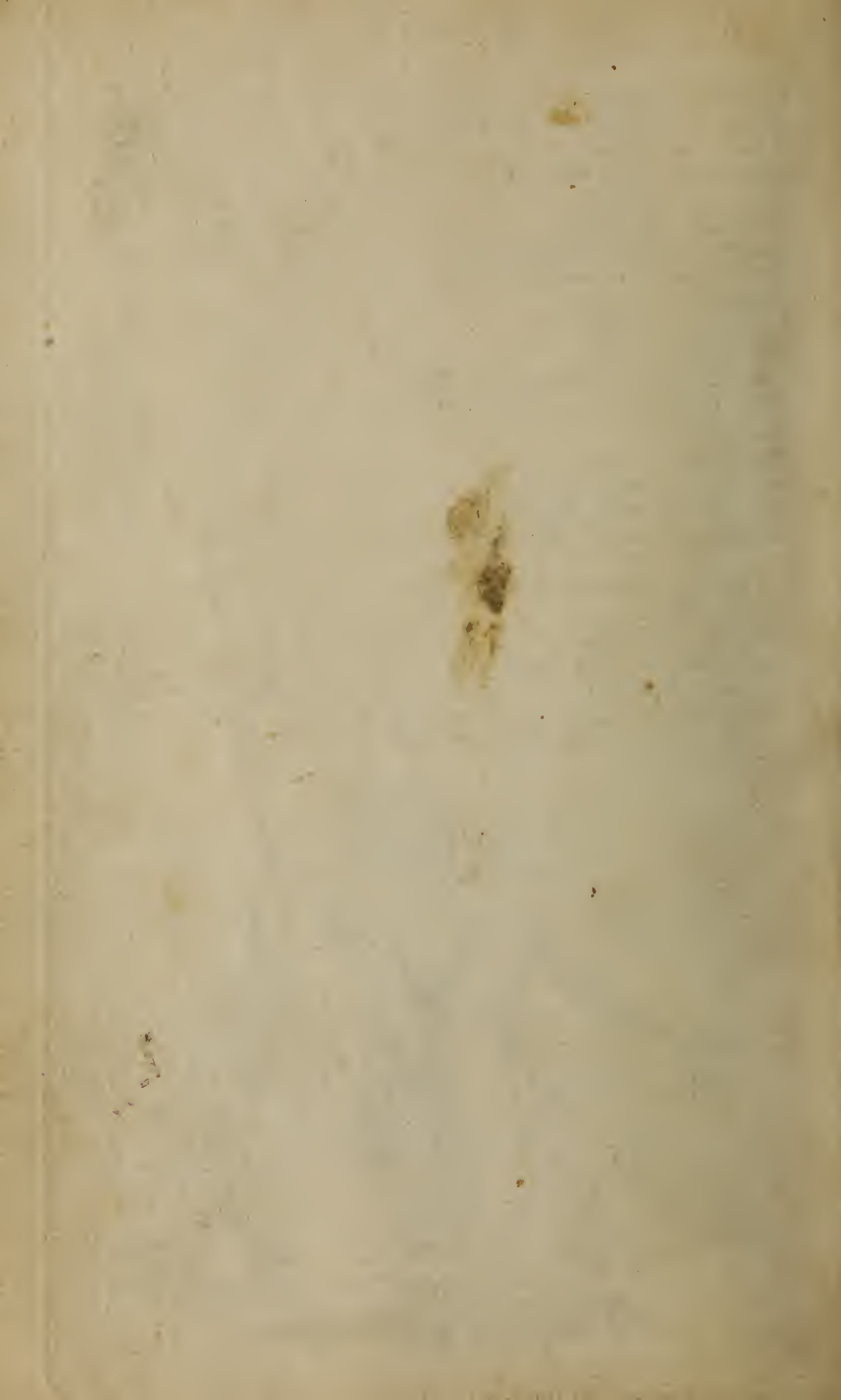
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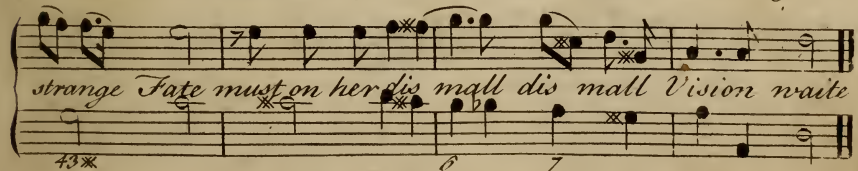
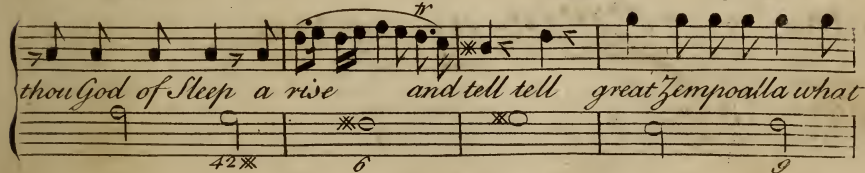
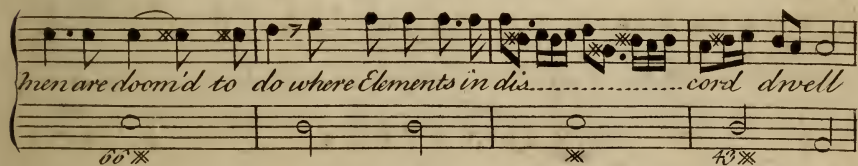
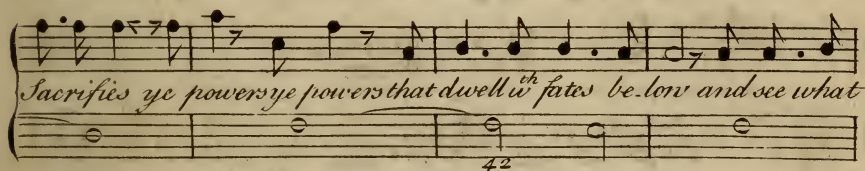
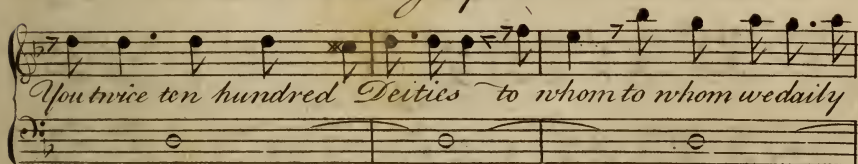
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## The Croaking of the Toad?





# A Favourite Song.

By the Croaking of the Toad in their  
Caves that make a-bode By the Croaking of the  
Toad in their Caves that make a-bode Earthy dun Earthy dun that  
pa...nts for Breath with her Iwe...  
Uld Sides full full full of Death  
By the Crested Aders Pride By the Crested Aders Pride that a  
long the Cliffs do gli...de By thy  
Usage by thy Usage fier...ce and black



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

by thy Death's Head on thy Back by thy twi.....

sted Serpents plac'd for a girdle re..... und thy Waste

be the hearts of gold if deck thy Breast thy Shoulders and thy Neck

from thy Sleeping Mansion rise and open and open thy

unwilling Eyes While bubling Springs if Musick keep

While bubling Springs their Musick keep if use to Lull the use to Lull the

Lull the in thy Sleep that use to Lull the

Lull the Lull the use to Lull the Lull the in thy Sleep.



*Cloe's Resolves. Set to Musick by D.<sup>r</sup> Green.*

As Cloe on Flowers reclind o'er the  
Stream she sigh'd to the Breeze & made Colin her Theme tho  
Pleasant y<sup>e</sup> Stream & tho cooling the Breeze & the Flowers tho  
fragrant she panted for Ease and the Flowers tho fragrant she  
panted for Ease.



2

*The Stream it was fickle and hasted away,  
It kiss'd the sweet Banks but no longer would stay,  
Tho' Beauteous Inconstant and Faithless tho' Fair;  
Ah Colin look in and behold thyself there.*

3

*The Breeze that so sweet on her Bosom did play,  
Now rose to a Tempest and darkned the Day,  
As soft as the Breeze and as loud as the wind,  
Such Colin when Angry and Colin when kind.*

4

*The Flowers when gather'd so Beauteous and sweet,  
Now fade on her Bosom and die at her Feet,  
As fair in their Bloom and as foul in Decay,  
Such Colin when Present and Colin away.*

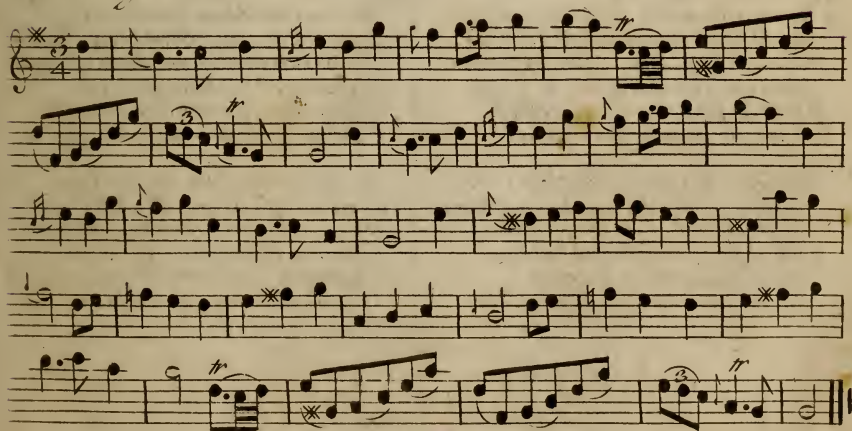
5

*In Rage and despair from the Grounds she arose,  
And from her the Flowers so faded she throws,  
She weeps in the Stream and she sighs to the wind,  
And resolves to drive Colin quite out of her mind.*

6

*But what her resolves when her Colin appear'd,  
The Stream it stood still and no Tempest was heard,  
The Flowers recover'd their beautiful hue,  
She found he was kind and believ'd he was True.*

*For the German Flute.*







# Colinet and happy Bet. Set by D. Arne

He

Now y<sup>e</sup> happy Knot is ty'd Betsy is my charming Bride, King y<sup>e</sup> Bells and

fill the Bowl Revel all with out controul Revel all with out controul

Whoso Fair as love ly Bet Whoso blest as Colinet. Whoso fair as

lovely Bet who so blest as Colinet.

She

Now adieu to Maiden Arts  
Angling for unguarded Hearts  
Welcome Hymen's lasting Joys  
Lisping wanton Girls & Boys  
Girls as fair as lovely Bet  
Boys as sweet as Colinet

He

The ripe Sheaves of yellow Corn  
Now my plenteous Barn adorn  
The Tree deck'd my Myrtle Bows  
With y<sup>e</sup> fairest sweetest Flowers  
Riper fairer sweeter yet  
Are the charms of lovely Bet

She

Tho on Sundays I was seen  
Dress'd like any May day Queen  
Tho six Sweethearts daily strove  
To deserve thy Bettys love  
Them I quit without regret  
All my Joys in Colinet

He

Strike up then the rustic lay  
Crown w<sup>th</sup> sports our Bridal day  
May each Lad a Mistress find  
Like my Betsy fair & kind  
And each Lads a Husband get  
Fond and true as Colinet

Both

Ring the Bells and fill the Bowl  
Revel all without controul  
May the Sun neer rise or set  
But with Joy to happy Bet  
But with Joy to happy Bet  
And her faithful Colinet.



*A Favourite Air Set by D.<sup>r</sup> Arne N<sup>o</sup> 15*

*Gently*

*Long had I borne of Love the Pain and*

*long insilence drag'd his Chain with Resolution ne'er to tell the Love I*

*lore to Isabel the Love I bore my Isabel.*

|                                               |                                              |
|-----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| <i>The Fire she kindled in my Breast</i>      | <i>Dear Isabel thou much lov'd Maid</i>      |
| <i>Philosophy would have oppress'd</i>        | <i>Bring to a bleeding Heart thine Aid</i>   |
| <i>But in that Breast Love took its stand</i> | <i>Thou hast the Fountain thou the Power</i> |
| <i>Triumphant with a burning Brand</i>        | <i>To quench a Flame that would devour.</i>  |

*To ease me of the thrilling Smart.  
To wrench the Dagger from my Heart:  
And to apply a Hand divine.  
O! Goddess of my Soul is thine.*





*A Choice Song*

Lively

Wert thou yet fairer than thou art which lyes not

in the Pow'r of Art Or hadst thou in thine Eyes more Darts than

Cupid ever shot at Hearts

Yet if they were not Thrown at me I would not cast a

Thought on thee I would not cast a Thought on thee



Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup> Defesch

Yet if they were not Thrown at me I would not cast a  
Thought on thee

I'd rather marry a Disease,  
Than court the Thing I cannot please;  
She that would cherish my Desires,  
Must court my Flame with equal Fires;  
What Pleasure is there in a Kiss,  
To him that doubts the Heart's not his.  
To him that Vc.  
What Pleasure is there in a Kiss,  
To him that doubts the Heart's not his.

I love thee not cause thou art fair,  
Softer than Down, Smoother than Air;  
Nor for the Cupids that do lye,  
In either Corner of thine Eye;  
Would you then know what it may be,  
Tis I love you, cause you love me,  
Tis I Vc.  
Would you then know what it may be?  
Tis I love you cause you love me?

I love thee not cause thou art fair,  
Softer than Down, Smoother than Air;  
Nor for the Cupids that do lye,  
In either Corner of thine Eye;  
Would you then know what it may be,  
Tis I love you, cause you love me,  
Tis I Vc.  
Would you then know what it may be?  
Tis I love you cause you love me?

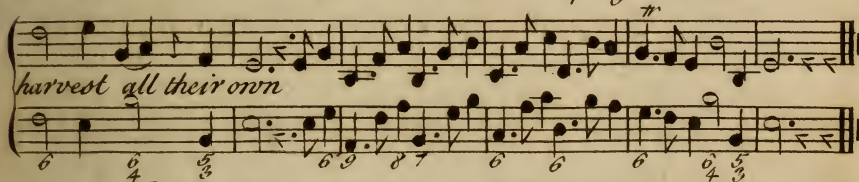
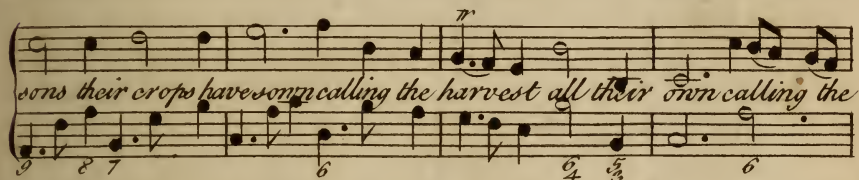
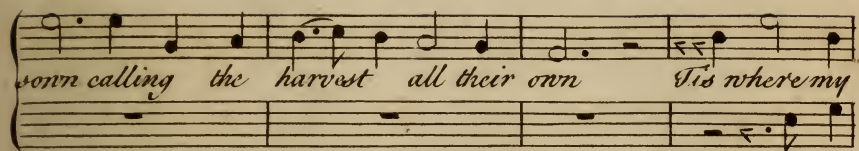


## A Favourite Song.

Who'd know the sweets of Liberty 'Tis to  
 climb the Mountains brow Thence to discern rough Industry at the  
 harrow or the plough Thence to discern rough Industry at the  
 har row or the plough at the harrow or the plough  
 'Tis where my Sons their crops have

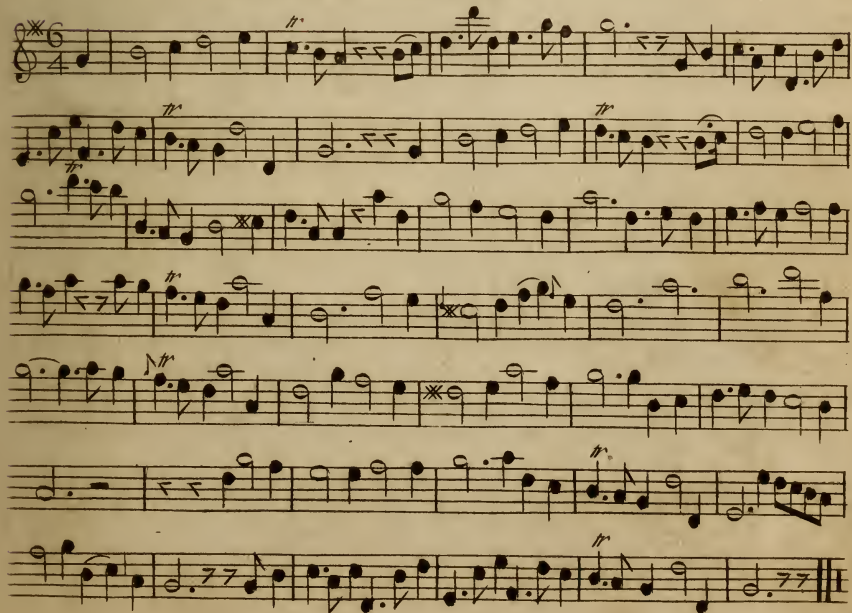


*in the Opera of Eliza*



*'Tis where the Heart, to Truth ally'd,  
Never felt unmanly fear;  
'Tis where the Eye, with milder pride,  
Notly sheds sweet pity's tear,  
Such as Britannia yet shall see,  
These are the sweets of liberty.*

For the German Flute



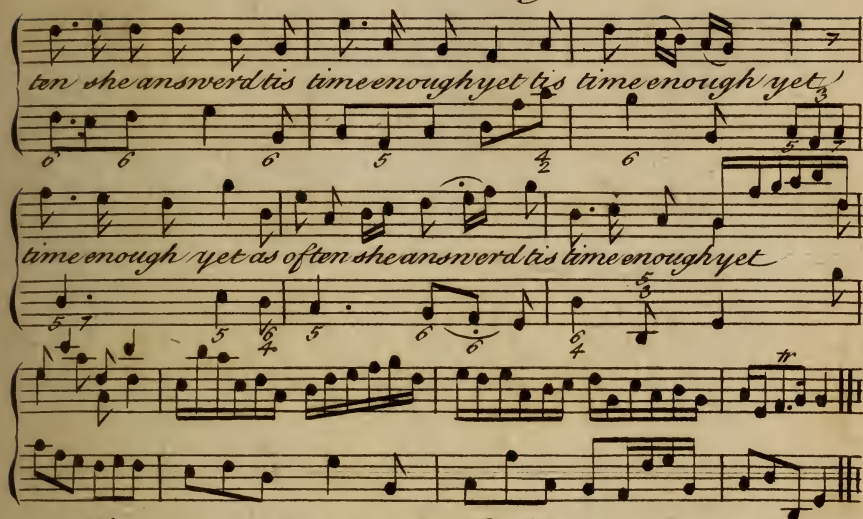




*Tis Time Enough Yet*

*A Term full as long as the*  
*Siege of old Troy To win a sweet Girl I my time did employ To*  
*win a sweet Girl I my time did employ*  
*Of urg'd her the Day for our*  
*Marriage to set as often she answerd tis time enough yet as of*

# A New Song



I told her, at last, that her Passions were wrong,  
 And more that I scorn'd to be foild with so long,  
 She burst out a laughing at seeing me fret,  
 And humming a Tune, cry'd, tis time enough yet,  
 Time enough yet &c.

Determin'd by her to be laugh'd at no more,  
 I flew from her presence and bound'd out of door,  
 Resolv'd of her usage the better to get,  
 Or on her my eyes again never to set,  
 Never to set by.

To me the next Morning her Maid came in haste,  
 And begg'd for Gods sake I'd forget what was past,  
 Declar'd her young Lady did nothing but fret,  
 I told her I'd think out 'twas time enough yet,  
 Time enough yet &c.?

She next in a Letter, as long as my Arm,  
 Declar'd, from her Soul, she intended no harm,  
 And begg'd I the Day for our Marriage would set  
 I wrote her an answer tis time enough yet,  
 Time enough yet &c.?

But that was scarce gone when a Message I sent,  
 To shew in my Heart I began to relent,  
 I begg'd I might see her together we met,  
 We kiss'd and where Friends again so we are yet,  
 So we are yet &c.





*Bright A Choice Song Set by Do<sup>r</sup> Green*

Yes I'm in love I feel it now Celia has undone me And  
yet I'll swear I can't tell how the pleasing Plague stole on me the pleasing  
Plague stole on me yis on me 'Tis not her Face that I've created for  
there no Graces revel 'Tis not her shape for there the Fates have  
rather been unci vil have rather been uncivil 'Tis civil 'Tis.

'Tis not her Air, for sure in that,  
There's nothing more than common;  
'Tis not her Sense, for that's but Chat,  
Like any other Woman:  
Her Voice, her Touch might give the alarm,  
'Tis both perhaps, or neither:  
In short, 'tis that provoking Charm,  
Of Celia altogether.





*A favourite Air Set by D<sup>r</sup> Boyce*

*You say at your feet that I wept in despair And*

*swear that no Angel was ever so fair how could you believe all y<sup>e</sup> nonsense I spoke What know we of*

*Angels I meant it in Joke I meant it in Joke What know we of Angels*

*I meant it in Joke.*

*I next stand indicted for swearing to Love  
And nothing but Death, could my passion remove,  
I've lik'd you a Twelve-month a Calender Year,  
And yet not Contented have conscience my dear?*





Set to Musick by D.<sup>r</sup> Boyce

With ev'ry shining Vir' tue the  
lovely Maid is grac'd

In modest, plain Apparell,  
No Patches, Paint, or Airs,  
In Debt alone to Nature,  
An Angel she appears:  
From gay Coquets high finish'd,  
My Chloe takes no Rules,  
Nor envies them their Conquests  
The Hearts of all the Fools.

Who wins her must have merit,  
Such merit as her own,  
The Graces all possessing,  
Yet knows not she has One;  
Then grant me gracious Heaven  
The Gifts you most approve,  
And Chloe, charming Chloe,  
Will bless me with her Love.

For the German Flute





*The Fond Appeal*

*The Snow-Bird*

*Slowly* *Pia.* *For*

*Pia.* *For* *Pia.* *For*

*Gentle Youth* *O tell me why Tears are starting*

*from my Eye When each Night from you I part*

*Why the Sigh that rends my Heart why the Sigh that*

*rends my Heart Gentle Youth O tell me true*

87

# Set to Music by D. Arne

Is it then the same with you Gentle Youth O! tell me true! Is it then the same with you Is it then the same with you For Pia For

Tell me when the appointed Hour  
Calls us to the secret Bow'r  
Blushing trembling why I run  
Early as the rising Sun  
Gentle Youth O! tell me true  
Is it then the same with you

Tell me when the Pains I feel  
Pungent as the Wounds of Steel  
When I feel the thrilling smart  
Why I blest the pointed Dart  
Gentle Youth O! tell me true  
If it is the same with you

## FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE

Pia For Pia For Pia For Pia For





*Easily S. A Favourite Song*

*Easily S.*

As when the Dove Laments her Love tll on the naked

*Spray*

As when the Dove Laments her Love, All

on the naked Spray when he returns no more she mourns But Lo

ves the live long Day

But Loves the livelong Day

*As when the Dove La*



*in Acis and Galathea.*

ments her Love All on the naked Spray When he returns no more She

mourns No more she mourns No No No

When he returns no more She mourns But Loves

the live long Day When he returns

No more she mourns But Loves

ves But Loves the live long Day

The musical score is written on ten staves. The lyrics are written below the staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and accidentals. The lyrics are: "ments her Love All on the naked Spray When he returns no more She", "mourns No more she mourns No No No", "When he returns no more She mourns But Loves", "the live long Day When he returns", "No more she mourns But Loves", and "ves But Loves the live long Day". The score is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

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

*Billing Cooing* *Panting wooing*

*Melting mur murs fill the Grove*

*Melting mur murs lasting Love Melting murmurs*

*fill the Grove Melting murmurs lasting Love Billing*

*Cooing* *Panting wooing*

*Melting murmurs fill the Grove Melting murmurs lasting*

*Love.*



# Set to Musick by D. Arne

*Features beam the Noblest brightest Soul the Noblest brightest*

*Soul*

*Pleas'd in thy Converse all the Day  
 Life's Sand unheeded runs  
 With Thee I'll hail the rising Ray  
 And talk down Summer Suns  
 Our Loves Congenial still the same  
 With equal Force shall shine  
 No cloy'd desires can damp the Flame  
 Which Friendship will refine.*

## For the German Flute

*S<sub>o</sub>*

*Sym*

*S<sub>o</sub>*

*Sym*



## *The Lark's shrill Notes*

*Slowly*

The Lark's shrill



# A Choice Song

Notes awake the Morn the Breezes Wave... the ripend  
 Corn the yellow Har... vest safe from spoil rewards the  
 hap... py Farmers Toil  
 The Larks shrill  
 Notes awake the Morn the Breezes Wave...  
 the ripend Corn the Larks shrill Notes the Larks shrill  
 Notes awake the Morn the Breezes wave...  
 the ripend Corn the yel... low Harvest safe from

*Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> Vincent at Vaux Hall*

spoil rewards the hap... py

Farmers Toil rewards the hap...

py Farmers Toil

The flow...ing Bowl suc...

ceeds the Flail oer which he tells the Jo...und Tale the

flow'ing Bowl succeeds the flail oer which he tells oer

which he tells the Jo...und Tale D.C.





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

*Briskly*

*De*

clare my pretty Maid must my fond Suit miscarry With you I'll toy I'll  
 kiss and play But hang me if I marry hang me if I marry With  
 you I'll toy I'll kiss and play But hang me if I marry.

Then speak your mind at once, Young Molly of the Dale,  
 Nor let me longer tarry;  
 With you I'll toy, I'll kiss, & play, Because when they had toy'd & kiss'd  
 But hang me if I marry: The foolish Squire woud marry.

Tho Charms and Wit as fail, These fix'd Resolves, my Dear,  
 The Stroke I well can parry; I to the Grave will carry,  
 I love to kiss, and toy, and play, With you I'll toy, I'll kiss, and play,  
 But do not choose to marry. But hang me if I marry.





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

To Bowrs where gracious Flora  
reigns and warbling sing the Muses Nine  
and wa...bling wa...bling warbling sing the  
Muses Nine.

Come ev'ry Sprightly Joy to taste  
That Rural art and Nature boast  
Fly hither with the Lightnings haste  
And be the Universal Toast.

A Scene so beautiful can't be shown  
Though thou shouldst ev'ry Realm survey  
As all where e'er thou comest must own  
The Graces hear unrival'd Sway.



*A Choice Song Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> Vincent*

*Tis Liberty*  $\text{4}$ . *dear Liberty alone*  $\text{4}$ . *that*

*gives fresh beauty to the sun that gives fresh beauty to the sun*  $\text{4}$ .

*Tis Liberty*  $\text{4}$ . *tis Liber...ty*  $\text{4}$ . *dear Liberty alone*

*That bids all Nature look more gay and lovely life with pleasure steal a*

*way and lovely life with pleasure steal away and lovely life with pleasure*

*steal away*  $\text{4}$ . *Tis Liber...ty*  $\text{4}$ . *dear Liberty alone dear*

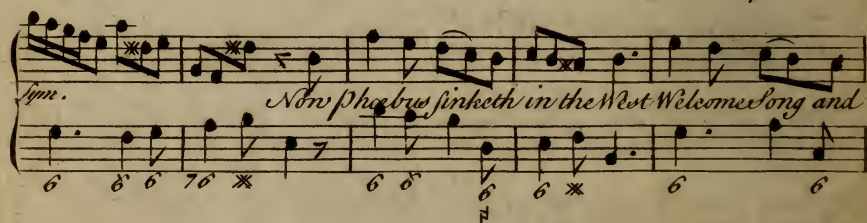
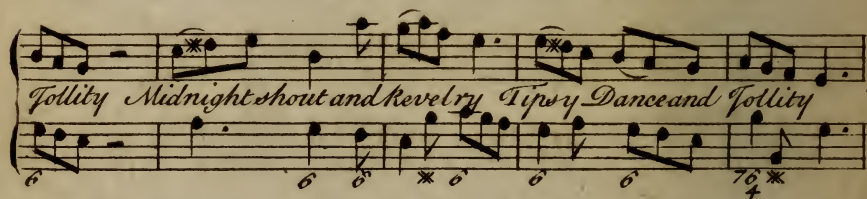
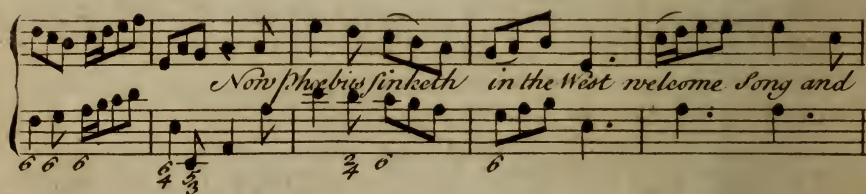
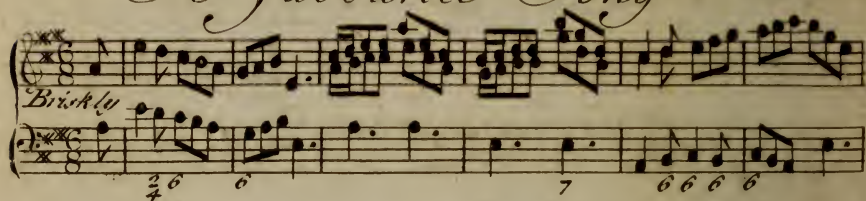


Liberty alone that bids all Nature look more gay and lovely life with pleasure  
steal away. 4. Lovely life lovely life w<sup>th</sup> pleasure steal away.-----  
and lovely life with pleasure  
steal away. 4.

## For the German Flute



## A favourite Song





welcome Fest Midnight shout and Revelry Tipsy Dance and Tollity

Braid your locks with Rosy Twine

dropping Odours dropping Wine Braid your So... des with

rosy twine dropping Odours dropping Wine dropping Odours

dropping Wine dropping Odours dropping Wine, Briskly

Pigour now is gone to Bed And Advice with scrupulous Flead

Strict Age and sour Severi...ty With their gravesans in

Slumber life With their gravesans in Slumber life



## Charming Chloe

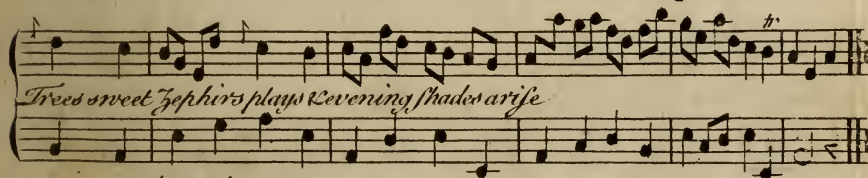
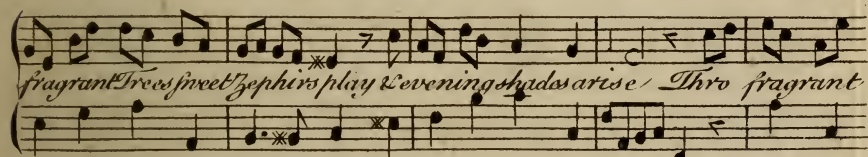
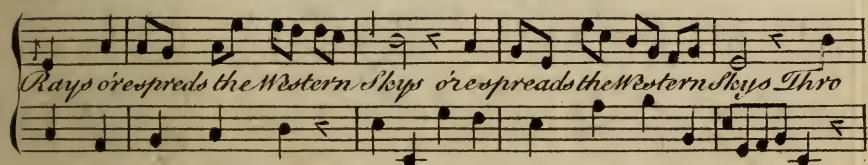
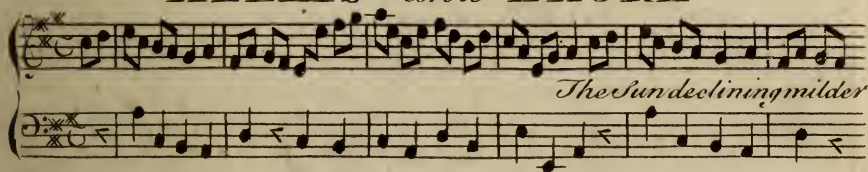
Charming Chloe look with Pity on your faithful lovesick Swain  
 Hear oh hear his doleful Ditty And relieve his mighty Pain  
 Find you Musick in his Sighing Can you see him in Distress  
 Wishing Trembling Panting dying yet afford no kind Repose

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p> <i>Stephon wood by lawless Passion</i><br/> <i>For no favour rudely sues</i><br/> <i>All his Flame is out of passion</i><br/> <i>Antient Honour for him woos</i><br/> <i>Love for Loves &amp; Swains ambition</i><br/> <i>But if that is deem'd too great</i><br/> <i>Pity pity his Condition</i><br/> <i>Say at least you do not hate</i> </p> | <p> <i>Shoud you fonder of a Rover</i><br/> <i>Practiced in the art of Guile</i><br/> <i>I light so true and kind a lover</i><br/> <i>Chloe might not Stephon smile</i><br/> <i>Yes well pleas'd at thy undoing</i><br/> <i>Vulgar Lovers might upbraid</i><br/> <i>Stephon conscious of thy ruin</i><br/> <i>Soon woud be a silent Shade.</i> </p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|





## ALEXIS and LAURA



*The Flowers reviving raise ther heads  
Refresh'd with Silver dew  
The Evening primrose gaily spreads  
And beautilous Scenes renew.*

*Come Laura then these charmes partake  
In yonder rosy Bower  
Come thy Alexis happy make  
This is the appointed hour.*

*There talk of Love whilst free from care  
We both are kind and true  
Come let us to the shades repair  
And seal our Vows anew.*



## Chloe Generous as Fair

*Moderately Slow.*

Chloe shines Serenely Gay O  
 how Loves Goddess she out vies How on her  
 Lips the Graces play and Cupids man...  
 ton wanton in her Eyes What soft des...

When



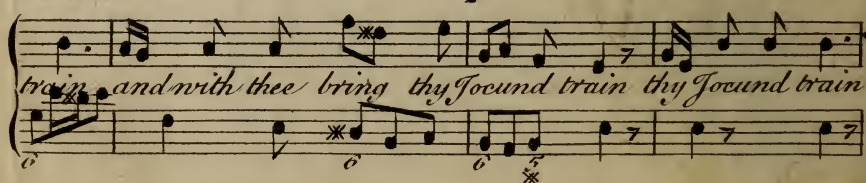
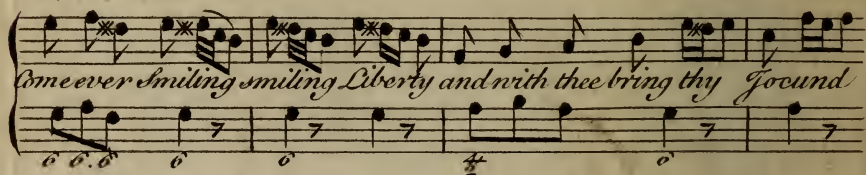
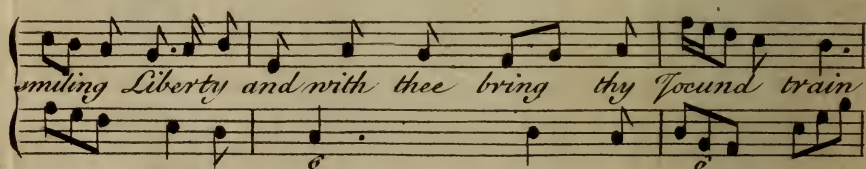
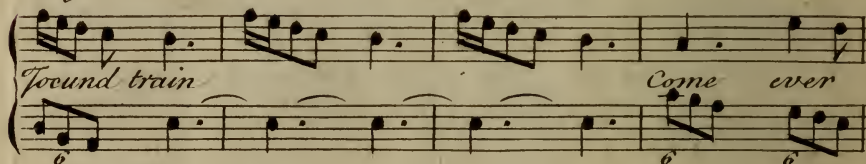
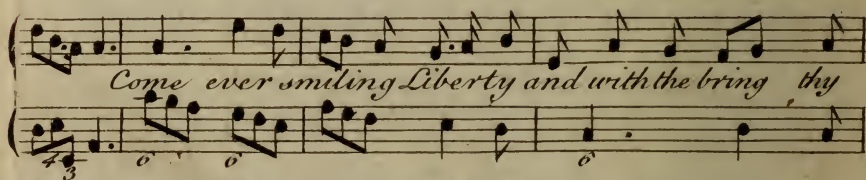
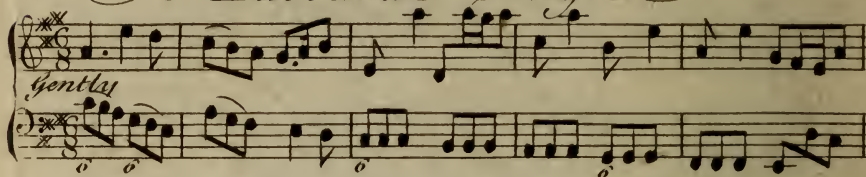
Set to Musick by D<sup>r</sup> Arne

light her smiles impart what Rapture does young  
 Da...mon feel when thus she ravishes she ravish  
 es my Heart with Joys too mighty to re....  
 veal with Joys too migh....ty to reveal  
 The vain conceited of her Sex  
 Treat with contempt the Lovers Pain  
 Fondly delight to teaze perplex  
 And triumph o'er a dying Swain  
 But Chloe has a Heav'nly mind  
 A Soul that's gen'rous great and brave  
 Who conquers only conquers only to be kind  
 And makes it her delight to save

The vain conceited of her Sex  
 Treat with contempt the Lovers Pain  
 Fondly delight to teaze perplex  
 And triumph o'er a dying Swain  
 But Chloe has a Heav'nly mind  
 A Soul that's gen'rous great and brave  
 Who conquers only conquers only to be kind  
 And makes it her delight to save



# *A Favourite Song in*





# Tudas Maccabeus

thy Joyous train and with thee bring thy Joyous train

Come ever smiling Liberty Come ever

smiling Liberty and with thee bring thy Joyous train thy Joyous

To...ound train and with thee bring thy Joyous train thy

Joyous train and with thee bring thy

Joyous train

for thee we pant and sigh for thee we

pant for thee with whom eternal pleasure reign for

Set to Musick by Mr Handell

thee we pant we sigh for thee

with whom eternal Pleasures reign

Come ever Smiling Liberty and with thee bring thy

jocund train Come ever

Smiling Liberty Come ever Smiling Liberty and with thee

bring thy jocund train thy jocund jo.....cund train

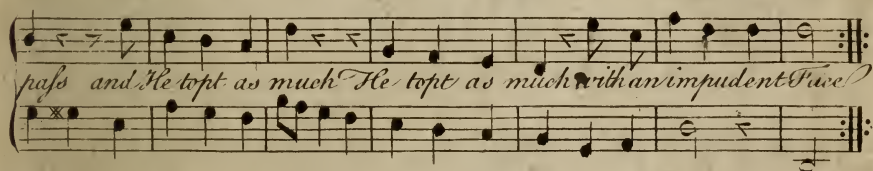
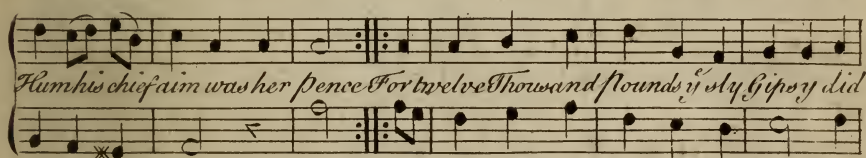
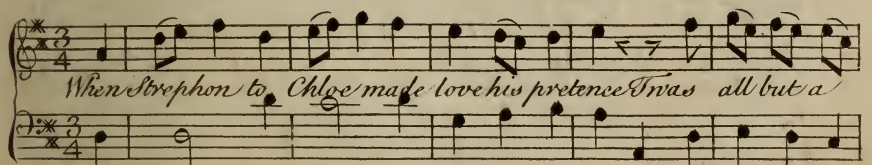
and with thee bring thy

jocund train





## The Modern Humo



And thus for a while, they both lay on the catch;  
Till at length they consented & struck up a Match,  
But soon to their cost, for all their deep wit,  
He found himself humil, she found herself Bit.

Such Wedlocks a banter, the Wise make no doubt,  
And those that get in, would be glad to get out;  
I was ever confess'd, since the World first began,  
Your Fortunes are bites, and so bite, as bite can.

Soldier, and Citizen, Lawyer, and Squire,  
Both Saxes for Money, each other admire,  
All spread out their Snares, in hopes to trapan,  
The Worlds all a cheat, so cheat, as cheat can.



## A favourite Song

*Gently*

Hear me gallant Sailor hear me while your Country  
 has a Toe He is mine too never fear me I may weep  
 but you must go I may weep I may weep I may weep  
 but you shall go. Though this flow'ry Season  
 noos you to the peacefull sports of May and Love sighs so long to

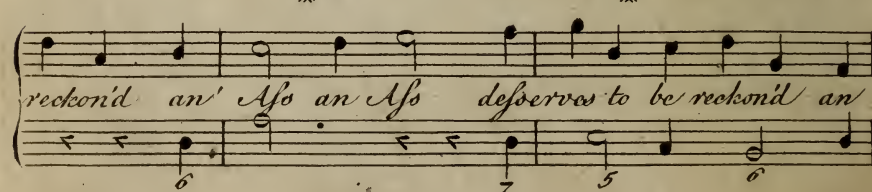
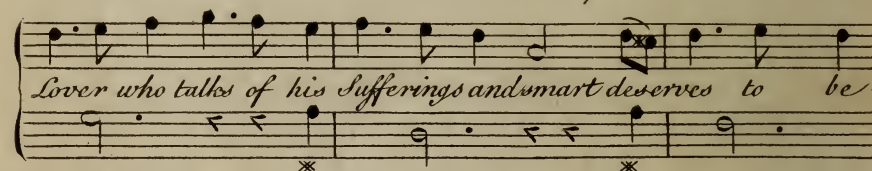
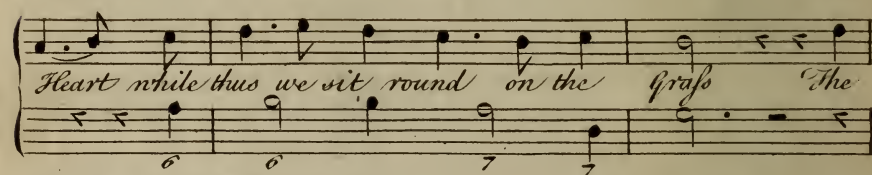
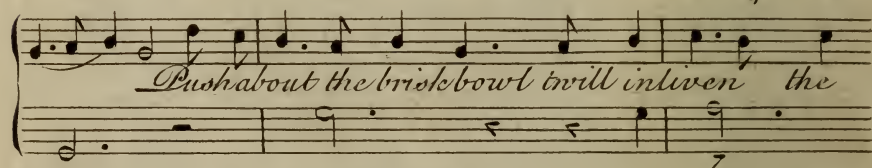
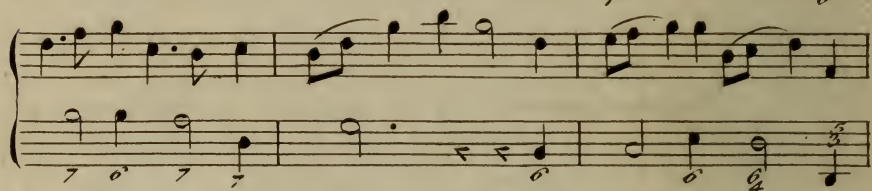
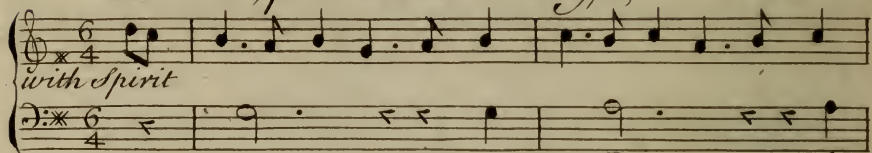


|                                   |                                  |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Can the Sons of Britain fail her, | War and Danger now invite us,    |
| While her Daughters are so true,  | Blow ye winds auspicious blow,   |
| Can the Sons of Britain fail her, | War and Danger now invite us     |
| While her Daughters are so true   | Blow ye winds auspicious blow    |
| Your soft Courage must avail her  | Every gale will most delight us, |
| We love Honour loving you;        | That can waft us to the Foe,     |
| We love Honour loving you,        | Every gale will most delight us  |
| We love Honour loving you.        | That can waft us to the Foe.     |

A musical score for a German flute piece, consisting of eight staves of music. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *so.* and *fu.*. The score is written in a style typical of 19th-century musical publications.

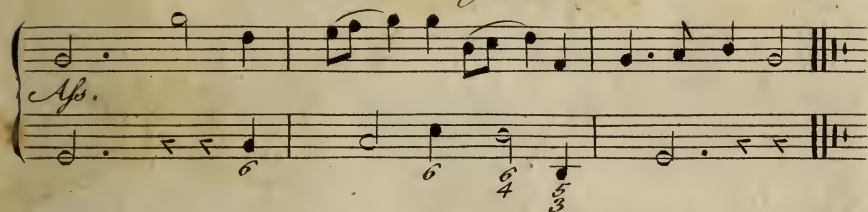


# A favourite Song





Set to Musick by D<sup>r</sup> Boyce



The Wretch who sits watching his ill gotten Pelf,  
And wishes to add to ther Mass,  
Whate'er the Curmudgeon may think of himself,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an Aps &c.

The Beau who so smart, with his well powder'd Hair,  
An Angel beholds in his Glass;  
And thinks with Grimace to subdue all the Fair,  
May justly be reckon'd an Aps &c.

The Merchant from Climate, to Climate will roam,  
Of Cravens the Wealth to surpass,  
And oft while hes wandring my Lady at home,  
Claps the Horns of an Ox on an Aps &c.

The Lawyer so grave, when he puts in his Plea;  
With Forehead well cover'd with Brass;  
Tho he talk to no purpose, he pockets your Fee,  
There you my good friend are the Aps &c.

The formal Physician, who knows every Ill:  
Shall last be produc'd in this Class,  
The sick Man a while, may confide in his skill,  
But Death proves the Doctor an Aps &c.

Then let us Companions, be Jovial and gay,  
By turns take our Bottle & Lase;  
For he who his pleasure puts of for a Day,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an Aps &c.



*A FAVOURITE SONG in COMUS*

Quick

Preaching me your musty Rules Ye Drones that

mould in Idle Cell The Heart is

wiser than the Schools the Senses allways

reason well

If

4

4

4

1

2.

19

2

1

4

2



Sung by M<sup>rs</sup> Clive

short my span I less can spare to pass a single Pleasure  
 by. An hour is long if  
 lost in Care they only live they only live they only  
 live who Life enjoy.

The musical score is written on ten staves. The first four staves contain the vocal melody with lyrics. The remaining six staves contain a piano accompaniment. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "short my span I less can spare to pass a single Pleasure by. An hour is long if lost in Care they only live they only live they only live who Life enjoy." The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings like "f" and "s".



*Palæmon and Pastora* Set by D<sup>o</sup> Boyce

*Quick*

*Farewell my Pastora no longer you sit in quite stock of his*

*Bondage can suffer his Chain nay arm not if brow with such haughty disdain my*

*Heart leaps with Joy to be free once again Sing tol derol derol derol derol de*

*rol Sing tol derol derol derol derol*

*I'll live like the Birds, those sweet Tenants of May,  
 Who always are sportful, who always are gay,  
 How sweetly their Sonnets, they carol all Day,  
 Their Love is but Frolick, their Courtship but Play.*

*If struck by a Beauty, they neer saw before,  
 In chirping soft Notes, they her Pity implore,  
 She yields to intreaty, and when the Wile o'er,  
 'Tis Twenty to one that they never meet more*

*Sing tol derol*





*A favourite Song Set by D.<sup>r</sup> Boyce*

*Moderately*

Three Goddesses standing together this puzzled young Paris one day can  
 Judge the value of either can I judge the value of either Where both hear so equal a  
 Sway Where both hear so equal a Sway

*Pastora*

*Laura*

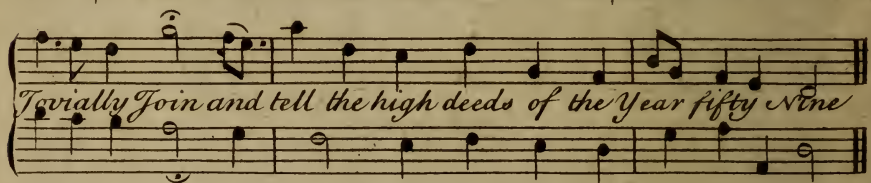
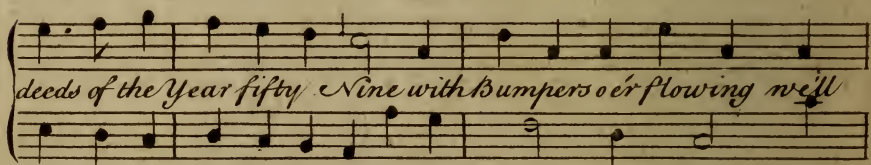
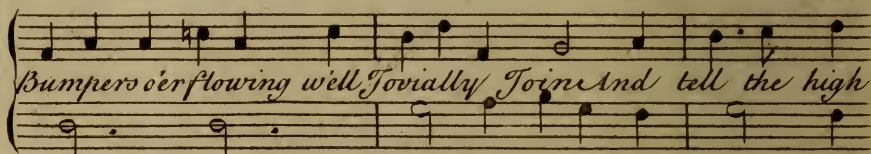
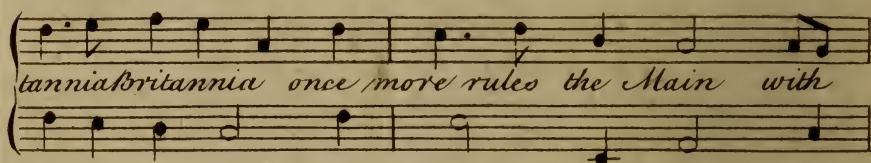
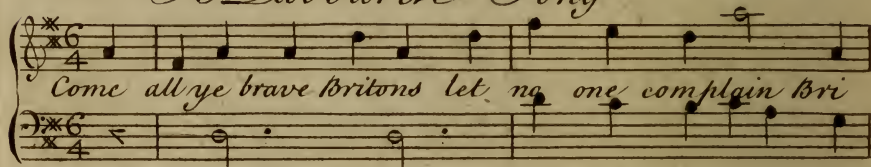
Consider my Wit and Condition No Merit I plead but my passion  
 Consider my person likewise I were needless to mention your Vow  
 I never was us'd to Petition Reflect with a little Compassion  
 But prythee make use of your Eyes On what this poor Boon feels now.  
 prythee make &c. On what this &c.

*Damon*

Some genius direct me or Deamon  
 Or else I may chance to choose wrong  
 You're part of the Goods of Palemon  
 I leave you to whom you belong. I leave you &c.



## *A Favourite Song*



*The Negroes of Senegal know how we fought  
 And the Monsieurs of India what wonders were wrought  
 But Minden O Britons that glory was thine  
 There France learn'd a Dance in the Year fifty Nine*



on the Memmorable Year Fifty Nine

De la Clue with his Squadron so nimble & light  
On meeting Roocanven like a Frenchman took fright  
But running too fast on some mighty design  
He lost both his Legs in the Year fifty Nine.

When Montcalm in Canada drew forth his Men  
Secure in his numbers to fight on the Plain  
With true British Spirit we broke every Line  
And Conquer'd Quebec in the Year fifty Nine.

Niagara Crown Point Ticonderago too  
What cannot bold Britons with courage subdue  
Such Conquest so Noble so great & so fine  
Must add to the glory of the Year fifty Nine.

Whilst Rodney and Hawke watch the flat bottom'd Boats  
At Paris Bellisle cut poor Englishmens Throats  
There Lewis with Pompa drink Burgundy Wine  
To drown in oblivion the Year fifty Nine.

At last like a Thief Bully Conflans stole out  
Believe you a Frenchman surprizingly stout  
The best Man got foremost to lead of their line  
As none lik'd to fight in the Year fifty Nine.

But soon overtaken with troubles so dire  
That spite of Conflans set the great Sun on fire  
Hawke burnt them & Sunk them & 'twas mighty fine  
To see how they ran in the Year fifty Nine.

Bless King George then kind Heaven we ardently crave  
Him Britons united with Courage will Serve  
And we'll shew the whole World that no period of time  
Can e'er be compar'd to the Year fifty Nine.



# Kindness prefer'd to Beauty

*Brisk*

It's not the Liquid brightness of those Eyes  
That swim with Pleasure and delight Nor those fair Heavenly  
Arches which arise o'er each of them to shade their Light Light  
It's not that Hair which plays w<sup>th</sup> ev'ry wind and  
loves to wanton round thy face Nor straying o'er thy Forehead



Set to Musick by D<sup>r</sup> Arne,

now behind retiring retiring with insidious

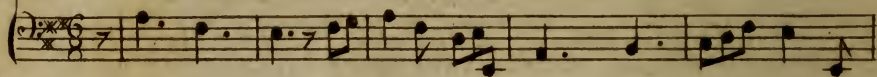
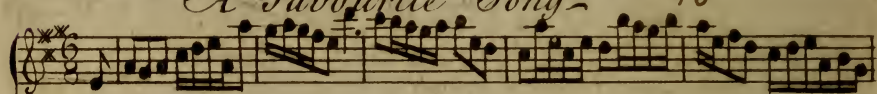
*It is not that lovely range of Teeth as white,  
 As new shorn Sheep, equal and fair,  
 Nor even that gentle smile, the Hearts delight,  
 With which no smile could ere compare,  
 It is not that Chin so round that Neck so fine  
 Those breasts that swell to meet my Love,  
 That easy sloping waist, that form divine,  
 Nor ought, nor ought, below, nor ought above,  
 Nor ought below, nor ought above.*

*It is not the living Colours over each,  
 By nature's finest pencil wrought,  
 To shame the fresh blown Rose, and blooming peach,  
 And mock the happiest Painters thought  
 But 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent Love,  
 So kindly answering my desire,  
 That Grace with which you look, and speak, and move,  
 That thus, that thus, have set my Soul on Fire,  
 That thus have set my Soul on Fire.*

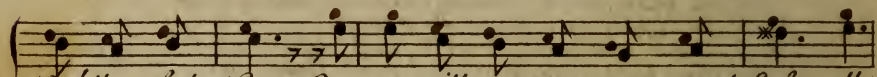
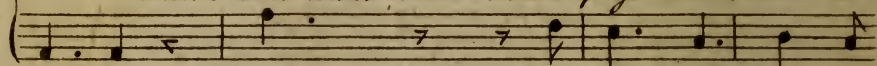
That thus, that thus, have set my Soul on Fire,  
 That thus have set my Soul on Fire.



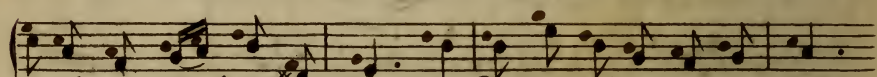
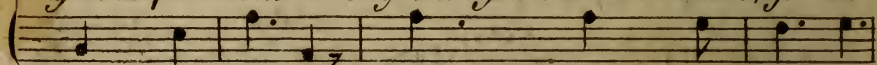
*A Favourite Song* 16



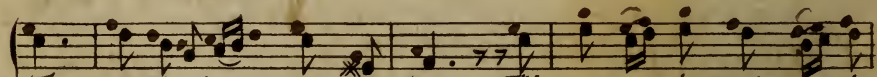
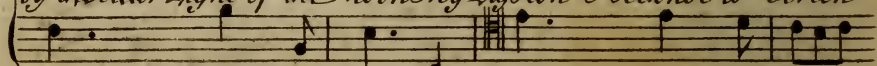
*When Fairies dance round on the Grass and revel to*



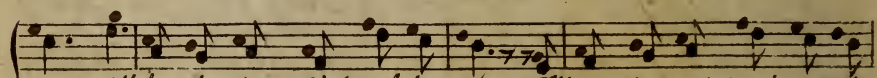
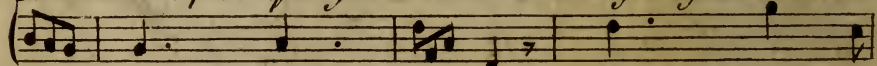
*Night's awful Boon O say will you meet me sweet Lass all*



*by the clear Light of the Moon My Passion I seek not to screen*



*Then can't refuse you your Boon I'll meet you by twelve on the*

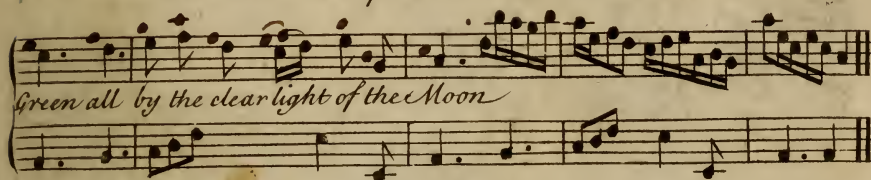


*Green All by the clear Light of the Moon I'll meet you at twelve on the*





*in the Pantomime of Queen Mabb set by M<sup>r</sup> Smith*



*The Nightingale pearch'd on a Thorn  
Then charms all the Plains with her Tune  
And glad of the absence of Morn  
Salutes the pale Light of the Moon.*

*How sweet is the Jessamine Grove  
And sweet are the Roses of June  
But sweeter the language of Love  
Breath'd forth by the light of the Moon.*

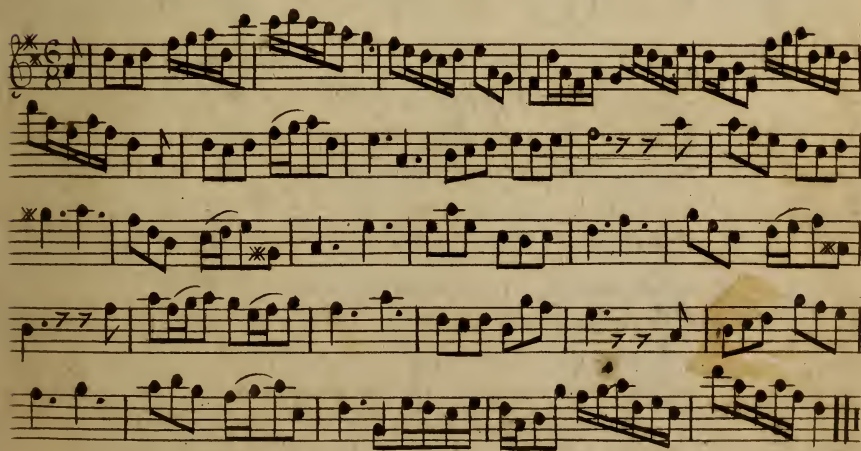
*Too slow rolls the Chariot of Day  
Unwilling to grant me my Boon  
Away envious Sunshine away  
Give place to the Light of the Moon!*

*But say will you never deceive  
The Saps whom you conquer'd too soon  
And leave a lost Maiden to grieve  
Alone by the Light of the Moon.*

*The Planets shall start from their Sphers  
Ere I prove so fickle a Loon  
Believe I'll banish thy Fears  
Dear Maid by the Light of the Moon.*

*Our Loves when the Shepherds shall vew  
Thus they their pipes shall attune  
While we our soft Pleasure renew  
Each Night by the light of the Moon.*

**FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE**





## *A Favourite Song*

*Lately on yonder swelling Bush big with many a coming Rose This early*

*Bud began to blush and did but half it self disclose*

*I pluck'd it tho' no better grown & now you see how full tis blown I pluck'd*

*it tho' no better grown & now you see how full tis blown*

*Still as I did the Leaves inspire,  
 With such a purple Light they shone,  
 As if they had been made of Fire,  
 And spreading so would flame anon;  
 All that was meant by Air or Sun,  
 To this young Flow'r my Breath has done;*

*Is our loose Breath so much can do,  
 What may the same in forms of Love;  
 Of purest Love and Musick to,  
 When Flavia it aspires to move,  
 When that which lifeless Buds pervades,  
 To wax more soft her Youth invades.*





## Rural Happiness

*Gently*

Let the Tempest of War be heard from afar With  
Cannons & Trumpets Alarms Let the Valleys around in  
Echoes resound with terrible clashing of Arms

Let Rivers of Blood  
Run down in a Flood  
While Mortals are gaping for breath  
Let the brave if they will  
By Valour and Skill  
Seek Honour in Conquest or Death

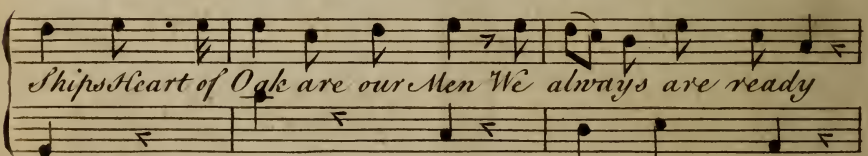
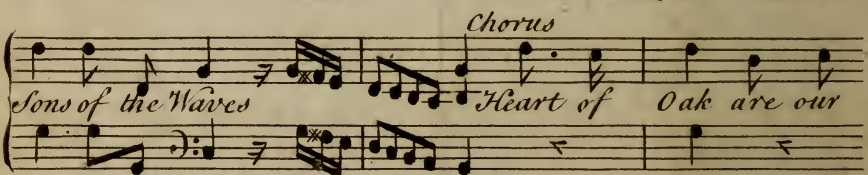
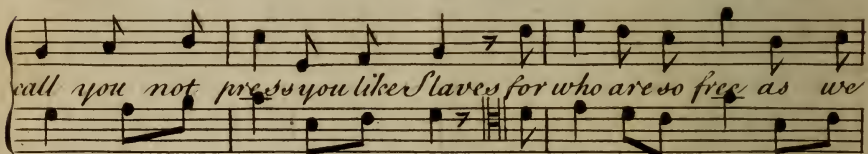
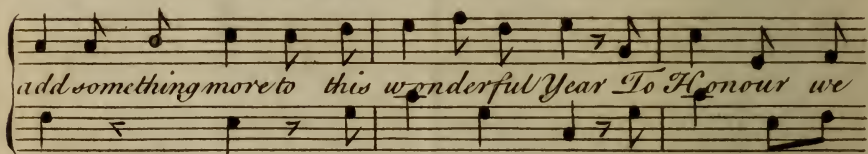
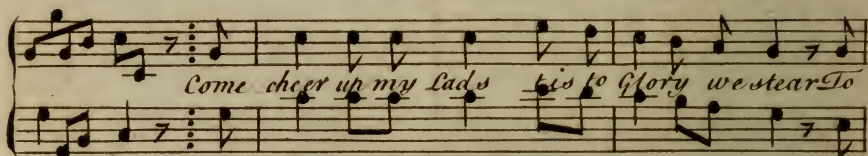
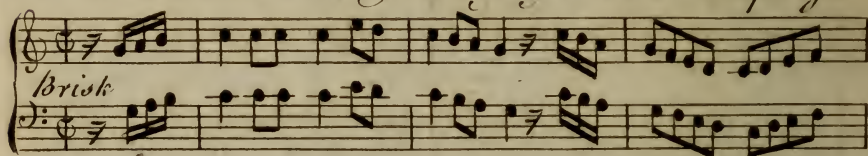
In a Cottage or Cell  
Each Shepherd may dwell  
Without Interruption at ease  
For our peaceable Lives  
Are blest with good Wives  
That study their Husbands to please

To live sole and retire  
Is what I admire  
Of Flocks & my Cloe possess'd  
From them I obtain  
True Peace without Pain  
And lasting Enjoyment of Rest

What a Blessing below  
Can Heaven bestow  
Excelling such Quiet as this  
No Afflictions come here  
Or Griefs interfere  
To lessen our Measure of Bliss.

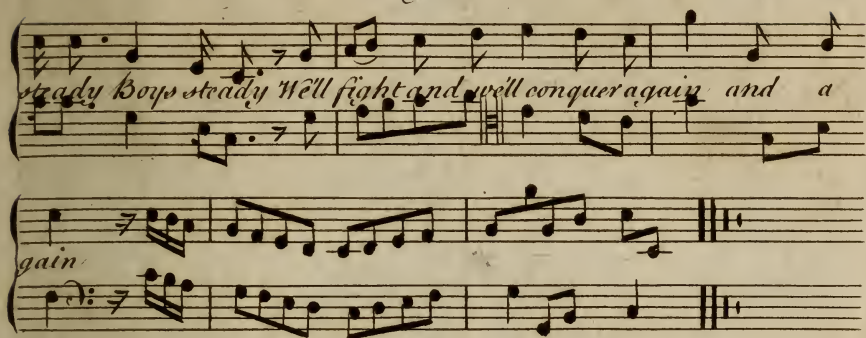


*A Choice Song sung by Mr. Champness*





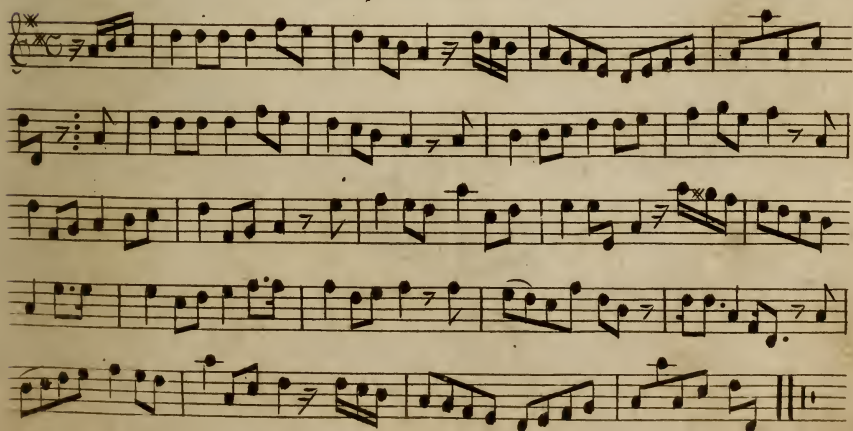
*Set to Musick by D.<sup>r</sup> Boyce*



We ne'er see our Foes but we wish 'em to stay,  
 They never see Us but they wish us away,  
 If they run why we follow and run 'em ashore  
 For if they wont fight us we cannot do more.  
*Heart of Oak &c.*

They swear the'll invade us these terrible Foes,  
 They frighten our 'Women our Children & Beaus,  
 But should their Flat bottoms' in Darkness get o'er  
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore,  
*Heart of Oak &c.*

We'll still make 'em run and we'll still make 'em sweat  
 In spite of the Devil, and Brussels Gazzette,  
 Then cheer up my Lads with one Heart let us sing,  
 Our Soldiers our Sailors our Statesmen and King  
*Heart of Oak &c.*





*My faith and truth*

Gently

*My faith and truth O Sampson prove but hear me*

*hear the Voice of Love My faith and*

*truth O Sampson prove but hear me hear the*

4/2 6 6\* \* 6 4/2 6



# A Favourite Air

*Voice of Love* But  
 hear me hear me hear me hear the  
*Voice of Love* My faith and  
 truth O Sampson prove But hear me  
 hear me hear me But hear me  
 hear the *Voice of Love*  
 With Love no Mortal Can be cloy'd all  
 happiness is Love enjoy'd all

*in the Oratorio of Sampson*

*happinefs is Love enjoy'd With*

*Love no Mortal can be cloy'd all*

*happinefs all happinefs is Love enjoy'd*

*My faith and truth O*

*Sampson prove But hear me hear the Voice of*

*Love*

*But hear me hear me*



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

*Hear me hear the Voice of Love*

*My faith and truth O Sampson prove*

*But hear me*

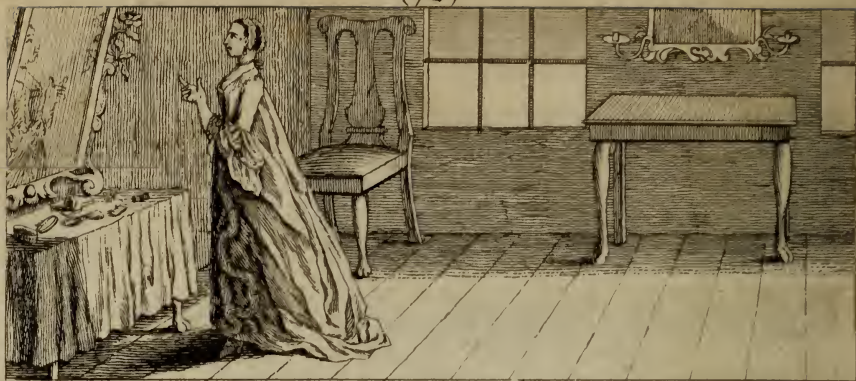
*hear the Voice of Love*

*But hear the Voice of Love*

*But hear me My faith and*

*truth O Sampson prove But hear me hear*

*the Voice of Love*



*A favourite Air Set by Dr Boyce*

*Briskly*

*In vain I try my ev'ry Art & dream I fix a single Heart yet I'm not Old or ugly*

*Yet I'm not Old or ugly* *Let me consult my*

*faithful Glass A face much worsen'd this might pass Methinks I look full-muggly*

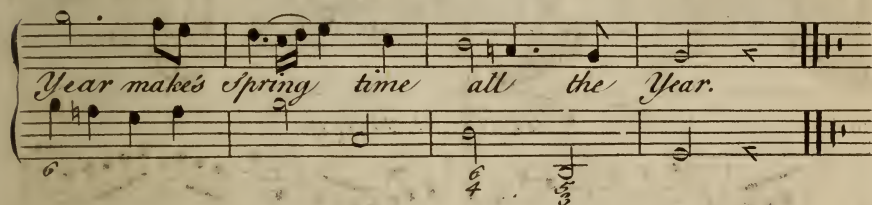
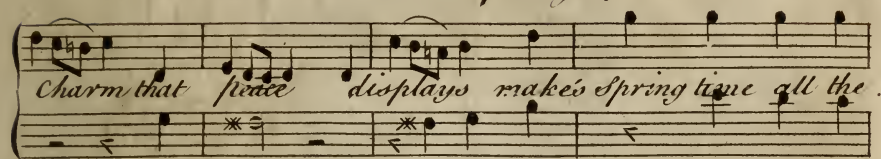
*Methinks I look full-muggly*

*Yet bless'd with all these powerfull Charms  
The young Palemon fled these Arms  
That wild unthinking Rover  
Hope silly Maids as soon to bind  
The rolling streams the flying Wind  
Is fix a rambling Lover*

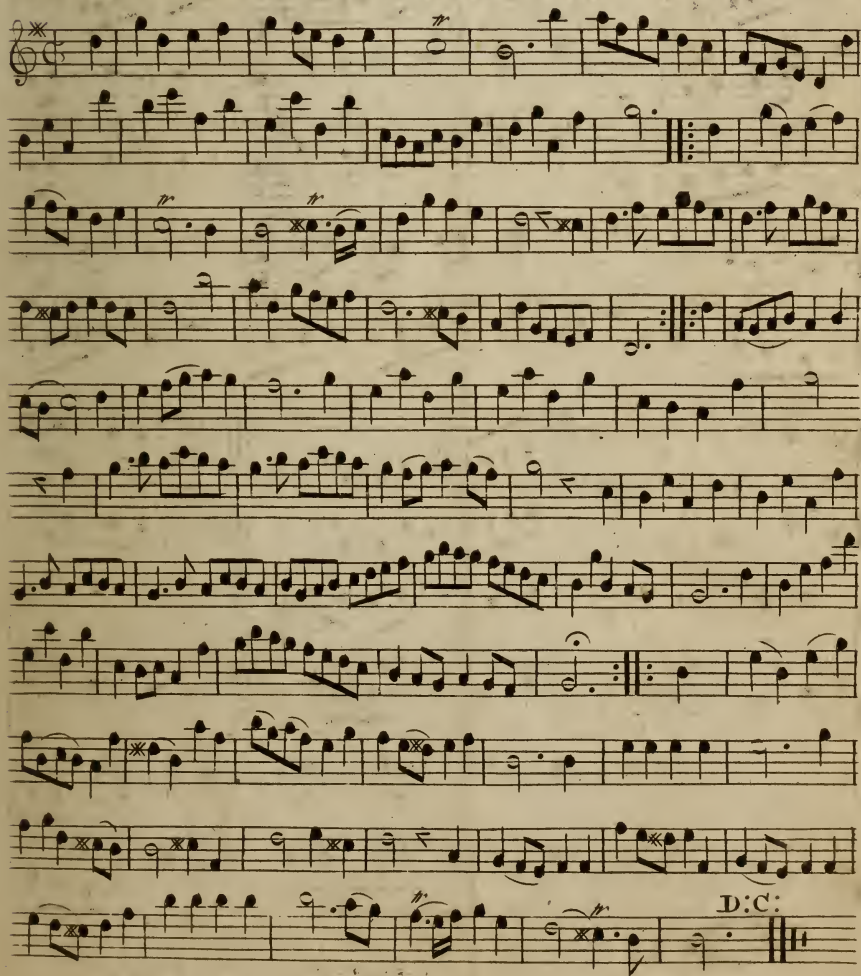
*but hamper'd in the marriage Noose  
In vain they struggle to get loose  
And make a mighty riot  
Like Madmen how they rave and stare  
A while they shake their Chains & wear  
And then lie down in quiet*



*in the Oratorio of Jeptha*



*For the German Flute*





*A Choice Song* 6

*Rail no more ye learned* *Goes gainst the joys the*  
*bowl supplies* *Sound its depth and fill your glasses* *Wisdom*  
*at the bottom lyes* *Fill them*  
*higher and still higher* *shallow draughts perplex the*  
*brain* *sipping quenches* *all our* *fire* *Bumpers*



*Set to Musick by D Boyce*

*light it up again... sipping*

*quenches all our fires Bumpers light it up a*

*gain.*

*Draw the scene for wit and pleasure  
Enter Jollity and Joy  
We for thinking have no leisure  
Manly mirth is our employ  
Since in life theres nothing certain  
Well the present hour engage  
And when death shall drop the curtain  
With applause well quit the stage. And when &c.*

**FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE**



## A Choice Song

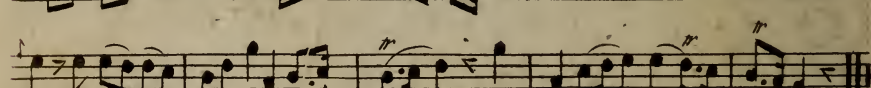
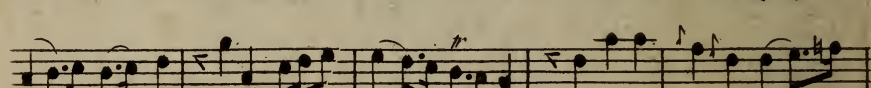
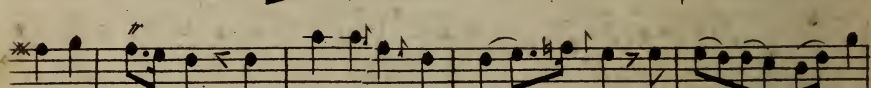
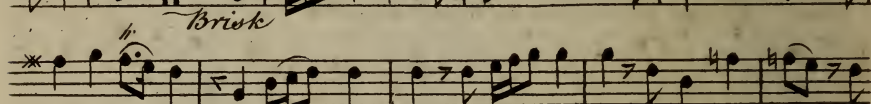
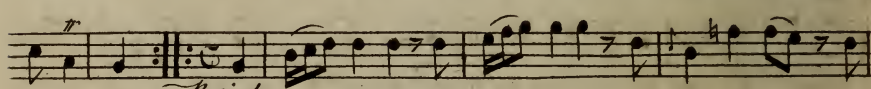
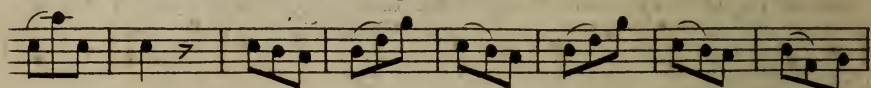
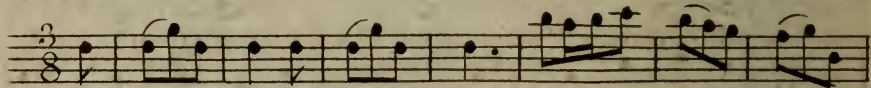
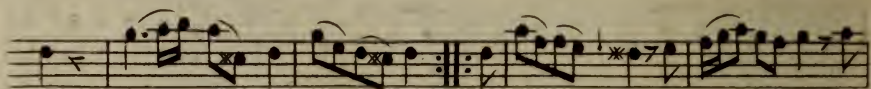
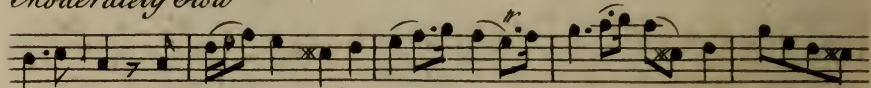
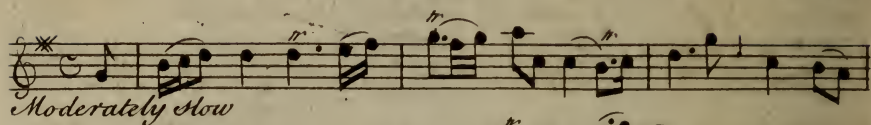
The Merchant to secure his Treasure conveys it in a borrow'd  
 Name Cuphelia serves to grace my Measure but Cloe is my real  
 Flame Cloe is my real Flame My softest Verse My darling Lyre up  
 on Cuphelia's Lute let lay when Cloe noted her desire that  
 I should sing that I should play that I should sing that I should play  
 My Lyre I tune my Voice I raise But with my Numbers  
 Sprightly



Set to Musick by D<sup>r</sup> Green

*mix my Sighs but with my numbers mix my Sighs And*  
*whilst I sing Cuphelia's praise I fix my Soul on Cloe*  
*Eyes I fix my Soul on Cloe's Eyes. Fair Cloe*  
*blush'd Cuphelia frown'd I sung & gaz'd I play'd & trembled Fair Cloe*  
*blush'd Cuphelia frown'd I sung and gaz'd I play'd & trembled And*  
*Venus to the Loves around Remark'd how ill we all dissembled*  
*how ill we all dissembled And Venus to the Loves around Re*  
*mark'd how ill we all dissembl'd how ill we all dissembled*

Brisk

*For the German Flute*





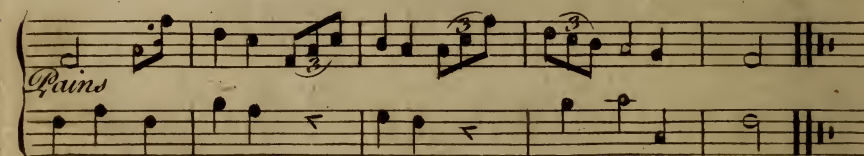
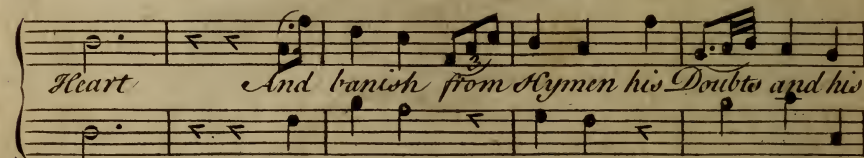
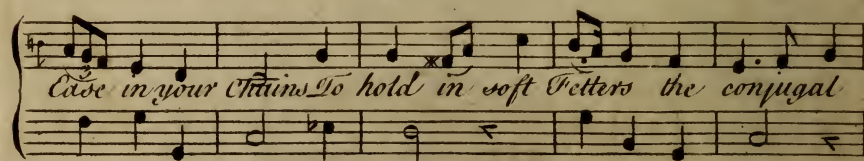
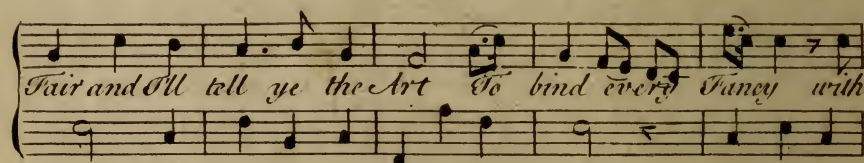
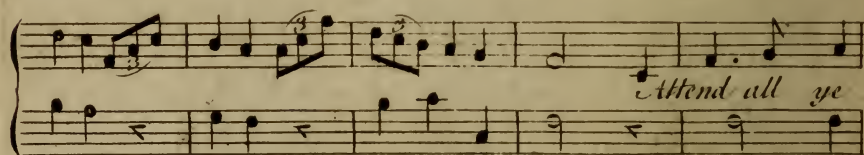
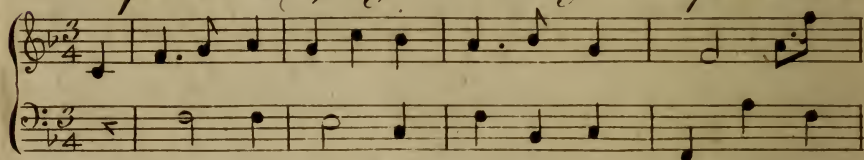
*Sung by Mr Lowe at Vaux Hall*

*I have rambl'd I*  
*own it whole Years up and down & sigh'd ore each beautiful Nymph of the Town such*  
*fancies have plagu'd me that oft in my Life I've been ready to start at the name of a*  
*Wife I've been ready to start at the name of a Wife*

*But ashamed of my fears that have oft broke my rest  
 And wearied with loving both cloy'd and unbless'd  
 I'll try to be happy the rest of my Life  
 And venture tho' late yet at last on a Wife  
 Then farewell the Tilt & the Fool and the bold  
 I quit you with pleasure before I grow Old  
 One Girl of my Heart I will take for Life  
 And enough of all conscience I hold is one Wife  
 I'll search the Town over this Fair one to find  
 Not fickle nor Jealous nor false nor unkind  
 Whose wit and good humour may hold out for Life  
 And then if shell have me I'll make her my Wife  
 'Tis time that the follies of Life had an end  
 And soon nay this Instant I'm ready to mend  
 What wonder therell be at so alter'd a Life  
 If your wife you like me will resolve on a Wife*



*A favourite song in the Way to keep Him*





*Set to Musick by Mr Smith*

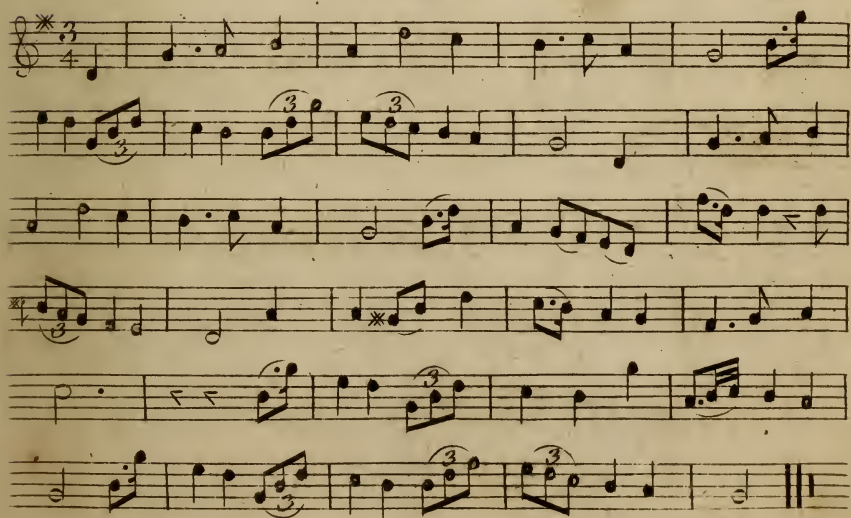
*When Juno accepted the Cestus of Love,  
She at first was but handsome; Charming becomes  
It taught her with skill the soft Passions to move,  
To kindle at once, and to keep up the flame;*

*'Tis this Magic secret gives the Eyes all their Fire,  
Lends the Voice melting Accents, imparts the Kiss;  
Gives the Mouth the sweet smiles, that awaken Desire,  
And plants round the Fair each Incentive to Bliss;*

*Thence flows the gay Chat more than Reason that charms,  
The eloquent Blush that can Beauty improve;  
The fond Sigh, the fond Vow, the soft Touch that alarms,  
The tender Disdain the Renewal of Love;*

*Ye Fair take the Cestus and practice its Art,  
The Mind unaccomplish'd, mere Features are vain;  
Exert your sweet Power, you conquer each Heart,  
And the Loves Joys and Graces, walk in your Train.*

German Flute





# A favourite Song 6

*Lively*

Vain is ev'ry fond endeavour To resist the  
 tender Dart for examples move us never We must  
 feel to know the Smart When the Shepherd  
 swears hes dying And our beauties sets to view  
 Van...ty her aid supplying bids us think it



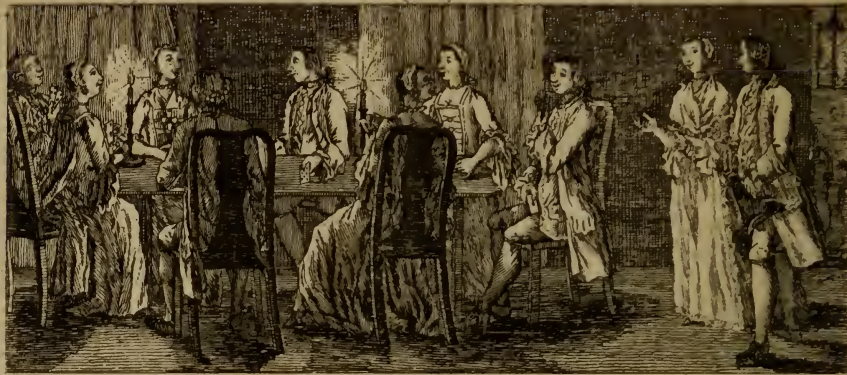
*Set to Musick by Dr Boyce*

all our due bids us think tis all our due

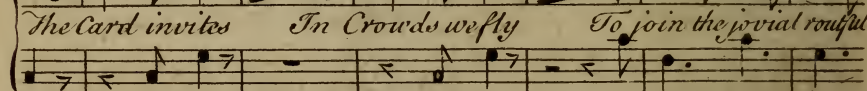
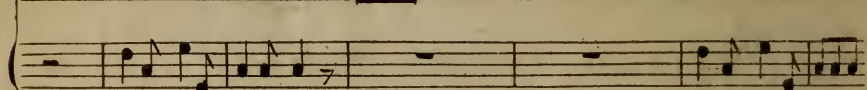
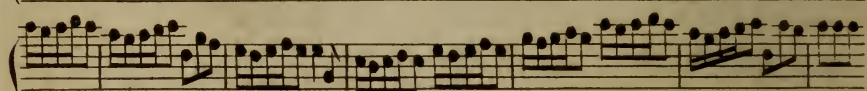
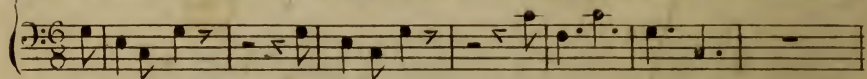
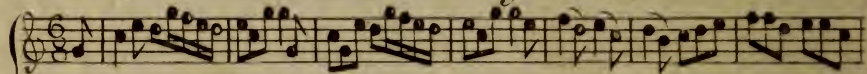
Softer than the vernal Breezes,  
To the mild Deceitfull strain;  
Fronning truth our Sex displeases,  
Flattery never sues in Vain;  
Soon, too soon, the happy Lover,  
Does our tenderest hopes Deceive;  
Man was formid to be a Rover,  
Foolish Woman to believe;

## For the German Flute

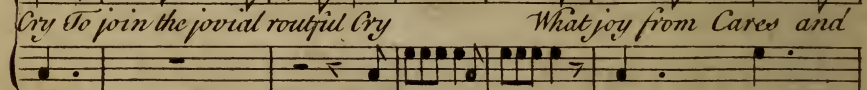
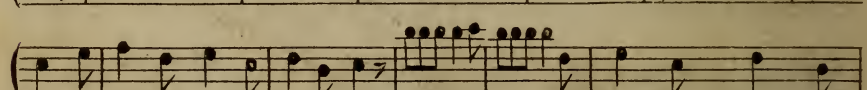
A handwritten musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on six staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff introduces a new melodic line, also in a simple style. The fourth staff continues this line. The fifth staff continues the melody. The sixth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line and repeat dots. The handwriting is in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper. There are some small markings and corrections throughout the score, such as asterisks and small 'x' marks, indicating revisions or specific performance instructions. The overall style is that of a personal or working manuscript from the 19th or early 20th century.



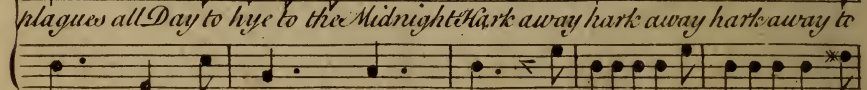
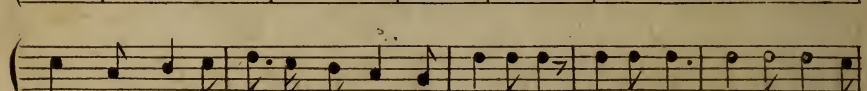
*A Favourite Song in Sethe*



*The Card invites In Crowds we fly To join the jovial routful*



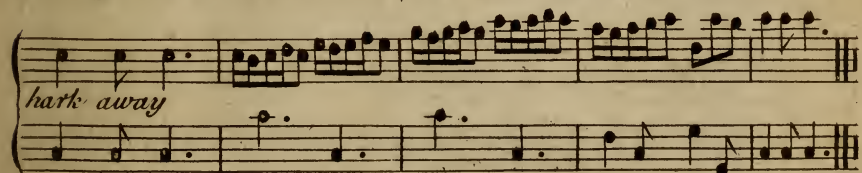
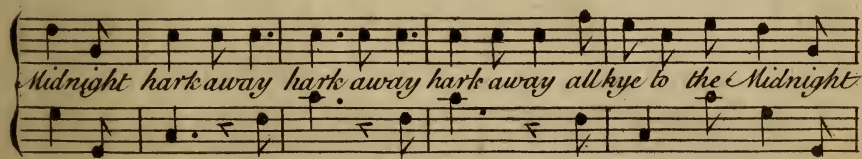
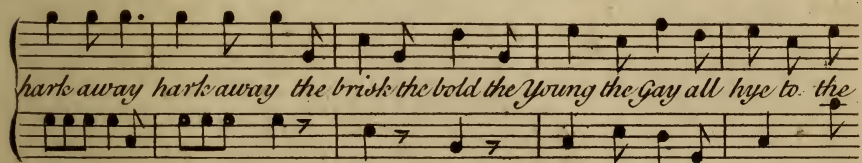
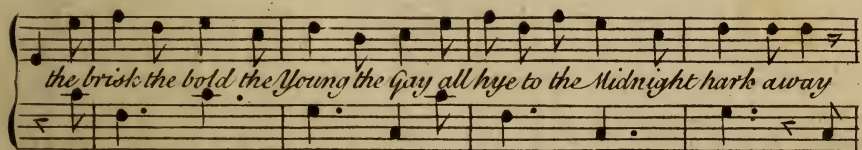
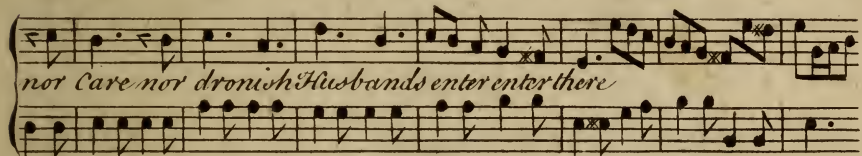
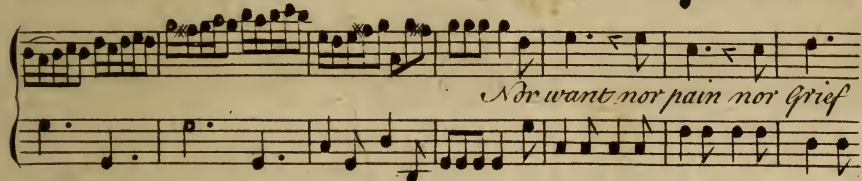
*Cry To join the jovial routful Cry What joy from Cares and*



*plagues all Day to hyc to thee Midnight Hark away hark away hark away to*



*Set to Music by D. Arne*



*Uncounted strikes the Morning Clock When bird with sport to bed we Creep  
And drowsy Watchmen idly knock And kill the tedious Day with sleep  
Till Daylight peeps we sport & play To morrow's welcome call obey  
And roar to the jolly hark away And again to the Midnight hark away*

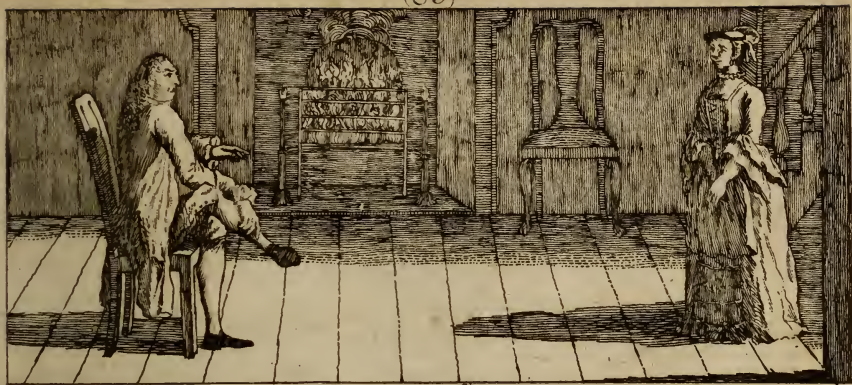


# A New Song

Prepare British Boys your Hearts for new Toys for Cape Breton &  
 Louisbourg taken Our Cannons dire Thunder has  
 made France knock under and Louis and Louis has fear'd his tacon

Not to Gallia alone  
 Is our Valour made known  
 Every Nation before us shall fall  
 Both the Indies can tell  
 What they know but too well  
 And Africa and Africa gives up Senegal.  
 Let the Bullies of France  
 Now be slow to advance  
 Since our old British courage revives  
 When ere wee attack them  
 We'll hack them well thwack them  
 They never were never so thwack'd in their Lives.  
 Then my Jolly Boys sing  
 To George our great King  
 To his Council his Army and Navy  
 Who have humbled the Monsieurs  
 And prov'd them vain bouncers  
 And made and made grand Monarch cry peccavi





## The Power of Beauty.

*Moderately Brisk*

As Cloe came into the Room tother

Day I peevish began Where so long could you stay In your

life Time you never regarded your Hour you never you never re garded your

Hour you promis'd at two And look Child 'tis four you promis'd at two And

look Child 'tis four:

*A Favourite Air.*

*A Ladys Watch needs nither figures nor wheels tis e nough that tis*  
*loaded with baubles & seals A temper so healtls no mortal can bear thus*  
*far I went on with a resolute Air thus far I went on with a*  
*resolute Air* Lord Bless me says  
*She* Let a body but speak Heres an ugly hard  
*rosebud fall'n in to my Neck* It has hurt me And  
*vex'd me to such a De gree* It has hurt me & vex'd me to such a De  
*gree* Look here For you never be lieve me





*A Favourite Air.*

*Tenderly*

*How Welcome my Shepherd how Welcome to*

*me is ev-ry oc casion of meeting with*

*thee* *But when thou art Absent how*

*Joyless am I me thinks I con tented could*

*sit down and Die?*

*Set to Musick by D.<sup>r</sup> Irne*

Pray see pray see On the left side my Brest u<sup>t</sup> a mark it has  
made So saying her Bosom she careles<sup>s</sup> Dis playd her Bosom her  
Bosom She careles<sup>s</sup> dis playd That Scene of de  
light I with Wonder sur veyd that scene of de light I with Wonder sur  
veyd & for got e vry Wôrd I de signd to have said And for got e vry  
Wôrd I De signd to have said And for got e vry Word I De  
signd to have said



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

*Thus Cheated by hope I un heeded went*

*On and Judg'd of your Heart by the Thro'ts of my*

*Own Self Love to my Wish was at hand to per*

*swade that Kindness that Friendship that Love was re*

*paid.*

2

*But alas all is chang'd, & with Anguish I find,  
 Words & looks were but Civil, which once I thought kind,  
 Idea no longer its Succours will Lend  
 To form the fond Lover, or fix the firm Friend.  
 But hush my poor Heart, & no longer complain  
 Thy Honour, thy Virtue, pronounce it in Vain,  
 Thy thoughts swell to Crimes, drive this Love from thy Breast,  
 Perform well thy duty, let Fate do the rest*



*A Favourite Air, Set by D.<sup>r</sup> Boyce.*

*Tenderly*

On thy banks gentle Song when I breath'd y<sup>e</sup> soft Flute To Chloes sweet  
accents at tenton sat mute To her voice w<sup>th</sup> what transports I swell'd y<sup>e</sup> slow  
strain Or re turn'd dying measures in Echoes a gain! Little Cupid best  
Time & the Graces a roundtaught w<sup>th</sup> even di-visions to vary the  
sound taught w<sup>th</sup> even di-visions to vary the Sound

*From my Chloe remov'd when I bid it complain  
And warble smooth numbers to sooth love sick pain  
How much alter'd it seems as the rising notes flew  
And the soft falling Strains how insidiously slow!  
I will play then no more — for 'tis her Voice alone  
Must enrapture my Soul to enliven its tone.*





*A New Song Set by M<sup>r</sup> Gates Jun<sup>r</sup> No 12*

*Tenderly*

*Thou gentle source of Bliss and Woe Fair*

*Venus queen of Love From whom both pain and pleasure flow Both*

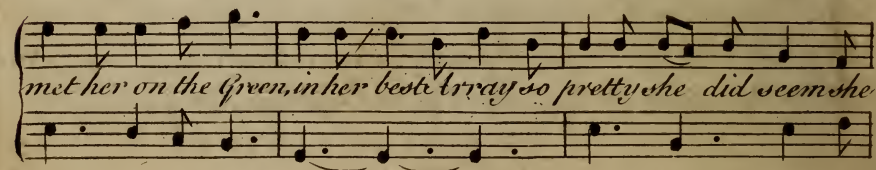
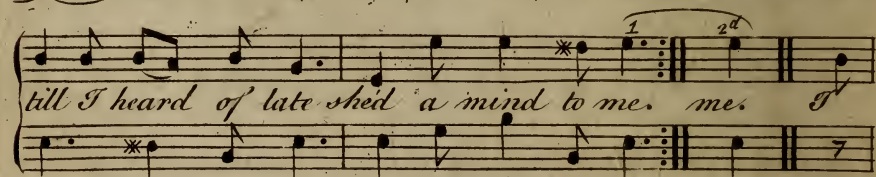
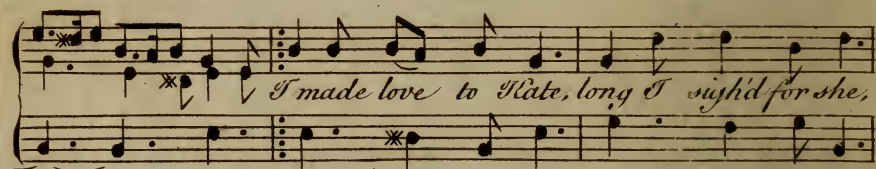
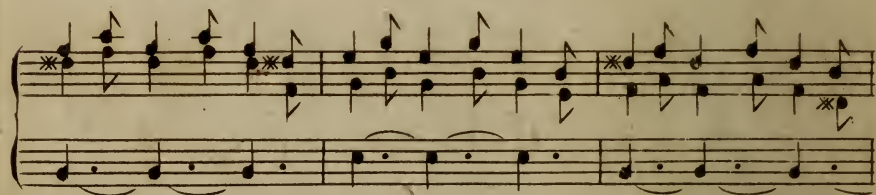
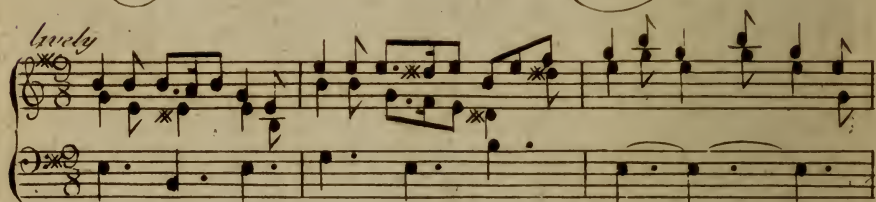
*Youth and Age to move From whom both pain and pleasure flow Both*

*Youth and Age to move Both Youth and Age to move*

*I feel I feel the potent fire O let the wonted powerful charm  
 'Tis you possess my Heart The Heart of Betty move  
 And kindle up unnam'd desire To wax with soft compassion warm  
 But to augment my smart And ease my painfull Love*

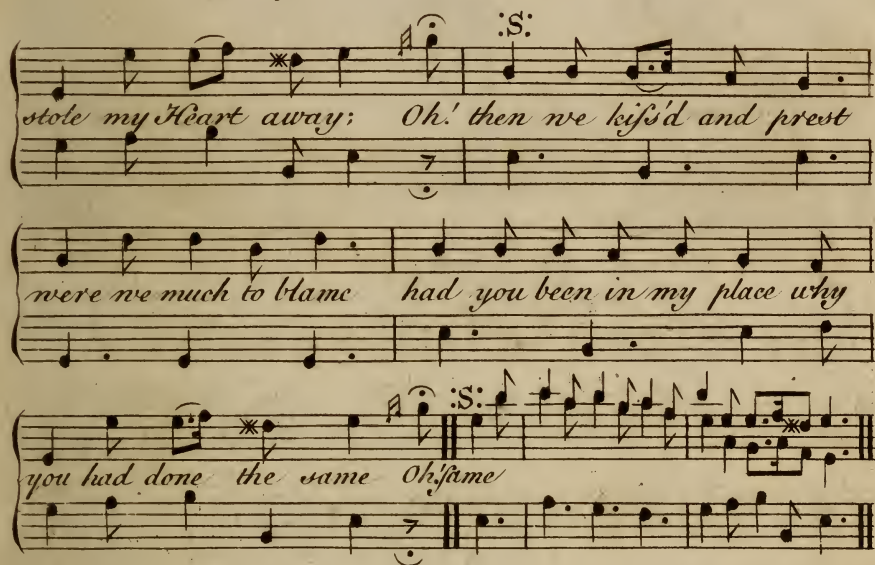


## A new Favourite Song,





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



As I fonder grew she began to prate,  
 Quoth she I'll marry you and you shall marry Kate,  
 But then I laugh'd and swore,  
 I lov'd her more than so,  
 Ty'd each to a Rope's end,  
 T's tugging to and fro.  
 Again we kiss'd and prest were we much to blame,  
 Had you been in my place why you had done y<sup>e</sup> same.

Then she sigh'd and said she was wondrous sick,  
 Dicky Katy led Katy she led Dick,  
 Long we toy'd and play'd,  
 Under yonder Oak,  
 Katy lost the Game,  
 Tho she play'd in Joke.  
 For there we did alas what I dare not name,  
 Had you been in my place why you had done the same.



# A Favourite Song

*Moderately Slow.*

The heavy Hours are almost pass'd that  
 part my Love and me my longing Eyes may hope at  
 last their only Wish to see Thee But how my Delia  
 will you meet the Man you've lost so long will  
 Love in all your Pulses beat and tremble on your

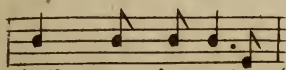
6<sup>4</sup> — 7 — 3 — 9 3 6<sup>3</sup>  
 3<sup>3</sup> 6<sup>3</sup> 9 3 6<sup>4</sup> 6<sup>4</sup> 7 — 3 — 9 8  
 6<sup>4</sup> — 7 — 3 — 6<sup>4</sup> h  
 6<sup>4</sup> 7h 3 6<sup>4</sup> 6<sup>3</sup> 6<sup>4</sup> 6<sup>3</sup> 4<sup>2</sup> 6<sup>4</sup>  
 5 4<sup>2</sup> 6<sup>4</sup> 6<sup>4</sup> 6<sup>3</sup> 6<sup>4</sup>  
 6<sup>3</sup> 6<sup>4</sup> 7 5 5 6<sup>4</sup> 6<sup>3</sup>



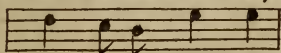
Set to Musick by M<sup>r</sup> Jackson of Exeter

Tongue will love in all your pulses beat and tremble on your

Tongue But Tongue

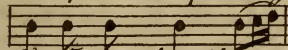


Will you in ev'ry look declare  
Your heart is still the same  
And hear each Pity anxious care  
Our Tears in absence frame

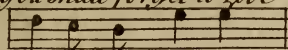


Thus Delia thus I paint the Scene  
When we shall shortly meet  
And try what yet remains between  
Of loving Time to cheat

But if the Dream that soothes my mind  
Shall false and groundless prove



If I am doom'd at length to find  
You shall forget to love



All I of Venus ask is this  
No more to let us join  
But grant me here the flattering bliss  
To die and think you mine

To die and think you mine



# A Favourite Song

*Soft*

*Moderately brisk.*

*What*

*Medicine can soften the Bosoms keen smart, what Lethe can banish the*

*loud Soft*

*Pain! What cure can be met with to sooth the fond Heart, that's broke*

*broke by a faithless young Swain! When to the pale Moon's soft*

*Nightingales moan, In accents so piercing and clear: You*

*Sing not so sweetly, I cry with a Groan, as when, when my dear*



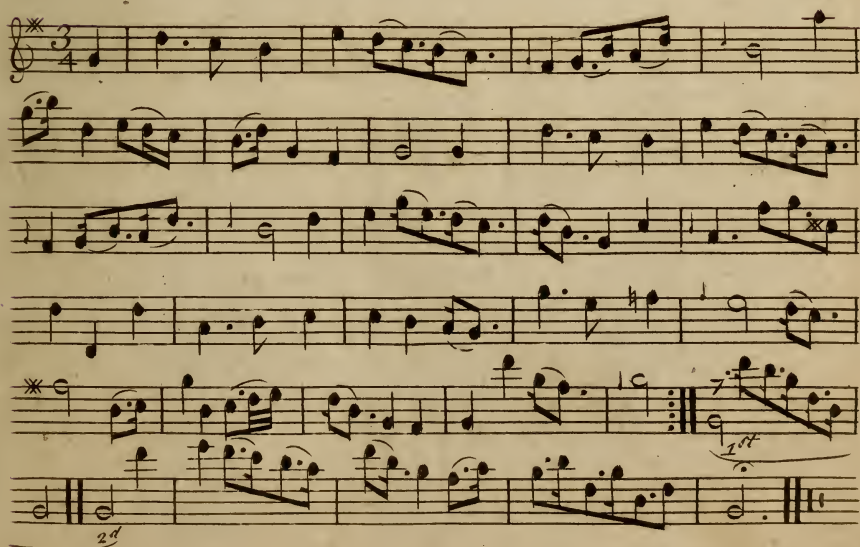
*Set to Musick by D Boyce*



*In hopes to forget him how vainly I try,  
The Sports of the wake and the Green,  
When Colin is dancing I say with a sigh,  
Twas here first my Damon was seen.*

*A Garland of Willow my Temples shall shade,  
And pluck it ye Nymphs from yon Grove;  
For there to her Coot was poor Laura betray'd,  
And Damon Damon pretended to Love.*

*FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE*





*A New Song Set by M<sup>r</sup> Moze*

*Gently* *In Mi ra*

*all the Charms unite which Lovers Dream or Poets write The Queen of Love and*

*Queen of Love with Gate and Face to deck her strow and Pallas gave her*

*Eyes and Pallas gave her Eyes*

*Hebe with Flora join'd her aid  
 With Youth and Bloom to grace the Maid  
 And ev'ry Pow'r some Gift bestow'd  
 When hurrying Jove ascending bow'd  
 And pity quite left out*





*Moderately* *The Silent Lover* Set by D<sup>r</sup> Boyce

*I look'd and I sigh'd and I wish'd I could speak and very fain would have been*

*at her but when I strove most my great Passion to break still then I said*

*least of the Matter I swere to myself I resolv'd I would*

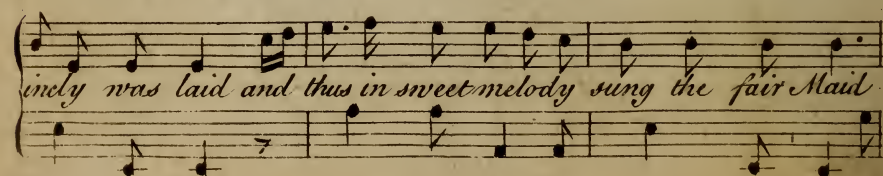
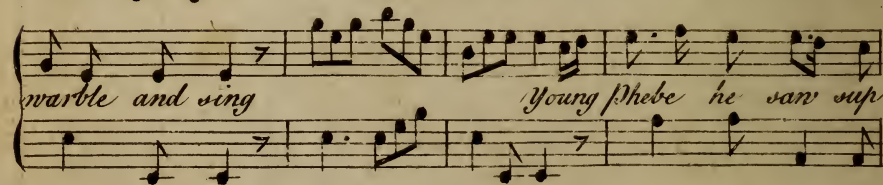
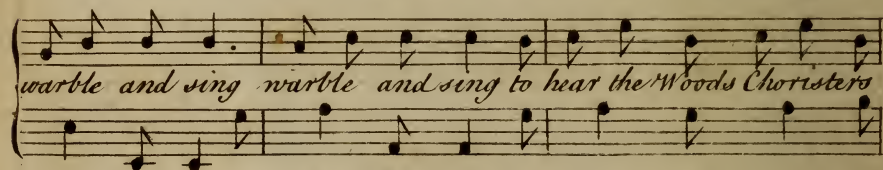
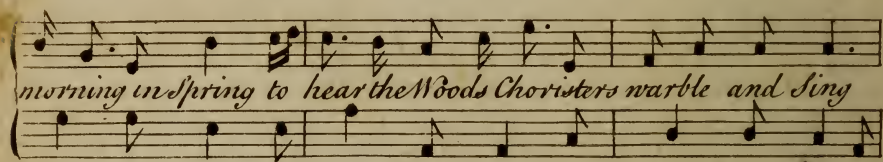
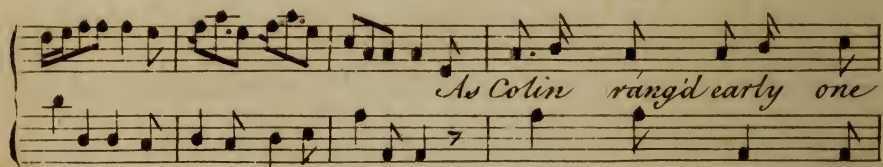
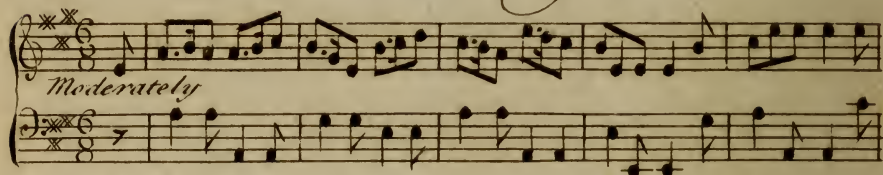
*try some way my poor Heart to recover But that was all vain for I sooner could dye than*

*live with forbearing to love her Than live w<sup>th</sup> forbearing to love her*

Dear Celia be kind then and since your own Eyes  
 By looks can command Adoration  
 Give mine leave to talk too and do not despise  
 Those o'gelings that tell you my Passion  
 We'll look and we'll love and tho' neither shoud speak  
 The pleasure we'll still be pursuing  
 And so without Words I don't doubt we may make  
 A very good end of this wooing

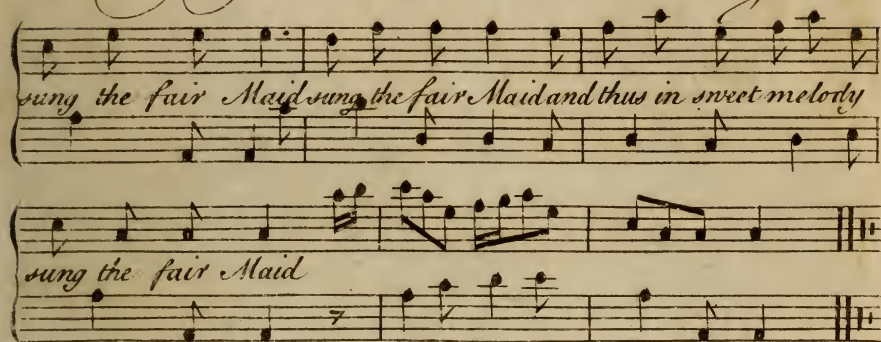


# *A Favourite Song*





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



*Of all my experience how vast the amount  
Since fifteen long Winters I fairly can count  
Was ever poor Damsel so sadly betray'd  
To live to those Years & yet be a Maid*

*Ye Heroes tryumphant by Land and by Sea  
Invorn Votaries to Love yet unmindfull of me  
Of Prowess approv'd of no Danger affraid  
Will you stand by like Dastards and see me a Maid*

*Ye Councillors sage who with eloquent Tongue  
Can do what you please both with right and with wrong  
Can it by Law or by equity be said  
That a charming young Damsel should dye an old Maid*

*Ye learned Physicians whose excellent skill  
Can save or demolish can heal or can kill  
To a poor forlorn Damsel contribute your aid  
Whose sick very sick of remaining a Maid*

*Ye Fops I invoke not to list to my Song  
Who answer no end and to no Sex belong  
Ye echo of echoes and Shadows of shade  
For if I had you I might still be a Maid*

*Poor Colin was melted to hear her complain  
Then whisper'd content like a kind hearted Swain  
And Phebe well pleas'd is no longer affraid  
Of being neglected and dying a Maid*



*With Horns and with Hounds*

*Brisk*

*with*

*Horns and with Hounds I waken the Day and hye to my*

*Woodland walks away*

*I*



Set to Musick by Dr Boyce

I took up my Robe & am buskin'd soon and bye to my Forehead a waxing  
 Moon I course the fleet Stag & unkennel the  
 Fox and chase the wild Goats o'er Summits of Rocks  
 with shouting and hooting we pierce thro the Sky and  
 Echo turns Hunter and doubles the Cry doubles the Cry  
 with  
 shouting and hooting we pierce thro the Sky and Echo turns Hunter and  
 doubles the Cry Echo turns Hunter and doubles the Cry

# A. Favourite Song

With  
 Horns and with Hounds I waken'd Day and bye to my Woodland Walks away  
 I tuck up my Robe and am buskind soon and  
 bye to my Porthead a waning Moon  
 I  
 rouse the fleet Stag unkennel the Fox and chase the wild Goats o'er  
 Summits of Rocks with  
 shouting and hooting we pierce thro the Sky and Echo turns Hunter and  
 doubles the cry.



*in Dryden's Secular Masque*

Handwritten musical score for a secular masque. The score is written on ten systems of staves, each containing a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

*with shouting and hooting we pierce thro the Sky and*

*Echo turns Hunter and doubles the cry Echo turns Hunter and doubles the*

*cry doubles the cry Echo turns Hunter and doubles the cry*

The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.



*A favourite Song Sung by Miss Young*

*Moderately*

*You've told me what beauty appears in my face and*

*how like a Goddess a Goddess I'm shap'd*

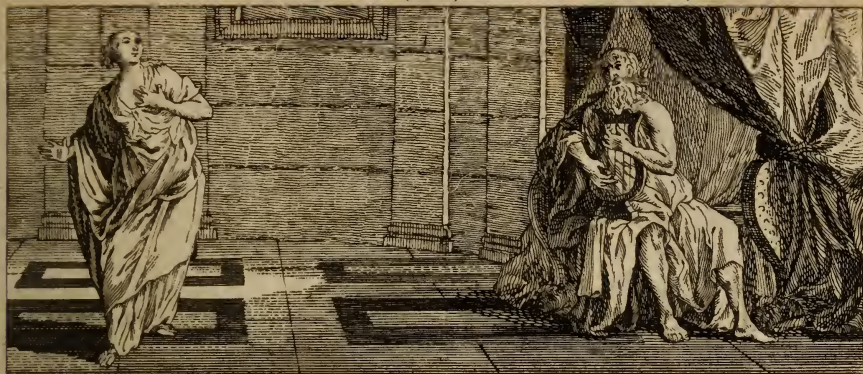
*Yet Colin I'm certain I still have a Grace your narrow observance 'ob*

*servance has scap'd*

*'Tis Virtue that shines in the Virgins bright Eyes  
And adds to her Mien ev'ry charm  
'Tis that which attracts the regard of the wise  
But never a fool can alarm*

*Here Virtue and Reason I hope are ally'd  
With passion united to both  
And when you can conquer my Guard & my pride  
I'm yours for ever sweet Youth*





*Oh had I Jubal's Lyre*

*Brisk*

*Oh had I Jubal's Lyre or Miriam's hingsful Voice Oh*

*had I Jubal's Lyre or Miriam's hingsful Voice To sound like his I*

*would as pure To sounds like his I would as pure In*

*Songs like hers In Songs like hers re joice.*

*A Favourite Air in Joshua.*

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 7/8. The melody is characterized by frequent sixteenth and thirty-second note runs, giving it a lively, virtuosic feel. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand below the notes, with some words appearing in italics. The score is divided into several systems, each with a corresponding bass line. The lyrics include: "In Songs like hers re joice...", "Oh had I Jubals Lyre or Miriam's tuneful Voice Oh", "had I Jubals Lyre or Miriam's tuneful Voice To Sounds like his I", "would as pure In Songs like hers In Songs like hers re", and "joice...". The score ends with a final flourish and a repeat sign.

*In*

*Songs like hers re joice... In Songs like*

*hers re joice*

*Oh had I Jubals Lyre or Miriam's tuneful Voice Oh*

*had I Jubals Lyre or Miriam's tuneful Voice To Sounds like his I*

*would as pure In Songs like hers In Songs like hers re*

*joice...*

*In Songs like hers re joice*



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

*In Songs like hers re joice*

*My humble Strains but faintly show how*

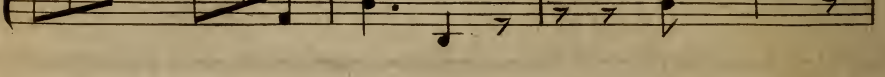
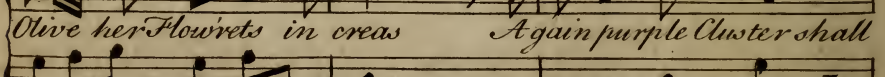
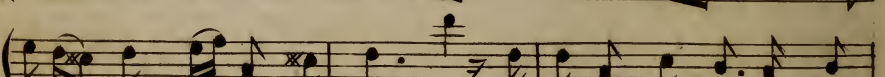
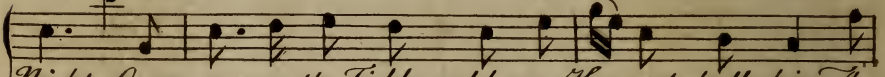
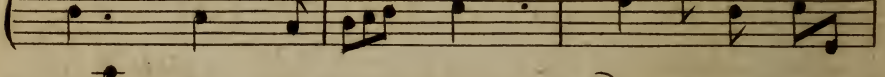
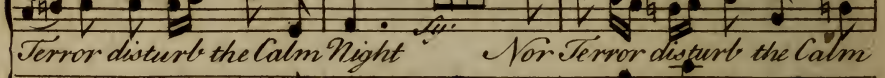
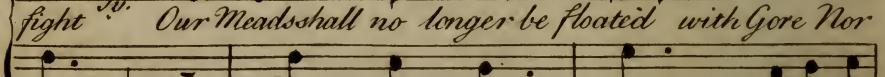
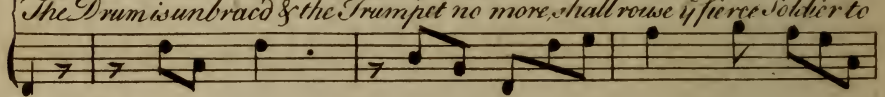
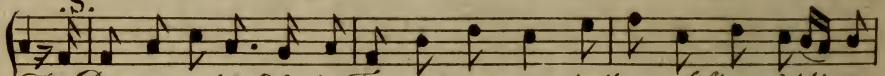
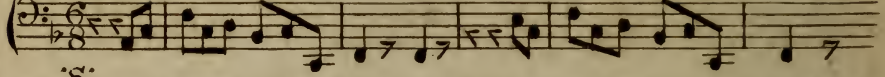
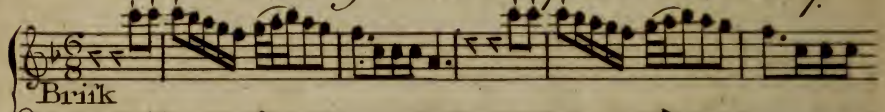
*much to Heav'n and thee I owe my humble Strains but*

*faintly show how much to Heav'n and thee I owe how*

*much to Heav'n & thee I owe.*



*A Favorite Song in the Shepherds Lottery.*





*Set to Musick by D.<sup>r</sup> Boyce.*

blush on the Vine These these are the Blessings of Peace *Ly.* A

gain purple Clusters shall blush on the Vine These these are the

Blessings of Peace *Ly.*

*The Shepherd securely now roams thro' the Glade  
Or merrily Pipe in the Vale  
The Youth in soft Numbers attempts his coy Maid  
The Virgins Dance blith in the Dale  
The Flowers with gay Colours embroider the Ground  
Unpress'd By an Enemy's Feet  
The Bleatings of Sheep from y<sup>e</sup> Hills resound  
And the Birds their trim Sonnets repeat.*

*Sym.*

*So*

*Sym.*

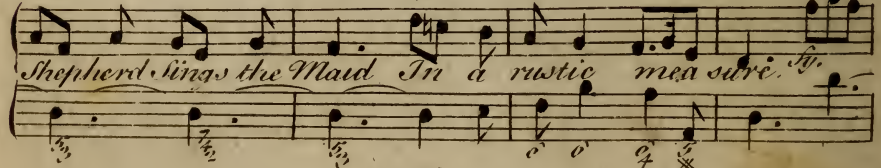
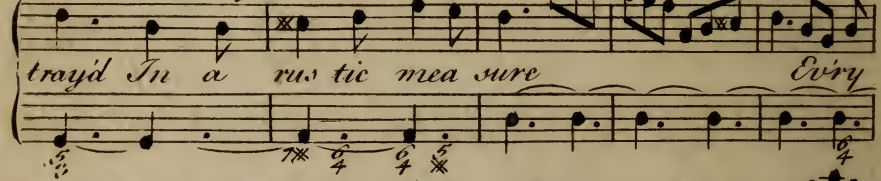
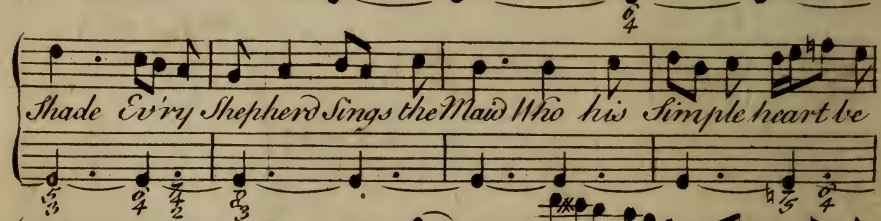
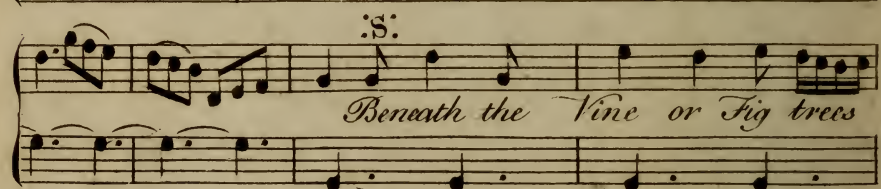
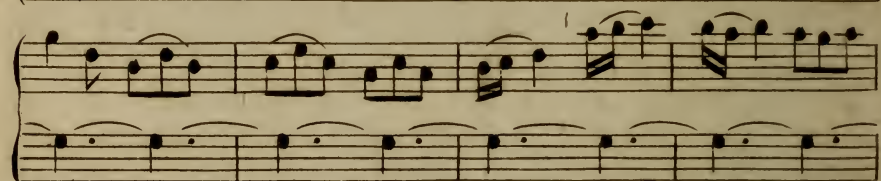
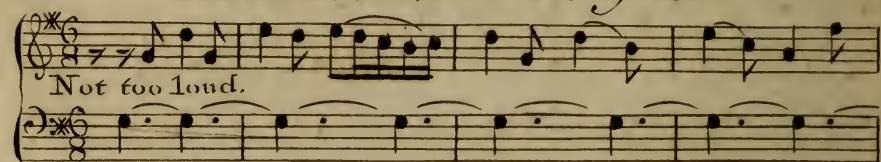
*Sym. So.*

*Sym. So.*

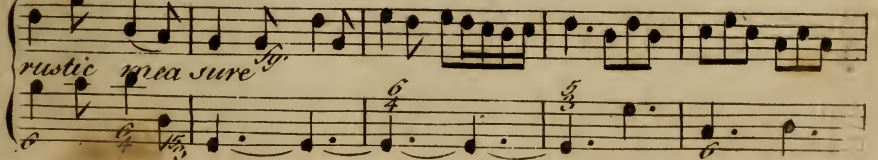
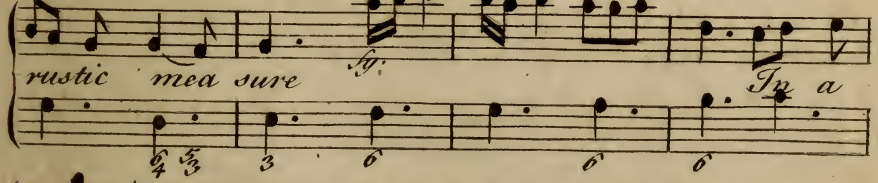
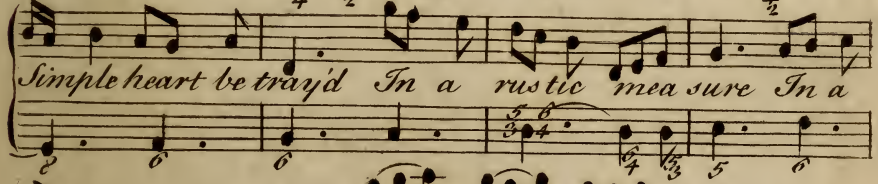
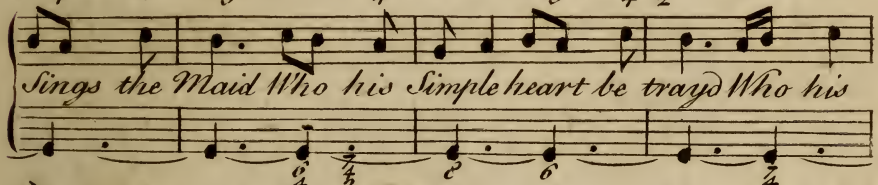
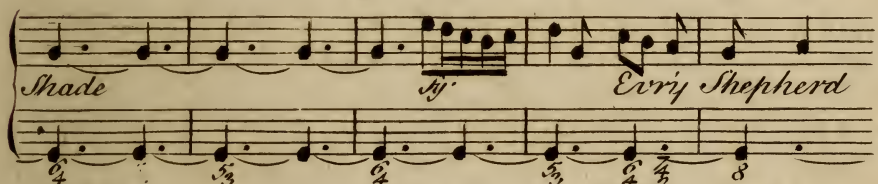
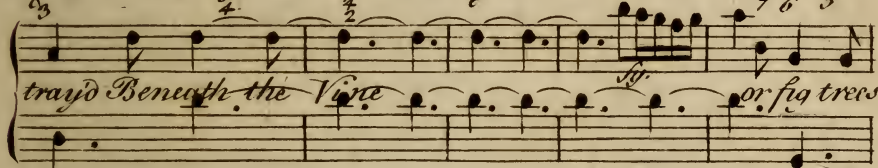
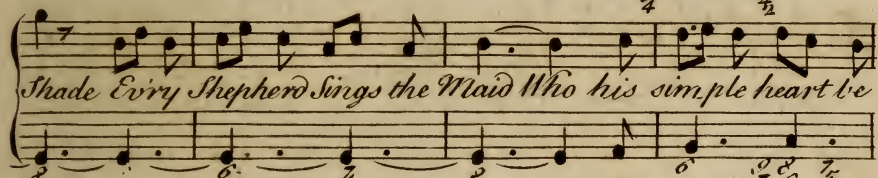
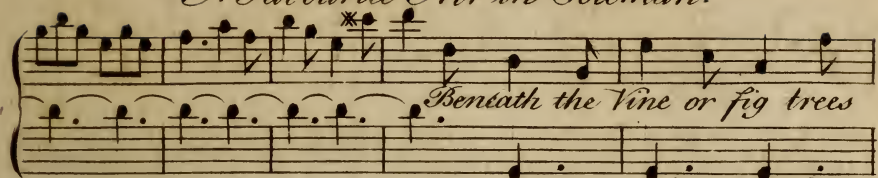
*Sym.*



*Beneath the Vine or Fig trees.*





*A Favourite Air in Soloman.*

*Set to Musick by D.<sup>r</sup> Boyce?*

*While of torment*

*he Com plains all a round the Village Swains Catch the Song and*

*feel his Pains Mingling sighs with Pleasure* *While of*

*torment he Com plains all a round the Village Swains*

*Catch the Song and feel his Pains Mingling Sighs with Plea*

*sure Catch the Song And feel his Pains. Mingling*

*Sighs with Plea sure Mingling sighs with Plea sure.*





# *The Lovesick Invocation (1)*

## Recitative

As o'er the Flow'ry Meads I pass Where  
 Nature spreads the Verdant Grass And  
 Daisies intermingled stray If Silvio  
 chance to cross the plain these fainter beauties rise in  
 vain His presence only makes the May

# A Favourite Song

*Slenderly*

*Soft* *bold*

*Soft* *bold*

O love thou bitter foe to rest who hast within this

harmless breast So home the sickning Arrow sent so

home the sickning Arrow sent

*Soft* *bold*

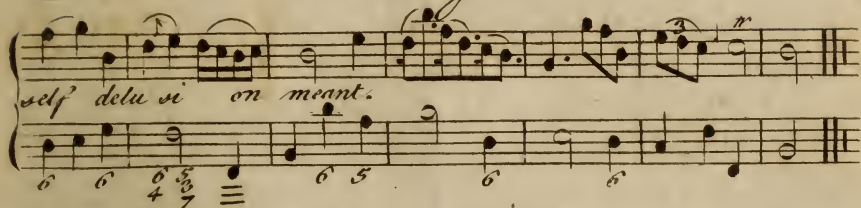
Relieve a poor unwary Maid who fondly Gazeing

was betray'd Nor knew what self delusion meant

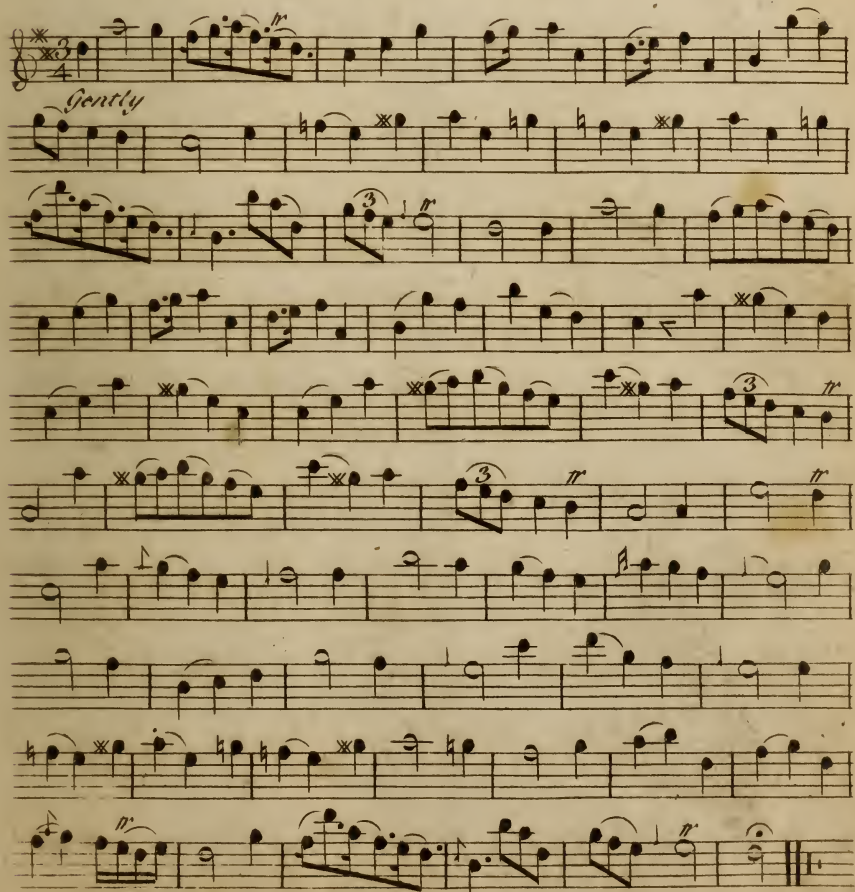
Who fondly Gazeing was betray'd nor knew what



Set to Music by Dr Arne



Since Custom cruel to y<sup>e</sup> Fair | Then if the lovely Youth appear  
 Forbids my passion to declare | By turns inclin'd to Hope & fear  
 Y<sup>e</sup>ist blind God of soft desire | And tenderly his passion move  
 To thy omnipotence I kneel | My Heart shall flutter to his Sighs  
 Let him my secret anguish feel | With gentle looks I'll meet his Eye  
 And burn for me with equal fire | And never - never cease to love

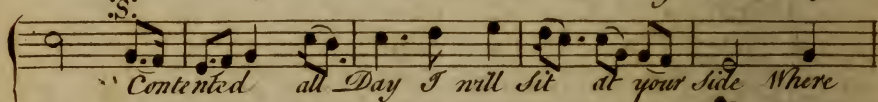
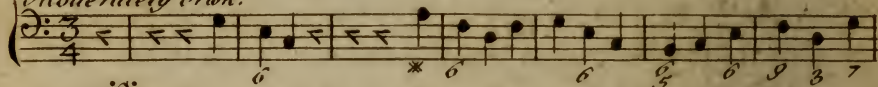




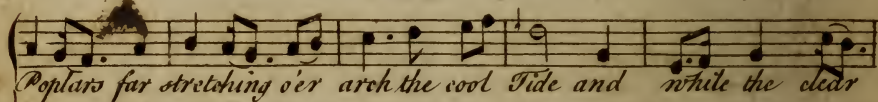
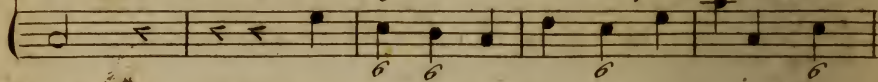
*A favourite Song in the Chaplet*



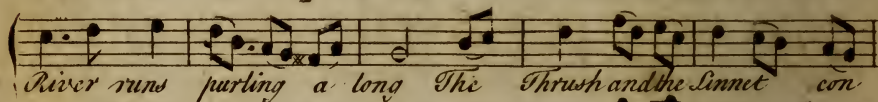
*Modestly brisk.*



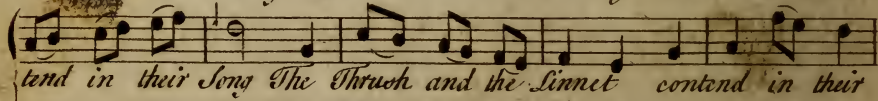
*Contented all Day I will sit at your side Where*



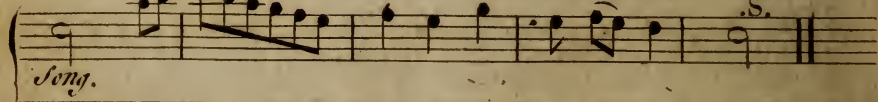
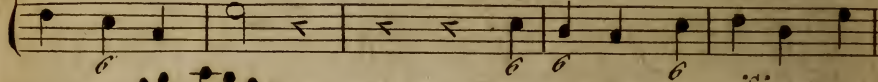
*Poplars far stretching o'er arch the cool Tide and while the clear*



*River runs purling a long The Thrush and the Linnet con*



*tend in their Song The Thrush and the Linnet contend in their*



*Song.*





# Set to Musick by D<sup>r</sup> Boyce

## LAURA

While you are but by me no Danger I fear  
 Ye Lambs rest in safety my Damon is near  
 Bound on ye blyth Folds now your Gambols may please  
 For my Shepherd is kind and my Heart is at Ease  
 For my &c

## DAMON

Ye Virgins of Britain bright Rivals of Day  
 The Wish of each Heart and the Theme of each Lay  
 Neer yield to the Snares till he make you a Wife  
 For he who loves truly will take you for Life  
 For he &c

## LAURA

Ye Youths who fear nought but the Frowns of the Fair  
 'Tis yours to relieve not to add to their Care  
 Then scorn to their Ruin Assistance to lend  
 Nor betray the Sweet Creatures you're born to defend  
 Nor betray &c

## Chorus

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins renowned Nor false to his  
 For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins renowned Nor false to his  
 Vows one young Shepherd be found Be their Moments all guided by  
 Vows one young Shepherd be found Be their Moments all guided by  
 Virtue and Truth to preserve in their Age what they gaind in their youth To pre  
 Virtue and Truth to preserve in their Age what they gaind in their youth To pre  
 serve in their Age what they gaind in their youth.  
 serve in their Age what they gaind in their youth.



# A Favourite Song

*Briskly*

In Young Astrea's sparkling Eye, Resistless Love has  
 fixed his Throne In young Astrea's sparkling Eye, resistless  
 Love has fix'd his Throne  
 Thousand Lovers bleeding lye For her, with wounds they fear to own they  
 fear to own While the coy Beauty speeds her flight to distant Groves from



*See to Music by D<sup>r</sup> Green*

whence she came to distant Groves from whence she came

*Quickly*

So Lightning vanishes vanishes from sight vanishes from

sight but Leaves the Forrest in a Flame

leaves the Forrest in a

Flame

So Lightning vanishes vanishes from sight

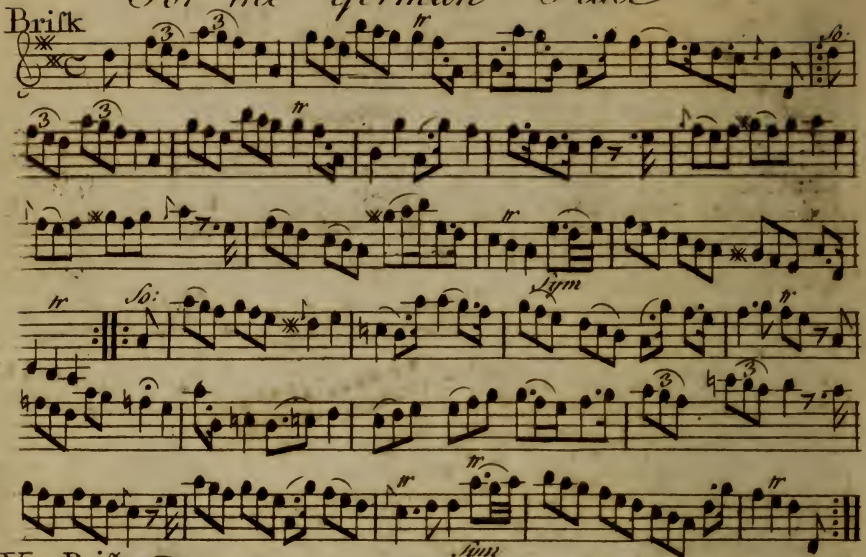
lightning vanishes vanishes from sight but leaves the Forrest in a Flame...

leaves the Forrest in a Flame

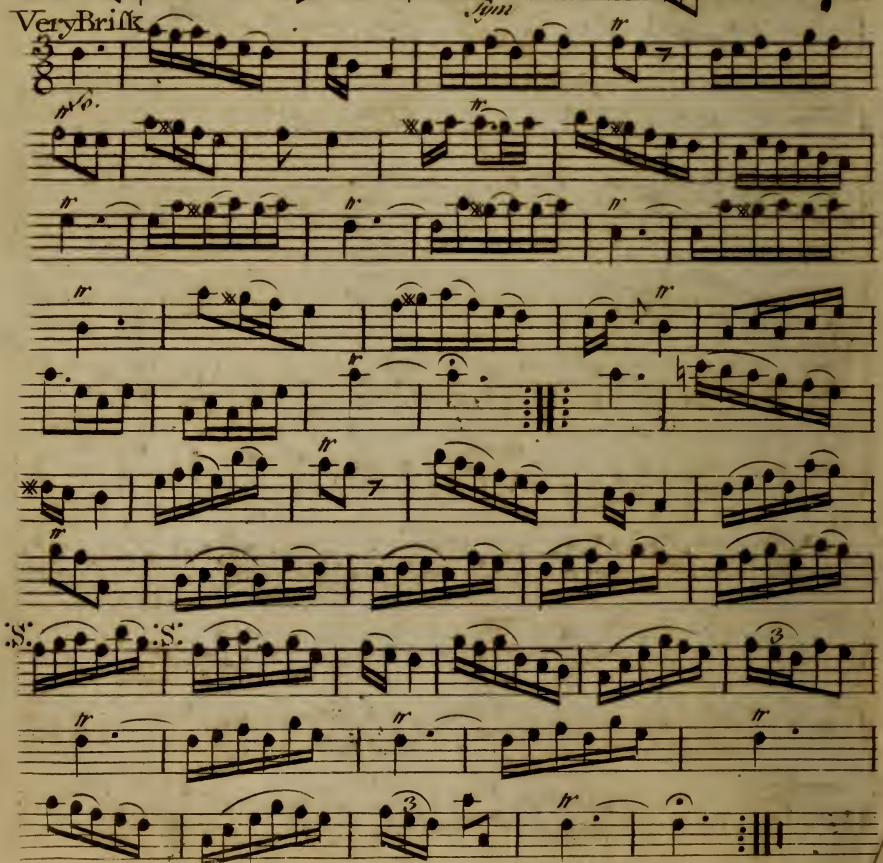
leaves the Forrest in a Flame

# For the German Flute

Brisk



Very Brisk







*A favourite Air*  
*Set to Musick by D.<sup>r</sup> Arne.*

*Brilky*

*Get you hence for I must go where it fits not*

*you to know Whither whither O whither where it*

*fits not you to know whither whither O whither where it*

*fits not you to know*

*Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Beard in the Winters Tale*

*Soft.*

It becomas thy Oath fill well thou to me thy Secrets tell Then

whither goest say whither me too let me go thither Or thou

goest to the Grange or the Mill If to either thou dost ill Neither

*Fausto Solo.*  
neither what neither neither neither What neither

*Loud.*

Thou hast sworn my Love to be thou hast sworn it more to

*Soft.*

me Then whither goest say whither You stay hither I'll go

*Fausto Solo.*

thither neither neither what neither neither neither I'll go

*Fausto Solo.*

thither neither neither I'll go thither



# Two favourite Songs

Let me wander not un

seen by Hedgerow Elms on Hillslocks green

There the Plow man near at Hand whistles over the furrow'd

Land there y<sup>e</sup> Plow man near at Hand whistles over the furrow'd

Land And the Milk maid sing eth

blithe and the Mower whets his Sythe & every Shepherd tells his

Tale under the Hawthorn in the Dale and every

Shepherd tells his Tale under y<sup>e</sup> Hawthorn in y<sup>e</sup> Dale

Set to Musick by W. Handell.

*Brillk*

Or let the merry Bells ring round

Or let the merry Bells ring round And the

jocund Rebecks sound And the jocund Rebecks Sound

And if jocund Rebecks sound To many a

Youth and many a maid Dancing in the checquer'd

Shade To many a Youth and many a



*Sung by M.<sup>rs</sup> Vincent at Vauxhall.*

*maid Dancing in the checquerd shade* *Dancing Dan....*

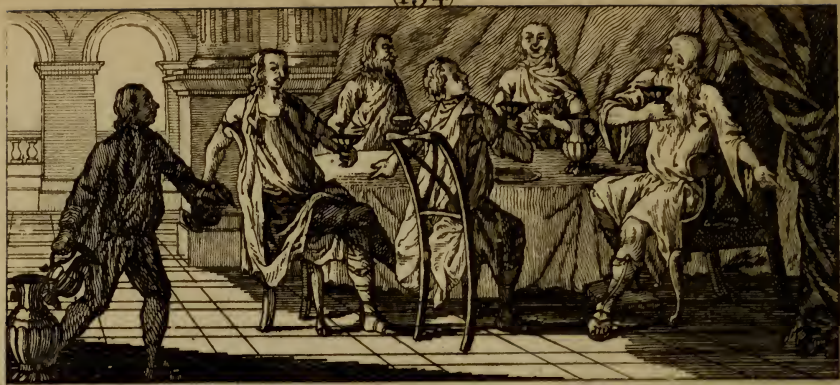
*...cing Dancing in the checquerd shade.*

*To many a Youth & many a maid* *Dancing in y<sup>e</sup> checquerd*

*Shade* *Dancing Dan....*

*...cing Dancing in the checquerd shade!*





# *A Favourite Song.*

Rec.

Oft am I by the Women told Poor Anacreon thou growst Old  
 Poor Anacreon thou growst Old Look look how thy Hair are falling  
 all Poor Anacreon Poor Anacreon how they fall

Briskly. *Taste Solo* Whether  
 I grow Old or no By th effects I do not know This I  
 know without long told Tis time to live if I grow old Tis time to live if I grow



*Set to Musick by D.<sup>r</sup> Boyce.*

Old This I know without being told 'Tis time to Live if I grow

3 6 43 9 6 43 6 6

Old

*Taste Solo.*

'Tis time short Pleasures now to take of little Life the best to

6 6 46 6 6 6

make & manage wisely the last Stake manage wisely the last Stake

6 6 46 6 6 6

'Tis time short Pleasures now to take of little

6 6 4 6

life the best to make & manage wise.....ly manage

6 6 4 6 6

wisely the last Stake manage wise.....ly manage wisely of last

6 6 4 6 6 4

Stake.

*Taste Solo.*

*For the German Flute?*

Rec.<sup>o</sup>

Briskly

Ly.

No.

Sp.

So.

Fi

So

Am

Sp.



Set to Musick by D.<sup>r</sup> Arne.

may the Maid where e'er she be think not of my dis  
tress nor me But may the Maid where e'er she be  
think not of my distress nor me think not of my dis  
tress nor me.

May all the Traces of our Love  
Be ever blotted from her mind  
May from her Breast my Vows remove  
And no Remembrance leave behind  
But may the Maid where e'er she be  
Think not of my Distress nor me

3

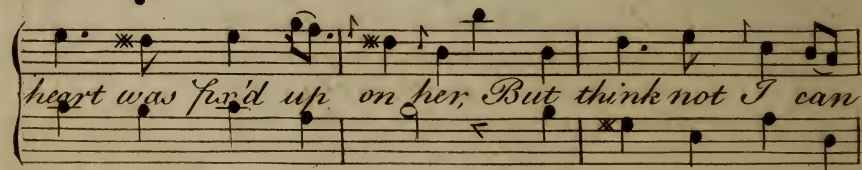
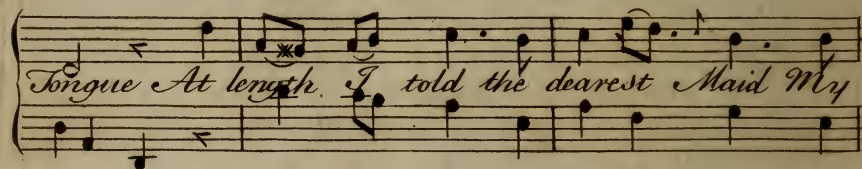
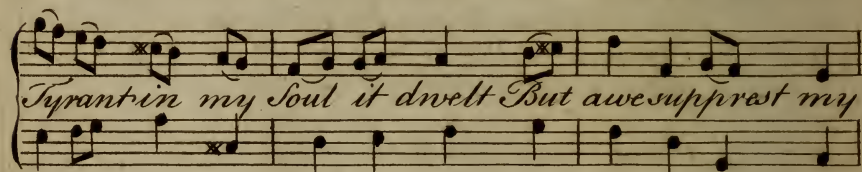
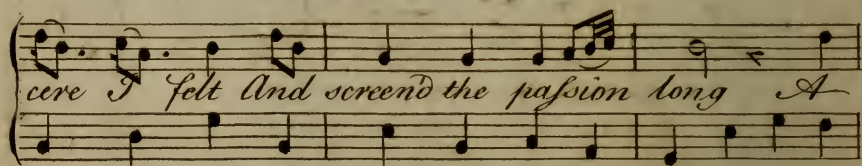
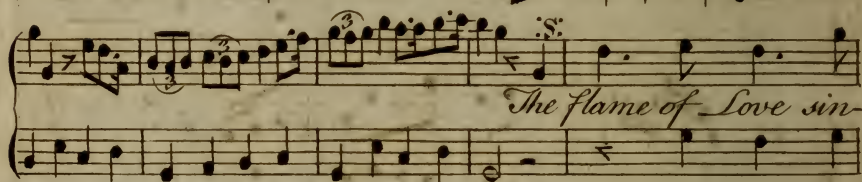
O! may I ne'er behold her more  
For she has rob'd my Soul of rest  
Wisdom's assistance is to poor  
To calm the tempest in my Breast.  
But may the Maid where e'er she be  
Think not of my Distress nor me.

4

Come Death O! come thou friendly Sleep  
And with my Sorrows lay me low  
And should the gentle Virgin weep  
Nor sharp nor lasting be her woe  
But may she think where e'er she be  
No more of my Distress nor me.

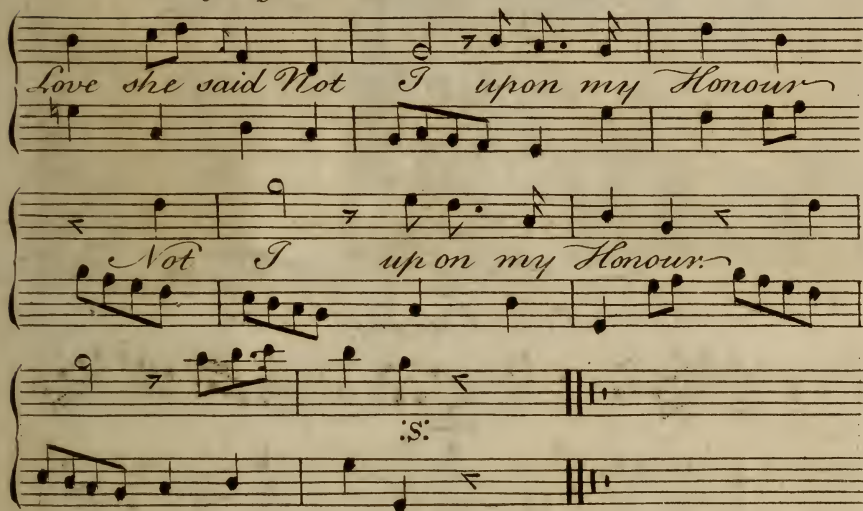


*Upon my Honour. Set by D.<sup>r</sup> Boyce.*





*Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Lowe. Vauxhall.*



2

*The Heart that once is roving caught  
The prudent Nymphs distrust  
And must it for a youthful fault  
Be ever deem'd unjust  
So Celia judg'd, so sense decreed  
And bade me still to shun her  
Your suit she said wont here succeed  
It wont upon my Honour.*

3

*To long I cry'd I've been to blame  
I with a sigh confess  
But thou who canst the Rake reclaim  
My new born passion blest  
Had'er a Nymph like Celia provid  
I could not have undone her  
On thee bright Maid thou best belov'd  
I doat upon my Honour.*

4

*Awhile the Fair my Suite repress  
My Constancy to prove  
Then with a blush consent exprest  
And blest me with her Love  
To Church I led the blooming fair  
Enraptur'd that I'd won her  
And now Life's sweetest joys we share  
We do upon my Honour.*

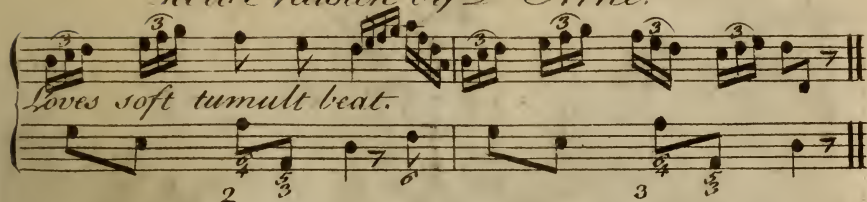


## The Contest.

*Gently.*

At length too soon dear Creature receive this fond A  
 dieu Thy Pains O Love how bitter Thy Joy how short how  
 few thy Joys how short how few No more those Eyes so killing the  
 melting glance repeat Nor Bosom gently swelling With  
 Loves soft tumult beat Nor Bosom gently swelling With



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

I go where Glory leads me  
And points the Dang'rous way  
Tho' conard Love upbraids me  
Yet Honour bids obey  
But Honour's boasting Story  
Too plain those tears reprove  
And whisper Fame Wealth Glory  
Ah! what are they to Love.

Two passions strongly pleading  
My doubtful breast divide  
Lo! there my Country Bleeding  
And here a weeping Bride  
But know thy faithful Lover  
Can true to either prove  
Fame fires my veins all over  
Yet every pulse beats Love.

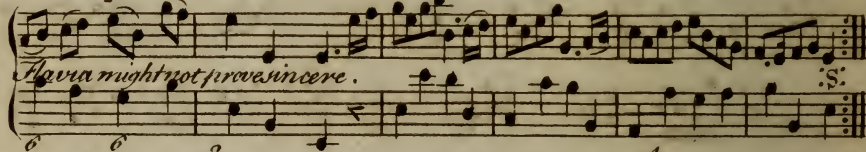
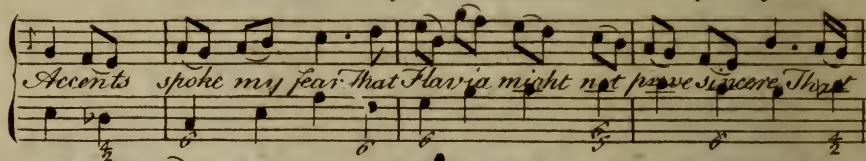
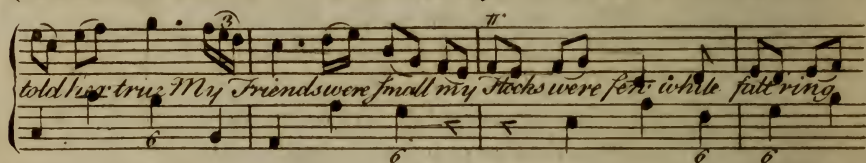
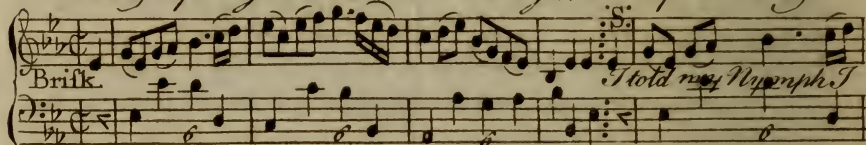
4

Then think where'er I wander  
The sport of Seas and Wind  
No distance Hearts can sunder  
Whom mutual truth has joind  
Kind Heaven y<sup>e</sup> brave requiting  
Shall safe thy Swain restore  
And raptures Crown y<sup>e</sup> meeting  
Which Love ne'er felt before





*Sung by Miss Thomas at Ranelagh. Set by M<sup>r</sup> Long.*

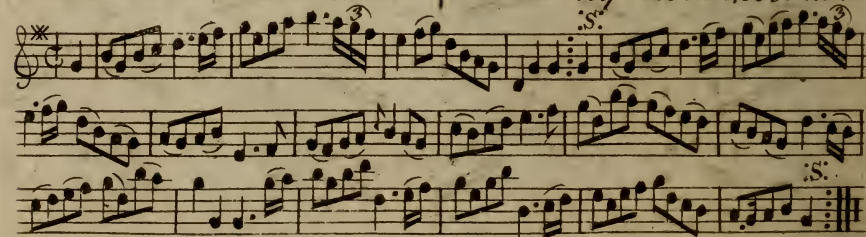


*Of Flocks destroy'd by vernal cold  
And vagrant Sheep that left my Fold  
Of these she heard yet bore to hear  
And is not Flavia then sincere*

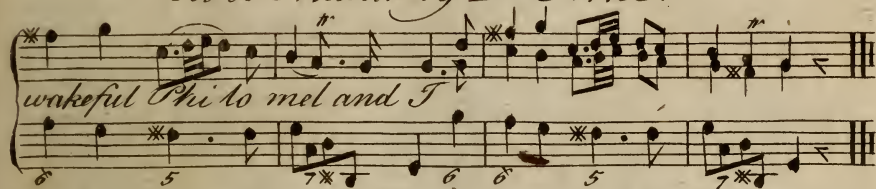
*How chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind  
The Friend I lov'd became unkind  
She heard shed a generous Tear  
And is not Flavia then sincere*

*How if she deign'd my love to bless  
My Flavia must not hope for Dross  
This too she heard & mild to hear  
And Flavia sure must be sincere*

*Go shear your Flocks ye jovial Swains  
Go reap the plenty of your Plains  
Dispoild of all which you revere  
I know my Flavias Love sincere*





Set to Musick by D.<sup>r</sup> Arne.

2  
Who better seen in Shepherds Arts  
To win the wanton Lasses Hearts  
How to my Oaten Pipe so sweet  
Wont they to change their nimble feet  
And many Tales of Mirth had I  
To chace the Sun adown the Sky  
Since Lucy wrought her sight alone  
To Woods I pour my fruitless moan

3  
Oh quit thy Scorn relentless Fair!  
Eer long I perish thro Despair  
Had Rosalind possesst my Mind  
The Maiden would have been more kind  
Oh think! for Beauty will not stay  
And Flowers ungeatherd will decay  
The Flowers returning Seasons bring  
But Beauty has no second Spring

4  
Oh could my Gifts but win her heart!  
Could I but half I feel impart!  
For Plumbs I'd climb y<sup>e</sup> knotty Tree  
Of Honey rob the thrifty Bee  
Fair is my Flock nor comets I  
If Fountains flatter not, & why  
Should Fountains flatter us yet show  
The Flowers less beautiful than they grow

5  
Oh come my Love! nor think it mean  
The Dams to milk y<sup>e</sup> Lambskins wean  
How woud y<sup>e</sup> Crook beseech thy Hand  
How woud my Younglings round thee stand  
Ah Younglings! gaze not on her Eye  
Such Glances are the Cause I die  
Sleep sleep my Flock for you may take  
Your Rest, tho thus your Master wake

## For the German Flute.





*A Favourite Song.*

*Myrtilla de*

*mourning the Aid of my Pen To tell what of her were the thoughts of the*

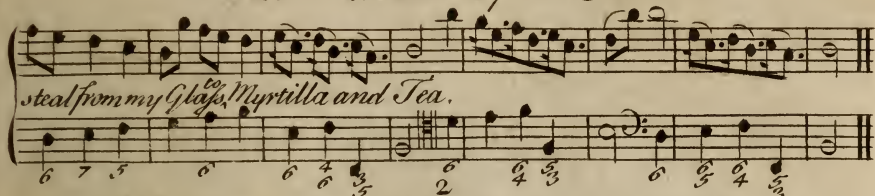
*men In sisted for once I wou'd alter my Tune And write Pa ne*

*gy rich as well as Lam poons With Candor de scribing the*

*woman I see when I steal from my Glass to Myrti la and Tea when I*

*Myrtilla de*



Set to Music by D.<sup>r</sup> Arne.

If the Eyes sweet Employ to the Soul give delight  
 And Beautys an object engaging to Sight  
 How kind is my Fair one whose Studies confess  
 Her Aim is at Natures Amendment in Dress  
 Tho oft in the Structure mistaking the Plan  
 She spoils what she meant should give pleasure to Man

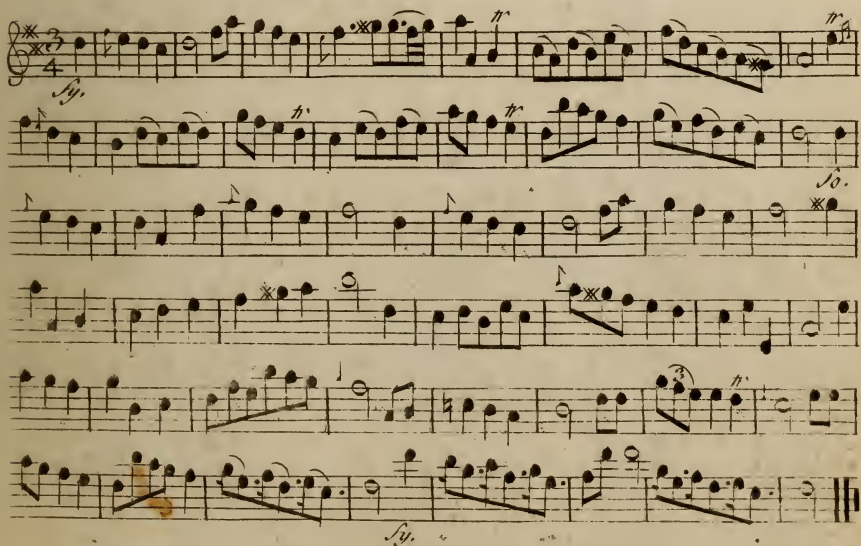
3

When I hear her sweet Voice in its natural Hey  
 Her good humour'd Prattle is Musick to me  
 Her Kifs woud soon make the dull Hermit forego  
 His Cell and high Views for that Heaven below  
 But when for a Trifle with Anger grown bold  
 Her words are but Discord her Kisses are cold

4

Like dew to the Flowrs is love to Mankind.  
 Each Senses enjoyment in Woman we find  
 Unless Affectation that Bane to the Fair  
 Unfetter the Heart they attempt to ensnare  
 Let Nature the Science of pleasing direct  
 A Charm ill display'd soon becomes a Defect

## For the German Flute.





*A Favourite Air in the Tempest.*

Soft. Loud.

No more dams I'll make for  
fish nor fetch fireing at requiring nor semp trencher nor wash  
dish Ban Ban Ca ca li ban has a new Master  
get a new man

No more dams I'll make for fish no more dams I'll make for



*Set to Musick by M. Smith?*

fish nor fetch fire ing at re quir ing nor scrape trencher

nor wash dish no more dams Ill make for fish nor fetch

fire ing at re quiring nor scrape trencher nor wash dish Ban

Ban Ca ca li ban has a new master get a new man Ban

Ban Ca ca li ban has a new master has a new

master has a new master get a new Man.



*A favourite Air. Set by M.<sup>r</sup> Handel.*

*Very Slow.*

*Pious Orgies Pious Ains decent Sorrow decent Prayers will to y<sup>e</sup>*

*Lord ascend & move his pity his pity & regain his love Pious Orgies pious Ains decent*

*Sorrow decent sorrow, cent prayers will to y<sup>e</sup> Lord, send, move his pity his pity*

*& regain his Love Pious Orgies Pious Ains decent sorrow, cent prayers will to y<sup>e</sup> Lord, send &*

*move his pity his pity & regain his Love*





*A Favourite Air* (1)

*Moderately*

*Vain is Beautys gau-dy Flow'r Pageant of an*

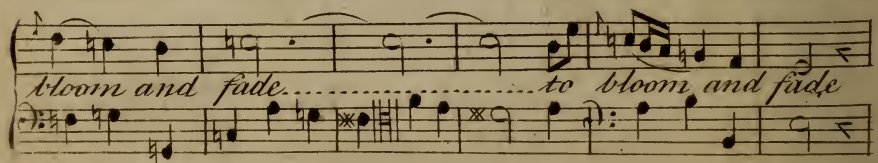
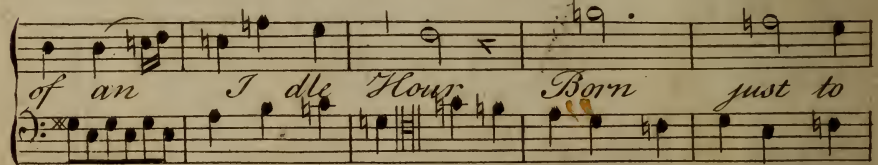
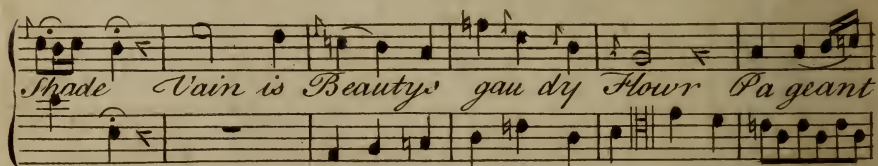
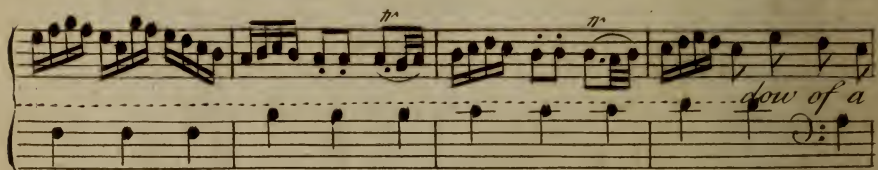
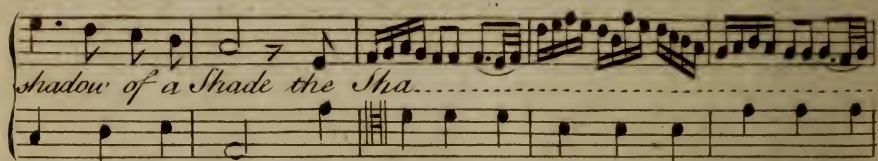
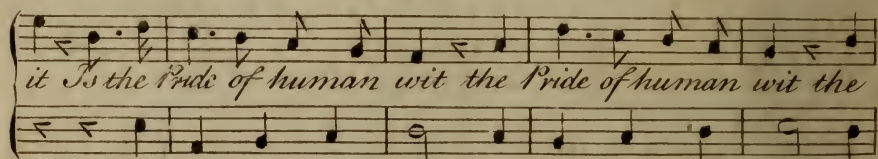
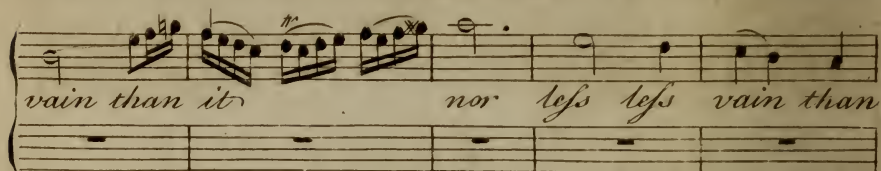
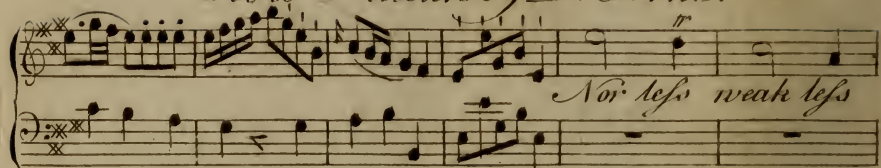
*Idle Hour! Born just to bloom & fade to*

*fade*

*to bloom & fade born just to bloom and*

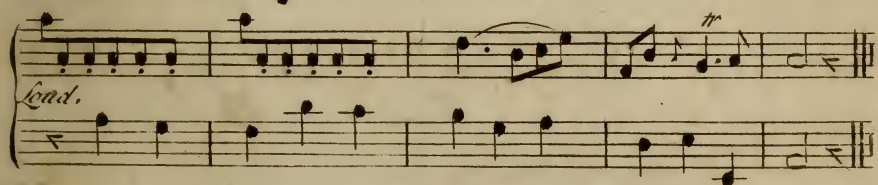
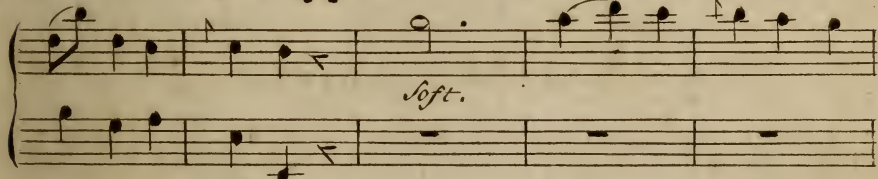
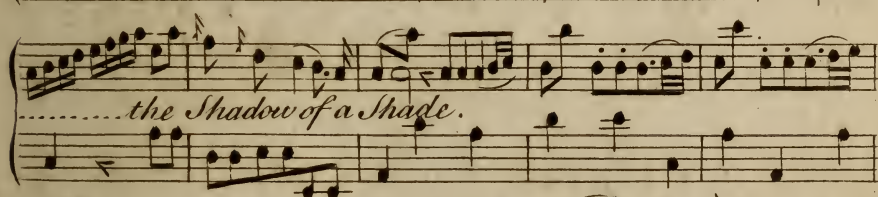
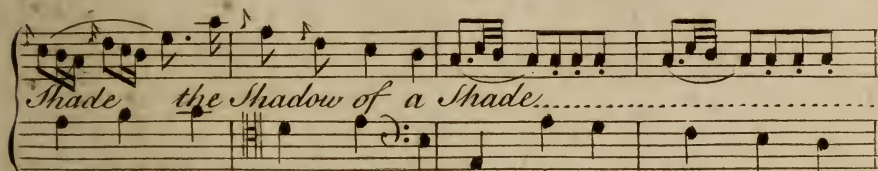
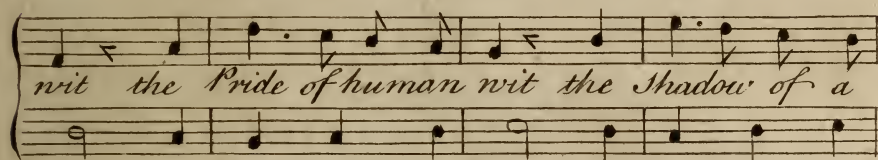
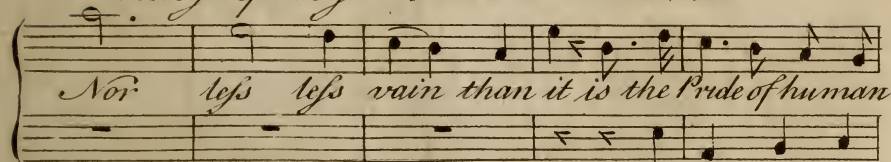
*fade to bloom and fade, fade!*

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





*Sung by Miss Brent at Vauxhall.*





## *Well judging Phillis.*

*Near Thames green Banks a love torn Nymph reclin'd Thus told her Thyrsis*

♯ 6 7 6 6 7 6 7

*various as the Wind Hast thou perfidious Youth thy Oath for got*

7 6 6 7 6 7 4 6 6

*And must y mournful Willow be my Lot And must the mournful*

♯ 6 6 6 7 7 6 6

*Willow be my Lot*

6 4 ♯ 3 6 2 6 6 4 ♯ 3

*Since thou, contem'ning Gods, thy Vows hast broke  
Thus play'd with Love and made my Fame a Joke  
A dire Revenge, on thee, I now have chose  
For soon these Waves shall end my Life & Woes.*

*Thw said she hasted to the Sounding Flood  
And shuddring o'er its flow'ry Margin stood  
The tear of Anguish starting in her Eye  
Resolv'd to plunge, she vents a dismal sigh.*

*But in his Terrors whilst grim Death ap pears She*

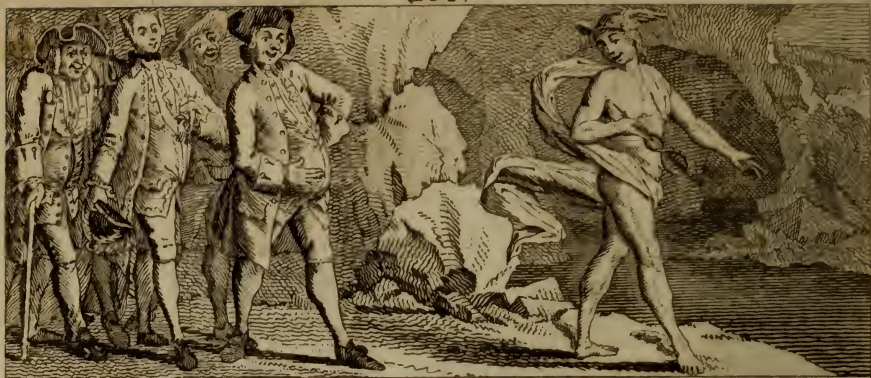
♯ 6 7 6 6 7 6 7



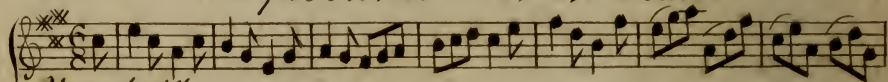
*Set to Music by Dr Boyce.*

Handwritten musical score for a song titled "Swains I've but one Life". The score is written on ten staves, with the first staff featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves, and the music is accompanied by figured bass notation (numbers 1-7) and various musical symbols (accents, slurs, and a double bar line at the end). The lyrics are:

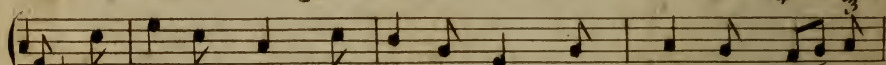
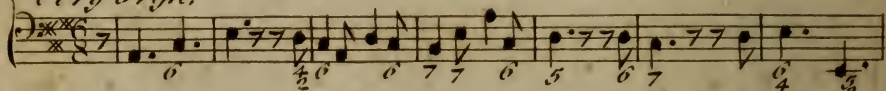
Cries her warring mind o'erspread w<sup>th</sup> Fear 'Tis Madnefs all 'Tis madnefs madnefs  
all I'll fly back to the Plains I've but one Life  
and there's a Choice of Swains I've but one Life & there's a  
choice of Swains 'Tis Madnefs all 'tis madnefs mad<sup>nefs</sup> all I'll fly back to the  
Plains I've but one Life and there's a Choice of  
Swains I've but one Life & there's a Choice of Swains a choice of  
Swains I've but one Life & there's a Choice of Swains.



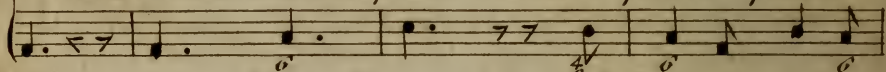
*A favourite Air in Lethe.*



*Very brisk.*

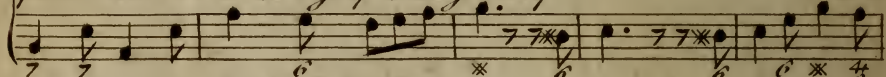


*Come Mortals come come follow me come follow follow*

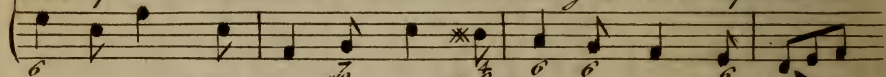


*follow me To Mirth & Joy and Jollity*

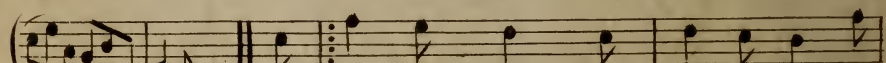
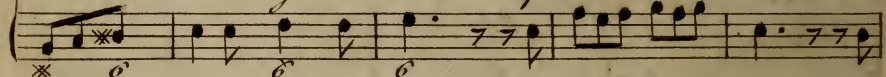
*Hark*



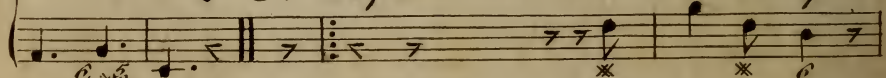
*hark y call come come & drink And leave your Cares by Lethe's*



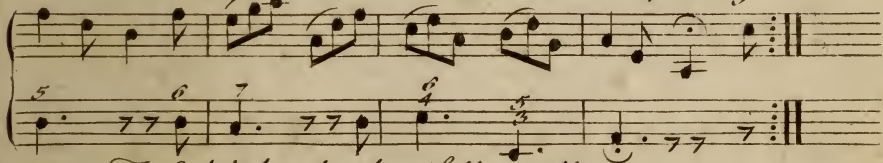
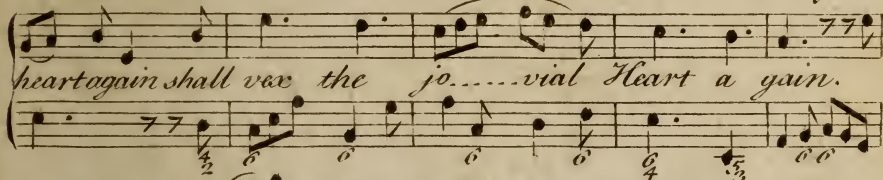
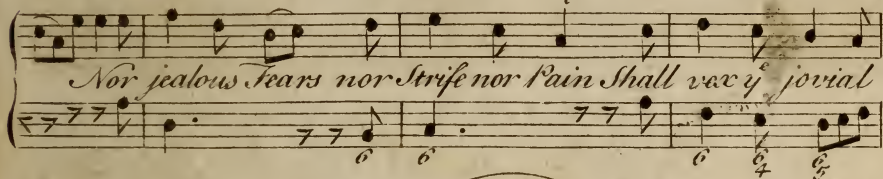
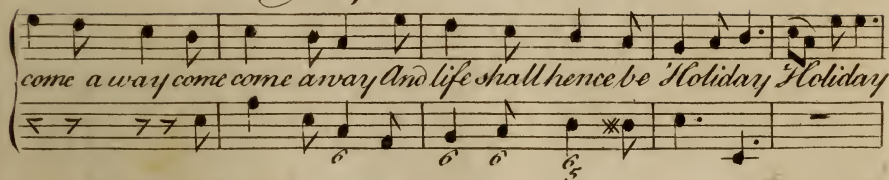
*brink And bave your Cares by Le thes brink*



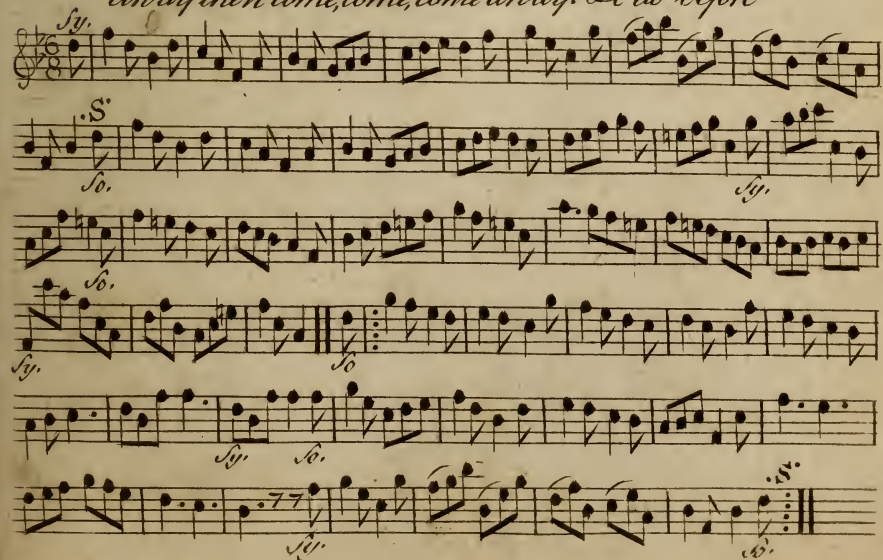
*A way then come come come a way come*





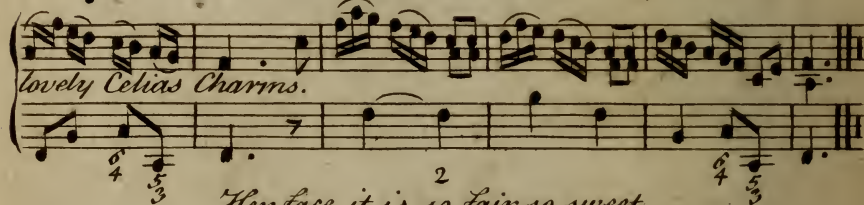
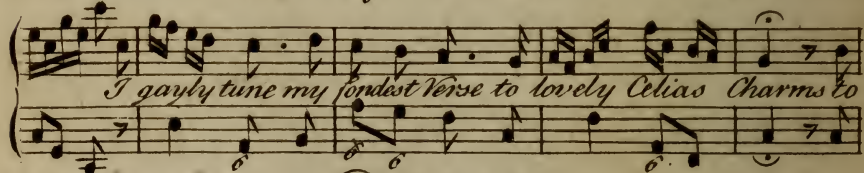
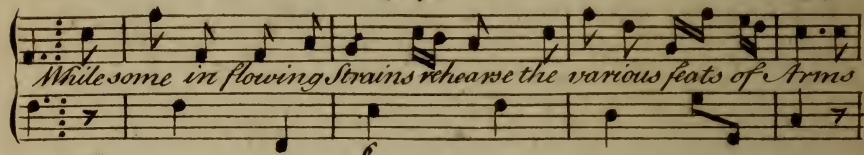
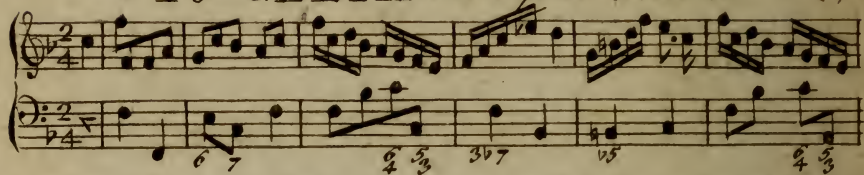
*Sung by M.<sup>r</sup> Beard*

To Lethe's banks then follow all,  
 Come follow, follow, follow all,  
 'Tis Pleasures courts, obey the call:  
 And Mirth, and Jollity, and Joy,  
 Shall ev'ry future hour employ. Shall ev'ry &c  
 Away then come, come, come away. &c as before

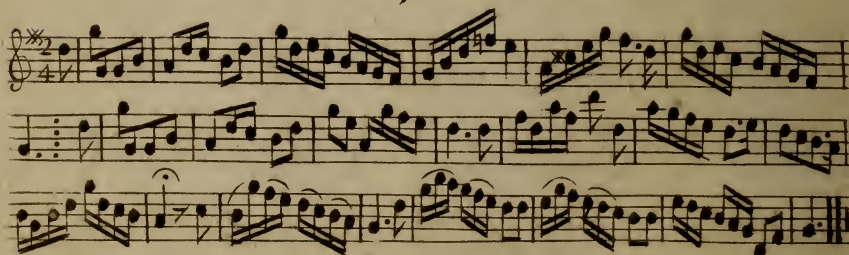




*TO CELIA. Set by W.<sup>r</sup> Heron. (2) (11)*



*Her face it is so fair so sweet  
My heart can ne'er repene  
To think & blefs that happy day  
Which makes fair Celia mine.*







# *What the Fool meant.*

*Brick*

When Jenny the gay I first courted to wed Whole means I of  
Love to her sent. But back she re turn'd them & scornfully  
said that she couldn't tell what the Fool meant she couldn't she  
couldn't tell what the Fool meant

2  
Resolv'd not to give up the matter so soon  
I follow'd where ever she went  
At y<sup>e</sup> Park at y<sup>e</sup> Play at y<sup>e</sup> Rout 'twas y<sup>e</sup> same  
But she couldn't tell what y<sup>e</sup> fool meant.

4  
Then Molly in lieu of a Handful of Gold  
In the Chamber of Jenny me pent  
Three long hours or more stay shirring it with  
To convince her no harm y<sup>e</sup> fool meant.

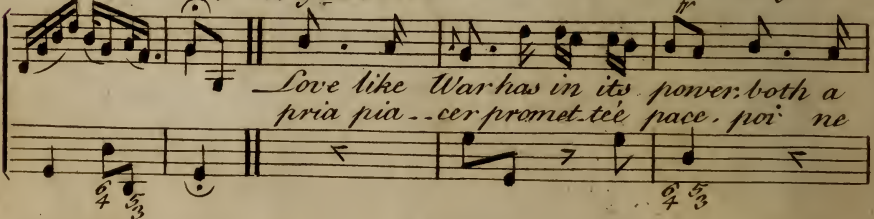
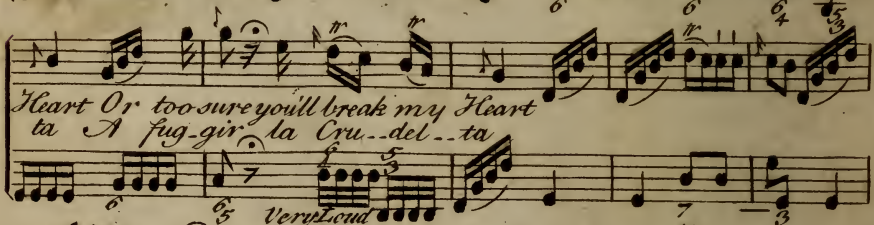
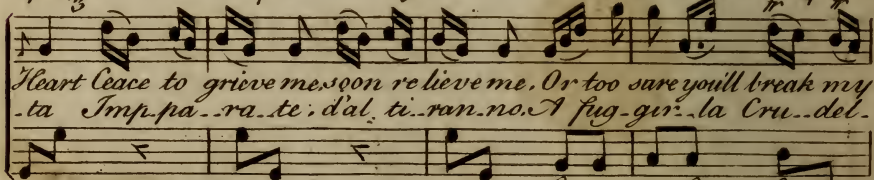
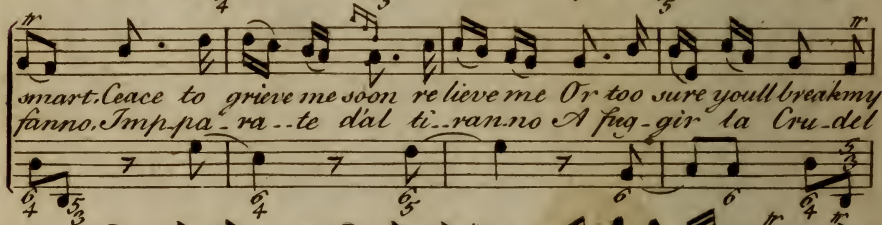
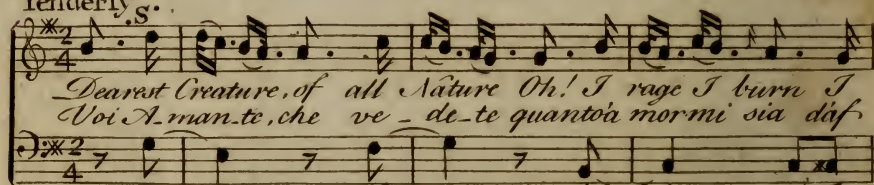
3  
Her Maid was my Friend & advis'd me to hope  
Or else I had quitted the scent  
For my Tale it was stop't ere my Mouth I could open  
With she couldn't tell what y<sup>e</sup> fool meant.

5  
But what are three hours nay three score & three  
To be crown'd then at last with content  
No longer my Jane prov'd hard hearted to me  
When she found 'twas no harm y<sup>e</sup> fool meant.



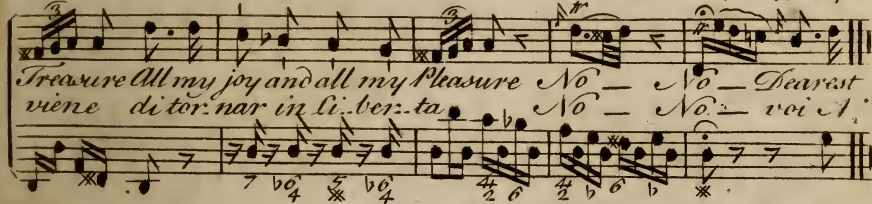
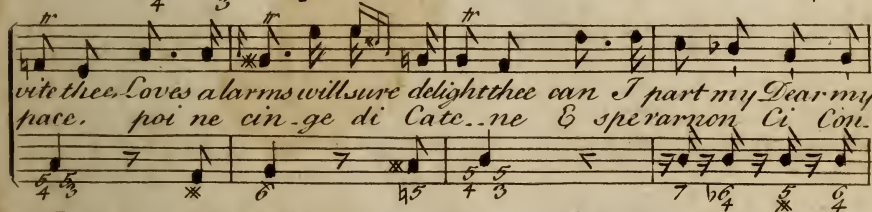
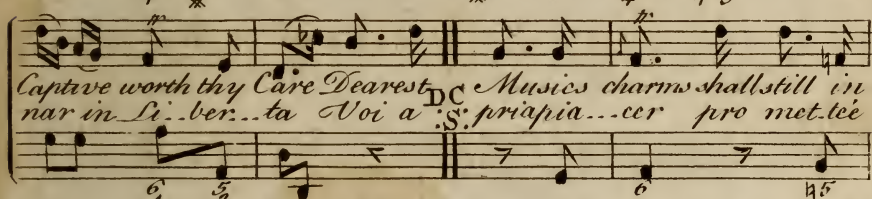
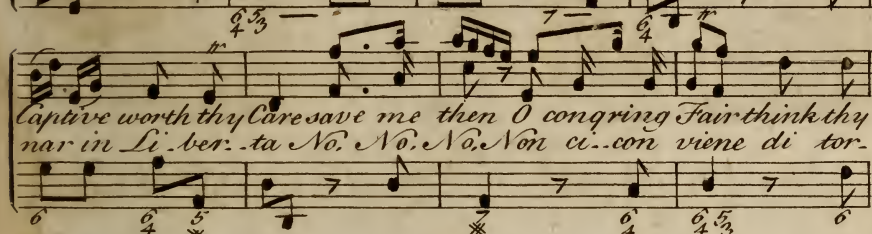
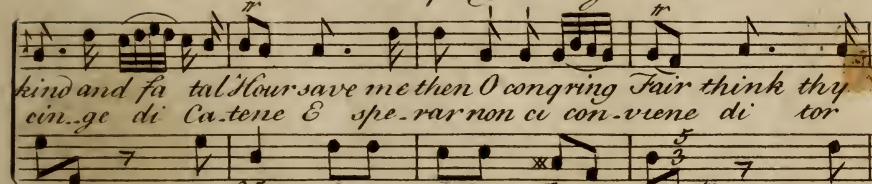
## Voi Amante or Rondeau.

Tenderly. S.





*Set to Musick by Sig.<sup>r</sup> D'Giardini?*





*A Favourite Air*

Wise men flatter may deceive you  
 with their vain mysterious Arts With their vain mysterious  
 Arts magic charms can neer relieve you nor can  
 heal the wounded Heart No magic charms can neer relieve you



*Set to Musick by M. Handell.*

magic charms can neer re lieve you nor can heal y wounded  
heart can nat heal the wounded Heart

But true Wisdom can re  
lieve you Godlike Wisdom from a bove Godlike Wisdom  
from a bove this a lone can neer de ceive you this a  
lone can neer de ceive you this a lone all Pains re move.



## A Favourite Song

*Moderately brisk.*

You say you love and

twenty more have sighd & said the same before And

yet I swear I can't tell how I neer believd a Man till now I swear I

can't tell how I neer believd a Man till now 'Tis

odd that I should credit give To words who know y<sup>e</sup> words deceive

And lay my better judgment by To trust my partial Ear or Eye To



*Set to Musick by D.<sup>r</sup> Boyce.*

*trust my partial Ear my partial Ear or Eye*

*'Tis ten to one I had deny'd Yoursuit had you to*

*morrow try'd But faith unthinkingly to day my*

*heedless heart is gone astray unthinkingly to day my heedless*

*heart is gone astray To bring it back woud*

*give me pain Perhaps I Struggle too were vain I'm*

*indolent and he that gains my heart may keep it for his pains & he that*

*gains my heart my keep it for his pains*



*A New Song Set by D. Russel.* (13)

*Brisk.* *Why Stephen <sup>why</sup> dost thou thus pine And*  
*court in vain coy Nancy when w<sup>th</sup> less courtship shall incline With far less*  
*courtship maybe thine And please thine Am'rous Fancy And please and*  
*please And please thine am'rous Fancy.* *Loud*

*The Lover bold the Maidens love  
 He pleaseth best the Fancy  
 Who briskly doth the passion prove  
 But he that's dull will never move  
 The Heart of one nor Nancy*

*Entice her to the Meadow gay  
 And tickle well her Fancy  
 Then throw her on a Cook of Hay  
 And toy & kiss & kiss & play  
 You'll gain the Heart of Nancy.*



*Set to Musick by D.<sup>r</sup> Boyce.*

*The Shepherd's Song*  
*Thomas Haynes*

trust my partial Ear my partial Ear or Eye  
 'Tis ten to one I had deny'd Your suit had you to  
 morrow try'd But faith unthinkingly to day my  
 heedless heart is gone astray unthinkingly to day my heedless  
 heart is gone astray To bring it back would  
 give me pain Perhaps y<sup>e</sup> Struggle too were vain Im  
 indolent and he that gains my heart may keep it for his pains & he that  
 gains my heart may keep it for his pains



*A New Song Set by D. Russel.*

*Brisk.* Why Stephen <sup>why</sup> dost thou thrust me And  
 court in vain coy Nancy when <sup>th</sup> left courtship shall incline thee far less  
 courtship maybe thine And please thine Am'rous Fancy And please and  
 please And please thine am'rous Fancy. *Loud*

The Lover bold the Maidens love  
 He pleaseth best the Fancy  
 Who briskly doth the passion prove  
 But he that's dull will never move  
 The Heart of one nor Nancy

Entice her to the Meadow gay  
 And tickle well her Fancy  
 Then throw her on a Cock of Hay  
 And toy & kiss & kiss & play  
 You'll gain the Heart of Nancy.





# JOHNNY AND JENNY a favourite Dialogue

*Briskly.* *Soft* *Loud* *Soft* *Loud*

*Let hakes for pleasure range the Town Or Misers dout on*  
*golden guineas let plenty smile or Fortune frown The sweets of Love are*  
*mine and Jennys mine and Jennys mine and Jennys & sweets of Love are*  
*mine and Jennys* *Let wanton Maids in*

Set to Musick by *D<sup>r</sup> Boyce*

*Indulge desire How soon the fleeting pleasure gone is! The joys of Virtue never*

*tire And such shall still be mine & Johnny's mine & Johnny's mine & Johnny's And*

*such shall still be mine & Johnny's Together let us*

*She He*

*sport and play And live in pleasures where no sin is The Priest shall*

*She He*

*tie the knot to day And wedlocks bands make Johnny Jenny's*

*Johnny Jenny's Johnny Jenny's And wedlocks bands make Johnny Jenny's*

*Duet*

*She He*

*Together let us sport and play And live in pleasures*

*Together let us sport and play And live in pleasures*



Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Beard & Miss Brent

where no sin is The Priest shall tie the knot to day, And  
 where no sin is, The Priest shall tie the knot to day  
 wedlocks bands make John-ny Jenny's. Johnny Jenny's  
 And wedlocks bands made John-ny Jenny's Johnny.  
 Johnny Jenny's And wedlocks bands make John-ny Jenny's  
 Jenny's Jenny's And wedlocks bands made Johnny Jenny's  
 sum For

He

Let roving Swains young Hearts invade  
 The pleasure ends in shame & folly  
 So Willy wood and then betray'd  
 The poor believing simple Molly  
 She simple Molly

So Lucy lov'd & lightly toy'd  
 And laugh'd at harmless Maids who marry  
 But now she finds her Shepherd cloy'd  
 And chides too late her faithless Harry

He

but we'll together sport &c

He

by cooling streams our flocks will feed  
 And leave deceit to Tinaves & Nunnies  
 Or fondley stray where love shall lead  
 And every joy be mine and Jenny's  
 She

let guilt the faithless bosom fright  
 The constant Heart is always bonny  
 Content and peace and sweet delight  
 And love shall live with me & Johnny

He

Together then we'll sport &c



## THE DUMPS

*Tenderly.*

*A Maidens soft wailings I*

*now shall recite Whom jealousy robb'd of each rural delight such strains never*

*came from the Linnets sweet Throat nor sings y gay Goldfinch so charming a*

*Note At dusk of the Evening poor Phillis forlorn with Love unre-*

*tired and hard Labour now worn First leand on her knee then with*



Set to Musick by Doct Arne

heart breaking Sighs she vented her Grief from her  
Lips and her Eyes.

Come Night Dark as pitch and Encompass my Head  
For Celadon basely from Phillis has fled  
The Ribbon his Cudgel undauntedly won  
Last Sunday the happier Dorcas put on  
Tis sure if hed Eyes but they say Love has none!  
That Ribbon at Church might have made me well known  
Alack I am shent with curst Jealousys smart  
For with that same Ribbon he gave his false heart.

My Visage I've often observ'd in yon Lake  
My Features are not of the homeliest make  
Tho Dorcas may boast of a still whiter Dye  
The glossy black Sloe turns in my rolling Eye  
The fairest of Blossoms will drop with each blast  
But Beauty thats Brown like the Holly will last  
Her Skin much resembles the pale wither'd Leaf  
While fine Katherine Pears glow in my ruddy Cheek.

Ah! did he but know the attempt I withstood  
When the spruce pretty Squire I met in yon wood  
A broad Peice of Gold he then put in my Hand  
But Vertue could him and his Proffers withstand  
If Vertue is nothing then Life is my Foe  
The murmuring Stream son shall rid me of Woe  
My plaint O ye Lasses with this Burthen aid  
Tis hard that a damsel so true dies a Maid!



## A Favourite Song

*Brisk,*

My Florio wildest of his Sex / Who sure the veriest Saint wou'd vex from  
 fair to fair is ranging From fair to fair is ranging Yet  
 tho abroad the wanton roams When ere he deigns to stay at home He's  
 kinder for his Changing. He's kinder for his changing.



Set to Musick by D<sup>r</sup> Boyce

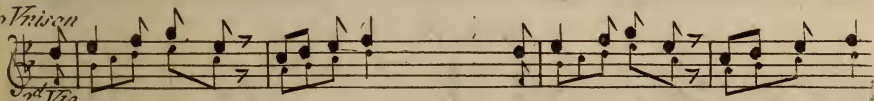
2

*Tho something to each charming She  
In thoughtless prodigality  
He's granting still and granting  
To Phillis that, to Cloe this*

3

*If happy This will displease  
Tempestuous as th' autumnal Seas  
He foams and rages ever  
But when he ceases from his ire*

Vio Violon



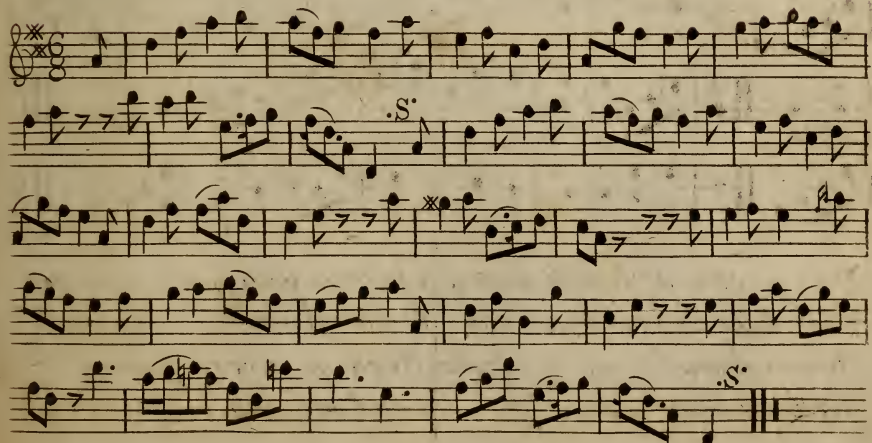
*And ev'ry Madam, ev'ry Mifs  
Yet I find nothing wanting*

*I cry such spirit and such fire  
To shurely wond'ress deaver*

4

*I ne'er want reason to complain  
But sweet is pleasure after pain  
And ev'ry joy grows greater  
Then trust me damsels whilst I tell  
I shou'd not like him half so well  
If I could make him better.*

*For the German Flute.*





### A favourite Song

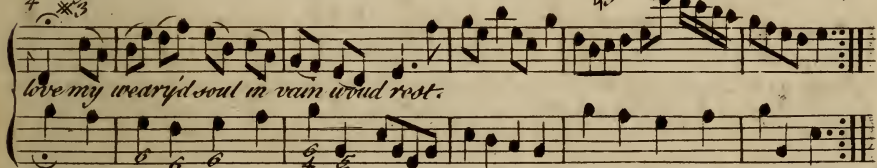
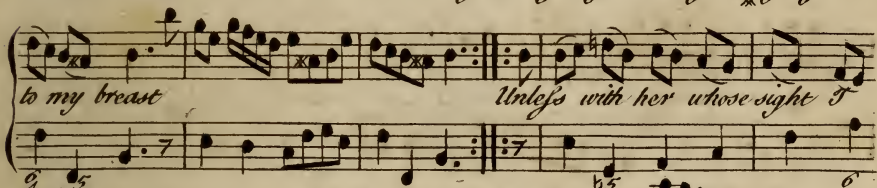
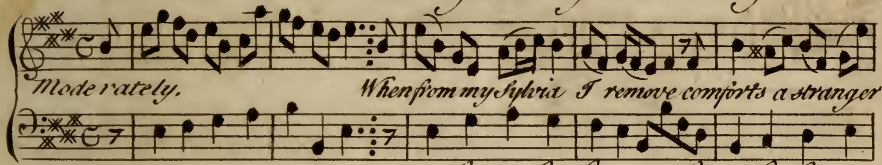
While Strephon thus you tease me To say what won my  
Heart it cannot sure be treason if I the truth in  
part 'twas not your smile tho charming 'twas not your Eyes tho  
bright 'twas not your bloom tho warming nor beauties dazling  
light

|                                                                                                                                           |                                                                                                                              |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>'Twas not your dress tho shining<br/>Nor shape that made me sigh<br/>'Twas not your Tongue combining<br/>For that I knew might Lye</p> | <p>No 'twas your generous nature<br/>Bold soft sincere and gay<br/>It shone in ev'ry feature<br/>And stole my Heart away</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|





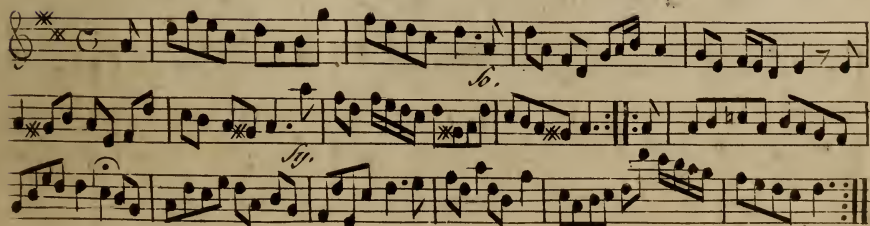
*A Favourite Song Set by M<sup>rs</sup> Selby*



Pining I sit and waste the day,  
Sleepless I pass the day & even night  
If Sylvia should refuse to stay  
To me the Sun affords no light

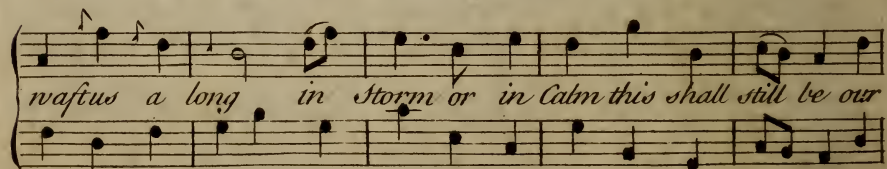
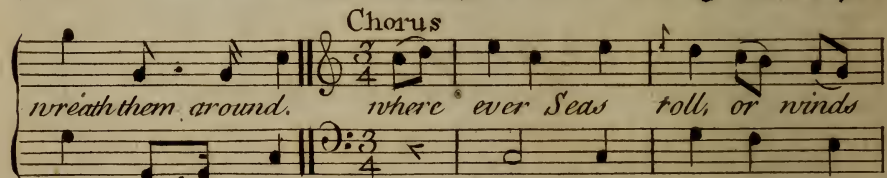
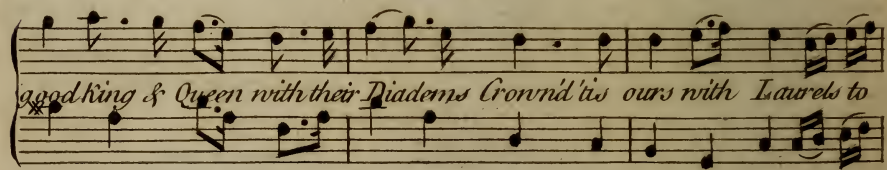
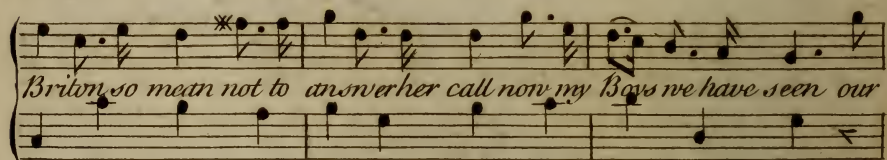
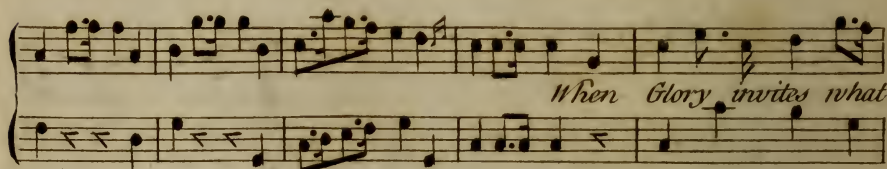
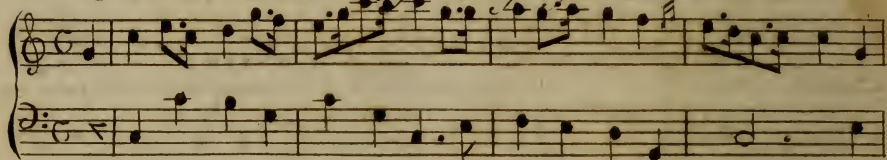
But when return'd to my fond arms  
My Sylvia glads my longing eyes  
Her beauteous air and killing charm  
Make day amidst y<sup>e</sup> darkness rise

Then let her Heaven propitious prove  
With kindness heal the smarting wound  
May she return me love for love  
So shall our joys each day abound





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





*in the Entertainment call'd the Fair*

*Song* Long may George o'er the Ocean his  
power preserve and the Foes of Great Britain have what they de-  
-serve.

*To the Coast of proud France once more let us steer  
Brave Hawk be our Herald & then never fear  
Our Cannon to reason the Foe soon will bring  
And waft you back peace upon Victory's Wing  
Where ever Seas roll &c.*

*If to Peace our proud Neighbour should not be inclin'd  
Let's redouble the blow till they alter their mind  
Since like Cowards they neither will fight nor give out  
Coup de Grace be the Word for France Boys tack about  
Where ever Seas roll &c.*

*To haughty to yield yet too weak to withstand  
As we've conquer'd their Seas let us Conquer their Land  
Then the Rights of our Monarch again we'll proclaim  
Be Great George King of France not only in Name  
Where ever Seas roll or &c.*



*A New Song Address'd to the fair Sex* (10)

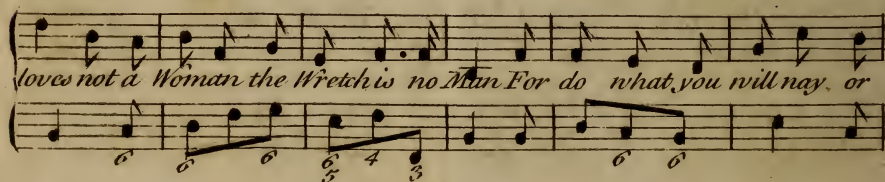
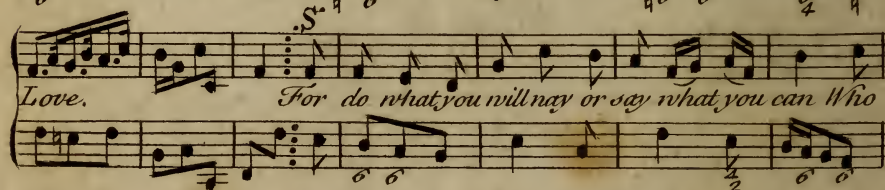
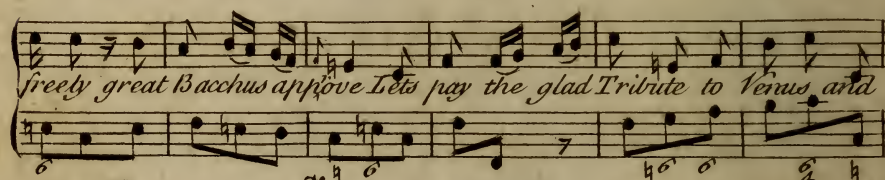
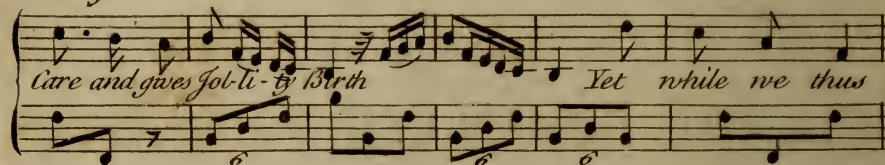
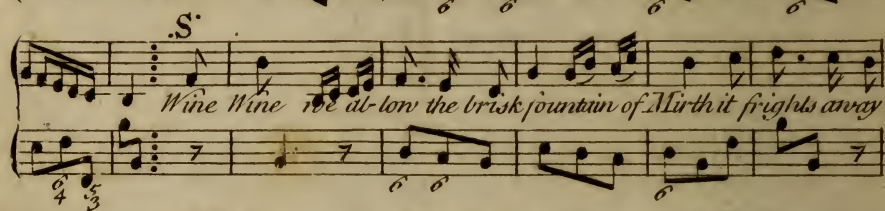
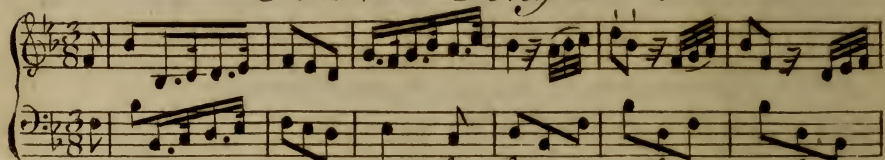
Where  
virtue encircles the Fair there Lillies and Roses are  
Each blossom must droop with des  
pair where Innocence takes up her reign  
No gaudy embellishing Arts the Fair one need  
call to her aid the Fair one need call to her Aid Who





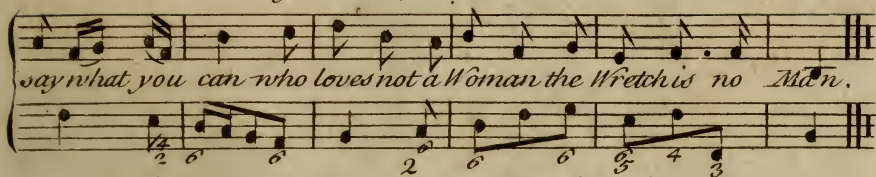


*A New Song - N<sup>o</sup> 10*





# Address'd to the Batchelors



To the Charms of that Sex let us chearful resign  
Our Youth and our Vigour they'er better than Wine  
There's Merit Tonn in a gay sparkling Glass  
But can it compare with a lovely kind Lass  
No it cannot compare, you may say what you can  
Who prefers not a Woman the Wretch is no Man

Cho: No it cannot &c

3

Th'enchantments of Beauty what force can repell  
Th'eyes poverful Magic th'Bosoms soft Spell  
The Look so endearing the kind melting kiss  
Th'enjoyments of Love are all Rapture and Bliss  
Then who Woman refuses rejects Nature's Plan  
He may say what he will but the Wretch is no Man

Cho: Then who Woman &c

4

May Scandal Misfortune and direful Disgrace  
Be the Portion of all th'effeminate Race  
Like Britain what Nation on Earth can they find  
Whose Nymphs are so fair so inviting and kind  
Then who Women refuse or reject Nature's Plan  
May they suffer like Brutus nor be pity'd by Man

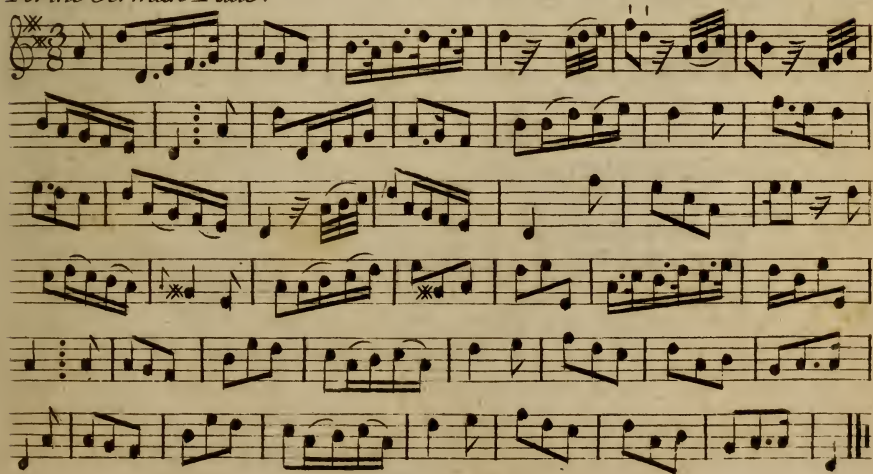
Cho: Then who Women &c

5

From a striking Example my Moral shall spring  
Who'd act like a Man let him copy his King  
Like George in his Youth the gay spring tide of Life  
Let ev'ry good Fellow now take him a Wife  
When by Hymen, you're best rest securely for then  
You'll have nothing to do but to prove your selves Men

Cho: When by Hymen &c.

For the German Flute.





## *A Favourite Song*

*Moderately.*

Young Colin was the bonniest Swain that ever piped on flow'ry Plain Or  
 danced upon the Lee The wanton Kid in gamesome bound that  
 frolicks o'er the turfy ground was not so blyth as he.

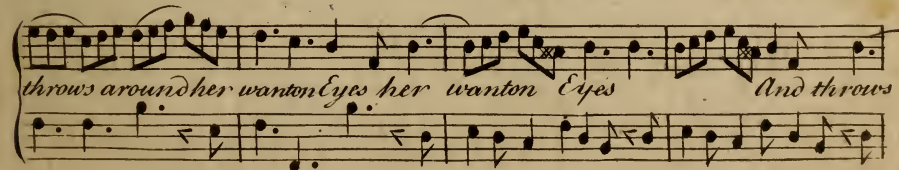
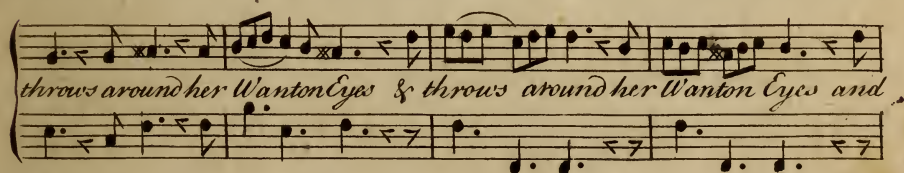
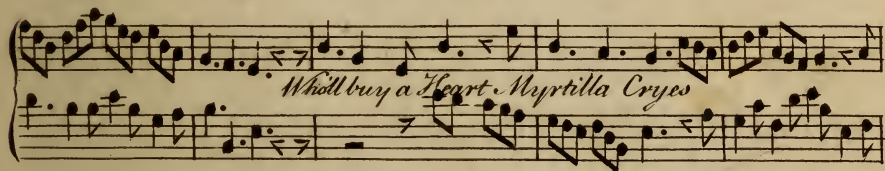
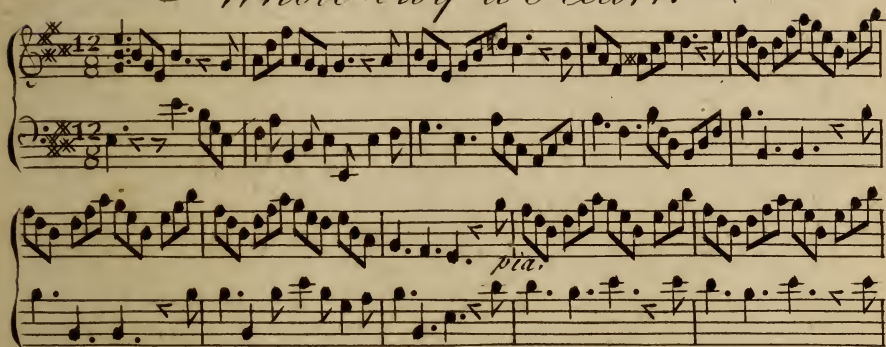
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>Beneath y<sup>e</sup> Oak in yonder Dale<br/>         You'd think you heard y<sup>e</sup> Nightengale<br/>         When e'er he rais'd his Voice<br/>         But ah! the Youth was all deceit<br/>         His Vows his Oaths where all a cheat<br/>         And Choice succeeded choice</p> | <p>The Maidens sung in Willow Groves<br/>         Of Collins's false and perjur'd Loves<br/>         Here Jenny told her Woes<br/>         And Moggys Tears increas'd y<sup>e</sup> brook<br/>         Whose Cheeks like dying lillies look<br/>         That once out blusht the Rose</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Unhappy Fair my Words believe  
 So shall no Swain your hopes deceive  
 And leave you to despair  
 E'er he disclose his fickle Mind  
 Change first yourselves or else you'll find  
 False Collins ev'ry where

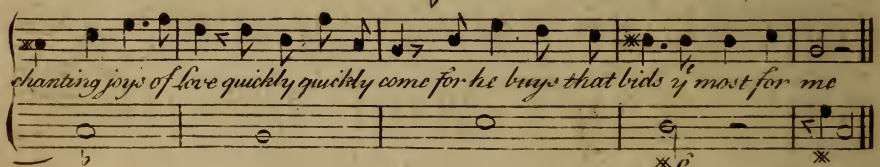
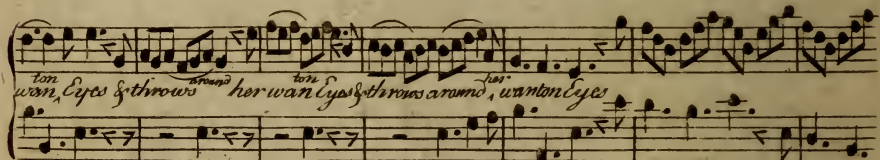
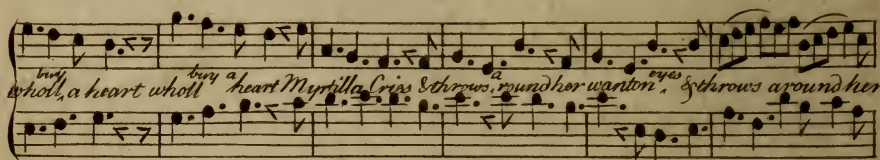
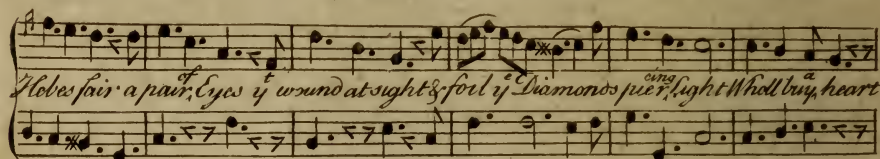
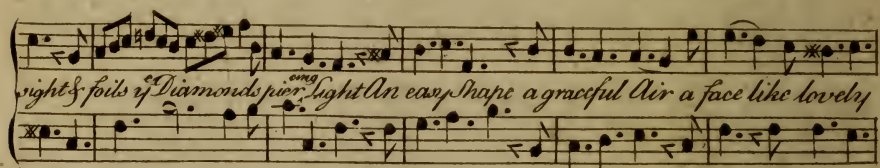
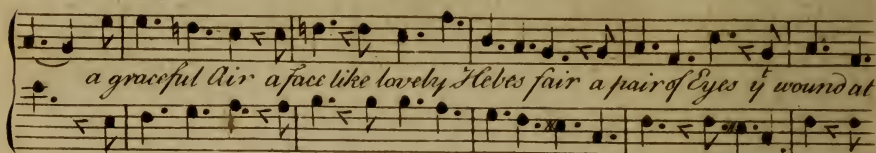
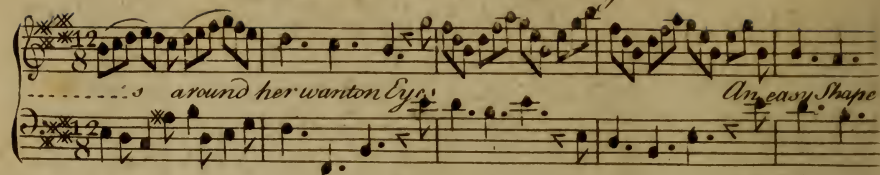




*Wholl buy a Heart.*

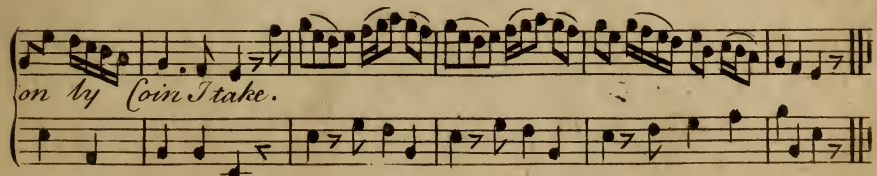
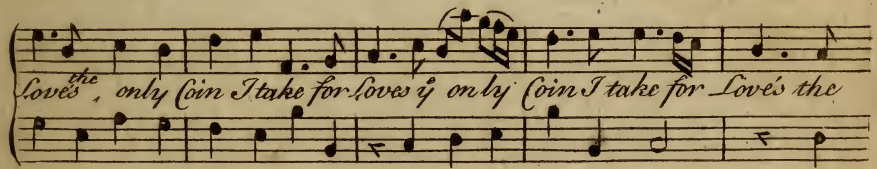
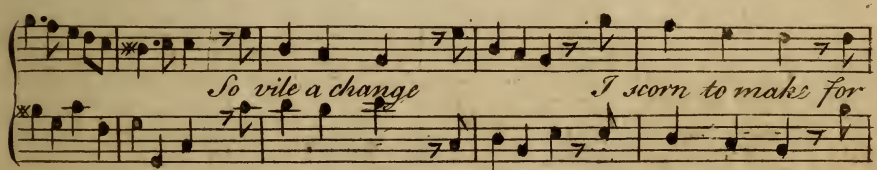
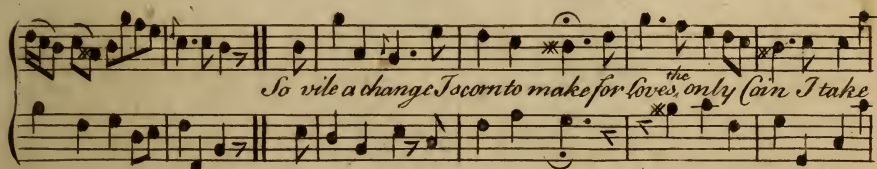
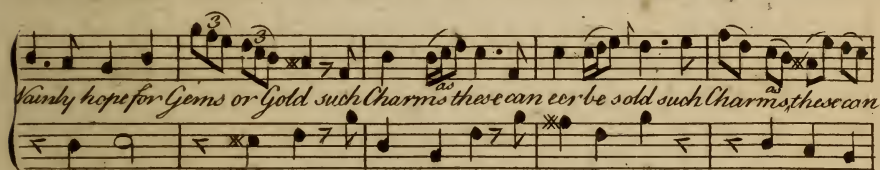
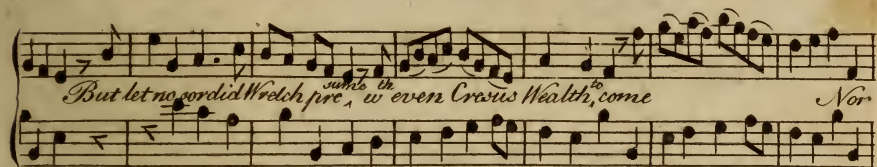
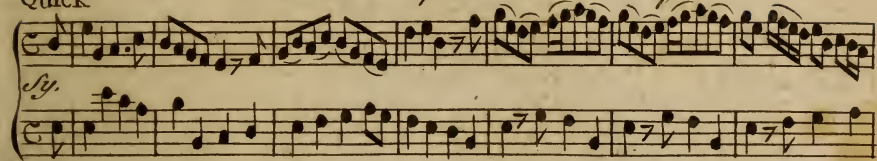


# A Favourite Song.



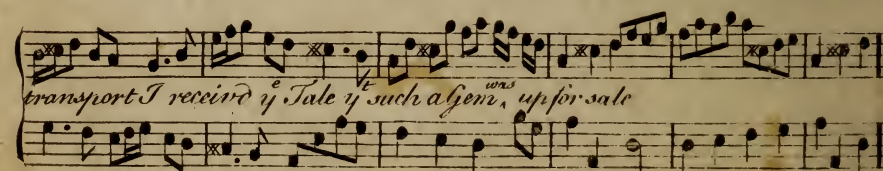
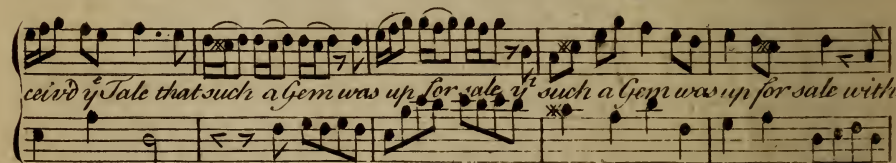
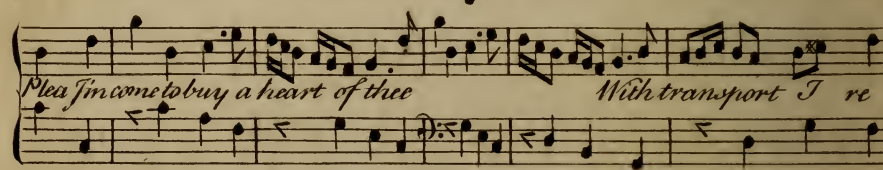
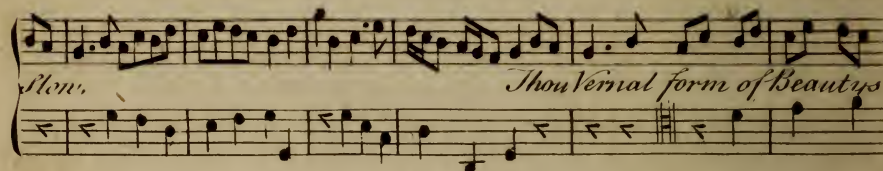
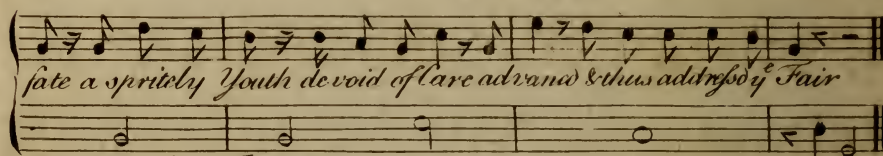
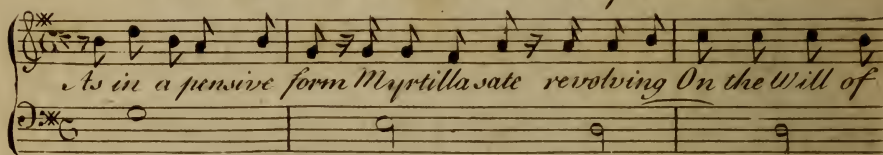


Quick

Set to Musick by M.<sup>r</sup> Stanley.

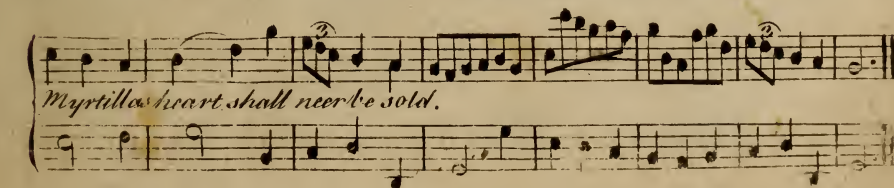
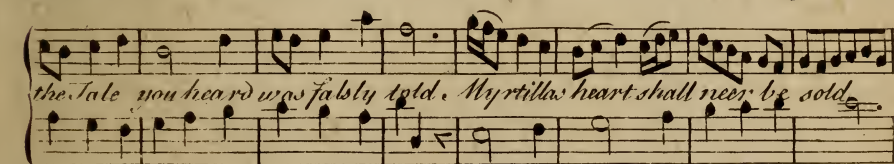
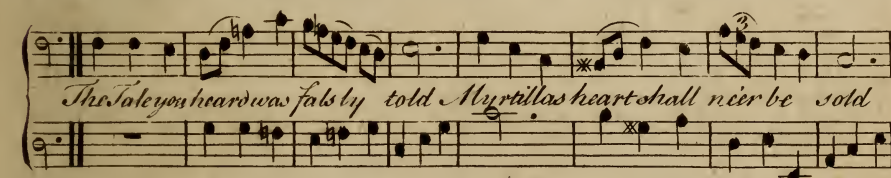
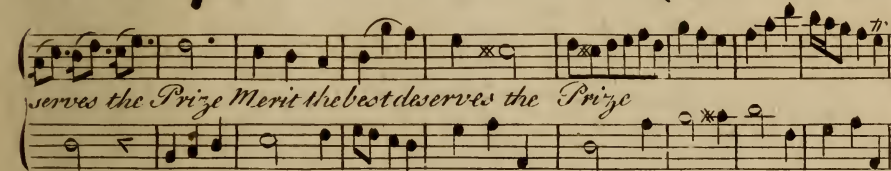
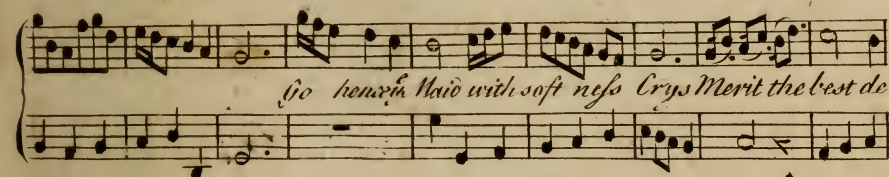
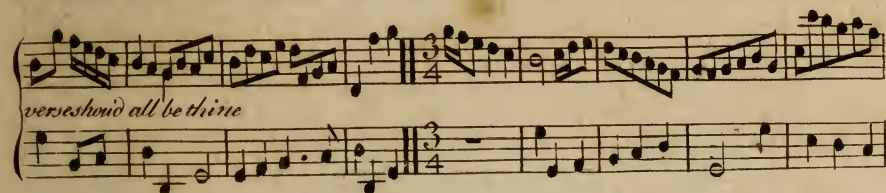
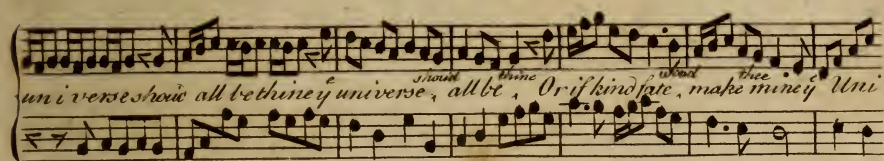
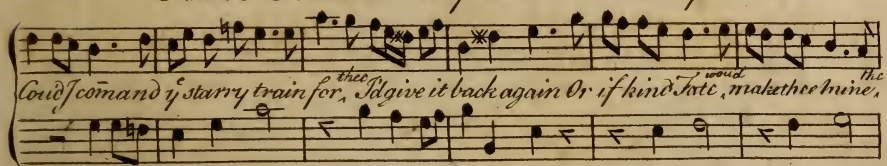


*An Answer to Wholl buy a Heart.*





Set to Musick by M.<sup>r</sup> Stanley.





Gently *Colin & Phæbe, A Pastoral*

Colin  
(Be  
still O ye Winds & attentive ye Swains 'Tis Phæbe invites & replies to my  
Swains The Sun never rose on færrh all y<sup>e</sup> world thro' A Shepherd so blest or a  
fair one so true A Shepherd so blest or a fair one so true.

Phæbe

*Glide softly ye Streams O ye Nymphs round me throng  
'Tis Colin commands and enlivens my Song  
Search all the World over you never will find  
A Maiden so Blest or a Shepherd so kind.*



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

*His Love like the Sun that gives light to the Year The sweetest of*  
*Colin*  
*His Love like the Sun that gives light to the Year The sweetest of*  
*His Love like the Sun that gives light to the Year The sweetest of*

*Blessings that life can en dear Our Pleasures it brightens drives*  
*Blessings that life can en dear Our Pleasures it brightens drives*  
*Blessings that life can en dear Our Pleasures it brightens drives*

*Sorrow a way gives Joy to the Night & en livens the Day gives*  
*Sorrow a way gives Joy to the Night & en livens the Day gives*  
*Sorrow a way gives Joy to the Night & en livens the Day gives*

*Joy to the Night and en livens the Day.*  
*Joy to the Night and en livens the Day.*  
*Joy to the Night and en livens the Day.*

Colin

4

*With Phœbe beside me, the Season how gay!  
 And Winters bleak Months, are as pleasant as May;  
 The Summers gay Verdure still springs as she treads,  
 And Linnets, and Nightingales sings thro' the Meads.*

Phœbe

5

*When Colin is absent, tis Winter all round,  
 How faint is the Sunshine, how barren the Ground!  
 Instead of the Linnets and Nightingales Song,  
 I hear the hoarse Raven croak all the Day long.*

Both

*Tis Love, &c.*

Colin

6

*O'er Hill, Dale, and Valley, my Phœbe and I,  
 Together will wander; and Love shall be by;  
 Her Colin shall guard her safe all the long Day,  
 And Phœbe at Night, all his pains shall repay*

Phœbe

7

*By Moonlight, when Shadows glide, over the Plain,  
 His Kisses shall cheer me, his Arms shall sustain;  
 The dark haunted Grove I can trace without Fear,  
 And sleep in a Church Yard if Colin is near.*

Both

*Tis Love, &c.*

Colin

8

*Ye Shepherds, that wanton it over the Plain,  
 How fleeting your Transports, how lasting your Pain  
 Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind she,  
 And learn to be happy, from Phœbe and me.*

Phœbe

9

*Ye Nymphs, who the pleasures of Love never try'd,  
 Attend to my strains, and take me for your guide;  
 Your Hearts keep from Pride, & Inconstancy free,  
 And learn to be happy, from Colin and me.*

Chorus

*Tis Love, like the Sun, that gives light to the year,  
 The sweetest of Blessings, that Life can endear,  
 Our Pleasures it brightens drives Sorrow away,  
 Gives Joy to the Night, and enlivens the Day.*

*Finis.*



