



*Wanderbank tu!*

*J. V. Guhl Sc.*

THE MUSICAL  
MISCELLANY;  
*Being a* COLLECTION of  
CHOICE SONGS,  
AND  
LYRICK POEMS:

*With the* BASSES to each TUNE, and  
*Transpos'd* for the FLUTE.

By the most Eminent MASTERS.

---

MUSICK's the Cordial of a troubled Breast,  
The softest Remedy that Grief can find;  
The gentle Spell that charms our Cares to rest,  
And calms the ruffling Passions of the Mind.

---

VOLUME *the* THIRD.

---

L O N D O N:

*Printed by and for* JOHN WATTS, at the Printing-  
Office in Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

---

M DCC XXX.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE candid Reception which the Publick gave the Two former Volumes of this MISCELLANY, has encourag'd the Publication of a Third and Fourth; in which, as a farther Embellishment to the Work, and to make it more Useful, the BASSES are added; and great Care has been taken to print both the Words and the Musick Correct.

I take this Opportunity to return my Thanks to those GENTLEMEN and LADIES who have been pleas'd to favour me with their Compositions, by which ('tis hop'd) all LOVERS OF MUSICK will be very agreeably Entertain'd.

# ADVERTISEMENT.

*Since the Close of these Volumes  
several New PIECES have been  
receiv'd, which shall be inserted in  
a future Volume; wherein the As-  
sistance of all Gentlemen and La-  
dies, who are willing to encou-  
rage so Entertaining a Design, is  
desir'd by*

Their Humble Servant,

Aug. 19,  
1729.

The PUBLISHER.





A  
T A B L E  
O F T H E  
S O N G S.

---

A.

The Tune by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*Ab, Chloris ! could I now but sit* Pag. 154

The Words by a Person of QUALITY.

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*Ab, cruel Beauty ! could you prove* 84

The SILENT FLUTE. To the Tune of SALLY.

*As Damon late with Cloe sat* 94

Blink over the BURN, sweet BETTY.

*As gentle Turtle Doves* 65

SHE WOU'D, and SHE WOU'D NOT.

Set by Mr. RAMONDON.

*As I beneath a Myrtle Shade lay musing* 88

CUPID AWAKED. Translated from Monsieur

DE LA MOTTE, by Mr. W. DUNCOMBE.

The Tune by Mr. WEBBER.

*As in a Grove I lately stray'd* I

A 4

CHARM-

# T A B L E of the S O N G S.

## CHARMING CHLORIS.

*Ask not the Cause why fuller Spring* Pag. 198

## SPARABELLA'S COMPLAINT.

*As Sparabella pensive lay* 188

## SYLVIA and SYLVANDER. Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*As Sylvia in a Forest lay* 161

## The QUEEN OF MAY. By Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD.

*At a May-Pole down in Kent* 192

## The Tune by Mr. HOLMES.

*At length, my cruel Fair, give o'er* 28

---

## B.

## BELINDA. By J. D. Esq;

*Belinda's blest with ev'ry Grace* 2

## AN ODE OF SAPPHO. Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*Blest as th' Immortal Gods is he* 129

## LOVE is the Cause of my Mourning.

*By a murmuring Stream a fair Shepherdess lay* 42

---

## C.

## The SLIGHTED SWAIN. By Mr. A. BRADLEY.

*Cloe proves false but still she is charming* 120

## The MASQUERADE GARLAND.

*Come all ye Sons of Adam* 145

The

# T A B L E of the S O N G S.

The R E T R E A T. By Mr. D A R T.  
Set by Mr. H O L M E S.

*Come Delia, come, let's shun the Heat* Pag. 26

The C O U R T of E N G L A N D : Or, the Preparation  
for the Happy C O R O N A T I O N of K I N G  
W I L L I A M and Q U E E N M A R Y.

*Come Gallants, let's tender* 35

A Y O R K S H I R E T A L E.

*Come hither, good People, both Aged and Young* 75

The F R E E M A S O N ' S H E A L T H.

*Come let us prepare, we Brothers, &c.* 72

The I N V I T A T I O N. Set by Mr. J. S H E E L E S.

*Come, my Lovers, come, come away* 4

Sung in J U P I T E R and E U R O P A.

*Come, Neighbours, now we've made our Hay* 100

The V A N I T Y of L I F E. Set by Mr. J. S H E E L E S.

*Cruel Stars, your Rage we find* 22

Sung by Mrs. C H A M B E R S in the E N T E R T A I N M E N T  
of H A R L E Q U I N D O C T O R F A U S T U S.

*Cupid, God of pleasing Anguish* 148

---

## E.

The Tune by Mr. R A V E N S C R O F T.

*Ere the Use of Words I knew* 114

A H E A L T H to all H O N E S T M E N.

*Ev'ry Man take his Glass in his Hand* 142

P A S T O -

# T A B L E of the S O N G S.

## F.

PASTORAL. By Mr. CAREY.

*Flocks are sporting, Doves are courting* Pag. 23

The CAUTION. Set by Mr. RAVENSCROFT.

*Foolish Women, fly Men's Charms* 113

---

## G.

A SIGH. Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*Gentle Air, thou Breath of Lovers* 138

The EARL'S DEFEAT. To the Tune of  
CHEVY-CHASE.

*God prosper long from being broke* 50

Sent to a LADY in a Pair of GLOVES.  
Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*Go, Virgin Kid, with lambent Kiss* 152

---

## H.

By Mr. BAKER.

*Had I the World at my Command* 8

The Words by Dr. STUKELEY.  
Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*Hail, Janus! who shut'st out the sliding Year* 164

On a LADY'S BIRTH-DAY.  
Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

*Haste, Shepherds, haste, and come away* 12

On



# T A B L E of the S O N G S.

The HAPPY BEGGARS. Sung in the OPERA,  
call'd, The BEGGAR'S WEDDING.

*How blest are Beggars Lasses* 122

A COMPLAINT against CUPID.

*How smoothly the Minutes, dear Celadon, flow* 156

---

## I.

TO APOLLO making LOVE. By Mr. TICKELL.  
Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*I am cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd* 116

The DYER OF ROAN.

*In good King Lewis's Land* 60

The WHEEDLER. By the Honourable Sir W. Y.  
Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

*In vain, dear Cloe, you suggest* 33

---

## L.

*Lovely Groves young Strephon chusing* 150

WOMAN'S HONOUR.

Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELO.

*Love bid me hope, and I obey'd* 10

LOVELY CELIA. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

*Lovely Celia, fair Destroyer* 180

The

# TABLE of the SONGS.

## M.

The RESISTLESS CHARMER. By Mr.  
W. BEDINGFIELD. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

*My easy Heart, with single Dart* Pag. 132

---

## O.

The BASHEUL MAID.

*Once I lov'd a charming Creature* 127

MARIAN'S COMPLAINT.

*One April Evening, when the Sun* 106

The Tune by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*On the Bank of a River, close under the Shade* 118

---

## P.

The LASS OF LIVINGSTONE.

*Pain'd with her slighting Jamie's Love* 16

The Tune by Mr. A. BRADLEY.

*Phillis, we don't grieve that Nature* 170

---

## S.

CELIA Sighing. By Mr. A. BRADLEY.

*Sigh no more, my lovely Celia* 169

LOVE'S OCULIST. By Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD.  
Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

*Soft, engaging, mild and fair* 140

The

T A B L E of the S O N G S.

The RETIREMENT.

By Mr. W. DUNCOMBE.

*Sylvia, in these sequester'd Scenes*

Pag. 130

---

T.

The FOND LCVER.

*The Bird, that hears her Nestlings cry* 136

The YOUNG LASS contra AULD MAN.

*The Carle he came o'er the Craft* 110

Auld ROB MORRIS.

*There's old Rob Morris that wins in yon Glen* 174

The SHEPHERD'S ADDRESS to CYNTHIA.

By Mr. MANLOCK.

*The Sun had just withdrawn his Fires* 195

The SIEGE. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

*'Tis now since I sat down before* 17

On a LADY throwing SNOW-BALLS.

Set by Mr. WEBBER.

*To the bleak Winds, on barren Sands* 177

Written by N. ROWE, Esq; in his

LADY'S ILLNESS.

*To the Brook and the Willow* 185

An INVITATION into the COUNTRY. To the

Tune of--- To all you Ladies now at Land.

*To you, fair Ladies, now in Town* 90

My APRON, DEARY.

*'Twas forth in a Morning, a Morning of May* 74

JOHN

# T A B L E of the S O N G S.

JOHN and SUSAN.

*'Twas in the Land of Cyder*

Pag. 47

---

## W.

The POWER OF LOVE. From Mr. CIBBER'S  
PASTORAL call'd LOVE in a RIDDLE.  
The Tune by Mr. BRAILSFORD.

*What Woman cou'd do, I have try'd to be free* 30

### BRIGHT AURELIA.

*When bright Aurelia trip'd the Plain* 97

### The ARTIFICE.

*When Cloe we ply* 81

The RAPTURE. To a favourite MINUET  
of Mr. HANDEL'S.

*When I survey Clatinda's Charms* 166

### The BITER BIT

*When Strephon to Cloe made Love his Pretence* 70

### NANNY-O.

*While some for Pleasure pawn their Health* 126

On the DEATH of LORA, a LADY'S PARROT.  
By Mr. BAKER.

*While Tears o'erflow bright Anna's Eyes* 6

The Tune by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*Why, cruel Creature, why so bent* 86

To a LADY more Cruel than Fair. By a Person of  
QUALITY. Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

*Why do you with Disdain refuse* 134

The

T A B L E of the S O N G S.

The MODISH LOVER. By Mr. BAKER.

*With down-cast Eyes, and folded Arms*

Pag. 15

---

Y.

The Words by Mr. WILKS. Set by Mr. CAREY.

*Young Philoret and Celia met*

68

---

Z.

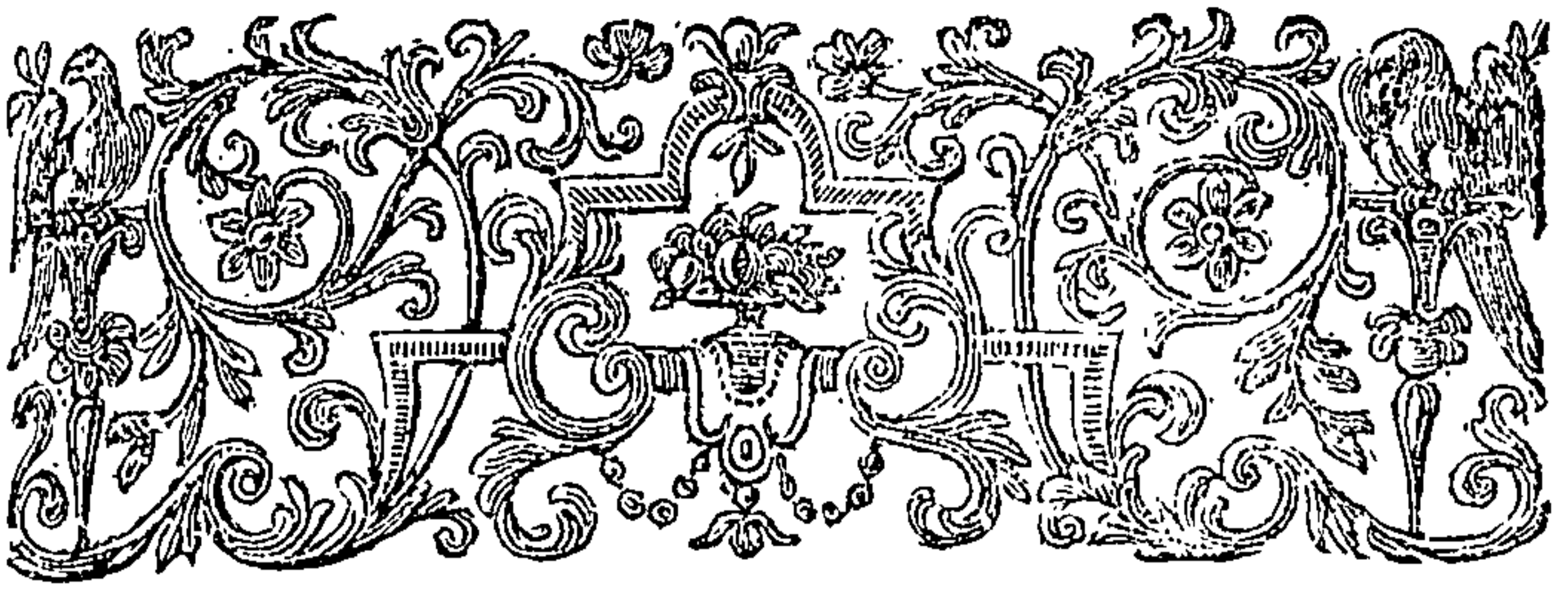
From the ITALIAN OPERA OF PHEARNACES.

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*Zephyr, who with Spring returning*

104





# The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

## C U P I D A W A K E D.

*Translated from Monsieur De la Motte, by Mr. W. DUNCOMBE.*

*The Tune by Mr. WEBBER.*

As in a Grove I late---ly stray'd, And free from

Cares did i---dly rove, A Boy lay sleep---ing

in the Shade, It was the dreadful God of Love!

*The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY:

Lur'd by his Charms I nearer drew;  
 And saw of that disdainful Maid,  
 Whom I had vow'd no more to wooe,  
 The dear deluding Form display'd!

Her ruby Lips and graceful Mein  
 The Urchin wore. In vain I strove,  
 I sigh'd; he started from the Green:  
 The slightest Thing will Waken *Love*:

Strait seizing his revengeful Bow,  
 And taking out a chosen Dart,  
 He meditates a fatal Blow;  
 And, as he fled, transfix'd my Heart.

Return to *Sylvia*, foolish Swain,  
 And languish at her Feet, said he;  
 You shall her Captive still remain,  
 For having dar'd to waken me!

*B E L I N D A.*

By *J. D.* Esq;

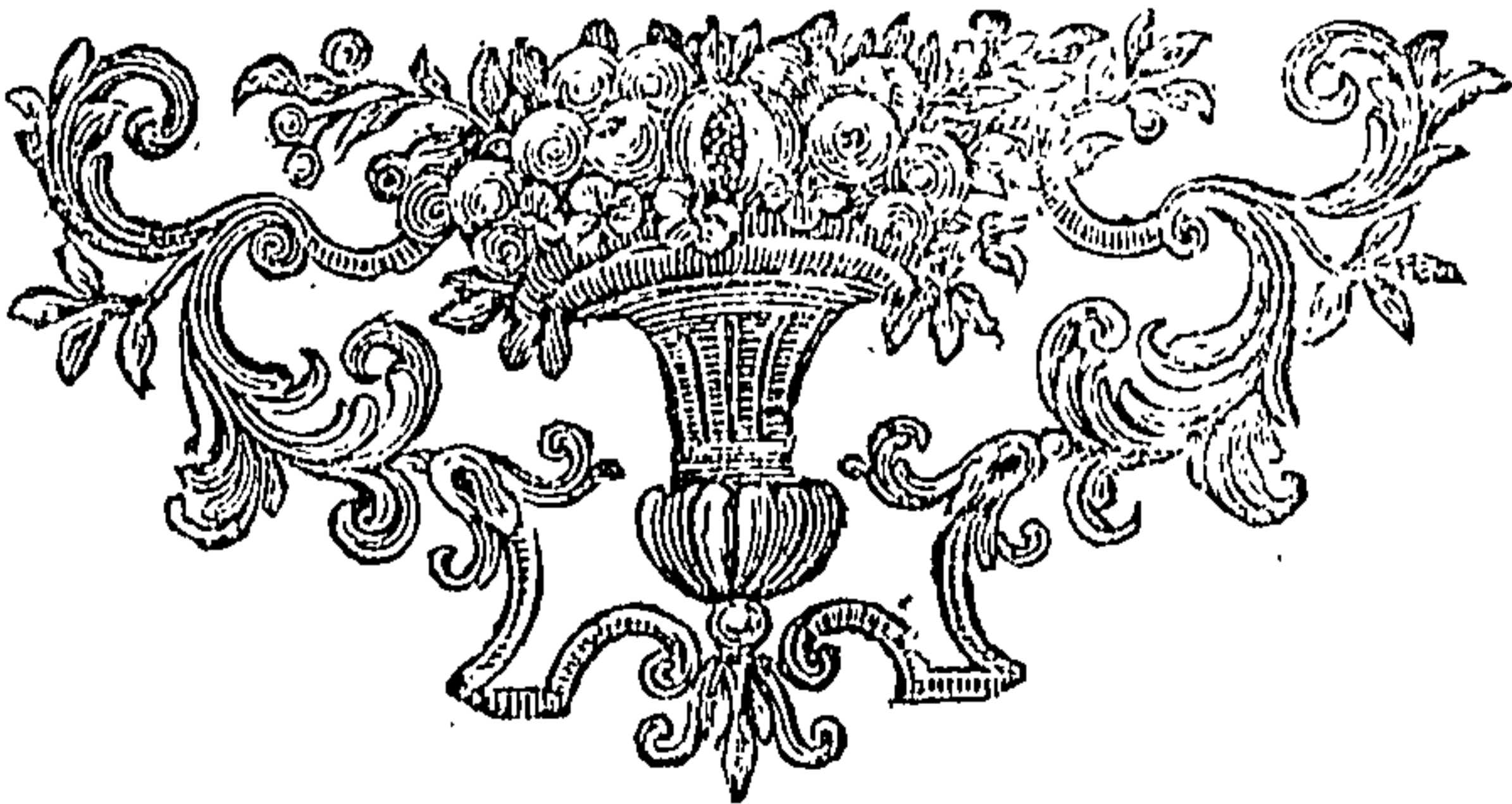
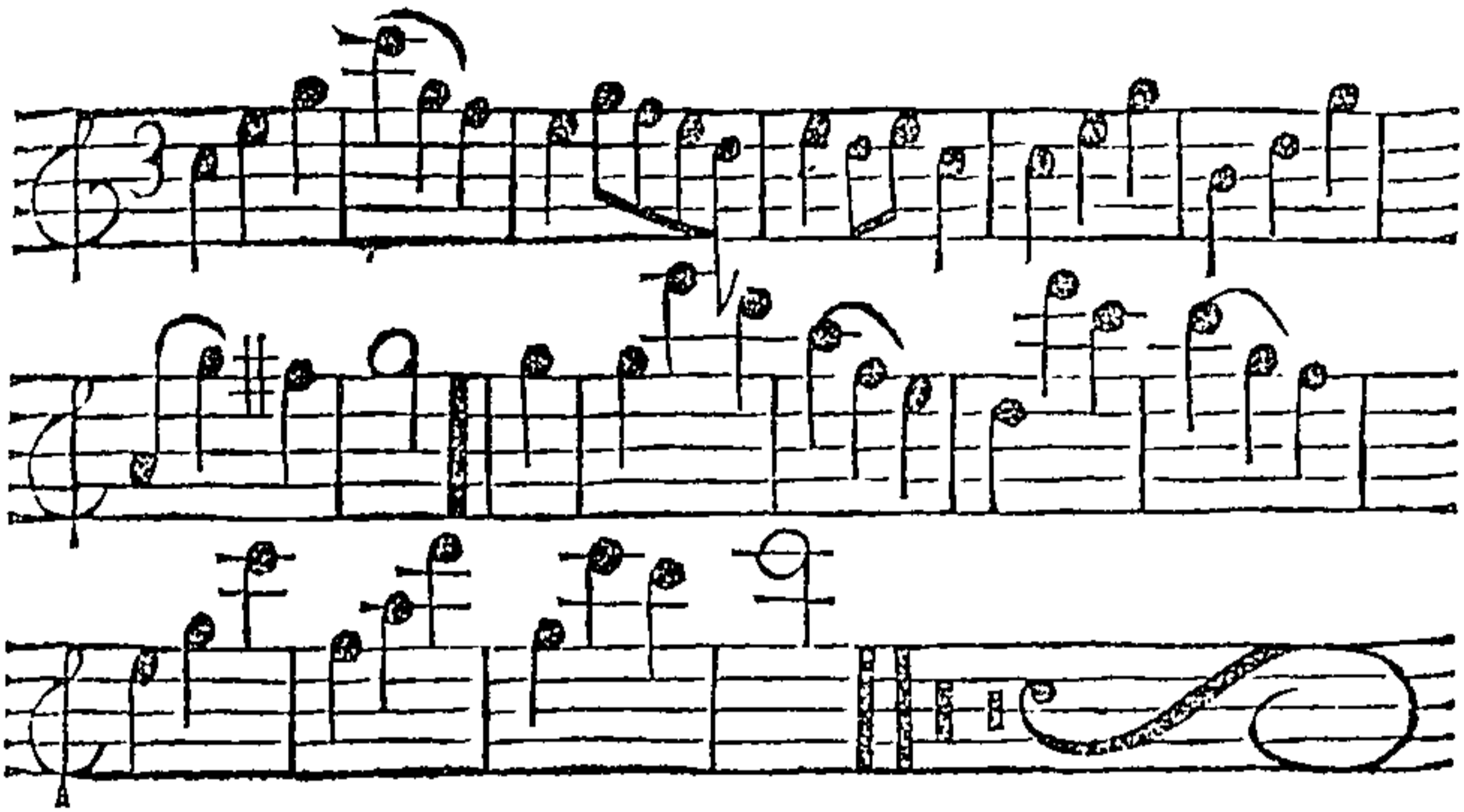
*To the foregoing Tune.*

**B***Elinda's* blest with ev'ry Grace;  
 See! Beauty triumphs in her Face:  
 Her Charms such lively Rays display,  
 They kindle Darknefs into Day!

When

When she appears, all Sorrow flies,  
And Gladness sparkles in our Eyes:  
Around her wait the flutt'ring *Loves*,  
When Graceful in the Dance she moves.

*For the* FLUTE.





## The INVITATION.


Set by Mr. J. SHEELER.




Come, my Lovers, come, come a--way; come,





come away; Let's take our Plea— — — — — sures

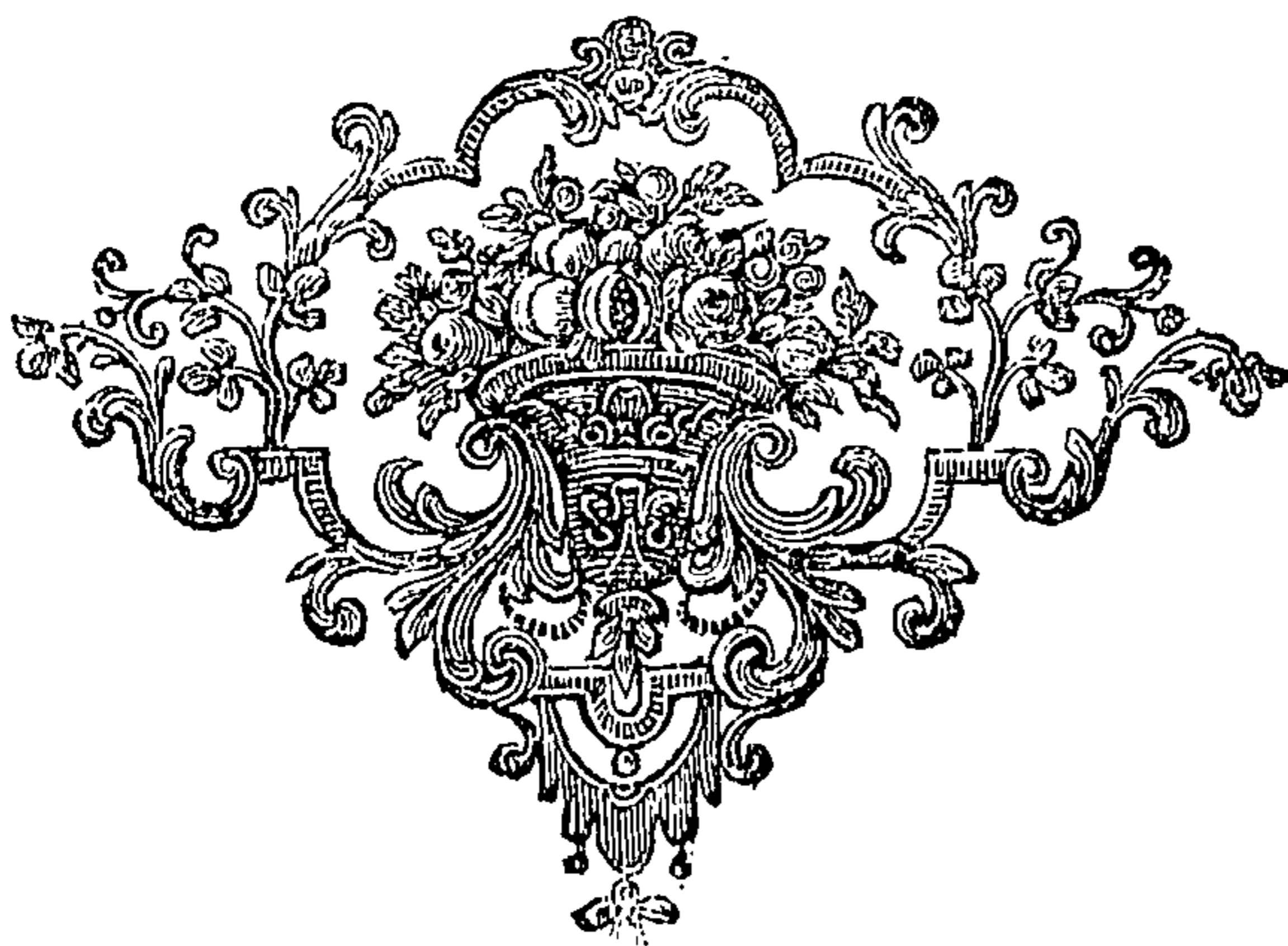
while we may. Hark! how the Musick charms our




Ears, Increasing Love, dis--pel---ling Fears.



*For the FLUTE.*



On the Death of LORA a Lady's Parrot.

By Mr. BAKER.

[To the Tune of I'll range around, &c.]

While Tears o'erflow bright *Anna's* Eyes, And

dead her darling *Lo-ra* lies, The mournfu!

Muse in melting Strains To *Jove* and ev'ry

God complains.

O rigid *Fate*! whom all obey!  
Whose Nod gives *Death* his destin'd Prey!  
And all you *Powers* that rule on high!  
Ah! why, so soon must *Lora* dye?

In vain! in vain! our Prayers rise  
To your inexorable Skies,  
If Tears, nor Vows, can *Pity* move,  
Nor *Beauty's* Charms, nor *Anna's* Love.

Once happy Bird! how blest thy State!  
How much above the envy'd *Great*!  
When basking on that beauteous *Breast*,  
Where *Kings* would give their *Crowns* to rest.

Those *Smiles* which speechless *Bliss* bestow,  
That *Hand* whose Touch bids Pleasure flow,  
Hast thou enjoy'd: — whilst all in vain  
Enamour'd *Beaux* have sigh'd their Pain.

No more let *Lesbia's* Sparrow pride  
How much for him his *Mistress* sigh'd,  
What *Tears* were shed: — thy Boast may be,  
That brighter *Eyes* have wept for thee.

*Bliss* fleets away on spreading *Wings*!  
And short the *Date* of mortal Things!  
There's no Defence against the *Grave*!  
E'en *Anna's* Kisses cannot save!

By the same H A N D.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

H A D I the World at my Command,  
 And own'd the Wealth of Sea and Land,  
 To *Flora* I'd present it all,  
 And at her Feet lay down the Ball.

Or was my Life by Scraps sustain'd,  
 From Door to Door by Begging gain'd,  
 Would she be mine, I'd bless my Fate,  
 Nor wish a more exalted State.

Possessing Her, or rich, or poor,  
 What is there to desire more?  
 There's nothing precious but her Charms,  
 And *Pleasure* dwells but in her Arms.

O grant, you Pow'rs! the Fair I love  
 May to my Vows propitious prove,  
 And from your Altars shall arise  
 The Smoke of Daily Sacrifice.

Among the Blessings you bestow  
 On craving Mortals here below,  
 Make but the lovely Maiden mine,  
 I'll all the rest with Joy resign.

*For the FLUTE.*

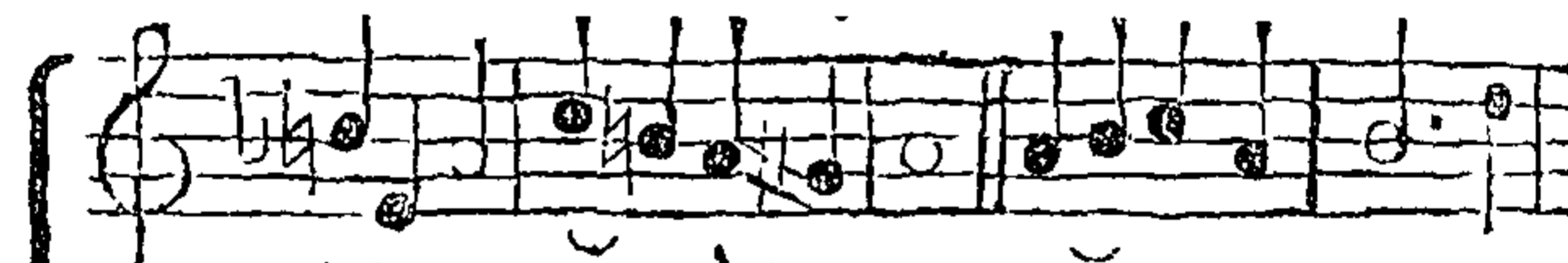
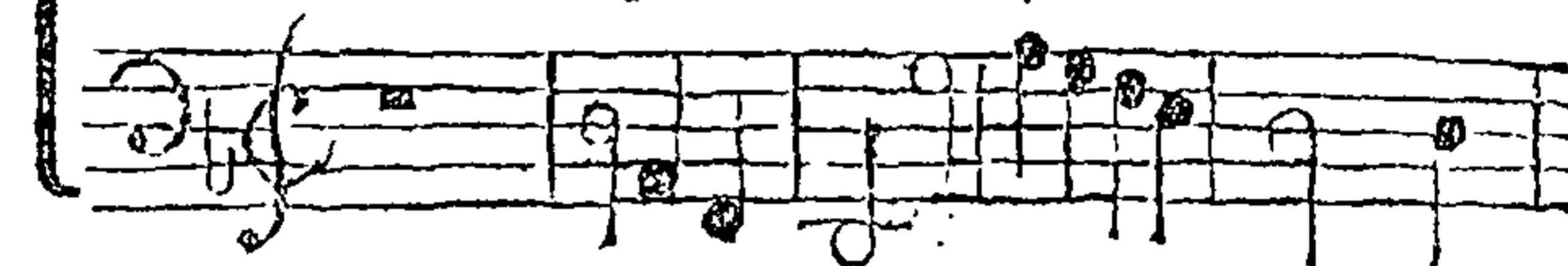


W O M A N ' s H O N O U R.

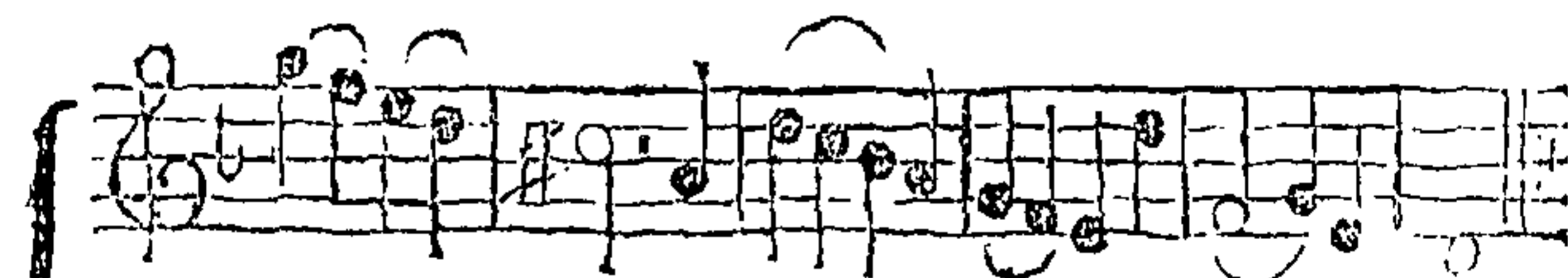
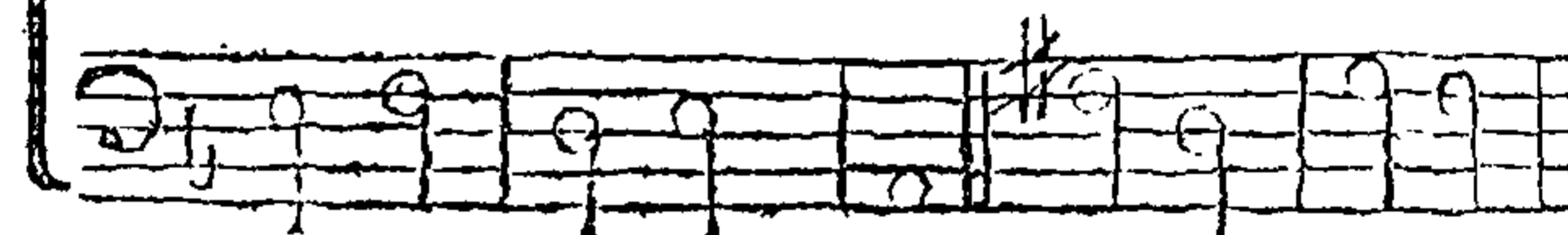
*Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.*



*Love* bid me hope, and I o--bey'd; *Phillis* con-



tinu'd still unkind: Then you may e'en de-



spair, he said; In vain I strive to change her Mind.



*Honour's* got in, and keeps her Heart;  
Durst he but venture once abroad,  
In my own Right I'd take your Part,  
And shew my self a mightier God.

Thus Huffing *Honour* domineers  
In Breasts where he alone has Place;  
But, if true gen'rous *Love* appears,  
The Hector dares not shew his Face.

Let me still languish and complain,  
Be most inhumanly deny'd;  
I have some Pleasure in my Pain,  
She can have none with all her Pride.

I fall a Sacrifice to *Love*,  
She lives a Wretch for *Honour's* Sake;  
Whose Tyrant does most cruel prove,  
The Diff'rence is not hard to make.

Consider *real Honour* then,  
You'll find her's cannot be the same:  
'Tis noble Confidence, in Men;  
In Women, mean distrustful Shame.

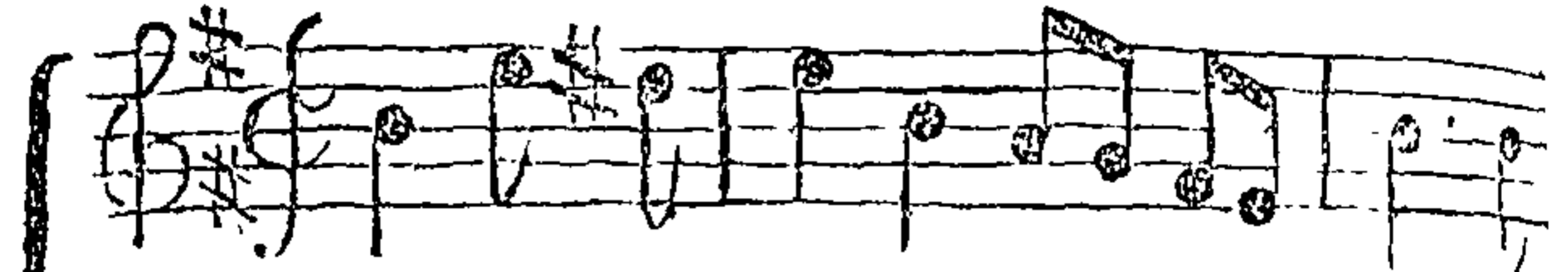
*For the* FLUTE.



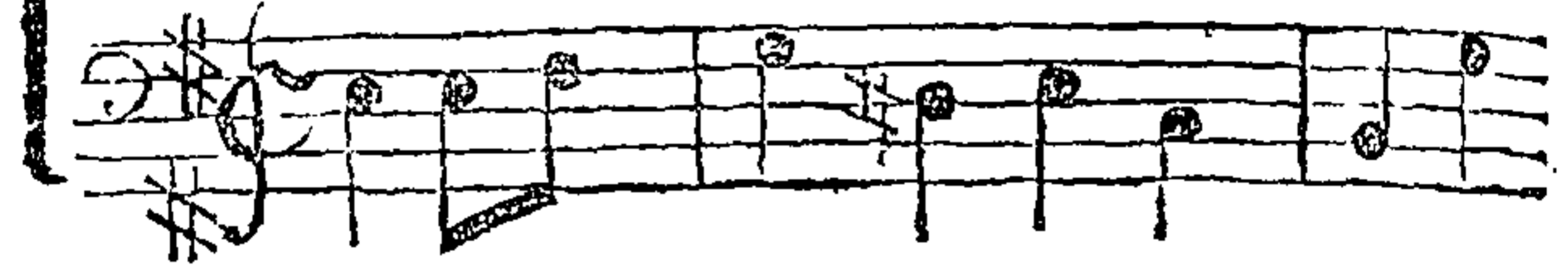


On a LADY'S BIRTH-DAY,

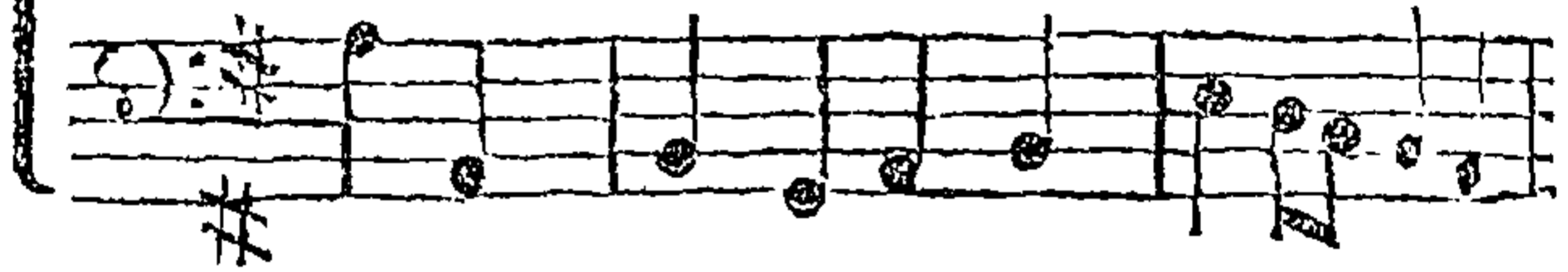
Set by Mr. DIEUPART.



Haste, Shepherds, haste, and come a---way, This



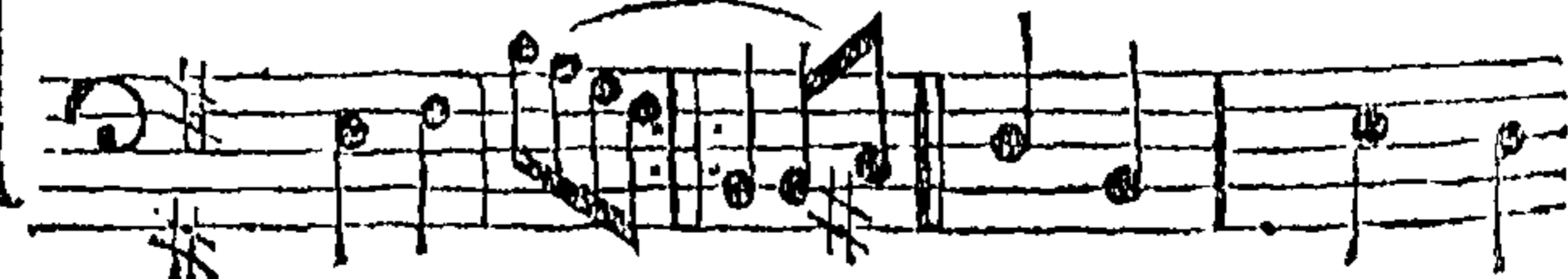
joy---ful Sun gave Clo--e Birth; Cloc, the

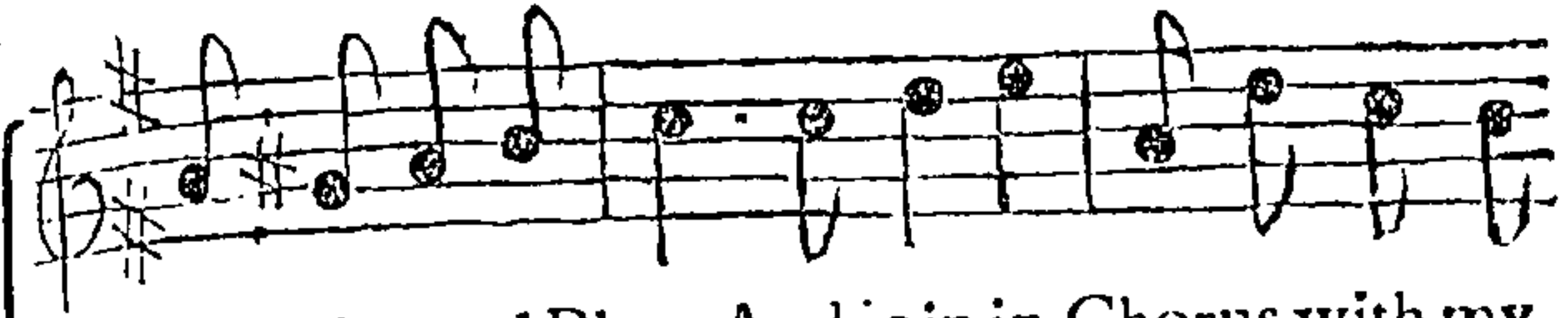


Goddefs of the *May*; Leave all your Flocks, and

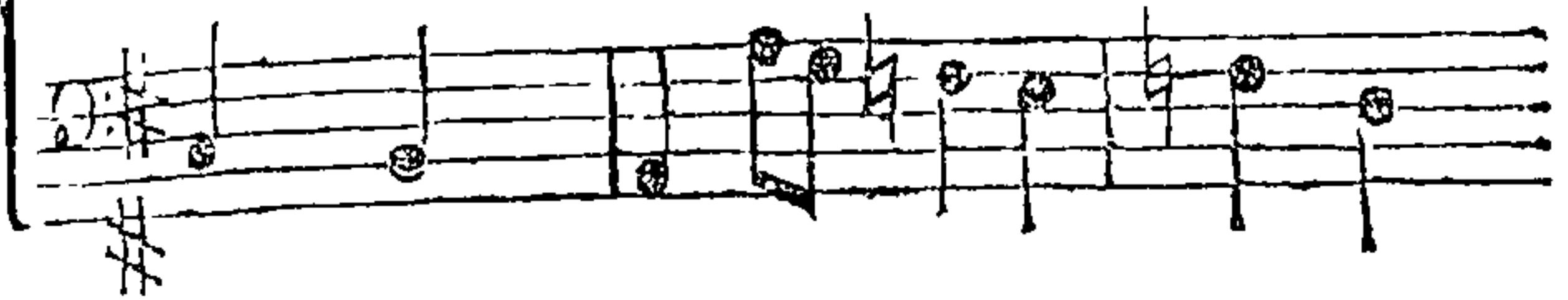


come to Mirth: Come, Pipe and Dance, and





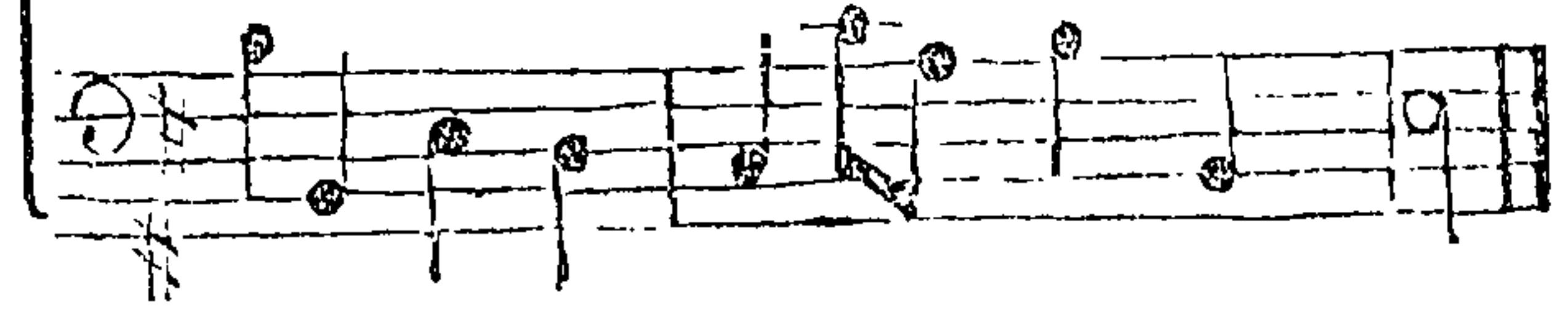
try each rural Play, And join in Chorus with my



am'rous Lay. Come, pipe and dance, and try each rural



Play, And join in Chorus with my am'rous Lay.



Ye Stars, that shin'd this gladsome Morn,  
 Still shed your influential Rays;  
 My *Cloe's* Birth-Day still adorn,  
 Bless her with happy, happy Days:  
 And you, bright Sun, put on your brightest Hue,  
 To view my *Cloe*, brighter far than you.

Ah!

Ah! *Cloe*, wou'd I now cou'd be  
 As easy under those soft Charms,  
 As when your new-born Beauties lay  
 All guiltless in your Nurse's Arms.

Alas! I then foresaw the distant Day,  
 But little thought 'twou'd take my Peace away

Mature in Beauty when you grew,  
 Love wholly then possess'd my Heart;  
 And when Love's Goddess finish'd you,  
*Cupid* the deeper fix'd his Dart.

Ye Pow'rs, who form'd my *Cloe* with such Care,  
 Oh! make her kind, as ye have made her fair.

And you, my *Cloe*, Pity show,  
 Serenely look those conqu'ring Eyes;  
 Pity the Pain I undergo;  
 And with a Smile your Swain surprize.  
 When *Cloe* smiles, her Charms resistless are,  
 And *Cloe* Kind, is *Cloe* doubly Fair.

*Cloe*, cou'd I your Favour move,  
 Proudly I'd triumph in your Chain;  
 Nor shou'd you e'er repent your Love,  
 By *Strephon* serv'd, your faithful Swain:  
*Strephon*, who will with all you wish comply;  
 Nor wou'd refuse, shou'd you command, to die.

Sing, all ye Shepherds, greet the Day  
Which gave my lovely *Cloe* Birth;  
*Cloe*, the Goddess of the *May*:

Leave all your Flocks, and haste to Mirth.  
Come, Pipe and Dance, and try each Rural Play,  
And join in Chorus with my am'rous Lay.

---

The MODISH LOVER.

By Mr. BAKER.

To the foregoing Tune.

WITH down-cast Eyes, and folded Arms,  
Young *Myrtle* faunter'd out one Day,  
Reflecting on *Florinda's* Charms,

The Fair, the blooming, and the gay;  
Deeply he sigh'd, his Bosom all a-flame,  
And on the Dust he flourish'd out her Name.

Next Morn, abroad he walk'd again,

Much alter'd since the Day before:

A good Night's Rest had cur'd his Pain,

Nor was *Florinda* thought of more.

But giddy *Chance* the fickle Youth had brought  
Close by that Spot where he her Name had wrote.

16. *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

The Place recalls to mind his Flame,

When all in Love he wander'd there:

'Twas here, *he cries*, I left the Name

Of Yesterday's commanding Fair.

Pensive a-while he stood, then look'd to find

What beauteous Image had possess'd his Mind.

But vain, alas! his Searches prove,

The Rain had fall'n, the Wind had blown,

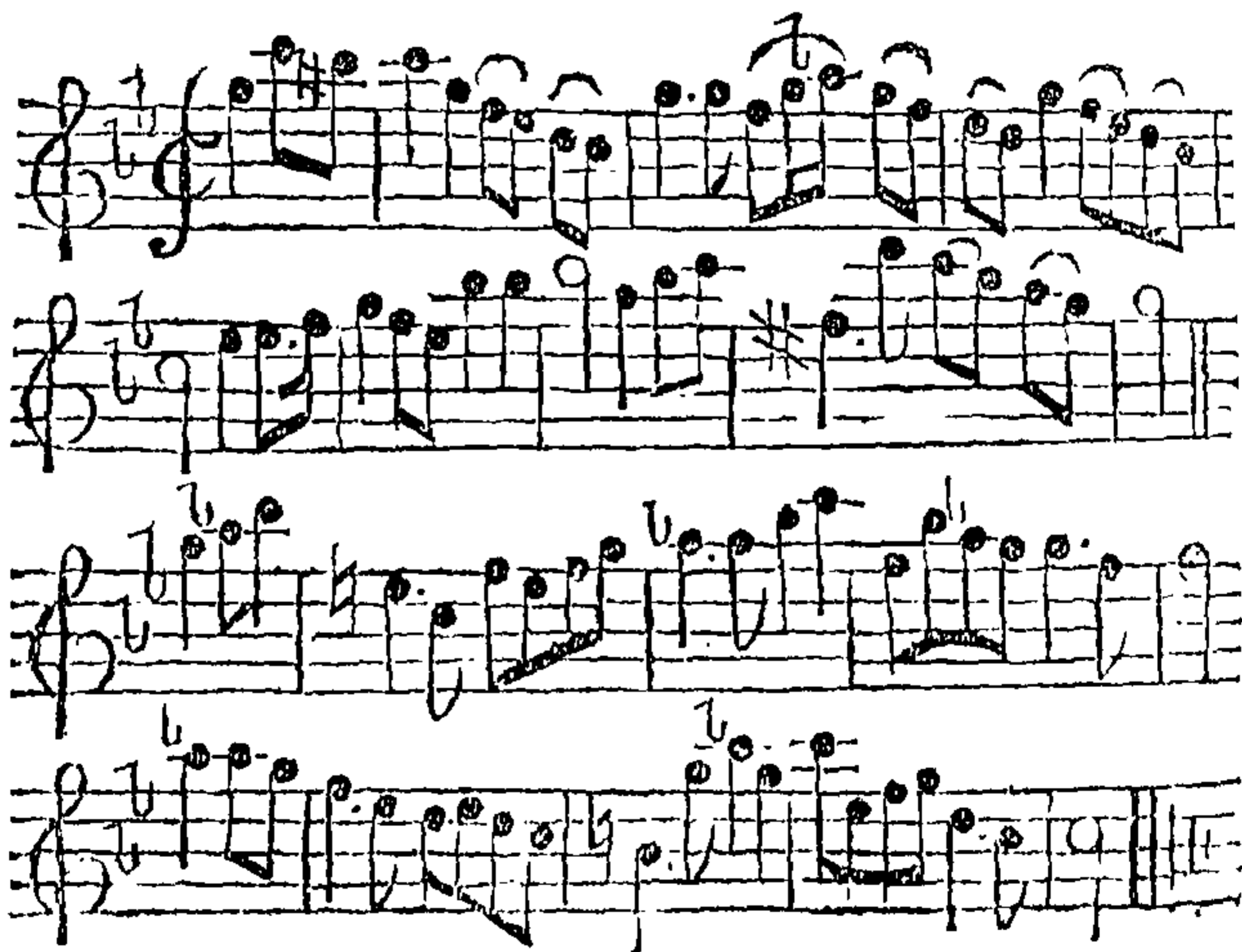
And sympathizing with his Love,

Away was ev'ry Letter flown:

Nor could his faithless Memory declare

Whose Name he Yesterday had flourish'd there.

*For the* F L U T E.



The S I E G E.

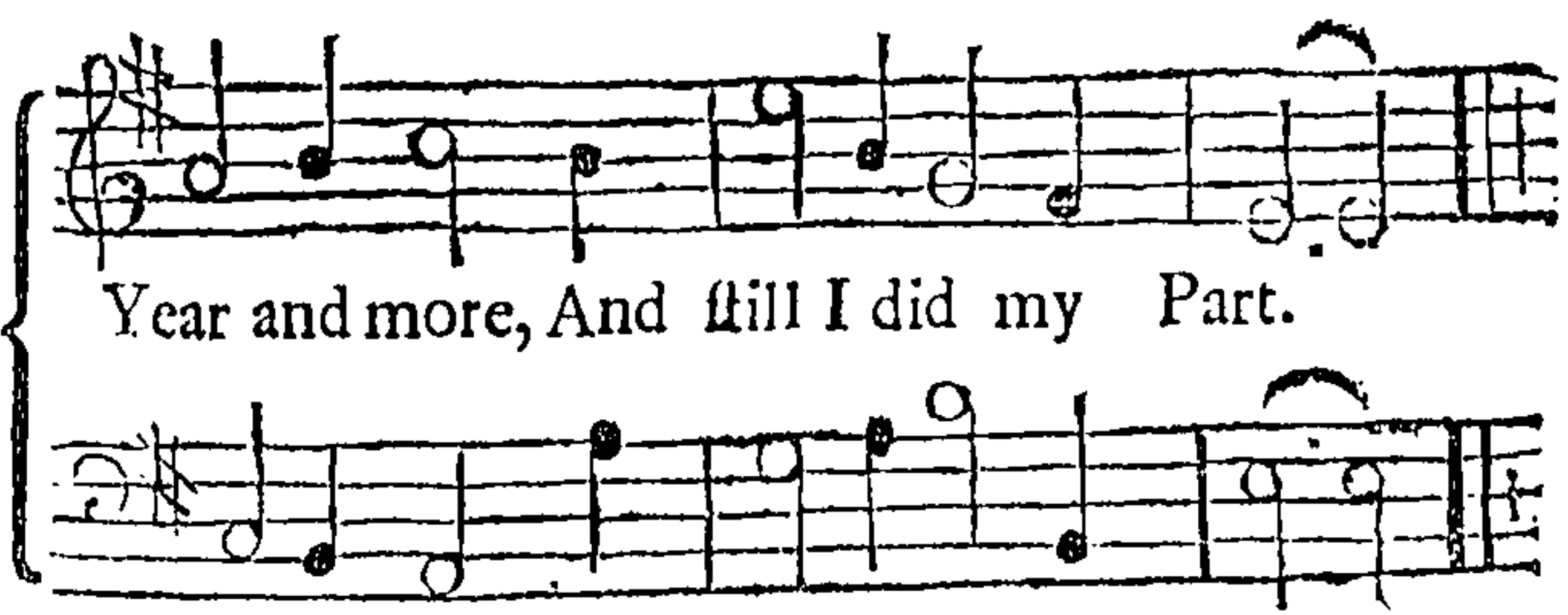
Set by Mr. DIEUPART.



'Tis now since I sat down before That



foolish Fort a Heart, (Time strangely spent) a



Year and more, And still I did my Part.

Made my Approaches, from her Hand  
Unto her Lip did rise;  
And did already understand  
The Language of her Eyes.

Proceeded on with no less Art,  
 My Tongue was Engineer;  
 I thought to undermine the Heart  
 By whisp'ring in the Ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down  
 Great Cannon Oaths, and shot  
 A thousand thousand to the Town,  
 And still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the Place,  
 By cutting off all Kisses,  
 Praising and gazing on her Face,  
 And all such little Blisses.

To draw her out, and from her Strength,  
 I drew all Batteries in:  
 And brought my self to lie at length,  
 As if no Siege had been.

When I had done what Man cou'd do,  
 And thought the Place mine own,  
 The Enemy lay quiet too,  
 And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know from whence, and where,  
 These Hopes, and this Relief:  
 A Spy inform'd, *Honour* was there,  
 And did command in Chief.

March, march (quoth I;) the Word straight give,  
Let's lose no Time, but leave her:  
That Giant upon Air will live,  
And hold it out for ever.

To such a Place our Camp remove,  
As will no Siege abide;  
I hate a Fool, that starves her Love,  
Only to feed her Pride.

*For the* FLUTE.





P A S T O R A L.

By Mr. CAREY.

Flocks are Sporting, Doves are Courting,

Warbling Linnets sweet-ly sing. Joy—

Joy and

Pleasure, without Measure, kind---ly

Hail

Hail the Glorious Spring; Kindly Hail the

glorious Spring.

Flocks are Bleating, Rocks Repeating,  
Valleys eccho back the Sound;  
Dancing, Singing, Piping, Springing,  
Nought but Mirth and Joy go round.

*For the* FLUTE.

Four staves of musical notation for a flute piece, showing a melodic line with various ornaments and phrasing.

# The MUSICAL MISCELLANY

## The VANITY of LIFE.

The Words Translated from the *Italian Opera* of  
**PHARNACES.**

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

Slow

4 6 4 b5 6 4 6 6

Cru---el

4 6 6 6 6 4 3

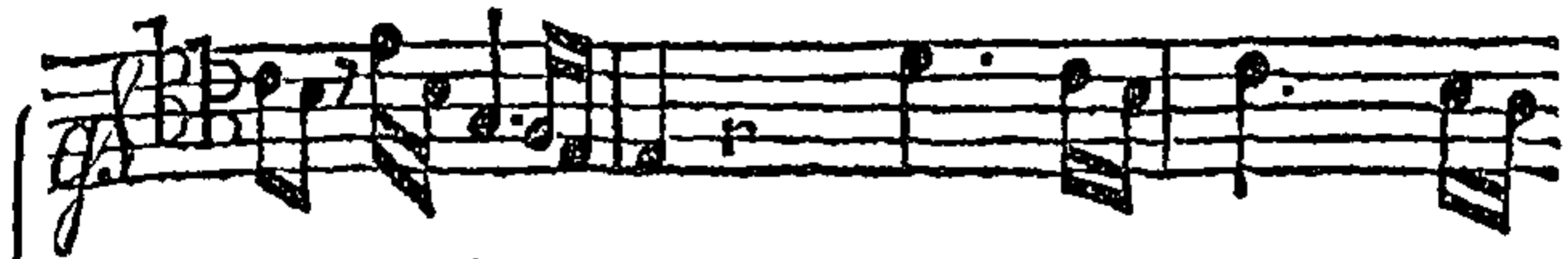
S:

S:

Stars, your Rage --- we find, Seldom,

4 6 6 6 6

ah!

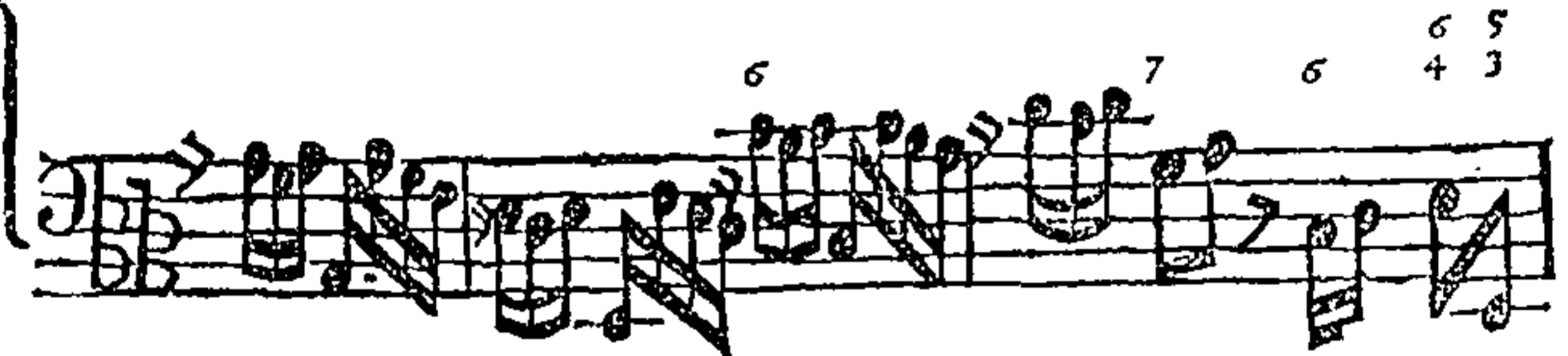


ah! too seldom kind; Pleasures va—nish

7 6 6 4 3 6 5

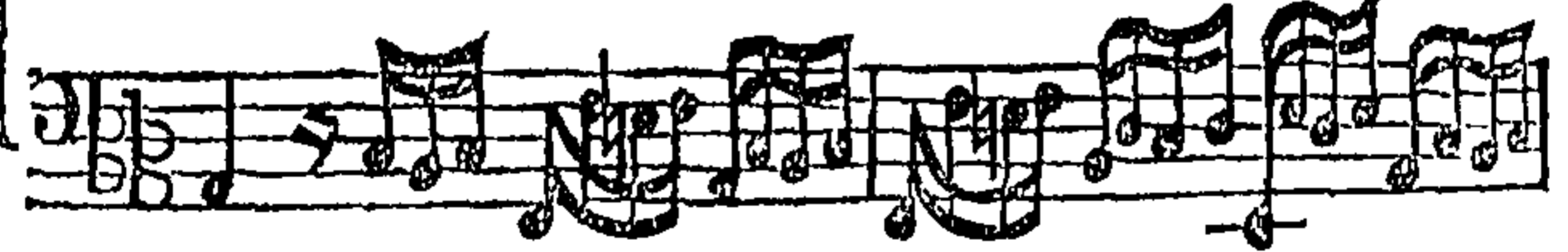


quick away, Tedious is the dismal



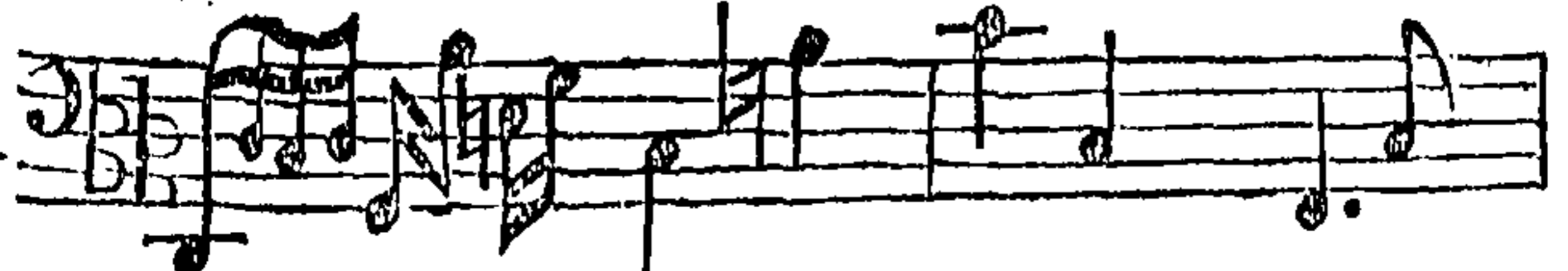
Day; Pleasures vanish quick away, Tedious is the dismal

6 5 6 4 7 6 5 4 3



Day; Good uncertain, short, short its Stay,

7 7 7 5 6 5 3 4 3



Figured bass notation: ♭ 6 ♭ 6 6 ♭ 6 ♭

Such, such is the Life poor

Figured bass notation: 6 ♭ 6 4 ♭ 6 6 6

Mortals share, A---las! but lit---tle worth our

Figured bass notation: 6 ♭ 6 6 ♭ 6 6 ♭ 6

Care, Such is the Life poor Mortals share, Alas! but

Figured bass notation: ♭ 6 ♭ 3

little

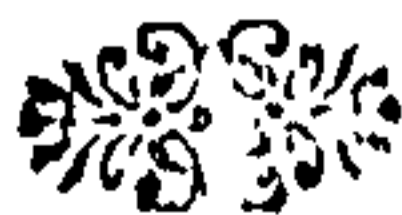
lit--tle worth our Care.

7 7 3 4 3

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It contains a melodic line with a slur over the first five notes and a repeat sign with a first ending bracket. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a piano accompaniment line. Below the lyrics, there are five numbers: 7, 7, 3, 4, 3, which correspond to the notes of the melody.

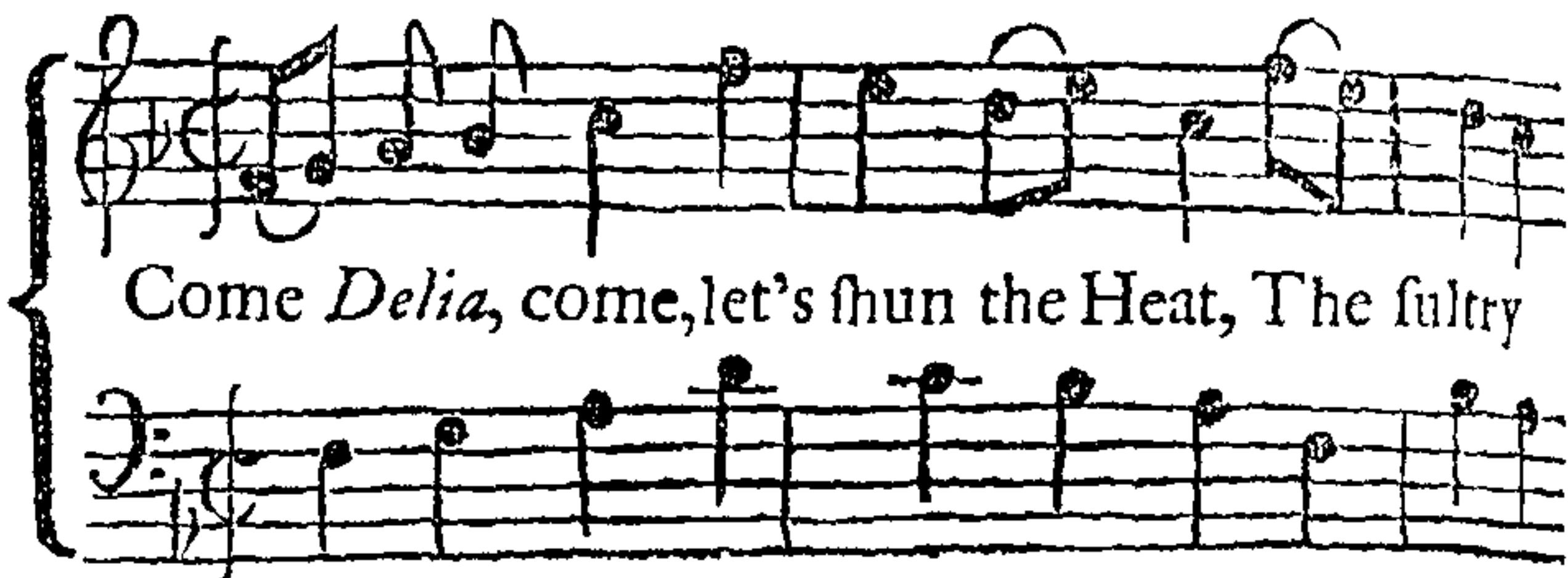
For the FLUTE.

Seven staves of musical notation for flute. The notation includes various musical symbols such as slurs, trills (marked with 'tr'), and grace notes (marked with 'x'). The piece concludes with a double bar line and the word 'Coda' written in a decorative script.

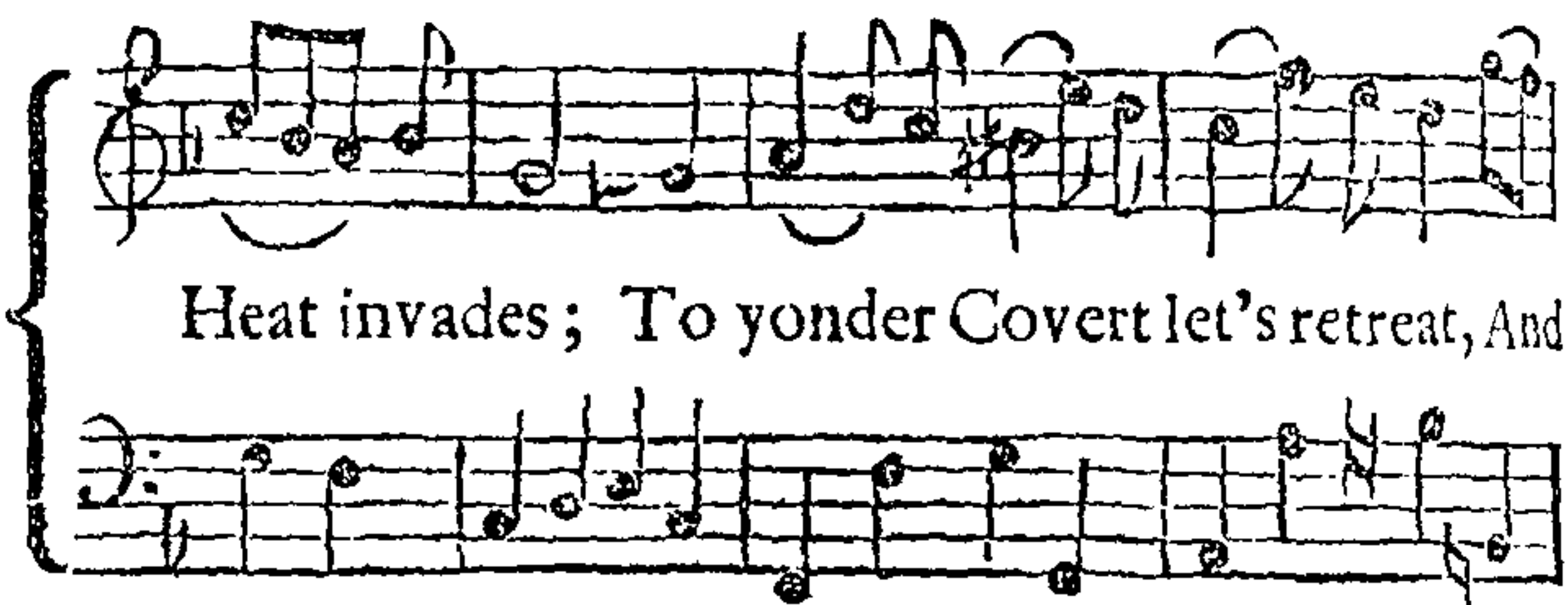


## The R E T R E A T.

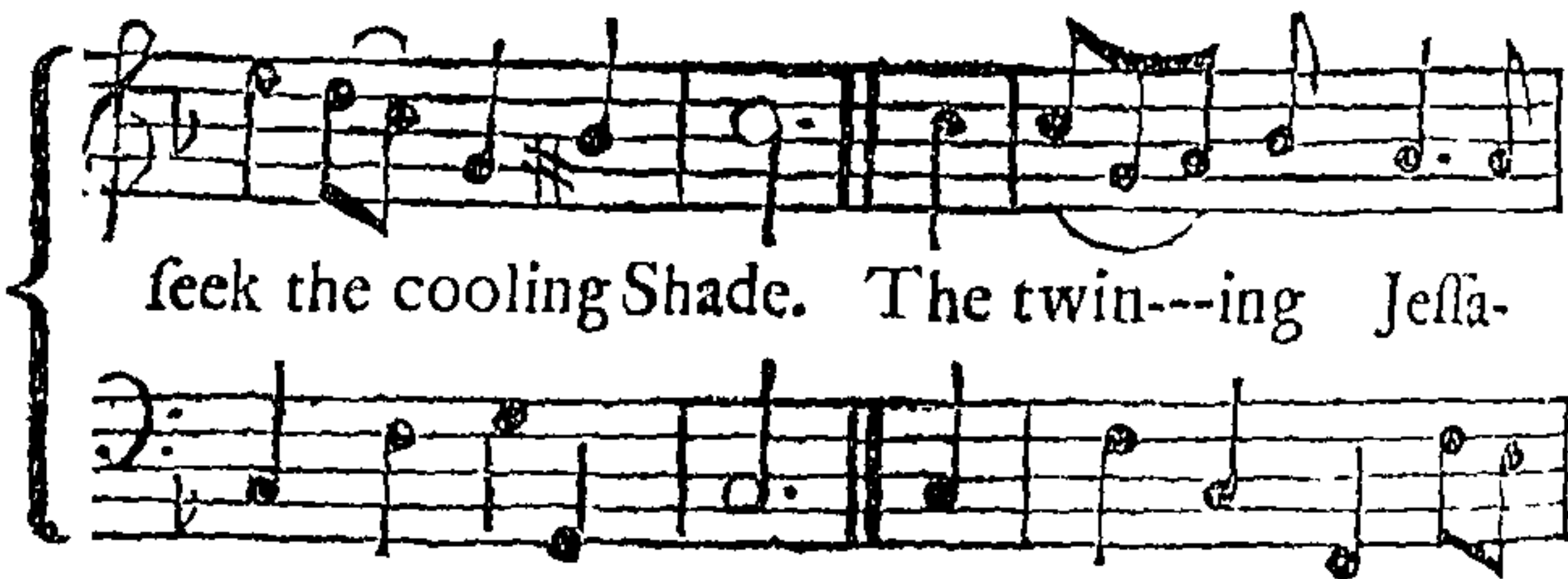
The Words by Mr. DART. Set by Mr. HOLMES.




Come *Delia*, come, let's shun the Heat, The sultry



Heat invades; To yonder Covert let's retreat, And



seek the cooling Shade. The twin---ing Jessa-



mine beneath, And twist--cd Eglantine, To

flying

fly-ing Gales their Breath bequeath, Al-  
 most as sweet as thine.

The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second system has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves.

The Ring-Dove and his constant Mate

In tender Notes agree;

Their Passion sooner shall abate,

Than mine shall cease to thee:

I'll weave the Roses blushing red,

And joyn the Lilly pale;

And while I bind my *Delia's* Head,

I'll tell the tender Tale.

Dost see, my Dear, this twisted Crown,

These Flow'rs to grace thy Head;

Ere Night their Fragrance will be gone,

And all their Beauty fade:

So, *Delia*, all thy Charms shall prove,

When with'ring Age draws nigh;

And what now Crowds of Vot'ries love,

Be thrown neglected by.



The Veins that wander o'er thy Neck  
 Shall lose their curious Blue;  
 The blowing Roses in thy Cheek,  
 Their lively ruddy Hue:  
 Those Eyes, where sportive *Cupid* plays,  
 No more shall cause Delight;  
 Those lovely Tresses, where he strays,  
 Shall turn to scatter'd White.

No Breast shall then for *Delia* glow,  
 Her Charms shall cease to fire;  
 And I, who more than love you now,  
 Shall look without Desire.  
 Then, *Delia*, seize the proffer'd Joy,  
 While now 'tis in your Pow'r;  
 No Thoughts on future Time employ,  
 But seize the present Hour.

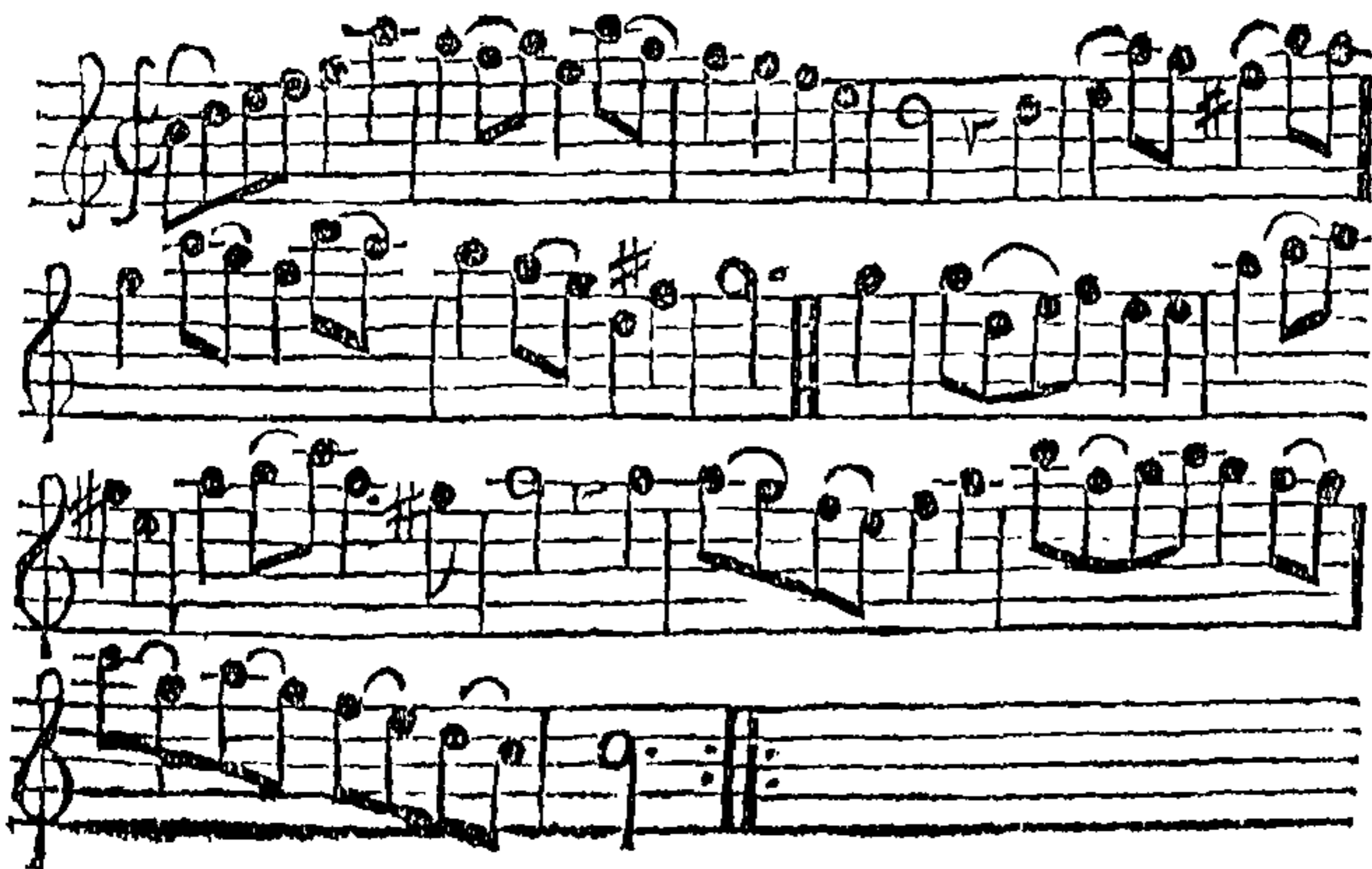
*To the foregoing Tune.*

**A**T length, my cruel Fair, give o'er  
 Your Frowns, and ease my Pain;  
 Tho' for a while the Heavens lour,  
 Yet soon they smile again.  
 The Light'ning not incessant flies,  
 It quickly spends its Ire;  
 But still you blast me from your Eyes  
 With angry Shafts of Fire.


E'en *Tityus* and *Prometheus* find,  
From their wing'd Foe, some Rest;  
But Love, not as the Vulture kind,  
For ever gnaws my Breast.  
Sometimes *Ixion* Rest obtains,  
His whirling Torments cease;  
But an eternal Round of Pains  
Ne'er lets me taste of Ease.

The weary *Sisyphus* forbears  
Sometimes to heave his Stone;  
But I, beneath a Weight of Cares,  
Am ever doom'd to groan.  
One only Hope for me remains,  
Which from those Wretches flies;  
Kind Death will free me from my Chains:  
Death, more than Life, I prize.

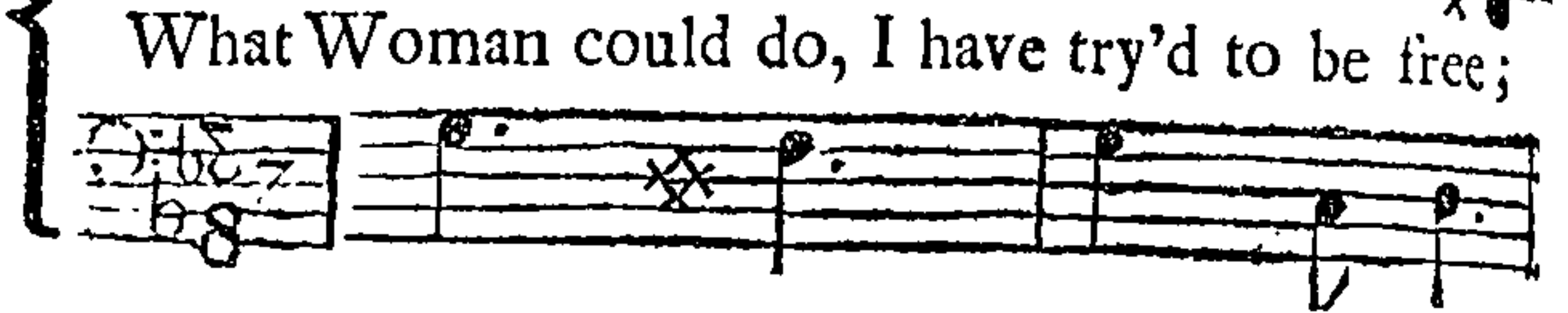
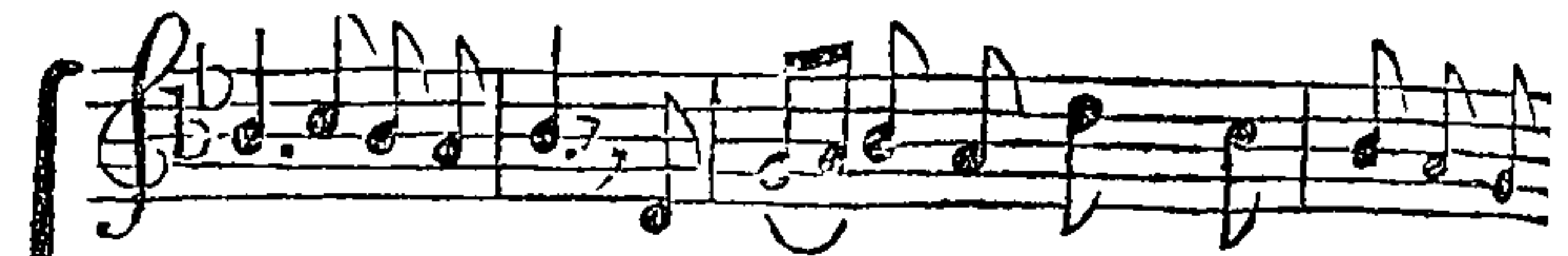
For the FLUTE.



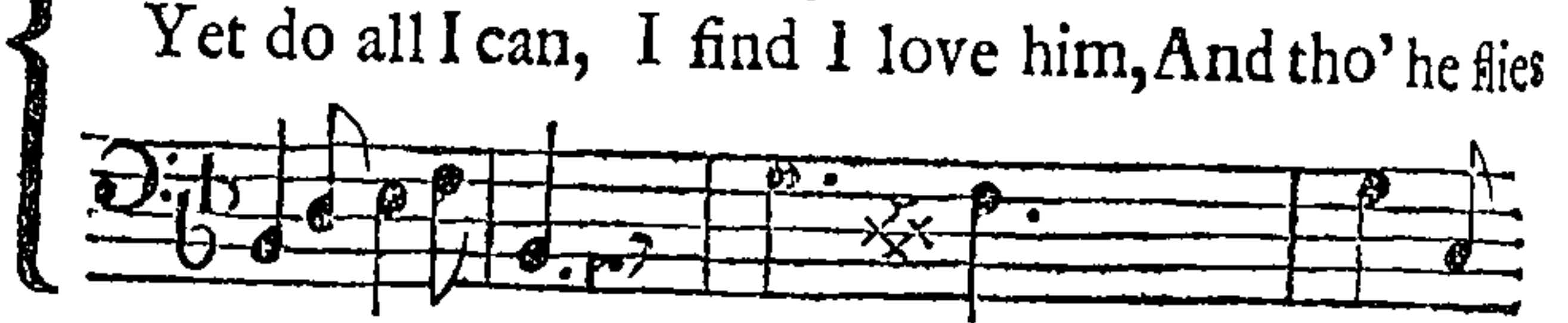

## The POWER of LOVE.

From Mr. CIBBER's Pastoral call'd, *Love in a Riddle**The Tune by Mr. BRAILSFORD.*


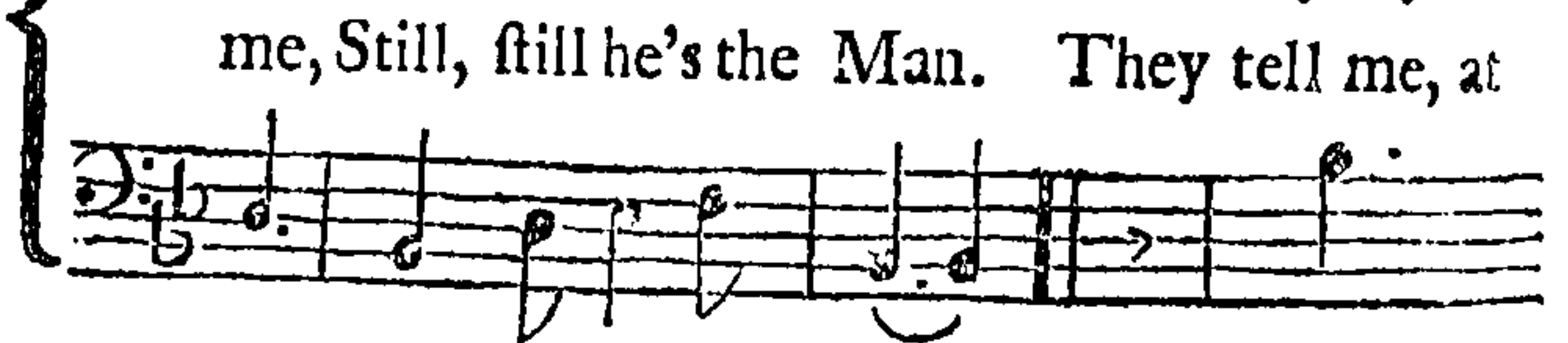

What Woman could do, I have try'd to be free;

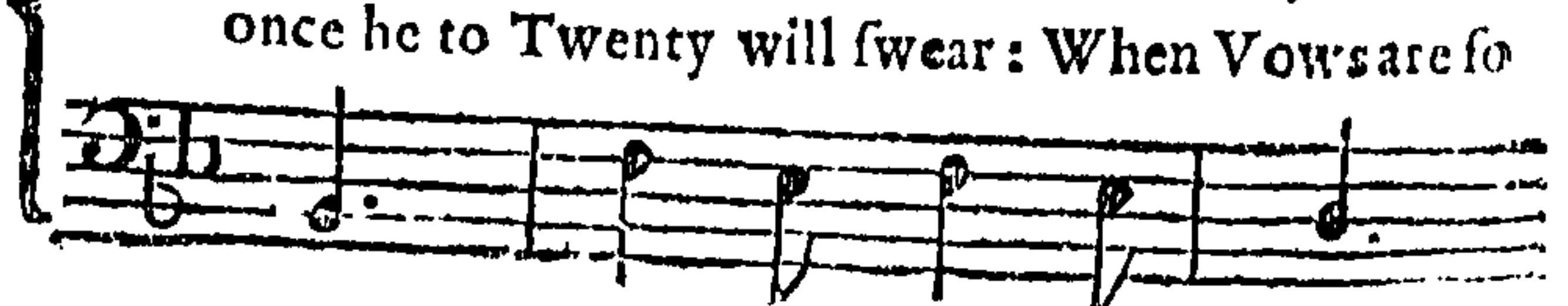
Yet do all I can, I find I love him, And tho' he flies

me, Still, still he's the Man. They tell me, at

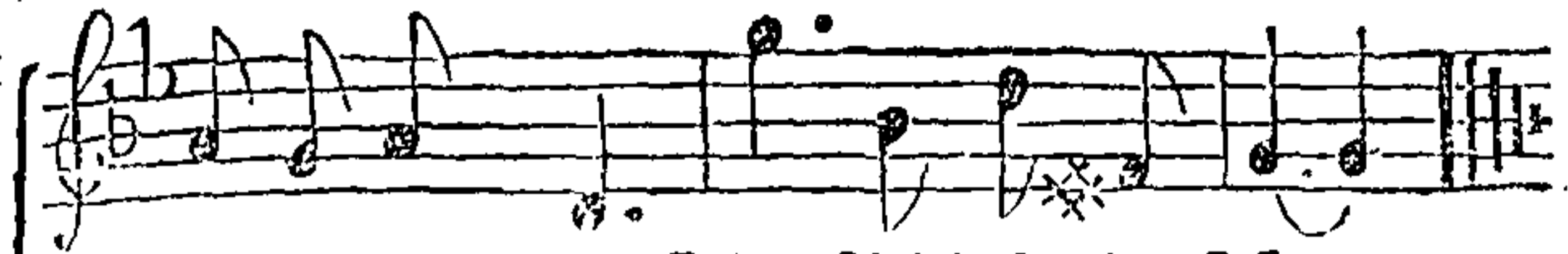
once he to Twenty will swear: When Vows are fo



sweet,



sweet, Who the Falshood can fear? So, when you have



said all you can, Still, still he's the Man.



I caught him once making Love to a Maid,  
When to him I ran.

He turn'd, and he kiss'd me, then who could upbraid  
So civil a Man?

The next Day I found to a Third he was kind,  
I rated him foundly, he swore, I was blind;

So, let me do what I can,  
Still ---- still he's the Man.

All the World bids me beware of his Art:

I do what I can;

But he has taken such Hold of my Heart,

I doubt he's the Man!

32 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

So sweet are his Kisses, his Looks are so kind,  
Tho' he may have his Faults, I to them am blind,  
Nor can do more than I can;  
Still ---- still he's the Man.

*For the* FLUTE.



# The WHEELER.

By the Honourable Sir *W. T.* Set by Mr. *Dieupart.*

In vain, dear *Cloe*, you sug-gest, That

I inconstant have possesst, Or lov'd a fair--er

She: Wou'd you with ease at once be cur'd, Of all the

Ills you've long endur'd, Consult your Glafs and

Me.

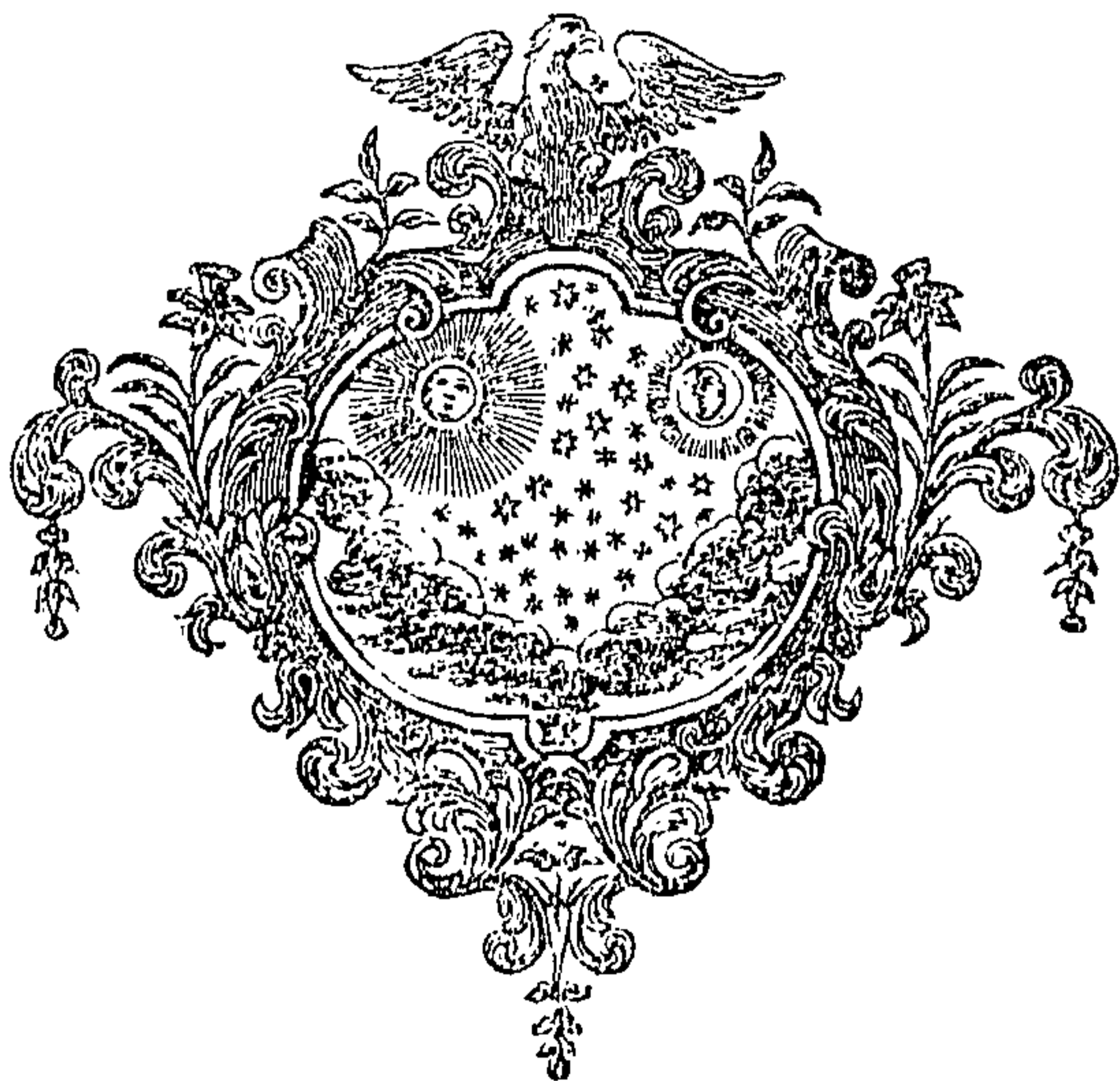
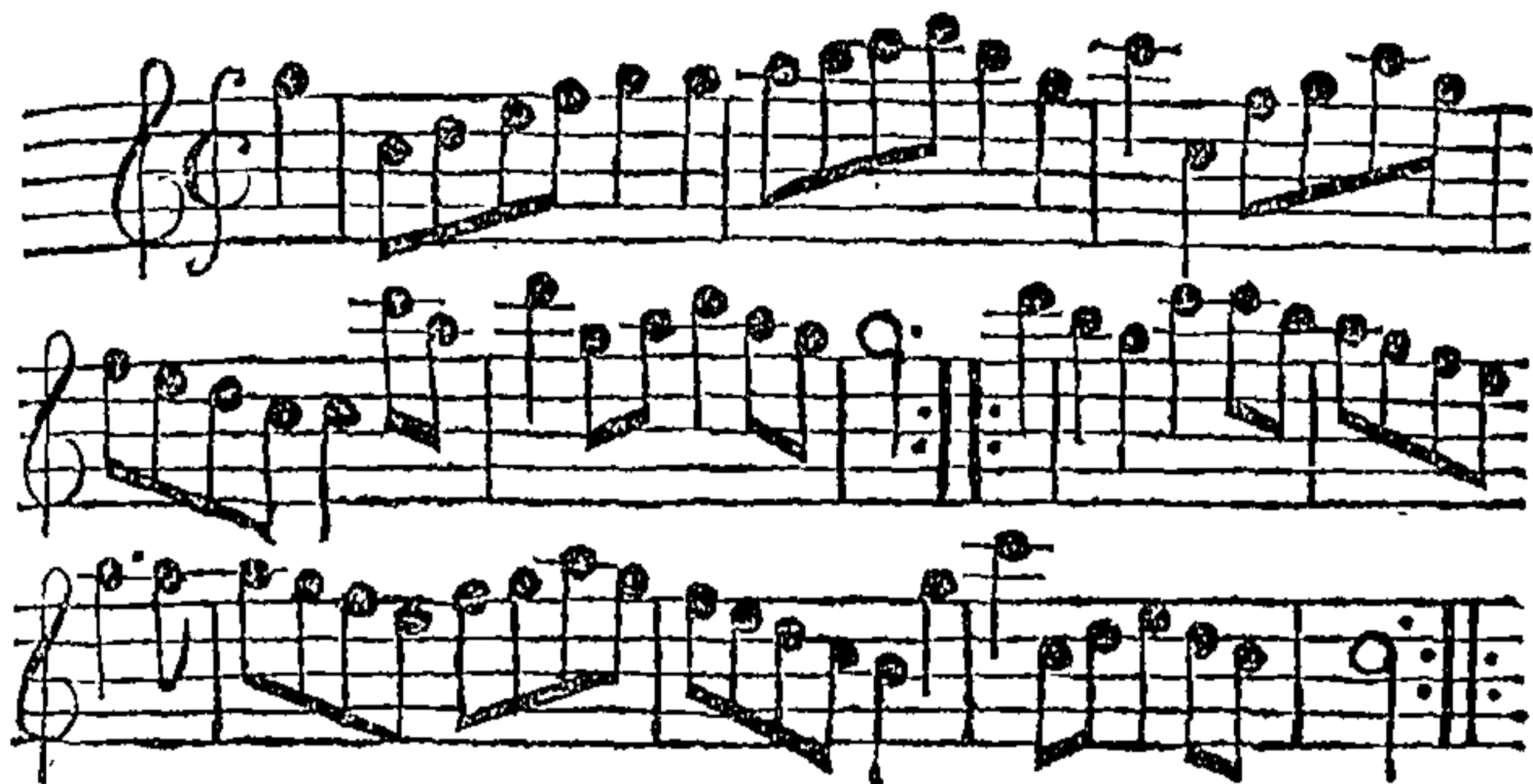
If then you think, that I can find  
 A Nymph more Fair, or one more Kind,  
 You've Reason for your Fears:  
 But if impartial you will prove  
 To your own Beauty, and my Love,  
 How needless are your Tears?

If, in my Way, I shou'd by chance  
 Receive, or give, a wanton Glance;  
 I like, but while I view:  
 How slight the Glance, how faint the Kiss,  
 Compar'd to that substantial Blifs,  
 Which I receive from you!

With wanton Flight, the curious Bee  
 From Flow'r to Flow'r still wanders free;  
 And, where each Blossom blows,  
 Extracts the Juice of all he meets;  
 But, for his Quintessence of Sweets,  
 He ravishes the Rose.

So, my fond Fancy to employ  
 On each Variety of Joy,  
 From Nymph to Nymph I roam;  
 Perhaps see Fifty in a Day:  
*Those are but Visits which I pay,*  
*For CLOE is my Home.*

*For the* FLUTE.





# The COURT of ENGLAND;

Or, The Preparation for the Happy CORONATION of  
King *WILLIAM* and Queen *MARY*.

English-man.

6  
4  
Come Gallants, let's tender Thote Hea t we dar-

render, At the blest Co-ro nation of our

Faith's great De-fen-der; Now Glo--ry shall

Rule: No more Popish Edge-Tool; Thank Heav'n of a

Knave



Th' High-Commission-Court Sham,  
*Jeff'rys*, Devil, and Dam, [Ram;  
 Once maul'd our poor Church with the Pope's batt'ring  
 But the great Sleeves of Lawn  
 No more shall be drawn

Into Nooses and Goals, by the impudent Spawn  
*of a Jesuit.*

Who but They and their Crew  
 Poor *James* could undo,  
 And lose him his Honour and Diadem too?

By *Peter's* false Measure,  
 Th' unfortunate *Cesar*  
 Turn'd (alas!) out a grazing, like *Nebuchadnezzar*,  
*by the Jesuit.*

With your Chancellor, false Steward!  
*Rome's* Scholar so toward,  
 Your *Castlemain* Nuntio, and your Cardinal *Howard*,  
 You have out-done the Shot  
 Of your Gunpowder Plot,  
 And blown up the credulous *James*; have ye not,  
*ye false Jesuits?*

Our Freedoms and Charters  
 Were the first of your Martyrs,  
 For *Rome* had begun to take up her Head Quarters:  
 Her Vengeance to wreak,  
 All Faith we must break;

For Law, Oaths, and Gospel are all Bonds too weak  
*for a Jesuit.*

With your fly false Preambles,  
 For your dear Stakes and Shambles, [Brambles;  
 And goring three Kingdoms with the old Thorns and  
 What Engines infernal  
 In the Popish Diurnal,  
 Could fill the whole world with Treasons eternal,  
*but the Jesuit?*

### Cassy.

*A* Shesuit, that Sheater,  
 Rogue, Villain, and Traytor!  
 By the Flesh of her Pones, her Welsh Plood rises at her;  
 Very fine, Shentlefolks,  
 A Welsh Heir, with a Pox,  
 Was her get her a Prince in a Shuggler's Box?  
 Cunning Shesuit.

Has her Forehead no Bluss on,  
 Such Prospects to push on,  
 As was raise her Welsh Heir to Three Crowns from a Cushion?  
 To who, Splutternails!  
 Does her tell her sham Tales?  
 Has her none to put Trick on but her Nation of Wales,  
 Roguy Shesuit?

Oh! to pay her old Score,  
 Had her Son of a Whore  
 On a Ladder as high as her own Penmenmour;  
 Was her once but truss'd up,  
 'Till her cut the Rope,  
 Her might hang there 'till Doomsday, her self and her Pope,  
 for a Shesuit.

### Salwy.

*T*HE Pope, that saw Turk,  
 So sleely at weerk,  
 With aw his faw Imps to pull down the Kirk,

*Now the Mange, our Scotch Plague,  
On that Scarlet Whore-Hag,  
And Deel split the Wem, the Luggs, and the Crag*  
of the Jesuit.

*For awd Jemmy's sad Folly,  
With Juggy and Dolly  
Ise dance a Scotch Fig for bonny WILLY and MOLLY;  
With Jockey and Sawny,  
Aw Lads teugh and brawny,  
Weese drub the saw Face, aw black, blue, and tawny,*  
of the Jesuit.

### **Monsieur.**

**O** *De Rogue English Trick!  
Dat de poor Catolick  
Shou'd be kick, knock, and thump, and run down to Old Nick.  
But, begar! de Vengeance  
Of my Ma'ter of France  
Sall lead English Heretick-Dog a French Dance,*  
for de Jesuit.

*Sall Lewis sit still?  
Vat Fool tink he will,  
When old Jamy and he so long piss in a Quill?  
No, Bougre Garsoon,  
With Monsieur Dragoon,  
Begar! we come o'er, and fight Blood and Woon*  
for de Jesuit.

*Tough Jemmy Monsieur,  
(Pox taka Mynheer)  
Has losta de Crewn of de damn Anglctere;  
In Ierland, brave Boy,  
With Vive le Roy,  
We crewn him again a new Monarch, Dear-Joy,*  
for de Jesuit.

**Teague.**

**B**UB a boo! Bub! oh hone!  
*The Broder of the Son,*  
*And de Skild of mee Moder de poor Teague undone!*  
*Pull down Mass-House and Altar,*  
*And burn Virgin Psalter,*  
*And make hang upon Priest, and no Friend cut de Halter*  
*of poor Jesuit.*

*When Teague first came o'er*  
*To de Engeland Shore,*  
*Wid Six, Seven, Eight Thousand Irish Lads, all and more:*  
*Teague was promist good Fashion,*  
*Great Estate in de Nation,*  
*Wid all London in his Pocket, upon me Shaulwashion,*  
*by de Jesuit.*

*But when de Boor Dutch*  
*Got Teague in his Clutch,*  
*Stead of make great Estate, and Chrees knows what much,*  
*Damn'd Heretick Dogue*  
*Made Teague a poor Rogue,*  
*Turn'd him home to make starve, widout Shoe or Broge*  
*for de Jesuit.*

*But I'll beg Captain's Plaash*  
*Of de sweet Eyes and Faash*  
*Of mee Dear-Joy Tyrconnel, his Majesties Graash;*  
*And fight like a Hero,*  
*By mee Shaul a Mack-Nero*  
*Cut Troat for Shaint Patrick, and sing Lilliburlero*  
*for de Jesuit.*

**Myn-heer.**

**H**OLD, cut-weason Skellom,  
*And let Myn-heer tell 'om,*  
*For England's great Hogan and Mogan Lord Willem,*  
*And*

And the dear English-mons,  
Their Church, Laws, and Londs,  
*Van Duch-londers fight with all Hoarts and Honds,*  
'gainst the Jesuit.

English-man.

SAY'ſt thou ſo, Friend *Myn-beer*?

Then adieu to all Fear;

*France, Ireland, Pope, Devil, come all if you dare:*

Come, Lads, let's be jogging,

The *French* Ears want lugging,

And *Teague*, and *Tyrconnel's* false Hide must have Flogging,  
*for the Jesuit.*

Whilst kind *Dutch* Tarpaulin

With *English*-boys fall in,

And both our stout Navies proud *Britain* shall Wall in;

No Pope shall destroy us,

Nor Monsieur annoy us,


With *William* and *Mary's* blest Reign to o'er-joy us.

*Farewel Jesuit.*

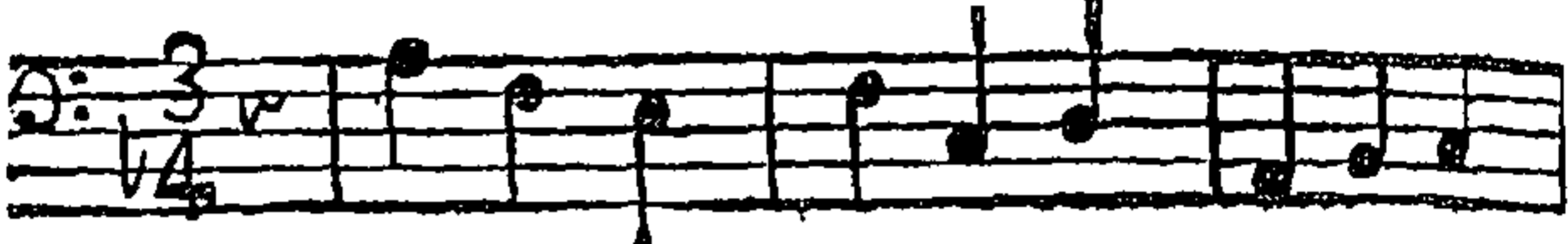
For the FLUTE.



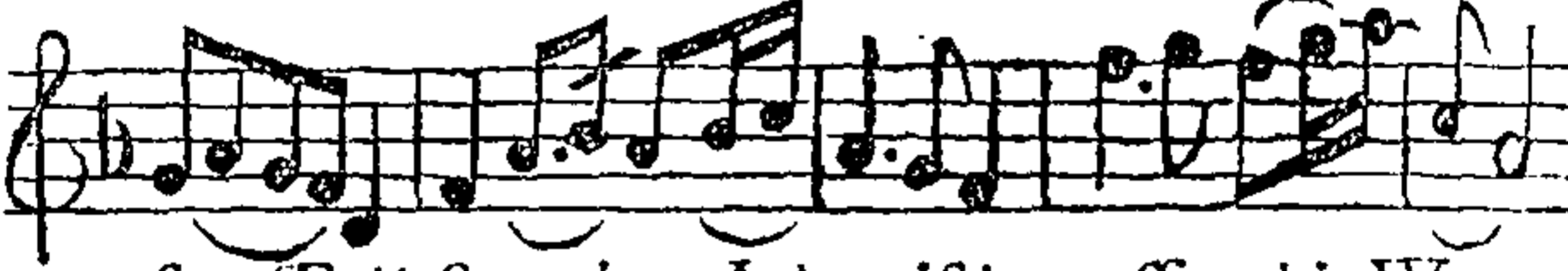
*Love is the Cause of my Mourning.*



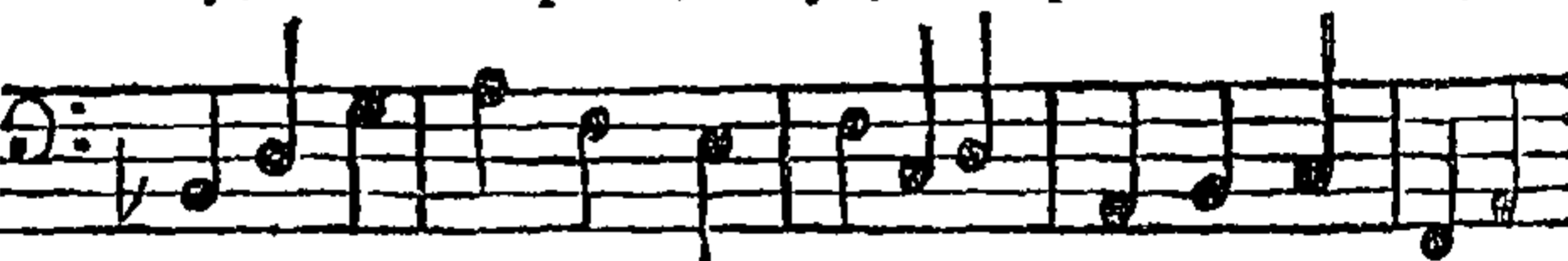
By a murmuring Stream a fair Shepherdess




lay, Be so kind, O ye Nymphs, I oft-times heard her

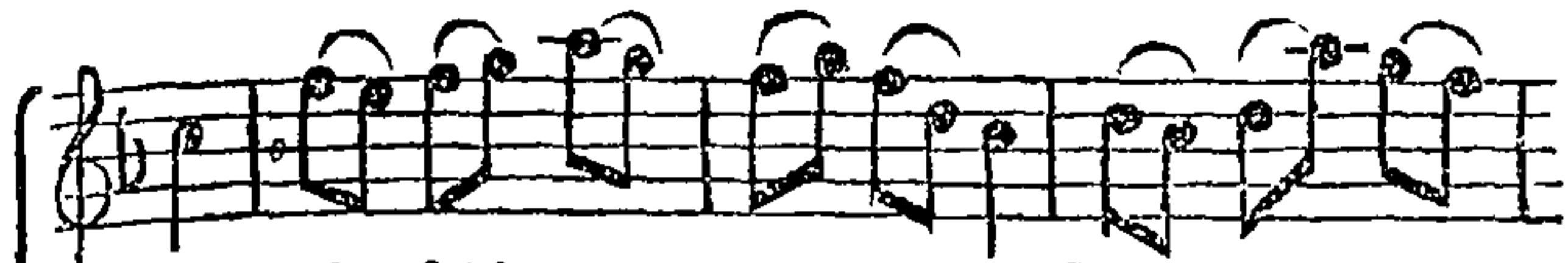
say, Tell *Strephon*, I dye, if he passes this Way,




*And that Love is the Cause of my Mourn--ing.*



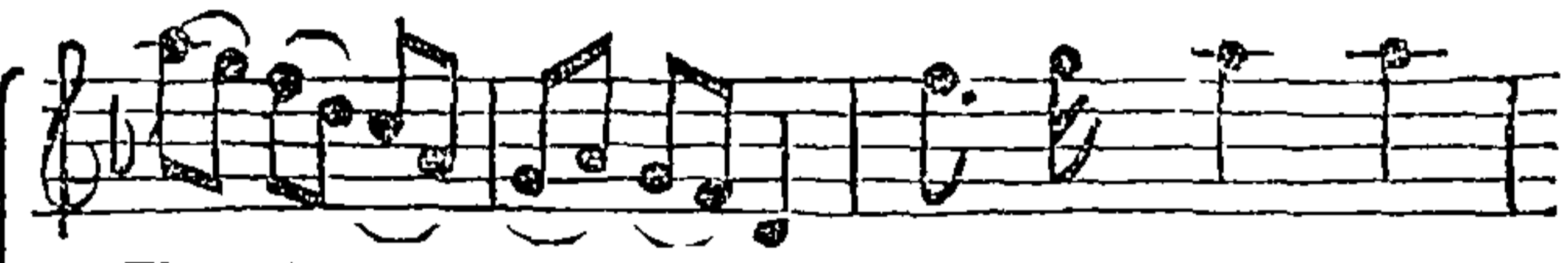
False Shepherds that tell me of Beauty and Charms,  
 You deceive me, for *Strephon's* cold Heart never warms;  
 Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me dye in his Arms:  
*Oh! Strephon, the Cause of my Mourning.*



But first, said she, let me go Down to the



Shades below, Ere ye let *Str---phon* know



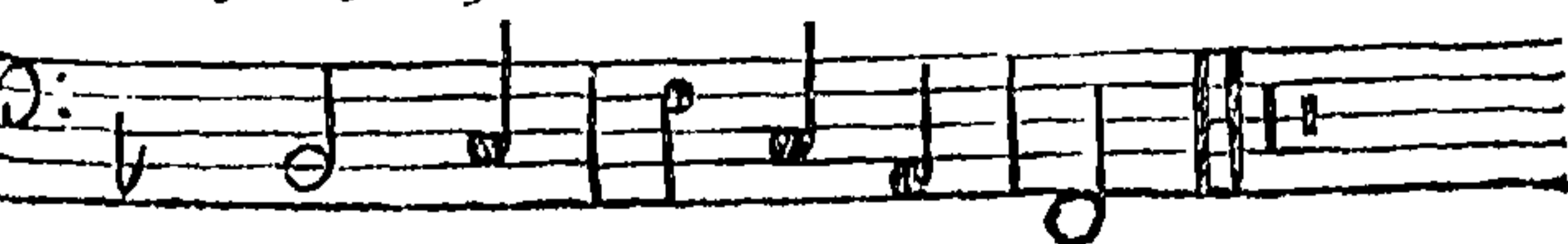
That I have lov'd him so; Then on my pale



Cheek no Blushes will show, *That Love was the*



Cause of my Mourn—ing.





Her Eyes were scarce closed when *Strephon* came by  
 He thought she'd been Sleeping, and softly drew nigh:  
 But finding her breathless, Oh Heav'ns! did he cry,  
*Ah! Chloris, the Cause of my Mourning.*

Restore me my *Chloris*, ye Nymphs use your Art:  
 They sighing reply'd, 'Twas your self shot the Dart,  
 That wounded the tender young Shepherdess' Heart,  
*And kill'd the poor Chloris with Mourning.*

Ah then is *Chloris* dead,  
 Wounded by me! he said:  
 I'll follow thee, chaste Maid,  
 Down to the silent Shade:  
 Then on her cold snowy Breast leaning his Head,  
*Expir'd the poor Strephon with Mourning.*

*For the FLUTE.*

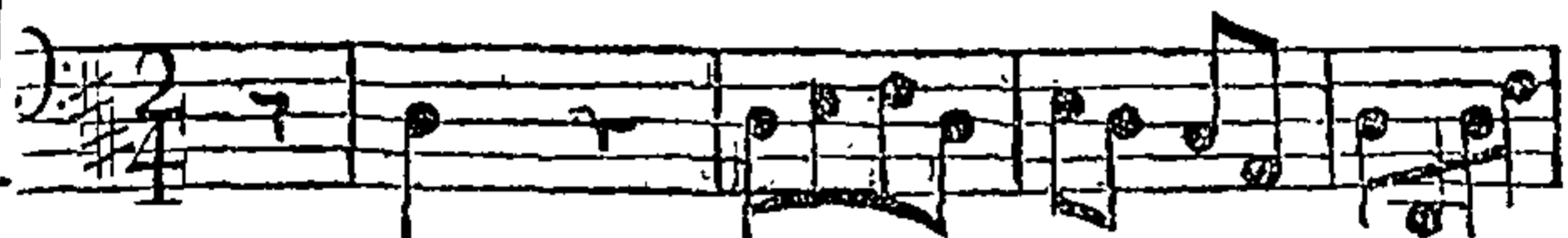


GOLD'S Superiority in LOVE.

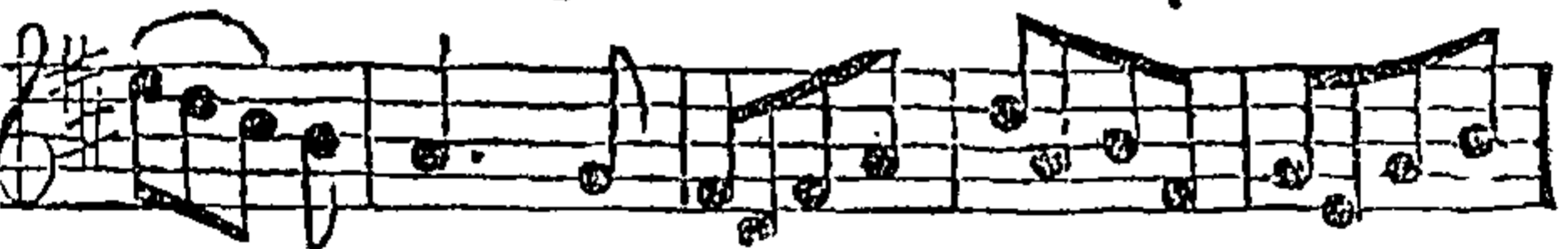
Set by Mr. MONRO.



When Love and Youth cannot make way, Nor



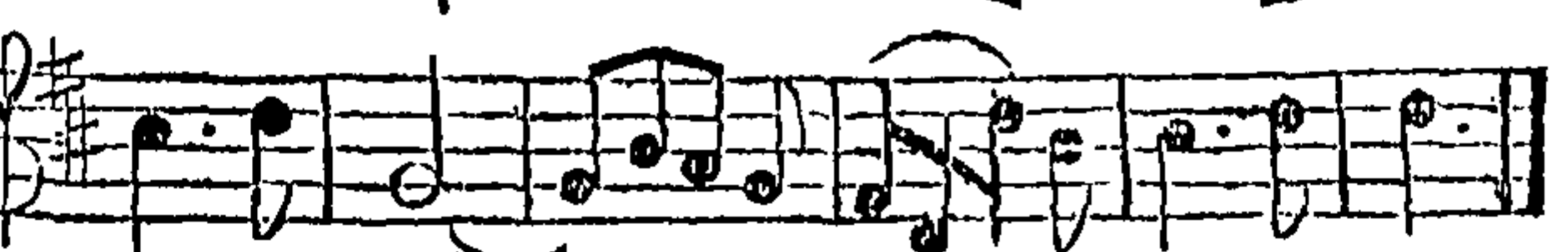
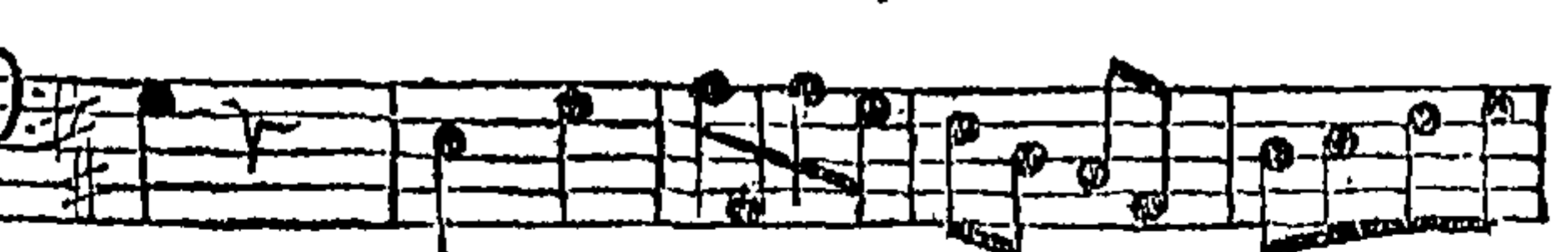
with the Fair avail; To bend to Cupid's



gentle Sway, What Ar



t, What Art can



then prevail? — What Art can then prevail?



I'll tell you, *Strephon*, a Receipt  
 Of a most Sov'reign Pow'r;  
 If you the Stubborn wou'd defeat,  
 Let drop a Golden Show'r;  
*Let drop, &c.*

This Method try'd enamour'd *Jove*,  
 Before he cou'd obtain  
 The cold regardless *Danae's* Love,  
 Or conquer her Disdain;  
*Or conquer, &c.*

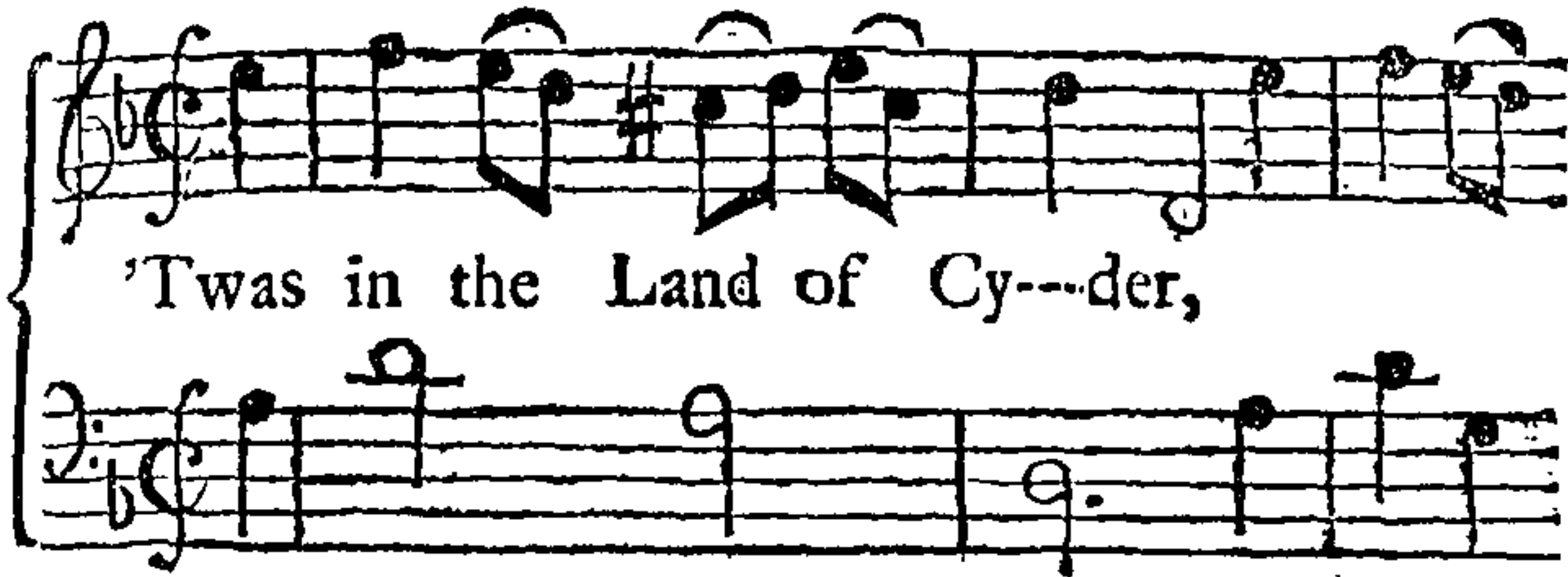
By *Cupid's* Self I have been told,  
 He never wounds a Heart  
 So deep, as when he tips with Gold  
 The fatal piercing Dart;  
*The fatal, &c.*

*For the* FLUTE.



JOHN and SUSAN.

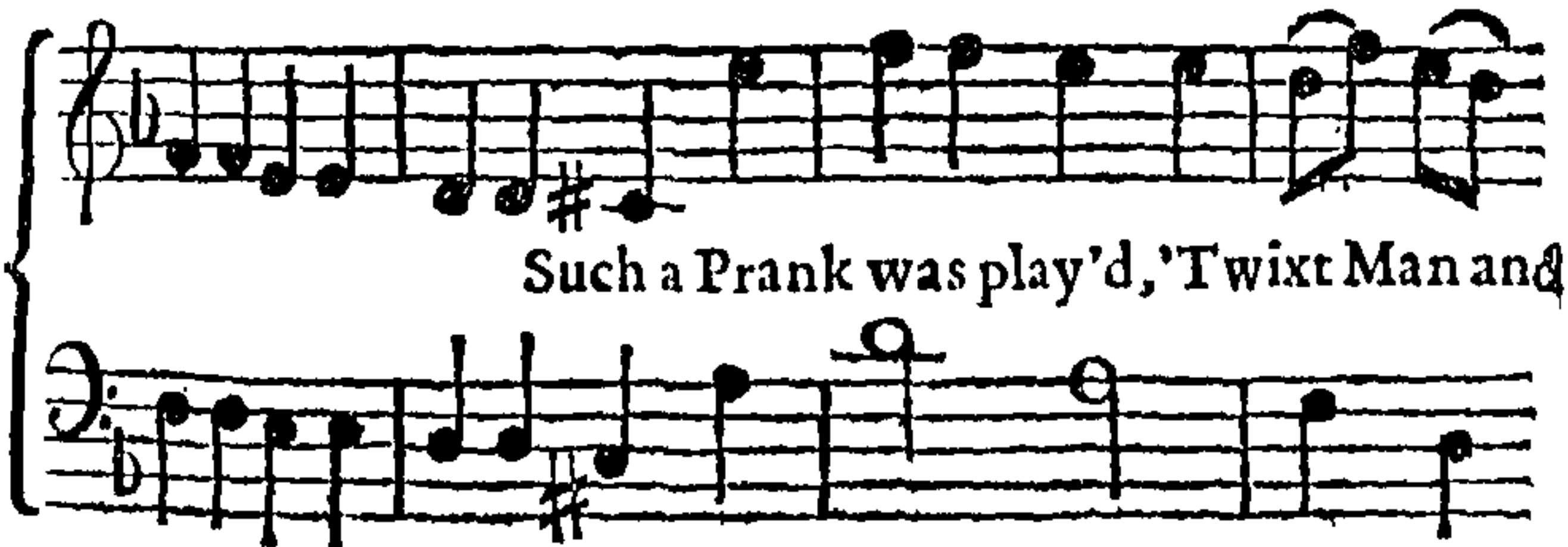
[To the Tune ---- Of Noble Race was Shinkin.]



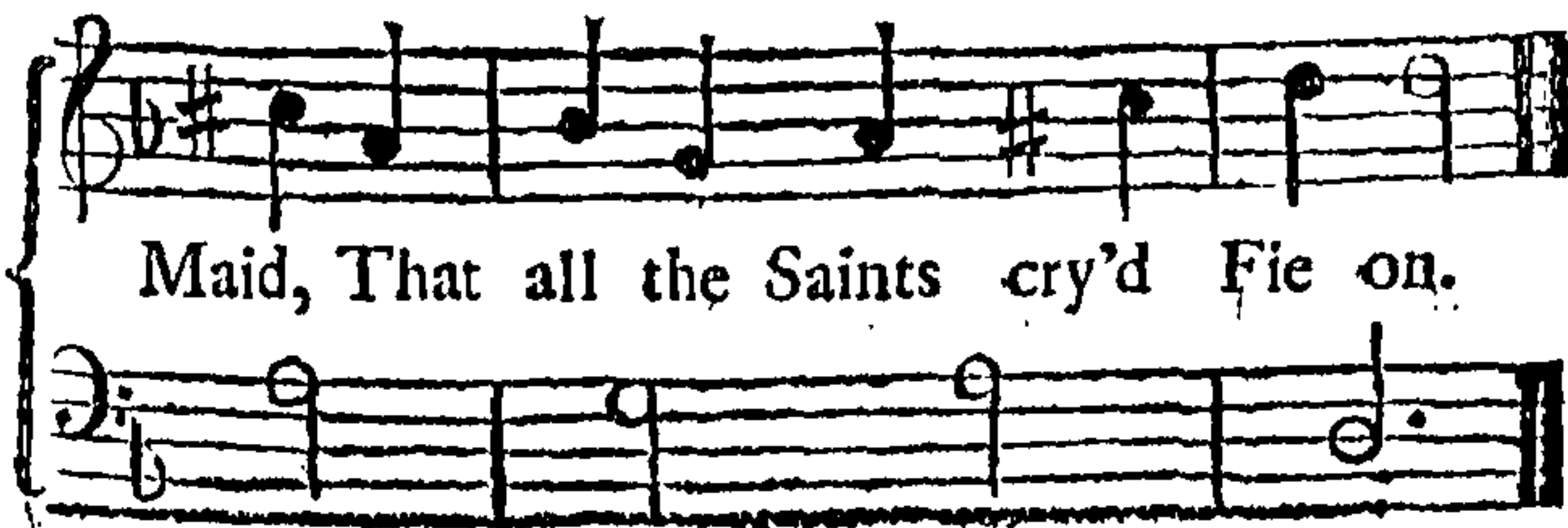
'Twas in the Land of Cy---der,



At a Place call'd *Brampton-Bryon,*



Such a Prank was play'd, 'Twixt Man and



Maid, That all the Saints cry'd Fie on.

48 *The MUSICAL MISCELLANY.*

For gentle *John* and *Susan*  
Were oft' at Recreation ;  
To tell the Truth,  
This vig'rous Youth  
Caus'd a dreadful Conflagration.

Both Morning, Noon, and Night, Sir,  
Brisk *John* was at her Crupper ;  
He got in her Geers  
Five times before Pray'rs,  
And Six times after Supper.

*John* being well provided  
So closely did solace her,  
That *Susan's* Waiste,  
So slackly lac'd,  
Shew'd Signs of Babe of Grace, Sir.

But when the Knight perceived  
That *Susan* had been Sinning,  
And that this Lass,  
For want of Grace,  
Lov'd Kissing more than Spinning :

To cleanse the House from Scandal,  
And filthy Fornication ;  
Of all such Crimes,  
To shew the Times  
His utter Detestation ;

He took both Bed and Bolster,  
Nay Blankets, Sheets, and Pillows,  
With *Johnny's* Frock,  
And *Susan's* Smock,  
And burnt 'em in the Kiln-house:

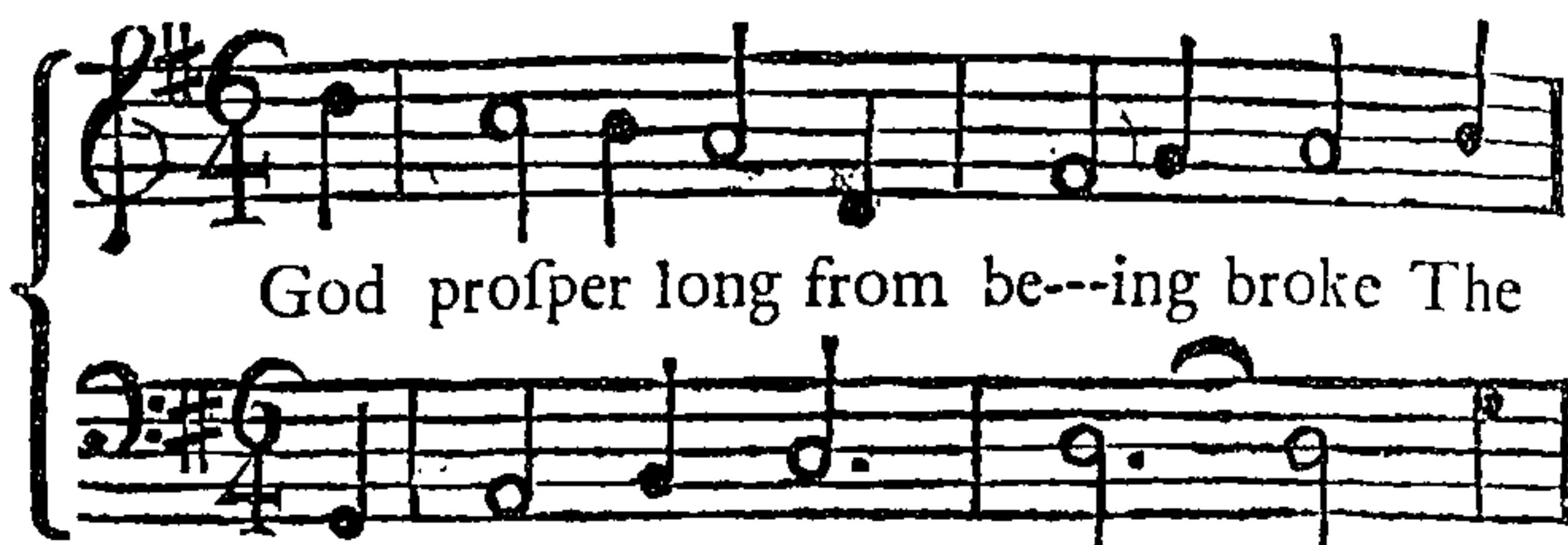
And ev'ry vile Utensil,  
On which they had been wicked,  
As Chairs, Joint-stools,  
Old Trunks, Close-stools,  
And eke the three-legg'd Cricket.

But had each Thing defiled  
Been burnt at *Brampton-Bryon*,  
We all must grant,  
The Knight wou'd want,  
Himself a Bed to lye on.

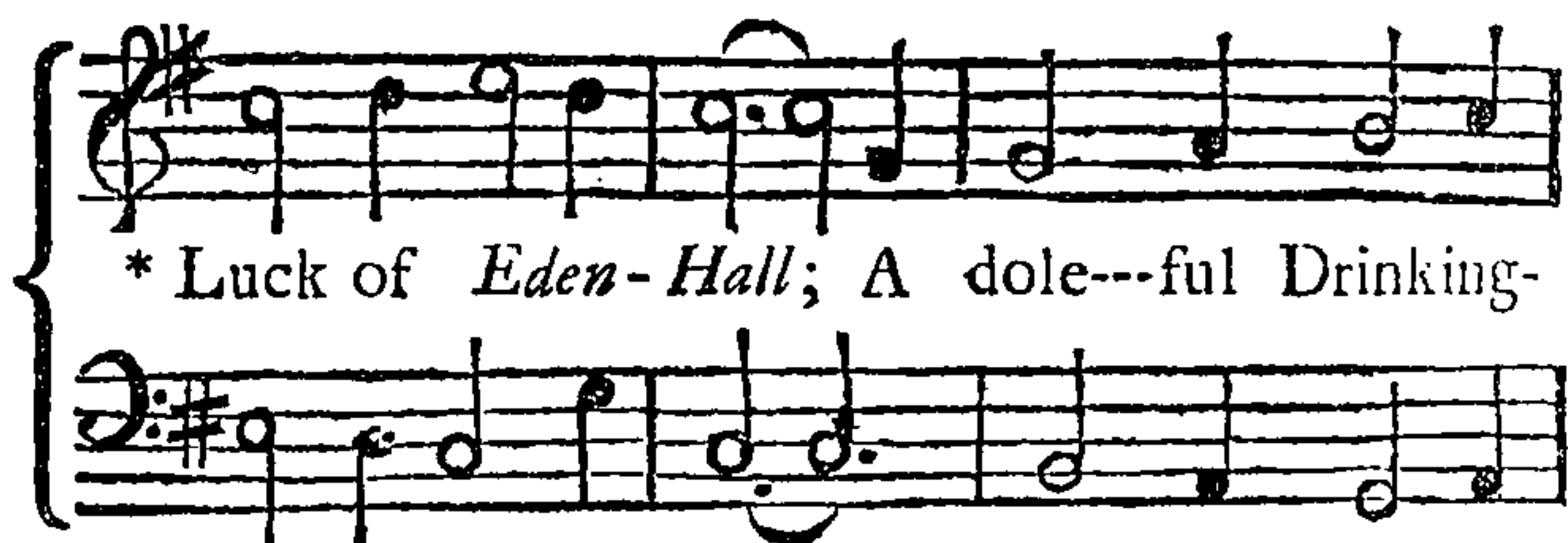
For the FLUTE.



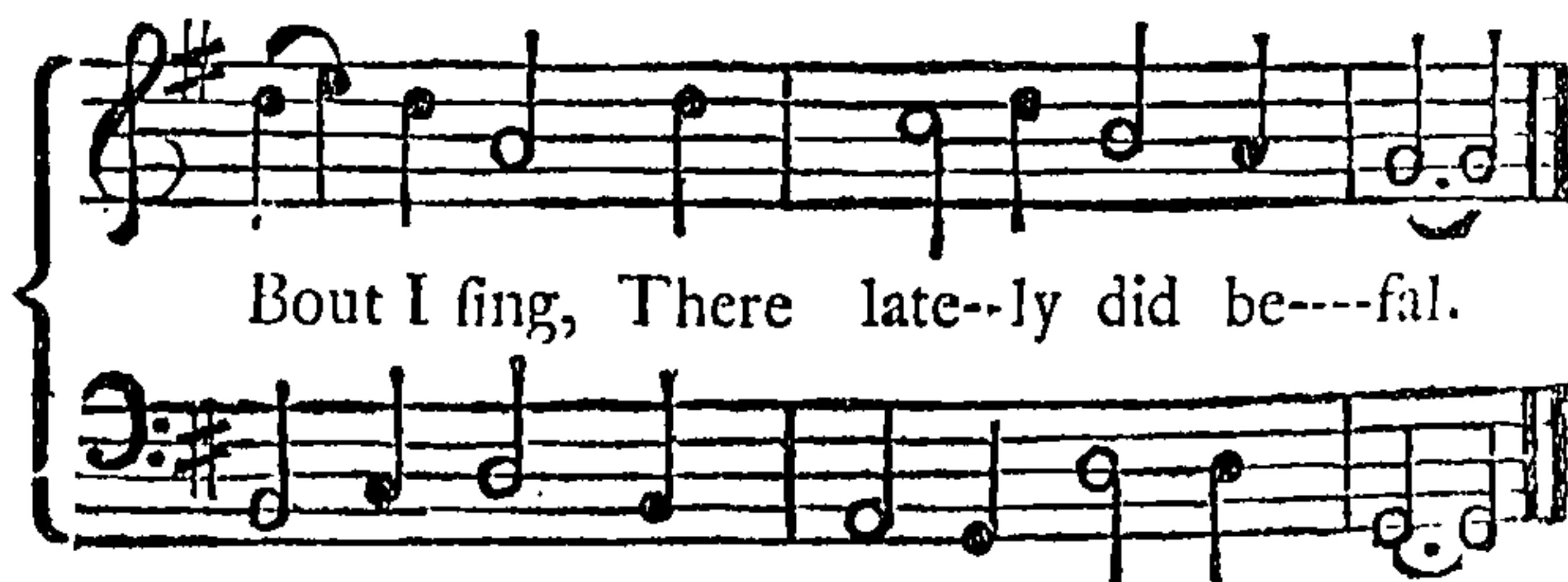
•••••

*A True and Lamentable BALLAD; call'd,  
The EARL's Defeat.*[To the Tune of *Chevy-Chase.*]*On both Sides Slaughter and Gigantick Death.* Milton.


God prosper long from be---ing broke The



\* Luck of *Eden-Hall*; A dole---ful Drinking-



Bout I sing, There late--ly did be----fal.

To chafe the Spleen with Cup and Cann  
 Duke PHILIP took his way ;  
 Babes yet unborn shall never see  
 The like of such a Day.

The

\* *A Pint Bumper at Sir Christopher Musgrave's.*

The stout, and ever-thirsty Duke  
A Vow to God did make,  
His Pleasure within *Cumberland*  
Three live-long Nights to take.

Sir MUSGRAVE too of *Martin-dale*,  
A true and worthy Knight,  
'Eftsoon with him a Bargain made,  
In drinking to delight.

The Bumpers swiftly pass about,  
Six in a Hand went round;  
And with their calling for more Wine  
They made the *Hall* resound.

Now when these merry Tidings reach'd  
The Earl of HAROLD's Ears,  
And am I (quoth he, with an Oath)  
Thus slighted by my Peers?

Saddle my Steed, bring forth my Boots,  
I'll be with them right quick;  
And, Master Sheriff, come you too;  
We'll know this Scurvy Trick.

Lo, yonder doth Earl HAROLD come,  
(Did one at Table say;)  
'Tis well, reply'd the mettled Duke,  
How will he get away?



When thus the Earl began, Great Duke,  
 I'll know how this did chance,  
 Without Inviting me; sure this  
 You did not learn in *France*.

One of us two, for this Offence,  
 Under the Board shall lie;  
 I know thee well, a Duke thou art,  
 So some Years hence shall I.

But trust me, WHARTON, pity 'twere,  
 So much good Wine to spill,  
 As these Companions here may drink,  
 Ere they have had their Fill.

Let thou and I, in Bumpers full,  
 This grand Affair decide;  
 Accurst be he, Duke WHARTON said,  
 By whom it is deny'd.

To *Andrews*, and to *Hotham* fair,  
 Many a Pint went round,  
 And many a gallant Gentleman  
 Lay sick upon the Ground.

When at the last, the Duke espy'd  
 He had the Earl secure;  
 He ply'd him with a full Pint Glass,  
 Which laid him on the Floor:

Who never spoke more Words than these,  
After he downwards sunk,  
My worthy Friends revenge my Fall,  
Duke W H A R T O N sees me drunk.

Then, with a Groan, Duke P H I L I P took  
The sick Man by the Joint,  
And said, Earl H A R O L D, 'stead of thee,  
Would I had drunk this Pint.

Alack, my very Heart doth bleed,  
And doth within me sink,  
For surely a more sober Earl  
Did never swallow Drink.

With that the Sheriff, in a Rage,  
To see the Earl so smit,  
Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk Peer,  
Upon renown'd Sir *KITT*.

Then stepp'd a gallant 'Squire forth,  
Of Visage thin and pale,  
LLOYD was his Name, and of *Gang-Hall*,  
Fast by the River *Twale*:

Who said he would not have it told,  
Where *Eden* River ran,  
That unconcern'd he shou'd sit by;  
So, Sheriff, I'm your Man.

Now when these Tidings reach'd the Room  
 Where the Duke lay in Bed,  
 How that the 'Squire so suddenly  
 Upon the Floor was laid:

O heavy Tidings (quoth the Duke)  
 CUMBERLAND witness be,  
 I have not any Captain more  
 Of such Account as he.

Like Tidings to Earl THANET came,  
 Within as short a Space,  
 How that the Under-Sheriff too  
 Was fallen from his Place.

Now God be with him (said the Earl)  
 Sith 'twill no better be;  
 I trust I have within my Town  
 As drunken Knights as he.

Of all the Number that were there,  
 Sir BAINS he scorn'd to yield;  
 But with a Bumper in his Hand,  
 He stagger'd o'er the Field.

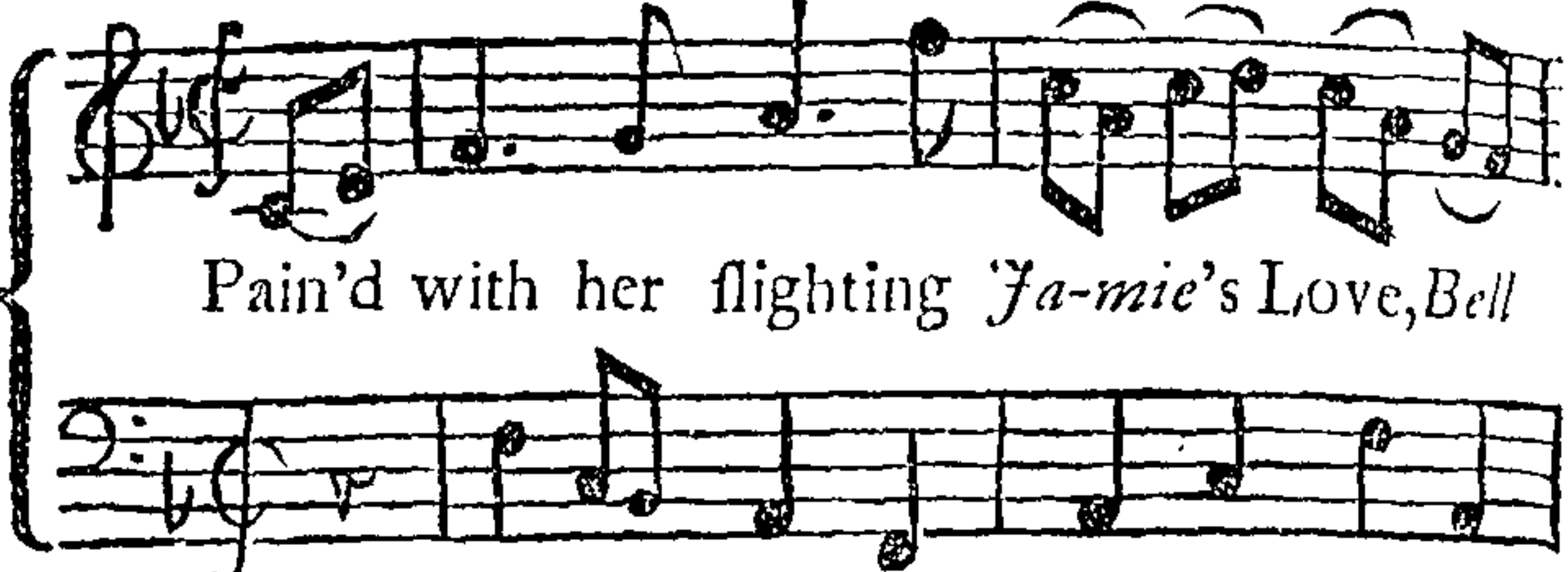
Thus did this dire Contention end;  
 And each Man of the Slain  
 Were quickly carried off to Bed,  
 Their Senses to regain.

God blefs the KING, the Dutcheſs fat,  
And keep the Land in Peace,  
And grant that Drunkenneſs henceforth  
'Mongſt Noblemen may ceaſe.

And likewise bleſs our Royal PRINCE,  
The Kingdom's other Hope,  
And grant us Grace for to defy  
The *Devil* and the *Pope*.

*For the* FLUTE.

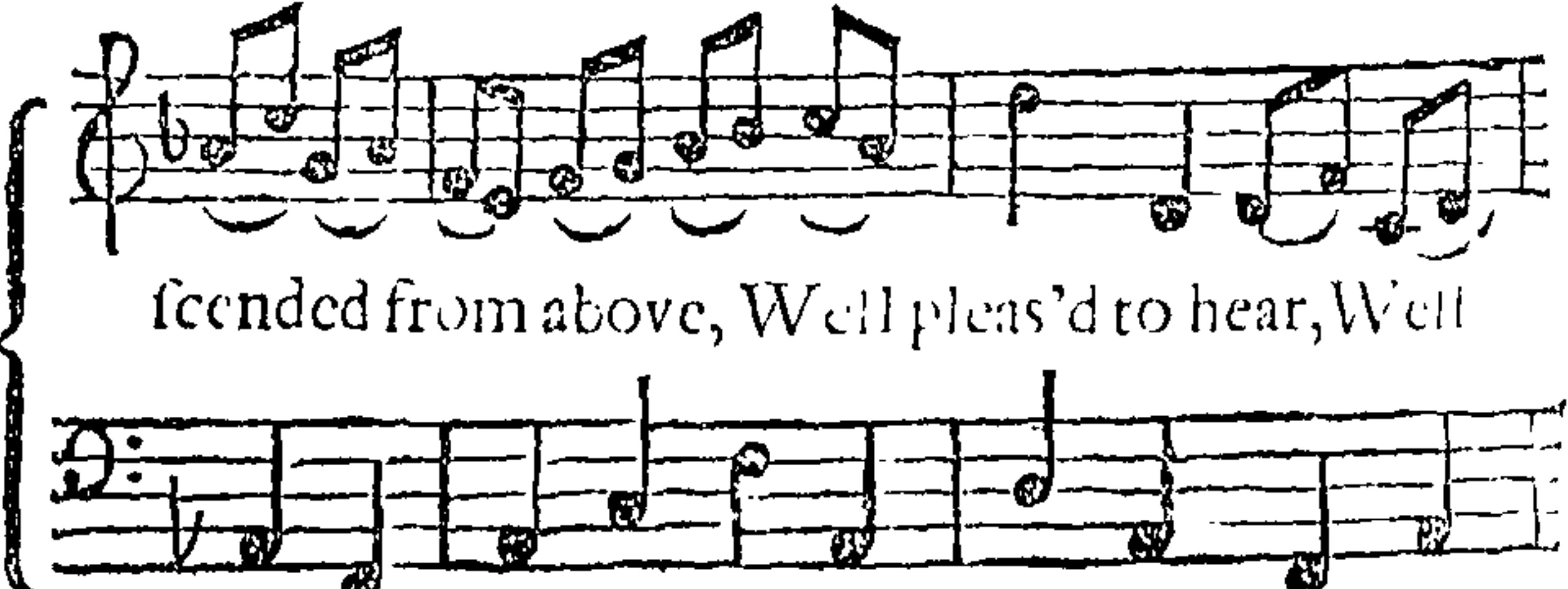


The LASS of *LIVINGSTONE*.


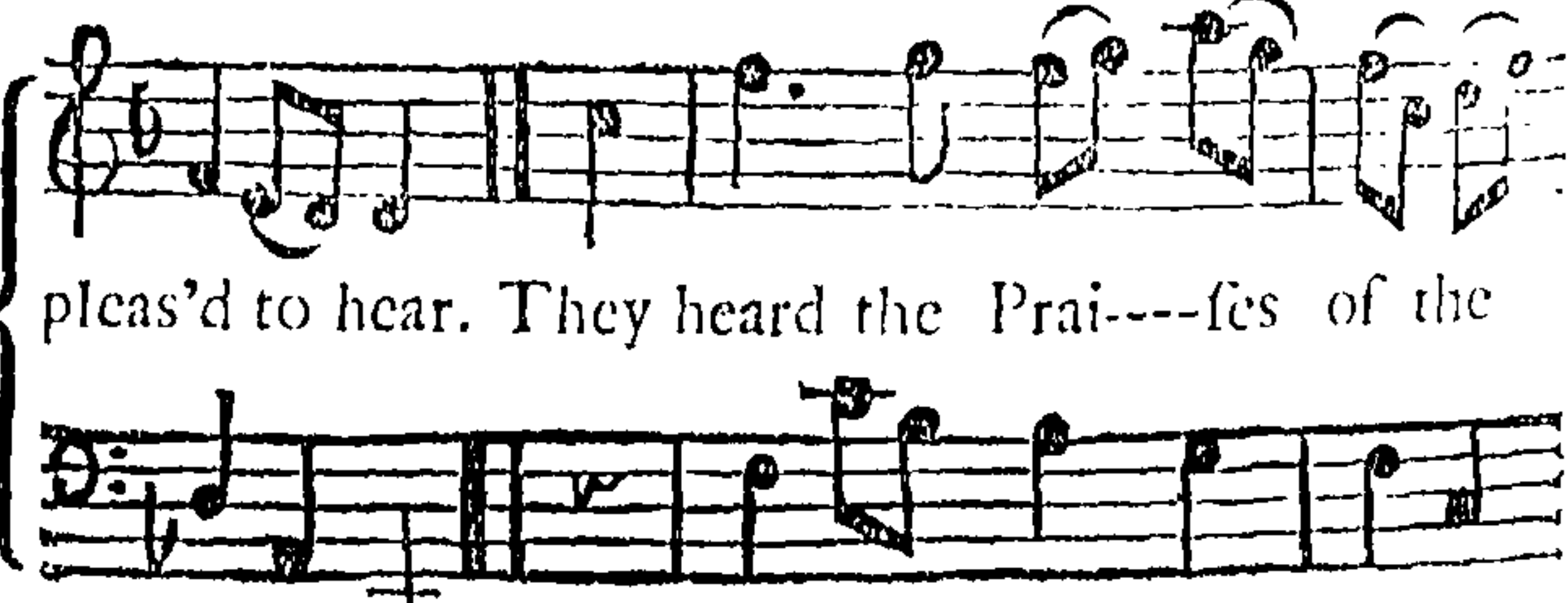
Pain'd with her flighting *Jamie's* Love, Bell



dropt a Tear, *Bell* dropt a Tear, The Gods de-



scended from above, Well pleas'd to hear, Well



pleas'd to hear. They heard the Prai---ses of the

Youth, From her own Tongue, From her own

Tongue, Who now converted was to Truth, And

thus she sung, And thus she sung.

Blest Days! when our ingenious Sex,  
 More frank and kind, More frank and kind,  
 Did not their lov'd Adorers vex,  
 But spoke their Mind, But spoke their Mind.  
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,  
 Wou'd he return, Wou'd he return,  
 She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,  
 Or cause him mourn, Or cause him mourn.

Why

Why lov'd I the deserving Swain,  
 Yet still thought Shame, Yet still thought Shame,  
 When he my yielding Heart did gain,  
 To own my Flame, To own my Flame?  
 Why took I Pleasure to torment,  
 And seem too coy, And seem too coy?  
 Which makes me now, alas! lament  
 My slighted Joy, My slighted Joy.

Ye Fair, while Beauty's in its Spring,  
 Own your Desire, Own your Desire,  
 While Love's young Power, with his soft Wing,  
 Fans up the Fire, Fans up the Fire.  
 O do not with a silly Pride,  
 Or low Design, Or low Design,  
 Refuse to be a happy Bride,  
 But answer plain, But answer plain.

Thus the fair Mourner wail'd her Crime,  
 With flowing Eyes, With flowing Eyes,  
 Glad *Jamie* heard her all the Time,  
 With sweet Surprize, With sweet Surprize.  
 Some God had led him to the Grove,  
 His Mind unchang'd, His Mind unchang'd;  
 Flew to her Arms, and cry'd, my Love,  
 I am reveng'd, I am reveng'd!

*For the FLUTE.*





## The D Y E R of R O A N.

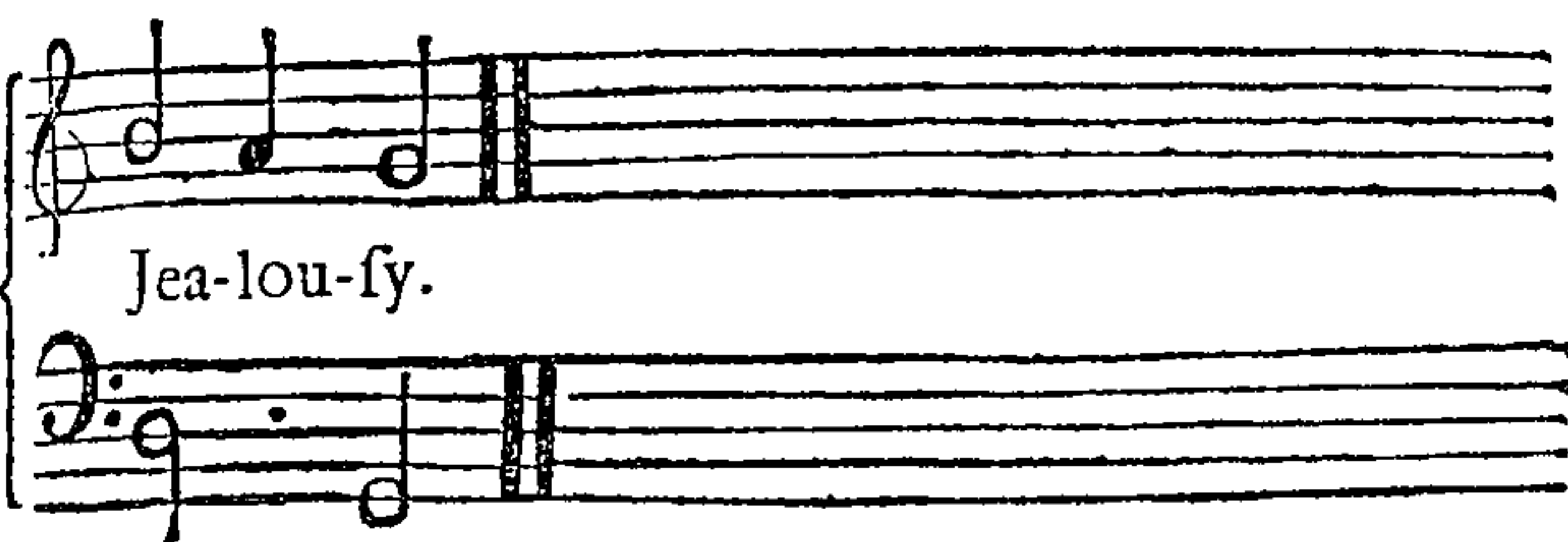
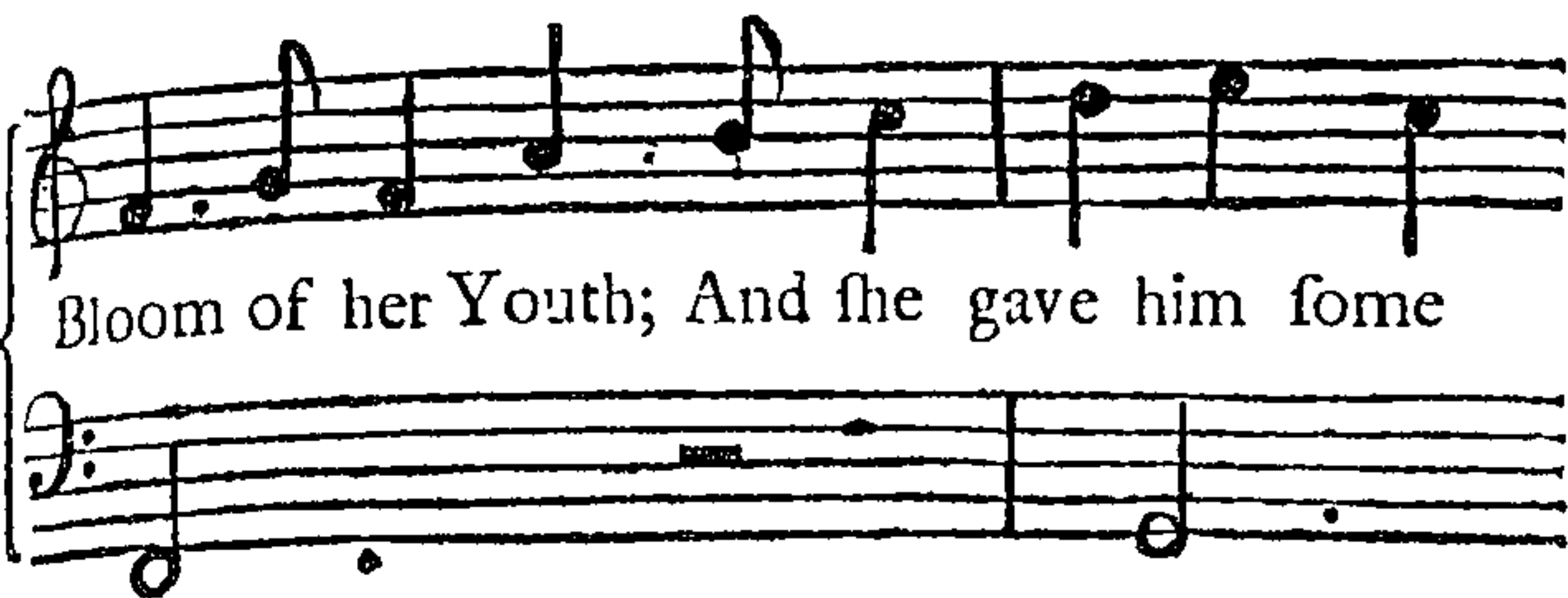
To the Tune of *Old SIMON the King.*

In good King *Lew-is's* Land, In a Ci-ty of high De-

gree; There liv'd a Dyer grand, And a very good

Dyer was he. This Dyer was married, forsooth, And

married in Truth was he, To a Maid in the



In vain had he sought to discover,  
What he little desir'd to see,  
Never dreaming his Wife had a Lover  
Of Monkey-fac'd Monsieur *l'Abbé*.  
He thought of a politick way,  
To bring all the Matter to light,  
By his feigning a Journey one Day,  
And by lying in Ambush at Night.

The Horses were brought to the Door,  
Ev'ry Sign of a Journey appears,  
Whilst his Wife (that dissembling Whore)  
Was bedew'd in her Crocodile-Tears.  
A thousand Grimaces she made,  
To shew forth her Grief at his Parting;  
But that was the Trick of the Jade,  
And regardless as old Women's Farting.

The Dyer was now out of Sight,  
 And prepar'd to discover the Treason;  
 You will find he was much in the right;  
 And I'm going to tell you the Reason:  
 The Wife was no sooner alone,  
 But she sent for her Father-Confessor;  
 He put his best Pantaloons on,  
 And he ran like the Devil to bless her.

The Damsel, with Smiles on her Face,  
 Met the Abbot, and gave him a Kiss;  
 But no Man wou'd have been in his Place,  
 If he had known of the Jerquer in Piss.  
 We now may suppose them together  
 Confessing and Pressing each other;  
 Bound fast, in Love's Thong of Whit-leather,  
 Was the Reverend Catholick Brother.

Some Hours were past at this Rate,  
 When the Husband, with *pass-par-tout* Keys,  
 Made no Scruple to open his Gate,  
 And caught napping the Hog in his Pease.  
 Father Abbot, quoth he (without Passion)  
 Is this your Church-way of Confession?  
 Altho' 'tis a Thing much in Fashion,  
 It is nevertheless a Transgression.

The Abbot, as you may believe,  
 Had but little to say for himself;  
 He knew well what he ought to receive,  
 For his being so arrant an Elf;

His Cloaths he got on with all Speed,  
And conducted he was by the Dyer,  
To be duckt (as you after may read)  
And be cool'd from his amorous Fire.

Quoth the Dyer, Most Reverend Father,  
Since I find you're so hot upon Wenching,  
I have gather'd my Servants together,  
To give you a Taste of our Drenching.

Here ----- *Tom, Harry, Roger, and Dick!*

Take the Abbot, undress him, and douse him;  
They obey'd in that very same Nick,  
To the Dye-Vat they take him, and souse him.

To behold what a Figure he made,  
Such a Monster there never was seen;  
'Twas enough to make *Satan* afraid;  
He was colour'd all over with Green.

The Dyer had Pleasure enough,  
When he thought how he dy'd him for Life;  
'Twas much better than using him rough,  
Since he only had lain with his Wife.

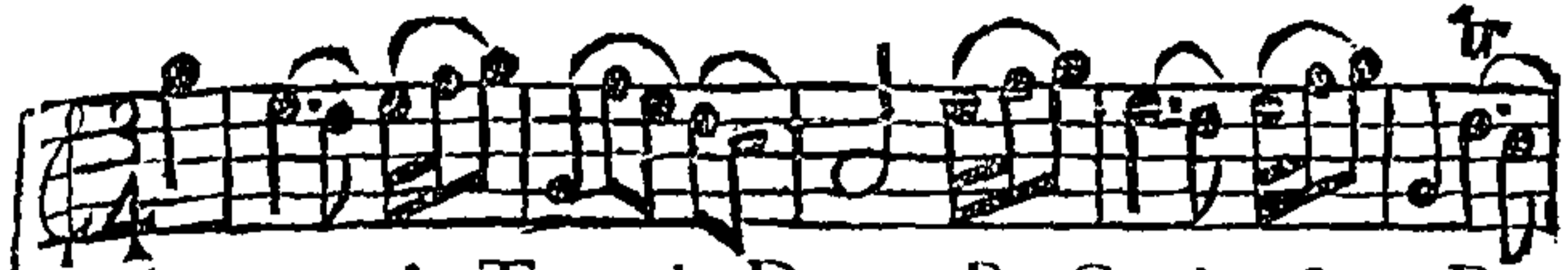
The Abbot was led to the Door,  
And he took to his Heels in a Trice,  
Never looking behind or before;  
It was now not a time to be nice.  
'Tis reported by some of his Neighbours,  
That he did not discover 'till Morning  
The excellent Fruits of his Labours,  
Nor the Colour he had for his Horning.

But, good lack, when he came to the Glass,  
And beheld such a strange Alteration,  
He was dy'd of the Colour of Grass,  
And had like to have dy'd with Vexation.  
As this Stain can be never got out,  
And the Abbot must lose the Church-Fleece;  
Let him bear the Disgrace (like a Lout)  
To be shewn for a Penny a-piece.

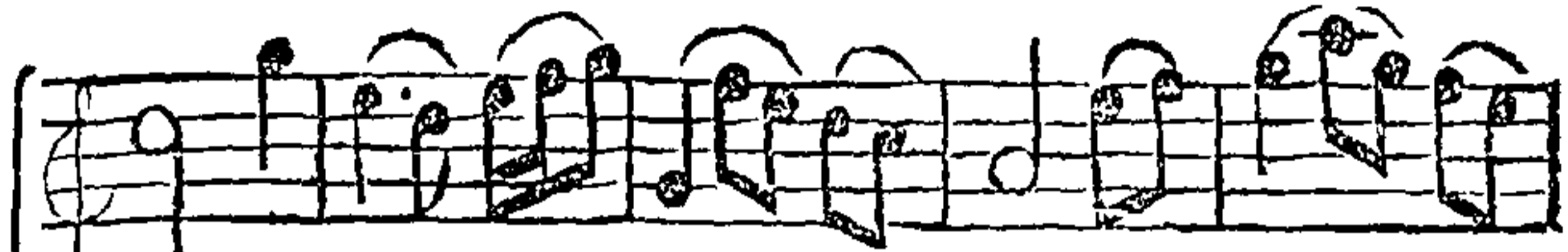
*For the* FLUTE.



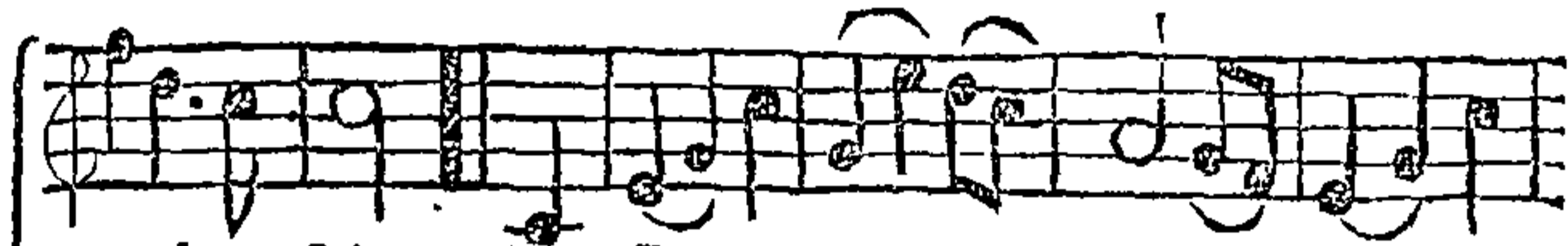
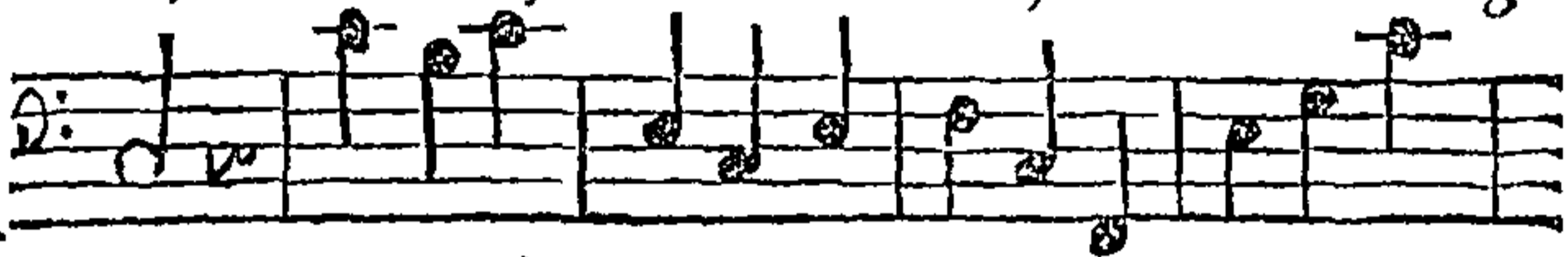
*Blink over the Burn, Sweet BETTY.*



As gen-tle Tur-tle Doves, By Cooing shew De-



fire; As I----vys Oaks do love, And twi--ning



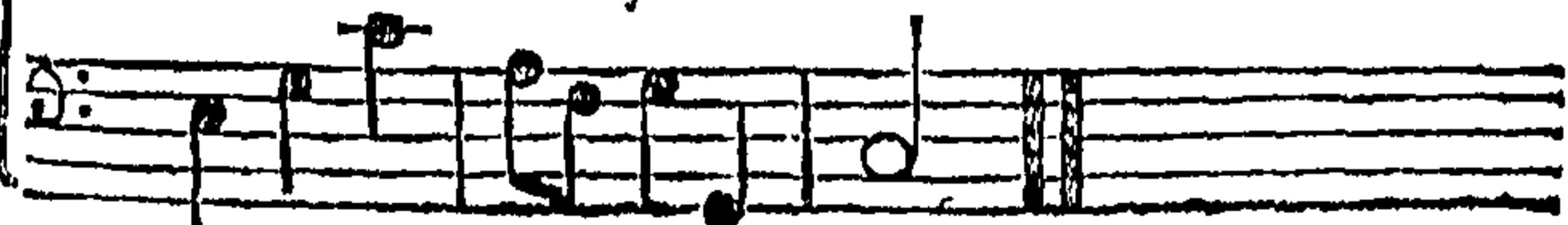
round a--spire: So I my *Bet-ty* love, So I my



*Bet--ty* woe, I woe as woos a Dove, And



twine as I—vys do.



Her Kisses sweet as Spring ;

Like *June*, her Bosom's warm ;

The Autumn ne'er did bring

By half so sweet a Charm.

As living Fountains do

Their Favours ne'er repent,

So *Betty's* Blessings grow

The more, the more they're lent.

Leave Kindred and Friends, sweet *Betty*,

Leave Kindred and Friends for me ;

Affur'd thy Servant is steady

To Love, to Honour, and Thee:

The Gifts of *Nature* and *Fortune*

May fly by Chance, as they came ;

These Grounds the *Destinies* sport on,

But *Virtue* is ever the same.

Altho' my Fancy were roving,

Thy Charms so heav'nly appear,

That other Beauties disproving,

I'd worship thine only, my Dear.

And shou'd Life's Sorrows embitter

The Pleasure we promis'd our Loves,

To share them together is fitter,

Than moan asunder, like Doves.

Oh! were I but once so blessed,

To grasp my Love in my Arms!

By thee to be grasp'd and kissed,

And live on thy Heaven of Charms:

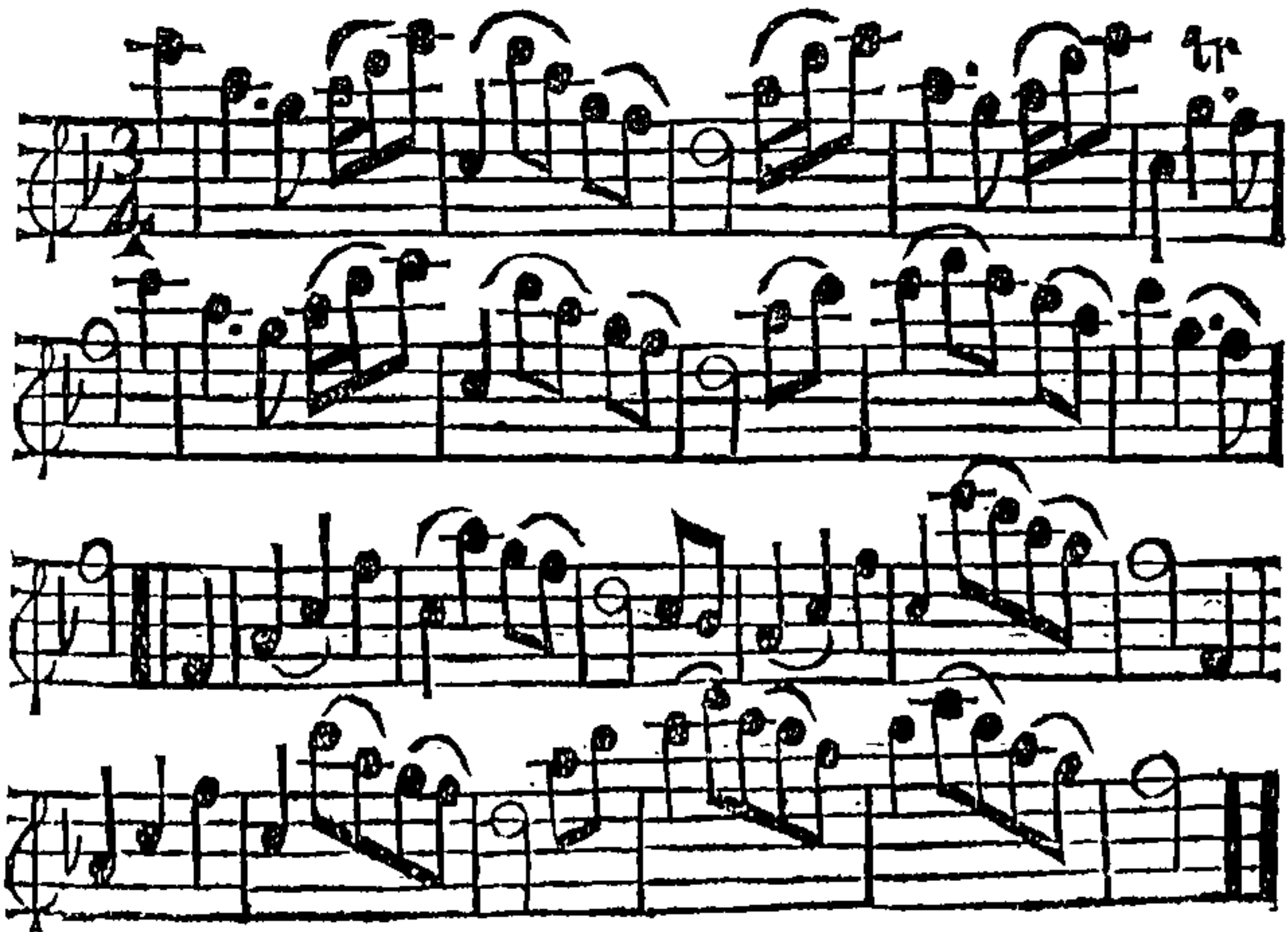
I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,

Shou'd Fortune capricious prove,

Tho' Death shou'd tear me to Pieces,

I'd dye a Martyr to Love.

*For the* F L U T E.





*The Words by Mr. WILKS. Set by Mr. CAREY.*

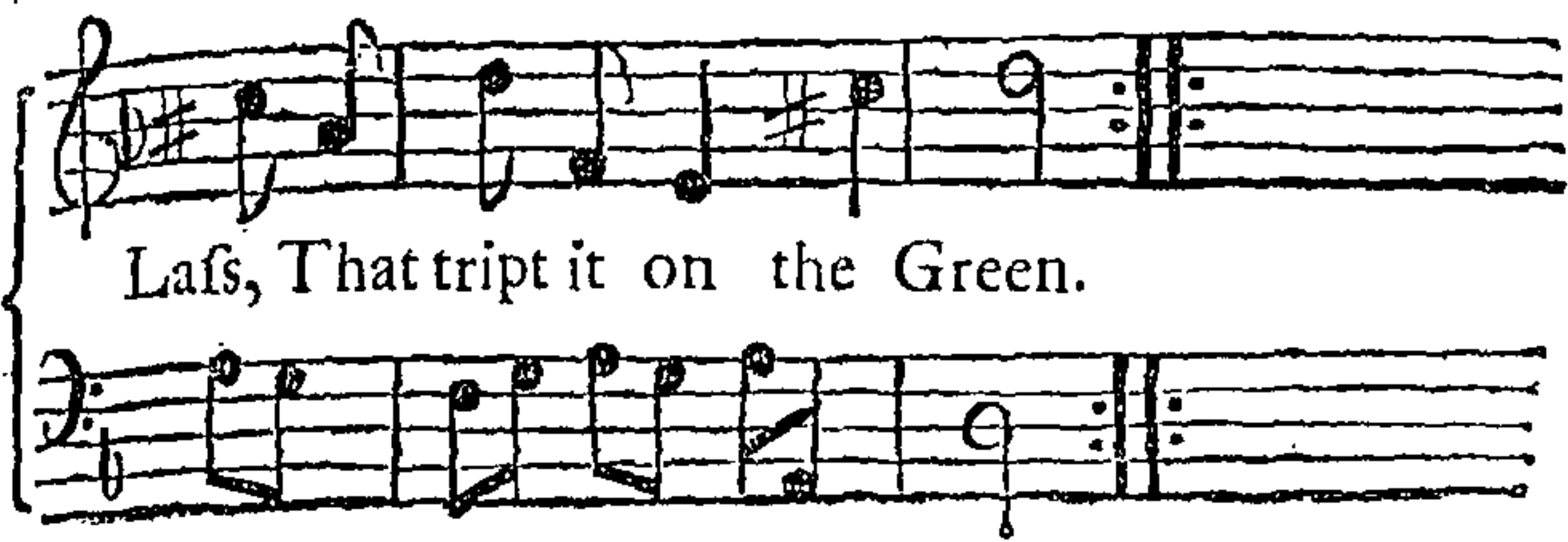
Young *Philoret* and *Ce-lia* met, In an old shady

Grove; The Nymph was coy, The am'rous Boy

Still sigh ——— 'd and talk'd of Love: He

prais'd her Face, her Air, her Grace, Her love...ly

charming Mein, And swore she was The brightest



Lads, That tript it on the Green.

With skilful Tongue  
The Shepherd sung,  
And told a melting Tale;  
But all his Art,  
To touch her Heart,  
Prov'd vain, nor cou'd prevail.

Th' insulting Fair  
With scornful Air  
Still mock'd the love-sick Swain;  
And while he sigh'd,  
She still reply'd,  
*I've Pleasure in your Pain.*

*For the FLUTE.*



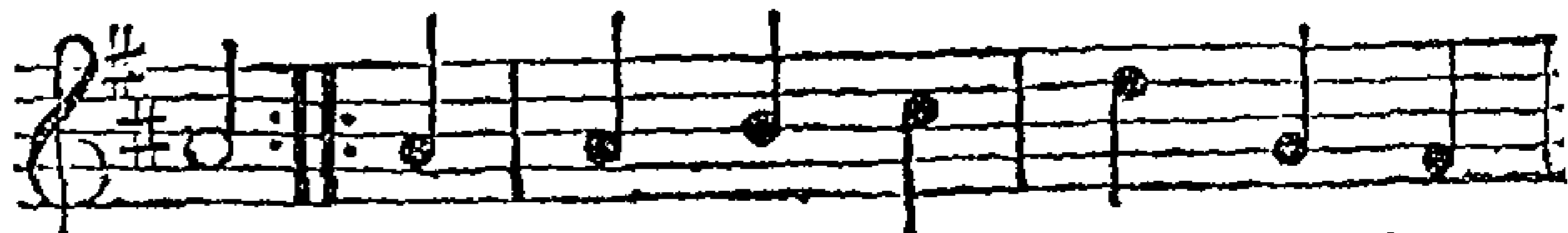
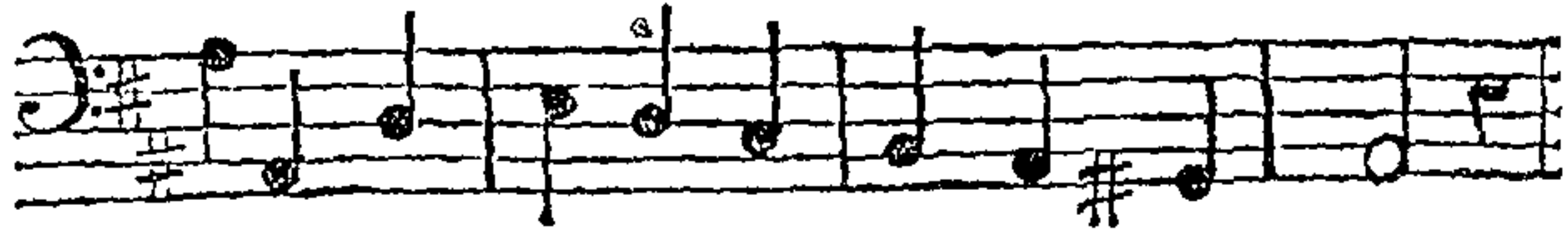
## The BITER BIT.



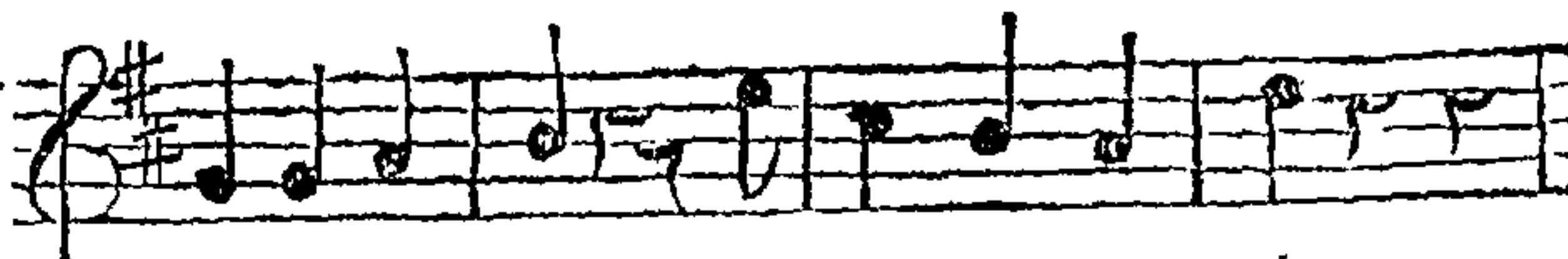
When *Strephon* to *Clo-e* made Love his Pre-



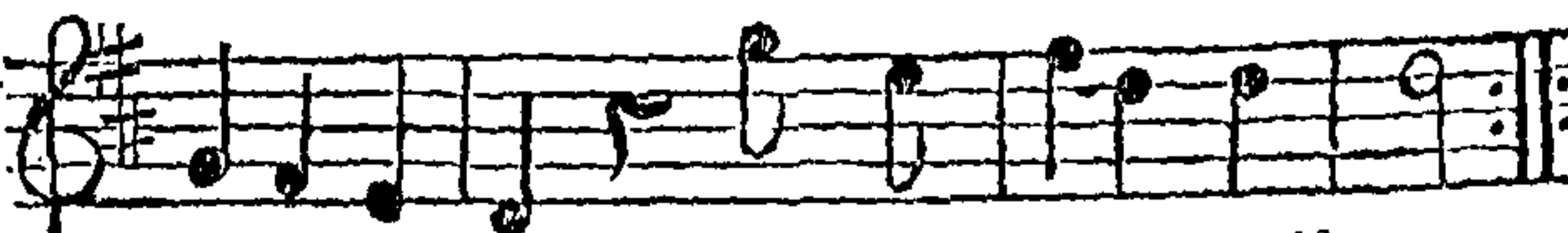
tence, 'Twas all but a Sham, his chief Aim was her



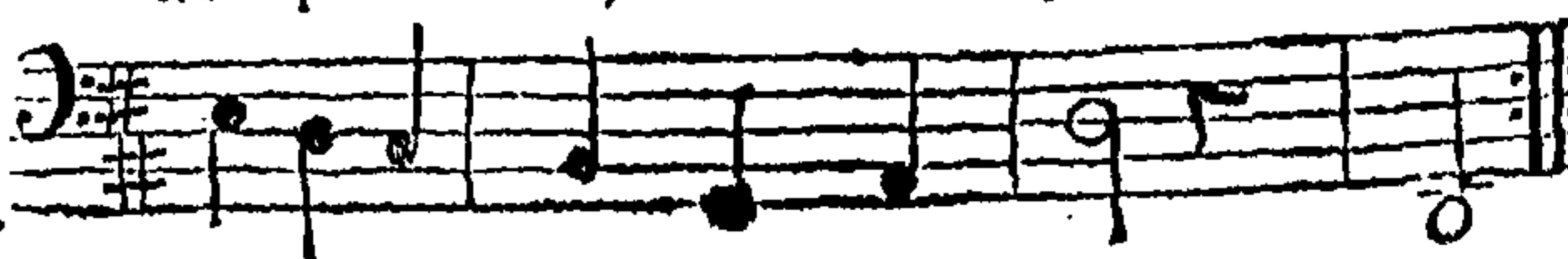
Pence: For Twelve Thousand Pounds the sly



Gipsy did pass, And he topt as much,



he topt as much, with an impudent Face.



And thus, for a while, they both lay on the Catch,  
'Till at length they consented, and struck up a Match;  
But soon, to their Cost, for all their deep Wit,  
He found himself Trapt, she found her self Bit.

Such Wedlock's a Banter, the Wise make no Doubt,  
And those that get in, wou'd be glad to get out:  
'Twas ever confess'd, since the World first began,  
Your Fortunes are Bites, and so bite as bite can.

Soldier and Citizen, Lawyer and Squire,  
Both Sexes for Money each other admire;  
All spread out their Snares, in hopes to trapan:  
The World's all a Cheat, and so cheat as cheat can.

*For the* FLUTE.

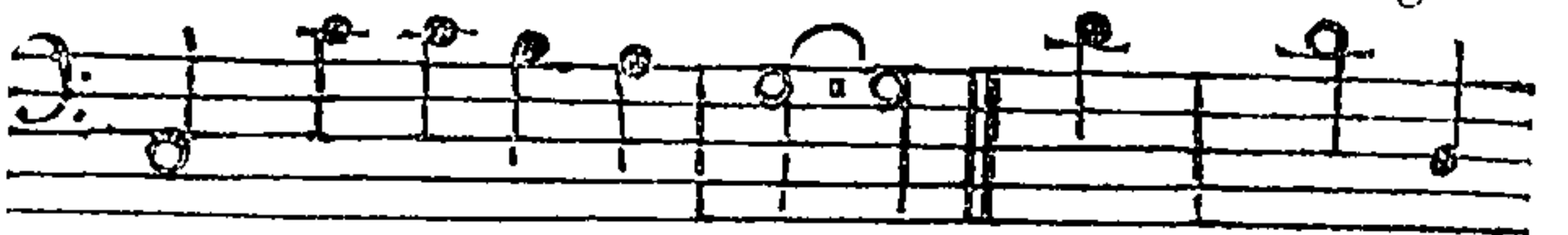


*The FREE MASON'S Health.*

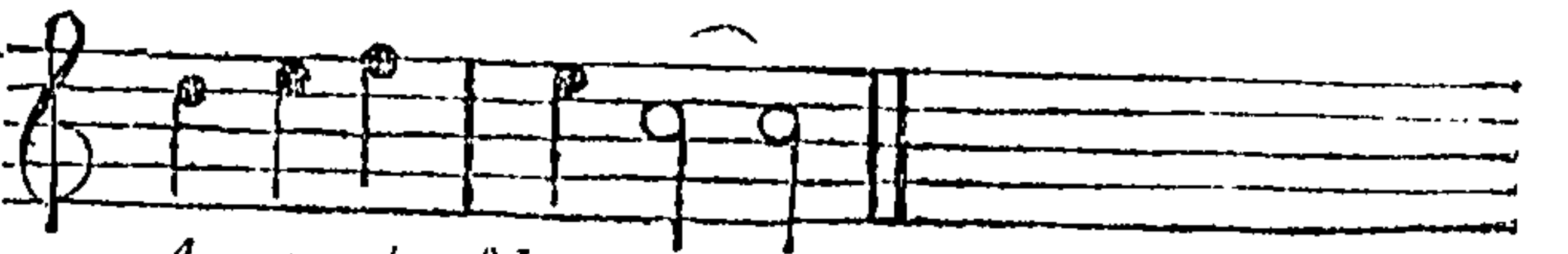
Come let us prepare, We Brothers that are Met to-



gether on merry Occasion; Let us drink, laugh and



sing, Our Wine has a Spring, 'Tis a Health to an



*Accepted Ma—sur.*



The World is in Pain  
 Our Secret to gain,  
 But still let them wonder and gaze on,

'Till they're shewn the Light,  
They'll ne'er know the right  
Word, or Sign of an *Accepted Mason.*

'Tis This and 'tis That,  
They cannot tell what,  
Why so many great Men in the Nation  
Shou'd Aprons put on,  
To make themselves one  
*With a Free or an Accepted Mason.*

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,  
Have laid by their Swords,  
This our Myst'ry to put a good Grace on,  
And ne'er been asham'd  
To hear themselves nam'd  
*With a Free or an Accepted Mason.*

Antiquity's Pride  
We have on our Side,  
It makes each Man Just in his Station;  
There's nought but what's Good  
To be understood  
*By a Free or an Accepted Mason.*

Then joyn Hand in Hand,  
T' each other firm stand,  
Let's be merry, and put a bright Face on;  
What Mortal can boast  
So noble a Toast,  
*As a Free or an Accepted Mason?*

## My APRON, DEARY.

'Twas forth in a Morning, a Morning of

May, A Soldier and his Mi---stres were

walking a---stray; And low down by you

Meadow Brow, I heard a La's cry, My

A—pron now!

O had I ta'en Counsel of Father or Mother,  
Or had I ta'en Counsel of Sister or Brother;  
But I was a young Thing, and easy to woove,  
And my Belly bears up *my Apron now*.

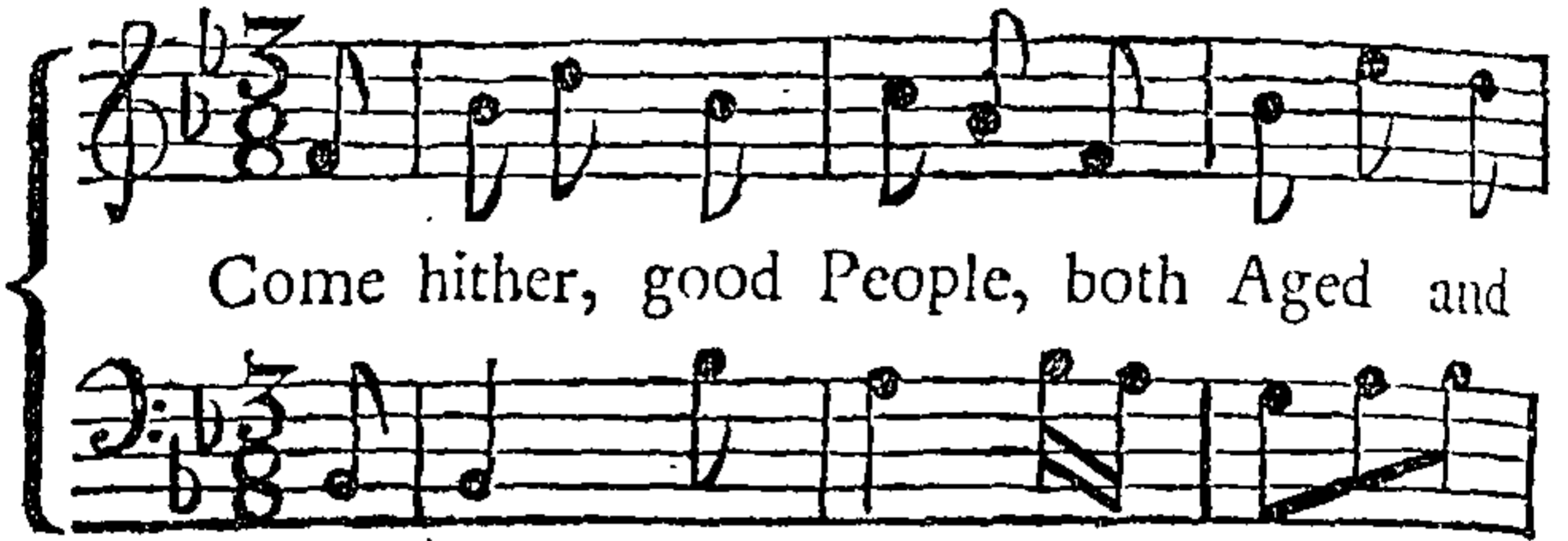
Thy Apron, Deary, I must confes,  
Is something the shorter, tho' naething the less;  
I only was wi' ye a Night or Two,  
And yet you cry out, *My Apron now!*

*For the* F L U T E.

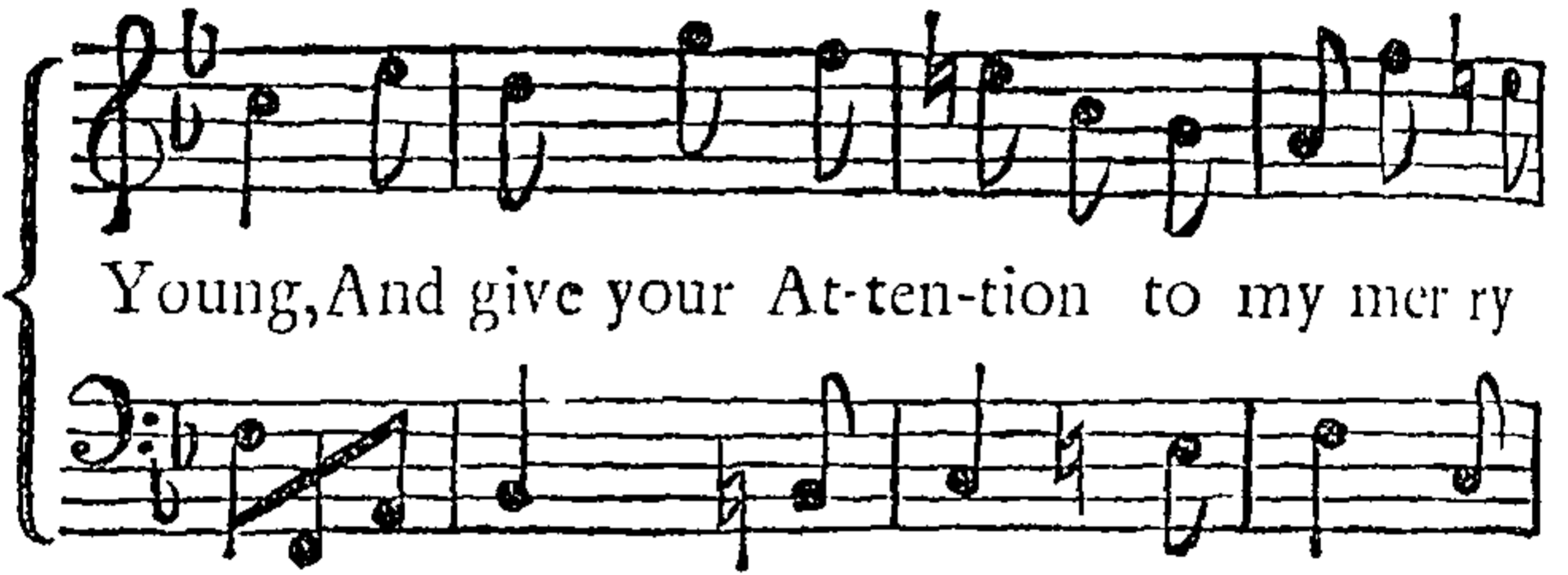




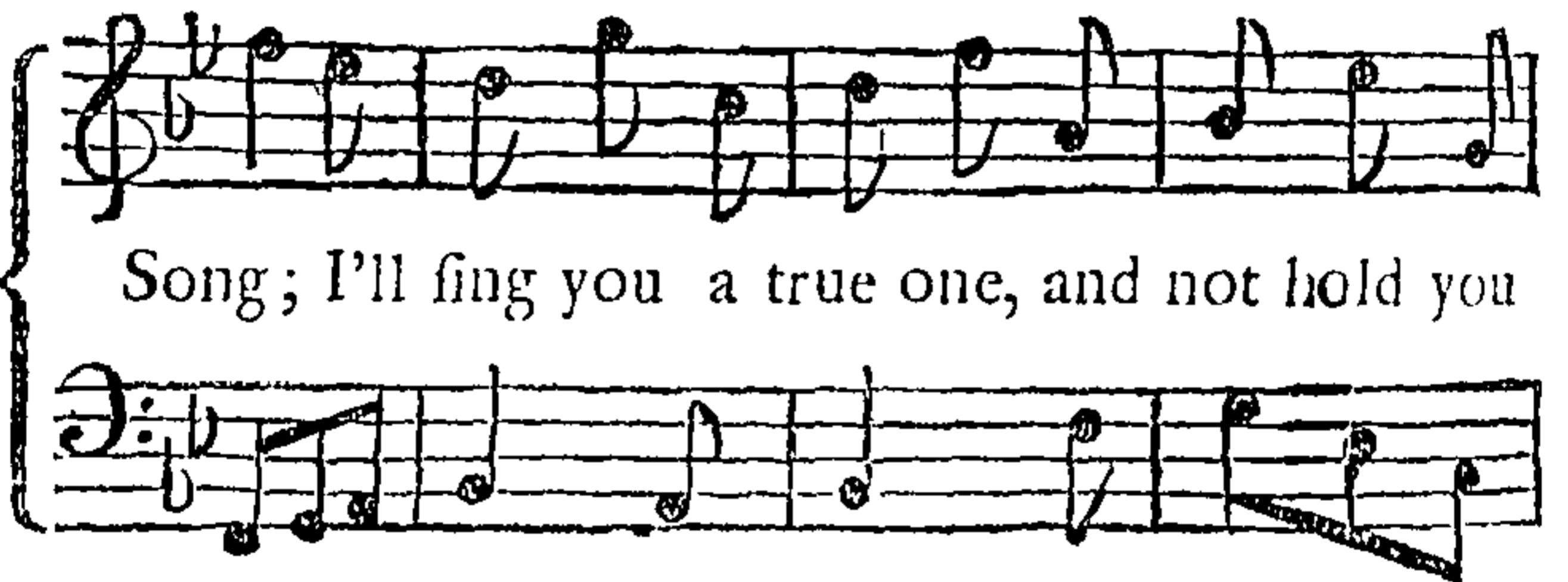
## A YORKSHIRE TALE.



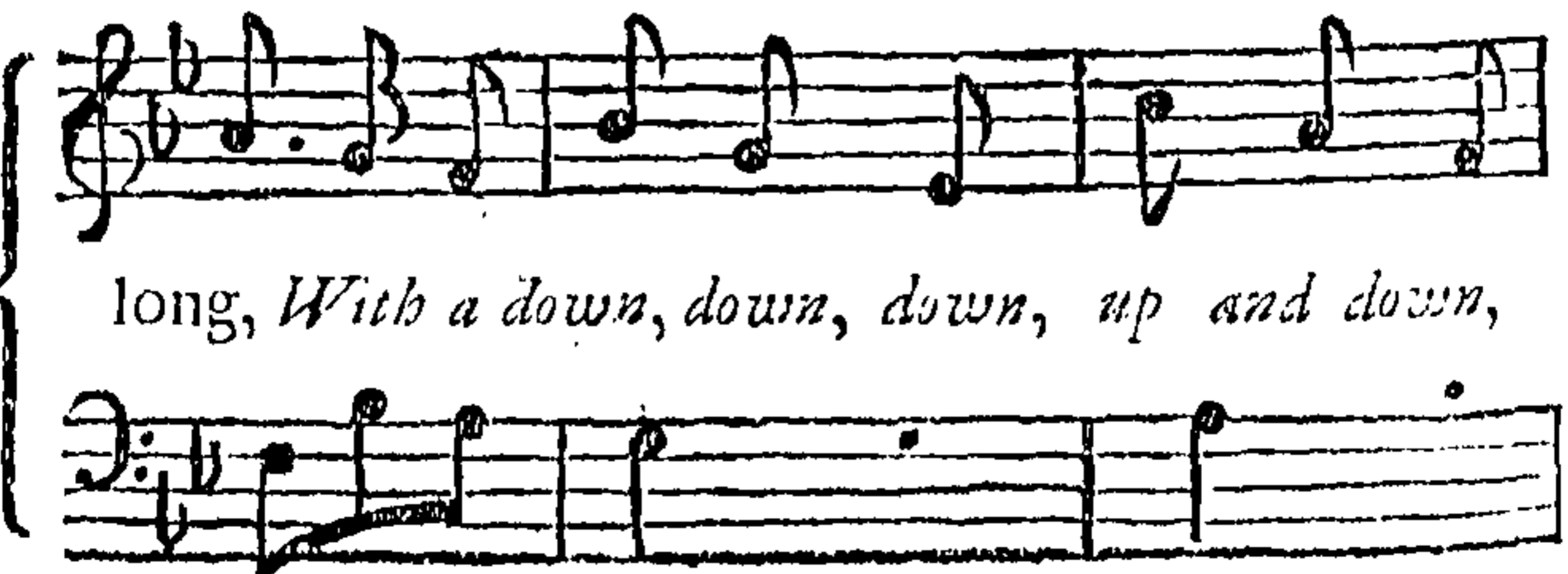
Come hither, good People, both Aged and



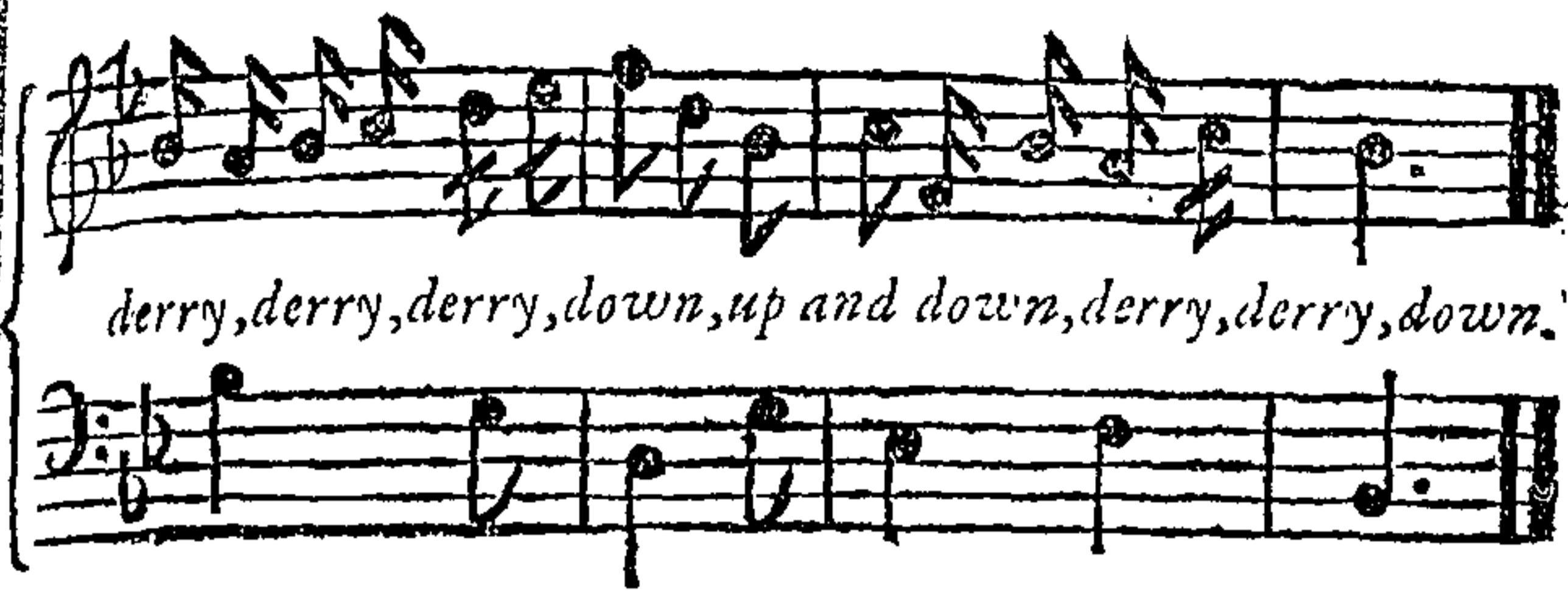
Young, And give your At-ten-tion to my mer ry



Song; I'll sing you a true one, and not hold you



long, *With a down, down, down, up and down,*



*derry, derry, derry, down, up and down, derry, derry, down.*

A Parson there was, and whose Name I cou'd tell,  
 But suppose I do not, it is full as well,  
 Whose Wife did all *Yorkshire* in Beauty excel,  
*With a down, &c.*

Her Texture so perfect, her Eyes black as Sloe,  
 Her Hair curling shone, and like Jet it did show,  
 Which often denotes 'tis the same Thing below;  
*With a down, &c.*

A sprightly young Spark she had smitten so deep,  
 Nor Day had he Quiet, nor Night cou'd he sleep,  
 Which made him think how, to her Bed he should creep,  
*With a down, &c.*

Assistance he wanted, and then did unbend  
 His Mind to a Brother, before a good Friend,  
 Who said, fear not *Wat*, thou shalt compass thy End,  
*With a down, &c.*

In Woman's Apparel dress out, and be gay,  
 I'll venture my Life on't, 'twill be a sure Way,  
 If you condescend but to what I shall say,  
*With a down, &c.*

And thus to the Parson's this Couple rode on:  
 Dear Doctor, says *Frank*, here's a Thing to be done,  
 Which Office perform'd, I shall gratefully own,  
*With a down, &c.*

This

78 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

This Lady, that long has Love's Passion defy'd,  
And all my Addresses so often deny'd,  
Will now make me happy by being my Bride,

*With a down, &c.*

'Tis past the Canonical Hour, said he,  
And till the next Morning you know it can't be,  
And then I'll attend you, Sir, most readily,

*With a down, &c.*

Says *Frank*, I confess, Sir, you are perfectly right;  
But here lies the Hardship, we can't, while 'tis Light,  
Get to the next Town for a Lodging to-night,

*With a down, &c.*

Take no Care of that, Sir, for thus it shall be,  
The Lady, if she thinks it fit to agree,  
Shall lie with my Dearest, and you lie with me,

*With a down, &c.*

You so much oblige me in what you now say,  
I hope in Return I shall find out a Way  
Such generous Kindness with Thanks to repay,

*With a down, &c.*

This being agreed on, both Sides did consent  
To put the Glass round, and the Evening was spent  
In Mirth and good Cheer, then to Bed they all went,

*With a down, &c.*

No sooner in Bed then, but with a bold Grace,  
*Watt*, full of Desire, thus open'd the Case,  
Dear Madam, says he, I must--- then did embrace,

*With a down, &c.*

Confounded she lay, and not able to speak,  
To think how these Wags had deceiv'd her and Dick;  
But at last she was pleas'd with the Frolick and Trick,  
*With a down, &c.*

He pleas'd her so well, that transported she lay,  
Contriving and plotting for his longer Stay,  
Which thus to her Husband she form'd the next Day,  
*With a down, &c.*

This Lady, my Dearest, last Night full of Grief,  
Oft' hugg'd me, and told me, I can't for my Life  
Consent, tho' I've promis'd him to be his Wife,  
*With a down, &c.*

To-morrow, said she, and then freely went on,  
Tho' I love him, my Heart tells me I must be gone,  
If so, the poor Man you know may be undone,  
*With a down, &c.*

Now how to prevent this I'll think of a Way,  
If I can perswade her some time for to stay,  
And that's a good Office, I'm sure you will say,  
*With a down, &c.*

'Tis so, my dear Creature; pray do what you can,  
To please her, and bring her to Humour again,  
And I'll do my best to divert the poor Man,  
*With a down, &c.*

The Plot so well taken made both their Hearts bound,  
All Night, and all Day too, whenever they found  
Convenience for Pastime, her Pleasure he crown'd,  
*With a down, &c.*

And

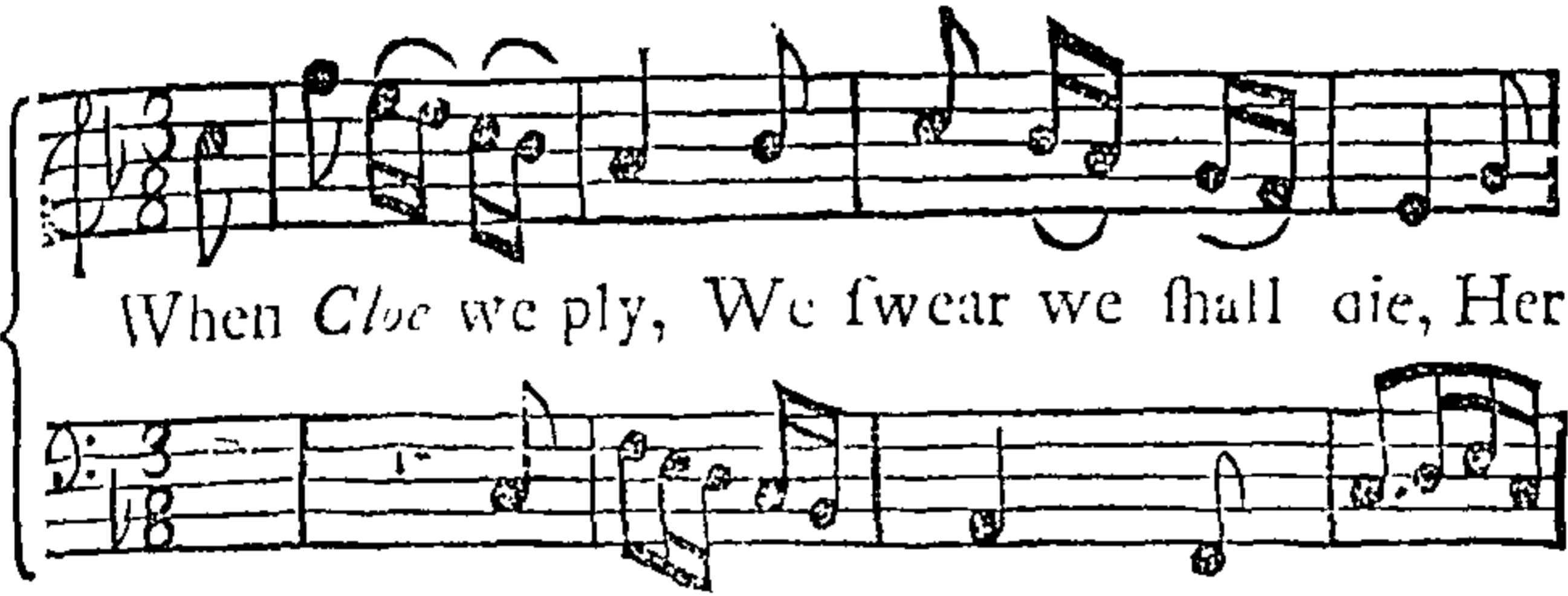
80 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

And thus my Friend *Watt* his full Swing did obtain,  
The Wife too in Transport a whole Week did reign,  
And the Man, ne'er the worse, had his Mare back again,  
*With a down, &c.*

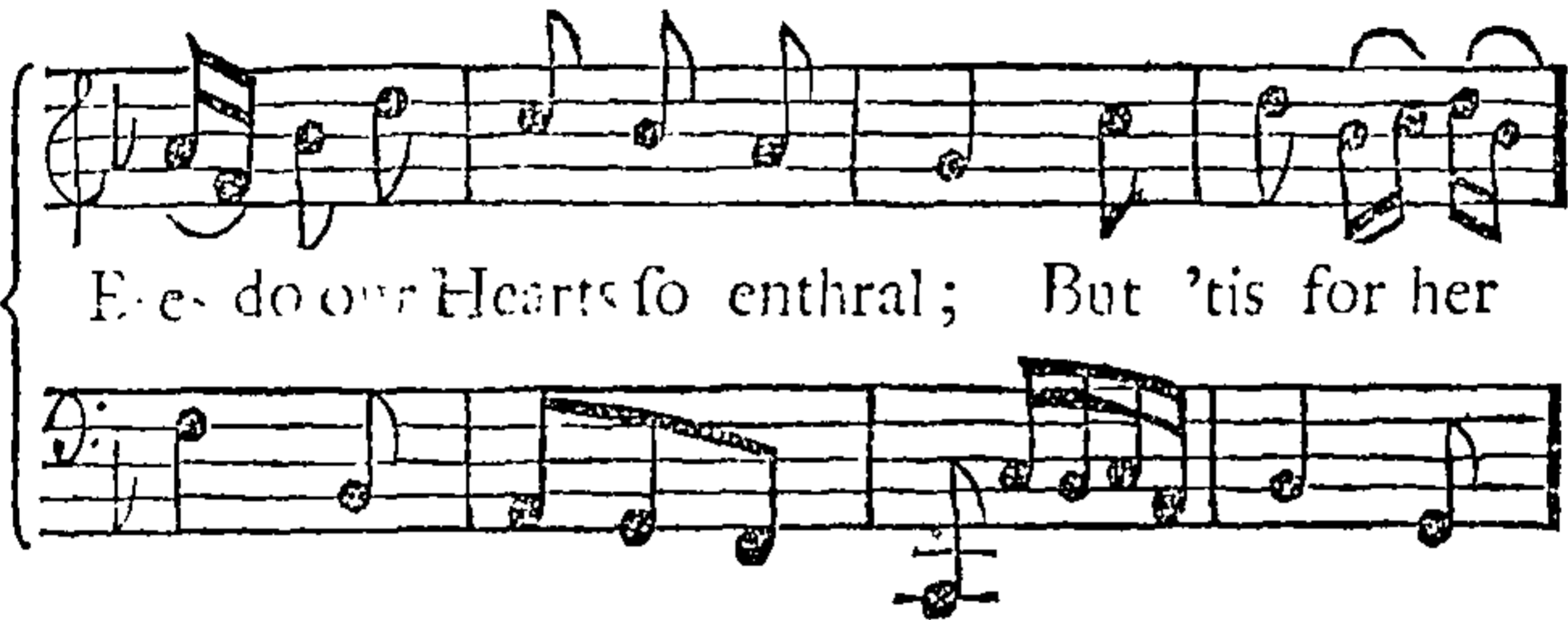
*For the* F L U T E.



The ARTIFICE.



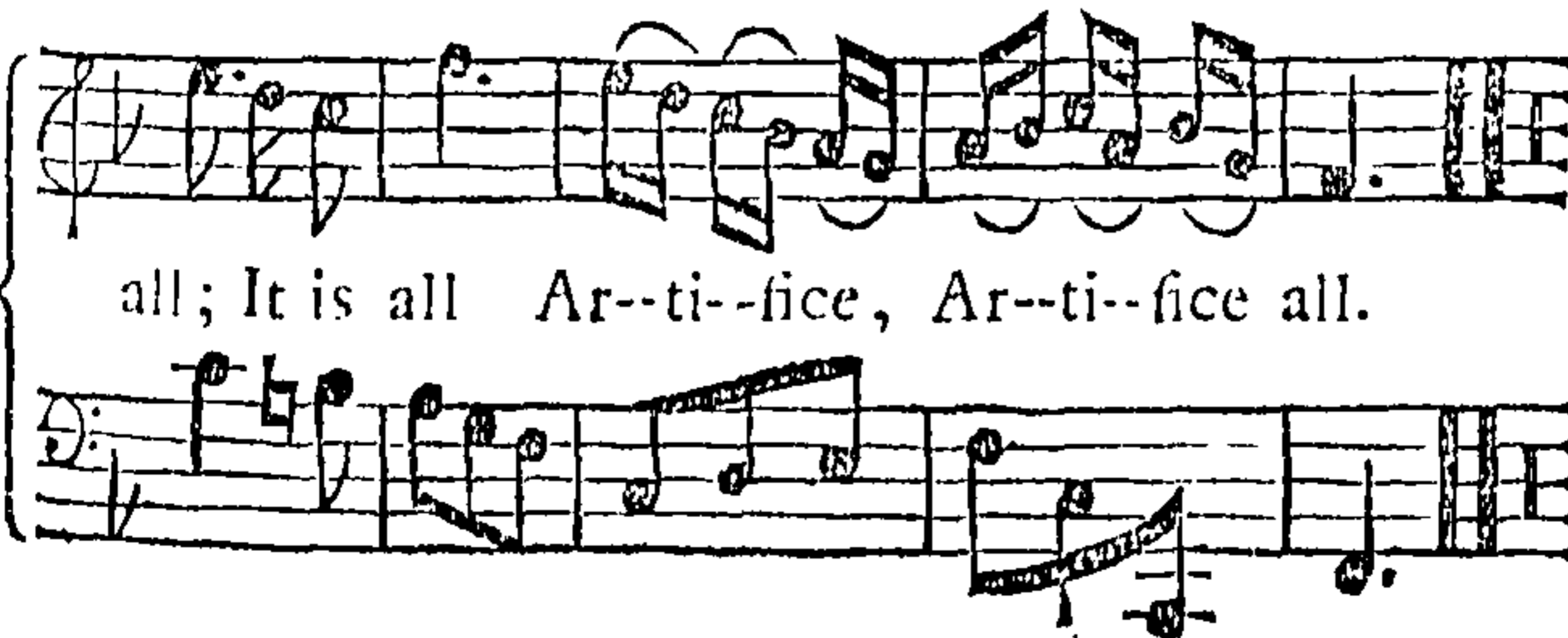
When *Cloe* we ply, We swear we shall die, Her



E-e- down Hearts so enthral; But 'tis for her



Pelf, And not for her self: It is all Ar ti- fice,



all; It is all Ar--ti--fice, Ar--ti--fice all.

The Maidens are shy,  
 Cry --- Pish! and cry --- Fye!  
 And vow if you're rude they will call:  
 But whisper so low,  
 That they let us know,  
 It is all Artifice, all;  
 It is all Artifice, Artifice all.

My Dear, the Wives cry,  
 Whenever you die,  
 Oh! marry again we ne'er shall:  
 But in less than a Year,  
 They make it appear  
 It is all Artifice, all;  
 It is all Artifice, Artifice all.

In Matters of State,  
 And Party Debate,  
 For Church and for Justice we bawl;  
 But if you attend,  
 You'll find in the End,  
 It is all Artifice, all;  
 It is all Artifice, Artifice all.

*For the FLUTE.*





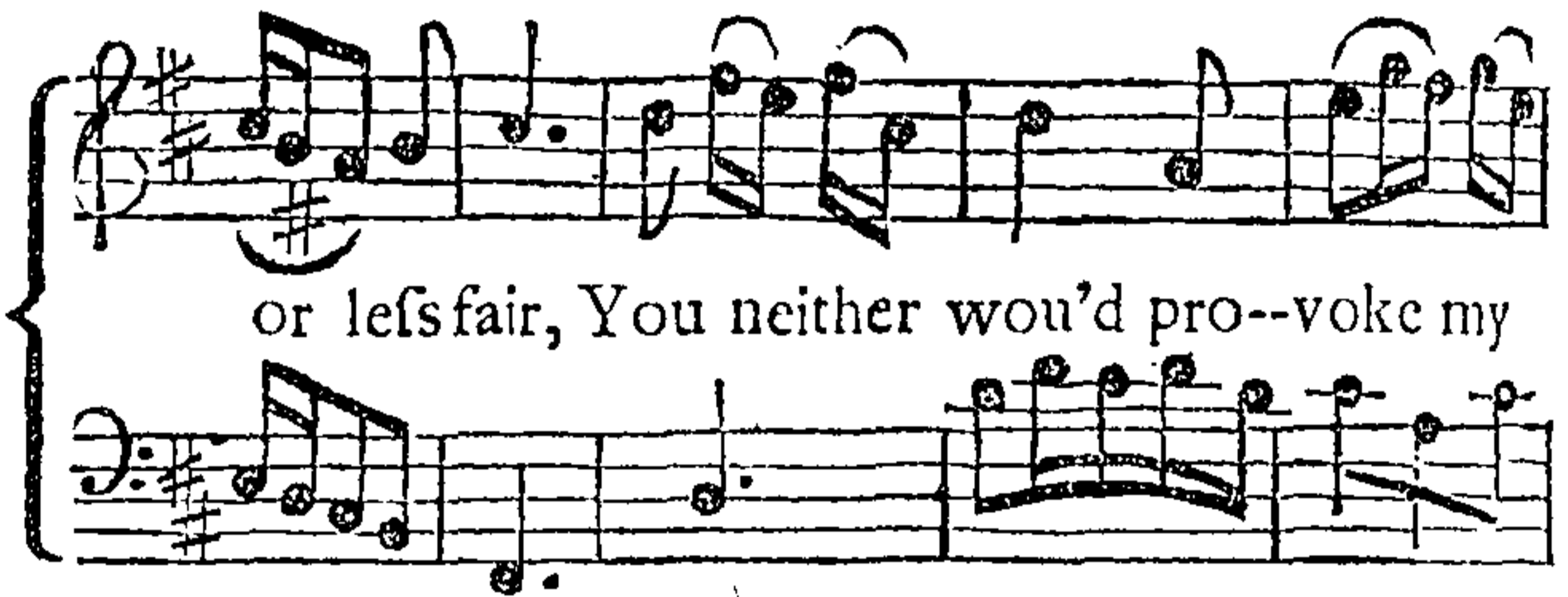
*The Words by a* PERSON of QUALITY.

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

*Slow*



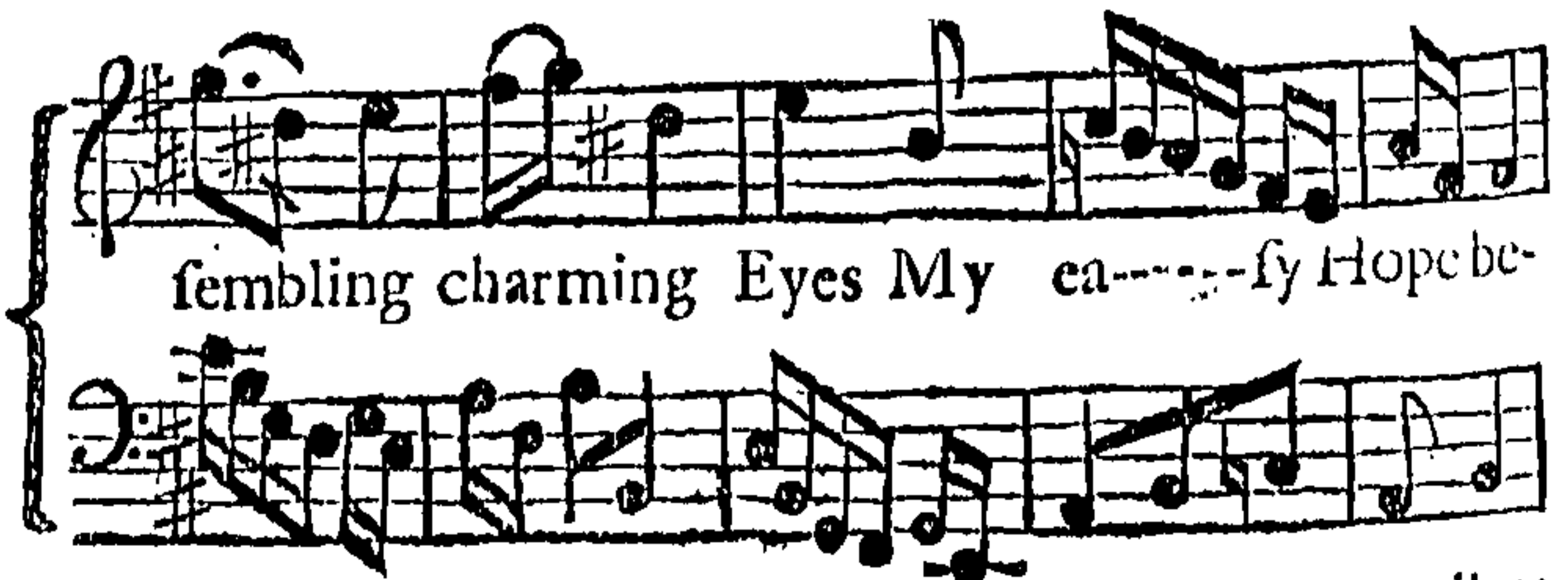
Ah, cruel Beauty! cou'd you prove More tender



or less fair, You neither wou'd pro--voke my



Love, Nor cause me to despair. But your Dis-



sembling charming Eyes My ea--s--y Hope be-

guiles;

guiles; And tho' a Rock be---neath 'em

lyes, The tempt-ing Surface smiles.

To what your Sex on ours impos'd,  
 My humble Love comply'd;  
 And when my Secret I disclos'd,  
 Thought *Modesty* deny'd:  
 Yes sure, said I, her yielding Heart  
 Partakes of my Desire,  
 But nicer *Honour* feigns this Part,  
 To hide the rising Fire.

Against your Mind my Sute I told,  
 And slighted Vows renew'd;  
 Yet you, insensibly, were cold,  
 And I but vainly woo'd.

Then for Return a Scorn prepare,  
 Or lay that Frown aside;  
 Affected Coyness I can bear,  
 But hate insulting Pride.

---

[*To the foregoing Tune.*]

WHY, cruel Creature, why so bent,  
 To vex a tender Heart?  
 To *Gold* and *Title* you relent,  
 Love throws in vain his Dart.  
 Let glittering Fops 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 their Due,  
 Kings are themselves too poor to pay,  
 A thousand Worlds too few.  
 But if a Passion without Vice,  
 Without Disguise or Art,  
 Ah *Celia*! if true Love's your Price,  
 Behold it in my Heart.

For the FLUTE.




SHE WOU'D, *and* SHE WOU'D NOT.

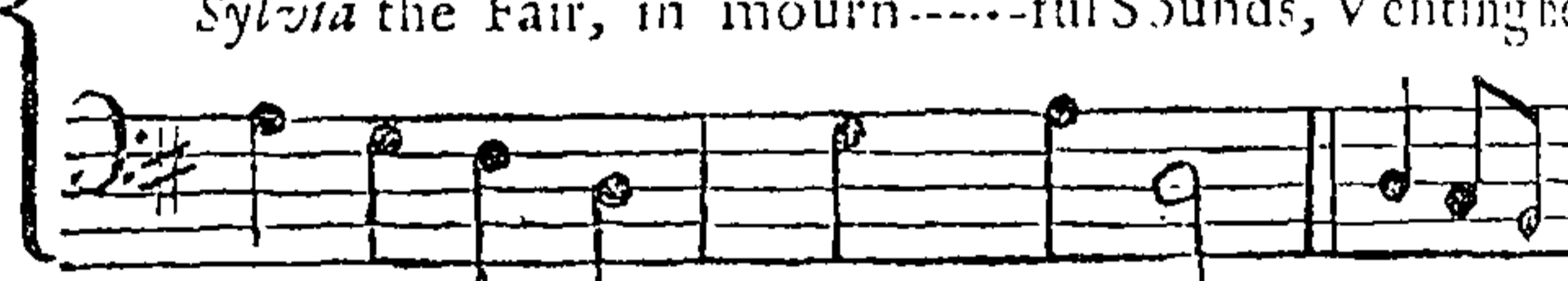
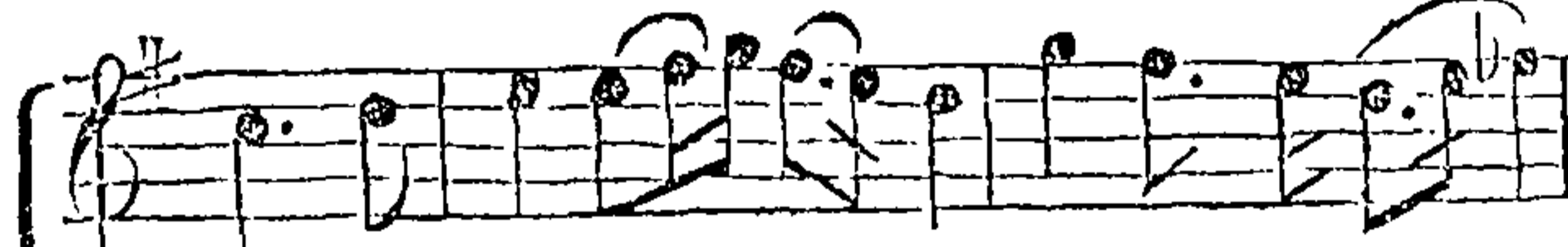
Set by Mr. RAMONDON.



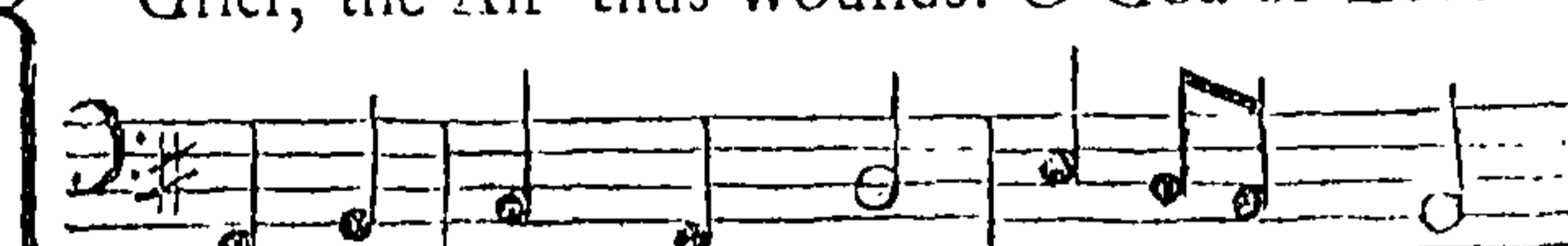
As I beneath a Myrtle Shade lay musing,

*Sylvia* the Fair, in mourn-----ful Sounds, Venting her

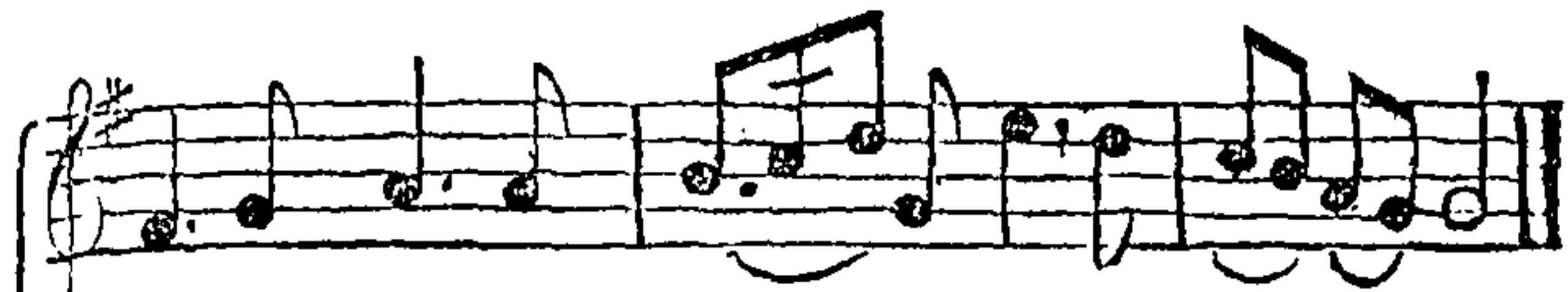
Grief, the Air thus wounds: O God of Love!




cease to torment me, Send to my Aid some



*gentle*



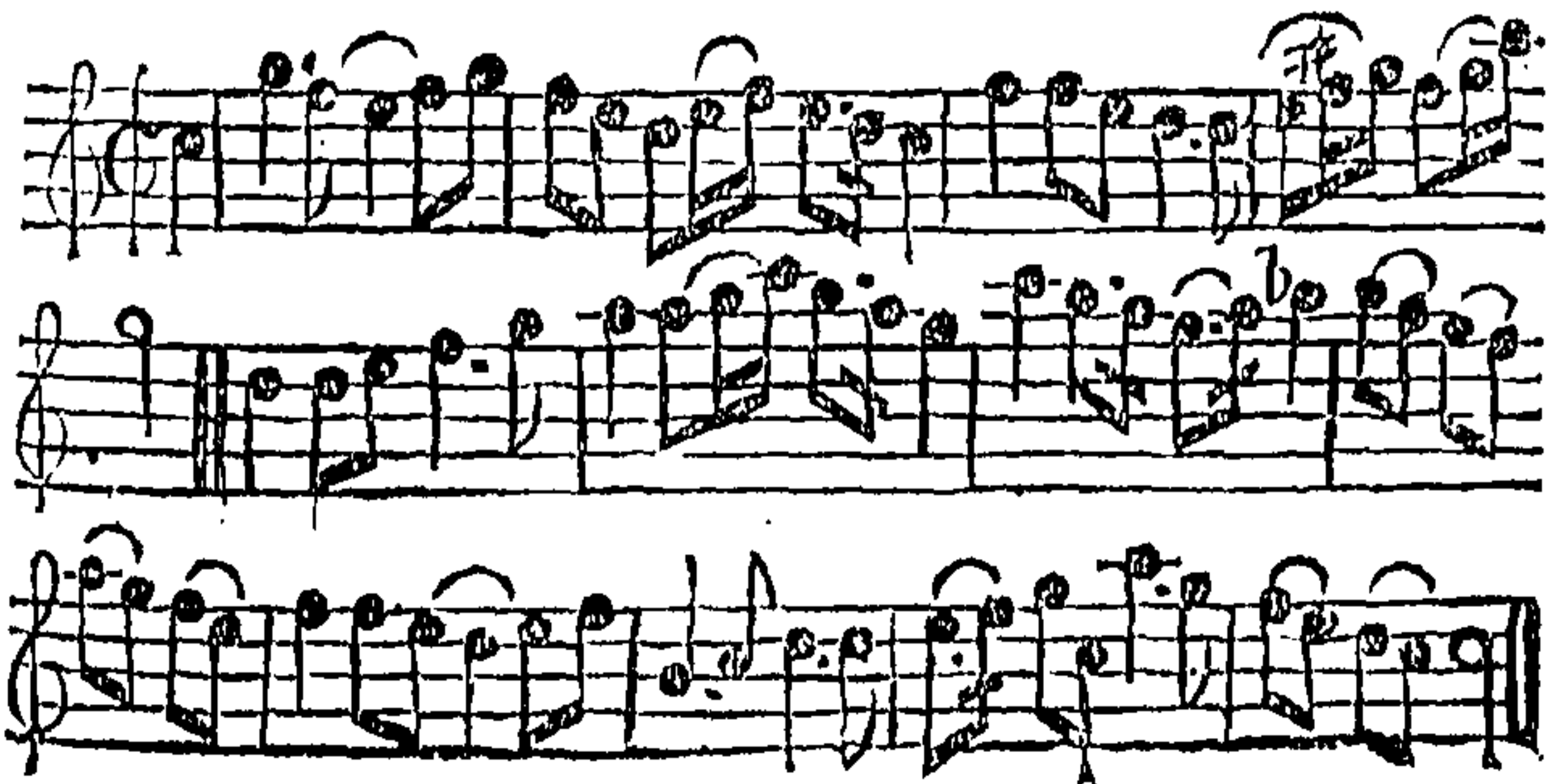
gentle Swain, Whose Balm apply'd may ease my Pain.



Aloud I cry'd, and all the Grove resounded,  
Heavenly Nymph, complain no more,  
Love does thy wish'd-for Peace restore,  
And sends a gentle Swain to ease thee,  
In whom a longing Maid may find  
A Balm to cure her love-sick Mind.

She blush'd and sigh'd, and push'd the Med'cine from her,  
Which still the more encreas'd her Pain;  
Finding at length she strove in vain,  
O Love! she cry'd, I must obey thee,  
Who can the raging Smart endure?  
She suck'd the Balm, and found the Cure.

*For the FLUTE.*




*An INVITATION into the Country.*

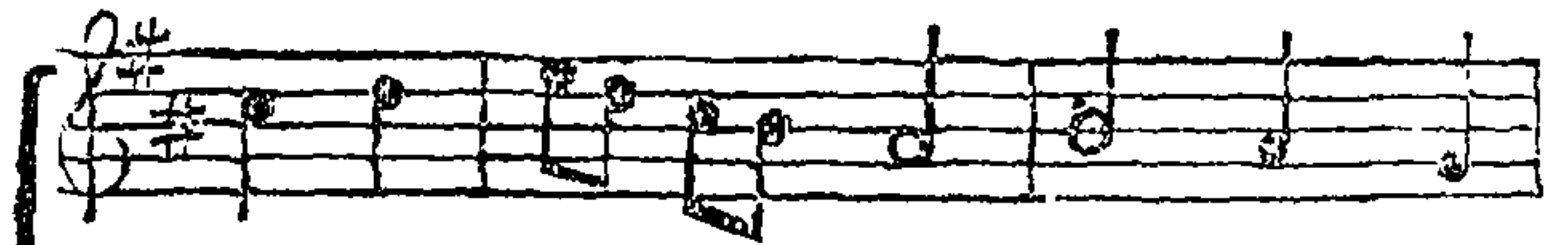

To the Tune of *All ye Ladies now at Land.*



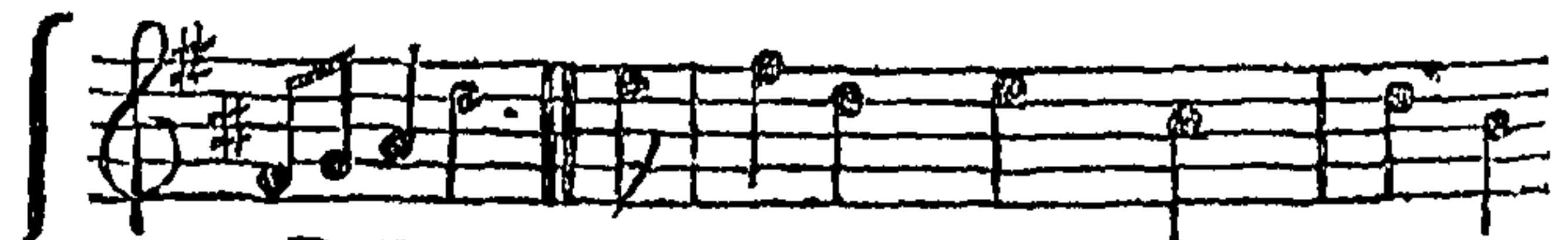
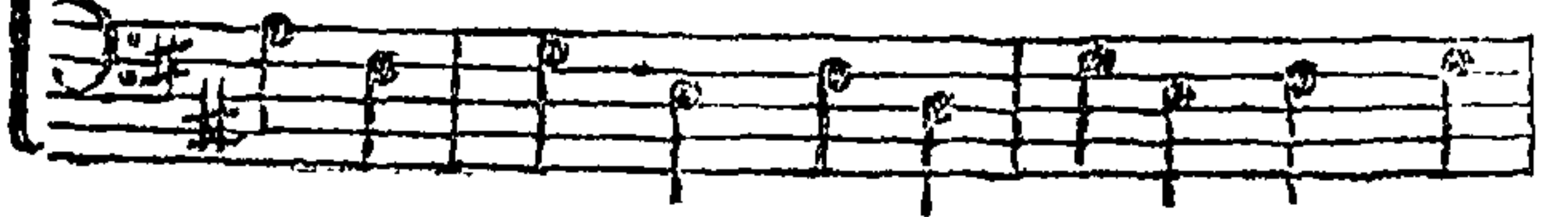
To you, fair Ladies, now in Town,



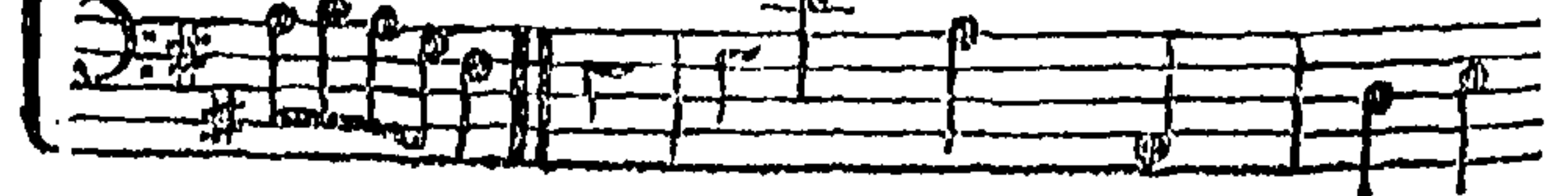
We Country-men do write; And do in-



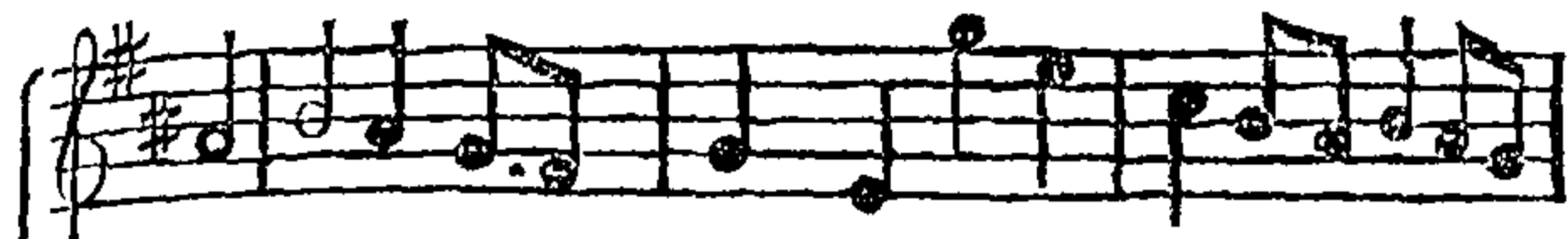
vite you to come down, To taste of



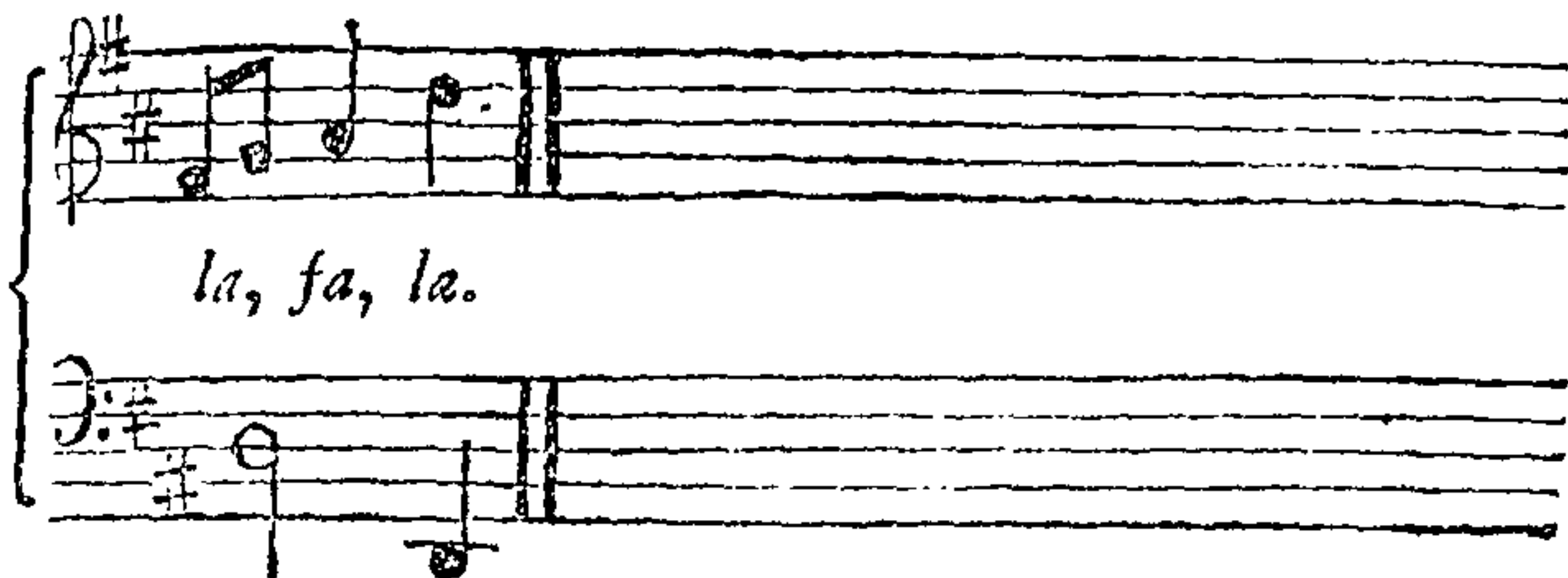
our Delight: The Weather's fine, the Fields are



gay,



gay, And 'tis the pleasant Month of *May*, *Fa, la, la,*



The Country's now in all its Pride,

New-dress'd in lovely Green ;

The Earth, with various Colours dy'd,

Displays a lovely Scene ;

A thousand pretty Flow'rs appear,

To deck your Bosom and your Hair. *Fa, la, &c.*

The Cuckow's pick'd up all the Dirt ;

The Trees are all in Bloom ;

If rural Musick can divert,

Each Bush affords a Tune :

The Turtle's heard in ev'ry Grove,

And Milk-maids sing their Songs of Love. *Fa, &c.*

Cou'd



Cou'd we perfwade you to come down,

Our Joys wou'd be compleat ;

Dear Ladies, leave the noisy Town,

And to our Shades retreat :

Wou'd you but in our Shades appear,

You'd make our Fields *Elizium* here. *Fa, la, &c.*

We'll shew you all our Cowslip-Meads,

And pleasant Woods and Springs ;

And lead you to the tuneful Shades

Where *Philomela* sings :

Sweet *Philomel*, whose warbling Throat

Excels your *Senesino's* Note. *Fa, la, &c.*

For you, we deck and trim our Bow'rs,

And make our Gardens fine ;

For you preserve our choicest Flow'rs,

That now are in their Prime :

The murm'ring Brooks accuse your Stay ;

And *Zephyrs* sigh for your Delay. *Fa, la, &c.*

Come then, and take our Morning Air,

Just rose from flow'ry Beds ;

'Tis better than your Snuff by far,

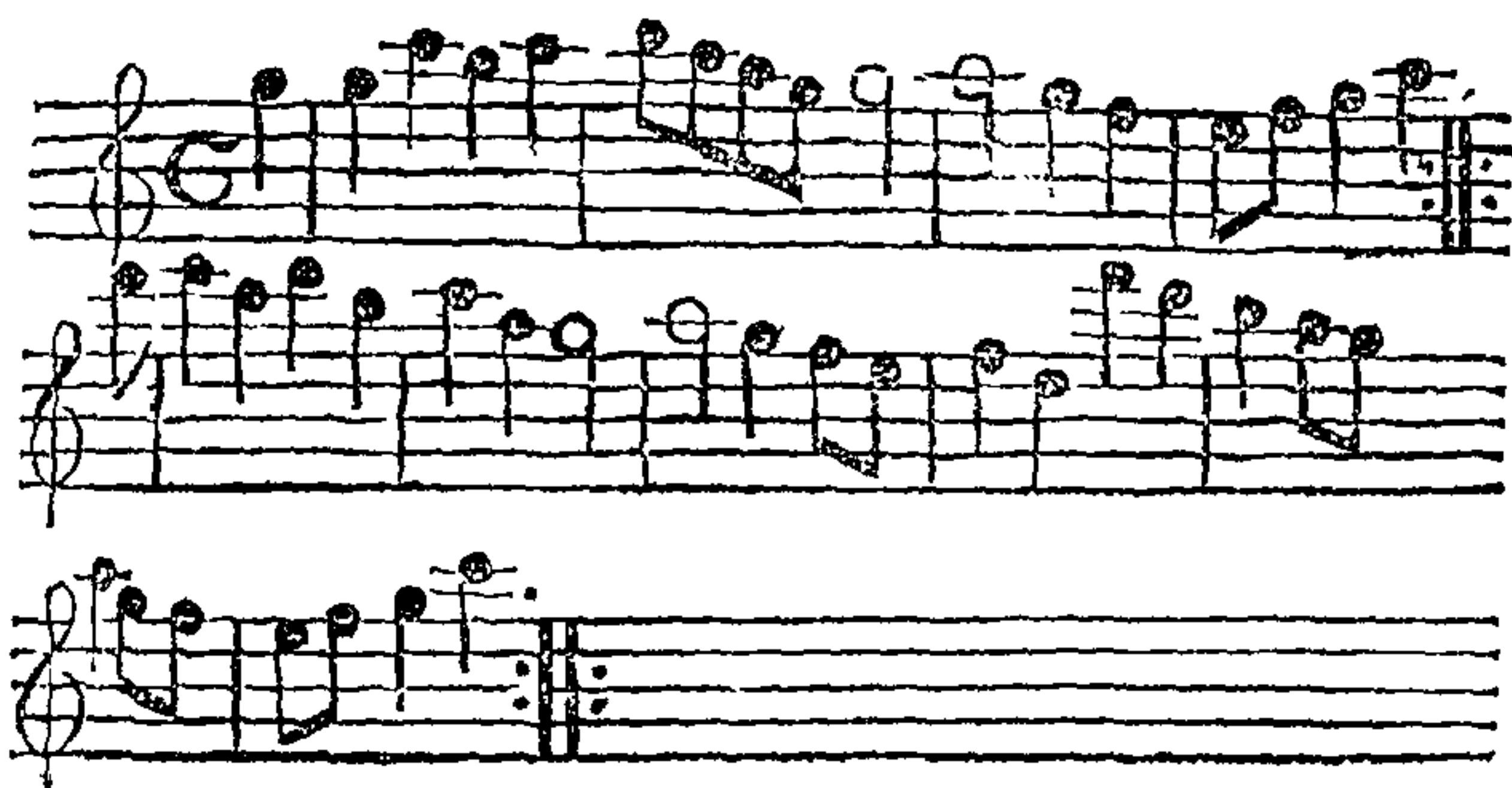
And all Perfumes exceeds :

Our Ev'ning Walks more Pleasures bring,

Than the gay Park and crowded Ring. *Fa, la, &c.*

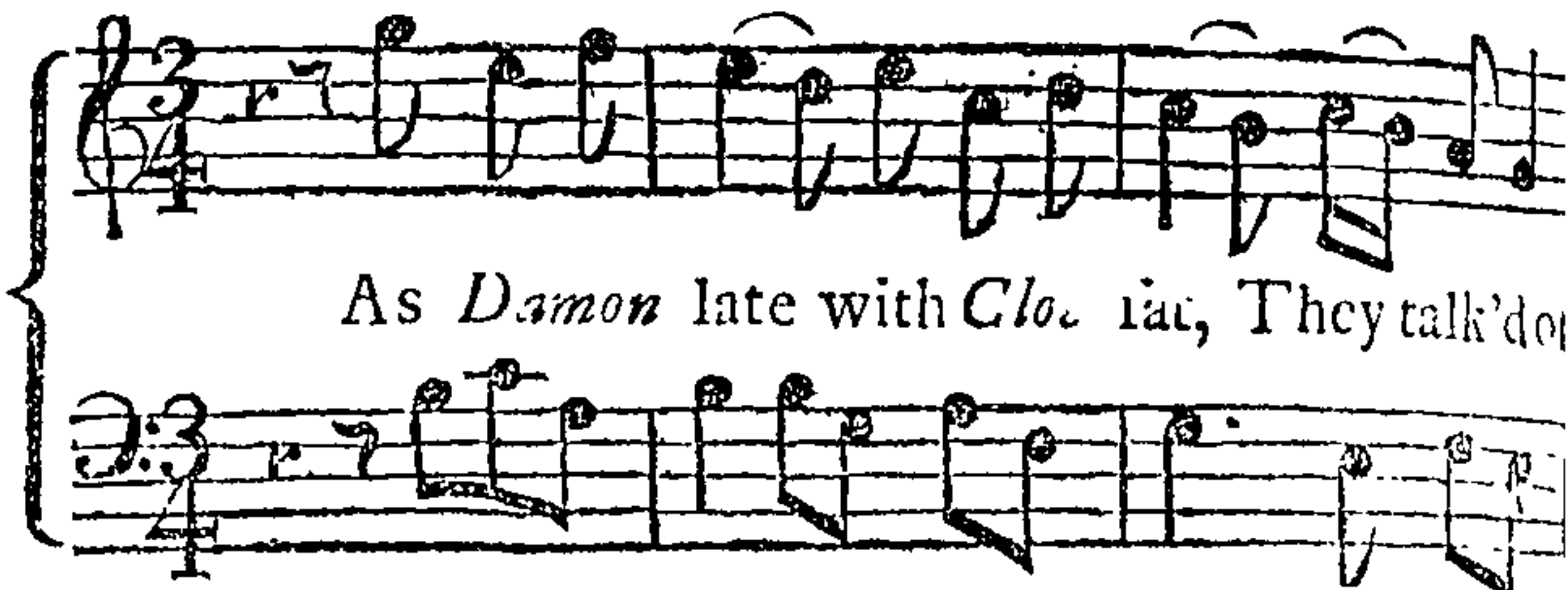
For your own Sakes, if not for ours,  
The dusty Town forego;  
Fresh Air will give your Eyes new Pow'rs,  
And make each Beauty glow;  
'Twill to the Lilly add the Rose,  
And ev'ry brighter Charm disclose. *Fa, la, &c.*

*For the* FLUTE.

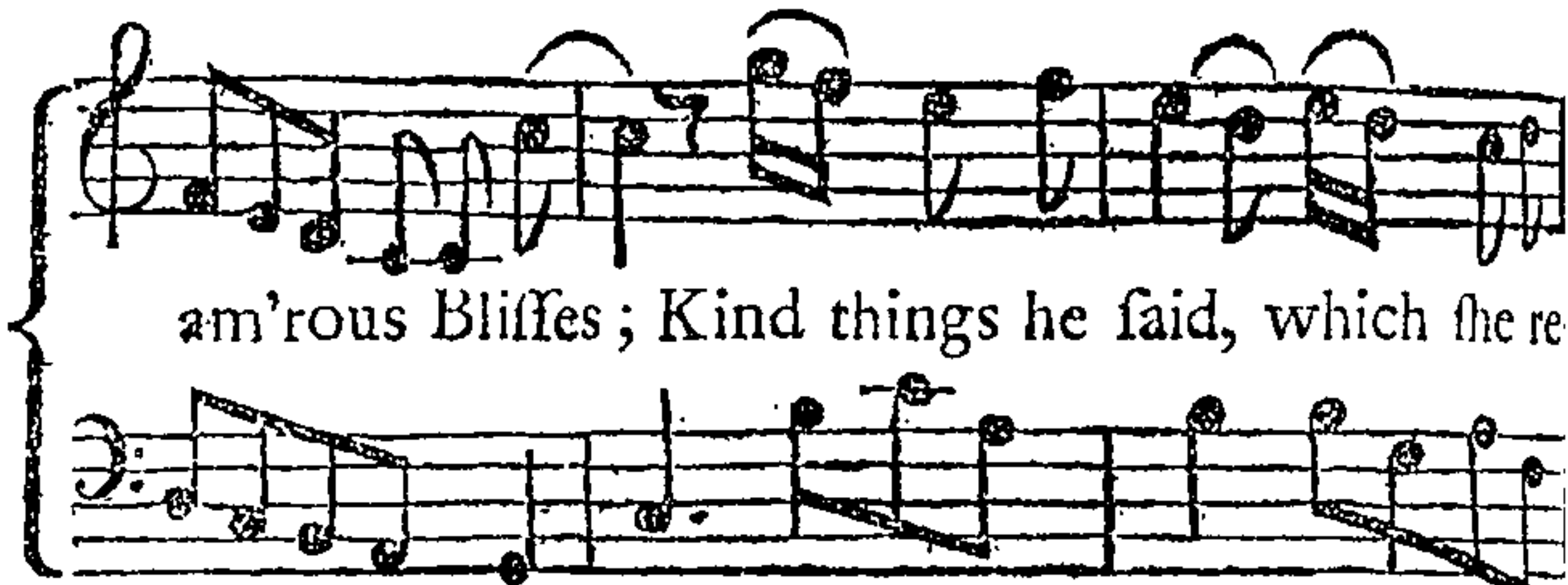


*The* SILENT FLUTE.

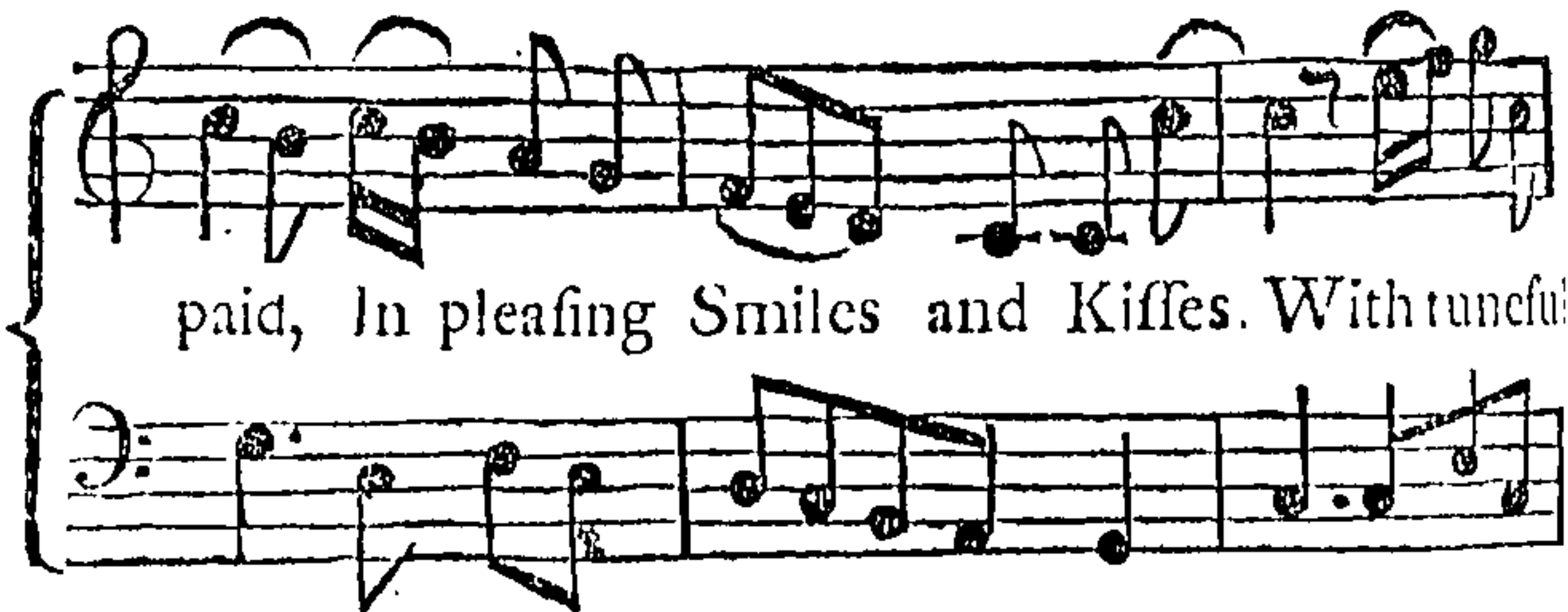
[To the Tune of *Sally*.]



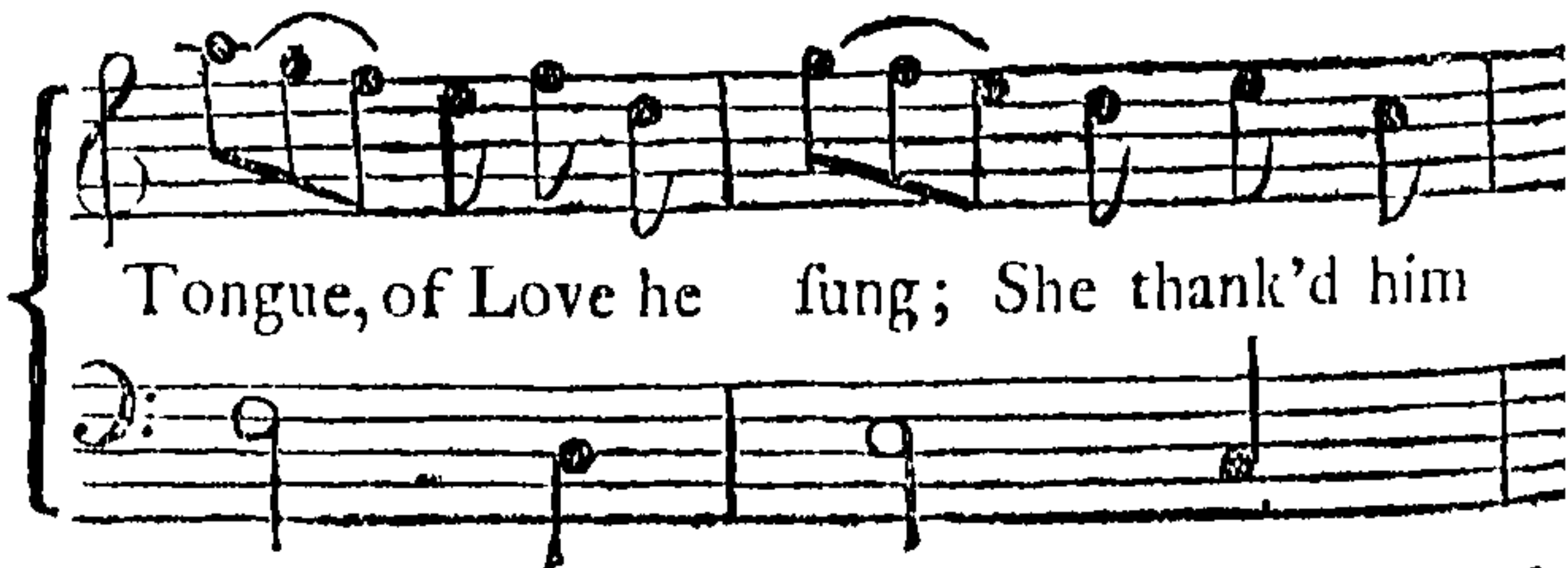
As *Damon* late with *Cloe* late, They talk'd of



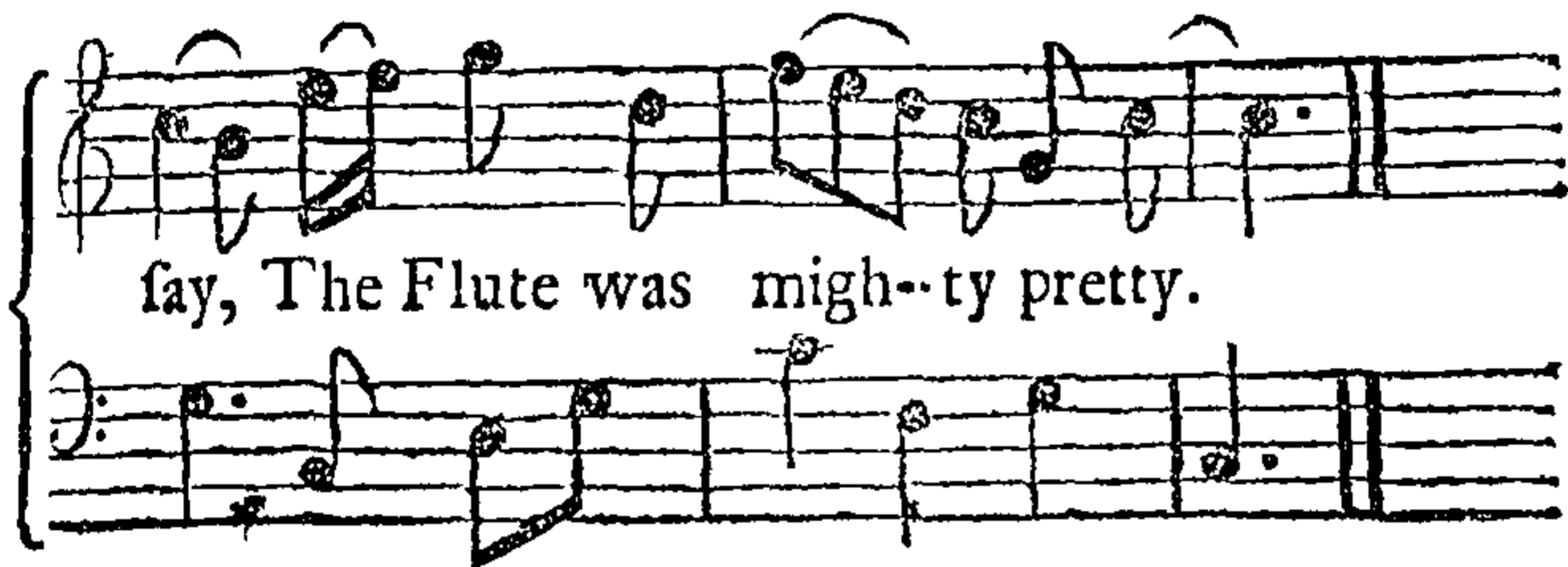
am'rous Blisses; Kind things he said, which she re



paid, In pleasing Smiles and Kisses. With tuneful



Tongue, of Love he sung; She thank'd him



Young *Damon*, who her Meaning knew,  
 Took out his Pipe to charm her;  
 And while he strove, with wanton Love,  
 And sprightly Airs, to warm her;  
 She begg'd the Swain to play one Strain,  
 In all the softest Measure,  
 Whose killing Sound would sweetly wound,  
 And make her dye with Pleasure.

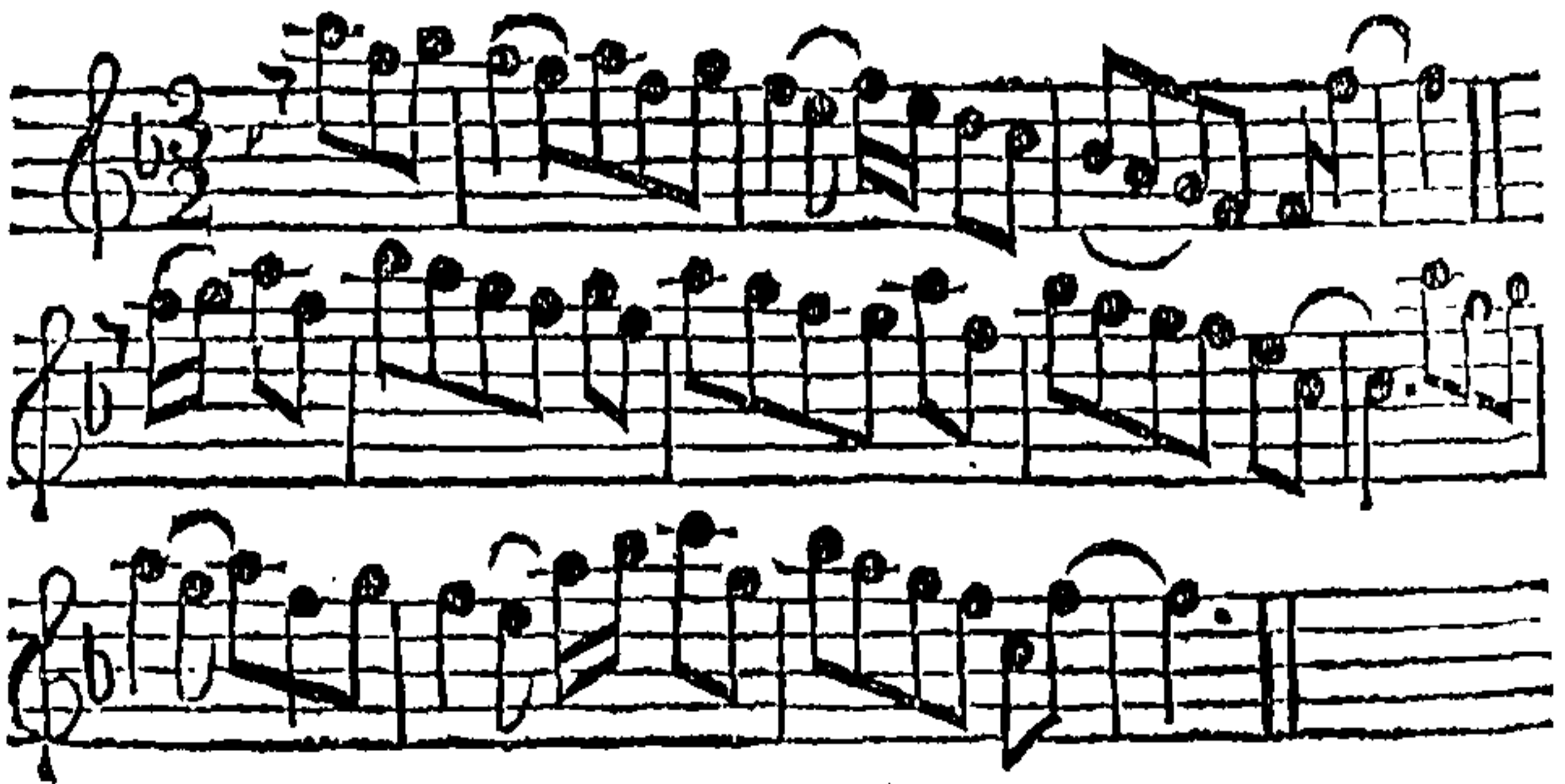
Eager to do't, he takes the Flute,  
 And ev'ry Accent traces,  
 Love trickling thro' his Fingers flew,  
 And whisper'd melting Graces:  
 He did his Part with wond'rous Art,  
 Expecting Praises after;  
 But she, instead of falling dead,  
 Burst out into a Laughter.

Taking

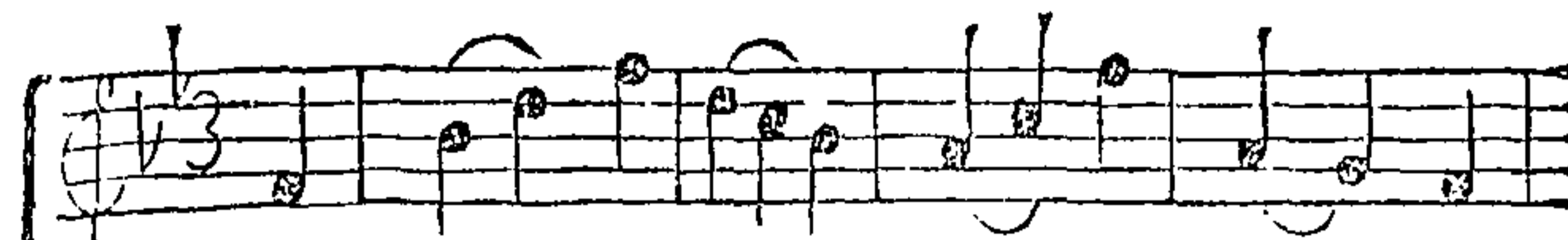
Taking the Hint, as *Cloe* meant,  
 Said he, My Dear, be easy;  
 I have a Flute, which, tho' 'tis mute,  
 May play a Tune to please ye:  
 Then down he laid the charming Maid,  
 He found her kind and willing;  
 He play'd again, and tho' each Strain  
 Was Silent, yet 'twas Killing.

Fair *Cloe* soon approv'd the Tune,  
 And vow'd he play'd <sup>so</sup>divinely;  
 Let's have it o'er, said she, once more,  
 It goes exceeding finely:  
 The Flute is good, that's made of Wood,  
 And is, I own, the neatest;  
 Yet ne'ertheless, I must confess,  
 The silent Flute's the sweetest.

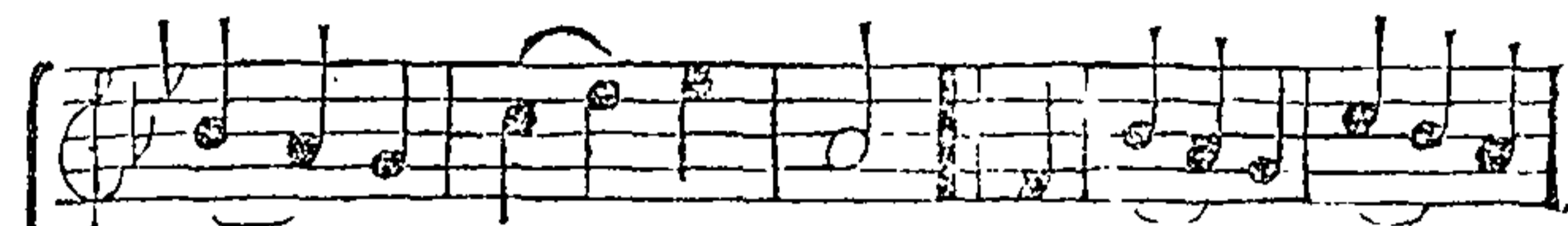
*For the* F L U T E.



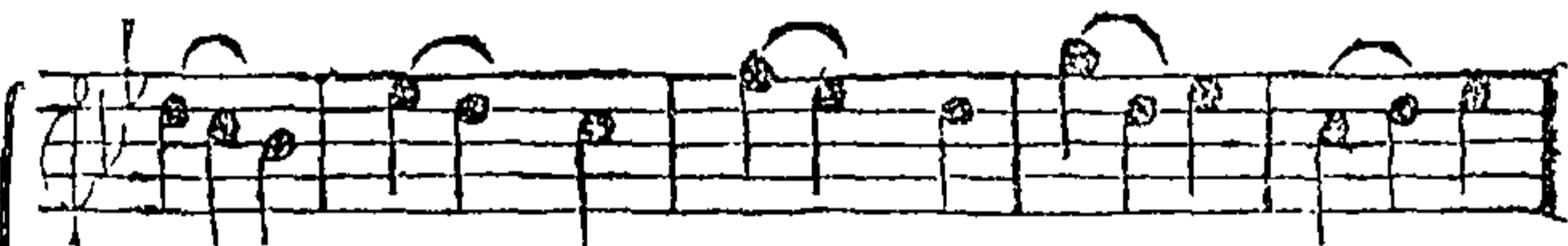
The BRIGHT AURELIA.



When bright *Au-re-lia* trip'd the Plain, How



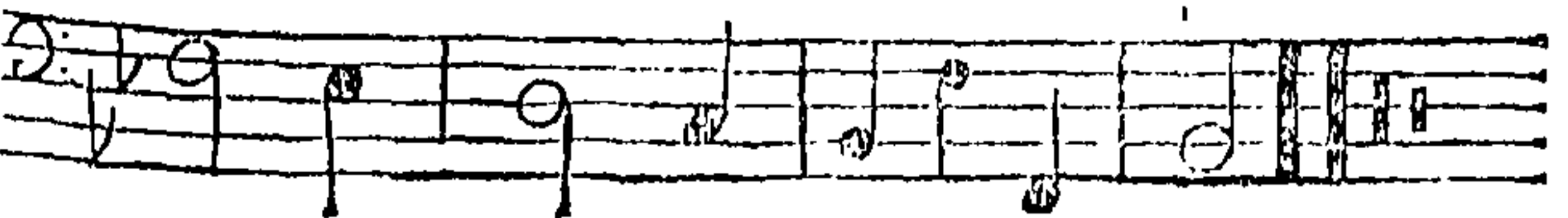
cheerful there was seen The Look of ev'ry



Jolly Swain, That strove *Au-re-lia's* Heart to



gain, With Gambols on the Green!



*The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

Their Sports were Innocent and Gay,

Mixt with a comely Air;

They Sing, they Dance, they Pipe, they Play,

Each strives to please, a diff'rent way,

The lovely charming Fair.

Th'ambitious Strife she did admire,

And equally approve;

'Till *Phaon's* tuneful Voice and Lyre,

With softest Musick, did inspire

Her Soul to gen'rous Love.

They found her Love was plac'd to true,

On one most happy Swain,

They gazing, knew not what to do:

Hard Fate! some cry'd, that I, nor You,

*Aurelia's* Heart could gain.

Their wonted Sports the rest decline,

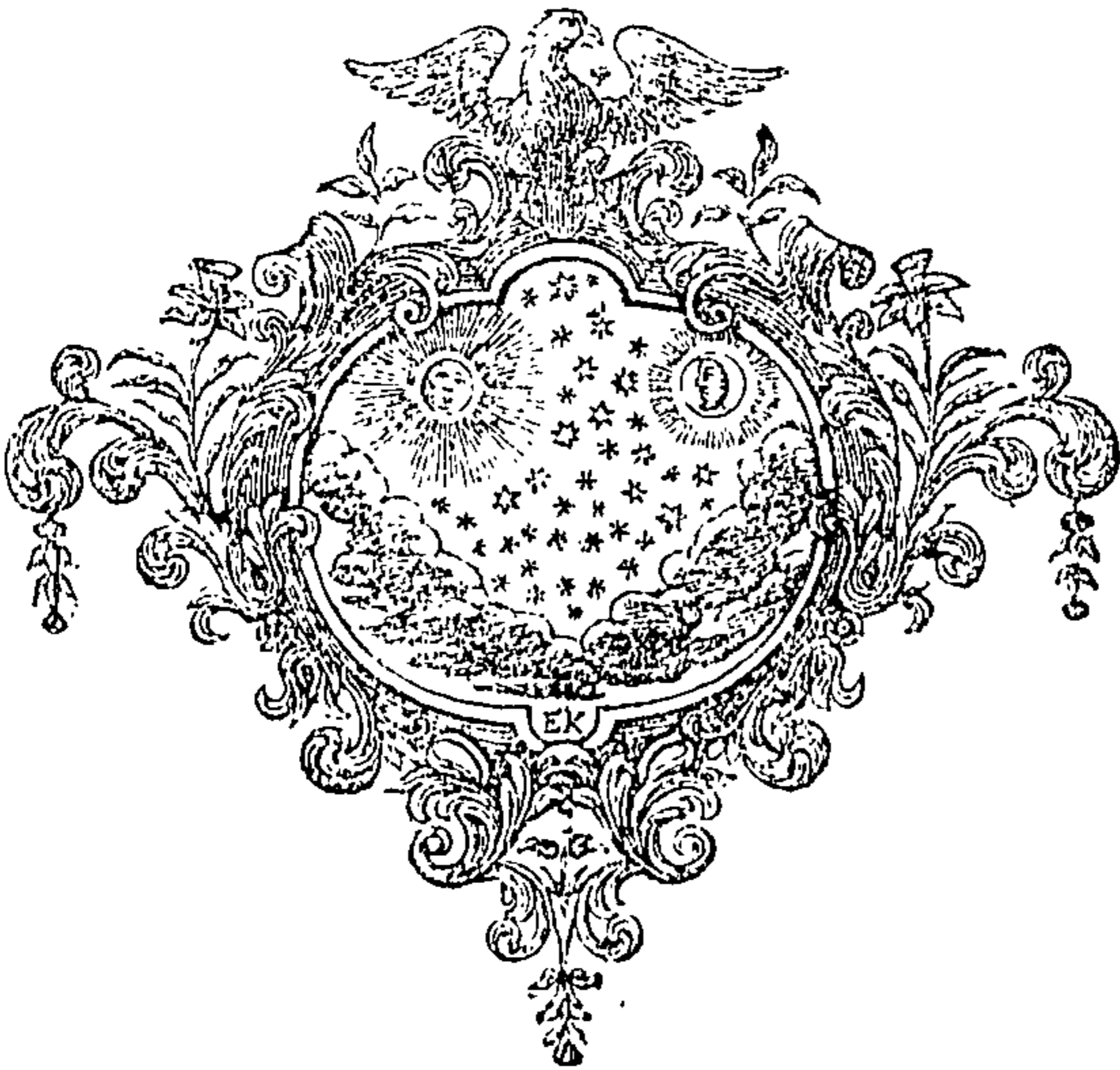
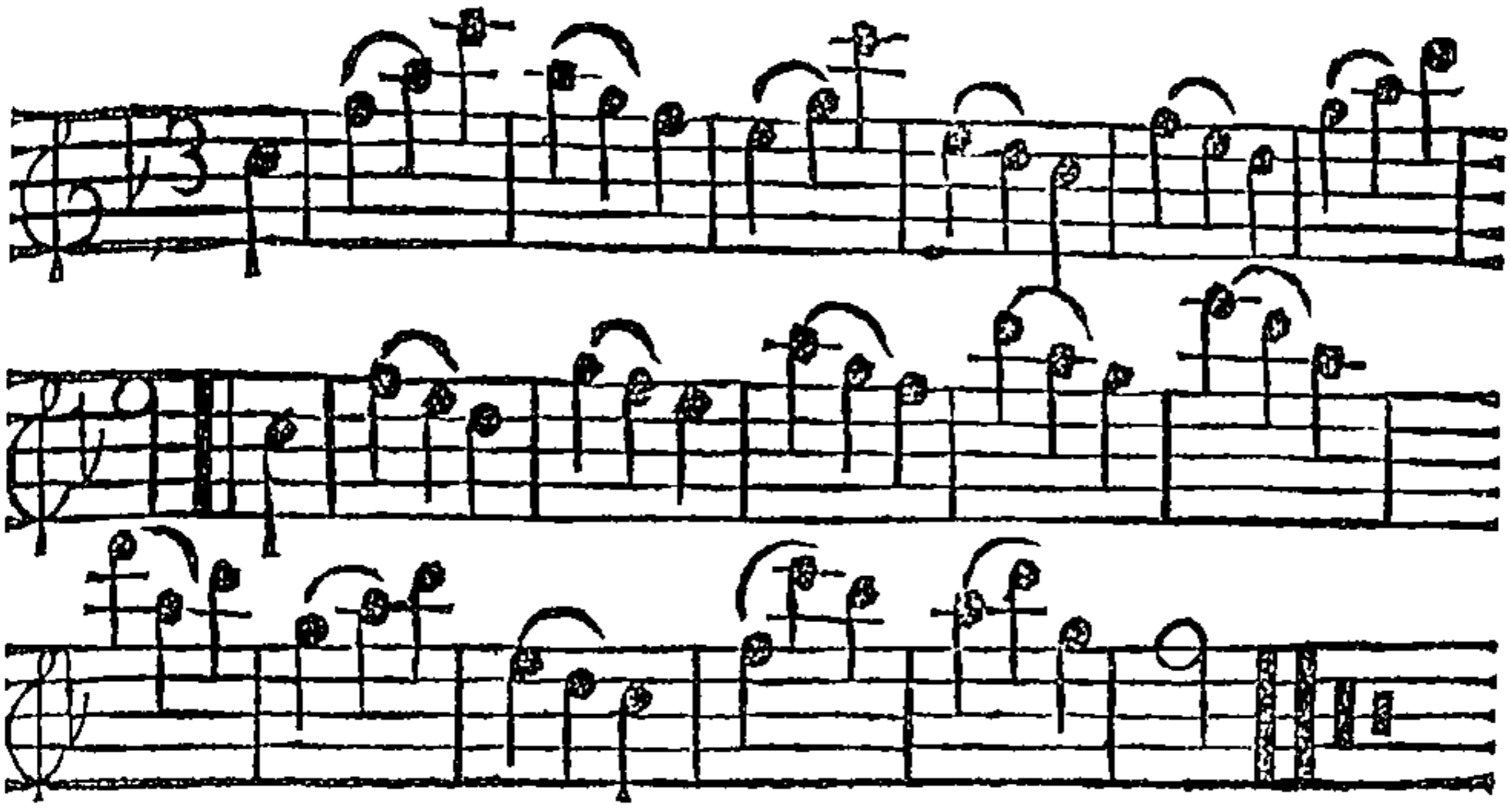
Their Arts are all in vain;

The Nymph is Constant as Divine:

The more they envy and repine,


The more she loves her Swain.

*For the FLUTE.*

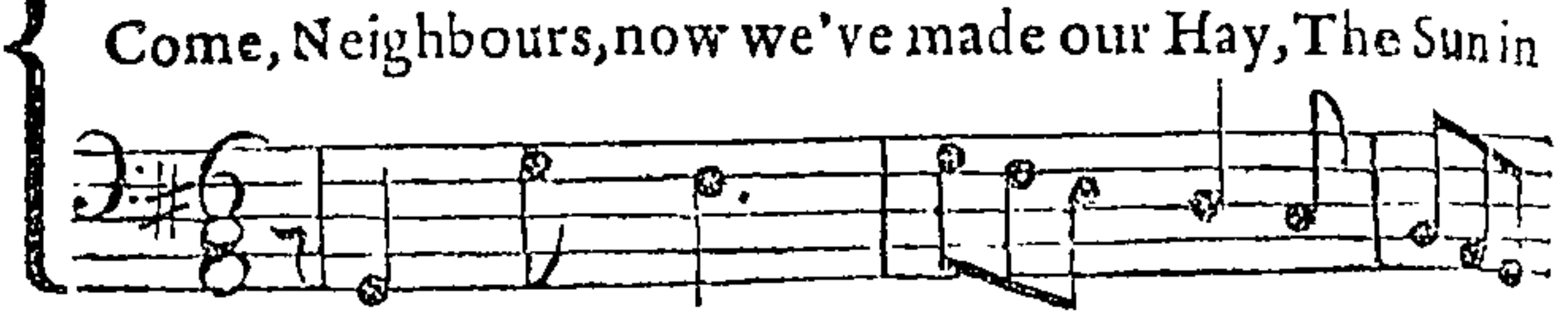




*Sung in* JUPITER *and* EUROPA.



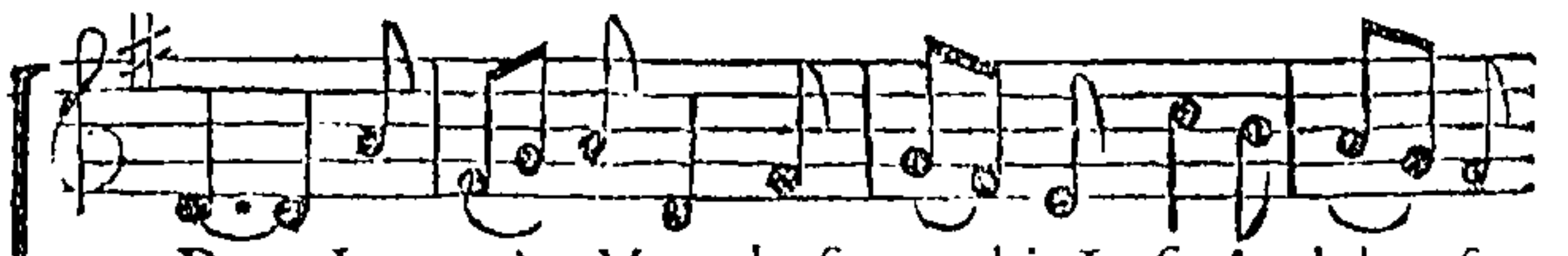
Come, Neighbours, now we've made our Hay, The Sun in



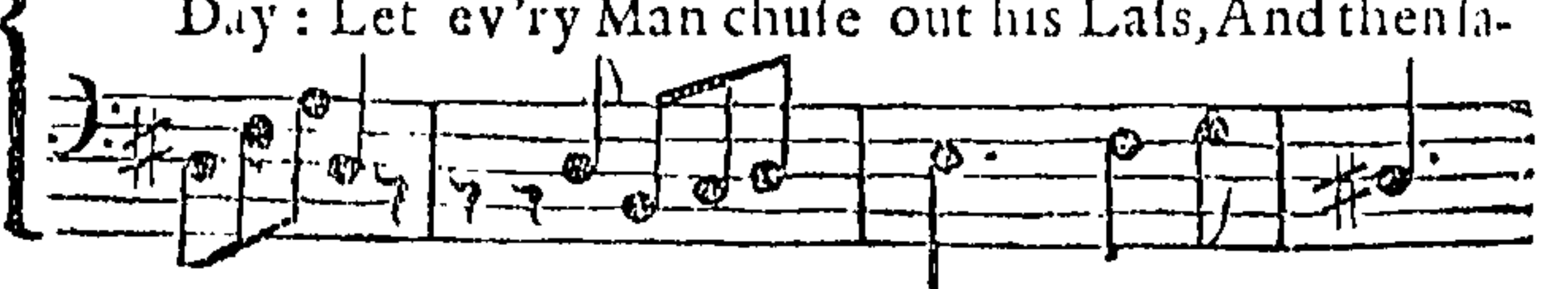


haste Drives to the West; The Sun in haste Drives to the



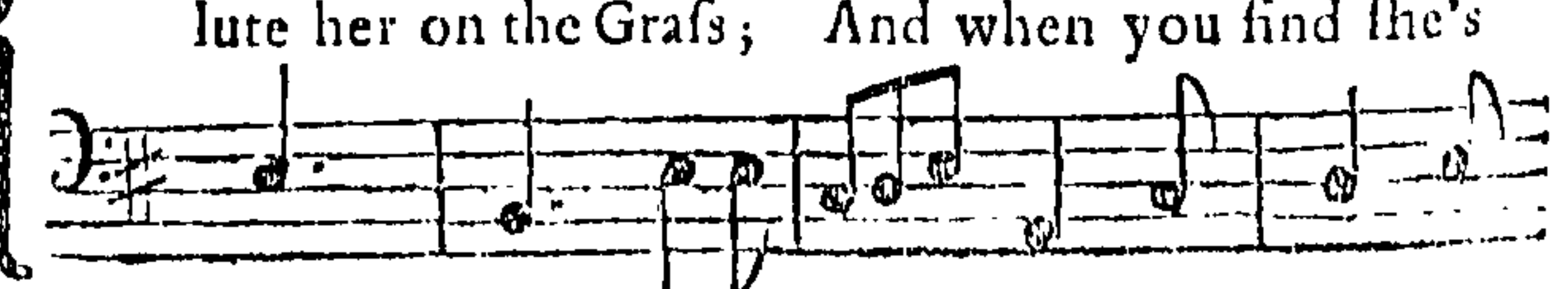

West, ————— With Sports, with Sports conclude the

Day: Let ev'ry Man chuse out his Lafs, And then fa-

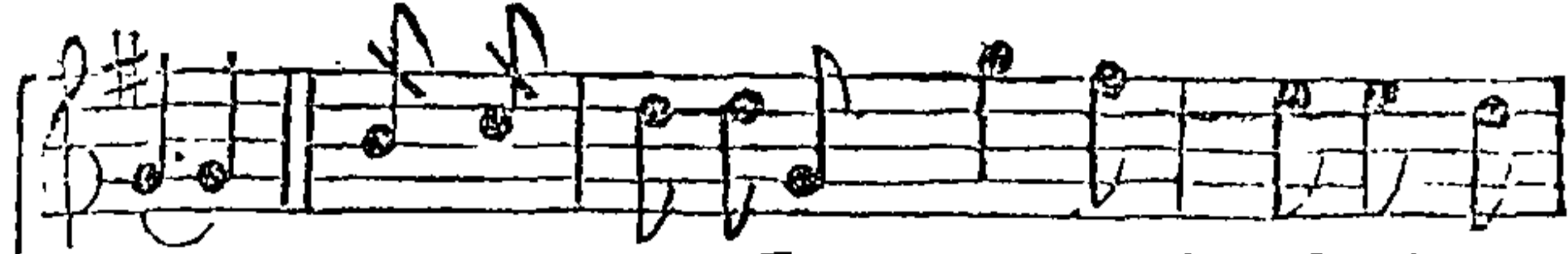
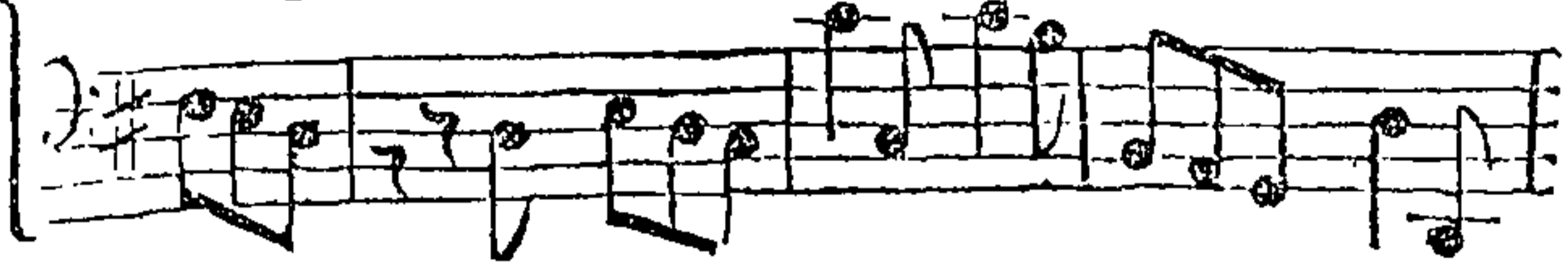



lute her on the Grass; And when you find she's

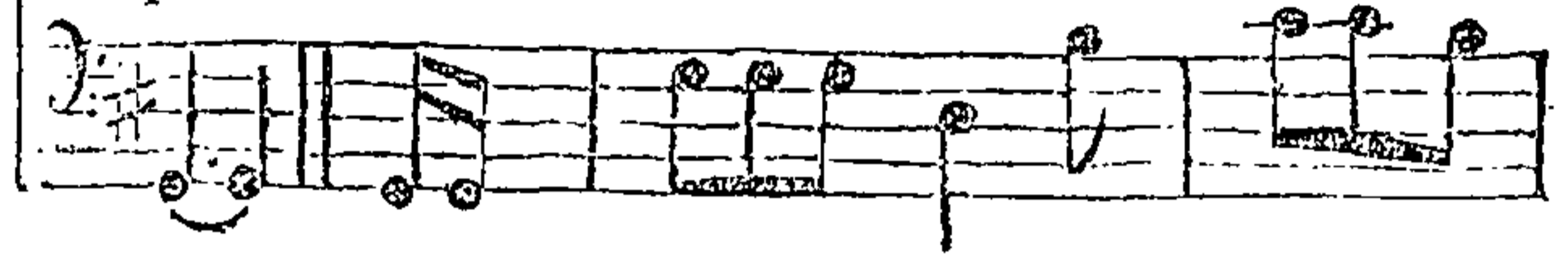




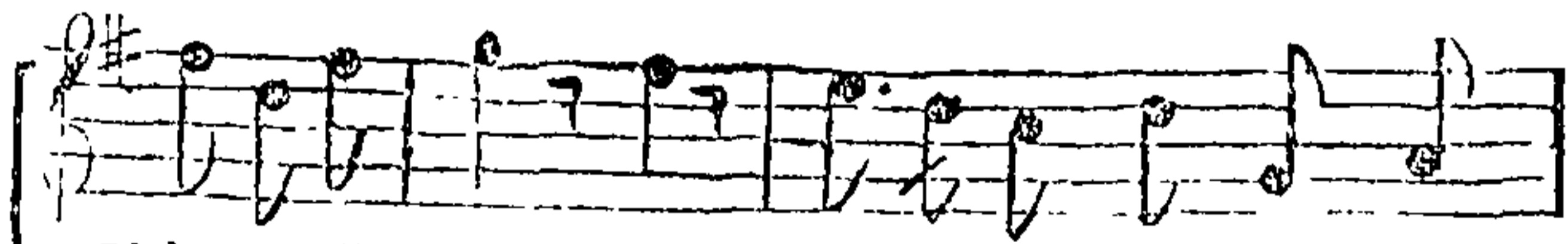
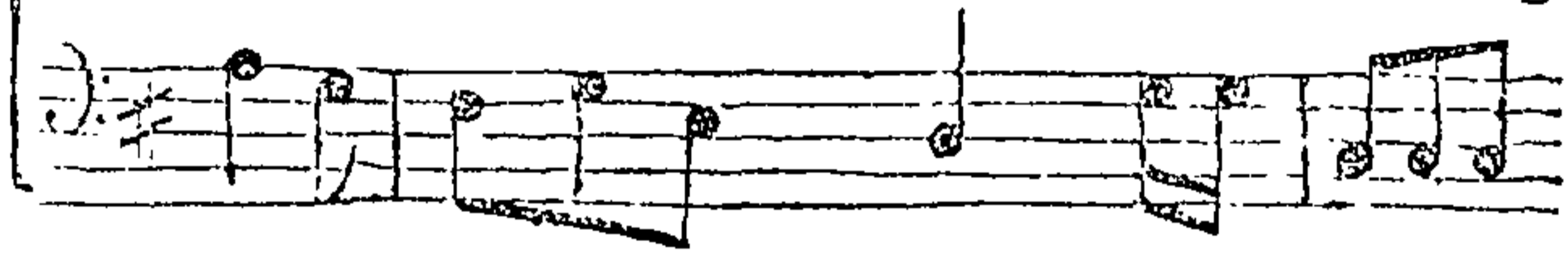
coming kind, she's coming kind, Let not that Moment



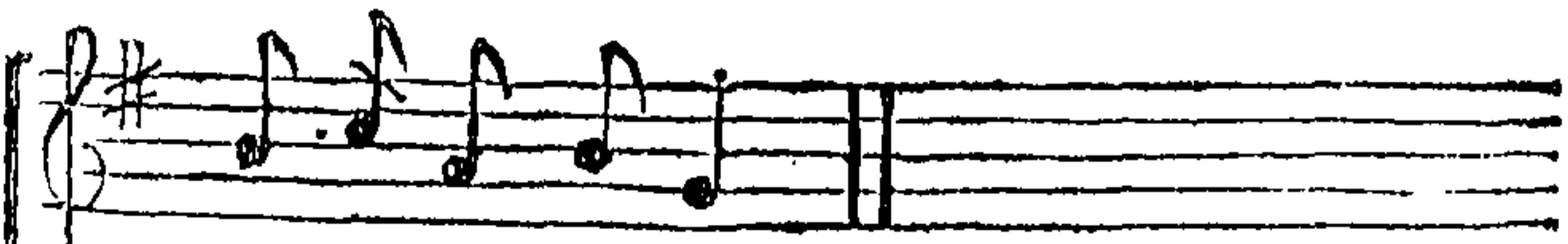
pass. Then we'll toss off our Bowls, we'll toss off our



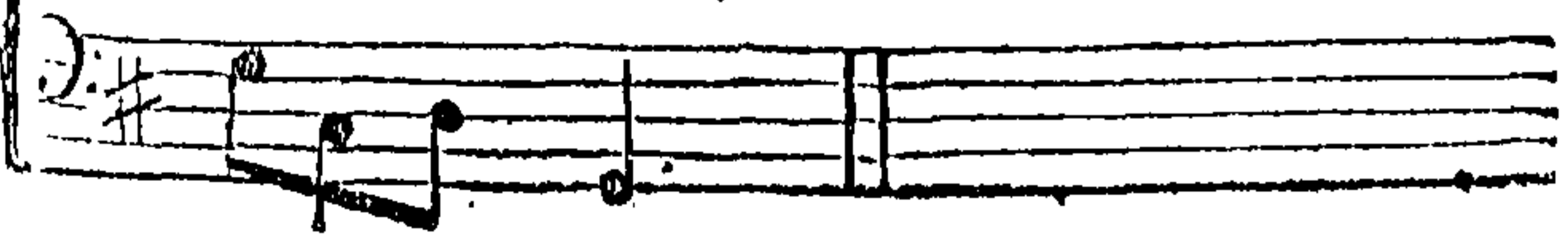
Bowls, with true Love and Honour, To all kind loving



Girls, to all kind, kind, kind loving Girls, and the



Lord of the Manor.



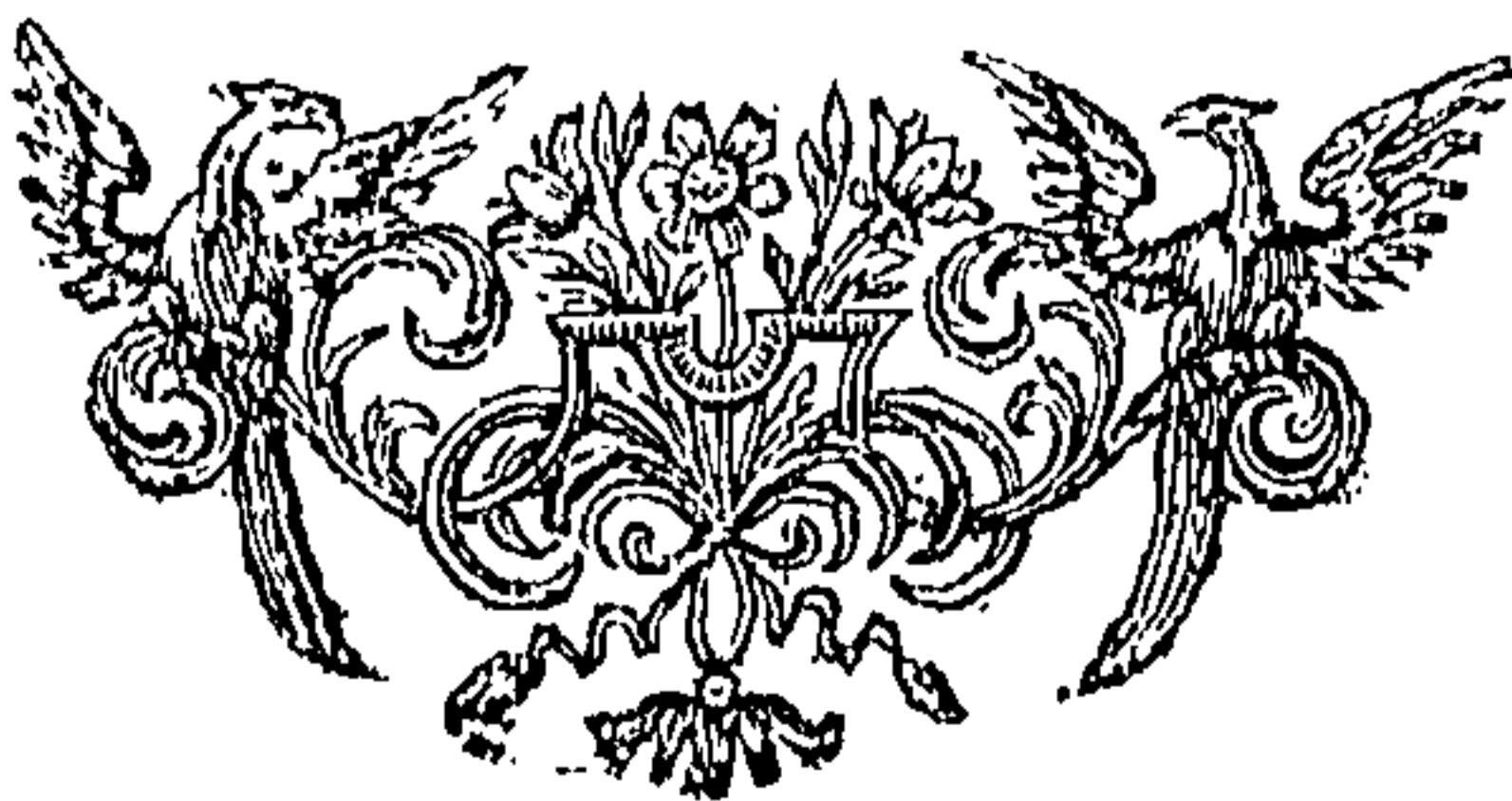
At Night, when round the Hall we sit,  
 With good brown Bowls,  
 To chear our Souls,  
 And raise a merry, merry Chat;  
 When Blood grows warm, and Love runs high,  
 And Jokes about the Table fly;  
 Then we retreat,  
 And that repeat  
 Which all would gladly try.

*Then again toss our Bowls with true Love and Honour,  
 To all kind loving Girls, and the Lord of the Manor.*

Let lazy Great Ones of the Town  
 Drink Night away,  
 And sleep all Day,  
 'Till gouty, gouty they are grown:  
 Our daily Works such Vigour give,  
 That nightly Sports we oft' revive,  
 And kiss our Dames  
 With stronger Flames  
 Than any Prince alive.

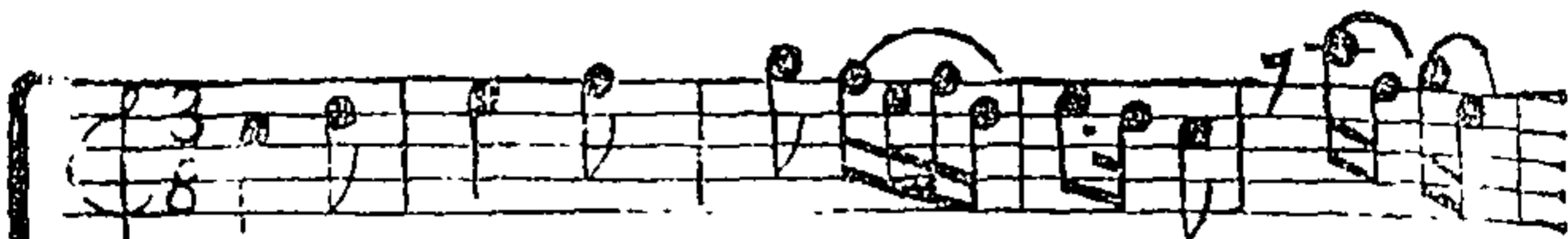
*Then again toss our Bowls with true Love and Honour,  
 To all kind loving Girls, and the Lord of the Manor.*

*For the FLUTE.*

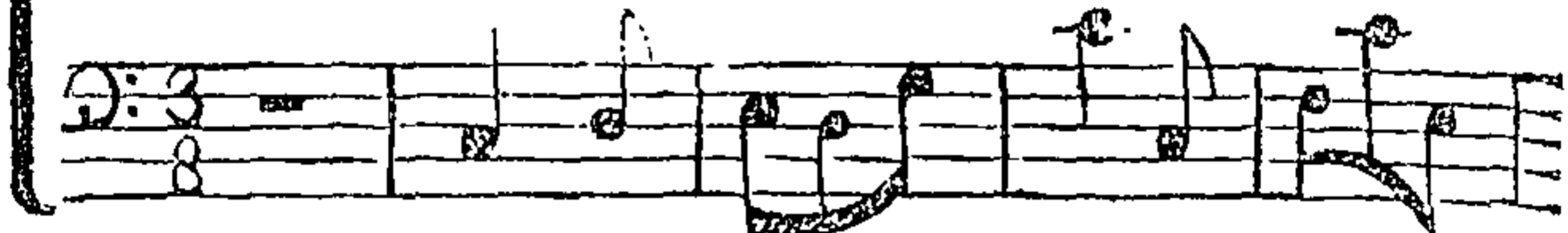


The Words Translated from the *Italian* Opera of  
*PHARNACES.*

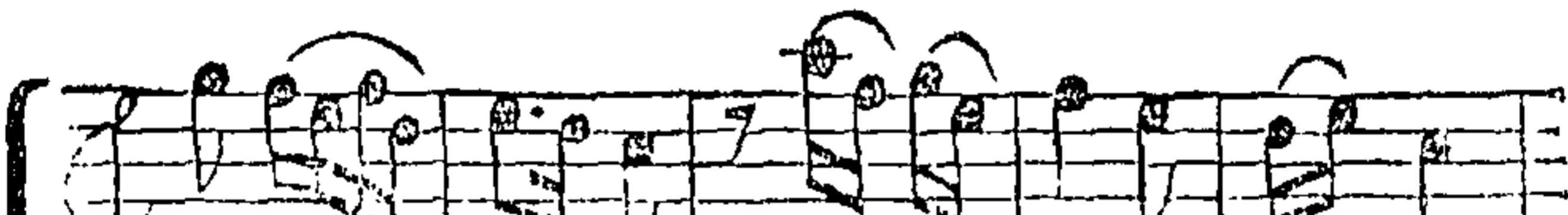
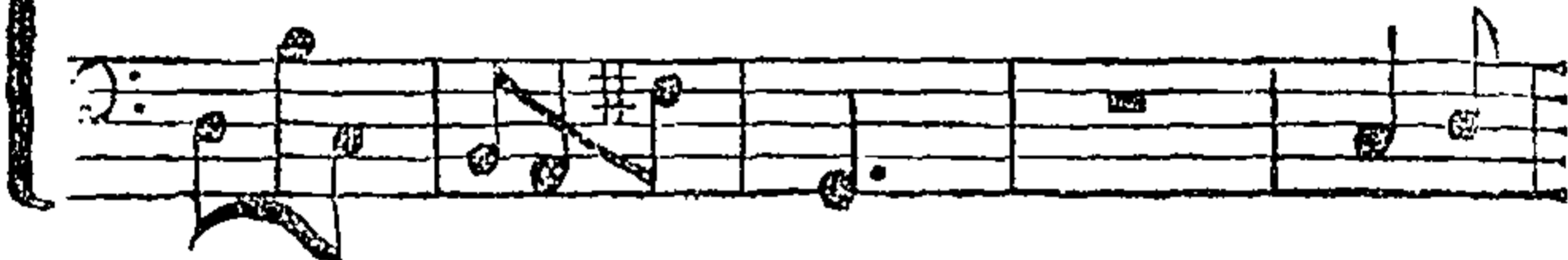
*Set by* Mr. J. SHEELES.



*Zephir* who with Spring re-turning, Wafted



soft o'er opening Flow'rs, Breathing in the



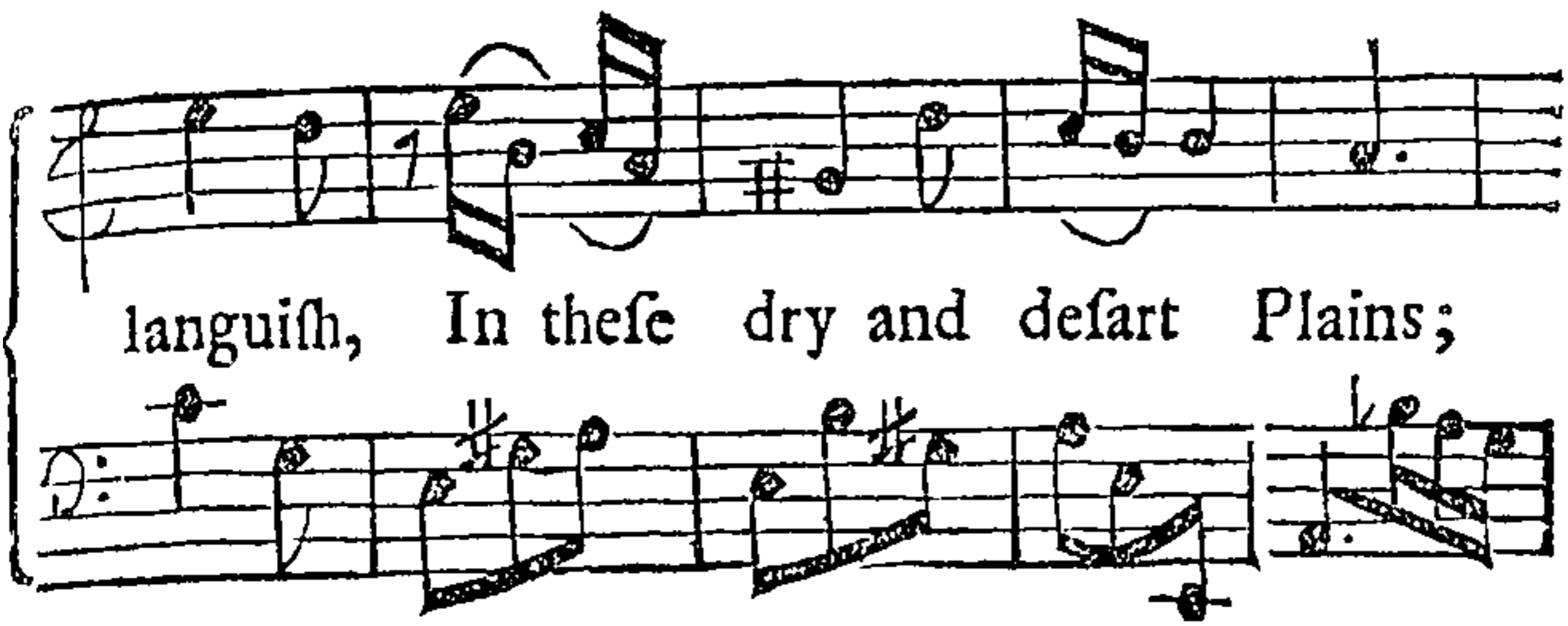
Face of Morning, Wakes *Au-ro-ra* from her



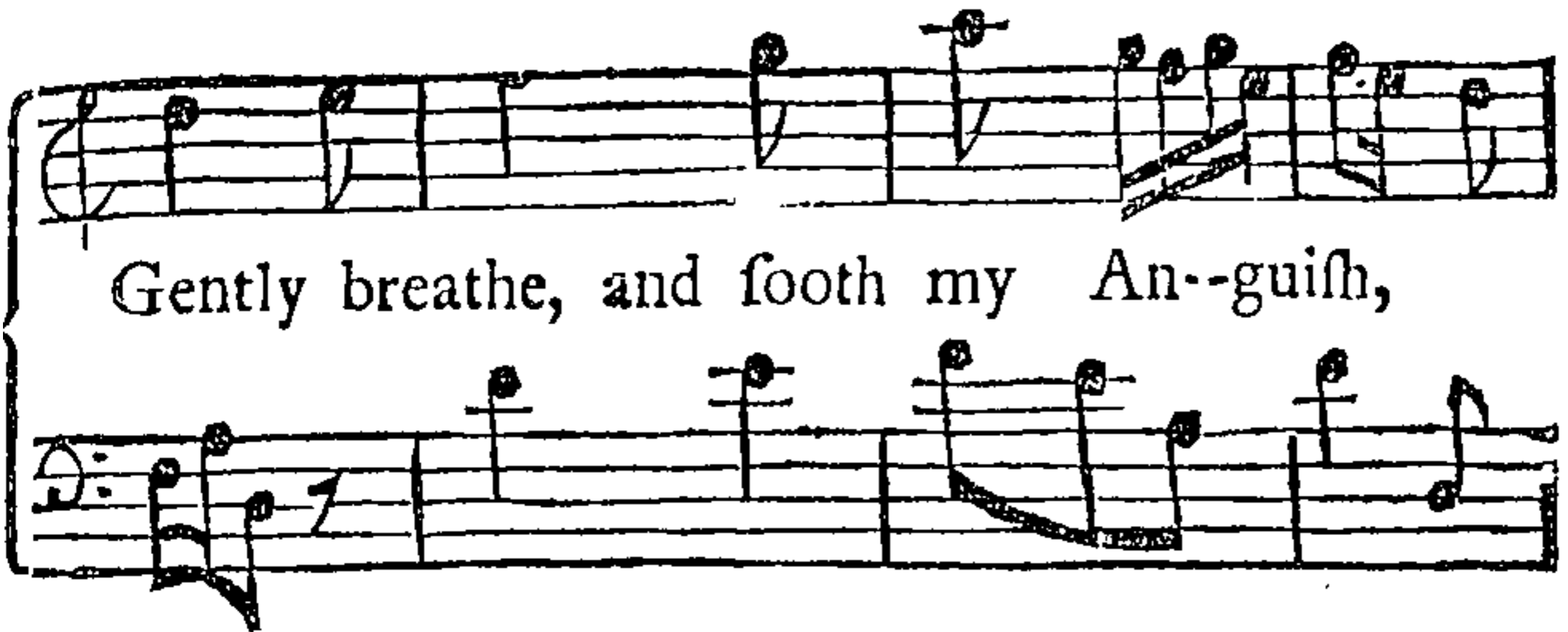
Bow'rs: While with Love's fierce Flame I



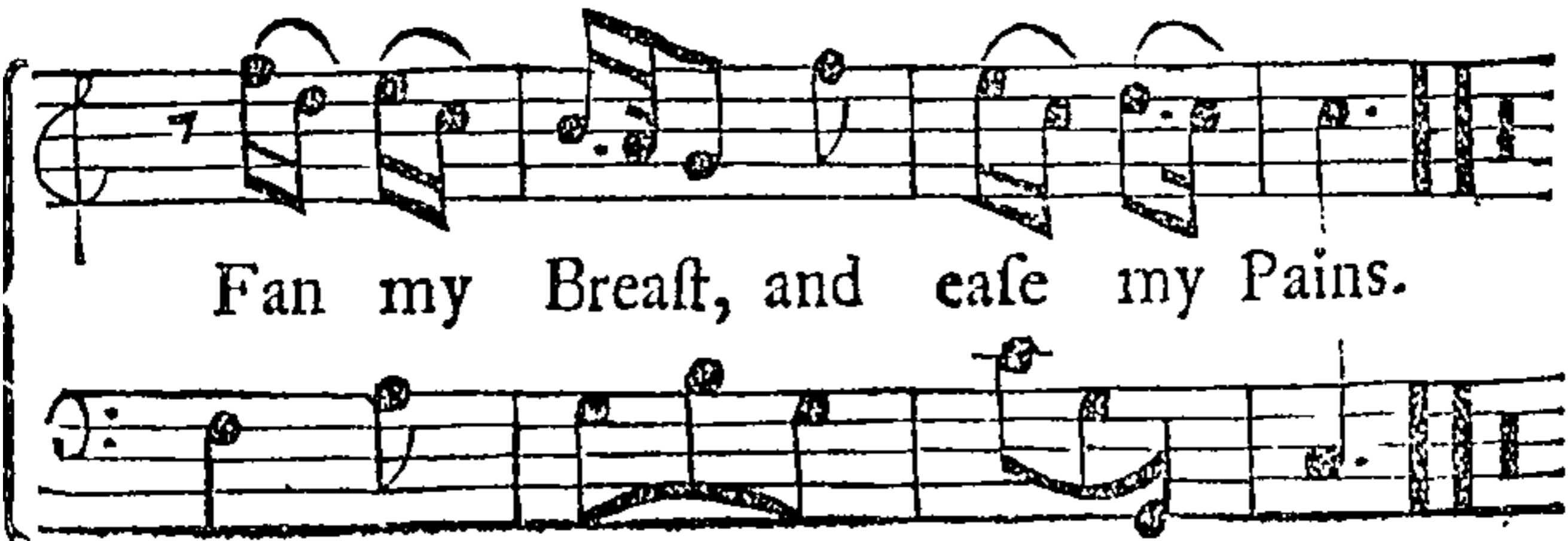
languish,



languish, In these dry and desert Plains;



Gently breathe, and soothe my An-guish,



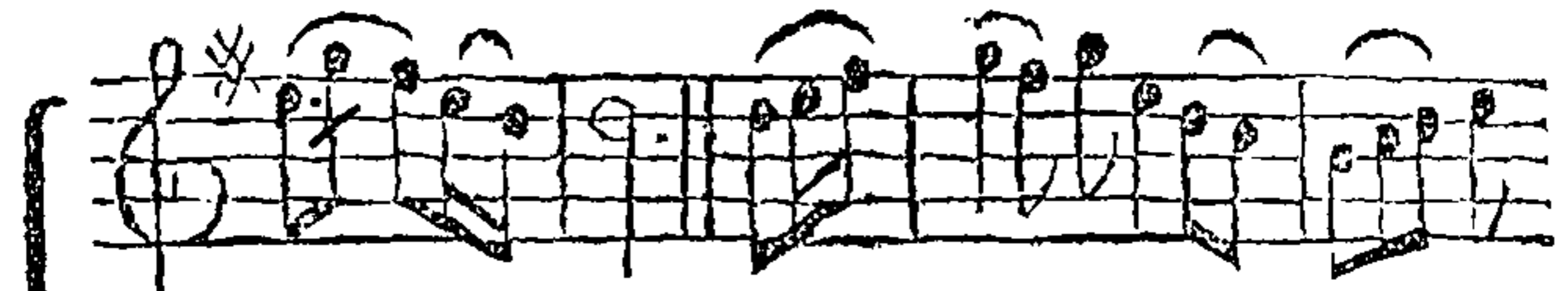
Fan my Breast, and ease my Pains.



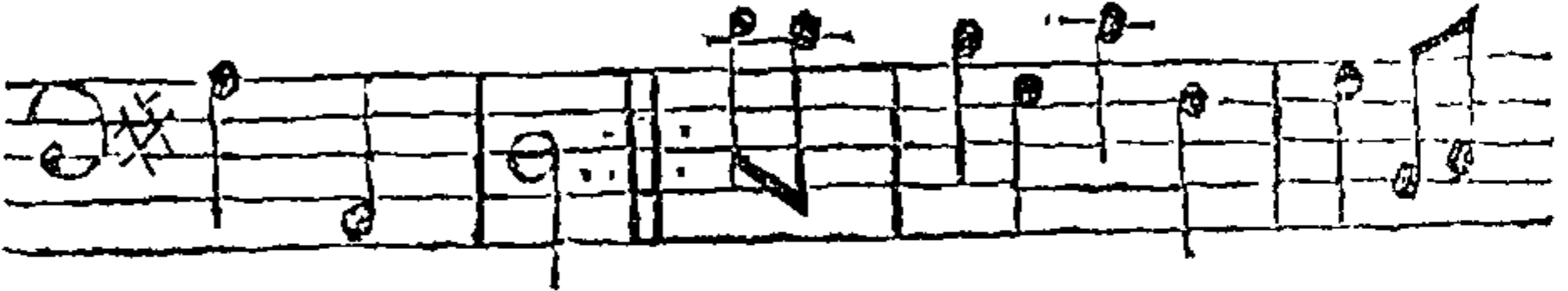
*MARIAN'S* COMPLAINT.



One *April* Ev'ning, when the Sun Had journey'd



down the Sky, Poor *Marian* with joyless



Chear, Walk'd out most hea---vi---ly.



Tears trickled down her faded Cheeks,  
Soft Sighs her Bosom heav'd;  
Soft Sighs confest her inward Woe:  
Alas! sh'ad been deceiv'd.

Ah! what a Wretch am I become,  
Poor luckless Lass! said she;  
The Cowslip, and the Violet's Bloom,  
Have now no Charms for me.

The setting Sun, which decks' each Cloud  
With Streaks of purple Dye,  
Brings no Relief to my Disease,  
Nor Pleasure to my Eye.

This little River, when I dress'd,  
Once serv'd me for a Glass;  
And now it serves to shew how Love  
Has ruin'd this poor Face.

How often, *Collin*, have you swore,  
That none you lov'd but me;  
Yet Perjur'd now, those Oaths you scorn,  
And slight my Misery.

What Charms can happy *Mopsa* boast,  
To change thy faithless Mind?  
What Beauty more in Her, than Me,  
Ungrateful! can'st thou find?



All other Shepherds think me fair;  
But what is that to me,  
The Praise of all the Neighb'ring Youth:  
I, hopeless, dye for thee!

Yet I would change my rosie Cheeks,  
For *Mopsa's* fallow Hue;  
And be content with blubber Lips,  
Since they have Charms for you.

Have I not told you twenty times,  
I could not bear Deceit?  
And who'd have guess'd those harmless Looks  
Were form'd to hide a Cheat?

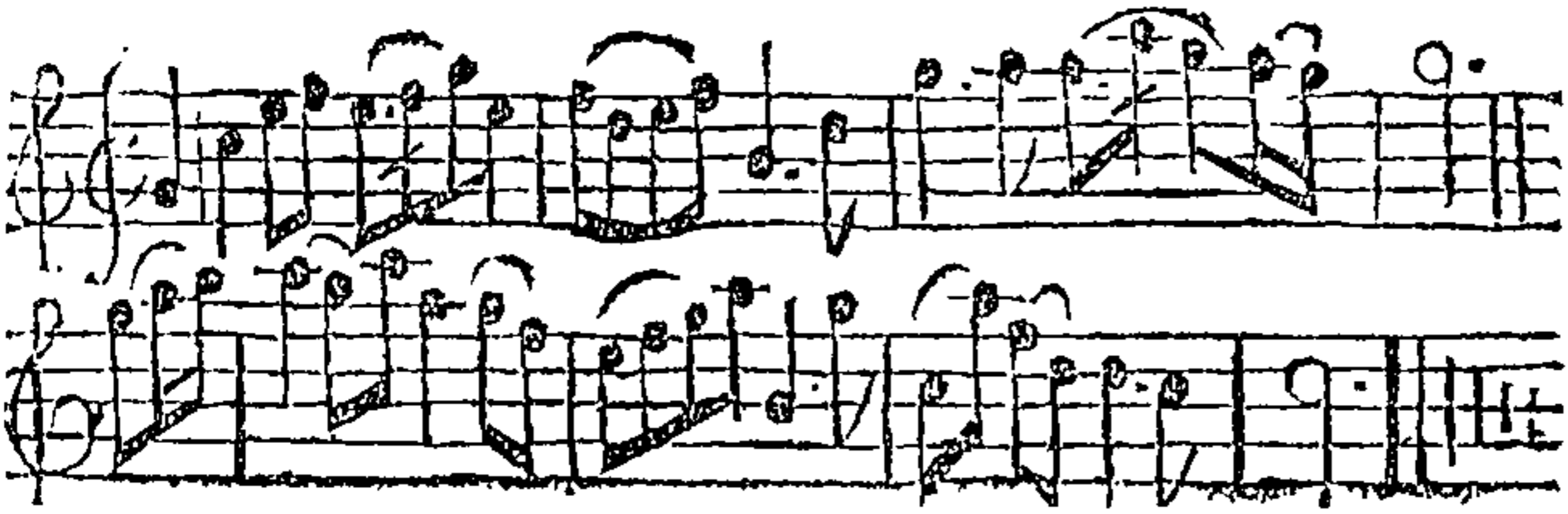
But now, alas! too late I find  
Those Looks have me betray'd;  
Yet I'll not spend my Dying Hours  
Thy Falshood to upbraid.

But what remaining Breath I have  
Shall intercede with Heav'n,  
That all thy broken Vows to me  
At last may be forgiv'n.

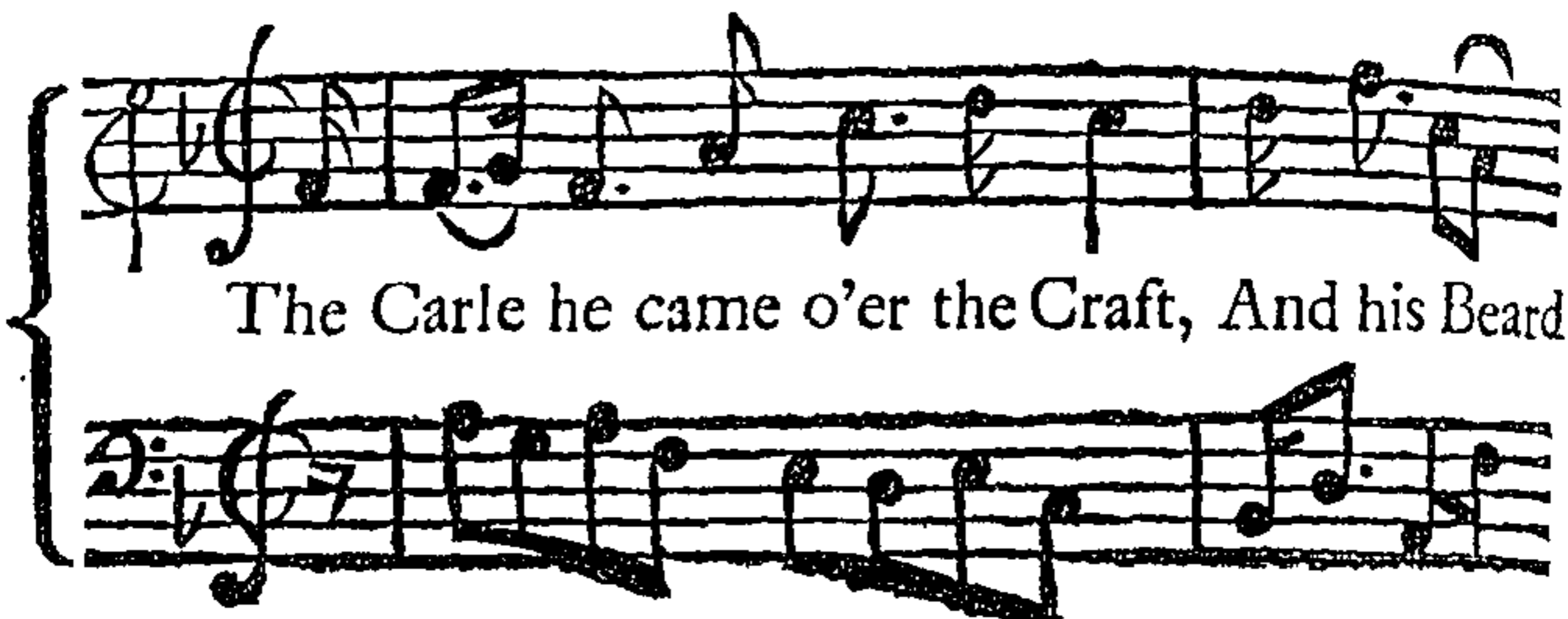
And one small Boon, of thee Unkind,  
I, ere I dye, require ;  
Ah! do not thou refuse to grant  
A Wretch her last Desire.

When thou with *Mopsa* shalt have fixt  
Thy fatal Marriage-Day,  
Oh! do not o'er my Green-Grass Grave,  
Inhumane, track thy Way.


*For the FLUTE.*



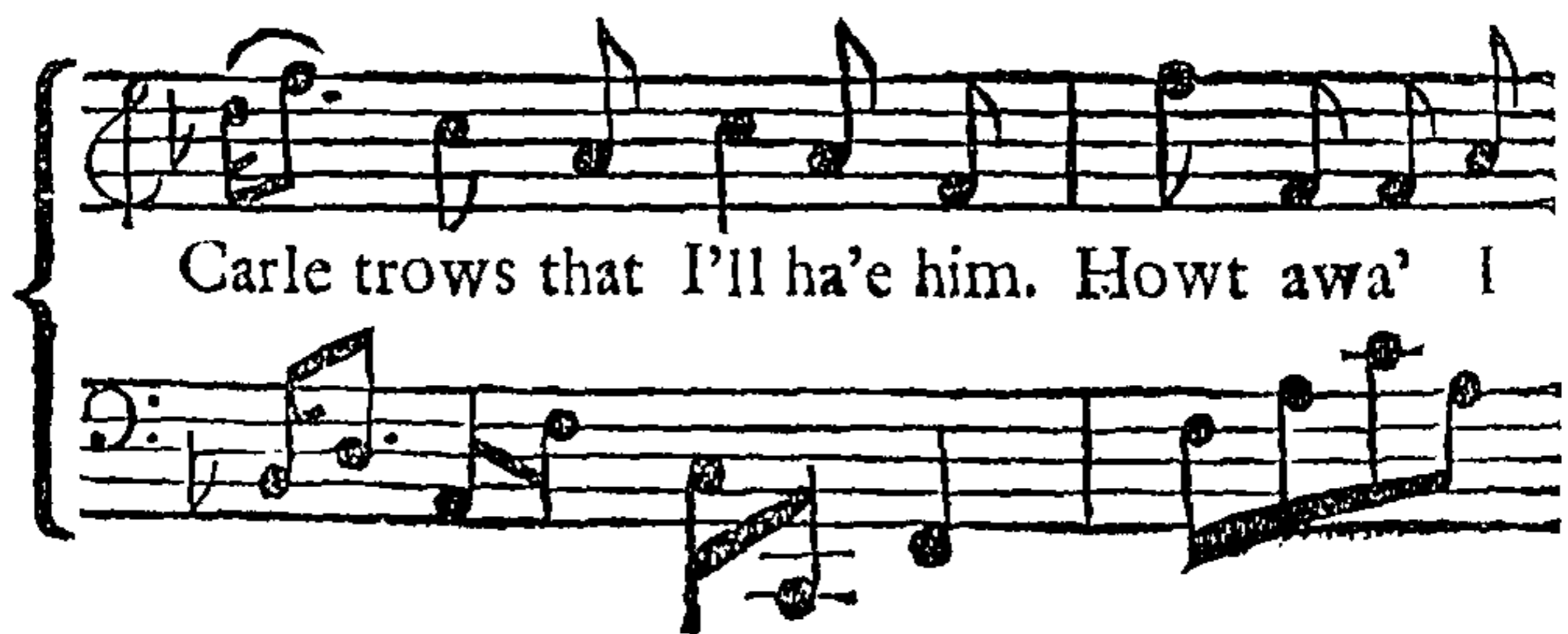
*The* YOUNG LASS contra AULD MAN.



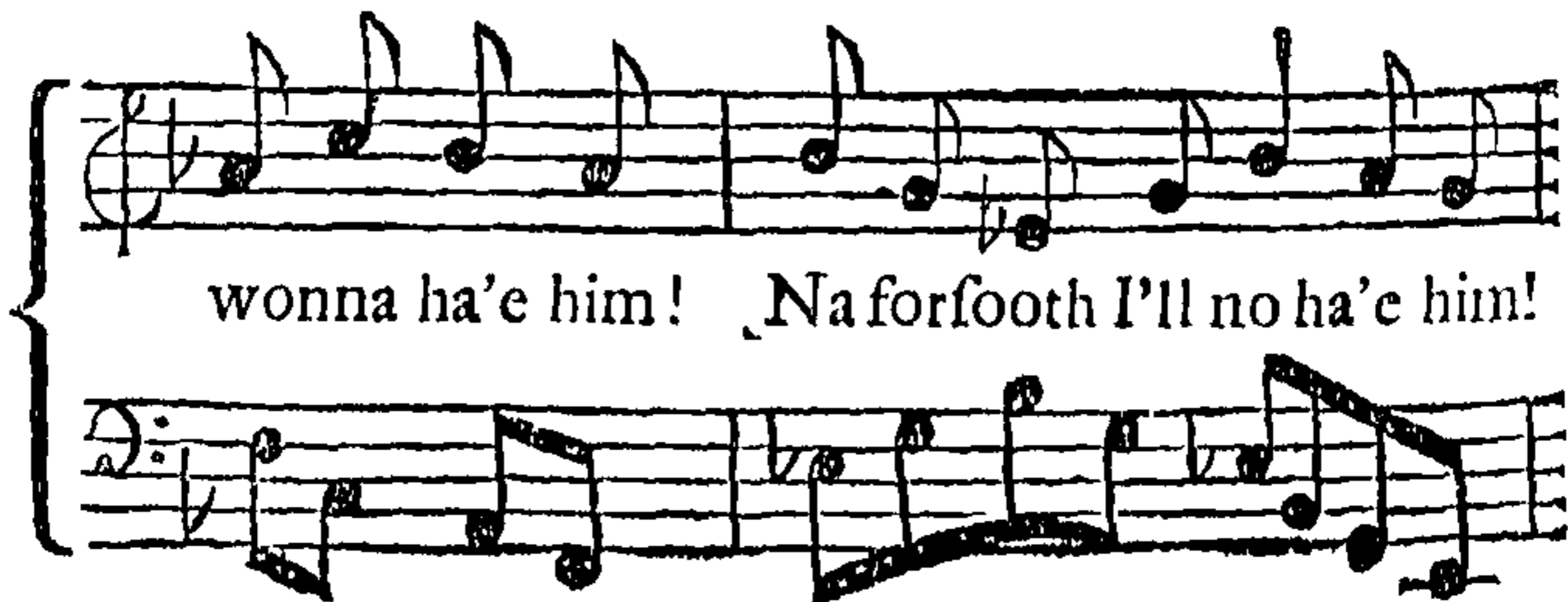
The Carle he came o'er the Craft, And his Beard



new shav'n, Glow'rd at me's gin he'd bin daft, The



Carle trows that I'll ha'e him. Howt awa' I



wonna ha'e him! Na forsooth I'll no ha'e him!



New Hose, new Shoon, And his Beard new shav'n.



A siller Broach he gae me niest,  
To fasten on my Curtchea nooked,  
I wor'd a wi upon my Breast;  
But soon, alake! the Tongue o't crooked;  
And fae may his, I winna hae him!  
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him.  
An twice a Bairn's, a Lafs's Jest;  
Sae ony Fool for me may hae him.

The Carle has nae Fault but ane;  
For he has Land and Dollars plenty;  
But waes me for him! Skin and Bane  
Is no for a plump Lafs of Twenty.  
Howt awa, I winna hae him,  
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him,  
What signifies his dirty Riggs,  
And Cash, without a Man with them?

But shou'd my canker'd Dady gar  
Me take him 'gainst my Inclination,  
I warn the Fumbler to beware,  
That Antlers dinna claim their Station.

How

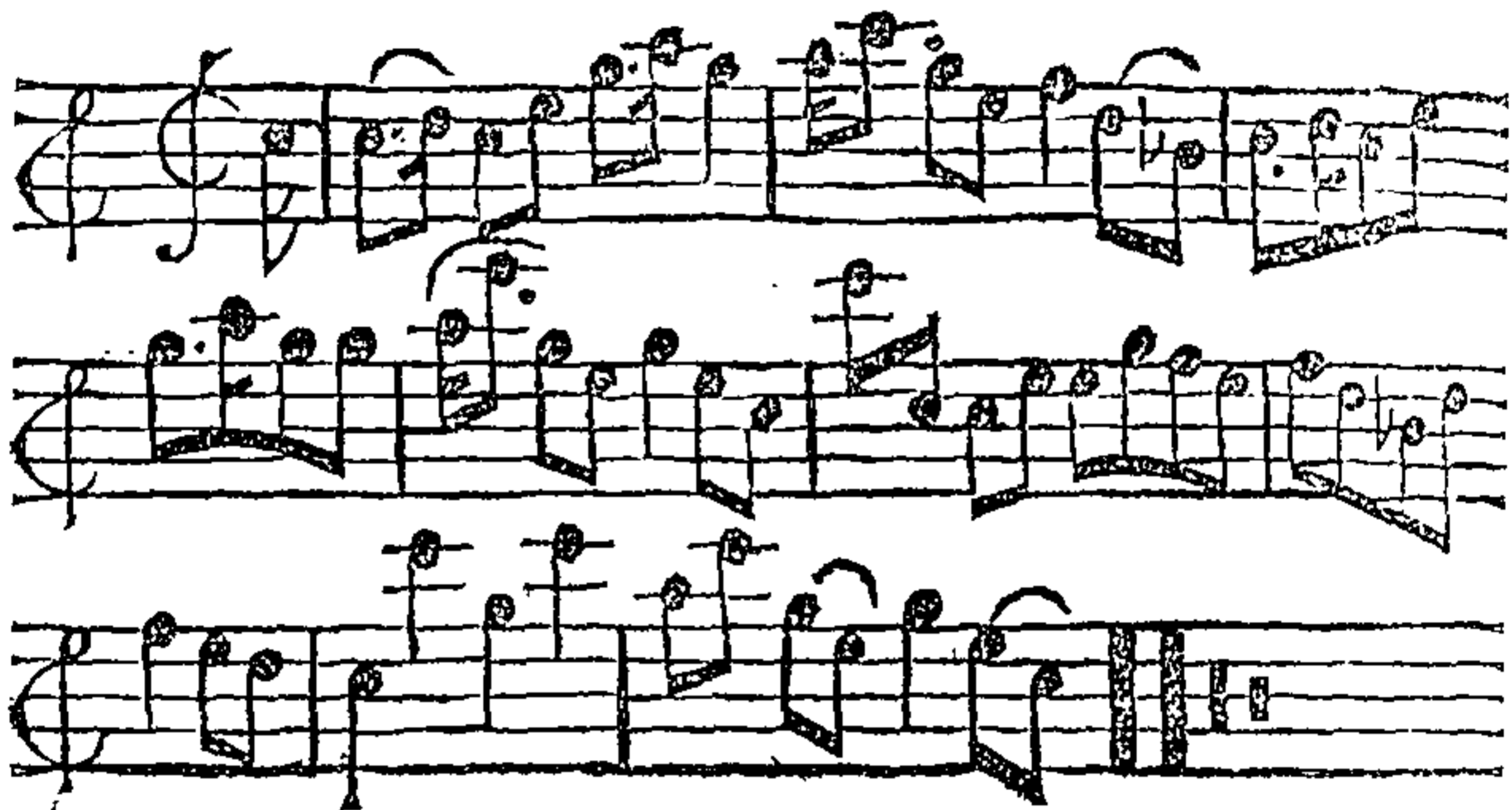
Howt awa, I winna hae him!

Na forsooth, I winna hae him!

I'm flee'd to crack the Haly Band,

Sae Lawty says, I shou'd na hae him!

*For the FLUTE.*

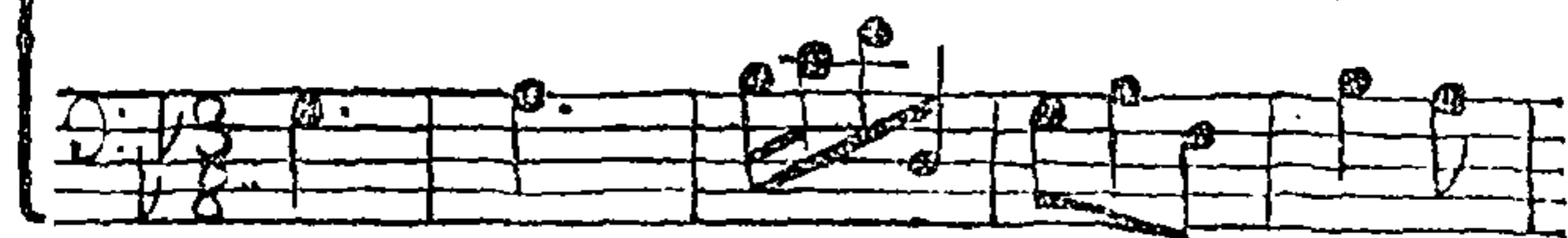


The CAUTION.

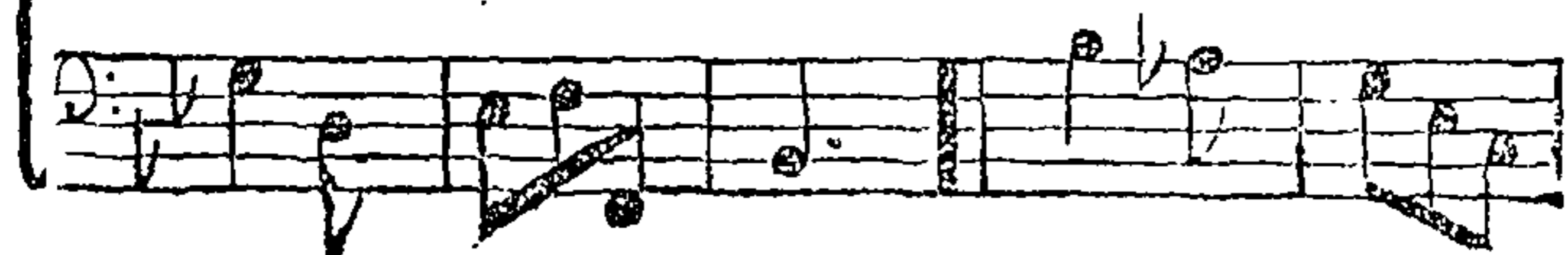
Set by Mr. RAVENSCROFT.



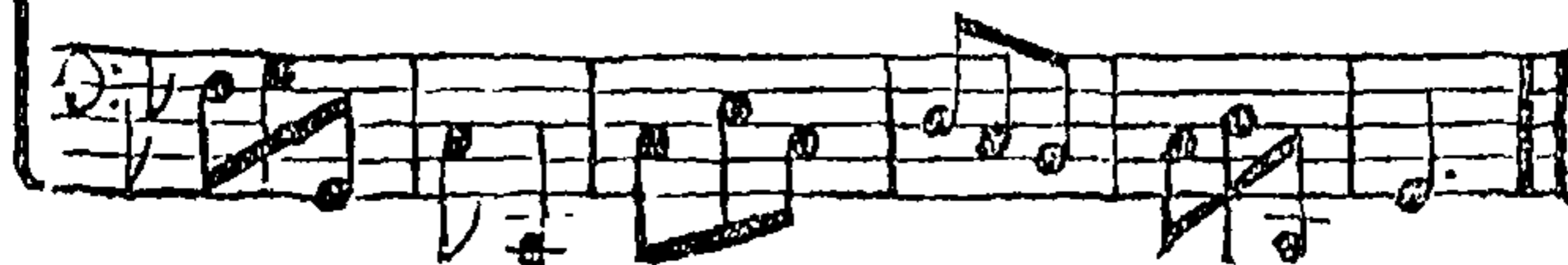
Foolish Women, fly Mens Charms, Fly their



Cringing, fly their Arms: For should You by



chance comply, 'Tis not They, but You, must dye.



Men with Pleasure soon are cloy'd,  
And forsake you when enjoy'd:  
Strive their winning Arts to shun;  
If you slight 'em, they're undone.

When their Hearts you overpower,  
 Be wisely coy, 'till the blest Hour  
 Of the Matrimonial Noose;  
 Then false Men you may abuse.

---

*To the foregoing Tune.*

ERE the Use of Words I knew,  
 By my Eyes to speak I strove;  
 Fondly ever fix'd on you,  
 They so early said, *I love.*

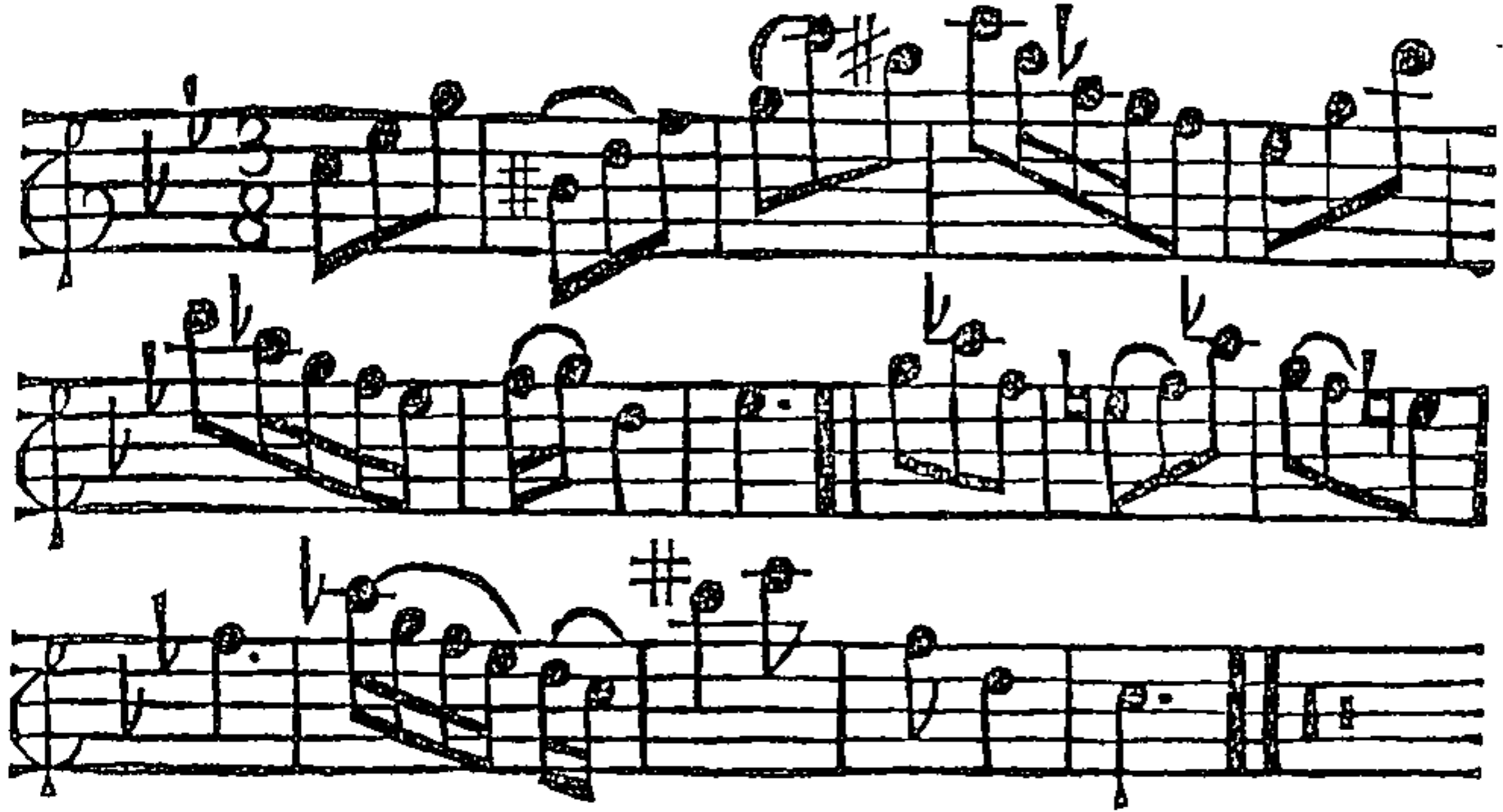
from Nurse and Mother fled,  
 And to dear *Vinella* ran;  
 One House held us, and one Bed:  
*Pugh*, you cry, *you're now a Man.*

Is to be a Man, a Crime?  
 You'd be of another Mind,  
 If you weigh'd the Worth of Time,  
 And how long you've to be kind.

Once you wish'd the Years wou'd fly,  
 And bring on the Teens apace:  
 I too wish'd, but knew not why,  
 'Till I learnt it in your Face.

That you lov'd me, you confess'd,  
When we us'd to Kifs and Toy:  
If you will not grant the rest,  
Oh that I were still a Boy!

*For the* FLUTE.





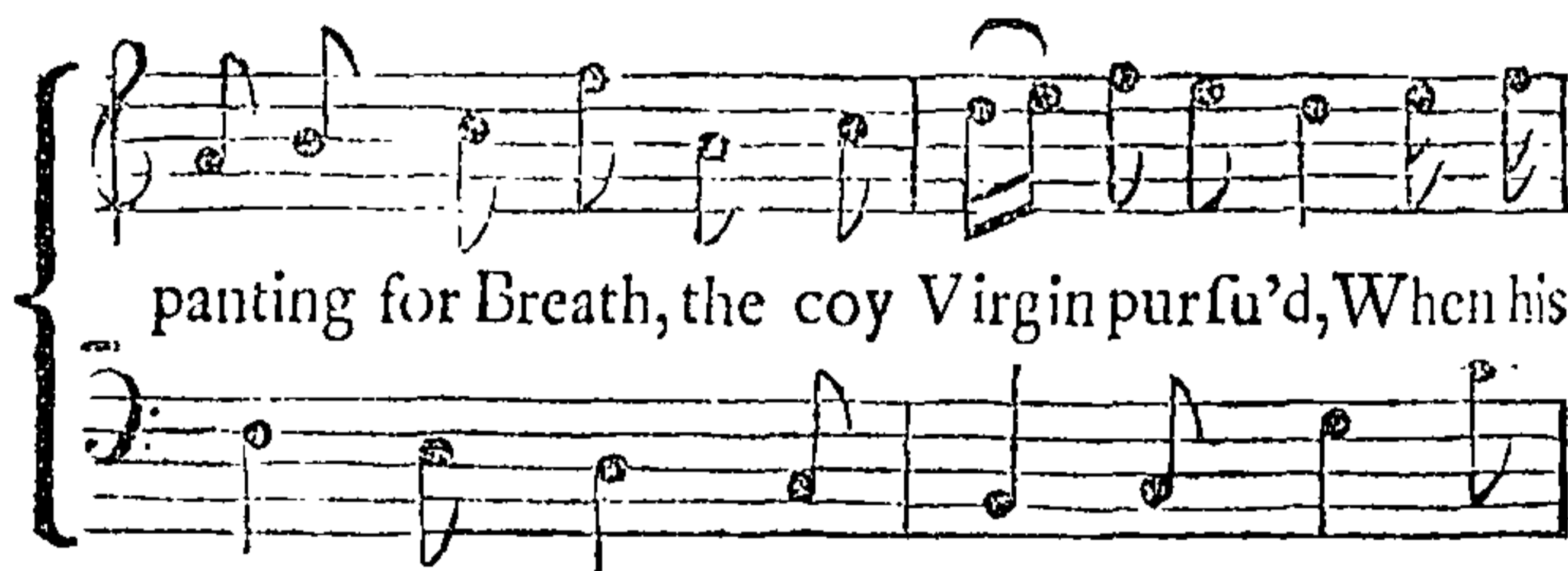
To APOLLO *making Love.* From  
*Monsieur* FONTENELLE.

The Words by Mr. TICKELL.

*Set by* Mr. J. SHEELES.



I am (cry'd *Apollo*, when *Daphne* he woo'd, And



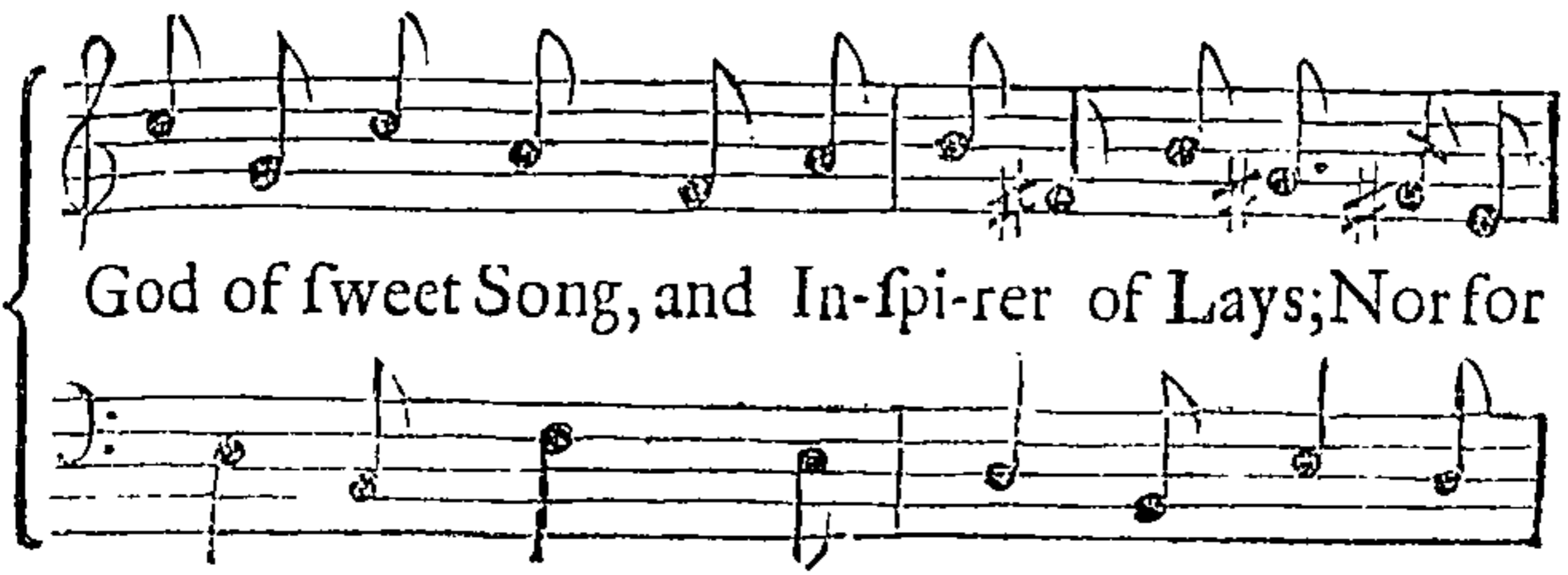
panting for Breath, the coy *Virgin* pursu'd, When his



Wisdom, in manner most ample, express The long



List of the Graces his Godship possess: ) I'm the



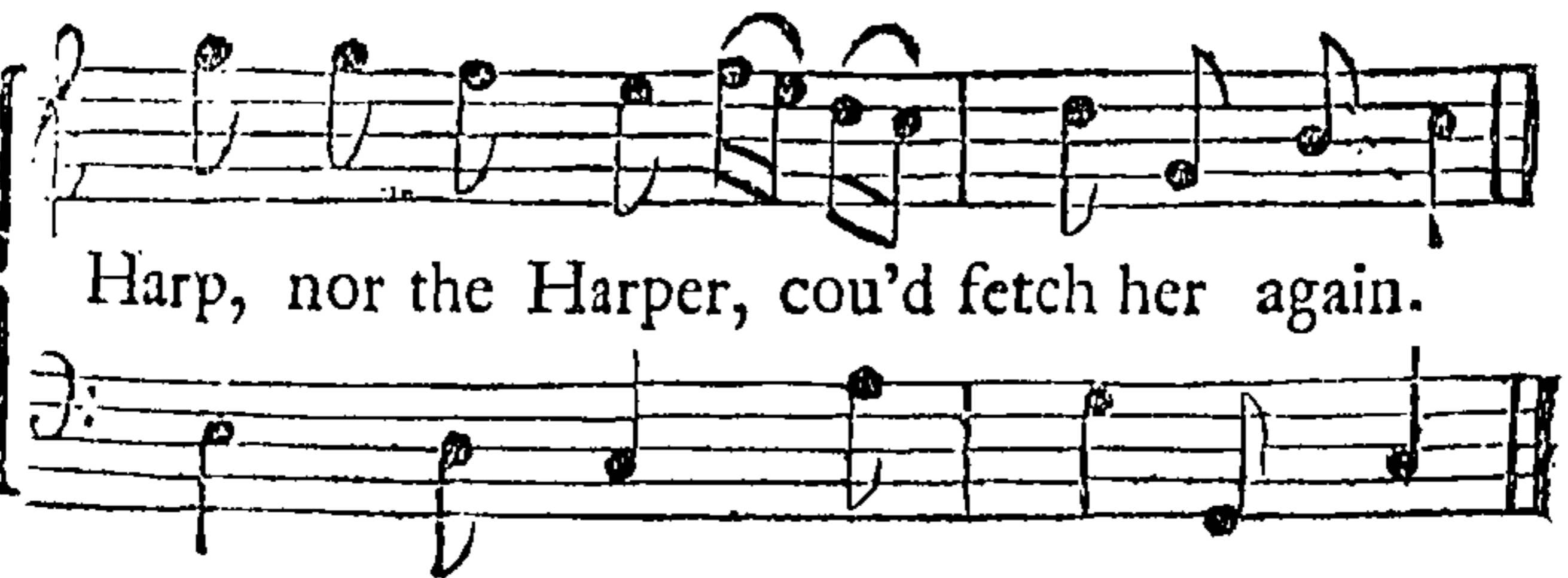
God of sweet Song, and In-spi-rer of Lays; Nor for



Lays, nor sweet Song, the fair Fu-gi-tive stays: I'm the



God of the Harp; stop my fairest: in vain; Nor the



Harp, nor the Harper, cou'd fetch her again.

Ev'ry Plant, ev'ry Flow'r, and their Virtues I know,  
God of Light I'm above, and of Physick below;  
At the dreadful Word Physick, the Nymph fled more fast;  
At the fatal Word Physick she doubled her Haste.

Thou fond God of Wisdom, then alter thy Phrase,  
 Bid her view thy young Bloom, and thy ravishing Rays,  
 Tell her less of thy Knowledge and more of thy Charms  
 And, my Life for't, the Damsel shall fly to thy Arms.

---

*To the foregoing Tune.*

ON the Bank of a River close under the Shade,  
 Young *Cleon* and *Sylvia* one Evening were laid;  
 The Youth pleaded strongly for Proof of his Love,  
 But Honour had won her, his Flame to reprove.  
 She cry'd, where's the Lustre, when Clouds shade the Sun,  
 Or what is rich *Nectar*, the Taste being gone?  
 'Mongst Flow'rs on the Stalk sweetest Odours do dwell;  
 But if gather'd, the Rose it self loses the Smell.

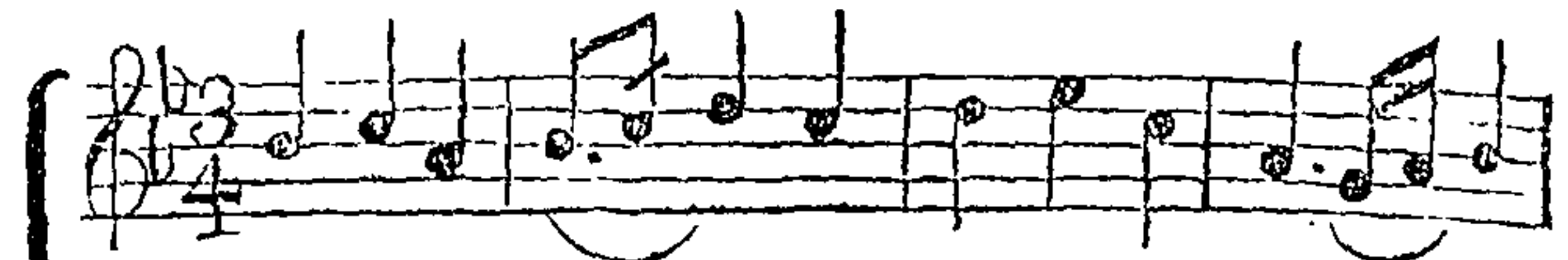
Thou dearest of Nymphs, the brisk Shepherd reply'd,  
 If e'er thou wilt argue, begin on Love's Side:  
 In Matters of State let grave Reason be shown,  
 But Love is a Power will be ruled by none;  
 Nor should a coy Beauty be counted so rare,  
 For Scandal can blast both the Chaste and the Fair.  
 Most fierce are the Joys Love's Alembick do fill,  
 And the Roses are sweetest when put to the Still.

For the FLUTE.



*The* SLIGHTED SWAIN.

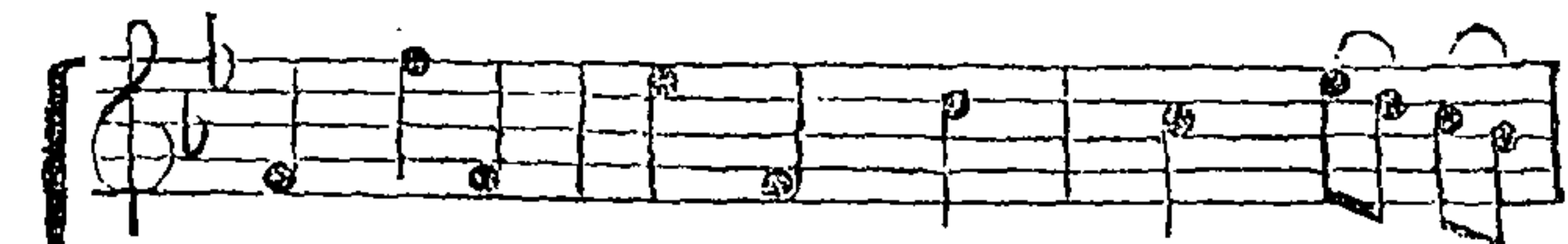
The Words by Mr. *A. BRADLEY*.



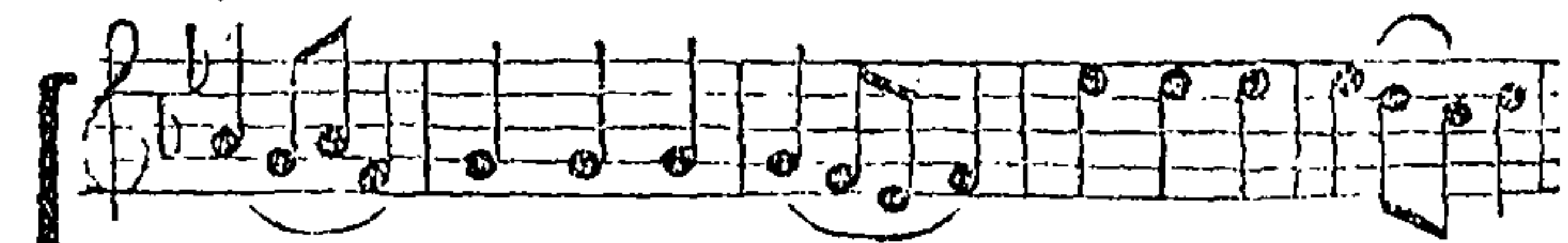
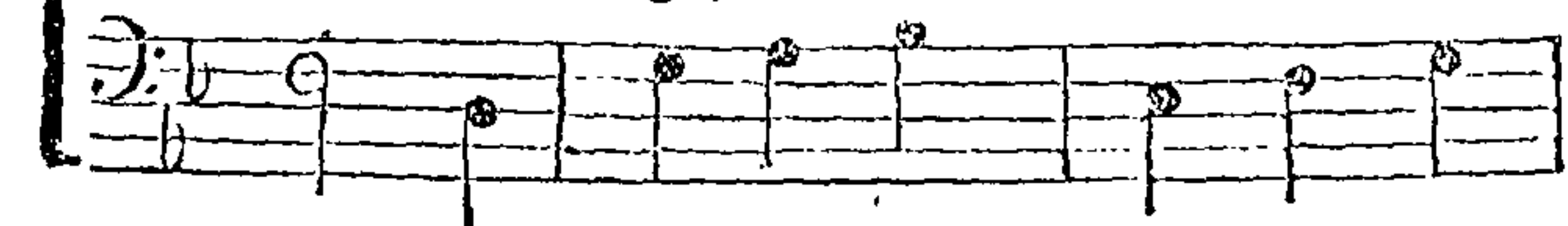
Cloe proves false, but still she is charming;



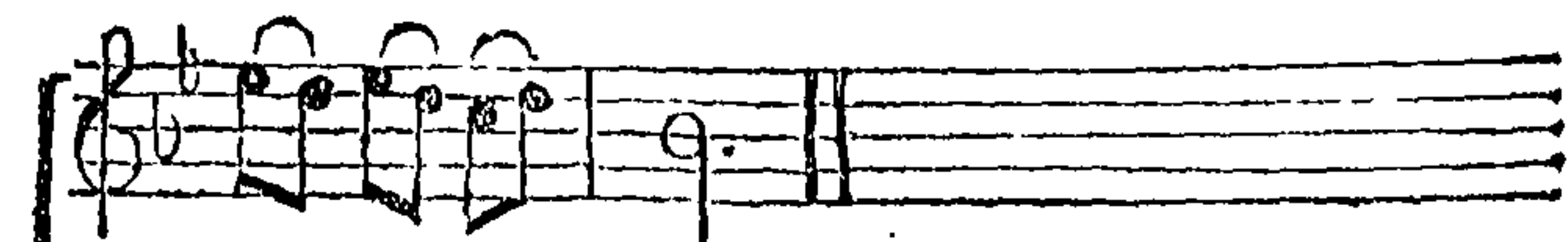
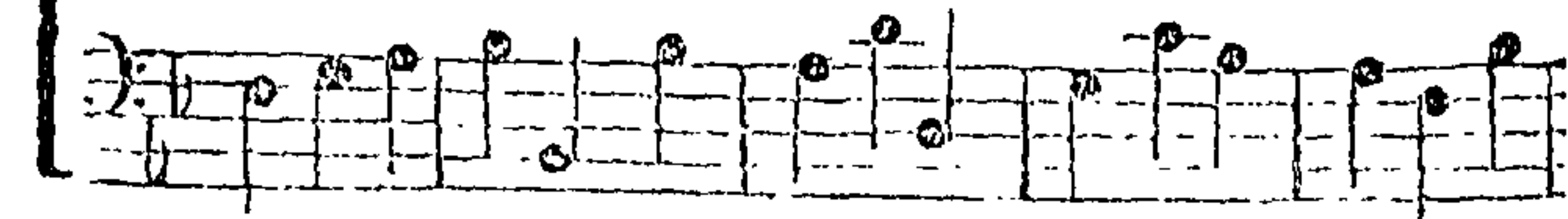
Nature, like Beau--ty her Temper has made;



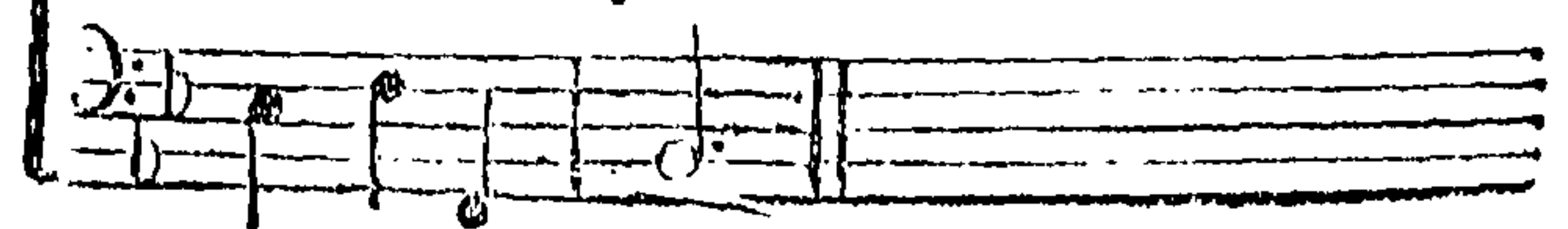
Subject to change, O'er each Heart she will



range, Always a-larm-ing, ever disarming,



Ne-ver dismay'd.



Banish my Senses, or let her not slight me:

Love ne'er was made to inherit Disdain:

Love is a Bubble

That gives Mankind Trouble;

The pleasing Ecstasy

Drops like a Simile

Airy and vain.

Sure *Venus* gave her that Face to deceive me,

And gave the Boy but one Arrow would fly:

Haste to thy Mother,

And beg for another:

*Cloe* the Mark must be,

Make her to pity me

Ere that I dye.

*For the* F L U T E.



*The* H A P P Y B E G G A R S.

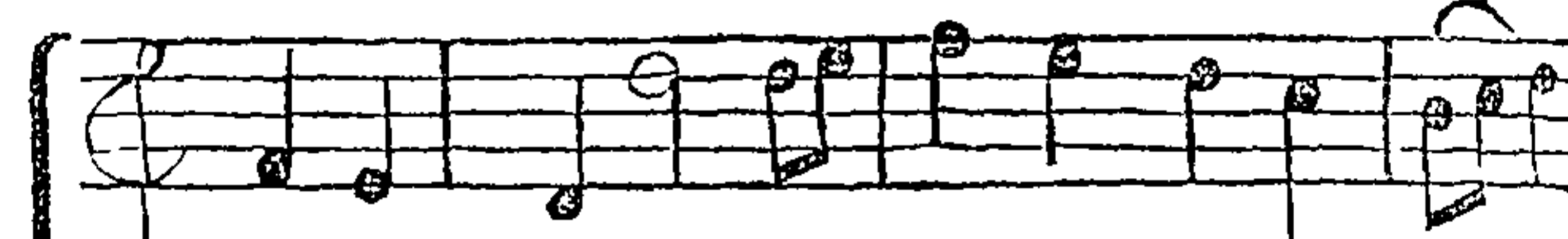
Sung in the Opera call'd, *The* BEGGAR'S WEDDING.

[*To the Tune of* Talk no more of Whig or Tory.]



QUEEN of the BEGGARS.




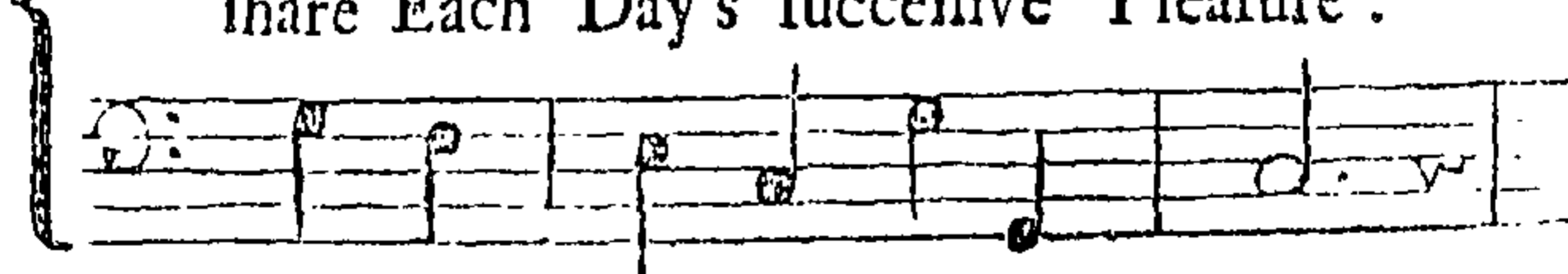
How blest are Beggars Lasses, Who never



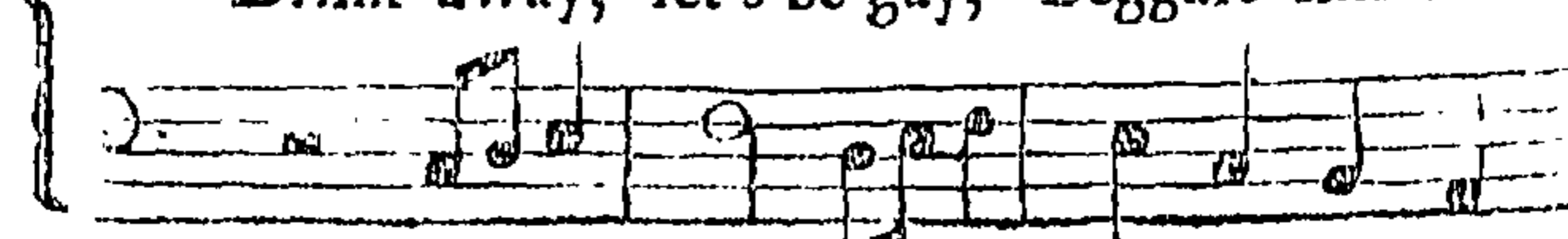
Toil for Treasure; We know no Care but how to



share Each Day's successive Pleasure :



Drink away, let's be gay, Beggars still with





Bliss abound; Mirth and Joy ne'er can cloy,  
Whilst the sparkling Glass goes round.

FIRST WOMAN.

A Fig for gawdy Fashions,  
No want of Cloaths oppresses;  
We live at Ease with Rags and Fleas,  
We value not our Dresses.

*Drink away, &c.*

SECOND WOMAN.

We scorn all Ladies Washes,  
With which they spoil each Feature;  
No Patch or Paint our Beauties taint,  
We live in simple Nature.

*Drink away, &c.*

No



## THIRD WOMAN.

No Cholick, Spleen, or Vapours,  
 At Morn or Ev'ning teaze us;  
 We drink not Tea, or Ratifia;  
 When sick, a Dram can ease us.

*Drink away, &c.*

## FOURTH WOMAN.

What Ladies act in private,  
 By Nature's soft Compliance;  
 We think no Crime, when in our Prime,  
 To kifs without a License.

*Drink away, &c.*

## FIFTH WOMAN.

We know no Shame or Scandal,  
 The Beggars Law befriends us;  
 We all agree in Liberty,  
 And Poverty defends us.

*Drink away, &c.*

## SIXTH WOMAN.

Like jolly Beggar-Wenches,  
 Thus, thus we drown all Sorrow,  
 We live To-day, and ne'er delay  
 Our Pleasure 'till To-morrow.

*Drink away, &c.*

*For*

*For the FLUTE.*



N A N N Y -- O.

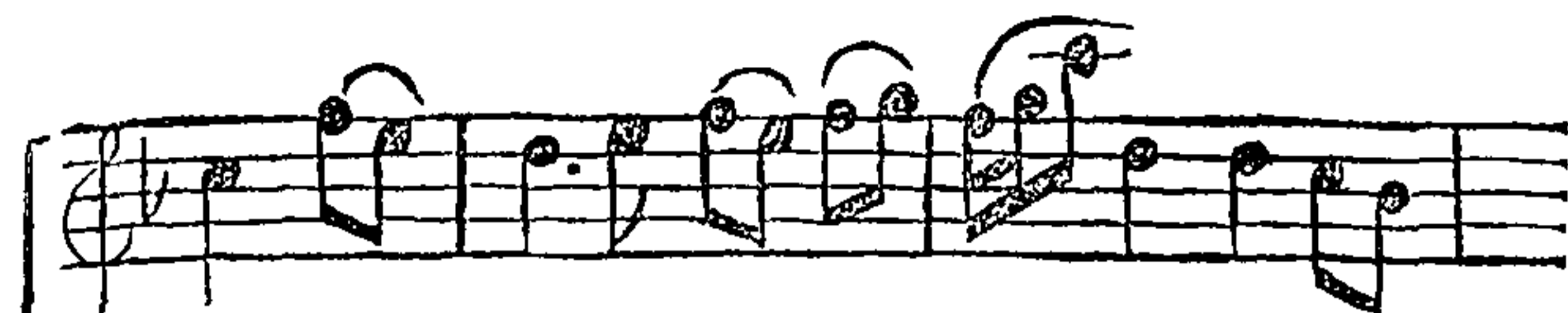
While some for Pleasure pawn their

Health, 'Twixt *Lais* and the Bagnio, I'll save my

self, and without Stealth, Kifs and carefs my

Nanny-O. She bids more fair t'engage a

Forc,



Jove, Than *Leda* did, or *Danae*--O: Were



I to paint the Queen of Love, None



else should fit but *Nanny*---O.



How joyfully my Spirits rise,  
When dancing she moves finely---O:  
I guess what Heav'n is by her Eyes,  
Which sparkle so divinely---O.  
Attend my Vow, ye Gods, while I  
Breath in the blest *Britannia*,  
No human Bliss I shall envy,  
While thus ye grant me *Nanny*---O.

CHO-

## CHORUS.

*My bonny, bonny Nanny---O,  
My lovely charming Nanny---O,  
I care not tho' the World shou'd know  
How dearly I love Nanny---O.*

*For the FLUTE.*



An ODE of SAPPHO.

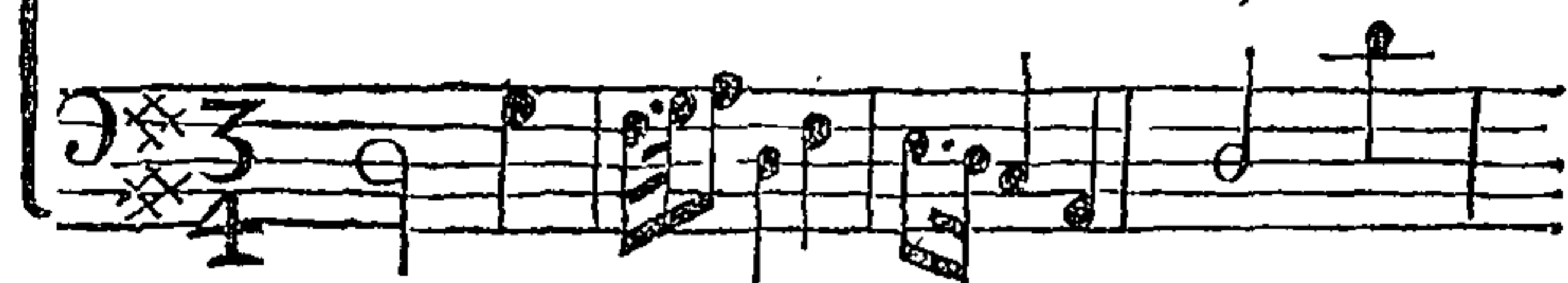
Written in the Person of a *Lover* sitting by his *Mistress*.

Translated from the Greek by Mr. A. PHILIPS.

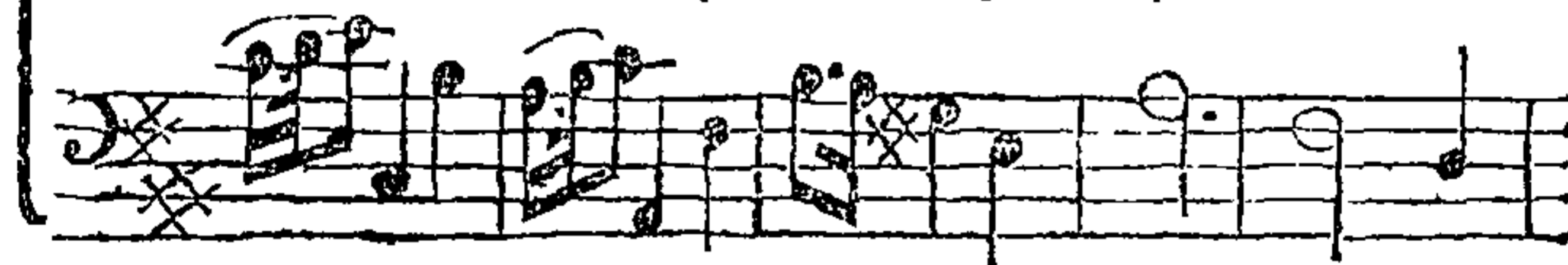
Set by Mr. J. SHEELÉS.



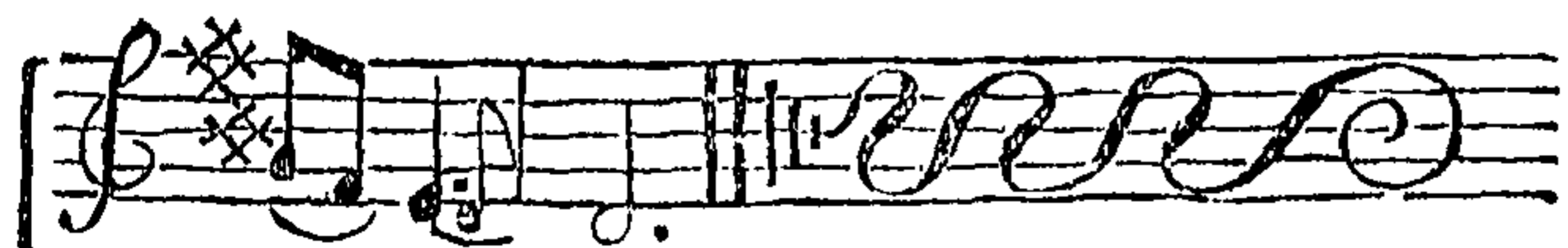
Blest as th'Immortal Gods is he, The



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;  
 For while I gaz'd, in Transport tost,  
 My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost:

My Bosom glow'd; the subtle Flame  
 Ran quick thro' all my vital Frame;  
 O'er my dim Eyes a Darkness hung;  
 My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd,  
 My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd;  
 My feeble Pulse forgot to play;  
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away!

*The* R E T I R E M E N T.

The Words by Mr. W. DUNCOMBE.

[*To the foregoing Tune.*]

**S**YLVIA, in these Sequester'd Scenes,  
 This Wilderness of fragrant Greens,  
 Let us, dissolv'd in rapt'rous Joy,  
 This gaily-smiling Day employ!

No prying Eye can pierce this Shade,  
 Nor view us in the secret Glade:  
 The Birds alone behold us here;  
 The faithful Birds we need not fear.

Lo! yon' fair Stream, with wanton Arms,  
The Meadow folds, fond of her Charms ;  
And glides in mazy Circles round,  
As loth to leave th'inchanted Ground.

*Flora* by *Zephyr* is carest:  
The balmy Breeze inflames my Breast!  
A thousand Spicy Odours rise,  
And all around perfume the Skies.

Here conqu'ring *Love* in Triumph reigns;  
Ador'd by happy Nymphs and Swains.  
This Carpet Ground is trod by none,  
That do not his Dominion own.

In this Retreat, where All conspire  
To fan the Genial Amorous Fire,  
Will you alone, my *Sylvia*, prove  
A Rebel to the Pow'r of *Love*?

*For the* F L U T E.





*The* RESISTLESS CHARMER:  
By Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

My ea---fy Heart With sin--gle Dart, Has

no small An---guish found; My found; But

Love has now Two Strings to's Bow, Both

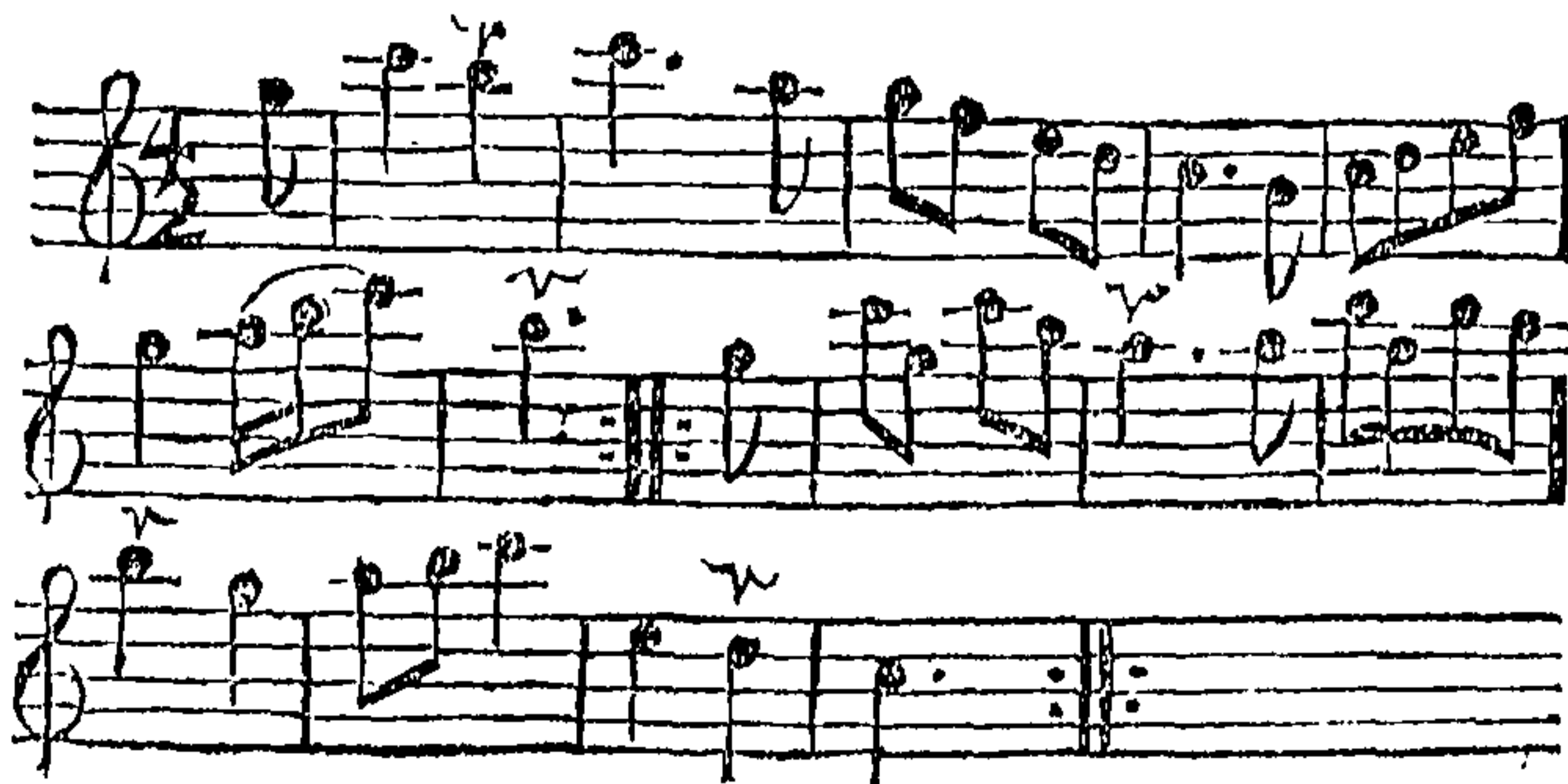
Wit and Beau--ty wound. But wound.

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  
Cou'd 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.

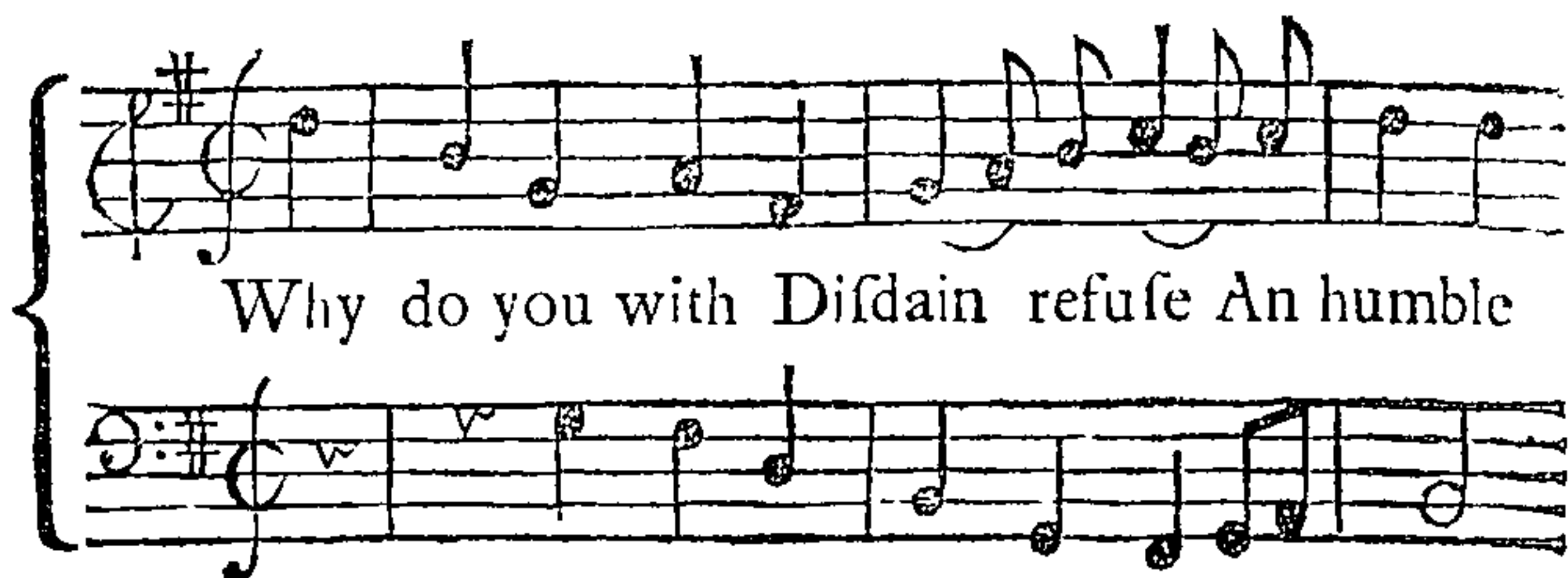
*For the* F L U T E .



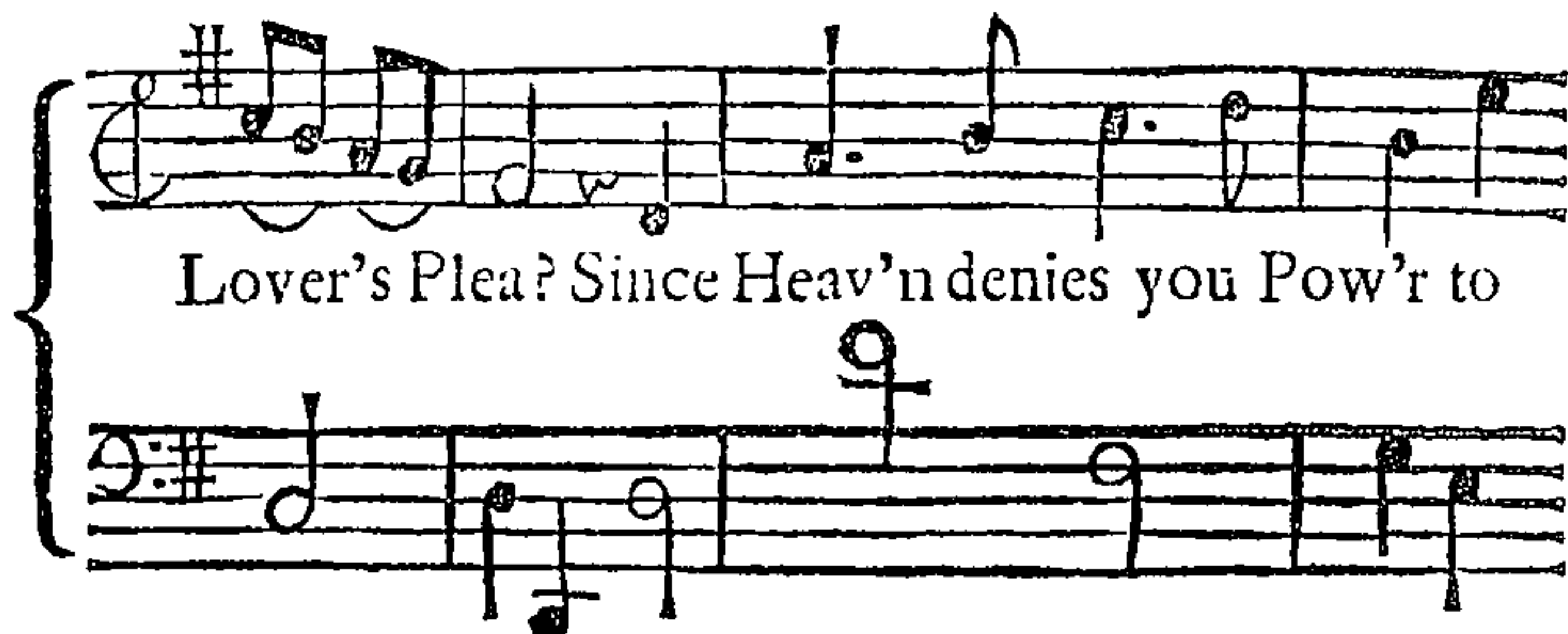
*To a* L A D Y *more Cruel than Fair.*

The Words by a Person of *QUALITY*

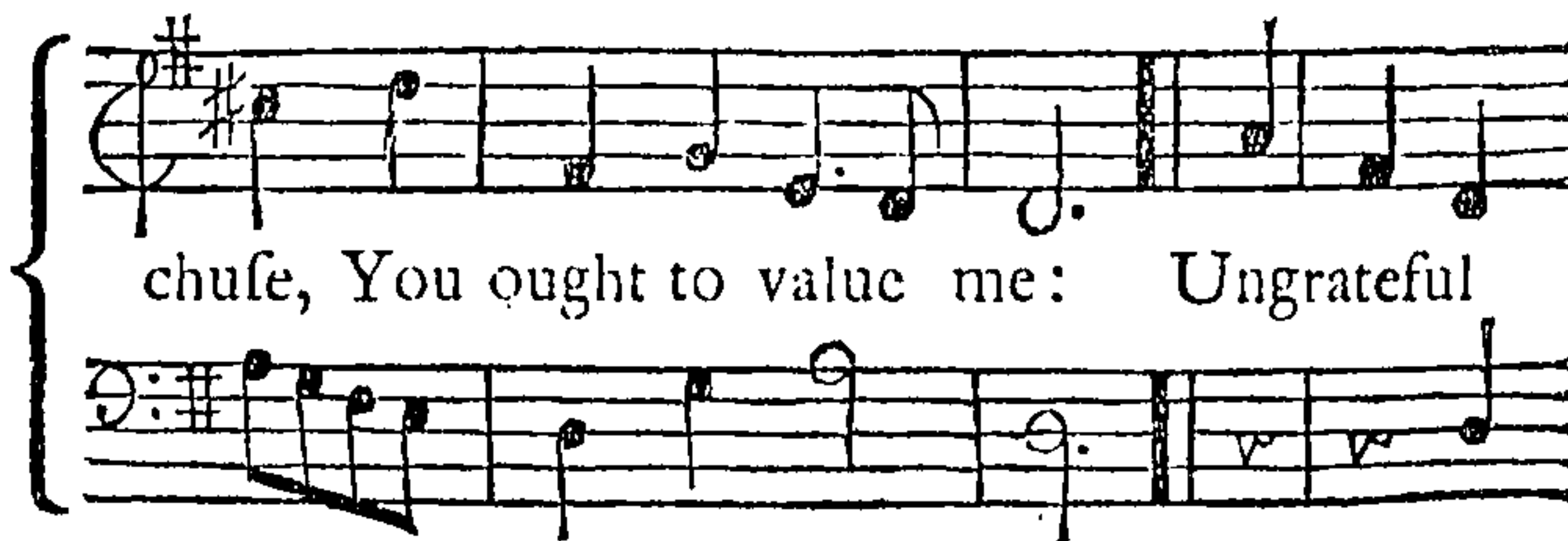
*Set by* Mr. LEVERIDGE.



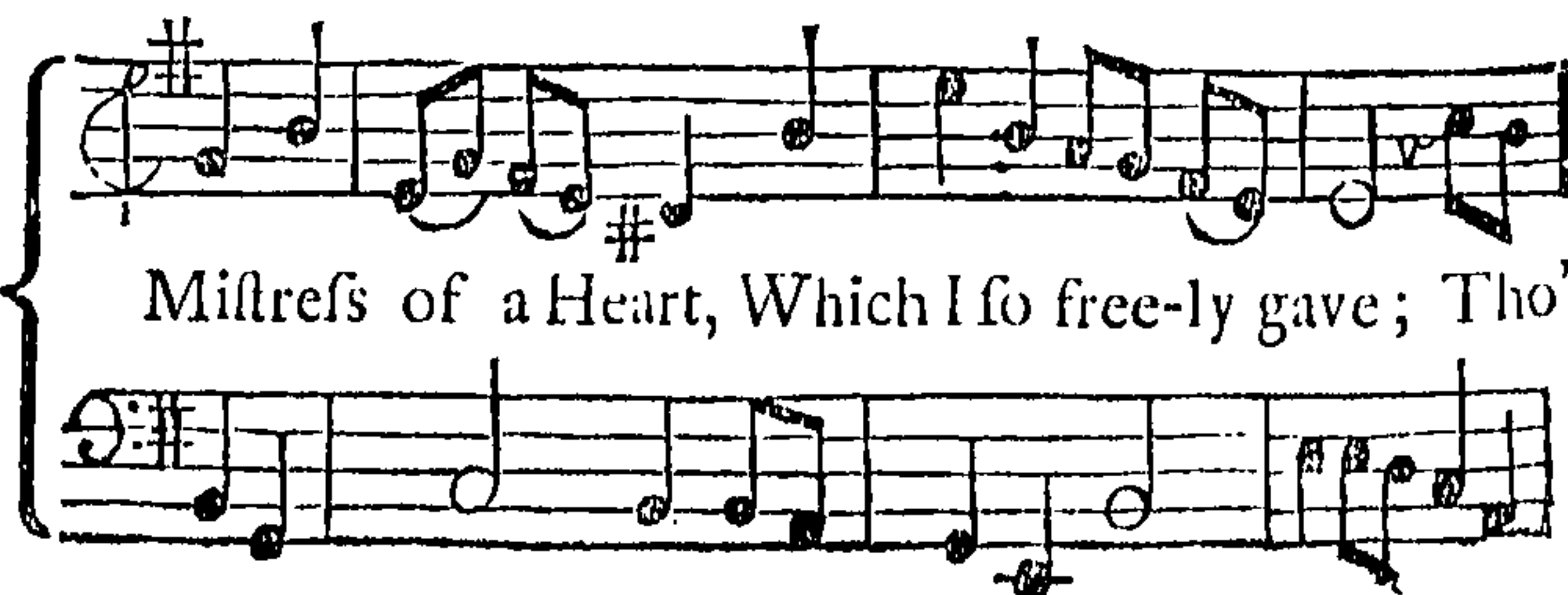
Why do you with Disdain refuse An humble



Lover's Plea? Since Heav'n denies you Pow'r to



chuse, You ought to value me: Ungrateful



Mistress of a Heart, Which I so free-ly gave; Tho'

weak your Bow, tho' blunt your Dart, I quickly

fell your Slave.

Nor was I weary of your Reign,  
'Till you a Tyrant grew,  
And seem'd regardless of my Pain,  
As Nature seem'd of you.  
When Thousands with unerring Eyes,  
Your Beauty wou'd decry,  
What Graces did my Love devise,  
To give their Truths the Lie?

To ev'ry Grove I told your Charms;  
In you my Heav'n I plac'd;  
Proposing Pleasures in your Arms,  
Which none but I cou'd taste.  
For me t'admire, at such a Rate,  
A Face so foul, will prove  
You have as little Cause to Hate,  
As I had Cause to Love.

*The* F O N D L O V E R.*To the foregoing Tune.*

THE Bird, that hears her Nestlings cry,  
 And flies abroad for Food,  
 Returns, impatient, thro' the Sky,  
 To nurse the callow Brood.  
 The tender Mother knows no Joy,  
 But bodes a thousand Harms,  
 And sickens for the darling Boy,  
 While absent from her Arms.

Such Fondness, with Impatience join'd,  
 My faithful Bosom fires;  
 Now forc'd to leave my Fair behind,  
 The Queen of my Desires!  
 The Powers of Verse too languid prove,  
 All Similies are vain,  
 To shew how ardently I love,  
 Or to relieve my Pain.

The Saint, with fervent Zeal inspir'd  
 For Heav'n, and Joys divine,  
 The Saint is not with Raptures fir'd  
 More pure, more warm than mine:

I take what Liberty I dare ;

'Twere impious to say more :

Convey my Longings to the Fair,

The Goddess I adore.

*For the* FLUTE.



## A S I G H.

Set by Mr. *J. SHEELER*.

Gentle Air, thou Breath of Lovers, Vapour

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a simple, melodic style with many notes beamed together.

from a se---cret Fire; Which by thee it self dis-

The second system of musical notation continues the melody from the first system. It features a similar melodic line in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff.

covers, Ere yet da---ring to a---spire.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The melody in the upper staff ends with a final note, and the bass line provides a steady accompaniment.

Softest Note of whisper'd Anguish,  
 Harmony's refined Part,  
 Striking, while thou seem'st to languish,  
 Full upon the Listener's Heart.

Safest Messenger of Passion,  
Stealing thro' a Croud of Spies ;  
Who constrain the outward Fashion,  
Close the Lips, and guard the Eyes.

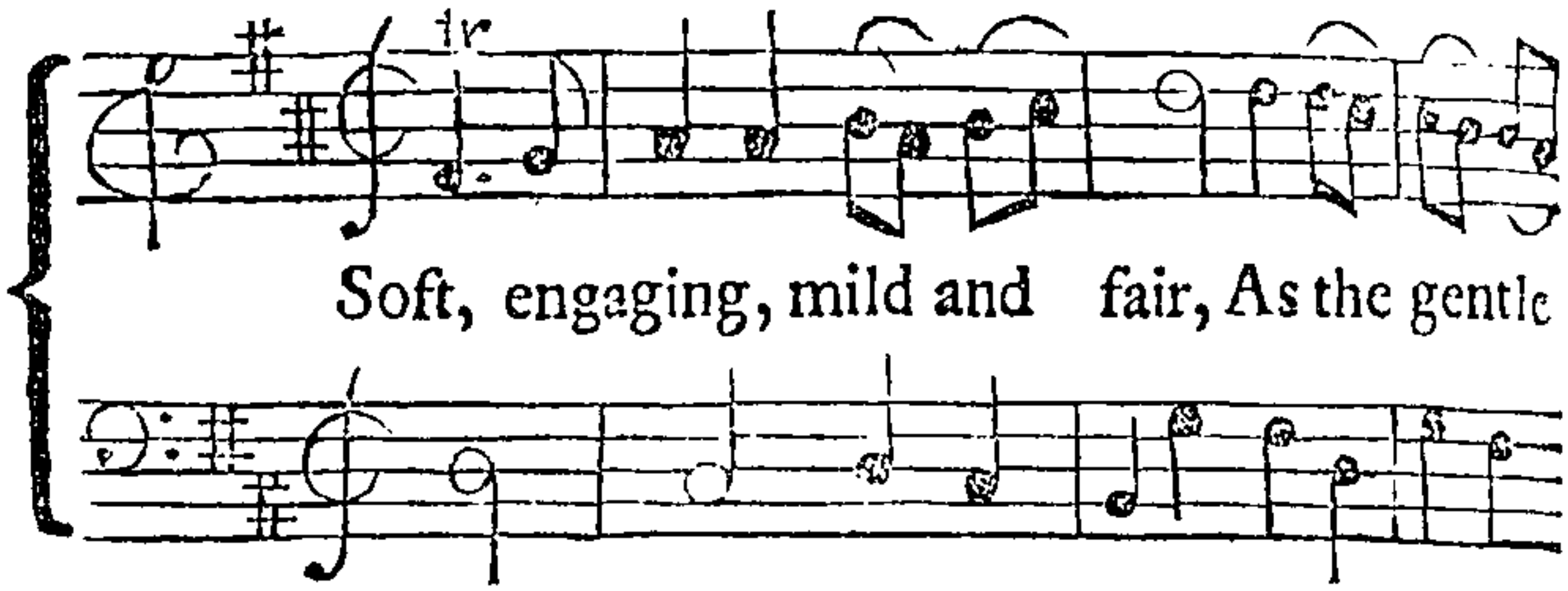
Shapeless Sigh, we ne'er can show thee ;  
Form'd but to assault the Ear ;  
Yet, ere to their Cost they know thee,  
Ev'ry Nymph may read thee — here.



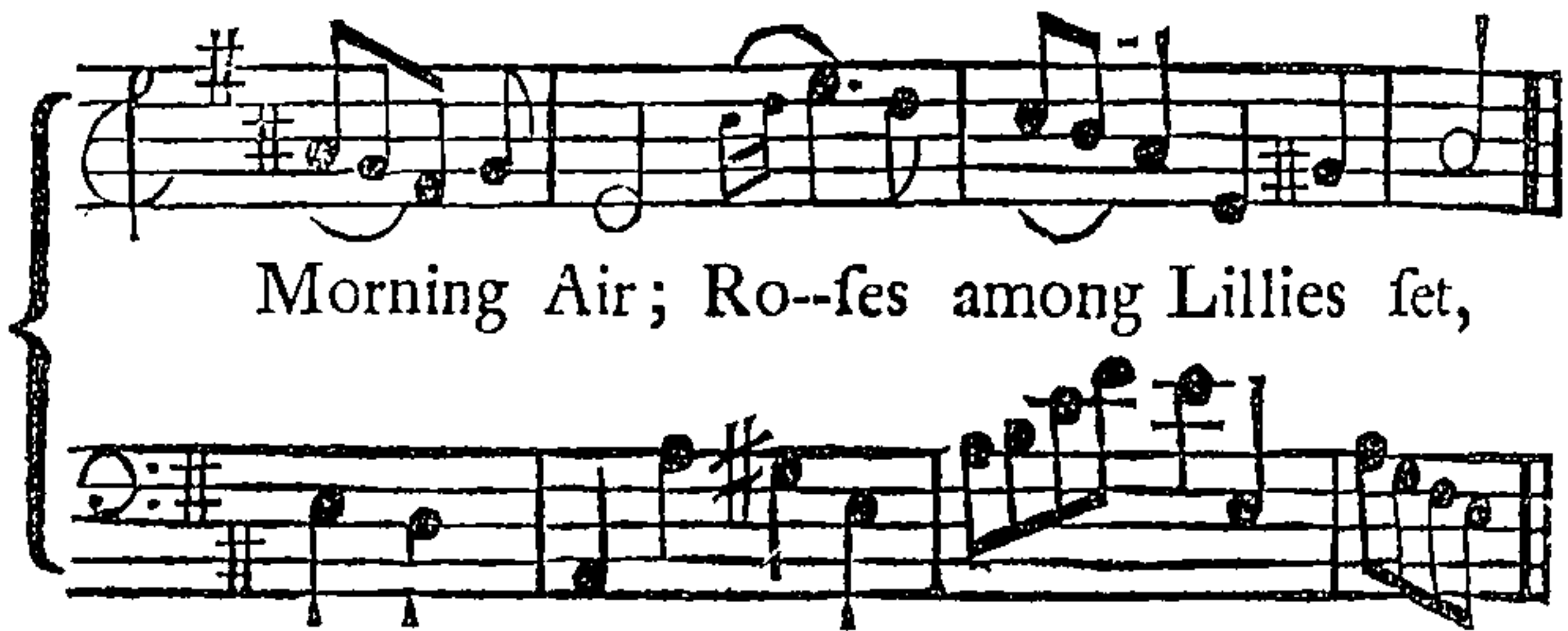


*LOVE'S* OCULIST.

*By* Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD. *Set by* Mr. DIEUPART.



Soft, engaging, mild and fair, As the gentle



Morning Air; Ro--ses among Lillies set,



And her Hair of shin--ing Jet, Hearts sur-



prize in *Cupid's* Net.

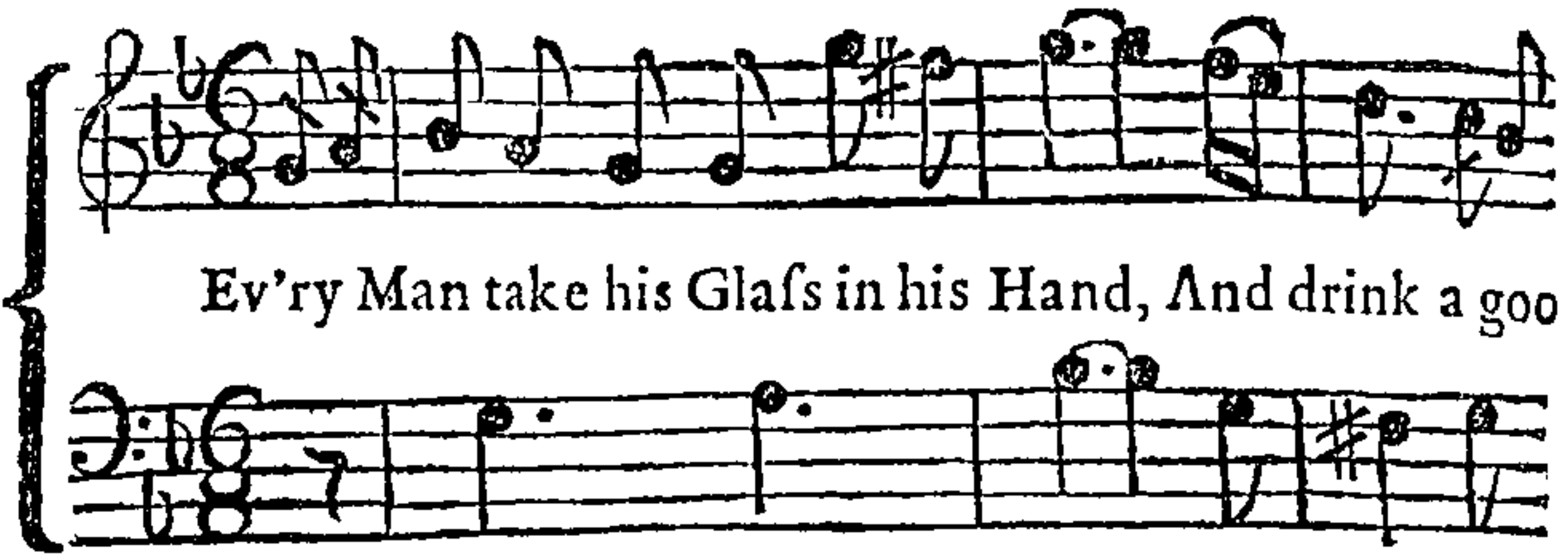
Blest with ev'ry pleasing Grace,  
Ev'ry Charm of Mind and Face;  
Doubly blest the happy Swain,  
In so fair a Breast to reign,  
Nothing could encrease his Gain.

Gaining her! who'd more desire?  
F'arewel then, each wand'ring Fire,  
Ev'ry Vanity, Good-night;  
*Love* at last restor'd to Sight,  
Deals his Arrows by her Light.

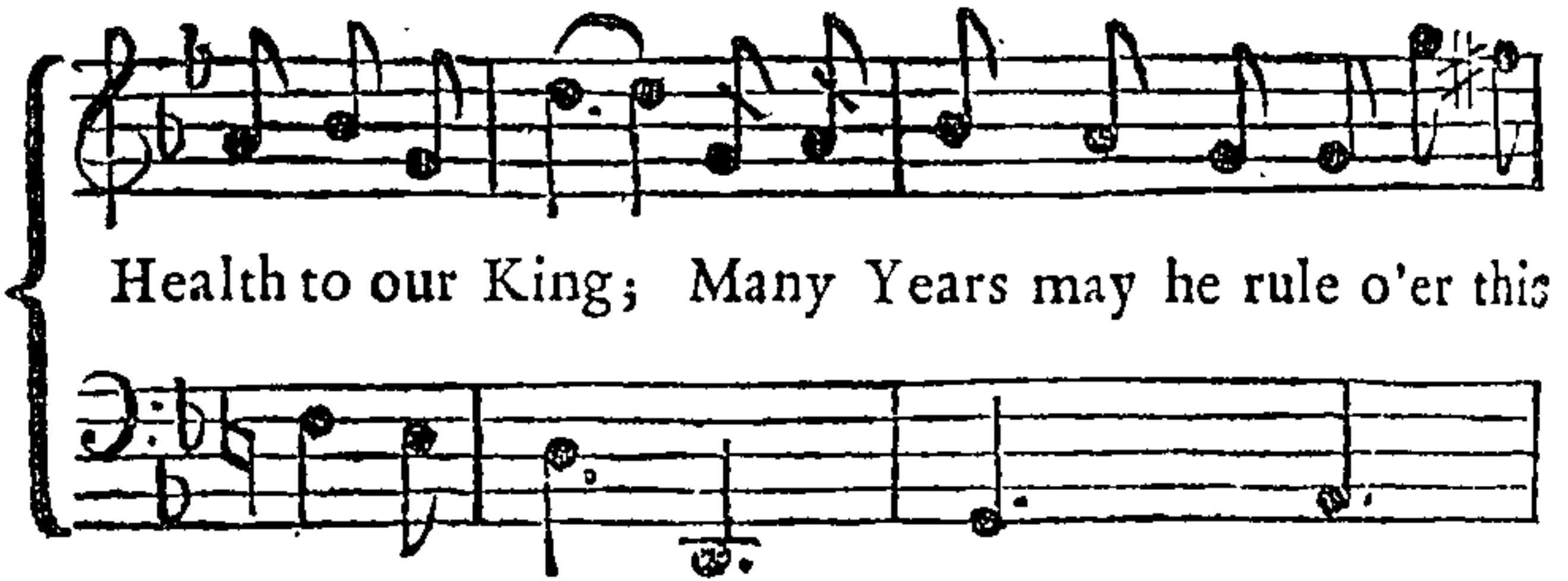
*For the* FLUTE.



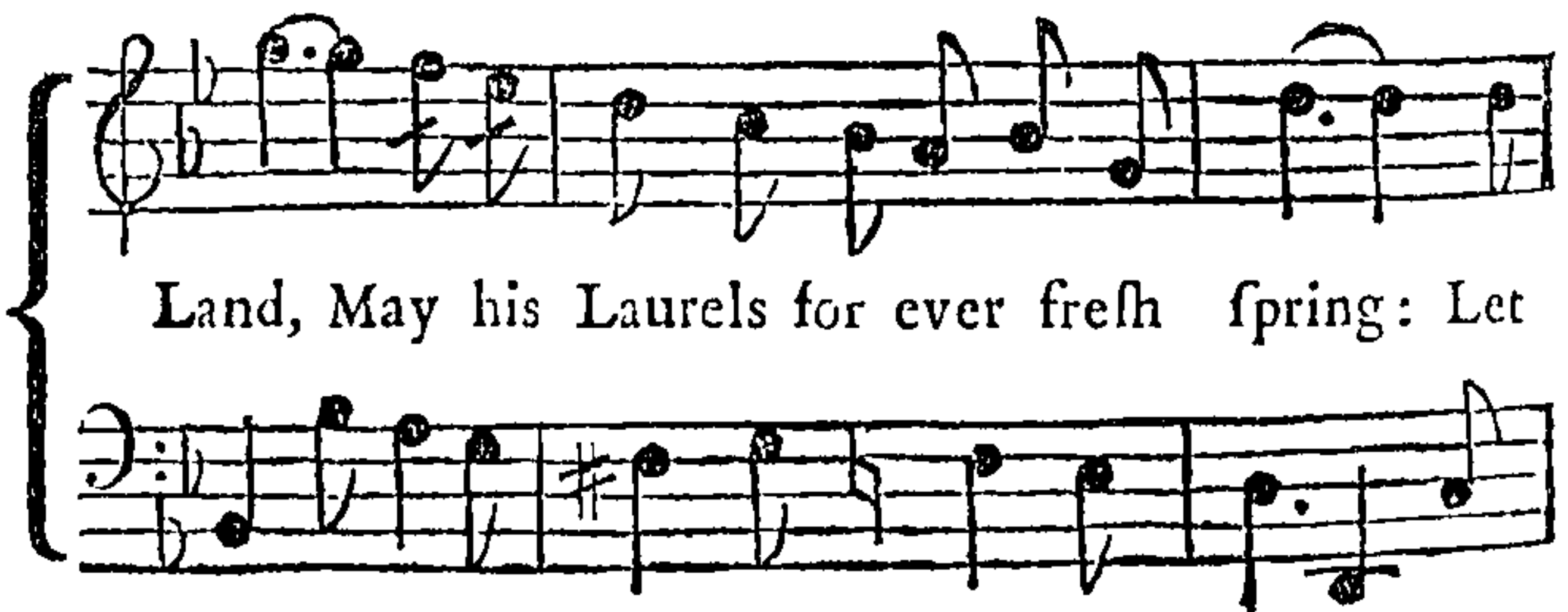
A HEALTH *to all* HONEST MEN:



Ev'ry Man take his Glafs in his Hand, And drink a goo



Health to our King; Many Years may he rule o'er this



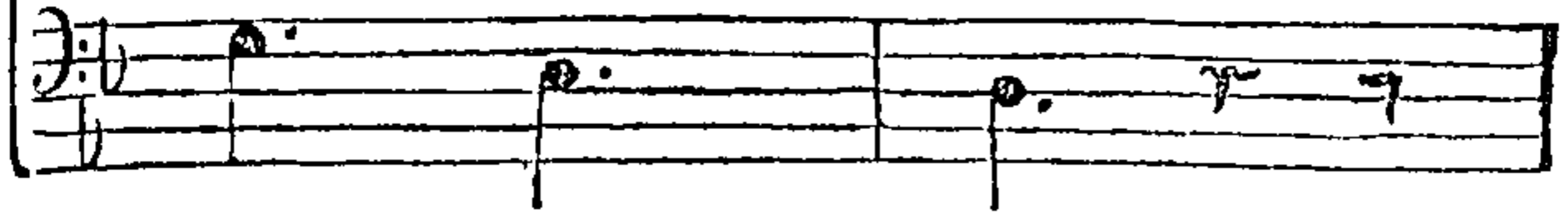
Land, May his Laurels for ever fresh spring: Let



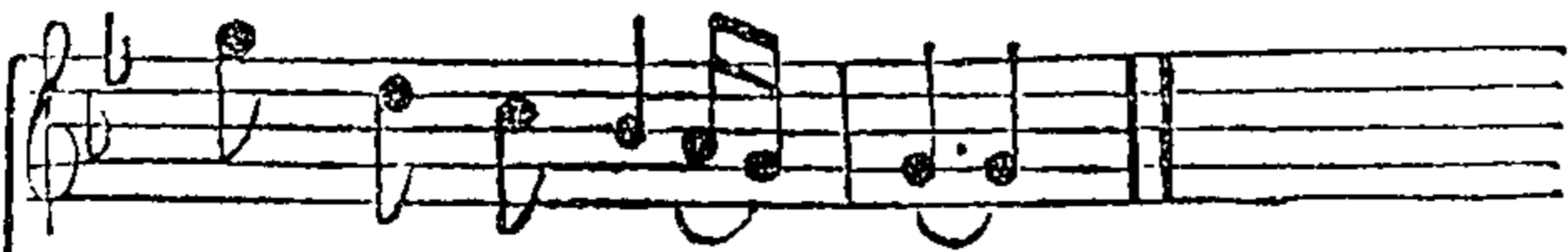
Wrangling and Jangling straight-way cease; Let



ev'ry Man strive for his Country's Peace; Neither



Tory nor Whig, With their Parties look big: Here's a



Health to all Honest Men.



'Tis not owning a whimsical Name,  
That proves a Man Loyal and Just:  
Let him fight for his Country's Fame;  
Be impartial at Home, if in Trust;  
'Tis this that proves him an honest Soul,  
His Health we'll drink in a brim-full Bowl.  
Then let's leave off Debate,  
No Confusion create:  
Here's a Health to all Honest Men.

When

When a Company's honestly met,  
 With Intent to be merry and gay,  
 Their drooping Spirits to whet,  
 And drown the Fatigues of the Day,  
 What Madness is it thus to dispute  
 When neither Side can his Man confute;  
 When you've said what you dare,  
 You're but just where you were:  
 Here's a Health to all Honest Men.

Then agree, ye true *Britons*, agree,  
 And ne'er quarrel about a Nick-Name;  
 Let your Enemies trembling see  
 That an *Englismen's* always the same:  
 For our King, our Church, our Laws, and Right,  
 Let's lay by all Feuds, and strait unite;  
 Then who need care a Fig,  
 Who's a *Tory* or *Whig*:  
 Here's a Health to all Honest Men.

*For the* F L U T E.



The MASQUERADE GARLAND.

Come all ye Sons of *Adam*, The which do

haunt this Place; Come all ye little Eves-Drop-

pers, Who pass for Babes of Grace;

Come all ye Shapes and Figures,  
And as ye pass along,  
Pray mind a Brother Animal,  
And listen to his Song.

*Oh Masquerades are fine Things,  
For to delight the Eyes;  
And tho' they vex the Foolish,  
They don't offend the Wise.*

For why shou'd Mirth and Pleasure,  
 And harmless Sport and Play,  
 Or speaking with Sincerity,  
 Be thought a rude Essay?  
 For when we mask our Faces,  
 We then unmask our Hearts;  
 And hide our lesser Beauties,  
 To shew our better Parts.

*Oh Masquerades are fine Things  
 For to delight the Hearts;  
 And tho' they hurt our Pockets,  
 They please our better Parts.*

Here all sorts of Conditions  
 Are sociable and free;  
 They judge not by Appearances,  
 Which often disagree:  
 A Lord will court a Scullion,  
 A Lady hug a Clown;  
 A Judge embrace most tenderly  
 A Madam of the Town.

*O Masquerades are fine Things  
 For to delight the Mind;  
 And tho' they vex the Bishops,  
 They make the Ladies kind.*

Here Party makes no Difference,  
 No Politicians jar;  
 Here Statesmen lay aside their Pride,  
 And with it all their Care.

A Babylonish Dialect

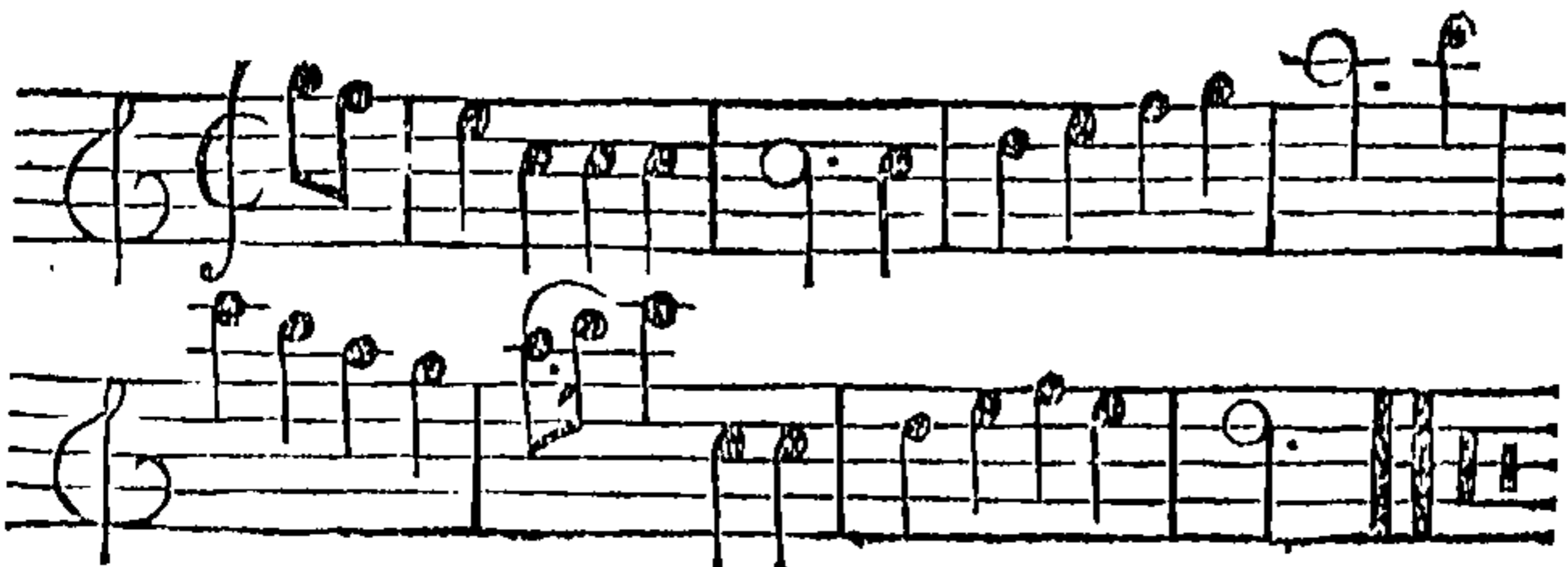
Inspires all the Place;  
Which must produce, no doubt on't,  
A very sprightly Race.

*O Masquerades are fine Things  
For to improve the Age;  
And much beyond the Liberty  
And License of the Stage.*

Here I an honest Calling  
Have chosen at my Leisure;  
For Profit by the Bye, Sir,  
But in the Main for Pleasure.  
For Pleasure each Man hither comes,  
Each Lady comes for Pleasure;  
And if I'm in the Right, Sirs,  
Why then my Song is Measure.

*Oh Masquerades are fine Things,  
From whence all Pleasure springs;  
And tho' the Vulgar rail at them,  
They give Delight to Kings.*

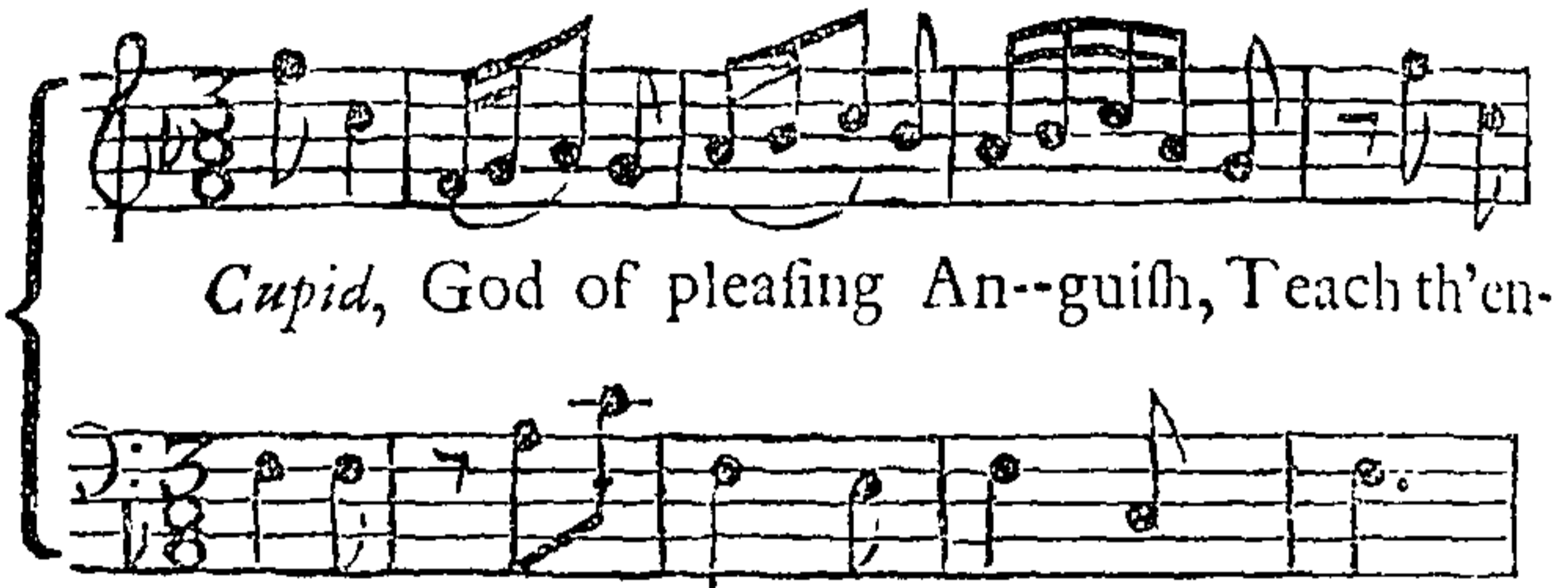
*For the* F L U T E.



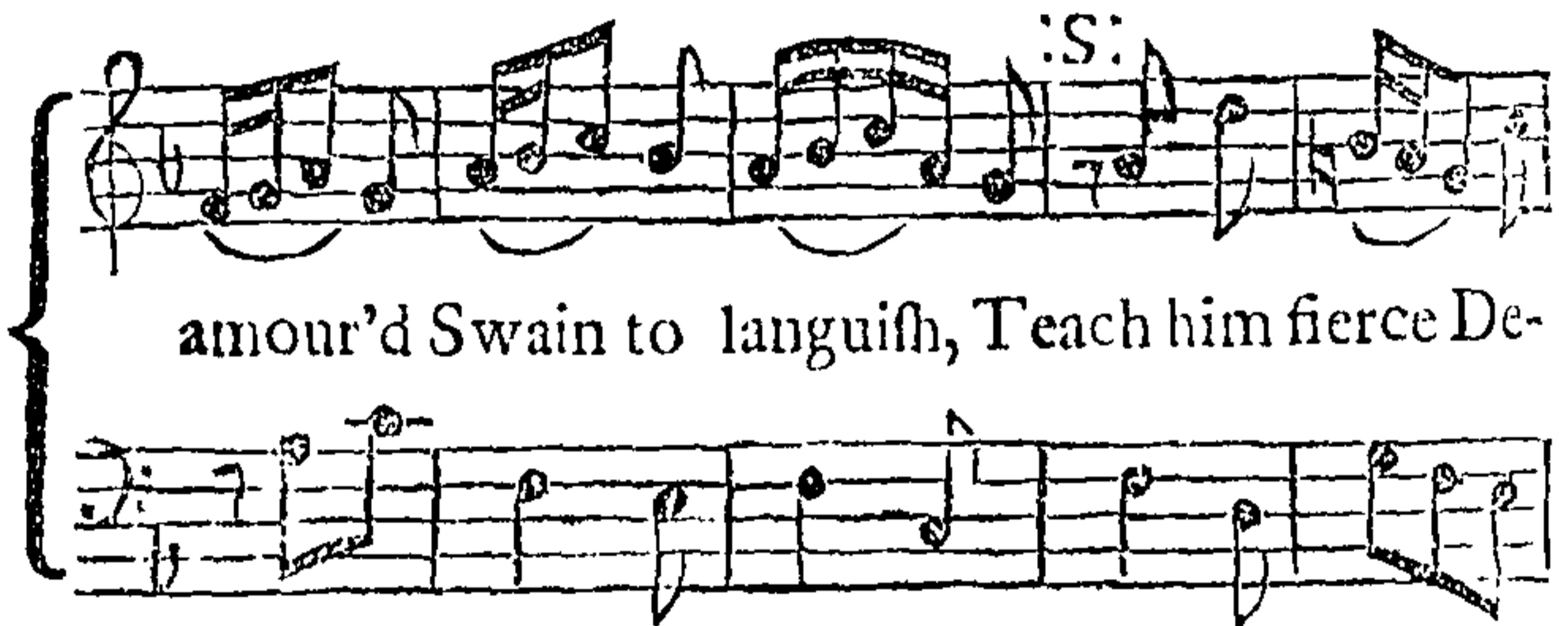


*Sung by Mrs. CHAMBERS in the Entertainment of*  
HARLEQUIN DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

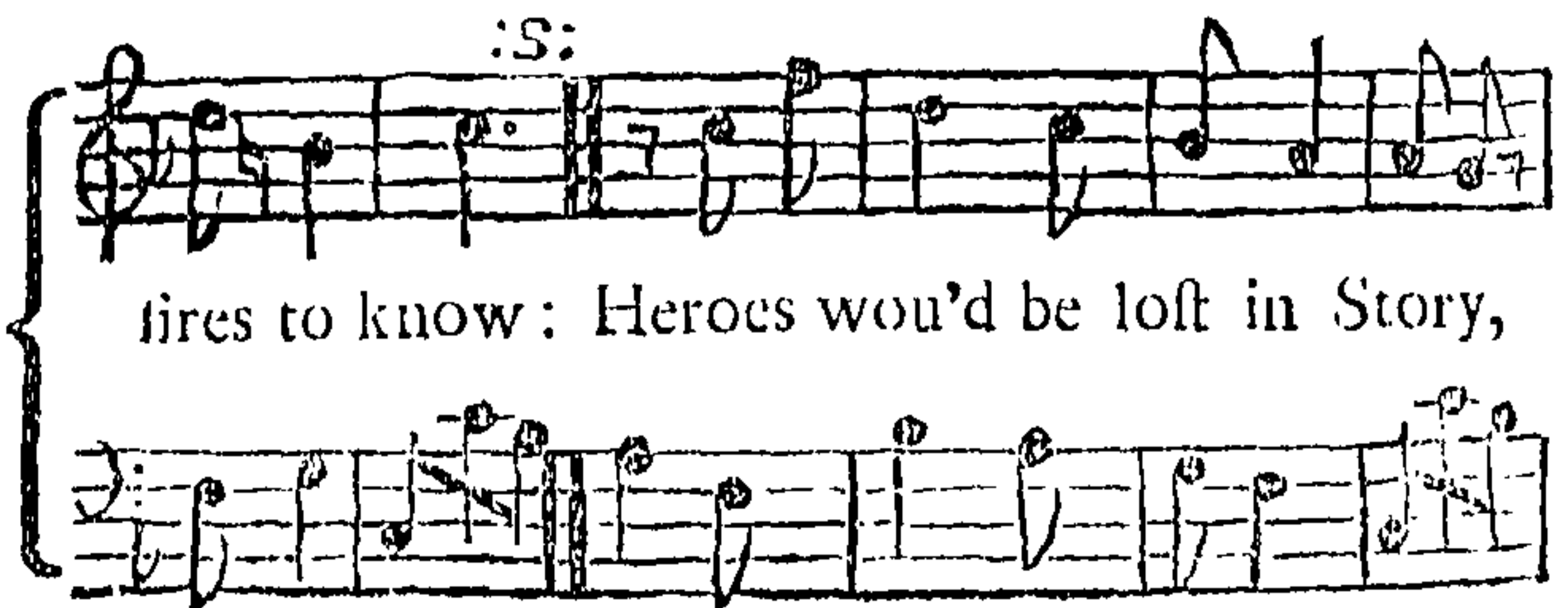
As it is Perform'd at the Theatre-Royal in LINCOLNS-  
INN-FIELDS.



Cupid, God of pleasing An-guish, Teach th'en-



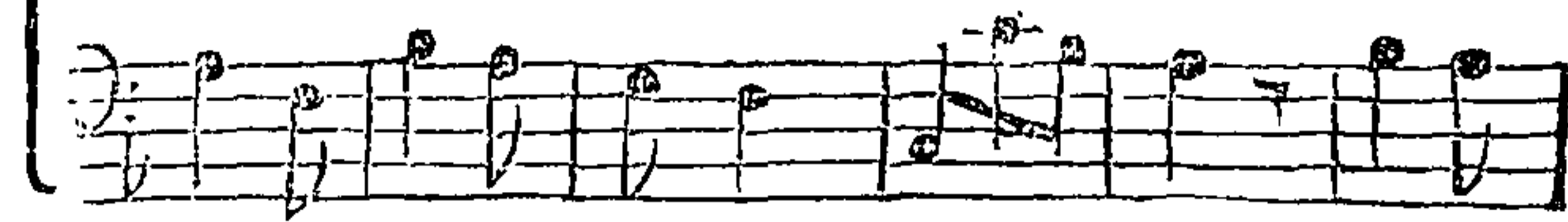
amour'd Swain to languish, Teach him fierce De-



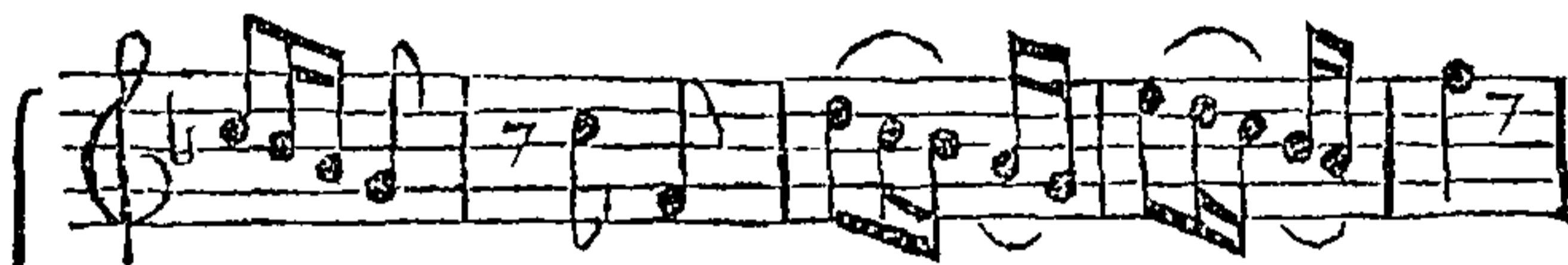
fires to know: Heroes wou'd be lost in Story,



Did not Love inspire their Glory, Did not Love in-



spire their Glo



— ry. Love does all that's great below;



Love does all that's great be-low.



*To the foregoing Tune.*

LONELY Groves young *Strepson* chusing,  
 There t'indulge his am'rous Musing,  
 Love augments, while Love he blames.  
 Cruel Love! you cause my Anguish,  
 Thus with Care I pine and languish,  
 Thus consume amid your Flames.

I despair at *Celia's* Frowning;  
 When she weeps, in Tears I'm drowning;  
 Smiles give pleasing Pains at best.  
*Love*, who heard the Youth upbraid him,  
 Conscious of his Presence made him,  
 And his Godhead thus exprest:

While you speak of Pains and Dying,  
 Soothing Rapture you're enjoying;  
 My soft Empire's built on Sighs:  
 When those anxious Cares are over,  
 Soon you lose the Name of Lover;  
 Love insipid grows, and dies,

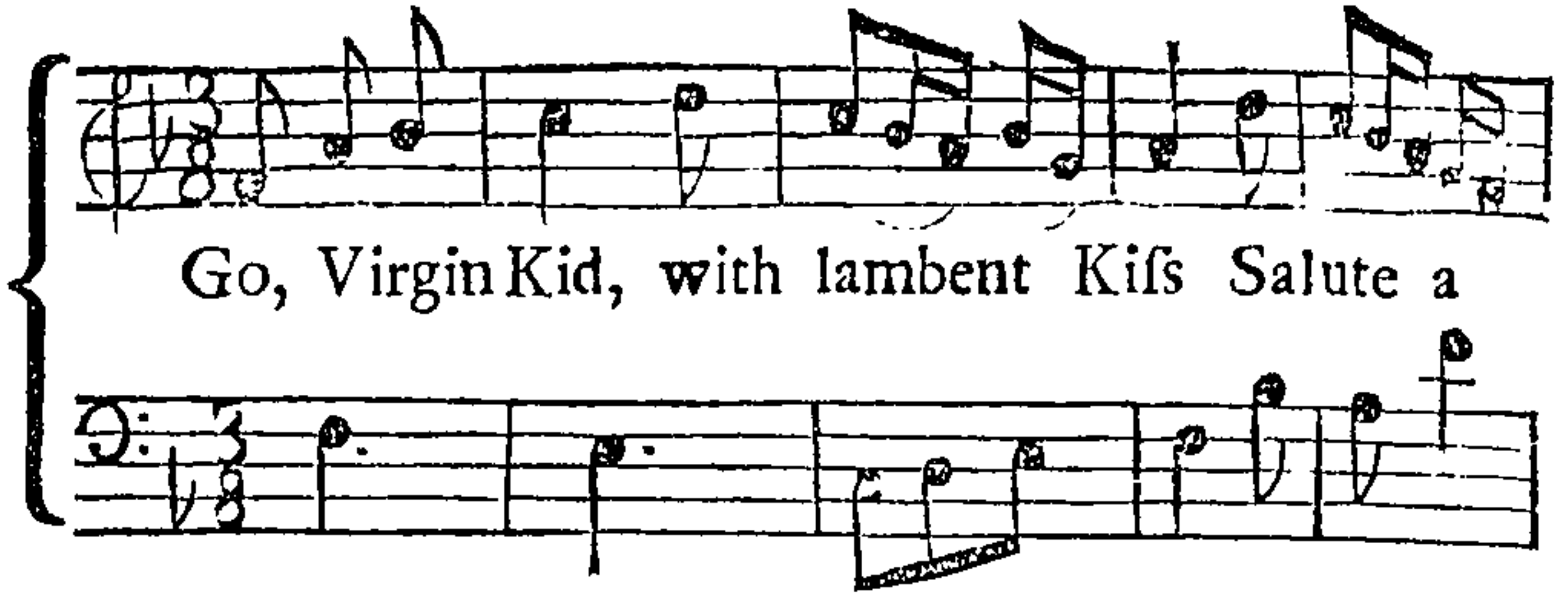
For the FLUTE.



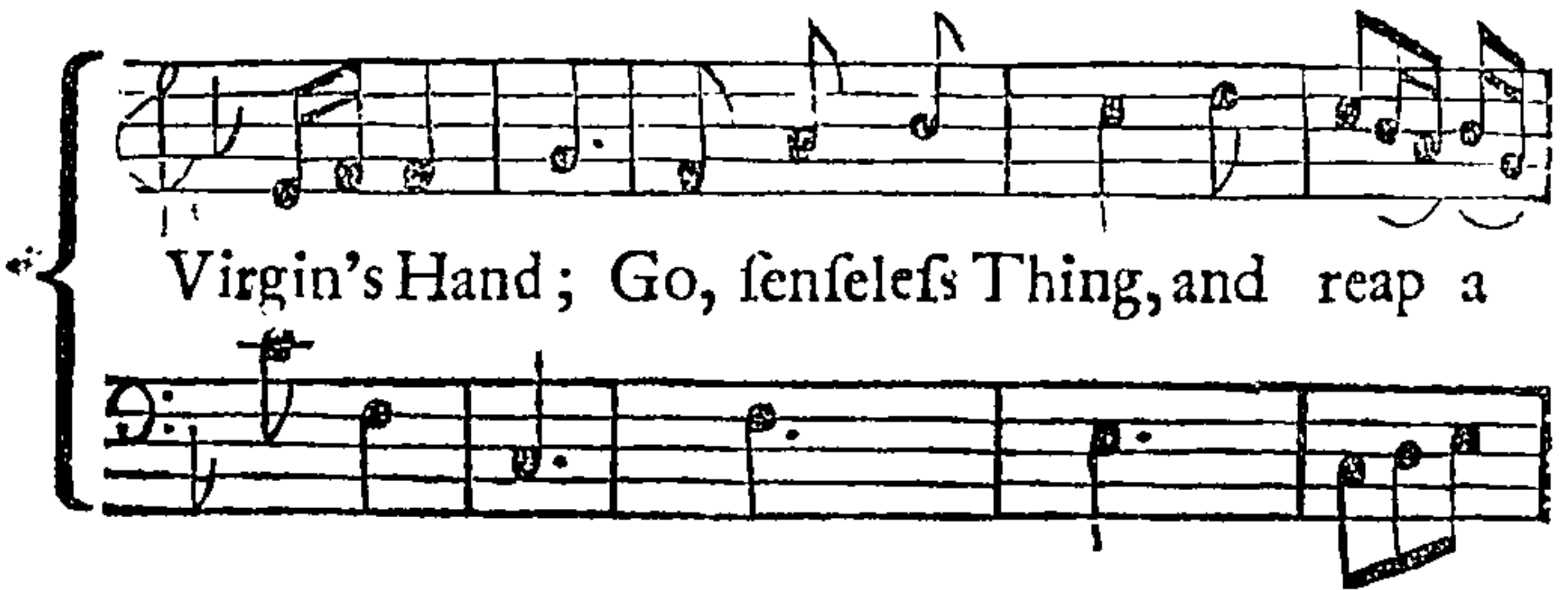
152 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

*Sent to a* LADY *in a* Pair of GLOVES.

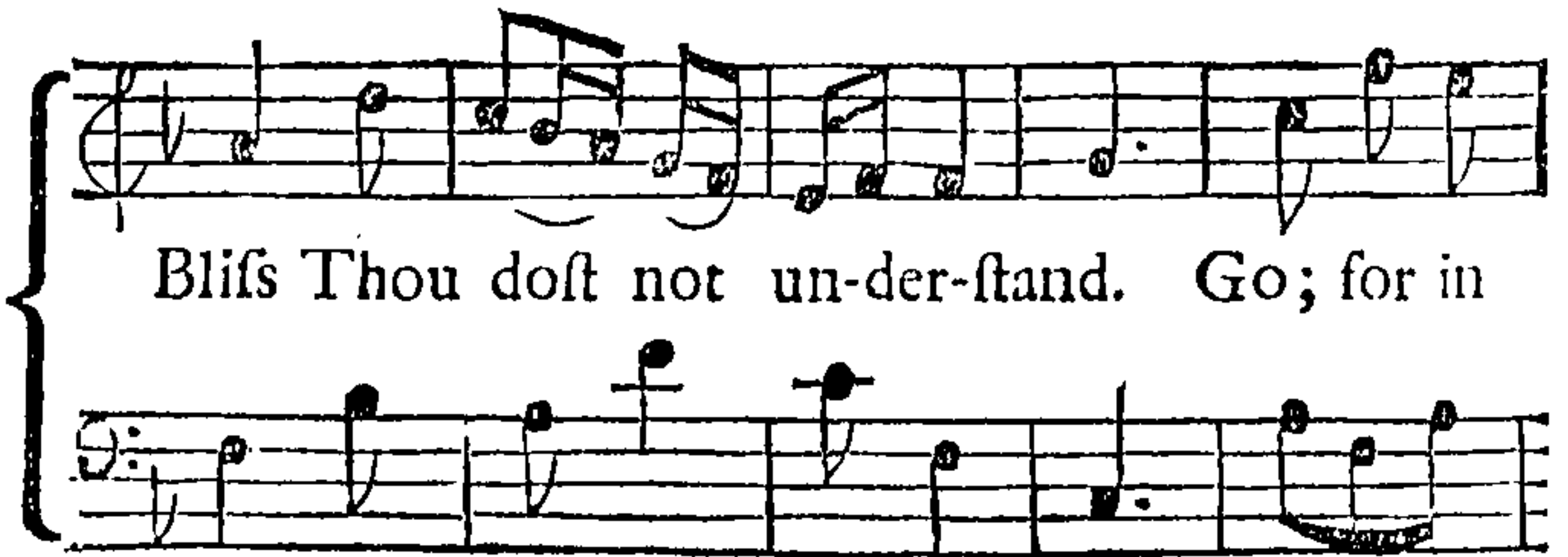
Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.



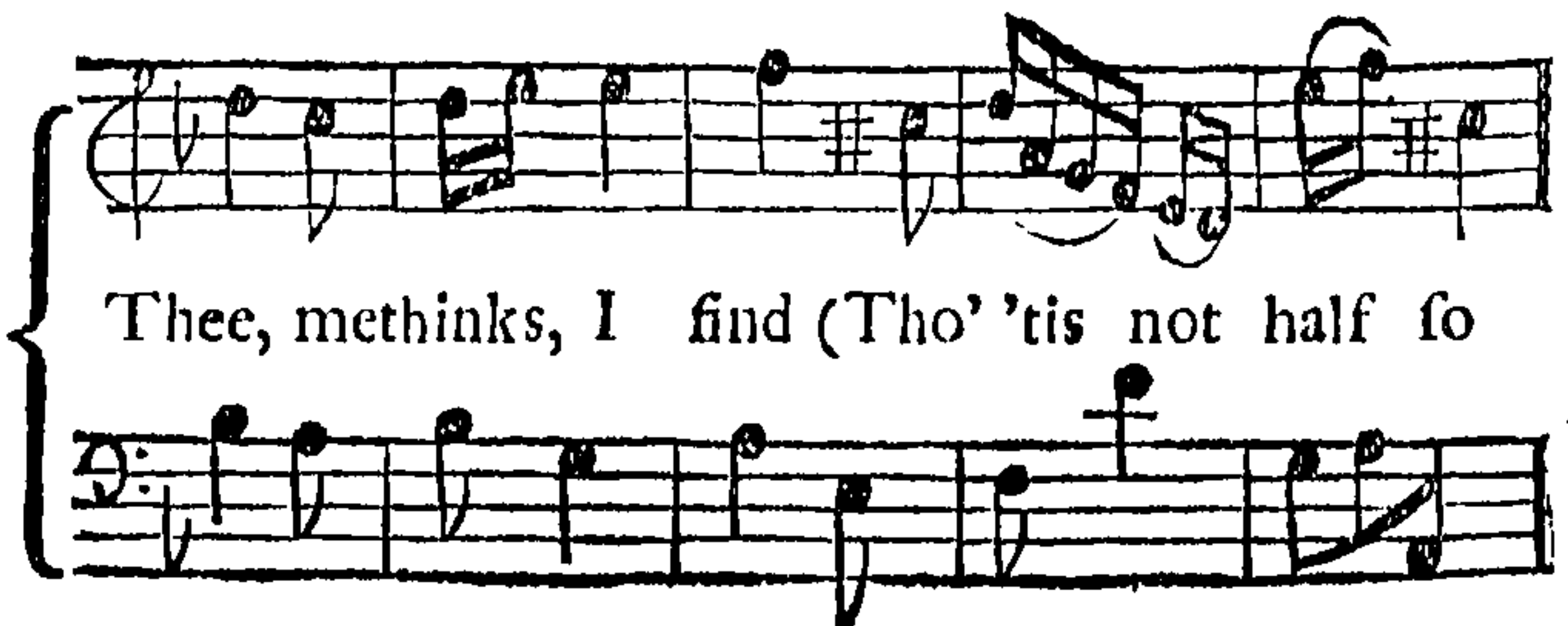
Go, Virgin Kid, with lambent Kifs Salute a



Virgin's Hand; Go, senseless Thing, and reap a

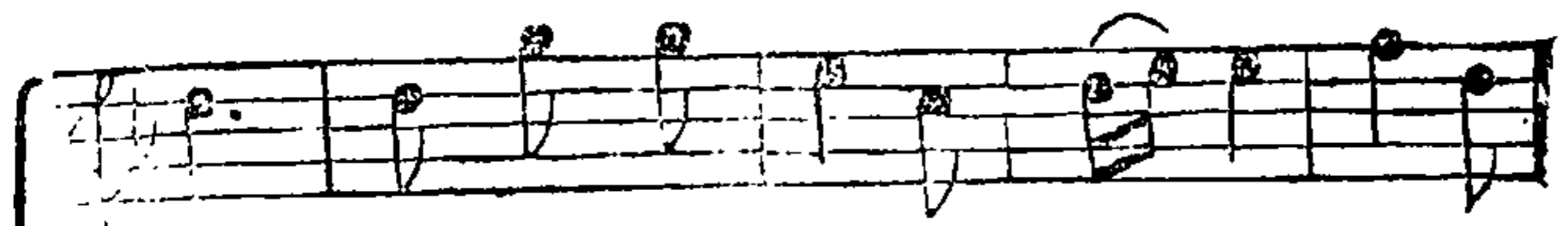


Bliss Thou dost not un-der-stand. Go; for in



Thee, methinks, I find (Tho' 'tis not half so

brigh)



bright) An Emblem of her beauteous Mind, By



Na-ture clad in White.



Securely thou may'st touch the Fair,  
Whom few securely can;  
May'st press her Breast, her Lip, her Hair,  
Or wanton with her Fan.  
May'st Coach it with her to and fro,  
From Masquerade to Plays;  
Ah! could'st thou hither come and go,  
To tell me what she says!

Go then, and when the Morning cold  
Shall nip her Lilly Arm,  
Do thou (Oh, might I be so bold!)  
With Kisses make it warm.

But

But when thy glossy Beauty's o'er,  
 When all thy Charms are gone,  
 Return to me, I'll love thee more  
 Than e'er I yet have done.

---

*To the foregoing Tune.*

AH! *Chloris*, cou'd I now but sit  
 As unconcern'd, as when  
 Your Infant Beauty cou'd beget  
 No Happiness nor Pain:  
 When I this Dawning did admire,  
 And prais'd the coming Day,  
 I little thought that rising Fire  
 Wou'd take my Rest away.

Your Charms in harmless Childhood lay,  
 As Metals in a Mine;  
 Age from no Face takes more away  
 Than Youth conceal'd in thine.  
 But as your Charms insensibly  
 To their Perfection press'd,  
 So *Love*, as unperceiv'd, did fly,  
 And center'd in my Breast.

My Passion with your Beauty grew;  
 While *Cupid* at my Heart,  
 Still as his Mother favour'd you,  
 Threw a new flaming Dart:

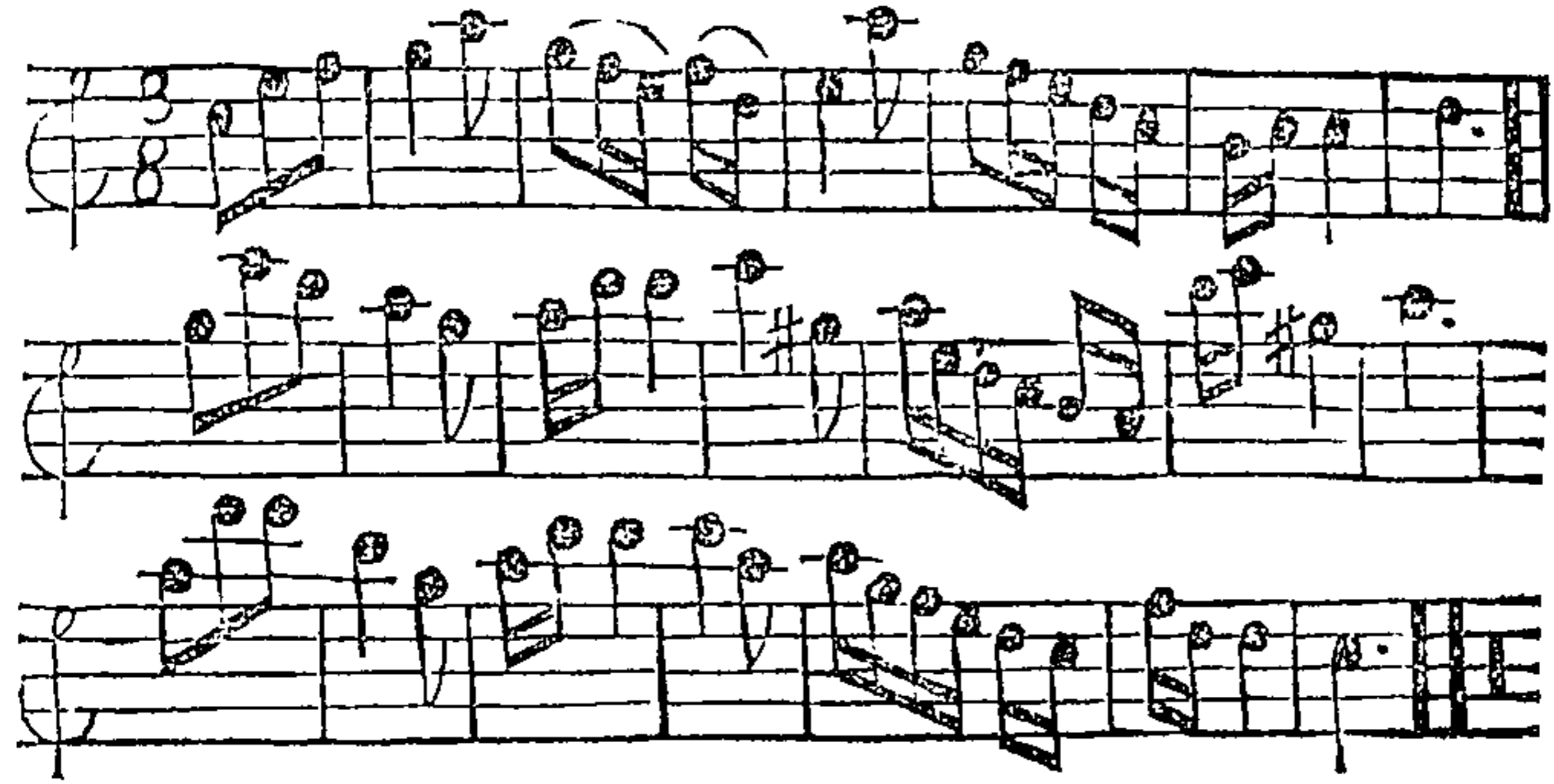
Each gloried in their wanton Part;

To make a Lover, He

Employ'd the utmost of his Art;

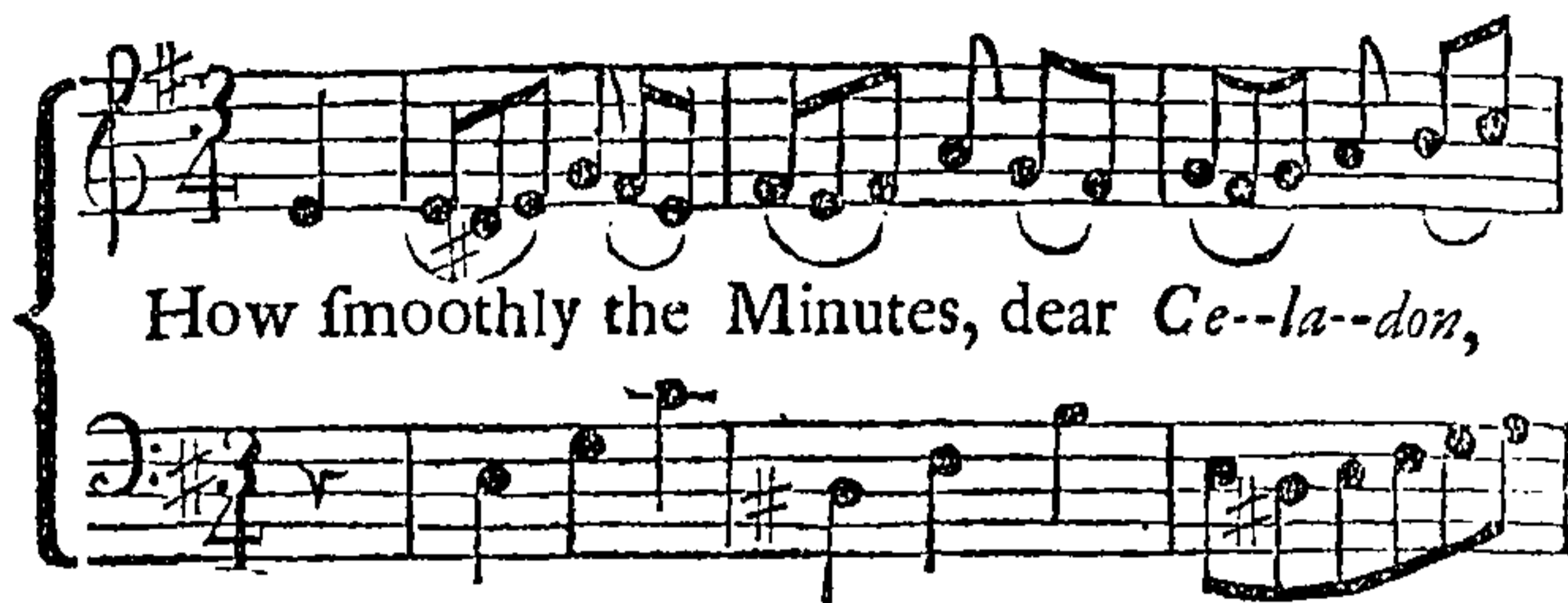
To make a Beauty, She.

*For the* FLUTE.





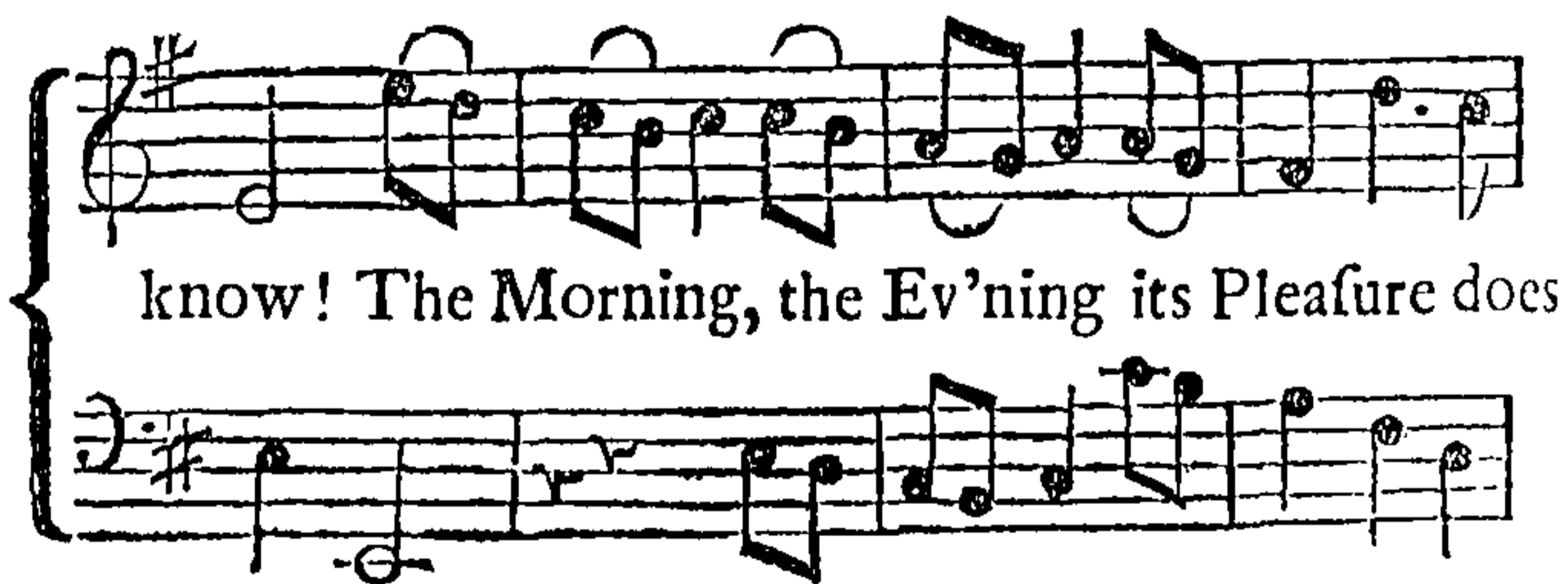
A COMPLAINT *against* CUPID.



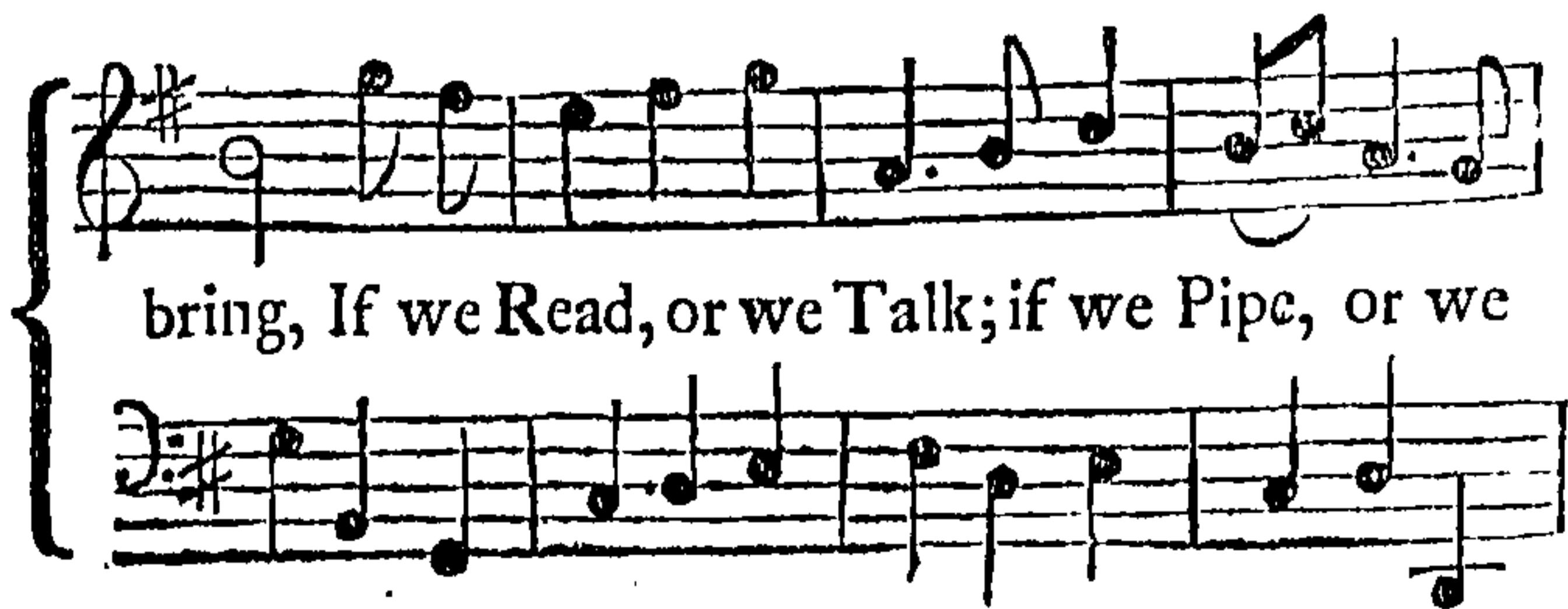
How smoothly the Minutes, dear *Ce--la--don*,



flow, When, Calm and Serene, no Passion we

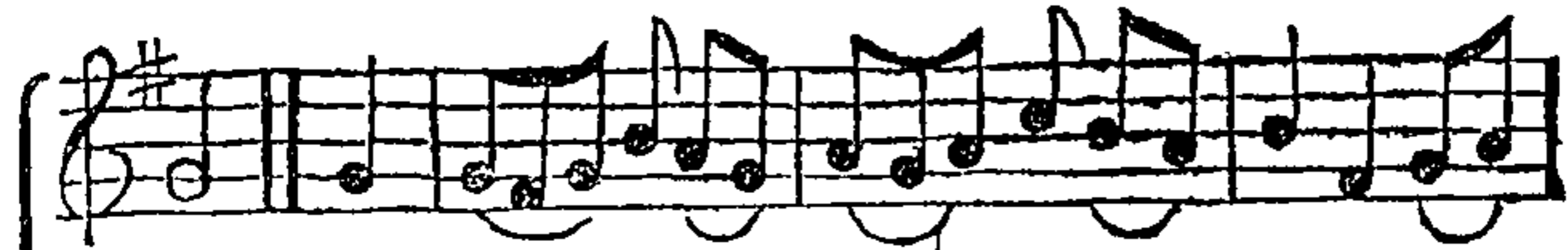


know! The Morning, the Ev'ning its Pleasure does

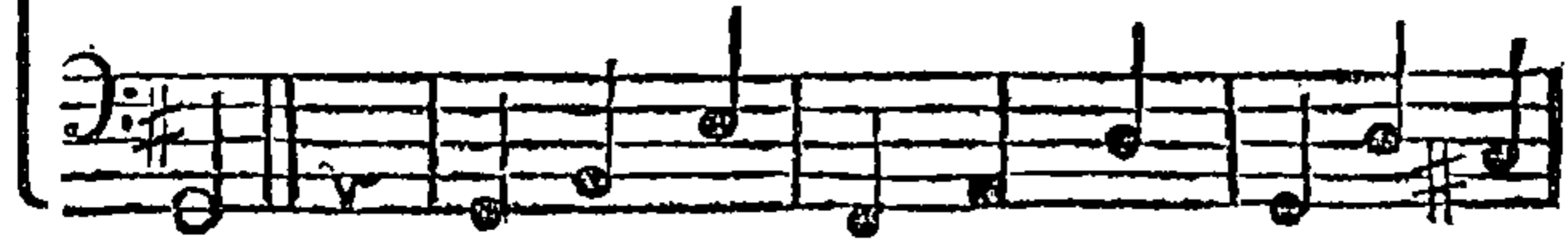


bring, If we Read, or we Talk; if we Pipe, or we

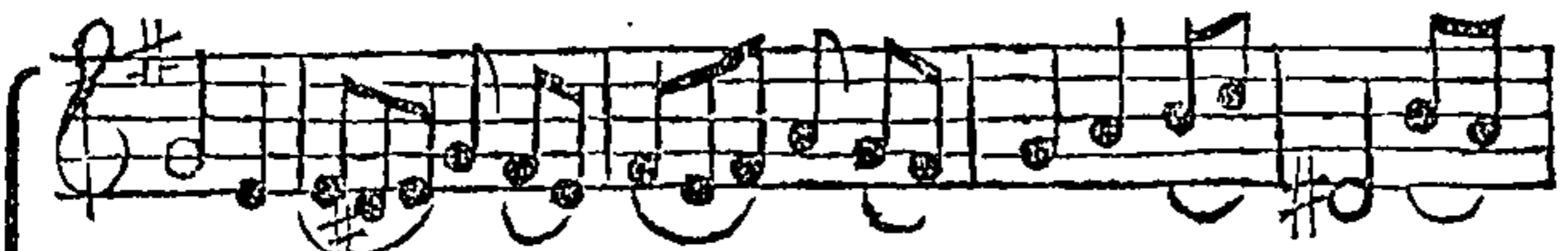
Sing!



Sing! But when the Boy *Cupid* once twangeth his



Bow, And pierceth our Hearts with his Arrows of



Woe; We lose all Delight, and we forfeit all Ease, Nor



Reading, nor Talking, nor Musick can please.



My Leisure in fanciful Musings I spent,  
And look'd without Pain on the Lasses of *Kent*:

No

No Virgin with Feature, with Voice, or with Air,  
No Virgin was able my Heart to ensnare.

Ah, why did I, foolish, abandon these Plains,  
To join in the Revels of *Lemington Swains*!

Where heedless young *Cloe*, unpractis'd in Arts,  
Entices to Love the most indolent Hearts.

My Books were my Charmers, my Thoughts my Delight  
In the Cool of the Morn, in the Stillness of Night:  
My Books and my Thoughts each other reliev'd;  
And the Minutes, soft-gliding, were sweetly deceiv'd.  
No Passion disturb'd me; my Joys were my own:  
But now I'm so alter'd, as never was known!  
My Heart from its Owner is quite gone astray;  
And *Cloe* torments it, by Night and by Day.

My Friend still was welcome, whenever he came;  
My Friend saw my Countenance always the same;  
O'er a Pot of *Bohea* we grew Merry and Wise;  
And laugh'd at the Torments, fond Lovers devise.  
But, wounded by *Cloe*, I live in the Spleen:  
My Friend, with Surprize, sees a Change in my Mein;  
I bid him be gone; for his Wit and his Jest  
But make him the more insupportable Guest.

How once ev'ry Object a Pleasure did yield!  
If I walk'd in the Garden, or travers'd the Field:  
On beautiful Landskips I feasted my Sight;  
When the Nightingale sung, I cou'd listen all Night;

But

But now, as I rove through the Valley or Glade,  
The beautiful Landskips before my Eye fade:  
In the Nightingale's Note, no Musick I find;  
For, nothing but *Cloe* still runs in my Mind.

If my Spirits, in Solitude, wanted Relief,  
With my Flute, by a Brook, I cou'd solace my Grief:  
Or sleep to the lullaby Noise of the Stream;  
And wake to new Life from a rapturous Dream.  
But now, all Endeavours in vain I apply,  
Since for *Cloe* I languish, for *Cloe* I die,  
To no Purpose I try on my Flute ev'ry Strain;  
And the Brook, o'er the Pebbles, now murmurs in vain.

Beware, silly Shepherds, how Love you defy;  
Beware of the desperate Glance of her Eye.  
In Freedom I triumph'd; and flouted the Swains,  
Who sold themselves Captive, and forg'd their own Chains.  
But since I beheld her, alas, I'm undone!  
Since first I saw *Cloe*, my Freedom is gone.  
I have forg'd my own Chains; and I constantly cry,  
Was ever poor Shepherd so wretched as I?

How, *Celadon*, shall I my Passion reveal?  
Or, must I for ever my Torment conceal?  
The Woe she creates, has she Pity to hear?  
Ah, no! she is cruel, as charming, I fear.  
Assist me, by Reason to ransom my Heart,  
Or teach me to gain her; oh, teach me the Art!

160 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

Ye merciful Powers, to you I complain;  
Give Love to the Nymph; or give Ease to the Swain.

*For the* FLUTE.



SYLVIA and SYLVANDER.

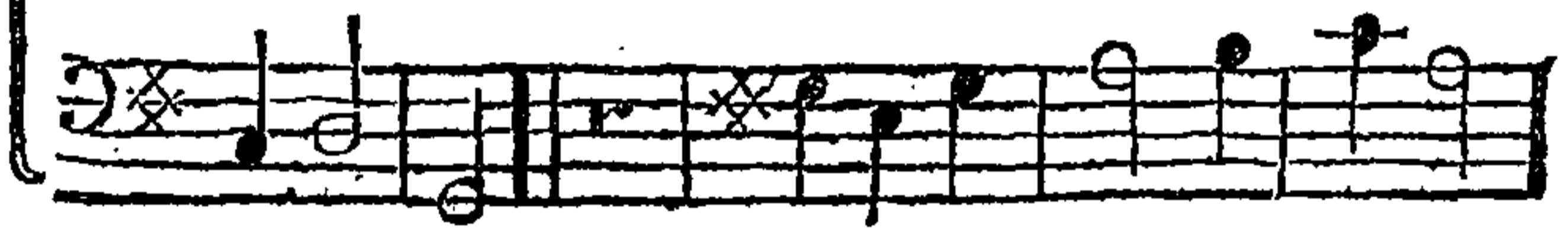
Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.



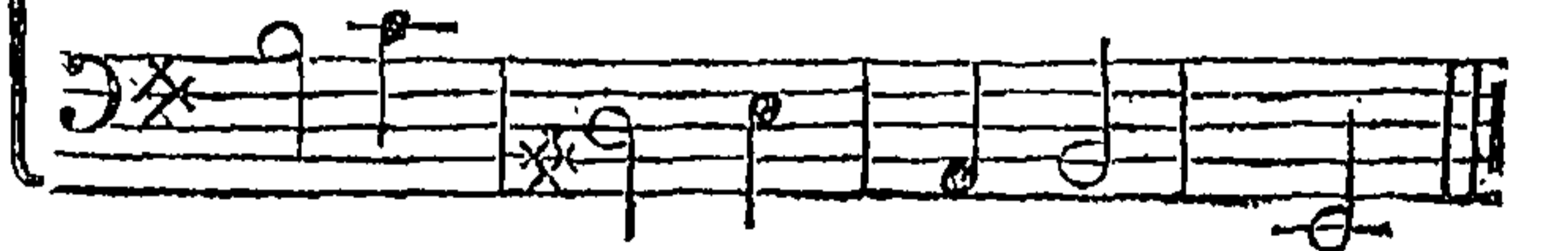
As Syl--via in a Forest lay, To vent her



Woes alone, Her Swain Syl--van-der pass'd that



way, And heard her dy---ing Moan.



Ah! is my Love (she said) to you  
So worthless, and so vain?  
Why is your wonted Fondness now  
Converted to Disdain?

You vow'd, the Day shou'd Darkneſs turn,  
 Ere you'd exchange your Love :  
 In Shades now may Creation mourn,  
 Since you unfaithful prove.

Was it for this I Credit gave  
 To ev'ry Oath you ſwore?  
 But ah! it ſeems, they moſt deceive,  
 Who moſt our Charms adore.

'Tis plain your Drift was all Deceit ;  
 The Practice of Mankind!  
 Alas, I ſee it --- but too late!  
 My Love had made me blind.

What Cauſe, *Sylvander*, have I giv'n  
 For Cruelty ſo great?  
 Yes --- for your Sake, neglected Heav'n ;  
 And hug'd you into Hate!

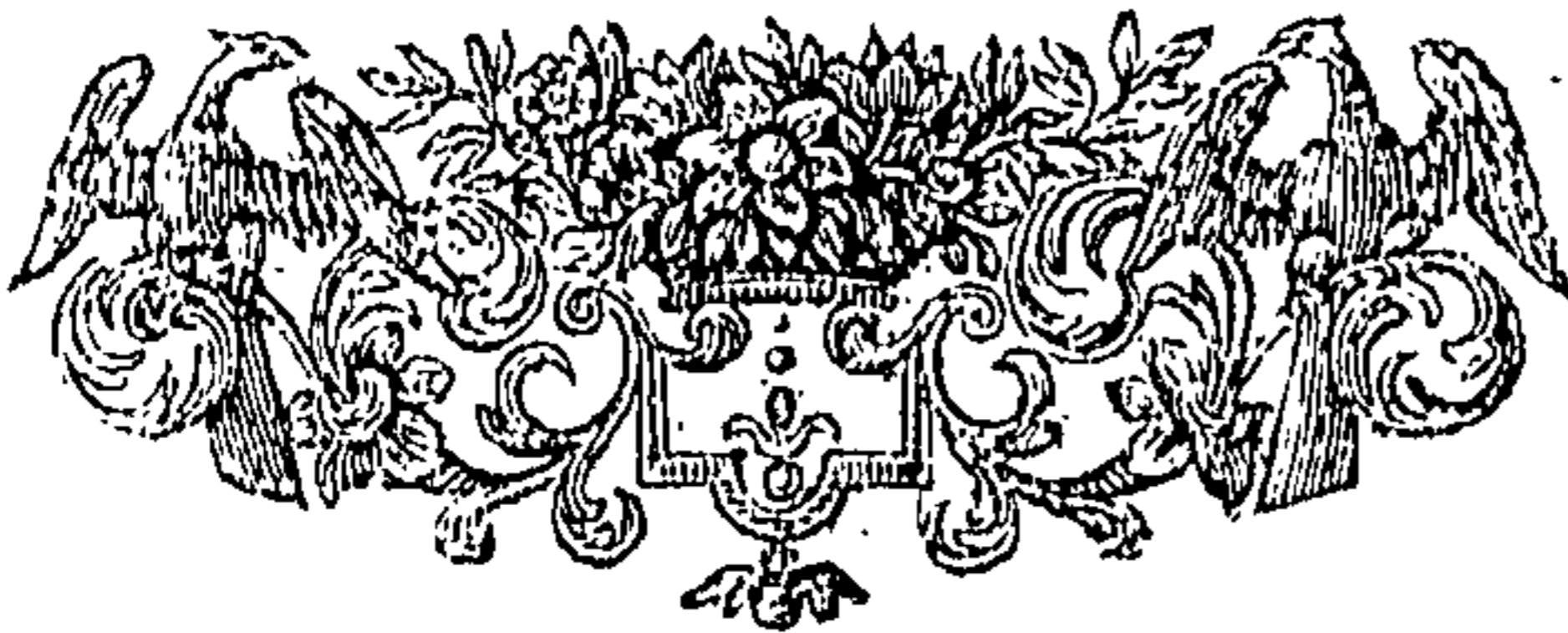
For you, delighted, I cou'd die ;  
 But oh! with Grief I'm fill'd,  
 To think that cred'lous, conſtant I,  
 Shou'd by your Self be kil'd.

But what avail my ſad Complaints,  
 While you my Cauſe neglect?  
 My Wailing inward Sorrow vents,  
 Without the wiſh'd Effect.

This said --- all breathless, sick, and pale,  
Her Head upon her Hand,  
She found her Vital Spirits fail,  
And Senses at a stand.

*Sylvander* now begins to melt;  
But, ere the Word was spoke,  
The heavy Hand of Death she felt,  
And her poor Heart was broke.

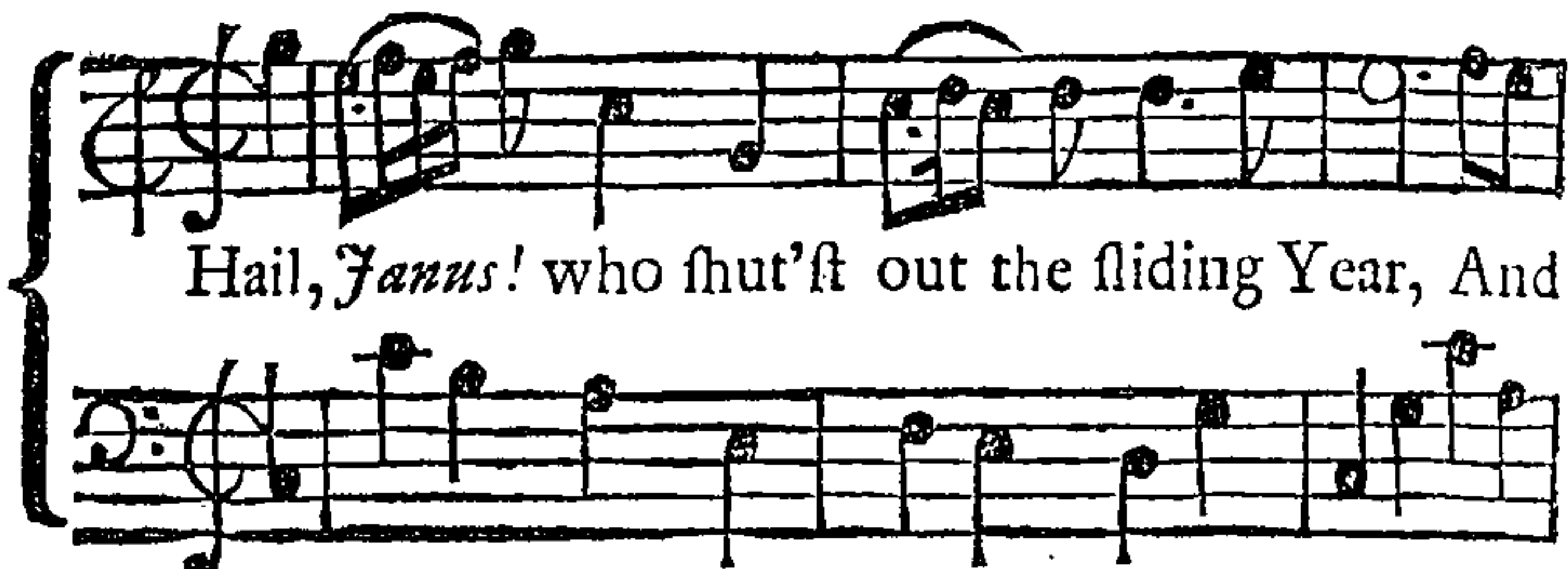
*For the* F L U T E.



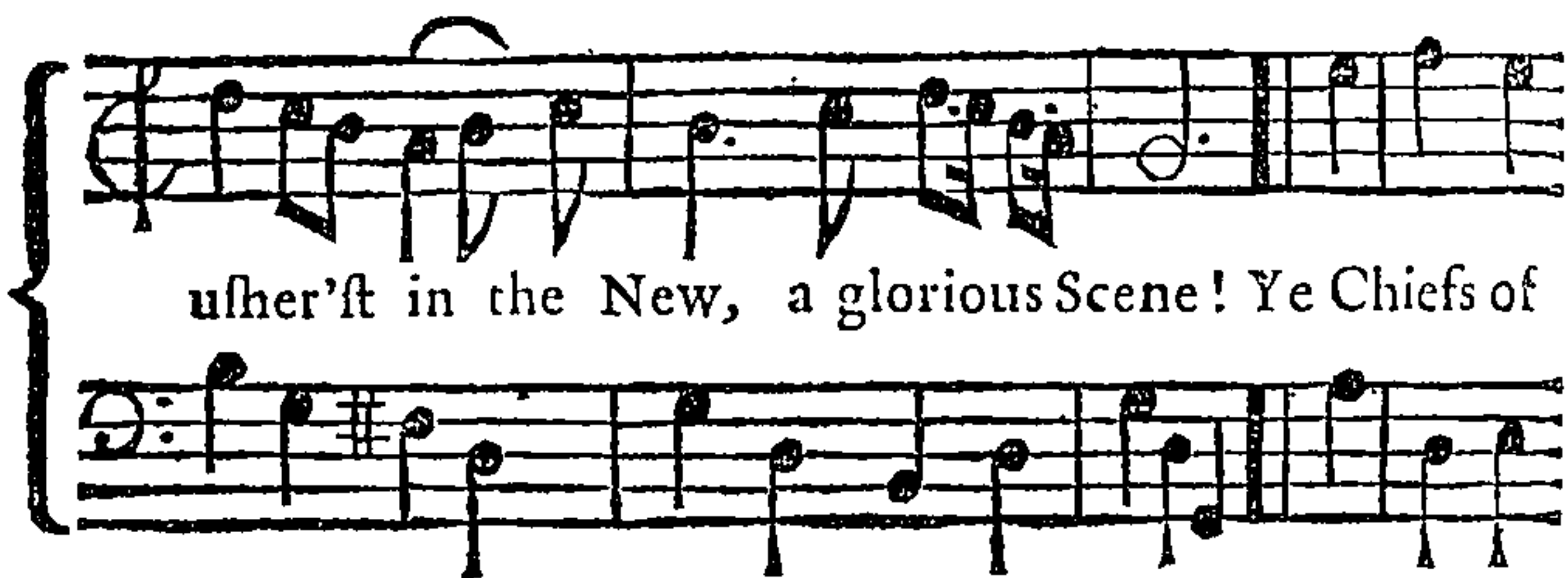


The Words by Dr. *STUKELEY*.

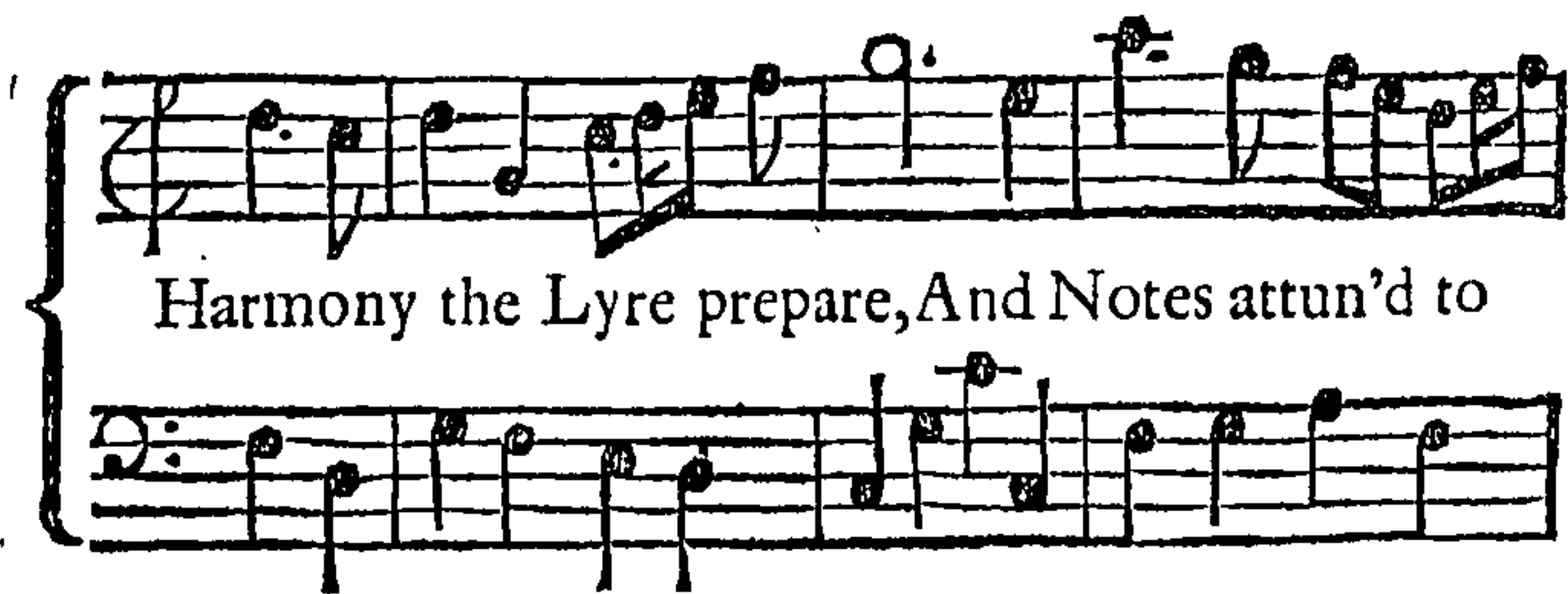
*Set by* Mr. J. SHEELES.



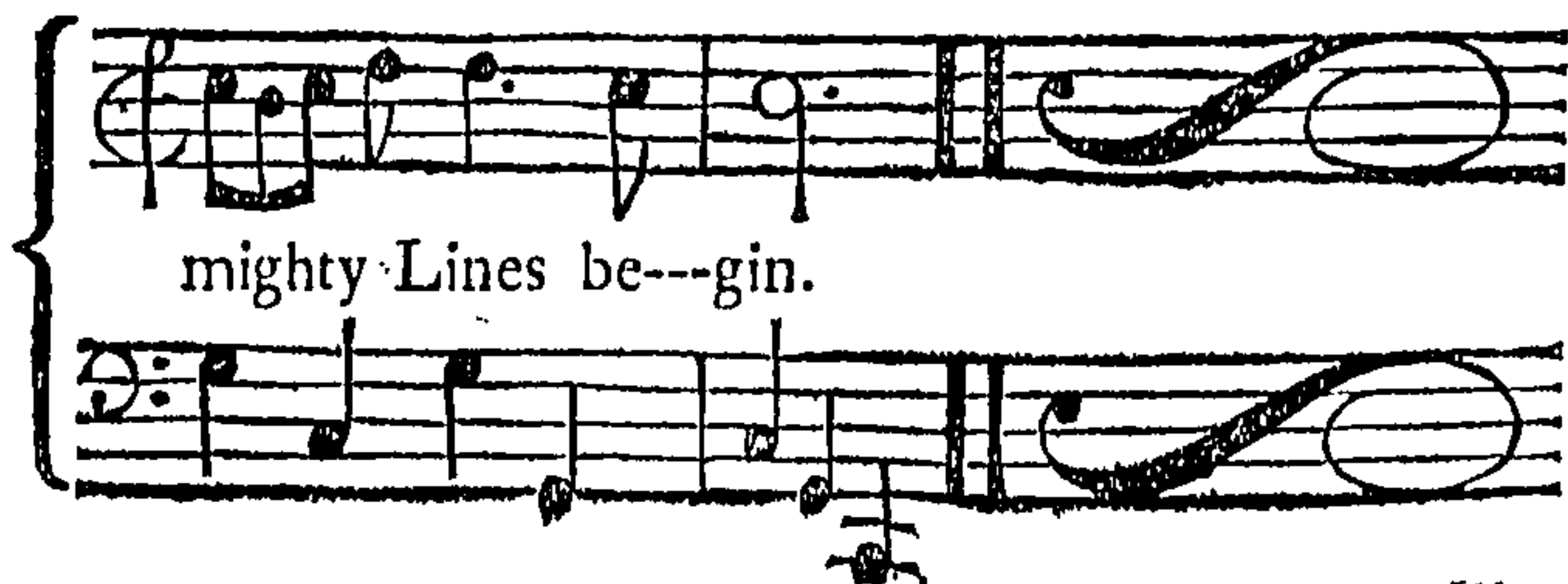
Hail, *Janus!* who shut'ft out the sliding Year, And



usher'ft in the New, a glorious Scene! Ye Chiefs of



Harmony the Lyre prepare, And Notes attun'd to



mighty Lines be---gin.

Illustrious *George!* *Great-Britain's* genial Soul,  
Bids shut thy Brazen Gates, while heav'nly Peace  
Leads on the Golden Hours, that gaily roll  
Like Billows o'er his Tributary Seas.

Under thy Smile the *Gallic* Lillies bloom;  
Proud *Spain* retires from thy avenging Rod;  
Thy Thunder shakes the Turrets of Old *Rome*;  
Tyrants submit to thy superior Nod.

Th' Imperial Bird bends either Neck to thee;  
The *Belgic* Lyon cowers; *Sardinia's* King  
Receives another Crown, thy Gift; we see  
Both Oceans to thy Feet their Trophies bring.

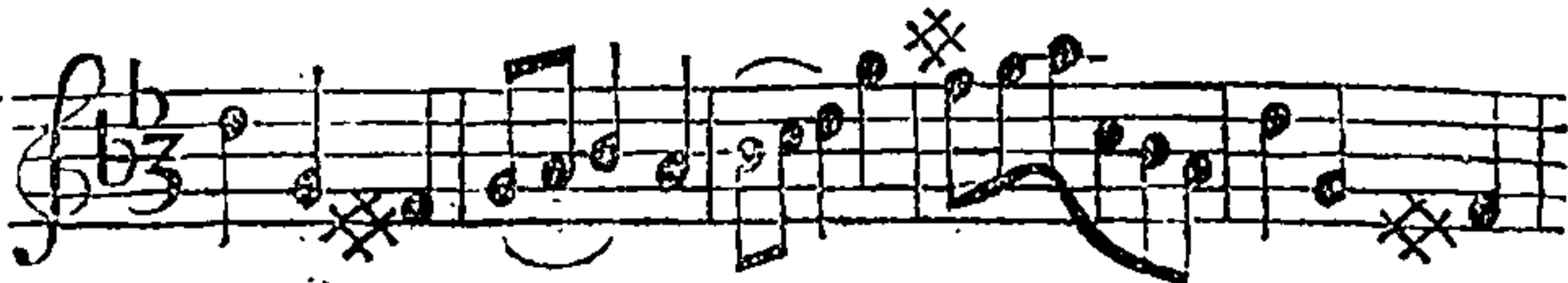
Thy Labour's like the Sun's Eternal Carr,  
Unweary'd, and Beneficent to all;  
Thy gen'rous Rays dispel the Clouds of War,  
And Sciences, and Arts of Peace recall.

Sing out his mighty Fame, ye tuneful Choir,  
In chosen Numbers and just Melody;  
Immortal Deeds immortal Songs require,  
Soft as his Smiles, Great as his Majesty.

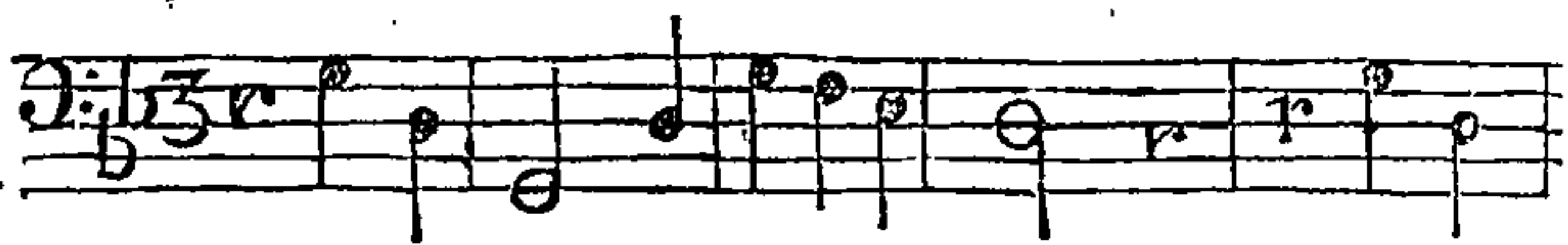



*The* R A P T U R E.

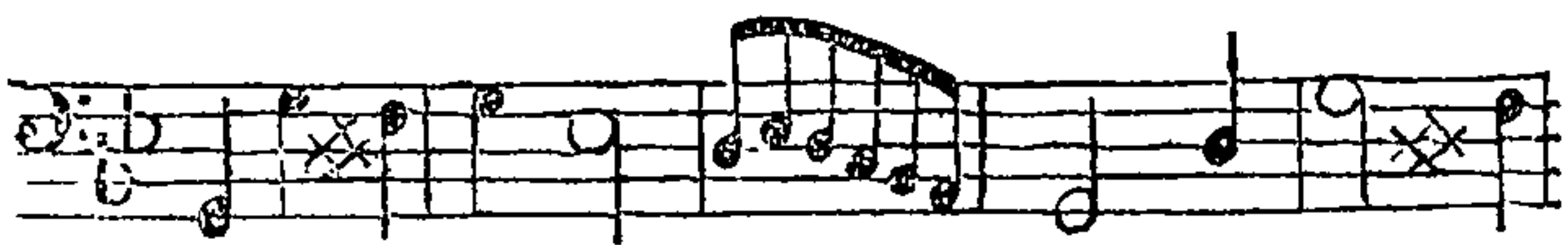

To a Favourite Minuet of Mr. *HANDEL*'s.





When I sur-vey *Clarinda*'s Charms, Folded with-


in my circling Arms, What endless Pleasures

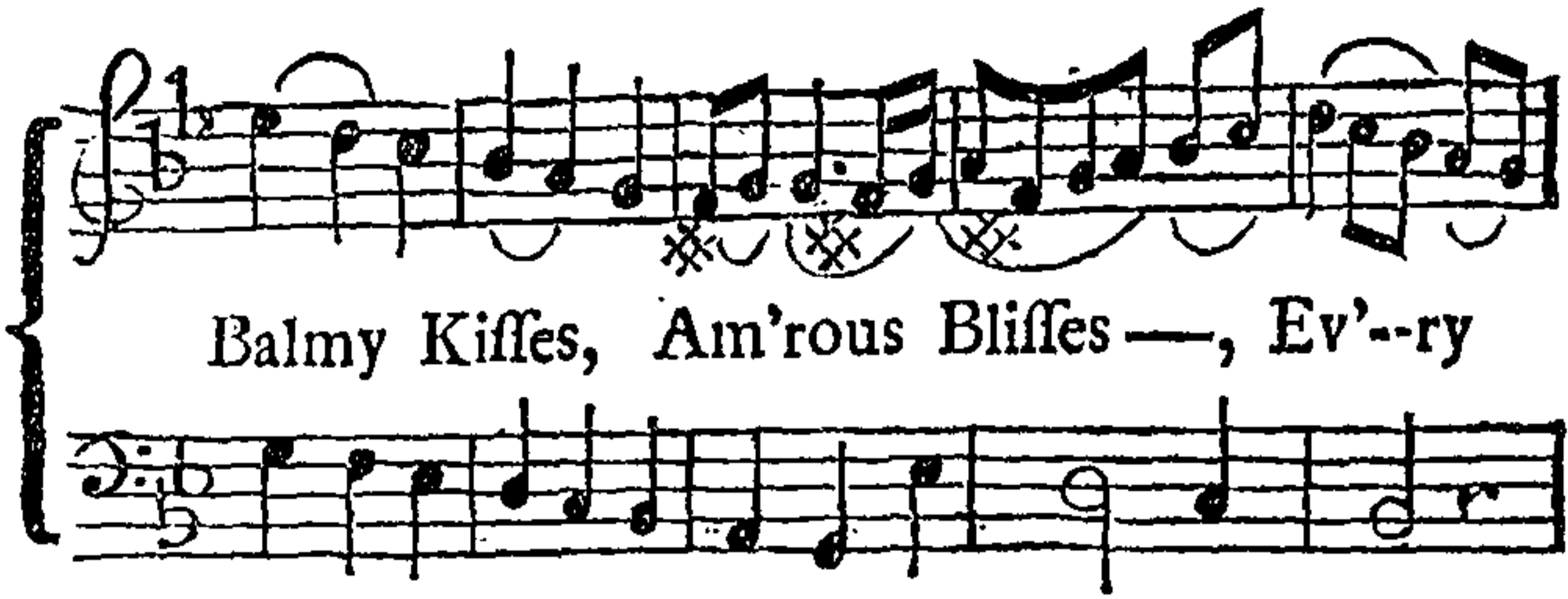



move along, ——— Serenely soft and sweetly

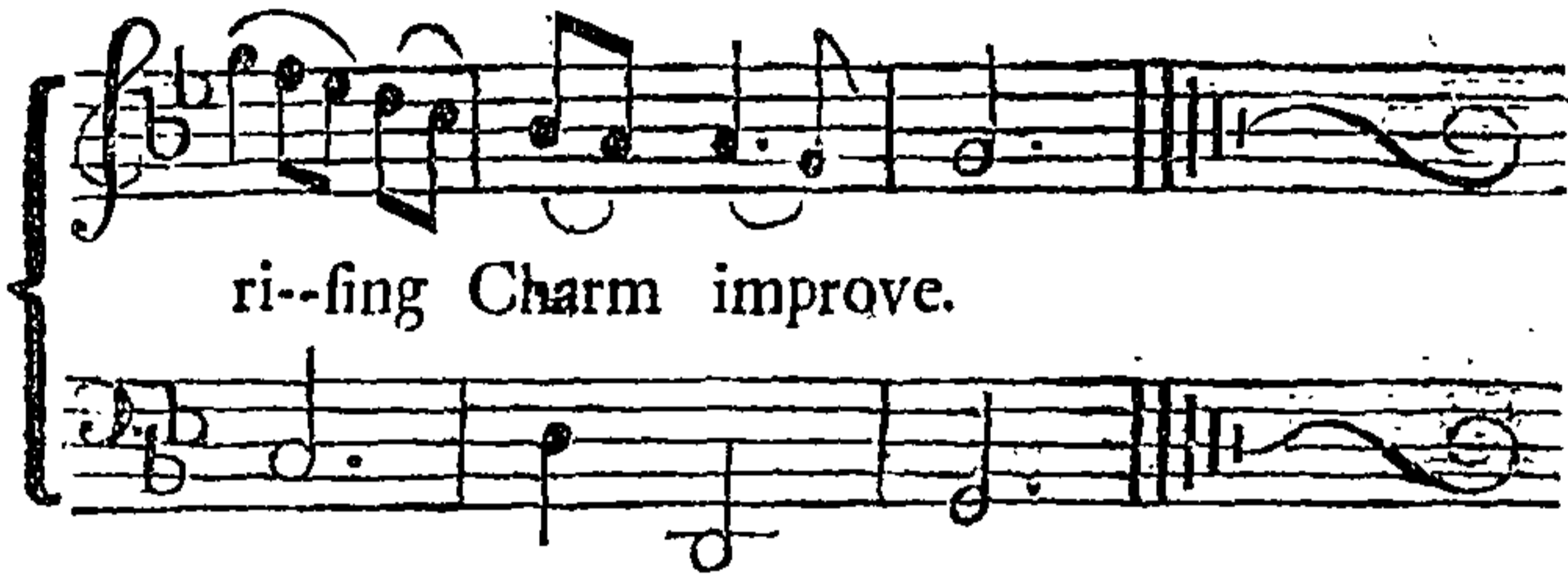



strong; Ev'ry Smile in-vites to Love,





Balmy Kiffes, Am'rous Bliffes —, Ev'--ry



ri--sing Charm improve.

Immortal Blifs, that ne'er will cloy,  
Always attends her Angel Form;  
Softest Repose, and blooming Joy  
In her conspire the Soul to charm:  
All that can Joy or Love create,  
Beauteous Blessing,  
Past expressing,  
Round the tender Fair One wait.

Love on her Breast has fixt his Throne,  
And *Cupid* revels in her Eyes;  
Who can the Charmer's Pow'r disown,  
When in each Glance an Arrow flies?

168 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

Yet when wounded, we feel no Pain;  
No, 'tis Pleasure,  
Above Measure,  
Raptures flow in ev'ry Vein.

*For the* FLUTE.



C E L I A S I G H I N G.

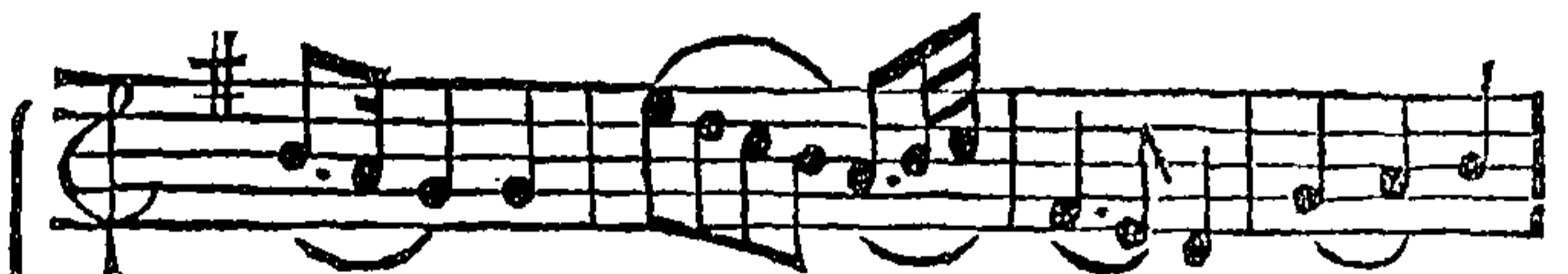
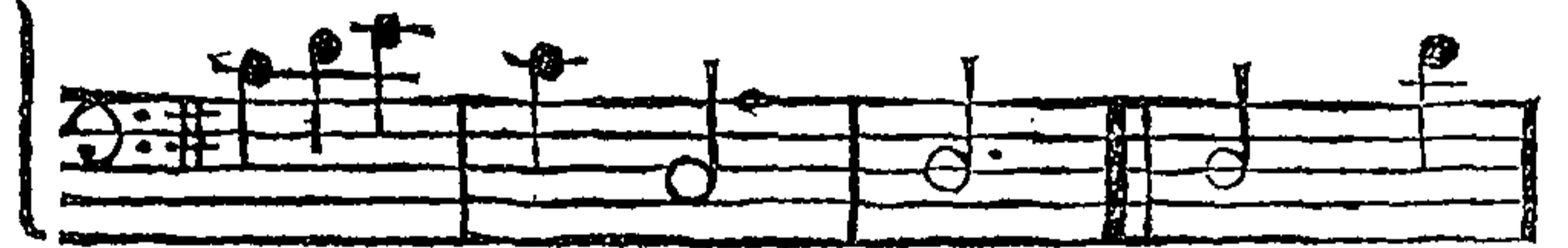
By Mr. ARTHUR BRADLEY.



Sigh no more, my Love-- ly Celia; Why, ah!



why those mourn--tul Sighs? Where, ah!



where's that beau--teous Lustre, Once a-



corn'd those Brit--lant Eyes?



See

See how briny Floods o'erwhelm them,  
 Breaking on the blushing Shore,  
 And, like Summer's Dew on Lillies,  
 Deck the Bosom I adore.

Flowers form'd by Nature drooping,  
 Yet their fragrant Odours rise;  
 And my *Celia*, tho' she's weeping,  
 Hath those Charms she can't disguise.

---

*To the foregoing Tune.*

**P**HILLIS, we don't grieve that Nature,  
 Forming you, has done her Part,  
 And in ev'ry single Feature  
 Shew'd the utmost of her Art:

But in this it is pretended,  
 All the cruel Grievance lies;  
 That your Heart should be defended,  
 Whilst you wound us with your Eyes.

Love's a senseless Inclination,  
 Where no Mercy's to be found;  
 But is just, where kind Compassion  
 Gives us Balm to heal the Wound.

*Persians,*

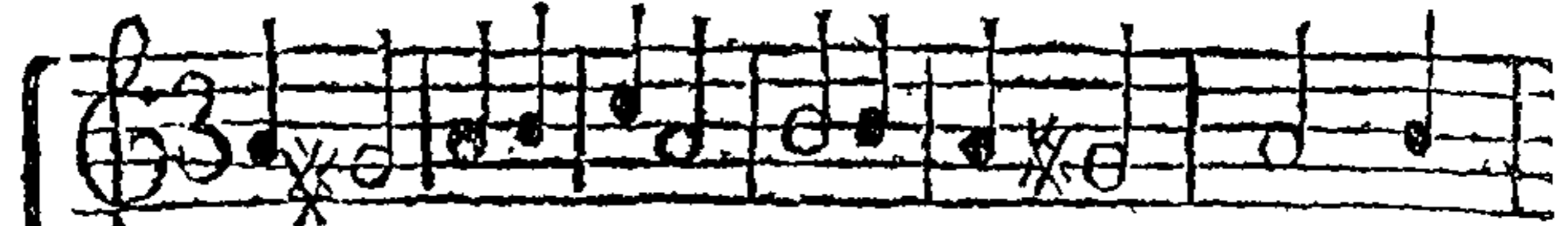
*Persians*, paying solemn Duty,  
To the rising Sun inclin'd,  
Never would adore his Beauty,  
But in hopes to make him kind.

*For the* FLUTE.

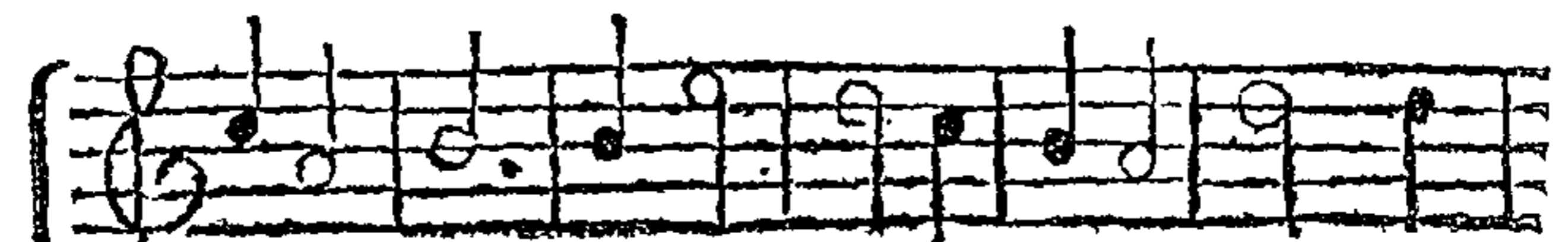
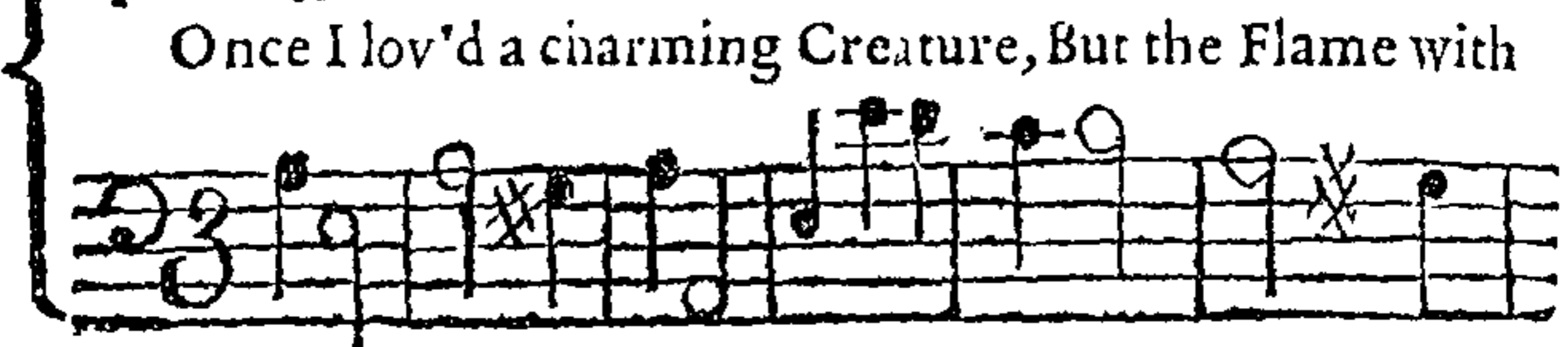




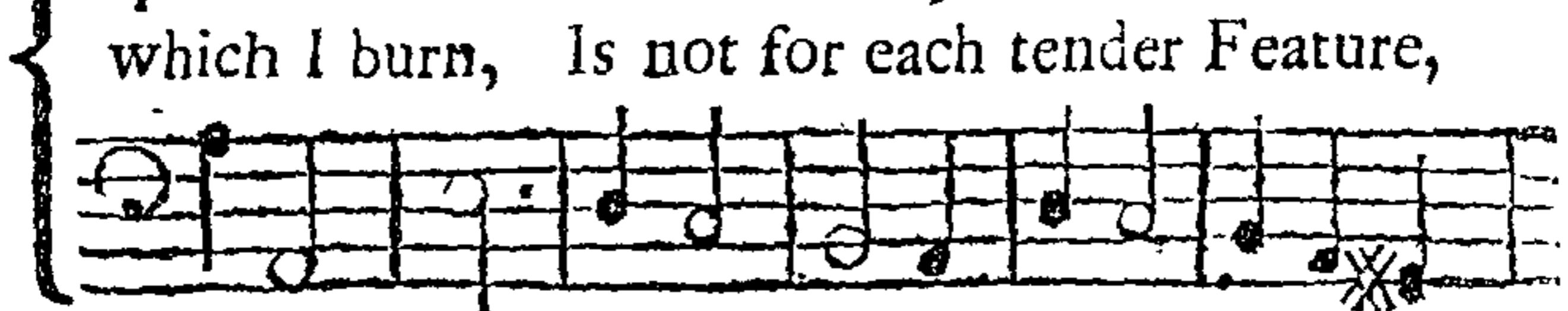
*The* BASHFUL MAID.




Once I lov'd a charming Creature, But the Flame with



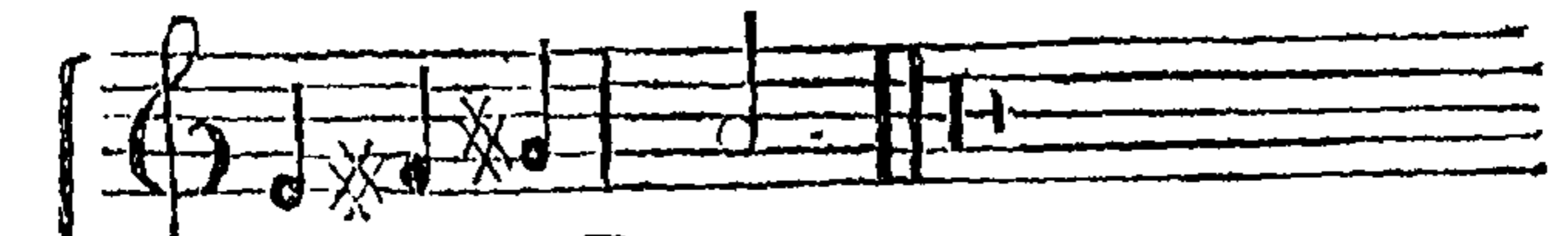
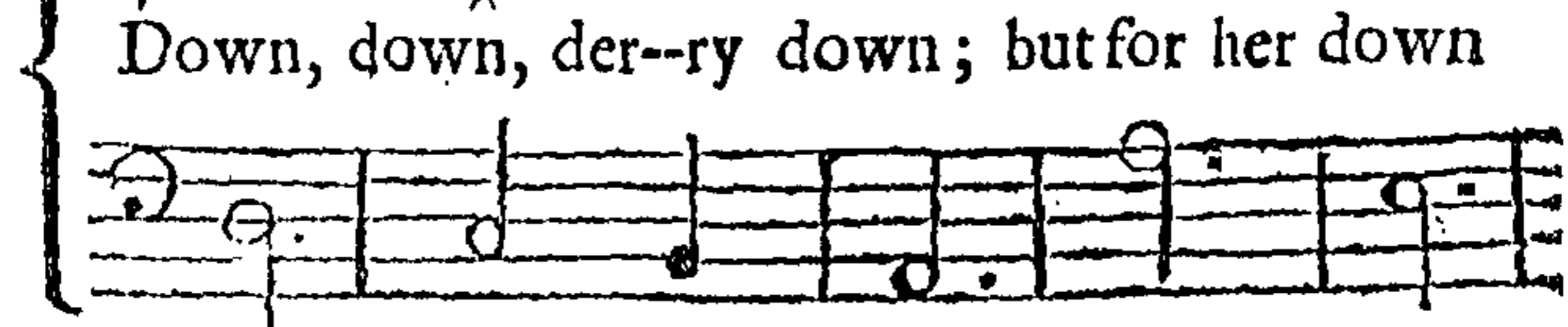
which I burn, Is not for each tender Feature,



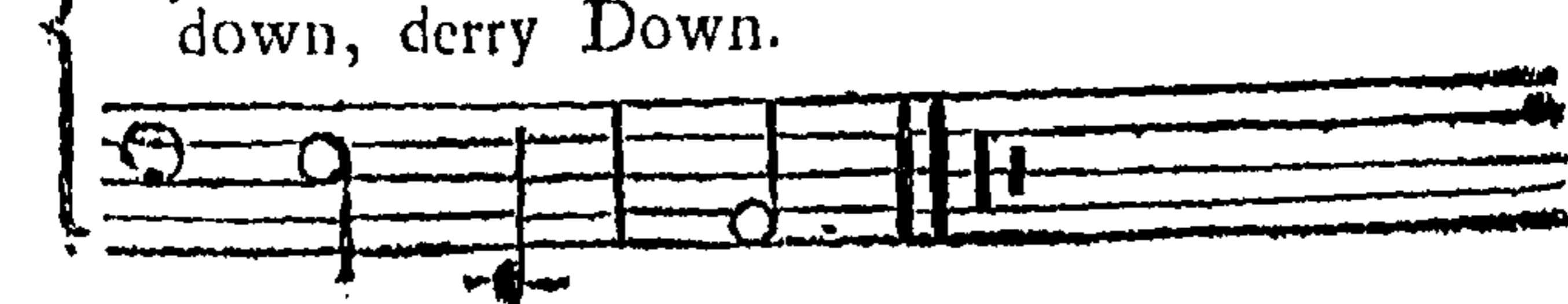
Nor for her Wit nor sprightly Turn, But for her



Down, down, der--ry down; but for her down



down, derry Down.

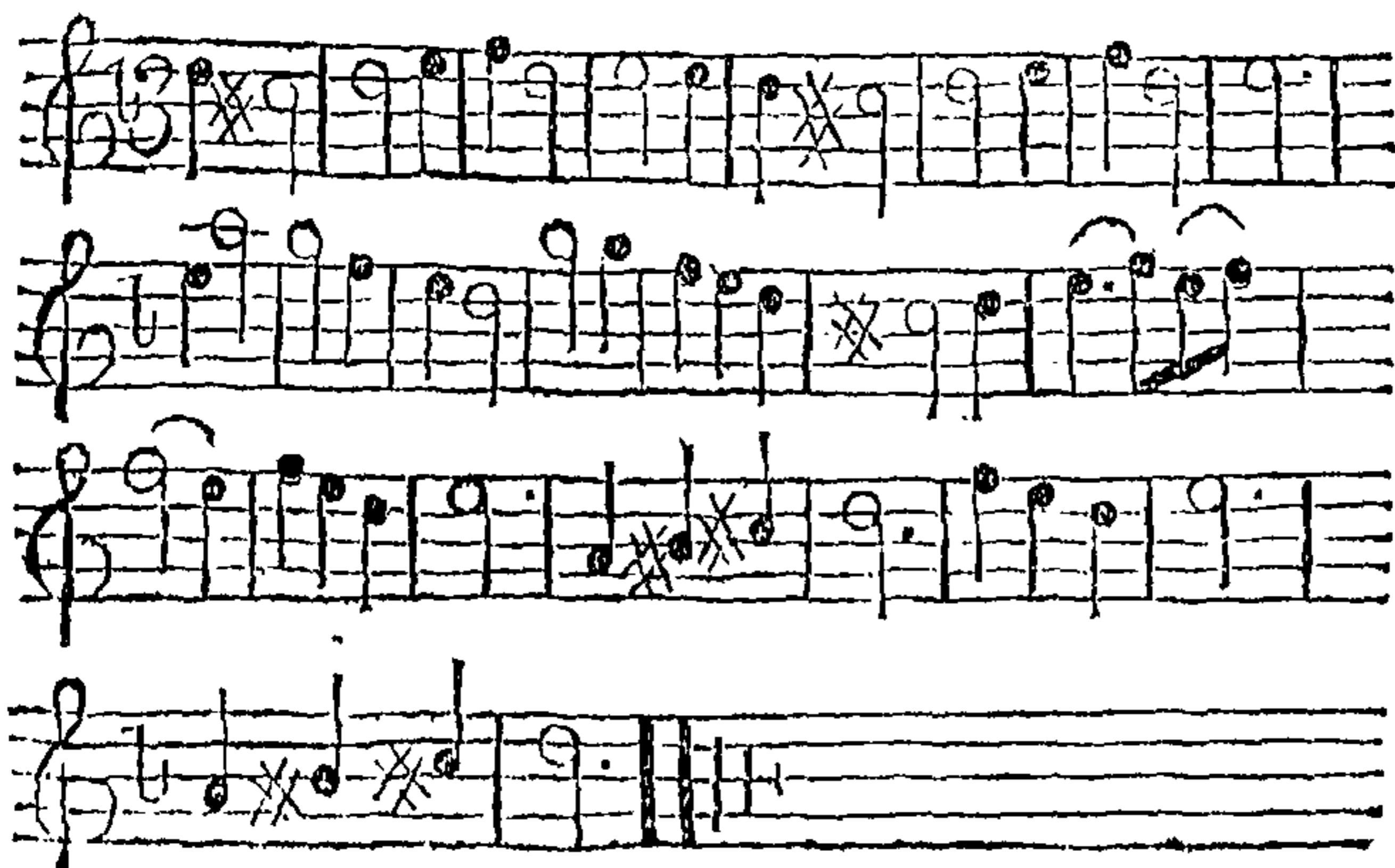


On the Grass I saw her lying,  
Strait I seiz'd her tender Waist;  
On her Back she lay complying,  
With her lovely Body plac'd,  
Under my *Down, down, &c.*

But the Nymph being young and tender,  
Cou'd not bear the dreadful Smart,  
Still unwilling to surrender,  
Call'd Mamma to take the Part  
Of her *Down, down, &c.*

Out of Breath Mamma came running  
To prevent poor *Nancy's* Fate,  
But the Girl, now grown more cunning,  
Cry'd, *Mamma, you're come too late,*  
For I am *Down, down, &c.*

*For the* FLUTE.



Auld *R O B M O R R I S*.

M I T H E R.



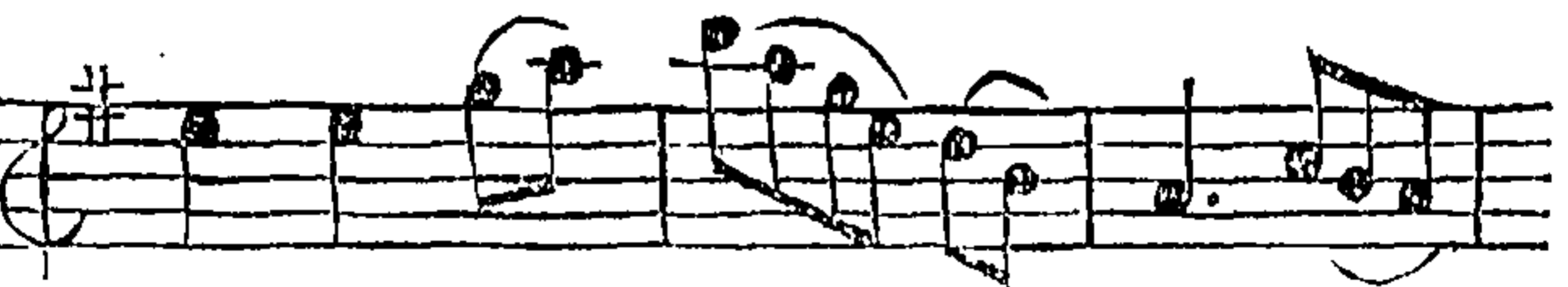
There's Auld *Rob Moris*, that wins in yon



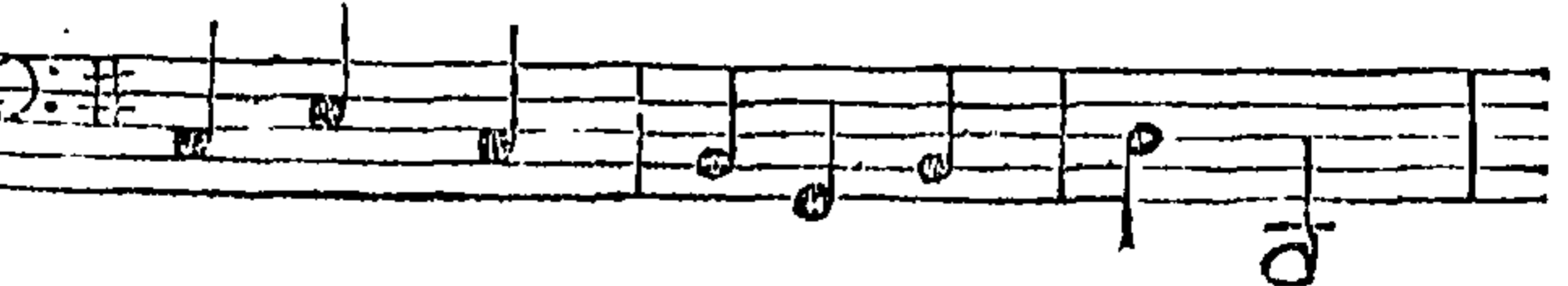

Glen, He's the King of good Fellows, and




Wale of auld Men; Has Four-score of

black Sheep, and Four---score too; And



auld



D O U G H T E R.

Pray ha'd your Tongue, Mither, and let that abee,  
 For his Eild and my Eild will never agree:  
 They'll never agree, and that will be seen,  
 For he is Fourscore, and I'm but Fifteen.

M I T H E R.

Then ha'd your Tongue, Doughter, and lay by your [Pride,  
 For he's be the Bridegroom, and ye's be the Bride:  
 He shall ly by your Side, and kifs you too,  
 Auld *Rob Moris* is the Man ye maun loo.

D O U G H T E R.

That auld *Rob Moris*, I ken him fou weel,  
 His A--- it sticks out like ony Pect-creel,  
 He's out-shinn'd, in-knee'd, and ring-ey'd too,  
 Auld *Rob Morris* is the Man I'll ne'er loo.

M I T H E R.

Tho' auld *Rob Moris* be an elderly Man,  
 Yet his auld Brafs it will buy a new Pan;  
 Then Doughter, ye shoudna be sae ill to shoo,  
 For auld *Rob Moris* is the Man ye maun loo. But

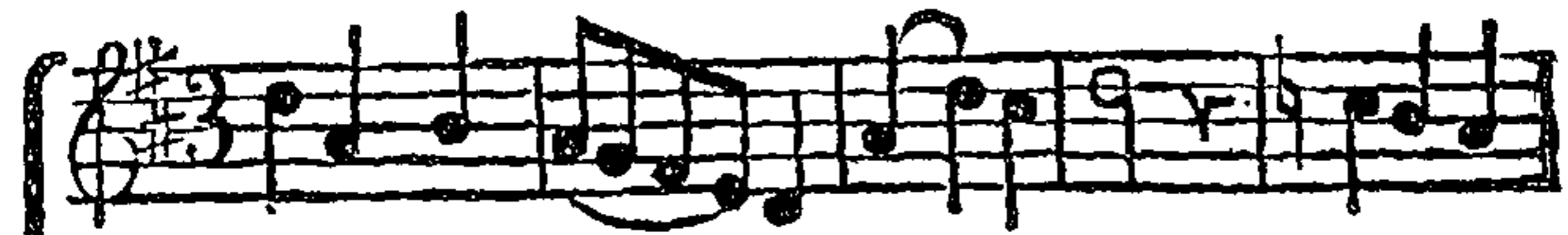
## D O U G H T E R.

But auld *Rob Moris* I never will hae,  
 His Back is fa stiff, and his Beard is grown gray:  
 I had titter die than live with him a Year,  
 Sae mair of *Rob Moris* I never will hear.

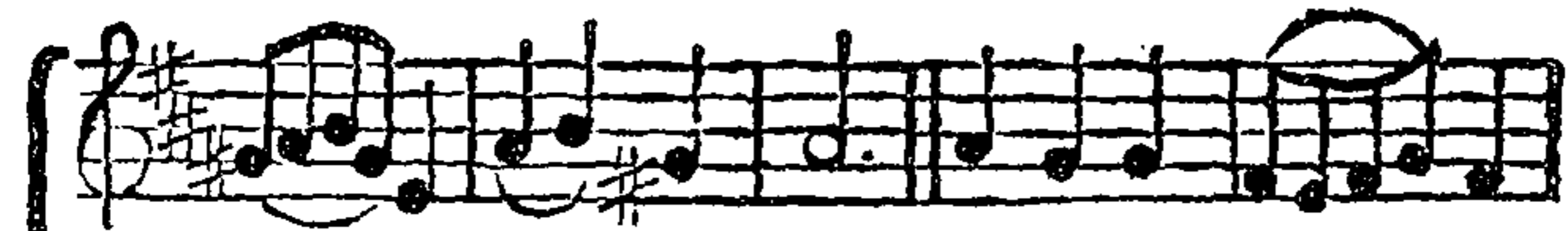
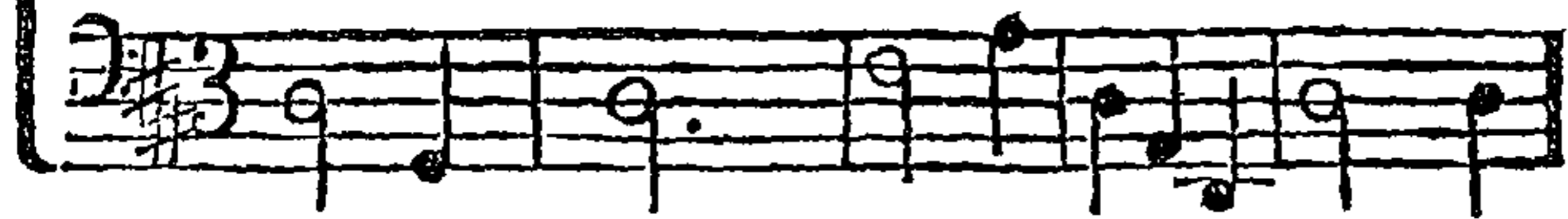
*For the* F L U T E.

On a LADY throwing SNOW-BALLS.

Set by Mr. WEBBER.



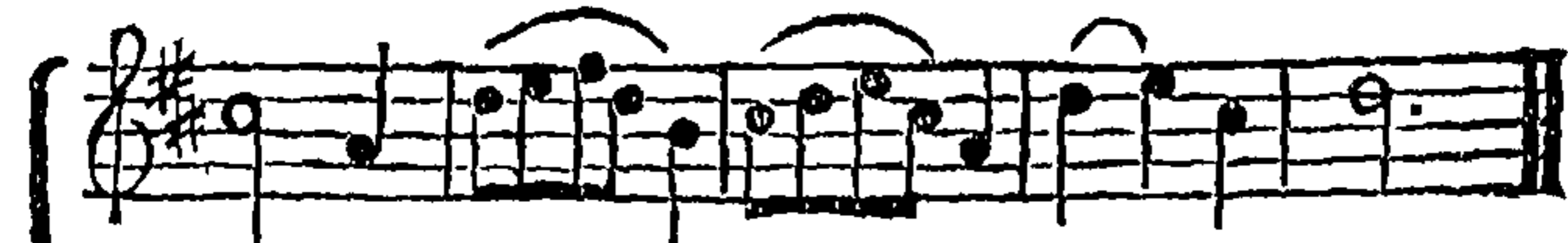
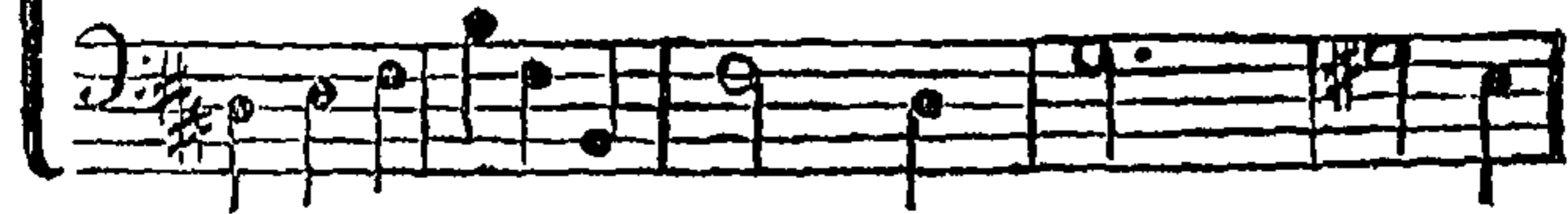
To the bleak Winds, on barren Sands, While *Delia*



dares her Charms expose, To missive Globes, with



glowing Hands, She forms the soft descending



Snows, She forms the soft descending SNOWS.



The lovely Maid, from ev'ry Part  
 Collecting, moulds with nicest Care  
 The Flakes, less frozen than her Heart,  
 Less than her downy Bosom fair.

On my poor Breast her Arms she tries;  
 Levell'd at me, like darted Flame  
 From *Jove's* red Hand, the Pellet flies;  
 As swift its Course, as sure its Aim!

Cold as I thought the fleecy Rain,  
 Unshock'd I stood, nor fear'd a Smart;  
 While latent Fires, with pointed Pain,  
 Shot thro' my Veins, and pierc'd my Heart.

Or with her Eyes she warm'd the Snow,  
 (What Coldness can their Beams withstand?)  
 Or else, (who would not kindle so;)   
 It caught th' Infection from her Hand.

So glowing Seeds to Flints confin'd  
 The Sun's enliv'ning Heat conveys;  
 Thus Iron to the Loadstone join'd,  
 Usurps its Power, and wins its Praise.

So strongly influent shine her Charms,  
 While Heav'n's own Light can scarce appear;  
 While Winter's Rage his Rays disarms,  
 And blasts the Beauties of the Year.

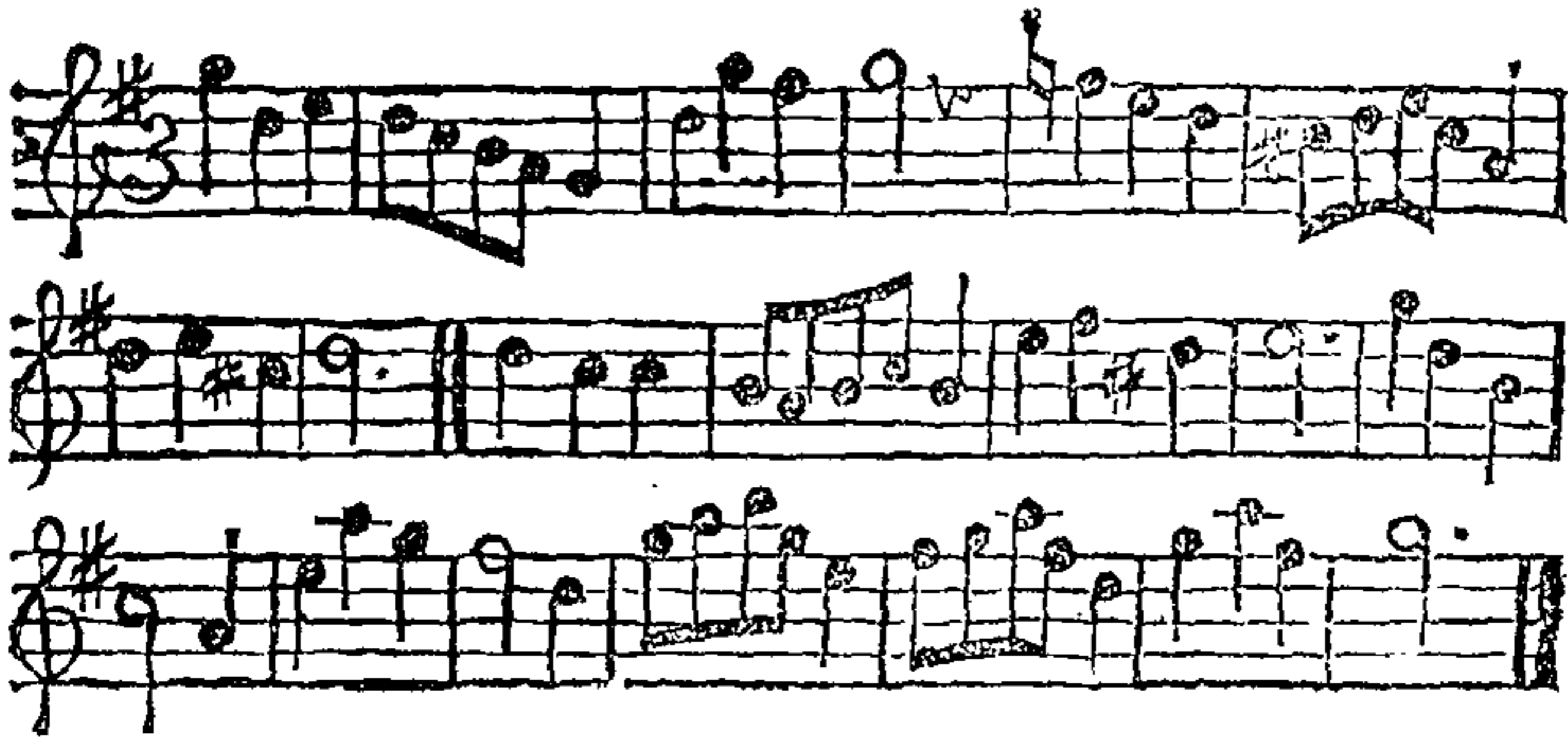
To ev'ry Hope of Safety lost,

In vain we fly the lovely Foe;

Since Flames invade, disguis'd in Frost,

And *Cupid* tips his Dart with Snow.

*For the* FLUTE.





L O V E L Y C E L I A.

*Set by* Mr. DIEUPART.

Lovely Ce--lia, fair Destroyer,

Ease a trou--bled Love--sick Mind;

Smile up--on a hopeless Lover, Cease to

charm, or else be kind: Be kind, and

sooth

footh my gen--tle Flame, My Sighs, my

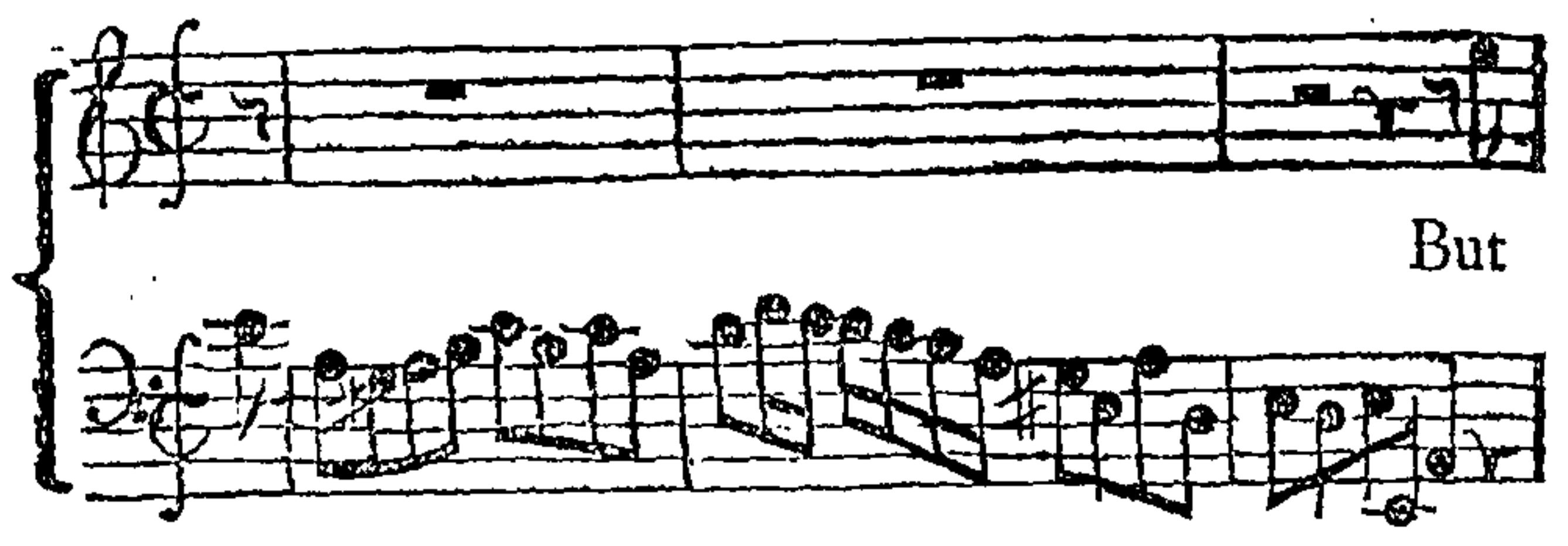
Sighs, and Vows repay; Love's an empty

ai--ry Name, Like Flow-----ers it

fades away, Like Flow-----ers it

fades a---way.

1 2



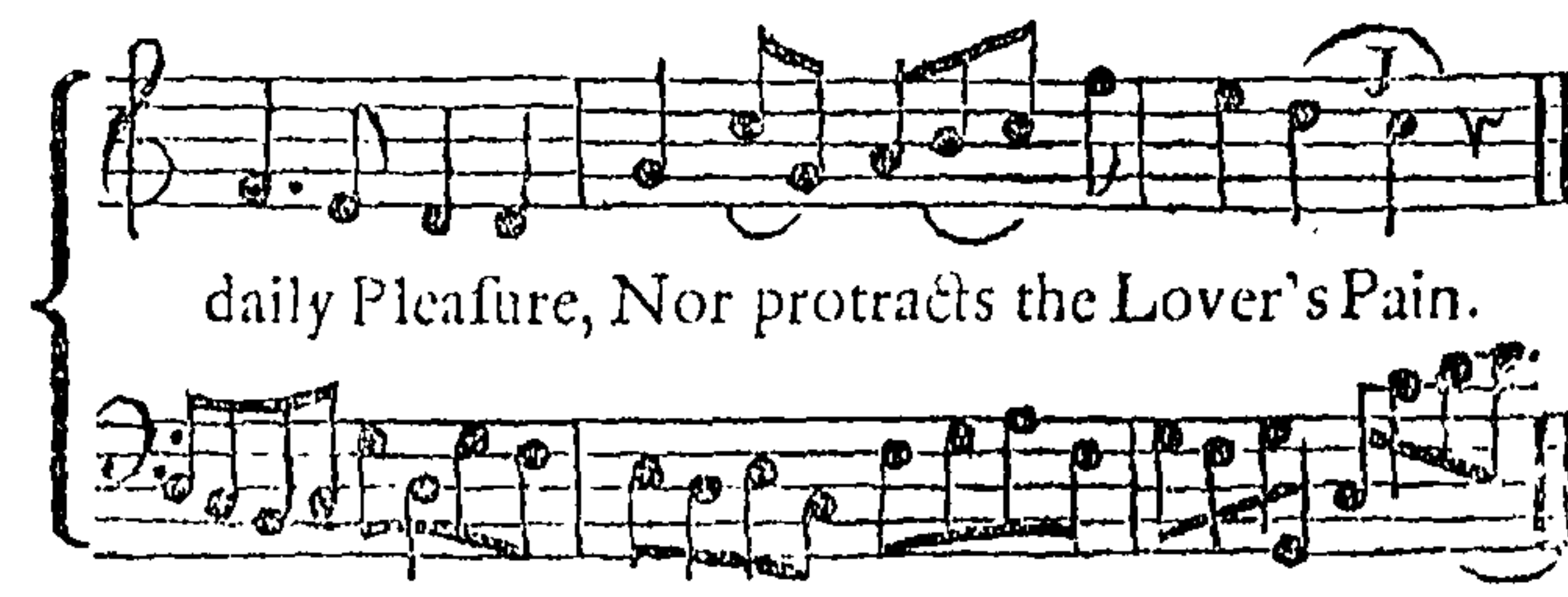
But



*Celia's* Heart is latt-ing Treasure, Free from



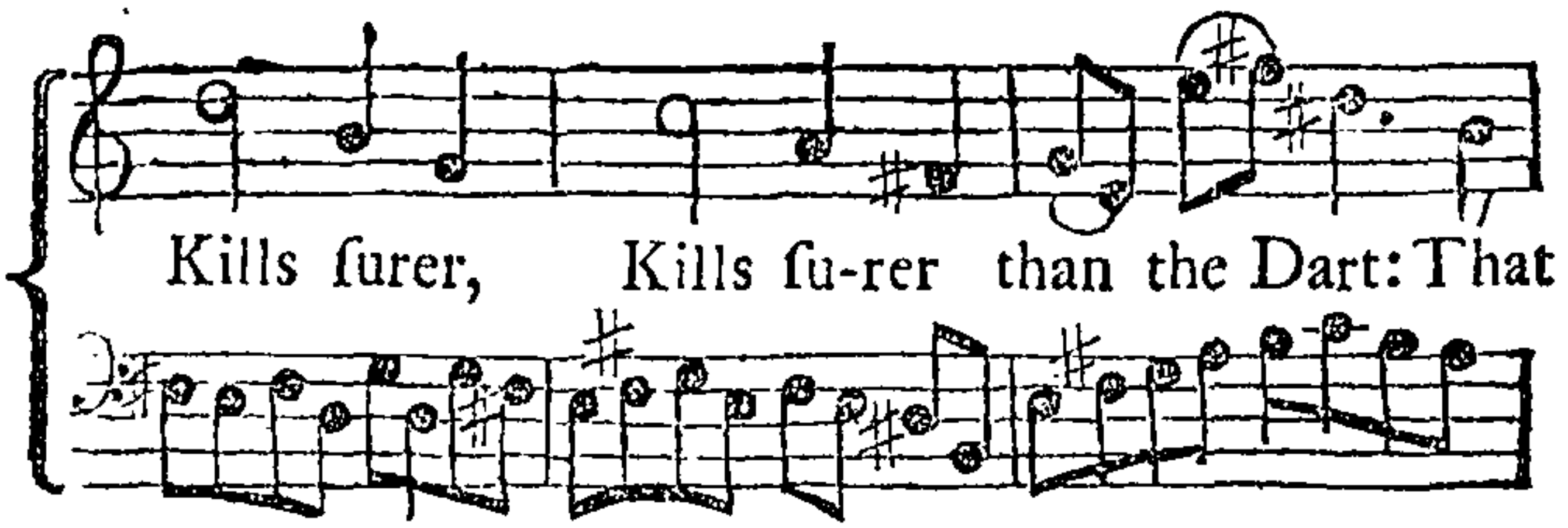
Falshood, free from Stain, Gives hourly Joy and



daily Pleasure, Nor protracts the Lover's Pain.



Pain. The Nymph that's fair and cru----el too,



Kills surer, Kills su-*rer* than the Dart: That



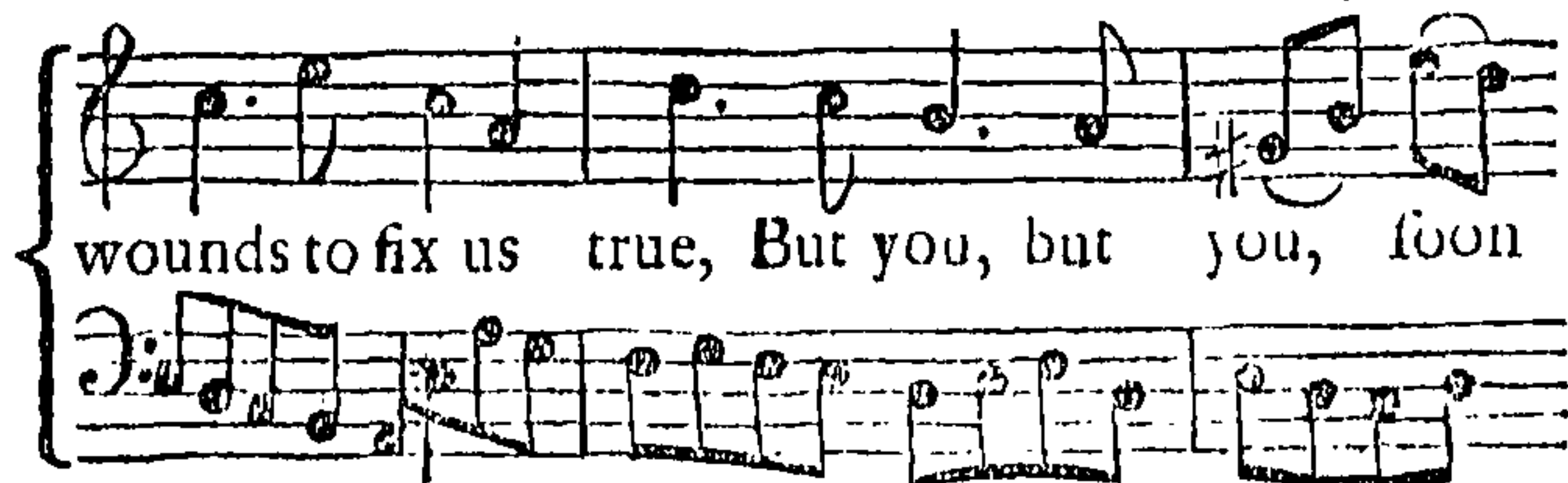
sometimes wounds to fix us true, But you soon



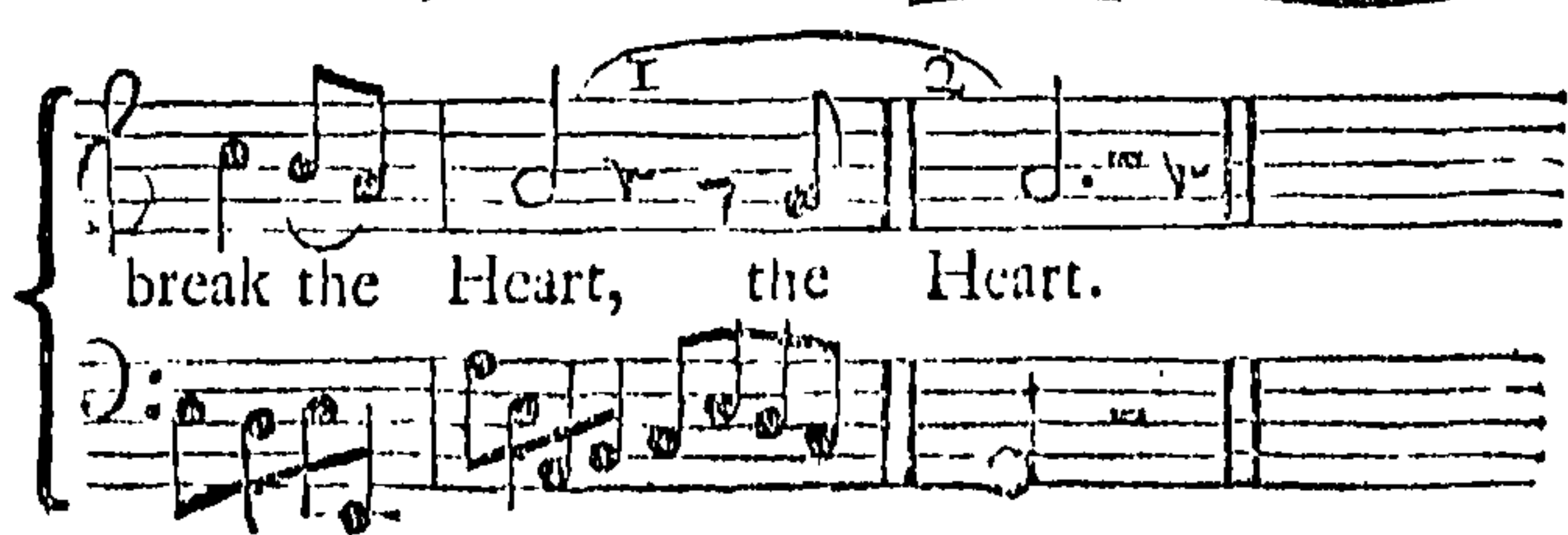
break the Heart. The Nymph that's fair and cruel



too, Kills surer than the Dart: That sometimes



wounds to fix us true, But you, but you, soon



break the Heart, the Heart.

184 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

*For the* FLUTE.

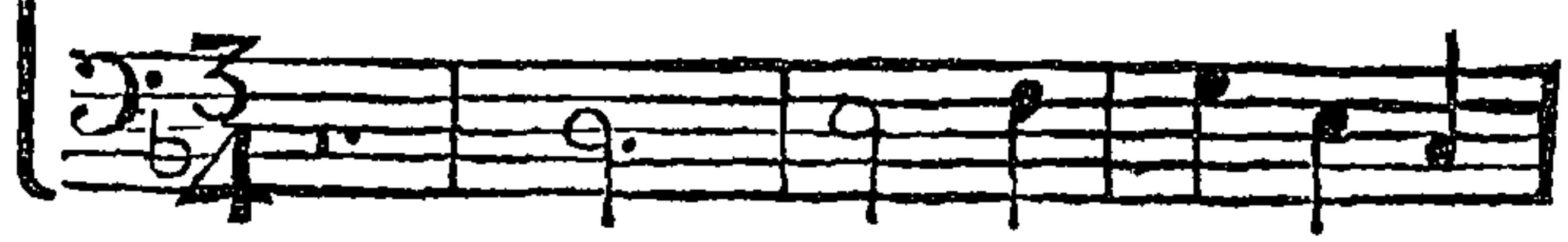
The image displays a musical score for a flute, consisting of 11 staves of music. The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 3/8. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and slurs. The first three staves begin with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/8 time signature. The fourth staff continues with the same key signature and time signature. The fifth staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/8 time signature. The sixth staff continues with the same key signature and time signature. The seventh staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/8 time signature. The eighth staff continues with the same key signature and time signature. The ninth staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/8 time signature. The tenth staff continues with the same key signature and time signature. The eleventh staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/8 time signature. The music concludes with a double bar line.

The MUSICAL MISCELLANY. 185

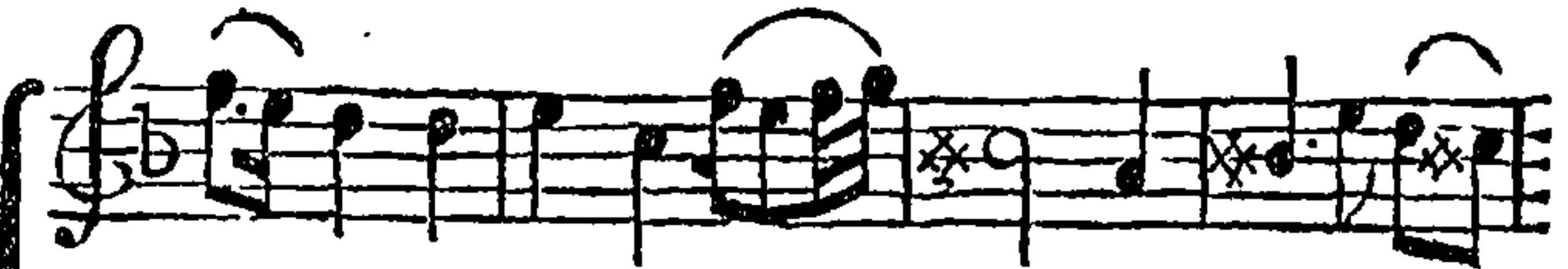
Written by N. ROWE, Esq; in his  
Lady's Illness.



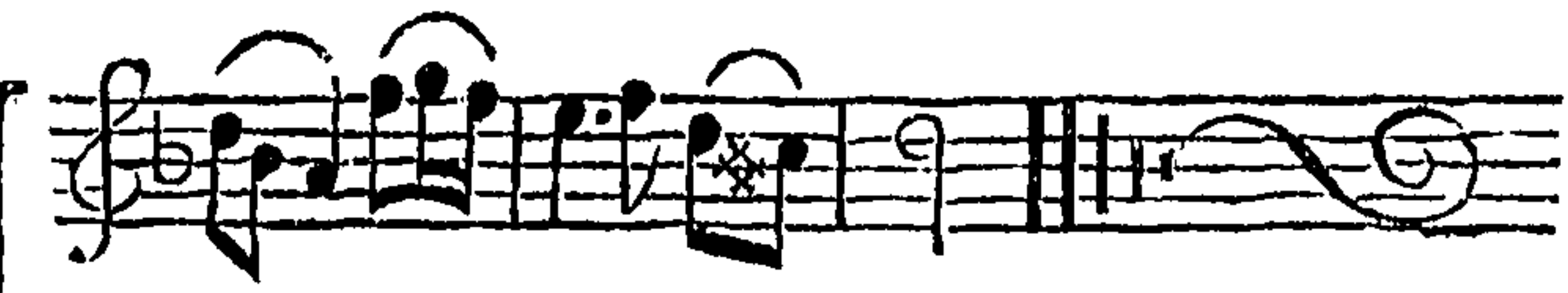
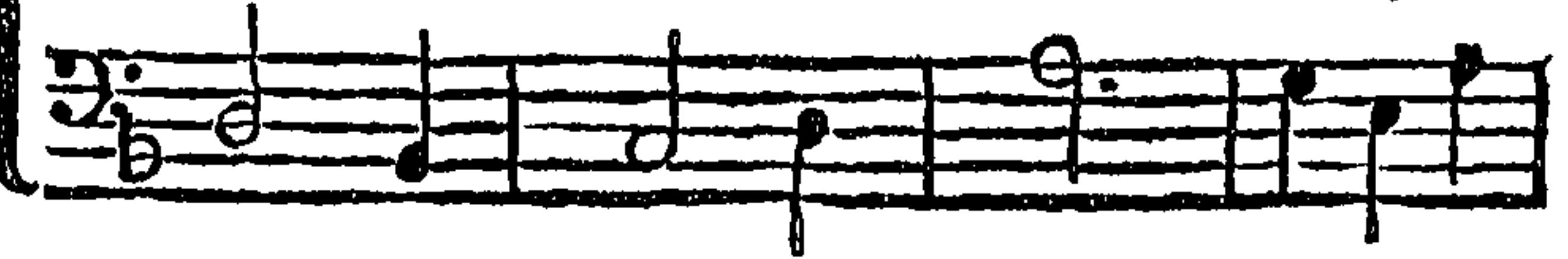
To the Brook and the Willow, that heard him com-



plain, *Ab Wil-low! Willow! Poor Colin went*



weeping, and told them his Pain; *Ab Willow, Wil-*



*low; Ab Willow, Willow.*



Sweet

186 *The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

Sweet Stream, he cry'd sadly, I'll teach thee to flow;

*Ab Willow, &c.*

And the Waters shall rise to the Brink with my Woe:

*Ab Willow, &c.*

All Restless and Painful my *Celia* now lies;

*Ab Willow, &c.*

And counts the sad Moments of Time as it flies;

*Ab Willow, &c.*

To the Nymph, my Heart's Love, ye soft Slumbers repair;

*Ab Willow, &c.*

Spread your downy Wings o'er her, and make her your  
[Care;

*Ab Willow, &c.*

Let me be left restless, my Eyes never close;

*Ab Willow, &c.*

So the Sleep that I lose gives my Dear One Repose;

*Ab Willow, &c.*

Dear Stream! if you chance by her Pillow to creep,

*Ab Willow, &c.*

Perhaps your soft Murmurs may lull her to Sleep:

*Ab Willow, &c.*

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,

*Ab Willow, &c.*

And the Loss of my Charmer the Fates have decreed;

*Ab Willow, &c.*

*The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY. 187

Believe me, thou Fair One; thou Dear One, believe;  
*Ab Willow, &c.*

Few Sighs to thy Loss, and few Tears will I give:  
*Ab Willow, &c.*

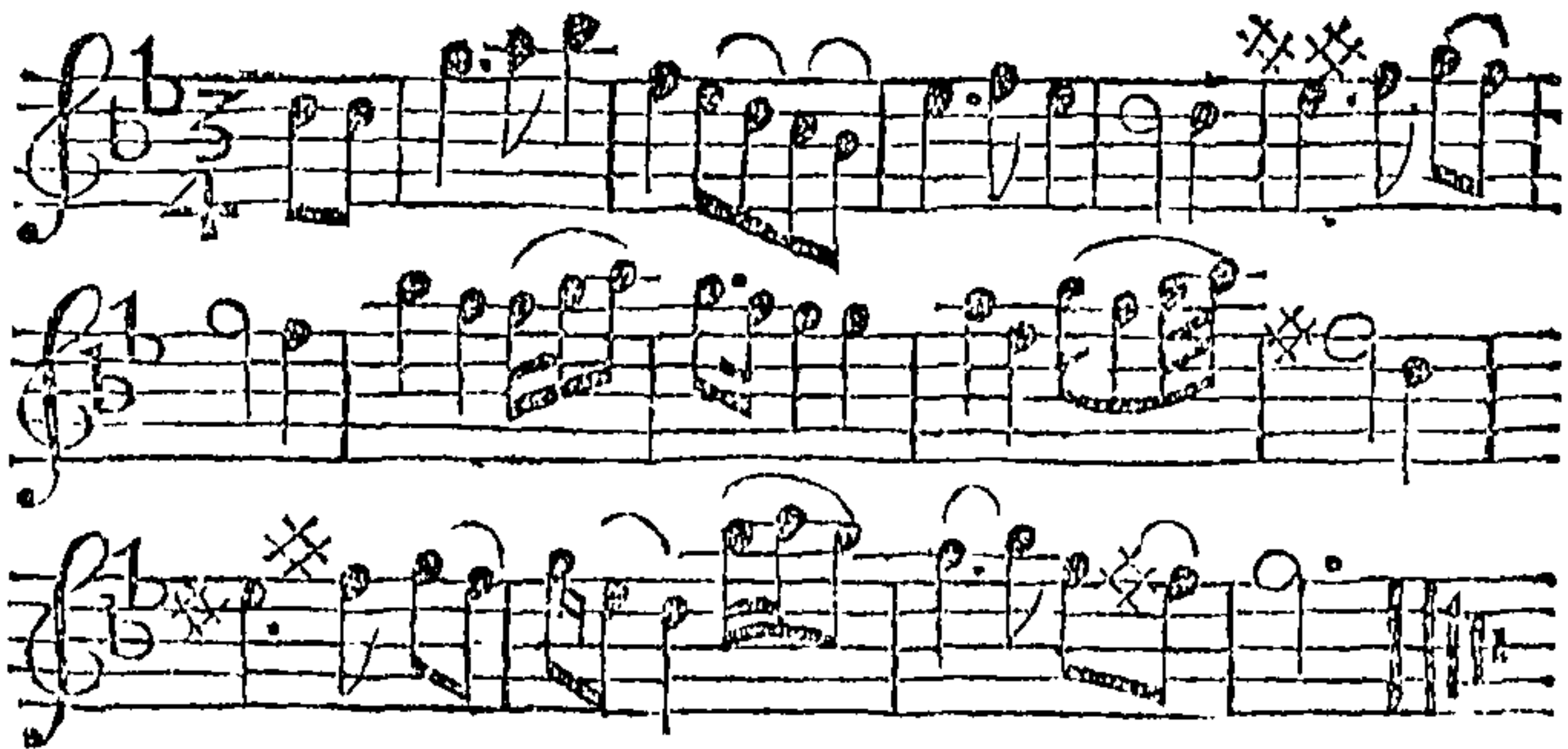
One Fate to thy *Colin* and thee shall betide;  
*Ab Willow, &c.*

And soon lay thy Shepherd down by thy cold Side:  
*Ab Willow, &c.*

Then glide, gentle Brook, and to lose thy Self haste,  
*Ab Willow, &c.*

Bear this to my Willow, this Verse is my last;  
*Ab Willow, Willow; ab Willows, Willow.*

*For the* FLUTE.





*SPARABELLA'S* COMPLAINT.



As *Spa---ra--bel--la* pensive lay, In



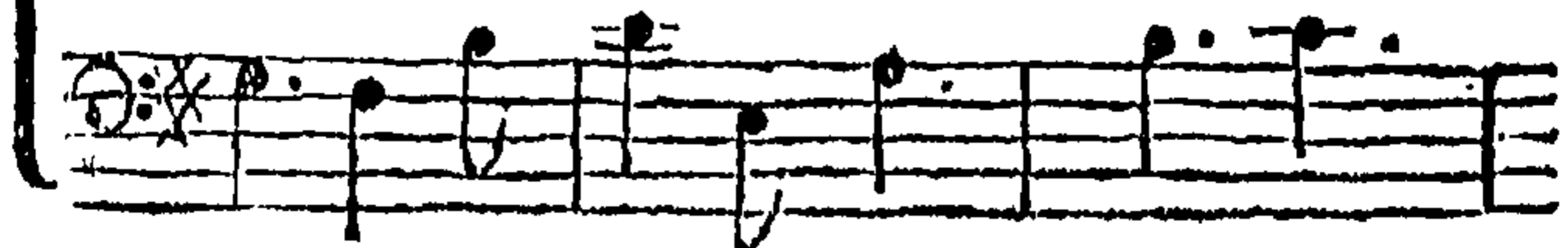
drea---ry Shade a----long, With woful Mood, the



Love-lorn Maid Thus wail'd in plaining Song. The



Tears, forth streaming from her Eyes, Adown her Cheeks fast



flow:

flow : Her Eyes, which now no longer shine, Her

Cheeks no longer glow.

Ah, well-a-day! Does *Colin* then  
Make Mock of all my Smart?  
Has he so soon forgot his Vows,  
Which won my Maiden Heart?  
Ah witeless Damsel! why did I  
So soon my self resign?  
Ah! why did'st thou, false Shepherd, say,  
Thy Heart shou'd still be mine?

Oh, *Colin*! *Colin*! call to mind  
What you to me did say,  
As we in yonder Field were laid,  
Beneath the cocking Hay:

White

Whilst tenderly I stroak'd thy Cheeks,  
 My Apron o'er thee spread,  
 Snatch'd hasty Kisses from thy Lips,  
 And lull'd thy leaning Head.

Did you not swear, that Hounds shou'd first  
 With tim'rous Hares unite;  
 The Fox with Geese; with Lambs the Dog;  
 And with the Hen, the Kite :  
 The Moon (that roves like thee) shou'd fail;  
 The Stars benighted prove ;  
 The Sun (that burns like me) shou'd cease  
 To shine, ere thou to love?

Oh! then let wide Confusion reign,  
 The Hound with Hares unite ;  
 The Fox with Geese; with Lambs the Dog;  
 And with the Hen the Kite.  
 Thou Sun, no more with Glory shine;  
 Ye Stars, extinguish'd be!  
 Drop down, thou Moon, and fall to Earth,  
 For *Colin's* false to me!

The Damsel thus, with Eyes brimfull,  
 Rehears'd her piteous Woes ;  
 When she perceiv'd her fading Life  
 Drew near, alas! its Close.

But

*The* MUSICAL MISCELLANY. 191

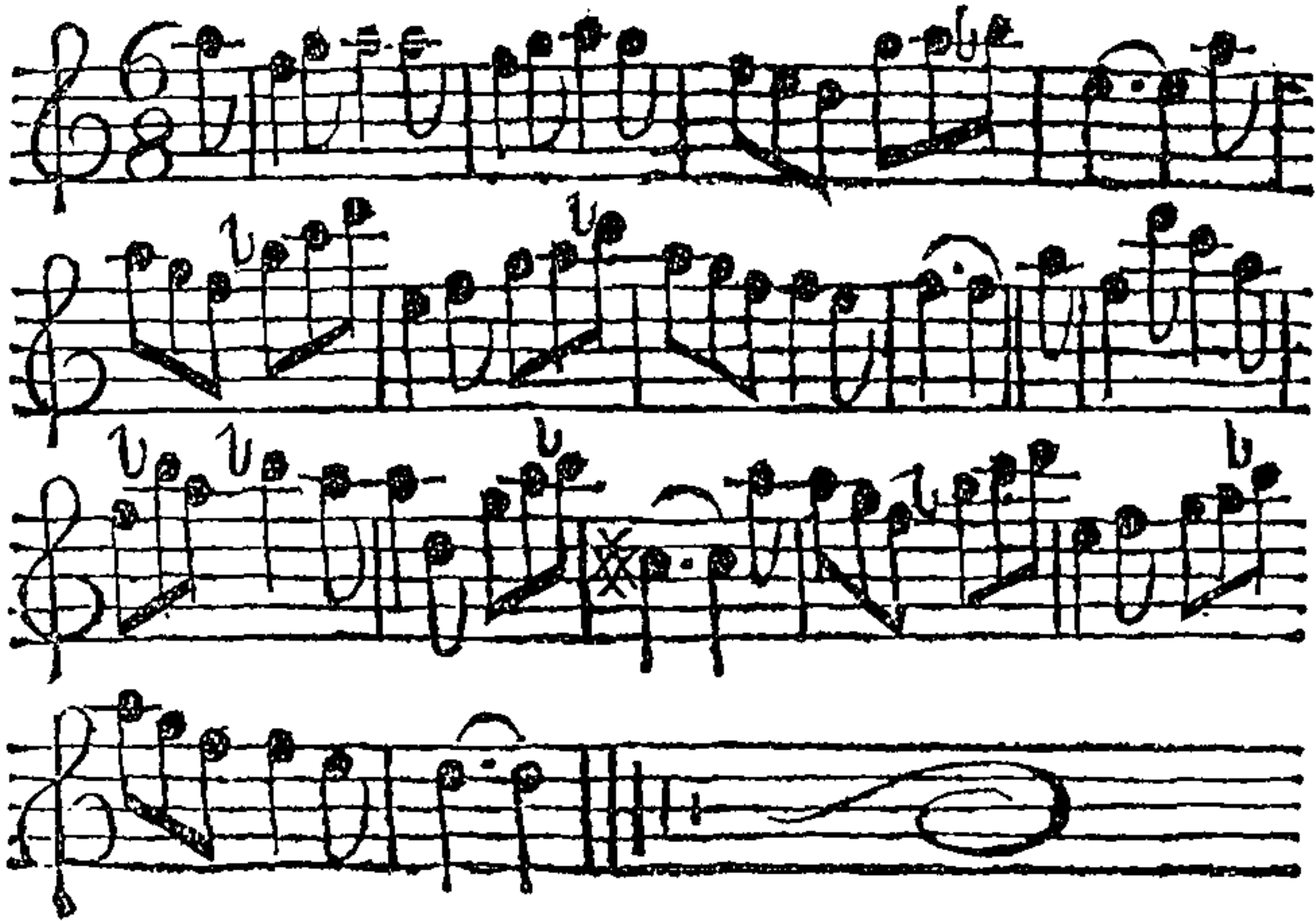
But first forewarn'd by me, poor Maid!

Ah! Maid no more, she cry'd,

Ye Lasses all, shun flatt'ring Swains!

Then clos'd her Eyes, and dy'd.

*For the* F L U T E.



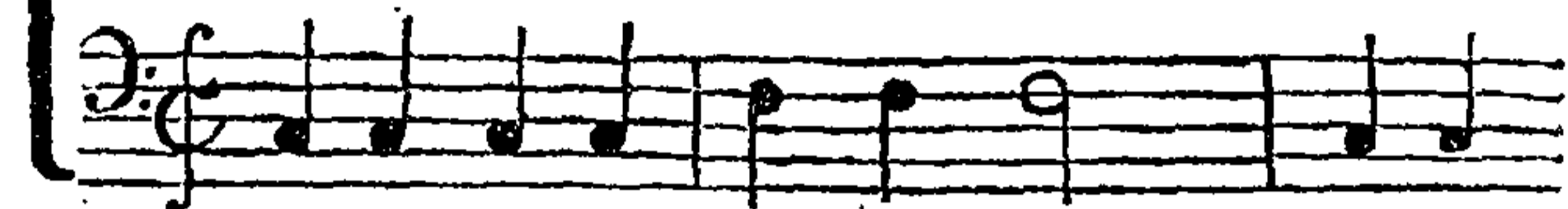
*The* QUEEN of *MAY*.

To the Tune of *Over the Hills and far away*.

By Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD.



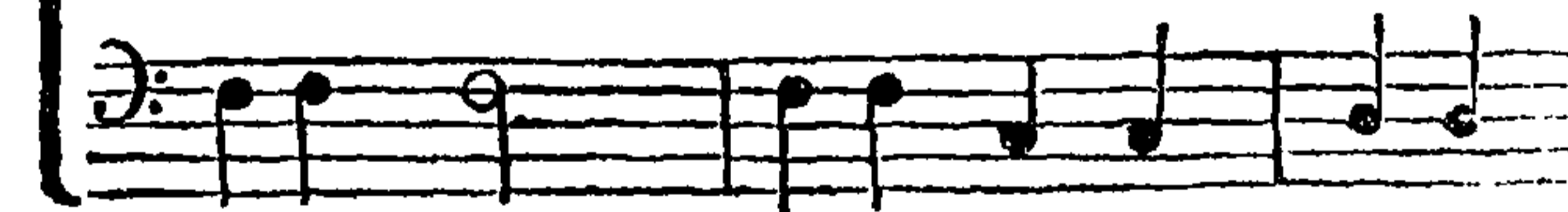
At a *May-Poledown* in *Kent*, Now Spring with



flow'ry Sweets was come, Nymphs with Swains to



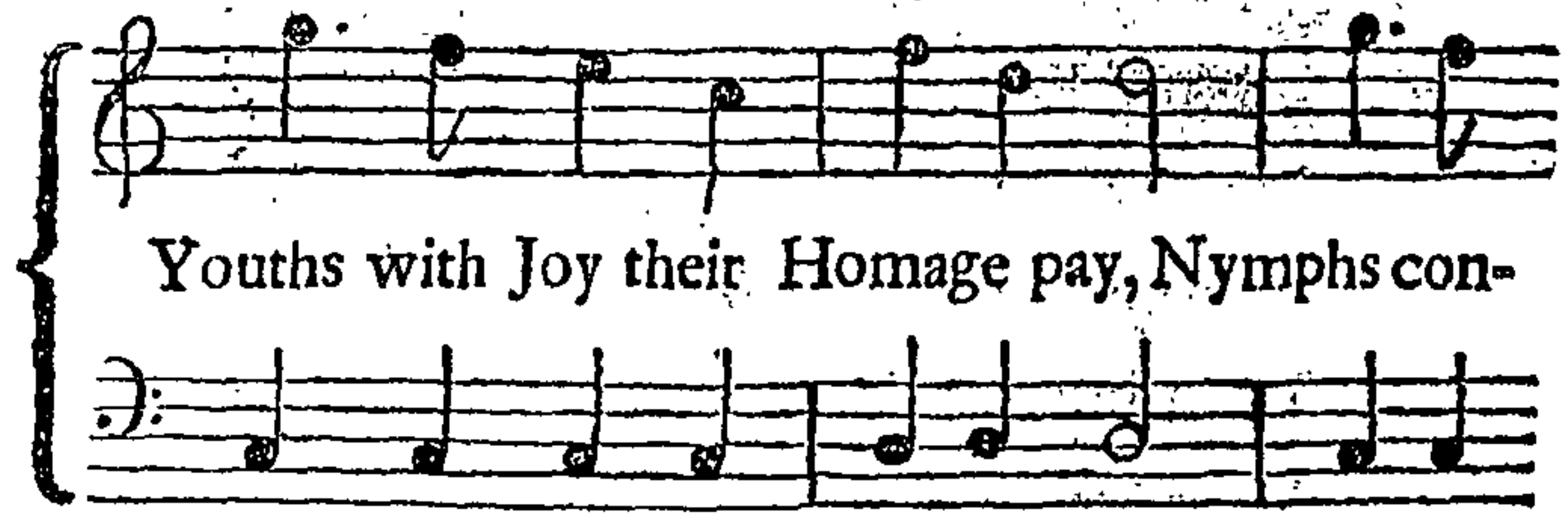
Dancing went, Each hop'd to bear the Garland



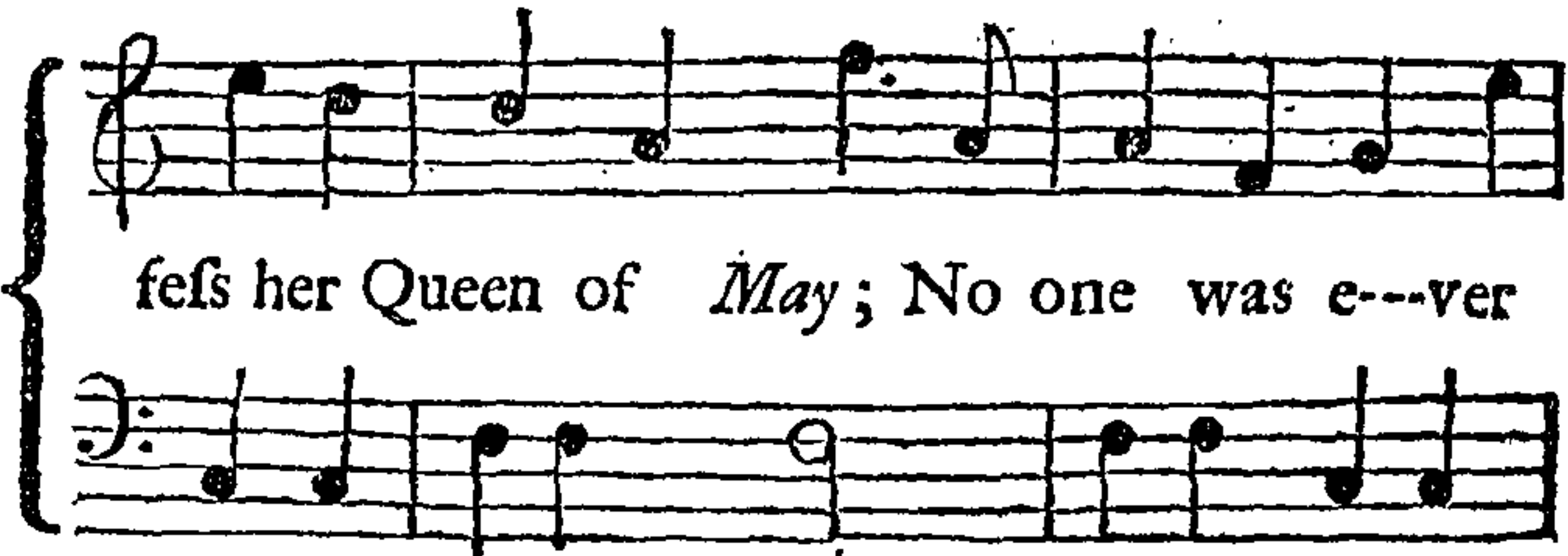
home; When *Winna* came they all gave way,



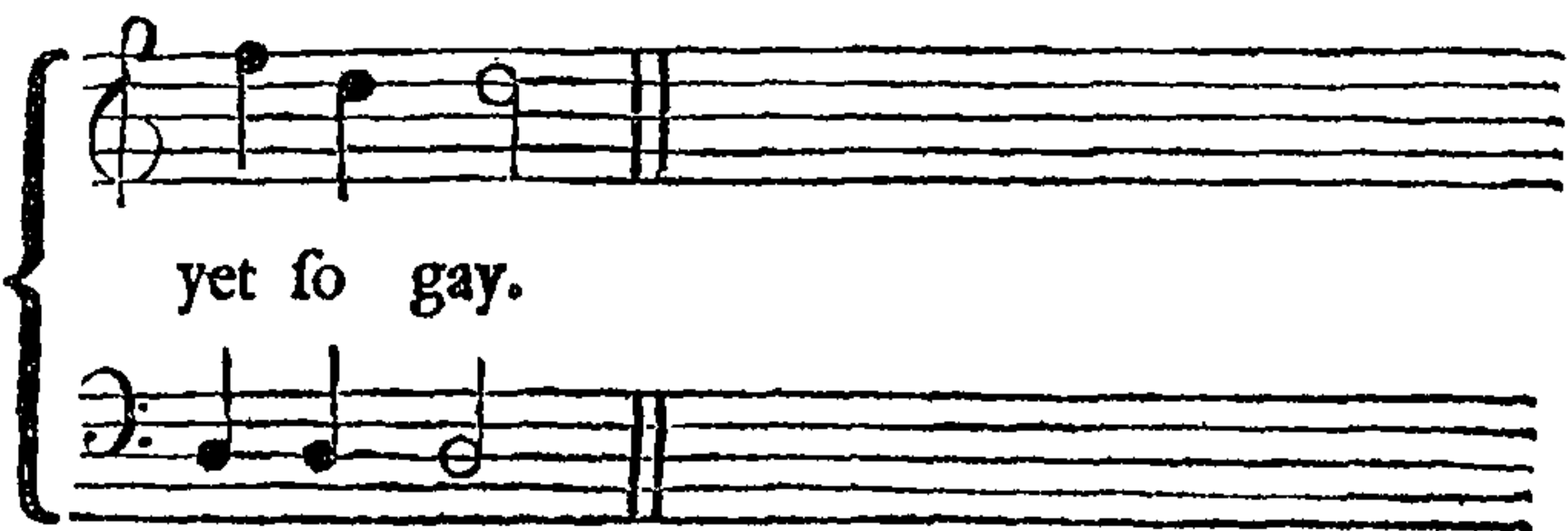
Youths



Youths with Joy their Homage pay, Nymphs con-



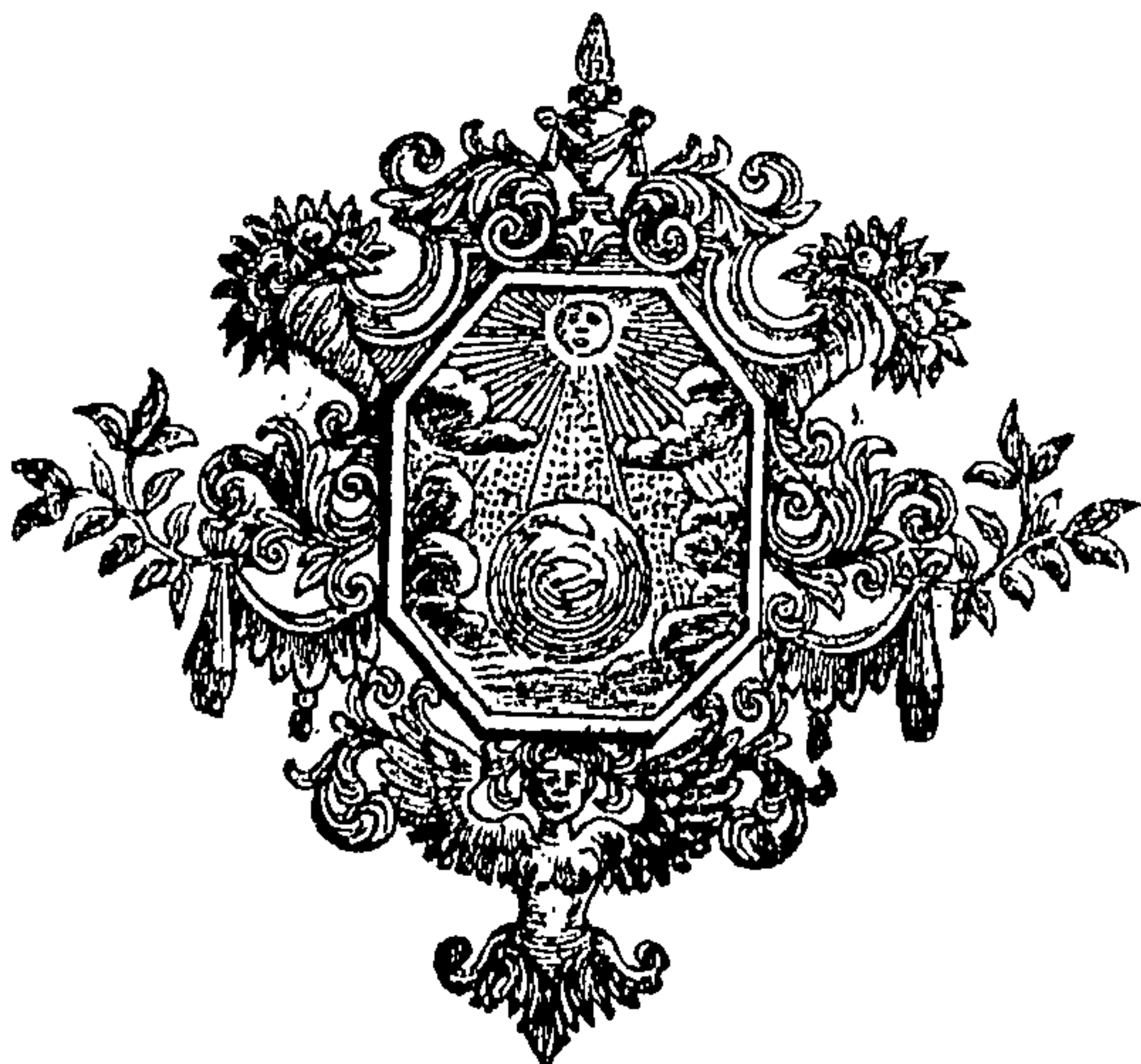
fess her Queen of *May*; No one was e---ver



yet so gay.

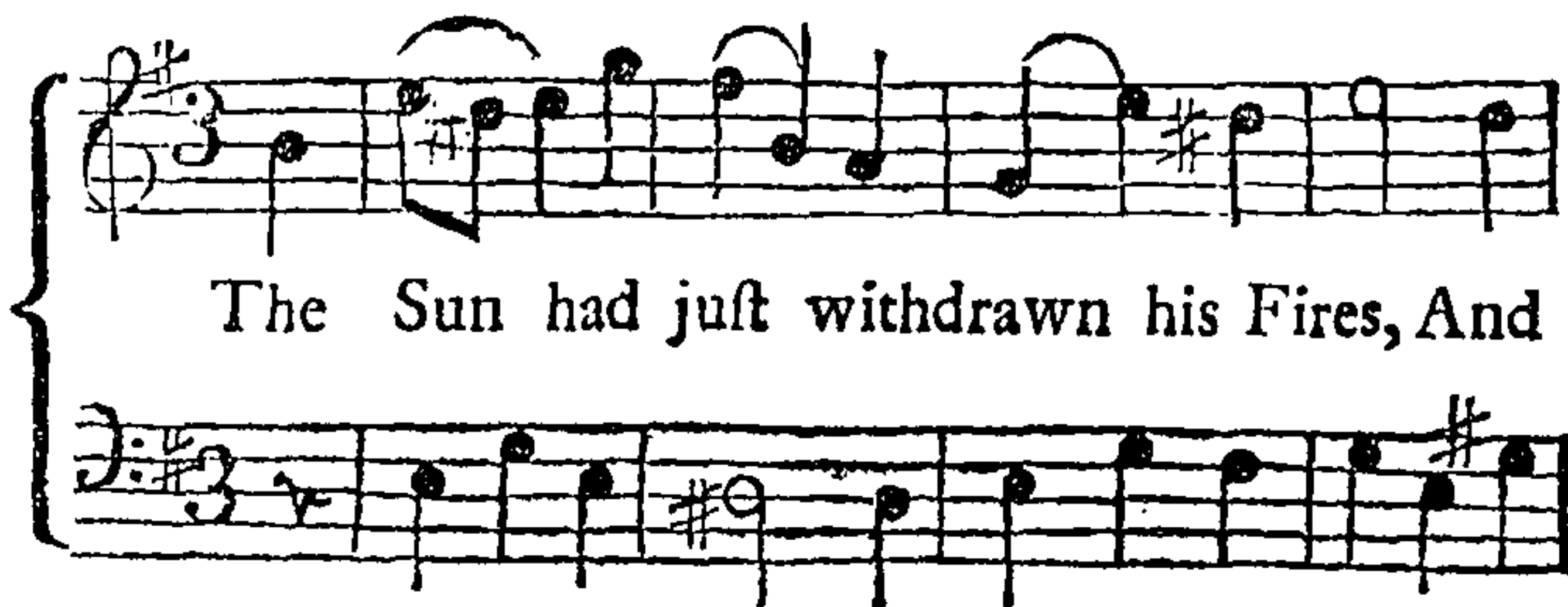
As her Skin, the Lilly fair;  
New-budding Rose her Mouth imparts;  
New-strung *Cupid's* Bow her Hair;  
Eyes, his keenest Ebon Darts.  
When you do her Temper view,  
Young, but Wise; admir'd, yet true;  
Never charm'd with empty Shew;  
Ne'er indiscreet, yet easy too.

All around your Steps advance,  
Now Foot it in a Fairy Ring,  
Nimbly Trip, and as you Dance,  
*Ever live, bright Winna, sing.*  
With Boughs their Hearts of Oak beset,  
Your brave Sires their Conqu'ror met;  
No Crown, but her Locks of Jet,  
Now does your free Allegiance get.

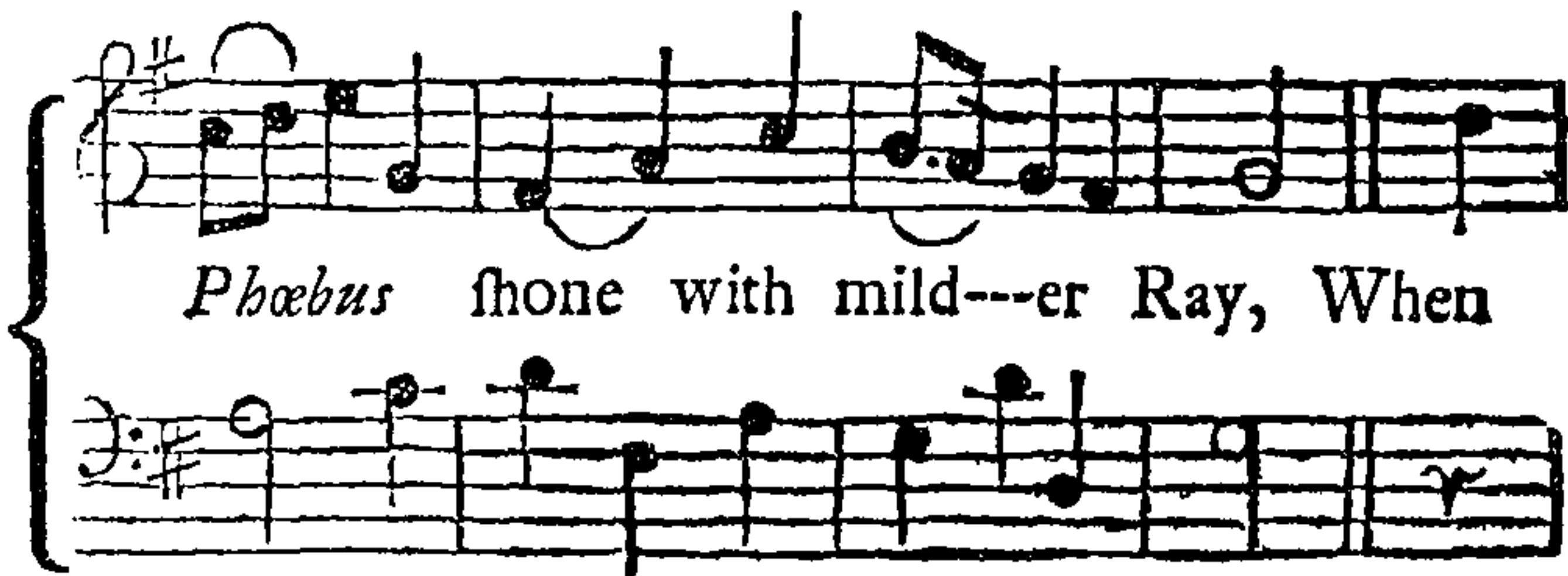


The SHEPHERD'S ADDRESS  
to CYNTHIA.

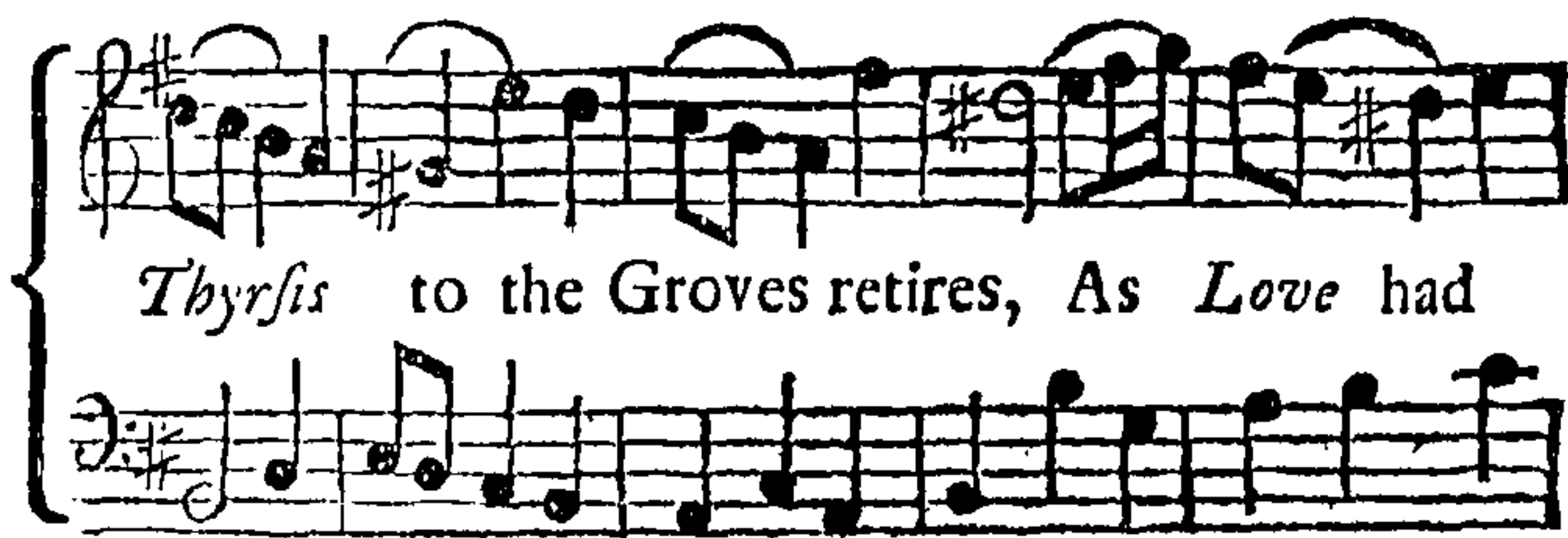
By Mr. MANLOCK.



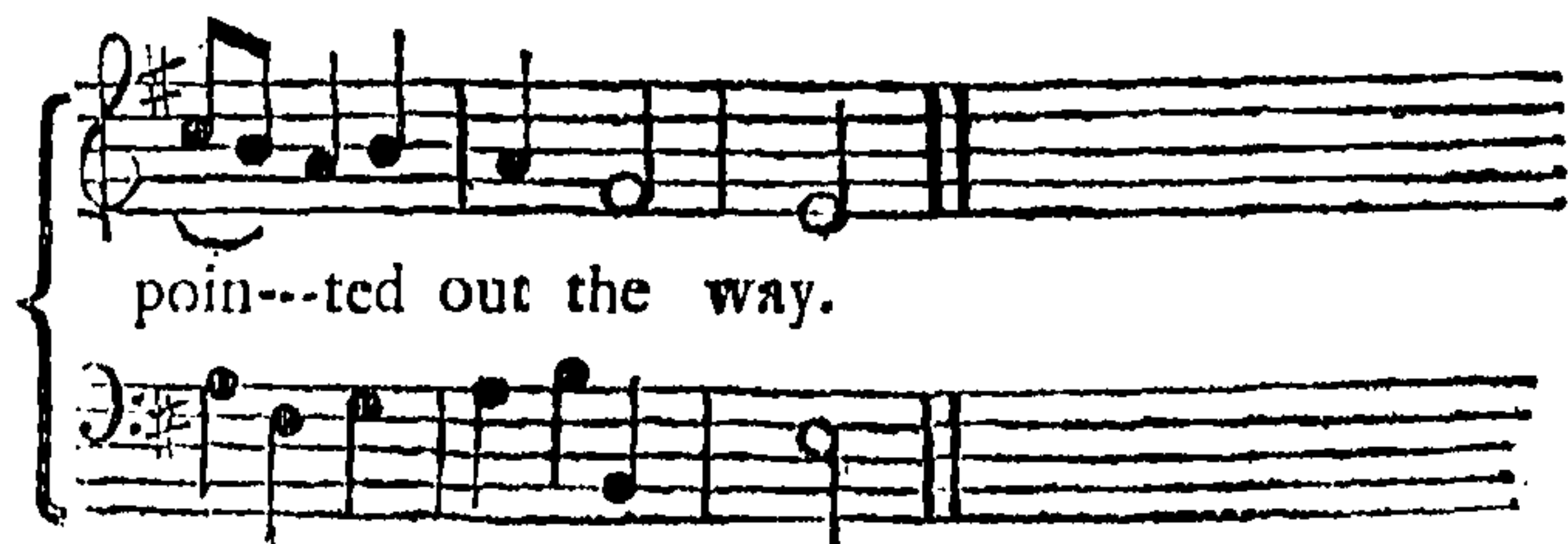
The Sun had just withdrawn his Fires, And



Phoebus shone with mild---er Ray, When



Thyrsis to the Groves retires, As Love had



poin---ted out the way.



His trembling Knees the Turf receiv'd,  
 His aching Head the Cowslips press;  
 His Breast, that Sighs alone had eas'd,  
 At last gave way to this Address:

O Queen, that guid'st the silent Hours?  
 If ere *Endymion* sooth'd thy Pain,  
 By all thy Joys in *Carian* Bow'rs,  
 Restore me *Rosalind* again.

To thee my mournful Plaint I send,  
 Protectress of the virtuous Mind,  
 Do thou thy chaste Assistance lend;  
*Venus* is lewd, and *Cupid* blind.

Behold these Cheeks, how pale! how wan?  
 That once were grac'd with rosie Pride;  
 Dim are my Eyes, their Lustre gone;  
 My Lips a purple Hue deride.

To wretched Me it nought avails,  
 That *Phœbus*' Self has strung my Lyre;  
 Since *Pluto*, worthless God, prevails,  
 And only sordid Wealth can fire.

The Nightingale that pines with Love,  
 With melting Notes does Grief suspend;  
 My Verse, nor sweetest Sounds can move:  
 My Torments she alone can end.

But hark! the Raven's direful Croke,  
Joyn'd with the Owl's ill-boding Screek;  
In frightful Consort Fate have spoke,  
Alas, my love-sick Heart will break.

Too cruel Nymph, haste, haste away,  
And see your Victim prostrate lye;  
I faint, I can no longer stay,  
O *Rosalind!* for thee I dye.

*For the* FLUTE.



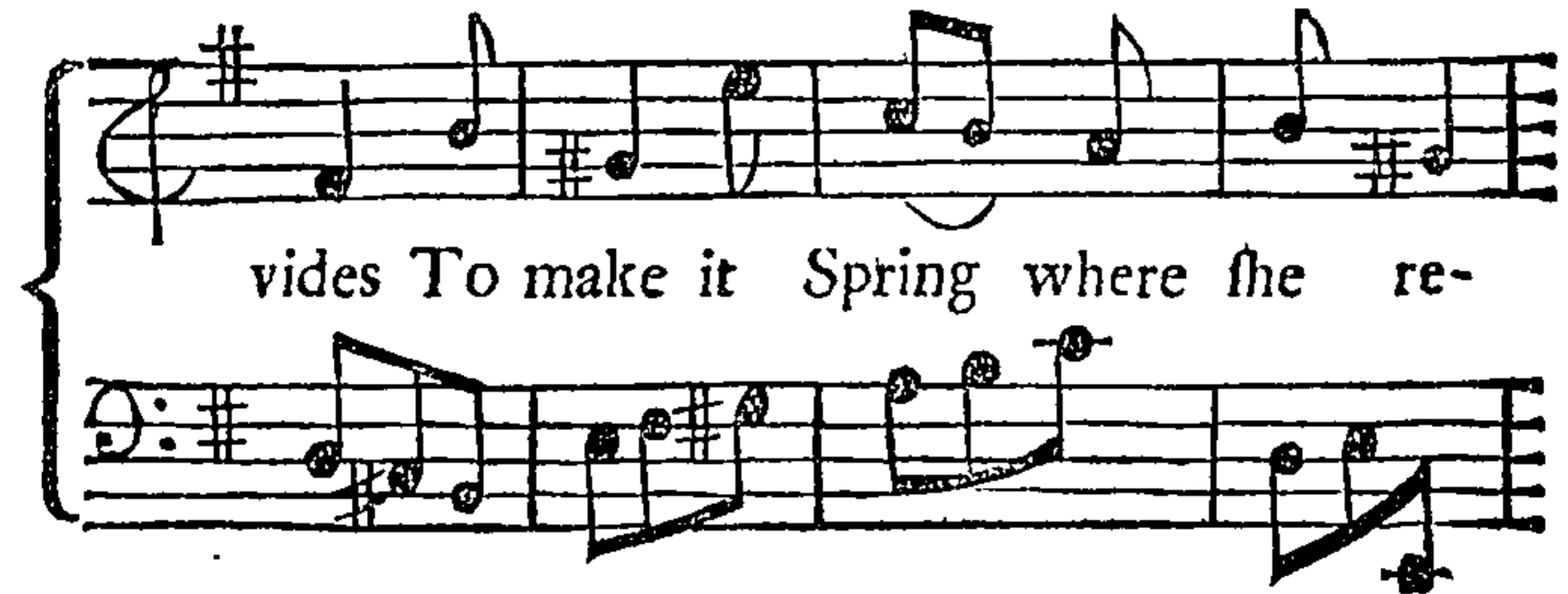
CHARMING CLORIS.

Ask not the Cause why ful-len Spring So

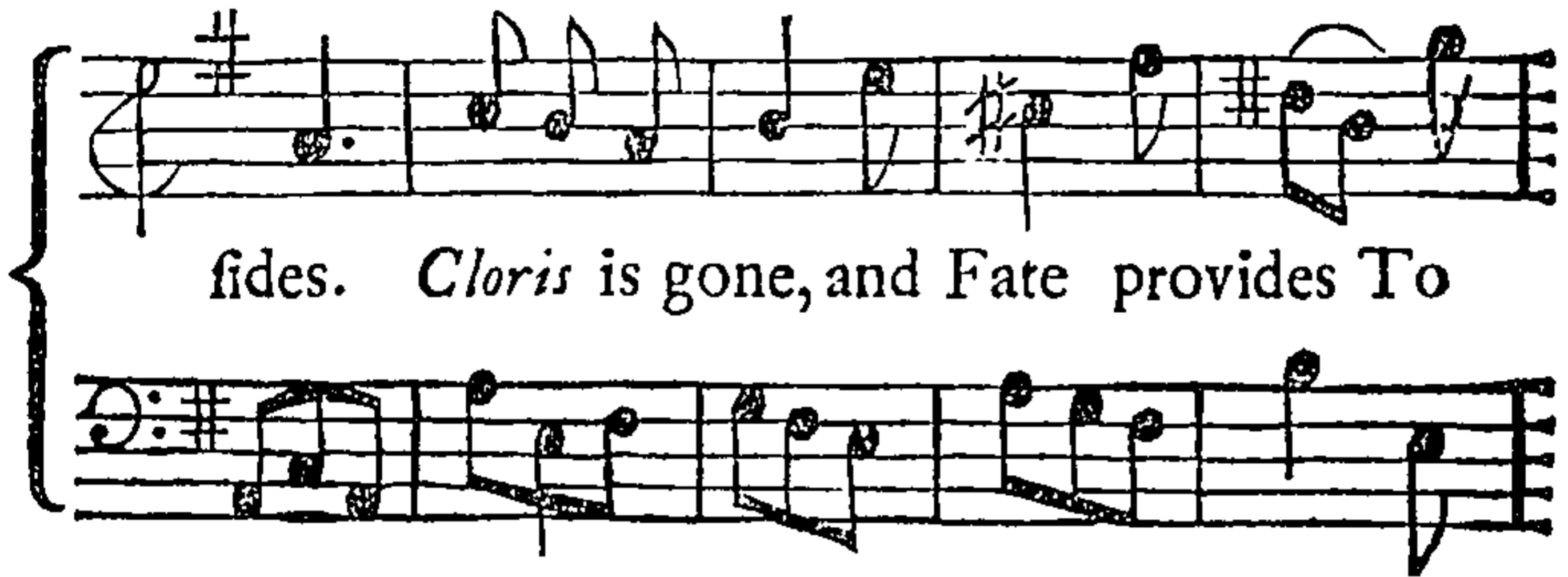
long delays her Flow'rs to bear, Why warbling

Birds forget to sing, And Winter Storms in-

vert the Year : *Cloris* is gone, and Fate pro-



vides To make it Spring where she re-



fides. *Cloris* is gone, and Fate provides To



make it Spring where she re--fides.

*Cloris* is gone; the cruel Fair;

She cast not back a pitying Eye:

But left her Lover in Despair,

To sigh, to languish, and to die.

Ah! how can those fair Eyes endure

To give the Wounds they will not cure?

Ah! how, &c.

Great

Great God of Love, why hast thou made  
 A Face that can all Hearts command;  
 That all Religions can invade,  
 And change the Laws of ev'ry Land?  
 Where thou had'st plac'd such Pow'r before,  
 Thou shou'dst have made her Mercy more.  
 Where thou, &c.

When *Cloris* to the Temple comes,  
 Adoring Crouds before her fall;  
 She can restore the Dead from Tombs;  
 And ev'ry Life, but mine, recall.  
 I only am by *Love* design'd  
 To be the Victim for Mankind.  
 I only, &c.

*For the* FLUTE.



*The End of the Third Volume.*