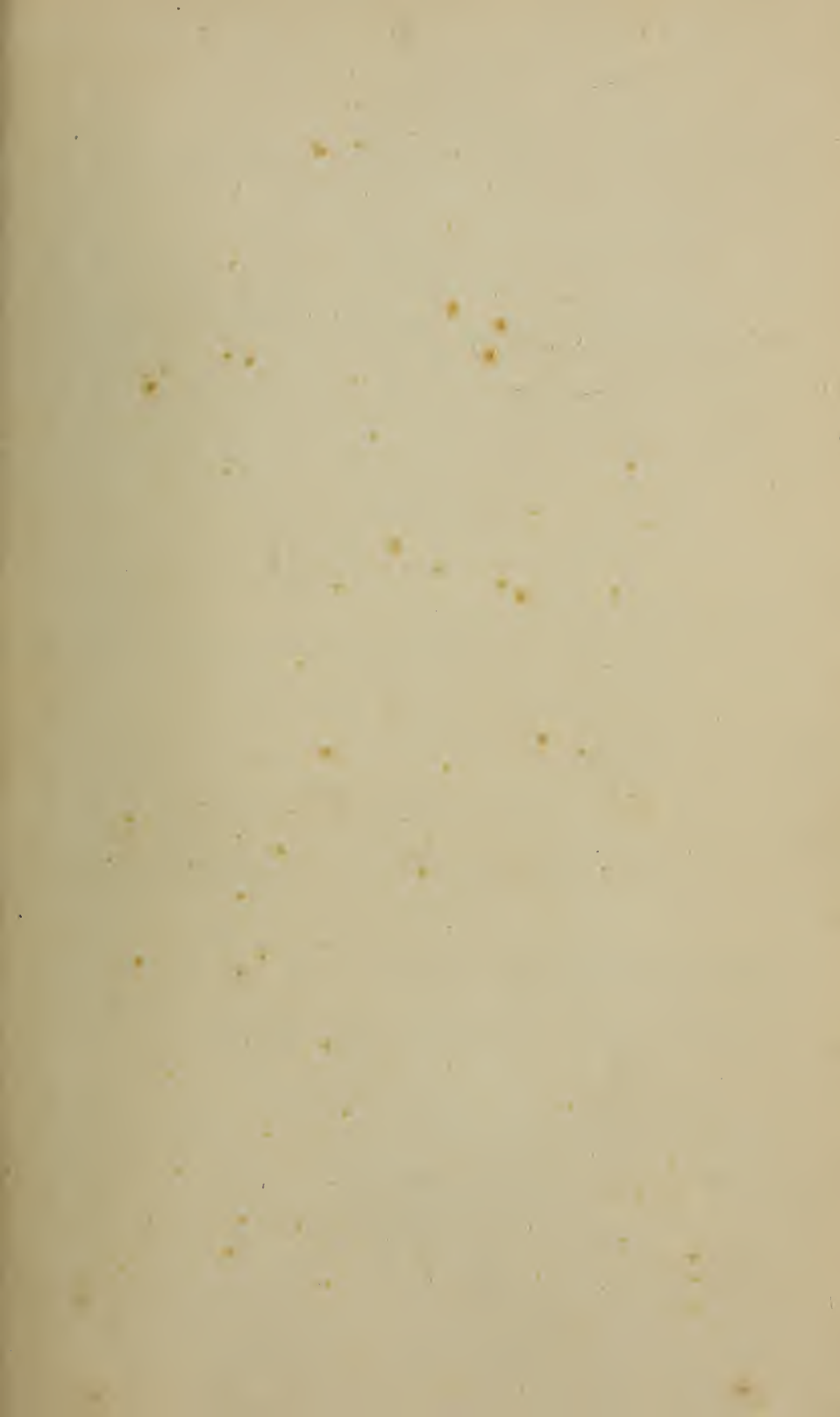


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The Laps of the Mill Sing by Mr. Beard

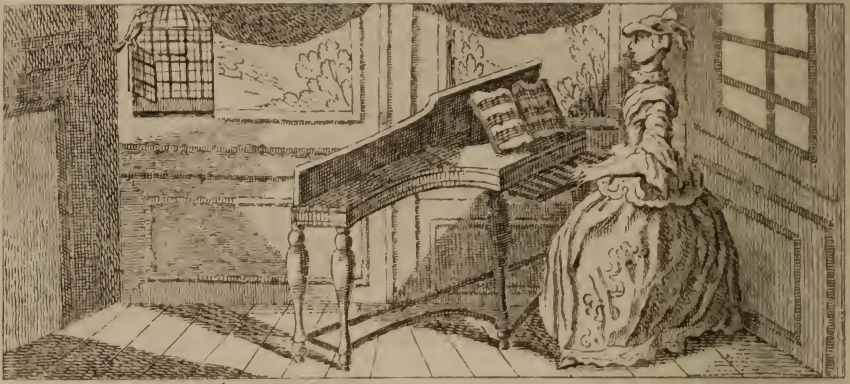
Who has been at Baldock must
 needs know of Millat's, sign of the Rose at the foot of the Mill
 Where the Grave & the Gay the
 Turn and if Beau without all distinction promiscuously go
 Where the Grave and the
 For
 gay the town & the Beau without all distinction promiscuously go

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

(But looking again I perceiv'd my mistake
 For Venus the Fair has the look of a Lake
 While nothing but Virtue and Modesty still
 The more beautiful looks of the Laps of the Mill.

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

Since first I beheld this dear Laps of the Mill
 I am neer be at quiet but do what I will
 All the Day and all Night I wish to be still
 I shall dye if I have not this Laps of the Mill.



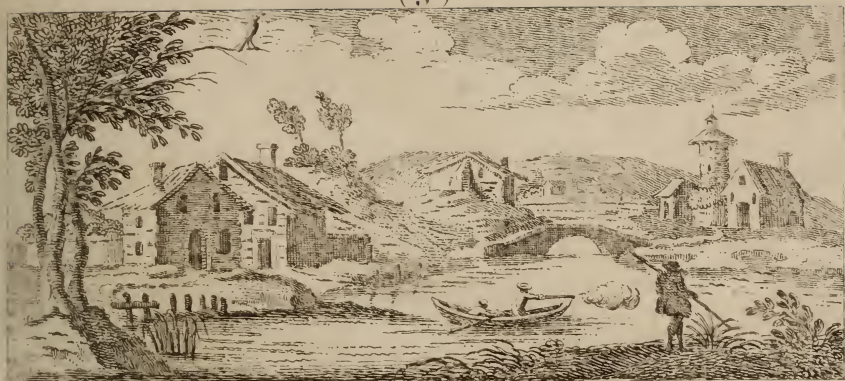
A Favourite Cantata

Recit.

To Handel's pleasing Notes as thou sing the charms of heavenly Liber ty a
 Gentle bird till then with bondage pleas'd didst drive in panting to see his prison broke he
 feels the distant Plain yet cer he Alas tunes forth this parting strain

Vanderby *Allegretto*

to the distant Vale I wing nor wait the slow re
 turn of Spring Rather in leafless groves to



Set to a Musick by Mr Oswald

dwell then in my thos warmer cell Forgive me

Mistress since by thee I first was taught sweet *briskly*

Liberty dear liberty forgive me Mistress since by thee I *Gently*

first was taught sweet Liberty *briskly* *Gently*

Soon as welcome spring shall hear Waste not on me an useless care
With genial warmth & drooping bow That kind concern let Stephen share
I'll tell upon the topmost spray Slight are my sorrows slight my ills
Thy sweeter Notes improv'd my lay To those that he poor captive feels
Whilst in my Prison taught by thee Who kept in hopeless bonds by thee
To warble forth sweet Liberty Yet strives not for his Liberty



Chorus Dialogue in Harlequin Sorcerer

Moderately brisk

Dearest Daphne turn thine Eyes toward Day be gins to

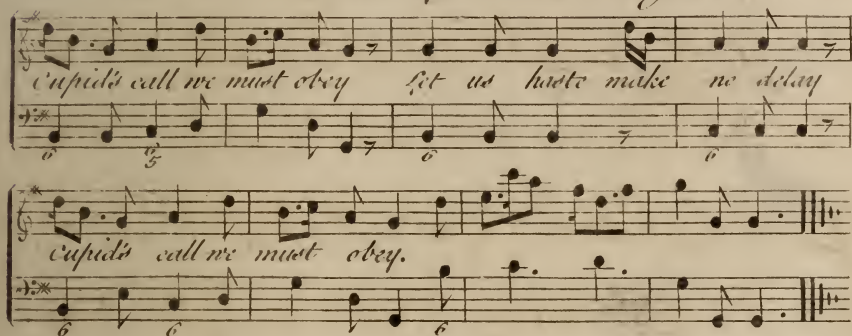
rise See the Morn with Roses crown'd sprinkling Dew drops

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

Lovers dare to rove Let us haste make no delay



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



She

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

He

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

She

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

He

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



Harvest Home

Musical score for "Harvest Home". The score is written in 4/4 time and consists of two staves (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are as follows:

Come Roger and
Well come himkin'g Bell each Lad with his Laff-huther come with
Singing & dancing in Masour advancing to celebrate Harvest Home tis
their bids play & keep Holiday to celebrate Harvest Home Harvest
Home Harvest Home to celebrate Harvest Home

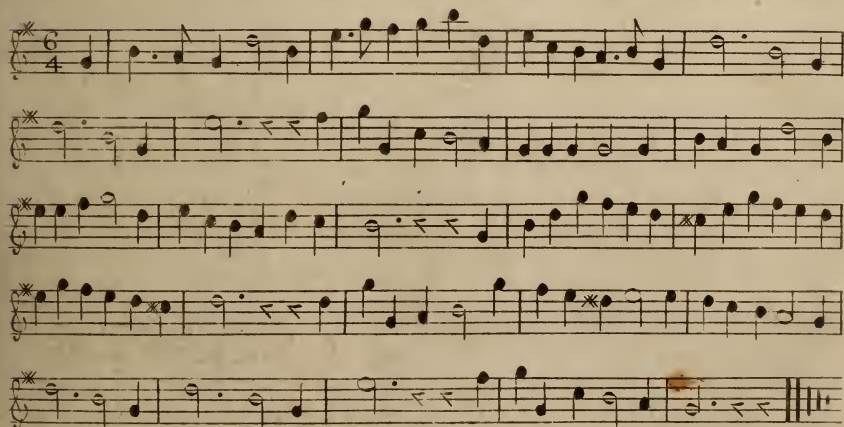


Sung by M^r Lowe in the Sorcerer

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

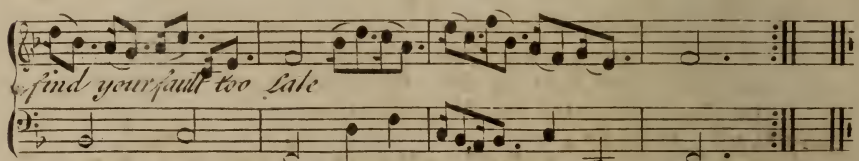
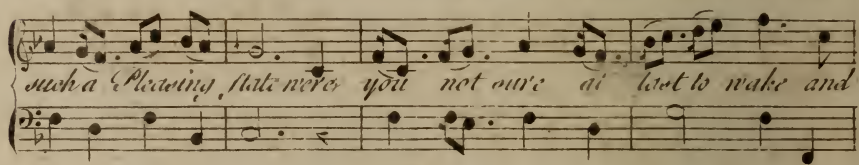
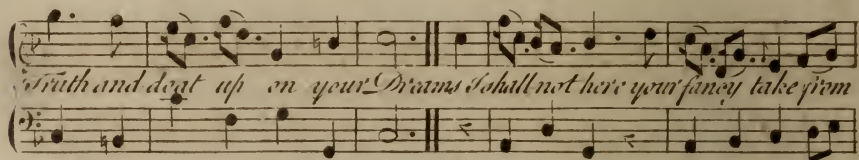
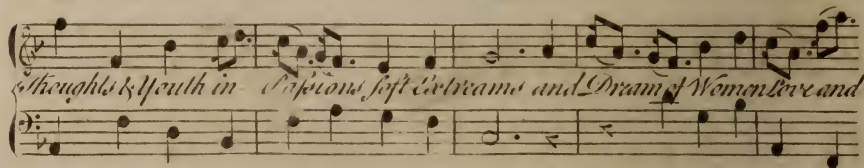
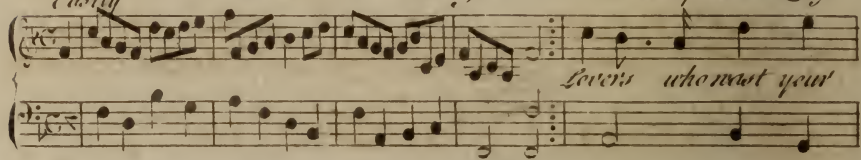
*No courtiers can be so happy as we,
 In Innocence Pastime & Mirth;
 While thus we Carouse with our Sweet-heart or spouse,
 And rejoice o'er the Fruits of the Earth,
 Chortles. When Ceres bids Play, &c.*

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE





Easy *The Warning* *Set by W^r Long*



Then learn betimes if Love which crowns
Our Carers is all but Wiles,
Compos'd of false & fantastick Frowns,
And soft dissembling smiles,
With danger which sometimes they gain,
They cruel Tyrants prove;
And then turn Plotters again,
With us affected Love?

As if some injury were meant,
To those they kindly Use,
Those lovers are the most content,
That have been still refus'd,
Since each has in his bosom nurs'd,
(A false and fawning foe),
Not just & wise by striking first,
To spare the vital Blow.



A Favourite Air in Alfred set by M^o Spauld

with Spirit

O Joy of Joys to lighten M^oe last Pleasure, Pleasure to hasten last Pleasure

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

grateful Land who live to bless a grateful Land.

For him ten Thousand bosoms beat

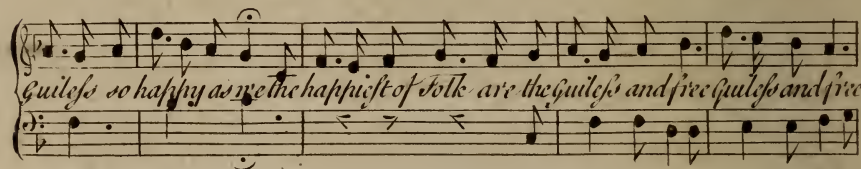
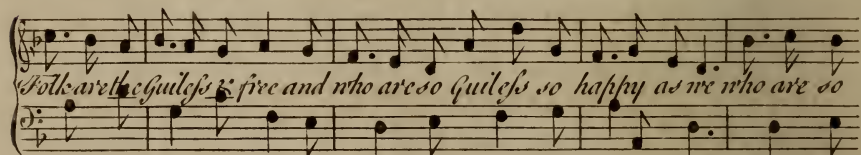
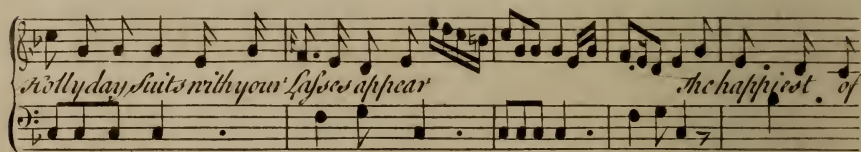
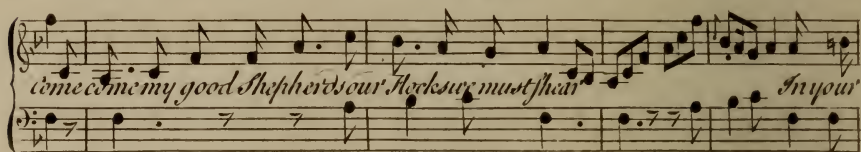
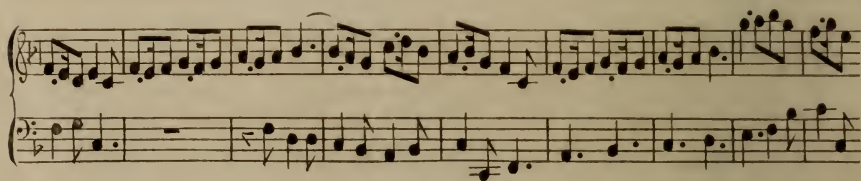
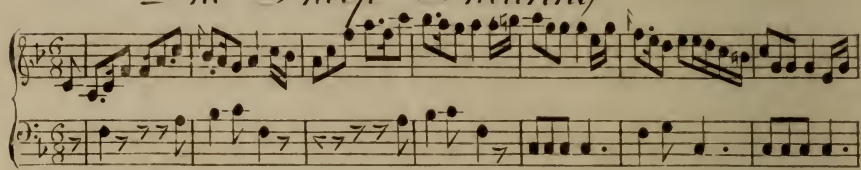
His name consenting Crowds repeat;

From Soul to Soul the Passion runs,

And Subjects kindle into Sons.

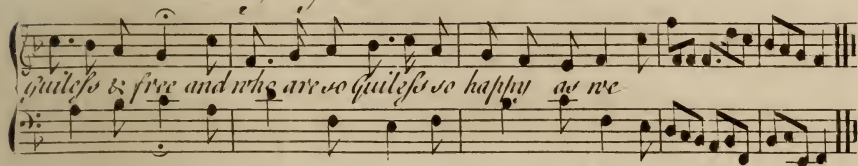


The Sheep Shearing





Sung by M^{rs} Cibber

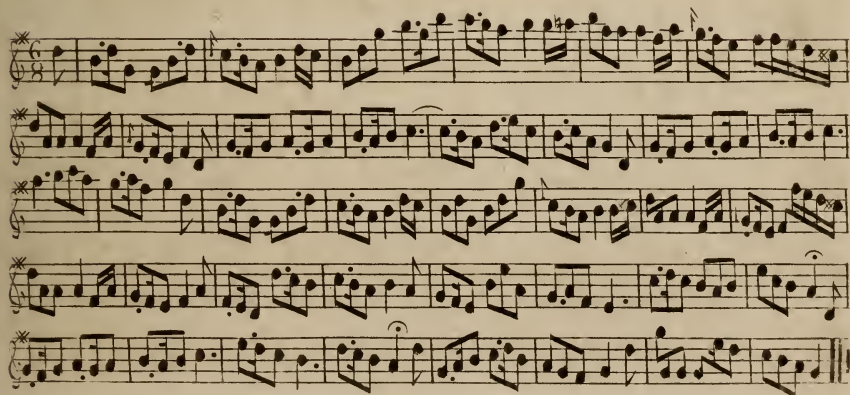


*We harbour no Passions by Luxury taught,
We practice no Arts, with Hypocrites fraught,
What we think in our Hearts, you may read in our Eyes,
For knowing no Falshood, we need no Disguise.*

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

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

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





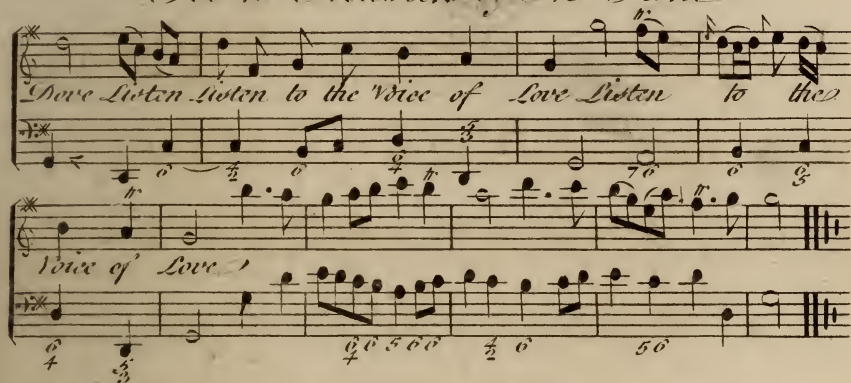
Damon and Florella

Moderately

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



Set to Musick by W. Arne



Florella

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

Damon

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

Florella

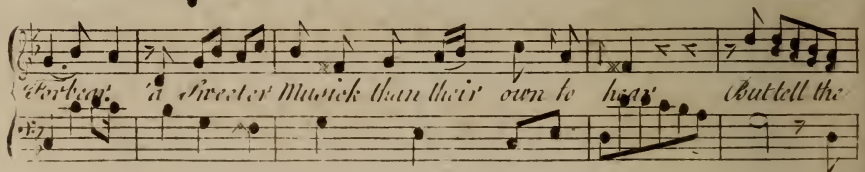
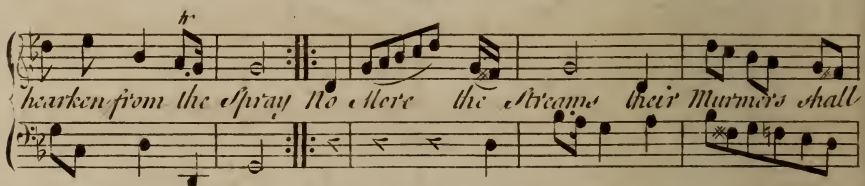
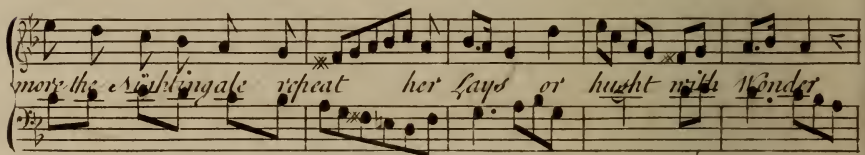
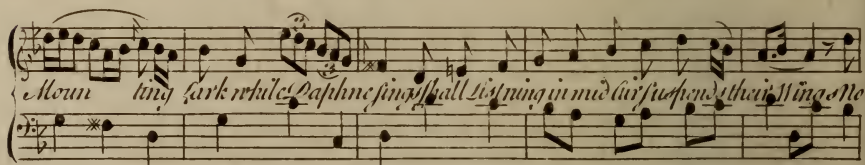
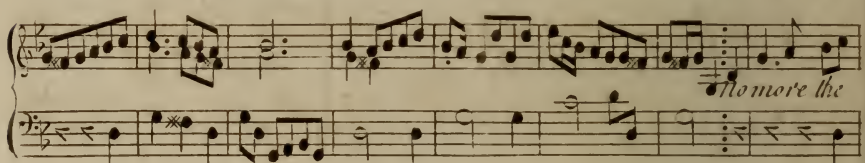
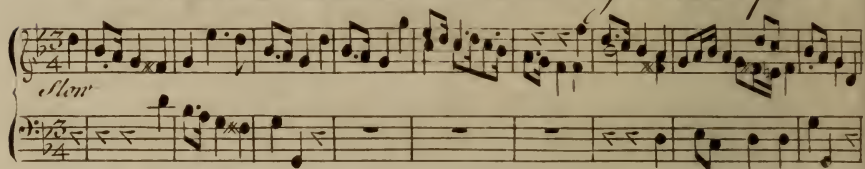
*Not the Waters gentle fall,
By the Bank with Poplars crown'd;
Nor the Thrasher's songsters all,
Nor the Mules melodious Sound,
Can Delight Florella's Ear,
If her Damon is not near.*

Duet

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



On an Absent Friend by M^r Pope





Set to Music by. M^r Buswell

Reeds and tell the Vocal Shore fair Daphnes Dead and
 Music is no More

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

Four staves of musical notation, likely for a string quartet or similar instrumental ensemble, featuring various rhythmic patterns and dynamics.



Sung by M^{rs} Lowe at Nairn Hall,

Moderately *Ria* *For* *Ria*

For *Ria* *When your beauty ap...*

hears in its Graces and Ais all bright as an Angel new drop'd from Skyes at

Instant I gaze & amavilily my heart so strangely so strangely you dazzle my Eye so

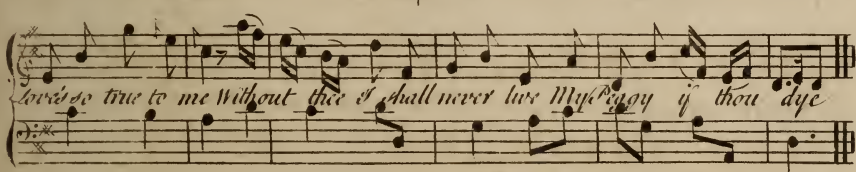
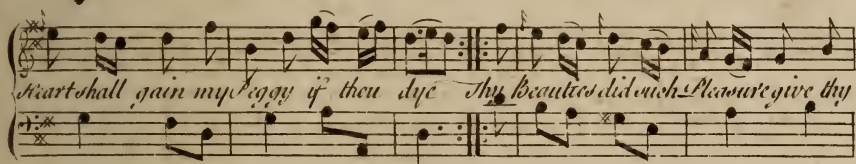
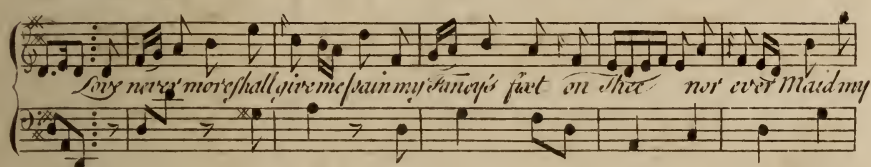
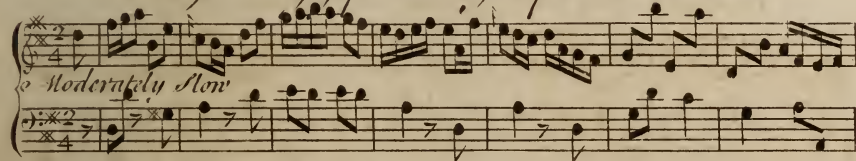
strangely so strangely you dazzle my Eye.

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

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



My Peggy Sung by M^r Love

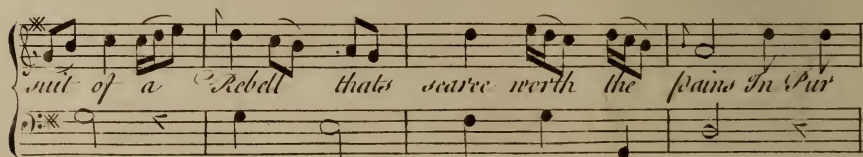
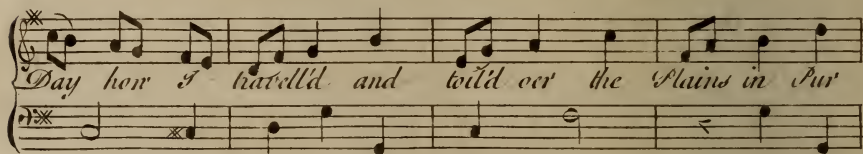
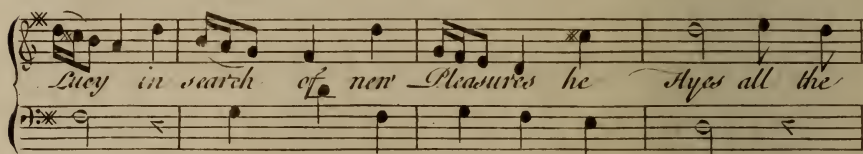
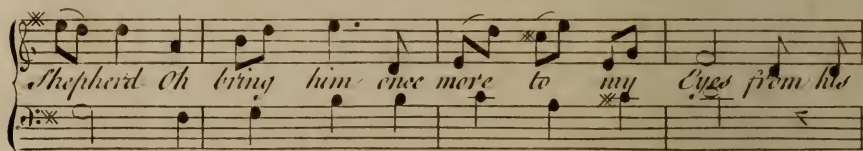
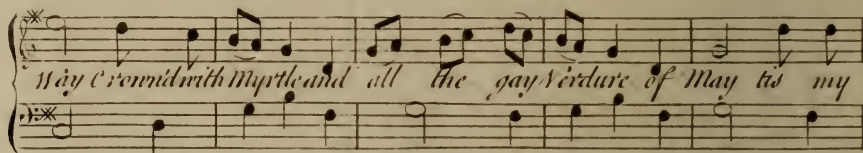
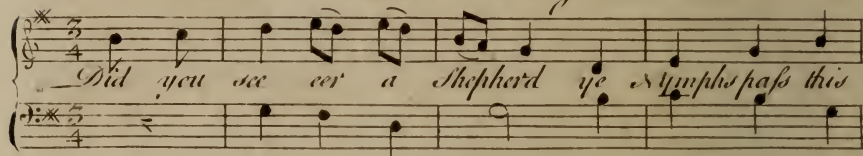


If Fate shall tear y^e from my breast From lonely shall I stray; In dreary Grains the Night All pass In sighs the silent Day; I neer can so much virtue find, Nor such Perfection see; Then I'll renounce all W^o mankind My Peggy after Thee.	None new blown beauty fires my heart, With Cupid's raving Rage, But thine which can such sweet Infant Must all the World engage; 'Twas those that like the Morning Sun, Gave Joy and Life to me; And when its destined Day is done, With Peggy let me dye.
--	--

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

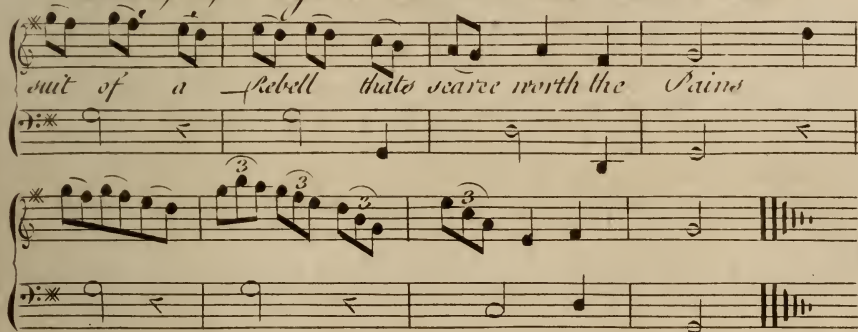


A Favourite Song





Sung by Miss Stevenson at Saucy Hall



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

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

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

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



The Reasonable Lover

Easily

I seek not at

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

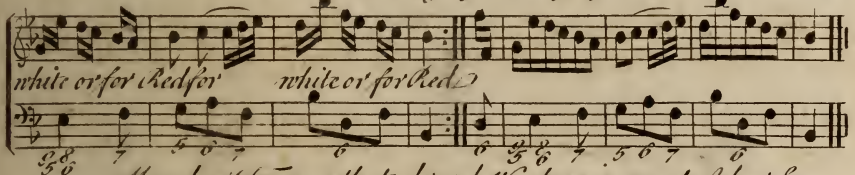
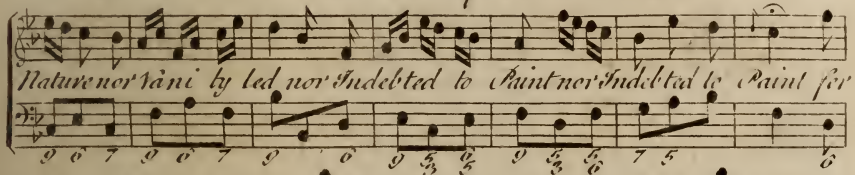
Girl that I Love have but prudence in View That tho' she deceive I may still think her

True *be her Person not beautiful but*

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



Set to Music by M^r. Arne



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





The Happy Re

moderate

To make the Wicked to

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

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

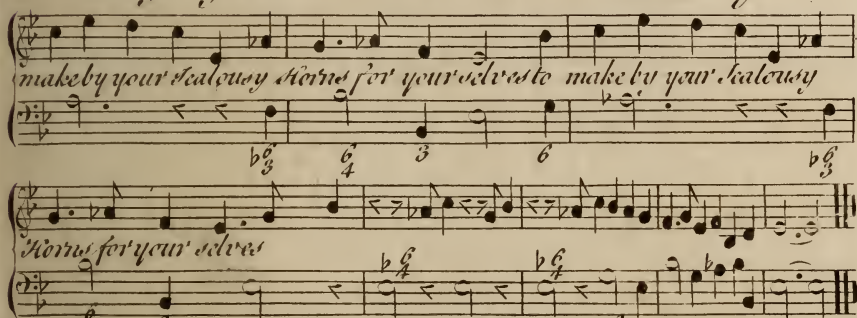
tell her shes wrong y^e you lead her astray

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

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

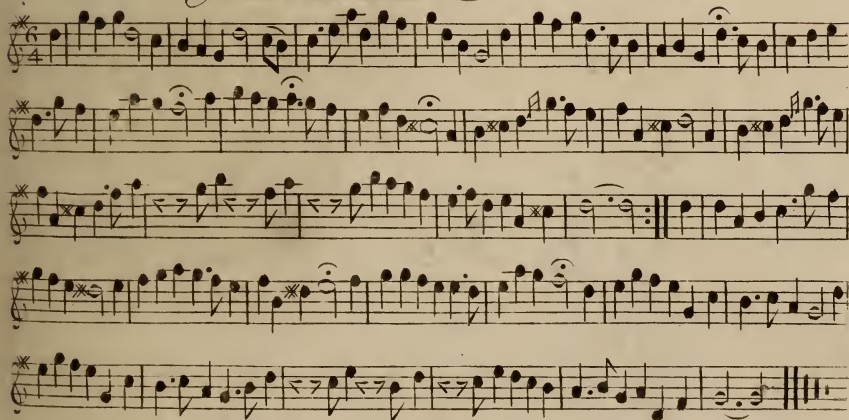


Sung by M^r Beard at Ranelagh



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

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





The Modern Rake

Sprightly

When e'er a beautiful Nymph I spy my fancies all on fire I long to her Em
brace to fly & revel in desire my
With if swear & sigh my pain the much for both hee prize for conquest ne'er attends the
Svain who cant himself disguise for conquest ne'er attends if svain who cant himself dis
guise who cant himself disguise

Then should if fair one Haughty prove,
And my fond suit disdain;
When I'll not hold, nor tender move,
Shed soon forgot again;
But if to crown me with Success,
She kindly does comply,
I let the Nymph require but this;
To love as long as I.



The Gear and The Bragrie ot

Brisk

O shame light on this Worlds Pelf when I see how
 little ot I've got to my self I'm wae when I look on my tread bare coat O
 Shame fa' the Gear & the Bragrie ot

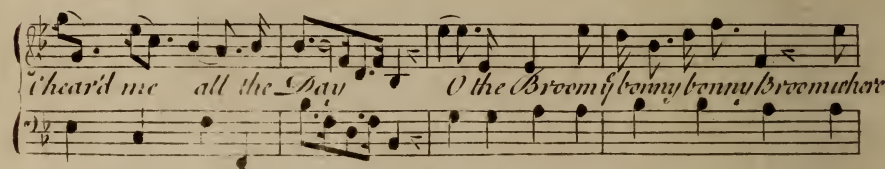
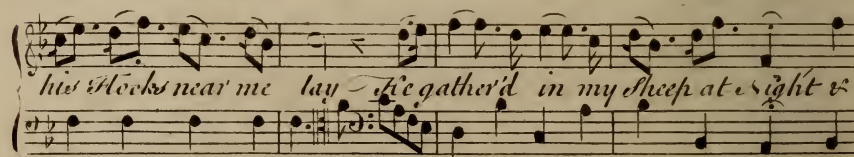
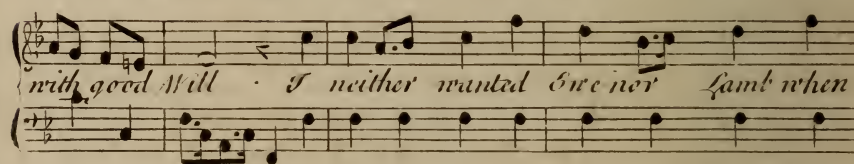
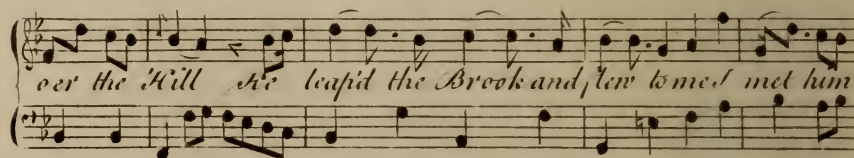
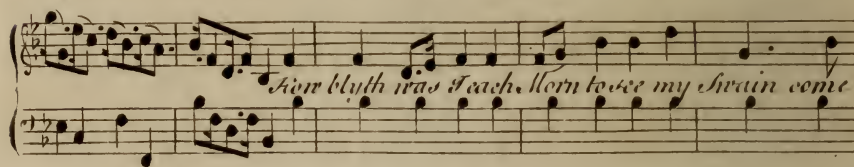
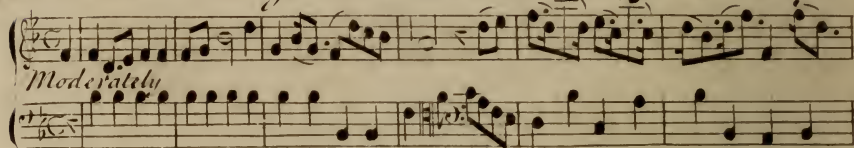
For Jenny was the Lass that muck'd y' Byre,
 But now she is clad in her Silken attire,
 And Jenny was y' Lass that wove the plaiden coat,
 O shame fa' the Gear and the Bragrie ot.

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

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

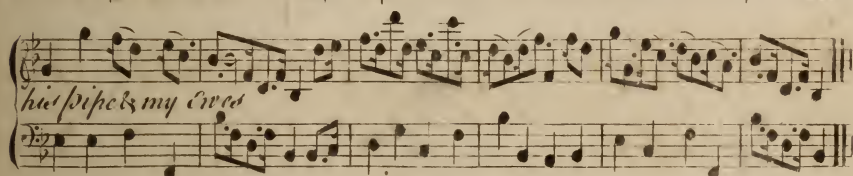
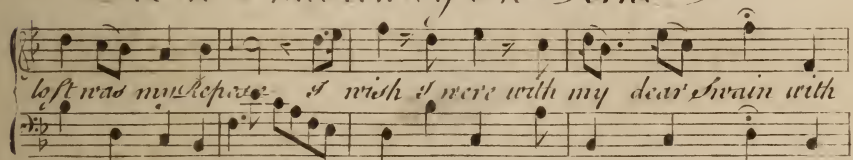


The Bonny Broom, A Favourite Song



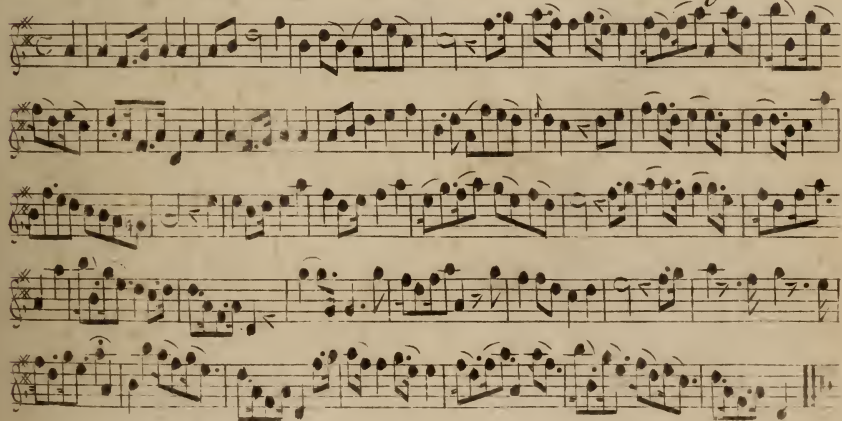


Set to Music by M^r Arne



*He laid his pipe & Reed as sweet
The Birds stood listening by
The fleecy sheep stood still & gaze
Charmed with his Melody
While thus we spent our time by turn
Retreat our flocks & Play
I envied not thy fairest Dame
Thou wert so rich and gay
O the Broom &c*

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





To keep my Gentle Jessey

Gently

To keep my gentle Jessey what

Labour, would seem hard Each toylsome Task hor

ca by Her Love the sweet reward the

Sweet reward her Love the sweet reward the sweet re

ward her Love the sweet reward She Bee thus uncomplaining Co

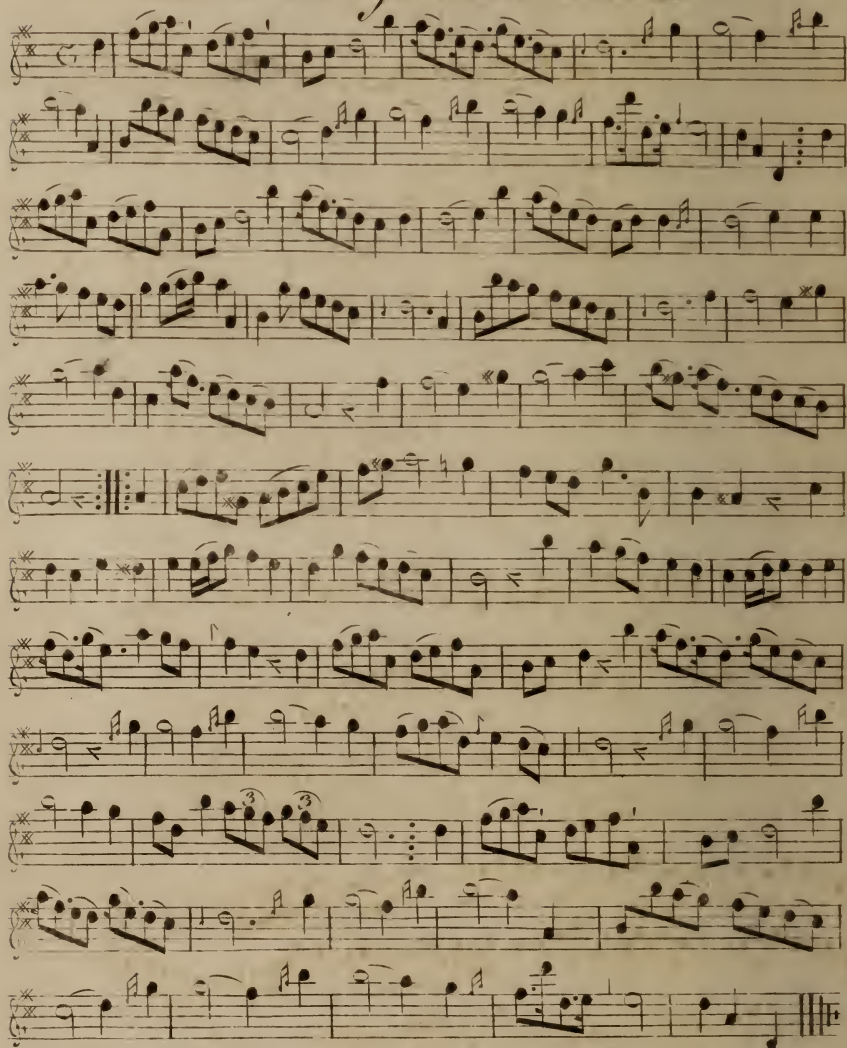


(C) A. Favourite Song Set by M^r Arne

seems no toil severe The Bee thus uncomplaining Esteems no
Soul severe the sweet reward obtaining of Honey all the
Year the sweet reward obtaining of Honey all the Year the
sweet reward of Honey all the Year the sweet r
ward of Honey all the Year



For the German Flute





Friendship United set by Mr Bell

Moderately *as pleasing as*

Shade to away faring away when the Ardour of Phœbus has

Leav'd the scorched Plain as Groves to the Sunnet or Shyne to the

Bee so welcome my fair one so welcome to me

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



Gently The Innocent Fair. Set by Mr Bell

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

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



The Virgins Wish Set by Mr Bell

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

Such stateliness I mean as may When first a Lover I commence
 Keep nauseous fools & fools away May it be with a Man of Sense
 But still oblige the wise And learned Education
 That may secure my modesty May all his Courtship easy be
 And guardian to my honour be Either to formal not too free
 When passion does arise? But wisely shew his passion

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



The School of Anacreon

The festive board was met by social Band round jangled Anacreon

took their silent stand my love began to sing) be this thy Rule No brow austerer must

dare approach my school Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign with

in Old Care begone Old Care begone Sorrow and Sorrow were a sin

For Pia Pia

A favourite Cantata

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

Pia *For*

Pia *Tell not*

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

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

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

Walth and Wisdom I do

6 6 6 6 6 6 7 7 6

pure cares surround the rich and wise cares surround

6 7 6 6 4 6 6 9

Cares our

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

round the rich and wise *The Queen that*

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

For *Ra*

Set to Musick

gives soft wishes Birth: Bacchus God of Wine and Mirth

for: Pia

me their Friend and dar'rite own me their Friend and dar'rite

Pia

own and I was born for them alone

Pia

I was born

for them a lone I was born for them a

lone

1st *2^d*

(The Queen that lone)

For:

by M^r. Arne

For

very Gently

Business Title Title Pomp and state

Title pomp and state give them to the fools I hate

Business Title Title pomp and state

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

Fools to the fools I hate give them to the fools

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

hate

Sung by M^r Lowe

Sprightly

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

Tia

Speed the Dancing hours away and

Tia

mind not what the Grave once say

For

Speed y dan...

Tia *For*

ing hours away

mind not

mind not what the Grave once say

For

Gaily let the Minutes fly in Love and Freedom Wit and

Joy in Love & Freedom Wit and Joy

Gayly

For

at Vaux Hall

let the Minutasy fly in Love and Freedom with Joy

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

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

Speed y dancing hours away mind not what the Grave once say. For

$b7$ 6 6 6 6 6

Speed y dan...

$\frac{3}{2}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{2}{2}$ *Ria* 6 6 6 6 6

For

2

speed y dancing hours away mind not what y Grave once

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

say mind not mind not what the Grave once say

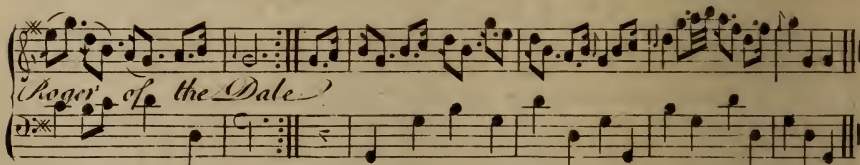
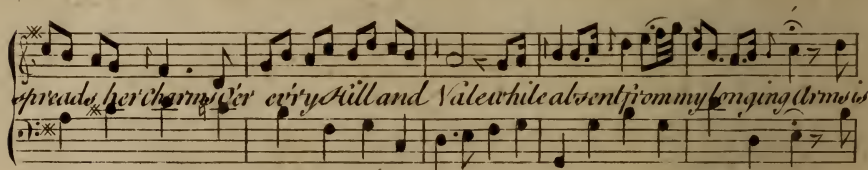
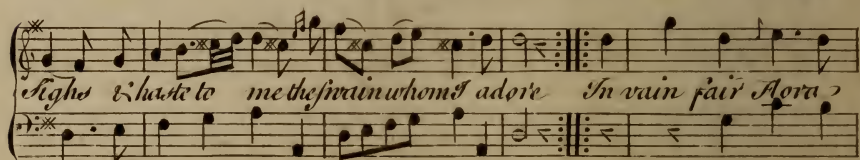
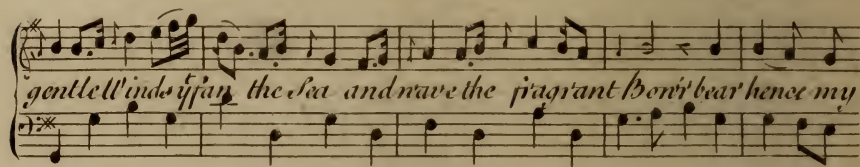
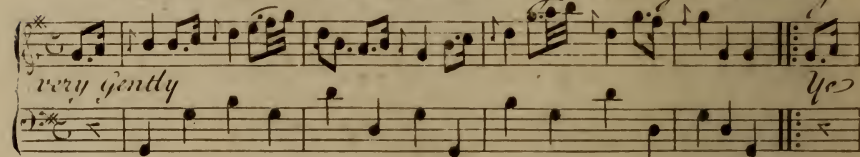
6 4 $\frac{3}{2}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{2}{4}$

For

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



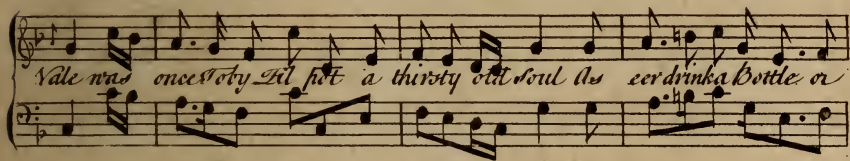
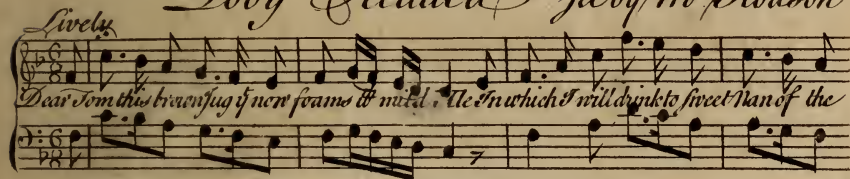
O Favourite Song Set by W. Riley



*Let wanton nymphs & swains employ,
In sensual love their days;
While I my Darling Youth enjoy,
In Virtues smiling rays,
Take all the false delights of Courts
Each glittering Beau & Belle;
Give me with harmless rural sports,
My Roger of the Dale.*



Toby Reduced set by M^r Hodson



It chanced in dog Days as he sat at his ease
In his Honour proven drow as gay as you please
With a friend & a pipe puffing Sorrow away
And with honest old Stingo was soaking his Clay
His breath Doors of Life on a sudden were shut
And he died full as big as a Dorchester Butt

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



Favorite Song set by Mr Baidon

Brisk & lively *At*

tend ye nymphs while I impart the secret wishes of my

Heart and tell what swain if one there be whom fate designs for

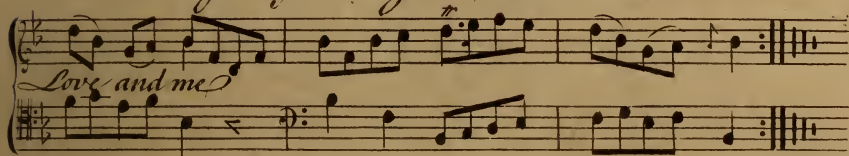
Love to me *Attend ye*

nymphs while I impart the secret wishes of my Heart and

tell what swain if one there be whom fate designs for

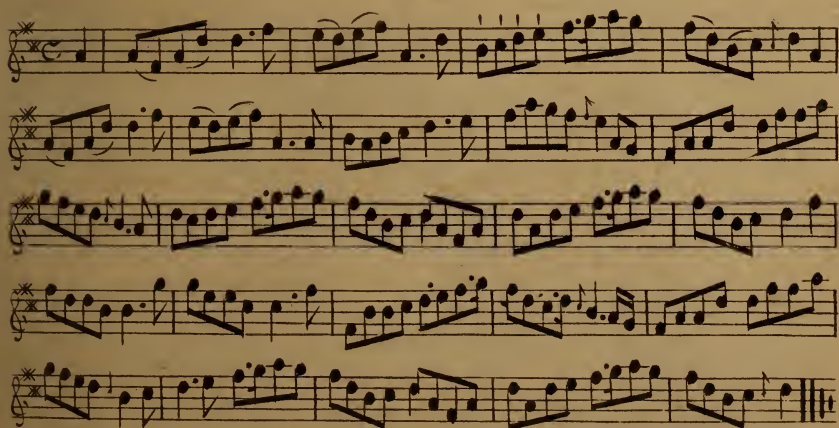


Sung by Miss Stevenson



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

<i>Let solid Sense inform his mind</i>	<i>Let sordid avarice claim no part</i>
<i>With pure good nature sweetly joind</i>	<i>Within his tender generous Heart</i>
<i>Sure friend to modest merit be</i>	<i>Oh be that Heart from falsehood free</i>
<i>The strain designed for Love & me.</i>	<i>Devoted all to Love & me.</i>





A Humorous Song

Moderately quick

Ye Prigs who are troubled wth Conscience Qualms who ever are praying or

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

open your Eyes shall open y^r Eyes & you'll see right from morning

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

this then if Pope is the famous Oliver Salutes of Life with this you may face either



Sung by M^r Beard

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

Chorus

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

this you may face either Devil or Wife

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

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



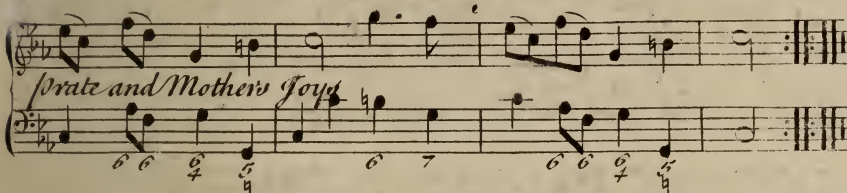
Sylvia

Moderate

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

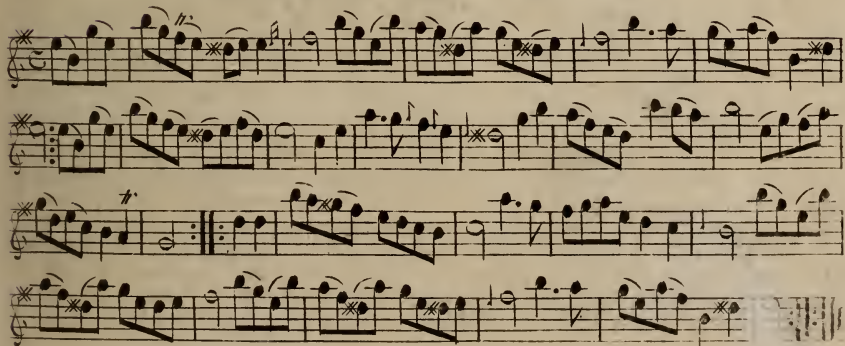


Set to Music by M^r. Arne



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

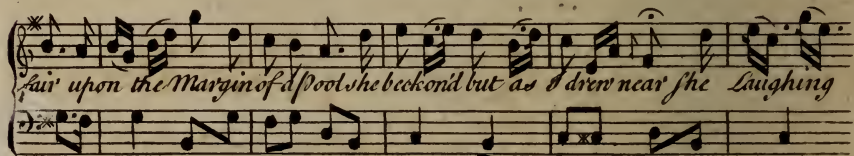
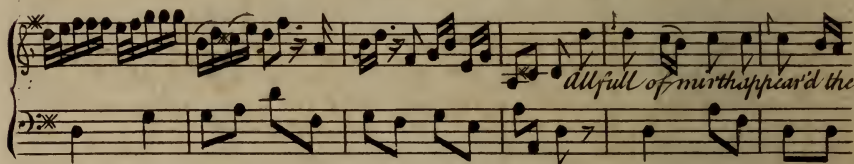
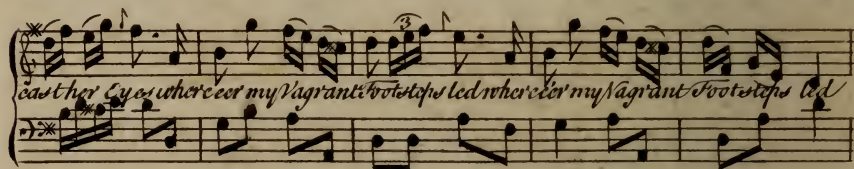
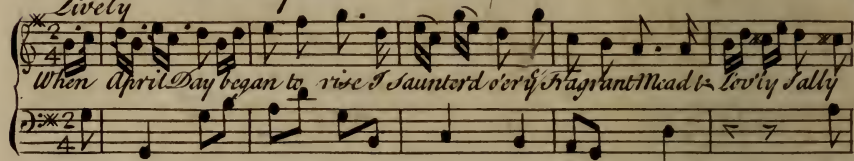
Could I to thy Soul reveal
But the least the Thousandth Part
Of those Pleasures Lovers feel
In a mutual change of Heart
Then, repenting wouldst thou say
Virgins Fears from hence remove
All the Time is thrown away All the be
That we cannot spend in Love





April Fool

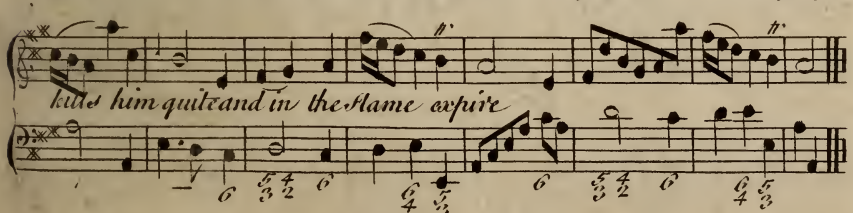
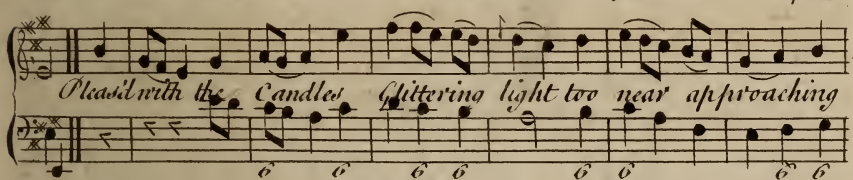
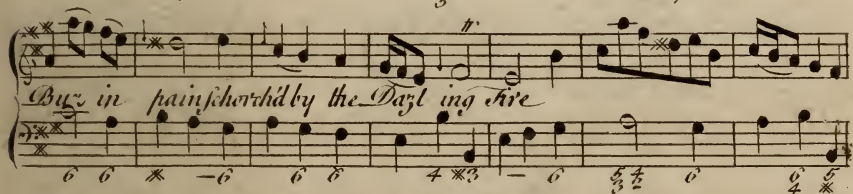
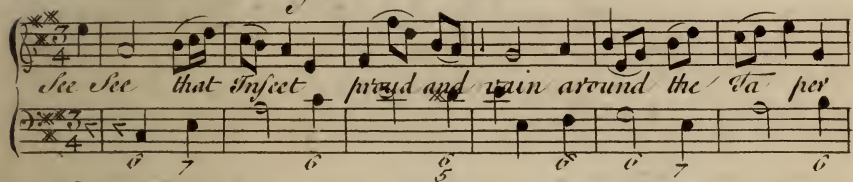
Lively



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



The Fly • A Simile



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



John & Nell

As Nell sat underneath her Cow near to a Cuck of
 May (Brisk John was coming from his plough) shan'd to pass that way Like
 Lightning to the fluid he flew and by the Hand he squeeze her (May John she
 cry'd be quiet No and pound because he seiz'd her

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



A New Song

Beneath this fragrant Myrtle shade while I my weary Limbs recline while

I my weary Limbs recline O Love be thou my Ganymede and

hither bring the generous Wine and hither bring the generous Wine

*How swift the wheel of Life revolves
How soon life's little race is o'er
But Oh when Death this frame dissolves
Mirth Joy and Frolick is no more*

*Why then ah! Fool profusely vain
With Innocence shall thy Pavements shine
Why dost thou pour O wretch profane
On senseless Earth the Nectard Wine*

*To me thy breathing Odours bring
On me the mantling Bowls bestow
Go clove not the Roseate Spring
For Wreaths to grace my honour'd brow*

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



Favourite Song

Tenderly

My fond Shepherds of late were so

blest their fair Nymphs were so happy and gay that each

might they went Safely to Rest and they Merrily

sung through the Day But ah! what a scene must Ap-



in the Opera of Eliza

Fear must the Sweet rural Pastimes be over shall the
 Labor the Labor no more strike the Ear shall the
 Dance on the Green be no More.

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



Strawberry Hill

Moderately

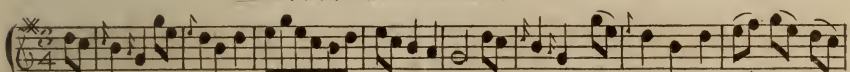
Some cry up Gunners — bury for
 Sion some de clare some say with Chiowiele Houe No Villa can com
 pare But ask if Beaux of Middlesax Who know the Cuntry well of Strawberry
 Hill if Strawberry Hill dont bear away the Belle

Some love to roll down Greenwich Hill	Since Denham sung of Coopers
For this thing and for that	Theres scarce a Hill around
And some prefer sweet Marble Hill	But what in Song or Ditty
Tho sure tis somewhat flat	Is turnd to Fairy Ground
Yet Marble Hill is Greenwich Hill	At peace be with their Memory
If Ke-ty el-e can tell	I wish them wondrous well
From Strawberry Hill from be	But Strawberry Hill But be
Can't bear away the Belle	Will bear away the Belle

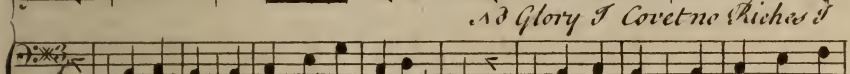
The Surry boasts its Oak lands	Great William dwells at Windsor
And Claremont kept so fine	As Edward did of Old
And some prefer sweet Southcoote	And many a Gaul & many a Scot
Tis but a Dainty Whim	Have found him full as bold
But ask the Gallant Bristol	On lofty Hills like Windsor
Who doth in Taste excell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

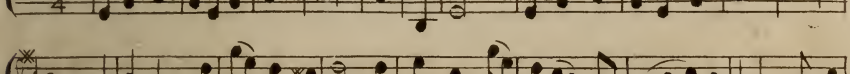


Contentment

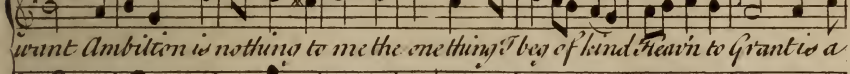


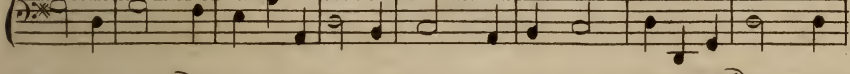
And Glory I Covet no Riches I



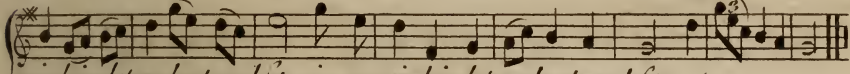


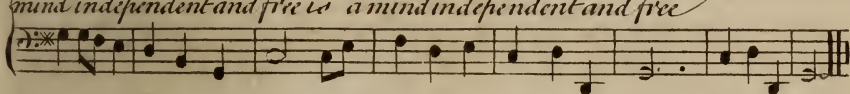
want Ambition is nothing to me the one thing I beg of kind Heaven to Grant is a





mind independent and free is a mind independent and free





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

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

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

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



Lively *The Generous Confidence*

Oh Straphon what can mean the joy the eager joy I Prove

the eager joy I Prove When you each tender Art employ to

win my soul to Love When you each tender Art employ to win my soul to

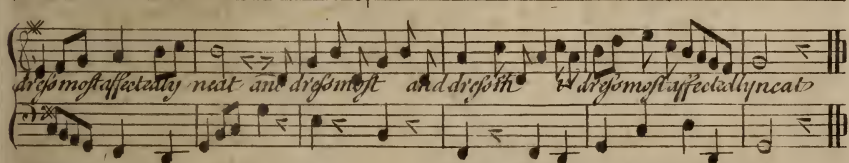
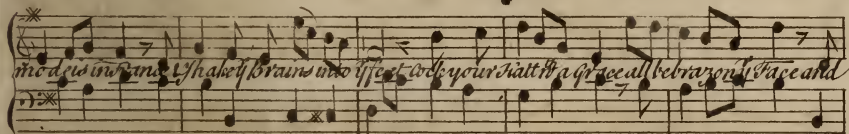
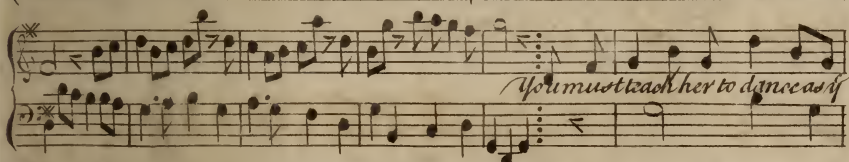
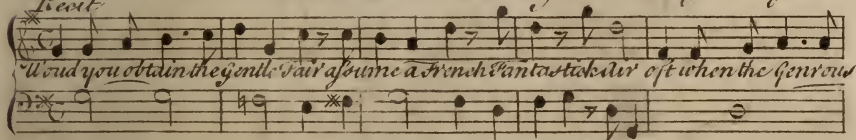
Love to win to win my soul to Love

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



A Favourite Song Set by M^r Oswald

Recit



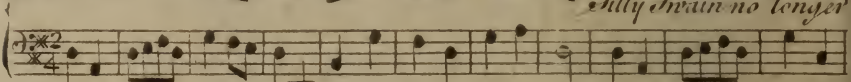
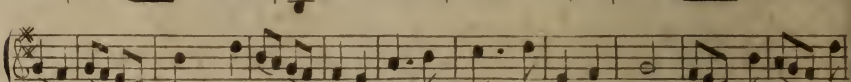
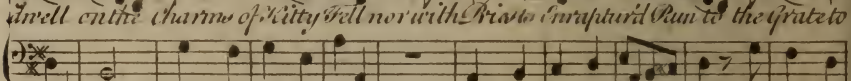
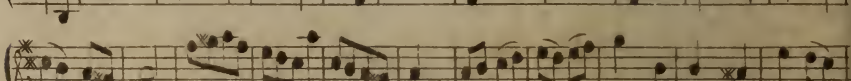
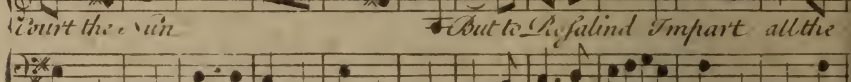
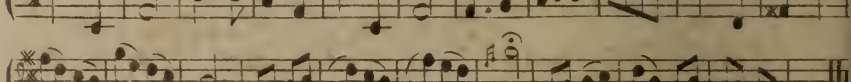
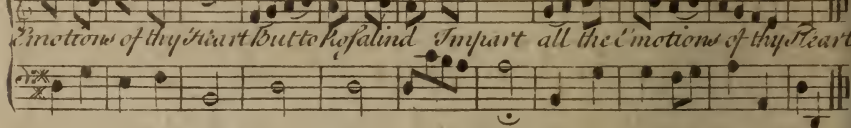
<i>Then bow down like a Beau</i>	<i>Walk y^e Figure of Eight</i>
<i>Hop and turn out your Toes</i>	<i>With your Rump stiff & straight</i>
<i>Lead Miss by y^e Hand & clear ather</i>	<i>Then turn her with delicate Ease</i>
<i>Draw your Glove with an Air</i>	<i>Bow again very low</i>
<i>At your white Stockings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

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



A New Song -

Not too fast


 silly Swain no longer


 I will on the charms of City Bell nor with Priests Enraptur'd Run to the grate to

 Court the vain

 But to Rosalind Impart all the

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



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

But Oh if some happier Swain,
 All her fond Attention gain,
 Seated in the Silent Bow'r,
 At the melting Midnight Hour,
 She may listen while shea won,
 Thee to fair to dye a Swain.



The Despairing Lover

In Cloes

Froms I read my fate *Her Eyes do bid despair*

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

bear Oh pain to great to bear

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

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



Sung by Miss Isabella Young

Pia For

Pia For

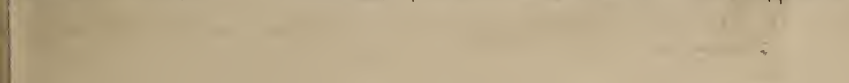
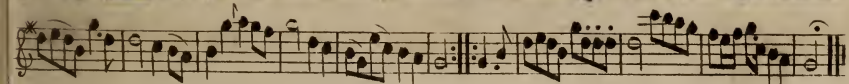
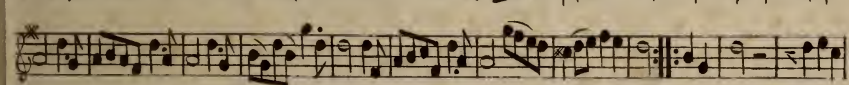
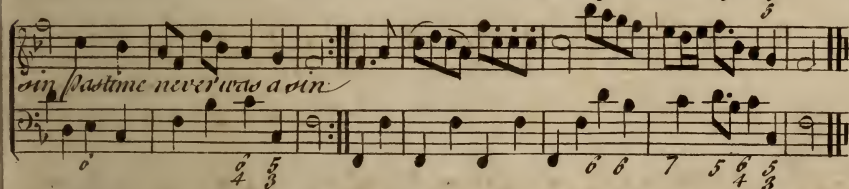
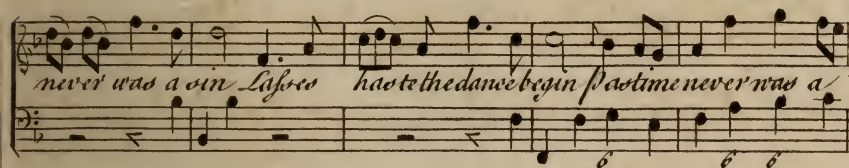
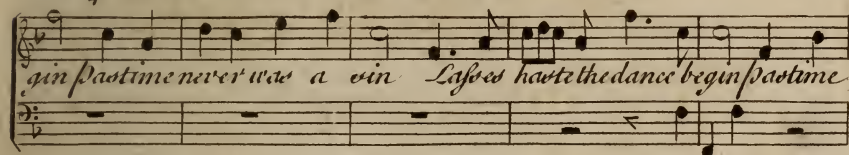
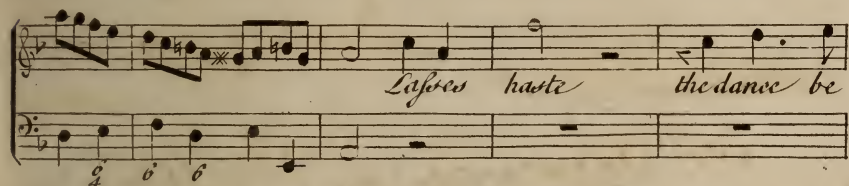
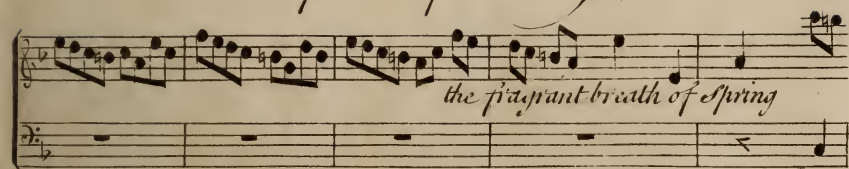
Where chaste Dian keeps her Court, woods and the Wood. nymphs sport

there the merry merry Roundelay tells the Shepherds Hollyday There the

merry merry Roundelay tells the Shepherds Hollyday Shepherds come

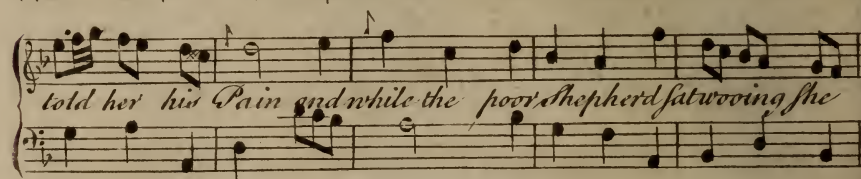
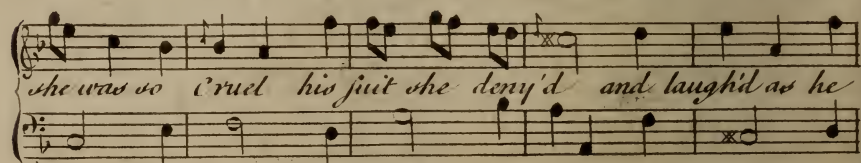
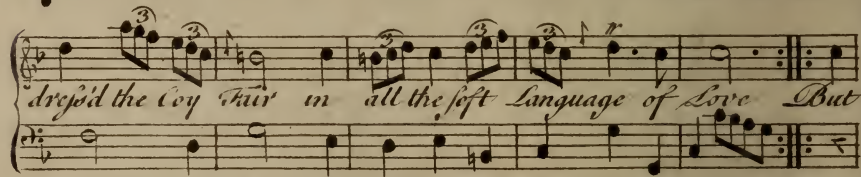
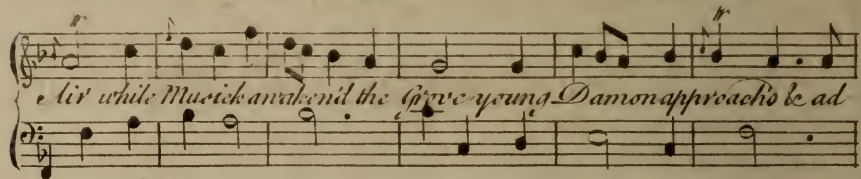
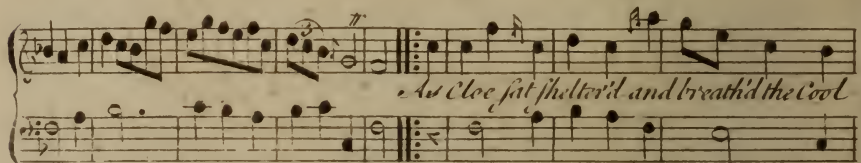
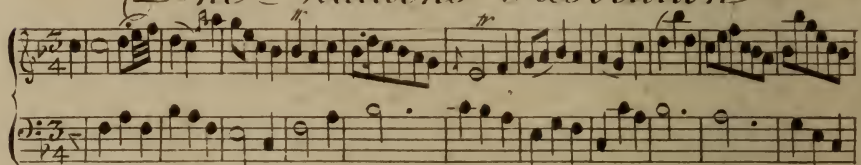
your Lutes bring hail the fragrant breath of Spring hail

in the Opera of Eliza



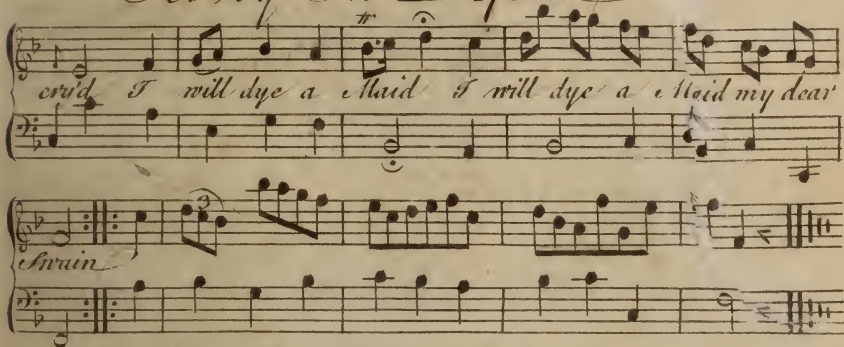


The Maidens Resolution



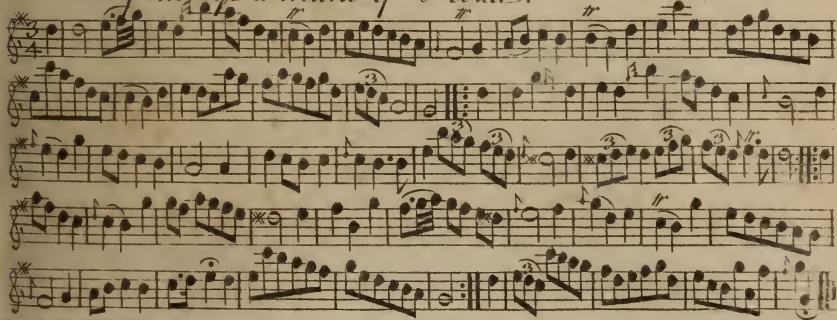


Set by M^r Desesoch



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

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





Moderato *6 New Song* *set by M^r Oswald.*

Pray Nymph & Shepherd bring

Tribute to the Queen of May Kisse for her brow; & Spring make her as the Season gay,

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

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

Now the fair Narcissus blows, Soon the fair Narcissus dies,
 With his sweeting's now delights, Soon he droops his languid knees,
 By his side the Maiden rose, From the Rose her purple flies,
 With her artless blush invites, A one inviting to her bed,
 Such a fragrant and so gay, Such, tho' now so sweet and gay
 To the blooming Queen of May, Soon shall be the Queen of May

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



A Favourite Song in Lethe Sung by W^r Beard

* 12
 8
 Ye Mortals whom Fancies Whoules perplex whom folly misguides, Wh
 * 12
 8
 Firmities Vae whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest Who
 * 12
 8
 rise without Joy and lye down without Rest
 * 12
 8
 Oby the glad Summons to Lethe repair Drunk deep of the Stream and for
 * 12
 8
 get all your Care drunk deep of y^e Stream & forget all your Care

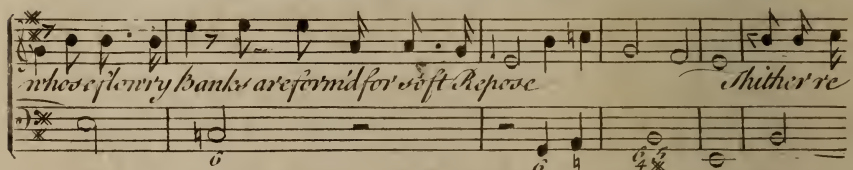
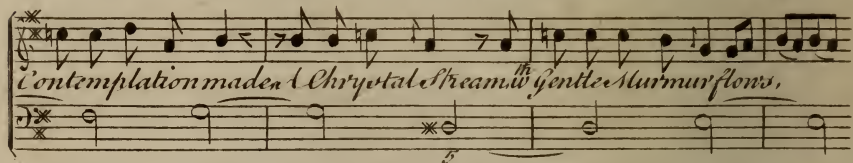
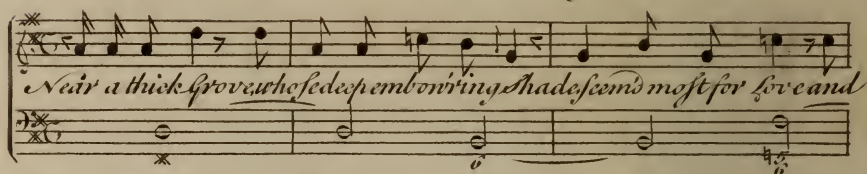
Old Maids shall forget what they wish'd for in vain,
 And Young Ones the Power they cannot regain,
 The Deake shall forget how last Night he was eloy'd,
 And Cloe again be with passion enjoy'd,
 Obey then the Summons, to Lethe repair,
 And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

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



James Roberts fecit

Cymon and Iphigenia



A Favourite Cantata

Ria Cymon, I know who never dreamt of Love by chance was

brisk
Stamping to the neighbouring Grove

Stile
Huddled along unknowing that he sought & whistled as he went for want of thought

allegro
But when he first beheld the sleeping Maid

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

Gently
Sung beauty & nature thus inform'd his Tongue

The stream that
glides in slumbers by whose glassy bosom flows the sky compleats & rural

The musical score is written on a single staff with a treble clef. It begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is characterized by a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. There are several time signature changes throughout the piece: 6/8, 4/4, 3/4, 2/4, and 6/8. The score includes various musical ornaments and trills, particularly in the later sections. The lyrics are written in a cursive, handwritten style below the staff.

Set to Musick

Scene compleats the rural Scene But in thy Bosom

Charming Maid all Heav'n itself is sure display'd too lovely Sphi-

genia too lovely Sphigenia

For

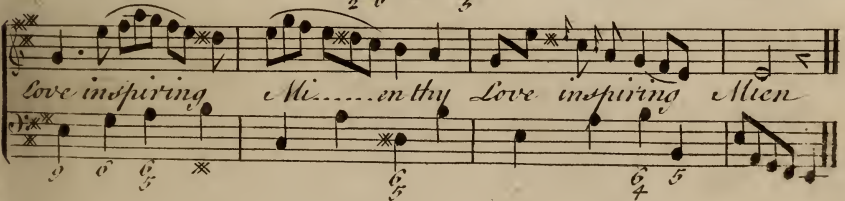
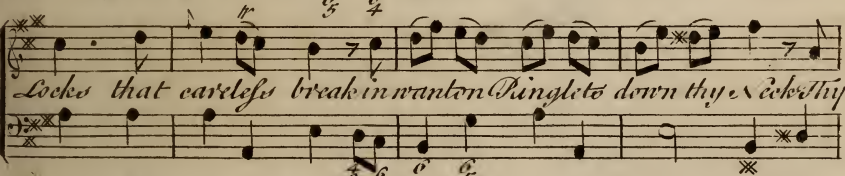
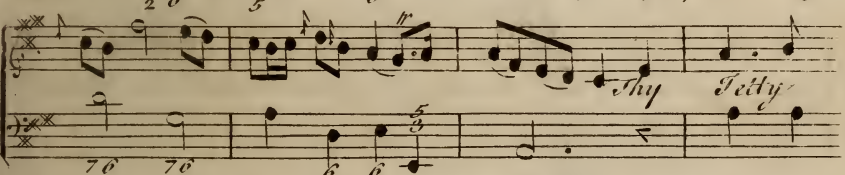
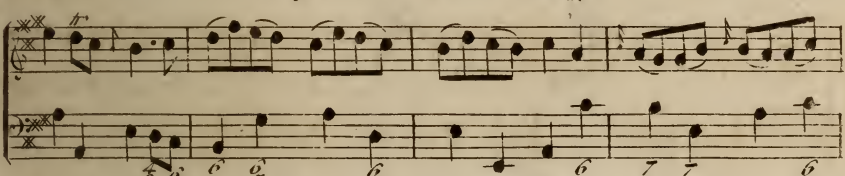
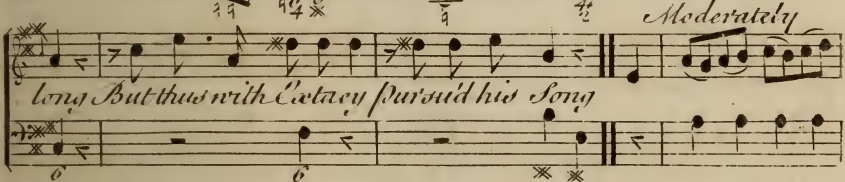
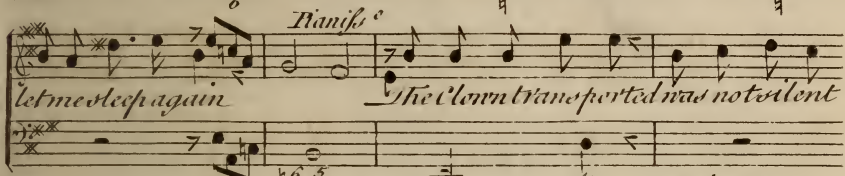
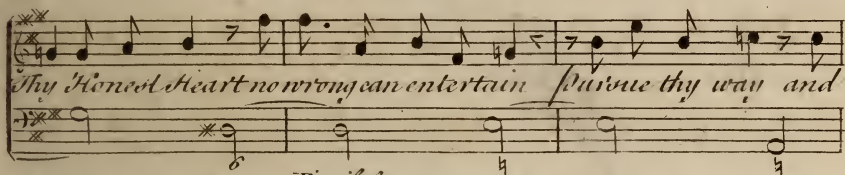
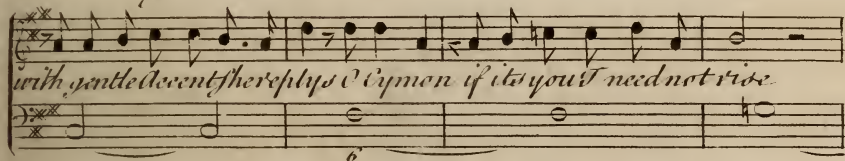
She wakes and starts Poor Cymon trembling

Stands Down falls the Staff from his unnerv'd Hands

Bright Excellence said he Dispel all fear Where Honour

Present sure no Dangers near Half rais'd

by M^r True Son^r



Sung by M^r Beard

Thy swelling Bosom Skin of Snow and taper Shape on

chant me so I dye for Tphi ge nia I dye for

Tphigenia

Amazdshe listens nor can trace from

whence the former Clod is thus inspir'd with sweet he gazes finds him

comely tall and strait and thinks he might improve his outward gait

Bids him be so and next day attend at the same Hour to

at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane

meet his faithful friend thus mighty Love could teach a Clown to
 plead and Nature's language furthest will succeed
 Loves a pure a
 Sacred Fire kindling gentle chaste Desire
 Love can Rage it self controul and elevate and elevate the
 Human Soul and elevate the human Soul

The musical score is written on ten staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes various musical notations such as clefs, notes, rests, and fingerings. The lyrics are: "meet his faithful friend thus mighty Love could teach a Clown to", "plead and Nature's language furthest will succeed", "Loves a pure a", "Sacred Fire kindling gentle chaste Desire", "Love can Rage it self controul and elevate and elevate the", and "Human Soul and elevate the human Soul". The score ends with a double bar line.

and at Ranelagh Gardens

for

Depriv'd of

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

But blest with Beauty and with Love blest with

Beauty and with Love we taste what Angels do a... love what

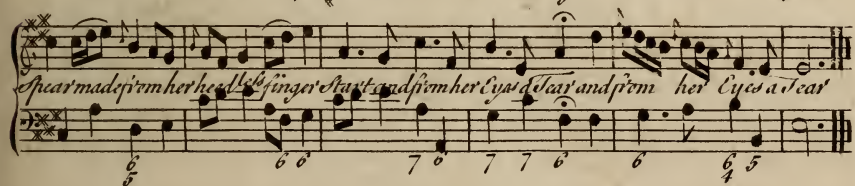
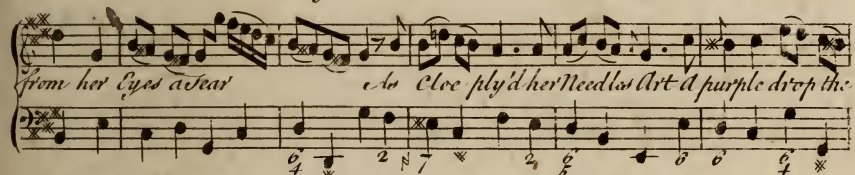
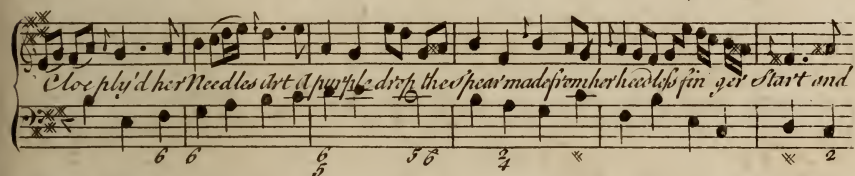
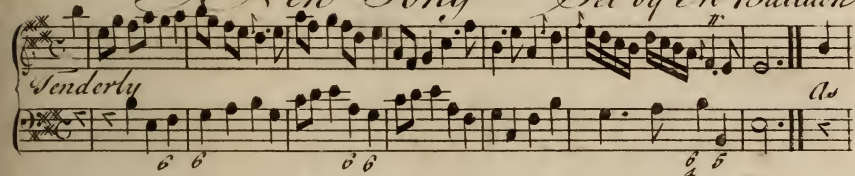
An... gels do above. *for.*

pia

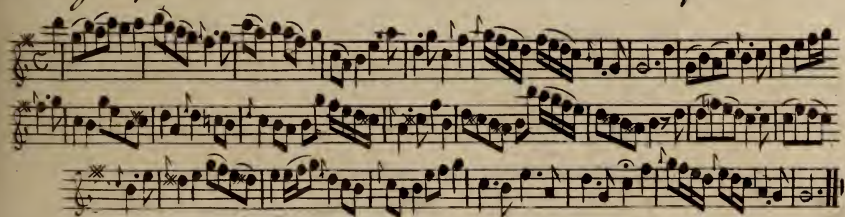


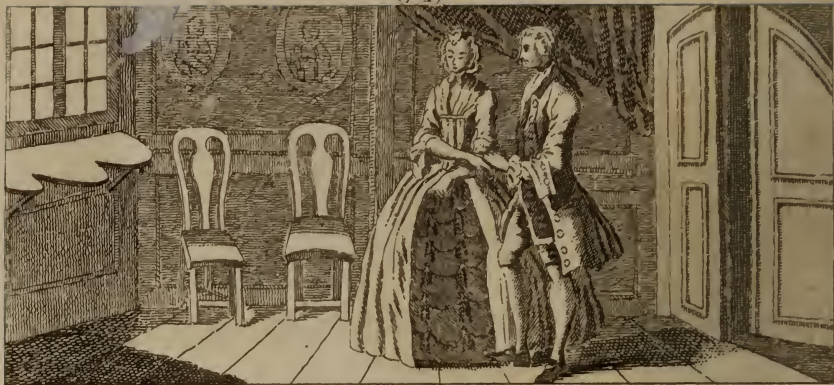


A New Song Set by M^r Baildon



Ah! might but Cloe, by her Smart, Then if her Needle would adore,
 Be taught for mine to feel, Loves Arrow it should be,
 Mine caus'd by Cupids piercing Dart Indu'd with such a subtle Pow'r,
 More sharp to me than Steel. To reach her Heart for me.





The Injur'd Fair

Tenderly

Cloe one Summers Evening stray'd her Tender Lambskins gently

View'd *Damon she found but quite a*

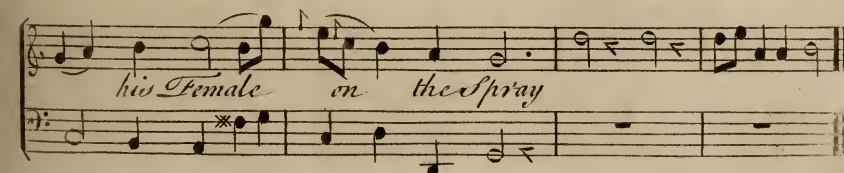
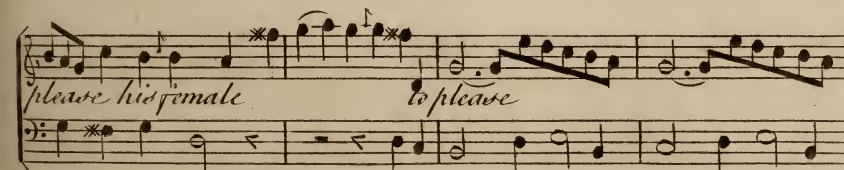
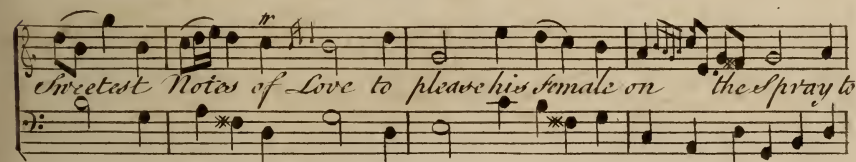
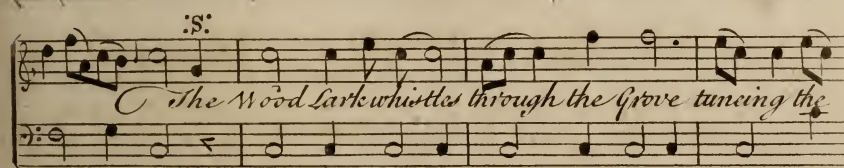
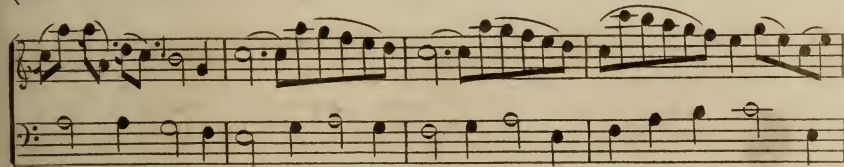
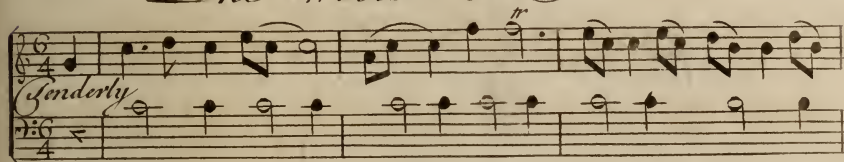
praid'tie to some distant Plains remov'd

The Swain who at a distance flew,
 She sought alaso, but all in vain?
 The fickle Youth, too well he knew
 The Injur'd Cloe's dreadfull Pain?

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

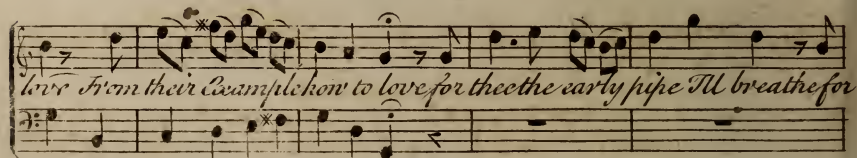
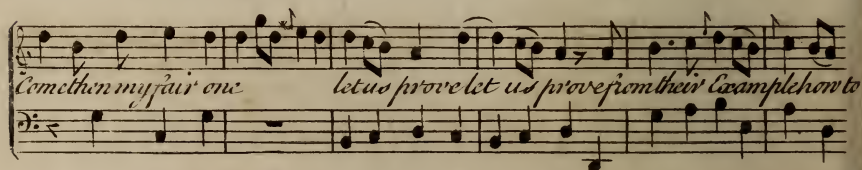
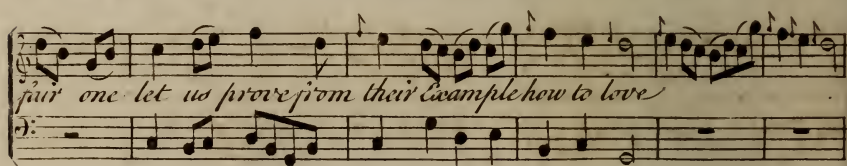
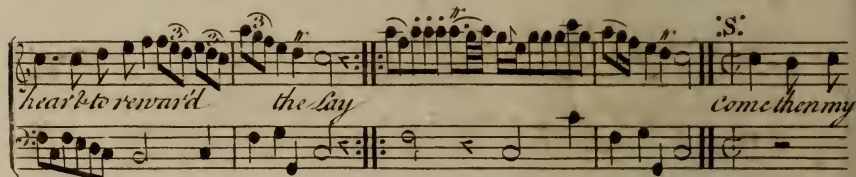
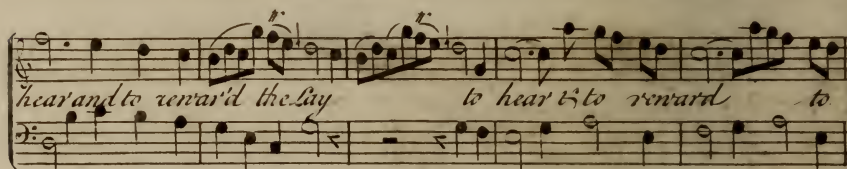
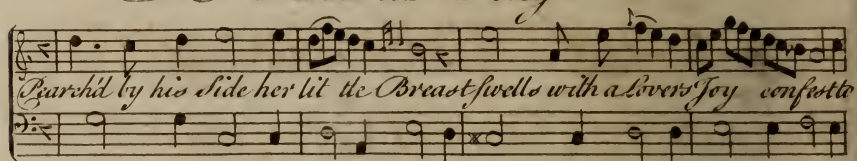


The Wood Lark -



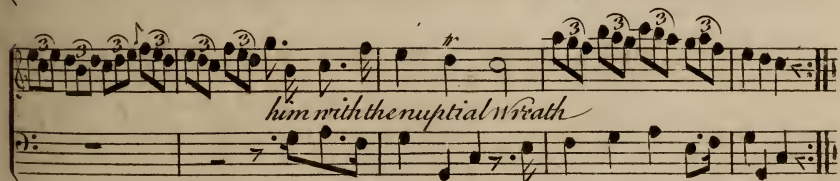
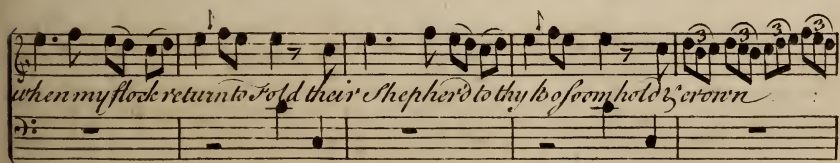
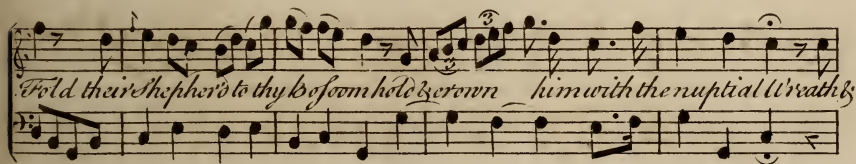
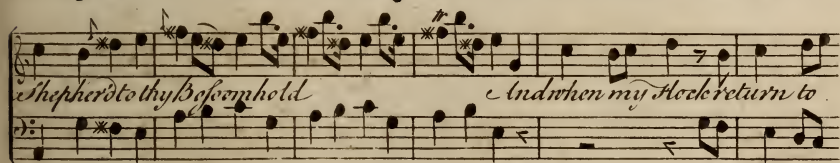
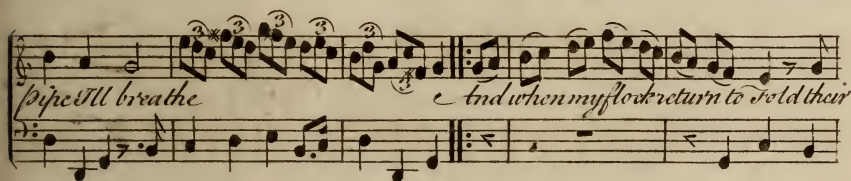
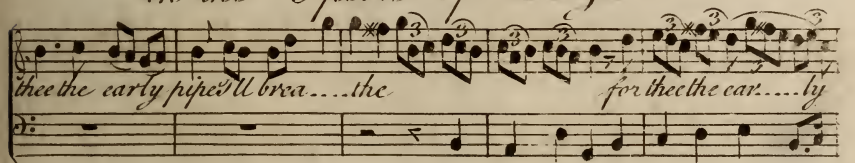


To Favourite Song





in the Opera of Eliza





Set to Music by M^r Baildon

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



Sung by M^{rs} Lowe

where the yel....low convolvulps blow

While the Reifers sportive low

where the yel....low convolvulps blow.

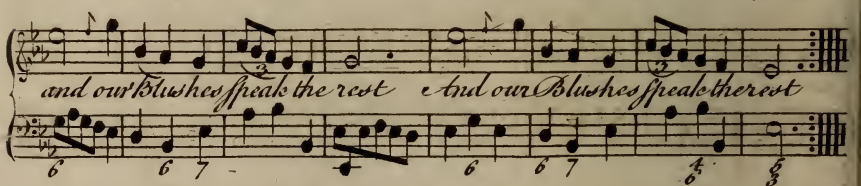
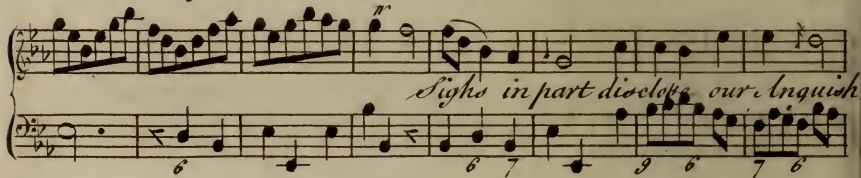
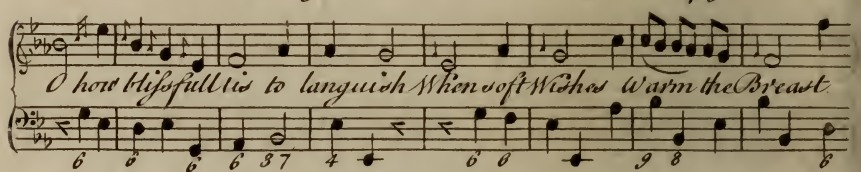
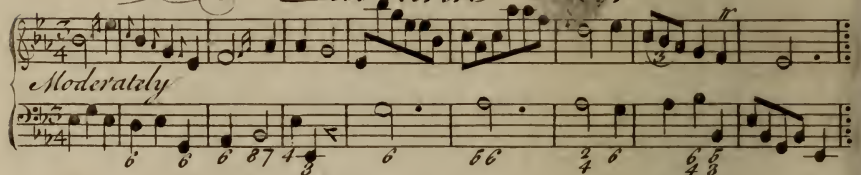
♯

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

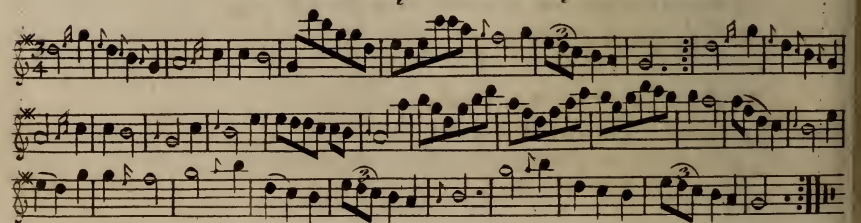
*Oh! what pleasures Shepherds know!
 Monarchs cannot such bestow,
 Love improves each happy Hour,
 Grandeur has not such in store,
 Learn, Ambition learn from hence,
 Happiness is Innocence.*



O Favourite Air



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





The Risers Feast

Avarus sent for

me to dine the Day and he gets bespoke *The Day you shall*

spoke the gilded Plate on Cupboard shine & Chimney hardly smoke

smoke like the Chimney hardly smoke

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

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



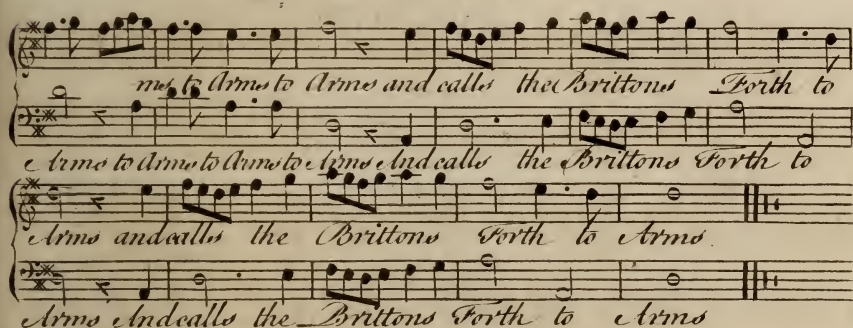
A Loyal Song

Ally

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



For two Voices

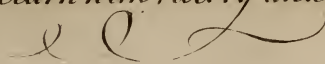


Our Chiefs renown'd upon the Main,
Once more in Arms shine forth again,
Whose steady Courage dares Oppose
And stem the power of Gallick Foes. **For Mars &c**

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

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

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





The Spinning Wheel

Moderately Brisk

Young Collin fish

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

tender pon'r wou'd feel whose heart lov's tender pon'r wou'd feel

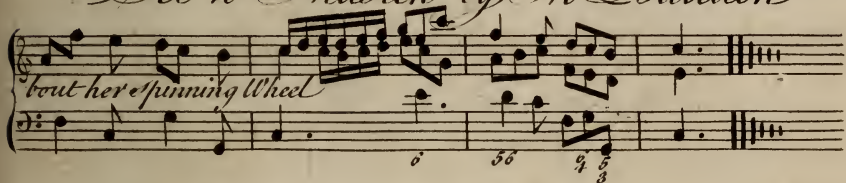
Shee Mill was stoop't no Miller there she smild to see the Youth appear she smild to

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

Slow



Set to Music by M^r Baildon

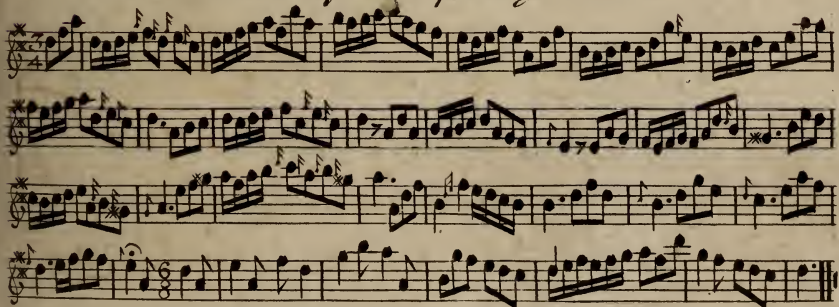


Thy Cheeks, says he, like Peaches bloom,
Thy breath is like the Spring's Perfume;
On thy sweet lips my Love I'll seal,
Yon stately Swans, so white and sleek,
Are like to Sally's Breast, and neck,
But still she turn'd her Spinning Wheel.

The fair one, Beauty's transient Power,
Fades like the new blown gaudy Flower;
Yet so where virtue loves to dwell;
For where sweet Modesty appears,
We never see the vale of Udder,
She smil'd and stopp'd her Spinning Wheel.

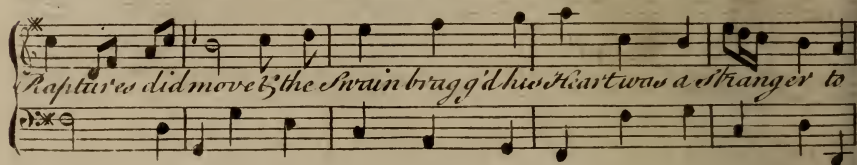
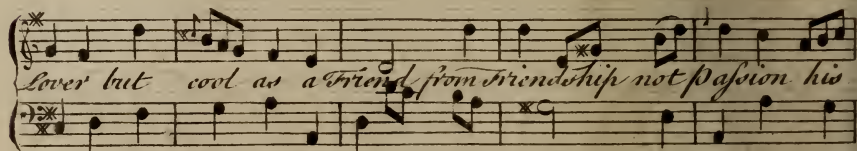
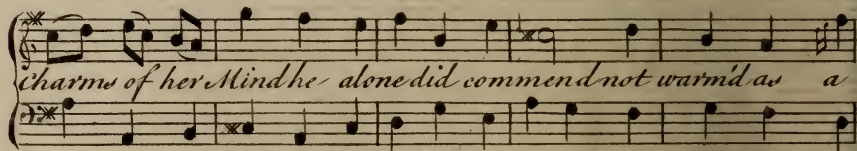
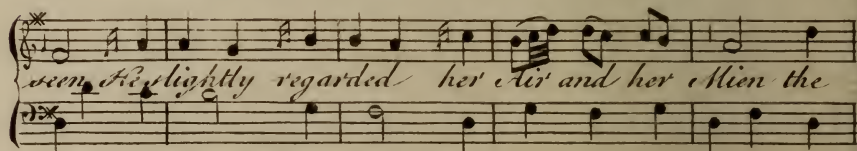
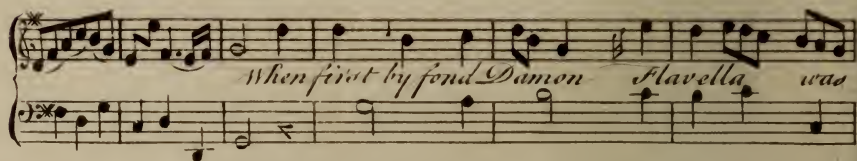
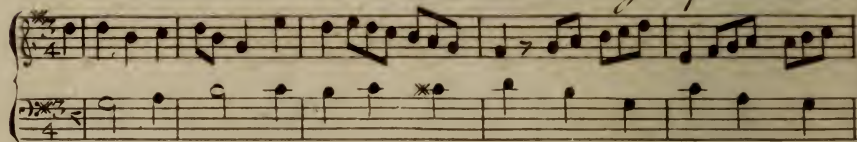
The Pomp of State, the pride of Wealth,
Says she, I scorn, for peace and health,
Where honest Labour earns her Mead;
Who tells the flatterers common tale,
Can never, o'er my Heart prevail,
And make me leave my Spinning Wheel.

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



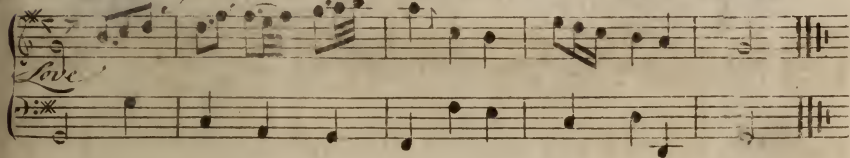


Damon and Flavella set by Mr Wademan





Sung by M^r Lowe at Naur Hall.



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

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

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



Peggy Set by W. C. M. C.

Moderately

The Peggy's charms have oft been sung, if darling theme of every
Tongue now praises still remain, her praises still remain, in thy beauty can in
give new light to fancy as like a muse and bright in every strain and bright in every strain -

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

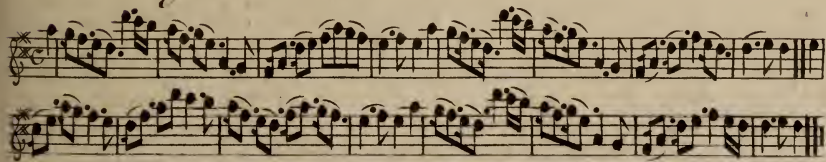
She, who possess all the rest,
Must save well the Prude, whose Breast
That Virtue shares alone,
To seek perfection is a quest,
They who have fewest faults are best,
And Peggy has but one.



The Adieu

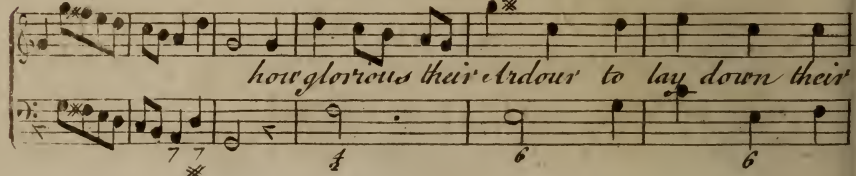
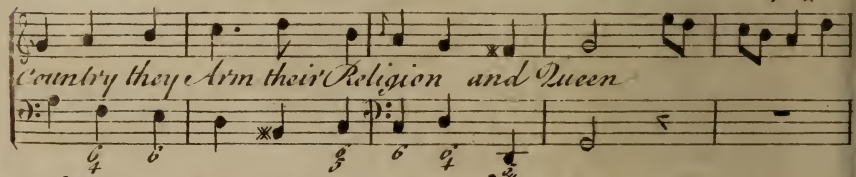
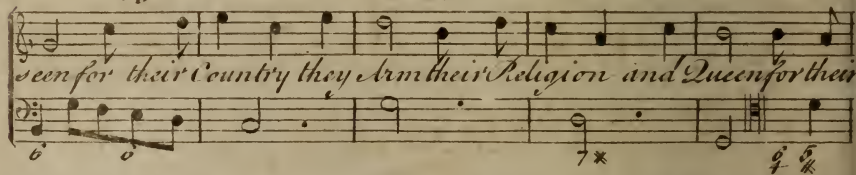
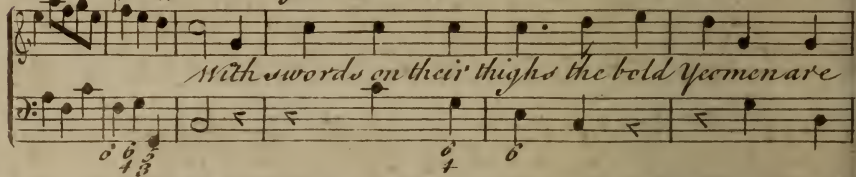
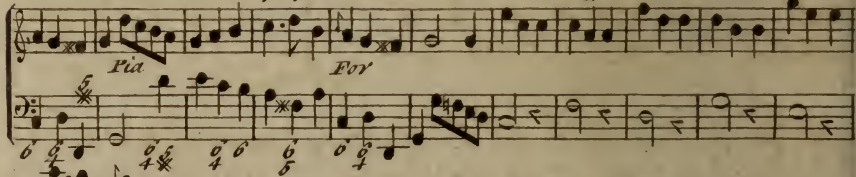
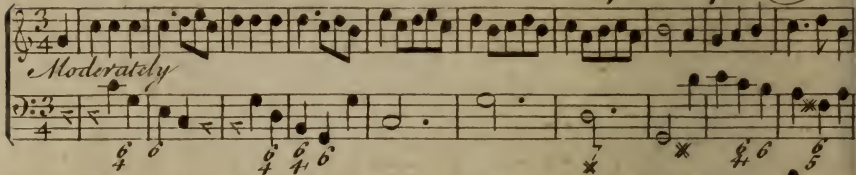
Since Peggy I mun bid adieu, how can it help despairing, let
 fate its Rigour still pursue; there's thought more worth my caring, I was
 the alone could calm my Soul when racking thoughts did grieve me. After
 Eyes my Troubles could controul, and in to Joys deceive me,

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





A Favourite Air in the Opera of Eliza





Sung by Sig^{ra} Frasi

lives in defence of their freedom their

children and Wives how glorious their

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

children and Wives in defence of their freedom their children and

Wives

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

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



A Favourite Song from Shakespeares Cimbeline

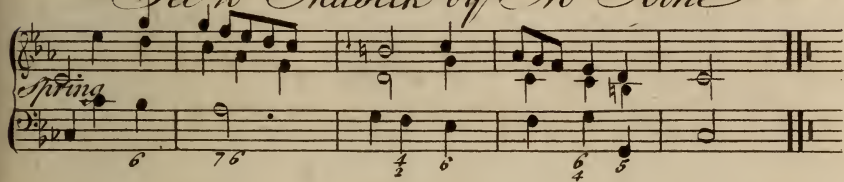
Musical score for a song, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are:

To
pair Fidet.....co grasoy some soft Maids and
Village Maids shall bring each op ning Sweet of
earliest Broom and rifle all the breathing

The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words in italics. The score is divided into four systems, each with a treble and bass staff.



Set to Musick by M^r Arne

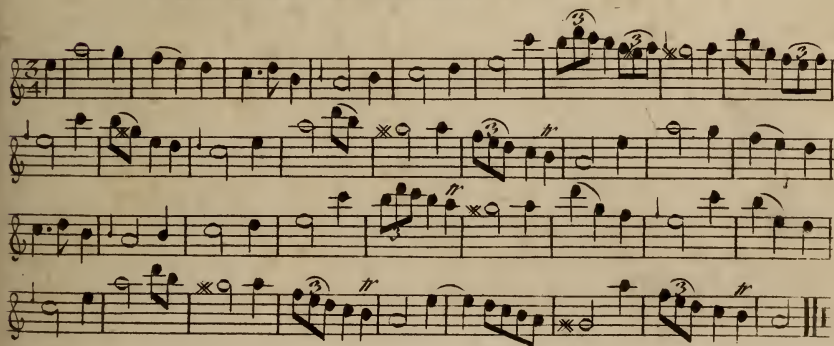


*No wailing Ghosts shall dare appear The Redbreast oft at Evening Hours
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove Shall kindly lend his little aid
But Shepherds Lads & embellish'd With hoary & Moss & gather'd Flowers
And melting Virgins own their Love To deck y^e Ground were thou art laid*

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

*Each lonely Scene shall Thee restore
For Thee the tear be duly shed
Belov'd till Live could harm no more
And mournd till pity's self be Dead*

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE





A Favourite Drinking Song

Had'st thou time when first he took charge of the Sea been as wise or at

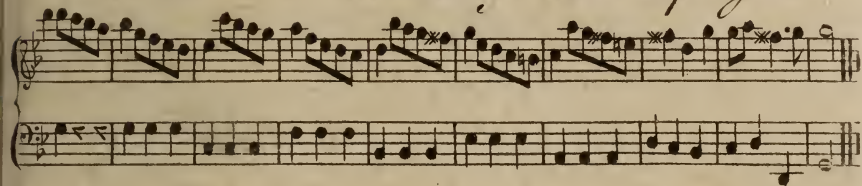
least been as merry as we sh^d have thought better out & instead of his

Brine would have fill'd the vast Ocean with generous Wi

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



Set to Music by M.^r Popeley



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

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

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

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

*What Mirth and Contentment, on every ones brow,
Not so great as a Princee, dancing after his plough,
The Birds in the Air, as they play on the Wing,
Altho' they but sip, would eternally sing.*

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

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



O Favourite Air

Content Streams or shady Groves may Celia be confin'd and from du
 gouts far remove the happy ones unkind let her not range nor
 Pleasure take in Town nothing will give us this sorrow for Beauty make which
 will not let us live

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



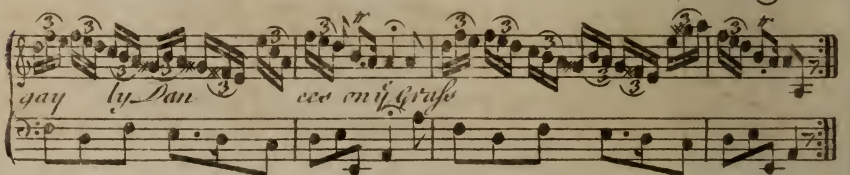
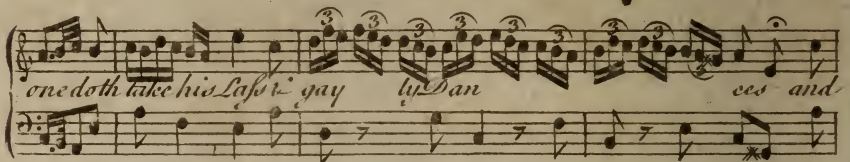
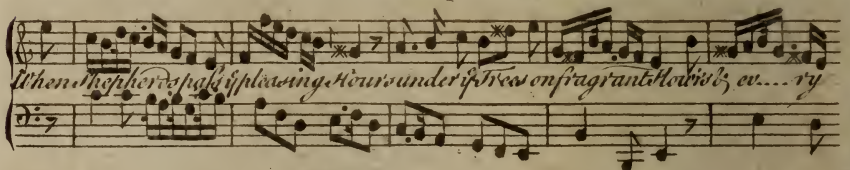
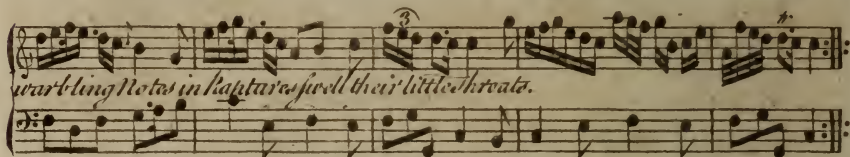
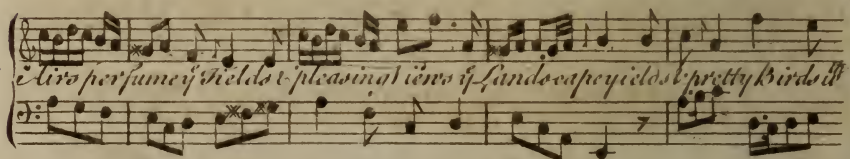
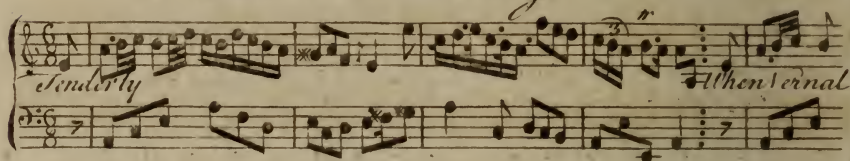
A Favourite Air

*I search'd the fields of every kind the fairest flow'r I chose I sent them in a
 irrath to bind my Rods I saw Brew My Rods I saw Brin there
 Hyacinthus ting'd wth Blood in Purple Beauty glows there bursting from the
 swelling bud appears & blushing Rose there burst ing from the swelling
 Bud ap pears the blushing Rose ap pears the blushing Rose*

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



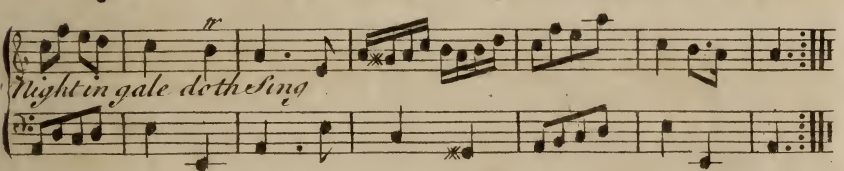
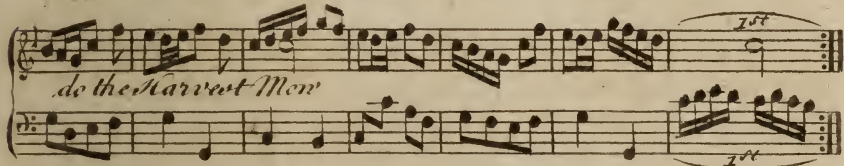
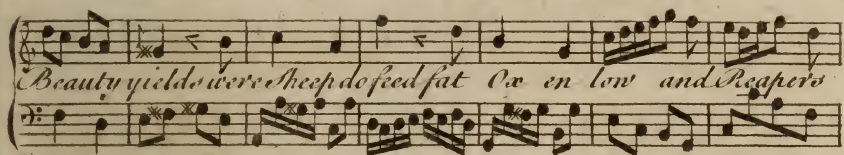
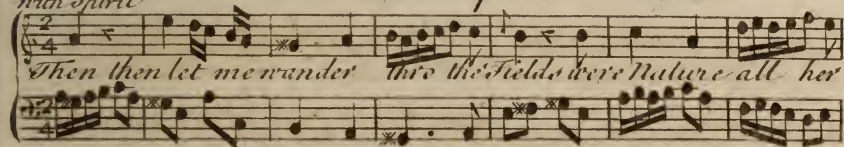
A Favourite Song





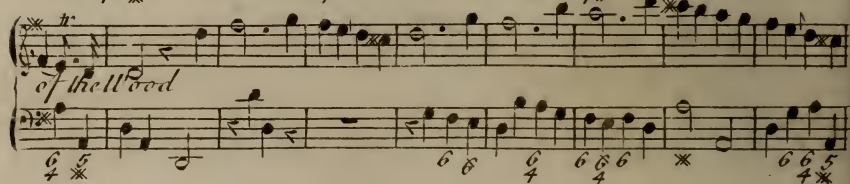
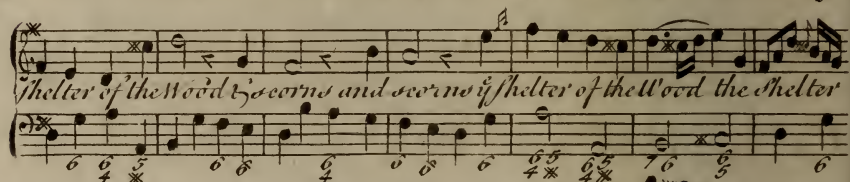
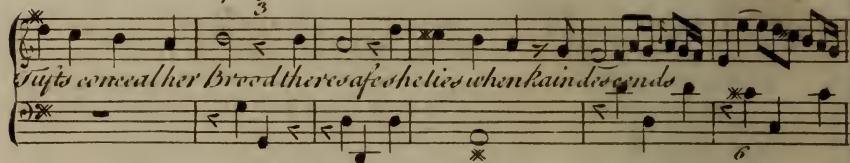
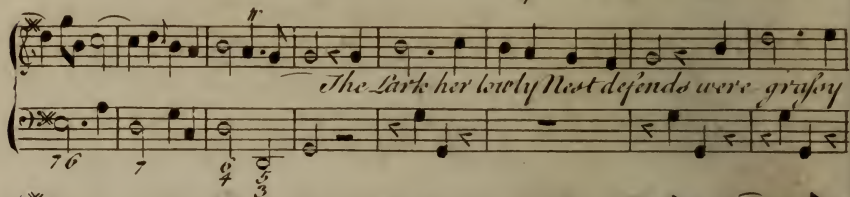
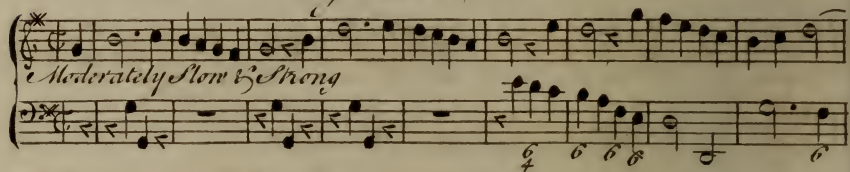
Set to e Musick by e M^r Travers

with spirit





The Sky Lark





Sung by Signora Trasi

But when y^e rising Sun displays his
glories on the Mountains brow

Aloft she wars Aloft she fears Aloft she wars Sweetly pays her

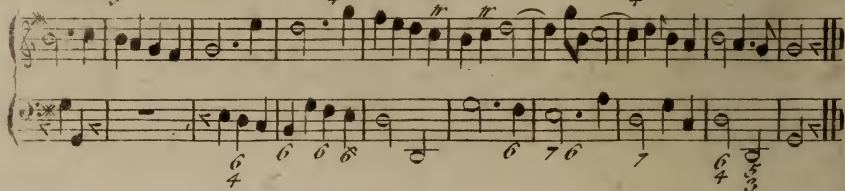
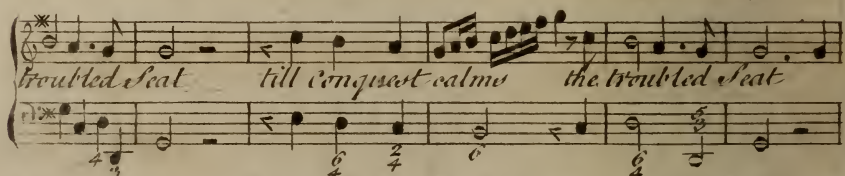
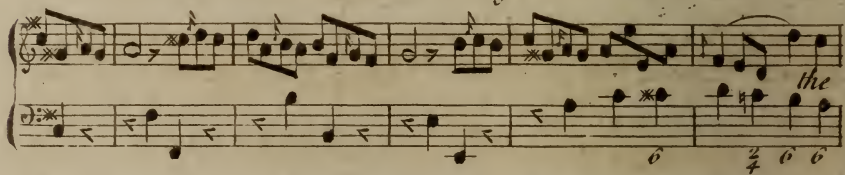
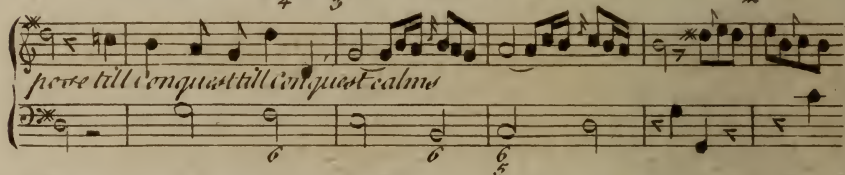
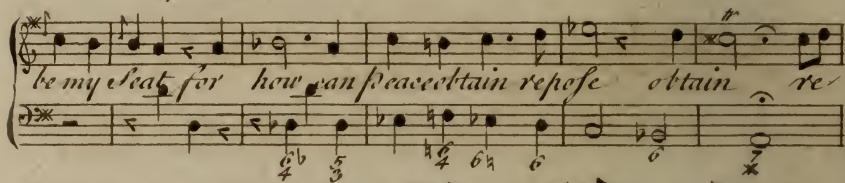
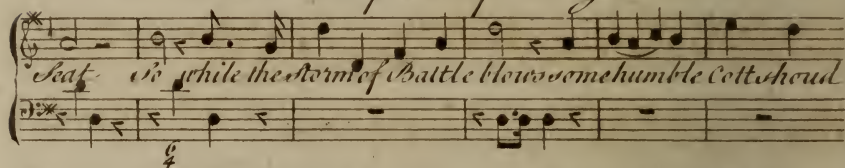
Anthem to the World below So while the

Storm of Battle blows some humble Cott should be my Seat for

how can Peace obtain repose till Conquest till Conquest calms y^e troubled



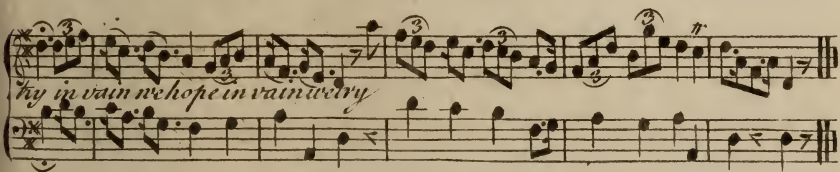
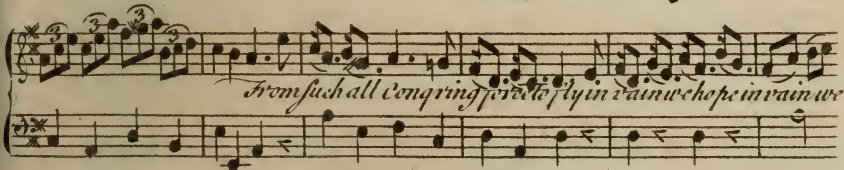
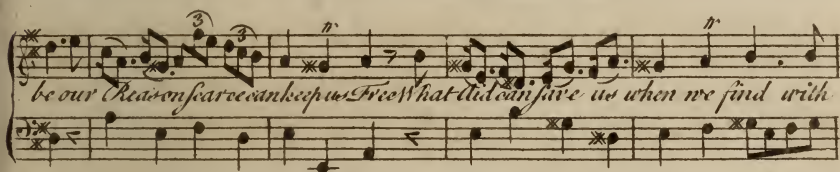
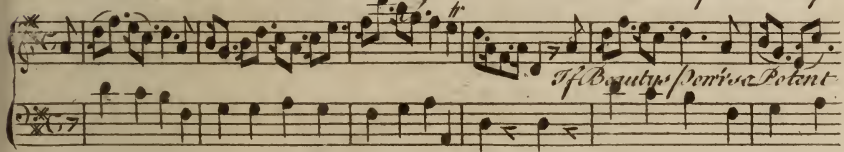
in the Opera of Eliza





A new Song

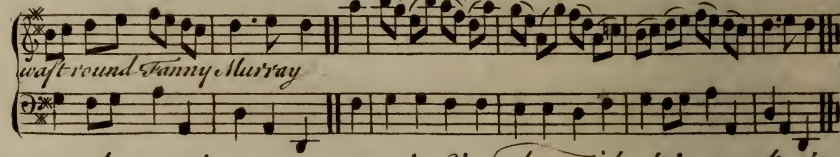
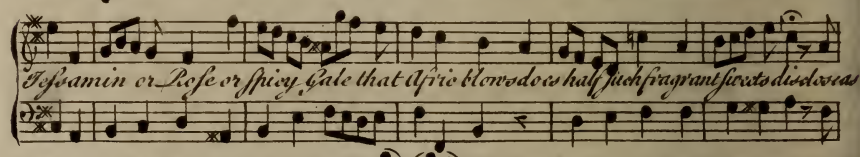
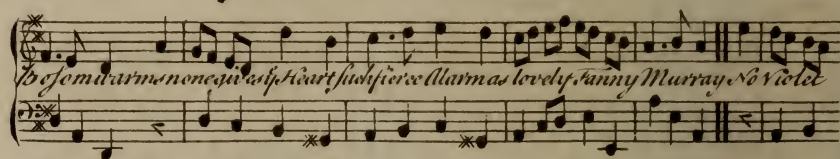
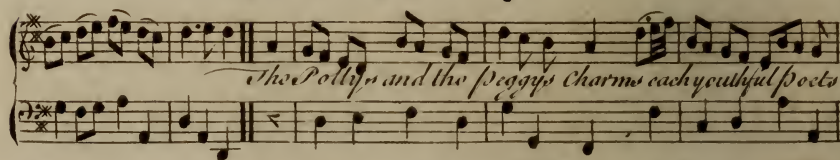
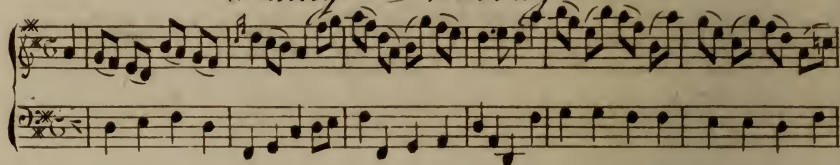
Set by Mr. Selby



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



Fanny Murray



Let other Swains to Courtiers repair Give others Titles Honours Power
And view each glittering Beauty there The Riches of Potosi's Shore
Too lit alone makes them so fair I ask not Bawbles I implore

But Nature Fanny Murray The Heart of Fanny Murray

What paint with her Complacencies To part of that of that alone
What Jewels sparkle like her Eyes On Indias Monarch I'd look down
What Hills of Snow so white as Kisses A Cot my Palace & my Throne
The Breast of Fanny Murray The Lap of Fanny Murray



The Lass of the Green

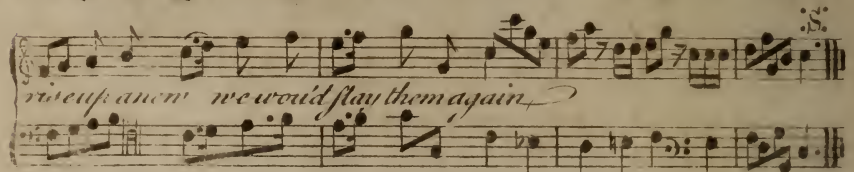
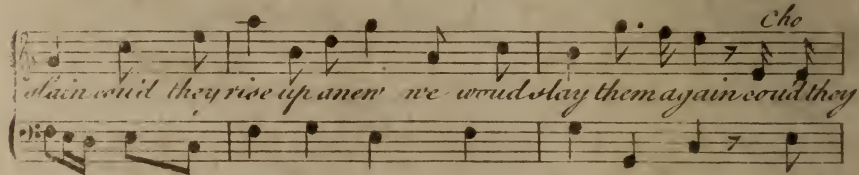
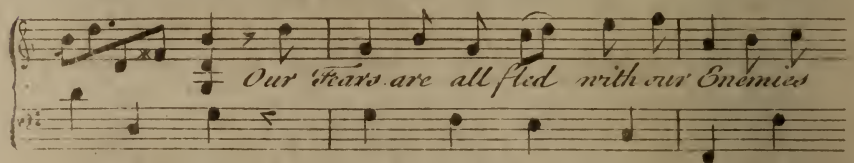
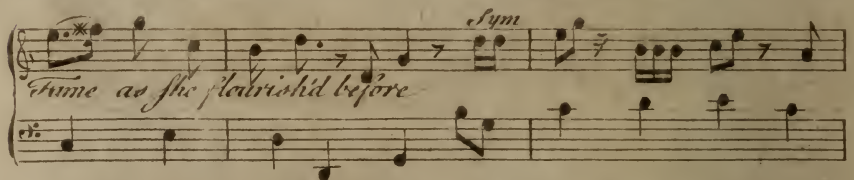
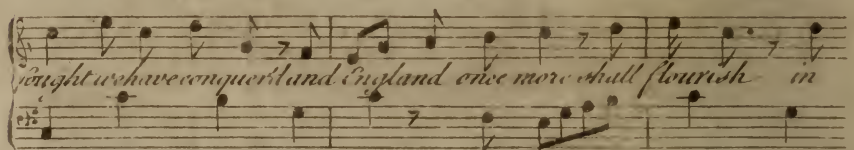
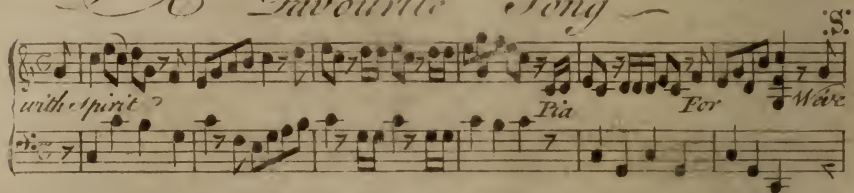
There lives a lass upon the green could her picture draw could
 If her picture draw A brighter nymph have never seen ne never yet was seen that
 looks & reigns that reigns & looks and reigns a little Queen & keeps y^e swain in awe
 & keeps y^e swain in awe and keeps y^e swain in awe

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

If Pastorellas dawning Light
 Can warm and wound us so
 Her eyes can will shine so piercing Bright
 Each glancing Beam will kill outright
 And every Swain subdue.



A Favourite Song





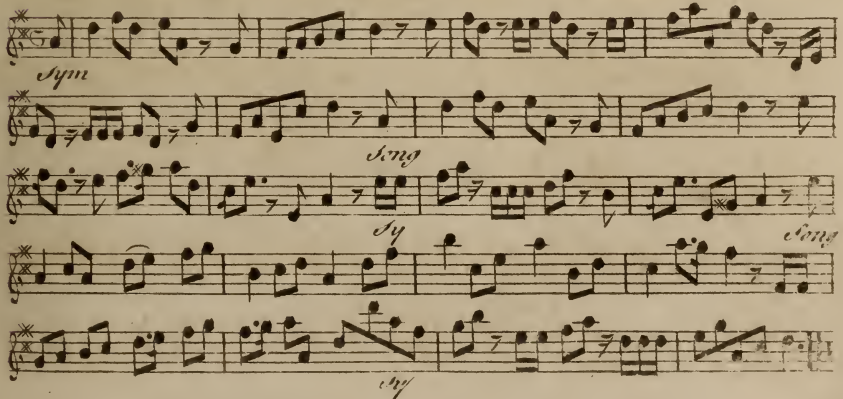
Sung by W^m Beard

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

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

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

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





Tond Philander

Moderately brisk *As fond philander*

in the pit by fair Ophelia sat, a card by some fly gallery Wit was dropt up

on his hat was dropt upon his hat

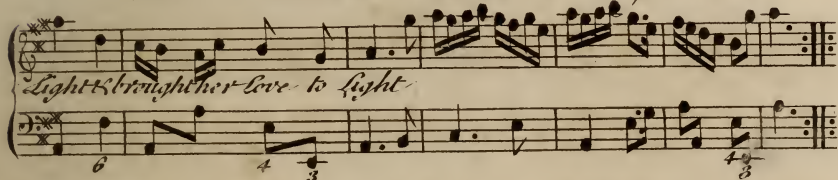
The Nymphs serving snatched it thence but blushing at it

light confess'd it had explain'd her senses brought her love to light

..... confess'd it had explain'd her senses brought her love to



Set to Music by D^r Green



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

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE





A Favourite Song in the Tempest

Gently *Tr.*

To what my Eyes ad

mird before I could a thousand graces more and fancy blows in to

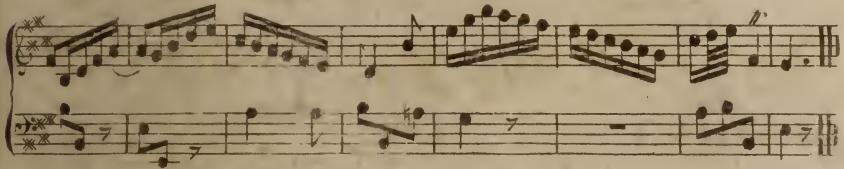
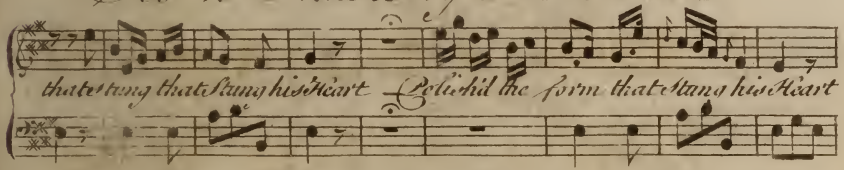
Home..... the spark that from her beauty came *The Object*

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

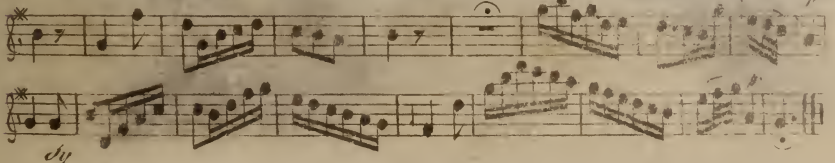
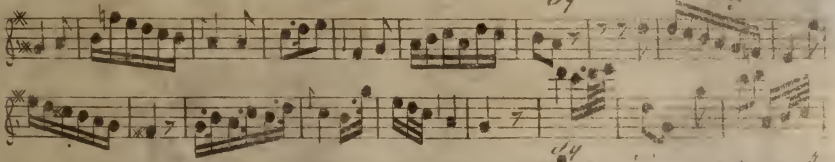
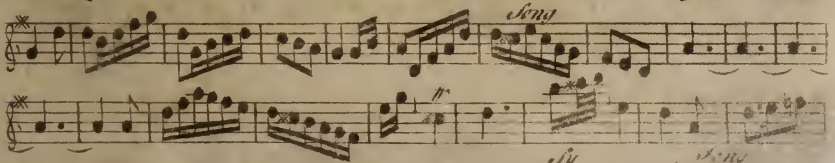
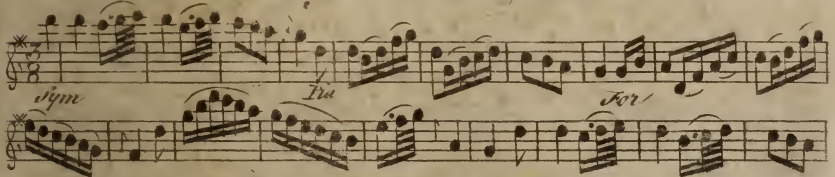
so with fa tal art polish'd y form that stang his Heart polish'd the form



Set to Music by M^r Smith



For the German Flute





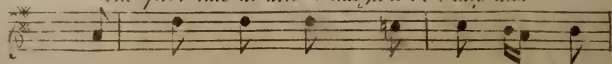
New Song Set by M^r Baillon

Damon lov'd pastora pastora sigh'd for Dament but Dament lov'd da ro ra da
 ro ra young palamen palamen lov'd pastora pastora sigh'd for
 Dament but Dament lov'd da ro ra da ro ra young palamen

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

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

The first line in this stanza to be sung thus



As Crossly turn'd their presents went,
 Their loves so oddly vary'd
 That every token which was sent,
 Its true Design miscarry'd



The Gamester's Song Set by M^o Oswald

Lively

Good Sir do not start I'll teach you an art by which you will never miss

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

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

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

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

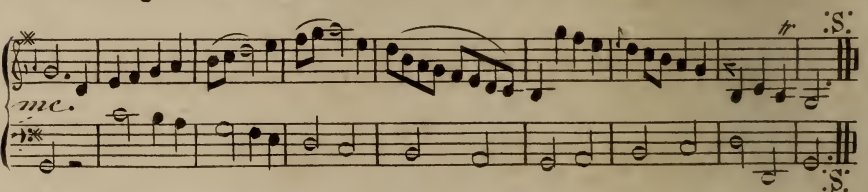
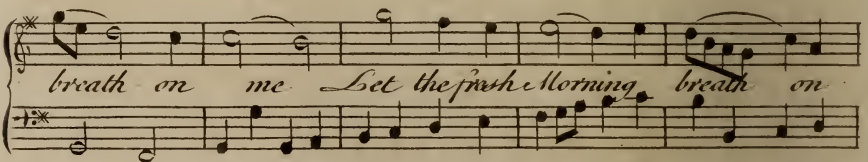
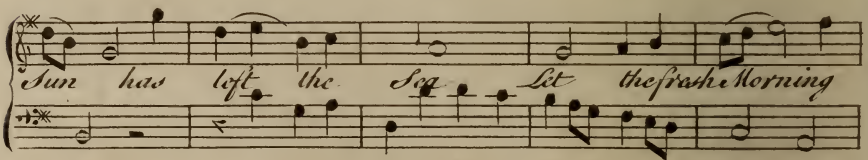
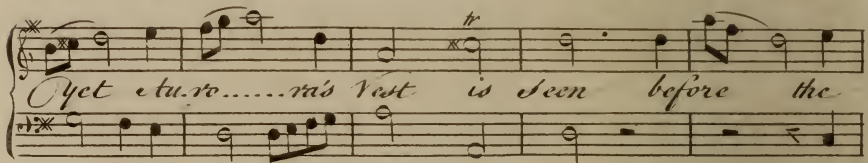
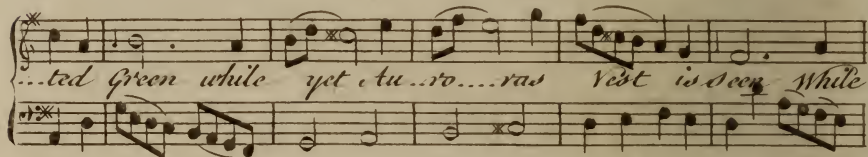
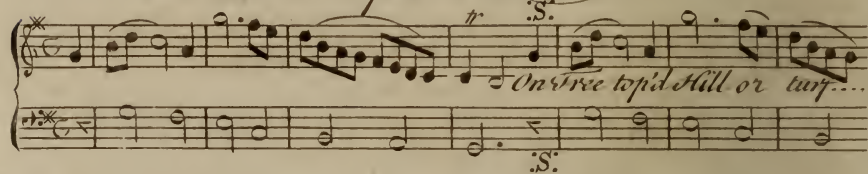
*To gain his base ends each Lover pretends
To talk of his Darts & his flame
By which he draws in the poor Maiden to Sin
Who is left with the worst of the Game.*

*And so the coy Maid with modesty Aid
To foolish fond Man does the same
When the fools in the Net the Prude turns Coquette
And her Spouse has the Worst of the Game.*

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



On Tree top'd Hill





Set to Music by M^r Smith

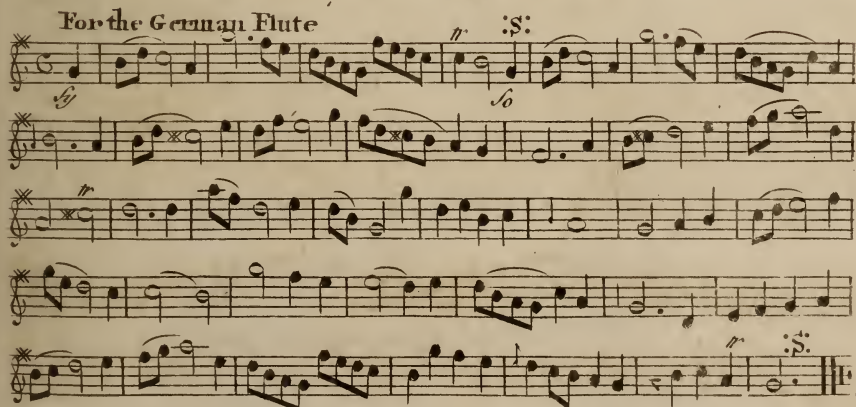
*To furze blown Heath on pasture Mead
Do thou my happy footsteps lead
Then show me to the pleaving Stream
Of which so oft at Night I dream*

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

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

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

For the German Flute





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

Lively

Come Britannia

Pia

shake thy lance plume thyself in martial Prides haste thy glorious shield advance take again thy gallant stride haste

take again thy gallant stride

For



in the Opera of Eliza

Think oh

Think on all thy noble Story, how thyself thee rouzeth to thy Antient Glory!

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

rouze thee

Think oh think on all thy noble Story, how thyself thee rouzeth to thy

Antient glory!

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

*Hasten, hasten, hence away,
 All thy martial Ardeur show,
 Clad in terrible Array,
 Thou shalt vanquish ev'ry Foe,
 Think, oh think, on all thy noble Story,
 Rouze thee rouze thee to thy Antient Glory.*



A favourite Song Set by M^r Desfach.

Daphne on her limber lind thus express'd her angry Mind *See the Couple how they*
run pressing all to be undone
Listed now in endless strife forth they fly *True Man and Wife I say* *un-*
ruffled often flow *are there Calm in Marriage No*

<i>Visionary Scene and vain</i> <i>Fancied Joy but real Pain</i> <i>Tis to fight a goodly Flower</i> <i>But it changes in an hour</i> <i>Dian take me to thy Shade</i> <i>I with thee will dwell a Maid</i> <i>Deaf to Courtour Wit or beauty</i> <i>When they come I'll thunder No</i>	<i>Thus the Fair in anger spoke</i> <i>Against poor Hymens rugged yoke</i> <i>Cupid in the form of Youth</i> <i>I swore he'd prove a Virgins truth</i> <i>Every human art he try'd</i> <i>Knelt & bow'd & wept & sigh'd</i> <i>Must I say Capture in love</i> <i>Daphne sigh'd & whisper'd No</i>
---	---



Natural Love

Lively

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

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



A favourite Song Set by W. Handell

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

For

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

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



Corydon and Delia

Moderate *Can*

Love's Delia still persist to fly pursuing Love To fly pursuing Love

Can she my passion still resist it's always scornful prove

And always scornful prove

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

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



Hamilla or the Raptur'd Lover

lively but not too fast

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

milla A lovely charmer *See See See how with all her darts and wiles the*

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

Loves & Graces arm her the loves & Graces ar- *m*

her the loves & Graces arm her



Set to Music by D^r Green

Blush a

Blush dwell glow on her cheek fair seat of youth's pleasure of youthfull pleasure

there love in smiling smiling language speaks There sprado's groovy treasure there

love in smiling smile language speaks there's fire there's fire there's sprado's groovy treasure there's fire

do there's sprado's groovy treasure

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



When all the ATTIC FIRE

Gently *Ria* *For*

When all the Attic fire was fled & all the

Roman virtue dead / Poor wisdom lost her Seat / Poor wisdom lost her

Seat *Thy* *The Gothic Mantle spread a Night that*

For *Ria*

damp'd fair Virtue's fading light / The Muses lost their state the

Muses lost their state



in the OPERA of *ELIZA*

Where should they wander where should they wander what new shore had
Pia yet a Laurel left in store to this blest side they steer to
 this blest side they steer by
 even the parnassian choir was heard soon virtues sacred form appear'd
 and Freedom soon was here and Freedom
 soon was here



Sung by M^{rs} Vernon

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

she calls thee now by me she calls thee now by

me 'Hark' hark hark her sweet

voice all plaintive sounds See see See she receives a

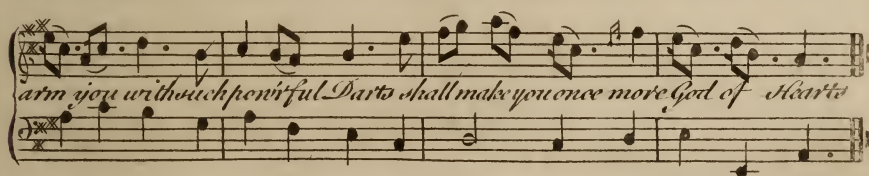
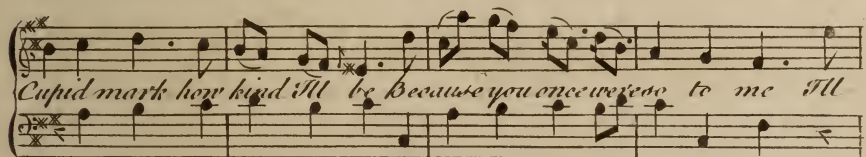
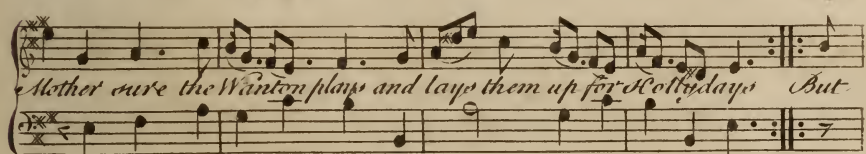
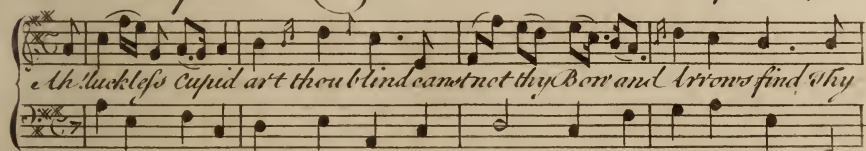
thousand wounds if shielded not by thee if shielded not by

thee

for



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



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



The Confession Set by M^r Bryan

Tenderly

Lovely Fanny charming! mild kind gentle fair and sweet in all thy ways

Thou art afraid thou'rt few are found like thee *Thy*

Image allways fills my Mind the Theme of ev'ry Song I'm fix'd to

thee alone I find but ask not for how long

*The Fair in general I've admir'd,
Have long been false and true?
And when the last my fancy tir'd,
It wander'd round to you,
Then while I can I'll be sincere
As turtles to their Mates
This moment to yours and mine my Dear,
The next you know is Fate.*



Moderately brisk **JENNY** *A New Song*

No loss on fam'd Hill

For in this Plain where Beauty vall's triumphant reigns, O' Jenny can out vie

Her Artless Charms nor Musick tell nor can I vi

ving Sun Ewell: The radiance of her Eyes

Unnumber'd Graces round her move At once Inspiring awe and love How Heavenly is her smile With what a sweet bewitching mine Not to be told or safely seen She can the hours beguile	Be bold my Muse and tell y^e fair No dross charms can ever enare A Heart that's worth the pains A short liv'd Flame indeed may raise Which rapid as it grows decays And scarce a day remains
---	--

Good nature chearfulness Ease Improve y^e fair ones pow'r to please Which no vain pride destroys While meaner beauties gain by Arts Of vulgar growth y^e Coxcombs Heart She scorns the worthless Toys	But woud you fix the constant love Of swains who worth her love approve Pursue my Jennys plan No other way you can succeed For tho' you may the Topling land You'll neer secure the Man
---	---



Jockey and Mary A Favourite Song

Moderately

When Treas did bud & Fields were green
 How sweet was fair to see When Mary was compleat fifteen love laughd in her Eye love
 laughd in When Mary was com-
 plet fifteen love laughd in her Eye blith Jockys lookt her hart did move to speak her

Set to Music by W. Arne

Maid thou' Gang down the burn my gentle lover soon I'll follow thee

low Gang down the burn my gentle lover

soon I'll follow thee

<i>Now Tooke we did each find our pass That dwell on this burn side And Mary was a bonny Lass Just meet to be a Bride Her Cheeks were rosy red & white Her Eyes were azure blue Her Looks were like Aurora bright Her Lips like dropping Dew.</i>	<i>What pass'd I guess was harmless play And nothing sure unmeet For ganging home I heard them say They lik'd a walk so sweet His Check to hers he fondly laid The cruel sweet Love be true And when a Wife as now a Maid No Death I'll follow you.</i>
--	--

For the German Flute



The ACCIDENT Written by W^r Boyce

Viol 1
Lively

Viol 2 *pia*

Viol 2 *As tother Day*

for

Viol 2

milking Seat in the vale young Damsel caught his Adverser his soft Vale

pia *for*

Viol 1 *pia*

So sudden I started and gave him a penn for he frighted my

pia *for*

Viol 1 *pia*

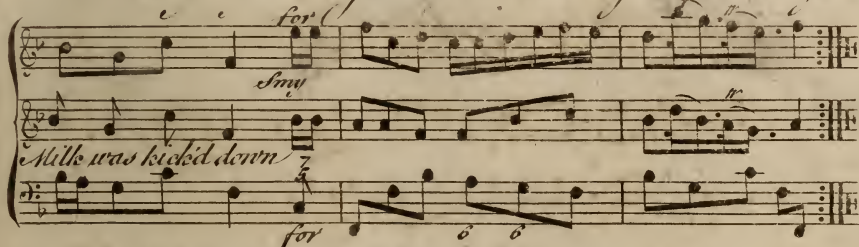
for *pia*

Cow *And my Milk was kick'd down he frighted my Cow and my*

for *pia*



Sung by Miss Thomas set by Mr. Bryan

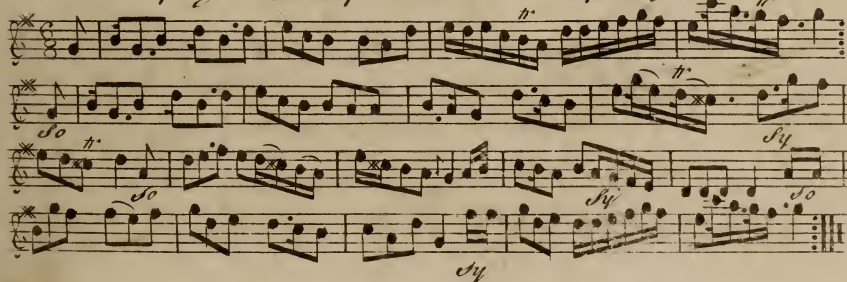


*Lord bless me! says I what the Duce can you mean,
To come thus upon one, unthought of unseen,
I ne'er will approve of the Love you pretend,
For as Mischief begins—perhaps Mischief may end.*

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

*How many ways Love can the Bosom invade,
How art prov'd too strong for an Innocent Maid,
He hinted that Wedlock was what he'd be at,
But I thought it was best—to say nothing to that.*

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





Chloe Sleeping set by Mr Abington

Slowly

Be still ye Winds Chloes asleep ye murmuring Waters gentle
 Glide ye mossy Banks your Verdure keep ye Flowers aspear in
 all your Bride ye mossy Banks your Verdure keep ye Flowers aspear in
 pear in all your bride

Raise, raise, ye Songsters of the Grove Morpheus strew thy poppies round,
 To harmony your little throats In laden sleep confine her fast,
 Each wish, each latent passion move Her Mantles loose her locks unbound
 With all your thrilling amirous Notes Ye Graces revel round her Waist.

Your leafy Arms, ye branches spread, Auspicious Cupid guide me there,
 And with y^e Elms & Oaks entwine, O lay me gently on her Breast,
 Whilst fragrant dew drop on her head, Tho' doped & thice all charming fair,
 From Rose buds & the Eglantine, I sleep unknowing is possart.

High revelling in vast delight,
 Panting, sighing, dead I seem'd,
 Strephon she cry'd, wakid in a fright,
 'Tis you, O Lord, I thought I dream'd.



Damon and Celia Sung by M^{rs} Lowe

Moderate

Do Celia

thus find Damon said here at my feet
 thus find Damon said here at my feet
 then her hand he prest
 then her hand he prest
 far from the Worlds enquiring Eye here
 lurks my P^r no bu oy spy He look'd He look'd He look'd & sigh'd & rat

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

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



O Advice to Cloris

Moderately Quick

Cloris it was in our power to say how long our
 Love will last it may be within this hour may lose the joy we now may waste
 the blessed Immortal be from change in love are on ly free

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

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



Chloes Power Set by M^r Cane Jun^r

Slow

God forbear your dart seek not to wound a dying heart

At Chloes fainting lies attending view him to her conquering eyes

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

Then Chloe tis not strange that you
Weake Mortals yielding Hearts sub due
Since you another Venus prove
And give new being to the God of Love

And give new being to the God of Love



O My Favourite Song in Compass of the Ger Flute

Moderately

Come Dancer come Whirl away now Youthful Spring apace

pears And Phoebus with refulgent Ray relenting Nature Cheer See

verdant Plains & richly Dress'd by general Windthrusts & L. whelk soft refreshing



Set to Music by an Eminent Master

Vordant shows their friendly aid, If for'd their friendly aid of for'd

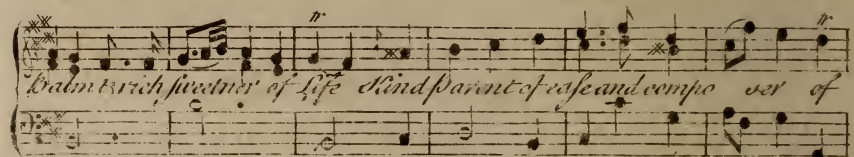
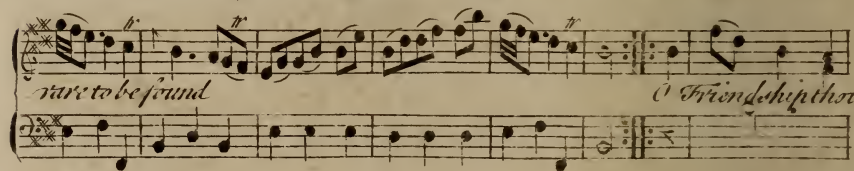
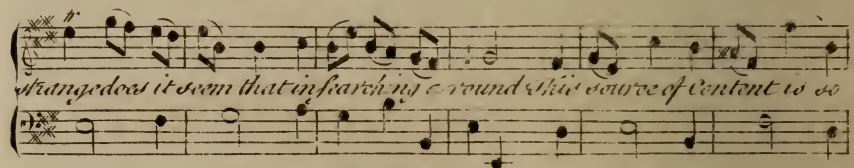
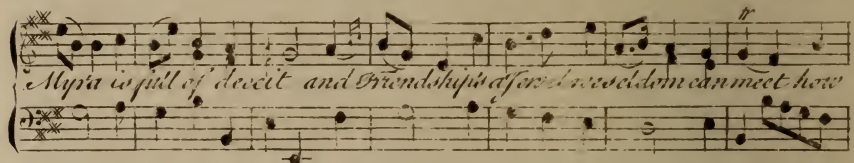
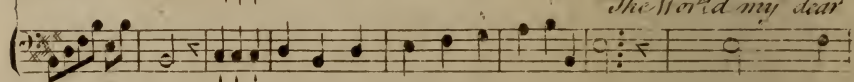
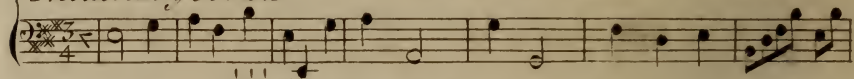
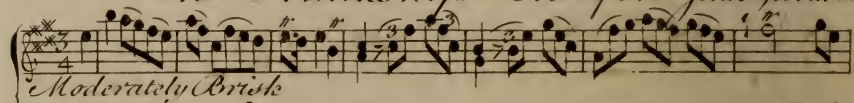
*As when worn down with toils & cares the chattering Thrush with pleasing Note
We gentle Sleep require, And warm welcomes in the Morn;
Indulgent sleep our wants repairs, And gently swells his tuneful throat
And does new life inspire, This season to a Morn,
As Winter's frosts are chased away, Soon as the Sun begins to rise,
By Sol's enlivening power, The warbling Larks repair,
Which kindly o'er all Nature strays, And soaring mount to distant Skies
Reviews each plant & flower, And sport in fields of life.*

*The Primrose sweet & Cowslip too, Amidst lonely Woods & silent bowrs
Beside the lovely green, When Sol in West retreats,
Where'er we turn & take a view, In plaintive notes poor Philomel,
Kind nature's smiles are seen, Not Evening Lale repeats,
In wanton play sportive Lambs, Then well together every Day
On meadows fresh it o'er, O'er flow'ry Meadows rove,
Or feeding with the bleating Dams, Or whilst soft gentle Zephyrus play
These choicest Graces explore, Frequent the shady Grove.*

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



On Friendship Set by M^r John Gerrard



Strife without thee a loss what are riches and pow'r but empty delusi..... on

The joys of an Hour But empty de

lusion the Toys of an Hour

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

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



The Wit and Beau

Moderately Brisk *With*

every Grace Young Stephen chose his Per son to adorn

his Person to adorn

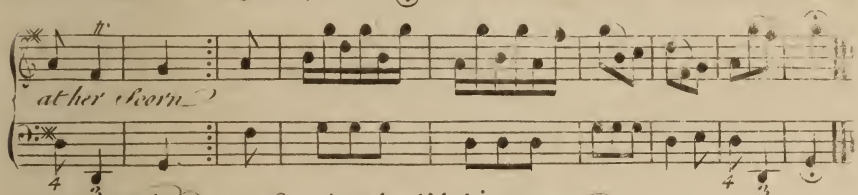
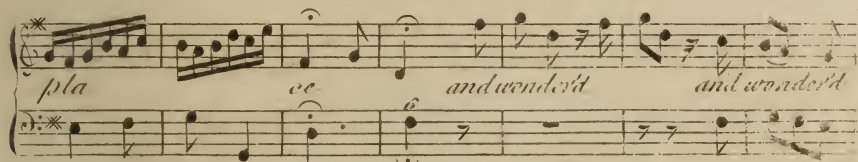
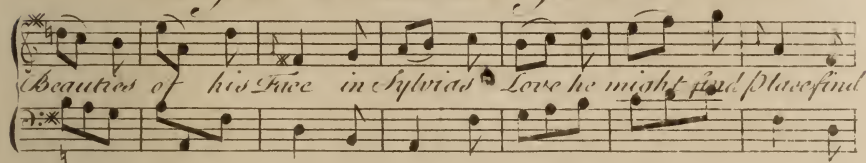
That by the Beauties of his Face in Sylvias

Love he might find Place and wonder'd

and wonder'd at her scorn That by the



Sung at the Publick Gardens



*With Doves & smiles he did his part
But oh! 'twas all in vain
A Youth like fine a Youth of Art
Had talk'd himself into her Heart
And woud not out again.*

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

*This found his Courtship Stephon ends
Or makes it to his Glasse
There in himself now seeks Amends
Convinc'd that were a wit Pretends
A Beau is but an Iff.*



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

brisk

The Bird that

freely linschings flies with caution shuns the school boys brides but we who would be

Thought more of want chungh line swigs for our den

female find our hearts to men are to gramma science to to pray the study'd look the

fashion'd Air Oh Shame can anger God like Man

To with the feeling social breast, When, nature kind, exerts her skill,
And calm the noisy Worlds alarms, And frames a heavenly face & then
To welcome Rapture's power Rest, How vain to contradict her Will,
With beauty soft endearing charms, Ah! let the Angel still be seen,
By native power of face and mind, Such beauty needs no mortal aid,
To be at once both blest and bless'd, But ever brightens in the good,
For this is Gods the fair's design'd, Believe me nature never made,
And not to patch, to paint & dress, A gay Coquette or formal Prude.

The glare of tinzel Vanity,
The mental eye may chance approve;
But virtue & heav'n-born Modesty,
Must win the soul, the seat of Love.
The blooming Maiden then these adorn,
With pity views her Saviour's Doty,
And radiant as the Rays of Morn,
These virtues shine in the O' Molly!



The Fond Lover • Sung by • W. Lowe at Vaux Hall

Briak

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

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

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



Lucy,

Written by M^r Green

Lively

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

Sym

T



Set to Music by M^r Bryan

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

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

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

Tr

Sym

Sym



If Love's a sweet Passion

Tenderly *pia* *for*

If loves a sweet passion how can it torment if bitter *0*

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

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

vain sym *Song* *Yet so pleasing the*

Pain is so soft is the Dart *That at*

for *pia*

Set to Music by M^r Baildon

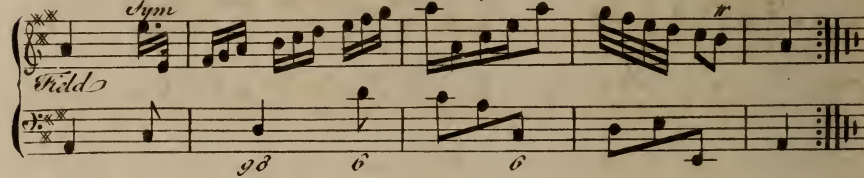
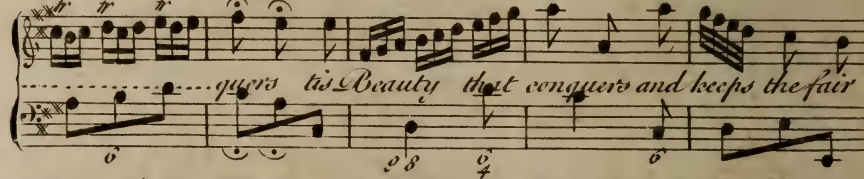
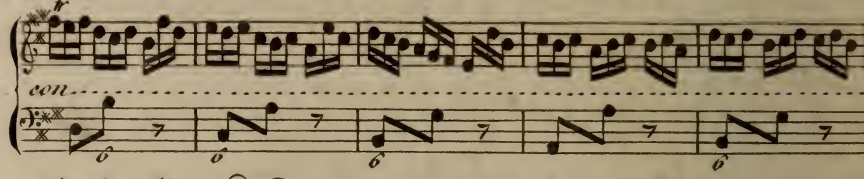
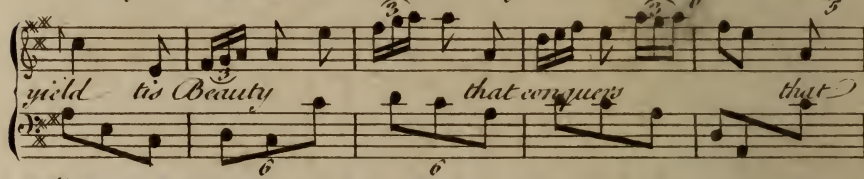
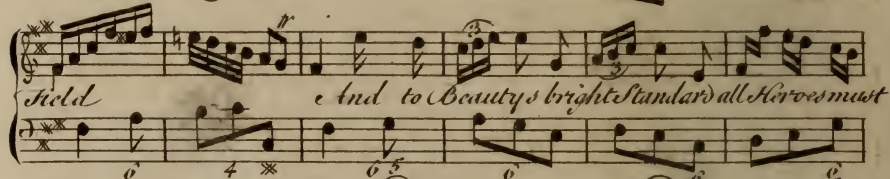
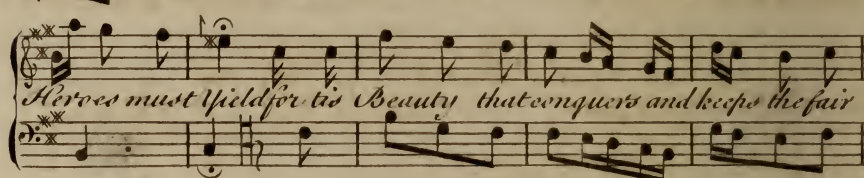
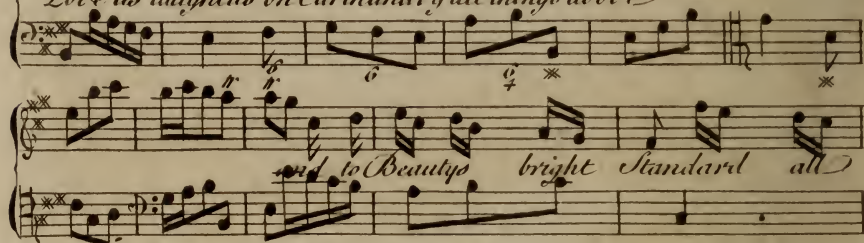
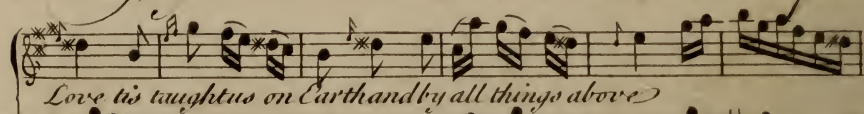
once it both wounds & tickles my Heart at once it both
wounds me and tickles my Heart

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

Not too fast

How pleasing is Beauty how sweet are the Charms how delightful Em
braces how peaceful her Arms foretells nothing so easy as Learning to

Sung by M^{rs} Lowe at the Theatre Royal





A Favourite Air

Moderately Brisk *Thill's we dont grieve that a sure*

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

Art *Shew'd the utmost of her Art*

But in this it is pretended all the cruel grievance lieth that your Heart should be

And while you wound us with your Eyes *That your Heart should be*

And while you wound us with your Eyes

<i>Loves a senseless Inclination</i> <i>Where no Mercy's to be found</i> <i>But is just where kind compassion</i> <i>Gives us balm to heal the Wound.</i>	<i>Perzians paying solemn Duty</i> <i>To the rising Sun inclin'd</i> <i>Never would adore his Beauty</i> <i>But in hopes to make him kind.</i>
---	--



Sung by Miss Young in the Opera of Eliza

Slow *for*

Where the primrose decks the well where the moon-eyed fairies dwell near the

Solita ry thorn there I hail the gray-eyed morn where the brook slow winding

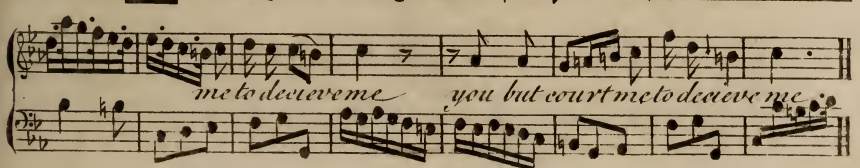
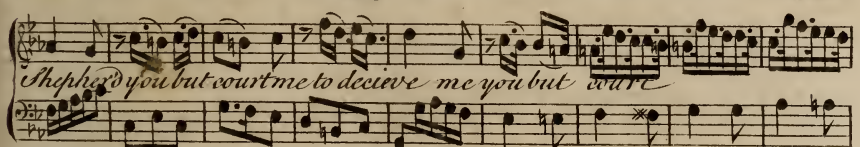
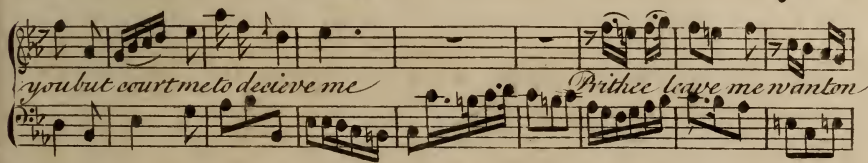
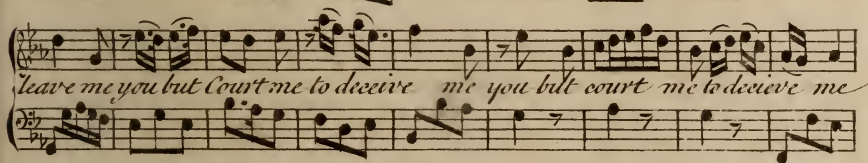
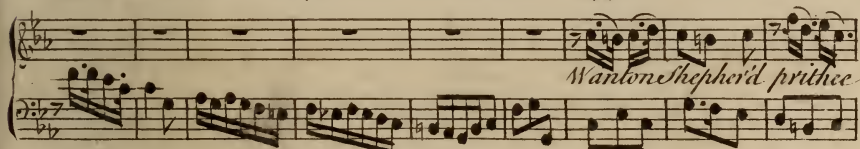
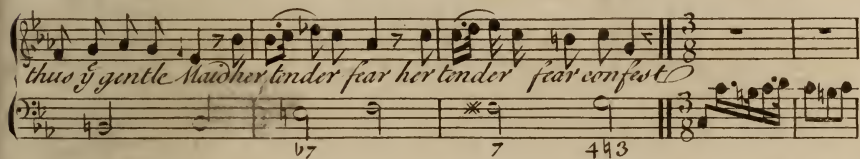
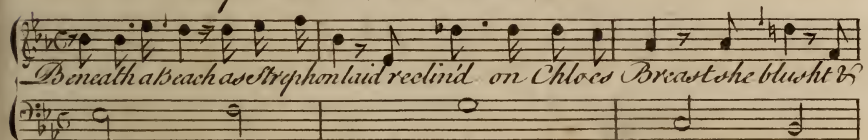
glides round y mountains sterile sides there my vagrant footsteps stray till the

fervant noon of day Sym very soft

*O'er the spreading Lawn, and Vale,
Through the Copse I chant my tale;
Nor the shady thicket leave,
Till bright Vesper brings the Eve,
While the Village Milk-maid sings,
While the solemn Curfew rings,
While the plowman whistles home,
Ah! how pensive do I roam.*



Stephen & Chloe

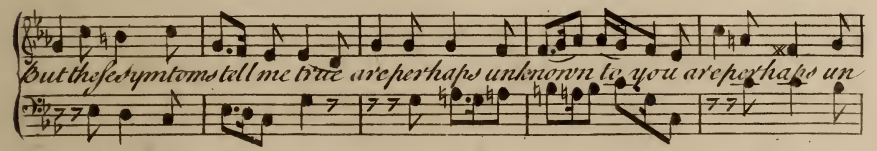
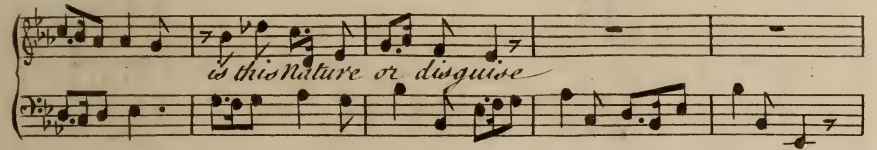
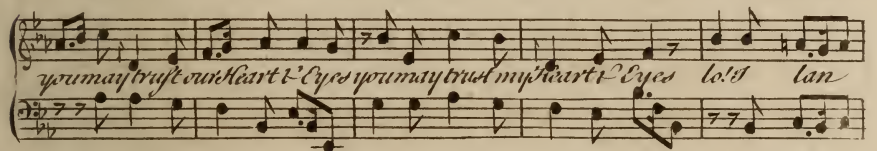
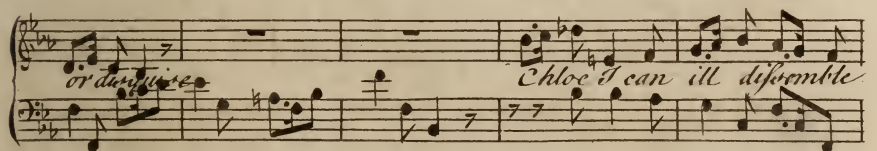
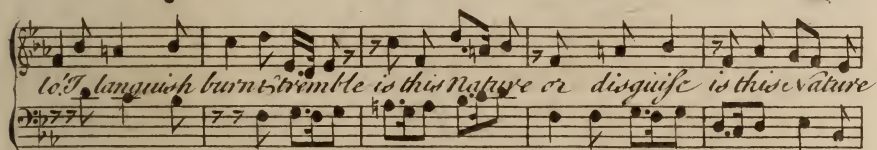


A favourite Cantata

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of nine systems of music. The piano part is in the lower register, and the vocal part is in the upper register. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some lines in German. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments.

Men alas are still pur suing poor un
 hap py Wo man's ruin Men alas are still pur
 suing poor unhappy Wo man's ruin poor unhappy Wo
 man's ruin Thee I wain hung ery fan tasy vain & rapa re view ing
 ev'ry fea ture Fond ly he woo th'd each ris ing Care and thus ad
 dress the pret ty pret ty Cre a ture
 Chlo e I can ill dis sem ble you may try me

Set to Musick by D^r Green





Sung by M^r Beard and Miss Young

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

Ah we neither can dissemble,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



A New Song,

the

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

sooth my amorous Pains and on a limpid

Rivers brink beneath spreading trees where birds & flocks resort to drink I joy'd the

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

*The birds to tell their little loves
All strand their warbling throats
And Echo answer'd through the grove
The modulated Notes
The meads & lawns in motley dyes
Diffus'd their sweets around
And various beauties met my eyes
Along the enamell'd ground.*

*Soon was my ev'ry sense suppress'd
In laden slumber stole
Each care was laid within my breast
And sleep inform'd the whole
No thought while thus I lay reclined
The keeper of the plain
Cry'd Phyllis calm thy tortur'd mind
For Jockey's thine again.*

*Then starting at so sweet a sound
With rapturous joys in view
To soon my self awake I found
And on my shepherd flew
Think fair ones how surpris'd was I
How shocking it must seem
To find no Jockey had been by
And all my bliss a dream.*



Strophon & Cara's Dialogue

Cara

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

Strophon say for I am told you the Secret can impart
whence the Changes I behold Cold and motionless my Heart

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

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

Strophon
Vain are precepts to dissuade,
To raise an amorous Flame,
Nail with patience, love's hard,
Nail, to in all the game,
Artless Darts to you thro' around,
I am sink'd deep without art;
But, beware the fatal wound,
For flames the unpractic'd Heart

Cara
Darts, & Pains, & Flames, & Wounds
Whence do all these Mischiefs spring
There are strange Mysterious sounds
I've heard Fari-nelle sing,
A Quadrill seen Mamma play,
Harlequin wret his Art;
Some faint pleasure these convey,
Cold & motionless my Heart.

Strophon
Cara in thy tender Breast,
Sweet, treasur'd up remains;
Once if fir'd adieu to Rest,
Stiffled, greater are the pains,
Damon vield, if you would learn
Whence proceeds the am'rous Dart

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



The Comparison Set by Mr Travers

Moderately slow



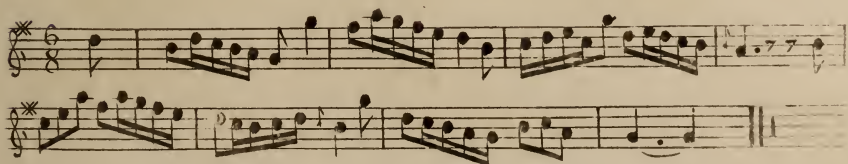
But when with noontide rays he shines
The glaring Light we shun,
It hurts our feeble Eyes to view;
The Sun's Meridian.

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

Thus when in wrapping gown you rise
To fence thee Mornings Cold
Tis perfect Rapture to approach
Yours Heav'n to behold.

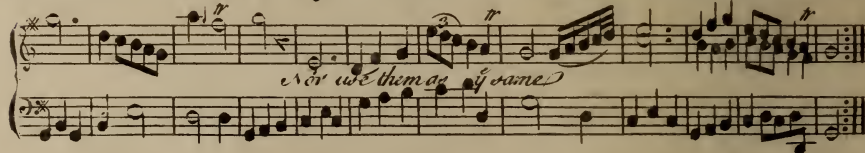
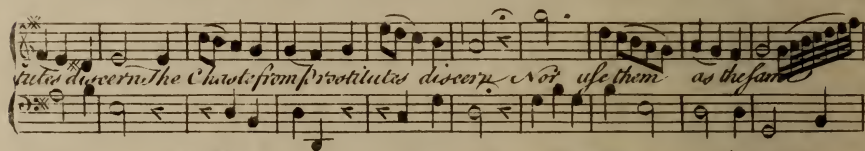
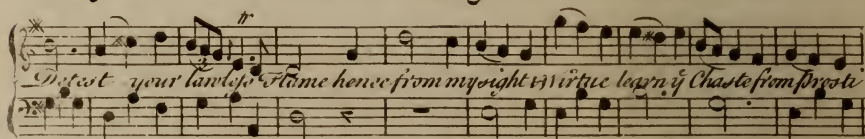
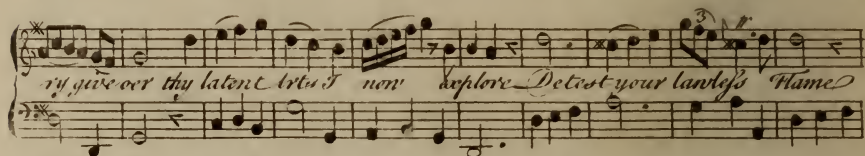
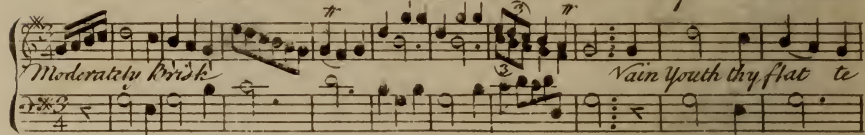
We must be more than Man that dare
To view a face so Bright,
For he will lose both Eyes & Heart
With the too Glorious Sight.

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE





The Maidens Advice Set by W^r Holmes



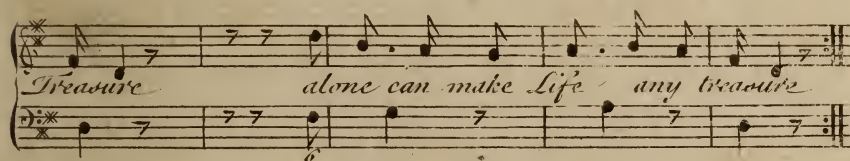
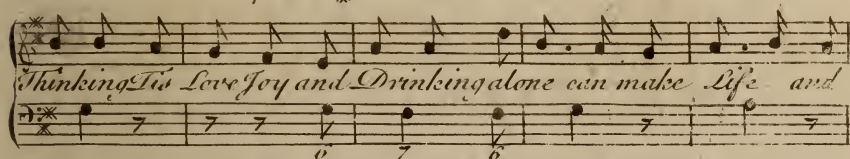
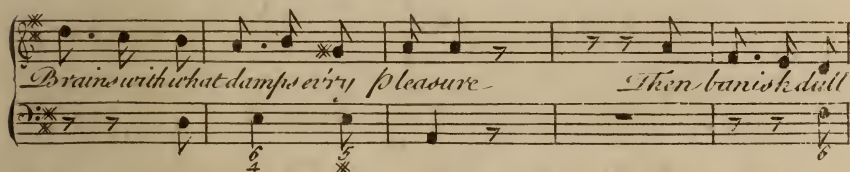
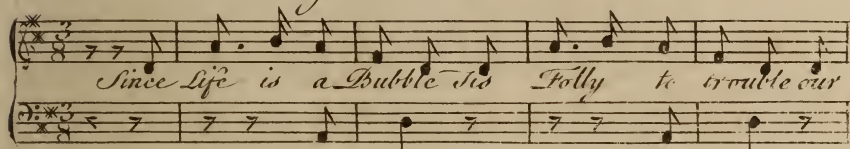
You say an Angel I appear,
As one why do you not revere,
Seek not my ruin thus
Britons their females should rescue
From foreign Injuria them protect
And they'd be bless'd by us.

You wou'd you lov'd me more than life
But yet refus'd me for your Wife,
When I seem'd to comply
Love is a pure and sacred Fire,
Yours but a sensual desire,
Which you would gratify.

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



The Jovial Fellow

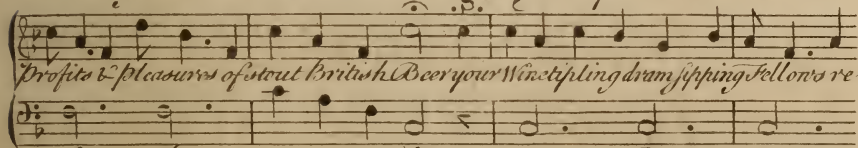


Since our time is so short	Here's Gold & Misers Stifle
We'll grasp ev'ry Sport	And hoard the gay Trifle
And still let's be frolick & Gay	But we'll make if Slave to its Duty
Why should we incurber	It only Disperces
With cares our vain Slumber	True bliss to our Seneca
Too wisdom to live whilst we may	When it purchases Sectar's Beauty

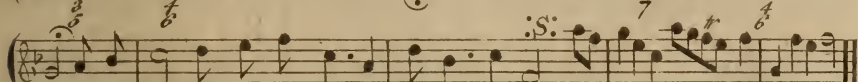
Then push round the Glass
 The soft melting Laps
 Succeeds it to make you more blast
 Our Joys shall be common
 In wealth Wine and Woman
 Each pleasure of Life is possess



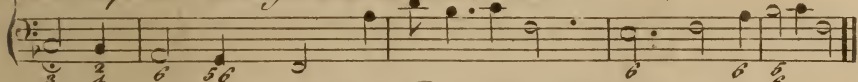
Set by M^r Arne & Sung by M^r Beard



Profits & pleasures of stout British Beer your Wine-tipping dram sipping fellows re-

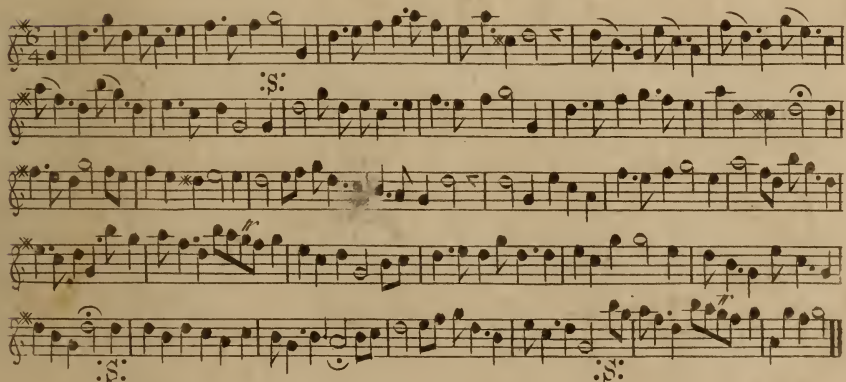


frat but your Beer drinking Britons can never be beat



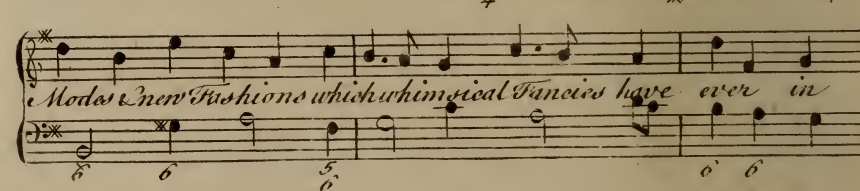
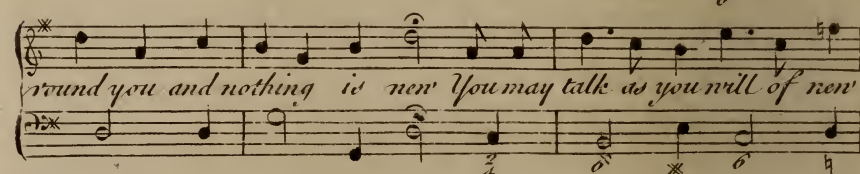
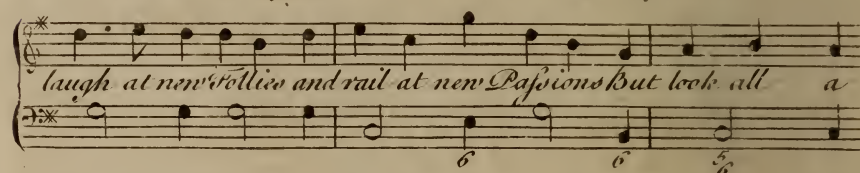
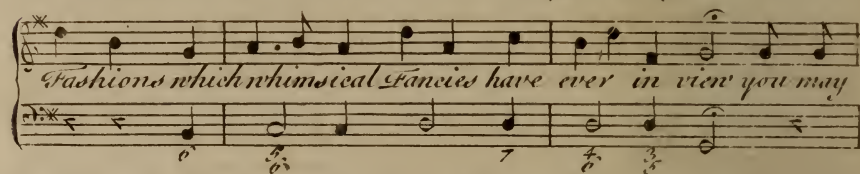
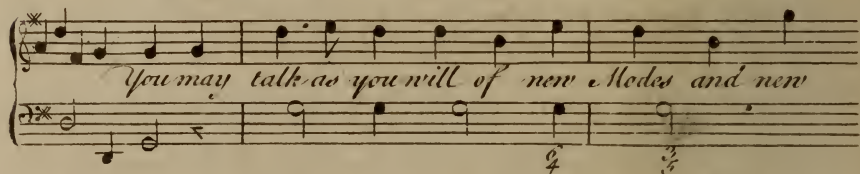
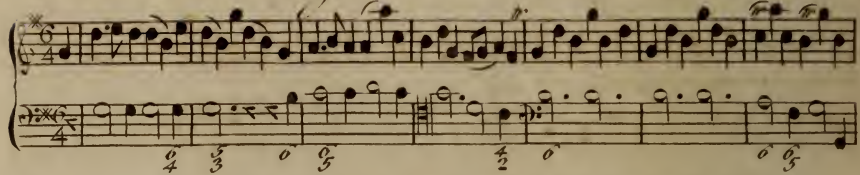
*The French, with their Vineyards, are meagre and pale,
They Drink of the Squeazing of half-ripe'd Fruit;
But we who have Hop-Grounds to Mellow our Ale
Are Ready & Plump, and have Freedom to Boot,
Let us Sing our own Treasure &c.*

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

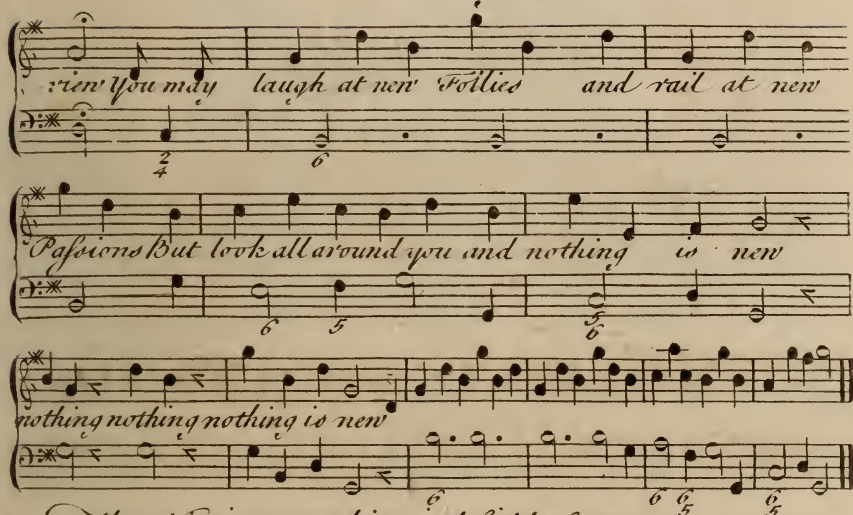




Nothing New the Words by M^r Worsdale



Set to Musick by Mr. Arne



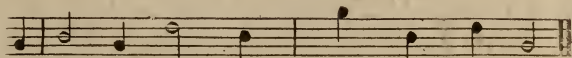
That Virgins are whimsical, fickle & coy,
Affecting to shun what they fondly pursue,
Coquetting, yet sighing for conjugal joy;
Confess, O ye Lovers, To this folly new.

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

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

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

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



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



Brevitas Vita Set by M^r Holmes

ask me dear sweet Friend for bear To ask me dear sweet Friend for bear What France means by her threats of
 War Her Thundering Hosts preparing Their preparations next we
 pound thier preparations next we pound Bold British Tar will soon confound their schemes when ever during
 Our blooming Youth with all its joys & pleasures Let us my Friend in some cool shade
 The jovial Days & blissfull nights For society and Friendship made
 What various Joys attend The fleeting hours improve
 When Time has powderd our wither'd Tis Wine alone dispels our Care
 Our looks what have we more to do The Glass will drink to morrow's fear
 With Father Brother Friend And make us fit for Love.

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

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



An Occasional Ode on the Success of our Arms

Hail England! Hail England! for thy glory round thy arms as in brave transcendent glory round us

thine strict to honour no traitors to break thine strict to honour no traitors to break thine

thine to revenge when it honours at stake! thine to revenge when it honours at stake!

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

Huzza! Oh ye Britons to Conquest pursue! the Trumpet of Victory is lifted for you

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

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



Credulity in Love recommended Set by M^r Arnes

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

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

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



The Maidens Case Sung by Miss Thomas

At the foot of a hill in a neat lonely Cott to die an old Maid I'm afraid is my lot

Is it a Man but my Father's son in his place think how hard my Condition & pity my

Case think how hard my Condition & pity my Case

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

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

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

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

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



Kitty Fisher - Set by M^r Baker -

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

Let not his light enjoy in peace
The Snows their wonted streams increase
I borrow neither flame nor ray
When thy beauties would display
Of lovely Kitty &c.

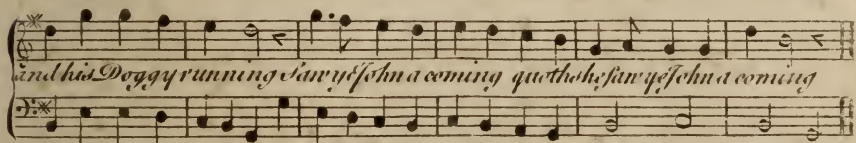
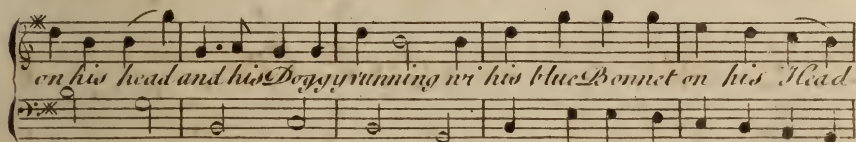
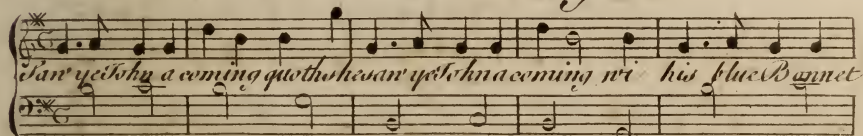
All must her Wit & Sense admire
They give to every breast desire
For swarms of little loves are hung
On every word that tips the tongue
Of lovely Kitty.

The roses bloom upon her Cheek
Less white the lily than her neck
Her Eyes are brighter than day
And sweetly breath as now I breathe
Of lovely Kitty &c.

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



A new Scotch Song



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

See him Fâther, see him quoth she	What mun I do wi him quoth he
See him Fâther, see him,	What mun I do wi him,
For a the Work about the House	Has neer a Sark unteel his back,
Gangs forward when I see him,	Nor ha I can to gi him,
For a the work about the House	Has neer a Sark unteel his back,
Gangs forward when I see him,	Nor ha I can to give him,
See him &c	What mun &c

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



Hebe a Pastoral Ballad

Moderately brisk

When forc'd from dear Hebe to go what

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

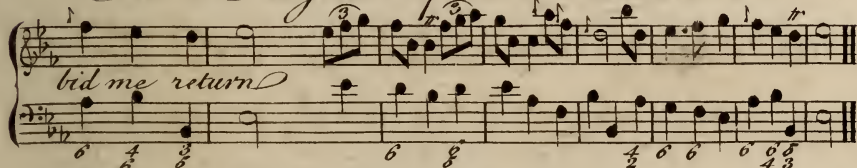
so she was sorry to see me depart she cast such a languishing

glance my path I could scarcely discern so sweetly she bid me a

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



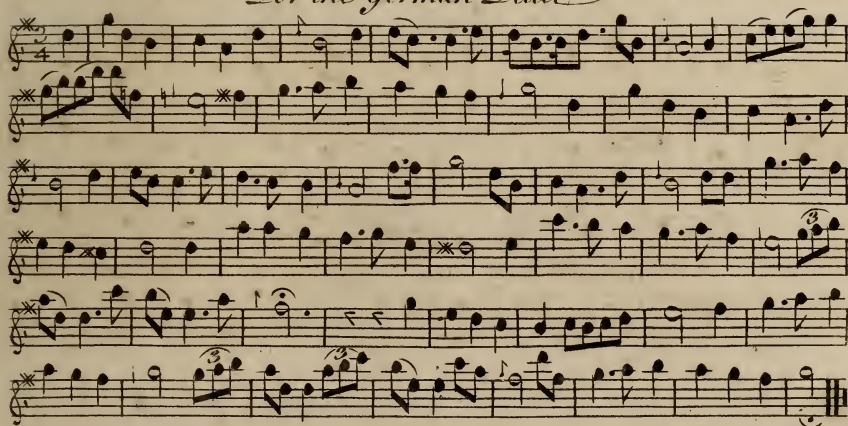
Set to Musick by M^r Arnee Pen^r



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

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

For the German Flute





Delia A favourite Song

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

Set to Music by W^r. Arne

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

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

For the German Flute



Cupid's Refuge

Love when he

saw my Fanny's Face thro'ond'rous passion mov'd forgot the case of human kind, felt at last he

lov'd and felt at last he lov'd then to the God of soft Desire his suit he thus ad-

drest I Fanny love with mutual Fire O touch her tender Breast

st. I Fanny love with mutual Fire O touch her tender Breast O

touch her tender Breast O

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



Sung by Miss Bricklayer in the Opera of Eliza

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



The Judicious Fair

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

Musical notation for the song, featuring a treble and bass staff with various notes, rests, and ornaments. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The notation includes many triplets and sixteenth notes.



Set by M^r Bryan & sung by Miss Young

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

fore But he that would win me must flat

flatter me more

5 6 6 5 5 5 4 2 6 6 6 5 3
3 - 4 3 3 3 2 5 4 3

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

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

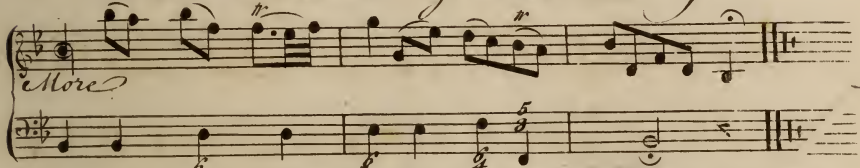


Sally a favourite Song

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



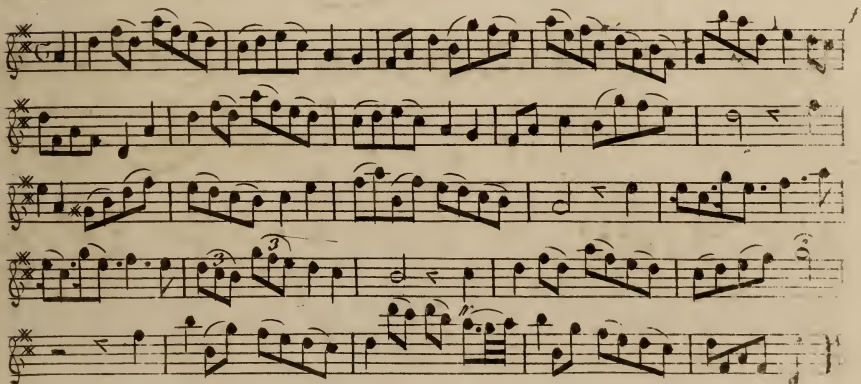
Set to Musick by M^r Arne sen^r



*No more we'd prate of Hybla's bill, But now the gloomy Groves echo
Where Bees their Honey sip, Where Love torn Shepherds stray,
Did ye but know, if sweets ydwell, There to y^e Winds my G^r of Sighs speak
On Sallys Love fraught Lip, And sigh my Soul an^d ay,
But ah! take heed ye am'ful swains, No d'light but Dispair in y^e fancy's wand
The ripe temptation shun, No dawn of Hope I see,
Or else like me ye'll wear her Chains, For Sallys pleas'd o't my Complaints
Ye'll be like me undone, And laughs at Love & me.*

*Once in my Cott secure I slept; Since this my poor neglected Limbs
Then Larklike hault the Morn, To late my only Care
More sportive then y^e Hds I kept, Have left these fond thir's sleek Dam,
I wand'ron o'er the Lawn, And stray'd I know not where,
To ev'ry Maid Loves Tale I told, Alas! my Curs in vain you beat,
And did my Truth aver, My Lambskins lost adieu,
Yet e'er y^e parting Kifs was Cold, No more n^r on y^e plain shall meet
I laugh'd at Love & her, For lo! to your Shepherd too.*

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE





Set to Musick by M^r Arne

Love she was faithless and I am undone

The sweets of a dew sprinkled Rose *Ye Woods spread your branches apace*
The sound of a murmuring stream *To your deepest recesses I fly*
The peace which from solitude flows *I woud hide with y^e beasts of y^e chase*
Henceforth shall be Coridon's theme *I woud vanish from every Eye*
High Transports are shewn to y^e sight *Yet my Reed shall resound thro' y^e Grove*
But we are not to find them our own *With y^e same sad Complaint it began*
Fate never bestow'd such delight *Now she smil'd & I could not but love*
As I with my Phillis had known *Was faithless and I am undone*

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE



Vanity of Life

Life how vain esteem'd a blessing worthy

Mortals hope to share proves to ev'ry Man possessing full of sorrow full of care full of sorrow

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

busy hind prevails Or should adverse fate attend ye ever with it

Sorrow dwells ever Sorrow with it dwells

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



A New Song

To Fanny

Fair I would impart the Cause of all my woe that Beauty which has
 won my Heart she scarcely seems to know unskill'd in Arts of Woman kind with
 out design she charms How can the sparkling Eye be blind which ev'ry
 Bosom Warms whichev'ry Bosom Warms

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



Hope A Pastoral

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



Set to Musick by M^r Gine

ston My Fountains all border'd with Mops where the Harebells and

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

grow

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

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



The Tempest of War

with Spirit

Let the Tempest of War be heard from afar while the

Trumpets shrill Clangor alarms *Let the Valleys a*

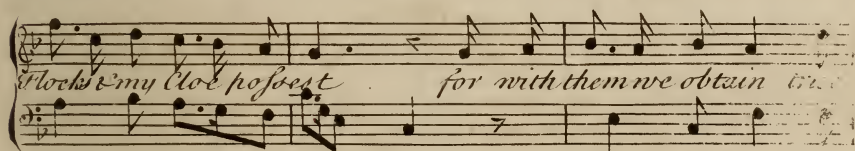
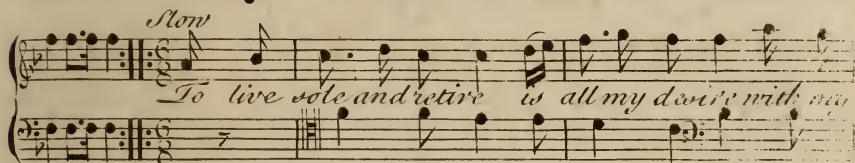
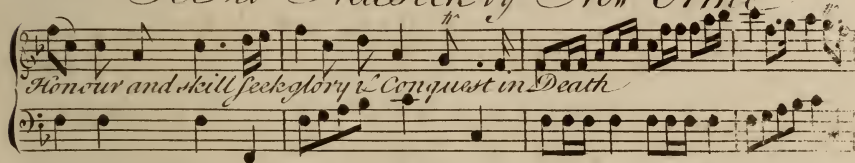
round with echo resound and a terrible clashing of

Arms *Let Rivers of Blood run*

down in a Flood while Mortals are gasp for breath let the brave if they will by



Set to Music by M^r Orme



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



Sollicitude & Pastoral

Sincerely

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



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

When Bacchus jolly God invites to revel in the Evening Kios In vain his Altar I sur
 round the with burgundian Infence crowns No charms his Wine without the Laps
 tis Love gives relish to the Glass *Air* *Allegro*
 While all around with jocund glee in brimmed Toast their favritas he
 the ev'ry symph my Lips proclaim my heart still whispers Chloes name
 And thus with me by Amorous stealth still ev'ry glass is
 Chloes Health still ev'ry glass is Chloes Health



Sung by M^{rs} Lowe in Famerlane

Gently

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

Toys are heighten'd from by thee our Sorrows cease

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

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

For the German Flute



To Touch on the Times

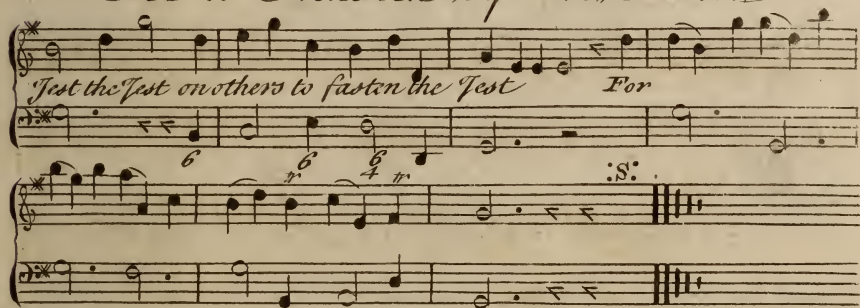
Musical score for the song "To Touch on the Times". The score is written for voice and lute/guitar. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are:

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

The score consists of eight systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a lute line (bass clef). The lute line includes figured bass notation (e.g., 6, 7, 7, 6, 6, 6, 7, 7). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.



Set to Musick by M^r. Arne



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

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

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



The kind Inconstant

A musical score for the song "Tenderly". The score is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked "Andante". The melody is written in a simple, flowing style, with many notes beamed together. The word "Tenderly" is written in a cursive script below the staff.

[illegible]

Why Cloe still those jealous heats and

why that falling Fear the Heart that is a

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

[illegible]

ere to sweeten Autumns milder Reign ~~The~~ sul try Summers

The first staff of music is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B4. This is followed by a half note G4, then a half note F#4. The next measure contains a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, and a quarter note C4. The final measure of the staff contains a half note B3 and a half note A3. The time signature is 4/2.



Damon Sing by Miss Thomas

Lively

Sure Damon

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

gave me pain it ever dwells with me For

Whene'er I wander in the

For Pia

Grove He's always in my mind I think on all our

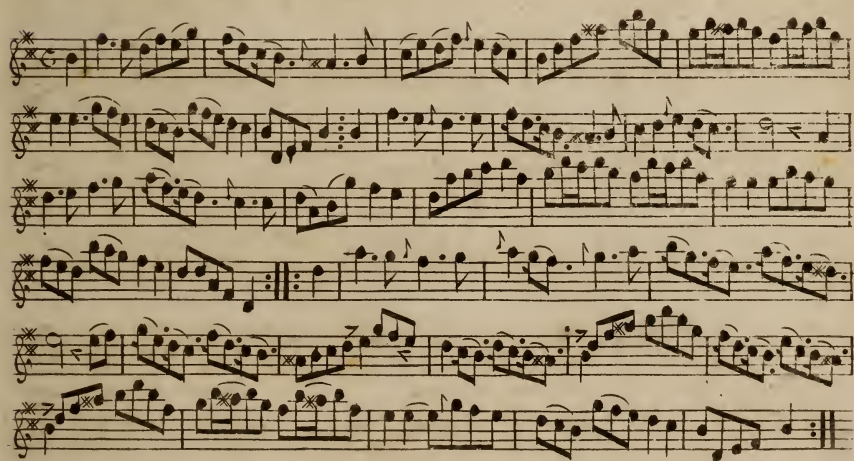
For Pia



Set to • Musick by • M^r Bryan

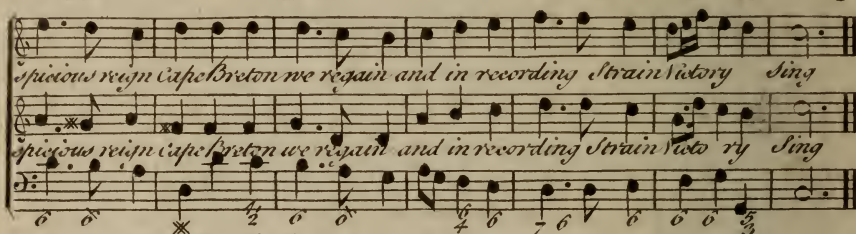
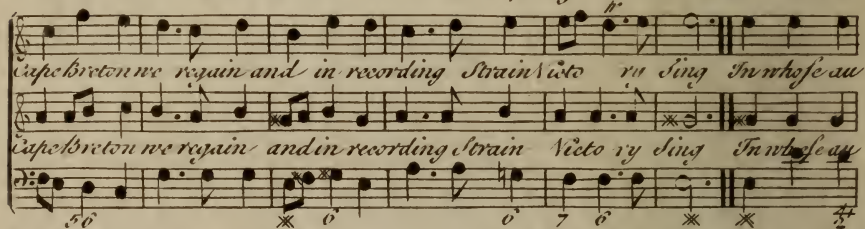
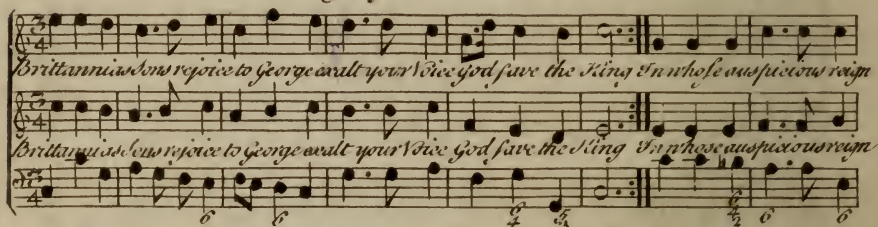
former Love Damon the dear the kind Damon the dear the
kind
For

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



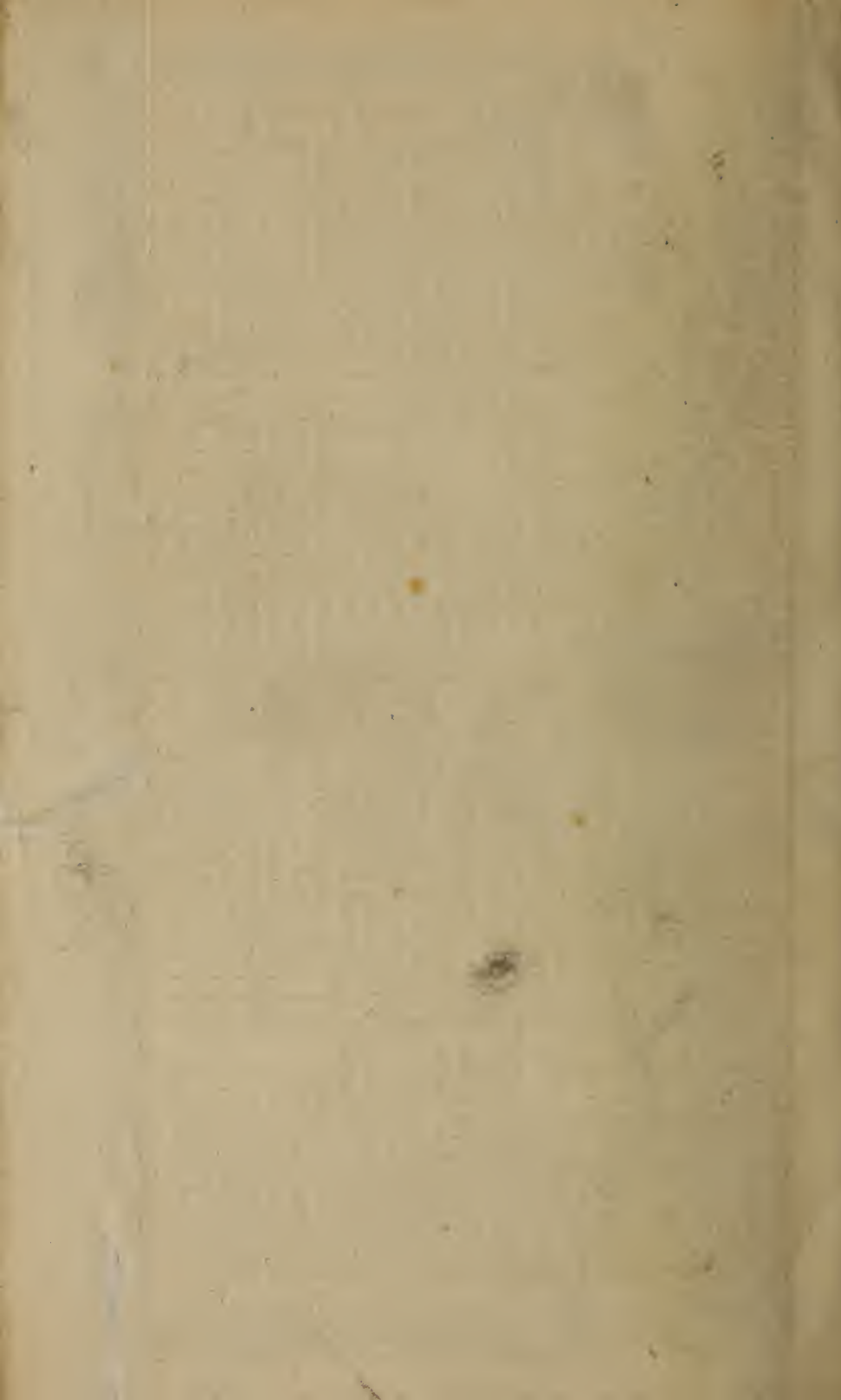


A Song for three Voices



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

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



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