

Chios Estua Vol I
1748.

150



Affettuoso

3/4

While Autumn weighs down the late Year, and

Harvest is thick on the Ground; the

Grapes in thick Clusters appear, the Village with

Plenty is crown'd. the Village with Plenty is crown'd.

I tell to the lone Woods my Grief,
 For Laura so fair fled away
 Nor Music can yield me Relief.
 I sigh for her all the long Day

I rovd o'er the once happy Plain.
 The Woodlands and Vales in despair;
 The Nightingale echo'd my Strain:
 But Laura alas! was not there:

I turn'd from the Dew weeping Grove
 I saw her resplendent in Charms;
 'Twas she, or the Goddess of Love:
 'Twas Laura return'd to my Arms!

No longer my Fair One will stray:
 Tho' Winter's approaches I see;
 I bask on the Bosom of May,
 'Twill always be summer with me.



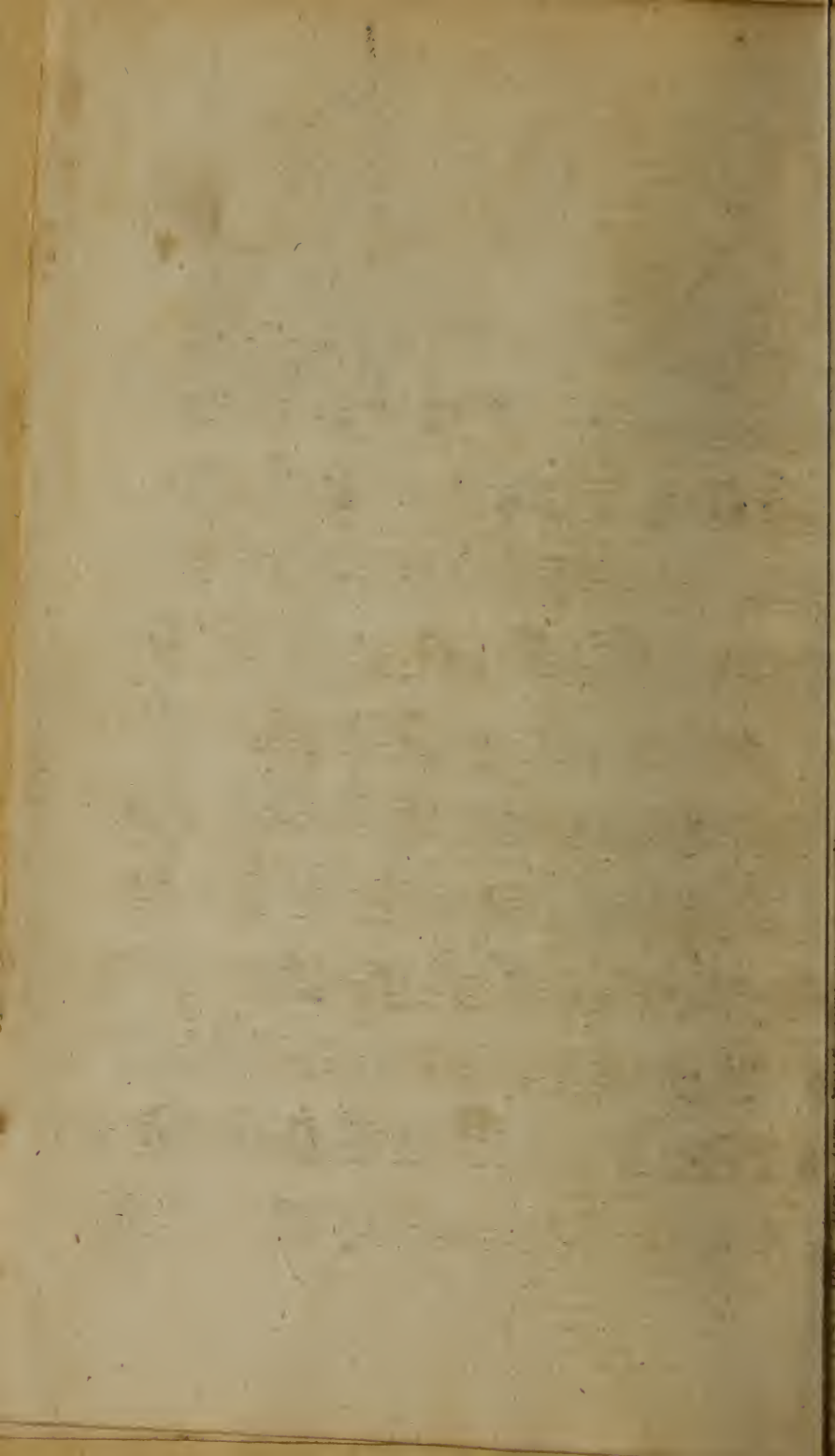
LOVE'S ADMONITION.

Andante

While on earth's soft lap descending, lightly falls the
 sea—ther'd snow, Na—ture aw—ful—ly at—tending, Each rude
 wind forbids to blow. White and pure awhile appearing Earth her
 virgin man—tle wears; Soon the fickle Sea—son veering her de
 lu—ded bo—som bares.

tr *pia*

MIRA, thus while Health and Pleasure
 O'er exulting Hearts possess,
 Oh! how great the Lovers Treasure!
 Oh! how fair is Nature's Dress!
 But the fading Landscape dying
 May give place to scenes of Woes:
 Joys, alas! are ever flying;
 Nought is certain here below.





Sung by Miss Stevenson at Vauxhall. 1757. B. Solo Song.

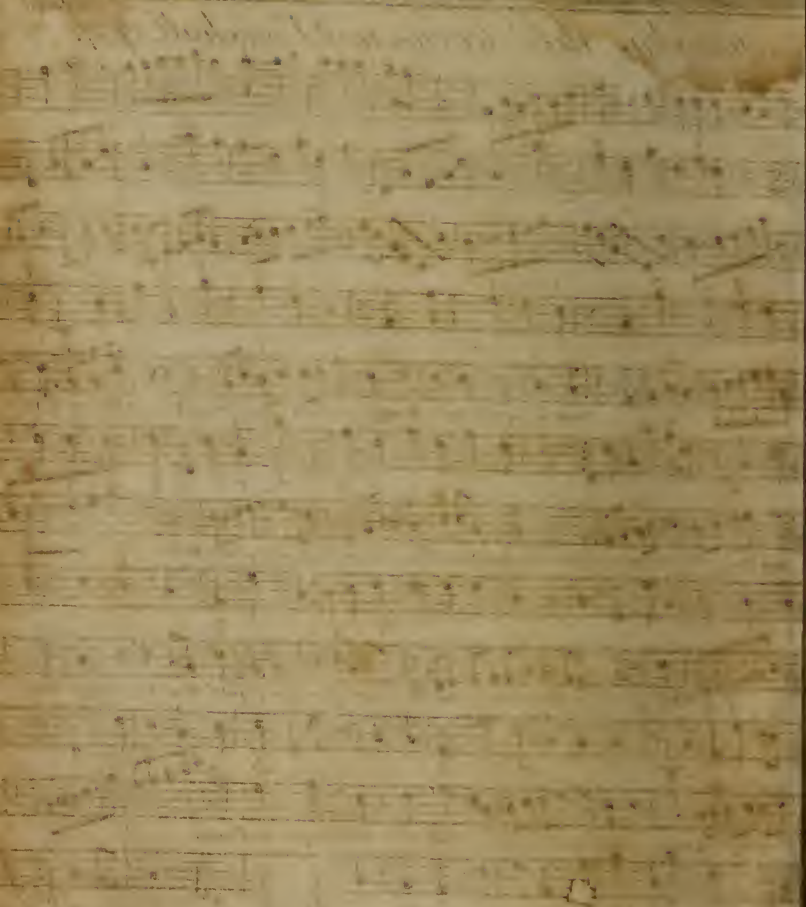
Since we went out a Maying, to late can I find, Young Harry has
run Day & Night in my Mind, Young Harry has run Day & Night in my mind
He's grown so bewitching as ne- ver before, for I find that I love him each
time more & more for I find that I love him each time more and more.

Each Morning his Face with what pleasure I see
at my own at the Glass is so handsome to me,
in so vast I could cry when his Visit is o'er,
or help if I would but must love more & more.

I'd have me to sing to him all the Day long,
and muses as sweet as the Nightingale's song,
oh praises as those I had never before,
insure that he loves me, tho' him I love more.

When my Mother was gone, with resistless a look
He begg'd for one Kiss but how many he took,
I ask'd why, so free, who was ne'er so before,
He blush'd and then promis'd to do so no more.

How I wish the dear Shepherd for Life were all mine,
I should have no occasion to chide or to pine,
Then Harry my Lips may with Kisses run o'er,
And I'll try if it can be, to love him still more.





The NUN sung by Miss Stevenson at Your Hall.

B. Cole sculp.

Presto

... Sure a Loss in her Bloom at the Age of Nine...

... teen Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been I know not I vow any

harm I have done But my Mother oft tells me she'll have me a Nun but my Mother oft tells me she'll

have me a Nun I know not I vow any harm I have done but my Mother oft tells me she'll

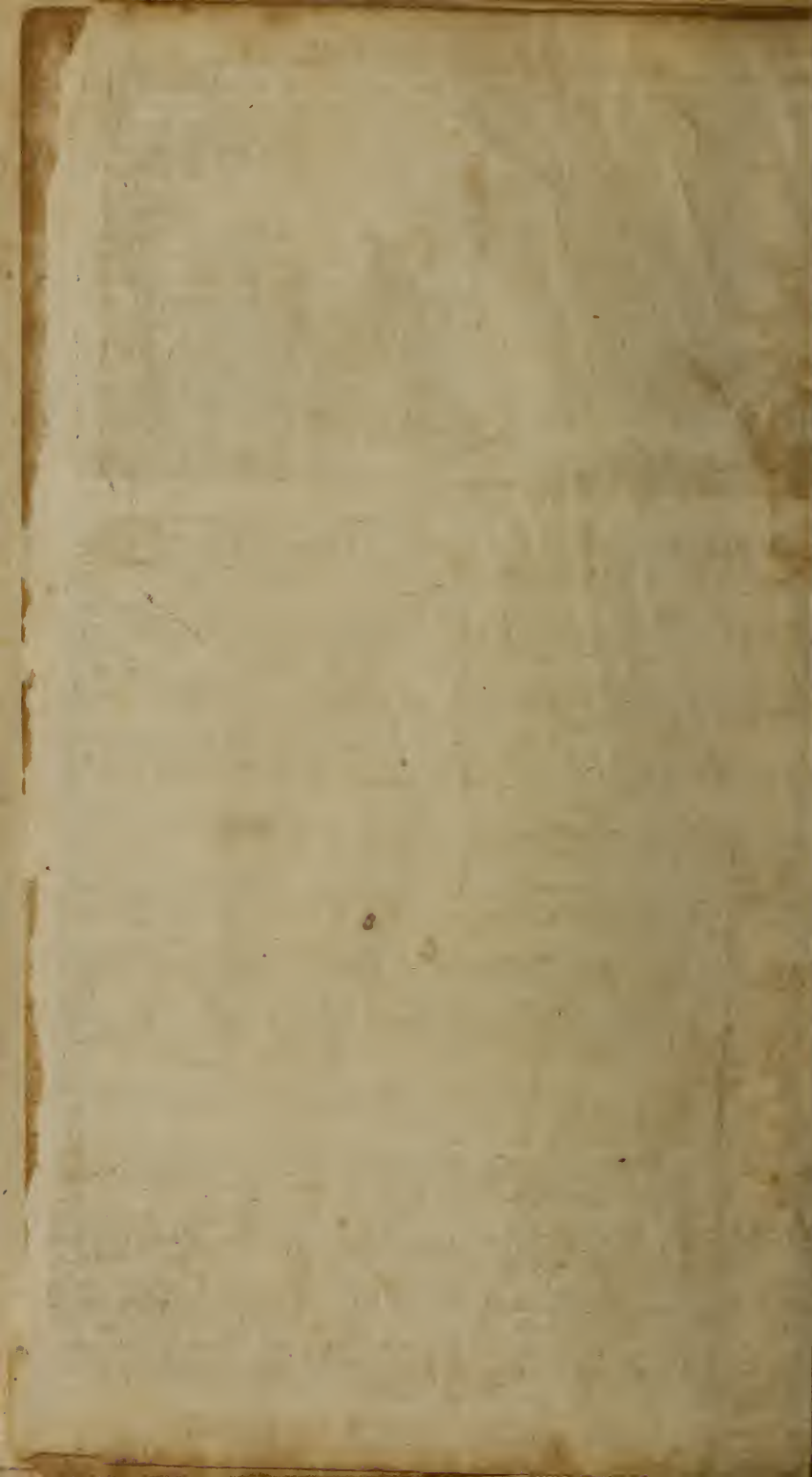
have me a Nun but my Mother oft tells me she'll have me a Nun.

2
 ... you think it a pity a Girl such as I
 could be sent to pray, & to fast & to Cry,
 Wh ways so devout I'm not like to be won,
 and my Heart it loves frolick too well for a Nun.

3
 ... hear the Men flatter, and promise and swear,
 a Thousand times to thee, to may declare
 on keep myself chaste nor by nuns be undone
 and I shall be too handsome I think for a Nun.

4
 Not to love or be lov'd, O I never can bear,
 Nor yield to be sent, to one cannot tell where,
 To live or to die in this (we were all one,
 Nay I sooner would die, then be reckon'd a Nun.

5
 Perhaps, but to tease me, she threatens me so,
 I'm sure, more she me, she would strait way no,
 But if she's in earnest, I from her will run,
 and I married I'm sure that I must be.





B. Cole sculp.

A Loyal Song

The Words by M^r. H. Rhodes.

Vivace

Now's it Europe now is up in Arms

Bellona spreads her dire Wars, *The Trump of Fame with Martial*

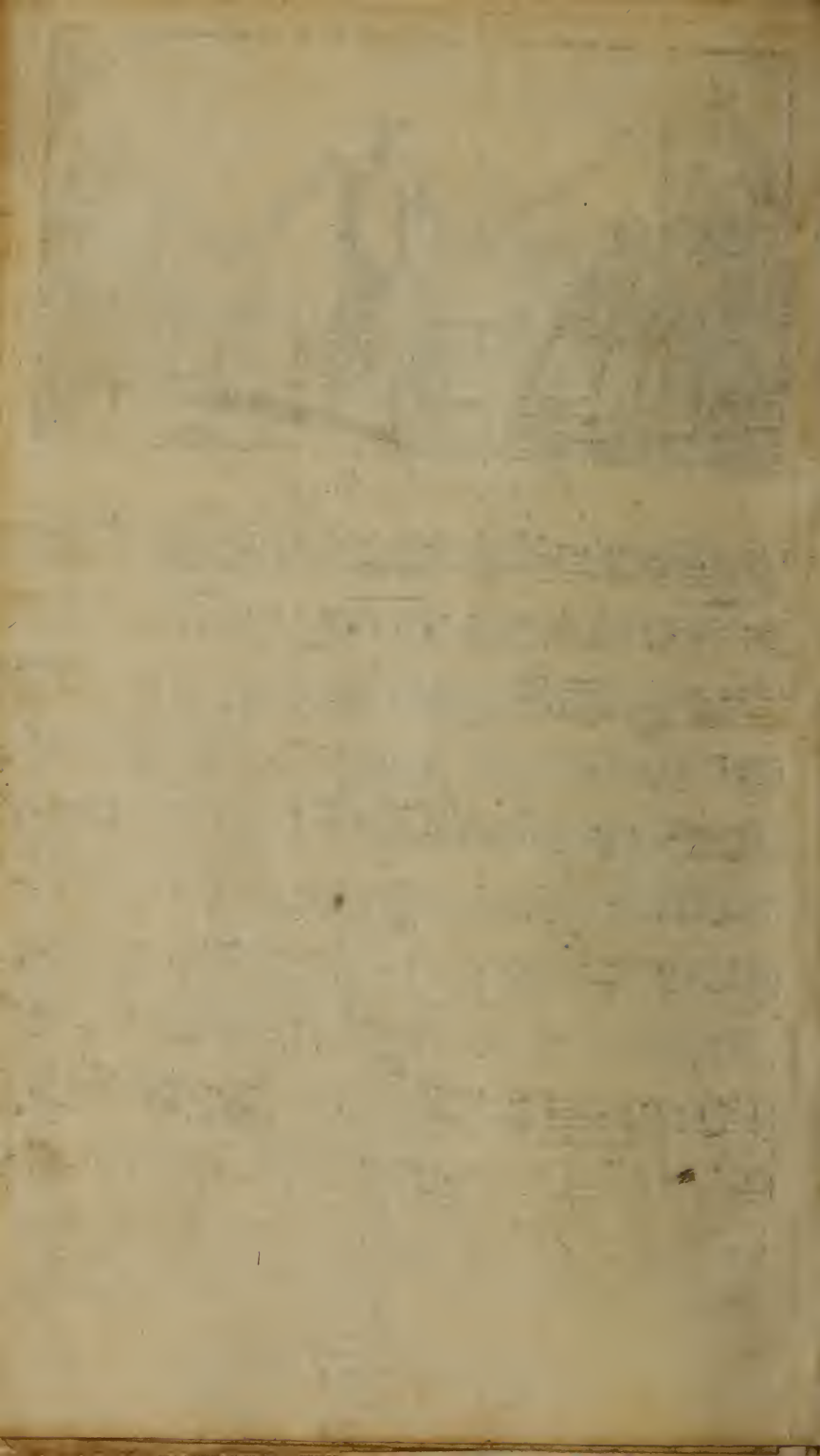
Sound, Th'at muring World reecho's round, (And Prussia's King in Dread Array strikes) Neighbour^d Monarchs,

Neighbouring Monarch strikes Neighbouring Monarchs nth Downy.

2
He has the Sword already wield,
And dy'd with Blood the Waring Field,
From Iron Mouths grim Death has roll'd,
And mimic Thunder fights the World,
Whole Armies now for fight prepare,
And Kings Invoke the Gods of War.

3
Brittania once rose high in Fame,
No state but dreaded Brittain's Name;
As far as is the farthest Shore,
Albion's Lions been heard to roar,
France does England now deride,
Rouse up and crush the Gallic Pride.

4
Send flying Death enwrap't in Lead,
Your Chain and Shot with double head,
From Bellgiving Lungs thro' Perrious Air,
Destroy her Coast, her Monarch Scare,
Assert your Rights home Victory bring,
But save your Country and your King.





The Unnatural Parent, or the Virgins last Resolve?
Sung by M.^r Beard at Ranelagh.

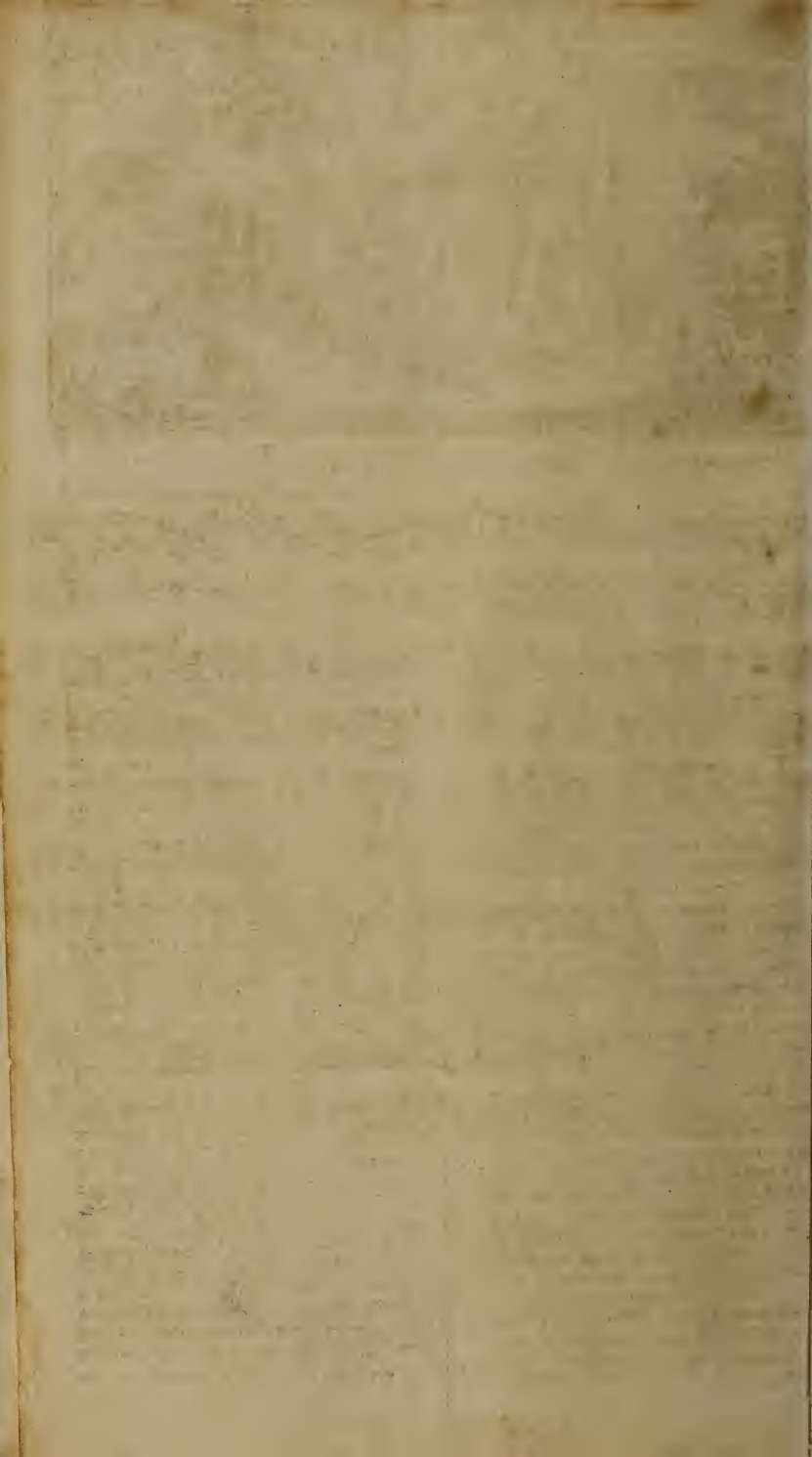
Virgins who do listen to what's or your Mothers say, Be rul'd by me, and let's agree, no longer to a-
 ...bey, for I've been smult'd, and I've been drubb'd, till I've been black and blue, but I'll behave no
 more like a Slave, but I'll behave no more like a Slave. I wish I may die if I do, if I do, I
 wish I may die if I do.

Both Night & Day she prates away,
 About my being Nice?
 But I declare, 'twould make you stare,
 To hear her dull Advice.
 She says that I from Men must fly,
 Or mischief will ensue?
 But in all the kind no harm, I find,
 I wish I may die if I do.

She says that Youth, still blind to Truth,
 The danger ne'er can tell,
 And tis from Sense and Experience,
 That she can talk so well.
 But if she got Sense from Experience?
 Then she may depend upon't,
 I'll try to be as wise as she,
 I wish I may die if I dont.

Young Damon say, the other Day,
 Would struggle for a Kiss,
 I wish and cry'd, and him did chide,
 With — what do you mean by this,
 Tis wondrous rude, that you'll intrude,
 When I have so oft forbid,
 I wish I may die if you dont make me cry,
 But I wish I may die if he did.

Then I'll be free whilst young I be,
 And let my Mother scold,
 And I'll despise being quite as nice,
 Until I am quite as old.
 At Forty three a Prude I'll be,
 And lay my Follies by
 But never till then will I shun the Men,
 If I do — I wish I may die.





The Mighty Bowl.

B. Cole sculp.

Spiritoso

Fill me a

Bowl, a mighty Bowl, large as my ca-pacious Soul

Fill me a Bowl a

mighty Bowl, large as my ca-pacious Soul, Vast as my thirst is let it have depth enough to be my glass

I mean the Grave of all my Care for I design to bury't there

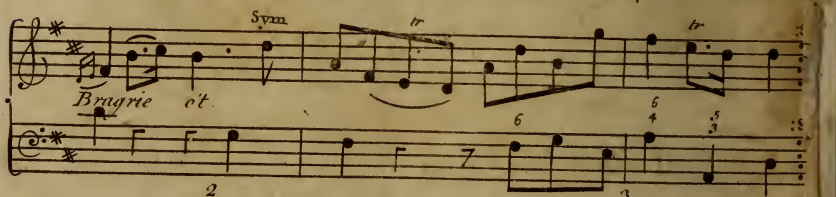
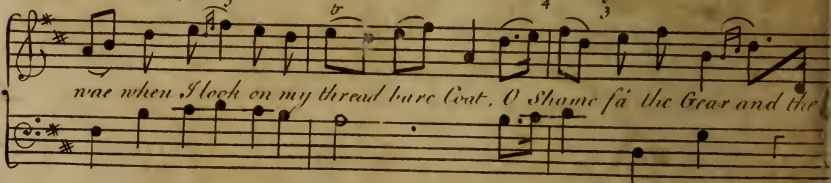
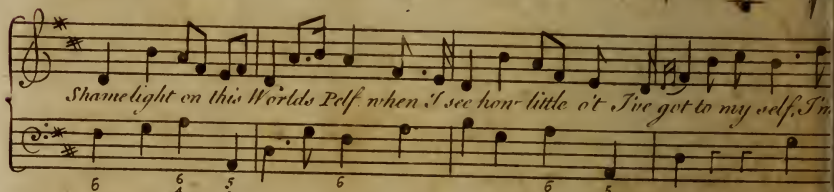
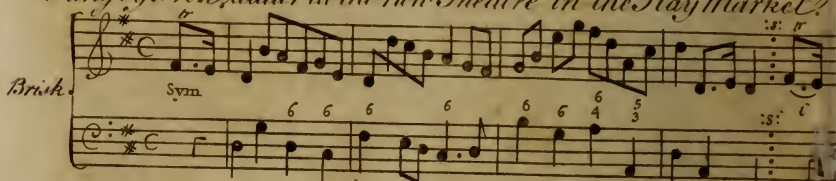
Let it of Silver fashion be, worthy of Wine worthy of me

worthy to adorn y^e Spheres worthy to adorn y^e Spheres, as that bright Cup as y^e bright

Cup amongst y^e Stars Fill me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl, large as my ca-pacious Soul



The GEAR and the BRAGRIE o't D. Cole Sculp.
Sung by M^r. Sauder at the New Theatre in the Hay Market?



2
*For Jenny was the Lase that muckled the Byre ?
 But now she is clad in her silken attire ?
 And Jenny was y' Lads that wore the Plaiden Coat
 O shame sa the Gear and the Brigrie o't.*

3
*And Jockey was y' Ladie, that gade at the Plough
 Tho now he's gotten Gow'd and Gear enow,
 But I have seen y' Day when he was not worth at
 O shame sa the Gear and the Brigrie o't.*

4
*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
 May the Deil take the Gear, and the Brigrie o't.*

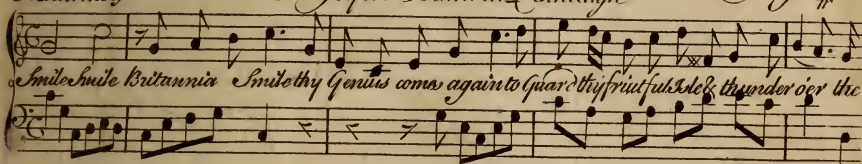


Smile Britannia • C. Favourite Song

Moderately

Sung by M^r Beard at Ranelagh

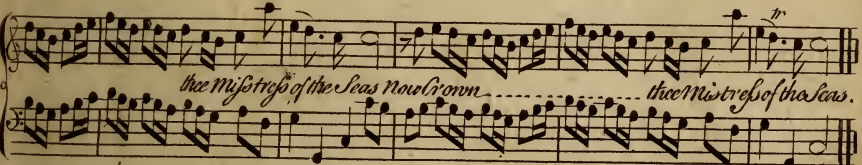
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Smile smile Britannia smile thy Genius comes again to guard thy fruitful Isle & the order o'er the



main thy Gallant's sons disdain the Ease Now Crown thee Mistress of the Seas Now Crown



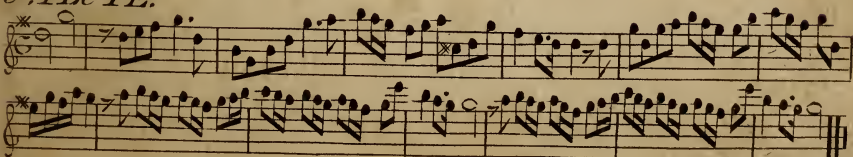
the Mistress of the Seas Now Crown thee Mistress of the Seas.

While dauntless they Advance
And bid the cannons roar
They'll scourge the Pride of France
And shake th' Imperial Shore
Deriding Triumphs o'er the Waves
With Courage never known to Slaves
With Courage &c

The Dark all stain'd with blood
The bullets wing'd with Fate
The wide and restless Flood
Cannot the Rage abate
In Slaves & in Boscauwen wake
The Souls of Russel and of Blake
The Souls &c

Britons pursue the blow
Like Sons of Freedom fight
Convince the haughty foe
That you'll maintain your right
Defiance bid to France and Spain
Assert your Empire o'er the Main
Assert &c

Gⁿ. FLUTE.





A Favorite Song *now set by Mr. Miller*

I prithee send me back my Heart since I can not have thine for if from yours you will not

Part why then shouldst thou have mine it thou shouldst thou have mine yet now I

think out let it lye to keep it were in vain For thoust a Thief in ei... ther eye w^o steal it back a...

ga... in woud steal it back a gain.

*May should two Hearts in one Breast lye
And yet not lodge together
Oh Love where is thy sympathy
If thus our Breasts thoust sever
But Love is such a mystery
I cannot find it out
For when I think I'm best resolv'd
I then am in most doubt*

*Then farewell care and farewell woe
I will no longer Pine
For I'll believe I have her Heart
As much as she has mine*

*NB The last Verse to be repeated
To the Second part of the Tune*



Gently The Disappointed Lover

When Daw drops gild the weeping Thorn and hoarse pippit Kooks Salute the Morn
Fair Cynthia charm'd the Grove her Voice like Phyll. o... mell.... a
rung But Still the Burthen of her Song was false and
Perjur'd Love?

Young Collin who had Stray'd that way
When Larks the Heralds of the Day
Their Dewey Nests forsake
Impatient lurk'd behind a Bush
To hear and View the beautious Blush
That painted Cynthia's Cheek

Against the sweet enchanting Strain
No longer able to Contain
He thus himself address'd
My Noobs cry'd he shall all belthine
My Dog my Crook be you but mine
And blest a Shepherds Brest

In Vain cry'd she fond Youth you sue
To Church with me you first must go
Of which the Swain approv'd
Then to the Grove again he led
The ripind pantling melting Maid
Where both dissolv'd in Love

When blis was past young Collin Cry'd
Had you at first thus far comply'd
I neer had Seen the More
Be hush'd cry'd she I knew thy will
For Hodge that lives at yonder Mill
Once serv'd me so before



To Arms & Britons strike home

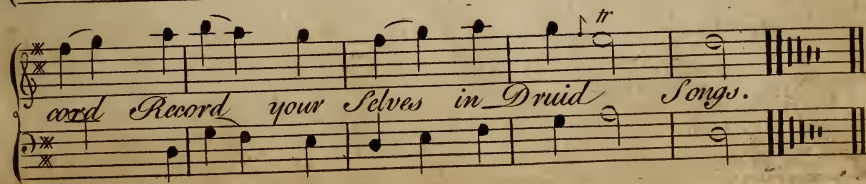
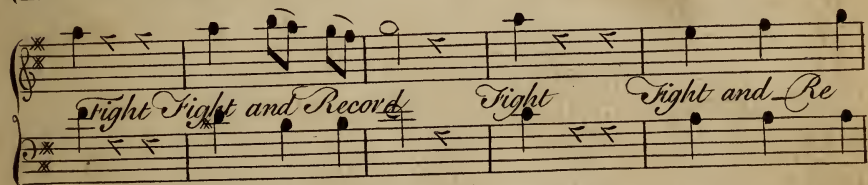
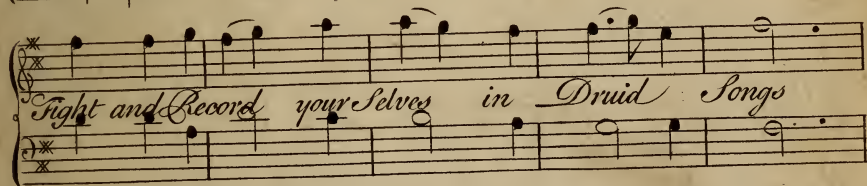
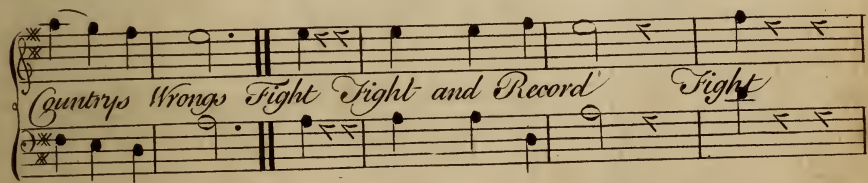
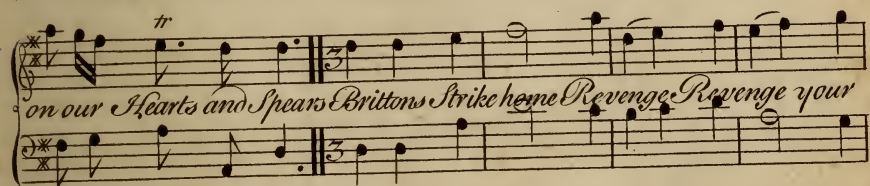
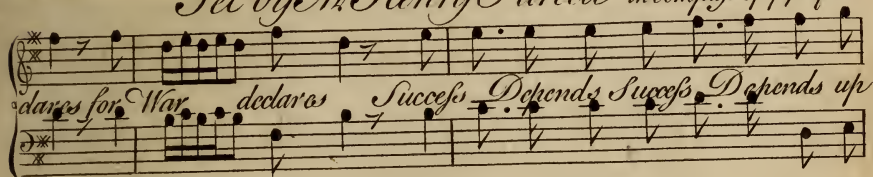
To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms To Arms to Arms to Arms to
To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to
Arms To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to
Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms your Insigns strait display
Arms To Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms to Arms your Insigns strait display
now now now now now now now now now now Set the Battle in array

The Oracle for War declares for War declares Success Depends Suc

cess Depends upon our Hearts and Spears of Oracle for War de



Set by M. Henry Purcell in Compass of 4 Ger. Flute





Briskly **Robin Hood** *Sung by Mr Beard*

As blith as the

Linnet sings in the Green Wood so blith well wakewell wake the Morn so bly - th well

Wake the Morn *And thro the wide Forrest of merry Sherwood well*

Wind the Bugle Bugle Horn well wi - - nd the Bu - gle Horn.

<i>The Sherrieff attempts to take bold Robin Hood</i>	<i>Our Arrows shall drink of y fallow Deers blood</i>
<i>Bold Robin disdains to fly</i>	<i>Well hunt them all over the Plain</i>
<i>Let him come when he will in merry Sherwood</i>	<i>And thro the wide Forrest of merry Sherwood</i>
<i>well I anguish Boys or die</i>	<i>No Shaft shall fly in vain</i>
<i>Our Hearts they are stout & our Bows they are good</i>	<i>Brave Scarlet & John who ner were subduid</i>
<i>and well their Master know</i>	<i>Gave each his Hand so bold</i>
<i>They recul in the Forrest of merry Sherwood</i>	<i>Well range thro the Forrest of merry Sherwood</i>
<i>and neer will spare a Doe</i>	<i>What say my Hearts of Gold</i>



The Incurious

Lively

Give me but a Wife I expect not to find such Virtue and Grace in one

Female combined No Goddeſs forme tis a Woman I prize and he that ſeeks more is more curious than wiſe

No Goddeſs for me tis a Woman I prize and he that ſeeks more is more curious than wiſe

*Be ſhe young ſhe's not ſtubborn but eaſy to mould
Or ſhe claims my reſpect like a Mother if old
Thus either can pleaſe me ſince Woman I prize. And he that &c*

*Like Venus ſhe ogles if wanton her eye
If blind ſhe the roving of mine cannot ſpy
Thus either is lovely for Woman I prize. And he that &c*

*If rich be my Bride ſhe brings tokens of Love
If poor the further from Prides my remove
Thus either contents me for Woman I prize. And he that &c*

*I neer ſhall want converſe if Tongue ſhe be ſeſs
And if mute ſtill the rarity pleaſes me leſs
I'm ſuited to either for Woman I prize And he that &c*

*Then ceaſe Ye profane on the Sex to diſcant
If you're wit to diſcern no Perfection they want
Each Pair can make happy if Woman we prize
And he that ſeeks more is more Curious then Wiſe*



Gently. Under the Greenwood Shade Sing by m^r Beard

To an Arbor of Woodbine ye both shall be led Soft Leaves for your Pillow the
Grass for your Bed Soft Leaves for your Pillow the Grass for your Bed.
While wanton youth sparrow chirp over your Head all under the Greenwood
Shade all under the Green wood Shade.

When the Moon with pale Lustre Just thro' the Grove
And Nightingales answer the chaste Turtle Dove
The Maid without blushing shall clasp her true Love
All under the Greenwood Shade

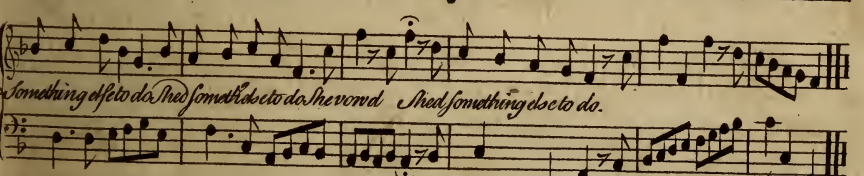
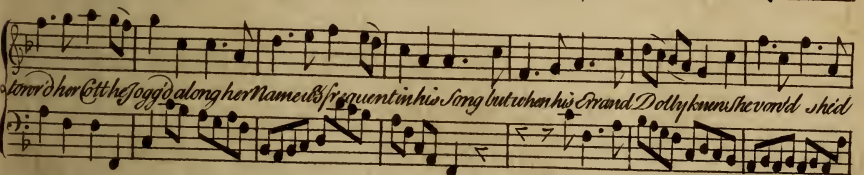
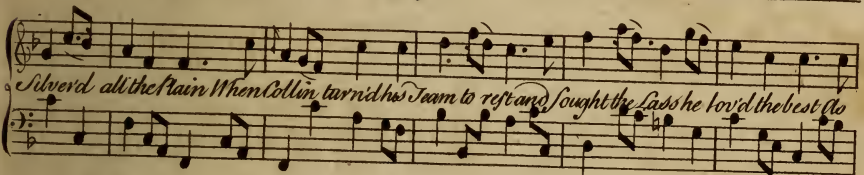
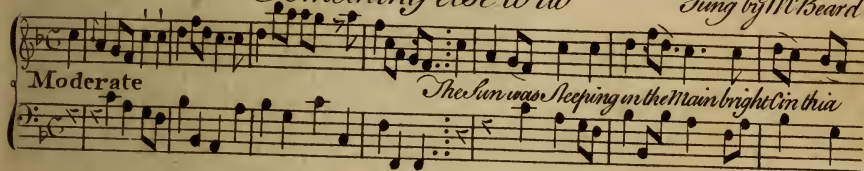
Our Pleasure quite harmless begin with the Day
We ever are buxom we ever are Gay
No Virgins dissemble no Shepherd betray
All under the Greenwood Shade

The Frowns for a while arm the Face of the Fair
Yet soon our young Lover forgets all his Care
For Phillis cries do not oh do not despair
All under the Greenwood Shade



Something else to do

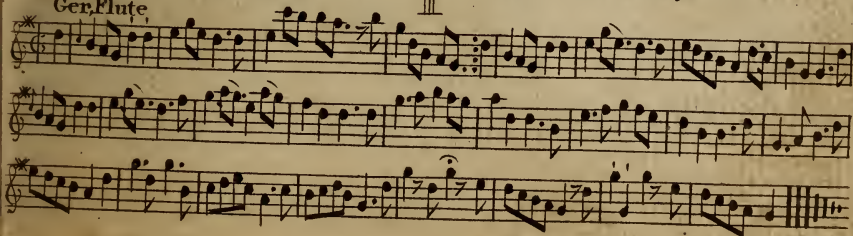
Sung by Mr. Beard



He swore he did esteem her more
Than any Maid he'd seen before
In tender sighs protesting he
Would constant as the turtle be
Till a much of death should he refuse
And as a such arts do lovers use
So I may say Dolly if tis but true
But now I've something else to do

Her Maid then Collin thus address'd
Forgive me Dolly I did but jest
To her that's land all constant prove
But trust me I'll neer die for love
Tho' first he did his courtship scorn
Now Dolly began to court in turn
Dear Collin I was saying too
Step in — I've nothing else to do

Ger. Flute





Jocky & Jenny Song by M^r Lowe & Miss Falkner

*Now Winter has left us the Trees are in bloom and Conspire & Vids the Maidens per
fume! While kids are disporting & Birds fill the spray I wait for my Jocky to hail the new
May. I wait for my Jocky to hail the new May.*

Jocky

*Among the young lilies my Jenny I've straid
Pink Dazzles & Woodbine I bring to my Maid
Her's tune sweetly smelling & lavender gay
A kiss to form for my Queen of the May*

Jenny

*Oh Jocky I fear you intend to beguile
When parted with Molly last Night on a pile
You swore that you'd love her for ever & aye
Forgetting poor Jenny your Queen of the May*

Jocky

*Young & Silly is handsome in the pharos green drift
It gave you those full hands that hang at y^e wrist
Besides three sweet kisses when the new May
Was that done like Jenny my Queen of y^e May*

Jocky

*Of e'er y^e don't ye young lovers draw near
I avoid all suspicion what e'er may appear
I believe not your eyes if your face should betray
Then come my dear Jenny and hail the new May*

Jenny

*This Garland of Roses no longer I prize
Since Jocky false hearted his favour denies
I'll leave it so blooming this Instant decay
For Jenny's no longer the Queen of the May*

Jocky

*Believe me dear Maiden your lover you win
Your name is for ever the theme of my Song
From the dew of pale Eve to glancing of Day
I sing but of Jenny my Queen of the May*

Jenny

*Again let my comfort with transport I view
My fears are all vanish'd since Jocky is true
Then to our blithe shepherd's I leave I'll convey
That Jenny alone you've crown'd Queen of y^e May*



Set to Musick

Glory let Glory let Glory in peace... re your Hearts

Remember a Soldier in

War and in Peace

Remember a Soldier in War in

War & in Peace is the no...



by Mr Henry Purcell

blest of all other Arts *Re..*

member a Soldier in War and in Peace *Remember a Soldier in*

War in War and in Peace is the *No...*

blest of all other Arts

66 66 6 4 4 6 6 4 6 3 43

46 6 6 #7 4 70 6 66 6

76 6 6 6 3 6 3 0 89 89

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Young Collin

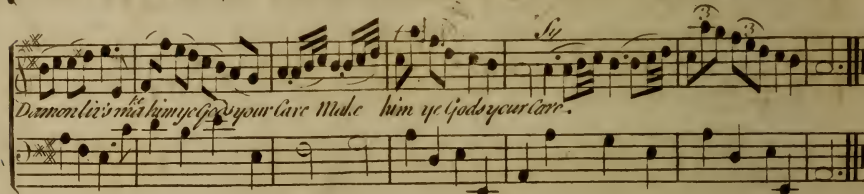
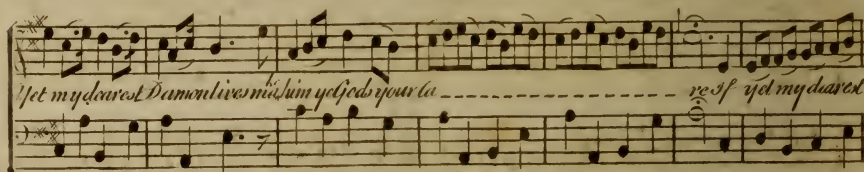
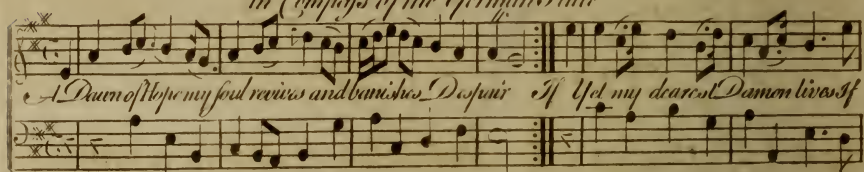
Young Collin was a sprightly swain & sweetly tun'd his Rural lay
 for me he oft with fragrant pain has cull'd the fragrant Hobs of May
 May has cull'd the fragrant Hobs of May those Hobs he to my Bosom ty'd then smiling
 ask'd a tender Kiss I thought it rude and yet comply'd but for give say was that a kiss but
 Virgins say was that a kiss.

The warbling Birds in ev'ry Grove
 He said the Voice of Nature meant,
 That all their Songs were tun'd to love,
 And Love was all their kind intent;
 The Lark with his melodious strain
 Shew'd but to give his lover bliss;
 Then ask'd me to relieve his pain,
 He kiss'd I blush'd was that a kiss.

But one fair Morn we chanc'd to stray
 Where Flora all her fragrance spread,
 He deck'd my Bosom sweet and gay,
 With the Flow'rets of the Mead;
 He press'd my hand ask'd if I lov'd,
 I blush'd and faintly answer'd yes
 Then my yielding Heart was mov'd
 Nor blame me if I did amiss.



The Dawn of Hope
in compass of the German Flute



*Dispell those gloomy Shades of Night,
My tender Grief remove;
O send some cheering Ray of Light,
And Guide me to my Love.*

*Thus in a secret friendly Shade,
The pensive Celia mourn'd,
While courteous Echo lent her Aid,
And Sigh for Sigh return'd.*

*When sudden Damon's well known Face,
Each rising Fear disarm'd;
He eager springs to her Embrace,
She sinks into his Arms.*



Young Collin

Young Collin was a Sprightly Swain & sweetly tun'd his Rural Lay
 for me he oft with Mad and pain has cull'd the fragrant Heds of May
 May has cull'd the fragrant Heds of May Those Heds he to my Bosom ty'd then smiling
 ask'd a tender Kiss I thought it rude and yet comply'd but for gins say was that a miss but
 Virgins say was that a miss.

The warbling Birds in ev'ry Grove
 He said the Voice of Nature meant
 That all their Songs were tun'd to Love
 And Love was all their kind intent
 The Lark with his melodious strain
 strove but to give his Lover Bliss
 Then ask'd me to relieve his pain
 He kiss'd I blush'd was that a miss.

But one fair Morn we chanc'd to stray
 Where Flora all her fragrances spread
 He deck'd my Bosom sweet and gay
 With the Flow'rets of the Mead
 He press'd my hand ask'd if I lov'd
 I blush'd and faintly answer'd yes
 Then my yielding Heart was mov'd
 Nor blame me if I did amiss.



The Dawn of Hope
in Compass of the German Flute

A Dawn of Hope my soul revives and banishes Despair If Yet my dearest Damon lives If

Yet my dearest Damon lives in him yel Gods your la ——— rest yet my dearest

Damon lives in him yel Gods your Love Make him ye Gods your Love.

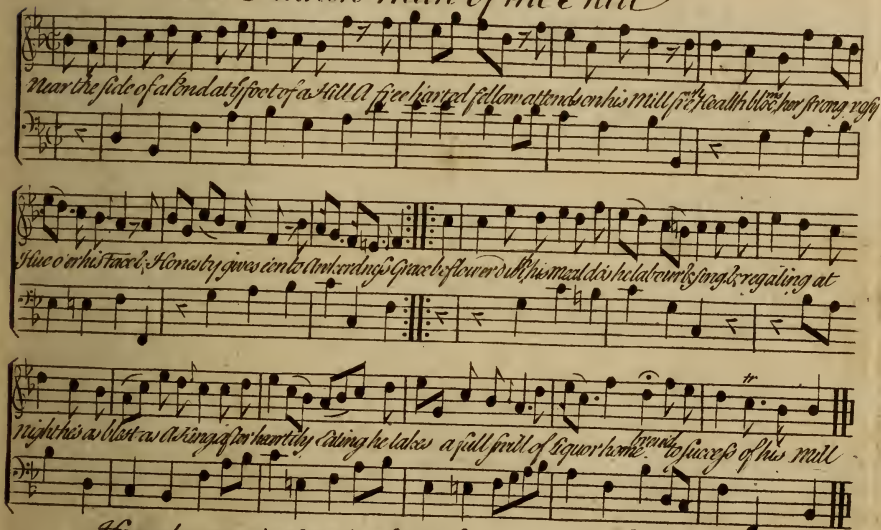
*Dispell those gloomy Shades of Night,
My tender Grief remove;
O send some cheering Ray of Light,
And Guide me to my Love.*

*Thus in a secret friendly Shade,
The pensive Celia mourn'd,
While courteous Echo lent her Aid,
And Sigh for Sigh return'd.*

*When sudden Damon's well known Face,
Each rising Fear disarm'd;
He eager springs to her Embrace,
She sinks into his Arms.*



The Stanch Man of the Mill



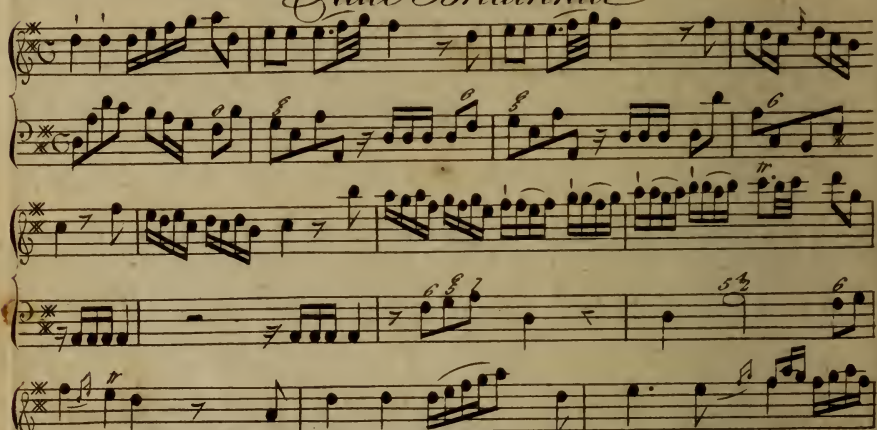
He makes no nice scruple of Tole for his Trade,
For that's an Excise to his Industry paid;
His Conscience is free and his Income is clear,
And he values not them of ten Thousands a Year.
He's a freehold sufficient to give him a Vote,
At Elections he sooths to accept of a Goat;
He hates your proud Place Men & do what they will,
They ne'er can seduce the Stanch Man of the Mill.

On Sunday he talks with the Barber and Priest
And hopes that our Statesmen do all for the best;
That the Standards shall ne'er interrupt our free Trade,
Nor good British Coin be in Subsidies paid;
He fears the French Navy and Commerce increase,
And he wishes poor Germany still may have Peace;
The old England he knows may have strength & skill,
To protect all her Manors and save his own Mill.

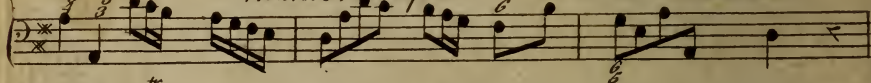
With this honest hope he goes home to his Work,
And if Water is scanty he takes up his Fork;
And over the Meadows he scatters his Hay,
Or with the stiff Plough turns up Furrows of Clay.
His Harvest is crown'd with a good English Glee,
That his Country may ever be happy and free,
With his Hand and his Heart to King George does he fill,
And may all loyal Souls act the Man of the Mill.



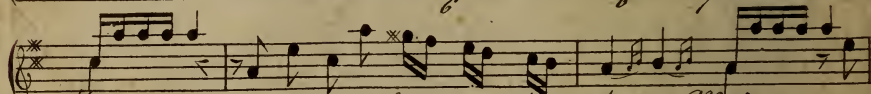
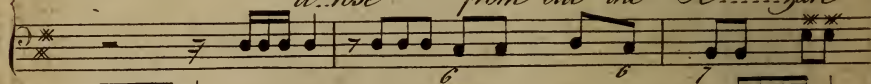
Rule Britannia



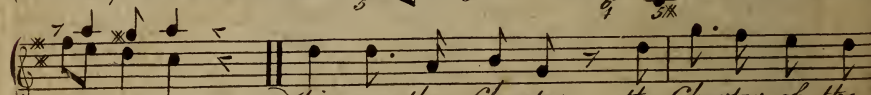
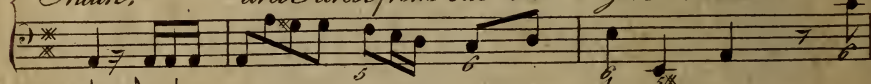
When Britain first at Heaven's Command,



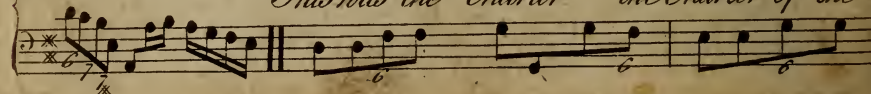
a. rose from out the Azure



Main, arose arose from out the Azure Main;



This was the Charter the Charter of the





Set by Mr. Arne

Land, and Guardian Angels sung this Strain

Rule Britannia, Britannia Rule the Waves,

Britons ne ver will be Slaves.

*The Nations (not so blast as thee)
Must in their turns to Slaves fall;
While thou shalt flourish great & free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule &c.*

*Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the Slaves,
Serves but to root thy native Oak.
Rule &c.*

*Thee haughty Tyrants neer shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy generous flame;
But work thier nob and thy renown.
Rule &c.*

*To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy Cities shall with Commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject Main;
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule &c.*

*The Muses still with Freedom sound,
Shall to thy happy Coasts repair;
Blast Isle with matchless Beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the Fair.
Rule &c.*



Fair Hebe Sung by M^r Beard

Andante

Fair Hebe I left with a

cautious design to essay if her Charms in Wine I try'd it but found when I came to depart the Wine in my

Head & still love in my Blood I repair'd to my Reason intreated her Aid who pass'd on my case each Circumstance weigh'd

gravely pronounc'd in return to my Pray'r that she was fairest of all that was fair.

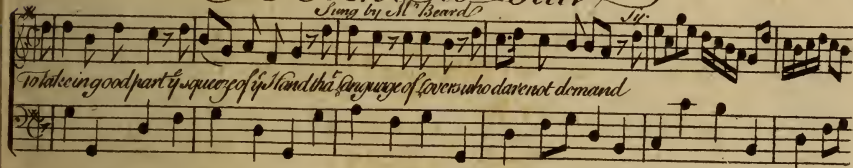
That's a truth reply'd I've no need to be taught.
 I came for your Counsel to find out a fault.
 If that's all quoth Reason return as you comes
 To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my Name:
 What Hopes then alas of relief from my Pain,
 While like Lightning she darts thro' each throbbing Vein:
 My Senses surpriz'd in her favour took Arms,
 And Reason confirms me a Slave to her Charms.



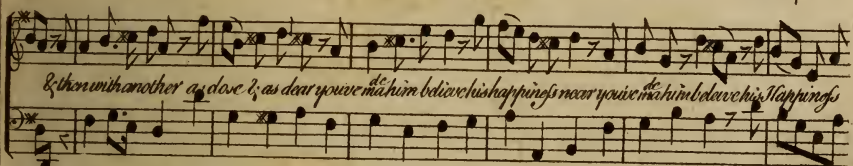
To Cock & a Bull

Sung by M^r Beard

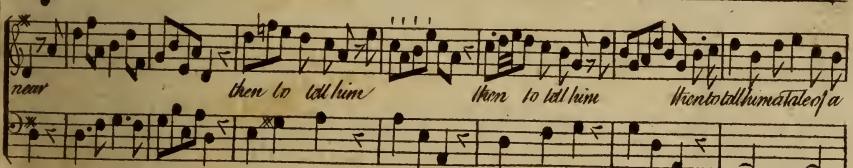
Sir



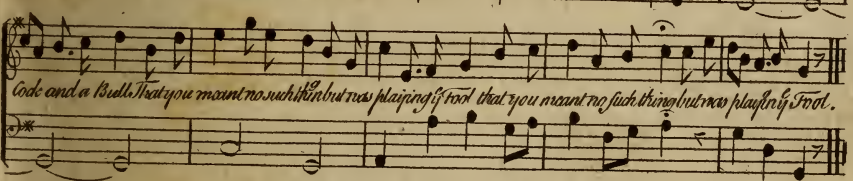
to take in good part if square of lip stand the language of lovers who dare not demand



& then with another as dove & as dear you've made him believe his happiness near you've made him believe his happiness



near then to tell him then to tell him then to tell him then to tell him a



Cock and a Bull that you meant no such thing but was playing if fool that you meant no such thing but was playing if fool.

*The woad on the Toe to admit & be Free
And Strait to reply with the Toe Repartee,
To express with your Eyes your inward Desires,
And thus with full hopes to kindle his Fires, Then to tell him
When he wants to disclose what he dare not reveal,
When he looks very Silly and means a great deal,
When he thinks (if ever thinking should enter his Brain)
You'll now grant his wish the Ease of his Pain, Then to tell him
To let him in raptur'd proceed on to Bliss,
To suffer the Snatch or the Theft of a Kiss,
When Coyne's retreating unwillingly flies,
When Sighs answers murmurs & Eyes talk to Eyes. Then to tell him &c*



Female Friendship *Set by Mr. Deane*

Moderately

Love is true but in my Breast another Passion reigns, sweet friends! alas my Mind is lost &

soothe my ^{raw} pains *Two beautiful Nymphs with*

scorch'd my mind, though I am bold, gay Betsy wins my open Heart dear Nancy fires my Soul dear

Nancy fires my Soul.

When on her Face my sight I cast,
And breathe the sparkling sigh,
If chance the cloud of fate be cast,
My Heaven that's in her Eye,
To Betsy I my doubts relate,
The meaning to define,
Be wise she cries, with patience wait,
And Nancy will be thine.

Can Love make patience then its choice,
I hear some Captive say,
Oh yes when urg'd by Beauty's Voice,
The Bosom must obey,
Ye Lovers, hence this maxim take,
And on its truth depend,
The am'rous Heart can never break,
That boasts a Female Friend.



A Loyal Song for two Voices

Same let thy Trumpet sound, tell all the World around, Great George is King.
Same let thy Trumpet sound, tell all the World around, Great George is King.
Tell Rome and France and Spain, Britannia Scorns their Chain.
Tell Rome and France and Spain, Britannia Scorns their Chain.
Britannia Scorns their Chain, Great George is King, Great George is King.
Britannia Scorns their Chain, Great George is King, Great George is King.

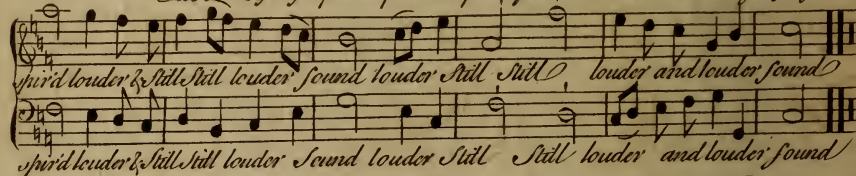
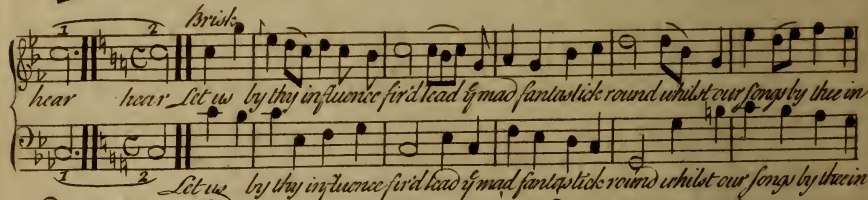
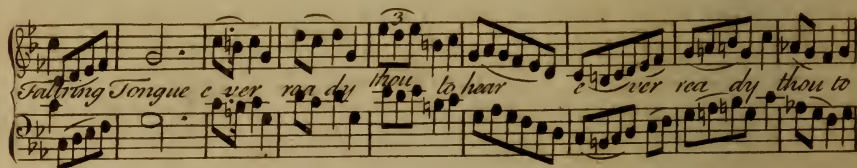
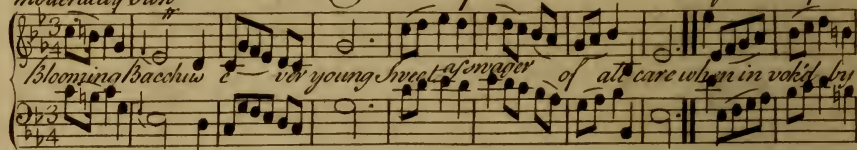
May Heaven his life defend,
 And make his Race extend,
 Wide as his Fame;
 Thy Chorus choirs sing, shad.
 On his appointed stand,
 And teach his foes to dread,
 Great Georges Name.

He Peace and Plenty brings,
 While Roms deluded Kings,
 Waste and destroy;
 Then let his people sing,
 Long live our gracious King,
 From whom such blessings spring,
 Freedom & Joy;

Chorus *God save our Noble King.*
Long live our gracious King.
God save the King.
Hark how the Valleys ring.
Long live our gracious King.
From whom such blessings spring.
Gods ave the King.



Moderately Slow — *The Power of Wine* Set by Mr Corse



Thou dost make the Conard brave
Thou dost frozen Dotage warm
Thou dost Freedom give the Slave
And thy Sons protect from Alarm.
let us be

Thou dost in the Fair one's Breast
Soft desires kind wishes raise
When the Amorous Swain is blest
Spine the Conquest thine the Praise.
let us be.

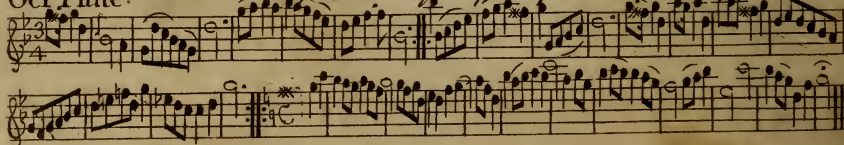
To our Loves propitious prove.

Wely thy assistance may.

Triumph, o'er the God of Love.

Triumph o'er the God of Day.

Ger Flute.



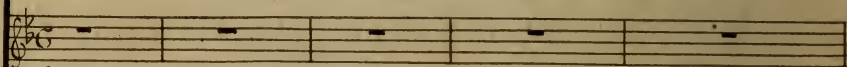
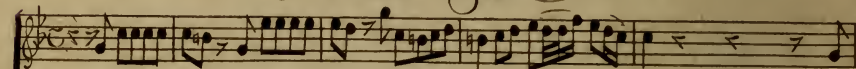


Sweet are the Flow'rs Set by Mr. Burgess

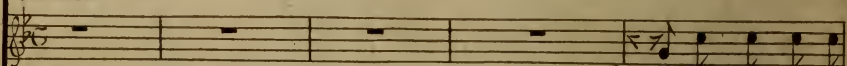
Survey the Gardens, Fields, and Bow'rs,
 The birds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs;
 Then tell me where the Woodbine grows,
 That vies in sweetness with the Rose?



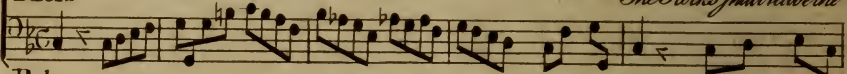
A three Part



Galatea

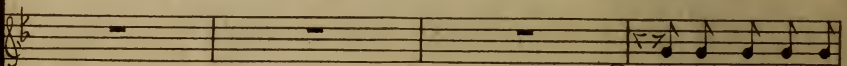


Acis

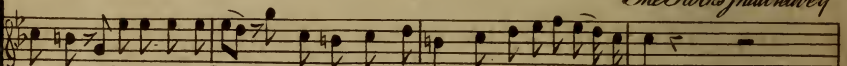


Poly

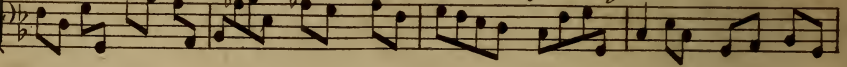
The Rocks shall leave the



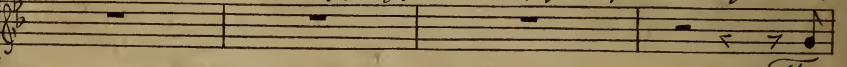
The Rocks shall leave the



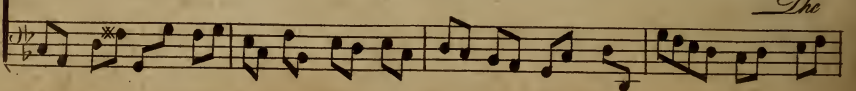
Mountains if floods if Turtle Dove if Nymphs forsake if fountains ere I forsake my love



Mountains if floods if Turtle Dove if Nymphs forsake if fountains ere I forsake my love The Rocks shall leave if

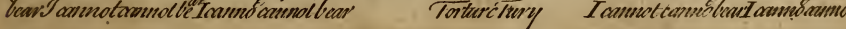
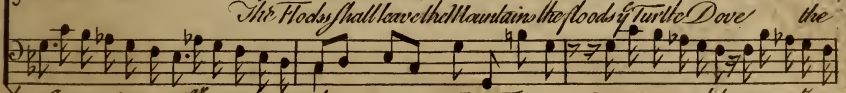
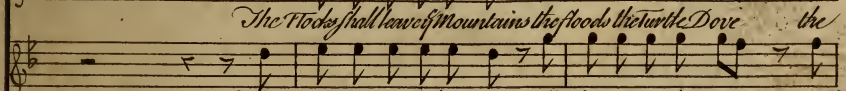
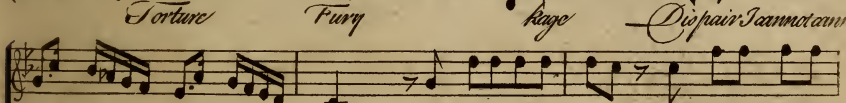
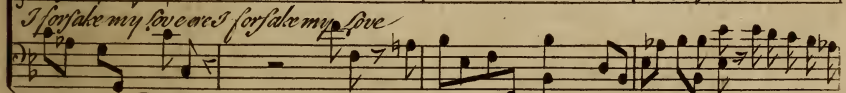
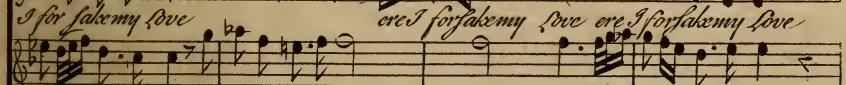
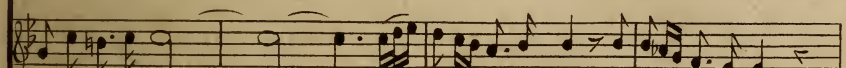
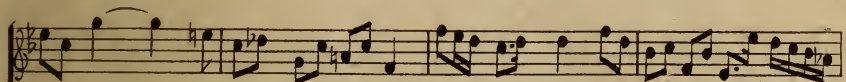
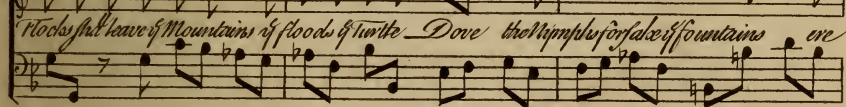
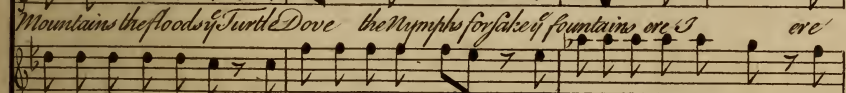
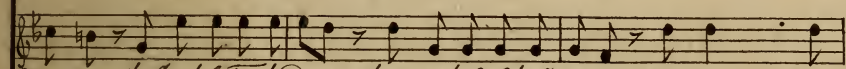
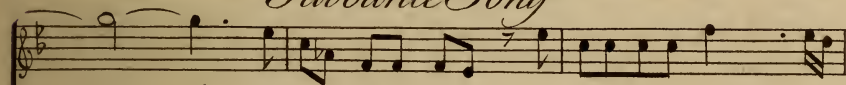


The





Favourite Song





Set to Musick

Nymphs forsake the fountains ere I for sake
Nymphs forsake the fountains ere I forsake
bear Torture & my rage despair I cannot cannot bear I cannot cannot bear I cannot cannot

my love *Not shew us to Larks so*
ere I forsake my love *Not shew us to Larks so*
bear I cannot cannot cannot bear no no I cannot cannot cannot bear

pleasing nor sunshine to the bee no sleep to Toyl so easing as these dear smiles to me as these dear
pleasing nor sunshine to the bee no sleep to Toyl so easing as these dear smiles to me as these dear
My swift thron'd Majesty multiply thy

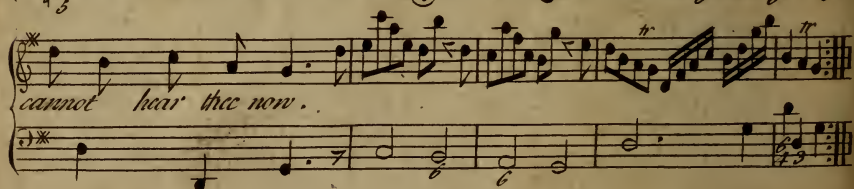
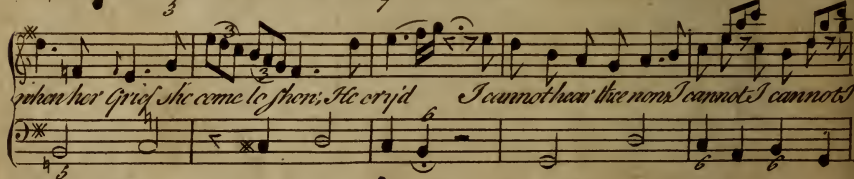
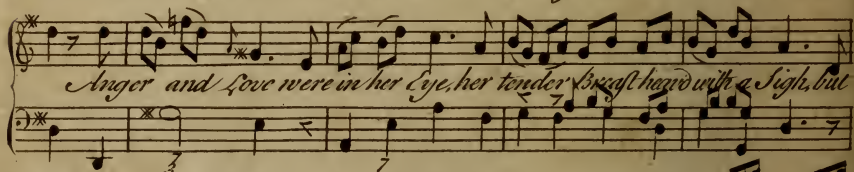
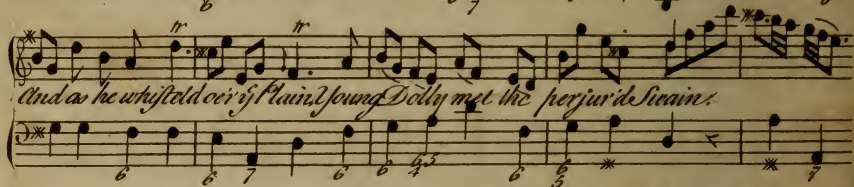


by M^{rs} Handell

fmi.....les to me as these dear *fmi*.....
fmi.....les to me as these dear *fmi*.....
 Swift thou mazy ruin fly fly fly thou mazy ruin fly thou mazy ruin fly
 ...les as these dear *fmi*...les to me
 ...les as these dear *fmi*...les to me
 Dye presumptuous Axis dye presumptuous Axis dye presumptuous Axis dye dye dye presumptuous Axis
 presumptuous Axis dye.



Moderately **COLLY and DOLLY** *Set for G Flute*

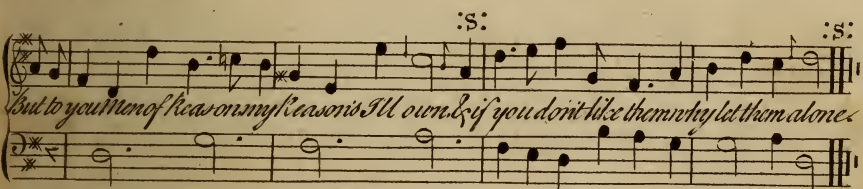
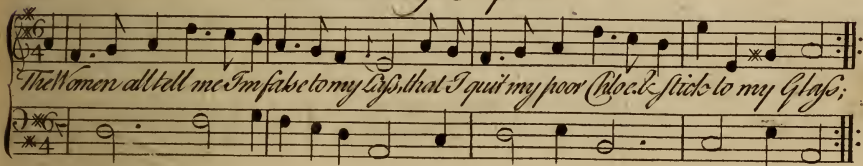


*In moving Words she told a Tale,
That might o'er any Heart prevail,
Asking why he had forsok her cot,
And was poor Dolly quite forgot;
S^{he} o' Tears trembling in her Eye,
She fadish'd sit her down & dye;
D^o so, says Colen and I vow,
My Dear I cannot hear the now.
I cannot be.*

*Resentment kindling o'er her Cheek,
Says she, another love I'll seek,
Damon will prize these slighted charms,
And kindly take them to his arms;
The Swain whom Honour could not move,
By Jealousy was wak'd to Love,
Shall he forgive see yonder Now,
Nep ther e I'll stay to hear thee now.
I'll stay &c.*



The Tolly Toper



*Attho I have left her the Truth I'll Declare,
I believe she was good & am sure she was fair;
But goodness & Charms in a Bumper I see,
That makes her good & as charming as she.*

*My Chloe had dimples & smiles I must own,
But tho she could smile in her youth she could frown
But tell me ye Lovers of Liquor divine,
Did you ever see a frown in a Bumper of Wine.*

*For Lillies and Roses were just in their Prime
Yet Lillies and Roses are conquer'd by time,
But in Wine from its Age such a benefit flows,
That we like it & better the older it grows.*

*They tell me my Love would in time chafe & grow cold,
And that Beauty's proud when onetime's joy;
But in Wine from its Age such a benefit flows,
For the longer I drink the more I grow old.*

*Let Murders and Battles and History prove
The mischief that wait upon Rivals in Love;
But in drinking thank heaven no Rival contends
For if more we love Liquor if more we are friends.*

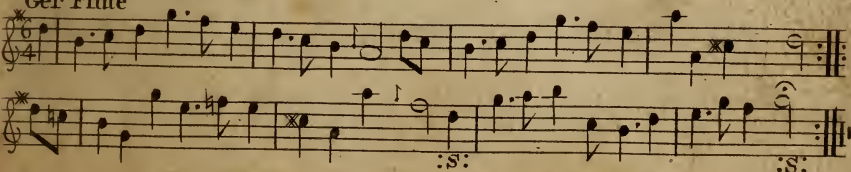
*So to night have I rais'd my Joy of my Life,
With Nurses and Babies and qualling Strife;
But my Wine & other Nurses or Babies can bring,
And a big bellied Bottle's a mighty good thing.*

*We shorten our Days when with love we engage,
It brings on diseases and hastens old Age,
But in Wine from grim Death can be totall save,
And keep out tother Leg when there's one in y^e grave.*

*Perhaps like her Sex ever false to their Word,
She had left me to get a Estate or a Lord;
But my Bumper regarding no Titles nor self,
Will stand by me while I can't stand by my self.*

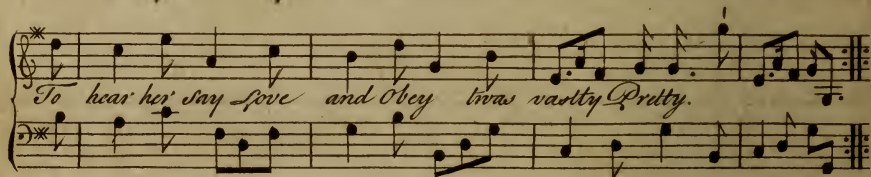
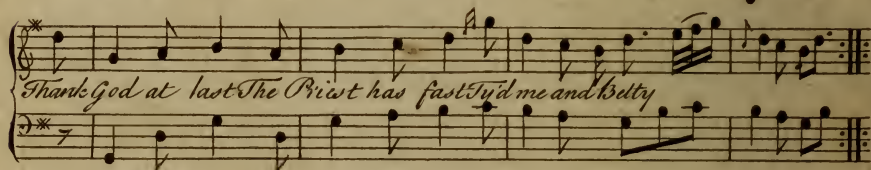
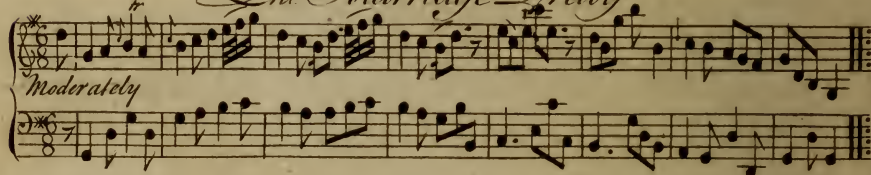
*Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain,
Thou' rid of her Lover and I of my Pain;
For in Wine mighty Wine many comforts I spy,
Should you doubt what I say take a Bumper & try.*

Ger: Flute





The Marriage Pretty

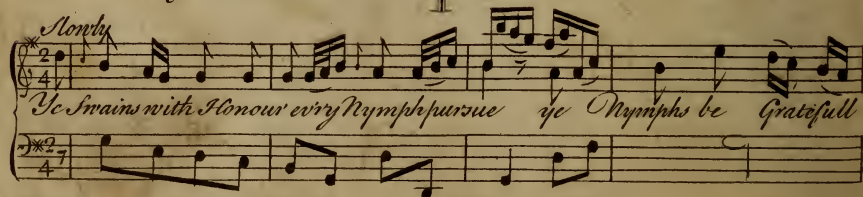


The Marrying done,
We every one
Saluted Betty;
She look'd so Neat,
And kiss'd so sweet,
Twas vastly Pretty.

Birds (as we went
Along thro' Kent,
Joy'd me and Betty;
Thoe Charms of that
And I know what
Twas vastly Pretty.

The Jokes of Wed
And going to Bed,
From all where Witty
But I know best,
And do protests
Twas vastly Pretty.

Now Night & Day,
My time away,
Glides sweet with Betty;
In her I find,
What Heav'n designs,
Thoe good and Pretty.





Stephon's Request Sung by M^r Lowe

Dearest Kitty kind and fair tell me when and tell me where
tell thy fond thy faith full Swain when we thus shall meet again when shall Stephon
fondly see Beauties only found in thee kiss thee press thee
joy and lay all the happy live long Day Dearest Kitty! kind and fair tell me
when and tell me where tell me when and tell me where.

All the happy Day tis true
Blest but only then with you
Nightly Stephon sighs alone
Sighs till Morn makes us one
Tell me then and ease my pain
Tell thy fond and faithfull Swain
When the Brest shall kindly join
Kitty's trembling hand to mine
Dearest Kitty kind and fair
Tell me when I care not where



The Constant Fair

in Compass of the Perf. Flute

Andy

I'll to some shady cool retreat where spreading Trees conspire to meet to

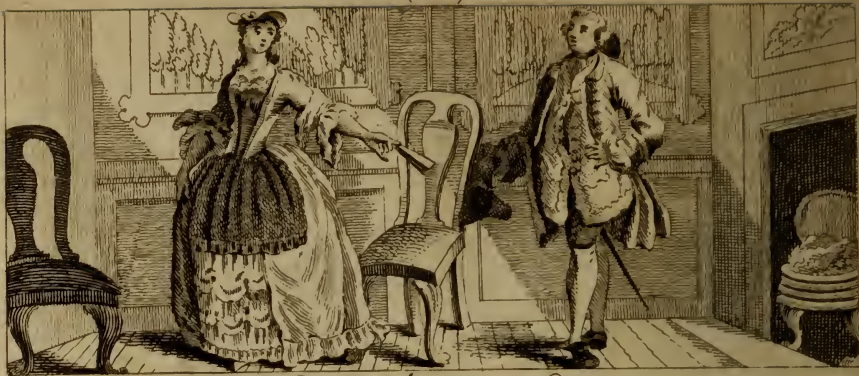
hide my blush in shade I repeat & love I bear my Collin *Name*

all that's amiable in love my Collin amply doth improve the sacred Truth of Heaven above is

center'd in my Collin.

Was I possess'd of Monarchs Lands,
Of eastern Shores or golden Sands;
No one should share in himen's bands
With me but lovely Collin;
With him beneath a Myrtle Seat,
I'll sing & blebs my happier Fate,
Than seated on a throne of State,
With any one but Collin.

So long as Saturns Glass shall run,
Or Persians hail the rising Sun,
Or till my thread of Life is spun,
So long shall I love Collin;
And when I take the parting Kiss,
In Death I'll cheer my Heart with this,
That I shall meet in future Bliss,
Again with thee my Collin.



Carry the Jost to far

Moderately

When Young my first love bad Ambitions

pulse move I sigh'd for a Garter & star But my Mother soon told me if

Such should behold me he'd Carry the Jost to far *head*

Carry the jost to far.

*A Gentleman than
Who was fam'd for his pen
Soft verses to make or to mar
But I fear'd from that quarter
He'd play with my garter
And Carry the jost to far*

*But I'm the Queen
Of Young Ralph of the Green
Who sows in his plough & his Car
Let him do what he will
And try his best Skill
He can't Carry the jost to far*



Quickly *Sally a new Song* *for the German flute*

No Nymph that trips the verdant Plains with Sally can compare She wins the Hearts of
all the Swains & rivals all *to* fair She wins the Hearts of all the Swains & rivals all *to* fair
The beams of Sol delight & Clear white Summers Sawn on roll but Sallys Smiles can all the
Year give Pleasure to the Soul but Sallys Smiles can all the Year give Pleasure to the Soul.

When from the East the Morning Ray,
Shines the North Star,
Her Presence bids the god of Day,
With emulation glen,
Fresh Beauties deck the painted Ground
Birds sweet Notes prophay,
The playful Samplings skip around;
And hail the Sister Fair.

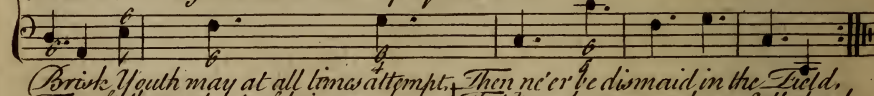
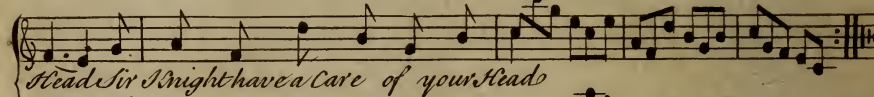
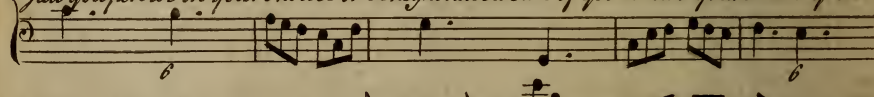
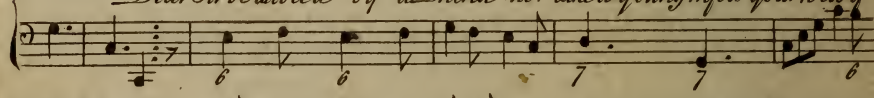
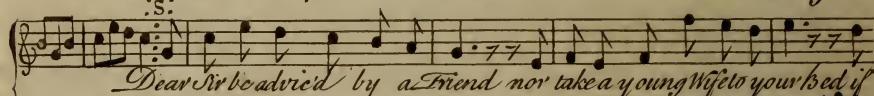
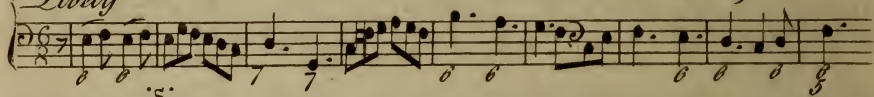
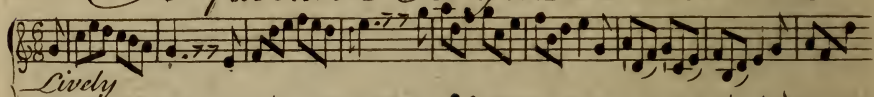
The Park but Strains his livid throat,
To bid the Mute receive,
And mimicks while he swells his Note;
The sweetness of her Voice,
The panning Echoes round her play,
While Flora shed Perfume,
And every Ropier seems to say;
A but for Sallys bloom.

The Amorous Youth; her Charms proclaim;
From Morn to Eve their Sale;
Her beauty and unsported Name
Make local every Vale
The stream meand rings thro the Grove,
Her cooed Name conveyes,
And every Voice and every Reed;
Is turned to Sallys praise.

No more shall blush some Sals & Swains,
To myrtle Wode resort,
Nor any May storm on the Plain;
Advance in rural Sport,
No more shall quish the purling kill,
Nor Myrick wake the grove,
Nor Rocks look down like on the Hill;
When I forget to Love.

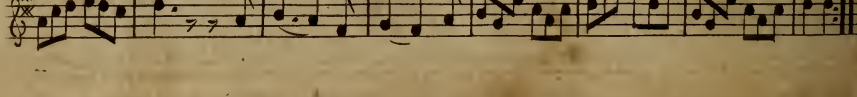
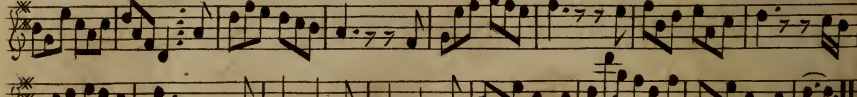
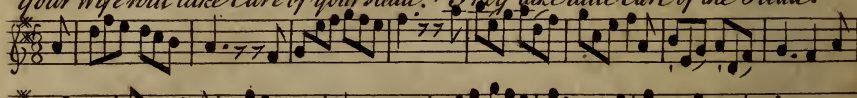


A favourite Song in Robin Hood



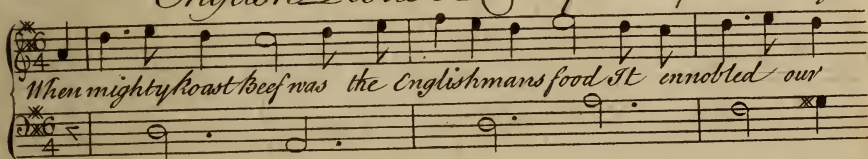
Brisk Youth may at all times attempt,
Tho' oft they repent of being wred,
Their Hearts, but to often do ache;
With you I will be pain in the Head,
A Knight should be arm'd cap a pee;
In battle to strike us with Dread,
Go seek for your Spear & your Shield,
Your Wife will take Care of your Head.

Then ne'er be dismay'd in the Field,
Tho' humbers around you fall dead,
And Bullets should fly thick as Lead;
There's nothing can damage y^e Head;
Few people such Treatment resent,
Who to the strict fashions are bred,
Provided their Pockets be full;
They take little Care of the Head.

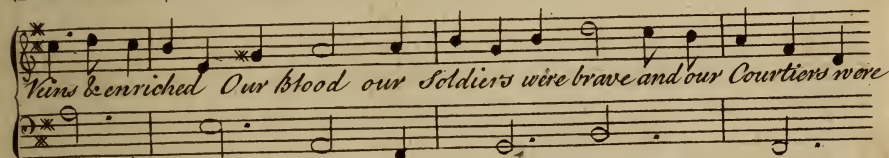




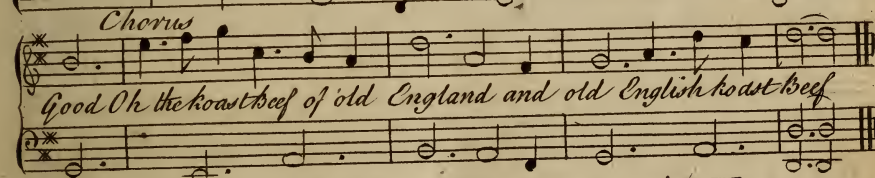
English Roast Beef Set by M^r Liveridge.



When mighty Roast Beef was the Englishmans food It ennobled our



Vins be enriched Our blood our Soldiers were brave and our Courtiers were



Good Oh the Roast Beef of old England and old English Roast Beef

But since we have learn'd from all conquering France
To eat their Ragouts, as well as to dance;
We are fed up with nothing but vain Complaisance, oh the

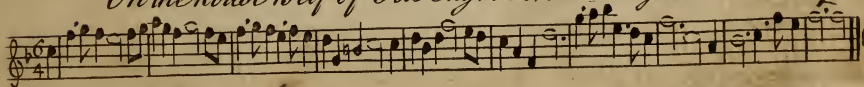
Our Fathers of Old where robust stout & strong,
And kept Open House with good Cheer all Day long,
Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in this Song. oh the

But now we are dwindled to what, shall I name,
A meaking poor Race half begotten & lame;
Who jolly those Honours that once shone in Fame. oh the

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the Throne;
Eer Coffee and Tea & such fluff stops where known;
The world was in terror if a're she did frown. oh the

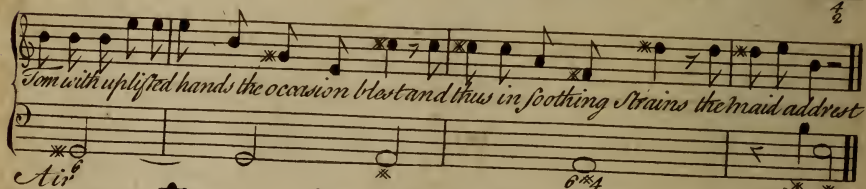
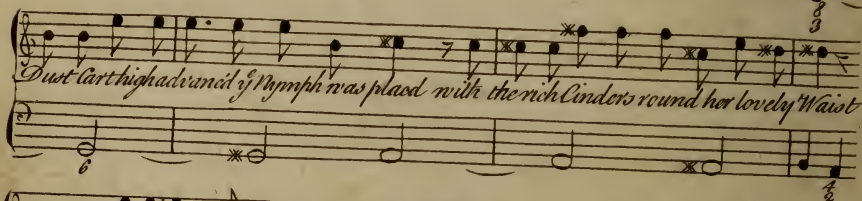
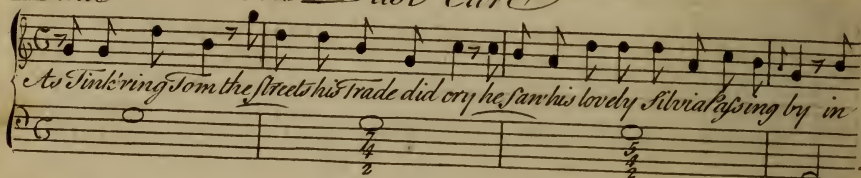
In those days if Fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never return'd Back again.
As Witnes the vaunting Arma da of Spain. oh the

Oh then they had Stomachs to eat and to Fight,
And when Wrongs were a cooking to do themselves right;
But now we're a - I could but good Night
Oh the Roast Beef of Old England, & old English Roast Beef.

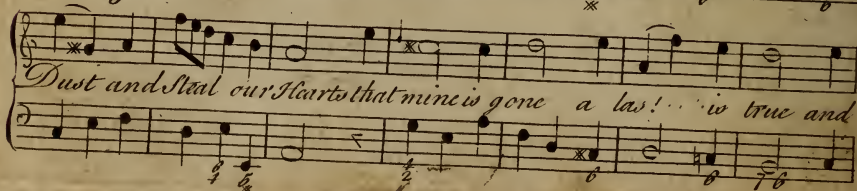
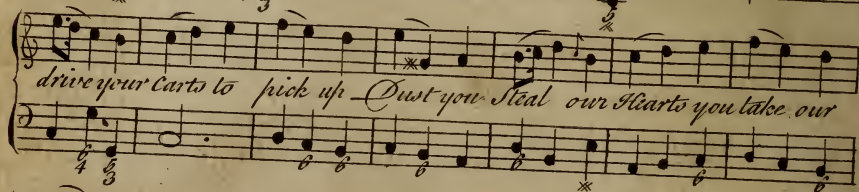
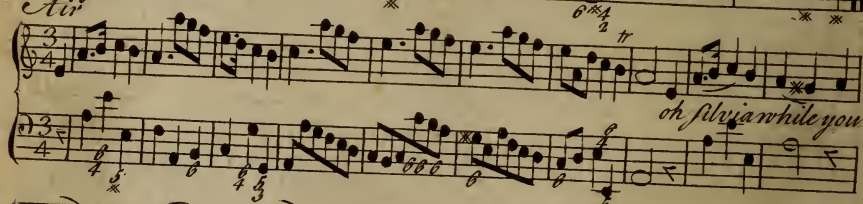


Recit^o

The Dust Cart

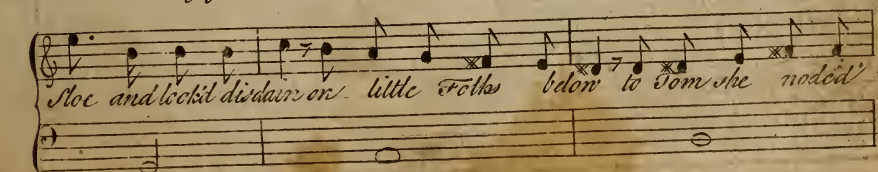
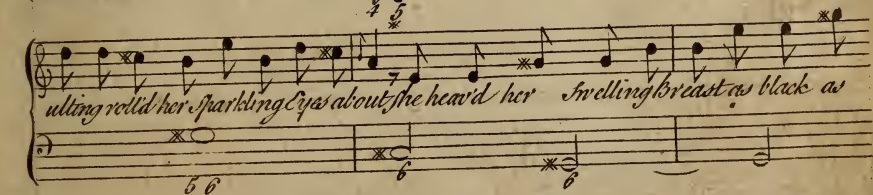
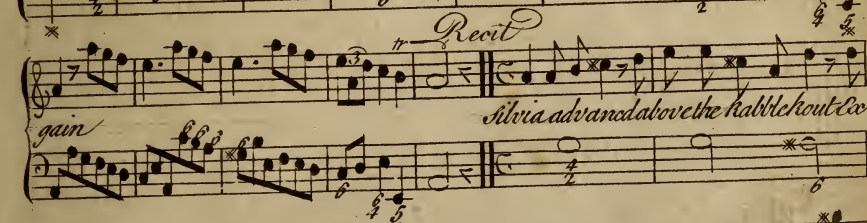
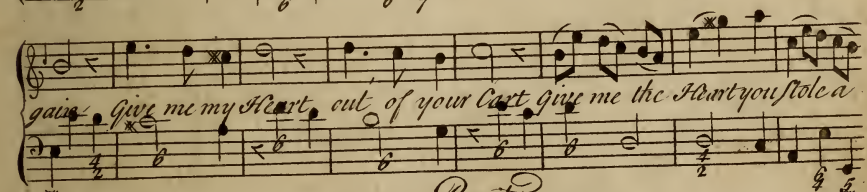
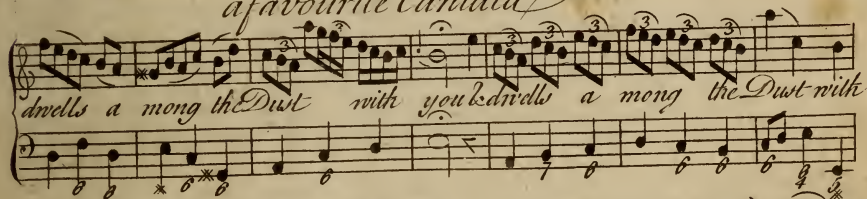


Air





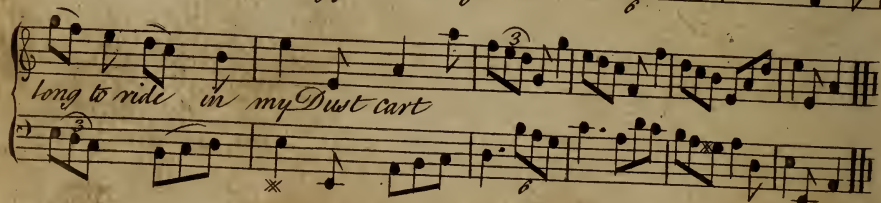
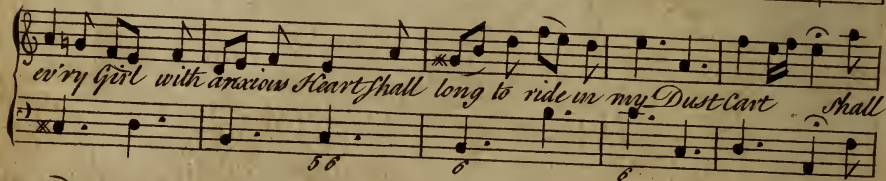
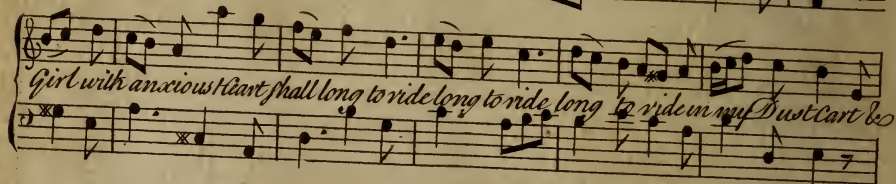
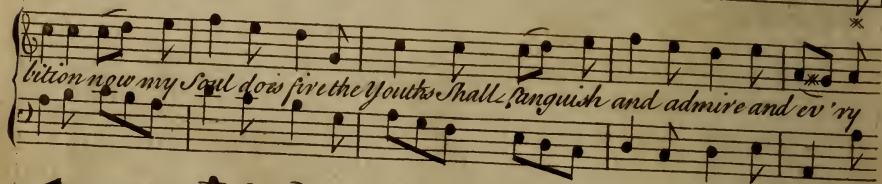
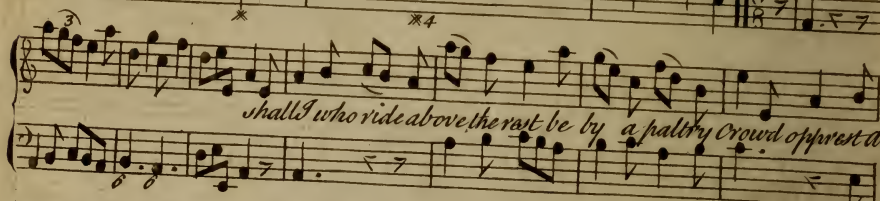
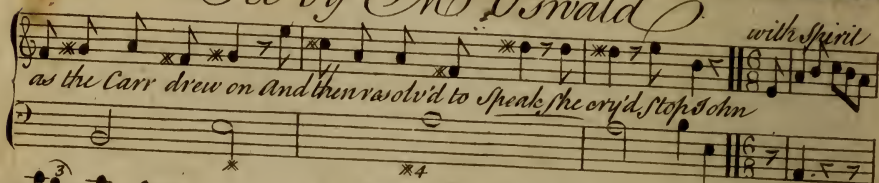
a favourite Cantata





Set by M^o Oswald

with Spirit





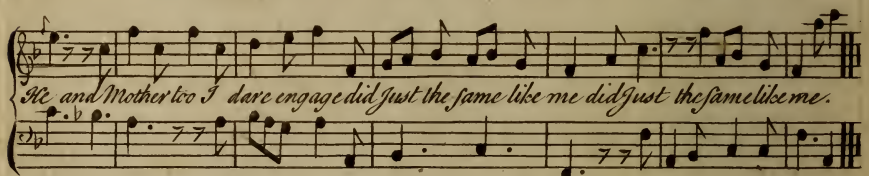
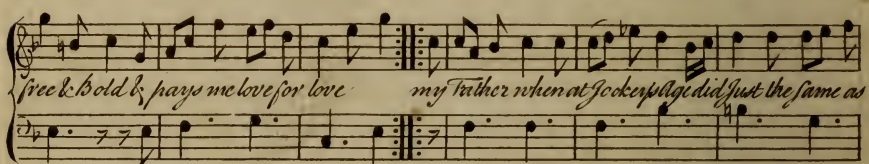
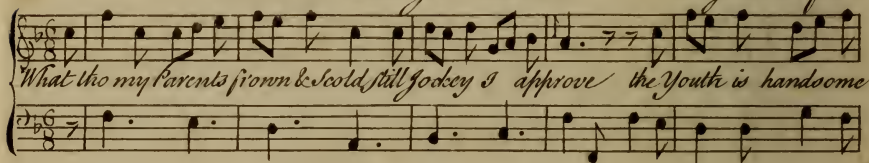
Gentle *Willy* *Sung by Miss Stevenson*

Long long I despair'd a young Shepherd to find not proud of his merit nor false as the Wind but at
last I have got a dear Lad to my mind Oh I never can part with my Willy
We hid to the Altar last Midsummer day I blush'd all the while & scarce
know what to say but I vow'd I remember to love: O bey, can I do any less by my Willy

His breath is as fragrant as fresh Morning air;
His Face than the Rose is more ruddy I swear
And his Kisses as sweet Ah beyond all compare,
There's not such a Lad as my Willy,
With him none pretends so wise or so pldy;
But what tender Soft things does the Shepherd not say,
With ease I am sure he might steal hearts a way,
— But I'll never distrust if dear Willy,
When I droop'd all in pain and I hung down my Head,
How kindly he watch'd me what tears has he shed;
He ne'er left me a moment till Sickness was fled,
Can I ever forget thee dear Willy,
Should Death from my sight tear the Shepherd so true
Let him take (if he chooses) then me a way too,
For why should I tarry or what could I do;
Should I lose such a Lad as my Willy.



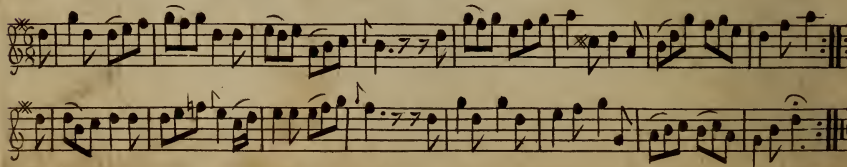
The Willing Maid Set by Mr Desjoch



When first the Swain his Suit address'd,
I flutter'd, and look'd pale;
He sigh'd & vow'd he kiss'd and press'd;
And told the fondest Tale,
Then out he pull'd his oaten Reed,
And play'd so sweet a strain;
That all he ask'd I gave indeed,
And wish'd he'd ask'd again.

How blest am I, when Jockeys by;
How happy in his view,
Tho other Nymphs cry push & fye,
Yet hang me up I do,
As to the Flocks the cooling Stream;
Or Flow'ret to the Bee,
As dear as I'm compar'd to him,
So dear the Youth to me.

Th' frayght with all his Sex's Art,
Should Jockey faithless prove,
Where'er shall my poor wandering heart;
Again bestow it's love,
But tis an Hundred unto Ten;
He'll ped me to Scour;
And when he asks me why what then,
I'll have him to be Sure.





Delia

Sung by M^{rs} Lowe

When first I saw my Delia's Face, adorn'd with ev'ry bloom & Grace that Love and
Youth could bring: Such Sweetness too in all her form, I thought her
one celestial born, and took her for the Spring.

Each Day a Charm was added more.	Admiring Crowds around her press,
Music and Language fill'd the Store;	But none the happy he could guess;
With all the force of Reason,	Unwish'd her Beauty's caught em,
And yet so frolic and so gay,	I wou'd my Passion in her Ear;
Deck'd with the opening sweets of May,	Of love she said she could not hear;
She look'd the Summer Season.	And yet seem'd ripe as Autumn.

The rose not gather'd in its prime,
Will fade and fall in little time,
So I began to hunt her;
Her Cheeks confess'd a Summer's glow,
But ah! her Breast of driven snow,
Conceals a Heart of Winter.

Ger Flute



Natures Holiday

Moderately The Sun in Virgin lustre shone May morning
 put it Beauties on the Warblers sung in sweeter strain & sweeter flowers deck'd by plain
 When Love a soft intruding Guest that long had dwelt in Damsels
 In breast now whisper'd to if Nymph away for this is Natures Holiday

The tender impulse wing'd his haste,
 The painted mead he instant past,
 And soon the happy lot he gain'd,
 Where Beauty slept & silence reign'd;
 Awake my fair the Shepherd cries,
 To newborn Pleasures open thine Eyes
 Arise my Silvia! hail the May,
 For this is Natures Holiday.

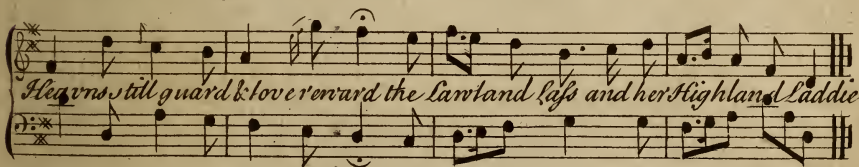
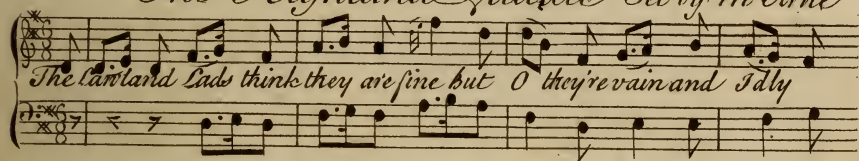
Forth came the Maid in Beauty bright
 As Phœbus in meridian light;
 Enthrall'd in rapture all confess'd,
 The Shepherd clasp'd her to his breast,
 Then gazing with a speaking Eye,
 He smil'd a Kiss & hear'd a sigh,
 A melting sigh that seem'd to say,
 Consider Youth is our Holiday.

Thy Soft, she said for pity's sake,
 What seest thou ere I'm well awake,
 For this so early came you here;
 And hail you thus of rising Year,
 Sweet Innocence Oh cease to chide,
 Well haste to joy if I swain reply'd,
 In pleasures flow'ry fields well stay
 And this shall be Loves Holiday.

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her cheek,
 She look'd by thine she durst not speak,
 Consent o'rw'd natures soft command,
 And Damsel seiz'd her trembling hand,
 His dancing heart in transport play'd;
 To Church he led y' blushing maid,
 Then bless'd the happy Morn of May,
 And now their Lives all Holiday.



The Highland Laddie Set by M^r Arne



If I were free at Will to chuse,
To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady,
I'd take young Donald without Treus
With Bonnet blue & belted Plaidy.
O my bonny be.

The bravest Beau in Borrows Town,
In a his Arts with the Arts made ready;
Compar'd to him he's but a Clown,
He's finer far in tartan Plaidie.
O my bonny be.

O'er bent, I'll with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin & Dady,
Frae Winters Cauld & Summers Jun,
He'll screen me with his Highland Plaidie
O my bonny be.

A painted Room and Silken Bed;
May please a Lawland Laird & Lady,
But can kiss and be as glad;
Behind a Bush in Highland Plaidy.
Oh my bonny be.

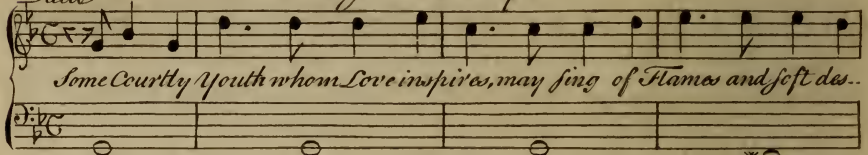
Few Compliments to betwixt us pass,
I ca him my dear Highland Laddie;
And he ca me his Lawland Lass,
Superior me in beneath his Plaidy.
Oh my bonny be.

Nae greater Joy I'll ever pretend,
Than that his Love prove true & steady,
Like mine to him which ne'er shall end,
While heav'n's mercy's my Highland Laddie,
O my bonny be.

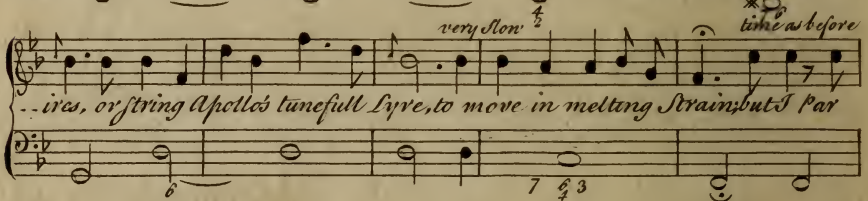


The Country Courtship

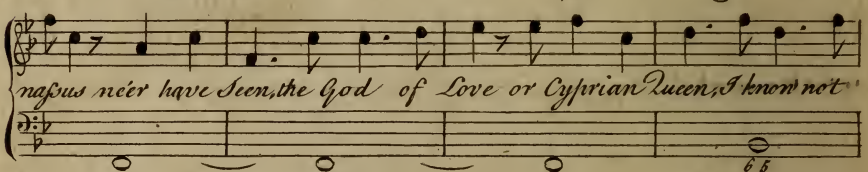
Recit



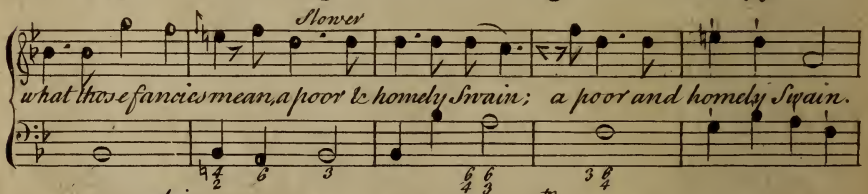
Some Courtly Youth whom Love inspires, may sing of Flames and soft des-



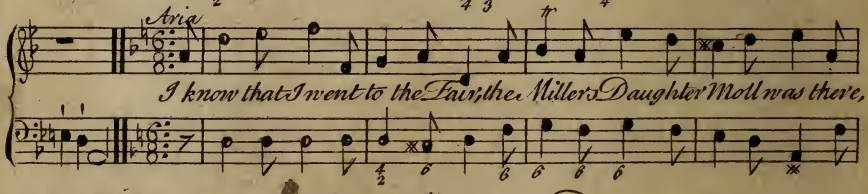
ires, or string Apollo's tuneful Lyre, to move in melting Strains; but I fear



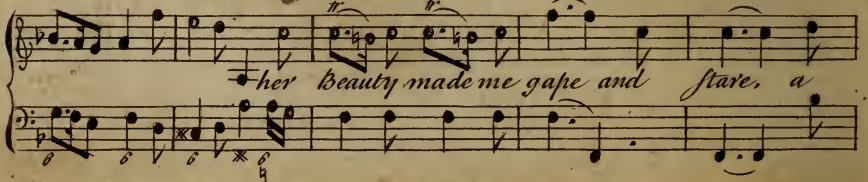
naps ne'er have seen, the God of Love or Cyprian Queen, I know not



what those fancies mean, a poor & homely Swain; a poor and homely Swain.



I know that I went to the Fair, the Miller's Daughter Moll was there,



her Beauty made me gape and stare, a



A Humourous Cantata

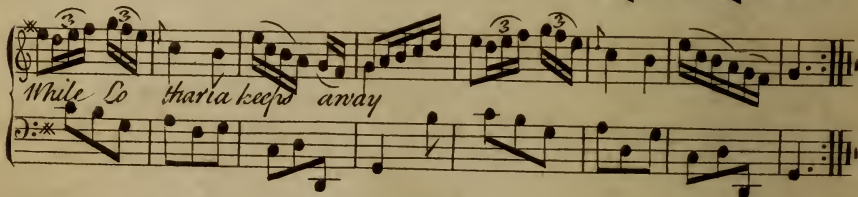
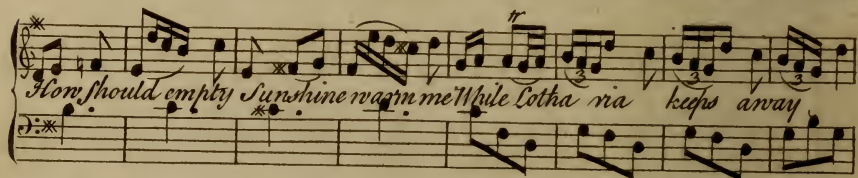
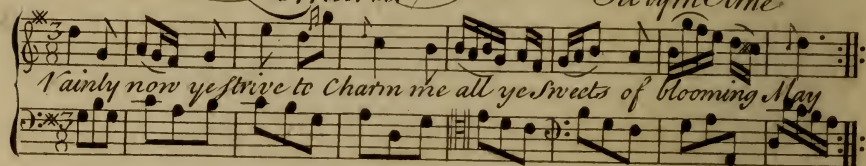
Woeful sight for John, a woeful sight for John.
 I fell in Love up---on the place, I told her
 my unhappy Case, yet still she turn'd away her Face, and bid me get me
 gone, get me gone, and bid me get me
 gone.

My Heart went bumping in my Breast,
 It broke a score of Ribs at least;
 The live long Day, I took no rest,
 S: Nor could the Eyes at Night S:
 I am so bad, at times that I,
 For ought I know, may come to die
 If she keeps on her Cruelty;
 I am in dolefull Flight.

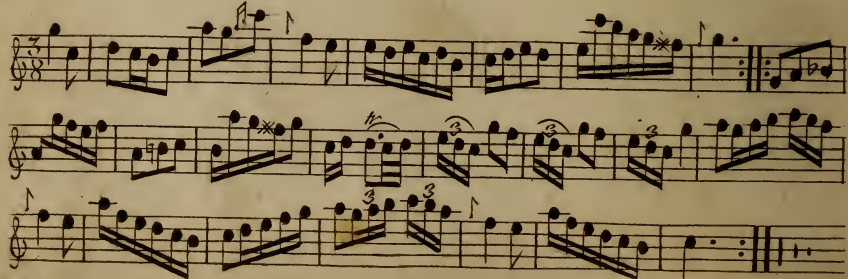


Lotharia

Set by M^r Arne



Go ye warbling Birds go leave me,
Shade ye Clouds the smiling Sky;
Sweeter Notes her Voice can give me,
Softer Sunshine fills her Eye.





A favourite Song

Set by M^r Arne

Nature fram'd thee sure for loving thus a... dorn'd with ev'ry
Grace Venus self thy Form as proving looks with pleasure
 with pleasure looks with pleasure on thy Face looks
 with Plea... sure on thy Face

Happy Nymph who shall ensold thee,
 Circled in her yielding Arms;
 Shoud bright Helen once behold thee,
 She'd surrender all her Charms.

Gentle Shepherd if my pleading,
 Can from thee thy Prize obtain.
 Love himself thy Conquest aiding,
 Thou that matchless Fair shall gain.



The Lovers Declaration Set by M^r Corfe

No more shall beauty crown the Spring nor Sweetness dwell in flowers Nor
 War...bling birds delight to sing Amidst the ro...sy bowers No seasons
 Shall the Year divide nor Violets paint the Grove the pur...ling
 No joys shall cease to gl...de when I when I forsake my Love

Cupid, shall all his shafts lay by,
 The Sun refuse his light,
 And Venus Doves forget to fly,
 And day be turn'd to Night,
 The fish, shall in the Ocean burn,
 And Earth contrary move;
 The fountains sweet, shall bitter turn,
 When I forsake my Love.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
 Nor you in Heaven dwell;
 Nor lovers more shall love for worth,
 Nor pains torment in hell:
 Life shall no more desir'd be,
 Nor death shall horrid prove;
 The world shall vanish instantly,
 When I forsake my Love.

G. F.



A Favourite Song

ye little

Loves that round her wait pray bring me Tidings of the

fair as Celia on her Pillow lies ah gently whisper

Stephon Dies if this will not her pity move

and the proud fair Disdains to Love Smile and Say

Tis all a Lye for haughty Stephon Scorns to Die



To Chloe

Set by M^r Ames

When fond you Damons Charms recite And in that
 Pleading Name delight and in that Pleading Name delight my Heart is kindled by jealous
 Heat with silent Strong Resentment beats from my pale Cheek & Colour flies from my pale
 Cheek & Colour flies & all the Man within me dies and all & Man within me dies

By turns my hidden Grief appears
 In rising Sighs, and falling Tears,
 That shew too well the warm Desires,
 The Silent Slow consuming Fires,
 Which on my inmost Vitals prey
 And melt my very Soul away.



A New Song *Sung by M^r Beard*

Give us Glasses my Wind give us Wine & well Quench & Remembrance of Pain and of Grief to the
Winds with our Care for nill never Despair while a Bottle can give us the lief while a
Bottle can give us the lief in our Revells and Joy well forget the proud Boy let the
Wine its Miracle work for as Hollow I find as the Bottles her Mind & her
Heart is as light as the Cork and her Heart is as light as the Cork

*Ariadne the Gay, in despair as they Say,
For the Bully that Left her behind;
Would have hang'd or have Drown'd.
But in Bacchus She found
A New Lover as Constant as kind;
These are falls my Dear, but the Moral is clear:
It was Wine that her peace did Restore,
When he Left the poor Lass,
Why she took to her Glasse
And she never Remembred him more.*



Love & Wine in Alliance

While Phillis is drinking Love & Wine in Alliance with

Forces united bid resistless Defiance Each

Touch of her Lips makes y Wine sparkle higher And her Eyes by her

drinking redouble their Fire and her Eyes by her drinking redouble their

Fire Her Cheeks grow the



Set to Musick by M^r Arne

brighter recruiting their Colour As Flowers with the sprinkling revive with fresh
 O dour his Dart dippt in Wine Love
 wounds beyond curing and the Liquor like Oyl makes it
 Flame more enduring the Liquor like Oyl makes the Flame more en-
 -during.

*By Cordials of Wine Love is kept from expiring,
 And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love & Desiring;
 Relieving each other the Pleasure is lasting,
 And we never are cloy'd yet are ever a tasting,
 Then Phillis begin, let our kaptars abound,
 And a Kiss and a Glass be still going round;
 Our Joys are immortal while thus we remove,
 From Love to the Bottle from y^e Bottle to Love.*



A two-Part Song

The Sol-ly Bowl does glad my Soul the flow ing

The Sol-ly Bowl does glad my Soul the flow ing

Liquor cheers my Heart I re vel free from all Con

Liquor cheers my Heart I re vel free from all Con

troul tis this that does improve all Art

troul tis this that does improve all Art

The Mixer may be pleas'd with Gold
 The sporting Beau with pretty Laps
 But I'm best pleas'd when I behold
 The Nectar Sparkling in the Glass

The Mixer may be pleas'd with Gold

The sporting Beau with pretty Laps

But I'm best pleas'd when I behold

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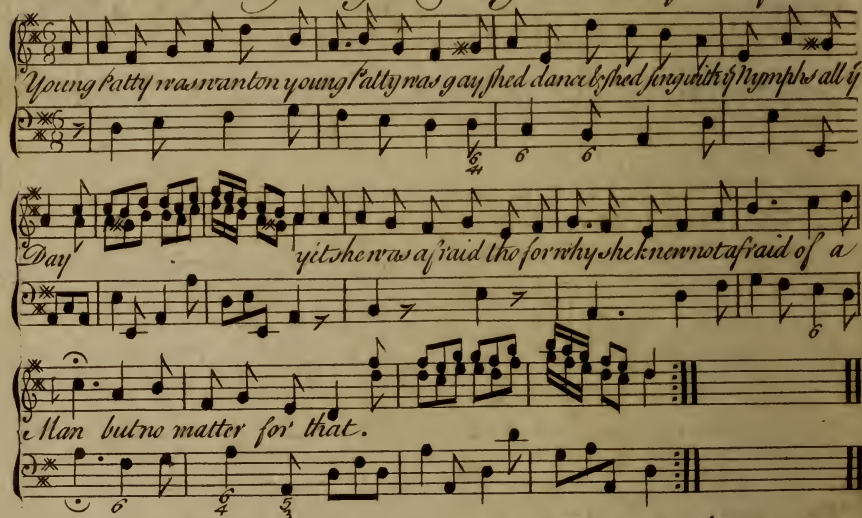
Nature beyond Art Set by Mr Arne

Still to be neat Still to be drest as you were going to a Feast
 Still to be Powder'd Still perfum'd Ah Lady 'Tis to
 be preserv'd tho Arts hid Causes are not known by Nature all is not your
 own by Nature all is not your own.

Give me a Look Give me a Face
 That makes Simplicity a Grace
 Robes lovely flowing, Hair as free,
 Such sweet neglect more takes with me
 Than all the glaring Modes of Art,
 That strike my Eyes, but not my Heart.



Young Patty Set by Mr Desouches



Brisk Collin who long had y^e Maid in his Eye
 And saw how determin'd she was to be Shy
 Approach'd her resolv'd her sweet lips to be at
 But from him she flew—tho' no matter for that
 With all the wing'd speed that a Lover could make
 The Shepherd pursu'd her his heart was at stake
 He caught her & sigh'd thou'rt an Angel dear Patt
 The Nymph stopt him short—with no matter for that
 He press'd her soft hand while he kneeld at her feet
 He spokt such kind things in a manner so sweet
 That Patty consented to sit down and chat
 No longer a'raid but no matter for that
 Let fancy paint next what I must not declare
 But take with my Song these instructions y^e fair
 Fear guards you from all that y^e men would be at
 Till wedded fear man—then no matter for that



Gentry *Celia* *Set by Mr. Arne*

For

Yes I'm in love & feel it now and Celia has undone me and Celia has un-

done me & yet I'll swear I can't tell how if pleasing plague stole on me & yet I'll swear I

can't tell how the pleasing plague stole on me the pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her Face that love creates
For there no Graces revel.
'Tis not her Shape, for there if Fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her Air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common.
And all her Sense is only Chat,
Like any other Woman.

Her Voice, her Touch, might give the Alarm.
'Tis both perhaps, or neither:
In short 'tis that provoking Charm,
Of Celia all together.

Ger. Flute.



No Favourite Song

Bristle

Gazing on my Idol Treasure

All my soul is lost in joy she affords Eternal Pleasure & can Never Never

Joy Gazing on my Idol Treasure all my soul is lost in joy in joy...

she affords Eternal

Pleasure & can never never Joy Every Motion Every Feature shines so some

astial Grace Never sure was Human Creature blot with such an Angels Face



The Lass of the Brook

Slowly *On a brook's grassy*

brink in y^e Willows wet Shade the Primroses pressing reclind a fair Maid she

poind o'er y^e stream that impo^s Tilly along well thaird saw her self and thus tuid her soft

Song well plase saw her self and thus tuid her soft song

Tho the Squire's fine Sweet heart shoud look in y^e stream
 If the Chrystal tels truly more comely I seem
 Whats y^e Daisy the Peach or the Strawberry Dye
 With white & red blooming more Comely am I
 As oft thro the Church Yard on Sunday I tread
 While gaping Louts grinning o'er Tombstones are spread
 With Raptures they praise me I keep on my way
 And down looking seem not to hear what they say
 Each kneeling I main loudly protests I am fair
 Yet none can delight me till Strephon I hear
 Speed your Search ye Thrill Songsters tell Strephon ye see
 Then tell him he's Stay'd for he's Stay'd for by me



Gently *The Judgment of Paris*

fort. *Distracted I turn but I*

Cannot I cannot decide so equal a title Sure

ne... ver was try'd so equal a title sure ne... ver was

try'd sure ne... ver was try'd U-nited your Beauties so

daz zle my Sight that lost in a maze I gid... di ly



Set to Musick by M^r Arne

Gaze confus'd and o'erwhelm'd with a torrent of Light con-
fus'd and o'erwhelm'd with a torrent of Light with a tor...rent of
Light A part let me View then each
Heaven by Fair for three at a time there's no Mortal can
bear... for three at a
time there's no Mortal can bear there's no Mortal can bear



Tenderly *The Address*

Tell me my lovely charming fair why thus you slight my constant Flame

why thus you slight my constant Flame

tell me why thus I must despair & ease oh ease your

anxious Swain tell me why thus I must despair and ease oh ease your

anxious Swain

*Lost in a Maze of sweet delight Why then my Celia this disdain
 I wander o'er thy Beautous charms To one who loves beyond compare
 Yet still thy Beautous mind more bright You rather Pity to the Swain
 Inspires my Soul with fresh alarms Should give than add to his despair
 Try to be kind and in return
 Reward with Love your faithfull Swain
 And in a mutual passion burn
 That so we ever blest remain*



A two part Song

He Comes he Comes the Hero comes Sound Sound your Trumpets beat beat

He Comes the Hero comes Sound Sound your Trumpets beat beat

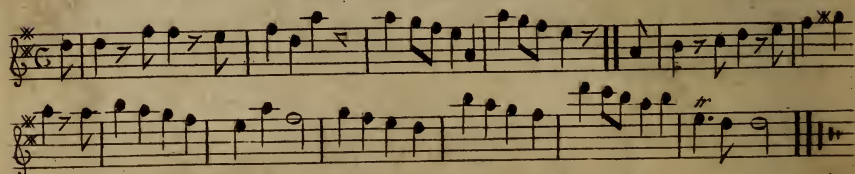
Your Drums from Port to Port let Cannons roar he's Welcome to the

Your Drums from Port to Port let Cannons roar he's Welcome to the

British Shore Welcome Welcome Welcome Welcome to the British Shore

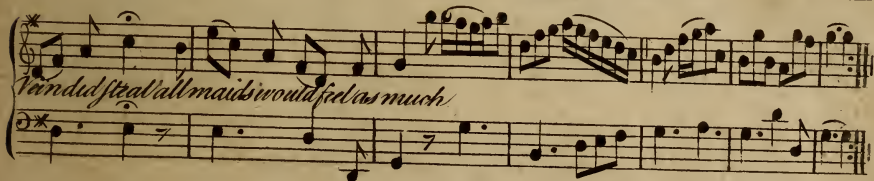
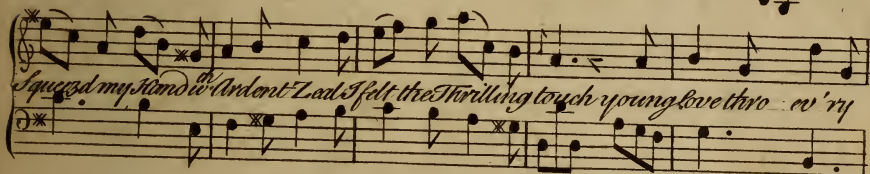
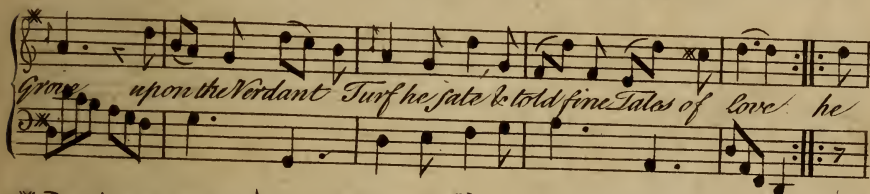
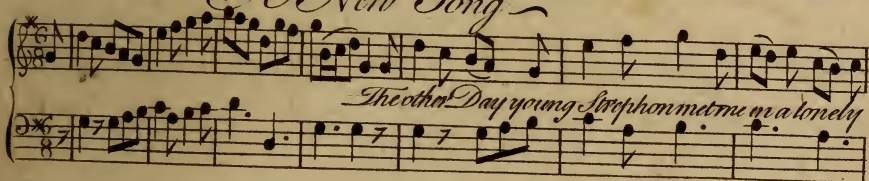
British Shore Welcome Welcome Welcome to the British Shore

Prepare prepare your Songs prepare.
 Loud loudly rend the Echoing Air.
 From Pole to Pole your Joys resound.
 For Virtue is with Glory crown'd.
 Virtue Virtue Virtue Virtue.
 Virtue is with Glory crown'd.





A New Song



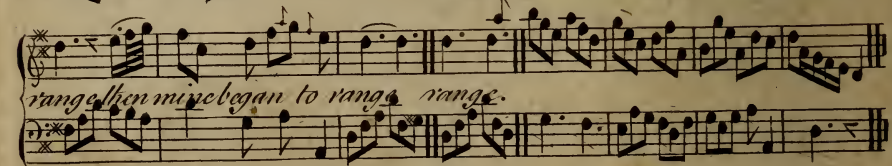
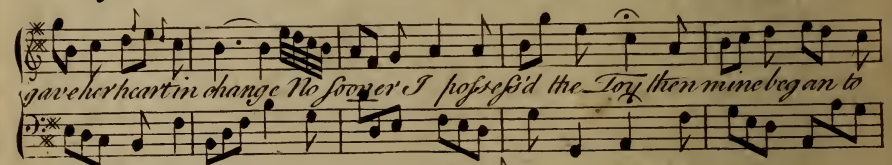
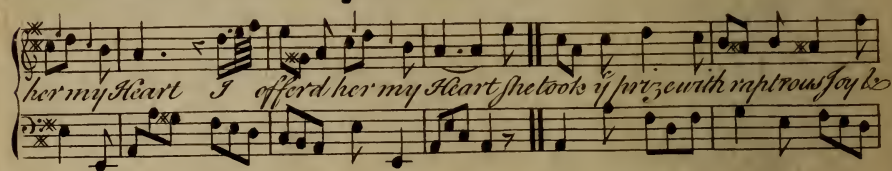
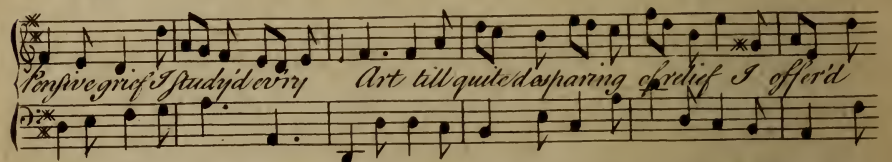
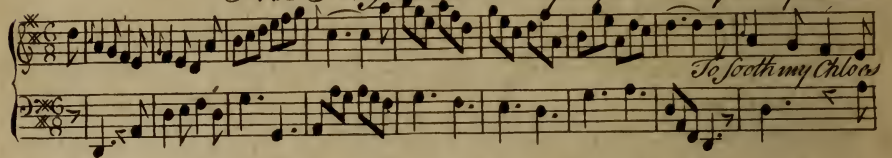
Of ev'ry Flower then he stole
A pleasing wreath to bring
Compos'd of all that May unfolds
The gayest Charms of Spring
Compar'd the Snowy drop to my skin
The roses to my blush
If this is flattery, pure tis kind
All maids would wish as much

From all he Cull'd a branch of bays
Then on my breast he claid
He gave my Emblem of that praise
Which beam'd from my mind
For I trow there he cry'd in haste
For maids can bear of such
Then he'd my cheeks & kiss'd his fate
What maid wou'd wish as much

Yes Shepherd tis too much I vow
I durst not yet consent
Cry, he what can prevent us now
And wonder'd what I meant
So sweet his suit so gay his air
I yielded to his touch
Nor could I longer cry forgar
What maid wou'd do as much



The Slighted Nymph Set by M^r Granom



*No more does Chloes beauteous face
 Please her false Stephons Eye;
 Belinda fraught with ev'ry Grace,
 Does Chloes Charms supply.
 The slighted Nymph thus soon perceiv'd
 With looks of cold disdain,
 Too soon she found herself deceiv'd,
 Too late to ease her pain.*



Gay Polly set by M^r DePasch

To make me

Feel a Virgin's Charms whose prices had deni'd, gay Pol came tampling to my arms if man did

have deni'd *I kept her lips and Straitway*

found such Sweetings there in Store that tho I had receiv'd one wound I wish'd for twenty

More that tho I had receiv'd one wou'd I wish'd for twenty more

*My new born flame now Stranger grown,
 I thought to cool my Rages
 But oh! the fair Avenger flew,
 Nor wou'd my pain assuage
 Then boast not man, thou fluttering fool,
 Boast not of thy own will
 For know when Woman thinks to rule,
 Her Charms have Power to kill.*



Moderately — *Russells Triumph or*
Thursday in the Morn the Nineteenth of May recorded for ever the
famous Ninety two brave Russel did discern by break of Day the
Lefty Sails of France advancing too all Hands aloft they cry let
English Courage shine let fly a Culverine the Signal of the Line let
evry Man supply his Gun follow me you shall see that y^e Battle it will
Soon be won follow me you shall see that the Battle it will soon be won



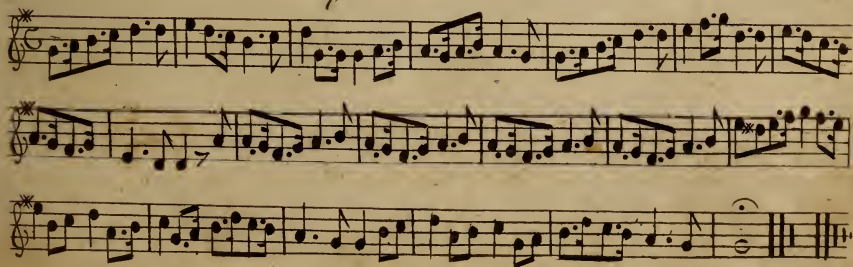
the Memorable Ninety two

*Tourville on the main triumphant vould,
To meet the gallant Ruffel in combat o'er the deep;
He led his noble troops of heroes bold,
To sink the English Admiral and his Fleet.
Now every gallant mind to victory does assure,
The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire,
And mighty fate stood looking on,
Whilst the flood, all with blood,
Till the supporters of the rising sun.*

*Sulphur smoke and fire disturbing the air,
With thunder & wonder affright the Gallic Shore,
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see their lost try strainers now no more.
At six o'clock the red the smiling victors led
To give the second blow the total overthrow,
Now death and horror equal reigns;
Now they cry, Run or die,
Brittish colours ride the vanquish'd main.*

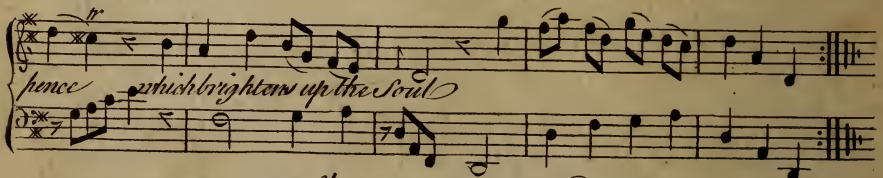
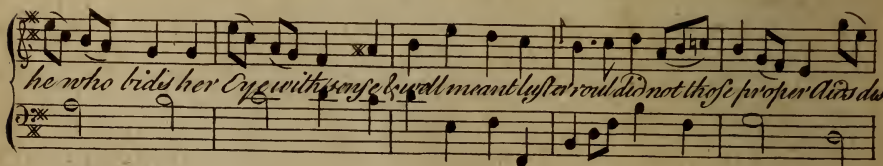
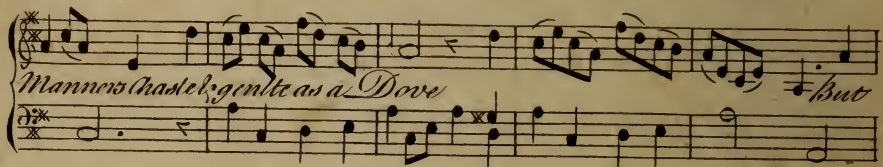
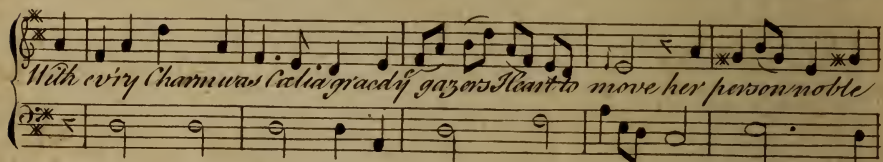
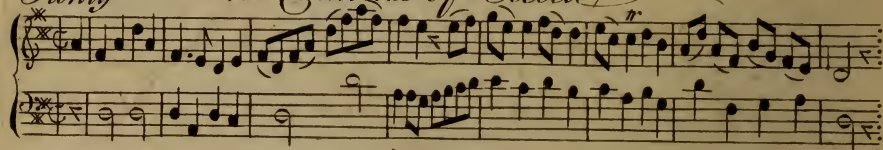
*See they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and sands;
One danger they grasp to shun a greater fate;
In vain they cry'd for aid, to weeping hands,
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.
For ever more adieu, thou ever dazzling sun,
From thy untimely end thy Master's fate begun.
Enough thou mighty god of war,
Now we sing, blest the king,
Let us drink to every English tar.*

For the German Flute





Slowly *The Charms of Cælia*

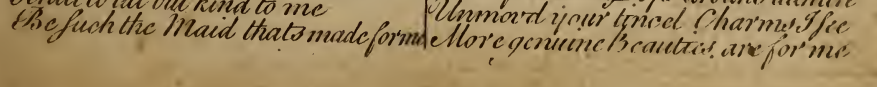
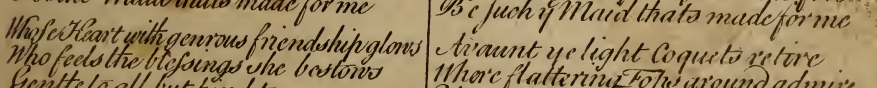
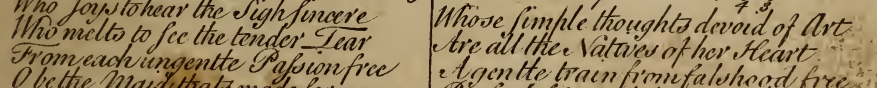
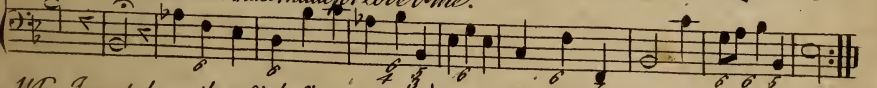
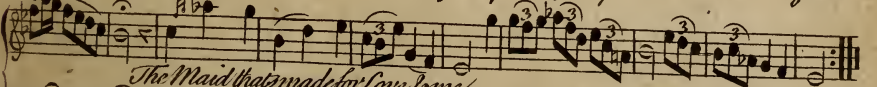
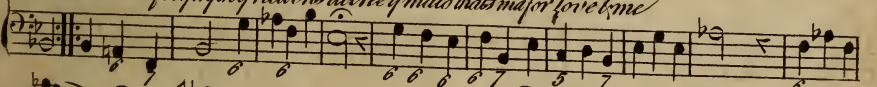
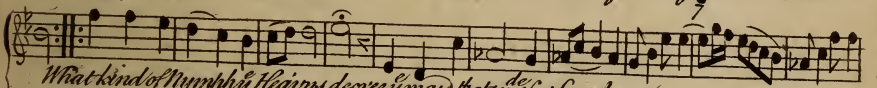
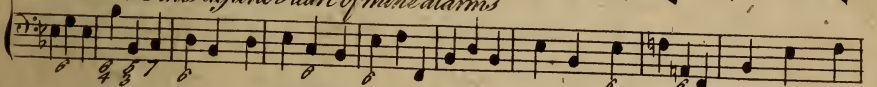
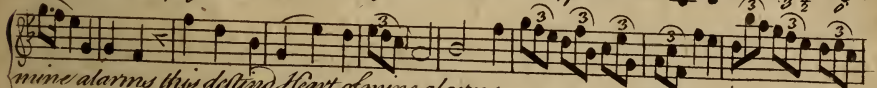
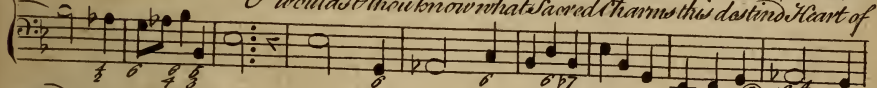
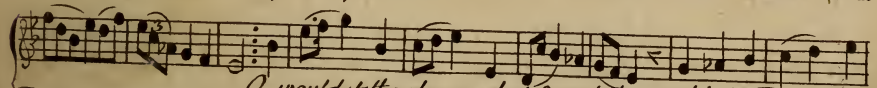
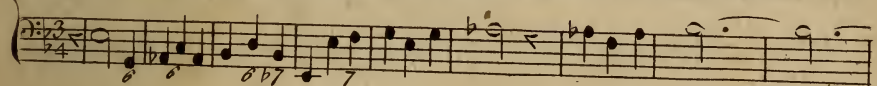
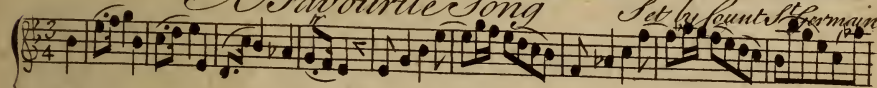


*In vain she dayly went to Mass,
Religion, so Confind
Tho Church-secure about the case
Had neer Inform'd her mind:
Cælia in all her Charms array'd,
And Riches wedd a Boor
And is, (in Spile of Marriage made
By Incest worse then Whore.*



A Favourite Song

Set by Louis J. Germain



Who joys to hear the sigh sincere
Who melts to see the tender Tear
From each angent's Passion free
O be the Maid that's made for me

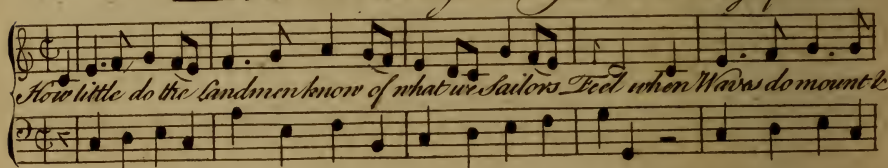
Whose Heart with generous friendship glows
Who feels the blessings she bestows
Gentle to all but kind to me
Be such the Maid that's made for me

Whose simple thoughts devoid of Art
Are all the Natives of her Heart
A gentle train from falsehood free
Be such a Maid that's made for me

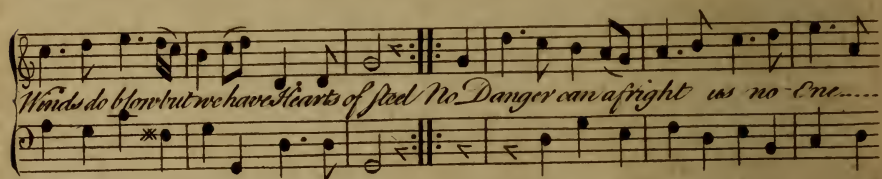
Avaunt ye light Coquets retire
Whose flattering Tosses round admire
Unmoved your cynical Charms I see
More genuine Beauties are for me



The Words by Mr Garrick Sung by Mr Beard



How little do the Landmen know of what we Sailors Feel when Waves do mount &



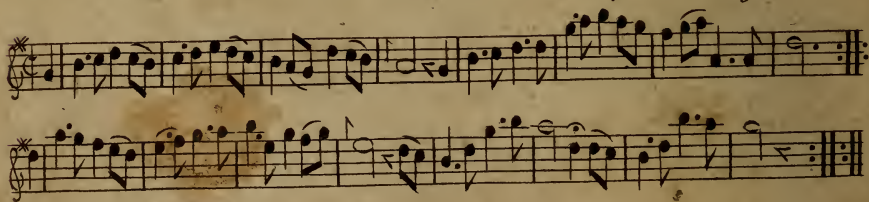
Winds do blow but we have Hearts of steel No Danger can afright us no One....



my shall Flout wile making Mounfieurs right as So tops the Can a bout

*Nick stout to Orders Mess mates,
We'll plunder Burn and sink;
Then France have at your first skates
For Britons never shrink
We'll rummage all we fanoy,
We'll bring them in by scores:
And Moll, & Kate, and Nancy,
Shall roll in Louis D'ors.*

*While here at Deal we're lying,
With our noble Commodore;
We'll spend our Wages freely Boys,
And then to Sea for more.
In Peace we'll drink & sing Boys,
In War we'll never fly.
Here's health unto our King Boys,
And the Royal Family.*





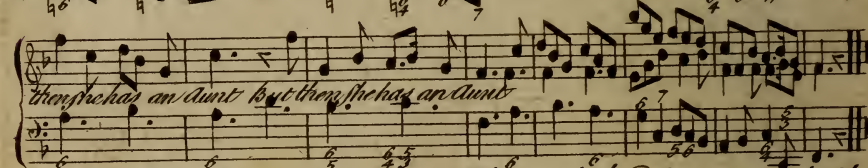
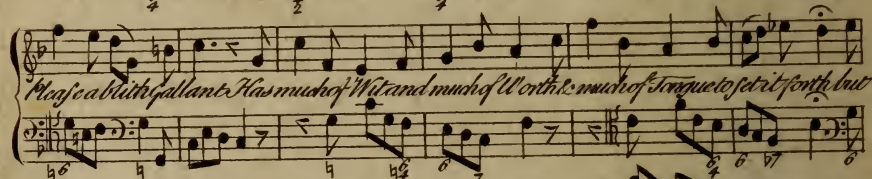
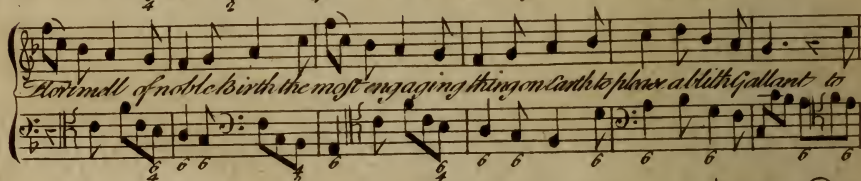
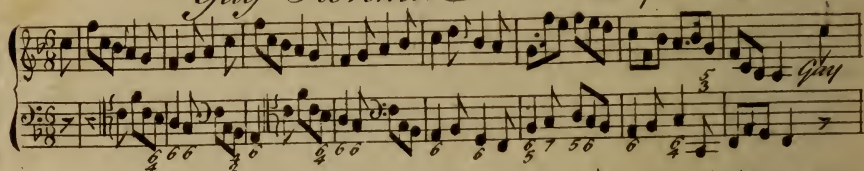
The Swains Resolutions Set by Mr. Dunn

Tho
formid by the tend'ring care of young Love a wonderfull Cluster of Charms you appear, so
fi'nd no May morning so gentle no Dove the Rose not so blooming the Lilly so fair
yet nothing should make me submit to your Chain for free I was born and as
free will remain for free I was born & as free remain

*Tho Diamonds were sullied when match'd with y^e Eyes,
 Tho' Esmine and Snow were disgrac'd by your skin,
 Your Soul too was lovely enchanting & mine,
 All Rustre without & all Sweetness within. Yet nothing be.
 Tho' black as y^e Jet with a beautifull Turne,
 Your delicate Tresses all wantonly flow'd;
 Your Shape was Perfection your Air was divine,
 Your spoke like an Angel & mov'd like a God. yet nothing be.*

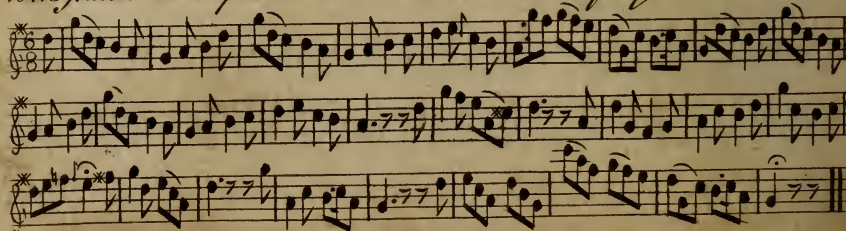


Gay Florimell Set by M^r Arne



Slow oft, alas in vain I've try'd
To tempt her from her Guardian's side
And trasp her on Lov's Hook,
She's like a little wanton Lamb,
That pricks about the careful Dam
But spurns the Shepherd's Crook.

Like curried Dives am I placid
To see the joys I neer must taste,
Of all my hopes bereaver,
Her Aunt's of dreadful guilt be smit
By all the powers of Malice fact
To cheat me of my Heaven.





The Honey Moon

Moderate

As May in all her youthful Drags so gay my Love did once appear A Spring of
 Charms adorn'd her face the rose and lilly flourish'd there Thus while th' Enjoyment was but
 young each Night new Pleasures did Create Ambrosial Words dropt from her Tongue &
 am'rous Cupid's roind did wait

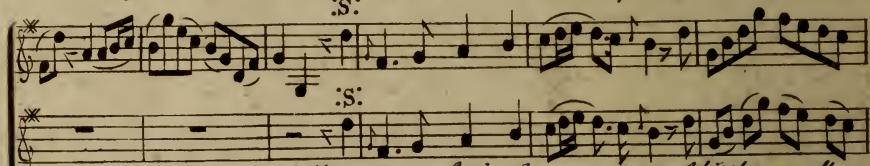
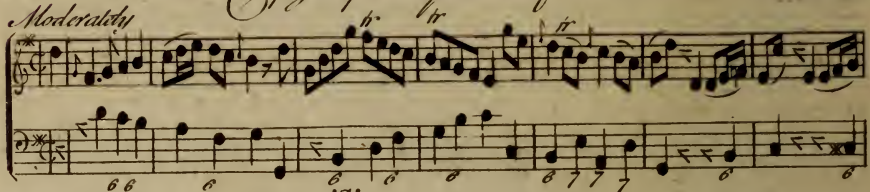
But as y^e Sun to West declines To Love while in her blooming hour:
 The Eastern Sky does colder grow My Ch'lor was all kind and gay:
 And all its radiant looks resigns But when Possession night th' flower
 To y^e pale Moon that rules below: Her Charms like Autumn dropt away



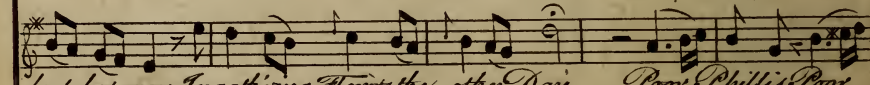
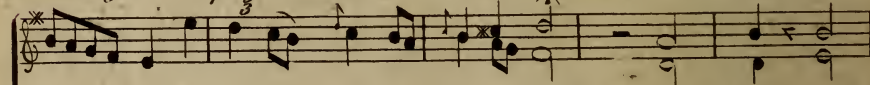
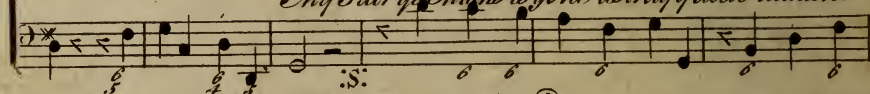
O Favourite Song

in Compass of the German flute

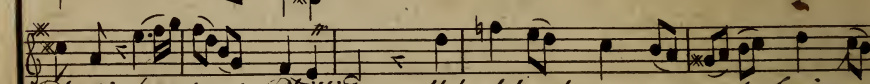
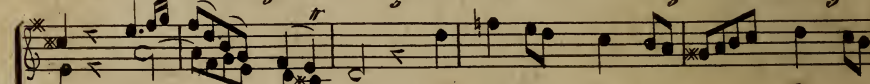
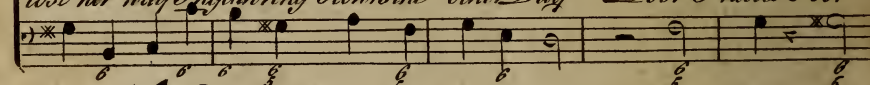
Moderately



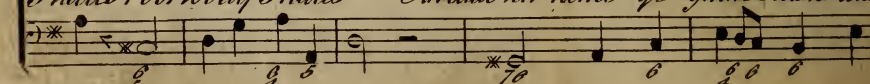
My Fair ye Swains is gone astray & little wanderer



lost her way togethering Home the other Day Poor Phillis Poor



Phillis Poor lovely Phillis Ah lead her home ye gentle Swains who





Phillis

Set by M^r Corne

know an' absent Lovers Pains and bring me safely o'er the plains
my Phillis my Phillis my lovely Phillis.

Conceive what Tortures rack my mind,
And if you'll be so just and kind,
I'll give you certain marks to find
My Phillis.

When e'er a Charming form you see
Serenely Grave sedately Free,
And mildly gay it must be she,
Is Phillis.

Not boldly bare, or half undress'd,
But under cover'd lightly frass'd,
In secret Plays the little Breast
Of Phillis.

When such a heav'nly Voice you hear,
As makes you think a Dryad near,
She seize her & bring home my Dear,
Is Phillis.

The Nymph whose Person void of art,
Has ev'ry Grace in ev'ry part,
With murthering Eyes yet harmleſs heart,
Is Phillis.

Whose Teeth are like an Ivory Row,
Whose Skin is like of Charcoal snow,
Whose Face like nothing that I know,
Is Phillis.

But rest my Soul & bless your fate,
The Gods who form'd a pair so neat,
So just exact and so compleat,
Is Phillis.

Proud of their Skill in such a Flow'r
Which so exemplifies their Pow'r,
Will Guard in ev'ry dangerous Hour
My Phillis.



Moderato *Why so Pale* *Set by Mr Arne*

Why so pale and wan fond lover with thee prithee why so pale if thy looking well can't

move her will thy looking ill prevail will thy looking ill prevail prithee prithee why so

Pale *why so pale and wan fond lover prithee prithee why so*

Pale why prithee why so pale if thy looking well can't move her will thy looking ill pre

vail prithee prithee why so pale

<i>Why so dull & mute young sinner</i>	<i>Quit for Shame this will not gain her</i>
<i>Why so dull & mute lover</i>	<i>This will never, never do</i>
<i>If thy speaking well can't win her</i>	<i>If thy whining can't attain her</i>
<i>Will thy saying nothing do't</i>	<i>Then no more no more pursue</i>
<i>Why so dull so dull & mute</i>	<i>Fly from her as she flies you</i>



Pitty Patty *Set by Mr Arne*

Slowly *The Moorcock first*

Peggy arose from her bed & stole to the Chamber where lay's great maid and opening the Curtains said

My fill'd my life long I want pitty a lancher want pitty Patty

*But finding she Slept, O how great was my bliss,
 When on her sweet Lips, I imprinted a Kiss,
 The Sight of her Bosom so fill'd me with Glee,
 My Heart play'd a tune that went Pitty Patty.*

*Grown bold with success, I ventur'd to take,
 A Second Salute and sweet Peggy did wake,
 Surpriz'd at my kiss she blush'd & cry'd say,
 Tho' her Heart play'd a tune that went Pitty Patty.*



Moderately brisk *Plain Truth*

The Man who seeks to win the fair so Custom says must

Truth forbear *Must fawn & flatter orange and lye and raise the Goddys*

to the Sky.

For Truth is hateful to her Ear,
 A Rudeness which she cannot bear,
 A Rudeness yes I speak my Thoughts,
 For Truth upbraids her with her faults.
 How wretched, Chloe then am I,
 Who love you & yet cannot lie;
 And still to make you less my Friend,
 I strive your Errors to amend.

*Tenderly**Oh Lovely Maid Set by Mr. Arne.*

Oh lovely Maid how

Dear's thy power at once I love at once adore with wonder are my

thoughts possess while softest love inspires my breast while softest love in

spires my breast

*Yes charming Victor I am thine
 Poor as it is this heart of mine
 Was never in another's power
 Was never pierc'd by Love before
 Was never &c.*

*Oh should I ne'er possess thy charms
 Ne'er meet my Comfort in thy arms
 Where hopes of dear Enjoyment grow
 Still would I love, love thee alone
 Still would I be.*

*In thee I've treasur'd up my Joy,
 Thou canst give bliss or it destroy,
 And thus I've bound myself to Love,
 While bliss or misery can move,
 While bliss &c.*

*But like some discontent'd shade
 That wanders where its body's laid
 Mournful I'd roam with hallow glare
 For ever wrild from the fair
 For ever &c.*



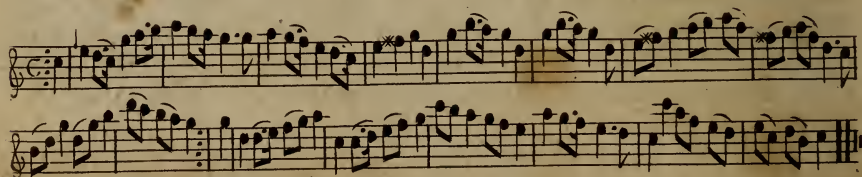
Anacreon's Dream Set by D'Green

brisk

As I on purple Tapestry lay and slept the tedious Night away well
warm'd within with sparkling Wine I seem'd with Virgins brisk as May to
Dance and sing and wanton Play well warm'd within with sparkling Wine I
seem'd with Virgins brisk as May to Dance & sing and wanton Play

The Shepherds all together flew,
And envious glanc'd & look'd askew,
And cry'd Snares upon the Plain!
Both envied and reproach'd me too
That I with Virgins had to do.

An am'rous kiss I wou'd have ta'en,
But waking found my hopes were vain,
Then curs'd the day, whose glaring day,
Berav'd me of so sweet a pain,
Then strove to sleep & dream again.





Cross Purposes Sung by Mr Beard

Tom loves Mary & King will but
 Mary she loves Harry whilst Harry sighs for bonny Bell and finds his love mis-
 carry for bonny Bell for Thomas burns the Mary slight's his passion so
 Strangely freaky & care if turns of human Indination

As much as Mary Thomas grieves,	Moll gave Hall a wreath of flowers.
Proud Hall despises Mary.	Which he in amorous folly,
And all y ^e flowers that Bell receives	Consigned to Bell & in few hours,
From Tom she vents on Harry.	It came again to Molly.
Thus all by turns are woo'd & woo	If one of all y ^e four has frown'd,
Nor twines can be truer.	You neer saw people grimmer;
Each loves y ^e Objects they pursue,	If one has smil'd it catches round,
But hates the kind pursuer.	And all are in good humour.

Then lovers hence this lesson learn,
 Throughout the British Nation,
 How much tis ev'ry one's concern,
 To make a reformation,
 And still thro' life this rule pursue,
 Whatever Objects strike ye
 Be kind to them that fancy you,
 That those you love may like ye.



Ariel's Song in the Tempest

Birds Song in the Temple

Moderately *pia* *for* *pia*

for *:S:* *pia*

Where the Bee sucks there lurk I In a

:S:

owls lips bed I lye there I cough when Owls do cry when Owls do cry when Owls do

cry *On the knots back do I fly* *after*



Set to Musick by Mr. Arne

Sun sets Merrily Merrily after Sun set Merrily

Merrily Merrily shall I live now under the blossom of

hang on the bough Merrily Merrily shall I live now under the blossom of hang on the bough

under the blossom of hang on the bough

The musical score consists of ten staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The fifth staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The sixth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The seventh staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The eighth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The ninth staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tenth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time and features a variety of note values, including eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests and accidentals. The lyrics are written in a cursive script below the staves.



A Favourite Song — Set by W. Oswald

Moderate

From the Man whom I love tho' my

Heart I disguise I will freely describe the Wretch's despise and if he has sense but to

ballance a straw he will sure take the Hint from the Picture I draw and if he has sense but to

ballance a straw he will sure take the Hint from the Picture I draw

*A Wit without Sense, without fancy a Beau,
 Like a Parrot he chatters, and struts like a Crow.
 A Peacock in Pride, in Grimace a Balloon,
 In Courage a Hind, in Coxcomb a Gascon.
 As a Vulture rapacious, in Latshood a Fox,
 Inconstant as Waves, and unfeeling as Rocks,
 As a Tiger ferocious, perverse as a Hog,
 In Mischief an Ape, and in flattery a Dog.
 In a Word, to sum up all his Talents together:
 His Heart is of Lead, & his Brain is of Feather;
 Yet if he has sense but to ballance a Straw,
 He will sure take the Hint from the Picture I draw.*



The Maidens Choice

Moderate

If Ever Oh Rhymer I add to thy

Tribe let push be my Partner my Muse shall describe not in party to high nor in statue to

long not the least of a Song nor to Much of a Beau

Behis Person Genteel and Engageing his Air
His Temper still yielding his soul too sincere
Not a Dupe to his Passion gainst reason to move
But kind to the sweetest in the passion of Love.

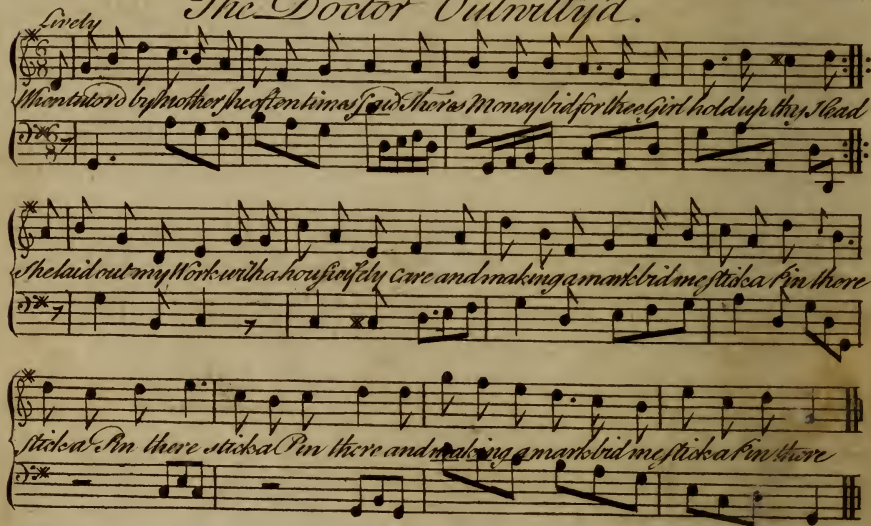
Let honour Commendable Pride in the Sex
His Actions Direct to his Principles fix
No Groundless Suspicion must he ever surmise
Nor Jealousy read every look in my Eyes.

If Such a blast Youth should approve of my Charms
And no thought of Interest his Bosom Alarms
Then in Wedlock I'll join with a Mutual desire
And Prudence shall Cherish the Wavering Fire.

Time shall glide on unperceiv'd in Decay
Each Night shall be Blissfull & happy each Day
Such a Partner grant Heaven with my Pray'r O Comply
Or a Maid let me live & a Maid let me Dye.



The Doctor Outwitted.



The humour so pleas'd me how ever absurd
 That in sight of my Teeth it became a cant Word
 And once when the Parson had ended his Prayer
 I could not help calling out stick a Pin there stick a Pin be
 He came to my Mother & loudly complain'd
 His Pardon I ask'd but my Sorrow was feign'd
 And before he could clasp his fat Bum in a Chair
 I slyly stoop'd down & did stick a Pin there. stick a Pin be
 I met my dear Jack in a Field of new Hay
 He kiss'd me & told me with amorous Play
 A green Gown he gave me & swore it was fair
 Old Sarah said I woud you stick a Pin there stick a Pin be
 We often attempted to ruffle my Charms
 & often I push'd the dear Youth from my Arms
 But sooner or later he'll baffle my Care
 For Jack is y^e Lad that shall stick a Pin there stick a Pin be



A New Song *Sung by Mr beard*

Sprightly *All*

Sing you a song that shall suit you all round the Tale may be Old but the Moral is

Sound a Virgin as sweet as a Morning in May once lov'd a young Shepherd of

Merit they say Once lov'd a young Shepherd of merit they say

*Her Father refus'd him for he had not Gold,
As Advice too often will cleave to the Old;
And gave her too a Coxcomb well furnished with Pence,
Who had every Endowment save Honour & sense.*

*But bold Robin Hood in a lucky Disguise,
Impos'd on the Wretch tho' he saw with sour Eyes,
And you Master Port one take this for a Rule,
No Woman of Spirit will stoop to a Fool.*

*And thus then not having detain'd you too long,
I hope I may merit your Thanks for my Song,
If you do not like it on others I'll call,
Come trip it very Green wood my merry Men all.*



A Favourite Song Set by Mr. Handell

Moderately Quick *I like the*

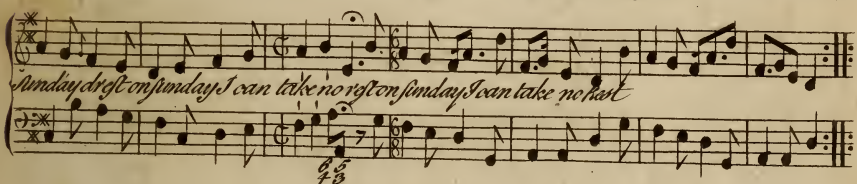
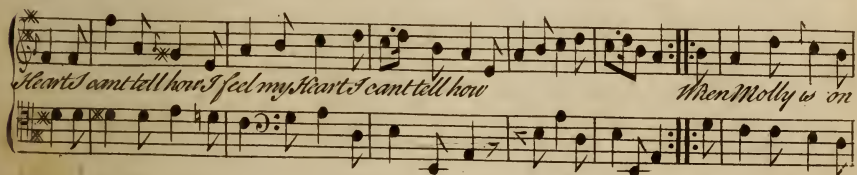
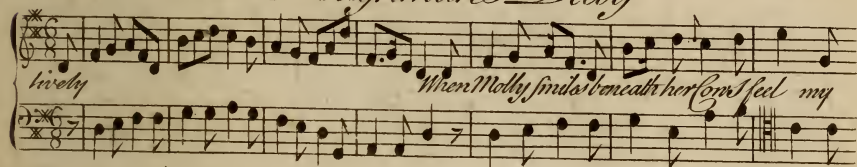
Amorous Youth that free his Passion to declare for Vig'rous

Importunity *neer fails neer fails neer fails to win the fair*

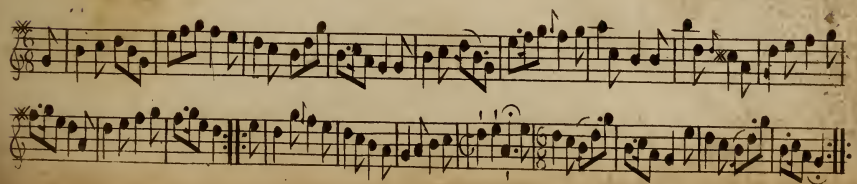
*None Cupid fear but fools the Boy
 Hurts none who Valiant prove
 O'er Sweetness all & Gentle Joy
 To those who are Skill'd in Love
 Then Love my Dear and since life's prime
 So Swiftly flies away
 Let's by the Forelock seize old Time
 And Revel whilst we May.*



The Ploughman's Ditty



What can I do on Working Days
 I leave my Work on her to gaze
 What shall I say at Sermon I
 Forget the Text when Mollys by
 Good Master Curate teach me how
 To Mind your Preaching & my Plough
 And if for this you'll raise a Spell
 A Good fat Goose shall thank you well





Moderately slow *Go Rose*

Go Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace my Chloe's bosom Grace, how
happy should I prove, how happy should I prove, might I supply that envied place
never fading love, with never fading love. More Phoenix like, be
neath her Eye involv'd in fragrance burn and Die..... be
neath her Eye involv'd in fragrance burn and Die.....
lively
burn and Die Sirrow hapless flower hapless flower



Set by D Green

That then shall find shall find more fragrant roses there more fragrant
 roses there I see thy Withering head reclind with Envy and De-
 pair with Envy and Despair One common fate we both must prove
 you Die with Envy I with Love one common fate we both must
 prove you Die with Envy I Die with Love
 you Die with Envy I with Love you with Envy I with Love



Dione Set by W^m Arne

Moderately slow

Upon a Summers Evening dear Dione hapless maid all worn with love and pining
 Care sought out a secret Shade here wretched ah! by chance I am! Unhappy maid said she no
 None is pleasing to my Eye No Flower is sweet to me no Flower is sweet to me

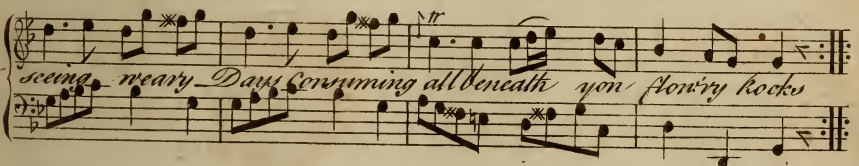
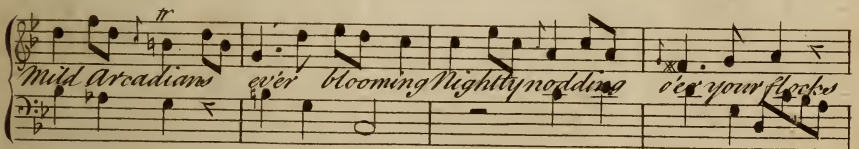
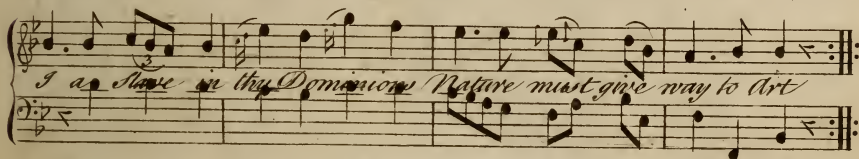
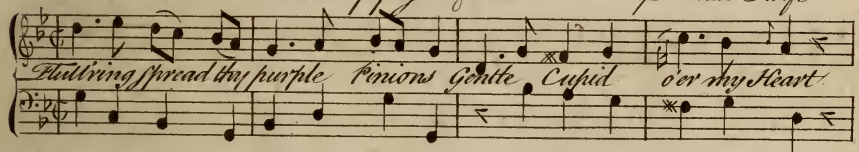
So many Vows could Collin make,
 To me ah faithless Swain!
 And yet those plighted Vows now break
 And leave me to complain.
 Why did I rashly seek his arms,
 And fond his false believe?
 Alas I yielded all my Charms
 Not thought he could deceive!

Yet why, O Roses, such a Store,
 And Lilies in my Face,
 Since Lucy now can please you more,
 And claim your fond Embrace,
 My brightest Charms I'll willingly give,
 Resign my rosy Slave,
 Content with Lucy's Charms I'll live,
 A rural Maid for you.

But Collins deaf while I upraid,
 Nor heeds the poor complain,
 Thinks not that I'm the injured Maid,
 And he the perjured Swain.
 Yet know false Mark Dione's Shade
 To night you shall appear,
 And when you climb the Marriage bed,
 Dione will be there.



The Unhappy Lover by Dean Swift



Thus the Cyprian Goddess weeping, Gloom, Pluto, King of Terrors,
Mourn'd Alone, darling Youth! Arm'd in Adamantine Chains
Him, the Boy, in Silence creeping, Led me to the Crystal Mirrors,
Goad'd with unrelenting Tooth, Wat'ring soft Chastean Plains,
Cynthia, tane harmonious Numbers, Mourning soft Cypric's radiant Willow,
Fair Discretion string thy Lute, Seducing my Quirellas for ever,
I go to my ever waking Slumbers, Nor heed'st thou ring o'er my pillow,
Bright Apollo lend thy Choeur, Hear me pay my dying vow.

Melancholly sooth Meander;
Swiftly purling in a Round;
On thy Margin Lovers wander;
With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd
Thou, when Phillomela drooping,
Softly seeks some silent Mate,
See the Bird of Juno drooping,
Melody resigns to Fate.



The Scholar's Relapse set by Mr. Arne

Gently

By the side of a Grove at foot of a Hill where'er is sport & health, where merriment & mirth were

Uppost the watch & where merriment & mirth were to the Muses my time & my Care since neither could win me if

Smiles of my Fairer nor could win me if smiles of my Fair

*Free I rang'd, like the Birds, like if Birds free I sung,
And Daphne's dear name ne'er escap'd from my tongue;
When e'er a smooth Accent delighted my Ear,
I wish'd unawares, that my Daphne might hear.*

*With fairest Ideas my bosom I stor'd,
Allusions to none but the Nymphs ador'd,
And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
The deeper Impression she made on my Mind.*

*So long as of Nature the Charms I pursue,
I still must pay Daphne's dear Image reverence,
The Graces have yielded with Daphne to love,
And the Muses are all in Alliance with Love.*



The Inconstant Set by M^r Jos^h Jackson

Crisk

S:

as late as thuddy day of May on wonder how A. lax. is lay A. lax. is wan ten boy A...

...lax. is wan ten boy

The gay lie on da fforded by Pastora

breathd the tender sigh Pastora breathd of tender sigh but the raptal was coy but

Mira still was coy

*The laughing Delia stole his brow: Nor Pastorella's Mien could Charm,
And Laura glanced the wanton look: Nor Celias awfully Presence warm,
A hint she would be kind: Nor Stella's Syren Tongue?
Bright Daphne in y fondly grove But Mira's Eyes & Mien controul,
A signal gave a call to love, And gazing, all his raptur'd Soul,
But still the Swain was blind. Stood listening as she sung.*

*But Ah when Mira learn'd to sigh
To Glance, to role the wanton Eye
To beck th Inconstant Boy,
To soon the faithful paining chain
Forsook the Nymph forsook the Plain
To find the Maid that's Coy.*



A Favourite Song

let ambition fire thy mind thou wert born o'er men to reign
not to follow flocks design'd from thy crook and leave thy Plain
leave the Plain
Scorn thy crook and leave the plain Scorn thy crook and leave the plain
Thou'lt lay beneath thy



Set to Music by M^r Arne

Set thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread

for

Joys encircling Joys shall meet which may cer thy fancy

for

lead Joys encircling Joys shall meet which may cer thy fancy lead

for

Joys encircling Joys shall meet which way cer thy fancy lead which way

for

cer thy fancy lead

*Let not Fears of Empire fright,
 Soils of Empire Pleasures are;
 Thou shalt only know Delight,
 All the Joy, but not the Care,
 Shepherd if thou yieldst the Prize,
 For the Blessings I bestow,
 Joyfull, I'll attend the Skyes,
 Happy thou shalt reign below.*



Cupid's Mistake the Words by M^{rs} Prior

Not too fast

As Afternoon one Sum mers Day Venus stood bathing in a river Cupid a

As Af ter noon onesummers Day Venus stood bathing in a river

Shooting went that way new strong his bow new strong his bow new strong his

Cupid a shooting went y way new fill'd his quiver new fill'd his quiver

For new strong his bow new fill'd his quiver to still he chose his Sharpest dart with all his might Shall his

new strong his bow new fill'd his quiver to still he chose his Sharpest dart with all his might Shall his

might his bow he drew swift to his beautiful Parents Heart swift to his beautiful Parents Heart the too well

might his bow he drew swift to his beautiful Parents Heart

Guided Arrow flew the too well guided Arrow flew I faint I die I faint

the too well guided the too well guided Arrow flew I faint I die I faint

I die the Gods cryd oh Cruel couldst thou find couldst thou find none other

I die the Gods cryd oh cruel couldst thou find couldst thou find none other



Set to Music by Will^m Riley

cruel oh cruel oh cruel couldst thou find none other to wreak thy spleen on for a maid to wreak thy
 cruel oh cruel oh cruel couldst thou find none other to wreak thy spleen on for a maid to wreak thy
 spleen on for a maid like Nero thou hast slain like Nero thou hast slain hast slain thy Mother
 spleen on for a maid like Nero thou hast slain like Nero thou hast slain hast slain thy Mother
 like Nero thou hast slain hast slain thy Mother poor Cupid sobbing scarce could
 like Nero thou hast slain hast slain thy Mother poor Cupid sobbing scarce could
 Speak indeed Mamma I did not know ye indeed indeed I did not
 Speak in deed Mamma I did not know ye indeed indeed I did not
 know ye Alas how easy how easy my Mistake I took you for your
 know ye Alas how easy how easy my Mistake I took you for your
 likeness Chloe I took you for your likeness Chloe
 likeness Chloe I took you for your likeness Chloe



The Blush

Moderately slow

On a thimrose bank by a murm'ring stream lies
 Lorn and pining & I need not theme what I found
 When I guide behind a green bush I find to
 hear her sweet tale with a blush
 Of all the young shepherds I like on the Reed bed
 Damon alone I am fancy indeed
 I tell him I value him
 not of a blush yet surely I love him or why do I blush yet surely I love him or why do I blush

When I went to the Grove at y^e top of a Hill
 'Twas the last May I remember it still
 He brought me a nest of young linnets quite fresh
 And I the kind present receiv'd with a blush
 When ever he meets me he'll pimper & smile
 Heem as I did not observe him the while
 He offer'd to kiss me I gave him a push
 Why can't you be easy I cry'd with a blush
 Why can't you be.
 One Sunday he came to intreat me to walk
 'Twas down in a Meadow of love was our talk
 He call'd me his dearest pretty Damon & he push
 There's somebody coming I cry'd with a blush
 My Mother she shutes when I mention my father
 Forbids me to go to the Meadow again
 But sure for his sake I'll venture a blush
 For love him I do I confess with a blush
 For love him he.

Thus warbled the fair and my heart kept for joy
 Tho' little she thought that her Damon was nigh
 But chancing to spy me behind a green bush
 She ended her song and arose with a blush
 The last I ever to be sung twice over.



Contentment

Tenderly

To meet with contentment oft times had try'd but found a contentment neerer de-

more

myd till Phillis my charmer inclin'd to Love then all my moments in Harmony

my Heart that before was so fenn'd all day from thy smiles of my

Phillis is gladome & gay no more is the Anguish no more is pain since Phillis is

Loveing how blest is the main

If Friendship affords any Blessing in Life,
 How rich be that Blessing when met in a Wife;
 Imparting her thoughts when my Phillis incline,
 Her converse improves and her kindnes refine.
 How vain the ambitious or Miser's pursuit,
 The Libertines repell to last of that fruit:
 True only secur'd when two Hearts can agree,
 And meet with affection like Phillis & me.



Tenderly *The Complaint* *Set by M^r Arne*

Pia For Pia For

Behold if sweet flowers around with all the bright beauty they wear yet none on the plain can be

found so lovely so lovely so lovely as this fair so lovely as this fair

partless come nigh if partless no longer in silence remain ye long in silence no loud and soft Notes to

soften to soften to soften my Sighs And down to Soften my Sighs do down

*Oft Times in yon Flow'ry Vale,
I breath my Complaints in a Song,
Fair Flora attends the soft Tale,
And sweetens the Borders along.
But Calia whose Breath might perfume
The Bosom of Flora in May,
Still from my Pronounced my Doom:
Regardless of all I can say.*



Lyrically **The Miller's Wedding** *Sung by Mr. Beard*

Leave Neighbours your Work & to sport & to play let the Tabor strike up & the Village be gay let the

Tabor strike up & the Village be gay No Day thro' your Fear shall more cheerful be seen for Ralph of the

Mill marries Sue of the Green for Ralph of the Mill marries Sue of the Green I love Sue and

Sue loves me & while the Wind blows & while the Mill goes we'll be so happy so happy as we

Let Lords & fine Folks who for Wealth take a Bride,
 Be married to Day & to morrow be clor'd,
 My Boay is stout & my Heart is so sound,
 And my Love like my Courage will never give Ground I love &c.

Let Ladies of Fashion the best Joiners wed,
 And prudence take the best Bidders for bed,
 Such Signing & Sealing's no part of our Bliss,
 We settle our Hearts & we seal with a Kiss, I love &c.

The Ralph is not covetly nor none of your Beaus,
 Nor bounces nor flatters nor wears your fine Cloaths,
 In nothing I'll borrow the soft of high Life,
 Nor e'er turn his Back on his Friend or his Wife, I love &c.

While thus I am able to work at my Mill,
 While thus thou art hand & thy Tongue but lye still,
 Our joys shall continue and ever be new,
 And none be so happy as Ralph & his Sue, I love &c.



To Sylvia

brisk *Why shine those*

Charming eyes so bright & flatter us with joy of all their fierce malignant light

only to destroy *A Damon in an*

Angels dress may to false hairs surprize yet Mischiefs still the kind confess in

spirit of the disguise

*But Beauties of Celestial kind,
 The heavenly nature share,
 And when they wound the Eye & mind,
 Are still as kind as fair.
 With pleasure then I would adore
 And bless the wounds you gave,
 A willing Victim to your power,
 That would not hurt but save.*



Andantino *The Disconsolate* Set by Mr. Hudson

No more attempt in softest strains, to give my Tortur'd
 breast Relief: to give my Tortur'd breast relief: each softer
 Note my Loss complains, each tender Grace renews my Grief.

Since doom'd to Misery, my Love
 In distant Climes a Prisoner lies,
 No Joys my piercing Woes shall move,
 Can I rejoice while Strephon dyes.

Hence, then each flattering gay Delight,
 My Bosom shall no pleasure know:
 Since Strephon's ravish'd from my Sight,
 These briny Streams shall ever flow.

For the German Flute



Teasy for the Happy Pair

Lively *Slow*

blest has my Time been what Days have I known since Wedlocks soft

Bondage made Teasy my Own so Joyfull my Heart is so

easy my Chain that Freedom is Tasteless and Roaring a

Pain that Freedom is tasteless and Roving a Pain



Set to Musick by M^r Arne

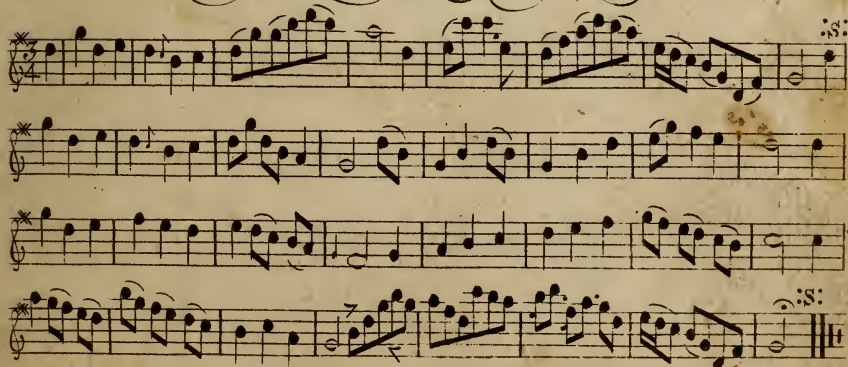
*Thro' Walks grown with Woodbines as often we stray,
Around us our Girls and Boys frolick and play;
How pleasing their Sport is the Wanton ones See,
And borrow their Looks, from my Jesty and me.*

*To try her Sweet Temper oft Times am I Seen,
In revels all Day with the Nymphs of the Green;
Tho' painfull my Absence my doubts She bequiles,
And meets me at Night with Compliance and smiles.*

*What tho' on her Cheek the Rose loses its Hue?
Her Ease and Good humour bloom all the Year thro';
Time still as he flies brings Increase to her Truth,
And Gives to her Mind, what he steals from her youth.*

*Ye Shepherds so gay who make Love to enslave,
And cheat with false Vows the too credulous Fair;
In search of true Pleasure how vainly you roam,
To hold it for Life, you must find it at home.*

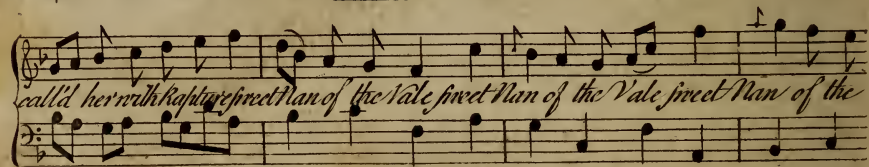
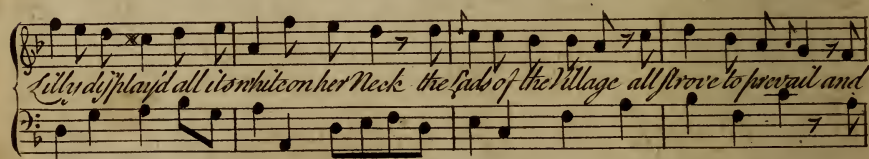
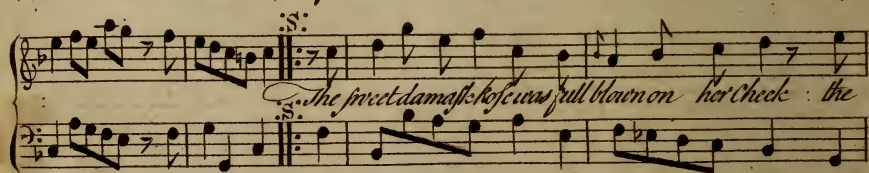
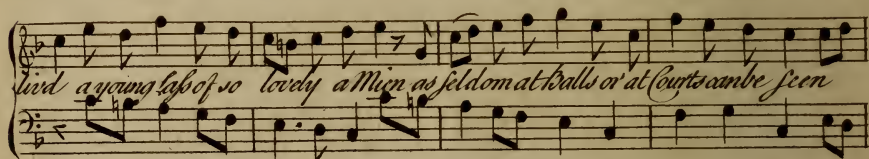
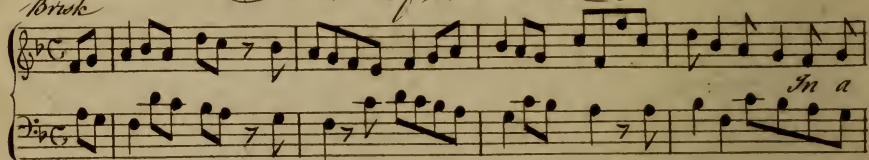
FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE





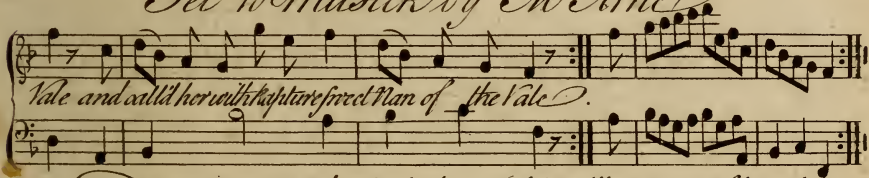
Nan of the Vale

Brick





Set to Musick by M^r Arne

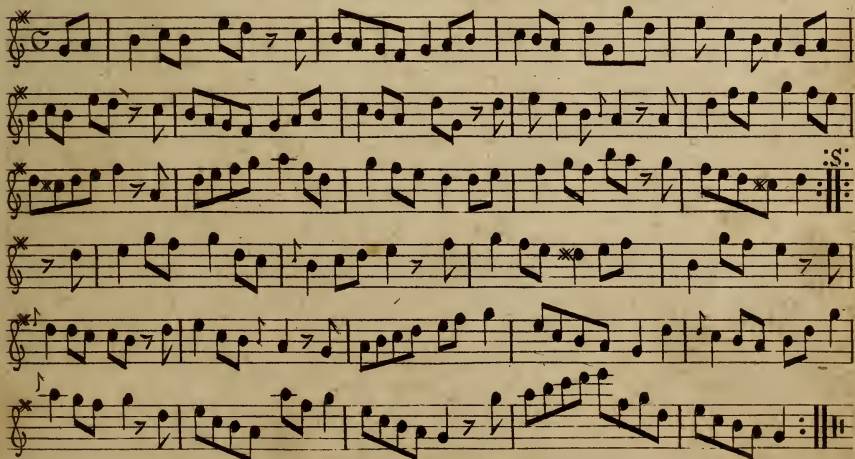


Vale and call'd her with hisapture sweet Man of the Vale.

*First poor Hodge spoke his Passion still quite out of breath,
Crying grounds he could hug her & kiss her to Death;
And Dick with her beauty was so much possess'd,
That he loath'd his food and abandon'd his Rest;
But she could find nothing in them to endure—
So sent each away with a Flea in his Ear,
And said no such boobies could tell a love tale,
Or bring to compliance sweet Man of the Vale.*

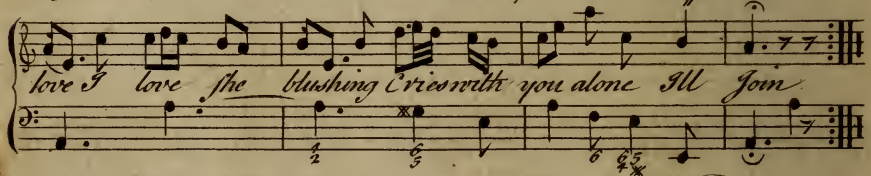
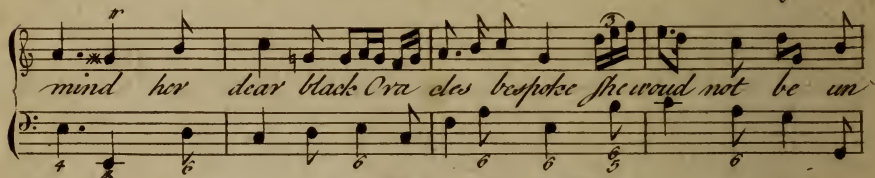
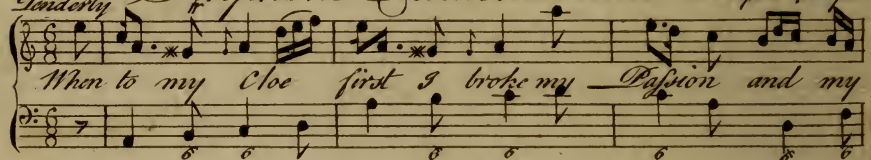
*Till young Roger the smartest of all the gay green,
Who late on a frolick to London had been,
Came back much improv'd in his Air & Address,
And boldly attack'd her not fearing Success,
He said Heaven form'd such ripe lips to be kiss'd,
And press'd her so close that she could not resist,
He shew'd the dull Clowns the right way to a pair,
And brought to his wishes sweet Man of the Vale.*

For the German Flute

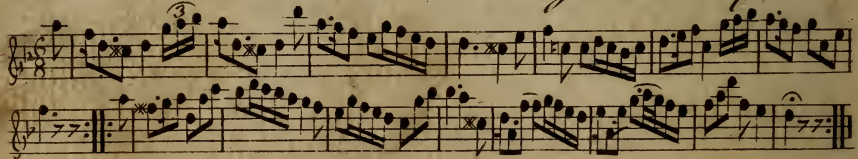




Tenderly *Stephon's Remonstrance* Set by M^r Lampe



How frail her word how short my bliss, How swift of scene removes, Thine is pass'd by without a kiss, & it once disord'rd our loves, What luckless Planet ruld my birth She shuns me every where, Ye Secret Wanderers on Earth These Dictates to her bear.	See Chloe Suppliant on my Heart, A Train of Smiling Boys, Cupid produced them with his Dart But your disdain destroys; Behold their little pleading Hands, To pass to you to life, O Cynthia! then demands, & And bless me in a Wife?
--	---





Tenderly *Oh well a day* *Set by D^r Green*

The blithest bird that sings in May, was ne'er more blith, was ne'er more
 Gay, than I a-well-a-day, than I a-well-a-day. 'Tis
 Collin yet had learn'd to sigh, or I to guess the reason why,
 Oh Love! a-well-a-day Oh Love! a-well-a-day.

We kiss'd, we fond, but neither knew
 From whence these fond Endearments grew,
 Tell he-a-well-a-day,
 By Time, and other Sighs made wise,
 Began to talk of Hearts & Eyes,
 And Love-a-well-a-day.

Kind nature now took Collins part, Can Love, alas, by words be shown,
 My Eyes inform'd against my heart, He asked a proof, a tender one,
 My Heart-a-well-a-day, While I-a-well-a-day,
 Struck slow'd thro' thrilling sympathy, In silence blush'd a fond reply,
 And echo'd back each gentle sigh, Can she that truly loves deny?
 Each sigh-a-well-a-day. Ah no-a-well-a-day.



brisk. *Colin's Success*

To woo me and win me and kifs and all that young Colin tript
 over the Plain He saw me he blush'd; he play'd with his flatt
 so I bid him return back again
 Ah Phillis he cry'd from the cottage I've staid in hopes you'd be
 kind to your swain Oh grant me a kifs you may take it I said



No Favourite Song. Sung by Mrs Chambers

but pray never attempt it again but pray never at
tempt it again

Embolden'd by this he sat down at my side,
The favour so small to Obtain;
I know not how 'twas but he soften'd my Bride,
So, I cry'd you may kiss me again,
My bosom grew warm, & my Heart beat in haste,
While Rapture improv'd the fond Swain,
And trust me ye fair for I held him so fast,
That he could not return back again.

For the German Flute



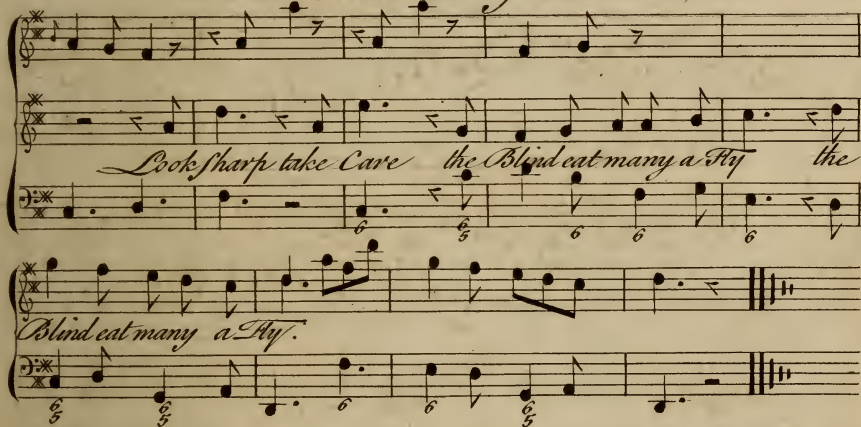
The Caution

Brisk.

From sweet bewitching
 Tricks of Love young Men your Hearts secure, Lest from the Paths of
 Sense you rove In Dotage premature In Dotage prema'
 Look at each Lady thro'
 Widdows Glaz nor trust the Naked Eye Gallants beware



Set to Music by M^r. Arne



<i>Not only on their Hands & Necks</i> <i>The borrow'd White you'll find,</i> <i>Some Bellies, when Interest directs,</i> <i>Can even paint the mind,</i> <i>Joy in Distress</i> <i>They can express,</i> <i>Their very Tears can lye,</i> <i>Gallants, beware,</i> <i>Look Sharp, take Care,</i> <i>The blind eat many a Fly.</i>	<i>There's not a Spinster in y^e Realm</i> <i>but all Mankind can Cheat,</i> <i>Down to the Cottage from y^e Helm,</i> <i>The feard, the brave, & Great,</i> <i>With lovely Looks</i> <i>And golden Hooks,</i> <i>To entangle us they try;</i> <i>Gallants, beware,</i> <i>Look sharp, take Care,</i> <i>The Blind eat many a Fly.</i>
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Could we with Ink the Ocean fill,
Was Earth of Parchment made,
Was ev'ry single Stick a Quill,
Each Man a Scribe by Trade,
To write the Tricks
Of half the Sex,
Woud suck that Ocean dry,
Gallants, beware,
Look sharp, take Care,
The Blind eat many a Fly.



moderately *The Reasonable Request* set by D^r Houghington

When I Survey that matchless
 Face sure ne'er raptur'd Lov' er did in one Nymph's such beauty's trace as
 I in thee discover ver *Celestial Charms in*
 you appear bright as the Morning Sun Why gaze I Simple Shepherd
 here and so... do to be undone Why gaze I done.

But Nature ne'er design'd to Vae.
 When she such skill employ'd.
 These beauties are not to perplex.
 But gave to be enjoy'd.
 Then let your dimpled smiles confess
 Complacency of mind
 And every soft desire express.
 And as your fair be kind.

Then you replete with every Grace
 Will show how you despise.
 The little Arts Coquets embrace
 To catch ungarded Eyes;
 So may you with justice claim
 The loss they must deplore.
 Unblemish'd manners gentlest fame
 When Beauty is no more.



Tenderly *The Morning Air* set by Mr. Gurnon

Would you taste the Morning

Air to you Verdant Fields repair Where Cowslips sweet by Violets blue with

grateful scents shall welcome you *Hear hear the*

Soft and Cooling breeze Fanning thrilling thro' the Trees Whilst the Dew be

sprinkling round Cools the thirsty parching Ground Ground.

*Hark the Lark now Soaring high,
 With her Echo fills the Sky;
 The Nightingale & Thrush,
 Are warbling notes on every Bush.
 Haste Fair Nymph, then hast away,
 Taste these Joys without Delay,
 Prove and proving you will tell
 The Morning Joy do all excell.*



A Favourite Air Set by Mr Oswald

Thy fa-tal

Thaſts unerring more I bow before thine Altar Love I feel thy ſoft re-

ſiſtleſs Flame glide ſoft thro' all my Vi-tal frame I feel thy

ſoft reſiſtleſs Flame glide ſoft thro' all my Vi-tal Flame.

For while I gaze my loſom glours, My ſault'ring Tongue attempts in vain,
My blood in Tides impetuous flows, In ſoothing Murmurs to complain,
Hope, Fear, & Joy alternate roll, My Tongue ſome ſecret Magic lies,
And floods of tranſport overwhelm my ſoul, My Murmurs ſink in broken ſighs:

Condemn'd to nurse eternal Care,
And ever drop the ſilent tear,
Unheard I mourn, unknown I ſigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied Dy.



Gently *Jenny of the Green* *Sung by M^{rs}. Lowe*

While others

start if new fall'n snow and steal its fragrance from the rose to dress their fancy's

Queen *fain would I sing but words are faint all Musicks powers too weak to*

paint my Jenny of the Green my Jenny of the green

<i>beneath this Elm, beside this stream, How oft I've sung of favorite theme. And told my tale unseen; While faithful in the Lovers cause, The Winds would murmur soft appeals To Jenny of the Green. With joy my Soul reviews the Day, When docked in all the pride of May, She hailed the Sylvan Scene, Then every Nymph that held a plea, First strove to catch the quiver leaf, Of Jenny of the Green.</i>	<i>Then deaf to every rivals sigh, On me she cast her partial eye, Nor scorn'd my humble Mien; The fragrant Myrtle wreath I wear, That Day adorned the lovely Hair, Of Jenny of the Green. Through all the stary land of Love, I'll seek my pretty wandering Dove The pride of gay fifteen, Though now she tread some distant plain, The far a part I'll meet again, My Jenny of the Green. — But thou old Time till that blessed Night, — That brings her back with speedy flight, Melt down the hours between; And when we meet the tops repay On loving wing prolong my stay, With Jenny of the Green?</i>
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Moderately *A Favourite Air* by Signior Palma

When first I saw thee graceful move ah me what meant my throbbing breast
 When first I saw ah me what meant my throbbing breast

Say soft confusi on art thou love If love thou art then farewell Rest
 Say soft confusi on art thou love If love thou art then farewell Rest

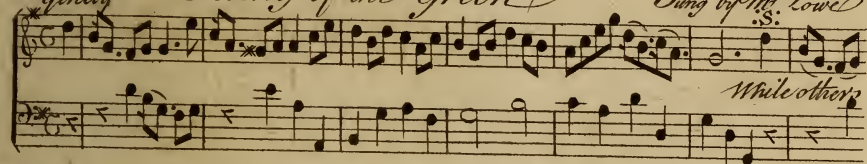
*With gentle Smiles avenge the Pain,
 Those gentle Smiles did first Create:
 And though you cannot Love again?
 In Pity ah forbear to hate.*

For two German Flutes

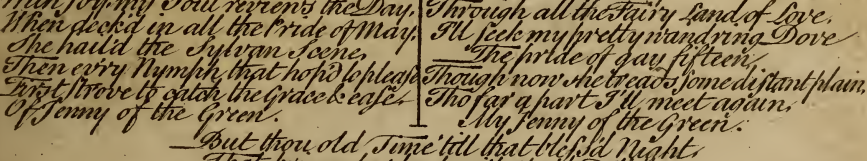
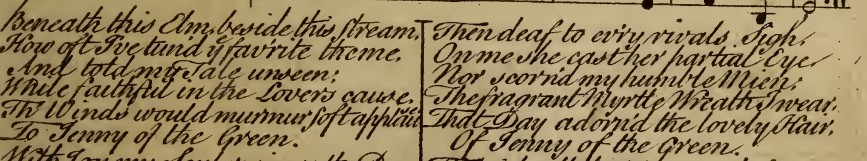
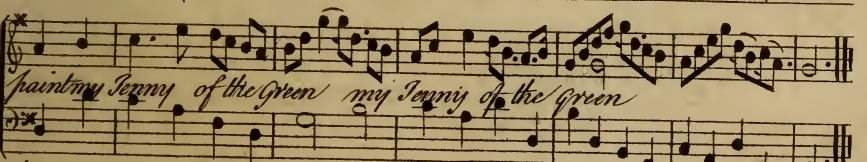
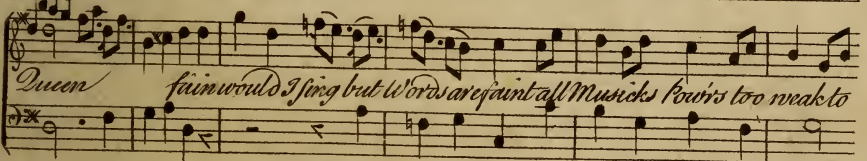


Gently *Jenny of the Green*

Sung by Mrs. Lowe



While others



*Beneath this Ark beside this stream,
How oft I've tun'd my favorite theme,
And told my tale unseen;
While faithful in the Lovers cause,
The Winds would murmur soft appeals
To Jenny of the Green.
With joy my Soul reviews the Day,
When deck'd in all the pride of May,
She hail'd the Sylvan scene,
Then carry Nymphs that hope to please
First strove to equal the Graces ease
Of Jenny of the Green.*

*Then deaf to every rivals sigh,
On me she cast her haggard eye,
Nor scorn'd my humble Mien;
She fragrant Myrtle wreath I wear,
That Day adorn'd the lovely Pair,
Of Jenny of the Green.
Through all the Fairy land of Love,
I'll seek my pretty wandering Dove
The pride of gay fifteen,
Though now she tread some distant plain,
Tho' far a part I'll meet again,
My Jenny of the Green.
But thou, old Time till that blest Night,
That brings her back with speedy flight,
Melt down the flowers between;
And when we meet the loss repay
On loitering Wing prolong my stay,
With Jenny of the Green.*



A Favourite Air by Signior Palma

Moderately

When first I saw thee graceful move ah me what meant my throbbing breast

When first I saw ah me what meant my throbbing breast

Say soft confusi on art thou Love If Love thou art then farewell Rest

Say soft confusi on art thou Love If Love thou art then farewell Rest

With gentle Smiles, aswage the Pain,
Those gentle Smiles did first Create;
And though you cannot Love again,
In Pity ah forbear to hate.

For two German Flutes

Two German Flute parts, each consisting of a treble and bass staff, playing a complex, fast-paced melody.



brisk *Matrimonial Bondage*

The Man who for life is plough'd, & a Wife is

sure in a wretched Condition *So things hard they will still stick by him still;*

very slow *brisk*

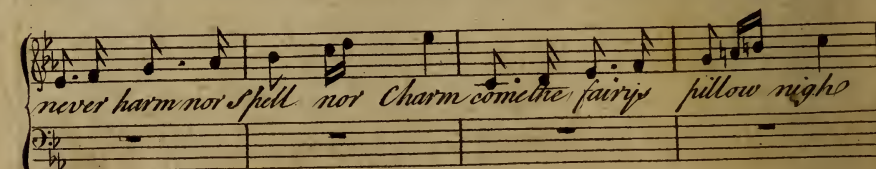
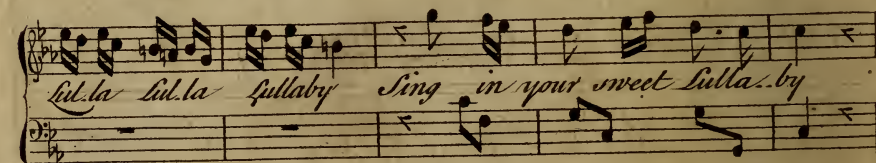
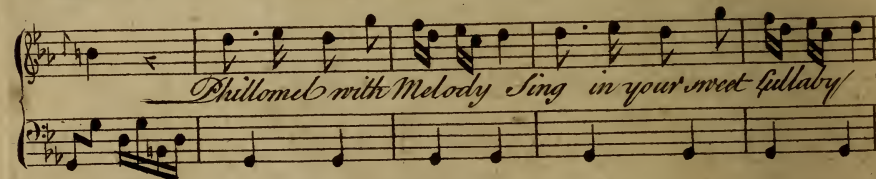
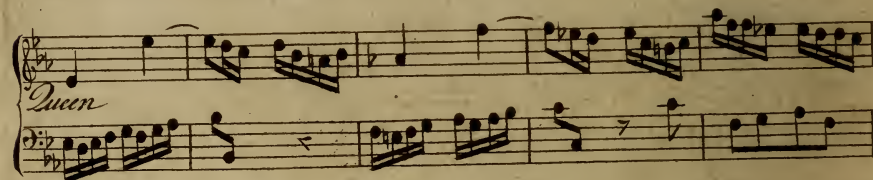
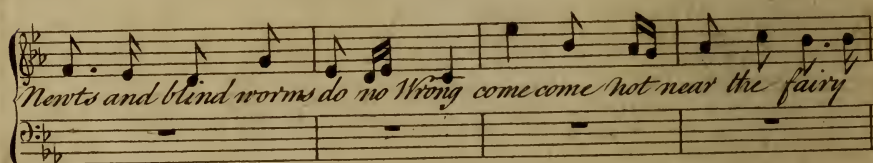
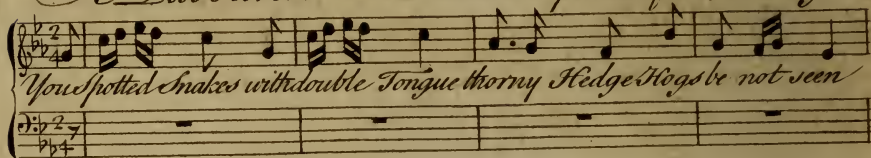
Death is his only Physician poor Man, poor man, Death! Death is his only Physician

*To Trifle and toy, may give a Man Joy,
When Passion is prompted by Beauty,
But where is the Blyss, of a Conjugal Kiss,
When Passion is prompted by Duty.
Poor Man, poor Man, when Passion lye.*

For the German Flute

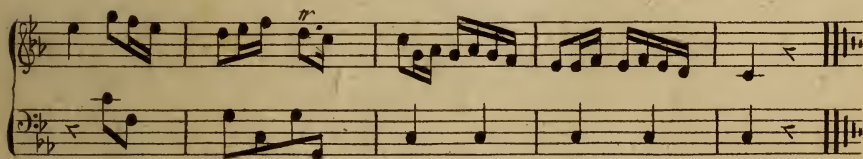
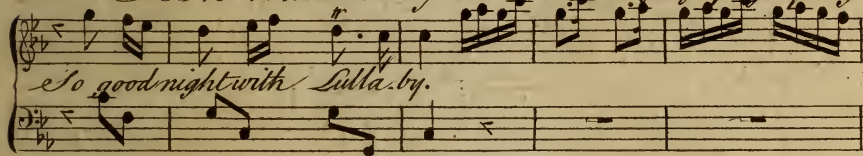


A Favourite Air in the Opera of the Fairys



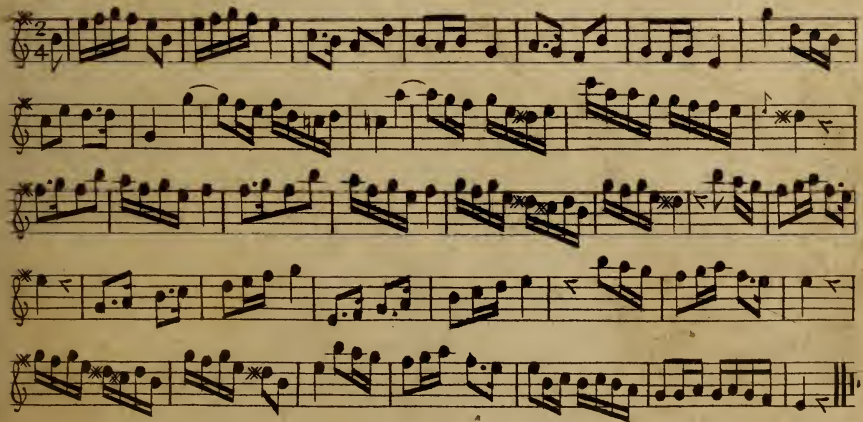


Set to Musick by Mr. Smith sung by Miss Young



*Weaving Spiders, come not here,
Hence, ye long legg'd, spinners hence,
Beetles black, Approach not near,
Worms nor Snails, do no Offence,
Philomel with melody sing in your sweet Lullaby,
Never harm nor Spell nor Charm,
Come the Fairies pillion high
So good night with Lullaby.*

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE





Brisk *Daffodil* *Sung by Mrs. Smith*

Spring returns if Tunns ad

vance / Leading on the Sprightly Dance leading on the Sprightly Dance

Over the Fallow o'er the Glade Thro' the Sunshine thro' the Shade Whilst I for

Tom and pensive still with sighing for my Daffodil

See the wanton Nymphs appear,
Smiling all as smiles the Year,
Sporting print where'er thy tread,
Daisie ground or Primrose bed,
Whilst I be.

Gentle Nymphs forsake the Mead,
To my Love for pity Plead,
Gorge Swains and seek thy fair,
This my last Relation bear,
Whilst I be.

A Swif Swain with matry Shoe,
Brushes by the Morning Dew;
With officious Love to bear,
Fresh blown Cowslips to his fair,
Whilst I be.

Sweetest Maid that e'er was seen,
Dance at Wake or trip of Green,
See a Lovesick sighing Swain,
Hear my Vows relieve my pain,
Or with your Frowns for pity kill,
To Charming Cruel Daffodil.



Moggys Complaint

Tenderly

On the days Verdant banks a fair maid lay reclind she wept to the Orziers that aind to the Wind while

Echo to forrow so faithful and kind repeated her plaints for her Jockey her Jockey repeated her

plaints for her Jockey Not if Nightingales Voice was more mournful be

clear when thus she began in the lops of my Dear if from ones once so sparkling Enforces the Star the

Tear which I dropil for young Jockey young Jockey if Tear which I dropil for young Jockey

The Sinner his Mate chuses out of if Throng,
 And when he has won her sits all the day long,
 Still Proud of his conquest repeating his Song,
 Not so did Inconstant young Jockey;
 He swore twas my Beauty his Heart that had won,
 And his Flame was as pure as the light of if Sun,
 But the Maid that believes is as surely undone,
 For false and deceitfull's young Jockey.



To New Song

Andly

The

fool y is Wealthy is sure of a Bride for Riches like Fig leaves their Nakedness hide

The Slave that is poor must starve all his Life in a

Bachelors Bed without Mistress or Wife. fe In a

Bachelors Bed without Mistress or Wife.

*In the good Days of Your,
They neer trouble'd their Heads,
In setting of Jointers
Or making of Deeds,
But Adam, and Eve,
When first enter'd Course,
Een took one another
For better for worse*

*Then prithee dear Cloe,
Neer aim to be great
Let love be thy Jointer,
Neer mind an Estate,
You neer can be poor
Who have all those Charms,
And I shall be rich
When I've you, in my Arms*



The Fair Thief Set by Mr. Worgan & Sung by M^{rs} Lowe

Gently

fore the Urchin well could go she stole of whiteness of the snow and more of whiteness

to adorn she stole the blushes of the Morn stole all of sweetness others shed on

Primrose buds & Nilot buds on primrose buds & Nilot buds

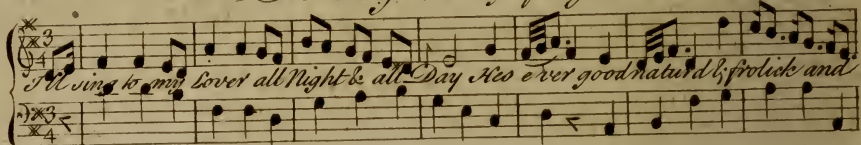
Still to reveal her artfull wiles,
She stole the Graces, silken smiles,
She stole Aurora's balmy breath,
And pilfer'd Orient pearl for Teeth,
The Cherry dipt in Morning dew
Gave moisture to her Lips & hue.

These were her Infant spoils a store,
And she in time still pilfer'd more,
At twelve she stole from Cyprus Queen,
Her Air & Love commanding meane,
Stole Juno's Dignity and stole,
From Pallas's sense to charm of Soul.

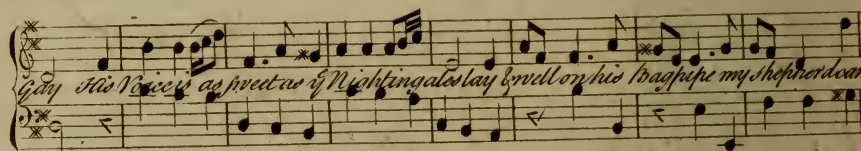
Great Jove approv'd her Crimes and Art,
And loth'er Day she stole my heart,
If Lovers Cupid are your Care,
Exert your vengeance on this Fair,
To trial bring her stolen Charms,
And let her Prison be my Arms.



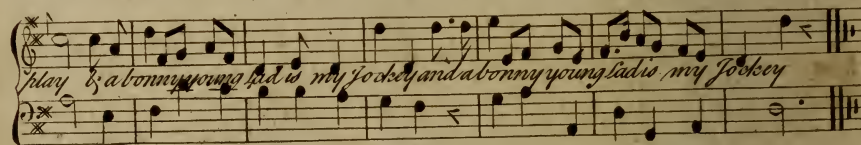
Jockey sung by Miss Stevenson at Vauxhall



I'll sing to my Lover all Night & all Day No ever good natur'd & frolic and



Gay His Voice is as sweet as if Nightingales lay & well on his bagpipe my Shepherd can



play & a bonny young lad is my Jockey and a bonny young lad is my Jockey

*He says that he loves me, I'm witty & fair,
And praises my Eyes, my lips and my Hair;
Rose, Violet nor Lilly with me can compare,
If this be to flatter; tis pretty I swear. And a bonny be.*

*He kneeld at my Feet & with many a Sigh
He cry'd! O my dear will you never comply;
If you mean to destroy me why do it I'll dye,
I trembled all over and answer'd not I. And a bonny be.*

*Around the tall May-Pole he dances so neat,
And Sonnets of Love, the dear Boy can repeat;
His constant, his valiant, his wise, and discreet,
His looks are so kind, and his Kisses so sweet. And a bonny be.*

*At Even when the Sun seeks repose in the West,
And May's tuneful Chorists, all stein to their Nests
When I meet, on the Green y' dear Boy I love best
My Heart is just ready to burst from my Breast. And a bonny be.*

*But see how y' Meadows, are moist'n'd with Dew,
Come come my dear Shepherd I wait but for you,
We live for each other, both constant & true,
And hate y' soft Captures no Monarch e'er knew. And a bonny be.*



moderately *Cloe Sleeping* Set by Mr. Arne

One of her Hands one of y^e cheek lay under Cozning the pillow of a lawfull
 Kiss which therefore swell'd and seem'd to part a sunder as angry to be robb'd of such a
 blejs the one look'd pale and for revenge did long while to the other blush'd caus'd it had done y^e
 wrong while to the other blush'd while to the other blush'd caus'd it had done the wrong the wrong

Out of the Bed the Other fair Hand was,
 On a green Satten Quilt, whose perfect white
 Look'd like a Dawie in a field of Grass,
 And appear'd like unmelt snow unto y^e Sight
 To lay this pretty fair one, safe to keep
 Her lovely Form, that there lay fast a sleep



Sweet Echo

German Flute

2 Violin very Slow & Gracefully

1 Violin accompany'd in the Voice

Sweet Echo

Sweetest Nymph

that liv'st unseen with

very slow pia 3

4 3

pianiss

pia

6

6

4 3

in thy airy Cell

by slow Meanders Mar

gins green

pianiss

pia

And in the Violet embroider'd Vale

where the Loveborn

pianiss

pia

pianiss

pia



A Favourite Song in Cornus

Nightingale nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well

Canst thou not tell me not tell me of a gentle Pair that likest thy Narcissus

Narcissus are Ah if thou have hid them in some flow'ry

6 4 2 6 6 6 5 7 6

4 2 6 6 4 3 4 2 6 7 7



Set to Musick by M^r. Arne

Cave Tell me but where Tell me but where dwell Queen of Purity Daughter

Briskly

of the Spheres so might thou be translated to the Skies

So might thou be translated to the Skies and give resounding Grace



Sung by M^{rs} Arne

First system of musical notation, featuring a vocal line and a first violin part. The lyrics "Give ye sounding grace to all Heav'n's Harmonies & give ye sounding grace" are written below the vocal line. The first violin part is labeled "1st Violin".

Second system of musical notation, featuring a flute part and a first violin part. The flute part is labeled "Flute". The first violin part is labeled "1st Violin". The lyrics "sounding grace sounding grace sounding grace to all Heav'n's Harmo" are written below the flute part.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a second violin part and a cello/bass part. The second violin part is labeled "2nd Violin". The cello/bass part is labeled "cello".



Moderately *The Darling Swain*

My love was once a Boy my Lad he was the flower of all his skin the

Absence of his bonny face my tender Heart has rent in twain by

Day or Night find no Delight In Silent Tears I still complain And

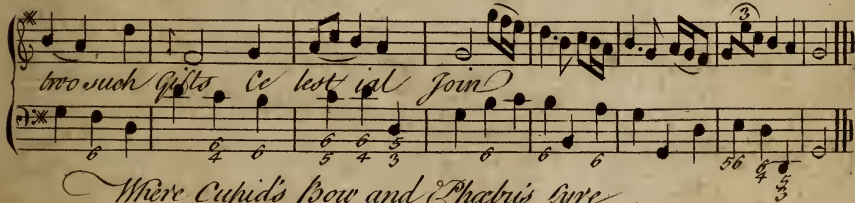
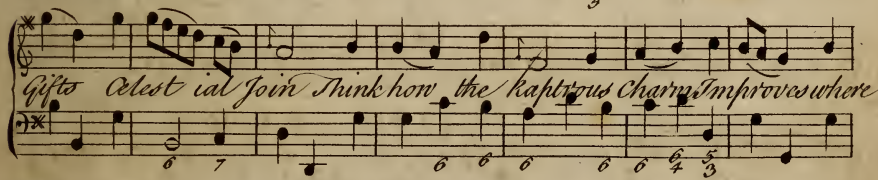
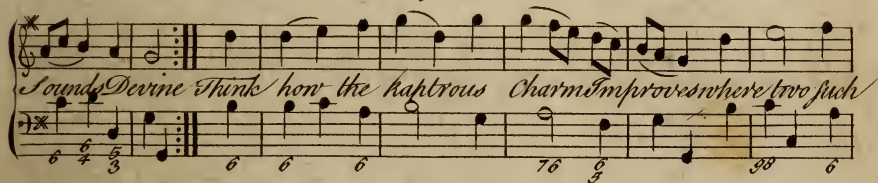
gail at those my rival Toes that took from me my Darling Swain

Dispair & Anguish fills my breast, Kind Neptune let me you Intreat,
 Since I have lost my blooming Kose, To send a fair & pleasant Gale,
 I sigh and mourn while others rest, Your Dolphins sweet upon me wait,
 His absence yields me no repose, For to convey me on your Tail,
 To seek my love all range and rove, May Heavens bless me with success,
 Thro' every grove & distant Plain, While crossing on the raging Main,
 I neer will cease but spend my Days, And send me o'er to the same shore,
 Till I hear from my darling Swain, To meet my lovely darling Swain.

I need not strange at Natures Change, All joy & mirth at our Return,
 Since Parents shew'd such Cruelty, Shall then abound from Treed to Jay,
 Therefore my love from me do range, The Bells shall ring, & Birds shall sing,
 And know's not to what Destiny, To grace & crown our Nuptial day,
 The pretty Kids & tender Lambs, Thus blest & charm'd in my loves arms,
 Shall cease to sport upon the Plain, Once move my Heart I will obtain,
 But they lament in Discontent, All range no more to a distant shore,
 For th' absence of my darling Swain, But will enjoy my darling Swain.



Beauty and Musick set by Mr Rameau



*Where Cupid's bow and Phœbus fyre
In the same powerfull hand are found,
Where lovely Eyes inflame Desire,
While trembling Notes are taught to wound?
Enquire not whos the matchless fair,
That can this double Death bestow:
If young Harmonias Strains you hear,
On view her Eyes too well you'll know.*



A Favourite Cantata

Slow

How gentle was my Damsons

Air like sunny beams his Golden Hair his Voice was like a Nightingales more sweet his

Beneath the flow'ry Vales how hard such beauties to resign and yet that Cruel Task is

Tenderly

mine On ev'ry

Hill in ev'ry Grove along the Margin of each Stream Dear Conscious Scenes of

Former Love I mourn and Damon is my Theme the Hills the Groves & Streamers

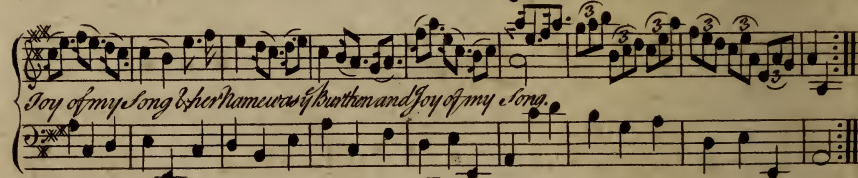
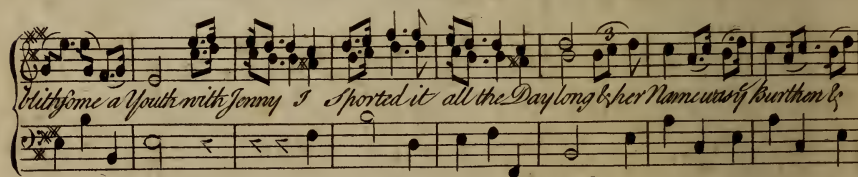
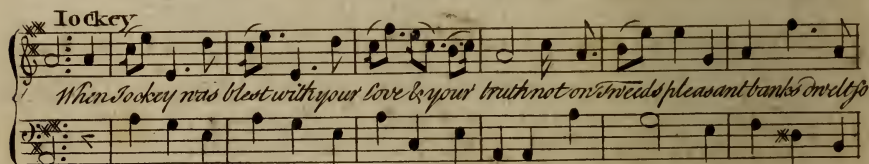
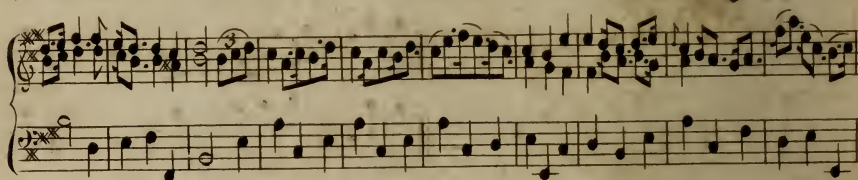
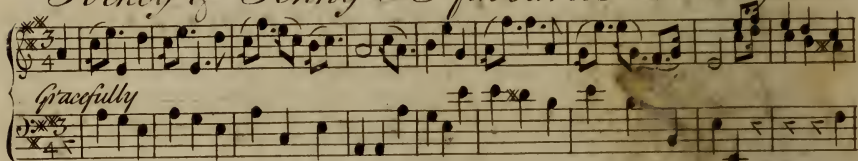


Set to Musick by M^r Arne

main but Damon there I seek in vain the hills the groves the streams re
 main but Damon there I seek in vain From
 Still from Dale each charm is fled Groves Rocks & Fountains please no more
 Each fair in pity droops its Head all Nature does my loss deplore all all reproach
 faithless I vain yet Damon still I seek in vain all all reproach the
 faithless I vain yet Damon still I seek in vain



Jockey & Jenny. A favourite Dialogue



Jenny
*Ere Jockey had ceas'd all his kindness to me,
 There liv'd in the Vale not so happy a she,
 Such pleasures with Jockey, his Jenny had known,
 That he scorn'd in a Cot the Fine Folks of the Town.*

Jockey
*Oh Jockey what fear now possesses thy mind,
 That Jenny so constant to Willy's been kind,
 When dancing so gay with the Nymphs on a plain,
 She yielded her hand & her heart to a Swain.*



Set by M^r Morgan & Sung at Vauv^e Hall

Jenny
*You falsely upbraid but remember the Day,
 With Lucy you try'd it beneath y^e new Hay,
 When alone with your Lucy the Shepherds have said,
 You forgot all the Vows that to Jenny were made.*

Jockey
*Believe not sweet Jenny, my heart stray'd from thee,
 For Lucy is wantons a Maid still for me,
 From a Laps that's so true your fond Jockey ne'er rovd,
 Nor once could forsake the kind Jenny he lov'd.*

Jenny
*My heart for young Willy ne'er panted & sigh'd,
 For you of that heart trimpere the Joy & the Pride,
 While sweet waters glide shall your Jenny be true,
 Nor love my dear Jockey a Shepherd like you.*

Duett

Jenny For kindness no Youth can with Jockey com

Jockey No Shepherd e'er met with so faithfull a fair

pure will love then & live from pience jealousy free & none on the plains shall be happy as

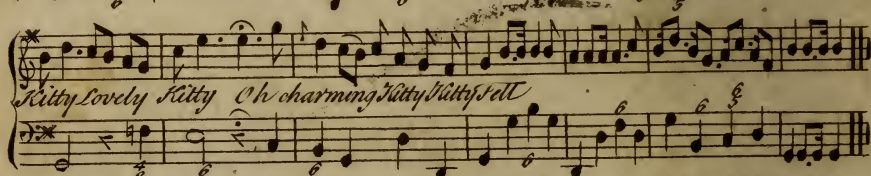
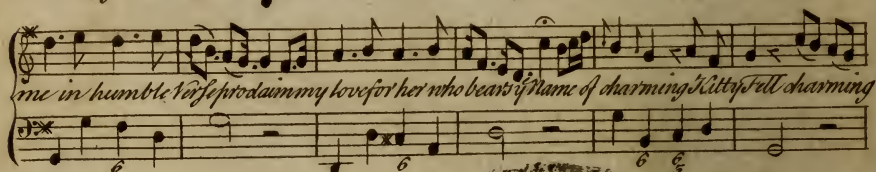
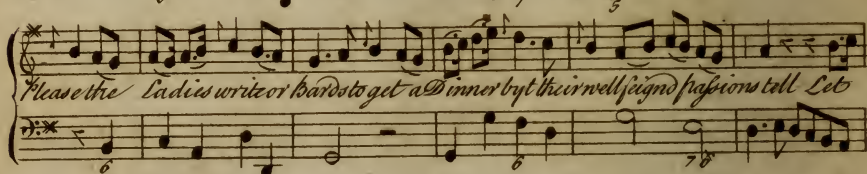
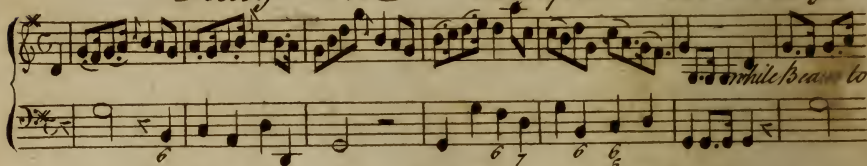
Well love then and live from pience jealousy free and none on the plains shall be happy as

me and none on the plains shall be happy as me

me and none on the plains shall be happy as me



Kitty Tell Sung by Wth Beard at Ranelagh



That Kitty's beautiful laughing,
That she has Danced, that she has sung,
Alas I know full well:

I feel, and I shall ever feel,
The dart more sharp than pointed steel,
That came from Kitty Tell.

Charming Kitty, lovely Kitty,
Oh charming Kitty, Kitty Tell.

Of late, I hid by Reason's aid,
To cure the wounds that Love had made,
And bid adieu to farewell.

But lo! the Day she crost by Green,
I saw, I wish I had not seen,

My charming Kitty Tell,
Charming Kitty, lovely Kitty,
Oh charming Kitty, Kitty Tell.

I asked her why she pass'd that way,
To Church, she cry'd I cannot stay;
Why don't you hear the Bell,

To Church, I take me with thy there,
I pray'd she would not hear my wail;
Oh cruel Kitty Tell.

Cruel Kitty, charming Kitty,
Oh cruel Kitty, Kitty Tell.

And now I find 'tis all in vain,
I live to Love, & to Complain.

Condemnd in chains to dwell
For tho she casts a scornful Eye
In Death my faulting Tongue will cry

Adieu dear Kitty Tell,
Charming Kitty, cruel Kitty,
Adieu cruel Kitty, Kitty Tell.



Gently *Sally of y^e Dale* *Set by Wth Jos Jackson*

Leave

your Parnassus fared Nine may I with you prevail, Leave your Parnassus As ored

Nine may I with you prevail In Harmony to Chaunt with me Dear Sally of the

Dale Dear Sally sweet Sally Dear Sally of the Dale

Her lovely Form & pleasing mien
 Her matchless Charms unweil;
 Majestick Grace adorns y^e face,
 Of Sally of the Dale &c.

Next view her gently rising breast
 Which does new sweets exhale,
 Each courts y^e blis to gain a kiss,
 From Sally of the Dale &c.

By Reason's Force and Energy
 She can Mankind assail;
 True Eloquence attracts the sence,
 In Sally of the Dale &c.

She reigns the Mirrour of her Age,
 Whose Power neer will fail;
 None can expresse the Rappings,
 Of Sally of the Dale &c.



The Poets Picture of his Love

Sprightly

My Cloes Eyes an heavenly blue a brighter Heaven disclose to View a
 Brighter Heaven disclose to view For in there is her Temper seen where all is
 Cloudless all serene where all is Cloudless all serene

*My Cloes Cheeks, where Flowers mix
 With Hopes, and Fears, my Love perplex
 For in those Leav's her Soul's express'd,
 The Doubts and Wishes of her breast.*

*My Cloes Breast than Snow more fair
 Than Snow more cold inspires Despair
 For that its little guest conceals
 Yet all that's pure and chaste reveals.*

*My Cloes Lips as Cherries red
 Have oft with Slope my Fancy fed
 For these in hoped words dispence
 Good Humour's heightn'd with good Sense.*

*My Cloes Breaths as Roses sweet
 Where pains & Pleasures grateful meet
 For Wit does with her Sense confus'd
 At once the Flower and the Brier.*

*My Cloes Hair with Art entwined
 Calls all her Beauties to my mind
 For forming Fancy paints her there
 Of various Charms one perfect Hair.*



The Rover Sung by M^r Lowe

Brisk

In all thy sex some charm I find I love to try all W^omankind the fair the part the
witty the fair the smart & witty In Cupid's fetters
most severe I languish'd out of long long years of slave of wanton Kitty the slave of wanton
Kitty

At length I broke the gawling Chain,	With Tropic next of Blaxen Hue,
And swore that Love was endless pain	Young Jenny did my Soul subdue,
One constant Scene of Folly,	That lives in yonder Alley,
One Constant &c.	That lives &c.
I would no more to wear the Yoke,	Then Cupid threw another snare,
But soon I felt a Second Stroke,	And caught me in the curling Hair
And sigh'd for blue Ey'd Molly,	Of little tempting Sally
And Sigh'd &c.	Of little &c.

Adorn'd with Charms the blith & young,
My roving Heart from bondage sprung,
This Heart of yielding Metal;

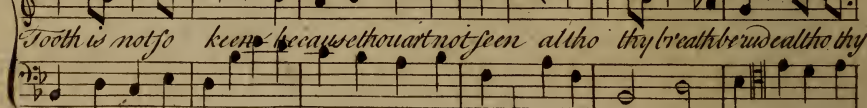
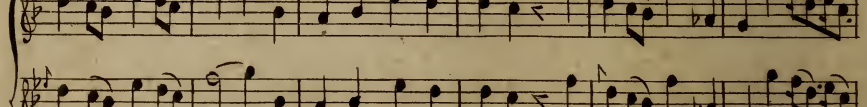
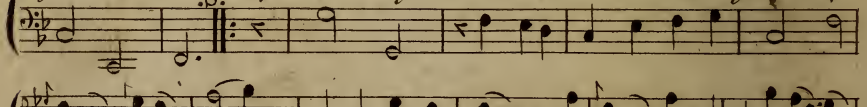
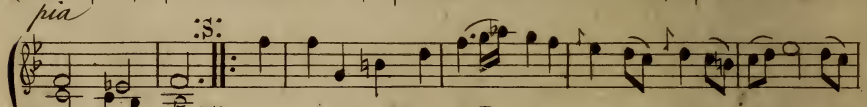
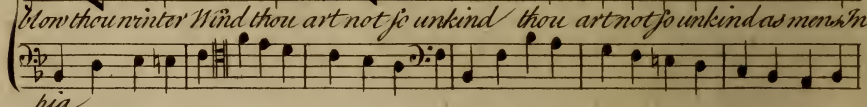
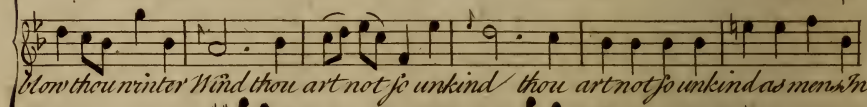
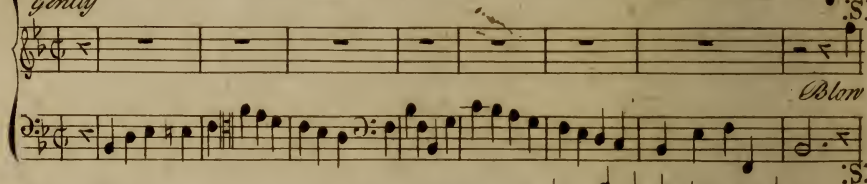
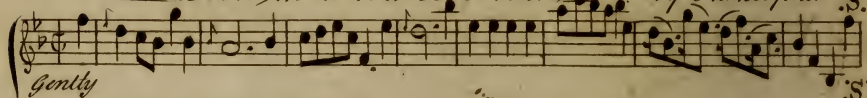
This Heart &c.

And now it wanders here & there,
By turns the Prize of brown & fair,
But never more will settle;

But never &c.?



Blow thou winter's Wind by Shakespear :S:





Set to Musick by M^r. Arne sung by M^r. Lowe

for

Bozath be rude altho thy bratt be rude.

for

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter Sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As Benefits forgot:
Tho' thou, the Waters warp*

*Thy Sting is not so sharp,
Thy Sting is not so sharp,
As Friend remember'd not,
Thy Sting is not so sharp,
As Friend remember'd not,
As Friend remember'd not.*

For the German Flute

for



The Female Chacon The Words by Mr Prior

Moderately brisk

This pretty beautiful spring is

Wild as colt untam'd / he spoke the truth from the spring with little rage inflam'd

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint which wise Mamma ordain'd And for ely vow'd to



Set to Musick by M^r Arne

for his

play the Saint while Wit and Beauty reign'd while Wit & Beauty reign'd.....

And fore'dly vord to play the

Saint while Wit & Beauty reign'd.

Must Lady Jennyfrisk about,	Dear, dear Mamma for once let me,
And visit with her Cousins,	Unchain'd my Fortune try,
At Balls must she make all your	I'll have my East as well as She,
And bring home Hearts by dozens	Or know the Reason why,
What has she better, pray than I,	Fond Love prevail'd Mamma gave way
What hidden Charms to boast,	And Kitty at heart's Desire,
That all Mankind for her should die,	Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
While I am scarce a Toast.	And set the World on fire.
Am scarce a Toast	Or fire
That all Mankind for her should die,	Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
While I am scarce a Toast.	And set the World on Fire.



1. Favourite Air in C Alfred

Gently & Gracefully

as the Tyrant of the

Heart full of Mischief full of Woe

all his Joys are quiet with smart thorns beneath his Roses grow thorns be

neath his Roses grow and

Serpent like he slings & breast where he is has found & care's'd and Serpent like he



Sung by Miss Isabella Young

Sings he sings the breast where he is harbour'd where his harbour'd

harbour'd and caref'd

For the German Flute



lively
A Favourite Song sung by Mr Beard

That Jenny my friend my delight & my Ride I always have bought & seek not to hide I

Will on her kiss where ever I go they say I'm in Love but I answer'd No No No

No No no No No No No No they say I'm in Love but I answer'd No No

*At Evening oft times with what Pleasure I see
 A Note from her Hand I'll be with you at Sea,
 My Heart how it bounds when I hear her below.
 But say not its Love for I answer No No.*

*She sings me a Song and I Echo its Strain,
 Again I cry Jenny, sweet Jenny again!
 I kiss her sweet Lips as if there I could grow.
 But say not its Love for I answer No No.*

*She tells me her Faults as she sits on my Knees,
 I chide her and swear she's an Angel to me,
 My Shoulder she taps and still bids me think so,
 Who knows but she Loves tho' she answer No No.*

*But such is my Temper so dull am I grown,
 I ask not her Heart, but would Conquer my own.
 Her Bosom's soft peace, should I seek to overthrow,
 And try to persuade tho' I answer No No.*

*From Beauty and Wit, and good humour, how I
 Should Prudence advice & Compel me to fly,
 Thy bounty O Fortune make haste to bestow,
 And let me deserve her or still I'll say No*



A Favourite Air Set by Mr. Hawdon

So brightly sweet fair Nannys Eyes their rising beams do play that

Like the Sons of In dia we can dread the coming Day

For if her morning Rays with such un-

usual Vigour stream Now will the wond'ring world withstand her

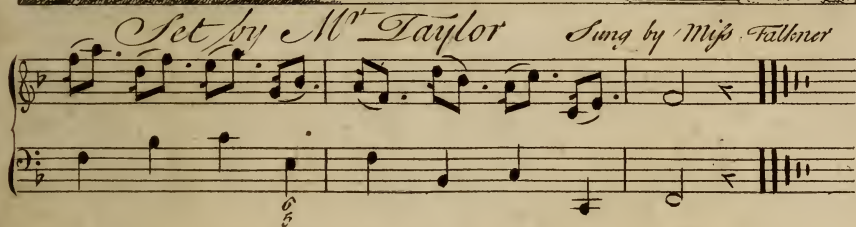
full meridian Beam

*If now she Innocently kill,
 With an unaiming Dart,
 Who shall resist her, when with skill
 She levels at the Heart,
 Since with each smile, the pretty Nymph,
 Now captivates the sence,
 What when her Beauty, at the height,
 Will be its Influence.*



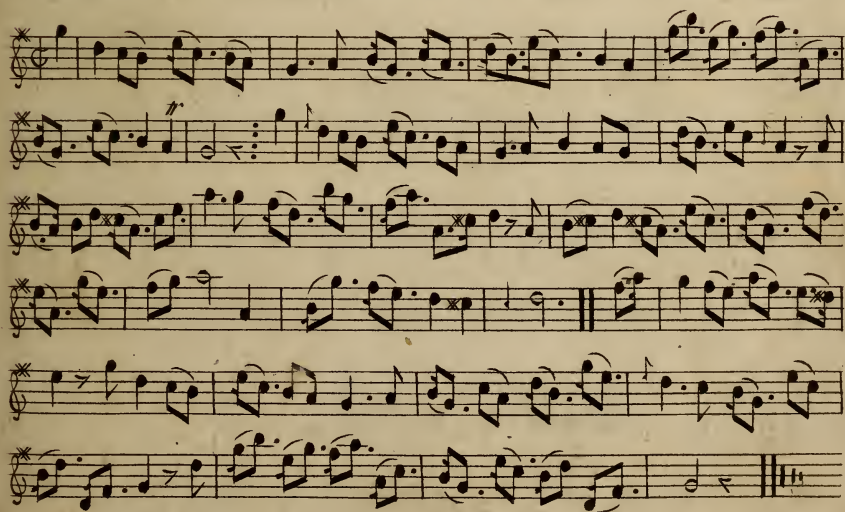
Had I but the Wings of a Dove

Had I but the Wings of a Dove I could fly
 way And quickly repair to my Love whose Beauties enliven the Day
 Bring soon from my Hamlets again ye Gods her I ask for my
 Wife Without her I'm ever in Pain And relish no Pleasure in Life



*Unbroke Decree of hard Fate,
To keep me so long from my fair;
Come pity my desolate State,
And banish all thoughts of despair,
With her oh! What Scenes I enjoy,
Of mirth, and good Humour all Day,
Such blessings as never will cloy,
Nor cease till our Souls leave the Clay.*

FOR THE GERMAN FLUTE.





A Favourite Song

Gently

When that gay

Season did us lead to the tannd Haycock in the Mead

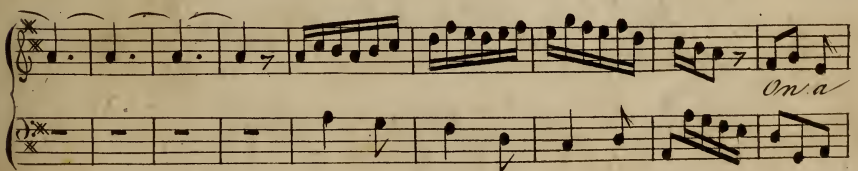
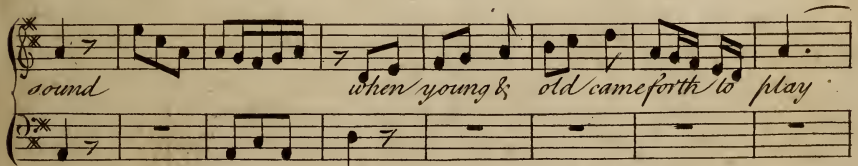
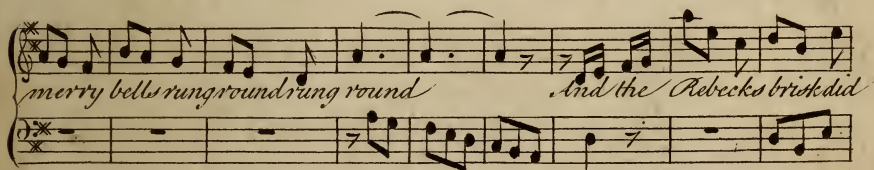
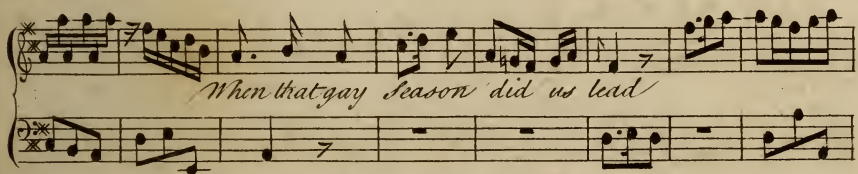
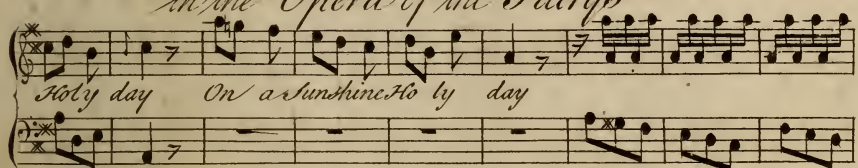
When the merry bells rung round

And the Rebeck's brisk did sound when young & old came forth to play

On a Sunshine



in the Opera of the Fairies





Composed by Mr Smith

Sunshine Holy day On a Sunshine Holy day

Let us wander far away

where the nibbling flocks do stray o'er the Mountains barren Overst where lab'ring

Clouds do Often rest o'er the Meads with Daisies py'd Shallow Brooks &

Rivers wide Meadows trim with Daisies py'd Shallow Brooks & Rivers

wide D.C.



The Choice Spirits

Ye Sons of the Bottle ye choice Spirits all rise O make haste & attend to my
 call tis Bacchus invites you then Bacchus obey O come come come come come
 come come O come come come come come come come come come away

Let Mortals of Business, & Sons of dull care,
 Who live in suspense, both in Hope & in Fear,
 Ask me for advice, & I'll give them a Bowl
 Of Cordial, as Gods drink to rouse up y^e Soul.

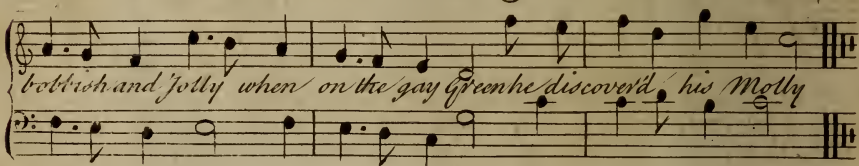
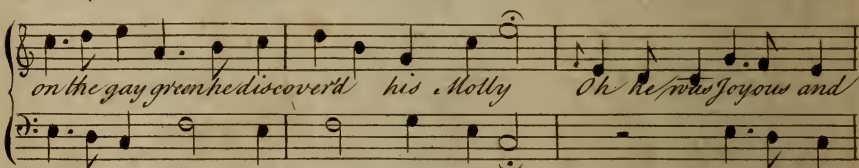
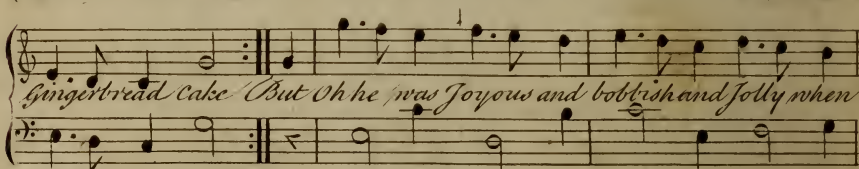
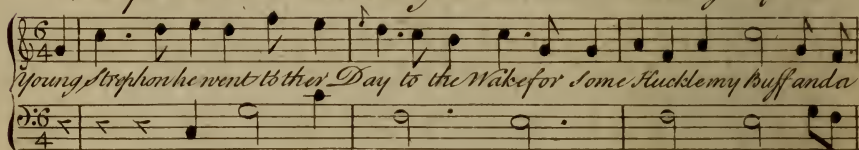
'Tis the Juice of the Grape that gives heat to y^e Cold,
 Good nature to Misers, & Youth to the Old,
 Without its Assistance soft Pleasure would cloy,
 Wine prompts us & fires us to Love & to Joy.

Wine makes the Maid kinder & willing to kiss,
 Till at length she consents & consummates your bliss.
 Sweet Venus is wght e'er she leaps into Bed,
 To take a full glass to enliven her Head.

Then if good fellows all to my Table repair,
 And empty y^e Bottles that stand for you there;
 Who flinches his bumper, or puts by his Glass,
 Is not fit for a Wench Spronounce him an Ass.



Stephon and Molly a new Ballad sett by M^r Arne



*Brisk Molly came tripping along the gay Green,
As fine as a Horse, or a Gingerbread Queen;
Young Stephon went to her, & made a low bow,
And he look'd, if so be, as he couldn't tell how.*

*With that they began without any Pother,
Of talking of this, and of that, and of t'other,
And though she would fash, & would cry let me go,
Yet he press'd her likewise, & he's seiz'd her also.*

*Come all ye young Youths of Saint Lawrence's Parish,
Who love ev'ry thing that is finish and rarish,
Be Joyous and bobbish, and buxom and jolly,
Sing : Molly & Stephon & Stephon and Molly.*



The Nymphs & Swains set by Mr. Baildon

The Nymphs & Swains sweetly play on sweet sands banks or winding Tay. ah

say what happy Spot detains my Peggy since she left these plains

say in what bow'r beneath what shade

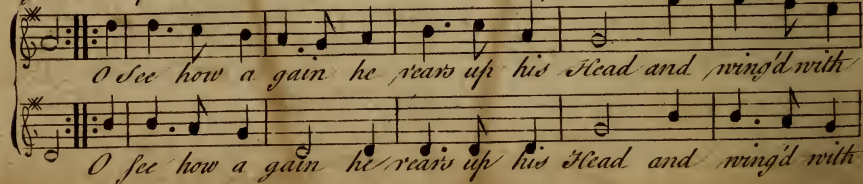
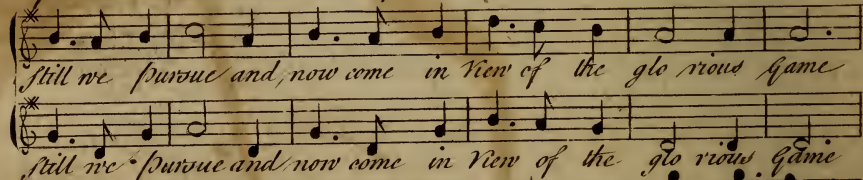
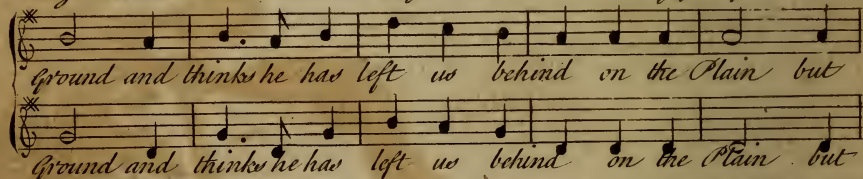
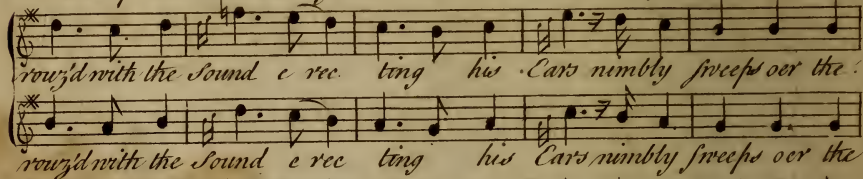
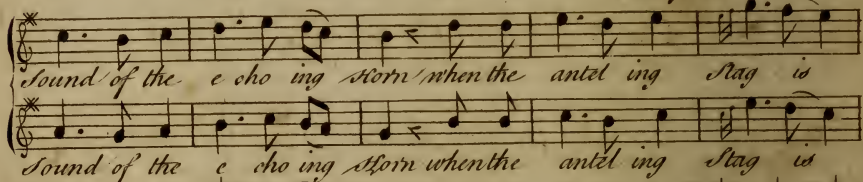
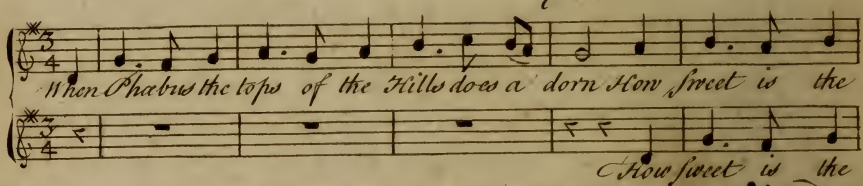
soft slumbers lull the gentle Maid for love shall lend me wings to fly and powerfull

Fancy place me nigh:

<i>Alas the blissfull scene how chang'd,</i>	<i>Yet rather may the Sales deny,</i>
<i>Where once we both with bliss we rang'd,</i>	<i>The Beauties to my longing eye;</i>
<i>Not half so fair & Lilly springs,</i>	<i>If time a cruel change has wrought,</i>
<i>Not half so sweet the Linnet sings;</i>	<i>On sweet a sweeter Lesson taught;</i>
<i>Haste then thou lovely fair once more,</i>	<i>But should thy faithful Shepherd find,</i>
<i>O haste to bless the Southern Shore,</i>	<i>His lovely Peggy still is kind;</i>
<i>And Aprils Clouds shall smile as gay,</i>	<i>Then Absence shall thy Charms improve,</i>
<i>As all of sunny pride of May.</i>	<i>And I with double Rapture love!</i>



26 Favourite Song for two Voices





Set to Musick by M^r Handell

Fear he re doubles his Speed but ah tis in vain tis in
 Fear he re doubles his Speed but ah tis in vain tis in
 vain that he flies that his Eyes lose the Huntsman his Cars lose the
 vain that he flies that his Eyes lose the Huntsman his Cars lose the
 cries for now his Strength fails him he heavi ly flies and he
 cries for now his Strength fails him he heavi ly flies and he
 pants pants pants pants pants till with well sented
 pants pants pants pants pants till with well sented
 wounds Surrounded he dies dies dies
 wounds Surrounded he dies dies dies
 dies Ton la ron ton la ron he dies he dies dies
 dies ton la ron ton la ron he dies he dies dies



Collin and Chloe

When Col lin met Chloefirst on the gay Green he
kiss'd her and call'd her his hearts little Queen such Rudeness she said I your
little dis dain and pray never offer to kiss me again
who little skill in the Sax had acquir'd Believd simple Youth she spoke

ria for
ria for
He



Set to Musick by M^r Desesoch

what she desir'd he told her how hard an injuntion she laid she
 knew it was hard that he took what she said she knew it was hard that he
 took what she said *pa*



Her Fancy now wish'd more kindness to show,
 One kiss had instructed her Bosom to glow,
 Her Heart thus if Shepherd enamour'd by a whim,
 She thought he lov'd her, she was sure she lov'd him,
 He'd let his flocks rove for her sake all of Day,
 And say such soft things as all true Lovers say,
 But as she'd forbid him her Lips where forgot,
 Could this be call'd Courtship I really think not.
 At length by good luck he took courage & cry'd,
 Will Chloe consent to be Collins's sweet Bride,
 She own'd in a Passion, but cold by degrees,
 Yet made him no answer but yes if you please,
 And now she's a Wife she's no longer a Prude,
 The station has brought her to what she thought rude,
 For now when a Kiss she receives from her swain,
 Her Heart beats with Rapture to Kiss him again.



A Favourite Song. the Words by Shakespear

Orpheus with his lute made trees & the Mountain tops that freeze bow bow them

Self when he did sing when he did sing When he did sing

To his Musick Plants and Flowers ever rose ev er rose as

Sun and Showers their had made a last ing Spring as Sun and

Show is there had made a last ing Spring Ev'ry Thing that

heard him play Con the Bil lows of the Sea



Set to Musick by D^r Green

hung their heads and then lay by hung their heads and

then lay by In sweet Musick is such Art killing

Care and Grief of Heart fall a Sleep or hearing dye

In sweet Musick is such Art killing Care and Grief of

Heart fall a Sleep or hearing dye fall a Sleep or

hearing dye or hearing dye



My Grandmother's Gt set by Mr. Arne

Brisk

When I liv'd in my Grandmother's Gt what a happy young Damsel was I each Day w'd I spit or the

Pot with plenty of Pudding and Pie I'd as wifely could amble and trot to good Neighbours to visit hard

by yet I wantal I could not tell what and so sigh'd but I could not tell why I sigh'd I

sigh'd I sigh'd but I could not tell why.

my Daddy, he bought me a Knot, For Council I fear'd not a Dot,
With a Hank a new-fashond' Ry, Resolv'd some new Project to try,
A pair of Silk Shoes too I got, And I thought I should die on a spot,
To wear when y^e Weather was dry, If a pretty young fellow pass'd by,
Yet to pine all y^e Day was my lot, 'Till last a brisk Husband I got,
And in bed ever restles to lye, 'Twas y^e Man I had long in my eye,
For I wantal I could not tell what, He gave me I must not tell what,
And I sigh'd but I could not tell why, And I lov'd him but need not tell why



A Favourite Air in an Organ Concerto

The Meads and the

Groves in fresh verdure shone gay & Philomel chaunted her love labour'd song when Nymphs & the

Swains in their brightest array to chuse a May Lady mov'd sportive along each Youth burnt with

ardour his Nymph to create each Nymph's soft glances fast caught her fond Mate and each one In

patiently waited her fate

*How vain were their wishes! Maria appear'd,
Like Beauty's fair Goddess encircled with love,
With Graces attractive each heart she endeared
In Majesty passing the Consort of Love.
The Swains round her moving glad homage did pay,
The Nymphs with wreath'd Garlands no longer delay,
To Crown Beauty's paragon Queen of the May.*



The Charms of Isabel

Gently

Swir is the Swan the

Ermin white and fair the Lilly the Lil ly of the Vale the

Moon resplen dent Queen of Night and Snows that

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice, and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments, along with lyrics written in a cursive script.



Set to Musick by Mr. Arne

drive before the gale In Fairness these the
rest excell But fairer is my Isa bel In
Fairness these the rest excell But fairer is my
Isa bel

Sweet is the Vilet sweet the Rose,
And sweet the Morning breath of May,
Carnations rich their sweets disclose,
And sweet the winding Woodbine's stray,
In Sweetness these the rest excell,
But sweeter is my Isabel.

Constant the Pheas call the Dove,
And amirous they the Sparrow call,
Fond is the Sky lark of his Love,
And fond the feather'd Lovers all,
In fondness these the rest excel,
But fonder I of Isabel.



The Sleeping Fair

Gently

To shun bright sol's meridian heat he

lin da sought a cool Retreat beneath a fragrant grove

Where Twining Branches form the Shade the Mossy floor with

Flowers inlaid a proper place for Love

Beneath the thicket of the Grove,
A silent Stream does gently move,
Gives freshness to the Glade,
Upon the flow'ry bank reclind,
In careless Indolence of Mind,
The Blooming Fair was laid.

The wanton Zephyrs round her play'd,
Refreshing breezes cool the Maid,
Opprest with balmy Sleep,
The beauties of her snowy breast
Like Clusters court'ing to be prest,
Let Love a secret keep.

A blush o'er spread her lovely Face,
Whilst Boys like Cupid's guard'd place
And fan her with their Wings,
Her fragrant breath perfum'd the Air,
All Nature then did gay appear,
Each feather'd Warbler sings.

Less fair y' Paphian Queen appear'd
When from y' wat'ry bed she reard
With Majesty divine,
Refulgent beauty dazzling bright,
With wonder seiz'd my aching sight
I gaz'd & wish'd her mine.



Collin Set by Mr Diefach

Oh

pitty Collin cruel Fair think on his sighs & Tears his sighs regardless as the air & without hopes his

Tears Oh Collin was once thy fluffiest swain that e'er in Albion

dwelt He laugh'd at Love and mock'd at pain Love's pangs when e'er he felt

The Neighbouring Nymphs had oft enbryd
With Love to lure the Swain,
But he as oft their suit deny'd.
For Love return'd Disdain,
But ah how chang'd his former state
With folded Arms he walks.
Upbraids of God, and curses fate,
And like a Madman talks.

Nor can soft Musicks flattering Charm
Give now the least delight,
No more the bowels his bosom warm,
Or Rural Sports invite,
Relent fair Maid, ere Collin dies,
Let him not mourn in vain,
His hopeless Lover regardless pangs,
And unrewarded pain.

Oh think Myrtillo, on his grief,
And on your cruel hate,
Reward his Love, and bring relief,
Before it is too late.



for voice *The Man to my Mind* Set by Mr Burney

Since All looks in vogue & stale Virgins despised to all bachelors greeting these
 Lines are pressed I ma Maid if youd marry ah could I but find I care not for
 Fortune a Man to my Mind a Man to my Mind a Man to my Mind I
 care not for Fortune a Man to my Mind

Not the fair weather'd Top, send of Fashion and Dress,
 Not the Quix, that can relish no Joys but the Chase,
 Nor the fine thinking Rake, whom no Morals can bind;
 Neither thus, that nor tothers the Man to my Mind.

Not the ruby fac'd Sot, who tops a world without end,
 Nor the drone that can't relish his Bottle and friend,
 Nor the fine Master Fribble, the scorn of Mankind,
 Neither thus, that nor tothers the Man to my Mind.

Not the Rich with full Bags, without Breeding or Merit,
 Nor the Flash that's all Fury without any Spirit,
 Nor the fine Master Fribble, the scorn of Mankind,
 Neither thus, that nor tothers the Man to my Mind.

But the Youth whom good Sense & good nature inspire,
 Whom the brave most esteem & the fair should admire,
 In whose Heart Love & Truth are with Honour conjoyn'd
 Then thus, and no others the Man to my Mind.



A Favourite Dialogue

Moderately

Amynta.
Pastora's come with Myrtle Boughs to bless her fond A
mynta's side to bless her fond Amynta's side
The Sun in his ex
tensive bound ne'er can respect so fair a bride ne'er sun so sweet so fair a bride

Pastora
 If to be true is sweet and fair,
 Pastora with Lucinda vies,
 And sweeter she than is the Air,
 That floats beneath Arabian skies

Pastora
 Without a blush I here repeat,
 What to the Nymphs I told before,
 For the my tender Heart does beat,
 Possess'd of thee I ask no more.

Amynta
 The Fields & Groves each Hill & Vale,
 Have witness'd to my faithful Love,
 Long had I sigh'd my Am'rous tale,
 But every ear's requited now.

Amynta
 Thus with this Wreath I crown thy brow,
 And with this Kiss my Love's seal,
 And may I when I break my vows,
 The pangs of Tortur'd Lovers feel.

Pastora
 Should I ungates full to my Swain,
 Afflict him with Domestic Strife
 May I be driven from the Plach
 (By every virtuous Maid & Wife



Plato's Advice

moderately

Says Plato why should Man be vain since bounteous Heav'n has made him great

why looketh he with Insolent disdain On those undeck'd with wealth or State

can costly robes or beds of down; all the gems that deck the Fair can all the Glo...

ries of a crown give health or ease the balm of care

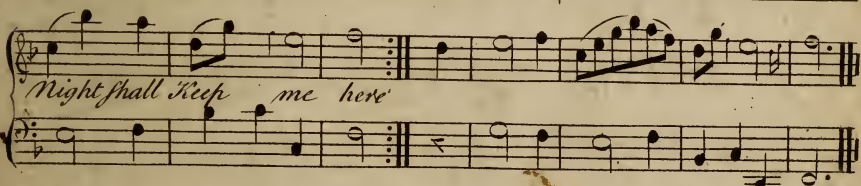
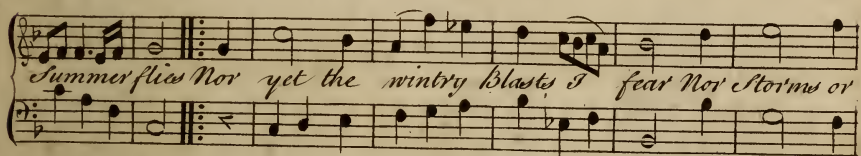
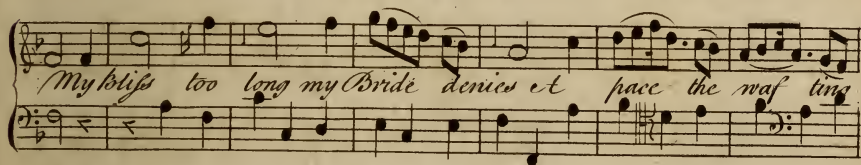
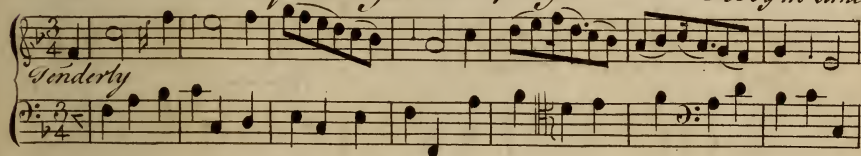
The Scepter'd King the burthend Slave,
 The humble and the haughty dye,
 The Rich the Poor, the base the brave,
 In Dust without distinction lye;
 Go search the Tombs where Monarchs rest,
 Who, once the greatest Vittas wore,
 Their wealth and glory is bereft,
 And all their honours are no more.

So flies the Meteor thro' the skies,
 And spreads along a gilded train,
 When shot tis gon its beauty dies,
 To dwell in common Air again
 So tis with us my jovial souls
 Let friendship reign while here we stay,
 Let crown our joys with flowing bowls,
 When Jove he calls we must away.



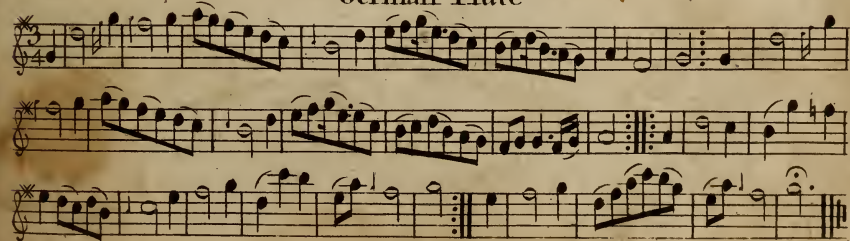
My Bliss too Long

Set by Mr. Arne



What may for Strength with steel compare,
Oh Love has fetters Stronger far;
By bolts of Steel are Limbs confin'd,
But cruel Love enchains the Mind,
No longer then perforce thy Breast
When Thoughts Torment first are bair,
Tis mad to get us Death to stay,
Away my selfe hast away.

German Flute





Janthie and Jphis

gently

pia. *for.*

Janthie the Lovely the Joy of the Plain by Jphis was

lovd and lovd Jphis again

she liv'd in the Youth and the youth in the Fair their pleasure was

equal and equal their Care



Set to Musick by M^r. Arne

No Time nor Enjoyment their Dotage with drow but the longer they
liv'd still the fonder they grew *No Time nor Enjoy*
ment their Dotage with drow But the longer they liv'd still the
fonder they grew

*A Passion so happy allarm'd all the plain,
 Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd of Swain,
 Some more 'twould be pity their Loves to invade;
 That the Lovers, alone for each other were made,
 But all all consented that none ever knew,
 A Nymph yet so kind or a Shepherd so true.*

*Love gave them with pleasure, and vow'd to take Care,
 Of the faithfull, the tender, the innocent pair:
 What either did want he, bid either to move;
 But they wanted nothing but ever to Love,
 Said all that to please them his Godhead could do,
 That they still might be kind, & they still might be true.*



Set to Musick by M^r Arne

The joyfull Birds in ev'ry Grove now warble out their
Songs of Love now warble out their Songs of Love For Thee they
sing and Roses bloom and Colin Thee invites to come in
rites to
come Thy Colin Thee invites to come

*Come Rosalind, & Colin Join,
 My tender Flocks & all are thine,
 If Love and Rosalind be here,
 'Tis May & pleasure all the Year,
 Come see a Cottage and a Swain,
 Thou canst my Love nor Gifts disdain,
 Leave all behind nor longer stay,
 For Colin calls then haste away.*



Blooming Valley

Tenderly *Not*

Semele's attracting Love, In th' Vry Shew'r embrac'd by Jove, Could yield more favour
of Delight than to my Heart did the first sight of Dear auspicious Blooming Valley
sweet as lillies of the Valley Dear auspicious blooming valley sweet as lillies of the Valley

Joves guilty Passion him may lead,
From Semele to Ganymede,

Long as the Solar Rays endure,
My constant flame shall blaze most pure

I live but when the Fair is near,
And breathe but in that Atmosphere
Where ev'ry Grace & ev'ry Sweet
Concenter'd in my Sally meet.

dear &c.

Her life is form'd on Wisdom's plan,
With Caution trus'ts her Heart to man.

The Lover that with her Succeeds,
Must be the prain whose merrit pleads
dear &c.

Her Person or her Vertues more,
Might tempt an Angel to adore,
Those Vertues prompt her to approve
The softer Dialect of love.

dear &c.

My Guardian Genius teach me now,

My Passions lead, & tell me how,

I to her Arms approv'd may fly,

Or agonizing I shall die.

for dear &c.



A New Song Set by M^r Oswald

Gently *Let the*

Nymph still avoid & be deaf to the strain who in transports of passion af fect to com

plain for his rage & his love in that frenzy is shewn and the blast that blows loudest is

soon over blown & the blast if blows loudest is soon over blown for his rage & his love in that

frenzy is shewn the blast that blows loudest is soon over blown

*But the Shepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to y^e Heart,
Will, submissive adore, and rejoice at the smart,
Or in plaintive soft Murmur's his bosom felt woe,
Like the smooth gliding current of Rivers will flow.*

*Tho' silent his Tongue he will plead with his Eyes,
And his Heart own your sway in a Tribute of sighs,
But when he accosts you in meadow or grove,
His Tale is so tender—he cooes like a Dove.*



A Favourite Hymn of Eve in the Oratorio of Abel

Set by M^r Oswald

How cheerfull a

long the gay Mead The Daisies & Cowslips appear The Flocks as they carefully

Feed Rejoice in the Spring of the Year The Myrtles that shade the gay

Bow're the Hartags that spring from y^e Sod Trees plants cooling fruits and forest

Flowers all rise to the praise of my God

*Shall Man the great Master of all,
The only Invisible prove,
Forbid it fair — Gratitude's call,
Forbid it devotion and Love?
Thee Lord who such Wonders could raise,
And still can destroy with a Nod,
My Lips shall incessantly Praise,
My Soul shall be wrapt in my God.*



The Wheel Barrow -

Recit°

As Porter Will along St Pauls did move Deprest by weighty load but more by

Love by chance & fair Cerisea there he found Crying her fine Heart

Cherries round and sound Will Joyous instant fetchd them straight Carpo her And

leaning o'er her Barrow thus address'd her

My lips are cherries sweeter far Then those which in the

Barrow are with such a store of charmes tis well you may have stoln Hearts to



A Favourite Cantata

Sell with such a store of charms, as well you may have stolen hearts to sell

mine dear Cerriso, for you know you stole it from me long ago and now I

stop to ask of thee to give it back, or Marry me

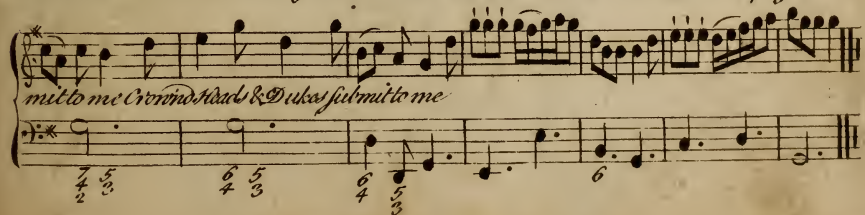
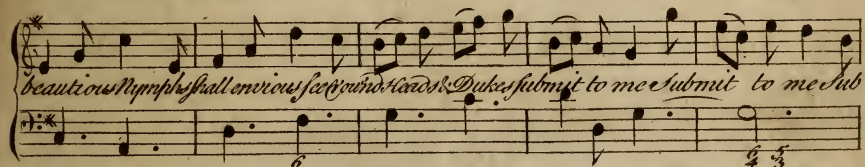
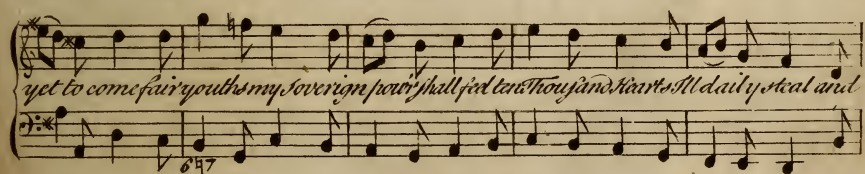
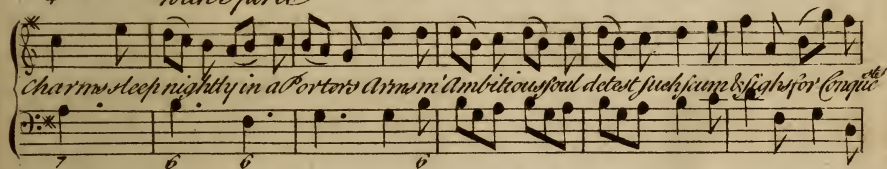
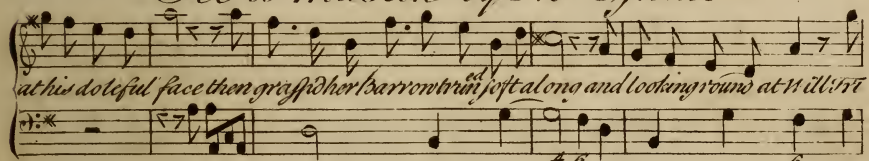
to give it back or Marry me to give it back or Marry me

Cerriso archly leering as he spoke while all of cherry

blush'd upon her cheek the mellowest fruit unnoticed eild a pace and sent like thunder

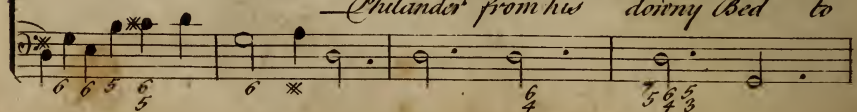
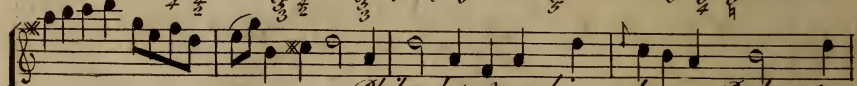
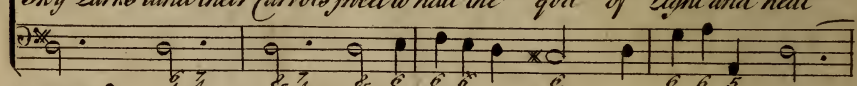
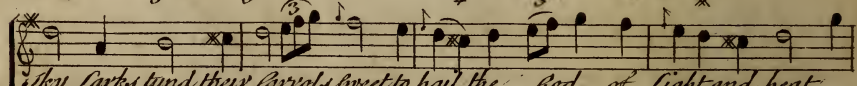
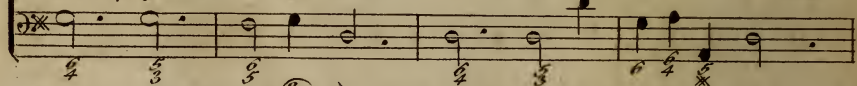
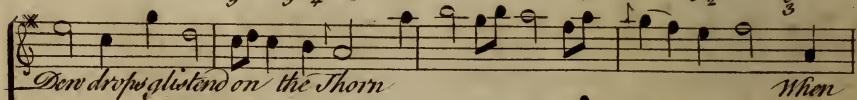
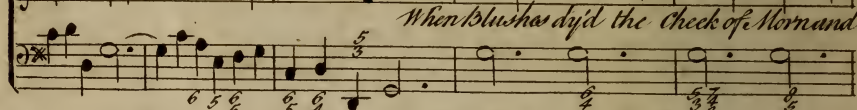
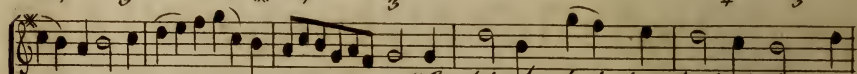
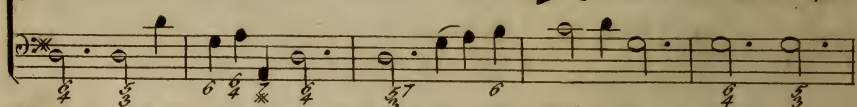
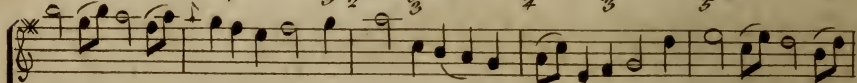
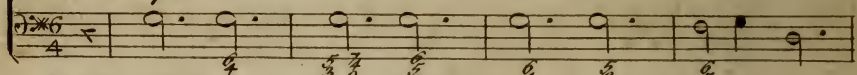
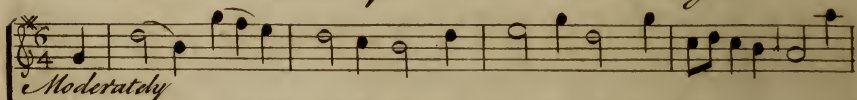


Set to Musick by M^r Osvald



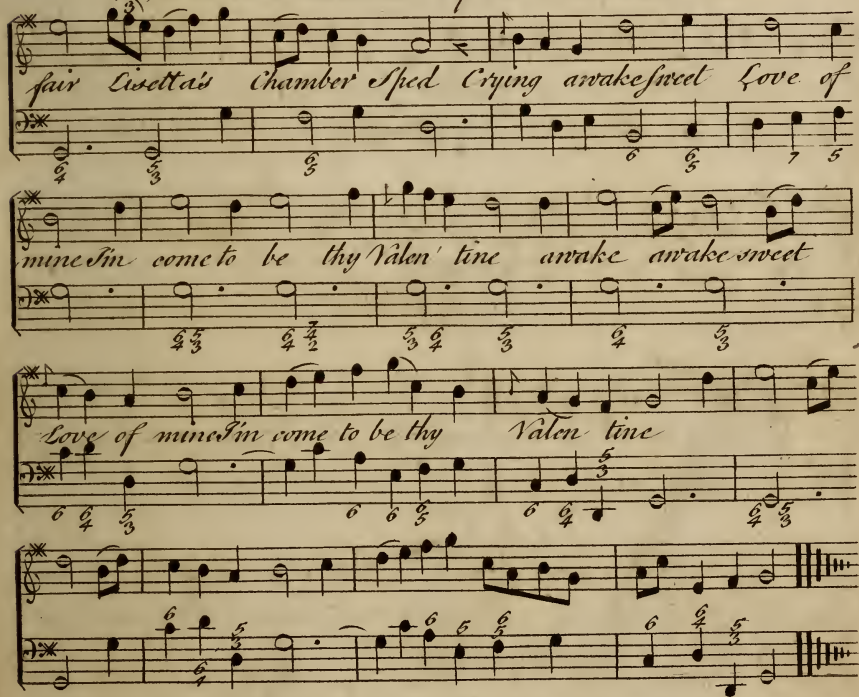


Valentine's Day a Favourite Song





Set to Music by M^r Arne

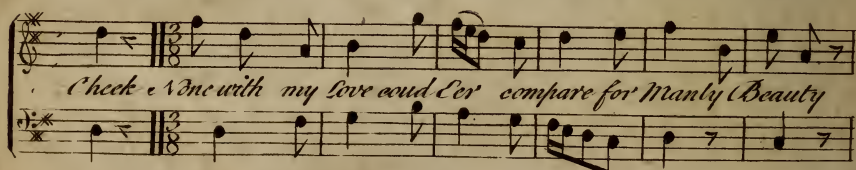
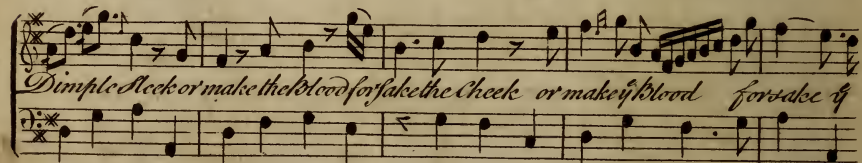
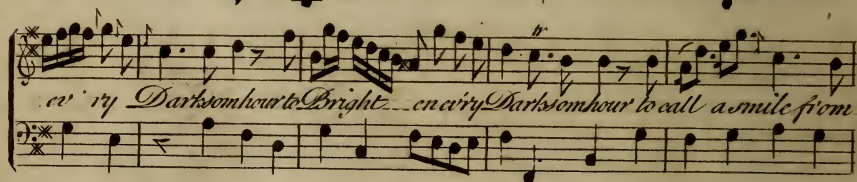
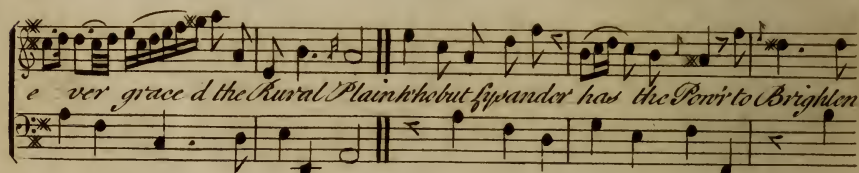
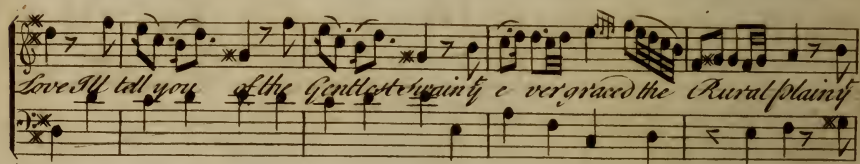
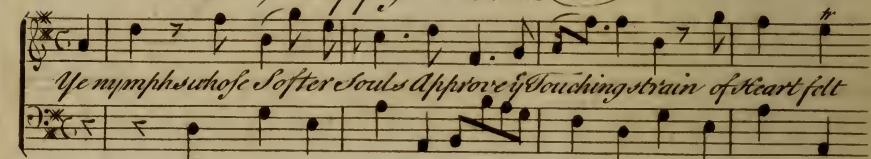


<i>Soft Love, that balmy sleep denies, Had long unveil'd her brilliant Eyes, Which that a kiss she might Obtain, She artfully had clos'd again; He sunk thus caught in Pleasur's trap, Like Phœbus in to Thetis' Lap, And near forgot that has a design, Was but to be her Valentine.</i>	<i>The starting cry'd, I am undone, Philander, charming youth begun, For this time to your Vows sincere, Make Virtue, not your self appear, No sleep has clos'd those wat'ry Eyes, Forgive the simple fond Disguise, To genuine Thought, your Heart incline And be my faithfull Valentine.</i>
---	--

*The brutal Passion sudden fled,
 Fair Honour govern'd in its stead,
 And both agreed, e'er setting Sun
 To join two virtuous Hearts in One,
 Their beauteous Offspring soon did prove,
 The sweet effects of mutual Love,
 And from that Hour, to Lives decline,
 The bless'd the Day of Valentine.*

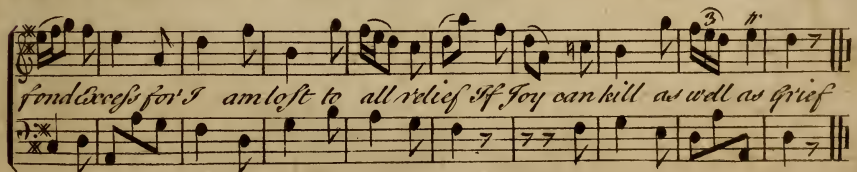
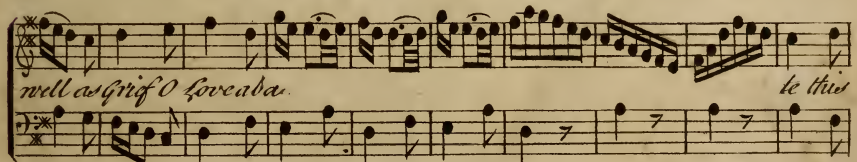
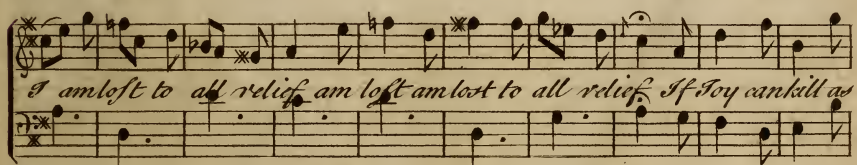
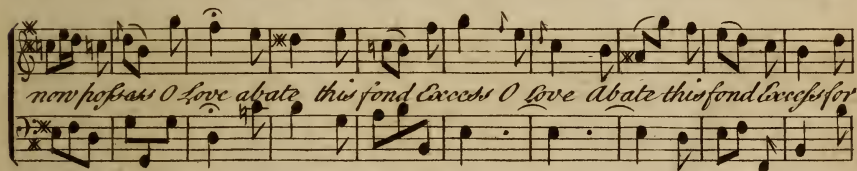
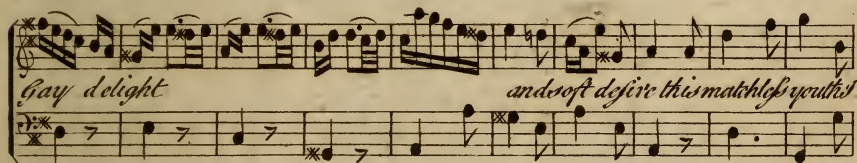


The Happy Bride





Set to Musick by M^r Arne





A Song for two Voices Set by Mr Wynne

Slowly

Happily is a Country Life blest with Content good health and Ease

Happily is a Country Life blest with Content good health and Ease

free from factions Noise and Strife We only Plot our selves to Please

free from factions Noise and Strife We only Plot our selves to Please

Peace of mind the Days Delight and Love our welcome Dream at Night

Peace of mind the Days Delight and Love our welcome Dream at Night

*Hail green Fields and Shady Woods,
Hail Springs and Streams that still run pure;
A life's uncorrupted Goods,
Where Virtue only is Secure;
Free from Vice here free from Care,
Age is no pain, and youth no Snare.*

