

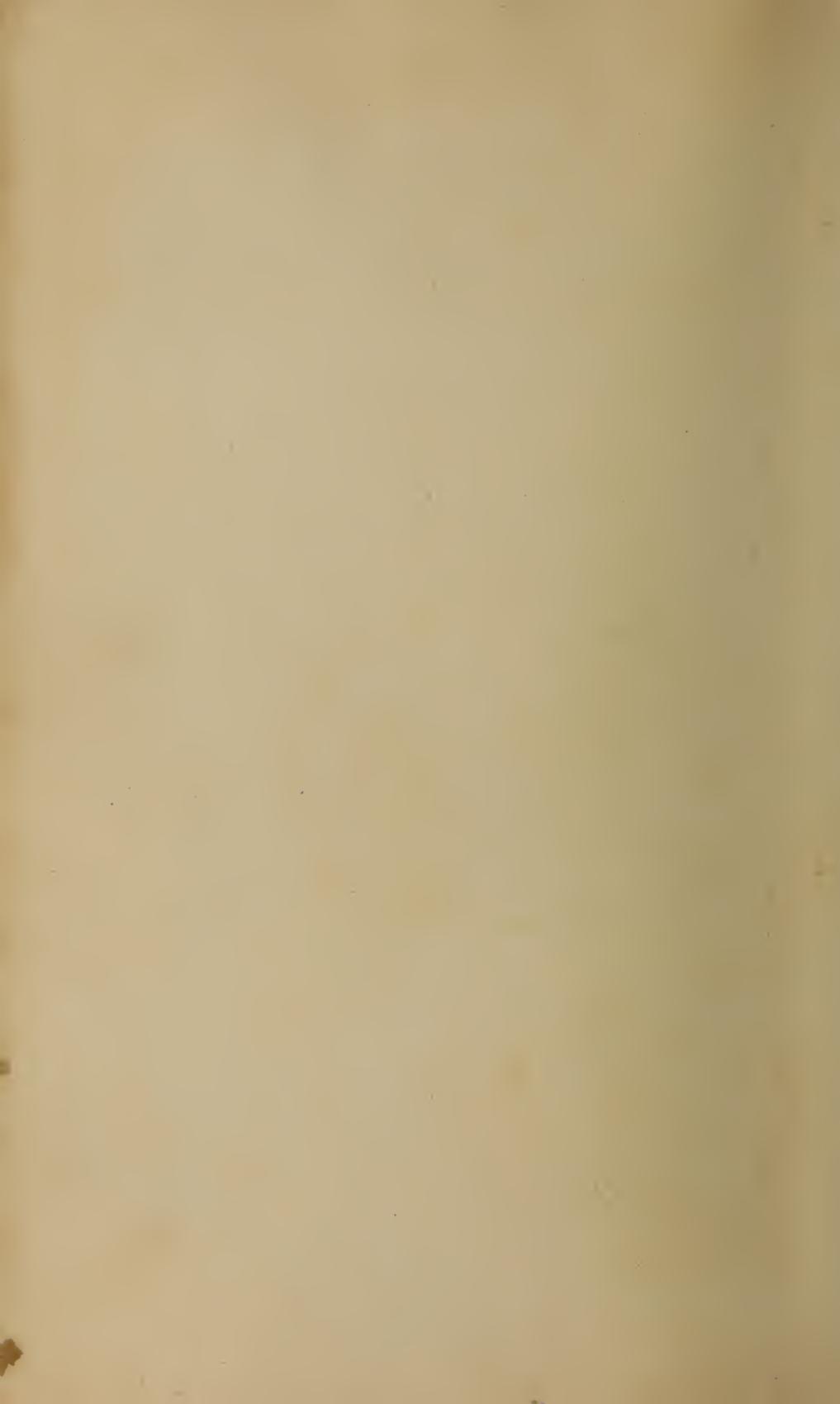
St. Ed. (1735)

Cards pp/55-158

R. Egerton Leigh

from E. Bates. 1882.

To Sir F. R. Gore. Rouseley. Leeds/83.



To John Green Esq.
from W Sharp
March 1852



CALLIOPE or ENGLISH HARMONY



of the most Celebrated English, and Scots Songs. Neatly Engrav'd, and Embelished with Designs adapted to the Subject of each Song taken from the Compositions of the Best Masters, in the most Correct Manner with the thorough Bass and Transpositions for the Flute, proper for all Teachers, Scholars, and Lovers of Musick: Printed, on a fine Paper, on each Side which renders the Undertaking more compleat than any thing of the kind ever Published.

LONDON.

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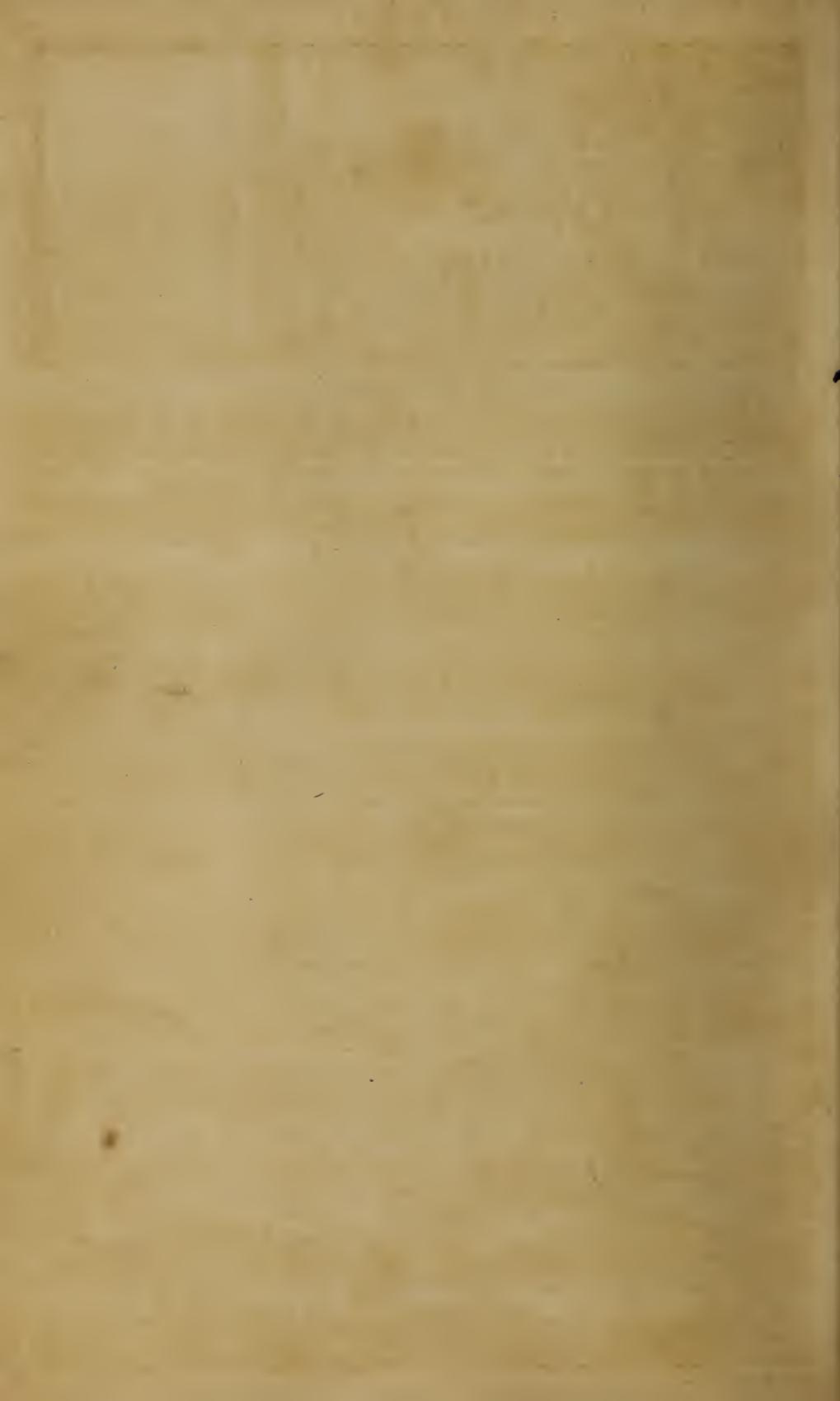
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N. Roberts fecit 1732.

A New Song; the Musick by W. John Hudson

Love once was my Joy and my Pleasure, but ne'er shall be so a-gain If the
 fair one had been constant I had ever faithful prov'd; Thus chearfully
 with my darling liv'd Innocent and lov'd. When I call to mind her
 Charms so Endearing ever pleasing they prompt afresh to love's alarms.
 Love once was my Joy & my pleasure, but ne'er shall be so a-gain

Flute



The Diffident Lover *set by M. Howard*

When Clo-e was by Damon seen what heart could be unmou'd She
 look also like the Cyprian Queen he gaz'd admird and lov'd he lov'd alas but
 lov'd in vain, & full of Grief and Care He knew he never could obtain the
 lov-by charming fair, the lov--by Charming fair .

Cloe deserv'd a better S'rain ,
 He not so fair a Bride ;
 Yet still he hugg'd the fatal Chain ,
 He lov'd despair'd and dy'd :
 Take pity then thou charming Maid ,
 For Cloe's case is thine ,
 I dare not ask so much I dread ,
 Must Damon's fate be mine .

Flute

Sheet music for Flute, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp.



The Departure set to Musick by D^r. Green

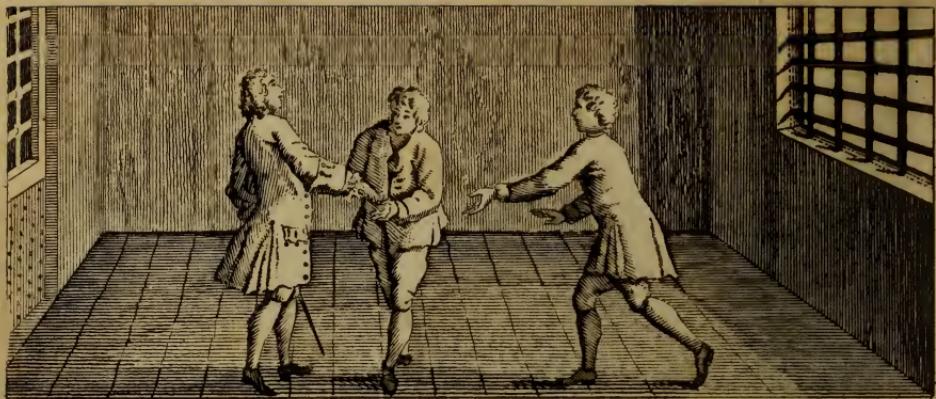
She. tender.

Hence thou Deceiver never Ah! never will thou return to thy Chloe a--gain
 Grown in your leisure fond of new Pleasure some fairer Rival will laugh at my Pain
 He
 Dry up those Showers sweeter than Showers; looks in y^e fountain & see thy self there
 Where is the Creature, throughout all Nature half so engaging so sweet & so fair.
 She. Go--you'll deceive me—
 No—I'll believe thee—
 Lean on my Breast, & thy Constancy snar
 Should you deceive me,
 O never leave me,
 Chloe w^{ll} languish & die with Despair.

He. My sweetest Treasure,
 Every Pleasure,
 Every Charm in my Chloe I find
 And all the Graces
 Of newest Faces
 Call but my Chloe back into my Mind

Flute

Two staves of musical notation for a flute. The top staff is in common time (indicated by 'C') and the bottom staff is in 6/8 time (indicated by '6/8'). The notes are primarily eighth and sixteenth notes, with various rests and dynamic markings like 'ff' (fortissimo) and 'p' (pianissimo).



H. Roberts fecit 1739

The Debtors welcome to their Brother

3
4

Welcome welcome Brother debtor to this poor but merry place where no Bayliff dun or

3
4

Setter dare to show their frightful face But kind Sir as your a stranger down y' Gamish you must

3
4

lay or your Coat will be in danger you must either Strip or pay.

Never Repine at your Confinement
From your Children or your Wife.
Wisdom lies in true Resinement
Through the various scen's of life
Scorn to shew the least Resentment
Though beneath the frowns of fate
Knaves & Beggers find Contentment
Fears and cares attend the Great.

Though our Creditor's are spightful
And restrain our Bodys here
Use will make also delightful
Since there's nothing Else to fear
Ev'ry Island but a Prison
Strongly guarded by the Sea
Kings and Princes for that Reason
Prisoners are as well as we.

What was it made Alexander
Weep at his unfriendly fate
T'was because he cou'd not wander
Beyond the World's strong Prison gate
For the world is also bounded
By the Heavens and Stars above
Why should we then be confounded
Since ther's nothing free but love

FLUTE

3
4



H. Roberts fecit 1739.

The Advice

set by Galliard

The Lass that would know how to manage a Man let her listen and learn it from
 me: His courage to quail or his Heart to trepan As the time and Oc-
 cations a-gree a-gree as the Time and Occasions a---gree.

The Girl that has Beauty tho'small be her Wit,
 May wheedle the Clown, or the Beau;

The Rake may repel, or may draw in the Cit
 By the use of that pretty Word--No.

When the Powder'd Tonques in clouds round her Chat,
 Each striving his Passion to shew;
 With-kiss me & love me my dear, and all that,
 Let her answer be still no, no, no.

When a dose is contriv'd to lay Virtue a Sleep,
 A Present a Treat or a Ball;
 She still must refuse, if her enquire she'd keep,
 And no, be her answer to all.

But when master Dappernwit offers his hand,
 Her Partner in Wedlock to go;
 A house, and a Coach and a Jointment in Land
 She's an Ideot, if then she says no.

Whenever she's attack'd by a Youth full of Charms,
 Whose Courtship proclaims him a Man;
 When press'd to his Bosom & claspt in his Arms,
 Then let her say No, if she can.

Flute

* 8



Going out in the Morning

Hark array 'tis the merry ton'd horn calls the hunters all up with y. mom; to y. hill & y. Woodlands we
 steer to unharbour yout-lying Deer. And all the day long this this is our song, still
 hollowng & following so frolic and free. Our Boys known no bounds whilen
 after the Hounds no mortals on Earth are so Jolly as we -

Round the Woods when we beat hon-neglon
 While the hill they all Echo Holo;
 With a Bounce from his cover when he flies,
 Then our Shouts they resound to the Skies:
 (Chorus) And all the Day long &c.

When we Sween o'er y. Valleys or climb,
 Up y. health breathing Mountain sub-lime,
 What a joy from our labours we feel,
 Which alone they who tast can reveal
 (Chorus) And all the Day long &c.

Flute

Chloe set by D^r. Green

Tender

In vain the force of Female Arms, In vain their offer'd Love: Their
 Smile, their Air nor all their Charms, my passion can remove For all that's fair &
 Good I find in Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind, In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

Set Celia all her Wit display,
 That glitters while it kills
 My heart despairs the feeble ray,
 Nor light, nor heat it feels;
 For all that's bright and gay, I find
 S: In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

Fair Flavia shines in Gems and Gold,
 And uses all her Arts,
 Not richest Chains my heart can hold,
 Unpierced by Diamond darts:
 For all that's rich and fair I find
 S: In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

Those Notes, sweet Myra, now give o'er,
 That once had Pow'r to wound:
 When Chloe speaks they are no more,
 But mix with common sound:
 All grace, all harmony I find
 S: In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

FLUTE



Bessy Bell

R. Roberts sculpsit 1739.

O Bessy Bell & Mary Gray they are twa bonny lasses they Bigg'd a Bon'r on
 yon burn brae & theek'd it o'er wi' Rashes Fair Bessy Bell I lo'ed yestreen & thought
 neir could altar but Mary Grays twa jankys E'en they gar my fancy falter .

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap;
 She smiles like a May Morning,
 When Phæbus starts frae Thelis' lap,
 The hills with Rays adorning;
 White is her Neck, saft is her hand,
 Her waste and Feet's fit'genty;
 With ilka grace she can command
 Her lips, O waw! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the bran
 Her E'en like Diamonds glances;
 She's ay sae clean, redd' up & bran,
 She kills wheneer she dances;
 Blithe as a kid, w'it at will,
 She blooping tight and tall is;
 And guides her liss sae gracefu' still,
 O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unc'ly sayr oppres' us,
 Our fancies jee between you twa
 Ye are sic bonny-lasses;
 Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by lan we're stentid;
 Then I'll drav' Cots, and take my Fate,
 And be with ane contented.

FLUTE

68

A musical score for Flute, featuring six staves of eight measures each, with various note heads and rests.



H. Roberts fecit
Allegro.

A Hymn to Venus set by M. Stubley

Blest as th'immortal Gods is he, The Youth who fondly
 sits by thee and hears and sees thee all the
 while so soft-ly speak and sweetly smile.

I'wras this depriv'd my Soul of Rest
 Andruis'd such Tumults in my breast
 But while I gaz'd in Transports tost
 My breath n'r was gone my voice n'r lost

My bosom glon'd the subtle Flame
 Ran quick thro' all my Vital Frame
 O'er my dim Eyes a darkness hung
 My Ears with hollow murmurs rung

In envy damps my limbs were chill'd
 My blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd
 My feeble Pulse forgot to play
 I fainted sunk and died away .

FLUTE

Sheet music for the flute, featuring two staves of musical notation.



The too Curious Swain. set by M. Lampre.

On thy fair Banks Oh Medway long A Youth his Sheep had fed
 On thy fair Banks his future Care The tender Lambskins stray'd
 Happy had fate detain'd at home The simple Youth too fond to roam.

Happy alafs till curious late
 He listen'd to the Tale
 Near Tunbridge salutary Springs
 What beautys grace the Vale,
 Beautys that make the barren Soil
 And craggy Rocks of Tunbridge smile.

He came and Celia's dangerous Charms
 Beheld with eager gaze
 So round & Torches glimmering light
 Th' admiring Insect plays
 Like that he gaz'd, & in his turn
 He saw it shine and felt it burn.

Flute

Th' unhappy Youth by Love undone
 By late experience found
 That Celia's scorn deny'd the Cure
 Whose Eyes had given the Wound
 Helpless & hopeless pin'd away
 In tears by Night & Sighs by Day

By Collin's fate be warn'd to view
 The fair with cautious Eyes
 This Place is Cupid's Empire seat
 And who can shun Surprise
 Since few can hope & all must fear
 Where Kingsley, Mead & Byer appear

Flute



Ye Gods ye gave to me a Wife

set by M^r. Seede

Ye Gods ye gave to me a Wife out of your n^tanted Favour,

To be the comfort of my life to be the comfort of my life & I was

glad to have her But if your Providence divine for something else de-

sign her. To 'bey your will at any time to 'bey your will at any

time I'm ready, sym I'm ready to re-sign her.

Flute



H. Roberts fecit
Sym. A Favourite Song in Comus
Publ accord to Act of Parliament 1739

Song

Allegro

The
S.

Wanton God who pierces hearts dips in Gall his pointed darts but the

Nymph despairs to pine who bathes y^e wound with rosy wine rosy wine

Rosy wine who bathes y^e wound w^t rosy wine Sym.

Farewel Sym. Farewel Lovers when they're cloy'd

If I am sorrid because enjoy'd sure the squeamish fops are free too rid me



H. Roberts fecit

set to Musick by M^r Arne

Published according to Act of Parliament, 1739

of dull Company sure they're free sure they're free too rid me of dull
Company. Sym

6 6 6 6 6 6 6

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

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

F L U T E

Sym.

Song

Sym.

Sym.

Sym.



The Request

set by D^r. Green

Can there be ye Pow'rs above Perfect Happi ness 'tis love
 Can Man know a greater bliss than the sweet^y balm^y His^ts. Soothing looks each
 grateful smile all that can the heart beguile all that can the heart beguile .

Why so often do I sigh
 Pine alone yet know not why
 Love has surely vanquished me
 And makes me own his Deity
 Mild as Queen of fond desires
 Is the fair my Soul Inspires
 To the fair my Soul Inspires

God of Love and pleasing Charms
 Give the fairest to my arms
 You who sighing Lovers aid
 Warm with love the lovely maid
 Only this Task of thee
 Conquer her as thou hast me
 Conquer her as thou hast me

Wanton Cupids search around
 Allarodias verdant Ground
 Tell the fair for her I sigh
 Tell the fair for her I die
 Venus Queen of fondest love
 To my wish propitious prove
 To my wish propitious prove

Flute

F^{major} C^{major}



The Forsaken Lady

set by M. Lampe

Andante

Not this blooming April season can relieve my aching heart
 spight of all the force of mason still I act a frantick Part As the
 Canker eats the Roses And the springing green destroys, so de
 spair my Rest op--po--ses, and con-sumes my riseing Joys

Ery Valley, field and Mountain
 flow'ry Plain and verdant Grove
 Warbling bird & sparkling fountain
 Minds me of my luckle^l love :
 When the Cowslip I discover
 Springing o'er the Primrose fair ;
 Then I sigh for my gentle lover !
 Would have erfit to deck my Hair.

If I sadly sit reflecting
 By some bloomy Hawthorn Tree ;
 All my sorrows recollecting,
 Love I cry resembles Thee ;
 He all flowerly can appear
 To conceal his personal dart,
 But the Witch that trusts him near
 Grasps a Thorn, & wounds the heart.

Flute

F



H. Roberts fecit

The Carle came o'er the Croft

The Carle he came o'er the Croft and his beard new Shaven glor'd at me as
 he'd been daft the Carle trow'st I'll ha'e him Hon't ana I winna ha'e him no for sooth I'll
 no ha'e him New hose and new Shoon & his beard new Shaven.

He ga'e to me a Pair of Shoon,
 And his Beard nevr Shaven,
 He bad me dance till they ware done,
 The Carle trow's that I'll ha'e him.
 Hon't ana, &c.

He ga'e to me a Pair of Gloves,
 And his Beard new Shaven,
 He bad me stretch them on my foofs,
 The Carle trow's that I'll ha'e him
 Hon't ana, &c.

Hegae to me an Ell of Lace,
 And his Beard new Shaven,
 He bad me wear the Highland dress,
 The Carle trow's that I'll ha'e him.
 Hon't ana

Hegae to me a Harn Sark,
 And his Beard new Shaven,
 He said he'd kif me in the dark
 For that he trow's I'll have him .

Hon't ana' I maun ha'e him,
 I forsooth I leen ha'e him,
 New hose and his new Shoon
 And his Beard new Shaven

Flute

Sheet music for a flute part, featuring two staves of musical notation.



Despairing Silvia see by M^r. Strange

Hard Fate to sigh to sigh in vain Despair-ing
 Si-l-via Cries. De-bar'd the Free-dom
 to Complain but through a Sov-ers Eyes

And those unguarded o're speak
 Betrayers of my Heart
 For Ah! our wiles are all to weak
 These to Disguise by Art.

Thus hopeless must Icir Remain
 Like Ghost about their Treasure
 Till spoke to first ne'er speak again
 Still waiting Strenuous leisure.

Dear thoughtless man a stranger to
 The Secrets of this Breast
 That's his from Inclination true
 More Constant than tis Blest.

There could he see & Conicious know
 The Torments of Neglect
 They soon woud teach him how to show
 More love & less Neglect.

Flute

(Sheet music for Flute, featuring two staves of musical notation)



A Song

Set by M^r Harris

Since Celia's un-kind and my Passion despairs, A Bottle a

Bottle and friend shall ease all my Pains thus thus remove from my

Heart that absolute that absolute Fair and with Bumpers of Claret & with.

Bumpers of Claret I'll dri - - - - ve I'll

dri - - - - v^e I'll drive away Care.

Flute



The Provident Damsel set by Mr. Clarke

As Fiddlers and Archers who cunningly know the way to procure themselves
 Mervit, Will always provide them two strings to their Bow and mannage their
 Busyness with spir- it and mannage their busyness ⁱⁿ spirit

So likewise the Provident damsel should do
 Who would make the best use of her Beauty
 If the mark she woud hit, or her lesson play through
 Two lovers must still be on Duty
 Two lovers &c.

Thus arm'd against Chance & secure of supply
 Thus far our revenge we may carry:
 One spark for our sport we may gilt & set by
 And to other poor soul we may Marry
 And to other &c.

Flute

Flute part musical score



Sym The Noon tide Air

Andante

Woud you taste y^e noon tide Air w^e yon fragrant bon^en pair where

noven w^e the poplar bough y^e mantling vine will shelter you the mantling l^evre will

Shelter you Down each side a fountain flows twinkling

murmuring as it goes Sym lightly o'er the mossy ground

lightly o'er the mossy ground sultry Phab^e sun shing round sultry Phab^e sun shing round



Set to Musick by Mr. Arne

Round y^e languid herds & Sheep straxt'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep
 while on the hyacinth and rose the fair does all alone repose the fair does all a
 lone repose Round the all alone yet in her
 Arms your brust may bant to love's alarms till blest & bleſſing
 you shall own bleſſing you shall own y^e joys of love are joys a lone the
 joys of love are joys alone ad^{gō} Da Capo



The Nightingale

set by M^r. Carey

Gently

While in a Bon'r wth. Beauty blast the lovid i^y, lovd Amintor lies

while sinking on Lucindas Brest he fondly fondly kis'd her Eyes

a wakeful Nightingale who long had mourn'd had mourn'd within the shade

sweethy renen'd her plaintive Song, & war-- bled through the Glade.

Melodious Songstretches cry'd the Sraim
To shades to shades less happy go
Or if thou wilst with us remain
Forbear forbear thy tuneful Woe
While in Lucinda's Arms I lie
To song to song I am not free
On her soft bosom while I die
I die -- cord find in thee

Flute





A Favourite Song in Coriolanus

Charmer hear your faithful Lover nor dis-dain to admit his Flame

Cease to slight your soon give over constant e---ver

I'll remain Charms surround those lovely features

tender pit-by grant your slave turn and be so

kind a Creature haste and heal the wounds you gave

Flute

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The first four staves are for voices, with lyrics written below them. The fifth staff is for a flute. The sixth staff is a basso continuo staff, indicated by a bass clef and a 'C' time signature.



The Bob of Dunblane

*
Come Lassie lend me your bran' Hemp Fleckle, And
3/8

*
I'll lend you my Tripling Hame; For Fainness dearie I'll
3/8

*
gar ye keckle if you'll go dance the Bob of Dunblane.
3/8

Hast ye gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies
Bush ye bran' and dinna think Shame;
Consider in Time if leading of Monkeys,
Be better than dancing the Bob of Dunblane.

Be frank my Lassie lest I giv' ye sickle
And tak my Word & offer again,
Syne ye may chance to repent it Mickle,
Ye did na accept of the Bob of Dunblane.

The Dinner the Piper & Priest shall be ready
And I'm gonn' donrie with bying my bone
Away then leave baith Minny & Dady
And try with me the Bob of Dunblane

Flute

Flute part: A series of musical notes on a staff, starting with a half note, followed by a series of eighth notes and sixteenth notes, ending with a half note.



Orpheus and Euridice

Set by Mr Boyce

When Orpheus went down to the Regions below which Men are forbidden to see He
bind up his Lyre as old History sheweth to set his Euridice free to set his Euridice
free All Hell was astonisht a Person so mad should rashly endanger his Life and
venture So far but how vast their surprize when they heard that he came for his
Wife how vast their surprize when they heard that he came for his Wife.

To find out a Punishment due to the Fault,
Old Pluto had puzzld his Brain;
But Hell had not Torments sufficient, he thought,
So he gave him his Wife back again, he gave him &c.
But pity succeeding soon vanquishd his Heart,
And pleaseit with his playing so well;
He took her again in Reward of his Art,
Such Power has Musick in Hell. In Reward &c.



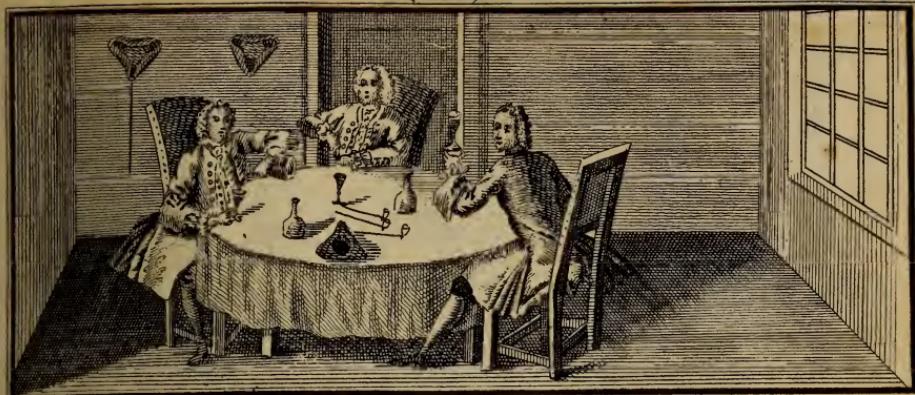
The Protestation

Set by M^r Boyce

No more shall Meads be deck'd with Flowers nor Sweetest d'vill in Rose-y Bowes nor greenest
 Buds in Branches Spring nor Warbling Birds delight to sing nor April Violets Paint the
 Grove if I forsake my Celia's Love if I forsake my Celia's Love

The fish shall in the Ocean burn Love shall his Bow and Shafts lay by
 And Fountains sweet Shall bitter turn And Venus Doves want Wings to fly
 The Humble Vale no Floods shall know The sun refuse to shew his light
 When Floods shall Highest Hills o'er flow And Day be turned into Night
 Black Lethe shall Oblivion leave And in that Night no Star appear
 If ever my Celia I deceive If e'er &c. If e'er I leave my Celia Dear If e'er &c

FLUTE



The Advice

Prithey foolish Boy give o'er leave thy Bosom to torment
Prithey sigh and Whine no more come with me and taste Content Love's a Foe of. Thine and mine

Let us drown in the God in Wine let us drown the God in Wine

Stella's fairer Shape and Eyes Leave the silly gaudy train
Charms too lovely to behold And believe me when I say
Let us seek to drown our Joys All the Joys they give are vain
Where the Best Champaign is sold Leave them then and come away
Love's a foe &c. Love's a foe &c.

For the Flute.

Sheet music for the flute, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music consists of two staves of eight measures each, with various note heads and rests.



The Toper's Request.

Set by Mr Galliard

Kind god of Sleep since it must be that ne resign some hours to thee

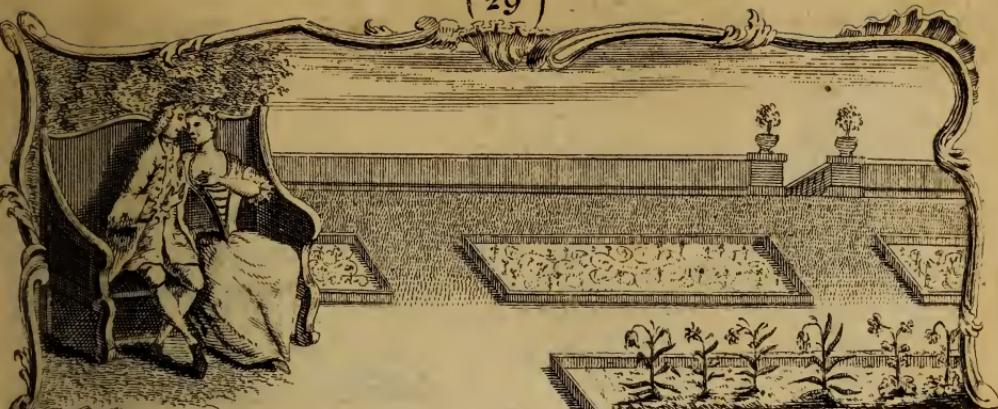
Invade me not when yfull Bowl glows in my Cheeks & warms my Soul

Then only I thy Aid impl ore When I can laugh and drink no more

Short very short be then thy Reign I haste to laugh and drink again

*But Oh if melting in my Arms. Then prithee gentle Slumber stay
the Nymph adorn'd with all her charms. And slow and slowly bring the day
In pleasing Dreams Should me surprize. If Fancy can such Bliss bestow
And grant what waking She denys: Who would not be deluded so.*

Flute



Allegro.

The Snow Drop.

Set by Dr Green

With Head reclin'd the Snow Drop see the first of Flora's Pro...ge-

nie In Virgin Modes--ty appear to hail and welcome in the Year

Fearless of Winter it defies the Rigour of inclement Skies, &

early hastens forth to bring Tidings of the approaching Spring

Tho humble in its dress and plain
It ushers in a beauteous Train
And claims how gaudy e'er they be
The Merit of Precedency

All that or gay or sweet disclose
The Pink the Tulip or the Rose
In fair succession as they blow
Their Glories to the Snow Drop ove

Flute



The Rose

Go Rose my lasses bosom grace; how Happy tho' I prove me I supply that
 Envied place with ne...ver fading Love there Phoenix like beneath her Eye in-
 volvid in Raptures burn and die Involved in Raptures burn & die

Know hapless Flower that thou shall find
 More fragrant Roses there —
 I see thy With'ring head reclin'd —
 With Envy and dispair —
 One common fate we both must Prove
 You die with Envy, I with Love —

FLUTE

Flute music score



The Lovers Lesson

Set by Mr Preuer

Damon if thou wilt believe me Tis not Sighing tis not Sighing
 o'er the Plain. Tears and Sonnets can't relieve thee Faint At-
 tempts in Love are vain faint Attempts in Love are vain

Urge but home the fair Occasion,
 And be Master of the Field:
 To a resolute Invasion,
 'Tis a Madnes not to yield.

³
 Love gives ovt a Large Commission
 Still indulgent to the brave
 But one Sin of base Omission
 Love nor Woman yet forgave

Flute

Flute part musical score



Jockey and Jenny A Scots Dialogue

Ah my fii²-kle Jemmy while there was not any in au the North had pow'r to
win ye but Jockey only to his Arms Nere a Laird in au the Nation was

in so happy a staton as Jockey when in possestion of Jenny in her early charms

Jenny) Had you still address me,
As eance you carist me,
Nean other Lad had e're possest me,
But thine alean I now had been :
Had I only been in vogue n'ye,
And had you let none else colloque ye,
Nor rumbled after Katherm Oggie,
I'd sped as weel as ony Queen.

Jockey) Moggie of Dumferling,
Is now my only Darling,
Who sings as sweet as any Starling,
And dances with a bonny Aire;
Moggie is so kind and tender
If fate was ready now to end her
Coul'd I but from the stroke defend her;
I'd dye, if he wad Moggie spare.

Jenny) Savny me ⁴Caressas,
Whose Bagpipe so pleases,
That never my poor Heart at ease is,
But when we are together beath .
I'd so heartily befriend him ,
If Fate was ready now to end him,
Could I but from the Stroke defend him
A thousand times I'd suffer Death ⁵

Jockey) Come let's leave this fooling ,
My Heart ne're was cooling ,
Nean e're but Jenny there was ruling
But thus our Hearts we fondly try .
Jenny) To thy Arms if thou restore me ,
Should au the Lairds ith lond adore me ,
Nay our qued King himself send forme
With thee alean I'd live and Dye .

Flute

Sheet music for Flute, showing a single line of musical notation corresponding to the dialogue above.



An Address to Vulcan.

Set by Mr. Fisher Tench

Vulcan contrive me such a Cup, As Hector us'd of Old

try all thy skill to trim it up, Try all thy Skill to trim it up, And

damask it round with go-ld, And damask it round with Gold.

Make it so large, when fill'd with Punch,
Up to the swelling Brim;
Vast toasts on the Delicious Lake, Vast &c.
(Like Ships at Sea) may swim like &c.

Carve me thereon a Curling line,
And add two lovely Boys;
Whose Limbs in am'rous folds entrwine, &c.
The Types of future Joys &c.

Cupid and Bacchus my Gods are,
May Love & Wine still reign;
With wine I wash away my Care
And then to my love again

Flute

[Sheet music for Flute, showing a melodic line in G major.]



By Dimpl'd Brook

By dimpl'd brook & fountain trim the wood nymphs deck'd with daisies trim th. merry Wakes &
 Pastimes keep wh. has night to do with sleep & has night to do with sleep

Night has better sweets to prove Venus now wak's & wakens love

Come let us our rights begin 'tis on-by daylight that makes
 sin 'tis on-by daylight that makes sin

1 S. 1st

1 S. 2nd

Sheet music for three voices, featuring three staves of musical notation with lyrics underneath. The music consists of various note heads and stems, with some markings like 'x' and 'S.'.



The Circling Glass

Temps di gavatta

pia

By the gayly

cir-cling Glas we can see how minutes pass by the hollow Cask are told

how the ruining nig ht grows odd how the waining Night grows old

Soon too soon the busy day drives us from our

sports away What have wee with day to do sons of care 'twas made for

you sons of care 'twas made for you.



Lovely Nancy

There never was nor e'er will be another such a Charming She so
 formid to please the Fancy another with such tempting grace such
 sparkling eyes & blooming face as has the lovely Nancy.

Her shape so rare & breast so white,
 Give admiration and Delight,
 And at first sight entrance ye,
 Her taper leg & tempting thigh,
 Do all comparison defie,
 For such alone has Nancy.

No borrow'd charms the fair one needs,
 In vain for her the Ruby bleeds,
 Or diamond stars you can see,
 Those jewels give but glimring ray,
 Compared to the resplendent day,
 Shines all around of Nancy

Flute

Sheet music for Flute, featuring a single melodic line on a staff with various note heads and rests.



The Jolly Bacchanalians,

set by Mr. Galliard.

Jolly Mortals fill your Glasses no---ble deeds are done by Wine

Scorn the Pymph, scorn the Nymph & all her Graces, whoid for love or beauty

pi - ne who'd for love or beauty pine.

²
Look within the Bowl that's flowing
And a thousand Charms you'll find
More than Phillis tho' just going
In the Moment to be kind
In the &c.

³
Alexander hated thinking,
Drank about at Council board;
He subdu'd the World by drinking,
More than by his Conqu'ring sword,
More &c.

Flute



sym
The Cuckow, a Favourite Song.

Allegro non troppo

When dasies
When shepherds

pid & Violets blue and Ladies smocks all Silver white & Cuckow buds of yeallow hue do pipe on Oaten straws & merry larks are Ploughmen's Clocks n' Turtles tread & Rooks & Daws &

paint the Meadowes w^t. delight
Maidens bleach their Sum^m. Smocks

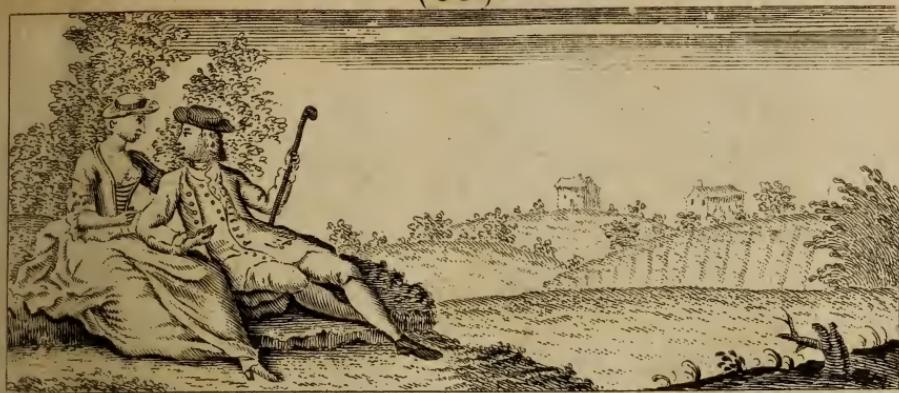
The Cuckow then on every Tree

Smocks marriid Men Smocks marriid men Smocks marriid men for thus sings he Cuckow Cuckow Cuckow Cuckow

Cuckow Cuckow O word of fear O word of fear unpleasing to a marriid ear unpleasing to a

marriid ear.

sym



The Inamour'd Swain

set by M^r Howard

Tell me dear charmer tell me why all other joys so quickly doy all but the joys of loving
 thee & they alone immortal be they neither dull the mind or sence nor loose their playing
 influence, they neither dull the mind or sence nor loose their pleasing Influence

Forever I with fierce desire,
 Could gaze on thee & never tire;
 My ravishd ears could all day long,
 Feast on the Musick of thy tongue;
 And when that fails yet still in you
 I something find that's always new.

Flute

Sheet music for Flute, featuring two staves of musical notation.



The Lass of S^t. Osyth.

set by M^r. Howard.

At S^t. Osyth by the Mill, there lives a lovely Lass; Oh had I her good
 Will! how gayly life would pass. No bold intruding Care my
 Bliss should e'er destroy; her Smiles would gild despair, & Brighten ev'ry Joy.

Like Nature's rural Scene,
 Her artless beauties Charm,
 Like them with Joy serene,
 Our wishing hearts they warm.
 Her wit with sweetnes^t Crown'd
 Steals ev'ry Sence away;
 The listning Swains around,
 Forget the short'ning Day.

Health, Freedom, Wealth & Ease,
 Without her tasteless are,
 She gives them pow'r to please
 And makes them worth our care.
 Is there ye Fates a Bliss
 Reserv'd my future care,
 Indulgent hear my wish,
 And grant it all in her.

Flute

Flute



O The Power of Drinking.

Fly Care to the Winds thus I blow the a way I'll drown thee in
 Wine if thou darst for to stay With bumpers of Claret my spirits I'll
 raise I'll laugh & I'll sing all the rest of my Days
 mise I'll laugh & I'll sing all the rest of my days

God Bacchus this moment adopts me his Son
 And inspir'd my brust glows with transports unknown
 The sparkling liquor a new Vigour supplies,
 And makes the Nymph kind who before was too wise

Then dull sober Mortals! be happy as me,
 Two bottles of Claret will make us agree
 Will open your Eyes to see Phillis's Charms,
 And her coyness wash'd down she'll fly to your Arms

Flute



The Bee,

set by M^r. Duncalf

To suck the flowers sweet a little wanton Bee; The liqui d'air did
 beat and flew from tree to tree Deceiv'd by flow'ry scent and
 eke by flow'ry hue, On Rosy sweets intent, to Delia's cheek it flew

Surpriz'd, the tim'rous Fair,
 It's fluttering pinions prest,
 Death arm'd him with despair,
 He stung and sunk to rest.
 Be still young Thirsis cry'd,
 Some Magick words I'll say;
 There's nought so sure beside,
 Can charm the pain awry.

This said, his lips he laid,
 Close to the fair one's face;
 Just where the wound was made,
 And kiss'd th' envenom'd place,
 He suck'd the fatal wound,
 And drew forth all the smart;
 But soon, alas! he found,
 The sting had pierc'd his heart.

Flute.

A musical score for Flute, consisting of two staves of music with various note heads and rests.



— Chloe Weeping —

Set by M^r. Sampe

What mean fair Cloe's mournful eyes, those sighs &c. heave her breast, oh speak dear
Sure some curst fate in en--vy tries t'invade my fair one's Rest

Nymphs declare &c. cause of so much anxious Pain; methinks those tears pronounce &c. loss of

some dear lovely Swain; methinks those tears pronounce &c. loss of some dear lovely Swain

Those blooming Cheeks like Roses dy'd,
Thro' sorrow seem to fade;
Those Eyes the radiant Sun outvi'd
O'ercast a gloomy Shade.
Sooner than they shall close with grief,
Or Cloe wear the Willow,
Kind Cupid send us both Relief,
And bless me on her Pillow.

Flute

Two staves of musical notation for a flute, consisting of sixteenth-note patterns and rests. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one flat. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one flat.



A Favourite Song in Acis and Galethea

sym

Would you gain the tender creature softly gently kindly treat her suffering
is the lovers part softly sym gently sym softly gently kindly treat her suffering is the
lovers part sym would you gain the tender creature sym the
tender creature softly gently kindly treat her softly sym gently sym softly gently kindly
treat her suffering is the lovers part sym softly sym gently sym kindly treat her

The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time, featuring a mix of treble and bass clefs. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The subsequent staves switch between treble and bass clefs. The vocal line is supported by a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words written above the notes and others below, often using musical symbols like 'sym' and 'softly' to indicate performance style.



Compos'd by M^r. Handel

suffring is the lovers part

Beauty by constraint po-

possing you enjoy but half the blessing lifeless charms without y^e heart lifeless char^m without y^e heart

D.C.

beauty by constraint possing you enjoy but half y^e blessing lifeless charms without y^e heart

Flute

song

3

8

D.C.



A Favourite Song

The Charms wth. blooming beauty shew, Infance's heavenly fair, We
 to the Sil-ly & the Rose, With semblance apt compare, wth. semblance apt for Ah! how
 soon how so-on they a---ll decay, the Sil-ly droops, the Rose is
 gone and beauty fades awa-----y and Beauty fades a way
 But when bright Virtue stands confest, Wth sweet discretion joyn'd;
 With mildness calms the peaceful breast And wisdom guides the mind

When Charms like these conspire,
 Thy person to approve,
 They kindle generous chaste desire,
 And everlasting Love

Flute





The Whining Lover,

set by Mr. Markwell

Women thoughtless giddy Creature, laughing S---le flutt-ring thing;

Most fantastick work of Nature, still like fan-cy on the Wing

*Slaves to ev'ry changing Passion,
Loving hating in extrem;
Fond of ev'ry foolish fashion,
And at best a pleasing dream.*

*Sloveby triple! dear Illusion!
Conquering weakness, wish'd for pain;
Man's chief glory and Confusion,
Of all Vanities most vain.*

*Thus deriding beauty's power,
We will call it all a Cheat;
But in less than half an hour,
Kneeld and whin'd at Celia's feet.*

FLUTE



The Advice
set by M^r. Handel

Mortals wisely learn to measure life by the extent of Joy; life is
short and fleeting Pleasure then be gay,

whilst you may, and your hours in Mirth employ

Never let a mistre² pain you,
Tho she meets you with a frown;
Fly to Wine, twill soon unchain you,
Chear thy Heart,
And all smart,
In a sweet oblivion drown.

If loves fiercer flames shou'd seize thee
To some gentle Maid repair;
She'll with soft Endearments ease thee
On her Breast,
Lull'd to Rest,
Cas'd of Love and free from Care.

Friendship, Wine and Love united,
From all Ills defend the Mind;
By them guarded and delighted,
Happy State,
Smile at Fate,
And leave Sorrow to the Wind.

Flute

* * * * *



The Amazon

set by M. S. Howard

Swains I scorn who nice and fair, Shiver at the morning air,
 rough and hardy bold and free, be the Man that's made for me
 rough and hardy bold and free, be the Man that's made for me.

Slaves to fashion slaves to dress,
 Tops alone them selves care less;
 Let them without Rival be,
 They are not the Men for me

While his speed outstrips the mind
⁴ Loosly wave his locks behind;
 From fantastick Popp'ry free,
 He's the Man that's made for me.

He whose nervous Arm can dart,
 The Jav'lin to the Tyger's heart;
 From all sense of danger free,
 He's the Man that's made for me.

⁵ Nor simp'ring smile, nor dimpl'd cheek;
 Spoil his manly sun burnt cheek;
 By weather let him painted be
 He's the Man that's made for me

If false he proves my Jav'lin can
 Revenge the Perjury of Man,
 And soon another brave as he
 Shall be found the Man for me

Flute

(Musical score for Flute, showing a series of notes and rests)



The force of Love

Ah! cruel Blood of fate what canst thou now do more alas tis now to late Philander
 to restore Why should the heavenly pow'rs persuade poor mortals to be
 lieve they guard us here & reward us there yet all our Joys deceive.

Her Poniard then she took and held it in her hand
 And with a dying look cry'd thus I fate command
 Philander ah my love I come to meet thy shade below
 Ah I come she cry'd with a wound so wide there needs no second blow

In purple waves her blood ran streaming down the floor
 Unmov'd she saw the flood and blest her dying hour
 Philander ah Philander still the bleeding Phillis cry'd
 She wept awhile then forc'd a smile then clos'd her Eyes & dy'd

Flute.

Flute part musical score



The Friendly Adviser

see by Mr. Carey

Trust not Man for he'll deceive you Treachery is his sole intent

first he'll court you then he'll leave you Poor de-lu-de'd to lament :

Listen to a kind ad-viser Men pur-sue but to perplex,

would you happy be grow niser and a-void the faithless swain

Form'd by nature to undo us , They escape our utmost heed Oh! how humble when they woo us Oh! how vain when they succeed .

So the Bird when once deluded By the artful Fowler's snare , Mourns out life in Cage seclud'd; Virgins then in time beware .

Flute

Flute part score



A Favourite Song

As Cupid roguishly one day had all alone stole out to play
 Muses caught y.

little little little knave & captive love to beauty gave the Muses caught y. little little little
 know & captive love to beauty gave The Saug- - - - ing dame soon

mist her son & here & there & here & there & here & there distracted m - - - - n dis
 tracted run & here & there & here & there & here & there distracted run and still his

liberty to gain his liberty to gain offers his Ransom but in vain in vain in vain the



Compos'd by M^r. Eccles —

willing willing Bris'ner still hug's his Chain & vons he'll ne'er be free and vons he'll ne'er be
 free no
 no
Flute.

Flute.



The Lark

Set by N. Lampe

Ah pretty tunful flutting thing! raise noise thy gently thrilling Note,
 Lark! the fond echo's roundly sing & steel their Music from thy throat
 yeilding Air, with spreading wing & donny blast see Phœbus waits to meet thee
 there & greet thee now a welcome guest & greet thee now a welcome guest.

Thee soon the piping Shepherd hears,
 And imitates thy warbling strain;
 With sweeter sounds you charm our ears,
 And silence the presuming swain.

Glad thro' the bending Corn I stray
 While you aloft at pleasure rove
 And hov'ring hail the new born day
 With songs of Mirth & Notes of Love.

Aid with thy Harmony my Muse!
 And to thy Music tune my Song
 May all the Nine their warmth infuse
 Bet soft as thine, as sweet and strong

My Fanny then thy voice shall charm
 With me thro' flow'ry fields to rove
 Whilst taught by thee my lays shall run
 Their tender breast to glow with love

Flute



Bacchus & Venus United.

Claudio to manly sports & genious nine twelve circling wth his spo - riful
 A jol. by Son of Bacchus uncontrould stranger to care his hou - rs un

Heart inclin'd; The God of wine so much engro - fid his heart Venus with
 needed roll'd.

all her charms possedd no pa - rt Venus wth. all her char^ms possedd no part.

Cupid enrag'd drew his unerring dart, || Love triumph's now o're Claudio's manly,
 And in revenge shot quite thro' Claudio's hea. || But still allons the life-reviving bowl
 The joound swain still loath to leave his glas, || When love & Wine in mutual convere meet
 Or to confess fair Delia's Charms surpass,
 Now pensive strives in vain t'avoid love^{o're} || Mortals like Gods are render'd then complai
 Bacchus & Venus should be hand in Glove
 Wine but his second, Delia, his first Care. || He that would life enjoy must drink &c. soul

Flute

tr.



The
TELL TALE

Blab not what you ought to smother honours laws should sacred be boasting favours

from another ne'er will favour gain with me ne'er will favour gain n^o. me.

But inspir'd with indignation sooner I'd lead Apes in Hell, e'er I'd trust my

Repu-tation, with such fools as kiss and tell n^o, such fools as kiss & tell

He who finds a hidden Treasure,
Never should the same reveal,
He whom beauty crowns with pleasure
Cautious should his Joy conceal,
Cautious should his Joy conceal.

Him with whom my heart I'll venture,
Shall my fame from censure save,
One where truth and prudence center,
And as sacred as the Grave,
And as sacred as the Grave.

Flute

Flute



The Amorous Lad.

Violino Unisoni

Set by M^r. Alland

Symphony

Give me give me a Bottle & a glass that

hates a lucky hour; she plays from amorous Sport free from Am- rous por ting free.

Piano

who moves by no nicely Dear, dure Whisper

Ton into my ears & burns my fancy and ur- ge by Ecstasy



The Sweet Rosy Morn.

Set by Mr. Leveridge.

The sweet rosy Morn peeps over y' Hills With Blushes adorning The

Meadows & Fields. The merry merry merry Horn call come come a

way A wakes from your Slumbers and hail y' new Day The —

2
The Stag rowz'd before us,
Away seems to fly,
And pants to y' Chorus
Of Hounds in full cry.

cho.
Then follow, follow, follow;
The Musical Chase,
Where Pleasure & Vigorous
Health you embrace.

3
The Day Sport when over,
Makes blood circle right,
And gives the brisk Lover
Fresh Charms for y' Night.

Then let us, let us now enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let Love crown the Night,
As our Sports crown y' Day.

FLUTE.



The faithful Courtship.

Secty Mr Lamp.

My Lesbia let us live, & love, — Let crabbed Age talk what it will; — Kiss me a
 thousand time & then, give me a hundred Kisses more, now kiss a thousand
 times a gain, then th'other hun dred as be-
 fore, then th'other hun dred as be-fore.

And y^r, when we have done all this, — Thus we will love, & thus we'll live, —
 That our sweet Pleasures may remain, While all our passing Minutes fly,
 We will continue on our Bliss, — Well have no Time to vex, or grieve,
 Unkissing of them all again. — But kiss, & unkiss till we die. —

Flute.

Flute part: A musical score for a flute, consisting of two staves of sixteenth-note patterns. The first staff is in common time (indicated by 'C') and the second is in 3/8 time (indicated by '3'). The music continues from the previous section, providing harmonic support for the vocal parts.



A Favourite Song.

Symphony

Song;

Ye Mortals that love drinking apply your selves to me tis I destroy dull

thinking I'm nought but Jol-li-oy

Sym; *Song;*

Let Whining puny fysas con-

- temn the quaffing Lad We'll freely take our glases and never once be

Musical score for three staves, featuring a symphony part and two song parts (Symphony, Song). The lyrics are written below the notes in a cursive hand. The score consists of ten staves of music, each with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The vocal parts are in soprano range, and the symphony part is in bass range.



Compos'd by Mr James

Sym;

d and never once be sad

Song:

Our Joys must all be Lasting whilst

Bacchus we pursue of Pleasure Still we're Tasting Each Bottle makes it new Our

future blis we'll think on when all the Clare's gone but now we'll bravely drink on and

Adagio.

Quite Exhaust the Fun. D:C.

Quite Exhaust the Fun.



The Ladies Passion Fixt.

Set by M. Stanley.

To little or no Purpose I spent many Days, In ranging y^e Park th^e Ex
change^d the Plays, for never in my Ramble till now did I prove so lucky to
meet with the Man I could love, Oh! how am I pleaseⁿ. I think on this Man, y^e J
find I must love let me do n^t I can, that I find I must love let me do w^t I can.

How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
Than had I a Fever when I should be well; —
My Passion shall kill me, before I will shew it,
And yet I would give all if World he did know it,
But Oh! how I sigh, w^t I think, shoud he woo me,
I cannot deny what I know woud undo me. —

Flute.



The Faithful Shepherdess.

Lively but not too fast

Set by M. Howard

At setting Day, & rising Morn, With Soul that still shall Love thee; I'll

ask of Heavn thy safe Re-turn, With all that can improve thee; I'll

visit oft the Birken Bush, Where first thou kindly told me, sweet

Tales of Love and hid my Blush, Whilst round thou didst en-fold me.

To all our Haunts I will repair; - There will I tell ye Treas & Stowrs, -
 By Greenwood shaw or Fountain; From Thoughts unsign'd & tender; -
 Or where if Sommer Day I'd share, By Yous you're mine, by Love is yours,
 With thee upon yon Mountain. A Heart which cannot wander. -

Flute.



Sylvia Wounded

How happy I liv'd upon the plain the Envy of each Lass
 till fate Presented to my view the charming Mr. Glass

But melancholy now and sad,
 The tedious minutes pass,
 All wonder at the fatal cause,
 But oh! the cause is Glass.

Let other nymphs try every art,
 To wed a wealthy lass;
 But had I millions to bestow,
 I'd give it all to Glass.

When Sprightly Musick us'd to play,
 Tripp'd it on the grass;
 No Dance or Musick now am please
 Like voice of Mr. Glass.

I us'd to be devout at Church,
 As any run at Mass;
 But all my adoration now,
 Is plac'd on Mr. Glass

My parents with industrious care,
 Did mighty sums amass;
 No one deserves those sums to share,
 So well as Mr. Glass.

Then cease your plaints ye am'rous swains
 Vain are your sighs alas,
 My pity all you can obtaine,
 My loves for Mr. Glass.

FLUTE

Sheet music for the flute, featuring a series of sixteenth-note patterns across four staves.



St. Roberts

scit

Advice to Cælia.

a New Song.

Shun not Cælia Loves soft Pleasures, Cause they will not
always last, Thus the Miser least his Treasure E'er should
undo Dares never Tast, E'er should end Dares never Tast.

2
Beauty's but a fading Flou'r -
Would you therefore Love refuse -
Or because there's one last Hour
Would you all the others lose -
Would you &c.

3
Wisely Seize y^e present Blessing
What tho soon y^e Blessing ends -
Oft repeated Joys possessing -
Bid the Number make amends.
Bid the &c.

Flute.

2
4
*2
4



The Modest Question.

Can Love be con-trould by Ad-vise, Can Madness and Reason ad-
 grec; O Molly whó'd ever be wise, If Madness is loving of Thee.
 Let Sages pre-tend to despise, the Joys they want; Spirits to Taste, let
 me seize Old Time as He flies And if Blessings of Life while they last.
 Dull Wisdom but adds to our Care Then Molly for what should we stay,
 Brisk Love will improve every Joy; Till our best Blood begin to run cold;
 Too soon we may meet wth grey Hairs, Our Youth we can have but to Day,
 Too late may repent being Coy: We may always find Time to grow Old.



The Invitation

Andante.

Come dear Amanda quit the Town, And to the rural Hamlets

fly; Behold y^e wintry storms are gone, a gentle Radiance glads y^e Sky.

The Birds a wake, y^e Flowers appear; Earth spreads a verdant couch for

thee, tis Joy & Musick all we hear; tis Love & Beauty all we see.

Come, let us mark y^e gradual Spring, Let us secure the short delight, —
 How peep y^e Bud, y^e Blossom blows, And wisely crop y^e blooming Day,
 Till Philomel begins to sing, — For soon, too soon it will be Night,
 And perfect May to spread y^e Rose Arise my Love & come away.



Cantata.

ALEXIS.

*Se! from y' silent Grove Allices flies and seeks nth every pleasing Art to ease the
pain nth lovely Eyes created in his Heart, To shining theaters he now repairs to learn Ca-*

Recit.

millas moving Airs nth thus to Musicks pow'r y^e Swain addrest his Pray'r^s ARIA

Slow

Charming sounds y^e sweetly languish th'wick O Compose my anguish every

passion yields to thee every passion yields to thee Charming sounds y^e sweetly languish musick

O Compose my anguish every passion yield to thee every passion yields to



ALEXIS.

Thee Phoebus quickly then relieve me, Cupid shall no more deceive me, I'll to
 sprightlier joys be free to sprightlier joys I'll be free, I'll to sprightlier joys be free: Apollo heard y' foolish

Recit.

s. DC

I saw; he knew n^o Daphne once he lov'd, how weak t^{an}swage, Amorous pain his own harmon^{ous} art had

I prud^e & all his healing herbs, vain, then y^w he strikes y^e speaking strings Preluding to his voice

Aria

Sings. Cimbalo

Violoncello



ALEXIS.

Sounds tho' charming can't relieve thee. Sounds tho' charming can't re-

lieve thee do not Shepherd then de ceiveth thee. Musick is the voice of Love.

Musick is the voice of Love. Sounds tho' charming can't relieve thee.

do not Shepherd then de ceiveth thee. Musick is the voice of Love. Musick

Sheet music for 'ALEXIS.' featuring five systems of musical notation. The music is in common time and includes basso continuo, cello, violins, oboe, and soprano voices. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts of the score.



ALEXIS.

is the voice of love Musick is the voice of love
If the tender maid be

live thee soft re-lenting kindom senting will a lone thy pain re move will a

lone thy pain re move soft re lenting kindom senting will a lone thy pain re move

D.C



Set by M^r Howard

The Lover.

If Love be a Fault & in me thought a Crime, how great my offence, bear you
 witness O Time, The Days & y^e Nights, & y^e hours as they roll'd, y["] know may be
 felt, but are neir to be told. One Day past away, & saw nothing but love, A-
 nother came on, & y^e something did prove^r The Sun it grew tird still to
 look on the same, but I grew more pleasd as if next moment came.

I saw you all Day, & all Day with new gust,
 And yet ev'ry Day was to me as the first:
 Thus fleeting Time passes wth Down on its Wings,
 And whilst this remains, rest unenvy'd ye Kings.
 If this be a Crime, be my Judge ye Fair,
 And if I must suffer for what is so rare,
 True Lovers hereafter this wonder shall tell,
 The cause of my Death, was for loving too well.



Saraband *The Lass of the Hill.* Set by M^r Lampé,

At the Brow of a Hill a fair Shepherdess dwelt, Who y^e sings of Ambition Or Love had ne'er Telle;

A few sober Maxims still rive in her Head, that was best for to earn e'er she eather brown Bread, y^e to-

rise with if Clark was con-dusive to Health, And to folks in a Cottage Con-tentment was Wealth.

Young Roger that liv'd in y^e Valley below,
Who at Church & at Market was reckond a Beau;
Would often times try o'er her Heart to prevail,
And Rest on his Pitchfork to tell her how Tale,
That wth ease his Addresses soongain'd on her heart
Being artless herself, She suspected no Art. -

He flatter'd, protested he kneeld & implord,
And his lies he wth Oaths woud still grace like a Lord,
Her Eyes he commanded wth language well dress'd,
And enlarg'd on y^e Tortures he felte in his Breast,
With sighs & wth Tears he so sofiend her Mind,
That in downright compassion to love she indind.

But no sooner hed melted y^e Ice in her Breast,
The heat of his Passion y^e Moment decreasid,
And now he goes flaunting all over y^e Vale,
And boasts of his Conquest to Richard & Hall,
Tho he sees her but seldom he's always in hast,
And wth e'er he mentions her makes her his fast.

Take heed therefore Maidens of Briton's gay Isle,
How you venture your Hearts for a look or a smile,
For young Cupid is artful & Virgins are frail,
And you'll find a false Roger in every Vale. -
Who to Court you & tempt you will try all his skill,
But remember y^e Lass at the Brow of y^e Hill.

Another Tune to the Same Words.



The Amorous Protector

set by M^r. Lampre

Of e'ry sweet that glads the Spring, a tribute
 to try Charms I'll bring; I'll i...mi-tate the bu-sy
 Bee, to make a fra--grant Crown for thee.

When from y^e plains we're chad awry, And when to rest her Eyes incline,
 By the fierce God that rules the Day; And light nor they no longer shine;
 I'll lead thee to y^e shades and Streams, The fairest fleece of e'ry Sheep,
 To shield thee from his Scorching Beams. My love shall press in peaceful Sleep.

From all the Ills that Night invade,
 I'll guard the dear, the beauteous Maid;
 My tender faithful Care shall prove,
 None watch so well as those that love.

Flute

Flute part musical score



The Maids Repentance -

set by M. Graves

Ye Gods! I foot-ish... by de-nid my Strephon's last Address,
Pro-vok'd he now no more re-ply'd, but left me in distrep.

Oh Cupid! send your surest dart, & streight Command his stay, let

him once more but Ask my heart, I'll ne-ver more say, nay.

Thus happy moments oft we lose,
By some ill fate inspirid,
At once Capriciously refuse,
The thing we most admirid;

No more I'll blame loves ruling Pow'r
Or, Curse his just Decree;
Twas I that fix'd th' unlucky hour,
And twas confirm'd by me.

Flute

Flute



Advice to Britain. By M. Sparrow

Sym.

Allegro

Rouse Britons, Drive the foe would stily work thy
Woe, Set haughty Bourbon know we will be
Dreaded still; Assert thee on the Main make all
their efforts vain, whose wilts makes Discord reign and
fill the world with pain, Ambitions vilest ill,



Compos'd by Mr. Henry Burges junior:

S.

Am - bition's vilest Ill.

6 6 6 6

Should Bourbons Force appear
Against this Isle in War —
Cease we th' intestine jarr —
And in one Mind unite —
Then vainly whats designid —
We'd give up to the Wind —
And to their cost they'd find
With an unconquer'd Mind
A Briton still can Fight.

The Bloody Front of War —
O Britons! never fear —
But let us bravely dare —
And make our Annals shine —
And let 'em once more see —
We can set Europe Free —
And plough each distant Sea
With lawless Liberty —
In spight of Bourbons line.

For the German Flute.

S.

3/4 3/4 3/4 3/4

* 9/8 9/8 9/8 9/8

* 9/8 9/8 9/8 9/8

* 9/8 9/8 9/8 9/8

* 9/8 9/8 9/8 9/8

* 9/8 9/8 9/8 9/8



— Address to Celia —

set by M. Fosting

If beauty's lure a lone in-vite, Absence may heal our

Pain, But prudence vainly quits her sight, whose sense & worth re-

main. But prudence vainly quits her sight, whose sense & worth remain.

The fairest Face we may Dis-pise, — Caught by thy Person & thy sense,
Which hides a Foolish Mind, — Tis both alike I fear,
But Reason guides y^r Lovers Eyes, For if the Eye could make defence,
When charms & Wit are joyned. — You'd conquer by the Ear . —

Flutes, —

Flute music score



The Moderate Lover

set by M. Lampé

Sell me not of a face that's fair, nor lip & cheek that's red, Nor of a rare se-
Nor of the tresses of her hair, nor curls in order spread;

raphic voice, like an Angel sings, Tho' if I were to take my choice I
would have all these things: But if y^e thou will have me love, it must be a she; The
only argument can move is y^e she will love me, Is that she will love me,

The glories of your brain's be, — But Metaphors of things,
And but resembles what we see, Each common object brings,
Roses out-red their lips, and cheeks, Killas their whiteness stain,

What fool is he that shadows seeks
And may the substance gain?
Then if thou'll have me love a lass,
Let it be one that's kind,
Else I'm a servant to the glass,
That's with good Claret und.

Flute -

Six staves of musical notation for flute, consisting of vertical lines with small horizontal dashes indicating pitch and rhythm.



Lov's Bacchanal.

Set by Mr Vincent.

Syphon why that Clou'dy Forehead Whoso vainly cross'd those Arms silly Swain thy Aspect
 horrid rother frightens her y' Charms Rouse each dull; drooping spirit fling away thy
 Myrtle Wreath Bumpers large of gen'rrous Claret makes thee love & raptured Breath.

Sacrifice this Juice prolifick — | See y' high charg'd Goblet smiling —
 To each letter of her Name — | Bids thee strephon drink & prove
 Gods they deemd it a Specifick | Wine's the Liquor most bequiling
 Why not Mortals do y' same | Wine's y' Weapon conquers love.

Flute

Flute part musical score



Polly Willis

Set by W. Cox

Attend ye ever tuneful Swains that in melodious lulling strains of

(Music score for the first system, featuring a treble clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp.)

Ave sing or Phillis, Tho' weak my skill tho' rude my verse &

(Music score for the second system, continuing the melody.)

braid me not whilst I rehearse, the charms of Polly Willis.

(Music score for the third system, concluding the melody.)

Tho' languid I and poor in thought
No simile shall here be brought
From Roses Pinks and Lillies
Some meaner Beauties they may hit
But save no simile can fit
The charms of Polly Willis.

A simile to match her hair —
Her lovely forehead high and fair
Beyond my greatest skill is —
How then ye Gods! can be express'd,
The Eyes, the lips the heaving breast,
Of charming Polly Willis.

Flute

She's not like Venus on the Flood,
Nor as she once on Ida stood, —
Nor mortal Amarillis; —
From all that's lovely bright and fair
Of pleasing shape & killing Air,
And that is Polly Willis. —

Tho' time her charms may wear away
All beauty must in time decay —
Yet in her pow'r there still is —
A charm which shall for life endure
I mean the spotless mind and pure
Of charming Polly Willis.

(Music score for the flute part, featuring a treble clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp.)



Stella and Flavia

Set by M. Howard

Stella and Flavia ev'ry hour do various hearts surprize in Stella's soul is
 all her pow'r & Flavia in her Eyes in Stella's soul is all her pon'r &
 Flavia's in her Eyes. more boundless Flavia's conquests are and Stella's
 more confind All can discern a face that's fair but few a hear'nly Mind.

Stella, like Britain's Monarch, reigns
 O'er cultivated Lands;
 Like Eastern tyrants Flavia deigns,
 To rule o'er barren Sands
 Then boast fair Flavia boast thy face
 Thy Beautie's only Store
 Each day that makes thy Charms decrease
 Will give to Stella more.



THE COQUETS

set by M. Worgan

slow
3/4 sym F

At the close of the day when the bean flow'r and hay breath'd Odours, in
ev'ry Wind, Love enlivend the veins of the damsels and swains, each
glance & each action was kind each glance & each action was kind

Molly wanton and free,
Kiss'd and sat on each knee —
Fond extasie swam in her eyes —
See thy Mother is near —
Hark! she calls the to hear —
What Age and experience advice

First thou seen the Blithe dove —
Stretch her neck to her love —
All glossy with Purple and Gold —
If a kiss he obtain —
She repeats it again —
What follows you need not be told.

Cook ye mother she cry'd —
You instruct me in pride —
And men by good manners are won —
She who trifles with all —
Is less likely to fall —
Than she who but trifles with one

Prithee Molly be wise —
Lest by sudden surprise —
Love shou'd tingle in ev'ry vein —
Take a Shepherd for life —
And when once you're a wife —
You safely may trifle again

Molly smiling reply'd
Then I'll soon be a bride
Old Roger has Gold in his Chest.
But I thought all you wives
Chose a Man for your lives
And trifled no more with the rest



Bacchus Defeated

the Words & Musick by M. Philips

Bacchus must now his pow'r resign I am the only God of Wine I am the only
 God of Wine It is not fit y. wretch should be in Competition set with me
 who can drink ten times more who &c. ten times more who &c. ten times more than he ten times
 more ten times more ten times mo-----re who can drink ten times ^{more} than he

Let other Mortals vainly war
 A tedious life with Anxious Care
 A tedious life &c.
 Let the ambitious w^t and think
 Let states and Empires swim or sink
 My sole ambition is
 My sole &c.
 My sole ambition is to drink

Make a new world ye powers divin
 Stock it with nothing else but Wine
 Stock it with &c.
 Let Wine its only product be
 Let wine be Earth be Air and Sea
 And let that wine be all
 And let that &c.
 And let that wine be all for me .



The happy Beggars

Tho' Begging is an honest trade wth wealthy knaves despise yet rich men may be begg'd made &
 we that beg may rise, ² The greatest kings may be betray'd & lose their sovereign pow'r But
 he that stoops to ask his bread but he ly^s stoops to ask his bread can never fall much lower.

Tho' Foreigners have swarfed of late and spoild our begging trade,
 Yet still we live and drink good beer, tho' they our rights invade
 Some say they for Religion fled, but Wiser People tell us
 They were forc'd here to seek their bread, for being too rebellious

Let heavy taxes greater grow, to make our Army fight, —
 Where'ts not to be had you know, the king must lose his right
 Let one side laugh the other mourn we nothing have to fear
 But that great Lords will beggars be to be as great as we are

What tho' we make the W^{rld} believe, that we are sick or lame
 Tis now a virtue to deceive, our teachers do the same, —
 In trade dissembling is no Crime and we may live to see,
 That begging in a little time the only Trade will be. —

Flute



The Sleepy Fair.

Set by M. Howard

One Summers Eve as Strephon woid wrapte up in thought profound,
priz'd he saw his best belov'd lyfe sleeping on the Ground
Awake my pretty sleeper wake:awake to Strephons call Be
careful for your Lovers sake 'Tis Night the dew-drops fall.

Then to her Cheek his lips he laid
And gently stole a kyss
She still slept on he not dismay'd
Repeats the transient blis
She wakes and thus with angry tone,
Away Away she cries
Then fault'ring bids the Swain begone
Then sight and clos'd her Eyes.

Tho' cruelare your words sweet maid
Can syphs proceed from hate?
My doubts are gone then down he laid
Resolv'd to share her fate,
Defended from the noxious air
Within his Arms she lay
And tho' the Swain oft wak'd the fair,
She said no more till day.

Flute



The Jealous Swain

Set by Mr. Russell

Sweet were once the joys I tasted all was Jollity and love time me thought too
 nimble hasted n^o. on pleasure's wings did move Chloe's heart was all my treasure never

was a richer Swain Chloe doubled ev'ry pleasure Chloe bannish'd ev'ry pain

But the envious Gods repining,
 So much Bliss on Earth to see,
 All their bitt'rest Curses joining,
 Dashed my Cup with jealousy;
 Now where ev'n my Pipe resounded,
 Steals the sigh and heart felt Grief,
 Love by doubts and fears surrounded,
 I'll dispute a tott'ring Throne.

Fool that ever art pursuing
 What conceald is always best,
 Jealousy loves Child and ruin,
 Leave oh leave my tortur'd breast,
 With the stately pow'r confessing
 Thou to Venus mildly deal,
 They who shun or slight thy Blessing
 Should alone thy torments feel.

Flute

Flute music score with two staves of musical notation.



A Cure for Love

Set by M. Stanley

(12) Long by an Idle Passion lost by love undone my reason left how many fruitless
tears it cost to free me from the sma - rt to free me from my man

(212) I raved I sigh'd but all in vain could not my liberty regain or break the little
tyrants chain alas how weak my art

At length I stlen' to pride for aid
But equally by that betray'd
To every Power in vain I pray'd
But none would pity show.

Till reason to my breast once more
Did all my former peace restore
And brought content not in the pom.
Of Strephon to restore.

Flute

(12) [Flute part: sixteenth-note patterns]



The Inconstant.

Set by Mr. Lampe.

When fading Beauty does de-cay, What dost think that love will stay;
 To love elsewhere I'm not to blame, Phillis is no more of same; A
 change in all we dai-ly see, Constant in In-constan-cy.

Chloe triumphant rules the Day,
 Then for Celia must give way, —
 But when Clarissa comes in sight,
 Cecilia is forgotten quite —
 No fair one long can pleasure me,
 Constant in Inconstancy. —

Almighty love disdain restraint,
 Ever will for Freedom pant, —
 Nor can you me Inconstant call,
 Who by turns love always all.
 Then bless'd be dear Variety,
 Constant in Inconstancy. —

Flute

Flute part for the musical setting of the song.



Philander's Vow.

Set by M^r. Boyce.

Tender

In vain Phi-lan-der at my Feet you urge your Guilty

Humble With well dis-sem-bled Tears entreat New Oaths

impious Vows repeat and wrong loves sacred Name

*Ah! cease to call that passion Love
Whose end is to betray
Too soon should I comply you'd prove
What sensual views your Ardour move
And your affection sway.*

*And when to all my fondness blind
You'd chase me from your Breast
Deluded Wretch! when could I find
That calm Content that peace of Mind
Which I before possesst*



Arno's Vale

Set by M. Holcombe.

When here Lu-cinda first we came
 Where Arno rolls his sil-ver streams
 How briskly Nymphs & Swains how gay Content in spir'd each ru-ral bay The
 Birds in livelier Concert sung the Grapes in thicker Clusters hung
 all looked as Joy could never fail Among y^r sweets of Arno's Vale.

But now since good Palemon dy'd
 The chief of Shepherds & the Pride
 Now Arnos Sons must all give place
 To Northern Swains an Iron race

The Taste of Pleasure now is o'er —
 Thy Notes Lu-cinda please no more
 The Muses droop the Goths prevail
 Adieu the sweets of Arno's Vale.



HAPPY PAIR

Give at the Royal Feast for Persia Won by Philip's Warlike Arm'd in anfull State the
 godlike Heros sat On his Imperial Throne his valiant Peers were plac'd around their Bronz'n
 roses and with Myrtle bounds Should Desert in Arms be crown'd The lovely Thais by his
 side sat like a blooming eastern Bride in storir of Youth and Beauty With
 Pia

Slow

Allegro

For

Happy happy happy pair None but a true none but a true

Sheet music score with four staves of musical notation.



A FAVOURITE Song.

None but is bne uer dese rris sh Fair stome but is bne uer dese rris sh Fair
 happy happy happy fair happy ha
 ppv happy happy happy fair
 None but is bne uer dese rris sh Fair stome but is bne uer dese rris sh Fair
 None but is bne uer dese rris sh Fair

None but is bne uer dese rris sh Fair stome but is bne uer dese rris sh Fair
 None but is bne uer dese rris sh Fair

None but is bne uer dese rris sh Fair stome but is bne uer dese rris sh Fair



The Lover's Complaint

Amoroso.

See by M^r W^m Hodson.

Sym

I love I deat I'm all De-sire No Tongue can
tell my Pain My Breasts in Arms my Hearts on fire In murmur
I complain in murmur I complain.

2 Thro' evry Feature reigns a Charm
Immortals own her Sway
Her Brownest thousand Breasts alarm
So rob their Souls of Day.

3 Her Smiles ecstatic Pleasures give
Dispell my gloomy Woe
Make drooping Nature learn to live
No anxious Care I know.

4 Some soul enchanting pow'r oh! more
This too divinely fair
Tell her how I'm distract'd by love
How tortur'd by despair:



The Mutual Lovers.

Set by M^r W^m Codson.

Amoroso.

Sym

teach my Tong to whom if sweetest Joys be long & who the Happy Happy

Rain. Whose yielding hearts & joining hands find bleſſings twiſed

with their Bands to ſoften a----- All their care to ſoften all their care

Not if wild Herds of Nymphs & Swains
Who thoughtleſs fly into the Chains
As Custom leads the way
If there be Blisſ without Design
Ivy and Oaks may grow & twine
And beas blot as they.

Nor minds of melancholly Strain
Still Silent or that still complain
Can the dear bondage bleſſ
As well may Heavily concerts ſpring
From two old Lutes with neira ſtring
Or none besides the Base.

Two kindest Souls alone muſt meet
Sis Friendship makes if bondage ſweet
And feeds their mutual loves
Bright lenus on her roſting Throne
Is drawn by gentleſt Birds alone
And Cupids Yoke if shores.



H. Roberts sculpsit

The Constant Lover:

Set by Miss Morgan.

Toss'd in doubts & fears I rove, On the Stormy Seas of love; Far from
 comfort far from Port, Beauty's Prize & Fortune's Sport, Yet my Heart disclaims dis-
 pair; While I trace my leading Star; While I trace my leading Star:

But reserv'dness like a Cloud,
 Hid too oft her Glorious Shroud,
 Pierc'd by Gloom reviving Sight,
 Be auspicious as your Bright;
 • to you hide or dart your beams,
 Your Ardor sinks or Swims.

Flute

(Musical score for Flute, featuring three staves of sixteenth-note patterns.)



Hon. Robert's sculp.

Love and Honour.

Set by Mr. Lampé.

I wish & long for that which I by custom forced must needs deny by custome
 forced must needs deny how hard a Virgin State To frown Alaris I am bid & if I
 smile am fub'd & chid and if I smile am fub'd & chid who d live at such a Rate.

In vain alas is all disguise —
 My words but contradict my Eyes
 my words &c
 He reads my passion there
 O love! what is there to be done?
 Must I what most I covet shun
 must I &c
 And bid if Youth dispair: —

Forbid it all ye powers above! —
 Cupid prevailing God of Love —
 Cupid &c
 Decreed us for each other —
 Let Hymen light his Torch I dare
 Be his without a blush or fear —
 Behis &c
 To immitate my Mother: —

Flute.

(Musical score for Flute, showing two staves of music.)



Hail Windsor:

Set by Mr. Travers.

Larghetto

Hail Windsor crown'd th.

lof thy Song's th Nature wantons at her Will decks every Vale with fruits & flowers
wa ving Trees adorn each Hill Like

Mars wth Venus in his Arms like his thy Strength like hers thy

charms like his thy Strength like hers thy Charms

When o'er thy Plains I stretch mine Eyes,
Plas'd wth thy Prospects unconfid.
A thousand scenes before me rise,
A thousand beautys charm my Mind,
So different each, yet each agrees,
Nor this, nor that but all things please.

Thus Strephon views his lovely fair;
From charm to charm in raptures lost,
Yet not her face, nor shape, nor Air;
Nor yet her Eyes transport him most,
But tis the Heav'ly finish'd whole,
With matchless Grace delights his Soul.



A Preservative against Love. Set by M^r. Campion.

trill

How frail alas! we Mortals are how lost to sense how vain! In vain we woud his
When once wth powerful love we dare a fancy'd war maintaine.

Poor with stand^s fa... re by force repell He has more

Absolute Comānd if ma... re we would re bell.

(Coda)

Tis only flight can make us blest -
And free us from loves Dart
One Moment stay destroys our Rest
But this preserves the Heart
So shall our lives in peace be Free -
Each day new pleasures prove
He that's possess'd of Liberty —
Desires the shafts of love. —

FLUTE



Bright Author of

Con Spirito

*Bright Author of my present flame am I awake or do I dream
art thou an Angel y^t I see come down from heavn to comfort me Bright me or art a Su-ry
lately made escape from hell to cheat me to cheat me in a fairer shape Or shape*

Affettuoso

*Thou like a Commet dost ap-pear
in this our los^t fire quenched Sphere Sphere At once to dazzel*

The musical score consists of four staves of baroque-style music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, the second with an alto clef, the third with a bass clef, and the fourth with a bass clef. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The vocal line is integrated with the musical texture, with lyrics appearing below the notes. The overall style is characteristic of 17th or 18th-century choral or operatic music.



my present Flame.

Set by Mr. Travers.

and sur prize th love our Hearts th light our Eyes with love our Hearts with

(Measure 1)

light our Eyes. At Eyes But if thou come por-

(Measure 2)

tending fu ture Pain een like a Blazing Star retire again But if thou come por-

(Measure 3)

tending fu ture Pain een like a Bla...

(Measure 4)

zing Star retire again een like a Bla...

(Measure 5)

zing Star retire a gain.



The Reliefs.

Now y' busy day is o'er, To y' bottle let us fly, if our spirits will restore, & delight the
 heart wth Joy... & delight is heart wth Joy. Banish
 sorrow, spleen & care, Every anxious thought remove, raise y' mind above despair; fill y' soul wth nough but love,
 Fill the soul wth nought but love.

FLUTE

Musical score for Flute, consisting of four staves of music. The first three staves are in common time, while the fourth staff begins with a measure in 3/4 time.



Barberini's Minuet.

Set by Sig. Hasse

Think' to pleasure & sports do invite you times on if Ning's is fleeting away and as y bright
 Season of youth does exalte you Crown'd dear moments wth mirth whilst you may last time approaches by
 kindly Advance With truly graceful and free open fances of Song & brisk dances intreat him to
 Stay His golden Treasure if prudently measure let innocent pastime & virtue delight you
 Virtue & innocence alway are gay those who inherit such sweetness of spirit live live
 live live those who inherit such sweetnes of spirit live & enjoy true delight evry Day.



Myra

Set by Mr. Howard.

Say Myra why is gentle love A stranger to thy Mind that Pity and Esteem can
move w^{ch} can be just & kind Is it because you fear to know y^e Ills w^{ch} Love molest the
sonder care if anxious Fear nth racks if amrows Breast I lase by some degree of
woe we ev ry blis obtain if heart can never trān^{sp} knor w^{ch} never felt a Pain

Flute.

A musical score for Flute, consisting of four staves of music. The music is written in common time with various clefs (G-clef, F-clef, C-clef) and includes several rests and dynamic markings.



The Happy Man.

Arietta.

I envy not Sir lourly nice Secure from Pomp and free from Vice I pass my day wth
 Ease I pass my Da ys wth Ease The Man who cannot be a Knav^e & f^rorn to be a
 farning slave has but him^{self} to please has but him^{self} to plea... se
 Pia.
 has but himself to please the man who cannot be a knave & f^rorn to be a farning
 Slave has but himself to please has but himself to please has but himself to please

The World & all its glitt'ring Toys —
 Confist in Hurry Show and Noise
 Whilst in a Croud we live —
 Thank Heavn! I share a better Fate
 And blest enjoy in humble State —
 The sweets that quiet give —

My Book my Garden Field & Fair
 Are all my Pleasure all my Care —
 Nor wish I greater Bliss —
 Each Day to me fresh beauties rise —
 From these and Isabellas Eyes —
 Still sweetned by a Kiss.



The Truth.

Set by M. Rydel.

To curb our Will with vain pre^{tense} Phy...lo...so..phy her force em-

plays And tells us in dis pight of sense that life affords us real joys

Such Idle whims my Heart abjures Envy me not Immortal Jove?

If I prefer my Bliss to Yours clas'd in the Arms of her I love

Since you have given desires to Men -
 Leave us at least th' Enjoyment free -
 Must I be happy only then -
 When I alack! shall cease to be -
 Such Idle whims my heart abjures -
 Envy me not immortal Jove -
 If I prefer my Bless to yours -
 Clas'd in q' Arms of her I love -

For the German Flute.

A musical score for the German Flute, consisting of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The music is in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The notes are primarily eighth and sixteenth notes, with various rests and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The score is written in a clear, musical font.



Paternal Love.

The parent Bird whose little Nest is by its tender young possest with
 Spreading Wings & downy Breast does cherish them with Love But soon as Nature
 plumes their Wings & guides their flight to Groves and Springs quite unconcern'd the
 parent sings regardless where they rove regardless where they rove

Whilst hapless we of human Race -
 The lasting Cares of Life embrace -
 And still our best affection place -
 On what procures us pain -
 Tho Children as their years increase -
 Increase our fear & spoil our peace -
 Paternal Love can never cease -
 But ever will remain. —

Flute.

* * * * *



A Song in Praise of

Of good English Beer our Songs lets raise We're right by our freeborn
Charter And follow our brave forefathers ways Wholived in y^e time of King Author

Of those gallant days loud fame has told Beergave y^e stout Britons Spirit In

Love they spoke truth & in War they were bold And flourished by dint of Merit

S.
S.

Chorus

Then like them Crown our Bowls our plentious brown Bows & take em off clever to all

Then like them Crown our Bowls our plentious brown Bows & take em off clever to all

Then like them Crown our Bowls our plentious brown Bows & take em off clever to all



old English Beer

By Mr. Leveridge.

true English Souls to all true English Souls & old England old England for ever.

hurrah old England for e ver

hurrah old England for e d ver

old England old England hurrah old England for e ver

old England old England hurrah old England for e ver

The Glory in Love or War they won -
By fighting retreats and sallies -
Was from of production of their own -
Good Beer & mast Beef in their Bellies -
All foreign attempts they did disdain -
So fir'd with Revolution -
For liberty, if they woud bleed evry lain -
To keep their old Constitution. —

Chorus

Like them let us fill & drink & Sing -
To all who our state are aiding -
To Commerce if all our wealth does bring -
And every branch of our Trading -
By Commerce all grandure we sustain -
That makes us a pow'rful Nation -
Then let us agree & with vigour maintain
Our Trade and our Navigation. —

Chorus

FLUTE.

Flute music score with six staves of musical notation.



The Power of Beauty.

Allegro

Is there a Charm ye Powers a bove To ease a wounded Breast Shro'

Reason's Glass to look at Love to wish and yet to rest Let Wisdom

boast tis all in vain An Empyre o'er the Mind tis Beauty Beauty holds the

Chain And triumphs o'er Man kind And triumphs o'er Man kind

Shrike happy Birds who on the Spray
Unartful Notes prolong
Your feather'd Notes reward the Lay
And yield to pow'rful Song
By Nature fierce without Controul
The human Savage ran
Till Verse refin'd his Stobborn Soul
And civilizd the Man
And civilizd the Man

Verse turns aside the Tyrants Rage
And cheers the drooping Slave
It runs a mile from hoary Age
And disappoints the Grave
The force of Numbers must succeed
And sooth each other Ear
Tho my fond Cause shoud Phœbus plead
Hed find a Daphne here
Hed find a Daphne here

Did Heav'n such wondrous Gifts produce
To curse our wretched Race
Say must we all the Heart accuse
And yet approve if Face
Thus in the Sun bedropid with Gold
The basking Adder lies
The Swain admires each shining fold
Then grasps the Snake & dies
Then grasps the Snake & dies



The Nut-brown Maid.

Set by W. Howard S.

I was

in the bloom of May when odours breathe around when Nymphs are blithe & gay &

all with mirth abound That happily I stray to view my fancy Care where I held a Maid no

Mortal e'er so fair no mortal e'er so fair.

She wore upon her Head —
A Bonnet made of Straw —
Which such a Face did shade
As Phabos never saw —
Her looks of Nut brown hue
A round eard Coif conceal'd
Which to my pleasing view
A sporting Breeze reveal'd —

Around her slender Waiste —
A Srip embroidered hung —
The Lute her Fingers grac'd
Accompanyd with a song —
With such a pleasing Note —
Cuzzoni might regale —
Or Philomelias Throat —
That Warbles thro' the Vale —

Not long I stood to View —
Struck with her Heav'nly air
I to the Charmer flew —
And caught the yielding Fair —
Hear this ye scornful Belles —
And milder ways pursue —
She that in Charsms excells —
Excels in kindness too —



The Happy Couple.

Staccato.
Sym.

All Upton on the Hill There live a happy Pair The
Train his Name is Will And Molly is the Fair Ten Years are gone & more Since
Hymen joind the two their Hearts were one be fore The sacred rites they Knew

Since which Auspicious Day —
Sweet harmony does Reign —
Both Love and both obey —
Hear this each Nymph & Train
If haply Care invade —
To who is free from Care —
Th' impressions lighter made —
By taking each a Share.

With safety and with Ease —
Their present life does flow
They fear no raging Seas —
Nor Rocks that lurk below —
May still a steady Gale —
Their little Bark attend —
And gently fill each sail —
Till life it self shall end —

Pleas'd with a calm retreat —
They've no ambitious View —
In Plenty live not State —
Nor Envy those that do —
Sure Pomp is empty Noise —
And Cares Increase with Wealth
They aim at truer Joys —
Tranquillity and Health. —



The Power of Gold

Set by Miss Horan

The Bloom of Beauty quickly fades an age des-pi'd us
 soon-suc-ceeds loathing the Lover flies a face des-
 -poil'd of Youthfull Charms and Grace yet Gold whilst we do
 thee Enjoy we need no other Charms Employ Medea's arts to
 thee belong when old thou makist us fair and young.



Cantata.

AMYMONE

Rec upon the Coft of Anyes Rocky Shoar where the Impetuall Billons foam and
Roar

Amymone the Young the Fairst of the wood was by a Satyr eagerly perſued
weary'd Flight by fear Opprest She thus th' immortall powrs th' imparl tall powrs addreſt

Air

Largo

Neptune God of

all the Ocean

Neptune God of



AMYMONE

all the Ocean hear a tender Maid's devotion Ease my self.....nguish set me free
 Ease my self.....nguish set me free from Furious love de...liver
 me from furious love deliver me

The musical score consists of ten staves of music. The first three staves feature a soprano vocal line with a basso continuo line below it. The fourth staff begins the vocal line again. The fifth staff introduces a treble line, likely for a flute or similar instrument. The sixth staff continues the vocal line. The seventh staff features a basso continuo line. The eighth staff introduces a soprano vocal line. The ninth staff continues the vocal line. The tenth staff concludes the vocal line.



AMYMONE

left all his myrtle boughs. Pray'r shall it be lost, shall it be lost, shall it be lost in Heav'nly Air.

no refuge thou remain'st to me rema... ins for me but i De... op d'ys of g' Sea

The trembling Nymph did thus implore the watty God to dissipate her fears; the God appears

the satyr flies while Neptune view'd the fair his wonder'd eyes answ'rd his flame and on'g'd his vast Surprise, forgot his Greatness, & her fear while thus in sweetest sounds he charm'd her Ear.



AMYMONE

Vivace

Triumph triumph

triumph triumph charm^{ing} creature over your pryu... mptious Vanquish lover tri...

...umphing conquest of your Charms While Neptune courts you to his Arms

Sheet music for 'AMYMONE' featuring ten staves of musical notation. The first staff begins with a treble clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff begins with a bass clef. The third staff begins with a treble clef. The fourth staff begins with a bass clef. The fifth staff begins with a treble clef. The sixth staff begins with a bass clef. The seventh staff begins with a treble clef. The eighth staff begins with a bass clef. The ninth staff begins with a treble clef. The tenth staff begins with a bass clef.

Solo *AMYMONE*

Solo *AMYMONE*
 Tri.....umph Tri.....umph in the Conquest the
 conquest of your the.....
 rne Tri - umph in the Conquest the Conquest of your charms

The musical score consists of ten staves of music for solo voice and piano. The vocal line is lyrical, featuring sustained notes and melodic phrases. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and rhythmic patterns. The vocal parts are clearly marked with 'Solo' and 'Vocal' above the staff.



AMYMONE.

Beautious creature how i' exer-

you intend to Bless a lover yeild to me yeild to me i' best can mo.....

in thy tender soul thy tender soul to softest love thy tender soul to softest love.



A Favourite Song

Set by Mr Handel.

Siciliana Let me wander not unseen by Hedgerow

Elms on Hilllocks green. There the Plover near at

hand whistles over the furrow'd Land therby Plover near at hand whistles over the furrow'd

Land and the Milkmaid singeth blithe & glibly Mower whets his scythe and every

Shepherd tells his tale under the Hawthorn in the Dale and every

Shepherd tells his tale under the Hawthorn in the Dale.



Love reveal'd.

Set by M^r. W. Hodson

affettuoso

Why shoud I my Passion smoother Or the Man I love tor ment
my Frown may drive him to a no ther then too late I ma...
y re pent then too late I may re pent

How often he has fondly wo'd me
Yet I always seemed Coy —
Tho' in melting Strains he sued me
Against my Will I did deny —

Thus we force our selves to suffer
And slight w^e so much prize —
Yet tis easy to discover —
Our own thoughts within our eyes

I cannot resist no longer —
He's y^e only Man I love —
And my Passion grows y^e stronger
Since he does so constant prove —

Ill Endeavour to regain him —
And his constant Love requite
Sho so long I did disdain him —
In him alone I take delight —

Sweet Endearments may allure him
Never can I be at rest —
Till for ever I secure him —
Its he alone can make me blest —

Flute

Flute part: A continuous musical line consisting of six staves of music for flute, showing various notes and rests across the page.



A Favourite Song

Set by Mr. Boyce

Fairyst of the VirginStrong dost thou seek thy SwainsAbode

28

See yon fertile Vale along the new worn Pathy Flocks have trod Perseue & Prints their

Feet have made & they shall guide thee to the shade and they shall guide thee to the shade Fairyst of the

VirginStrong dost thou seek thy SwainsAbode see yon fertile Vale along gnew worn Pathy Flockshave trod Per-

see the Prints their Feet have made & they shall guide thee to the shade & they shall guide thee to the shade

Flute



Rural Life.

Set by W^m Howard

How happy is the Maid who

live a rural life By no false viens be tray'd to know domestick strife No Passion sways her
 mind or wishes to be Great So humble hopes confind she shuns y^e flatt'ring Bait To
 humble hopes confind she shuns y^e flatt'ring Bait

Her soul with calm disdain,
 Above the Pomp of Pride,
 Behold y^e Rich and Vain, —
 Ingilded setters ty'd; —
 While Titles Wealth & Pow'r, —
 The gaudy Scene display;
 And Pageants of an Hour;
 In darkness glide away.

But if some gentle Boy, —
 Her faithful Bosom share;
 He doubles all her Joy, —
 And lessens all her Care:
 Their moments on the wing,
 The mutual Bliss improve,
 And give perpetual Spring,
 To Virtue Truth and Love.

Flute

S.



A Favourite Song.

Sym:

Andante

Tell me lovely Shepherd where *sym.* where tell me
wherethou feedst at Noon thy sleeey Care *sym.*: Direct me to y^e sweet Re
treat y^e guards thee from y^e Midday Heat *sym.* *F:*
Left by the Flocks I lonely stray Without a
guide & lose my way *F:* where rest at noon thy bleating
F: *P:*

Music score for a three-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time. The vocal parts are written on three staves above a basso continuo staff. The vocal parts begin with a melodic line, followed by harmonic support and basso continuo. The lyrics are integrated into the musical structure, with some lines appearing on multiple staves. Measure numbers are present at the beginning of each system.



in Solomon.

Set by Mr Boyce

Care Gentle Shepherd tell me where where Sy: where

where tell me where where rest at Noon thy bleating Care Gentle

Shepherd tell me where tell me gentle Shepherd where

For the Flute, or German Flute! —

Sym. Andante So: Sy: Sy: So: Sy: Sy: Sy: So: Sy: So:



The Doubtfull Lover.

Set by Mr Howard

Tell me my Delia tell me why my kindest fondest looks you fly
 What means if frown up on thy Brow have I of send ed tell me how
 What means if frown up on thy Brow have I of send ed tell me how

(The music consists of three staves of eight measures each, in common time, with various key signatures and dynamic markings like forte and piano.)

Some change has happend in thy Heart,
 Some Rival there has stol'n a part; —
 Reason, those fears might disapprove; —
 But Oh I fear; because I Love. —

Flute.

(The music consists of two staves of eight measures each, in common time, with various key signatures and dynamic markings like forte and piano.)



The Secret Kiss.

Set by Mr. Gwad

At the Silent Evening Hour Two fond Lover in a
 Bower Sought sought their mutual Bliss Tho her Heart was
 just re lenting Tho her Eyes seem'd just Con senting Yet
 yet she feard to Kiss

Since this secret shade he cryd —
 Will those rosy Blushes hide —
 Why why will you resist —
 When no tell-tale Spy is near us
 Eye not sees nor Ear can hear us
 Who, who would not be his'd.

Carla hearing what he said —
 Blushing lifted up her Head —
 Her Breast soft Wishes fill —
 Since she cryd no Spy is near us
 Eye not sees nor Ear can hear us
 Kiss, kiss or what you will —

Flute

Flute



The Despairing Shepherd.

Set by Mr. Sampe.

Siciliano.

Cle-on whose Heart Fore-told Despair thus mourn'd his hapless Fate
Long have I tast-ed pining Care which Cru-el Scares Cre-ate

How did y^e pleasing Minuits wast whilst Silvia blast the Grove but Minuits
te-dious A gae last now torn from her I love now torn from her I love.

See how the Village Blithly gay —
Is all a Toyous Scene
The rural Nymphs all hail y^e May
Like them I've happy been.
But now no Pleasures Sooths my Care
Their happy Sports I shun
And fond my Silvias griefs to share
I'm Gloriously undone.

Flute

Flute part for the musical score, consisting of two staves of music for flute.



Advice to Cloe.

Set by M. Howard.

See Cloe how the newblown Rose, blooms like thy beauteous Face; Youth does its ripning
 Charms disclose, and perfects evry Grace; Its Virgin sweets perfume the Air, and
 then its Pride decays; So will it be with thee my fair: n^o past thy youthful Days

No April can revive thy Charms,
 No Sun can light thine Eyes;
 Soft Love will leave thy snowy Arms,
 When Age begins to rise:
 Then Cloe let my Passion move
 Thy Pity for my Pain;
 Obey the Voice of gentle Love,
 Love, and be lov'd again.

For German Flute.

Sheet music for a German Flute, featuring two staves of musical notation.



A Favourite Song

Allegro

Zeno Plato Aristotle all were lovers of the Bottle Poets Painters & Musicians
Churchmen Lawyers & Physicians all admire a pretty Lass all require a chearful Glass Zeno

Plato Aristotle all were lovers of the Bottle Poets Painters & Musicians Churchmen Lawyers & Physicians
all admire a pretty Lass all require a chearful Glass Poets Painters & Musicians Churchmen Lawyers & Phys
icians all admire a pretty Lass all require a chearful Glass Sir:



Set by M^r Lampe.

Ev'ry Pleasure has its Reason Love and Drinking are no treason Ev'ry Pleasure has its Reason Love and
Drinking are no treason Love and Drin..... king Love and Drinking are no treason.

Ad:

The musical score consists of eight staves of baroque-style music. The first two staves show a melodic line with various note heads and rests. The third staff begins with a vocal line: "Ev'ry Pleasure has its Reason Love and Drinking are no treason". The fourth staff continues the melody. The fifth staff begins with "Drinking are no treason Love and Drin..... king Love and Drinking are no treason". The sixth staff shows a continuation of the melodic line. The seventh staff features a complex pattern of eighth-note chords. The eighth staff concludes the section with a final melodic line.



A Favourite Song,

Allegro

On his Face the Vernal Rose Blended with the Lil-ly Glows

Sym: His Locks are as the Ha-ven black in Ringlets wa ving

down his Back Sym: His Eyes with milder Beauties

beam than billing Doves beside y^e stream His youthfull Cheeks are Beds of

Flowers En-ri - pend by - refreshing showers

His Lips are of the Rose's Hue dropping with a fra-grain



Set by M^r. Boyce.

Tall as i^f Cedar he appears & as erect his form he bears

Tall as i^f Cedar he appears And as erect his form he bears

Largo pia.

This this O ye Virgin this is i^f Swain whose absence causes all my pain.

FLUTE.

Sy.

Sy.

Sy.

Sy.



A Favourite Song.

Set by M^r Perleur.

Women form'd by Nature coy, blush to give or take the joy. *Sy.*
 Man by Nature warm & brave must to win them be a Slave. *Fann &*
 Flattery and whine call their mortal Quar. *ms* call their mortal
 Charms divine. When the God^t thus we please Female pri
 de deceiv'd Female pride deceiv'd obeys. *Sy.*



A Favourite Song

Set by MR. OSWALD.

Moderato

Polly when your Lips you join Lovely Curret Lips to mine To the Bee the
flowry Field such a Banquet does not yield Not the dewy morning Rose
So much sweetnes does indeſe Not the Gods such Nectar ſip As Collin from thy
balmy Lip As Collin from thy balmy Lip Kiss me then with
rapture Kiss Well ſurpaſſ the Gods in Blis Well ſurpaſſ Well ſurpaſſ
Well ſurpaſſ the Gods in Blis Well ſurpaſſ the Gods in Blis.



False Damon.

Set by M. J. C. Carey

If you would keep your Damon true, & constant as before, Let him perceive no change in
 you, & he'll be false no more. 'Tis not that Celia is more fair, or has more charms y' n
 you; But that she's less disturb'd with Care If he be false or true.

Why then shoud you disgrace with Tears,
 That Face which once was gay;
 Or why shoud you distract with Fears,
 That Heart which once was May.
 Let Smiles again adorn your Face,—
 Again be gay and glad,
 And he'll again resume his Place,—
 Or else by Jove he's mad.

Flute

A musical score for Flute, consisting of two staves of sixteenth-note patterns. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp.



Delia.

Set to M. Howards favorite Musette.

Delia in whose form we trace All that can a Virgin grace Hark where Pleasure
 blithe as May bids us to Vaux Hall away. Twardanlistos melting Sounds
 Magic Echoes Fai-ry hounds Beauties ev'ry where surprise Sure if I spot dropt
 from y' Skies Delia in whose form we trace All that can a Virgin grace
 hark where Pleasure blithe as May Bids us to Vaux-hall away.

For the German Flute.

Two staves of musical notation for the German flute. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, and the bottom staff uses an alto F-clef. Both staves are in common time. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, typical of a musette style.



Soft God of Sleep.

Set by W. R. Russel

Soft God of Sleep when thou dost seal the gay. The gay Clarin-das Eyes

In gentle dreams to her reveal how Damon Damon for her dies

But if the fair one be disheav'd at the un wel come unwel come

Theme Fly her and let her soul be easid in finding it a Dream

Flute

Sheet music for Flute, featuring three staves of musical notation.



To Silvia.

Set by W^r Howard

x 3 | Dotted Rhythm
 x 87 | Common Time
 x 87 | Common Time

Truth can fix thy wav'ring heart let Damon
 urge his claim he feels the Passion void of art the Pure and constant Flame
 The sighing Inains their tell their sensual love con
 tem they on ly prize y beautuous shell but slight y inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded Heart,
 Destroys the transient Fire,
 But when y mind receives y Hart,
 Enjoyment whets Desire.
 Your charms each lavish sense controul,
 A Tyrant short liv'd Reign,
 But milder Reason rules the Soul,
 Nor time can break the Chain.

By Age your Beauties will decay,
 Your mind improves with Years,
 As when the Blossoms fade away,
 The ripening Fruit appears.
 May Heav'n & Sylvia grant my Suit,
 And bless each future Hour,
 That Damon, who can taste y Fruit,
 May gather evry Hover.



Cloe's Resolves.

Set By Dr. Greene.

(1) *As Cloe on Flowers reclin'd o'er the Stream she sight to the*
 Breeze & made Colin her Theme, tho' Pleasant the Stream & tho' Cooling the
 Breeze & the Flowers tho' fragrant she panted for Ease, and the Flowers tho'
 fragrant she panted for Ease

The Stream it was sickle and hastened away,
 It kiss'd y^e sweet Banks but no longer would stay,
 The Beauteous Inconstant & faithless tho' Fair;
 Ah! Colin look in and behold thyself there!—



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

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

*In Rage and despair from the Ground she arose,
And from her the Flowers so faded she throws, —
She weeps in the Stream and she sighs to y' Wind,
And resolves to Drive Colin quite out of her mind.*

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

For the German Flute.



Ye Virgin Powers.

Set by W. Morland.

Ye Virgin Powris de

send my heart from am'rous looks & Smiles from saucy Love and nice Art which
 oft our Sex beguiles From sights & sounds & awfull fears w^{ch} most to
 pity move from speaking silence & from tearful stirrings in water Love.

But if thro' Passion I grow Blind
 Let Honour be my Guide
 And where frail Nature seem inclin'd
 There place a guard of Pride,

The maid whose charms are seen tho' Pure
 V needs ev'ry virtue's aid
 And she who thinks herself secure
 The soonest is betray'd.

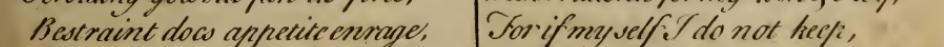
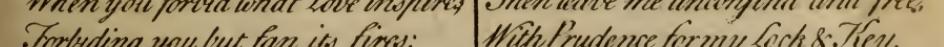
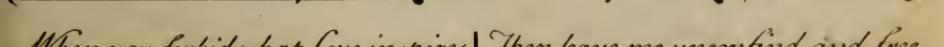
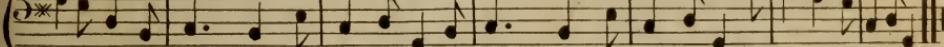
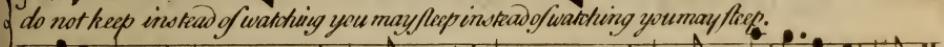
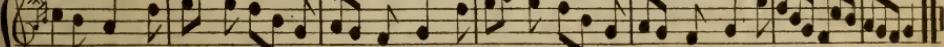
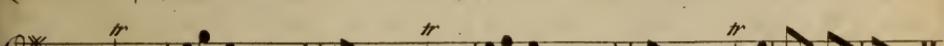
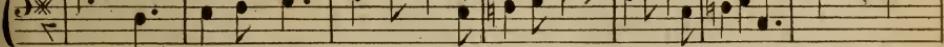
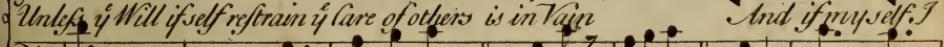
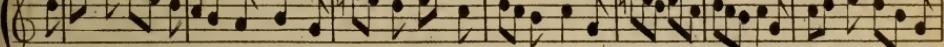
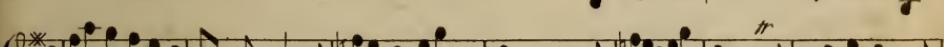
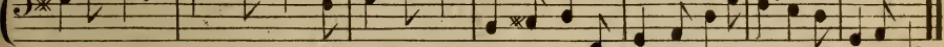
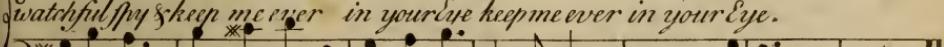
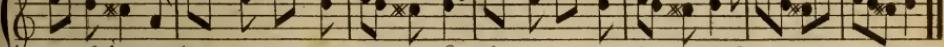
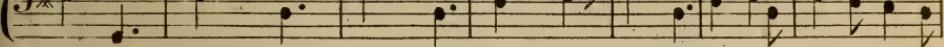
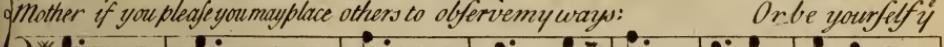
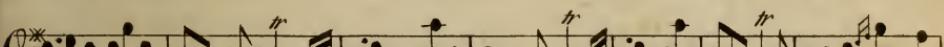
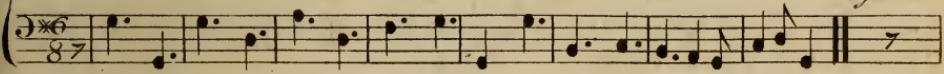
w.s:



A Song

Set by W. Howard.

Good



When you forbid what love inspires,
Forbidding you but fan its fires;
Restraint does appetite enrage,
And youth may prove too strong for age.

Then leave me unconfined and free,
With prudence form my lock & key,
For if myself I do not keep,
Instead of watching I'll may sleep.



Florellio and Daphne. Set by W. Howard

See Daphne see Florellio cry'd and learn y^e sad effects of pride yon shelter'd Rose how
 close conceald how quickly blasted when reveal'd The sun w^m warm at-

tractive Rays tempt into wanton in y^e blaze A Gale succeeds from
 eastern skies & all its Blushing radiance die & all its Blushing radiance dies

So you, my Fair, of charms Divine, —
 Will quit the Plain, too fond to shine —
 Where Sames transporting Rays allure,
 Sho' here more happy, more secure: —
 The Breath of some neglected Maid, —
 Shall make you sigh, you left the shade,
 A Breath to Beauties Bloom, unkind, —
 As to the Rose, the eastern Wind. —

The Nymph reply'd, you first my Swain,
 Confine your Sonnets to the Plain; —
 One envious Tongue, alike disarms —
 You of your Wit, Me of my Charms: —
 What is, unheard, the tuneful Thrill, —
 Or what, unknownn, the Poets skill, —
 What, unadmird, a charming Mein, —
 Or what the Roses Blush, unseen. —



Whi' heaves my fond Bosom

Whi' heaves my fond Bosom
With what can it mean? Whi' flutter'd my heart w^{ch} was once so serene.
Whi' this sighing and trembling? Daphne is near or whi' yonthen shes absent this
Sorrow and Fear or whi' shes absent this sorrow and Fear.

For ever, methinks, I with wonder could trace
The Thousand soft Charms that embellish thy Face
Each moment I view thee new Beauties I find
With thy Face I am charm'd, but enslaved by thy mind
Untainted with Folly, unsullied by Pride
There native good Humour, and Virtue reside
Pray Heaven that Virtue thy Soul may supply
With compassion for him who without thee must die.

(The music score continues below the lyrics, consisting of four staves of musical notation.)



The New frown Birds

Soby. 11. Sample

The new frown Birds the Shepherds Sing & welcome in y May come his wrella
 now the Spring makes e vry Land kin Gay Nide spreading Trees their leasy shade o'er
 half the Plain ax tend or in reflecting fountains playd their quiv'ring Branches Bend their
 quiv'ring Branches Bend er in reflecting fountains playd their quiv'ring Branches Bend

Come taste the season in its Prime
 And bles the rising Year
 Oh how my Soul groans sick of Time
 Till thou my Love Appear
 Then shall I pass the Gladness I say
 Warm in thy Beauty's Shine
 When thy dear Stock Shall seed & play
 And intermix wth mine

For thee of Doues a milk white Pair
 In Silken Bands I hold
 For the aFirsting Lambkin fair
 I keep within the Fold
 If mulkwhite Loves acceptance meet
 Or tender Lambkin please
 My Spottless Heart without Deceit
 Be offerid up wth these

Music score for The New frown Birds, featuring four staves of musical notation.



A Favorite Song Set by H. Wideman

Joy Enlightens all my Senses when I view the
 Charming Fair Evry Pleasure She Dispences
 Every wish I find in Her I unlike a wandering Lover
 who to ease his roving mind thinks in thousands
 to discover what in her a lone I find

Whilſt Mankind their Hours are wasting
 Evry Fair by turns to move
 My Delights are true and lasting
 Bless'd with Innocence and Love
 In one Charmer place your Treasure
 Happiness is only there
 Conſtanſcy's the greatest pleasure
 When two Hearts united are



The Charms of Lovely Peggy

Secty. II. G. Field

Once more I'll tune the Vocal Shell to Hills & Dales my Passion tell A

Flame wth time can never quell that burnes for thee my Peggy Ye greater Bandy

Lyre should his for say what Subject is more fit than to record the Sparkling

Wth and bloom of lovely Peggy and Bloom of lovely Peggy.

Sy.

The Sun first rising on the Morn
 Shat Paints the Dew bespangled Thorn
 Does not so much the Day adorn
 As does my lovely Peggy
 And when to Thetes Lap to rest
 He streaks with Gold the ruddy Waist
 He's not so beauteous as undrest
 Appears my lovely Peggy



When Zephyr on the Violet blows
 Or breath's upon the Damask Rose
 He does not half the Sweet disclose
 As does my lovely Peggy
 I stole a Kiss the other Day
 And trust me, nought but truth I say
 The fragrant Breath of blooming May
 Was not so sweet as Peggy

When she's arrayed in rustick Weed
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed
 And Pipe upon my Oaten Reed
 To please my lovely Peggy
 With her a Cottage would delight
 All's happy when she's in my sight
 And when shes gone tis endless Night
 All's dark without my Peggy

While Bees from Flower to Flower rove
 And Linnets wander thro' the Grove
 Or Stately Swans the Water love
 So long shall I love Peggy
 When Death with his Sharp pointed Dart
 Shall strike the Blow that rives my heart
 My Words shall be as I depart
 Adieu my lovely Peggy

Flute

Three staves of musical notation for flute, written in common time. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The music consists of sixteenth-note patterns and rests, with some slurs and grace notes. The piece concludes with a repeat sign and the instruction "S.y." (Second ending).



The Contented Man set by Mr Leveridge

Give me Health give me Wine that is the Top of my Design if those Joys may be
 mine I am quite con tented Some there are that have got whims of
 this and whims of that and at last know not what al ways Discontented give me
 Health give me Wine that the Top of my Design if those Joys may be mine I am quite contented

Some again do adore,
 Restless State to give em Pow'r
 Craving still more and more
 But if once Prevented

He who gives up his Reign
 To put on the Lovers Chain
 What by that can he gain
 But to be lamented

Then they Frett and are seen
 Full of vapours greif and Spleen
 Yet would faign seem serene
 Tho the Heart's Tormented

Tis the cool eary Man
 Lives in quiet thro his span
 Tis the wife have made plain
 And what must be granted



Musick and Beauty Set by Mr. Stanley

Musick has pow'r to melt the Soul By Beau ty, Na ture
 Si wayd Each can the Uni verse controul without the o thers aid
 Each can the U niverse controul without the o thers aid

But here together both appear.
 And force united try
 Musick enchant's the listning Ear
 And Beauty charms the Eye
 What onely these Pow'rs to join,
 These transports, who can bear
 O let the Sound be less Divine
 Or look the Nymphs less fair



The Rapture.

Secty. N' O'neill

Whist on thy dear Bosom lying Celia who can speak my Bliss
Who the Rapture I'm enjoying When thy Balmy Lips I Kiss

Every Look will love inspire me Every Touch my Bosom Warms
Every Melting Murmur fires me Every joy is in thy Arms.

Those dear Eyes how soft they languish
Feel my Heart with Rapture beat —
Pleasure turns almost to Anguish —
When the Transport is so sweet —
Look not so divinely on me —
Celia I shall die with Bliss —
Yet yet turn those Eyes upon me —
Who'd not die a death like this —

Flute

Flute part musical score



H. Roberts Sculp.

Sacharissa

Set by W.W. Hayes of Oxford

Andante

Dear un re lent ing cry et Fair bow could you first my Heart en
 snare? Then leave that Heart to bre ak Then leave that Heart to break
 How could you first obtain a Prize By those dear sweet deluding Eyes And
 then that Prize for sake And then that Prize for sake.

ad. *and.* *rr.*

Like the close everlasting Flame —
 My Heart is doom'd to burn & same
 Whilst you the Heart inspire —
 You like the Vastat void of Sleep —
 Within eternal vigils keep —
 And feed the fainting Fire. —

Flute

Dear cruel Nymph those Hams suppress
 O love me more or plague me less —
 Too much you know I've bore —
 For shame throw off that haughty Air —
 And shew the soft complying Fair —
 Or let me love no more. —

ad. *and.*



The Power of Wine.

Secty. M^r. Corp^e

Blooming Bacchus ever young meet of mirth all care
 When invoked by salt briny Tongue ever ready they to hear
 ever ready thou to hear hear Let us by thy influence fire lead y mad fantaystic
 rouned with your swifly y insipred leaders & full will leaders sound leuver fall still leuver & louder sound
 rouned with your swifly y insipred leaders & full will leaders sound leaders full still leaders & louder sound

Thou dost make the Coward brave Thou dost in y Fair ones Breast
 Thou dost frozen claye warm Self desirous kind wishes raise
 Thou dost freedom give the slave When y Amorous brain is blast
 And thy sensuallit from Harm Shine y Conquest thine the Praise
 Let us &c See our tow simplicite spire

With thy assistance may
 Triumph over the God of love
 Triumph over the God of Day
 Let us &c



The Constant Lover.

Set by Mr Boyce

If you my wandering Heart woud find, if Heart you say is like a Wind that varies here that

wandereth where so evry Nymph & hind & fair I say if you this Heart woud find turnt to y' own un
set told mind if e'er it wanders tis to be, in wandering constantly wth thee

How can it settle when you fly
And then this faithful return
To st^a a Nymph that's fair doth find
But never yet the Nymph that's hind
If you woud fix this wand'ring Heart
Joynd with yours twill never depart
But in the Pangs of Death will it rore
It wand'rlbut to fix your love

Flute

(The flute part consists of two staves of musical notation in common time, featuring sixteenth-note patterns and trills.)



H. Roberts Sculp.

Cloe Pursuid.

Set by M. Russel.

When Cloe by your Slave pursuid Why shoud you fly so fast? So

the strayd Faun ith' path leſs Wood To her lost Dam makes haſt

Each noife a-larms and all things add new Terrors to her Fear The

starts at ev-ry dan-cing Thade each Breath of singing tir

With every Leaf each Bush that shakes
Throughout the murmuring Grove
Her Sympathetick Heart partakes
She trembles as they move.
Fond Maid unlike the Welfand Boar
I hunt not to destroy
My utmost Prey woud be no more
Than you might give with joy.

Urgid on by soft and gentle Love
I harmleſly pursue
Your flight to me may cruel prove
But not my Chace to you
Cease idle Dreams of fancyd Harm
To Childish fears Trapans
Leave running to thy Mothers Arms
Who now art fit for Mans.

Flute

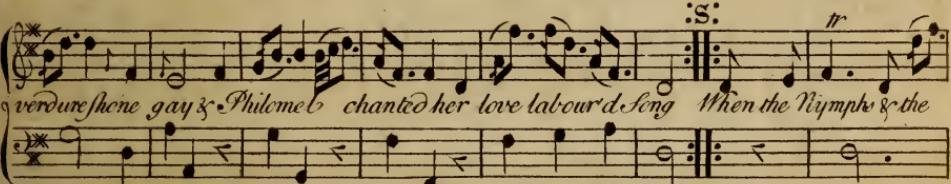
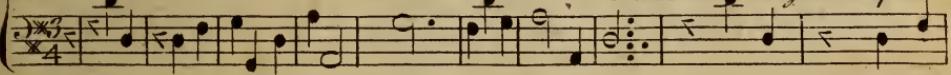


A Song to a favourite Air

Set by M. Morgan

S.

The Meads & the groves in fresh



Slow vain were their wishes Maria appear'd
like Beauty's fair Goddess incircled with love
With Graces attractive each heart she endear'd
In Majesty passing the Concert of Jove
She Swains round her moving glad homage did pay
The Nymphs with wreathed Garlands no longer delay
To Crown Beauty paragon Queen of the May



Baucis and Philemon

(162) *Sho Baucis and I are both*
ancient & poor we never yet dwelt so far from our dear but still of our little a
Little can spare to those who like us suffer infirmities bear

Come come my good Friends let us go in together
 A Cup of good Liquor will keep out the Weather
 Our Hearts they are great tho' our Means are but small
 You're heartly welcome and that's best of all
 You're welcome at our humble Board to pertake
 Of a Jugg of good Ale and a good Barley Cake
 A good roasting fire as high as your Nose
 And cleanly warm Bed your old Limbs to repose
 We know no Ambition we have no Estate
 Nor power to worry the Poor from our Gate
 We earn what we Spend and we pay as we go
 It were not a miss if the Rich wou'd do so.

Flute

(162) *Sho Baucis and I are both*
ancient & poor we never yet dwelt so far from our dear but still of our little a
Little can spare to those who like us suffer infirmities bear



Happy Paper

Set by W. Hobcombe

Go happy Paper gently steal and an aer neath her pillow
 S: lye There in soft dreams my love re veal that love which I must
 Still con ceal and wrapt in anfull silence aby

2 4
 Should flames be doom'd thy hapless fate Of all y' please'd my ravish'd Eye
 To Atoms thou wouldest quickly turn Her Beauty should supply & Place
 My Pains may bear a longer Date Bold Raphaels strokes & Titians Dye
 For Should I live & Should She Hale Should but in vain presume to rye
 In endless Torments I should burn With her inimitable Face

3 5
 See fair Aurelia she has Charm No more I'd wish for Phaebo Ray
 • Might in a Hermit stir Desire To gild the Object of my sight
 I attain'd Heaven that in her Arms Much less if Papers sainter Blare
 I'd quit y' World's alluring Charms Her Eyes should measure out my days
 And to a Cell content retire And when she slept it should be light

Flute

Flute part: A continuous musical line for the flute, consisting of six staves of music.



A Favourite Song

Set by Mr. Oswald

Sheet music for a three-part setting (treble, bass, and continuo) in common time.

Shew love sincere devoid of artless Joy or blis before, Because if hand goes with if heart must

that create our woe Tho' Hymens Torch burns oft dimly not poor Hymens fault be ne'er desynd his

Nymphas strain shew traffick or be bought Should traffick or be bought.

2
But Plutus, Soe to gen rowe Love,
His Ruin Curse and Bane,
Resolv'd that Gold shoud only move
The youthful nymphs train:
Thus Riches sayre unequal Pair
Neglecting care and Rule
The Ugly with the blooming Fair
The witty with the fool
The witty with &c.

3
Let sense & merit wax if Choice
Good Nature too should aid
Attend to Truths unerring Voice
And let not wealth perwade
I Partner thusly reason chose
Your tendernesse repay
No Chains nor Setters will impose
But see the your light & Day
But sooths &c.



Love and Reason.

Set by Mr. Oswald

Ye heavenly Pow'rs who guard the

Fair set Celia; charm no employ y're care may each select her to her be blest & may no fear her mind invest
 Direct her to receive y're love which Heaven & she must needs approve for all loves shineth where there deere for her my
 ten der Heart should bleed For her my tender Heart should bleed.

2

Check not my Fair; what Heavn inspires.
 That Flame which burns with chaste desires.
 Where Joyn he re Love alone preside
 O'er life's dull scenes to be our guide
 Where Honour Truth & Virtue Joyn'd
 To once improve & cheer the mind
 There Social Pleasures everlast.
 And mutual glides from Breast to Breast
 And mutual &c.

3

Had then my beautious Fair to Crown
 My Bliss & make my Joy your own
 Shun what o'er trouble kind Heavn nedesg
 In making lovely Celia mine;
 Set love each rising Fear controul
 Divest each Care & fill your Soul
 Then mutual Bliss shall well teach me
 Till pres'ed with Age we sink to rest
 Till pres'ed &c.



Walley's Complaint

Oh Who is me poor Walley cry'd. See how I'm wasted to a span. My
 Heart I lost when first I spy'd That lovely Smirking Munkin Nan. I'm
 Yrnoso weak the Gentle Breez of Dwy Rogers Whining fan can
 Was me ore yon Beachey Trees and all for the sake of my Smirking Nan

The Ale Wifē misses me of late Theres Dick o' y Green y Dinty soon
 I us'd to tote an a Hearty Cann last Sunday to my Mistros Ran
 But I can neither Eat nor Drink. He Stole at His T Knock'd him doon
 But what is Bakid & Brendy Nan Which Hugely pleaseid my Smirkin Nan
 The Baker Bakes the finest Bread But Oh the Roaring Soldier Comes
 He uses y flower & leaves y Bran Within Rantan tarara rara ran
 Like Bran to me is evry other Maid Her Coos She quits for y Neigh Drum
 And when Come pairt to my Smirkin Nan Oh Woe is me I've lost Poor Nan

FLUTE

Flute partitura



A Soyal Song

God save great George our King long live our noble King God save the
 God save great George our King long live our noble King God save the
 King Send him vic to ri ous happy and glo ri ous
 King Send him vic to ri ous happy and glo ri ous
 long to reign o ver us God save the King
 long to reign o ver us God save the King

O Lord our God arise
 Scatter his Enemies
 And make them fall
 Confound their Politicks
 frustrate their Knavish tricks
 On the our Hopes we fix
 God save us all

Thy choicest Gifts in Store
 On him be pleas'd to pour
 Long may he reign
 May he defend our Land
 And ever give us Cause
 With Heart & Voice to sing
 God save the King

Flute

Flute



Mutual Love

Set by M. Sparken

Hon'st'n amongst the Shoulands Fair, By Wedlock doom'd to constant care; Are fit the Yoke to bear.

Are fit the Yoke to bear The Husband claimeth his sovereign right, The Wife runs counter.

out of Spight, And doth her hou'se forswear. And does her Vows for Inwear.

2

But somethere are whom mutual Love Does prompt with free Consent to move Sub my h'pe to their Fate, Submissive &c. Thrice happy is that prudent He. Thrice happy is that prudent She. Blest with so kind a Mate; Blest &c.

3

Should I & CELIA ever join, I would be hers and she'd be mine. For we two would be one. For &c. Complying with each others Will, Often now love would take our Fill. Our Joy, should ne'er be done; Our

Flute



A Song Sung by M^r Love

Set by M^r Morgan

Sym.

With mighty solat noon of day with sultry beams began to play I wander'd thro' a verdant Glade seeking y^e most obliging Shade seeking y^e most obliging Shade where on an easy Moss reclind I s^riloe sleeping chance to find.

The Trees Ambitious see mid to be
With meeting Arms her Canopy
A Brook hardly did softly creep
As if it car'd to break her Sleep his'r
Whose Streams transparent smooth & clear
Other Chast mind the Emblems were

The sight so Charming could y^e Sun
Have Seen he had stoppt to Ga^rze upon
Down by the Vymph softly lay'd
And did at length my self persuad^d And did
See Heala Riss & n^r in the Glare
Ind who my boldnes^d disapp'red

Flute



Colins Description of Vauxhall Set by Mr. Gladdon

2 3
 4 Mary soft in Feature, I've been at dear Vauxhall no Paradise is
 2 3
 4 Sweeter not than they Eden call. At night such new Agaries, Such gay &
 2 3
 4 harmless sport, All look'd like Giant Fairies, And this their Monarchs Court.
 2 3
 4

Methought when first I enter'd
 Such Splendour round me shone
 Into a World I ventur'd
 Where rose another Sun
 Whilst Musick never dleying,
 To Sky Larks sweet Hear
 The Sounds I'm still enjoying—
 They'll always Sooth my Ear
 Stear Painting, sweetly glowing
 Where e'er our Glances fall
 Here Colours life bestowing
 Bedeck the Green wood Hall
 She King there durst a Farmer
 Here John his Coxey loves
 But my Delights the Charmer
 Who steals a Pair of Gloves

1. Still amaz'd I'm Straying
 O'er this enchanted Grove
 Spy a Harper playing
 All in his proud Mower
 I doff my Hat desiring
 His tune up Buxom Joan
 But what was I admiring
 Od' looks a man of stone
 But now the Tables spreading
 They all fall too with Glee
 Not ev'n at Squires fine Wedding
 Such Painters did I see
 I long'd poor Starving Rover
 But none heed Country Elves
 These Folk with face dawd' over
 Love only dear themselves

Thus whilst mid Joy, abounding
 At Grass hopper's they're gay
 At Distance croudy surrounding
 The lady of the May
 The Man with Moon in her'd July
 Eyes twinkling th in the tree
 To the ivy'd Juleas him highly
 So taste Delights like these



The Mutual Kiss

Set by W' Oswald

Affetto

Celia by those smiling Graces Which my panting Bosom warm. By the
 Heaven of thy Em-braces By thy wondrouſ power to Cham By those
 Soft be-witching Glances Which my i nmost bosom move. By those
 Lips whose Kips en-tranced She and She a lone I love

By thy Godlike Art of loving Celia with a Blush replies
 By thy heavenly power of moving All my Soul to Sympathize
 By those eager soft Careſſes By those Arms around me thrown
 By that look which truth exprefſes My fond Heart is all thy own

Thus with glowing Inclination They indulge i f tender Bliss
 And to bind the lasting Passion Seal it with a mutual Kiss
 Close i nfold Embrace ſtyng They together seem to groan
 Such suprem Delight enjoying Is true Love's only known

Flute

(Musical score for Flute, showing two staves of music)



Bumper Esquire Jones.

Ye good fellows all who love to be told wherethers Claret good ston. Attend to the call of
 onerly neer frightened but greatly Delighted with Six Bottles more Be sure you dont
 pass y^e good house Money glasⁿ the Jolly Red God so peculiarily own^t. Twill well suit your
 Humour for pray what woud you more then Mith nth good Claret & Bumper Esq^r Jones.

Ye Lovers who pine
 For sas^y oft prove as cruel as fair
 Who whimper and whine.
 For Sillies and Reses.
 With Eyes, Lips and Noses.
 Or Tip of an Ear.
 Come hither I'll shew yo
 How Phillis and Chloe
 No more shall occasion such fightes & such groans
 For what Mortal so stupid.
 As not to quit Cupid.
 Whence called by good Claret Bumper & Esq^r Jones.

Ye Poets who write.
 And brag of y^r drink^s samd Helicons Brock
 Tho all you get by t.
 Is a Diner oft times
 In Reward for your Rhymes
 With Humphry the Duke
 Learn Bacchus to follow
 And quit your Apollo
 For sake ally Muso those sensely old ones
 Our singling of Glasses.
 Your Rhyming Surpasses.
 When crown'd mth good Claret Bump^r Esq^r Jones



*Ye Soldiers So Stout,
With Plenty of Oaths, none Plenty of Coin.
Who make such a Rout,
Of all your Commanders
Who serv'd us in Flanders,
And eke at the Boyne,
Come leave off your Rattling
Of Sieging and Battling
And know you'd merrit to sleep wth whole Bones
Were you sent to Gibraltar,
Your Note you'd soon alter,
And wish for good Lands & Bumper Esq^r Jones.*

*Ye Clergy So wise
Whose Mysterious profound can demonstrate clear
How worthy to rise
You preach once a week
But your Sythes never seek
Above once in a year,
Come here without failing
And leave off your railing
Gang^t Bishop providing for dull stupid Drones
Say the Text is divine
What is life without Wine
Then away with^t Clara & Bumper Esq^r Jones*

*Ye Fox Hunter's cho
That follow if Call of y^r Horn & y^r Hound
Who your Ladies forsake
Before they're awake
To beat up the Break
Where the Terminus is found*

Flute

*Ye Lawyer's so just
Because what is null who so learnedly plead
How worthy of Trust
Youk now black from White
Yet prefer Wrongs to Right
As you're chance do to see'd
Leave mysty Reports
And son^t sake the King's Courts
Where dulness & Discord have for up their thrones
Burn Salteild & Ventris
With all your damn'd Entries
And away with^t Clara & Bumper Esq^r Jones*

*Ye Physical Tribe
Whose knowledge confuseth in hard Wounds & prime
Whene^r you prescribe
Share at your Devotion
Pills Pow^r or Potion
Be w^t what will the Case
Pray where is the Need
To purge, Blister and Bleed
Whentailing you^r selves if whole Faculty owns
That the Forms of Old Galen
Are not so prevailing
As mirth with good Clara & Bump^r Esq^r Jones*

*Leave Piper and Blueman
Shrill Dutches^r and Trumpan
No Musick is found in such different Tones
Would you ravish your Ears
With the songs of the spheres
Mark how ay^t with Clara & Bumper Esq^r Jones*



Reason for Ranging

Andante

Sie my Eye & my lovely Charmer Con - stancy has now the Day Sell me not my

Heart was warmer when it us'd to go --- a stray Love in youth does fiercely blaze But so

Strong it never stays Love in youth does fiercely blaze But so Strong it never stays

*If I follow'd evry Creature
Save the fault may be forgiven
Tis the frailty of our nature
Who can change the wills of Heaven
Tho' the Object might be new
Yea Love I still was true*

*Cupid Guardian of my heart
Let it loose to range awhile
In each Eye it found a Dart
And engaged by every Smile
Thus it was for you designed
Formed by practice to th' mind.*

*Cupid to me ever kind
Kept the purest of the fire
Dross consumed my heart refin'd
Made it flame with lost desire
Such a Flame as will be true
Such the God reserv'd for you*

Flute

F



A Favourite Song

Set by M^r Boyce

Venus to Sooth my Heart to Love gave thee y^e mildness of the Dove
 With ten der looks of soft distress to rob me of my Quietness

Apollo with Her does confire
 And lends thee both his Skill & Syre
 Compell'd to serve by joint decree
 In vain I struggle to get free

I call on Reason to resist
 But she refus'd to assist
 Nor dares oppose the mighty odds
 Since she is Human they are Gods

FLUTE

Flute music score with two staves of musical notation.



The Indiferent Lover

Set by Mr. Ormeald.

What meansthi nicenesf now of late, Since time if truth does prove, Such distance may an
 yl w State. But never will nth Love; Its neither running or flying does such way alon. The
 first & last is vain, may neither happen you may neither happen you

Fo r if it be to draw me on
 You over act your Part
 And if it be to have me gone
 You need not half that Art
 Fo r if you chance a look to cast
 That seems to be a frown
 I'll give you all if love that is past
 The Rest shall be my own
 The Rest shall be my own

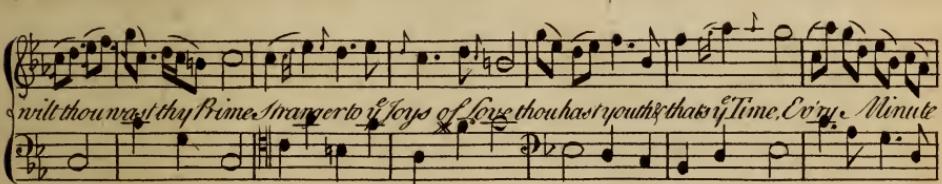
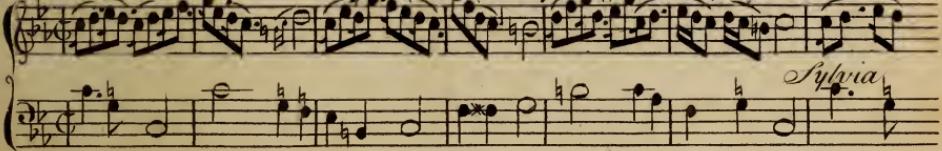
Flute

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 You over act your Part
 And if it be to have me gone
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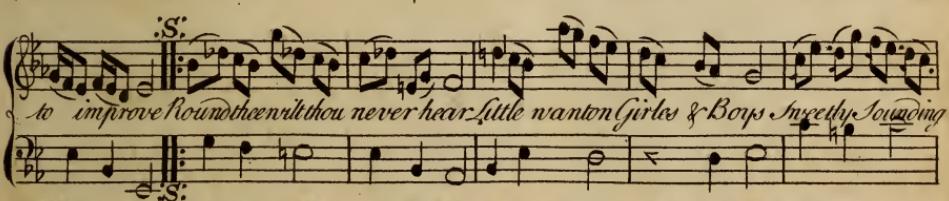


Advice to Sylvia.

Set by Sir? Tortorici

Sylvia

S:



c.S:



Only view that little Dove,
Softly cooing to its Mate;
By a farther Proof of Love,
See her for his Kisses wait.
Hark, the charming Nightingale
As it flies from Spray to Spray,
Sweetly tunes an amorous Tale,
I love it, I try to lay

Could I to thy Soul reveal,
But at least a Thousand th Part.
Of those pleasures Lovers feel,
In a Mutual change of Heart
Then repenting, wouldst thou say
Virgin Tears from hence remove
All y Time is thrown away, All &c.
That we cannot spend in Love.





Goddess of Ease

Scrib by Mr. Boyce

Goddess of Ease leave to the's Brink ob sequitous to the Muse and
me for once endure the Pain to think O sweet In sensibili ty
sister of Peace, and Indolence bring, Musè bring numbers soft and slow &
laborately void of sense and sweetly thoughtless let them flow
In sensibili ty thoughtless let them flow, for

Sym.

2

3

Near to some Cowslip, painted Mead
There let me Dore away dull hours
And under me let Flora Spread
A Sophia of her softest Flowers
There th' to me, your notes you break
Sorth from behind y' neight curing Pine
Whilst murmers of the Stream beneath
Run slow in unison with thine

For Shee, O Idleness the woes
Of life we patiently endure
Shou art y' Source whence labour flows
If, Shun Shee but to make thee sure
For who'd endure War, toil & waste
Or who th' hearst thundring of y' Sea
But to be Idle at the last
And find a pleasing End in Thee



Fill each Bowl Set by Mr. Galliard

Fill each Bowl with flowing meau're Till its sparkles o'er y Brim: The Grav'e
 Care & Spring of pleasure, Is when y Brains in Nectar - m'm. Fill your
 veins with generous Wine; That y woman a lone refines & rai'se mor... tal:
 and rai'se mortals to Divin. Crown wth Beauty all our Glasses Beauty bi'tour pleasure
 guidor: Give us but wine & blooming lasses, Take back ye Gods, ally gisole &c.

Flute

Sheet music for Flute, featuring two staves of sixteenth-note patterns.



Fill me a Bowl

Sing. " Fill me a Bowl
 Spirito. " Fill me a Bowl a mighty Bow^{ll}. large as my Capacious Soul
 Fill me a Bowl a mighty Bow^{ll}. large as my Capacious Soul
 Soul vast as my heart is let it have depth enough to be my grave
 I mean the grave of all my Care for I design to burry t^he
 Let it of Silver fashonid be worthy of

The music consists of six staves of eighteenth-century musical notation. The first staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time, and a treble clef basso continuo staff below it. The second staff begins with a soprano F-clef, common time, followed by a basso continuo staff with a bass F-clef. The third staff starts with a soprano G-clef, common time, followed by a basso continuo staff with a bass G-clef. The fourth staff begins with a soprano C-clef, common time, followed by a basso continuo staff with a bass C-clef. The fifth staff begins with a soprano F-clef, common time, followed by a basso continuo staff with a bass F-clef. The sixth staff begins with a soprano G-clef, common time, followed by a basso continuo staff with a bass G-clef.



Set to Musick by W^r Corfe

Wine worthy of me *Worthy to adorn the*
Spheres worthy to a don the Spheres as that bright Cup as that bright Cup a
mongst Stars Fill me a Bowl a mighty Bo^bl large as my Capacious Soul

Flute

Ag. *so:* *Ag.* *so:* *Ag.* *so:* *Ag.* *so:*



Largo *The Lukewarm Lover* Set by M^r Oswald

Whilst I

(Clef: G; Time: Common Time; Key: F major)

gaze on Chloe trembling straight her Byes my Fate declare, when She

(Clef: C; Time: Common Time; Key: D major)

Smiles I fear, dissembling when she frowns I then despair jealous of some

(Clef: C; Time: Common Time; Key: D major)

rival Lover if a wandering look She give, Fain I would re solve to

(Clef: C; Time: Common Time; Key: D major)

leav^e her but can Sooner cease to live

Why should I conceal my Passion.
Or the Sorments I endure
I'll disclose my Inclination
In full distance yields no cure
Sure it is not in her Nature
To be cruel to her Slave
She is too divine a Creature
To destroy what she can Save

Happy's he whose Inclination
Warms but with a gentle heat
Never flies upto a Passion
Love & a Sorment is too great
When the Storm is once blown over
Soon the Ocean quiet grows
But a constant faithful Lover
Seldom meets with true Repose



Sportive Lephyrus

Set by Mr. Howard

Sportive Lephyrus fondly blow ing Spreading Odours through the Air

Blooming Life on Groves be stow ing: to Vauxhall my Delia bear.

Flora cant more sweetly blos^sm Thee Playing, Playing round her Charnes

Then when Delia's Smiles address me Sigh ing dy ing in her Arms

Sportive Lephyrus fondly blow ing: Spreading Odours through the Air

Blooming Life on Groves be stow ing: To Vaux hall my Delia bear



The Lady of the May set by Mr. Corp

Moderato

Pretty Wanton come away, love is mouth is always May, long have I to long to say, bid y' Wanton thing to play,

But alas y' well e day when I sue you cry me nay when I sue you cry me nay To requite my lingring stay

Paymen never payfull arue if inde all is ga - - - - y. ill w deck in best array

Pretty Wanton come away, let us love the Month of May

Little Wanton let us rove
Thro' the fragrant Myrtle Grove.
There to hear the Turtle Dove
Coosin. Sonnets to its love:
Ery' Turtle equals Jove,
Tho' the God for Beauty strove
Let us then curtime improve,
Sonnets may your Scorn remove
Cynques doth not thee before
Wear the Wreath as Shepherd wove
Little Wanton, let us rove,
Thro' the fragrant Myrtle Grove.

Try thee Wanton come away,
Slight not love with cold Delay,
Every Sedge is green and gay,
Ery Hawthorn's crowned with May
Socord Birds on evry spray,
Warble out the live-long Day
Ery Swan in Shepherds Grey
Juno her Sav'rite Roundelay
Gender Lampion Spurrite Lerry
Blosom buds their sweet Display
Come my Wanton come away
Let us love the Month of May



To Cælia

pianoforte by Mr Crome

Slow

Why Cælia this Morning's doubtling of
morn Why one minute cruel & one Minute kind. The season for Love is to short for delay And
Beauty a Flower is soon fade away And Beauty a flower is soon fade away

Gay Hours and warm Hours are so fleeting to loose,
And they are the Blossoms each Lover must use
Unsettled by Nature they quickly take wing.
They die in the Autumn & bloom but in Spring. They die &c

That Air and that Shape so adapted for Love,
Those Eyes & those Features delusive will prove,
My Feelings so tender with Time will expire,
And if Ague of Age extinguish my Fire. And the &c.

Oh! think then dear Fair one, resolve me in haste
The moments so precious we're Treason to wast.
To fears bid adieu from these Whimsies be free
And let as designed Love & Beauty agree. And let &c

Flute

Flute



Florella and Chloe set by Mr. Morgan

Florella lovely Nymph forbear to cloud a face like thine, with brows so nought but
 Smiles should wear to please & bless mankind Sym.
 Wakenious haste old Time and Care will stay, the liveliest Blesey, then do not by ill judgment
 marr What will be lost too soon, What will be lost so soon. Sym.

See with what pleasure evry Swain
 The chearfull Chloe views
 See with w^t joy they wear the Chain,
 All pleas'd whom she subdues
 Sho' Fair her Face, divinely fair
 Yet she more Conquest owes,
 So that good Nature that appears,
 In evry thing she does.

And that will please when every joy
 That Beauty gave is Dead,
 And friendly smooth y wrinkled Brow
 Of Age's Hoary Head
 Then give to Smiles & Mirth y Hour
 Enjoy the present Store;
 Desraud not Beauty of y Powr,
 That soon will be no more



A New Song

Set by Mr. Oswald

Sym. How long O liza
must I languish and grieve my Soul in tender Anguish. How long thus drag out
Life in vain Sym. Consider Time is swift... by
Flying Consider ev'ry Day is dying And never will return a
gain. And never will return a gain.

O let not Pride and foolish Fashion.
And too much Prudence starve my Passion.
Consult sometimes the generous Breast:
There is the seat of real Pleasure.
There Love creates the noblest Treasure
Sir Solid Wisdom tells best: Sir, solid &c



A Favourite Cantata: Sung by

Ye tenderlow'ry how shall I move, A
 careleſs maid that laughs at love how shall I move Ye tenderlow'ry a careleſs Maid that
 laughs at love Cupid to my succour fly Cupid to my
 succour fly Ye tenderlow'ry how shall I move A careleſs Maidly laughs at love Ye
 tenderlow'ry how shall I move a careleſs Maidly laughs at love Cupid to my succour fly
 Ad?
 Cupid to my succour fly

The musical score consists of six staves of music for voices and instruments. The first two staves are soprano parts, the third is alto, the fourth tenor, and the fifth bass. The sixth staff contains the bassoon part, which provides harmonic support. The vocal parts are set against a background of continuous instrumental patterns, primarily from the bassoon.



M. Love at Vauxhall

Come with all thy thrilling darts thy melting flame to soften hearts thy

melting flame to soften hearts, thy melting flame to soften hearts; Conquer for me or die. Ye

Recit.

Thus in a melancholy shade A pensive lover to his aid Invok'd the God of warm desire

Allegro ma non troppo

Love heard him and to gain the maid did his successfull thought inspire

Take her humour, smile, be gay. In her

Savile follow, join That's the charm will make her thine That's the charm will make her thine



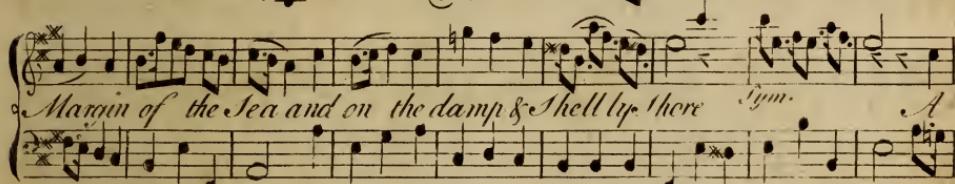
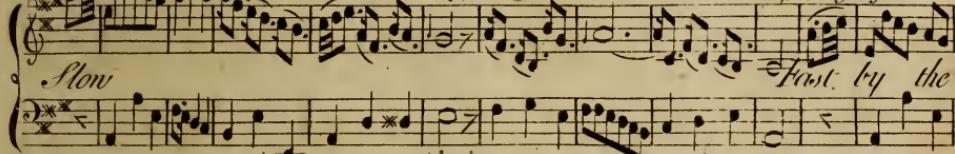
Set to Musick by M^r Worgan

That's y^e Charm will make her thine
Smile be gay In her fav'rite follies join That's y^e Cha... m will make her thine Take her Humour.
Smile be gay Take her Humour Smile be gay In her fa... v'rite follies join That's y^e
Charm will make her thine That's y^e Charm will make her thine That's y^e Charm will make her thine
Cast thy serious A^m away Freely courting loyng Sporting sooth her Hours with
Anxious Play Freely courting loyng Sporting So... th her Hours with Anxious Play.



On a Lady being Drown'd

Sung by T. Neiington



O cruel fate, Ah! hapless Howr
When I and Celia sail'd the Deep
When hush'd by some deluding Pow'r
The Winds & Waves were laid to sleep
The Winds were taunt & sleep

In as than my Heart wept drops of Blood
And like the Ship waz rent in twain
When Celia founder'd in the Flood
Sink, Struggld, rose, & Sink again,
Sink, rose, and Sink again.

Too soon alas! the peaceful Scene,
Chang'd to a Storm the Tempest roar
The Sky look'd black & smoaking main,
Dashed the pierce Stares against the shore:
Fierce Stares against it hear.

Thrice did I plunge beneath y' Waves
To catch the sinking panting Fair
Since made a vain attempt to save.
I shriek'd fair in mad Despair
I raved in mad Despair

I low fawn woud Damon then have dy'd
And hurryd to the World beneath,
To seek his love, and by her side
Lament her too untimely Death
her too untimely Death



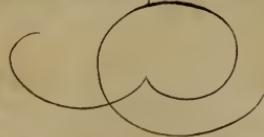
The happy Swain.

Set by W^r Morgan.

As Damon in a summer's day Beneath a shade, began his Lay The water murmuring
 pass'd along Well pleased to hear their Damon sing His theme was love for
 Delia's charm that won if shepherds to her arms Had won if shepherd to her arms

How blest am I who only know,
 The joys of love that ever flow
 Dear scenes of pleasures now appear
 And love is all a Damon care
 Hear then ye warbling Birds & Groves
 That Delia kind & Damon loves.

Delia as Morn is true and Fair,
 Sweet as the Rose and violet are
 Our hearts in mutual bliss shall live,
 No more can bounteous Nature give
 And every tree our passion tell
 That shepherds liv'd & lov'd so well



FLUTE

S: S:



A new Song —

Set by Mr Crookenden

Sym.

When with good Wine

Tables crown'd, and full Bumpers more around How briskly does the Spirit

How briskly slow the Countenance how lovely glow How briskly

does the Spirit slow the Countenance how lovely glow

in the Countenance how lovely glow.

Beauties may boast the Charms of Paint
Those Graces to the Eyes are faint
Nought but the Bottle Charms supply
And gives a Lustre that never dies



Roger and Sue a Ballad

Andante

One niern sweet Sue, a pail or tow of water drenⁱⁿ slipshod shee, where see was nev^{er} yzen; when
 falling from the lamp flap^{dash} upon her Rump a great & mighty bump swelled on her Butt ocks, plumpit
 smart it burns it aches by tunw, alcooⁿ I mscr^e she lou'd to wear In eys shall mere my wan restore to
 Chamas is wnt be sore; alas, oh cruel cursed disti ny waled Devil had the Rump for
 me Young Hodge who nbrkd hard^t by her, from pig stye chanced to Spy her which
 raijd the Clowins de sue, Soon as he heard her war^y yelp he ran^y offrd her his help: be



To a Favourite Air by Sig: Hafse.

gone she cry'd you saucy n' help & leave me but for thi' sad disaster I sure may have a playster then
 if you can releve me Oh straight y' care begin Oh Roger! Roger quick! Oh Roger! Sig. quick! Oh quichy!

Salve apply! Quichy soon will faint & die. Oh quichy your salve apply or Quichy soon will faint and die

For the German Flute

Sheet music for the German Flute, featuring six staves of musical notation. The music consists of six measures of a melody, likely corresponding to the lyrics above.



Female Fortitude

Set by M^r Russel

Sym
Andante

Young Saphne bright was Creature that ever did/leant en snare Was blest wth all that Nature could lavish
 on the Fair: coul darysh on the Fair For her each youth did languish & told their amorous smart, What
 tho' she mock'd their anguish, yet nephon won her heart, yet nephon won her heart

The stripling I wore, for ever
 He'd true and constant prove
 He was a youth so clever,
 That she repaid his love
 But I eat their joys resenting
 Of Stephen made a prize
 Of Pearly unrelenting
 To close the Shepherds Eyes

Now, sobbing, pining crying.
 She Beauteous Wilson raij:
 And wond'rin endless sighing.
 So weep her constant man:
 But Corydon the Rover—
 So Courther did prepare
 And thought another lover
 Might not displease if fair

With Boldness he advances,
 She fair her love denies,
 Still incisive Glances,
 Shot flashing from his Eyes
 With Caths & Tears a sailing
 He wip'd each tear upon cheek
 Until his love prevailing
 He weds her in a week.



A Favourite Song

See Stella as your Healthire turns all Nature does her Charme new
 Phœbus with greater lustre Burns who tells his Face in Grief for you
 No longer S. ris Sheds her Teas & the Zephyr softer Breezes Blow
 Flora in all her Pride appears if Streams in Dimpling gladness flow

Wonder not then too charming Maid
 To see your Shyfles Sympathize
 Excess of joy has Love betray'd
 And no longer can disguise
 Note Iだm when in Edén blest
 Did a more rapturous Transport prove
 When the fair Partner of his Breast
 First met his Eyes & taught him Sore

Flute

(Musical score for Flute, showing a continuous line of notes across two staves)



The Fickle Swain

Set by M. S. Holden

Sy:

Allegro

From Clime to Clime my Heart does rove I met evry Sweet yet
dares not love I met evry Sweet yet dares not love With wanton
Beauty often find But ah! how vain when ne'er admird

I sing I joy with ev'ry Art.
I invade the tender Virgin's Heart.
In gentle murmers tell my pain.
But tears are Idle, loves are vain.

Ye Gods! am I the man alone
Of love & beauty doomed to scorn
Must I indeed yield the mind control
Cushive the will, & bane the Soul.

With strick I soon ill treat the Sax
And ne'er with love my Heart perplex
Till Cupid sends some generous Fair
To ease my Griefs & end my Care

As thus the pensiv^w Sylvan stood
And sighing viend w^r espluent flood
The Tritons gaz'd to hear him mourn
And thus replied from vocal Horn

Forbear Dear Youth the plaintive song
Nor kindly censure late with wrong
To fickle Stephen coldly dies
And constant Almaryllis dies

Flute

F

Allegro



Celia

Set by Mr Crookenden

Is Celia in her Garden strayed, Secure nor Dreamt of harm.

Bee approach'd, lovely Maid & rested on her Arm

The Curious insect thither slow to taste the tempting bloom: But

with a thousand sweet in view, It sound a Sudden doom.

Her nimble hand of life bereav'd
The darling little thing
But first the snowy arm receiv'd
And felt the painfull sting
Oh woul'd it short laid burning Smart
The Nymph to pity move
And teach her to regard the heart
She fires with enfolfe Love

Flute

Flute part musical score



The Dream on : Anacreon Set by D'Heughton

Balletto When gentle Sleep had charm'd my Breast &

bulle^s my Senses all to restth my deluded Eyes I seem^d I seem^d to view Anacreon's bust

dream'd A Garland on his Head he wore & in his Hand a Syr^h bore

Harmonious Sound around him b^rkein melting strain^w ere ha^h pote

And as he touch'd the dancing Strings
The loves that waifed clasp'd their Wings
Old he appear'd but Silver Hair
That made if made him old had made him fair
His Beauties like the Roses shung
His Smiles were chearful as the Morn
A joyful led the reeling band
At once his Conduct and his Guard

His Wreath he took his Wealth that spread
Fresh blooming Glory round his Head
And with a smile said he receive receive
The noblest present I can give
With joy I stow'd my homage paid
Proud of the Present which he made
The fragrant flow'r breath'd sweets divine
That smelt of him and he of Wine

Then unadvis'd with heedless hast
The Chaplet on my Brow I plac'd
The Chaplet now mid with gay desire
Breathe a genial gentle Name of love inspire
Now in my Blood Anacreon Reigns
Love and Andreon sit my law
John's soft Strains my Music move
Until I'm wholly lost in Love

