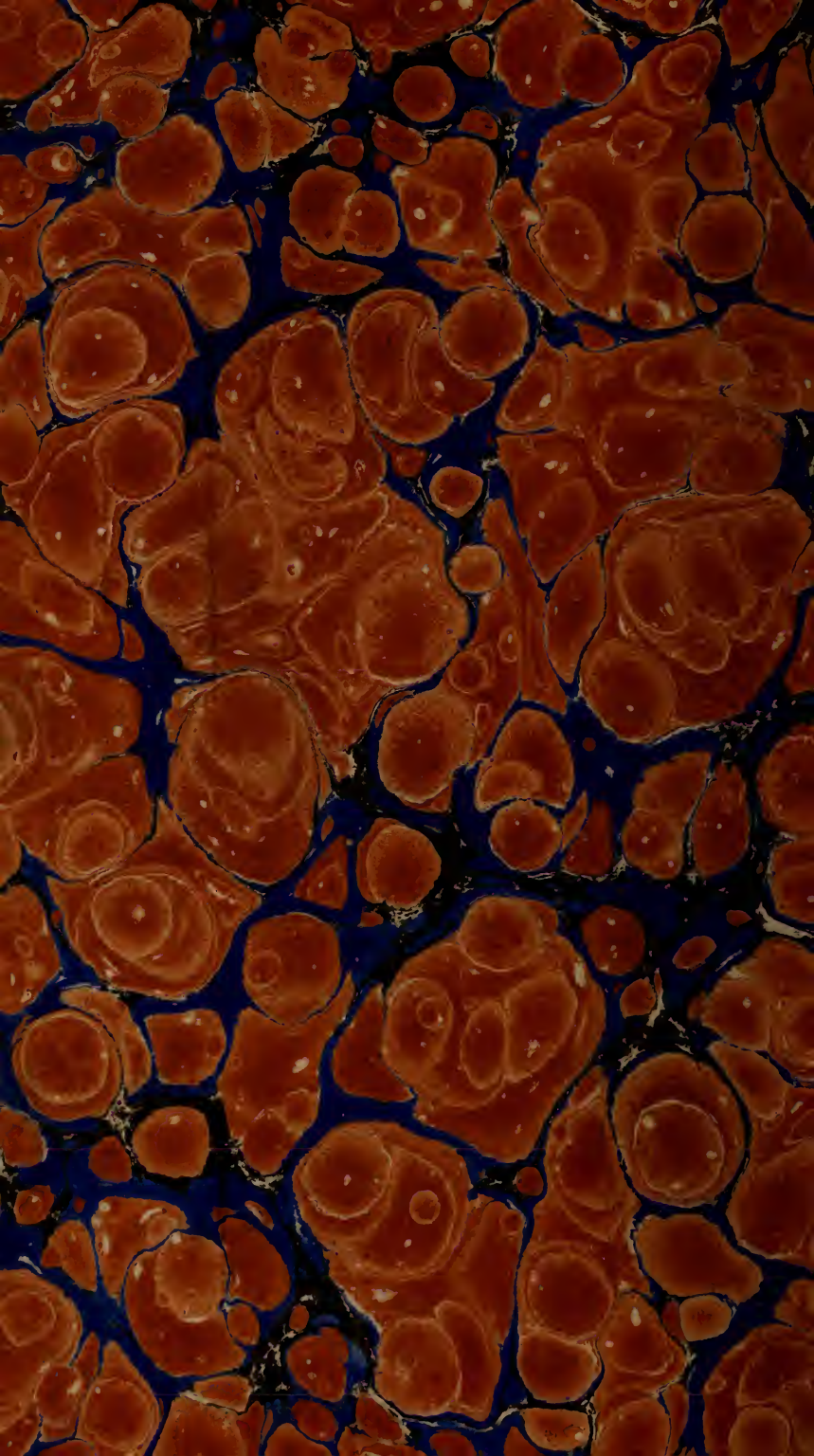
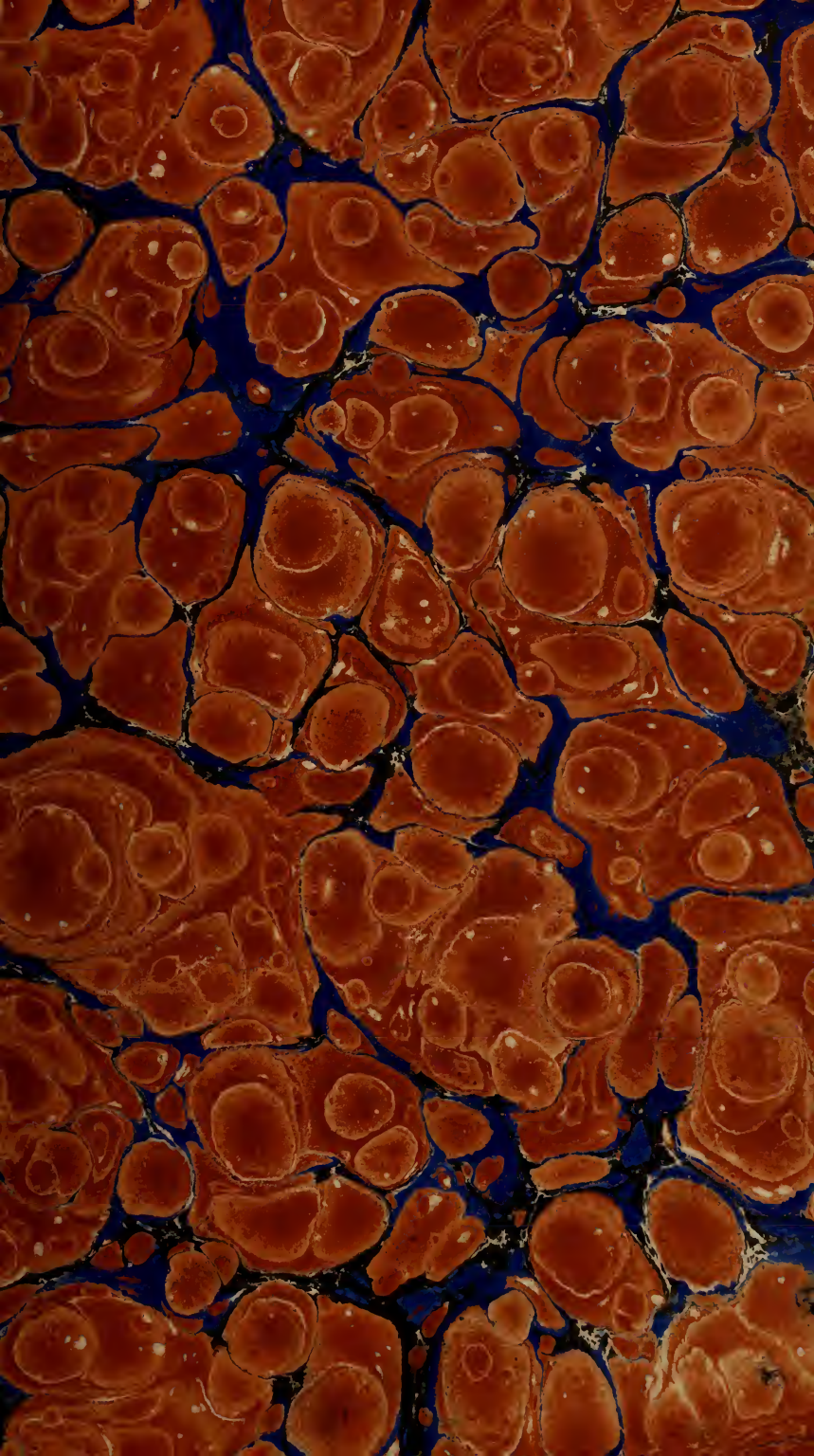






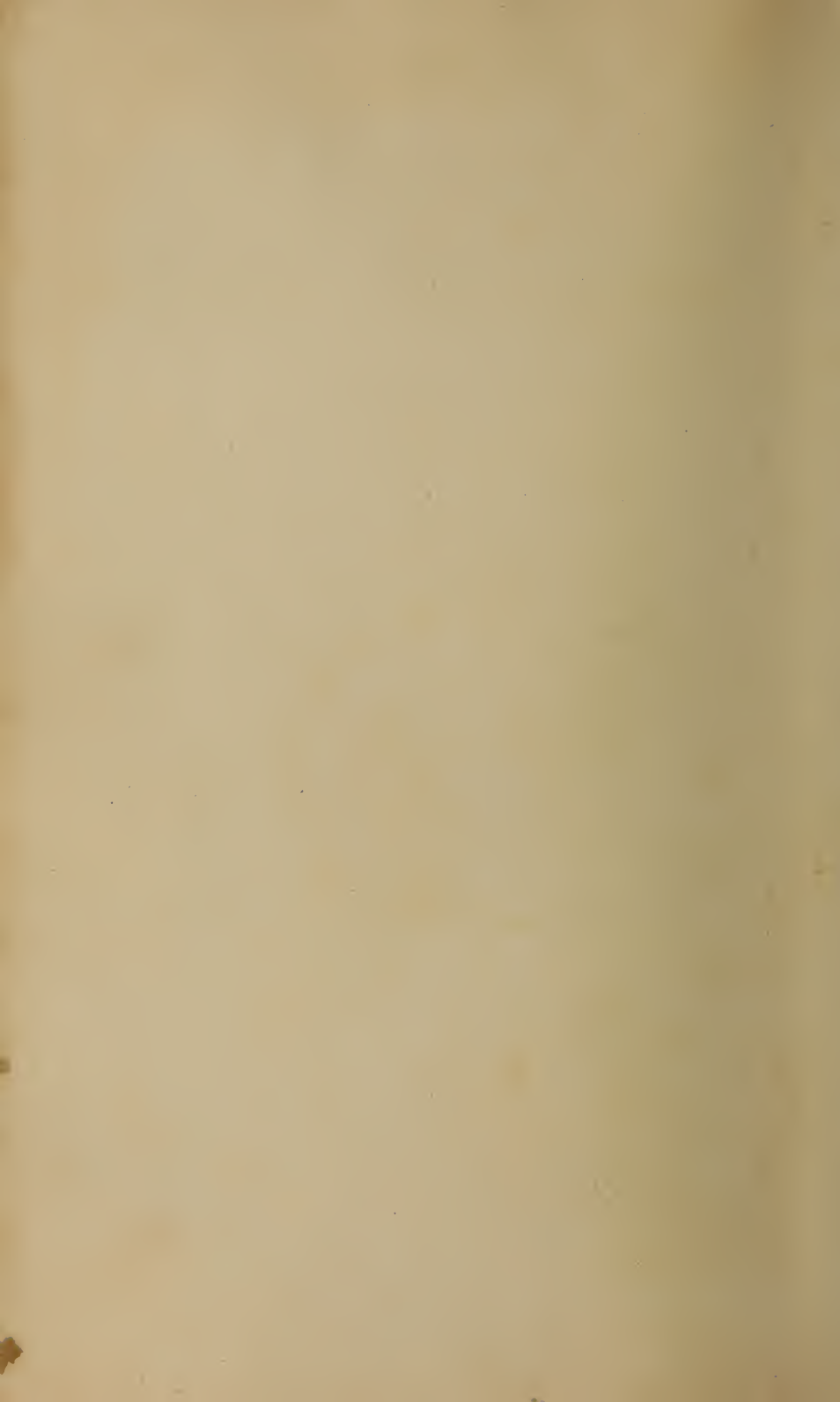


27 Oct. 11735
Cocks pp 155-158

N. Egerton Leigh

from E. Bates. 1882.

To Sir F. A. Gore. Rusley. Leeds/83.



To John Green Esq.

From W. Sharp

March 1852



CALLIOPE

Or

ENGLISH HARMONY

A
Collection

of the most Celebrated English, and Scots Songs, Neatly Engrav'd, and Embelish'd 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,

Sold by Henry Roberts, Engraver, Printseller, and Musick-Seller; the Second House below Chand Alley, facing great Turnstile, Holborn; of whom may be had all Sorts of Prints, Maps, Drawing Books; Water-Colours, Craions, Port-Craions, Indian Ink, Black Lead and Camells Hair Pencils; Red & Black Chalk: Likewise Variety of New Musick, Ruled Paper, &c. NB. All sorts of Prints Fram'd and Glass'd in the Best manner.

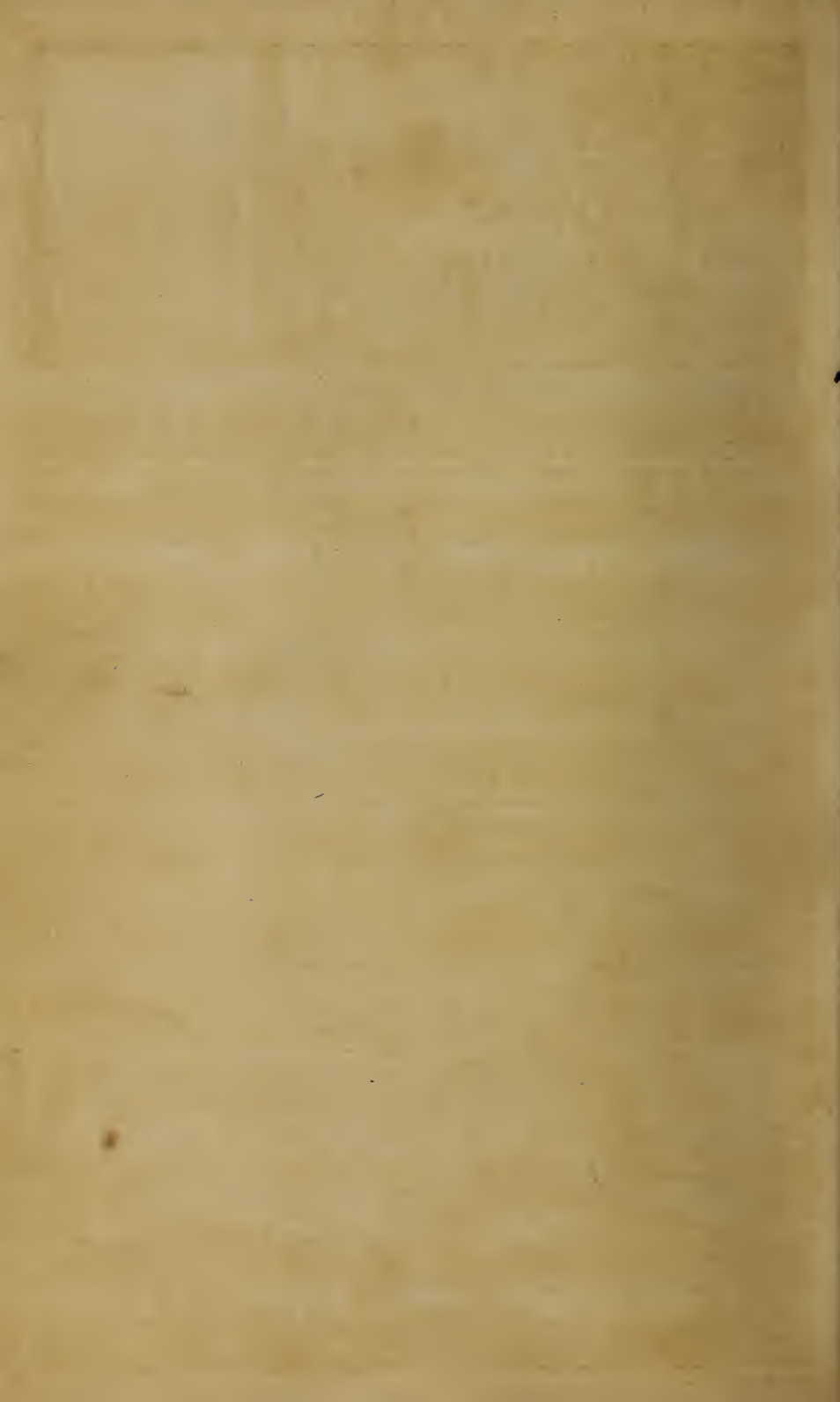
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New, Roberts first 1732

A New Song; the Musick by M^r 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 cheerfully
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 unmould'd she

6 6 6 5 6 4 3 6 6 5

look'd so like the Cyprian Queen he gaz'd admird and lov'd he lov'd alas! but

6 6 6 5 6 4 3 6

lov'd in vain, & full of Grief and Care He knew he never could obtain the

7 5 6 5 4 3 6 6 6 5 6 3 4 3 6 6 6 6 6 5

lov'd by charming fair, the lov'd by Charming fair.

6 6 6 6 5 6 4 3

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

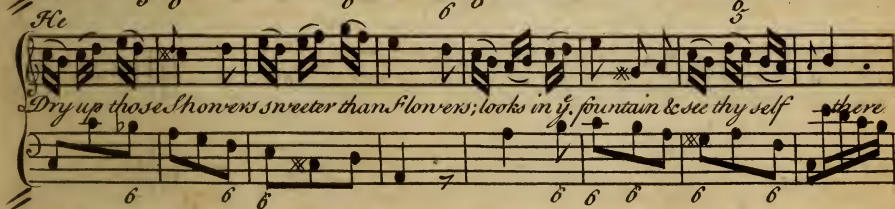
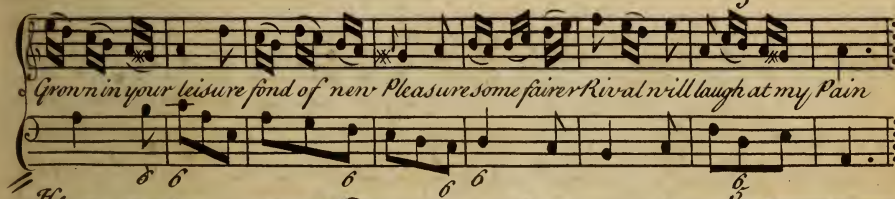
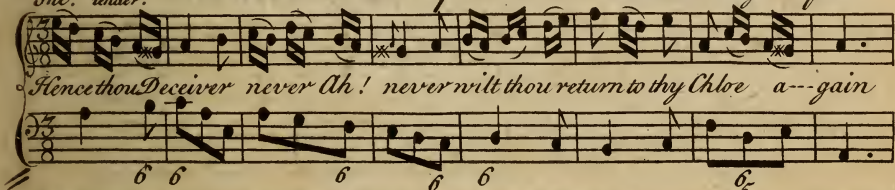
Flute

Flute



The Departure *Set to Musick by D.^r Green*

She. tender.

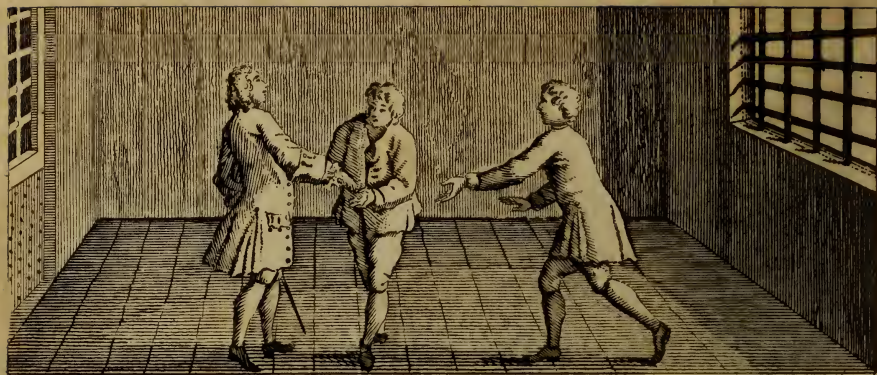


She. Go - you'll deceive me —
No - I'll believe thee —
Lean on my Breast, & thy Constancy swear
Should you deceive me,
Never leave me,
Chloe would languish & die with Despair.

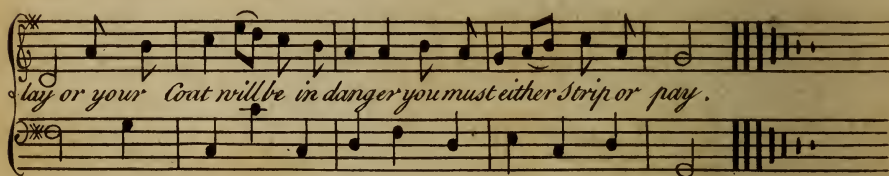
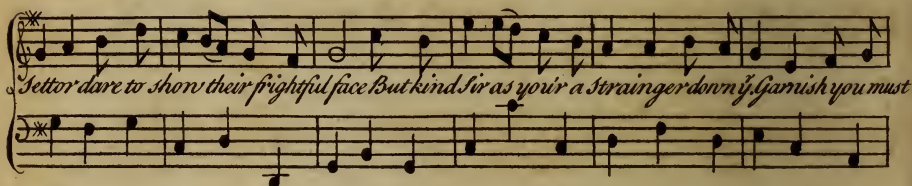
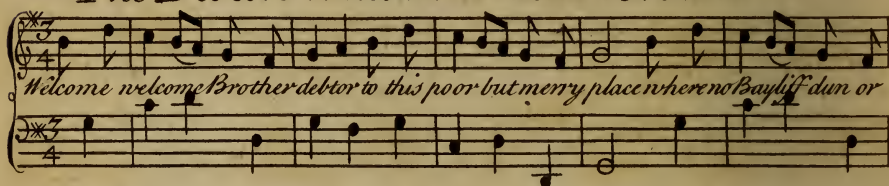
He. My sweetest Treasure,
Every Pleasure,
Every Charm in my Chloe I find
And all the Graces
Of newest Faces
Call but my Chloe back into my Mind

Flute





The Debtors welcome to their Brother *H. Roberts fecit 1739*

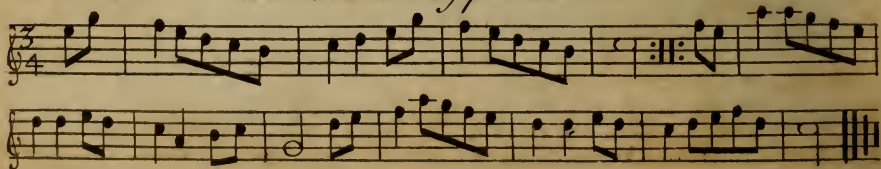


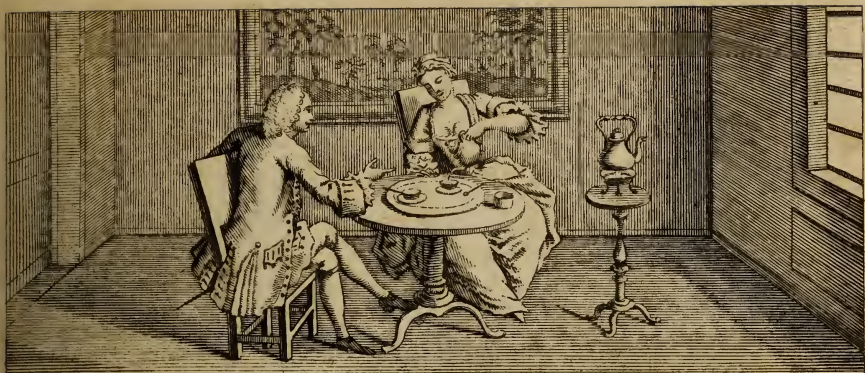
*N^eer Repine at your Confinement
From your Children or your Wife.
Wisdom lies in true Resinement
Through the various scen's of Life
Scorn to shew the least Resentment
Though beneath the frowns of fate
Knaves & Beggars find Contentment
Fears and cares attend the Great.*

*Though our Creditor's are spiteful
And restrain our Body's here
We will make a goal delightful
Since there's nothing E^lse to fear
Every Islands 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
Twas because he cou'd not Wander
Beyond the Worlds strong Prison gate
For the world is also bounded
By the Heavens and Stars above
Why should we then be confounded
Since there's nothing free but Love*

FLUTE





H. Roberts fecit 1759

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-
casions 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 Toupes in crowds round her Chat,
Each striving his Passion to show;
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 empire she'd keep,
And no, be her answer to all.
But when master Dapperwit offers his hand,
Her Partner in Wedlock to go;
A house, and a coach and a jointure in hand
She's an Idiot, if then she says no.
When'er she's attack'd by a Youth full of Charms,
Whose Courtship proclaims him a Man;
When press'd to his Bosom & clasp'd in his Arms,
Then let her say No, if she can.*

Flute



Going out in the Morning

Hark away is the merry toned horn calls the hunters all up with y^e morn; to y^e hull & y^e Woodlands we

steer to unharbour y^e out-lying Deer. And all the day long this this is our Song, still

hollowing & following so frolic and free. Our Joys know no bounds while we're

after the Hounds no mortals on Earth are so Jolly as we —

Round the Woods when we beat how we glen,
While the hull 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 sweep o'er y^e Valleys or climb,
Up y^e health breathing Mountain Sublime,
What a joy from our labours we feel,
Which alone they who tast can reveal
(Chorus) And all the Day long & c.

Flute



Bessy Bell

J. C. Roberts fecit 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
 ne'er cou'd altar but Mary Gray's twa panky Een they gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap;
 She smiles like a May-Morning
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with Rays adorning;
 White is her Neck, soft is her hand,
 Her waste and Feet's fu' gently;
 With ilka Grace she can command
 Her lips, O now! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the Crin
 Her Een like Diamonds' glances;
 She's ay sae clean, redd up & bran,
 She kills whene'er she dances;
 Blyth as a kid, with Wit at will,
 She's blooming tight and tall is;
 And Guides her lo'rs sae gracefu' still,
 O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye uncō sair oppress us;
 Our fancies jee betwixen you twa
 Ye are sic bonny Lasses;
 Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law w'e're stented;
 Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
 And be with ane contented.

FLUTE

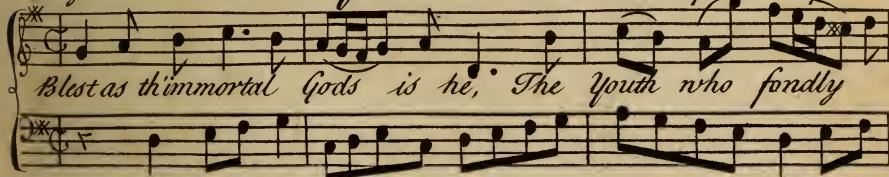


H. Roberts fecit

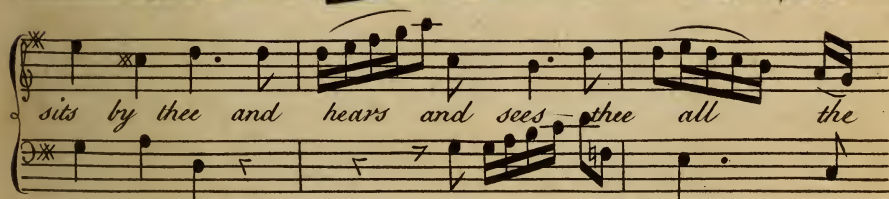
Allegro.

A Hymn to Venus

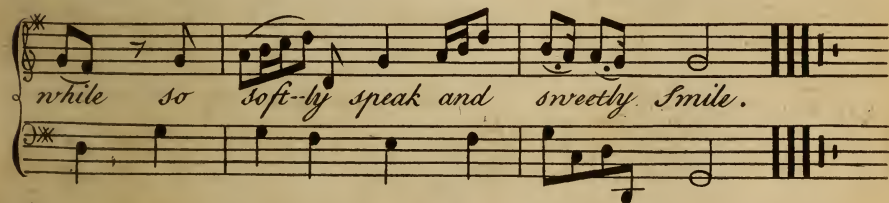
Set by M. Taubley



Blest as th' immortal Gods is he, The Youth who fondly



sits by thee and hears and sees thee all the



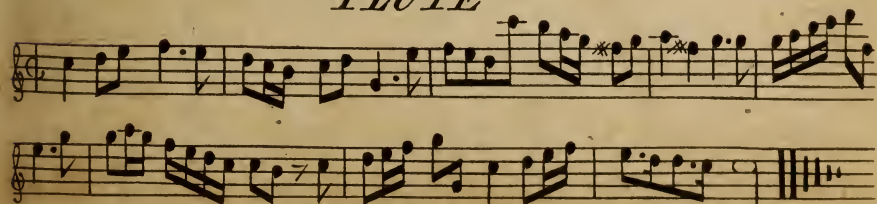
while so soft-ly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest
And rais'd such Tumults in my breast
But while I gaz'd in Transports to st
My breath was gone my Voice was lost

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

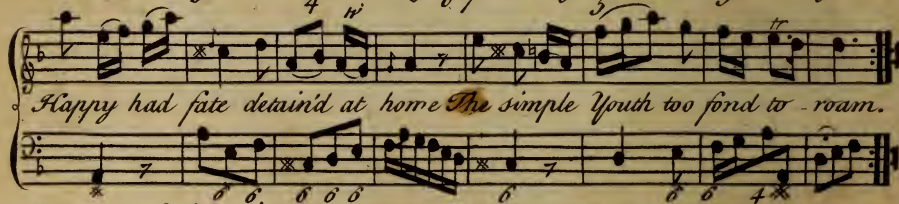
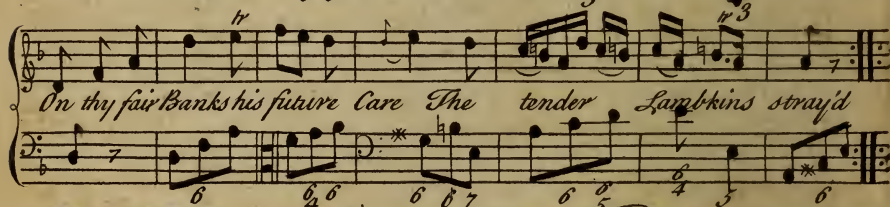
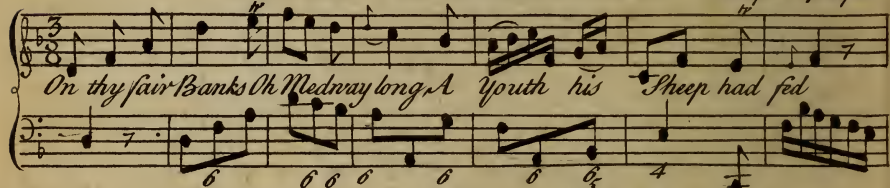
In denvy damps my limbs were chill'd
My blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd
My feeble Pulse forgot to play
I fainted sunk and died away.

FLUTE





The too Curious Swain. set by M. Lampe



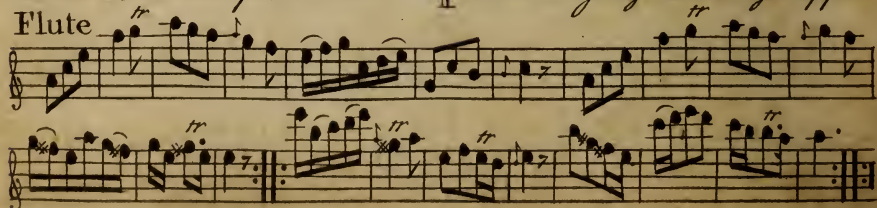
*Happy alas till curious late
He listen'd to the Tale
Near Tunbridge salutary Springs
What beautys grace the Vale,
Beautys that make the barren Soil
And craggy Rocks of Tunbridge smile.*

*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.*

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

*By Collins's fate be warn'd to vield
The fair with cautious Eyes
This Place is Cupids Empire seat
And who can shun surprize
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. Seado

Ye Gods ye gave to me a Wife out of your wonted 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*

Published at the door of Parliament 1739

Song

Allegro

The

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

Nymph disdains to pine who bathes $\frac{1}{2}$ wound with rosy wine rosy wine

rosy wine who bathes $\frac{1}{2}$ wound wth. rosy wine Sym.

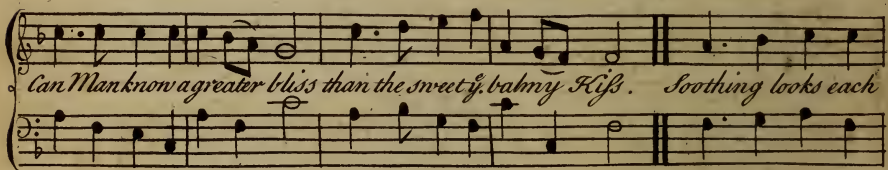
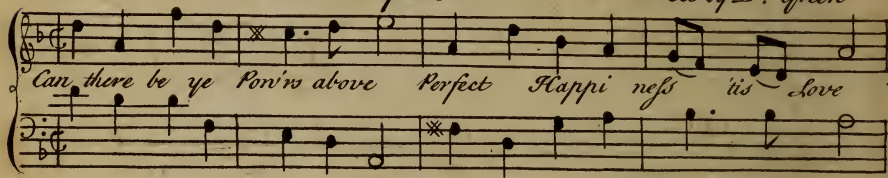
Farewel Sym. Farewel Lovers when they're cloy'd

if I am sorrow'd because enjoy'd sure the squeamish fops are free too rid me



The Request

Set by D^r. Green

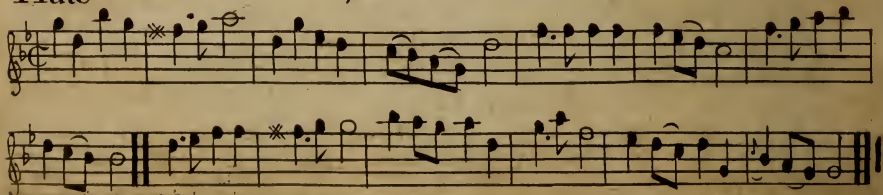


Why so often do I sigh
Pine alone yet know not why
Love has surely languish'd me
And makes me on his Deity
Mild as Queen of fond desires
Is the fair my Soul Inspires
Is the fair my Soul Inspires

Wanton Cupids search around
All arcadian 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

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

Flute





The Forsaken Lady

Set by M^r. Lampe

Andante

Not this blooming A--pril season can relieve my aching heart
 spite of all the force of reason 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 rising Joys

Gry Valley, field and Mountain
 Flow'ry Plain and verdant Grove
 Warbling Bird & sparkling fountain
 Mends me of my luckless love:
 When the Cowslip I discover
 Springing o'er the Primrose fair;
 Thee (I sigh) my gentle lover!
 Would have cropt 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 flow'ry can appear
 To conceal his poison'd dart,
 But the Wretch that trusts him near
 Grasps a Thorn, & wounds the heart.

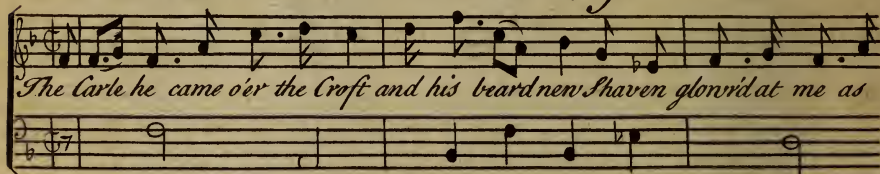
Flute

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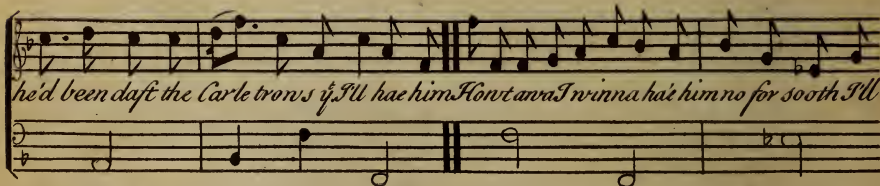


J. Roberts fecit

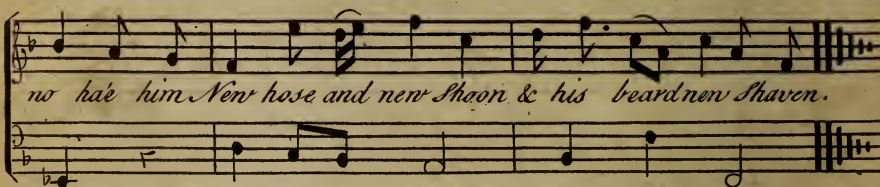
The Carle came o'er the Croft



The Carle he came o'er the Croft and his beard new Shaven glon'rid at me as



he'd been daft the Carle trons if I'll hae him Flowt an' a I winna hae him no for sooth I'll



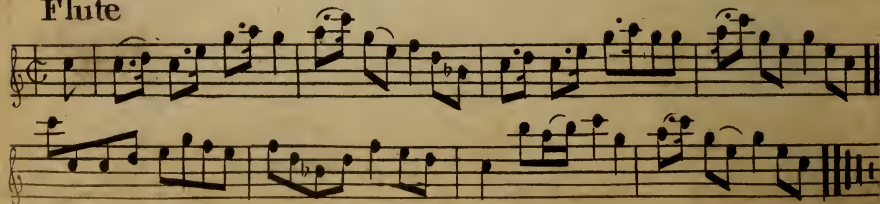
no hae him New hose and new Shoon & his beard new Shaven.

He gae to me a Pair of Shoon,
And his Beard new Shaven,
He bad me dance till they were done;
The Carle trons that I'll hae him.
Flowt an' a, &c.
He gae to me a Pair of Gloves,
And his Beard new Shaven,
He bad me stretch them on my loofs,
The Carle trons that I'll hae him
Flowt an' a, &c.

He gae to me an Ell of Lince,
And his Beard new Shaven,
He bad me wear the Highland dress,
The Carle trons that I'll hae him.
Flowt an' a
He gae to me a Harn Sark,
And his Beard new Shaven,
He said he'd kiss me in the dark
For that he trons I'll have him.

Flowt an' a I maun hae him,
I forsooth I'll een hae him,
New hose and his new Shoon
And his Beard new Shaven

Flute





Despairing Silvia *set by M^r. Gestranger*

Hard Fate to Sigh to sig---h in vain Des--pair--ing

Si---l-via Ories. De---bar'd the Free-dom

to Com-plain but through a Lov---ers Eyes

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

Thus hopeless must I e'er Remain
 Like Ghost about their Treasure
 Till spoke to first ne'er speak again
 Full waiting Strephons 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 & Concious know
 The Torments of Neglect
 They soon would teach him how to show
 More Love & less Neglect.

Flute



A Song

set by M^r Harris

Since Celia's un-kind and my Passion disdains, 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 - - - - - ve I'll drive away Care.
 Flute



The Provident Damsel set by M^r. Clarke

As Fiddlers and Orchers who cunningly know the way to procure themselves

Merit, Will always provide them two strings to their Bow and mannage their

Business with Spir----- it and mannage their business wth Spirit

*So likewise the Provident damsels should do
Who would make the best use of her Beauty
If the mark she would 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 fild & set by
And tother poor Soul we may Marry
And tother &c.*

Flute



Sym *The Noon tide Air*

Andante

Would you taste y^e noon tide Air to yon fragrant bow'r repair where

woven in the poplar bough y^e mantling vine will Shelter you the mantling vine will

Shelter you *Down each side a fountain flows twinkling*

murmuring as it goes *lightly o'er the Mossy ground*

lightly o'er the Mossy ground sultry Phœbus searching round sultry Phœbus searching round

Sym



Set to Musick by M^r. Arne

Round y^e languid herds & Sheep stretch'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 breast may beat to love's alarms till beat & bleeding

you shall own blest & blessing you shall own if Joys of love are Joys a lone the

Joys of Love are Joys alone ad 2^o Da Capo



Gently **The Nightingale** *set by M. Carey*

While in a Bon'r wth Beauty blast the lov'd & lov'd Amintor lies

while sinking on Lucinda's breast he fondly fondly kiss'd her Eyes

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

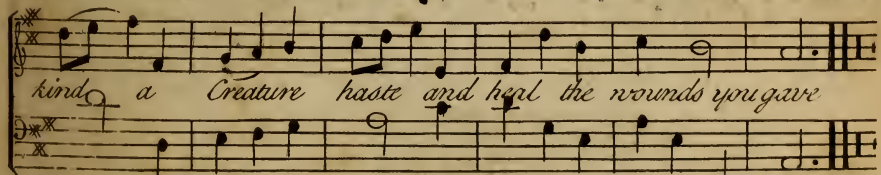
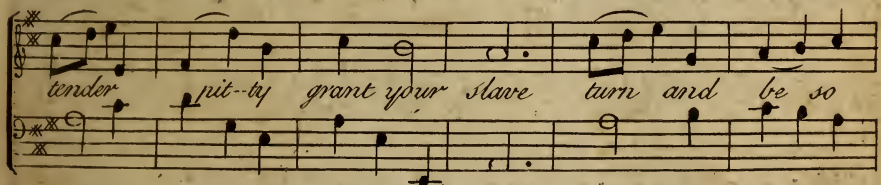
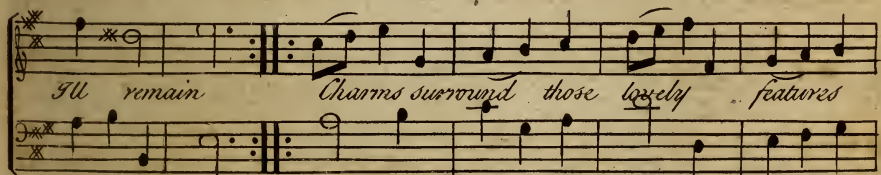
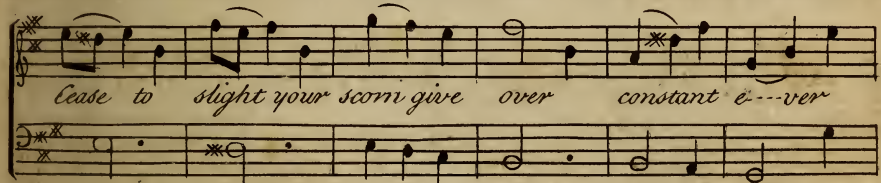
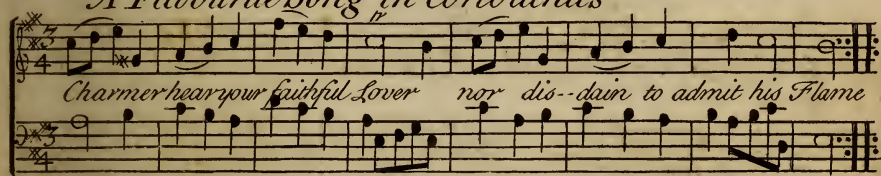
sweetly renew'd her plaintive Song, & war---bled through the Glade.

Melodious Songstress cry'd the Swain
To shades to shades thy happy go
Or if thou wilt 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 do---cord find in thee

Flute

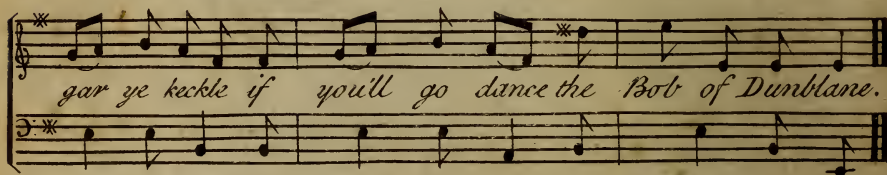
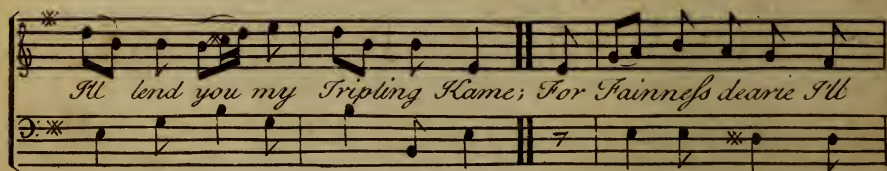
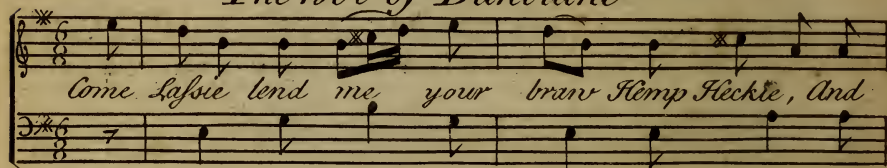


A Favourite Song in Coriolanus





The Bob of Dunblane

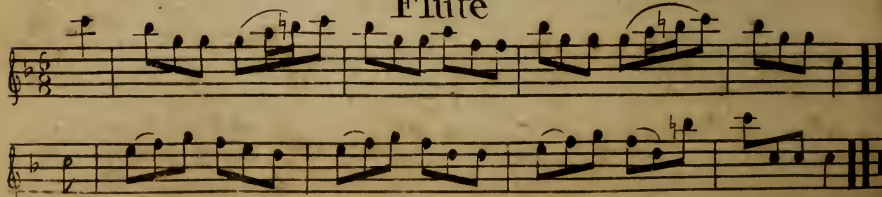


*Hast ye gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies
Bask ye bray and dinna think Shame;
Consider in Time of leading of Monnies,
Be better than dancing the Bob of Dunblane.*

*Be frank my Lassie lest I grow fickle
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 grown done with lying my lane
Anway then leave baith Minny & Dady
And try with me the Bob of Dunblane*

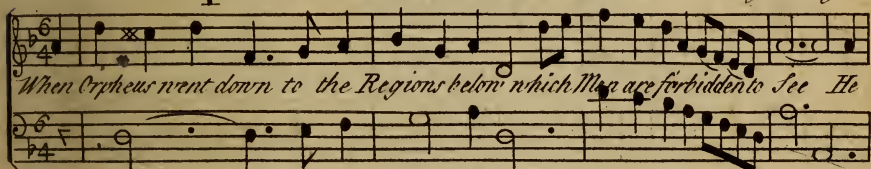
Flute



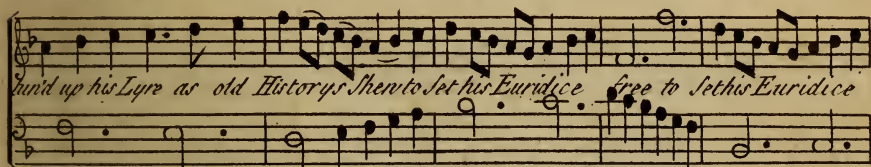


Orpheus and Euridice

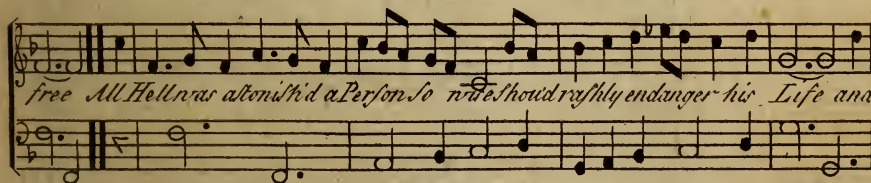
Set by M^r Boyce



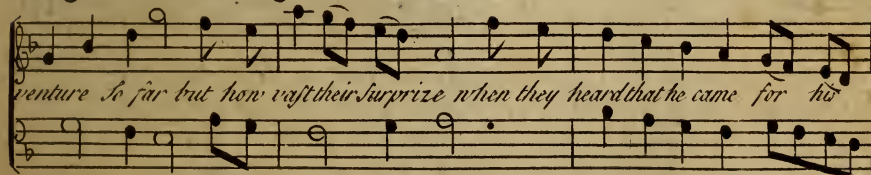
When Orpheus went down to the Regions below which Men are forbidden to See He



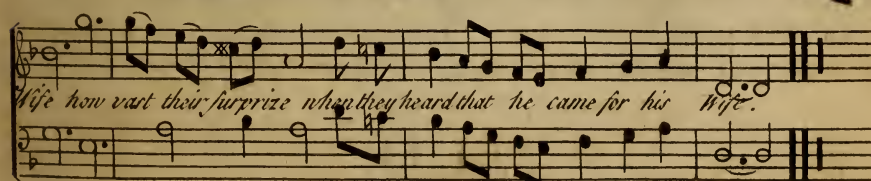
bind up his Lyre as old Historys shew to Set his Euridice free to Set his Euridice



free All Hell was astonish'd a Person so none 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 puzzl'd 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 vanquish'd his Heart,
And pleas'd 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 Mr. Boyce

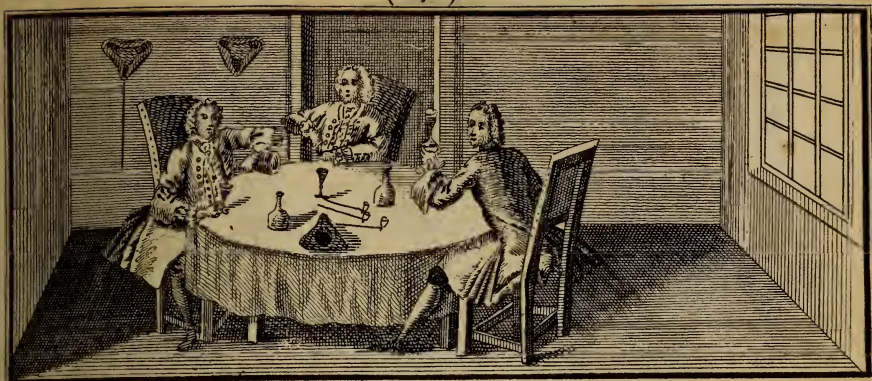
No more shall Meads be deck'd with Flowers nor Sweetings dwell in Rose-y Bowers nor greenest

Buds in Branches Spring nor Warbling Birds delight to sing nor April Violets Paint the

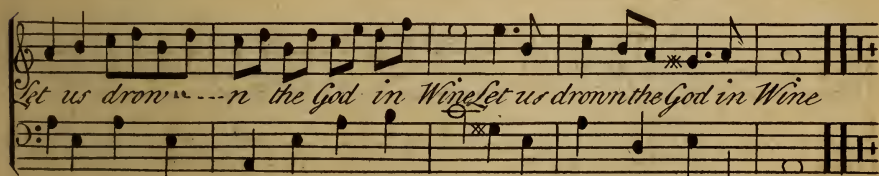
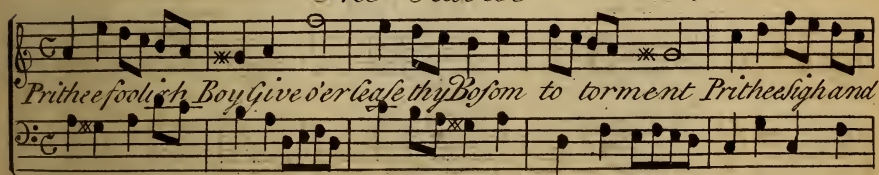
Grove if I forsake my Celia's Love if I forsake my Celia's Love

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 e'er my Celia I deceive If e'er &c.	If e'er I leave my Celia Dear If e'er &c.

FLUTE



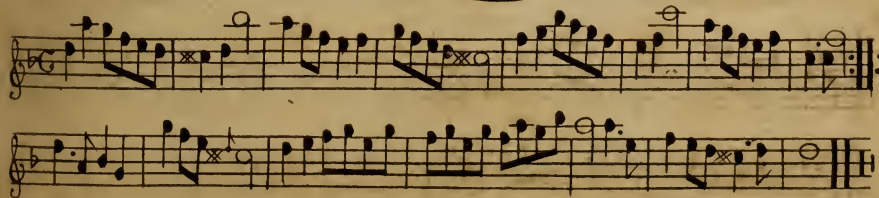
The Advice



*Stella's fairer Shape and Eyes
Charms too Lovely to Behold
Let us seek to Crown our Joys
Where the Best Champaign is sold
Love's a foe &c*

*Leave the Silly gaudy train
And believe me when I say
All the Joys they give are vain
Leave them then and come a way
Love's a foe &c*

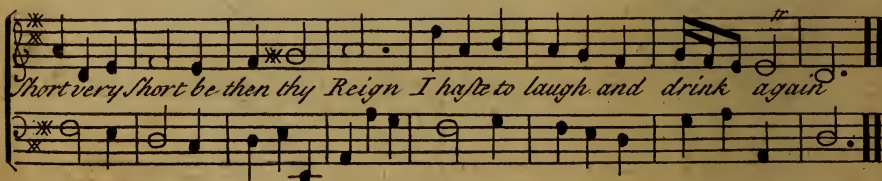
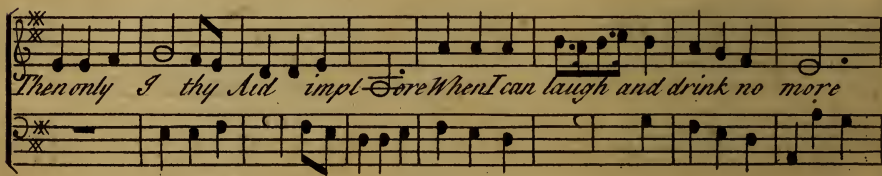
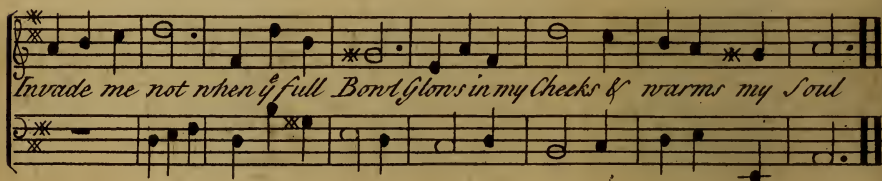
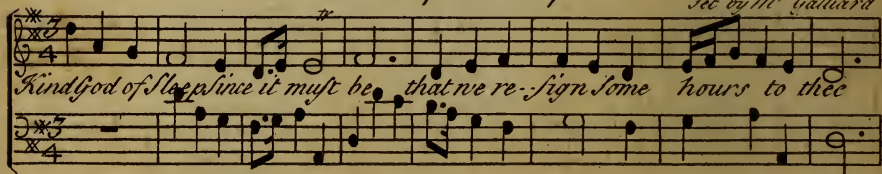
For the Flute.





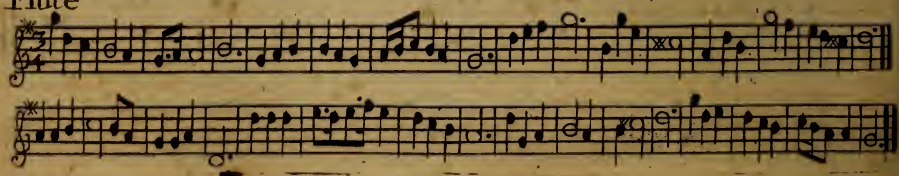
The Toper's Request.

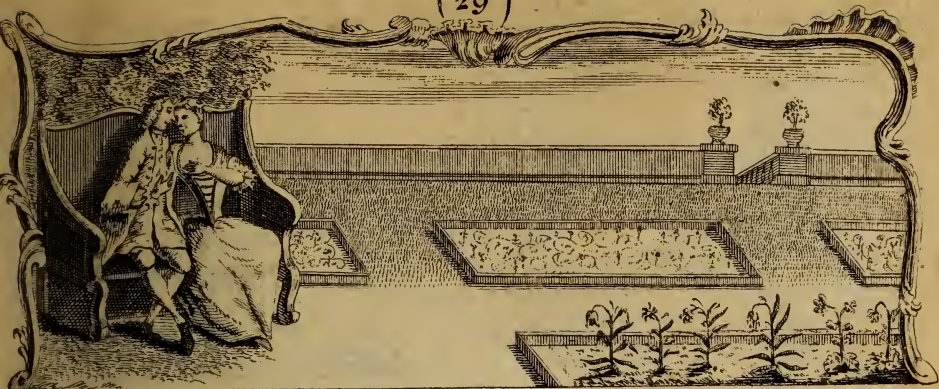
Set by Mr. Galliard



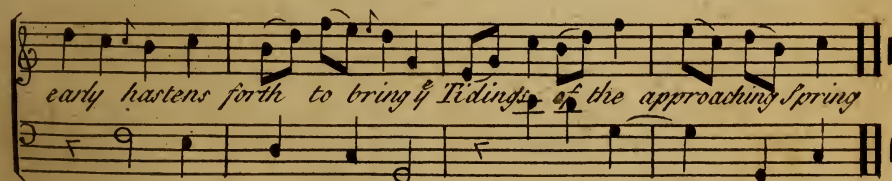
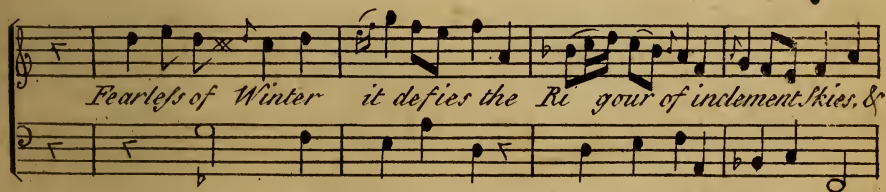
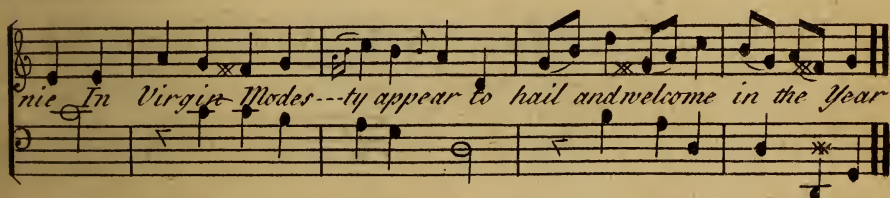
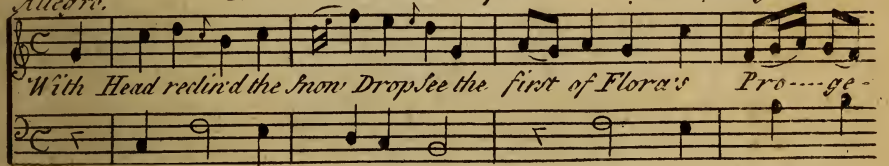
*But Oh if melting in my Arms, Then prithee gentle Slumber stay
the Nymph adorn'd with all her Charms; And slow and slowly bring the day
In pleasing Dreams Should me surprise. If Fancy can such Bliss bestow
And grant what waking She denies; Who would not be deluded so.*

Flute



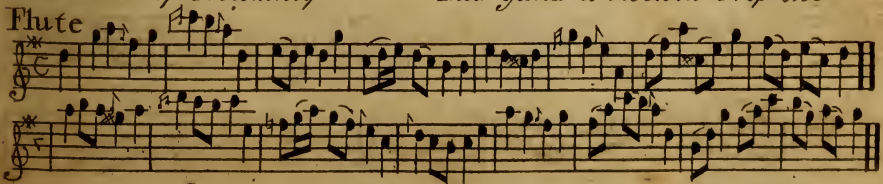


Allegro. **The Snow Drop.** *Set by Dr Green*



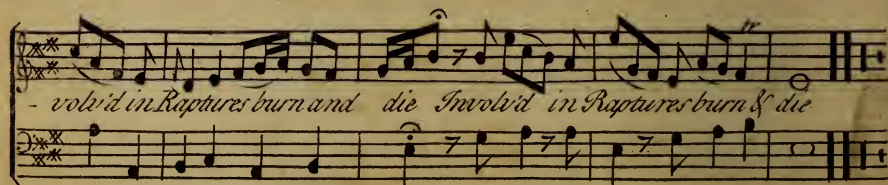
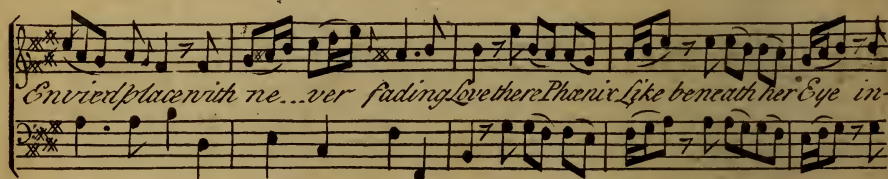
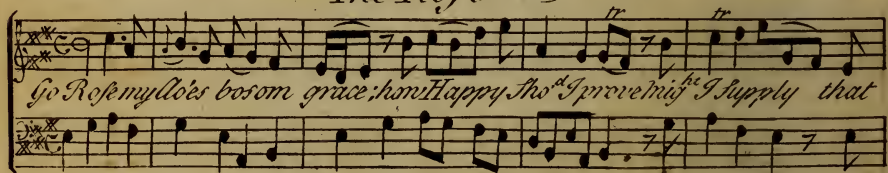
*The humble in its dress and plain
It ushers in a beauteous Train
And claims how gaudy e'er they be
The Merit of Precedency*

*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 owe*



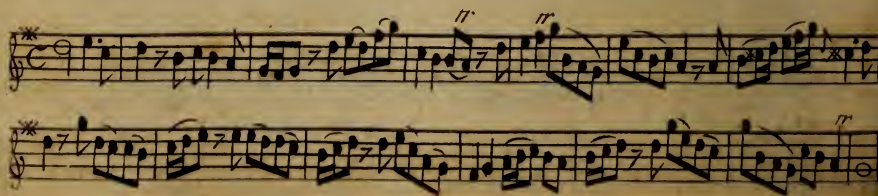


The Rose



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

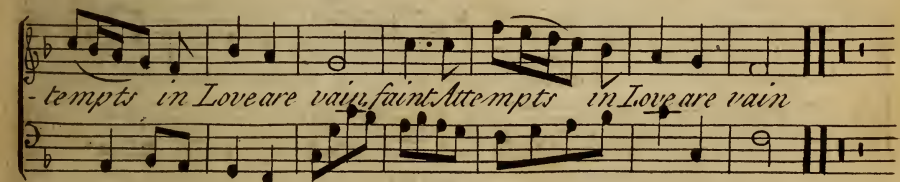
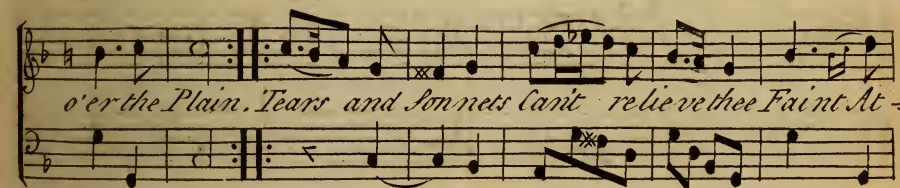
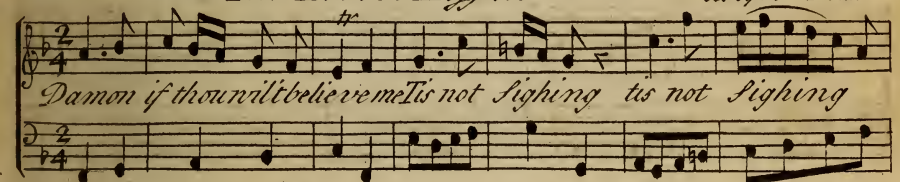
FLUTE





The Lovers Lesson

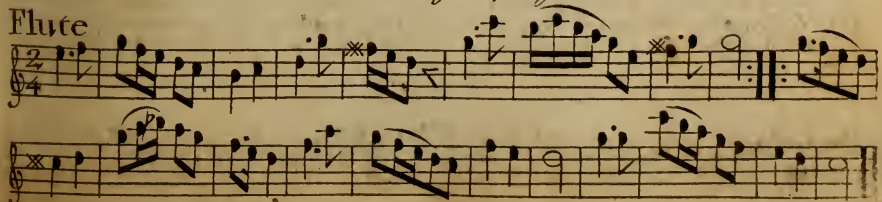
Set by M^r Preluer



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

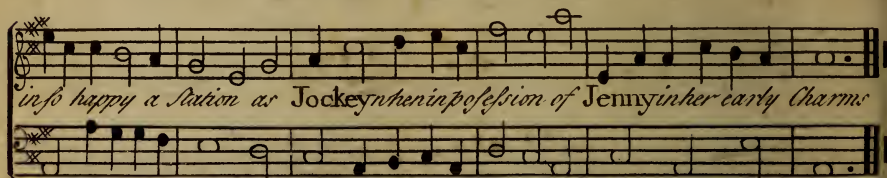
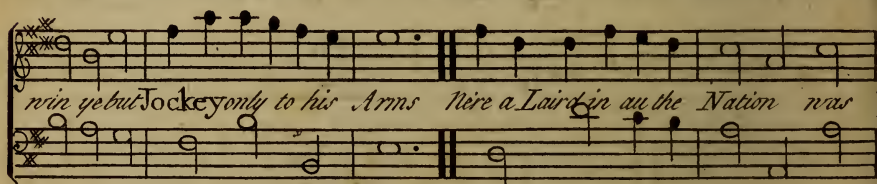
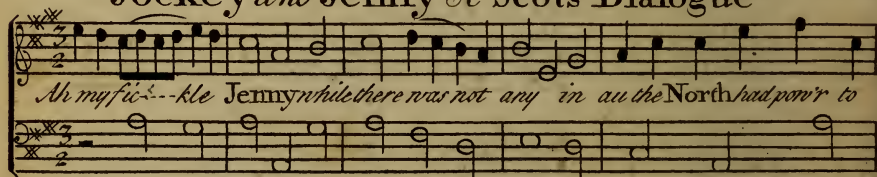
Love gives out a Large Commission
Still indulgent to the brave
But one Tip of base Omision
Love nor Woman yet forgave

Flute





Jockey and Jenny A Scots Dialogue



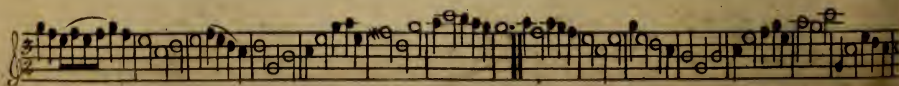
Jenny) ² Had you still address'd me,
As eance you carst me,
Near other Lad had ere posses't me,
But thine alean I now had been :
Had I only been in vogue w' ye,
And had you let none else colloque ye,
Nor rambl'd after Kathern Ogie,
I'd sped as well as ony Queen.

Jockey) ³ Moggy of Dumferling,
Is now my on ly Darling,
Who sings as sweet as any Starling,
And dances with a bonny Air;
Moggy is so kind and tender
If fate was ready now to end her
Could I but from the stroke defend her;
I'd dye, if he wad Moggy spare.

Jenny) ⁴ Savvy me Careless,
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

Jockey) ⁵ Come let's leave this fooling,
My Heart ne're was cooling,
Near ere but Jenny there was ruling
But thus our Hearts we fondly try
Jenny) To thy Arms if thou restore me,
Should all the Lairds' ills I'd love to adore me,
Nay our Gue'd King himsel send for me
With thee alean I'd live and Dye.

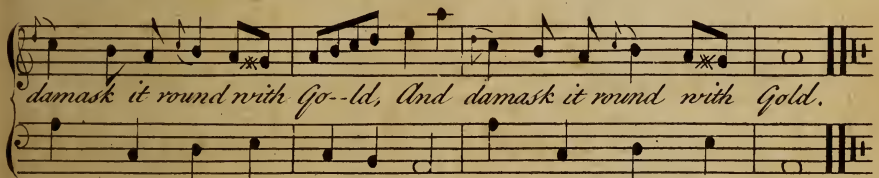
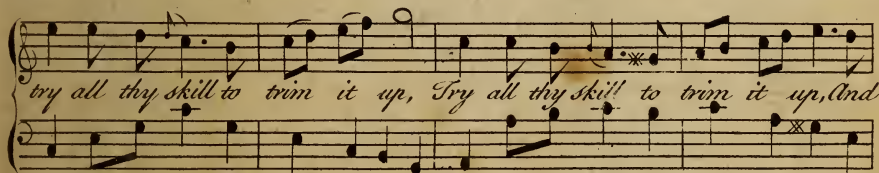
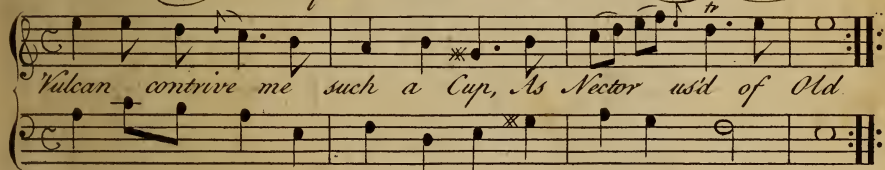
Flute





An Address to Vulcan.

Set by Mr. Fisher Tench



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 Vine,
And add two lovely Boys;
Whose Limbs in am'rous folds entwine, &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





By Dimpled Brook

By dimpled brook & fountain brim the wood nymphs deck'd with daisies trim the merry Wives &
Pastimes keep who has night to do with sleep it has night to do with sleep
Night has better sweets to prove Venus now wakes & wakens love
Come let us our rights begin tis on---by daylight that makes
sin tis on-by daylight that makes sin

1. S. 3/4
1. S. 2



The Circling Glass

Tempo di Gavotta

pia

By the gayly

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

how the raining night grows old how the raining Night grows old

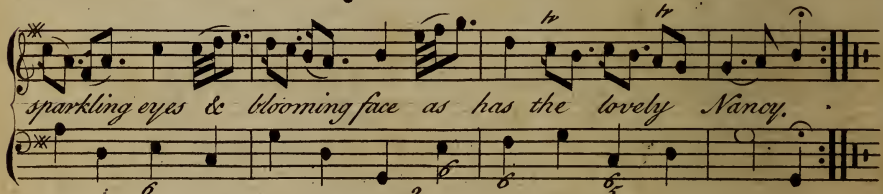
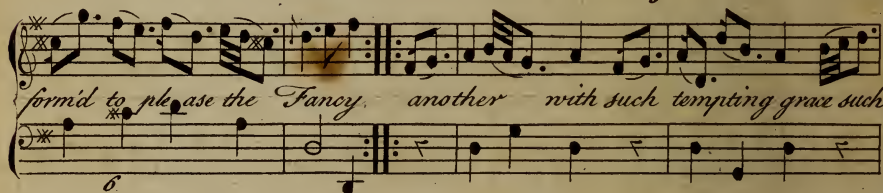
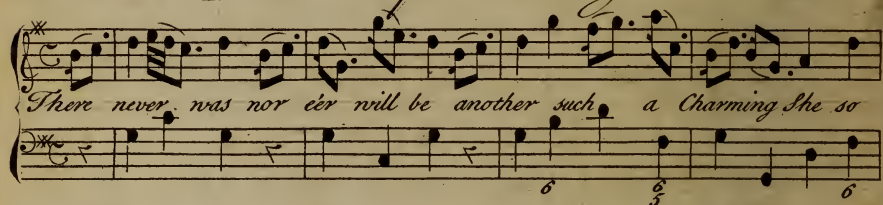
Soon too soon the busy day drives us from our

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

you sons of care 'twas made for you.



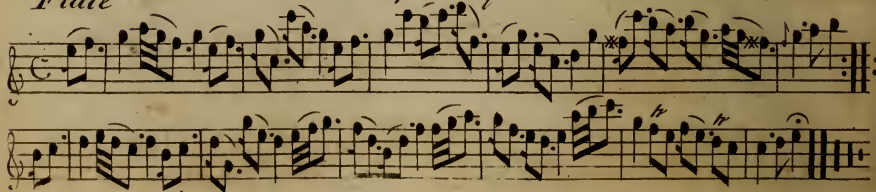
Lovely Nancy



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 deſte,
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 glim'ring ray,
Compared to the reſplendant day,
Shines all around of Nancy.

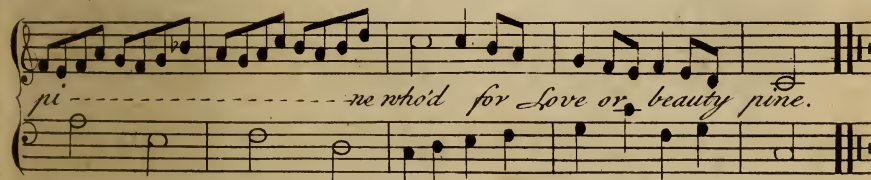
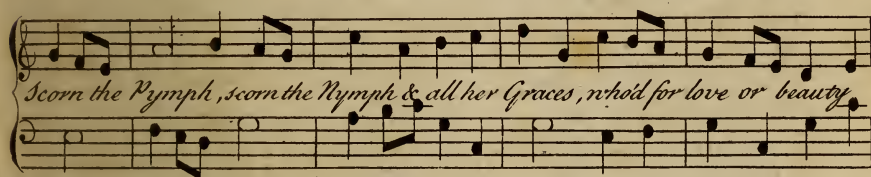
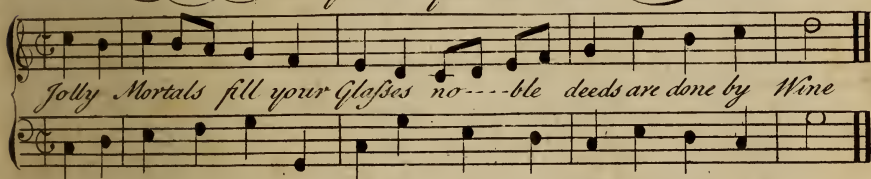
Flute





The Jolly Bachanalian's,

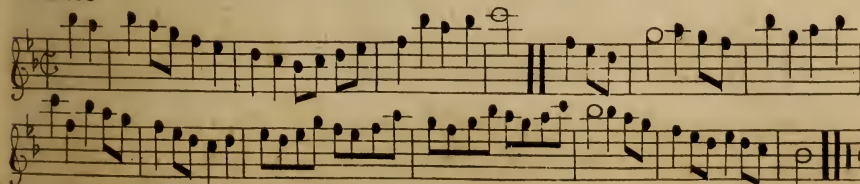
set by M^r. Galliard.



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 subdued the World by drinking,
More than by his Conquering sword,
More &c.*

Flute





The Cuckoo, a Favourite Song.

Sym
Allegro non troppo

*When daisies
When shepherds*

*pink & Violets blue and Ladies smocks all Silver white & Cuckow buds of yeallow hue do
pipe on Oaten strans & merry larks are Ploughmens Clocks & Turdies tread & Rooks & Doves &*

*paint the Meadows & delight
Maidens bleach their Sun Smocks*

The Cuckow then on every Tree

Mocks married Men Mocks married men mocks married men for thus sings he Cuckow Cuckow Cuckow Cuckow

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

married ear.

Sym



The Inamour'd Swain

Set by M^r Howard

Tell me dear charmer tell me why all other joys so quickly cloy 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

*For ever I with fierce desire,
 Could gaze on thee & never tire;
 My ravish'd ears could all day long,
 Fast on the Musick of thy tongue;
 And when that fails yet still in you
 Is something find that's always new.*

Flute



The Lafs of S^t Osyth.

Set by M^r. Howard.

At S^t Osyth by the Mill, there lives a lovely Lafs; Oh had I her good

Will! how gayly life would pass. No bold intruding Care may

Blifs 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 sweetnefs Crown'd
Steals ev'ry Sence away;
The listning Snares around,
Forget the shortning 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 Blifs
Reserv'd my future care,
Indulgent hear my wish,
And grant it all in her.

Flute



The Power of Drinking.

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

*God Bacchus This moment adopts me his Son
 And inspir'd, my breast 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 coynefs wash'd down she'll fly to your Arms*

Flute



The Bee,

Set by M^r. Duncalfe

To suck the flowers—sweet a little wanton Bee; The liquid 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 armd 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 away.

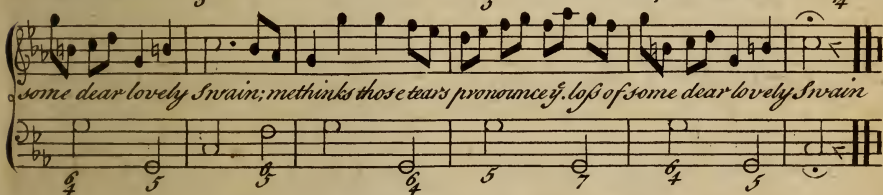
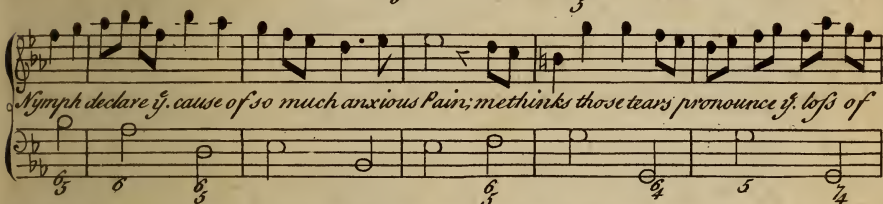
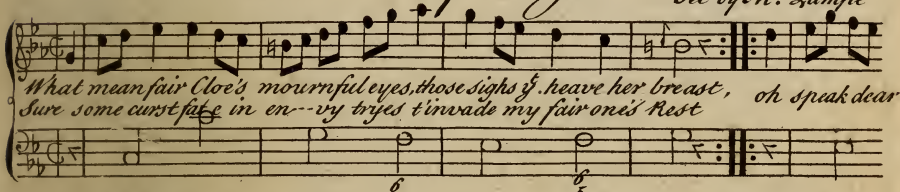
This said, his lips he laid,
Close to the fair one's face;
Just where the wound was made,
And kiss'd th' envenom'd Place,
He suck'd the fatal Wound,
And drew forth all the smart;
But soon, alas! he found,
The sting had piercd his heart

Flute.



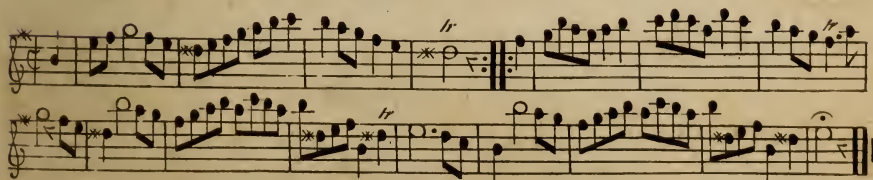
Chloe Weeping

Set by M^r. Lampe



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





A Favourite Song in Acis and Galethea

Sym

Would you gain the tender Creature softly gently kindly treat her ^{Sym} 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



Compos'd by M.^r Handel

suffring is the lovers part *sym*

Beauty by constraint po

possing you enjoy but half the blessing lifeless charms without y.^e heart lifeless char.^{ms} without y.^e heart

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

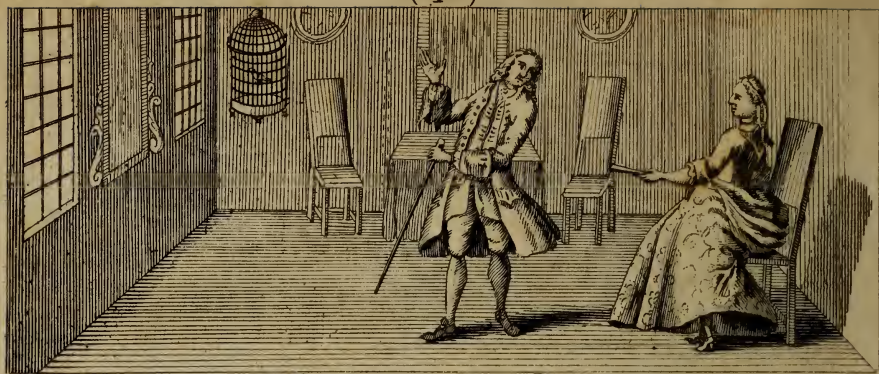
D.C

Flute

Song

3/8

D.C



A Favourite Song

The Charms wth blooming beauty shews, In fancy's heavenly fair, We
to the lily & the Rose, With semblance apt compare, wth semblance apt for Ah! how
soon how so-on they a--ll decay, the Lily droops, the Rose is
gone and beauty fades awa-----y and Beauty fades a way
But when bright Virtue stands confest, When Charms like these conspire,
With sweet discretion join'd, Thy person to approve,
With mildness calms the peaceful breast, They kindle generous chaste desire,
And wisdom guides the mind And everlasting Love

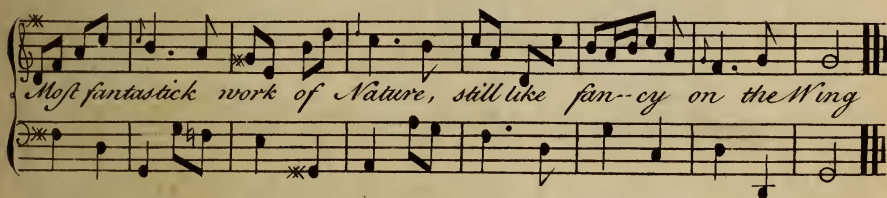
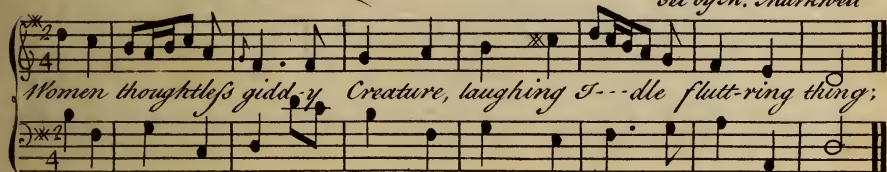
Flute





The Whining Lover,

set by M^r. Markwell



²
*Slaves to ev'ry changing Passion,
 Loving hating in extream;
 Fond of ev'ry foolish fashion,
 And at best a pleasing dream.*

³
*Sovely trifle! dear Illusion!
 Conqu'ring weakness, wish'd for pain;
 Man's chief glory and Confusion,
 Of all Vanities most vain.*

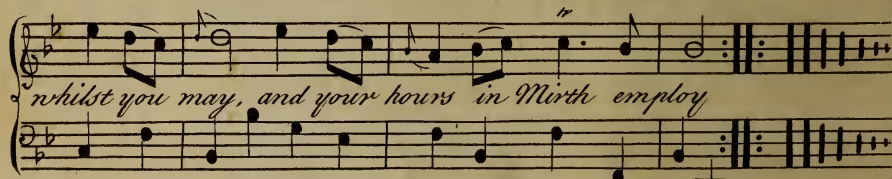
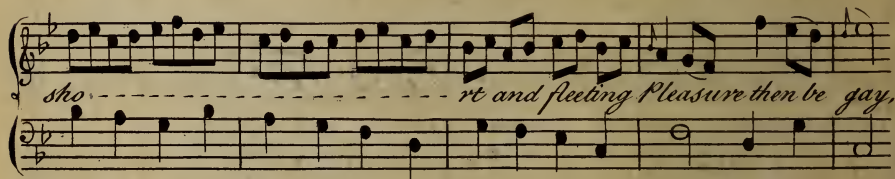
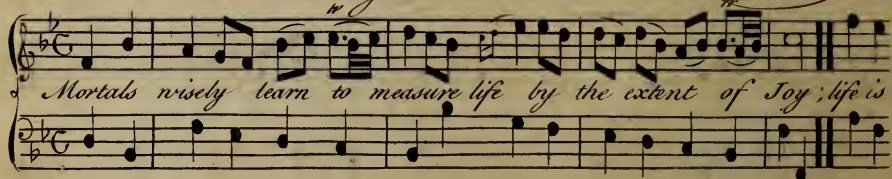
⁴
*Thus deriding beauty's power,
 We will call it all a Cheat;
 But in less than half an hour,
 Kneel'd and whin'd at Celia's feet.*

FLUTE





The Advice, set by M.^r Handel

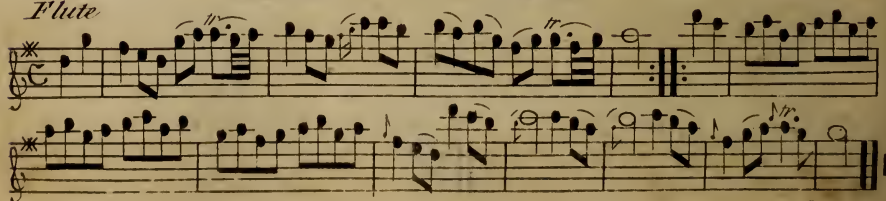


Never let a mistress² pain you,
Tho she meets you with a frown;
Fly to Wine, twill soon unchain you,
Chear thy Heart,
And all smart,
In a sweet oblivion drown.

If loves fiercer flames³ shoud sieze 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.

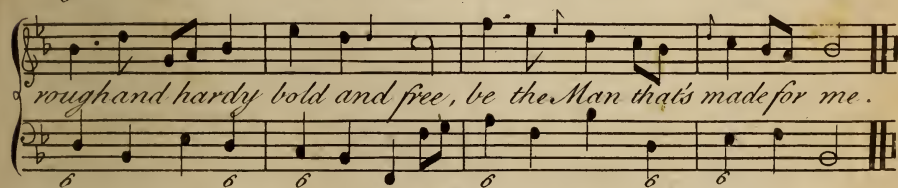
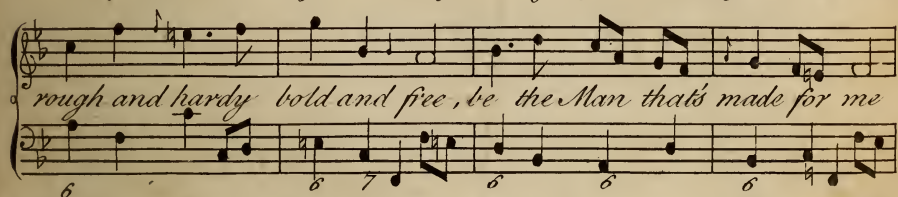
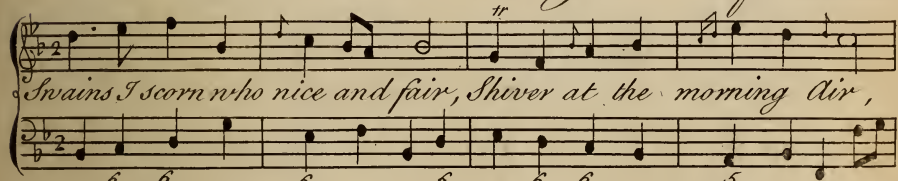
Friendship, Wine and Love united,
From all Ills defend the Mind;
By them guarded and delighted,
Happy State,
Smile at Fate,
And leave sorrow to the Wind.

Flute





The Amazon set by M^r. S. Howard



Slaves to fashion slaves to dress,
Tops alone themselves care's;
Let them without Rival be,
They are not the Men for me.

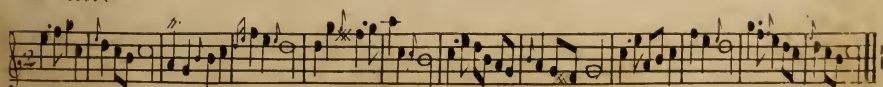
While his speed outstrips the wind
Loosely wave his locks behind;
From fantastick Popp'ry free,
He's the Man that's made for me.

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

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





The force of Love

Ah! cruel Bloody fate what canst thou now do more alas tis now to late Phi-
 lander to restore Why should the heavenly powers persuade poor mortals to be
 lieve they guard us here & reward us there yet all our Joys deceive.

Her Ponyard 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 a while then forc'd a smile then clos'd her Eyes & dy'd

Flute.



The Friendly Adviser

Set by M^r. 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-ded to lament:
Listen to a kind ad-viser Men pur-sue but to perplex,
would you happy be grow wiser and a-void the faithless snare

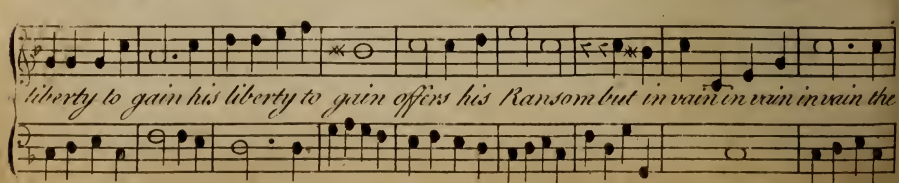
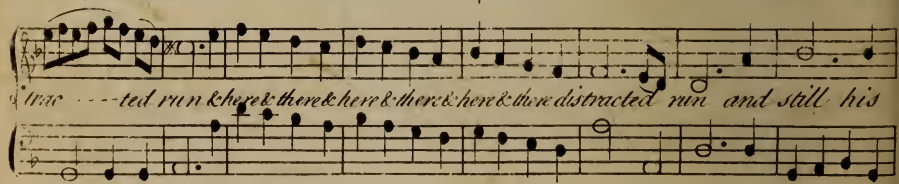
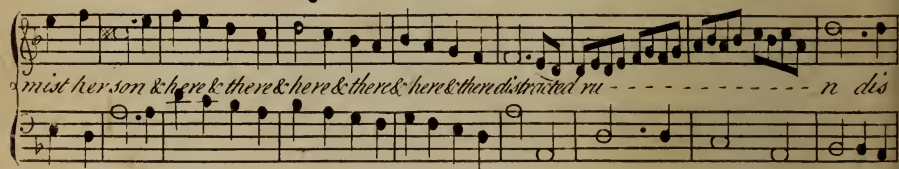
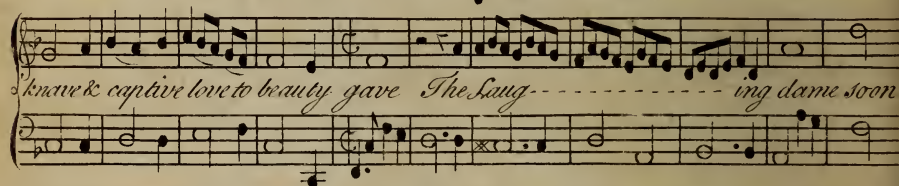
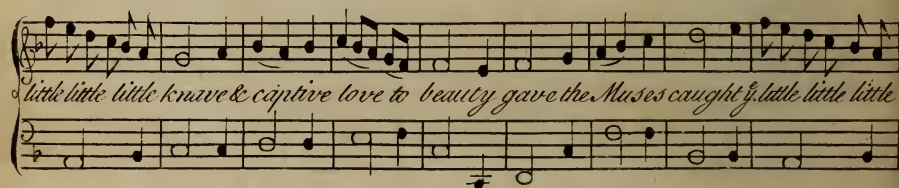
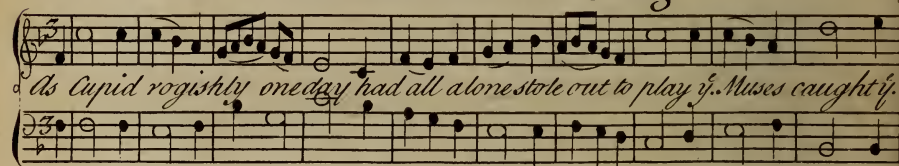
Formid by nature to undo us,
They escape our utmost heed
Oh! how humble when they woo us
Oh! how vain when they succeed.

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

Flute



A Favourite Song





Compos'd by M^r. Eccles

willing willing Pris'ner still hugs his Chain & yous he'll neer be free and yous he'll neer be
 free no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no he'll neer be free a gain no
 no no no no no no no no no no no no no he'll neer be free a gain

Flute.

Musical notation for the Flute part, consisting of six staves of music. The notation includes various notes, rests, and ornaments, typical of 18th-century musical notation. The music is written in a single system across the six staves.



The Lark

Set by M. Lampe

*Ah pretty tuneful flutt'ring thing! raise raise thy gently thrilling Note, Oh, mount & cut thy
flark! the fond echo's round thy sing & steal their Music from thy throat*

6 6 4 3 6 6 7 6 6 4 3 6 6 6 4 3 6

yielding Air, with spreading wing & downy breast, see Phoebus waits to meet thee

6 6 7 6 4 6 6 4 3 6 6 7

there & greet thee now a welcome guest & greet thee now a welcome guest.

6 6 7 6 4 6 6 4 6 4 3 7 6 4 6 3 7

*Thou soon the piping shepherd hears,
And imitates thy warbling strain;
With sweeter sounds you charm our ears,
And silence the presuming strain.*

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

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

*My Fanny then thy Voice shall charm
With me thro' flow'ry fields to rove
Whilst taught by thee, my lays shall warm
Her tender breast to glow with Love*

Flute

Flute

6 6 7 6 4 6 6 4 6 4 3 7 6 4 6 3 7



Bacchus & Venus United,

Claudio to manly sports & generous wine twelve circling y^e his spo ----- *rrful*
A fol. by Son of Bacchus uncontroll'd stranger to care his hou ----- *is un*

heart inclin'd; The God of wine so much engro ----- *s'd his heart Venus with*
heed'd roll'd;

all her charms possess'd no pa ----- *rt Venus wth. all her char^{ms} possess'd no part.*

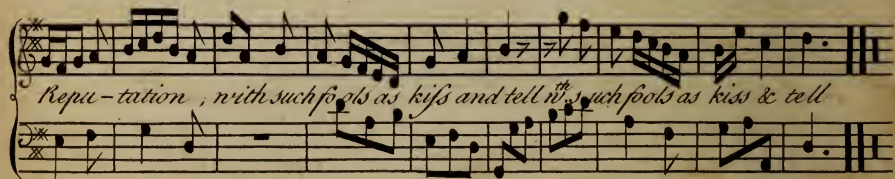
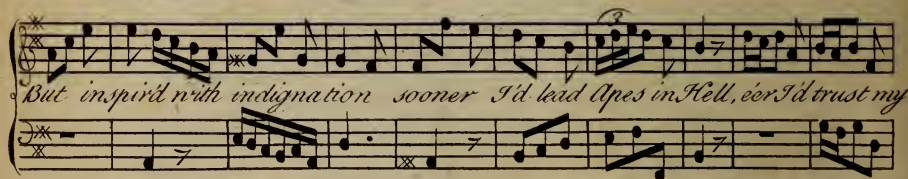
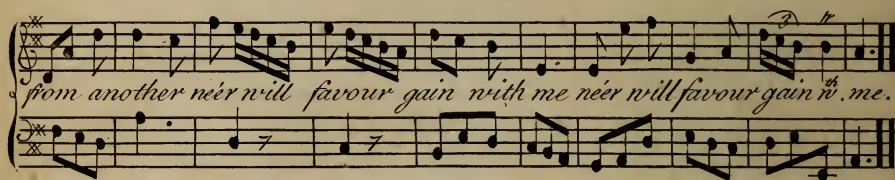
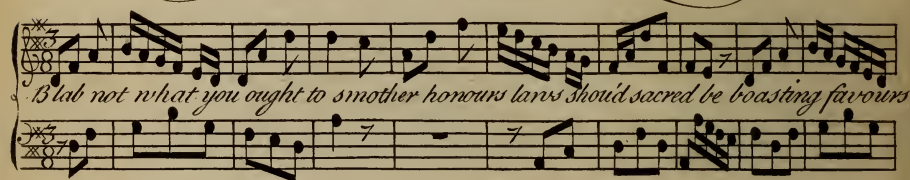
Cupid enrag'd drew his unerring dart, *Love triumph's now o're Claudio's manly,*
And in revenge shot quite thro' Claudio's heart, *But still allows the life-reviving bowl*
The jocund snrain still loath to leave his glass, *When love & Wine in mutual converse meet*
Or to confess fair Delia's Charms surpass, *Mortals like Gods are render'd then complac*
Now pensive strives in vain to avoid love's snare, *Bacchus & Venus should be hand in glove*
Wine but his second, Delia, his first Care. *He that would life enjoy must drink & love.*

Flute

Flute

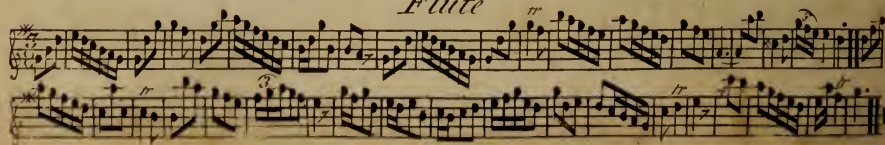


The TELL TALE



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

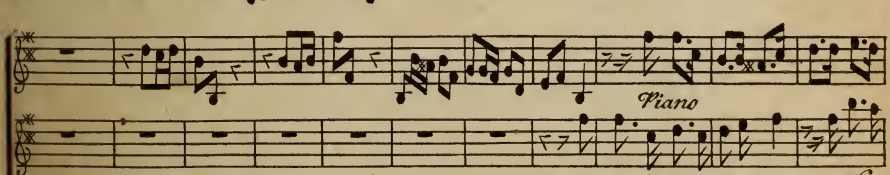
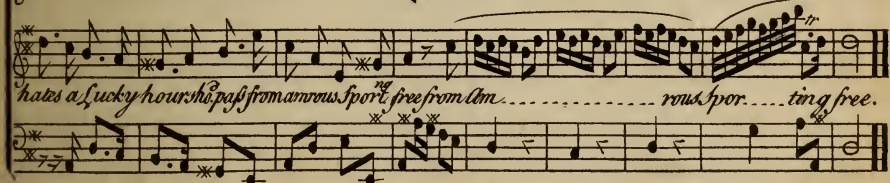
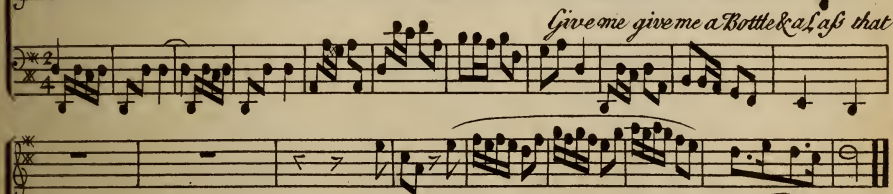
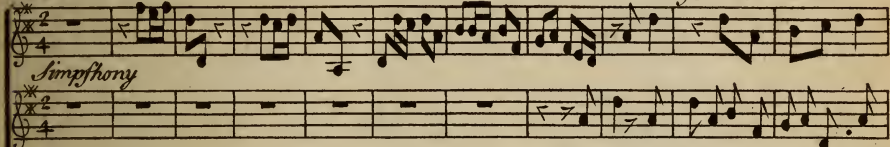




The Amorous Lad.

Violino Unisoni

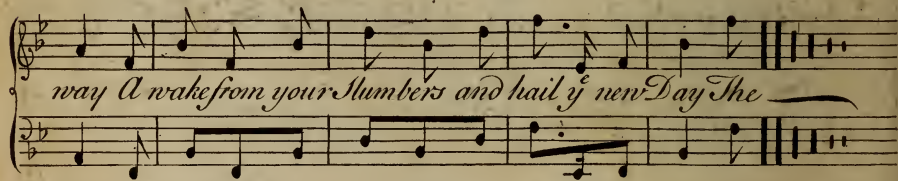
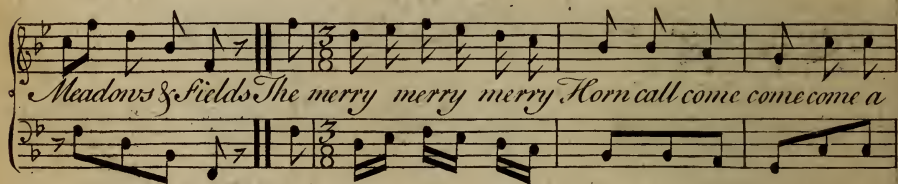
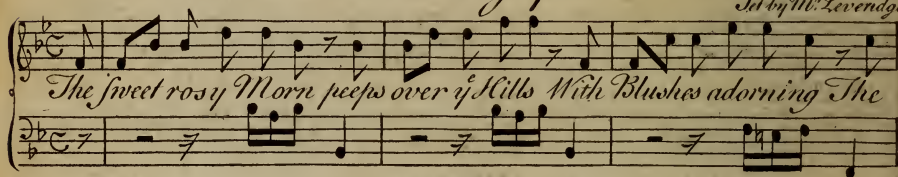
Set by M^r. Alland





The Sweet Rosy Morn.

Set by Mr. Leventidge.



2
The Stag rous'd before us,
Away seems to fly,
And pants to y Chorus
Of Hounds in full cry.
cho. { Then follow, follow, follow;
The Musical Chace,
Where Pleasure & Nigrous
Health you embrace.

3
The Day Sport when over,
Makes blood circle right,
And gives the brisk Lover
Fresh Charms for y Night.
cho. { Then let us, let us now enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let Love crown the Night,
As our sports crown y Day.

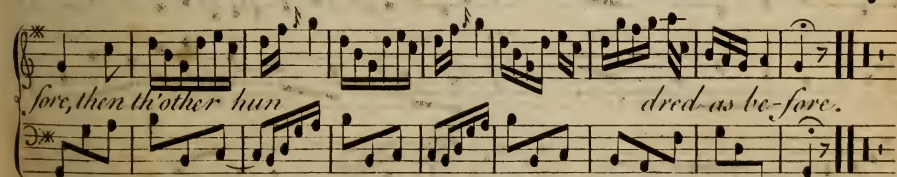
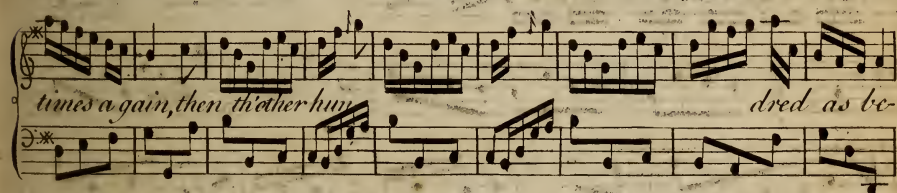
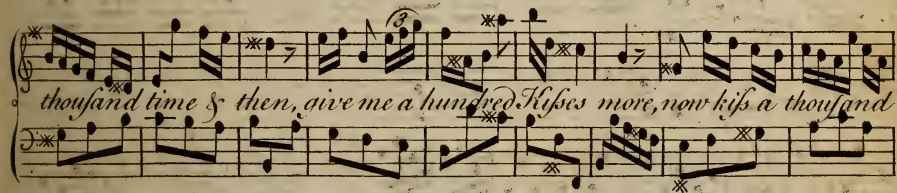
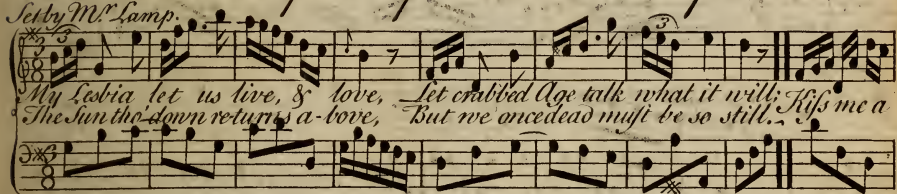
FLUTE.





The faithful Courtship. —

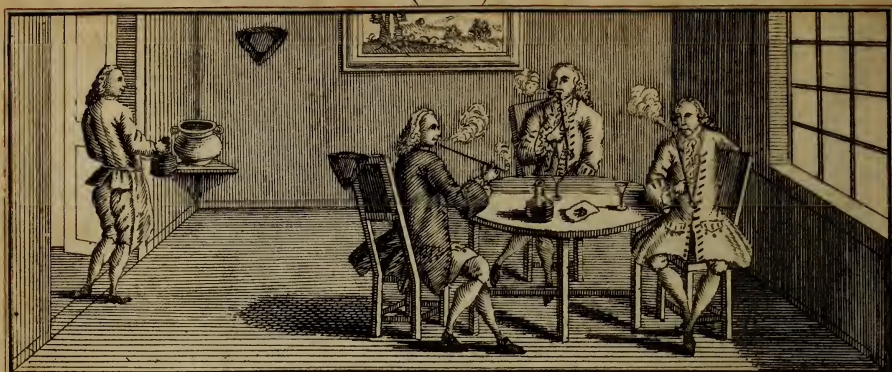
Set by Mr. Lamp.



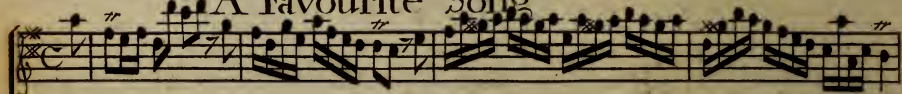
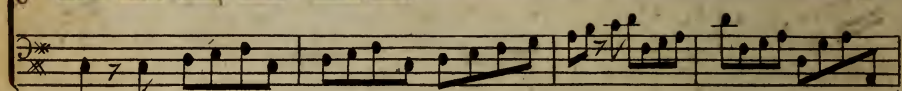
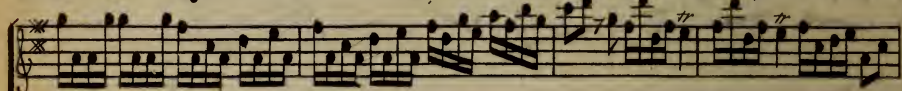
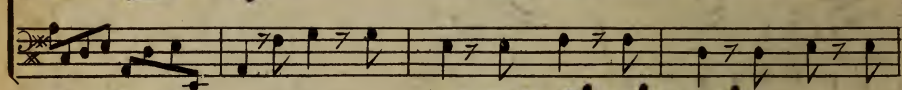
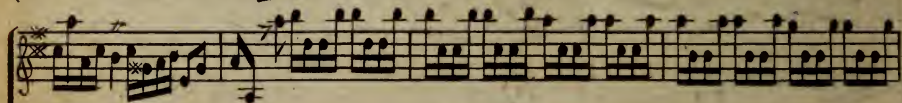
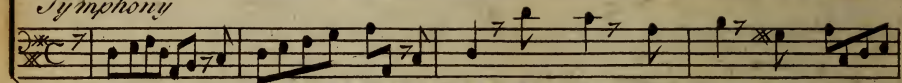
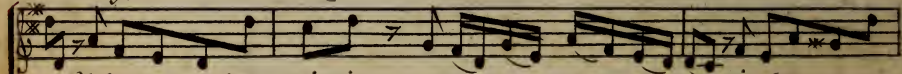
And if, when we have done all this, —	Thus we will love, & thus we'll live, —
That our sweet Pleasures may remain, —	While all our passing Minutes fly,
We will continue on our Bliss, —	We'll have no Time to vex, or grieve,
Unkissing of them all again. —	But kiss, & unkiss till we die. —

Flute.

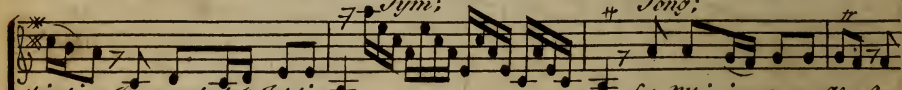
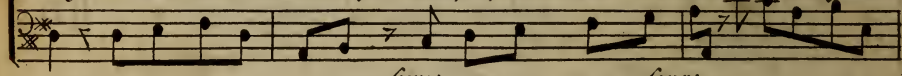




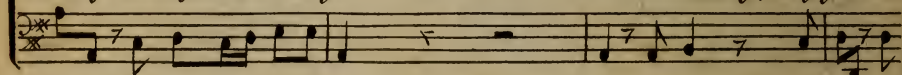
A Favourite Song

*Symphony**Song;*

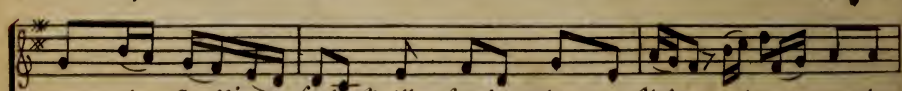
Ye Mortals that love drinking apply your selves to me tis I destroy dull



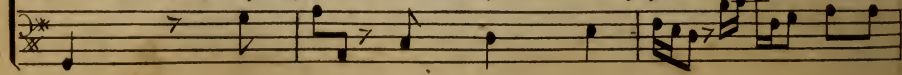
thinking I'm nought but Sol-li-ty



Let Whining puny lasses con-



-temn the Quaffing Lad Well freely take our glasses and never once be





Compos'd by Mr James

Sym;

sa... d and never once be sad

Song;

Our Joys must all be lasting whilst

Bacchus n^e pursue o^f Pleasure Still we^r lasting Each Bottle makes it new Our

future blis we^l think on when all the Claret's gone but now we^l bravely drink on and

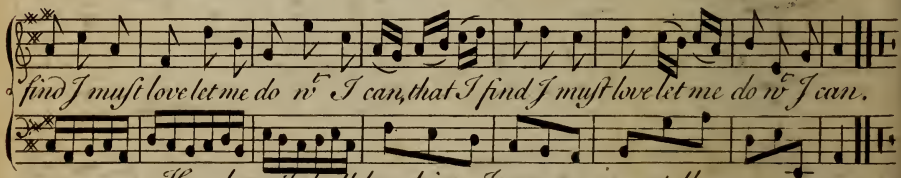
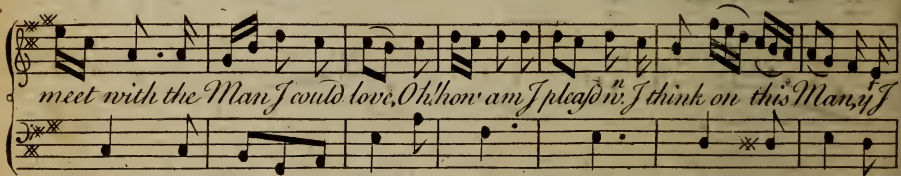
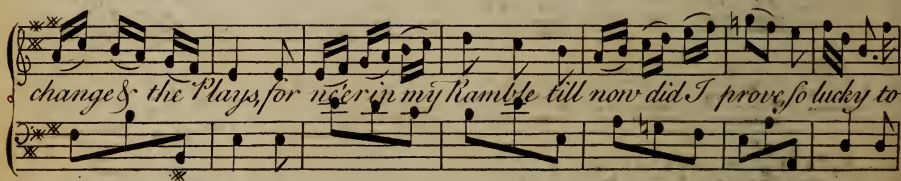
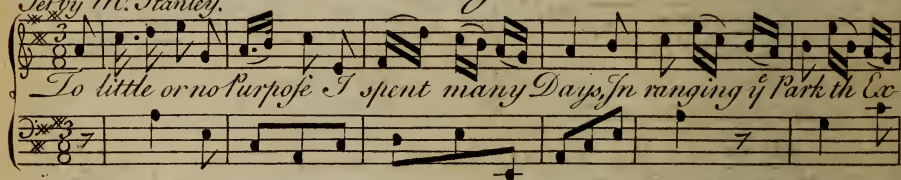
Adagio.

Quite Exhaust the T... unand Quite Exhaust the Fun. D:C:



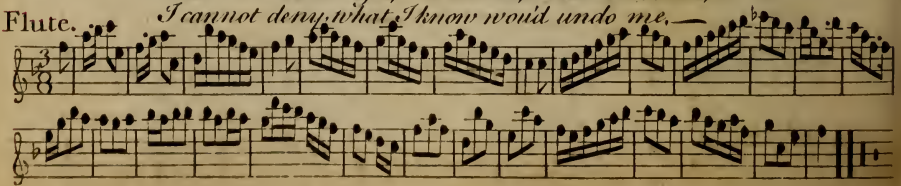
The Ladies Passion Fixt.

Set by M^{rs} Stanley.



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 y^e World he did know it,
But Oh! how I sigh, w^h I think, should he woo me,
I cannot deny what I know would undo me.

Flute.

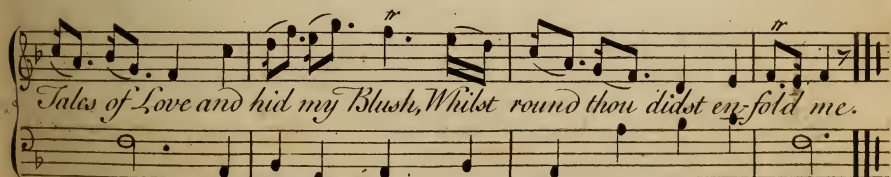
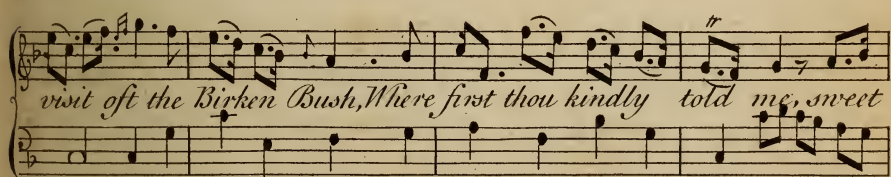
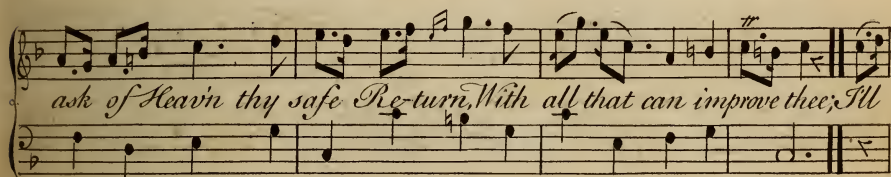
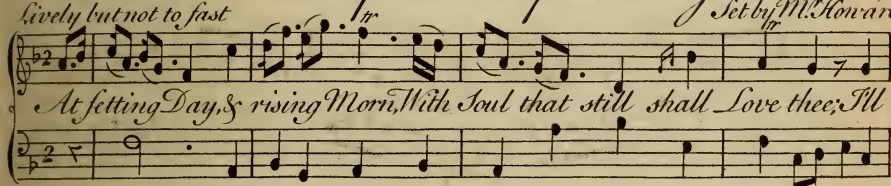




The Faithful Shepherdess.

Lively but not to fast

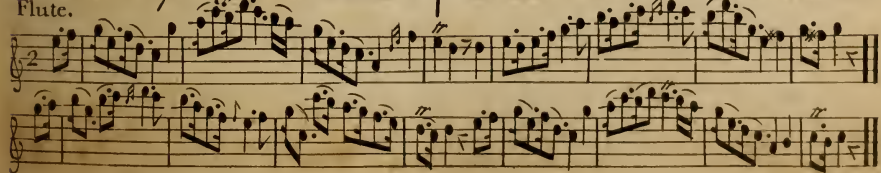
Set by M. Howard



To all our Haunts I will repair;
By Greenwood shaw or Fountain;
Or where if Sommer Day I'd share,
With thee upon yon Mountain.

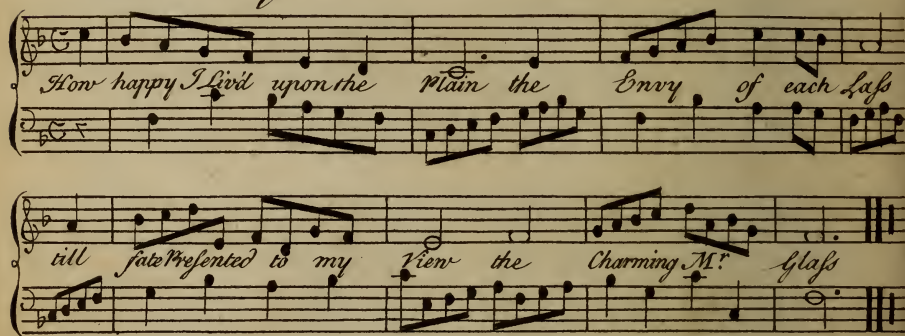
Flute.

There will I tell of Trees & Flow'rs,
From Thoughts unfeign'd & tender;
By Vows you're mine, by Love is yours,
A Heart which cannot wander.





Sylvia Wounded



*But melancholy now and sad,
The tedious minutes pass,
All wonder at the fatal Cause,
But oh! the Cause is Glafs.*

*When Sprightly Musick us'd to play,
Tripp'd it on the Glafs;
No Dance or Musick now amplease
Like Voice of M^r Glafs.*

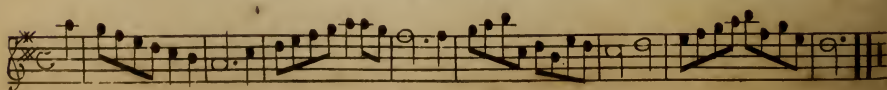
*My parents with Industrious care,
Did mighty sums amass;
No one deserves those sums to share,
So well as M^r Glafs.*

*Let other nymphs try every art,
To wed a Wealthy Lads;
But had I millions to bestow,
I'd give it all to Glafs.*

*I us'd to be devout at Church,
As any Nun at Mass;
But all my adoration now,
Is plac'd on M^r Glafs*

*Then cease your plaints ye am'rous Swains
Vain are your sighs alas,
My Pity's all you can obtaine,
My Love's for M^r Glafs.*

FLUTE





J. Roberts

J. C. C.

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
Dares never Last, E'er should end Dares never Last.

2

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

3

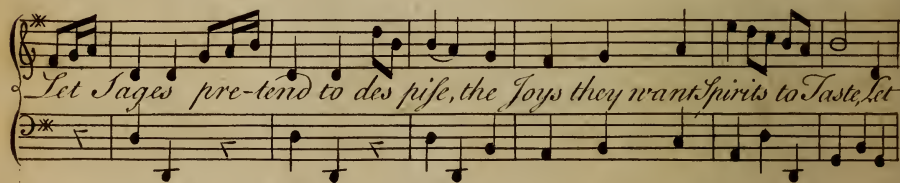
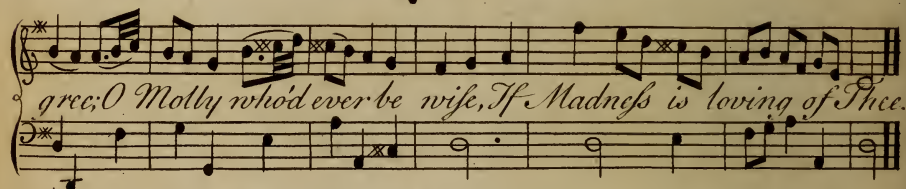
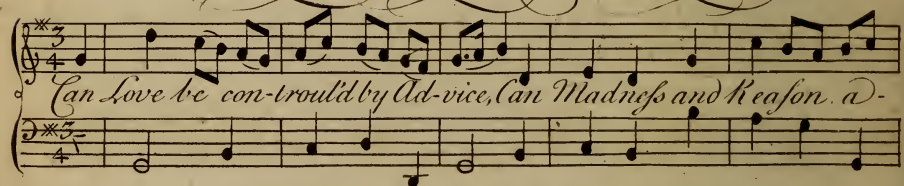
Wisely Seize y^e present Blessing
What tho soon y^e Blessing ends —
Oft repeated Joys possessing —
Bid the Number make amends.
Bid the &c.

Glee.

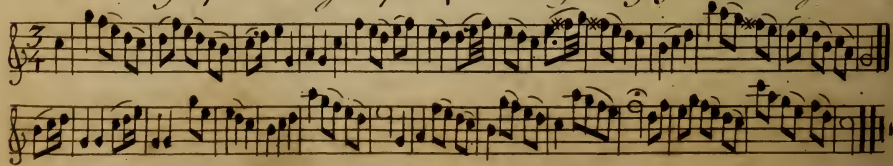
Two staves of musical notation for the Glee, featuring treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one flat, and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on the treble staff, and the bass line is on the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



The Modest Question.



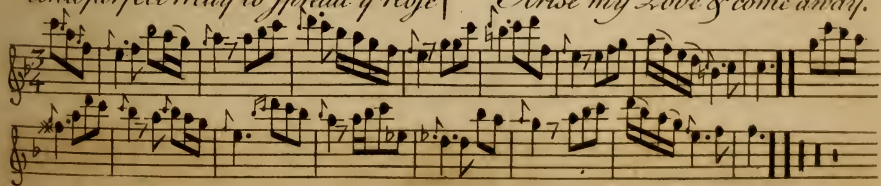
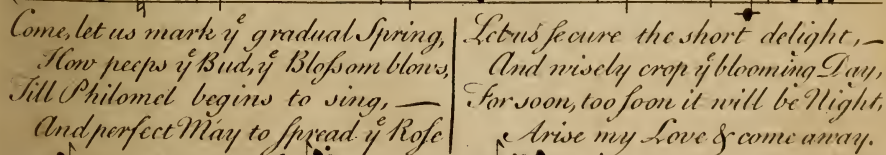
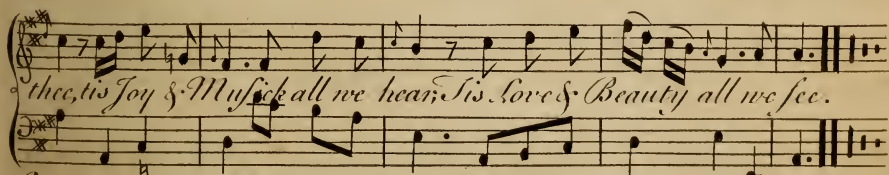
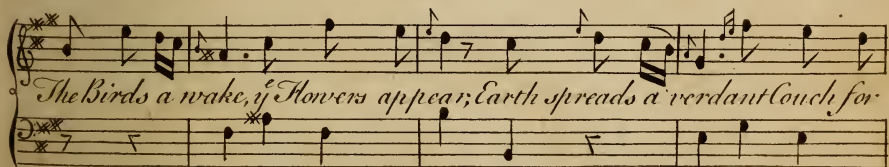
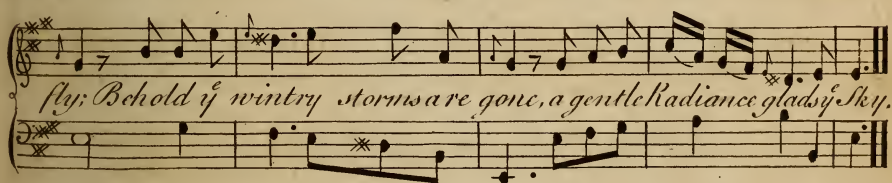
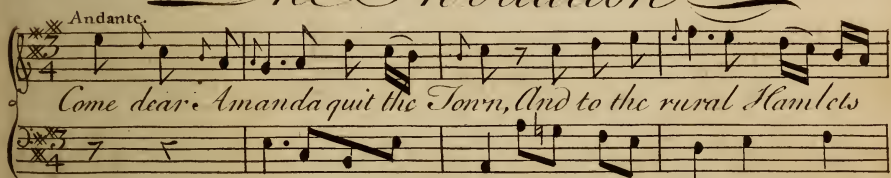
Dull Wisdom but adds to our Cares;	Then Molly for what should we stay,
Brisk Love will improve ev'ry Joy;	Till our best Blood begins to run Cold;
Too soon we may meet w. th grey Hairs,	Our Youth we can have but to Day,
Too late may repent being Coy;	We may always find Time to grow Old.

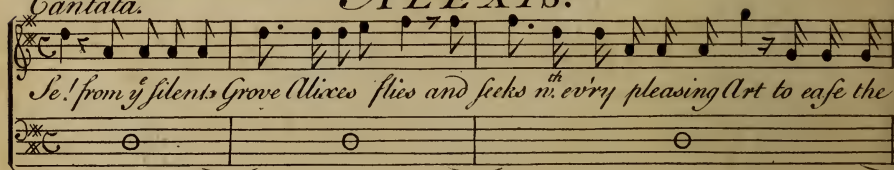




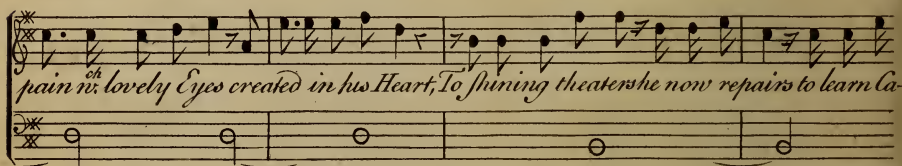
The Invitation

Andante.

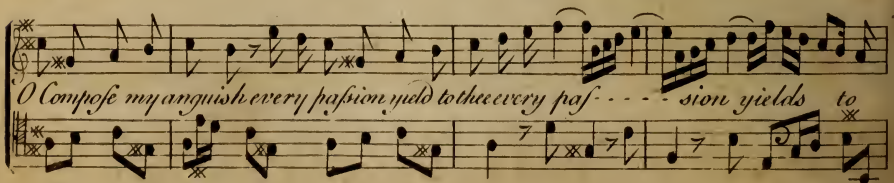
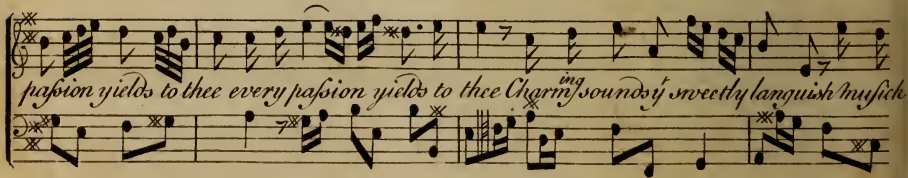
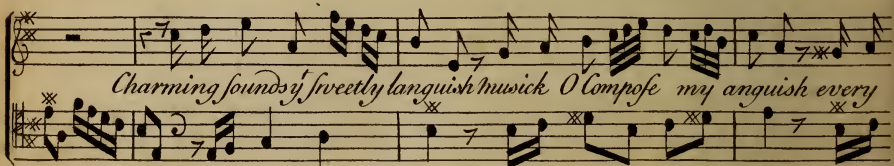
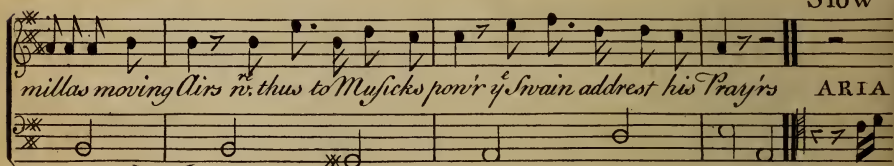


*Cantata.**ALEXIS.*

Recit.



Slow





ALEXIS.

Thee Phæbus quickly then relieve me, Cupid shall no more deceive me, I'll to

s. Recit.
 Sprightlier joys be free, to sprightlier joys I'll be free, I'll to sprightlier joys be free. Apollo heard y^e foolish

DC

In vain, he knew n^o Daphne once he lov'd, how weak t^ois swage, Am'rous pain his own harmeni^{ous} art had

prov'd & all his healing herbs, vain, then y^e he strikes y^e speaking strings Preuding to his voice

Aria

Sings. Cimbalo

Violoncello

Violoncello



ALEXIS.

Sounds tho' charming can't relieve thee *Sounds tho' charming can't re*

live thee do not Shepherd then de ceive thee. Musick is the Voice of Love

Musick is the Voice of Love *Sounds tho' charming can't re lieve thee*

do not Shepherd then de ceive thee Musick is the Voice of Love Musick



ALEXIS.

is the Voice of Love Musick is the Voice of Love

If the tender maid be

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

lone thy pain re move soft re lenting kind on 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 of fence, bear you
witnes O Time, The Days & y^e Nights, & y^e hours as they roll'd, y^e know may be
felt, but are neer to be told. One Day past away, & saw nothing but love, A-
nother came on, & y^e something did prove. The Sun it grew tired still to
look on the same, but I grew more pleas'd as y^e next moment came.

*I saw you all Day, & all Day with new gust,
 And yet ev'ry Day was to me as the first:
 This fleeting Time passes wth Down on its Wings,
 And whilst this remains, rest unenvy'd ye Kings.
 If this be a Crime, be my Judges 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.*



The Lads of the Hill.

Sarghetto

Set by Mr. Lampe!

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

A few sober Maxims fill'd her Head, that 'twas best for to earn e'er she eather brow'd y^e to

rise with y^e Lark was con-ducive 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 reckon'd a Beau;
 Would often times try o'er her Heart to prevail,
 And Rest on his Pitchfork to tell her his Tale,
 That wth ease his Addreses soon gain'd on her heart
 Being artless herself, She suspected no Art.

But no sooner had melted y^e Ice in her Breast,
 The heat of his Passion y^e Moment decreas'd,
 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 haste,
 And n^o e'er he mentions her makes her his Jest.

He flatter'd, protested he kneel'd & implor'd,
 And his lies he wth Oaths wou'd still grace like a Lord,
 Her Eyes he commended wth Language well dress'd,
 And enlarg'd on y^e Tortures he felt in his Breast,
 With sighs & wth Tears he so softend her Mind,
 That in down-right Compassion to Love she inclin'd.

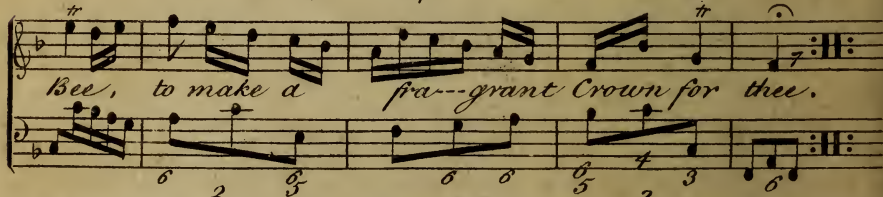
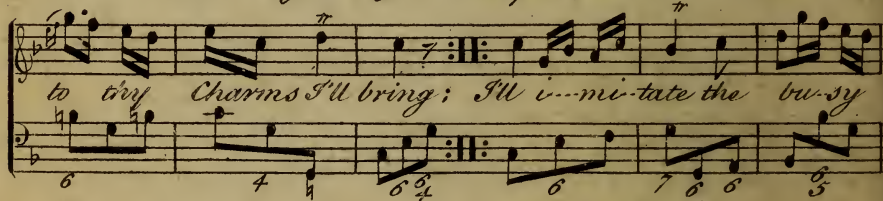
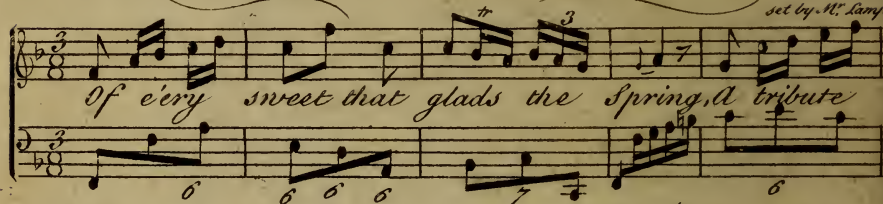
Take heed therefore Maidens of Briton's gay Isle,
 How you venture your Hearts for a look or a smile,
 For young Cupid is artful & Virgins are frail,
 And you'll find a false Roger in every Vale.
 Who to Court you & tempt you will try all his skill,
 But remember y^e Lads at the Brow of y^e Hill.

Another Tune to the Same Words.



The Amorous Protector

set by N. Lampe



When from y^e plains we're chard away, 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 beautiful Maid;
My tender faithful Care shall prove,
None watch so well as those that love.

Flute





The Maids Repentance.

set by M. Graves

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

Oh Cupid! send your surest dart, & straight 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 inspir'd,
At once Cypriciously refuse,
The thing we most admir'd;

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



Advice to Britain. By M. Sparrow.

Sym.
4

Allegro
3/4

Rouse Britons, Drive the *T*oe would *S*tyly work thy

Woe, Let haughty Bourbon know we will be

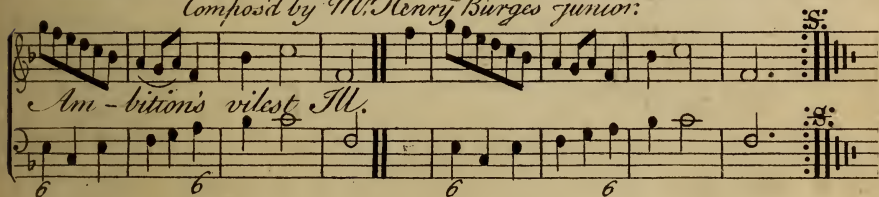
Dreaded Still; Assert thee on the Main make all

their Efforts vain, whose wiles makes Discord reign and

fill the world with pain, Am-bitions vilest Ill,



Compos'd by M^r Henry Burges junior:

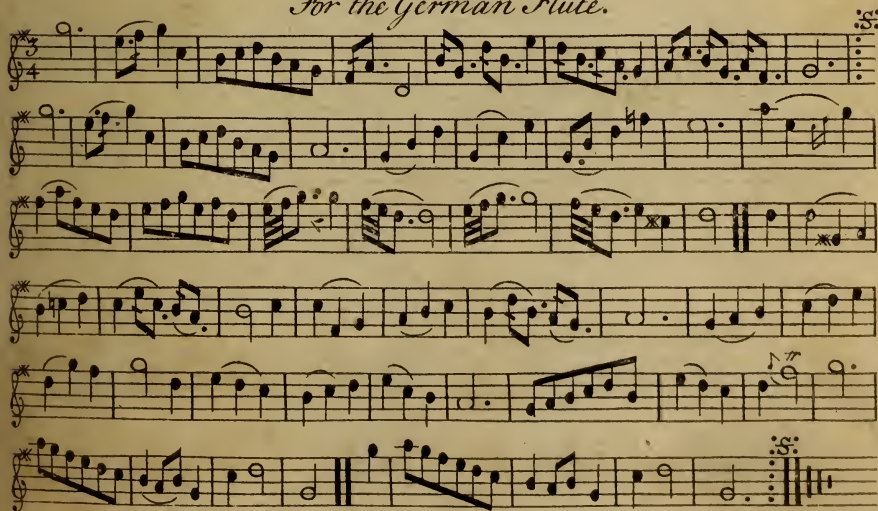


Ambition's vilest Ill.

Should Bourbons Force appear
Against this Isle in War —
Cease we th' intestine jarr —
And in one Mind unite —
Then vainly what's design'd —
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 spite of Bourbons line.

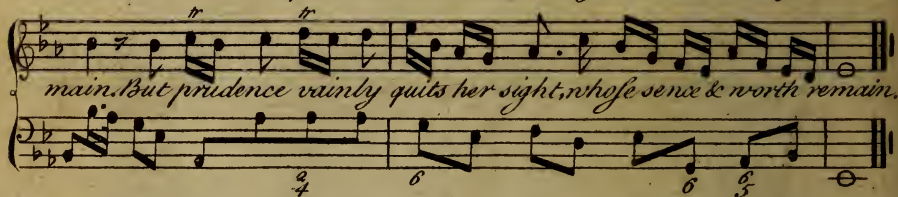
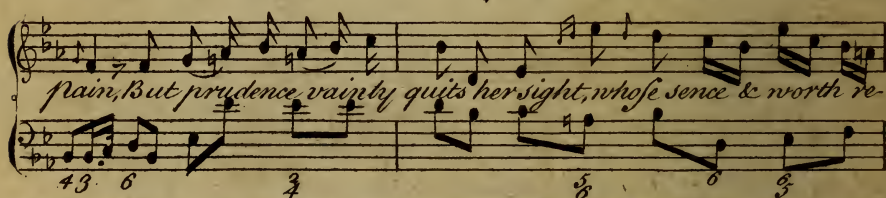
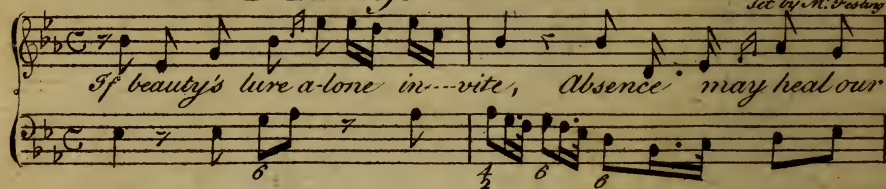
For the German Flute.





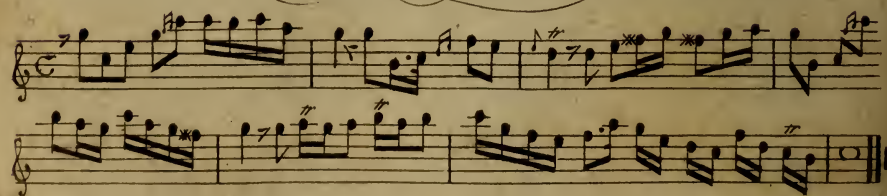
Address to Celia,

set by M. Postum



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

Flutes.





The Moderate Lover

set by M^r. Lampe

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

naphic voice, & like an Angel sings, Tho' if I were to take my Choice I

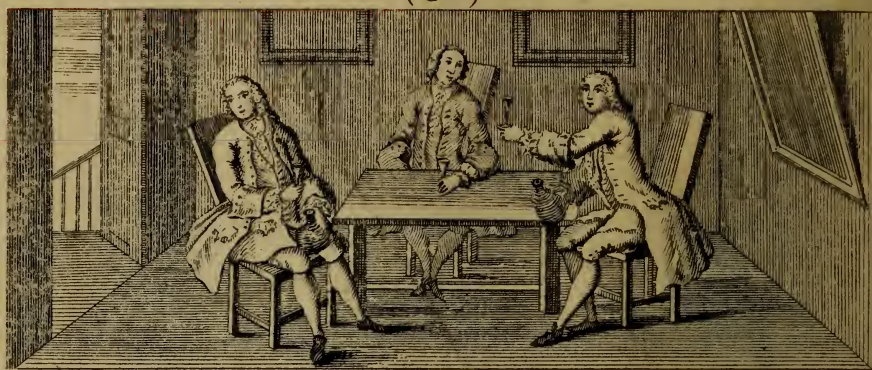
would hav all these things, But if I thou wilt have me love, it must be a she; The

only Argument can move, is if she will love me, Is that she will love me

The glories of your lady's be,
But Metaphors of things,
And but resembles what we see,
Each common object, brings
Roses out-red their lips, and Cheeks,
Lillies their Whiteness stain,

What fool is he that shadowy seeks
And may the substance gain?
Then if thou'lt have me love a Lady,
Let it be one that's kind,
Else I'm a servant to the Glass,
That's with good Claret bind.

Flute



Love's Bacchanal.

Set by Mr Vincent.

Strephon why that Cloudy Forehead Why so vainly cross'd those Arms silly Swain thy Aspect

horrid rather frightens her yⁿ Charms Rouse each dull & drooping spirit fling away thy

Myrtle Wreath Bumpers large of gen'rous Claret makes thee love & raptures Breath.

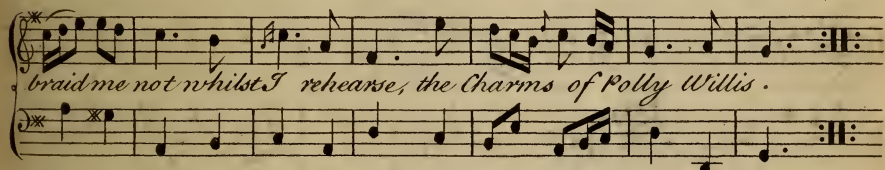
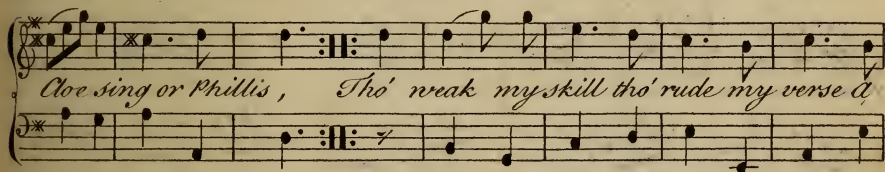
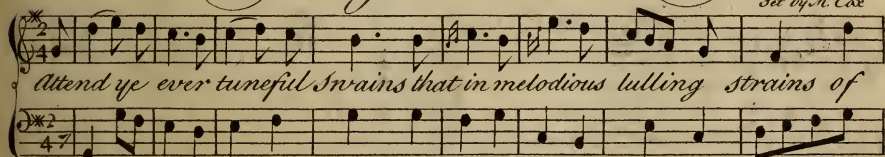
Sacrifice this Juice prolific	See y ^e high charg'd Goblet smiling
To each Letter of her Name	Bids thee Strephon drink & prove
Gods they deem'd it a Specifick	Wine's the Liquor most bequiling
Why not Mortals do y ^e same	Wine's y ^e Weapon conquers Love.

Flute



Polly Willis

Set by M. Cox



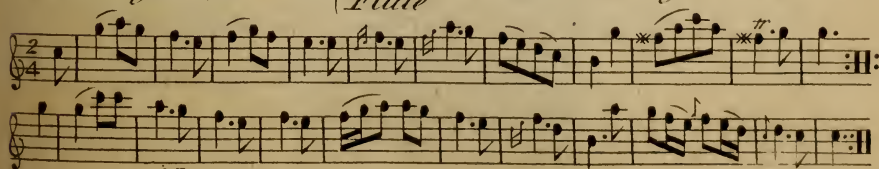
Tho' languid I and poor in thought
No simile shall here be brough't
From Roses Pinks and Lillies
Some meaner Beauties they may hit
But sure no Simile can fit
The charms of Polly Willis.

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;
Fram'd 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.





Stella and Flavia

Set by M. Howard

Stella and Flavia ev'ry hour do various hearts surprize in Stella's Soul is

6 6 6 6 6 6 6

all her pow'r & Flavia in her Eyes in Stella's soul is all her pow'r &

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

Flavia's in her Eyes. more boundless Flavia's conquests are and Stella's

6 6 4 5 1 2 6 6 3 6 6 6

more confind All can discern a face that's fair but few a heart'nly Mind.

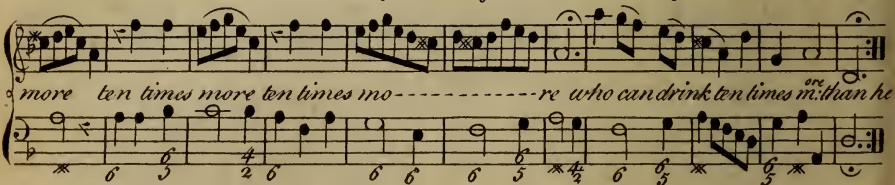
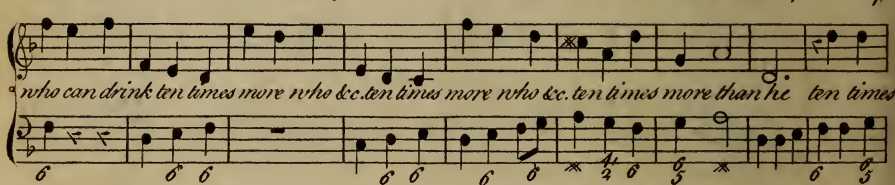
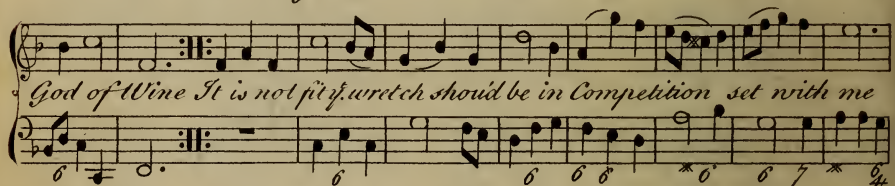
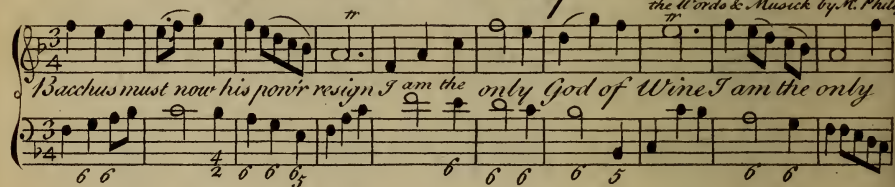
6 5 6 5 4 6 6 6

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 Beauties only Store
Each day that makes thy Charms decrease
Will give to Stella more.



Bacchus Defeated

the Words & Musick by M. Phillips



Let other Mortals vainly wear
A tedious life with Anxious Care
A tedious life &c.

Let the ambitious toil 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 divine
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, wealthy knaves despise yet rich men may be begg'd & we that beg may rise, The greatest kings may be betray'd & lose their sovereign power But he that stoops to ask his bread but he that stoops to ask his bread can never fall much lower.

Tho' Foreigners have swarnd of late and spoil'd 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 'tis 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 World 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 woud wrapt up in thought profound, Sur-
 6 6 6 6 4
 2

priz'd he saw his best belov'd lye sleeping on the Ground
 6 6 6 6 6 6 4 5

Awake my pretty sleeper wake! awake to Strephons call Be
 6 6 6 6 6

careful for your Lovers sake 'Tis Night the dew-drops fall.
 6 6 6 6 6

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

Tho' cruel are your words sweet maid
 Can sighs 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 Waked the fair,
 She said no more till day.

Flute



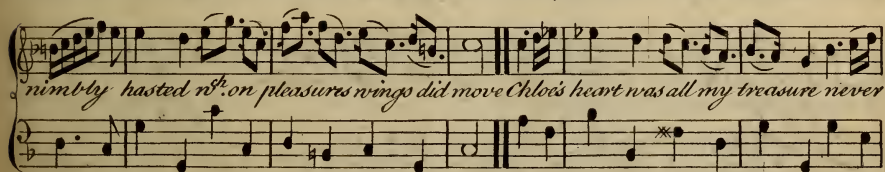


The Jealous Swain

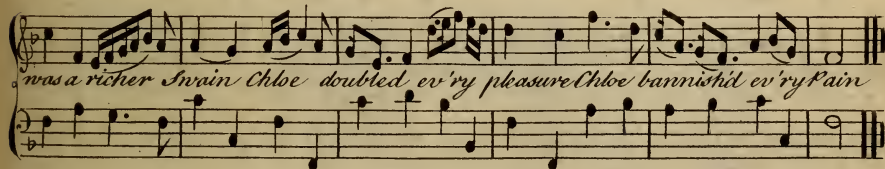
Set by M. Russell



Sweet were once the joys I tasted all was gollie-ty and love time me thought too



nimbly hasted nth on pleasures wings did move Chloe's heart was all my treasure never

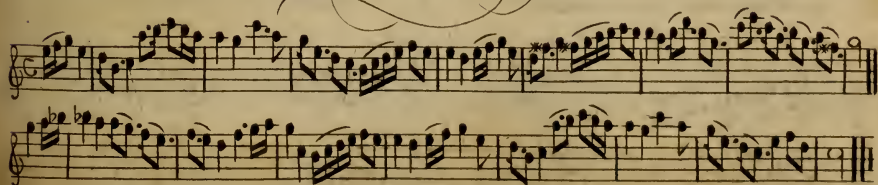


was a richer Swain Chloe doubled ev'ry pleasure Chloe bannish'd ev'ry Pain

But the envious Gods repining,
So much Bliss on Earth to see,
All their bit' rest Curves joining,
Dash'd my Cup with jealousy;
Now where'er's my Pipe resounded,
Steals the sigh and heart felt Gwan,
Love by doubts and fears surrounded,
I'll dispute a tott'ring Throne.

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

Flute





A Cure for Love

Set by Mr. Stanley

Long by an Idle Passion tost by love, undone my reason lost how many fruitless

tears it cost to free me from the snare ———— rt to free me from my snare

I said I sigh'd but all in vain could not my liberty regain or break the little

tyrants chain alas how weak my Art ———— t Alas how weak my Art

At length I flew 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 power
Of Striphon to restore.

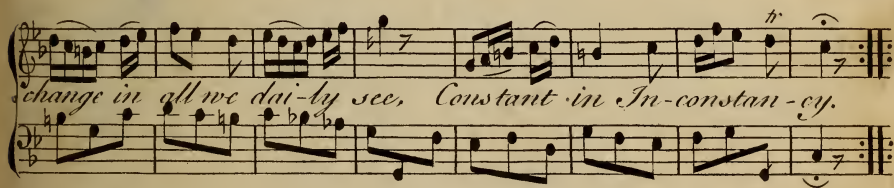
Flute

Flute



The Inconstant.

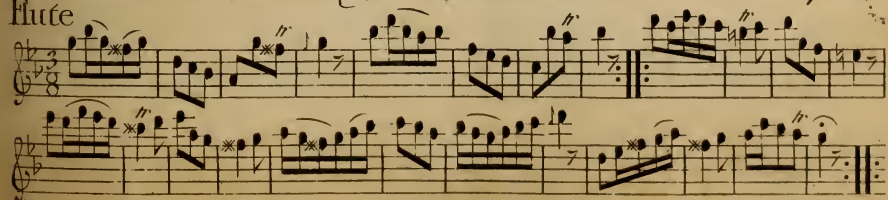
Set by Mr. Lampe.



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 blest'd be dear Variety,
Constant in Inconstancy. —

Flute





Philander's Vow.

Tender *Set by Mr. Boyce.*

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

Flame With well dis-sembled Tears entreat New Oaths &

impious Vows repeat and wrong Loves sacred Name

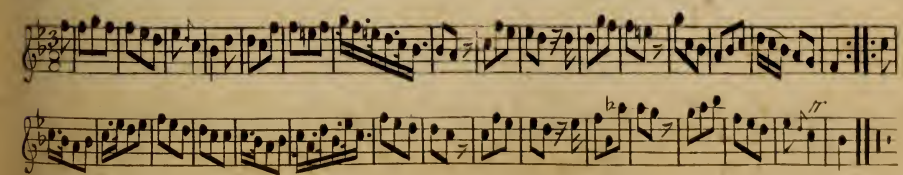
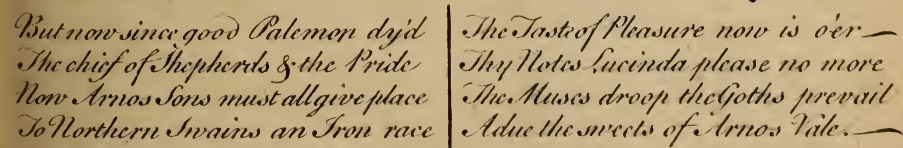
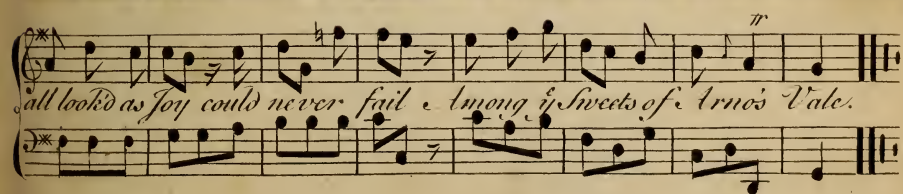
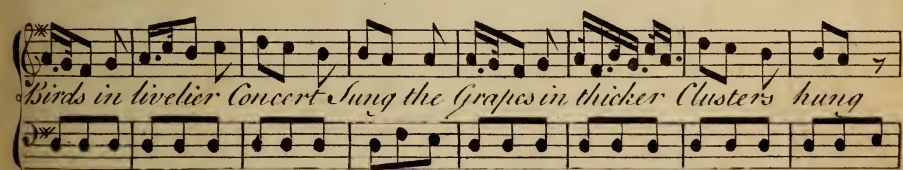
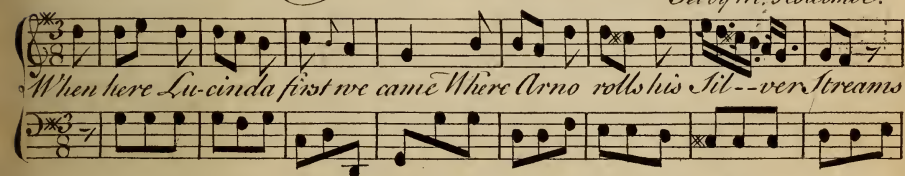
Ah! cease to call that passion Love
 Whose end is to betray
 Too soon should I comply you'd prove
 What sensual views your Ardour move
 And your Affection I sway.

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



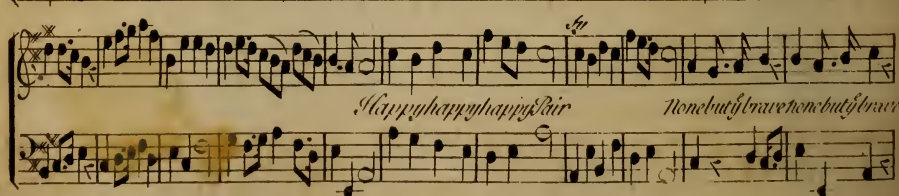
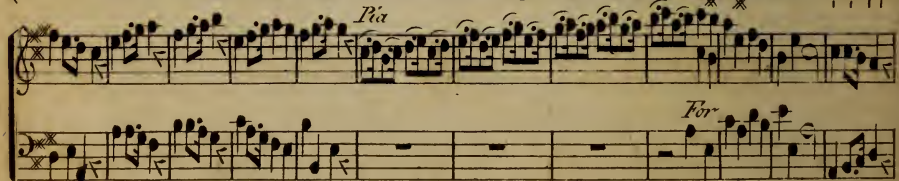
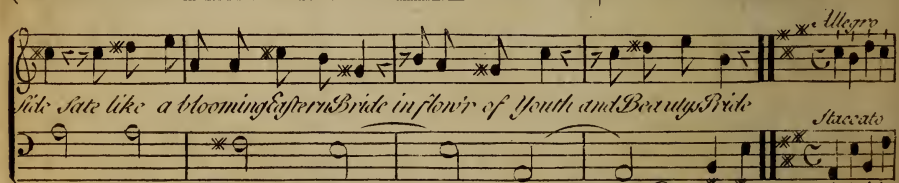
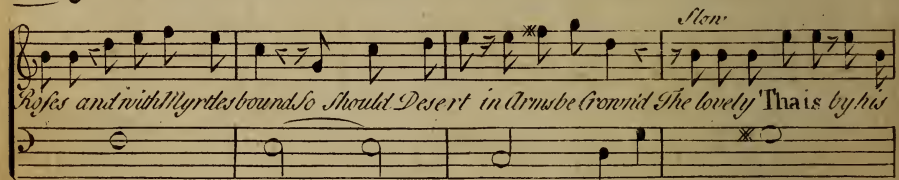
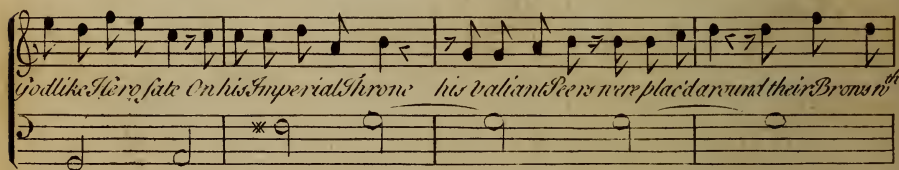
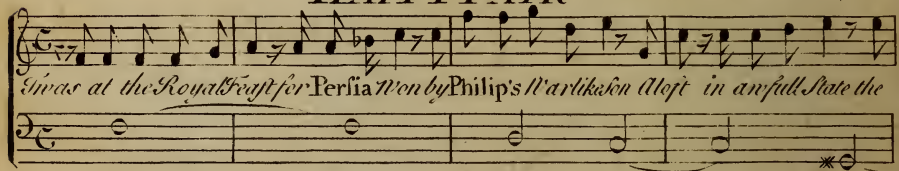
Arno's Vale

Set by M. Holcombe.





HAPPY PAIR





A FAVOURITE Song.

None but thy brave deserves to be thy fair

happy happy happy Fair happy ha

happy happy happy Fair

None but thy brave None but thy brave None but thy brave deserves to be thy fair

None but thy brave de-

None but thy brave

None but thy brave deserves to be thy fair None but thy brave deserves to be thy fair None but thy brave deserves to be thy fair.



The Lover's Complaint

Amoroso. *tr* *See by M. W. M. Hodson.*

Sym

I Love I doat I'm all De-sire No Tongue can

tr *tr*

tell my Pain My Breasts in Flames my Hearts on fire In murmurs

tr *tr* *tr*

I complain in murmurs I complain.

- 2 Thro' ev'ry Feature reigns a Charm
Immortals own her Sway
Her Frowns tenthousand Breasts alarm
To rob their Souls of Day.
- 3 Her Smiles ecstatic Pleasures give
Dispell my gloomy Moe
Make drooping Nature learn to live
No anxious Cares I know.
- 4 Some soul enchanting pow'r oh! move
This too divinely Fair
Tell her how I'm distrest'd by Love
How tortur'd by despair.



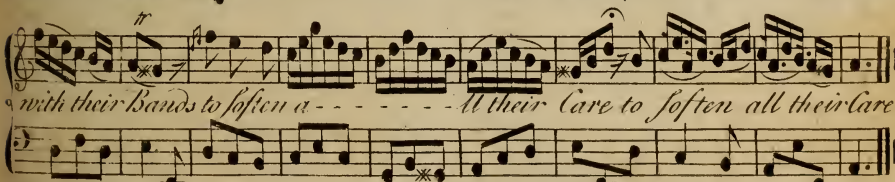
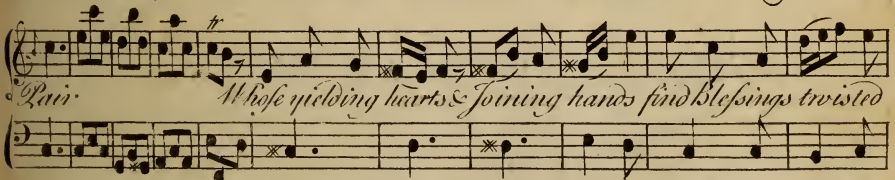
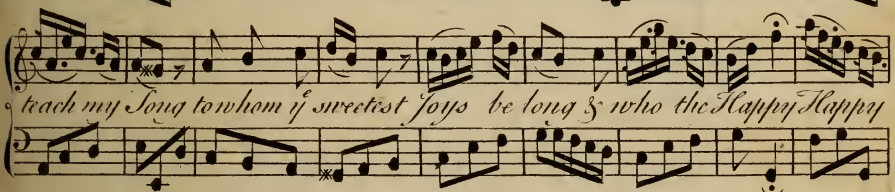
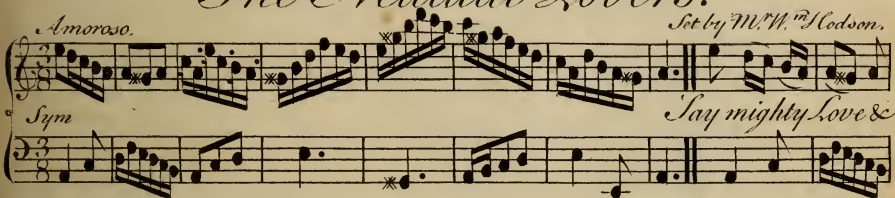
The Mutual Lovers.

Amoroso.

Set by M.^r W. M. Hodgson.

Sym

Say mighty Love &



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 bear blast as they.

Nor minds of melancholly strain
Still silent or that still complain
Can the dear bondage bless
As well may Heavenly concerts spring
From two old Lutes with neerer string
Or none besides the Base.

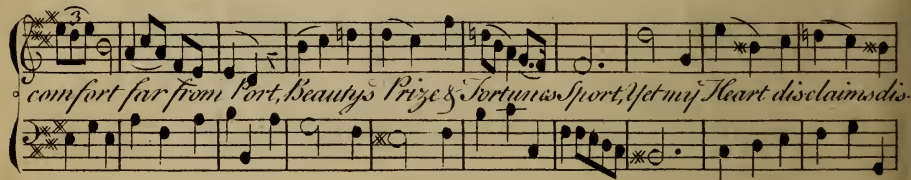
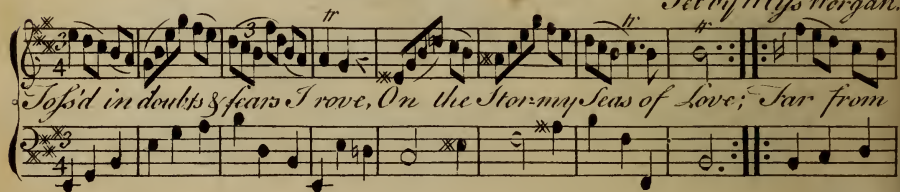
Two kindest Souls alone must meet
Two Friendship makes if bondage sweet
And feeds their mutual Loves
Bright lens on her rolling Throne
Is drawn by gentlest Birds alone
And Cupids Yoke if Loves.



H. Roberts fecit

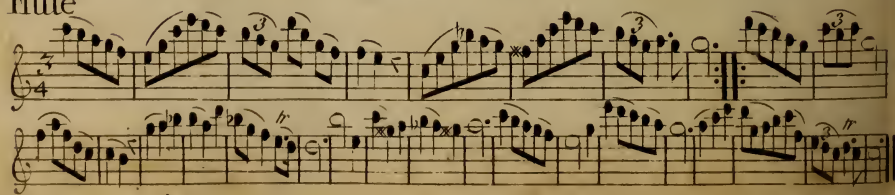
The Constant Lover:

Set by Miss Morgan.



But reservidness like a Cloud,
Does too oft her Glories Shroud,
Pierce y^e Gloom reviving Sight,
Be auspicious as your Bright;
As you hide or dart your beams,
Your Ardor sinks or Swims.

Flute

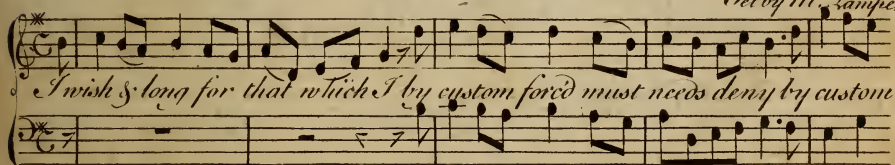




Hen Roberts sculp.

Love and Honour.

Set by M^r Lampe.



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 despair: —

Forbid it all ye powers above!

Cupid prevailing God of Love —

Cupid &c

Decreed us for each other —

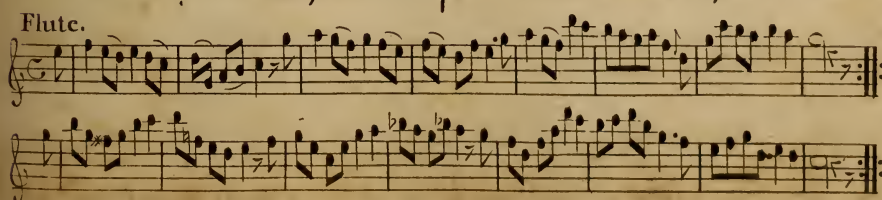
Let Hymen light his Torch I dare

Be his without a blush or fear —

Be his &c

To immitate my Mother: —

Flute.





Hail Windsor:

Set by Mr. Travers.

Larghetto

Hail Windsor crown'd with
 of thy Son's in Nature wantons at her Will decks ev'ry Vale with fruits & flowers the
 wa ving trees adorns each Hill Like
 Mars to Venus in his Arms like his thy Strength like hers thy
 Sharp like his thy Strength like hers thy Charms

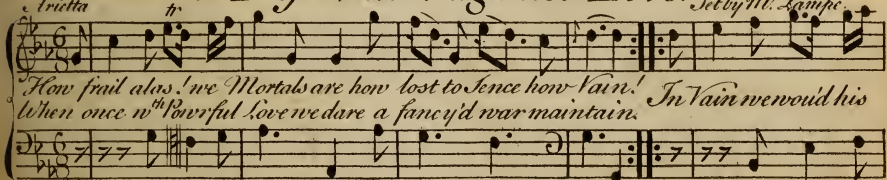
When o'er thy Plains I stretch mine Eyes,
 Pleas'd in thy Prospects unconfin'd,
 A thousand Scenes before me rise,
 A thousand Beauties charm my Mind,
 Tho different each, yet each agrees,
 Nor this, nor that but all things please.

Thus Strephon Views his lovely Fair;
 From charm to charm in raptures tost,
 Yet not her Face, nor Shape, nor Air;
 Nor yet her Eyes transport him most,
 But 'tis the Heavenly finish'd whole,
 With matchless Grace delights his Soul.

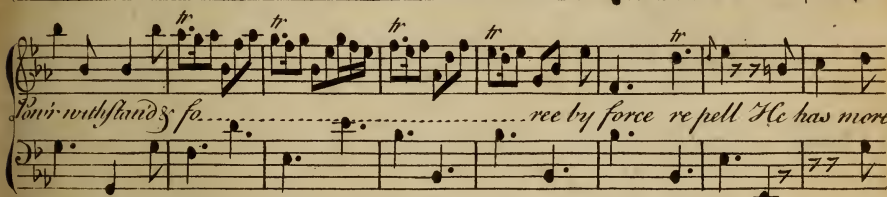


A Preservative against Love. Set by M^r Lampe

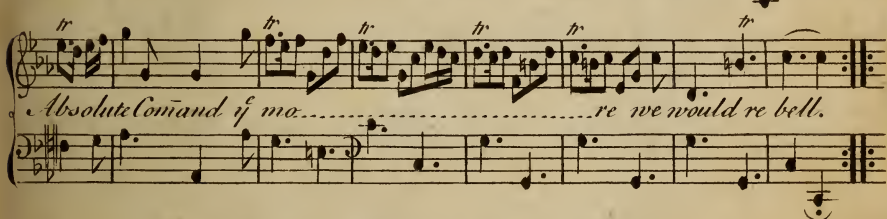
Arietta



*How frail alas! we Mortals are how lost to Sense how Vain! In Vain we would his
When once wth Pow'rful Love we dare a fancy'd war maintain.*



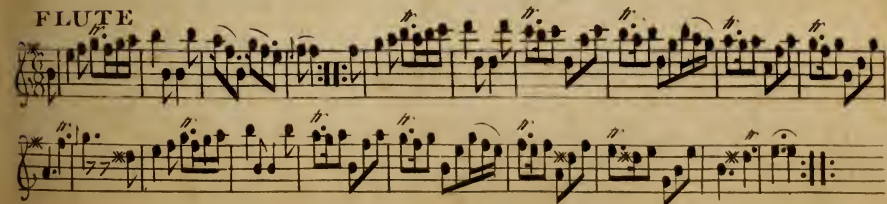
Pow'r withstands; so... ree by force re pell He has more



Absolute Command if mo... re we would re bell.

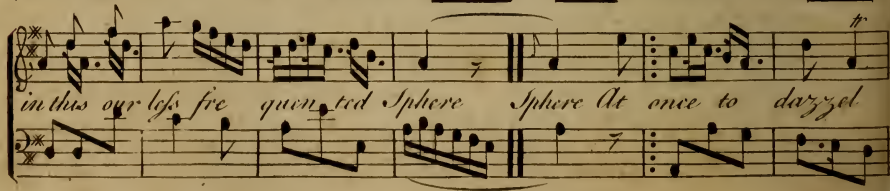
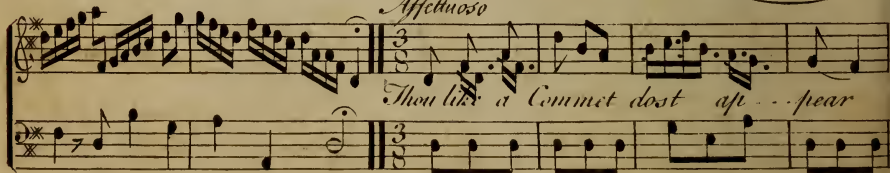
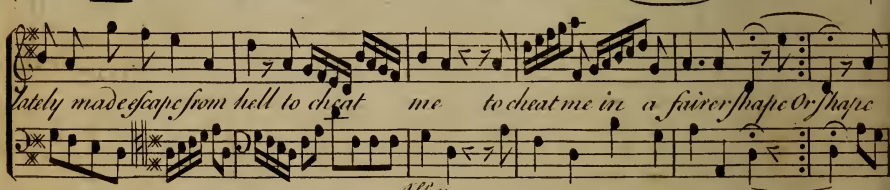
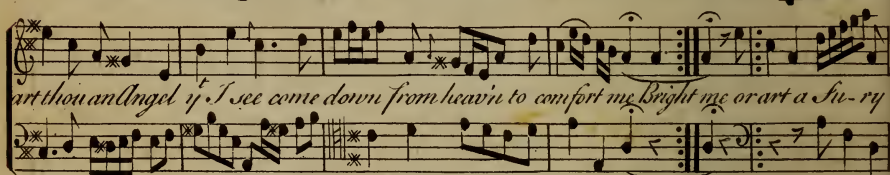
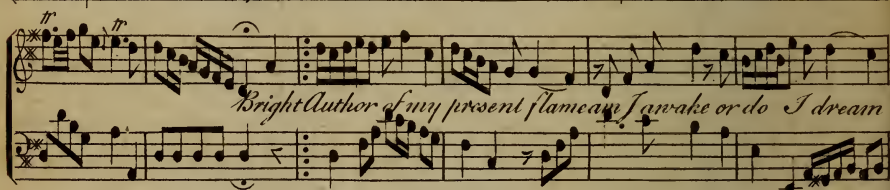
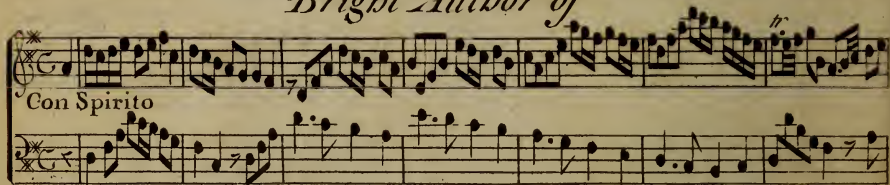
*'Tis only flight can make us blest -
And free us from Loves Dart
One Moments stay destroys our Rest
But this preserves the Heart
So shall our Lives in peace be Free -
Each day new pleasures prove
He thats possess'd of Liberty
Defies the shafts of Love.*

FLUTE





Bright Author of





my present Flame.

Set by M.^r Travers.

and our prize th Love our Hearts th light our Eyes with Love our Hearts with

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

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

ending fu ture Pain cō like a Bla

zing Star retire again cō like a Bla

zing Star retire a gain.



The Relief

Now y^e busy day is o'er, So y^e Bottle let us fly, y^e our Spirits will restore, & delight the
 heart wth joy. & delight y^e heart wth joy. Banish
 sorrow, sicken & care, Ev'ry anxi^{ous} thought remove, raise y^e mind above despair, fill y^e soul wth nought but love.
 Fill the Soul wth nought but love.

FLUTE

Flute part musical notation.



Barberini's Minuet.

Set by Sig. Hofse!

Thinker to Pleasure if sports do invite you times on y^e thing & is fleeting a way and as y^e bright

Season of youth does exalt you Crown y^e dear moments in mirth whilst you may As time approaches by

kindly Advances With truly graceful and free open fancies of Song & brisk dances intreat him to

Stay His golden Treasure if prudently measure let innocent pastime & virtue delight you

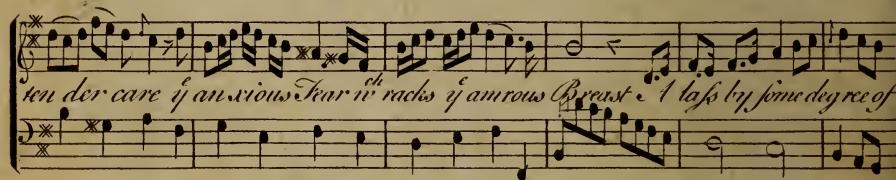
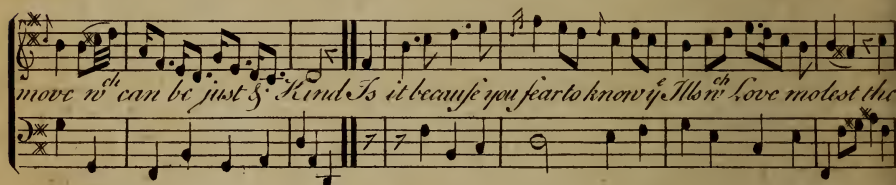
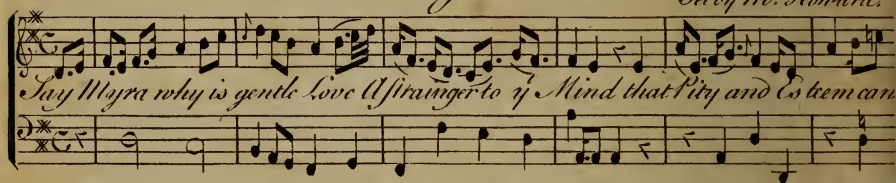
Virtue & innocence alway are gay those who inherit such sweetness of Spirit live live

live live those who inherit such sweetness of spirit live & enjoy true delight every Day.

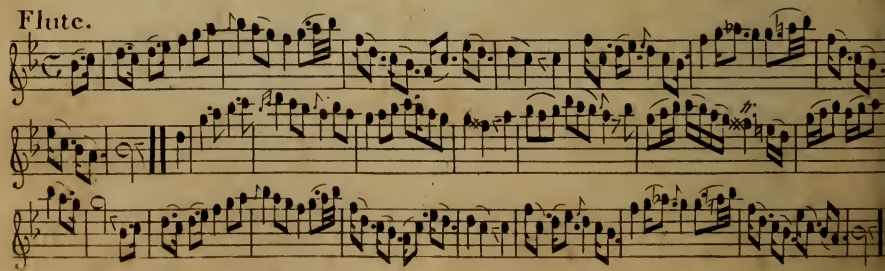


Myra

Set by W. Howard.



Flute.





The Happy Man.

Arietta.

I envy not Sir Courthly 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 Knave & scorns to be a

fawning slave has but him^{self} to please has but him^{self} to plea.....se

has but him^{self} to please the man who cannot be a knave & scorns to be a fawning

Slave has but him^{self} to please has but him^{self} to please has but him^{self} to please

*The World & all its glittering Toys —
Consist in Hurry Shew and Noise —
Whilst in a Crowd we live —
Thank Heav'n! I share a better Fate —
And blest enjoy in humble State —
The sweets that Quiet give —*

*My Book my Garden Field & Shuir —
Are all my Pleasures all my Care —
Nor wish I greater Bliss —
Each Day to me fresh beauties rise —
From those and Isabella's Eyes —
Still sweetned by a Kiss.*



The Truth.

Set by M. Ruyelds.

To curb our Will with vain pre tence Phy..lo...so...phy her force'em.

plays And tells us in dis pight of Sense that Life af fords us real joy

Such I dle whims my Heart ab jures Envy me not Im mortal

Jove? If I pre fer 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 alas! shall cease to be —
 Such Idle whims my heart abjures —
 Envy me not immortal love —
 If I prefer my Bless to yours —
 Clas'd in y Arms of her I love —

For the German Flute.



Paternal Love.

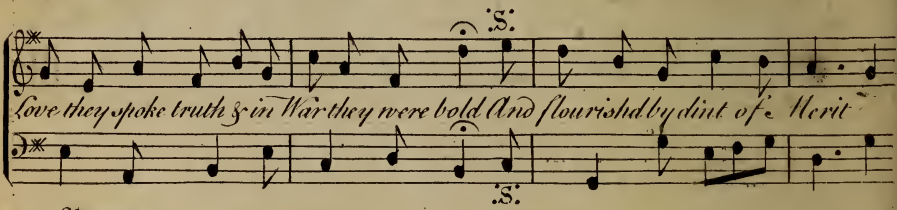
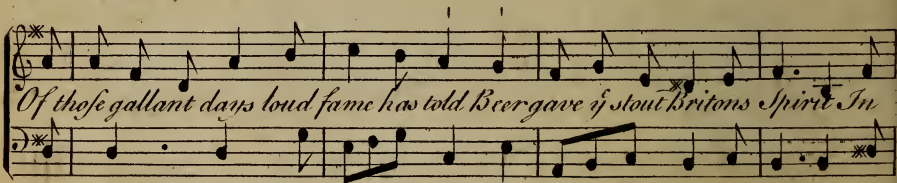
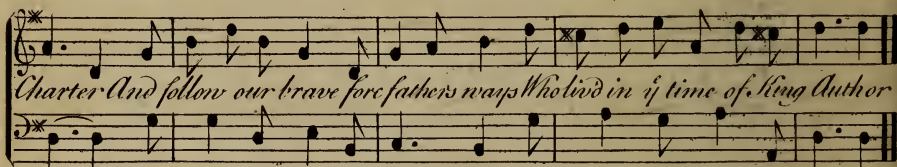
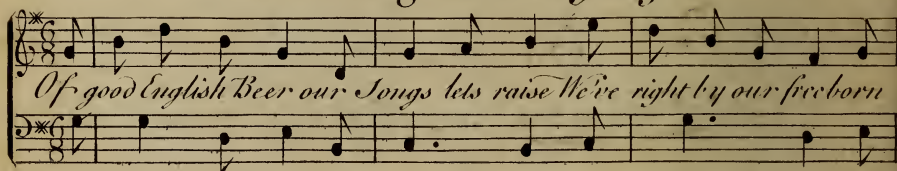
*The parent Bird whose little Nest is by its tender Young possess with
 Spreading Wings & downy Breast does cherish them with Love But soon as Nature
 plumes their Wings & guides their flight to Groves and Springs quite unconcern'd the
 parent Sings re gardless where they rove re gardless where they 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.*

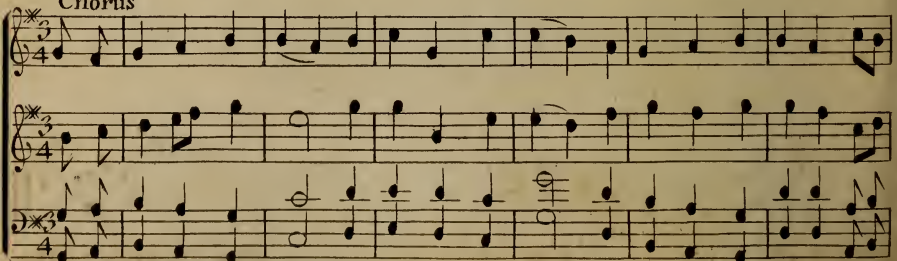
Flute.



A Song in Praise of



Chorus





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 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 y^e production of their own —
Good Beer & roast Beef in their Bellies —
All foreign attempts they did disdain —
To fird with Revolution —
For liberty if they woud bleed evry vein —
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 powerful Nation —
Then let us agree & with vigour maintain —
Our Trade and our Navigation. —

Chorus

FLUTE.

FLUTE.



The Power of Beauty.

Alligments

Is there a Charm ye Powers above To ease a wounded Breast thro'
Reason's Glass to look at Love to wish and yet to rest Set Wisdom
boast tis all in vain An Empire o'er the Mind tis Beauty Beauty holds the
Chain And triumphs o'er Man kind And triumphs o'er Mankind

Thrice happy Birds who on the Spray
Unartful Notes prolong
Your feather'd Notes reward the Lay
And yield to powerful Song
By Nature fierce without Controul
The human Savage ran
Till Verse refine his Stobborn Soul
And civiliz'd the Man
And civiliz'd the Man

Verse turns aside the Tyrants Rage
And cheers the drooping Slave
It wins a Smile from hoary Age
And disappoints the Grave
The force of Numbers must succeed
And sooth each other Ear
Tho' my fond Cause should Phobus plead
He'd find a Daphne here
He'd 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 of Face
Thus in the Sun bedropt 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.

Invas

in the Bloom of May when odours breathe around when Nymphs are blithes gay &

all with mirth abound That happily I stray'd to view my stecy Care where I be 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 Phœbus never saw —
Her looks of Nut brown hue
A round eard Coife conceald
Which to my pleasing view
A sporting Breeze reveald —*

*Around her slender Waiste —
A Scarp embroider'd hung —
The lute her Fingers grac'd
Accompani'd with a song —
With such a pleasing Note —
Cuzzoni might regale —
Or Philomelas Throat
That Warbles thro' the Vale —*

*Not long I stood to View —
Struck with her Heavenly Air
I to the Charmer flew —
And caught the yielding Fair —
Hear this ye scornful Belles —
And milder ways pursue —
She that in Charms excells —
Excels in kindness too —*



The Happy Couple.

Staccato.
Sym.

All upon the Hill There lives a happy Pair The
In vain his Name is Will And Molly is the Fair Ten Years are gone & more Since
Hymen joind these 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 & Swain
 If haply Cares invade
 To who is free from Care
 Th' impressions Lighter made
 By taking each a Share.*

*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.*

*With Safety and with Ease
 Their present life does flow
 They fear no raging Seas
 Nor Rocks that lurk below
 Nay still a Steady Gale
 Their little Bark attend
 And gently fill each sail
 Till life it self shall end.*



The Power of Gold

Set by Miss Worran

The Bloom of Beauty quickly fades an age des-pis'd as

soon-suc-ceeds 'loathing the Lover flies a face des-

-poid of Youthfull Charms and Grace Yet Gold whilst we do

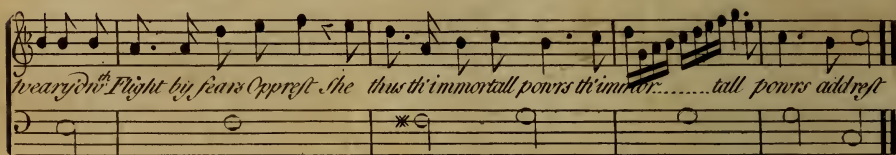
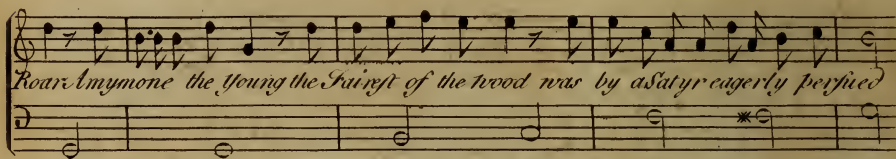
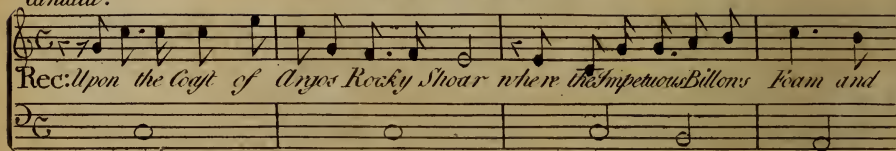
thee Enjoy we need no other Charms Employ Medea's Arts to

thee belong when old thou makst us fair and young.

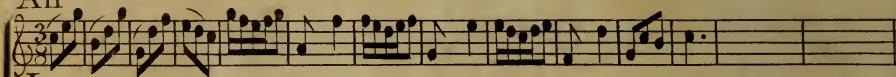


AMYMONE

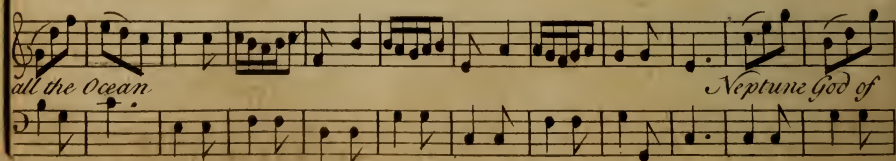
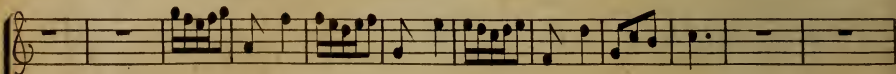
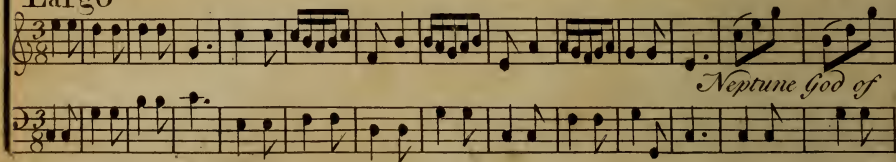
Cantata.



Air



Largo





AMYMONE

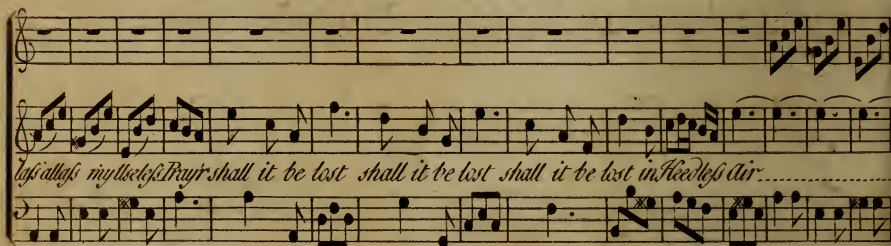
all the Ocean hear a tender Maid's devotion Ease my A.....anguish Set me free

Ease my A.....anguish Set me free from Furious love de...liver

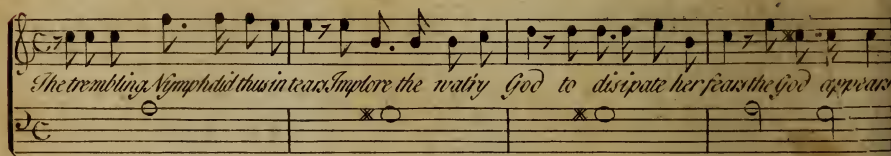
me from furious love deliver me al

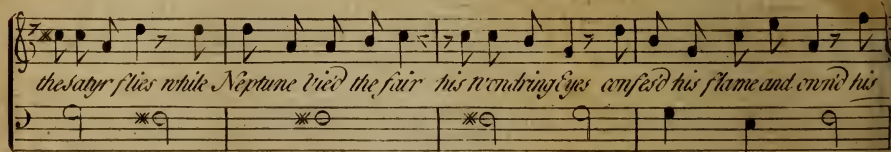


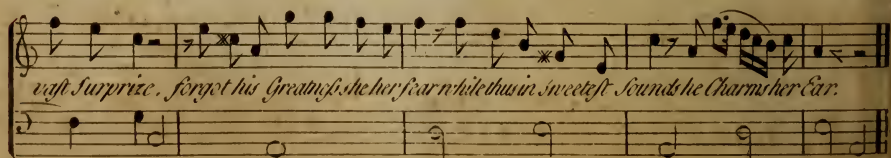
AMYTONE


loft all's my beloved's Prize shall it be lost shall it be lost shall it be lost in heedless air.....


no refuge there remains for me remains for me but of De..... ex Abyss of Sea


The trembling Nymph thus in tears Implore the wat'ry God to dissipate her fears the God appears


the satyr flies while Neptune view'd the fair his wond'ring Eyes confess'd his flame and own'd his


vast Surprise, forgot his Grating, she her fear while thus in sweetest Sounds he Charm'd her Ear.



AMYTONT

Vivace

Triumph triumph

Triumph triumph Charm^{and} Creature over your prey..... mptious Vangit lover tri.....

.....unphing Conquest of your Charms While Neptune Courts you to his Arms



Solo *AMYMONE*

Triumph Triumph in the Conquest the

Conquest of your charms

Triumph Triumph in the Conquest the Conquest of your charms



ARYMONNE.

Musical score for the song "ARYMONNE." The score is written on ten staves, with the vocal line on the upper staff and the accompaniment on the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

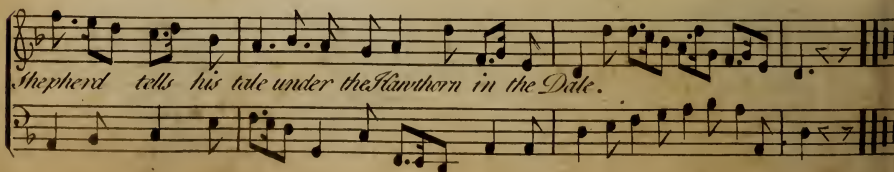
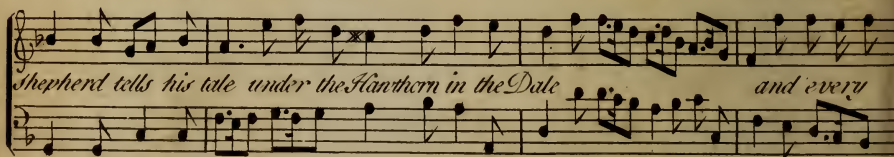
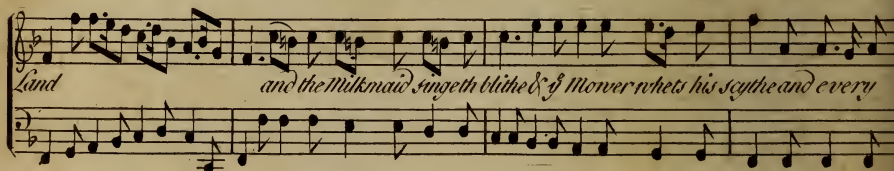
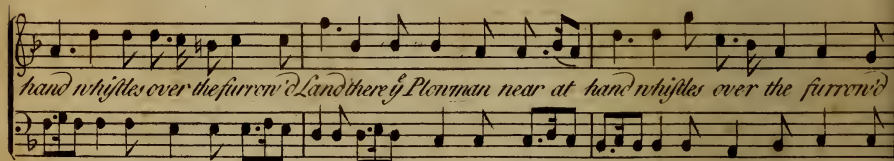
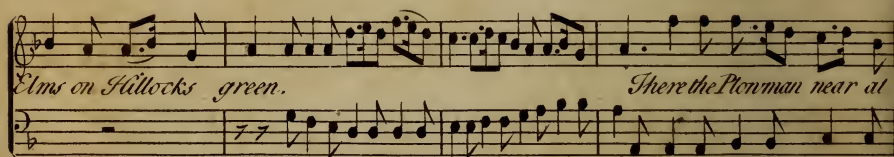
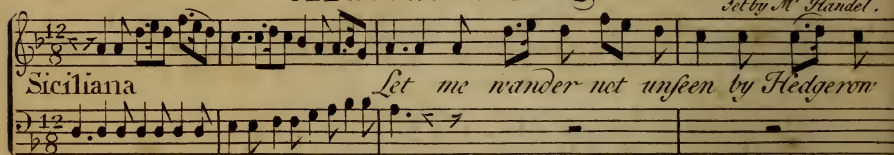
Beautiful creature how if ever
 you intend to Bless a lover yield to me yield to me if best can mo...

O thy tender Soul thy tender Soul to softest love thy tender Soul to softest love.



A Favourite Song

Set by M^r Handel.





Love reveal'd.

Set by M. W. Hodson

Affettuoso

Why should I my Passion smoother Or the Man I love torment
 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 woo'd me
 Yet I always seem'd Coy —
 Tho' in melting Strains he sued me
 Against my Will I did deny —

Thus we force our Selves to suffer
 And slight w' we so much prize —
 Yet tis easy to discover
 Our own Thoughts within our Eyes

I cannot resist no longer —
 'Tis if only Man I love —
 And my Passion grows if stronger
 Since he does so constant prove —

All Endeavour to regain him —
 And his constant Love requite
 Tho' so long I did disdain him —
 In him alone I take delight —

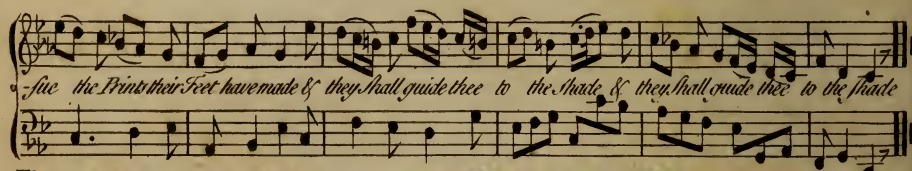
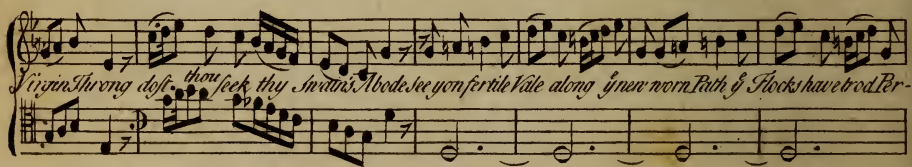
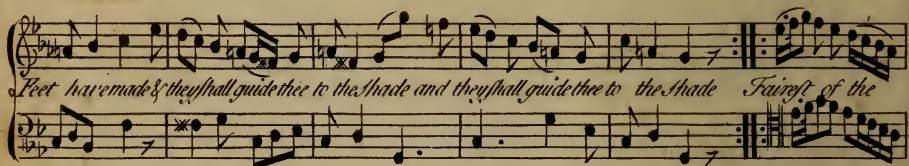
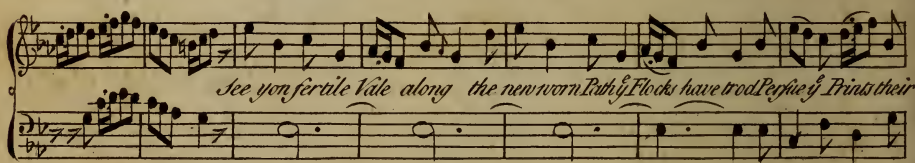
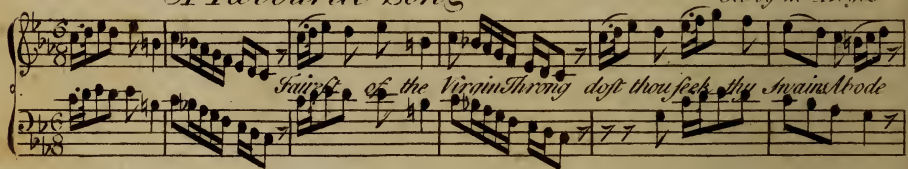
Sweet Endearments may allure him
 Never can I be at rest —
 Till for ever I secure him
 His he alone can make me blest —

Flute

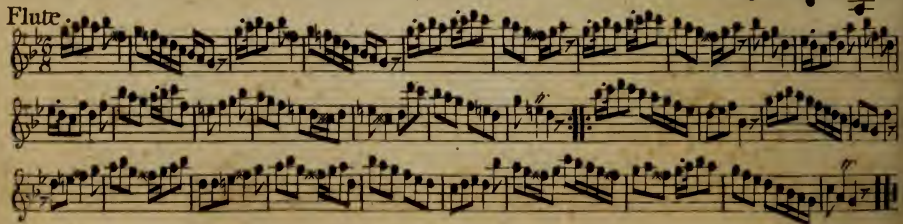


A Favourite Song

Set by Mr. Boyce



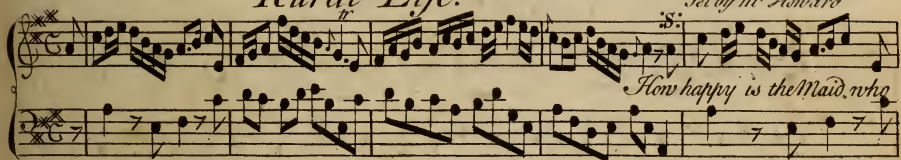
Flute



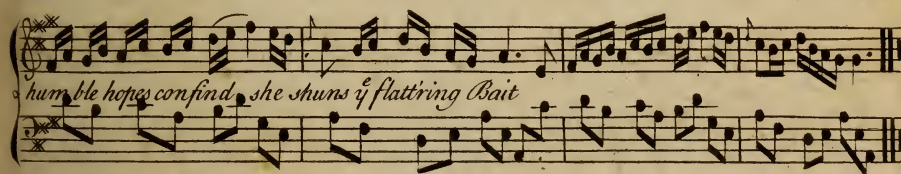
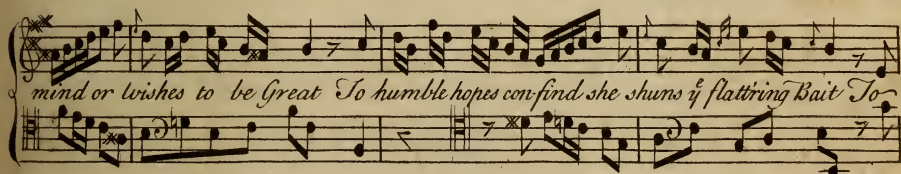
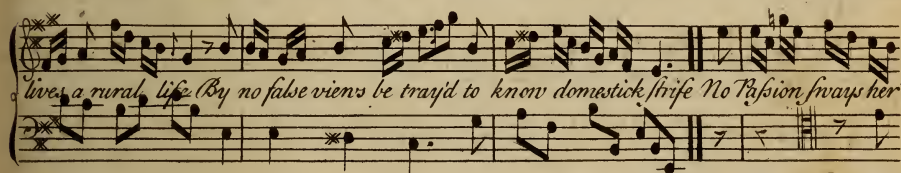


Rural Life.

Set by Mr Howard



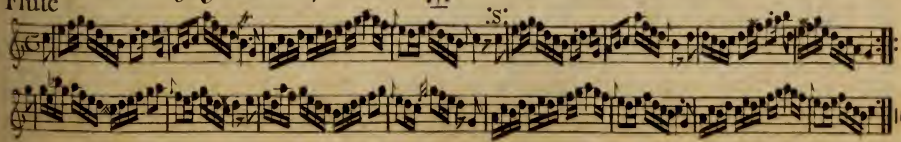
How happy is the Maid, who



Her Soul with calm disdain,
Above the Pomp of Pride;
Behold y^e Rich and Vain,
In gilded fetters tyd;
While Idles Wealth & Power,
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





A Favourite Song

Sym.

Andante

Tell me lovely Shepherd where where tell me

where thou feedst at Noon thy fleecy Care *Sym.* *Direct me to y^e sweet Re*

creat y^e guards thee from y^e Midday Heat *Sym.* *F:*

Left by the Flocks I lonely stray Without a

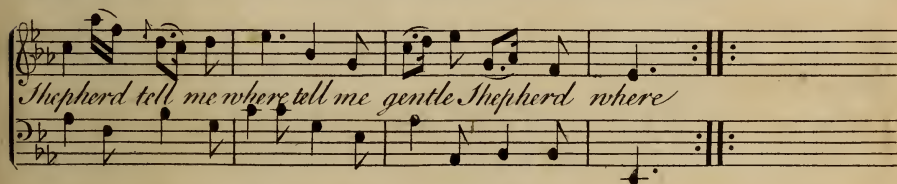
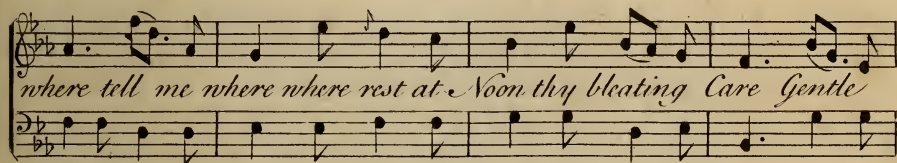
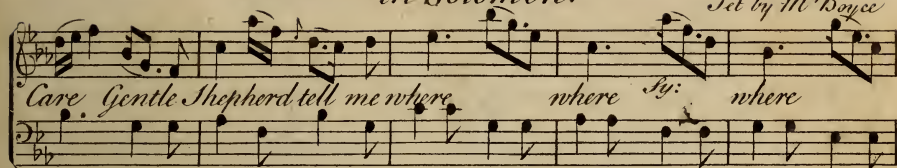
Guide & lose my way *Sym.* *F:* *where rest at Noon thy bleating*

F: *P:*

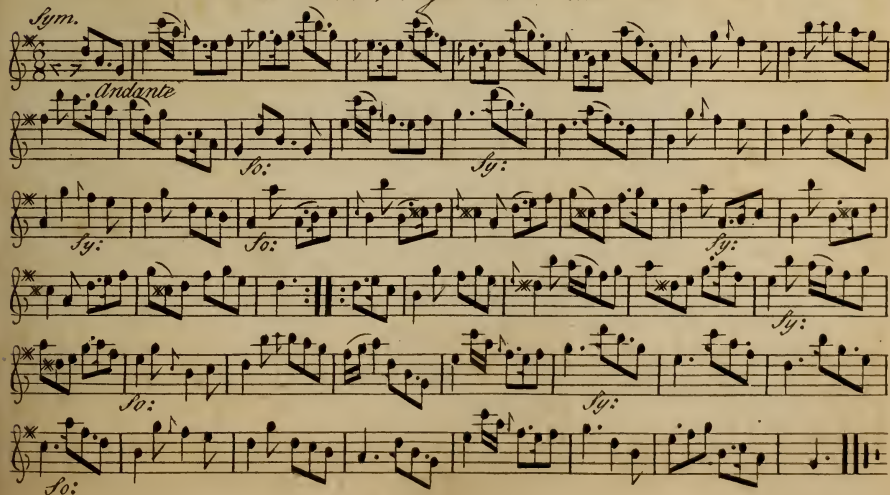


in Solomon.

Set by M^r Boyce



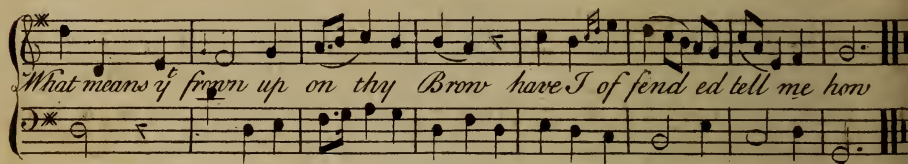
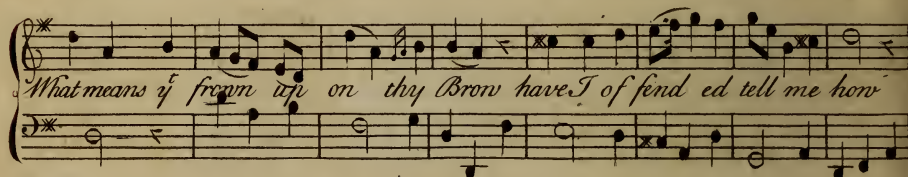
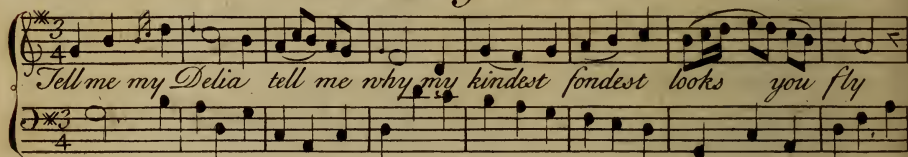
For the Flute, or German Flute.





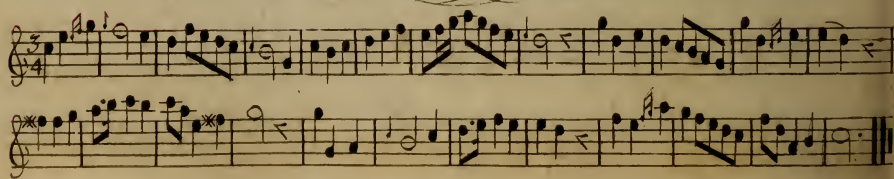
The Doubtfull Lover.

Set by Mr Howard



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

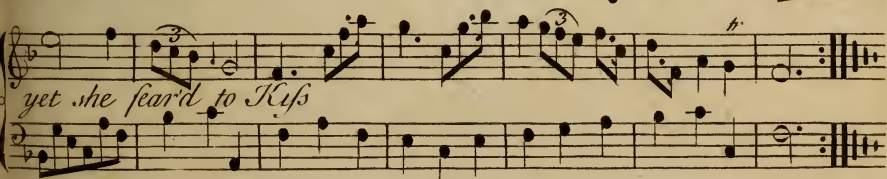
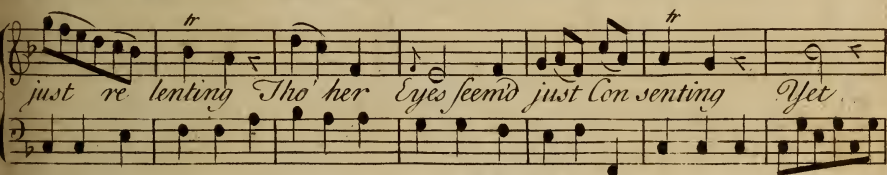
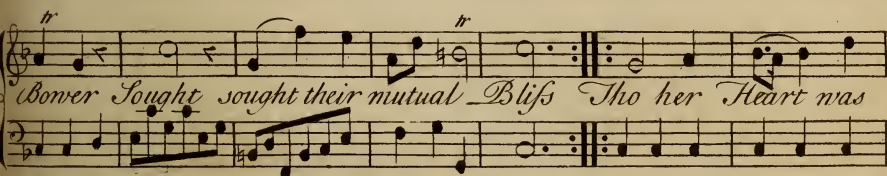
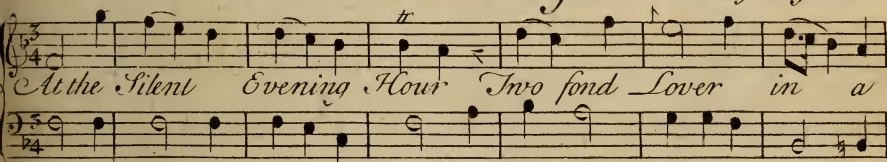
Flute.





The Secret Kiss.

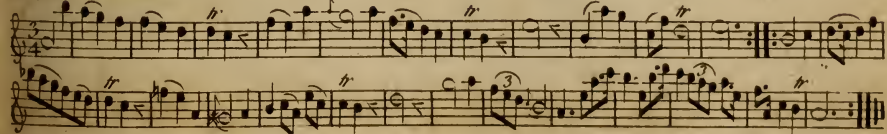
Set by Mr. Oswald



Since this secret Shade he cry'd —
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 kiss'd.

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

Flute





The Despairing Shepherd

Large. *See by M. Lampe.*

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

How did y^e pleasing Minuits wast whilst Silvia blast the Grove but Minuits

te dious A ges last now torn from her I love now torn from her I love.

See how the Villiage Blithly gay —
Is all a Joyous 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 send my Sylvias griefs to share
Am Gloriously undone.

Flute



Advice to Cloe.

Set by M. Howard.

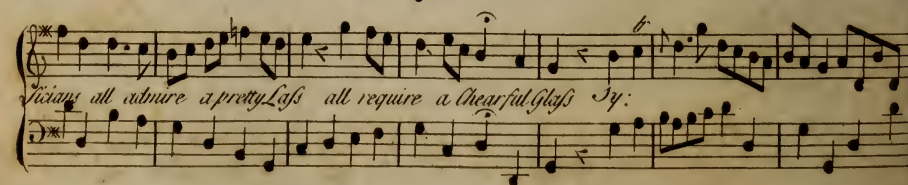
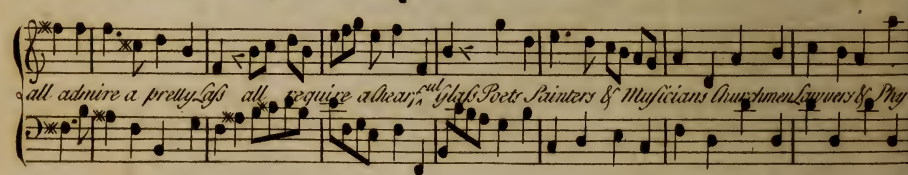
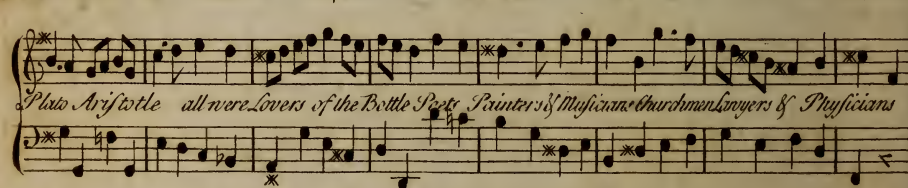
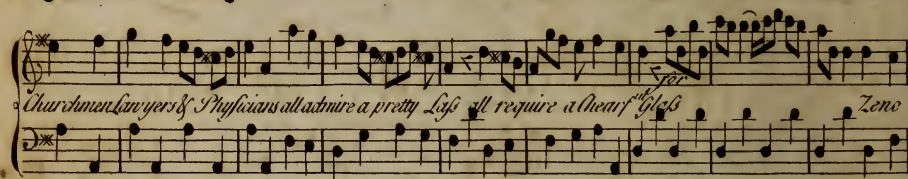
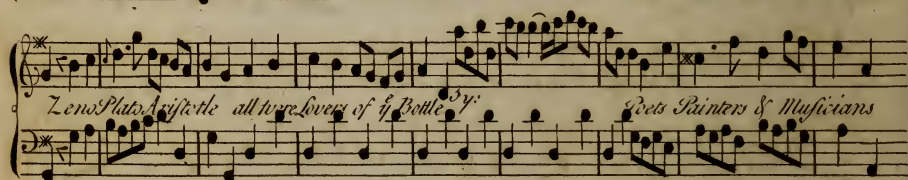
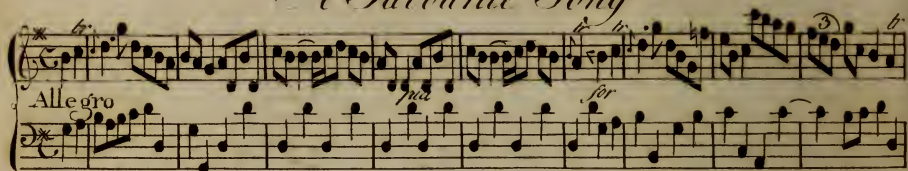
See Cloe how the newblown Rose, blooms like thy beautiful Face Youth does its ripening
 Charms disclose, and perfects every Grace, Its Virgin sweets perfume the Air, and
 then its Pride decays: So will it be with thee my fair, if past thy youthful Days

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 $\frac{5}{4}$ German Flute.



A Favourite Song





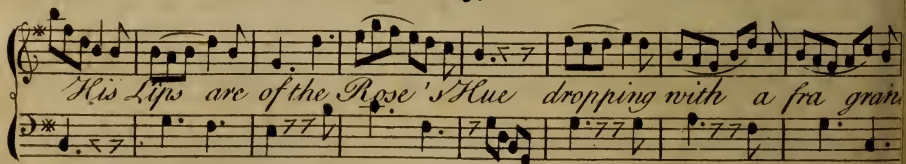
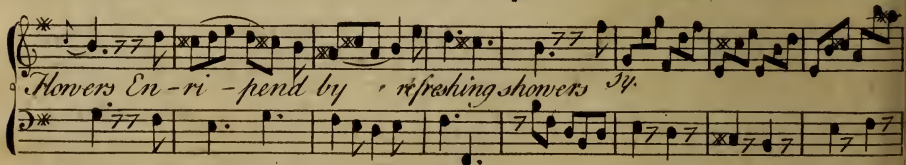
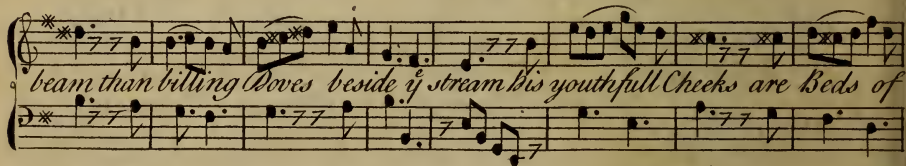
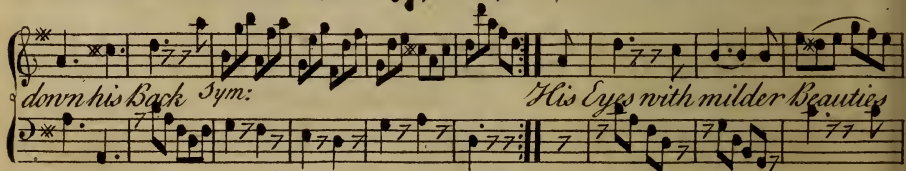
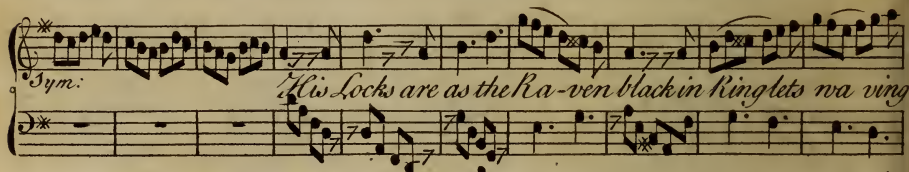
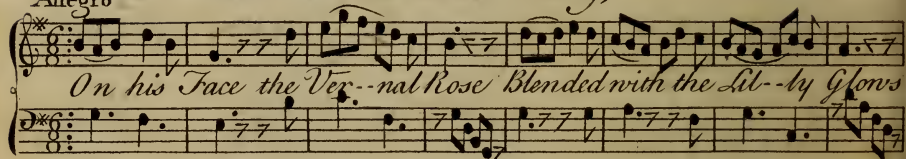
Set by M^r Lampe!

Ev'ry Pleasure has its Lesson Love and Drinking are no Treason Ev'ry Pleasure has its Lesson Love and

Drinking are no Treason Love and Drin.....king Love and Drinking are no Treason.



Allegro

A Favourite Song,



Set by M.^r Boyce.

Duo *Tall as y^e Cedar he appears & as Erect his form he bears*

Tall as y^e Cedar he appears And as Erect his form he bears

Largo *ria.* *This this Oye Virgins this is y^e Swain whose absence causes all my pain.*

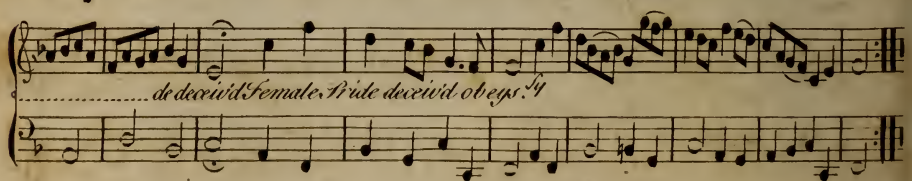
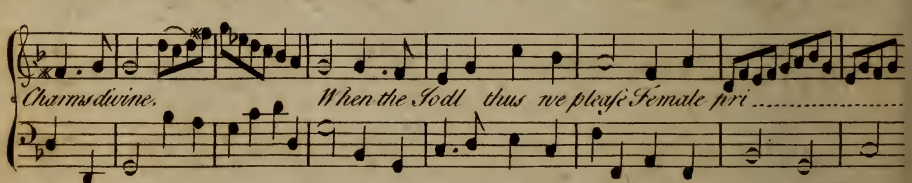
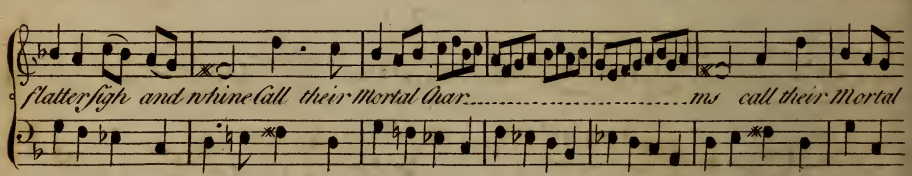
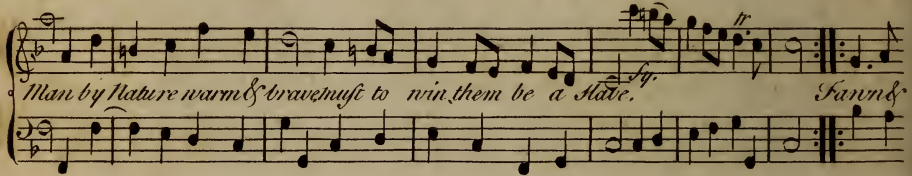
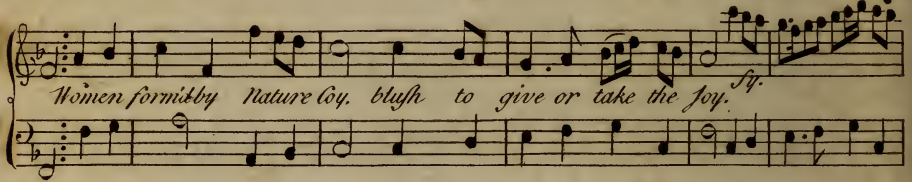
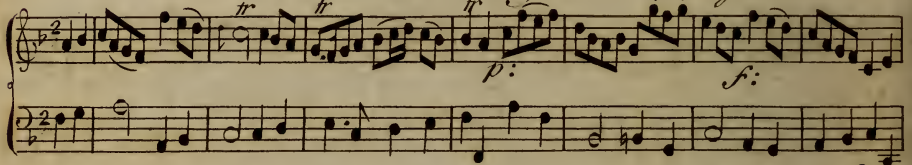
FLUTE.

Sy. *So.* *Sy.* *So.* *Sy.* *So.* *Sy.* *So.*



A Favourite Song.

Set by Mr Perleour.

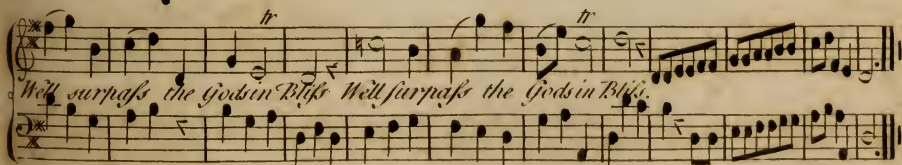
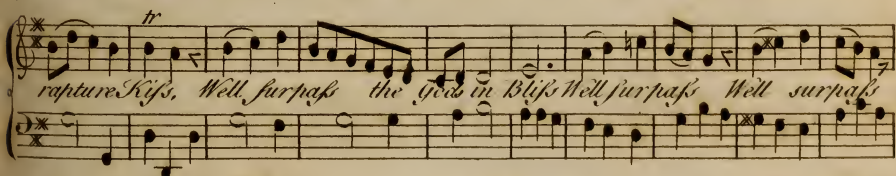
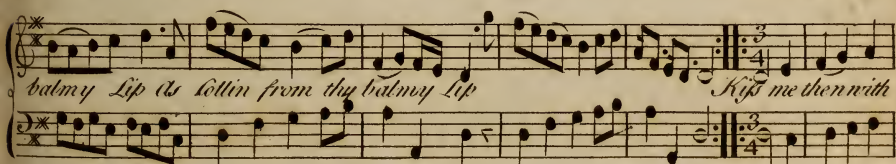
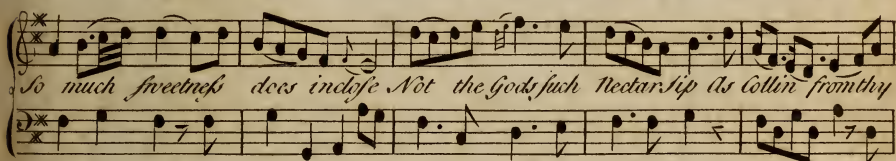
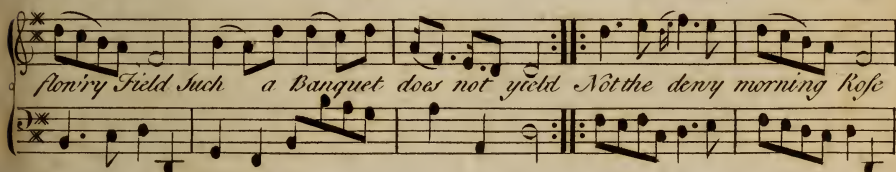
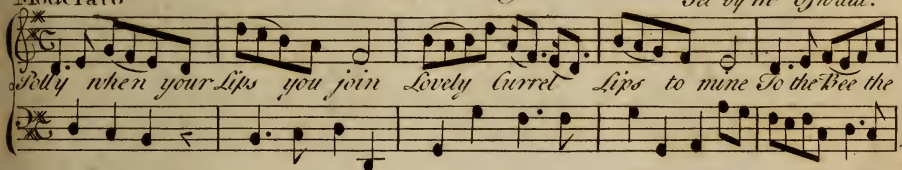




Moderato

A Favourite Song

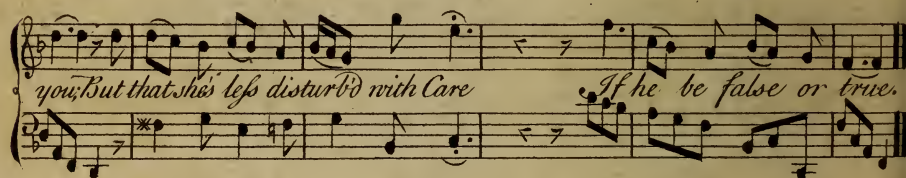
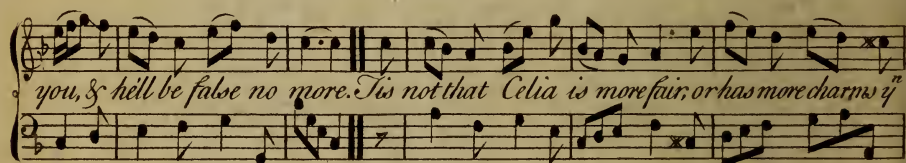
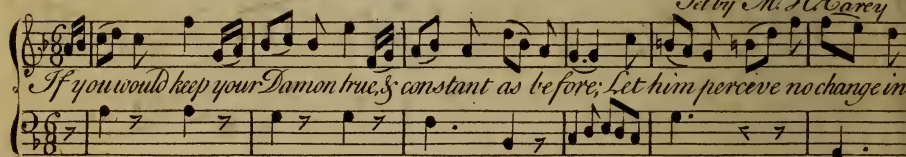
Set by Mr Oswald.





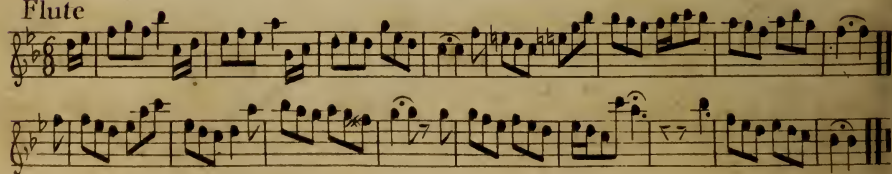
False Damon.

Set by M. J. Carey



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.

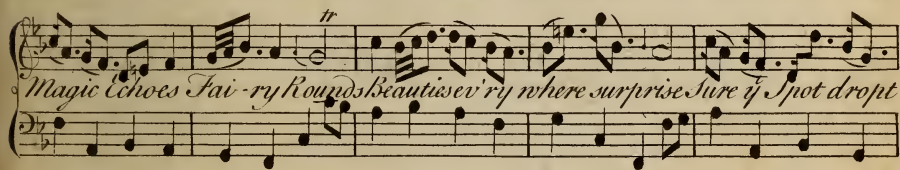
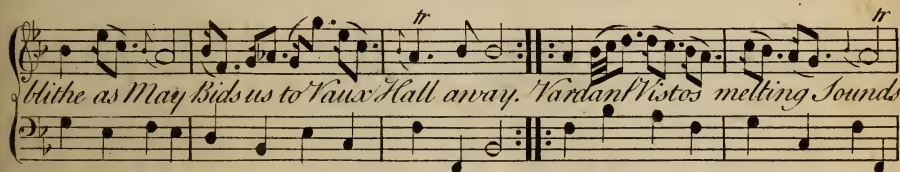
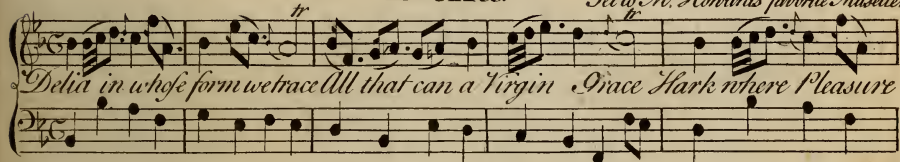
Flute



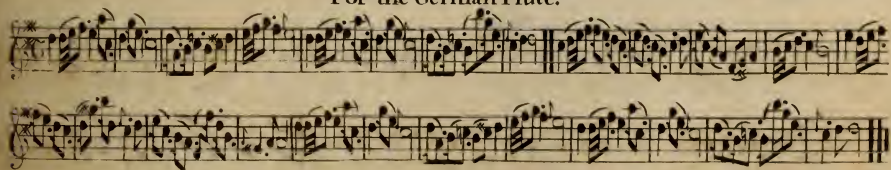


Delia.

Set to M^r Howard's favorite Musette.



For the German Flute.





Soft God of Sleep?

Set by M.^r Ruscel

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 displeas'd at the un wel come un wel come

Theme Thy her and let her Soul be eas'd in finding it a Dream

Flute



To Silvia.

Set by M^{rs} Howard

tr

tr *S:*

The Truth can fix thy wav'ring heart let Da mon

urge his Claim he feels the Passion void of art the Pure and constant Flame

tr

The sighing Swains their tell their sensual love con

tem they on by prize & beautiful shell but slight if inward Gem.

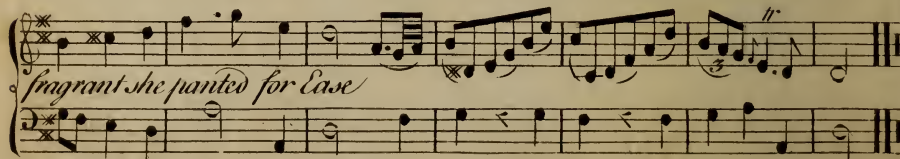
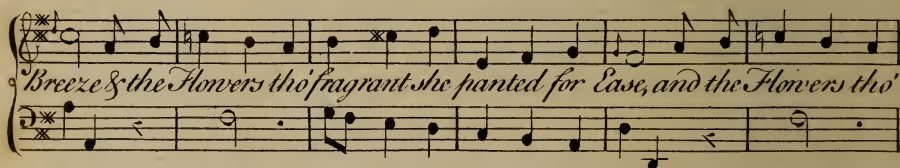
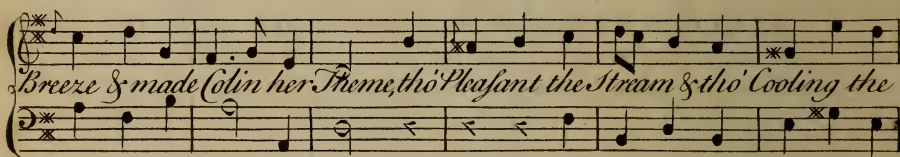
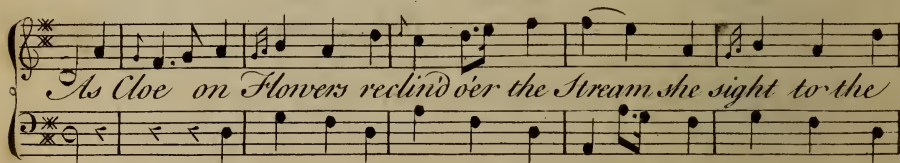
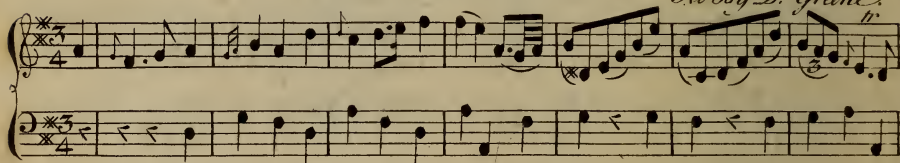
Possession cures the wounded Heart,
Destroys the transient Fire,
But when y^e mind receives y^e Dart,
Enjoyment whets Desire.
Your charms each slavish sense controul,
A Tyrant's short liv'd Reign,
But milder Reason rules the Soul,
Nor time can break the Chain.

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



Cloe's Resolves.

Set By D.^r Greene



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



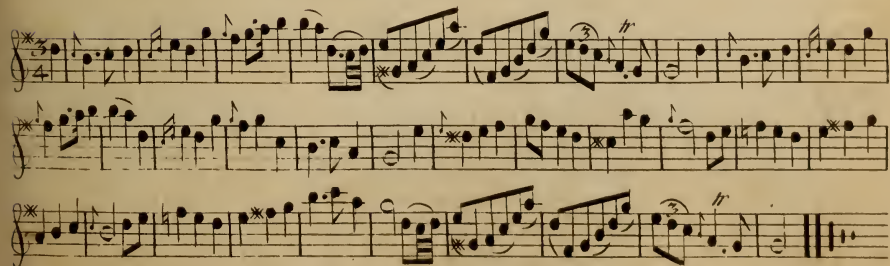
*The Breeze that so Sweet on her Bosom did play,
Now rose to a Tempest and darkned the Day,
As soft as the Breeze and as loud as the Wind,
Such Colin when Angry and Colin when kind.*

*The Flowers when gatherd 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^e Wind,
And resolves to Drive Colin quite out of her mind.*

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

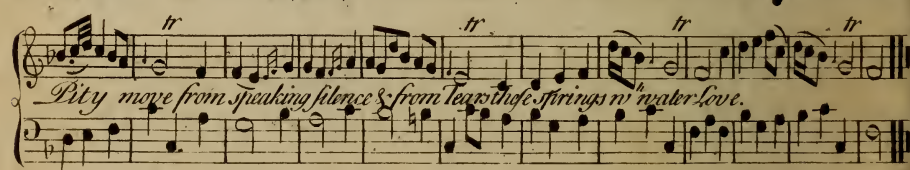
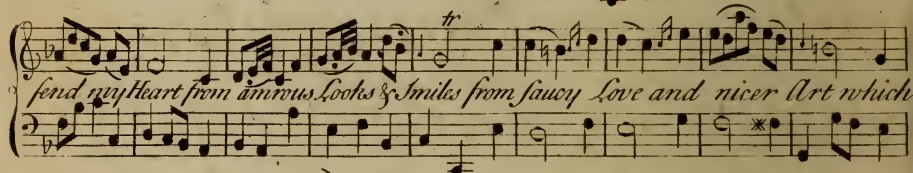
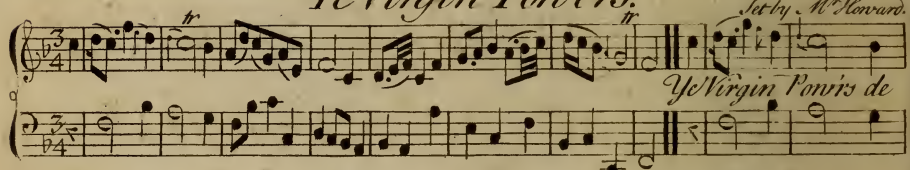
For the German Flute.





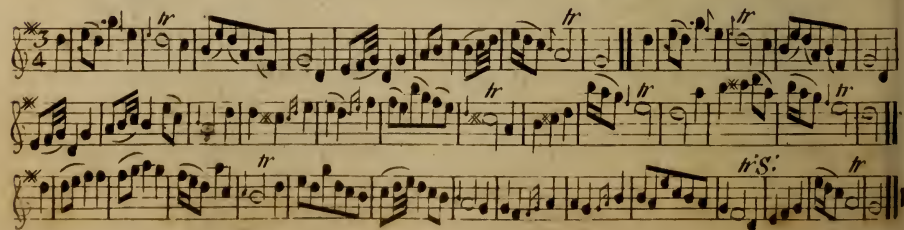
Ye Virgin Powers.

Set by W. Howard.



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
Needs ev'ry Virtue's Aid
And she who thinks herself secure
The soonest is betray'd.

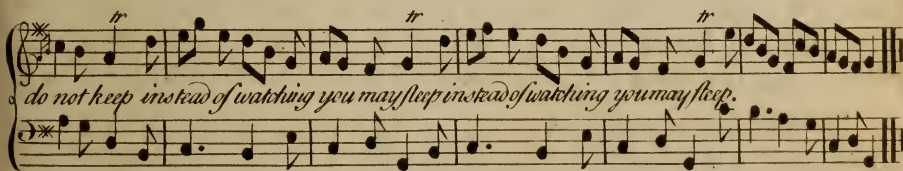
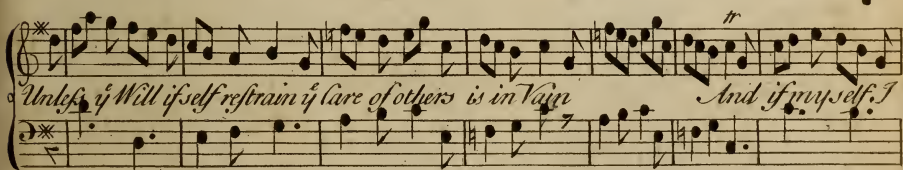
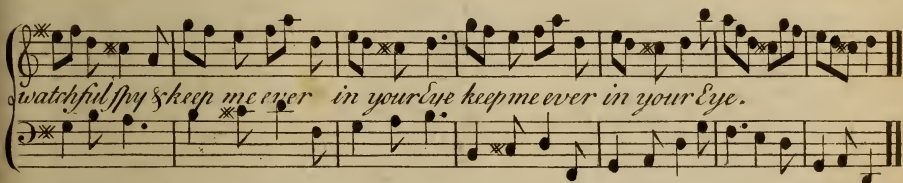
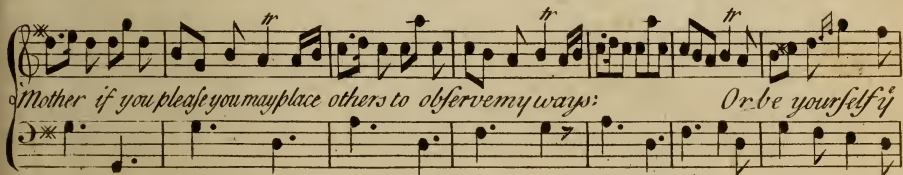
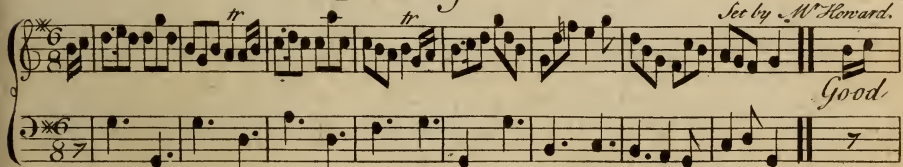




A Song

See by M. 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 unconfin'd and free,
 With Prudence for my lock & key,
 For if myself I do not keep,
 Instead of watching All may sleep.



Florellio and Daphne. Set by M. Howard

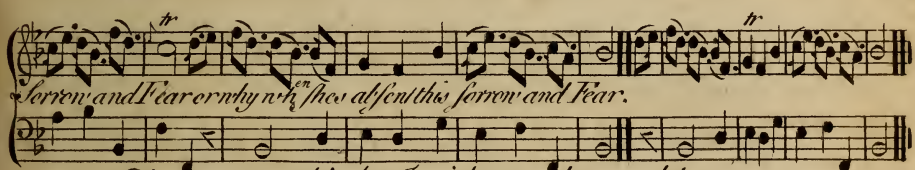
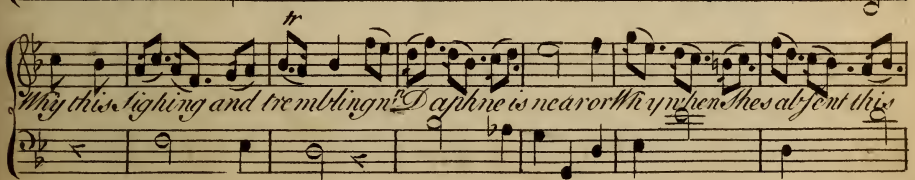
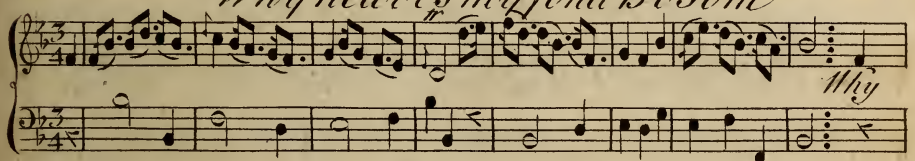
See Daphne see Florellio cry'd and learn y^e sad effects of Pridel Upon shelter'd Rose how
close conceal'd how quickly blast'd when reveal'd The Sun wth warm ab-
tractive Rays tempt it to wanton in y^e blaze A Gale succeeds from
eastern Skies & all its Blushing radiance die & all its Blushing radiance dies

To you, my Fair, of charms Divine, —
Will quit the Plain, too fond to shine —
Where Flames transporting Rays allure,
Tho' 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. —

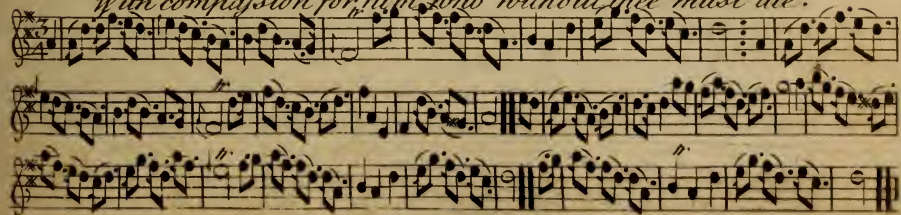
The Nymph reply'd, you first my Swain,
Confine your Sonnets to the Plain; —
One envious Tongue, alike disarms —
You of your Wit, Me of my Charms; —
What is unheard, the tuneful Thrill, —
Or what, unknown, the Poets Skill, —
What, unadmird, a charming Mein, —
Or what the Roses Blush, unseen. —



Why heaves my fond Bosom

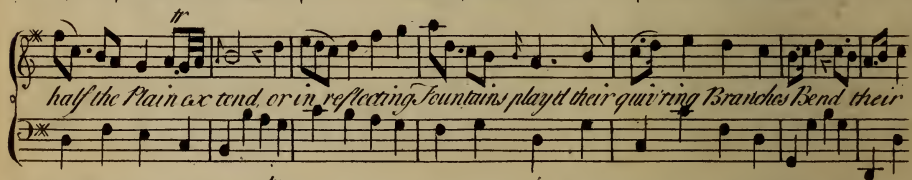
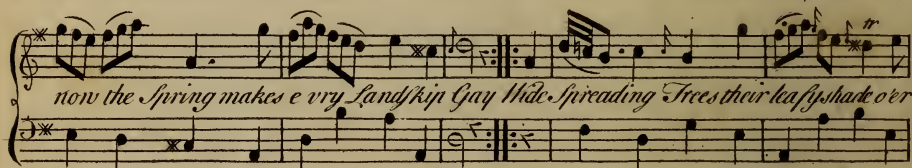
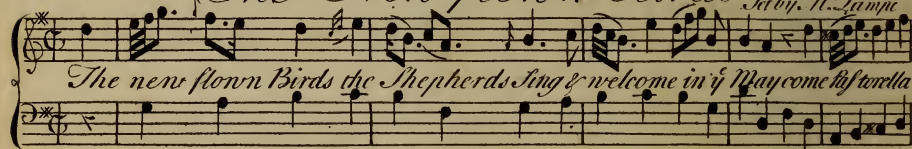


For ever, methinks, I with wonder could trace
The Thousand soft Charms that embellish thy Face
Each moment I view thee new Beauties I find
With thy Face I am charmd, but enslaved by thy mind
Untainted with Folly, unsullied by Pride
There native good Humour, and Virtue reside
Pray Heaven that Virtue thy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



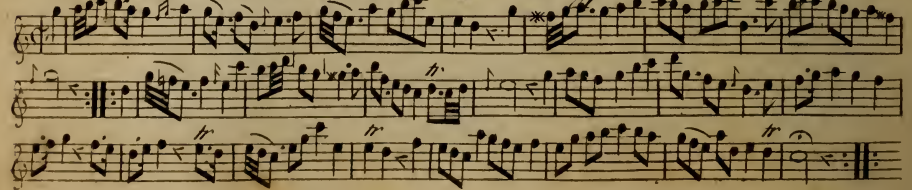


The New flown Birds Set by. M. Lampe



*Come taste the Season in it's Prime
And blest the Rising Year
Oh how my Soul grows sick of Time
Till thou my Love appear
Then shall I pass the Gladsem Day
Warm in thy Beauty's Shine
When thy dear Flock Shall feed & play
And intermix with mine*

*For thee of Doves a milk white Pair
In Silken Bands I hold
For the daisying Lambkin fair
I keep within the Fold
If milkwhite Loves acceptance meet
Or tender Lambkin please
My Spotless Heart without Deceit
Be offerd up with these*





A Favorite Song

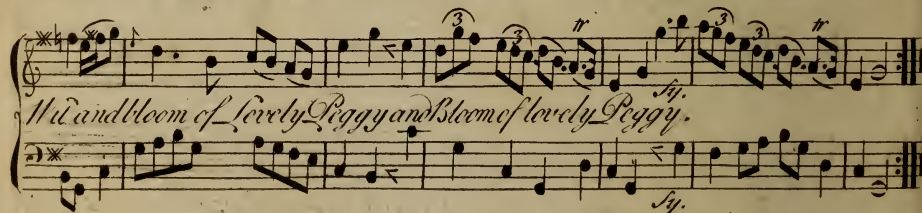
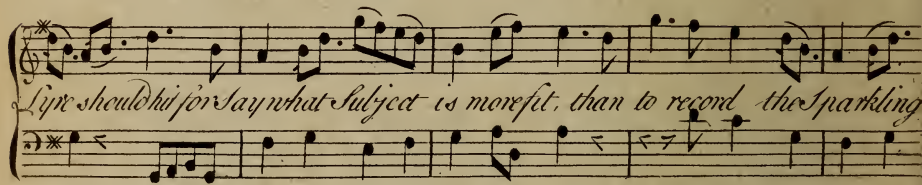
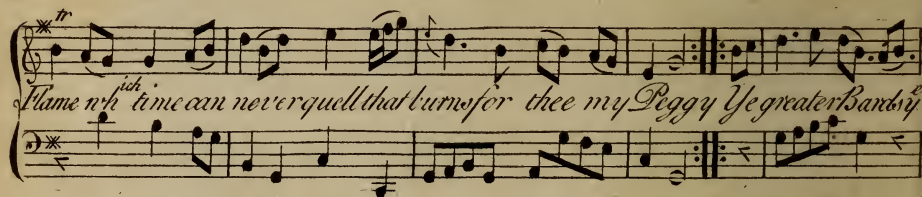
Set by M.^r Waldman

Joy Enlightens all my Senses when I View the
 Charming Fair Every Pleasure She Dispenses
 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 alone I find

Whilst Mankind their Flours are wasting
 Every Fair by turns to move
 My Delights are true and Lasting
 blest with Innocence and Love
 In one Charmer place your Treasure
 Happiness is only there
 Constancy's the greatest pleasure
 When two Hearts united are



The Charms of Lovely Peggy Sally M^r Oswald



*The Sun first rising on the Morn
That Paints the Dew bespangled Thorn
Does not so much the Day adorn
As does my lovely Peggy
And when to Thetis' lap to rest
He streaks with Gold the ruddy West
He's not so beautiful as undrest
Appears my lovely Peggy*

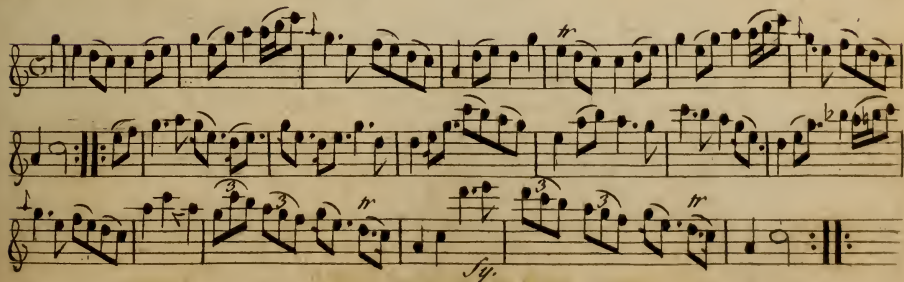


When Zephyr on the Violet blows
 Or breaths upon the Damask Rose
 He does not half the Sweet disclose
 As does my lovely Peggy
 I stole a Kiss the other Day
 And trust me, nought but truth I say
 The fragrant Breath of blooming May
 Was not so sweet as Peggy

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 she's gone tis endless Night
 All's dark without my Peggy

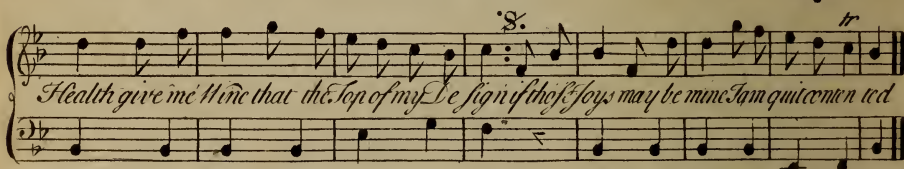
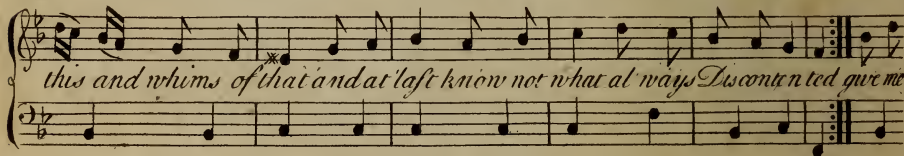
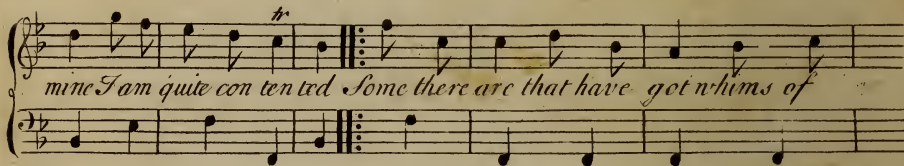
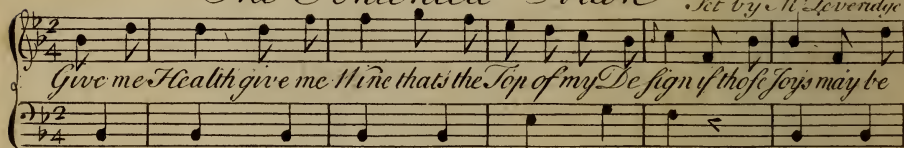
While Bees from Flower to Flower rove
 And Linnets wander thro' the Grove
 Or Stately Swans the Water love
 So long shall I love Peggy
 When Death with his Sharp pointed Dart
 Shall strike the Blow that rives my heart
 My Words shall be as I depart
 Adieu my lovely Peggy

Flute





The Contented Man *Set by M^r Leveridge*

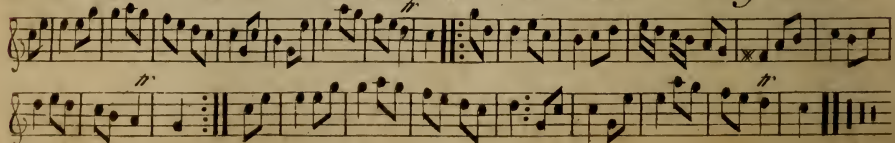


Some again do adore,
Restless State to give em Pow'r
Craving Still more and more
But if once Prevented

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

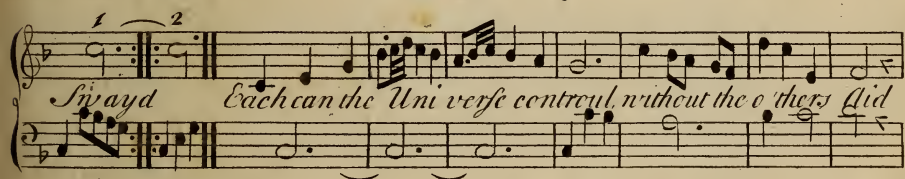
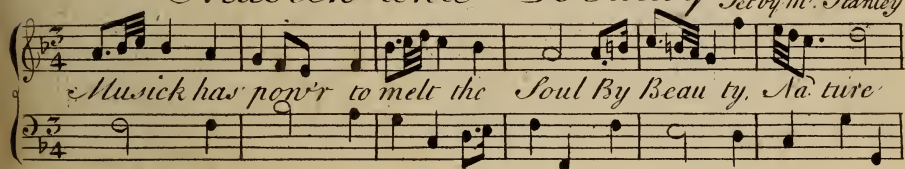
Then they Fret and are seen
Full of vapours grief and Spleen
Yet would saign seem Screen
Tho the Heart is Tormented

'Tis the cooleary Man
Lives in quiet thro his Span
This the Wife have made plain
And what must be granted

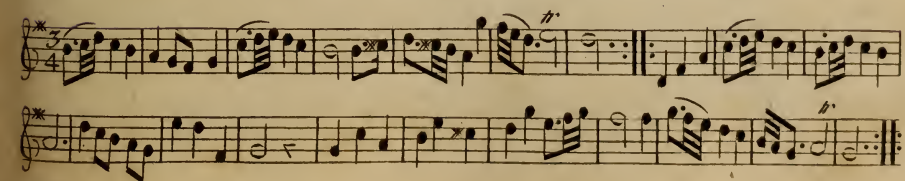




Musick and Beauty Set by M^r. Stanley



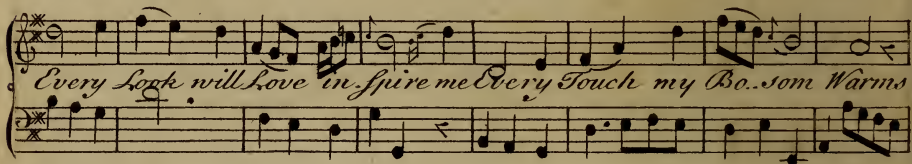
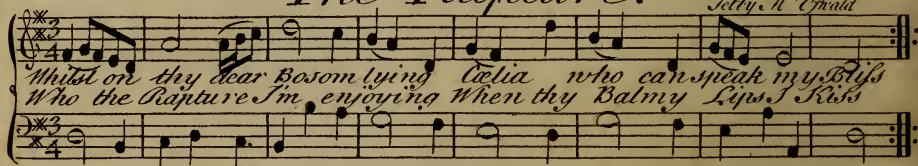
But here together both appear,
 And force united try
 Musick enchants the listning Ear:
 And Beauty charms the Eye
 What crueley, these Pow'rs to join,
 These transports, who can bear
 O let the Sound be left Divine
 Or look the Nymphs less fair





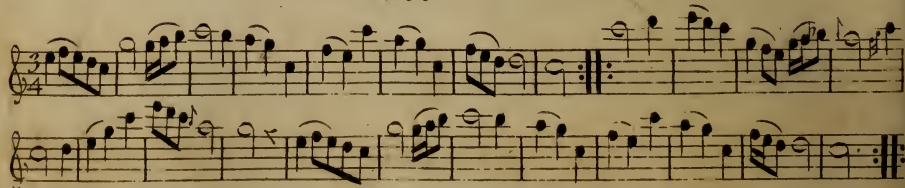
The Rapture.

Set by M. Oswald



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





H. Roberts Sculp

Sacharissa

Set by M. W. Hayes of Oxford

Andante

Dear un re lent ing cru el Fair bow cou'd you first my Heart en
snare? Then leave that Heart to bre ak Then leave that Heart to break

How cou'd you first obtain a Prize By those dear, sweet deluding Eyes And
then that Prize for sake And then that Prize for sake.

Ad.^o *And.^{te}* *tr*

Ad.^o *And.^{te}*

Like the close everlasting Flame —
My Heart is doomed to burn of same
Whilst you the Heart inspire —
You like the Vestat void of Sleep —
Within eternal Vigils keep —
And feed the fainting Fire. —

Flute

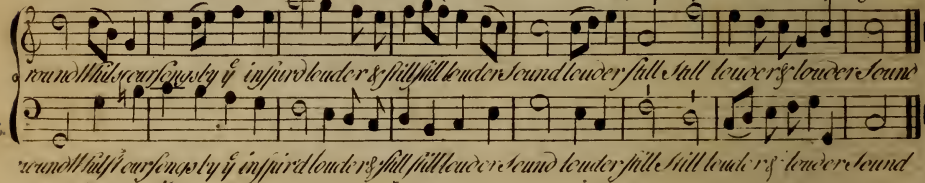
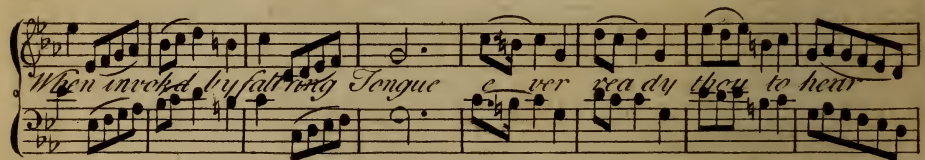
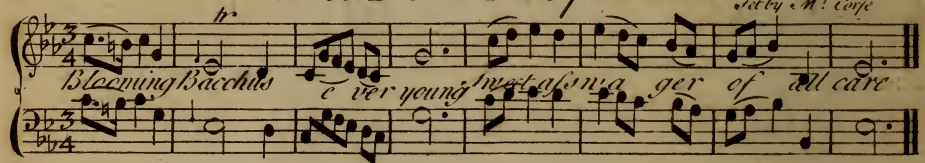
Dear cruel Nymph those Names suppress —
O Love me more or plague me less —
Too much you know I've bore —
For shame throw off that haughty Air —
And shew the soft complying Fair —
Or let me love no more. —

Ad.^o *And.^{te}*



The Power of Wine

Set by M^r. Corfe



Thou dost make the Coward brave Thou dost frozen & stage warm Thou dost freedom give the Slave And thy Lens protect from Harm Let us &c	Thou dost in y Fair ones Breast Soft desires kind wishes raise When y Amorous Brain is blest Shine y Conquest thine the Praise Let us &c
--	---

*Secure from propitious power
 We by 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 would find, if Heart you say is like if Wind that varies here that
wandereth ere ev'ry Nymph is kind & fair I say if you this Heart would find turn to if own un
set told mind if e'er it wanders tis to be, in wandering constantly in thee

*How can it settle when you fly
 And thou this faithful victory
 Hast a Nymph that so fair doth find
 But never yet the Nymph that's kind
 If you would fix this wandering Heart
 Joyn it with yours twill ne'er depart
 But in the Rangs of Death will prove
 It wander'd hither for your Love*

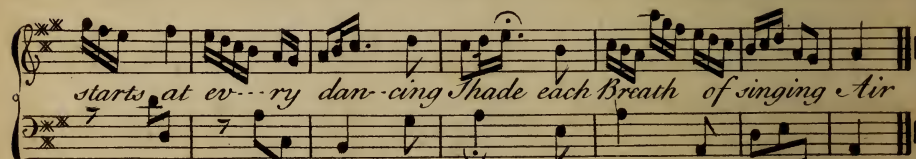
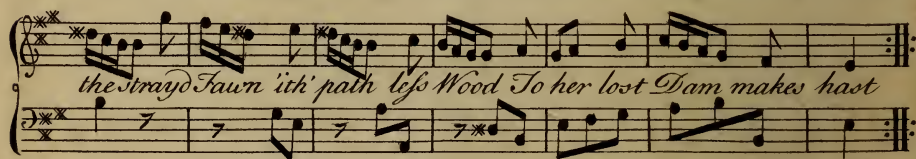
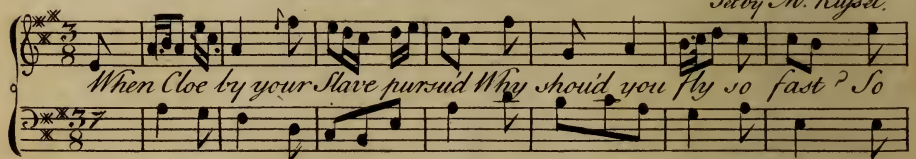
Flute



H. Roberts Sculp.

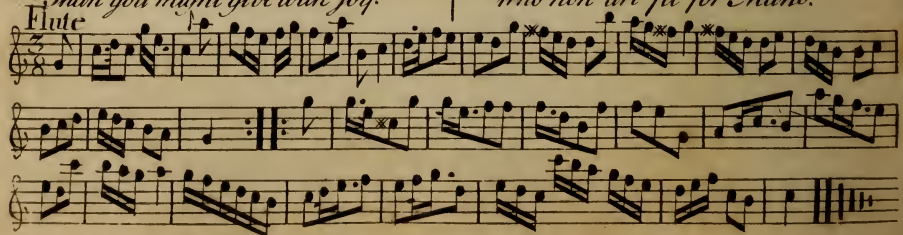
Cloe Pursu'd.

Set by M. Kuybel.



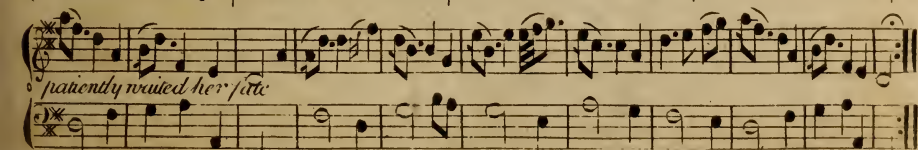
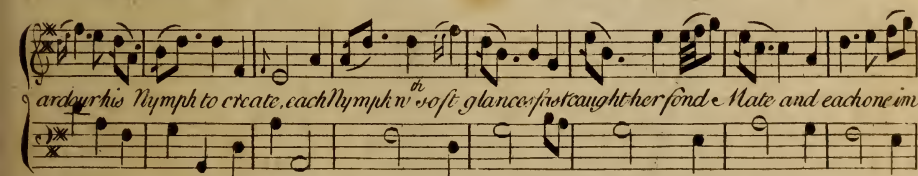
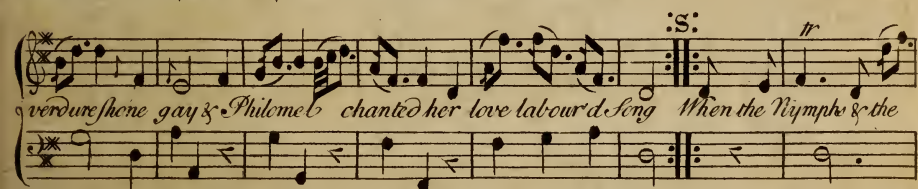
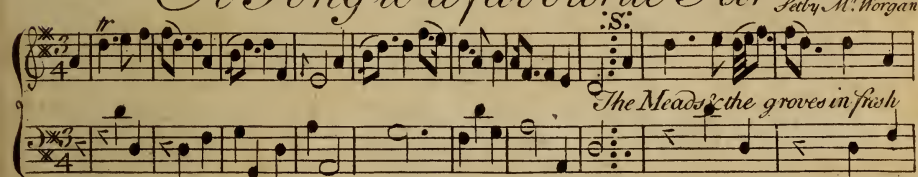
With ev'ry Leaf each Bush that shakes
Throughout the murm'ring Grove
Her Sympathetick Heart partakes
She trembles as they move
Fond Maid unlike the Wolf and Boar
I hunt not to destroy
My utmost Prey would be no more
Than you might give with joy.

Urg'd on by soft and gentle Love
I harmlessly pursue
Your flight to me may cruel prove
But not my Chace to you
Cease idle Dreams of fancied Harm
So childish fears I shun
Leave running to thy Mothers Arms
Who now art fit for Mans.





A Song to a favourite Air Sally M. Morgan



How vain were their wishes, Maria appear'd
 Like Beauty's fair goddess circled with Love
 With Graces attractive each heart she endeared
 In Majesty passing the Consort of Jove
 The Sivains 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

Tho Baucis and I are both

ancient & poor we never yet drove from our door but still of our little a

Little can spare to those who like us live in infirmities bear

2

*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 heartily welcome and that's best of all*

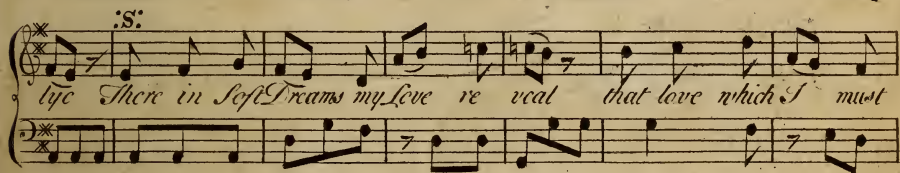
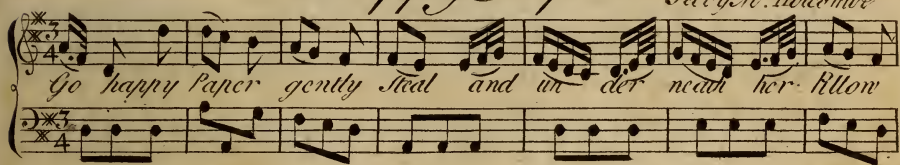
*You're welcome at our humble Board to partake
Of a sagg of good Ale and a good Barley Cake
A good roasting Fire as high as your Nose
And cleanly warm Bed your old Limbs to repose*

*We know no Ambition we have no Estate
Nor Pert to worry the Poor from our Gate
We earn what we Spend and we pay as we go
It were not a mis if the Rich wou'd do So.*

Flute



Happy Paper Set by M. Hotecombe



2

4

Should flames be doom'd thy hapless fate
 To Atoms thou wouldst quickly turn
 My Pains may bear a longer Date
 For should I live & should she Hate
 In endless Torments I should burn

Of all y^e pleas'd my ravish'd Eye
 Her Beauty should supply y^e Place
 Bold Raphaels Strokes & Titians Dye
 Should but in vain presume to vye
 With her inimitable Face

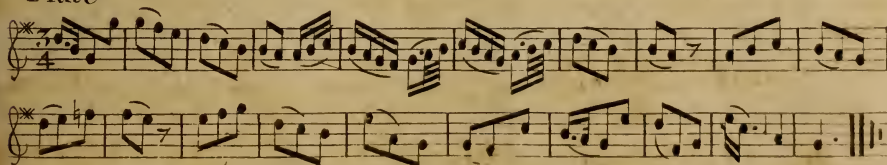
3

5

See fair Aurelia she has Charm
 Might in a Hermit stir Desire
 Tattain'g Heav'n that's in her Arms
 I'd quit y^e Worlds alluring Charms
 And to a Cell content retire

No more I'd wish for Phœbus Rays
 To gild the Object of my Sight
 Much less y^e Tapers fainter Blaze
 Her Eyes should measure out my days
 And when she slept it should be Night

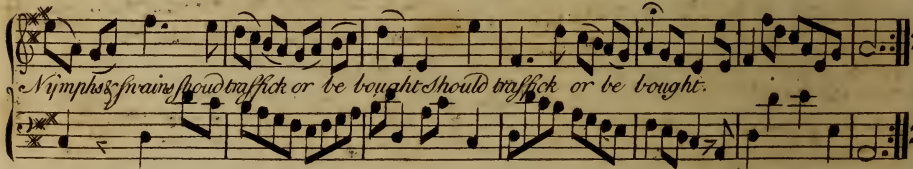
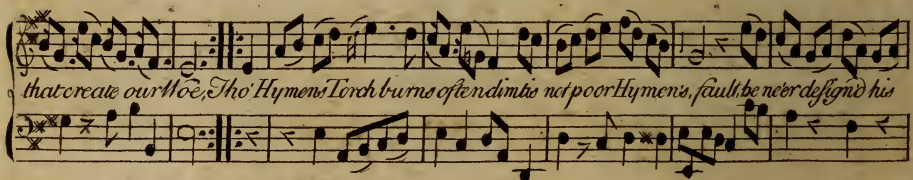
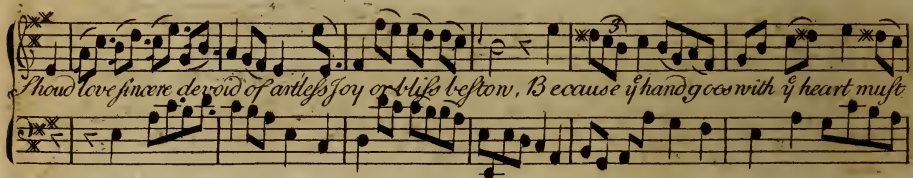
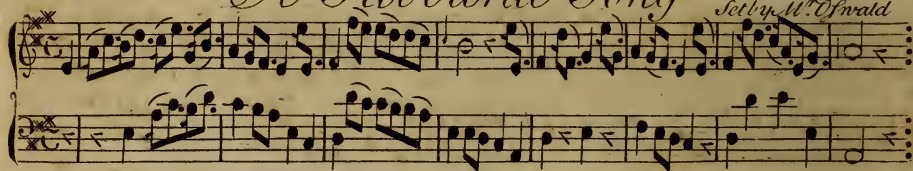
Flute





A Favourite Song

Set by M^r Oswald



2

But Plutus, Soctogenrous Love,
His Ruin Curse and Bane,
Resolv'd that Gold should only move
The youthful Nymph & Swain.
Thus Riches Joyns unequal Pair
Vegeting care and Rule
The Ugly with the blooming fair
The witty with the fool
The witty with &c.

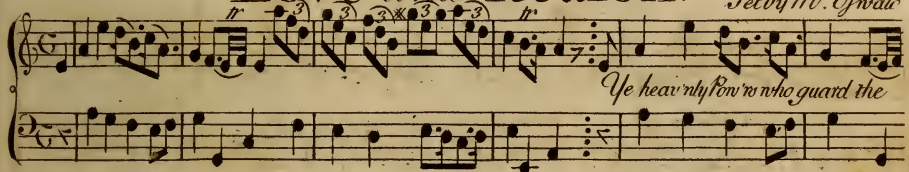
3

Let sense & merit sex y^e Choice
Good Nature too should aid
Attend to Truths unerring Voice
And let not wealth periwade
A Partner thus by reason chose
Your tenderne's repay
No Chains nor fetters shall impose
But soothe your sighs & Days
But soothe &c.

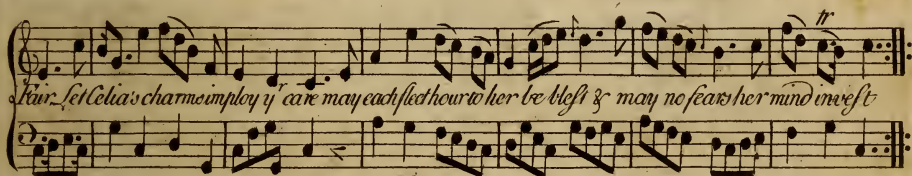


Love and Reason.

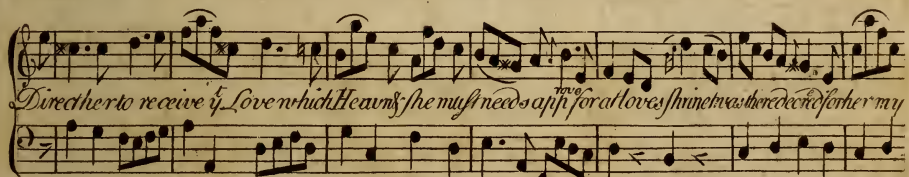
Set by M^r. Ofwald



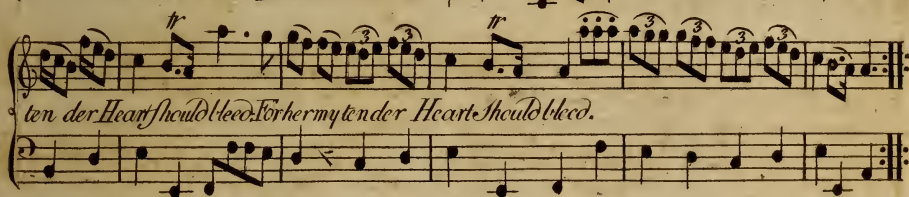
Ye heavenly Powers who guard the



Fair, let Celia's charms employ y^r care may each fled hour to her be blest & may no fears her mind invest



Direct her to receive y^e Love which Heaven's she must needs aspi^re for all loves shines but there directed for her my



ten der Heart should bleed For her my tender Heart should bleed.

2

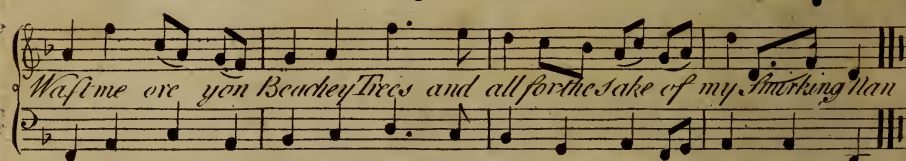
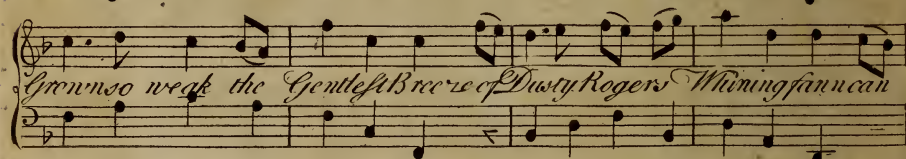
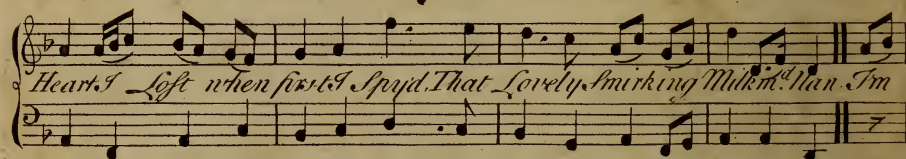
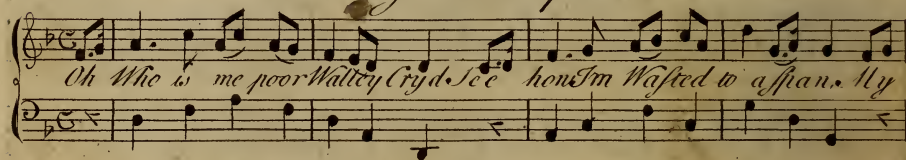
Check not my Fair, what Heav'n inspires,
That Flame which burns with chaste desires,
Where Joy n^o where Love alone preside
O'er L^oses dull, scenes to be our guide
Where Honour Truth & Virtue Joyned
It once improve & cheer the mind
There social Pleasures ever last,
And mutual glide from Breast to Breast
And mutual &c.

3

Hast then my beautiful Fair to Crown
My Bliss & make my Joy your own
Shun what ot^her's kind Heart ne^edesign
In making lovely Celia mine;
Let Love each rising Fear controul
Drive each Care & fill your Soul
Then mutual Bliss shall well each reaⁿ
Till press'd with Age we sink to rest
Till press'd &c.

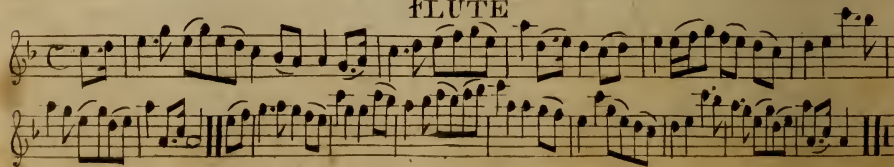


Walleys Complaint



*The Ale Wife myses me of late Theres Dick of y Green y Dirty soon
I usd to tope an a Hearty Cann Last Sunday to my Mistres Ran
But I can neither Eat nor Drink He stole a Kiss I Knocked him down
But what is Bakid & Brewd y Nan Which Dugely pleasd my smirky Nan
The Baker Bakes the finest Bread But Oh the Rouring Soldier Comes
He lyes y flower & leaves y Bran With his Ran tan tarara rara ran
Like Bran to me is evry other Maid Her Coos she quits for y Noisy Drum
And when Come paint to my smirky Man Oh Woe is me Ive lost Poor. Nan*

FLUTE





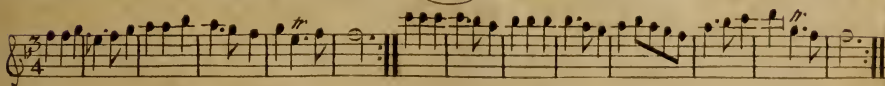
A Loyal Song

tr
 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 Laws
 And ever give us Cause
 With Heart & Voice to sing
 God save the King

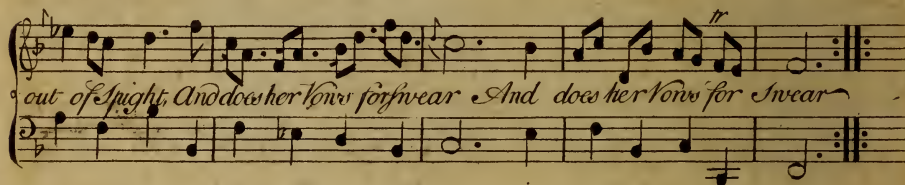
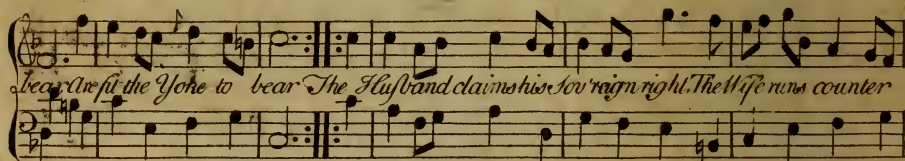
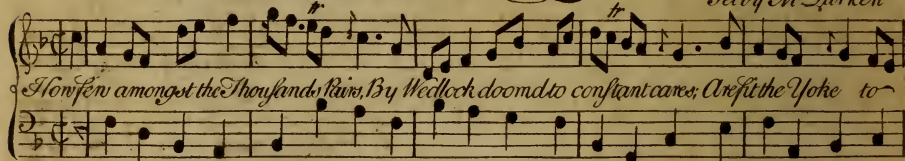
Flute





Mutual Love

Set by M^r Sacken



2

3

But some there are in whom mutual Love
Does prompt with free Consent to move
Submissive 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.

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
Ofgen'rous Love would take our Fill
Our Joys shoud ne'er be done; Our &c.





A Song Sung by M^r Lowe

Set by M^r Morgan

Sym.

When mighty Sol at noon of
day with sultry beams began to play I wander'd thro' a verdant Glade seeking y^e most ob-
liging Shade seeking y^e most obliging Shade where on an easy Moss reclind I
Chloe sleeping chanc'd to find.

The Trees Ambitious, seem'd to be
With meeting Arms her Canopy
A Brook hard by did softly creep
As if it fear'd to break her Sleep. Nisze
Whose Streams transparent smooth & Clear
Of her Chast mind the Emblems were

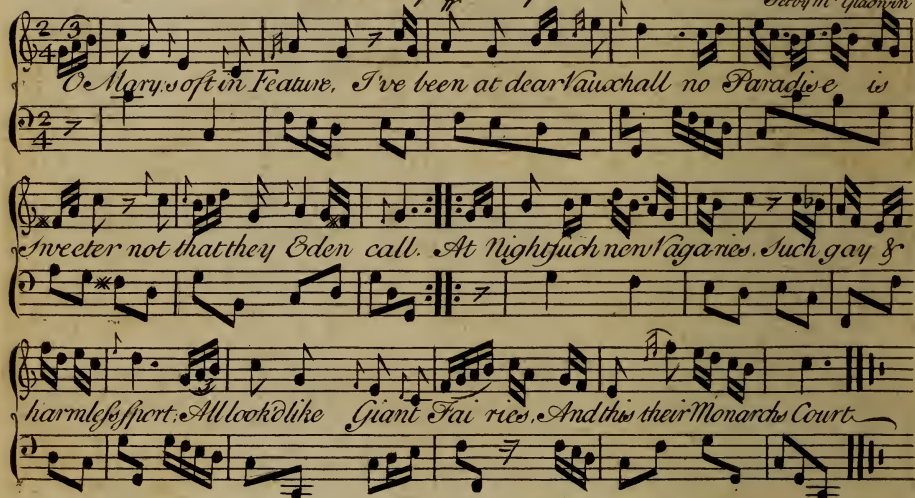
The Sight so Charming could y^e Sun
Have Seen had stoppt to Gaz upon
Down by the Nymph softly lay'd
And did all length my self persuade, And did
To steal a Kiss & win the Gloves
And who my boldness disapproves

Flute



Colin's Description of Vauxhall

Set by M^r Glanville



Methought when first I enter'd
 Such Splendors round me shone
 Into a World I ventur'd
 Where rose another Sun
 Whilst Musick never cloying,
 As Sky Larks sweet I hear
 The Sounds I'm still enjoying
 They'll always sooth my Ear
 I hear Paintings sweetly glowing
 Where'er our Glances fall
 Here Colours life bestowing
 Bedeck this green wood-hall
 The King there dubs a Farmer
 There John his Foxey loves
 But my Delights the Charmer
 Who steals a Pair of Gloves

As still amazed I'm straying
 O'er this enchanted Grove
 I spy a Harp'er playing
 All in his proud Alcove
 I doff my Hat desiring
 I'd tune up Buxom Joan
 But what was I admiring
 Looks like a man of Stone
 But now the Tables spreading
 They all fall too with Glee
 Not ev'n at Squire's fine Wedding
 Such Dainties did I see
 A long a poor, sparkling Rover
 But none heed Country Elves
 These Folk with Lace dawl'd over
 Love's only dear themselves

Thus whilst mid joys abounding
 As Grack hoppers they're gay
 At Distance Crouds surrounding
 The Lady of the May
 The Man with Moon in e'er'd sly
 Soft twinkling thro' the trees
 As the twilight pleases him highly
 To his Delights like these



The Mutual Kiss

Affetto

Set by M^o Oswald

Celia by those smiling Graces Which my panting Bosom warm, By the
Heaven of thy Embraces By thy wondrous power to Charm By those
Soft bewitching Glances Which my inmost being move, By those
Lips whose Kiss enraptures me and thee alone I love

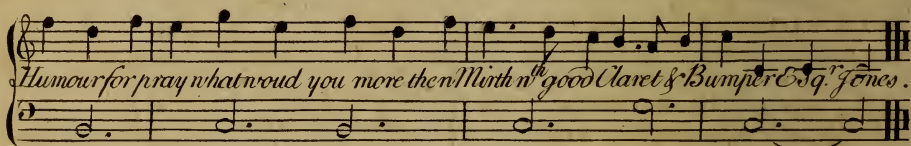
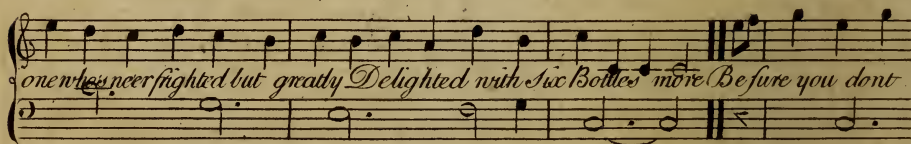
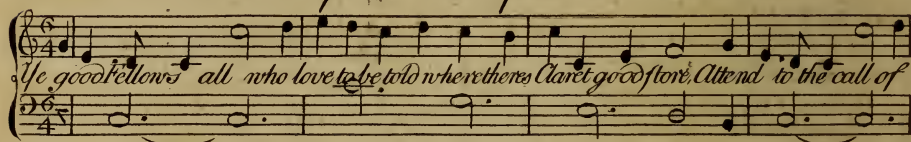
By thy Godlike Art of loving
Celia with a Blush replies
By thy heavenly power of moving
All my soul to sympathize
By those eager soft Caresses
By those Arms around me thrown
By that look which truth expresses
My fond Heart is all thy own

Thus with glowing Inclination
They indulge y^e tender Bliss
And to bind the lasting Passion
Seal it with a mutual Kiss
Close in fond Embraces lying
They together seem to grow
Such Supreme Delight enjoying
Is true Lovers only known

Flute



Bumper Esquire Jones.



Ye Lovers who pine
 For Lascivious oft prove as cruel as fair;
 Who whimpers and whine,
 For sillies and Reses,
 With Eyes, Lips and Noses,
 Or Tip of an Ear;
 Come hither, I'll show ye
 How Phillis and Chloe
 No more shall exclaim such sighs & such groans
 For what Mortal so stupid,
 As not to quit Cupid
 When call'd by good Claret & Bumper Esq. Jones

Ye Poets who write,
 And brag of y' drink; said Helicon's Brook
 Tho' all you get by't,
 Is a Dinner of't times
 In Reward for your Rhymes
 With Humphry the Duke
 Learn Bacchus to follow
 And quit your Apollo
 For sake all y' Muses those senseless field crows
 Cur' singling of Glasses,
 Your Rhyming surpasses,
 When crown'd wth good Claret & Bump Esq. Jones

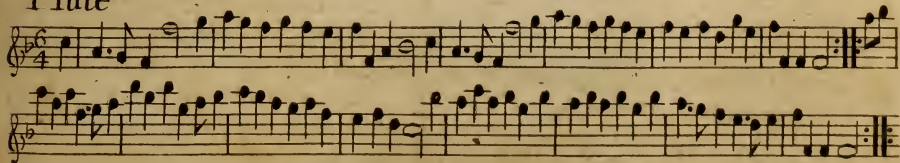


*Ye Soldiers So Stout,
With Plenty of Oath & none Plenty of Coin,
Who make such a Rout,
Of all your Commanders
Who serv'd us in Flanders,
And eke at the Boyne,
Come leave off your Rattling
Of Sieging and Battling
And know you'd better sleep in whole Bones
Were you sent to Gibraltar.
Your Note you'd soon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

*Ye Clergy So wise
Who Myst'ries profound can demonstrate clear
How worthy to life
You preach once a Week
But your Sytches never seek
More once in a Year
Come here without failing
And leave off your railing
Gang Bishops providing for dull Stupid Drones
Tells the Text so divine
What is Life without Wine
Then away with y^e Claret & Bumper Esq^r Jones*

*Ye Fox Hunters who
Thas follow y^e Call of y^e Horn & y^e Hound
Who your Ladies forsake
Before they're awake
To beat up the Break
Where the Termint's found*

Flute



*Ye Lawyers So Just
Believe what it will who so clearly plead
How worthy of Trust
You know black from White
Yet prefer Wrong to Right
As you're chanc'd to be see'd
Leave musty Reports
And for sake the Kings Courts
Where dubio's & Difcord have set up their Thron
Burn Salkeild & Ventris
With all your damn'd Entries
And away with y^e Claret & Bump Esq^r Jones*

*Ye Physical Tribe
Whose knowledge consists in hard Words & sinuate
Whence ever you prescribe
Have at your Devotion
Pills Bolus or Potion
Be what will the Case
Pray where is the Need
To purge, Blister and Bleed
When ailing yourself y^e whole Faculty Owns
That the Forms of Old Galen
Are not so pur railing
As worth with good Claret & Bump Esq^r Jones*

*Leave Piper and Blumman
Shrill Dutchess and Treman
No Musick is found in such dissonant Tones
Would you ravish your Ears
With the songs of the Sph'eres
Mark away y^e Claret & Bumper Esq^r Jones*



Reason for Ranging

Andante

Set by M^r Carey

View my Eyes my lovely Charming Con-sterncy has now the Day Tell me not my
Heart was warmer when it us'd to go --- a Gray 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 ev'ry Creature
Sure the fault may be forgiven
Tis the frailty of our nature
Who can change the will of Heaven
Tho' the Object might be new
Yet Love I still was true

Cupid Guardian of my heart,
Let it loose to range a while,
In each Eye it found a Dart.
And engaged by ev'ry Smile,
Thus it was for you design'd,
Formed by practice to his mind.

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

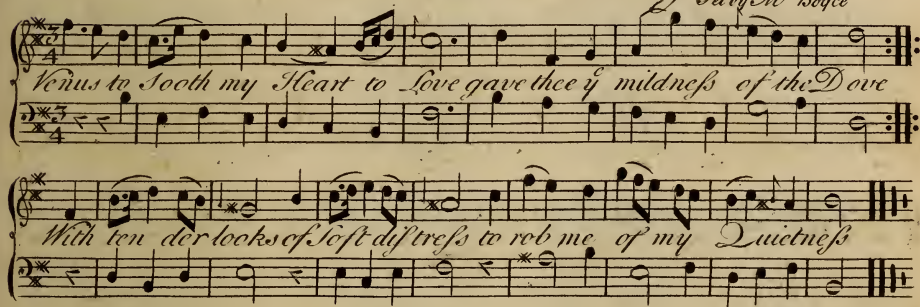
Flute

Flute



A Favourite Song

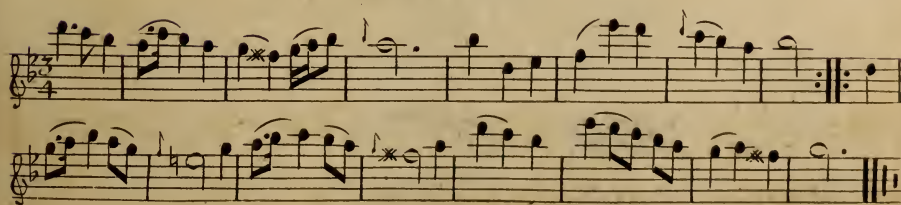
Set by M^r Boyce



*Appollo with Her does conspire
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 refuses to assist
Nor dares oppose the mighty odds
Since She is Human They are Gods*

FLUTE





The Indifferent Lover

Set by M^r. Oswald

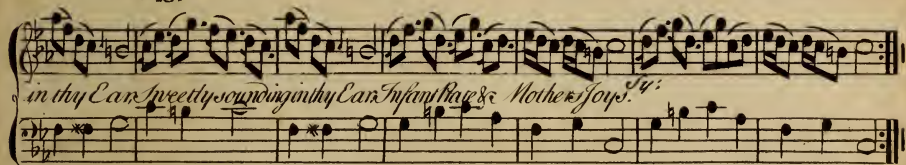
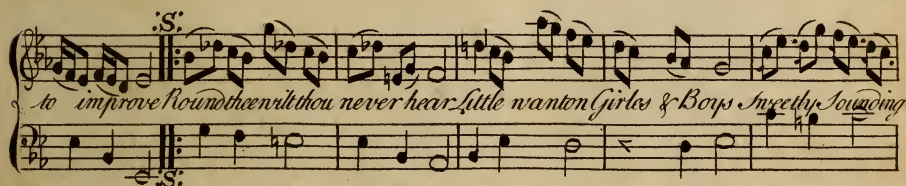
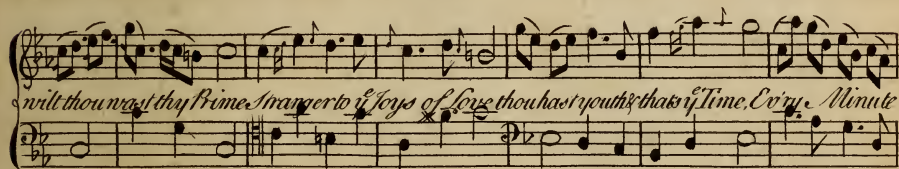
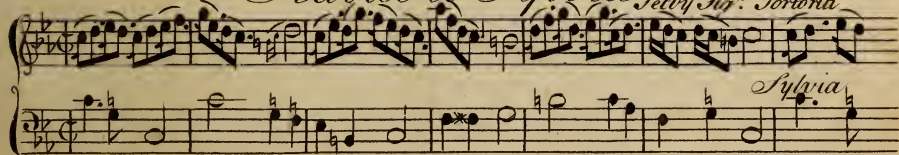
What means this niceness now of late, since time if truth does prove, such distance may con-
 firmth State. But never will nth Love; For neither cunning or disguise if does such ways allow. The
 first is safe if last is vain, may neither happen you may neither happen you

For 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
 For if you chance a Look to cast
 That seems to be a Frown
 I'll give you all if Love that's past
 The Rest shall be my own
 The Rest shall be my own

Flute

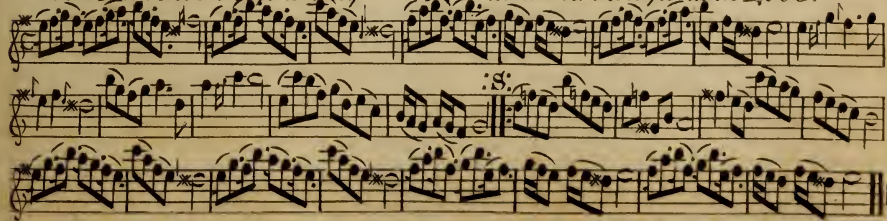


Advice to Sylvia *Sesby Sig.^r Tortoria*



Only view that little Dove,
Softly cooing to its Mate;
As a further Proof of Love,
Seek her for his Kisses wait:
Hark, the charming Nightingale
As it flies from spray to spray
Sweetly tunes an amorous Tale, Sweetly &c
I love I love it strives to say

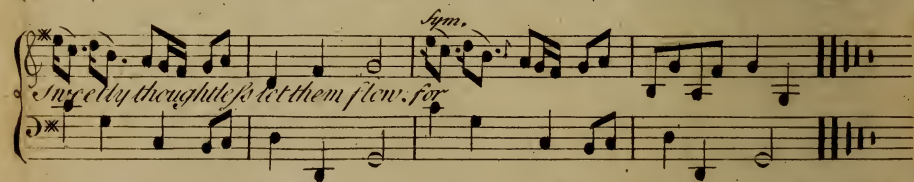
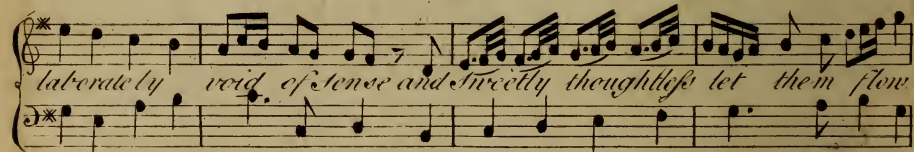
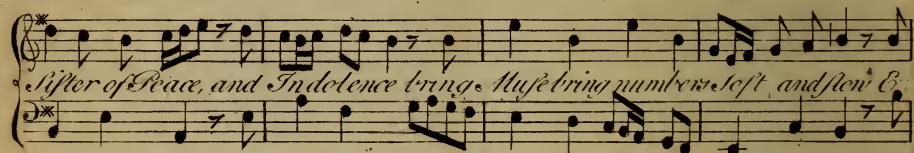
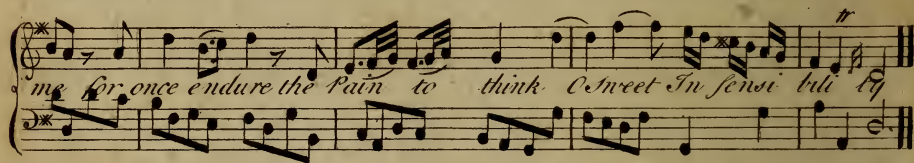
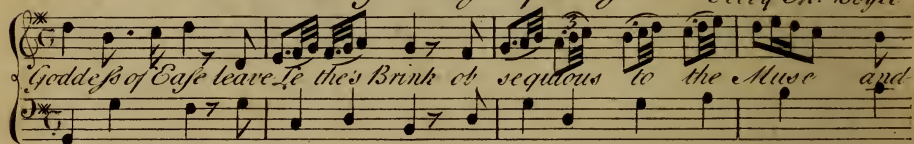
Could I to thy Soul reveal,
But at least a Thousand th Part,
Of those pleasures Lovers feel,
In a Mutual change of Heart
Then repenting wouldst thou say
Virgin Tears from hence remove
All y Time is thrown away, All &c.
That we cannot spend in Love.





Goddeß of Ease

Set by M.^r Boyce



2

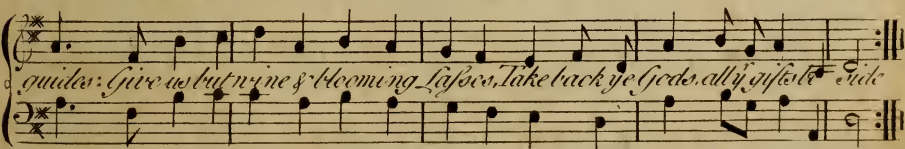
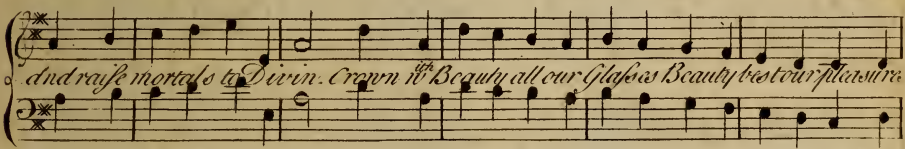
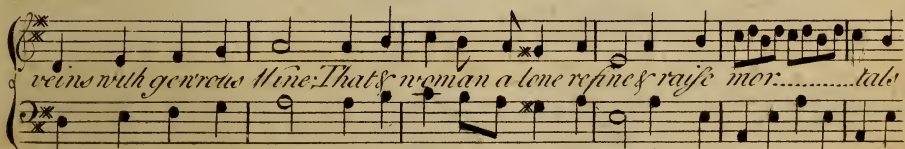
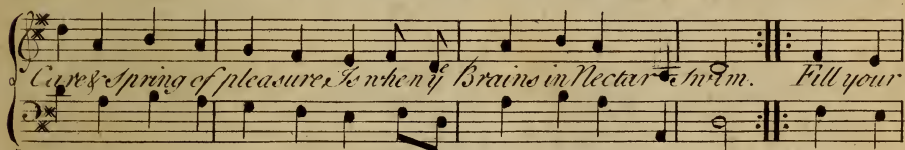
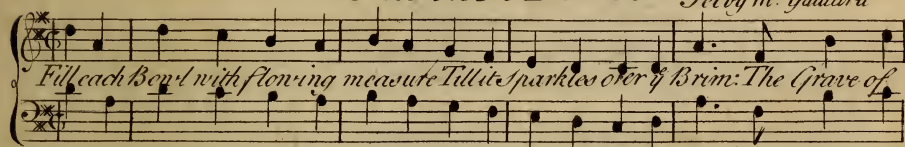
3

Near to some Conspirs painted Mead
There let me Dore away dull hours
And under me let Flora Spread
A Sophia of her softest Flowers
Where thou dost, your notes your breath
Forth from behind y^e night-curing Pine
Whilst murmers of the Stream beneath
Shall flow in unison with thine

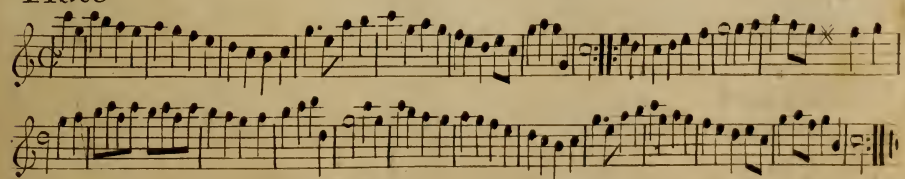
For Thee, O Idleness the woes
Of life we patiently endure
Thou art y^e Source whence labour flows
We shun Thee but to make thee sure
To shoud endure War, toil & waste
Or who th^e hoarse thundring of y^e Sea
But to be Idle at the last
And find a pleasing End in Thee



Fill each Bowl Set by M^r. Galliard

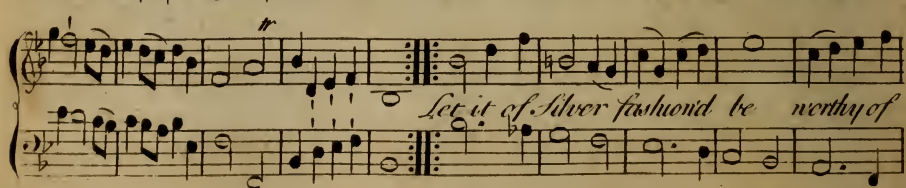
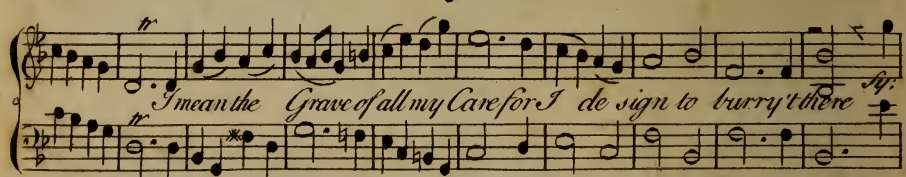
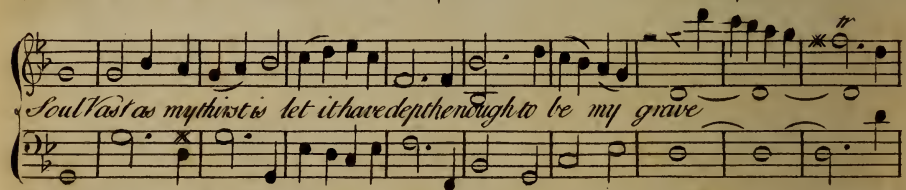
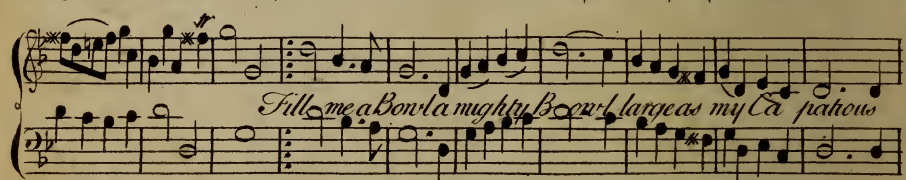
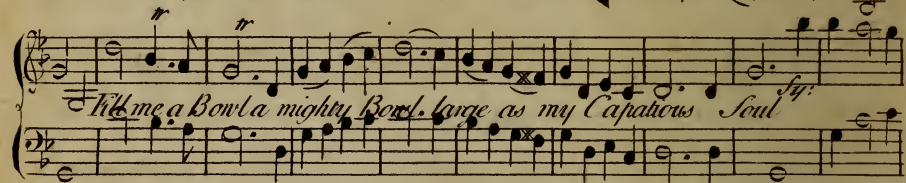
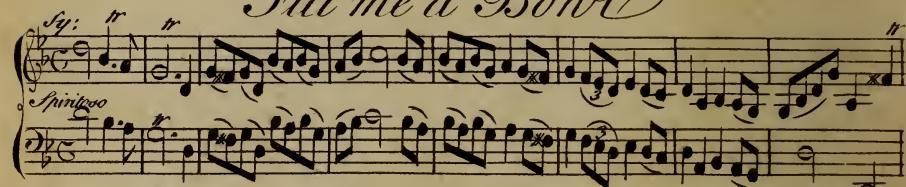


Flute



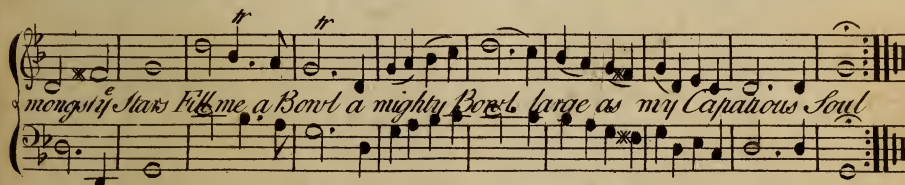
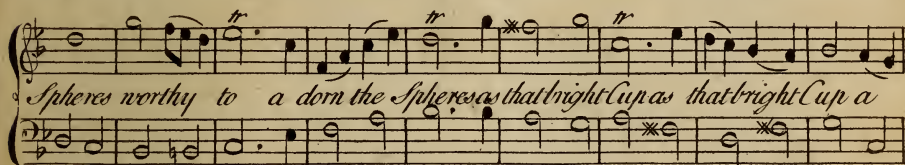
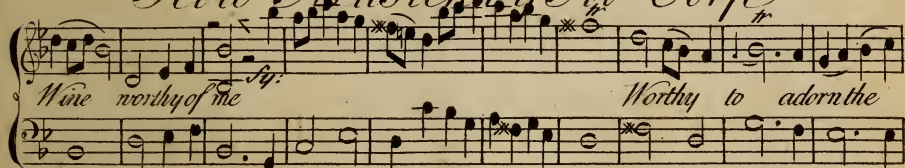


Fill me a Bowl

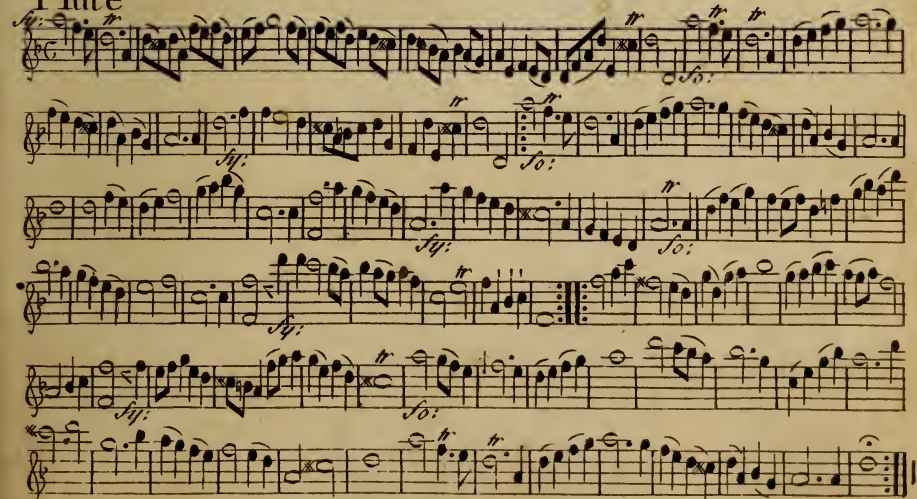




Setto Musick by M^r Corse

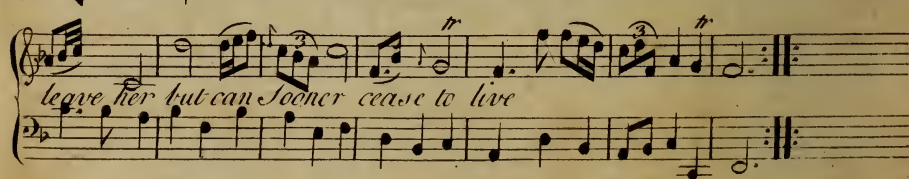
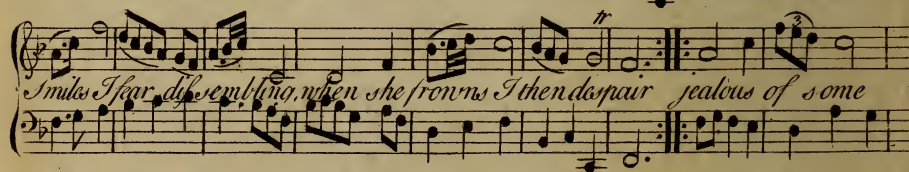
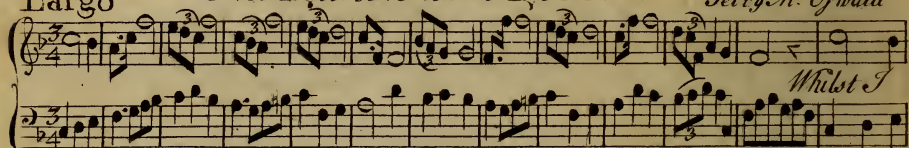


Flute





Largo

*The Lukewarm Lover*Setty M^r Ofwald

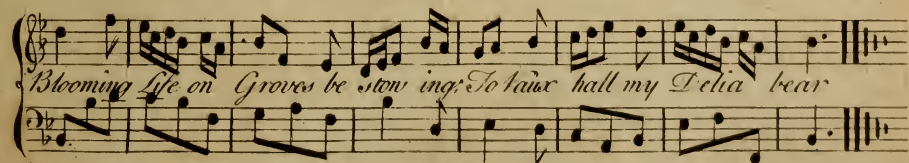
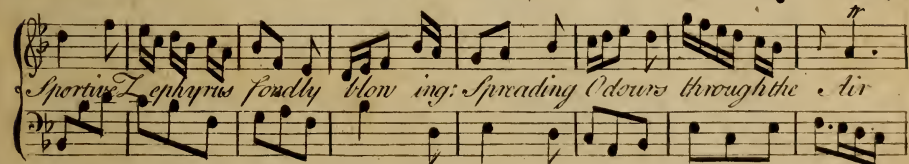
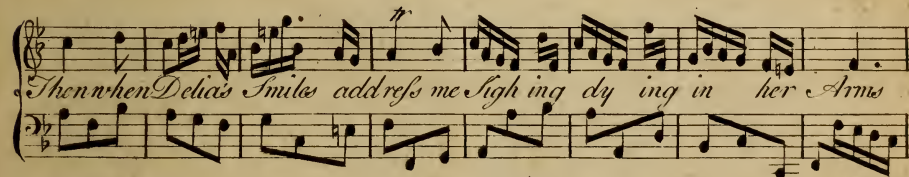
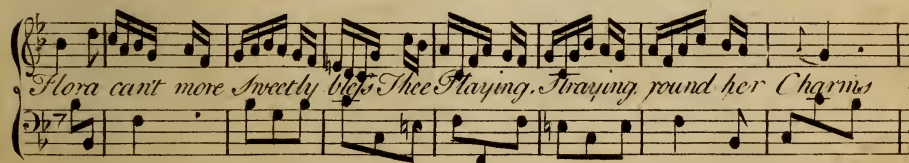
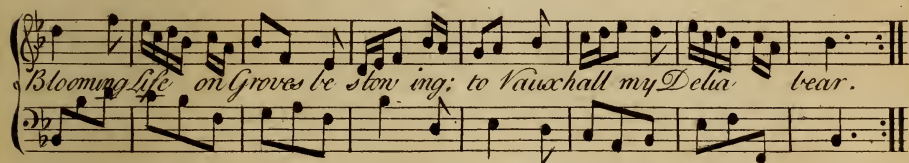
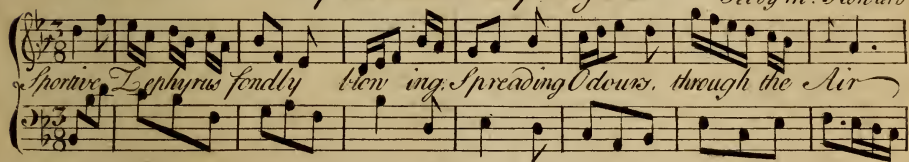
Why should I conceal my Passion
 Or the Torments I endure
 I'll disclose my Inclination
 Unful distance yields no cure
 Sure it is not in her Nature
 To be cruel to her Slave
 She is too divine a Creature
 To destroy what she can save

Happys he whose Inclination
 Harms but with a gentle heat
 Never flies up to a Passion
 Love's a torment if too great
 When the storm is once blown over
 Soon the Ocean quiet grows
 But a constant faithful Lover
 Seldom meets with true Repose



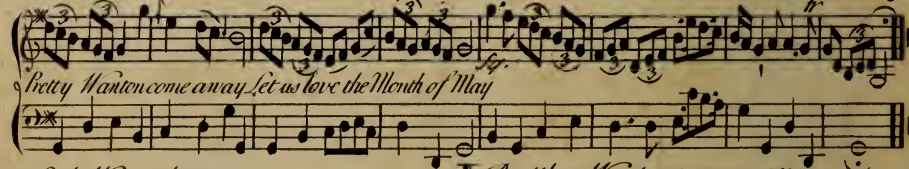
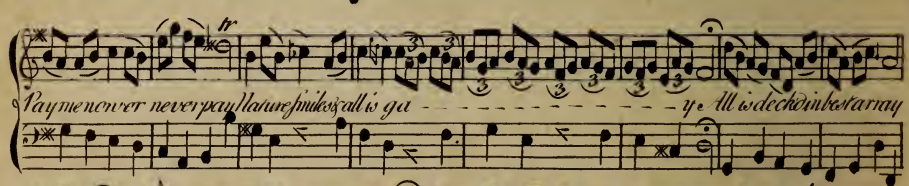
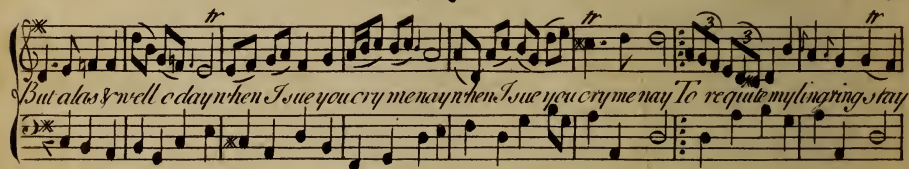
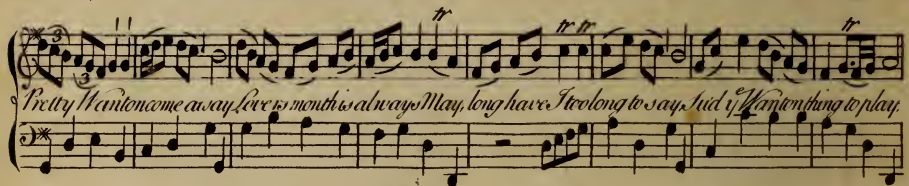
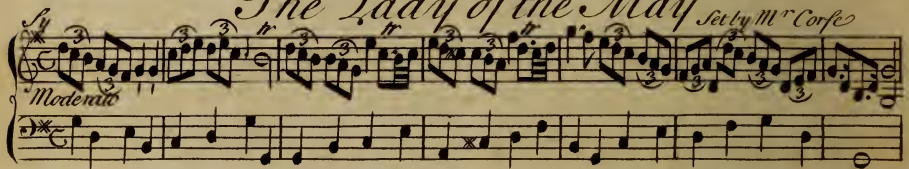
Sportive Zephyrus

Set by M^r. Howard





The Lady of the May *Sadly Mr Corfe*



*Little Wanton let us rove
 Thro' the fragrant Myrtle Grove.
 There to hear the Turtle Dove
 Cooing Sonnets to us Love:
 Ev'ry Turtle equals Love,
 Tho' the God for Beauty strove
 Let us then our time improve,
 Sonnets may your scorn remove
 Cupids doth not thee behoove
 Wear the wreath as Shepherd wove
 Little Wanton! let us rove,
 Thro' the fragrant Myrtle Grove*

*Pr'y thee Wanton come away
 Night not love with Cold Delay,
 Ev'ry field is green and gay
 Ev'ry Hawthorn's crown'd with May
 Joyous Birds on ev'ry spray
 Warble out the love-long day
 Ev'ry Swain in Shepherd's grey
 Tunes his fav'rite Roundelay
 Tender Lamkins sportive stray
 Blossom buds their sweet display
 Come my Wanton come away
 Let us love the Month of May*



To Cælia

per Setty Mr Crome

Slow

Why Cælia this Morn'g doubting of

mind Why one minute cruel & one Minute kind; The season for Love is so short for delay. And

Beautys a Flower if soon fades away And Beautys a flower if soon fades away

*Gay Hopes and warm Flours are so fleeting to loose,
And they are the Blooms 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 y' Ague of Age, extinguish my Fire. And the &c.*

*Oh! think then, dear Fair one, resolve me in haste
The moments so precious were Treason to waste,
To Fears bid adieu from these Whimsias be free
And let, as design'd Love & Beauty agree. And let &c*

Flute

Slow



Florella and Chloe *Set by M^r. Morgan*

Florella lovely Nymph forbear to cloud a Face like thine, with Frowns y^e nought but

Smiles should wear, to please & bless mankind ^{Sym.}

When ev'ry ^{haste} old Time and Care will join the liveliest Bleep, then do not by ill judgment

marr What will be lost too soon. What will be lost too soon. ^{Sym.}

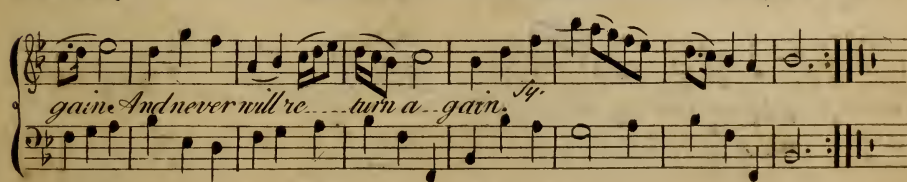
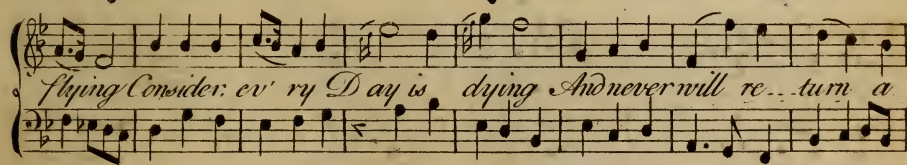
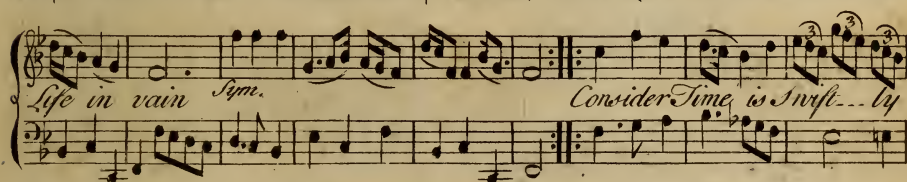
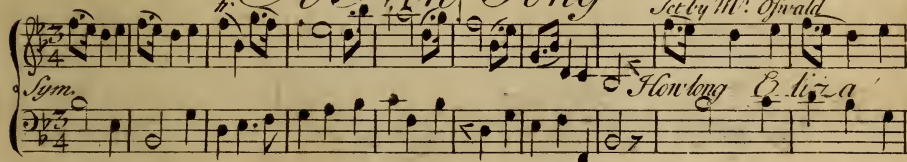
Seen with what pleasure ev'ry Swain
The chearfull Chloe Views
Seen with w^h joy they wear the Chain,
All pleas'd whom she subdues
Tho' fair her Face, divinely fair
Yet she more Conquest owes,
To that good Nature that appears,
In ev'ry thing she does.

And that will please when every joy
That Beauty gave is Dead,
And friendly smooth y^e wrinkled Brow
Of Ages Hoary Head
Then give to Smiles & Mirth y^e Hour
Enjoy the present Store;
De fraud not Beauty of y^e Pow'r,
That soon will be no more



A. New Song

Set by M^r. Oswald



O let not Pride and foolish Fashion,
 And too much Prudence starve my Passion.
 Consult some times the generous Breast:
 There is the Seat of real Pleasure.
 There Love creates the noblest Treasure
 No solid Wisdom to be blest: No solid &c



A Favourite Cantata: Sung by

Ye tender Son's how shall I move, A

careless maid that laughs at Love *how shall I move* *Ye tender Son's is a careless Maid that*

laughs at love *Cupid to my Succour fly* *Cupid to my*

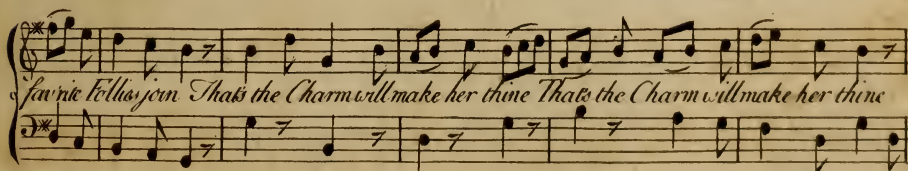
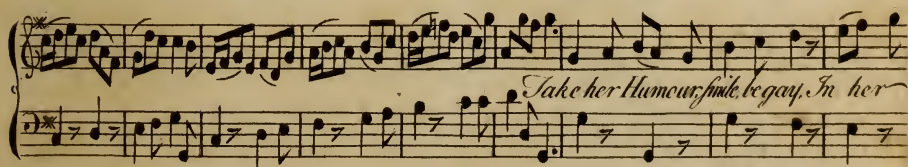
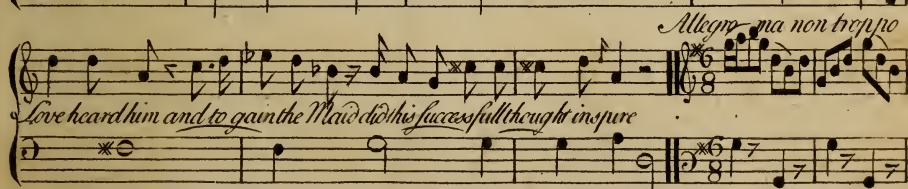
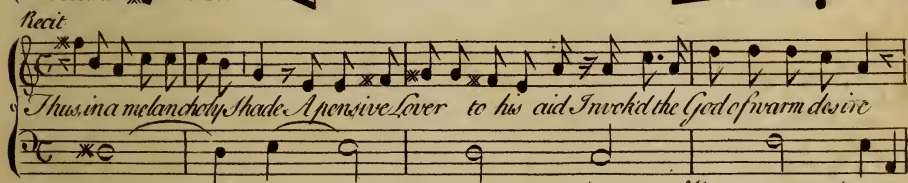
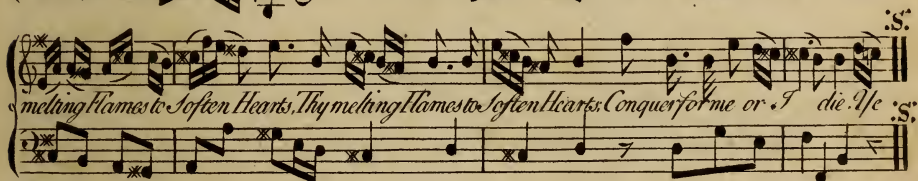
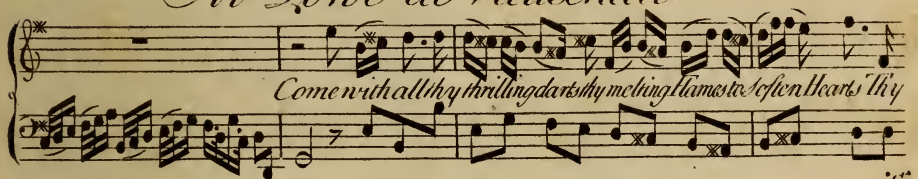
Succour fly *Ye tender Son's how shall I move* *A careless Maid's laughs at Love* *Ye*

tender Son's how shall I move *a careless Maid's laughs at Love* *Cupid to my Succour fly*

tr Ado
y Cupid to my Succour fly



Mr Lowe at Vauxhall





Setto. Musick by W. Worgan

That's y^e Charm will make her thine Take her Humour.

Smile be gay In her fa^rrie tellies join That's y^e Cha... will make her thine Take her Humour.

Smile be gay Take her Humour. Smile be gay, In her fa... v^rite tellies 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

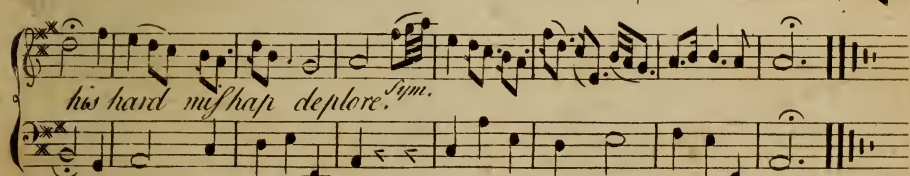
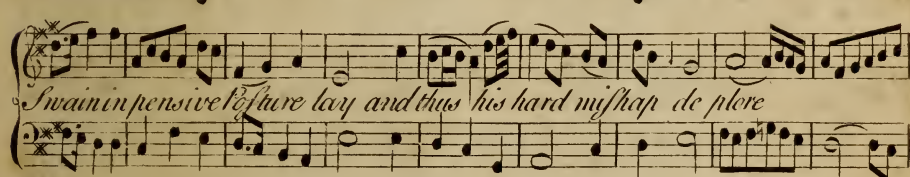
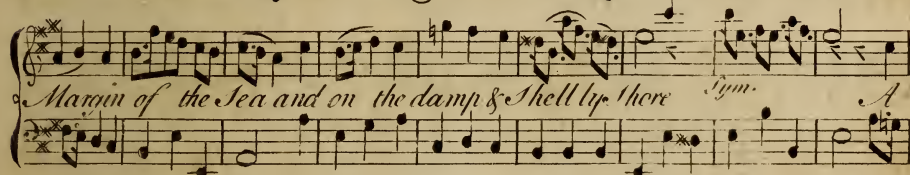
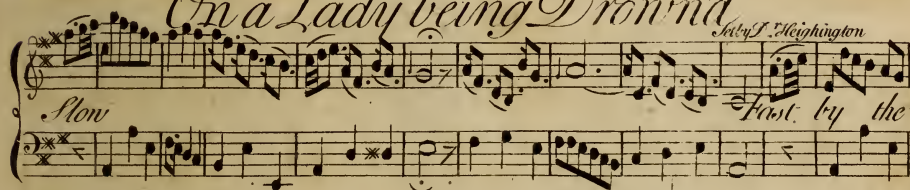
Cast thy Serious Awe away Freely court'ing Toying Sporting both her Hours with

Amorous Play. Freely court'ing Toying Sporting See... In her Hours with Amorous Play.



On a Lady being Drown'd

Wm. T. Heighington



*O cruel Fate, Ah! hapless Hour
When Sand & Celia sail'd the Deep
When hush'd by some deluding Power
The Winds & Waves were loud & deep
The Winds were loud & deep*

*Too soon alas! the peaceful Scene,
Chang'd to a Storm the Tempest roar
The Sky look'd black & smother'd main,
Dashed its fierce Waves against the shoar:
Fierce Waves against its shoar.*

*In vain then my Heart wept drops of Blood
And like the Ship was rent in twain
When Celia foundered in the Flood
Sunk, Struggled, rose, & sunk again,
Sunk, rose, and sunk again.*

*Thrice did I plunge beneath its Waves
To catch the sinking panting Fair
Thrice made a vain attempt to save
A wreck'd Trav'ler in mad Despair
Trav'd in mad Despair*

*A low fann woud I am then have dy'd
And hurry'd 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 Summers day Beneath a shade, began his Lay The Waters murmuring

pass'd along, Well pleas'd to hear that Damon sing *His Theme was love for*

Delia's Charms that won y^e Shepherd to her arms Had won y^e 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 Damons Care
Hear then ye warbling Birds & Groves,
That Delia's 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

Flute accompaniment for the song, featuring a treble and bass staff with musical notation and dynamics such as *sf* and *f*.



A new Song—

Set by M^r Brookenden

Sym.

When with good Wine

ladies crown'd, Chieft full Bumpers move around

How briskly does the Spirits

flow, the Countenance how lovely glow

How briskly

does the Spirits flow, the Countenance how lovely glo...

The Countenance how lovely glow.

Beauties may boast the Charms of faint
 Those Graces to the Eyes are faint
 Nought but the Bottle Charms supplies
 And gives a Lustre that ne'er dies



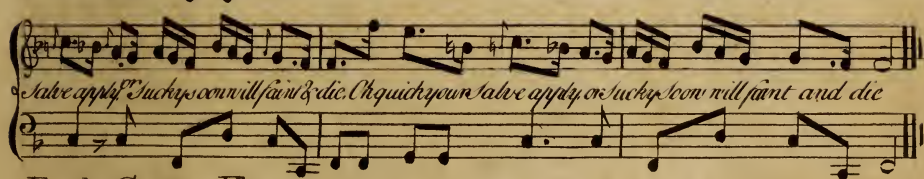
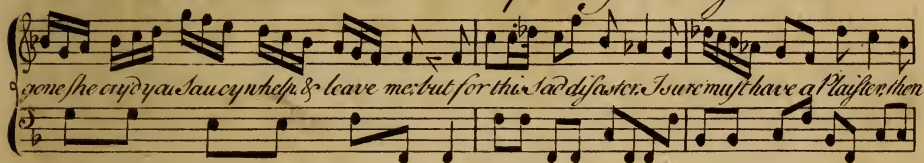
Roger and Sue a Ballad

Andante

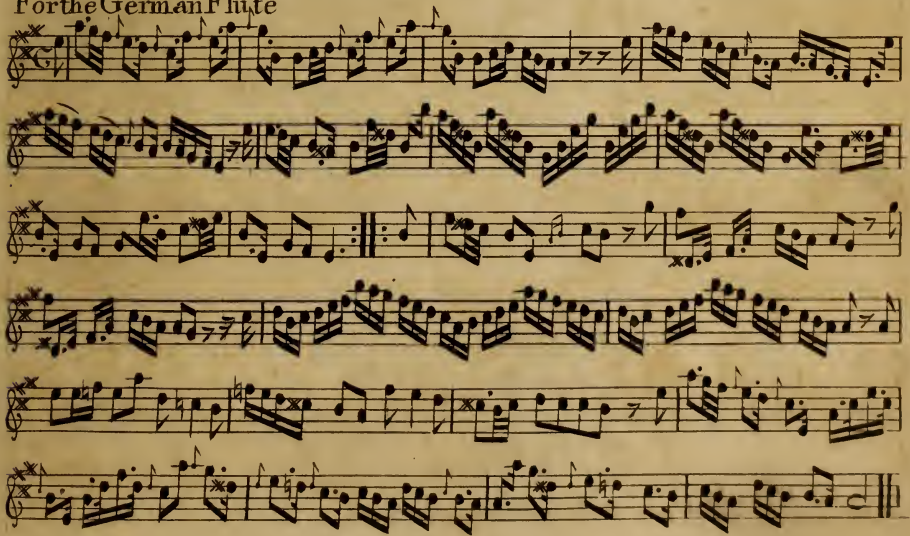
One morn sweet Sue, a pail or tow of water drench'd in slipshod shoe, where ice was new byfrozen; when
falling from the lumpy slope dash'd upon her hump a great & mighty lump swell'd on her buttocks plump
it smart, it burns it akes by turns, all over I'm sure she loud did roar I need shall nere my woe restore to
Channa it was went be fore; alas, oh cruel cursed distri ny widoif Devil had the lumpy for
me Youngf lodge who work'd hard by her, from pig sty chanced to spy her, which
rais'd the Clowns de. sire, soon as he heard her near & yelp he ran & offer'd her his help, be



To a Favourite Air by Sig.^r Hasse.



For the German Flute





Sym

Female Fortitude

Set by M^r Ruffel

Andante

Young Saphire brightest Creature that e'er did Heart enslave, Was bless'd wth all that Nature could lavish
on the Fair: could lavish on the Fair For her each Youth did languish & told their am'rous snare; What
tho' she mock'd their anguish, yet Stephen won her heart, yet Stephen won her heart

The Stripling I swore, for ever
He'd true and constant prove
He was a youth so clever
That she repaid his love
But I catch their joys resenting
Of Stephen made a Prize
O Powers unrelenting
To close the Shepherd's Eyes

Now, sobbing, pining, crying,
The Beauteous Widow rain,
And wov'd in endless sighing,
To weep her constant man:
But Corydon the Rover
To Court her did prepare
And thought another Lover
Might not dispense if fair

With Boldness he advances,
The Fair his Love denies,
Till irresistible Glances,
Shot flashing from his Eyes
With Caths & frowns assailing
He wipes each tear from cheek
Untill his Love prevailing
He Weds her in a Week



A Favourite Song

See Stella as your Health re turns all Nature does her Charms re new

Phœbus with greater Lustre Burns who tells his Face in Grief for you

No longer I ris Sheds her Tears at this Zephyrs Softer Breezes Blow

Flora in all her Pride ap pears & Streams in Dimpling gladness Flow

*Wonder not then too charming Maid
To see your Shyrlis Sympathize
Excess of joy has Love betray'd
And no longer can disguise
Not Adam when in Eden blest
Did a more rapturous transport prove
When the fair Partner of his Breast
First met his Eyes & taught him Love*

Flute



The Fickle Swain

Set by M^r Hudson

Sy:
Allegretto
 From Clime to Clime my Heart does rove Smells ev'ry Sweet yet
 dars not love Smells ev'ry Sweet yet dars not love With wanton
 Beauty of ten find But ah! how vain when ne'er admir'd

I sing I Joy with ev'ry Art.
 Invade the tender Virgins Heart.
 In gentle murmurs tell my pain.
 But Tears are Idle, Tons are vain.

With strick I scorn I'll treat the Sex
 And ne'er with love my Heart perplex
 Till Cupid send some generous Fair
 To Ease my Grief & end my Care

O Gods! am I the man alone
 Of Love & Beauty doom'd that scorn
 Must wound the mind controul
 Enslave the will, & enslave the Soul.

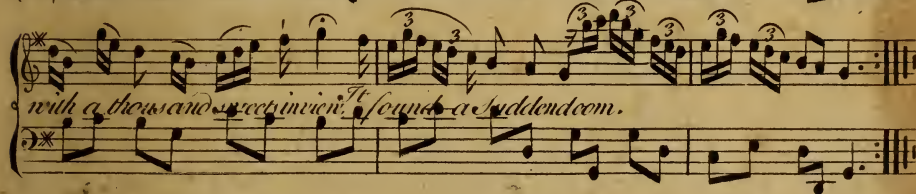
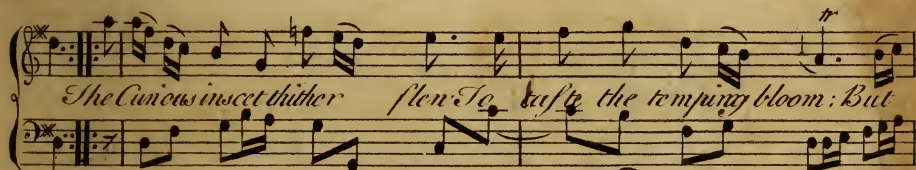
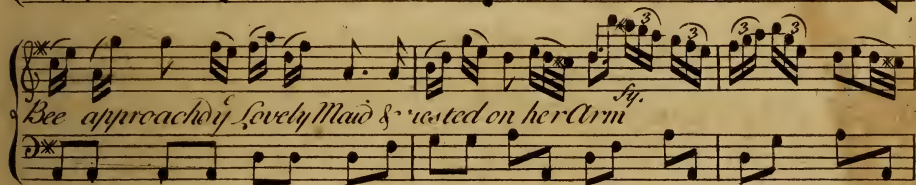
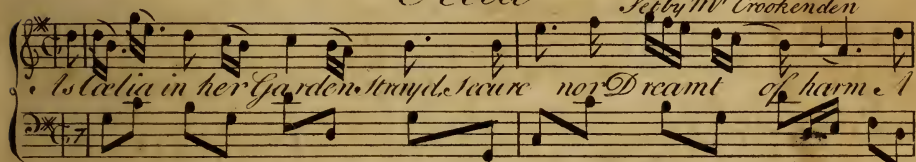
As thus the pensive Sylvan stood
 And sighing view'd his refulgent Flood
 The rifeons gaz'd to hear him mourn
 And thus reply'd from vocal Horn

To bear Dear Youth the plaintive Song
 Nor blindly censure Fate with wrong
 Thy fickle Stephen coldly flies
 And constant Amantylles dies

Flute

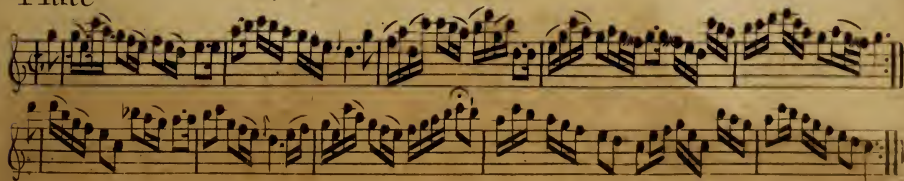


Celia

Set by Mr Crookenden^{tr}

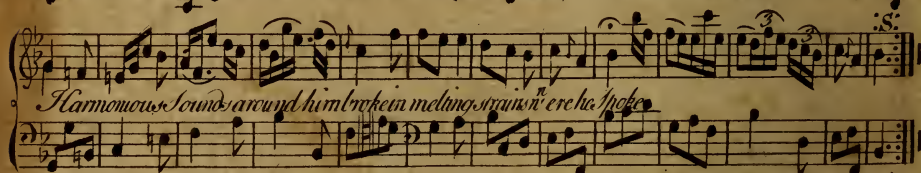
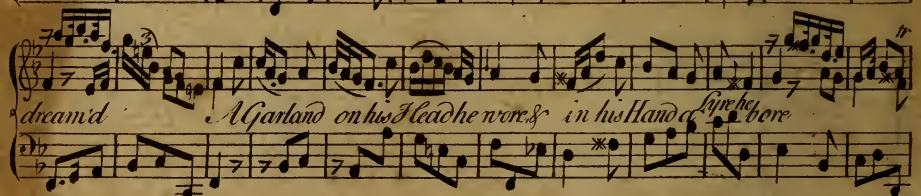
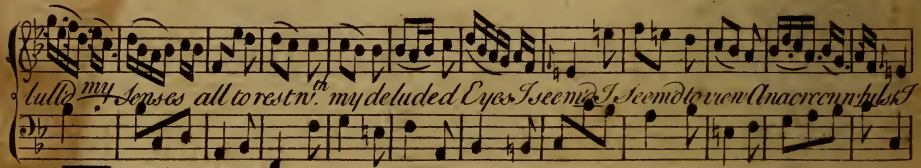
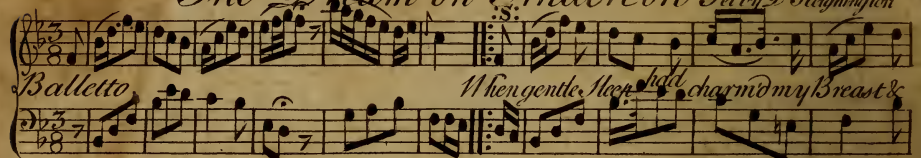
Her nimble hand of life bereav'd
 The darling little Thing
 But first the snowy Arm receiv'd
 And felt the painful stung
 Oh would it short lived burning smart
 The nymph to pity move
 And teach her to regard the heart
 She fires with endless Love

Flute





The Dream on Anacreon Set by J. H. Houghton



And as he touch'd the dancing Springs
The Loves that wait'd clapt their Wings
Old he appear'd but Silver Hair
That made it made him old had made him fair
His Beauties like the Roses Mine
His Smiles were chearful as the Wine
A Cupid led the reeling Band
At once his Conduct and his Guard

His Wreath he took his Wreath that spread
Fresh blooming Glories round his Head
And with a single said he receive receive
The noblest Present I can give
With joy I stow'd my homage paid
Rough of the Present which he made
The fragrant flow'rs breath'd sweets divine
That smelt of him and he of Mine

Then unadvis'd with heedless haste
The Chaplet on my Brows I plac'd
The Chaplet warm'd with gay desire
Breath'd gentle gentle Flames if Love inspire
Now in my Blood Anacreon Reigns
Love and Anacreon fill my Sins
To his soft Strains my Passion move
Untill I'm wholly lost in Love

