

An Occasional Ballad. by way of Preface.

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Vivacissimo Once

more my good friends I will give you a Song, And hope your kind Patience won't

think it too long, Sy- By the Mufick and words it will plainly be feen-o, it's com-

-posed in high taste with a new Spruzzarino. Sy-

By this jocular Song I don't mean to defame,
To convince you of which I conceal not my Name,
This perhaps may occasion some innocent Fun,
Which will add to my pleasure as sure as a Gun.

Of late has been Printed a Treatise of Mufic,
The purport of which wou'd both make me and you fick,
Brave Fellows fuch wits who wou'd bring a man down,
By forging his Name, and Suppressing their own.

A Figg for their Jokes on my trade and Preferment,
Were they in my Station they wou'd find there's no harm in't,
But their Cunning and Spleen is so well understood,
That intending me mischief they have done me some good.

I Sing now to those who encourage my lays,
Their friendly acceptance gives pleasure and praise,
And tho' in my late works their Names are not feen,
They can play what I write, and well know what I mean.

Wou'd Ignorant Bigots take pains to improve,
And treat well meaning Authors with candor and Love,
They'd be less like the Old one, who strives to bespatter,
But your fiends that can't swim will find fault with water.

Let fuch Criticks snarl on, Still my works are the same,
Their impotent Censure increases my Fame,
And if my good Fortune does give them Vexation,
They may tune off this Song, and use Gesticulation,

For the German flute

Vivacissimo So- Sy- So- Sy- So- S.