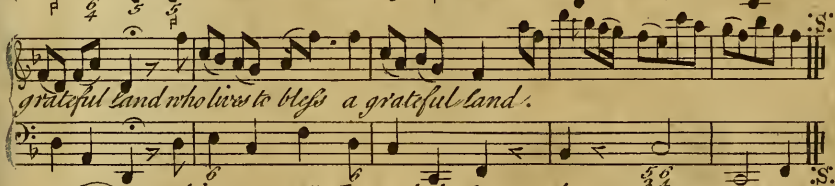
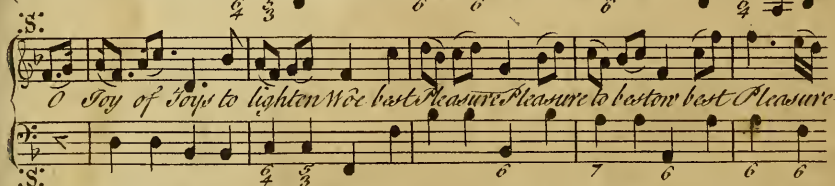
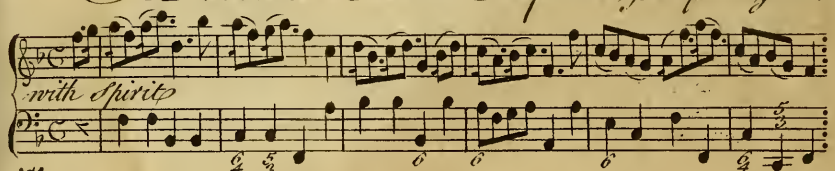
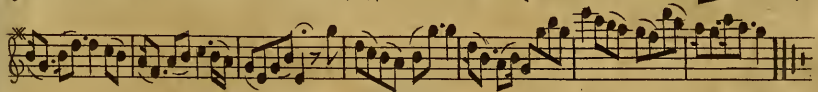
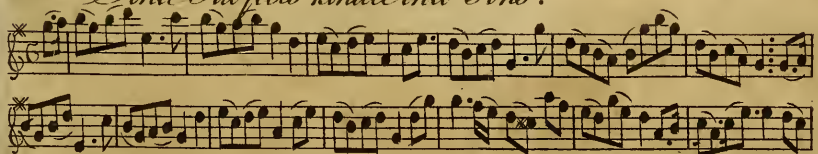




A Favourite Air in Alfred set by Mr Oswald

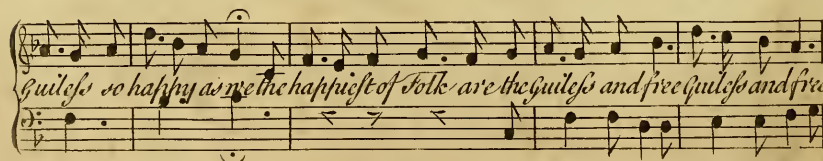
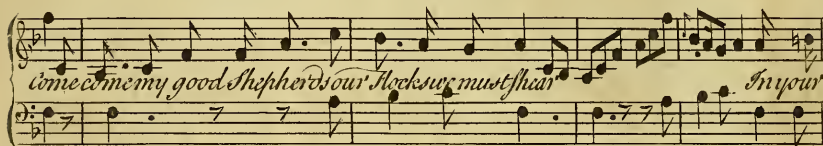
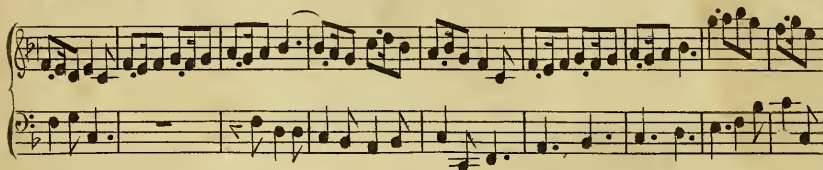
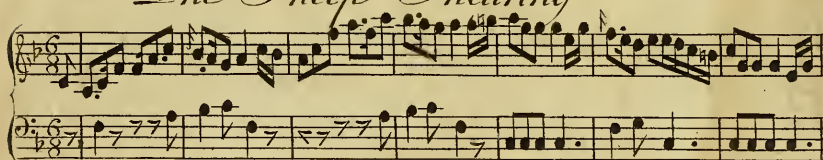


*For him ten Thowand bosoms beat
His name consenting Crowds repeat,
From Soul to Soul the Passion runs,
And Subjects kindle into Songs.*





The Sheep Shearing





Sung by M^{rs} Cibber

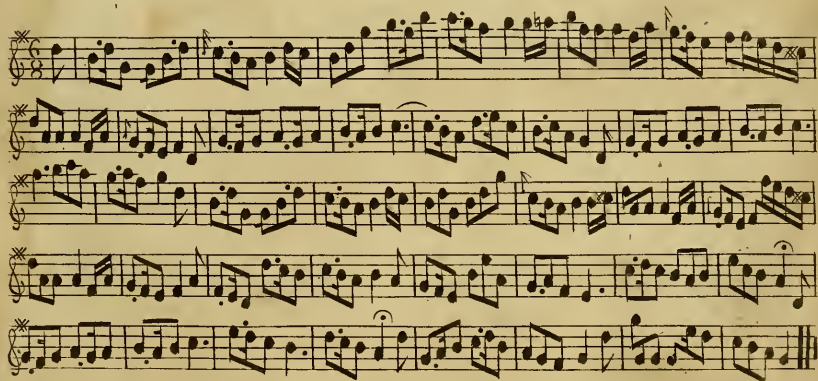


*We harbour no Passions, by Luxury taught,
We practice no Arts, with Hypocrisy fraught,
What we think in our Hearts, you may read in our Eyes,
For knowing no Falshood, we need no Disguise.*

*By mode & Caprice are the City Dames led
But we as the Childern of nature are bred;
By her Kinds alone, we are painted and dressed,
For the Roses will bloom when there's peace in y^e breast.*

*That giant Ambition, we never can dread,
Our roofs are too low, for so lofty a Head,
Content, is sweet Chearfulness, open our Door,
They smile with the simple, & feed with the Poor.*

*When Love has possess'd us, that Love we reveal,
Like the Hocks that we feed, are the passions we feel,
So harmless & simple we sport, & we play,
And leave to fine Folk, to deceive and betray.*

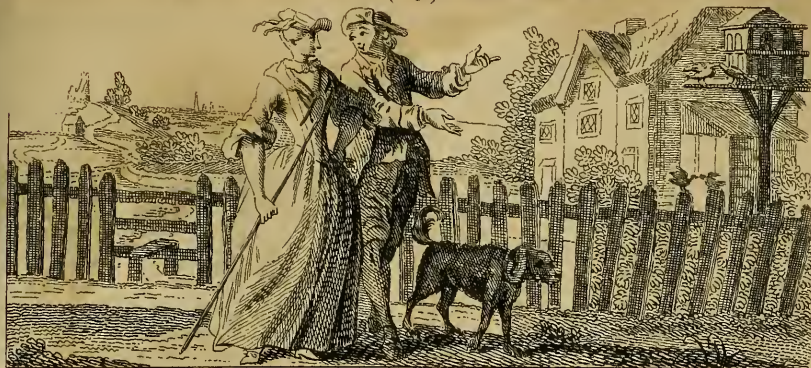




Damon and Florella

Moderately

Cast my Lovelichne Eyes around See the Sportive Lambskins play Nature
 gayly decks the Groundall in Honour of the May Nature gayly
 decks the Groundall in Honour of the May
 Like the Sparrow and the Dove Listen
 to the Voice of Love Like the Sparrow and the



Set to Musick by M^r Arne

Dove Listen listen to the Voice of Love Listen to the

Voice of Love

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

Florella

*Damon thou hast found me long,
Listening to thy soothing Tale,
And thy soft persuasive Song,
Often held me in the Dale;
Take O Damon while I live,
All which Vertue ought to give.*

Florella

*Not the Waters gentle fall,
By the Bank with poplars crowd;
Nor the Feather'd Songsters all,
Nor the Flutes melodious sound,
Can Delight Florella's Ear,
If her Damon is not near.*

Damon

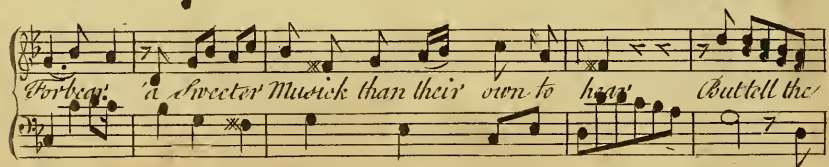
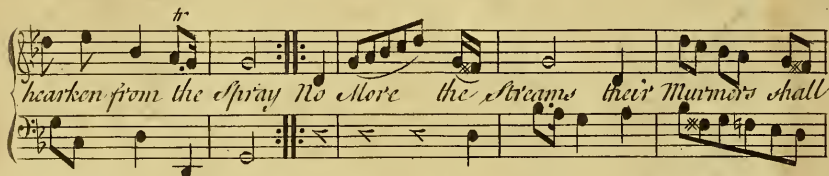
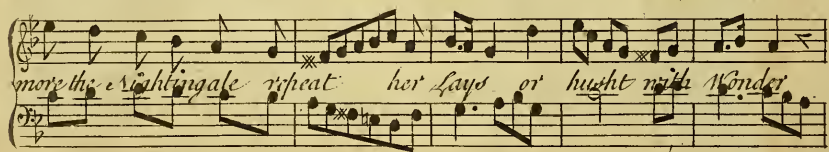
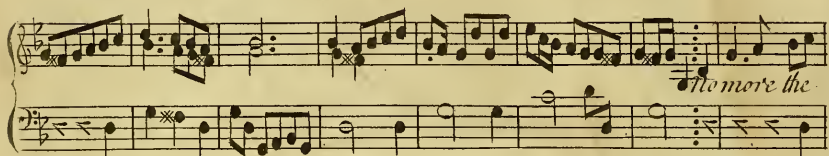
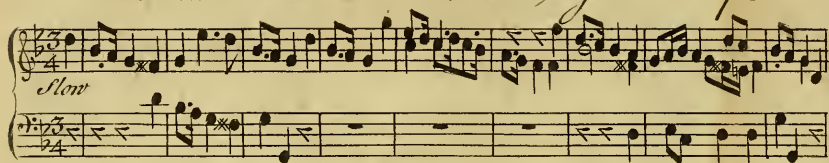
*Not the Verdure of the Grove,
Nor the Gardens fairest Flowers
Nor the Meads where Lovers rove
Tempted by the Vernal Hours
Can Delight thy Damons Eye
If Florella is not by.*

Duett

*Let us Love and Let us Live;
Like the chearful Seasons gay,
Banish Care and let us give
Tribute to the fragrant May:
Like the Sparrow & the Dove,
Listen to the Voice of Love.*

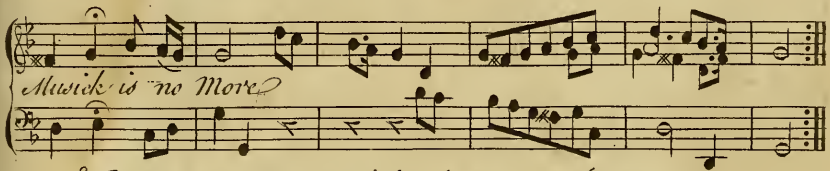
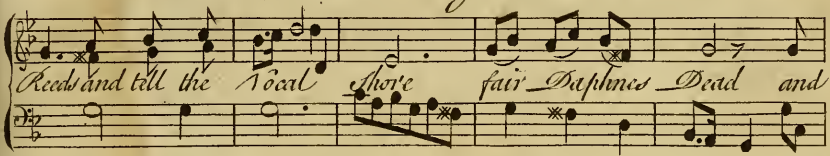


On an Absent Friend by M^r Pope





Set to Musick by W^r Buswell



*Her Fate is whisper'd by the Gentle Breeze
And told in Sighs to all the Trembling Trees
The Trembling Trees in ev'ry Plain & Wood
Her Fate remurmur to the Silver Flood
The Silver Flood so lately Calm appears
Smell'd with new Passion and o'ersflows with Tears
The Winds and Trees and Floods her Death Deplore
Daphne our Grief our Glory is no More*





Sung by M^r Lowe at Vaux Hall

Moderately *Pia* *For* *Pia*

For *S: Pia*

When your beauty ap...

hears in its Graces and Airs all bright as an Angel new dropt from Skyes At

Distance I gaze & amandly my heart so strangely so strangely you dazzle my Eye so

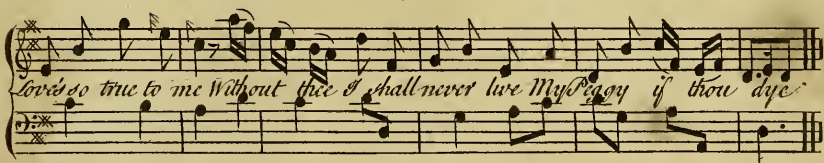
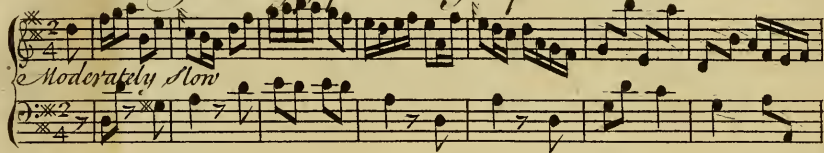
Strangely *angely you dazzle my Eye.*

*But when without Art, your kind Thoughts you impart;
When your Love runs in Blushes through ev'ry Vein,
When it darts from your Eyes, when it pants in your Heart;
Then I know you're a Woman, a Woman again.*

*There's a Passion & pride, in our Sex she reply'd,
And thus, might I gratify both, I woud do,
An Angel appear to each Lover beside,
But still be a Woman, a Woman to you.*



My Peggy Sung by Mr Lowe

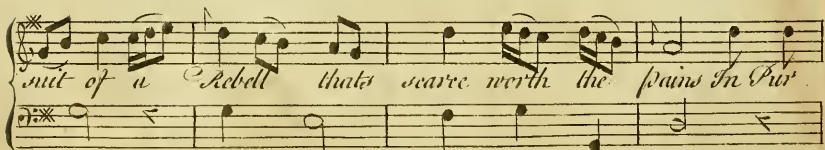
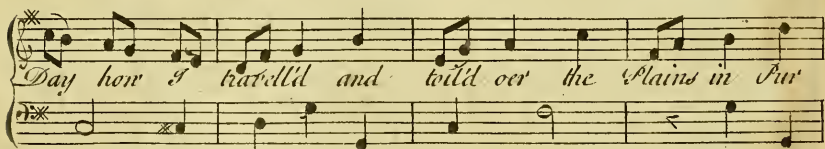
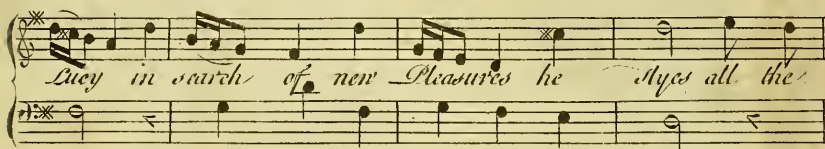
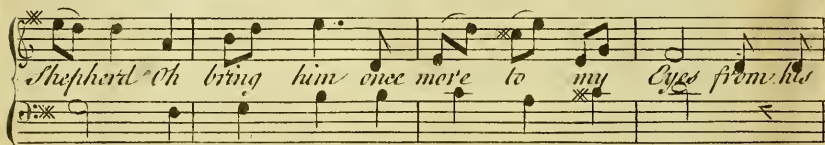
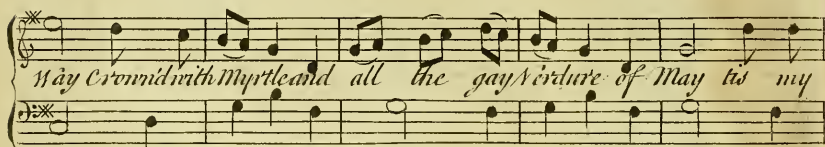
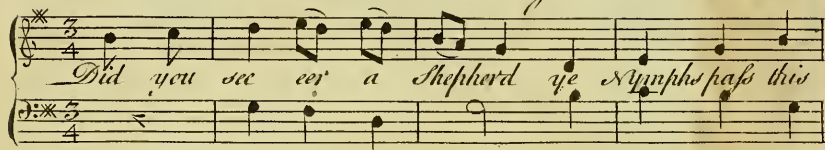


If Fate shall tear y ^e from my b ^r ast	no new blown Beauty firs my heart,
How lonely shall I stray,	With Cupid's raving Rage,
Indivary Drains the light All waste	but thine which can such sweet Impart
In sighs the silent Day;	Must all the World engage,
I neer can so much Virtue find,	As those that like the Morning Sun,
Nor such Perfection see;	Gave Joy and Life to me;
Then I'll renouncee all Womankind,	And when its darkend Day is done,
My Peggy after Thee.	With Peggy let me dye.

Ye Pow'rs that smile on Virtue's Love,
 And in such Pleasure share;
 You who its faithful Flames approve,
 With Pity view the Fair,
 Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
 Those Charms so dear to me,
 Oh! never rob them from those Arms
 I'm lost if Peggy dye.

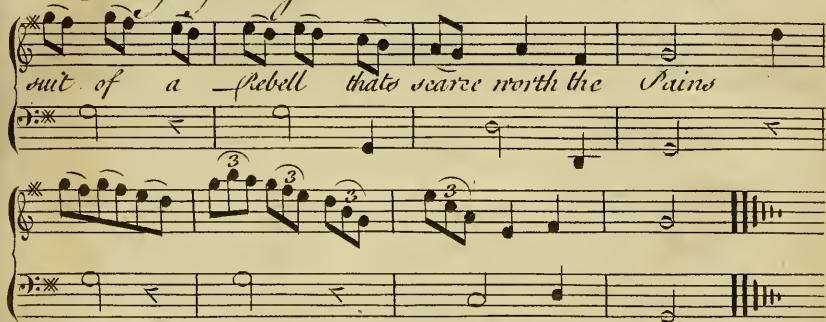


A Favourite Song





Sung by Miss Stevenson at Vaux Hall



Take Care Maids take Care, when he flatters & swears,
 How you trust your own Eyes, or believe your own Ears,
 Like the Rose-bud in June, every Hand hell invite;
 But wound the kind Heart, like the Thorn out of Sight,
 And trust me who e'er my false Shepherd detains,
 Shall find him a Conqueror, that's scarce worth her Pains.

Three Months at my Feet did he languish & sigh,
 E'er he gain'd a kind Word or a tender Reply,
 Love, Honour & Truth, were the Themes that he sung,
 And he wou'd that his Soul was a kin to his Tongue,
 Too soon I believ'd & reply'd to his Strains,
 And gave him too frankly my Heart for his Pains.

The Trifle once gain'd, like a Boy at his Play,
 Soon the Wanton grew weary, & flung it away,
 Now clod'd with my Love from my arms he does fly,
 In Search of another as Silly as I;
 But trust me who e'er my false Shepherd detains,
 Shall find him a Conqueror that's scarce worth her Pains.

Beware all ye Nymphs, how ye sooth the fond Flame,
 And believe in good Time all the Sex are the same,
 Like Strephon from Beauty to Beauty they range,
 Like him they will flatter, dissemble & change,
 And do all we can still this Maxim remains,
 That a Man when we've got him is scarce worth his Pains.



The Reasonable Lover

Easily

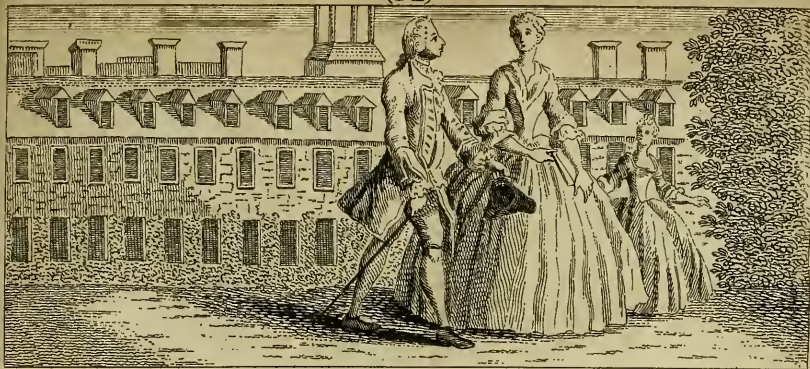
I seek not at

once in a female to find The form of a Venus with Pallas's Mind Let the

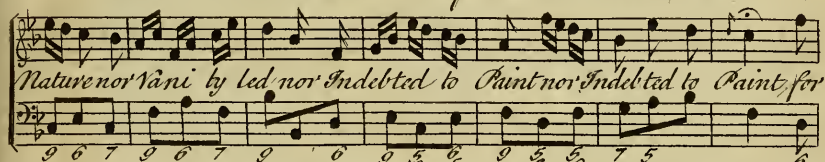
Girl that I Love have but Prudence in View That tho' she deceive I may still think her

True *be her Person not cautious but*

pleasing & clean let her Temper be cloudless & open her Mind by Solly All



Set to Musick by M^r Arne



*May her Tongue that dread Weapon in most of her sex,
Be employ'd to delight us, & not to perplex?
Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest,
For Prudes I despise, and Coquets I detest,
May her Humour the Taste of the Company hit,
Not affectedly wise or too pert with her Wit,
Go find out the Fair, that is formid on my Plan,
And I'll love her for ever I mean if I Can.*





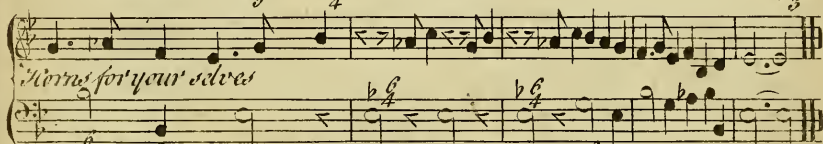
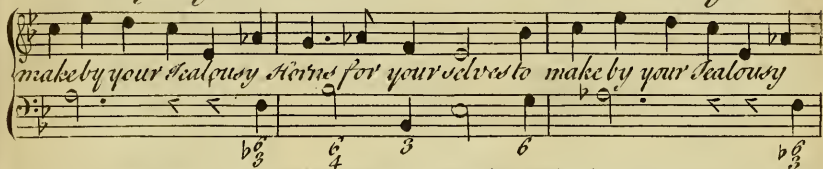
The Happy He

moderate

To make the Wife kind & to
keep & keep still you must be of her mind let her say what she will in all that she
does you must give her her way but tell her shes wrong & you lead her astray but
tell her shes wrong & you lead her astray
Then Husbands take care of Suspicion for are your Wives may be true if you
fancy they are with Confidence trust them and be not such Chyes to

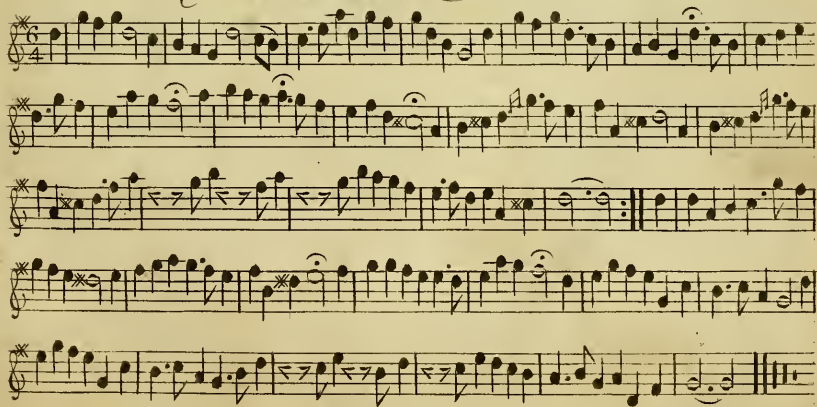


Sung by M^r Beard at Ranelagh



*Abroad all the Day if she Chuses to roam,
Seem pleas'd with her ab-sence, she'll sigh to come home,
The Man she likes best, and wants most to be at,
Be sure to commend & she'll hate him for that.
Then Husbands &c.*

*What Vertues she has you may safely oppose
What e'er are her follies commend her for those
Approve all the Schemes that she lays for a Man
For name but a Lie & she'll err if she can.
Then Husbands &c.*





The Modern Rake

Sprightly

When e'er a beautiful Nymph I spy my fancy's all on Fire I long to her Em-
brace to fly & revel in desire my
faith I swear & sigh my pain tho' much for both too wise for conquest ne'er attends the
vain who can't himself disguise for conquest ne'er attends if vain who can't himself dis-
guise who can't himself disguise

Then should if fair one Haughty prove,
And my fond suit disdain;
When Arts nor bold, nor tender move,
Thou's soon forgot again;
But, if to crown me with Success,
She kindly does comply,
I of the Nymph require but this;
To love as long as I.



The Gear and The Bragrie ot

Bricks

O shame light on this Worlds Pelf when I see how
little ot I've got to my self I'm wae when I look on my trad bare coat

Shame fa' the gear & the Bragrie ot

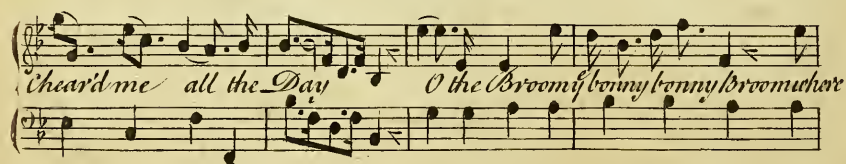
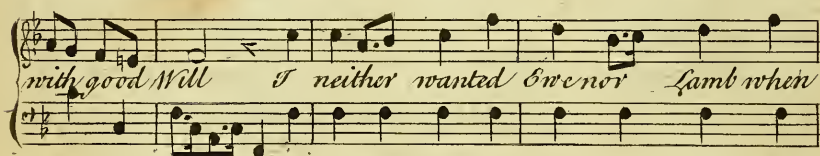
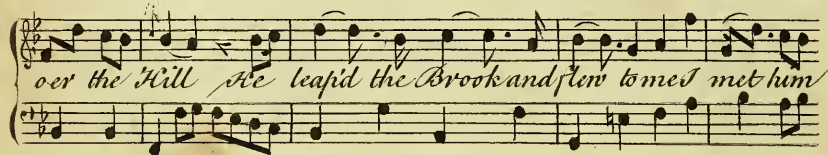
For Jenny was the Lass that muck'd y' Byre,
But now she is clad in her Silken attire,
And Jenny was y' Lass that wore the plaiden coat,
O shame fa' the gear and the Bragrie ot.

And Jockey was y' Ladie that gade at y' Plough,
Tho' now he's gotten Gow'd & gear enough,
But I have seen y' Day when he was not worth a great,
O shame fa' the gear and y' Bragrie ot.

But all this shall never Dauntin me,
As long as I keep my fancy free,
As long as I have a penny to pay for my pot,
I may y' Dial take y' gear & y' Bragrie ot.

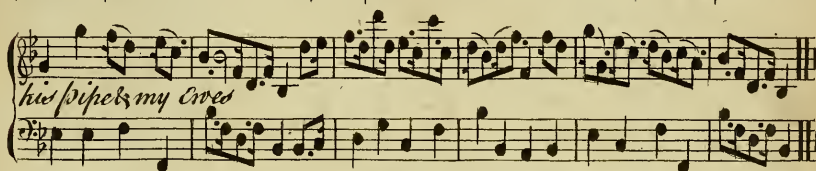
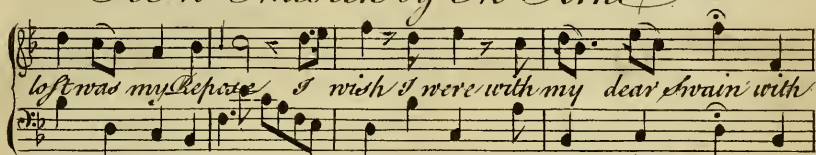


The Bonny Broom A Favourite Song

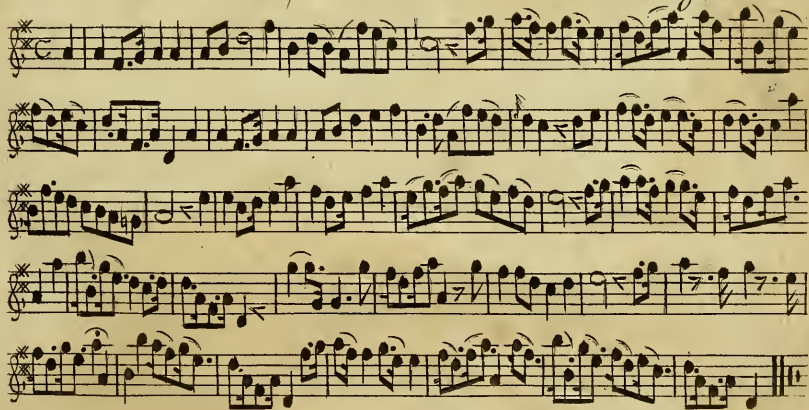




Set to Musick by M^r Arne

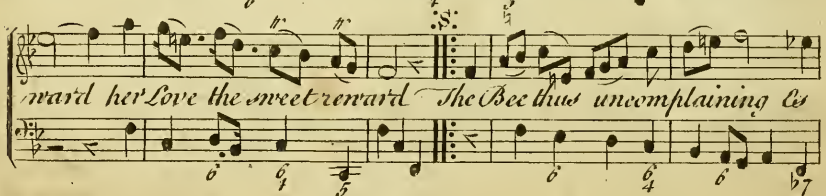
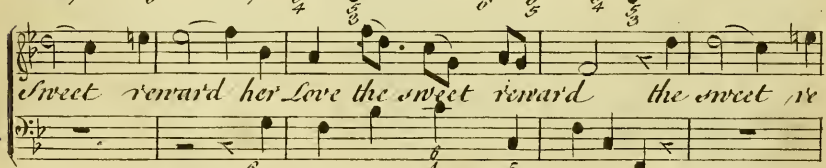
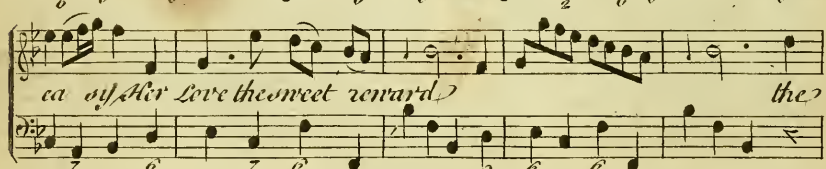
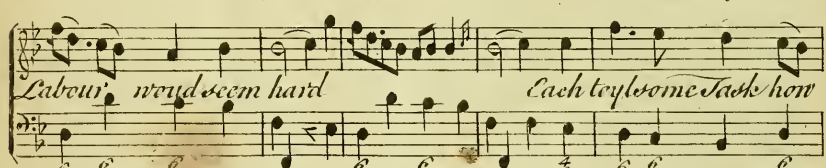
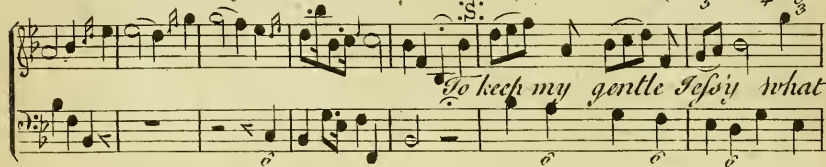
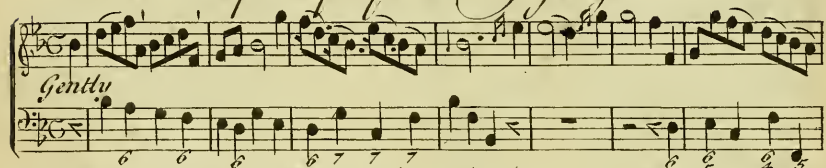


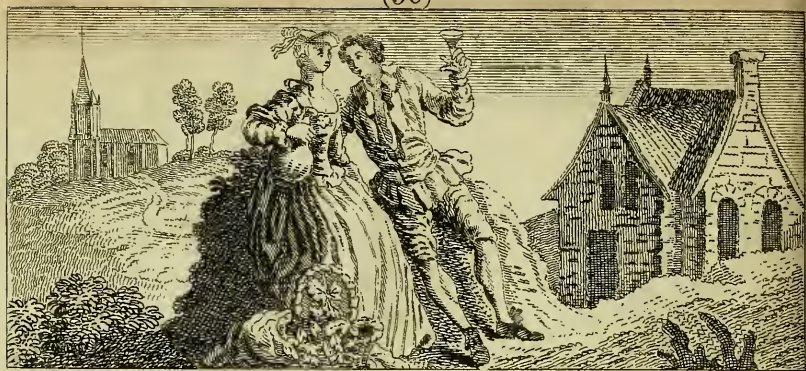
<i>He tunc his pipe & Reed so sweet The Birds stood listning by The fleecy sheep stood still & gazd Charmd with his Melody While thus we spent our time by turn Betwixt our flocks & Play I envyd not y^e fairest Dame Tho e^r so rich and Gay O the Broom y^e</i>	<i>He did oblige me evry Hour Coud I but faithfull be He stole my Heart coud I refuse What e^r he askd of me Hard fate that I must banish'd be Gang heavily & mourn Because I lov'd y^e kindest Swain That ever yet was born O the Broom y^e</i>
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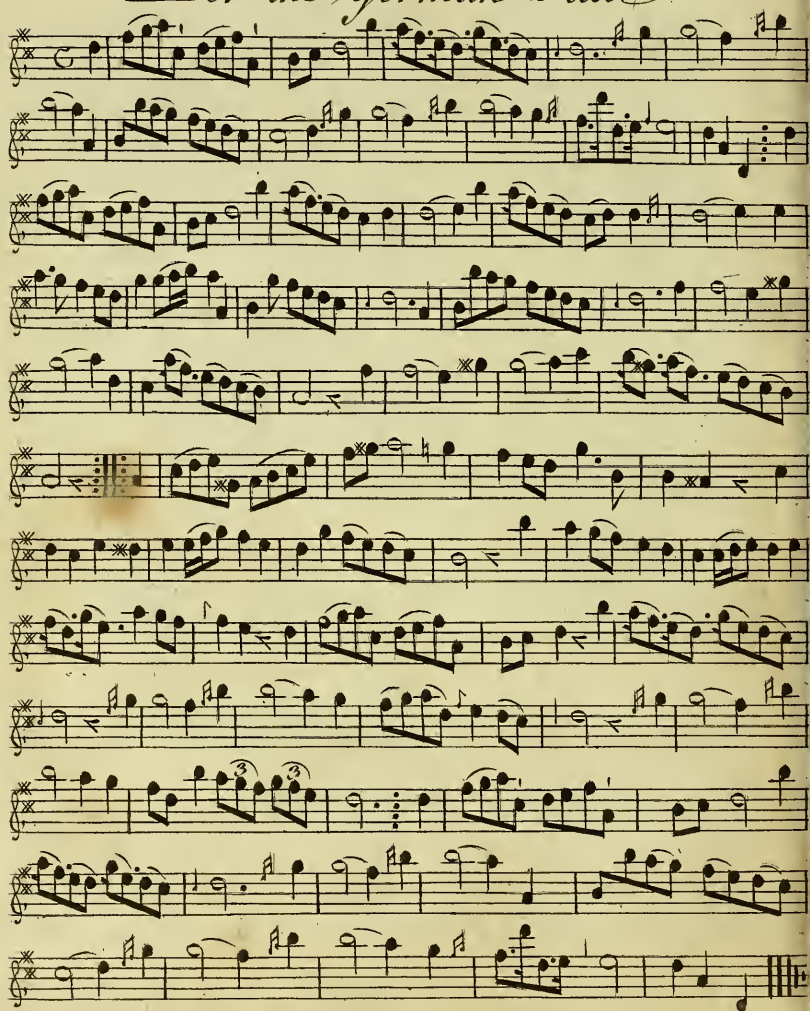


To keep my Gentle Jessey





For the German Flute





Friendship United set by Mr Bell

Moderately *as pleasing as*

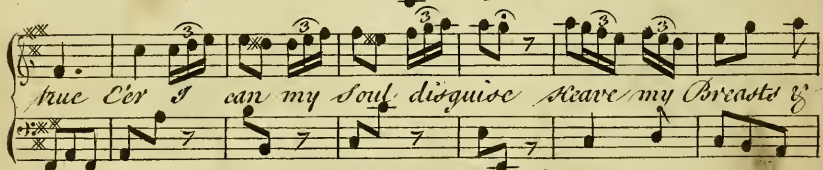
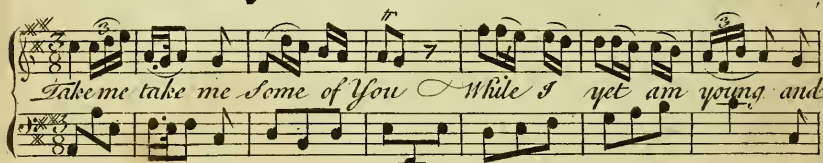
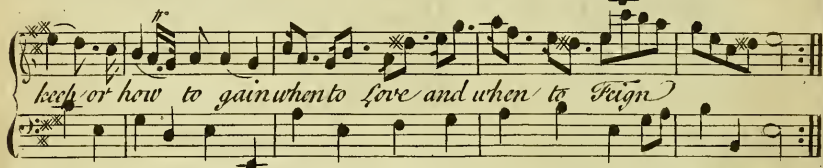
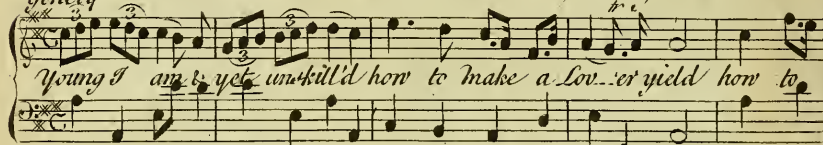
Shades to away faring swain when the Ardour of Phœbus has
 And the scorched Plain as Groves to the Linnet or Thyme to the
 See so welcome my fair one so welcome to me?

Whom Love has united no Tyrants can part,
 Nor can time e'er efface what's Engraved in y^e Heart;
 Remembrance survives when all Rapture is past,
 And friendship's a Flame that burns bright to y^e last.

3/4



Gently *The Innocent Fair.* Set by Mr Bell



Stay not till I learn the Way,
How to lye and to betray;
He that takes me first is best,
For I may deceive the rest;
Could I meet a blooming Youth,
Full of Love and full of Truth,
Brisk, and of a gentle Mien,
I should long to be Fifteen.

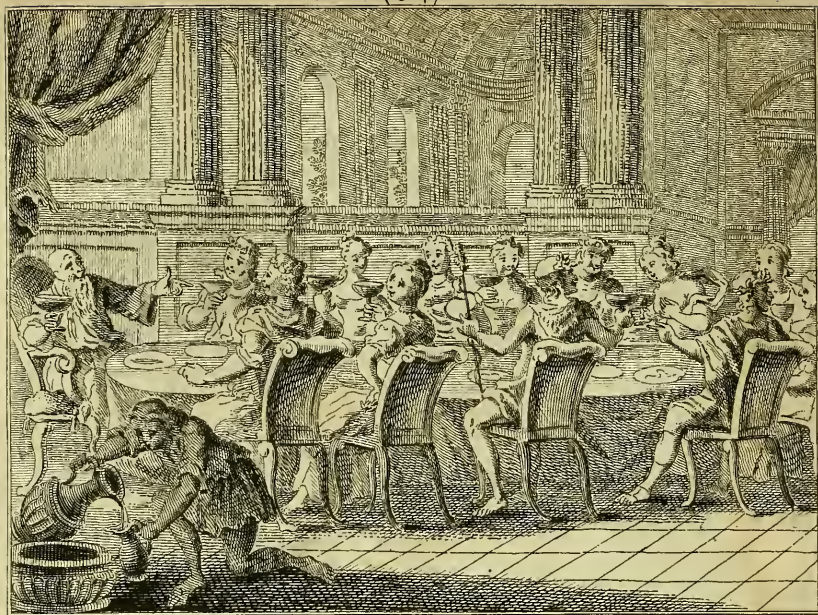


The Virgins Wish Set by Mr Bell

Virgins if e'er at length it prove my Des...ti...ny to be in
 Love pray wish me such a Fate May Wit and
 Prudence be my Guide and may a little decent pride my
 Actions re...gu...late

Such stateliness I mean as may When first a Lover I commence
 Keep nausious fools & fops away May it be with a Man of Sense
 But still oblige the wise And learned Education
 That may secure my Modesty May all his Courtship easy be
 And guardian to my honour be & either to formal nor too free
 When passion does arise? But wisely shew his passion

May his Estate agree with mine
 That nothing look like a Design
 To bring us into Sorrow
 Grant me all this that I have said
 And willingly I'd live a Maid
 No longer than to Morrow.



The School of Anacreon

The festive board was met if social Band round family Anacreon.

Pia

took their silent stand my sons began if sage be this if Rule No brow auster must

For *Pia*

dare approach my School Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign with

in Old Care begone Old Care begone Here Sadness were a sin

For

A favourite Cantata

5 6 6 $\frac{4}{2}$ 6 6 6 6

Pia *For*

Pia *Tell not*

For

me the Joy that wait on him that's learn'd or him that's great

5 6 6 6 $\frac{4}{2}$ 6 6

Wealth and Wisdom I desire

6 6 6 4 6 6 7 7 6

poor cares surround the rich and wise cares surround

4 4 6 9

Cares surround

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

round the rich and wise *The Queen that*

4 *For* 6 6 *Ra*

Set to Musick

Gives soft wishes Birth to Bacchus God of Wine and Mirth

for. *Pia*

me their Friend and Sav'rite own me their Friend and Sav'rite

Pia

own and I was born for them alone

I was born

Pia

for them a lone I was born for them a

lone

1st *2^d*

The Queen that lone

For.

Pia

Pia

by W^r. Arne

For.

very Gently

Business Title Title pomp and state

Title pomp and state give them to the fools I hate

Business Title Title pomp and state

give them to the Fools give them to the fools to the

Fools to the fools I hate give them to the fools

give them to the fools to the fools to the fools I

hate

Sung by M^r Lowe

Sprightly

But let Love let Life be mine bring me Women bring me Wine

Pia

Speed the Dancing hours away and

Pia

mind not what the Grave once say

For

Speed y dan...

Pia *For*

sing hours away

mind not

Pia

mind not what the Grave once say

For

Gaily let the Minutes fly in Love and Freedom Wit and

Joy in Love & Freedom Wit and Joy

Gaily *For*

at Naur's Hall

let the Minutes fly in Love and Freedom Will & Joy

So shall Love & Life be mine bring me Women bring me Wine

Pia $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{2}{7}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{2}{7}$ $\frac{3}{8}$

Speedily dancing hours away mind not what the Grave ones say. For

$b7$ 6 6 6 6 6

Speedily dan...

$\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{2}{7}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ *Pia* 9 6 $\frac{9}{6}$ 9 $\frac{5}{6}$

ing

For 2

speedily dancing hours away mind not what if Grave ones

6 *For* *Pia* 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ 6 6

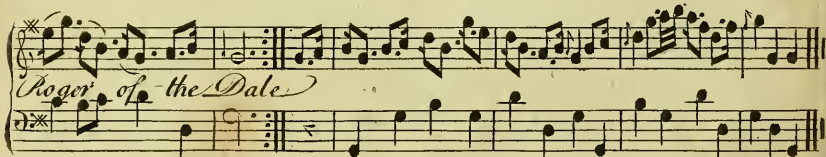
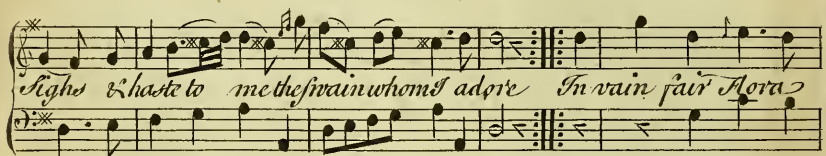
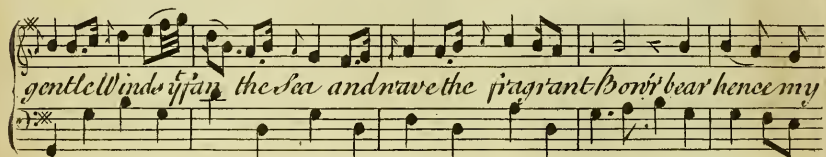
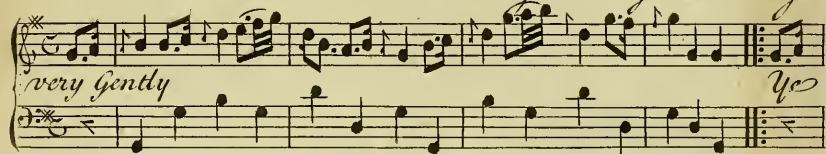
say mind not mind not what the Grave ones say

6 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{2}{7}$

$\frac{3}{8}$ 6 6 $\frac{6}{4}$ 5 *For*



Our Favourite Song. Set by M^r Riley



*Let wanton Nymphs & Swains employ,
In sensual Love their Days;
While I my Darling Youth enjoy,
In Vertues Smiling Rays,
Take all the false delights of Courts
Each glittering Beau & Belle,
Giving with harmless rural Sports,
My Roger of the Dale.*

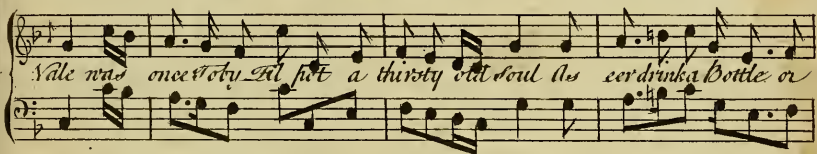


Toby Reduced set by M^r Hodson

Lively



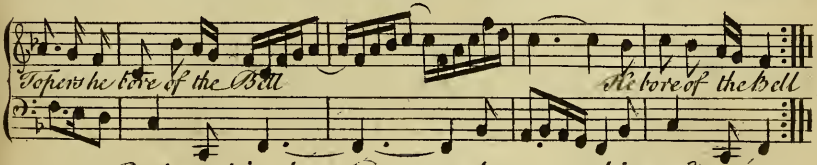
Dear Tom this brown Jug of new foams & mild Ale In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the



Vale was once Toby Al. set a thirsty old soul As ever drinks a Bottle or



fathom'd a Bowl In Boozing about town his praise to excel and among Jolly



Tope he bore of the Bell

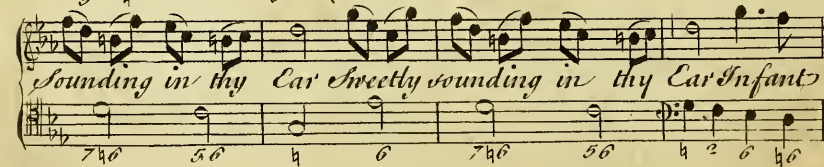
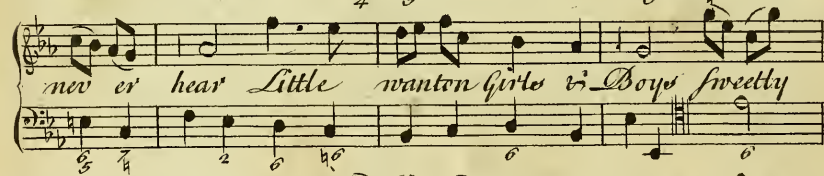
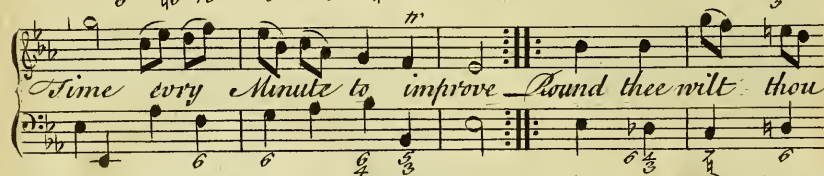
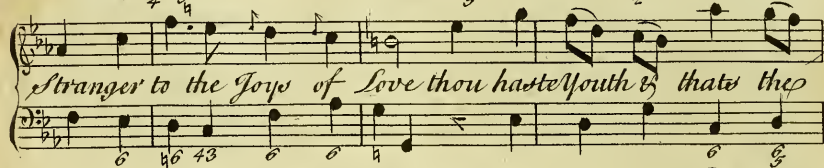
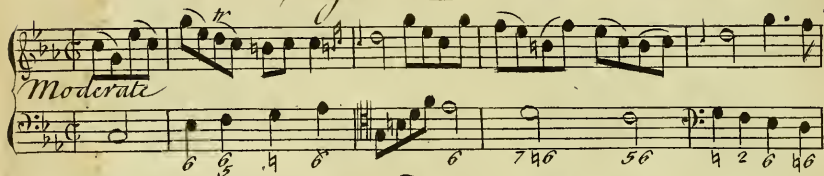
He bore of the Bell

It chanced in dog Days as he sat at his ease
In his flori worn Arbour as gay as you please
With a friend & a pipe puffing Sorrow away
And with honest old Stingo was soaking his Clay
His breath Doors of Life on a sudden were shut
And he died full as big as a Dorchester Butt

His Body when long in y^e Ground it had lain
And time into Clay had dissolv'd it again
A Potter found out in its Covert so snug
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown Jug
Now sacred to Friendship & mirth & mild Ale
So heres to my lovely sweet Nan of the Vale

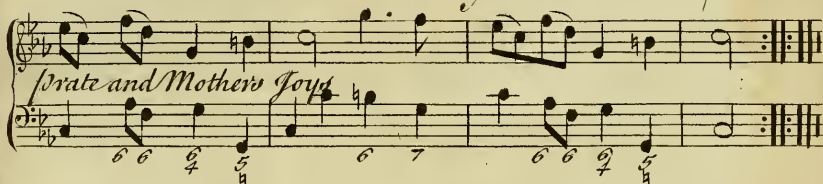


Sylvia





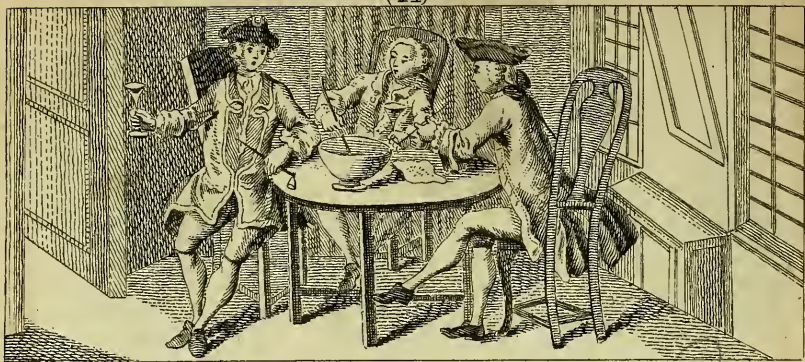
Set to Musick by M^r Arne



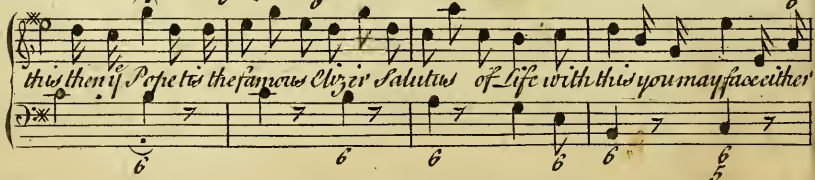
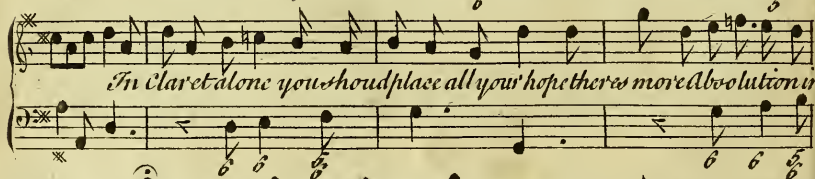
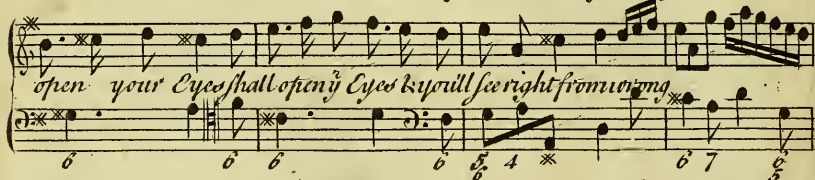
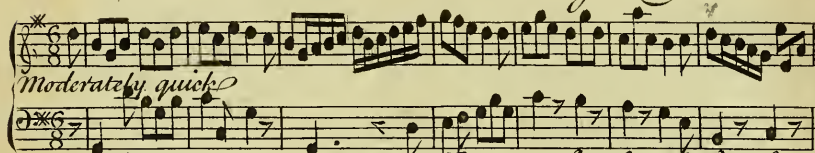
*Only view that little Dove
Softly cooing to its Mate
As a further proof of Love
See her for his kisses wait
Hark that charming Nightingale
As it flies from Spray to Spray
Sweetly tunes an Amorous Tale Sweetly by
I love I love it strives to say*

*Could I to thy Soul reveal
But the least the Thousandth Part
Of those Pleasures Lovers feel
In a mutual change of Heart
Then repenting wouldst thou say
Virgins Fears from hence remove
All the Time is thrown away All the by
That we cannot spend in Love*





A Humorous Song





A Favourite Song set by Mr. Baildon

Brisk & lively *Al*

tender Nymphs while I impart the secret wishes of my

Heart and tell what swain if one there be whom fate designs for

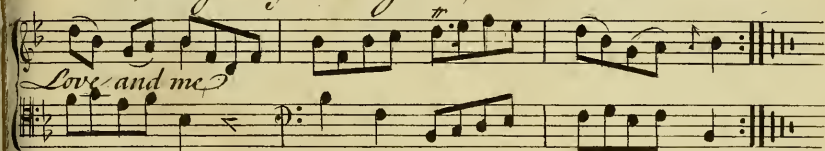
Love to me *Attend yes*

Nymphs while I impart the secret wishes of my Heart and

tell what swain if one there be whom fate designs for



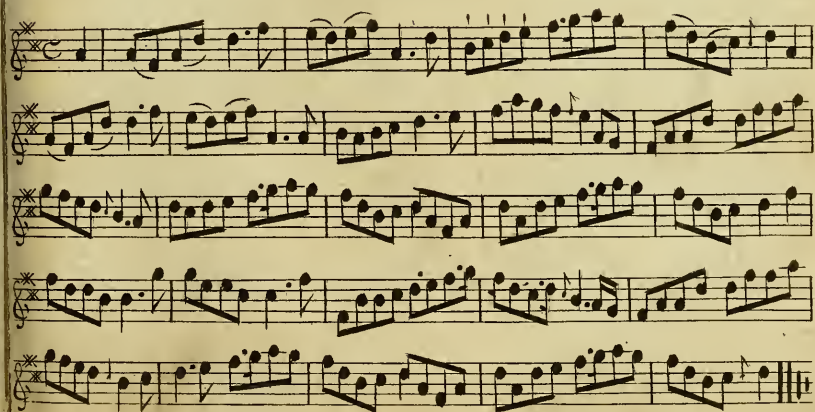
Sung by Miss Stevenson



Love and me

Let Reason o'er his thoughts preside	Where Sorrow prompts a pensive sigh
Let Honour all his Actions guide	Where Griefs bedew y ^e drooping eye
Stedfast in Vertue let him be	Melting in Sympathy I see
The swain design'd for Love & me.	The swain design'd for Love & me.

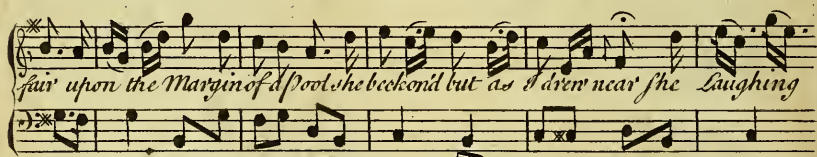
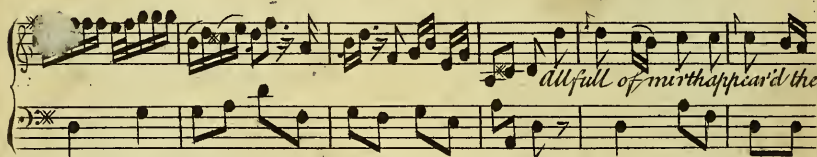
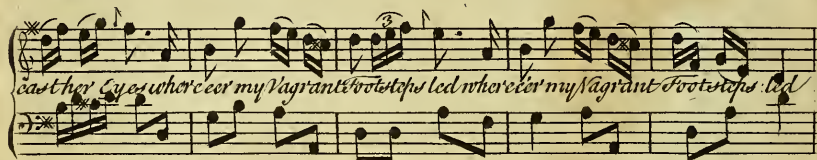
Let solid Sense inform his mind	Let sordid avarice claim no part
With pure good nature sweetly joind	Within his tender generous Heart
Sure friend to modest merit be	Oh be that Heart from falsehood free
The swain design'd for Love & me.	Devoted all to Love & me.





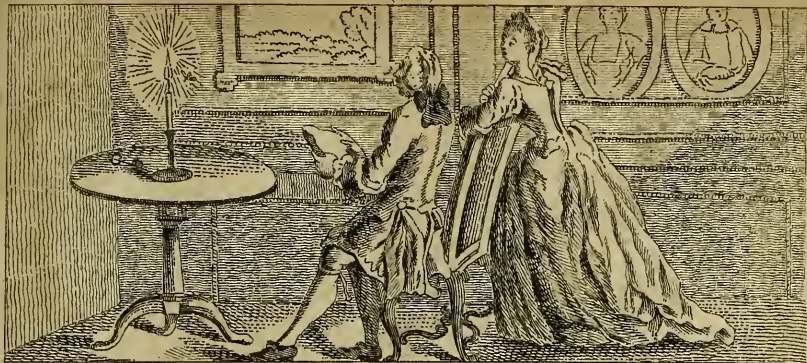
April Fool

Lively



I shook my poor untinking Head
That never dreamt on April Day
However to my self I said
Young Maid I'll soon this trick repay
She ask'd me why I stupid stood
Like some poor frighted boy at school
Because I Goddess of the Flood
Says I makes me an April Fool

Oh la say'd she fine Words indeed
Enough to win a Maidens Heart
Come I'll surround thy Oaten hecd
And play a Love Tune ere we part
I drew my Pipe which pleas'd her well
O'roud I let her fondness cool
I laid her down but mist not tell
Now she was made an April Fool



The Fly • A Simile

See See that Insect proud and vain around the Ta per

Buzz in pains chor'd by the Dazl ing Fire

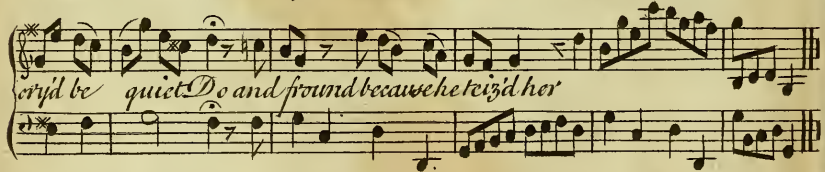
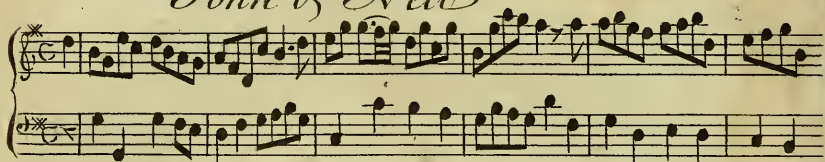
Pleas'd with the Candles Glittering light too near ap proaching

kills him quite and in the Flame expire

Attracted thus, by Beauty's Charms,
 Each Youthful Heart is in Alarms,
 And hovers round the Fair;
 Till by the Lightning from her Eyes,
 The hapless Swain, like silly flies
 Are kill'd, and disappear.



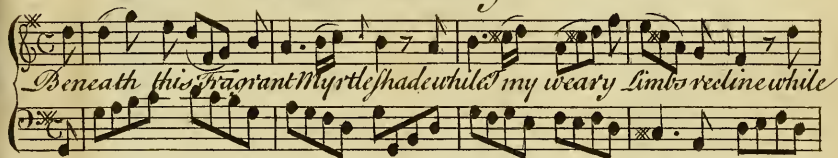
John & Nell



Young Cupid from his Mothers knee	John laid himself down by her side
Observ'd her female Pride	And stole a Kiss or two
Go on & prosper John (says he)	And Flattery's Charm he also try'd
And I will be your Guide	Till she the kinder grew
Then aim'd at Nellys breast adart	The Poison soon began to spread
From pride it soon releas'd her	And in the Nick he seiz'd her
She faintly cry'd I feel less smart	She trembled blusht & hung her Head
And sigh'd because it eas'd her	Then smild because he pleas'd her



A New Song



How swift the wheel of life revolves
 How soon life's little race is o'er
 But Oh when Death this frame dissolves
 Mirth Joy and Frolick is no more

Why then ah! Fool profusely vain
 With Incense shall thy Pavements shine
 Why dost thou pour O wretch profane
 On senseless Earth the Nectar'd Wine

To me thy breathing Odours bring
 On me the mantling Bowls bestow
 Go Clove the Roseate Spring
 For Wreaths to grace my honour'd brow

Yes e'er the airy dance I join
 Of fleeting Shadows light and vain
 All wisely drown in floods of Wine
 Each busy Care and Fole Pain



Favourite Song

Tenderly

My fond Shepherds of late were so
 blest their fair Nymphs were so happy and gay that each
 Night they went safely to Rest and they Merrily
 sung through the Day But ah! what a scene must Ap.



in the Opera of Eliza

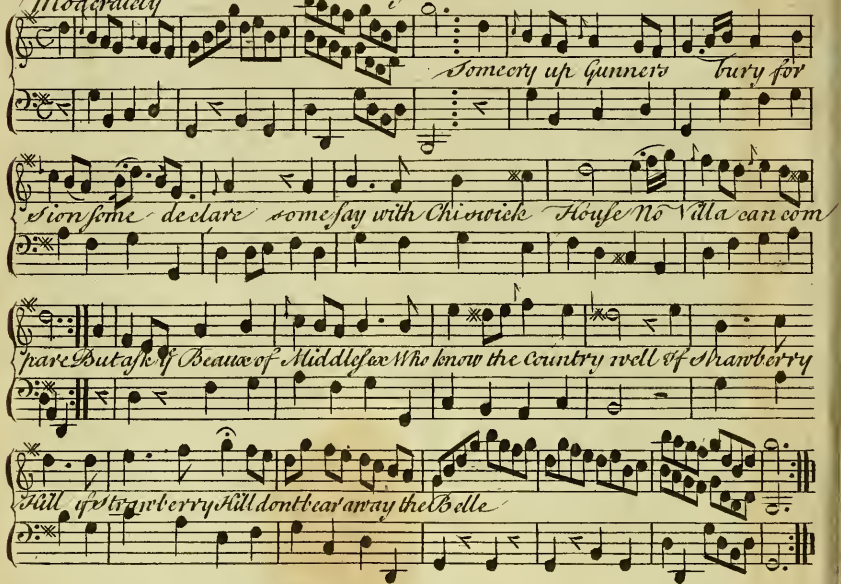
..pear must the Sweet rural Pastimes be oer shall the
 Tabor the Tabor no more strike the Ear shall the
 Dance on the Green be no More.

Will the Stocke from their Pastures be led
 Must y^e Herds go wild straying abroad
 Shall the Looms be as stopt in each Shed
 And y^e Ships be all moord in each Road
 Must the Arts be all scatterd around
 And shall Commerce grow sick of her Side
 Must Religion expire on the Ground
 And shall Virtue sink down by her side



Strawberry Hill

Moderately



Some love to roll down Greenwich Hill
For this thing and for that
And some prefer sweet Marble Hill
Tho' sure tis somewhat Flat
Yet Marble Hill & Greenwich Hill
If Ke-ty-Cl-e can tell
From Strawberry Hill from Ke
Can't bear away the Belle

Since Denham sung of Coopers
Theres scarce a Hill around
But what in Song or Ditty
Is turn'd to Fairy Ground
Ah peace be with their Memory
I wish them wondrous well
But Strawberry Hill But Ke
Will bear away the Belle

The Surry boasts its Oak lands
And Claremont kept so firm
And some prefer sweet Southcoote
Tis but a Dainty Whim
But ask the Gallant Bristol
Who doth in Taste excel
If Strawberry Hill If Ke
Dont bear away the Belle

Great William dwells at Windsor
As Edward did of Old
And many a Gaul & many a Scot
Have found him full as bold
On lofty Hills like Windsor
Such Hero's ought to dwell
Yet if little folks on Strawberry Hill
Like Strawberry Hill as well



Contentment

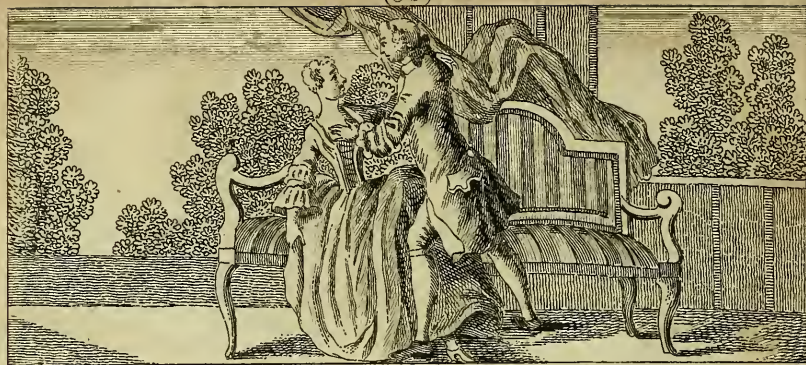
And Glory I Covet no Riches I
want Ambition is nothing to me the one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant is a
mind independent and free is a mind independent and free

With Passion unruffled untainted with Pride
 By Reason my Life let me Square
 The wants of my Nature are cheaply supply'd
 And the rest is but folly and Care

The Blessings which Providence freely has lent
 I'll Justly and gratefully prize
 Whilst sweet Meditation & chearfull content
 Shall make me both healthy and wise

In the Pleasures the great Mans possessions display
 Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part
 For ev'ry fair object my Eyes can survey
 Contributes to gladden my Heart

How vainly through infinite trouble and care
 The many their Labours employ
 Since all that is truly delightfull in life
 Is what all if they will may enjoy



Lively The Generous Confidence

Oh Strife, on what can mean the Joy the eager Joy I Prove

the eager Joy I prove When you each tender Art employ to

win my soul to Love When you each tender Art employ to win my soul to

Love to win to win my soul to Love?

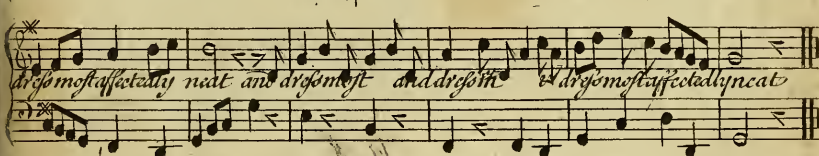
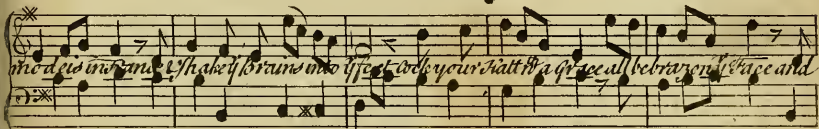
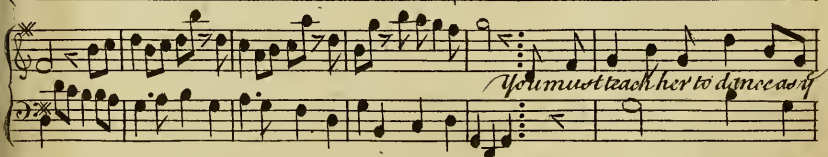
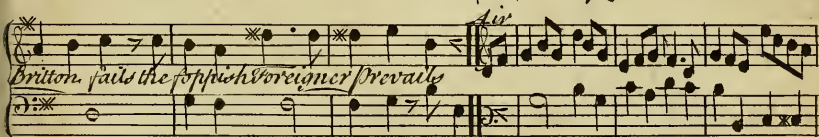
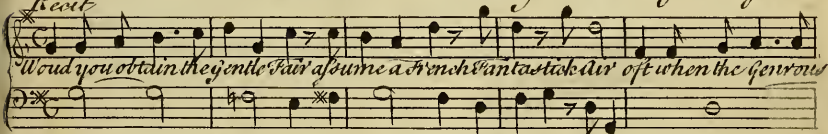
So well your Passion you reveal, Then take y^e Heart that swines to go,
So top the Lover's part, But see it kindly us'd &c.
That I with blushes own'd my self, For who such presents will barrow
A Rebel in my Heart. If this should be abus'd.

Musical notation for the final section of the song, consisting of three staves with various notes and rests.



A Favourite Song Set by M^r Ussual

Recit



<i>Then bow down like a Beau</i>	<i>Walk & Figure of Eight</i>
<i>Hop and turn out your Toe</i>	<i>With your Rump stiff & Straight</i>
<i>Lead Miss by y^e Hand & clear ather</i>	<i>Then turn her with delicate Ease</i>
<i>Draw your Glove with an Air</i>	<i>Bow again very low</i>
<i>At your white Stockings stare</i>	<i>Your good Breeding to show</i>
<i>And simper & Ogle and flatter</i>	<i>And Missy you'll perfectly please</i>

*If these Steps you pursue
You will soon bring her too
And rattle the Child of her Charms
Her poor Heart will heave high
And she'll languish and sigh
And caper quite into your Arms*



A New Song -

Not too fast

Silly Swain no longer

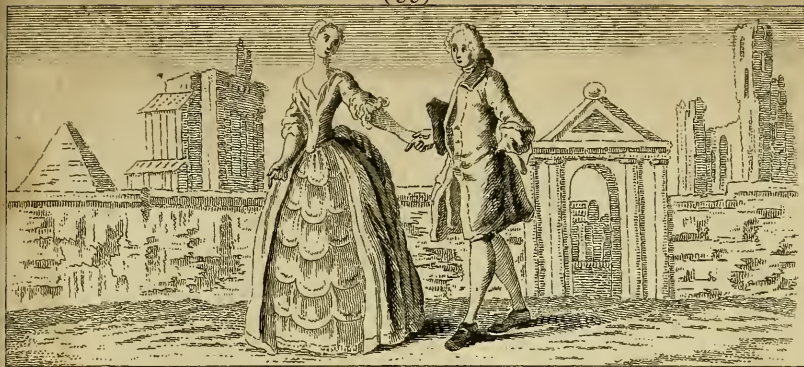
I well on the Charms of Kiddy Tell nor with Priests Enraptur'd Run to the grate

Court the vain *But to Rosalind Impart all the*

Motions of thy Heart But to Rosalind Impart all the Emotions of thy Heart

Tell her alls that's good and Fair,
 In her Person centred are,
 Tell her too howe'er inclin'd,
 To be good is to be kind,
 While she deigns to hear the Tale,
 Truth and Virtue may prevail.

But Oh if some happier Swain,
 All her fond Attention gain,
 Seated in the Silent Bow'r,
 At the melting Midnight Hour,
 She may listen while shee won,
 Thee to fair to dye a swain.



The Despairing Lover

In Chloë's

from I read my Fate *Her Eyes do bid despair*

Each act on shows her root ed hate Oh pain too great to

bear Oh pain to great to bear

When I in tears fall at her feet, Since Cloë's love alas I know
 She'll not one look afford, It is in vain to Crave,
 Nor all the torments I repeat, Her pity may one word bestow
 Can gain one tender word. And dying Damon save.

O ye lovers happy with the Fair,
 Oh teach me all your art,
 That I to Joy may change my care,
 And gain my Cloë's Heart.



Sung by Miss Isabella Young

Pia For

Pia For

Where chaste Dian keeps her Court, Fauns and the Wood Nymphs sport

there the merry merry Roundelay tells the Shepherds Holly day There the

merry merry Roundelay tells the Shepherds Holly day Shepherds Come

your Lasses bring hail the fragrant breath of Spring hail

in the Opera of Eliza

the fragrant breath of Spring

Lafes haste the dance be

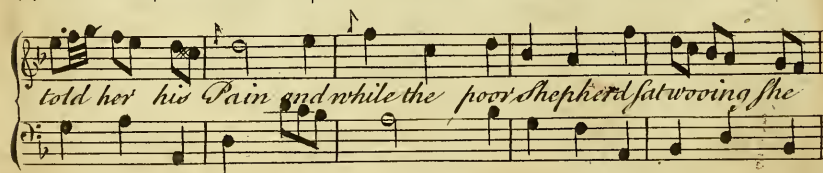
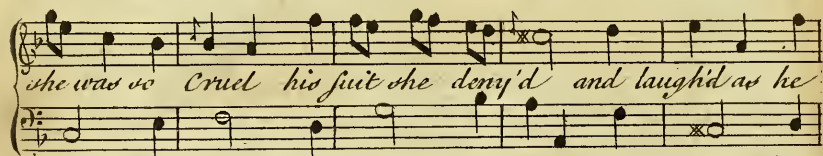
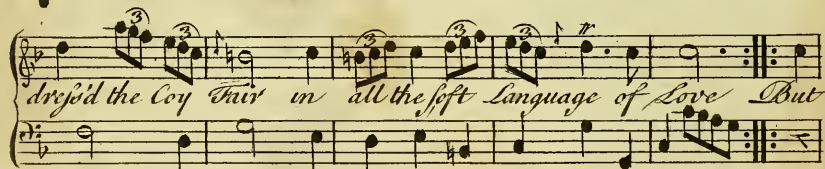
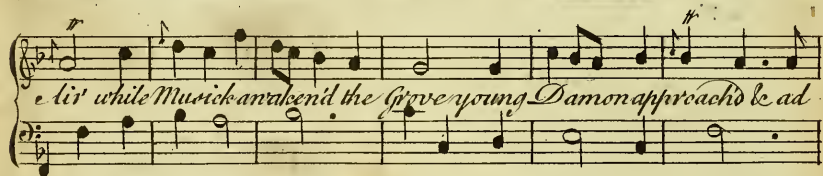
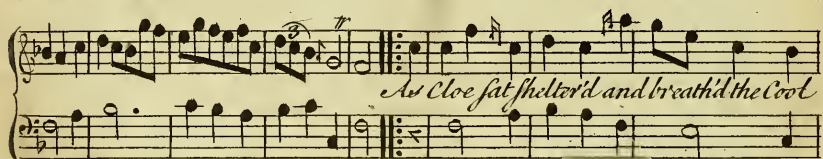
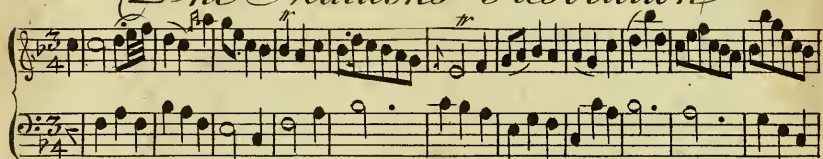
gin pastime never was a ein Lafes haste the dance begin pastime

never was a ein Lafes haste the dance begin pastime never was a

gin pastime never was a ein

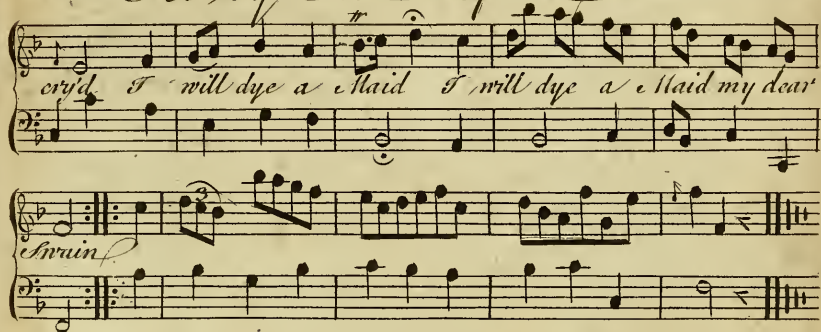


The Maidens Resolution



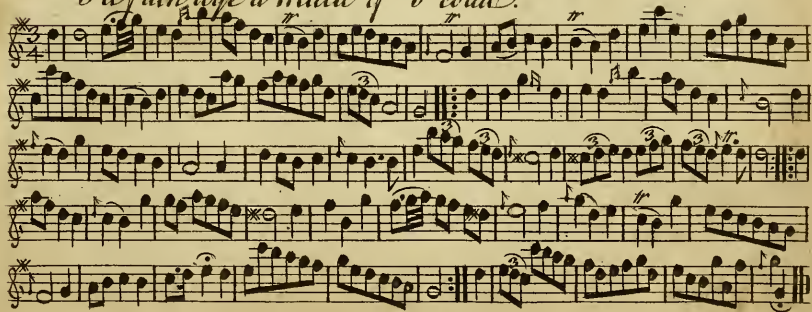


Set by M^r Desesch



Oh what says the Youth must thy Beauty So gay,
Perplex us at once and invite,
Embrace every Rapture lest Time make a Prey,
Of that which was meant for delight,
When Age has crept round and thy Charms wrinkled o'er,
Then all will my Chloe disdain,
But still all her Answer was seize me no more,
I will dye a Maid my dear Swain.

Young Damon protested no other hed prize,
His Name was so strong and Sincere,
Then watch'd the Emotions that play'd in her Eyes;
And banish'd his Torture and Fear,
My joys shall be secret enraptur'd he cry'd
Ah Chloe be gentle and good,
The Pair one grew softer and sighing reply'd,
I'd fain dye a Maid if I could.





Moderate *A New Song* *set by M^r Oswald*

Virg Nymph & Shepherd bring

Tribe to the Queen of May kisse for her brawny Spring make her as the Season gay

Teach her then from ev'ry flower how to use the fleeting hour

Teach her then from ev'ry flower how to use the fleeting hour

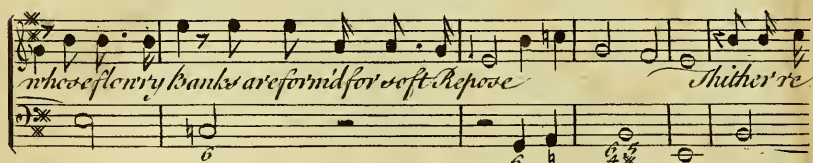
Now the fair Narcissus blows, Soon the fair Narcissus dies;
 With his sweetness now delights, Soon he droops his languid head;
 By his side the Maiden rose, From the Rose her purple flies,
 With her artless blush invites, None inviting to her Bed;
 Such so fragrant, and so gay, Such, tho' now so sweet and gay,
 Is the blooming Queen of May, Soon shall be the Queen of May.

Tho' thou art a Rural Queen,
 By the suffrage of the Swains;
 Beauty, like the Vernal Green
 In thy Shrine not long Remains
 Bless, then quickly bless the Youth,
 Who deserves thy Love & Truth.



James Roberts fecit

Cymon and Iphigenia



A Favourite Cantata

Allegretto *Cymon a clown who never dreamt of love by chance was*

Stamping to the neighbouring grove

He trudg'd along unknowing what he sought & whistled as he went for want of thought

But when he first beheld the sleeping maid

He gaped he star'd her lovely form survey'd & while with artless voice he softly

Sung beauty & nature thus inform'd his tongue

The stream that

glides in murmurs by whose gladsome bosom flows the sky compleats the rural

Flute

Allegretto

Gently

The stream that

glides in murmurs by whose gladsome bosom flows the sky compleats the rural

Set to Musick

Scene compleats the rural Scene But in thy Bosom

Charming Maid all Heav'n itself is sure display'd too lovely Sphi

genia too lovely Sphigonia

For

Pia

Rec't

She wakes and starts Poor Cynon trembling

Stands Down falls the Staff from his unnerv'd Hands

Bright Excellence said he Dispel all fear Where Honour's

Present sure no Dangers near Half rais'd

by M^r & Mrs. Sont

with gentle decent she replies O Cymon if its you I need not rise

Thy Honord Heart neer will can entertain pursue thy way and

Ritard^o
let me sleep again The Clown transported was not silent

Moderately
long But thus with Ecstasy pursu'd his Song

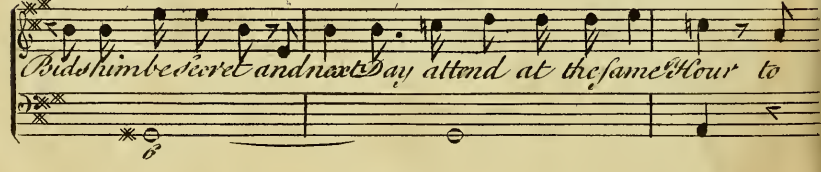
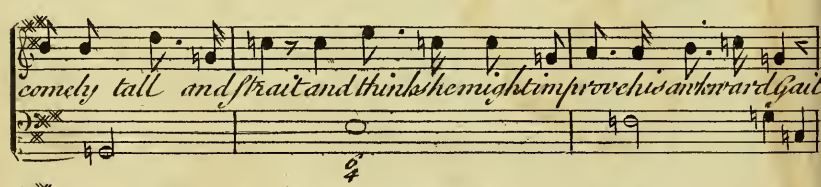
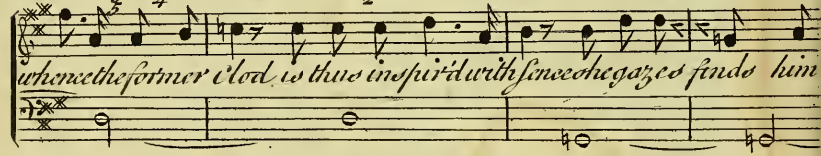
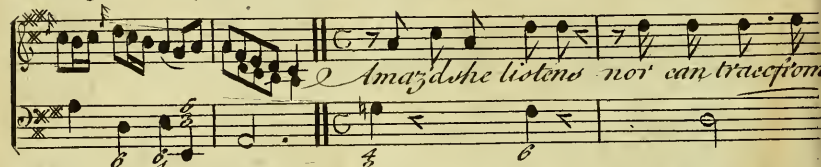
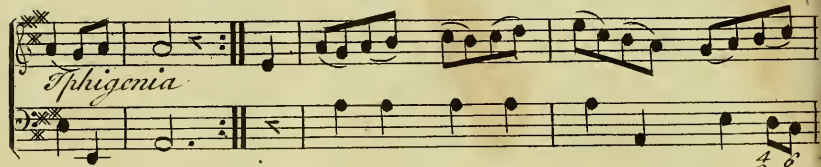
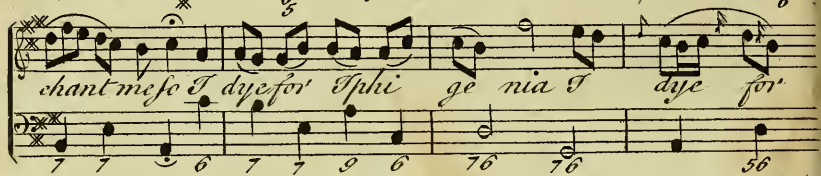
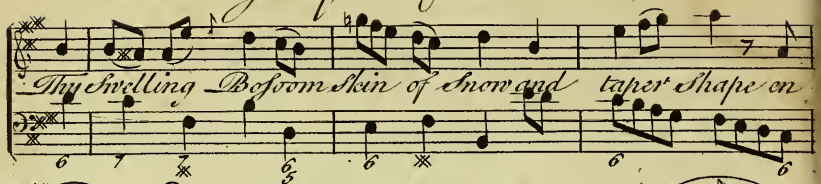
Thy

Fetty

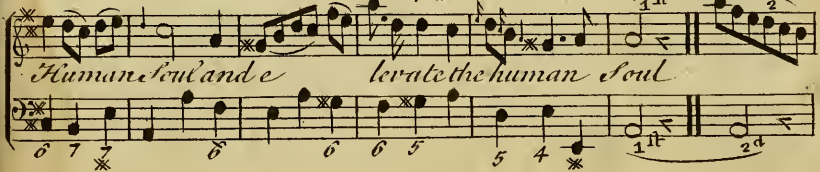
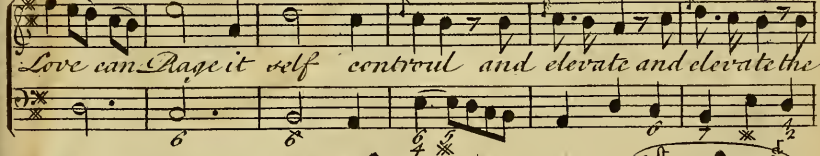
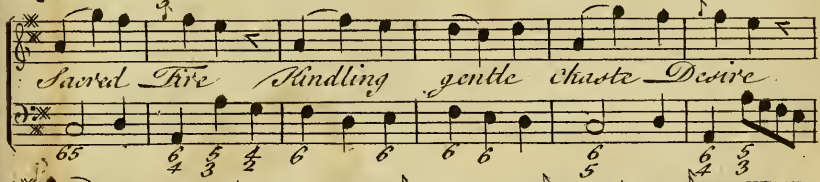
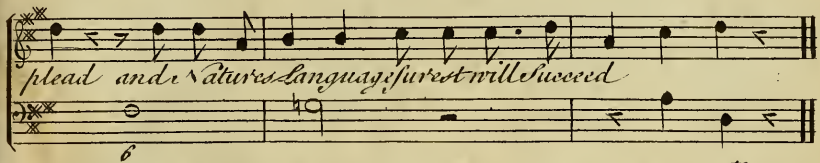
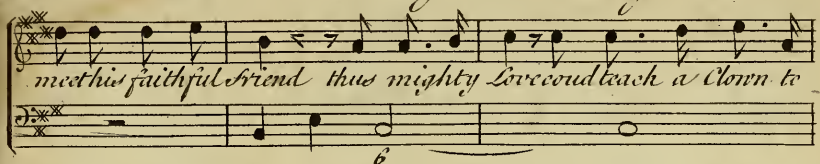
Locks that careless break in wanton Ringlets down thy neck Thy

Love inspiring His... in thy Love inspiring Men

Sung by M^r. Beard



at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane



and at Ranelagh Gardens

for

Deprived of

that our wretched State had made our lives of too long Date

But blest with Beauty and with Love blest with

pia.

Beauty and with Love we taste what Angels do above what

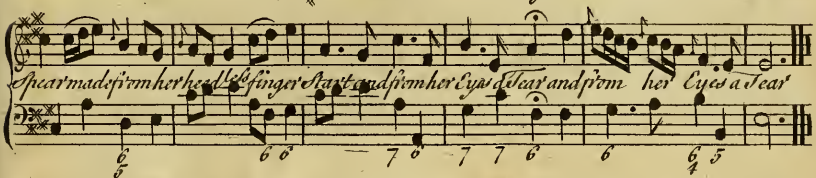
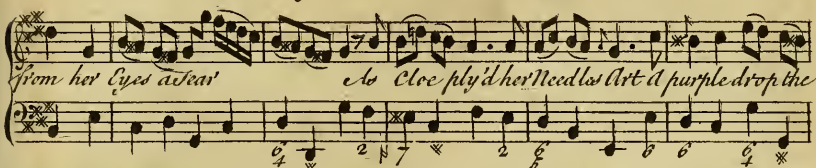
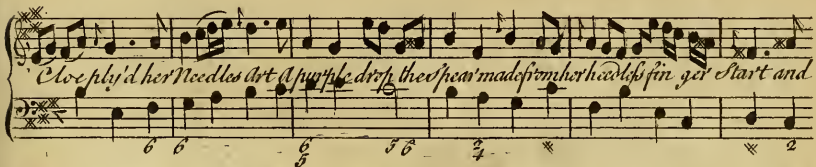
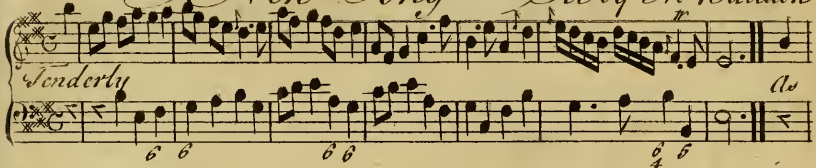
An.....gels do above for.

pia

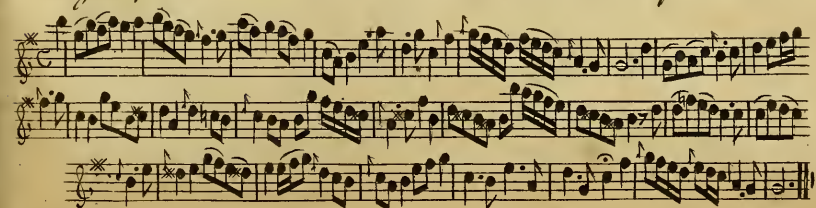


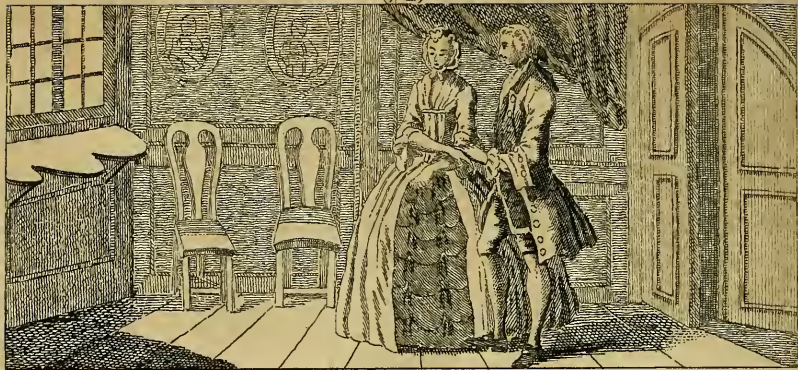


A New Song Set by W^r Baildon

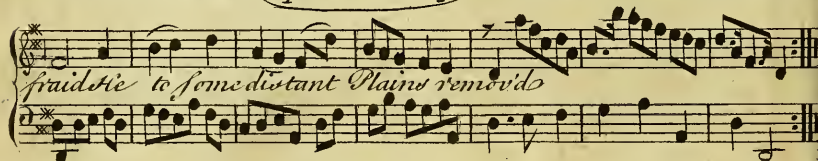
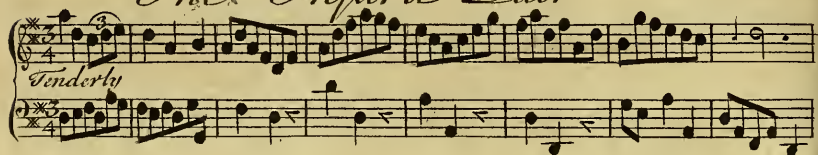


*Altho' might but Cloe by her Smart, Then I her Needle would adore,
Be taught for mine to feel, Loves Arrow it should be,
Minceaus'd by Cupid's piercing Dart I nee'd with such a subtle Pow'r,
More sharp to me than Steel. To reach her Heart for me.*





The Injur'd Fair

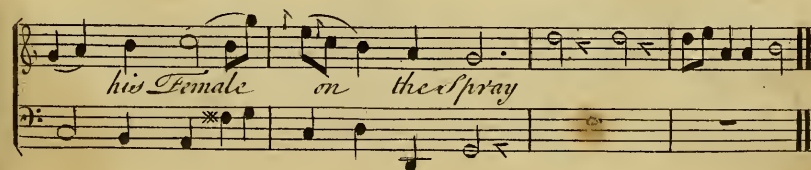
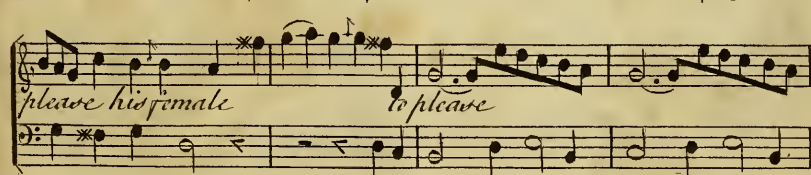
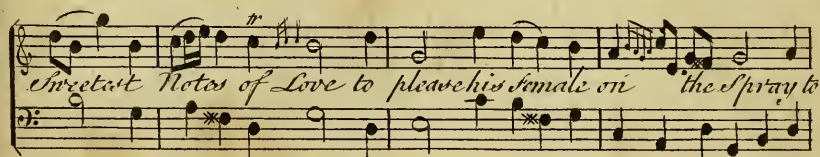
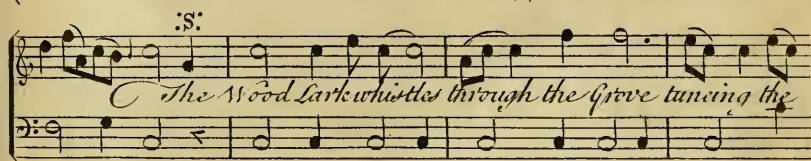
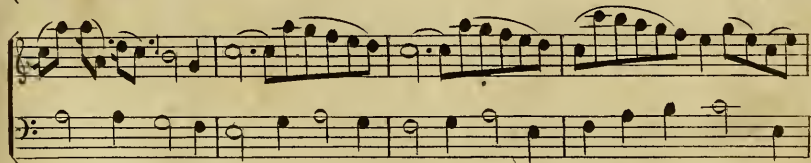
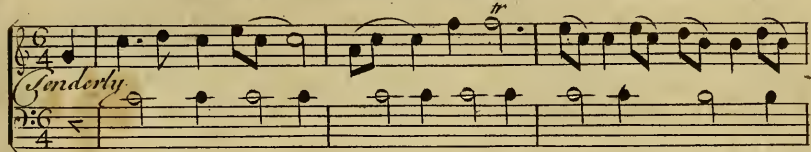


The Swain who at a distance flew,
 She sought alas, but all in vain,
 The fickle Youth, too well he knew—
 The Injur'd does dreadfull Pain.

Under a Shady Willow Green,
 On his pipe he Tun'd his Tale
 Celia's name was all his Theme,
 But she Lov'd Strephon of the Dale.

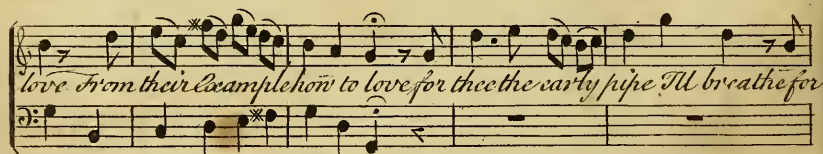
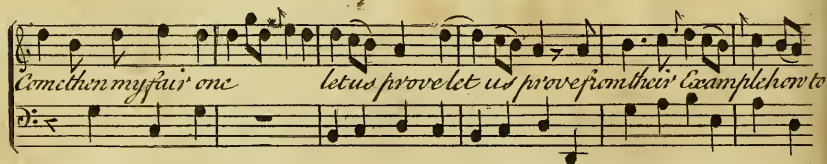
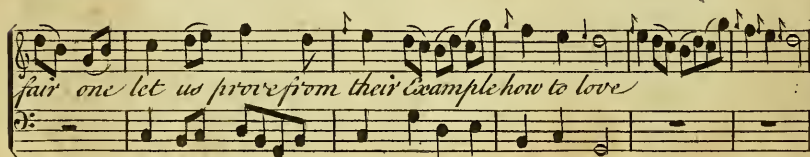
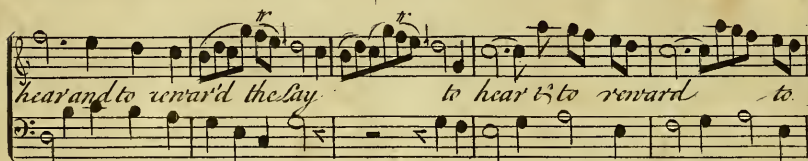


The Wood Lark





To Favourite Song





in the Opera of Eliza

thee the early pipe I'll breathe... the for thee the car... by

pipe I'll breathe And when my flock return to fold their

Shepherd to thy bosom hold And when my flock return to

fold their Shepherd to thy bosom hold & crown him with the nuptial wreath

when my flock return to fold their Shepherd to thy bosom hold & crown

him with the nuptial wreath



Set to Musick by M^r Baildon

Mark the Birds begin their Lay
Flou'res deck the Robe of May
See! the Little Lambskins bound Playfull o'er the
Clover Ground
While the Reifers Sportive low



Sung by M^{rs} Lowe

where the yel....low Cowslips blow

While the Keesers sportive low

where the yel....low Cowslips blow.

Now the Nymphs, & Swains advance Innocence, Content, and Love,
O'er the Lawn, in festive Dance; Fill the Meadows, and the Grove,
Garlands, from y^e Hawthorn boughs, Nirth, that never wears a frown,
Grace the happy Shepherd's Brow, Health, with Sweetness all her own,
While the Lasses, in array, Labour puts on pleasure's Smile,
Wait upon the Queen of May. And pale Care forgets his Toyl

Oh! what pleasures Shepherds know:
Monarchs cannot such bestow,
Love improves each happy Hour,
Grandeur has not such in Store,
Learn, Ambition, learn from hence,
Happiness is Innocence.



Q D Favourite Air

Moderately

How blissfull tis to languish When soft Wishes Warm the Breast

Eight^h in part dissects our Anguish

and our Blushes speak the rest and our Blushes speak the rest.

Gay Desires which fondly please us,
Drive by Night our loveliest Themes;
But when Midnight Slumbers Seize us,
O the Charming, Charming Dream.

