

# VOCAL MUSIC:

OR THE *A.889.6*  
Songster's Companion.

CONTAINING

A new and choice COLLECTION

OF THE

GREATEST VARIETY

OF

SONGS, CANTATAS, &c.

With the MUSIC prefixed to each.

Adapted to the VIOLIN and GERMAN-FLUTE.

Together with an ALPHABETICAL INDEX of the  
Whole.

---

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# CONTENTS.

A.			
A busy humble bee am I	P. 80	Go, tuneful bird	120
Adieu, vain joys	61	Guardian angels	2
And did you not hear	152	H.	
Ab! cruel creature	164	Had Neptune	272
A plague of these wenches	76	Hail to the myrtle-shade	148
Ariadne one morning	182	Hapless lovers	137
As Amoret with Phillis sat	236	Hark! bark	66
As Co. in rose	130	How oft with rapture	126
As down on Banna's banks	56	I.	
As now my bloom	144	I am a weary pilgrim	132
A tender passion	200	I am the jolly prince	70
A term full as long	112	I'd rather live here	12
Attend, thou pow'r	260	If love's a sweet passion	160
A widow, bewitch'd	167	I, like a bee	73
B.		L.	
Beauty and wit	94	Let me sink to the regions	46
Believe my sighs	96	Let my fair-one only be	238
Bright auburn locks	104	Let the schools	172
C.		Let the tempest of war	25
Cast, my love	264	Love's a dream	252
Cease, gay seducers	20	Love's a sweet	109
Cease, rude Boreas	247	Love, thou trifter	208
Child of the summer	108	M.	
Circle the bowl	204	My dearest life	184
Come, listen, all	177	My fair-one's like	64
Contented I am	186	My Jockey is gang'd	4
F.		My lodging	18
Farewel, ye fields	8	My sweet pretty Mog	202
Floods of sorrow will I shed	60	My temples with clusters	156
G.		N.	
Gallant sailor	102	Near a thick grove	37
Gentle airs	128	Nigh to a place	217
Gloomy care	234	Now Aurora is up	158
A 2		Now	

# C O N T E N T S.

<i>Now the trade is so dull</i>	178	<i>'Twas at the cool</i>	242
O.		<i>'Twas underneath</i>	10
<i>Of all the delights</i>	30	V.	
<i>Of all the girls</i>	32	<i>Vain is beauty's gaudy</i>	13
<i>O greedy Midas</i>	223	W.	
<i>O! bad I been by fate</i>	146	<i>Wailing vapours</i>	262
<i>Oh! what charms</i>	224	<i>What sport can compare</i>	114
<i>O lack! O lay</i>	205	<i>When Bibbo thought fit</i>	193
<i>On a primrose bank</i>	274	<i>When Celia displays</i>	170
<i>One morning very early</i>	214	<i>When first I saw thee</i>	48
P.		<i>When from my Sylvia</i>	192
<i>Poor Celia fell sick</i>	240	<i>When late I wander'd</i>	58
<i>Prythee, muse, indite</i>	180	<i>When Phœbus the tops</i>	50
R.		<i>When summer comes</i>	82
<i>Rise, ye fav'rites</i>	250	<i>When the flowing bowl</i>	166
S.		<i>When the sweet rosy</i>	68
<i>Sharp winter melts</i>	36	<i>When trees did bud</i>	257
<i>Since Peggy's charms</i>	210	<i>Where is pity's melting eye</i>	216
<i>Since that the fairer sex</i>	6	<i>While Phillis refuses</i>	22
<i>Sir, you are a comical</i>	280	<i>While some sigh</i>	116
<i>Soft god of sleep</i>	72	<i>While the yet-standing corn</i>	212
<i>Some women take delight</i>	190	<i>While thus, transported</i>	86
<i>Spring is Nature's charms</i>	91	<i>Whilst I'm carousing</i>	226
<i>Swain, thy hopelejs</i>	28	<i>Why fly thus, ye moments</i>	106
T.		<i>With horns &amp; with bounds</i>	140
<i>The gods and the goddesses</i>	121	<i>With ny Daphne</i>	78
<i>The mind of a woman</i>	154	<i>Without any envy</i>	84
<i>The ploughman is a bonny</i>	150	Y.	
<i>There was once it was said</i>	98	<i>Ye fair, if ye wish</i>	89
<i>The shadows of the night</i>	134	<i>Ye fates, who o'er</i>	230
<i>Though the season</i>	34	<i>Ye frolicsome sparks</i>	269
<i>Thursday in the morn</i>	266	<i>Yes, these were the scenes</i>	24
<i>To chase o'er the plains</i>	174	<i>Ye woods and ye riv'lets</i>	118
<i>To thee, O gentle sleep</i>	17	<i>Young Colin, having</i>	254
<i>To the woods and the fields</i>	176	<i>Young Damon in the</i>	188

V O C A L



**V O C A L M U S I C :**

**O R T H E**

**Songster's Companion.**

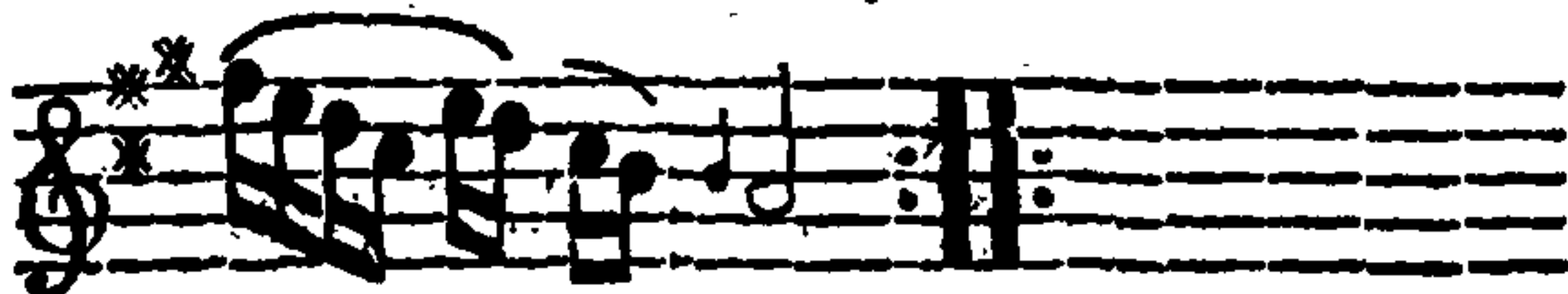


*Guardian angels, now protect me! &c.*

In the GOLDEN PIPPIN.

ANDANTE.





**G**UARDIAN angels, now protect me!  
 Send, ah! send the youth I love!  
 Deign, O Cupid, to direct me;  
 Lead me through the myrtle grove.  
 Bear my sighs, soft floating air,  
 Say I love him to despair!  
 Tell him 'tis for him I grieve,  
 For him alone I wish to live!

'Mid secluded dells I'll wander,  
 Silent as the shades of night;  
 Near some bubbling rills meander,  
 Where he erst has blest my sight.  
 There to weep the night away!  
 There to waste in sighs the day!  
 Think, fond youth, what vows you swore;  
 And must I never see thee more!

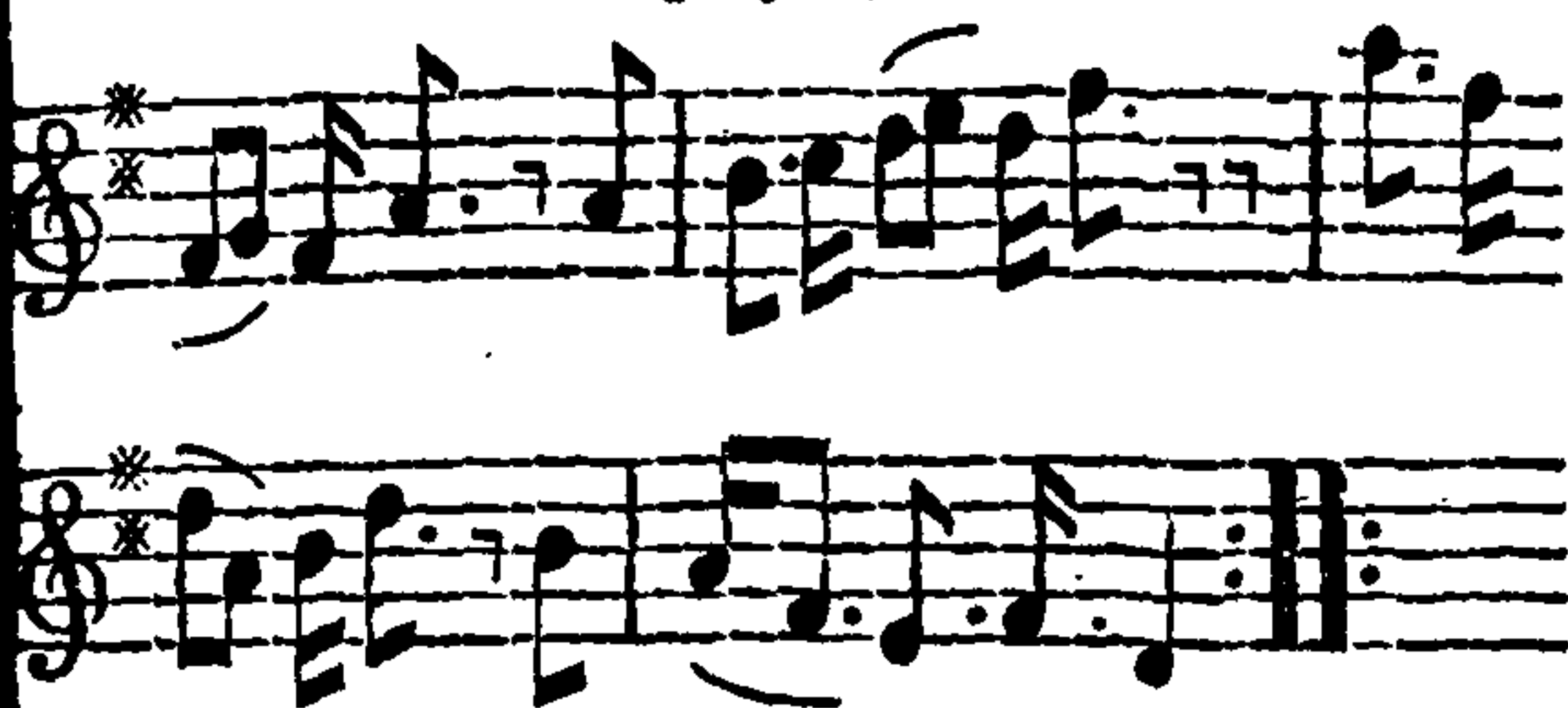
Then recluse shall be my dwelling,  
 Deep in some sequester'd vale;  
 There, with mournful cadence swelling,  
 Oft repeat my love-sick tale!  
 And the lark and Philomel  
 Oft shall hear a virgin tell  
 What the pain to bid adieu  
 To joy, to happiness, and you!

*My Jockey is gang'd far away o'er the plain, &c.*

**AFFETTUOSO.**







**M**Y Jockey is gang'd far away o'er the plain,  
 While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to remain !  
 Though blue-bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn,  
 Though trees are in blossom and sweet blows the thorn,  
 No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,  
 There's nothing can please me now Jockey's away ;  
 Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,  
 Haste, haste, my dear Jockey, haste, haste, my dear Jockey,  
 Haste, my dear Jockey, to me back again !

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,  
 They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat ;  
 Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,  
 I can't without envy their merriment see :  
 Those pastimes offend me, my shepherd's not there ;  
 No pleasure I relish that Jockey can't share :  
 It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,  
 I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again !

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,  
 He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here ;  
 On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast ;  
 For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste :  
 Then farewell, each care ; and adieu, each vain sigh ;  
 Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I !  
 I'll sing o'er the meadows and alter my strain,  
 When Jockey returns to my arms back again !



*Since that the fairer sex are taught, &c.*

CON SPIRITO.



SINCE that the fairer sex are taught  
 The way to keep their man,  
 How to be just in ev'ry thought,  
 And know all that they can :  
 The maxim I commend to you ;  
 Ye British youth, the task pursue,  
 Ye British youth, the task pursue,  
 And learn the way to keep her.

Soon as the down begins to spread  
 Upon the youthful chin,

And

And every boyish joy is fled,  
 The lover does begin ;  
 Nature's soft motion is inclin'd ;  
 He feels th'impulse, and hopes to find  
 The surest way to keep her.

The rake, who's greatest merit is  
 To cheat the fair with lies,  
 (Who thinks none will deny the bliss,)  
 The girls of sense despise.  
 For once, ye libertines, then try  
 The force of manly modesty,  
 And that's the way to keep her.

In gaming ne'er consume away  
 The chief support of life,  
 Then, to restore you and be gay,  
 For money take a wife.  
 With honesty, that guide to peace,  
 Conjugal blessing will increase,  
 And that's the way to keep her.

Nor is't the money'd man alone  
 Buys peace with all his store ;  
 When once the golden charms are flown  
 Perhaps he charms no more.  
 Riches in vain affection bind ;  
 For oh ! (once try'd) too late you'll find  
 'Tis not the way to keep her.

But, when the Gordian knot is ty'd,  
 And Hymen crowns the end,  
 Search not for joys that are deny'd  
 Nor by your vows ordain'd :  
 Be all your actions just and kind,  
 You make her ever to your mind,  
 And that's the way to keep her.

*Farewel,*

*Farewel, ye fields ! ye flow'rs, farewel ! &c.*



FAREWEL,

**F**AREWEL, ye fields ! ye flow'rs farewell !  
 Ye tufted groves, adieu !  
 Ye tufted groves, adieu !  
 Where once my love-sick mind did stray  
 When they were blest'd by you !  
 When they were blest'd by you !

These fields, alas ! can charm no more ;  
 These flow'rs have lost their sweets ;  
 And I thy absence must deplore,  
 Who now can't bless these seats.

That well-known seat, with ivy twin'd  
 And sweetest eglantine,  
 Express for love was first design'd ;  
 And yours I thought was mine.

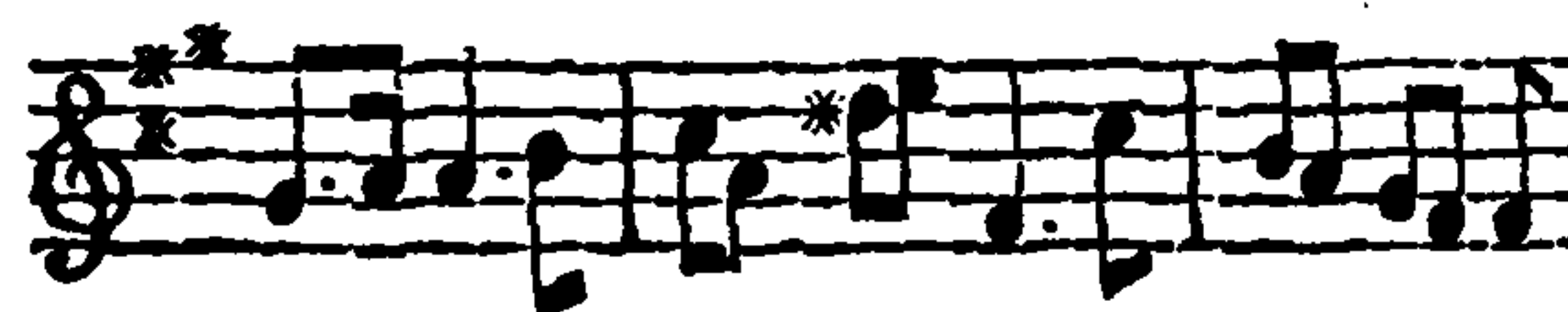
That bower did once my heav'n contain,  
 My earthly paradise !  
 Now, now, alas ! I'm left to pain,  
 And all my pleasure flies !

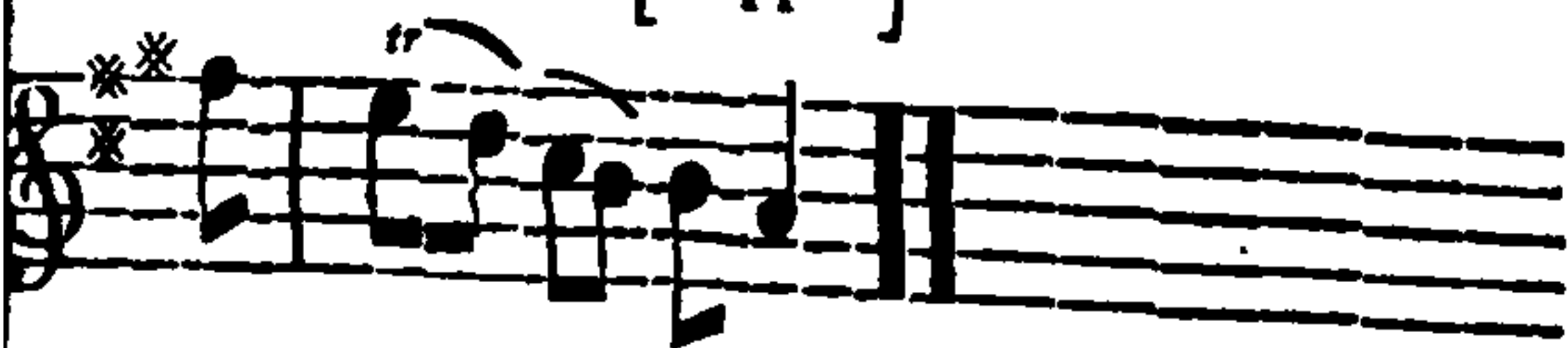
How oft we play'd, on yonder mead,  
 In pleasure's jocund train :  
 The scene is chang'd ; and, in its stead,  
 Corroding griefs remain !

*'Twas*

*'Twas underneath a may-blown bush, &c.*

MODERATO.





**T** WAS underneath a may-blown bush,  
 Where violets bloom and sweet primroses,  
 With voice, melodious as a thrush,  
 Young Johnny sang, collecting posies.  
 These to the breast must be convey'd  
 Of her who sways my warmest fancy, —  
 The tender, blushing, blooming, maid,  
 My smiling, mild, good-natur'd, Nancy!

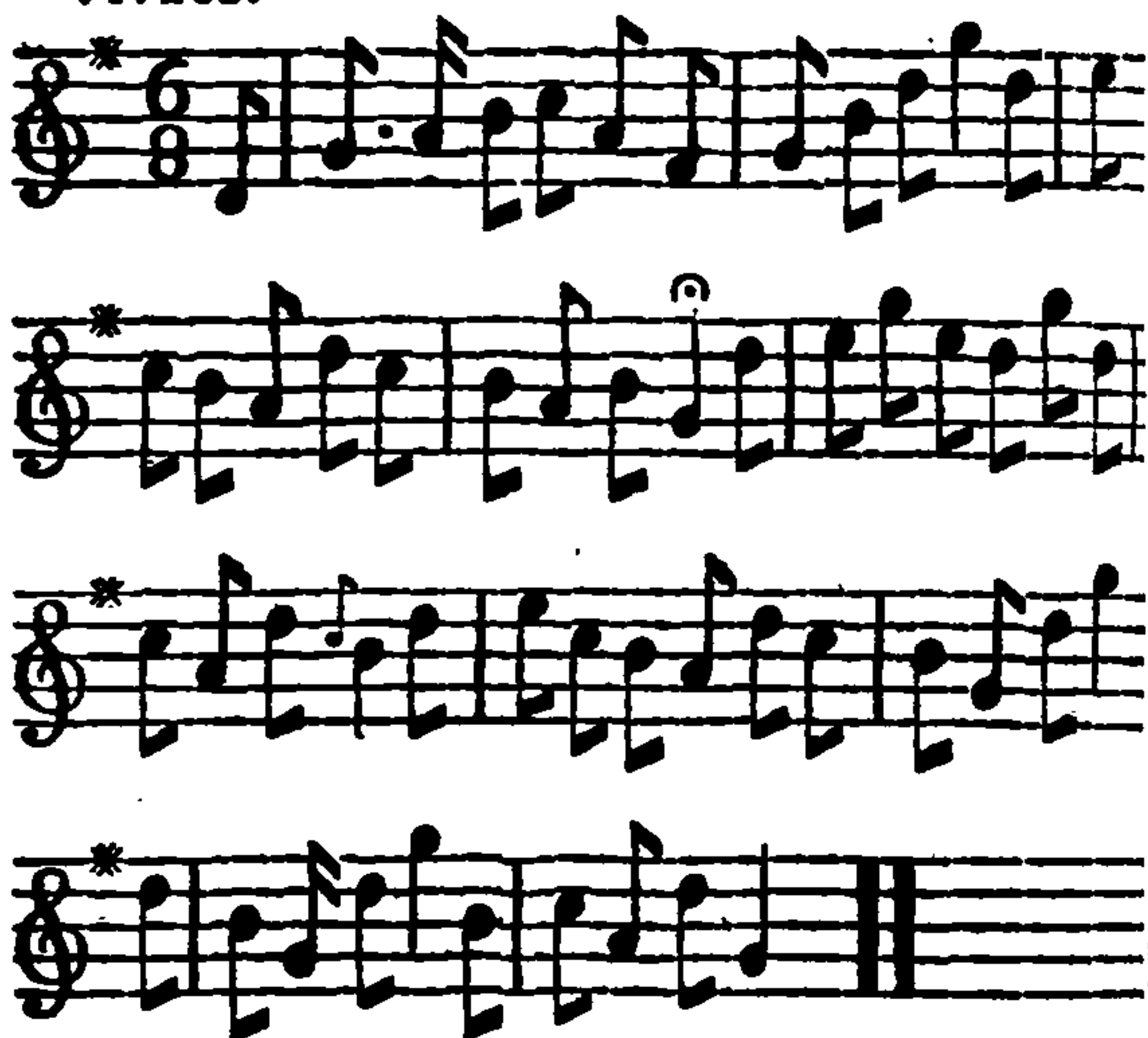
I know that some her youth will jeer,  
 And call me witless oaf and Zany;  
 But I from constant heart declare,  
 I ne'er will wed except my Nanny:  
 I envy them nor pomp nor dress,  
 Nor conquest gain'd o'er hearts of many,  
 The study of my life's to bless  
 And please my dear, my grateful, Nanny.

How much unlike my fair to those  
 Whose wanton charms are free to any!  
 I'd give the world could I disclose  
 A fiftieth part the worth of Nanny!  
 Let bucks and bloods, in burnt champain,  
 Toast Lucy, Charlotte, Poll, and Fanny;  
 At notions, so absurd and vain,  
 I smile, and clasp my blameless Nanny!



*I'd rather live here, and be reckon'd a clown, &c.*

**VIVACE.**



**I**'d rather live here, and be reckon'd a clown,  
 Than make a grand show in that fine London town,  
 That place of reception for Beelzebub's imps,  
 For gamesters, for strumpets, pickpockets, and pimps;  
 Pickpockets and pimps, pickpockets and pimps.

Like fishes of prey they each other devour ;  
 The weak are destroy'd by the wretches in power ;  
 The town is a river, a pike ev'ry man,  
 Who swims up and down to get prey where he can.

No friendship in cities or courts can reside ;  
 Their friendship's all words, their affection outside ;  
 Their conscience and honour they barter for gain,  
 And nothing they stick at their pride to obtain.

But we, who live harmless and free from reproach,  
On each others property never encroach :  
To more than sufficient we never aspire ;  
As monarchs we're rich, we have all we desire !

*Vain is beauty's gaudy flow'r, &c. IN JUDITH.*

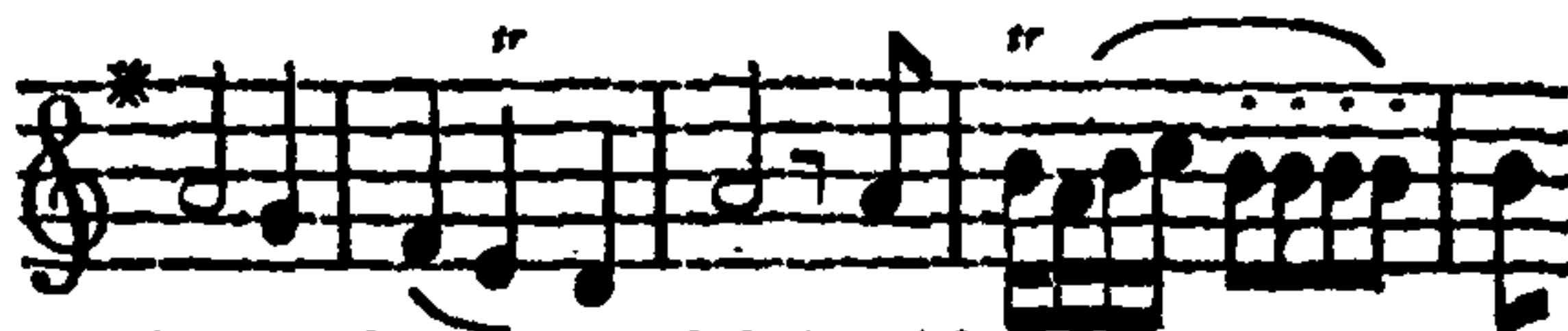
MODERATO.



Vain is beauty's gau--dy flow'r, Pa-



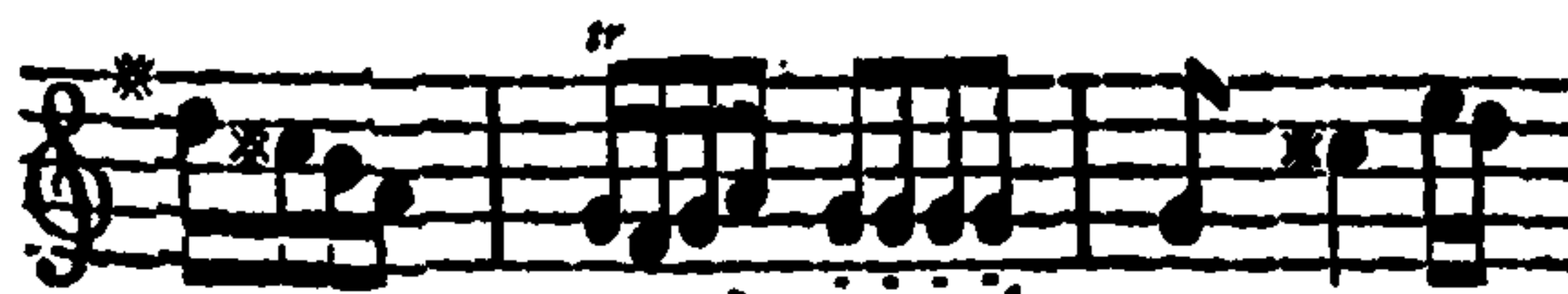
geant of an i---dle hour ; Born



just to bloom and fade ! And fa- - - - -



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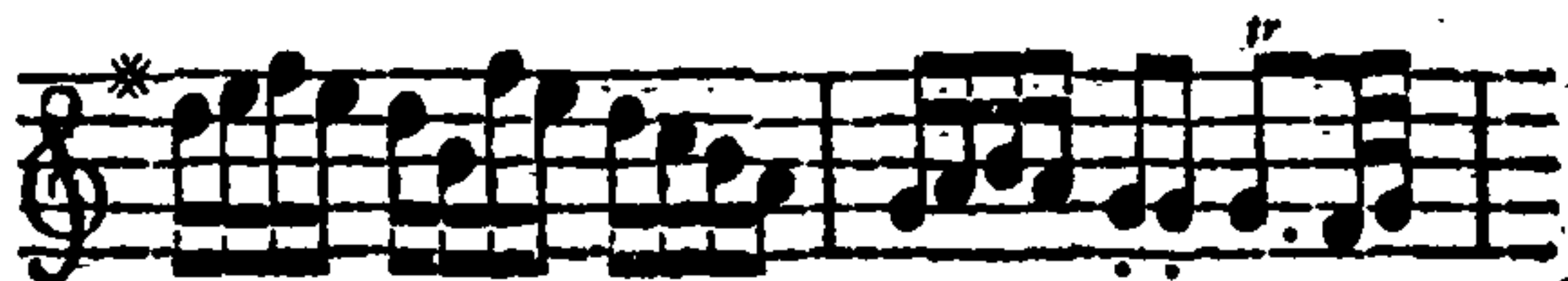
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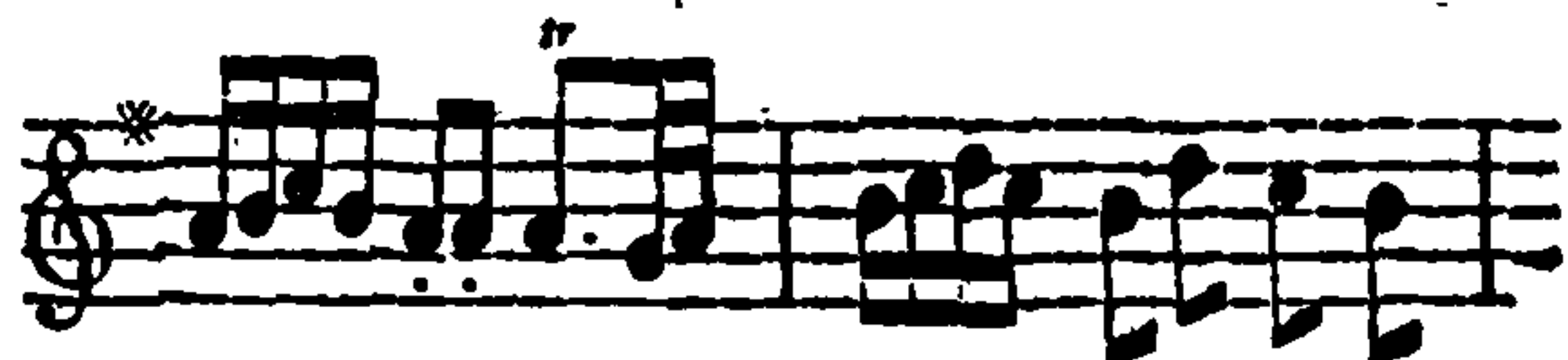




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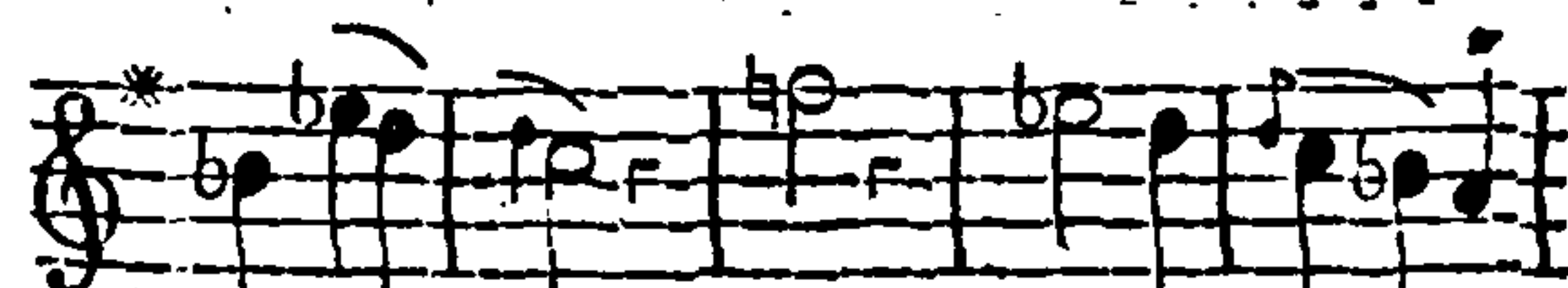
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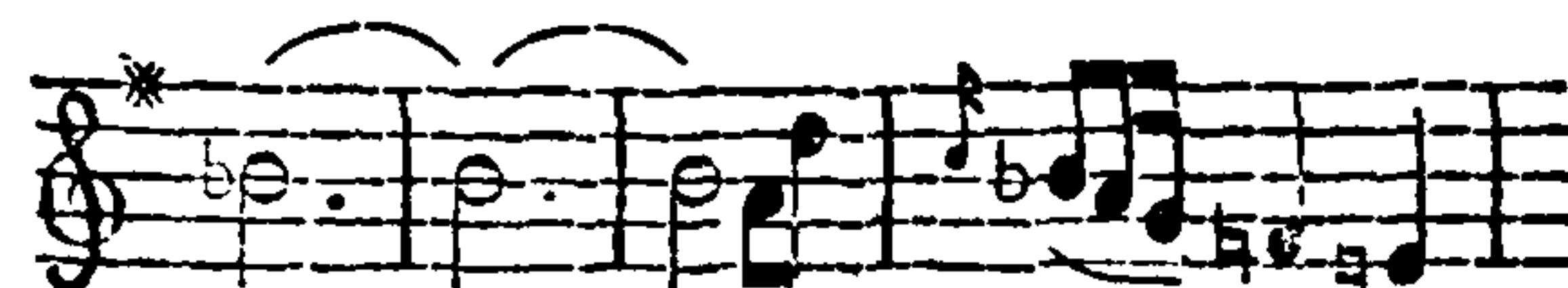
shade! . . . Vain is beauty's gau-



dy flow'r; Pa-geant of an



i--dle hour: Born, born to bloom and



fade! . . . . . to bloom and  
C 2 fade!



fade! Nor less less vain than it Is the



pride of human wit! The pride of human wit!



The shadow of a shade! - - - The sha-



dow of a shade! - - - r - - - -



- - - - - The shadow of a shade!

To thee, O gentle sleep! alone, &c. IN TAMERLANE.

ANDANTE.



**T**O thee, O gentle sleep! alone  
Is owing all our peace!  
By thee our joys are heighten'd shewn,  
By thee our sorrows cease!

The nymph, whose hand, by fraud or force,  
Some tyrant has possess'd,  
By thee obtaining a divorce,  
In her own choice is blest.

Oh! stay; Arpasia bids thee stay!  
The sadly-weeping fair  
Conjures thee not to lose in day  
The object of her care.

To grasp whose pleasing form she sought:  
That motion chas'd her sleep:—  
Thus by ourselves are oft'nest wrought  
The griefs for which we weep.



*My lodging is on the cold ground, &c.*

A favourite mad song.

ANDANTE LARGO.



MY

**M**Y lodging is on the cold ground,  
 And very hard is my fare ;  
 But that which grieves me more, love,  
 Is the coldness of my dear !  
 Yet still he cry'd, Turn, love,  
 I pray thee, love, turn to me ;  
 For thou art the only girl, love,  
 That is adored by me !

With a garland of straw I will crown thee, love,  
 I'll marry thee with a rush ring ;  
 Thy frozen heart shall melt, love,  
 So merrily I shall sing.  
 Yet still he cry'd, Turn, love,  
 I pray thee, love, turn to me ;  
 For thou art the only girl, love,  
 That is adored by me !

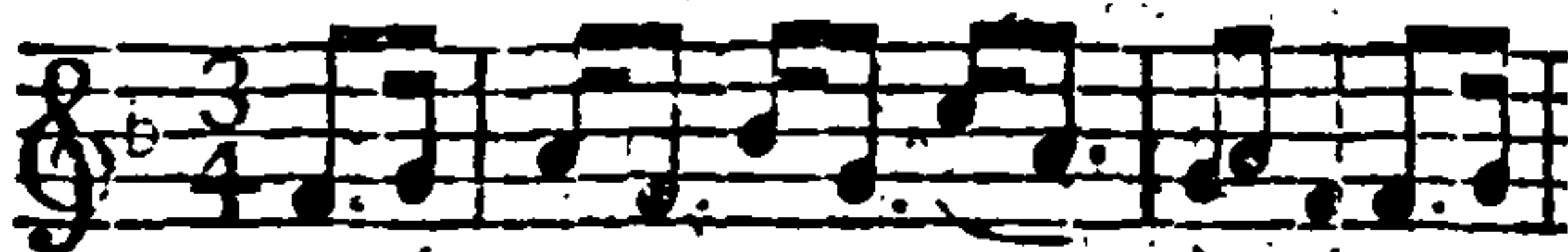
But if you will harden your heart, love,  
 And be deaf to my pitiful moan,  
 Oh ! I must endure the smart, love,  
 And tumble in straw all alone !  
 Yet still he cry'd, Turn, love,  
 I pray thee, love, turn to me ;  
 For thou art the only girl, love,  
 That is adored by me !

*Cease,*

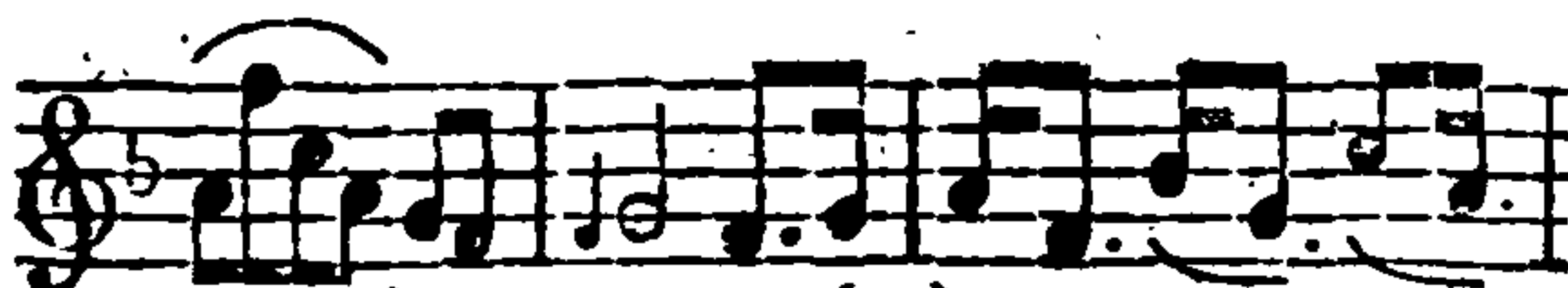
*Cease, gay seducers, pride to take, &c.*

As sung by MISS CATLEY in LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

ALLEGRETTO.



Cease, cease, gay se--du--cers, cease



pride to take In tri----umph, in



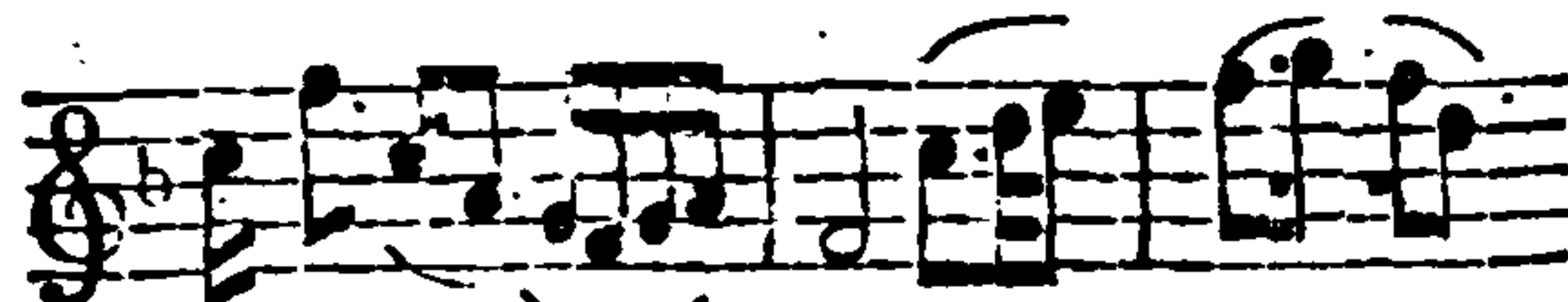
triumph, in triumph, o'er the fair, Since



clow---ns as well, as well, can act the



rake As those in higher sphere, As



those in high---er sphere. Where th----en,

to shun a shame----ful fate,

Shall hap-----less beau--ty, shall hap-

less beau-----ty, go? In ev'-----

- -ry rank, in ev'-----ry state,

Poor wo---man, poor wo-man, poor

woman finds a foe!

*While*

*While Phillis refuses my love to requite, &c.*

**VIVACE.**



WHILE

**W**HILE Phillis refuses my love to requite,  
 And will not hear half the soft things I've to say,  
 The brisk god of wine shall afford me delight,  
 Make me smile at her frowns, and be easy and gay.  
 Easy and gay, easy and gay,  
 Make me smile at her frowns, and be easy and gay.

Let Corydon pipe on his reed to the fair,  
 Let Damon and Strephon their talents display,  
 Let ev'ry young shepherd admire her air,  
 While I'm slighted I'll learn to be easy and gay.

I know all the swains in the village adore  
 This virgin, as bright as the sun at noon-day;  
 She has chastity, beauty, and wit, in great store,  
 And I find the task hard to be easy and gay.

Whenever I meet the fair nymph on the green  
 My countenance soon does my passion betray;  
 I admire her shape, her sweet grace, and her mein,  
 And hardly know how to be easy and gay.

Once more I'll attack her as warm as I can,  
 And promise her marriage without more delay;  
 Cupid would kindly assist in the plan,  
 All the rest of my life would be easy and gay.

Yes,



*Yes, these were the scenes where with Iris I stray'd, &c.*



Yes, these were the scenes where with I--ris



I stray'd; But short was her sway for so lovely



a maid! In the bloom of her youth to a clois-



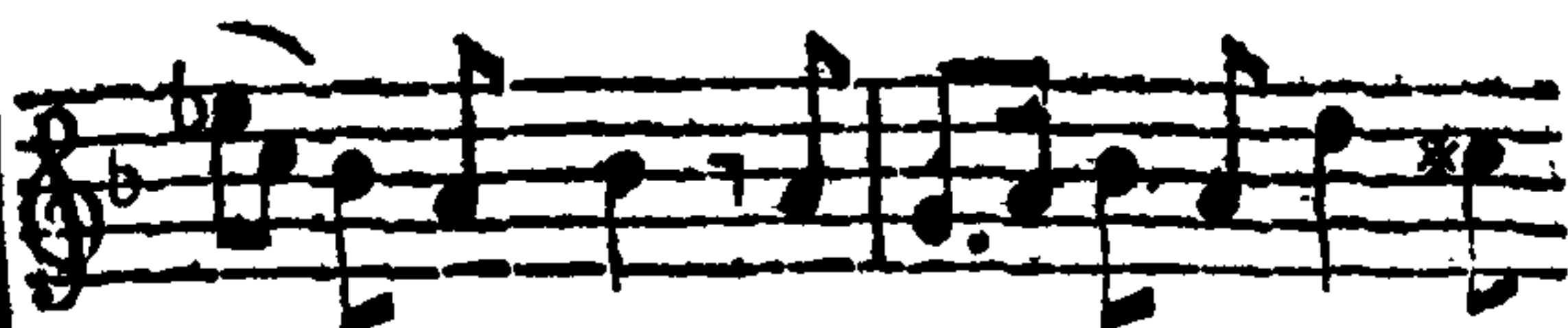
ter she ran; In the bloom of her gra-c-es too



fair for a nun! In the bloom of her graces too



fair for a nun! Ill-grounded, no doubt, a d  
voti



votion must prove, So fa---tal to beauty,



so killing to love! So fa---tal to beauty,



so killing to love!

*Let the tempest of war be heard from afar, &c.*

CON SPIRITO.



Let the tempest of war be heard from



afar, While the trumpet's shrill clangor a-



larms! Let the valleys around with echo  
D rebound,



resound, And a terrible clashing of arms!



Let rivers of blood run down in a flood,



While mortals are gasping for breath; Let the



brave, if they will, by honour and skill, Seek

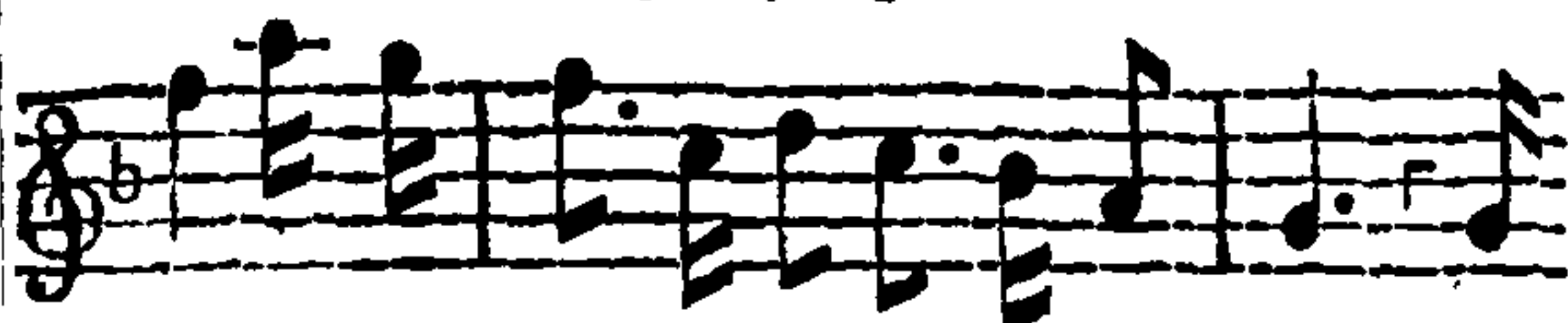


glory and conquest in death!

SICILIANA LARGHETTO.



To live sole and retire is all my de-  
fire,



fire, With my flocks and my Chloe possess'd ; For,



with them, we obtain true peace without pain, And

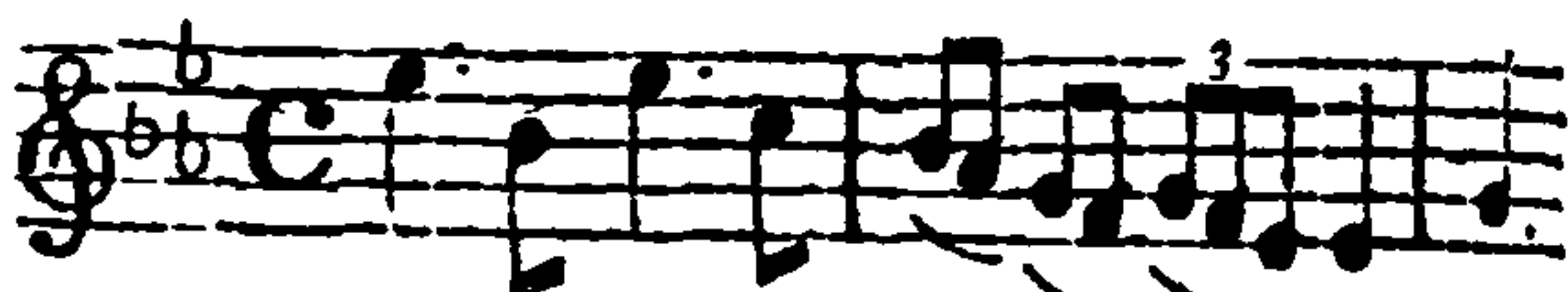


a lasting enjoyment of rest ! DA CAPO.

In a cottage, or cell, where shepherds do dwell  
 In innocence freedom, and ease,  
 We lead peaceable lives, and are blest'd with good wives,  
 That study their husbands to please.  
 What blessings below can heav'n bestow  
 Excelling such quiet as this !  
 No afflictions come here, no griefs interfere,  
 To lessen our measure of bliss !

*Swain, thy hopeless passion smother, &c.*

**ANDANTE.**



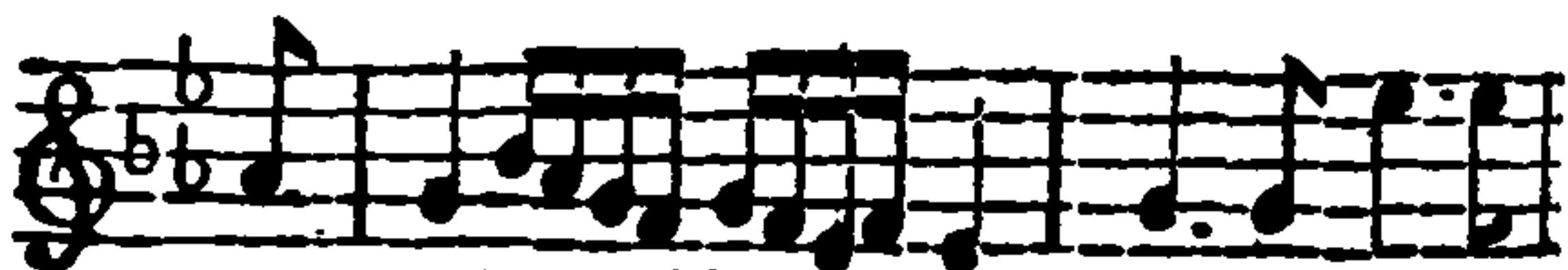
Swain, thy hopeless passion smother, Per-



jur'd Cælia loves another; In his arms



I saw her lying, Pant---ing, kiff- . . .



ing, trembling, dy--ing ! There the fair de-



**ceiver swore, As she had done to you before!**



Oh ! said you, when she de-ceives me, When that  
constant



constant creature leaves me, Isis' waters back



shall fly, And leave their oozy channels dry!



Turn, ye waters, leave your shore, For per- - -

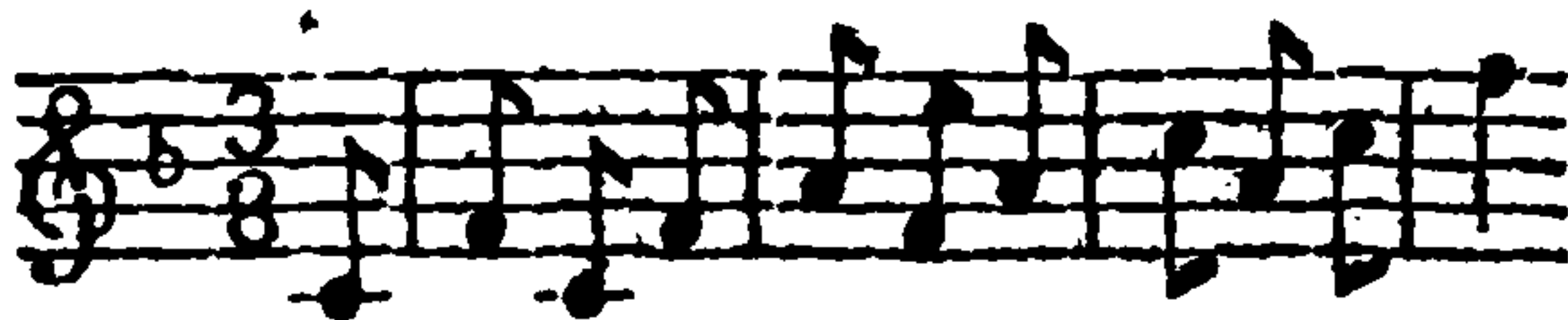


jur'd Cæ-----lia loves no more!



*Of all the delights which we mortals still share, &c.*

LIVELY.



OF

**O**F all the delights which we mortals still share,  
 How few that can with a choice spirit's compare?  
 For wisely our moments we strive to prolong  
 With smiling good-humour, mirth, friendship, and song.  
 To Bacchus and Momus advance, then, the lay,  
 To Bacchus and Momus advance, then, the lay,  
 And let us be merry and friendly, huzza, huzza, huzza!

When the bus'ness of day is concluded again,  
 And Sol to his mistress sunk down in the main;  
 While Cynthia returns her assistance at night,  
 Again we prepare for wine, song, and delight!  
 To Bacchus and Momus advance, then, the lay,  
 And let us be merry and friendly, huzza!

Some grave ones there are that may censure our plan;  
 Let them first come and taste, then dislike if they can:  
 Simplicity only our joys can despise,  
 Since we take, for our motto, 'Be merry and wise.'  
 To Bacchus and Momus advance, then, the lay,  
 And let us be merry and friendly, huzza!

*Of all the girls I ever saw, &c.*



**O**F all the girls I ever saw,  
 Perhaps or ever may,  
 Perhaps or ever may,  
 The brightest of them dull appear,  
 Compar'd with Nancy Gay!  
 The brightest of them dull appear,  
 Compar'd with Nancy Gay!  
 Compar'd with Nancy Gay!

Your connoisseurs in beauty own,  
 For one and all will say,  
 The most complete of all the sex  
 Can't equal Nancy Gay!

The gay young bucks are all on-fire,  
 And ready for a fray,  
 In striving who shall captivate  
 The charming Nancy Gay!

The beaux-esprits of former times,  
 Though now grown old and grey,  
 Yet sigh, and cry out, while they gaze,  
 The deuce take Nancy Gay!

Some ladies much chagrin'd appear,  
 And jealous too, some say;  
 And others whisper softly round,  
 Oh! hang this Nancy Gay!

Let ladies envy the dear fair,  
 My love shall never stray;  
 Where'er I am, where'er I go,  
 I'll praise my Nancy Gay!

*Though*

*Though the season must alter, ah! yet let me find, &c.*

ANDANTE.



THOUGH

**T**HOUGH the season must alter, ah! yet let me find  
 That which all must confess to be rare;  
 A female, still chearful, and faithful, and kind,  
 The blessings of autumn to share!  
 The blessings of autumn to share!  
 Let one side of our cottage a flourishing vine  
 O'erspread with its branches and shade,  
 Whose clusters appear more transparent and fine  
 As its leaves are beginning to fade,  
 As its leaves are beginning to fade.

When the fruit makes the branches bend down with its load  
 In our orchards surrounded with pales,  
 In a bed of clean straw let our apples be strew'd,  
 For a tart that in winter regales.  
 When the vapours, that rise from the earth in the morn,  
 Seem to hang on its surface like smoke,  
 Till dispers'd like the sun that glides over the corn,  
 Within doors let us prattle and joke.

But, when we see clear all the hues of the leaves,  
 And at work in the fields are all hands,  
 Some in reaping the wheat, others binding the sheaves,  
 Let us carelessly stroll o'er the lands.  
 How pleasing the sight of the toiling they make  
 To collect what kind nature has sent!  
 Heav'n grant we may not of their labour partake,  
 But, oh! give us their happy content!

To our dwelling, though homely, well pleas'd to repair,  
 Let our mutual endearments revive;  
 And let no single action, or look, but declare  
 How contented and happy we live!  
 At the time of sweet rest, and of quiet like this,  
 Ere our eyes are clos'd up in their lids,  
 Let us welcome the season, and taste of that bliss,  
 Which the sun-shine or day-light forbids.



*Sharp winter melts and spreads her wing, &c.*

ANDANTE.



**S**HARP winter melts and spreads her wing,  
 A pleasing change! a smiling spring!  
 The trees their vary'd blossoms wear,  
 And op'ning flow'rs perfume the air!  
 Sweet Philomela tunes her strain,  
 And, warbling, charms the list'ning plain,  
 And, warbling, charms the list'ning plain.



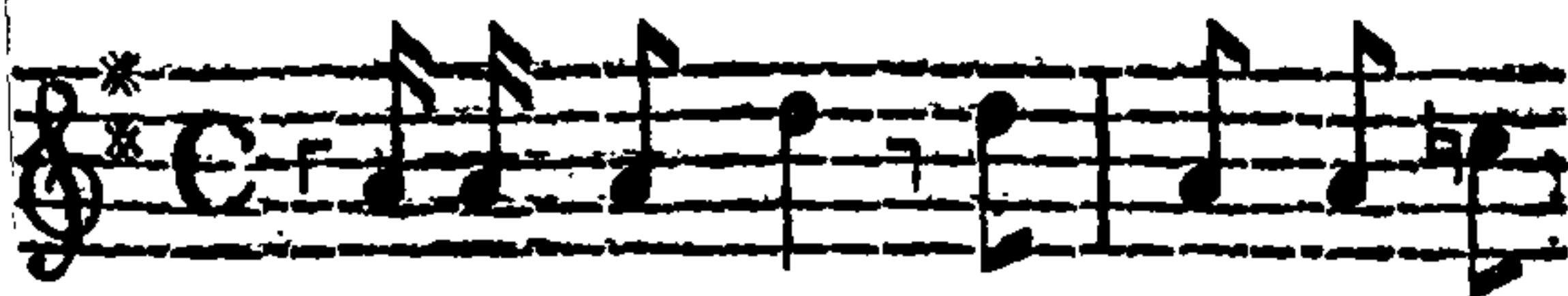
The sun increases ev'ry round,  
The snow is vanish'd from the ground,  
With songs the vocal forests ring,  
All to adorn the chearful spring:  
The meadows all around are seen  
Cover'd all o'er with lovely green!

The dusky clouds so swiftly fly,  
And leave behind the azure sky;  
The mountains smile, the hills are gay,  
The vallies boast the pride of May;  
The streams, that overflow'd their mounds,  
Now gently glide within their bounds.

CYMON and IPHIGENIA. A CANTATA.

*Near a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring shade, &c.*

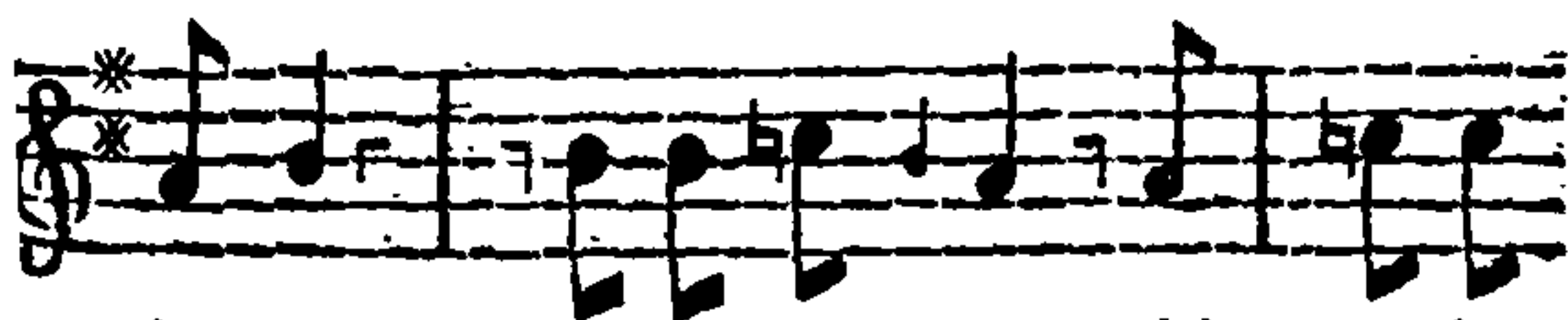
RECITATIVE.



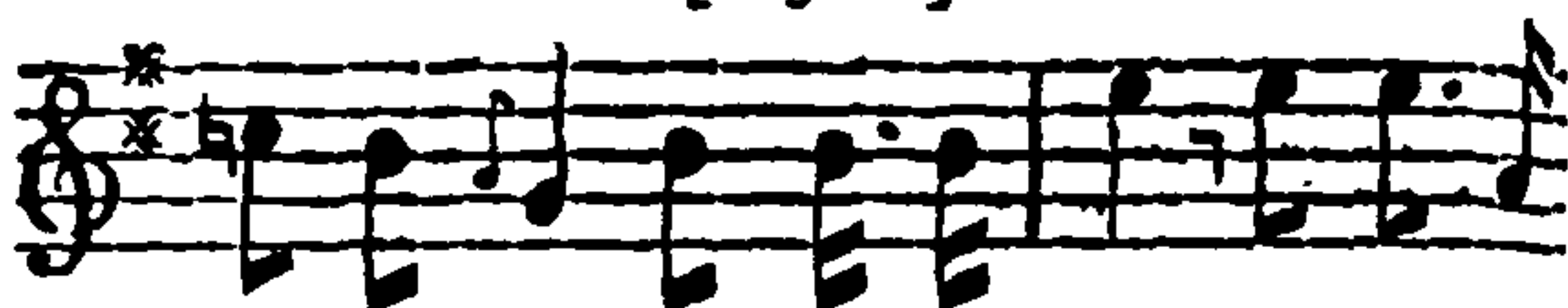
Near a thick grove, whose deep embow'r-



ing shade Seem'd most for love and contempla-



tion made, A chrystal stream with gentle  
B murmur



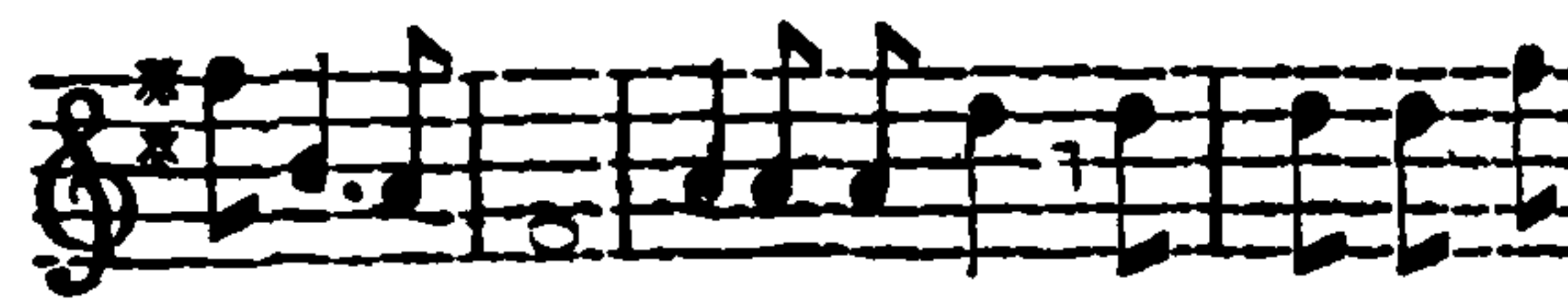
murmur flows, Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for



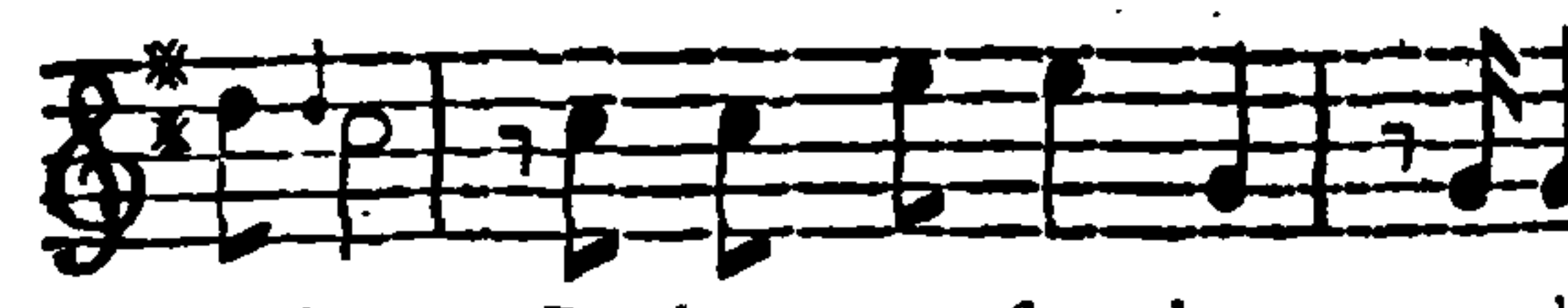
soft repose: Thither, retir'd from Phoebus'



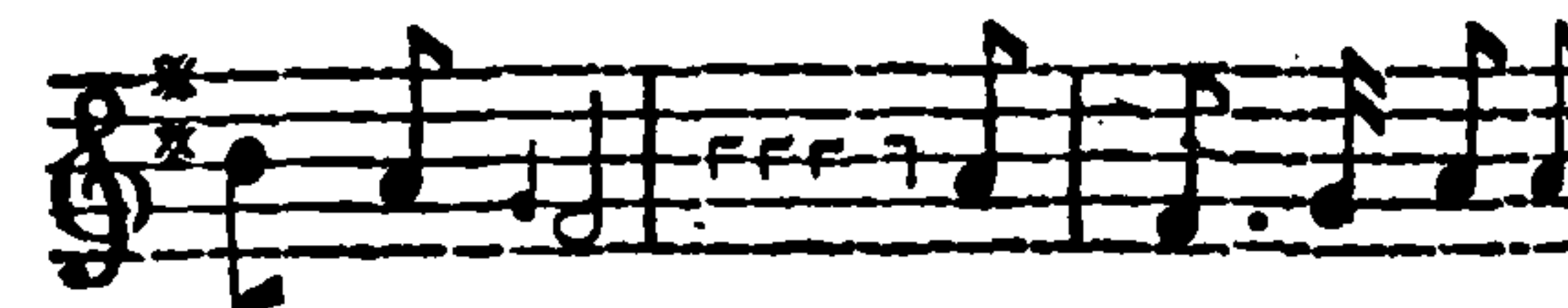
fultry ray, And lull'd in sleep, fair I-



phigenia lay. Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt



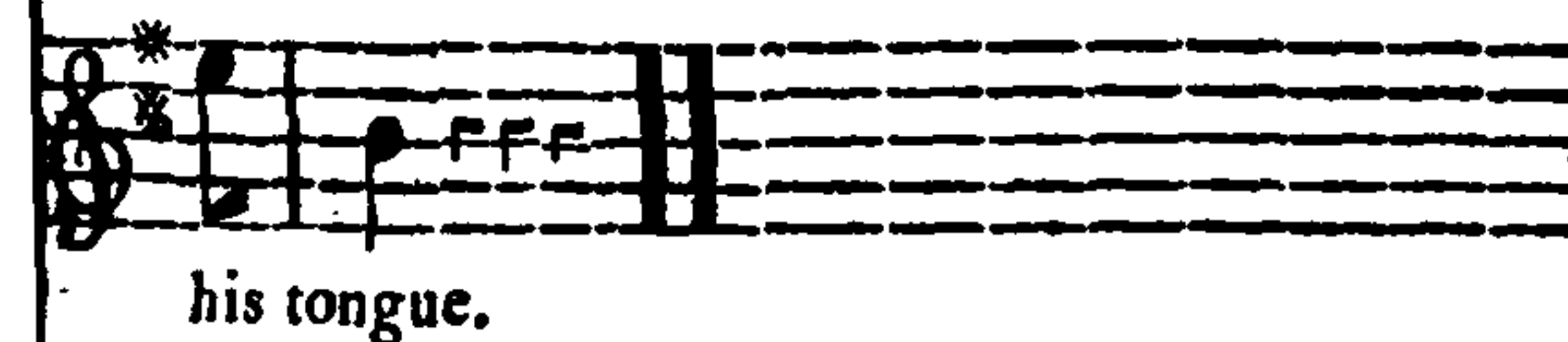
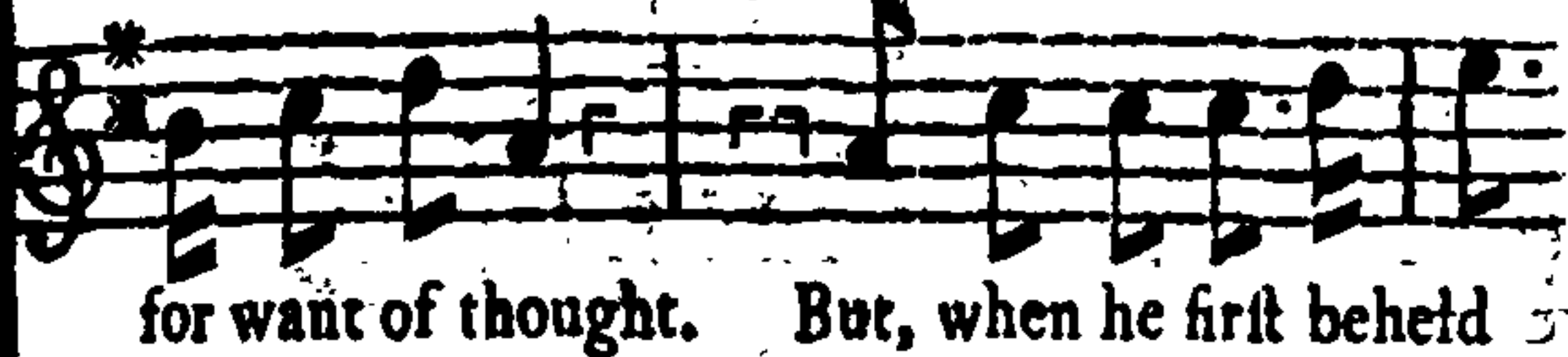
of love, By chance was stumping to the



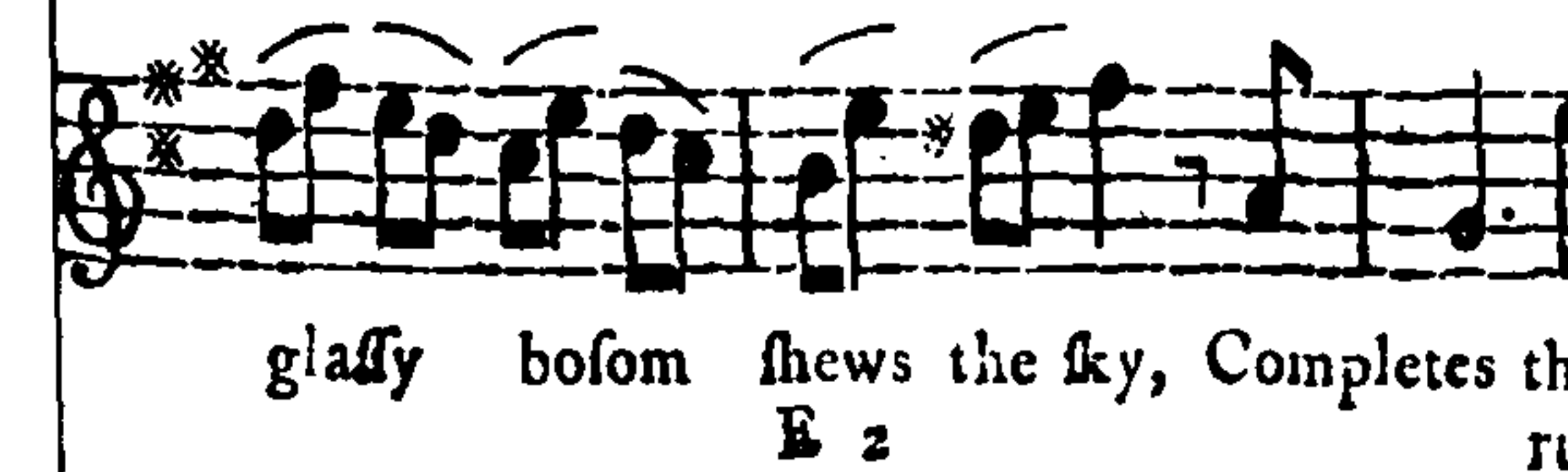
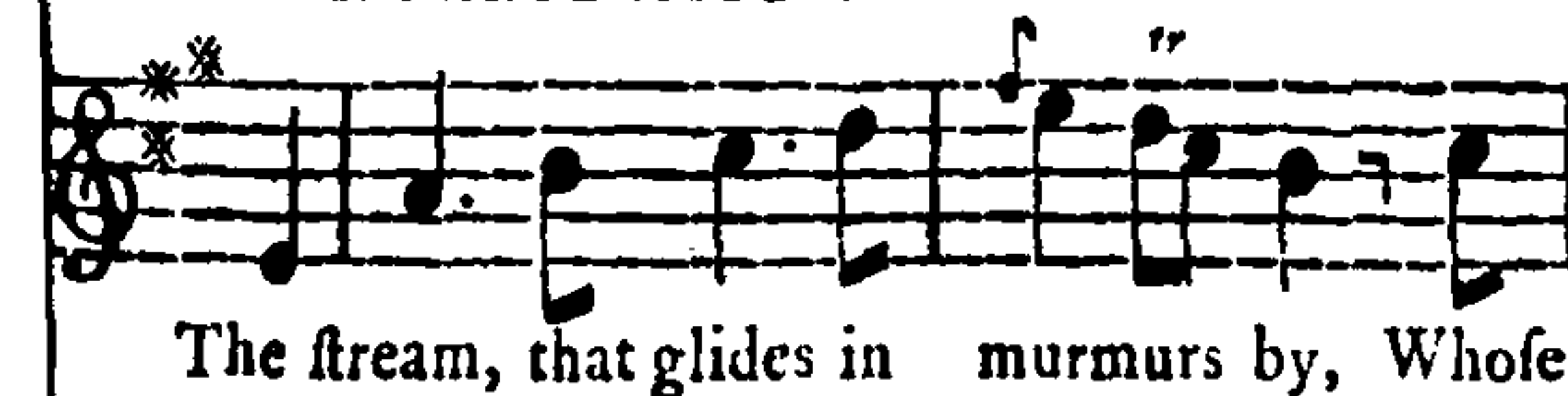
neighb'ring grove: He trudg'd along, un-

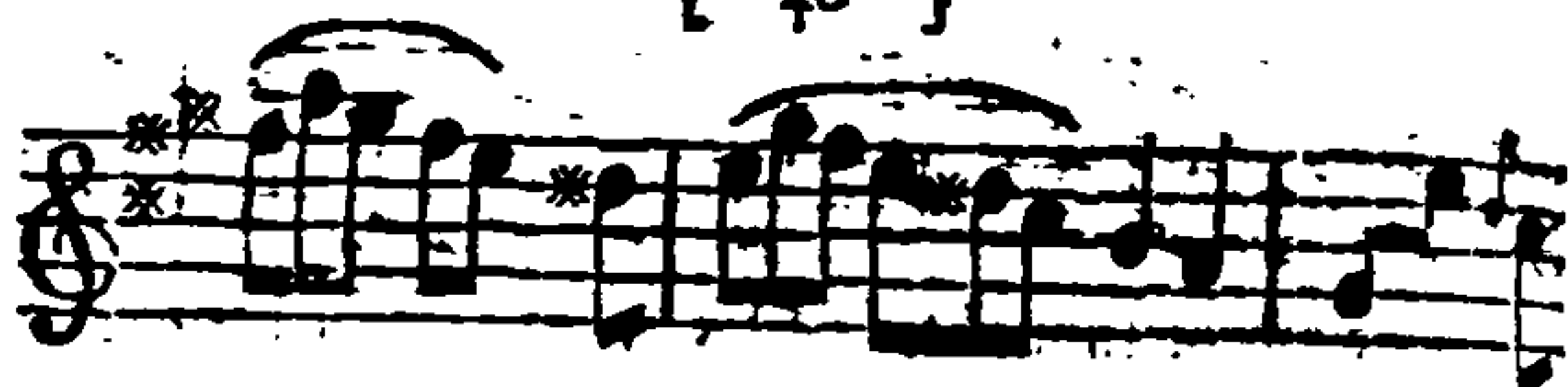


knowing what he sought, And whistled, as he went,  
for

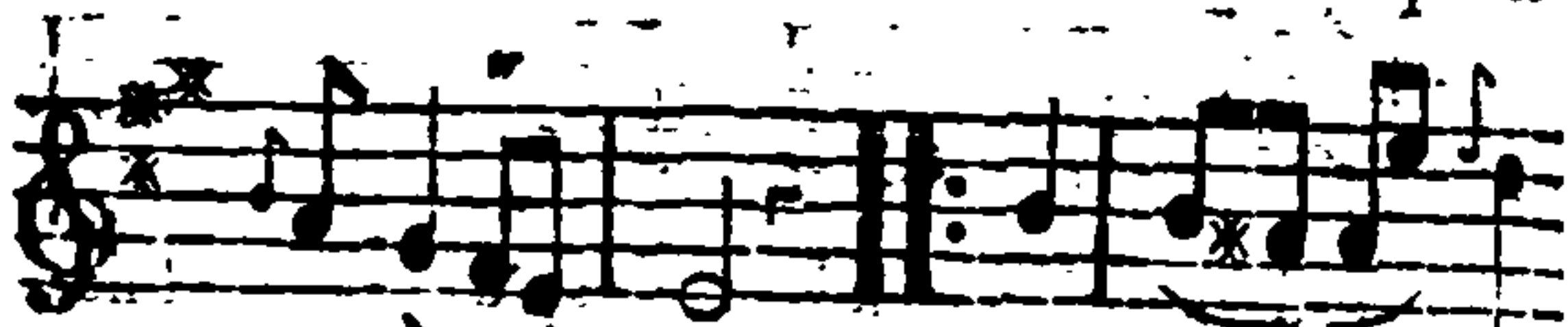


## AIR. ANDANTE MODERATO.





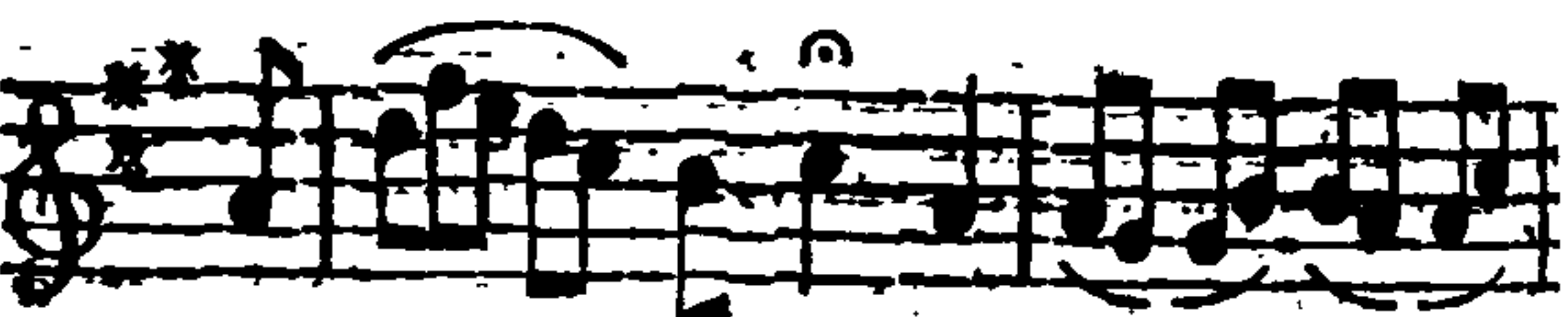
ru-----ral sce-----ne, Com-----pletes



the rural scene. But in thy bo-



lom, charming maid! All heav'n it--self

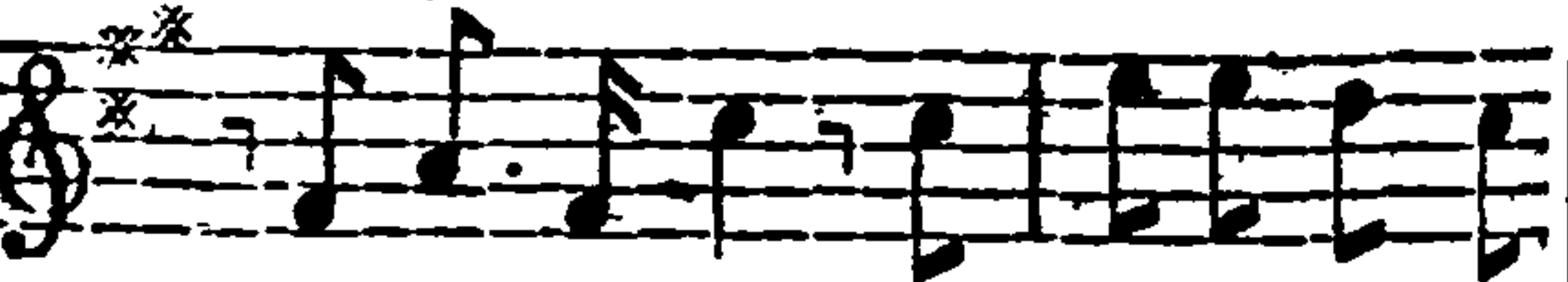


is sure display'd, Too lovely Iphi-



gene! Too love-----ly Iphigene!

# RECITATIVE.



She wakes and starts! poor Cymon trembling



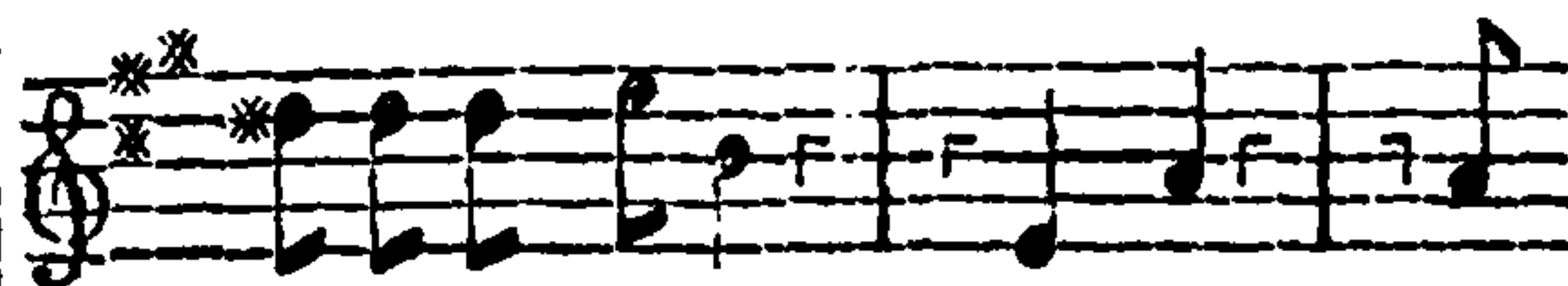
stands : Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands.



hands. Bright excellence ! said he, dis-



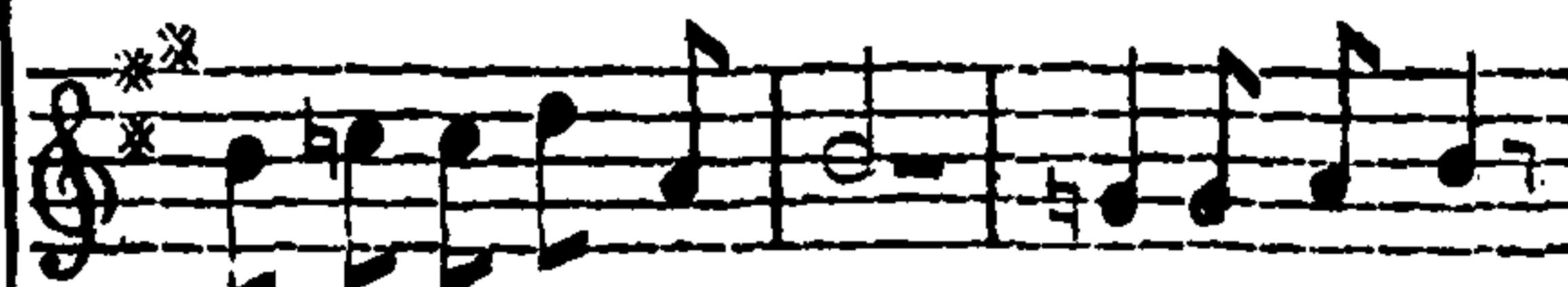
pel all fear : Where honour's present,



sure no danger's near. Half-rais'd, with



gentle accent she replies, O Cymon, if



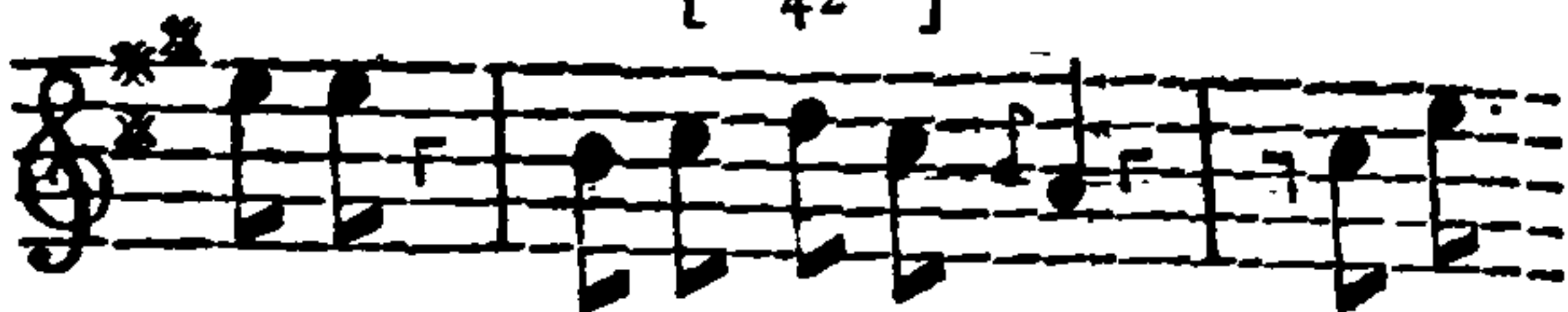
'tis you I need not rise ; Thy honest heart



no wrong can entertain ; Pursue thy way,



and let me sleep again. The clown, trans-  
ported



ported, was not silent long, But thus,



with extacy, pursu'd his song.

AIR. ANDANTE MODERATO.



Thy jetty locks that, careless, break In



wanton ringlets down thy neck, Thy love-



inspi-----ring mi-----en! Thy love-



in-----spiring mien! Thy swelling



bosom, skin of snow, And taper shape,  
inchant





inchant me so, I die for I--phi-



gene! I die for Iphigene!

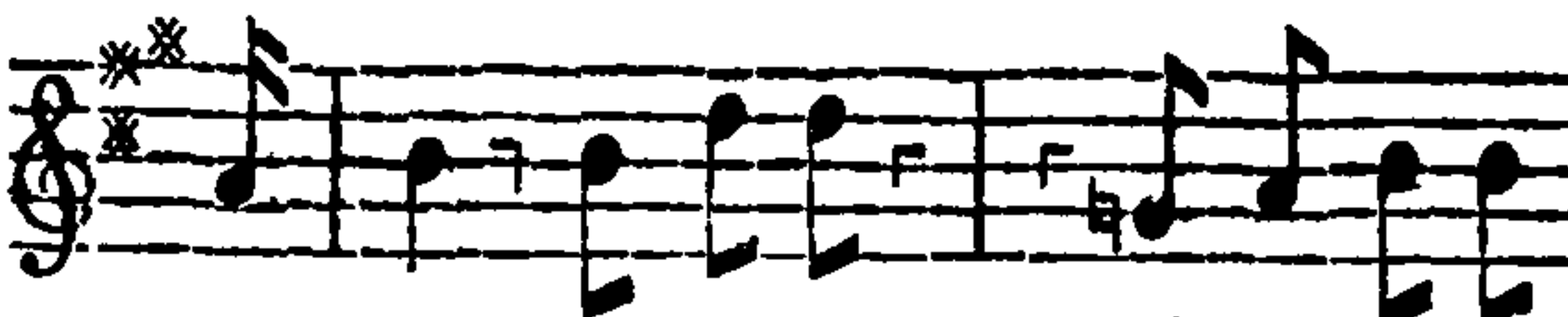
RECITATIVE.



Amaz'd! she listens, nor can trace



from whence The former clod is thus inspir'd



with sense! She gazes! finds him comely,



tall, and strait, And thinks he might im-

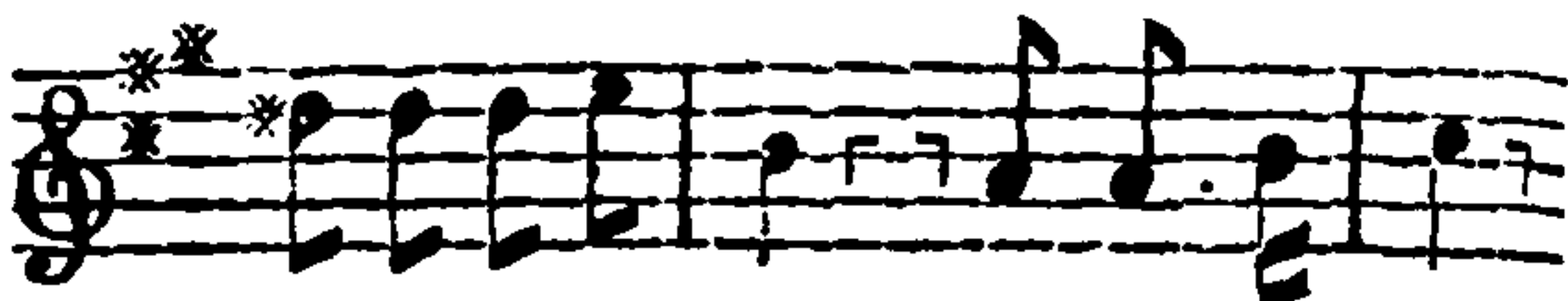


prove his awkward gait: Bids him be secret,  
and





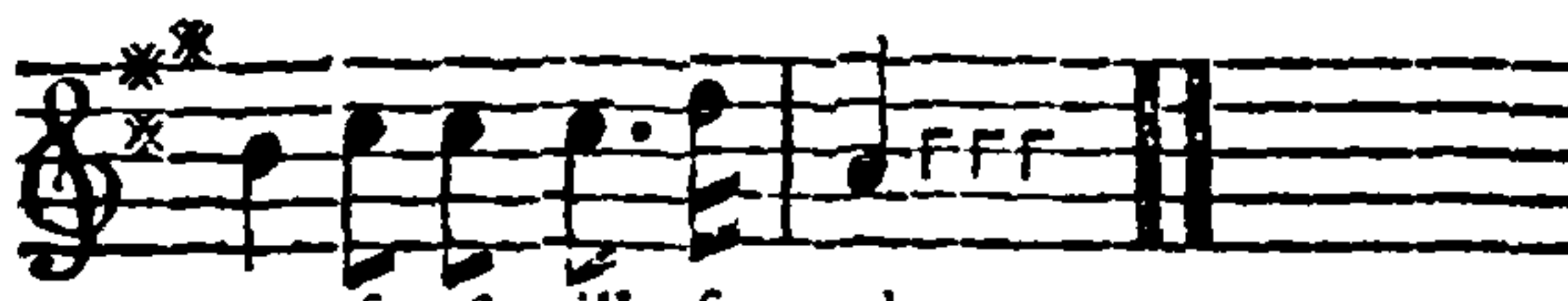
and next day attend, At the same hour to



meet his faithful friend. Thus mighty love



could teach a clown to plead, And nature's lan-

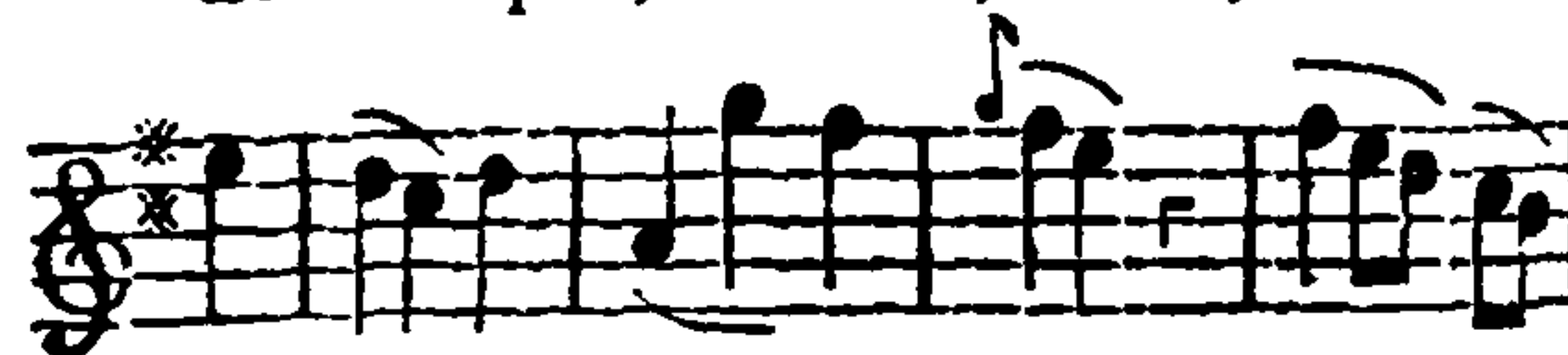


guage surest will succeed.

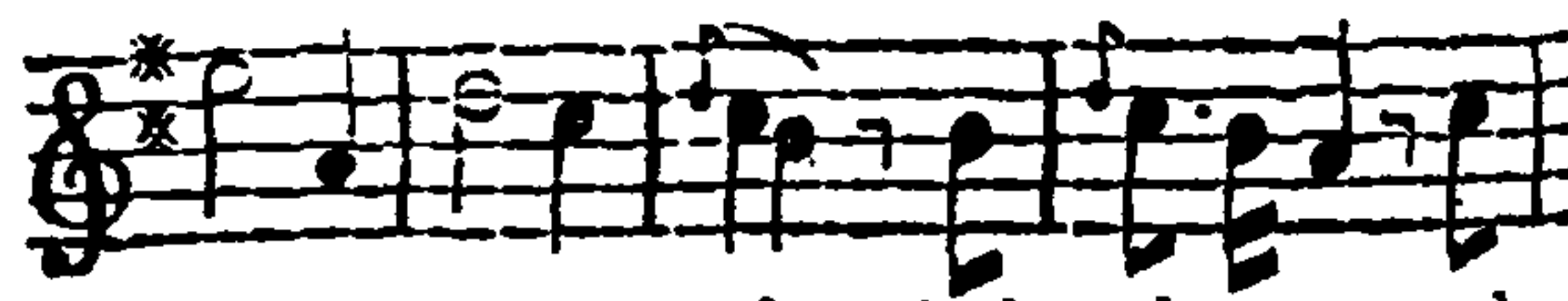
AIR. ANDANTE.



Love's a pure, a sacred, fire, Kind-



ling gentle chaste de---fire; Love can



rage itself controul, And elevate, and  
elevate,



*Let me sink to the regions of shade, &c.*

ANDANTE.



LET

**L**ET me sink to the regions of shade,  
 To the kingdoms of darkness and night,  
 Where my sorrows (unfortunate maid!)  
 With myself may be hid from the light.  
 O my heart, what dread anguish is thine!  
 My bosom, hung round with despair,  
 Is almost too oppress'd to repine,  
 Is too wretched, too wicked, for pray'r!  
 Is too wretched, too wicked, for pray'r!

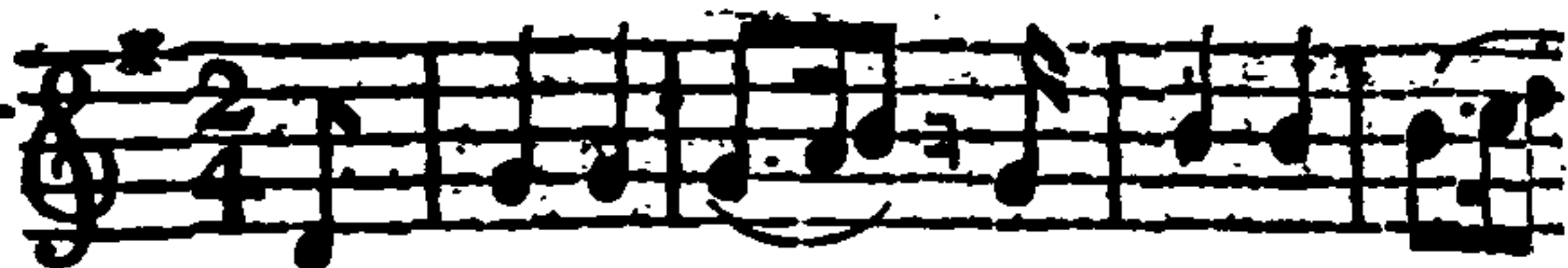
Ah! how could he (too credulous youth!)  
 All my wanton denials believe,  
 And mistake ev'ry symptom for truth,  
 Where 'tis common for maids to deceive:  
 For, what girl can be brought to reveal,  
 Though her heart may be stedfast in love,  
 When her modesty bids her conceal  
 What her sentiments ought to approve?

The dear youth should have known, by my eyes,  
 What anxieties troubled my heart,  
 Nor his Phillis have thought to despise  
 For the joy which she dar'd not impart:  
 But, alas! what avails to complain!  
 The fault and the sorrow's my own;  
 Tears and words are but utter'd in vain  
 When, alas! they are utter'd alone.

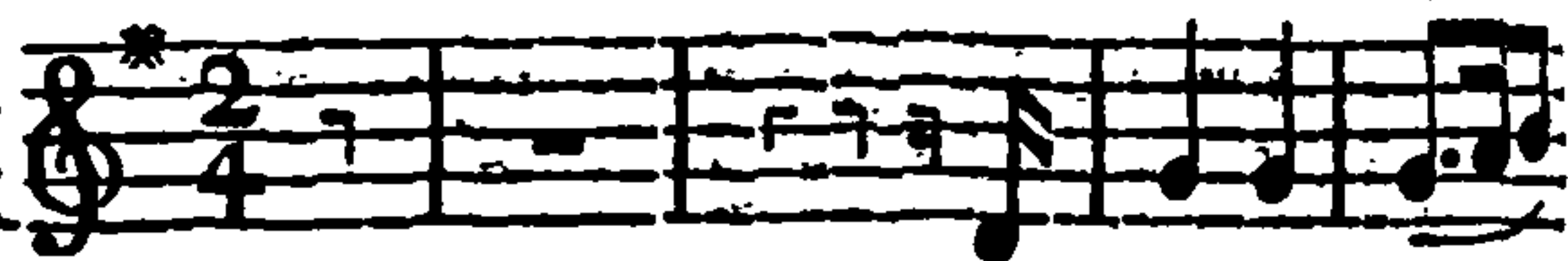
For Florinda to Damon is wed!  
 Dreadful Death! strike thy dart at the sound!  
 She'll be blest in his arms and his bed,  
 While poor I shall lie low in the ground!  
 I will hasten to seek out a grave  
 Where this languishing frame may be laid!  
 For no prospect of comfort can save,  
 Where such folly hath ruin'd, the maid!

*When first I saw thee, graceful, move, &c.*

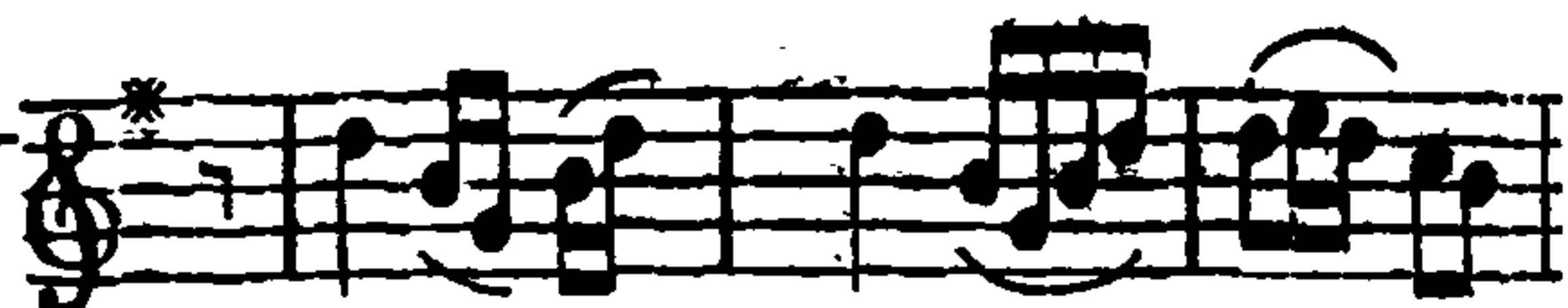
For two Voices.



When first I saw thee, graceful, move,



When first I saw



Ah! me, what meant my throbbing



Ah! me, what meant my throbbing

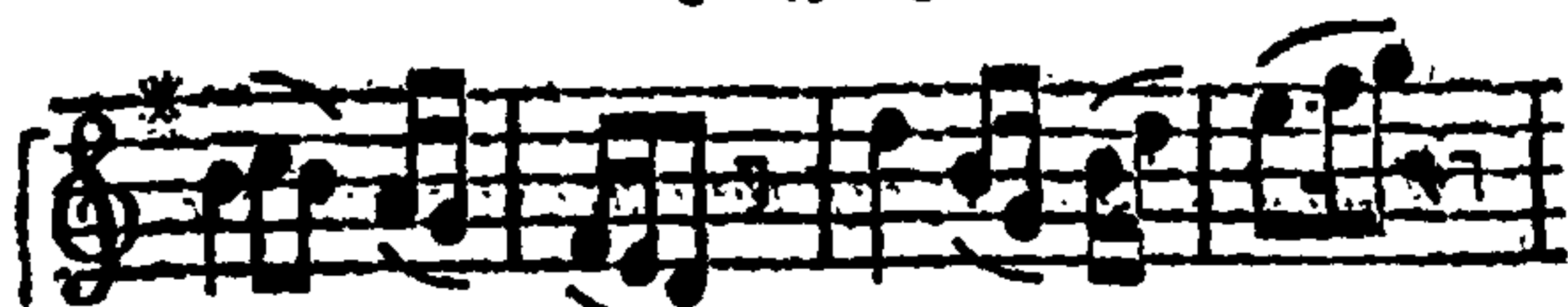


breast! Say, soft con-----fu---sion,

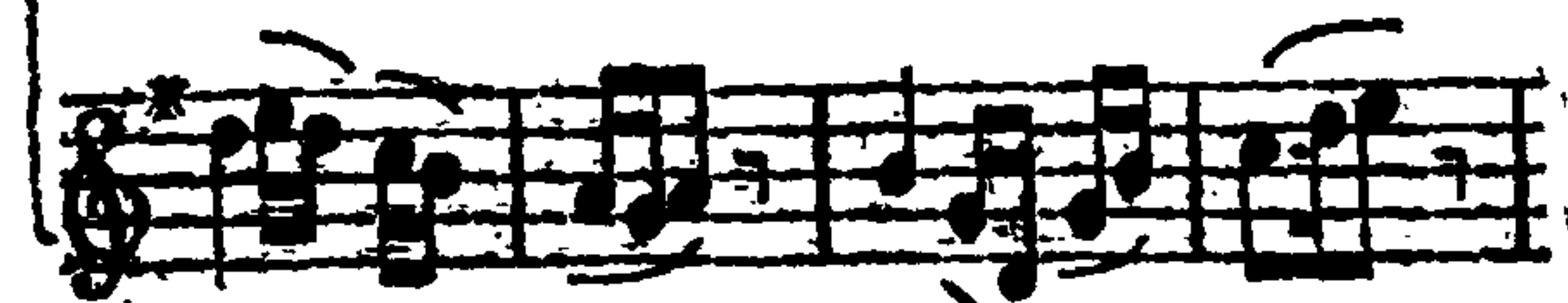


breast! Say, soft con-----fu---sion,

art



art thou love? If love thou art,



art thou love? If love thou art,



then farewell rest!



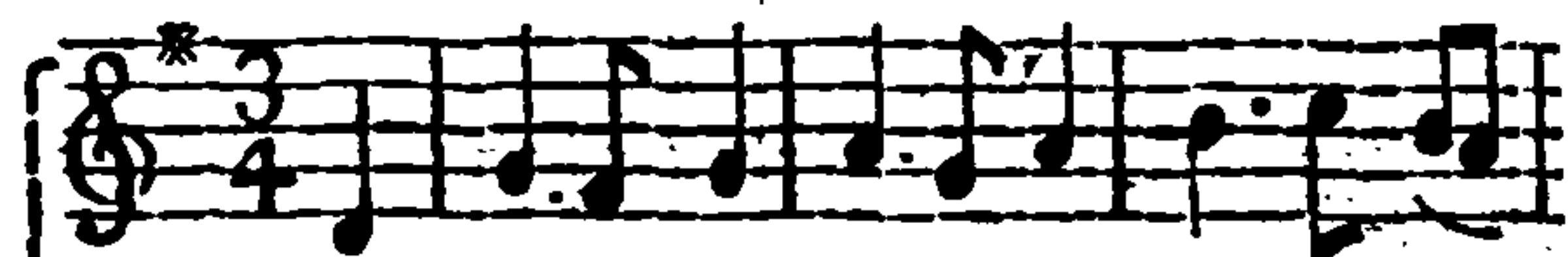
then farewell rest!

With gentle smiles assuage the pain  
 Those gentle smiles did first create;  
 And though you cannot love again,  
 In pity, ah! forbear to hate!

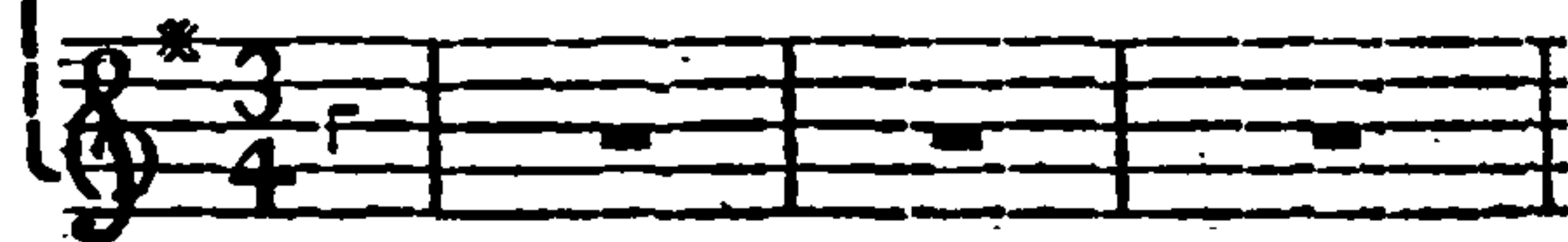


*When Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn, &c.*

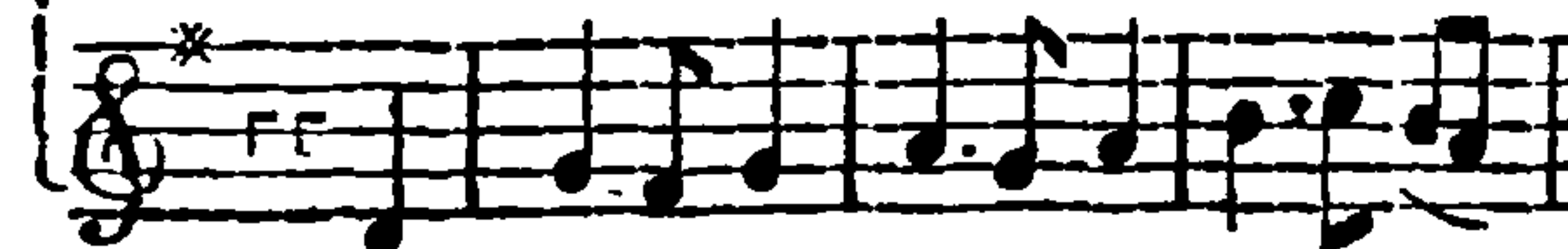
For two Voices.



When Phœbus the tops of the hills does a-



dorn How sweet is the sound of the e-cho-ing



How sweet is the sound of the e-cho-ing



horn! When the antling stag is rous'd with



horn! When the antling stag is rous'd with  
the





the sound, E---recting his ears, nimbly



the sound, E---recting his ears, nimbly



sweeps o'er the ground, And thinks he has left us



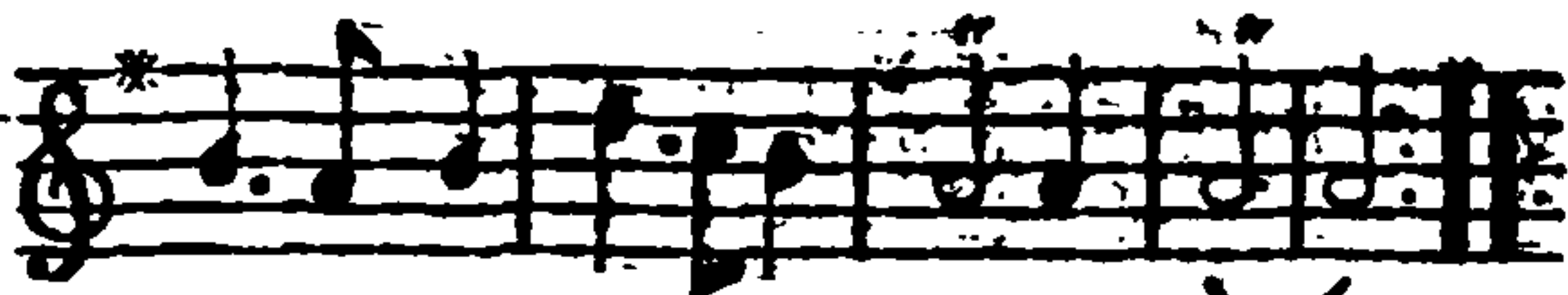
sweeps o'er the ground, And thinks he has left us



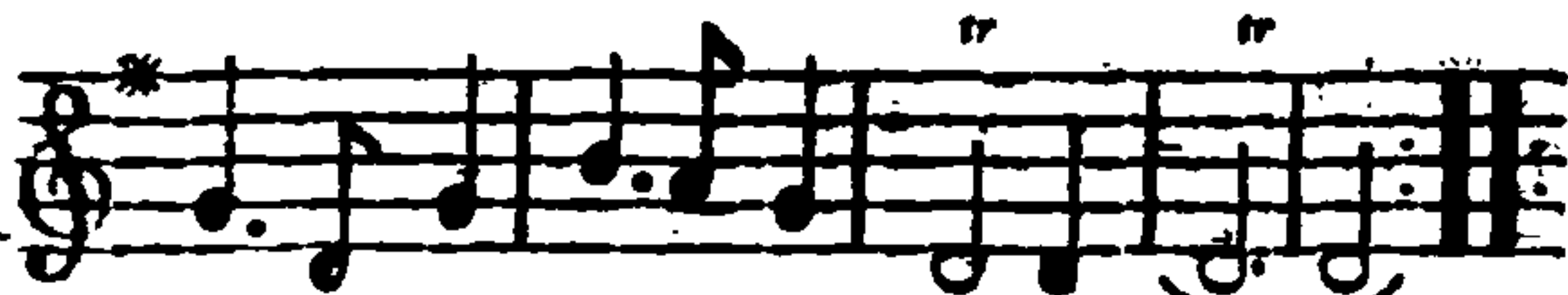
behind on the plain : But still we pursue, and



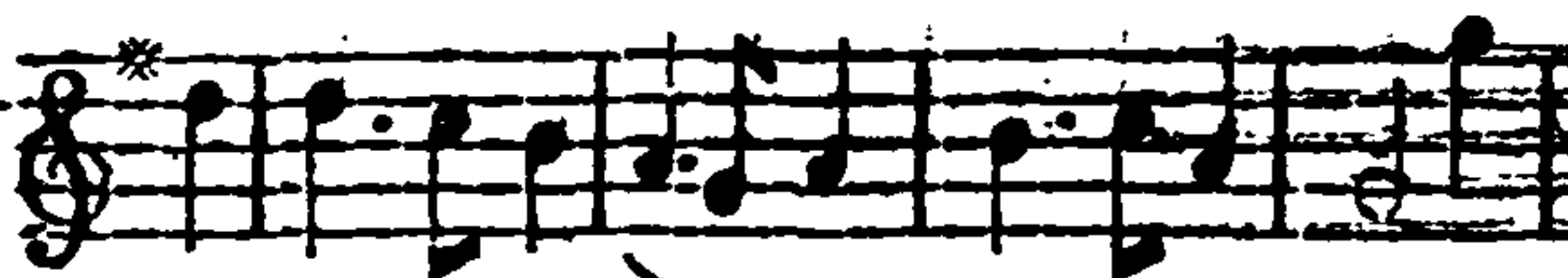
behind on the plain : But still we pursue, and



now come in view of the glorious game.



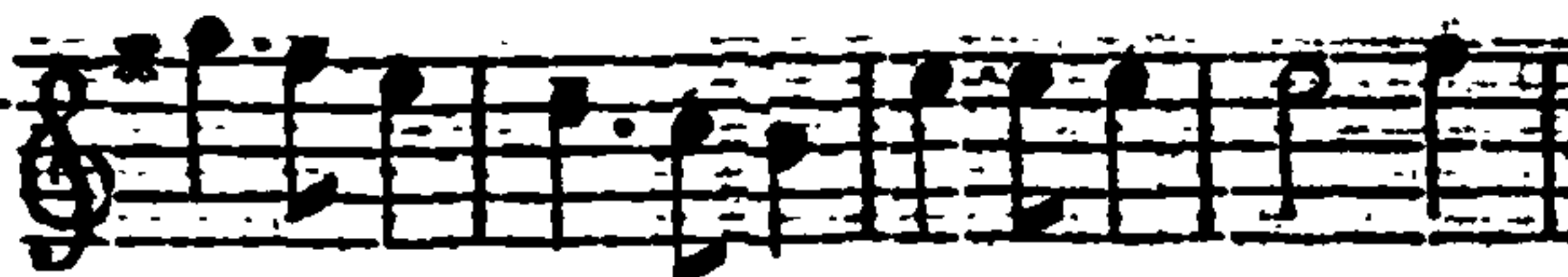
now come in view of the glorious game.



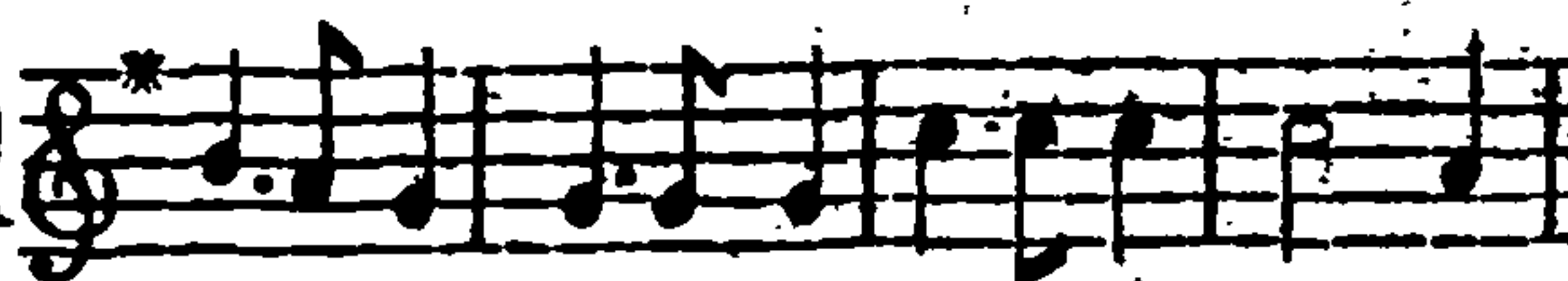
O see how a---gain he rears up his head, And,



O see how again he rears up his head, And,

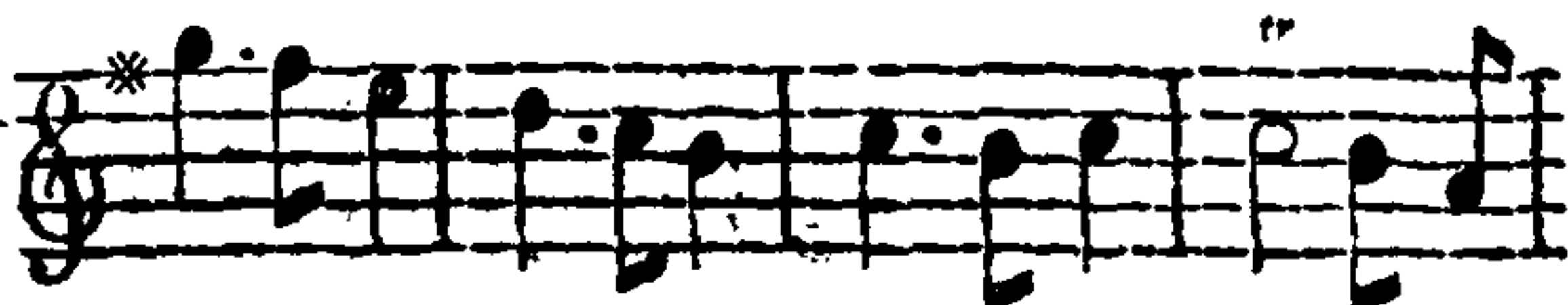


winged with fear, he redoubles his speed. But

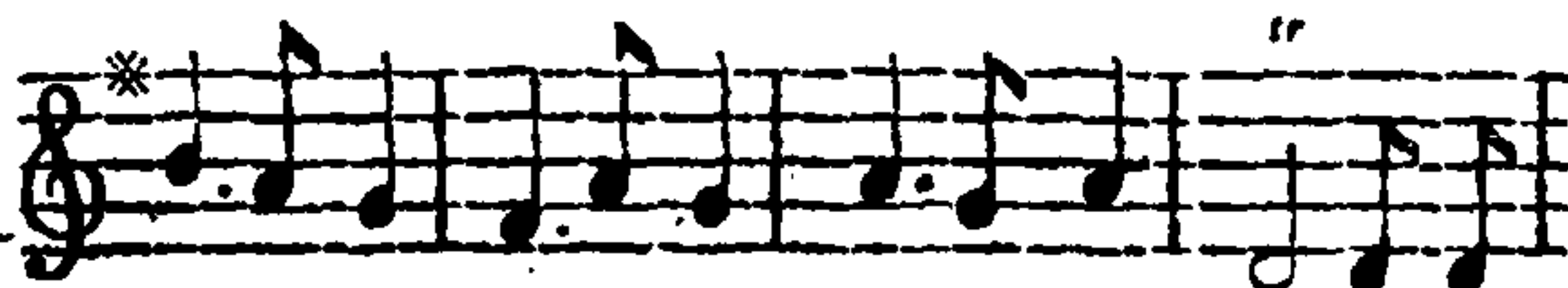


winged with fear, he redoubles his speed. But

ah !



ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain, that he flies, That his



ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain, that he flies, That his

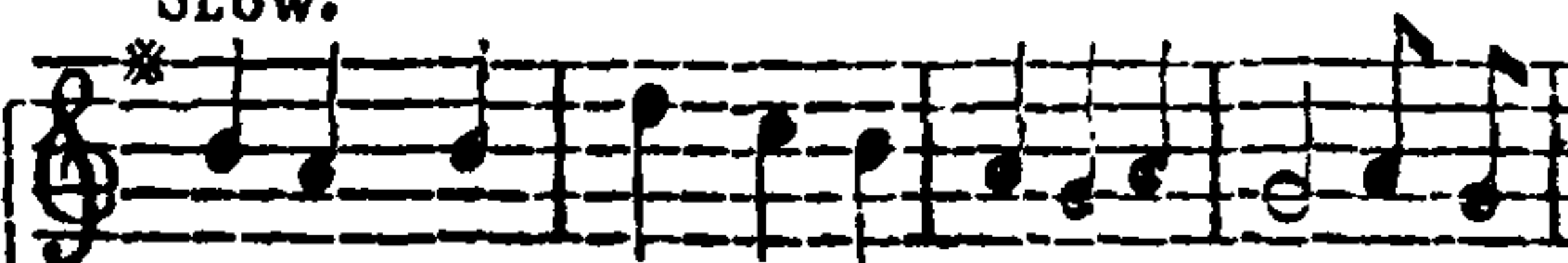


eyes lose the huntsmen, his ears lose the cries; For

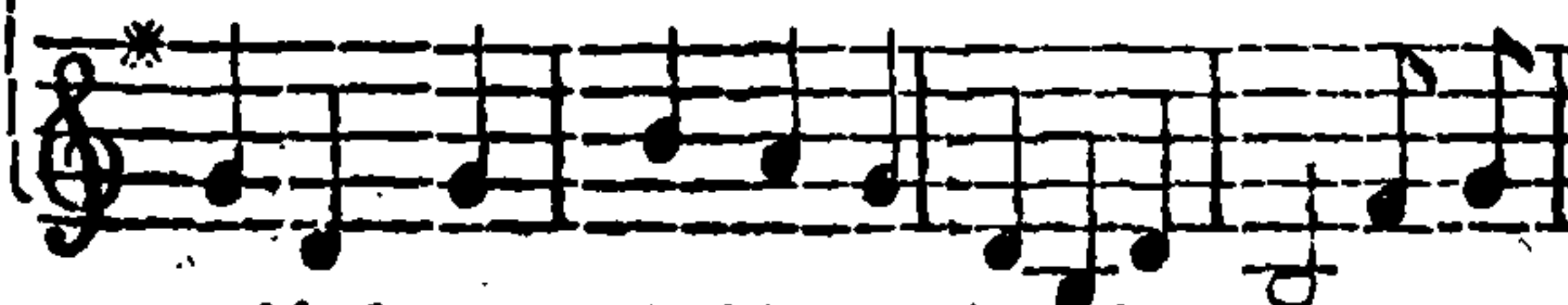


eyes lose the huntsmen, his ears lose the cries; For

**SLOW.**



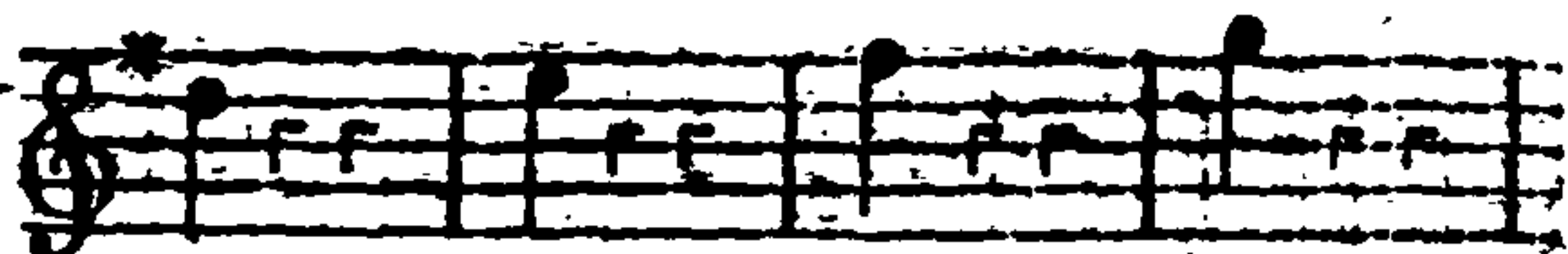
now his strength fails him, he heavily flies; And he



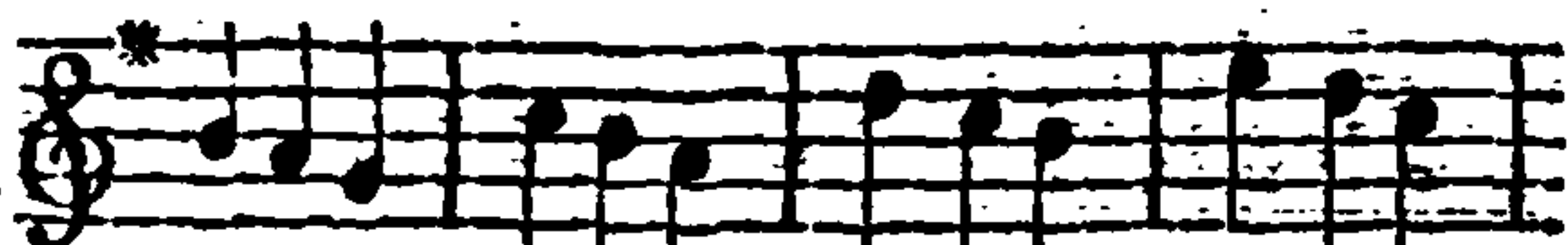
now his strength fails him, he heavily flies; And he

F 3

pants,



pants, pants, pants, pants,



pa - - - - -

**FASTER.**



pants, Till, with well-scented hounds fur-round-ed,

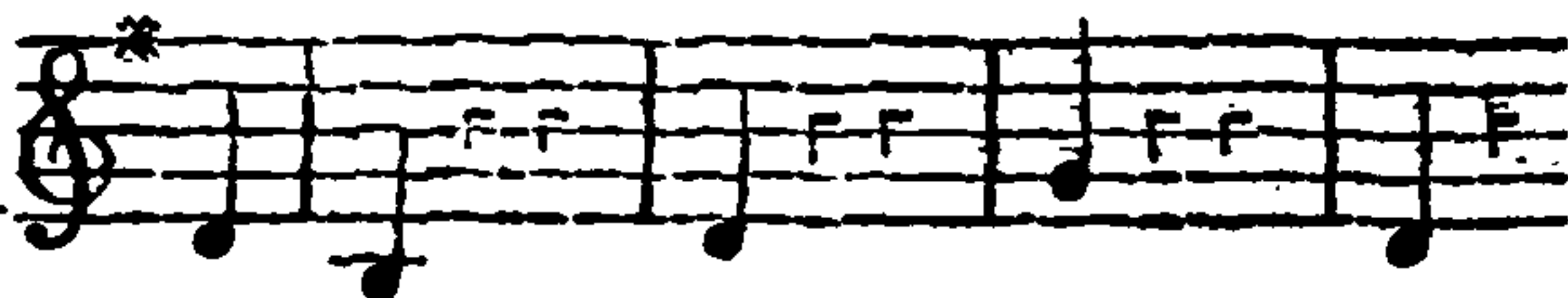


- - nts, Till, with well-scented hounds fur-round-ed,

**PIANO.**



he dies ! dies ! dies ! dies !



he dies ! dies ! dies ! dies !

Ton-

**FORTE.**

**PIANO.**

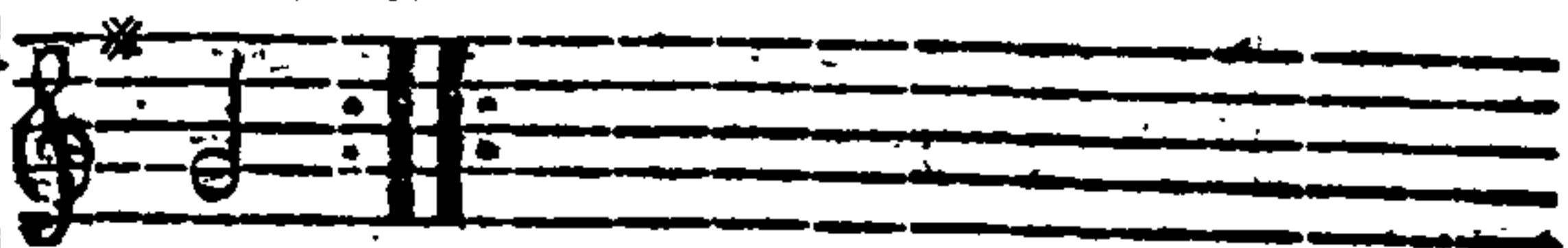


Ton-ta-ron, ton-ta-ron, he dies! he dies!

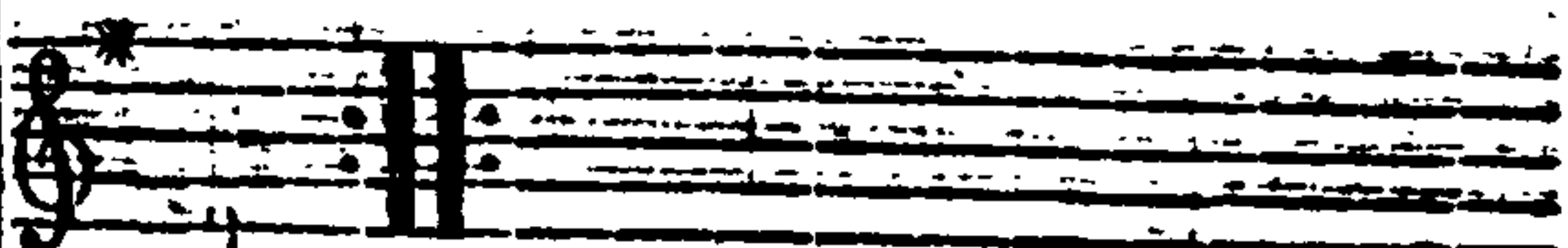


Ton-ta-ron, ton-ta-ron, he dies! he dies!

**PIANISSIMO.**



dies!



dies!

*As down on Banna's banks I stray'd one evening in May, &c.*  
A favourite Irish air.

ANDANTE AFFETTUOSO.



**A**S down on Banna's banks I stray'd one evening in  
May,

The little birds in blytheft notes made vocal ev'ry spray;  
They sang their little tales of love, they sang them o'er  
and o'er;

Ah! gramachree, ma chollleenouge, ma Molly ashore!

The daisy pied, and all the sweets the dawn of nature  
yields,

The primrose pale, the vi'let blue, lay scatter'd o'er the  
fields;

Such



Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom I adore ;  
Ah ! gramachree, ma cholleenouge, ma Molly ashtore !

I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my sad fate,  
That doom'd me thus the slave of love and cruel Mol-  
ly's hate !

How can she break the honest heart that wears her in its  
core !

Ah ! gramachree, ma cholleenouge, ma Molly ashtore !

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear ! ah ! why did I  
believe !

Yet who could think such tender words were meant but  
to deceive !

That love was all I ask'd on earth, nay heav'n could  
give no more !

Ah ! gramachree, ma cholleenouge, ma Molly ashtore !

Oh ! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,  
Or low'd for me the num'rous herds that yon green pas-  
ture fill,

With her I love I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy store ;

Ah ! gramachree, ma cholleenouge, ma Molly ashtore !

Two turtle-doves above my head sat courting on a bough ;  
I envy'd them their happiness to see them bill and coo :  
Such fondness once for me she shew'd, but now, alas !  
'tis o'er !

Ah ! gramachree, ma cholleenouge, ma Molly ashtore !

When fare thee well, my Molly dear, thy loss I e'er  
shall mourn !

Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart, 'twill beat for  
thee alone !

Though thou art false, may heav'n on thee its choicest  
blessings pour !

Ah ! gramachree, ma cholleenouge, ma Molly ashtore !



*When late I wander'd through the grove, &c.*

MODERATO.



WHEN

**W**HEN late I wander'd through the grove,  
 Enrapt in thought and pensive care,  
 Methought I heard a voice of love  
 Come softly thrilling to my ear,  
 I started & view'd the place around,  
 Exploring whence the voice could be :  
 But all in vain : the pleasing sound  
 Was hush'd ; — naught human could I see.

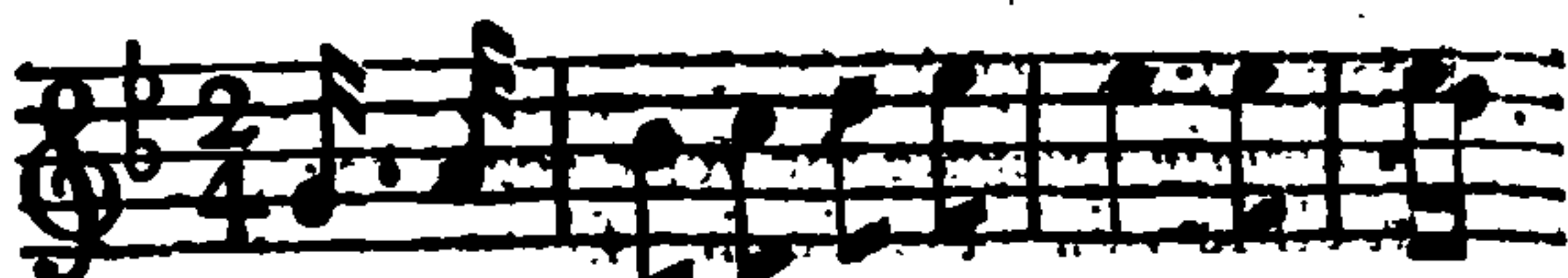
At length, the search near giving o'er,  
 By chance a thicket I beheld,  
 Which had by nature form'd a bow'r  
 Where woodbines grew which sweetly smell'd ;  
 And, peeping through, a maid I saw,  
 As fair as nature ever fram'd,  
 As fair as poets Helen drew,  
 Or Paphos queen for beauty fam'd.

'Twas Phillis ! charming lovely maid !  
 The pride and envy of the plain !  
 Who was, reclin'd, attentive laid,  
 List'ning to Damon, her dear swain,  
 Who, at her feet, did sighing say,  
 (Her lovely hand fast lock'd in his,)  
 Ah ! Phillis, grant to me this day  
 Your hand ! — and instant snatch'd a kiss.

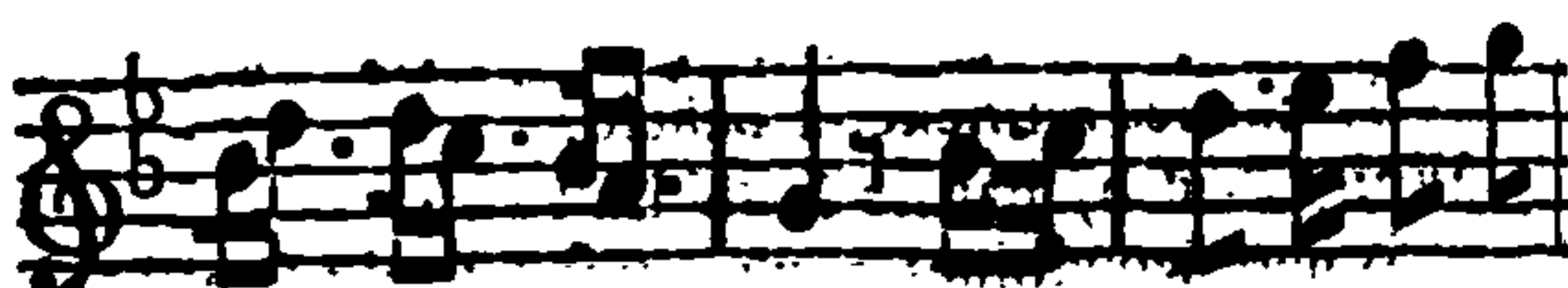
The blushing maid hung down her head ;  
 A thousand Cupids round her flew ;  
 Ah ! Damon, I am sore afraid  
 To marry me is not your view.  
 He call'd on all the pow'rs above  
 To witness his sincere request.  
 The gods the match did well approve ;  
 They wedded, and were highly blest !

*Floods of sorrow will I shed, &c.*

ANDANTE.



Floods of sorrow will I shed To mourn



the love-ly shade! My Rosamond, a-



las! is dead! And where, oh! where, con-



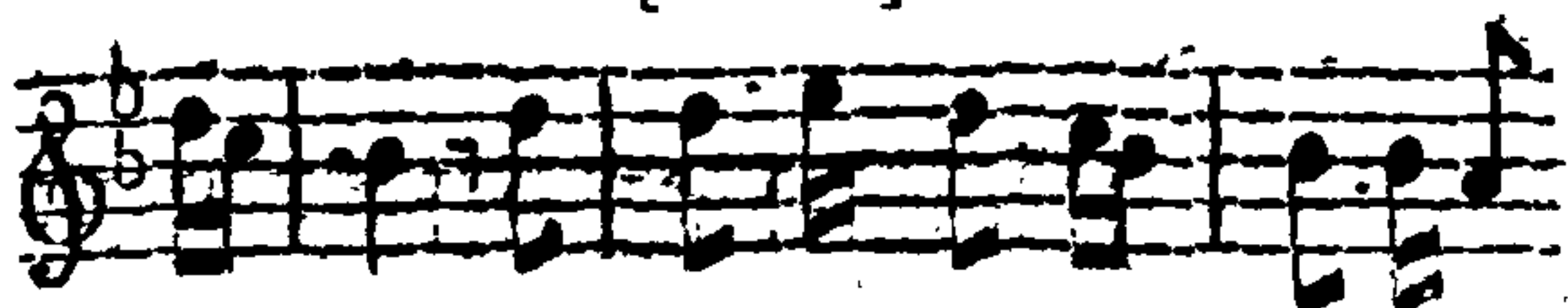
vey'd! So bright a bloom, so soft an



air, Did e-ver nymph disclose! The li-ly



was not half so fair! Nor half so sweet



the rose! So bright a bloom, so soft an air,



Did e--ver nymph disclose! The li--ly was



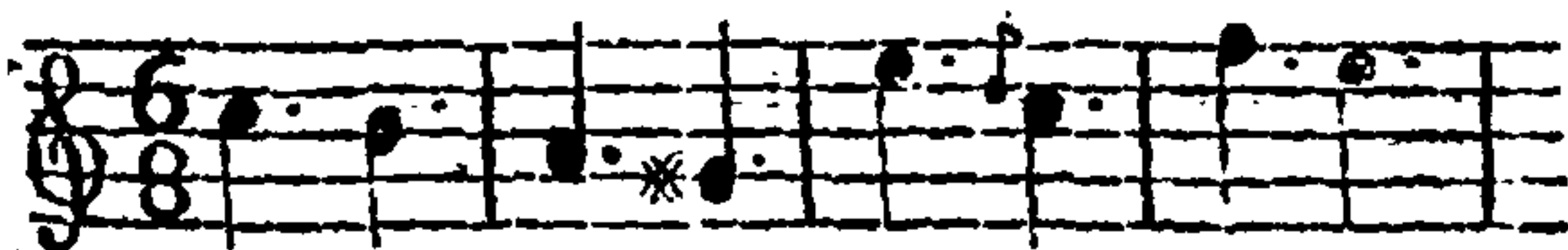
not half so fair! Nor half so sweet the



rose! Nor half so sweet the rose!

*Adieu, vain joys, &c.*

For two Voices.



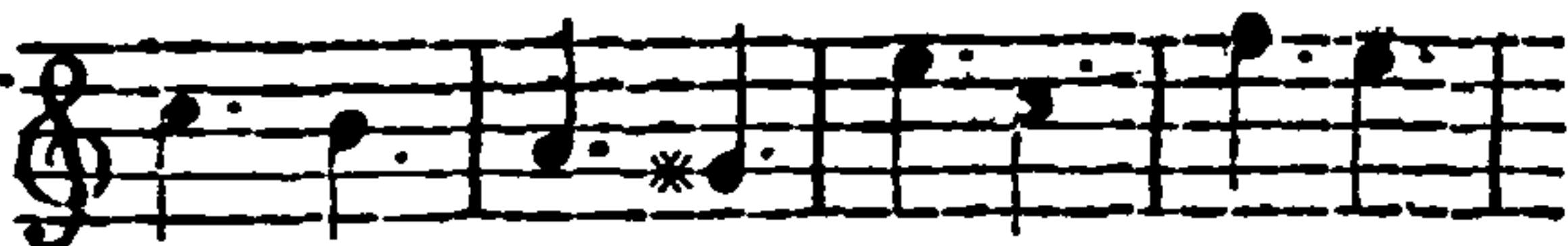
A-dieu, vain joys And fond desire!



A-dieu, vain joys And fond desire!

G

From



From crowd and noise Let me retire,



From crowd and noise Let me retire,



Near some cool shade, In solitude to spend



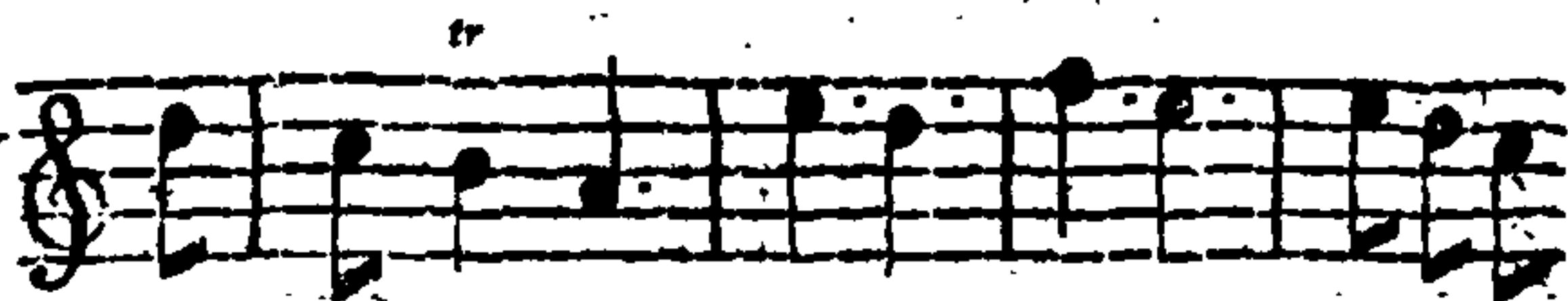
Near some cool shade, In solitude to spend



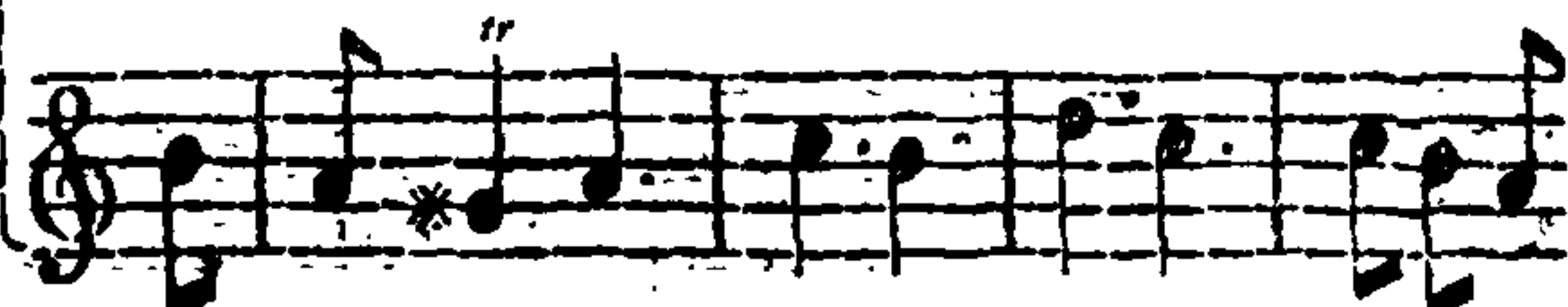
my days! I'll ne'er invade Nor envy court-



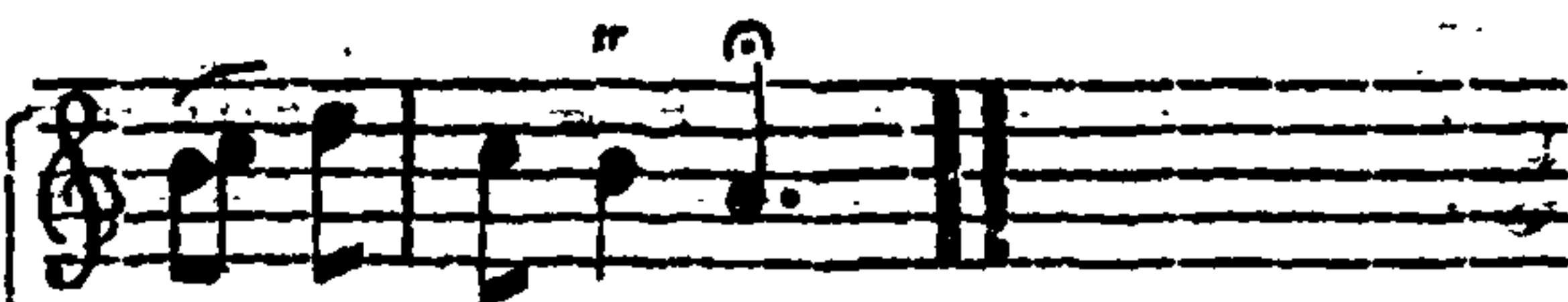
my days! I'll ne'er invade Nor envy court-  
iers



iers pomp or praise. I'll ne'er invade, Nor envy



iers pomp or praise. I'll ne'er invade, Nor envy



courtiers pomp or praise.



courtiers pomp or praise.

Welcome, pure thoughts  
And silent groves !  
These guests, these courts,  
My soul most loves.  
Here will I stay,  
Viewing each stream and silent grove ;  
Wait my last day,  
Hoping to taste those joys above.



*My fair-one's like the roseate morn, &c.*

ANDANTINO.





**M**Y fair one's like the roseate morn  
 That bids the fawn arise,  
 That gives us fields of yellow corn  
 And paints the vaulted skies :  
 That gives us fields of yellow corn  
 And paints the vaulted skies :  
 That sends the lark to call the grove  
 To sing their wonted theme,  
 And tell their tale of artless love  
 Beside the silver stream.  
 And tell their tale of artless love,  
 And tell their tale of artless love,  
 Beside the silver stream.

As more and more the genial day  
 Steals op'ning to the view,  
 So more and more her charms display,  
 As sweet, as lovely, too :  
 The pearly dew's her eyes disclose,  
 That bright as di'monds seem ;  
 Her cheeks, the crimson-tinctur'd rose  
 That blooms beside the stream.

Her breath, the fragrant spicy gale  
 That wafts the shepherd's song ;  
 Her innocence, the artless tale  
 That falters from her tongue :  
 She's all the bounteous pow'rs can give !  
 My wish, my constant theme !  
 I ask but Cælia, and to live  
 Beside the silver stream.

*Hark! hark! - the joy-inspiring horn, &c.*

MODERATO.



HARK!

**H**ARK! hark! the joy-inspiring horn  
 Salutes the rosy rising morn  
 And echoes through the dale!  
 And echoes through the dale!  
 With clam'rous peals the hills resound;  
 The hounds, quick-scented, scow'r the ground,  
 And snuff the fragrant gale,  
 And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede  
 The brisk, high-mettled, starting, steed!  
 (The jovial pack pursue;)  
 Like light'ning darting o'er the plains,  
 The distant hills with speed he gains,  
 And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,  
 And to the copse for shelter makes;  
 There pants awhile for breath:  
 When now the noise alarms her ear!  
 Her haunt's descry'd, — her fate is near! —  
 She sees approaching death!

Directed by the well-known breeze,  
 The hounds their trembling victim seize!  
 She faints, she falls, she dies!  
 The distant couriers now come in,  
 And join the loud triumphant din,  
 Till Echo rend the skies!

*When*

*When the sweet rosy morning first peep'd from the skies, &c.*

ALLEGRO.



WHEN

**W**HEN the sweet rosy morning first peep'd from  
the skies,

A loud-singing lark bade the villagers rise :

The cowslips were lively, the primroses gay,

And shed their best perfumes to welcome the May.

The swains and their sweethearts, all rang'd on the  
green,

The swains and their sweethearts, all rang'd on the  
green,

Did homage to Phœbe, and hail'd her their queen !

Did homage to Phœbe, and hail'd her their queen !

Young Damon stepp'd forward, and sang in her praise,  
And Phœbe bestow'd him a garland of bays :

May this wreath, (said the fair one,) dear lord of my  
vows,

A crown for true merit, bloom long on thy brows !

The swains and their sweethearts, all rang'd on the  
green,

Approv'd the fond present of Phœbe, their queen.

Mongst lords and fine ladies, we shepherds are told,

The dearest affections are barter'd for gold ;

That discord in wedlock is often their lot,

While Cupid and Hymen shake hands in a cot.

At the church with fair Phœbe since Damon has been,

He's rich as a monarch, she's blest as a queen !

*I am*

*I am the jolly prince of drunkards, &c.*

**VIVACE.**



**I** AM the jolly prince of drunkards,  
 Ranting, rearing, fuddling, boys!  
 Who take a delight in tossing full tankards,  
 Filling the alehouse with my noise.

Ten gallons at a draught  
 Did I pour down my throat : —  
 But damn such silly sips as these ;  
 I laid me all along,  
 With my mouth unto the bung,  
 And I drank off a hoghead at my ease.

I've heard that a fop, who could toss a full tankard,  
 Crown'd himself the prince of sots ;  
 But damn such silly idle drunkards ;  
 Snatch their flaggons, break their pots : —  
 My friend and I did join  
 For a cellar full of wine,  
 And bolted the vintner out of door ;  
 One morning at the tap,  
 There we drank it ev'ry drop,  
 And eagerly rang'd about for more.

My friend to me did make a motion :  
 ' Must we part, and with dry lips ?'  
 Then we went unto the ocean,  
 Where we did meet a fleet of ships :  
 Their lading it was wine,  
 And that most superfine ;  
 Their burthen was ten hundred ton :  
 We drank it all at sea  
 Before we came to quay,  
 And the merchants swore they were all undone.

Then we went unto the Canaries,  
 Thinking to light on a better touch ;  
 There did we meet with the Portugeze,  
 Likewise the Spaniards and the Dutch.  
 'Twas in the river Rhine  
 We drank up all the wine,  
 Thinking to drain the ocean dry.  
 Bacchus swore he never found,  
 In the universe all round,  
 Two such thirsty souls as my friend and I.



*Soft god of sleep! when next you steal, &c.*

ANDANTE AFFETTUOSO.



**S**OFT god of sleep! when next you steal  
 To charming Celia's eyes,  
 In dreams to the dear maid reveal  
 Who 'tis that for her dies!

But, should the fair-one be displeas'd,  
 At the unwelcome theme,  
 Fly her, — and let her mind be eas'd  
 By finding it a dream.

*I, like*

*I, like a bee, with toil and pain, &c.*

For two Voices.



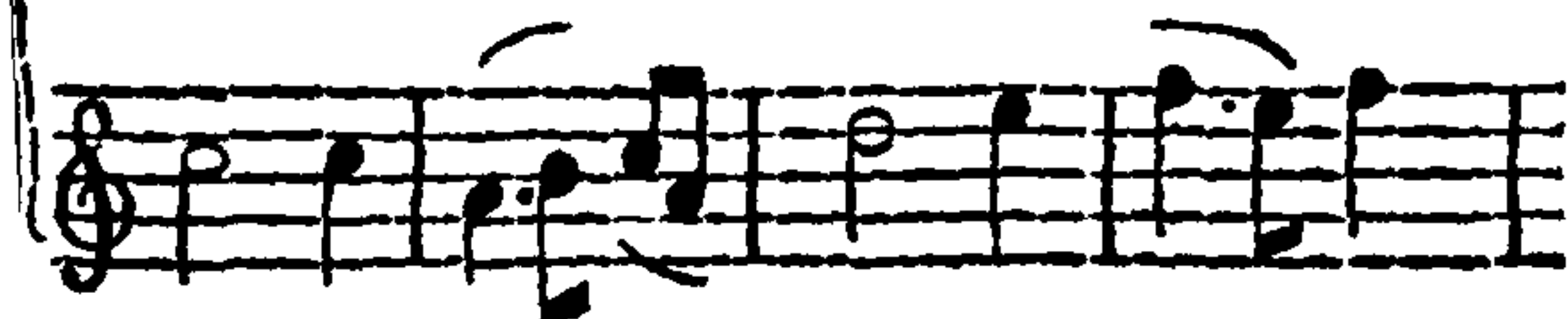
I, like a bee, with toil and pain Fly



I, like a bee, with toil and



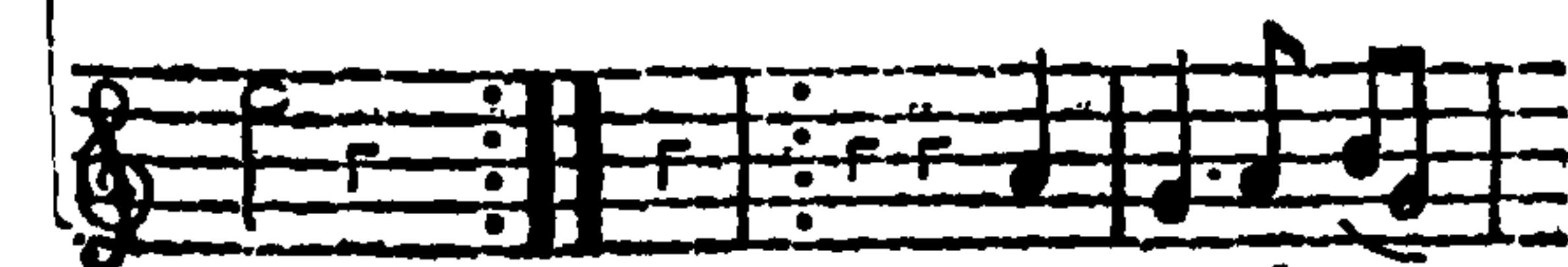
hum-bly o'er the flow'--ry, flow'---ry,



pain Fly hum-bly o'er the flow'---ry



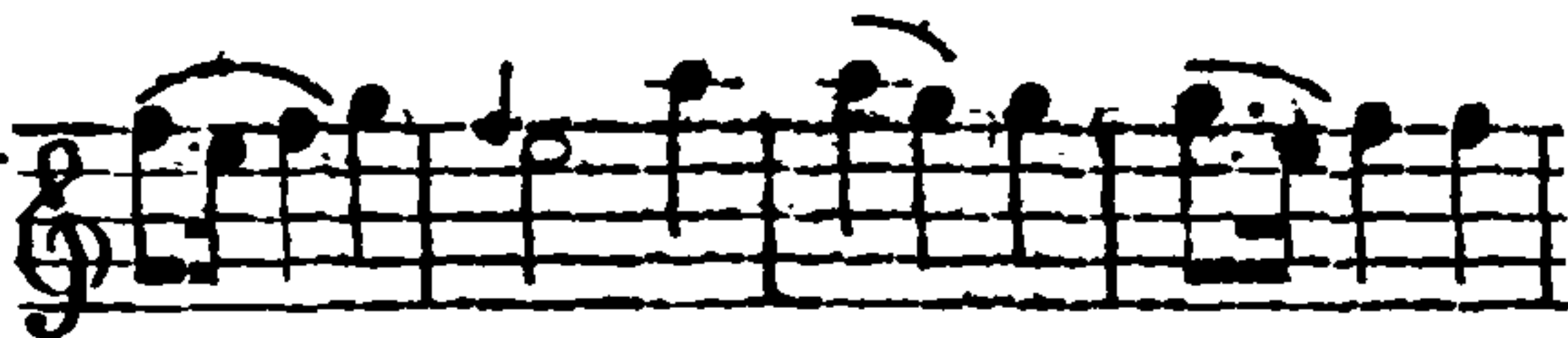
plain ; And, with the bu---sy,



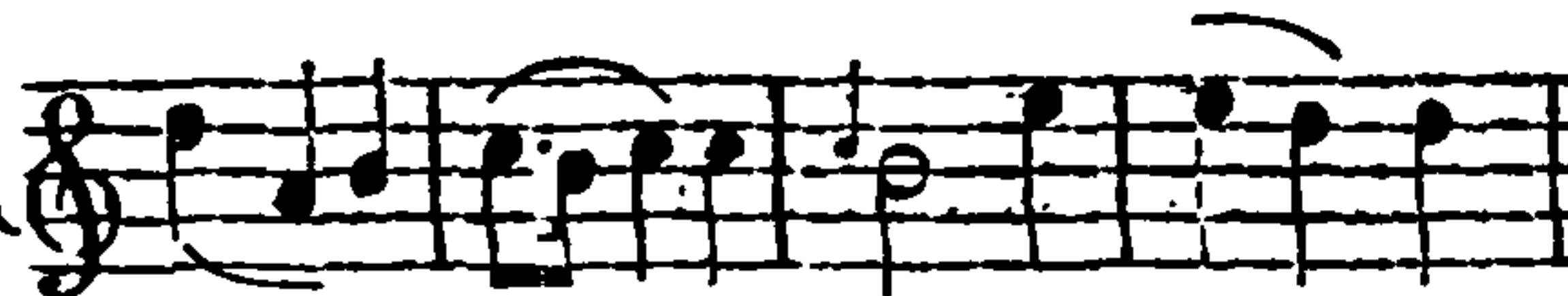
plain ; And, with the

H

bu.



bu---sy, throng, The lit-tle fweets, the



bu---sy, bu---sy, throng, The lit---tle



lit-tle fweets my labours gain I



fweets, the lit---tle fweets my la---bours



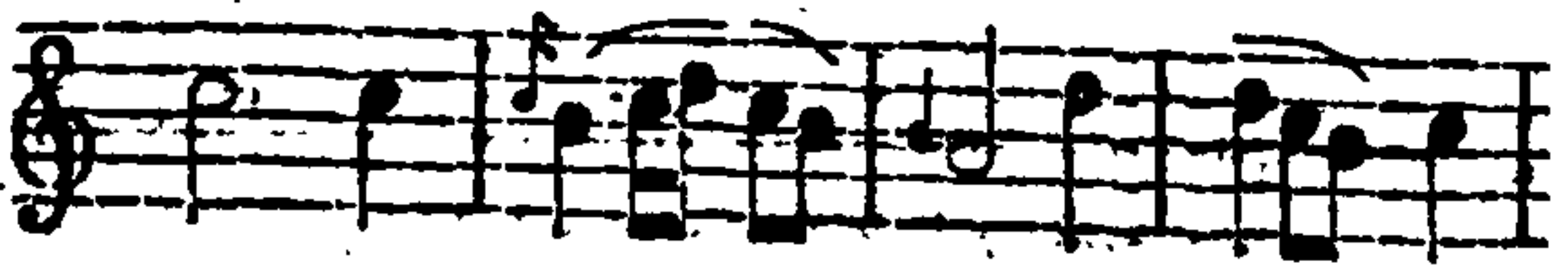
work into a song. The little, little fweets my



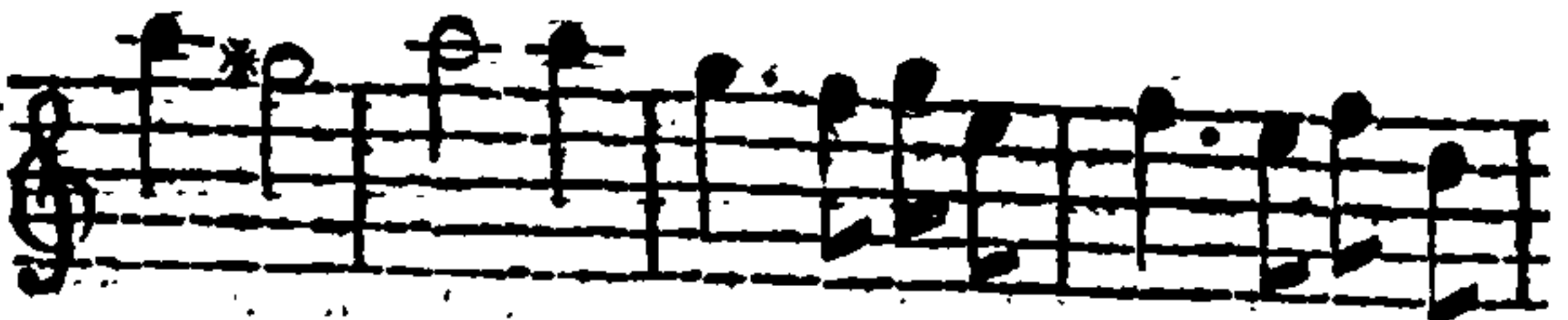
gain I work into a song. The little, little,  
la.



la--bours gain, The lit--tle sweets my



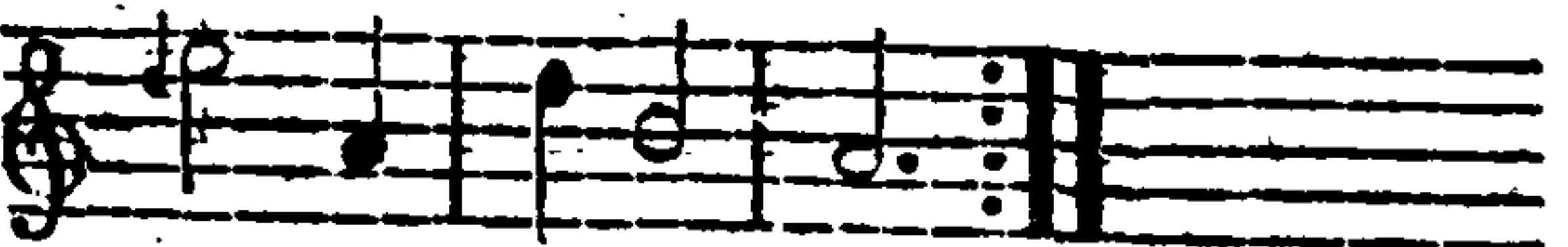
sweets my la---bours gain, The lit--tle



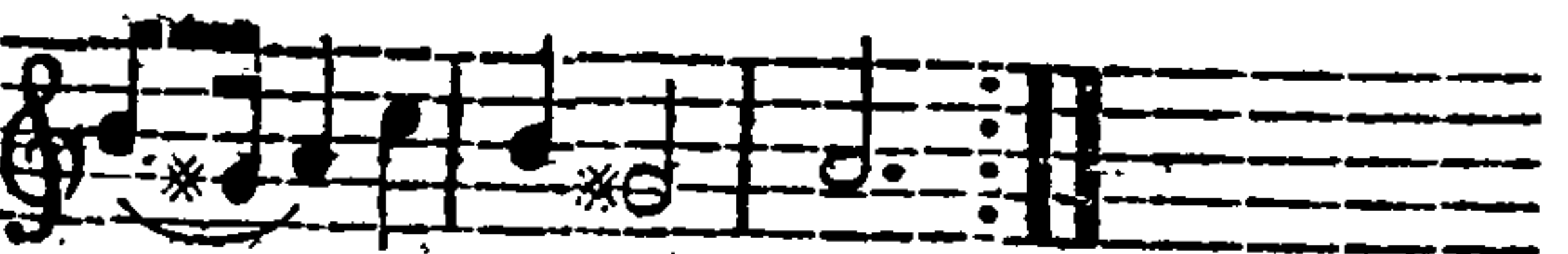
labours gain, I work the little sweets my labours



sweets my labours gain I work, I



gain in---to a song.

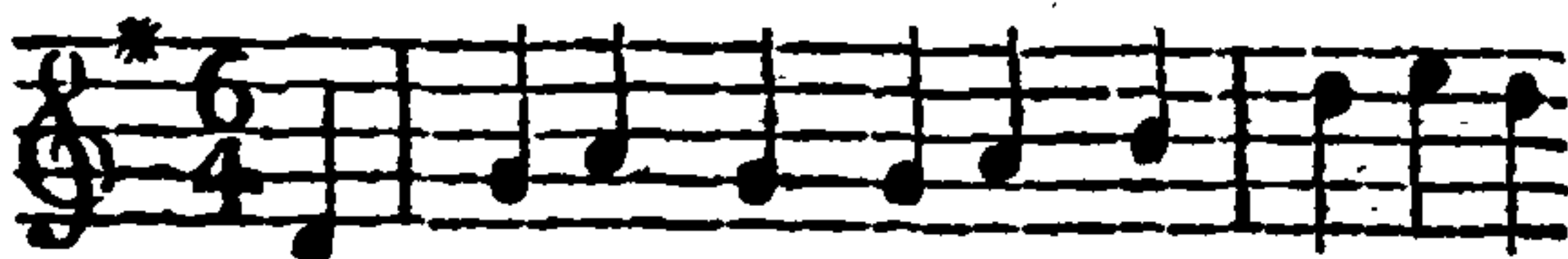


work, in---to a song.

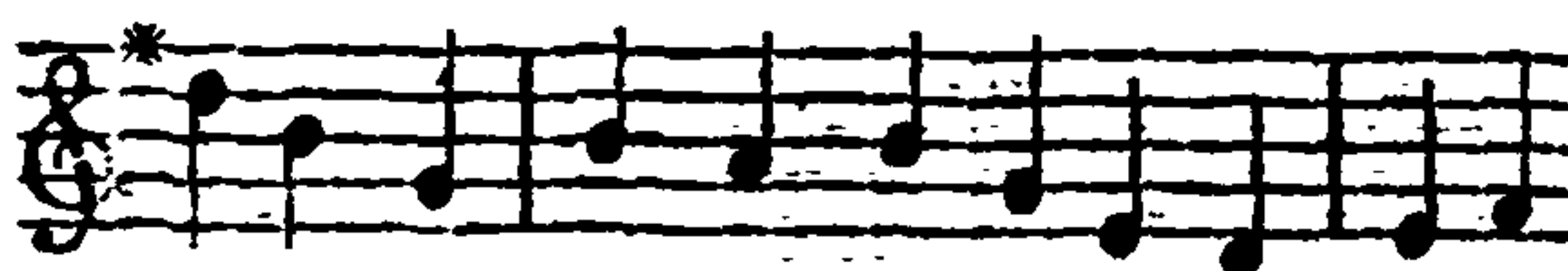
*A plague of these wenches! they make such a pother, &c.*

IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

ALLEGRO.



A plague of these wenches! they make such a



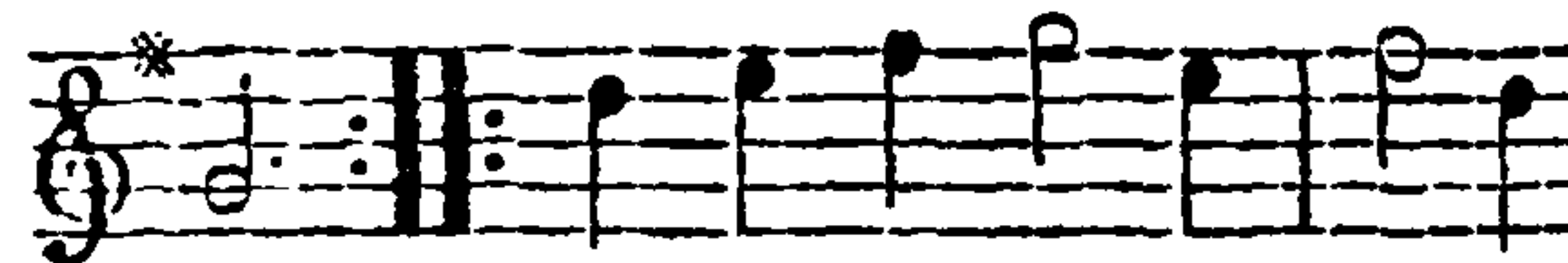
pother When once they have letten a man have



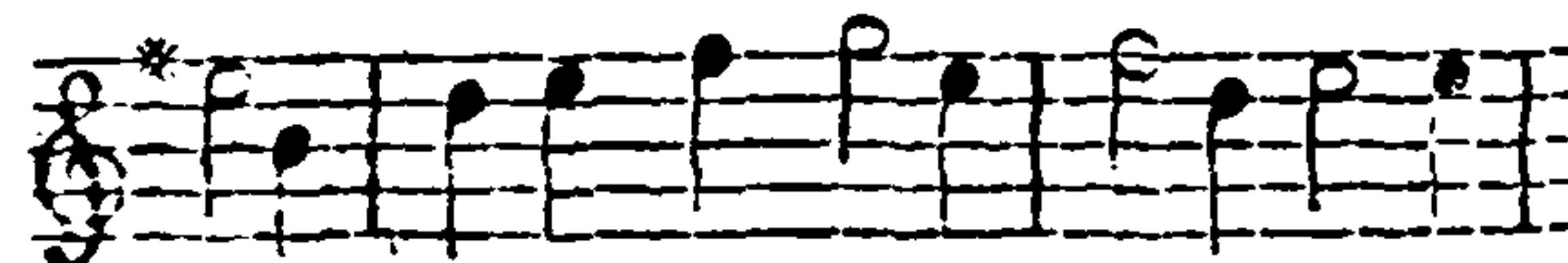
his will; They're always a-whining for something



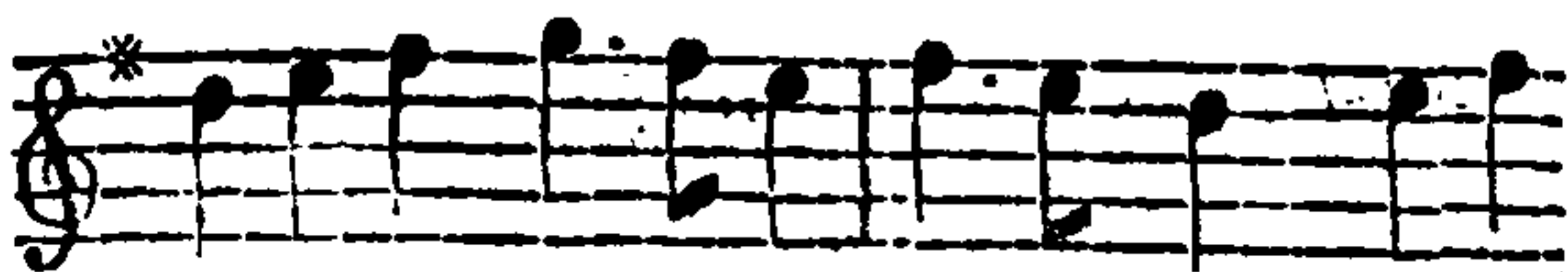
or other, And cry he's unkind in his car-



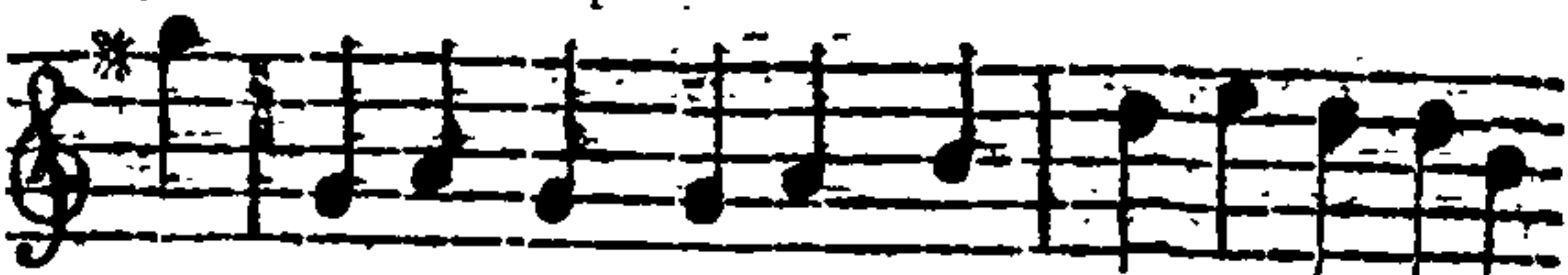
riage. What thof he speaks them ne'er so



fairly, Still they keep teasing teasing on; You  
cannot



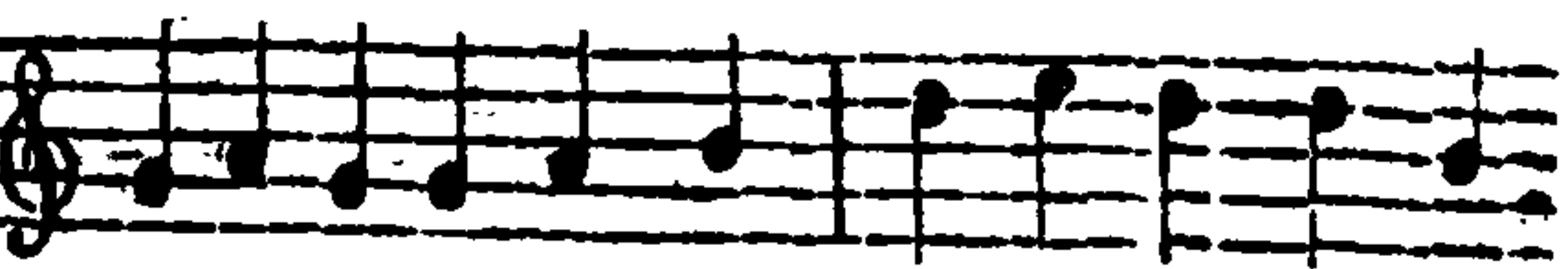
cannot persuade 'em till promise you've made 'em ;



And, after they've got it, they tell you, 'od rot it,



Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone! And



then, to be sure, fir, there is but one cure, fir,



And all their discourse is of marriage.



*With my Daphne I'll repair, &c.*

**AFFETTUOSO.**



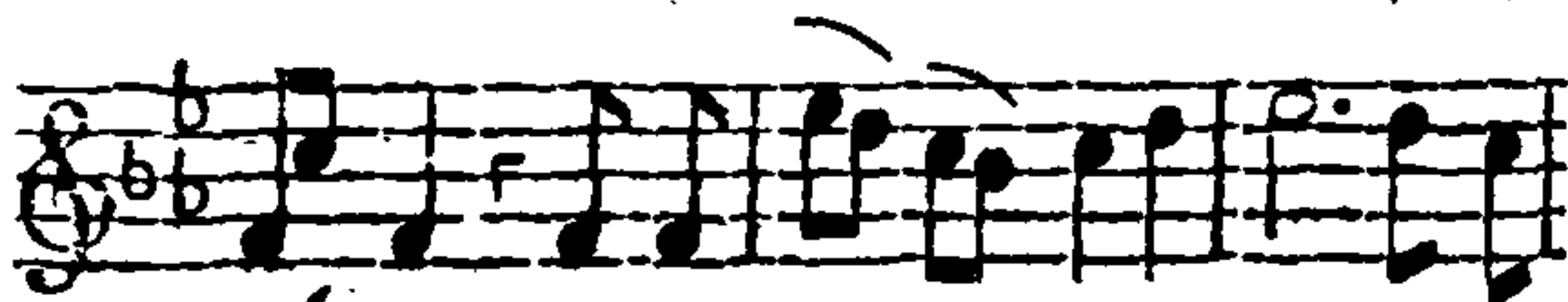
With my Daphne I'll re---pair Where fresh



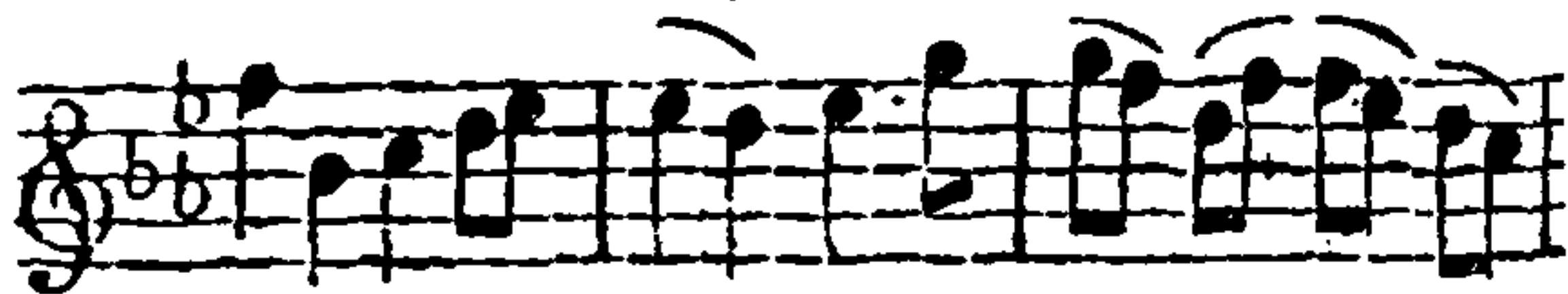
verdure decks the grove, Where fresh verdure



decks the grove; Softly whisp'ring, softly



whisp'ring, softly whisp'ring to my fair, Daphne

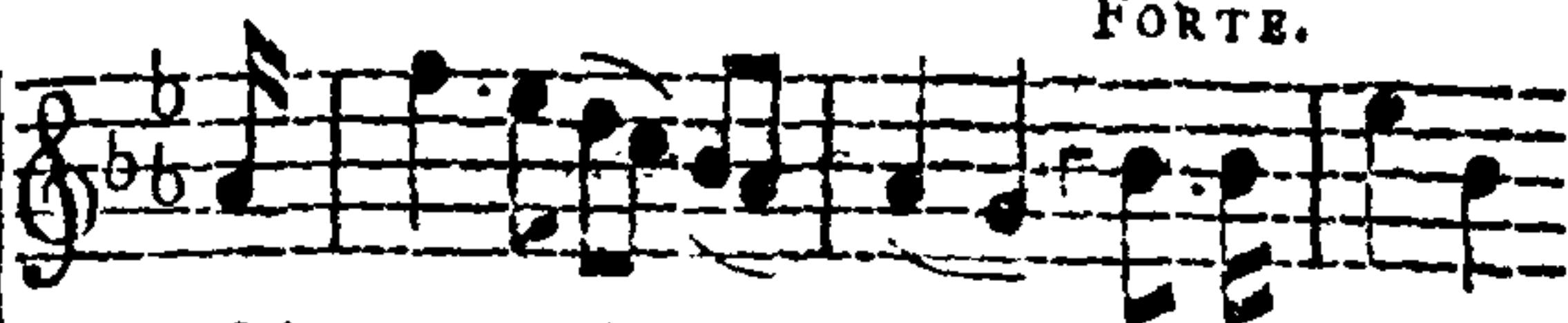


only I can love! Daphne on--ly I can



love! Zephyrs, which around her play, Faith-  
ful

FORTE.



ful to the se-cret prove; To no other

PIANO.

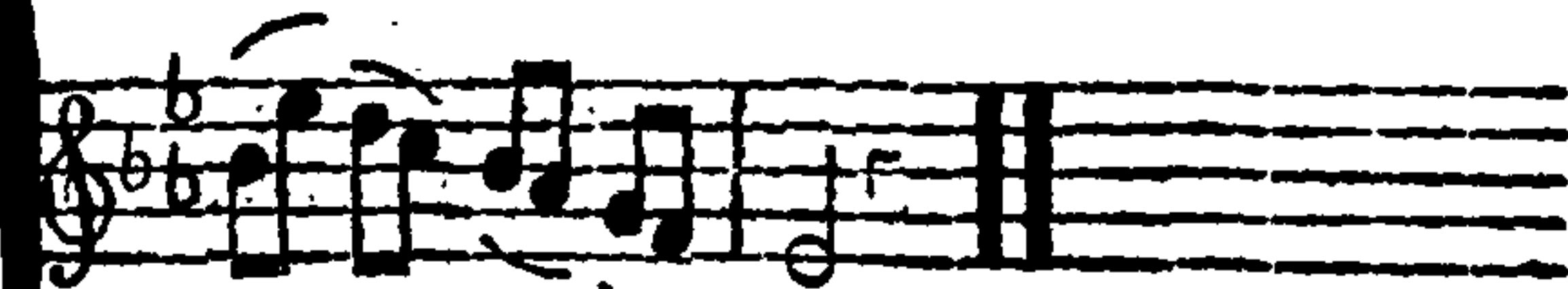


ear convey, Daphne on-ly I can love!

FORTE.



Daphne on--ly I can love! Daphne



on--ly I can love!

Hither come, sweet Philomel,

With your notes my charmer move,

Kind to listen when I tell,

Daphne only I can love!

Never shall her faithful swain

To another fair-one rove:

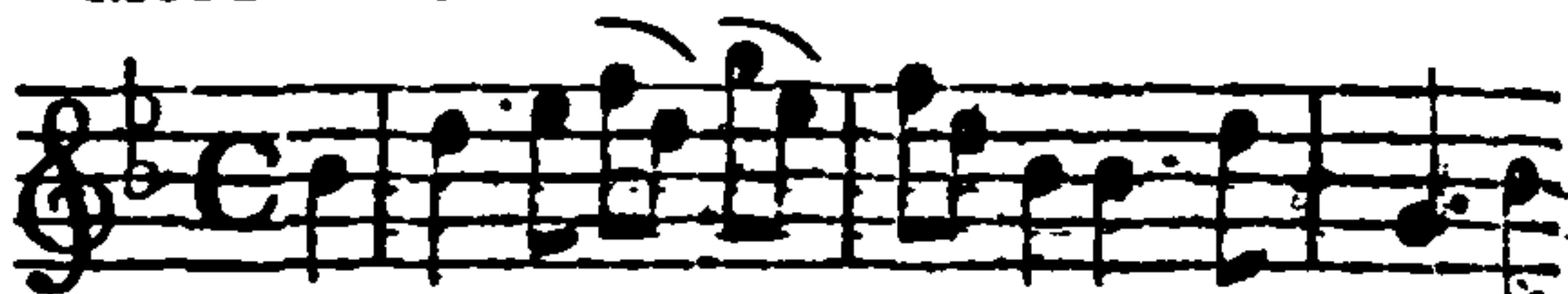
Say, dear maid, and end my pain,

Strephon only I will love.

*A l u s y*

*A busy humble bee am I, &c.*

MODERATO.



A busy humble bee am I, That range the



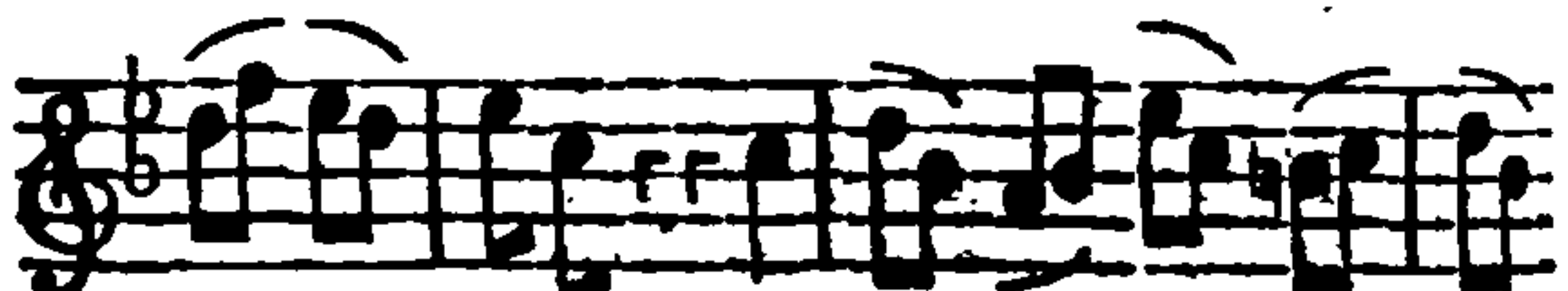
garden funny; From flow'r to flow'r I



changing fly, And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.



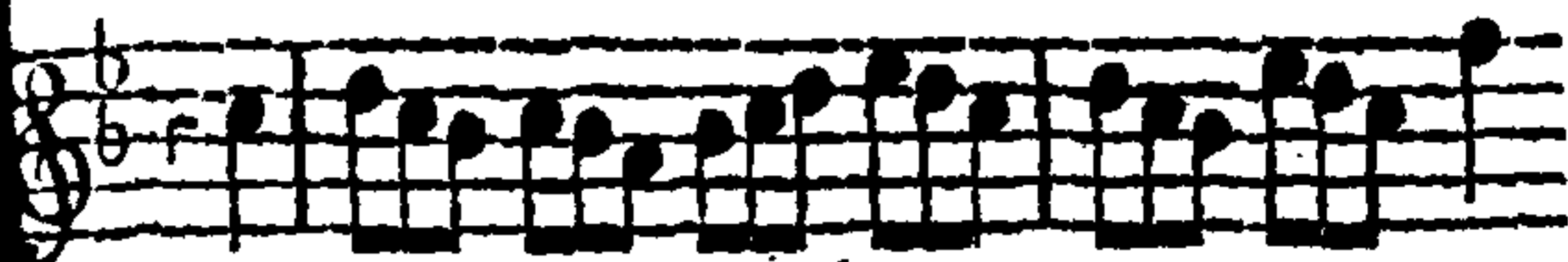
Bright Chloe, with her golden hairs, A-while my



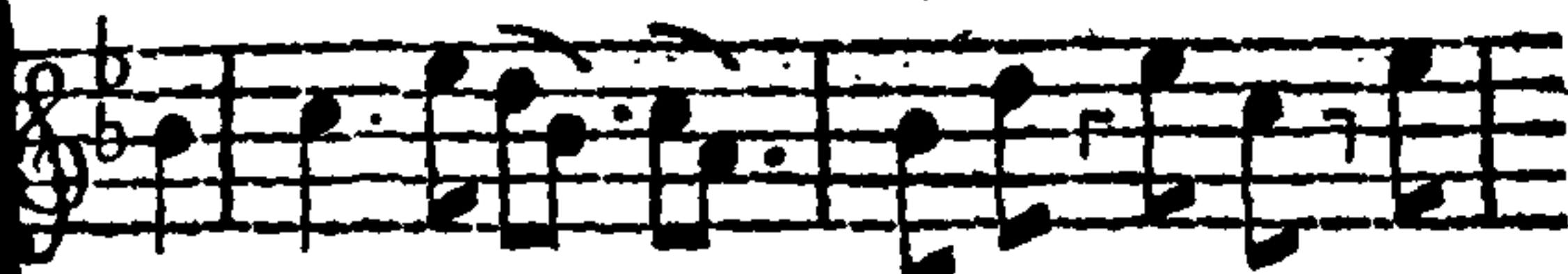
rich jonquil is; Till, cloy'd with sipping nec-



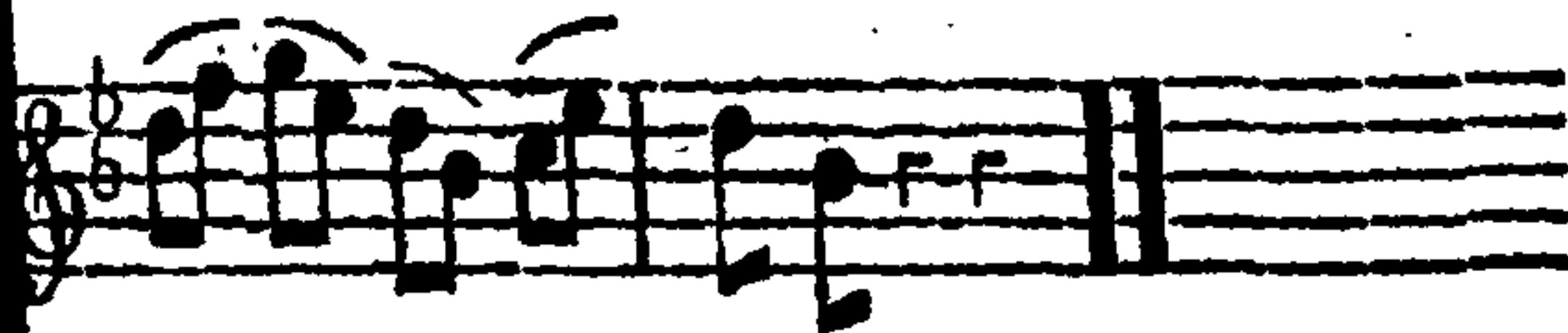
tar there, I shift to re-...-sy Phillis!



I shi- - - - - ft,



I shift to ro---sy Phillis! Phillis! I



shift to ro--sy Phillis!

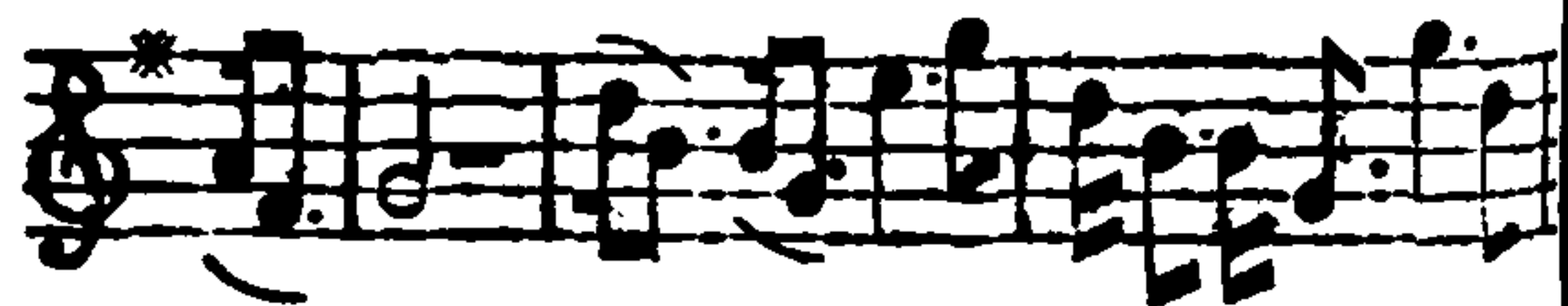
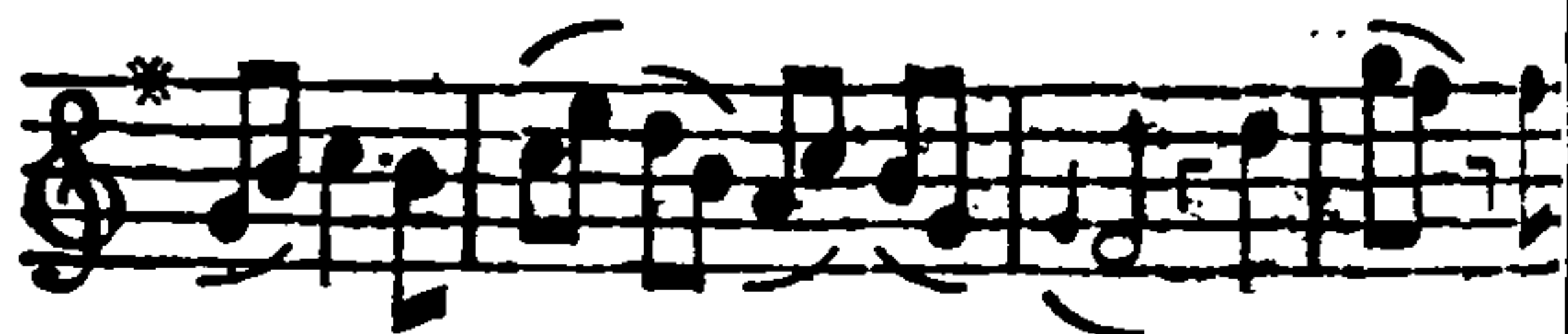
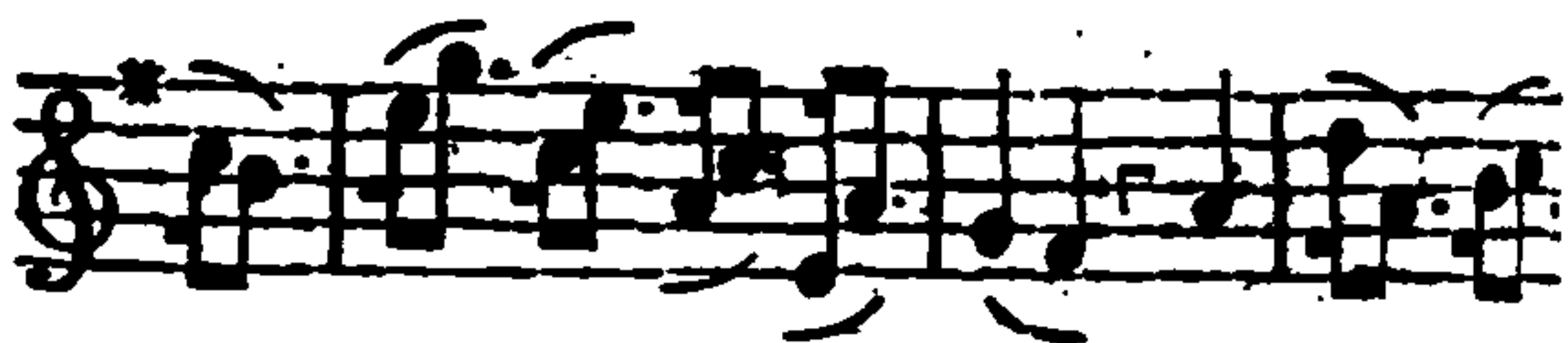
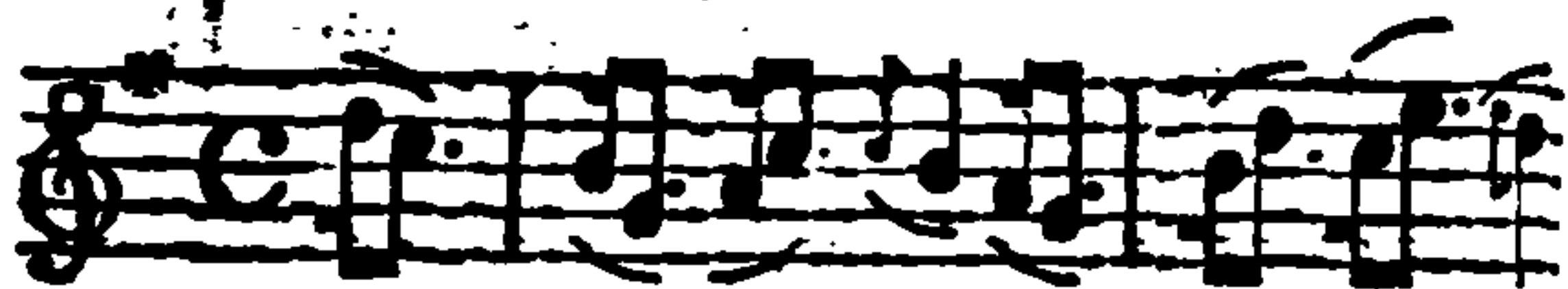
But Phillis's sweet opening breast  
Remains not long my station ;  
For Kitty must be now address'd,  
My spicy-breath'd carnation.  
Yet Kitty's fragrant bed I leave,  
To other flow'rs I'm rover,  
And all, in turns, my love receive,  
The gay wide garden over.

Variety, that knows no bounds,  
My roving fancy edges,  
And oft with Flora I am found  
"In dalliance under hedges :  
For, as I am an errant bee  
Who range each bank that's funny,  
Both fields and gardens are my fee,  
And ev'ry flow'r's my honey!

When

*When summer comes, the swains on Tweed, &c.*

ANSWER.





**W**HEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed  
 Sing their successful loves;  
 Around, the ewes and lambkins feed,  
 And music fills the groves:  
 But my lov'd song is then The Broom  
 So fair on Cowdenknows!  
 For, sure, so soft, so sweet, a bloom  
 Elsewhere there never grows!  
 O the broom, the bonny, bonny, broom,  
 The broom on Cowdenknows!  
 For, sure, so soft, so sweet, a bloom  
 Elsewhere there never grows!

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed  
 And won my yielding heart;  
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed  
 Could play with half such art;  
 He sang of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,  
 The hills and dales all round,  
 Of Leader's hawghs and Leader's side:  
 O how I blest'd the sound!  
 O the broom, &c.

Not Tiviot's braes, so green and gay,  
 May with this broom compare;  
 Not Yarrow's banks in flow'ry May,  
 Nor the bush aboon Traquair:  
 More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,  
 My peaceful, happy, home;  
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes  
 At eve among the broom.  
 O the broom, &c.



*Without any envy, without any foes, &c.*

**VIVACE.**



WITHOUT

**W**ITHOUT any envy, without any foes,  
 Without any pride, or without any ill,  
 Without aught to alarm or disturb their repose,  
 In a pretty neat cottage live Hannah and Will.  
 Without aught to alarm or disturb their repose,  
 In a pretty neat cottage live Hannah and Will.

Without heavy labour of heart or of hand,  
 Without any noise but the neighbouring mill,  
 Without a Dependence on any's command, —  
 Such is the life of Hannah and Will.

Without any music but that of the grove,  
 Without any murmur but that of the rill,  
 Without any passion but that of the dove, —  
 Such is the life of Hannah and Will.

Without food or raiment but of their own growth,  
 Without any art, though of competent skill,  
 Without any dirt, or appearance of sloth, —  
 Such is the life of Hannah and Will.

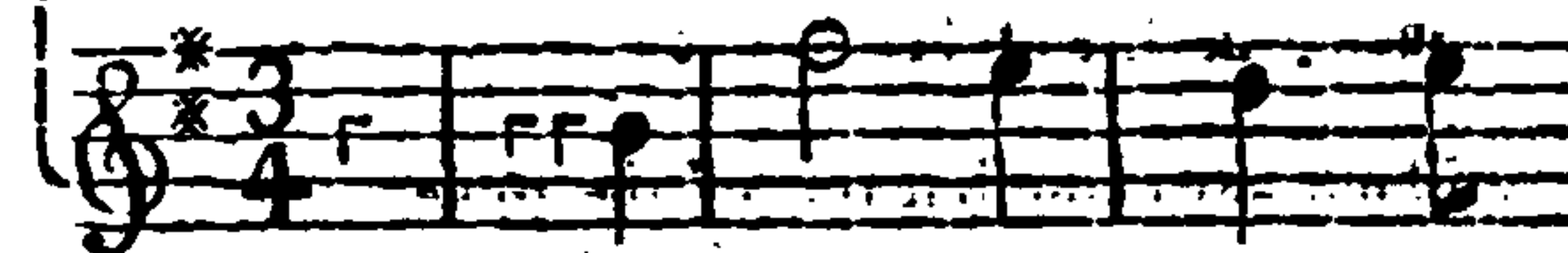
Without any tutors but nature and truth,  
 Without any physic but from their own skill, —  
 Thus have they liv'd from the days of their youth!  
 Ye great ones, what think you of Hannah and Will?

*While thus, transported with pleasure, &c.*

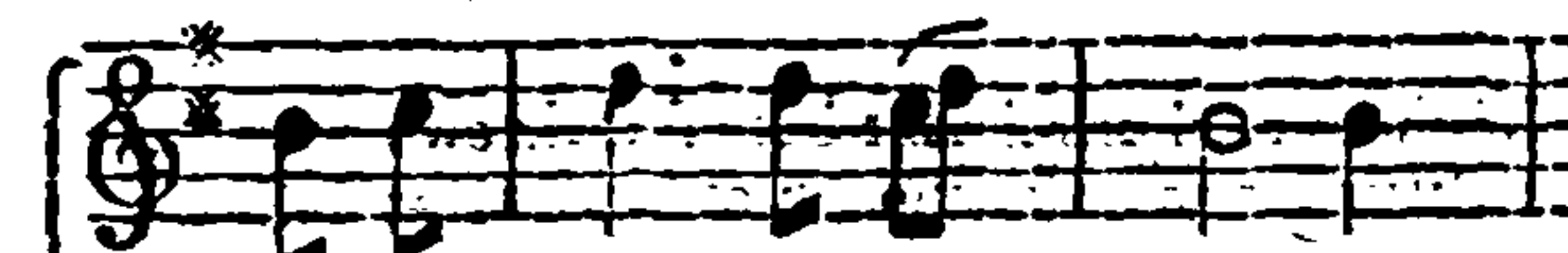
For two Voices.



While thus, transported with pleasure, On



While thus, transf---port-----ed



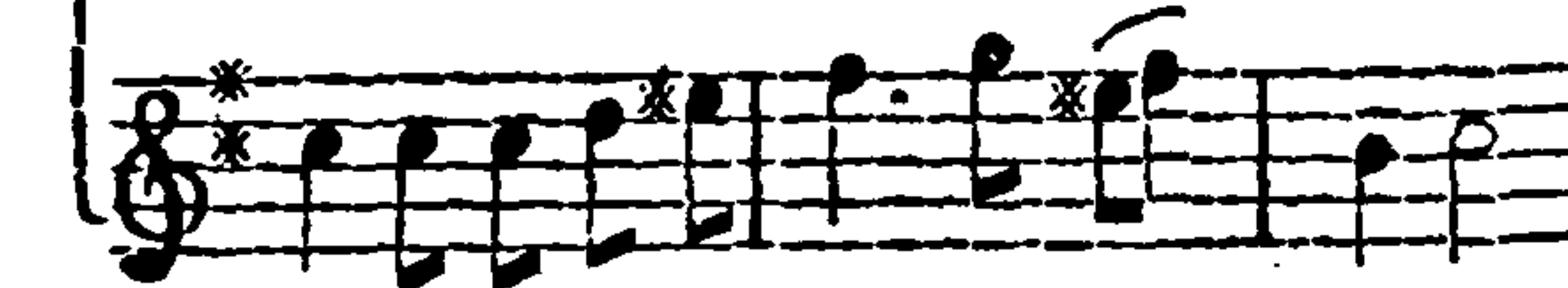
thee I gaze in sweet leisure,



with pleasure, On thee I gaze in sweet

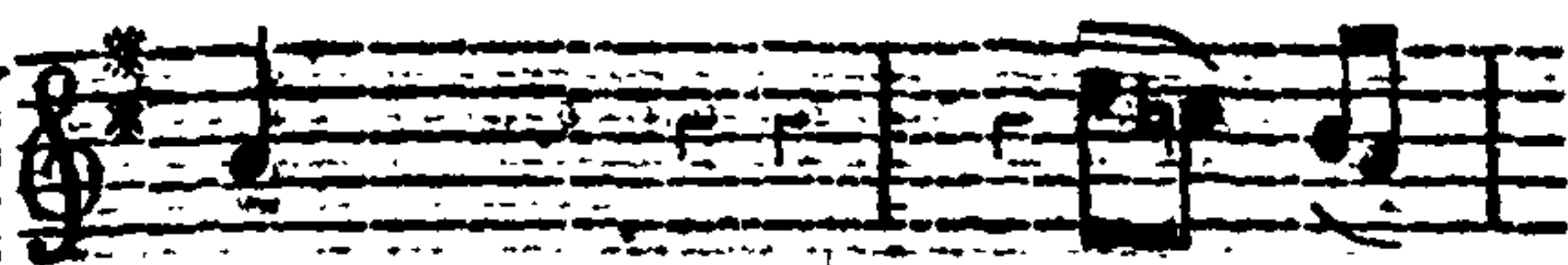


O hap-----pi-----ness beyond mea-



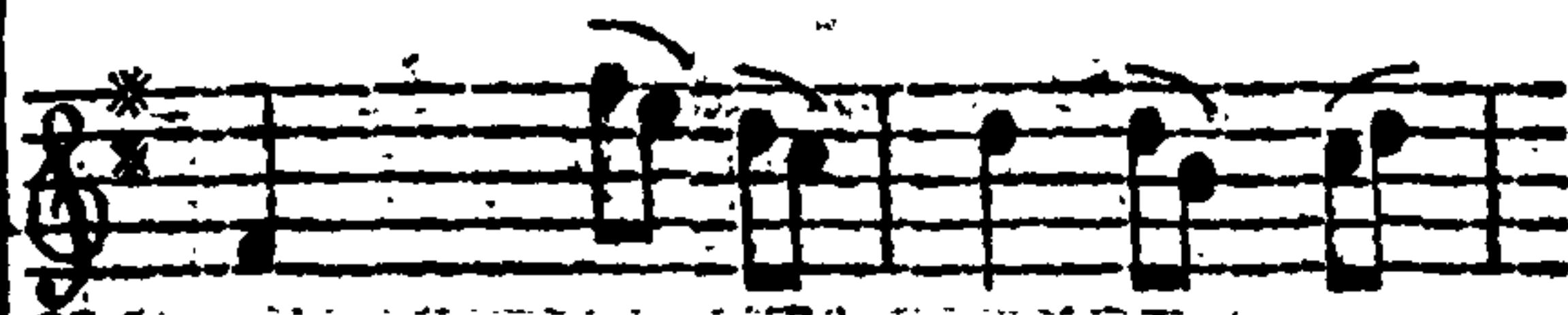
leisure, O happi--ness beyond mea-

sure!



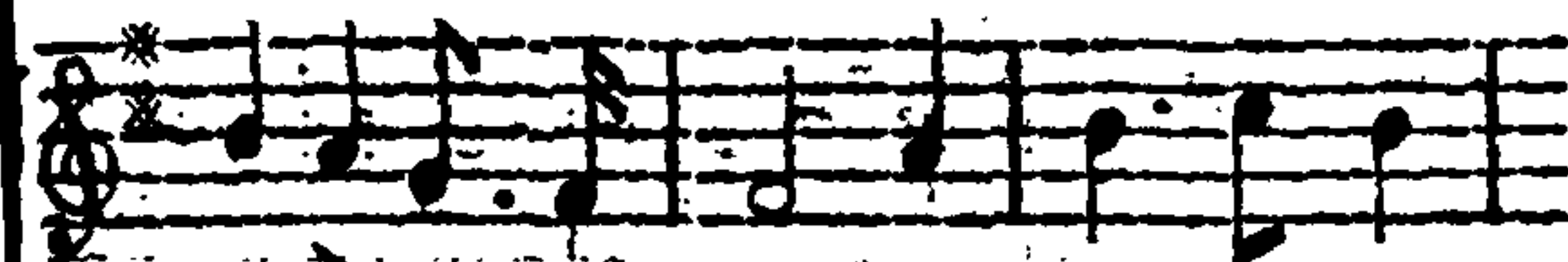
sure !

Thy charms

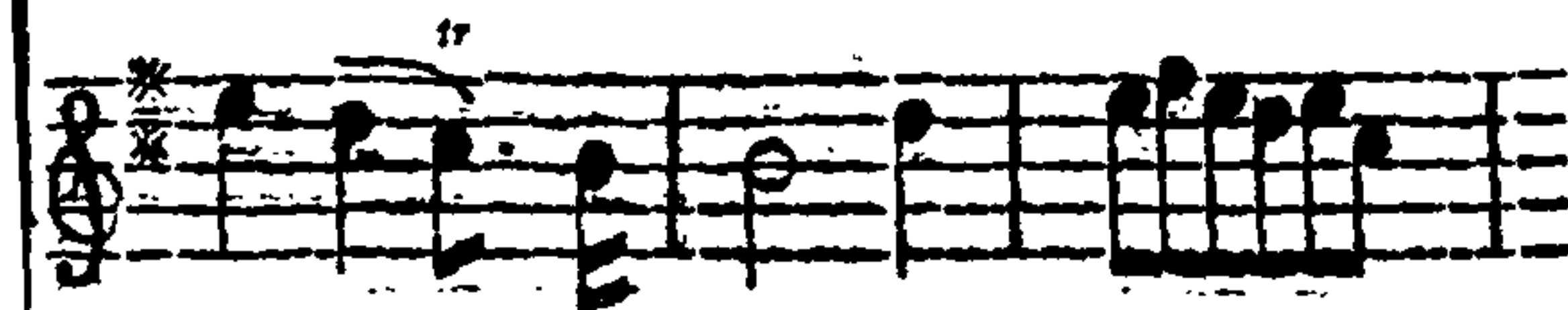


sure !

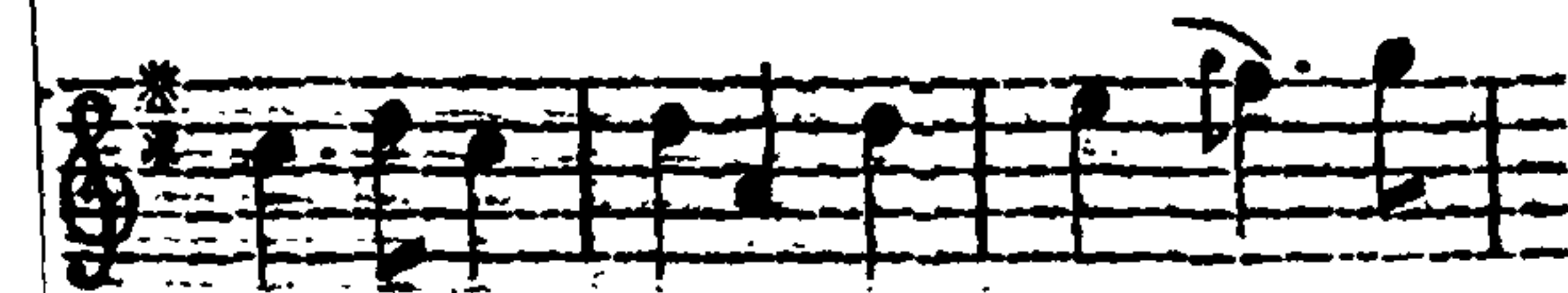
Thy charms pour, Thy charms



pour on the light An o- - - -



pour on the light An o- - - -



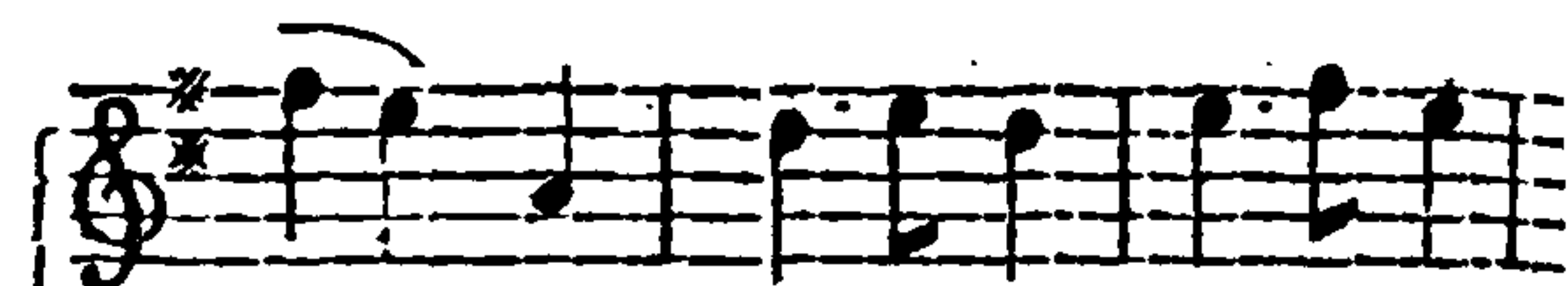
... cean of supreme de-



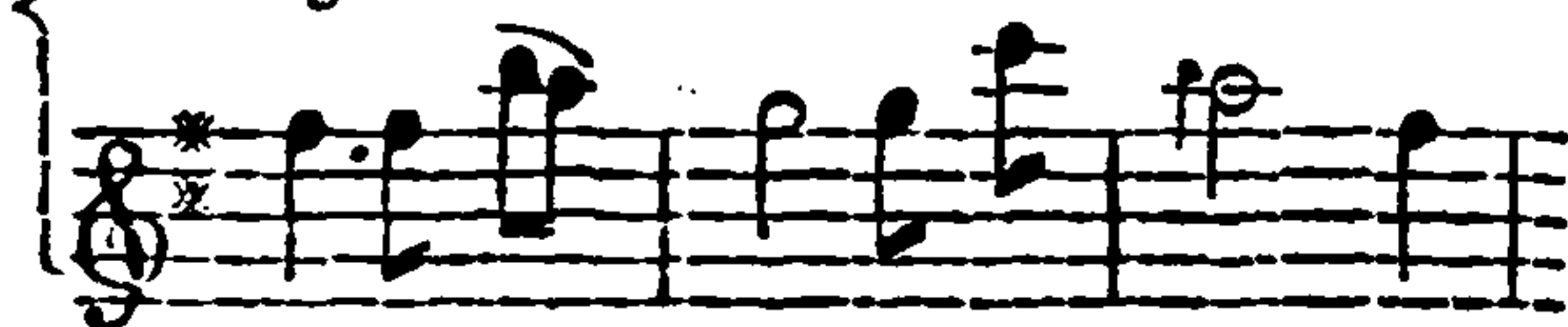
... cean of supreme de-

I 2

light !



light! An o- - - - -



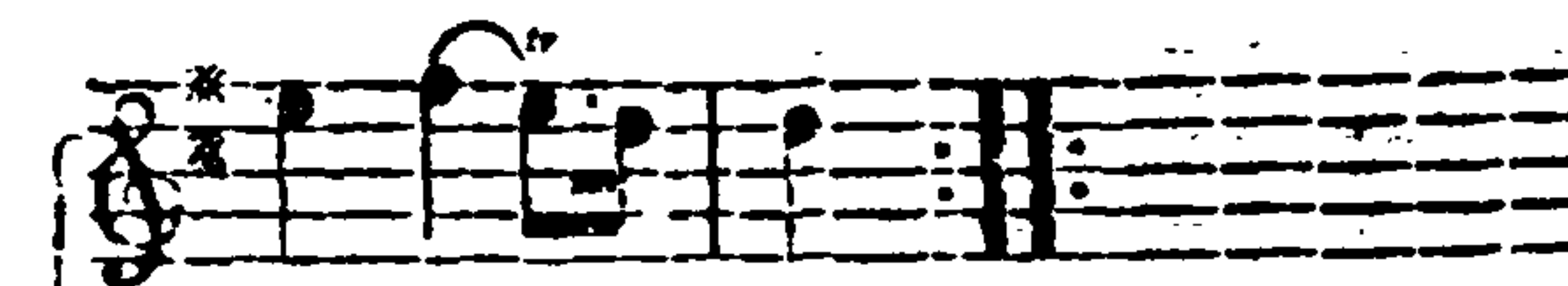
light! Thy charms pour on the fight An



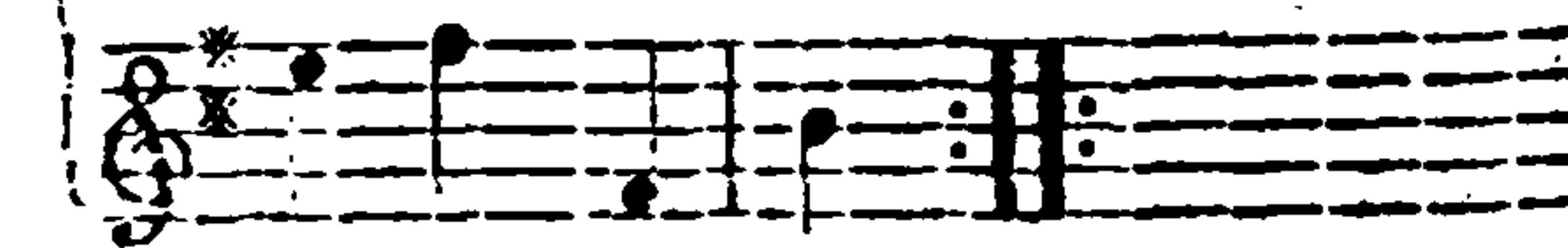
- - - - - cean of



o- - - - - cean of



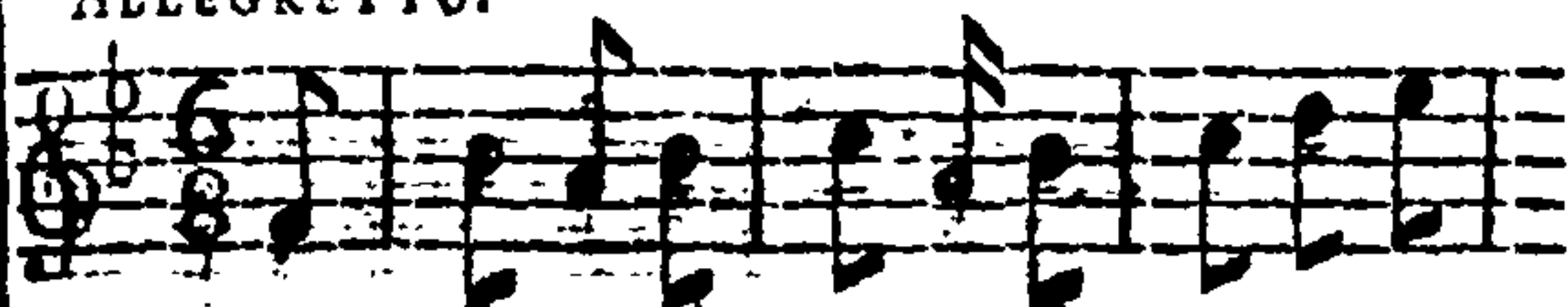
supreme de-...light!



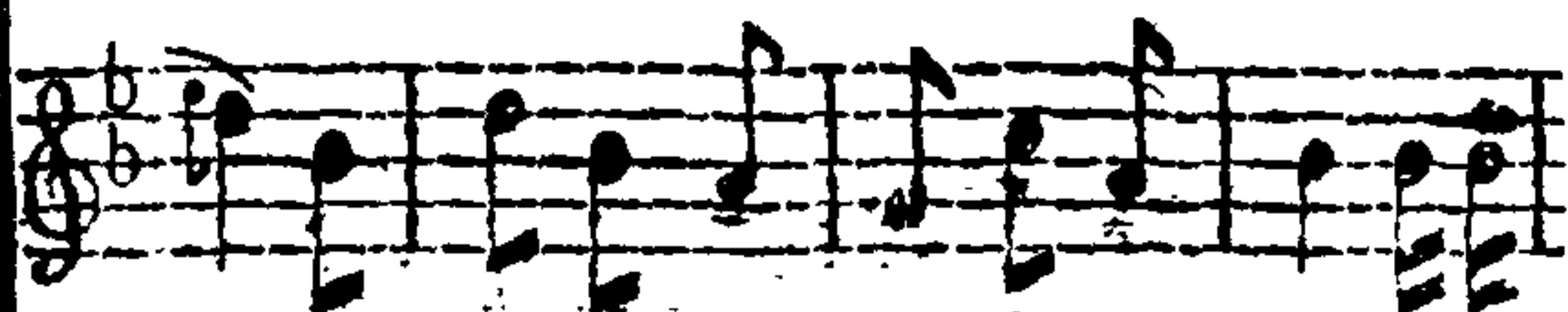
supreme delight!

*Ye fair, if ye wish to secure to your arms, &c.*

ALLEGRETTO.



Ye fair, if ye wish to secure to your



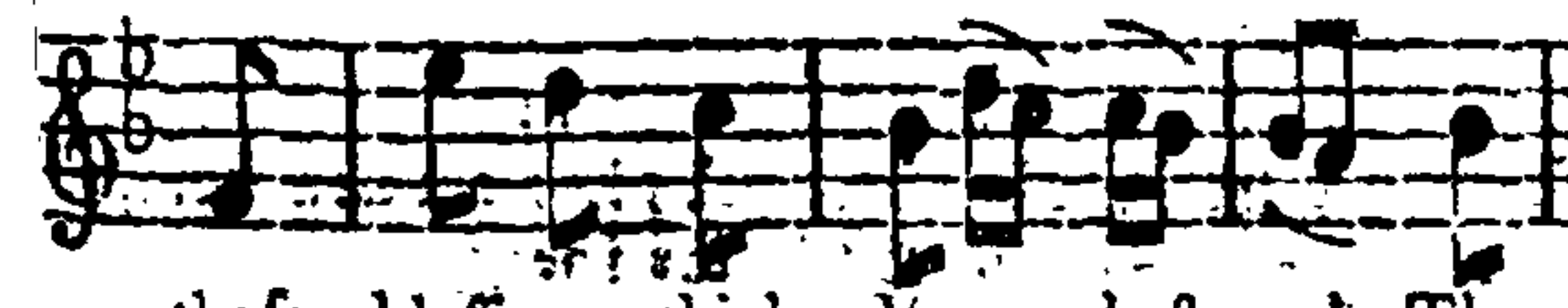
arms A shepherd that's honest and wise, Never



waste the long day on ex--te--ri--or charms, But



beauties more per--ma--nent prize. How transient

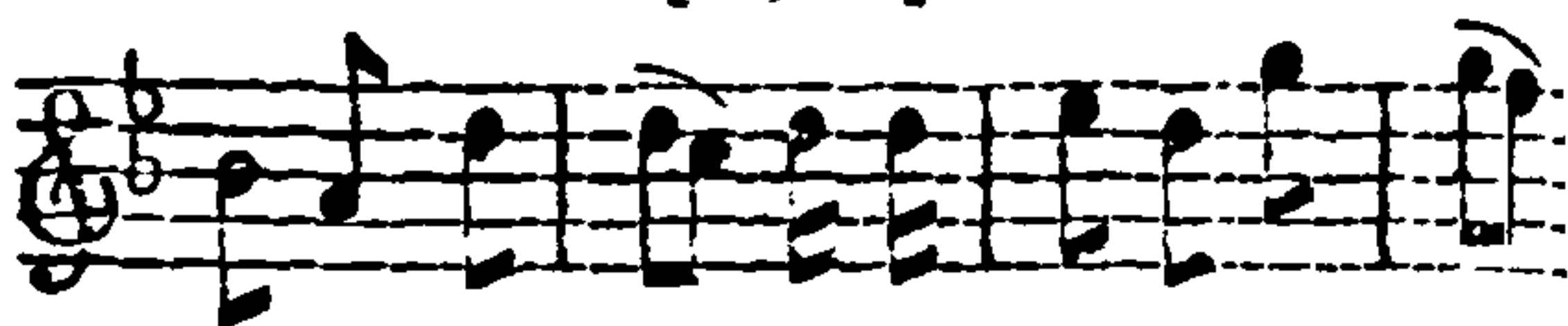


those blessings which Venus bestows! The

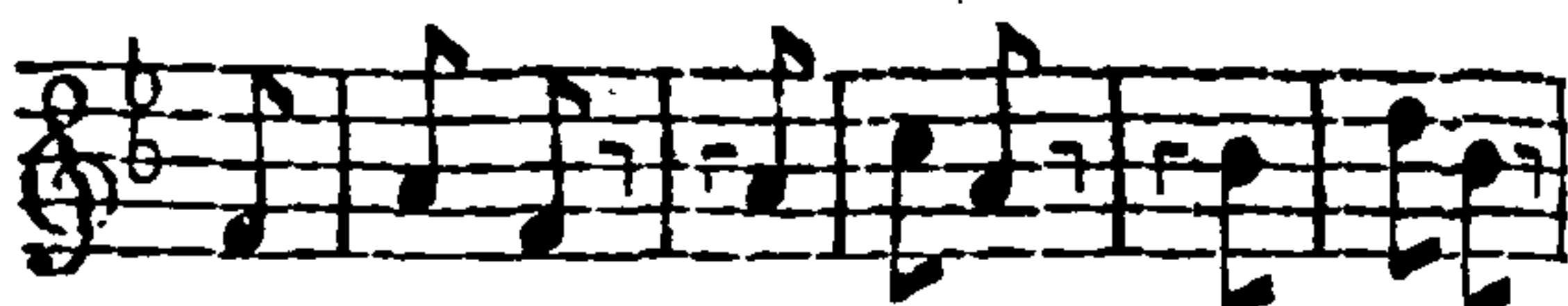


rose and the li--ly de--cay! 'Tis from  
I 3 virtue





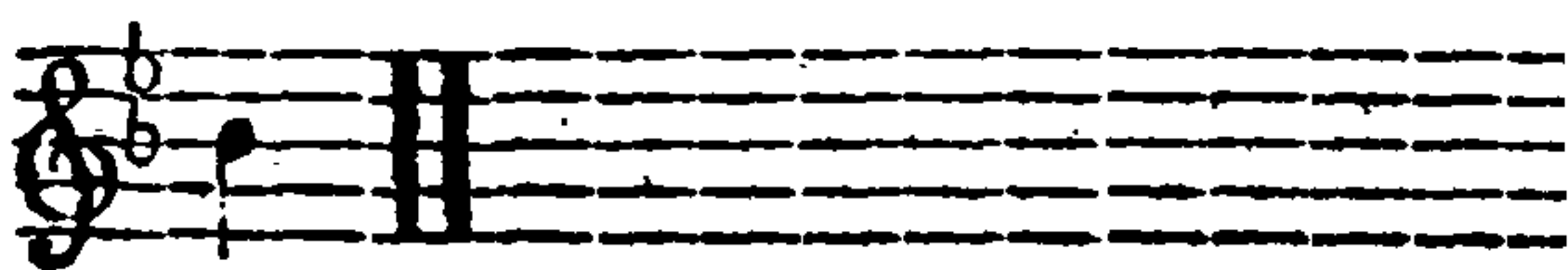
virtue a----lone solid happiness flows,



And pleasures, and pleasures, and pleasures,



and p.ea-----sures, which know no al-



lay !

Should the lord of your vows some small foibles possess,  
 And you with the lov'd youth to reclaim,  
 Your remonstrances always with mildness express,  
 Or, trust me, you'll miss of your aim !  
 If sense and good-nature each fair-one adorn,  
 Her empire she'll find will extend ;  
 Each day shall present her with pleasures new born,  
 And the husband be lost in the friend.

Sol twice has his annual journey gone round  
 Since Colin and Flora were wed ;  
 Their love no abatement has hitherto found,  
 Or jealousy parted their bed.  
 Kind Jove has consented their joy to augment,  
 A son has bellow'd on the pair ;

Their

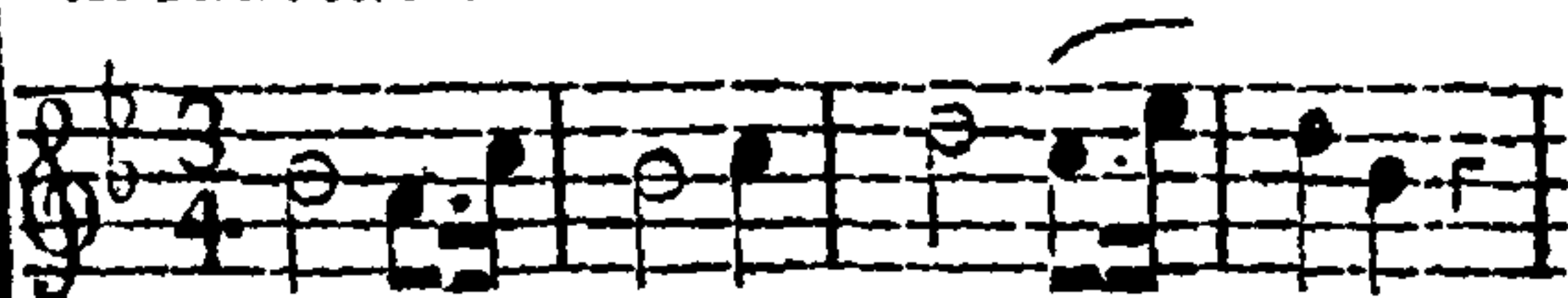


Their lives prove a round of domestic content,  
Estrang'd or to sorrow or care.

Ye nymphs, who inhabit Britannia's bless'd isle,  
This tale with attention review;  
The reward which I ask is one generous smile,  
Nor refuse a young female her due:  
True friendship alone 'tis inspires my muse  
These lines of instruction t' impart;  
Then, critics, be candid! — the errors excuse,  
Since they flow from a well-meaning heart.

*Spring is Nature's charms renewing, &c.*

ANDANTINO GRAZIOSO.



Spring is nature's charms re---new-ing,



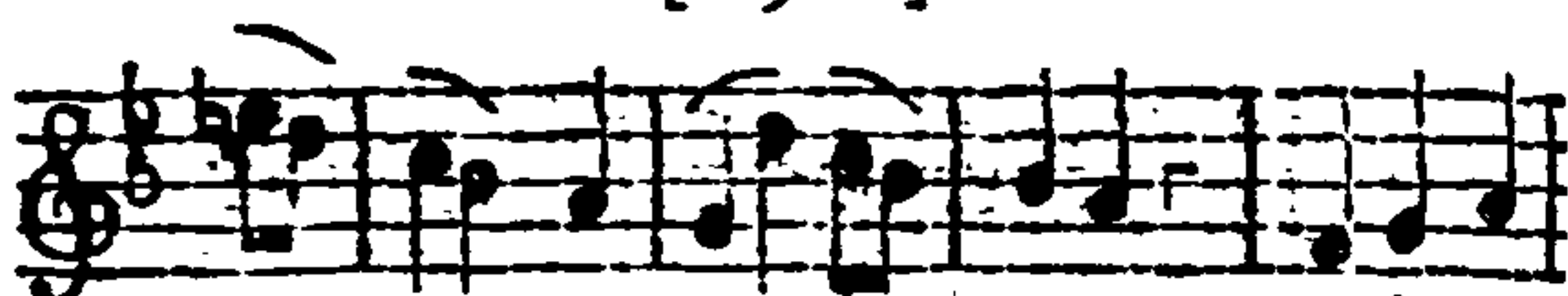
Lately lost by win---t'ry blasts; Oh



the joy! fine na-----ture viewing! How



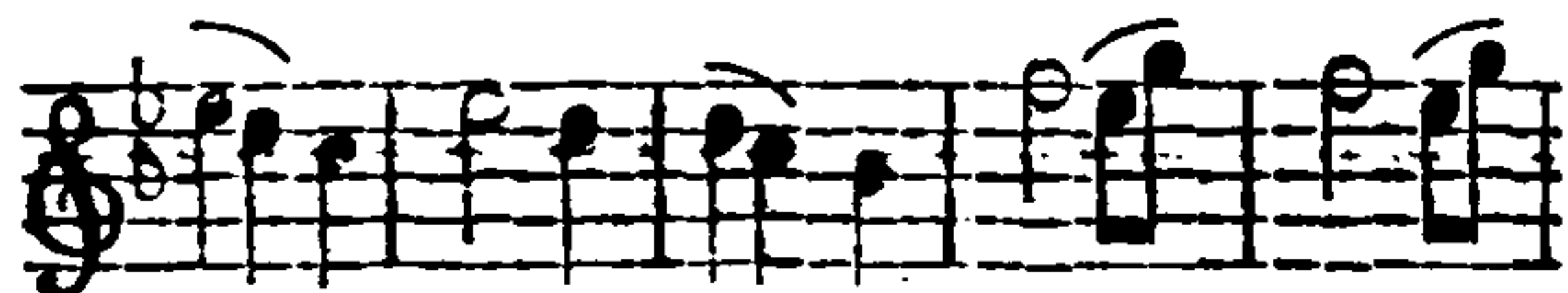
en--chant-ing while it lasts! Oh  
the



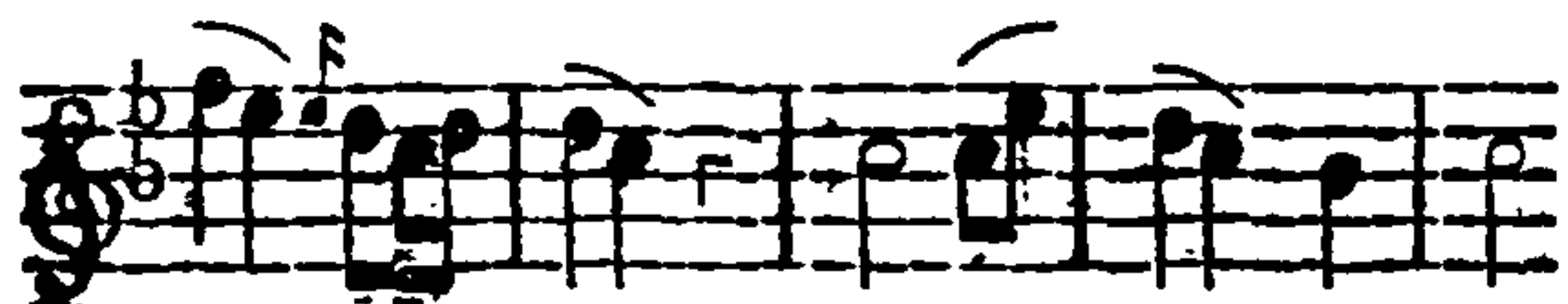
the joy! fine na-ture 'viewing! How en-



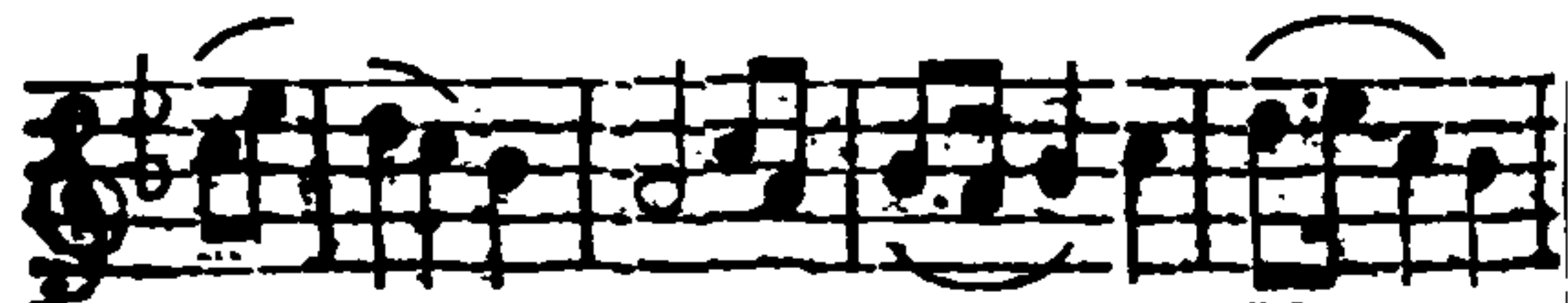
chant---ing while it lasts! Charming



Delia, why this absence? Absence does like



win---ter prove! Come, and charm me with



thy presence, And re-----new the spring of

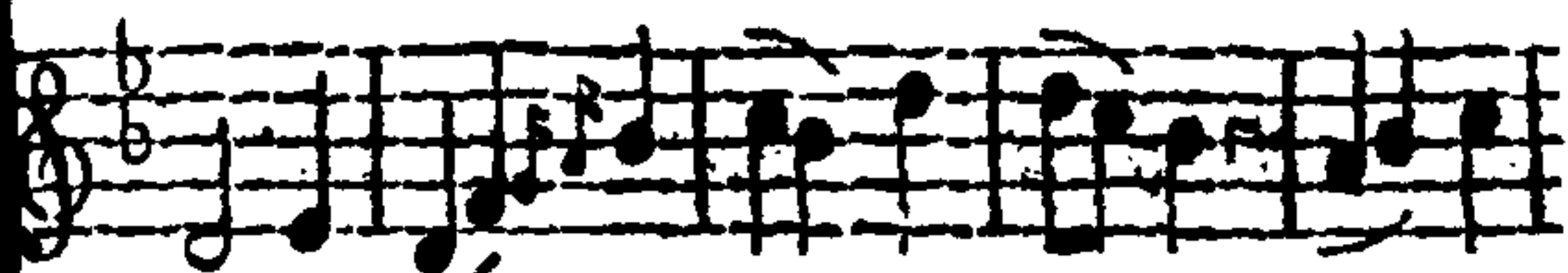


love! Come, and charm me with thy presence,

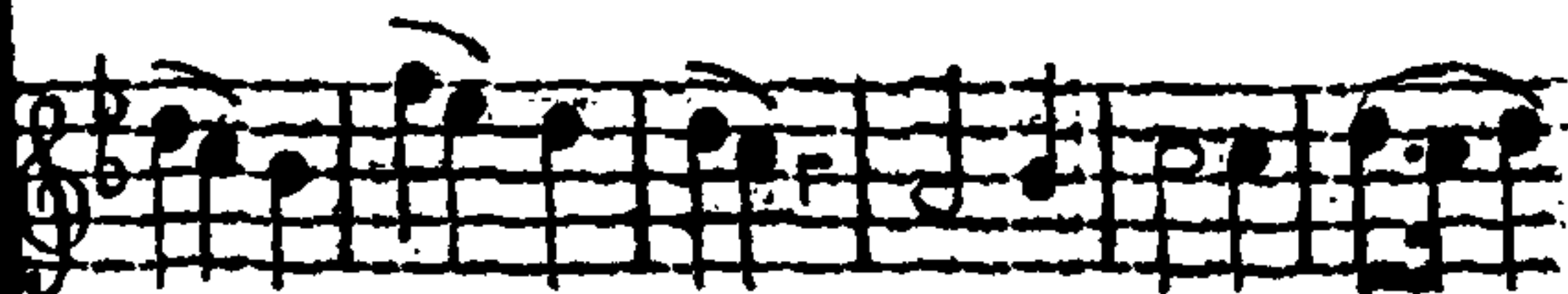


And re-----new the spring of love!

Halte



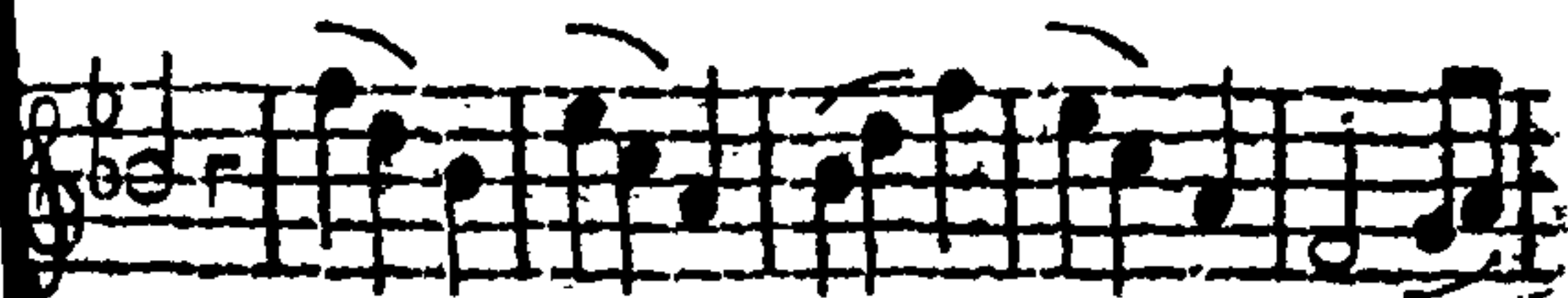
Ha!te, dear De--lia, let love bring ye, You'll make



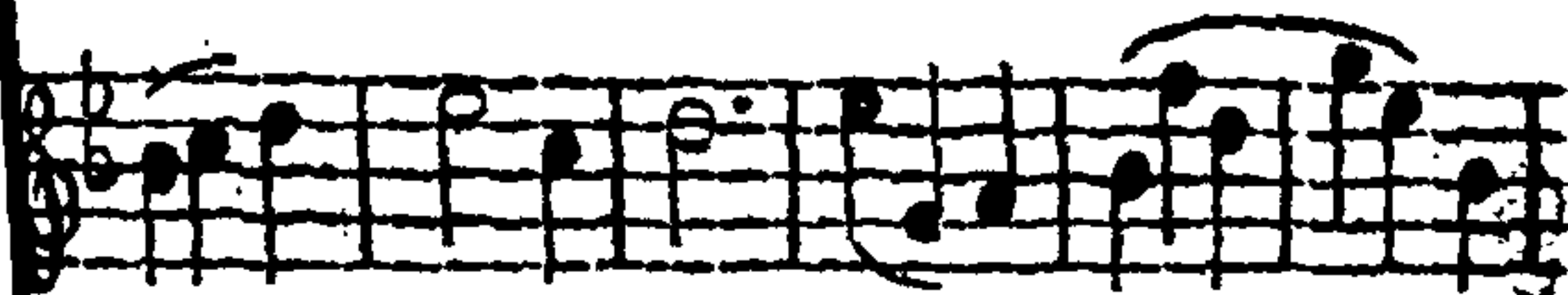
all around look gay! Let thy lover hope



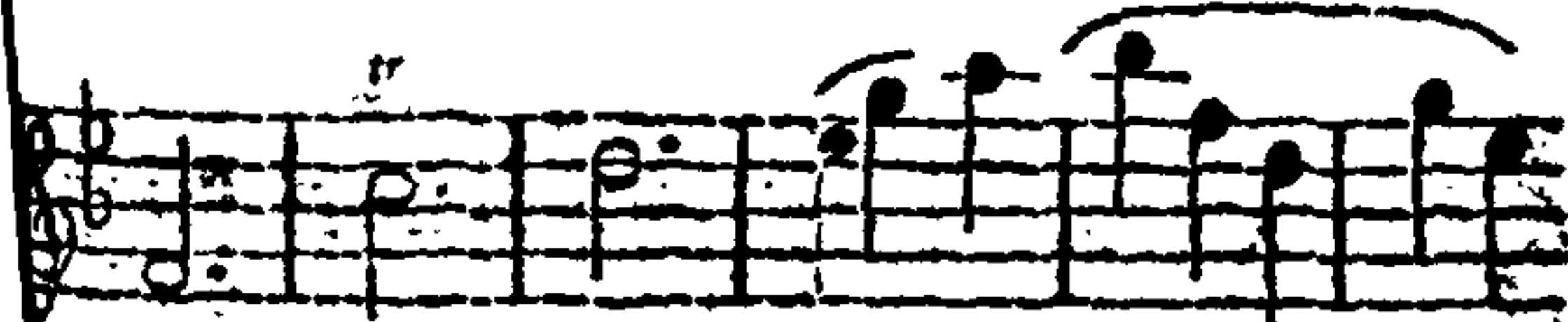
to win ye! Hope to taste the sweets of



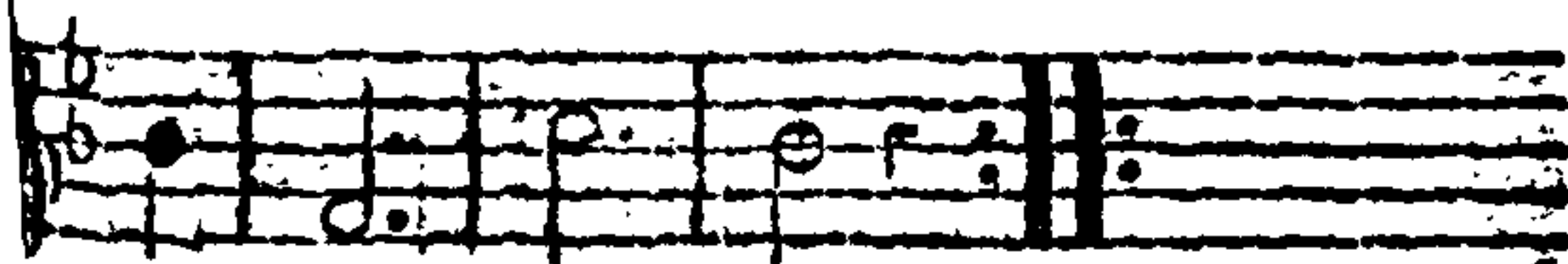
May! Let thy lover hope to win ye! Hope to



taste the sweets of May! Hope to ta-----ste the



sweets of May! Hope to ta-----ste



the sweets of May!

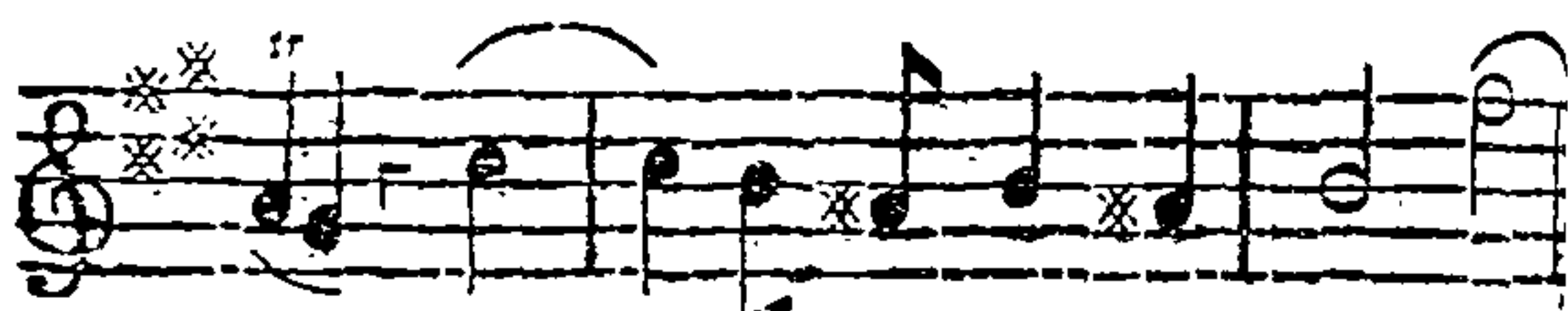
*Beauty*

*Beauty and wit, illustrious maid, &c.*

DOLCE.



Beauty and wit, il-----lus-tri--ous



maid, Bright as to you belong, Bri-



-ght as to you be----long,



Charm all man---kind, with-----out the



ai---d of soft me-----lo---dious



song, of fo- - - - -



-----ft me---- lo-dious song.

Why will you add, enchanting fair,  
 The magic of your voice?  
 By which in us you cause despair,  
 Yet make our fate our choice!

In vain, to tempt Laertes' heir,  
 Their songs the syrens try'd:  
 But, could their notes with thine compare,  
 He must have heard and died!

Sing on, bright maid! encore, each strain,  
 Though in each strain's a dart!  
 We die by pleasure, not by pain,  
 While thus you pierce the heart!

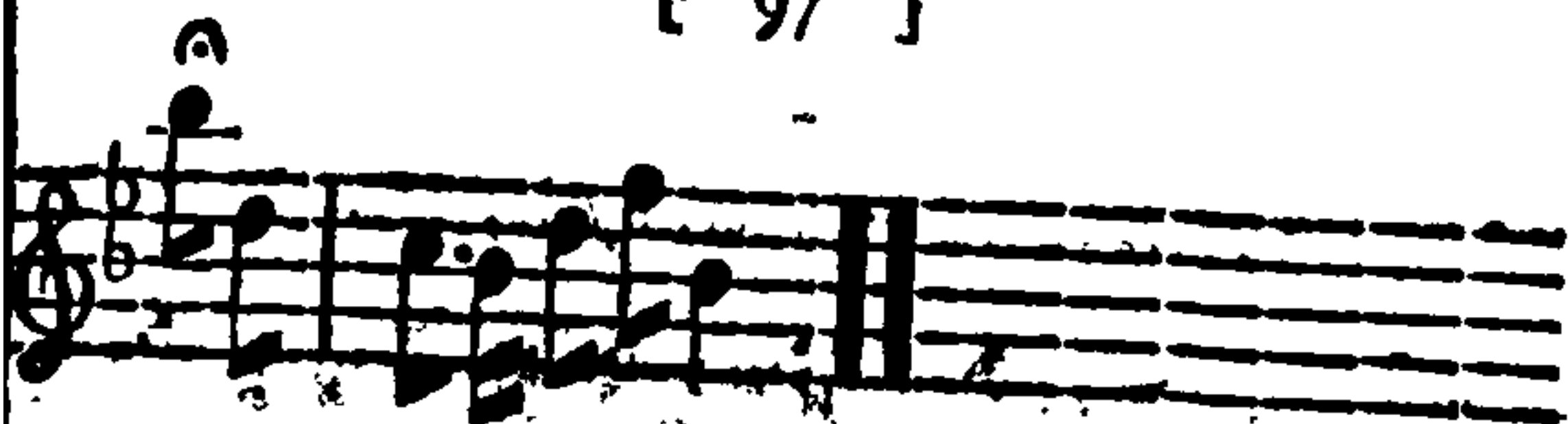
*Believe*

*Believe my sighs, my tears, my dear ! &c.*

**APPETTUOSO.**







**B**ELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear!  
 Believe the heart you've won!  
 Believe my vows to you sincere,  
 Or, Peggy, I'm undone!  
 You say I'm fickle, apt to change  
 At ev'ry face that's new;  
 Of all the girls I ever saw,  
 I ne'er lov'd one like you!  
 I ne'er lov'd one like you!  
 I ne'er lov'd one like you!  
 Of all the girls I ever saw,  
 I ne'er lov'd one like you!

My heart was once a flake of ice,  
 Till thaw'd by your bright eyes!  
 Then warm'd, and kindled in a trice,  
 A flame that never dies!  
 Then take and try me, and you'll find  
 A heart that's kind and true!  
 Of all the girls I ever saw,  
 I ne'er lov'd one like you!

K

There



*There was once it was said, &c.*



**T**HERE was once it was said,  
*(When is out of my head,*  
*And where too, — yet true is my tale,)*  
 That a round-belly'd vicar,  
 Bepimpled with liquor,  
 Could stick to no text like good ale.  
 Tol de rol, de rol lol, lol lol lol.

He, one night, 'gan to dose ;  
 For, under the rose,  
 The priest was that night *non-se-ipse* ;  
*Non-se-ipse !* — you'll say,  
 What's that to the lay ?  
 In plain English, the parson was tipsy.

His clerk stepping in  
 With a band-bobbing chin,  
 As solemn and stupid as may be,  
 The vicar he gap'd,  
 The clerk hemm'd and scrap'd,  
 Saying, ' Please, sir, to bury a baby.'

Now, our author supposes  
 The clerk's name was Moses :  
 He look'd, like his master, so rosy ;  
 Who blink'd with one eye,  
 With his wig all awry,  
 And hiccup'd " Pray, how is it Mosy ?"

' A child, sir, is carry'd,  
 ' By you to be bury'd ;' —  
 " Bury me, Mosy ! no, that won't do !" —  
 ' Lord, sir, (says the clerk,)  
 ' You're quite in the dark,  
 ' 'Tis a child to be bury'd, not you !'

" Well, Mosy, don't hurry,  
 " The infant we'll bury." —  
 ' But, master, the corpse cannot stay !' —  
 " Well, can't it ? — but why ? —  
 " For once, then, we'll try  
 " If a corpse, Mosy, can run away."

' But, (Moses reply'd,)  
 ' Sir, the parish will chide  
 ' For keeping them out in cold weather !'  
 " Then, Mosy, (quoth he,)  
 " Go and tell 'em, from me,  
 " I'll bury them warm all together."

' But, sir, it rains hard ;  
 ' Pray, have some regard !'  
 " Regard, Mosy ! that makes me stay ;

“ For no corpse, young or old,  
 “ In rain can catch cold,  
 “ But faith, Mosy, you and I may !”

Moses begg'd he'd be gone,  
 Saying, ‘ Sir, the rain’s done,  
 ‘ Please to rise, and I’ll lend you my hand.’  
 “ Oh ! ’tis hard (quoth the vicar)  
 “ To leave thus my liquor,  
 “ To go when I’m sure I can’t stand !”

Then the parson, with trouble,  
 To the church-yard did hobble,  
 Lamenting the length of the way :  
 “ For, Mosy, (quoth he,)  
 “ Were I a bishop, d’ye see,  
 “ I neither need walk, preach, or pray !”

When he came to the grave,  
 Says he, “ Moses, a slave ! —  
 “ Lord ! where’s my tobacco-box hid ?  
 “ I protest, this fast walking  
 “ Prevents me from talking —  
 “ So, Mosy, pray give me a quid.”

Then he open’d the book,  
 And in’t seem’d to look,  
 But o’er the page only he squinted.  
 Said he, “ Moses, I’m vex’d,  
 “ For I can’t find the text,  
 “ The book is so wretchedly printed.

“ Good people, let’s pray,  
 “ Life’s, alas ! but a day, —  
 “ Nay, sometimes ’tis over at noon !  
 “ Man is but a flow’r,  
 “ Cut down in an hour !  
 “ ’Tis strong ale, Mosy, does it so soon.

" Woman of a man born —  
 " No — that's wrong — the leaf's torn —  
 " Upon woman the natural swell is :  
 " The world would grow wild  
 " Were men got with child ;  
 " Mosy, you and I might have big bellies.

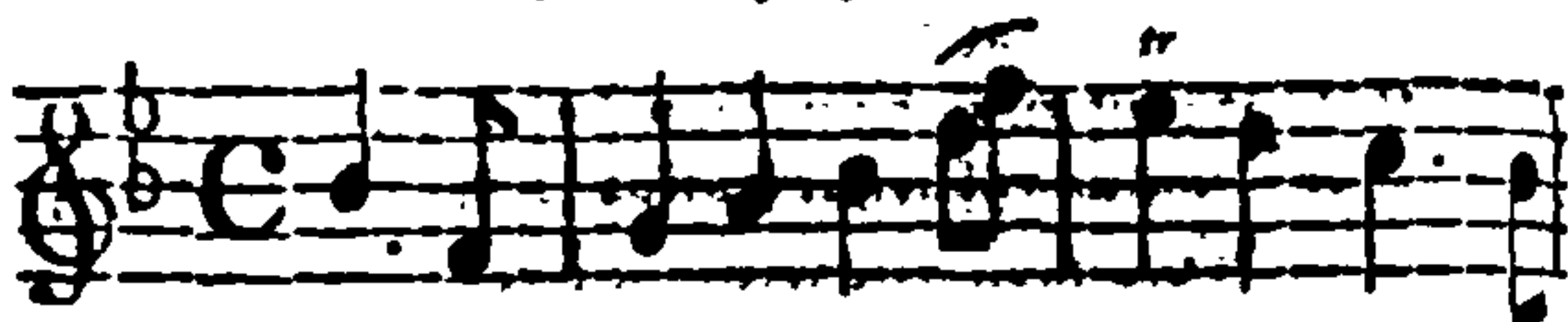
" Neighbours, mind what I say ;  
 " When 'tis night 'tis not day ;  
 " Though, in former times, faints could work  
     miracles !  
 " They'd raise from the dead —  
 " There's no more to be said,  
 " For, Moses, I've dropp'd down my spectacles.

" Come, let us go forth,  
 " Put the child in the earth,  
 " Dust to dust, Mosy, dust it away :  
 " For, Moses, I trust  
 " We all should be dust  
 " If we were not to moisten our clay.

" So, one pot, and then" —  
 The clerk said ' Amen.'  
 And thus we have carry'd the farce on :  
 The taste of the times  
 Will relish the rhymes  
 When the ridicule runs on a parson.

Then, satire, detest  
 Immorality's jest,  
 Each profane, each immodest, expression.  
 But we'll not be rude,  
 But drink, as men should,  
 To the good folks of ev'ry profession !  
 Tol de rol, de rol lol, lol lol lol.

*Gallant sailor, oft you told me, &c.*



NAN. Gallant sailor, oft you told me That you'd



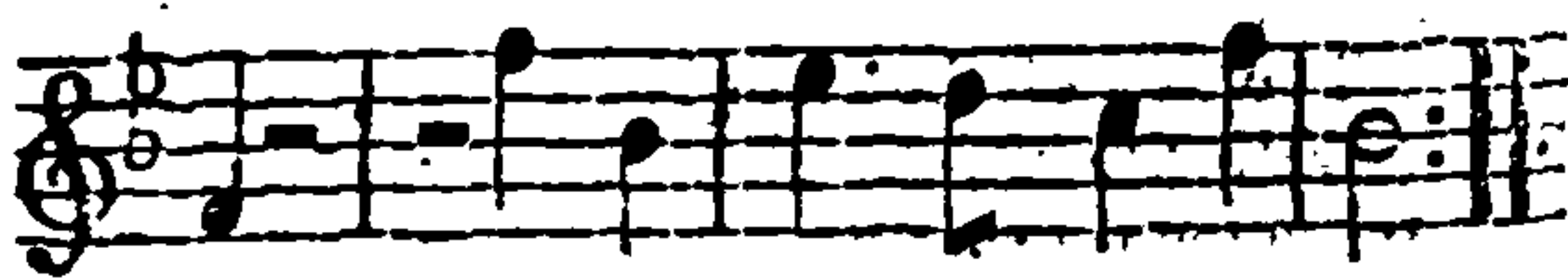
ne-...-ver leave your love! To your



vows I now must hold you, Now's the time your



love to prove! To your vows I now must hold



you, Now's the time your love to prove!

SAILOR.

Is not Britain's flag degraded?

Have not Frenchmen brav'd our fleet?

How can sailors live upbraided

While the Frenchmen dare to meet?

How can sailors live upbraided

While the Frenchmen dare to meet?

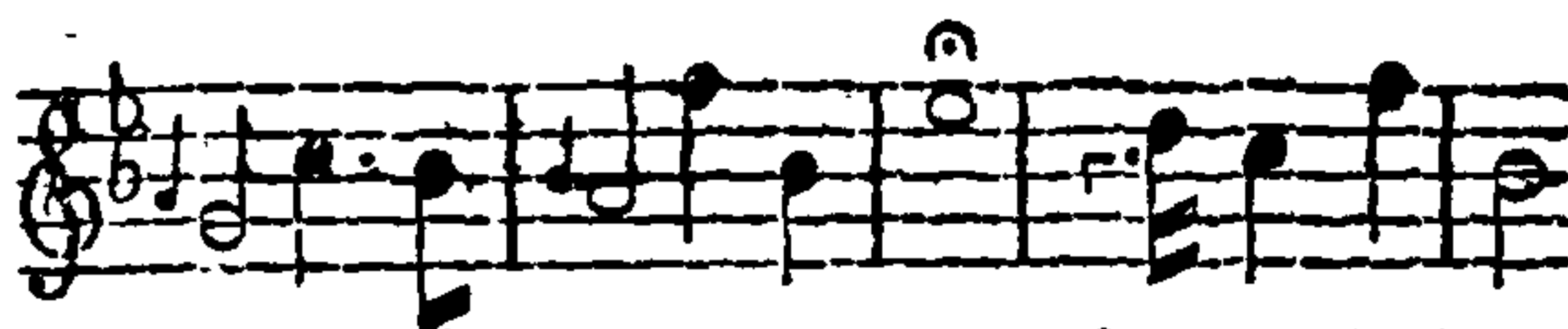
NAN

NAN.

Hear me, gallant sailor, hear me;  
While your country has a foe,  
He is mine too, never fear me!



I may weep, but you must go! I may



weep, I may weep, I may weep, but you shall go!

Though this flow'ry season woos you  
To the peaceful sports of May,  
And love sighs so long to lose you,  
Love to glory shall give way!  
Love to glory, love to glory,  
Love to glory must give way!

SAILOR.

Can the sons of Britain fail her  
While her daughters are so true?  
Your soft courage must avail her;  
We love honour, loving you!  
We love honour, we love honour,  
We love honour, loving you!

BOATSWAIN.

War and danger now invite us!  
Blow, ye winds auspicious, blow!  
Ev'ry gale will most delight us  
That can waft us to the foe!  
Ev'ry gale will most delight us  
That can waft us to the foe!

*Bright*



*Bright auburn locks and sparkling eyes, &c.*

**VIVACE.**



**BRIGHT**

**B**RIGHT auburn locks and sparkling eyes,  
 Of iv'ry teeth a polish'd row,  
 Engaging smiles that dimpling rise,  
 A damask cheek, a breast of snow,  
 An easy shape, a graceful air!  
 This is the picture, the picture, of my fair!

Her decent artless dress displays  
 Simplicity with taste combin'd;  
 No pleasing elegance portrays  
 The graces of her spotless mind!  
 Gentle and neat beyond compare!  
 This is the picture, the picture, of my fair!

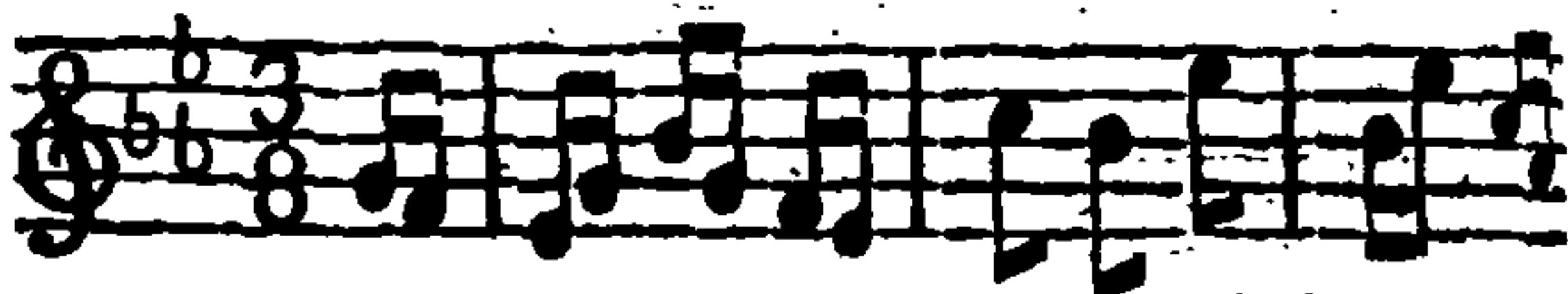
Not pert, presuming, indiscreet;  
 In conversation loud or vain;  
 But ev'ry accent's mild and sweet,  
 With flowing wit in ev'ry strain:  
 Free, open, lively, debonair!  
 This is the picture, the picture, of my fair!

Sincere in friendship, constant, kind,  
 Unartful, disinclin'd to rove;  
 Of delicacy most refin'd  
 In the soft mystery of love!  
 Indulgent to my plaintive pray'r!  
 This is the picture, the picture, of my fair!

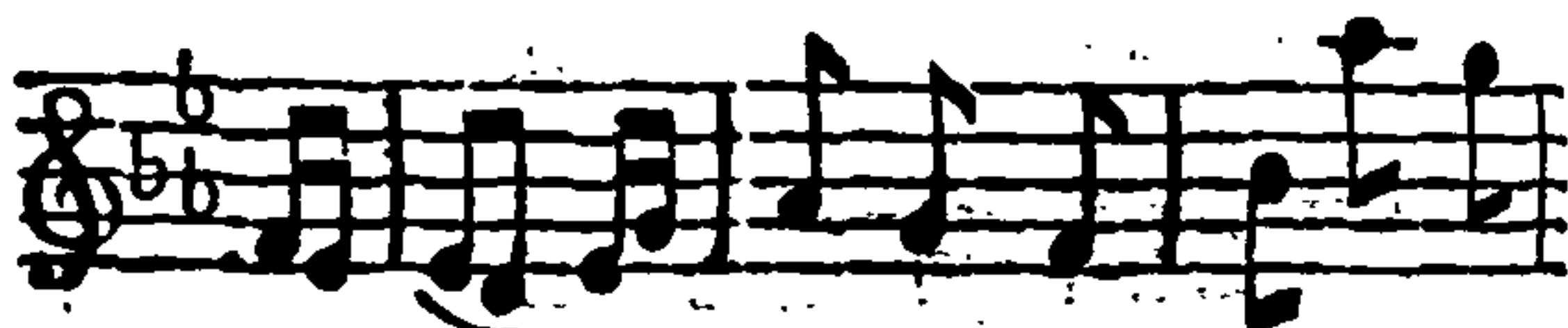
This loveliest proof of nature's skill  
 I sure will cherish to the tomb!  
 No other maid can her excel!  
 A Venus in her new-born bloom!  
 Ye swains, who nuptial bliss would share,  
 Choose by this picture, this picture, of my fair!

*Why fly thus, ye moments, to bring on the day? &c.*

LARGHETTO.



Why fly thus, ye moments, to bring on



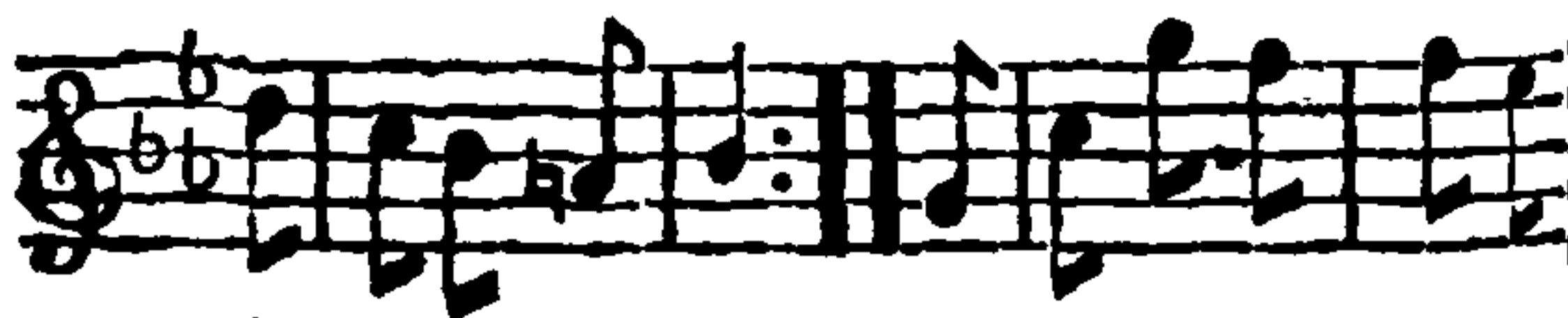
the day? The last that with hope I can



view! Haste rather, ye gales, waft my sighs



to the fair, And bid her, and bid her,



for ever adieu! Oh! tell the dear charmer

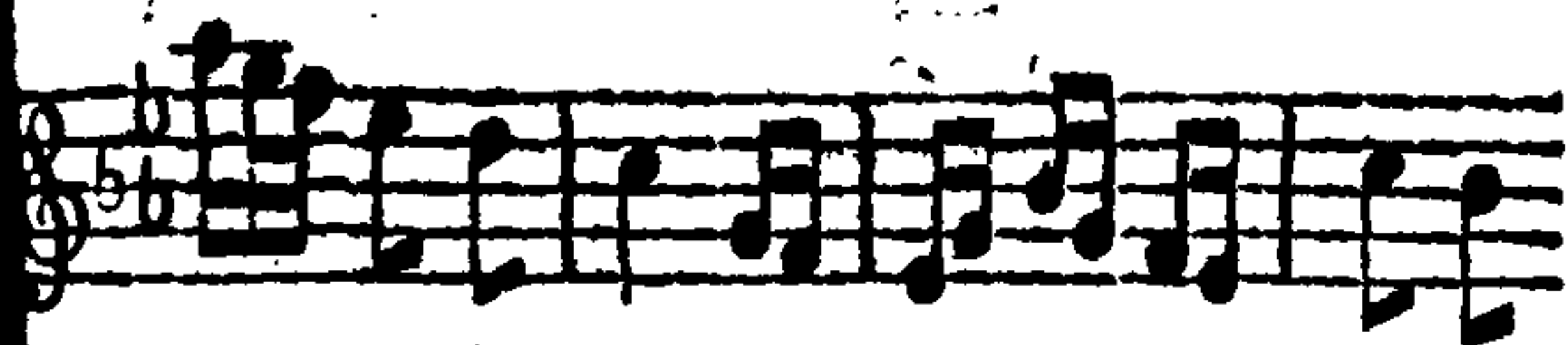


how, penfive, he counts, how, penfive, he

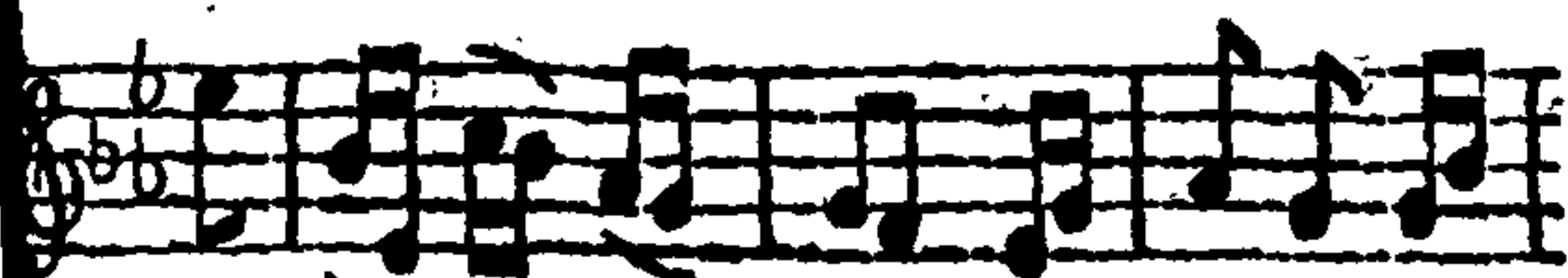
counts



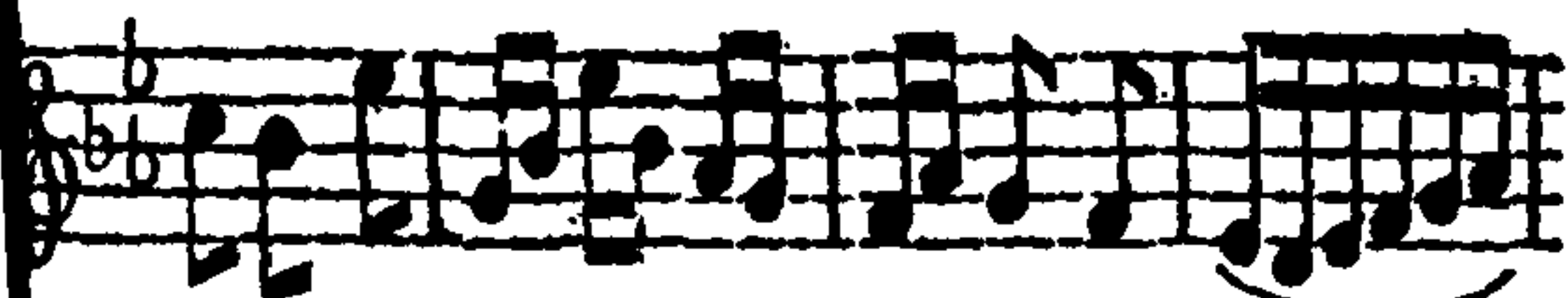
**counts Each hour, each moment, each**



moment that flies! Oh! whisper, ye zephyrs



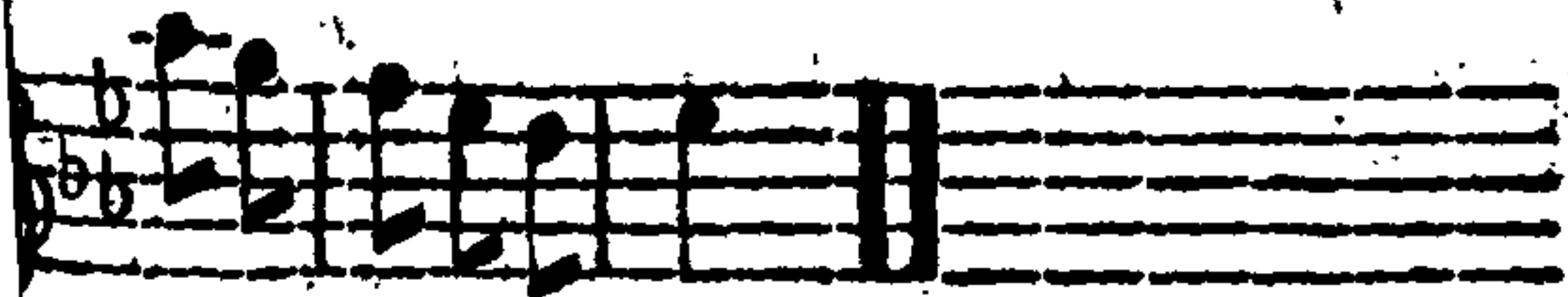
and soft-flowing streams, For Cynthia, for



Cynthy, for Cyn--thia; Corydon di- - - -



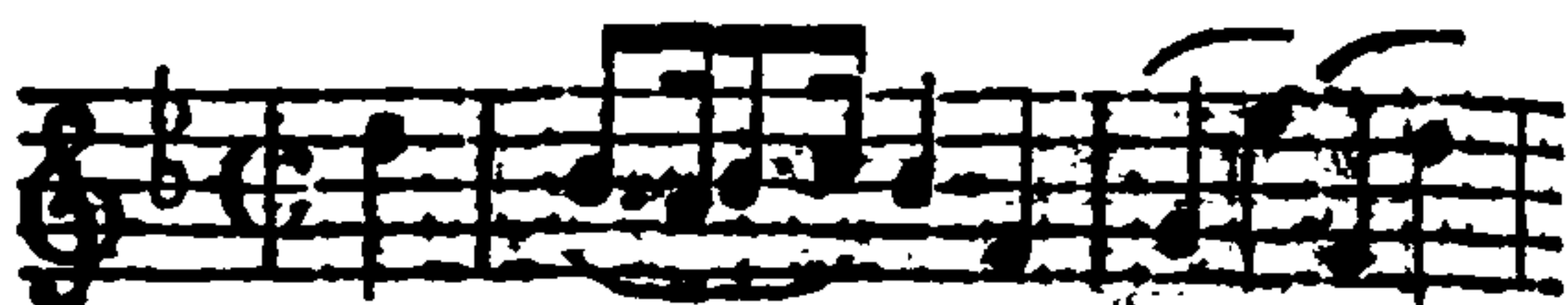
- - -es ! For Cynthy, for Cynthy, for Cyn-



**thia, Corydon dies !**

*Child of the summer, charming rose! &c.*

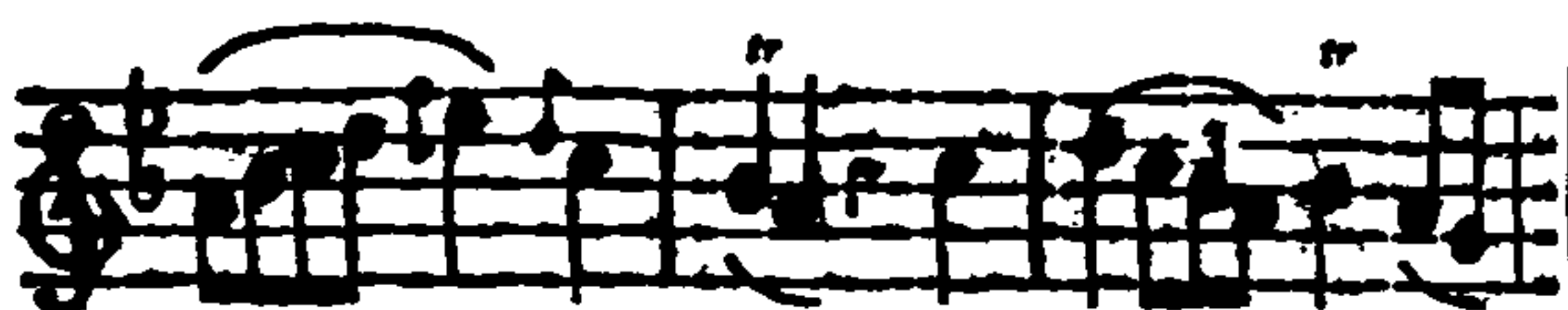
ANDANTE.



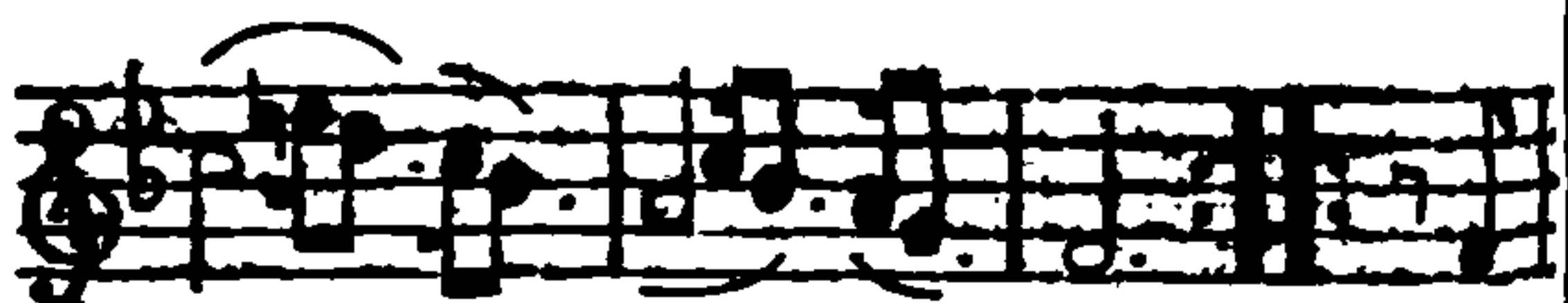
Child of the sum--mer,



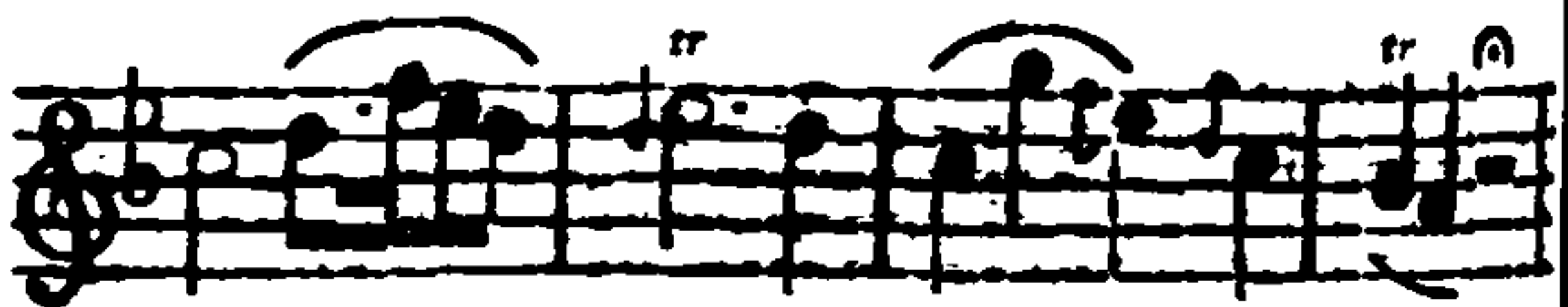
charm-----ing rose! No longer in con-



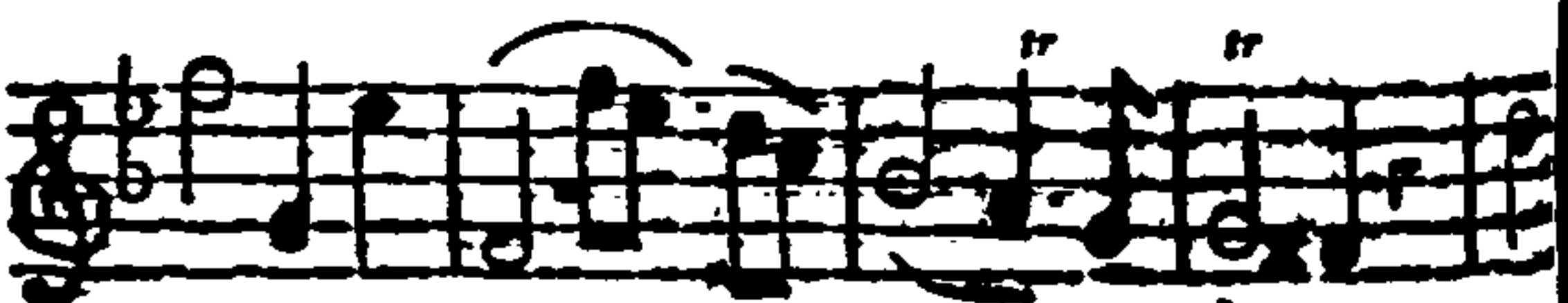
fine-----ment lie, No lon-----ger



in con---fine--ment lie: A-



rise to light, thy fo--rm disclose,



Rival the span---gles of the sky! Ri-



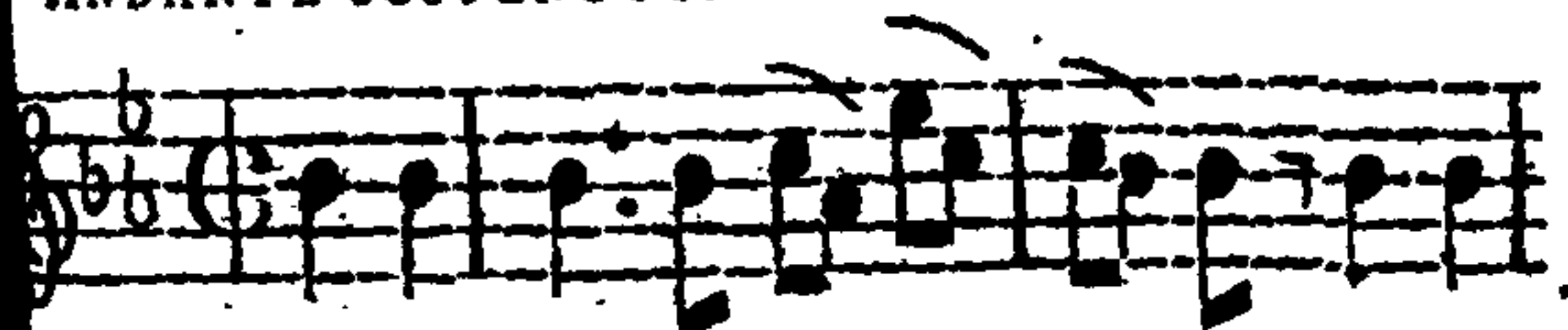
val the span---gles of the sky!

The rains are gone, the storms are o'er,  
Winter retires to make thee way;  
Come then, thou sweetly-blushing rose,  
Come, lovely stranger, come away!

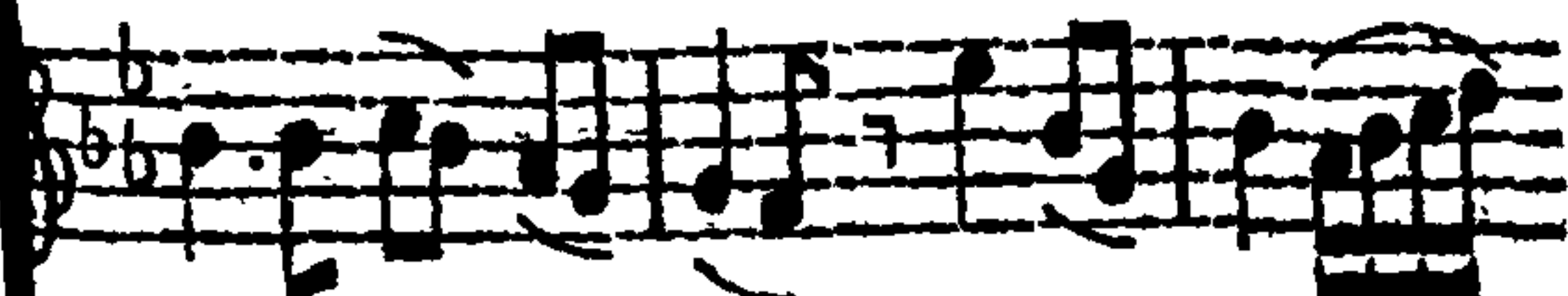
The sun is drest in beaming smiles  
To give thy beauties to the day;  
Young zephyrs wait, with gentlest gales,  
To fan thy bosom as they play!

*Love's a sweet, a gen'rous, passion, &c.*

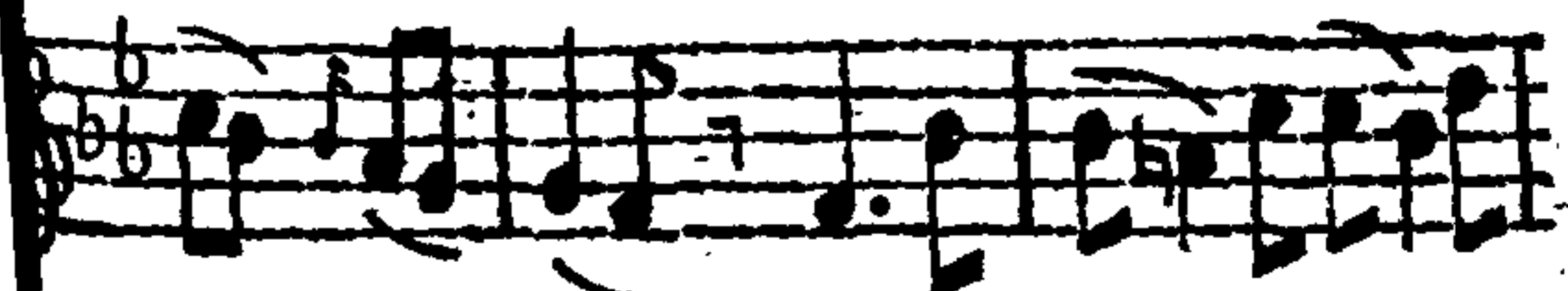
ANDANTE SOSTENUTO.



Love's a sweet, a gen'rous, passion, That can

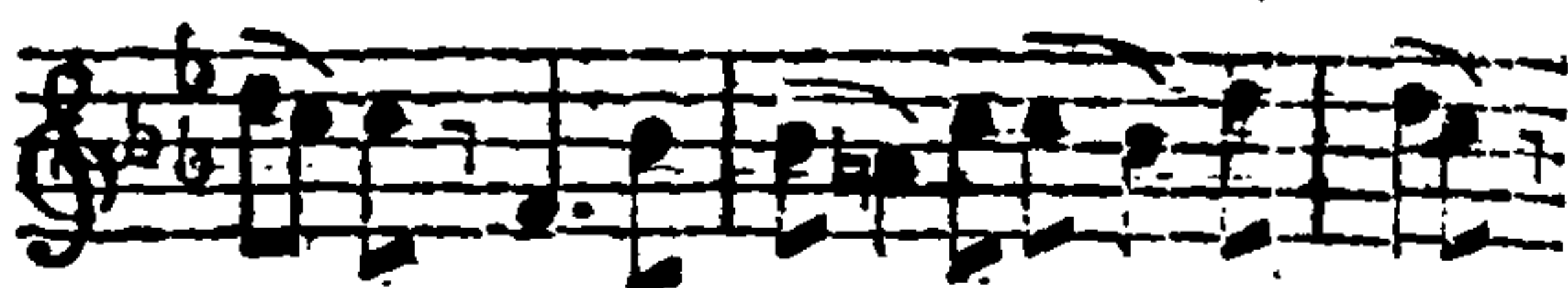


ev'ry vice con-troul, That can ev'----ry



vice controul. Round the globe, in ev'-ry  
L nation,





nation, Love does hu--ma-nize the soul!



Round the globe, in ev'--ry nation,



Love does hu---ma---nize the soul!

**PIANISSIMO.**



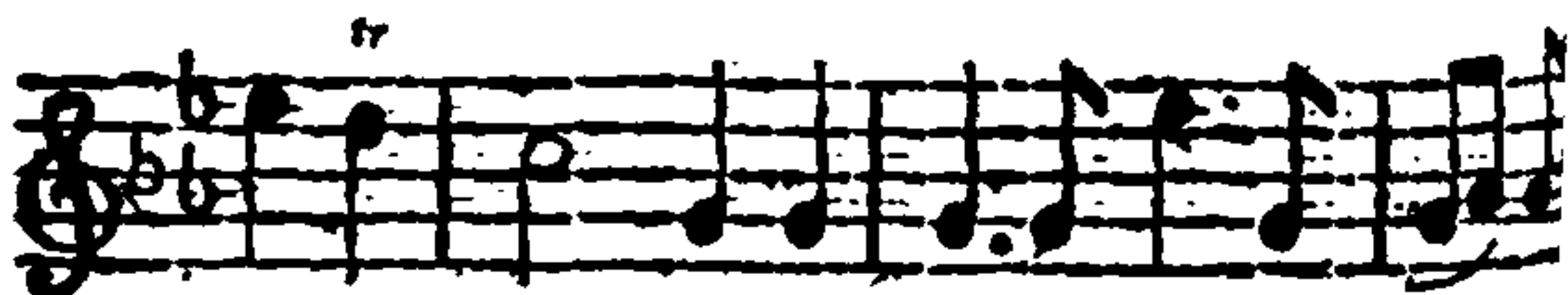
Love can sof-----ten savage nature, And



fine sen--ti-ment impart; Love can bright



en up each feature, And with rapture



fill the heart! Love can soften savage nature.

[ 111 ]



And fine sentiment im---part; Love



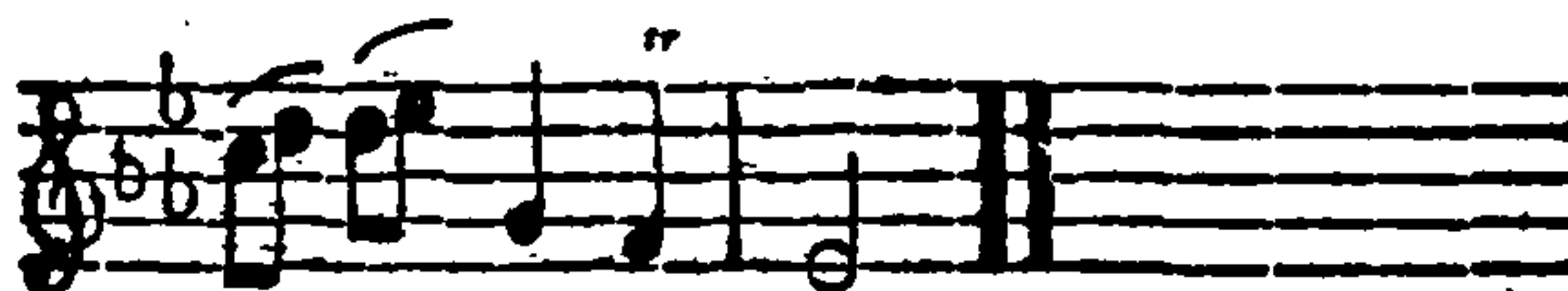
can brighten up each feature,



And with rap---ture fill the heart! Love



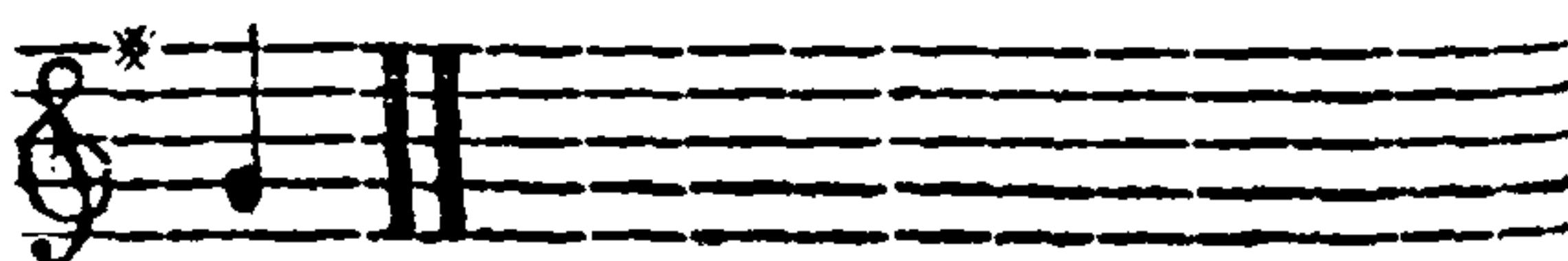
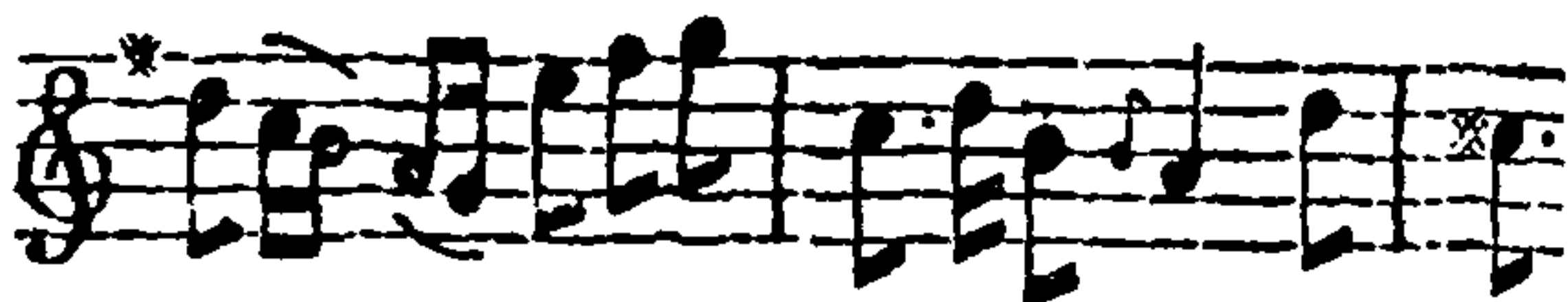
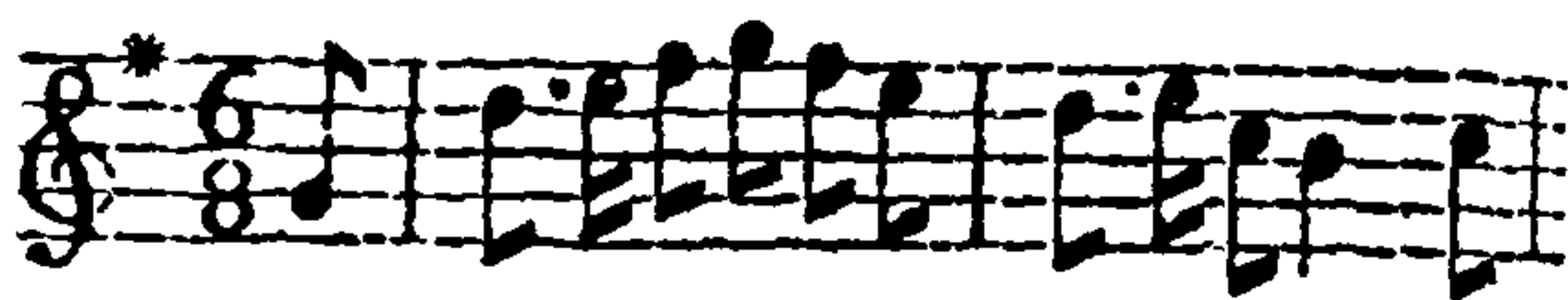
can brighten up each feature, And with



rapture fill the heart!

Love to social friendship fires us,  
 Greatest good this side the grave!  
 Love to noble deeds inspires us,  
 Love can make e'en cowards brave!  
 See two hearts by love united,  
 Greater joy can ne'er be found;  
 With each other they're delighted,  
 And with bliss supreme they're crown'd!

*A term full as long as the siege of old Troy, &c.*



A TERM

**A** TERM full as long as the siege of old Troy,  
 To win a sweet girl I my time did employ,  
 To win a sweet girl I my time did employ;  
 Oft urg'd her the day for our marriage to set,  
 As often she answer'd, 'Tis time enough yet;  
 As often she answer'd, 'Tis time enough yet;  
 'Tis time enough yet, time enough yet;  
 As often she answer'd, 'Tis time enough yet.

I told her, at last, that her passions were wrong;  
 And more, that I scorn'd to be fool'd with so long.  
 She burst out a-laughing at seeing me fret,  
 And, humming a tune, cry'd, 'Tis time enough yet.

Determin'd by her to be laugh'd at no more,  
 I flew from her presence, and bounc'd out of door;  
 Resolv'd of her usage the better to get,  
 Or on her my eyes again never to set.

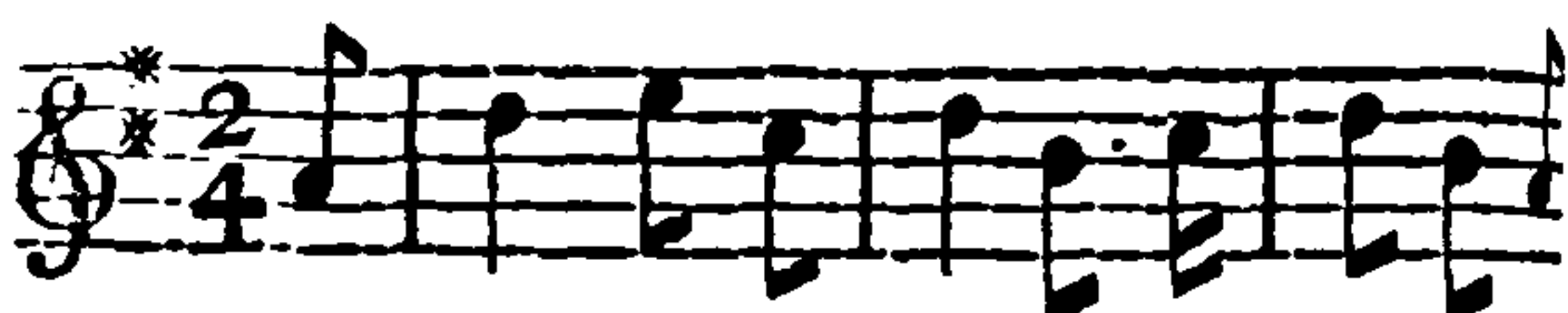
To me, the next morning, her maid came in haste,  
 And earnestly begg'd I'd forget what was past;  
 Declar'd her young lady did nothing but fret:  
 I told her, I'd think on't — 'Twas time enough yet.

She next, in a letter as long as my arm,  
 Declar'd, from her soul, she intended no harm,  
 And begg'd I the day for our marriage would set: —  
 I wrote her for answer — 'Tis time enough yet.

But that was scarce gone, when a message I sent,  
 To shew, in my heart, I began to relent.  
 I begg'd I might see her: — together we met: —  
 We kiss'd and were friends again; — so we are yet.

*What sport can compare, &c.*

VIVACE.



What sport can compare To the hunting of



the hare, In the morning, in the morning,



in fair and pleasant weather! With our hor-



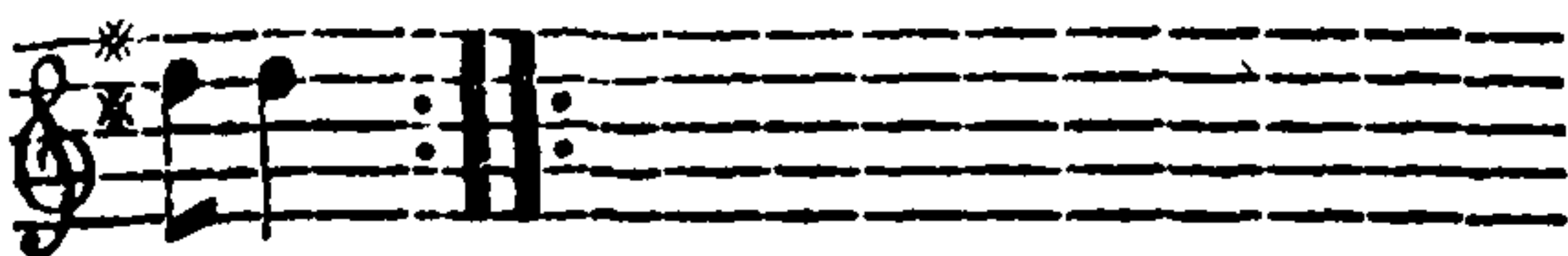
ses and our hounds We will scour o'er the grounds,



And tan--tar-ra, huz--za! and tan--tar-ra, huz-



za! and tan--tar-ra, huz-za! brave boys! we will follow



follow !

When poor pufs doth rise,  
 Then away from us she flies,  
 And we give her a thundering hollow !  
 With our horses and our hounds  
 Th'echoing valley resounds,  
 And tantarra, huzza ! brave boys, we will follow !

When poor pufs is kill'd,  
 We retire from the field,  
 And are merry, boys, and drown away all sorrow ;  
 We have nothing we need fear,  
 So we drown away all care,  
 And we banish, huzza ! all thoughts till tomorrow !

*While*



*While some figb for this tbing and others for that, &c.*



WHILE

**W**HILE some sigh for this thing and others for that,  
 And torment their minds for what can't be come at,  
 And torment their minds for what can't be come at,  
 Through life I have form'd a most noble design,  
 To drown all my cares in a bumper of wine,  
 To drown all my cares in a bumper of wine.

In politics some are most deeply perplex'd,  
 At the state of the nation most terribly vex'd ;  
 Let them vex if they will, I shall never repine,  
 But drive away care in a bumper of wine.

Young Damon of Chloe's so fond, I have heard,  
 If she looks at another he is terrible scar'd ;  
 O would he but follow this maxim of mine,  
 The gipsy he'd quit for a bumper of wine.

The doctor prescribes for the sake of a fee,  
 Yet his patients are seldom so hearty as he ;  
 The reason is plain, if you mark his design,  
 He often regales with a bumper of wine.

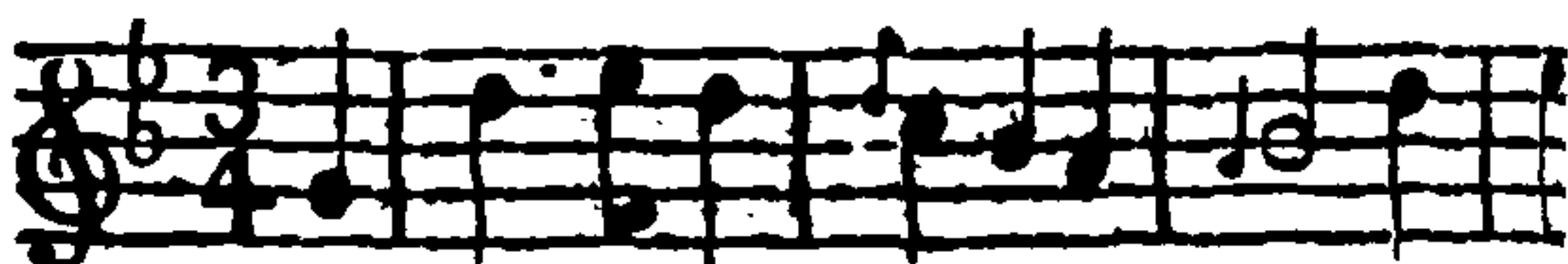
The parson, so grave, if you mark but the elf,  
 Though he temperance teaches, yet laughs to himself ;  
 At night with his friends he will jovial combine,  
 And drink to the best in a bumper of wine.

The lawyer, whenever he makes out a brief,  
 Of calls for a bumper to give him relief ;  
 The *quids* and *pro quos* so together combine,  
 He'd be dead if it weren't for a bumper of wine.

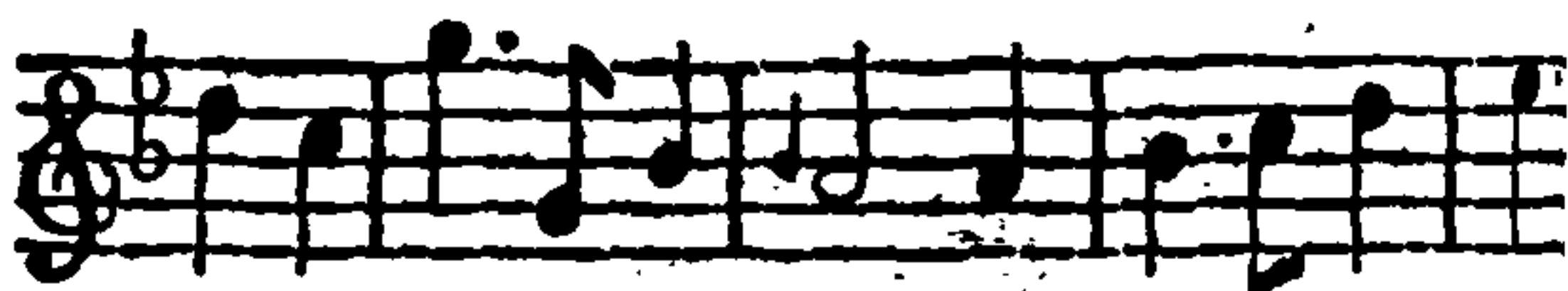
Each age, each condition, (you'll find it through life,)  
 By wine is enliven'd, the composer of strife :  
 Then jovially follow this maxim of mine,  
 And drown all your cares in a bumper of wine.

*Ye woods and ye riv'lets so clear, &c.*

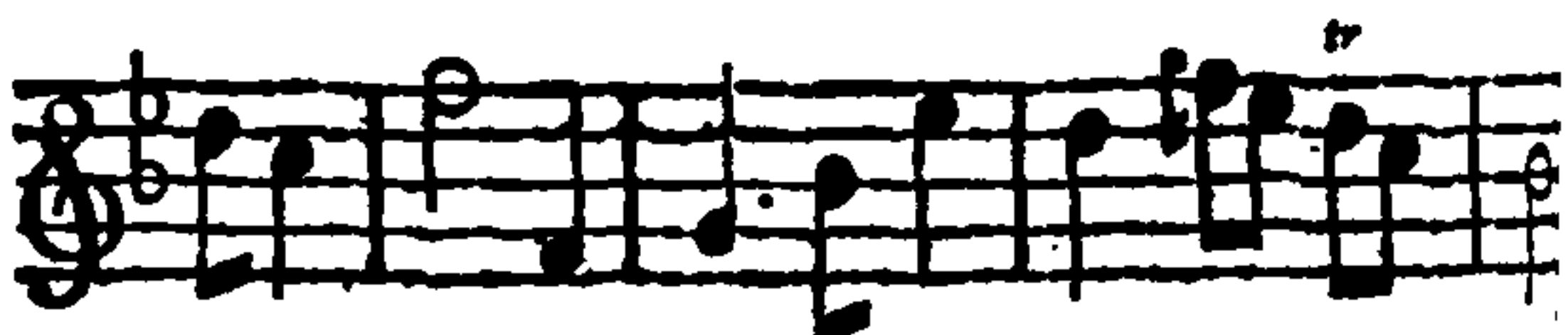
**APPETTUOSO.**



Ye woods and ye riv'lets so clear, Among



whose meanders I stray, Should Phillis but chance



to appear, And give a kind ear to my lay,



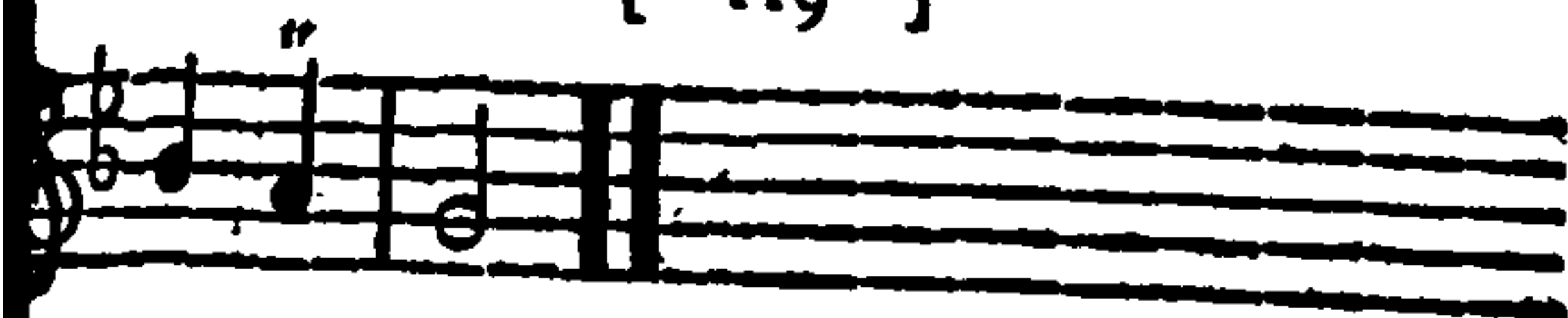
O tell her what pangs I have known, What still



thus divided, I prove! While Echo replies



to my moan, And rills gen-...tly mur-



mur my love.

That arbour, with ivy entwined,  
 Where, cool'd and refresh'd by its shade,  
 My Phillis has often reclin'd,  
 Lent an ear to the vows I have made.  
 The birds, as they warbled on high,  
 I thought of my bliss had their share;  
 For, straining their throats, they did try  
 To fill, with their notes, the fresh air.

Yon seat, with green moss overgrown,  
 Has oft with her presence been hail'd,  
 While daisies and vi'lets around  
 With sweetness her senses regal'd :  
 There with pipe and with song we've play'd,  
 The short hours in gladness we pass'd,  
 While our sheep in the sweet meadows stray'd :  
 But, ah ! human joys do not last !

No longer my pipe now can please,  
 For Phillis has left me forlorn ;  
 'Tis Phillis has banish'd my ease,  
 And left me a prey to her scorn :  
 My sheep quite unheeded do roam  
 And seem to upbraid my long stay,  
 I'll take the poor wanderers home,  
 There I'll sigh the long hours away !

The



And if she deign thy notes to hear,  
And if she praise thy matten song,  
Tell her, the sounds, that soothe her ear,  
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd  
The bird from Indian groves may shine,  
But ask the lovely partial maid,  
What are his notes compar'd to thine !

Then bid her treat yon witless beau,  
And all his flaunting race, with scorn,  
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,  
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn !

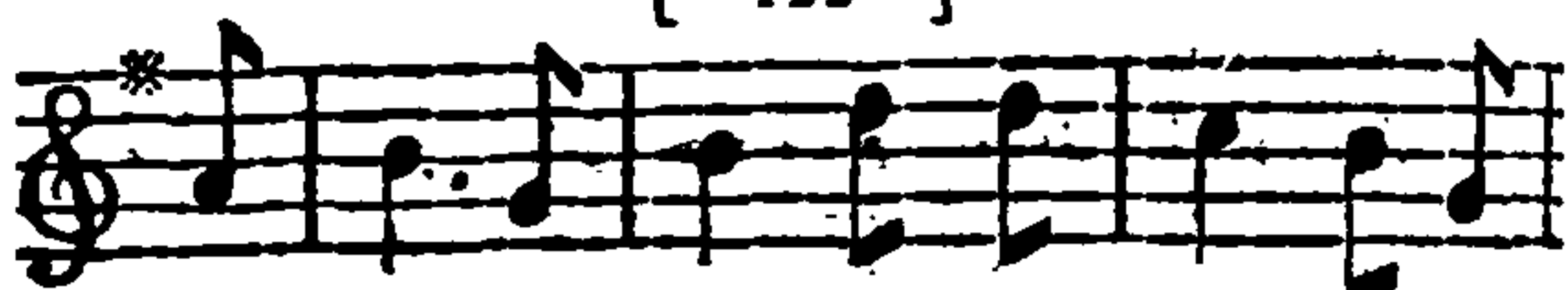
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*The gods and the goddesses lately did feast, &c.*

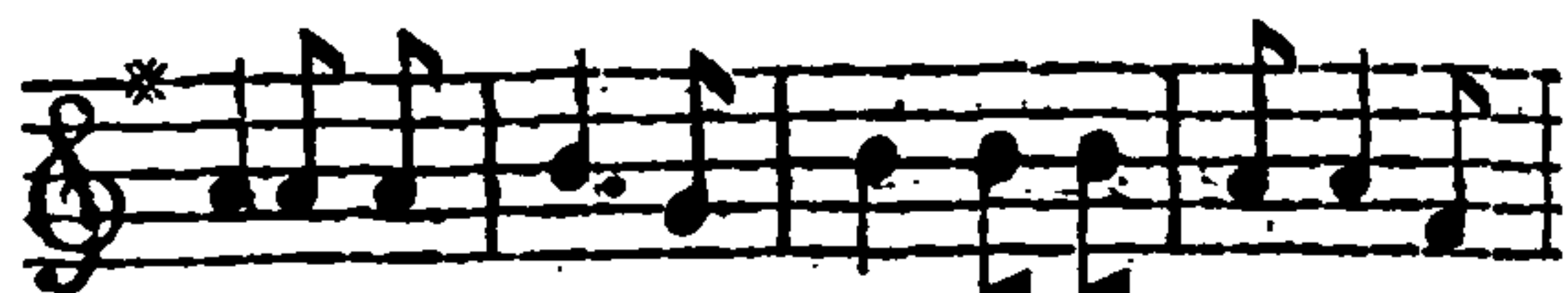
LIVELY.



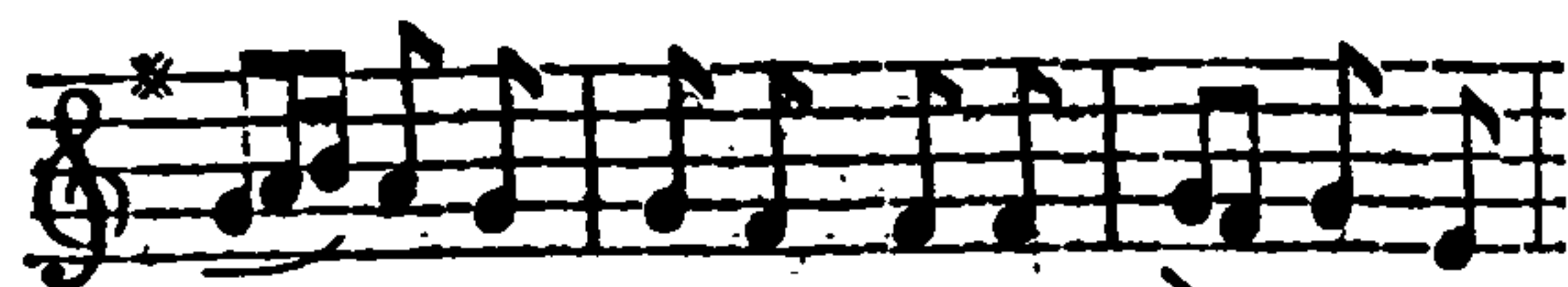




ties fuit, But what they should drink did oc-



caſion diſpute: 'Twas time that old nectar was



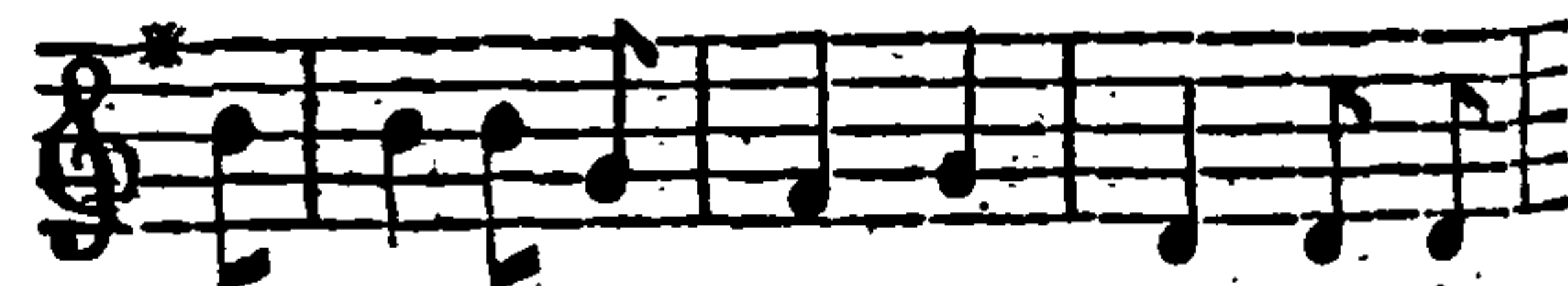
grown out of faſhion, Being what they did



drink long before the cre---a-tion. When the



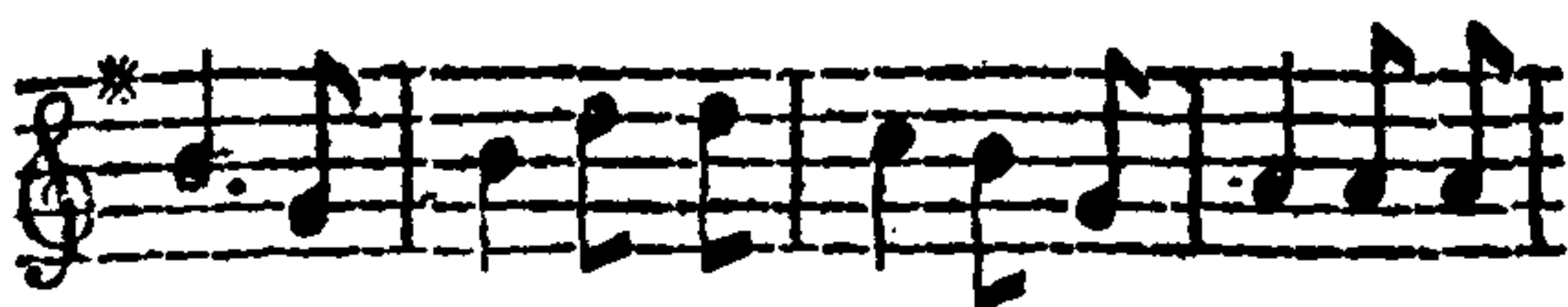
ſky-colour'd cloth was re-mov'd from the board,



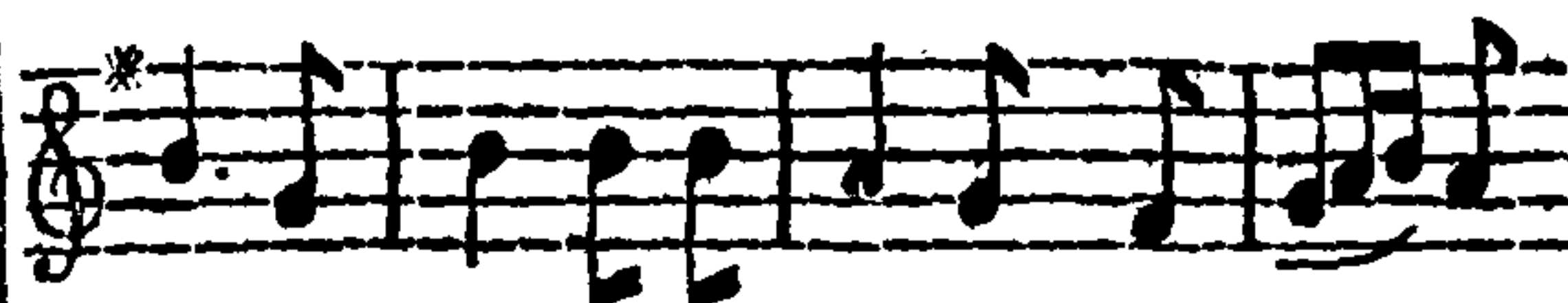
For making the punch great Jove gave the



word. The bowl it was large, of a heavenly  
size



size, Wherein they were wont infant gods to bap-



tise. Quoth Jove, I'm inform'd they drink punch up-



on earth, Whereby the mortal wits far exceed

CHORUS. SLOW.



us in mirth. Quoth Jove, Quoth Jove,

LIVELY.



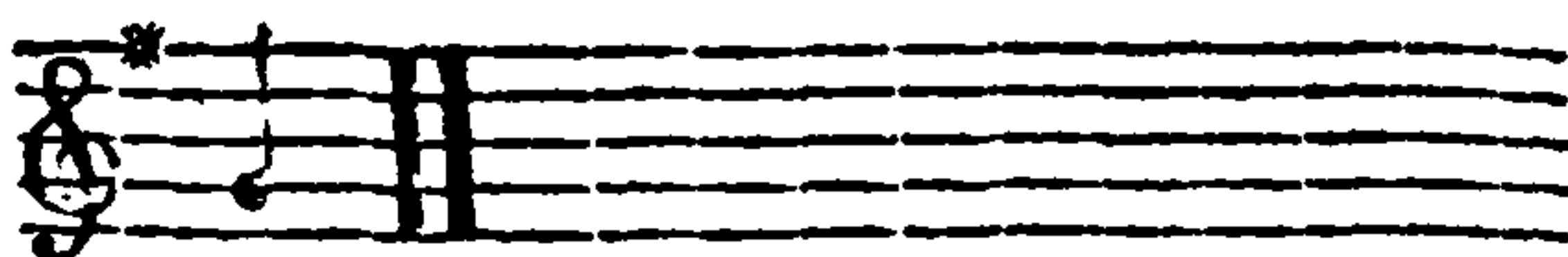
they drink punch upon earth, they drink punch upon



earth, Whereby the mortal wits far exceed us in

M 2

mirth.



mirth.

Therefore our wise godheads together let's lay,  
 And endeavour to make it much stronger than they.  
 'Twas spok'n like a god! — Fill the bowl to the top!  
 He's cashier'd from heaven that leaves the last drop!  
 Apollo then straitway sent two of his lasses  
 With pitchers to be fill'd at the well of Parnassus.  
 To poets new-born this liquor then was brought,  
 And they suck'd it in for their first morning's draught.  
 Then Juno for lemons stepp'd into her closet,  
 Which, when she was sick, she infus'd into posset:  
 For goddesses, you know, may be squeamish as gipsies;  
 The sun and the moon too have their eclipses.

CHORUS.

Quoth Jove, quoth Jove, they drink punch upon earth,  
 Whereby the mortal wits far exceed us in mirth.

These lemons were call'd the Hesperian fruit,  
 Where a vigilant dragon was said to look to't:  
 Twelve dozen of these were well squeezed in water;  
 The rest of th'ingredients in order came after;  
 And Venus, admirer of things that were sweet,  
 As without her infusion there could be no treat,  
 Commanded her sugar-loaves, white as her doves,  
 To be instantly brought by a pair of young loves;  
 Nay, so wonderful curious these deities were,  
 That the sugar was strain'd through a piece of fine air.  
 Jolly Bacchus gave notice, by dangling his bunch,  
 That without his assistance there'd be no good punch.

CHORUS. Quoth Jove, &c.

What he meant, in the sequel, was very well known,  
 They threw in ten gallons of trusty Langoon.

Mars

Mars, though a blunt god and chief of the biskers,  
 Was set at the table and curling his whiskers ;  
 Quoth he, fellow-gods and celestial gallants,  
 I would not give a fig for your punch without Nantz ;  
 Therefore, my Ganymede, I do command ye  
 To throw in ten gallons of the best Nantz brandy.  
 But Saturn, of all the gods there, was the oldest,  
 And, we may imagine, his stomach was the coldest ;  
 He out of his pouch some nutmegs did produce,  
 Which, being grated fine, were thrown into the juice.

CHORUS. Quoth Jove, &c.

Then Neptune this ocean of liquor did crown  
 With a sea-biscuit bak'd hard in the sun.  
 The bowl being finish'd, a health then began :  
 Quoth Jove, let it be to that creature, call'd Man :  
 'Tis to him alone our great pleasure we owe,  
 For heaven never was true heaven till now.  
 The gods being pleas'd, the said toast went about  
 Till gor-belly'd Bacchus's guts nigh burst out :  
 The other brave gods did a deal of punch swallow,  
 Whilst Acteon with hounds and with huntsmen did hol-  
 low.

The punch was delightful, they plenty did bring,  
 And all the world over its fame it did ring !

CHORUS.

Quoth Jove, quoth Jove, they drink punch upon earth,  
 Whereby the mortal wits far exceed us in mirth.

*How oft with rapture have I try'd, &c.*

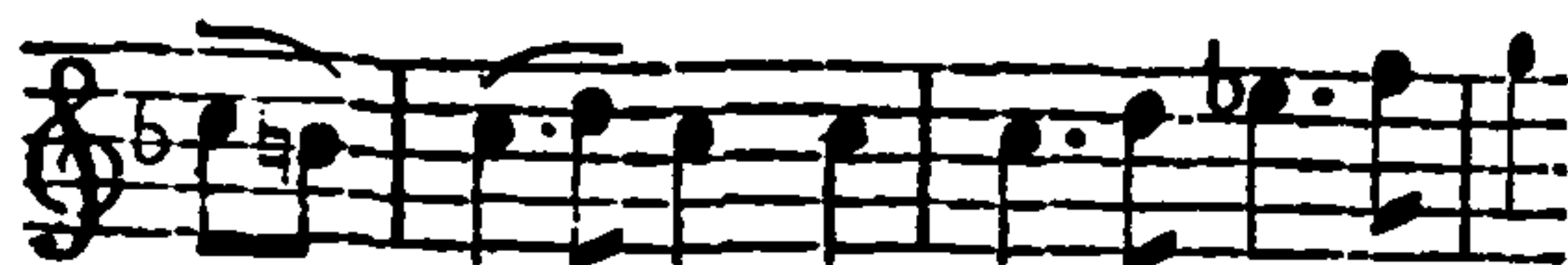
MODERATO.



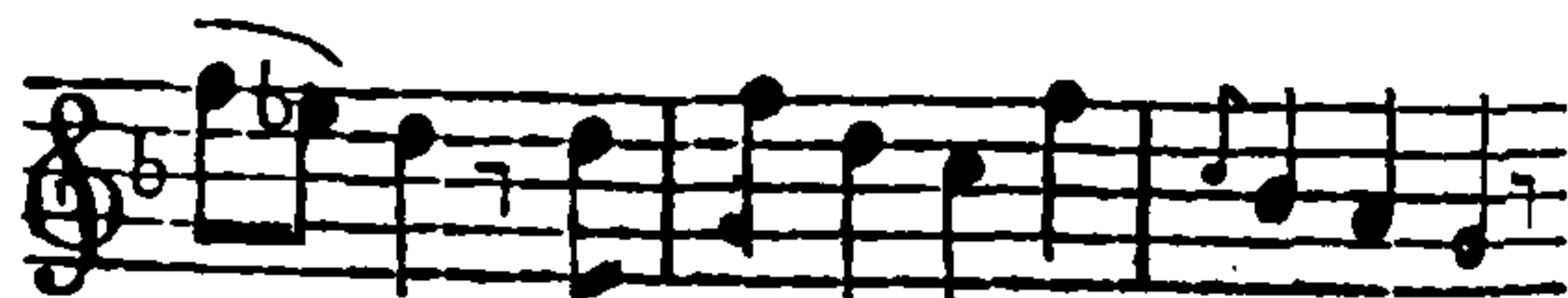
How oft with rapture have I try'd, And



all my wit and art apply'd, If wit or art's



with-----in me; How oft invok'd the mu-



ses nine! Yet not a stanza, not a line!



Why sure the deuce is in me!

Should

Should I my charmer's form compare  
To Venus, goddess of the fair,  
'Twere all an idle tale :  
Or, should I draw a scene of night  
And say the moon's not half so bright,  
The compliment's but stale.

Come then, ye muses, ev'ry one,  
Assist your supplicating son,  
And elevate my lays ;  
Indulgent to my glad desire,  
Methinks I feel the muses fire,  
And thus attempt her praise.

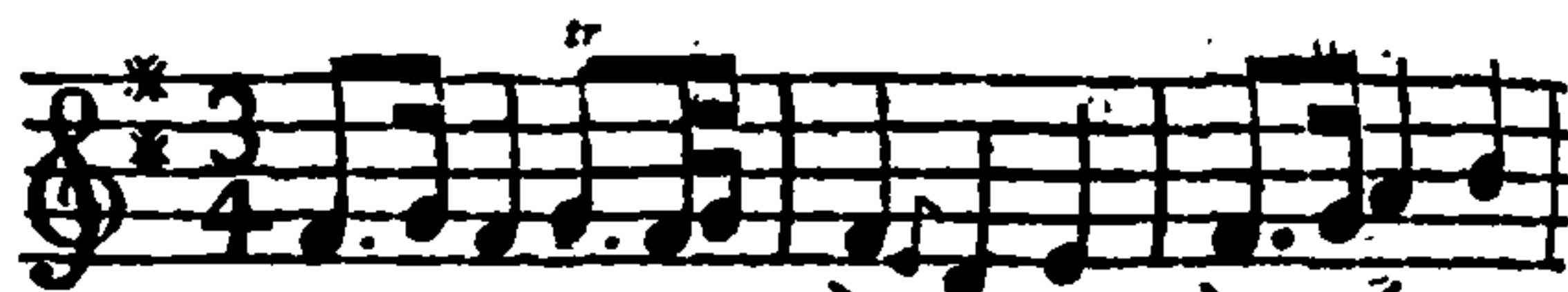
While thus I ply'd the task in vain,  
And chose another diff'rent strain  
To celebrate the fair,  
Phœbus, methought, with awful nod,  
Before his trembling vassal stood,  
And thus rebuk'd my care :

Shall Teraminta's fame and worth  
Be scribbled o'er by sons of earth ?  
My bosom glows with ire !  
Presumptuous wretch, the task disown ;  
Such glorious themes are mine alone ;  
'Tis I must strike the lyre !



*Gentle airs, sweet joys impart! &c.*

**LARGHETTO DOLCE.**



Gen-----tle      airs, sweet      joys im-



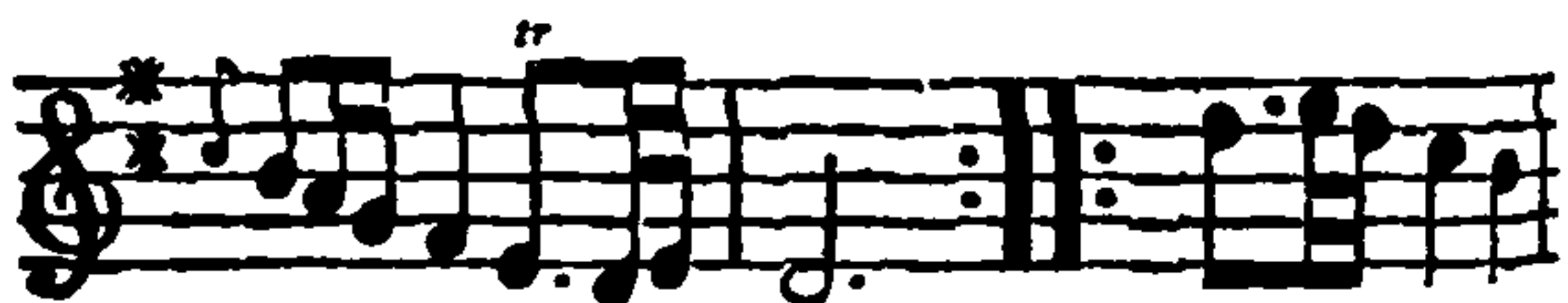
part!      Balm      to      heal the wound. .



- -ed mind!      Soothing      founds, re---lieve



the      heart!      Sor--rows      here their



com-----fort      find!      Mu-----sic,



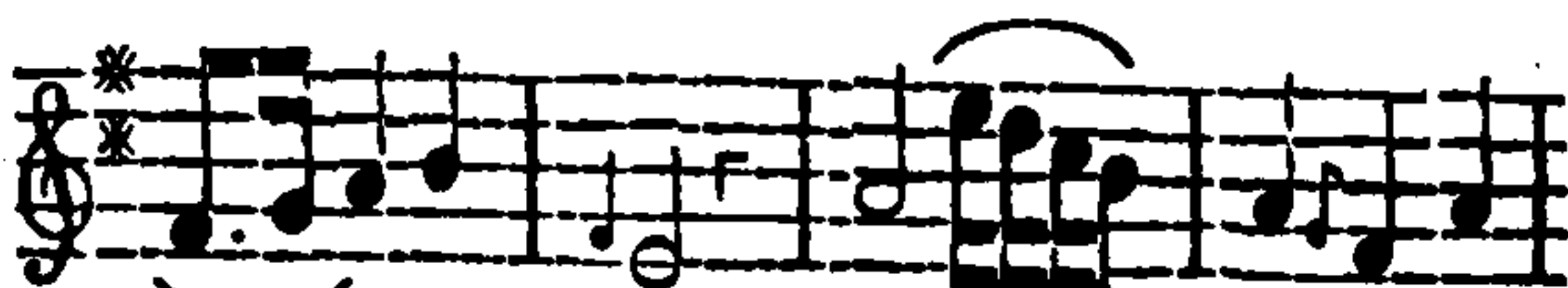
fill thy      charms      dis-----pense!  
Oh!



Oh ! still this vale of tears at- - -



- - - - - tend ! Lead to cheer- - - ful

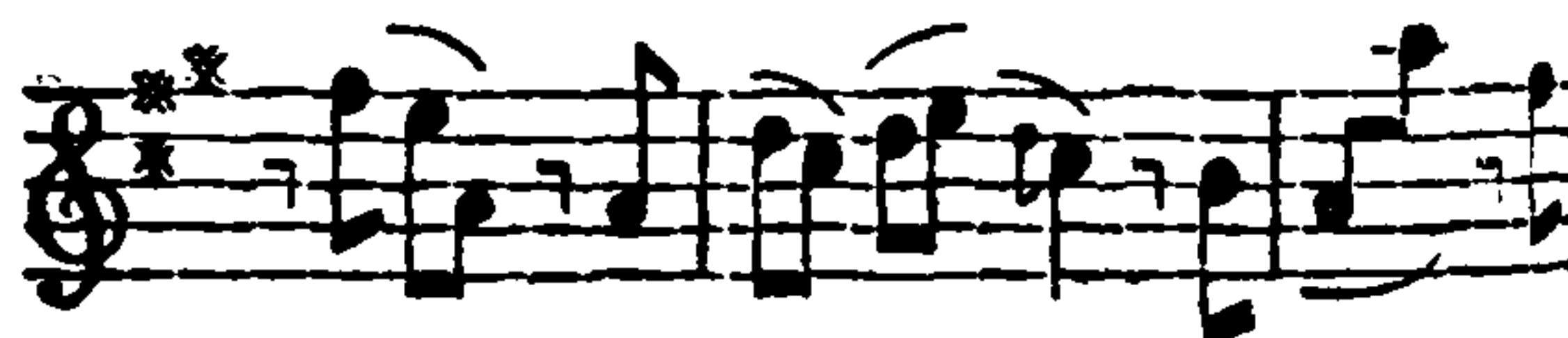
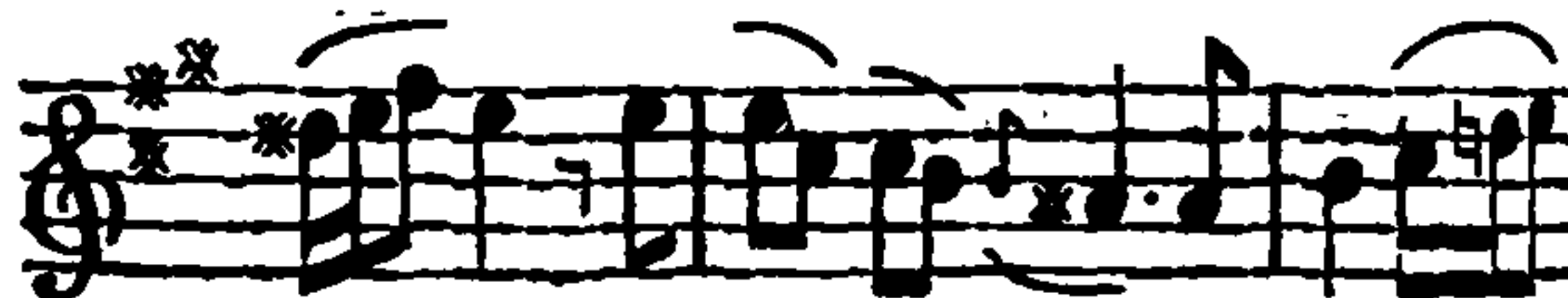


in- - - - - no- - - - cence, Rea-son's aid and



vir- - - - - tue's friend !

*As Colin rose at early dawn, &c.*



**A**S Colin rose at early dawn,  
 And briskly tripp'd it o'er the lawn,  
 The lovely Lucy pass'd him by : —  
 He look'd, and sigh'd, — he knew not why.  
 Delighted with her shape and air,  
 Swift, he o'ertook the blooming fair.  
 They talk'd, they gaz'd with raptur'd eye,  
 And each was pleas'd, — they knew not why,  
 And each was pleas'd, — they knew not why.

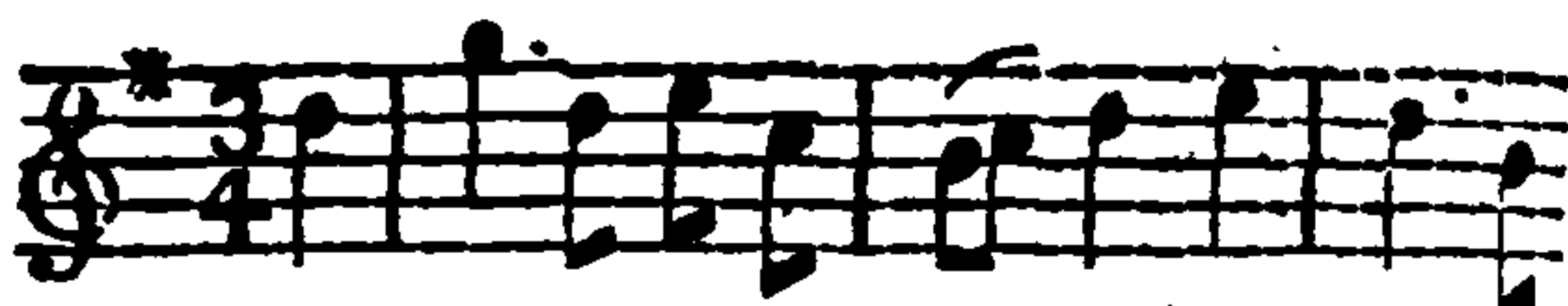
But, oh ! what sorrow fill'd each heart  
 When time oblig'd them to depart !  
 Their bosoms heav'd a deep-felt sigh,  
 Rose in their breasts, — they knew not why.  
 It shortly happ'd that, on the plain,  
 Colin and Lucy met again :  
 A secret bliss dwelt in each eye,  
 And each was pleas'd, — they knew not why.

With fault'ring tongue and tortur'd breast  
 Colin the virgin thus address'd :  
 Since on the lawn you pass'd me by,  
 I've lov'd, I've sigh'd, — I know not why ;  
 I see you feel a mutual flame ;  
 Why spreads this fondness o'er our frame ?  
 Come, let's the nuptial union tie ;  
 And then, if ever, we'll know why.

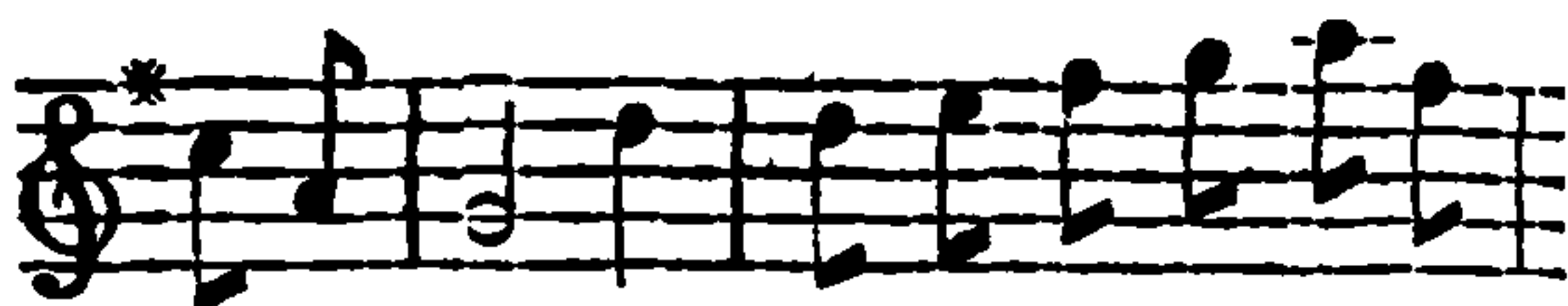
She blush'd consent ; their plighted hands  
 Were join'd in Hymen's sacred bands.  
 To Colin's dwelling swift they fly ;  
 Then each was pleas'd, — and each knew why.  
 The youth was fond, the maid was fair ;  
 To please each other, all their care ;  
 All love's transporting joys they try,  
 Then each was bless'd, — and each knew why.

*I am a weary pilgrim, &c.*

ANDANTE.



I am a weary pilgrim, And yet must



tread this stage! What should a pilgrim have to



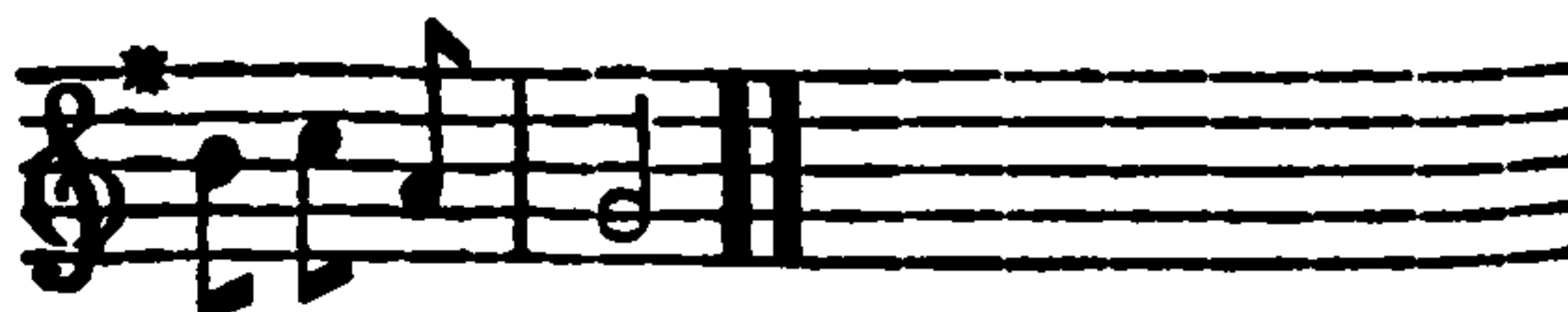
do In this degen'rate age! But each



must act his part, The beg---gar, king, and



I; And all we have to learn Is how



to live and die!

Then

Then life and death, my theme,  
 I'll constantly pursue,  
 And teach men how to live and die  
 With happiness in view !  
 O happiness ! the search  
 Of man, in ev'ry sphere !  
 If happiness we wish,  
 Let's seek it while we're here.

In bags of gold 'tis not,  
 Nor is it to be found ;  
 In flowing bowls, with noisy mirth,  
 There happiness is drown'd !  
 Nor yet in cards and dice,  
 Those murderers of time ;  
 Nor in the looking-glass  
 Of virgins in their prime.

Wherever virtue is,  
 There happiness remains ;  
 Though pangs of death obstruct our joy,  
 Hope says they're happy pangs.  
 So then 'tis not confin'd  
 To any sphere or place,  
 But may be always found  
 If virtue we embrace !

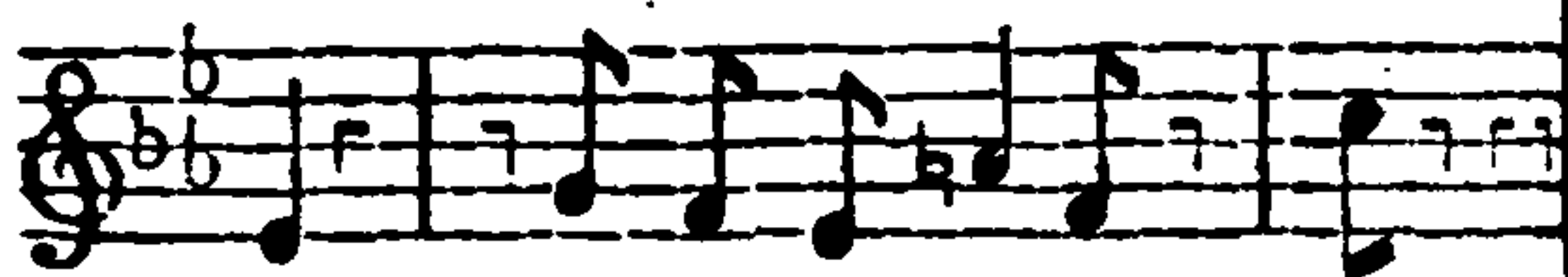


*The shadows of the night are fled away, &c.*

RECITATIVE.



The shadows of the night are fled a-



way, And from the orient peeps



the god of day; While the me-lodious



horns enliv'ning sound Calls jovial hunters



to the destin'd ground. Let us, my gay com-



panions, then pursue In-vi-go rating sport  
that

that's ever new.

AIR. ALLEGRO.

Rosy health marks the cheeks, and con-

tentment the minds, Of the hunters who jo-vial-ly

choose, Of the hunters who jo-vial-ly

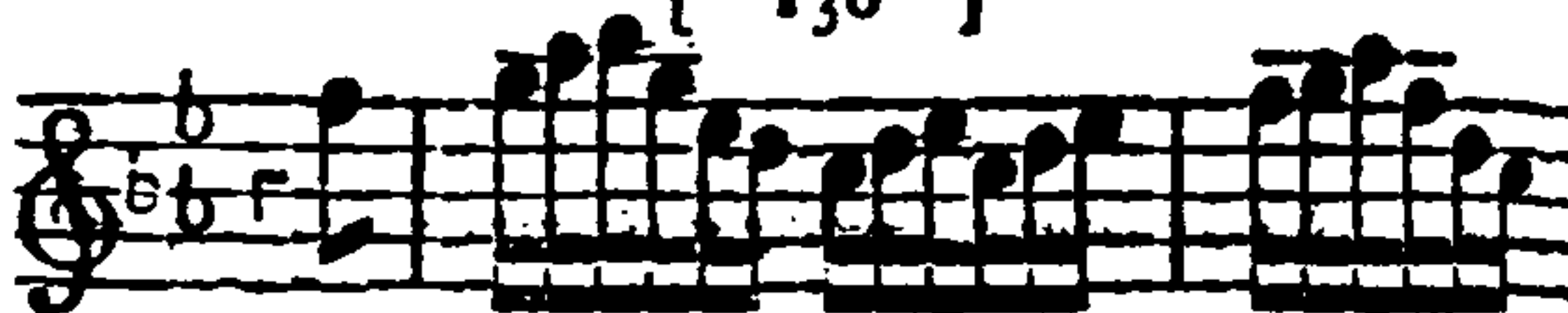
choose, To give wild am-bi-tion to fast-

flecting winds, And riches for pleasure re-

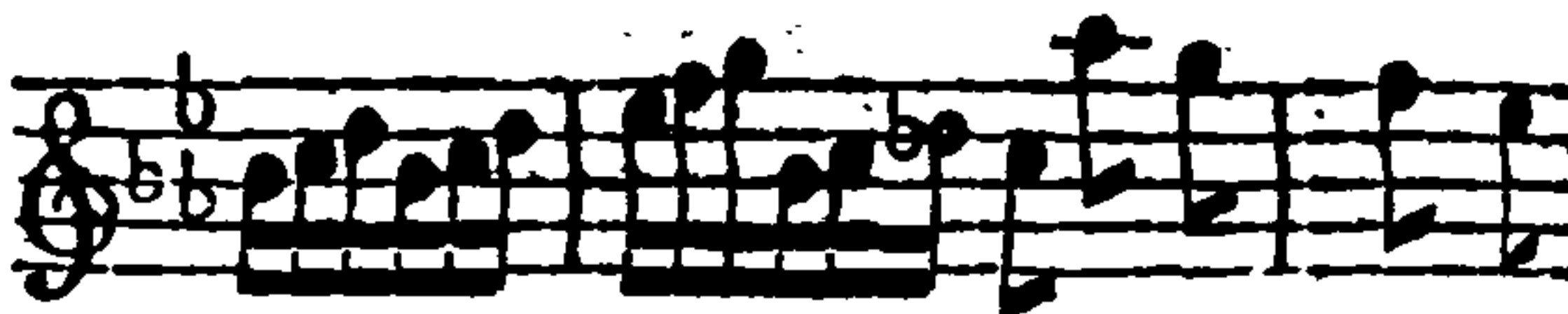
fuse, And riches for pleasure refuse,

N 2

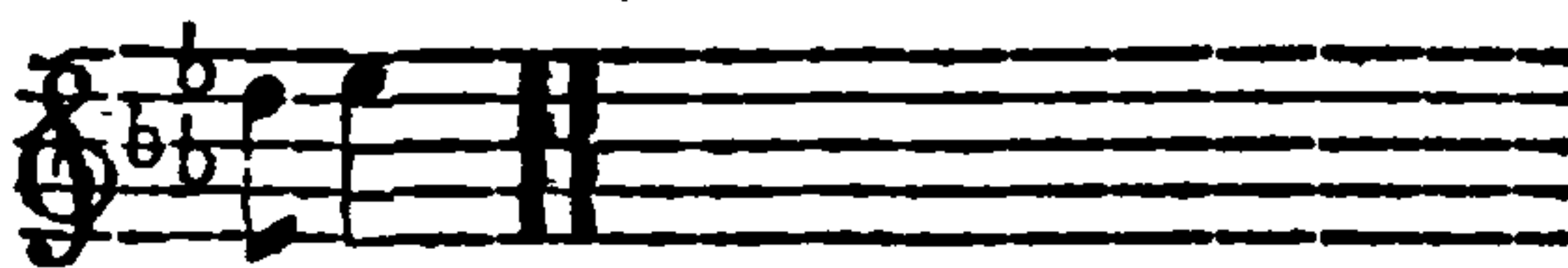
And



And rich- - - - -



- - - - -es for pleasure



refuse.

In the morn when Apollo, from Thetis's breast,  
As gay as a bridegroom, has sto'n,  
And the sweet thrilling lark springs elate from her nest,  
Melodious, to gladden the whole :

With our horses and hounds, all as lively as May,  
Over mountains and moorlands we run ;  
When Reynard from covert steals swiftly away,  
We rival the course of the sun.

All shouting, we follow the merry-mouth'd hounds ;  
Over hedges and ditches we fly ;  
Tally-O and tantarron through woodlands resounds,  
While rapture beams bright in each eye.

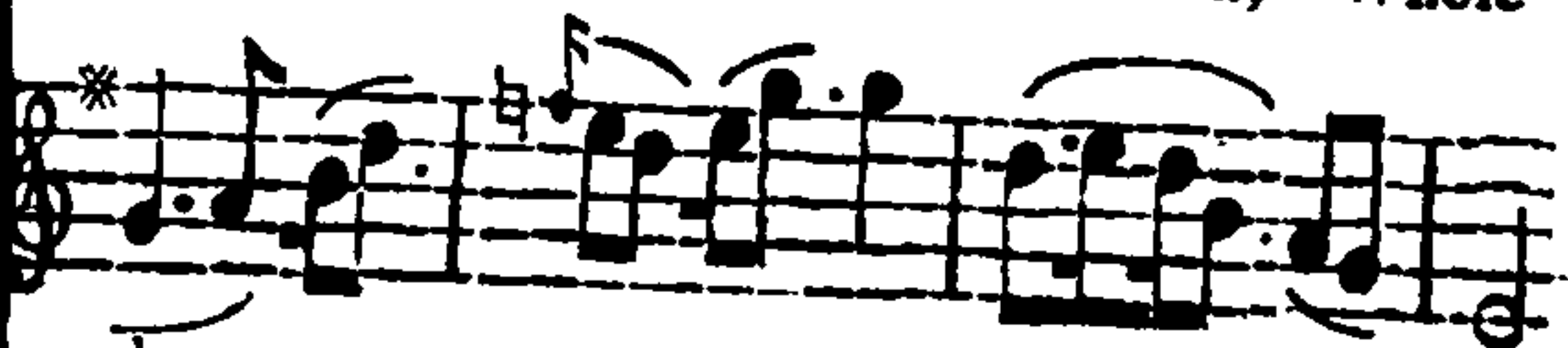
The traitor subdu'd, from the chace we retire  
To the mansion for welcome renown'd ;  
Song, wine, wit, and friendship, our bosoms inspire,  
Love and loyalty join the brisk round.

Our sweethearts and wives, condescending and fair  
Crown our festive and plentiful board ;  
If thus chearful and happy our days then, declare,  
Can life richer blessings afford ?

*Hapless lovers ! who sue in vain, &c.*



Hapless lovers ! who sue in vain, Whose



hearts are frozen with cold disdain,



Learn of Jockey love's pleasing art



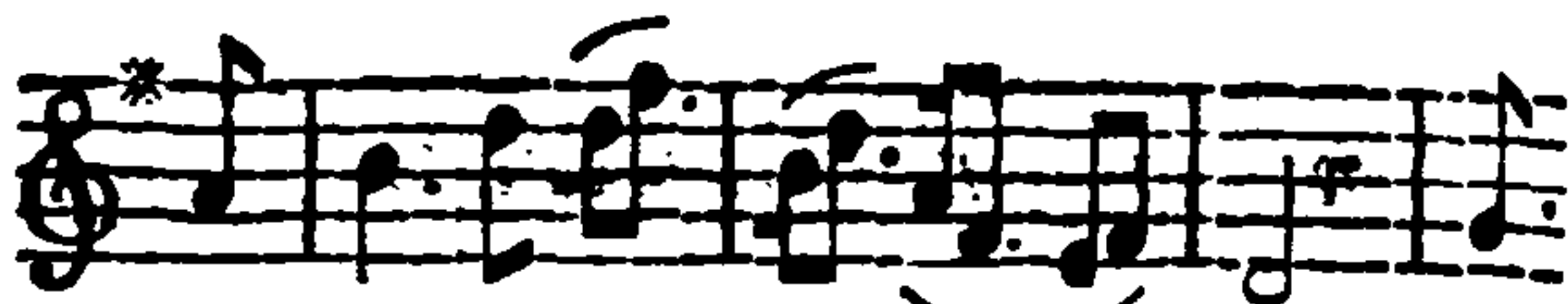
To quell a beauty's in--so-lence and



melt her heart : He, like you,



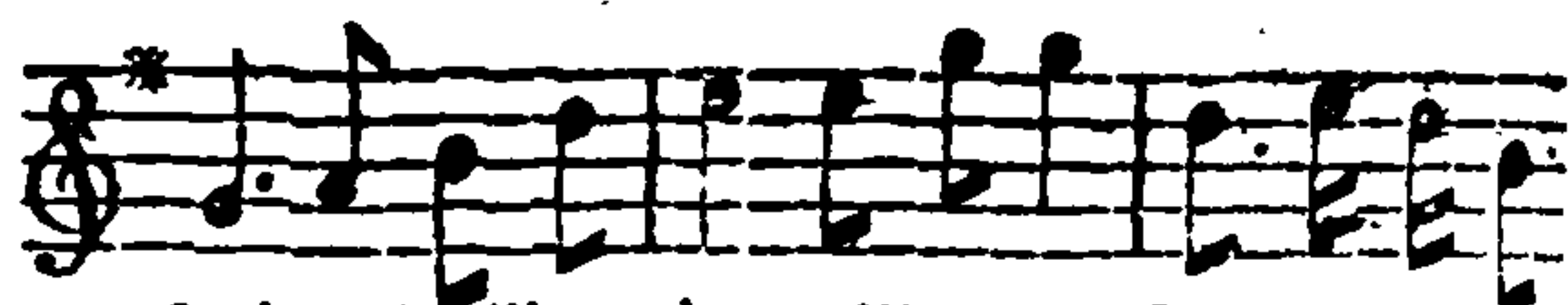
would figh and pine, From Phoebus' rise,  
N 2. from



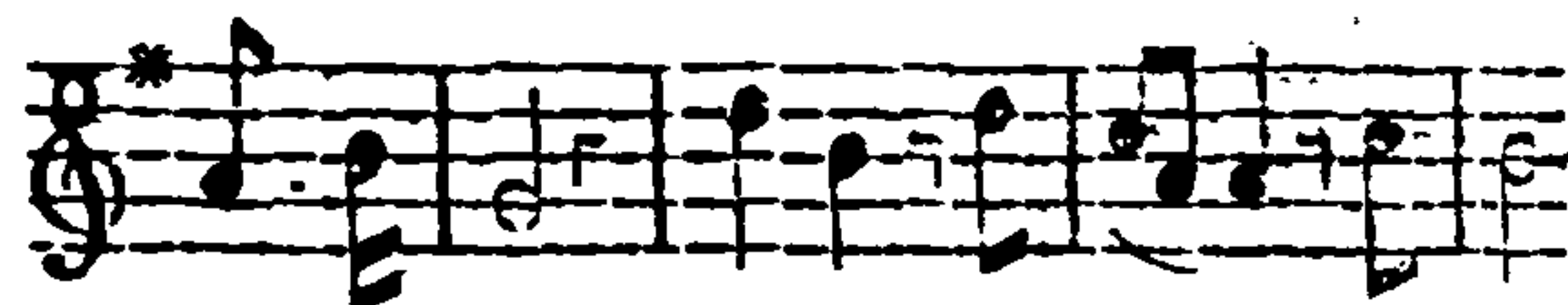
from Phoebus' rise, to his decline. I



deny'd, and reply'd with scornful brow, Ah!



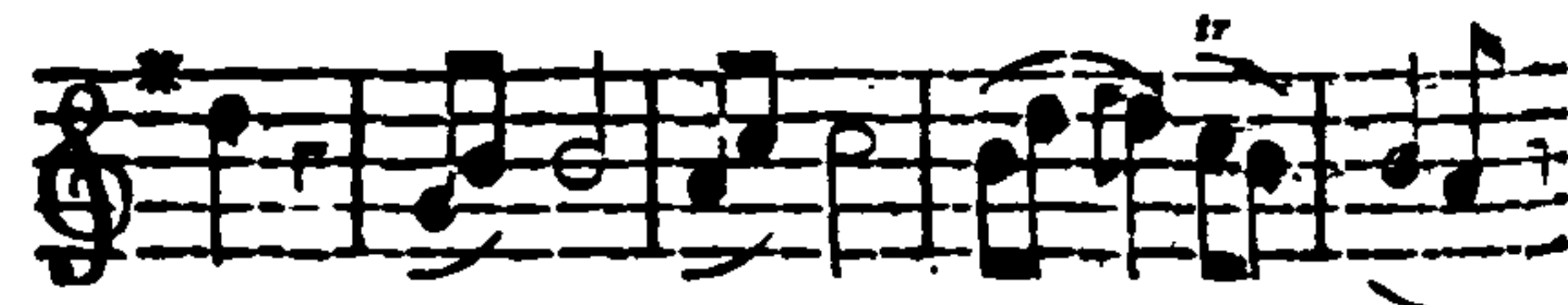
Jockey, 'twill not do, 'twill not do, Prithee, prithee,



leave me now. Gazing, advancing, his eyes



love-darting, Jenny, said he, one kiss at part-



ing! Clasp<sup>ing</sup> then my slender waist,



With ea---ger arms he me  
embrac'd;



embrac'd; Kifs'd me, call'd on heav'n a-



bove To re---cord, to re-----cord, his



con-----stant love! Partially I ey'd him, Faint-



ly I deny'd h m; My tongue bely'd my heart!



His shape, his face, and manly grace, Strongly

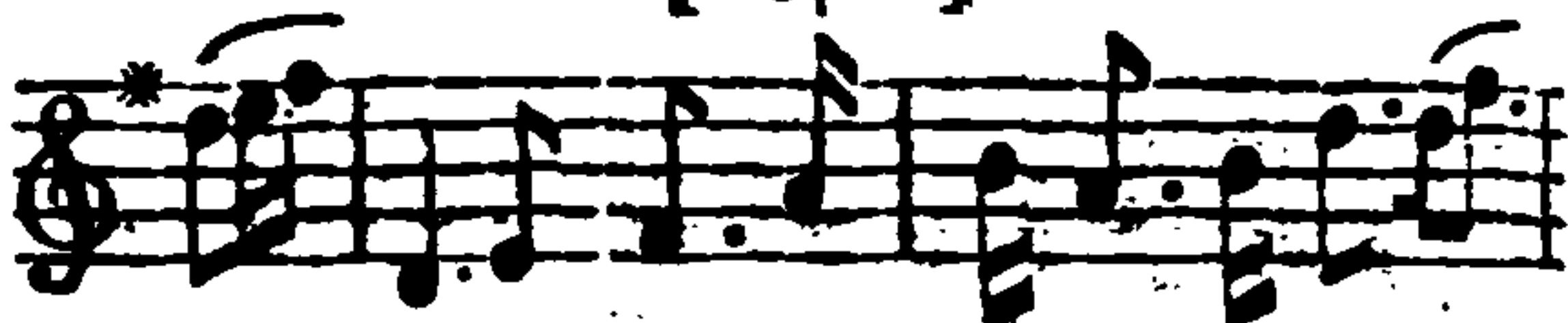


took my lover's part. I his suit approving,



He, my doubts removing, With ardour re---ply'd,  
I





I fly to bring The wedding wedding ring,



Lovely Jenny is my bride! Hopeless lovers,



mind mind what I sing; No cure, no



cure, for disdain, like a kiss and a ring!

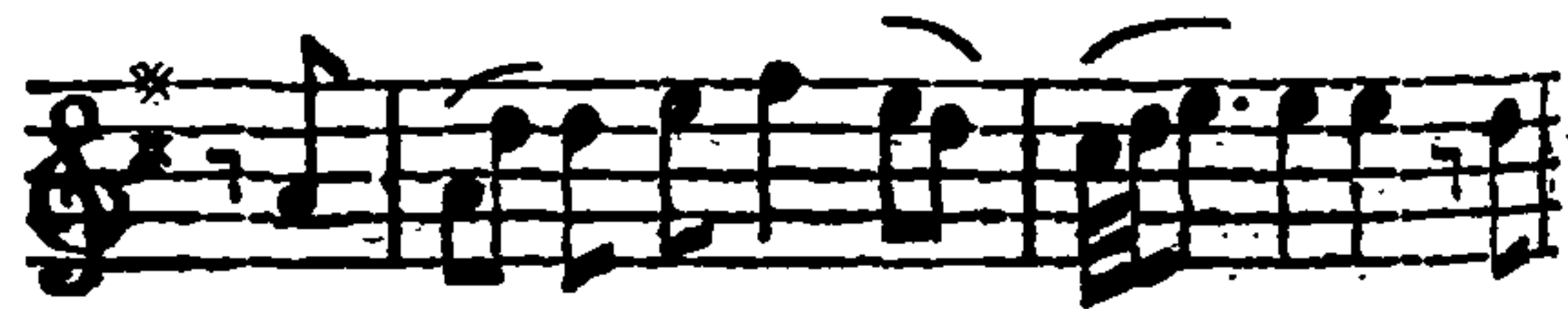
Sung by DIANA in Dryden's Masque.

*With horns and with hounds I waken the day, &c.*

ALLEGRO.



With horns and with hounds I waken the day,



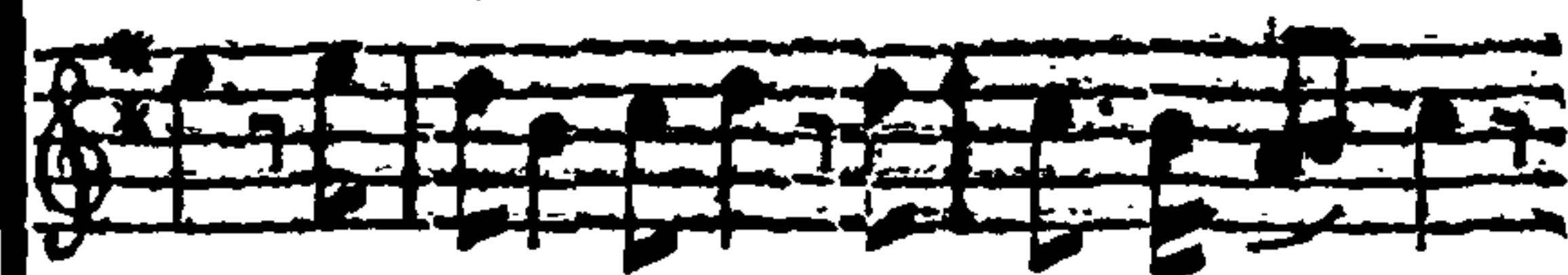
And he to my woodland walks away: I  
tuck



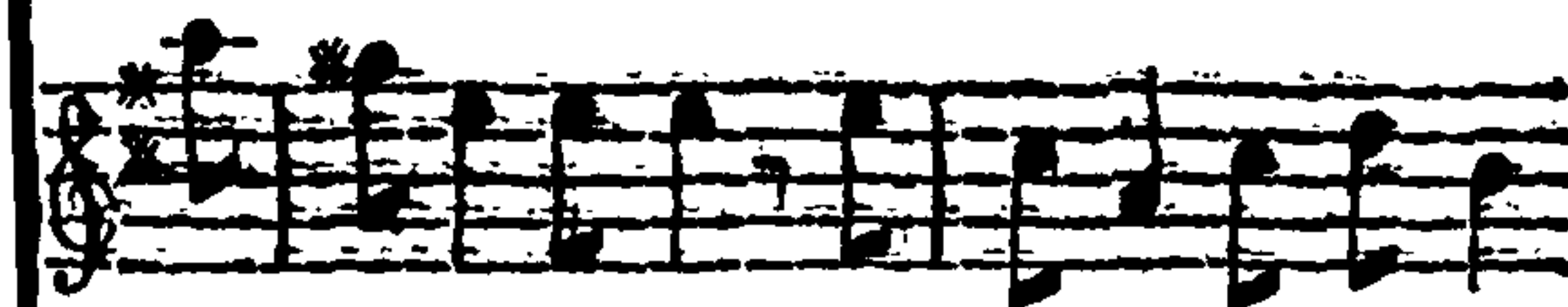
tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon, And tie



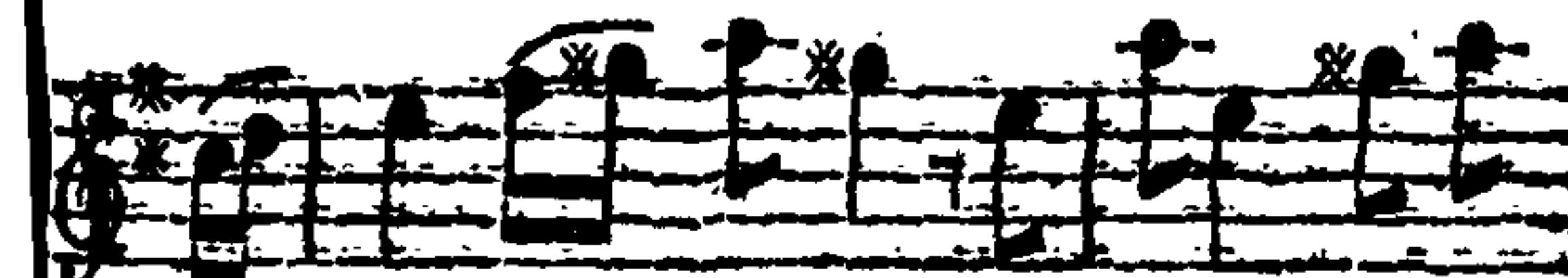
to my forehead a waxing moon. I course the fleet



stag, unkennel the fox, And chase the wild goats



o'er fummits of rocks. With shouting and hooting



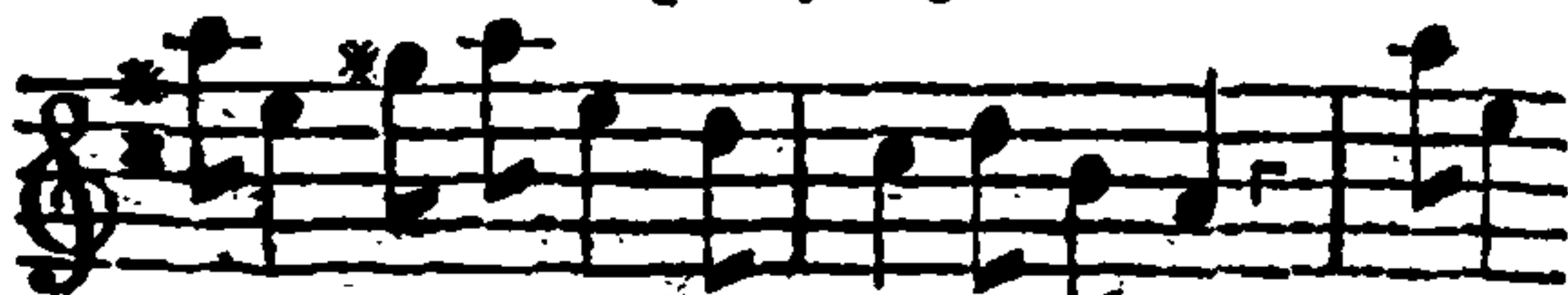
we pierce through the sky, And Echo turns Hunt-



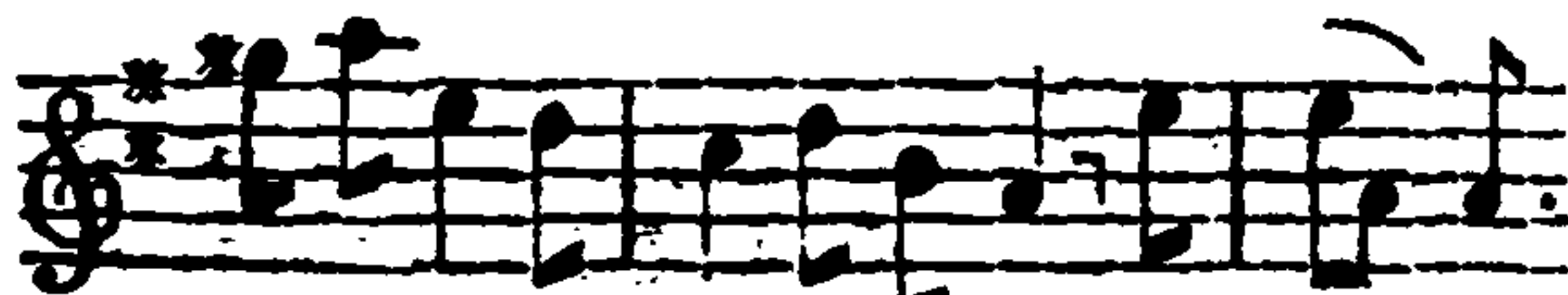
er, and doubles the cry, doubles the cry. With



shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky, And  
Echo



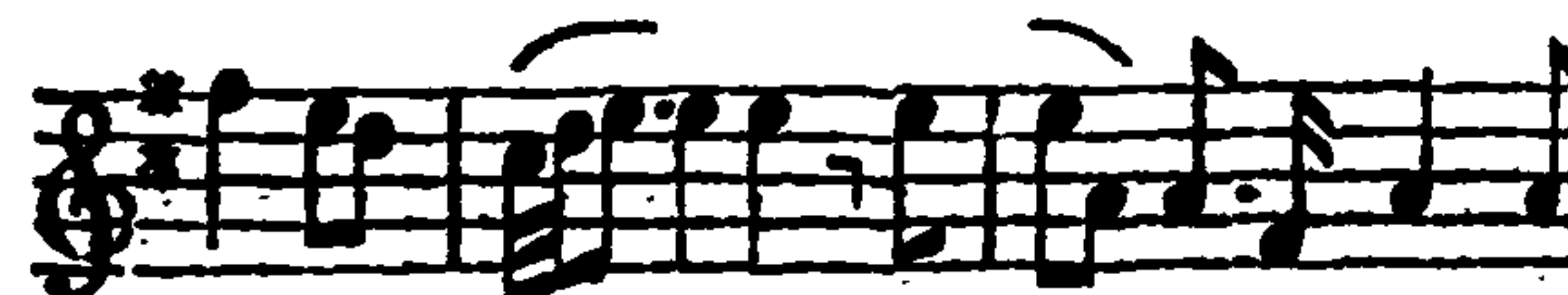
Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry, Echo



turns hunter, and doubles the cry. With horns and



with hounds I waken the day, And hie to my



woodland walks away: I tuck up my robe, and



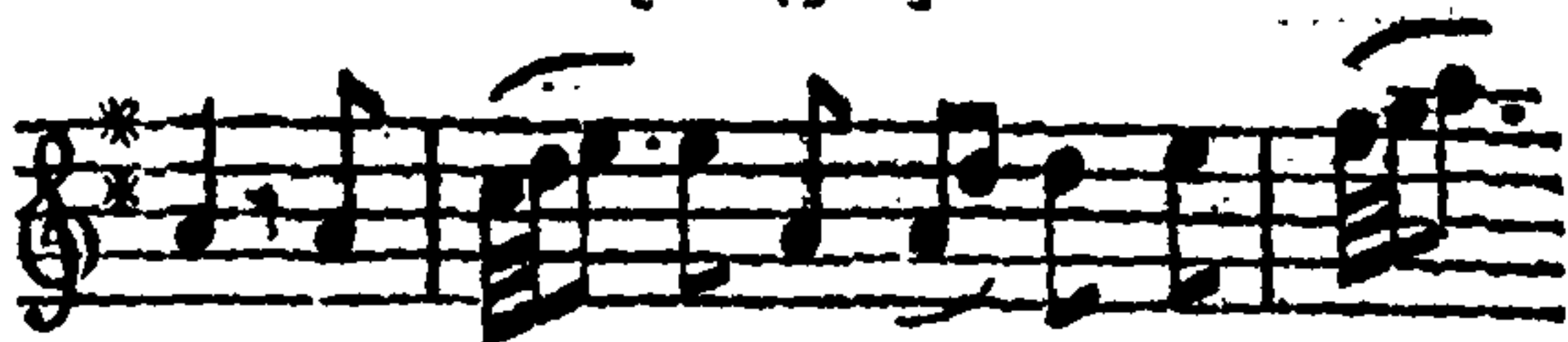
am buskin'd foon, And tie to my forehead a



wexing moon. I course the fleet flag, unkennel



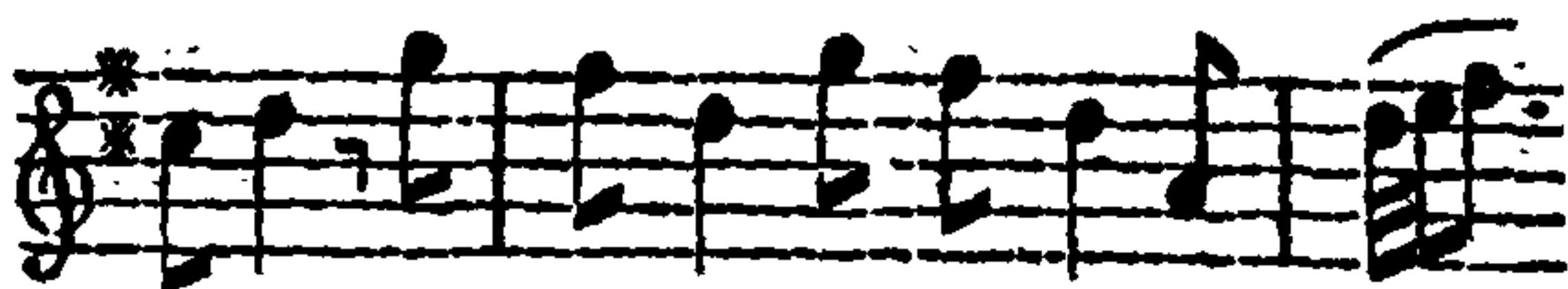
the fox, And chace the wild goats o'er summits of  
rock.



rocks. With shouting and hooting we pierce



through the sky, And Echo turns hunter, and doubles



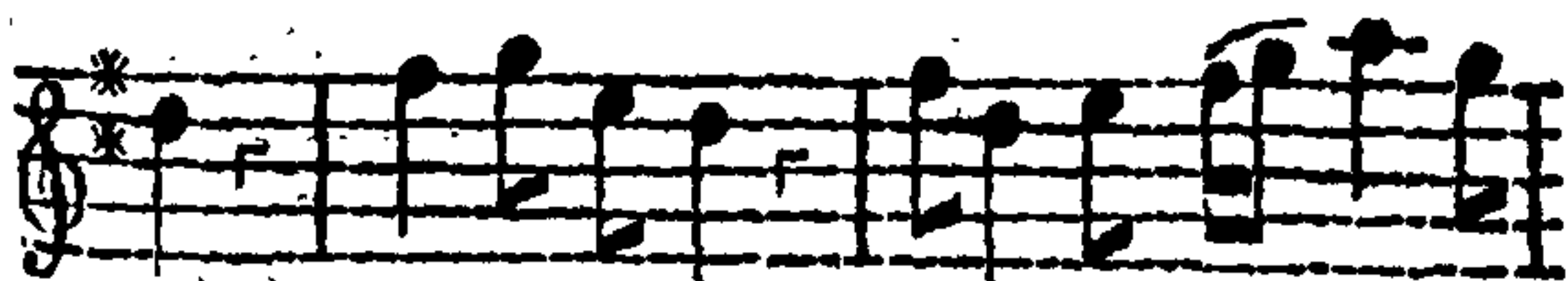
the cry. With shouting and hooting we pierce



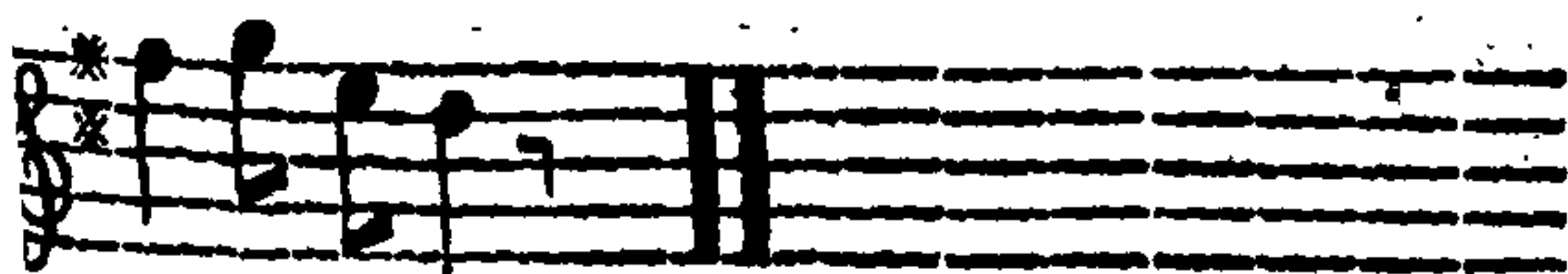
through the sky, And Echo turns hunter, and dou-



bles the cry, Echo turns hunter, and doubles the



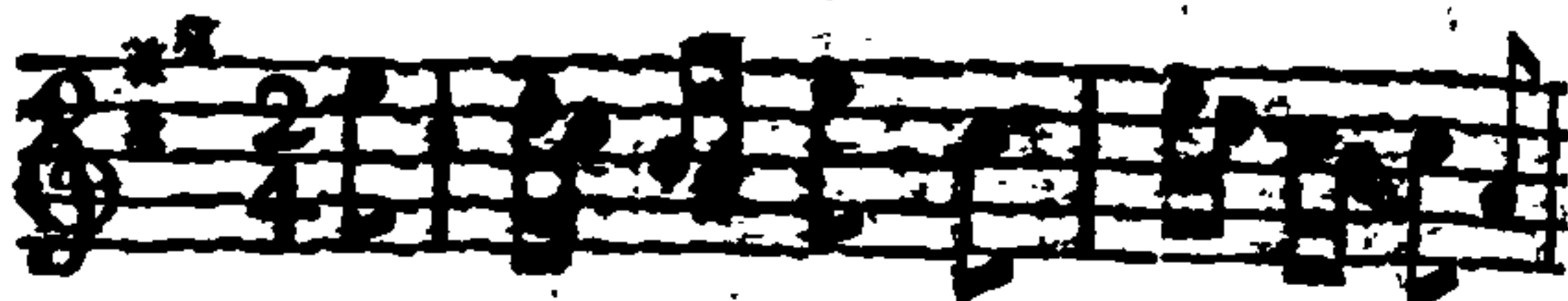
cry, doubles the cry, Echo turns hunter, and



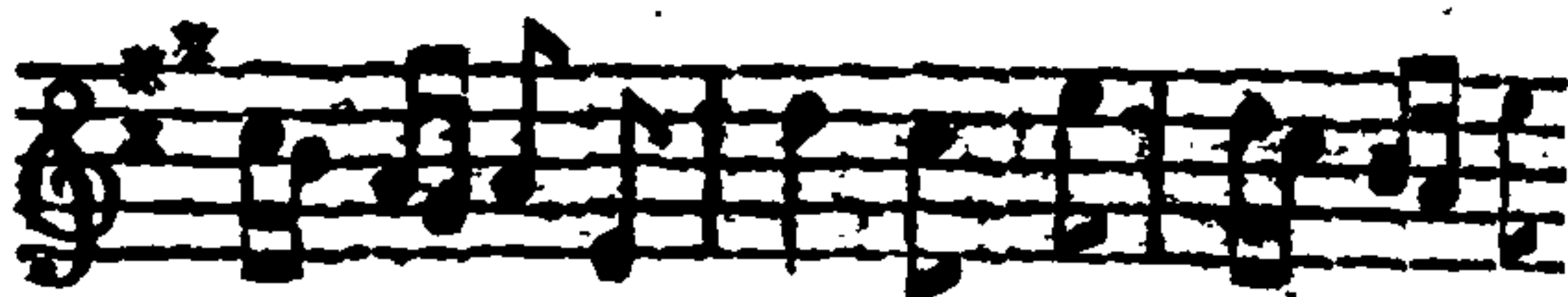
doubles the cry.

*As now my bloom comes on apace, &c.*

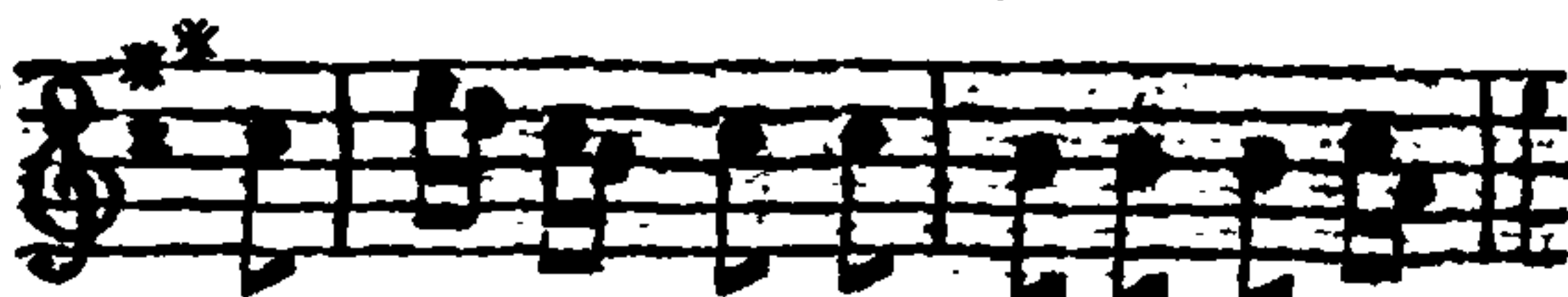
ALLEGRETTO.



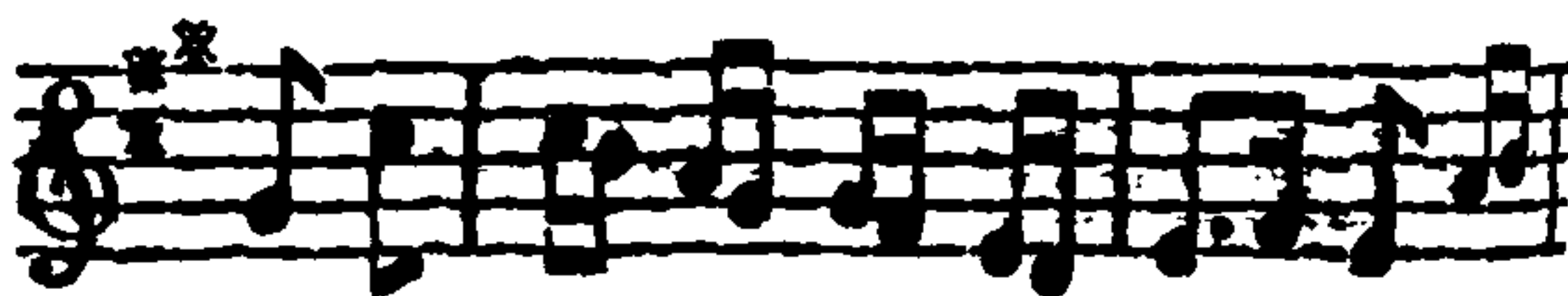
As now my bloom comes on a-pace, The



swains begin to tease me; But two, who claim



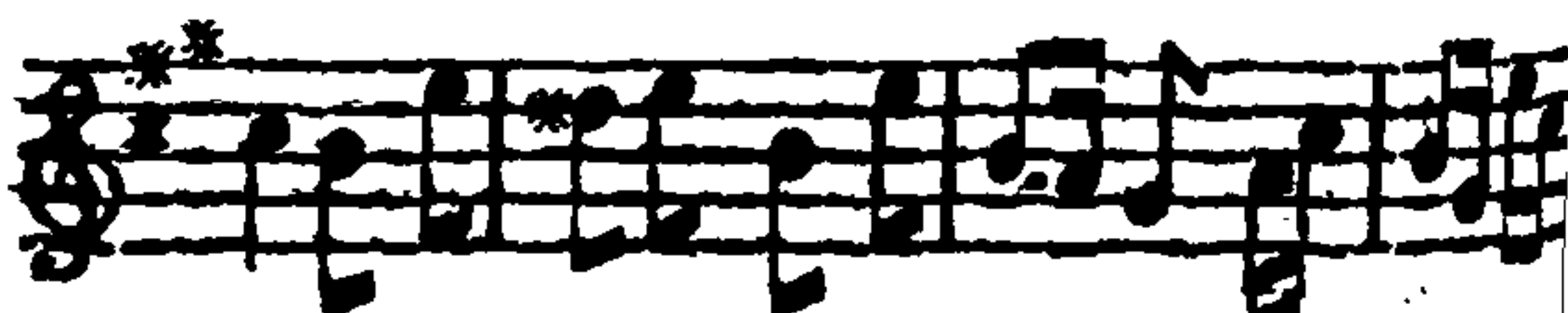
the foremost place, Try diff'rent ways to please



me, Try diff'rent ways to please me. To

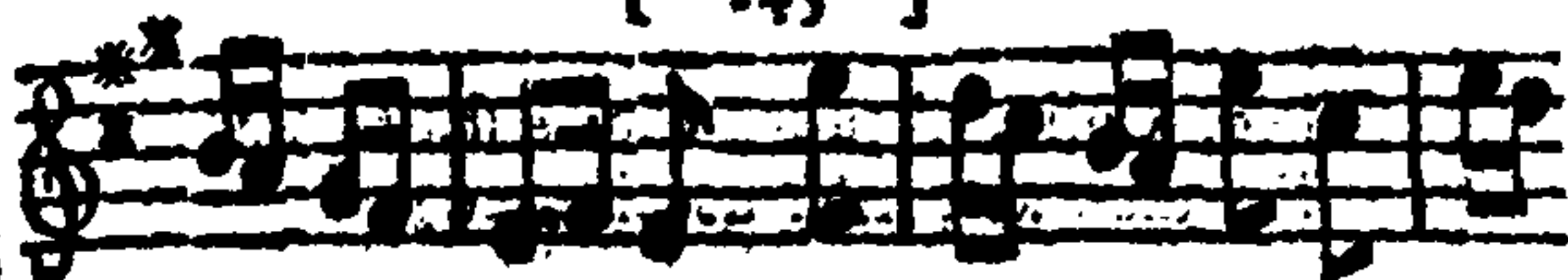


judge aright and choose the best Is not so soon de-

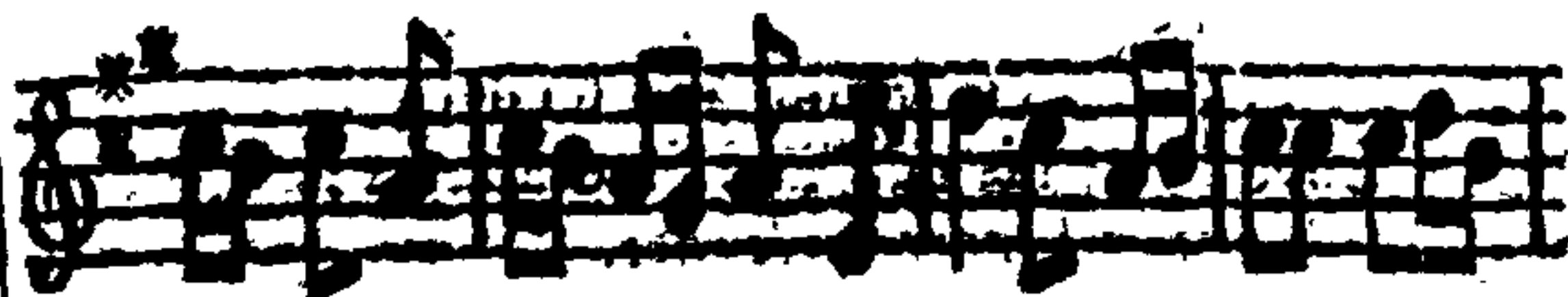


cided, Is not so soon de--ci-ded, Is not so  
soon

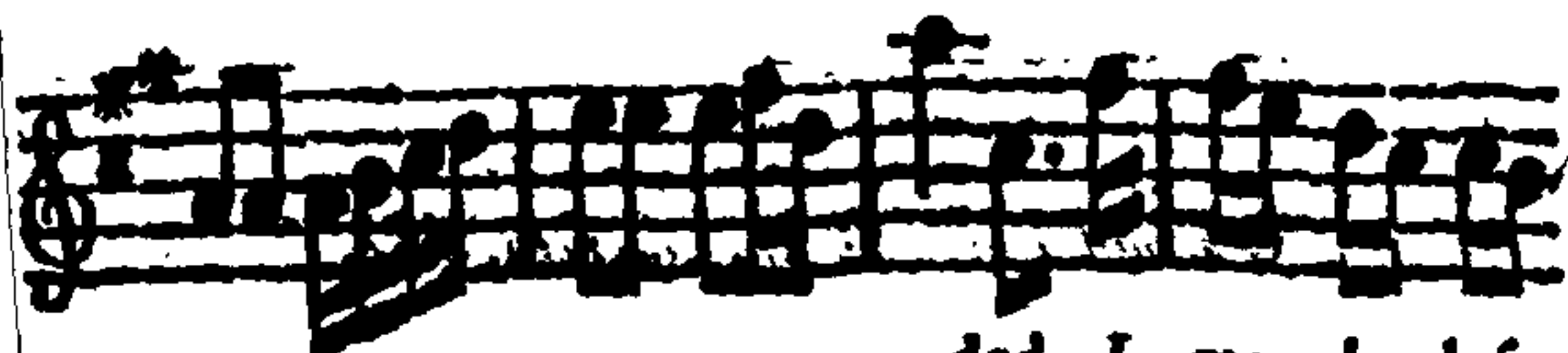




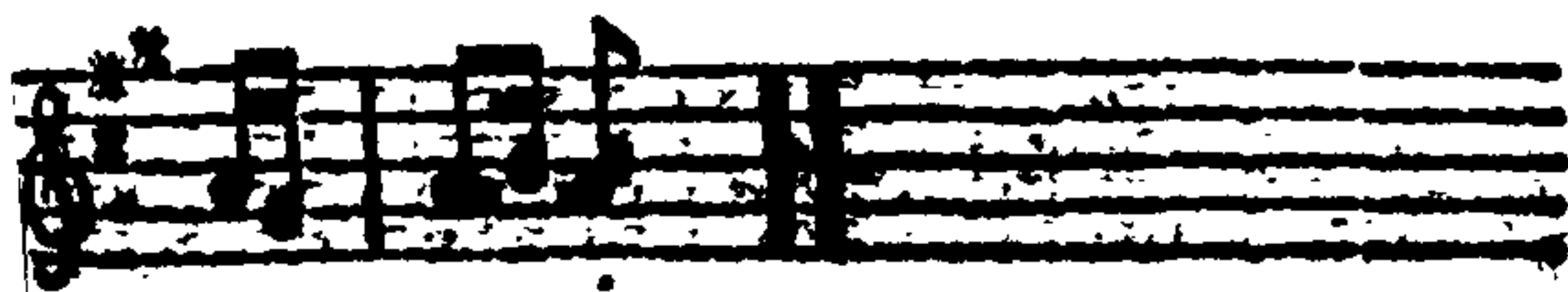
soon de---ci-ded. When both their merits are



express'd, I may be less divided, di---vi- - -



...-ded, I may be less



di-----vi--ded.

Palæmon's flocks unnumber'd stray,  
 He's rich beyond all measure;  
 Would I but smile, be kind and gay,  
 He'd give me all his treasure:  
 But then our years so disagree,  
 So much, as I remember,  
 It is but May, I'm sure, with me,  
 With him it is December.

Can I, who scarcely am in bloom,  
 Let frost and snow be suing?  
 'Twould spoil each rip'ning joy to come,  
 Bring ev'ry charm to ruin:  
 For dress and shew, to touch my pride,  
 My little heart is panting;  
 But then there's something else beside  
 I soon should find was wanting.

O

Then,



Then, Colin, thou my choice shalt gain,  
 For thou wilt ne'er deceive me;  
 And grey-hair'd wealth shall plead in vain,  
 For thou hast more to give me:  
 My fancy paints thee full of charms,  
 Thy looks so young and tender;  
 Love beats his new and fond alarms;  
 To thee I now surrender.

*O! had I been by fate decreed, &c.*

ANDANTINO.



O! had I been by fate decreed Some



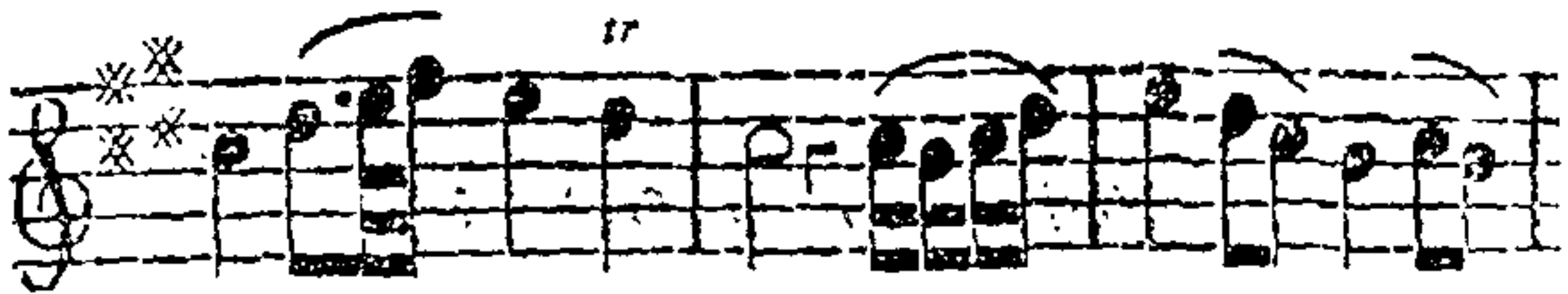
rustic village-swain! My heart had ne---ver



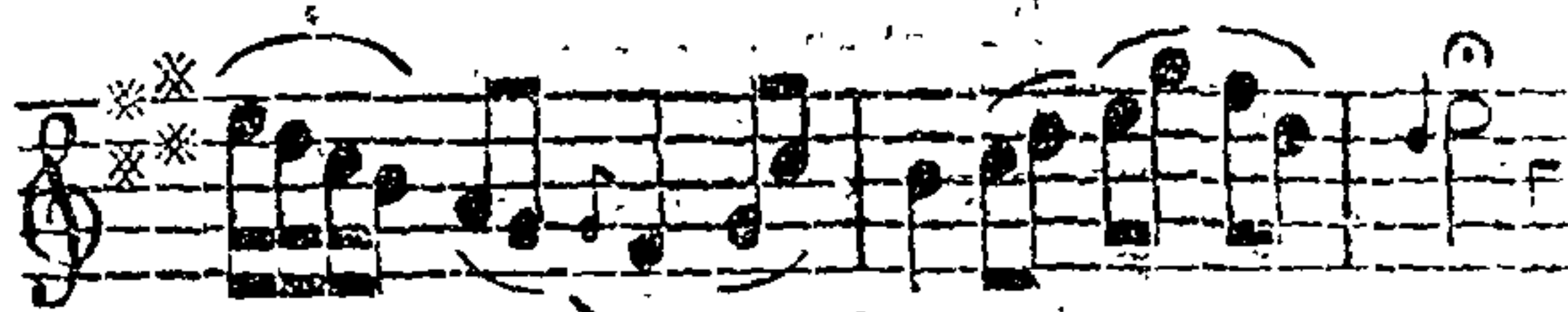
known to bleed, Or felt the want of gain



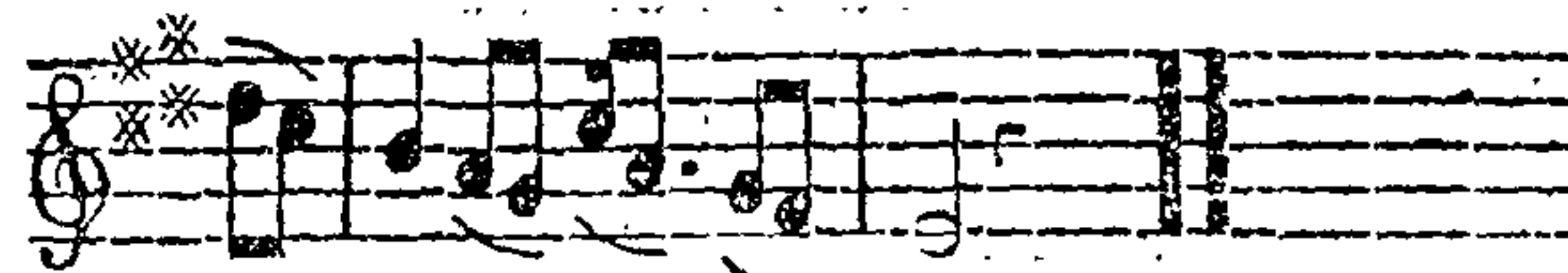
And thou, my fair, hard by the place, In  
 home



homely cottage dwelt; The time in harmless



joys we'd waste, Joys only to be felt,



Joys on-ly to be felt.

Nor, longer torn from thee I love,  
 My hours in dulness spend,  
 But true delights and heav'nly love  
 Should crown me to the end :  
 And, as along the fields I stray,  
 Or hear of banish'd peace,  
 I'll bless, my fair, thy milder sway,  
 That gives me joy's increase.

If heav'n should kindly condescend  
 To smile upon my bliss,  
 And, for some wise benignant end,  
 Should gratify my wish,  
 May I be blest with children three,  
 My age's kind solace,  
 With all thy innate modesty,  
 And all thy decent grace.