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*The*  
British Musical Miscellany;  
*or, the*  
Delightful Grove:

*Being a Collection of Celebrated  
English, and Scotch Songs,  
By the best Masters.  
Set for the Violin, German  
Flute, the Common Flute,  
and Harpsicord.*

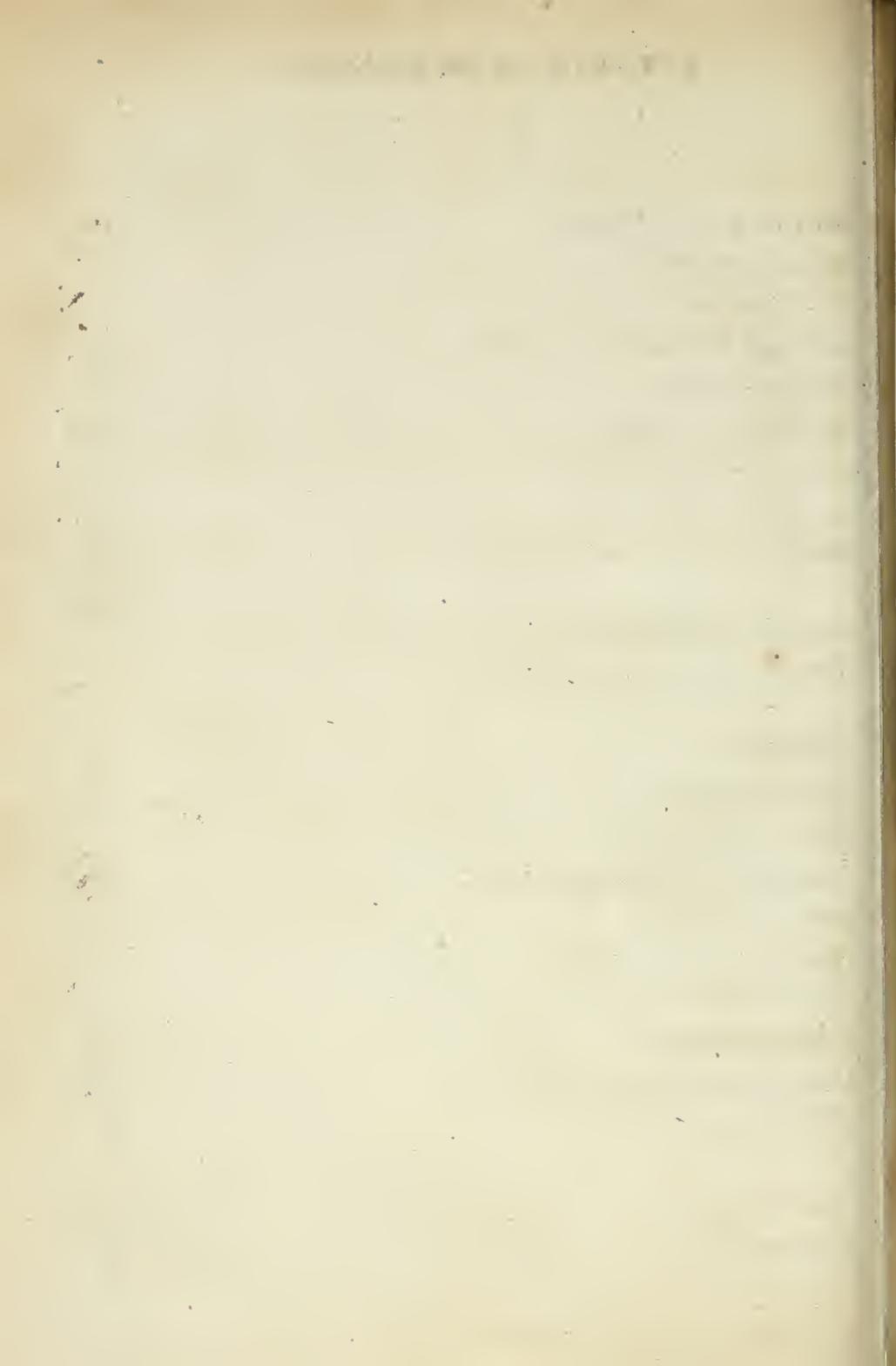
VOL. IV.

*Engraven in a fair Character, and  
Carefully Corrected.*

*London. Printed for & Sold by I. Walsh, Musick Printer,  
& Instrument maker to his Majesty, at the Harp & Hoboy,  
in Catherine Street, in the Strand. N<sup>o</sup> 571.*

*Where may be had just Publish'd, Twelve Duets for two  
Voices, Collected from the late Operas, Compos'd by M. Handel.*

*A. Brighten Quinlan 1857.*



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A SONG to a FAVOURITE MINUET of Mr. HANDEL'S.

STAY, Shepherd, stay; I prithee stay; Did not you see her

go this way; Where can she be, can you not guess?

Alas! I've lost my Shepherd...-deffs!

I fear some Satyr has betray'd  
 My wand'ring Nymph out of the Shade:  
 Oh! woe is me, I am undone!  
 For in the Shade she was my Sun.

The Pink, the Violet, and the Rose,  
 Strive to salute her as she goes;  
 Nay, be content to kiss her Shoe,  
 The Primrose, and the Daisy too.

Oh! woe is me! what must I do?  
 Or who must I complain unto?  
 Methinks the Valleys cry, forbear,  
 And sighing say, She is not here.

Oh! what shall I, unhappy, do?  
 Or who must I complain unto?  
 Where may she be, can you not guess?  
 Where may I find my Shepherdess?

## A SONG Set by MR. SAMs.

LUCINDA, close, or veil' those eyes, Where thousand Loves in

ambush lies; Where Darts are pointed with such skill, they're

sure to hurt, if not to kill: Let pity move thee

to seem blind. Left seeing, thou destroy Mankind.

LUCINDA, hide that swelling Breast,  
 The PHOENIX, else will change her Nest;  
 Yet do not, for when she expires,  
 Her heat may light in the soft fires,  
 Of love and pity; so that I,  
 By this one way may thee enjoy.

FLUTE.

A SONG Set by Mr. SCRIMSHAW.

THE heavy hours are al-most past, That part my Love and  
 me: My longing Eyes may hope at last, Their only wish to  
 see, Their On-ly wish to see.

But how, my CLOE, will you meet  
 The Man you've lost so long;  
 Will Love in all your Pulses beat,  
 And tremble on your tongue.

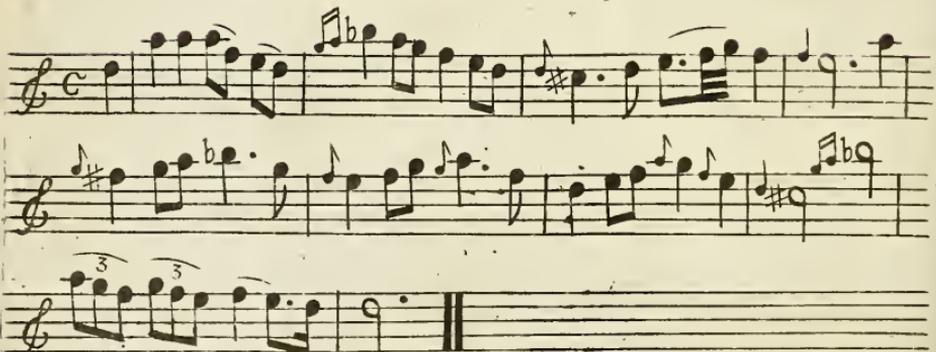
Will you, in ev'ry look declare,  
 Your Heart is still the same;  
 And heal each idle, anxious Care,  
 Our fears in absence frame.

Thus, CLOE, thus I paint a Scene,  
 When shortly we shall meet,  
 And try what yet remains between,  
 Of loit'ring Time to cheat.

But if the Dream that sooths my mind,  
 Shall false, and groundless prove;  
 If I am doom'd at last to find,  
 You have forgot to Love.

All I implore of Heav'n, is this,  
 No more to let us join;  
 But grant me now the flatt'ring Blifs,  
 To die, and think you mine.

FLUTE.



ROGER'S COURTSHIP.

5

Set by Mr. CAREY.

Young ROGER came tapping at DOLLY's Window. Tumpaty.

Tumpaty, Tump. He begg'd for admittance, She answer'd him no,

Glumpaty, Glumpaty, Glump. My DOLLY, my Dear, your true Love is

here. Dumpaty, Dumpaty, Dump. No, no, ROGER, no, as you

came you may go. Slumpaty, Slumpaty, Slump.

Oh! then she recall'd, and recall'd him again. Humpaty &c.  
 whilst he, like a Mad-Man, ran over the Plain. Slumpaty &c.  
 Oh! what is the reason, dear DOLLY, he cry'd. Humpaty &c.  
 That thus I'm cast off, and unkindly deny'd. Trumpaty &c.

Some Rival more dear, I guess has been here. Crumpaty &c.  
 Suppose there's been two Sir, pray what's that to you Sir. Numpaty &c.  
 Oh! then with a Sigh; his sad farewell he took. Humpaty &c.  
 And all Despair, he leap't into the Brook. Plumpaty &c.

His courage he cool'd, he found himself fool'd. Mumpaty &c.  
 He swam to the shore, and saw DOLLY no more. Rumpaty &c.  
 Determin'd to find a Damofell more kind. Plumpaty &c.  
 While DOLLY's affraid, she must die an Old Maid. Mumpaty &c.

### A SONG Set by Mr. SAMS.

How happy are they, are belov'd and o-bey the Laws of Love's.

sweet, tho' tyrannical sway. They're proud of their Bondage, and

smile on their Chains, a happy short Minute rewards all their Pains.

How wretched we seem,  
 When the Bliss we esteem,  
 Is so quickly pass'd o'er with a Thought or a Dream;  
 There's not so desir'd, and there's nothing so cloy,  
 As the sweetest of Meats, and the sweetest of Joys.

A SONG ON PRINCESS AMELIA.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Nigh AVON's winding Stream, a Swain, for Numbers not un- known; No Hireling of the Muses train, but me-rits have a- lone. Thus lately Sung (nor Sung in vain) what no one cou'd difown." The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp, a 3/4 time signature, and performance markings like "tr" (trill) and ":s:" (sustained).

Nigh AVON's winding Stream, a Swain, for Numbers not un-  
 known; No Hireling of the Muses train, but me-rits have a-  
 lone. Thus lately Sung (nor Sung in vain) what no one  
 cou'd difown.

Aid me, ye Nymphs and Swains to sing,  
 And every tuneful throng,  
 The Daughter of great PAN, our King,  
 AMELIA claims our Song:  
 Let every Grove and Valley ring,  
 And warble every Tongue.

But oh all accents must prove faint,  
 To speak her charming Grace,  
 What mortal fancy e'er cou'd paint,  
 What artfull tongue express,  
 Her comely Features lively teint,  
 Or Cupids in her Face.

Nor fierce, nor languid are her Eyes,  
 Her Lips the Rubies deck:  
 From Beds of Lillies, Roses rise,  
 To blush upon her Cheek:  
 Her flowing Locks, the Chestnut dyes,  
 To shade her snowy Neck.

Her Mind is solid, quick, and clear,  
 Her Heart's of Grace a flame;  
 And Innocence gives such an Air,  
 To all her Beauteous frame:  
 That Virtuous, Witty, easy, fair,  
 In her seem all the same.

When she deigns with her rural Host,  
 To Dance, or tune the Lyre,  
 'Tis hard to say, whose move the most,  
 They all so much admire:  
 And yet her Air is so compos'd,  
 She fans no fatal fire.

The Nymphs and Shepherds thro', the Plain.  
 Her Will with joy obey,  
 With guiltless ardour ev'ry Swain,  
 Submits to her soft sway;  
 She pleases all, they please again,  
 She's blest, and happy they.

F L U T E .

The musical score for the Flute part consists of three staves. The first staff is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff includes repeat signs (':s:') at the beginning and end of the section.

When Yeilding first to DAMONS flame I sunk in

to his Arms he swore he'd ever be the same then Rifled

all my Charms But fond of what he'd long de-

sir'd Too Greedy of his Prey My Shepherds flame a

las Expir'd before the verge of Day

My Innocence in Lovers Wars  
 Reproach'd his Quick Defeat  
 Confus'd Asham'd and bath'd in Tears  
 I mourn'd his cold Retreat  
 At length Ah Shepherdes Cry'd he  
 Would you my Fire Renew  
 Alas you must Retreat like me  
 I'm lost if you pursue

## The fond SHEPHERDESS set by MR LAMPE

How welcome my Shepherd how welcome to me is

ev'ry Oc-casion of meeting with thee but when thou art absent how

Joyless am I methinks I contented could sit down and dye I

rail at the Hours that so slowly they move while I'm at a Distance from

all that I Love then weeping complain of my ill natur'd Fate Re

pine at my being and curse my sad State I

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With trifling Amusements I sometime beguile  
 My cares for a Moment and Cheerfully smile  
 But quickly thy Image returns to my Soul  
 And in my sad Bosom new Hurricanés roll  
 No Joy can be lasting when thou art not here  
 Thy Prefence alone can thy Shepherdés cheer  
 Thy Looks like the sun chase all Vapours away  
 And Blest with thy Sight I could always be Gay.

How happy am I while upon thee I gaze  
 How pleas'd with the Beauty that shines in thy Face  
 What Charms do I find in thy Person and air  
 And if you converse I for ever could hear  
 The oftner I see you the more I approve  
 The Choice I have made and am fixd in my Love  
 For Merit like yours still brighter is shewn  
 And more must be vallu'd the more it is known.

To live in a Cottage with thee I would chuse  
 And Crowns for thy sake I should gladly refuse  
 Not all the vast Treasures of Wealthy Peru  
 To me would seem Precious if ballanc'd with you  
 For all my ambition to thee is confin'd  
 And nothing could please me if thou wert unkind  
 Then faithfully love me and Happier I'll be  
 Than plac'd on a Throne if to reign without Thee

*flute*

The musical score is written for a flute in 3/8 time. It consists of four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/8 time signature. The music is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The second staff features a repeat sign with a first ending marked 'S' and a second ending marked 'S'. The third and fourth staves also feature repeat signs with first and second endings marked 'S'. The notation includes various notes, rests, and ornaments.

# My Apron Deary

Twas forth in a Morning a Morning of MAY A Soldier and his Mis

trefs were walking a stray And Low down by yon Meadow Brow. I

heard a Lafs cry MY A - PRON NOW

<p>           O had I ta'en Counsel of Father or Mother            Or had I taen Counsel of Sister or Brother            But I was a young Thing and easy to wooe            And my Belly bears up MY APRON NOW         </p>	<p>           Thy Apron DEARY I must confesse            Is something <math>\frac{e}{e}</math> shorter tho naething <math>\frac{e}{e}</math> less            I only was wi ye a Night or Two.            And yet you cry out MY APRON NOW         </p>
--	--

My Apron is made of lineum Twine  
 Well set about wi pearling lync  
 I think it Great pity my Babe should tync  
 And I'll row it in my Apron fine

*flute*

Why Cruel Creature why so bent to Vex a tender Heart

To Gold and Title you Belent love Throws in Vain his Dart

Yet Glittering Fools in Courts be great  
For Pay let Armies Move  
Beauty should have no other Bait  
But Gentle Vows and Love

If on those Endless Charms you lay  
The Value that's there Due  
Kings are themselfe to poor to pay  
A Thousand Worlds to Few

But if apassion with out Vice  
Without Disguife or Art  
Ah CELIA if True love's your Price  
Behold it in my Heart

FLUTE

## A SONG to a Favourite AIR of MR HANDELL'S

CLO - E when I view thee Smi - ling Toys Cælestial round

me Move Pleasing Vifions Care be - gui - ling gaurd my State and

crown my Love To behold thee gayly fhining is a Pleaf - - fure

past defi - ning every Feature charms my Sight but O

Heav'ns when I'm carefs - - ing Thrilling Raptures ne - - ver

cea - - sing Fill my foul with soft Delight

Oh thou Lovely dearest Creature  
 Sweetest Charmer Enflaver of my Heart  
 Beautous Master piece of Nature  
 Cause of all my Ioy and smart  
 In thy Arms enfolde lay me

To dissolving Blifs convey me  
 Softly Sooth my Soul to Rest  
 Gentlv Kindlv Oh my Treasure  
 Blefs me let me dye with Pleasure  
 On thy Panting Snowy Breaft

*Flute*

*Set to Musick by Mr. Carey*

Haste hast ye lit-tle Loves ye gentle

Zephyrs fly Bring with you ve-nus Doves & washim Throug Sky

To Fountains Grotts and Bows where Love is never coy

where Days shall seem but Hours and Time be kill'd with Ioy.

O teach me e'ery Art  
And lend me e'ery Grace  
Within his Frozen Heart  
To give my Pafsion place

Gay Goddeffs of Defire  
Or make Aurora blest  
Or quench at once Loves Fire  
And tear him from my Breaft.

*flute*

CYNTHIA frowns when ere I woe her Yet she's vex'd: If

I give over Yet she's vex'd: If I give over Much she fears I

should un-do her but much more to lose her Lover

thus in Doubting she Re-fuses and not Winning

thus she looses

Prythee CYNTHIA look behind you  
 Age and Wrinkles will o're take you  
 Then to late Desire will find you  
 When the power muſt forfake you  
 Think O think O the ſad Condition  
 To be paſt yet wiſh Fruition

## Galla Shields

*slow*

Ah the poor Shepherd's Mournful Fate When doom'd to Love

and doom'd to Languish to bear the scornful Fair ones Hate Nor

dare disclose his Anguish Yet ea-ger Looks and dying sighs

My secret Soul discover While Rapture trembling thro' my Eyes

Reveals how much I love her The Tender Glance the red ning

Cheek O'erspread with ri-sing Blush-es A Thousand various

40

Fears they speak A Thousand various Wishes

For oh that Form so heav'nly fair  
 Those languid Eyes so sweetly smiling  
 That Artless Blush and Modest Air  
 So fatally beguiling  
 Thy ev'ry Look and ev'ry Grace  
 So charm when e'er I view thee  
 Till Death o'ertake me in the Chace  
 Still will my Hopes pursue thee  
 Then when my tedious Hours are past  
 Be this last Blessing giv'n  
 Low at thy Feet to breathe my Last  
 And die in Sight of Heav'n

The EXPOSTULATION .

O loveliest Fair to you my Song in Warbling Numbers flows For

you inspire my grateful Tongue And dissipate my Woes My Mind

when you with Rays divine Inspire — re does like you shine

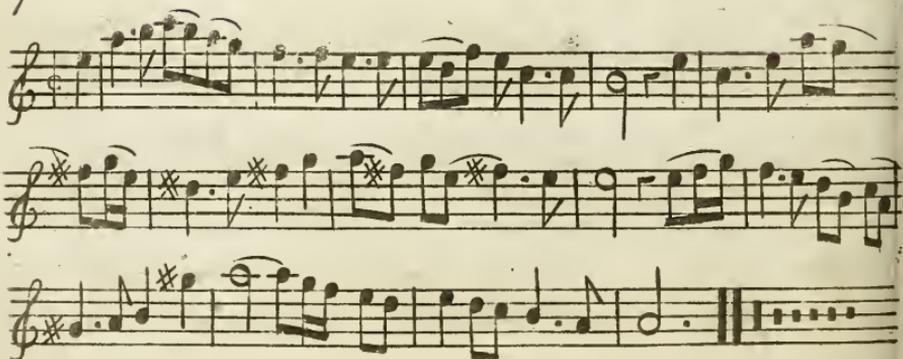
At once reveal my cruel Fate  
 And let me know the Worst  
 I'll arm my self against your Hate  
 And bear to be Accurst  
 If't must be so my Doom I'll bear  
 These Doubts I cannot Bear.

Soon as my drooping Eyes I raise  
 To view your charming Face  
 O'erwhelm'd with Joy lost in Amaze  
 I Bless each sparkling Grace  
 My raptur'd Soul springs to my Eyes  
 And tell my Fears and Joys

How long O loveliest Fair how long  
 Shall I my suff'rings bear  
 Why do you thus my Passion wrong  
 And sink me in Despair  
 Now lifted high now sunk as low  
 You Plunge me still in Woe

Poor Mariners when storms run high  
 Like Terrors undergo  
 Sometimes they're Wafted to the Sky  
 Then Plung'd in Sands below  
 No more torment me but be kind  
 And cure my Troubled Mind

*flute*



# A Favourite Song by Mr. Handel

see my Charmer flies me unkindly she denies me and strives to give me

pain and strives to give me pain and strives to give me

pain see fee my Charmer fly's me see the flys me  
 and strives to give me pain see fee my Charmer flys  
 me fee me fee see fee my Charmer fly's me unkindly she denies me fee see my Charmer



ruin and court my own undoing and court my own undoing or

4 3 6 6 6 6 6 7 6

laugh at her disdain or laugh at her disdain shall I pursue my

6 4# 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 #

ruin and court my own undoing or laugh at her disdain or

6 6 6 6 6 6

laugh at her disdain or laugh at her Disdain Da Capo

6 4 3 6 6 #

Con spirito

TAKE advice, my Gallant Sailor, In attacking of the Fair; With addresses

never fail her, Stick to the Text and ne'er despair. Take advice, my Gallant

Sailor, In attacking of the Fair; With addresses never fail her, Stick to the

Text and ne'er despair, Stick to the Text and ne'er despair.

If your CLOE flights the Passion,  
The Wind may change from cold to hot;  
Women fickle, 'tis the fashion,  
Champain soon makes that forgot.

In a Bumper Toast the Charmer,  
Froth and sprinkle to the brim;  
Sigh on her Breast till you disarm her,  
For to Love, my Friend's no Sin.

If this Cruel frowns with rancour,  
Most sullingly will not comply;  
In her harbour don't drop Anchor,  
To a gentler Climate fly.



Let all your Perturbations die,  
 Your private Feuds allay;  
 Let ev'ry Animosity  
 For ever in Oblivion lye,  
 Now we are gone to Sea.

When forked Light'ning flies amain,  
 And Thunder splits our Mast;  
 Think then what Dangers we sustain,  
 Compell'd by you to cross the Main,  
 For Humane Fraillties past.

I hope to see my Dear once more,  
 Tho' I my Voy'ge pursue;  
 Tho' Winds unite, and Billows roar,  
 To waft me from BRITANNIA'S Shore,  
 I'll be for ever true.

I neither dread the War's Alarms,  
 Nor poyson'd INDIAN Dart;  
 But while engag'd in Hostile Arms,  
 I'll be inspir'd by MOLLY'S Charms,  
 With whom I leave my Heart.

When having suffer'd an Exile,  
 And favour'd by the Wind;  
 Enrich'd with CAROLINA'S spoyl,  
 And coasting for my Native Isle,  
 Perhaps she'll then prove kind.

FLUTE.



PHILLIS, talk no more of Passion, Words alone want Pow'r to move:

She that flies a fair Occasion, Never shou'd pretend to Love.

Honour, that so oft you boast on,  
 Love possessing once the Mind,  
 Only is a vain Pretension,  
 Women-use that won't be kind.

See the winged Moments flying,  
 Whereon Youth and Beauty ride;  
 She, who long persists denying,  
 Ne'er can hope to be a Bride.

She that now evades possessing,  
 By her silly Doubts betray'd;  
 When she'd yield to share the Blessing,  
 May, neglected, dye a Maid.

## FLUTE.

A SONG Set by Mr. SCRIMSHAW.

29

Largo

Ah! how sweet it is to Love. Ah! how gay is young Desire;

And what pleasing Pains we prove, When first we feel a Lover's fire.

Pains of Love are sweeter far, Than all other Pleasures are, Pains of

Love are sweeter far, Than all other Pleasures are.

Sighs which are from Lovers blown,  
Do but gently heave the Heart;  
E'en the Tears they shed alone,  
Cure, like trickling Balm, their smart.  
Lovers when they lose their Breath,  
Bleed away an easy Death.

Love, and Time, with Rev'rence use,  
Treat 'em like a parting Friend;  
Nor the golden gifts refuse,  
Which in Youth sincere they send:  
For each Year their Price is more,  
And they less simple than before.

Love, like Spring-Tides, full and high,  
Swells in ev'ry youthful vein:  
But each Tide does less supply,  
'Till they quite shrink in again.  
If a flow in Age appear,  
'Tis but Rain, and runs not clear.

## FLUTE.

## The Bonny Scot.

YE Gales that gently wave the Sea, And please the can - ny

Boat-man, Bear me frae hence, or bring to me, My brave, my

bonny Scot-Man: In ha - ly Bands we join'd our Hands, Yet

may not this dif-co ver, While Parents rate a large Estate, Be-

fore a faithful Lover.

But I loor chuse in HIGHLAND Glens,  
 To herd the Kid and Goat-Man,  
 E'er I cou'd for sic little Ends,  
 Refuse my bonny Scot-Man.  
     Wae worth the Man,  
     Wha first began,  
 The base ungenerous Fashion,  
 Frae greedy Views,  
 Love's Art to use,  
 While Strangers to its Passion.

From foreign Fields, my lovely Youth,  
 Haste to thy longing Laffie,  
 Wha pants to prefs thy bawmy Mouth,  
 And in her Bosom hawse thee.  
     Love gi'es the Word,  
     Then haste on Board,  
 Fair Winds and tenty Boat-Man,  
 Waft o'er, waft o'er,  
 Frae yonder Shore,  
 My blyth, my bonny Scot Man.

FLUTE.

## The Mock Song Sung by Mr. ROBERTS at the Theatre.

Royal in DRURY LANE.

THE Italian Nymphs and Swains, that adorn the Op'ra Stage, With their

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, So sweetly they Engage, that we die upon their

Strains, With a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Their ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, with-

out a grain of Sence, Has mollify'd our Brains, and we're fobb'd out of our

Pence, with their ha, ha, ha, &c. *Ad Libitum*

But I hope the time will come, when their Favourers will find,  
 With a Ha, ha, ha, &c.  
 They have paid too great a Sum to Italian Pipes for Wind,  
 With a Ha, ha, ha, &c.  
 When English Wit again, and Merit too shall thrive,  
 And Men of Fortune to support that Wit and Merit strive,  
 In spite of Ha, ha, ha, &c.

33

# The Charms of Beauty Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Whichillo

The Charms that blooming Beauty shows From Faces heav'nly fair

We to the Lilly and the Rose with Semblance Apt Compare.

With Semblance Apt for ah. how soon  
How soon they all decay.  
The Lilly droops the Rose is gone  
And Beauty fades away.

But when bright virtue shines confests  
With sweet Discretion joind  
When Mildness calms the peaceful Breast  
And Wisdom guides the Mind

When Charms like these dear Maid conspire  
Thy Person to Approve  
They kindle generous chaste Desire  
And everlasting Love

Beyond the Reach of Time or Fate  
These Graces shall endure  
Still like the Passion they create  
Eternal constant pure

*flute*

# A Sea Song Set by D<sup>r</sup>. Pepusch

Hark hark methink I hear the Sea men call The Bloift rous feamen

say Bright CASTABELLA come away The Wind fits fair y<sup>e</sup> Veffel's stout &

tall Bright Castabella come away for Time and Tide can never stay

Our mighty Master NEPTUNE calls aloud  
 The ZEPHYRS gently blow  
 The TRITONS cry You are too flow  
 For ev'ry Sea Nymph of the glittering Crow'd  
 Has Garlands ready to throw down  
 When you ascend your wat'ry Throne

See see she comes she comes and now adieu  
 Let's bid adieu to shore  
 And to whate'er we feard before  
 O CASTABELLA we depend on you  
 On you our better Fortunes lay  
 Whom both the Winds and Seas obey

*Flute*

# The Happy Meeting

35

Be-neath the shady Willow Trees Upon the Mossy

Green Where Zephyr fanns with gentle Breeze And

Jesmin Groves are seen Where circling Woodbines

rife and where Unplanted Myr-tle Grows And

where the whole re-voly-ing Year Each

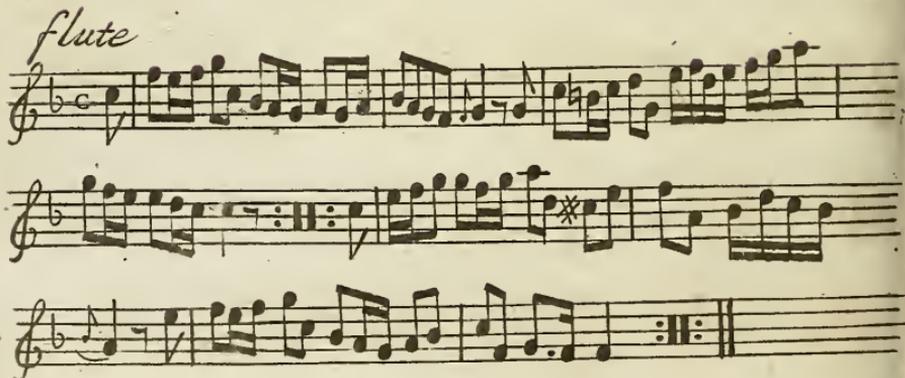
gliding Riv-let flows

Where blushing Roses do abound  
 And Lillies raise their Heads  
 And Violets diffuse around  
 Sweet Fragrance from their Beds  
 There near a gentle purling Brook  
 Was Mournful STREPHON laid  
 Neglected was his Silver Crook  
 He dying for a Maid

Adieu to all this verdant Grove  
 And Chrystal Streams said he  
 Adieu to my ungrateful Love  
 Whom I shall never see  
 But yet I'll Bless that Charming Face  
 E'en with my parting Breath  
 That shines with such Majestick Grace  
 From whence proceeds my Death.

When SILVIA found his Love was true  
 She quick flew to his Arms  
 Said she no one on Earth but you  
 Shall e'er possess my Charms  
 Then did the Happy Couple stay  
 In this Delightful Grove  
 And pass'd the blissful Hours away  
 In pleasing Acts of Love.

## FLUTE



*A Favourite Air by M<sup>r</sup>. Handel* <sup>37</sup>

3/8

6 6 6 6 6 7

7 6 5 6 4 6

Gazing on my Idol Treasure all my Soul is lost in Ioy

6 6

all my Soul is lost in Ioy

all my soul is lost in Joy

Gaz - - ing

on my Idol Treasure all my soul is lost in

Joy all my Soul is lost in Joy all my Soul

all my Soul all all all my soul is lost in Joy

all my

Soul is lost in Joy

The af

-- fords eternal Pleasure eternal Plea --

-- fure and can never never cloy --

the af-fords eter-nal Pleasure

and can never no ne ver Cloy Da Capo

CÆLIA with an Artful Care treats her poor unhappy Lover

Fingerings: 6, 6, #, 6, #, 4, 7, 6, #

She for bids me to dispair yet my sighs and Tears can't

Fingerings: 5, 6, 6, 4, 2, 6, 6, 6, 4, 5, 3

move her CÆLIA if you'd ease my pain grant the

Fingerings: 6, 6, 2, 6, 8

favour or de-ny it since I court your Smiles in

Fingerings: 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 5, 6, 6

Vain let a Frown re store my quiet

Fingerings: 6, 4, 5, #

Kind CUPID now relieve me with frowns no longer grieve me but

with Compassion move her to soften her Disdain Kind CUPID

Now relieve me with frowns no longer grieve me but with Com-

pasion move her but with Compassion move her to soften her dif-

dain to Soften her dif-

dain to sof- ten to soften her dif-

- dain to soften her Disdain

Figured bass: 6 6 6 6 6 6

Figured bass: 7 6 / 5 4

Hard fate I had to woe her condemn'd thus to pur

Figured bass: 6 #6 6 #6

sue her like TANTALUS for e - ver Striving but all in

Figured bass: 7 # 6 b # # 5 #

Vain like TANTALUS for e - - - - ver Striving but

Figured bass: # 6 #4 5 4#

all in Vain like TANTALUS for

Figured bass: 6 # 6

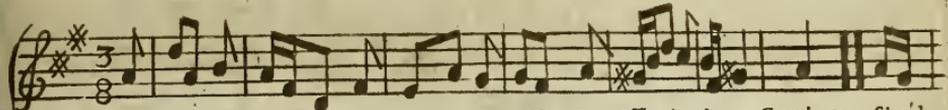
Ever Striving but all in vain Da Capo

The Gentry to the Kinghead go the Nobles to the Crown the  
 Knight you'l att the Garter find and att the Plough the Clown but  
 well beat Evry Bush Boys in Hunting of good Wine And Value  
 not a Ruff Boys my Landlord or his Signe

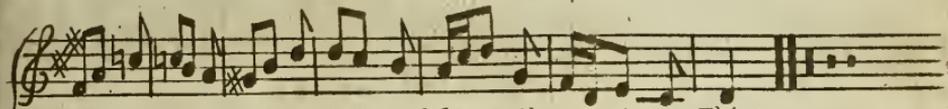
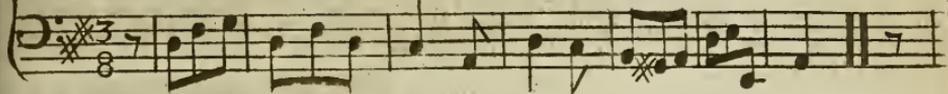
The Bifhop to the Miter goes  
 The Sailor to the Star  
 The Parfon Topes beneath the Rose  
 Att the Trumpett Men of War, But well

The Bankrupt to the World End roams  
 No Fair the Feather Scorns  
 The Lawyer to the Devil runs  
 The Tradefman to the Horns

But well



Revengful thoughts on CLOES Pride Her Affectations Spring fix'd



. Refolution thus to Chide And leave the great gay Thing



2

3

Thou only truly self adord  
Nature Alafs in vain  
Does now her Master piece afford  
While you her Beauties stain

Big With Conceit of Cnquests great  
Falfc Graces you alarm  
But ah how treacherous they retreat  
And do their Chief difarm

4

Yet if Contentment CLOE can  
In fancy'd Triumphs find  
Defpair not Conquest to obtain  
Flattery weak and Blind

5

Leave to Contend with truth and Sense  
Too Mighty to Oppofe  
And fmiling Ogling War Commence  
With Coxcombs Fools and Beaux

*Flute*



Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Lampe

Oh Joy a -

- bate thy Tide in gentler currant glide or let thy Transport

Itay to bear my Soul away

Oh Joy a bate the

Tide in gentler curreant glide or let thy Tran-

ports ftay to bear my foul a-way O Ioy a-bate thy

Tide in gentler curreant glide or let thy Transport ftay to

bear my foul away - or

let thy Transport ftay to bear my foul a-way O Ioy

a

a bate thy tide in gentler currennt glide in gentler

currennt glide O who would longer live if longer still to

live one Moment spent with you is Wor

th is worth an Age of woe D.C.

## The SAILOR'S COMPLAINT.

COME and listen to my Ditty, All ye jolly Hearts of Gold; Lend a  
 Brother Tarr your pity. Who was once so Stout and Bold! But the  
 Arrows of CUPID, A-las! has made me rue; Sure true  
 love was ne'er so treated, As I am by scornful SUE.

When I landed first at Dover,  
 She appear'd a Goddess bright;  
 From Foreign Parts I was just come over,  
 And was struck with fond Sight:  
 On the shore pretty SUE I call'd,  
 Near to where our Frigate lay,  
 And aitho' so near the landing,  
 I, alas! was cast away.

When first I hal'd my pretty Creature,  
 The delight of Land and Sea;  
 No man ever saw a sweeter,  
 I'd have kept her company:

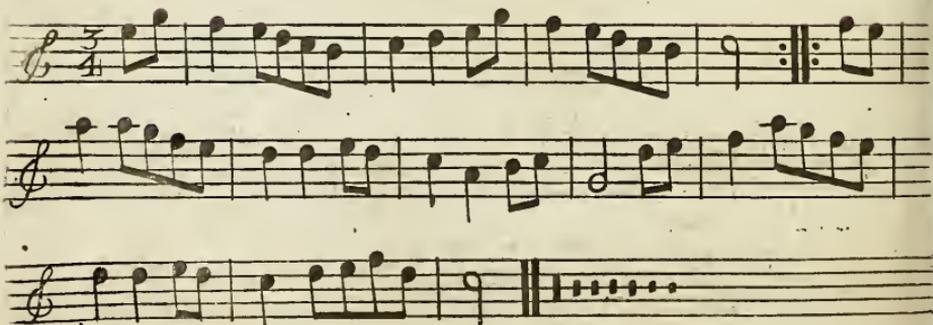
I'd have fain made her my True Love,  
 For Better, or for Worse;  
 But alas! I cou'd not compass her,  
 For to steer the Marriage Course.

Once, no greater Joy and Pleasure,  
 Cou'd have come into my mind,  
 Than to see the bold DEFIANCE,  
 Sailing right before the Wind:  
 O'er the white waves as she danced,  
 And her Colours gayly flew;  
 But that was not half so charming,  
 As the Trim of lovely SUE.

On a Rocky Coast I've driven,  
 Where the stormy Winds do rise,  
 Where the rowling mountain Billows,  
 Lift a Vessel to the Skies:  
 But from Land, or from the Ocean,  
 Little dread I ever knew,  
 When compared to the Dangers,  
 In the frowns of scornful SUE.

Long I wonder'd why my Jewel,  
 Had the heart to use me so;  
 Till I found by often sounding,  
 She'd another love in tow:  
 So farewell hard hearted SUKEY,  
 I'll my fortune seek at Sea,  
 And try in a more friendly Latitude  
 Since I in yours cannot be.

### FLUTE.



## A SONG The Words by Mr. MANLEY.

YE hap-py Nymphs, whose harmless Hearts, No fatal  
Sorrows prove; Who ne-ver knew Men's faithless Arts, Or  
felt the Pangs of Love.

If dear Contentment is a Prize,  
Believe not what they say,  
Their specious tales are all disguise,  
Invented to betray.

Alas! how certain is our grief,  
From Cares how can we fly,  
When our fond Sex is all belief,  
And Man is all a lye.

## FLUTE.

## A YORKSHIRE SONG by Mr. CAREY.

I am in Truth, a Country Youth, Unus'd to London Fashions;

Yet Virtue guides, and still presides, O'er all my Steps and Passions.

No courtly Leer, but all sincere, No Bribe shall ever blind me, If

you can like a Yorkshire Tike, An honest Man you'll find me.

Tho' Envy's Tongue,  
 With slander hung,  
 Does oft belye our County;  
 No Men on Earth,  
 Boast greater Worth,  
 Or more extend their Bounty;  
 Our Northern Breeze,  
 With us agrees,  
 And does for Bus'ness fit us;  
 In publick Cares,  
 In Love's affairs,  
 With Honour we acquit us.

A noble Mind,  
 Is ne'er confin'd,  
 To any Shire or Nation;  
 He gains most praise,  
 Who best displays,  
 A Gen'rous Education.  
 While rancour rolls,  
 In narrow Souls,  
 By narrow Views discerning;  
 The truly wise,  
 Will only prize,  
 Good Manners, Sense, and Learning.

FORGIVE me if your looks I thought, Did once some

change discover; To be too Jealous, is the fault, Of ev'ry

tender Lover: My Truth those kind Reproaches shew, Which

you blame so se-vere-ly; A Sign, alas! you lit-tle knew, What

'tis to love sincerely.

The torment of a long Despair,  
 I did in silence smother;  
 But 'tis a Pain I cannot bear,  
 To think you love another.  
 My Fate depends alone on you,  
 I am but what you make me;  
 Divinely blest, if you prove true,  
 Undone, if you forsake me.

The Words by Mr. DILBURY. The Musick by Mr. D. FOX.

SHE who my fond Heart possesses, Is of late so  
Fickle grown; That to ev'ry Fop who dresses, Will be  
Prating with her Own.

And if any chance to name her,  
I as ravish'd do appear,:S:  
Now I blush, leaft they Defame her.  
With some Truth I cannot hear.

While my Doubts are yet prevailing,  
If she but my Words deny,:S:  
Soon she makes me quit my Railing,  
And I give my thoughts the lie.

You, whose Skill in Love is greater,  
Say what Charm compels my Fate!:S:  
Say what makes me love her better,  
Whom, I fear, I ought to Hate.

O The Broom, the bon-ny Broom, The Broom of COWDENKNOWS;

I with I were at hame again, To milk my Dad-dy's Ews.

The image shows a musical score for two systems. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The first system has the lyrics 'O The Broom, the bon-ny Broom, The Broom of COWDENKNOWS;'. The second system has the lyrics 'I with I were at hame again, To milk my Dad-dy's Ews.'. The music is in common time (C) and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplet-like patterns in the treble staff.

How blyth ilk Morn was I to see.  
 The Swain come o'er the Hill!  
 He skip'd the Burn, and flew to me:  
 I met him with good Will.  
 O the Broom, &c.

I neither wanted Ew nor Lamb  
 While his Flock near me lay;  
 He gather'd in my Sheep at E'en.  
 And chear'd me a' the Day.  
 O the Broom, &c.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed fae sweet.  
 The Birds stood list'ning by:  
 E'en the dull Cattle stood and gaz'd.  
 Charm'd with his Melody.  
 O the Broom, &c.

While thus we spent our Time by turns,  
 Betwixt our Flocks and Play:  
 I envy'd not the fairest Dame,  
 Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.  
 O the Broom, &c.

Hard Fate that I shou'd banish'd be,  
 Gang heavily and mourn,  
 Because I lov'd the kindest Swain,  
 That ever yet was born.

O the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,  
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be;  
 He staw my Heart: cou'd I refuse,  
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?

O the Broom, &c.

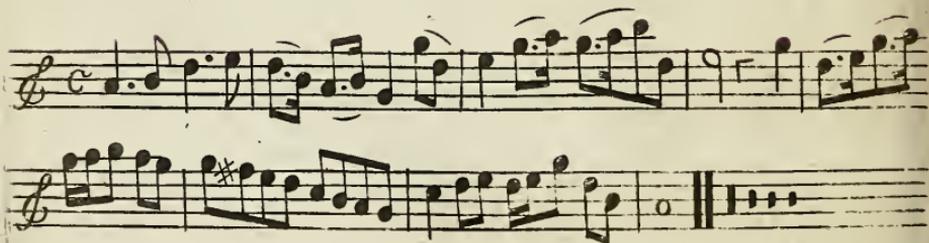
My Doggie, and my crook'd Stick,  
 May now lie usefess by,  
 My Plaidy, Broach and little Kitt,  
 That held my Wee Soup Whey.

O the Broom, &c.

Adieu ye COWDENKNOWS, adieu;  
 Farewell a' Pleasures there;  
 Ye Gods restore to me my Swain,  
 Is a' I crave or care.

O the Broom, the Bonny Broom,  
 The Broom of COWDENKNOWS:  
 I wish I were at hame again,  
 To milk my Daddy's Ews.

F L U T E .



Set by Mr. SMITH.

Andante

WHEN Lover's for favour, for

fa-vour Petition, Oh then they approach with respect, But

when in our hearts they've admission they tre...

at, they treat us with sco- rn, with

scorn and neglect.

When Lover's for favour Petition, Oh

then they approach with respect, But when in our

hearts they've ad...mission, they

treat us with they

treat us with sco...rn,

with scorn and neglect.

'Tis

Dangerous e'er to try 'em, so artfull are Men to deceive, 'tis safer, much

safer to fly 'em, 'tis safer, much safer to fly 'em, so easy are Maids to

believe, to believe, 'tis dangerous e'er to try 'em, so artfull are Men to de-

ceive, 'tis safer, much safer to fly 'em, so easy are Maids to believe.

Set by M<sup>r</sup>. Boyce

61

OF all the Torments all the Care by which our Lives are

Croft of all the sorrows that we bear a Rival is the worst by

Partners in a nother kind of flictions easier grow in Love a

lone we hate to find Com parions in our woe

SILVIA for all the Storms you see  
Arising in my Breast  
I beg not that you'd Pity mee  
But that you'd flight the rest  
How'er severe your rigours are  
Alone with them I'll cope  
I can endure my own Despair  
But not another's hope

*Set by Mr. Carey*

Cease to persuade nor say you Love fin-cerely when you've be-

- trayd you'll treat me most severely and fly what once you

did pur-sue cease to persuade nor say you Love fin...

- cere - ly when you've be trayd you'l treat me fe - vere - ly

when you've be trayd you'l treat me fe - vere - ly And

fly

fly what once you

did pur...sue

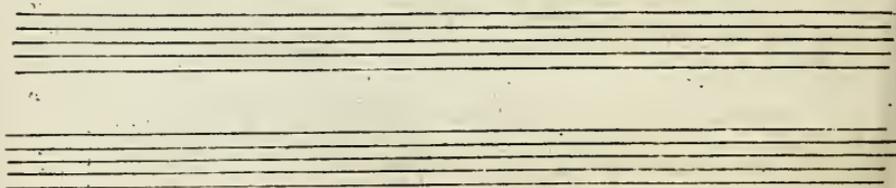
Happy the fair who ne'er be lieves you but gives def-

pair or elfe deceives you and Learns in-con- stan-

- cy from you 'happy the fair who ne'er be lieves

you but gives def- pair or elfe de cieves you

and Learns in constan-cy from you Da Capo



A Two Part SONG the Words by M<sup>r</sup> LEVERIDGE

Put Briskly round the Spa... rklng

Put Briskly round the Spa...

Glas the Put briskly round the Spa... rk

... rklng Glas the Spar... rk

... ling Glas the Stea - ling Hours move on a pace

... ling Glas the Stea - ling Hours move on a pace

Life without drinking none e'er cou'd boast of it then let us pull away

Life without drinking none e'er cou'd boast of it then let us pull away

and make the most of it Brimfull of Claret      Brimfull of  
 and make the most of it      Brimfull      Brimfull

Claret      Brimfull      Brimfull Brimfull of Claret each Night let me  
 Brimfull Brimfull of Claret      Brimfull of Claret each Night let me

be then then I've my wish then then      then then      then then      then  
 be      then I've my Wish      then then      then then      then then

then      then then I've my Wish in the Highest De - gree  
 then then then I've my Wish in the Highest De - gree

Heaven's Offspring Beauty Rare VENUS her peculiar

Care CUPID ruffles ev'ry Grace to A-dorn

thy fairer Face To A - - - dorn thy

fair - - er Face

Earliest Bud was ever seen  
 Thus to Blossom at Fifteen  
 Thro whose Actions sweetly flows  
 All experienc'd Women knows

On thee fits with Decent Pride  
 Wisdom best and surest Guide  
 Then how strong the Influence  
 Of thy charming Wit and Sense

When to Harmony you move  
 Each Spectator's tun'd to Love  
 Ev'ry Step is CUPID'S Dart  
 Softly stealing to my Heart

Strange that lively Sounds shou'd cure  
 Yet give Pains which I endure  
 Musick that can others Free  
 Of Infection poison's me

Guardian SYLPHS that Flight in Air  
 Tell my Sorrows to the Fair  
 Let your murmring Pinions prove  
 How I groan and how I Love

And if Deaf to all my Woe  
 Her the Mute Creation Show  
 How the Boughs of ev'ry Kind  
 Hug and kifs in Friendship joyn'd

Show her Eyes how curling Vines  
 Fold their Elmes in Am'rous Twines  
 Touch'd by such Examples she  
 May incline to Love and me

FLUTE



First system of musical notation, treble and bass clefs, 3/4 time signature, key of D major.

Second system of musical notation, treble and bass clefs, 3/4 time signature, key of D major.

Third system of musical notation, treble and bass clefs, 3/4 time signature, key of D major.

See the radiant Queen of Night sheds on all her

Fourth system of musical notation, treble and bass clefs, 3/4 time signature, key of D major.

kindly beams gilds the plains with Chearful light and sparkles

Fifth system of musical notation, treble and bass clefs, 3/4 time signature, key of D major.

in the Silver Streams see the radiant Queen of Night sheds

Sixth system of musical notation, treble and bass clefs, 3/4 time signature, key of D major.

on all her kindly beams gilds the plains with chearful light and

Seventh system of musical notation, treble and bass clefs, 3/4 time signature, key of D major.

Sparkles in the Silver Streams

Smiles adorn the face

of Nature tasteless all things yet appear unto me a

hapless Creature in the Absence of my dear D C

## FLUTE



## The Thoughtfull Lover

Where ever I am and whatever I do my PHILLIS is

still in my Mind If angry mean not to PHILLIS to go my

Feet of themfelve the Way find Unknown to my self I am. just at

her Door and when I would rail I can bring out no more than

PHILLIS too fair and un kind than PHILLIS too fair and unkind.

When PHILLIS I see my Heart burns in my Breast .  
 The Love I would stifle is shewn  
 Asleep or awake I am never at Rest  
 When from my Eyes PHILLIS is gone  
 Sometimes a sweet Dream dos delude my sad Mind  
 But when I awake and no PHILLIS can find  
     I sigh to my self all alone  
     I sigh to my self all alone

A King as my Rival in her I adore  
 Would offer his Treasure in vain  
 O let me alone to be happy and poor  
 And give me my PHILLIS again  
 Let PHILLIS be mine and for ever be Kind  
 I would to a Defart with her be confind  
     And envy no Monarch his Reign  
     And envy no Monarch his Reign

Alas I Discover too much of my Love  
 And she too well knows her own Power  
 She makes me each Day a new Martyrdom prove  
 And makes me grow jealous each Hour  
 But let her each Minute torment my poor Mind  
 I'd rather love PHILLIS though false and unkind  
     Than ever be freed from her Power  
     Than ever be freed from her Power

## FLUTE



Not too fast.

Dear SALLY thy Charms have undone me. They've rob'd me of

Freedom and Joy: Then, dearest, my SALLY smile on me, For Death is my

Fate if thou'rt Coy. For Death is my Fate if thou'rt Coy. Be

cautious, dear Charmer, in slaying. Since Murders so heinous comply.

And torture me not with de-lay-ing, Since ev'ry cross Chit can de-

ny. Since ev'ry cross Chit can deny.

Consider, my Angel, why nature,  
 In forming you, took such delight;  
 Don't think you were made that fair Creature,  
 For nought but to dazzle the Sight:  
 No. JOVE, when he gave you those Graces,  
 Intended you solely for Love,  
 And gave you the fairest of Faces,  
 The kindest of Females to prove.

Besides, pretty Maiden, remember,  
 That the Flower that's blooming in May,  
 Is wither'd and shrunk in December,  
 And cast unregarded away:  
 So it fares with each scornful young Charmer,  
 Who takes at her Lover distaste,  
 She trifles till Thirty disarms her,  
 And then dies forsaken at last.

## FLUTE.

*Largo*

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

WHEN our Hearts are new kind'd to jump at a Beauty, Our Onset will

surely come off with a Blast; We ought to have leaveure, 'tis civil & Duty, Let's

Love by degrees, and the longer 'twill last: But to jumble our Love and en-

joyment together, Makes two Months of Summer, and ten of cold Weather.

Gentle Love, like a tender and delicate Flower,  
 Wants only improvement to make it endure,  
 But so oft tis transplanted, which makes it each hour,  
 So droop and decay, 'tis almost past a Cure.  
 But to jumble, &c.

Yet if some kind Damsel the Creature wou'd nourish,  
 By a secret inchantment her goodnes's might bring,  
 At every touch it would rise up and flourish,  
 And seems to enjoy a perpetual Spring.  
 But to jumble, &c.

FLUTE.

Sung by Mr. ESTE in the HONEST YORKSHIRE-MAN.

O BARTLEDOM Fair, since thy Lord Mayor has cry'd thee down,

There's nought worth regarding. I wou'dnt give a Farthing, for

LONDON Town; Such Pork, such Pig, such Game, such Rig, such

Rattling there, But all's done, there's no Fun, At BARTLEDOM Fair.

Farewell ye Joys  
 Of Prentice Boys.  
 And pretty Maids.  
 The Country and Court  
 Have lost all their Sport.  
 And the SHOW-FOLKS their Trades;  
 Nay, Even the Cit.  
 In a Generous Fit,  
 Wou'd take SPOUSY there;  
 But all's done,  
 There's no Fun,  
 At BARTLEDOM Fair.

Set by Mr. Carey

When did you see any falshood in me that thus you unkindly suf-

pect me Speak speak your mind for I fear you're inclin in

spite of my truth to reject ne. If't must be so to the Wars I will

go where danger my Pasion shall smother I'd rather perish there

linger in Despair or see you in the Arms of Another

The Yellow Hair'd LADDIE A Scotch SONG

In April when Prim-roses paint the sweet plain and

Summer approaching rejoyceth the Swain The yellow Haird

LADDIE wou'd often times go To wilds and Deep Glens where

the Hawthorn trees grow hawthorn trees grow

There under the shade of an old Sacred Thorn  
 With freedom he sung his Loves ev'ning and Morn  
 He sang with so soft and Inchanting a sound  
 That Silvians and Faries unseen wand' around

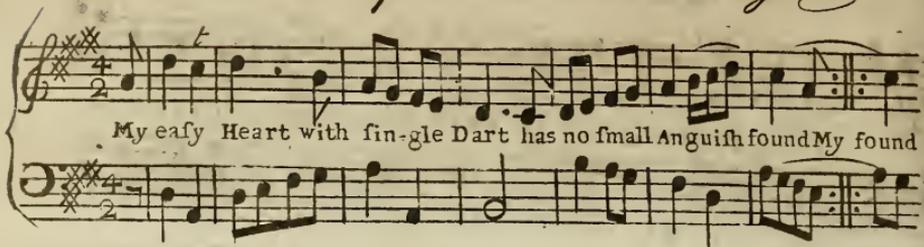
The Shepherd thus sung tho' young MAYA be fair  
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud Air  
 But SUSIE was handfom and Sweetly could sing  
 Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the Spring

That MADIE in all the gay Bloom of her youth  
 Like the Moon was unconstant and never spoke truth  
 But SUSIE was faithfull good Humour'd and free  
 And fair as the Goddefs that sprung from the Sea

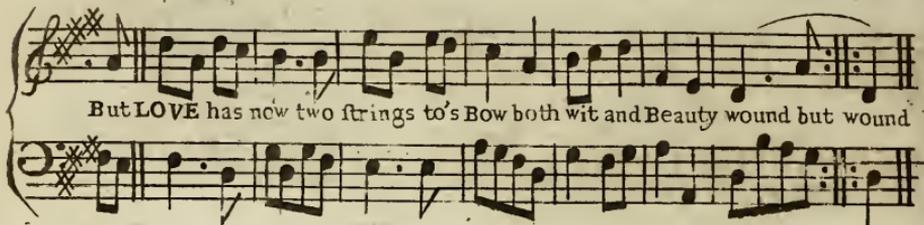
That Mamma's fine Daughter with all her great dow'r  
 Was Awkwardly Airy and frequently Sow'r  
 Then fighting he wished would Parents agree  
 The witty sweet SUSIE his Mistress might be

*flute*

# The Power of Love A Song



My easy Heart with sin-gle Dart has no small Anguish found My found



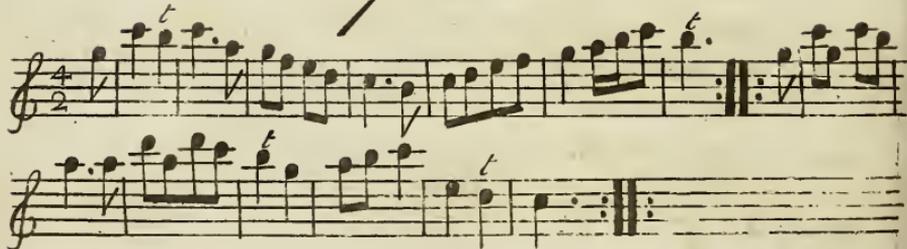
But LOVE has now two strings to's Bow both wit and Beauty wound but wound

Such Guns or Spears  
Who sees or hears  
Of Deaths may take his Choice  
For tho he flies  
Her piercing Eyes  
She'll reach him with her Voice

When Wit perswades  
And Beauty leads  
Our senses all to Joy  
Not DIDO'S Guest  
Coud guard his Breast  
Against the CYPRIAN Boy

But if his Bow  
And Arrows too  
Were broken all and lost  
None cou'd withstand  
Her Naked Hand  
They'll feel it to their Cost

*Flute*



When gazing on his PHILLIS Eyes young CORIDON did  
 Iye such Transport did his soul surprize that fain the youth  
 would dye his Life was presing to be gone call'd out by pow'r  
 full Charms the swain yet Loath to dye alone catch d Phillis in his Arms

The Nymph that sick and longing lay  
 For Death as well as He  
 Cry'd now my Shepherd dye away  
 And I will dye with thee :  
 Thus by Consent the Lovers dye  
 But with so little Pain  
 That both reveive and Instantly  
 Prepare to dye again .

82 *A Song to a Favourit Minuet of M<sup>r</sup> Handels*

STREPHON in vain thou Courtest Oc-casion with tender Per-

- fwasion to Combat dif-dain rouze up thy Soul nor let the

Ungratefull tho Love-ly de ceitfull thy Reason Controll

While thy fond heart flows with soft art Pride hears with

Pleasure exalts a bove Measure new charms supplys false

smiles dif-guise the In-to-lent Triumph that giles her Eyes

Rouse up thy Soul nor let the ungratefull tho' Lovely de -  
 ceitfull thy Reason Controul

Let bards abound  
 With Flames darts and alters  
 When ere their fence falters  
 To flatter in sound  
 Let the fair know  
 As bright as her Face is  
 She's made for Embraces  
 With Creature's below

Smiles to respect  
 Frowns to neglect  
 Shews You'd Redeem her  
 From Pride to Esteem her  
 When kind Alarms  
 A wake her Charms  
 The fence Raptur'd Goddes  
 Leaps into your Arms

Let the fair know  
 As bright as her Face is  
 She's made for Embraces  
 With Creatures below

Advice from BACCHUS . The Words by MR BOWMAN .

He's an ASS that repines when his Mistrefs does Chide Let him

Laugh at her Frowns 'twill soon level her pride If she Vows  $\frac{y}{}$  she hates him to  
 lengthen his pain Let him swear that a Bottle shall cure her disdain let him  
 Swear let him swear that a Bottle shall cure her Disdain

Who would Cringe to a Woman or bow for a Kiss  
 When brisk Wine has more Charms than are found in a Miss  
 If a Slave he would be and his Freedom resign  
 Let him shun a Coy Mistrefs and Worship his Wine

## FLUTE

My Love was fickle once and Changing nor

e're would fet tie in my heart From Beauty still to

Beauty ranging In ev'ry face I found a Dart

Twas first a Charming shape enslav'd me  
 An Eye then gave the fatal stroke  
 Till by her Wit CORINNA fav'd me  
 And All my Former Fetters broke

But now along and lasting Anguish  
 For BELVIDERA I endure  
 Hourly I sigh and Hourly languish  
 Nor hope to find the wonted Cure

For here the false unconstant lover  
 After a Thousand \_\_\_\_\_ shown  
 Does new surprizing Charms discover  
 And finds Variety in one

*A Favourite Air by Mr Handel*

No no no more complain no no no more complain no no no

more complain no no no more complain I wear anothers Chain I

wear anothers chain in vain you Languish in vain in vain you Lan

guish you Languish no no no more complain no

no no more complain I wear anothers Chain in vain you Lan-guish no

no no more Complain no no no more Complain I wear anothers

Chain I wear anothers Chain

in vain you Languish in vain in

vain you Languish in vain you Languish

This is the fate of love this

is the fate of Love the Ioy of one shall prove shall prove shall

prove a nothers Anguish anothers An...guish No

## Set by MR BOYCE

not too fast

Would we attain the Happiest State that is design'd us here no

Joy a Rapture must create no Greif be-get def-parr No

Injury feirce An-ger raise no Honour tempt to pride no

vain Desires of Empty Praife must in the Soul a bide

No charms of Youth or Beauty move  
 The Constant settled Breast  
 Who leaves a Passage free to Love  
 Shall let in all the rest  
 In such a Breast soft peace will live  
 Where none of these abound  
 The greatest blest and heav'n can give  
 Or can on Earth be found

Set by M<sup>r</sup> D Fox

39

CUPID Since my Heart you've Wounded teach me  
to Ex-prefs my Flame As my Pafsion is Un-  
bounded make my Charmer Feel the fame

Tell dear CLOE how Uneasie  
Ev ry Night in Thought I Spend  
Rest forsaking Ever Bufie  
Ask her when my Cares shall End

She who's of fo Sweet a Nature  
Cannot fure the Love Despife  
Which she Raifes in a Creature  
By the Magick of her Eyes

A SONG to a favourite Minuet of MR HANDEL'S

BACCHUS one day gay-ly striding on his never failing

Tun Sneaking empty Pots deriding thus ad--

-drefs'd each Toaping Son Praise the jo-ys that.

.never vary and a dore the Liquid Shrine

All things noble gav and Airy are Perform'd by.

Generous Wine

Pristin Hero's Crown'd with Glory  
 Owe their noble rife to me  
 Poets wrote the flaming Story  
 Fir'd by my Divinity  
 If my Influence is wanting  
 Muficks charms but flowly move  
 Beauty too in vain lies panting  
 Till I fill the Swains with Love

If you crave eternal Pleasure  
 Mortals this way bend your eyes  
 From my ever flowing Treasure  
 Charming Scenes of blifs arife  
 Here's the Soothing balmy blessing  
 Sole dispeller of you pain  
 Gloomy Souls from care releasing  
 He who drinks not lives in Vain

FLUTE

The musical score for the Flute part consists of three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, including a trill. The second staff continues the melody with similar rhythmic patterns and includes a trill. The third staff concludes the piece with a final cadence and a repeat sign.

*Colin's Request Set to a Scotch Air*

The musical score for 'Colin's Request' is set to a Scotch Air. It features a treble clef, a common time signature (C), and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is characterized by a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "Help me Each Harmonious Grove gently Whisper all ye Trees". The score includes a bass line with a common time signature and a key signature of one sharp.

Tune Each warbling Throat to Love and cool each Mead with  
Softest Breeze Breath sweet Odours e-ery Flow'r all your Various  
Paintings show pleasing verdure grace each Bow'r a round let e'ery  
Blesing flow

Glide ye Lympid Brooks along.  
PH EBUS glance thy Mildeft Ray  
Murm ring Floods repeat my song  
And, tell what COLIN dare not fay

CELIA comes whose charming Air  
Fires with Love the rural Swains.  
'Tell a tell the Blooming. fair  
That COLIN dyes if she Disdains .

## FLUTE

As Thomas and Harry one Midsummer Day were coming from

Mowing and turning of Hay Young Lucy and Agnes a milking had

been two cleverer Lasses you seldom have seen They both were fresh

coulourd and tidy and tall had wit and good Nature and Money with

all Smart Tommy first spy'd them and said to his friend to

talk with these Milkmaids a While I in tend They

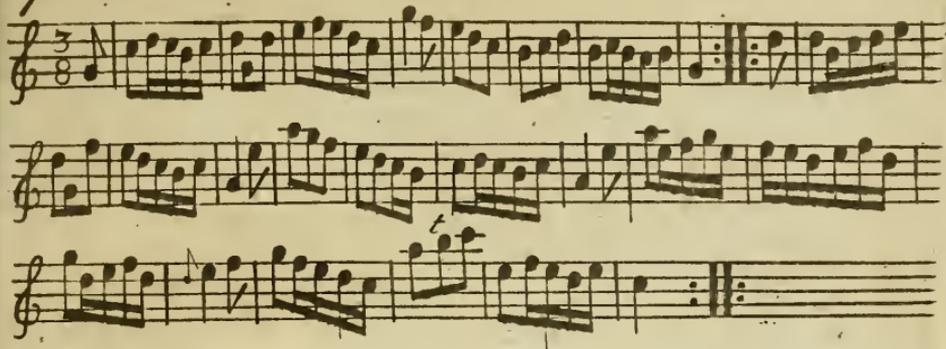
Poor Harry was Marry'd yet neverthelefs  
 No diflike he'd to Tommy's propofal exprefs  
 But walk'd with Spruce Lucy for more than a Mile  
 And lent her his hand to get over the Stile  
 While Lucy quite Charm'd with his Perfon and Talk  
 Neer felt her full Milk Pail nor tir'd with the Walk  
 But Tommy grew Spightfull and bid him forbear  
 Since who for a Man that was Married woud care

Says Agnes why prithee now let him alone  
 What need you Difpute when you each may have one  
 Theres Lucy who ne'er had a Pleafure as yet  
 In ought but meere Beauty I dote upon Wit  
 Which you've in abundance but as for your Form  
 'Tis fuch as can ne'er have for Lucy a Charm  
 His Height and Complection his Feature and Hair  
 Were made juft on purpofe her Heart to enfnare

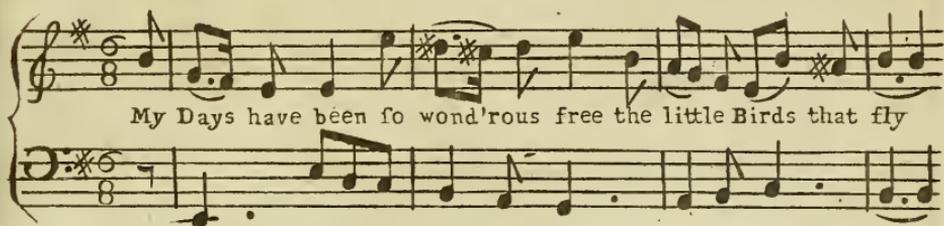
A Moment he Pau'd on what Agnes had faid  
 And found there was Reason and Senfe in the Maid  
 Then told her if Wedlock was what fhe approv'd  
 She quickly fhould find that he really lov'd  
 Tho before he for ever had made it his jeft  
 He now was in Earnest in what he profest  
 She Answer'd fhe thank'd him for what he defign'd  
 And wou'd fee a Month hence if he held the fame mind

But Harry the while with Conduct and Art  
 Had wound himfelf into poor Lucys foft Heart  
 That fhe cry'd to go from him and faid that again  
 She ne'er fhould be free from Affliction and Pain  
 And that fhe had loft all the Ioy of her Life  
 From the Moment fhe heard he was ty'd to a Wife  
 While Thomas with Agnes Walk'd chearfully on  
 And whifper'd that her Friend and his were undone

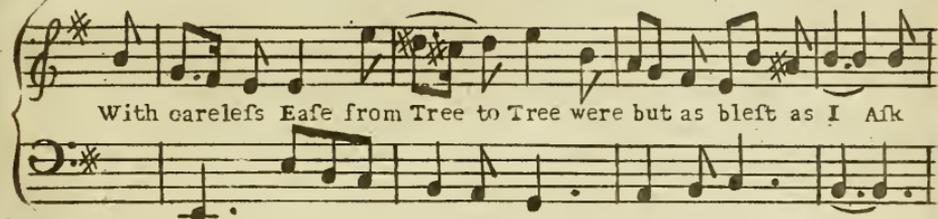
flute



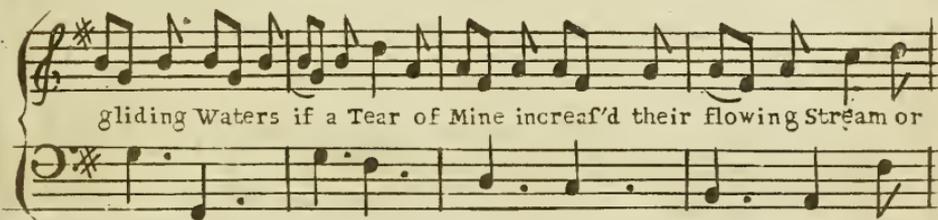
LOVE and INNOCENCE The Words by DR PARNELL



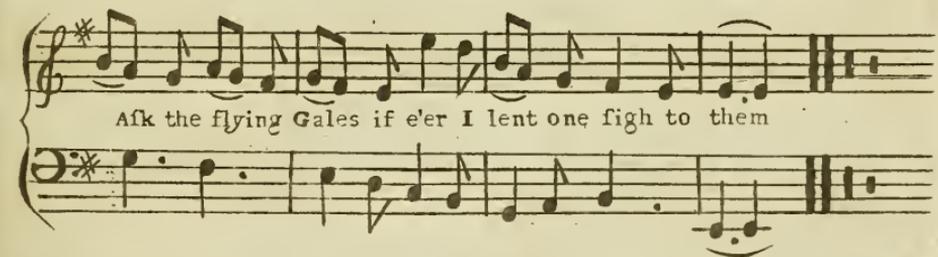
My Days have been so wond'rous free the little Birds that fly



With carelefs Ease from Tree to Tree were but as blest as I Ask



gliding Waters if a Tear of Mine increas'd their flowing Stream or



Ask the flying Gales if e'er I lent one sigh to them

But now my former Days retire,  
 And I'm by Beauty caught;  
 The tender Chains of sweet Desire,  
 Are fix'd upon my Thought.  
 An eager Hope within my Breast  
 Does ev'ry anxious Doubt controul,  
 And charming CELIA stands confest  
 The Fav'rite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twisted Pines,  
 Ye swains that haunt the Grove,  
 Ye gentle Ecchoes, Breezy Winds  
 Ye close Retreats of Love;  
 With all of Nature, all of Art,  
 Assist the soft and dear designs,  
 O teach a young unpractis'd Heart  
 To make fair Nancy mine

The very Thought of Change I hate,  
 As much as of Despair,  
 Nor ever covet to be great,  
 Unless it be for her.  
 'Tis true, the Passion in my Mind  
 Is mixt with a severe Distress,  
 Yet While the Fair I love is kind,  
 I cannot wish it Less

### FLUTE



## A SONG by an Eminent Master.

THOU only Charmer I ad-mire, My Hearts delight, my  
Soul's desire: Possessing Thee, I've greater store, Than  
were I Lord of In-dian Shore.

Were ev'ry other Woman free,  
And in the World no Man but me;  
I'd single Thee from all the rest,  
To sweeten life, and make me blest.

## FLUTE.

## Scornfu' NANCY.

There's NANSY'S to the Green Wood gane, To hear the Gowdspink chat-

ring, And WILLY'S follow'd her a lane To gain her Love by flat'ring:

But a' that he cou'd say or do, She snufft and snarled at him; And

ay when he be-gan to woo, She bad him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my Dad, quoth he,  
 My Minny or my Aunty?  
 With Crowdy-Mowdy they fed me,  
 Lang-kail and Ranty-tanty:  
 With Bannocks of good Barley-Meal,  
 Of thae there was right plenty,  
 With chapped Stocks fou butter'd well;  
 And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my Daddy was nae Laird,  
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty.  
 He keepit ay a good Kail-yard,  
 A Ha' Houfe and a Pantry:  
 A good blew Bonnet on his Head,  
 An Owrlay 'bout his Cragy;  
 And ay until the Day he died,  
 He rade on good Shanks Nagy.

Now wae and wander on your Snout.  
 Wad ye hae bonny NANSY?  
 Wad ye compare ye'r fel' to me,  
 A Docken till a Tanfie?  
 I have a Wooer of my ain,  
 They ca' him souple SANDY,  
 And well I wat his bonny Mou  
 Is sweet like Sugar-candy.

Wow NANSY, what needs a' this Din?  
 Do I not ken this SANDY?  
 I'm fure the chief of a' his Kin  
 Was RAB the Beggar randy:  
 His minny MEG upo' her Back  
 Bare baith him and his BILLY:  
 Will he compare a nasty Pack  
 To me your winfome WILLY?

My Gutcher left a good braid Sword,  
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,  
 Yet ye may tak it on my Word.  
 It is baith stout and trusty;  
 And if I can but get it drawn,  
 Which will be right uneasy,  
 I shall lay baith my Lugs in pawn,  
 That he shall get a Heezy.

Then NANSY turn'd her round about,  
 And said, did SANDY hear ye.  
 Ye wadna miss to get a Clout,  
 I ken he difna fear ye:  
 Sae had ye'r Tongue and say nae mair,  
 Set somewhere else your fancy:  
 For as lang's SANDY'S to the Fore,  
 You never shall get NANSY.

## Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

I see she Loves tho' Virgin Shame Denies her to Confess it!

Her Eyes, the Tell-tale God proclaim, While Blushes rise to

hide her Flame, And help her to Express it.

Her Heart obeys my guilty Pray'r,  
 No Maiden Pride can aid her;  
 She soon shall ease my wanton Care,  
 And then shall Honour guard the Fair?  
 When NATURE has betray'd her.

## FLUTE.

## A SONG by an Eminent Master.

'TIS thee I Love, I'll constant prove; You are the Charmer  
of my Heart. Heart: Dearest believe me, I'll ne'er de-  
cieve thee, From CLOE, bright CLO-E, I ne'er can part.

Be kind as Fair,  
Oh ben't severe,

But shew compassion on your Swain;  
You'll ne'er repent it.

No ne'er relent it.

Dear Creature, dear Creature, now ease my pain.

## FLUTE.

## The Adieu to the SPRING GARDENS at VAUX-HALL.

The Words by Mr. LOCKMAN<sup>tr</sup>

THE Sun now darts fainter his Ray, The Meadows no

longer in-vite; The Wood-Nymphs are all tript a-way, No

Verdure cheers sweetly the Sight. Then adieu to the pastoral

Scene. Where HARMONY charm'd with her Call: Where PLEASURE

pre-fi-ded as Queen; In <sup>e</sup> ec-cho-ing Shades of VAUX-HALL.

Such Transports a Soul ne'er enjoy'd,  
 When wafted to th' ELYSIAN Plains,  
 As those which my Senses employ'd,  
 Convey'd to VAUX HALL, by the THAMES.  
 Such Splendors illumin'd the Grove:  
 My Ears drank such rapturous Sound:  
 I seem'd in Inchantment to rove,  
 And Deities gliding around.

How sweet 'twas to sit in the Maze  
 Amid the bright Choirs of the Fair!  
 Their Glances diffus'd such a Blaze,

I thought BEAUTY's Goddess was there.  
 Not VENUS, whose Smiles breed Allarms,  
 And with vain Allurements destroy;  
 But BEAUTY, whose Bashfulness charms,  
 And which when possess'd gives true Joy.

The Maid to whom Honour is dear,  
 Uncensur'd might take off her Glass;  
 And stray among BEAUX without fear,  
 No Snake lurking there in the Grass.  
 In blisful ARCADIA of old,  
 Where Mirth, Wit, and Innocence joyn'd,  
 The Swains thus discreetly were bold,  
 The Nymphs were thus prudently kind.

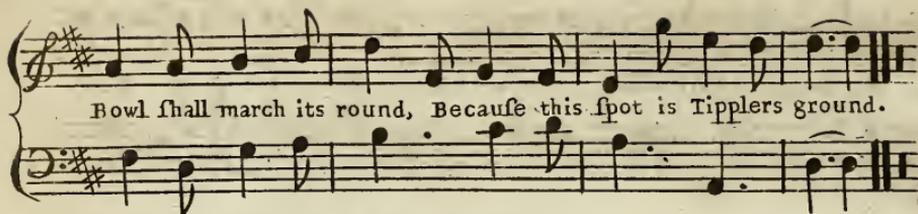
Old WINTER, with Isicles spread,  
 Will soon all his Horrors resume;  
 Those past, SPRING must lift her fair Head,  
 And Nature exult in fresh Bloom.  
 Thy Bowers, O VAUX-HALL, then shall rise,  
 In all the gay pride of the Field:  
 Thy Music shall sweetly Surprise;  
 To Thee, fam'd ELYSIUM shall yield.

## THE BACCHANALS.

The Words by Mr. JOHN LOCKMAN.

COME follow, follow me. All you that Tiplers be;

Come follow me your King, Then seated in a Ring, Swift the



When Mortals are at rest,  
 And snoring in their Nest,  
 Unheard and unespied,  
 The Nectar down does glide,  
 Till over Tables, Stools, and Shelves,  
 We tumble as gay as Fairy Elves.

And if the Punch be good,  
 Gives Spirits to the Blood,  
 We call Jack honest Blade,  
 And surely he is paid,  
 For e'ry Morn before we go,  
 Each tips him a Twelver, a Sice, or so.

But if the 'Rack be foul,  
 And will not chear the Soul,  
 Down Stairs we, clinging, creep,  
 And catch the Slave asleep:  
 There we bang his Arms and Thighs,  
 Bang them till he cannot rise.

Upon a Tun's round head,  
 Our Napkin fair is spread;  
 Neat's tongues, and such like Meat,  
 Is diet that we eat:  
 Then rich Wines, we smiling, drink,  
 In ebony Cups, fill'd to the brink.

All Westphalia-ham we spy,  
 We bring our Sovereign high.  
 Replete, we chaunt a-while,  
 And so the hours beguile;  
 Then when the Moon does hide her head,  
 We Tipplers reel away to bed.

But if, as along we pass,  
 Some sober grave-fac'd Afs,  
 Throws out his canting Talk,  
 We drub him — and on we walk.  
 So in the morning may be seen,  
 By our Exploits, where we have been.

The SUPPLIANT LOVER Set to Musick by Mr W<sup>m</sup> HODSON.

My Dearest CLOE, whom my Heart adores, let tender Pity Fill ..

Your Breast, Think, tis Your Faithfull STREPHON that Implores;

Then kindly Smile and make me Bleft;

2  
Your ev'ry Single Charm, my Soul Admires,  
Your Eyes those dazzling, Beams of Light;  
Eclipse the Stars more Pale and Lambent Fires;  
Whose Lustre is not Half so Bright,

3  
Your Heav'nly Features, gracefull Shape and mein,  
By far transcend the common Fair,  
And rather Seem to rival Beautyes Queen;  
Than with a Mortal's Charms Compare.

4  
Of Lasting Happiness I cannot Miss,  
When in Possession of Such Charms,  
Then let my Soul taste that Exultick Bliss,  
That's to be found within your Arms,

FLUTE

Your ev'ry Single Charm, my Soul Admires,  
Your Eyes those dazzling, Beams of Light;  
Eclipse the Stars more Pale and Lambent Fires;  
Whose Lustre is not Half so Bright,

Your Heav'nly Features, gracefull Shape and mein,  
By far transcend the common Fair,  
And rather Seem to rival Beautyes Queen;  
Than with a Mortal's Charms Compare.

Favourite Air by MR HANDEL

Adagio

O Cupid gentle Cupid in Pity ease my Pain and let a faithful

Lover a kind return obtain oh ease my Pain

Cupid gentle Cupid in Pity ease my Pain and let a faithful Lover

a kind return obtain a kind return obtain oh let a

faithful Lover a kind return obtain my

Grief's beyond enduring my Sorrow's past all curing my

Anguish but procuring more Hatred and Disdain my.

Anguish but procuring more Hatred and Disdain

DaCapo

## For the FLUTE

## The Country Girls Farewel,

Farewel ye Hills and Valleys; farewel ye verdant Shades; I'll  
 make more pleasant Sallies, To Plays and Masquerades with  
 Joy, for Town I barter, those Banks where Flowers grow, what are  
 Roses to a Garter? what Lillies to a Bear,

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is in common time (C) and features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are several asterisks (\*) and a double bar line with repeat dots at the end of the piece.

Farewel TOM, DICK, and HARRY,  
 Farewel MOLL, NELL, and SUE;  
 No longer must I tarry,  
 But bid you all Adieu,  
 For Time it will retire,  
 When amidst the Quality,  
 Where many a Knight and Squire,  
 Will gladly wait on me,

Farewel ye shady Bowers,  
 Where Lovers often meet,  
 And pass the silent Hours,  
 With melting Kisses Sweet,  
 Of all th Country Pleasures,  
 I'll take a long Adieu,  
 For I have no more Leisure,  
 To spend away with you,

Unfortunate CELIA by M<sup>r</sup> W<sup>m</sup> HODSON

2

Too often she Consults her Glaſs,  
 An like Narciffus Loves her face,  
 Pleas'd with a form, ſo fair ſo fine,  
 She thinks, ſhe muſt be all Divine,

3

Unfit for Man, ſhe man Diſdains,  
 Thus Pride deſtroys what Beauty gains,  
 O' may'ſt thou Live a maid, till Love  
 ſhall priſe thy Charms, and teach thee Love,

For the FLUTE

## Fi gar rub her o'er wi' Strae

And gin ye meet a bonny Lassie, Gie'er a Kiss, and let her gae, But

If ye meet a dirty Hussy, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae Be sure ye

dinna quat the Grip of ilka Joy, when ye are young, Before auld

Age your Vitals nip, And lay ye twa-fald o'er a Rung,

Sweet Youth's a blyth and hartsome Time,  
 Then Lads and Lasses while tis may,  
 Gae pu'r the Gowan in its Prime,  
 Before it wither and decay,  
 Watch the saft Minutes of Delyte,  
 When Ienny speaks beneath her Breath,  
 And Kisses, laying a' the Wyte,  
 On you, if she kepp ony Skaith.

Haith ye're ill bred, she'll smiling say,  
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy Rook,  
 Syne frae your Arms she'll rin away,  
 And hide her self in some dark Nook.

Her Laugh will lead you to the Place,  
Where lies the Happiness ye want,  
And plainly till you to your Face  
Nineteen Na-fays are half a Grant

Now to her heaving Bosom cling,  
And sweetly toolie for a Kiss,  
Frae her fair Finger whoop a Ring,  
As Taiken of a future Blifs,  
Thesè Bennifons, I'm very sure,  
Are of the Gods indulgent Grant,  
Then furly Carles, whilst, forbear,  
To plague us with your whining Cant,

For the FLUTE

The NUT-BROWN MAID The Words by M<sup>r</sup> GRIFFIN

And such, as proud  
 Of Gentile Blood,  
 He: humble Birth upbraid,  
 Their richest veins,  
 No Drop contains  
 Like that of the Nut-brown Maid,

The City Lads,  
 With Wainscot face,  
 By Parents made a Fool;  
 Is sent to Dance,  
 To read Romance,  
 And play the Romp at School;

Till careful Dad,  
 Provides a Lad,  
 By golden Hopes betray'd,  
 For Better, for Worse,  
 To take the Purse,  
 Instead of the Nut-brown Maid,

The Courty She,  
 Of High Degree,  
 Adorns her Breast and Head,  
 Perfumes and Paints,  
 Because she wants,  
 The natral White and Red.

But those that chuse,  
 Such Arts to use,  
 With all their costly Aid,  
 Shall never shew  
 A Cheek or Brow,  
 Like that of the Nut-brown Maid.

Try all Mankind,  
 And you shall find,  
 Tho' ne'er so Rich or Great,  
 The Gay the Grave,  
 The Young the Brave,  
 All love the soft Brunet,

Since none deny,  
 This Truth, then why,  
 Shou'd Love be disobey'd,  
 Why should not she,  
 A Countess be,  
 Tho' born but a Nut-brown Maid;

The Friendly Advice to BRUNETTA set by M<sup>r</sup> JAMES

OH Iye BRUNETTA cease those Sighs which hour by  
 Break your Peace; and Scorn the Swain who From youe  
 Flies, Or Comes to wound your Ease

Alas you now full Seven years,  
 Have drag'd Loves Slavish Chain,  
 yet no Redress Save briny teares,  
 To keep the PAPHIAN pain,

With courage face your favour'd foe,  
 And Set him at Defiance .  
 He braves your grief, adds to your woe,  
 And Laughs at kind Compliance ,

But fair One was you unconfind;  
 A happier fate you'd meet .  
 New Lovers Soon would Speak their Mind,  
 And fall Down at your feet,

## FLUTE

Set by M<sup>r</sup> GALLIARD .

Sym

Your

Follow but in vain my Love youll ne'r Obtain your whining and your

Pining does but raise my Iust disdain but raise my Iust disdain your

Follow but in vain my Love youl ne'r Obtain my Love youl ne'r Obtain

All your whining and y\_pining does but raise my Iust disdain but raise my

Just disdain

From

Vain deceit full Man my haart shall still by free None e'er with pride shall

Reign and Lord it over me and Lord it over me none ere with pride

Shall Reign none ere with pride shall Reign shall Re-ign and

Lord it over me and Lord it over me D.C.

A Song by M<sup>r</sup> JOHN ALLCOCK

When ere for each Other we feel Soft friendship our souls to possess

Love After doth easily steal but then where's y<sup>e</sup> Cure or Redress pro-

-posing our Hearts to be leive indifference those passions re move Ah.

Phillis our selves we deceive Life must End in Hatred or Love

FLUTE

The CONQUEST

Strephon a young unthinking Swain Swore by all the Powers a...

...love Woman Should Strive and Strive in Vain to too, raise his

Conquering Soul to Love

CLOE came Smiling on the green,  
 In vain was all her heavn of Charms,  
 Her blooming air and gracefull miên,  
 To gain admittance to his Arms,

But When Clorinda's Sparking Eyes,  
 Flam'd on the youth, he to her flew,  
 Stars Shall as Soon forsake the Skies,  
 As STREPHON happy STREPHON your,

JOVE Smild to See the Captive youth,  
 Such Periuries the Gods allow,  
 And cryd didst think to keep thy oath,  
 Twas more than JOVE himself cold do,

FLUTE

## The COUNTRY DELIGHT

A Country life is Sweet in Moderate cold or heat to walk in ..

The Air so pleasant and fair is every Field of Wheat The Goddess

Of Flowers adorning her Bowers and every Maid a Beau there

fore I say no Courtier may, tho neer so gay Compare with

They that follow the painfull Plow that follow the painfull .

Plow

We rise with the morning Lark,  
 And Labour till almost dark,  
 In turning the Soil we whistle and toil,  
 and often do stop to hark,  
 While Flowers are Springing,  
 To Birds who are Singing,  
 In every bush or bough,  
 With what Content and Merriment,  
 His days are Spent thats fully bent,  
 To follow the painfull plow To &c

The Country Lads repair,  
 To every Wake or Fair.  
 With SARAH and SUE KATE BRIDGET & PRU,  
 Each Loving and constant pair,  
 In seasons of Leisure,  
 Thus taking the pleasure,  
 Which Innocence allow,  
 The rural Train gangs over the plain,  
 Thro snow or Rain with Speed again,  
 To follow the painfull plow To &c

To all the Country Wakes,  
 The Shepherd his Shepherdess takes,  
 No sorrow nor Care does there e'er appear,  
 To sow'r their good Ale and Cakes,  
 When home they're returning,  
 With Garlands adorning,  
 Each Nymph does repay her Swain  
 With Mutual Love blest from above  
 Then Leave the Groves Where CUPID roves  
 To follow the painfull plow To &c

FLUTE

The musical score for the Flute part consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a 6/8 time signature, and a repeat sign. The melody is written in a simple, rhythmic style with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff continues the melody, featuring a repeat sign and some trill-like ornaments. The third staff concludes the piece with a final cadence and a repeat sign.

The SCOTCH LASS A New Song by MR BOWMAN

O the Lads of EDINBRO They are Elyth and Jolly Fine as

LAIRDS frae Tap to Toe Free frae Melancholy Had I one wi' me to

Lig I Would be Contented I'd nae Langer care a Feg what my Kin resented

WILLIE hes a Bonny Lad,  
 O, I wish he'd wed me,  
 He shaud ken Ise nae affraid,  
 When he gangs to bed me,  
 All night Lang Ise neer complain,  
 Tho he Jog'd me Sprightly,  
 But wauld buckle too anain,  
 When he meant to Slight me,

MITHER she a Wife has bin,  
 Fourteen Bearn's she weaned,  
 Time it is Ishaud begin,  
 Nature she sae meaned,  
 O Some Lad of EDINBRO,  
 Tauke me fore I'm fading,  
 If you Lag the faults on you,  
 That I Lig a Maiden,

FLUTE

## Words to a Favourite Minuet of Mr. HANDEL'S

WHY this talking still of dy - ing, Why this dismal look and groan;

Leave, fond Lover, leave your fighting; Let these fruitless arts a - lone.

Love's the child of joy and pleasure, Born of Beauty, nurs'd with Wit;

Much a - miss you take your measure, This dull whining way to

hit, This dull whining way to hit.

Tender Maids you fright from loving,  
 By th'effect they see in you;  
 If you would be truly moving,  
 Eagerly the point pursue:  
 Brisk and gay appear in wooing;  
 Pleasant be, if you wou'd please;  
 All this talking, and no doing,  
 Will not love, but hate, increase.

## The MODERN BEAU.

*The Words & Musick by Mr. Carey*

COME hither my Country 'Squire, Take friendly Instructions from

me: The Lords shall admire, Thy Taste in Attire, The Ladies shall

Languish for thee:                      Cho.                      Such Flaunting, Gallanting, and Jaun-

ting, Such frolicking thou shalt see, Thou ne'er like a Clown shalt quit

London's sweet Town                      To live in thine own Country.

A Skimming-Dish Hat provide,  
 With little more brim than Lace;  
 Nine Hairs on a Side,  
 To a Pigs Tail ty'd,  
 Will set off thy Jolly broad Face.  
 Such Flaunting, &c.

Go get thee a Footman's Frock,  
 A Cudgel quite up to thy Nose,  
 Then frizz like a Shock,  
 And Plaister thy Block,  
 And Buckle thy Shoes at the Toes.  
 Such Flaunting, &c.

A brace of Ladies fair,  
 To pleasure thee shall strive,  
 In a Chaise and Pair,  
 They shall take the Air,  
 And thou in the Box shalt drive.  
 Such Flaunting, &c.

Convert thy Acres to Cash,  
 And saw thy Timber down,  
 Who'd keep such Trash,  
 And not cut a Flash,  
 Or enjoy the Delights of the Town.  
 Such Flaunting, &c.

FLUTE.

The musical score for the Flute part consists of four staves of music in common time (C). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. It contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket at the end. The second staff continues the melody, also with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket, and includes a time signature change to 6/8. The third and fourth staves continue the piece, ending with a final double bar line and repeat sign.

## ADVICE to CELIA. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

Fie! CELIA, scorn the little Arts Which meaner Beauties  
use, Who think they can't secure our Hearts, Unless they  
still re\_fuse: Are coy, and shy, will seem to frown, To  
raise our Passions higher; But when the poor De-light is  
known, It quickly palls Desire.

Come, let's not trifle Time away,  
 Or stop you know not why;  
 Your Blushes and your Eyes betray  
 What Death you mean to die.  
 Let all your Maiden Fears be gone,  
 And Love no more be crost;  
 Ah, CELIA, when the Joys are known,  
 You'll curse the Minutes lost.

## Set by Mr. WILSON.

Andante

To thee, Oh gentle Sleep, alone, Is owing all our  
Peace; By thee, our Joys are heighten'd shown, By  
thee our Sorrows cease.

The Nymph, whose hand, by Fraud or Force,  
Some Tyrant has possess'd;  
By thee, obtaining a Divorce,  
In her own Choice is blest.

Oh stay, ARPASIA bids thee stay,  
The sadly weeping Fair,  
Conjures thee not to lose in Day,  
The Object of her Care.

To grasp whose pleasing form she sought;  
That Motion chas'd her sleep:  
Thus, by our selves are oftent' wrought,  
The Griefs for which we weep.

FLUTE.

Andante

Set by Mr. LAMPE.

DID ever Lover thus compel His Mistress to a-dore him, Was ever Lover

arm'd so well, With Pistols, cock'd before him; But you, perhaps, ne'er

thought of Love, and only meant to plunder, So judg'd<sup>e</sup> surest way to move, Was

to declare in Thunder, in Thunder, Was to declare in Thunder.

## FLUTE.

## TO CLOE. Set by Mr. PURCELL.

WHAT is Power, what a Crown, If for them I quit thy

4 3  
2 8

4 3  
2 8

6

Charms, What is Honour, or Renown, What's a Kingdom

to thy Arms. Crowns, successive ills attending, Give e-

4. \* 6 6 5 6 6 5 8  
4 3 4 #

ternal Care and Pain, In thy Arms Joys never ending

6 6 5  
5 4 #

There a lone let STREPHON Reign.

tr

3

4

## FLUTE

2  
4

tr



## A Song by MR SAM'S

IN person so pretty in converse most witty, between Court and  
 Citty, her equals are few, Genteel in Addressing, good Nature Pos-  
 sising, and what's more a Blessing to honour is true,

Grandeur despising,  
 By Philosophising,  
 On the Evils arising,  
 From such Splendid woe,  
 In temper ever Easy,  
 Her wit's not to teaze ye,  
 But ever to Please ye,  
 With Quelque chose Nouveaux.

## FLUTE

The MAIDS Request Set by M<sup>rs</sup> SAM'S.

Wou'd Kind fate bestow a Lover He alone my Vows Should gain

In whose Soul I might discover Nothing gaudy Nothing - Vain,

Virtue mix'd with constant Passion, in his honest breast should shine,

Free from Pride and Ostentation Noble blameless and Divine,

Flowing Sense and manly Graces,  
 Shou'd enrich his Soaring mind,  
 Still dispising what e'er base is,  
 Ever faithfull ever kind,  
 Wisdom by discretion guided,  
 Joynd to Iudgment Sound and true,  
 From his Noble heart divided,  
 What's unworthy to pursue.

Always cheerfull pleasant Airy,  
 Even temper'd soft and Gay,  
 Never falsly prone to vary,  
 Or from Reason's dictates Stray,  
 Nothing haughty base or Cruel,  
 Shou'd his Spotless glory Stain,  
 Nought but honours Sacred fael,  
 In my heroes breasts shou'd reign,

## FLUTE

## CORYDON'S COMPLAINT to a SCOTCH Air,

As Love-sick Co-ry-don beside A murm-ring Riv'let lay, Thus plain'd

He his Cof me lia's Pride, And, plaining, dy'd a...way, Fair

Stream, said he, when e'er you pour Your Treasure in the Sea To

Sea Nymphs tell what I endure Perhaps the'll pi...ty me,

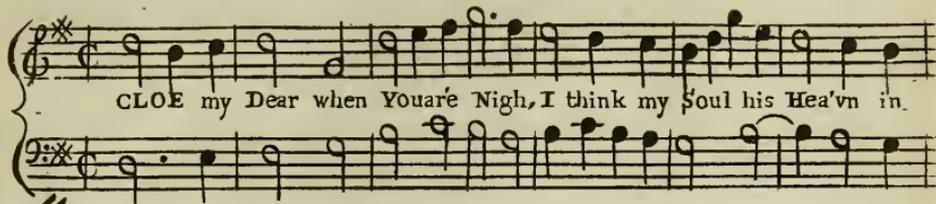
And, sitting on the cliffy Rocks,  
 In melting Songs, express,  
 While as they comb their golden Locks,  
 To Trav'lers my Distress,  
 Say, Corydon, an honest Swain,  
 The fair Cosmelia lov'd,  
 While she, with undeserv'd Disdain,  
 His constant Torture prov'd,

Ne'er Shepherd lov'd a Shepherdess,  
 More faithfully than he,  
 Ne'er Shepherd yet regarded less,  
 Of Shepherdess could be.  
 How oft to Vallies, and to Hills,  
 Did He, alas! complain!  
 How oft re'echo'd they his Ills,  
 And seem'd to share his Pain!

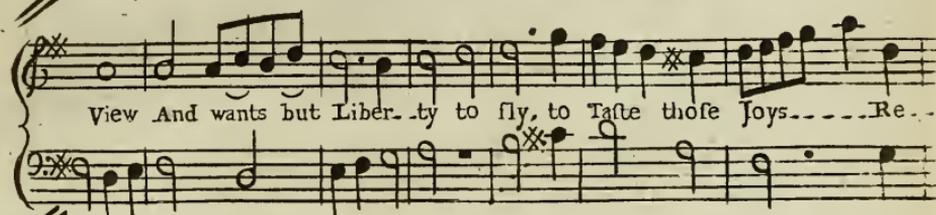
How oft, on Banks of stately Trees,  
 And on the tufted Greens,  
 Ingrav'd he Tales of his Disease,  
 And what his Soul sustains;  
 Yet fruitless all his Sorrows prov'd,  
 And fruitless all his Art!  
 She scorn'd the more, the more he lov'd,  
 And broke, at last, his Heart.

For the FLUTE

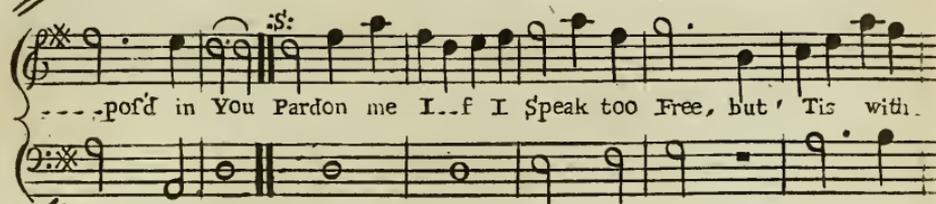


A Song, Set by M<sup>r</sup> D-Fox,


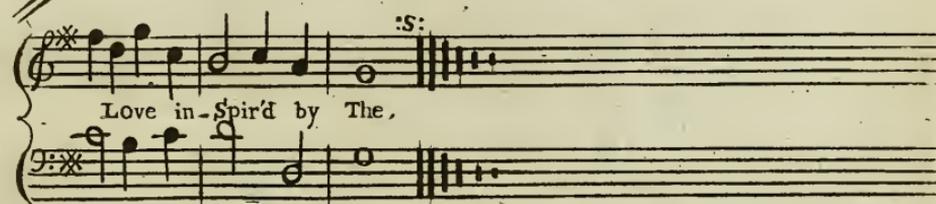
CLOE my Dear when Youare Nigh, I think my Soul his Hea'vn in.



View And wants but Liber. ty to fly, to Taste those Joys. . . . Re.



...pof'd in You Pardon me I. . . f I Speak too Free, but ' Tis with.



Love in- Spir'd by The,

Oh that I might for Ever Gaze ,  
 On that Celestial form of Thine ,  
 And on that Sweet Enchanting face  
 Which has Enslav'd this Heart of mine  
 :\$: But that's a Term Which I no more  
 Must use Since Tis within Your Pow'r :\$:

Woud you but with Sincerely  
 Repeat those words You'ye Spoke in Iest  
 Then Might I without Vanyly  
 Account my Self Compleatly Blest  
 :\$: I ne'er woud Range but Rest each Night  
 Within thy Arms in Sweet Delight :\$:

## The British Muses an ODE.

AS the Delian God, to fam'd Hêlicon, from Heaven's high  
 Court Descended down, there the Tunefull Muses Playing be  
 Found, a Sonata divinely rare, when Thalia touch't the  
 Charming Flute, Erratô strook the warbling Lute, and  
 CLIO'S trebble Joyning too't, made the Harmony Beyond  
 Compare, then EUTERPE'S full Bass, the Sweet Confort did

The musical score consists of eight systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are printed below the treble staff of each system. The notation includes various note values, rests, and phrasing slurs. The piece concludes with a double bar line in the final system.

Raise, and with Pleasure each Sense alarm'd, er'y

Note was enjoy'd, er'y hand was employ'd with Sounds

Of Joy the Flowry valleys rung, APOLLO gaz'd and

Silent was his tongue but when his dear CALLIOPE Sung,

Ah then the GOD was Charm'd

## The EXTREAMS A Song Set by MR SAM'S,

Slow

WHEN e'er I'm absent from my fair, ye Gods what Torments,

rend my Breast, I pine, I Languish and despair, nor ought can

Faster  
Sooth my woes to rest; But soon as Gentle Cupid brings our

Arms to Twine, our Lips to Kifs, My Soul, trans Ported,

Plumes her wings, and flys...and flys...and flys to Seats of

heavy nly Blifs,

## The Highland Laddie ,

O My bonny bonny Highland Laddie, O my bonny bonny  
 Highland Laddie, when I was Sick and Like to die, he  
 Row'd me in his Highland Plaidy ,

The Lawland Lads think they are fine,  
 But O they're vain and idly gawdy,  
 How much unlike that gracefu' Mien,  
 And manly Looks of my Highland Laddie,  
 O my bonny, &c ,

If I were free at Will to chufe,  
 To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady,  
 I'd take young Donald without Trews,  
 With Bonnet blew, and belted Plaidy,  
 O my bonny, &c ,

The Brawest Beau in Borrows-town,  
 In a' his Airts, with Art made ready,  
 Compar'd to him, he's but a Clown,  
 He's finer far in's tartan Plaidy,  
 O my bonny, &c ,

O'er benty Hill with him I'll run,  
 And leave my Lawland Kin and Dady,  
 Frae Winter's Cauld, and Summers Sun,  
 He'll screen me with his Highland Plaidy,  
 O my bonny, &c ,

A painted Room, and filken Bed,  
 May please a Lawland Laird and Lady,  
 But I can kifs, and be as glad,  
 Behind a Bush in's Highland Plaidy,  
 O my bonny, &c,

Few Compliments between us pass,  
 I'ca him my dear Highland Laddie,  
 And he ca's me his Lawland Lass,  
 Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy,  
 O my bonny, &c,

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,  
 Than that his Love prove true and steady,  
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,  
 While Heaven preserves my Highland Laddie,

O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,  
 O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,  
 When I was sick and like to die,  
 He row'd me in his Highland Plaidy,

A Song Set by MR ABIEL WHICHELLO

WHAT is there in this foolish Life, for which we vainly hope,

That Mortal Wights can call their own, Riches are on a sudden flown,

And ev'n our Wives e'lope,

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system is in 3/4 time and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second system is in 3/4 time and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The third system is in 3/4 time and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

We cannot find that fought-for Stone,  
 Nor yet Life's grand Elixir,  
 Beauty is frail, and as for Fame,  
 She's grown so slippery a Dame,  
 No Soul on Earth can fix her,

Health is unwilling long to stay,  
 And Quacks themselves grow sick;  
 Honours but small Distinctions make,  
 What Odds, when Footmen drink and rake,  
 And Nobles run a-tick;

Some tell you, wise and virtuous Souls,  
 Have th' only certain Good;  
 But, spite of Philosopnick Rules,  
 Old Age and Croffes make us Fools,  
 Temptations make us lewd,

Nay when thou see'st the blushing Wine,  
 Red sparkling in thy Hand,  
 Thou'lt think, at least, this Liquor's mine,  
 Though all the envious Powers combine,  
 Yet this I dare command,

But all a thousand Things fall out,  
 Betwixt the Lip and Cup,  
 With Caution put the Glass about,  
 The coming Pledge hangs still in doubt,  
 Till you have drank it up.

But when delicious through the Throat,  
 We feel the Stream run down,  
 We've found the mighty Thing we sought,  
 That's Ours indeed that that dear Draught,  
 We iustly call Our own.

## A Song Set by MR SAMS

PHILLIS I can ne're forgive it, nor, I think, Shall e're out live it,

Thus you treat me so Severly, who have always Lov'd Sincerely; Damon

You so fondly Cherish, whilst poor I alas, may perish; I that lov'd, which

He did never me you Slight and him you favour

## For The FLUTE

A Touch on the Times . by M<sup>r</sup> H . CAREY .

A Merry Land by this Light we laugh at our own undoing And

labour with all our Might for Slavery and Ruin new

Factions we daily raise new Maxims were ever instilling and

him that to Day we praise To Morrows a Rogue and a Villain

2

The cunning Politician  
 Whose aim is to Gull the People  
 Begins his Cant of Sedition  
 With Folks have a Care of the Steeple  
 The Populace this alarms  
 They bluffer they Bounce and they Vapour  
 The Nations up in Arms  
 And the Devil begins to caper

The Statesmen rail at each other,  
 And tickle the Mob with a Story,  
 They make a most damnable Pother,  
 Of National Int'rest and Glory,  
 Their Hearts they are Bitter 'as Gall,  
 Tho' their Tongues are sweeter then Honey,  
 They don't care a Figg for us all,  
 But only to finger our Money,

If my Friend be an Honest Lad  
 I never ask his Religion  
 Distinctions make us all mad  
 And ought to be had in Derision  
 They christen us **TORIES** and **WHIGS**  
 When the best of 'em both is an Evil  
 But we'll be no Party Prigs  
 Let such Godfathers go to the D-1

Too long have they had their Ends  
 In setting us one against t'other  
 And sowing such strife among Friends  
 That Brother hated Brother  
 But we'll for the future be wife  
 Grow sociable honest and Hearty  
 We'll all their Arts despise  
 And laugh at the Name of a Party

*Flute*

The musical score is written for a flute and consists of four staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The music is a single melodic line with various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The score ends with a double bar line on the fourth staff.

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Sung in the Comedy call'd The WIFE, of BATH The Words by  
MR. GAY.

There was an a Swain full fair, was tripping it over the

Grafs, And there he spy'd, with her Nut-brown Hair A pretty tight

Country Lafs. Fair Damfel, says he, With an Air brisk and free, Come,

let us each o-ther know: She blush'd in his Face, And reply'd with

a Grace, Pray forbear, Sir, Pray forbear, Sir, No, no, no, no, no, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

The Lad being Bolder Grown  
 Endeavour'd to Steal a Kifs  
 She Cry'd Pish let me alone  
 But held up her Nose for the Blifs  
 And when he begun  
 She wou'd never have done  
 But unto his Lips she did grow  
 Near smother'd to Death  
 Afoon as shed Breath  
 She Stammer'd out No, no, no, no, &c.

Come come fays he pretty Maid  
 Lets Walk to yon private Grove  
**CUPID** always delights in the cooling Shade  
 There I'll read thee a Lesson of Love:  
 She mends her Pace  
 And hastes to the Place  
 But if her Lecture you'd Know  
 Let a Bashful young Muse  
 Plead the Maiden's Excuse  
 And answer you No, no, no, no, &c.

FLUTE

## A Hunting Song by Mr. CAREY.

AWAY, away, we've Crown'd the Day, we've Crown'd the Day, a-

way, away, we've Crown'd the Day, The Hounds are waiting for their Prey.

The Huntsman's call invites ye all, the Huntsman's call invites ye all, Come

in, come in Boys, while you may, come in, come in Boys, while you may.

The jolly Horn, the Rosie Morn, the Rosie Morn,  
 The jolly Horn, the Rosie Morn, with Harmony of deep mouth'd Hounds,  
 These, these my Boys, are Heavenly joys,  
 These, these my Boys, are Heavenly joys,  
 Come in, come in Boys, while you may, come in &c.

The Horn shall be the Husband's fee, the Husband's fee,  
 The Horn shall be the Husband's fee, and let him take it not in scorn,  
 The Brave and Sage, in ev'ry Age,  
 The Brave and Sage, in ev'ry Age,  
 Have not disdain'd to wear the Horn, have not &c.